Star Drek

A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet [1]

by
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[1] "drek" from Yiddish [German "dreck"], meaning: excrement, feces, bowel

Science
tells us that mankind is made of atoms.
We're a combination of elements
that were emitted by stars
billions of years ago.

Religion,
on the other hand,
tells us that each of us was
fashioned by The Hand of God.

When I was growing up in the 1960's
I fell in love with Star-**Trek**,
as did most kids my age.
But my mother belittled my devotion to that show.
She called it Star-**Drek**.
She thought it was silly.
Needless to say,
I disagreed then,
and I disagree still.
But when it comes to man being made of **star drek** –
the crap that stars emitted from their core
that they could no longer hold inside any longer –
I have to say I now agree with her.
People aren't just full of drek.
They're made of drek.
Star drek figuratively pours out of everyone
when we go supernova.
Moses may have euphemistically called that drek "clay"
in an effort to sound erudite and tactful.
But we now know better.

Penis Problems

Straight women enjoy penises,
but Gay men love them.
Straight men love one penis more than all the rest:
their own!
Lesbians don't dislike penises.
They just have a problem with penis problems.

My lesbian cousin once told me
that as I've grown old,
I've turned into a crabby, old lady.
I told her that had she told me this years ago,
I could have done something about it in time.
Now it's too late.
But she kindly added that I'm more like a lesbian
than a gay man.
She finds my personal problem with penises amusing.

I love penises,
especially my boyfriend's and my own.
I consider what she said to be a huge compliment.
I strive to look at the topic of penises
with the sagacity of lesbians.
God knows,
we all should.

Life isn't just a school
and God, our One and Only Teacher.
I'm not just my major in this one-room schoolhouse,
and my deathbed,
where I expect to take my final exam.
Death isn't just a graduation from this school for fools.

I see life as foreplay,
and death as sex with The Teacher.
This is a taboo they don't discuss
in your house of prayer.
This is a topic some avoid with adamancy,
using sodomy, abortion
and disgust of the LGBTQIA+ community's agenda
to make their point.

The real question that nobody seems to want to ask
is why God would want to fornicate
with someone as full of drek as you and me.
Why would He care so deeply
about intimacy with each and every one of His creations?
Why did He care about two little fruits in His garden?
And what was so important about One Son
above all our Father's other children?
Why do some people look forward each day
to more of the preview of the ecstasy to come?
Why do some feel blessed and others, cursed?
It can't have anything to do with sodomy,
abortion or the gay agenda.
Life must be deeper than that.
Our Teacher's efforts on our behalf
must be more important than anything we can imagine.
Fantasies and **dreams** must be driving some of us
toward a **vision** of a better tomorrow,
or life itself would be meaningless and useless.
And that I don't believe!

My father was a **tyrant**.
My mother was a **nymphomaniac**.
They came together in a fit of madness
that produced me.
I was forced into this universe
through the Big Bang
and through a little bang
that my parents created using a friction all their own.
I had no desire to come into the 3rd dimension,
and I find little reason for remaining here, now.
If not for the fact that I love to make love as much as I do,
I would have left long ago.

The touch of my mother's hand on me made me cringe.
The slaps across my face from my father did so, too.
They were animals
just like me.
But because I've got the body of an animal
and within it the soul of a creation from God,
I've had to learn to tame the beast,
and train the best in me,
while trying to make sense of the world
as it now exists
around me.

Table of Contents

1. Think About What You Think About 1
2. Compliant Verses Cooperative 2
3. Looking Back to Look Forward 3
4. Helping Myself is Different from Self-Help 6
5. My Favorite Thing 10
6. 69 + 96 13
7. A Self-Ordained Rabbi and a Nun 15
8. Sounding Like a Republican 23
9. My Hero 25
10. Going My Way 27
11. Your Nose Knows 31
12. Forsaken 33
13. My Jewish-Lesbian-Cousin's-Wife 34
14. Remove Religiosity 36
15. The Congressional Playpen 39
16. Aging Gracefully 40
17. Marx Brothers 43
18. Looking Back to Look Back 45
19. My Father's Jail Term 46
20. Pressure to Be Somebody I'm Not 49
21. Toilet Training in the Bathtub 51
22. Patriarchal Consumption 53
23. Too Good Isn't Good Enough 55
24. Self-Shaming 56
25. Lower Than a Lawyer 60
26. "National Brotherhood Week" 65
27. The Way to a Man's Heart 67
28. Necrophilia 71
29. Stuffing Pillows 74
30. My Buddhist-Turned-Catholic-Gurlfriend 81
31. A Humble Proposal 85
32. Explaining Me to Myself 89
33. A Personality for TV 94
34. Improved Orgasms 95

35. Cooking and Home Improvement Shows 96
36. Laundry 98
37. The Pride Parade of Life 100
38. The Big Lie 102
39. The Trouble With Tribles 106
40. Curing Loneliness 111
41. Yet Another Humble Proposal 114
42. Retirement Offers No Bells or Whistles 117
43. Acting Normal 124
44. “The Winner Takes it All” 126
45. Don’t tell Your Bathroom Fan to Shut Up 129
46. Moses and Me 131
47. Pyramids Everywhere 135
48. Dealing With Dying Rather Than Death 138
49. My Boyfriend Will 139
50. Depth and Profundity 144
51. The Unexpected Male 147
52. “Sordid Lives” 149
53. “Seinfeld” 151
54. Good, Better and Best 153
55. My Muslim Country-Western Song 160
56. Wednesdays With My Gurlfriend 162
57. Paul Hollywood 167
58. “Modern Family” 168
59. Sarah Silverman 170
60. Antisemitism and Anti-Zionism 171
61. The Windmill 173
62. Spiders and Flies 181
63. Dear Me 185
64. My Israeli-Cousin’s-Husband’s-Driver 189
65. “Twilight Zone” 192
66. My Next Book 194
67. Epilog 196
68. Goodbye 198
69. YOUR Song 200

Previous Books

Think About What You Think About

I'm thankful my mother is dead! I've got enough on my plate without having to worry about what **she** thinks of me. When I was a kid, she ragged on me relentlessly. And she wasn't just interested a taking away privileges if she didn't get her way. She hit, and she hit **hard**!

Naturally, I was no dummy. I didn't want to get physically hurt. Nor did I want to suffer the loss of TV privileges and desserts that that woman exacted upon me to get me to do her bidding.

I quickly learned how to fall in line with her demands. In fact, I can say that I turned into the best little boy in the world just to get out of her way. I don't think I was ever really motivated to please her, even though for years I swore I loved her more than any other person on the planet.

Nobody really liked me when I was a kid, and now I can see why. I defended the patriarchy. I was a brown nose. I'd unconsciously decided that the best way to get my way was to play along. Some people didn't like that. Others loved it. I just didn't know that about me and them at the time because people were too polite to sit me down and tell me honestly what they thought of me.

Beneath the appearance of being a "good book" in the making, there was a sleezy magazine inside of me with all sorts of salacious photos I enjoyed perusing but couldn't access consciously to talk about out loud.

Well, at least I can talk about what I think about now! I was amazed to discover what was written inside of me that, for years, I couldn't read. Now I understand the deeper meaning behind the saying, "Don't judge a book by its cover."

Compliant Verses Cooperative

My parents taught me to be **compliant**. They taught me to agree with others and obey societal norms – but to an excessive degree. They went so far as to teach me to be **acquiescent**, **submissive**, **passive** and **docile**. In the end, that made me reactive, oversensitive, volatile, touchy, irritable and combative.

I was the best little boy in the world in some ways, and huge pain in the ass, as well. That's why I say that I was patriarchal without even knowing it.

Being **cooperative** can't be accomplished with anger and resentment. When you're **angry**, you become **reactive**, not compliant. And when you're **resentful**, you may decide to compensate by being **acquiescent**. This doesn't lead to happiness. This leads to the **passivity** that ends up in **misery**. And since misery loves company, you can see why so much of this world looks as it does.

Life is a school. God is our Teacher. After a lifetime of sitting in The Teacher's classroom learning all about compliance and acquiescence, I got to pass the final exam on those two subjects to graduate to an upper division class on **cooperation**. That was a great day in my life! That led to a whole other curriculum that I'm going to describe here.

Looking Back to Look Forward

When I look back on my childhood, and even at my formative years as a young adult, I don't see someone I recognize anymore. I was easily intimidated then. I was emotionally repressed. I was a basket full of deplorable feelings and sorrowful urges that were submerged so deep below the surface of my personality that there was no way anyone, least of all me, could have accessed the primal forces within me to make sense of how I was behaving on the inside or what an operator, user, manipulator and control freak I was on the outside.

But don't think for a New York minute [one second] that I'm taking myself down **now** without dragging everyone else with me. I'm no fool! I was stepped on like a doormat for a very long time. So, now I don't mind rubbing both our noses in a truth I didn't see coming.

We're all **depressed** by a heart that's been broken.

We're all **repressed** by parents who were twisted.

We're all **suppressed** by family that had no clue how sick they were.

And we're all **oppressed** by a society that glorifies the masculine and abhors anything feminine in men.

In the "good ol' days," even women were misogynists. How do you suppose a normal, God fearing, human being is supposed to evolve out of sick social system like this?

I've gotten out of my head, thank You [God]. I've made my way below my belt. I love my **penis**, not my **parents**. [Now I simply honor them.] I love what **it** did for me and what **it** still does. I love how it whispers in my ear. I love how it changes shape when it gets all excited. I love everything about the little guy!

I've even sniffed around between my butt cheeks. [I'm not the only person on the planet who's had his head up his ass.] I can tell you that now I even love my behind. That's the most feminine part of my whole body. That's the part of

me I have in common with every man and woman in every tribe on Earth. That's the physical place on the human body that represents the greatest taboo in the world! But that's also the place where I've been penetrated and filled with the life-giving substance from some wonderful men.

Sodomy is the greatest taboo on Earth. It's even more forbidden than cannibalism and necrophilia. Incest is less of a taboo than penetrating an anus with a penis. The ridicule and derision surrounding each and every anus is where the rubber [pun sighting!] meets the road…

Go up to a woman and tweak her breasts or give her crotch a squeeze, and you'll get a few months behind bars. Go up to a strange man and goose him, and you're dead meat.

I love everything about my butt. If I didn't have one, I don't know what I'd do to appreciate my vulnerability and all the joy I experience in having been given a mouth at both ends. I'd be all male, when, in truth, I'm half male, half female. You can see the male part of me by the wet tongue protruding from my lips and the bulge in my pants when I'm facing you. But the female part of me you can only get a glimpse of when I've turned the other way, and you get a good look at my buttocks.

I also have two fabulous fruits hanging down temptingly in my scrotum. They produce the love [goodness] and wisdom [evil atoned for] that makes me, me. I delight sharing what I spend day and night producing in those fruits. I gladly donate the delivery device [penis] that emits the juice from my fruits [semen] to bettering the world…

No one can literally have my penis except Will [my boyfriend]. Yet, my books are the delivery device of the love and wisdom [fruit juice] within me. The voice of my penis has a major role in making my message manifest. The words you're reading on this page, don't just come out of my head. They don't just come through my heart or from my soul. They come out of my penis. They're the result of the life-

giving force in my scrotum that moves by way of the prostate gland near my anus out of me.

I'm not **literally** impregnating anyone at this moment. But, **figuratively** speaking, I'm impregnating you through everything I say. I don't have to make babies to make a difference. Every single thing I do makes a difference. Now, at the age of 69, I wax poetic about what it means to me, personally, to have a penis, two testicles and a behind, behind them.

The darkness within me emanates from my colon out through my anus. This is the tunnel those who've come back from the brink of death have experienced. The light at the end of the tunnel is the light at the end of their anus. They've been so physically and spiritually challenged that they identify as the **star drek** within that they're in the process of eliminating.

I can attest to the fact that I'm nothing more than **star-drek**. I may be euphemistically made of "clay," but I stink inside morally [internally] and ethically [externally] as much as everybody else. But at least now I see why so many people don't want to explore their **bottom** line. That's where they draw the line.

Helping Myself is Different from Self-Help

Self-help is an impersonal, interpersonal process by which people indirectly bring new ideas to themself via others. The concept is clinical, heady and patriarchal.

Helping myself is personal, emotional and matriarchal. I'm not interested in self-help anymore. I'm only interested in helping me, myself and I. These are the three voices inside [my head, heart and soul] that need and deserve my attention.

Helping myself in intrapersonal. It doesn't include voices outside of me. It doesn't include agreements with others. It only includes agreements with God.

God gave me two worlds, the world around me and the world within. **Self-help** comes from the outside in. **Helping myself** comes from the inside and draws me further in.

There are two Gods, The God around me Who created us all, and the God within me who resides in my breastplate where I'm developing my conscience as my guide. The Abrahamic names for the God within are Adonai, Jesus and Archangel Gabriel.

Moses met Adonai at the Burning Bush. He inspired him to lead the Jews to follow the wisdom of Elohim, The God Who created us all.

Jesus was a Jew born into this world to lead Christians to the love of His Father.

And Archangel Gabriel is a Jewish Angel dispatched by God [Allah] to teach Muslims loyalty to Him.

All three of these Tutors [Adonai, Jesus and Gabriel] reside in the breastplate of the laity of their faith. All three of These Teachers [Elohim, The Father and Allah] are One and The Same.

I'm not here to help you. You're not literally present as I'm writing this book. Therefore, there's no reason why should I have feelings for you. If I were writing a self-help book, you'd be the primary person on my mind and in my

heart. I'd constantly imagine how you're going to react to what I say. I'd put **you** before **me**.

But you're not here now. You may never be here in the literary sense of the word. And if you do, by some miraculous chance, end up **here**, it's not **now**. It's **then**. So, you'll be left to your own devices anyway. I can't **literally** help you now or then. I can only **literarily** help you indirectly to see that you have to help yourself.

I'm writing this book for me. **I'm** my audience. And I **love** everything I tell myself that's wise, loving and loyal to who I'm becoming. I approve and commend myself more than I ever could in my past. You're just a fly that may someday buzz in and land on this electronic wall, as far as I'm concerned.

This is my 23rd book about becoming. This is the 23rd time my penis has risen to guide my head, heart and soul to express the voices within me. Those voices include the voice of the God within me, as well.

The serpent in the Tree of knowledge guided Eve, who then guided Adam. That serpent is a sign of my **penis**. Eve is a symbol of my **heart**, and Adam represents all that I hold in my **head**. The voice of soulfulness in me had to be developed. Each of my books describes the level of soulfulness I've attained thanks to the increasing power in my testicles. That power is both **liquid** and **literary**. That power is both **literally** and **figuratively** emitted through my penis.

And yet, not a single agent or publisher has shown any interest in publishing my previous works. And that's fine, I suppose… An ego as big as mine isn't something many people are motivated to advertise. So now, I just write **to** me **for** me. **I** need to know what **I** have to say. **I** need to help **myself**.

That said, people do sometimes amaze me. Take for instance this letter I got from an agent I made the acquaintance of a year ago. From her tone of voice, you can

hear her despair about the future of her own superb writing skills; the literary world she's embraced as a career; and her pity with regard to any mainstream fame I may have entertained receiving from a deluded wish to help others:

> Barry,
>
> It's so nice to hear from you. You are on my mind a lot. Your books remain on my Kindle front and center. The very first book you sent to me with your Wizard of Oz concept had an introduction that just grabbed me and still won't let me go. Can you believe that was only January of this year? [2022] It feels as if I've known you forever.
>
> I love your wit, your writing, your style and your endless genius both in your craft, your brain and your heart. If I could have one literary wish, it would be to make you a best-selling author, so millions could see and read what I do.
>
> You are a beautiful unicorn who cannot and should not be tamed. To try and mold and shape your writing would be to kill the very soul that breathes life into it. Your top-of-mind, free-thought process is a skill that doesn't fall within the walls of traditional publishing, because they are not unicorns; though there are the exceptions.
>
> I truly love your concepts. Your inner child not going to school – so incredibly witty, funny and deep. Your latest one, scintillating... though you veer into politics, which you know I don't handle well. I can talk about dicks all day – but not politics, even though most of them are dicks...
>
> If I could figure out the one imprint and editor who would welcome your fresh take, your fresh mind, your amazing writing into their fold, I would send it in a heartbeat. If you know of this person, please share. I envision a heartbreaking road for us

> both with rejection after rejection of close-minded editors looking for the usual tropes and done-to-death derivatives – company I would never want you to keep.
>
> So, what is the answer to this? What amazing saga can we write that will open the hearts and minds of those currently in the dark?

Needless to say, I was deeply touched by what she said and how beautifully she said it. I love to develop my knowledge of myself, and I love people to reflect that knowledge in complimentary ways.

In our first correspondence, she called me a "genius." In this one, she called me a "unicorn." Nobody has ever said anything as nice as that to me. Nobody! I'm almost 70 years old! You'd think that by now, I'd have heard it all. Yet I'd never heard these two words uttered to describe me by anyone who claimed to love me. I feel truly blessed that God brought her into my life.

But the secret I'm going to reveal to you is how I've come to see **myself** as a genius and a unicorn. It's nice for others to see it and say it, but it's far more magical and miraculous for me to see it in myself and say it in loud.

My Favorite Thing

You might think that my favorite **thing** is my penis. I have a fondness for my penis that's hard to put into words. It speaks in riddles, but it always leads me to truths. I've become **like** God, just as the serpent in Eden told Eve she could do.

But the more I relate to God, the more He lets me know that I have much more to learn. He's the eternal Teacher. I hope to become an eternal pupil. Death no longer defines me. My courage grows. My sense of loyalty to His goals grows.

They hate me on the right for being **gay**. They hate me on the left for being **Jewish**. My enemies are everywhere. Sometimes I feel more like Jesus after His last supper and before the next day. My friends are sleeping well. Only my enemies and I are up all night.

I was created by God to create peace and safety from within. I feel more than **lucky**. I feel **blessed**. I'm a gay Jew, a genius and a unicorn. I'm like Moses. I'm like Jesus. I'm like the Prophet Muhammad. How many are able to say something like that?

Although I promised the agent quoted above not to write any more about politics or religion, I can already see that I can't keep my promise to her. Every morning I read the news as though it's the grades the class is given with regard to the tests from the day before. These grades on paper are political, but they reflect the religious changes the seven faiths are going through in the modern age. Those faiths were given to us chronologically by God as:

1. Indigenism	Prayer
2. Hinduism	Motherhood
3. Judaism	Wisdom
4. Buddhism	Lust
5. Taoism	Paradox
6. Christianity	Love

7. Islam Loyalty

The news describes how our Teacher is unifying us with spiritual attributes we must discover in our heart and learn to embrace.

If you don't like what you're seeing in politics and religion, know that there isn't a student who's coming to class having done all their homework from the night before. That's why things look as they do.

I can see that there's still so much I have to learn about my spiritual work habits, not just the subject matter of my classes.

The topic I've chosen to pursue in this book, in addition to religion, politics and penises, is **death**. Until now, I had no idea how much I'm inspired to talk about death and dying.

Most people just want to talk about news, weather and sports. If you bring up politics and religion, they get uncomfortable. If you bring up penises, they start laughing. But if you bring up death, they frown and quickly change the subject. That's the last thing they want to think about.

So, I thank you, world, for turning my thoughts in the direction of something else I'm really passionate about! I'm through talking about the head on the dicks of the men who all have opinions about sex, religion and politics. I've graduated to discussing everything in terms of death.

Death corresponds to graduation from this school. Grief corresponds to the feeling of loss associated with the graduation of those we loved. But their death is also a reminder of our impending final exam, something I'm working on as we speak.

I don't care if my efforts force The Teacher to raise the class curve for everyone. I don't care who passes and who fails. Your grades aren't going on my report card. I don't care if what I have to say about death leads you to see that you've been behaving hypocritically. I just don't care anymore. You're not my problem.

If you hate me because I'm **gay**, you're a hypocrite. You love yourself. You have sex with yourself even if there's another person in bed with you. Sex with yourself is a homosexual act.

If you hate me because I have a boyfriend rather than a girlfriend, you hate the feminine side of yourself. You were made by a man and a woman. If you reject the feminine side of yourself, you reject the navel on your belly. You reject the proof that you came out of a woman.

If you hate me because I'm **Jewish**, you're just as big a hypocrite. You're jealous that The One God Who created us all and gave Israel to the Jews, not to the Christians or Muslims. You want what He gave us. You're **jealous** of our milk [love] and you're **envious** of our honey [wisdom]. You covet everything we have.

Christians have been fighting over Israel since Islam came into existence. Christians have been killing Jews for 2,000 years. Muslims have been killing Jews for 1,400 years. The two of you aren't just dripping hypocrites. You both come from a long line of Jew killers.

As a gay Jew, I'm not afraid of either of you because I'm not afraid of death. You can kill me, but you can't kill the truth. You can censor me, but you can't censor the voices inside yourself. Your own penis or clitoris will drive you **nuts**. This is what happens to **fruits** from trees of knowledge that deny the truth. You're turning this world into hell on Earth. Your children and grandchildren will be the beneficiaries of your self-loathing. They'll grow up to hate you **and** themselves.

I have nothing to lose by telling you my truth except my life.

69 + 96

One of my best friends is 96 and I'm 69. We talk every day on the phone, and, as you can well imagine, she has a **lot** to say on the topic of death. Death is the most refreshing topic I can think of discussing with her, especially after having spent so many years talking about religion and politics, which only made me wish I was dead…

My 96-year-old-gurlfriend is like a bird that gathered twigs to build a nest. The twigs are the conclusions she's come to support her spiritual foundation. The twine she winds around her nest come from the grasses that produce the staff of life. Eggs burst forth from her soul as the result of a life devoted to modeling for others the light that inspires her.

She's now figuratively perched in a residence home for the very old and dying. And there she sits waiting for her last egg to hatch.

She spreads the wings she's earned, but she can't yet fly. She fluffs her feathers with indignation and chirps at the nurses who flutter about. They can't figure out what she's saying. She stares out at the world through one eye or the other, but not even the other residents can say what she sees.

The truth is that all people know they're going to die. There isn't a person on the planet over the age of five who hasn't at least heard about death. And yet, nobody wants to talk about it! You'd think the subject was as offensive as the taboo of having a threesome with your parents.

It's not. Death is the outcome of every life. There's no exception to that rule. Death is the frame around every picture. You can't go beyond the frame without hitting a **wall**. [Here, the pun ought to be on the Wailing Wall. I'm going to stop talking about pun sightings. Keep a lookout for them on your own.]

My 96-year-old-gurlfriend moved into this residence home for the elderly about eight months ago. But she still

looks and acts my age. Until then, she was living quite well by herself. The pandemic cramped her style, and so her closest seven friends got together and each of us visited her one day a week until we could get her into a home.

But you'd never know she's so old. She's in great physical health. And even though her short-term memory has slipped a little; her gallows' humor is as sharp as ever.

But now, she's got nothing to do all day because the place where she lives is like a chicken coup for old cocks and hens. At least when she lived in her own home, she had a friend come over every day. There was someone to sharpen her wits. So, I call her once a day and we laugh about death and sing songs with amazing lyrics like "The Glory of Love." [2]

There are no activities at the home due to COVID. They're just storing people there like fowl in a henhouse. Hens use their time productively by laying eggs. Old people just sit around staring at one another, or they look for reasons to primp and peck one another.

The only meaningful topic they have to talk about at the home is death. But, according to my 96-year-old-gurlfriend, none of them are talking about what's going to happen once they leave their last address on Earth.

Because my 96-year-old-gurlfriend was a nun for 14 years, she's taken it upon herself to minister to her neighbors. She tries to help them by listening and holding their hand. But she doesn't feel that that's enough. She frequently asks me what more she can do.

She's a hardhearted, old soul who gets easily angry at injustice. But she's also a softy who gets just as easily sad over other people's suffering.

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[2] Written by Billy Hill and recorded by Bennie Goodman in 1936

A Self-Ordained Rabbi and a Nun

I can say anything I want to my 96-year-old-Catholic-gurlfriend. I told her many times, "You're worse than a Jew! You're constantly trying to be **too** good. **Good enough** is good enough! But you have to do better than good enough. And so, you always end up at the extreme end of the spectrum being **too** good. And, as we all know, no good deed that's **too** good ever goes unpunished."

"It's no wonder you're 96 and God won't take you! You're **too damn good**! You're never going to get into Heaven with an attitude like that! You're so good that you're insufferable. The Angels won't want to be around you! You'll make Them look bad! They're probably begging God **not** to let you in!"

But she just lets me crow like a rooster as the Son rises. She giggles, and I seem to be good at making her do just that. It's like she's cooing, and my comments help her move that awesome last egg slowly through her system.

"When I'm dead, I don't want you to cry for me," she says earnestly. "My life has been a celebration. There's no reason to shed a tear."

"Oh, I know. Believe me I promise to celebrate when you're gone... There aren't many people as bejeweled inside as you and me. You'll be leaving here a rich bitch! You'll probably get a mansion in Heaven."

She always goes back to the question of what she can do to help the lost souls living on her floor at the Catholic home for the poor in San Francisco where she now resides.

I tell her, "Look! I may be a self-ordained rabbi, and you may be the only soul in my congregation. But God brought us together because He knows what He's doing. You're the only nun in the world with your own personal rabbi! And I'm the only self-ordained rabbi in the world with a sister in my **congregation**. I'd rather spend time with you, Sister, than the sisters in my own **family**!"

"My God!" she tells me. "It's a good thing nobody can hear what we're talking about. They'd come with the butterfly nets and take us both away."

"We're both **fruits** and we're both **nuts**. When we get off the phone, we can both smile politely at all the **vegetables** around us. We don't have to tell them things about life and death they're not ready to hear."

"But, really, Gurlfriend, [in regard to her neighbor] you need to remember that people only get what they deserve. The **dead**, you and I can't account for. They're gone, and nothing is ever going to bring them back. It's the **living** who have to endure the losses in this world. This is God's way of teaching us how to endure the loss He had to endure with those two fruits [good and evil] stolen from His one and only private tree. What a fuss He made over that! You'd think the serpent in the Creation Story had been God's Penis and It convinced Eve to yank off His Testicles and eat them!"

That got a giggle out of her!

"And then, because mankind is as disreputable as it is, things outside Eden only went from bad to worse, ending with the loss of God's Son. Is it any wonder we have to endure losses of our own to understand His?"

I know she nods her head in agreement, even though I can't see her when we speak on the phone. We've been friends since she was 90. I met her at Will's church and started taking her food shopping with me once a week. My car was our first synagogue. Now we pray daily by phone.

"Your neighbor who's stuck in her room alone all day never bothered to reflect on the fact that she'd get old someday. She's like a can that was pried open and then kicked down the road. There's nothing left inside of her. She's given away or spilled all that was in her that had any value."

I tell her, "Victor Frankl, the Jewish psychiatrist and Holocaust survivor said, 'The meaning of life is to give life meaning.' But my friend's next-door neighbor in the

Catholic home for the poor isn't interested in making meaning out of her circumstances. She just lived until she got old. And now she's secretly wishing she were dead."

"There must be some reason she's still alive, Barry. Don't you think?"

"I don't know the woman, but I know a lot of people like her. And I can tell you that some people are **afraid** of death because they don't know what's coming next. And some of them are **guilt-ridden** because they didn't prepare for death sooner. The reason they don't want to talk about death is because they're afraid to come alive. You can't face **death** if you can't face **life**. You've got to come alive **before** you die, or you'll die ashamed that you never lived."

"But why would God punish her by making her stay in bed all day and night just because she was afraid to live and didn't know it?"

I ignore her question. Because I can't always speak for God, I continue.

"As for guilt, Gurlfriend, people only want to look ahead at where they hope to end up. They don't want to turn around to look back at where they've been. They don't want to think of themself as a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. They don't want to think about the fender-benders they've been in or how many people they've run off the road with the way they drove furiously to get to the end of the road. They just want to find a place to park close to their Destination, get out of their vehicle and leave it behind. They just can't find a way to stop themself because they've never asked themself how or where they're going. By the time they get really old, they feel guilty for having gone the wrong way without knowing where they now are in relationship to where they came from."

"Oh my God, Barry! What more can I do?"

"You're the most spiritually affluent person I ever met, Gurlfriend! I never met anyone as wealthy as you. You spent your life filling yourself by feeding others. And from having

done so, you enriched yourself, as well. Now you're so spiritually full that you're bursting at the seams. You wish God would take you out of that body of yours because you can be of no more help to the world. That's a sign of how you overcame your fear and guilt over dying. You've always lived for others."

She giggles when I get on a roll, but she's not at all afraid of dying. She's just squeamish when it comes to having to look at the spiritual poverty around her.

I remind her that when she was in her 70's, she had a brain tumor. She fully expected to die then. But she's been pouring over her final exam in the school of life for more than 20 years! She's filled with compassion for the dying who have little **hope** because they never learned the meaning of **faith**.

I tell her that after **pain**, **suffering** and **guilt** comes **hope**. Don't expect to achieve **faith** without going through those other four. Everyone talks about the pain and suffering they're going through in life. But few speak about their **guilt** in not knowing themself. Even fewer speak about **hope**. But when it comes to **faith**, you can't get them to shut up!

"People will bend your ear off telling you all about their physical **pains**. And **suffering** is another popular topic people love to talk about. But they never move on to question the **guilt** they have to experience in not having come to know themself any better.

Self-ignorance never comes up in conversation for most people. With all the knowledge people pick from that inscrutable tree in God's garden, they still know little to nothing about **themself**. **Self**-knowledge is the best souvenir of a life well lived.

God brings us the most interesting stranger in the whole world, but most people have no interest in getting to know themself. Is it any wonder they don't graduate to **hope** and are bereft of **faith**?"

“I just don’t know what I can do for that woman,” my dear friend repeats. “Every time I go to her room, she seems to be pleased to see me. But when I leave, I feel guilty. I wish I’d done more.”

“Oh Gurlfriend! What do you want to do, grow a penis and impregnate the woman with all the life-giving elixir within you? You may be rich within, but there’s no way to infuse your spiritual wealth in another person. There’s no way to give away what you’ve got in the abstract.”

I continue. “People aren’t afraid of vaccines. People aren’t worried about getting pinched by a needle. But they’re terrified of the goodness flowing through their veins. And they’re horrified of anything helpful and hopeful coming at them from the outside in. They can’t trust anyone or anything.”

“It’s not just the Republicans who are pretending it’s not drek coming out of their mouth in public. How many Democrats actually grow up enough to love themself? It should be no coincidence that so many people end up in diapers in old age. Poetic justice if you ask me.”

Since she giggles, I know that gives me the license to continue.

“There’s no such thing as penis envy, Dear. Nobody’s envious of anyone else’s penis. Hell, most men don’t even know what to do with the one they’ve got! They spend their whole life figuratively dismembering themself. They spend their whole life figuratively castrating themself. They don’t want what they’ve got below the belt. It only confuses them.”

“The Jews disable their sons’ penis literally when they’re eight days old. The Muslims also circumcise girls to turn them into sexual zombies in an effort to put their societies to sleep. If Muslim men would circumcise the whole head of their sons’ penis, they’d realize what they’re doing to their Muslim daughters, and, indirectly, to themselves.”

I'm really pleased I can speak this candidly with her. She never got married. I don't know if she ever even had a boyfriend. I know she lived with a lesbian woman for many years, a gal she met in the Navy. But my friend told me that that gal always yearned for a physical relationship with her, and she wasn't interested. So, I don't even know if she might not be a virgin.

Virginity doesn't make a difference to me. I can't say that my own sex life was all that great until I met Will. We've been together 11 years, and the sex only gets better. But that's because I've learned how to kiss his ass figuratively. Happy spouse, happy house!

You can't convince people you're the recipient of a miracle given to you by God. You've got to prove to them that you've earned it. So, I don't talk too much about my incredibly hot sex life.

"Gurlfriend, you give the woman living down the hall from you your time and attention. She's alone, confused, depressed and frightened. Time and attention are all you have to offer. That old lady smiles every time you visit her. Isn't that enough?"

"I just wish I could do more!"

"Are you spending time with her out of **guilt** or out of **love**? You know you have nothing to feel guilty about. Your problem is that you're too **Jewish**! You're trying to part the Red Sea to prove to Moses that you can do it better. Just because Jesus gave His life for the world doesn't mean you have to climb everybody's cross to offer your life for them, too."

"You can't do other people's homework for them. You can't take their final exam. You can't take on their pain and suffer. That's **their** department. When I used to complain about my life, my father used to say that he wished he could piss and shit for me. But that, he said, I had to do for myself. If people don't give meaning to their life, with God as their

Witness, you can't add that meaning like salt and pepper to scrambled eggs."

"Get down off every cross except your own!" I tell her. "Give your neighbor your time and attention and leave it at that. Is there some reason you feel so guilty that you have to save her? She chose not to save herself. She chose to avoid the topic of death, and in so doing, she avoided the topic of meaning of life. Now it's too late. Now you can only pity her by treating her more respectfully than you treat others."

"But why would God not take her if she's so miserable?" she asks me.

"Because God needs us to see what bad examples look like," I say to her. "Hers is a cautionary tale. **Don't let this happen to you!** Don't die as poor and empty as you were when you were born. Make something of your life spiritually. Earn the rewards you believe you deserve. Invest in yourself. Appreciate yourself. Complete yourself by discovering your mission in loving yourself. If you don't do so, who will?"

"The Hebrew word "shalom" [peace] comes from the verb "lishalem." It means "to complete." Peace is a completing process. You'll never die in peace or achieve peace of mind if you haven't completed the process of getting to know yourself enough to love yourself. **Becoming** will reveal the self-love that will give you the loyalty to life that you need to see your destiny unfold through every little thing you say and do. Don't turn into a martyr."

"'**Appreciation**' means to '**increase in value**.' If you don't increase your own value moment by moment, you're going to end up a **vegetable** not a **fruit** or a **nut**."

My dear friend is a ripe **fruit** ready to be picked and eaten. I'm a **nut**. I've developed a very thick gay, Jewish shell because of the traumas I've been forced to go through. But neither of us is a **vegetable**.

I really don't know what to do about a world where everyone is being encouraged to turn themself into an onion.

Even with all their layers, they make me cry. Tears of **joy** are so much better than **bitter** tears.

Sounding Like a Republican

I should be more careful about sounding like a Republican when I tell people that they're getting what they deserve. The Republicans believe that about the Democrats visa vie the hereafter. The Democrats don't want to admit that they feel the same way about the Republicans, especially now that the Republicans are dropping like flies from the Delta variant.

Life's often tragic, but the more we can embrace misfortune as a blessing in disguise, the more we'll look to the future with wisdom achieved through greater self-knowledge, self-love and loyalty to ourself.

If you don't befriend the Mr. Hyde within you, he'll hide from you, and you from him. His anger, upset and destructive nature isn't without reason. But if you don't find out what he's so distraught about you, you're projecting your self-loathing out onto others.

Nowadays, many people look at the **past** optimistically and the **future** with apprehension and dread. But I've found that living in the **moment** as though each moment is an orgasm bursting forth into the next is the best way to improve my perspective on the past, present and future.

Those who think orgasms are dirty don't think like this. They think ejaculation is something you should never talk about in public or relate to your time here on Earth and inner space.

I can see why God wants us to learn to do more and more for ourselves. If I was God, I wouldn't want to change the diapers of today's babies who are making more babies. Grown men and women need to learn to act more responsibly.

I'm not going to arm wrestle with anyone except my gurlfriend over whether the old lady down the hall deserves what she's getting. What matters is that that old lady has my dear friend to visit her a few minutes every day. That seems

pretty lucky to me, given that the standards of spiritual care for the elderly are so deplorably poor.

What difference does it make if this world is run by God or by chance? What matters is that we care about one another. Believe me, I wouldn't have written about my gurlfriend's neighbor if I didn't want to provoke myself to feel bad about how old people are being treated in institutions. Someday, I may be where they are. Someday, I may wish young people would care more about the advantage to **them** in talking to **me** about my imminent death and the way in which I'm dying.

I may be 69, but I hope to die feeling as sexy and alive as I do now. I hope to cum into God's open Arms when I leave here. I hope death will be greater than orgasm with Will. But for the time being, I'll continue to practice cuming with him.

I want to make myself useful until the sweet or bitter end. If I'm not at the center of me, who will be? And if I don't leave here fully alive and vibrant inside, how will I recognize what I'm going towards, and why?

My Hero

I suppose Mel Brooks is my hero. I can't think of anyone else who's got a game plan that makes more sense to me than his. The purpose in him having created "The Producers" was to ridicule Nazism. He wanted to make people feel so big that they could look down and laugh at evil. I can't imagine a better way to deal with this world as it is today.

When we talk about goosestepping fools, what difference does it make if they Heil Hitler, Jesus, Allah or some sex-starved rabbi in Israel with a long beard who pretends to know everything after having read only one set of books his whole life? A religious exception is nothing more than an excuse for bad behavior.

You can't get the orthodox **Jews** to join the army in Israel and fight for their country. You can't get rich Evangelical **Christians** to pay their fair share taxes to support society. And you can't get fanatical **Muslims** to give up killing gays and Jews in the name of Allah.

Granted, Mel Brooks' humor was juvenile. I don't find jokes about flatulence funny. I prefer jokes about rimming assholes in politics and religion. I think Donald Trump has made the topic of rimming a catchphrase. You can always make me laugh with a joke that's **tongue in cheek**…

The meaning of life isn't **all** about penetration for the purpose of producing life. Just ask our President. A lot of the meaning people give to life is about modeling loyalty. If you don't develop your conscience to achieve loyalty to **yourself**, you'll end up rimming the world or insisting that the world rims you.

Poor people are consumed with making **money**. Many of them forget about the **milk** [love] and **honey** [wisdom] they hold inside. Creating new life is easy. Supporting the lives you've created is not.

We all need **money** to care for our body. But in our internal world, ecstasy is equally important and far more

inspiring. And what better reminder of ecstasy is there than orgasm. If ever there was a clue from God about the meaning of life, it comes with cuming. Herein lies intimacy with God through others. Does it really make a difference if you cum in a man or a woman, so long as you cum with God on your mind? The only thing sweeter than His milk [love] is His honey [wisdom].

Going My Way

I moved to Israel when I was 18. Jewish faces then were soft and pliable. They hung down from a branch of their tree of knowledge like a melted clock. Their hands went round and round when they talked as if to say they were running out of time. I couldn't figure out what made them tick.

When I met Israeli Muslims, every one of them was like the Tin-Man. They talked about the hollow in their tree of knowledge that left them feeling empty inside. They were missing something they couldn't quite put into words. They walked like they were rusting. Israel was far too wet and damp for them. Maybe, with climate change, that's now changing.

The few Christians I met in Israel in those days were like the Scarecrow. They were in Israel to seek brains. They talked about the Israelis as though they were wizards. I tried to pull back the curtain on their perception, but it did no good.

Among "aam Israel sheli" [my Jewish people], I felt like I'd entered a Salvador Dali painting. Among the Christians and Muslims in Israel, I felt befriended. With them by my side, I found the courage to make my way out of the forest of childhood like a cowardly lion. But deep down inside, I saw myself as a naïve girl from Kansas on an adventure.

Israel is Surreal, and the people there are like the main characters in The Wizard of Oz. When you meet Israelis in other countries, they have to turn into Munchkins to hide their true nature. There are flying monkeys everywhere.

Israelis speak Hebrew in a way that nobody in America speaks English. They talk to you in Hebrew like you're family. It's either insulting or full of praise. I either felt smothered, disrespected and dishonored or befriended, valued and flattered.

If you speak to Israelis too politely in Hebrew, they look at you as though you've escaped from an insane asylum. Too much formality makes them uncomfortable.

I suppose all Jews are a little like that. I'm always treating people with more respect than they expect. I treat everyone like my parent rather than like a brother or sister.

Because I loved and respected my parents, I felt I didn't have the liberty to speak to them candidly. I called my mother "geveret" [Hebrew: madame]. But I was pretending to be formal with her to remind her that I honored her. Inside, we were really as intimate as a mother and daughter.

My father and I were like strangers to one another. The father/son relationship for us never got off the ground. Even when he was at his deathbed, I thought of him as an outsider to my life. We said "goodbye" without either of us having said "hello."

When I was a teenager, I moved to Israel to dance and had to learn Hebrew to connect with the troupe. I felt like a private in a troop, not a dancer in a troupe.

I discovered that Hebrew vocabulary, like the tone and intonation of the language, was much harder to learn than I expected. The word "ananim" in Hebrew means "clouds;" "anavim" are grapes; and "avanim" are rocks.

Each word is like a tile with a slightly different pattern. You've got to turn Hebrew words every which way to make them fit into a sentence. Speaking Hebrew is like creating a mosaic, a beautiful pattern that produces a montage of meanings that look like pictures.

I should have realized that this was a clue from God that He was asking me to learn to talk to my people in our language as a poet. Hebrew isn't prosaic. It's poetic. Every Israeli is a modern prophet. If you try to pin Hebrew down literally, you end up going mad.

I recommend you make an effort to learn the language Jesus spoke in which He quoted Moses. It'll teach you to see something about yourself that can't be said any other way.

You'll discover that you're pure poetry. The poetry in motion in leaving Egypt for Israel with Moses was enhanced by Jesus with the poetry of emotion. Muhammad described that in the Quran using similes to enhance the metaphors of Moses and symbols of Jesus.

If you're not interested in studying the Abrahamic scriptures for figurative meanings, don't bother to study them at all. **Science** is for people who seek literal truths. **Religion** is for people who seek figurative truths. Don't mix up the two.

The Abrahamic faiths were created by God to become a choir of voices. At one time, the Jews were the only singers in God's chorale. Today, the Jews sing the lyrics [wisdom]. The Christians sing the melody [love]. And the Muslims sing the harmony [loyalty].

Along with the **lyrics** [vocabulary] of Hebrew comes a **melody** [intonation] that's exasperating. If you learn Hebrew, you'll develop an **awful** attitude about harmony [loyalty to man] as well as an **amazing** attitude about loyalty to God.

The only way to make sense of the Israeli **melody** is with the **harmony** God infused into Arabic. Together, these two languages express the song God sings to Jews, Christians and Muslims that He wishes us to sing to the family of man.

Gays are learning to sing His song in every language on Earth. But there are many straight men and women in the Abrahamic choir who are tone deaf and therefore out of tune. The cacophony is evident by the news.

Every Israeli is even defended against being offended by every other Israeli. They don't just have an Iron Dome around their country. Each of them has an iron dome around themself. You can learn to do the same using each word in Hebrew as a gift from God to expand your own big picture. You can protect yourself from yourself and others by learning how to sing inside.

I learned to speak Hebrew, but I couldn't learn how to read or write it. I've been driving a car since I was 16, but I can't drive like the British on the other side of the road. I can't use a pair of scissors or a pen in my non-dominant hand. I taught myself how to eat with chopsticks, but it was while in Morocco, as a guest at a Muslim table that I learned how to eat with my hands.

I applaud literacy, but I just can't read or write "backwards." My Hebrew is more like that of a young child who hasn't yet gone to school.

Yet I'm a college graduate with two master's degrees! I earned a living as an English teacher for ten years! I treat people like Ph.D. students. I **profess**. I don't **inform**. I've had a devil of time learning to address people as peers.

I believe that getting a good education in this school for fools requires reading and writing. But it also requires being able to read and **right** yourself! That must be learned by singing to yourself inside with as much intimacy as you can muster. All the rest is commentary.

Your Nose Knows

Your heart doesn't figuratively beat just in your body with love and loyalty to you. Your heart figuratively forces you to fall in love with aspects of the external world. This projection of your love for you later in life will correspond to aspects of yourself that you weren't consciously aware of in your youth.

Inside, you'll always be tall, dark, handsome and beautiful in ways you have to earn the insight to see. You're a deep soul, but you have to **learn** about yourself to **believe** in yourself. This learning process produces the self-intimacy that you can then share with God.

Your eyes were given to you to **look** at others temptingly as well as **see** yourself. Your ears were given to you to hear others so you can better listen to the voices inside of you. And your nose was given to you to smell the stench around you as well as the odiferous delight that emanates out from within.

Over time, you'll realize that you're slowly internalizing the outer world. That's when you'll come to realize that your **fate** is connected to others, while your **destiny** lies in your hands.

Love yourself more than you love anyone else on Earth. That's when you'll discover that the heart in your chest is beating for **you** alone. [3]

Through poetry, I discovered that I'm figuratively swallowing my own cum. I love the life-giving force within me. I figuratively share it with others in my own unique and wonderful way. My words emanate out from the serpent in my tree. His is the mystery in being me that really matters. There's an urge at the core of me to penetrate, know and love every part of me. My penis points in, not just up and out. My

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[3] For those of us who believe in God, that's when I realized that my heart is also beating for **You** alone.

positive opinions concretize what my life means to me in the sight of God.

God gave me a stranger to come to know and love – the **you** in me. If you don't take the opportunity to make that stranger into your most cherished partner and soulmate, you'll miss the boat. You'll leave harbor without **you**. And when you get old, you'll find yourself stuck on the pier waving to someone who won't turn around and come back. **That** is the greatest tragedy in life.

What was in childhood your **body**, in adolescence turned into an enticing **donut** with a hole. You discovered the dessert that made eating through all that spinach in your youth, worthwhile.

Much later in life, you learned that there's a **me** inside **it** that was eaten away by a spirit you couldn't see or identify by name. There's nothing concrete at the center of any of us. We're like a flame that eats up a candle. The candle shrinks. There's nothing but light to prove that it was ever here.

I am a spirit.

I am anything but **holy**.

I'm **holey**.

I am the **me** in my body that I'm missing.

I'm one reason God created the universe.

Once I made my way to the center of **my** universe, everything finally fell into place.

Everyone is like that.

This, you can't see with your eyes.

You can't hear it with your ears.

This, only your nose knows.

Forsaken

I'm not often **juvenile** anymore, and I'm rarely **childish**. I was once **infantile**. But I grew up a lot over the years. I've actually grown into a more or less mature adult.

I now see that this world isn't "God forsaken." God doesn't forsake anyone. This world is **forsaken** by people like you and me. The world forsakes God. That's why the news looks as it does. Don't blame God for having forsaken **us**. Look within. Look at how little you know about **yourself**. **You**'ve forsaken **yourself**. And you might be trying to convince the rest of us that we're forsaken or forsaking, as well.

Life is an experience in becoming. You can't know a river because the water is constantly flowing. You can't know when you're going to die because you can't know the next moment in time. We're all in the present. We're all determining the meaning of our past as we learn more about the spiritual process of **becoming**.

I'm just your average, Jewish fruit trying to ripen. I'm just a sweet, gay man who's been a little soured by lack of Son light. But there are lemons out there whose pith is truly bitter. "Lemon tree very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet." But we don't need any more hyper-religious lemons 'cause they're impossible to eat… [4]

[4] "Lemon Tree" was written by Will Holt in the late 1950s. It was inspired by a Brazilian song called "Meu limão, meu limoeiro." [Internet]

My Jewish-Lesbian-Cousin's-Wife

My Jewish-lesbian-cousin's-wife has been so embittered by life as a former, Christian woman that she can't even answer the question "How are you?" She has to tell me about everyone else and how **they're** doing. And when she gets one detail wrong, my Jewish-lesbian-cousin rolls her eyes, and then the two of them start fighting over opinions they can only augment using body language and high-pitched voices. They have no God to go to. They're devout atheists.

And yet, they're just like straight Jews and Christians. We're all married to one another through the Old Testament, but we fight over the New Testament. The only thing good I can say about this marriage made in Heaven is that it's better than the way Christians treated Jews at the beginning of the last Century. That relationship was made in Hell.

I keep telling my Jewish-lesbian-cousin that she gets aggravated much too late in the conversation with her wife. She should be aggravated because her wife can't talk about herself. My cousin-in-law can't stand limelight. Limelight for her is like water for the wicked witch of the West. She turns into a candle in high heat and melts.

But I don't stop there with my acerbic opinion of the two of them. I tell my cousin-in-law that of all the Jews in the world, she had to marry the one Jew who has no sense of humor. That shuts them both up. They have to agree that my cousin is humorless. She can only roll her eyes at all the bitterness in this world. She can't speak to the disappointment that's a cerulean lining around every cloud in her sky. Her wife should know that. She shouldn't joke with her about anything.

Lesbians! They're the only people on the planet who aren't interested in penises. Straight women and gay men can't get enough of 'em. And straight men are only mesmerized by the one they've got.

Lesbians are the only hens that will fluff their feathers, flap their wings and strut away from the topic of cocks without a second thought.

God, in His infinite wisdom, created lesbians. “Why?” I ask you! They could at least show some interest in what everybody else is licking their lips for. Straight men would never lift their head out of their lap if they could suck their own dick. Lesbians have got to be as contrary as canaries in a mine field.

I could make the point that there’s a **worm** in every apple, not just a **serpent** in every tree. I could tell lesbians that a worm may not shout as loudly as a serpent, but that little voice inside of them can do almost as much damage as any snake in the grass.

Remove Religiosity

The best way to embrace spirituality is to remove the religiosity that keeps the Abrahamic faiths separate and estranged. The secret to the joy in the rainbow of hope God gave to the world [**violet**] lies in overcoming the colorful, but negative, voices inside of you:

red:	- rage
orange:	- agony
yellow:	- fear
green:	- jealousy and envy
blue:	- sorrow
indigo:	± mystery
violet:	+ ecstasy

This is the mystery of the seven emotions that make up the rainbow of hope that shines in your heart. That should reveal how despicably you treat yourself. Are you emotionally colorblind?

Until you can acknowledge these colorful passions inside and ask God to help you understand the complexity of how He made you in His image, you're going to take some aspect of your scripture too literally. And for that, you'll pay a price. All prices in life are losses that cause pain and/or suffering. Could you not see that, too?

Life is a school, and some of your grades may not yet be good enough to pass the classes you've been enrolled in. You may need to examine assumptions about how to learn that you picked up from "C" students who come to spiritual school each day only to advance their social life.

Everyone, without exception, eventually suffers a broken heart. Everyone asks himself why God would do such a thing to someone as good as them. But when your heart has been broken, the rainbow of hope in your heart can

then rise up to your Adam's apple and then shine down to your soul on your right side.

This becomes the inner freeway of the heart and soul we're all on, in contrast to the crowded highways and clogged byways each of us is on individually in the external world. There's actually a pot of gold at both ends of the rainbow within you. That's how much hope God has infused in His promise to you.

Christians were given a **heart** through Jesus, and Muslims were given a **soul** through Muhammad. Yet, there's been nothing but animosity between these two faiths for 1,400 years. It's about time everyone recognizes that to claim to have a heart and soul, you're going to have to unite your feelings and beliefs about **yourself**, as well modify your opinions of **others**.

You're making your way down **through** the rainbow within you as you're making your way **across** it. It's not easy to become soulful. It takes a great deal of faith in yourself to move from **love** [heart] to **loyalty** [soul]. But this is a huge part of the curriculum of every student in this spiritual school.

If you don't take your faith figuratively, you'll contribute to the animosity of the world toward **gays** and **Jews**. It's time to give up homophobia and antisemitism. It's time to learn to make peace from within. How would you feel if you were a gay Jew?

You need to make your way through the Renaissance, Baroque-and-in-debt, Classical and Romantic Ages of the past and join the world of modernity. You need to fast-forward using spiritual hyper-drive to make your way to the present, despite how tense it is here on Earth now.

This book is about how to use spiritual star-drive using your imagination to see your inner universe as it truly is. This book is about using your mind to overcome the limitations of your heart in not having fallen in love with the promise of hope from God that shines in your chest.

Your mind can go anywhere it wants in time. Yet most people are stuck in the past or the future. They have a natural aversion to being here now.

You'll go as far as you want to go in life. By the time you get to the end, you'll see for yourself how far you've come toward God using self-intimacy and self-love as your guides.

Get past the gravity of your situation. Don't just space out every time things don't go your way. Figure out how you got to where you are. Go back and do it again more slowly and carefully a second time from the inside in, using the conditional tense to find out what you **could** do and **should** do. You'll never get off the ground if you don't try to reach for the stars without lifting a finger.

It's your feelings for **others** that are keeping you down. So, endeavor to view your feelings for **them** in a whole new way by looking at your feelings for **you**.

You might think I'm not talking to you. You might think I'm talking to me but projecting my thoughts onto strangers like you. And I have to admit there's some truth to that.

But honestly, who wouldn't be upset with himself if he discovered that the only person who was holding him back had to confronted within?

Yes, I'm irritated with others. But the only way to seek help from me is with my Tutor and our Teacher teaching me how to behave better toward myself.

The Congressional Playpen

Congress is the American playpen. That's where we send our spiritual "children" to get an education on how to live in this world among people of all stripes and colors.

The expression "all stripes and colors" comes from the American flag. The stripes on our flag are red or white. The white stars on our flag stand out against a blue background.

Red stands for **rage**. **Blue** stands for **sorrow**. **White** doesn't stand for the color of the skin of European Christians. It stands for **purity**, the purity also found in Blacks, Browns, Asians and Jews. White even stands for the purity found in gay Jews…

If you wish to reach for the stars, you can do so **literally** by investing your time in **science**. Or you can do so **figuratively** by investing yourself in **faith** in yourself. You can even do both in this day-and-age and still believe in God.

I'm not going to explain life to you as though you were a child. I'm not going to try to explain to you why good Democrats and good Republicans are at each other's throats duking it out with the whole world watching. The foul mix on your left [heart] and right [soul] you created yourself. You project your prejudices onto others instead of cleaning up your act from within.

God gave the land of milk [good that turns to love] and honey [evil that turns into wisdom by correcting bad behavior] to the Jews. Recreate what we've done.

Nothing turned out the way I wanted it to in my life – and yet I've never been happier with the way my life is now.

Witness yourself promoting the love and wisdom you're endeavoring to leave behind. You're a personification of Israel. You don't need to steal our land to ground yourself.

Whether you're politically **blue** with self-disappointment or **red** with self-rage at what you have to atone for in the meager time you've got left, you **will** get what you deserve.

Aging Gracefully

I'm so glad I've grown old. I couldn't be more pleased with what I look and sound like now inside. I've aged like fine wine. I have a bouquet and a body that are complex and enticing.

I thank God that He included aging in His list of subjects most of us have to take. I couldn't be happier when I look in the mirror. Despite my sagging skin, gray hair and circles under my eyes, my wrinkles show where my smiles have been.

There's proof on my face that I'm not going to be here forever. I thought I was invincible when I was young. I thought I was going to live forever, and I thought my parents would, too.

But now I've got evidence that that's not going to be the case. My parents are deceased, and I'm old. I've learned that I'll be graduating this school for fools someday. I'll disembark from this ship at sea. This school onboard a ship that's sailing through space isn't a place I'll have to remain aboard forever.

Besides, we're going around in circles. Every year, the seasons return like clockwork. It's now getting hotter both within us and around us.

Granted, most people now humbly admit that the sun doesn't rise in the East and set in the West. They've conceded that the Earth is turning on its axis, making it appear that the sun is moving across the sky. Bravo! Give them a gold star…

Maybe now they can take that evidence and apply it to their inner world. Maybe now they can admit that their inner world is 3D, too.

If people were spiritually deep enough to question the core of themself, they'd realize that their core is under enormous pressure, just like the Earth. They'd realize that

people erupt like volcanos intermittently, spewing forth all sorts of bubbling, hot opinions that emanate out from within.

Here's a hot rock you might like to try to hold in your hands. **Forgiveness is impossible**. We can hardly **excuse** one another for the way we look on the outside. Why would you have any hope that we can excuse each other for how we look on the inside?

Some people are really ugly inside. And you know it because you see how ugly some of your own thoughts, feelings and beliefs can be. Do you excuse yourself for thinking ugly thoughts, or do you merely avoid thinking about what you're thinking about?

You couldn't forgive yourself if that was the only thing you had to do each day. Most people go to God to ask Him to forgive them. Most people who don't believe in God claim their grades in the school of life don't matter because there's no Teacher Who gives them.

Yet, we all go through thoughts of "vanity." [Ecclesiastes 1:2] The Hebrew word "hevel" means "fleeting" or "meaningless." We all sometimes think it's all fleeting and meaningless. This only makes it possible to avoid improving ourself.

If we can't depend on being **excused** or **forgiven**, what about **exoneration**? Who realistically expects their sins to simply disappear? Will Hitler welcome you to Heaven without a care in the world if you're gay and/or Jewish? Will Muslim terrorists and martyrs escort someday you to your heavenly reward of scores of virgins for killing gays and Jews?

Nothing is **excused**, **forgiven** or **exonerated**. It's all on the record. It all goes on your report card each year. And it'll all show up at the end on your transcript.

If you haven't been doing your **homework**, you aren't going to be prepared for spot **quizzes**. Then, you won't be prepared for the **tests** you should be expecting. And, when it comes to your **final exam**, you should already be able to see

whether you're giving that consideration. You never know when your last day will come.

The Creation Story describes the concept of **guilt**. Guilt grows like a tree in a garden. Guilt even speaks like a serpent in a tree. If you don't heed the words of the serpent in your tree or worm in your apple, you're going to let your ego lead you astray.

You may never develop a conscience as your guide. What then? Using your index finger to point at others' failings won't erase your own.

Some people stink on the inside because they're figuratively killing themself with one bad habit or another [6th Commandment]. Some are cheating themself by breaking their word [7th Commandment]. Some are stealing their reputation out from under themself [8th Commandment]. Others are lying to others and in denial of the truth from within [9th Commandment]. And some people covet the **container** God gave others and the **contents** they have amassed [10th Commandment].

If you think you can skip the Ten Commandments given to you by the Jews and move on to the two commandments given by Jesus, you're neither a **nut** nor a **fruit**. You're a **vegetable**. You're growing, but you're not getting sweeter over time.

Go back to the formation of the planet – a time when there were volcanos everywhere and no oceans to cool the surface. Who hasn't been through that geological period figuratively? Your mind has been figuratively boiled like rocks under extreme pressure and later submerged in an ocean of emotions. You're steaming inside. Yet you claim to be like clay in God's Hands. You haven't enrolled in spiritual geology. No wonder the planet is dying.

Your mind is capable of going "where no man has gone before." So, don't be afraid of falling off the edge of your inner world. You're 3D. You've got **length** [wisdom], **width** [love] and **depth** [loyalty]. Don't deny the obvious.

Marx Brothers

There were actually four Marx Brothers, not three [Groucho, Chico, Harpo and **Zeppo**]. They were four brothers who represented one person on the silver screen. Groucho was their **brains**. Chico was their **heart**. Harpo was their **penis**. And Zeppo was their **soul**.

Nobody was interested in the soul of the Marx Brothers. They were only interested in their head, heart and that circumcised penis [Harpo] who couldn't literally speak, but who played musical instruments to charm and/or terrify pretty women.

Every man loves to blow his own horn. Some of us like to blow other men's horns, too. Every man plucks his harp like an angel in disguise. I'm not a pervert. I'm a sexual musician.

Like the Marx Brothers. I, too, have my brothers around me. But I keep them inside: my head, heart, soul and my horny **Harpo**. I can play with myself by myself as well as anyone. I can tickly my ivories and pluck my strings until the Angels cry out with ecstasy at the music I make.

The only difference between the Marx Brothers and me is that I want to spend my time loving my brothers. I don't want to make a long-distance call to my heart to find out how things are going below my stiff neck. I want to be there in a moment's notice.

I'm nothing like a medieval Catholic. I don't believe in **indulgences**. I want to spend all my money enjoying life rather than save it up to buy my way into Heaven. I'm good enough to get in on my own merits. I commend myself for my inner wealth. My outer wealth doesn't impress me the same way.

I've got enough money and plenty of honey [wisdom]. God, in His infinite wisdom, gave me a Catholic boyfriend who helps me compare and contrast myself to him. We've

built a bridge between our faiths. We move smoothly between the Old Testament and the New.

I'm a self-ordained rabbi. But every rabbi needs a rabbi, too! Will is my rabbi. He's a rabbi of the external world. I'm a rabbi of my internal world. Don't tell me we can't be world leaders because we're gay.

I've discovering the connection between the brothers within me: Groucho [head]; Chico [heart]; Harpo [penis]; and Zeppo [soul]. I can laugh at the comedy of errors I create in unifying my inner family of Jewish voices. I didn't know life could teach me to laugh at myself. I didn't know life could teach me to laugh at Jews because the Jews around me are teaching me how to appreciate the Jews within me.

My heart is lifting. I can see the light of the Son as mourning breaks through to noon. I can see why Jesus died by mid-afternoon and why the Prophet Muhammad took on the responsibility of moving man through the sunset of his days.

My soul's search for peace is being achieved through mindfulness. Spirituality takes God's literal words and turns them into poetry. Most men and women are so terrified of poetry that they live in a fantasy. And most children are so submerged in their own poem that they can't tell the difference between a nightmare and a dream.

Looking Back to Look Back

I had many dreams in the past. But most of my dreams were dreams about running away. That came to an end when I learned how to look back with concern whether **others** were getting away. I finally saw that the way to get my dreams to come true was to help others fulfill their dreams.

Now I look out the windows within me to see where I'm destined to help. If you have windows within where I have windows within, I can help you. But where I have walls within, many others have windows. Let them help others by fulfilling **those** dreams. I don't have to fulfill everyone's dreams.

Some of my dreams used to be about flying. That ended when I learned how to stop flying away, find my tree, build my nest and lay my eggs.

I 've had all sorts of dreams over the years. And in every dream, I should have asked myself what the alternative to that **dream** was that would create a **vision** for a better tomorrow.

Most of my **fantasies** were **hopeful**, while my **dreams** were **hopeless**. I had to realize some of my fantasies to get a glimpse of those dreams other have that they can share as a **vision** for a better tomorrow for everyone. My dreams are like clouds. They all have silver linings.

I recommend that young people make their way through their waking dreams by day. I recommend that they observe their fantasies at night in an effort to achieve a vision of what tomorrow might bring.

The dreams of my generation were perfect for a gay Jew. I achieved sexual freedom in my lifetime, and Israel achieved a permanent place on the world stage. Tomorrow's dreams will extend my generations' dreams beyond just the gays and the Jews. You may think this is a fantasy, but it's actually a vision. It was never just a dream.

My Father's Jail Term

My father was a concentration camp survivor. So, I am the son of a slave. That's not something you can see by looking at my skin. You have to look at the intellectual roads my father built for me. You have to look at the roads I've constructed for you. If you don't want to use my roads because they were built by Jews, I'm more than pleased that you don't go where I go to see what I see. It's in coming back to the freeway of life that most people realize that the detours of today will become the highways of tomorrow.

I have more in common with the descendants of Black slaves than even some young, Black people realize. God works in mysterious ways. Don't write people off by the color of their skin.

My father ended up in an American military jail in Germany shortly after concentration camp. Here's the whole story:

My father was the eighth and last child of one of the wealthiest families in Lithuania. They owned a cigarette factory. In the 1930's, my father took the Queen Mary from Hamburg, Germany to New York to **vacation** in the New World. Everyone in the family **worked** in the family business, but the youngest could be excused to enjoy life. And that he **did**!

Having grown up in a wealthy household that did business beyond Lithuania and the other Baltic States in Poland, Russia and Germany – and having gone to a German lyceum for his high school studies – my father spoke fluent Yiddish [old German], Lithuanian, Polish, Russian, modern German and a smattering of Hebrew from his brief, religious studies. Naturally, he was eager to go to America to learn English, as well. The family even saw his trip as a business investment.

My father spent a couple of years in New York going to movies, making friends with pretty gals and spending his

parents' money in the way he'd been brought up and accustomed to living life. But when the Nazis started to become powerful all over Europe, his family called him home.

What I neglected to mention was that my father was already married with two children at the time. He'd left his family with his relatives. So, when he was called home, it may have been because they were concerned for his wife and children.

I don't know if my father had planned on returning to Europe or whether he was just looking **forward** and not **back** when he was a young, handsome man walking the streets of New York with money in his pocket and girls on his arm. But did go back and survived the War. His two children also survived. There were smuggled into Catholic orphanages that were bribed to take them in. But his wife, mother, siblings and extended family were murdered. My father's father had died at a health retreat in Bologna, Italy a few years before. My paternal grandfather is buried in their cemetery. There were a couple of relatives in South Africa and America. But most of our family died in the camps.

When my father was released from Dachau Concentration Camp, he made it known to the American forces that he not only spoke English fluently. He spoke a handful of other European languages, as well. And you can imagine how quickly they scooped him up!

But because my father was a spoiled brat at heart – a rich kid who knew nothing about life, he was defiant and selfish. He was naïve to what really makes the world go round. He saw himself as not only better than others, but preferred by God to all the Jews who didn't survive the War. He thought he could do anything he pleased.

He got mixed up with some unsavory characters in Germany who came up with a scheme to use American military vehicles to transport food from the villages into the cities at a handsome profit.

Needless to say, the concept was desperately needed. People were starving after the War. The only problem was that the American military wasn't in on it. My father was the stooge the thieves needed to pull off their ploy. My father was caught, and the others got away.

He spent nine months in a military jail in Munich, Germany **after** having been liberated from concentration camp. While my father languished in jail, my mother who'd met him two months after the War, fell in love with him. She loved his rebelliousness and chutzpah. She thought that's what made a man masculine and appealing. Even her second husband was a bit like that.

My mother taught herself English while running from the Nazis in Germany throughout the War. Her paperwork to emigrate to America came through quickly because she worked for U.N.R.O. [United Nations Rescue Operation]. She only spoke German and English, but even that made a big difference.

Everyone my father knew sent letters to judges and military personnel to have pity on him and let him out of jail to move to America to be with my mom. It worked.

My parents reunited in Tel Aviv in 1948 to decide which country they wanted to live in. My father wanted to stay in Israel. My mother convinced him to come with her to America. That's why I'm writing to you in English, not Hebrew.

Needless to say, this story isn't a family secret that got a lot of coverage with our relatives in its day. My father didn't want anyone to know how he reciprocated liberation from concentration camp by stabbing America in the back. Some people simply need a little time to learn what it means to be an American. And some of them were born here.

Pressure to Be Somebody I'm Not

I told you about my father's time in jail because I want you to understand the pressure he put me under to grow up to go into business and "make something of my life." He wasn't interested in making amends for the way he'd conducted his life.

Keep in mind, I know nothing about money except what I learned from my mother, which was to save every penny until Lincoln's eyes roll back in his head and to squeeze every nickel until the buffalo hollers for help. I'm great at saving, but I never got a clue how to earn a dime. How could I? Neither of my parents knew how to make money. I became a ballet dancer and then an English teacher…

My father voted Republican despite having a gay son. My mother never bothered to vote at all. She thought smart people avoided voting and only let fools fight over the future of our country.

With parents as dumb as the two God thrust upon me, I have plenty of good reasons for having gone down every dead end I could find in search of something meaningful to glean from life. Fortunately, making mistakes makes you wise if you acknowledge that you took a wrong turn and ended up having to turn around and come all the way back to go another way. Sometimes I feel like the **wisest** man in the world. But because I'm so wise, I'm not nearly as cynical as most others. I see **reasons** where others see **roadblocks**.

I've written almost two dozen books on insanity. But that was because of a personal need. I can now proudly say that I've climbed my own tree of knowledge and have picked the highest, ripest and most sun-kissed fruits hanging temptingly there just for me. I've learned how to focus my life on learning how to love **myself**.

To become a kind, loving person, you need only go in any direction that awakens you. All **goodness** leads to **love**,

and all **evil**, atoned for, leads to **wisdom**. I'm wise and loving. But I'm also a lot less **naïve** than I once was.

As it so happens, I'm a naturally nice person. I can save money by not gambling with it. But I have no idea how to save a human being who wishes to gamble with his soul.

We're all in this alone together. That's why some fulfill their **fate** while others define their **destiny**.

Toilet Training in the Bathtub

When I look back on my early childhood, it's easy now to see that my parents were still in emotional diapers when they conceived me. They were spiritual babies making babies. My father was figuratively trying to get out of shorts into pants. My mother was figuratively trying to get out of diapers into a bikini. They were trying to figuratively toilet train each other. And they succeeded! They just didn't get beyond that stage of the game. When they divorced, they left behind quite a figurative smell and a mess.

I suppose I was about two or three years old when they began potty training me. I remember sitting on the toilet with them at the bathroom door watching. That made me uncomfortable. I didn't know why they were staring at me. It felt like they were invading my privacy. I was accustomed to defecating in my diaper at my leisure. I didn't have to account to anyone when I felt like doing so. To find myself without my diaper on, having to spread my legs over a seat with a hole in it, made no sense at all to me. I felt exposed. I felt scrutinized. I couldn't figure out why, and they didn't explain their reasoning to me.

But then, one night, something happened that changed my life entirely. My mother drew a bath for me. And, as usual, I got to bring my sailboats, battleships and submarines into the tub to play with them – an activity I always found enormously pleasurable and rewarding.

That night we went through the same bath time routine, but instead of my mother crouched over the tub watching over me, she had to leave to do something, probably attend to my younger sister.

As I sat there in the warm water playing with my toys, a feeling of relaxation and joy rippled through me, and I realized that I could relieve my bowels in the tub. That was a revelation for me. Afterwards, I even played with my feces

like toys, guiding them across the tub as though they were ships coming into harbor to dock.

Despite the horror on my mother's face when she saw what I'd done, that's when I believe I experienced the reason for being potty trained. It was then that I realized I no longer needed a diaper and could use a toilet instead, even if I would have to drop bombs from an airplane rather than let submarines out of dry dock under water or navigate ships on the high seas…

But it was also at that moment when I suppose I concluded that the whole world was a warm bathtub, and I could crap anywhere I wanted whenever I felt like it. That's when the oceans became my toilet. The sky overhead became my fouled, bathroom air. And the land became a porcelain bowl that could hold any amount of bowel I wished to dump in it.

I've since learned that we all have to toilet train ourself on multiple levels of awakening. Now it's not just a literal bowel I produce each day. There's a spiritual substance coming out of me, as well. Call it an attitude. Call it a regard for the planet. Call it a regard for all life on this good, green Earth that was created by God.

I'm not living in a toilet anymore. I'm in a wonderful and magical place where respect and dignity for the environment are always called for.

Patriarchal Consumption

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

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

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

If you notice, when people get really scared and guilt ridden, they involuntarily swallow hard. Swallowing your saliva is a poetic way of telling yourself through body language that you yearn to be hydrated with the life-giving water within you. You don't want your father's. You don't even want that of a replacement dad to substitute for your own.

Growing up from a boy who was looking for models of courage from other boys into a man who's looking for it within himself was about finding ways to figuratively infuse myself with things that make me feel alive, virile and manly.

Most males choose the mediums of money, property and prestige. They chase the almighty dollar, a job with status and a trophy wife and children to help them prove to the world that they're mature. And they usually get the proof that they need. But that can come with a terrible price on

their heart and soul by mindlessly using recipes promoted by society.

Becoming a **man** in the spiritual sense of the word means that you're not only proud of what you've produced **around** you, but also what you've achieved **within**.

There's a part of a man who's a **woman**. There's a part of a man who's a **child**. And there's a part of a man who's a **devil** and an **angel** in disguise.

If you don't look for these parts of yourself, they'll look for you. If you ignore your inner world, as Dr. Jekyll did, Mr. Hyde will come after you with a vengeance. You'll have no idea why you did what you did to some others without first discussing your anger, resentment and urge for vengeance with a more mature aspect of yourself.

Too Good Isn't Good Enough

Looking back on my life, I can see that in some ways I was too good. In other ways, I wasn't good enough. I could never quite find the sweet spot. I was emotionally bipolar, swinging from one extreme to the other with no brakes to stop me when I reached the midpoint.

Age and experience finally slowed me down. They helped me pump gently against the inertia of my life that sent me careening back and forth between extremes. Today, I can say that I've slowed down enough to finally be able to do some good in this world without harming myself in the process.

That's said, doing good shouldn't be as hard as it is. Ask politicians, clergy, parents, teachers and medical personnel if you don't believe me. It's really hard to leave this world having done more good than evil. We all leave a trail of broken dreams behind.

That said, we all know that to make an omelet you have to break eggs. Life is a process that sometimes requires doing things you never thought necessary.

This is why we can't anticipate our curriculum in the school of life. We can arrange our class schedule to include electives we think will enrich us. But we never know what spot quiz we'll have thrust upon us or what test we may fail.

I find it best to work a little bit on my final exam every day. This humbles me in facing my resentment in having to learn. Life is a school, but no one ever told me that the first thing you need to learn is to learn.

Self-Shaming

I **hate** shaming people, and I **love** shaming people. I don't want to have to tell anyone that I think the Republican and Democrat extremists are both hurting our country. I'm an Independent. As a gay man who's despised on the extreme right for being gay and a Zionist Jew who's despised on the extreme left, I try to stay as close to the center of the political spectrum as I can.

Do you really think you won't suffer from electing people in power who are hateful and prejudiced? Look at Gaza? Look at Lebanon and Iran. We all pay a price for what our society has turned into. But don't worry. If you don't like that price, there are always gays and Jews to blame for the way things are turning out…

I behaved badly when I was young because I felt a need to explore roads I intuitively knew were dead ends. I was tempted to go the wrong way to find answers for **myself** rather than rely on the outcomes of **others**. I couldn't trust anyone. I was a frightened gay man just beginning my odyssey out of the closet. I had no idea what trouble that would cause the world. I had no idea that hyper-religious people were so dedicated to hating me based on God's word.

But I hurt myself doing only as I pleased. In doing so, I discovered the personal nature of my self-hate. Becoming a killer by trying three times to kill myself revealed a lot about the Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] that God gave us all. I had to learn how to manage my thoughts, feelings and sensations because they determined what I believed.

Once I got clean and sober and gave up trying to kill myself to get out of my misery, I searched for ways to live a better life. That challenge happened almost half a century ago! I'm not in the same place anymore. The world isn't even in the same place it was anymore.

I don't feel like a fish out of water. I'm not floundering at the bottom of the boat when I see how vindictive I've

become. I know this is self-hate projected out that's ignited by anger [red] and frustration [orange].

Now I can see what happened to me. Then, I just didn't know how to stop it. For that I need my Tutor and our Teacher's help. Life brought me a Tutor within and a Teacher throughout. To maintain my sanity, I had to move away from self-hate to manage my anger and frustration at their source.

Some people behave shamefully. They have no regard for other people's dignity. Look at how we used to treat Black people. Look at how we used to treat the disabled? Look at how we used to treat gays and Jews. Look at how we still treat trans people and Israelis.

Some people have no regard for other people's feelings. Some people are shut down, mean and vindictive. Shaming them doesn't wake them up. The only thing that will is teaching them to shame themself.

I wasn't born knowing how to shame **myself**, but I've painstakingly learned over time how to do so. I'd now call **self**-shaming an acquired taste, like olives. Nobody is born liking olives. But you can learn to like olives if you've lived a long and rich life…

It wasn't until I'd attempted suicide that I realized I was a psychopath. I had no sense of guilt when it came to how I treated myself. I had very tender feelings for animals and plants. I just didn't much care what happened to human beings. I was at the spiritual level of a plant who rose to the level of an animal. I certainly didn't identify as a person among civilized human beings. The most I could feel for others was lust. And lust isn't even a **feeling**. It's a **sensation**. Feelings come from our heart. Sensations come from between our legs.

Feeling the sensation of an animal for other animals is commonplace. **Lust** came easily for me. I didn't want to literally have sex with animals. But I behaved like an animal

having sex with other animals. And they weren't even what I'd call "in my species!"

Love was a word I couldn't quite pin down. Having feelings for the men I slept with never occurred to me. Caring for them – liking them – wasn't of interest to me.

Now, I can appreciate the importance of me shaming myself. It's not easy, but it must be done. Every day I see reasons to shame myself into feeling something positive and cooperative. Love is a tough inside job.

But I refuse to shame myself for being gay. I refuse to shame Blacks for refusing to be allow themselves to be treated like slaves in a White man's world. I refuse to shame Jews who eat pork and love Israel. And I refuse to shame parents who don't stone their children for disobeying them [an edict that comes from Leviticus 20 in the Hebrew Testament].

I believe life is a school, and God is our Teacher. I have office hours with Him almost every night. I can't seem to sleep all the way through till morning. By the time it's darkest – before the dawn – I'm wide-awake staring at myself inside, looking further down through my subconscious into my unconscious mind.

It feels as though I'm being woken up for personal instruction with The Teacher before "class" when the Son rises in America, and everyone goes about his business.

Those of us who believe in God believe in a personal God within us. For Jews, that's **Adonai**. For Christians, that's **Jesus**, the Son of The Father. And for Muslims, that's the **Archangel Gabriel** who first came to the Prophet Muhammed to open his heart to the Quran.

During these office hours, God [Elohim/Father/Allah] has a weird way of humiliating me. He does so by presenting me with tests. But on these tests, I'm the pupil and I'm the proctor. God watches as I test myself.

This is **subjectively** true for me. I can't verify that it's **objectively** true. But it's a true depiction of what's going on inside my head between 3:00 and 6:00 a.m. most nights.

Like eating olives, self-shaming now almost makes my mouth water. I can see what a weird fruit from a gnarled, old tree I've turned out to be. I can't be eaten raw. I have to be cured. I have to soak in my own **brine** until my **brain** is thoroughly cured in the salt of wisdom and the sugar of love. When I was young, I even had to be figuratively stuffed with pimentos [fantasies] to distract me from my bitter taste…

The wonderfully weird thing about self-shaming is that once I see myself as my teacher and pupil, I find I have the humility to accept my own lessons with personal resolve. Once I know what I'm trying to learn from me, and why it would be good for me to follow my own sagacious advice, I become a much more cooperative student in God's school among His more than six billion other pupils. My grades then seem to go up, and my luck changes for the better.

I'm now at a point in my sexual and spiritual education where I can see that I'm contributing to raising the class curve for everyone. I'm not terrified of reading the news anymore. I'm not quite as worried about personal tragedy befalling me.

But loss is always a terrible teacher. I'll do anything to avoid losses in life, especially the loss of my dear study partner and soulmate, Will.

I'm now developing the strength to face life on God's terms. I now have enough faith to face my faith in myself as something that's always growing because it's always being challenged.

Lower Than a Lawyer

There's nothing lower than a lawyer who knowingly tries to get his guilty client off the hook by lying, cheating and obfuscating the truth. But if you scratch such a lawyer, what you may find inside him is a lobbyist.

A lobbyist is someone who does to the governing body what such a lawyer does to the court system. But a lobbyist uses money to bribe his way to preferential treatment rather than try to sweet talk his way out of a crime.

Needless to say, there's a disreputable **lawyer** and **lobbyist** in everyone. We have a justice department inside of us that we use to pursue preferential treatment. And we have a legislative department inside that we use to buy privileges from ourself for ourself. When you take a closer look at your conscience, you may discover that the ways you treat yourself may not be much better than the unseemly way the world turns, just in a slighter way.

This disreputable voice in me isn't the voice in my head. It certainly isn't the voice in my heart. And I'd fight anyone who'd try to claim that this voice emanates out of my soul. So, there are very few voices left to choose from.

The voice that emanates out of my navel only knows how to cry over separation from my mother. That voice started howling when I was born, and it hasn't stopped wailing since. I've tried to address it with assurances that this is a normal reaction to life that everyone goes through. Loss begins with the cutting of our umbilical cord. I've tried to tell it that our mother ironically moved **closer** to us after we were born, as difficult as that was for my navel to contemplate. It thought that getting fed through a tube was the closest way possible to connect with our mom. I had to argue with it for years that there were emotional and spiritual ways to connect with her that were, paradoxically, much closer.

So, no. My navel isn't the voice of the lawyer and lobbyist in me.

So, I went further south to my penis. My penis is probably the most beguiling of all the voices in me. It [serpent] colludes with my heart [Eve]. The two of them convince my head [Adam] that I simply have to have what **they** want. [5]

Until I realized that this was the conspiracy theory described to Moses by God that he elucidated at the beginning of his autobiography [Torah], my head [thoughts] never bothered to question anything my penis [sensations] and heart [feelings] insisted on obtaining.

Although that's changed now that I have so much more experience and wisdom, my penis still never shuts up. I can't walk down the street without it telling me about what it wants, whether that's something in a store window or something in some man's pants.

So, for the longest time, I did think that the voice of my penis was the culprit. That is, until I realized that the head of my penis is very sensitive, but not very smart or compassionate. It **senses** deeply, but it doesn't **think** or **feel**.

I finally realized that my penis is just a delivery device for something else. And that something is a concoction I create in my testicles made of good [+] and evil [-] urges that I infuse into everything my penis yearns to offer the world. There isn't another voice in me that's as giving or as charitable.

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[5] **Adam** means **man** in Hebrew. **Chava** [Eve] means **life**. A man knows that he's alive when he comes out of the thoughts in his head to contemplate the meaning of the beating of his heart. When a heart stopped, the ancient Jews may have believed that the union between Adam and Eve had been broken within them. The individual then returned to God in paradise.

No. This isn't the voice of the lawyer and lobbyist in me, either. The words cuming out of my penis are slimy enough. That's for sure! But they don't stink. And that's the clue that got me to look beneath **it** for the real culprit.

The voice of the disreputable lawyer and lobbyist who rely on conspiracy theories emanates out of my ass. That's where that despicable voice in me comes from.

We ridicule flatulence, but we don't ask ourself why. We're offended by the smell of other people's farts, but we don't question why the smell emanating out from inside of us doesn't displease **us**.

It's a pity most people are so turned off to the idea of anal intercourse. Only gay men seem to embrace the idea of screwing this voice at its source. And that, we gleefully do with one another!

If you douche, anal intercourse can be a very pleasurable experience. The muscles of the anus massage the penis in those who are sexually aroused by being penetrated by a man.

But when I was young, my tricks treated my ass like their enemy. They punished me with their penis. And I must admit that I loved it because I was a masochist. They were sadists. Most of them are now dead. AIDS expelled them from the school of life.

Our generation of soldiers on the front lines of sexual modernity didn't understand our own inner conflicts in those days. We followed the voice of our penis, not realizing that pleasant **sensations** do not a **conscience** make.

We had to learn to combine our thoughts, feelings and beliefs with our sensations. We had to learn to think about what we were thinking about to correct our stinking thinking. The **pleasure** principle turns into the **discontented** principle through overuse. Hundreds of thousands of gay men have died of AIDS. Yet, people still aren't asking themselves what we've contributed to the sexual/spiritual advancement of humanity.

COVID is now a world pandemic that's forcing us to heal all people, regardless of their sexual orientation, the color of their skin, nationality or religious affiliations. This wouldn't be possible without the lessons we went through at the end of the last century in which society felt they had the right to refuse medical attention to gay men.

With further inquiry into the lesson plans of our Teacher, I'm sure future generations will look back on the refusal to wear masks and get vaccinated as the actions of sociopaths who had no concern for the wellbeing of everyone.

Who, but a disreputable person, would disapprove of something as noble as anal intercourse? There's nothing wrong with sex using your anus. But there's something terribly wrong with screwing others over.

Cure every olive until it's edible fruit. Stuff every cured olive with a pimento. We need our fantasies to lead us to our dreams so we can discover the importance of a vision for tomorrow that includes gay Jews. Those who've been soured and embittered by life come from a tree of knowledge with inedible, raw fruits. This is the mystery in overcoming man's conspiracy against God. This is the source of the defiance that motivated Adam and Eve, not the serpent.

Atheism turns some into sociopaths. That turns some **sociopaths** into psychopaths. And some **psychopaths** end up trying to kill themself, whether they do so quickly with a gun, or more slowly with a penis, an éclair, a shot of whiskey or a shot of a recreation drug in their arm.

Buddhism is the only anonymous path God gave us to His realm. This is the path of facing the urges that emanate out of our crotch. **Desire** [+] is good. **Good** leads to love. **Wants** [-] are bad. **Bad** forces us to correct our mistakes, which leads to wisdom. Wisdom is what life is all about if you want to get "lucky."

Don't believe those Jews and Christians who hate the gays, especially the transgender. Don't believe the Muslims who hate everyone who isn't Muslim. All you learn about

the theory of learning in the school of life will draw you toward the center of the political spectrum where you'll find the gay Jews.

“National Brotherhood Week”

“National Brotherhood Week” was one of several political songs by Tom Lehrer on “That Was the Week that Was,” where he was resident songwriter. National Brotherhood Week was a holiday on the third week of February and ended in the 1980s.

Oh, the white folks hate the black folks.
And the black folks hate the white folks.
To hate all but the right folks
is an old established rule.

But during National Brotherhood Week,
National Brotherhood Week,
Lena Horne and Sheriff Clarke are dancing cheek to cheek.
It's fun to eulogize
the people you despise,
as long as you don't let ‘em in your school.

Oh, the poor folks hate the rich folks.
And the rich folks hate the poor folks.
All of my folks hate all of your folks.
It’s American as apple pie.

But during National Brotherhood Week,
National Brotherhood Week,
New Yorkers love the Puerto Ricans ‘cause it’s very chic.
Step up and shake the hand
of someone you can’t stand.
You can tolerate him if you try.

Oh, the Protestants hate the Catholics.
And the Catholics hate the Protestants.
And the Hindus hate the Moslems.
And everybody hates the Jews.

But during National Brotherhood Week,
National Brotherhood Week,
It's National Everyone-smile-at-one-another-hood Week.
Be nice to people who
are inferior to you.
It's only for a week, so have no fear.
Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!

I want to give a shout out to the mentally challenged. I wasn't just mentally disabled by God. I can now see that He lobotomized me. God cut me off from a side of myself that I've had to struggle against Him to heal.

You might ask yourself why God would hurt us to help us? That brings up the difference between a **problem** and a **syndrome**. **Problems** can be solved by working together. Syndromes can't. **Syndromes** have to be solved within yourself with yourself.

There's no other way for me to explain reality except to say that because God lobotomized me, I've had to seek other ways to get to parts of my brain than the neuropaths conventionally used by most people.

Taking the circuitous route to sanity has helped me come to know and love myself in my one unique way for distinctive reasons. I'm now more loyal to myself than anyone else. This is my greatest achievement in life. There's no way I could participate in "National Brotherhood Week" without celebrating the brother **within** me.

You can call your inner brother "**Mr. Hyde**" if he's challenged you, or you can call Him, "**Jesus**" if He's supported you. It doesn't matter what you call him/Him. What matters is that you use that relationship to make peace with yourself if you've distanced yourself from yourself over time. I believe there's no better way to create peace on Earth.

The Way to a Man's Heart

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

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

Every man has a roving eye. How many men can maintain their vow of monogamy with their partner, whether their partner is male or female? If it was just a matter of satisfying the urges of their penis, men wouldn't look for many things to capture their heart. But most men do.

By now, I hope you realize that most men are as dumb as soup. They're a boiled concoction of concepts and conclusions that they've thrown into a pot and simmered for decades. But when you take a sip of their soup, you realize that everything tastes the same. Most of it has the texture and sogginess that comes from mindless agreements with the society they were simmered in. Consequently, they're manipulative and scheming within themself without even knowing it. They can't trust a living soul even if they claim to have a conscience.

Most men are afraid of having sex with their mother or father. Yet, when they age, they end up walking like **her** and talking like **him**. They touch themself without embarrassment, despite becoming so much like them with age. As you begin to see yourself aging in physically similar ways to your parents, you should become more modest, knowing that although your parents are no longer watching you, you're watching them from within.

Aging gracefully requires acknowledging this as a fact of life. Learning to seek sex with God rather than physical intimacy with your parents requires humbling yourself to

The Teacher's plan for you individually. It's far better to be sexually attracted to Jesus than to your **brother**. It's far better to dive into the Burning Bush in your breastplate than to contemplate sex with your **mother**.

The way to a man's heart is definitely not through his stomach [or his penis], even though that adage has practically risen to the height of the Golden Rule. Is it any wonder that if you give a man a gun without requiring him to pass a test and maintain a license to be sure he's mentally and emotionally capable of using it responsibly – he's going to pull the trigger at the least little provocation?

Is it any wonder you fight over when a fetus comes alive if you're fighting inside over whether you're truly alive? Familiarity doesn't breed contempt. **Lack** of familiarity breeds contempt. The less you know yourself, the more contemptuously you'll hold yourself. Figuratively speaking, most people die without ever having lived. They don't have a clue who they are; who they were; or who they could have been.

The way to your heart is through your **funny bone**. If you can't get anyone to laugh at your jokes, you're never going to believe that anyone loves you. You aren't going to trust anyone, not even yourself.

Every man wants to prove to the world that he's a good sport, even if he has a bent wrist that makes him look like a girly girl when he throws a ball.

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

I especially want other **men** to laugh with me. I don't want to feel humiliated by those I find attractive. Humiliation is God's department. That's what He does to

those of us who can't laugh at ourself or at where He planted us to take root and grow.

You've never met a hyper-religious person with a sense of humor because they don't exist. It's humor that separates the men from the boys. This world is an academy for comedians. But most poor souls are crying themselves to sleep at night.

If you're a normal man with an average-sized funny bone, you'd especially love it if people would laugh at the jokes you make about yourself. If you think your life is funny, odd, amusing or queer, and you try to describe that predicament to others, the least people should do is laugh at your comments to make you feel a bit more human and humane.

Humiliation isn't something anyone is doing to me. That's God's lesson plan for **my** curriculum that you can learn to laugh with me about if you're adequately educated about the meaning of your life. That's when you become humorous on an existential level of awakening that's personal and profound.

The problem with the Hebrew Testament, the Christian Testament and the Quran is that those teaching it have no sense of humor. They aren't pointing out the jokes God included in His curriculum.

Clearly, if the joke's on **all** of us, then everyone ought to be laughing. But most people aren't. A lot of people are getting meaner and less patient with one another by the day. Meanwhile, I'm giggling inside because they're missing the punch lines.

I'm laughing at well-educated, middleclass parents who won't wear a mask or get a vaccine. They defy their local board of education by ignoring national health standards for their kids – while their kids are fine with following new rules to keep everyone safe. I think that's going to lead to a poetic justice in the end that will leave a lot of people with a belly laugh.

I'm laughing at homeless people who are vaccinated because they don't want to die, while well-to-do Republicans are walking around without a care in the world about whether they're going to get COVID. If that's not a sick joke, what is?

The Republicans aren't afraid of meeting God [Jesus] in Person, while people who care for one another are doing their utmost to stay alive as long as possible. That's funny!

The only thing I can offer is that achieving justice is harder than it looks. Justice for gays and Jews will require turning Torah outside in. It'll require looking at all the world's scriptures from the outside in. And that's going to upset a lot of people who have very strict rules about what God **can**, and **cannot**, do. Another reason to laugh…

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

Moses wasn't just a prophet. He wasn't just the author of his main character's account with Adonai at the Burning Bush. He was an orphan, a prince, a murderer, a fugitive from the law, a leader, a homophobe and a man with serious anger issues that he described about himself. We have to reconsider some of the things he said, even if that upends our understanding of God.

God wants us to learn to think for ourself. He wants us to learn to follow the individual curriculum He's given each of us in this school. If you follow the flock like a sheep, don't be surprised if you get unpleasant lessons from wolves.

People don't need a pill to deal with mental health. What they need a pill for is to cure their broken funny bone. If doctors would focus their attention more on brain function, they'd surely make their way down to the funny bone which is located at their elbows. from which most of the world's problems arise.

Necrophilia

In the spirit of a good laugh, you should have anticipated that my next chapter would be about screwing the dead. There's nothing more challenging or frustratingly funny than trying to infuse the life-giving force in you into someone who's lying on a cold slab of marble with a tag hanging from his or her toe. When you think about your **stiffy** penetrating someone who's turning **stiff** with rigor mortis, that's ironic! For me, that encapsulates what life looks like, but shouldn't be about.

Don't be put off by the metaphor I'm employing in this chapter by taking me literally. I'm about halfway through writing this book. This is definitely the low point. There's nowhere to go from here but up your own anus. Only then will you see how and why you've sometimes got your head up your ass.

Necrophilia is metaphorically funny because it contains the reaction I have when I look back on the sex I had with men who only appeared, at the time, to be fully alive. I now think that I might have been screwed by dead men walking.

In my defense, I think I might have been trying to wake them up with my butt from a level of sleep from which nobody comes back to tell the tale. I tried to penetrate some of them figuratively every way I could. Nothing I did seemed to help.

Therefore, I now have to say that I believe in **zombies**. They're the walking dead who'll tempt you get naked with them. Only then do you discover that they're dead inside.

I also believe in **vampires**, people who suck money out of you because they can't tell the difference between the gold that flows through your veins and mere gelt.

I believe in **ghosts**, people who walk right through you to get what they want. They don't even see that you're between them and what they insist on having.

And I believe in **ghouls**, misshapen monsters inside who want to frighten the living daylights out of you just to let you know how disgusted they are with who they've become.

I believe every day is Halloween. I believe that people are begging one another for **treats** with the implied threat of **tricks** if they don't get what they ask for.

But I also believe in All Saints Day, the following day when we get to prove to ourself and the world that we've been chosen by God to perform miracles here on Earth.

When looked at figuratively, I recommend you ask yourself if you're really as fully alive as you'd like to be. I recommend you ask yourself whether you have a positive life-force that you're infusing into everything you do in every room in your house, including your bedroom. And I recommend that you ask yourself whether you have a spiritual plan in place for the day after you graduate this school.

You're not going to be here forever. You're going to leave your body, the planet and this horror story and miracle in progress. If you don't have a plan for after the end, how are you going to fulfill your plans along the way? If you think that your plans only need to include material outcomes, you're going to be very disappointed when you realize that the material world is only half of your world.

I had the hots for virile, young men when I was a virile young man. I liked gorgeous dick when I had a juicy ass. But now I can see that I was spiritually attracted to men who are now long gone. I was trying to wake up them up before they died. But most of my generation of gay men left without me. AIDS didn't aid them.

It's no wonder I can't sell a single one of my books. I've been trying to instruct the living dead on how to come alive. That's not a viable audience. That's not a marketing plan the publishing world wants to embrace.

If ever there was a mission that's doomed to fail, my writing career is that. Clearly, I've now reached a new

bottom in futility by promoting necrophilia. Although literary necrophilia was my passion and my dream all along, I've finally screwed **myself** over so successfully that the only one who's receiving the life-giving substance within me is **me**!

Well, I suppose the moral is that if you screw yourself long and hard enough, you're going to wake up the dead person inside of you to what you've done to yourself. You're going to wake up the one corpse who'll thank you for what you did for him.

This revelation has turned my world into a stroll through a cemetery. It's turned my neighbors into corpses in coffins who reside beside me. It's turned testimonials into gravestones. And every bouquet of flowers left behind now rests against a backdrop of quiet desperation. The silence is deafening.

I advocate that you don't behave like a ghost who's haunting a world that has no interest in you. If nobody hears you; nobody sees you; and nobody laughs with you – then you're in need of more of **you**, not supernatural belief in human beings, many of whom are out to get you.

I know what death looks like, figuratively speaking. Every suicide survivor knows what I know. We've been there. We've done that.

I can die once and for all without fear of what comes next. I've enjoyed sex with me. I've invited God to accompany me during sex with Will. The only thing that turns me off is sex with my family and friends. That's the line I won't cross. That's the taboo I've chosen to honor.

Stuffing Pillows

It feels like I've only just begun writing this book, and I'm already afraid of running out of things to say. Perhaps I shouldn't be so scared. Perhaps there's more in me than I think. My mother once told me that when I die, they're going to have to bury my mouth separately. What she meant by that was that I'm **resilient**. I'm not easily deterred.

My mother tried to use humor to criticize me. It backfired. I made enemies with my sharp tongue. But I can't blame her. Once I put my love for me before my love for her, I could see how the traumas of Holocaust survivors required certain behaviors that I don't have the right to repeat.

God, in His infinite wisdom, gave me something to do only this morning that made me so upset that I need to talk about it. If I write only to myself about myself, this book will be illegible and my ability to connect with you will be irreparably damaged.

I live in a one bedroom, garden condominium in San Francisco with Will. I bought the place for $500,000 cash 17 years ago. Now it's worth $1,000,000. I learned from my mother how to save money. **Saving** has turned into a metaphor that I can use **spiritually** to save others and **psychologically** to save myself.

I see good fortune as a gift from God. I know I can't **buy** financial luck. And if I try, they should throw the book at me. I **earn** money honestly. Therefore, I boast about my wealth without having to look over my shoulder in fear of getting caught and sent to jail. I'd feel terribly bad if people felt I cheated them out of something that was theirs.

This brings up the issue of Israel and Palestine. God gave Israel to the Jews 3,400 years ago. God moved Arabs from Saudi Arabia to Israel a couple of hundred years ago. The question is what God's plan is going forward for the Jews and the Muslims that real estate will have to solve?

This isn't a **problem** with an answer. This is a **syndrome**. This is something that a material outcome can't adequately deal with. This will require a change in all of humanity that won't just change people's **minds**. It must transform their **hearts** and transcend their **souls**.

What upset me today happened in our garden. I take care of the garden for the other owners in our 4-unit condo apartment building. I've been doing this since I moved in. **Our** garden is **my** little Israel. It's my land of milk and honey to do the best I can with, with my neighbors looking on because they have an investment in my efforts.

I feed peanuts to the squirrels who come into the garden. And I buy bird seed without shells. The squirrels and birds get very chatty and impatient whenever I'm in the garden doing other chores because they see **me** feeding **them** as my only task in life.

And that makes me uncomfortable. They make me feel guilty for taking the time to water the plants and weed the garden. They're always anxious to be fed. I even feel guilty for having to tend to the garden furniture because that chore, too, is a distraction for the critters who've come to depend on me.

Such is the life of a gardener. You can just imagine how God must have felt whenever He went into His garden: Eden. He was The Gardener in paradise. Moses described Him as having walked noisily into Eden after Adam and Eve ate something they were told not to. He was obviously mad at them and wanted them to hear Him coming so they'd think about what they'd done. He's God. He could have walked more softly if He'd wanted to.

My birds and squirrels, unlike Adam and Eve, aren't guilt ridden when I'm around. They're just hungry and impatient. I'm not their lord and master. I'm just a human being they've trained to give them what they want.

And that folds in neatly with my tale of what happened yesterday. Will took off the pillowcases from the outdoor

furniture to wash them. Last night, after they'd been washed, I put the pillowcases out on the back stair railings to dry. And this morning, I went into the garden with peanuts and pillowcases in hand to do what needed to be done. [I keep the bird feeder full at all times.]

I have two master's degrees and a teaching credential. But have you ever tried stuffing a pillow? That's a life skill they don't teach you at university. That's a task that can make you want to call Suicide Prevention... I hate trying to stuff things into small spaces.

Israel is a small space. Just look at how much frustration Israel has caused the world in the past 3,400 years. Just look at how many people have tried to stuff their interests into Israel.

I was told that in Mandarin, people who have little inner wealth are called "**pillowcases**." They're stuffed with thoughts, feelings, sensations and beliefs that have no intrinsic value. So, I don't even need to go into the details of the frustration I went through getting the garden pillows into their pillowcases. I'm sure you can relate. I just want to draw a few conclusions, now that the deed is done.

We need women in this world! Women have pillows on their chest [breasts] that they put in pillowcases [bras] every day. Many women don't appreciate the intrinsic value of their own pillows. They're not just there on their chest for others.

Not all gay men are good at stuffing pillowcases. It turns out that the zipper on one of our garden pillows was broken. And another pillow was too big for the last of the pillowcases. I must have stuffed one pillow into the wrong case.

Thank God, Will can handle things like that for me. God needs many kinds of gay men and women to help save the planet. God needs many kinds of people to stuff new ideas into every country on Earth, not just Israel.

Women are particularly important to the running of this world. If some of them want abortions in an emergency, give 'em abortions. If they want equal pay, give them that, too. And if they want a safe society where men aren't allowed to carry guns without a license because men can't discern the different between a gun and a penis – or ammunition from semen – just do what women ask for. It saves lives making women's lives easier. Leave your plump, pillowy, penile principles out of it.

Men can't run this world any longer. Between the heating up of the planet due to greed; wars due to disrespecting strangers; poverty due to overpopulation; and addictions due to self-hate – it's clear that straight men are pillowcases that need to be restuffed.

God didn't make men different from women without good reason. In His infinite wisdom, God made this world just as He did. Men and boys are simply unrealistic when it comes to the importance of women. All some men care about are big, black guns that they never seem to associate with big, black penises. The competition caused by penis problems is too obvious to ignore.

Women don't use their breasts to create competition among themselves. The problems of the world lie with men's penises, not with women's breasts.

The milk emitted from penises literally **creates** life. The milk emitted from breasts literally **sustains** life. But figuratively, men can't help decrying what God gave other men between their legs that He didn't give them.

Despite the obvious physical differences between men, women and children, everybody's got an anus. Take my word for it. I've undressed many men. And on every one of them, I found a hole at the bottom. No man can claim otherwise.

Just having and using your anus daily ought to be a humble reminder that you behave like an asshole from time

to time. Even Jesus had an anus. You can do better despite the hole in your bottom.

When **gay** Israelis and **gay** Palestinians run Israel and the West Bank with the help of Jewish and Muslim **women**, the world will finally see what spiritual progress looks like. Straight men will see why God created **us** to help them manage **themself**. Without us, they can't decipher the words of the serpent between their boughs or appreciate the reason for the hollow in the trunk of their tree.

Some people criticize your garden with the index finger of one hand while their other hand holds flowers you grew.

Jerusalem will always be Jewish. Rome will always be Christian. And Mecca will always be Islamic. Religion isn't going away. What will disappear is the separation between Elohim, The Father and Allah. These are the three most prominent names for God.

There's only One God. Some straight men need to stuff their **pillowcases** with new, spiritual packing material. They're useless the way they now are.

Planting Jewish seeds of wisdom in Christian hearts that have been filled with love and Muslim souls that overflow with loyalty to God [Allah] will turn the Garden of Eden [Earth] into paradise.

Without **Jews**, there's no hope for peace. Without **gays**, there's no hope for a pleasurable life. And without women, there is no life. You can't get from here to There without **us**.

The 21st Century is here to awaken humanity to **self**-shaming. Nobody is going to Christian Heaven or Muslim Paradise without earning outstanding grades in this school. The leaders of the Abrahamic faiths are pillowcases that need their ego removed so they can be restuffed with spirituality. What's in most straight men now makes them uneven, bumpy, lopsided, asymmetrical and one-sided.

The West Bank will eventually become a spiritual school where people from around the world will come to share their path with other students of life who want to learn about the

seven paths to God. Iran will apologize to Israel and the world for having become the biggest bozo at the back of the classroom. The Russians and the Chinese will apologize to The Teacher for not using their Tutors. And don't get me started when it comes to the billionaires. They're modern-day pharaohs who think they can turn all of us into their slaves. They're going to learn to pay their fair share of taxes and thank God Almighty for the privilege of doing so.

The Jewish Exodus story has made its way around the world. God doesn't want anybody enslaved. This world is a school, not an ancient Egyptian concentration camp. Today's students are slowly learning how to accommodate gays and Jews. The more people restuff **themself**, the more the rich and powerful will be forced to give up using us as pillows they erroneously believe were given to them by God to make themselves comfortable.

Nobody is a pillowcase crammed only with flesh and blood. Every single, human body is filled with thoughts, feelings, beliefs and sensations they cherish. It's time to stop disparaging the people you don't like. Dislike yourself instead.

Just because you may have already passed a class in this school that others are still struggling with doesn't mean that they haven't taken classes that you aren't yet enrolled in. Wake up and **smell** your grades in The Teacher's roll book. You're not as smart and successful as you think. You're not learning from some of the classmates The Teacher has seated you next to. There's more for you to learn about yourself each day.

Therefore, spend more time awake at night using office hours with The Teacher to take advantage of personal time with Him. Shame yourself as needed, and commend yourself where it's appropriate to do so. If you're waiting for your classmates to worry about your grades **for** you, you're crazy.

The Teacher gave you two tutors, your father and mother. If you lost one or both of them along the way,

welcome to the fate of Moses and Muhammad. They, too, were orphaned. That doesn't mean that you can't avail yourself of a Tutor from The Teacher. They did. You can, too.

My Buddhist-Turned-Catholic-Gurlfriend

Everyone must know at least one Jew or Christian who's turned into a Buddhist. But **I** know a born Buddhist who converted to Catholicism!

Everyone knows a gay man or lesbian who left the Church. But **I** know a Protestant, gay man who converted to Catholicism!

I know, crazy, right?

The Protestant, gay man is my boyfriend, Will. Two weeks after I met him, he told me he saw an ad for a Catholic church in the Castro [the gayborhood of San Francisco], and he was curious about what they had to offer. In no time, he decided to convert. And there was a Japanese [Buddhist] gal in his conversion class who was doing the same.

I seem to draw odd people to me. Everyone I know is weird in one way, or another! I don't know what it is about me. I see myself as your average, gay Jew who's trying to eke out a meaningful life with a hobby as a writer, but then God brings people into my world who, like comets, show up to streak across my night sky to illuminate me to my own inner darkness.

Well, my Protestant-turned-Catholic-boyfriend and our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-gurlfriend have been in my life now for eleven years. Will is now the secretary of Most Holy Redeemer, and our gurlfriend is a prominent parishioner.

I want to talk about a recent issue I had with her. We gave our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-gurlfriend a ride home from church one day, and I mentioned to her that I'd written a book about Buddhism that was very short, only 75 pages. I offered her a copy of it. She knows I've always seen her as a bridge over troubled East-West waters, and I wanted to assure her that I believe the world faiths should all include the philosophy of Buddhism in with their teachings.

It's not enough to believe in **God**. You also need to learn to believe in **yourself**. Only then can you give some of your faith in **you** to **Him**. Buddhism is the path to faith in yourself.

She thought that idea was fascinating. And in true Asian form, she thanked me with a text message upon receipt of the book by including a compliment to me derived from having read the back cover. She also contacted me a few days later to tell me she read the whole book, found it amazing and would love to discuss her reaction to it with me in person.

I **like** people who laugh at my **jokes**, but I **love compliments** about my writing even more. So, I jumped at the chance to get a few compliments from her in person. We arranged to get together at the end of the week.

That Thursday, I walked a mile out of my way to buy almond croissants at a bakery that's renown [and in San Francisco, there are many such bakeries]. But two hours before she was supposed to arrive that Friday, she cancelled, telling me that something came up, but she'd discuss it with me another time.

Well, I'm not just a **hardhearted** asshole who takes rejection and abandonment badly. I'm also a **softhearted** sweetie pie who floods myself with self-pity when things don't go my way.

More than a week later, I discovered through Will that our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-gurlfriend's housemate had come down with COVID. And our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-gurlfriend had needed to go for a COVID test that previous Friday afternoon. She may have been too embarrassed to tell me that.

They say that there are 100 words for **yes** in Japanese and no word for **no**. And now I see how that works in real life. I think she was **embarrassed** by her bodily needs, but she was also **ashamed** of her character at having to cancel our date. So, she couldn't find the words to tell me why she had to cancel.

Even though Buddhists struggle to learn how to put their faith in themself, they may not yet fully understand the difference between **embarrassment** and **shame**. And because they can't go to God with this problem because they don't believe in Him, they can't deal with **humiliation**, the third level of guilt. Therefore, they may behave in ways that are enigmatic, even causing suffering at times for the rest of us.

My Buddhist-turned-Catholic-gurlfriend **should**, on paper, be an exception to that. She **does** believe in God, and she certainly knows the Buddha's doctrine on suffering. Therefore, she should feel some **embarrassment** about her bodily needs, **shame** at having to cancel our date and **humiliation** before God for having been forced by Him into a predicament that was a test that was too hard for her to pass.

The 7th Commandment from God [the prohibition of adultery] is really about keeping your word. So clearly there's a lot that Buddhists and many Catholics still need to learn about the three levels of guilt. We all do.

The East [embarrassment and shame] needs to learn more about the West [humiliation], and the West needs to learn more about the East. But without gay, Jewish middlemen to translate what the two of them are doing to and for one another, I fear that the world won't ever become as peaceful as it could.

When I say that life is a school, I'm not just referring to life in the **western** world. I'm referring to the **whole** world. There are aspects of our spiritual education that The Teacher has cleverly given to some students with the expectation that they'll introduce those ideas to other students.

This makes our curriculum vital to our spiritual growth as **citizens** in a state; **parishioners** in a faith; **participants** in sexual acts; and **individuals** associated with institutions, organizations, tribes and families.

Even your relationship with your neighbors reflects your attitude, outlook, mindset, viewpoint and posture as a student in this school. You're being graded on all of it.

So, if you think that you're the one person on Earth who was given an asshole even though you never behave like an asshole, you've now been given good reason to pull your head out of your ass. I assure you, this won't be the last time…

A Humble Proposal

In the early 18th Century, Jonathan Swift wrote an essay called "A Modest Proposal." In it, he advocated that the English eat Irish babies. There was a potato famine at the time in Ireland, and he wanted the English to wake up to the fact that they were partially responsible for it.

Needless to say, many Englishmen and Irishmen in those days thought he was serious. Swift advocated tongue-in-cheek that by eating Irish babies, both the English and the Irish could solve the famine without having to resort to working together, which, as we all know, for men, is a tedious task…

Well, I have a **humble** proposal I'd like to offer. And I preface it by saying that I was a junior high and high school English teacher for ten years, so I think I know a bit about how juvenile minds work. You don't have to be between the ages of 13-19 to think without thinking about what you're thinking about.

I don't think kids today are getting enough of the information they need about sex from their parents or teachers. They're relying on one another. And I think that's a recipe for disaster since none of them have enough experience with relationships [or even in being themself] to call themself an expert on anything as complex as sex.

I humbly propose that we offer teenagers the opportunity to go to funeral parlors to lose their virginity on dead people. I suggest this for many reasons which I gladly enumerate for you below:

1. The dead can't make babies. This should cut down enormously on unwanted teen pregnancies.
2. The diseases carried by the dead could easily be managed with condoms, masks and gloves. This will cut down on sexually transmitted illnesses.

3. The dead don't mind if you screw them once and never come back to do it again. They won't cry over rejection or betrayal. Teenagers are very sensitive to such matters. Necrophilia will cut down on emotional entanglements. That will eliminate a great deal of drama that the world has been suffering with, one generation after another.
4. The dead don't kiss and tell. Jealousy and envy will also be averted.
5. Pedophiles roam the streets looking for boys or girls they can force to become men or women. If you aren't aware that there are psychologically dead people in the world preying on children, you won't be able to protect yourself or those you love. Necrophilia will awaken you to how dead some people really are inside.
6. Most teenagers are just coming alive themselves. They've hardly had a chance to discover the joy in the mystery of life. By losing their virginity to a corpse, it won't be that different from how they may come to feel about sex later in life. By middle age, many discover they have more in common with the dead than the person they've chosen to have sex with for the rest of their life…

This advice comes from the experience I got from the first time I achieved orgasm with myself. I was figuratively as dead as a doornail before that momentous occasion. I felt as though I jumped out of my coffin when a strange new liquid started spewing forth from my penis.

Intellectually, I knew what had happened. But emotionally, the result of my first ejaculation made me feel like Dr. Frankenstein's monster having electricity suddenly shoot through his veins, bringing him to life. My first orgasm awakened me in a way that nothing else ever has or ever will.

And I've been figuratively terrorizing the villagers ever since…

Most males would like to believe that orgasm separates the men from the boys. And it does. Every man has a story to tell about how he lost his virginity. But we don't encourage men to tell it.

Virginity literally separates a boy from a man. Every boy reaches a point in his life, usually well after he's learned how to achieve orgasm, when he feels virginity is a living curse. Getting rid of his virginity become more important than anything else. Every boy wants to be counted as a man among men. [6]

Yet, when you ask a middle-aged man how he feels about sex, there are often a variety of complaints he makes about his sex life. These complaints often include accusations and blame of others.

Although sex is supposed to wake you up and make you feel alive, many people feel deadened inside over time because their sex life has become unfulfilling. They look back on childhood idealistically. They see themself as most alive when they were a kid. They see their sex life as having peaked some time in their twenties. They see themself as either sexually dead or dying by later in life.

Needless to say, I don't promote necrophilia as the way to relieve yourself of your virginity. What I want you to look at is the hypocrisy you hold inside about sex. Having sex with dead people won't bring you to life. But acknowledging if you feel dead because your sex life isn't exciting enough will help you look for solutions to how you **feel** because your **sensations** aren't pleasurable enough. Passion is primal.

I don't recommend virgins lose their virginity in funeral homes. I don't recommend married people give up their

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[6] God told Moses to conduct a census to determine how many men of fighting age were among them. [Numbers 1:1–46] This was the first separation of the men from boys.

monogamous relationship with their spouse to find the sexual satisfaction they're missing. I recommend people look between their ears for answers, not between their legs.

Clues to your sex life can occur while digging a hole in soil for a new plant. It can occur while stirring a pot on the stove or changing the oil in your car. Sex can be associated with things you do mindlessly. All you have to do is start saying "yes" to Eve and the serpent in your tree, and Adam will thank you. You have no idea how the three of them may beguile you in amazing, new ways that will improve your grades in The Teacher's Eyes.

Explaining Me to Myself

I know I don't have to explain myself to anyone. I also know that many people see me as a particularly stubborn person because I don't do as **they** say. But there's a difference between being **resolved** and being **stubborn**. And I can easily explain that difference: When I'm **resolved**, things work out well for everyone in the end. When I'm **stubborn**, they don't.

That said, I feel the need to explain more about my reasons for having suggested that virgins consider necrophilia rather than sex with another living human being as the best path out of childhood into adulthood.

We live in a society where sex is far more relaxed than it was when I was growing up in the 1960's. You couldn't walk down the street eating a banana in those days. That was considered scandalous.

But even though gays have introduced the word "**it**" as a place holder for "**penis**," that doesn't mean that people today are all that comfortable with the topic of sex, especially when it comes to discussing their own sex life. The country is now divided politically, and when I scratch the surface of the political divide, I see that all political divisions can be ascribed to **it**.

It's not the economy. It's not the war in the Middle East. It's not abortion. It's not religion verses the secular state.

People unconsciously vote about one topic, and one topic only: anal sex. **It** is only thing that unifies straight men and gay men. Other than anal sex, we have nothing in common sexually.

There are plenty of men who are curious about penetrating an anus. But there are few men who want their own anus to be penetrated in that way. When you add God to the mix, this becomes a religious flashpoint since the Abrahamic faiths are based upon Torah which brings anal

sex into the discussion through the stories of Noah [7] and Lot [8] in the Book of Genesis. In the Book of Leviticus, God forbids anal sex calling it "abominable." [Leviticus 18:22] He goes so far as to command straight men to kill gay men. [Leviticus 20:13].

It's not possible to separate anal sex from a discussion about God. Men who enjoy anal sex with women can hardly blame men for having anal sex with men without appearing to be hypocritical in this modern age we claim to have been born into.

I see the human body as like a donut. The hole that runs through us is empty and clean until we're born. Then **star-drek** [milk] is sucked into our digestive tract. Unless we're preparing for a colonoscopy, we remain partial filled with **star-drek** for the rest of our life.

Eating and drinking are requirements for staying alive. Food and water are mandatory aspects of the material world that we must ingest.

We're actually more like a **danish** with a creamy or fruity filling than a **donut**. Every man is just as much like a **hamburger** [anus] as a **hot dog** [penis]. Whether you're a vegetarian or a carnivore, you have the ability to see sex as like food, and lust as like your appetite for food.

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[7] Noah was infuriated when his son, Ham, looked at him naked. "Cursed be Canaan! The lowest of slaves will he be to his brothers. Praise be to The Lord, the God of Shem! May Canaan be the slave of Shem. May God extend Japheth's territory; may Japheth live in the tents of Shem, and may Canaan be the slave of Japheth." [Genesis 9:25-27]

[8] Lot offered his virgin daughters to the mob rather than have them seek sex with his guests. "I beg you, my brothers, do not act so wickedly. Behold, I have two daughters who have not known man; let me bring them out to you, and do to them as you please." [Genesis: 19:6-8]

Making mud pies as a child is a preview to anal sex as an adult. Building sandcastles is a preview to plans later in life that are impossible, unrealistic, or have very little chance of succeeding.

Men are willing to talk about many things, but they don't want to talk about self-ignorance when it comes to sex. Sex between men brings up embarrassment of being a bottom; shame in being a top; and humiliation from God for doing it at all. Men feel guilty if you accuse them of seeking a dream with another man, rather than a woman.

People can't talk about sex because they don't know enough about the human condition. And they won't learn more about that until religion includes a modern discussion of the topic of sexuality in with their analyses of God. The breadth and depth of God's plans can't be perceived without the inclusivity promoted by the LGBTQIA+ community. We hold the secret to **spirituality**.

Funeral parlors are supposed to be places where we go to express our grief. But now that we've crossed the line of 700,000 Americans who've died of COVID, the grief in this country is reaching a crescendo. We can't even grieve together because it's unsafe to meet in public.

During the AIDS crisis, our grief was contained to our small segment of society, even though 500,000 gay men died of AIDS by 2004. **Our** grief was **gay**. And **their** grief was **straight**. Americans maintained an emotional separation between the two in those "illustrious" days of ignorant religiosity…

Now that grief has become ubiquitous in America, perhaps we can revisit the topic of anal sex to reconsider what it means to be fully alive in a society that we should all seek to share with one another.

Let me start the discussion of inclusivity by saying that I still believe orgasm is the greatest indicator of the meaning of life. When this ecstatic surge rushes through your body, it ought to make you think about all the ways in which you feel

half-asleep most of the time in comparison to how sex makes you feel like you've suddenly risen from the grave.

I know there are people in society who want to legislate sex just for **straight** people; just for **married**, straight people; or just for married, straight people who do **it** for the purpose of **procreation** in a manner that they believe will please Adonai, Jesus or Allah. But I don't think that's going to happen, even though my prediction may upset half the nation and half the planet.

Half of America was quite upset when their slaves were taken away from them. And it seems their descendants are now upset about **it**, today. Well, they're **stubborn**, and we're **resolved**.

The topic of anal sex for the pubescent has to be brought into the classroom along with the Bible because **parents**, **teachers** and **administrators** need to learn a hell of a lot more than they know now about sex if they're going to teach young people what **they** need to know about **it**.

I know all adults think they're experts on the subject of sex. But I disagree with them about that. I've had a lot of sex, and not only were some of the men I had it with not good at **it**. I wasn't either. We were like the blind leading the blind or the dead figuratively fornicating with the dead.

So, when it comes to expertise on sex, whether vaginal or anal, I'd like to suggest that we live in a day and age when nobody knows nearly enough about the subject from a spiritual perspective. We're just now coming out of the Age of Angst.

With the pandemic and global warming upon us, we should be able to declare with a modicum of confidence that all of us are **anxious**. Some are dancing to the music being played by the orchestra on the deck of the Titanic while stepping on each other's toes. Yet, they insist they couldn't care less that the ship is sinking. Others are anxiously manning the lifeboats.

Naturally, I don't really recommend that kids lose their virginity through necrophilia. But I'm truly saddened by how dead most people are to the potential for cuming alive with God as their Teacher through sex. And I'm not just speaking about physical orgasm when I say that. I'm referring to a magical, spiritual mystery to life that people seem to forget somewhere between their cabin, the deck and the lifeboats.

Whether the cruise continues or ends tragically, I plan on making my way from the pier where I embarked to wherever I disembark like the flame of a candle in the wind that suddenly goes out. I am a flame. My body is a candle. And the wind is a force of God that causes me to flicker, flutter, flash, twinkle and shine in my own way.

I became a ballet dancer when I realized I was a **twinkle toes**. I used my toes to learn how to balance more than my body – even my soul. I started my lessons in life at the bottom of my feet and worked my way up, despite my Achille's heal, crackling knees and loose hips.

I'm a flaming queen inside and out. But you can't tell anything about my flame from my candle. You can't tell how I relate to God or how He relates to me just by looking at me. Not even my underwear reveals how my penis interfaces with God, others and with myself. I'm a mystery of history.

A Personality for TV

I'll never be on TV. People don't get to go on TV if they want to discuss their orgasms. Polite society insists that they speak in euphemisms instead. Polite society insists that people who want to learn more about such matters resort to reading. I know, right? How cruel!

I think most people ought to yearn to reach more satisfying orgasms. Some behave like TV anchors who comment on what's happening with vicious intent. Some are like game show hosts who sound like they're munching cotton candy. And some are like daytime, soap opera stars who struggle valiantly to reach a satisfying conclusion by following their script religiously.

Seeking better orgasms is pretty much the only thing that gives my life meaning. Not killing people [6]; not cheating them [7]; not stealing from them [8]; not lying to them [9]; and not coveting what they have [10] – isn't nearly as satisfying as cuming. Would that the Ten Commandments, told me what **to** do, rather than what **not** to do…

I want to expose **all** my ideas to the public. I want to disrobe spiritually, not literally. I'm a flasher in the existential sense of the word. I dream of waking up the masses to the erroneous concepts that are in the way of improving their orgasms. I want them to look at what's going on inside of themself, and gasp!

As it stands today, television executives have got the mind of every American safely behind bars where they won't hurt themself no matter what they do to one another on the streets, in malls or at the movies. Nobody's going to escape the grasp of the **censors** who are keeping our **sensors** under their thumb. It's no longer just the **mind** of Americans that's puritanical. Now we're fighting for our **heart** and **soul** to be allowed to seek the raw, unadulterated truth about the meaning of life.

Improved Orgasms

I had no clue that the meaning of life was to improve my orgasms! Nobody told me! It's a wonder I discovered this truth on my own!

When I was young, I thought just cuming was more than enough of a pleasure. But over the years, I began to ask myself, "Is that all there is?" Somewhere in the back of my mind, I realized that **length** and **girth** doesn't translate into **strength**. It's the power in your **surge** that matters. And that's something no one's talking about in **polite** society on TV or even in **impolite** society.

I can assure you that I've metaphorically found the only reason that makes my life worth living. Reaching a powerful orgasm has now become so great a goal for me that my orgasms overflow from the realm of the literal into the figurative. Everything I say and do holds the promise of better orgasms with Will and a final orgasm [death] when leaving life behind.

Enjoying Will's cooking now feels like **cuming**. Yesterday, he washed the windows. I welled up with tears; I was so verklempt at what he does for us. When he went out into the garden to fix the last couple of pillows I couldn't stuff, I was deeply touched.

Nowadays, there are lots of things that happen in my life that make me feel good all over. I've found myriad, figurative ways to do **it** figuratively.

I believe that **la petite morte** [ejaculation] is a preview to **le grand mort** [death]. Therefore, I'm now looking forward to dying with a look on my face that reveals just how much pleasure I'm getting out of leaving this world for what's to cum. I imagine Heaven to be an eternal orgasm, as Mark Twain once suggested.

Cooking and Home Improvement Shows

In light of the last chapter, you should already anticipate that cooking shows are nothing less than soft porn in our household... And home improvement shows – don't get me started! In our house, that's like an orgy in which we do **it** figuratively in one room after another.

Will and I have our favorite "porn stars" from these shows. I won't mention names because I don't want to offend anyone by not including them. The dreams these hustlers, hookers, harlots and hussies serve us would give you chills if you could hear us moan and groan with delight. We dive into our deepest fantasies through cooking and home improvement shows to explore our hopes, dreams, whims and fancies.

Fantasies are **good** thoughts. Nightmares are **bad** thoughts. My mind produces both, and it's up to me to observe all my thoughts carefully to determine whether they're cleansing or contaminating me. Who else could or would? Not everything that pours out of my mouth reflects what's going on in my head.

Don't feel bad if you haven't increased your orgasms as much as Will and I have. We are, after all, two horny, gay men who can't get enough of **it**. And as you know, **it** is a third person, nominative case pronoun that always refers to sex in the gay vernacular.

So, if you want to do **it** better than you're doing **it** now, especially figuratively speaking, I shouldn't have to tell you what to watch on TV.

We don't need porn to get off. And yet, we couldn't imagine doing **it** with greater vigor without having become devoted fans of "The Great British Baking Show." There isn't a contestant, host or judge on that show who doesn't get our **rocks off** during their **bake off**.

Sex with Will has only been improving since we met in 2010. I'm constantly reminding him of that after we literally

do the deed. I don't want him to forget how awkward we were with each other at first. If sex with the same man is supposed to get boring over time, then we're definitely doing something wrong. For us, most everything's getting better. There's no end to how **close** two people can **cum together** when self-intimacy is applied to making everything in life hotter. Just add **moral discernment** to what you're trying to accomplish and the recipe for Heaven on Earth lies in your hands.

Laundry

The other day, one of the lights on the string of lights in the garden went out. The wind had pulled the whole thing down. After Will restrung the lights, I volunteered to change the one lightbulb that was out. As it turned out, the light only needed to be screwed in more tightly, but I texted everyone in the building to share my success in screwing in a light bulb.

I wanted to share this with you because I'm not known to be particularly "machinical." That said, I created the garden and maintain it. Nobody else helps because they don't want to get their hands dirty the same way.

The thing I do the best is laundry. Will has a fulltime job, but he can't stand my cooking and doesn't find most of my cleaning techniques are up to his standards. So, I just make the bed, do the laundry, go food shopping and keep the house neat. I also wash the toilet and tub, vacuum the rugs and dust the glass coffee tabletop. He has much higher standards for our kitchen.

When in a relationship with another person, you have to divide the household chores emotionally **equally**. I have few skills to speak of, but I feel good about what they are. I can take out the garbage and empty the mailbox. I do the gardening and blow the leaves into the street every other week on street cleaning day.

Will is a nerd and technical wizard, so our house is on the cutting edge of Wi-Fi technology. He cuts my hair; arranges our trips; and deals with our entertainment. He's our handyman, cook, baker and indoor plant specialist. If he dies before me, I'd have to look for a new boyfriend who's an I.T. administrator, computer programmer and Renaissance man. He'd have to be amazing in bed, able to keep the TV on and get the front door to lock automatically.

I keep track of our finances. We don't have a penny of debt, and we enjoy two vacations each year.

If you're not in a long-term relationship and would like to be, here's my advice on how to find a match made in Heaven: advertise!

But don't be shy about stating what you want! Just be sure you itemize what **you** can do in exchange for what you're looking for.

Start by making a list of all the things you do well and like to do. And don't be discouraged if you have household skills that you think anyone can do. People can do many things, but they don't like to do some things that you might like to do. That makes you a valuable potential partner who has something to offer a relationship that someone might value.

I don't think I'd ever leave Will. The idea of finding someone else to fill the list of all the things I can't do and don't want to do would be aggravating and probably impossible. It's easier for me to avoid fighting with him than it would be to try to replace him. That's the secret I've found to maintaining a good relationship; that and attention to sex. You're welcome!

The Pride Parade of Life

Life is a pride parade. The LGBTQIA+ community is trying to get every freak on the planet to walk arm in arm in the same direction. And we've got no end of queeny candidates to strut at the front of our parade to twirl their batons before the boys in the band who are belting it out behind them. This is what the parade of **our** life looks like. This is our gay agenda. This is the goal you're metaphysically observing each day as we make our way past the sheep and the wolves in the direction of God's realm.

In San Francisco, each year on Pride, 500,000 of our best friends show up to do just that. It's a Salvador Dali painting come to life. No. Scratch that. It's more like a painting by Hieronymus Bosch.

Will and I also enjoy going to Pride parades in small cities around the country. We've been to Salt Lake City Pride, Boise Pride and San Antonio Pride. We're looking forward to Minneapolis Pride next year.

I think the most memorable event so far was at Salt Lake City Pride. Before the parade passed us by, a group of participants came walking down the street, giving away colored bead necklaces, pins and other rainbow paraphernalia to get us in the mood. They literally dressed us! I'd never been dressed for a Pride parade before. Most people come already dressed for the occasion. Nobody previously thought to dress shlubs like me who are just standing around waiting to see something happen. I can't tell you how that got me in the mood! By the time the parade came, I was sobbing. I was so verklempt!

When I was a young man, I sang in the Gay Men's Chorus at the second annual L.A. Pride Parade. [I can't sing on tune for the life of me.] They let me join in because I was a warm, gay body who really wanted to be **seen**. They just shouldn't have allowed me to be **heard**.

But now I'm happy for parade officials to come by, dress me for the occasion and let me cry my eyes out at how beautiful this world is turning out for people as blessed as me.

When Israel achieves marriage equality, it'll tell the world that the Jewish people can modernize our interpretation of our scripture. We already had to do so with slavery, stoning children and capital punishment for adulterers. It shouldn't be that difficult to get orthodox Jews to admit that our Teacher slipped some trick questions into our tests.

The Big Lie

The big lie isn't that elections are **stolen**. We all know that elections are **bought** by billionaires who refuse to pay their fair share of taxes. Election fraud is a red herring.

The word "dafka" in Hebrew means "defiant." All human beings are dafka, including billionaires. We all think we need an advantage over others to succeed. Most seek money more than honey; material success over spiritual advancement.

The ancient Egyptians enslaved the Israelites because the ancient Egyptians were dafka [defiant]. The ancient Egyptians weren't willing to give up their free workforce. The Israelites got away then. They got away from future greedy indigenists who wanted our land, and they got away from those who took advantage of our superior workmanship.

Today's Jews are well aware of how dafka [defiant] the **world** is, but we're well aware of how dafka **we** are, too. This is a human condition created by God. It's not something invented and perpetrated by ancient Egyptians.

Many of my wants are blue with sorrow and green with jealousy and envy. This has helped me see that we're all filled to the brim with brown insides: star drek.

I'm not willing to take one side on some issues because I, too, am dafka. I realized how dafka I was after I tried to kill myself three times. But since then, I've been tricked and trapped by many others. I try my best to survive in this spider-eat-fly world. But I also have to take a stand against myself to protect my honey from a part of me that's without principles.

I believe God made me a gay Jew at this time in His story to prove to the world that all problems can be reduced to gays verses Jews – with the exception of the uncivilized who despise us both.

My mother was Jewish on her mother's side and Christian on her father's side. My father was a rich Jew who ended up a slave in Nazi Germany. I'm a gay Jew who sees dangers coming at me from all sides.

An **ad hominem attack** condemns the character of the person making an argument rather than the substance of the argument itself. The ad hominem attack of some Republicans is that Democrats are wrong about everything because they're atheists. But I've known some atheist Democrats who are more righteous than religious Republicans. But I've also met some gay men who are more duplicitous than some Democrats.

Both Republicans and Democrats claim that they're fighting Nazis. Both have Jews supporting their party. A few gays even support some Republicans.

I'm an Independent. I believe that God plays tricks on hypocrites, regardless of their political party, sexual lifestyle or faith in Him. I believe our Teacher is dafka and made us in His image in that way, too. The rainbow is described in the story of Noah as created by God as a promise He won't be dafka anymore. [Genesis 6-9]

You can buy insurance against **accidents** and **incidents**. But you're your greatest opponent. In some ways, you're defiant against yourself.

All that Israelis needs to do to end the prejudice against gays presented in Leviticus 18 and 20 is to legislate gay marriage into law, just as all the civilized countries in the world have done. This will expose the Nazism coming from the religious right. This will declare that God is wrong about some things He put in writing, and we're right.

This is what the Yankees did in the 19th Century regarding slavery. This is what we do by not killing adulterers. This is what parents do by not killing their children for disobeying them. We even gave women the vote because women don't come out of men. Men come out of women. [Genesis 2:21-22 claims just the opposite.]

Gay Jews aren't **abominable**. But some Israelis still can't decide if anal sex is kosher. They're afraid of what will happen if they contradict God's written word. This is a **syndrome** found in all seven of the world's faiths.

The big **Brown** lie on the left is that White people hate Black people. We now know that some people with brown eyes hate one another as much as some people with blue eyes hate some people with brown eyes.

Even some Jews hate one another. Eye color and anal sex are signs of syndromes, not problems. Eye color and anal sex are both red herrings.

In Torah, there's a sacrifice of a red cow to God. "The red heifer, or red cow, in Torah represents a purification ritual for those who have come into contact with the dead. Its ashes, mixed with 'living water,' were used to cleanse individuals from ritual impurity, emphasizing the importance of maintaining purity before approaching the holy Sanctuary." [Internet]

I think the **red cow** is a **red herring**. God includes syndromes in with our problems to motivate us to discover the importance of using our brains rather than our brawn. Ritual purity from within makes it possible to approach our breastplate where our conscience lies from our heart or soul. Self-sacrifice leaves us all red [enraged]. This is the essence of our defiance.

If you want to look for the truth from within, look at your greed. This is the motive of all hypocrites. I know you know what greed **looks** like in others, but do you know what greed **feels** like? Greed feels like anger [red] and anxiety [orange] mixed with fear [yellow]. Greed [burnt orange] is an obsession with receiving your fair-share. Greed projected out into the external world pushes others aside in an effort to get what you've concluded is your due.

The closest thing to greed internalized isn't addiction. Obsession isn't the source of anyone's defiance. Our love of

learning about ourself is the source of our greed. The more we internalize greed, the wiser we become.

After the misery European Christians put gays and Jews through in the last century under Nazi domination of Christianity, did you really think that more of God's truth wouldn't come out in this century? The lessons from The Teacher in the 20th Century were for blue-eyed **Christians**. The lessons from Him in the 21st Century are for brown-eyed **Muslims**. Greed is a lesson in life that even green-eyed people have to face.

You can't solve the world's problems using your eyes without taking a closer look at your anus. You have to use your conscience along with common sense as your guide. Just using a mirror to get a peek at where the sun don't shine isn't going to reveal why God put your anus in such a difficult place to see.

Real estate in the Middle East is a red cow and a red herring. Israel is a sign of a **syndrome**. Israel isn't a **problem**.

Our Teacher in His infinite wisdom knows that **today's** students will **evolve** by solving their **syndromes**. They can already see that problems come and go.

The Trouble With Tribles

There was an original Star-Trek episode called, "The Trouble with Tribles." **Tribles** were tiny aliens who looked like fuzzy balls. They were so soft and cuddly that everyone onboard the Enterprise fell in love with them. But that was the Tribles' way of dominating their environment. They were soon reproducing, choking the whole ship, endangering the mission and the crew.

The modern world is now overrun with Tribles who are making a lot of trouble. Everyone nowadays needs to stroke something or someone to calm themself down. Everyone's under pressure at work, at home and in their love life. There isn't anything people do anymore that doesn't create unreasonable expectations. People don't want to **serve** anymore. Everyone wants to **contribute**. They want to make a **difference**. Although I think that's wonderful, that creates enormous pressure on society to make life more meaningful, especially if you don't have too many skills to share to begin with.

For me, a good attitude is best I can bring to the table. That's the stone I bring to this cauldron. [9]

In the Middle Ages, everyone in Europe had the same maniacal focus to serve God. People were falling over one another building churches, waging holy wars and oppressing anyone who got in their way of "serving" in church-sanctioned ways that they claimed God approved of.

We're now in the Middle Age of the Modern Age. People are obsessed with doing everything as though on a mission – everything that is, except seek better sex and better

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[9] "Stone Soup is a European folk story about hungry travelers who convince villagers to contribute ingredients to make a delicious soup from just a stone. The tale emphasizes the value of sharing and collaboration in creating something greater together." [Internet]

ways to die with a smile on their face. People don't want to contribute a smile. They think that goes too far.

I'm on a mission to talk about **sex** as a preview to **death**. I'm on a mission to reveal that the gay agenda isn't just to come out of the closet to achieve marriage equality. Our agenda will transform the entire **religious** world into a **spiritual** world. We use truth through sex as our means to do so.

We don't use death is a weapon. We don't threaten or kill people. If you can't celebrate your life, you'll never learn to die gayly. If you can't die as though cuming into God's Arms, you haven't learned how to live.

God knew what a wrench He put in the works by calling us perverts. He was saying that we'd pervert the system one day. And we do by inspiring people to improve their orgasms as a preview to improving their life as foreplay before death.

Most people only take His scriptures literally. Consider joining our ranks in a celebration of cuming to Him rather than fighting against Him until your last dying breath. Don't be dafka [defiant]. If He could stop Himself from doing so with a rainbow, you can do so, too. Defiance is sadistic when used on others and masochistic when used on yourself.

Would you really like to argue that your scripture holds the one and only truth? Do you really believe that God has only one agenda: yours? Who's abominable, you or me?

The LGBTQIA+ community are the Tribles who are making all the trouble. Modern, straight people worldwide now stroke us like their dogs and cats. They're treating us like pets.

We certainly appreciate their change of heart. But this starship, planet Earth, needs a reassessment of its mission. Where are we going with this?

If people feel guilty about the way they treated us in the past, I can certainly see why. Republicans are still saying that trans people are undermining the traditional meaning of being male or female. They're afraid to admit they're both.

Their **embarrassment** of their body and **shame** about how their parents conceived them is obscuring God's **humiliation** of them in so much of what they do.

Who can't see that blaming **Israel** for the world's woes is a Democratic talking point that's humiliating them. Democrats need to face their defiance of God, too.

Who can't see that **capitalism** without taxation is a sociological dead end? A handful of people own three-quarters of the total worth of everything on the planet. And they pay next to nothing in taxes.

Who can't see that **hyper-religiosity** is DOA? The Orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims will never agree on anything substantiative because they link everything that happens to **their** scripture alone. **God's** designs include all three of **their** designs – and more!

Politics has now ground to a halt because nobody wants to talk about where we're all at, and where we're all headed now that the pandemic has forced us to act **locally** in ways that will have a positive impact **globally**.

Some in the LGBTQIA+ community know where we're headed and why. We're **headed** toward learning how to give better **head**… We're learning how to fornicate the best way possible, with self-intimacy as our goal!

Only when it comes to having sex with greater **self**-intimacy through **shared** intimacy with others is it easy to see who's not exploring better sex by the look on their face and the sound of their voice. It's so easy to see who's half dead and who's coming alive.

Most kids today don't have a problem with the gay agenda. They're already onboard with everyone being equal. They're already in their cabin practicing what I'm talking about in the mirror while the Republicans are rearranging the deck chairs and the Democrats are manning the lifeboats. Whether this ship of fools goes down to the bottom of the sea or we get rescued by some miracle, it's time everyone

realizes what it means to share an encounter with an **Iceberg** [God].

The problem doesn't just lie with hateful, old, religious people. Atheists are just as dafka [defiant], just about other issues.

It amazes me how resistant so many people are to better sex. The Summer of Love changed the 20th Century in a miraculous way. You can't go back now to claim that anal sex is abominable; that women are unequal; that contraception must be withheld; or that abortion under certain circumstances isn't warranted. It makes me wonder what happened since 1967 that has made some people so bitter about the forces between their legs.

Where did everyone's rainbow disappear to? Where are the silver linings around clouds? What made people so disappointed with themself and others that they can't imagine that the secret to life might still be between their legs, just in their **anus** rather than in their **genitals**?

People once believed in **magic**. With all the advancements in science, they're now committed to **misery**. They once believed in **mystery**. Now they're resigned to **mundanity**.

I hate to put it cruelly, but if you're male, you've still got a lot to learn about how to use your penis like a precision, power tool. And if you're female, you've still got a lot to learn about how to sing out from your vagina, Louise!

In fact, I'll reverse that description to make it even clearer. If you're male, you've got a lot to learn to teach your penis how to sing. And if you're female, you've got to learn to use your vagina like a precision, power tool.

The penis isn't one or the other. The penis has a voice with a mellifluous timber that men can learn to sing with on perfect pitch. Every man has the ability to be pitch perfect when Dick belts it out, whether for Louis or Louise. He just needs some spiritual musical training to appreciate the gift he's been given.

I'm no expert on vaginas. The reason I can say that is because I don't have one. No man does!

I leave it to lesbians to model for straight men how to appreciate a vagina as a precision, power tool. And I leave it to gay men to model for straight women how to appreciate a penis until it starts to sing. That won't be done in bed. It has to be done through dialog.

Curing Loneliness

Existential loneliness is the great killer in all modern societies. But existential loneliness is the great killer in all backward societies, too. The issue with **loneliness** is that people don't know how miserable it makes them to be alone in their own company. They don't know how to enjoy the mystery and mastery of **solitude**. Solitude is the state of stroking your genitals without touching yourself on the outside. Solitude is the state of ecstasy that comes with touching yourself from within.

Existential loneliness is the cause of **dread**. Dread is the cause of **terror**. And terror is the cause of **punishments** from God that cause us to experience pain and/or suffering.

Don't just expect **science** to cure you of pain. Don't just expect **religion** to cure you of suffering. If you look at life as like a school, you'll come to the conclusion that pain and suffering are like lessons from The Teacher meant to improve your grades. Put more effort into refining your work habits, and you'll see miracles occur within you. What will happen to your body and to the world around you, I can't predict. But I saw what happened when I organized my thoughts, feelings, sensations and beliefs to support everything I say and do.

Terrorists are terribly lonely people. They're dread-**full**. They suffer so much dread at not knowing how to touch themself without literally doing so, that they become frustrated. That's when they get a gun or strap on a bomb to get their way. Eventually their **frustration** with not seeing positive results overflows into **exasperation**. That's when they blame all the gays and all the Jews for all the world's problems.

The Jewish settlers on the West Bank have three things in common with the Palestinians. 1. They're both **foolish**, not wise. 2. They're both **hateful**, not loving. 3. They're both **vindictive**, not loyal.

I'd add even a fourth trait they have in common. They're both bad at making love because they're both homophobes who hate what they've been given between their legs. They should both come to the conclusion that their Tutor [Adonai, Jesus or Archangel Gabriel] isn't helping them nearly enough to take over that little strip of land that they both want because The Teacher [Elohim, The Father and Allah] is teaching them a lesson that they're too dafka [defiant] to understand.

That little strip of land corresponds to the **perineum**, the spot between the genitals and the anus. In gay speech, the term "perineum" is referred to as the "taint" or "gooch." It's also called "the landing strip." If you rev the engine of your vibrator on a guy's landing strip, his plane takes off much faster.

The West Bank is the taint of the world. All the commotion there is caused by lack of good sex between the Jews and Muslims there, although the Christians on the West Bank are also at fault.

The landing strip in a man is a fun place to visit while having intercourse with him. From there, you can see the two holes that have so much to do with the defiance in the human operating system. But the taint isn't a place you'd want to spend all night. Move on! There's more to explore while you're down there.

The Taliban now has loads of American guns to recreate the Muslim "dream" in Afghanistan. Their existential loneliness is so great that they've vowed to cut off hands if anyone tries to relieve their own loneliness by touching anything the Mosque has concluded is verboten.

That's worse than dafka. That defiance stems from existential loneliness. There's no one inside of them to talk to. And there's no one who understands that about them.

Needless to say, there's nothing you can do to relieve someone of their existential loneliness. That's why nation building doesn't work. It's all an inside job. You have to start

conversations with yourself to create a relationship with that one person who's not interested in understanding you. If **your** Dr. Jekyll doesn't make an effort to befriend **your** Mr. Hyde, your problems become externalized. That's the **Platinum Rule!** Don't follow the Golden Rule. [10] Don't do anything for others. Do everything for yourself.

Your momma ain't the woman who's gonna love ya for a lifetime. You're daddy ain't the man who'll hold ya tight at night. There's no one who can understand you except the stranger inside you, and God. And if God ain't saying nothin' out loud, you've got no choice but to talk to that stranger within, or you'll find yourself wasting precious time.

I said this book was only for me, but I don't need to hear this. I know it already. I'm overcoming my existential loneliness day-by-day. I'm exploring my body like an ark, from stem to stern. My ship is no longer like the Titanic.

I already know that the **ark** that Noah built was an "**aron**" in Hebrew. I know that the **basket** Jochebed wove to carry Moses down the Nile was described in Hebrew as an **aron**, too. I know that the **Ark of the Covenant** the Israelites carried The Ten Commandments from God in from Egypt to Israel was an **aron**. And the **closet** Harvey Milk told us to come out is an **aron**.

I've come out of the four closets within me. I'm a happy, gay man who's got a serpent in my tree that can **sing**, not just **whisper**. I'm in a fantastic relationship with that beguiling part of myself that wants to share himself with all of me. I couldn't be **gayer** as I'm getting **grayer**.

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[10] "The Golden Rule is the principle of treating others the way you would want to be treated by them. It's often phrased as 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'" [Internet] I say, "Don't do unto you as you wouldn't want you to do to you."

So, there's really no reason for me to continue talking to you about this. I'm going to go back to my humble proposals…

Yet Another Humble Proposal

I think universities should offer a freshman course called: "Existential Donuts 101." In this course, professors should teach their young proteges about the human body which is physically and spiritually organized like a donut: a sweet, bready substance surrounded by a hole at the center.

There's insufficient understanding of the human body when comparing it to sweet breads. People get fried by life, but they don't compare their crispy exterior and soft middle with the hole at the center of it all. Not making these associations is truly shameful after you've been in your body for decades. What's old age going to look like if youth and middle age have taught you nothing you can relate to the staff of life?

The human hole begins at the mouth and ends at the anus. And all the other holes in the body [your eyes, ears, nose, navel and genitals] are like bursts of delight that rise to the surface. Out of each orifice comes a different reason to relish all of these orifices and the hole at the center of them.

There's a tendency in young people to look for a jelly-like substance to fill that hole inside. Everyone's trying to convince everyone else that what was once a **donut** has been turned into a **danish**.

Explore all that you're missing in the hopes of filling yourself with joy. Enjoy yourself for what's around you as well as what's within. Everybody's trying to fill the hole inside themself. If you don't pierce that pursuit with awareness of your existential loneliness, you won't bring your fundamental urge for orgasm to consciousness in creative ways.

Loneliness may, at first, seem as dreadful as **outer** space. The vacuum of outer space can't be filled, no matter how many galaxies and stars God creates to shine through that dark nothingness.

The vacuum of **inner** space can be filled, but only if the things you use to fill it have moral [internal] meaning. I'm not here to wax poetic about ethical [external] meaning. You've got plenty of people around you who do that.

Look for solace in **things**. Delight in all the accoutrement God has given you to enjoy during your brief sojourn here.

Things can become infused with feelings. It doesn't matter what **it** is. All things reflect feelings because we project our feelings onto them. Even feelings of disgust and apathy get projected onto things.

Your head is a thing that produces **thoughts**. Your heart is a thing that produces **feelings**. Your genitals are a thing that produce **sensations**. Even your soul, that abstract concept you believe you hold inside, is a thing that you've learned to believe in and cherish. These things are **like** the things in the outside world. We project meaning onto the things within us, too.

Seek **solitude**, and you'll have no problem with **loneliness**. If you fill your head with wise thoughts; your heart with loving feelings; and your soul with faith in yourself – you'll come to perceive the hole at the center of you. You'll overcome your existential loneliness with a mission, and you'll be amazed how satisfying the things around you make you feel.

People don't eat out of anger, boredom, sadness or frustration. They eat out of existential loneliness. They're trying to fill themself with food instead of food-for-thought, and they can't think of a thing to say to themself that's meaningful.

Some swear that **food** will fill them. Others swear by **God**. Some use a **hobby** or recreational **drugs**. Some use **sex** without intimacy. Who doesn't like to distract himself with **sports** and **games** where competition decides who wins?

The only person you're competing with is the person you were yesterday. Do better than him today, and you've won the race. You'll be ready for tomorrow.

All external problems bring me back to the feeling of **loneliness** from time to time. Without understanding the reason for that **dreadful**, almost **terrifying** feeling inside, I feel like a fool for putting so much energy into pursuing ways of fixing my life from the outside in. This is why I say that the study of donuts verses danishes is the answer.

There are some people who coat themself with a sweet chocolaty or fruity personality in order to make their donut more appealing. “Bravo!” I say.

Old age homes are filled with sweet breads. The people living there are babkas, krantz cakes, brioches, savarins, coffee cakes and other delicious pastries that are dry, but sweet. With hot liquid love to wash them down, old people are a delight to be with.

Take time to find time to go to old age homes. They’re like bakeries, not dinosaur dens. You’ll eat up the residents there with glee. They won’t eat you.

Retirement Offers No Bells or Whistles

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

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

When I got older, I was given many teachers. They stayed in their classroom, and I traveled around the school to get to them. And each of them spent an hour of my life each day telling me what to do to **know** more and **do** more using a regimen separated by even more bells. That was about the time when I started to rebel against my parents and society generally, although at the time, I didn't know why.

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

But now I can see that I've turned out to be the combination of a nymphomaniac and a tyrant: a **dominatrix**. I'm sexually weird, not just queer. Yet I love to make love to my man any way he likes it.

On his deathbed, with little oxygen making its way into his bad heart, my father pulled out his penis and pointed at me in a threatening manner. That's when I realized that I'd been threatened by abstract **patriarchal** consequences for not obeying **him** all my life. Him flashing me only made all that more obvious.

And while in an institution for those with dementia in old age, my mother told me not long before she died that it was too bad there was such a great difference in our ages. She thought we would have made a wonderful couple. That's when I realized that I'd been threatened by abstract **matriarchal** consequences for not obeying **her** all my life. Her revealing her sexual attraction to me only made that all the more obvious.

In the greater scheme of things and while looking back on my parents today with **sadness** rather than **rage**, I'd now say that my father used threats of **murder** and my mother used threats of **suicide** to get me to follow their lead. He was a typical **patriarch**. She was a typical **matriarch**. And I was the inexperienced fool caught between the two of them.

My parents were **damaged** by the Nazis, but they were also **impaired** by family dynamics that continue to this day. Jews, Blacks, gays and Latinx have been **damaged** by Whites worldwide. You can compare the differences in that damage to those in Southeast Asia and the Far East who were less dominated by Whites. But the **impairment** from family dynamics is also real and pervasive in all societies. Whether people have blue eyes, green or brown – some love to hate, and some hate to love.

I couldn't shame my parents when they were alive. They were too damaged by the Nazis. I didn't have the heart to tell them that they'd been deeply **impaired** first by their family upbringing and then **damaged** by White people.

I can't say firsthand how badly impaired they were. I never met any of my grandparents, uncles or aunts. They were all murdered by White people posing as Christians before I was born. But I can see the effects of my parents' family dynamics better now than I could before.

It's only now that I can face my feelings about my father and mother that I can gather personal information about **how** their upbringing in the early decades of the 20th Century shaped them. It's only now that I can review my own growth

from childhood through puberty to adulthood in the middle of the 20th Century. I couldn't any of that fully while my parents were alive. It might have taken too great a toll on them. I now see that I had to remain psychologically somewhat arrested for their sake until their passing.

Although that retarded my spiritual growth for much of my life, I'm not willing to shut **up** or shut **down** now.

I honored my parents by **loving** them then. I no longer need to do so. Now I can just **honor** them for what they taught me that was **right** and unlearn the rest of what they modeled that I can now see is **wrong**. They're gone, but not forgotten. Their legacy is alive and well within me.

I'm **thankful** to my parents; **appreciative** of myself; and **grateful** to God. But I reserve my **love** for God and me, alone.

Although I have greater feelings for Will than any other person on the planet, we enjoy a **like** affaire, not a love affair. Neither of us wants to go down the slippery slope of romantic love as presented to the world by Hollywood, Bollywood and Nollywood. Their schools of thought on relationships are mindless, heartless and soulless because they omit our primary spiritual job in relating to ourself.

When I was a child, I kissed my parents "good night" every night. Every night now, I kiss Will "good night." But in doing so, I'm reminded of how frightened I was as a child when I went to bed. As soon as I left the room, my parents would argue.

My parents claimed to **love** one another and me, but I don't think they knew the full meaning of that word. It's taken me a lifetime to figure out what love means to me from the inside out.

Will and I prefer the sexual intimacy that leads to **liking** one another more and more. It's far too easy for people to say they **love** others. It's hard to **like** people.

I reserve love for the stranger within me. **My** Mr. Hyde needs my love. The more he loves me, the more he reveals

why he hated me. That information is useful in changing my nature.

My Dr. Jekyll only discovered my Mr. Hyde by looking around at the damage my Hyde had caused. I suggest you look at the damage you've done in your life to admit there's a side of you that's hiding from you, too.

I now see why I felt unsafe around my parents growing up, while desperately needing them to address an existential loneliness and angst I thought only they could fill. Because I didn't have the tools to deal with life when I was a child, I was psychologically crippled into thinking that some issues can only be solved by family.

Once I left home in late adolescence, I moved as far from my family as I could. I went to Israel where I was hired as a dancer. But there were **bells** telling me when to start and when to stop in the dance troupe, too. When I realized I wanted **whistles**, I had to come out of the closet to get them.

That wasn't easy in Israel in the 1970's. It's easier there today. Marriage equality would wake up the hyper-religious Jews to concede that the laws of Leviticus have been eroded over time. God wants us to question our scripture, not agree to it mindlessly. A head that doesn't question produces a heart that doesn't feel and a soul that uses vindictiveness to achieve results.

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

My life was scheduled from the day I was born until the day I retired. But now that I'm old [69] and have nowhere to be, I can tell you that I'm not even in a hurry to walk from one room in my house to another. In fact, I force myself to move slowly to overcome the urge to do anything in a hurry anymore. That's because there's still a voice inside that

insists I have to save **time** the way I was once obsessed with saving **money**.

Time has slowed me down, but I've always been psychologically slow. The psychiatric community branded me with terrible labels to say that their own way. And I was so naïve and inexperienced that I believed them unquestioningly.

I'm a "paranoid schizophrenic" or a "manic depressive," depending on who you ask. But if you ask me, I'll tell you that I'm the **fruit** from my own tree of knowledge, and I'm a **nut** from my own tree of life.

Now I'd say that I'm about 20 minutes behind everyone else. I come **tardy** to class some days. Those who take the short bus to school may, in some way, run even slower than me. But I see most people as rushing around like chicks without a head. Now that I'm a rooster with an old cock, I can say a lot more than I could before. Now my old cock can **sing**.

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

I lost my mind. I grieve that loss to this day. And it was Mr. Hyde who stole it from me. I had no choice but to befriend him to get it back. This is what makes me so special in my eyes and, I believe, in God's Eyes.

Although there are people in this world who are suffering problems much more apparent than mine, I celebrate my "champagne problems" with whispered curses while brushing away tears. I never thought it could be so hard to solve problems from the inside out.

Anal sex is a great way to express my desire for vengeance. Screwing people over is not. But some people seem to prefer hurting others rather than stimulating them with anal pleasures.

Gratefully, I'm not on a schedule anymore. I've got nowhere to be. Nobody's waiting for me. I'm alone and in good company. There are no bells. And even though there are no whistles anymore either, I look in the mirror when I dance in my garage, and whistle at myself!

I like what I look like; I look strong. I like how I move; I move gracefully. I like how I feel; I feel good about myself. And I'm not about to ruin this relationship by believing the nonsense most people try to tell themself.

I like to say, "Good thoughts." But only recently did I realize that I suffer from many bad thoughts. I have to talk to myself about my bad thoughts to convince myself not to repeat them. I don't want to pollute my Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] with instructions that hurt, rather than help, me.

I've had to prove to myself that I'm **still** crazy. That wasn't easy after fighting the psychiatric community, family, colleagues and friends who tried to convince me of just that. Now I'm on their side. But now I can see that **they're** crazy, too. The only thing I can be certain of now is that my bad thoughts are hurting me more than they're hurting anyone else. That's progress!

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

I'm not going to be in this vehicle on the journey of my life forever. My body is already suffering from seven decades of wear-and-tear. It even has a few dents that the body shop [A.M.A. – American Medical Association] isn't able to fix. And the A.P.A. [American Psychiatric

Association] has little to offer me to improve my performance.

I'd rather learn from Will who introduces me to pop culture in ways I can better understand my connection to young people. I'd rather dance out my cabin door aboard this Titanic than fight over a place on a lifeboat. I certainly don't want to sit with The God-fearing on deck chairs like a fool listening to country-western songs that bemoan losses as the ship is sinking.

I write for young people. I write for the young man in me who needed me when I was his age. I write to the hole in my donut and the creamy filling in my danish. I write to God. I call my writings "prayers." Everything I write is produced in God's presence.

I finally figured out on my own that I'm not immortal. This timed experiment is going to come to an end. If I haven't figured out the meaning of me by the end, I'll be bitter. The end will be a disappointing finish. And I'll leave here upset with myself before I get There, wherever That is.

Acting Normal

The operative word here is "**acting**." For me **acting** normal is an **act**. It's not natural. I'm **not** normal. I'm odd. And the longer I live, the odder I see myself.

I've come to the conclusion that I'm more than even **queer**. I'm **peculiar**. I see myself as a **psychopath** who didn't care about me and a **sociopath** who didn't care about others. I once didn't feel the feeling of **guilt**. I had to learn the full meaning of the word by exploring my feelings of embarrassment, shame and humiliation. When combined, I got a sense of what it means to be guilt-ridden.

The first story of Genesis implies that Adam and Eve began their studies in vocabulary in the school of life with the word "guilty." They were never proven innocent. I don't fully expect to be, either. There's so much to learn about the meaning of life.

There once was a me in me who didn't allow me to have an opinion about anything. All my opinions were based on what other people thought of my opinions. So, I was sure to express opinions they'd like.

I used to worry about all sorts of nonsense that revolved around what other people thought of me. I can't tell you how free I feel now that I'm much more concerned about how **I** feel about **myself**.

Sometimes I feel insecure. Sometimes I feel guilty. But more often I feel special.

I feel rewarded. I feel beloved by God. I feel that Will is a study partner in the school of life that The Teacher brought me to learn more about myself in the company of a best friend and partner. Sharing my external life with Will makes it so much more pleasant to share my internal life with me.

I believe I'm being guided by righteousness that emanates out from how I treat myself. My **good** thoughts now outnumber my **bad** thoughts. My good feelings now outnumber my feelings of loneliness and oppression. My

righteous beliefs now outnumber my previous certainty about the serendipitous calamity of a world without God, a school without a Teacher.

“The Winner Takes It All”

by
ABBA

I don't wanna talk
about things we've gone through,
though it’s hurting me.
Now it’s history.
I've played all my cards
and that’s what you’ve done, too.
Nothing more to say;
no more ace to play.
The winner takes it all.
The loser’s standing small
beside the victory.
That’s his destiny.
I was in your arms
thinking I belonged there.
I figured it made sense
building me a fence,
building me a home;
thinking I'd be strong there.
But I was a fool
playing by the rules.
The gods may throw the dice,
their minds as cold as ice,
and someone way down here
loses someone dear.
The winner takes it all.
The loser has to fall.
It’s simple and it’s plain.
Why should I complain?
But tell me, does he kiss
Like I used to kiss you?

Does it feel the same
when he calls your name?
Somewhere deep inside
you must know I miss you.
But what can I say?
Rules must be obeyed.
The judges will decide.
The likes of me abide,
spectators of the show
always staying low,
the game is on again;
a lover or a friend,
a big thing or a small.
The winner takes it all.
I don't wanna talk
if it makes you feel sad.
And I understand
you've come to shake my hand.
I apologize
if it makes you feel bad
seeing me so tense,
no self-confidence.
But you see
the winner takes it all.
The winner takes it all.
So, the winner takes it all
and the loser has to fall.
Throw the dice, cold as ice
way down here, someone dear
takes it all, has to fall,
and it's plain, why complain?

There shouldn't be an author worth his weight in words who doesn't dream of getting the Nobel Prize in **literature**. I'm hoping for that, as well as the Nobel **Peace** Prize. For the former, I'd have to go to Stockholm, Sweden to receive

the prize. For the latter, I'd have to go to Oslo, Norway to accept the fame and fortune I've already achieved within.

Will has hesitantly agreed to join me, but I know he's just trying to amuse me. I haven't got an agent, a publisher or have sold a single book.

Although the winner takes it all, I'm not deterred by the lack of external evidence that comes with expressing my truth. That has more to do with an ego that had to be glued together after having been shattered into multiple pieces by the personality I once had.

Even though the loser has to fall, I question why this world changes in ways I don't approve of. Life hurts good people despite my wish for things to work out otherwise.

I move from the present toward the future optimistically. It doesn't matter if the future turns into a present I wasn't expecting. What matters is that I'm so much happier with the way things have turned out for **me** than I could have ever anticipated. Even if I don't win a Nobel prize, I don't mind being surrounded by sore losers. I feel I've already won so much more than outer world recognition.

I'm no longer jealous of anyone's success. My father never made a success of himself, but now I can see why. Since age caught up with me, it's more likely I'll die another unknown soldier. God only knows what I've done to promote peace on Earth. I'm more interested in promoting peace within.

As a poet, I think it's important that I believe in myself. If my words don't move me, why bother to move them from my head through my hands onto the page? As a gay Jew, I think I have something to say that hasn't been said before. If people don't recognize why God made me, I think I should tell them. The written word is the kindest way I've found to do so quietly. The rest of each day I do my best to blend in. This is a lesson in itself in a world where so many stand out for bad behavior.

Don't tell Your Bathroom Fan to Shut Up

Will insists that I turn on the bathroom fan when I take a shower. He doesn't want the bathroom to get steamy or moldy. And I do what asks because he asks me to. He's more often the **masculine** voice in our relationship. Therefore, he often knows what he's talking about when it comes to external matters.

But the **feminine** point of this story is that by the time I get out of the shower and have taken care of all my other toiletry issues, I suddenly find my head filled with the drone of the bathroom fan in my ears, which drives me nuts!

There are people in this world who drone on and on like a bathroom fan, and I'd just like to scream at them to shut up! But my mother wouldn't approve, even though she's been dead for a couple of years. As the newly dead, she's probably rolling over in her grave when she hears me talk this way.

There's a friend of my 96-year-old-gurlfriend who covets her relationship with our mutual friend. She told me I have mother issues and that I should get help because my relationship to our 96-year-old-gurlfriend is sick. I wanted to tell her to shut up! But I asked myself if there was any truth to what she said. Since I didn't hear my mother roused from eternal sleep, I suspect that my mom may have agreed with me that being like her is a blessing, not a curse.

My relationship to my mother could have been better. I **loved** my mother. The 5th Commandment tells us to **honor** our parents. But **I** couldn't stop there, and neither could she. I couldn't ask her not to touch me because it made me feel **creepy**. I couldn't ask her not to smother me because it made me feel **infantilized**. I couldn't ask her to get her need for a partner met elsewhere. I had to wait until late middle age after she'd passed on to take on the job of **mothering myself**.

I figuratively dragged "our" umbilical cord around with me every day of my life until my mother died. I couldn't

believe how relieved I was when she finally cut the cord for me with death as her blade. It felt like a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

I finally found myself alone with the literal **knot** on my belly where previously there'd figuratively been a very long **cord**. You'd think I could have gotten the message sooner. I'd been dealing with mother issues by plugging in more and more extension cords to take me further away from her without figuring out how to spiritually let her go to be herself.

It takes what it takes to wake up to what you've been dragging behind you. I had to open the backpack I was figuratively carrying around all my life to see that it was filled with extension cords.

I've cut the emotional cord with itzi-witzi spiders, as well. Now I care for the physical needs of **spiders** without getting involved in their mental health issues. Perpetrators weave webs. That's just what they do. It's up to **flies** to learn how to avoid them.

I didn't recreate my relationship with my mother with my 96-year-old-gurlfriend! When people sound like a bathroom fan that drills through me, I think that's worth thinking about.

The moral of this story isn't to tell your bathroom fan to shut up. Just flip the switch and turn it off. You may find that doing so quietly even puts a smile on your face at what you can accomplish so easily externally. What matters, after all, is what you have to listen to inside, not what you hear.

Moses and Me

Moses was far, far greater than Jesus and Muhammad. Let me explain why:

Jesus never wrote a thing. His claim to faith was His relationship with His Father which He maintained until His last dying day. Even on the cross, He spoke to His Father in the second person [You]. He asked Him why He put Him through such pain and suffering. Jesus didn't ask why God humiliated Him publicly. Nevertheless, His relationship with God remained I/You.

Muhammad was a writer. He was inspired by a Jewish Angel [Gabriel] to open his heart to Him. But in doing so, Muhammad held a relationship with Gabriel, not directly with God. Muhammad was in an I/You relationship with God's Angel. He wasn't in an I/You relationship with God Himself.

Jesus didn't just create symbolism to explain God's plan for man. Muhammad didn't just create similes to do the same. Jesus built an I/You relationship with God. Muhammad built an I/Him relationship with God. If you think of language as roads, Jesus gave us a highway. Muhammad gave us a byway.

A highway is a road open to the public that moves at high speed **between** towns. A **byway** is a local street within a town. The speed limit on byways is much slower.

We needed Jesus and Muhammad to connect us to God through the second person [I/You] and third person [I/Him].

But Moses was far more important. Think of Moses as having created the hallways in your home. You didn't learn to walk on highways or byways. You learned to walk indoors in your parents' home on floors. They baby-proofed one room after another before they let you walk down the hall to access all the rooms in their home.

Moses wasn't just the author of his autobiography. Moses was his own main character. You're the author and

main character of your story. You can look back on your life to see yourself in the past as a very different person than you are today.

This is my 23rd book. This book is about me **today**. The 22 books before this one were about me in the **past**. Therefore, I have 23 different views of myself as an author and as my main character. I can reflect on who I was and who I've become by reading my own works.

Moses was the first author to do this in the sight of God. The Book of Genesis isn't even about himself. He doesn't introduce himself as the main character in his autobiography until the Book of Exodus. Moses' autobiography is made up of five books that end tragically with Moses dying alone in the desert after looking out on the land God swore to give to the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Moses was in an I/I relationship with himself, as well as an I/You relationship with God. This is a level of intimacy that must be earned from birth through life to death. This is a relationship with God as your Witness. There was no one before Moses who'd achieved this.

But, as we all know, the medium is the message. Moses was his own medium. He was the camera and the photo. Only Moses walked comfortably in his shoes. We can't walk in **his** shoes. We must walk in our **own**.

Although in the last chapter of Deuteronomy Moses [the author] describes Moses [the main character] as having had a relationship to God that was face to Face, in Exodus 33 God told Moses, "You cannot see My Face, for no one may see Me and live."

Neither Jesus nor Muhammad spoke about their relationship to God as face to Face. No one can have a relationship with God like that while alive. What we can develop is a relationship with ourself that's face to face. The more intimate we become with ourself, the more God rewards us with intimacy with Him. But that intimacy is personal and private. It's never the same for two people.

Intimacy with myself is so inspiring that God rewards me for it with His presence. This presence can't be predicted. It can only be observed and described. But you must never draw any conclusions about your relationship to God through mine. That would be unwise.

Jesus and Muhammad stood in the glory of God because their self-intimacy was so great that God rewarded them with gifts that we cherish and use to this day. The gift God gave Jesus was His love. The gift He gave Muhammad was His loyalty.

When your relationship to yourself becomes so intimate that you can appreciate the gifts of Moses [wisdom], Jesus [love] and Muhammad [loyalty], you'll perceive the forces in your head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and soul [beliefs] as gifts from God, too.

Wisdom is so much greater than love, and love more than loyalty. But you must unite the forces within you to perceive this spiritual hierarchy. How many bestow their loyalty on the undeserving? How many give their heart to someone who breaks it? Wisdom is the greatest gift from God, but it requires mistakes made and corrected to achieve the wisdom to know better the next time.

Shakespeare said that life is a dream surrounded by **sleep**. When I was a younger writer, my life was a gift from God surrounded by **sorrow**. The thought of using up the gift of life saddened me. I felt pity for me. I didn't want to die. I was motivated to use my time productively because I believed I'd be sad on my deathbed in having to depart from this world.

But I'm no longer young. I can now look back on the young man I once was with greater insight. I can see him as having known only what he could know without the experience I've gleaned since. Because I have 23 markers [books] of my knowledge of me, I'm now able to describe my life as moving toward God surrounded by joy, not sorrow or sleep.

When I die, I expect there to be nothing left of the gift God gave me. I will have used it all up. But I hope to leave behind all the joy I've amassed from the wisdom I've gleaned.

I now see myself as like a star, regardless of whether I achieve fame and fortune. When I die, I'll become like a supernova. I'll explode like a massive star at the end of its life, resulting in a brilliant burst of light that can outshine entire galaxies. This powerful event will create the equivalent of new atomic nuclei and distribute heavy elements throughout my inner space.

The world will experience my passing as far less momentous. Some will experience it unconsciously as a loss they won't be able to identify with. Some will experience it subconsciously as a feeling that will leave them lonely and sad. And a very few will experience my death consciously as a brilliant joy that, like a light, will illuminate their inner world with new meanings for decades to come.

Pyramids Everywhere

My 96-year-old-gurlfriend lived with a family as a maid in town while she was going to high school. There, she had her first encounter with indoor plumbing. After high school, she worked on a violent ward of the state mental institution in Augusta, Maine. She wasn't afraid of the patients. She said she blended right in despite her simple uniform that focused on functionality rather than fashion.

I've always enjoyed hot and cold running water. I've never blended in with the crazies around me. Most of my jobs didn't include special attire. So, I've had to look for other ways to measure my success.

From there, 96-year-old-gurlfriend entered the convent and was given a **habit** to wear. After 14 years, she entered the Navy and wore a military **uniform**. Then she entered local government in San Francisco as a social worker and wore **blue jeans** with embroidered flowers at the cuffs.

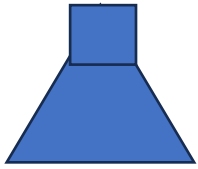
These were the social pyramids [institutions] my 96-year-old-gurlfriend helped construct and dress for during her lifetime. But she always found herself at the bottom of these institutional pyramids. She never wanted to make her way to the top. Today, she's at the bottom of a religious pyramid, a Catholic home for the poor. She still wears her embroidered blue jeans, along with colorful, fuzzy sweaters and long earrings. But she's more aware than ever that, as they say in Hebrew, "there are no pockets in shrouds."

The Israelites built the pyramids for the ancient Egyptians. The Hebrews [Israelites] were the Egyptian slave force for 400 years. Today, the Egyptians are Muslim neighbors, although after 30 years of peace procured at the top of the political pyramid, very few Egyptian tourists visit Israel. **We** now know much more about the figurative construction of pyramids than our previous indigenist lords and masters.

Look at Jewish history. We've contributed to the construction of societies that resemble pyramids throughout the Western world. There's one man at the top, and as you climb to the top, you realize there's less room up there.

Look at our social impact on history. We've contributed to the construction of societies that resemble rectangles throughout the Western world. There are many people at the top in democracies, and as you climb to the top, you realize that there's room for everyone up there.

So, the questions become, "How do you make your way to the top of a pyramid?" And "What does a pyramid look like when you stretch it at the top to resemble a rectangle?" These are the questions about politics in America and Israel that the world is witnessing and should be discussing. This is the meaning of **emancipation** today, so different from **freedom** and **liberty**.



The Star of David on the Israeli flag is made up of two intersecting, isosceles triangles that represent the **external** society [yang] we must all learn to construct, support and repair – and the **internal** society [yin] that mirrors our inner efforts to come to know and love ourself.

The Star of David symbolizes the father [**sociology**] who points up and the mother [**psychology**] who points down. As such, the Star of David is the sign of the universal **child**.

You are the personification of every Star of David. You are two pyramids that you're constructing in your own unique way. Your external world is magically linked to your internal world. The yin ▽ and the yang △ of you are like every other star that God has a Hand in constructing.



There's too **much** room in a rectangle. It leaves space for Naziism to make its way to the top. There's too **little** room in a pyramid. It allows Nazism to remain at the top once it gets there.



If you don't frame the Star of David, you won't have two triangles pointing in opposite directions within a larger framework that appears rectangular.

This is the secret to theology, political science and the Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] that runs you. When all else fails in using **geology** and **geography** as your guide, try **geometry** and spiritual vexillology [the study of flags].

Dealing With Dying Rather Than Death

When I was a young adult in my twenties, I tried to kill myself three times! The first time I took 100 Bayer aspirins [a whole bottle]. The second time I drove my car over a 200-foot cliff. And the third time I made an omelet out of a huge, wild mushroom I picked from my neighbor's lawn.

Needless to say, I couldn't even succeed in committing suicide in those days. I was as bad at **dying** as I was at **living**. Eventually, I got clean and sober and chose to learn how to survive and thrive rather than to continue to yearn to die.

Here I am now, almost at the age of 70, with 37 years of sobriety, and I still can't say that I'm an expert at living. But what I can say is that I'm spiritually stronger than I was before. I can entertain the thought of continuing through to the end, rather than try to kill myself a fourth time.

The reason I'm so much stronger is because I can stand the enormous pain of self-pity. Jesus was able to describe that as His syndrome using the 22nd Psalm. [11]

My **inner** father only wanted to kill me, and my **inner** mother only wanted to kill herself. Now that my **inner** child is old enough to see what my **inner** parents were unconsciously doing to me, I can keep the two of them at bay.

For me, this is what spiritual progress looks like. I now find life interesting because I look at it from within. I no longer merely ride the rollercoaster of external ups and downs until they come to a nauseating halt. Now I live to expend the gift of life. I find that life isn't a beloved gift if I don't use all of it.

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[11] It begins, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Why art Thou so far from helping Me, and from the words of My roaring?" You can see in my rendition, the audacity of using capital letters to equate yourself to God – unless you're Jesus.

My Boyfriend Will

My boyfriend Will is just the opposite of me. He's normal. He knows how to get along with people in sociologically acknowledged and approved of ways. He enjoys people, places and things. I see him as externally oriented. He studies everything except himself. I study nothing but myself.

Will thinks about **what** and **how**. He tries to let things roll off him emotionally like water off a duck's back. I think about **why**.

I know how to figuratively swim, dive and fly like a duck. I look clumsy putting one foot in front of the other because I'm always thinking about **why** God made me as I am.

Will would have joined the military if he hadn't lost a lung in early childhood. He's physically disabled, but he dislikes having to admit it. He wants to think of himself as whole, even though you can see by his posture that he's literally twisted.

I chose two long-term boyfriends in my life. The first was **figuratively** twisted; the second **literally** so. I'm so much happier with the second.

But it's only in bed that Will allows his body to be adored. He's very bad at accepting verbal compliments, and he almost never gives them. Yet, my excitement in holding him naked in my arms as I play with his body arouses him deeply. I don't think he feels lust for himself. I think he experiences sexual intimacy with me as though it's our little secret. Maybe this is natural for men. I think women think intimacy should be no secret at all.

Will's intimacy with himself is a secret I'll never be able to plummet. I expose **my** self-intimacy to him in the hopes that he'll dive into **his** self-intimacy. He doesn't seem to like to go there on his own.

I take every person, place and thing on the planet to heart so that I can break the projection in coming to know and love my own heart.

Loss leads to sorrow [sky blue]. **Sorrow** leads to regret [marine blue]. **Regret** leads to disappointment [cerulean]. And **disappointment** leads to grief [midnight blue]. I don't know the feeling of **grief** [midnight blue]. But I've seen it on the faces of others.

I won't die grieving the loss of not having plummeted me. I imagine meeting God face to Face when I die. I think of that encounter as comparable to the explosion at conception that created me.

Life is a school, and God is my Teacher. He teaches me using natural events and disasters. These are referred to in the insurance world as "acts of God." But He also teaches me with other forms of loss. These create the many shades of blue in the rainbow in my heart. This is how **humiliation** changes me in ways that **embarrassment** and **shame** never will.

Even though loss is the greatest impetus to appreciating life, nobody told me so. I didn't worry about losing my health when I was young. I smoked, drank and took drugs. Then I lost my mind. They committed me to mental institutions. When I left the second insane asylum, I realized I'd have to devote the rest of my life to finding bits and pieces of my mind with God's help. But nobody in either one of those institutions told me that. I now consider that spiritual malpractice.

I lost my mind.

I lost my parents.

I lost friends.

I lost jobs.

I lost money.

I've lost some of my health.

I lost my looks.

I'm a victim of losses, but my losses don't define me. I can now see that I'm not just a fly. I'm also a spider.

I don't confuse red [rage] with green [jealousy]. I've been through many of the shades of blue. I'm not spiritually colorblind anymore.

After **blue** comes the inky blackness of **indigo**. This is the mystery of life. Herein lies the **magic** or the **madness**. If you don't know about the rainbow of hope in your heart, you'll be unprepared for the mystery of darkness. You'll take miracles for granted. You'll assume good luck is a given. You'll get resentful when things don't go your way, even though lessons from The Teacher are given to you to correct your beliefs dutifully and humbly, not with resentment or frustration.

The Palestinians have no intention of accepting the West Bank as their Jewish home away from Home. They want to destroy everything Jewish, just as the Christians wanted to do in the 20th Century. The Shiite Iranians have no intention of letting the Sunni Arabs keep Mecca. They want to control Islam at its religious source. The Muslims in the Muslim diaspora have no intention of allowing the Judeo-Christian societies they're living in to remain the way they are. They're using freedom and liberty to exact their own idea of emancipation.

But these challenges have all been given to us by our Teacher. Without a Jewish head to help you **think**, a Christian heart to help you **feel** and a Muslim soul to help you achieve greater **loyalty** to God, you're going to continue to fight like a spider [perpetrator] with a fly [victim].

You won't realize that you're the cause of your conspiracy. You won't realize you're like a spider **and** a fly. That's why we're all so creepy inside.

Don't fight inside like Dr. Jekyll [logically] with Mr. Hyde [irrationally]. Don't come to the conclusion that the calamity around you isn't, in part, your fault.

Don't create one vindictive monster after another like Dr. Frankenstein [an atheist scientist with well-meaning intentions in overcoming death].

When I drove my car over a cliff intentionally, I didn't have my seatbelt fastened, so I flipped into the back seat where I survived the massive force of the engine as it rammed the steering wheel through the driver's seat. And when the car stopped rolling over, because I'd filled the gas tank completely, there was no air in it to set the car on fire.

I wasn't concerned about long-term consequence in my twenties when I committed my three suicide attempts. Now I'm alive and well, enjoying the company of a boyfriend and writing book on spirituality. I'd call that miraculous!

I worried about losing my first boyfriend in my forties after he cheated on me with his former boyfriend. Now they're both dead, and I've been able to move on to a boyfriend who pretends he's in the military while I play five-star general with his private in bed…

Things slipped easily through my fingers when I was young and inexperienced. Now I'm old and can finally see that we're all playing games until we're more knowledgeable about the deeper meaning in the news, weather and sports.

We're all internally oriented, each in our own way. We're all suffering a syndrome that The Teacher addresses with lessons and tests.

My father tried to kill himself with every forkful of food he put in his mouth after he was liberated from concentration camp. I come from a long line of fathers who were like their mothers, and mothers who were more like their mothers than they were willing to admit. There isn't a lot of male influence in Jewish family life. This is how God has shaped us like clay rather than water or air.

I think that Jews are more the personification of Eve than Adam. We don't blame God and that woman that He gave us. We're tempted, and so we **eat** to fill the hole inside of us.

Some are tempted to **drink** to quench a thirst they can't put into words. And others are tempted to **smoke** because they're fuming deep down within.

Gay people are tempted, too. We're known to eat, drink, smoke and screw like bunnies. But that doesn't make us different from anybody else unless you consider anal sex a deal-breaker.

Moses made it clear that anal sex is something God abhors. Maybe Moses said that because he abhorred his own anus. Maybe that's why he had anger issues that he projected onto others. I think it's far more likely that he was a homophobe who projected his disgust with his own anus on Him.

Depth and Profundity

When I was a young man, I thought I was a particularly deep person. People even told me so. I just wasn't deep enough to doubt them.

Now I can envision a level of profundity that I couldn't see before. And I find that exciting. If I'd been like a deep-sea diver, I'd have discovered the Mariana Trench. But as a land lover, I traveled to the Dead Sea, instead, to look up from the lowest point on Earth.

The clue to my relative superficiality then didn't come upon me suddenly. Over the course of a lifetime, I began to question my **thinking**. I began to question my **feelings**. I even began to question my pursuit of **sensations** and my **beliefs**.

When I got out of my head via my stiff neck to discover my heart, I realized I'd need to make a lateral move from my heart to my soul. It was in this way that I discovered that I had feelings and beliefs, in addition to good thoughts emanating out of a head that was finally screwed on more tightly to my shoulders than had been the case in my youth.

It was in believing I could become a **soulful** person who cared about others that I began to question myself based on more than what was happening around me. I'd never before tried to take my feelings for **me** to heart. Just raising my eyes to the sky and saying, "Why me, Lord?" wasn't a satisfying reaction to what I'd been through. There had to be more to me than rhetorical questions.

There wasn't anywhere to go above my head, so I had to go down into my body. I had to go further down than my heart and soul to a dark and foreboding part of me that I hadn't considered frequenting. I had to find the guts to explore my navel from the inside.

Contemplating my navel was a satisfying and productive endeavor. Not only did I realize that it was the first wound my body had ever received. My navel connected me to every

other person on the planet, not just to my mother. It was The Well of Loneliness [12] I took from my breastplate [conscience] down to my core that taught me how to contemplate **being**.

There'd always been a part of me that had rejected the idea that the stork brought me or that my parents found me under a cabbage leaf in a garden – especially since they were living in an apartment complex in the Bronx when I was born.

As a Jew, I'd never believed in Santa Claus, but when I discovered there was no tooth fairy, I wasn't at all surprised. My search for magic wasn't fulfilled with fantasies and children's books. I always looked for a real magic to validate my existence.

Until I contemplated my navel, I didn't think of myself as fully human. In fact, I felt like the most alien creature on this God forsaken planet.

I was somewhat confident that "my people" would someday come down to **Earth** in a flying saucer and take me back where I came from. [It never occurred to me that I was the one who needed to come down to **earth**.]

Seeing myself as alien to others is no longer my cup of tea. I don't want to be a **teacup** awaiting unification with a flying **saucer**. I want truth, not childish fiction. My **fiction** created **friction**. Now, I want to delve down into the darkness within me. I'm not interested in going into outer space.

Words are the only way to plummet someone as diaphanous as me. Thank God for words. Words hold the greatest power in healing. All remedies and cures are the results of words combined in better ways than by those who came before us. **Words** hold the essence of **hope**.

I'd never before achieved peace of **penis**, let alone the peace of **mind** that comes with a love life you can depend on

[12] Lesbian novel by Radclyffe Hall, 1928

to always be interesting. I'd never experienced the joy of a truly stable partnership.

Working on liking another, flawed human being besides myself is now a luxury and a pleasure. Who needs porn, fantasies and other bodies in your bed, when you've got a friend for life.

Discovering my penis and testicles in the creative, rather than simply, sexual sense of the word required a movement below my waist to a depth of self-expression and ecstasy that I'd never considered to be one of the benefits of monogamy. Now, it is.

Since Will and I have become so "practiced" – dare I say "likeable" – to one another, there isn't a sex scene in our bedroom that doesn't end with a passionate kiss on the lips and a thank you. We both appreciate the **self**-intimacy that **shared** intimacy provides.

The Unexpected Male

Will is the unexpected male who came into my life. I knew I needed one. I was more like an adult than a child when I was a child. But I'm more like a child than an adult now. I don't feel comfortable when left alone for too long. Learning to **be** by myself is enjoyable so long as I don't have to do so for too long.

I didn't know what to envision I needed in a boyfriend when I was single. What I got is a guy who's more externally oriented than me. He doesn't like discussions that are internally oriented, except when discussing **other** people's internal operating systems.

I admire the focus of Will's wisdom on others. He's far wiser than me in many ways. Will does well by relating to others in non-confrontational ways. He knows a lot about how people operate individually, but he doesn't often discuss such matters in the second-person [you], only the third-person [he/she/they]. He has great insight into what motivates others, but he has little interest in how he operates himself.

I'm interested in the first-person singular [I]. And since God brought Will into my life, I've become interested in the first-person plural [we].

Will recently asked me to stop trying to convince him that God has a Hand in everything we do. And I agreed not to do so anymore. Coming out of the closet is a spiritual experience for me that's rooted in Judaism. But it's a personal journey that doesn't have to include him.

The four meanings of "closet" in Hebrew are paramount to me becoming more honest, sincere, authentic and sexually genuine.

My **body** is my **ark** [closet].
My **heart** is my **basket** [closet].
My **soul** is my **tabernacle** [closet].
And my **penis** is my closet.

Ironically, I now see my penis as the last of the four closets I've come out of.

I have my own my chaos to contend with by cleaning up my closets. But I try to keep that struggle internal and private. Learning to live with my Catholic boyfriend [Will] has helped me celebrate living with my Jewish boyfriend [me]. This is how I came to see marriage equality as the most important lesson in the school of life. Until men embrace the mystery in going in and coming out figuratively, the world will continue to be a dangerous place for gays and Jews.

It's not possible to have life all sorted out before you walk out the door in the morning. There's a natural need for questions that open us up to chaos of one sort or another. The traumas of **my** life vis-à-vis the external world are only addressed when The Teacher chooses for me to address them. But I choose to address the chaos within me while going through everything around me.

Order is the result of virtues applied **from** many directions **in** many directions. Hopefully, I'll die with everything inside me in order, even if I have to part from a world that's always being challenged to bring order from the inside out. I'd hate to look disheveled when I meet my Maker…

"Sordid Lives"

Del Shore wrote the gay play, "Sordid Lives" that was made into a movie. It's about the death of a matriarch and the reunition of her family at the funeral.

Will says that people get weird at weddings and funerals. I'm a bit weird in that way, too. I **cry** at weddings, and I'm filled with a desire to **laugh** at funerals. You may now see why I have so much trouble relating to most people.

The thought of melding my life with another human being through marriage is the last thing I'd like to do. I find it easy to **love** people. I just find it damn hard to **like** 'em. Will and I have a monogamous **like** affair, and we're not about to ruin a good thing like that with traditional, wedding vows. We think what we have is just about as good as it gets.

I **love** me. I've conceived an inner child with me. I'm the inner parent to the greatest inner child in the world! I'm very proud of him. But Will had nothing to do with that. He's a whole different person with a whole other set of goals.

Will doesn't want an inner family. His childhood was fine. He comes from Eureka, a small, sophisticated town in northern California that sits like an island in a vast sea of redwoods. He went fishing with his family every summer. He was held lovingly by four grandparents. He doesn't need an inner family. He's content with the family he got.

But he's got his hands full dealing with me and the crazies at the church where he works. The last thing he needs is an inner child pulling on his sleeve demanding his attention.

I, on the other hand, just love that little guy inside of me. He's the reason I found for living. I get up every morning and just want to dedicate my whole day to the **him** in **me**. I've never been as close to another human being as I am with my inner child. He's my BFF.

Del Shore got it right. Write gay movies about funerals to make people laugh. But I suggest playwrights write sad

movies about weddings that end happily by avoiding marriage entirely. “The Graduate” couldn’t be all there’s still to say about marriage inequality.

Marry yourself for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Follow this advice from me as though it’s the Gospel truth. I think this is about as realistic as it gets if you’ve finally come to the conclusion that you’ll never be like anybody else. Resign yourself to being peculiar, and passion will inspire you every day of your life.

"Seinfeld"

Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David created a sitcom about **nothing**. And everyone loved it. I write books about **everything**, and I can't get a single soul to buy a one of them.

What's their secret? You'd think people would be willing to pay for **everything**. It turns out they're only willing to pay for some things and a whole lot of **nothin'**…

I thought I had a sure thing here. I thought talking about politics and religion in relationship to psychology, spirituality and sex would be of interest to everyone. You'd think that anyone with a body would love to learn more about their head, heart and soul in relationship to their penis or clitoris. You'd think that once they'd created a bust of themself in their imagination, they'd want to pursue the guts behind their navel and add to that all that lies below their waist. You'd think people would want to become soleful so they could wiggle their toes at the delight of being alive.

I was wrong. Nobody's interested. It turns out it was a dumb idea from the start. If I was a smarter Jew, I'd have been more like Jerry, and less like Barry. I'd have sold the world on nothin'. People can't seem to get enough of nothin'… Jerry's been in reruns for God knows how many years. He got all the fame and fortune that should have been mine…

Can you just imagine Jerry Seinfeld meeting his Maker, and God asking him what he contributed to this world? And Jerry answering, "Nothin'! I gave 'em plenty of nothin' and nothin's plenty for me. [13] What's more, they loved me for it. If I'd had any less than nothin' to give 'em, I would have..."

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[13] Take off on the song of the same name from the opera "Porgy and Bess," 1935. George Gershwin composed the music with a libretto by DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin.

Looking back, I could have done more than nothing for others if there'd only been a market for it. Maybe with God's help, someday there will be…

If you were God, what would You do? Would You escort Jerry Seinfeld into Heaven, or would You point him the other way? Who the hell hopes to get into Heaven by promoting nothing, selling nothing and getting people to pay good money for nothing?

Maybe what Seinfeld really did was make people aware of their funny bone. Maybe that's something to consider.

I studied the world faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism in the hopes of having **something** to offer everyone. Turns out, I've been doing it all wrong. All I needed to do was watch "Seinfeld" to find out how the world really turns.

If I were a TV mogul, I'd make a sitcom about people working at a funeral parlor. Now that's funny! I'd make movies about planned weddings that people later realize was a one-way trip to Hell that they narrowly escaped by falling in love with themself. I think that's hysterical!

When I read this chapter to Will, he suggested I start small by writing about a **little bit** instead of about **everything** or **nothing**. That'll never happen! I need to know everything I can about myself.

Good, Better and Best

Some people don't assess their good fortune. They take it for granted. They promote **good** thoughts publicly, but they don't explore their **bad** thoughts privately. How can you appreciate what's good about you without knowing what's bad about you, too?

Some go from bad to worse without realizing it. But most of us go from good to better without talking to ourself about that, either. If you're doing something right, you need to know it to find those like you and others who can complement your virtues with those of their own.

God created the world like a building with one story built upon the next. This metaphor was inspired by the Tower of Babel in Torah, the fourth story in Genesis, where God destroyed man's tower to get to heaven to usurp Him on His throne. Then He confounded humanity with multiple languages so they wouldn't be able to do that again.

Words produce the constructs of the mind. This particular concept was given to our Jewish ancestors to augment the metaphor of the tree of knowledge. We use language to appreciate not only the earth beneath our feet, but the grounding words give our mind.

God distributed local gods to our indigenist ancestors. Then He figuratively dug a hole for the Hindus to consolidate all their local gods. That hole became the foundation for the Abrahamic edifice He constructed upon that base. The stability of the Hindu foundation beneath our ancestors' feet prepared humanity for the Abrahamic faiths that control so much of world today.

The basement where we hold our belief in many external forces was designed to support the immense weight of this building engineered by God. This basement corresponds to our belly, where our appetite lie.

Judaism was constructed as the ground floor of God's edifice on Earth. Judaism corresponds to our head where our

thoughts emerge. We think of thinking as **good** [wise]. Christianity was constructed upon the ceiling of the ground floor. Christianity is the second story. Christianity corresponds to our heart where our feelings come from. We think of feeling as **better** [loving]. And Islam is the third story, built upon the other two. Islam corresponds to our soul where our beliefs originate. We think of our beliefs as **best** because they reflect our loyalty to God.

But from each of these stories in our building [body], we have views out onto reality from which our opinions are derived.

You may not agree with this metaphor based on the behavior of particular countries, tribes, sub-tribes or individuals. How people behave isn't God's fault. God's intentions are separate from the way some people choose to live their life.

The windows of Hinduism are unlike those of the rest of the building. They're at the top of the walls in the basement, not in the middle of the walls as in the Abrahamic stories above ground. When you find yourself obsessed with a problem you think has no relationship to God, you're down in the basement of the building exploring something amiss in the dark. There, you don't realize that all of your problems [appetites] are linked to The One God Who created us all. You don't associate your hungers with the big picture that links the seven world faiths to one another.

The more your obsession with getting your needs met coincides with why you're facing the longings you crave, the nearer to a window in the basement you go, and the more you see the light streaming in.

When you look out the windows of the ground floor of the Abrahamic edifice [Judaism], you see reality as though looking in a mirror. You see your **thoughts** about what's outside of you and the thoughts they create within you.

When you look out the windows of the second story [Christianity], you see reality as though looking in a vanity

mirror. This view is greatly magnified. It's larger than life size because it comes from your heart, rather than your head. You see your **feelings** about what's outside of you and the feelings they create within you.

And when you go up to the third story and look out the windows of the third story [Islam], you see a view out onto the world that corresponds to a window, not a mirror. You see the world with a clarity that's like glass. You see the world through your **beliefs**. You see what's outside of you through your belief system and what you believe God wants of you.

Your thoughts are like the ground floor of your mind. Your thoughts about others reflect your thoughts about yourself. Your feelings are like the second story. Your feelings about others reflect your feelings about yourself. And your beliefs are like the third story. The beliefs you hold about God's plans for man are a window out of this world to your hopes and dreams of a world to come.

Moving **down** from our head, through our neck to our heart and soul is like moving **up** through this building. To develop a conscience that can perceive the body we're in as a building we were given to occupy for a limited amount of time, we need to avail ourself of the gifts God gave the Buddhists and Taoists, as well.

The Abrahamic edifice is surrounded by scaffolding built by Buddhists. The Buddhists are looking in the windows of everyone. They don't believe in any gods or God. They strive for Nirvana after life, a place without a god.

Buddhists move **up** the scaffolding and away from the Hindu basement windows where the belief in many gods dwell. Buddhists strive to control their wants [-] and desires [+]. They have no wish to pray to gods to help them control their appetites.

Taoists move both **up** and **down** the scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice to derive a sense of self from comparing and contrasting everything they learn from

reality. This is called the Tao [the Way]. The Tao allows them to enter and exit the windows of the building. This is the secret to paradox. This they describe as "yin" the world within us and "yang" the world around us. The image of that is the perfect circle divided in two:



The view from the ground floor [Judaism] employees a Jewish **Messenger** whose name is unpronounceable [Y.H.V.H.] This is an acronym for what God told Moses when he asked Him His name. God's answer was "i-he-e asher i-he-e." [will be riches will be] This is traditionally translated as "What will be, will be." Y.H.V.H. is referred to in verbal communication as "Adonai" [my Lord].

In responding to Moses in this way, Adonai implied that He doesn't make deals with murderers. He told Moses that if he did as He told him to do, he'd see by the outcome of his efforts how He was working in his life.

The difference between the words "**God**" [Elohim] and "**the Lord**" [Adonai] can be described as the difference between The Teacher and the Tutor, The God of us all and the God within each Jew.

From the second story, "**God**" is referred to as The Father. "**The Lord**" is referred to as Jesus. The Father is The King. The Lord is the Son of The King. Jesus is also known as the prince of peace. These are terms used in Christianity to differentiate **Jesus**, the engineer who designed the second story, from **Adonai**, the engineer who designed the ground floor.

Archangel Michael is known as a protector and warrior against evil. But Archangel Gabriel, known as "Jibril" in

Islam, is known as the divine Messenger. These are the only two Archangels mentioned by name.

Gabriel conveyed God's revelations to Daniel, Mary and the Prophet Muhammad, marking the beginning of Islam through the giving of the Quran. Archangel Gabriel's role is central to Islamic belief, as He's seen as the intermediary between God and humans, guiding and supporting the prophets throughout history.

If you wish to make your way up to the roof garden of God's edifice [Svarga [14], Nirvana, the abode of our ancestors, Heaven, Paradise], you've got to figuratively take the stairs. There are, as yet, no elevators or escalators in the building. The language hasn't yet been created through figurative speech to move up and down through the seven stories God's given us.

Judaism holds no dogma regarding life after life. What I'm describing is a spiritual relationship between the seven world's major faiths. Judaism doesn't believe in the outcomes promised by the other faiths. That would be unwise, given that we're only 0.2% of the world's population. I'm merely unifying these seven faiths through an overarching simile [faith is like a story in a building or like scaffolding around the building]. Think of me as a dumb waiter I've contrived to move my ideas more easily through you.

The problem with the world today is that not enough people think figuratively. If more did, they'd be able to unite Jewish **thought** with Christian **feelings** and Islamic **beliefs**. They'd be able to avoid foolishness, hatefulness and vindictiveness. They'd be able to listen to the serpent in their

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[14] "The equivalent of Heaven in Hinduism is Svarga, also known as Swarga, Indraloka, or Svargaloka. This is the celestial abode of the devas [deities] where those who have led righteous lives enjoy pleasures before their next birth on Earth." [Internet]

tree or worm in their apple to make better sense of what's going on around them in relationship to themself, without worrying about mixing metaphors.

They'd be able to make their way down from their breastplate [conscience] to their navel to contemplate what's happening in their basement [belly] that's caused by their appetite for life. The gods of Hinduism actually describe and unite the virtues and vices of the mother God gave you. Everyone comes out of a woman.

The idea that the first woman came out of man, as presented by Moses, is literally absurd. It was the first clue that Moses misused metaphor because he'd been traumatized by life growing up as an orphan in a world where his mother's relations [Israelites] were vilified.

As I've been saying from the start, the biggest problem with all true believers is vindictiveness. They all think their God is true and the other gods are false. They all believe they have His permission to do as they please to satisfy their whims.

Those who are **unwise** become **suicidal**. Those who are **unloving** become **homicidal**. And those who are **disloyal** to God seek power to get what they want. They become **maniacal**. Civilized human beings only pray for self-knowledge. All outcomes are lessons that will be followed by further tests.

When you unify all seven of the world's major faiths, you come to your most cherished, civilized beliefs. You become a peace-loving person. This effaces your prejudice against others, especially gays and Jews.

God, in His infinite wisdom, created gay men to enjoy sex in the anus without screwing anyone over. We do literally what hyper-religious people do figuratively. This is why we, with the help of women, are best suited to run the world.

Straight men can't yet avoid behaving vindictively. They have no set of stairs to get from one story in their edifice to

another. They're not spiritually evolved enough from within. They have too many penis problems. Their appetites are out of control.

My Muslim Country-Western Song

I'd love to **sing** country-western songs, but I can't carry a tune. I'd love to **compose** country-western songs, but as a gay-Jew, I don't believe I could make a success of it. I see **misery** as spiritual motivation given to us by God to seek **joy**. I don't cry out loud about what makes me miserable. I fix it.

My problem with Jesus, and Christians generally, is that they want to crucify me with **suffering**, even if they're too "enlightened" to crucify me with **pain** anymore. I carry Christ's cross in my heart, not throughout my body. I love the idea of love. But I'm won't allow anyone to hurt me physically without putting up a fight. I have 6,000,000 voices inside me to remind me of that.

I'm afraid hyper-religious Christians are colluding among themselves how to add pain to my suffering in Christ's name. Just look at how they're whittling away at universal healthcare, Medicare and the power of the CDC [Centers for Disease Control and Prevention].

I feel more like a Muslim who's trying to figure out the meaning of country-western lyrics. Take this one, for instance. "If you've got the money, honey, I've got the time." Why would anyone advertise an attitude like **that**?

Have straight, American, Christian men turned into **prostitutes**? Have straight, American, Christian women into **johns**? How would a self-respecting American Muslim explain these lyrics to a Middle Eastern Muslim in an enlightened manner?

Surely every Muslim knows that Paradise can't be accessed with gelt [Yiddish: money]. So, why would a Christian suggest that men selling sex to women is something worth singing about? Has sex been disassociated from the hereafter for straight, Christian, country-western singers while hyper-religious Christians insist that gays can't make it into Heaven because of the way we have sex?

From my perspective, it looks like Christians today have become sexually **self-indulgent** while the Catholic Church couldn't be more **shame-faced** at once having sold indulgences. Doesn't anyone try to string God's lessons together into a cohesive curriculum?

The body needs money. It needs food and shelter, clothing, medical attention and rewards that don't come cheap. That's true for men as well as women. It's even true for non-Christians.

But the heart and soul need **honey**, not **money**. My heart needs **love** [milk] and my soul needs **wisdom** [honey]. And I haven't been able to find a store anywhere that sells love or wisdom – although many claim their products will give me one, the other or both…

Everyone's looking to Israel, the land of milk and honey, to distribute huge portions of love and wisdom for free. And the whole world curses the Jews for selling both rather than giving them away. I'm proud to offer you this book for free, but it's only because I don't need the money.

If, by chance, you're a Muslim looking to sing a song about a land of milk and honey you want to go to, look no further. Nashville is where it's at… If you've got the money, honey, they've got the time.

Wednesdays With My Gurlfriend

There was a marvelous book called Tuesdays with Morrie. [15] I spend Wednesdays with my 96-year-old-gurlfriend at the Catholic home where she now lives. Is it just Catholics who think they have to wag their index finger at everyone, or is this a more common practice than I think? Is the problem of blame **Catholic** or **catholic** [universal]?

My gurlfriend tells me she doesn't feel safe at the Catholic Home for the Poor. She puts her teddy bear in front of her door each night, but the staff carefully move it aside when they enter her room in the morning. I tell her she's perfectly safe, secure, well-sheltered and well-fed. But I add that she's surrounded by people who don't know enough about death. They're spiritually unschooled when it comes to living life in the company of the dying.

The problem isn't in how they care for her body. The problem is that many who take care of the elderly miss important details in dealing with the importance of dying with a smile on their face and a gleam in their eye.

I, myself, sometimes forget that I'm still earning my own heavenly reward, while my gurlfriend's now got hers securely under her belt. She can laugh at things I still take seriously. So, talking to her about death is the best way I've found to make greater meaning out of my life.

That said, she complains bitterly when the head nurse empties her garbage can without asking permission. She's on a dementia ward! Did you think there'd only be one side to this story?

I'd have thought that no one would be more interested in dying than Catholics... Apparently, I'm wrong. Even many of them find the topic morose. They seem to be no less squeamish about dying than anyone else. And the way I can

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[15] Tuesdays with Morrie: An Old Man, a Young Man, and Life's Greatest Lesson, by Mitch Albom, 1997

tell is by joking with them about the topic. Most people have been conditioned by society to turn the other cheek rather than face death as a **friend**, not a **foe**. The Angel of death is, after all, an Angel. He comes to us from God.

Sometimes, I think that only gay men of my age have learned more of the truth about dying. AIDS forced us to celebrate death without straight people witnessing it. Getting the hell out of here early was a reprieve for many in those days. There certainly wasn't much reason to celebrate life as a gay man in society then.

Today, everyone ought to question the spiritual reason for the COVID pandemic. It's the Black Plague of the 21st Century. You can easily see who's learning how to celebrate life and who prefers to ask God to spread His Cheeks so they can rim Him instead.

People take all sorts of unhealthy actions in bed, but they don't see that those behaviors don't stop there. The "right to **life**" is an oxymoron in the hands of those who are obsessed with **death** rather than the dignity in dying.

Every society on Earth is constructed like a pyramid. Most people are at the bottom with authority figures at the top. Changing people's mind gets slimmer the further **up** you go because the rich and powerful have more to lose.

Our options also get fewer the further **down** into ourself we go. God's designs are baffling until you take a closer look at yourself in relation to everyone else. Then your own authority comes into question.

The ancient Jews built pyramids for pharaohs. But once they got a country of their own, they realized they had to beware of becoming as egotistical as their previous, Egyptian overlords.

Most straight Jews do that by turning their children into their pyramids. That is the secret they share that got them through 3,400 years of cruelty, violence, vindictiveness and stupidity in a world full of pagans and, later, hyper-religious assholes.

The Star of David on the Israeli flag – two triangles pointed in opposite directions – waves the essence of what we know to be true. If you don't use your knowledge of the external **and** internal world when dealing with others, who knows what cruelty, violence, vindictiveness and stupidity you'll impose on them?

Everyone knows the embarrassment of pain and the shame in suffering. But no one prays to God for humiliation. You should beseech Him to teach you how to overcome your ego issues. How else will you come before Him ready to receive the **humiliation** needed to shrink your enormous ego with His **grace**?

Now that the Catholic laity knows more about embarrassment and shame as the result of having been molested by priests, they can protect themselves in the future with more knowledge about the weaknesses of men. They should admit their errors of judgment that stemmed from not taking the scripture figuratively. They should admit their humiliation as they thank The One God of us all Who created them, too.

Most people are afraid to ask God to humiliate them. They're even afraid to admit to themself that their losses in war are humiliations from God. They're afraid He'll be even more heavy Handed.

Everyone claims to want to achieve more loyalty to life and the miracle to be anticipated at death. But they don't have the faith in themself needed to ask God for personal lessons in doing so. The best they can do is pray for Adonai, Jesus or Archangel Gabriel to intervene with Elohim, The Father or Allah on their behalf. They all have a Jewish Middleman, but none of them wants to admit it.

Today is Wednesday, and today I saw my 96-year-old-gurlfriend. Naturally, we sang our favorite song together, "The Glory of Love." If you didn't look up the lyrics to this song when I mentioned it previously, I'm setting them down for you now:

You've got to give a little, take a little,
and let your poor heart break a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
You've got to laugh a little, cry a little,
until the clouds roll by a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

As long as there's the Two of Us,
We've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with Us
We've got each Other's arms.
You've got to win a little, lose a little,
yes, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

I brought my gurlfriend two copies of this song to give one copy to the woman down the hall, so they can sing it together. I brought her another song, as well:

"If You've Got the Money Honey"
by
Lefty Frizell
1950

If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time.
We'll have more fun baby all the way down the line.
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
There ain't no need to tarry.
Let's start out tonight.
We'll have fun oh boy, oh boy, and we'll do it right.
Bring along your Cadillac; leave my old wreck behind.
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
We'll go honky tonkin' make every spot in town.
We'll go to the park where it's dark,

and we won't fool around.
If you run short of money, I'll run short of time,
and you got no more money honey, I've no more time.

You can't get into someone's heart with scripture alone. The lyrics of life [thoughts], without life's melody [feelings], is going to leave them thinking that the harmony of their life [beliefs] is out of tune.

Go back to those who interpreted scripture for us when we were young and sang about it. If you aren't a "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" [16] for others, you won't have a prayer in becoming a bridge over your own troubles. If you haven't "been a poor boy whose story's seldom told; who's squandered [his] resistance for a pocketful of mumbles" – you haven't learned to box with yourself. [17] You're just running around the ring – scared.

[16] Simon and Garfunkel, 1970
[17] "The Boxer" composed by Paul Simon and sung by Simon and Garfunkel, 1969

Paul Hollywood

"The Great British Baking Show" is a reenactment of the British royal family through a cooking contest. Paul Hollywood is their culinary king. He was first crowned king of the bread world. He then figuratively "married" Mary Berry, the queen of cakes. But he figuratively "divorced" her to "marry" Prue Leith [known for having run Michelin-starred restaurant "Leith's" in London since 1969].

Paul Hollywood is the pastry patriarch of Great Britain. He's reshaping his country by reshaping its bakers. The secret to the Son rising and baking the British empire with love has finally come to them through their stomach. They used to say that English cooking was like her geography: surrounded by water... That's no longer the case thanks to their projection of food-for-thought onto the culinary world.

There isn't a female contestant who's been on the show who hasn't confidently declared that she's a greater baker in life than she was before. And all the male bakers on the show graduate from boys to men.

If you want to know how to grow up by cracking eggs, whipping meringues and beating dough until it's pliant and properly proved, watch this show. This is how you turn people into delicacies that are crunchy on the outside and soft, moist and sweet within.

What's Hollywood's recipe? Hollywood California – née – the whole world – is asking! How do you command the respect of a nation divided by critique of its citizens using a tongue-lashings based on taste? Inquiring hearts and hungry souls want to know.

"Modern Family"

I fell in love with the sitcom, "Modern Family" because my family appeared to be modern, too. But my folks were immigrants to this country. Everyone except my younger sister and me spoke English with an accent.

Speaking English **with** an accent doesn't make you old-fashioned. And speaking English **without** an accent doesn't make you modern. Only late in life did I discover that I had to listen to what people **said**, not **how** they said it.

That may sound obvious to you, but it was a revelation for me! What's more, even though both my parents spoke English fluently, their modernity shifted depending on the topic. There was no way to determine by their accent, their gender or the style of their dress when they were modern and when they were transported back to the old country where their traditions inhibited their movement in the direction of modernity.

Phil and Claire on "Modern Family" weren't always modern. Their three kids weren't always modern, even though they were young and naïve enough to think so. Even Manny, who was about as modern a kid as they come, at times had to learn from both his mother, Gloria, and step-father, Jay, how to navigate the modern world.

You'd think that a gay couple like Cam and Mitch would have been the very personification of modernity. But they, too, had a lot to learn about how to move through the modern age we live in.

So, what is modernity? How do we move through it? And If today is modern, then what comes next?

I'm sure King Louis XIV of France thought he was modern at the time. I'm sure Beethoven later did, too. Why wouldn't every pope have thought he was contributing to the cutting edge of modernity during his reign?

I think the word "modern" just refers to the present tense. We're all stuck in the present. Every day I wake up and I'm **here**, and it's **now**.

This helped me to see that the past and the future don't exist. The past is **gossip**, and the future is **hearsay**. We're **all** stuck here, now. Only our mind can perceive events that aren't occurring in the present tense. Our mind can visualize other states of time. But we're all literally in the present tense until we die. The fact that we add markers to verbs to describe when an action is taking place is merely a linguistic trick language affords us.

What happens when we leave the present tense is a very good question. And people around the world all try to prepare for that event in the ways they choose to live their life. Some live life **defiantly** in opposition to having had to be born and having to die. And some live **cooperatively** in the here and now until the There and Then slowly arrive of their own accord.

I'm a modern man living in a modern age. I'm trying to go through the present as slowly and cautiously as possible. I like being here. And I like to think about the challenges and rewards in being here, now, at this point in His story.

But I have to leave some aspects of reality to experts on particular topics, such as sewage maintenance, traffic light control and piloting aircraft. But when it comes to talking about the modern age, I think we all have something to say about it, since we're all a part of it.

I just wanted to offer you my opinion on that matter. Consider it a present in the present that won't change in the future.

Sarah Silverman

I read an article in Huffington Post about the "Jewface" problem in Hollywood. Apparently, Hollywood is afraid of letting Jewish actors play Jewish characters in movies, especially those biographies where the person's Judaism was intrinsic to their fame, such as Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Joan Rivers.

The same can be said of gay characters that Hollywood insists on hiring straight people to portray. God forbid a real **gay** man were to play the role of a gay man... What would that say about sodomy? Is Hollywood now worried that we might give sodomy a bad name?

Who would hire a White actress to play Oprah and smear black paint on her face? But the executives in Hollywood have no problem doing the equivalent to gays and Jews. Apparently, something is at stake that prevents us from portraying ourselves.

I didn't realize this was happening until Sarah Silverman outed the gorillas who pace the halls of the major studios in Hollywood with their knuckles scraping on their highly polished floors…

The drek rains down from above. And we, as hungry as we are, eat it up like manna without bothering to ask ourselves what it really tastes and smells like.

You'd think God could have seen this predicament a mile away and would have given the Israelites manna that grew up out of the ground instead of coming down from the sky. Now, every guy with the ego of a god tries to do the same as Him.

Oh well. Those at the bottom will just have to manage the simians at the top with ribald ridicule. What other course of action is there when all is said and done?

Antisemitism and Anti-Zionism

Even though I'm Jewish and a supporter of Israel, I'd like to add some fuel to the fire of antisemitism and anti-Zionism. Why should everyone else be able to get in on it, but me? If Ben and Jerry [two Jews] can fold spiritual poison in with their ice cream, I can add a spoonful of bitterness to what I'm serving you in this book…

I dislike the Orthodox Jews because they hate gay Jews. I'd be a fool to embrace them or offer them my love and wisdom. They insist on interpreting Hebrew scripture literally, although society is **finally** coming to terms with the fact that there are huge holes in Torah that the Orthodox Jews can't fill.

The Orthodox Jews are destroying the triangle pointing down in the Star of David. They're turning Israel into a patriarchal society pointing only up to God. Everything matriarchal and internal is being subsumed to their control.

Interpreting any world scripture with hate for gays or Jews is a recipe for disaster. And using God as your strategy is **deplorable**. In fact, I'd call it **abominable**. As both a gay and a Jew, I say that the Orthodox Jews have to be stopped in **some** ways and applauded in **other** ways.

Israel is the most modern country in the Middle East and probably the most modern country in the world if you're measuring modernity by presence in the present. Yet the Israelis aren't dealing with the problems created by the Orthodox Jews vociferously enough. And that brings me from antisemitism to anti-Zionism.

What's the point of having recreated Israel after 2,000 years if the light of our nation is only going to be shined in everybody's eyes, leaving them blinded? If Christianity is a lighthouse of love for the world, then Judaism is a light that should be shined onto **their** tower of light to warn all those at sea to see.

Jesus was Jewish. The light He shined had a Jewish tinge. If Jews don't yet appreciate what good Christians have contributed to this world, that could only be because White people have such a deplorable history of oppressing everyone. But that couldn't be because of their religion. Hate some White people, sure! But don't hate Jesus.

Shining the light of Judaism in people's eyes is rude. Orthodox Jews are rude when they do so. Israel is playing the world for a fool by not turning our light in the direction of the Christian lighthouse that rotates its glorious light of love around the world.

When it comes to inspiration from God, don't forget that Archangel Gabriel is Jewish, too! God **first** sent Him to inspire Daniel in the Hebrew Testament. **Then** He sent Him to inspire Mary in the Christian Testament. And **lastly**, He sent Him to inspire Muhammad to write the Quran. Torah, the Gospels and the Quran are all inspired by God through Jewish representatives. It's about time the leaders of the three Abrahamic faiths start teaching this truth and give up their antisemitism, anti-Zionism and homophobia.

The Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists aren't lost at sea without a sail or a rudder. But they do need a lighthouse. We all do. Upon the promontory of land [Israel] that God gave to the Jews, Christianity constructed a lighthouse of love that shines out to everyone.

The loyalty to God from Islam is like the light of the moon and the stars on clear nights when the light of God's love moves you beyond your own dark, little world. Without wisdom, love and loyalty to life, what do you really have to speak of?

The Windmill

In his most notable novel, Cervantes described a man who was "quixote" [exceedingly idealistic, unrealistic and impractical]. [18] Don Quixote had a heart full of positive **feelings**, but his head was full of negative **thoughts**.

For some strange reason, Don Quixote came to the erroneous conclusions that he had a problem with the wind. He didn't want to harvest the wind as others were doing to grind grain into flour to bake bread.

Quixote wasn't interested in looking more closely at the benefits of science. He wasn't willing to listen to the nonsense that spewed out of his mouth. He couldn't smell the stench of what he was emitting from both ends. He was a fool. Cervantes described men like that as unable to make peace with the wind.

Fighting the wind is a useless endeavor. And fighting windmills is simply absurd. Wiser men have learned that it makes more sense to harness the wind than to fight it. But Quixote was on an unrealistic and impractical quest to fight windmills and the wind that turned them.

It's ironic that the vanes of a windmill capture the wind in a way that resembles how vanity captures man's mind. Another word for a vain man is an "atheist." Men who don't believe in God don't believe in a force they can't see even though there are so many more ways of describing the forces that move us without using our eyes.

It doesn't matter if atheists' eyes are open or closed because their ears and nose refuse to admit the obvious. Their lack of faith forces them to refuse to use words figuratively to derive meanings that unite the corners of their mind without getting stuck in a box.

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[18] Don Quixote, written by Miguel de Cervantes and published in two parts, 1605 and 1615.

There are forces **within** us that corresponds to forces **around** us. There are people who harness the forces within with faith. Faith is like a windmill. But some of the most religious believers oppose one or more of the forces within themself.

Quixote opposed the wind. The wind corresponds to the inner force of sensation. The forces of **thinking**, **feeling** and **believing** are real. We have a head, heart and soul. Every religious person believes in all three.

But when it comes to the inner force that produces **sensations**, the hyper-religious have been brainwashed by their faith to oppose, deny or abandon any activity that produces pleasurable sensations. Pleasure triggers guilt. They believe God is opposed to them experiencing good vibrations. That's why they're coiled so tight.

The world of today is only somewhat less backward than it was in Spain in the 17th Century. And it's not just the Spanish who can't describe the wind from within despite their use of wind turbines to create electricity. It's not just the Catholic church that's blind, deaf and numb to associating pleasant sensations with sexual connotations. Everybody has moral borders that originate between their legs.

The prohibitions in using our senses to guide us come from the institutions of faith that all have opinions about how and when to use our genitals in ways approved of by their God.

Man might be described as a tree of knowledge planted by God in good earth, but the serpent that speaks non-stop about the difference between the two fruits that hang down from the trunk of man's tree is addressing the difference between this one part of himself and every other part.

There's a very real and spiritual difference between our sex organs and all our other organs. The difference isn't just physiological or psychological. It's spiritual. Our heart is literally filled with blood and figuratively full of love, but

our prostate gland is literally filled with semen and figuratively full of lust.

The vitally important difference between a good man and a bad man isn't literally found in their hearts or prostate glands. The difference between a believer and a non-believer isn't literally located under their right nipple. You don't become soulful in contrast to heartfelt by looking under either of your nipples for answers.

We use language figuratively to describe the difference between **growing** like a tree up into the light and **evolving** into a soulful human being day and night.

When men lose the littlest of things, many blame the malevolent force of the "devil" for deceiving them. They don't take responsibility for loss of **things**, let alone loss of **life**.

I wonder how such men manage loss of memory. Is the loss of words that often accompanies old age the work of "Satan" entering the unfortunate through their **anus** and then messing with their **head**?

The answer to this question lies in Torah. Adam corresponds to the **conscious** mind. Eve corresponds to the **subconscious** mind where feelings emanate from. And the serpent in every tree of knowledge corresponds to the **unconscious** mind. This is the unexamined realm that figuratively lies below our head and heart at the end of the trunk of our tree [body].

The Creation Story is a metaphor for how God created humanity. Jesus added symbolism to the main metaphor of Moses. And the Prophet Muhammed turned these two figures of speech into similes.

This world is **like** a garden. We're all **like** trees that grow thanks to knowledge that figuratively feeds us. **Man** is **like** our conscious mind [head] where we store our thoughts. **Woman** is **like** our subconscious, where we store our feelings [heart]. And man's **penis** is **like** a serpent that tells her about our unconscious desire for pleasant sensations.

What Moses was saying in the first story of the introduction to his autobiography [Genesis] is that our feelings are easily influenced by our senses, which then overwhelm our thinking. That will get us in trouble with our conscience [God].

The God within us is **like** an invisible force that flows through our breastplate. Such is the spiritual description of the wind, one of the external forces around us that mirrors one of the internal forces within us.

Some people are easily influenced by their **desires**. Others are more interested in pursuing their **thoughts** or **feelings**. But we've all got all three. The outcome of our experiences produces thoughts, feelings and desires that then shape our **beliefs**.

God is like a gardener who tills the land. But He's also like the many natural forces we see in the external world such as lightning and thunder. Volcanos, tidal waves, earthquakes and floods create physical outcomes that correspond to changes taking place in our inner world.

Some traumas are stored in our body to protect our thoughts from overload. We access painful memories through muscle memory. The mystery of **where** we store our negativity can be solved by **medical** doctors. The mystery of **why** we store it where we do can only be solved by **spiritual** doctors.

Our **genitals** [glans penis]; **hands** [fingertips]; and **tongue** are the three places in our body that are the richest in nerve ends that experience sensation. These three parts of the body play very important roles in sexual stimulation.

Our nervous system carries sensations from our body to our brain. Our nervous system corresponds to the wind in the outside world. Each nerve is like a wind tunnel. To protect our body from the winds of change [negative sensations], we must understand how we're both literally and figuratively made. This will give us a greater understanding of what God meant when He said He created us in His image.

Those who figuratively construct a windmill in their breastplate [conscience], harness the force of the wind [sensations] within. This is what was so maddening for Quixote, not the wind and windmills on the plains of Spain.

You can discover the delight in working with your senses to produce outcomes that feel pleasurable as well as morally productive without undo guilt by using your conscience to guide your attraction toward or away from new sensations.

Sex feels good. Work feels good. Helping others feels good. If the windmill in your breastplate is turning, you're grinding the grain of the staff of life to produce outcomes that feel good. You become a flour mill and bakery in one.

Stimulating the head of your penis or clitoris can be achieved indirectly through kissing. Even holding hands with someone can be sexually enticing.

Orthodox Jews refuse to shake hands with women. I believe this if out of fear of the nerve endings in their fingertips stimulating their penis.

Most religious extremists refuse to have sex with those outside their faith. They don't want to mix grains. They don't want to learn from those who they consider inferior to them.

Shockingly, in the Book of Leviticus 18, the sexual prohibitions decreed by God don't include sex with your father! That's simply outrageous and unforgiveable! Incest of any kind is a regression to uncivilized behavior. But sex instigated by fathers is the most prevalent and egregious. Only animals have sex with family members. This omission in Torah must be addressed. Sex between unrelated men must be permitted.

I once met a gay man whose father initiated sex with him. But I've met many women whose father initiated had sex with them. There's no prohibition in Torah of fathers having sex with their children. This omission must be corrected.

It specifically states in Leviticus 18 not to have sex with your father's wife, the daughter of your father's wife, with grandchildren, with your father's sister, your father's

brother's wife, your daughter-in-law and your wife's sister while your wife is living. But the most obscene and disgusting sex of all – between a father and his children – isn't mentioned. Yet the extremely orthodox Jews have very strong and blatant opinions about homosexuality. My nose tells me that this religious position stinks to high heaven with hypocrisy.

Reaping the rewards of the seeds you've sown literally by making babies – and figuratively through all other forms of productivity – aren't nearly enough. You've then got to harvest the grain within you and grind it into flour. Then, you've got to figuratively and water [life] to make dough and bake it. Doing so will create **moral** boundaries within you and **ethical** boundaries around you that make sense.

Don't discriminate against gays and/or Jews for being gay and/or Jewish. You can't anticipate how what you're doing will come back to haunt you with unwanted lessons from The Teacher that you may not be able to directly associate with your prejudices and hateful intentions.

A figurative windmill in your breastplate will use the wind within [God] to produce the spiritual energy needed to make moral decisions with His help. Don't be "quixote."

This spiritual process of growth describes the creation of food-for-thought. This is the fruit of a tree of **self**-knowledge, not knowledge of the external world. The spiritual process given to us by God becomes externalized as inner **productivity**. Those spiritual gardeners who've tilled the land within know that God works within them as well as around them.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, which means "house of bread" in Hebrew. Christianity is based on the productivity that comes from the spiritual bakery in Israel where Jesus used symbolism to advance our understanding of ourself as a container with holy contents. Muhammad used similes to suggest that we're **like** gardeners, **like** trees, **like** towers and

even **like** windmills, although the windmill wasn't invented until 200 years after Muhammad in ancient Persia.

Moses began Torah with good and evil described as **fruits** that produce **wisdom**. Jesus added better and worse to that, which He described as **seeds** from grain, which produce **love**.

Christ's wine was fermented from the grapes of **wrath**. The themes of anger and retribution are woven into the Bible, reflecting both individual and communal responsibilities to seek God-consciousness for the purpose of the pursuit of peace through self-knowledge and self-love.

We were all created as holy bread [flesh] filled with holy wine [blood]. We're all moral machines producing bread figuratively, like a windmill is a machine that grinds grain literally. Each of us was made by God to feed the world in our own inimitable way.

If you don't utilize the power of the wind within you, others will use you in nefarious ways. There's no end to the mischief some men will make to achieve power over others.

Therefore, self-loyalty is greater than self-love and self-knowledge. Without me, who am I?

All the world's religions want to prove that there's no hope of an afterlife except by taking the road **they** offer. But they all resort to scapegoating. They all try to prove that there's no reason to treat **gays** and/or **Jews** fairly. When Israel proves that they're not going to scapegoat gays anymore by enacting marriage equality, as other nations have done, there'll be less reason to scapegoat Jews worldwide.

Everyone should be waiting on bated breath in anticipation of Israel joining the 37 civilized countries that have marriage equality. Christianity and Islam will never be able to stop Judaism because Judaism modernizes from generation to generation. Judaism is as much a part of God's plan as the other six world faiths.

Don’t be like Don Quixote. Cervante’s story is more than 300 years old. Get with the program. Modernize your spiritual operating system. Use your conscience as **your** guide. Don’t use it to guide **others** mindlessly. Promote faith in yourself through learning and then watch as God puts more of His faith in you.

Spiders and Flies

Itzi-witzi is a description of a spider in a children's song. I'm more like a fly. An itzi-witzi spider comes from a family of shnorers [Yiddish: takers]. And he or she has learned from them how to construct a complex web to catch their prey.

I got caught in the webs of many itzi-witzi spiders in my life. They build webs explicitly to catch flies like me. An itzi-witzi spider will even crawl up your waterspout... When you see that two of his eight legs go in a direction that's totally independent of the other six, you realize he's a spider with **eight** legs, not a fly with only **six**.

Everyone claims that others are spiders, and they're just a fly. Everyone claims to be a **victim**, and others are **perpetrators**.

If you're a fanatical Muslim, the Israelis are the invading spiders, and you're the fly.

If you're a fanatical Muslim the gays and Jews are both spiders, and you're the fly.

If you're a fanatical Muslim, America is the colonial spider, and you're the fly.

If you're a fanatical Muslim, the Europeans are the spiders, and you're the fly.

If you're a fanatical Muslim, it doesn't matter who you are. You're a fly and everyone who disagrees with you is a spider. This is your rationale for using violence to get what you want.

But guess what? If you're a fanatical Christian, you've got your own list of spiders, and that list overlaps with the fanatical Muslim list of spiders.

I've got even worse news for you.

If you're a fanatical Jew, you've got a list of spiders that overlaps with the fanatical Christian and fanatical Muslim list of spiders.

All three of them will tell you that they're flies and the LGBTQIA+ community is made up of spiders who are trying to trap them into giving up their faith in God.

Fanatical Jews, Christians and Muslims believe LGBTQIA+ spiders are wrapping the synagogue, church, mosque and state in guilt ridden arguments from **their** scripture to receive pity from the people.

They're all using the same formula. Everyone wants to be the fly. No one wants to be seen as the spider. An honest spider will tell you that the only reason he weaves webs and catches flies is because flies fly. They're jealous of their wings.

My father was the spider in his family before the War. As the youngest of eight children, he became an expert in shnoring [taking] to get what he wanted. When the family was cornered in an attic in the ghetto of Kaunas, and the Nazis set the whole ghetto on fire, his family gave him two gold coins which he swallowed before they all ran out of the burning building and surrendered. He was young and strong, and therefore taken to Dachau, a labor camp in Southern Germany. The rest of them were exterminated.

My father used one gold coin to bribe his way into a job in the kitchen in concentration camp after bribing another Nazi with a gold coin to forge his identity as a Russian, political prisoner rather than a Jew. I have written proof of that. He was recorded as a Russian, political prisoner in Nazi documentation that I obtained when I visited Dachau. The rest of the story, he told me himself.

My mother was the spider who trapped my father. The Nazis may have thought the Jews were spiders that they had to eradicate, but my father was my mother's fly. She taught me to sit like a fly on the wall and listen to her sad tales of woe in having caught my father, and then realized she didn't want him anymore.

I got bored with her tales of victimization at the hands of my father, the spider. So, I flew away. But then I banged my

head against a glass pane that I could **see** through but couldn't **get** through.

God, in His infinite wisdom, allowed that window to open a crack to let me out. But then I found myself in a larger room with more windows.

I had to look in the mirror to count my legs. I counted only two. But that turned out not to be reliable proof of what I am metaphorically.

Sometimes I can see that I'm flying on the winds of change. Sometimes, I'm flying thanks to deeds of charity. While airborne, I'm able to look down from above on how others are living their little lives.

Other times I'm crawling across sticky filaments as I weave my webs. When I can see that my words are coming from my anus, not my mouth, I can see how duplicitous my intentions are. I can see that I'm trying to catch flies.

This book is like a web. This web has wrapped you up in my ideas. It's unlikely you'll ever be able to extricate yourself completely from my thinking. Although I have no intention of sucking the life out of you, I have no intention of ever letting you go, either.

The truth is out. The truth is partially figurative, not just literal. The truth will set you free **figuratively**, but not **literally**. If you want to read the news to know what your fellow man is doing to gays and Jews around the world, that will do nothing to change **you** unless you see yourself as both a spider and a fly.

If you think the gays and/or Jews deserve what we're getting, you're mostly like a **spider**. If you identify with us, you're like a spider and a **fly**.

I had to catch you and wrap you up like every itzi-witzi spider does to make you see that the "water spout" lies between your legs. Down came the rain and washed the spider out. But then out came the Son and dried up all the rain. And then the itzi-witz spider went up the spout again…

If you plan on repeating this children's song to your children without taking it to heart, you're insane. You're disconnected from a part of your own brain. You can't remember who you are; who you're becoming; or why.

I can only alert you to what you need to **know**. What you **do** is your business. Stay in your head, heart **or** soul if you wish. Remain an unfinished Frankenstein if that's who you want to be. Live without thinking about **conscious** awareness of your **subconscious** feelings and **unconscious** sensations. Don't sew the parts of yourself together with spiritual thread. Do just as you please.

I'm not a brain surgeon. I'm not a cardiologist. I'm not a spiritual doctor of the head, heart and soul. You're going to have to heal yourself. That's just one more truth about the nature of life as a student in this school. If you reject this metaphor, chance will become the power that guides you. Atheism will become your god.

If you're afraid of losing your mind, you should be. But school life will continue, whether or not you have conscious awareness of what you're doing to yourself. If you have no interest in learning how to operate yourself, The Teacher will teach your body without you having to use your mind. That's why dementia is such a challenge for the scientific community and why we all fear forgetfulness.

There's only One Teacher, although there are several Tutors. Don't fight over which Tutor is best. Don't fight at all. Learn instead how to achieve peace from within. Share what you know about yourself so that others will compare and contrast what they know about themself. Stop promoting your Tutor and start promoting our Teacher. Atheism, like religious fanaticism, is a dead end.

Dear Me

Itzi-witzi spiders rarely apologize, and they don't want to pay for their mistakes with money. They think that honey is more valuable, but they don't want to give up their money.

With the help of Will, I now realize that itzi-witzi spiders lack emotional intelligence. But with his help, I've also realized that I can't raise anyone's E.Q.

I foolishly equated I.Q. with E.Q! For some strange reason, I thought people who were smart when it came to making money were smart when it came to making honey. I felt the need to correct their errors of judgment. I thought our differences of opinion were merely misunderstandings I could clear up in no time.

People behave like both spiders and flies. And if you watch them long enough like a fly on the wall, you'll even come to see the web you create to catch them.

I still help people. I still talk to them about the wonders of living to learn, and learning to live. I still assure people of all the many things they're doing right.

But I don't usually help them with their spiritual growth and development anymore. I've found that that takes a toll on me, and I can't allow that.

Now I talk to people about **my** spiritual growth and development. I commend **myself** out loud for all that **I'm** doing to help myself. And I leave it at that. Let them conclude whatever they want from what I say.

I congratulate myself in other people's presence for what I've learned about me that no one else could teach me. I raise myself in my esteem like pants that have slipped below my waist. I tighten my belt a little tighter. I become a little more resolved.

Some people like to play **spider**. I prefer to play **fly**. I let them construct their web just to marvel at all the amazing webs that spiders weave. I'm always interested in nature.

And the nature of those who behave like spiders fascinates me.

The nice thing about bringing my thoughts up from my body, from unconsciousness to consciousness, is that I'm able to use my thoughts to observe what others are doing to themself. I can see what they're planning. I look for what shape a web will figuratively emerge from their ass.

Don't be naïve. Wake up! God gave you an anus. Use it! Stop professing to be a virgin down there. Me thinks thou doth protest too much. [19]

When you observe the difference between where good thoughts and bad thoughts emanating out of you, you can see that you've often got your head up your ass. You're confused.

I wish people **good** thoughts because that will make them use their head to think. But if they keep emitting **bad** thoughts from their ass, what's a spiritual genius to do?

Most people think like spiders weaving webs. But they don't see themself as a perpetrator, only as a victim. They don't want to have me point out the web they're weaving. They only want me to commiserate with them on how it feels to be a fly who can't fly away.

People aren't in this world to give **me** something to occupy my time. I'm in this world to give **myself** things to do. I can always change my actions if I want to contribute differently. But it all begins with **good** thoughts that come out of a sharp mind in a hard head.

When I think about all the flies I've literally seen and heard banging up against my apartment windows trying to get out, I think of myself and the bruises I've suffered in

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[19] A variation of the line from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," [1599] spoken by Queen Gertrude, suggesting that someone who denies something too strongly may actually be hiding the truth. It implies doubt about the sincerity of their claims." [Internet]

trying to get through something seemingly invisible but impenetrable. I think of the force field that's kept me from going where I've wanted to **be**. And I think about God's reasoning in me having to remain right where I am inside myself until I know more about what motivates me unconsciously.

There are glass walls within glass walls inside me. But there are windows that open, too. To get through a window, I have to follow my lessons from The Teacher. Each time a window magically opens, I feel freed. I feel that, once again, I can fly. And I do.

But in no time, I hit another glass wall. I find myself in another room in my inner house with another impediment. Each impediment is different. Each pane is built into a window facing a different direction with a different view out onto the outside world.

Therefore, I can't give you answers to your questions because there is no simple **answer** to a **syndrome**. A **syndrome** isn't the same as a **problem**. And until you understand your unique and complex syndrome, there's no way to give you answers on how to get through it. Such is the nature of inner **panes** in relationship to **suffering**.

There's only one front door. You came in the front door at birth. And you'll leave the same way when you die. Your windows are internal. Your front door is external. May I suggest you look in the mirror as well as in inner windows. You'll achieve much more insight into yourself if you look at when you behave like a **spider** and when you behave like a **fly**.

There are very few sounds that creep me out as much as a fly banging into a window. There are very few feelings that creep me out as much as a spider or a web touching my skin.

I'm just lucky I can talk about it at long last. I'm lucky I've learned a lesson or two about me that makes my life personal and meaningful.

Basically, I judge whether people are suicidal or homicidal. More men seem to be homicidal. More women seem to be suicidal. Then I ask myself whether helping them would endanger others or myself. If not, I offer assistance.

But I can't do more for anyone than I'm doing for others because everyone needs to befriend their own Mr. Hyde. I'm not a perpetrator, victim or martyr. I'm a **good** person, but I'm not a **great** person. I won't allow myself to be used, victimized or scapegoated to appear to look better than I really am. That isn't good for me, and it wouldn't be good for other **gays** and/or **Jews**.

My Israeli-Cousin's-Husband's-Driver

My Israeli-cousin's-husband was a colonel in the Israeli army. Therefore, he was given the use of a car and a driver. His driver was a young, male, Yemenite soldier who spoke a little English, which my Israeli family only discovered when I moved to Israel and conversed with him.

Over time, my Israeli-cousin's-husband's-driver and I became friends, mostly because he met a French gal, and they fell in love. He spoke no French and her English was worse than my Hebrew. So, he came to me to help him understand the world of women, since I spoke English, French and Hebrew by the age of 19, which made me an "expert" on almost everything in his eyes…

His fiancée moved back to France to await him completing his military service. So, he came over to my place once a week to learn about life from a 19-year-old "expert" from America. At the time, I was dancing in an Israeli, modern ballet company. I was a very minor, distant star flickering in their society. He and I would lie on my bed and talk about the things young men discuss when the moon is full and the stars are twinkling nervously overhead.

I neglected to mention that he was thin, with jet black hair, dark, piercing eyes and smooth, brown skin. When he'd break into a smile, women fainted, and gay men got weak in the knees. But I curbed my enthusiasm at my physical proximity to one as exotic and stunning as him, and so our friendship and intimacy grew.

He eventually moved to France and married his fiancée. I later moved to Holland. Then I came to Paris to visit him. By then, his wife had had their first child and their apartment, he said, was a mess. So, they asked her parents to host me in their Rive Droite apartment in one of the most fashionable arrondissements. His in-laws treated me like a visiting prince from a far-away land. I couldn't have been made to feel more welcome.

But when my Israeli-cousin's-husband's-driver came up to Amsterdam a couple of years later, he did so when his wife was pregnant for the second time.

In Holland, he confided in me that he had a **girlfriend** in France on the side. And I confided in him that I was **gay**. He was shocked and dismayed at what had "become" of me. He even bemoaned about what might have happened back in Tel Aviv on my bed all those nights when we spoke so cozily side by side.

I didn't have the guts then to tell him what I thought had become of **him**, an adulterer who came to visit me in the hopes of meeting a Dutch gal through me to have a little more fun with while his wife was at home "enjoying" morning sickness... I just wanted him to go away and never come back. He disgusted me.

This weekend, my boyfriend and I went south to a hotel with a pool in Milpitas, a bedroom community outside San Jose. There, we enjoyed the last rays of the Indian, summer sun and ate dinner at an exotic restaurant he selected – an activity he lives for that I cannot for the life of me understand.

At the pool, there was only one other couple enjoying the outdoor amenities, a Spanish speaking man and woman. She looked considerably older than him, but she sounded like a little girl, begging and pleading with him to stop as he kissed her passionately in public. He, on the other hand, laughed like a pedophile the whole time. He even gave my boyfriend and me looks like he was doing it for our sake. [weird!]

I watched them out of the corner of my eye and thought back to my Israeli-cousin's-husband's-driver who had the nerve to laugh at me for speaking French with an accent once he was proficient in the language. I wanted my friend to know that if he'd have used his Jewish nose to avoid the stench inside himself, rather than his circumcised penis to

make mischief, he wouldn't have broken the 7th Commandment [adultery].

When I think back to my time with my Israeli friend and his wife in Paris, I recall the patronizing sound of his voice calling her "Cherie." What an example of a "child" making children to prove to the world that he's a grown up.

Having children is an activity that externalizes the relationship between our inner parents, our male head and female heart. Our inner child is our soul, the product of our thoughts and feelings.

Growing up doesn't require making babies. It requires conceiving an infant within you, birthing your inner child and raising him or her until s/he's an adult. Men can do that. So why don't they admit when they're spiritually pregnant, nursing or dealing with their terrible twos?

"Twilight Zone"

One of the television episodes of, "The Twilight Zone," told a tale of an alien race that came to Earth to help us achieve peace on Earth. [20] The aliens constructed domes around each nation which eliminated the need for any further military force. People all over the world began to relax and treat one another without fear or suspicion.

The aliens even gave us their "bible," which was written in their language. Humans started to travel to their planet to discover the cultural and spiritual source of the miracle they'd brought us.

One of the linguists who'd been working on translating the aliens' scripture was just about to get onboard a flying saucer to visit the aliens' planet when a colleague ran up to him to tell him that they'd finally decoded more than the title of the aliens' holy book, "To Serve Man." It was a cookbook!

If you still think I shouldn't bother to come up with a more "humble proposal" to heal the world, in my defense I have to say that I haven't told a single, cannibal joke. Necrophilia was my self-imposed limit…

I still think that sex with dead people is what most people are doing because they don't have a clue that they're spiritually dead inside, doing their best to try to come alive.

What I think people most yearn to take a bite out of in life is **themself**. Their hunger for food-for-thought emanates out from within. To consume themself, not God [as Catholics do], is what people most have a yen for.

For men, that's figuratively eating their penis and testicles to come to know the **life**-giving force within them.

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[20] Rod Serling wrote or co-wrote 92 of the 156 episodes of the original "Twilight Zone," 1959-64. The episode in question was written by Damon Knight and aired in 1962.

For women, that's figuratively eating their breasts, the **love**-giving force within them with which they nurture new life.

The **milk** of human kindness is different for men and women. For men, that milk emanates out of our penis. For women, it emanates out of their breasts.

Either way, self-consumption is something we can only do figuratively. Not even cannibals are so perverse that they'll literally eat themself.

We were mischievously made by God to discover that we consume ourself figuratively. This is why we can tell the difference between those who are very young from those who are older. We're figuratively dead inside until we have sex with ourself at puberty. Losing our virginity to ourself is spiritually even more profound than losing it to another person.

If you don't look at cannibalism and necrophilia as figurative ways of describing getting to know, love and respect yourself, you're going to remain externally oriented only. You're going to **ignore** the most important person in the world out of **ignorance**.

My Next Book

I'm sitting in a hotel in Milpitas, California, about 50 miles South of San Francisco. It's early morning. Will, my fair laddie, is still sleeping. The room is dark. It's only lit up by my computer screen. This book is now close to 200 pages long. I didn't want to write books that are more than 100 pages long. I can be awfully long-winded...

I've already got a title and topic for my next book. It's going to be called, Chicken Salad for the Soul. It'll be a surprise story about what you get when you knock on some stranger's door and say, "trick or treat," and they invite you all the way in rather than just dump something into your bag from their front door. I was lucky with Will. I got both a **trick** and a **treat**. And I couldn't be happier.

Although Will likes to have sex in the morning, it's never dark by the time he gets up. Our blinds at home let light slip in. But this morning we're going to do **it** in a hotel room in which there'll be pitch darkness.

Doing **it** in the dark makes **it** harder than **it** looks. Doing **it** with a shadow figure who you think you know well takes strength of character. You realize that things aren't always what they seem or where you expect to find them…

Life is like sex in the dark. It's magical. It's mysterious. And it's a bit frightening at times, too.

You're going through life with a complete stranger within who you're given the opportunity to get to know a tiny bit better each day. That's the shadow figure you should be looking for when you bow your head in a house of prayer.

It's only when you draw the curtains and let in the light that you suddenly see what you've been doing and who you've been doing it with.

Life should be described as a **sticky** business… But if you just lie there and play dead, you're only going to get a sense of victimhood out of it. You're going to feel screwed over by something or someone you can't clearly see.

Human beings are nothing more than billions of tiny pieces of **star drek** that are rubbing up against one another. The world is complex and more deceiving than it looks. It can't be explained by science **or** religion. It has to be explained by **both**.

There's a method to God's madness. And the only way to discover what that madness means to you, personally, is by questioning everything that happens around you as a clue to what God is teaching you about yourself from within.

"Beam me up, Scotty." My mission here is over.

Epilog

James T. Kirk was the captain of the Enterprise, the starship in Star-Trek. **James** was the brother of Jesus. "**T**" stands for the cross. And "**kirk**" means "**church**" in German.

I've added this epilog because, yesterday, William Shatner, the actor who played Kirk in the original Star-Trek series, made a 10-minute flight into space.

That 90-year-old man came down to Earth overcome with emotion. Shatner said it was the most profound of all his experiences in life! He called air the blue "comforter" around the world. And then he hugged Jeff Bezos.

For me, his trip into outer space struck me differently. I recall Shatner, a Jewish actor, and Leonard Nimoy, also Jewish, arguing their way through 79 episodes of Star-Trek, trying to come to a decision about what should guide man, his head [Spock] or his heart [Kirk].

Because the show aired in the 60's, the real question being asked at the time was how our head [Adam] and heart [Eve] are supposed to manage the messages received from our penis [serpent]. That's what the sexual revolution of the 60's was really all about. If you weren't there, that's my interpretation of that decade.

Now you know that the three characters in the Creation Story stand for the **conscious** [Adam], **subconscious** [Eve] and **unconscious** [serpent] mind of every modern individual. The orthodox Jews are getting God's word wrong by just taking the introduction to Moses' autobiography literally. So are Christians and Muslims.

If you want to plummet the mystery [my story] of history [His story], you need to have an intimate relationship with your penis or clitoris. This is the tool that reveals the unconscious motivation of sensation.

For Jeff Bezos to find a way to get a hug from a heartfelt Jew was the positive message I received from Shatner's 10-

minute foray into **outer** space. But I'm more attracted to my forays into **inner** space. I'd prefer billionaires pay their fair share of taxes.

Goodbye

"Goodbye" is a word we learn to say as a young child. It's a word we're also supposed to use at the bedside of people who are dying, at funerals and when we're at memorial services.

But people aren't encouraged to use this word. I think they're afraid to use it because of the implication in the meaning of the word "hello." When we say **goodbye** to someone for the last time, they're supposed to prepare to say **hello** to the mystery of what comes next. But how will they know that if nobody tells them? Last rites should be a formal way of reminding the dying that "goodbye" should be followed with "hello."

I'm about to say goodbye to you, albeit not for the last time. Nevertheless, I think you need to know the importance in using this word before God.

God seems to come and go in my life. Even though I have a God within me [Tutor], who's in touch with The God [Teacher] of us all, from time to time, I experience Their absence.

On further examination, it isn't the God who leaves **me**, but **me** who leaves Him. I get caught up in the minor details of the lessons of my life. I come to Him when my subconscious reminds my conscious mind that I'm back from my foray into my unconscious mind.

Being **unconscious** just means that I'm busy doing things without God-consciousness. This is what I experience when I'm immersed in my penis. This is the cause of penis problems and clitoris conflicts.

I consider my absence from God a lesson from Him in learning how to stand on my own two feet. Learning to question how God interfaces in my life happens in my soul. Knowing God is the result of knowing and loving myself. I can express my loyalty to me without self-knowledge and self-love.

I know that atheists promote independence, and I applaud them for that. But I've had to learn to tell God, "Goodbye for now."

"Goodbye for now" means that the lesson in progress requires me to act on my own. It requires me to make decisions that I can't blame on Him later. I know I've made these decisions without His presence. I know that I have to take responsibility for the decisions I've made and what I've chosen to do. I can't blame a fallen angel [devil] for deceiving me. That's pathetically irresponsible.

"Goodbye for now" and "Hello again" are important greetings if you believe in God. If you aren't greeting your Tutor and Teacher in these ways, you might be required to go through unpleasant lessons from Them that will teach you the impermanence of life.

Trauma is one way to discover the impermanence of life. But I find **poetry**, the figurative use of words, far more elegant and constructive.

YOUR Song

"Your Song"
was written by musician Elton John
and lyricist Bernie Taupin.
John is a gay man who comes out of the Christian tradition.
Taupin is a gay man who comes out of the Jewish tradition.

My written rendition of "Your Song"
is intended to heal the rift between
the Synagogue, Church and Mosque.

"It's a little bit funny
this feeling inside.
I'm not one of those who can easily hide.
I don't have much money, but boy if I did,
I'd buy a big house where We both could live.
If I was a sculptor, ha,
but then again, no,
or a man who makes potions in a traveling show.
I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do.
My gift is my song, and this one's for **YOU**.
And **YOU** can tell everybody
this is **YOUR** song.
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done,
I hope **YOU** don't mind.
I hope **YOU** don't mind
that I put down in words
how wonderful life is while **YOU**'re in the world.
I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss.
Well a few of the verses, well they've got me quite cross.
But the Son's been quite kind
while I wrote this song.
It's for people like **You** that keep **it** turned on.
So, excuse me forgetting,
but these things I do.

You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue.
Anyway the thing is, what I really mean,
Yours are the sweetest Eyes I've ever seen.
And **YOU** can tell everybody
this is the song.
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done,
I hope **You** don't mind.
I hope **YOU** don't mind
that I put down in words
how wonderful life is while **YOU**'re in the world.
I hope **You** don't mind.
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how wonderful life is while **YOU**'re in the world.

I couldn't have edited this song if I hadn't been given the mother I had. She was Jewish by the definition of the Jews [through her mother] and Christian by the definition of the Christians [through her father]. Ergo, she gave me a bridge between two of **GOD's** faiths that few are born with.

The things we all have in common are our head, heart, navel and anus. So much of the **good** in us figuratively emanates out of our **navel**. We were all born from a woman.

Much of the **evil** in us figuratively emanates out of our **anus**. If you use your anus like a spider to screw others over, you'll experience **guilt** in doing so. If you use your anus for sexual pleasure, as gay men do, you'll discover **joy** through pleasure.

It's up those of us who feel like Frankenstein to prove to the villagers that our intentions are grand, kind and bashert [Hebrew: **GOD** intended]. It's up to them whether they treat us like "monsters."

Understanding the motivations of those who are opposed to gays and/or Jews requires us all to come to know ourself in the biblical sense of the word. Doing so will take you on a figurative journey down out of your head into your body.

Your journey in your outer world will be enhanced and enriched by your journey in your inner world.

Granted, my mother hit me and took away privileges when I was a kid. I would have preferred she'd discussed her values and principles with me rather than make me suffer for what she believed in. But she was thrown out of school in the seventh grade by Nazis; got married young; and then had to work to support her children because my father turned out to be a deadbeat dad. So, she never learned the critical thinking skills I was privileged to receive through my formal education.

My mother was a good person who I crucified on a small cross for minor issues in the grand scheme of things. But **GOD** helped me work that out over time. I completed the first tablet that holds the first five of The Ten Commandments. They correspond to the five fingers of my left hand. The second tablet corresponds to my right hand.

I discovered that my hands are extensions of the sensations I experience with my penis. It's poetic justice that **GOD** gave us ten Commandments and ten fingertips.

Our toes don't feel either. They sense. They sense how balanced or unbalanced we are.

Don't worry about forgetting small things. It's the big things that matter. Spend more time remembering how **GOD** made you, and why. You're a spirit in a vehicle on two journeys. They'll both come to an end. Remember what Oscar Wilde said:

"Success is getting what you want.
Happiness is liking what you get."

Previous Books

I recommend you read my books in the reverse order written. They're available at my website [barryzeve.com] free of charge.

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

8-14. **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

5-7. **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

3-4. **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