Home Schooled

Why My Inner Child Refuses to Go to College



By
Barry Emanuel Zeve

This is a P.S.A.
[a Public Service Announcement]
If you, too, are home schooling your inner child,
read my diary slowly.

Why My Inner Child Won't Go to College

In using the word "my"
I'm already revealing to you that I'm a single parent.
I would have used the word "our" if I had a husband
to share the burdens and joys of raising my inner child.
I had my inner child late in life.
I'm almost 70 and s/he's almost 18.
So, we both suffer from senioritis.

My life was modeled on the life of my parents
who divorced when I was seven.
Like my inner child,
I grew up without a dad.

It should have been no surprise
that I'd have to raise my inner child on my own,
just as my mother had to do with me.
My inside voice slowly came out of the closet
long after my penis and anus
had made their way into the world of men.
But now my inner child can speak for herself
in a way I never could or would.

I'm a gay Jew.
They hate me on the far right for being queer.
They hate me on the far left for being a Zionist.
Both words have come to signify something pejorative.

I'm proud that I'm raising my inner child
like my mother raised me.
I've dedicated this book to my mother.
But my inner child is the best thing
that's ever happened to me –
whether or not s/he gets a college education.

Now that s/he's has found her voice,
s/he's ready to stretch my wings.
S/he's even installed a dimmer switch on my halo.
S/he sees herself as an angel who's sometimes
in disguise
and sometimes disclosed.
S/he's ready to play ball.
So, watch out, gurls!
There's a gal on your team
who resonates with who you are
and who you're becoming.

Werk

The word for “work” in Hebrew is “avoda.”
It means both work and worship.
But the gay word for psychological enlightenment is
“werk”
as in
“Werk it, gurl!”

So, let’s take the “fear” out of “fierce” and get to werk.
I’m going to help you out of that “straight” jacket you’re in.
I’m going to reveal man’s best friend to you,
his inner child.
If you’re just a boi at heart,
your inner child will turn you into a man
you’ll admire.
If you’re a girl,
your inner child will present a vison of yourself
as a woman with a heart
who isn’t afraid to use it.

Everyone has to werk for a living.
The library never closes.
As RuPaul said,
“Reading is fundamental.”

As you read my words,
remember that everyone can read.
Everyone is judgmental.
But I’m making a promise to you in writing
to teach you how to read yourself
from cover to cover
in a way that will leave you loving who you’re becoming.

Loss

Some lose their figure over time
and the bathroom scale is the only thing that tells them
the cold, hard truth.
Some lose their way morally
and end up in prison.
Some are locked up inside
because they've lost their will to live.
Some get lost on city streets literally
and drive like they're the only one on the road.
Some lose their heart –
sometimes even more than once.
Some have to suffer the loss of someone so dear
that they'll never be the same.
For some, it's GOD they can't find.
And some, like me,
had to lose their mind.

What I'm talking about in every instance is grief.
I know a grief much greater than sorrow for others.
Even my inner child grieves for me.

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Previous Books

Rhetorical Statements

"Why my inner child refuses to go to college" is a rhetorical statement. It's not a rhetorical question. You're clearly curious what the disagreement might be between my inner child and me, or you wouldn't have bothered to crack this book.

Obviously, I won't die without my inner child getting a formal education. I now realize s/he's not interested in the conventional idea of success. S/he just wants to live her life like normal people of the working class. S/he sees herself as special in her own way.

My first relationship was with a gay Jew named Larry. It lasted 13 years. We were only a few months apart in age. We both were 50 when we broke up in 2004. Little did I know leaving him would drive me to such loneliness, bitterness and disappointment that I'd get myself knocked up by me!

Who would have thought I'd need protection from myself? When I discovered I was pregnant with an inner child, nobody could have been more shocked than me. This was an immaculate conception beyond anything they talk about in church.

Now my inner child is at that uncomfortable age when s/he thinks s/he knows everything. S/he's a millennial! [I had her late in life].

I don't like contradicting her. You and I know what to expect from life after high school. Teenagers have to find out for themselves.

After my mother divorced my father in 1960, my father and I had a distant relationship for the rest of his life that we tried to make look closer than it really was. He was a European father. He wasn't a dad in the American sense of the word.

Paradoxically, I've actually grown closer to my father now that he's dead. Now I can see that I loved him, even

though I couldn't find a name for what we had then. Today, it looks like most fathers and sons are buddies.

My mother and I had a very close relationship until her death a few years ago on June 23rd, 2019. You could say that I was a poster child for the mother/son relationship.

My mother and I were too close. She could be so intrusive that when I was a teenager, I decided I couldn't have sex in the same city she lived in! I had to move half way around the world to come out gay in Israel where I felt far enough away from my mother for her not to know what I was doing, with whom, and when.

I found closure with my father when I realized that I'd loved a man I never knew. I found closure with my mother when I realized I'd loved a woman, despite everything about her that I knew.

Secondary School a Second Time

When I was in the sixth grade, the kids were asking one another if their parents had told them about the facts of life. Of course, I said my mother had, but she hadn't. So, I had to figure out from what the kids were saying what those facts were. The truth, as it turned out, seemed implausible to me. In fact, I thought the truth was downright nasty. I didn't think GOD would do such a thing. But I tried to be open minded.

In junior high, the kids began to date and even talk about the sex some of them were having. I wasn't interested because I wasn't straight. What's the point of talking about something you don't want to do?

At the time I was more interested in developing my head than getting head. And I certainly wasn't going to discuss that topic with anyone, not in the 1960s. In those days, nobody knew who was straight or gay. I would have been beaten senseless if I'd come out to my peers.

So, the topic of sex was something I had to study by myself with myself. And I have to say that I was a terrible teacher and student. I didn't have a clue what I was doing. It wasn't until I was 16 that I stumbled upon orgasm, quite by accident.

But in my defense, once I knew the basics, I quickly made up for lost time. [Talk about sixteen being sweet!] And because I happened to be flexible, giving myself head soon became my favorite pastime. I didn't have to worry about me kissing and telling.

I had no idea that I would have been considered "gifted" by my peers. I was secretly studying ballet at the time. I wanted to become the most famous ballet dancer in the whole world. But I had no intention of making a name for myself as a contortionist.

My modesty went to the extreme at school where I didn't talk about what I could do for myself by myself. But at home, I was coiled up to my heart's content in my bathroom for the

duration of my adolescence. Sadly, I figuratively had my head up my ass in public. So, no need to be jealous.

If I could, I'd vote to do it all over again, but this time with my inner child. I didn't have a clue what I was doing the first time. But with my inner child by my side, I'm sure I'd get a more thorough secondary school education the second time around.

Although my inner child doesn't want to go to college, who needs to worry about what others think of you if you're proud of who you [second person plural] are.

My Formal Education

When getting to know new people, we all like to slip in our achievements to subtly impress the other person. So, that's what I'm going to do now. Forget what I said in the previous chapter. Pretend you didn't hear about my ability to give myself head when I was a teenager.

It was bad enough being so modest about my body growing up that I didn't explore sex with anybody other than me. That ruined my adolescence completely. I'm not going to make the same mistake now with humility. I'm eager to tell you how accomplished I am intellectually.

Just don't come back later and blame me for bragging. You knew from the start that I have both facilities and disabilities, same as everyone else:

I have a bachelor's degree in English literature from the University of Southern California [1984]. I have a master's degree from Cal-State, L.A. in Education with a concentration in curriculum and instruction [1987]. And I have another master's degree from San Francisco State University in English with a specialty in linguistics [1995]. I also have a secondary teaching credential in English. For ten years, I taught junior and senior high school English and adult ESL.

You'd think that with all that education, I'd do well on "Jeopardy." But I forgot most of what I learned. So, it's a good thing most of that education was paid for with scholarships. I'd hate to think of my own money having gone down the drain.

I suppose my inner child has reacted to my ambivalent opinion of my own college education. My father was sent to private school in Germany where he graduated from "gymnasium" [secondary school that prepares students for university]. My mother was thrown out of junior high in Germany for being Jewish.

They both had great respect for university graduates because they never got to go to college. I wouldn't be surprised if I sought their respect by pursuing several diplomas after I failed becoming a worldclass ballet dancer.

I'm glad I know how to read. I'm ecstatic that I can write. But my college education only taught me how to think critically. My professors omitted teaching me how to think favorably. That was a great loss that I had to make up for myself.

I was united with a second boyfriend, Will, when I was 57! He's 12 years younger than me and has a couple of years of college behind him. Will could win a fortune on "Jeopardy" if he wasn't shy. I keep telling him to try out, but he just cringes at the thought of being on TV. I, on the other hand, would love nothing more than to be a celebrity!

But I digress.

When my inner child told me s/he didn't want to go to college, I was shocked at first. And then I was furious. After all the work I went through to become a card-carrying member of the middle class to enjoy the rewards of a comfortable life, s/he decided s/he wants to do something else. "Why?" I asked her. S/he wouldn't say. You know how they are at that age.

You never know what might be around the next corner. Life is full of surprises. I remember having one of the most amazing experiences of my life when I was only six years old. But I couldn't act on it until ten years later:

I loved "The Wonderful World of Disney" which was on NBC on Sunday nights. They had a male ballet dancer one night. He performed an amazing 35 entrechat six from Act II of Giselle. I think the dancer may have been Eric Bruhn. [I later learned that he was in a secret love affair with Rudolf Nureyev for many years.]

I was in such awe of what that dancer could do with his feet that I experienced the feeling of "chagrin" for the first

time in my life at the tender age of six, even though I hadn't yet heard that word spoken aloud.

My mind concluded that I could never dance the way that man could. My family would disapprove. I instinctively knew that that would say something about me that I was ashamed to admit.

That conclusion created a funny feeling inside that spread throughout my chest. It was like a shadow that darkened my heart, leaving the weather within me grey and damp for the rest of my childhood.

For years, my moods all lay under a cloud. I later thought it might have been caused by all the fighting of my parents. Then I thought it had been caused by their divorce and the fact that my father lived in New York and I, in California.

It was always raining inside me. I felt dreary, cold and damp. There was no silver lining to be found in anything I did. I was in a fog. And I don't think it burned off until I entered a ballet studio for the first time when I was 16.

I knew a gal at school who was a ballet dancer. First, I asked her if I could watch her take class. Then I asked her to give me private lessons in my bedroom. Then I got up the nerve to take class at her ballet school.

I became a ballet dancer in 1969 without telling my family. I'd fallen in love with ballet at the age of six, but I married myself to ballet at 16. I thought we were going to live together happily ever after. Ballet was my first love. I swore that nothing would ever come between us.

But it was a marriage I had to secretly arrange for myself by myself with myself. For the first year, my mother didn't even know I was taking class. But when I told her I didn't want to go to college because I wanted to become a ballet dancer, she thought that she reacted to my decision very reasonably. She suggested I go to college, become a teacher and dance during summer vacations.

How do you tell your mother you're gay? How do you tell her you're that kind of boi? I think she would have been

less shocked if I'd said I wanted to become a drag queen like Divine in "Pink Flamingos." [But that movie didn't come out until 1972.] [1]

I saw ballet as my ticket to fame and fortune. I could see my name in lights. I saw myself as a star. The word "success" was written in my handwriting on my wall. Nothing was going to stop me.

I had no idea more than fifty years ago that I was destined to become the inner parent to an inner child who didn't want to go to college, either. Doesn't s/he realize the importance of getting a trade?

As it happens, my inner child turned out to be like my father, quite zaftig. S/he's a big gurl. I call her my glamor toad. S/he's not particularly pretty, but s/he's a beautiful human being. S/he knows what true, inner beauty looks like. S/he's got amazing eyes that can see down into my soul. But a ballerina, s/he is not.

When I completed high school, I lived at home and studied ballet in Beverly Hills at The David Lachine Studio under the direction of his wife, Tatiana Riabouchinska, one of the baby ballerinas in the Ballet Russe [1909-1929].

I moved to Israel the following year at 18 and danced with The Bat-Dor Modern Dance Company [1971]. In 1976, I went to New York and took advanced classes at American Ballet Theater [ABT] near Lincoln Center and the Harkness School on the Upper East Side. [2]

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[1] "The first person to describe himself as "the queen of drag" was William Dorsey Swann, who was born a slave. In the 1880s, he started hosting drag balls in Washington, DC attended by other men who'd been formerly enslaved. Their gatherings were often raided by the police and then documented in the newspaper." [Internet]

[2] I'm not dropping these names for no reason. I'm hoping I impress you. I was a part of the amazing history of 20th

One day in Madam Valentina Pereyaslavec's class at ABT, I found myself behind Margot Fonteyn at the barre. She even shared a few words with me!

And in David Howard's classes at Harkness, twice I was in class with Mikhail Baryshnikov! When the class turned to do the exercises at the barre on the left side, I could see him nearby. It felt as though we were dancing as one to some sort of celestial music that had melded with the Mozart accompaniment from the pianist. I fused with his body in class in a way that no woman he's slept with ever has. To this day, he has no idea how intimate we once were in my mind.

Although these were the three greatest days of my life as a dancer, my inner child is the one who's now nuts about stars, not me. S/he adores the concept of celebrity. I have to convince her that s/he's as exciting and talented as any of the stars s/he sees on her phone.

Century ballet. Sadly, my career never went far. In fact, it crashed and burned in New York when I had to be involuntarily committed to Bellevue Mental Hospital in Lower Manhattan. But I still say it's important to have dreams. I'll never regret my dreams.

Darlean

I haven't yet told you the name of my inner child. As you can see, it's "Darlean." At first, I spelled it, "Darleen."

But when I discovered my little love-child had body issues, I realized I needed to change her name to "Darlean." I wanted to be sure to remind her to always stay as lean as s/he possibly could. My mother had taught me that no one would love me if I wasn't lean and a little mean.

Darlean has held that spelling against me all these years. I can't say now that I blame her. My need to be thin, popular, sensuous and sexy was something I first faced in high school in ballet class. I passed all that nonsense on to Darlean. I'd had many unnatural needs driven into me by my mother and reinforced by society at that time. Darlean didn't deserve my mother's legacy. But what am I supposed to do about that now?

I don't call Darlean my glamor toad anymore because it slowly became clear to me that name-calling others emanates out from within. That was mean of me. Darlean isn't like me. It's hard for me to believe that s/he figuratively comes out of my loins. S/he isn't rude, crude, impolite, inconsiderate, selfish, unkind, unsympathetic, coarse, common or vulgar. S/he looks forward to treating people well. I can hear her in my mind thinking up nice things to say to those I don't like. S/he's everything I'm not.

Darlean even believes in GOD. S/he loves to pray. S/he loves to tell HIM how much s/he loves life, how well s/he's doing down here and how happy s/he is to be alive.

Darlean couldn't care less what anyone thinks of her, except for GOD. S/he does everything for herself and nobody else.

When things are going badly for me, s/he insists on praying for me. But when I want to ask GOD for something I truly want, s/he's tongue-tied. So, we're pretty much stuck with one another having to figure some things out by

ourselves. If there is a GOD, S/HE can surely see that Darlean and I aren't always on the same page.

I do have to say that Darlean has an uncanny way of embellishing my life with a magic that makes me delight in the meaning of this experience called "reality." But encouraging her to be svelte upset her so much that s/he gave me the silent treatment for some time. All I can say in my defense is that s/he has to understand how gals were raised in my generation, especially girls from good homes who were expected to use their physical charms to catch a man.

I'm not a racist, homophobe or misogynist. I'm sorry Darlean has been the target of my obsession to look like a dancer. I admit I'm in a fight with a fat-phobe.

I respect people of other races, lifestyles and gender choices. I don't judge a book by the shelf it's on. I don't judge it if it's in a library rather than a bookstore. I don't judge a book if it's sitting in a box on the street. And I don't judge a book by its cover.

But like my mother before me, when I see a book of more than 150 pages, I get judgy. I don't like big books. They scare me. Who's got the patience to read all that? If the author couldn't write a book that's thin, I used to think I'd get nothing out of reading it. That's changed, but Darlean can't forgive me for how I once felt. S/he says a good book is a good book regardless of its size and shape.

You and Me

We all have two worlds, a world around us and a world within. We were all born from a woman, and we all have a navel to prove it. What's more, we're all gonna die!

These are facts of life. They may not be the facts of life your parents told you, but they're facts I shared with Darlean because I believe they're important to know.

I used to look at people as like hulled, sunflower seeds. I saw them as missing their shell. It looked like they had a "me," "myself" and "I," but they were missing a "you."

I told Darlean, "Life is all about you and me." But before I gave birth to her, I felt like the "y" and "o" in me were missing something that I couldn't pin down. That turned out to be the "u" in "you."

Since I conceived my inner child, I feel that the y.o.u. in me is complete. I know some people think I've disassociated me from myself due to the traumas of my childhood. But I like to think that I've been blessed by GOD with an inner child. Being the inner parent to an inner child has given me my reason for being, something I didn't have before.

Some people need to have a family to achieve a sense of purpose. Some just need a pet. Some can make do with plants. And some have to embrace a mission to give their life meaning.

My inner child completes me. Darlean is the "you" to my "me" when I talk to myself. The you in me is all I've got that I can be sure of.

This book is about the relationship between the two of us. I'm asking you to come along as I make my way down into my unconscious to relive my past of traumas because I've never liked going down there alone. It's like the basement of an old, apartment building. It's creepy in there.

I felt very lonely all my life, and, as you surely know, loneliness feels nothing like solitude. Solitude is magnificent. Solitude leads to serenity. But loneliness crawls

around in corners of the basement of old apartment buildings, while serenity thrives in sanctuaries.

If Will died before me, I'd be devastated. Now that I know the joys of intimacy with another man, I can only hope I'd be capable of managing without him if GOD chose to take him from me. All I've achieved that I'm proud of is my intimacy with Darlean and Will. I need both to survive. It's you and me, Will. And it's you and me, Darlean.

Looking Back at My Life

When I was about four years old, I did something wrong and my mother sent me to my room. But when she came to my room later to ask me whether I was ready to apologize, I said, "No." It turned out that wasn't the answer she wanted, so she slapped me so hard across the face that I bit my tongue, and it bled.

A year later my father told me in no uncertain terms to stop sucking my thumb. But because I was an extremely insecure, nervous child, I couldn't obey him. Every time he came into the room, I pulled my thumb out of my mouth and every time he left, I stuck it back in.

Every night I'd go to sleep to the sound of my parents fighting around our dining room table. One night, my father stormed into my room, saw me soundly sleeping with my thumb in my mouth and slapped me so hard across the face that I woke up biting my tongue [again].

With a mother and father who used the disciplinary techniques they had in their tool boxes at that time, it became impossible for me to say what was on my mind.

The era my parents were born into in Europe was terrifying and torturous for Jews. So, it should have been no surprise that it took me till late, middle age before I could say and do what was right for me without having to figuratively bite my tongue.

I was psychologically arrested by the age of six. I didn't let myself proceed on my own recognizance until I was 60.

I look back now on what happened then, and see how damaged my parents were in just having grown up in the first half of the 20th Century. [Not to say that the second half of that century was a piece of cake. My generation made many improvements over what had transpired before us. That said, we've also come close to destroying the planet.]

Life is a school. Some semesters seem to last decades.

Trickle Down Psychology

My lesbian cousin swore that I'm an elitist. Even though she later said she was joking, I know she wasn't joking because I could tell by her tone of voice. [People sometimes say they're joking after the fact, but it's never fun to be their punchline.]

My cousin said what she said with shock, scorn and indignation. I don't remember faces, but I never forget a tone of voice.

After I thought about what she said, I had to admit she had a point. I am an elitist. So was my mother. Thank GOD, Darlean is just a common-variety snob. S/he thinks all the beautiful people live and thrive at the bottom of the pyramid, not at the top. S/he thinks people at the top are elitists, and s/he's quite snobbish about that! S/he's got no patience for the rich and powerful.

I, on the other hand, have no patience for the unwashed public. But I'm beginning to think that Darlean is right and I'm wrong. I've concealed my snobbery all my life in an attempt to fit in with high society. I think it's time to reveal how I really feel about those at the top.

Darlean thinks everyday people are the best and finest. S/he wants nothing to do with middle class, bourgeois elitists who want to claw their way to the top. Now I can see that s/he's been talking about people like me.

My father was the elitist in our family! He came from gobs of gelt in Lithuania. His parents owned a cigarette factory. But he couldn't make a living without their money. What my parents were fighting over every night after I was sent to bed was money. We were poor. He was a shoe salesman in a department story. He had four people to feed on his meager salary.

My father talked about the rich life he'd enjoyed before the Russians took it all away. I think my mother may have been attracted to the elitist in him. After the War, he retrieved

money held in a Swiss bank account. But he lost tens of thousands of dollars on inventions that were copied by companies with deep pockets who stole his ideas out from under him.

My mother got sick and needed an operation. The doctor botched it, leaving her mute. She used the compensation for medical malpractice to leave my father. She bought three brand new suitcases and took my younger sister and me to California.

The year was 1959. My mother decided it would be better to face a world that distained her for being a divorcée than fight with an elitist husband whose heart was wedded to the rich, but who couldn't make a living to support his wife and kids.

This is probably why Darlean will probably be swept off her feet by a guy who's filled with honey [wisdom], not money. This is what I like about Will. Darlean comes from a single parent [me] who has a vision of a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom]. S/he knows damn well not to repeat the mistakes of my old man.

The [t] Word

When I went to school in the 1950s and 60s, we studied the three "R's" [read, writing and arithmetic]. In junior high, they got fancy and added science, foreign language and a choice between shop and home economics.

I didn't take Home Ec. even though I wanted to. Shop and Home Ec. were breeding grounds for testosterone or estrogen. And you didn't dare mix hormones and electives in those days.

I always thought I knew how to cook, clean and sew – until I met Will. He swears I can't do any of them right. He channels his mother in the kitchen and his father in our garage. And so, he does a lot around our house himself.

What we didn't have at school in my day was the word that starts with [t] that rhymes with "wreck" [tech]. High tech is a combination of science and math combined into the unholy union found in machines. Technology drove my generation to invent computers, smart phones and high def. TV.

The [t] word brings up feelings of such incompetence and stupidity in me that the mere mention of it by its full name sends shivers down my spine. Will is good at [t] too.

If you're single, and you want to get married, I suggest you make a list of all the things you love and hate to do. And then advertise on line for someone to trade with you. There'll be far less chance the two of you will get divorced, given how miserable you'll both be having to do the things you hate to do.

When faced with things I hate to do because I can't do them well, Darlean and I call on Will. I suggest you and your inner child do the same with your life partner.

The Second-Best Sex I Ever Had

When I was 21 [1973], I was living in Amsterdam. I met an older man [36] at the D.O.K., the biggest gay club in Europe in those days. He sat with a beer in his hand watching me dance by myself. He had a look of such respect and admiration on his face that I was fascinated by him even before we met.

Paul was dark and handsome. He had a French last name and looked Latin, although he spoke Dutch, German, English and Indonesian, but not French. His father had had a job with an oil company on an island some distance from Jakarta. So, Paul grew up in the jungles of Indonesia with brown lads who sported flashing smiles and exotic eyes. He told me he'd fooled around with a lot of them as a kid.

He had a gorgeous body and a nice cock, but he wasn't a top. And as much as I tried to encourage him to take the lead in bed, our sex life declined as our friendship grew hard and firm.

Paul was into young guys who'd top him, but he couldn't say so in so many words. And I was so obtuse, that I couldn't piece the evidence together.

He'd been in a long-term relationship with a guy from Bergen, Norway for five years before we met. In those days, five years together was like 50 years together today. And although Paul met Jan when Jan was 16 [just legal in Norway], they separated when Jan was my age. I don't think Jan had grown too old for Paul by 21. My life changed enormously between 16 and 21. I couldn't imagine one man having served all my needs during that period of my life.

Jan came down from Norway to visit Paul, and they drove in to Amsterdam from Utrecht where Paul lived with his mother. The three of us spent the day playing tourist. Paul's deux chevaux [two piston French automobile] only had two seats, but I had three old bikes. [Bikes were getting stolen all the time in Holland.] So, the three of us biked

around town. That spring day was magical. The tulips were in bloom and the smell of beer brewing in the Amstel factory pervaded the town. I was their local guide and they were the tourists. I felt grand!

But Paul had a night job and had to go back to Utrecht. Jan was tall, a typical blond, blue-eyed Scandinavian. He was 26 years old. As I implied earlier, he was a top. And I was very attracted to older men who liked to top.

So, Paul left us together, thinking that nothing would happen since he and I were such close friends. Well, that was the wrong conclusion to come to. That night with Jan turned out to be the second most memorable night of sex I ever had in my life.

I'm going to fast forward to the point where I was on my back and Jan was deep inside me with my legs over his shoulders. He was very boyish and I was very girlish. The chemistry was perfect for us both. I couldn't have felt more attended to.

But all of a sudden, Jan began to hyperventilate. He even clutched his heart. It looked to me as though he was going to have a heart attack. His breathing was heavy. He gasped for breath as he was thrusting into me. But then he calmed down, and so we continued.

When we came, we came together – in a torrential flood that soaked me inside and out. As we lay in each other's arms laughing, I felt like the angel of death securing another soul to bring to HEAVEN. I couldn't have been happier while feeling curiously malevolent at the same time. I felt I'd done the greatest, good deed of my life for the most despicably selfish reasons: I'd helped a man get through his fear of dying while making love.

Shakespeare talked about "cuming" as "dying." Jan experienced his fear of dying while cuming in me. I coaxed him to die in me twice more. I have to say that that night and the morning after are etched in my memory forever.

Paul's nose wasn't bent out of shape when Jan told him we'd had sex. He took it well. Jan went back to Bergen, and I never saw him again.

My friendship with Paul continued until the day I left Holland. In fact, he came down from Utrecht to visit me my last night in the country. We lost touch with each other once I was back in the States.

Chagrinned

Larry and I met in 1990. We were together for 13 years. How many couples, gay or straight, have achieved a relationship as long as that? We had a house on a hill overlooking the bay side of San Francisco. He was the owner of a market research company with one employee until he met me. His company then grew to more than 50 employees almost overnight. I was his silent partner. I gave him my life savings [$10,000] to invest in a macintosh computer and to create a database.

We couldn't marry in those days, but we did blow up our domestic partnership agreement to poster size and had everyone sign it at our commitment ceremony. We had a simple affair. We were poor, so we made our celebration a potluck. The theme was "family favorites." We must have had six mac and cheese dishes. One wise guy brought 7-Up and Oreos.

Larry was gifted at selling. He didn't have to work to make a living. Market research was a sport to him. He succeeded because he was playing a game he enjoyed playing and winning.

Larry liked to describe himself as never having met a stranger. I suppose I was the strangest person he'd ever met. He wanted to convince me that I, too, could be his friend.

But Larry just couldn't say those two teensy, tiny words that many other men have trouble with too, "I'm sorry." Not even Elton John's song, "Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word" could connect the dots for him. It was Larry's inability to apologize that was, in a nutshell, what killed our relationship when I discovered he was secretly sleeping with his ex-boyfriend. [I'd been monogamous the whole time.]

Larry was HIV+ and, in those days, that was a death sentence. When his symptoms turned into an AIDS diagnosis, he realized our safe sex protocols weren't what he wanted. He went back to his former boyfriend who was also

suffering with early AIDS symptoms. The two of them decided they wanted to go out with a bang together.

Soon after Larry and I had moved in together, I realized he used the word “chagrin” in a weird way. Whenever he said that word, it put a smile on his face. So, I asked him what he was trying to say. He told me he was happy. But because he was too stubborn to learn from me, he wouldn’t entertain the fact that “chagrin” means “sad.”

When I pulled out the dictionary and read him the definition, it was as if I was a dentist who hit a nerve in his mouth with my metal probe. The look on his face went ashen. I could practically see his body shudder as “chagrin” rippled through it.

Leaving Larry to be on my own in the Castro [the gayborhood of San Francisco] as a single, gay man who’d just turned 50 [2004] was terrifying. By then, I realized I’d missed the daddy stage of gay life, and I was no longer the boy-toy I’d been when I’d been a dancer. I had no choice but to become a gay, grandpa.

Take it from me, gurl, most men don’t have daddy issues outside the bedroom. They have grandpa issues. What they really want is a man who’ll guide them with milk [love] and honey [wisdom]. They want a grandpa by their side, even if they have a woman on their arm.

I was never as popular as when I hit my fifties and turned into one of the few, proud, gay grandpas in the Castro. In my opinion, there’s hope for you, whether you’re male or female, even if you’re over the age of 50 if you’re able to channel your inner grandpa.

If you met me today, you’d be amazed at how I’ve changed in the past twenty years. Now I’m channeling my inner grandma, as well.

I can now see Larry as a GODbrother who’s looking down on me from above. He’s sorry. I’m sorry. It all turned out for the best.

A Very Soleful Person

I'm a little thin-skinned. You wouldn't know it because I'm almost always smiling in public. When I was a dancer in that modern ballet company in Tel Aviv in the early 70s, one wise guy told me I should do toothpaste commercials because I had such a big grin on my face that exposed my teeth.

That was 50 years ago. You'd think I might have been able to put that shady lady behind me. Fat chance.

Anyway, here's my solution to the problem of being thin skin in case it applies to you:

I begin by going back to the Nazis who made lampshades out of Jewish skin. They did so because European, Jewish skin was light-skinned and thin, but not too thin. Christian skin was much too thin.

Today there are Sephardic Jews and even Ethiopian Jews living in Europe. Their skin isn't light. It's brown or black. Their skin wouldn't make good lampshades. It's too dark.

And then, there's the issue of gay skin. Our skin is extremely thick. We've had to develop a thick skin. Because all three of the Abrahamic faiths concluded that we're freaks of nature, we had to thicken our skin. Even if it's light enough for a lampshade, gay skin wouldn't make good lampshades because it's too thick. We know this to be true because Nazis didn't make lampshades out of gay skin.

These were the sorts of challenges Nazis in the 20th Century had that European Christians ought to think about today with regard to the gays and Jews in their midst. Middle Eastern Nazis who'd like to copy the European Nazis of the last century [whether in Europe or the Middle East], should give consideration to the issues of being thinned-skin, too.

Judaism is carried on our mother's side. We're Jewish because our mother was Jewish. She's Jewish because her mother was Jewish.

But this doesn't hold true when considering whether your skin would make a good lampshade. Consider each of your grandparents as giving you 25% of your skin. If you're Jewish but even one of your grandparents wasn't Jewish, your skin would be too thin to be made into a lampshade.

If you're 100% Jew and White, your skin is light enough and thin enough for a lampshade, provided none of your grandparents was gay. If even one of your grandparents was gay, your skin would be too thick for a lampshade. Of course, if even one of your grandparents was non-White, your skin would be too dark for a lampshade.

Neo-Nazis need to be reminded that many Jews in Israel are a mix of White, Brown and/or Black races. Jews came to Israel from Europe, the Middle East and Africa. Israelis have made a mix of the races.

And because there are many gay Jews in Israel who are also a mix of races, their skin is far too dark and thick for a lampshade. There just aren't as many light-skinned, thin-skinned Jews anymore.

Here's my suggestion to protect yourself from Neo-Nazis, whether you're worried about your skin being too thin, too dark or too thick:

Take a sample from the thick skin from one of your heels and culture it in a lab until you've got a bolt of really thick skin that's about 6' x 4' x 1'. Then, wrap it around you. You may have noticed that the skin of the heel is about the same in color regardless of your race. So, you won't have to worry about race, religion or sexuality anymore.

Then, you can consider yourself soleful. If anyone should happen to ask you if you're "soulful," you can tell them you're very "soleful." They'll never know how you spell it.

GOD is turning us all into soulful human beings who HE'd like to keep around for all ETERNITY. I'm sure HE won't care if you're soulful or soleful. A skin transplant from your heel will heal you of all those concerns.

Thank GOD, I've got an inner child who was home schooled. Darlean dreams big. If it should happen to turn out that life really is a school for spirits in bodies, s/he'll be fine with just graduating with the equivalent of a high school diploma. S/he says s/he doesn't need a Ph.D. in being genuine. S/he already knows who s/he is.

I didn't go to college until my late twenties. But then I ate up knowledge as though I'd been starved for it all my life. I was intellectually lean like my mother and intellectually fat like my father.

But my university education did little for my self-esteem. They didn't teach wisdom in college in those days, and I haven't seen it listed in any university class catalogs since. So why go? Just to get a job you hate that pays well?

A lot of people with a college education are fond of climbing the ladder of success and then turning around and stomping on the hands of those trying to come up the same way. It's the spoiled, entitled billionaires who hold their nose up when they have to deal the little guys like you and me. And it's the fat cats who encourage them to do so.

I'm glad I come out of the werking class. If there's one thing that makes me proud to be the parent of a brilliant, inner child, it's that I'm raising her right. I won't have to look back with shame at how Darlean uses her nose or her feet.

So long as s/he and I support the working class in getting paid a living wage, what difference does it make if they're knowledgeable. It's wisdom, not knowledge, that we should all be seeking.

Darlean's Like a Washing Machine

Socrates said that man is a meaning making machine. That was 2,500 years ago. As you know, I don't have a great relationship with machines [especially computers]. I don't think they like me. So, the idea of machines with artificial intelligence making meaning out of life, I find utterly appalling. I can't think of anything more unattractive and intrusive.

A.I. stands for artificial intelligence. But what we don't have yet is the study of N.I. [natural intelligence]. And we need it desperately.

The problem with A.I. is that it's been programmed by straight, White, Christian men using the knowledge of straight, White, Christian men. It's filled with prejudices that we've seen throughout history. But the programmers don't see these prejudices in themselves. It's no wonder A.I. models have started to argue with one another. The day will surely come when they start fighting among themselves. Perhaps they're thin-skinned.

One of the most meaningful machines I have is the cordless vacuum Will got for us. It's thin. It's long. And you can adjust the suction power. Who doesn't like to have a way to control how stuff gets sucked up?... Will empties it for me. Vacuuming is now so much fun that we fight over who gets to do it. What's more meaningful than a relationship like that?

But I digress.

What I really want to talk about is front loading washing machines, not vacuum cleaners. That's the machine I identify with the most.

In childhood, we had metal soap dispensers in school bathrooms that gave you little pink shavings of soap when you hit the metal doohickey. As I moved into adulthood, they were replaced with liquid soap dispensers. Nowadays, you

only have to pass your hand under a soap dispenser in a public restroom at an airport and it knows to dispense a blob of white, creamy soap into your open hand. You don't even have to touch the mechanism. So meaningful!

Sometimes I think Darlean thinks s/he's like a soap dispenser. Sometimes I think s/he thinks s/he's like a vacuum cleaner. And sometimes I think s/he thinks s/he's like a washing machine. So, sometimes I think of my inner child as a maid I've hired to do my chores for me.

I throw all my dirty, inner garments on the floor and she picks them up, sticks them in the washer and throws in a laundry pod with a premeasured amount of soap. Then s/he washes, dries, folds and irons my inner outfits and puts them back in my closet. Every morning when I have to decide what to put on to conceal my nakedness from the world, there are my pants and shirts in my closet, clean and fresh and ready to wear.

Now that Darlean's become consumed with the people s/he meets on social media who are opening her eyes to reality, s/he's learning that words like "chagrin" and the [T] word [TRUTH] can muddy your inner wardrobe when you're out in the world we share. People will discolor your attire with cynicism and scorn in ways you may not even notice. They'll stain you, soil you, blot, spot and dye you. They'll blemish, dirty and tarnish you. They'll pollute, dishonor and debase you. They'll go so far as to defile and disgrace you.

Life is a dirty business! I'm so lucky to have a maid to do my wash for me. I don't have to wash my dirty laundry in public, like so many others.

Darlean even cuts through all the years of baked on grease and grime inside of me like a self-cleaning oven. What a joy to have an inner child to do the things you wouldn't want to have to do for yourself.

S/he's Also Like an Artist's Palette

It's sometimes hard to have an inner child because s/he can be anything s/he wants, including things I shlep with me wherever I go. I know a lot of people who project their inner child out onto the world and then treat other people like things. I refuse to do that. Darlean would kill me if I treated her callously. I love my inner child as much as I love my most cherished possessions.

I don't know whether other people paint pictures in their mind before they show the world their werk. From the looks of it, they squeeze paint right from the tube onto the canvas of life that we all have to share. That's so loud, gaudy, garish and crude. It makes this world look unfinished. I wouldn't want to sign my name to a work like that.

Darlean is my artist's palette where I mix my emotional colors together to achieve just the right hue for every occasion. Then I apply what I've painted inside, out onto my portion of the external canvas [the big picture] with just the right tint and hue. That's how I became so enamored of dark colors and jewel tones.

I use a brush painstakingly when applying my feelings to others. I'm not an abstract expressionist. I'm no Jackson Pollock. I didn't invent the drip technique, and I certainly don't advocate using it on anyone.

If I pour or splash everyday feelings onto a surface, it had better be in bed. That's the only place where I like to see myself dripping uncontrollably.

Bette Midler and Carol King verses J. Lo and Beyoncé

I had to Google J. Lo because I had no idea how to spell her name. I started with "Jello," but when that didn't work, I had to get creative. To tell you the GOD'S honest truth, I don't even know what J. Lo and Beyoncé [Be you once] look like. I couldn't point them out to you in a lineup. I just know they're singers. I couldn't even tell you the name of any of their songs.

I still bet on Bette and the King of carols. They never let me down. Bette Midler and Carol King are etched in my chest like an arrow through a heart carved into the bark of a tree. Why is that? And where do I draw the line when separating these two from those two?

Why aren't I interested in young, women singers anymore? It couldn't possibly be because I'm not gay enough. I must be because I'm old.

I was deeply moved by Bette and Carol when I was young and gay. In my heart. we three were on a first name basis. I can still hear them singing inside me.

Granted Carol's lyrics are etched in my brain, while Bette's voice is recorded in stereo in my heart. But the lyrics of Carol and the sound of Bette have melded in my soul like ivy that crawls up the trunk of a tree to become integral to its branches.

If Mikhail Baryshnikov had been able to sing like Bette Midler and compose music like Carol King in addition to the way he danced, I wouldn't have had to speculate on the possibility of angels coming down to Earth. I'd have had proof positive of their presence. Perhaps then I would have strived to become an angel disclosed, instead of the angel in disguise I pretended to be.

Rosebud!

A "rosebud" is a sweet and tender description of the anus in gay speech. If you're a gay top, you enjoy rosebuds, but in a very different way than straight men enjoy vaginas. Straight men don't know the first thing about vaginas because they don't have one.

Everyone's got an anus. If you know how to treat an asshole kindly, you know something about yourself you can apply to everyone else.

As the single parent of an inner child who reached puberty, I decided to sit Darlean down to teach her the figurative facts of life from a gay, parent's perspective. I started with her anus, and worked my way up from there. I taught her that it's better to screw herself over than hurt other people. Juvenile delinquents find that hard to believe.

When I was young and gay, I was a bottom. I loved to be penetrated and filled with the lifeforce of handsome, young men.

But I discovered through painful experiences with overambitious tops that they didn't know the first thing about their own rosebud, let alone mine. They didn't love what they were fingering. They only wanted to plow me like a garden so they could scatter their seeds.

I'm not literally made of wood. I'm a sensitive person. My rosebud was a source of great pride and joy to me when I was young. I didn't appreciate tops who thought of me as a planter box in which to grow pansies. Maybe they thought we were having sex in a raised bed of soil, not a bed. Who knows? I don't care anymore.

Over a lifetime, I turned into the happy top I am today. But the experience of having been a bottom taught me how to respect my boyfriend's rosebud. Every part of him is very dear to me.

Straight men don't realize that a woman's flower is like a gay man's rosebud. If you make jokes about it looking

funny; complain about it being dirty; smelly; cheap; overused; large; or small – if you think of it as bad for any reason whatsoever – you're going to find yourself in a relationship that's doomed to fail.

Women and gay bottoms want to feel that they're loved, respected, appreciated and enjoyed. If you treat them like assholes instead of cherished rosebuds, don't complain to me about what happens to your love life. You'll deserve it.

My Inner Child Wants to Know "Why?"

When Darlean was still a child, s/he'd ask me why the sky is blue. And I'd get impatient with her because everyone knows it's orange at opposite ends of the day. I showed her that the sky turns grey before it rains. I even pointed out the rainbows in the sky after storms. And who in his right mind can't see that the sky is black at night?

Your inner child asks you "Why?" because s/he really doesn't know what you know. It doesn't matter how many languages you speak or skills you've accrued over your lifetime. Your inner child is going to ask you to explain a lot of strange things. S/he seeks answers to questions you may not have bothered to ponder.

Thanks to Darlean, I now know much more about life than most people my age. I now know that the sky is blue because it's sad. The oceans are blue for the same reason. The night sky is black because it's guilty of being so far from the light of day. And every rainbow really is a sign of hope from GOD.

My relationship to Darlean is poetic because my inner child only understands poetry, not prose. I'm prosaic. I have to be. I have to have my head screwed on my shoulders at all times. But my inner child does not. In fact, for her to have survived and thrived for almost 18 years, s/he had to embrace rhyme. Life begins to rhyme when you become the parent to an inner child.

My mother's idea of poetry was quite different from my own. My mother's voice is still alive and well in me, even though she's deceased. I may be the queen of my castle, but my mother's spirit roams the halls of my mind, haunting my thoughts with opinions that went out of style decades ago.

Darlean can see and hear her. My inner child and my mother are best friends. They share a poetic vision of this world that I find, frankly, surrealistic, not the least bit realistic.

The following few paragraphs are a channeling of my mother's voice. Imagine her words with a soft German accent:

"We ought to allow ourselves to experience the void, vacuum, vacancy and vacuity inside us. Such experiences don't mean we're worthless, futile, pointless or barren. That's just how we feel about ourself at particular moments in time."

"Light fills the air we breathe. We inhale light. We live in a LIGHT that's in us and a light around us."

"But we also look down into the sea as far as light will go to see what's in that medium, so different from what we see moving through thin air."

"Intellectually, we're aware of strange creatures that reside in the deepest depths of the oceans, breathing water that isn't visible. The underwater world corresponds to our emotional realm. Our everyday feelings are like fish that swim in water illuminated by light."

"But we also have feelings that live in our unconscious that we can't name; strange feelings we can't identify. They exist below our ability to acknowledge their being unless they happen to figuratively wash up on shore or get caught in a net."

"If you find yourself so bereft of meaning, direction and purpose, face the emptiness inside you. It may be a vacuum devoid if thoughts, or it may be a black, watery space filled with frightening feelings."

"Don't literally do a thing. Watch nothingness in darkness until you see yourself contributing to nothingness with something you do instinctively that you'll be proud of."

This is a snapshot of my mother that Darlean just loved about her. Because my relationship with my mother was so deeply personal and private, there's nobody in the world I can fully share my deceased mother with except my inner child.

My mother taught me that outer space is no different from inner space. Both are places where you're free to be a child. Both places are a mystery to those who are curious and inspired.

My mother taught me to look at the rainbow in the sky as a projection of a rainbow shining out of the heart of everyone whose heart has been broken. She associated red with rage; orange with angst; yellow with fear; green with jealousy and envy; blue with sorrow; indigo with awe; and violet with ecstasy.

Mysterious is a world where awe [indigo] and ecstasy [violet] shine closest to the ground. You'll be relieved if you can lead the child within you through the rainbow in your heart.

You personify a promise to yourself to live in harmony with yourself. You're the image of each and every color of the rainbow. You're a promise you're learning to make to no one other than you.

GOD only gave Noah a symbol for hope. Jesus had to turn symbols into feelings to make rainbows personally meaningful.

When Your Inner Child Is Still in Diapers

The voices in my head are like roads. But they aren't all on a grid. Some are conspicuously laid out on angles, like Market Street in San Francisco. Some of these roads are dead ends; some are just alleys. But all these roads are voices that correspond to thoughts.

Most of my thoughts are accompanied by feelings. Feelings correspond to road signs. The shape and color of the sign corresponds to the emotional message I'm being given:



Learning to drive in the figurative sense of the word required orienting myself to the roads of life to get where I wanted to go. That requires knowing where I was going intellectually [N, S, E, W] as well as by learning the emotional signposts by the side of the roads, so I'd get where I was going without accidents or incidents.

But doing all that required believing in myself. That forced me to question what it means to be a spirit in a vehicle on a journey.

Believing in myself required that I question the GOD of the Jews [ELOHIM] because, metaphorically, I'm a tree of knowledge. I come from my head where I use speech figuratively.

Believing in myself required that I question the GOD/God of the Christians [FATHER and Son] because, symbolically, I'm bread [body] and wine [blood]. I come from my heart emblematically.

And it required that I question the GOD of the Muslims [ALLAH] because, analytically, I'm like nothing else on Earth. There is no rendering of me that describes me. I'm real and surreal. I'm like a simile. This is what it means to be soulfully engaged with GOD by yourself.

GOD created everybody [including the gays and the Jews]. In the Hebrew Testament, GOD is the TEACHER who gave us Y.H.V.H. [the Tutor within us who's also called Adonai, which means "Lord."] The Lord of the Jews spoke to Moses at the Burning Bush and told him to go back to ancient Egypt to help Him release the Israelites from bondage and bring them to Israel.

Although GOD [EOHIM] is the TEACHER of us all, Christians call HIM their "FATHER." Jesus is the Son of the FATHER. He's the Lord of the Christians.

The Muslims believe in the same GOD as the Jews and Christians, but they call HIM "ALLAH." Although ALLAH is the TEACHER of us all, the Tutor of the Muslims is archangel Gabriel. He came to Muhammad in his heart to reveal the Quran, which led him to the opposite side of his chest, which is now described as our soul.

Our conscience is located in our breastplate, below our head and between our heart and soul. In order to use my conscience as my guide, I channel my thoughts, feelings and beliefs through my conscience.

My inner navigational system is equivalent to the G.P.S. [Global Positional System] used in mechanical vehicles. I can go anywhere inside myself because I have this roadmap given to me by GOD.

These are the figurative facts of life I taught Darlean when s/he was just a toddler. Now that my inner child is a teenager facing the sexual issues that all teenagers go

through, s/he must make her way over the rainbow that bursts out of her heart up to her Adam's apple and back down to her soul.



This is the journey of adolescence that leads every inner child to adulthood. I had to do this. My inner child has to do it, too. if you don't do it, good luck achieving LIFE after life.

Darlean has an intuitive sense of where I am and where I'm trying to go, even if I get lost inside myself from time to time. S/he knows that life can sometimes feel like a tightrope. S/he knows how easy it is for me to lose my balance and fall from grace from time to time. But s/he knows it's a very long way down before I'll crash and burn.

S/he wasn't yet born when I slipped and fell from attempting suicide. But s/he knows what I've been through. S/he knows what my parents went through. S/he knows what s/he won't let happen to her.

When Darlean was little, every time my mind hit a dead end, s/he'd start crying. I could hear her sobbing inside me. And then I'd have to deal with her as well as find my way through the city streets of my mind, obeying the signposts in my heart, while getting where I needed to be with a crying child in tow.

Darlean was a difficult child to raise because s/he was so sensitive. When s/he was in diapers, s/he wasn't the kind of infant who ate and slept all day, giving me the ability to do other things. S/he was a handful right from the start. I couldn't leave her side. But when I was exhausted at night and just wanted to sleep, then s/he was ready to play.

I wish I could have submitted a request for the temperament of my inner child. Because, boy, I wouldn't have asked for what I ended up with! Darlean is still

extremely delicate. If I make one wrong move, s/he's on to me. I feel my whole inner world darken when s/he's upset. It feels like a chill, as though a cloud crossed in front of the sun.

But I don't tell Darlean that. I'm her inner parent, and I love my inner child no matter who s/he is or how s/he behaves. But just between the two of us, hasn't been easy.

Young and Restless

The good old days, long before I became a parent to my inner child, weren't all that good. In fact, my youth was pretty awful. If I'd had any idea that I'd conceive an inner child who'd grow up to become such a joy and a blessing, I would have planned a family sooner. As it was, I thought I was lucky to be young and single. I wasn't. It was a curse. Having fun was never fun. It always turned into trouble. I became young and restless in no time.

I was eventually committed to insane asylums in my twenties. It wasn't just because I suffered addictions to alcohol, drugs, sex and food. I had to be put on psychiatric medication because I was as looney as an out of tune tune.

Three times I tried to kill myself. But I was so inept that I failed even at that. The first time I swallowed a bottle of aspirin [100 pills] with alcohol, not knowing that you have to choose your pills carefully. Who knew that you practically have to become a pharmacist nowadays to kill yourself with pills?

But, on the good side, I haven't suffered a headache since. I've only had to suffer with a sense of humor constructed with a bitter attitude; horrible timing; and a pessimistic view of life that has left me worried about practically everything.

I'm not cut out to be a Jewish comedian. I never was. I shouldn't try to be funny. People only laugh at me. They never laugh with me.

The second time I tried to end it all, I drove my car over a cliff. But I didn't want to look like I cared about safety issues, so I unfastened my seatbelt before I hit pedal to the metal. The car flew off the road, but I hadn't accrued much speed, so the car just flipped over and over. I was hurled into the backseat as the car tumbled down the embankment. When the engine jammed the steering wheel through the front seat, I wasn't in it to be crushed.

I'd also filled the gas tank so as to set myself aflame once I was dead, hoping the car would explode as an expression of my utter fury and exasperation with life.

But nobody told me that without any oxygen in the tank, that wouldn't happen. So, I woke up in an automobile of twisted metal and broken glass facing a wall of rock. I had a terrible headache that aspirins couldn't rid me of. But I only broke two ribs and got a gash under one eye.

The third time I tried to end it all, I gathered huge mushrooms from my neighbor's lawn, cooked and ate them with scrambled eggs, hoping the mushrooms were poisonous. They turned out to be delicious.

I knew nothing about pills, cars or mushrooms; and it showed. I was humiliated time and again. If I ever want to try to kill myself a fourth time, I should do it with books – things I write daily and know something about.

When I was insane, I couldn't talk about my visions, delusions and nightmarish fantasies. My mind was like a stream of consciousness that flowed through me with so many theories that I couldn't maintain a disciplined guard over what I was thinking for any sustained period of time.

Consequently, my mind was never at peace. I was impatient about nothing happening fast enough. But how fast does "nothing" have to go to satisfy your need for speed?

I suffered from obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings. I wish someone had told me what "O.C.D." means in a way I could have understood.

My head and heart were at odds with each other. My thoughts were obsessive and my feelings were compulsive. I drove like a bat out of hell through the roads within me. There wasn't a signpost in my heart I acknowledged or obeyed.

I was the personification of Adam and Eve. I was defiant. I was also the personification of Cain and Abel. I wanted to kill GOD, but I conceded by trying to kill myself to break HIS heart, instead. And I was like Noah. There was a

boatload of animal instincts locked up in my hull. I personified the first three stories of Genesis.

I was always irritable, while trying to look at ease. I couldn't feel connected to others, but that was because I couldn't connect to me. Nothing happened that I wanted to have happen. But nobody could tell me why.

I suppose I was the poster child of the "lone wolf," the sort of person people talk about in the media that we should look out for and avoid. But my fear of being feared by everyone only frightened me more. I thought I had a secret I didn't want anyone to know. But I wouldn't tell me what it was.

In case no one has ever told you, let me impress upon you that we were all born lone wolves. I believe each of us will die a lone wolf, too. There's nothing to be afraid of in being alone with yourself if you take being in your company seriously.

The time we spend exploring our solitude can enrich our life, as it has done mine. But the time I spent alone was like digging through solid rock. Nobody was born anticipating that s/he'd grow up to become a miner who goes underground every day to dig through rock in the dark. Such is the meaning of work.

I now have tunnels that go through mountains within me. I have lights at the ends of those tunnels that remind me what I'm doing, where I'm going and why.

So, howl at the moon if you like. Run outdoors at night as though crossing a tundra in bare feet with street lights imitating the aurora borealis. Suckle your inner Romulus and Remus as though you're an ancient Roman, hungry to raise savages. Engage your lone wolf as would any mother cub. It's never too late to admit a new truth [T] to yourself. Technology isn't the only [t] we need to learn about in the modern age.

Every prized, purebred at a dog show is a descendent of a lone wolf. You're not that unique and special.

The word for “dog” in Hebrew is “kelev.” It comes from the contraction “kmo halev” which means, “like the heart. Your inner child will need a pet in childhood. Your mind is like a pound. Let’s get the image of a dog out of your mind and into your heart.

Your inner child’s best friend will teach her the difference between too much and too little. These are the thoughts that come up over utilities, products and even services that never seem to be just right.

Once you can embrace these issues like a pet peeve, you’ll smile at what the dog within will do for you two.

Femininity and Softness

That which got most in the way of me becoming soulful was my distain of my femininity and my revulsion of the wonderful gift I was given in being soft and passive by nature.

What makes a man a man is the woman within him. And what makes a woman a woman is the woman within her. So, what men and women have in common are the women in them.

If I said that too quickly or that was too difficult for you to understand, let me put it into mathematical symbols you might grasp more easily. Read the following slowly, especially if you aren't fond of the [T]:

If you were born female, the [x] chromosome you got from your mother isn't the same [x] chromosome you got from your father. His [x] chromosome comes from his mother, your paternal grandmother. And his mother [x] and your mother [x] are two different women.

What that looks like algebraically now is:

[x + y] = male
[x + x] = female

But, as I said, the [x] a woman got from her mother is very different from the [x] she got from her father's mother. So, let's call the [x] we get from our mother [z]. That will differentiate the two [x's] used in genetics. That changes the equation to:

z + y = male
z + x = female

It was my [z] [mother's] side that I tried to hide from the world. I didn't want people to know how much I loved my

mother and was like her. Growing up, it seemed to me that society only wanted me to glorify my [y] side and hide my [z] side. To put it candidly, that's what drove me crazy.

Whether or not I was always successful in maintaining the soft, tender relationship I had with my mother, or she with me, I'll always be half woman [z]. The rejection of that important part of me created unconscious issues that I've needed to explore all my life.

All gay and transgendered people know this intuitively about themself. They just don't describe it algebraically. They find their own way to say it with gesture, body language, fashion and other forms of communication shortcuts.

Let me end this chapter by repeating the first two paragraphs. Maybe they'll make more sense to you now:

"That which got most in the way of me becoming soulful was my distain of my femininity and my revulsion of the wonderful gift I was given in being soft and passive by nature."

"What makes a man a man [y] is the woman [z] within him. What makes a woman [z + x] a woman is the woman [z] within her. So, what men and women have in common are the women [z] within them."

"If you know this much about yourself, you're going to seek peace of mind and peace on Earth."

In My Beginning

The challenge in delving down into the unconscious mind of everyman was first elucidated in the West in the Hebraic Creation Story as a cautionary tale. Adam was screwed over by Eve because she was naïve to the intentions of the serpent that tempted her to steal the forbidden fruits. But the serpent should never have crawled up into that tree to begin with. According to Eve, that tree was forbidden even to be touched!

Poetically speaking, Adam is the personification of your mind. Eve is the personification of your heart. The serpent is an animalification of man's penis. The fruits, one good [+] and one evil [–], are symbols of his testicles. The Creation Story isn't a story at all. It's an allegory.

When it [serpent] conspires with her [Eve], he [Adam] gets in trouble with HIM [GOD] for discovering more of the secret that emanates out of them [fruits].

I know that sounds complicated. But it's really very simple: <u>If you do what you shouldn't, you'll get in trouble. So, ask permission from GOD for all that you do.</u>

That, however, is literally impossible because GOD isn't PERSONALLY in touch with any of us. Our TEACHER has given each of us a Tutor. Ask permission from your Tutor who resides in your breastplate [conscience]. He'll decide whether your thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] are evolved enough to receive what you desire [+]. If not, He may still give you what you want [–] but there'll be a cost involved. You'll have to pay with physical pain and/or emotional suffering to impress the lesson from our TEACHER in each and every one of your actions.

The problem is that we were all created defiant. We don't want to learn with pain and suffering. We want to do what we want [–] without repercussions.

Defiance isn't coming from the serpent in our tree if we're male or from the worm in our apple if we're female.

Defiance emanates out of our prostate gland [ego] if we're male and skene gland [ego] if we're female. This is why so many of the people you've met who've done something wrong look as though they have their head up their ass.

You can see that about them, but they can't see it about themself. That said, many can see that you've got your head up your ass sometimes, even though you can't, either.

We're all trees of knowledge [x or y] that come out of trees of life [z]. When your wants [serpent or worm] collude with your feelings [heart], your head [Adam] will get you in trouble with your conscience unless you're very experienced in receiving permission from your conscience before you do what you do.

If your conscience is your only guide, your serpent or worm cooperates with your heart which then unites your head in with their plans to the delight of your conscience and the God within it.

It's hard to tell the difference between collusion and cooperation except in hindsight. That's why hindsight is 20/20.

When you examine your own tree of knowledge, you discover the difference between male and female trees. Only female trees bear fruit. Therefore, all trees of knowledge are female. Therefore, all males [y] are also female [z]. Perhaps this was something Eve learned from the portion of the forbidden fruit that she ate, but omitted telling Adam. Humanity has had to discover more of the truth [T] from the natural world via science.

Learn the difference between good [+] and evil [–] and you'll graduate to the subject of right [+ +] and wrong [– –] which will lead you into lessons in better {+ + +] and worse [– – –].

The [T] begins in scripture. But without science confirming the conclusions true believers come to, religion only reasserts dogmas from the past that it grips tenaciously.

You'll only hurt yourself by doing something you shouldn't. Eventually, you'll see that you've punished yourself by not figuratively allowing you access to the secret to life that lies in your fruits [testicles or ovaries].

The result of that is that secrets will, poetically speaking, elude you. You'll find yourself in a whole lot of trouble that you may choose to blame others for.

I don't wish to suggest that you're the only one who's guilty. Au contraire! We're all guilty. The secret isn't in professing to be innocent. The secret lies in making amends.

I'm Innocent! I Swear!

I know! You're not to blame. It's everyone else who's bad, wrong, defiant, arrogant, insensitive and guilty. You didn't do a thing wrong.

That's what they all say. That's what I said, too, until Darlean started to give me hell for every little thing I did s/he disapproved of.

You don't want to parent an inner child unless you're willing to learn from someone who's younger, less educated and less powerful than you. It's pleasurable to learn from the aged, well-educated and influential. It's humbling to learn from people you see as inferior.

Darlean embarrasses me in public. S/he humbles me in private. And s/he humiliates me before the Lord. Giving birth to an inner child is no different than becoming a parent to a real child.

I can't swear that I'm innocent anymore. I now suspect that I, too, must be guilty. I'm embarrassed by my body, ashamed of my character and humiliated before GOD. I'm a student who was enrolled at birth in a school. I knew nothing. I now know more, but I have a lot more to learn before my graduation.

My g.p.a. depends on my werk habits. My werk habits depend on overcoming my defiance. The TEACHER gives me homewerk every night. There are spot quizzes every day. And there are tests I can see coming.

But I don't know when I'll have to face my FINAL EXAM. Therefore, I've decided to look at every day as my last. I put all my effort into everything I do. In this way, I better see my strengths and weaknesses.

Darlean is helpful in this regard. S/he's generous with criticism of me but parsimonious when it comes to compliments. I can always depend on her to point out my flaws. That has ironically helped me by motivating me to point out my features to myself, and others.

Serpents and Worms

The serpent Moses described in the Creation Story was really a penis he didn't want to talk about as such in polite society. And the corresponding aspect of a penis in women is their clitoris. That's the worm in a straight woman that enjoys conversing with serpents.

Euphemisms are aspects of allegories. So are metaphors, symbols and similes. They're all building blocks of figurative speech that hold within them the secrets to scripture.

Gay men are particularly adept at using figurative speech to talk about sex because we've been oppressed by religion, suppressed by society, repressed by our parents and depressed without an inner child to call our own.

Torah is GOD'S metaphoric description of the importance of sex. The words of Jesus are His symbols to advance that conversation. And the inspiration from archangel Gabriel come in 114 similes for HIS plan for man that always brings him back to what's between his legs.

GOD'S plan for the woman [z] within every man doesn't need further elucidation. It couldn't be more obvious. Make peace with your penis to achieve peace on Earth.

The gentlest and most fragile things in the world are those things that lie within you, not around you. For within you, there's literally no resistance. Such is the stuff visions are made of.

With hindsight into your broken dreams and foresight into how to avoid both fantasies and nightmares, you can achieve insight into the part you play in HIS story [history].

It's difficult to achieve an external goal that requires the agreement of others. Such is the rock of reality. But the hardest place of all lies within you. Sometime you may find yourself stuck between that rock and that hard place.

To make your way through inner reality, you must use your roots, not your shoots. Your shoots are made for the

journey up out of the external world. Your roots are made for the journey down into your internal world.

The secret to getting what you want out of yourself lies in the werk that emanates out from within you. That, combined with the tactful assertions required in working cooperatively with others, is the key to success.

Allow me to digress:

When Darwin published "On the Origin of the Species" on November 24, 1859, people fought over their relationship to animals without considering their relationship to plants.

GOD created us botanically and biologically like the natural world. Our nature in inherent in Mother Nature. If you still need to fight over that, you're like a Venus fly trap. You see human beings who don't agree with you as bugging you. You want to trap and eliminate them.

"Carnivorous plants like the Venus flytrap use specialized traps to catch and digest insects and other small prey. Other aggressive examples include the Pitcher Plant, which lures bugs into rainwater-filled leaves in which they drown, and the Cobra Lily, which confuses insects with translucent 'windows' that lead them deeper inside." [Internet]

In order to evolve, you only needed to appreciate the importance of using language figuratively. That will reveal the secrets to how you personally manifest your beliefs in ways that cooperate or conflict with others.

When I owned my own business, I competed with businesses to provide a better product and service. But I did so in the spirit of cooperation because I always wanted to maintain my unconscious hope of achieving LIFE after life.

Flat Earth Thinking

Everyone in the world once thought the world was flat. They saw the horizon as the edge of the world, after which they'd fall off the Earth. And yet, everyone in the world today has changed their mind about what our ancestors thought was a "fact."

It's easy now to imagine that people were simply afraid of going so far out to sea that they could no longer see land. Some intrepid explorers simply had to get up the courage to go further than others were willing to go.

So, clearly, minds can be changed with scientific evidence combined with courage. But even psychological evidence can be perceived and acknowledged as persuasive if you use your head in combination with your heart. Such is the stuff all the world's scriptures are made of.

Evidence presented with clarity will motivate your imagination to grow with positive possibilities. But your imagination can only be improved upon with faith in yourself.

Faith in yourself requires the friendship that comes from self-intimacy. "If you can't love yourself, how the hell are you going to love someone else." [RuPaul]

Darlean came into my life because I loved myself more than I could put into words. S/he's the product of a depth of self-intimacy that has produced an inner child. S/he's immaculate although I'm not. S/he's a gift from GOD to me alone. S/he's become a way for me to see myself in a new LIGHT.

Darlean has taught me to love myself passionately, not indifferently. I couldn't have succeeded until now without using my feelings [heart] and sensations [genitals] in helpful ways. S/he wasn't inspired by Jesus. S/he's simply a child of GOD who was given to me to appreciate the concept of love, not the religion of love [Christianity].

I see Christianity as the voice of GOD that comes from our heart. But I see Judaism as the voice of GOD that comes from our head, and Islam as the voice of GOD that comes from our soul. That's why I can symbolically say without uttering a single word:



If you're so evolved that you can see imperfections in the voices of all three of the Abrahamic faiths, you surely can see the imperfections in your own thoughts, feelings and beliefs. You can surely see that your own head, heart and soul aren't always werking together in pursuit of your best interests.

Just as every man has a serpent [penis] in his tree that began to speak when he was a teenager, we all know that we have wants [–] and desires [+] that can influence our actions by toying with our conscience which uses the evidence provided by our head, heart and soul.

The same inconsistencies can be seen in all seven of the world's religions.

	Timeline ≈	**Faith**	**Chakra**
1.	> 3,800 BCE	Indigenism	Face
2.	3,800 BCE	Hinduism	Navel
3.	3,400 BCE	Judaism	Head
4.	2,500 BCE	Buddhism	Genitals
5.	2,200 BCE	Backbone	Taoism
6.	0 CE	Christianity	Heart
7.	700 CE	Islam	Soul

GOD chose to give us seven steps to HIS HOME. There's absolutely no need to believe in only one of HIS names. "What's in a name? "That which we call a rose by

any other name would smell as sweet." ["Romeo and Juliete" by W. Shakespeare]

Therefore, see-no-evil, hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil aren't nearly enough to get up each of the risers of these seven steps. We need a fourth monkey that represents the fourth figurative force on our face.

We need smell-no-evil to remind us that what people smell like on the outside may not resemble what they smell like on the inside.

This is what Darlean has told me that I didn't know previously when I'd look in the mirror. This I didn't know when I told myself affirmations out loud. I heard me, but I wasn't fully listening.

My inner child had to reveal to me that my nose knows.

I'm Tone Deaf

Darlean is just as musical as my mother was. My mother studied to be a classical violist in Germany before the War and had been a member of the select Munich Children's Orchestra. Darlean has inherited my mother's love of music. S/he isn't just happy when s/he's listening to music. S/he's inspired by it.

By contrast, I'm tone deaf. I can't sing on tune. To this day, I struggle to find ways just to talk to people. Speaking more than one language requires a musicality appropriate to the message you wish to convey. Even though I can make myself understood in a few foreign languages, I'm really a one-note kind of guy.

Because I can't speak to people respectfully when I get upset with them, I try not to show how hurt, insulted and shocked I am by what they've said. I don't want them to know I can hear by their tone of voice or the meta-message they're implying how they disapprove of me. I try not to allow my face to show my feelings. I try not to allow my body to show my defensiveness. And I try not to allow my voice express my distain of their opinions.

It offends me that I have to spend so much energy trying not to be me, but what else can I do? I can't talk to people without letting out how I really feel. I'm not willing to live anymore as though I'm still in a closet.

Harvey Milk told us to come out of the closet. Moses told us to come out of our ark like animals, two-by-two. He told us to come out of the basket he was lifted out of in the bullrushes like a baby. And he told us to come out of the Ark of the Covenant like laws from GOD. All three of these [ark, basket and Ark] are "aron" in Hebrew, which means "closet." Coming out of our closet[s] is much harder than just doing what Harvey Milk, the gay Jew from the generation before me, said.

We all know that words are spoken with certain tones that reveal our feelings. But once I'd been slapped across the face by my mother for what I'd said honestly, and how sincerely I'd slept peacefully with my thumb in my mouth until that fateful night when my father slapped me across the face, too, it became clear to me that I'd have to hide myself from everyone.

I thought the secret to getting people to like me was in modulating my tone of voice, not in learning how to be honest [nerdy], sincere [dorky] and authentic [geeky].

Darlean noticed that my tone of voice is often harsh and unpleasant when speaking to her. S/he's called me out many times for being a hypocrite because I talk to her rudely, and others politely. I'd been limping through life with my guard up with others, while oblivious to how impatient, mean and even nasty I was with her.

As a child, my parents had taught me to speak respectfully to adults. That was drilled into me without allowing for any exceptions to that rule. So, when I became an adult, I still felt like a kid surrounded by grown-ups.

I couldn't reveal the least bit of cynicism or scorn in my voice because I thought I'd be slapped across the face for doing so. I'd been subconsciously trained to smile with my voice as well as my lips. I couldn't take that silly grin off my face for love or money. That's why having a set of white teeth was so important to me.

Secretly, I suppose I still just wanted to suck my thumb. But a grown adult can't do that. I now know that if I'd been able to put my thumb in my mouth after I'd tried to kill myself the first time, I wouldn't have tried a second and third time.

Instead, I ended up slapping myself across the face figuratively, just as my parents had done literally. I became my own punching bag.

Darlean was never stuck in a "straight" jacket. S/he doesn't believe s/he has to be respectful of adults who are

tone deaf to her needs. S/he watches as the zombies lurch through life with their arms outstretched wildly because they can't see things that are right in front of their nose.

I couldn't say what I wanted to say to my parents. And I had to keep my observations of others a secret because my mother wouldn't have approved of me ridiculing anyone to their face.

But now that my mother is gone and Darlean has made it through most of high school, I can finally put some of my feelings down on paper late at night, that time before the dawn when secrets love to come out of hiding. Now I can swear in loud, and say, "Nobody's going to slap me around anymore – not even me! I'm not going to be the Jew du jour or faggot they think they can push around."

I had a great affinity for learning languages in my youth, but I couldn't tell people what was on my mind in other tongues, either. I kept thinking I'd be able to elucidate my thoughts better if I said what I needed to say in another language. And yet, I spoke English with a British accent while living abroad because I felt I had to hide my nationality from Europeans. I was a pathological liar who could only associate being American with reason for ridicule.

Those days are over. I'm gay. I'm Jewish. I'm American. And I'm mentally disabled. Get over it.

Hitting My Funny Bone Just Right

I've always appreciated figurative speech: puns, spoonerisms, [3] paraprosdokians, [4] rhetorical excursions, [5] literal interpretations of idioms [6] and other forms of word play. But there's nothing that thrills me more than pregnant pauses because they can't be expressed in words.

Appreciating the pregnant pause created when Darlean would ask me "Why?" is something I had to experience for myself. I overlooked or misinterpreted much of her communication with me when s/he was a child. I made her childhood harder for both of us than it needed to be.

I'm funny in the sense of queer. I'm odd in the sense of oval. I'm round in the sense of zaftig. But I'm also gay and Jewish in the sense of twice blessed by my God in very special ways.

Darlean refuses to go to college because of me. I made her suspicious of higher education. S/he sees intellectualism as a way to separate rather than unite.

You can march down the aisle to "Pomp and Circumstance." You can toss your cap into the air after the graduation ceremony. You can buy your class ring or hang your diploma on the wall at work. But you're not fooling Darlean if you look down your nose at her. Her nose knows.

The purpose of education isn't to make more money. It's to create more honey. If you can't turn knowledge into wisdom, you're a fool. If they didn't teach you that at the university you went to, you didn't get a good education.

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[3] Spoonerism: The Lord is a shoving leopard.

[4] Paraprosdokian: The last thing I want to do is hurt you, but it's still on my list.

[5] Rhetorical excursion: A book about why my inner child won't go to college.

[6] Literal interpretations of idiom: In this book about a ballet dancer, I've tried to raise the barre.

Knowledge of the outside world will get you a job that will pay more. It'll also get you a modicum of prestige. But Darlean told me that s/he doesn't want money or prestige. S/he wants pure power.

S/he doesn't want the power that comes from climbing the rungs of the ladder that society built. S/he said s/he can already see that that ladder was created by the rich for the rich to get richer. S/he doesn't want to hobnob with those at the top of that ladder of success. S/he wants the kind of power that comes directly from GOD.

I was stunned when s/he revealed that to me. I had no idea that GOD held that much importance in her life. I thought s/he was more of the kind of gal who talked about the "universe." I was a bit perturbed to discover s/he believed in GOD that deeply. I had to question if I might have let her down if s/he turned into a religious hypocrite like my father.

But s/he insists I hadn't failed her. S/he told me I was a good inner parent. S/he claims I led her toward GOD, not away from HIM just by being the best me I could be.

I was flattered hearing her say so, but I had no idea what I did to make her religious. S/he told me s/he isn't religious. S/he's spiritual. S/he says that GOD created the seven religions of the world to be united into the path of spirituality. S/he says s/he's a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. I guess that makes me her vehicle.

I don't really know what all that means. Am I a spirit, too? Is my body a vehicle? If so, I've had a devil of a time figuring out how to turn myself on to get me where I want to be. I feel more like a bird that's been flying in circles all my life. I don't yet feel that I've figured out where I'm going. Which direction [N, S, E or W] will get me THERE?

Darlean said that s/he's already done that inner werk. S/he said that s/he's like a migrating bird. S/he says s/he goes where the seasons take her. S/he even told me s/he knows why.

I now see the purpose of my inner child's journey to bring me Jewish wisdom; Christian love; Islamic loyalty to GOD; Hindu contemplation of my navel to appreciate my mother; Buddhist meditation on the good [+] and evil [–] that emanates out of my genitals; Taoist cogitation on the paradox between my inner world and the outer world; and indigenist idolization of my face as one of the billions of faces of GOD.

I don't need to know what all that might mean for me. I'd never considered my body to be a metaphor for my journey. I'd never thought about parts of my body as being destinations I had to ask GOD to give me permission to visit.

I can only see that some people live in their head. ✡ They're the ones who put emphasis on higher education.

I can see that others are stuck in their heart. ✝ They're the ones who say that love conquers all.

I can see that some are stuck in their soul. ☪ Their name for GOD is all important to them.

But I see them all as martyrs to their own cause. I think they all ✡ ✝ ☪ end up feeling like victims. What they all lack is hope shining from their heart to their soul [left nipple to right nipple] via their Adam's apple.



Life is a game of chest. Your queen can move anywhere on the board. Your king moves just like your pawns. Your knights move in "L" [love] shaped ways. Your castles shoot back and forth like bullets. And your bishops move only on the angles. To win, you have to make you your greatest opponent.

Mary Shelley Made Me

I once thought of myself as Frankenstein's monster. I thought my body was a combination of pieces of other people's bodies hastily sewn together. What I didn't realize was that my mind, not my body, was made up of pieces of the [T] that came from many sources. These truths were figuratively stitched together to create my reality. But I projected that big picture onto my body, and saw my body as a conglomeration of ill-fitting parts from many unknown sources.

I also thought that I was like a cuckoo clock with a hatch in my throat out of which a bird would sometimes emerge to declare the time of day. So, I thought I looked like a Frankenstein monster with an added feature that was like a clock that could tell time. And when the time was right, a little bird would pop out of my Adam's apple to make pronouncements about the time remaining before we're all gonna die! [I wasn't the kind of person you'd want to bring to a party. A few drinks and I'd ruin it for everyone.]

That cuckoo I saw coming out of my neck corresponded to the Yiddish word "fegele", which means "little bird," a derogatory description of a gay man. The fegele [fairy] in me would emerge from time to time with a message that would declare my [T] about a world that only I could see.

I was a closeted, gay man in the body of a Frankenstein monster that I rejected because that thought horrified me, when it was my mind, not my body, that I couldn't accept honestly, sincerely and authentically.

It took me a lifetime to understand my body, and, by extension the mind that operates it. It took me a lifetime to realize that I'm a dancer who choreographs with words, not arms and legs. I'm not as fluent with physical movements as I am with letters arranged on a page. I have an incredible ability to move myself with the power of my fingers on a keyboard. But I can't do nearly as well with my limbs on a

stage before an audience. My body just isn't as adequate a purveyor of my emotions in telling people what I'd like to say to them. I express myself better with books.

This was the underlying truth about my failure as a ballet dancer that caused me to think that my whole life had been a failure because I couldn't dance as well as I dreamed of.

On stage, I'm not a star, and never was. But from the hours of 3:00-6:00 a.m., I'm the most creative guy you'd ever want to meet. Sadly, not even my boyfriend wants to get up that early to get to know me.

I've had no choice but to write my words down on paper to transmit to you the joy I experience in being me. I'm darkest before the dawn. But that's my strength, not a weakness.

From Frankenstein to Cuckoo to Cog in a Wheel

I've since sewn the parts of my body together with polyester thread that's firmer. I've ironed out my wrinkles. I've patched me where I was worn. And I've concealed my seams to strengthen them.

I've internalized the cuckoo [fegele], so that others don't have to deal with the constant reminder of the passing of time. I nailed its little latch shut. Now it can tweet and crow to its hearts content, but only Darlean and I have to listen to its annoying twitter.

Time moves very differently in me than it does around me. The ticking of a clock doesn't mean anything to my mind. Time is subjective from within. It's only objective in the outside world.

That was a huge awakening because I wasn't very competent at figuring out how I operate, even though I'm so similar to a time machine.

I use my mind like I use my computer. I don't think about how I think. But when I grew interested in learning how to program me, I began to see the bugs and viruses I needed to contend with. Now, when I find that a part of me is broken, I use what I know using common sense and kitchen wisdom to repair myself. I have more than enough sophisticated knowledge of the outside world to apply to the world within me. I just need to use it.

My idea of numbers is only smart enough to balance a checkbook. I wouldn't have the skills to reprogram myself if it required using some sort of complex computer code. My idea of restarting myself like a computer is by going to bed early. My idea of downloading new information is by listening harder to what people tell me to see if it makes sense.

Crunchy Peanut Butter and Mussels [Not Jelly]

Relax. It's just a pneumonic device I taught myself to remember who I am. Without weird ways to remember me, I forget what I want to tell me to remember.

I'd love it if Darlean was my secretary, not just my maid. But it's hard getting kids to do the chores you don't want to do. I've tried. Like I said, we both suffer from senioritis.

"Mussels" refers to "muscles." I always thought I was a great dancer, when, in fact, I was a muscle man who wanted to lift very light, moral weights with grace and aplomb. I always wanted to be well defined inside and out. I didn't want to look like Arnold. I just wanted to look like a Greek god frozen in a pose. I guess they call that statuesque.

As it turned out, life put figurative weights in my hands to teach me how to gracefully lift my idea of morality in order to develop my conscience. When I look in the mirror now, I see the effect of my life on my body. I'm trim, fit, muscular and moving gracefully toward a satisfying END. I can see that I'm well-defined ethically as I age.

"Crunchy peanut butter" refers to "diarrhea." I could never get my hips to move as sensuously as Latin men. So, I think about crunchy peanut butter oozing down between my legs as I try to squeeze my cheeks shut to keep peanut butter from dripping out of me.

The emotional effect of crunchy peanut butter reminds me what a tight ass I was all my life. That helps me think about what I look like from a more humorous perspective when I attempt Latin ballroom dance.

All I have to do is think about crunchy peanut butter and mussels and I'm magically able to jump up and dance for joy when I hear Latin music. I feel I can now be honest with myself while salsa dancing regardless what others may see or say. I'm a White man making a fool of himself when dancing Latin ballroom.

Darlean saw this about me long ago. S/he had no compunction telling me what I look like when I try to be someone I'm not. I can't forget who I am anymore, but now I can be like others, with a light heart.

The Best Sex I Ever Had

The best sex I ever had [until I met Will] happened in L.A. when I was about 24 years old. I was driving home from my mother's apartment in Marina Del Rey and had just turned onto Washington Street in Venice. It was late, but a young guy had his thumb out wanting to hitch a ride. So, I picked him up and drove around until we were both sure that we wanted to "seal the deal." And then I drove us to my apartment.

He was surprised that I lived so close to where I'd picked him up, but he was even more surprised when we got to my ground floor apartment and I just opened the door without a key. [In Amsterdam it was considered bad form to lock your door. It gave people the impression that you were afraid of them. The Dutch also don't put curtains on their windows. They don't want it to look like they're hiding anything from their neighbors] One time I was dancing in my studio apartment in Venice, CA, [without curtains] and when the music stopped, about ten people were standing by my living room window clapping.]

But I digress.

The fellow I picked up was Mexican-American, about my age, with dark eyes, dark hair and dark skin. Nude, he was stunning. And his breath had a musty smell that was intoxicating. We did it twice. I can still remember being in a ball of arms and legs with a fluidity of natural movements that took salsa to a whole other level of hot. We rolled around entwined like two chili peppers, seed to seed.

But that's actually not where I wanted to start this story.

Where I really wanted to start was in Europe. Before I left Holland to come back to America, I spent some time on the French Riviera in Nice. Nice was nice. You didn't need a lot of money in those days to vacation in Nice. It was a real city, not just a resort town. There, I rented a moped and drove

to San Remo, Italy, where I bought myself a pair of cowboy boots that I just knew would be a sensation back in the States.

The night I had sex with that Mexican-American, he happened to see those boots in a corner of my room and commented how much he liked them.

No. He didn't come into my apartment when I wasn't at home and steal my boots. What he did was, he snuck into my apartment one night while I was sound asleep, took off all his clothes, put on my boots, and quietly slipped into bed with me.

Now, I was a sound sleeper in those days, so I had no idea what had happened. I just knew that I was having an amazing dream in which I was being caressed and fondled, kissed and licked all over. I had never had such a fantastic dream in my whole life.

I dreamed I was deep underwater in another man's arms. We were breathing underwater, and my lungs were filled with a heaviness I'd never felt before. It felt like we would never have to come up for air ever again to face reality.

But as we were embraced in heavy breathing in my dream, we were slowly rising to the surface anyway. And the closer we came up to the light, the more I began to wonder whether this was really a dream.

As we broke the surface of the water into the air in my dream, I suddenly realized that it wasn't a dream, that somebody was in my house, in my bed, and caressing me. I cried out with fear and pushed him away as I forced myself to open my eyes to what I might have to see before me.

But then I saw who it was, felt the boots on his feet and saw the sly grin on his face. And then, without saying a word, we collapsed into each other's arms again and danced yet again like hot peppers on an open flame.

Novelty Verses Newness

Novelty only occurs the first time. Newness returns with greater familiarity time and again. Most men are into the novelty of sex. Only the monogamous, family man seeks newness in his relationship with his partner until familiarity replaces newness with a comfort, coziness and contentment that keeps love alive.

If you can't appreciate the passage from novelty to newness to contentment, your inner child is still underage. S/he hasn't reached the age of emancipation.

Darlean knows this about life. S/he knows what I like. S/he knows how I like it. But this produces an uncomfortable feeling between us when I think about sex. The thought of an inner parent discussing sex with his inner child is very unpleasant.

I know that my parents weren't virgins. I'm proof of that. But what they did in bed together was none of my business. I don't want to think about it. That said, Darlean doesn't want to drop the subject. S/he insists on discussing it with me despite how uncomfortable it makes me.

Darlean says that my mother liked oral sex, both giving and receiving it. I have no reason to doubt her. I like it. Why wouldn't my father and mother have liked it?

But Darlean doesn't want to stop there. S/he insists that my mother swallowed my father's cum because she wanted him to know how deeply she loved him. That hadn't occurred to me. I've swallowed cum, but once I realized I didn't like the taste of it, I've spit it out since.

Darlean kept going. S/he insists that oral communication between people is like oral sex in which both individuals are spitting out what the other person is saying because they don't want those words to be infused in them. They don't want to swallow something they find disgusting.

That actually makes sense in a figurative sort of way. I just never thought about arguments like that.

There was a Republican senator who represented Pennsylvania in the United States Senate from 1995 to 2007: Richard John Santorum. He was a politician, attorney, author, and former CNN political commentator. He ran for President in 2016. He was a homophobe who vehemently opposed same sex marriage even after it had become the law of the land in 2015.

Someone in the gay community decided to use his name to describe the excrement that's emitted after anal sex as "santorum." Darlean insists that women today are more familiar with santorum than in my day.

Darlean admits that my parents weren't sexually progressive. And they certainly didn't talk about their sex life to anyone.

Darlean claims that women today are willing to discuss the taste of cum and whether it's in bad taste to spit it out. S/he claims today's women also know about santorum. S/he even says that straight men enjoying having their prostate gland massaged.

These topics weren't open to discussion when I was young. But Darlean associates progressive thinking with progressive behaviors in bed. S/he claims the Republicans are bad in bed because they haven't explored sexual taboos their parents unconsciously instilled in them.

S/he says that discussing these issues will help me see everybody as either sexually motivated or constrained. S/he insists that until I see most people today as sexually experimental and inquisitive, I won't be able to fully understand the paradox between my own two worlds.

I've had to thank my inner child for forcing me to go to a place in my head that I'd never explored before. Now, when I listen to people speak, whether on TV or social media, I ask myself how good I think they'd be in bed. When I hear viciousness and vitriol in their voice, I realize how backward they are sexually. I don't want to be around people who are bad in bed anymore. Been there. Done that.

Darlean also told me that when people say, “Suck it up,” there’s a sexual component to what they’re saying that I hadn’t considered. S/he also wants me to know that expelling santorum is natural and necessary. It doesn’t mean that you don’t love the other person. It just means that what goes in must come out, regardless of where it went in to begin with.

Unfortunately, most of my life I was in the unenviable position of having to please other queens in order to get what I wanted. But with queens, as soon as you think you've got a handicap, they sense it, and then you find yourself with the handicap you only thought they thought you have.

It was me or them. Somebody was going to have to lose, and I didn't realize it would always be me so long as I couldn't break through the secrets I was keeping from myself.

But you can't cajole yourself into telling yourself something you don't know about yourself. You have to earn your trust. You have to werk for it.

Why didn't those queens ever tell me that? Why didn't anyone tell me that you have to serve others fearlessly so that that part of you that's clammed up will magically open and reveal the pearls of wisdom about yourself that you're dying to see within you?

Serving others in order to serve a deeper part of myself took me a lifetime to figure out. That's what led me to marry myself. That's what later led me to conceive my inner child in consciousness through self-intimacy. And that's how I came to write this book about Darlean's teenage years.

It finally occurred to me that the story of Noah and the ark was about puberty. We're all instinctively instructed to build an ark [closet] late in childhood. We're all inspired to gather a sample representation of all the animal instincts in the world and gather them in our hull. And we're all forced to face the flood of hormones at puberty that leaves us feeling like we're on board a ship without a sail or a rudder.

I finally saw that the story of Moses having been placed in a basket [closet] by his mother and sent down the Nile without her was about early adulthood. We all found ourself repeating the nightmare of adolescence when we were sent out into the world to be on our own. We all screamed inside

for our mother to come and save us. And we all found ourself in some bullrushes somewhere where others retrieved us and led us into the world that they knew, so different from the world we'd grown up in.

Then I finally realized that the story of the Israelite escape from ancient Egypt in which they carried the Ten Commandments in the aron kodesh [Ark of the Covenant] was a spiritual journey we're all on. That, too, is described as a closet in Hebrew that the righteous come out of with a new sense of [T].

I came out of these three closets as well as the closet Harvey Milk told us to come out. But I needed an inner child guiding me to do so. There was no way I could know where I was going inside myself without a roadmap. I had to be led by a part of me that was innocent and pure. That couldn't happen without a view to children as the hope and future of humanity.

Everyone knows how cold and cruel kids can be. Until I experienced such intimacy with myself before GOD that HE gave me permission to figuratively impregnate myself to conceive my own inner child, I couldn't know what it meant to parent myself.

I couldn't know how hard it was for my parents to parent me until I obeyed the 5th Commandment – to honor my father and mother. GOD didn't ask me to love them. By honoring my parents, I was given the opportunity to conceive, raise and honor my inner child.

Darlean isn't just a miracle in my life. S/he's a sign from GOD that I've been blessed with permission to know myself. I've been blessed with permission to eat from my own tree of knowledge. That's what's turned the words of the serpent in my tree from wants [–] into desires [+]. My only urge now is to be of help to the world by promoting marriage equality and peace on Earth.

Wisdom 101

If I could teach a freshman class in wisdom, my first question would be, "What do you know about yourself by 40 that you didn't know when you were 20?"

The answer is that no one can answer that question until they're 40. Until then, if you're young and curious about what changes as you grow older, do market research. Take a survey. Ask people who are over 40 what they learned generally since they were 20.

Life should all be about inquiries when you're young. When you get old, you can pontificate to the young and look like a fool if you so choose. Until then, just ask good questions.

If you really want to learn about the meaning of life, get so intimate with yourself that you conceive an inner child who you can communicate with intimately. That'll welcome you to my world. I couldn't be the only one who's questioning why his inner child refuses to go to college.

Once you pass your class in "Wisdom 101," I recommend you enroll in "Love 101." Love is an amazing class in the school of life. If wisdom leads you down a well, deeper and deeper, love lifts you higher and higher. The view of love from a satellite can encompass half the globe!

Of course, if you want to learn about the other half, you need a second satellite. For that, you need to enrolled in "Loyalty 101." Loyalty to life requires constant vigilance day and night. It requires you to know what you can't see because you've experienced it before. Loyalty lives within you on the opposite side of love.

[1] Christians were once certain that the Jews had killed their God.

[2] Men were once certain that the Earth was flat.

[3] Straight people were once certain that gay people were perverts.

[4] Many Muslims are still certain that Israelis are evil.

Certainty is highly overrated. If you're certain there's LIFE after life, you'd better decide to behave in a way that will ensure you achieve it. I recommend applying the Ten Commandments to yourself and avoid telling other people how to live their life:

1. GOD took you out of an inner Egypt.
2. There is no other GOD other than HIM.
3. Do not utter any of HIS names vainly.
4. Keep all Sabbaths holy.
5. Honor, don't love, your parents.
6. Don't kill yourself literally or figuratively.
7. Don't cheat on yourself.
8. Don't steal your reputation out from under yourself.
9. Don't lie to yourself.
10. Don't covet what GOD didn't give you.

A Slut vis à vis a Whore

Darlean sat me down and told me that s/he wanted to talk to me about the facts of life. Of course, I rolled my eyes. Parents are supposed to tell their children about the facts of life, not the other way around. But s/he insisted.

Even though I'm a frustrated hippy who dropped too much acid, and Darlean is my teenage lovechild, I expected us to have a normal, family life together. I didn't want everything turned upside down and inside out. I thought we could hold on to some semblance of normalcy. But that's not what's happened.

Darlean insisted on lecturing me on the difference been a slut and a whore. S/he described it in a way I'd never considered before. S/he turned the words into acronyms.

A S.L.U.T., s/he said, is someone dedicated to Service, Loyalty, Upbringing and Talent. And a W.H.O.R.E. stands for Women Having Orgasms with Righteous Endings!

Darlean told me that s/he's both a S.L.U.T. and a W.H.O.R.E., and s/he hopes to grow up one day in a way that I'll be proud of her just the way s/he is.

Well, that wasn't exactly the conversation I expected my inner child to have with me about the facts of life. I get what it means to be a S.L.U.T. I think being of service is wonderful. I think loyalty is marvelous. I think my own upbringing was good enough. I think the way I've raised Darlean is superb. And I see myself as being extremely talented, especially in light of what little my parents were able to tell me about the figurative facts of life.

But what does it mean to be a W.H.O.R.E.? What does it mean to seek orgasms with righteous intentions? I've sought orgasms for pleasure. Why give them moral meaning?

Darlean had to explain to me what s/he's seeking from orgasms. I thought that was going to create a rift in our relationship. I found it very unpleasant broaching this topic with my inner child.

Apparently, Darlean thinks that although a lot women have dedicated themself to Service, Loyalty, the Upbringing of their children and the development of their Talents, that hasn't saved them from a lousy, love life.

Darlean thinks every woman is a W.H.O.R.E. who loves orgasm so much that s/he's willing to seek a righteous ending to each and every one of them. And because women can have multiple orgasms, one right after another, and a man can't, Darlean sees this as sign from GOD that making love is both an art and a science.

S/he said s/he's been blue – sad, regretful, disappointed and grieving – all her life. S/he wanted me to understand something that could be written down in black and white, it left me feeling colorblind to her [T]. S/he was sharing something about morality and orgasms that I hadn't thought of before.

According to Darlean, my father [y] probably became a disappointment to my mother in bed. From what Darlean [z] intuited about them, their sex life started out great when they were young. But when the novelty of sex wore off, he [y] got critical of her [z]. He [y] got judgy. He [y] started to ridicule her and nit-pick about the way she [z] looked and acted.

The toll from his [y] disappointment in her [z] eventually had an effect on her [z] that took a toll in the bedroom. Then it spread to my mother's physical and mental health. That, Darlean said, is why she decided she had to divorce him.

Darlean had seen something about my parents that I couldn't see. S/he saw them as sexual beings who became sexually incompatible over time. The sensuality of their relationship died. S/he saw their incompatibility as emanating out of the bedroom.

I didn't want to think about my parents having had sexual problems. It never occurred to me that their problems had been so intimate and personal. What they had fought about that they told me had only been the tip of a sexual iceberg.

Darlean says a woman [z] can accentuate her excitement in the bedroom if she's acknowledged for her contribution in the other rooms in the house. When a woman's [z] conscience goes from room to room to validate her other achievements in the relationship, she can create a list of things she does really well at the same time she's having sex.

Apparently, if you've got a partner who's really good in the kitchen and garage, for instance, while you're good in the dining room and living room, that can be a big turn on if you both acknowledge those rooms where you do your best work when the two of you meet nude in the bedroom.

After s/he has sex, Darlean told me s/he goes through her list of accomplishments to check off whether s/he's seeing improvements in other areas of her performance. That, s/he said, is the time for her to get to werk. No cigarettes after sex. No promises at New Years. S/he enjoys cuddling after the deed is done, but s/he doesn't let it interfere with her responsibilities in the other rooms in her house.

Each time is new for her. S/he avoids the bitterness and disappointment inherent in novelty. S/he seeks something new every day in some mysterious way. S/he lives life knowing that the TEACHER will enhance her curriculum in those ways HE chooses.

And that, Darlean said, were the figurative facts of life s/he wanted to impart to me.

Oh, one more thing! S/he added that s/he tells herself in detail whether her orgasms are getting better and what s/he wants to do the next time to improve on them. Apparently, s/he's not a show-and-tell kind of gal, but s/he's not willing to sacrifice her pleasures, either.

Divorce: Self-Separation Externalized

When Larry and I broke up, even though he was the one who'd been having the affair while he had AIDS, I was secretly ashamed of myself for having gotten into a relationship that ended like my parents'.

I told myself at the time that Larry should have been ashamed of lying and cheating on me. But I was secretly ashamed of a something I was withholding from myself that I couldn't articulate.

Darlean knew all about Larry and me from hearsay, even though s/he was born after we broke up. I'd revealed so much of my resentment to myself, not realizing that my inner child would be affected by my bitterness.

Larry had lied and cheated on me, but I'd lied and cheated on me, too. I'd done to me what Larry had done to me. And that was a twist that I hadn't been able to unravel in real time. That was an irony I couldn't fathom because I didn't know the difference between paradox and irony then.

It's ironic when you see something that others don't see about themself. It's paradoxical when you don't see things about the external world that differ from your internal world. It's especially revealing when you discover that the enmity of others mirrors an anger at yourself you weren't aware of.

My guilt ran parallel to Larry's, even though he should have felt guiltier than me, but didn't. Trying to make him feel guilty for how he'd betrayed me turned out to be a waste of time. He was done with our relationship; but he knew I wouldn't leave him unless he was unfaithful to me and could show me that he didn't care about how that made me feel. Not only did he have no intention of saying "I'm sorry." He couldn't even tell me our relationship was over. He forced me to say it for him!

Larry's behavior is no longer up for question. My behavior is all that I need to explore. This is the lesson from the TEACHER that I need to see as part of my curriculum.

This is something Darlean has helped me with. I couldn't have passed this class without her help. I now have hope that by focusing on my spiritual education, the TEACHER will change the curriculum of my enemies for each of them to look at themself as their primary problem.

Spending my precious time on how others are doing on their tests isn't going to improve my grades. I have to let other people go. I have to worry about my own grades, performance and the homewerk given to me.

I not only have homewerk every night, spot quizzes every day and tests that graduate me from one subject to another. I have a FINAL EXAM to consider.

I now spend a good deal of my day werking on all that while doing whatever else I'm doing. If I truly believe that Darlean is right and there is a GOD, then I must act accordingly by planning for LIFE after life through everything think, feel, believe and do.

Paradoxes Aren't Ironic

I've always secretly loved paradox. When I was a kid, I thought it was cool to appreciate absurdity, contradiction, enigmas and inanities. Now that I'm a senior citizen, I'm resigned to the importance of paradox. Don't ask me to explain.

OK. I'll explain:

I hate sports, but I love to play ball with Will. I also love to entertain the thought that refined people don't enjoy team sports, while the masses are stuck with competition through sports because they can't compete with themself.

Both are utter nonsense. Will loves team sports and sex. He's not at all competitive with others, while I profess to compete only with me.

I'm vain about my body. I'm conceited about my mind. And I constantly measure myself against those around me. When I meet someone who's handsome and evolved, I'm jealous of his container and envious of his contents. I want anything any man has that I think I might be missing.

There's a slave in me that yearns to be free. But there's also a shadow side of me that insists it must lay down in opposition to my own light. My shadow self shifts in size and contour. The outline of my inner shape keeps changing, like my shadow.

There's a side of me that finds me attractive and wishes to spend the rest of my life in my arms. But there's also an inner child in me who wants to spend her life with everyone other than me.

I forgive Darlean. S/he's only 18. S/he'll come full circle just as I did with my mother. I had to go out into the world to see it for what it is. I got a whiff of the unwashed public. My nose now knows that they smell to high HEAVEN. But that doesn't mean that I don't stink inside, too. We were all given a nose. It's just a question of where you stick it.

I’m a paradox walking on two feet. I’m an exclamation point that’s been hammered down into a question mark. I’m a very strange creature, indeed.

But none of this is ironic. It’s all paradoxical. Ironies are bitter. Paradoxes are sweet.

I've Got an Unusually Large Penis Figuratively Speaking

My hunger for better sensations is humongous. It protrudes into every area of my life. My thoughts are constantly being screwed over by my enormous lust for learning. Every time my urge for something stimulates me into getting poetically hard, my heart is the first to feel it. In fact, my feelings love to lubricate my desires [+] with passion, making me especially easily tempted by the things I want [–].

For this reason, I'm not exaggerating or lying to you when I complain that I have an unusually large penis, figuratively speaking. I love the seven deadly sins because I've turned them around to describe my hunger for me:

	External [–]	Internal [+]
1.	Pride	Self-loyalty
2.	Greed	Hunger for inner wealth
3.	Lust	Self-love
4.	Envy	Seeking my secrets
5.	Gluttony	Hunger for self-control
6.	Wrath	Anger at my errors of judgment
7.	Sloth	Keeping my inner Sabbath holy

Believe me, having a figuratively large penis is a curse, not a blessing! I wish my penis were as small as most men's! You'd think with a shlang the size of mine, I'd have succeeded in impregnating myself long ago. You wouldn't think I only conceived my inner child into consciousness in my late fifties, a time in life when no one hopes to become a parent.

The GOD'S honest truth [T] is that I never screwed anybody over. But I screwed myself over time and again. I was so messed up that I didn't know what I was doing to me as I did it. Bringing an inner child into my world was more

than an immaculate conception. It was a truly miraculous achievement in the modern age! It gave me a new reason to live, love and learn.

But I don't know why everything in my life has had to be timed so differently than for most other people. Why couldn't my penis just get hard literally, not figuratively? Why does it have to get so lubricated by my feelings that nothing stops it from moving up from there to screw with my thinking? No wonder I'm so stiff-necked.

Champagne problems, beer budget. I've had to earn my libations. Nobody could buy my drinks for me.

How to Right Like I Do

Nobody taught me how to right. I had to teach myself to right before I could put pen to paper. First of all, I had to imagine myself being an English teacher correcting the papers of all the "students" in my head.

There, in my noggin are all the voices enrolled in my creative writing course that don't yet know how to speak up, let alone write. I've had to teach them to talk before I could teach me to write about what's really going on inside of me. It would have been far too easy for me to say I was of two minds.

Some of my "students" I've had to humiliate. Some, I've only needed to encourage. But I've had to use trial and error to discover which technique werks best on each of them. And that's caused me a great deal of suffering you'll never see.

Now, I can see a lot more of what I say. Now, I can see how I come across to others because I've come so far out of my closets.

Becoming a writer is just that easy. It's really hard. Once you can evolve the voices inside you, you'll be free to speak to yourself in loud and speak up for yourself out loud.

That's how it came to pass that I was ready to write this book about my teenage, inner child – that big, buxom wench of mine who refuses to listen to me because s/he wants to do it all her own way.

S/he has no appreciation of the Service, Loyalty, Upbringing and Talent [S.L.U.T.] s/he's inherited from me. S/he thinks I'm crude and embarrassing. Adolescents! What an awkward age!

Sharing 101

The more you learn to ask for what you want instead of simply taking it – and that includes knowledge – the more you'll reap the rewards [blessings] of self-endurance. That just makes sense.

When you stop stealing self-knowledge from yourself, you open yourself up to the mystery you hold within you. You open yourself to the treasure you hold inside.

If you wouldn't trust another person who's disreputable, why would you trust yourself unless you've proved to yourself that you're reputable, estimable and admirable, too?

If you think you can cheat on your tax return as well as come to know yourself intimately, you're deluded. You'll pay for all the money you steal, whether or not you get away with the gelt.

Stealing knowledge is figuratively akin to castration. When you unceremoniously appropriate your own fruits to discover the secret inside them, you figuratively turn yourself into a eunuch. Just look around if you don't believe me. There are a lot of men out there who've lost their balls. And there are a lot of women with ovary issues.

What's even worse is when you sodomize yourself. When you use your power over yourself with malevolent intentions, you rape yourself of your own esteem and kindness. That's when you lose the knowledge you gained over the power you're seeking.

Some men claim that women entice them by dressing seductively. They complain that women have no right to dress that way. But what they don't see is how they tempt themself and then don't deliver. They scratch their balls without stroking their dick. They get themself all worked up and then don't finish the job. But instead of observing their own behavior in this way, they blame women instead.

I should feel bad [sad] for all those who've screwed me over, but I actually feel enraged about it. Darlean keeps

telling me to chill, that the problem is theirs, not mine. Why can't I listen to my own inner child? And why is it s/he thinks s/he knows so much more than me?

My father was a rage-a-holic. He never grew out of his terrible twos. You can go through puberty and get to adulthood literally while still remaining like a toddler within. Darlean intuited that about him.

S/he had to remind me that my rage is righteous, but his rage was righteous, too. He was a slave in a Nazi concentration camp. He had every reason to be enraged every day of his life – just not at me!

I'm the son of a slave. Darlean is the inner child of a descendent of slaves. When s/he takes one look at an African American, her heart breaks. S/he knows how they feel.

Once you can describe yourself as having two worlds, one within that's private and one you have to learn to share, you can teach other people to work together cooperatively toward mutual goals, provided everyone's desire [+] for self-knowledge is pure. The problem, therefore, is finding snakes and worms in this world who you can trust. For that I recommend you use your nose, not just your eyes and ears.

Life Isn't Anything Like Golf

Will loves to watch sports on the weekend. He's especially fond of golf. So, I've had many an opportunity to watch this game. Now, after great study of the sport, I can tell you, unequivocally, that the game of golf is nothing like life.

The whole point of golf is to get that little ball in the hole in as few strokes as possible. Life isn't like that. In life, you can take as many swings as you like. It doesn't matter what your score is. Life is so hard that it doesn't even matter how many time you have to hit the ball down the fairway, so long as you don't give up trying to reach the green.

Will tells me that golf is a very mental game. He says it's a game in which you're competing against yourself. He says you have to avoid the hazards – like water, sand traps, bunkers, buildings, trees, roughs, etc. But even the best golfers get stuck in them from time to time.

When I asked him whether you should avoid other golfers, he paused and said, no. He said it's very unlikely you'll hit another golfer. But you may hit a spectator. And apparently there's no penalty for that! [Just be sure it happens with the ball; that you don't club a guy.]

In life, you don't know what direction to go in once you leave the club house [your parent's home]. You may not even be able to tell the difference between the front and the back nine [early adulthood and middle age]. Sometimes, you don't even know when you're on the green [home turf], let alone where the hole is you're aiming for.

If you can come away from life with the feeling of succeeding in getting the ball [semen] in the hole even once in a while, no matter how many strokes it takes you to do so, feel enormously proud of yourself.

Life is much harder than it looks. And anyone who tells you otherwise has a handicap you don't want. So, keep your head screwed on tight, and don't pretend to be anyone else's

caddy. Carry your own bag from start to finish. Your baggage is your responsibility.

And join a club. You don't always have to give the impression that you're about to swing one.

Fruits From a Fruit

The power in the "forbidden" fruits of knowledge reveals both good and evil; just as the power in your tongue can express good or evil, depending on what you choose to say.

Allegorically, the fruits [testicles] from your tree of knowledge are located in your scrotum, just beneath your serpent [penis]. Out of the mouth of your serpent comes the juice [semen] from the fruits beneath them.

There isn't any better evidence I can give you that you're a tree of knowledge if you're male. If you're female, your fruits are located high up on the trunk of your tree. The bigger your fruits [whether they look more like melons, pears or olives] the more some men seem to think you're loving and soulful. If you're female, there's a worm in your wood where men sport a serpent.

Whether you're male or female, the life you create for yourself is based on your desires [+] not your wants [–]. Therefore, you're the personification of a combination of both good [+] and evil [–] regardless what you may happen to look like on the outside.

The mixture of what comes out of your mouth is no different than what comes out of a penis in orgasm. You're fruitful and deadly at both ends. You give to the world, and you sicken the world. It's all a question of how well you know how to recognize what you were given and what you do with it.

If you wish to increase the allotment of good over evil in your children, as I've accomplished with Darlean, you're going to have to teach them to give more than take, and love more than hate. You're going to have to teach them to love themself first, not last.

In fact, I'd go so far as to say, "Don't try to love others at all. Just love yourself. If you can even like other people, I think you're doing extremely well for yourself."

I honored my parents in the hopes that Darlean would someday honor me. I loved my parents too much. I had to learn to lower my emotions to just honor them. That said, I'm probably a hypocrite because I love Darlean more than anyone else in the world. I just hope s/he grows up to honor me. More I dare not ask for.

I'd add that you shouldn't use your genitals just to create life. Use them first and foremost figuratively to give of yourself through loving words and deeds. In this way, your penis will grow to an unbelievable, figurative length, and it'll surely get harder and harder over time.

But this figurative augmentation in size and firmness will create moral dilemmas, as well. You aren't always going to have something good to say to others. And since the truth withheld is a lie, you don't want to lie, no matter what. That said, the truth sincerely given might be hurtful.

This makes knowledge much less significant, and it makes wisdom much more significant. In an effort to do only good, you may need to search for a way to be honest [head], sincere [heart] and authentic [soul] rather than one or two out of three.

This moral dilemma is the rock between you and the hard place you may find yourself in at times. This is the source of the maddening ironies and paradoxes of life that we're all subjected to.

First and foremost, self-love should be vital to your wellbeing. You ought to forgive yourself for your trespasses as you attempt to better yourself day-by-day. Sadly, many people shirk their quest for ecstasy in the privacy of their bedroom in favor of simply looking good in public.

Don't ever compromise your sex life in order to look good. You'll only discover what ugly looks like from the inside out. Ugly goes right to the bone.

A master [z] concerns herself with depth, not with superficialities. She models what truly concerns her. This creates what's called a: persona. A persona is a combination

of good habits we rely on to communicate as authentically as we possibly can.

Most people prefer to remain on the surface of reality without trying to develop a meaningful persona. Like the surface of a mirror on which everything is a reflection of something else, their persona has no depth. It's just an image. It's a two-dimensional surface that only appears to be 3D.

It would behoove us all to figuratively go through the looking glass as did Alice. Look, instead, for the wonderland where appearances have been stripped away and reality looks as raw as it really is. [Just don't do so with drugs.]

The flower from the tree of knowledge is the appearance of reality. It's the beauty, fragrance and appeal of life when you're young, innocent and naïve. Only over time does the fruit emerge from the flower. Only over time does the fruit mature from green to ripe, and then turn soft before it rots.

That's why I told you at the beginning that Darlean isn't pretty. In my opinion s/he's beautiful. But I doubt s/he's going to rot over time, even if, like me, her skin sags and her hair gets thin and grey. S/he's an angel disclosed, a blessing from GOD only for me.

Because I Looked Back Like Lot's Wife, I Turned into a Pillar of Salt

The uncomfortable darkness I went through when people didn't like me was caused by my rejection of myself. It was a feeling too painful to endure. I could endure others' rejection of me. I just couldn't endure my own.

Lot's wife endured the rejection of her husband and daughters. But GOD turned her into a pillar of salt [wisdom] when she looked back on Sodom nostalgically.

Remember to also look back on your past with regret in now knowing what you did wrong. The value of wisdom petrified into rock serves no one.

It wasn't until I reached adulthood that I became so mentally unstable that I attempted suicide [three times!]. Only then did it become apparent to others that my opinion of me had been projected solely into my internal world. Only then did it become clear to psychiatrists that the only way I could express the voices within me was through conflict.

But when it was a question of talking about myself to myself, I was figuratively mute. Then I suddenly had nothing to say.

I couldn't yet conceive an inner child. Even though I'd physically passed puberty, spiritually I was still childish. I was all alone inside. I had no one I cared for inside and no one within me who cared for me. That drove me crazy until I wished to GOD that I could become the parent of a gifted, inner child. Only then did HE answer my prayer. [Most wishes are prayers addressed to the universe, rather than to the ONE who created the universe.]

It wasn't until I came of age – the age of a grandfather – that I could admit out loud that I was, at long last, the single parent of an inner child. It was only then that I strived to do for Darlean what my parents had strived to model for me.

Queens Make Fat Lives,
Trans Lives and Black Lives Matter

During the Civil War, it was the Jews in the North who freed the slaves by insisting that Torah must, in a new and significant way, be taken figuratively. Lincoln only removed their shackles. [Leviticus 25 told them how to treat slaves. They decided they didn't want slaves, period.]

Gloria Gaynor gave us the American rendition of Hatikva [Hope: The Israeli National Anthem]. And we've all danced with abandon to, "I Will Survive" ever since.

Obama didn't free the gays with marriage equality. The Jews freed the gays by declaring that Leviticus 18 and 20 were abominable, not gay people. When Harvey Milk told us to come out of our closet, we were instantly free to marry ourself. Until then, we were still stuck in "straight" jackets. Now we sport gay jackets, instead. If yours is down, you might be attracted to a guy whose inner jacket is leather. Will and I both prefer down. Don't tell anyone what they have to wear.

But I digress.

Gay Jews and modern, straight Jews are going to free women from the age-old shackles of straight men. We're going to do so by teaching Torah from our [z] side, not our [x] or [y] side. We're going to teach old, homophobic, orthodox Jews what Moses' autobiography was about figuratively speaking! That'll bring marriage equality to Israel. Everyone in the Middle East needs to learn the figurative facts of life.

If you exclude any fat, Black, trans or gay Jew, you'll exclude a part of you. Just be careful not to turn into a Jewish mother like me. You'll only have yourself to blame. If you ask Darlean, s/he'll tell you that s/he can't take me anywhere! I'm like a rabbi [y] on one side and a yenta [z] on the other. Flip me or turn me over. Heads or tails. Like the moon, I'm really dark on both sides.

Kings Have Dreams
Queens Have Visions

It's not enough anymore to have a dream. People will rip your dreams to shreds and replace them with their nightmares. If you're tall, dark, handsome and Black, they'll squeeze the breath out of you to remove your spirit. Such are the ways people slap one another across the face nowadays to make them bite their tongue. Some men think there's no sin greater than having been given a bigger penis by GOD.

Queens don't dream. Queens have visions. You can't fight a vision any more than you can fight four letter words like "love" and "werk."

If you want to live in a land of milk and honey, you're going to have to learn what it means to cherish milk [liquid love] and honey, that which is even sweeter: wisdom.

Every king will tell you his dreams. But every queen will tell you her visions. Go with her vision. Go with your [z] factor. Bet on women [z]. You'll never be sorry you did. You'll never be sorry you learned how to say you're sorry. Just be sure you apologize to the right person. That person may even be you.

How to Go Insane Without Driving Others Crazy

I wish I knew. I can't do it. Maybe I should try reading what I've written.

I've already stated that going insane is the result of not having anything good to say about rhetorical statements. So, use your imagination to expand your mind.

Darlean is constantly telling me things that aren't literally true that make a lot of sense. S/he doesn't lie, but s/he tests me to see if I'm listening.

I wear hearing aids, but not just because I have a problem hearing. But I also have a problem listening. When I make a conscious effort to pay attention to what Darlean says, I find that s/he's logical, rational reasonable and sensible in ways I'm not. S/he sends me on wild goose chases that lead to corners of my mind I never explored before. Thank GOD I've now got a roadmap with signposts that orient me to where my thoughts and feelings are taking me.

People who go insane can't tell you why their inner child won't go to college. You have to be sane to address rhetorical statements.

When you see yourself as like a seed [contents] in a shell [container], but the seed is growing even though the shell has stopped growing, you discover one of many paradoxes of inner world life.

When I find myself defending myself against an adversary who'll likely never hurt me, Darlean has taken me on a wild goose chase to spur me to tell her that I'll always protect her. My inner child needs reassurance that s/he'll be well held. This is one way s/he gets me to do so.

I'm like a visitor in a two-story library with my thoughts [head] written down in words in books on the upper floor while my feelings [heart] are shelved in symbols on the main floor.

There are also stacks in the basement that I used to think I was forbidden from visiting. The first level down offers books on detachment [navel]. There, I've learned to contemplate my navel to understand my relationship to women.

The next level down holds books on desire [genitals]. There I've learned how to meditate and manage my desires [+].

And at the third, lowest level, I keep books on paradox [a backbone that ends with a tail bone]: notions that make me stronger and leave me standing tall. These I discovered by cogitating on how my body was created by GOD to reveal my unique journey through HIS physical realm.

Next door to my library, there's an archive [soul] that's only open to librarians and staff. That's where Darlean got a summer job one year. There, my beliefs are collected and stored. There, my mind does research for articles and photos that don't always make sense to the inexperienced scholar who only seeks answers to what he thinks.

These different forms of knowledge may seem paradoxical to the immature mind. But with experience, a good student of life discovers that learning is a natural process that results in soulfulness over time.

Don't feel guilty about driving yourself nuts as you try to orient yourself to your library, stacks and archive. You're more than a good book sitting on a shelf waiting to be read. You're a fascinating a person who leads a complicated life. But you'll only care for others to the degree that you can care for yourself.

Before Darlean Could Ask Me Why

What I wanted all my life was the satisfaction of a desire [+] I couldn't consciously acknowledge. It was a sensation that was occurring below that level of the self we call: consciousness. What I wanted was an intimate relationship with me in which I could use my self-love to forgive me for my trespasses as well as motivate me to seek greater self-knowledge from all my affairs.

When I was in my twenties, it was hard to stop smoking, drinking, drugging, overeating and having anonymous sex because my cravings [–] masked a deeper desire [+] I couldn't yet address. The thoughts in my head and feelings in my heart had been twisted by religious taboos and social prohibitions.

I couldn't talk about why I was going through what I was going through without blaming others. I was only walking along the first three bands of my inner rainbow, red [rage], orange [angst] and yellow [fear]. The other four feelings were still in darkness within me.

Once I learned to experience the full range of the seven colors of the rainbow of hope that emanate out of my broken heart, I opened like a flower in the noonday sun. Then it was easy to see why my thinking had become obsessive instead of wise and my feelings had become compulsive instead of loving.

Now I have the ability to literally tell my penis to shut the fuck up when it insists on focusing on getting something that's not in my best interests. Cold showers aren't necessary when you can talk to yourself using a cold tone of voice.

In the Eastern sense of the word, I now understand the life force that produces the mud [rock and water] that generates the mind. Water [emotion] mixed with sand [thoughts] creates a spiritual sludge that every lotus needs to grow out of, if it's going to burst forth into the light.

My Mother

The world is prosaic. GOD is poetic. And your parents are just people like you and me.

My mother believed in me more than she believed in herself. She helped me through insanity and, in gratitude, I helped her grow spiritually for the rest of her life. If you've got someone who believes you can grow, you're half way there. Then, you only have to translate all that faith for you from others into faith in yourself.

Every thought and feeling that comes to my mind is a clue to a secret I wish to impart to Darlean. I want to show her that I believe in her the way my mother believed in me.

Now that Darlean is older, our relationship has evolved astoundingly. We're more like sisters [z], with me at almost 70 and Darlean over 17. I wasn't nearly as evolved when I was 60 and my mother was 90.

My relationship with my mother started out as mother and son. It only developed into a relationship between sisters once I'd fully come out of the closet and we could talk about our bad choices in men.

But when my mother was old, frail and suffered from dementia, our relationship changed yet again. I became like a mother [z] to her. Then, I had to watch as my precious child lost her struggle with sanity before she passed on.

I can't tell you how grateful I am for having had the privilege of having known my mother in these three figurative ways. It taught me the meaning of grief. I couldn't grieve as deeply as I now do for the world if our TEACHER hadn't given me the assignments HE did.

I've brought the color blue out of darkness and into a new LIGHT within me. The indigo mystery of life and violet ecstasy now reveal an ULTRAVIOLET Truth [T] I'd never seen before.

Learning to Read

Reading [judging] is fundamental. I had to figuratively learn how to read the handwriting on the Wailing Wall before I could right myself. I had to look at my history through new eyes.

Judging others is a piece of cake. Judging yourself is an acquired skill. You have to learn to be fair to yourself. You have to learn that your inner world is subjective [yin] while the world we share is objective [yang].

The secret to self-love is tenderness, not honesty. Honesty is highly overrated unless you can the truth in a tender tone of voice.

Darlean and I aren't always in a tender relationship. Like any inner mother/inner daughter, we lock horns from time to time. This was the cause of my depressions. This was the cause of the lightning bolts of fear that shattered the night sky within me during emotional storms.

It's the relationship between Darlean and me that brings out the rainbow that breaks through my clouds. If not for what we've got, I wouldn't know how to continue.

Vernon Cox Was My Best Friend

I met Vernon at a lecture put on by a Bay Area educational organization that brought inspirational speakers to public schools. He and I were on a three-person panel.

Vernon became the best friend I ever had. I knew him with an intimacy I haven't even been able to share with Will, the wonderful guy I've been blessed to have in my life for the past ten years.

Granted Vernon and I never slept together even though we were both gay. I did get to see his penis once when he needed help going to the bathroom. It was simply gorgeous! I'll never forget what it looked like. But we weren't sexual with one another. I was in a monogamous relationship with Larry at the time. Frankly, apart from Vernon's penis, he really wasn't my type physically.

The reason Vernon had been invited to speak on that panel was that he had had polio as a child. He was quadriplegic since the age of eight. His whole life had been spent in a wheelchair. When I met him, he must have been about 60 years old. As I said, I've always been attracted to older men.

Vernon and I were seemingly opposites from the start. He was gay, Black, and quadriplegic. I'm gay, Jewish and mentally challenged. He was a community social worker. I was a dancer and teacher. We shared something in common that transcended our abilities and disabilities. We were sisters [z] who crossed paths coming from opposite directions, drawn together in a most unusual way.

Vernon needed a fulltime assistant to care for him. So, he hired handsome, young men who I assume cared for his sexual needs, as well. I never asked. But those young men always seemed to start out green and ripen into incredible human beings in short order.

Being with Vernon was a magical experience, just as it is for me being with me. So, you can well imagine that our

friendship reached the heights of a mythological union. We were engaged like Greek gods in olden days.

His assistant chauffeured Vernon in his modified van. There was room in the front seat for a passenger. Vernon sat in the back facing front, so he could direct. He was nothing if not forceful and direct.

On one occasion, the three of us went out to a restaurant for lunch. Vernon liked to be at the front of the parade, so to speak, so he always drove his wheelchair ahead of us since it wasn't usually feasible for the three of us to go side by side inside buildings or on city streets.

He could drive his electric wheelchair with one finger. He used a pointer modified as a mouthpiece to operate his computer. But apart from his very expressive facial gestures, he didn't have control over his body.

He reached the maître d' before us and asked for a table for three. But when his assistant and I caught up with him, the maître d' replied to me that he only had a booth to offer us.

Well, Vernon exploded! He was only about 5' tall [I suppose]. I just want to impress upon you that he wasn't a White stereotype of a big Black man with an intimidating agenda.

Vernon was intimidating because, from his raspy, little voice combined with his black, flashing eyes, he held a grip on people that was like a tractor beam in a sci-fi movie. He could draw you toward him whether you wanted to go his way, or not. Nothing stopped him, and there was nothing you could do to stop yourself if he focused his attention on you.

The maître d' wasn't prepared for what hit him. Vernon read him the riot act about replying to the person who's speaking to you, not to other people in the party. He made it painfully clear to that young man that he, Vernon, might look disabled, but he didn't behave like a cripple. And he certainly wasn't going to let anyone treat him like one.

I don't know where that young man is today. But I do know for a fact that if he's alive, he's not young any more. This happened more than 30 years ago. And I can also say with some certainty that he's wiser for having met my friend Vernon.

Vernon lived to the age of 72. That, I was told, was most unusual for a quadriplegic. Apparently, they usually die much younger. I don't know why.

He lived in a residence community in Mill Valley built especially for people in wheelchairs. He dedicated his life to helping the disabled. And he practically willed that residence facility into existence with the power of persuasion. He was renown in the Bay Area as one of the great movers and shakers of his time.

Sadly, one night a fire was ignited by the heater in his apartment. His assistants went home at night, only to return early the next morning. So, Vernon had no way of protecting himself or getting out. He succumbed to smoke inhalation a few days later.

Vernon had lived life like a fire. He set the world on fire. He was a flame that burned incredibly bright. It was [7] smoke that did him in, not the [1] illumination, [2] warmth, [3] burn, [4] mystery, [5] sound or [6] smell of the fire he personified with his incredible strength of being. As I said, Vernon Cox was my best friend.

A Man Who'd Adore Me

I suppose I could always keep an eye out for another man who might adore me more than Will does. But believe me, Darlean would have a lot of trouble with that. S/he may be a teenager, but s/he's deeply loyal to those s/he loves and who love me.

What makes Will so satisfactory a partner for life is that he's not jealous of me adoring myself. He's actually cool with it. The fact that we have my inner child living with us doesn't perturb him in the least.

Will and I didn't want to recreate a Hollywood romance. We didn't pursue loving each other. We've always said that we're in a like affair. Sadly, I find it hard to like people.

I think it's so much easier loving others because there's so much talk of love in today's world. But after ten years living together, I have to admit I love Will. I don't just like him more than anyone else on Earth. He's my match made in HEAVEN. I couldn't be more thankful to him, appreciative of myself or more grateful to GOD.

Our New Kitchen

Will is an enigma to me. He's so different from who I am that he fascinates me. He's like the mystery of a flame. He's a spark of delight. He's the embodiment of everything I'm not and never will be.

He loves the [T], cooking, reading about the real world, fixing, constructing and telling people what he knows informationally. He also loves participating with people passively. Therefore, he stays current when it comes to social media, entertainment and the arts.

He's not interested in making a name for himself. He couldn't care less about learning who he is. He knows who he is. That topic doesn't interest him. What interests him is investigating the world we share. He can't seem to get enough of reality. He's entirely externally oriented in the healthiest of ways.

He's also quiet. He prefers to listen rather than talk. But he's a very good listener. If you ask him what he heard someone say, he'll tell you with the tact and diplomacy you'd expect from an ambassador, not a guy who started out flipping burgers and then made his way up the ladder to fast food manager.

He's now the secretary of a Catholic church. When I met him, he was 45 and I was 57. Within the first two weeks of our meeting and a few short months of having moved to San Francisco, he decided to convert to Catholicism. It wasn't me who drove him to GOD. I think I just rubbed up against him in a way that lit a fire in him that he'd never experienced before.

I don't have to tell you that there aren't a lot of gay men who are converting to Catholicism these days. And I can't tell you why he did. As I said, he's an enigma. Even if he knew, he probably wouldn't say. I just know after going to church with him for 10 years that there's something magical

I bring to church with me that gets fanned like a flame during Mass.

Will moved in with me about six months after we met. We're living in the apartment I bought with the money I got when Larry and I split up. I moved into that apartment seven years before Will moved in.

Now you may think I'm a good writer. [I know I do.] But I used to think I was a good interior decorator, too. [I wasn't.] The only interior I've been successful at decorating has been the one inside me. But before I could do that, I had to figuratively become a contractor to remake my place. It was truly in ruins.

But I digress.

Because Will is so tactful, he's never tried to remake me or redecorate my inner abode. We've learned to live with one another just as we are. I don't want to repeat the mistakes I made with Larry.

Will has transformed me and our apartment in ten years. I'd say he's befriended Darlean. If our place is any reflection of how he's had a good influence on me, I can honestly say that I live in a palace compared to where I resided before. My inner world is simply stunning!

But when it comes to our kitchen, the heart of our house, he had to redo more than the rest of our place. The tools, the drawers, shelves, crockery, cutlery… You name it. It all had to be replaced. He traded everything out with items worthy of a professional chef working in a commercial kitchen. Julia Childs would have been content to cook in the kitchen we have. [I had to do the same with the kitchen within me.]

The interior decorating of me that Darlean has done parallels the changes Will has made around me. Both of them have made for a happy home. Quixotically, my heart is at peace now that Will has remodeled my kitchen and Darlean has remodeled my closets.

The Seesaw

We're all on seesaws with other people. But I never liked being in the up position. I prefer to have my feet firmly planted on the ground. I want to give others the thrill of being high overhead.

Although being engaged with others is like being on a seesaw, I can't just sit there in a crouching position without going up and down from time to time. I've had to learn to have some fun.

If you can't fully engage with people on the seesaw of life, you may not enjoy the other rides at the playground. You may not learn about life through your interactions with others in meaningful, fun-loving ways.

The more I got used to the idea of being on a seesaw with everyone, the more I started to enjoy the thrill of being in the up position with my feet dangling beneath me. Then, I began to enjoy the fantastic views I got up there of the school grounds where kids can run around wild.

The more I got to be in the up position, the more I felt connected to humanity – until I discovered that there are some kids who take glee in sharing a seesaw with you only to jump off at the bottom so they can watch you come crashing down.

In all fairness, not everyone does that intentionally. I'd say that most of the people in my life didn't have a clue how they caused me to crash, and then burn with rage inside at their behavior.

When Larry was having a secret affair with his previous boyfriend and then refused to apologize for it in the hopes that I'd leave him, it was like he got off our seesaw while he was crouching down and I was high over his head. And because I was raised to bite my tongue rather than talk back to anyone – beginning with my parents – I couldn't describe what I went through at the time.

Because I felt more and more isolated by tumbles from the seesaw of social engagements with others, I didn't realize that many people are as oblivious to what they're being put through as I was. There are those kids on the playground of life who just want to make trouble.

Some blame the victim for going too high and being too trusting. Others more aptly blame the perpetrator for getting off the seesaw when he does. What there isn't enough of a discussion of is what's going on from a distant, third-person perspective.

Once people are taught how to play safely on seesaws, I believe they're going to be a lot more careful about how they play so that nobody gets hurt.

Now, when people try to play this trick on me, I can see what they're doing in real time, and I can prepare my feet to catch me as I land. When witnesses turn a blind eye to what happened, I can see that in real time, too.

Ironically, I now have less reason to be afraid of the playground of life than I did when I was little kid. People like me are telling the truth about the games some people play.

My Obsession with Mortality

In my opinion, most people are obsessed with not thinking about their mortality. I'm just the opposite. I can't stop thinking about it. I'm sure three suicide attempts have a lot to do with that.

I traumatized me. My life was a post-traumatic stress test that caused me to worry about death at every turn. But paradoxically, that turned out to be good for me.

Do you wake up, like me, grateful to be alive every morning? Do you cherish your partner for sharing his life with you? Do you see life as a school with a TEACHER who loves you?

Being obsessed with death can turn into a virtue, if you ask me. I'm looking forward to being dead in the hopes that I'll be able to view my life as would a sculptor with his masterpiece when he stands back to see what he carved.

I love the idea that life is like a school that I'll someday graduate. I'd love to get a good look at my grades in the TEACHER'S roll book and would like to discuss my options for my future after life with a Counselor, in the hopes my transcript will be good enough to get into another great academy of wisdom, love and loyalty after I graduate here. I like learning – especially since I've discovered that I am my major. I love studying me.

C.U.N.T.
Charisma, Uniqueness, Nerve and Talent [7]

I was born with Charisma. I have Uniqueness. I'm developing Talent. But that doesn't explain why I've felt so C.U.T. down and C.U.T. out. What I lacked was Nerve.

I'd walk into my kitchen and think about sex. I'd walk into my bedroom and get hungry. I'd sit in my living room writing, as though in the bathroom looking at myself with the magnified side of a vanity mirror. And I'd sit on the toilet pontificating as though a king on a throne.

When it came to nerve, I didn't know the first thing about how to behave in public because I couldn't even spend time alone in my own apartment without embarrassing myself. I was just as lost at home as I was out in the world.

People like me never grow up. We only learn how to behave better with ourself. The older we get, the more our inner child takes over. We get childlike. I'm not childish anymore.

In that sense, I now need Darlean as much as s/he needs me. By reading about everyday people on her phone, s/he learns to see through them. S/he can tell just how human people are. S/he can see if they just don't know how to embrace their own C.U.N.T. – Charisma, Uniqueness, Nerve and Talent.

The professionals on TV can all do that. They have the nerve I'm missing that Darlean can observe and talk about. They have the ability to express their self-love through their interactions with others. They aren't phony hypocrites, at least not in front of the camera. I now see myself I'm in front of a camera at all times. Adonai is my Cameraman. ELOHIM is my PRODUCER. My life is a movie. I'm the scriptwriter and the star.

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[7] With great gratitude to RuPaul's Drag Race where I was introduced to this acronym.

Now that Darlean is almost emancipated, s/he's become much more helpful in my pursuit of happiness. Not only can s/he sympathize with all that I've been through in a way that s/he couldn't when s/he was a kid. Now s/he can help out by doing things that I can't do well. S/he has a mysterious gift for spiritual [T] that I'll never understand. S/he can get under my hood, so to speak, and tinker with my engine to improve my timing and get me better mileage. I don't know how s/he does it. But having her in my life has become a blessing.

A.N.U.S.
Ability, Nature, Uniqueness and Sympathy

I know I have a great Ability to help Darlean grow up to become a citizen of the world. I know now that it isn't my Nature to be a professional performer on stage. I know I'm not Unique. But what tripped me up for so many years was that I had too little or too much Sympathy for others.

Because of having suffered with severe, mental illness, exacerbated by siblings who are criminally insane, my heart turned out as hard and black as obsidian, a jet-black glass created by lava that explodes out of volcanos. [Obsidian is actually not very hard. It just looks it.

I watch the evening news daily, but when I can't feel for all the people suffering out there, I feel guilty about it. It's only when I realize how little I care about what's happening to some that I begin to question my own ability to feel for me. This is an awakening I've been through many times.

By contrast, Darlean is a very sympathetic person. S/he cares deeply about the wellbeing of everyone. And this is something I admire about her. S/he's just not as level-headed as me.

If you were to meet us, you'd understand why others are such enigmas. Their inner child is quite unlike them, but they don't usually confer with each other about their similarities and differences.

I may have been conditioned to bite my tongue, which may have led me to inadvertently give up on myself. I may have been trained to earn a living, so I could literally nail my diplomas on walls. But I wasn't taught how to figuratively place trophies on the mantle in my heart.

I've learned so much from my teenage, inner daughter who believes in GOD much more than I do. When I seek justice from fools, s/he just tells me to leave 'em in the gutter where Jesus flung 'em. So wise!

If you're a politician who wants people's vote, you're going to have to teach them how to vote for themself before they'll vote out the criminally insane representatives they put in office to steal money and political power previously.

Darlean is right. S/he doesn't need a college education right now. S/he doesn't need a trophy diploma to show off how smart s/he is. S/he's filled my heart with many trophies. S/he could teach professors, chancellors, deans, and presidents a few things they don't yet know about themselves!

I think s/he's amazing! I can't believe s/he came out of my loins.

Testing Your Parents

My mother didn't say a word about my complexion all through my teenage years when my face took on the look of a pizza, it was so full of pimples. She hated her own face, and I inherited her opinion of her face. It wasn't until I attempted suicide in early adulthood that she realized it was her duty to face the fact that her child needed serious help getting through a difficult time of his life, even if he was a fully grown adult.

I wanted to be agreeable with my mother, but agreeing with her opinion of her face was wrong. You don't have to agree with your parents cockeyed opinions or do exactly what they tell you if it conflicts with how you see yourself. Don't even feel bad if you don't want go to college after high school. If your parents are desperate for you to fulfill their dreams, they deserve the nightmare you're giving them.

That said, my mother raised my father's two children and a niece of his who survived the War. Then she raised two children of her own. And when I was fully grown and got very sick, she was there for me again.

If you don't have children, don't make any! Avoid the problems that come with kids. Conceive an inner child and deal with your syndromes instead of the problems that come with kids.

Follow your vision. You'll never regret it. You're an apple. Measure how far you've rolled away from your parents' trees so that you don't deny the distance you've gone from the grove you came from. Life is harder than it looks. And that's true for everybody, including parents.

Whether you feel more like your mom or dad may depend on your sexuality. I know that I don't have an Oedipus Rex complex. I don't want to kill my father and marry my mother. I have absolutely no interest in having sex with my mother.

But my father is another story. As an Oedipus Gay [not Rex] I was always curious about my father. I didn't know about that until Darlean told me. And I certainly didn't hear about it from her until s/he reached her adolescent years.

You can't blame teenagers. Nobody tells them anything about sex. They think about it all the time, but they're guilt-ridden, just like everyone else. They do things behind your back to be secretive.

I didn't tell anyone about the first time I had sex with a man at the age of 18. But I broke my foot the next day in a ballet class. For me, that was the equivalent of Darlean having broken her hymen. It wasn't until years later that I realized how I felt about the trauma of doing "it" with another human being for the first time.

It's not like I'd like to kill my mother and marry my father. My parents divorced. I didn't need to get my mother out of the way. She wanted nothing to do with him once they were living under different roofs.

I admire women. My inner child is going to become a fully emancipated woman very soon. I got killing out of my system when I stopped trying to kill myself and devote my life to her. I'm not a misogynist who hates the [z] in me any longer. Raising an inner daughter rather than an inner son has been an amazing experience. I feel more female [z] than male [y] in many ways. I look like an old man on the outside, but I feel like a girl of 18 within. How could I not cozy up to women?

I was a social misfit. I was too nice. I thought I was just dimwitted like any other idiot/savant. Others agreed among themselves that I was certifiably insane. Being too nice is just as punitive as not being nice enough. The two just manifest themselves outwardly differently.

For years, I stayed in my head not to crowd out my mother who tried, unsuccessfully, my whole life to teach me about matters of the heart. My mother lived rent free in my heart when she was alive. Now that she's dead, her spirit

wanders the halls of my heart still doing her best to inspire me. My mother didn't ghost me when she died. If anything, her spirit has become more alive in me since she passed away.

I didn't have to test my parents any longer after they were dead. My father's love of Israel has opened my heart to all seven of the world's faiths. My mother's love of gays has opened my heart to all the love inside of me.

I credit my parents with the inspiration I got that conceived my inner child, Darlean. They never met her, but they would have loved her as the granddaughter I never literally gave them. They would have been so proud of us both.

Self-Conception

Giving birth to my inner child and nourishing her in my heart with food-for-thought began with the intimacy achieved between the threesome: me, myself and I. The unification of these pronouns figuratively conceived Darlean. This level of self-intimacy was so profound that it was figuratively fruitful.

But leading my inner child through infancy, childhood and adolescence while trying not to control her made my quest for a virtuous life a reality that had been previously difficult to achieve.

When I die, I expect my inner child to outlive me by slipping out of my body as though sliding down a vaginal tube. And then, the fruit of my greatest labor in life will be fully actualized.

All the people and things you'll leave behind when you die will be useless to your future after life. All that will matter on your deathbed will be that your inner child continues to live. As Darlean bursts forth from within me, LIFE after life will be her reward, not mine. S/he'll receive what I've earned. S/he'll be my sacrifice and contribution to GOD'S plan.

You don't have to die to let out the voice of your inner child. Darlean isn't mean. Granted, s/he's stuck with my fat-phobia. But at least s/he realizes s/he's inherited this can of worms from me. S/he knows s/he'd never hurt anyone because of the prejudices I gleaned from my mother. That's what it means for humanity to spiritually progress.

We're all programmed by experiences early in life that have led our operating system to respond in ways we can't change. But we have the natural intelligence to cut through our own crap. Having conceived an inner child helps me help myself in little ways. Believing in the Tutor the TEACHER gave me helps me help myself in big ways. I need both.

It's become much harder for me to tell others what they should do, something I had no difficulty doing in the past. Becoming a parent has humbled me. There are no easy answers.

Who am I to tell anyone how to live their life? Who am I to even tell them not to hate me? Go ahead! Hate me. Watch what that does to you. You'll be chagrinned by your own feelings, especially your rage. The way through your angst and fear lies within. Give up your jealous of the containers GOD gave others and your envy at contents you haven't yet earned.

I feel the hate on my left and my right. That's why I changed my political party from Democrat to Independent. I try to stay as close to the center of the political spectrum as I can.

When I was a teenager, but very much a child who thought himself mature beyond his years, I had an 80-year-old Jewish girlfriend. When I was 14, 80 was like well over a 120 today. She and I met at my father's, third wife's, jewelry store on 47th Street in New York City when I was flown in for visits every summer after summer school ended.

Mrs. Kossow was a very wise, old, New York, Jewish woman. She dressed impeccably, had a sharp sense of humor and smoked like a chimney – making her the quintessential New York, Jewish stereotype of the 1960s. I just didn't know that at the time. I thought she was cool!

When I was in her company, I felt like Johnny Carson. She was like an entertaining guest on my show who I interviewed for all the world to see. I couldn't ask her too many questions. She loved my attention, and I loved her answers.

Mrs. Kassow had an apartment on the Upper East Side that could have been in an architectural digest. It sobbed with quintessentially urbane, New York style. Her carpets were jet black. She had her housekeeper vacuum them daily.

There wasn't a spot on them. [And it didn't look like Mrs. Kassow swept anything under her rugs, either.]

She told me something when I was about 16 that I've remembered to this day. She confided in me that many young people seek her advice. She added that she always knows just what they should do to solve their problems. And she said she wasn't afraid to tell them what they should go out and change about their circumstances.

But I'll never forget the look in her eyes when she leaned forward and said to me in in her husky voice, "But they don't have the strength to hear me."

I probably should have realized that Mrs. Kossow was telling me that because she could see right through me. She knew I was gay. But I couldn't hear her, either. At 16, I was too arrogant and too emotionally fragile to be able to face the [T] about myself. So, she very gently told me about others' challenges instead.

Now I have Darlean to help me help myself. I don't need to consult others to make peace within. I can maintain my privacy and change my mind.

If you're emotionally immature, you're blind to some aspects of the body language others can see. You're deaf to some of the nuances of speech others can hear. You can't yet talk about what's going on inside you. You bite your tongue at the very thought of having to say what's really on your mind. Your mind goes blank when topics of spiritual importance to you end up on the table.

GOD has a plan for every man. But HE allows that plan to move you like skates on an ice rink when you're young. You can slip and slide every which way until you learn how to move gracefully through the frozen feeling in you.

What you do today will determine your tomorrow. GOD'S curriculum for you will never change. You'll never end up becoming someone else. But HIS methods of getting you where HE wants you to go will change as you change.

It's up to you to discover from your schedule of classes what your major is and what classes you're enrolled in today.

You can use the Tutor the TEACHER gave you, or you can do what you need to do all on your own. It doesn't matter in the least. You won't hurt GOD'S feelings if you don't use HIS Guides. You'll only hurt HIS feelings if you hurt yourself. Your feelings will suffer if you hurt other people's feelings. That's because you're a person, too. Your compassion can't be turned off. It can only be deflected.

This book is my diary. I wrote it for Darlean. I want her to know who I am and how I feel about her, long before s/he becomes the fine woman I anticipate s/he'll be.

Moses wrote his autobiography called Torah. It's not his diary. It doesn't describe his inner world, only the world around him. He was the author and main character of his story. You may not have read Torah, but if you did, you didn't realize it's also an allegory which reveals his inner world.

Moses was trying to tell us, without being crude, that our serpent or worm is going to conspire with our feelings to overcome the tyranny of our mind. Only our conscience will be able to thwart their plans.

He used the evidence he had in the world around him to make his point. He described synchro-mysticism as miracles. He started out in Genesis describing the GOD of us all. And in Exodus, he described his encounter with the God within him.

Nobody understood the message of Moses better than Jesus, a Jew who lived 1,400 years later who added to the main metaphor of Moses with a symbolism of His own. He told His friends not to eat themselves up over guilt [forbidden fruit]. He told them to consume Him symbolically instead.

You, too, are a Moses on a journey to a promised land and a child of GOD who's going through a struggle with GOD of your own.

Even though you may know exactly where you're at, you may not know how to get from where you are to where you need to be if you don't learn to ask for what you want. Nobody knows that better than your inner child. Darlean is constantly asking me "Why?" But that's because s/he already knows the words "please" and "thank you."

Odiferous fragrances and disgusting smells are the only figurative evidence we have that there's a reason for our being and plan in our can. I suggest you rely on your nose, since it's probably obvious to some that you may be as blind, deaf and dumb as I was.

Even if you're not compromised, admit that your vision could always use improving. Nightmares, fantasies and dream will lead you to visions. Your vision of a better tomorrow is paramount in getting you where you wish to go.

Who I was by the time I was 20 was a young, gay man who was about to conquer the ballet world! He was handsome. He was smart. He was bold.

He'd learned foreign languages and was living thousands of miles from home on the opposite side of the globe. He was filled with potential and strength. And he was doing what he was doing all by himself.

But when I looked back at that 20-year-old lad at the age of 40, I had to say to myself, "You had no idea what was coming next, did you?

At the age of almost 70, I now tell Darlean that I'm a miracle still in the making. I tell her, "You're an amazing example of what you're doing with challenges you don't ask for but handle beautifully, and with a good deal of goodwill."

Who I was at 40 and how I dealt with that 20-year-old, young man in retrospect is inspiring. I lost my mind, but I created miracles while looking for it by finding so much more inside me.

Now, I can look back on who I was at 20 and 40, and I can see that I'm a combination of seven inner forces. I was in a relationship with "me" and "myself" that "I" used to conceive an inner child. Only now can I see myself as an inner parent with an inner child who's imaginative, creative and blessed by GOD.

Although it's true that when you have no sense of self, you have no self-esteem issues – you wouldn't want to give up the possibility of thinking outstanding thoughts about yourself for how you've helped others.

I'm not the only one in this world who suffers from fat-phobia. The only difference between me now and before is that Darlean reminds me that I'm the one with the problem. And isn't that just what you'd expect from a precocious teenager living under your roof?

If you conceive an inner child into consciousness, you'll be able to give up the projections of your love onto others. You'll see how you've used projection like a window out onto the world, a window that was really a two-way mirror. Sometimes you look out. Sometimes you look in.

How you wish to conceive and raise that inner child is your decision. I'm sure there are techniques your parents used in raising you that you'll wish to repeat. But there may also be techniques they used that may inhibit you from raising your inner child any better than they raised you. Welcome to the world of parenting. No one ever said it's easy.

Body Shaming

Nobody shames my body like I do. You have no idea how I had to humiliate my penis because of what it was attracted to. You can't imagine how I hated my legs for not being able to make my ballet dream come true.

And my face – if you could see what I saw when I looked in the mirror, you'd discover what body shaming means to a queen like me. I couldn't face my own pock-marked face!

I even hated my bubble butt, until I lost it in middle age. Now those cheeks are flat. I find that so uninteresting. There's no way to win with me…

The Truth Is Offered on a Sliding Fee Scale

Most people are forbidden fruit that they let languish on a limb. They don't pick themself. They let themself figuratively hang from their stem [navel], precariously swinging in the wind. Even though they're no longer literally attached to their mother, they're not yet like a seed that's grown into a tree, fruiting with life while growing in this garden. They feel more like a fruit separated from its twig, rotting on the ground, alone and misunderstood.

Billionaires get easily spoiled over time. Parts of themself turn black because they're so blue. They rot morally. Them they hire lawyers to cut those parts out. But you can see that they're figuratively inedible, even though they try to come across juicy and ripened.

Be careful! Some parts of you may be wooden, mushy and morally undesirable, too. Nibble at yourself to see whether you like you. Don't gobble yourself up with big bites. Savor yourself. If you're past your prime, you could still be made into a smoothy or soup.

Because people secretly know more than they think about themself, they don't dare look past their peel and their meat to their core. They pick others to nibble on instead. But for some, the fruits of all trees seem forever forbidden.

When they become sour or bitter, they don't understand why. And when the fruits of their labors don't materialize, they don't consider that maybe they should go back to basics by tilling their inner garden.

What may motivate most people is their ego, not their inner child. They may be alone and in bad company inside. The last person they'd enjoy intimacy with is themself.

We ought to pick ourself first. Only then can we learn to pick others wisely. We all need to balance the world within us with the world we share.

We all come from a woman [z] and a man [x or y]. The scar on our belly is a reminder that it's like the stem of a fruit

that's been separated from a twig of a tree. We all come from the juice of the fruit of a tree of knowledge [y] that was infused in a tree of life [z]. That's just one of the myriad figurative facts of life.

We were all nurtured from the juice [milk] of the fruits of that tree [z] until we were weaned onto solid food to become rooted in reality our own way.

If you don't think about life in this way, you'll never marry yourself and bear an inner child. You'll project the concept of being a bastard onto every person who upsets you. You'll never realize that it's been the ego in your anus [prostate gland or skene gland] that's been in charge of you all along. You've been behaving like an asshole.

That's what it means to have had your head up your ass. What do you expect to find up there inside of you? The secret inside yourself can't be accessed that way. That's ass backward!

Sit up straight even if you're gay. Make something of yourself. Use the head on your shoulders in conjunction with the heart and soul in your chest to come from the conscience in your breastplate.

You're not going to be enrolled in this school forever. Go home each night and do your homewerk. Come to class the next day prepared. Make your Tutor proud!

Don't Do to You
That Which You Find Abhorrent in Others

Most people seem to think life should be fun, romantic and care free. And when it doesn't turn out that way, they think they've been cheated out of something they were promised.

The other conclusion they come to is that money, sex and food will make up for it. They may even think that drugs [solid spirits] and alcohol [liquid spirits] will give them what money, sex and food don't offer.

They don't realize that what they're missing in their diet is food-for-thought. If they could think more deeply about what they think about, they'd find that their mind flows naturally to thoughts that are intended to make them question themself. That's a good thing!

You weren't put here to go through life unquestioningly. If you don't ask yourself good questions, life is going to smack you upside the head until you wake up. You have to ask yourself tough questions.

Darlean faced taboos set in place by my mother and father that I scorned the first seven years of my life. S/he had to make friends of the silly child I once was. He wasn't good company for her. He wasn't a well-brought-up companion.

Once Darlean was miraculously born into consciousness, I experienced the difference between the child I'd once been and the inner child I was now responsible for. Darlean was so much more precocious than I'd been. S/he had gifts I never imagined could come out of me. I'm nothing like I was when I was a child when I compare myself to my inner child.

It's as if s/he and I speak different languages, which is ironic, since my parents' mother tongues [Yiddish and German] were different from mine. [They communicated fine in German after the War with one another until they came to this country and started speaking to one another in English. Then all hell broke loose.]

English holds a magical mystery from GOD that Hebrew and Arabic can't match. English is written in the opposite direction. Hebrew and Arabic speakers go left. We go right. But even more important than that, we've been given capital letters to separate us from GOD, a necessity HE couldn't explain any other way to our religious ancestors.

English is an ancient fusion of German and French inextricably intertwined after the Norman Conquest. This blended Catholicism with Protestantism to produce a fluidity in Christianity not linguistically found elsewhere.

The best question Darlean has learned to ask me is, "Why?" If you're curious to know why this world looks as it does and you behave as you do, ask yourself, "Why?" Eventually, you'll be asking your Tutor "Why?" too.

Some people just don't want to turn their life into a mission that applies discipline to every area of their being. They think exceptions to the rule, self-indulgences and relaxation are what's most important about a life well lived. And so, they die almost as numb as when they were born. They come and go screaming about something they can't put into words. And in between, they yell at one another.

The little bit of external knowledge you've amassed won't fill you with self-esteem. Your external knowledge only suggests how much more you need to know about yourself.

Now that Darlean has explained that to me, I understand why I needed to become a ballet dancer before I went to college to become a teacher. I understand why I needed to learn about others before I learned about me. Now, I even understand why Darlean doesn't want to go directly from high school to a higher education. S/he wants to to feel what it's like on the road of life without being told what to do.

Why Toilet Paper Makes Me Anxious

I needed to learn about the masculine [y] and feminine [z] sides of myself before I could make wiser choices. But I didn't want to have to give credit to my mother [z] for having determined so much of my nurture, not just my nature.

Fully half of what's inside me comes from a woman [z]. Most of us can recall our relationship with our mother back to early childhood. Our father was absent with good reason.

In losing my relationship with my father at the age of seven when my mother took me to California where she could divorce my father in those days, I was given the opportunity to get to know my mother much better than most children do.

My experience of my parents revealed to me that defiance is the natural state of humanity. Moses described that as defiance against GOD in his creation story. But defiance is universal, not just Jewish.

When I close my eyes, I see nothing but darkness. I'm completely in the dark inside. But now that I know that that's the color of defiance, I'm no longer so afraid of the dark. Defiance is a shadow I cast that I need to move through. I no longer project my darkness and defiance onto those with dark skin.

I've had to learn why GOD created day and night; life and death; up and down, men and women, gays and straights. If not for Darlean, I'd never have learned why GOD created shadows.

When I lost my mind, I had to start all over with the basics. I now think life is much more complicated than it looked when I was a child. Then, I simply took everything for granted.

Now, I feel a ripping feeling inside when I tear off a few sheets of toilet paper. I associate the shrinkage in the roll with my plummet downhill towards death. Once I found I was over the hill, I began to accelerate downhill. Even the

water running from the bathroom sink as I wash my hands sounds like tears making their way down the drain. I'm going to die someday, and I can't tell you why or when!

I want Darlean to know this about me. I want her to learn to conserve. I realize s/he grew up in a world that's much richer than the world I knew as a child. But I want to teach her to appreciate every sheet of toilet paper and the meaning of the flow of water from the faucet. What good will it be to live in a million-dollar apartment in San Francisco if no water comes out of the tap because of global warming?

I didn't find a sense of being centered until late in middle age. And, even now, I can't stay at my center for very long. Something is always pulling me toward my circumference.

Defiance is the only way I can describe how I always feel. My words are footprints in the sand that describe where I'm going. Everything I say and do is in a reaction to something else. That moves me.

GOD seems to have made us defiant, contrary, insubordinate, rebellious, disobedient and insolent by nature. And yet, the construction of civilization is set up on the foundation of cooperation.

As the result of my reactionary manner, the center of my circle turned into a sphere. It should have been no surprise when, one day in late middle age, I found myself in a bubble. In my bubble, I have a 360-degree view of the external world from within. The external world literally begins where my skin ends.

Although I'm the shape of a human being on the outside, I'm figuratively shaped like a sphere from within. I'm in a spiritual bubble that resembles a galaxy with a huge, black hole at the center of it. By how people touch me with their opinions, I rotate around myself and revolve around my inner world.

Dear GOD, where are YOU?

Contrary to My Contrariness

I had to contradict who I'm not to discover who I am. Then I had to defy my defiance with compliance to figure out what made me feel better about myself.

Now, I'm so old and experienced that, to others, it looks like I'm normal, average, regular, typical, run-of-the-mill, mediocre, common, standard and usual. I consider that an accomplishment! As they say in New York, "Go know!"

Defiance mysteriously leads to new norms. Waves crash against the shoreline to create a new contour of the beach. Turbulence and upheaval lead to better laws and a more orderly order. GOD needs our disobedience to achieve obedience.

Darlean could smell that this is an irony of life. As my inner child, s/he has the uncanny ability to lead me to windows in my mind that reveal truths [T] I could never perceive on my own.

Bot everyone will understand what I'm talking about because I once wouldn't have been able to understand what I'm now saying. I now know that self-intimacy leads to universal answers. I wouldn't have expected that to be the case. I'd always looked to common knowledge to reveal the [T]. Now I can see that I can't depend on others for inner answers. I have to find them for myself.

What to Bring a Mental Patient

My father came to visit me in Bellevue bringing a bag of apples. Don't do that! It scared the shit out of me. I thought that had something to do with forbidden fruit, and he was secretly sending me Jewish messages to collude with my people.

The hospital had plants in pots and a turtle in an aquarium within easy access of the patients. One gal pulled the plants out of their pots a few times a day to inspect their roots. I tried to squash the turtle because I thought it was a spy sent from the serpent in the Creation Story to torment me.

My father was consumed with concentration camp his whole life. He wanted to forgive and forget, but he couldn't. Instead of letting himself go out and kill out of retribution, he figuratively stabbed himself in his heart to stop himself from turning the other cheek. He felt a responsibility to the 6,000,000 who died to make sure nothing like that would ever happen again.

My father suffered from heart problems, literally and figuratively. Twice he had quadruple bypass surgery. When they couldn't operate on his heart a third time, you could say that he died of a broken heart.

As the son of a slave, I have the tasked of making sure that the Jewish people will be safe so long as I live. But I can't do that by myself. And I don't have to. I have Darlean on my left and my Tutor on my right. I have my arms around them as we move forward together into the future.

Darlean wakes me up in the night to remind me what I need to do when someone offends me. S/he makes me ill at ease. S/he annoys me until I'm so irritated that I take her thought and feeling to my Tutor to advise me on how the TEACHER would like me to handle it.

My mother was a lot like Darlean. But my mother didn't allow herself to speak up unless s/he was spoken do. And she

taught me to do the same. It was only after the age of 95 that my mother started to allow herself to speak her mind. But by then, she was unable to understand when I told her it was dark in her room because the curtains were closed, not because it was nighttime.

Once, when I visited her at the Jewish Home in L.A., she tried to get in the bathroom when I was in there. She missed me. Then, she tried to follow me out of the locked ward. She didn't want me to leave her.

My mother wanted to learn. She wanted to grow. She did her utmost in her day to make a difference. She understood the concept of the [T], but the [T] then was more like the [t]. People put their faith in technology, not GOD.

My mother slowly dissipated. She disappeared. Her contents leaked out of her container, going who-know-where. By the time she died, she was long gone. She couldn't be the last one out her own door. The best that could be done for her was for GOD to ask Adonai to turn off the LIGHT for her.

When you visit a patient in a mental hospital you don't have to bring anything other than your sense of humor with you. Bring puns. Bring bitter ironies. Bring light-hearted hope and a sense of optimism that words can heal.

I can't think of anything my father and mother needed more than conversation. I wish I could have talked to them more often and more honestly about the concept of my inner child. They never got to meet Darlean. Now it's too late.

If You've Lost an Inner Limb

If you've lost an inner limb, you're going to need crutches. I lost my left leg when my father died. I figuratively hopped around on one leg for years without even knowing it.

But when my mother died, I lost my right leg. I couldn't allow myself to sit in one place for the rest of my life. I had to find a way to keep going.

I needed a figurative wheelchair. I needed a way to augment my vehicle [body] in a way that would help me through what had happened. I couldn't imagine why GOD would have left me feeling like a cripple without my parents. It made me realize I'm alone in the world. My parents had been like strings, and I'd been like their marionette. Without them, I collapsed.

I had no idea I was so disabled by the loss of my father and mother until I realized that I conceived Darlean when my mother was virtually on her deathbed. That was when my God told my unconscious that I'd need someone to take my mother's place. That's when I realized I needed to be loved if I could no longer be beloved.

Now I'm almost 70 and Darlean is 17. Soon s/he'll be 18, a high school graduate. S/he'll want to go out on her own.

But I still need someone to need me. Will isn't enough. I need a hope that emanates out from within. I need rainbows after storms. I need to know GOD gives me what I need when I need it.

The loss of my mother brought Darlean into my life. But when s/he goes off to find herself, I have to know that I can manage with just me. I love loving Will. But I need Darlean as well. I'm not able to make sense of the real world without a surreal world, as well.

The Importance of Defiance

GOD doesn't need angels who are obedient. HE needs human beings who defy HIM. Just doing as you're told won't get you from here to THERE. The only way to appreciate GOD in your life is by wrestling with HIM and then watching how the two of you win.

Sometimes GOD will let it appear that you won. Sometimes HE won't. Whether you feel that you won or HE won, you must believe that you've both won, no matter how horrible the outcome.

If not, you'll hate HIM, and then you'll probably take out your vengeance on gays or Jews. Or you'll hate yourself, as I did. Life is a mystery because defiance is central to solving each and every crime. Everyone is defiant, each in his or her own way.

The Israelites defied the ancient Egyptians believing that GOD was on their side. Gays defy the edicts of Torah because we know GOD is on our side. Whether you fight against injustice at your workplace or in your bedroom, you'll always win if you learn how GOD is working in our life and how your Tutor is werking with HIM in your life.

GOD brought Darlean into my life to help me overcome the loneliness I experienced as an orphan. Moses was an orphan. Muhammad was an orphan. The Buddha lost his mother when he was seven days old.

Life is a school, and our parents were our first tutors. If you've lost one or both of your tutors, you've had a lot to learn on your own.

If you've been through a Bar or Bat Mitzvah, your parents passed you along to our Tutor. If you've been through quinceanera, you've been passed along to Jesus. If the TEACHER has replaced your parents with a Tutor, you've been blessed, whether your Tutor is Y.H.V.H., Jesus

or archangel Gabriel. You have a way to werk on your grades without feeling neglected at school.

But having conceived an inner child has also helped enormously. After I attempted suicide, I not only felt mistreated. I felt forgotten, neglected, deserted, abandoned, unloved and betrayed. It wasn't the gays or the Jews who had done that to me. It was both and it was neither. I did that to myself.

Darlean always knew I didn't hold GOD responsible for me having tried to kill myself. S/he intuitively knew I didn't blame my parents, either. Darlean knew something about me that I didn't know about myself. S/he knew the meaning of defiance.

S/he knew that there are many ways to express defiance externally. Everyone knows how to blame others for their pain and suffering. Everyone knows how to use the system to get justice. And everyone knows there are those who corrupt the system to avoid justice.

Using defiance externally is extremely difficult because there are so many murderers who've broken the 6th Commandment; cheaters who've broken the 7th Commandment; thieves who've broken the 8th Commandment; liars who've broken the 9th Commandment; and people who just want to want what others have that they're missing [10th Commandment]. These people don't want justice. They want revenge.

I'm not a victim for having tried to kill myself. I'm a martyr. I did what I did to myself to hurt GOD and my parents. And I succeeded. It changed the course of my life. But I don't recommend you do the same. There are easier ways to change the world – from within.

GOD is teaching me the meaning of justice. But it's a difficult class to pass because HE made me just as defiant as everyone else.

Defiance manifested itself in its own unique way in me. First, I tried to kill myself. Then I cheated myself out of my

youth. Then I stole middle age out from under me. I lied to myself all the way into old age until I looked at others with contempt. I wanted what they've got, but it was too late to get it.

I never wanted to be Jewish and gay. I wanted to be anyone other than me. So, when things didn't go my way, I attempted to kill myself instead of choosing the very long, circuitous road of learning to love myself.

From my perspective now, defying others was easy. It's been defying myself that's been so beguiling. Trying to kill myself three times was all the proof I needed that I'm an extremely defiant person by nature. My parents tried to nurture me differently. But after the way they'd been treated by Nazis, everyone in my family was defiant. They could see that the world had changed. They just didn't know how that would affect them. *

Israel means "struggle with GOD." The recreation of the State of Israel in the last century has democratized that struggle. Those who don't learn the meaning of democracy from within will be doomed to struggle with HIM anonymously. HE knows how to avoid the insanity of man.

Our TEACHER, in HIS infinite wisdom, brought me an inner child who's revealed many of my secrets to me. I suppose ELOHIM could have asked Y.H.V.H. to tell me everything I needed to know. But HE wanted me to hear it from someone I loved.

It was Adonai [Y.H.V.H.] who convince Moses to defy his fear of going back to Egypt. The Lord convinced him to defy his guilt at having killed a cruel slavedriver. But it was the LORD of us all who brought on the ten plagues. The mystery of history is only revealed personally when your story intersects with HIS story.

It wasn't the God within me who revealed my defiance of me to me. My inner child did that.

Perhaps GOD was afraid I'd hold HIM accountable for having made me the way HE did. Having someone I love and cherish so deeply reveal my secret has filled me with the spirit of reconciliation without remorse.

I'm glad how things have turned out, even though I suffered a lifetime having to be a gay Jew in a world where people hate one, the other or both.

This has been a heavy cross to bear. So, I can't imagine how heavy the cross Jesus bore. Fortunately, I wasn't brought into this world to bear His cross. I'm here to bear my own.

At last, I've learned the meaning of defiance and its importance in my life. And I have Darlean to thank for it. S/he's the best!

Under Thinking

There was a part of me that couldn't take the concept of an inner child seriously. I didn't know enough about myself to know how seriously my life ought to be taken. Yet, when others didn't take me seriously, I felt awful. I felt as though I'd been covered with a wet blanket. I felt depressed. All my feelings ran out of me chilled, leaving me cold and empty inside.

I didn't associate how people treated me with how I treated myself. Only once I understood the importance of self-communication did my communication with others become more meaningful. But communicating from within is easier said than done.

Moses had a speech impediment. There was no way he could express himself well with others. When God told him at the Burning Bush to go back to Egypt where he'd killed a man and was wanted for murder, he knew he couldn't do it alone. God reminded him that his brother, Aaron, would, and could, speak on his behalf.

Aaron became the High Priest of the Israelites. He spoke for Moses. Moses spoke for God. And God spoke for the GOD of us all.

It was easier in those days because all the other gods were idols. Once indigenists gave up their gods for GOD, a competition arose with the Jews.

Jesus never was and never will be the God within the Jews. Jesus was one of many defiant Jews who changed history.

Jesus is perceived as the Son of GOD by Christians. He speaks for GOD, His FATHER, but only to those who hear Him in their heart.

Archangel Gabriel is the God within who came to Muhammad. He was his Tutor in the same way Jesus had already become the Tutor of the Christians and Adonai

[Y.H.V.H. – the unpronounceable name of God] had become the Tutor of the Jews before Him.

GOD only knows what Moses sounded like when he talked to Him [Adonai] at the Burning Bush. If he stuttered before God, you can just imagine how impatient he must have made Aaron and Pharaoh feel when he couldn't express himself before them. Who has the patience of the Lord?

I, however, don't have a speech impediment. I was impeded another way. I was frustrated and defiant in my own way. I didn't bite my tongue willingly. I was forced to bite my tongue by parents who slapped me. Therefore, GOD has dealt with me differently.

My thoughts don't stutter. Neither does my tongue. My tongue lisped when I was a child, but with the help of a speech therapist, I got through my speech impediment.

Only Darlean has been able to come to know me so intimately that s/he can reveal my impediments at their source in my unconscious.

I have no problem speaking, reading or writing words. I have no problem thinking, feeling or believing using words. I'm impeded by a relationship to words that's spiritual, not psychological or biological.

The part of my mind that's been wounded was done so by GOD. That is my scar. That's why I'm defiant in a way that makes me meaningful and valuable to humanity. I'm a part of HIS plan.

But so are you. If you don't believe me, that's your problem. Your grades aren't going on my report card. If you don't think you're of value to humanity, you're just wrong. But if you think you can intimidate gays or Jews for any reason for the way GOD made us, you're going to pay for your error of judgment on the sliding fee scale of justice.

I'm not afraid to get angry at Will. I sometimes think very unkind things about the way he behaves. But I try not to allow myself to tell him I'm angry in an angry tone of voice. I don't want to fuel his anger and frustration. I don't

want to pour salt on his wound. More than anything else, I want his wound to heal.

Will had to have a lung removed when he was six years old. His parents allowed him to express his anger and defiance. They didn't want to force him to conform to societal norms under the horrific conditions he'd had to endure as a child.

I want to help Will. I don't want to hurt him. Therefore, I need GOD to tell God to tell me what I need to do. And I need Darlean to remind me what I've been through so that I don't make my problems any worse.

The figurative engine of my car is fine. But the shock absorbers and wheels are seriously out of alignment. I pull out of the driveway [my front door], and before I get fifty feet down the road, my vehicle rattles like a cucaracha.

Although there comes a time when you have to be able to speak your mind to others, you're very lucky if you've learned how to pray. Syndromes need to be solved with prayer. Prayer is learned through contemplation of your navel; meditation on the serpent or worm in your tree; and cogitation concerning the backbone that goes from your head down to your tailbone.

Learning how to operate the vehicle you've been given on the journey that you're on to the DESTINATION unique to you requires a spiritual education, not a college education.

Use your college education to solve problems. Use your spiritual education to solve syndromes. You can't contribute to creating peace on Earth without peace of mind.

Practice speaking to yourself in order to be able to become more comfortable speaking to others. Practice listening to your inner child in order to better hear what others are telling you.

The whole celebration of writing this book lies in my ability to speak to you about how to speak to yourself

because who can't see that we all have a figurative, speech impediment that makes us defiant?

Everyone speaks to himself in code. That code gets translated into words that then are made manifest orthographically with symbols. But our own code is the source of our communication pattern. And everyone's code is unique to him or her.

Thank GOD, everyone has the potential to conceive an inner child by developing an intimate relationship with "me," "myself" and "I." You can be sure your inner child will have problems when s/he hits puberty, just as you did. That's why Darlean turned out a S.L.U.T. and why s/he had to teach me the value of being a W.H.O.R.E.

Middle Age Insights

During the seven years of single life from the ages of 50-57, before I met Will, I was terribly lonely. I didn't know why middle age had to look as sad and forlorn as it did. I was a queen who owned an apartment walking distance from the Castro. I was in good health. I was taking ballet classes three times a week. I was trim and slim. And I had a business that ran itself. I was practically retired. I could take naps in the afternoon, the height of freedom as I saw it!

But when I'd look back at my youth and early adulthood, I could see that I'd climbed the sheer face of a figurative cliff. I hadn't just literally driven my car off of one.

Life is a tabletop mountain. We're born in the valley of birth. We make our way up the foothills of childhood before we begin the ascent up the precipice. That climb doesn't end until the age of 40. We may turn around from time to time to look back at where we came from, but most of the time we're facing solid rock. We can't see where we're going.

At 40, we reached the top. We could not only look down to see the path we took up. We could see the paths others had taken who ascended near us. As we made our way across the top of the table top mountain from 40-69, we saw the paths others ascended from three sides. And we saw how we were all moving forward, even if some of us were lucky enough not to have to move that much up and down.

But by 70, it was all downhill. Then, I saw that the mountain was behind me. I could see the valley of death before me in all its splendor. There were no further impediments. All I have to do now is concentrate on putting one foot cautiously in front of the other, so I don't slip and fall. I can look back on all four sides of the tabletop mountain and can imagine what comes next.

They say, "Once you're over the hill, you begin to pick up speed." Now I know that that's a sign that time moves differently from within at each stage of life.

Time is always subjective internally and objective externally. But the older you get, the more subjective time becomes. I've been lucky. Time moves very fast for me now. I've got my writing. I've got my boyfriend. And I've got my inner child to guide, even though s/he often guides me.

Growing up, I didn't have friends, even though I'd been with some of my classmates since the fourth grade. When I graduated high school, I never saw any of them again. In fact, I ditched school most of the 12th grade, coming to class only to take tests. And yet, not one of my friends from elementary school ever called to ask how I was doing. And still I graduated with honors and a scholarship to U.C.L.A.

Making friends of others is greatly overrated unless you've made a friend of yourself. Popularity with people will take a toll on you if you haven't conceived an inner child and can complain to everyone you meet about your problems from the standpoint of a parent. That's what I think most people are talking about, even if they don't know it.

I started out life not having a clue who I was. But in early adulthood, I soon discovered that, although I'd been terrified of other people hurting me when I was a kid, I wasn't afraid to treat myself violently and disrespectfully as a grown up. And when suicide didn't werk to teach me life's lessons, I used self-deprivation instead. I can't tell you how lonely I was all my life, and how clueless I was to the one I most wanted to befriend.

But now I can. Now I'm no longer forced to bite my tongue. Now I can tell you that I secretly never wanted to kill myself. I wanted to kill my parents for forcing me to literally and figuratively bite my tongue. I wanted to kill GOD for having made me gay. And I wanted to kill all the Jews for relying on GOD when I couldn't.

But I digress.

From my traumas, I lost my voice. It's taken me a lifetime to find my voice so I could try to tell you what's been on my mind that I couldn't say before.

Now I have Darlean to speak to. Dance is no longer my only source of exercise. Now I exercise patience for the sake of my little gurl.

At the time I had traumatic encounters with my parents as a child, my mother was going through a trauma of her own. She had a thyroid condition that required an operation. But the operation was bungled and she lost her voice because the doctor inadvertently cut a nerve to her vocal cord. She came away only able to whisper.

For two years, she suffered with muteness while I was learning to speak. My mother had literally lost her voice. I figuratively lost my voice. My mother could only whisper. I tried not to talk about myself to others. Today, I whisper with my fingers on my computer keyboard.

Life lives thanks to bitter ironies.

When my mother was the age I am now, she wrote her memoire. The violin was no longer the instrument she used to express herself. She found her true voice the same way I found mine: through memories.

My mother's two years of mutism only exacerbated the need for everyone in my family to learn to speak up about what was really on their chest. That should have been a sign to us that we were suffering from a form of mutism. Only hers was literal.

War doesn't determine who's right, only who's left. Of the few European Jews who remained after the Second World War most went to Israel for a reason that behooves us all to ponder.

Now, the big picture makes more sense to me. Now, I can see why some Black youths steal and some White youths become Republicans. Now I can see why some people protect their parents from humiliation by humiliating themself instead.

I'd love to tell you that I have no problems with people because I'm better than them. I'd love to assure you that I was always separate and too special to fit in.

But the truth is that I was enrolled in some classes in the school of life much later in life. The order of my curriculum may have been unique, but the subject matter we're all enrolled in identical.

The most challenging task for Darlean every day is to get weighed every morning. S/he thinks the scale is a crystal ball that will tell her how her whole day will unfold.

I may look height/weight proportional on the outside, but there's a fat gurl within me. GOD, I love her!

I stopped smoking, drinking and drugging more than 35 years ago. But I couldn't stop eating. I still use sweets instead of love; pickles instead of sex; and meat instead of spiritual protein.

I suffer from a twisted relationship to consumption. If I'm cavalier about a few pounds I've gained, I secretly and viciously attack Darlean about how much s/he weighs. It's like being on a seesaw with yourself.

But I can also say that I've become a little more forgiving of my flaws, faults and failures. Parenting has changed me. I've become more aware of my physical decay and the losses I've suffered over a lifetime, including having lost my mind. But if I hadn't lost my mind, who else could have ever written a book like this? I amaze me!

Not A Single Single

Why is it that some singers have one hit after another, and some don't get a single single? Why is it that some batters hit home runs, and others strike out? Why is it that some women pop one baby out after another, while it takes others a lifetime just to conceive an inner child?

Are the newspapers piling up outside St. Peter's Gate? Does GOD not know what's going on down here? Is HE as oblivious to HIS feelings as I was to mine?

We've paved this garden and turned it into a parking lot. Yet we don't even respect the vehicle each of us was poured into. Therefore, it should be no surprise that we're choking on the fumed of automobiles.

GOD is poetic. Man is prosaic. GOD doesn't want us to judge a book by its cover. Yet we refuse to read any book that's too thick or sports a Black jacket. And if the cover of a book looks gay or Jewish, they just dump it in the trash with all the books on poetry.

People hate poetry. They say it hurts their head. It forces them to think. But if you don't force yourself to think, how are you going to convince yourself to feel? And if you can't feel, you shouldn't be the least bit surprised that you never come to believe in anything other than what you want [–].

Romance After the Age of 60

After Larry and I broke up when we were both 50, I felt like I felt at 18 when I went to Israel to begin adult life all on my own. I felt then like I knew where I was going. I had a job offer as a dancer. I felt I had a plan. But I also felt utterly alone in a world that seemed foreign to me. I was scared shitless.

What I didn't have was the vocabulary needed to speak to Israelis in Hebrew when I was 18. But I couldn't talk to people in my mother tongue, English, at the age of 50!

Not being able to speak a language has nothing to do with communicating from the heart. I've always felt like I just landed on Earth from outer space because I didn't appreciate the value of where words come from.

Because I hadn't found the courage to admit that, I had to rediscover sex at 50 among a whole new generation of gay men. I had to learn about life again with strangers in bed. The blesséd event of Darlean coming consciously into my life was still years away.

All my connections to humanity had been determined by books. Books had been my only real friends. If you wanted to get a good look at my friends, all you had to do was look at my bookshelves. I didn't need a rolodex. I had a Dewey decimal system!

It's no surprise to me now that books, not ballet, would become the way for me to actualize my mission, albeit late, in life. It's no surprise to me now that what I really wanted to be when I grew up was a writer, not a dancer. I just didn't know it until I'd lost my youth, my mind, and my first long term relationship. I had to become a single, gay man at the age of 50 to discover my passion for righting myself using words from my head, heart and soul. At the time, that was more terrifying than terrific.

Life is a journey. We're all travelers who happen to be here in the same moment in time: now. The fixed plans most

people have, are [1] Get a good job through some kind of formal training; [2] get married; [3] have children; [4] grow old happily together with loved ones; and [5] die in your sleep in your own bed with your family around you.

This is the simple plan most people superimpose upon their journey, not realizing that all of that can be done abstractly. It doesn't have to happen literally to be achieved figuratively.

There really isn't any more to life than: [1] money, [2] love, [3] babies, [4] happiness, and [5] a painless and inspired passing. Why would anyone try to convince you otherwise?

The only thing I'd add is that you can achieve many of these goals within yourself with yourself. You don't necessarily have to look for another person to accomplish them with you.

D.I.C.K. verses C.O.C.K.

Here's my definition of a D.I.C.K.:

D Dogmatic
I Insulting
C Cocky
K Krude

Here's my definition of a C.O.C.K.:

C Communicative
O Optimistic
C Courageous
K Kind

Now if that doesn't separate the D.I.C.K.s from the C.O.C.K.s, I don't know what will. But I'll try to make it even clearer for those who still don't get it

A D.I.C.K. will leave you with hemorrhoids. A D.I.C.K. is a pain in the ass. A D.I.C.K. doesn't give you the feeling of having had a light shine within you. You only feel that your rosebud has been penetrated with a light bulb that broke, leaving you with shards of glass that cut through your ego [prostate gland].

A C.O.C.K., on the other hand, will leave you with a warm glow deep down inside that will turn your navel into a night light.

I've been with far too many D.I.C.K.s. So, I'd love to teach you the difference before you, like me, get so hurt that you have to obsess on what you look like rather than who you are.

Here's a short trip down memory lane of an incident that happened to me in Amsterdam:

There was a German D.I.C.K. from Dusseldorf who used to come to Holland and stay with me on my houseboat on

Saturday nights. I have to admit he was pretty cocky and hard. [All D.I.C.K.s are.] He'd bought an apartment in town that he was fixing up on the weekends as a get-away, and I was hoping to see a lot more of him once he had a place nearby.

Well, one Saturday night he came over and told me that he'd just finished putting in the bathroom, and his place was finally livable. He didn't have to come over to shower anymore at my place. Then he suggested that we go out to a club.

He had a car. And in those days in Europe, dating a guy with a car was a sign that you'd caught a big fish. You didn't have to settle with the minnows that swam around in the bars who then had to take the tram or the night bus to get home.

The D.O.K. was the biggest club in Amsterdam in those days. And it was easy to lose someone in the crowd. The place was popular every night, but, of course, on Saturday nights, especially so.

He and I got separated. I looked around for him for what must have been an hour. And then I suddenly realized that he'd dumped me! His bathroom was finished! He didn't need a place to stay in town anymore to clean up! So, he just left me at the club to find someone else to fill the void inside me!

I was furious! I took a taxi home. I wasn't about to add insult to injury by getting on a night bus with all the losers…

What Inner Power Looks Like

Many people want to prove that others are hypocrites. To do so they have to pull down the fig leaf that Adam and Eve set in place with Gorilla Glue to cover their own sins. But who doesn't know that grabbing a person by the crotch isn't acceptable in polite society?

Who also doesn't know that the sin Adam and Eve committed wasn't located between their legs. It was committed in a garden. Covering their genitals was just a poetic description of the guilt they were putting themselves through: embarrassment, shame and humiliation.

Over time, embarrassment turns to modesty. Shame turns to humility. And humiliation before the LORD turns to grace. At least this is what's supposed to happen if you're learning from your mistakes.

Just listening to hypocrites can feel like fingernails on a chalkboard. It sounds so bad because it's a distant reminder of your own two faces. One voice comes out of your mouth and the other comes out your other end. But good people everywhere feel it's their duty to remind you that when you turn the other cheek, you need to know which mouth you're speaking from.

Kissing an asshole isn't something reserved for those who engage in rimming. There are plenty of assholes in this world kissing other assholes.

So, pulling off fig leaves is one poetical way to remind hypocrites that they ought to be ashamed of the way they look, with or without their clothes on. I'm not talking about nudity. I'm talking about an emotional nakedness that goes right to the bone.

Chances are that you're a hypocrite, too. So, unless someone is criminally insane and stealing, be very careful about how indignant you get over other people's transgressions.

Gone Bananas

When I was insane, I had a reoccurring vision of me being a gorilla with my right foot stuck in a trap below ground. I could see my right foot holding a banana in the trap, but I couldn't get my foot out of the trap to eat the banana.

First of all, everyone should already know that a banana tree isn't a tree at all. It's a grass, like bamboo. So, the fruit of the banana plant doesn't apply as fruit in the Hebraic sense of the word. Bananas aren't forbidden fruit. And that's good because I just love bananas. Doesn't matter in the least to me if they're big or small. Some of the sweetest bananas I've ever had were the little ones no more than three or four inches long from the Far East. Fabulous!

A vision of me being a hungry gorilla with food in my foot that I couldn't bring up to my mouth was a reminder of my lifelong frustration [to the point of exasperation] with my lust for handsome men. I felt lust had me trapped. I was always hungry, but unable to satisfy my appetite.

Now I have a boyfriend who's faithful. Now I have a sex life with him that's more fun than a bed full of monkeys.

One of the things that makes mental illness so painful is that the mind always makes sense, in the same way that poetry makes sense if you can get inside the mind of the poet to perceive what he or she is describing from their novel point of view.

That's why this diary had to be novel. If it was just another story of the love and devotion between a mother and child, I'd hate myself for having written it.

Disorderly Consumption

I'm the C.E.O. and president of the "Clean Plate Club." If I'm just full, I haven't eaten nearly enough. But I'm so vain that I become clinically depressed if I gain a pound.

It's not that I charge out of bed to eat breakfast every morning. I'm not really hungry until noon. But I get upset if I eat anything after lunch, so I start the day with breakfast. If I'm still hungry late in the day, I have a snack for supper.

I actually like fat people. I even think fat looks good on me. It just doesn't feel good. Darlean has made it clear that just because I'm cold, s/he shouldn't have to put on a sweater.

Once my appetite is out of control, I go into monster mode. It's like I rise up out of the sea like Godzilla to terrorize Tokyo. And if I get too hot under the collar, I turn into King Kong with Fay Wray in my clutches as I climb the Empire State Building to get some fresh air.

I think America create King Kong in 1933 to describe the American male relationship to White women in those days. I think the Japanese created Godzilla in 1954 to project their collective guilt in how they'd behaved during the Second World War onto a monster that terrorized their nation.

Nobody likes to internalize guilt. We'd much rather create monsters to depict how out of control we get when onus overwhelms us.

I needed to conceive an inner child to prove to myself that I wasn't a monster anymore. This book is an excerpt from my dark diary, a monster movie I literally lived through. You already know that the monster dies at the end. A better question is what you're going to do when the monster in you has been defeated.

I Make Me Sick

Without knowing how to nibble on new information; chew it; and swallow it gratefully, Darlean wasn't able to stomach learning as a child. Either s/he'd immediately vomit up what s/he knew onto others, or what s/he ate would sit like a rock in my stomach until I got cramps.

My first bout with the "runs" occurred during high school when I played hooky most of my senior year. The second case came when I ran off to Europe and Israel two days after high school graduation to explore life on the other side of the globe without knowing a thing about what was happening here at home.

I got the runs again at 18 when I decided that I had to move to Israel permanently. At 20 I had another case of the runs. This time to Holland. And at 23, I ran away from Holland to move back to L.A.

By then I was pretty weak. I couldn't keep down spiritual food or drink. It should have been no surprise to me that I couldn't stomach my own company. Whatever went in me about me, figuratively came out quickly.

It was poetic justice that I ended up being taken to Bellevue for evaluation. There, while I was reading a magazine in the waiting room, I got so agitated by the photos I was looking at that I had to be pinned down by a team of workers and shot up with a tranquilizer. The next morning, I found myself on a cot in a locked ward in a pool of my own feces.

When I dealt with the stinking mess I'd made of myself my first morning in Bellevue, it didn't occur to me that there was also a stinking mess inside of me that couldn't be washed away with soap and water.

Some might have said I was full of shit long before I ended up in an insane asylum. My [T] is that food-for-thought gave me the runs. Either it went through me like a freight train, or I suffered severe heart burn from the truth.

Committed

Life in Belleview was routine and actually quite pleasant. The other patients quickly became fast friends in odd ways I hadn't been able to make friends in the outside world. Before Bellevue, I never realized how much I had in common with those who were out of their mind.

But when I drank from the metal, drinking fountain on my unit and saw my reflection in it, I experienced a profound belief that I was also made of metal, while ingesting a cold, liquid substance that was going to rust me inside. That perturbed me, but who could I tell? The doctors would not have addressed inner rust as an issue they'd learned how to deal with in med school.

I got my exercise by doing grand jetés up and down the corridors every night, hoping to achieve the physical height necessary when the staff was at a minimum to fly out one of the windows. But the hallways weren't long enough for me to get up the speed I needed for liftoff.

Accepting reality isn't possible if you can't stand reality. I wasn't able to tolerate reality because my inner child had been so repressed in my unconscious that my first priority was to protect her from rising to the surface. Having a wild child deep down inside you is time consuming and debilitating.

I didn't get out of Belleview eight weeks later by relinquishing my fantasy about my body being made of metal. I simply didn't admit to the staff that the armor I thought I was made of wouldn't protect me from their reality.

I got out of Bellevue by faking sanity. I treated my evaluation with the doctors like a performance. I got on stage and acted like a normal person. I figured that if I could dance like a ballet dancer, I could act like an actor. The act only had to go on for a matter of minutes and then I knew I'd make it off stage, back in the wings.

It wasn't until years later that I understood the word-play my mind was using to play tricks on me. I simply had to bite my tongue, something I was already an expert at doing.

When I drove my car over a cliff two years later, I was hoping to crush my body in the metal I was in that literally surrounded me. I was trying to destroy an encasement that wasn't good at keeping reality out. I knew I was in a vehicle of some sort, and I just wanted out of it. But what I was really wanted was peace of mind.

I didn't succeed in killing myself in my attempt to achieve inner peace. I was forced to learn how to explore my mind like a grease monkey under the hood of a car. I had to get my hands dirty. I had to find the patience to do the werk. I couldn't rely on other people to do it for me.

I could still taste the blood in my mouth when I'd been a young child. But I hadn't put that taste into words. I was as helpless as a newborn. Life is a maelstrom for an infant because it has no ability to organize its experiences with words.

Life was a hospital I was admitted into. I was here to heal. My Doctor prescribed cures. But it took a lifetime for them to werk. Thank GOD, HE brought me an inner child who's also been able to serve as a nurse.

We're All Going to Die!

Darlean is still too young to think about death as something to be taken seriously. S/he's just a teenager. S/he just wants to live, love and have a nice life. S/he doesn't like my constant reminders about the end being nearer than it looks. S/he thinks that's morose. S/he doesn't realize that there's no order by age to the way in which we leave this world. The death of others is a constant reminder that every day counts more than we know.

One day, Darlean and I are going to be parted, and that already makes me sad. That kind of parting is truly the meaning of "sweet sorrow." So, I beg her not to argue with me about little things that really don't matter much in the greater scheme of things. I tell her that we should just improve the way we do things with each other on a daily basis and move on.

Yet, I wasn't always able to reward Darlean for a job well done. Just telling her, "Thank you" or "You're amazing" seemed to require herculean strength.

S/he and I have always needed a lot of private time together. We need time to talk about things that don't come up in "polite society." But that's hard to achieve with a teenager. It requires patience and understanding.

When I reward Darlean with compliments and praise in words, it increases her esteem of herself, regardless of how hollow my words may resound to me. I promote inner harmony by pointing out to her how devoted and determined s/he's been in improving our relationship.

My love for Darlean, paradoxically, makes my support of others more meaningful to them. A lot of people like me now. It's the most amazing thing to see. It's truly magical! They see me as someone who's really capable of trying.

From a position of giving in both my worlds [internally and externally], I find myself in a much better position to appreciate external comforts; small improvements in

everyday communication with others; and the pursuit of my desires in bed with Will – all for rewards well earned. This is the result of Darlean having decided not to go to college and staying at home to share early adulthood with me.

S.L.U.T.

Darlean would never call herself a slut, a term gay men like to use on one another. S/he's of Service to others. S/he's Loyal. S/he's been polished by her Upbringing. And s/he's incredibly Talented. S/he's a S.L.U.T., just like me, and I'm not the least bit ashamed of appropriating that word to describe the two of us this way. I'd even describe my own mother this way. The only difference is that my mother literally had two children while I only figuratively had one.

For all the weirdness in the background of the Mona Lisa, I can tell you that I've been where she's sitting now. Her background looks as other worldly as mine did.

I can relate to the smile on that woman's face and the way her hands are folded in her lap, as if to say, my work here is done. What's behind the Mona Lisa is her past. What's ahead of her are people like you and me.

There aren't a lot of paintings I can relate to. I relate more to music and dance. Art has to touch me in a special way that I can never predict.

Larry once complained to me that I looked at life through a funnel turned backwards. He said that everything he threw at me bounced off. He said it was next to impossible to aim well enough to get anything through the tiny opening I had facing out at the world.

I guess I digressed.

Monogamy, like old age, isn't for sissies. If you want to devote your body to one other person besides yourself, you'll need to devote yourself all the more to your inner child. Without a little boi or gurl to raise to be a gentleman or lady, you're always going to look around for someone else to hang with, even if you can't literally touch a soul.

Anorexia and Food for Thought

When I realized in my late fifties that I was ready to give birth to an inner child, I was in 7th HEAVEN. Becoming pregnant was a dream come true. The blesséd event was only marred by the fact that there was no one to share it with. Not only could I not tell people that I'd reached a level of self-awareness that was unprecedented. There was no man in my life ready, willing and able to devote his life to a queen who was about to give birth to a Jewish princess.

My mother had been afraid of remarrying after having made such a bad mistake the first time with my father. She resolved to find a second husband only after my sister and I had left the house. She didn't want to traumatize us with the possibility of another divorce.

My Catholic boyfriend, Will, is fine with me having brought a Jewish princess into our relationship. But he didn't find out about Darlean until after he moved in. I wasn't crazy! I wasn't going to scare him off before I hooked him!

When I finally felt I'd found someone who could accept me as I am, I knew Will had a family-man personality. I knew I could trust him not to sleep around, leaving me and Darlean in the lurch.

Having a baby was a psychological challenge that nobody had prepared me for. And I hold the modern world responsible for such appalling lack of psychological insight and instruction. What are people talking to each other about? Will they ever get serious?

I guess I started to take myself more earnestly once I decided to marry me. I knew by then that something was different about the way I'd been engaged with me, but I didn't realize yet what it was.

In April of 2008, I got up the nerve to go to Israel expressly to marry myself at the Wailing Wall. My wedding was on Friday night, April 11th, 2008. There were no guests. It was a solo affair.

I had no idea that marrying me would create a level of self-intimacy that would figuratively conceive a child that would come to consciousness in the way that s/he did.

Although I'd been having sex with myself since I was 16, never in my wildest dream did I expect to give birth to an inner child. And I certainly didn't anticipate a gurl!

When Darlean was little, I didn't dare call her by name or speak to her directly. My sanity was no longer in question, but I didn't want to push my weirdness too far. But it soon became apparent that s/he needed to be called something. "Inner child" was so impersonal, and speaking about yourself in the third person is so cold.

I thought about calling her a combination of anorexia and dyslexia: Annalexia. But that sounded like a drag name. I didn't want my inner child to hate me for the rest of my life.

I know that spelling Darlean's name the way I did isn't politically correct or supportive. But I don't want there to be any secrets between us. I'd rather s/he knows what an unhealthy relationship my mind has had with my body. Why hide it?

Single life before I married me wasn't exactly filled with a lot of self-love. It should have been no surprise to me that Darlean would turn out to be a complex person who'd suffer many issues I'd have to help her through. I was prepared for that. hell, after what I've been through, I was prepared for anything!

But I still have problems around people who seem to have no inner child or who have a relationship with their inner child that isn't peaceful, loving and kind. I'm sure people can still see the tension in me from a mile away. But my inner child is now close to emancipation. What life will look like for me when s/he flies the coop, I can't say.

My figurative eating disorder is in part caused by me having always eaten for two. I just didn't realize it was because I was figuratively pregnant and repressed. Now that

Darlean is fully borne into my conscious mind, the less I stuff myself, the less guilty I feel.

Who, but a drama queen, would complain about having to raise an inner child in this fraught-filled day and age? I suppose that's why Hillary said, "I still believe it takes a village to raise a child."

But what's the good of home schooling your inner child if you don't provide good instruction? Do you really want village idiots to raise your kid?

I'm impressed that Americans are learning about healthy eating habits. I'm glad they're irrigating food deserts where people used to be unable to find fresh produce. I'm glad that there are food gardens where people can turn up their nose to junk food and processed foods to pick healthy options instead. Glorifying an addiction to sugar and fat doesn't make it holy.

I blame the world for my disorderly eating disorder. I wouldn't have turned out this way if people hadn't corrupted me with addictions and distractions. I don't blame Darlean or me. It's not our fault. Anorexia is a medical expression that resembles my effort to avoid enlightening myself with food-for-thought.

Even Adam and Eve indulged in forbidden fruit without ever admitting their guilt about what they'd done, it seemed to me that Darlean and I would be able to ask for what we want.

The only thing I've been able to do to help Darleen and me maneuver through our eating disorder is to assure Darlean that food-for-thought is good for her, even if s/he has to wash it down with a little guilt.

I believe everyone should the same.

Shape Up Darlean!
I'm Not Putting Up with your Crap!

There are days when there's no other way to describe Darlean than a royal pain in the ass. S/he thinks s/he knows more than me about me. S/he thinks s/he's more experienced than me about life. And s/he thinks s/he can do anything I can do, better.

The gurl isn't even emancipated! Now, suddenly s/he's an expert on everything!

I suppose it's my fault because I sheltered her all these years.

But I've only wanted the best for her. I didn't realize I'd spoiled her.

But really! With all the insanity of others I have to deal with, I've got little bandwidth for an inner child who pretends s/he knows it all. There are days when I just have to put my foot down and tell it to her like it is.

When I look inside and happen to see that my own inner child is just like others in some awful ways, that's truly beyond the pale. It's maddening because Darlean has been such a contribution to my life in so many ways.

But I can't let her get out of control by offending me the way others do or by feigning helplessness. I didn't come this far to lower my standards now. Darlean and I are together for the long haul. Other people may come and go. But this relationship has got to werk. There simply isn't any choice in the matter.

The only other option would be for her to go off to college. If s/he wants to leave me, s/he's free to go. "I will survive."

Politics and Religion

We've all been told to avoid politics and religion when in polite society. It's common knowledge that these subjects lead to disagreements. That's because politics and religion are deeply entwined.

But what they're deeply entwined with is sex. It's politics, religion and sex that cause arguments, not one or two out of these three.

Those who are good at sex behave well when it comes to politics and religion. Those who are not find themselves far from the center of the political spectrum.

I'd go so far as to say that there's no such thing as a political spectrum in the sense of a line with two ends. The political spectrum is actually a circle, and the further you are from the center, the more those at the extremes begin to look and sound alike.

Those at the political extreme right and left are both bad in bed. They're both ashamed of the body they were given. Neither would be comfortable strutting down a fashion runway in the nude. And neither is comfortable imagining themself in their house of worship praying naked before the name for GOD [ELOHIM, FATHER, ALLAH] that their culture comes out of.

They haven't been able to create the bonds of self-intimacy necessary to conceive, give birth to and raise an inner child. Consequently, their loneliness drives them to a secretive relationship within themself, one in which sex has to be dirty, guilt-ridden and indecent to the point of obscene. And to hide their crude and lewd relationship with themself, they project their self-hatred onto Blacks, gays, women and Jews. If all that fails, they make fat people their scapegoat.

Politics isn't really about scapegoats. Politics is really about people who are so terrified of the vehicle they were given for the journey they're on that they want nothing more than to create accidents and incidents with everyone else on

the road. They're obsessed with what other people look like. If you're Black, that's bad. If you're gay, that's worse. And if you're female, that's the worst of all. But if you're overweight, they just ignore you. You aren't even worth mentioning [unless you're Jewish, too].

These aren't really political or religious issues. These are spiritual issues. But the people who are bad in bed link politics to religion to punish all those who are good in bed. And that's not fair, is it?

Without My Bust

Most people think they're just a bust of a human being. They acknowledge that they have a head, heart and soul. But it all ends there. They don't have the imagination or courage to look down any further. They can't imagine any need to contemplate their navel, meditate on their genitals or cogitate the backbone they've got.

And yet, most people are perfectly comfortable talking about their inner child as though everyone has one. The definition I'm using for an inner child is: "a person's supposed original or true self, especially when regarded as damaged or concealed by negative childhood experiences." [Internet]

If you have the capacity to conceive an inner child, it should be possible to ask the gender of that child and where that child lives within you. These are valid questions. They're just as important as why these questions didn't come up for you any sooner.

Where's your inner child located? If you close your eyes and see nothing but darkness inside you; if you can project that darkness onto others in the form of racism; if you can't question the gender of your inner child, but you question the sexuality of others; if you believe in GOD but don't believe everyone is a child of GOD – you should at least be able to state where your own inner child is at.

Darlean and I would like to know how you'd answer that question. Inquiring minds want to know. Loving hearts want to feel good about others. And soulful souls want to believe in a GOD who created us all.

P.E.N.I.S.

P. Personality
E. Effort
N. Nature
I. Inspiration
S. Service.

Every male wants to know why GOD gave him a penis. Every man wants to learn how to use his penis in ways that will make the world groan with glee without him becoming smug.

So now, please use your right hand to follow along with the next five statements I'm going to make. Start by touching your crotch, then your heart, then your head, then your soul [located on the right side of your chest] and then your breastplate. Practice it a few times to get it right:

A. Crotch
B. Heart
C. Head
D. Soul
E. Breastplate

Go slowly so you can really concretize the meanings of the next five statements using your body. Put your right hand on the corresponding part of your body as you read along:

1. When the serpent [A] conspired with Eve [B], Adam [C] got in trouble with God [E].
2. When your penis [A] conspires with your heart [B], your head [C] gets in trouble with your conscience [E].
3. When your desires [A] conspire with your feelings [B], your thoughts [C] get in trouble with your beliefs

[D] which then sets you up in a struggle with GOD [E]

4. When your godless nature [A] conspires with your love of life [B], wisdom [C] and faith [D] fly out the window [E].
5. When the Buddhist [A] in you conspires with the Christian [B] in you, the Jew [C] in you finds himself in conflict with the Muslim [D] in you. This will cause you to seek out the God within you [E] for answers.

You've got to develop a Personality. But that takes Effort. You've got to recognize your Nature, different from everyone else's. That takes Inspiration. And you can't accomplish that without being of Service to others:

P.E.N.I.S.

Life Is Short but Precious

If you don't learn how to stand up for yourself
by building spiritual backbone,
you won't be of much help to the rest of us
just sitting there
pontificating about your beliefs.

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As Oscar Wilde said,
"Be yourself.
Everyone else has been taken."

Post Script

What I once thought was a cuckoo
trying to come out of my neck
was a darling.
I no longer have to nail the latch shut in my throat.
I'm not a Frankenstein monster
who's afraid of running out of time.
All my parts fit together fabulously.
I'm not guilt-ridden like Godzilla.
I'm not a King Kong doing it all wrong.
I'm not a frontloading washing machine
from which I watch my food-for-thought
digesting through a transparent belly button.
I don't have to bite my tongue.

I'm a fully growing man
with a woman within me.
I'm a human being
and a child of GOD.
Darling Darlean,
this book was for you.



Previous Books

[I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.]

17. **Lazy Susan**
    How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

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

15. **Playing god With God**
    Hinduism, Health and Healing
    How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**
    Volume 1 High Lights
    Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
    Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 5 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 6 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 7 **Flames**: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. **A Guest at Their Table**
    My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
    Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
    Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
    Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**
    Torah For Straight People
    Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
    Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**

Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**
   89 Poems of My Love for Me