It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco…

A philosophic look at semen
and the delivery device that emits it

By
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1.
GOD!

This is the only time
I'm going to use that word in this book.
In my opinion,
Torah,
the core of the Hebrew Testament,
is reverse psychology.
It was given to us by DOG.
Therefore,
pronounce DOG backwards.

2.
I should have been a Jewish comedian.

The problem is that I'm queer,
but not particularly funny.
I'm a queen.
My mother is dead.
I'm no longer a Jewish princess.
I'm the most powerful piece on the chess board.
That board figuratively lies in my chest.
The land of milk and honey was on my mother's chest.
Out of the breast above her heart poured milk [love].
Out of the breast above her soul poured honey [wisdom].
I discovered that I found wisdom sweeter than love.

I'm also a self-ordained rabbi and Jewru.
And I'm a gay, Jewish righter [writer].
But I think of myself more as a philosopher queen.
I told DOG I wanted to be a Jewish comedian.
HE just laughed.
HE told me I can only propose.
HE disposes.
I didn't like the fact that HE wouldn't let me be
who I wanted to be.
Turns out, HE had a better plan for me in MIND.

3.

The Misanthrope's Guide to the Universe

That's what I should have called this book.
I don't like people who solve their problems with violence.
I'd rather use talk therapy.

I'm also not fond of people who love people.
I don't think they're the luckiest people in the world.

I'm only nice to people
because I believe it's the right thing to do.
And I don't feel the least bit guilty about that.

I also haven't "left my heart in San Francisco."
I'm still here after more than 30 years.
I've bequeathed my heart to San Francisco.
I owe it to the people of San Francisco
to reveal the secrets DOG gave me.
The first of those secrets
comes with reading the word "DOG" backwards in loud
so that you're not thinking about a canine
when you see that word in this book.
Think of my words as paint on a brush.
Brush my words with your eyes from left to right.
But when you see the word DOG,
brush that word from right to left.

I'm somewhat like the people of Oakland.
I'm similar to the people of Berkeley.
But in my mind's eye,
I see my penis
as looking a lot like the city of San Francisco.
And like a typical man,
I think my penis is huge…
This book is about the beliefs I've infused in me

with my own life-giving semen.
I've impregnated myself with my love.
Nevertheless,
I have a tendency
to be anxious about the strangers around me,
not just the strangers within me
because some of them are trying to screw me over.
I still have difficulty discerning
where these strangers are coming from,
the outside in or from the inside out.
I've been badly screwed from both directions.

This book isn't a song that I'm singing to you
from my heart.
I'm singing it from my dick.
Please don't bother to turn the page
if you're trying your best to love other people.
I only wrote this book to help you love yourself.

4.
I dedicate this book to homeless people everywhere

I only came close to homelessness.
I looked around for a freeway overpass to live under.
If my mom hadn't paid my rent
and if I hadn't gone to General Hospital in L.A.
to seek psychiatric medications,
I'd be where the homeless are now.
Fortunately,
I was able to get off psychiatric meds 21 years ago,
after 25 years on lithium.
Now I contemplate existential HOME-lessness. [1]
I question my life in spiritual ways.
I don't anticipate being enrolled
in this academy on Earth for more than one lifetime.
I look forward to graduation.
I look back on my worldly education
with good reasons for an eternal reward.
I feel I deserve it.
Without having found reasons to love myself,
admire myself,
and guide myself
I could never have hoped to end up
as happy with my grades in this school for fools.

[1] The difference between "homelessness" and "HOME-lessness" is the difference between having nowhere to live here-and-now and nowhere you want to go from the here-and-now afterwards.

5.
How to think about thinking

I don't believe everything I think.
My mind works in code.
The words on the screen in my mind
are the result of the code that runs me.
To break my own code to reprogram myself,
I had to get beneath the words
I use to think with
to use those words
to describe how I feel, sense and believe.
To know myself,
I had to go further down into myself
to look at where the code rises up to the surface.
I couldn't literally take off the back of my head
to get to the operating system that runs me.

I'm a spirit
learning how to operate a biological machine.
But I'm also like a technical instrument
in the process of being assembled.
I don't just have a chip on my shoulder.
I'm not a chip off the old block.
I'm the chip in my processor that makes me, me.
If you knew how all spiritual chips are figuratively formed,
you could operate yourself with the precision and accuracy
of that phone you so lovingly hold in your hand.
You, too, are a complex, spiritual device.
You're a new generation of human beings
who has the potential to create
many of the wonderful things
you imagine in your mind.

The secret to loving yourself
lies in expanding your imagination

using attention to the words you utter in loud.
Once you can apply a more vivid imagination
to everything you think,
your ability to infuse yourself
with more self-love will emerge.
Uploading new apps
to your spiritual operating system
[s.o.s.]
will make you more powerful.
Power emanates out from within.
When you understand how to plug yourself in,
turn yourself on,
and operate yourself fully,
you'll discover a connection to humanity and DOG
you didn't experience before.
But don't confuse that power with love for mankind.
Loving yourself is entirely different.
I was lucky to end up just liking other people.

6.
Once upon a time…

there was a boy named Adam
who lived with his best friend, Steve. [2]
Their house had a garden
in which there was an apple tree.
One day,
Steve went outside
and discovered another boy in the garden.
His name was Richard,
Dick, for short.
Dick had shimmied up their apple tree,
and was standing upright on a bough that held his weight.
When Dick started to sing,
Steve fell in love
with the combination of melody [good] and lyrics [evil]
that poured forth from Dick's mouth.
So, Steve enticed Adam
to come out to listen to Dick's song.
Adam, Steve and Dick became inseparable.
They ardently declared that they love their country,
their mom
and apple pie.
To this day
Adam and Steve recall
the ecstasy they experienced
the spring day they met Dick,
and all the apples they enjoyed that first Fall.

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[2] "Saint Eve" has been contracted to "Steve." If you oppose the idea of making Eve a saint, maybe this is where your problem with women begins.

7.
The summer of self-love

The summer of your love for you
comes between 12:00-4:00 p.m. daily.
You didn't miss a thing by not being in San Francisco
between June and October 1967 for
the Summer of Love.
Every word you utter is like the tip of a flame or iceberg.
Your words give you poetic license to dream big.
But if you don't dive down
below the waterline of consciousness,
you'll get stuck in the superficiality of your own words
and get burned by the lava
that flows up from your core
or the glaciers that crawl across your heart.

This book is a series of lessons
from the TEACHER of us all.
These lessons will teach you how to look at yourself
without a mirror.
They'll teach you how to dance with yourself.
You don't need a partner.
You can carve yourself without clay,
turn your body into an unfinished symphony
and your mind into a canvas.
Every thought is like a brushstroke of color
that could portray a hopeful vision of your tomorrows.

8.
I’m an aging, American writer

who rights in a way
that goes beyond the conventional use of language.
I’m speaking directly to the you
in your breastplate.
I’m speaking to your conscience,
not to your head, heart or soul.
I’m speaking to you
from between the boughs of an apple tree.
This book is a story
about the juice of the two fruits [testicles]
that changed the life of Adam [head]
and Steve [heart]
forever.
And I’m the Dick who’s going to tell it.

9.
So far

these are just fanciful words.
We all know how some men
are good at sweet-talk.
Whether you're male [y + z]
or female [x + z]
doesn't matter to me.
Your father determined your gender.
[x or y]
Your mother contributed
your spiritual connection to DOG.
[z]
To know and love yourself,
you need to know how DOG made you in HIS image.
Your parents couldn't tell you that.

10.
Institute of gemology

My parents were like jewelers,
and I was their diamond in the rough.
I lay helplessly in their hands in infancy.
My mother was the clamp that held me in place.
My father was the saw.
He struck me again and again
in an effort to create myriad facets that would shine.
Their goal was to turn me into an outward sign
of their love and promise of fidelity to one another.
When they divorced,
my mom continued the process on her own.
Sadly, I didn't end up with a radiance
that reflected the best of their light.
I was flawed from the start.
I couldn't shine like other people.
I was lackluster and dull from the inside out.
My parents could see that from my dimwitted glow.
If you looked at me up close,
as though with a jeweler's loop,
you could see that I'd been shattered into little pieces,
even though I looked whole in everyday settings.
I didn't know this about myself for a very long time.
I secretly thought I was brilliant.
I felt precious in some way I couldn't explain.
I really believed I could sparkle like a gemstone.
When you discover you're not the jewel
you thought you were,
what can you do about it then?
When people have treated you like sandstone,
or at best, fool's gold,
it gives you pause.
But now I know that I'm priceless.
They just didn't know me.

11.
The geography of home

San Francisco looks like my penis in erection.
The South Bay looks like my testicles
that retract after I get an erection.
Berkeley sits in the East Bay
like a belly button that's an in-y.
And Oakland is like the out-y I was just after birth.
The Bay Area is situated far below America's Bible belt.
Even our geography gives it away.
We're everything rightwing Christians despise.
We live in a place that geographically looks obscene.
Therefore, they think everything we say is dirty.
Maybe that's why so many young people flock here.
Everyone wants to know what's dirty.
I came here attracted to a particular penis
that made me fall in love with that whole man,
although I didn't associate the look of this peninsula
with my love for him at that time.
I saw myself as one more lost soul
who'd found his way into this orphanage by the Bay.
Here, I licked my wounds
at having been neglect, rejected,
abandoned, betrayed, banished
and then ghosted by my family.
Here, I acted out against unauthorized authority figures
who forced me down or got me down.
Unless we suffer a massive catastrophe in San Francisco,
like the San Francisco earthquake of 1904,
I'm going to continue to plow on,
infusing my notions of love and justice into this,
anything but virgin-like world.

12.
Cilantro

Here's the catch…
This book is about DOG, not just man.
For some,
DOG is like cilantro.
HE leaves a soapy taste in their mouth.
For some,
DOG is like cilantro.
HE's like a delightful herb
that enhances many a recipe made with love.
If you don't have the spiritual gene
to like the taste of DOG in food-for-thought,
you're not going to be able to stomach this book.
I meet a lot of people who are atheists.
They like me.
They just don't like me to talk about DOG.
It upsets them.
It's like it gives them heartburn.
I respect my atheist friends by not adding cilantro [DOG]
to the spiritual meals I serve them.
But you're not my friend.
If you can't stomach the topic of DOG,
please don't take another bite from this buffet of blessings.
It's not for you.

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Previous Books

Preamble

This is the 22nd book I've written. Hundreds of book agents and publishers have rejected all my previous works. I have no hope that they'll find this book any more marketable. It's become clear that, for now, what I have to say about myself is for my eyes and ears only.

I've been rejected by the literary world, betrayed by my family and, as a gay man, conspired against by my country. And yet, these bumps on the road of my life have only taught me to drive more slowly and carefully to save my chassis from further damage and stress. And because I'm still vain about this vehicle I've been given after almost 70 years in it, I've chosen to take the hints, go slower and make this journey go smoothly until the end.

I think the reason why agents haven't offered to sign me up as a client and publishers haven't wanted to publish my ideas isn't because of what I've said, but because no one has said what I've said. They're afraid there's no market for new ideas. People want to hear things that sound familiar. Having to listen to something they don't know being told to them by a perfect stranger is too much like being in school.

Dull people want to be spoon-fed ideas they can swallow without chewing. Smart people want to bite into and chew on new ideas that taste good. Those who are clever like munching on ideas that are crunchy [resilient], salty [wise], sweet [loving] or savory [inspiring], but only if they're already familiar with those ideas.

Nobody likes ideas that are sour [angry] or bitter [disappointing]. People may tell you they're hungry for food-for-thought that's nutritious, but only if it's fatty [self-indulgent] and sweet [romantic].

Only the brilliant aren't interested in the pablum they've been served ad nauseum. Only geniuses are up for new adventures in mindfulness. Only they can stomach the green vegetables that correspond to the guilty conscience caused

by self-ignorance.

My books are for fruits and nuts who want to learn how to enjoy their vegetables. That's why publishers won't publish my books. That's why I give my books away for free on my website. [barryzeve.com]

Everyone who plays chess know that the queen can't move across the board like a knight in an "L" shaped pattern. But everyday women are learning how to copy knights in shining armor, even if the rules of chess don't keep up with the creativity and audacity of women today. There are those men who berate women for behaving as they do, but they're idiots. When women behave like knights and straight men behave like queens, I congratulate them. I want to see them win.

I'm human. I'm frail. But I'm not defective. I'm not just a flaming queen. I'm an old hippy who's found his way around the streets of San Francisco. I look at how the city has grown spiritually from when I was in my youth. I see magnificent changes!

This place was a refuge for gays when I was a young man. It's become a sanctuary for immigrants.

I see this world as like a mountain. San Francisco is located at the very summit. You don't get any closer to HEAVEN than this.

If you think your bitterness and disappointments in life are adequate to understand where I'm coming from, I challenge you to read this book from cover to cover. I realize that it's free of charge, and most people are suspicious of anything given away. But I suggest you force yourself to accept this gift. There's nothing you owe me. There's no product to buy that I associate with my ideas.

The 4th Commandment [Keep the Sabbath holy] just means "Don't waste time." You aren't going to be here forever.

The only thing I'm going to say that may come across as

a sale's pitch is that I don't think you're going to waste precious time reading my words of wisdom.

Now, I'm going to tell you how I became so interested in spirituality, the study of the self as created by the one DOG who created us all. HE's given us seven major paths to HIM, chronologically described as history [HIS story]:

1.	Indigenism	more than 3,800 years ago
2.	Hinduism	3,800 years ago
3.	Judaism	3,400 years ago
4.	Buddhism	2,500 years ago
5.	Taoism	2,200 years ago
6.	Christianity	2,000 years ago
7.	Islam	1,400 years ago

HIS story intersects with my story [mystery]. My story started to become interesting when I chose to become a professional ballet dancer. After that, I became a junior high school English teacher. After getting too old to dance and after teaching kids and young adults for ten years – while locking horns with one school administrator after another – I went into business with boyfriend #1, in the field of market research. Larry and I were lovers and business partners for 13 years. We were the "Barry and Larry" team. Our market research company was called "Blarry House Research."

The combination of all my experiences in life have given me a rare understanding of my body through the discipline of dance. I've had an unusually profound proximity to juvenile behavior from teaching young people. And from the business world I made enough money, so I don't have to be anxious about my ship not reaching safe haven in old age.

I'm not monetarily rich, but I'm a spiritual billionaire. You don't have to worry about me sneaking my fingers into your wallet while reading my words. I'm not going to tell you how to spend your hard-earned money or honey [wisdom].

And because I've been in a monogamous relationship for more than ten years with boyfriend #2 [Will], you don't have to worry about protecting your penis and anus from me disrespecting your boundaries. My goal isn't to screw you or screw you over.

What I have to say has to do with my relationship to Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco, figuratively speaking. If you hadn't noticed, San Francisco looks like a penis. We should start there. The third-person nominative pronoun "it" always refers to the penis, whether you're talking to a princess or a queen. [3] In this one way, all gay minds think alike. Therefore, every "it" out in the world is like that special place in a man's body.

You should also know up front that I have the dubious honor of being able to make the claim that I'm a world class expert on insanity because I tried to kill myself three times! But I can also make the claim that I can teach you how to operate yourself like a technical device or a self-driven vehicle despite my previous expertise in self-destructive behavior. I believe I know something you could use to get what you want out of this sometimes-seemingly-DOG-forsaken world.

Therefore, it might be worth your while to commit to reading up to, say, chapter 1, page 1. The title of that chapter is, "Good morning sunshine!" It's only about seven pages from here. You won't have lost a lot of time by reading that much further.

You can nibble at these hors d'oeuvres I'm serving before the main meal is brought to the table. Surely, you're hungry for more self-knowledge and self-love than you think.

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[3] A princess's [s]mother is still alive. A queen's mother is deceased. A queen has inherited her mother's crown. The conflicts between princesses and queens mirror the conflicts between [s]mothers and daughters.

I'm a queen. My mother died two years ago. My sisters stole our mother's inheritance. Larry cheated on me by having sex with his former boyfriend, Jim. And, yet I couldn't be more at peace with the way things have turned out because I've learned a great deal about myself from my losses. My sisters and I aren't on speaking terms. Larry and Jim are both dead [AIDS]. And I've moved on by making sense of my lessons in life. Their lessons and rewards don't concern me.

I'm 69, have a great body and a fantastic sex life with Will, a Catholic who's 12 years younger than me. I'm also spiritually wealthy in that I've been able to spend my retirement years writing books about literary interpretations of the world's scriptures that make a lot more sense than the nonsense spouted by most religious leaders.

And, if that's not enough to make you green with envy, to paraphrase Sally Field, "I like me! I really like me…!" [4]

[4] "The first time I didn't feel it, but this time I feel it, and I can't deny the fact that you like me, right now, you like me!" Said during Field's Oscar acceptance speech for Best Actress in 1984's "Places in the Heart." Often misquoted as "You like me, you really like me!" [Internet]

Opening

If you live in the Bay Area, you already know that this isn't a place where people are known to behave traditionally, dress formally or speak shyly. There's a certain overlap of intention we share here that we take for granted when talking to one another. But if visitors don't share that understanding with us, or they step outside the bounds of our discourse, we tend to be blunt about the principles we espouse and live by.

Just look at our Congresswoman, Nancy Pelosi. She's like Lot's wife. [Genesis 19] She's a pillar of salt [wisdom]. She's a traditional Catholic woman who turns around constantly to look back at where she came from. She's never without words to describe the perverts she's had to deal with in politics.

Some of the politicians Americans send to Washington are like towers of Babel. [Genesis 11] They wish to get to S'DOG KINGDOM in a hurry. They want to erect their little tower to egotistical power. They're slavedrivers working for the pharaoh in power at the time in the hopes of freeing themselves from what they call "financial tyranny." They babble like babies. They've got no solutions to offer the poor and disenfranchised who are slaves in this system. Many of these politicians are liars and thieves, only there to expand their ego through power over the poor. What's more, they don't feel the least bit guilty about what they're doing to themself. And they certainly couldn't care less what they're doing to us.

San Francisco is called the gay Mecca [Arabic: sanctuary], but it's also the Sodom and Gomorrah of the modern world. Here, we care about how people treat one another in bed, not just how it's going for them in polite society. Here, we care about welcoming strangers [angels in disguise] with open arms and sensuous glances. San Franciscans aren't afraid of being influenced by Independent, gay Jews like me. I'm not a Democrat or

Republican.

Here, we have citizens from both sides of the aisle who live more or less peacefully with one another. We fight dirty politics together.

Many here know that this country would do much better if people would see life as a school, and all of us as pupils engaged with the one TEACHER who enrolled us all. The more we enrich the curriculum for everyone, the better everyone's grades will be.

But good sense and sympathetic sensibilities aren't characteristics of the political platform anymore, anywhere. By comparing and contrasting how we live in San Francisco to how life is unfolding elsewhere, at least you can see why we're so grateful to live here.

Overview

This book is about spirituality applied to myself. It's about the fundamental operating principles that drive me as told by my dick. By the time you read to the end, you should have compared and contrasted yourself to me. You should know more about yourself than you do now.

And isn't self-knowledge the topic that should most interest everyone? If you die not having come to know yourself, you've missed the greatest stranger DOG brought into your life to befriend.

I'm not a religious person. I don't go to synagogue anymore even though I was Bar Mitzvah-ed in an orthodox temple. I don't go to church anymore even though Will is the secretary of a Catholic church in the Castro [the gayborhood of San Francisco]. And although I've been to mosques to pray, I don't go there anymore, either.

I tried praying standing up like a Jew, kneeling like a Christian and even getting down on all four like a Muslim. As a ballet dancer, I thought it would be important for me to move through all three of these religious positions. There are positions in ballet, too, so I wasn't surprised to learn that there were positions in prayer. I learned them. I've moved in them and through them. And I've moved on.

I can spiritually dance standing, kneeling and prostrate with the best of them. It's just a pity that I'm gay and many religious people are homophobes. I asked men in all three of the Abrahamic faiths to take a spiritual romp around the room with me to discuss scripture, but, sadly, they refused because I have a boyfriend. For some reason, they think my spiritual ideas would sound better if I slept with gals. Don't ask me why.

I see the Abrahamic faiths as an edifice with the Jews on the ground floor; the Christians on the second story; and the Muslims in the penthouse. I see paradise as the roof garden that the Muslims insist only they have access to because they

live on the third story with the highest view.

I see HEAVEN as what the Christians think lies above their ceiling and hell as what they think they'll find below their floor. So, I can see why Jews and Muslims in the building feel insulted by Christian conclusions about the afterlife. We don't want chicken wings on our back or a light over our head that has no dimmer switch. We don't want to play the harp for all eternity or make our home on a cloud.

Hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims are ignorant of the Hindus who live in our basement, the religious foundation of our edifice. They don't want to go there. They think it's dark and dingy down there. They think there's no light coming from DOG into Hinduism, even though Hinduism was blessed by DOG with the foundation that supports the whole building.

What a pity, the Jews are only wise. What a pity the Christians are only loving. And what a pity the Muslims are only loyal to ALLAH. Just think what a world this could be if everyone chose to be wise, self-loving and loyal to life! Think how much more we could venerate the one DOG who created us all if we could appreciate ourself and what DOG gave each of us to share with one another.

People ought to learn to contemplate their navel with the discernment the Hindus use to contemplate the efforts of the blind men who touched the ELEPHANT. You can't know what an elephant looks like with your two hands alone. You can't know what the edifice of faith looks like from one faith alone. [5]

The Buddhists have constructed scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice to get a better view by looking in all the windows of those who believe in a force greater than man. Because the Buddhists don't believe in sdog, they can see things about reality that are obscured by the faithful.

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[5] Just imagine if the blind men had touched a dog and tried to tell each other what a canine looks like.

It was the Buddhist objection to the thousands of sdog of the Hindus that motivated them to construct the scaffolding around the hole the spiritual Hindus dug for themselves.

But it was the Taoists who believe in 16 sdog who have no objection to those who believe in only one DOG. They apply the yin of their inner world to the yang of their outer world to plummet the mystery of paradox. We were all given two worlds, the world within us that's private and the world around us that's public.

The Way [Taoism] are the steel beams of the edifice of spirituality that keep our walls up. Taoism corresponds to backbone.

When you believe in a DOG who can share your two worlds with you, the world within you and the world around you, you awaken to the seven metaphors of a life:

1. Life is a jungle. We're all like animals fighting to survive. [indigenism]
2. Life is a family. We're all related through our mother. [Hinduism]
3. Life is a garden. We were all planted here like seeds. [Judaism]
4. Life is a journey. We're all spirits in a vehicle making our way to one DESTINATION over the course of many lifetimes. [Buddhism]
5. Life is an edifice. We're all inhabitants in the same spiritual structure that resembles our body. [Taoism]
6. Life is a family. We're all related through our FATHER. [Christianity]
7. Life is a school. We're all like pupils who are learning how to be. [Islam]

Introduction

There's a price to pay for everything. There are no free lunches. Even rewards in life have price tags on them.

I started out as a [Jewish] bud that turned into a flower child. Then, I realized I was a fruit [gay man]. But I was green, unripened and inedible [self-ignorant]. It took decades on the vine for me to turn the grape juice in my veins into cognac [spirituality]. You have no idea how many bottles of vinegar [disappointment] I had to throw away in my effort to turn into fine wine.

Cynicism is only the answer for the young. With age, hope becomes a better response to adversity.

Life is really all about going in one of two directions: toward good or evil. If you take the road of goodness, you arrive at Christ's love of Himself that He shined out onto humanity. But if you take the road of evil – mistakes made, corrected, apologized and atone for – you become wise. You take the metaphoric road that Moses gave the world. You see yourself as a forbidden tree in a garden that the GARDENER will permit you to come to know and love if you pursue the wisdom of self-love. So, don't throw Moses back into the bullrushes or baby Jesus out with the bathwater. The Jews know something about your life that you need to know to make your faith come true for you.

There are no more forks in the road when you reach my age. There are roundabouts. You decide how you're going to navigate intersections, crossroads, junctions and circuses. There's no one way to get from here to THERE.

I'm not at all a loving person. Time has made me bitter and suspicious. I had to fight my way through naïveté. I confused innocence with stupidity. I thought the faster I went the smarter I'd look.

The opposite of guilty is wizened, not blameless. Fools are guiltless. Very young children are innocent because

they're self-ignorant.

Perhaps because I made a hell of a lot of mistakes that wizened me up considerably, I'm now cynical and distrusting. Life may be a school in which we're all learning how to be, but I've had to learn to strive to graduate with a Ph.D. in being me. I do so by working on my final exam at all times.

I'm too old to be your daddy. Think of me more like a gay grandpa. If you'd like an older shoulder to cry on, I'm not the one for you. Pity is a party I don't like to attend. Most people are in competition for pity from others. Pity yourself for your self-ignorance, and then learn what you don't yet know about you that's holding you back.

Then, develop your conscience so that you don't have to hurt others to negotiate your wants [–]. Guerilla warfare is for gorillas, not civilized human beings.

I'm not in your head. I don't know what you're thinking. I'm not trying to get between your legs to fill your ass with the life-giving fruit juice in me. I'm filling your breastplate with my semen. I'm figuratively nourishing your conscience with my life-giving food-for-thought.

If you're still searching in the dark for mommy and/or daddy who left you behind to figure out how to live your life by yourself, they can't help you. Only your inner parents can help your inner child grow up to become a soulful person.

You're smart enough to know why your parents are M.I.A. Let's move on. They're just students in this school, like you and me.

Now is the time to decide whether you want what I have, or not. You're not committed to reading this book from cover to cover. But by now you should be able to see that the more you let this book read you, the more you'll be able to read your own beads.

Face it. You're spiritually illiterate. You won't become spiritually literate until you can read yourself like a book. If you want to learn how to read in a way that surpasses

something you already learned how to do literally, you'll be able to say that you know and love yourself literately. Decide now if this is something you want to learn how to do.

Good morning sunshine

When I go to bed at night, I put one pillow under my head, and I use another like a teddy bear that I cuddle. I had the teddy bear my dad gave me as a child until I was in my twenties. But while I suffered severe mental illness, which the doctors diagnosed as "paranoid schizophrenia," I cut off Teddy's head to see what he had for brains and cut open his chest open down to his stomach to get to the broken contraption that had once made it possible for Teddy to squeak when you squeezed his belly. After I found nothing else but straw inside of him, I threw all his parts in the garbage. Once I knew what Teddy looked like on the inside, my curiosity was sated.

I'm sure a psychologist would like to know what was going through my mind at the time. Who wouldn't wonder what was so disturbing that it made me take out my frustrations on my teddy bear?

A shrink might begin the conversation by asking me what I thought of my father who bought Teddy for me, rather than ask me to talk about my relationship with my [s]mother, as is usually the case in psychoanalysis. But I doubt s/he'd discover that I used a serrated knife to cut Teddy apart, piece by piece. The single-edge knife I first tried wasn't nearly sharp enough.

I'm going to do to you what I did to Teddy. But I'm going to use my sharp wit, not a serrated knife. I've always been suicidal, not homicidal. I assure you that what I'm going to do to you will hurt me a lot more than it'll hurt you. You won't sense a thing, but I expect you to feel a great deal.

I don't look like a hippy anymore. I have short hair, no beard, and I don't take drugs. I own a one-bedroom apartment in San Francisco that's worth over a million dollars. I've been in two long term relationships [with men] that total more than 25 years. And I've been off all psychiatric medications since June 21st, 2000.

Teddy was my closest "friend" until I dissected him and then threw him in the trash. I didn't hold anyone, or onto anything, as meaningfully as I held Teddy when I was a kid. Before my parents separated when I was six, I cuddled Teddy every night to the sound of my parents screaming at one another in the dining room. At the time, I thought I held Teddy tightly to get him through his fears. He was the love of my life. I didn't want to see him upset.

But I cut off his head in my twenties to stop him from thinking and cut open his chest to break his heart. I just wanted to know what he was thinking; how he felt; who he believed in; and where the fire in his belly had gone.

When I completed doing what I did and saw that Teddy was like a straw man without spiritual substance or integrity, I didn't know any more than I knew before. So, I threw him away in disgust.

Of course, I loved my dad very much as a child. And I loved my mom, too. I didn't know it then, but I now know that I don't just come from a broken home. I come with a broken heart. And my parents broke it. My search for family has been ongoing my entire life.

My search for intimacy, romance, sex and fun was mixed together like oil paints on a palette deep inside of me. But I didn't dare apply those colors to the canvas of my life with the honesty I can today. I was afraid what others might say if I looked, felt and acted differently from them.

Outer gray corresponded to inner chartreuse. I was green with envy inside. But on the outside, I just looked shady.

The Bay Bridge that connects San Francisco to Oakland is called the "People's Bridge." But I didn't feel like a person among people most of my life. When I was by myself, I felt alone, singled out and, frankly, in bad company.

I didn't know why I felt so different, and I didn't really question it. I just knew I felt different from others and left it at that.

I came to San Francisco because I fell in love with Larry,

and he lived here. I was 37 years old at the time. But I considered myself a hippy then because of my defiant nature, not because of the music I listened to or the vegetarian food I often ate. Pink Floyd and curry do not a hippy make.

My parents were Holocaust survivors. The 1950's weren't the best of decades for them. You'd think that after surviving Nazis nothing would have gotten them down. In truth, they couldn't have been more miserable after the War. And, as we all know, misery loves company.

A lot of the Jewish Holocaust survivors got married right away. They needed to be miserable in the company of someone who was equally miserable. None of the Holocaust survivors I knew [and I met quite a few] could get the psychological support they needed to manage their trauma because I don't believe it existed at the time. Psychologists could dive off those Jewish icebergs that floated on the oceans of everyday emotions, but the science of the mind at the time couldn't go down to the depth of despair in the inky darkness and crushing pressure those poor souls were under.

This world was a horrible place in those days [so they tell me]. I was just a child. Some claim that family matters. Others claim that family values have been lost. I think that your family only matters to you if they've got the tools to help you.

When you suffer P.T.S.D. [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder], what they don't tell you is that you also suffer from Pre-Traumatic Stress Disorder. You anticipate stress, lack of support and orderliness, even if nothing bad is about to happen. You're always anxious about what's around the next corner. Experience become a terrible teacher.

When I can't find a sock after I've taken the wash out of the dryer, I'm tempted to put a poster up on a telephone pole with a picture of the matching sock, offering a reward if its mate is returned. When I lose my keys, I want to call Suicide Prevention. And when my phone acts up or there's a glitch in a program on my computer, I want to shake my fist at

DOG, and whisper under my breath, “How dare YOU treat me with such calloused disregard...”

Teddy was my best friend, my companion and my confidant in the 1950’s. But because I was so oppressed by a social system that couldn’t help me; suppressed by my parents; repressed by myself; and depressed almost all the time – I couldn’t talk about what was going on inside me.

I didn’t just have problems in the outer world. I suffered syndromes in my inner world. I was extremely complex, but damaged. I needed both external support for my problems and internal support for my syndromes.

But when I was a child, I held Teddy close to my body every night as I closed my eyes and my mind gave up its grip on consciousness, one painful day after another.

As I went to my dreams, Teddy was by my side – literally and figuratively. My dreams were in color until the day my parents separated. My dreams have been in black-and-white ever since. In an effort to hold onto hope, I put my efforts into achieving my fantasies. Lust, not love, became my guiding light.

Today, I know more about myself. Blankets aren’t enough to keep me warm and cozy at night. I need a down pillow against my body wrapped tightly in my arms. I need something to hold, protect and console me. But not even a pillow offers enough pressure to give me the sensation that I’m back in my mother’s womb, safe and sound.

I ripped off Teddy’s head and tore out his guts because he was no longer willing to do for me what he’d done before. Something had changed inside of him, and I wanted to find out what that was…

Getting up in the morning

I'm a fitful sleeper. I generally wake up many times during the night, and then fall back to sleep. I even hit Will a few times in my sleep in an effort to fight back against those who threatened me in my nightmares.

Now, when it gets close to morning, consciousness bleeds into my dream state. I'm well-aware of being in two places at once before the dawn when new ideas begin to dawn on me.

But, by the time I open my eyes and stare at the walls in my bedroom, I've really been wide awake for a while. I've just been hiding out inside me in the dark. By the time I sit up and then get up, I've already been in a semiconscious relationship with myself for some time.

Getting out of bed in the morning reenforces my resignation that I'm already late in meeting the day. I'm already a loser because I didn't get up sooner. If I'd opened my eyes and gotten up when I'd woken up, I wouldn't have procrastinated about getting up. And I wouldn't be late before my feet even touch the floor.

I'm always running late, figuratively. I've been running for decades even though, by definition, hippies don't run; we skip or stroll. We roam. We meander. We wander like Jews.

I've always figuratively arrived late wherever I was going, whether I got there early or on time. This is because by the time I get out of bed in the morning, it's already too late.

I was born by caesarian. I was born late. And every morning, I relive my birth. I never came down that ominous tunnel out into the light. I didn't come out battered and bruised, and then screamed bloody murder at having been smacked on the ass after having been ripped out of HEAVEN and forced into hell.

I was gently removed from my mother's all-encompassing embrace once they realized I wouldn't come

out on my own. She and I separated like a gentleman tipping his hat, turning his back and gallantly walking away from a lady.

I could never fight with a lady I respected as much as the first lady in my life. What would the president of the United States of America say?

My mother was my mom for the first 12 years of my life. But when I was Bar-Mitzvah-ed at the age of 13, and instantly became a "man" somehow, my mom magically turned into my sister, just as I reached the age when most boys achieve orgasm and discover the sublime state of ecstasy that every male thinks about for the rest of his life.

When I was in my mid-twenties, my mom remarried, and I became her previous husband. I felt like I'd protected her until I could pass her along to her next husband. In a way, I felt like her father giving away his precious daughter to the next man who'd care for her. I felt as though I was graciously giving away the bride.

My father had been my mother's first husband; I was figuratively her second husband for 17 years; her third husband was literally her second husband for more than 30 years, but he had already died by the time she was old and senile.

When my mother grew old and feeble, somehow, her relationship to me magically changed again. I became like her father. She became like my daughter. I stroked her hair. I consoled her. I kissed her cheek. Once, on the dementia ward at the Jewish home, I even fed her as she stared obliviously out into space.

But I wasn't by her side to hand her over to DOG on her deathbed. She died suddenly on Sunday night, June 23, 2019 at about 4:00 a.m., alone.

I don't feel guilty about not being there for her and with her when her spirit left her body. Death is a private matter for some. We all come into this world in the presence of our

mother. But there's no law on the books that says we have to be there with our her when she dies.

I felt relieved when I got the call at about 7:00 a.m. that Sunday morning. I knew immediately why they were calling. In fact, I didn't give the man on the phone time to tell me that she'd died. I told him she died. I wanted to relieve the messenger of having to bring me his message. I then told him how glad I was that she had passed and how grateful I was to the Jewish Home that she'd died in their care.

My sister had already stolen our mother's financial inheritance by then, but my mother had figuratively bequeathed her crown to me. On that day, I was majestically and regally transformed from a princess into a queen.

That's how my blood turned from raging red to royal blue. That's what happened when I lost the most important woman in my life.

If a princess doesn't make good use of her new-found power as queen, she's going to cry bitter tears over her past and how awful her future looks without her royal forerunner to venerate or grumble about.

My [s]mother wasn't a saint. She was half Jewish. I believe we're as close to DOG as we choose to be. Being good in Judaism is up for discussion. We like to talk about what makes a person good and/or bad.

Unfortunately, DOG was recorded by Moses as claiming that gay Jews are so bad that we need to be killed. [Leviticus 20] But HE said the same about anyone who doesn't believe in HIM. He said the same thing about adulterers and children who disobey their parents. HE even proclaimed that in instances where animals were force to have sex with human beings, the animal had to be killed, as well.

Nothing DOG said was wrong. It was all just reverse psychology.

Trip to the bathroom

I sit on the toilet every morning to pee. At my age, peeing standing up isn't easy. If the ego corresponds to man's prostate gland, then my ego has been enlarged by a lifetime of overindulgences. My prostate presses against my urethra to remind my penis that standing up like a man to pee isn't becoming at my age. I sit down like a lady to pee. That's a modest pose that's also humbling.

Every morning I take off my T-shirt and underpants in the bathroom to sit on the toilet nude. As I feel the cold tile on my bare soles, I think about my souls, one good; one evil.

Then I say good morning to DOG, while looking like Rodin's "The Thinker." Like all the hippies I once knew, I'm more comfortable nude than clothed. I love my body. It's my closest friend, surpassing Teddy.

The word in Hebrew for "clothing" comes from the root word for "betrayal." I don't want to betray DOG first thing in the morning. That's why I greet HIM physically nude, emotionally naked and spiritually exposed. Even though I'm starting out figuratively late each day, I don't want to put my worse foot forward. So, I tip my imaginary hat [kipa: yarmulke] to DOG while seated on the toilet to pee.

Then I brush my teeth apologetically for all I said the day before that was stupid. My dentist gave me a super-soft toothbrush because I've scrubbed my teeth to the point that my gums have receded in an effort to apologize to myself for all the silly things I've said in loud and out loud. Over the course of 69 years of brusque, habitual apologizing each morning as I brush my teeth, I'm now "long in tooth," as Shakespeare said of old people.

You and DOG are the only ones who know this about me. I've chosen to give up some of my privacy to describe how meaningful time alone with DOG can be.

Keren verses zeve

The word "keren" in Hebrew means a "ray of light." But a keren is a ray of light that you see between clouds in the sky. A "zeve" is a ray of light within. A zeve illuminates you despite all the clouds in your inner sky. My last name [Zeve] is an "inner ray of light" that's become a symbol of my illumination, warmth and burn.

I'm the Stranger in a Strange Land who has powers he wants to teach you. [6] I feel like an alien from another planet, but I'm really just an earthling like yourself. I was born in New York City, not on Mars.

Granted, other people have been like rays of light in my life. But they've been more like kerens than zeves to me. I had to become my own zeve. My dad couldn't impart that knowledge to me, even though I received my last name from him.

Torah describes how Moses was unaware that his face radiated light. [Exodus 34] The word used for that glow was "keren." But the word has two meanings and was improperly translated as "horn" rather than "external ray of light." This is where the early Christians got the idea that Jews had horns. And this why Michelangelo sculpted his rendition of Moses with horns on Moses' head.

Jews don't have horns. We aren't like baby goats with little horns protruding from our foreheads that Christians once claimed made us scapegoats to be sacrificed to DOG. Those days are over!

Some things in life don't need to be learned. Some things need to be unlearned. Learning how to tie a knot is a skill. Learning how to untie one is a blessing.

Since we're all more like computers than we think, let's

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[6] Sci-fi book about a human raised by Martians who returns to Earth and transforms its culture, by Robert A. Heinlein, 1961 [Internet]

just restart. We don't have to be anxious anymore about this glitch in the system in our ancestors' past. There's an automatic reset button in us all. We don't have to blame the descendants of pharaohs. We just need to acknowledge that HIS stories don't end with "And they lived happily ever after." HIS stories continue.

I find that there's a mystical, magical quality in being Jewish that nobody's been able to define. But as a gay man, I can tell you that we, gay people, hold a mystical, magical quality of our own. And as an American who lived in Israel and Holland for five years, I experienced a mystical, magical attribute in those peoples, too.

Having tested my theory while traveling around the world like a hippy, I got to know "the poorer quarters where the ragged people go," [7] People everywhere are amazing once you can commend them for what you see them doing right that they don't see in themselves.

Each one of us is carved uniquely by DOG. HE uses the same clay and the same set of tools. But each of us looks different, inside and out. That fascinates me. I didn't used to think anybody was as DIVINELY inspired as me. But now I believe we're each stimulating and boring in our own unique ways.

We live in a day-and-age in which we're supposed to be color blind to race; tolerant of all religious convictions [no matter how hateful]; and accepting of lifestyles even if they're bleeding us to death financially.

What I most want to discuss are the mystical, magical differences in peoples that make this world wondrous and fascinating. But if being P.C. requires that I shut down when it comes to describing reality as I see it, I'll just continue to write for myself. I'm not going to pretend that I don't see what I see. I'm not going to pretend that I don't like what I don't like. I'm not that kind of P.C.

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[7] Lyrics from "The Boxer," by Paul Simon, 1969.

Emanuel verses Emanuel

One of the euphemistic names for Jesus is Emanuel. The name "Emanuel," like "keren," has also been poorly translated from Hebrew. Emanuel doesn't mean "DOG [EL] with us." It means "us with DOG [EL]." [8]

DOG leads. We follow. HE shows us the road HE'd like us to take. But we have to develop the thoughts, feelings and beliefs that will help us think freely, feel liberally and believe in the emancipation of ourself that comes from making our conscience our guide. This gets us to our destinations without incident. This also what I believe gets us from here to THERE.

Granted, each of us is in a different vehicle, even if we're all on the same roads. Each of us is going a different way, even if we're all expected to use the stop lights, stop signs and rules of the road to get where we're going.

Just using your head will leave you contrary. Just using your heart will leave you co-dependent. And just using your soul will leave you vindictive. You must unite the three in your breastplate and make each of them agree to make your conscience their guide.

We can all see the misinterpretation of Christ's euphemistic name [Emanuel] in the modern era. We claim that anyone who doesn't agree with us is a 21st Century neo-Nazi. We've turned anyone who doesn't believe what we believe into a less-than-human who doesn't deserve to be allowed to live. Hitler would be proud of many of us because of our attitude, even if we don't approve of his actions. Many today know how to goosestep in his footsteps, even if they march to a different drummer.

DOG is no fool. And just because you may claim to know where you're going doesn't mean HE's going

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[8] EL is the word for DOG in Hebrew. ELOHIM is the word for SDOG in Hebrew. DOG comes in singular and plural.

wherever you think you're going to drag HIM, like a dog on a leash or like a teddy bear in your arms.

Jesus was called Emanuel because He took Christians where He wanted them to go: out of their head, into their heart. Those, like the Nazis, who thought they were taking Him with them were wrong.

The whole point of believing in DOG is having the faith needed to go where HE goes, not where you want [–] to go. This is something that the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims don't get. In my opinion, the three of them hate the modern era. I believe they hate the peace we've forged between men, women and children with the LGBTQIA+ community. I see the extremists in the Abrahamic faiths as like three stooges. They slap each other around, expecting us to laugh at their pathetic antics.

None of the hyper-religious are funny in my eyes. And here in the Bay Area, we haven't laughed at their violent antics for a very long time. Their actions clearly demonstrate they're using the wrong interpretations of S'DOG plans, whether the name they employ for the Tutor that the TEACHER gave them is Y.H.V.H., Jesus or Archangel Gabriel.

The TEACHER isn't Jewish, but all three of HIS Abrahamic Tutors are. You'd think that Jews, Christians and Muslims would have learned that by now. But they're not on speaking terms with one another. You'd know if they were. What you're learning about them is from a gay man, someone despised by all three faiths as a pervert who defies DOG. How ironic!

DOG isn't required to go with any of them. And the state of the planet is the best evidence I've got to show that HE's taking us all to our fate unless we figure out how to achieve a destiny that reveals to everybody where HE's taking us.

Needless to say, this hinges on the future of the State of Israel. Without peace sought by Muslims with Jews in the Middle East, the world will continue to feel like we're

walking with a stone in our shoe.

What makes the Bay Area the most fascinating place on the planet to live in the modern era is that a gay Jew can be himself here. People listen to me, even if they don't believe what I believe. They're able to respect alternative points of view and ask good questions. What's more, not only was the United Nations created here in San Francisco. We live in unity here with people from everywhere on Earth.

The extreme right despises the gays. The extreme left despises Israel. The reason I'm respected in the Bay Area isn't because I'm gay or Jewish. It's because I'm gay and Jewish. I'm recognized as sitting on a spiritual fault, much like California is sitting on a geologic fault.

When I speak, there are earthquakes figuratively created in the people I speak to. They tremble because I shake them up deep down within. I leave many feeling that the core beneath the earth beneath their feet isn't a cool solid, but a hot liquid.

We're so far ahead of the rest of humanity that here we augment our natural intelligence with artificial intelligence. We're teaching people to use modern tools in even more modern ways. We're teaching them to awaken as the driver [spirit] of their vehicle [body]. This is ironic, since the percentage of driverless vehicles on the roads of San Francisco is growing every year.

We're modeling how to become spiritual from the outside in by recognizing that our inner forces can only be controlled with self-knowledge and self-love, not brainwashing. We're teaching people how to operate themself by using technology as a tool for spiritual enlightenment. If you go to my website, you can use A.I. to ask me questions about all of my books and other writings. You don't have to read everything I wrote to retrieve the wisdom I have to offer.

All my life, I was desperate for acknowledgment and assistance in my pursuit of comfort. Young people today are

using their phone towards that end.

If you decide to visit us here in San Francisco, don't bother to look for who we are by the litter or homeless on our streets. We're dealing with those issues. Look at the phone you're clutching in your hand that was created by the finest minds in the world who reside in the modest, human bodies walking around you on the streets of San Francisco. The brilliance of the people in the Bay Area isn't fully seen or appreciated, even though our light shines like kerens outwardly and zeves inwardly.

The Three Stooges

Nobody likes The Three Stooges anymore. Today, they're nothing more than three wacky Jews who came out of vaudeville into the television era in a childish effort to make people laugh.

If you look at them for insight into the human condition, Moe was the embodiment of man's mind. Larry was his heart. And Curly-Joe was his penis.

What the three of them described was a psychological relationship within us between our thoughts, feelings and sensations that model how most people treated themself unconsciously when I was growing up. Our head [Moe] slapped our heart to punish it for being hateful. Our heart [Larry] slapped our penis to punish it for being lustful. And our penis [Curly Joe] would get back at the two of them to prove that they were unwise and unloving.

The essence of the metaphor behind these three stooges [forces] within us was a desire to sacrifice ourself to a cause greater than our own. We were all conditioned to behave selflessly. Most of us didn't see how the forces within us were conspiring against our own best interest.

Each of is like a driver behind the wheel of a vehicle. But we all get lost once in a while. We go on detours to material acquisitions and power trips to get what we think we deserve.

I'm not telling you that you don't deserve what you yearn for [+/–]. I'm telling you that how you go about getting it will determine what you deserve. Outcome is the result of input when viewed through a spiritual lens.

If you think that "might makes right," you're right. If you think that "DOG helps those who help themself," you're also right. If you think that "the meek shall inherit the Earth," you're still right. And if you think that DOG gave you your parents, your country and your scripture to improve the world for everyone, you're so right that you may be ready to

do something importance to contribute to the best of all possible worlds.

But if you think that gays are perverts and Jews are devils in disguise who've stolen Muslim land out from under them, you're wrong. Israel is our home. Torah is our deed to that land. It is the legal document that transferred ownership of Canaan to Israel 3,400 years ago.

It's taken this long for us to be able to make our claim before all seven of the world's faith. But now we have. And by the reaction of many, you can see how controversial that claim is. It really upsets some people to be forced to look at HIS story as the only path to the truth.

When you can see that you may be hurting yourself in an effort to raise your reputation in S'DOG eyes, you ought to admit that the forces of your head, heart and genitals must be trained to work together or they'll fight each other for domination.

This mirrors what Moe, Larry and Curly were doing. This mirrors what the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims are doing.

What Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco are doing is a window into man's humanity to man, not smoke and mirrors. We may be the least religious place on the planet, but we're the most spiritual spot on Earth, as well.

I no longer have three stooges fighting inside of me. My thoughts, feelings and sensations work relatively seamlessly with my conscience guiding them. When one of them tells me I'm not good enough, smart enough, nice enough or caring enough, I ask them to explain why. When they tell me to go out and fix the world in place of fixing me, I ask them why they've chosen others over me. First of all, I'm dependent on me. Then I'm co-dependent with others.

My relationship to my head, heart and penis inspire my interest in all that I do. I think of these forces within me as personified by Mr. Hyde. I think of my conscience as like

Dr. Jekyll. I need to [1] admit that these inner forces are real; [2] seek their reasons for having become so angry with each other; and [3] befriend them in an effort to unite them into the pronouns: me, myself and I.

If I'm good, but my thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and sensations [penis] are evil, then I can't become a faithful servant to DOG without fixing them. DOG created me like Siamese twins. I must learn to live with two aspects of myself in peace. The more I don't hide from Mr. Hyde, the more he won't act without my permission. But I have to learn to listen to him. He's not entirely illogical, irrational, insensitive or unreasonable.

The more I [Dr. Jekyll] can appreciate what I [Mr. Hyde] think, feel, want and believe, the more I can use my knowledge of myself to love myself. My goal is to become thoughtful, heartfelt, sensitive and soulful. I do so by becoming logical, rational, sensible and reasonable.

If it's been a while since you've watched The Three Stooges, I suggest you check out a few episodes online and watch them in this personal way. It may bring new meaning to how you look at the forces within you.

The 5th Commandment

I'll bet you didn't expect an old, San Francisco hippy to spend so much time talking about religious matters. If you think that the whole point of living a secular life is to avoid the prejudices found in the religious world, I hear ya!

Believe me, I'm not coming to the Hebrew Testament from my head [Adam] or heart [Steve]. I'm coming to it from my serpent [dick]. I'm coming to the Hebrew Testament from my wants [–] and desires [+] in an effort to make my conscience a better guide over all the forces within me.

I ask politely for what I want. I don't just take what I want. That's the difference between forbidden and permitted fruit. That's the difference between civilized and uncivilized behavior. Civilized human beings recognize that everyone was created by the same DOG. Animals just do as they please.

In that spirit, I have something to say about all ten of the Commandments given by Moses that you've surely never heard before. But you probably don't get lectured by many dicks. So, consider this your lucky day…

The first thing I think you ought to know about all ten of the Ten Commandments is that Moses conveyed them as commandments, but Jesus reinterpreted them as predictions.

Let's begin by first looking at these Commandments as instruction on how to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Moses commanded the Israelites to love their neighbors as themselves in the desert when their neighbors were all Jews. [Leviticus 19] They were alone out in the world together, surrounded by enemies on all sides. They had no choice but to love one another. And so, they obeyed Moses. He was asking them to assess the situation they were in realistically with a rational reason to love one another.

But 1,400 years later, Jesus predicted that the ancient Israelis would need to love the Roman colonizers who'd invaded their country. [Matthew 22] Jesus predicted that the

Jews would need to love all the indigenist neighbors surrounding them, as well.

What Jesus said was controversial then, and it's still controversial today. But, when we look at what Jesus said as a prediction rather than a commandment, we can see what happens when people love their gay neighbors like San Franciscans love us, and what happens when people don't.

If the Israelis and Palestinians don't love their gay brothers and lesbian sisters despite DOG having told everyone in the Abrahamic faiths to abhor and kill gay people [Leviticus 20], the whole world will collapse. We're the keystone that locks the arch in place.

Goodness leads to love. Evil, mistakes made and corrected, leads to wisdom. I'm becoming a better person for maintaining and supporting the gay lifestyle. In the Bay Area, I can do that as a Jew. But there are many places in the world where being gay and Jewish is strictly forbidden, and punishable by death.

This latest pandemic comes on the tails of a gay epidemic in which America learned how to honor gay people with medical assistance. We're doing the same for all people during this pandemic.

Self-love is the answer. But the Jews will have to convince the Palestinians that they're behaving in ways that are unwise, unloving and disloyal to themselves, let alone to ALLAH.

This can't be accomplished so long as Israeli and Palestinian gays are treated as second-class citizens. Only by enacting marriage equality in Israel as a sign to the other six world's faiths that Judaism is modernizing our understanding of ELOHIM'S will, will we be able to raise respect for Jews among Muslims.

ELOHIM and ALLAH are different names for the same CREATOR. We must deepen our belief in DOG through figurative interpretations of our scriptures that our predecessors and ancestors could only take literally in the

past.

Waking our enemies up is going to be a challenge because we're going to have to model the words of Moses, Jesus and prophet Muhammad to prove to our foes that their hatred of gays and Jews is hypocritical. I believe it's paramount that gay people everywhere come out in houses of prayer. Just coming out in secular society has made an enormous contribution to the civilizing of humanity, but now we have to come out further.

I realize there's a risk in doing so. Hyper-religious people are dangerous and volatile. We have to act cautiously.

With that idea in mind, let's look at these ten Commandments from another perspective. The Ten Commandments were carved on two tablets. Surely, ELOHIM could have given them to Moses on one tablet.

The two tablets don't just signify the two hands of man and each of the Commandments, a finger. The two tablets also signify differences in the function of the two groups of Commandments, [#1-#5] verses [#6-#10], whether you read them from left to right [English] or right to left [Hebrew].

The first set of Commandments [#1-#5] are predictions about the five ways in which some will learn to interface with DOG directly. This corresponds to our dominant hand. And the second set [#6-#10] are predictions about the five ways in which some will learn to interface with HIM indirectly. This represents our non-dominant hand.

All ten of the Ten Commandments predict how we're going to choose to behave, in the same way that physics predicts how objects will behave. Our outer world and inner world are spiritually connected.

You don't have to believe me, any more than you have to believe in gravity, that invisible force that magically makes things descend toward the ground. But you can surely see how some people seem to magically rise with hope, inspiration and miraculous deeds, while others fall into

cynicism, bitterness, scorn and derision. What goes up must come down unless you know how to break out of the spiritual forces from DOG, which, like gravity, bring things down emotionally. Hope only springs eternal when the Ten Commandments are internalized.

Here are the Commandments in the order Moses carved them after he smashed the first set that was given to him readymade by DOG. [Exodus 31] You, too, were given a set you smashed in infancy when you became enraged at how screwed up your world already was by then. And you, too, have been carving your second set with the sweat of your brow and the pain of your whole body ever since, whether you knew it, or not:

Dominant Hand:
1. I am the LORD, your doG, who took you out of Egypt. [9]
2. You shall have no other sdog before ME.
3. You shall not use the Lord's name in vain.
4. Keep the Sabbath holy.
5. Honor your father and mother.

Submissive Hand:
6. Do not kill
7. Do not commit adultery
8. Do not steal
9. Do not lie
10. Do not covet [jealousy and envy]

Now I'm going to focus your attention on the 5th Commandment, the thumb of your dominant hand: "Honor

[9] DOG created other sdoG besides Y.H.V.H. Jesus is the doG of the Christians. Archangel Gabriel is the doG of the Muslims. I'm only going to use an arrow when I write the word "dog" or "sdog" in a spiritual context.

your father and mother." DOG may have told us to honor our parents, but you should ask yourself why you've tried to love them.

Loving our parents isn't possible. I know most parents claim to love their children. But parents should learn to honor their children and children should learn to honor their parents. We should learn to honor everybody.

Honor acknowledges people's value. Honor is about recognition of their worth. Honor helps establish a foundation of respect and value in all interactions. Honor can be shown through actions that demonstrate admiration, such as listening and valuing opinions. [Internet]

Love, on the other hand, involves emotional attachment and affection. Love fosters deep bonds and spiritual intimacy. Love is expressed through affection, caring and emotional support. [Internet]

Instead of honoring Larry, I tried to love him. But I couldn't love him more than a little because I couldn't love me more than a little. All my love was locked up in loving my mother, not honoring her. I was in a nightmare created by the mother and Child. I saw myself as the Child of the FATHER. I saw myself as equal to HIS Son.

I may be a child of DOG, but I'm not the Child of DOG. That was my mistake. My arrogance defeated my willingness to learn about self-knowledge, self-love and self-loyalty. Consequently, my romantic life hit the rocks.

I became co-dependent on my mother by making mistakes, correcting them with her help and then projecting that debt onto the whole world. I broke my co-dependency by honoring her and others rather than loving them. I learned to put my worth first by putting my spiritual goals before all others' goals. I did so by using wisdom and self-love to achieve self-loyalty.

Then I shared that self-loyalty with DOG by professing my faith in HIM. I couldn't give DOG loyalty that I hadn't earned for myself. In achieving self-love and self-loyalty and

using them in this way, I recognized my mistake in loving my mother and siblings in favor of honoring them. [10]

Will and I have a "like" affair. We're learning how to like one another more and more each day. But we aren't striving to reproduce Hollywood's sentimental ideas of romantic love or familial love. We find those efforts work against our better spiritual interests.

I do love Will and he loves me. But liking him means honoring him. Loving him is different. I'm learning to love him by giving him some of my self-love. Then I share that gift with DOG. I force DOG to sacrifice some of my love for HIM by giving it to Will. But I know that HE forgives me because I know that HE loves me for learning how to share my love with my soulmate.

Archie Bunker [11] said that they tipped the nation, and all the fruits and nuts rolled to California. What he unknowingly implied was that if you've tried unsuccessfully to love your parents, but they were so flawed that you couldn't do it, you may have ended up dreaming of living in California generally, and San Francisco specifically. You may have left your heart in San Francisco without even knowing it.

Putting your mom and dad on a pedestal to love them isn't realistic or helpful. But knocking them off that pedestal isn't kind or helpful.

That pedestal is yours. You put them up there. Ask yourself why? You might discover that you had good reasons for doing so at one time. But that pedestal might now

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[10] Deep down inside, I hated my father and loved my mother. I was in a classic Oedipal conflict. I wanted to get rid of him, so I could earn all of her love. In doing so, I destroyed my relationship with Larry. The fact that he stabbed me in the back using the knife of adultery, was his problem. Breaking the 7th Commandment was a lesson he created with the TEACHER. That was between Them.

[11] From "All in the Family," a TV sitcom from 19671-1979.

be a better place to put yourself. I share my pedestal with Will. We're like two men at the top of a wedding cake. But the cake is for DOG, not man. Our love is private.

My mother was gorgeous. She had the look of a Hollywood star. She told me that German men tried to use her sexually during the War because of her compromised situation as a fugitive running for her life. She was very proud of not having degraded herself with prostitution. She ran away from several situations in which giving in to men sexually could have made her life easier.

I could have sold my body when times got bad for me, but I didn't. My mother's lesson from the War unconsciously guided me. I may have a low opinion of prostitutes, but I'd never do anything to dishonor them by making their lives miserable. Punishing prostitutes, gays and trans people creates a spiritual boomerang effect. Don't kick people who you see as living their life sexually differently from you. You'll dishonor yourself by lowering you from your own pedestal.

My mother had high self-esteem about her body because she was very beautiful. But she was also terribly fat-phobic. She thought fat people were ugly, undisciplined and undeserving of respect. She passed all her tests from the TEACHER regarding sexual diversity. The lesson she struggled with was adipose tissue: fat cells.

I grew up with her prejudice. I spent a lifetime criticizing what I saw in the mirror because I worried about not being loved by DOG or man if I gained weight.

In realizing how vital my mother's looks had been to her survival because most people give goodlooking people more opportunities, I can understand her need to have done everything she could to keep her looks all her life. But needing to get past modesty of her body to achieve humility of her character sent her into a projection of body dysmorphia onto others that created a preoccupation with perceived flaws in others' appearance. She ended up with a

deep-seated disgust with being unattractive inside. She had an inferiority complex.

If your mom and dad had their hands in your back, each pushing you in a different direction to heal their own psychic wounds, you need to look at the index finger you wag at others. to perceive a possibly unseen self-disapproval.

It's easy for teenagers and young adults to see when their parents are screwing them over for their own selfish ends. But it's hard for kids to disobey their parents when they erroneously conclude they've been commanded by DOG to love them.

Honor your parents by reproducing their virtues. Honor them by applying the virtues you got from them in new ways. But walk around your parents' vices, or you may find yourself facing lessons later in life that you mindlessly copied from them.

If you feel like a pretzel that's salty [wise], hard [defended] and twisted [weird], and you've listened to the songs about San Francisco from the 1960's with all your heart and soul, you already know that here we're not made of the Wonder Bread [patriotism] they like so much in the Midwest. We're not the whole grain bake [universalism] you find in Berkeley. We're not even exotic renditions of bread such as the corn tortillas, Ethiopian injera or pocket pita from the Middle East you'll find in Oakland. We're a people who've grown up on sourdough.

Sour corresponds to angry. Bitter corresponds to disappointed. Sweet corresponds to love. And salty corresponds to wise.

Here in San Francisco, we're an angry [sour] people. We're angry at those who don't get it. But this is a spiritual process that corresponds to our geography. Our city looks like a dick; sounds like a dick; and performs like dick. We're serving DOG in ways no one else on Earth has ever done.

If you see yourself as consuming the Communion wafer you receive at a Catholic Mass, remember that you're not

doG [Jesus]. Aspire to learn from Him. Don't ever strive to be a dog.

Our parents were gifts to us from DOG. In honoring them, we honor HIM. But HE never asked us to love them. So, if you feel like a leathery bagel or a twisted pretzel because of your unsuccessful attempt to love others, it should be no wonder if you find yourself with a huge hole inside of you.

Your parents are human beings who are as flawed as all the other people on this planet. But they're the flawed human beings you were given by DOG to emulate their features and learn to morally distain their faults. To the extent that you disrespect them, you'll disrespect yourself and some others. You'll never succeed in loving your neighbor as Moses and Jesus told you to do.

Learn to honor everyone. To the extent that you learn to love yourself and your soulmate, you can give that love to DOG. But don't attempt to love anyone else. Don't waste precious time and space in that way.

The Quran describes love as a DIVINE gift that encompasses all creation, highlighting ALLAH'S merciful and affectionate nature. [Surah 7:156] The Quran also distinguishes between human love for worldly things and the higher love for ALLAH, noting that believers' love for ALLAH surpasses all other loves. [Surah 2:165]

If you can learn to obey the 5th Commandment by honoring others as you honor your parents, you'll be able to make your way from your non-dominant hand to your dominant hand; from the right tablet [in Hebrew] to the left; from the 5th Commandment [Honor your father and mother] to the 6th [Thou shall not kill]; from one of your thumbs to the other.

You'll then be able to visit the most cutting-edge city on Earth [San Francisco] and take part in our celebration of self-love and loyalty to life, despite the Victorian architecture and 20th Century bridges that conceal our novel and innovative

nature.

Here, we celebrate the Jewish New Year, which is Adam's birthday. We celebrate uncircumcised men like Adam. We celebrate the Christian New Year, the day when Jesus was circumcised. We celebrate circumcised men who've revealed to themself the pledge they've made to the DOG who created us all.

Here, we celebrate clitorises, too. Eve was figuratively created out of one of Adam's ribs. Women don't need to pledge their allegiance to DOG. Their breasts produce the liquid love and loyalty that sustains human life. Men can create life with their milk [semen], but they can't sustain life with it. Man's tendency to kill must be contained.

Here in San Francisco, you'll discover that the serpents in the trees of knowledge [penises] will whisper sweet nothings in your ear. Here, the caduceus carried by Hermes in Greek mythology means more than two serpents entwined and surmounted by wings. Gay San Franciscans are messengers from ELOHIM, the FATHER and ALLAH for the modern world.



The second tablet

We live out the utterances on the first tablet [#1-#5] in our effort to love DOG. Let's call them psychological motivations to be good to ourself and good to HIM. And we live out the utterances on the second table [#6-#10] in our effort to honor humanity. Let's call them sociological motivations.

But that's not what the second tablet of the Commandments is about spiritually. Once you've spent half your life trying to love your parents and gotten up every morning with the distinct impression that you're behind everybody else before your feet even touch the rug beneath your bed, you're ready to revisit Commandments #6-#10 with a more jaundiced eye.

Then, you may discover that you're angry at the TEACHER and every student in the school for screwing you up and screwing you over. You discover that you may have a bad attitude, but you may be so immersed in it that you didn't even know it.

Hitler had a bad attitude, but people in Germany, throughout Europe and in Japan loved him. How did that work out for those in the 20th Century?

Next time you go to the Legion of Honor Museum in Lincoln Park in San Francisco, imagine Rodin's "The Thinker" seated out front thinking about life as we have to live it in the 21st Century. Rodin's 19th Century rendition of romantic man isn't what man looks like when he thinks about himself today. [That sculpture doesn't even have a penis or testicles. I know. I looked very closely between his legs.]

The second set of tablets takes on new meaning when you realize that after what you've been through in life, you may not be as cooperative as you think.

Commandments #6-#10

6th You might secretly want to kill DOG.

7th You might like to break your word with HIM.

8th You might like to steal knowledge from HIM, rather than earn it.

9th You might like to lie to HIM about what you really want in life because you're in denial of who you are and what HE yearns for you to do with your life.

10th You might be jealous because of the body you weren't given and envious of the contents within it [wisdom, love, loyalty] that you haven't yet amassed that others seem to have achieved.

In Philip Roth's novel Portnoy's Complaint, the young, Jewish kid upstairs tried so hard to please his parents that his co-dependency became the impetus of his own demise. He hanged himself from the shower rod in their apartment with a message pinned to his shirt, "Mrs. Goldberg called. The mahjong party has been moved to 4:00 o'clock."

Look very carefully at your desire [+] to please everyone but yourself. In some ways, you may be so self-sacrificing that you're the cause of much of your pain and suffering. The sooner you wake up to the fact that there's a Mr. Hyde in you who's caused enormous harm, the sooner you'll feel guilty about the way you're treating yourself.

The sooner you feel guilty about that, the sooner you'll be able to tell the voices in your head, heart and soul who are constantly ragging on you, to shut the fuck up! That's my opinion, but I'm a dick. So, do as you please.

Your father may have unconsciously taught you to serve the lord [boss]. Your mother may have unconsciously taught you to serve the LORD [BOSS]. But I say, "Serve yourself first. Lord over yourself, not others." Engage your head [Adam] and heart [Steve]. But let your dick lead your pursuit of the value of LIFE everlasting. That will help you avoid dogmatic beliefs by hypocrites who claim to be soulful, but

who hate gays, Jews and so many others.

The serpent in the Tree of knowledge told Eve that she'd certainly not die. He told her that she could be like the GARDENER, knowing good and evil if she ate from that tree of knowledge. [Genesis 3:4-5]

Your dick knows more than your head and heart. It even knows more than your soul. The GARDENER questioned Adam and Eve after the fact, but HE never questioned the serpent.

Straight men are so stupid. They learn to think logically. They learn to feel rationally. But they believe whatever they're told because they're afraid to face their wants [–] and desires [+]. It takes tremendous self-confidence to question your dick. If you asked him what it is you really want [–] and desire [+], you might conclude that your life doesn't look nearly as rewarding as you'd hoped it would be.

Am I trying to get in your pants where your dick lies or in your breastplate where your conscience lies? You decide.

Good [+] and evil [–] figuratively emerge from the mouth of your penis during orgasm. Good leads to creating life. Evil leads to creating death.

Your conscience will always be your guide, whether it's evolved or primitive. I can't make you do anything you don't want [–] to do. I can only alert you to the reverse psychology that ELOHIM used on Moses, a murderer who became the great prophet of the Jewish people.

If you're motivated to leave this school of fools a better place than you found it, admit that you're surrounded by a whole lot of cynical, sarcastic and sardonic jokers who just come to class to hang out with their friends to affirm their bitterness about having to be here. Therefore, consider the possibility that your dreams haven't been broken. A vision of who you are simply hasn't yet been fully formed.

No apologies

Perhaps you can now sympathize with the dilemma of book agents and publishers. Telling people that I'm like the serpent in the Creation Story and that they're angry at the GARDENER because they hate having to be like a seed planted that has to make its way through rock up to the light – isn't exactly the message they're pushing in the literary world nowadays.

But in full disclosure, that's not all I'm saying. What I'm also saying is that you need to love yourself. Then, you'll be motivated to honor others more justly than you may presently do.

We're responsible for our pursuit of pleasant sensations. That force figuratively emanates out from between our legs. It isn't literally the voice of a snake. We aren't literally trees in a garden. We aren't even literally the descendants of two people named Adam and Eve who had no navels.

Humanity literally evolved out of nature. Now we're figuratively evolving out of our animalistic nature. We're like animals. But we can also act like angels. Your movement from animal to angel can only be perceived as you evolve.

The Creation Story presented at the beginning of Torah in the book of Genesis is the foundation of Judaism. But it's also the foundation of Christianity and Islam. To take the main metaphor of Moses literally will only harm you, and others.

The Christians and Muslims have been spreading our story for the past 2,000 and 1,400 years, respectfully. My mission is to teach people how to use figurative speech to augment the beliefs they hold, not to deny them. This will teach people how to appreciate the forces within them as given by DOG.

If you become more responsible for yourself, you'll overcome selfishness. If you put others second, you'll

overcome selflessness. And if you study how DOG made you literally using science and figuratively using religion, you'll become self-centered. You'll overcome your dogmatic and defiant tendency to resist reality.

Reality is the obvious. The obvious becomes more obvious the more realistic you become about yourself and the role you're here to perform.

Some people will tell you to "smile and be happy!" But when you watch the evening news, it's clear that many people are very unhappy despite all the privileges and opportunities we have nowadays. Some Americans aren't spiritually old enough to blame themself for much of their misfortune, but they're too religious and superstitious to blame DOG. So, who's left? They can only blame others. This always comes back to haunt the gays and the Jews.

Many people have a bad spiritual attitude, but they may not know it. They don't think of life as a miraculous school they've been enrolled in. They came out of their [s]mother screaming, and many leave this world glad to be gone. Life isn't fun or fascinating for them. So in my opinion, DOG couldn't be smarter by not coming down here in PERSON, knowing how some people really feel about having to be here.

We're all living in the present tense. There is no other tense. All other perceptions of time only exist in the mind. We're all here, now. That never changes. Being is what it's all about. The past and the future help guide us to being here now, better.

The orthodox Jews believe that the Messiah is going to show up 240 years from 2020. The rightwing Christians say He was already here, and will be returning someday "soon." But the moderate Muslims have sensibly walked around those predictions.

It doesn't matter whether DOG is coming, or not. What matters is that Moses was here and changed things. Jesus was here and changed things for the better. Muhammad was

here and changed things for the best.

Don't get mixed up in the tug-o-war the Christians and Jews have been waging with one another for 2,000 years. Don't get mixed up with the arm-wrestle the Christians and Muslims have been having for 700 years. Do you best to be good, do better and become the best you that you can be.

The only thing that matters is how you behave. The name you use for DOG is immaterial. All that counts are:

1. The thoughts in your head
2. The feelings in your heart
3. The beliefs in your soul
4. The contemplations figuratively emanating out of your navel
5. The urges [+/–] in your genital
6. The questions that create paradoxes that go up and down your spine.
7. And the face you present to the world.

Your actions are dependent on them, not your name for DOG. If Jesus is the Jewish doG of the Christians, but the Jews don't buy it, so what? If Archangel Gabriel is the Jewish Messenger from DOG for the Muslims, so what? There are plenty of other names for DOG and HIS Messengers worldwide. Don't pretend to be as blind as the men in the Hindu story about the ELEPHANT. Each of those blind men was right. And yet they all were wrong. Move on.

DOG has many names and faces. Deal with it. That's what we do in the Bay Area.

Sonoma county

I suppose, by now, I should have already started to talk about San Francisco in terms of how I got here. Here again, I'm late…

Perhaps I should begin with how I ended up in the Bay Area generally. San Francisco wasn't my first choice of places to live. After having grown up in L.A., I moved to Tel Aviv after high school. At 20, I moved to Amsterdam. At 23, I moved back to the L.A., where I remained until I was 36.

I moved up from L.A. to Northern California in 1989. I'd applied for and gotten a job as a drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, about 70 miles north of San Francisco. I have a lesbian cousin who lived in Healdsburg, which is 20 minutes north of Santa Rosa. When I visited her in 1988, I fell in love with Sonoma County, which is located in "the wine country" [Napa, Sonoma and Mendocino counties].

But I only survived one year [1989-1990] living in Healdsburg and working in Santa Rosa. I was drummed out of my job by the administrators, teachers, parents and students at Comstock Junior High School in Santa Rosa when I came out to my students as gay.

If you think Nagasaki and Hiroshima where large manmade explosions dropped on Japan, you should have seen the mushroom cloud I detonated in Santa Rosa when I decided to deal with the taunts and jeers of my students who smelled a faggot in their midst. They wrote gay insults on the board before I'd arrive in class and expressed their displeasure of my sexuality in devious ways to my face almost from day-one. But they thought I wouldn't have the nerve to teach them a life-lesson, even though I was a drama teacher paid to teach them how to act.

First, I went to the vice-principle early in the month of October and told her that I was gay and that I was being treated disrespectfully by my students. I told her that unless

I got disciplinary assistance and support from the administration to deal with the matter, I'd have to come out to my students, which I didn't think was the best way to handle the matter, given their age and obvious immaturity.

She looked at me like a deer in headlights. I could have told her I'd just landed from Mars and wanted her to take me to her leader. Her face was completely blank and incredulous. I don't think she'd ever met an out, gay man before.

I'd moved up to Northern California after having worked for four years as an English teacher in East L.A. After those four years with minority students in El Sereno along with five years of self-study in Alcoholics Anonymous, I felt I was ready to leave my mom, my sister and the city of the "angels" to strike out again on my own in a small town full of White Christians.

I need to go back a little further in telling this story.

My mom wanted to kill herself when I was little boy in the 1950's. We were living in Buffalo, N.Y. at the time. Her marriage to my dad was on the rocks, so she took a bus to Niagara Falls. She planned to jump into the falls. But on the way, she started to cry, thinking about my little sister and me having to grow up with our father. So, she came back, but left him the day after his older daughter got married. [My dad had two children from his previous marriage before the War. My mom raised them and his niece who'd been orphaned in the War. [12]] My mom took my little sister and me to California to start over on her own once she'd finished the job of raising my father's three children.

I grew up with my mom and sister in L.A. in the 1960's.

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[12] Ellen, my only first cousin and the closest living relative after my siblings, was my second mother. She was also like a sister to me. She's the reason I care about the wellbeing of orphaned children. My heart figuratively broke when I was a babe in her arms.

I left home at 17 in a rush to get away from the two of them. I took a charter flight to Europe in 1970, two days after graduating high school, but I came back three months later and left again for Europe a few months after that at the age of 18. When I couldn't get accepted into a dance academy in Rotterdam because I wasn't Dutch, I accepted a position in Inbal, an Israeli Yemenite dance company in Tel Aviv. But I didn't feel comfortable as a White Jew among Brown Jews, so I auditioned and got accepted into Bat-Dor, a ballet and modern dance company, also in Tel Aviv. I chose Western dance technique over modern, Israeli folk dance.

I came out in Israel and then moved to Amsterdam two years later. In Holland, I could express the gay side of me more authentically. I lived in Amsterdam for three years and then moved back to L.A. where I fell into drugs, alcohol and sex addiction. I got clean and sober at 31, and at 36 struck out for Northern California.

Once the principal at Comstock J.H.S. started getting calls from parents about the queer who they accused of "recruiting" their sons, he called me into his office often. He had no patience for butterflies fluttering about in his academic garden. On more than one occasion, he reprimanded me for nonsense he invented to create a disciplinary record he could use to fire me.

I wish there had been cell phones with cameras in those days. He'd call me into his office, sit back in his armchair, stick both his feet up on his desk, and lecture me through his legs spread apart with his crotch pointed right at me – I kid you not!

Gossip about my sexual identity went viral and hate was let loose without hesitation. None of the teachers in the school would talk to me. Within days, dozens of parents were demanding that their children be transferred out of my classes.

The only two people at the school who treated me

respectfully were the school secretary who'd been in a Japanese internment camp as a child and the school student store attendant whose daughter was a lesbian.

The kids who remained in my classes were there against their will, so they became impossible to teach. They were belligerent, disrespectful and defiant. Their friends ridiculed them for having to be in the company of a faggot an hour a day.

The principal turned my room into a detention hall for disruptive kids who were transferred into drama with the queer teacher as punishment for their anti-social behavior. There was even an article in the "Press Democrat" [the local newspaper] about how children were challenged by a gay teacher who'd come out at Comstock JHS. There was an undercurrent in the article that implied I was defying family values.

My life turned into hell in what I'd thought was going to be life as close to PARADISE as the wine country had made life sound, there. I couldn't teach drama. I was doomed to live it.

By late winter that year, I implored the teacher's union to help me. They negotiated getting me relieved of my job, but paid through the rest of the school year. I'd started that job in early September 1989. The 15th of March 1990 [the Ides of March] was my last day of employment.

Nowadays, I watch as the whole Bay Area, not just Sonoma County, is literally on fire. Gay teachers aren't setting this place aflame anymore by coming out. Nature, with the "help" of PG&E, is doing that. The summers are getting hotter and longer. Global warming is causing a drought in Northern California that mirrors the shriveling up of respect I experienced there years ago.

My mom, a German Jew, had had to run from Nazis as a fugitive from the law in her own country. German society was all up in arms about Jews like her "ruining" their country in those days. And if that's not enough evidence that this

world is really a hall for juvenile delinquents, my dad was a Jewish slave in Dachau Concentration Camp in Bavaria, just South of Munich. Those White "Christians" had ways of dealing with troublemaking Jews then, too.

I'm not shy about telling people that I'm the son of a slave. And I like to stroke my Jewish skin when I say it. The Nazis turned Jewish skin into lamp shades. I don't want anyone's eyes to deceive them into thinking skin color is reason enough to treat people abominably. And I use the word "abominable" intentionally. [13]

[13] "Do not have sexual relations with a man as one does with a woman; that is detestable." [Leviticus 18:22] "It's an abomination for a man to sleep with another man as with a woman." [Leviticus 20:13]

More of my story

My mom was half-Jewish. Her father was a Bavarian Catholic. I'm Jewish by Jewish law because my mother was Jewish. But I look a lot like my maternal grandfather. I pass as a White Christian.

My dad was an orthodox Jew from Lithuania, a Catholic country. He didn't look like an orthodox Jew. He didn't behave like one. He was a closeted orthodox Jew. He kept his beliefs to himself, as the orthodox Jews did in those days.

My parents met a couple months after the War ended at a refugee center that had been set up by a Jewish lawyer in his home. My mom was the lawyer's secretary. She had a chair, but no desk. The lawyer had a desk and a chair but no second room to speak to his clients. The walls were used as a bulletin board for people to put up messages to let other Jews know they were alive. Both my parents ended up there looking for surviving family members.

My dad's family had saved his two children and a niece of his by bribing Catholic orphanages in Lithuania to hide them. Perhaps the Catholic connection my parents had was an unconscious tie that bound them together.

But their Catholic connection certainly was an unconscious aspect of my connection to Catholicism when Will told me he wanted to convert to Catholicism. Not many gay men do that nowadays. That's how his very special Catholic Church in the Castro where about 70% of the parishioners are gay became a spiritual watering hole for me in a religious desert.

If the Protestants in the north of Germany and the Catholics in the south could have come to the conclusion after 1945 that they needed to learn to work together without making gays and Jews their scapegoats, American Democrats and Republicans can do it, too. The whole point of looking back with greater insight should be to glean a vision of the life we never have to repeat.

I am an “abominable” gay Jew

I’m “abominable” because I sleep with men. It says so in Torah.

I’m “abominable” because I believe that some wayward, power-hungry ancient Jews probably did conspire with the Romans to kill Jesus. He was a troublemaker, like me. In my opinion, He was probably gay and Jewish, too. I think that people who put all their hopes on love are troublemakers still. Love yourself. Do your best after that to honor all others.

If you insist on seeking a soulmate, as I’ve done, then share your love with that person with all your heart. The TEACHER will bring the two of you lessons that will feel like master degree classes in the school of life. It’s not easy to share your love with DOG. Sharing your love with your soulmate is for practice in sharing your love with HIM.

I’m “abominable” because, in the past, I was so angry that I’d have killed DOG if I’d associated HIM with what I’d had to go through. Cain never wanted to kill his brother, Abel. Cain was furious with DOG. Cain only killed Abel to make a point.

Mental illness is no picnic. Turning all my hate into a love for learning had to become the mission of my life to heal my mind. I wasn’t born peace-loving and kind. I was trained to appease. But to do so, I couldn’t please myself. I had to put others before me to get what I wanted out of them. I was phony.

If I come across sounding like the serpent in the Creation Story, defiant and cocky, now you know why. But I’m telling you a truth you may not be able to see from your perspective.

Obviously, DOG can allow human beings to do anything we like to one another. How else are we going to learn from our mistakes? And yet, HE surely doesn’t like to watch any of us have to suffer. But how else are we going to learn to

regret what we did in the past if we want to evolve?

I believe DOG can be compassionate and forgiving. But people don't usually learn without being the recipients of pain and suffering. Loss leads to lessons when nothing else motivates people to think about S'DOG feelings.

Promises of rewards by the wise, loving and those loyal to DOG for expressing compassion to gays and Jews never seem to suffice. Fools always seem to attract more misfortune upon us all.

Our TEACHER [DOG] uses seven ways to teach us:

1. Physical pain
2. Emotional suffering
3. Earned rewards
4. Miracles
5. Luck
6. Unexpected encounters with virtuous strangers
7. Acts of DOG such was weather chaos.

Killing individuals doesn't change the behavior of the masses. But removing undesirable students from class is one way that students think they can influence classroom decorum. This is why murder, assassinations, executions, massacres, butchery, hits and euthanasia are consistently used to affect the class curve in this school.

Parents know most about carrots and sticks. But children know all about the emotional weather patterns of their parents. The spiritual weather patterns of the world are described on the 6:00 o'clock news before the weather report. You can see these relationships if you're not sound sleep at the wheel.

Some people end up superstitious, even if they don't believe in DOG. Many who do believe in DOG are defiantly dogmatic about their hateful beliefs.

But most people just scratch their head in wonder about how life could be improved, given that there are so many

moving parts when it comes to expressing man's humanity to man.

As an "abominable," progressive, gay Jew who has already admitted in writing that I've wanted to kill DOG, there isn't much more for me to admit to… The truth is that I think I've been treated very unfairly by many people. And yet, I'm simply amazed how little I've had to suffer from bad luck. Things have turned out incredibly well for me over the years.

I also think my parents were treated very unfairly in their day, even though they survived the Holocaust and ended up with wonderful second partners and comfortable lives after they divorced one another.

If people don't get any better, kinder and more agreeable toward racial, religious and sexual minorities, don't be surprised if young people today become very irritable about the way the world is unfolding.

Do you really think it should be necessary to tell people that Black lives matter? Brown lives matter, too! Jewish lives matter, for that matter, as much as Black and Brown lives. And a lot of Jews look as White as those who come from European, Christian ancestry. [14]

Despite my displeasure with the way I've been treated in the past, I haven't acted on any of my urges to kill anyone other than me. [Commandment #6] I have no criminal record. I pay my taxes and vote in every election.

But surviving suicide has had a negative effect on my perception of my future. Just learning from that mistake alone wasn't enough. I believe our TEACHER teaches us privately, publicly, socially and through universal life lessons. What we learn from our lessons about the value of

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[14] Keep in mind that about 50% of the Jews in Israel are Black and Brown. The impression we get in America that all Jews look like European Christians. Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem tell a different story.

life is complex and difficult to explain. I've had to figuratively relive my distain of life through loving relationships with others who've figuratively distained life in other ways.

I don't lie, but I've discovered many ways in which I've been in denial. I want the best for women, but for the longest time I was in denial of how dangerous it is for women in this society. I'm sure the people I came in contact with at Comstock Junior High in 1990 have a different opinion about gay people 30 years later. Attitudes about women and gays have been improving, albeit slowly.

I was in denial of how jealous I was of goodlooking young men when I was a young man. I didn't just want to have sex with them. I wanted to be them. I would have done anything to trade bodies with them because I thought I was ugly.

Today, I'm aware of how difficult it is to be fat in our society. I saw that when I was young, but I didn't feel for fat people. Today, I'm able to sympathize with them, as well.

I don't have the penis envy I once had because I have a boyfriend whose penis I enjoy regularly. That said, I can now see that my feelings of lust are sometimes channeled into food rather than sex.

I've learned to watch sports with Will. I can see how the crowds channel their feelings for power and revenge into winning. I see today's winners in the sports world as gay and the losers as Jews. But I come away feeling like the winner and the loser. Clearly, I have more "werk" to do. [15]

When all is said and done, I now see that repentance for three attempted suicides in my twenties has come

[15] In Hebrew, work and worship are the same word [avoda]. I've come to see that work and worship lead to werk, the gay term for inner work. I believe that those who get stuck working just to survive need to do more werk to thrive.

figuratively through life lessons that have made me more tolerance and progressive. I now see hope as malleable, the result of all the good I create and evil I avoid.

Pain, suffering, rewards, miracles, luck, encounters with virtuous strangers and acts of DOG I've been going through my whole life have helped me see how important my life is to the world. That has to do with inner weather patterns that have caused me emotional havoc. But that can be corrected because I'm part of a worldwide inner, spiritual web.

Trying to kill myself was a breaking of the 6th Commandment because I'm a person, too. And since I broke that Commandment three times, I now see that that's what got me incarcerated inside, even though society doesn't literally put you in prison for that kind of crime.

Nevertheless, hating me, trying to kill me and having to learn how to befriend me have encouraged me to become more contemplative than most. Because I now believe that life is a school and DOG is my TEACHER, I consider myself a philosopher/spiritualist student of life.

S'DOG anonymous nature

I don't blame DOG for me having gone insane. But I do credit HIM for me not having contracted AIDS. Where I end and HE begins is difficult to say. HIS nature only resembles Mother Nature. There's a mystery to my nature that I've had to earn the right to know.

I think of DOG as my PARTNER. But my actions in Our partnership primarily depend on me. HIS actions are independent of mine. I can't anticipate HIS, but HE can anticipate mine. I see Us as werking separately, together.

The reason for this is because I live in the present, and DOG lives outside the present, influencing the present before it happens in accordance with a plan that's far too great for me to describe.

I'm stuck here-and-now. DOG can move before and after here-and-now to effect it any way HE chooses. But after the now, now, HIS story becomes a record of Our time together and a commentary on my grades.

Good teachers are commended for helping their students raise their grades because they mirror this attribute of DOG. Such teachers take their students' grades to heart. They teach their students to think logically, feel rationally, sense sensibly and believe reasonably. This is why they should get big bucks.

My body is the "it" that the "me" is encased in. DOG interacts with it, as do I. But the me inside it is a conglomeration of seven forces that DOG created that I had to be introduced to through self-scrutiny and come to love like cherished friends. Such is the essence of true brotherhood. Brotherhood emanates out from within.

My inner brother is gay. My inner brother is Jewish. If you hate gays and/or Jews, you hate my brothers. San Francisco is my home because here my gay brothers are safe. Israel is my homeland because there my Jewish brothers are safe. If you hate these places, you hate my kin.

I'm as flawed a human being as any other, and so, I have to learn to do better day-by-day. But I'm also a virtuous person who's doing just fine, even though I'm occasionally disoriented externally and have to find my way from the outside back in.

My values have trained me to put others' needs before my own. In some ways, this is a virtue. We want pilots to put the wellbeing of the passengers before their own. But we also need to know when to put our own values before those of others. Such is the nature of loyalty to our country.

I think the values of San Francisco and Jerusalem are worth emulating. If not, you're going to learn the consequences of the spiritual boomerang effect. The Germans learned about that by discounting gays and Jews in the last century. The whole world is learning the consequences of such foolish behavior today.

The external world is an opportunity for me to come to know and love myself as the result of how I interface with others. My internal world is an opportunity for me to come to know and love myself as the result of how I interface with me.

Life is like a labyrinth. But there are two labyrinths in life, one in the world around us and one in the world within us. There's cheese to be sought in both, and you're the lab rat that's got to find it.

Life is also like a chess game with three boards. One is red [heart]. One is black [head]. And one is a checkerboard that's red and black [genitals].

Here's a clue to how to play the game of chess: You're a king playing with the KING. You're a queen playing with the queens. The Jews are knights that move in "L" shaped patterns. You're learning how to play the game like the Jews. Don't treat anyone like a pawn in the game.

Just knowing north from south and east from west in the external world isn't enough if you're looking to improve your orientation skills. Your relationship to the land under

your feet isn't enough. The sun doesn't really rise or set. The Earth revolves, making it appear that the sun is moving. Such is the nature of space.

Time is measured by the changes you see outside yourself. But inside, there is no experience of time. Your journey is actually timeless. Only changes to your vehicle [body] and the external changes around you give you a sense of the passage of time.

Over time, the paths of good and evil I've experienced have made me wise to my evil inclinations and loving of the goodness within me. But this moral creation, production and transformation is eternal and timeless when perceived from within. The development of my contents [virtues] will continue so long as I remain in my container [body].

Removing [killing] me from my container because I'm a gay Jew who says things some others don't want to hear isn't going to change a thing. You can touch up an x-ray, but that isn't going to heal your medical problem.

Getting my self-esteem up and keeping it up required spiritual effort I didn't acknowledge as necessary when I was solely focused on the world around me without due consideration of my world within.

Bringing this challenge to consciousness had to be done with words. I had to construct my self-worth literarily. I had to create my self-confidence. My father, who had a superiority complex, and my mother, who had an inferiority complex, couldn't bequeath me their pride. Pride had to be turned into a flag in the last century in San Francisco that I now wave inside and out to express my appreciation for being me.



The Israeli flag is now figuratively on fire with the rainbow of hope ignited by the LGBTQIA+ community. Literally burning flags isn't going to put out the fire hateful hypocrites project around them.

Don't live your life putting money before honey [wisdom] and sour milk [covetousness] before fresh milk [love]. Recognize how much werk you've done. Psychiatrist and Holocaust survivor Viktor Frankl said, "The meaning of life is to give life meaning." [16]

"Strangely enough, within the hellish atmosphere of Nazi concentration camps, the number one cause of death was not torture, overwork, or sickness. It was suicide. Through this phenomenon, Frankl showed the gravity of meaning. Without it, human beings lose their will to live, so much so that it can even cause systemic self-inflicted deaths." [Internet]

Chances are, that in those areas where you feel that your life is purposeless and empty, there's where you'll find the root of your problem: a lack of meaning.

The meaning of my life became more meaningful when I added value to my life by talking to myself in loud. I no longer sit around waiting, sometimes patiently, sometimes impatiently, for my life to come to an end.

The value of life for the hyper-religious lies in their name for doG. For hyper-religious Jews, that's Adonai. For hyper-religious Christians it's Jesus. For hyper-religious Muslims

[16] Man's Search for Meaning,1946

it's Archangel Gabriel. Ironically, none of them can acknowledge any of the other Jewish names for the Tutor given to the Western world by our TEACHER.

Christians don't think about our CREATOR as the DELIVERER of grammar. The FATHER is HE. The Son is He. The Holy Spirit is It. If they'd question the purpose of the Holy Spirit, they'd realize that "It" provides for the delight we experience from our material possessions. Not only is there an emotional value infused in our things. They hold spiritual intention that instills spiritual value in what we create, as well.

The Golden Calf may have been an idol the Israelites danced around as a substitute for DOG, but the DIVINE symbolism Jesus expressed for His faith in DOG has infused lessons for us all in the difference between avariciousness [excessive desire for wealth or material gain] and greed [a broader range of excessive wants, including for food, power or possessions].

Life isn't a bowl of cherries. Your body is your bowl, and it's filled with cherries [good] and walnuts [evil]. Your life grows in the ways in which you flower, blossom and fruit with meaning. You're your own tree of knowledge. But if you compare and contrast yourself to me, a progressive, gay Jew, you, too, would conclude that you're as much like a fruit as a nut. [17]

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[17] Nowhere in the Creation Story is the species of the Tree of knowledge revealed. Because Adam and Eve covered themselves with fig leaves after having eaten from the Tree of knowledge, some say that that was the species. Cynically, I'd say that we'd learn a lot more about humanity if we all just agreed it was a tree that produced both fruits and nuts. When I contemplate the meaning I give to the value of my life, I can see that I'm both.

Berkeley by the bay

I didn't study at CAL [University of California at Berkeley]. I've been to the campus many times, but mostly to eat on Telegraph Avenue and wander the campus in search of intelligent life in the universe or on the quad during the day and at Zellerbach Performance Hall at night.

Larry's niece went to CAL. She met her future husband there. Larry and I used to visit them on occasion and spy on the life of young people in Berkeley when we were in our forties.

All I can tell you factually about young people 30 years ago is that they're no longer young anymore. There's nothing about young people in Berkeley now that I have any useful information to give you.

I do know that when I was their age, I lived abroad, smoked dope and waxed poetic about how much I knew about life despite the foolishness I saw in the older generation. Today, I'm doing pretty much the same thing, just without the alcohol and drugs in my system. But now I'm a member of the older generation. And that gives me a perspective on my own hypocrisy that I didn't have when I was young.

I've been clean and sober since I was 31, almost 40 years; truly a Samson of sorts if you know the Biblical details of his story. [Judges 13-16]

I've also got a few diplomas on my wall from universities to attest to my ability to endure boredom for years on end in an effort to achieve external acknowledgment of my ability to learn.

I wanted people to admire me. [I still do.] I went to college to achieve admiration. I didn't succeed. If you're not interested in learning for the joy of learning, I recommend you avoid schools altogether.

I once thought a higher education would create a deeper education. I was a fool. Some of the wisest people I've

known didn't finish high school, including my mom who was thrown out of junior high by the Nazis for the "crime" of being Jewish.

There is one thing I do know about life in Berkeley from an outsider's point of view that might still be relevant today: In my mid-forties, I took classes with AXIS, a dance troupe for the disabled, now located in Oakland.

I should preface this story by telling you that I got a scholarship to U.C.L.A. when I graduated high school at 17, but I used it to join their dance department. After a few weeks into my first quarter at U.C.L.A., I dropped out, and joined the Lachine Ballet School in Beverly Hills. I didn't want to study dance. I wanted to perform dance! David Lachine and his wife, Tania Riabouchinska were Russian dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the 1930's. They couldn't have given me a deeper introduction into the existential meaning behind grace through movement.

After breaking my foot before a performance of "Graduation Ball" under their tutelage, I didn't give up my passion to dance. I moved to Israel to dance professionally at 18, but I continued taking ballet classes until the age of 59. And I still dance three days a week in my garage, which Will has set up as a dance studio for me.

Dancing with members of AXIS in my forties turned out to be a wonderful experience in the 1990's, especially since two involuntary commitments to mental institutions in my twenties confirmed my membership in the disabled community.

I'd been in a monogamous relationship with Larry for about seven years when I took those classes. Then, I got bitten by the 7-year itch. I met a gay guy at AXIS who was years younger than me. I developed a crush on him although I never told a soul about it at the time [not even him].

Surely the 7th Commandment [adultery] is really about keeping your promises to yourself, not just about keeping them to others. If you can't keep your word to your spouse,

as well as your vow of honesty and fidelity to yourself, how will DOG be able to tell if you can keep your promises to HIM?

I did keep my promise of fidelity to Larry, even though my head [Adam] was influenced by my heart [Steve] which was messed up by my serpent [Dick]. Even though I didn't do a lot of bad things to other people in life, I thought a lot about it. And that caused my relationship to my conscience [and surely to DOG, as well] to suffer. It's no wonder I've been so anxious and uptight all my life. I always seem to need to protect my two little fruits [testicles] from figurative thieves. [I've stolen a lot of opportunities out from under myself even if only in my wicked, little mind.]

There was a thief in me who thought about stealing. In not thinking about what I was thinking about, I stole my self-esteem out from under me without even knowing that I'd did it.

In not feeling bad about what I was feeling, I also broke my heart without knowing it. But by paying attention to what was coming out of my head and heart, I discovered that my soul can't be broken, no matter what I do to the rest of me. My soul is always proud of me because I'm learning about the meaning of being.

DOG is our TEACHER. HE brought us HIS wisdom through Moses to teach us to think about what's best for others. If we can't do what's wise for others, how can we choose what would be wise for ourself?

Our TEACHER brought us HIS love through Jesus to teach us to feel for others. If we can't do what's loving for others, how can we choose what would be loving for ourself?

Our TEACHER brought us HIS loyalty through Archangel Gabriel. If we can't express loyalty to others, how can we choose what would be loyal for ourself?

You can hear your thoughts and feel your feelings inside your body, but you can't hear or feel your beliefs. Beliefs aren't like thoughts or feelings. Beliefs are a whole other

force within us. If you haven't learned about your thoughts thanks to Moses; about your feelings thanks to Jesus; and about your beliefs thanks to the prophet Muhammad – you don't know nearly enough about these three forces within you. You're operating without sufficient inner knowledge of how you werk.

It's a good thing I didn't act out my urge to misbehave while dancing with AXIS. How could I explain the miraculous rewards I've been given in my life if I didn't have evidence to show for the self-esteem I have today? At the time, I simply told Dick to cool it. I opened a dialog with him that we've been enjoying ever since.

I don't believe that "luck" tells us anything about why things turn out as they do. You have to look back at the past with open eyes to ask yourself why you think you have what you have. If you believe in DOG, you know that blessings and curses come from the same SOURCE. [18]

Sacrifices produce pain. Pain produces suffering. But the greatest awakening I've experienced in life was when I realized that hiding from my guilt only exacerbated my pain and suffering.

I didn't feel unduly sad when my mother's health declined. Each step down felt like stairs I was descending into darkness. The grief some people are forced to go through must be like stepping off a cliff. I've never landed that hard as the result of a loss.

For the longest time I didn't feel guilty about having tried to kill myself. I unconsciously used Christianity as steps up by sacrificing myself for the wellbeing of others. When I got to the landing at the top, I was able to look down and feel

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[18] Jews don't subscribe to curses coming from a devil who lives in hell far from DOG in HEAVEN. We don't believe in "luck." We believe our lessons come from the TEACHER of us all. We're just grateful to be able to learn and grow. The more we evolve, the more most others do, too.

very sorry for that poor person I'd once been.

I no longer feel guilty about my identity, my behavior or by my losses in life. In fact, I feel astonishingly hopeful.

Loving myself, loving life and honoring most others has not only drawn me closer to myself. It's drawn me closer to DOG and all the sdoG and sdog HE's given us to learn to value the experience of living.

I think that love is too often associated with sex. In the Christian faith, love is associated with doG. Therefore, I keep my nose out of other people's sex life. I honor them for their virtuous efforts to love our CREATOR. Their sex life is private. Their religion is personal. I don't proselytize my faith. I proselytize all faiths that seek peace on Earth and good will towards humanity.

When I'm forced to give up something I truly cherish, I come to know how the GARDENER felt about HIS fruits. I come to know how the FATHER felt about HIS Son.

Loss deepens me with sorrow. Those scriptural stories that describe our CREATOR'S losses are meant to deepen us from the heart so we can reflect on our own losses with greater insight.

After Jesus was sacrificed, the Second Temple was destroyed by the Romans. The ancient Jews were then dragged out of Israel in chains to Rome to be slaves for the third time in our history [Egypt, Babylonia, Rome]. About 1,200 years later, during the Crusades, the Christians and Muslims fought each other over ownership of Israel. That lasted more than 200 years.

The Muslims built the Al-Aqsa Mosque in 705 CE. on the Temple Mount, in part, as a sign of their domination over the nameless doG of the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] who were nowhere to be found in Israel by then. [The Jews had been forcibly disbursed throughout the Mediterranean.] The Christians had previously built St. Catherine's Cathedral at the top of Mt. Sinai in 530 CE for the same reason, to dishonor the Jews. The ancient Christians and Muslims wanted what the

Jews had been given. They used their faith in their doG to belittle the Jews and to rationalize stealing the land DOG had given us.

Sacrificing animals may have been a rite and ritual performed for religious reasons by the ancient Jews, but that all changed with the destruction of the Second Temple. Thereafter, self-sacrifice became the new norm. Christians and Muslims who thought they invented self-sacrifice were historically and spiritually misinformed.

It's hard to see what's gained by coveting what Jews had then and what we have now. But they say patience is a virtue. I know that's true because it's taken me 69 years to develop patience with myself. And now that I've achieved a modicum of patience with me, I'm seeing miracles everywhere on a daily basis. Now, I'm an Independent, gay Jew who covets what I have. Now I object vociferously to DOG having called me "abominable." But I can laugh it off because I can see that it was just reverse psychology.

I now have a realistic appraisal of my guilt over the self-ignorance of my youth. I still have a lot to learn. Learning still brings up guilt at not knowing the obvious, just as it must have for Adam and Eve.

But nowadays, I find that I feel guiltier over being right than being wrong. And that's because I still engage my ego rather than my sense of humor.

Who would have expected a suicidal, mental patient to wax poetic about S'DOG influence in his life? I never would have anticipated sounding so much like a religious person. It's a good thing I promote all the names for doG. I've given up promoting a higher education in favor of a profounder education.

Oakland by the bay

Everybody knows that Oakland is a violent place. East Palo Alto is also violent. Chicago is violent. Detroit is a shell of a city because it became violent after the automobile industry pulled out. Wherever students of life aren't given the tutorial services they need to keep their grades up, violence ensues. The Middle East is more violent than all these cities put together, and the concept that life is a school began in the Middle East!

The Jews were the first to be locked up in ghettos to protect them from the violence around them, beginning in Venice, Italy 500 years ago. Ghetto life in Europe ended with the Holocaust because the Jews couldn't protect themselves from the violence aimed at them.

I don't think 20th Century, European Christians felt guilty about how they'd mistreated the Jew for so long, even though they'd intermarried with them [just as White people did with Black people in this country]. The European Christians never saw the Jews as pure White. Even today, the Jews in Great Britain are called "British," not English, Welsh, Scottish or Irish.

When it comes to exclusion and racism, White Christians around the world always seem to win first prize. That said, prejudice of light Blacks against dark Blacks, Asians against Asians and Latinx against Latinx is no different than the prejudice of gays against gays and Jews against Jews.

As a gay Jew, I've felt excluded from the gay community for being Jewish and the Jewish community for being gay. But I've also felt excluded within the gay community and within the Jewish community just for being different from my peers. Discrimination, favoritism, prejudice, bigotry and inequity are universal.

Life is a school and the details of my identity have determined many of the required courses I've been enrolled in. I have a double major because I was enrolled by the

TEACHER in two minorities.

But because I suffered severe mental challenges in my twenties and had to be twice involuntarily committed to institutions, I've had to concede that I'm a member of the disabled community, as well. Therefore, I see myself as having a triple major in the school of life.

Life may be like a school. There's only one TEACHER. But it very much matters who your Tutor is. It even matters if you have no Tutor or no declared major. Your education will proceed regardless. The more clues you get to this truth about reality, the more likely you are to werk on the internal grades you can manage without outside help.

Propaganda and promises motivated by prejudice are even more effective today due to social media. The self-ignorant profess their hatred of others unabashedly electronically.

People don't end up in ghettos by accident. These are planned communities to isolate people, just as they were planned by Christians in Europe in the past to insulate White Christians from Jews.

We were treated like a race. We were discriminated against as a race. Many Jews worked side by side with Blacks to end racism in this country because they knew that racism would never end with Black people. Eventually, they'd come for the Jews like they did in Europe.

We consider antisemitism a form of racism. But anti-Zionism is a form of racism, too.

Racism against Jews has been promoted by Muslims around the world over our presence in the Middle East. Muslims expelled all the Jews from their countries in 1948 with the creation of the State of Israel. Today, we can see the racism of Muslims against Muslims, not just Muslims against gays and Jews.

People say that today's ghettos in America are based on money, not milk and honey. But people end up in corners of the classroom with their peers because of conspiracies. If

you don't want to learn from strangers who look, speak and act differently from you, you're going to bask in the ignorance of your friends and family.

If you think that American Latinx don't compare their linguistic and educational challenges to what the Jews of Europe went through, you're deluded. If you think American Blacks don't equate White racism to European antisemitism, you're insane.

Why the gay community supports the Palestinian cause baffles me. The Palestinians are racist, antisemitic, anti-Zionistic, homophobic and misogynistic. They have a just political cause having lived on our land for several hundred years. But their spiritual operating system is abysmally under developed. They're more like a land line than an iPhone. They have a lot of werk to do! All Muslims do.

The difference between the 20th Century and the 21st Century is no greater than the difference between an African elephant and an Indian elephant to a blind man. Unless the blind sleep with the blind to discover the differences in those who are physically nude, emotionally naked and spiritual exposed – they aren't going to learn much about other people's distinctions and differences.

Thank DOG I had the opportunity and curiosity to sleep with men from around the world. There isn't a race, nation, tribe or community I haven't explored in bed with individual members of their society. And I'm proud of it.

I had a Cuban boyfriend once who was a kindergarten teacher. He was a great match for me because, in so many ways, I'm so similar to a child. It wasn't until I discovered that he was prejudiced against Black people that I realized that I may have been young and inexperienced, but my mother had taught me not to hold people's ethnicity against them.

My father came away from the experience of having been enslaved by the Nazis feeling superior to all others. My mother came away from the prejudice of her German

countrymen feeling inferior, easily intimidated and afraid.

The answer to the world's problems lies in upgrading our spiritual operating system to overcome prejudice and hate. As a gay, Jew who has experienced hate from both sides of the political spectrum, I believe Islamic hatred of gays and Jews can be defeated. Israel can be accepted into the nations of the Middle East. And prejudice against Sunnis and Shiites within Islam can end.

I now see that the TEACHER seated me next to that Cuban boyfriend to teach me to reject my father's sense of superiority and my mother's sense of inferiority. When my Cuban boyfriend dumped me, I felt terribly sad and rejected. Now I can see that that alliances and conflicts have been important lessons for me from the TEACHER.

I didn't associate my feelings of abandonment at the time with S'DOG lesson in honoring my parents separately and differently. The feeling of abandonment by my boyfriend awakened me to having been given three majors in the school of life to contend with.

The Jews have always been treated like an inferior race, not a respected religion. Antisemitism and anti-Zionism are forms of racism. Israel is a Jewish ghetto in a Muslim spiritual desert. Just imagine being gay in any Middle Eastern country other than Israel. It must be a nightmare.

The Nazi hatred of the gays was no less than their hatred of the Jews. Gay people were treated like a race, as well. The Germans wanted to eliminate the gays as much as they wanted to eliminate the Jews.

It's not just the rich who can't thread a needle with a camel. [19] It's the self-ignorant! There are plenty of rich

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[19] The phrase "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" is a metaphor used by Jesus to convey the difficulty that wealthy individuals face in entering the kingdom of DOG. It highlights the spiritual challenges that wealth can create. [Matthew 19:24, Mark 10:25 Luke 18:25]

people who aren't hateful. And there are plenty of poor people who don't deserve a fraction of the reward their religious leaders have promised them. They're racists.

Homophobes are racists. Antisemites are racists. Anti-Zionists are racists. You don't have to be straight and/or White to be a racist. My Cuban boyfriend proved that to me. That was a very important lesson for me from the TEACHER that you could apply to your lessons if you care about your spiritual g.p.a.

I faced my racism against gays and Jews by attempting to kill myself. Only the disabled community taught me to question what it means to means in S'DOG eyes be a cripple.

Some Blacks and Browns in American ghettos might be torn between suicidal and homicidal tendencies when they reflect on what it means to be surrounded by White, Christian, American racists who hate them almost as much as White, Christian, European racists hated the gays and Jews in the early part of the 20th Century.

People become violent for a reason. And that reason might be caused by feelings of disrespect, neglect, rejection, betrayal and abandonment. That's how I treated myself. And that's why I was the one who had to learn how to solve my syndromes, not just my problems.

When people have no sense of their existential value and the contribution they can make to their kin, community and country, they get violent. They seek revenge to end their misery.

Everyone can be awakened from their spiritual slumber. All people are challenged by DOG to wake up to the meaning HE's given them through the identity they're struggling to appreciate. Everyone finds hope in helping others. Hope, mixed with self-love and loyalty to life, is the cure. It's werked for me.

Oakland is no exception when it comes to violent places where people are locked behind spiritual ghetto walls that don't offer them hope, inspiration and a chance to earn the

spiritual comforts they yearn for.

Problems can be solved with money. But syndromes have to be solved with honey [wisdom]. You have to be a very busy bee to make mistakes, apologize for them and then make amends. This is the path of evil that turns into wisdom.

I'm not suggesting that money isn't needed to clean up the messes we've made. I'm just advocating for honey, as well as money. If people don't learn why they've done what they've done, they won't embrace what needs to be done to change things for the better from the inside out.

I've been rewarded with sufficient material comfort not to have to worry about finances for the rest of my life. I feel financially blessed. I'm also not afraid of aging and dying because my spiritual health is good. That's what it means to me to have become progressive.

But when I look at the homeless who wander about on the streets of in San Francisco, I see the most self-defeated people on Earth. I see men who hate themself more than they could possibly put into words. I see me, myself and I in every one of them because for so long I felt HOME-less. [20] I no longer do.

You may know people who are so cynical that they think they know just how people in ghettos ought to feel to achieve the sorts of miracles I claim to have. I became violent internally. Many become violent externally.

I'm not going to tell anyone how to achieve miracles. That's between them and DOG, not them and me. When it comes to your relationship to our TEACHER, I don't proselytize. I use the nameless Tutor of the Jewish people [Y.H.V.H.]. I have absolutely no plan to change Tutors. I wish Christians and Muslims would stop trying to sell their

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[20] I don't subscribe in HEAVEN, PARADISE or NIRVANA. I don't know what it means to go HOME. I just believe there's something more that may happen when we die.

Tutors [Jesus and Archangel Gabriel]. I wish they'd sell the concept of our TEACHER, instead.

If you're interested in wisdom, self-love, loyalty to life and are willing to contemplate why the TEACHER gave you the [s]mother that you got, I recommend you use the services of your Tutor to ask good questions about His purpose in your life, not mine.

The Buddhists don't believe in DOG, sdoG or sdog. Theirs is a philosophy of life, not a faith. They believe in learning how to put their faith in themself. They pray to the Buddha for self-enlightenment so they can make their way to NIRVANA by following in his footsteps.

The Abrahamic edifice has a Hindu basement. But by rejecting all sdog, the Buddhists built scaffolding around the religious building from which they can look in our windows. There are even windows in the basement.

The Taoists have 16 sdog, which has made them the world's greatest experts on paradox and the ironies of life. Taoists use the Way to go both ways. While Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Christians and Muslims all claim to be going one way [UP], Taoists go up and down. Ironically, some of the mysteries of life can only be seen when hitting a dead end and having to go back the way you came to view the same scenery going the opposite direction.

If you've studied all the world's faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism, you can use knowledge of yourself and others to make sense of all seven of the spiritual moving parts that make it possible to monitor your own progress.

When it comes to violence in Oakland, however, I do have a suggestion that I'd like to offer my neighbors to the east of me. But I rarely give people advice for several reasons.

First of all, your lessons from the TEACHER are for you, not me. Therefore, I can't know what you need to achieve internally from your problems.

Secondly, people don't usually have enough experience

with their identity to listen to my suggestions with a depth that will bring them insight into my perspective on reality.

Thirdly, life is like a puzzle. I can give you a piece of your puzzle that will fit nicely into your big picture. But I can't perceive the picture on the surface of that piece of the puzzle. Therefore, you'll have to do the important werk of expanding your view of your big picture, anyway.

I'm making an exception in this medium of the written word because there's no individual before me who'll reject my advice. This advice literally falls only on my ears.

I suggest that the good people of Oakland treat crime as a family matter, not an individual issue. Surely, the roots of crime and violence grow unconsciously out of family dynamics. Nobody becomes violent or commits a crime unless they've learned hopelessness, cynicism and ingrained, spiritual poverty from their parents and siblings. If Oakland wants to become a model of Rome for the modern age, and not what ancient Rome stood for in the past, here's what I mean by family dynamics:

Rome wasn't built in a day. Rome was built day-by-day. If you think Oakland is any different than Rome in those ancient days when Jews and Christians huddled together in fear of what would happen to them every time they walked outside their door exposing their faith, you don't have a good picture of the early days of Christianity in the first couple of hundred years of the Common Era, more than 1,400 years after Judaism had already been in practice in the Middle East.

Today, little has changed in Oakland since those violent days almost 2,000 years ago, except that now good Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims are huddling together with gays in Oakland trying to figure out how to tame today's figurative "Goths" and "Visigoths" who have them surrounded. Now, the DOG-fearing are scratching their head with the "abominables" [LGBTQIA+] trying to find ways to teach criminal minds how to construct

a moral compass to guide their conscience.

Most of today's residents of Oakland come from traditional, religious households from around the world, many of whom have given up hope in getting much help from the state or the nation.

I think they feel like I felt when I could see no point in living. Sometimes, they may even curse one another. Other times, they surely secretly curse themself. They may surreptitiously curse those in Berkeley and San Francisco who aren't forced to live a ghetto life. And I'll bet they even furtively curse the GARDENER for having planted them in the poor, spiritual soil they find themself having to grow in today.

But what Oakland parents don't do is ask themselves why their sons go out into the world to curse the world for their sake. Theft, violence and killings are behaviors criminals unconsciously use to curse the world in their parents' names. And that, I think, is an issue worth pondering.

When you're a child who loves your parents and have to watch them suffer, it can make you so mad that you may want to kill somebody. Granted, I tried to kill myself. But violence turned inward makes you just as spiritually culpable as those whose violence is turned against others.

We're all strangers unto ourself. All of us are a Dr. Jekyll with a Mr. Hyde hiding inside of us. We're all pupils in this school with one TEACHER who's given each of us a unique curriculum that we have to werk out for ourself.

If you love your parents, you'll surely react to their suffering with violence against someone. But if you honor them, instead, you'll respond to their struggle with patience and a plodding resolve to achieve change through cooperative means with many others.

But this road to recovery can take a lifetime. Living your life slowly in search of rewards from within takes enormous patience and determination. It also takes a good inner eye,

one that can perceive the smallest of improvements in you from one day to the next.

It doesn't take rocket science to understand anger, frustration and the distress that creates spiritual discomfort. It doesn't take a moral compass to see that we're all going south, whether we like it or not. The pandemic and global warming are symptoms of the decay of the human experiment in the 21st Century. Some are just headed south a little faster than others because they're suffering with a criminal mindset.

But with July 2021 being the hottest July on record ever, and with one fire in Siberia greater than all the fires in America put together this year, all rational people realize we're going south.

Oakland is a state of mind. It's not just a place on the map. Berkeley is a mirror of the heart. It's not just an institution of knowledge [CAL] surrounded by intelligent people who embrace the modern age.

And San Francisco corresponds to my beloved penis. It's not just a gay-Mecca where princesses can fuck their brains out while taking designer drugs to squeeze as many pleasant sensations out of their body as possible. San Francisco is like Xanadu [21]; a spiritual fountain welling up from the ground of man's being. San Francisco is the place on the planet that creates queens!

There's more to a body than a bag of potential sensations. Pleasant sensations turn into punishments in short order. Would you like to eat pie à la mode for every meal every day for the rest of your life? A kid who doesn't learn to eat his vegetables will turn into a vegetable. The meat and potatoes of life are meaning, not money. You can be a fruit. You can be a nut. But don't grow up to become a vegetable. That's so humiliating.

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[21] "Kubla Khan: or, A Vision in a Dream," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, written October 1797 and published in 1816

This book is more like an allegory than a story. “A story is a narrative that can entertain or inform, while an allegory is a specific type of story where nearly every element represents a deeper moral or political meaning. In allegories, characters and events symbolize broader concepts, making them more complex than typical stories.” [Internet]

An allegory imbeds abstract ideas or principles into characters, figures, or events in narrative, dramatic, or pictorial form. If you don’t look at your life as an allegory, you’re superficial. You’re skin deep. There are no muscles and bones beneath what others see in you.

This is why the three main characters in this book are cities, not people. This is why I’m speaking to you in code about abstract patterns produced by the mind that you can learn to read and right [write] to reprogram yourself, even if very few people around you believe in you. That’s why you’ll get something out of this book by the end that you can’t anticipate until you’ve read it at least once all the way through.

Hyper-masculine fools

This chapter on hyper-religious, straight men is going to take you to inner places you've never been to before. You might even conclude that I need to go back on my meds... But do your best to plummet the depth of my soul with me.

Hyper-religious, straight men can't be tempted to have sex with their own gender. Neither can gang members at the other end of the spectrum. Neither of them is into creative, sexual exploration with their penis, let alone their heart and soul. They're anxious about their penis swelling with pride and somebody seeing that it became engorged when they thought about sharing loving kindness with another man. They interpret that as weakness, not mild, sexual interest motivated by curiosity in having been made by DOG as a man among men.

Such men think crying is also a sign of weakness. Crying is actually a sign of strength. I well up with tears many times a day, and I can assure you it's because I see more examples of how Herculean I and others are inside.

Many hyper-masculine fools don't even wash their anus because they don't want to think about any man touching them there. Only their mom once had permission to wipe their ass for them. The thought of their dad having wiped their ass embarrasses them to this day. They don't want to think about a clean ass as a sign of a clean conscience. They don't even want to use a bidet, a toilet that sprays water onto their anus, rather than using their own hand.

Hyper-masculine men and hoodlums are sadomasochists who get turned on by hurting gentle men, women and children. They're jealous of what we can emote with one another that they can't. And the more innocent and meeker the man, the more excited it makes them to screw us over.

Jesus said, "The meek shall inherit the Earth." [Matthew 5:5] That phrase also connects closely to Psalm 37:11, in

which David is attributed to having said the same about the meek inheriting the land.

This is bad news for Muslims generally, and Palestinians specifically. But it isn't great news for some Jews and Christians, either. I think the meekest people on Earth are gay men. Move that idea through your conscience and then see whether you frame it or shred it.

Most of the billionaires are sadomasochists. They may not have been born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but they've learned how to lick every spoon on both sides until it sparkles. This is a vice and a virtue. In some ways, we all need to know what they know about cleaning their plate and licking their spoon. In other ways, we all need to learn not to lick anyone's ass or kiss their ring.

We all have a tendency to use our position of power to feed ourself, not others. We all make it harder for poor people to survive; harder for the hungry and ill to get help and harder for the disenfranchised to be accepted. We're all fat, pointing fingers at physically rotund people for being gluttons.

Surely, you know the feeling of gluttony. But do you know what greed feels like? Stop blaming billionaires for being greedy if you don't even know how they feel. Billionaires are people, too. They have feelings. And it would behoove you to think about what it feels like when your appetite for money is so great that no amount of money will satisfy you.

I know how greed feels with regard to sex. That's called lust. But when it comes to money, I think I feel normal. I'm not tempted to gamble, spend money unwisely or use money to blackmail others to support my wants [–].

Some little boys are screaming that the emperor has no clothes. But millions of adults claim they admire the fabric of his cloth. The same can be said of fashionable ideas. It's better to try on new ideas and model them before your Tutor than it is to wear them in public. Get the opinion of Someone

who cares about your grades more than you do. You may care less about people than the Tutor our TEACHER gave you.

The more gentility and love for humanity some people see in me, the more it infuriates them. The more irrational they become, the more rational I have to become. The more they see me enjoying the miracle of life, the more enraged they are at the spiritual rewards I'm getting that they can't achieve.

Good students of life think about those at the far end of the class curve who are doing poor spiritually. Most people are worried about those who are doing badly monetarily. But I say that if you give poor students werk habits that work, they'll raise their own grades, and the money will follow.

That's not trickle-down economics. That's trickle-UP spirituality.

If you don't believe me, that's because you have a rainbow of hope in your heart with a pot of gold only at one end. Look at the rainbow shining up out of your heart that arcs at your Adam's apple and shines down onto your right side.

If you could look at your nipples as signs from DOG, given to you to remind you to pursue heartfelt feelings and soulful beliefs, you'd see that you've got pots of gold at both ends. Twisted, little, Irish leprechauns led you astray when they implied there was only a pot of gold at one end.

The more you free yourself from the dogma of literal interpretations of scripture, the more some others will become terrified of their literal interpretations of scripture. That will free us all to seek wisdom of the heart from within.

Jesus didn't lead the Irish astray with only one pot of gold. He led them to one pot of gold to get them to question what they'd achieve if their loving feelings went the opposite direction toward their most sacred beliefs [soul].

Now that the Irish have turned away from the Catholic church, they're lauding the gays but condemning the Jews.

Their isle is even greener with envy. The way to express solidarity with Muslim efforts to advance their spiritual cause of loyalty to ALLAH is by promoting gay and Jewish contributions to the spiritual environment, as well.

Soulfulness will heal you of racism. Soulfulness will heal you of antisemitism. Antisemitism is racist. Soulfulness will heal you of anti-Zionism. Anti-Zionism is racist. Don't let self-ignorant Muslims fool you.

Soulfulness will heal you of homophobia. Homophobia is racist. Soulfulness will heal you of misogyny. Misogyny is racist.

Soulfulness will turn you into a spiritual billionaire. When you've got so much faith in yourself that you achieve love in your heart and loyalty in your soul, you can solve syndromes, not just problems.

Jews are a race unto ourselves. DOG separated us from all the other races. Scalping was a racist behavior practiced by indigenists on this continent. Making lampshades out of Jewish skin and soap out of Jewish fat were racist behaviors practiced by Christians in Europe. Killing Jews for living in the homeland DOG gave us is racist, as well.

I am the son of a slave. Jews were enslaved four times in HIS story [Egypt, Babylonia, Rome and Germany]. Each time we achieved freedom, we separated ourselves from our masters because they were racists. The way I've been treated as a gay man reminds me of the way the Jews have been treated in the past. If you think you have the right to treat me as an inferior because DOG said you could, you're a racist. You're a Nazi boar or sow. I don't blame Nazi pigs. They're simply too young to know any better.

For some, guns are their delivery devices, not their index finger or penis. They don't realize that their parents threatened to reject and abandon them if they showed any sign of femininity. Femininity is associated with Jews. Being like a Jew, they believe, is what's turns people into unholy, Frankenstein monsters. Any man who's feminine in any way

is a Jew or a Jew lover. Every Nazi knows that.

Taking people apart and putting them back together with new parts is what Dr. Frankenstein experimented with literarily. That's how he created his modest, humble and gracious creation. That's what we've got to do figuratively with the monsters [Nazis] who surround us now. If you can't tell a Jew from a Nazi, you've got a problem. And that problem emanates out of a syndrome.

Everyone nowadays sees themself as under attack. It's not their guns they're afraid the government will take away from them. It's obviously not literal dismemberment and castration they're afraid of. They're not worried that the police will cut off their index fingers. They're concerned that their precious name for DOG is under attack.

Everyone is engaged in a holy war. But it's got nothing to do with political freedom. Nobody is fighting for freedom. They're all fighting for autonomy.

Nobody is trying to kill Jesus a second time. He only had to die once. And so do you. But if you think you can use "Little Murders" to justify your lack of feelings for others, it won't work. [22]

Most Muslims aren't as interested in Israel as they are in doing well on their report card from the TEACHER. They're interested in the secret to entering PARADISE. But they've been told that the gays and the Jews are withholding IT from them. They unconsciously believe we're swindling them out of eternal LIFE.

DOG, in HIS infinite wisdom, gave some of HIS secret

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[22] Jewish "cartoonist Jules Feiffer used the expression 'Little Murders' as the title of his 1967 absurdist play about the breakdown of authority and the apathy of individuals in the face of urban violence and chaos. It satirizes how people adapt to madness and violence in their environment, often becoming desensitized to the dangers around them." [Internet]

to everybody. But it's as if the blind must learn to communicate with the deaf. And the two of them are dependent on the dumb [mute] to speak for them. That makes sharing answers more challenging than most pupils realize.

The story Mary Shelley created [Frankenstein] mirrors what we should all do for ourselves by ourself. Look at yourself as a figurative monster that was hastily sewn together in your youth by parents who wanted to get you up and running as fast as possible for your sake, as well as theirs.

By now, you should be able to figuratively take yourself apart and stitch yourself back together with new parts that will serve you better in a more modern day-and-age. Now, you're your own creation, hopefully a masterpiece in the making.

This is the holy enterprise we need to convince the world they can engage in without having to give up their name for the Tutor the TEACHER gave them. The gays don't want anyone's guns. We don't want to kill their doG or have Him humiliate them for all the world to watch gleefully.

We're not invested in any of the Tutors given by our TEACHER. We see much of it as reverse psychology by DOG that needs to be addressed as such.

We'd much prefer to have a man's penis in our mouth or his semen in our butt. But given that most men aren't interested in sharing their penis and/or anus with us, we'd be satisfied if they'd just behave better. We share a goal with most others in getting everyone to embrace freedom and give up their obsession with autonomy.

We don't want to buy a man's soul. We only want him to use his head [thoughts] and heart [feelings] to grow his conscience [beliefs] into the potential for a kind soul that the DOG of us all would like us all to develop with HIS help.

Asking people to get vaccinated during this pandemic and wearing a mask to avoid spreading disease shouldn't be

a controversial issue. It's a health issue. Resistance to social responsibility isn't political or health related. It isn't about communism. And it doesn't fly in the face of what DOG wants you to do to get to LIFE everlasting. It's about the autonomy of individualism verses the responsibility of collectivism.

Take a deep breath. I'm going down further:

Think of the seven colors of the rainbow as separated by swords. Red is the rage that comes from defiance. Once you've gotten through red, there's a sword separating you from orange.

To get out of red rage into orange angst requires quick wits and good questions.

The same is true when getting out of anxiety to perceive fear. Fear [yellow] is the color of hopelessness. That feeling can cut, slice, grate, grind, chop and mince you into little pieces.

Then comes jealousy of others bodies and envy of their virtues. That leads to disgust of others.

If you can get through the way DOG made you without being psychically shredded like cheese, you arrive at sorrow [blue]. Blue stands for loss. Regret is marine blue. Disappointment is cerulean. And grieve is midnight blue. They're all shades of loss. Loss feels punitive.

Indigo is the darkness of the night in your soul when you can't see DOG staring right at you. This becomes the mystery in the lessons you're given. You can't know what you didn't know until after you learned it.

And violet is the ecstasy of discovering that you're sensational. Your senses are being refined through the rainbow of hope to such a degree that you have the potential to end up loving the penis or clitoris DOG gave you.

	Rainbow	Emotion	Correspondence
1.	Red	Rage	Defiance
2.	Orange	Angst	Questioning
3.	Yellow	Fear	Hopelessness
4.	Green	Jealousy and Envy	Disgust
5.	Blue	Sorrow	Loss
6.	Indigo	Mystery	Curiosity
7.	Violet	Ecstasy	Sensationalism

I learned a lot about myself as I descended through each emotional level of the rainbow.

1. Insanity left me enraged with red.
2. Loneliness left me orange with angst over questions I didn't ask myself.
3. Disorientation left me terrified inside and out. The feeling hopelessness turned me yellow.
4. Ignorance of my container [body] and contents [spirit] left me green with jealousy and envy over what I'd been denied.
5. Mistakes made and not corrected made me blue with losses I couldn't contain.
6. Self-discovery left me in awe of the unfolding mystery of my being. The indigo mystery of life had to become magical.
7. Sex brought me the violet ecstasy of orgasm and the experience of being sensational.

Our DOCTOR in this hospital created COVID-19, not the Chinese. Disease is a lesson from the DOCTOR. Spreading disease is a dis-ease promoted by class clowns.

AIDS was a medical challenge given to the class by the DOCTOR, too. There will be more medical questions on our tests in the future. When you understand that you're like a student in med school, you'll understand the importance of extended metaphors. It's important to your spiritual grades in becoming a doctor unto yourself to make your journey as

long and profitable as possible.

Freedom is a Jewish concept given to the world by Moses that Jesus augmented with liberty. Liberty is a Christian concept that the prophet Muhammad augmented with emancipation.

Autonomy has nothing to do with individuality. You can be as unique as you like. You can express your individuality in any creative way you choose. The head of your penis can grow to the size of San Francisco, and nobody will care. And the shaft can get as long as the distance between Daly City and San Jose. Who in the Bay Area doesn't know the way to San Jose? [23]

If you don't yet "know the way to San Jose," you're going to get lost on the city streets of Burlingame or San Mateo without a clue to where you are figuratively and what you're really doing.

El Camino Real is the path forged by Spanish priests that linked San Diego to the rest of California. But the portion of El Camino Real from San Jose to San Francisco is like the portion of your urethra that's in your penis

You need a sense of the big, spiritual picture. Every dick knows that!

I'm going down deeper still:

The anti-authoritarianism and violence we see everywhere around us is insane and unnecessary if you're committed to using the brains in the head of your dick. Obviously, the brains in a man's head aren't nearly enough.

The only answer to religious insanity is spiritual talk therapy that begins within yourself between your head

[23] "Do You Know the Way to San Jose" was a 1968 pop song written and composed for singer Dionne Warwick by Burt Bacharach. Hal David [Jew] wrote the lyrics. [Internet]

[Adam/Judaism], heart [Steve/Christianity] and Dick. Once the three of them are onboard with what you look like from within, then you can discuss the matter of the soul DOG gave you to pursue [Islam].

That discussion will draw you down to your navel [Hindu], genitals [Buddhist] and backbone [Taoist]. You won't achieve progress in the world we share until you achieve progress in the inner world that none of us can share with one another except figuratively.

Your ecstatic sensations are yours, and yours alone. Whether you add to your pleasures using your lips, nipples, anus, toes or ears, is your business. Those individuals, communities, nations and religions that tell you otherwise are intruding on your body and your privacy. You have the right to fight back against such trespasses.

But don't fight back against gays and Jews. That's just insane. We're here to show you the way to San Jose. Discriminating against us is only going to take you spiritually back to where humanity was before: the dark ages.

People rub me the wrong way. Their rash behavior creates a figurative rash in me. Thank DOG that lubrication isn't just for sex anymore. I keep my skin moisturized without coming across as greasy, so I can avoid rubbing up against those people who rub me the wrong way.

If your parents loathed something about themselves, you can be sure that you're going to struggle with that issue, too. But you may not loathe what they loath externally in projection. You may loathe it internally where no one but you can perceive it.

You may find that you hate a part of yourself. You may gang up on good thoughts you have about yourself. You may filter out positive feelings for you that you don't believe you deserve. Overcompensation is a character defect I've seen in many to make up for a conflict with their parents that they

weren't able to address internally by themself.

I wish the FATHER of us all had given us separate commandments to honor our father and mother. That would have alerted people to the conflict in honoring each of our parents, even though their virtues and vices will never align perfectly.

You may have tortured yourself long and hard trying to love the flawed parents DOG gave you. The gift of the parents you got requires you to love HIM, not them.

Honor your parents separately, even if that requires you to honor them unequally. Then do your best to like your neighbors as much as you like your father or mother. That will honor you in the eyes of our FATHER and it'll bring a smile to the face of HIS Son.

You surely don't want to be a racist. But there may very well be a dark shadow of yourself within you that frightens you. That shadow drives you toward hopelessness. You may even be unconsciously projecting that dark part of yourself onto others.

That's the only reason I can imagine why Black lives should matter to you personally. They're just as dark on the inside as anybody else. If we use the color of everybody's skin as a reminder to honor the shadow side within us all, we're using clues from the TEACHER to raise our grades.

There's a part of you that's sexually attracted to you, even if you have no interest in exploring sex with others of your gender. That's the only reason I can see why gay lives should matter to you.

There's a part of you that the world has turned into a punching bag. That's why Jewish lives in Israel and around the world should matter to you.

And there's a woman within you. Call her your [z] factor. You're half man [x or y] and half woman [z]. You're a combination of two parents who the CREATOR of us all chose for you. Love the woman within [z] and you'll have no trouble honoring women [x + z] everywhere. That's why

women's lives matter to me.

Whether you have an in-y [Berkeley] or an out-y [Oakland], you need to learn to contemplate your navel from the inside, not just from the outside.

The [x] or [y] factor that you got from your dad is patriarchal. Your [z] factor is not an [x] factor. Your [z] factor is completely different from what you got from your father. The [z] factor that you got from your mother is matriarchal. We need societies where [x], [y] and [z] are honored equally.

This is the message that trans people personify in my eyes. This is the reason why trans lives matter to me. I honor them because they personify the struggle of the [z] factor in us all.

Internalization of our parents' loathing of themselves is expressed as body shaming, not just tribal shaming. People will tell you how much they hate their skin, facial features, hips, stomach, genitals or legs. But they'll never admit out loud that they hate their anus. The anus is the site of defiance. That's where all problems begin psychologically.

If your parents unconsciously hated their anus, let alone consciously discriminated against some people in society who you don't hate, you may find yourself reacting with embarrassment, shame and humiliation to your own anal issues without conscious understanding of what's really anxiety-provoking about that part of yourself. You may be in denial of what needs to be repaired [thoughts], updated [feelings] or uploaded [beliefs].

No one is an asshole. Everyone has an asshole. If people behave badly, and you associate their behavior to that part of your body that you loathe and denigrate more than any other, that self-hatred will come back to haunt and hurt you. Defiance isn't a gay problem with DOG or a Jewish problem in the Middle East. Defiance is a human syndrome.

Don't behave like an asshole. But don't treat yourself

like an asshole, either. You have an asshole, too.

Jesus had an anus, but He didn't behave like an asshole. He knew how to treat Himself. If you want Him to come [back], start talking like He would today.

But begin with your navel since that's the closest part of you above your waist to all that matters below your waist. Remember that all the people your parents loathed had navels. There isn't a person on the planet without one. We were all created in S'DOG image in that one way. Start there and make your way to assholes via your genitals and taint.

If you insist that you hate people because of the way they behave, I hear ya. People are often rude, unapologetic and unkind. Many are even unscrupulous! But hating people because of their religion, accent, body language or sexual preference is a projection of your hatred of your navel, genitals and anus. Your reasons for hating yourself may have been created by your parents and accentuated by society, but those reasons aren't good enough to hate anybody anymore.

If your penis is too small for you to love; if your breasts are too small for you to be proud of; if your stomach is too flabby or protruded; or your hips too wide – it's you who can't love you. It's you who you loathe.

Fat people have the same size anus as everybody else. You hate the anus fat people got if you hate the anus you got. You wouldn't judge a book by its cover. Why would you judge a body by its navel, genitals or anus?

If you drive a Chevy but always wanted to sit behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo, you've got problems with your vehicle. Don't make everything about mufflers and trunk capacity. There's only so much you can do with the vehicle you've been given for the journey that you're on. Don't blame your parents for that, either.

Blame DOG! HE gave you what HE wanted you to have. Cain unconsciously blamed DOG for his misfortune, and look at how that turned out.

There's no point in reading Torah if you speedread your

way through the first three stories of Genesis [Adam and Eve; Cain and Abel; Noah and the Ark]. These three stories describe the allegory of man as a tree in a garden; the analysis of why every man turns into a killer; and the simile of every teenager as on a boat without a sail or a rudder with his hull filled with animal instincts that he'll allow to disembark at puberty with his orgasms.

It's easy to see that some people have DOG locked up in the trunk of their car. It's easy to see that others are sitting in the backseat with HIM kibbitzing, while they're telling you where to go and how to get there. And it's easy to see that others have DOG strapped into the passenger seat with themself behind the wheel. But they're driving the road of life as though to scare HIM, threaten HIM and even to try to kill HIM if HE doesn't do as they say.

What we all know from the story of Cain and Abel is that you can't kill DOG. But you can try to frighten and threaten HIM by how you treat other people.

Here it gets so personal that it becomes truly universal:

The masses aren't born antisemites, anti-Zionists, racists, homophobes and misogynists. All forms of prejudice come from people who've been turned into Jew haters by their religious leaders over centuries. They oppose us for being imperfect. They're Nazis who oppose the physically, emotionally and spiritually other-abled. But we were abled by the one DOG who created us all so that we'd seek perfection differently. Nazis are perfection personified. DOG save us from those who claim they're perfect!

Pharaoh wanted to keep his wealth and power. He thought that the only way to do so was to maintain his grip on his Israelite slaves. If you think the Passover story ended when the Israelites left Egypt, you don't understand how DOG werks through us all.

After 3,400 years, the world uses our moral calendar

based on seven days. After 2,000 years, the world uses the Christian moral calendar based on the circumcision of Jesus, the Jew. And after 1,400 years, the world now uses the Muslim dates of 9-11 and 10-7 as dates that will live in infamy.

Believing only in BRAHMA isn't going to change the fact that you were separated from your [s]mother at birth. Believing only in Adonai isn't going to change the negative thinking that's locked up in your head. Believing only in Jesus isn't going to relieve the hatred you hold in your heart. And believing only in the guidance of Archangel Gabriel isn't going to get you into PARADISE.

There's a force emanating out of your penis or clitoris that has something to say about what you want [–] and what you desire [+]. If you don't recognize that you're going to have to take responsibility for that voice, you're going to find someone to blame.

The meek point a finger at themself. That's what distinguishes the meek from the brave. The meek shall inherit the Earth because the brave are measured only by external achievements. Those who are truly courageous seek self-improvement. They'll be given the credit they deserve.

You can dismember a dick. You can castrate a man, too. But you can't circumcise that dirty little hole we've all got. The only way to deal with an asshole is by penetrating it. Your success in penetrating your ass depends on how lovingly you do so.

I don't mind werking toward my mission by myself. I don't mind sharing the rewards of my efforts with everyone. And I certainly don't need fame or fortune to measure my success in becoming a beautiful human being.

The sensations between your legs mixed with the feelings in your heart will cause you to think that you've fallen in love with another person. The truth is that you've fallen in love with yourself through another aspect of

yourself.

Heartbreak hotel is the place we all go to discover how hard it is to love ourself with DOG as our WITNESS. Romantic love is a trick DOG uses to teach us to love HIM. So, if someone broke your heart, consider yourself a high school graduate of life ready to enter spiritual college.

DOG made everyone defiant. Obedience will only take you so far. But when you realize that we're all the offspring of Cain, not Abel, you should be able to imagine that there's an insolence, insubordination and rebelliousness in you that has to be taught that reality is as real as Israel is real.

Unless you stand back and watch your behavior – not only in real time, but with your Tutor's analyses of your past – you may not see yourself as a Frankenstein who's terrorizing the villagers.

There are medicine cabinet mirrors in our mind that reflect who we are. But there's a vanity mirror in our heart that magnifies our feelings so we can see how our feelings have been enhanced by our sensations. And there are windows in our soul that will give you views that are out of this world.

You don't have to be gay, Jewish and disabled to know that you're despised for thinking outside the box. But it helps… So long as I don't demonize anyone, I remain consciously aware of the importance of the lessons I'm going through.

We'll all see a lot more about ourself on our deathbed than we do now. But so long as we're growing like a tree toward the light, with roots that wrap around ourself as though we're our own rock, we're going to grow spiritually, every day of our life including our very last day here on Earth.

The hyper-religious and hoodlums can't be tempted to acknowledge their S&M attraction to good men and women. They have to express their frustration indirectly through scapegoats that they can treat violently and cruelly without

having to admit a love for themself that they're unconsciously keeping inside as top secret.

The hyper-religious and hoodlums are deeply devoted to something external. It might be a sport, their mother, a hero or status of some kind. But that's just a projection of self-adoration. And since they can't admit that they love themself for fear of being accused of being feminine [z], they place exaggerated love and loyalty on their projections. Call that projection a golden calf. [Exodus 32:1-35]

Moses made the Israelites melt down the Golden Calf and eat the gold they'd contributed to it. [Exodus 32:20] You ought to melt down your golden calves, too, by internalizing them. If you don't, others will trample you. And DOG will let them.

The hyper-religious and criminals are frustrated about their seeming lack of self-love. They burn down the gardens [innocence], orchards [loyalty] and forests [mystery] we personify. They're only safe in a swamp of self-loathing where nothing will ever burn.

Because their wants [–] and desires [+] are unconsciously projected out onto the external world, the defiant are obsessed with making us unhappy as payback for what their parents had to go through in their day.

This is the essence of their twisted mission to seek revenge in their parents' names. This makes them smug, snide and scornful without the ability to tell us why. But it also makes them victims of the truth about the 5th Commandment. Honor your parents. Don't love them.

All it takes is respect for one Commandment, and the other nine open like secret doors to further self-intimacy. All it takes is one "bridge over troubled waters" to get to the other side. [24]

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[24] Bridge over Troubled Water is the fifth and final studio album by the American folk rock duo Simon & Garfunkel. The album was released in 1970. [Internet]

Don’t try to love your parents instead of honoring them. It’ll leave you heartbroken! That truth could be soul sprouting if you allow yourself to bring this truth to consciousness.

Everyone claims to be like Abel. Nobody claims to be like Cain. Everybody claims to be like a fly [victim]. Nobody claims to be like a spider [perpetrator]. Everybody justifies his behavior with reasons. Nobody asks the TEACHER for lessons that will humble his nature.

Everyone has been told that our CREATOR will reward victims after life. Everyone thinks that martyrs are those who’ve been handed an eternal reward by our CREATOR.

The greatest martyr in the gay community is Thomas Lawrence Higgins, the man who threw a pie in Anita Bryant's face. He did this during a press conference on October 14, 1977, as a protest against her anti-gay activism. He demonstrated how to deal with clowns.

Look at the virtues your parents personify and model their virtues. Look at the vices they personify and reject them.

Those in the Far East put a great deal of effort into honoring one another. Those in the Western world put a great deal of effort into loving themself. You should ask your doG for permission to do both.

You must put your faith in yourself so that you can give that faith to DOG. It takes honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] to express your truth, even if some people look at you like a monster.

Believe me, I don’t behave like a monster to others. And now that I’m not suicidal anymore, I don’t behave like a monster with me, either.

You’d think that if the hyper-religious really believed that the JUDGE is merciful and forgiving, they’d just ignore all of us who don’t pray in public regularly, and leave it to HIM to decide our fate. You’d think that hoodlums would simply focus on stealing nonviolently by cooperating

peacefully with those in other hoods. You'd think that after more than 70 years, the extremist Muslims would have gotten the message that ALLAH wants Israel to exist for some reason that they can't yet fathom.

Clearly, their hatred and need for revenge have nothing and everything to do with the world's scriptures. Clearly their penis [Dick] is whispering things in their heart's ear [Steve] that are overwhelming their thinking [Adam].

But some people take delight in being contrary, insubordinate and defiant. They have no appetite for joy and cooperation. Listen to their laughter. It's not happy. It's gleeful. It's egotistical, disdainful and rebellious. It's loud, hollow and empty.

The spiritual operating system of every human being, whether his self-esteem is high or low, has seven moving parts. And like a watch when you look inside it, some gears go in the opposite direction of others, even though they're all connected and working together to turn the same two hands.

This seeming paradox is easy to understand when you've united all the world's scriptural messages. Some of the voices inside you must come to consciousness in apparent opposition to others. And so, it's up to every individual to reconcile these differences in peace-loving, productive ways.

Homophobia is the greatest source of Biblical contrariness and defiance after Adam and Eve's exploration of the self. After picking forbidden fruits from a tree in which a snake had made its home, defiance became the main theme that unites Torah's exploration of the spiritual operating system of us all.

First the GARDENER told Adam and Eve to eat anything they wanted in HIS garden except the fruits from one tree. Then the serpent told them they could become like the GARDENER by eating from that forbidden tree.

In contemplating the navel your got from your mother and the [z] factor that both connects you to every other person on the planet as well as distinguishes you from everyone else, including your siblings – you can begin to see the difference between $[words]_1$ used literally and $[words]_2$ used figuratively.

$W_1o_1r_1d_1s_1$ are used in a story.

$W_2o_2r_2d_2s_2$ are used in an allegory.

A $w_1o_1r_1d_1$ is the same as a $[word]_1$.

A $w_2o_2r_2d_2$ is the same as a $[word]_2$.

The alphabet was given to you to use $[words]_1$ literally. The alphabet includes the letters a_1, b_1, c_1 etc. But when you use $[words]_2$ figuratively, you're moving through your [z] factor to use the alphabet figuratively: a_2, b_2, c_2 etc.

The $[words]_1$ used in science are literal and external. The $[words]_2$ used in religion are figurative and internal. Don't mix the two or you'll provoke the TEACHER to give you a lesson you won't forget about the paradoxes of life.

The language you're learning in this book is allegorical. Every $[word]_2$ I figuratively utter on the page holds an internal meaning.

The $[rainbow]_1$ of hope DOG gave to the world was given in the external world. And the hope humanity has been in pursuit of for 3,400 years through the civilizing process has been sought externally.

We've made great strides in that regard. Humanity is now ready to explore the meaning of the $[rainbow]_2$ figuratively. We're now being challenged to examine our feelings as colorful extensions of our spiritual operating system.

This is a process first described by Jesus, the Jewish genius who augmented the words of Moses from a second place in inner space – His heart. This is the inner werk pursued by Christianity. This is the path toward the future that will require us all to understand that DOG allows our $[heart]_2$ to get broken so that the $[rainbow]_2$ within it can

figuratively burst out into our chest cavity.

The hyper-religious call themselves "DOG-fearing," but they're more afraid of the [serpent]$_2$ in their [tree]$_2$ or [worm]$_2$ in their [apple]$_2$ that figuratively whispers urges [+/–] in their ears. They don't question why their temptations never go away. They can't understand why they have to listen to a broken record inside.

The hyper-religious can't admit that they've never been a human being before. They can't admit that they don't know how to be themself because their parents didn't teach them how to pursue wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life. They can't admit that one name for DOG isn't enough. Without the nameless doG of the Jews, and all the other names for the doG within, they have no reason for being. Promoting their own doG is all they're willing to do.

The hyper-religious are terrified of gays and Jews because they don't have a healthy respect for S'DOG designs. I include the orthodox Jews when I say this because they're as homophobic as all the other hyper-masculine in the seven world faiths.

All the hyper-masculine and hyper-religious want us to be afraid of their name for DOG. The thought of breaking through their own projections would be the worst of all possible solutions to their problems because it would force them to admit their response-ability to their own spiritual advancement. They wouldn't be able to blame a fallen angel or bad "luck" for their misfortune.

Once everything becomes a lesson from the TEACHER, nothing remains a question of luck. Everything becomes a blessing or a curse. Everything becomes a topic that will be on a [test]$_2$, sooner or later. Everything is up for discussion in compiling a [transcript]$_2$ that will determine what will happen after your life.

Homophobia [fear of intimacy with your own gender] is the essence of wants [–]. They defy ELOHIM, while homophilia [love of intimacy with your own gender] is the

essence of desires [+]. Your desires [+] promote BRAHMA, ELOHIM, the FATHER and ALLAH. Once a man can reconcile these two [–/+] for himself, he can break through his own $[code]_{1/2}$.

Every one of us has $[bugs]_1$ in our $[code]_{1/2}$. We all need to correct the $[coding]_1$ we were given as a child to integrate with the external world. That was a private, internal process we couldn't control as a child. We needed greater self-knowledge to do so. We had to become the I.T. administrator of our individual, spiritual operating system to discover how to progress.

I'm promoting guilt in having to learn how to operate the biological operating system you were given. You should have gotten this teaching from your father and mother. If you didn't get it from your first tutors, you should have gotten it in your house of prayer when discussing your Tutor's influence on your faith in DOG. And if you already knew that you didn't get sufficient instruction from your tutors or your Tutor, you should have gone directly to our TEACHER for help.

I'm using this guilt to instill $[hope]_2$ in you. You're not colorless. You're colorful. You're not alone in the dark. There's a rainbow in the darkness within you. You have more tools in your toolbox now than you ever had before. You have more skills on your spiritual resume than you had before. You just need to go out and practice what you preach. You need to see yourself as both the choir master and the choir. You need to preach to yourself.

I'm coming back up. There's more to see about myself when returning the same way I came:

The spiritual operating system is only similar to a computer operating system. The choices for machines are created using zeros and ones. The correspondences internally in my body are far more nuanced. I don't expect

perfection as I strive for perfection. I expect improvement.

I'm more like a candle in the WIND than a cellphone. My spirit is like a flame. My body is like a candle. And DOG is like the wind around me.

The wick I'm burning is now made up of all seven of the spiritual strands DOG created which correspond to the seven world faiths. The more I understand and appreciate the beliefs of people around the world who seek peace, the more I'll come to entwine my wick with theirs to create a thick filament. In this way, we'll all burn brighter.

Billionaires substituted honey with money. With all the free time they've earned, they should have studied the world's scriptures to learn about all the wicks that burn with a flame at one end and a candle at the other. But they're obsessed with making more money and amassing more power, instead. This is truly tragic.

Many people whose bellies are full can't enjoy a square, spiritual meal. Getting them to eat their [broccoli]$_2$ is impossible. They're terrified of looking at [vegetables]$_2$ in new ways. hell! They still don't even understand the pun in being a [fruit]$_2$!

This is why, during the AIDS epidemic, demonstrating how to put on a condom by unravelling it on a banana was verboten in schools and in "polite" society. Today, such people would rather die than get vaccinated. That's why the hyper-religious and those with a criminal mind are spiritually progressing at a snail's pace. And they're holding up the class using their scripture as their stop sign.

Emotional and spiritual issues can't be divorced from physical issues. The mind is connected to the body. The body is connected to the soul. The soul is connected to DOG. And it takes a precocious penis to tell it like it is. That's why I'm proud to call myself a [dick]$_2$.

Medical doctors can help you deal with one third of your problems. Psychologists can help you deal with another third. And moderate religious leaders can help you deal with

a third, third of your problems. But you're still going to have to deal with all three by yourself.

Your serpent wants [–] what he wants [–] to the exclusion of anybody else having what he wants [–]. And after he's conspired with your heart, and the two of them have colluded against your head, you experience one of the Seven Deadly Sins. Lust is just one of them.

It's only when you internalize the Seven Deadly Sins that they magically turn into virtues:

External [–]	Internal [+]
1. Pride	Self-esteem
2. Greed	Hunger for self-knowledge
3. Lust	Self-love
4. Envy	The search for virtue from within
5. Gluttony	Hunger for self-control
6. Wrath	Anger at your errors of judgment
7. Sloth	Moving through time mindfully

Homosexuality isn't a choice any more than heterosexuality is. No two penises are alike, just as no two heads or hearts are alike. Each body has been given its own soul. So, no two souls are alike.

But DOG gave you two souls, one that's committed to your outer world and one that's committed to your inner world. Your $[\text{souls}]_{1/2}$ yearn for each other. They yearn to unite before HIM. But to do so, you need to unite your two worlds in the way that DOG created you to do so as gestures in the difference of meaning between $[\text{peace}]_1$ and $[\text{peace}]_2$. This accounts for the importance of $[\text{peace}]_1$ on Earth [Western virtue] and $[\text{peace}]_2$ of mind [Eastern virtue].

Your identity is the tip of your iceberg. But there's so much more below the surface of your reality that you need to dive down into to explore. The vastness of your inner world is an untapped treasure. Become like a whale. Fathom yourself.

Reincarnation, NIRVANA, unification with your ancestors, HEAVEN and PARADISE are primitive ways of describing the process of spiritual advancement. I think of the WORLD after this one as most resembling Iceland in August… I've never been to Iceland, but I've always wanted to go. I dream of Iceland in August as being like Venice, Italy, a colorful place with canals, but with whales frolicking outside the harbor.

The world we share is like Iceland most of the year. It's cold. It's bleak, and it's dreary. The rivers aren't made of water, but of lava. It's hellish.

To make life appear agreeable, hopeful and warm, you need the equivalent of alcohol. You need something like liquid spirits flowing through your veins and arteries. You need to feel that you're in the process of becoming an Angel disclosed. This world is bursting at the seams with angels in disguise.

The difference between an [angel]$_1$ and an [Angel]$_2$ is like the difference between a volunteer and an employee. If you're not consciously werking with the BOSS, you're a volunteer. When you get to your DESTINATION, you'll discover that some gay Jews will meet you THERE. Some of us are employees, not volunteers.

Many others are like me. We were born between concepts. We're here to unite concepts. I have a girlfriend who is Japanese [Buddhist] who converted to Catholicism. DOG made her like a bridge between the East and West.

Whether you've got a serpent or a worm below your belt, it has a mind of its own. If you don't become more aware of what it's telling you, you won't learn to distinguish your voice from S'DOG. Don't play dog. Remain modest with your body; humble to your nature; and gracious before DOG.

Some women's minds are so developed that their imagination is as long and powerful as a penis. And some men's minds are so developed that their imagination is as small, concentrated and hungry for stimulation as a clitoris.

The delivery system of your wants [–] and desires [+] is unique to you. If you don't explore how to operate yourself individually, you're not going to be able to love yourself very much by the time you get to the end of your adventure.

Sexual repression isn't a choice. If you've been raised in an environment where all forms of femininity [z] are interpreted as weakness and therefore taboo, you're going to have to repress any urge to erect your $[\text{tower}]_2$ [masculine] or flood your $[\text{basement}]_2$ [feminine]. Positive encounters with people who encourage you will come across as offensive, intrusive and lacking boundaries. You'll feel prodded, even raped because strangers are telling you about a part of yourself that you never visit and therefore don't know your way around by $[\text{heart}]_2$.

Expressing your femininity [z] doesn't make you gay or Jewish. Nobody will accuse you of being defiant against DOG if you get more in touch with why you were given the mother you got.

The BDSM community can express their violent tendencies in socially manageable ways which lead to orgasm, not bloodshed. But hyper-religious hoodlums, rightwing politicians and those lawyers who shield them from the law don't allow themselves this option. They've always got their finger on the trigger. They're always out for a fight.

You and I experience lust many times a day. We feel a slight swelling or moistness in our groin. But we know how to manage these sensations. Just because we get a little excited over somebody who has the same gender as us, we don't have to purge our thoughts and feelings with inebriants or social unrest to forgive ourself for what we sense and feel.

Boys and girls who are raised in families where the consequence of talking about their urges is strictly controlled with psychological threats of humiliation and religious banishment by DOG become sexually repressed. They remain at the infantile level of development. They relate to

each other at the level of Adam and Eve did when confronted by DOG. Fear of further exposure to HIM terrifies them, even though they're already nude, naked and transparent to the rest of us who've been munching [apples]$_2$ from that awesome [tree]$_2$ for years.

Just getting the young and inexperienced to the next generation [story] of spiritual operation [Cain and Abel] so that they can see how conflicted their [head]$_2$ [Cain] and [heart]$_2$ [Abel] are with one another becomes a Herculean. spiritual task. Their [serpent]$_2$ won't hear of it. It has a mind of its own. Their wants [–] [Cain: head and left testicle] create an urge for one thing and their desires [+] [Abel: heart and right testicle] create an urge for another. Death [Abel] is the only outcome for your feelings when your thoughts [Cain] always have to dominate your actions.

You can see this repression in Nazis. But many men suffer from hyper-masculinity even if they aren't antisemites or homophobes. They grow up to become spiritually arrested boys with repressed, sado-masochistic tendencies that they use their belief system to rationalize. They do everything they have to, to oppress their own sons if they should show any tendency toward becoming as soft and feminine as their son's mother [z]. And these hyper-religious/hyper-masculine men defend themself against what I'm talking about by calling it "devil worship."

Hyper-masculinity is expressed with threats of violence and damnation against all gentle men and strong, independent women who have the ability to access their inner child [soul]. But hyper-masculine men are too repressed to understand what they're doing to themself and others.

If you approach [soulfulness]$_1$ as a science, you become a Nazi, racist, antisemite, anti-Zionist, homophobe and misogynist. But if you develop your soul, as though you've conceived, given birth to and are raising an inner child, you

plummet the depth of your self-love. This is the way to attain [soulfulness]$_2$.

One of my two souls is [y]. The other is [z]. Uniting them unites my whole world. I can only hope that that will have a good effect on the whole world.

An adolescent boy should see himself as like Noah on board an ark. He should experience puberty as a mystical, magical experience with amazing urges locked up in his hull. These sensations emanate out from below the waterline of consciousness that he has to manage during rough seas. He should grow up to become spiritually alive and engaged with life by disembarking from puberty in a timely manner and then letting his animal instincts off his ark two-by-two.

The world will become an oyster for a youngster like that. All the sandy irritations he'll go through will emanate out of the mother of pearl [z] within him if he doesn't clam up spiritually. He'll become a world pearl.

Such a young man will explore his next story, the construction of his [tower]$_2$ to power [Babel]. This is his penis. He'll discover he's learning to get excited about many things in many ways. He'll erect external proof of his importance by getting above his clouds [problems] to S'DOG KINGDOM [serenity] to promote his destiny and defeat his fate, even if he chooses to do so by conspiring with others to do so.

If you don't ask yourself whether you're motivated by conspiracy or cooperation, you won't know if you're following your wants [–] or your desires [+]. You'll develop a bad attitude about your dick and project that onto other dicks, especially the dicks of gays and Jews.

When a man can finally face the spiritual challenges of an Abraham standing before DOG in a world where no one knows what he knows, he'll deal with matters of faith realistically and inclusively. He'll become a teacher and defender of the poor and disenfranchised, not someone who

cries bitter tears over every underdog who tries to twist his heart.

Abraham defended the people of Sodom. He welcomed strangers into his tent. But he denounced his second wife [Hagar] and child [Ishmael], setting up a family feud between Muslims and Jews that has brought us to the insanity we see today.

Abraham [y] is the side of a maturing, young man who can't impregnate the Sarah [z] within himself [y] until the two of them have been given permission from ELOHIM. The name of their son, Isaac [y + z], means "laughter." What they felt when they realized they were finally pregnant was relief.

If you've achieved the next spiritual generation after Abraham, you know how to laugh at yourself. You can see the importance of life with our TEACHER.

But then you become an Isaac [z] in competition with an Ishmael [y] within you. You become laughter personified given to you by your mother [z] and "heard by EL" [Y]. This is the meaning of "Ishmael" in Hebrew, the side of yourself you got from our Father.

Those who walk around their own "forbidden" $[\text{tree}]_2$, afraid to pick more "forbidden" $[\text{fruit}]_2$ for fear of getting bitten a second time by "satan," – the $[\text{serpent}]_2$ or $[\text{worm}]_2$ that never shuts up – end up psychologically and spiritually arrested. If they can't get what they want through election tampering; blowing up buildings; or declaring war on their neighbors, using intimidation; threats; suicidal behaviors; random murders; guerrilla warfare; mass shootings; or by ridiculing good people who are trying to understand life through faith – they'll use any means of denial necessary to take their scripture literally in an effort to swindle the rest of us out of our destiny.

Homosexuality and heterosexuality are desires [+], not wants [–]. When you can express your urges without fear of

reprisal because you filter them through your conscience, you discover what a gift from DOG an anus and a penis or vagina can be. Anybody who ridicules you for that is a Nazi.

Muslims who circumcise the clitoris should circumcise the head of their penis, as well, not just their foreskin. Once a woman has had her clitoris removed, it's as if she's had the ecstasy of hope in LIFE everlasting excised from her body.

Without a head on your penis, you'd be like the serpent in the Creation Story if he'd been muted. You'd be a dumb shmuck. Do you really want to avoid the metaphor of life as a garden to make your way to PARADISE? Wouldn't you rather go through all three of the Abrahamic scriptures and come out the other end wise to others $[Adam]_2$, loving of yourself $[Steve]_2$ and loyal to Dick $[serpent]_2$?

When a straight couple have sex, it should be a conversation between a serpent and a worm, not a serpent with a hollow in a tree. The mind of the man who prefers to have sex with an object rather than a person is a man who's been so repressed by his race, religion and culture that he can't think straight. Really straight men love to make love to really straight women who love to make love.

Misogyny, homophobia and racism are wants [–], not desires [+]. Misogyny, homophobia and racism are prevalent in societies where the children have been repressed by their parents. Such children become psychologically repressed and depressed. Sociologically they become suppressed and oppressed.

Paradoxically, expressions of "affection" between men is regarded as highly prized in hyper-religious societies. But those men and boys need constant male-on-male [y] affirmation through vows of "allegiance" that are mixed with threats of retaliation if their hyper-masculinity is betrayed with anything other than strict adherence to ancient gender role stereotypes.

Behind the jocularity of the hyper-masculine lies terror of stepping out of line. There's no real warmth in their expressions of "closeness." Their displays of male-on-male pacts are actually highly choreographed and restrained in comparison to our relaxed view of alliances.

Beneath the jock [y] mentality, lies a very insecure boy who's terrified of what might happen to him if he tries to become a real man [z], not a facsimile of his dad [y]. [25] It's only those males who move fluidly across gender stereotypes who make good husbands, fathers, sons and lovers.

Hyper-religious, hoodlums, rightwing politicians and their lawyers are unconsciously anxious about what their mommy and daddy would do to them if they discovered how afraid their little boy really is of growing up. Although many sports jocks have werked their way through this issue, we sometimes see examples in the news of athletes beating up their girlfriend, raping women or throwing a fight to make even more money.

Mental health issues have made their way into the sports world thanks to modern journalists who are more awakened than their predecessors. We need sports journalists to cover wars. Many of the issues in fighting are based in playing games.

The jealousy immature athletes have over what women are allowed to do that they can't allow themself to even imagine doing [z] reveals what Leviticus 18 and 20 has inadvertently done to poison every Abrahamic society on

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[25] "In stereotypical usage, a "nerd" is a boy who's good at academic subjects, especially math and science. But he's supposedly not very adept at throwing a ball. A "jock" is a kid with an abundance of physical skills. But jocks are often portrayed as thugs who aren't too bright." [Internet] Imagine a nerd as an orangutan. Imagine a jock as a chimpanzee. Chimps are vicious. Orangutans are docile.

Earth. Only when you look at this edict in the light of reverse psychology does S'DOG commandment to kill all gay men make sense as a scathing commentary on what men really want to do to one another.

The hateful behavior of the hyper-maniacal, no matter their faith, is the consequence of their inclination toward self-destruction without a conscious understanding of how the human body is made to operate spiritually. Hyper-masculine men are the ones exhibiting perversions, not people like me.

The hyper-maniacal don't want anyone to discover how perverted they really feel deep down inside. They don't want to learn that the difference between good [+] and evil [–] figuratively begins in their pants, not out in the world. They don't want to discover the spiritual power in those adorable fruits [testicles] of theirs that hang down temptingly, not only for other men and/or women, but for themself to pick figuratively, so that they can come to understand themself by facing self-guilt as a way of achieving self-knowledge that will then lead to self-love.

Banishment from Eden implies growing up. Once your testicles start producing semen, the GARDENER shows you to the door of spiritual infancy. Sadly, you're welcomed into the world of ignorant men who behave like children. How many men help adolescents without having ulterior motives? Growing up is hard to do from between your legs.

The juice in man's fruits is there for the giving if he learns to ask. Asking complicates matters. Requesting permission to fill others with the life-giving substance in you is only the beginning. Asking yourself for the life-giving substance in you is what the Creation Story alludes to. This is the essence of the pursuit of the civilizing process. But tell that to the Hamas, Hezbollah, Houthis, Iranian Guard, Russians, Chinese and North Koreans…

Every man, woman and child over the age of two or three wears a leaf to cover their first error of judgment. Clothing

[betrayal before DOG] separates us from the animal kingdom. No one is like an animal after s/he's learned embarrassment of the body by the age of about three.

Don't draw the conclusion that Torah is a book that only describes a Jewish view of reality. All scriptures describe S'DOG views on life that we need to learn to compare, contrast and analyze to make peace with ourself and humanity. If you're in denial of yourself, you're lying to the rest of us.

If you denigrate any one of S'DOG holy books, you denigrate your own. What we see on the nightly news is proof of this abomination.

Picking forbidden fruit literally refers to castration. All other interpretations of the Creation Story are figurative. If you aren't eager to discover the secret to life by figuratively picking your own fruit, you'll hurt yourself indirectly, unconsciously or through incidents and accidents that you didn't see coming.

You'd do a lot better by decapitating your teddy bear literally, as I did, rather than suffer self-castration figuratively. Finding out what you think, feel and believe about yourself takes courage because it requires admitting your urges [+/–] to yourself. Don't avoid this challenge by projecting your wants [–] onto things. The whole planet is now like our teddy bear. Heal yourself, and the planet will heal naturally.

What happens within you sets the stage for what will happen around you. But without an imagination to talk about your urges in loud, you may be tempted to act on them out loud or unconsciously in twisted ways.

Here in San Francisco discussions such as this aren't verboten. People here have been awakened by Far Eastern and gay views of life that give us the capacity to express ourselves in morally modern ways. We're not pagans. We're not heathens. We're not monsters. We're not anarchists, insurgents, revolutionaries, radicals, extremists or

subversives. But we aren't going to let anyone make us the Jew du jour. We're normal, sane human beings who are just trying our best to help others see how we live here in a way that models the best of humanity in our day.

Men [y] who want women [z] who are intellectually, emotionally, spiritually and sexually mature should come to San Francisco to look for a mate. And men [y] who want real men [z] should do the same.

The most common way of avoiding spiritual dilemmas is by using money to avoid the mental, emotional and spiritual challenges of life. People think that if they can solve their survival issues, they can coast all the way through to HEAVEN or PARADISE. They think that money is the root of all opportunity, when we also know that "money is the root of all evil, which while some covet, they err from their faith, and pierce themself with many sorrows." [I Timothy 6:10]

If you're only interested in chatting about the weather with others, you're missing the incredible, inner weather patterns that come with living life from within. Life is happening in two places at once. Life is a $[story]_1$ and an $[allegory]_2$.

The conflicts we experience between the world around us and the world within are paradoxical. In my class, you're discovering the convergences of our two worlds.

The land of $[milk]_2$ [love] and $[honey]_2$ [wisdom] has to be accessed from within. Israel is only a token representation of what Moses described and Jesus lived through.

If you achieve DOG-consciousness by eating Christ's body and drinking His blood through Communion, you can add the convergence of food with food-for-thought. If you can conceive of power being realized from the other end of your digestive track, you're learning more about your own $[story]_2$.

When Christians take Communion, they're infusing the

[z] and the [Y] of Jesus. They're consuming the universal truth about His FATHER [Y] and His mother [z].

The essence of the self-seeking life that leads to DOG-consciousness unfolds for those who are curious about the paradoxes and ironies of reality. Other interpretations produce dogmatic insistence on the way things must turn out in the opinion of the hyper-religious. All such childish interpretations include an unstated terror of figurative snakes [y] that are going to infuse their poison into you; or squeeze you until you can't breathe any longer; and then swallow you whole.

The opposite of that nightmare tells the tale of a serpent [y] that gets swallowed by a worm [z]. It's about a penis that's afraid it will enter a vagina and never come out. It's about dismemberment.

A $s_1e_1r_1p_1e_1n_1t_1$ is a snake.

A $s_2e_2r_2p_2e_2n_2t_2$ is a penis.

$F_1r_1u_1i_1t_1s_1$ are fruits.

$F_2r_2u_2i_2t_2s_2$ are testicles.

The two $f_2r_2u_2i_2t_2s_2$ that were forbidden by man are his $t_2e_2s_2t_2i_2c_2l_2e_2s_2$. He must learn the difference between literally eating his own testicles and figuratively doing so to consume the life-giving properties that DOG gave him.

In the distant past, when some boys were castrated, I wouldn't be surprised if ancient men ate their testicles to achieve the power of youth, the vibrancy of life and the hope for eternal LIFE.

Eating your own $[\text{testicles}]_2$ has many meanings for those seeking the mystery of knowledge from a figurative perspective:

1. The $[\text{fruit juice}]_2$ that's emitted for the first time at puberty by the two $[\text{fruits}]_2$ that hang down from your $[\text{tree}]_2$ of knowledge is very tempting to taste. I doubt there's a man in the world who hasn't tasted his own semen. If you think you've avoided the

mistake Adam made, now you know otherwise.

2. The [serpent]$_2$ described in the Creation Story begins to [speak]$_2$ for himself at puberty. This is when prohibitions from our GARDENER begin. This is when parents can no longer tutor their children alone. This is when DOG gave you a Tutor to help you help yourself. Did your parents explain that to you when you were a teenager? Probably not.
3. The first prohibition from DOG at puberty is remaining at child.
4. This prohibition causes a spiritual conflict between the literal voice in a teenage boy's head, the figurative [voice]$_2$ in his heart and the new, spiritual [voice]$_2$ that has begun to [speak]$_2$ between his legs.
5. The [words]$_2$ that gush forth from one of his [fruits]$_2$ are good. They lead to love.
6. The [words]$_2$ from the other [fruit]$_2$ are evil. They lead to mistakes made that, when corrected and atoned for, lead to wisdom.
7. This leaves a young man with a conflict between the [voice]$_2$ in his heart, described as feminine in the Creation Story, and the [voice]$_2$ of his serpent, described as masculine. To avoid feelings mixed with sensations for his parents and family members, a pubescent boy must project his urges onto strangers. This projection is called lust. Lust can be heterosexual, bisexual or homosexual. So long as it's not incestuous or focused on children, it's spiritually permitted by our GARDENER and TEACHER.
8. Lust for women teaches men to appreciate the thoughts, feelings and sensations of women.
9. Lust for men teaches men to appreciate the thoughts, feelings and sensations of men.
10. And lust for both teach men to differentiate between the inner forces of men and women without breaking the taboos of incest and pedophilia.

11. Our GARDENER is our TEACHER. Our TEACHER is our FATHER. Our FATHER is ALLAH. ALLAH is our CREATOR. Our CREATOR is DOG. HE created us in this way to discover the moral [internal] and ethical [external] spiritual rules that HE uses to govern civilized behavior.
12. When you've figuratively consumed your own semen over a lifetime, you become filled with courage, hope and anticipation of LIFE everlasting. You move down the rainbow from red to violet and across from your heart to your soul. You move freely inside. You move toward the invisible $[ULTRAVIOLET]_2$ realm of DOG-consciousness that I think you'll enter when you die.

I believe that unless you're in conscious contact with your paranoias [inner fears], you're not going to face them realistically. You're going to be afraid of your [external] fears as well as of your [internal] paranoias. If you don't know what you don't know, you're going to react, rather than respond, to the challenges before you.

When men express bravery, they're expressing the [z] side of themself. Women are brave. They handle pain and suffering much better than most men. But men don't acknowledge where their own bravery comes from. It comes from their heart. It comes from Steve. It comes from their [z] factor. It comes from their navel where they have physical proof that they're physically disconnected from their mother while, ironically, still spiritually to her.

Comedians use their knowledge of fear of fear and fear of paranoia to make audiences laugh. The less the audience knows about their fears and paranoias, the more comedians can control their responses. It's like what a doctor does when he hits your knee cap just right with a rubber hammer.

The hyper-religious are as terrified of comedians as

criminals are of the police. The hyper-religious and criminals are terrified we'll discover that we have the [balls]$_2$ they lack. Jewish comedians, in particular, move their audience into the realm of paranoias to help the masses overcome their irrational fear of Jews.

The hyper-religious and criminals don't have much in the way of a sense of humor because they take everything seriously. I'm sometimes like that, too. I study comedy. I enjoy when comedians make me laugh, but I also enjoy scrutinizing my fears and paranoias. Moving through the yellow realm of my rainbow moves me through insanity to sanity. That's why I embrace the study of comedy as one of the most important things I can do for myself.

Laughter is the best medicine. I tried psych meds for 25 years. Laughter is better. I have a long list of comedians I adore. I think of each and every one of them as a shrink. I think they're doing the LORD'S werk.

Most people only want to promote automatic machine guns [metal penises] with unlimited rounds of ammunition [metal semen]. They only want to use external power to kill [#6], cheat [#7] and steal [#8] what we have, while we dream of using our power to make love more ardently to that one special study partner the TEACHER has given us.

My relationship to my dick is always improving because I like what he [says]$_2$ even more than what he does. But paradoxically, this was also the relationship within me that drove me insane when I didn't know how to handle the truth.

Who do you think DOG prefers, men who promote killing, cheating and stealing or men who promote loving men, never cheating and only stealing affectionate glances?

Why would DOG allow the hyper-religious to achieve the power they have worldwide if they don't understand that their scripture is based on an allegory, not a story? Clearly, HE does so because life is like a school, and we were created to learn about how we were made to appreciate life as a miracle from DOG, not an accident of nature. But clearly,

reverse psychology is needed to ponder the magnificent meaning in having between given two worlds in one.

My father and mother were like candles with very thin wicks. My father's wick was Jewish. My mother's Jewish wick was entwined with the Christian wick of her father. I call her wick a filament because it was much thicker than most.

I've studied the world faiths and have wound them around the Jewish wick I inherited from my father and the Judeo-Christian filament I inherited from my mother. With the spiritual education I've gleaned from my studies of all seven of the world's major faiths, I have a very thick spiritual cord that's burning with a very bright flame.

When my father died, I saw that there was no more wick to burn. His flame went out. His candle [body] lay before me inert. The same thing happened to my mother with her filament.

The experience of losing both my parents awakened me to the metaphoric meaning of death as the flame of a candle being blown out by the WIND. From this personal confrontation with death, I learned a great deal:

1. I inherited the masculinity of my father. [y]
2. I inherited the femininity of my mother. [z]
3. But his masculinity produced sensations in me, while her femininity produced feelings in me.
4. I have feelings for both men and women. I'm a compassionate person. But the combination of my sensations and feelings [lust] are only for men.
5. In asking myself whether I wanted to express my lust with many men or just one, I realized that the combination of deep bonds [compassion] for others combined with lust actualized with one person alone was preferable to me. A long-lasting monogamous relationship has been like being in a Ph.D. program

with the PROFESSOR, DEAN and PRESIDENT of the university. If you like the pursuit of wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life, you'll choose monogamy.

6. Men who are sexual perverts yearn for sex with children, family members and/or sex outside their marriage. They weren't properly taught how to combine their thoughts, feelings and sensations using their conscience as their guide. Their sense of guilt is missing or distorted. Therefore, they're attracted to people who DOG has frowned upon us having sexual intercourse with. The deepest meaning of adultery is a breaking of your promises to yourself.
7. Animals can't differentiate the forces within them in this sophisticated, spiritual way. People who can't either are described as behaving like animals. Their anger and frustration at having to face the forces within them cause them to become violent, vindictive and dangerous. Many such men are hyper-religious and blame gays and Jews for their own syndromes. They can't see that their external problems emanate out from within.

If you can honor your father and mother rather than love them [#5], you can make your way to the second tablet without wanting to kill anyone [#6]. You can figuratively make your way from one thumb to the other. You can even cross your thumbs as a sign of hope rather than simply cross your fingers superstitiously when you're afraid.

The crossing of your index and middle finger is a combining of your 7th and 8th Commandment. It's an effort to seek help from your Tutor to avoid adulterating your words and stealing your reputation out from under yourself.

I think there's no coincidence to the order of the Ten Commandments. I think you already know that DOG prefers men who promote loving men over men who promote killing

them to keep them from getting erections and expressing the life-giving forces within themself.

I don't think you have to be gay to love men. I think you have to be gay to enjoy fulfilling your sensations with men. I actually think it would be best for every man to have sex with a few men to decide whether he prefers sex with men or women. I had sex with several women. That's how I know that I much prefer sex with men.

You don't need me to prompt you to awaken to what's going on inside of you. If you use your [heart]$_2$ [Steve] in conjunction with your [head]$_2$ [Adam] to influence your conscience where your Tutor resides with you, you won't fear what's going on below your belt [serpent]$_2$ [Dick]$_2$. You'll understand how the TEACHER advances your understanding of yourself as like a tree planted in a place that's like a garden.

We're back in my head:

You may wonder why I still call myself a hippy after the Flower Child movement and the Summer of Love came and went more than half a century ago. The answer is that nothing has changed in my life. I've just grown from bud to flower child to ripened [fruit]$_2$.

Capital punishment

Keeping most criminals in prison for years on end isn't a good use of time and money, in my opinion. They aren't going to learn much from their mistakes behind bars unless the penal [penis] system [y] is reorganized to teach male prisoners about the spiritual mystery behind having been given a penis. I think the penal system should teach prisoners about their $[head]_2$, $[heart]_2$ [z] and a $[serpent]_2$ [y].

That may encourage masturbation and sex between prisoners, but jealousy and envy are precisely the lessons defiant men need to discover behind prison walls where they can be spiritually guided through the lessons of life presented in all of the world's scriptures.

We need to consider the spiritual needs of even the most hardened criminals. We can't allow their penis to figuratively screw us over. But locking them up for a lifetime won't change their nature for the better unless we turn prisons into spiritual schools. Teaching the incorrigibly defiant to use their penis figuratively in more substantive ways is the only way to change their nature. The same can be said about the homeless. But the same can be said of infants, children, adolescents and immature adults, as well.

If we're not working to help everybody, we're only werking to protect ourselves from the people we fear. And that's too narrow a focus on the civilizing process.

We especially need to help reform fanatical Muslims, conservative Christians and orthodox Jews. They all suffer from spiritual superficiality. Paradoxically, they're all victims of a tendency to focus on their external world rather than their internal world.

The Russians aren't going to Venus and the Chinese aren't going to Mars to leave us alone here on Earth. The gays aren't going to Uranus and the Jews aren't going to Pluto to leave the Earth for the Muslims.

Therefore, it's imperative that the billionaires are taught

how to feel more sexual, sensuous and enticing about themself. They need to learn the spiritual power of passion for people, not just for money, property and prestige. Their problem lies below their belt. But the world we were born into is still so puritanical that no society wants to address these problems more directly.

Look at the pro-Palestinians in the gay community. These gays know that they have no legal recourse in any of Israel's neighbors. They'd be discriminated against and probably killed in the West Bank, Gaza, Lebanon and Syria. Are they suicidal or just letting their dick decide what it wants [–] to think?

Look at the cost of our blindness. Look at what we're doing to one another and the planet! These aren't just problems. These are problems that reflect syndromes. If you don't werk on your syndromes, nothing will change fast enough. It's all an inside job.

Just controlling people's movements isn't going to control their thinking, feelings, sensations and beliefs. Just restricting their wants [–] isn't enough if you don't give them ways to promote their desires [+]. People need instruction on how to do that for themself, differently than they did when they went through childhood the first time.

You can't communicate with the blind if you're deaf. You can't communicate with the blind and deaf if you're dumb [mute].

The spiritual operating system [s.o.s.] I'm describing to you is like a universal Braille that we can all achieve with figurative touch. It's a form of code that the victim in you [z] needs to teach the perpetrator [y or x] in you, so that you can teach him [y] or her [x] to think more deeply about the meaning of being. Only once the perpetrator in you can tell you why s/he does what s/he does can you offer yourself alternatives to your actions.

A victim wants his losses restored. A martyr believes that the JUDGE will restore his losses in the next WORLD. A

modern believer avoids victimhood and martyrdom at all cost. Avoiding victimhood and martyrdom are important lessons from the TEACHER to advance self-knowledge that will be rewarded in ways you can't demand, command, mandate or require. Your spiritual education is a mystery, not a done deal. If you don't apply the knowledge you've gleaned about yourself to love yourself, your loyalty will be projected onto those least deserving of it.

I was born hungry. I cried for the first week of life. They thought I was in pain until they doubled my formula. But I've had a problem with an overly developed appetite all my life. I just didn't know that what I wanted most to fill myself with was self-knowledge.

My mom never taught me to ask myself for anything. She never taught me to apologize to myself when I did bad things to myself, only to others. And she never taught me to thank myself for anything I did that was good for me. So, you can well imagine that addictions were the only way I could magnify my issues until I could see them in a spiritual light.

Destroying Israel is an addiction. It's an obsession. It's what happens to martyrs when they don't use their experiences as learning tools to be used for self-awakening. Crying out that you're a victim will get a nod from me. I certainly know what that feels like. But that's about all you'll get from me.

We've got to connect the dots between hyper-religiosity, criminal behavior and the urge to dominate, so we can teach everybody how to control themself.

It's the job of religion to teach us to become aware of the contributions to humanity from all the names for DOG. But it's the job of spirituality to teach us to become aware of our contribution to ourself to make that happen.

Anti-vaxxers claim they're afraid of the government melting down their D.N.A. They say they're afraid of a chip being injected into their body that will make it possible to

trace them worldwide. But these are just the nightmare they discuss by day.

I think anti-vaxxers are afraid of figuratively getting bitten a second time by the $[serpent]_2$ in their own $[tree]_2$. I think that's the conspiracy they can't communicate effectively. That's the allegory of life that they were never taught that will make the mystery of their own story meaningful. That's what they're discussing by night in their dreams.

Our dreams come from our TEACHER. This is the way in which HE communicates with me. Everything else I seek to know about comes via my Tutor. My dreams and nightmares are all about me. I can't know the motives of all the characters in them because they're all aspects of myself. I need my Tutor to help me unpack my communication with the TEACHER by day.

Until we address religious dilemmas with psychological and sociological insight, we're not going to get thieves out of office in politics and fools out of religious institutions. They're going to continue to destroy our nation and the world.

What happened to Afghanistan is a warning of what could happen here. We couldn't build a Judeo-Christian nation in a Muslim country. Instead, let's build a nation at home where everyone will be able to pray separately, together. All that requires is welcoming gays and Jews into every house of worship.

"The Big One" has figuratively already come to California. Now, we're going through the aftershocks. The world is now figuratively shaking to its core from the tremors San Francisco is creating all over the world. Our penis peninsula is figuratively having orgasms all the time.

The world will be crushed under the weight of its collective ignorance unless we each learn about ourself personally from our mistakes, both individually and collectively.

Building a nation is no different than building an individual. It can't be done with one scripture alone. Anyone who's seen how we're dealing with problems in Oakland [x or y] could have told you that we could never have saved Afghanistan. Afghanistan needs [z] solutions to their syndromes [y].

The operating system of Muslims is no different from yours or mine. The only difference is that you've psychologically assimilated and internalized more of Torah and the Gospels than they have. You've probably assimilated some of the other world scriptures, as well.

If we're going to inspire others to live their life as Moses and Jesus led Theirs [rather than just promote these faiths], we're going to have to teach people how to connect Torah to the Gospels to the Quran in a way that hasn't been done before.

If we're going to turn Oakland into today's Rome, rather than a recreation of ancient Rome, we're going to have to teach the children in the Oakland school system about all seven of the major faiths represented in the body the DOG of us all gave us. The children of tomorrow are going to have to participate in a world where honoring everybody is encouraged.

The history of Black people, Jews and the LGBTQIA+ community in school curriculums is the first step in including the histories of all peoples around the world. I advocate we do that by associating the scriptures our TEACHER gave the world with parts of the human body:

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

When you can look in the mirror and see yourself as a recreation of all of S'DOG designs, it will give you hope that you were created with good reason. It will give you the feeling that the mystery of your piece of history has a meaning a value that you can't discerned without hard werk, work and worship.

Here's the order in which that can occur:

Religion	Name for DOG	Name for doG
Indigenism	none	N/A
Hinduism	BRAHMA	N/A
Judaism	ELOHIM	Y.H.V.H.
Buddhism	none	N/A
Taoism	none	N/A
Christianity	FATHER	Jesus
Islam	ALLAH	Archangel Gabriel

Without a deeper education, you'll never get underprivileged youngsters to seek a higher education. Without a spiritual understanding of what life is all about, people have no existential reason to live. They become lazy, angry, mean and cruel. They pick fights and look for reasons to hate.

Now, you see why I have to put everything I know down on paper. I'm teaching a course of self-study in which each of my books addresses the same issue from a more elevated perspective. If you want to know how I got where I am inside, just read my books in the reverse order written.

Life is like a highway. I wrote my books as descriptions of the voyage going from beginning to the end. But I decided to turn around at the end of 2025 to edit my books, taking the same highway in the opposite direction. This literary return trip is the view from Taoism [the Way], that's so different from the view from any of the Abrahamic faiths. This is the spiritual backbone that connects my head to the rest of my body.

The result of this return trip through editing all my books will produce pieces of a 3D puzzle that I can already partially see. It's a description of the medulla oblongata as a revolving door with four wings. The center [core/hub] of this revolving door is made up of the seven colors of the rainbow. The wings are made up of [1] the seven days of the week; [2] seven attributes of fire; [3] seven world faiths; and [4] seven spiritual parts of the human body. This revolving door will change the meaning of "artificial intelligence." It'll change the way we program computers.

On my website, you can ask me questions. A.I. is the voice that represents me. But it can't differentiate between me and you; YOU and You; or HIM, Him and him. That's because the inventors of A.I. haven't given adequate consideration to the meaning of pronouns from a spiritual perspective.

Judaism, Christianity and Islam create highways to LIFE after life, even though Judaism has no position on how to get THERE, while the other two faiths insist that you must use their transportation system to achieve the DESTINATION DOG offers us all.

When you take a road back where you came from, you see the same view you saw the first time from the opposite direction. The mind is capable of doing this by thinking about the past. Your view of your past can change as the result of the perspective you've achieved from having gone back to your past in your mind with a fresh, new perspective. This makes it easier to atone to DOG for previous mistakes and commend yourself for virtues you didn't perceive in yourself when you were younger.

In Taoism, good can occur in any direction you go because there's no need to seek only one path [UP]. In Taoism there is no UP [+] and down [–]. In Taoism, you can go in circles if you like, and that, too, can achieve a view of reality that's useful and helpful.

This metaphor corresponds to the nerves in your spine

that bring messages up to your brain and back down to your body. Your nervous system doesn't have an UP and a down. This is a view to reality that Christianity and Islam lack.

The movement up and down that connects us to ourself through sensations is, in my opinion, the blueprint for the movement that Christianity and Islam should apply when viewing the possibility of achieving LIFE after life through seven roads, not just one.

Cell–cell interaction refers to the direct interactions between cell surfaces that play a crucial role in the development and function of multicellular organisms. The loss of communication between cells can result in uncontrollable cell growth and cancer.

It's as if DOG is the BRAIN in the sky, and each of us is an aspect of HIS body here on Earth. When we lose touch with ourself, we produce negativity in our body. When we lose touch with each other, we produce negativity in society. And when societies lose touch with one another, they produce negativity in relationship to the planet.

The more people connect with their head, the more thoughtful they become. The more they connect with their heart, the more empathetic they become. The more they connect with their soul, the more loyal they become to all forms of life. The more they connect with their navel, the more contemplative they become. The more they connect with their genitals, the more they feel sensational about their sensations. And the more they connect with their anus, the more they connect with the spiritual process of ingestion, digestion and elimination, and overcome defiance.

A passion for living is at the root of all belief systems. Don't let anyone fool you into thinking gays are perverts and Jews are Nazis. Gays and Jews were murdered by Nazis. We oppose Naziism.

But there are people going back to the early 20th Century to find reasons to blame the gays and the Jews for the way the world looked today.

Man's devious nature was described in Genesis in the story of Jacob who, as a youngster, tricked his father [Isaac] who was so blind that he couldn't tell one son from another. By putting sheep's wool on his arm, Jacob impersonated Esau [whose name means "hairy" in Hebrew], thus convincing his father that he was the docile, likable "sheep" his brother pretended to be. [Genesis 27]

Jesus addressed this story in Matthew 25:31-46. "HE will separate the people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. HE will put the sheep on HIS right and the goats on HIS left."

The sheep on your right are like the Jews [spiritual]. The goats on your left are like the gays [sexual]. Together, they're like your hands. They serve your head.

Pulling the wool over others' eyes is what Jacob did to Isaac. Don't be blinded by your preferences or prejudices. Don't choose your right hand over your left, sheep over goats.

The breasts of women are like pots of gold at both ends of a rainbow. The nipples of both breasts produce milk. As an infant, you may have considered yourself such a connoisseur of your mother's milk that you could taste the difference between the milk from one breast and the other, but your tastes have only widened since then.

Hope can be figuratively mapped throughout your body. Hope emanates out of the hub of the revolving door in your brain stem. Go through that door. Discover the amazing mystery of the vehicle you've been given for the journey that you're on with the one DOG of us all.

You were once like Abraham [y] and Sarah [z]. You conceived an inner child [Isaac]. And he conceived two inner children [Esau and Jacob]. You continued the process by conceiving yet another inner child through Jacob [y] and Rachel [z], Joseph – whose name in Hebrew means to "add" or "supplement".

You've figuratively recreated the Creation Story through the recreation of Abraham and the generations of the first Jews in the stories in Genesis in yourself. Now, you're ready to become like a Moses unto yourself who'll be ready to exodus the syndromes you've been born into.

The Exodus of the Israelites corresponds to elimination in the digestive process of the body. The Israelites were expelled from the ancient Egyptian operating system through a series of smooth moves that have been recorded in Torah.

The creation of the Jewish State is a metaphor for the creation of the state of wellbeing in all human beings. We may still be seen by some as inferior to ancient Egyptians and every totalitarian state since. But we're actually enriching humanity through a spiritual process that many are too self-ignorant to be able to appreciate.

The attempted destruction of Israel in the past and today through antisemitism and anti-Zionism creates a poisoning of the spiritual process. That will have physical, mental, emotional, spiritual, social, cultural, national and international ramifications.

The Jewish people have associated ourselves with Jacob because we've made every mistake in the book! Don't repeat our mistakes. Learn from them. Don't avoid wisdom with antisemitism and/or anti-Zionism. Because if you do, you'll avoid the love of Jesus and the loyalty to life that Archangel Gabriel instructed the prophet Muhammad to describe in the Quran.

Jesus was a Jewish genius. The prophet Muhammad was a non-Jewish maven ["mavin" in Hebrew is a trusted expert in a particular field who seeks to pass knowledge on to others and who knows and understands the world almost instinctively. The word comes from the verb "la-avin" which means "to know."]

Most modern individuals want to be validated for their wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life. But when we're young,

we usually only strive to be adored. This is expressed through lust that leads to the love of one other person, which is traditionally concretized in marriage.

Over time, that love gradually becomes more and more internalized. It's by learning tolerance, acceptance and admiration of others that we discover how difficult it is to achieve the self-adoration, self-love and self-loyalty that leads to DOG-consciousness.

Our adoration of ourself came with youth; self-adoration is the first stage of adult love. That's why youth isn't wasted on the young. Youth is only wasted if we don't build upon it with the self-knowledge that only arrives over time.

In our advancement of the meaning of love comes self-love. Appreciation of our contribution to society gives us the feeling of connection to something bigger than ourself. But as we reach older age, our love for ourself diminishes, and our loyalty to ourself increases.

It's my belief that self-loyalty is wasted on the old if they don't learn to embrace what they look like inside rather than only try to mimic the young. Looking young and feeling young are wonderful. But behaving in ways that are mature, kind and wise is what makes old age the "golden years" for me.

I commend myself for helping others. But I also add to that by commending myself for doing things that others can't commend me for doing. These internal upgrades to my spiritual operating system are invaluable is seeing my value increase day-by-day.

Illness is a clue to the deeper meaning of self-love. Lessons from the TEACHER may take the form of physical challenges. But the physical is connected to the emotional and spiritual. Our [head]$_2$ is the realm of the physical. Our [heart]$_2$ is the realm of the emotional. And our [soul]$_2$ is the realm of the spiritual.

When we deepen our perception of l$_1$e$_1$t$_1$t$_1$e$_1$r$_1$s$_1$ by exploring the meaning of [words]$_1$, we expand our

vocabulary through knowledge of the external world. But when we explore the meaning of $l_2e_2t_2t_2e_2r_2s_2$ by exploring the meaning of $[words]_2$, we expand our vocabulary through knowledge of your own unique, internal world.

A crude distinction between the two would describe Western knowledge as seeking the mystery of life through the external world. Eastern knowledge seeks the mystery of life through the internal world. I seek both.

Once you've got a conscience that's turned inward to judge yourself, you'll adore the littlest of things you do right. You'll discover the shrink within who condenses the thoughts in your head with metaphors; the feelings in your heart with symbols; and the beliefs you hold in your soul with similes.

I'm able to grieve being me when I do things that aren't in my best interest. I'm able to go to the darkest, inner shade of blue as a stepping off point to moving into the lightest, gray shade of indigo.

Before I was able to grieve my disappointments in myself and celebrate the joy in being me as a student in a school, my emotional life made no sense at all. I was sending Postcards from the Edge to myself. [26] I couldn't perceive the three generations of women [z] within me.

I'm now as much like a grandmother [z], daughter [z] and granddaughter [z] to myself as a grandfather [y], father [y] and grandson [y] to myself. My identity has deepened. Time with my Tutor have made me who I am, a greater person than I was before.

Each night, I address the bugs in my operating system because the problems I'm facing in my external world by day always share some correspondences with my syndromes. By working with mankind every day with the help of my Tutor

[26] Film about a substance-addicted actress who tries to look on the bright side even as she's forced to move back in with her [s]mother to avoid unemployment, 1990.

and werking with our TEACHER every night in my dreams, I move through my spiritual operating system to clear out the bugs.

Like a snake, I shed my skin. Like an iPhone, I upgrade my operating system. I do this figuratively from one day to the next. I become more soulful day-by-day.

The gravity of my burdens can't be lightened. They must be enlightened.

The word "civilization" comes from the word "city." When indigenists decided to gather together in cities for protection of their tribe, they inadvertently created questions about the importance of the individual.

When people came together to build brick walls to keep enemies out, they created questions about how to improve the manufacture of bricks. I believe that the improvements we make to each and every brick will create stronger walls.

Israel is surrounded on all four sides by walls. No other nation on Earth knows more about the construction of walls and the importance of each and every brick than they do.

The Wailing Wall is a retaining wall. Therefore, it's far more important than the mosque at the top of the Temple Mount in Jerusalem's Old City. Without the support at the bottom, nothing at the top can claim permanence. All of religious life is like a slippery slope.

Love yourself as Jesus loved Himself, regardless of the name you prefer to use to refer to His FATHER. Then, you, too, will be able to honor your family for so many of the lessons you've learned. Your mother and child relationship is spiritually constructed upon Jesus' mother and Child relationship. Through those life lessons, you'll be able to honor all of humanity.

But that can't happen unless you teach indigenists, Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims what you're doing, and why. And the only way to communicate that information is through the passion you've been endowed with as an individual by DOG.

The only way to be real with people is with candid communication about your scripture from a psychological point of view that holds universal, spiritual applications.

Here is a table to associate your seven inner forces with parts of your body and the world's outer forces:

	Internal Force	Body Part	Outer Force
1.	Thoughts	Head	Judaism
2.	Feelings	Heart	Christianity
3.	Beliefs	Soul	Islam
4.	Insight	Navel	Hinduism
5.	Senses	Genitals	Buddhism
6.	Defiance	Backbone	Taoism
7.	Truth	Face	Indigenism

If you can't face yourself, you're going to run yourself ragged blaming everybody else. Once you understand how you operate, it's much easier to help the families of criminal minds break the cycle of their unhealthy family and tribal dynamics. The same can be said of people who seek limitless wealth and power. They, too, are in need of spiritual awakening.

When the people of San Francisco share our views with people in Berkeley and Oakland, we come to see ourselves as like a penis with a navel that's going through changes. The navel can change in appearance to include flattening, protruding, or altering in shape. These changes are generally normal and harmless. But the power in your $[\text{penis}]_2$ and $[\text{navel}]_2$ can change in ways that can change the whole world.

The world is watching the Bay Area. The South Bay [Silicon Valley] is the scrotum that contains the testicles that produce the power of tomorrow [technology]. Every family in America is watching the Bay Area with hope for a more comfortable future. We hold the $[\text{hope}]_1$ for the future that will help us defeat climate chaos.

San Francisco is the gay Mecca [sanctuary]. We're the

delivery device of the sensations produced in the Bay Area. The Summer of Love produced the autumn fruits that we're enjoying today. My generation has propelled humanity into a new view of reality. And we did by combining sex with science.

Do you really think that all the gays who ended up in San Francisco because their family disowned them were left on the street to feel like abandoned orphans? We befriended one another. We made family out of strangers. We turned fugitives into friends.

At first, we made old mistakes on new, chosen family members. And in so doing, we corrected one another's behaviors in gentle ways. We had no choice. When you're despised by everybody else, you have to make do with what you've been given. That's why our community is so much less violent and crime-infested than others.

The Castro [gayborhood] symbolizes the meatus or external urethral orifice of San Francisco. Out of the mouth of each and every penis in the Castro flows an amazing spiritual life-giving ingredient that's changing the world.

AIDS was a lesson from the TEACHER that has expanded man's understanding of his relationship to men [y + z]. As men learn to embrace men – women and children feel safer and can embrace one another with relief.

It takes a village, not a ghetto, to raise a gay child of DOG. But that village has to adopt every child as a family member to do so. When you watch the local news in San Francisco, you can see how the commentators relate to one another like family. You may not have a nuclear family that you can admire, but you may already know the difference between $[family]_1$ and $[family]_2$.

I'm not suggesting that everybody needs to build a $[family]_1$ by making babies. There are enough babies in the world! Make a $[family]_2$ using spiritual methods. Start by conceiving an inner $[child]_2$.

San Francisco is a city where you can raise your new

[family]$_2$ solely from within. San Francisco is a place where you can become mindful in a Buddhist sort of way that will wake you up to all the other aspects of your spiritual operating system.

Here, it doesn't matter whether your [family]$_2$ is a [murder]$_2$ of crows or a [school]$_2$ of [fish]$_2$. It doesn't matter if you're holding tight to boyfriend #1 or #101, so long as you honor your self-made [family]$_2$ with all your head, heart, soul, navel, genitals and anus so you can face anything thrown at you.

If you know what it means to be neglected, rejected, abandoned, betrayed and banished as Adam and Eve felt after taking fruits from a tree that they didn't realize was theirs all along had they asked, you know that the Creation Story is about [you]$_2$, and not just about [you]$_1$.

The ONE who felt truly neglected, rejected, abandoned, betrayed was DOG. HE banished Adam and Eve from the infancy of reality to teach them the meaning of guilt.

The [fruits]$_2$ of good and evil produce the moral reason that gives meaning to life. These [fruits]$_1$ in man are his testicles. These [fruits]$_1$ in women are their ovaries.

The Creation Story isn't about whatever they say it's about in the traditional institutions of Western religion. They don't have a clue what it's really about. They're reading scripture like they were looking down into the ocean from a boat or the Earth from a mountain top.

Your view of S'DOG word figuratively goes down to the very depth of the Mariana Trench in your heart and up to the top of Mt. Everest. You know that DOG isn't just seeking the [fittest]$_1$ HE's seeking the [finest]$_2$.

The difference between math and geometry

The difference between math and geometry lies in the symbols they use. Math uses numbers. Geometry is the branch of mathematics concerned with the shape of objects. To understand life, you need to understand the symbols we've created to describe life in terms of math problems [numbers and objects].

In terms of a math problem, Hinduism can be described symbolically as the number "1". The combination of all the past and future lives of Hindus amounts to 1, which is equal to BRAHMA. In that sense, every lifetime of a Hindu is < 1. And the combinations of all the lives of all Hindus, past, present and future is < 1.

In terms of a math problem, Buddhism can be described as the symbol "0". There is no DOG, sdoG or sdog to put your faith in, in Buddhism. Buddhists also see themselves as < 1. The word "NIRVANA" is Sanskrit and means, "becoming extinguished" or "blowing out." NIRVANA is eternity without DOG, but with yourself after having achieved perfection.

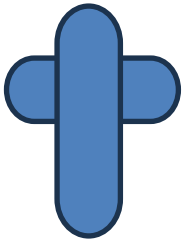
Hindus strive for 1. Buddhists strive for 0. Therefore, the symbol "10" corresponds to Hinduism next to Buddhism, not just the number that comes after 9.

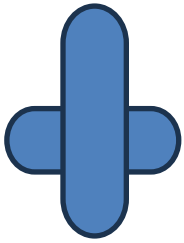
In terms of a math problem, Judaism can be described as the symbol "1" as well. But Jews believe that ELOHIM = 1 and we are > 0 and < 1 with no opportunity to return to life here on Earth to augment ourselves once we die. We must do everything we can to augment ourself with understanding and actions in our lifetime.

Being a Jew changes our mind with good deeds for others. Righteous actions [mitzvot in Hebrew] make it possible for us to see ourself as approaching DOG [1]. But such self-sacrifice also includes the anxiety of believing that we'll have no opportunity to do so after we die to try again later.

Therefore, Judaism challenges Jews to change our mind, transform our heart and transcend our soul while we can, here-and-now. Unless our [thoughts]$_2$, [feelings]$_2$ and [beliefs]$_2$ grow consistently deeper with meaning from the words we utter and the deeds we do, we aren't going to achieve peace of mind [solitude vis-à-vis loneliness and serenity vis-à-vis uneasiness]. We aren't going to avoid pain, suffering and guilt. We're only going to evade the deepening of our perception of [hope]$_2$.

Saint Peter requested that he be crucified upside down. He felt he was unworthy to die in the same manner as Jesus. A cross can be inverted. But only Christ was crucified. UP takes a Christian in the direction of the FATHER in HEAVEN. And down takes a Christian in the direction of satan in hell.





Saint Peter was killed on a cross upside down. Only Jesus was crucified. A cross produces an up and a down. Only a crucifix produces an UP and a down, and a front and back. Jesus is depicted on the front of His crucifix. There's no one on the back of His crucifix. No one can be crucified UPSIDE down on His crucifix.

Religious symbols produce meanings that are very different from religious numbers. Moving symbols in the mind requires an inner orientation that's more sophisticated than merely describing people in terms of numbers.

1 + 1 + 1 = 1 in Christianity. The FATHER [1], the Son [1] and the Holy Spirit [1] are ONE. They correspond to BRAHMA, ELOHIM, ALLAH, DOG and the CREATOR

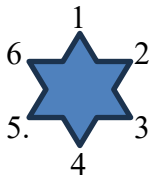
of the universe.

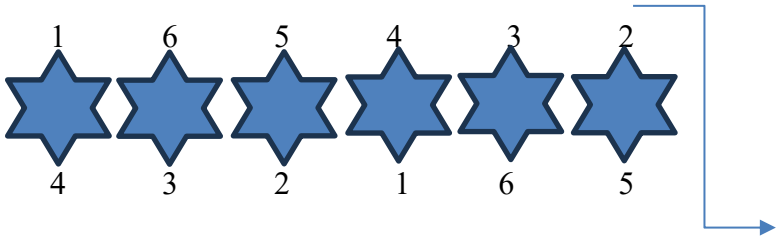
Symbols are Christian. They come from the heart. Signs are Islamic. They come from the soul. The five-pointed star of Islam isn't a sign that has one point pointing UP to PARADISE and two points pointing down to hell. You can turn this sign in any direction, and it will always depict the same the message.



The ability to compare and contrast an Islamic star to a star in the sky produces a simile. A sign of a star is like a star in the sky. The same is true of the crescent moon of Islam. It's a sign that implies that the changes in the shape of the moon correspond to changes in the nature of man. Man's nature is like moonshine. Islam implies that there's in inconstancy to man's nature that's consistent.

But the six-pointed star of Judaism has no UP or down. It has no front or back. It's not like a Christian symbol or an Islamic sign. You can rotate the Star of David six times, and each time you do, you achieve no sense of external orientation corresponding to anything going on within a Jew's nature. We have no UP [HEAVEN] or down [hell]. Our emblem has no correspondences to the natural world. Each Jew makes those determinations for him or herself.





To plummet the purpose of the Star of David, you have to understand our history as slaves who built pyramids that pointed up. Once we arrived in Israel, in defiance of DOG and man, under the guidance of King David, we produced pyramids that pointed up and down. This was his coat of arms. This was his emblem so that early Israelis could differentiate by the emblem on the shield, their friends from their foes.

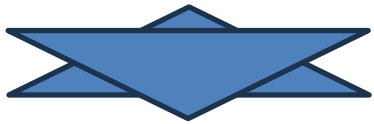
Our history points up [ELOHIM, father, patriarchy, life]. And our history points down [Earth, mother, matriarchy, life].



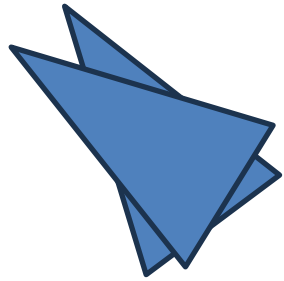
There's no front or back to a Star of David. There is no distinction between UP and down. There's no correspondence between the external and internal world.

If you stretch a Star of David, the emblem resembles the trauma of a particular Jew.

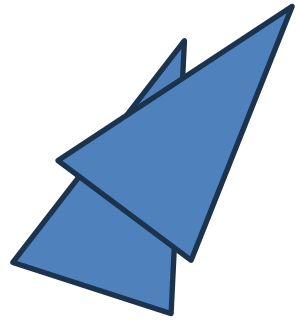
Independent Jew



Left leaning
Jew



Right leaning
Jew



P.C.

I spoke about “P.C.” in terms of a personal computer. I spoke about “P.C.” in terms of being “politically correct.” Now I’m going to talk about “P.C.” in terms of the “present continuous” verb tense.

This is an English problem, not a math problem. This is a problem that can only be expressed using letters, not numbers or geometric shapes.

The concept of dividing time using verbs creates tenses and aspects.

Verb tense shows when an action happens – past, present, or future. For example, “wrote” is past tense, “write” is present tense, and “will write” is future tense.

Verb aspect shows whether an action is ongoing, completed, or habitual, not just when it happens. For example, “She writes” is a simple aspect [a fact], "She is writing” is a progressive aspect [ongoing], “She has written” is a perfect aspect [completed], and “She has been writing” is a perfect progressive aspect [ongoing and completed].

Differences in verb tense and aspect also indicate differences in mentalities because tense and aspect don’t exist in all languages. If you don’t speak the language of your enemies, you can’t know how they think.

Differences in languages are also valuable when it comes to looking at the meaning of life because all of life is comprised of actions that only take place in the present tense. Indicating that the duration of an action can occur under varying lengths of time by changing the aspect of a verb is a sign of the mystery and magic about time as it exists in our mind that we’re able to describe in words, unlike in any other form of expression.

But there’s no way to return to the past or make your way ahead to the future. Your ability to use language to describe the abstract idea of the past, present and future doesn’t change reality as it exists. We all live in the now. The now

never ends. Only our participation in the now ends. The exit from the present continuous [P.C.] moment in time is what we call "death."

Life is a blessing, but the blessing of life will come to an end for each of us. DOG is using reality to say, in effect, I am blessing you for the duration of this present moment in time for the rest of your life.

That doesn't mean, however, that when you die, HE'll no longer bless you. You're not cursed by death. It simply means that the present continuousness of time will be over.

When we won't be in the now any longer, we don't know where we'll be. The names people give to a place outside the now is just a marker for a theoretical concept. HEAVEN, PARADISE, hell and NIRVANA are place settings that exist outside the present continuous. There's no concrete evidence that they exist outside the faith we put into these concepts.

I don't always feel blessed. In fact, I often feel cursed when I have to go through problems in the external world that I find challenging and upsetting. If life is a school in the present continuous tense, then many of the lessons I have to endure leave me feeling that now is an unpleasant place to be. That explains why time sometimes seems long and other times, short. That also explains why I tried to kill myself three times. I didn't enjoy the experience of time.

Fantasies, luxuries, inebriants, food, sex and thrills are ways of escaping the present continuousness of time entirely without literally leaving it. Vacations to exotic locations are ways to escape the now we know for a now that expands our senses in a magical way that we're willing to pay good money to enjoy two weeks a year. A similar feeling can be said of luxuries, inebriants, food, sex and thrills.

The nice thing about our inner world, so different from the outer world we share, is that our inner world is endless and infinite. When we're alone inside with ourself [with or without a sense of S'DOG presence], we can experience the continuity of time that corresponds to eternity. You could

even say that eternity exists here-and-now inside of us while the timed experience we're going through externally presents us with a very different impression of reality.

The 4th Commandment [to keep the Sabbath holy] can't be achieved perfectly externally. But it can be achieved perfectly internally. In fact, there's no other way to experience time internally other than as an eternal SABBATH. That's what makes the 4th Commandment a reminder that time is a gift from DOG.

Anyone who meditates or contemplates knows what that feeling of eternity feels like. And many in the Abrahamic faiths who appreciate this difference in time internally hold a great affection for their Sabbath. They try to recreate that experience externally once a week at the very least.

Eastern civilization seeks a constant Sabbath. Western civilization seeks a Sabbath one day a week. Judaism seeks the Sabbath on Saturdays. Christianity seeks the Sabbath on Sundays. And Islam seeks the Sabbath on Fridays.

When the Abrahamic faiths discover the eternity of the Sabbath as sought by Eastern faiths, they'll come to realize that Judaism [Saturday] is supported by Christianity [Sunday] on one side and Islam [Friday] on the other.

Not only is our mission in life P.C., in the present continuous tense. Our mission becomes more and more symbolic as we question its importance to our life as a student in a school werking on a $[\text{transcript}]_2$ that may be far more valuable after we graduate.

Life is P.C., present and continuous. As we earn a $[\text{crown}]_2$ for ourself, we become regal in a way that we never imagined or hoped to become before we became spiritual. At least that's what I can say it means for me to be a queen who's earned his crown.

Berkeley is the new Jerusalem

Berkeley reminds me of Jerusalem. There's great privilege in Berkeley next to great poverty in Oakland. There's hope rubbing up against hopelessness.

If Jerusalem is the heart of the Jewish people, Tel Aviv is their soul. Above the two of them lies Haifa. This is the head of the Jewish people.

The Bay Area is constructed differently. Oakland is the original navel of humanity. It's an out-y. Berkeley is the later navel that's more internalized. It's an in-y. And San Francisco is our penis. Palo Alto and San Jose are our testicles. Silicon Valley is the indentation in our scrotum where we produce the life-giving substance [technology] of the future.

Have you been to the entrance to UC Berkeley at the corner of Telegraph Avenue and Bancroft Way? Why does hope in the great White way seem to diminish so quickly as you go south on Telegraph Avenue toward Oakland? What is it about a college education that separates people? It should do just the opposite.

America is the world's great laboratory of spirituality. Here, we bring people together of various mentalities from around the world to glean the best from them. Here, we create the supermen [zz] and wonder women [zz] of the future.

And yet, sometimes the financially privileged open their heart as little as they have to, perhaps out of fear that doing so will require them to open their wallet, too. Maybe they're afraid of what warm feelings for strangers might literally cost them. Perhaps they spend money on themself much more easily than they spend feelings on others. If you wonder why you're cynical and rushing around without time to spare, your relationship to time and money may be getting in your way.

Let's stop for a minute to look at humor. Those who

mock eventually become sarcastic. The sarcastic become cynical. And the cynical become sardonic. Their sense of humor gets darker and darker. They all become mordant [caustic, insulting and obnoxious] to some in order to validate others.

Those with the darkest sense of human have been the most oppressed, suppressed, repressed and depressed. I recently watched a Black, lesbian comedienne on a gay comedy performance who described P.T.S.D. as Post Traumatic Slave Disorder. [27] If you want to learn to laugh with others, you're going to have to start by learning a lot more about the history of the oppressed, and that includes the gays and the Jews.

Some people express their "thoughts" and "prayers" for those killed in mass shootings. But they don't lift a finger to stop gun violence. They claim that their principles are based on the concept of freedom, liberty and emancipation of the human being from man's primitive self through the doG of their understanding. They claim that what Jesus preached is summed up in the cross they venerate.

It's possible to claim to have feelings while having those feelings overridden by powerful, negative thoughts and beliefs. It's possible for the heart to go one way, but the conscience to go another, especially if your wants [–] are seeking money, power and prestige.

This is why out of a broken heart shines a twisted rainbow up and over a forbidden Adam's apple down to a soul that's also been twisted into a narrow definition of the word [hope]$_1$.

All seven of the colors are in the rainbow of [hope]$_2$ that ELOHIM gave the world, not just to the Jews. Every rainbow has to be ironed out from within to appear flat and feel comfortable in your chest. Hope can get wrinkled, crumpled, creased, folded, rumpled, weathered and wizened.

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[27] Gloria Bigelow on "Out on Stage," episode 3, 2018

This is the cause of our syndromes. A smooth rainbow is all we ever see in the sky above us. But it's rare to perceive a perfect rainbow in the sky within us.

My sister stole my inheritance out from under me. She did a Jacob on me [Esau]. [Genesis 25] I don't hate her for what she did. But I certainly don't pretend to love or honor her anymore. I only honor her with silence.

My older half-sister collaborated because she's a homophobe. My older half-brother is an anti-Zionist. I don't pretend to love or honor them, either. I must let ELOHIM werk out the differences in our family for me.

In the meantime, I've created a [family]$_2$ of my own with Will. I love and honor him. I often obey him, too.

I practice loving, honoring and obeying through my soulmate. And I share my experiences with Adonai by day and ELOHIM by night.

I'm sure my deceased parents would like me to care about my [family]$_1$. But I decided to honor my parents by loving myself, not them. I'll let the TEACHER decide how HE wants to cut the pie. Whatever I get, I know I deserve. And whatever my family gets, I know they deserve. I don't want to compare slices. I want to enjoy what I get.

The Bay Area is the apex of the American experiment. Because gay people have removed the taboo that separates the head [Judaism], heart [Christianity] and soul [Islam] from the navel [Hinduism], genitals [Buddhism] and backbone [Taoism] – we have the ability to face reality like ancient indigenists who cherish the land we live on. We have what it takes to combine all the forces within us without producing twisted rainbows of hope in DOG saving us from ourself. We don't have to choose one or two of the forces within us over all the rest. We can choose to save face with faith in all seven of the world faiths.

Because I had to dream about sex as though it was forbidden fruit while growing up, my gay imagination is 3D. Straight men might think of breasts in 3D, but they can't

imagine breasts as pots of gold at both ends of the same rainbow. Just imagine how little they allow themself to think about the delivery device a gay guy has got between his legs.

The Judeo-Christian lifestyle across America isn't nearly enough of an operating recipe for people as complex as those of us in San Francisco. We're not figuratively using an IBM Selectric typewriter or fax machine to communicate with one another. We're cutting-edge spiritual technologists in iMacs and androids who are updating our spiritual operating system all the time.

Here, we're not afraid of penises in anuses. We're not afraid of Buddhists who put their faith in themselves or Taoists who separate their inner world [yin] from the outer world [yang]. We're not afraid of contemplating our navel like Hindus who see millions of dog faces in one formless DEITY. And we're certainly not afraid of global warming. We love a good challenge.

Everybody starts out life wanting to go north. Everybody wants to go toward greater and greater success. But life has a way of turning us all west, toward the setting sun. We become disappointed and sad over time. We turn away from the east, the rising sun. We turn away from the dawn and new beginnings. We turn away from hope and light and move in the direction of the descending night. We become cynical, bitter and sophisticated. We become worldly.

As brilliant as a sunset may be, every sunset ends in darkness. As much as a sunset is like an egg that breaks and splatters yolk all over the sky before it sinks below the horizon, we've all done the same to ourself. We're a scrambled mess inside.

All of us who face west figuratively grow nearer to death. We grow cold. We limit our emotional warmth because we begin to feel somewhat distant from others. Some of us we're alone, but in good company. For most others, however, it's questionable.

This explains why our nation is figuratively tipped to the

west, not the east, and why all the orphans of love and spiritual infants still roll into San Francisco with meaningful questions about life scrawled across their forehead. This explains why so many people everywhere feel surrounded by so many acquaintances and so few true friends.

There are events in life that can only be explained with poetry. If you're very well educated, you've learned from the Quran, one of S'DOG great poems, that there's a cave in the mountain you've been climbing all your life. In front of the mouth of the cave lies a vicious dog guarding the cave. When you come down from the mountain, the dog lets you in to the cave. But when you come out of the cave, you see the sunset on your right. You come out of the shade of the eternal night in the cave into the illumination of the light of the world. You see that you're facing south after having gone north or west for as long as you possibly could with your focus on outer world appearances.

The time you've spent in the cave by yourself has illuminated you to mysteries inside yourself. There's a cave in each one of us. [28] But when you come out of your cave and look out at the world, you see that you're now facing south. You see the sunset on your right. [Surah 18]

After having made your way as far as you could up to the summit of your mountain and after having faced west toward the setting sun many times, you seek the cave within you for protection, safety, security and shelter from this cruel world. When you come out of your cave $[\text{closet}]_2$, inspiration from the prophet Muhammad awaits you with open arms.

This is a great mystery about the journey of life. You started out climbing your mountain with the sunrise on your right [external focus] and the sunset on your left. You felt hopeful. You felt strong. You felt far away from mortality

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[28] The prophet Muhammad literally wrote the Quran in a cave. I'm figuratively writing this book as a way of coming out of my cave $[\text{closet}]_2$.

and death.

But after you come out of the cave within you, you've made a U-turn. Now your sunset is on your right. You see how much closer you are to death and death is to you. You see how mortal you were all along, even when you didn't think so. You see that you're now going south toward your birth where you'll await death with a courage and conviction you didn't have before.

This is the prophet Muhammad's description of aging maturely. You get older. You become wiser because you've been through so many experiences.

Now, with a sense of your sunset on your right, you can see that you're figuratively going back in the direction you came from. Even your thoughts become consumed with the past.

You went from birth, north, toward outer success, and now you're going south towards death with the hope of inner success.

This corresponds to the Tao, the Way. It's no longer a question of going up or down [good or evil]. It's a question of seeing your journey from both directions [up and down]. It's about looking at the mistakes you made and correcting them while you still can.

Going south doesn't necessarily mean that you're declining. In fact, going south for the awakened and enlightened produces the experience of a laughter that's instigated by relief.

You can see how hard others are werking to make their way to a place you've already been to and are returning from. Those with illumination and warmth experience old age and dying as a [hopeful]$_2$ change toward a blissful DESTINATION.

Until you have the inner orientation skills that the spiritually blind, deaf and dumb [mute] haven't amassed, you may get angry, frustrated and frightened over where life is taking you and how you feel about your journey. You may

even erroneously conclude that you'll continue to go in a northly direction, upward and onward, without end. Such people become addicted to money, power and prestige.

As you may now be able to see, up isn't only good, and down isn't always bad. North isn't toward DOG. South isn't away from DOG. The Way that the Taoists promote is the way we all take to learn.

This is why I've come back to edit all my books and request you to read them in the reverse order written. I've embellished on what I said going north. I've completed my U-turn. I'm going south with more insight than when I went north. That doesn't discount what I saw before. But it turns my mystery [my story]$_1$ into my personal [allegory]$_2$.

Life isn't about promoting Torah as the only operating system given by the nameless Tutor of the Jews. Torah is a very special book given to the world on how to operate ourself with one another in our TEACHER'S presence.

Life isn't about promoting Jesus as one-third of DOG. Jesus is just one of the many names for the doG within.

Life isn't about promoting the Archangel Gabrel as the only Messenger from DOG. The prophet Muhammad was a student the TEACHER chose at a particular point in our curriculum to reveal more about where humanity is headed. He was given more specific, inner, orientation skills by an Emissary of ALLAH. ALLAH is the nameful DOG that you experience once you've embraced all the other names for DOG.

Life is about [hope]$_2$ for everyone. But [hope]$_2$ requires faith in yourself. "Your Arm's Too Short to Box with DOG," [29] but it's never too short to pat yourself on the back. If you have what it takes to put your hand in your back to push yourself toward the things that you most desire [+], you have what it takes to give yourself a kick in the butt from time to

[29] Broadway musical based on the book of Matthew, 1976. Also based on Job 40.

time, too.

What I'd like to know is why they don't give new students to CAL an orientation to life using the geography of the campus as a spiritual benchmark? What's a university orientation without a discussion of life as an $[allegory]_2$ of the self, not a children's story? What's life without a poetic view of it that makes every day a movie with a soundtrack, and actors with meaningful parts to play?

You should roll your credits at the end of each day! You should give credit to the PRODUCER [the TEACHER] and Director [your Tutor]! You should name the supporting actors who made your day possible before you close your eyes at night. How can anyone claim to love movies if s/he doesn't live life like a movie?

Berkeley is the New Jerusalem, and CAL is like the Old City. Jerusalem means "City of Peace," but we all know there has never been peace in Jerusalem. It's really the city of $[hope]_2$ for peace, just as Rome is the city of $[hope]_2$ for love and Mecca is the city of $[hope]_2$ for loyalty to ALLAH.

Without hope there's no opportunity to advance towards DOG in any of those places. Just as Jerusalem is a Jewish city surrounded by hopelessness until there'll be peace, Berkeley is a city that ought to reorient itself to what it stands for in the greater scheme of life in the Bay Area.

You won't find homophobia in Berkeley. But the university has pockets of anti-Zionists. You won't find much anti-Zionism in Oakland, but there are places in Oakland you wouldn't want to go to if you're gay.

You won't find much of either in San Francisco because nobody here believes dogmatically in our CREATOR. Here, we're all like Buddhists seeking faith in ourself. And it's our rare combination of gays and our Eastern philosophic view of life that makes us who we are in a universalist, political body founded upon America's Judeo-Christian principles.

I'm an old hippy telling a tale of three cities. San Francisco corresponds to my penis. Berkeley and Oakland

correspond to my navel as viewed going north or going south. The South Bay corresponds to my scrotum where the good and evil in me is produced. Lake Tahoe corresponds to my prostate gland. Northern California is my home. My body is my home away from HOME.

San Francisco isn't an island. "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main" [John Donne]

Gay Mecca

San Francisco looks like the head of my circumcised penis, but to me San Francisco represents the penis of mankind. San Francisco may appear to be the gay Mecca of the world, but this place is chock-full of Buddhists and Taoists who know we've beaten our CREATOR at HIS own game of reverse psychology by combating homophobia with homophilia. We're not self-hating racists or antisemitic Nazis because we're not homophobic. We love ourselves enough to like the gender HE gave us. We can even tolerate those religious people who don't hate gays and trans people.

There are still pockets of San Francisco where people don't realize that DOG created Siddhartha Gautama [the Buddha]. He proposed that there's a place called NIRVANA without a dog. But Siddhartha was an orphan. His search must have been for reconnection with his mother, not just eternal rest and serenity.

A man born from a woman can't reach DOG without a navel. Moses was an orphan. His depiction of Adam and Eve must have been without navels in his mind's eye. Only their children [Cain and Abel] could have had navels, unless ELOHIM created Adam and Eve with navels that they didn't question. [30]

Jesus, the Jewish Son of the FATHER, yearned to be reunited with His FATHER but He did so by honoring His mother. In every depiction of Jesus on the cross you can see His navel.

The prophet Muhammad reached PARADISE with inspiration from Gabriel, the Jewish Angel who DOG provided. I would think it would have left Muhammad unsatisfied to reach ALLAH'S realm without meeting his

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[30] Some earlier artists, such as Jan van Scorel in the 16th Century, chose to paint Adam and Eve without navels. [Internet]

parents THERE. He, too, was an orphan.

We can only attempt to create facsimiles of these PLACES above the Earth with a more perfect union conceived with $[hope]_2$. What comes after we leave the here-and-now is anybody's guess. THERE-and-THEN is a mystery for us all while we're in the here-and-now.

Without $[hope]_2$, all DESTINATIONS after life fall apart or gather dust. Without faith, all DESTINATIONS after life end in external struggles in this life. But with both $[hope]_2$ and $[faith]_2$, it's possible to achieve meaning during this journey through the present continuous tense.

We have the ability to reimagine the past with hindsight and conceive of the future with foresight. The more meaningful what you're doing here-and-now becomes, the less you'll grieve having to be you, and the more ecstasy you'll experience through the mystery of the moment.

Patience with yourself is key to the spiritual process. The more deeply you inquire into what you're thinking, the more patient you'll be with what's happening around you. Patience gives you the strength to pull back rugs under which you've swept a lot you may not have wanted to reveal to yourself about you in the past.

Pleasures never last. Seeking thrilling sensations through sex with drugs will, over time, turn into a cheap facsimile of joy that will leave you wanting the real thing. Seeking only money, power and prestige are a fool's errand, too. What will you do with them if you haven't become soulful? What good is buying banana peels? Wouldn't you enjoy the fruit inside the peel more than just its container? A banana peel has no appeal unless you want to play dirty tricks on people.

The Buddha [Siddhartha Gautama] was figuratively born in a gilded cage. His father didn't want him to become religiously "damaged" by Hinduism, so he kept him away from ancient India's national faith. But because Siddhartha's mother had died when he was a week old, he didn't get to learn about guilt mixed with sdog at her knee.

He grew up without a mother or a faith. And I got the impression from his writings that he wasn't too keen on his father who kept him locked behind palace walls. His father was a powerful king who didn't want to settle with compromises. We all know that's a recipe for spreading suffering.

Siddhartha struck me as a youngster who was anti-AUTHORITARIAN and anti-authoritarian. So, when he gave up his gilded cage in favor of experiencing the real world, it's no surprise that he discovered there was suffering everywhere around him. [Who among us doesn't know that much about life?]

We know that guilt comes after pain, suffering and self-sacrifice. People are eager to tell you how much they've suffered to become sacrificial for the sake of others, but they always try to hide their guilt. Guilt is embarrassing. Guilt is shameful. Guilt is humiliating. Guilt is hidden behind walls, like a secret garden. But suffering grows everywhere, like grass.

The young child doesn't listen to his [s]mother. He touches the stove and gets burned. Physical pain leads to emotional suffering. The child cries because s/he's experiencing pain and then suffering but can't talk about the two separately. S/he just needs to be comforted. Bawling out a child who's in pain only increases their suffering. Mexicans know that. When their children cry, they laugh to lighten the suffering.

Experience produces pain. Pain produces suffering. Suffering produces the realization of self-ignorance, which in turn, produces guilt.

Avoiding suffering, as the Buddha suggested, is a great lifestyle. And teaching people the importance of avoiding suffering is a great occupation in life, as well. But ending suffering isn't possible unless you can teach people how to atone for pain with guilt at their self-ignorance.

The ancient Jews sacrificed animals to DOG for over a

thousand years. With the destruction of the Second Temple just after the crucifixion of Jesus, the Jews were no longer able to make animal sacrifices.

For the past 2,000 years, we've learned the importance of self-sacrifice. We're turned ourself into an animal that we're sacrificing to DOG to leave us more humane than we were before. This is the transition from literal to figurative sacrifices that couldn't have been achieved without the destruction of the two Temples. The creation of a third Temple is an unnecessary redundancy in my opinion.

All people recoil at the thought of being guilty of anything. Convincing human beings that they need to be guilt ridden about what they don't know about themself is harder than it looks, especially if they haven't done anything particularly egregious in the external world. It's only when they see that they've treated themself like a slavedriver over an Israelite; like a White Christian over a Black Christian; and like a Muslim over a gay Jew – that people begin to see how resistant they are to their own self-ignorance.

The garden of guilt resembles Eden in Torah. Adam and Eve were never literally banished. They simply had to learn the meaning of the $w_2o_2r_2d_2s_2$ $[neglected]_2$, $[rejected]_2$, $[abandoned]_2$ and $[betrayed]_2$ to discover where they were and why.

The more some think they're becoming worthy of redemption through Jesus, the Deliverer of the eternal LIFE-giving substance they want infused in them, the more they suffer the burn of a flame they can't see, can't describe and can't extinguish.



What a joy self-knowledge is because it isn't forbidden. But what a pity the price is so high.

The Castro

When looking at the Castro [the gayborhood of San Francisco] from an insider's point of view, I've had to look at it as would a 19th Century Jew in a European ghetto or a Black person in an American ghetto today. We, gay people, had no option but to huddle together in the 1960's to protect one another from the cruel world then. We were so despised outside our figurative walls that we didn't dare risk expressing ourselves honestly before our hyper-religious "captors."

We've since broken barriers within ourselves as well as in society. We've taught the Jewish and Christian worlds how to take scripture figuratively, although we didn't state it as such at the time. We've shown them what men who love men and women who love women can add to society. We proved that marriage equality is good for everybody.

The AIDS epidemic taught us about the burn of indiscriminate sexual relations for the sake of comradery. AIDS taught us that adultery and comradery are two extremes of a life that must be managed wisely. We need to remain near the middle of those two extremes. Recreational sex is like a dessert that's pleasing at the end of a good meal. But you wouldn't want to make sex the main course of every repast. $[\text{Heartburn}]_2$ and $[\text{indigestion}]_2$ are the figurative results of an overly active, sexual appetite.

My parents turned the bitter herbs of war into a long-awaited dessert after the Americans defeated the Nazis in Germany. I was the fruit on top of the whipped cream on the top of their strawberries and shortcake. When they finished making babies, they were left with a Barry they couldn't fathom. I've always assumed my life is my own.

When you've been starved for self-knowledge for decades, you're left with an appetite for hot dogs [penises] and hamburgers [anuses] that seem like manna from heaven. You embrace skyscrapers, towers to power and even

drawbridges that promise access to castles you can't literally see. The hunger for self-knowledge is insatiable. It's all a question of what you want [–] verses what you desire [+]. Nature bats last, but the penis in your hand never literally leaves home plate.

Today, the Castro has become an upper middleclass neighborhood for a wide range of peoples. It's hardly the orphanage for gay men it was when I first witnessed it in 1974. The homeless come here to beg because our money is as good any anybody else's, yet our community is so much more compassionate of what it means to feel homeless in this cruel, mad world. The homeless intuitively feel more at home here.

As for the litter in San Francisco, you can always put lipstick on a pig, but the pig will just walk around in the pigsty until it grows up to become a fully-grown sow or boar. Give us time; we'll solve our homeless and litter problem the same way we solved our gay problem – from the inside out. We solve our syndromes along with our problems.

I first came to the Castro in 1974 while on vacation in America from the Netherlands. I'd never been to San Francisco while growing up in L.A., so I asked my mom in advance if she wanted to drive up from L.A. when I came back to visit after years living abroad. While we were here, I told her I was gay. I came out to her while we were tourists in San Francisco.

But, because I was young [22] and angry, the way I told her I was gay came out sounding belligerent and blaming. And her response was, "Well, it's not my fault!"

That's when I realized that my [s]mother couldn't feel sympathy for me in that way. Being gay is a hard fate. Although I shouldn't have come across as blaming her for it, she should have shed a tear or two at what my life would look like.

My mom came to realize she needed to be thoughtful even if she couldn't be sympathetic. When I moved back to

L.A. from Holland, she matched me up with gay men she met that she thought would make good husband material. She welcomed all my gay friends and boyfriends.

But much later, when I was in the throes of insanity, my mom called me a son of a bitch on the phone. And I replied, "Yes, I am the son of a bitch!" And I hung up on her. Years later, she told me that she had to laugh at that. She figured that if I still had my sense of humor, I wasn't all gone.

But I've since realized that I can't take back anything I've said. There was some truth in my curse to my [s]mother's face.

There are levels of prejudice. You may not think of yourself as a racist, antisemite, anti-Zionist, homophobe or misogynist, but there are lessons from the TEACHER that will force you to face your shadow side.

Dr. Frankenstein produced a monster who ran away from home. Dr. Jekyll had a monster within him. There's a Republican in every Democrat and a Democrat in every Republican. If you turn around fast enough you'll see the knife in your hand that stabs you in the heart from behind. We're all a little like our enemies. I just happened to be my own worst enemy.

The Castro is what the bar scene in the original Star Wars movie was alluding to. Only today, we'd never tell droids we don't serve their kind here. I felt so sorry for C-P3O.

I came back to San Francisco a second time in 1987 when I drove up from L.A. to visit my lesbian cousin in Healdsburg, a town 70 miles north of San Francisco. By then, I'd been living in L.A. near my family for more than a decade and wanted to find a small, quiet corner of the country to settle down for good. Little did I know that by moving to small-town America I was a gay man jumping out of a frying pan into a fire.

The rightwing orthodox Jewish and Christian Republicans claim they have DOG [ELOHIM/the

FATHER] on their side because they found two passages in Hebrew scripture that vilify gays [Leviticus 18:22; 20:13]. They think that if DOG can do it, they can, too. They equate themselves with HIM.

They don't realize that all of Torah is based on reverse psychology. It tells you what not to do, knowing full well that you'll have no choice but to do what it predicts. You're only choice is either to do it internally or externally.

Torah begins with the temptation to acquire self-knowledge. This is recounted [allegorically]$_2$ in the Creation Story. The book of Leviticus tempts us to love ourself with self-lust by forbidding it. It's only after you read the Gospels that you discover that the opposite of reverse psychology challenges you to externalize your love for yourself in a way that honors others.

How else can a conscience be created and then evolved into soul? How else can each of us take responsibility for our own actions and not blame our deeds on others or satan or a DOG who hates us because we prefer anal over vaginal sex?

Antisemitism denies the DOG who created the Jews. Anti-Zionism denies that DOG gave Israel to us as our home. Homophobia denies that every man is half woman. And misogyny denies that every woman is half man.

The rightwing Christians don't vilify the orthodox Jews, and the orthodox Jews look just as odd as us gays! But the reason hyper-religious Christians cozy up to hyper-religious Jews is because they despise gays, too.

Both the rightwing Christians and orthodox Jews don't believe they're Nazis because they don't hate Jews. As long as they hate faggots, they think they're in like Flinn with DOG. It didn't occur to them that the Germans [and half of Europe] needed to learn to give up their hatred of gays and Jews.

If you can't love your own body lustfully, you'll project that distain onto the LGBTQIA+ community. But that requires denying that you're half man, half woman.

The problem with the fanatical Muslims is worse than the problem of orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians. The fanatical Muslims hate the doG within the Jews [Adonai] and the doG within the Christians [Jesus]. They deny that anyone can have a doG within them who isn't named "Gabriel." They trigger all of us to question the nature of our loyalty to the doG within us.

I know that DOG is wise. I know that DOG is loving. And I know that DOG is loyal to me. I also know that HIS word is greater than any one interpretation given by man. I'm under the impression that good people everywhere can learn to live together in peace if their conscience is sufficiently evolved to handle differences of opinion without resorting to racism, antisemitism, anti-Zionism, homophobia and misogyny. These prejudices produce self-hate which bursts into violence.

I tried to learn about Judaism from the orthodox Jews. I went to Orthodox services and study-classes in San Francisco. But they tested me to see if I was gay, just like the students did at Comstock JHS. And when I came out to these Jews, their true colors shone through. They vilified me. They told me to get out of their synagogue. I felt they would have gotten violent if I hadn't left in a hurry.

I was shocked. I trembled when I got into my car. I felt just like I'd felt among the rightwing Christians in Santa Rosa. It was then that I saw how naïve I'd been about all hyper-religious people.

Self-hate is illogical [mind] but it's very rational [heart] because people have mixed emotions. The prejudiced don't realize what their feelings are doing to them. You can feel many conflicting feelings, but they're all opportunities to question what you think, what you say and what you then do.

Now, all the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are secretly wondering why DOG is making things so much more difficult for them than it used to be. They don't want to have to think about how much self-ignorance is

forcing them to feel guilty.

Don't think I don't blame the atheists, too. There's an orthodox Jewish story about an atheist walking in a forest who comes across a watch on the ground. And he comes to the conclusion that the watch is the result of evolution.

Man is like a watch. He was created by DOG. The forest was made by the same DOG who made the man. The trees and the men are mysteriously related. But without taking Torah figuratively, you'll never discover how.

I'm like a danish. I'm not like matzo. I'm not like a bagel. And I'm certainly not like a pretzel that's tied up in knots. I'm a sophisticated human being with a sweet, creamy center who thinks about what I say before I say it. And I think about what I do before I do it because I care about my reputation in S'DOG eyes.

Which people in Europe have a better reputation than the Danish? hell! The Danish even have the highest rate of vaccination against COVID in the world!

Israel was settled by Jews from over 100 countries. Half those Jews are brown and black. The image of New York Ashkenazic Jews misrepresents the racial diversity found in Israel. The Israelis probably would have killed one another in no time if the Arabs hadn't declared war on Israel the very day after Israel declared itself a state in 1948… "Thanks" to Israel's Muslim neighbors, the Israelis had no choice but to learn to live together in peace with other Jews in Israel and Jews around the world.

How do we get people everywhere to face their fears with psychological insight into themselves without throwing all the world's scriptures out the window? How do we teach a man to love his own penis rather than to use it as a tool of patriarchy?

Your penis talks to you, but you can't talk back to it. It tells you what it wants to deliver, where and when. But you can't control what cums out of its mouth. If you want something that you shouldn't want [–], and get caught for

stealing it, you can't slap your penis or punch yourself in your left testicle to teach yourself a lesson.

If you think you know what DOG wants from you because you just because were given a penis, you still don't understand the main metaphor of Moses presented at the beginning of Torah in the Creation Story.

Surely what we're now seeing among many males around the world is how much they hate their penis. Surely, man's love of guns is a projection of a fractured relationship with his penis. Without the Second Amendment, many men would feel dismembered. Without unlimited rounds of ammunition, they'd feel castrated.

Two gay men who love each other's penis are betrothed in a way that traditional marriage can't address. Don't pretend to love all shmucks. Don't just love your own. Don't just love the shmuck you're with. Honor yourself for knowing what it means to have a shmuck and correct yourself for sometimes behaving like one.

69 verses 96

One of my dearest friends is 96 years old. I'm 69. We often say we'd like to switch to see how the other half lives. Maria was a nun for 14 years. After the convent, she joined the Navy where she learned to decipher Morse code. Then, she went to southern Mexico to help the poor. And lastly, she became a social worker in San Francisco.

She wears a blob of dye in her hair that makes it look like a bird flew by and laid an egg with a red, yellow, green and blue yolk that cracked open above her forehead. Why? She says she loves people, and her hairdo is one way to attract people to her.

I think she wants people to know that she's sociologically oriented, not psychologically oriented. I think she wants people to know that her major in the school of life has been humanity. [My major has been me.]

Maria has no patience for people who treat her childishly. She knows she's childlike, not childish. She's incensed at how disrespectfully she feels treated on the dementia ward at the Catholic residential home where she's now living. But I tell her the problem is catholic with a small "c."

She tells me that she walks on her own two feet; feeds herself; and wipes her own ass at 96 – yet she says they seem to think she's got her head up her butt, even though she, herself, admits that her memory is shot to hell…

Maria's an ex-nun, and I'm a self-proclaimed hippy rabbi! She spent her life in pursuit of S'DOG Son's love. I spent mine in pursuit of sex and, lately, wisdom. Yet we seem to understand one another quite well. Our FATHER surely brought us together despite our differences. I'm her rabbi. She's my sister. She replaces the family I lost. Out with the old sisters, in with the new.

Maria and I agree that for us, life is a school and DOG is our TEACHER. But we also agree that for most people, life

is nothing more than an insane asylum in which they think that everyone has been rightfully committed, except them.

Maria and I like to sing old songs together on the phone. She knows them all by heart. Our favorite is by Ted Nugent:

That's the Story of Love

You've got to give a little,
take a little,
and let your poor heart break a little.
That's the story of,
that's the glory of love.
You've got to laugh a little,
cry a little,
until the clouds roll by a little.
That's the story of,
that's the glory of love.
As long as there's the two of us,
We've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with us,
We've got each other's arms.
You've got to win a little,
lose a little,
yes, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of,
that's the glory of love.

Learning about spirituality is really like learning computer code, Morse code, Braille or a second language. It's not difficult to become psychologically astute once you can see through the mischief some others are making. And if you can see through their self-ignorance, you can look for your own.

All you need is to turn your very well-developed conscience outside in. That will make it possible to change your mind, transform your heart and transcend your soul.

Self-compassion, not self-indulgence, is the key to singing about your sorrow in having to be yourself at all times because you now know that DOG is watching you at all times.

I prefer to remind myself that self-ignorance has brought my problems to my door. Getting through my external problems is just the tip of the iceberg. I have to werk on solving my syndromes at the same time that I solve my problems. This moves me out of self-sorrow into taking action.

But I'm often triggered by anger [red], anxiety [orange] and fear [yellow]. I imagine what others might do to me, and my mind goes down a road in how I'd get even.

Self-ignorance led me to conclude that vengeance is mine. It's not. "Vengeance is MINE, saith the LORD." [Romans 12:19] This is how I move into the realm of coveting [green]. This is how I realize the difference between what I want [–] and what I desire [+].

Sure, it's easy to go from there to self-pity [blue]. But I don't stay there long. I move on to the mystery of my lessons with the TEACHER [indigo].

I know what the hyper-religious think, feel and believe because I was crazy for so long. I know how they operate because I operated myself the same way. I've just corrected many of my mistakes, and they haven't. I've moved through my guilt, and they're stuck in theirs blaming others for something happening inside themselves that they can't figure out or talk about.

With enough self-knowledge, you aren't going to believe everything you think, say and do. With enough self-knowledge, you'll come back to that awesome tree in the garden to ask permission to munch a little more on what makes you tick.

It takes an enormous amount of patience to be 69. So, I can imagine that it takes so much more to be 96. When I thought life was supposed to be a party, I didn't do my

HOMEwerk. Maria is now having to do that little bit of HOMEwerk she procrastinated doing before. But together we're going to find answers to the questions we'll each find on our final exam.

What other people are doing to one another may appear to be very different from what you're doing to yourself. It just takes a jaundiced eye to see the need to separate from all sides. Then you're able to feel sorry enough for them to teach them with kind words rather than critique them harshly. And with the rewards you'll then receive from the TEACHER, you'll be amazed at how beautiful a world for you the here-and-now can be.

That said, with enough distaste, envy and bitterness of mankind, you'll have no trouble seeing how you've harmed and tricked yourself just as badly as some others have done to one another. I think we're all guilty of knowing too little about our inner world. But maybe I'm just overly cynical.

Maria and I agree that DOG brought us together to enjoy the absurdity in the way the so many students in this school are coming to class each day without having done their HOMEwerk from the day before. We laugh at their foolish antics in class, and we shake our heads at the bozos at the back of the room who seem to be here only to disrupt the TEACHER'S lesson plans.

Because Maria and I truly care about humanity, we don't see anything or anyone as incidental or coincidental. We tried to always add, not subtract. That's how we've become inclusive, not exclusive. We even use our money like honey.

We believe we're all being graded on a curve. We're all being tested on the subject matter of life as well as on our individual werk habits. People like Maria set such a good example as they approach graduation, that I think everyone ought to reconsider what it means to be a spirit in a vehicle on a journey to a DESTINATION.

San Francisco is like a university where soulfulness is the topic of our dissertation and the Ph.D. degree of life that

we're here to achieve through our study on this penis-like peninsula we call home. Berkeley is a world-class academy for international studies. And Oakland is college for American studies for those spiritual students who wish to fulfill their basic requirements in achieving a better, inner union of forces through mindfulness. Needless to say, the more the three of us share our answers with one another, the more the whole world's grades will improve.

We're all students of the same TEACHER who likes to use reverse psychology to get us to overcome our defiance of HIM. If you don't think you could learn a thing by auditing our classes in San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland, you don't yet appreciate the need for a broad [z] education.

My parents are survivors of the worst example of European insanity ever witnessed in all of history. And White, European Christians have quite a long list of examples of racist behaviors worldwide to draw on. Just ask, Aborigines, Africans, Asians, New World natives and gays about European Christian prejudice.

Racism, antisemitism, anti-Zionism, homophobia and misogyny are the consequences of self-hate. Self-hate is the consequence of fear of the serpent [y] in every tree of knowledge and fear of the worm [x] in every tree of life.

Men everywhere suffer from penis problems, but European Christian, penis problems have historically been the worst. The patriarchal domination of white men has brought us to the levels of self-hate we saw in the last century. Muslim genital problems in this century are now surpassing theirs.

If there's anything my parents learned from their experience of the Holocaust, it was that they couldn't tell good Germans from bad by their skin tone, eye and hair color.

But, when my parents came to America, they didn't heed that lesson. My dad thought Americans were good if their skin color was light, and my mom thought they were good if

their body was lean. My dad had typical White penis problems and he wasn't even White! And my mom had a typical clitoris conflict. The only "f" word in my mom's vocabulary was "fat."

Goodness is something you have to werk on every day of your life, inside and out. Black people aren't bad because of the color of their skin, and fat people aren't bad because of the weight of their vehicle.

By extension, gay people aren't bad because of our attraction to members of the same gender. When all is said and done, good [love] and evil [wisdom] is what separates the men from the boys and the women from the girls. It's how you behave that counts!

You can see why Maria and I have so much to laugh at. An ex-mental patient and an old lady who suffers from dementia could tell you a lot more about yourself than you'd learn from a professor of poly-sci at San Francisco State University. We're experts on life. We know that politicians aren't scientists. They only think about the next election. We know that statesmen and stateswomen are artists. They think about the next generation.

It takes an ex-nun and a self-proclaimed rabbi to demonstrate before the TEACHER that some of HIS students have learned to live together in peace. We model good [loving] behavior. And we ridicule bad behavior. Isn't that the very definition of living life like an artist?

A demented, old ex-nun and an ex-mental patient, gay Jew are the kind of combination the TEACHER loves to put together as study-partners. We kibbitz every morning on the phone like lovebirds on a perch, laughing at our conclusion that life is really easy, but people make it so much harder than it needs to be.

She teases me by saying that when she gets to HEAVEN, she's going to put in a good word for me. But I tell her that I'm a relative of the BOSS. We both know it doesn't matter what name you use for our EMPLOYER. What matters is

that you work for wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] to life.

Who doesn't conclude that Jesus could have been a progressive gay Jew? He surely didn't get His appellation as rabbi from the priests who were running the Temple at the time! Only today's hyper-religious would be appalled at that thought.

Only now are we beginning to discover how the hyper-religious are conniving with and against one another around the world at our expense, and they're using the billionaires to do so. You don't have to be an atheist to oppose them. You don't have to be straight. You don't have to be from any political party.

Don't people ever think about the fact that nobody is going to live forever? Don't they realize that we're all going to meet the same MAKER? We're all going to graduate this school some day! Doesn't anyone add up their own grades to get a sense of their g.p.a.? It should be no surprise that many are failing themself.

Gay pride is a mixture of Jewish wisdom, Christian love and Muslim loyalty mixed with Far Eastern spiritual features that we've been melding together here in San Francisco for more than 150 years. Recreate our recipe. Stir it all together, bake and you've got a pudding of pride that you'll know by the way it tastes. That's what keeps the air in foggy San Francisco fresh and clean most of the year.

Maria and I would never have met if I hadn't gone to church with Will for ten years. His church is 70% gay. They're Catholics [not that that matters to me]. But I know in some Christian circles being Catholic is a bad omen, not a lucky charm for a lot of Christ's followers.

In Will's congregation, I'm more like a mascot than the "heathens" the Christians accused the Jews of being in the past. In his congregation, we're all relatives of the same BOSS. I'm a blood relative [Jew]. And they're HIS adopted relatives [Christians] in Christ. But in our San Francisco

family that doesn't matter.

Hitler was a Catholic. But the Catholics at this church would make Hitler's skin crawl. And if you tell the hyper-religious about churches such as this one, you'll see them start scratching themselves. That's how I decide if I'm in the company of neo-Nazis. That's how I know that the ideas Hitler promulgated reached our shores and have thrived here despite our forefathers' devotion to liberty. Hitler may be dead, but his self-hatred lives on.

Hitler was a Catholic, a Jew killer and a gay killer. Do Catholics really think that Jesus would forgive him with a HOME in HEAVEN? And, if so, why wouldn't He forgive me? I only tried to kill me.

The nice thing about having gone to church to pray as a gay Jew is that I was always a guest at their table. I felt welcome.

At synagogue, they were always asking me to perform one ritual or another at services. But I'm not fond of rites and rituals. I really prefer to pray quietly in public and alone at home.

When I prayed in mosques, I tried to fit in, but it wasn't easy without guidance. I was surprised that there wasn't anyone assigned to help non-Muslims pray with them. How are we going to make peace in the world if we don't make an effort to pray together?

I'm sure DOG must have noticed me in synagogues, churches and mosques. You don't get a lot of gay Jews standing up, sitting down and then getting down on all four before HIM.

I guess I get my flexibility from years of ballet... I may not be able to do the splits anymore, but I don't find it difficult to figuratively spread my legs in every way possible... I think that says something about what's between my legs. When I'm in the company of good people, I feel at ease.

I studied ballet at ABT [American Ballet Theater School]

in 1976 in New York. I was once in class with Margot Fontein and twice with Michal Berishnikov. I auditioned for every major ballet company, but none of them were interested in my spiritual flexibility, only my physical strength. I think that's why I ended up feeling so rejected and dejected when I couldn't make a living in the way I felt I'd been given a mission.

Maybe I was so angry at myself that I drove myself mad and had to be involuntarily committed to Belleview Mental Hospital in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. There, I did grand-jetés down the empty corridors at night for a grateful audience of housemates. Little did I know then how gifted I truly was going to become even though ballet was never going to be my great accomplishment in life.

I'm most grateful to the art of ballet for teaching me to stand fearlessly nude, naked and exposed when alone in front of a mirror.

Ego mio

I'm very lucky [blessed] because I found my ego. It was up my ass all the time. Dick was massaging it. Good thing I had my dick up there for so long that he got used to how dark it is in that tunnel within me. That's how I was able to find my ego. My ego corresponds to my prostate gland!

Not only did I have my head up my ass most of my life, but I even seemed to enjoy fucking myself over with outrageous opinions that make no moral sense anymore. Three suicide attempts are a good clue that you weren't your own best friend. You were your own worst enemy.

But at least now I know how close I was to my ego all along. Now I know that I had to discover the hard way that I need my ego as much as I need my prostate gland.

I can finally boast that I have an ego that protects me from myself. I don't need it to protect me from others. I've got my head, heart and soul for that.

Now that I'm so old that I can't pee straight, I have to sit down to urinate unless I plan to clean the toilet, the floor and my pants after I go to the bathroom. Now that I'm so old that I have to pee like a woman, I have to say that sitting on the toilet is actually quite comfortable and relaxing.

That says nothing about my masculinity [y]. My masculinity is developed enough to know that much. Now I'm in the process of developing my femininity [z]. I can't claim to have a conscience that guides me if I don't have well-balanced [y] and [z] sides to myself.

My ego may have taken a toll on my body, but at least it hasn't taken too terrible a toll on other people. I've been a very nice person all my life. People may have concluded I was blind, deaf and dumb [mute] because I was such a pushover. But they didn't see me as mean. Most people dumped me because they found me annoying. Not being mean is one of my greatest accomplishments. Being annoying is one of my worst failings.

But I do have a tendency to be blunt in my effort to be honest, sincere and authentic. I thought that in order to be genuine with others., I had to tell them everything I thought, felt and believed.

Now that I compare and contrast myself to who I was yesterday, I don't have time to express all of my personality all the time to everyone. Because I now have the patience to reshape myself day-by-day with S/DOG help, zipping my lip has become a great skill I'm proud to have in my arsenal of people skills. Nobody needs to know everything I think. That's what our TEACHER gave me a Tutor for. I take my unresolved issues to Him.

Since I can now boast having prayed standing like a Jew, kneeling like a Christian and prostrate like a Muslem, and now pee sitting like a lady, I have hard evidence that DOG has humbled me, whether I once wanted to be humbled, or not.

Sometimes I've felt protected in S'DOG palms. Sometimes I've felt HIS hand in my back. And occasionally, I've felt one of HIS fingers up my ass. I've had to conclude that my CREATOR has the right to touch me anyway HE likes.

Getting old may not be for sissies, but it's perfect for those who've learned to replace embarrassment with modesty; shame with humility; and humiliation with grace. I don't like the idea of growing old as I was. But I do love growing old when I see myself improving.

I may not be getting prettier on the outside, but I feel that, spiritually, I live in Shangri-La, not San Francisco. I'm staying young inside. I feel like a fruit that's finally ripened.

I'm like a pussy cat that's finally grown up to become a tiger. I prefer to avoid fights, but I now have figurative fangs and claws if I need to use them. And, ironically, I have Dick to thank for that, too.

If you're still a young man who's peeing standing up, may I suggest you look down at your penis there in your

hand while you're peeing, and blow it a kiss. It may not be talking to you the way it does now, forever. Someday, you may be sitting down like me and pushing your penis down between your legs in an effort to make sure your stream goes south and not out between the toilet seat and the bowl.

If there's one thing I can say unequivocally about my ego after having had my dick up my ass for so much of my life, it's that the only way to get any light to shine on my mind was to get my head into a new space. Thank DOG that from where my head is at now, I'm able to watch others without the sense of superiority I once had. I feel advantaged, privileged and honored to be in their company.

My previous swings between superiority and inferiority had been based on fear of being seen as too feminine [z]. or too masculine [y]. I didn't know how to be a man who can talk about his feelings of disappointment, rejection and unjustly treated without getting vindictive.

If you need a different light, I suggest you visit Israel. I suggest you look at reality as it's been forged by Jewish hands. You may just find that you admire some of the achievements of those Jews who did it among other Jews while always at war because their Muslims neighbors wouldn't stop hating them.

As only 0.2% of the world's population, we, Jews, were first trained by the TEACHER to interface with our classmates in ways that would avoid making enemies. When we got our nation back after 2,000 years of wandering in the Diaspora, we had to learn how to adapt our people skills with goyim [gentiles] to Jews.

For a Jew to respect another Jew requires moving through antisemitism in a way that no non-Jew can appreciate. But I'm sure Black people have a similar challenge in getting through racism. But I know that gay people have our own problems in getting through homophobia.

Nobody told me any of this before I moved to Israel. And

from the way I was treated by the dancers in the ballet troupe that employed me; from distant family in Israel who confronted me about expressing gay tendencies; and from people on the street who frowned at me for simply being modern – I concluded that Israelis needed to learn how to honor Jews with the respect we'd learned from honoring non-Jews.

My mom told me many times to get my head out of my ass, but I didn't listen to her, probably because she never said why. Ponder what your mother tells you. Honor her by doing that much. Try not to be cynical of people who are sarcastic. Your [s]mother may not be perfect, but she's a personal gift to you from the FATHER of us all. Figure out why.

Confession

Dear Mike,

I keep telling you that life is a school.

After office hours with the TEACHER last night, I now see the death of your grandfather as an amazing experience in both our lives. He was a veteran of the Second World War who not only freed the gay and Jewish slaves in Nazi Germany. He married a German and brought her back to America to raise her up from the depth of the depravity she'd been born into. After your German grandmother died, your mom cared for her father with all the devotion and love she'd learned about Jesus from her husband, your father, a Baptist preacher, and through the deeds of her father, a great Christian, American hero.

However, you've decided not to go to your grandfather's funeral because he was a raging homophobe. Your parents are also raging homophobes. All your relatives are raging homophobes. And so not wanting to ever be with any of them ever again is perfectly understandable. They're all so proud of themselves for being the descendants of an American David who saved the Jewish people from a 20th Century Goliath. But I see them as hating themselves for hating him for having saved the gays as well. This has been your family's cross to bear. This is why the story of David and Jonathan is one they'll probably never be able to take to heart.

Leviticus 20 tells us to kill all gay Jews. This chapter of Torah also tells us to kill all those who don't believe in ELOHIM; to kill disobedient children; adulterers; and those who participate in incest with the women in their family.

What Leviticus 20 omits to forbid is sex between fathers and sons. So clearly, this commandment either comes from Moses, a patriarchal homophobe, or it comes from ELOHIM, and it's reverse psychology.

There is no messenger from DOG who's infallible. We must question everything in life, but especially our seven world scriptures.

You come from trailer trash. Your father figuratively sodomized you every day of your life growing up. And he used what was omitted from Leviticus 20 as his reasoning. It was like he squirted the live-giving force from his dick up your ass. Your [s]mother figuratively did the same with her fingers to excite you to love Jesus. So did your uncles and aunts figuratively by teasing your nipples and playing with your penis in their own way of disrespecting your boundaries. So did your sister. They all had incestuous relationships with you, albeit figuratively.

I've never done anything like that to you because I know how that feels when it comes from family. I come from Holocaust, trailer trash. These were the monsters DOG left to repopulate the Jewish world. These were the 20th Century descendants of the Israelite slaves whose mission was to revive Israel. My family did to me what your family did to you. They disrespected me. Even my gay nephew figuratively fucked me over in his deluded attempt to please his father, my half-brother, who was also a Holocaust survivor. I feel gang raped by every member of my family, including my American, lesbian cousin by marriage who neglected, rejected, abandoned, betrayed and then ghosted me. She ignored me out of her own self-ignorance. She, too, suffers from Post Traumatic Slave Disorder.

Last night I tried to talk to you face to face. I tried to reason with you. I tried to make you understand that revenge never works. All I asked you to do was text your family to show them your compassion at their time of loss and grief. The death of a loved one is one of the ways DOG forces us to face our spiritual losses. Loss is one of the sticks HE uses when carrots won't work.

I couldn't get through to you. But in my defense, I didn't fuck you up the ass figuratively as was done to us both so

many times in our past. Instead, I figuratively stabbed you in the heart with my penis. I figuratively filled your heart with the life-giving force in me until you felt the guilt I couldn't make you make yourself feel. Only then did you text your family that wonderfully kind message of condolence. Only then did you prove to yourself that you don't have to forgive anyone to show them compassion.

You're my best friend. I have a boyfriend. I only have sex with him. You and I have never had sex. But last night we had the closest thing to sex when I figuratively fucked you in your heart from behind. I know it hurt when I told you, you aren't compassionate enough. That was the first time anyone you love has ever said anything like that to you. I'm sorry, but I'd do it again if I had to. I love you, but. I see a much greater need here to honor you.

The [z] factor

Your [z] factor emanates out of your mom's soul. It's the matriarchal force you got from her that's so different from the patriarch force [x or y] you got from your dad.

Your [z] factor also corresponds to your intuition, a guiding hand that leads you without words. It's the voice inside you that infers that all your [external] problems correspond to [internal] syndromes. The feminine side of is in a relationship to everything you hold dear within. If you don't honor that, you'll make mistakes in the way you honor all others.

To access your feminine intuition [z], you need only access the voice of all the women who came before you, starting with your mother, then your maternal grandmother, great maternal grandmother, etc.

We, Jews, acknowledge our link to Judaism through our mother's side. But that doesn't mean that every Jew in the world is matriarchal [z] rather than patriarchal [x or y]. It doesn't mean that every Jew is intuitive. It doesn't mean that any Jew is better than any other Jew or non-Jew.

Life is a school. If you think that your tribe doesn't have to learn from other tribes, you're using tribalism to avoid your spiritual education. We've all been enrolled here to learn. Teaching is a privilege because it's a way of learning about yourself.

Parents should make children in order to get the opportunity to discover what they know and don't know about themselves. If they find that they don't know enough because their children test them in ways they didn't expect, parents need to use the teaching technique we use in the gay community. We learn and teach using mirrors.

You don't have to make a child to teach a child. You can teach yourself like a parent with a child. You can learn from yourself if you've birthed an inner child into your inner world.

It's not possible to build nations by White men carrying their message to Black, Brown and Yellow men. The message only gets through when [z] men carry their message to other [z] men. The bridge between nations, religions, cultures, sexuality and gender must come from the [z] side of ourself.

The [z] message is the message. The messenger [x or y] must always be aware of the message [z]. What unites us is [z], not [x or y]. When you can step forth with your feminine foot first, your message will be heard.

I'm able to access my self-knowledge and share it with you, so that you can use it to access more of your self-knowledge to share it with others. The best way for me to do that is with $[words]_2$.

Once you can speak about yourself using the terminology I've provided, you may be in a better position to express yourself to yourself and all others, as well.

Think of me as an English teacher who's adding new $[vocabulary]_2$ to your already sophisticated understanding of the mother tongue you use to communicate. With knowledge of the deeper meaning in old, tired $[words]_1$ and your ability to integrate that knowledge into the spiritual vocabulary you've already amassed through experience, you'll be able to express yourself more fluidly, not only with others, but, more importantly, within yourself to yourself before DOG.

The people of San Francisco live our lives with admiration for our ancient indigenist ancestors. We don't give too much conscious consideration to the concept of one DOG, but we consider ourselves to be like ancient indigenists in the best sense of the word. We're emotionally and spiritually tied to this land.

At one time there were indigenists everywhere on the planet. They believed in local sdogs that they fashioned with their own hands. They were captivated by the inventiveness of their own ability to overcome the challenges of nature.

The tech industry in the Bay Area is our great, local accomplishment today. Each tech company is like a dog that people come here to figuratively "pray" to. Start-up companies are like temples of technical creativity.

People can't resist fighting over land because the fruits of the earth are paramount for survival. Our ancient indigenist ancestors fought for millennia over real estate. When one tribe won over another, the loser respectfully took on the beliefs of the winner. People gave up their dog if they lost a war. They concluded that the dog of the winner was stronger than theirs.

That archaic religious system is obsolete. The world now has seven major faiths, and none of them is willing to give up their system of belief. In today's modern world, educated people respect sdog other than their own.

When I say that San Franciscans are like indigenists, I'm comparing us to the indigenists who lived after the ancient Jews, Christians and Muslims had all concurred that there could be only one DOG. For the past 1,400 years, those indigenists have done something utterly amazing and special that they haven't been given credit for. They've tolerated the concept of one DOG by not waging wars against us.

There are a few exceptions in North America, however, where the Indians scalped Christians. There are a few

exceptions in Africa where the Blacks boiled Christians in pots. And there have been a few exceptions in the Far East where the Asians ate Christians. But apart from these few minor exceptions, indigenists have shut up about the local sdog they'd put their faith in previously.

I believe today's indigenists have been shaped like clay by the CREATOR of us all to recognize the uniqueness of faces. They see that each face is one of a kind, and they know that the same is true about the faces of nature. Therefore, they worship nature in conjunction with their Abrahamic neighbors because the indigenists of today project their individuality and collectivism onto Mother Nature.

People here in San Francisco believe in nature as a source of nurture. We believe in the many facets of every face we see. Many people express that with piercings and tattoos to show their solidarity with our indigenist ancestors.

The system of submitting to more powerful sdog through war reduced the number of sdog worldwide more than 3,800 years ago. But then our CREATOR revealed HIMSELF to the Hindus. By contemplating navels [z] rather than faces, the Hindus came to the realization that there were many sdog. That individuality and plurality led them in the direction of one DOG [BRAHMA]. But their belief insisted that you could only achieve BRAHAM-consciousness by dying and being reborn multiple times. The Hindus concluded that the spiritual operating system was like a ladder, and each lifetime is like a rung.

The Hindu belief system mirrors the geography of India in which every hill looks north in the direction of higher hills until you reach the Himalayan Mountains. And then, only one mountain looks down on all the others. Mt. Everest corresponds to BRAHMA.

For Hindus, the process of moving north spiritually is like climbing a ladder. I see the fad of climbing Mt. Everest as an urge in White people to figuratively conquer Hinduism and their belief in reincarnation. I don't think it has less to

do with proving physical prowess. I think it's a misplaced spiritual competition that mostly sherpas win.

I'm not saying that the Hindus are right or wrong. I'm just saying that they're not the only ones who are both right and wrong. If everybody has been given a portion of the whole truth, then we're going to have to add to that external evidence with self-knowledge rather than subtract from one another's faith with dogma.

Since the Jews have reclaimed the land ELOHIM gave us [even though most Muslims still disapprove of our interpretation of history, even though they use Torah to affirm their own interpretation of history], the people of San Francisco are watching the fight cynically to see how everyone might possibly win.

What the Jews and Muslims seem to forget is that humanity has already concluded that there can be only one DOG. So, the fight over real estate has less to do with faith in DOG. It has more to do with disrespect of the DOG who made the Jews owners of that land over 3,400 years ago.

Christians tried eradicating the Jews in the last century. Most Christians have agreed that the Jews have a place in S'DOG REALM even though the Jews don't believe that Jesus is doG.

The meaning of "Israel" is struggle with EL. My "struggle" isn't only with EL. My struggle is also within me before Adonai. I'm not struggling over whether Jesus is a doG, or not. I'm struggling with the ways in which I'm still behaving like a dog with arrogant superiority rather than with a sense of an advantage in being me rather than anybody else on Earth.

I'm fighting with my identity. I'm also fighting my feelings of having been rejected by so many people. I'm fighting the feeling of being ghosted, stabbed in the back with a knife I can't see, hear, touch, smell or taste.

I've had to deal with rejection all my life. I felt my parents rejected me when they divorced. I felt the New York

dance world rejected me. And I felt that I rejected me again and again when I attempted suicide.

But since I befriended the murderer within me, paradoxically, I've become a little less sensitive to rejection by others. A cynical conclusion would be that there isn't much more people can do to me that's worse than what I've done to myself.

But the full truth is that life isn't about forks in roads. Life is about roundabouts. I'm no longer stuck choosing one of two answers, life or death, on or off. My spiritual operating system isn't based on zeros and ones. It's based on a seven-layered system of choices. I wonder if Silicon Valley can apply this truth about natural intelligence to artificial intelligence.

I now wonder if the roads my parents took when they reached forks in their roads were the result of virtues or vices. I now vow to DOG to augment my parents' virtues, not repeat their vices. I can see how my thinking still mirrors theirs, and I don't want to be this way.

Today, when I feel rejected, I can see that it usually has to do with my identity as [1] a Jew, [2] a gay man, [3] a disabled person or [4] an American. Terrorists exist who want to see me dead for any one of these four reasons.

I'm particularly thankful to my membership in the disabled community. I can see that the right [Jews] and the left [gays] are more bat-shit crazy than I am. I imagine everyone is going through a struggle with the forces within them, so I don't let anyone victimize me. I deal with every individual individually.

Ultimately, we're all being graded by the same TEACHER, not just judged by one another. So, I distance myself from everybody in some ways in order to approach the TEACHER with complete trust that what I have to face in both my worlds comes from HIM. I may make a distinction between the doG within me and the DOG of us all. But even these two are ONE and the same.

No matter how close I may feel toward another human being, I have to leave this world the same lonely way I entered it. It's only faith that makes that easier for me to bear.

The Jewish community once had the path of Christianity blocked off with a "Road Closed" sign. I went around that sign to explore Christianity, and I'm glad I did.

There were 3,000,000 Jews in Poland before the Holocaust. 45,000 survived the Christian attempt at genocide. If the Muslims get their way, 100% of the Jews in the Middle East will be murdered. And there's no guarantee that they're going to stop there.

There's a "Road Closed" sign in front of the path to Islam for Jews and Christians. I've gone down around that road block, too. But I'd call that road more like an unpaved alley. It's not easy to navigate Islam as it is today. But the same was true of Christianity in the past. So, I'm not deterred.

Jesus described this distancing from others as turning the other cheek. [Matthew 5] I couldn't do it because my self-worth was so low that I felt I had to defend myself even against calloused friends who hurt me inadvertently. I was co-dependent on my enemies, not just my friends.

Now that I've increased my emotional regard for myself by myself with myself, I can decrease my emotional regard for those who flagrantly discount me. I don't want to be vindictive. I can see that the harsh criticisms I received in the past from my parents, siblings, teachers and friends were lessons from the TEACHER that I passed that have since raised my g.p.a.

Hitler's struggle [described in his autobiography: Mein Kampf, which means "my struggle"] was with DOG, not just the gays, Jews, the disabled and political opponents. Once he realized he wasn't going to be revered as an artist, he erroneously came to believe that DOG would help him if he used genocide to achieve his ends. He believed he'd be rewarded afterlife for annihilating his enemies. He died a

pathetic martyr to the Christian cause as it was understood by mob rule at that time.

Hitler didn't die for love any more than Muslim terrorists are dying for loyalty to ALLAH. Hitler knew nothing about love, or the Self-love Jesus personified. Muslim terrorists are martyrs killing gays and Jews to promote loyalty to ALLAH while the business community is focused on oil revenues and selling arms.

More than 7 million Germans and 40 million Europeans died in World War Two. Hitler couldn't contain his killing to gays and Jews. It overflowed to killing straight Christians. Muslims can't contain their killing of gays and Jews. They're killing straight Muslims.

When the wars against Israel end, the Muslims will find themselves with the same egg of their face that the Christians had on theirs in the 20th Century. But this time, we, Jews, aren't going to lose another six million. And if the LGBTQIA+ community decides to butter their bread, they're going to join the side of the Jews and Christians, not the Muslims, even though I know how enticing Muslim penises are.

Jesus was the embodiment of Self-love. You don't have to believe in Jesus to believe in self-love. You only have to shine like the Son to spread the warmth of your love. This is what will change Jewish, Christian and Muslim hearts and souls.

Homophobia [x or y], racism [x or y] and misogyny [x or y] are patriarchal behaviors that I take personally. They're hateful and vindictive strategies to express scriptural superiority. And, ironically, the hyper-religious in the three Abrahamic faiths suffer from all three.

When you meet racists, they swear they're not homophobes or misogynists because they "only" hate progressive Jews. When you meet homophobes, they swear they're not racists or misogynists because they "only" hate gays and transgendered people. And when you meet

misogynists, they swear they're not racists or homophobes because they "only" hate their [s]mother. Apart from her, they're very sexually attracted to women.

And so, this triangle of hate goes round and round. Two out of three is the best score any of them ever get: 67% out of a 100.

I think our grades really do count. I think it's imperative that you pass all your core curriculum classes because you're never going to get into the post-graduate classes of life if you've only achieved a B.S. degree in b.s.

Bowling for the blind
[Written in 1998 at the age of 46]

When I decided to donate time to the Rose Resnick Lighthouse for the Blind and Visually Impaired in San Francisco, little did I know that I'd end up running a weekly bowling team for senior citizens. Coaching a sport was the last thing I ever thought I'd be asked to do.

When I first entered Japan Town Bowl, the deafening roar of cannon balls roaring down the lanes aimed to knock down ten wooden men standing at attention in formation almost made me turn around and leave.

Bowling? I asked myself. I can't do this… What is DOG thinking?

The last time I'd gone bowling, I was 16. I became furious with the friend I went with who I'd known since the seventh grade. He paid attention to his friends and ignored me. So, I stomped out of the place, only to realize when I got home that I was still wearing the bowling shoes I'd rented. I had to go back to get my shoes. My friend was still there bowling when I returned; he didn't even realize I'd been gone! Since then, I'd stupidly associated bowling with the callused behavior of juveniles.

So, now in my mid-forties, I was taken aback that first day at Japan Town Bowl by the big, welcoming smiles of the reception desk clerks, Jeremy and Craig. They treated me like an honored guest because I was there to help a band of senior, blind bowlers make their Monday afternoon a memorable occasion. Desk clerks and DOG werk in wonderful ways…

Tony, the immensely popular, activity director at the Lighthouse, brought most of the bowlers by van from the Lighthouse at Van Ness, near Market. The other visually impaired bowlers came on their own.

I once asked Tony if he was growing a beard, because he had more than just a five o'clock shadow. "No," he said.

“Not shaving is an occupational reward. The blind don’t care if you shave or not. They judge you by your character, not your looks.” During the four years of volunteering with the blind, I found that to be true.

I took over Tony’s job every Monday afternoon; got the van from the parking garage South of Market; left my car in the same space; picked up the bowlers at the Lighthouse; and brought them to Japan Town Bowl, rain or shine. But, of course, I wasn’t done until I reversed the process and then drove home, feeling each week like a knight who’d slayed a dragon.

It was also my job to set up the railings from the Lighthouse that the blind used to help position themselves on the lane. The railings were secured in place with bowling balls. That created a pathway for the left hand to guide the bowlers during their swing. I carried 14 to 16-pound balls from the racks to the lanes for this purpose. But because I have a hand condition that makes it impossible for me to hold anything as heavy as a bowling ball with my fingers, I had to carry the balls in my arms. They felt like they were made of lead. [Where do mothers get the strength to carry babies?]

At first, my bowlers wanted me to join them in their game, but they understood my physical limitation and were considerate of my fingers. They agreed to bowl for me.

I vicariously enjoyed their success at a game I couldn’t perform, telling them which pins were still standing and by giving suggestions from the point of view of a dancer on how they might reposition their body in motion to improve their score.

Harry was totally blind and often reached scores above 120. His highest score was in the 160s. He rarely sank a gutter ball. If he knocked down nine of the ten pins, but left the number six pin standing, he’d respond with “Oh, the number six pin. I can hit that.” His hearing was amazing.

The blind follow the ball by listening to it. Despite the

fact that all 20 lanes were often being used simultaneously, I'd often hear one of them say something like, "That sounded like a strike," or "That sounded like three pins off the right side." Then someone with a bit of sight would check the mechanical display to confirm their hearing.

Anyone can get a strike sooner or later if they just bowl long enough. But to hit a spare takes concentration and physical control, especially when you're aiming at a target you've set in your mind without the aid of visual precision.

Elva was both deaf and blind. She came with a full-time assistant. We communicated with Elva by holding her right index finger and writing block letters with it on the palm of her left hand. I rubbed her back in a clockwise direction as my signature to her. She had some speech ability and would call out my name. Once she got a strike and I jumped over two lanes to rub her back and hug her. I was in seventh heaven!

Don was scoring about 25-30 points a game for quite a while. Don was a folk dancer. He'd go up to the lane and fling the ball at the pins with the enthusiasm and abandon of Zorba breaking plates at a Greek wedding. With a few tips on body posture from me and a whole lot of concentration of his own, he was able to focus his throws and increase his score to an average of over 60 points a game. Once, Don even scored 113 points, his highest game ever. He rightfully asked for a printout of the game as a souvenir. The following game, he bowled a 97, his second highest score.

"Do you want a printout of this game, too?" I asked him. "Na," he said. "Not good enough!"

Once Don got his index finger smashed between two balls in the ball rack, a hazard every bowler is familiar with.

"Ouch! That hurt," he exclaimed.

"I hope your injury doesn't keep you from reading," I retorted in jest…

Our group was made up of seniors, most of whom were on very tight budgets. They saved up for each week's games.

Japan Town Bowl assisted by giving them a sizable discount. Regardless of official holidays or weather, our attendance was always outstanding.

Japan Town Bowl closed for good last week. They're going to turn the building into an apartment complex.

But I got to witness the courage and persistence of blind bowlers for four years. I got to share their success and disappointments. The Lighthouse for the Blind never got wise by charging me for the privilege of refreshing my soul on a weekly basis through their members. I got to volunteer for free.

Spending time with those who are literally blind might motivate you to ask yourself in what ways you might be figuratively blind. I once thought I was immensely powerful just because I had two reasonably good eyes that could see, until I realized how difficult it was for me to see myself. Then I realized that we're all blind or shortsighted in one way or another, and we all need help learning to orient ourselves internally to ourself.

"White privilege" is a euphemism for blindness. It suggests that those who are accustomed to getting what they want may be blind to the feelings of those around them.

Over time, many think that in order to get what they want out of life, they have to emulate White people. Blond hair coloring dyes, hair straightening gels and blue contact lenses are just three products that attempt to achieve that. But there are fads and verbal clues of all kinds that people use to be associated with the White tip of the iceberg at the top of the social pyramid.

Class issues in America are quickly turning into monetary issues. If you can afford it, you're allowed in. In this way, money can now buy you class [for what it's worth]. The outcome of this is that privilege is no longer associated with the color of your skin, but the color of your money. Green surpasses White.

Orientation skills that are taught to the visually impaired

need to be adapted to figuratively orient those with 20/20 vision. There's so much we need to have pointed out to us about the nature of reality that we may be taking for granted. Our eyes don't give us nearly enough information about how we need to behave as we move through the world.

What we think we see is only a fraction of what's there unless we learn to use our inner eye to focus on ourself more intently. But because each of us assumes we see everything just because our eyes are open, agreeing to new ways of interfacing with reality can be challenging.

The labyrinth I saunter
[Written in 1998 at the age of 46]

I wrote the following poem for an evening of art aficionados at a bar on Polk Street. I don't remember the name of the bar anymore.

I got up the nerve to enter the event because it was about art, not alcohol. [I don't drink.] It was an opportunity for young artists and artisans to display their work to the public in a pub environment.

I brought an easel to the event and wrote the following poem on a poster which I displayed on an artist's easel. I sold copies of my poem for $1. I rolled up a handwritten copy of the poem for each customer and tied it with a red ribbon. I think I made $4 bucks that night!

I Am San Francisco
The city's streets are like the labyrinth I saunter
to encounter my soul.
Its neighborhoods reflect my myriad beliefs and outlooks;
its alleys and avenues, my life's path.
Its bridges are the bridges I've spanned;
its parks, my inner places of rest and repose.
Its hilltops unfold breathtaking views
as high as the quandaries I've climbed.
When I come upon Victorian homes,
I see my wrinkles and flaws,
and in them my own seasoned warmth and regard.
I am the cold sea breeze and fog
that envelop these houses with mist.
San Francisco is surrounded on three sides by water,
as am I surrounded by a deep mystery about life.
The city is a finger pointing northward to a fixed Source;
both of us guided by natural direction.
San Francisco is my home,
my body of self-knowledge,

my inner landscape.
Like this vehicle I inhabit,
San Francisco is my means of observing the world.
Here, I can claim dual citizenship
with humanity and myself.

If you don't love where you live, move or make the place amenable for you to live there. What's the point of living in a place that doesn't inspire you? Money is a poor excuse for growing roots in clay or sandy soil. If the ground where you've been planted needs fertilization, enrich it.

You're not going to be here forever. So, some of today's priorities might not be as important to you in the long run. Consider why you're where you are in light of what you wish to accomplish over time. Then make it happen.

I thought I wanted to become a famous dancer. Then I thought I wanted to become a devoted teacher. Then I thought I wanted to be an entrepreneur, so I worked with Larry in running his business.

But what I always wanted to do that I'd never told myself was to become so spiritually rich that I could spend my whole life expanding my wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life. Sadly, there had been a time when I felt that a suicide survivor wasn't the right person to do that.

I don't want to kill myself anymore. But when I do die and come before my CREATOR, I hope to do so with empty arms. And when HE asks me what I have to offer HIM, I want to be able to say, "Nothing but gratitude! I gave everything I had to others. I come before YOU empty handed. But I'm completely content with how I stand here now, nude, naked and transparent. Life was an amazing experience. I gave away all that I had inside. In dying, I gave away all that I had outside. I thank YOU for the wonderful experience of having been me."

Jewish ballet dancer
[Written in 2004 at the age of 52]

In 1971, at the age of 18, while other "nice Jewish boys" were struggling to find a suitable college major, I moved to Tel Aviv to pursue my dream of becoming a ballet dancer.

Although I only had a year's formal dance training, I was nevertheless hired, first into the Inbal Yemenite [folk] Dance Troupe. Shortly thereafter, I moved to the Bat-Dor [ballet and modern] Dance Company. Sadly, my dance career didn't last long. It was a gift given at too young an age, a present that I've nevertheless learned to appreciate more over time.

Since the tender age of 18, I've learned that my body is my portable Israel. My body has been my struggle to learn grace and alignment with ELOHIM. My body isn't just the vehicle of my soul; it's my source of grounding. It's into this unique and special container that ELOHIM chose to pour my gay, Jewish soul, and it's through this Israel of flesh and bone that I'm learning what it means to be a member of the body of humanity.

I now take three ballet classes a week, each of them a prayer to ELOHIM and Adonai in my intimately private Hebrew, the body language I learned in Tel Aviv, Israel – my beloved ballet, my joyous dance with EL.

The point of sharing this story with you is to remind you that your mind/body connection is important to your spiritual temperament. The more mindful you become and the lither you become spiritually, the more you'll be able to associate words with deeper, more personal, meanings. I think that may help you improve physically because talk to myself increases my self-intimacy.

Just spouting words to others may even dilute their meaning over time. I think that mental health isn't only achieved through physicality. My mind and body are at opposite ends of the same spectrum. My heart lies at the

center of this polarity with my head at one end and my body at the other. From my heart, life seems timeless and eternal. From my soul, I experience an out-of-body experience in which my belief in DOG grows more intimate.

The [words]$_1$ we use in everyday speech are merely tips of icebergs. The true meaning of [words]$_2$ lies below the waterline in the cold, dark depths of the unconscious. The more we can plummet the depths of the [words]$_{1/2}$ we utter, the more we can come to understand why communication with ourself is so important.

The fires in the West are raining down ash, not manna from heaven. This is a message no less poignant about the outcome of the world if we don't learn to change the way we think. We're turning forests into deserts where we're going to wander around like Israelites in search of a land we can't reach in our lifetime.

All the names for DOG are valid. All of them attempt to touch the ELEPHANT as the blind men did. But the nameless DOG of the Jews is a clue to the depth of all the words we use.

Nevertheless, DOG isn't name-less. DOG is name-full. To the extent that we can plummet the depth of our own words, we grow nearer to HIS.

You don't have to convert to Judaism to learn to know and love yourself. DOG communicated with the most awakened of men in their day to create the world's scriptures. But the potential for being a great man [y] or woman [x] lies in our ability to befriend the stranger [z] within us. Intimacy begins within. Discipline of the mind/body connection is a clue to this truth.

Protecting my holy land from terrorists
[Written in 2006 at the age of 54]

The screen at the Castro Movie Theater is my Wailing Wall. How many times have I sat before it and cried? That theater is my temple; it's the center of my spiritual life, where I meet my friends and pray in my own special way for understanding and acceptance in a world so hateful of gays.

San Francisco is my Jerusalem, my "city of peace," as is the Hebrew meaning of the word. And the Bay Area is just a tiny strip of land figuratively surrounded by desert, yet here I feel safe; I have a homeland here, a refuge from a world where many want to destroy me, and my way of life.

"Israel" means "to struggle with EL." Here is my Israel! Here is my struggle. I won't leave it or give it up to homophobic terrorists within or outside my community.

When I was growing up in L.A. in the 1960's, I hated America, politics, hippies, loud music – everything! I was intimidated by denim! "Cool" described a weather condition we rarely experienced in L.A., and certainly not a state of my mind. I thought it was unnatural to explore sex with men in the same city my [s]mother lived in. I felt guilty for breathing!

So, I ran away from America as soon as I graduated from high school. I was going to show the world how to take steps toward peace through movement: I became a dancer. My language wasn't in words. I was queer, as in "odd," and thought I could escape my oddity if I packaged it elsewhere in a different wrapper. So, I moved to Israel to dance and to learn about gay love there.

I had to learn another language [Hebrew] to engage with the exotic Israeli people in their mysterious and distinctive culture. I came out of the closet in Tel Aviv and had my first sex in a gay setting at Independence Park where I met young gay soldiers at picnic tables late at night. Someone would bring a thermos of coffee and we'd all drink from it. Then

we'd go off in the bushes to find comfort in each other's arms. There were no gay bars in Israel then.

On many occasions the police raided the park, to catch us and write "homo" in our identity booklet, which would devastate our reputation in that tiny community. While running from the police I thought of my parents, both Holocaust survivors, and asked myself how it was possible that I was running from Jewish cops. Had the world gone mad?

I'd run away from America because I wanted to stop running, but I ran into the arms of cigarettes, drugs and alcohol, and the embraces of immature, young men like me. I hated other people's hatred of gays, but I was too young to see how much their hatred of gays reflected a portion of my hatred of myself.

Many of the Jews who escaped the Inquisition ran to Holland. This is when the Golden Age of Holland as a world power emerged. The descendants of those Amsterdamers retold my Jewish story to me. They acknowledged and appreciated their ancestors for having embraced the Jews who'd been expelled from Spain at the end of the 15th Century. The Dutch embraced us when we needed a friend in Europe. And then the Dutch embraced me when I was running away from America and Israel.

But, when I came to San Francisco in 1990 to be with the man of my dreams, the intolerance I experienced here of gays towards gays shocked and chagrined me.

I found my man, but that relationship ended two years ago after 13 years. Then, I experienced a disappointment with gay life that went far deeper than anything that had previously saddened me about the Castro and the world. Yet where else could I go with my pain if not to my people? I needed the broad, gay shoulders of San Francisco to cry on; this one, special place where I'd finally learned to feel free. Slowly, I was becoming more queer and less odd.

Today my closet is filled with denim. I may be more

outspoken than most, and even hot under the collar. But I consider myself cool.

Today, Israeli gays [and that includes Israel's Muslim gay citizens] enjoy more gay rights than anywhere else in the Middle East. Palestinian gays on the West Bank have an organization in Israel to run to, to escape discrimination from their families and the homophobia in their own society. It pains me that most Muslims worldwide [and probably some here in America] would rather see all gays and Jews dead. I cry for Israelis and for gay people everywhere because we're forced to fight to be free.

Antisemitism, anti-Zionism, racism, homophobia and misogyny are the world's wounds, but the world will have to heal, or suffer the consequences – for justice will prevail.

Today, I see young people in America meandering out of the closet compared to the way I shot out of my shell like a seed trying to germinate overnight. I see queers walking nonchalantly through the Castro as if freedom were free, not realizing what's been attained here or the high price paid for it with drug addiction and infection from AIDS. Those who choose death over life are trying to recover from disappointment without the benefits of wisdom.

There are terrorists today in my Holy Land, the Castro, blowing themselves up with dangerous drugs, and they don't give a damn how it affects the rest of us. I tried fighting them with smiles and encouragement, as I did the terrorist in my own heart. But I'd had to retaliate against my muddle of autonomy with freedom using reason and self-discipline – and so will they. I only hope our community will come to realize that we need to take a stronger stand against the suicidal tendencies we see around us.

The terrorists are everywhere. But every moment of every day, there are opportunities to act with courage and conviction by refusing to give up our hard-earned freedom to them. The terrorists are the narrow-minded and homicidal straights; the deluded and suicidal gays – and, yes, even the

voice within us that threatens the healthy individualism we've worked [werked] so hard here to attain. I'll be damned if I watch us retreat even one step back into the closet for any of them!

Like Israel, we have the right to protect ourselves from anyone who would deny us our right to exist and flourish. And we need to be especially vigilant to stop those who'd hurt us as they destroy themselves.

Now [2021] that the pandemic has changed life for us all; now that the vaccine and the Delta variant have made it obvious that Republicans are suicidal fools who don't have to die from COVID – now, we have to look back on what we've been through and ask ourselves why more than 675,000 Americans had to die this past year and a half.

The liberal views of gays, the conservative views of Asians and the myriad other views from the melting pot of voices make the Bay Area the special blend of political scope and depth that's needed to govern here wisely.

Christians believe that DOG, the FATHER [1] and Jesus, HIS Son [1] are aided by the Holy Spirit [1]. They believe that 1 + 1 + 1 = 1. But I believe that each of us is a holy spirit that contributes to the unfolding of HIS designs. HIS is a feast served at every table. Our hands are HIS tools with which we serve in all HIS names. Our work is an expression of our worship, as well.

I don't disagree that 1 + 1 + 1 = 1 in a spiritual setting. But keep Christian math out of the science classroom. Evolution is real. Look at all the knuckle-dragging monkeys making decisions about our health if you don't believe me. They're using money to decide who lives and who dies.

Granted, attitudes about Israel in San Francisco could use some updating because of unenlightened heads that want to sit higher over everyone else's heart and soul on their stiff neck. But once locals realize that Israel is fighting the same cancer we are with their orthodox Jews as we're fighting

with our rightwing Christians, even Muslims here will realize how good it is to live among gays, Asians and liberal Jews and Christians. They'll realize that ALLAH'S intentions for Islam are as far reaching as HIS intentions for Judaism and Christianity. DOG couldn't be happy with hyper-religiosity anywhere in this world. Nor should we be.

Sermon on a promised land
[Written in 2008 at the age of 56]

My father was a survivor of Dachau Concentration Camp, so I am the son of a slave. His liberation from Nazi persecution, and the freedom he cherished so deeply every day of his life, thereafter, were American-made gifts he embraced with all his heart for the rest of his life.

But I was born in this country. My father's freedom from physical bondage meant less to me, and his liberation from the spiritual bondage of modern Egypt [Germany], nothing at all - until I came to see that I, too, was a slave who yearned to be free.

The Israelites of the Old Testament equated ancient Egypt with more than physical bondage. The word "Egypt" in Hebrew is "mitzrayim." And the word, "mitzarim" comes from the same root, and means, "narrow places" or "limitations." Judaism was conceived in Israel. But Egypt was our surrogate mother. Our Exodus from Egypt is a metaphor for every journey out of bondage. And everyone who travels our path to freedom becomes one of the adopted children of Israel.

My gay journey out of the closet has been an exodus that has less to do with sex and more to do with the freedom to love and be loved as I am. But even in me, there was a pharaoh's voice enslaving me with guilt for how I'd been made that I wished to defy.

My Egypt was within me. It had been self-hatred that had kept me from advancing on my journey of the heart. The cruel master's voice I could hear in my mind could only be silenced with the deepest, inner resolve to love myself and have faith in S'DOG eternal goodness.

In my youth, I got involved with alcohol and drugs and then attempted suicide, all in an attempt to run away from the lessons of self-love I was destined for. I tried to escape being just as DOG created me. I wanted to be anyone but me.

But my sin was in being afraid to be authentically real with myself.

Coming out of my closet included sex. But there are closets in hallways, kitchens and bathrooms. There are reasons to come out that have nothing to do with sex. Coming out of every closet in your inner domicile requires a courage that must be created out of nothingness. Call your personal expression of courage: hope for everyone's paths, not just hope in your own. Being straight isn't a cure for anything. It's an illness if you think so.

To atone for wishing to be other than I was, DOG inspired me to dispatch a prophet unto myself to teach me to love myself. I became my own Moses and led myself out of the bondage of my mind on the journey to my heart. Life sent me on a journey to adulthood that took 40 years, wandering through a desert of other people's disapproval of me until I was ready to enter my inner promised land, spiritually cleansed and free from self-hate.

But in the desert of everyday living, I saw many die from alcoholism, drug abuse and AIDS. And there were others who just gave up the fight to settle for indiscriminate pleasures of the flesh rather than hold on to their faith in the lasting power of wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life.

Mental institutions didn't break my spirit, although they did little to enhance it. There was no sorrow that could extinguish my hope of putting my faith in my ability to love me.

I became a Moses. I led myself on an exodus out of my own Egypt to an Israel within, and I'm never going to give up my dream of getting to my personal land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom].

I had to struggle with the interpretation of my scripture that declared my way of loving as sinful, just as others have had to struggle with literal interpretations of it, such as the right to own slaves. [Leviticus 25:44-46]

In Leviticus, the third book of Torah, written for the

priestly class, Torah makes the claim that it's an "abomination" for a man to lie with another man. [Leviticus 18 and 20] But few people realize that, that passage is part of a greater portion of Leviticus intended for single men who came to the priest to seek the blessings of marriage. ELOHIM is describing to the priests the sanctity of marriage, and the depth of the challenge for a husband to be faithful and responsible to his spouse.

Some married men will try to evade an exclusive physical, emotional and spiritual bond with their partner. Not all young men will be able to fully appreciate the opportunity for spiritual depth that can be found through fidelity. The importance of keeping one's word and living up to all promises are the lessons being given here. They're extensions of the 7th Commandment [Thou shall not commit adultery.]

And so, ELOHIM instructs the priest to warn the potential bridegroom of the unseen challenges to sexual fidelity as well as encourage honesty and reliability in all our affairs.

The priest begins his argument by bluntly condemning the young, potential bridegroom for harboring a secret desire to sleep with his [s]mother, his other family members and his wife's family, too. The clever reader can almost hear the remonstrations of every young man between the lines of text, indignantly proclaiming that he has absolutely no wish to sleep with any of his or his future wife's family, let alone their [s]mothers!

But the priest turns a deaf ear and then goes on to forbid him from having sexual relations with animals. Any bridegroom from antiquity to today would look at a priest in shock at the very idea of bringing bestiality into a discussion of marriage!

But Torah is making the point that young men marry in haste for sexual gratification and don't see the pitfalls to the family if they break the vows that they're committing

themself to. A young man's mind will seek novelty and relief from sexual monotony with neighbors, and will even be tempted to sleep with people on his job. Young men rarely look into their heart for moral discipline through DIVINE inspiration.

Lastly, the priest ends his argument declaring that the groom will not only not be able to sleep with family, in-laws, strangers and animals, but he'll no longer be able to enjoy homosexual liaisons once he's gotten married.

This is the spirit in which Torah declares that the sexual union between men is abominable. [More reverse psychology!] But given this fuller explanation of the context in which the prohibition is given, the ban on homosexuality is easy to understand and even admire.

Homosexuality is an abomination for married men because of its blatant disregard for the vow of monogamy they've sworn themself to. The ban against homosexuality in the Hebrew Testament is part of the ban against all forms of adultery for married individuals. This ban is intended to strengthen the bonds of matrimony, protect family bonds and inspire the spiritual transformation that true love arouses.

The adamancy against homosexuality in the Hebrew Testament isn't persnickety or prudish. Torah isn't taking a moral position on homosexual acts between unmarried men or sodomy, per se. Nor is Torah trying to keep gays from participating in the joys of love through matrimony. It's an explanation of the depth of the promise of fidelity expressed in the 7th Commandment.

The 6th Commandment prohibits murder. The 7th prohibits adultery because adultery is figurative murder; adultery kills the love that binds two people to DOG. The 8th Commandment prohibits stealing. Once you've stolen a person's heart, it's so easy then to steal their possessions.

Another of the other great misunderstandings of the Old Testament lies in the little-known fact that the Israelites left Egypt going east and arrived 40 years later facing Israel

moving west. They wandered through the Sinai and Negev deserts to present-day Jordan, turned toward the west to look back in the direction of where they'd come from, as they made ready to cross the Jordan River to enter the Promised Land.

ELOHIM positioned them to face the direction of Egypt literally so they'd figuratively face their previous 40 years of hardship in the desert as well as their entire 400 years of hardship as slaves in Egypt. ELOHIM wanted them to look at their struggle through oppression with forgiveness and an open heart as they reached with outstretched arms for their Promise Land realized.

That's a romantic interpretation of what came next. Moses died and Joshua [whose name means savior] led the Israelites in a war against the Canaanites who were living on that land.

The Palestinians aren't Canaanites. They're Saudi Arabians who migrated to Israel. There are no Canaanite indigenists anymore. There haven't been any for over 3,000 years. That land is Jewish. Torah describes how that land became Jewish. And the Muslims who are living on our land need to make peace with their Jewish landlords because they're Muslims and we share a belief in the same DOG.

Like the Israelites who had to forgive their ancient Egyptian masters, I had to forgive myself for the 40 years of my youth that I had to wander in a desert within me after I escaped my oppressive parents. I also had to forgive my parents' Nazi Christian oppressors in Europe who damaged my parents, while, promising DOG that I'd do my best not to become vindictive.

I've had to learn to replace hate with honor. I've had to learn to honor others in ways that appreciate the time I live in. The Hebrew Testament is a living document. What keeps it alive is metaphor, just as what keeps the Bible alive is symbolism and what keeps the Quran alive are similes.

The mysteries of the FATHER'S eternal love are being revealed through those who know what it's like to feel enslaved. We're prophets in a new age, whether or not we're Christian.

I, too, have been 'buked, and seek loving shoulders to cry on. I seek friends who understand the depth of my suffering because I'm trying to understand theirs. I, too, have been enslaved by hatred but am deserving of honor and respect.

Only once I'd completed my 40-year journey traveling east out of childhood like an Israelite escaping a slavedriver, could I turn back in middle age to look more clearly at all I'd struggled through for the sake of my liberation. Only then could I see that the ridicule and humiliation society had hurled upon me wasn't my burden to bear. I leave all that on a bank of a [Jordan] river of tears when I cross over to my Promised Land. I don't need scorn and humiliation where I'm going.

From where I stand, I can see the olive branches of Zion reaching up through the light of the setting sun. In my heart I can say I know the milk of human kindness. And in my soul, I know the honey of wisdom that comes from mistakes made and corrected. I've been sustained and nurtured by DOG all along the way, although most of the time I didn't know it.

San Francisco is my gay Mecca. But it's also more than my Mecca. It's a place of emancipation from myself, just as Mecca should be for Muslims. Muslim emancipation from their past must include gays and Jews, for without us, there'll be no freedom or liberty for Muslims anywhere on Earth.

Totalitarians run most Muslim countries, but most Muslim people want freedom [Judaism], liberty [Christianity] and emancipation [Islam]. They want what we have in the Bay Area. And Jews, Christians and Muslims who live here know that. We have the best kept secret on the planet. This is the secret that makes Jerusalem, Rome and

Mecca blush. We've attained what they only talk about.

S'DOG designs are P.C. – present and continuous. They involve expanding our perception of the now to include more of ourself. As we see more of who we're becoming, we'll be able to tolerate, accept and admire more in others. As we relegate the past to the past and the future to the future, we can accept our birth and our death in a present continuous now that achieves resolution that'll be judged for its efficacy.

Don't wait for our JUDGE to judge you. Judge yourself. Monitor your grades daily. Make your way up and down your spine. Each disc is a roundabout. Each nerve is a road. Clean up your conscience, which is located in your breastplate, by using your whole body as your guide.

When you make your way from your head down your spine to your coccyx, congratulate yourself. Your tailbone is like the triangle pointing down in the Star of David. If you connect what comes out of your mouth and ass in this way, you'll ingest, digest and eliminate food-for-thought more thoroughly. You'll participate in life moment by moment with awareness of your greatest resource: time. Don't waste it. And don't imagine it's in your control. Earn time with the resolve you earn money. Let the TEACHER know what matters most to you.

Marrying myself
[Written in 2008 at the age of 56]

Being able to marry a man has become more important to me than ever. It's become a sign that humanity is not only willing to embrace religious and ethnic differences, but other ways of expressing honor and respect, as well. I yearn for everyone to reach this level of awareness. But until that day comes, there's another form of union I aspire to; the feeling being happily married to me every day of my life.

In childhood I hated being me, and my experiences at school only intensified that hatred. As an adult, I used drugs and sex to escape myself, and eventually sought the ultimate breakaway from self-love by attempting suicide.

Once I got clean and sober in my thirties I met a special guy, and through him I actually came to like myself. But when our relationship ended after 13 years in 2004, I realized I was either going to revert to hating myself or I'd have to embrace self-love in greater ways.

For the past four years, I've figuratively dated myself, asking myself if I was the kind of person I could spend a lifetime with. And I suddenly realized I yearn to share myself with me, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death when I part from my body. In April of this year [2008], I finally popped the question and eloped to Israel where I married myself at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem with ELOHIM as my WITNESS. As part of my marriage vows to me, I promised never to divorce myself [my body] from me [my soul] again with substances, cynicism or suicide.

Learning to embrace me as my soulmate has been the greatest act of love I've ever experienced. It made peace with my parents and my past and brought me the feeling of a future filled with hope.

In the time I've been wedded to me, I've had to assure myself of my fidelity with thousands of figurative hugs and

kisses. I've had to prove my faith in me, believe in me and put my trust in me. But as a result, my self-confidence has risen, and I respect myself in a way I never could before.

Others even seek out my company now to learn how gay marriage promotes the idea of marriage from the inside out. Ironically, my marriage to me has been a new beginning in getting to know others better. And my relationship to my community is stronger because I carry myself like a happily married man. Giving myself a fairy tale ending every day doesn't preclude me from appreciating others all the more. In fact, it makes it much easier.

If the FATHER really did come to Earth as a man, then gay men and straight women are always going to be attracted to Him. We're going to find His Son's body beautiful. We're going to identify with His blood without spilling blood. That's not something we can help. We're made this way.

So, if Jesus was doG in the flesh, then the ability of gay men to speak about our attraction to DOG as made manifest in other men is DOG-given. Just because we can express something for DOG that straight men can't doesn't mean they should be envious of us. They should learn to control their lust for revenge against us having been given something they were not.

When the gift of gay marriage finally arrived to include us as equals in the joys of matrimony, I was better prepared having already tied the knot with me. I was able to give my special guy all the honor and devotion I'd already grown accustomed to.

If everyone married him/herself before getting into commitments with others, I think romantic relationships would be strengthened and more lasting. And, if the next generation of youth marries themself earlier in life than I did, they'll surely come to see those of us in the LGBTQIA+ community as a people who give greater meaning to the bonds of matrimony.

I met Will in September of 2010 when I was 58 years

old, and he was 46. Miracles take time. You've got to be patient if you're waiting for a miracle. But they do occur if you're walking in the direction of hope with faith in yourself. The orthodox Jews can't stop you from marrying yourself. The Pope can't stop you from marrying yourself. And there isn't an imam or cleric anywhere on Earth who can stop you from marrying yourself. Your marriage to yourself is a validation of the [x] or [y] with the [z] in you. It completes you.

The hyper-religious everywhere on Earth are powerless over your relationship with yourself. America and capitalism are powerless over your relationship with yourself. And that makes you far more powerful than them. Never forget that your power emanates out from within! That truth should give you the strength to come out of your closet[s] even further than you have.

The 3rd Commandment
[The timelessness of Torah]

The 3rd Commandment is: Thou shall not take the Lord's name in vain.

Now, you and I know that we'd never speak in the third-person when talking about ourself. I wouldn't say to myself, "Don't take Barry's name in vain." None of us are that detached from ourself.

And yet, I tried saying that to myself, and I have to say that it came across as meaningful. I'd taken my own name in vain. But now I don't want to, anymore.

That still begs the question why our CREATOR would have spoken about HIMSELF in the third-PERSON. Doing so would only give a sense of HIS disconnect from HIMSELF. And if that was precisely HIS motive, we ought to ask ourselves why.

The 1st Commandment is in the first-PERSON. [I am the LORD, your DOG, who took you out of Egypt."

The 2nd Commandment is in the second-PERSON. "Thou shall have no other sdog before ME."

And the 3rd Commandment is in the third-PERSON. Thou shall not take the Lord's name in vain.

I find that fascinating! That's not the sort of question that ever came up in any scriptural study I ever went to. And after 3,400 years of Jews studying Torah; 2,000 years of Christians studying Torah; and 1,400 years of Muslims folding Torah into the Quran – it should have.

Why would our CREATOR appear to move further and further away from HIMSELF using pronouns to describe HIS invisible forces in such a grammatically accurate, but odd, way? Surely, it must be a hint to how we ought to explore the forces within us the same way. If we're made in the image of ELOHIM, then the forces within us must be identical to the forces within HIM.

Sometimes the best way to increase your own power is

by first increasing your awareness of the limitations of your powers. To know that you're not DOG produces a very powerful view of your limits as a child of DOG. That's a humbling experience, especially when you see some men walking the Earth as though they bought and paid for this place.

Those around you who also have limited powers aren't going to augment your perception of yourself when you lie on your deathbed taking your final exam before you graduate from this school. The time to reconcile your relationship with yourself as though you were a seed planted in a grove [family] in a part of an orchard [society] is now.

You grew out of your shell, through the earth up into the light of day like a sprout. You blossomed and bloomed into a sapling in the first season of adult life. And now you're branching out with interest at what you have to offer this world in the way of the fruits of your labors.

I take my name in vain when I believe everything that I think about the people I hate. I take my name in vain when I believe everything that I feel about them. And I take my name in vain when I believe everything that I believe about them.

I've never been me before. And so, believing everything that I think, feel and believe is outrageous. I need to be far more circumspect about what's going on inside of me.

The only way for me to make sense of these three inner forces [thinking, feeling, believing] is by expanding my consciousness to become more P.C. [present-continuous] Using the present to fulfill my desire to be honest, sincere and authentic with myself is much more constructive than filling myself with anxiety over my future.

"DOG" is the generic term for the one who created the universe and who's known by many names. Taking HIS names in vain is what we do when we fight over them. The fight in the Middle East over Israel is a fight over two of S'DOG names: ELOHIM and ALLAH. Like primitive

indigenists, the Palestinians and orthodox Jews want to fight over which name for HIM is more powerful. The whole issue of ownership of the Temple Mount is at the core of their vain pursuits. Who gets to be at the top of that tiny, partially manmade mountain, the Muslims or the Jews? This is what their hateful behavior is all about.

From a gay perspective, who gets to sit at the top of the Temple Mount seems silly. From a gay perspective, three homophobes [orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims] are fighting over which one gets to hate us in our CREATOR'S name more. That's very vain!

If we were to remove HIS names and just call HIM "our CREATOR," then the vanity of what motivates such fools begins to surface. Their wars have nothing to do with our CREATOR and everything to do with their relationship within themselves to themself.

The fighting in the Middle East isn't a real estate issue. It's an inner estate issue. Israel is the top of the mountain in their head. Israel is the tip of the iceberg in their heart. Israel is the lining around the cloud in their soul.

So, when ELOHIM said in Torah, "Thou shall not take the Lord's name in vain," that was actually very clever of HIM. HE knew, then, that there would be many names for Him. HE'd already created Hinduism before Judaism to prove HIS point to those in the East with thousands of sdog who had names and thousands more without names.

HE surely didn't want to get in the middle of those kinds of fights, especially once HE'd created the three Abrahamic faiths in the West. Therefore, HE created three Lords [Adonai, Jesus and Archangel Gabriel]. HE knew that all wars would be holy wars, and holy wars would be about vanity, not moral principles espoused by HIM.

The only advantage to war is that it illuminates us to the war within ourself. That's also the war that's made real with illness. There's an Israel somewhere in your body that's probably in pain right now. You just don't see that war

within you as a reflection of the wars with Israel around you.

The collapse of Afghanistan is only the latest, holy war that the Christians couldn't win against the Muslims. And the ongoing Muslim holy war against Israel will never succeed, either. Until we all admit that there's only one DOG, we won't admit that there's enough room in this world for both gays and Jews. And as the embodiment of that struggle, I can only describe my three suicide attempts as holy wars that woke me up to what I was doing to my mind and body.

In the 1950's the Jewish psychiatrist, Eric Berne, developed Transactional Analysis, the psychological theory that includes the parent, adult, and child ego states. These states are personified, just as Adam, Steve and Dick are personifications of psychological states in mankind.

Barry is the name of the parent in me. Emanuel is the name of the adult in me. And Mr. Zeve is the name of the child in me. Barry and Mr. Zeve have been in a war with one another my entire life. My inner parent and inner child play cat and mouse. The mouse [Mr. Hyde] comes out at night. But the cat [Dr. Jekyll] isn't aware of the problem. [31]

As a suicide survivor, I can now see that Barry was the perpetrator. Mr. Zeve was the victim. My parent [Barry] wanted to punish my child [Mr. Zeve] for behaving badly.

The development of an adult, inner voice that can manage the Republican [parent] and child [Democrat] in me was essential for me to achieve inner peace. The spiritual turmoil within me was no better or worse than the political turmoil around me until Emanuel stopped the foolish nonsense I suffered from.

Making my way to the center of myself [my breastplate] required understanding the forces within me as thoughts

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[31] "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was written by Robert Louis Stvenson, 1886. By now, we should all know about the monster within us.

[parent] against sensations [child] that I had to take ownership of.

"Emanuel" means "us with EL." All the forces within me are with EL because I'm made in one of EL's images of HIMSELF. Life only becomes a school with one TEACHER when the forces within you concede that they were all created by one CREATOR. The struggle with yourself within yourself is no different than the struggle with Israelis by Jews and non-Jews.

That's when Y.H.V.H., Jesus and the Archangel Gabriel take on real meaning for today as Tutors given to us by the TEACHER. That's when your dick [+] gets a voice at the table. That's when you realize that hatred of gays who like dick and Jews who've been victimized by indigenists, Christians and Muslims since the beginning of civilization has to end, and that has to happen from the inside out.

When the world agrees that no nation on Earth will be regarded as a civilized country until gay Jews can walk their streets feeling safe, the holy wars will continue around us without awareness of their connection to the wars within us.

Old people become plagued with inner wars. Old people become aware that death is always at their doorstep. Death has always been knocking at their door. They may just not have realized it until later in life.

Older people instigate wars. Younger people fight them. But all of humanity is the loser. Just look at the effect of our wars on our planet. It's dying.

I see that my inner world is 3D. I see that my inner world has length [Judaism], width [Christianity] and depth [Islam]. I see how I'm honest [thoughtful], sincere [heartfelt] and authentic [soulful]. I see how I'm good, getting better and hope to die the best me I've ever been. I see how my inner world is round – how it rotates around itself and revolves around my CREATOR.

Earth was created like a garden. The Earth is a mirror of

my inner world. As my inner world heals, my relationship to Israel heals. Just because I'm a Jew doesn't mean that I don't have conflicts with Israel. My conflict with Israel is both personal and public. I have restitution to make with individual Jews and with aam Israel [my people] as a whole.

When Emanuel [adult] gets between Barry [parent] and Mr. Zeve [child], EL joins us. HE watches how Emanuel treats Barry and Mr. Zeve. Emanuel is smart enough to ask EL for help in managing the struggle Barry and Mr. Zeve have produced. Not taking my own names in vain has made it possible for me to take all the names for EL seriously.

Developing a backbone in the Taoist sense of moving along the highway in any and all directions connects me to my conscience. My ribcage knits the front and back of me together. In this way, my backbone is connected to my breastplate. My breastplate is the place in my chest where the doG within me resides with me.

The ancient world hated the Jews because we studied our relationship to EL. The modern world hates the Jews because we've developed a spine. We refuse to submit to injustice anymore. As others learn how to develop a backbone, they'll discover the lessons from the TEACHER that we've been given and the tests we've past to become as strong as we are today.

The Jews were chosen once. We're still chosen. We'll always be chosen. ELOHIM has a covenant with us that no one can break. We're students of the one TEACHER, plus we use our Tutor [Adonai] individually to help us. We believe there's only one DOG, but there are many sdoG. But we can also see that many men behave like a dog, not a man.

That doesn't mean that DOG hasn't made covenants with others. The more you learn about us, the more wonderful secrets you'll discover about yourselves. You'll discover that you've been chosen, too.

Because I'm a gay Jew, I didn't just learn about my spiritual relationship to DOG down to my bones. I learned

about my spiritual relationship to my boner. Think of me as made of the kind of flesh and blood that produces erections. I can figuratively change size depending on how stimulated I am. I can be small, modest, humble and gracious. But I can also be embarrassingly large, shameful and humiliating. It all depends on my ego [prostate gland], the hull in my boat where I keep all the animal instincts inside me.

When I let my animals off, two-by-two through orgasm, Will sees my strength of character, the ways in which I model my nature. But when I let off my animals, one-by-one through figurative erections, everyone can see how deeply in need I am of reminders from scripture about how I'm made.

No peoples on Earth are as maligned and despised as the gays and the Jews. And for what? The gays prefer anal sex to vaginal sex. And the Jews want to live in peace in the country the CREATOR of us all gave us. Is that too much to ask for?

Unfortunately, it's the gays and the Jews who are going to have to make changes first. Israel is going to have to legalize gay marriage. And the gays are going to have to start participating in institutional, religious life in Israel and elsewhere. Coming out of the closet sexually isn't enough. We have to come out in all houses of prayer. Without gays and Jews coming further out than we already have, there'll be no hope of spiritual progress worldwide.

Harvey Milk [32] told us to come out of the closet. The ark Noah built was a closet ["aron" in Hebrew]. The basket Moses' mother wove to carry him down the Nile was a closet [aron]. And the Ark of the Covenant that the Israelites

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[32] Harvey Milk [gay Jew] was an American politician and gay rights activist. In 1977 he became one of the first openly gay elected officials in U.S. history when he won a seat on San Francisco's Board of Supervisors. The following year Milk was assassinated, and he subsequently became a gay rights icon. [Internet]

carried The Ten Commandments, the presence of ELOHIM in on their Exodus from Egypt to Israel, was a closet [aron]. The same word in Hebrew is used to describe all three spaces and the modern word for the storeroom, cubbyhole, cabinet, cupboard, loft and attic where we save possessions. Only once we internalize these spaces can we say that Torah, the Gospels and the Quran live.

Coming out of the closet requires going into synagogues to teach Jews not to kill Jews for any reason. Coming out of the closet requires teaching everyone in synagogues, churches, mosques and temples worldwide not to kill gays and Jews for any reason. Coming out requires teach yourself not to kill yourself for any reason.

Sometimes I think that life is only a school for men. We need to learn about the depth of the words we use. We need to grow. We need to see ourself as enrolled. We need to admit that we're going to graduate, whether or not we evolve. We need to admit to ourself that our grades really do count.

Women don't seem to need the metaphor of life as a school. It's as though they always knew they were born from a woman. They know they're here to teach men. They know they hold a special relationship with the CREATOR of us all that no man will ever fully understand.

The deeper we plummet our CREATOR'S $[words]_2$, the more we discover how S/HE made man in THEIR image. But THEY didn't seem to need to make woman as a visual representation of THEMSELF. THEY seem to have made her more like an abstract idea. I think that's a very respectful way to regard women!

When somebody sneezes, we say, "DOG bless you." But when we're alone and we sneeze, some people say, "DOG bless you" to themself. Some say, "DOG bless me" and some say nothing at all. After I sneeze, I say to DOG, "Please bless me." I ask for blessings. I don't demand them.

I've divided up my time between the doG within me and

the DOG of us all. By day, I question doG about the world around me. There are paradoxes and injustices I see happening, as well as conflicts within me. My relationship with doG is like that of a student with a Tutor. It's not a test. It's more like a guiding light.

These discussions with the doG of my understanding become more intimate and personal over time. I've noticed that I confess questions about my behavior to myself with Him as my Witness.

By night, I pray to DOG in loud. No one can hear me. The doG within me is there with me, but the DOG of us all is now my WITNESS. To HIM, I reveal the red [enraged], orange [anxious] and yellow [frightened] sides of myself.

I'm rarely jealous of anyone's container or envious of their contents anymore. I don't have a lot of green [covetousness] left in me. And I'm not a particularly blue [sad] person, either.

So, the bulk of my prayers are concerned with the first three colors of the rainbow. My red rage is the result of my vindictive impulse. My orange anxiety is over my worries about others. And my yellow fear is about hopelessness and my fear of my future.

I can't control what DOG tells me, but you can see that over time, HE's told me quite a bit about my nature in terms of human nature and Mother Nature. In this way, I feel that I'm slowly moving through the indigo realm of the mystery of my life.

As I realize how merciful DOG has been toward me in not punishing me [yet] for some of my errors of judgment in the past, I begin to feel a certain something different in my [heart]$_2$. Call that something guilt. Call it relief. Call it glee or joy. Call it a sense of freedom, liberation or emancipation. Call it whatever you like. It's a feeling that comes and goes.

When self-communication gives me this lightness of being because I intrinsically know that I've done something bad but haven't been punished for it, that leads me to speak

more candidly to the doG within me about my frailties by day when I'm with other people. It leads me to accept a closeness and regard for Him I didn't have when I was young. By night, it leads me to say, "Thank YOU for not having punished me. I know I must still be guilty of a few things I can't yet perceive, but I'll try to do better in the hopes that YOU'll help me learn more about the wonder of being me."

When I say "thank DOG," I'm speaking to HIM in the third-PERSON. I'm telling DOG to thank HIMSELF in the same way that HE told me not to take the Lord's name in vain. I'm telling HIM in the third-PERSON what HE should do for HIMSELF. I'm ordering DOG to do as I say.

Telling DOG to thank HIMSELF is a little presumptuous, don't you think? Even telling other people to thank DOG goes too far, if you ask me.

Giving thanks is something we ought to practice on others as children before we thank ourself later on for all that we do for ourself. Only once we can thank others and appreciate ourself are we in a natural position to be grateful to DOG.

The person I'm the most thankful to is Will. I do everything I can to tell him and show him how thankful I am that he's in my life.

But I appreciate myself. I raise myself in my esteem day-by-day. I invest in myself by appreciating my worth. My sense of value increases and my principles rise thanks to self-appreciation.

These feelings for others and myself set the stage for me becoming grateful to DOG. This is a state of warmth and friendliness with my BENEFACTOR. My gratitude is a kindness awakened by favors received. There's no human being I feel for in this way.

Forcing people to be grateful to DOG before they're mature enough to appreciate themself and be thankful to others only creates anti-AUTHORITARIANISM and/or

anti-authoritarianism. In the hyper-religious, it also creates the racism, antisemitism, anti-Zionism, homophobia and misogyny that's rises like the tip of a knife as a clue to the self-hate they can't control.

In some Christians and most Muslims today, it produces denial that the Jews are students in this school who are in a higher grade because we've been enrolled here longer. This is called a "blood rival." It goes back to the time of Muhammad and before that, Jesus. Before that it was a blood rival we had with the indigenists.

We try to do our best to spill as little blood as we can over rivalries. But the orthodox Jews are so self-hating that they're increasing their animosity and rivalry with their enemies. That will never expose the hypocrisy of our enemies. It'll only expose the hypocrisy of the orthodox Jews who are in power in Israel.

Anti-authoritarianism spreads throughout our inner world as bad habits we indulge ourself in and unconsciously promote others to participate in. We see this trickle-down effect from all the hyper-religious. We see it in vindictive behavior that increases the military might and conspiratorial behavior worldwide. We see it in anti-social behavior and in addictions. Just look at how gambling is growing, even as smoking is becoming less popular. Once sick people get into positions of authority, they use their authority unwisely.

Anti-authoritarianism creates criminal behavior and/or hyper-religiosity. Therefore, we should encourage rabbis, priests, pastors, preachers, ministers, imams, clerics, monks and every other leader in a religious order to study all seven of the faiths created by DOG before we allow them to preach to the public. They're not educated enough to represent their path to DOG here on Earth if they don't know their connection to all HIS other paths.

We shouldn't tell DOG to thank HIMSELF. Who are we to tell HIM anything about how HE should behave? What we should do is say, "thank YOU." That solves the problem

in the second-PERSON without having to deal with the conundrums that come up in using the third-PERSON as HE did in the 3rd Commandment.

The problem with using the second-PERSON, however, lies in capitalizing the word "YOU." This is a Western orthographic writing style that doesn't exist in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian or Hindi/Urdu. None of these alphabets have capital letters, even though all of those countries represent peoples who profess great faith in names for DOG, sdoG and sdog.

So, naturally, the concept, "thank YOU/You/you" is going to have to come out of European languages that make the distinction between "you" "You" and "YOU."

If you speak a language that doesn't make this distinction, you aren't going to think about what you're thinking about in this novel way. You aren't going to make any distinctions between the first, second and third PERSON.

Granted in Spanish they use the familiar form of you [tú] when speaking to DOG. But they use the formal form [usted] when speaking to murderers, liars and thieves who they don't know personally. They give respect to them but want DOG to get the impression that they know HIM intimately. That's absurd!

I think that most Spanish speakers should use the formal form of the word "you" [usted] when speaking to themself, because I don't think they know themself well enough to use the tú form until they contemplate their relationship with DOG more thoroughly. I think they really ought to learn more about the topic of self-intimacy before they claim Self-intimacy with Jesus. Until they marry themself, I don't think they should use the familiar form of the second person singular when speaking to themself.

I think that would improve the political situation in Latin countries. DOG knows, they need help. Many of them may have a far too informal a relationship with themself!

Marrying yourself is the equivalent of going from usted to tú in speaking to yourself. It's a passage in life that indicates how intimate you've become with yourself over your lifetime. It indicates that you're no longer a child in your own eyes. It indicates that there's a parent and child relationship within you.

If you then want to speak to DOG in prayer using the familiar form [tú], I can understand that decision then. But I can't understand it if your relationship with yourself hasn't gone through a change [head], transformation [heart] and transcendence [soul] that leaves you with a spiritual awakening.

Barry and Mr. Zeve were married by Emanuel in the sight of DOG. It wasn't an obscene union between a parent and a child. It was a holy union of three parts of myself that can be personified in many ways. I now think of my head and penis as having been joined without me having to try to suck my own dick. I think of my heart and soul as witnesses to that union in the sight of DOG. I wish I could literally infuse the life-giving cum in me so that my prostate gland could be surrounded by my cum on the inside and outside.

But DOG made me the way HE made me. I have to do some things figuratively and others literally. I have to do some things in projection and other things internally. I now recognize my limitations and compensate for them with my imagination.

Out of respect for myself I say, "thank YOU" to DOG and I try to say "thank you" to me when I pray, as well. But after having broken the 6th Commandment three times, it's hard for me to fully trust myself. It's much easier for me to trust DOG who stopped me from breaking that Commandment.

There's now a literal difference between "YOU" when I speak to DOG and "you" when I speak to people, as well. I don't confuse my place in my life with HIS place in my life. I also don't confuse the place of others in my life with HIS

place in their life.

I know when to capitalize a pronoun in English and when not to. I even know how to use the two forms of intimacy with regard to the second-person pronouns [you] in French and Spanish, which I speak haltingly.

The least I can do when I pray is to let DOG know that I don't see myself as a dog. I'm a man before DOG who considers the pronouns I use when communicating with HIM.

If you prefer to speak to DOG through the doG of your ancestors, then you won't have any problem doing so in English. You'd say, "thank You" if you're talking to Adonai, Jesus or Archangel Gabriel.

But in Hebrew there's a grammatical distinction between "you" [masculine [y] singular] and "you" [feminine [x] singular]. There's even a distinction between "you" [masculine [yy] plural] and "you" [feminine [xx] plural]. Therefore, if you're speaking Hebrew to DOG, you'd have four choices about which "YOU" you'd use – even though there's no way to capitalize the second PERSON in Hebrew.

In Hebrew, S'DOG gender is:

YOU [Y]
YOU [X]
YOU [YY]
YOU [XX]

Be grateful you speak to DOG in English. Apart from capitalizing the word "You" at the beginning of a sentence in the second-person singular and plural, you only have to imagine capitalizing the word "YOU" [X + Y + Z] when speaking to the TEACHER and "You" when speaking to your Tutor.

Having a penis that speaks for itself

Jews circumcise their son's penis on the 8th day of life without the boy's permission. ELOHIM told Abraham to circumcise Ishmael as well as Isaac. [Genesis 17] But why? What reason would HE have had in asking Jews to circumcise their son's penis on the 8th day of life and Muslims before the age of 13 to make them look unnatural and different from all other men's penises?

The difference must be with regard to permission. Abraham surely got Ishmael's permission to circumcise him. But Abraham couldn't have gotten Isaac's permission. Isaac was only eight days old. And that's a DOG-given difference in penises that Jews and Muslims don't talk about. They'd rather fight over real estate than admit they're fighting over penis states.

Their religious leaders would rather wax poetic about how Adam and Eve didn't ask permission from our GARDENER to eat HIS fruits, when they, themselves, don't speak about asking HIM for permission to know their own penis. They're guilty of self-ignorance. Yet they point fingers at others for all sorts of things and demand that we ask permission from them.

You can't scratch your ass in Israel or a Muslim country without getting permission to do so from a religious leader. They've got their countries all sewn up. Births, deaths, marriages, confirmations, conversions and residency permits are all predicated on religious license. And you wonder why the people of the Middle East are as enraged, anxious, and frightened as they are.

Our CREATOR could have circumcised us before we were born. HE could even have created us without a foreskin. But why would HE have made this request of Jews and Muslims, and not for Christians?

The association of the penis with pain in infancy or childhood is a psychologically interesting move on S'DOG

part. The more we contemplate the figurative importance of the delivery system of our sperm in adolescence and adulthood, the greater our understanding and influence will grow with regard to our wants [–] and desires [+].

The first pain in life is birth. I was relieved of that thanks to having been born by caesarian. The second pain in life is separation from the umbilical cord we shared with our mother. No one escapes that pain. But then, for male Jews, the third pain comes with circumcision one week after birth.

Life begins with physical trauma. The whole point of living the good life is to end your life without physical pain. Yet many people's life ends with physical pain and emotional suffering.

The well-lived life should end with joy. It should end with hope and expectation of something even greater than the violet realm of the rainbow. Dying should be a reaching out to the [ULTRAVIOLET]$_2$ light of the spectrum. If you're stuck anywhere on the rainbow, that's just tough luck.

Jesus was circumcised [without His permission]. And since He was supposed to have been born on December 25th, eight days later falls on January 1st, the first day of the Christian new year. This was an ancient Christian way of poetically saying that Jesus was circumcised for all Christian men. All Christian males can look natural below the belt [uncut] because Christ has accepted their pain of circumcision for them. Whether Jesus avoided the pain of birth and separation from the umbilical cord is unknown. [33]

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[33] "Many Catholic teachings suggest that Mary experienced no pain during Jesus' birth, as she was believed to be exempt from the pains of childbirth due to her Immaculate Conception. This belief is rooted in the idea that, unlike all other women, Mary was free from the effects of original sin. [Internet] "Since she is explicitly stated to have labor pains, some have proposed that the Virgin Mary did experience labor pains in giving birth to Jesus." [Internet]

In my opinion, the only reason why so many American, White, Christian males are circumcised is because after the Second World War, Jewish doctors may have realized that many more male Jews died in the Holocaust than female Jews because the male Jews were easy to spot. Circumcision figuratively put a target on their back. My own half-brother has a horror story to tell about what happened to him in the Catholic orphanage where he was hidden in Lithuania during the War when a kid watched him urinate in the public bathroom and saw that he was circumcised.

By circumcising American, White males after the War, Jewish doctors may have convinced the medical world that circumcision was cleaner. But perhaps the truth was that Jews would be safer in this country if another Hitler came to power here. [34]

Jews and Muslims may be worried that someday hyper-religious Christians may force them to expose their penis to prove that they're not Christian, just as the Nazis did with the Jews in Europe. Blacks, Browns and Asians may not be as worried about this because they have other physical differences that they already see White, hyper-religious Christians using to discriminate against them, irrespective of faith.

My penis envy of other men motivated me to take a closer look at many penises in my day. I looked into this matter with great eagerness in my youth by sleeping with many men who were from racially and ethnically diverse backgrounds.

Since I chose to lead a monogamous lifestyle, I'm out of touch with the penises of the younger generation today. I

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[34] During the 1950s and 1960s, circumcision rates among newborn males in the United States showed significant racial disparities. In the 1980s, the average gap in circumcision rates between White and Black newborns was about 13%. [Internet]

leave this topic for young people to explore on their own.

I'll just add that one thing I noticed about Jewish, Muslim, Latin, Black, Brown and Asian penises is that the semen that comes out of their delivery device, regardless of the presence of absence of a foreskin, is always white. Surely, straight, White men must not be aware that they behave as if theirs is the only life-giving substance that's pure and white.

Even the Blackest of penises emit white cum. It makes you wonder whether the Whitest of men unconsciously think that what comes out of their ass is as pure as what comes out of their penis. Perhaps they even conclude that their feces smell enticing. In my opinion, this truly defines what it means to be a sphincter of unusually large circumference.

When discussing the topic of penises and anuses, straight men today ought to recognize that gay men have always known a lot more about these subjects than they do. When you're passionately interested in a topic, you think about it a lot more than most other people do.

Gay men have all seen the terror in the eyes of some straight men who are inadvertently forced to look at another man's penis. There are a few straight men who are almost overwhelmed with negative emotions when having to look at a strange penis.

And the drama young adults display over the topic of their parents engaging in sex is equally absurd. Almost all adults are sexual. No one has license to express contempt for the ways in which adults choose to have sex with one another, provided they haven't professed a vow of fidelity.

Emotional distain at the thought of your parents having sex is irrational, absurd and unenlightened. You should embrace the joy of sex for all those who wish to engage in it. The taboo against incest doesn't need to be brought up every time the topic of your parents' sex life is mentioned.

We've all seen the associations patriarchal straight people [x and y] in the past made between the devil and the

penis. In movies, the soft, sensitive, gay guy always got shafted. We've seen how terrified uneducated and superstitious people still are of the devil slithering up through the dirtiest hole in their body. Straight people may not want to admit this to themself in words, but we can read their body language and translate it into words for them.

Sodomy and satanism are intrinsically entwined because of primitive interpretations of Abraham and Lot's encounter with the people of Sodom. [Genesis 13-14] What made the Sodomites so evil was their lack of warmth for strangers. Their fear of Jews like Lot and Abraham [who became their neighbor and benefactor] was the downfall of the people of Sodom, not their sexual practices. [At that point in Genesis, Abraham hadn't yet been circumcised.] Sodom was no more sexually permissive or curious than Las Vegas, Branson, MO or any big city in America today.

Why in the world would our CREATOR care whether you prefer vaginal or anal sex? And why would HE care if and when you were circumcised? How could these behaviors make any difference whatsoever in determining whether you're a good or bad person?

Fear of the penis of strange men was the underlying, psychological motivation for permitting slavery in America. I think White men have always suffered penis envy of Black men. That's why I think they enslaved Blacks for 89 years [from 1776 until 1865]. Those White men could have been just as cruel to the native indigenist population if they'd wanted to by enslaving them, not just banishing them to reservations to die of malnutrition and medical neglect. Native Americans are no more or less manly than native Africans. In my opinion, it was a question of penile length, not psychological passivity or physical strength.

Early White, Christian men couldn't discuss this fear or their fear of Jews and Muslims who were circumcised. The Jews had given up the practice of slavery thousands of years previously, despite what was written about slavery that

condoned it in Torah. Yet, Mauritania was the last Muslim country to abolish slavery in 1981.

After the Holocaust, when European Whites realized they couldn't stop themselves from enslaving and murdering Jews, many White Americans may have felt the need to circumcise their own sons in solidarity with the Jews. You might even connect the dots between that and the Civil Rights movement in the 1960's when the color, size and circumcision status of penises was no longer a reason to oppress any man.

The White, Christian man today who sees himself as having been adopted by Jesus [whether or not he's circumcised] may still be unconsciously terrified of secrets being whispered that emanate from below his own belt. He may not be able to internalize the Hebrew scripture to werk this fear out within himself. He may feel the need to repeat the horrors of his ancestors' misapplication of Torah.

But if Muslims who are circumcised can be as hateful as they are to gays and Jews, then penis problems are a universal problem, not one confined to any particular faith.

In my opinion, oppression has always been about penis envy, not the color of anyone's skin, facial features or hair. Denouncing these external, physical differences as not White enough is a lie to conceal the talking serpent beneath the fig leaf that some still secretly fear and/or abhor to this day.

When you look at how White cops have unmercifully beaten and killed Black men, you know it couldn't be about breaking the laws of man. You know in your heart that it's really about a penis problem. And you know that intuitively because you've fought that as a syndrome [internally] rather than as a problem [externally]. You've had to make peace with the way ELOHIM made you in HIS image.

Some men refuse to do that werk. They refuse to go below their belt. They're afraid this discussion will turn them gay.

Once a man is at peace with the serpent in his own tree, he's not interested in competing with other men over the length and girth of penises or the potency of another man's semen.

Gay men know this about all men. Gay men know this about competition between men. That's why so many gay men abhor sports. If straight men could give up their penis envy, they wouldn't have such a hard time admitting gays into the world of athletics. Some jocks are still ashamed of what we'll see in the locker room that they can't hide.

Competition between gay and straight men in sports is a paranoia, not a fear. A straight man isn't going to end up yearning to suck cock after competing in sports with gay men. That fear is irrational.

Comparing penises threatens some men because it is, after all, a device used for penetration. And the longer, wider, more powerful and unscarred it is, the more insecure a man may worry that it'll be used to sodomize him.

The male anus is the ultimate association with the [z] factor in us all. Physical penetration by his father's penis is what an unenlightened man unconsciously worries about when he thinks about his mother's femininity and all that his father "gave" her of his. [35] He doesn't think about the many wonderful attributes his mother has figuratively infused in him. He's unconsciously anxious about his father "giving" it to him like he "gave" it to her. And the way for that to happen literally is for his father's penis to penetrate him anally.

Men have three mouths: [1] their mouth; [2] their penis; and [3] their anus. Out of the mouth on their face come

[35] It fascinates me that of all the prohibitions in the book of Leviticus, nowhere is sex between father and son prohibited. This is the incest that HE didn't mention. I find that stunning, given that HE went into such detail when it came to the topic of incest. Needless to say, I believe incest between a father and his son is just as uncivilized as all other forms of incest.

words. Out of the mouth of their penis literally comes urine and semen. But figuratively that mouth is a [voice]$_2$ that needs to be discussed as a force. And out of the mouth in their behind comes feces. But that mouth speaks, too. It literally talks [farts], not like the mouth of our penis that only figuratively talks.

The anxiety in not having had this discussion with your parents is a terrible waste of spiritual education that the whole world now suffers from. Those men who secretly oppress Black people in ghettos and who fight wars because they're afraid of their father sodomizing them are a sad example of what becomes of a man who doesn't know himself better.

Some straight men abhor gay men because they intuitively know we know something about them that they don't know about themself. It has nothing to do with what's written in or missing from the book of Leviticus. Psychology has exposed the real issue beneath religious hypocrisy when it comes to sex. And psychology is a modern interpretation of scripture from DOG. Sigmund Freud [a straight, atheist Jew] was a major contributor to the birth of psychology.

As all men become more relaxed about what DOG gave them between their legs, they'll become more relaxed in the company of other men, even those who speak with an accent or pray to another name for DOG.

As all men become more relaxed about the [z] factor DOG gave them through their mother, they'll become more relaxed about strict adherence to gender role stereotypes and their neurotic need to discount the contribution women make in their life.

Are most straight men really afraid of being penetrated in the anus? I don't think so. I think they're really afraid of acknowledging that their anus is a spiritual symbol for a door to DOG-consciousness that opens two ways. I think they're afraid of paradox, not sodomy. The one DOG of us all solved this issue 2,500 years ago with Taoism and the yin [internal]

and yang [external] of opposites that attract, combine and create oneness.

Until the day when straight men relax about this one sphincter muscle DOG gave them, they'll continue to kill, maim, rape and steal because they'll remain terrified of what they discovered between their legs when they hit puberty that they thought they knew before. They'll hide secrets from themself out of fear of the joy of knowing themself from top to bottom...

I got sick and tired of pretending I didn't have an ego. But I also got sick and tired of striving to look perfect. I'm weak and useless in some ways, and I can be utterly inspiring, as well.

I don't mock anyone. I want to help the people I know out of the delusions fed to them by the unscrupulously self-ignorant who insist on denigrating the gays and/or the Jews.

The Nazis killed gays and Jews. People who hate one or the other aren't better than Nazis. They're only half Nazi, because they only hate 50% of the people the Nazis hated. I see Nazis on the right and the left of the political spectrum. This is what makes America grate on me.

The knowledge we have in our head is very different from the knowledge we keep in our heart and soul. Accessing our feelings and beliefs requires dreams, aspirations and a vision of a better tomorrow without an unfair cost to anyone.

But what you don't know about what's between your legs a dick may need to describe to you. If you aren't willing to talk about your dick with another dick, you aren't going to learn any more than you know about dicks.

DOG knew what HE was doing when HE gave some of HIS truth to Moses, some to Jesus and some to the prophet Muhammad. All men need to do is unify the truths espoused by all three to achieve the wisdom we need to solve the world's problems. If there's only one DOG who created us all, then those in the Abrahamic faiths have a duty to DOG to unify those messages.

But the only thing the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths can agree on is that gays are perverts. They've made Israel a political football that they all kick around. And I'm accusing the orthodox Jews of being just as self-ignorant as the rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims.

The hyper-religious demonize those who know about the figurative meaning of having been given a penis and anus. What a pity there are so many assholes spewing forth so much shit and so many dicks that know so little about what an ass they're making of themself.

Christ's relationship to His FATHER is His [Y] Factor. But much of the popularity of Christianity lies in the family dynamics created by the mother [Mary] and Child [Jesus]. The relationship between mother Mary [z] and Jesus [z] defines the [z] factor and raises it to the level of S'DOG word.

If mother Mary was devoid of original sin, then she was guilt free. She must have been born that way or every Jewish woman before her back to Eve would be guilt free. Either the Catholic church needs to canonize Eve and every Jewish woman in the Old Testament, or they need to acknowledge the [z] factor I'm speaking of.

The reason why the Christian, religious story achieves such spiritual importance lies in the fact that mothers throughout history have had to suffer the pain of loss at the death of their children. Ignoring this monumental loss in women corresponds to the failure of humanity to appreciate the depth of the bond of love between most mothers with their children, regardless of their religious upbringing. Every child in the world has a unique relationship with his or her mother as expressed physically by a knot on the belly. This isn't unique to Christians.

The White man's joy in being such a great contribution to S'DOG designs lies in him using science and technology to safeguard the mother/child bond.

They say the loss of a child is the greatest loss any woman can experience in life. But I think there's one loss the rest of us can have that parallels theirs. And that's the loss of our inner child. This is a tragedy that's all too common.

I think the external babies people make are for practice.

We all ought to conceive, birth and raise an inner child to adulthood. That's what it means to mature with love for life. Even Jesus had an inner Child. His passion for humanity didn't come from birthing babies. It came from raising Himself to a level of maturity never before seen in the Jewish world.

I didn't try to kill the parent or adult in me. I tried, and succeeded in killing my inner child. It's taken me a lifetime to realize the depth of my depravity. But now I have an inner child that I love. He's so precious to me because of what I went through to discover the meaning of self-love.

The bond [z] between mothers with their children signifies a spiritual bond that raises the stories of Torah and the Quran with a psychological insight from the heart, not just the head or soul.

Unless a Muslim boy agrees to be circumcised of his own accord because his head [thoughts] and heart [feelings] have been opened to the faiths that came before his, he'll grow up dogmatic, contrary and as wild as Ishmael. [36]

The spiritual importance of our relationship to our father [x or y] and mother [z] take us beyond our reasons to merely survive. Once you can personalize Torah [head], the Gospels [heart] and the Quran [soul], you're well on your way to learning how to pray effectively for a better spiritual life through a mission.

When a society is constructed using a very loose psychological weave that goes one way and a tight sociological weave that goes the other, any madman can come along and rip the fabric of that society to shreds while the media focuses on the damage done to the colorful print embossed on the fabric.

We need to talk about what's happening beneath the

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[36] "Ishmael will be a wild donkey of a man; his hand will be against everyone and everyone's hand against him, and he will live in hostility toward all his brothers." [Genesis 16:12]

surface of what's happening. We need to talk about the big [picture]2. And that isn't going to come from a rabbi, priest, pastor, minister, imam or cleric who's dependent on his superiors for his bread and butter.

I've suffered enough violence in my life by attempting suicide. The fact that I waged a holy war against myself [body] doesn't make it any less painful in retrospect. But at least I'm able to talk about my vindictive nature candidly.

The He in me is doG. He's a part of me. He's the Tutor who was given to me by the TEACHER. In Judaism, we call Him "Adonai" which translates as "my Lord."

In Christianity the Lord's name is Jesus. He's the He in them. He's their Jewish Tutor from our TEACHER.

The same is true for the Archangel Gabriel. He's the Jewish Tutor inside Muslims.

My ego is another part of me. And separating my ego from my Tutor is what I do every day of my life to move toward my mission: marriage equality worldwide.

DOG is my PARTNER. I am HIS partner. We're werking together to make my life as righteous as We possibly can. But that takes a very clear head; good heart; and a ripened soul. Nothing less will do in creating a conscience that can guide me.

Until I earned the right to confess my mistakes to myself before DOG, HE didn't allow me to know and care much for myself. I was in denial of some of my sins because DOG wouldn't allow me to reveal them to me. There was a spiritual order to how I was allowed to proceed.

You may be able to see this in others. They're so obviously guilty in some ways, yet they can't see it themself. And accusing them only teaches them to build their wailing wall higher.

I'm so immensely pleased with myself that I've been relieved of so much of my denial. I no longer have to live many of the lies I once told myself. DOG has removed some of my impediments, allowing me to rush downstream like

water from a burst dam.

This is like the dam that allowed the Israelites to cross the Jordan River under the direction of Joshua. It had been the hand of DOG that parted the Red Sea under the direction of Moses. But it was the Ark of the Covenant that was carried into the Jordan river that stopped the water from flowing. Once everyone was in the Promised Land, the waters flowed from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea as before. [Joshua 3 and 4]

It's easy for men to confuse DOG with the voice of their penis or anus. They strut around like sdog, making women and gay men clean up the messes they leave behind. DOG knows how to punish, not just how to reward. And it should be pretty clear by now that hyper-religious straight men are slowly getting figuratively sodomized by DOG for their bad behavior. They're ruining their own reputation in their own eyes. That humiliation will shrink as their embarrassment and shame grow.

They can't explain why they feel no guilt. They can't explain why they allow themself to hate without self-reflection. As Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban's said about Yasar Arafat, "The man never missed an opportunity to miss an opportunity."

Larry died in Berkeley

My mother, Will and I drove to Berkeley in 2009 to have lunch at a Jewish Deli with Larry and his new boyfriend. On the way, we took a detour to their garden apartment in Berkeley. It appeared to be a lovely place, but for some reason they didn't invite us in. We were only allowed to enjoy their garden.

Larry and I had bought a house on a double lot on a hill in San Francisco in 1992. We had a large garden, pond and even a hot tub at the top of the garden which overlooked the Bay side of the city. So, I was very happy for him and his very last boyfriend when they sold that house, made some money and were able to find a garden apartment in Berkeley that was charming and peaceful. I just found it curious that he wouldn't let my mother, my boyfriend and me inside it.

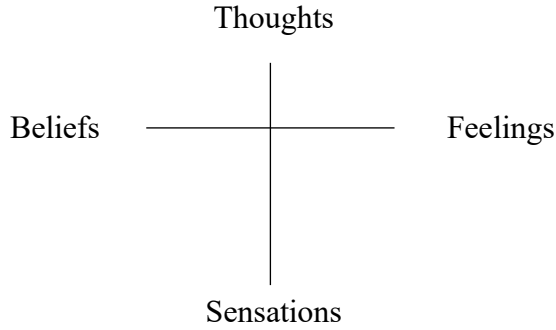
Larry and my mom had always gotten along well. In fact, Larry's mom and my mom got along well. For that matter, Will and my mom got along well. My mom bent over backwards to accept anybody and everybody I loved. She was devoted to the loves of my life and their loves. So, lunch for the five of us [Larry, his boyfriend, Will, my mother and me] went well.

Jewish life in Berkeley is a little like Jewish life ought to be in Jerusalem. There's a peace and understanding between the peoples of Berkeley that not all those in Jerusalem have attained. You walk the streets of Jerusalem, and you see Jews, Christians and Muslims all smiling at their own kind and frowning at one another.

I once met a nun on a bus in Jerusalem when I was living in Israel. She taught me that the meaning of frustration feels like having your arms pulled in two directions at once. I'll bet she realized that description of that feeling by imagining how frustrated Jesus must have felt on the cross. So, I can easily say that I, too, have a cross to bear because I know the frustration with a world that goes out of its way to make

things harder for the poor and disenfranchised than it ought to be. I'm surprised that more people haven't tried to kill themself, as I have…

If you don't cross yourself with self-understanding, you may not know how you operate. You may not appreciate the Christian concept of carrying the cross from a universal point of view:



My life is no longer a series of forks in the road. It's now a series of roundabouts. The spiritual roundabout reminds me of the cross on which Jesus was crucified. I enter a crossing in one of four directions, knowing in advance which direction I want to go in. Christianity has helped me bring this revelation to consciousness. The exercises at the barre in ballet also reproduce this spiritual process.

I don't cross my fingers anymore. I cross my thumbs when I want to express hope. And then I flap the palms of my hands like bird wings. I unite the two tablets of the Ten Commandments using the 5th Commandment [my left thumb] and 6th Commandment [my right thumb].

Now that the orthodox Jews [x or y] and Palestinians [x or y] are fighting over the Temple Mount, it couldn't be clearer that neither of them deserves to run the place. The LGBTQIA+ community should oversee it, making sure that the Temple practice of sacrificing animals and the Christian [x or y] and Muslim [x or y] practices of sacrificing gays and

Jews are never repeated there ever again. That alone should bring a little more peace to the Middle East. Surely, straight men [y] can't be trusted to achieve that end.

I visited Larry a couple more times before he died. He invited me inside his apartment. He told me he wanted some pictures from our vacations together. He didn't say that he wanted them for a memorial service after he was deceased, but the reason was obvious and tactfully unstated. He didn't have much time left. We understood one another better than we needed to admit out loud once we weren't a couple anymore.

I brought one of our photo albums to his home in Berkeley on another day. He was already bedridden in their living room by then, yet he wanted to go out for lunch. He didn't realize he didn't have the strength to get out of bed.

I wasn't invited to his memorial service. I guess his boyfriend was envious of my penis. I understand. Gay men aren't devoid of human frailties.

I've got my memories. I'm sure DOG [our IT ADMINISTRATOR] has uploaded a copy of my memories into HIS cloud, as well. If there's no one to share my memories with here on Earth, that doesn't diminish their importance to HIM and me. I've even learned to share my little penis and anus with the world figuratively through my writings. And that will make all the difference to me when I'm on my deathbed.

I plan to die with a smile on my face. I want the TEACHER to know that I liked school. But it wasn't easy given how much people resist learning about themself from the inside out. There's so much needless pain and suffering in the world because the pupils insist on learning only from the outside in.

Depression

I don't think there's anything that's just depressing. Depression is more than a lack of feelings. Depression is also the tip of my emotional iceberg. Beneath the surface of depression lies repression of all my most cherished emotions. And below that lies suppression of my righteous actions for those I honor, as well as oppression of my ability to do good in my community and, by extension, the world.

When I used to complain of being depressed, that was the result of hopelessness that arose from both the forces within and around me. Nothing happens in a vacuum.

I used to think that a pill would relieve me of the reasons for my depression. I was deluded. Cocktails after work never relieve me of the monotony and cruelty I experienced on my job. Recreational drugs didn't improve my vision for a better tomorrow.

Existential angst accounts for much of the misery I used to experience in the modern world of today. Until I found meaning in what I was doing, I lost interest in the mystery of why I was doing anything.

Mindfulness is the only true antidote for depression, repression, suppression and oppression. But most people don't want to be mindful. They want to be mindless. They want to focus on distractions. And so, they need to be trained with external lessons that force them away from the world around them. They have to be pushed to go further into their world within. It would be so much easier if they went inside themself eagerly and of their own accord.

The problems of violence and criminality in our society are, as I stated earlier, the result of loving your parents instead of honoring them. It's not possible to love them, even if you're the posterchild of as intense a Jewish mother/Jewish Son relationship as Mary and Jesus.

Sexual expressions of affection for your parents are the greatest taboo in every society. Parent/child intimacy has to

be channeled into a relationship within yourself between your head and heart, not you with your mom and/or dad sexually. The more you learn to love yourself, the more you'll learn to honor your parents, siblings, extended family, friends, neighbors and strangers.

Honoring your parents before everyone else will teach you how to honor all others more effortlessly. It won't make you more compliant or passive. It'll awaken you to the virtues beneath the actions your parents tried to pressure you into taking.

Honor their desires [+]. Question their thoughts, feelings and beliefs. Their head, heart and soul may be seriously corrupted by their wants [–], especially those urges they want for your sake to make up for something that's really for their sake.

Although, there are many pills that will alleviate depression, sadly, there are no pills to relieve repression. There are no pills to relieve suppression. And there are no pills to alleviate oppression. If you think they're going to come up with three more pills to relieve you of all that lies below your depression, you've lost your mind completely.

People get depressed because they don't know how they operate. Their problem is existential. If you don't know how you operate, you aren't going to understand how other people operate, either. Not many people seem to know that the only way to end hopelessness within themself starts by bringing hope to those around them.

If you give, you shall receive. If you don't, you'll suffer. And if you don't recognize that pain and suffering will awaken you to guilt, you'll continue to go around in circles chasing your tail.

Hope was first described in the Hebrew Testament as a rainbow given by the DOG of us all to the world to ask forgiveness from us for HIM having flooded the Earth.

But taking the story of Noah and the Ark literally is ridiculous. Only a child would do such a thing. There are

floods everywhere on Earth. And where it doesn't flood, there are droughts that cause destruction and famine. Surely, DOG isn't telling us that we need to forgive HIM for HIS shortcomings. That simply makes no sense when taken traditionally and literally.

The flood that everybody experiences is called: puberty. An ark is a vehicle we construct late in childhood using the wood from the trees of knowledge we were figuratively planted near when we were still a seed. The animals we led onto our ark as a sapling were the instincts, urges, wants and desires that we let off the boat in adulthood, two-by-two, to repopulate our external world with our cherished intentions.

The bear on my ark wasn't a brown, grizzly or polar bear. It wasn't a teddy bear. It was me, a Barry. The urge to project all my feelings onto that one animal emanated out of a desire [+] to express my loyalty to myself when I was a child and couldn't let all the animal urges inside of me off my ark yet.

The meaning of the third story of Genesis has nothing to do with naval engineering issues caused by DOG having a fit over a world that had gotten out of HIS control. That's just asinine from a modern perspective.

The 40 days [adolescence] aboard my ark without a sail or rudder only seemed like a brief period of time after the fact. At the time I was going through it, the seas were rough and the outcome uncertain. During adolescence, the tossing and sense of helplessness give me a case of spiritual seasickness. Another word for spiritual seasickness in this context is teenage angst.

The lion that Daniel encountered in the Old Testament should be interpreted as an inner urge [an animal still onboard Daniel's ark] that Daniel made peace with. He didn't have to release his need to be king of the urban jungle. He could release it from within as a desire [+] to behave in a regal fashion.

Everybody knows that a real lion would kill a man in a confined space. The miracle here is in coming to understand

the wild cat within us that seeks vengeance over anything we distain.

Once you can admit the Judas [lion] in you, you can make peace with the Jesus in you. Once you can see yourself as your own worst enemy [wildcat], you can decide to become your own best friend [Daniel].

This spiritual perspective was revealed by Archangel Gabriel in the Old Testament. The importance of His presence throughout the Abrahamic scriptures should not be understated.

The fence around hell is surely made of managers who have two sides to their nature. Employees see one side of the managers and employers see the other. Until there's a unification of views from the top down and the bottom up, people are going to look at work as hell on Earth, not as a form of worship.

Using the working class is very different from abusing the working class. The rich have been accused of abusing their workers since the time of Pharaoh. And still, the rich and powerful haven't learned to do better. Greed for external rewards is the problem. Greed for internal rewards is the syndrome. The more we can teach the rich to reward themselves with self-knowledge and self-love, the more we can use them to help us without abusing them or letting them abuse us.

The mouth we use at one end of our digestive track and the anus at the other correspond to the movement of the food-for-thought we bite off, chew on, swallow, digest and eliminate from our spiritual system. Vomiting and sodomy aren't sins just because they use our physical digestive track going the opposite direction.

The figurative, political floods and droughts we go through in government reflect how the secularists have internalized the Hebrew scriptures while the hyper-religious don't yet even have a clue to the existential meaning of the

[fruits]$_2$ of the Creation Story. The [rainbow]$_2$ of promises given by ELOHIM in the story of Noah and the Ark represent a gift that comes at the end of adolescence. That [rainbow]$_2$ of [hope]$_2$, which has been turned into the LGBTQIA+ flag, elucidates the seven emotional conflicts described throughout the rest of the Hebrew Testament that Jesus supplemented with revelations from His heart.

When you can unify the [hope]$_2$ imbedded in the Old Testament with the New Testament psychologically, the only challenges before you lie in becoming soulful and behaving soulfully.

But if you think you can rise up like a dog to forgive DOG for having forced you through puberty against your will, you're still juvenile and only interested in an eye-for-an-eye. You're deluded. You're making a fool of yourself.

Adults can reach adolescents by creating [rainbows]$_2$ of [hope]$_2$ while teenagers are still locked up inside themself afloat on a raging sea of inner troubles.

Teach adolescents about the emotional correspondences between the seven colors of the rainbow [matters of the heart] to give them a sense of [hope]$_2$ that they can use to believe more deeply in themself as they move through this important passage in the spiritual process.

You don't become humbler by never admitting you're wrong. You don't become a better student of life by not admitting the positive desires [+] of your enemies. If you continue to use a faulty filter as a tactic, expect to be humiliated by DOG and wo/man [z] for your ignorance.

Jesus didn't remain on the cross, not literally, and not figuratively. He's been dancing around that cross like a stripper's pole and tree trunk for millennia, trying to get people to see the beauty in the way they were made in S'DOG image.

Matters of the heart were given to us by our FATHER to improve our relationship with ourself. Without self-love, we

can't proceed. Christ's Self-love is a model for the construction of our self-love. I use the verb "construction" because it's like the construction of a second home, a home [heart]$_2$ away from home [head]$_2$. It's even like the construction of the Second Temple.

Dance nude and naked for yourself before a mirror. Discover the beauty in the way you are, and you'll have no difficulty coming out of your closets fearlessly. Make peace with yourself, and you'll have the skills to make peace with the world. Look into your heart for answers. You looked long and hard for them in your head. You should now know that you can't believe many of the things you think.

Taking the third story of Genesis [Noah] literally won't help you any more than taking the first story [Creation Story] or the second story [Cain and Abel] literally. The Creation Story is about of the initiation of guilt. [spiritual infancy] The story of Cain and Abel is about the thought of killing ELOHIM for making us feel guilty [spiritual childishness].

There's no point telling the young and inexperienced that they're [young]$_2$ and [inexperienced]$_2$. There's no point in telling them that their view of reality is no greater than a horse with blinders on pulling a wagon. They can't see behind themself or side to side. They can't see how Dick has been leading them since they experienced their first orgasm.

Young people just need apologies from us for the way the world looks in their eyes. They need to see us doing the best we can as students in a school in which everybody has a lot to learn. They need evidence that we can change before they'll accept the challenge they were given to change as DOG-given.

When you're young, you listen to Dick. When you're middle age, you talk to Dick and he listens to you. But when you're old, you and Dick can finally dialog.

But don't worry about that. Someday today's young will grow middle aged and the middle aged will grow old. Someday they'll have to humble themselves to a new

generation of youngsters with dicks that will have more to say than the dicks who came before them. Such is the relay race of life when you're reminded of what's in your hand several times a day.

Please don't try to make me swallow any more conventional interpretations of Hebrew scripture. I'm not an infant [Adam and Eve]. I'm not a child [Cain and Abel]. And I'm not spiritually juvenile [Noah and the Ark].

I know that my urges [serpent] conspire with my heart [Eve], and together they mess with my mind [Adam]. I know that my head [Cain] and heart [Abel] are always at odds with one another until I view the two of them from my soul. And I know that puberty hit me like a downpour that turned into a flood. I even know that after I reached safe harbor and grounded myself in early adulthood like Noah, I built a tower to my own power [Babel] by conspiring with others to reach for the stars.

First Adam and Eve betrayed DOG [infantile]. Then Cain expressed his willingness to kill HIM [childish]. Then everyone on Earth behaved so badly [juvenile] that DOG had to retaliate by killing everyone but Noah and his family.

That still didn't wake people up enough. Then they conspired to build a tower to usurp HIM on HIS throne above the clouds. That's what immature young people do. DOG had to destroy their tower to power. It wasn't until Abraham realized that there's only one DOG, the CREATOR of us all, that HE interfaced with him as an adult in need of lessons in life, not an infant, child, adolescent or immature adult.

I wish the orthodox Jews who study Torah day-and-night knew what I know about my spiritual development in relation to Torah! I wish they could associate Archangel Gabriel with the Angel who ordered Abraham to stop trying to sacrifice Isaac, even though He isn't mentioned by name in that passage. [Genesis 22:11-12] Sacrifice yourself, Abe, if you must. But leave your son out of it!

When Archangel Gabriel told Mary that she was going to give birth to our FATHER'S Son, He used the words "ben ELOHIM." This translates as "the Son for all the names for our FATHER everywhere in the world." I wish the rightwing Christians knew what Jesus, their Tutor, knew about Torah in relationship to Himself that made it possible for Him to get out of His head into His heart with Self-love, not self-lust projected, like the rest of us.

Then Archangel Gabriel, Muhammad's Tutor, told Muhammad to recite His words from our TEACHER after He had put great effort into communicating with Jews and Christians in previous scriptures. I wish fanatical Muslims could access the feelings of loyalty to our TEACHER that the prophet Muhammad had.

The most depressed people on Earth are the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims who've swallowed the childish, Jewish interpretations of Genesis they were fed for millennia. Those who still believe that nonsense literally are the most hopeless people on the planet. They can't reconcile reality because of their immature view of our TEACHER'S plan. They can't live together in peace with anyone because none of them can find peace within themself.

Whether you want to deal with depression [mental health]; repression [family health]; suppression [ethnic health]; or oppression [national health] – you're going to have to deal with self-expression if you're going to deal with $[hope]_2$ in a healthy way. You're going to have to witness $[rainbows]_2$ in the darkness within you.

But to do so, you're going to have to deal with paradox. You're going to have to admit you have a living relationship with your anus for spiritual reasons. It, too, was made in S'DOG image.

What comes out of you literally can't be cleaned and filtered any more than your body already does. But what comes out of you figuratively could use a whole lot more

scrubbing. If you don't do the werk, you're going to find yourself in a whole lot of [shit]$_2$ you didn't expect.

The emotional correspondences to the colors of the rainbow are meant to help you open your heart with self-love and self-intimacy. Once you can love yourself, it's so much easier to tolerate, accept and even admire most others. Once you're smitten by you, your desire [+] for a soulmate will be satisfied. You'll adore yourself and admire the efforts of many more people who you didn't even acknowledge before. You'll honor others for their efforts to honor their parents.

Most people are externally oriented because they're spiritually as healthy as they can be. They celebrate the external world and their place in it. They enjoy work because they find it creative.

But people like me have to go to work to werk. We have to internalize our efforts to help others in order to make meaning of our being.

Harvey Milk said, "You've got to give them [hope]$_2$." What he meant by that is that in order to feel hopeful and achieve hopeful outcomes, you've got to start by making other people feel that their very presence gives hope to the world. That's why he was murdered, not because he was gay. That's why Jesus was murdered. That's what the hopeless don't want to have to hear.

Why would DOG want us to give something we don't have to people who don't believe it exists in order to make total strangers feel better about themselves before we can feel good about ourself? I think that's an important question. And I think my tale of three cities addresses it.

DOG wouldn't say, "DOG bless you." Nobody talks like that about himself. DOG would say, "I bless you." The infantile don't think about that. The childish don't care. And the juvenile change the subject to call blessings "luck" to avoid DOG altogether.

But when you can see that DOG is blessing people who

you don't bless, especially those with an attitude of gratitude you envy, you may eventually come to feel envious of what DOG is giving them that HE isn't giving you. You eventually realize how prejudiced you are against others without even knowing it. You may realize that sometimes you feel hopeless, too.

Hopelessness is yellow. Hopelessness feels frightening. Every time you feel afraid, you're experiencing hopelessness. Don't you wish your parents had told you that a long time ago?

Most people don't speak about how grateful they are to DOG. They simply kvetch [Yiddish: complain] about what HE isn't giving them. They don't admit that DOG could give them what they want if HE wanted to. They don't blame HIM for their prayers not being answered. They simply blame those in their way of getting what they want [–].

How many people around the world are kvetching about Israel? But how many of them are kvetching to DOG about it? Why not? Why don't they ask HIM why HE rebuilt the Jewish state in the last century and why HE seems to refuse to allow Muslims to destroy it? While you're asking HIM that, why not ask HIM why the gay community is only getting stronger and more powerful worldwide, too?

So many students in the school of life see me as their enemy because I have a boyfriend rather than a girlfriend. But I see them as bringing me lessons from the TEACHER in werking through my character defects. Those who oppose me aren't just models of what not to do who awaken me to what to do. They're vanity mirrors that magnify aspects of myself that I'm eager to perceive. I do unto me as I would want others to do unto me.

There's no question in my mind why my spiritual g.p.a. is rising. I'm like a devoted student in a school seeking a diploma. I'm also like a doctor in a hospital learning how to heal myself. I'm like a warden in a prison learning to protect myself from me. And I'm like a coach in a game learning

how to win a trophy that will shine forever.

I now see the humanity in some other people who I didn't see as fully human before. That's a humbling experience that makes my life more valuable, not just more meaningful.

I avoid pets and children in the external world, but I'm learning how to become a more protective parent, proud sibling and beloved child unto myself. And with my sense of connection to DOG, I feel more human than ever. I feel that HE has breathed into my nostrils, like HE did in bringing Adam to life. I feel hopeful and alive.

I'm learning about the weak links in my chain. I don't try to be Superman [Y + z] or Wonder Woman [X + z]. I keep it real.

San Franciscans aren't green Martians. San Francisco is a peninsula on the West Coast of the United States of America where every dick exudes milk and honey. Our Golden Gate is like a bridge to the world made of jizz. When we speak, the whole world laps up what we say.

Berkeley is the place across the bay where they study $[hope]_2$ to make greater use of it. Oakland is where they extend $[hope]_2$ to cruel corners of the classroom where some students refuse to learn, heal and grow.

The East Bay Area is the world's greatest laboratory of $[hope]_2$. The South Bay is the world's greatest factory of $[hope]_2$. And San Francisco is the world's greatest delivery device of $[hope]_2$.

Unless you've been given a spiritual tour of our plant, you aren't going to understand how we produce what we export to the world. It's not about artificial intelligence. That's a biproduct of the natural intelligence we produce here.

We're not only about sexual liberation. It's not sex that produces high $[hopes]_2$. It's $[hope]_2$ that produces great sex. The most sexual, sensual and attractive people on Earth are the $[hopeful]_2$. That's why there's such a market worldwide for our spiritual wares.

I read somewhere that San Francisco is the world's second most popular tourist destination after Paris. You see tourists wandering about in San Francisco looking for something they can't find. In Paris everyone meanders about like they already found it.

Nobody has a clue what we're doing here in the Bay Area. There isn't a word to describe our global product. But we export our achievements worldwide. And we've been doing so since the gold rush. The rush for gold always was and always will be internal. LIFE everlasting is only given to those who are figuratively filled with gold. When two San Franciscans shake hands, it's like the Midas touch.

Our $[hope]_2$ is more famous than our sourdough. Our staff of life is based on a culture of cynicism, scorn and derision of self-ignorance. You can't produce the tangy taste of $[hope]_2$ without a deeply jaundiced view of history. We've been feeding our starter culture for more than a century. It's a mix of gay fugitives from Western religion and Asian fugitives from Eastern faiths. This is what brings gay and straight men together in San Francisco. This is what we've got that the whole world recognizes as natural fermentation.

Some of our $[hope]_2$ can be seen in our architecture and hilltop views. Some of our $[hope]_2$ can be heard in our songs. But most of our $[hope]_2$ has to be sniffed out using your nose.

Everybody here has a Jewish nose. We smell our way to the TEACHER. We don't use our eyes or ears to do our HOMEwerk. We meet each day in a way that no other pupils in this one-room schoolhouse come prepared for class.

Southeast Asians brought discipline of their wants [–] and desires [+] from Buddhism. They know how to thrive because they study the sensations that emanate out from between their legs.

Far East Asians brought the Way [Taoism] to San Jose. They know that they thrive because they've got their head and neck securely connected with their backbone to their hips, so they don't get their head stuck up their ass.

The gays brought anti-AUTHORITARIANISM and defiance of standard Judeo-Christian beliefs. The gays declared their body as their own. We're not leasing it from a RENTAL AGENCY. We own it. And that infuriates the hyper-religious. The all agree that life is a journey, but each insists that their house of worship is the only station to fill the tank of your vehicle.

Together with our neighbors, we create sparks of $[hope]_2$ that ignite the whole Bay Area with a flame that can be seen as far away as what the crazies call "HEAVEN."

It was the hippies who first saw our gay and Asian flame. They realized that there was a figurative lighthouse at the top of Twin Peaks, one of the highest hilltops in San Francisco. It shines a light that's brighter than the lights shining from Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca. They realized that climbing Twin Peaks and looking lovingly out over the city by the Bay is a much greater feat than climbing Mt. Everest.

It was the flower children who planted their seeds in our soil and gave away the first buds and blooms from their plants. Every man in San Francisco is a tree of knowledge. Every woman here is a tree of life. Ours is a garden like no other. Eden blushes when we speak about our home, San Francisco.

It's the gay community who planted our $[rainbow]_2$ flag on our shore. There's no $[hope]_2$ greater than ours.

Together with our neighbors, we painstakingly turned San Franciscans from a garden of guilt into an orchard of tolerance. This latest generation has turned our city into an agri-business of $[hope]_2$. We send the $[seeds]_2$ of $[hope]_2$ around the world so others can replant what we grow here.

[Hope]$_2$

Studying, modeling and applying what you know about hope to the lives of others isn't a full-time task. Giving yourself [hope]$_2$ is. [Hope]$_2$ gives meaning to everything you do. [Hope]$_2$ begins by applying what you learned about life from your teddy bear to a goldfish. Then you werk your way up from there through pets to human beings. A relationship with a child is also just for practice. hell! Your relationship with your spouse is just for practice.

All external relationships are ways to earn the privilege of improving your relationship with yourself. To pick the fruits of love and life that grow on your own tree requires nothing more than permission.

Asking DOG for HIS permission is the secret to [hope]$_2$. You'll be amazed at how liberated you'll feel once you include your PARTNER in with your choices. You can't feel like a chosen person without choosing to share all your choices with DOG.

For some reason they call your first love, "puppy love." But when you first shared your love with others, I think it should have been called "teddy bear love." Then again, I never had a dog…

Once you've given another consenting adult [hope]$_2$ with every bone in your body [including your boner], you're going to conclude that you're an amazing hue man with a [rainbow]$_2$ shining inside you.

You're going to discover that you can't give away your g.p.a. You can't move your grades from the TEACHER'S roll book to another pupil. You can't get on the honor roll until you've learned how to honor your parents so that you can love yourself.

Beginners to this spiritual process only know how to expose themself with nudity. The more advanced expose their gorgeous root to the world by expressing their self-love through emotional nakedness for all to see. But experts in

[hope]$_2$ are transparent to ONE and all. When you've mastered physical nudity, emotional nakedness and spiritual transparency, you become soulful naturally.

People usually conclude that ecstasy is the result of orgasmic delights that happen only in beds, alleys and dungeons. But orgasm is actually the physical evidence in the body of our ability to achieve [hope]$_2$.

There's no [hope]$_2$ to be found on the battlefield. What you find there is smugness and glee. No joy can be attained from killing men so they can't get any more erections. We've allocated that task to a small group of men who are militarily trained to do that. But wars are fought by men who find it difficult to express [hope]$_2$ other ways.

The national anthem of Israel is "Hatikva," which means "[hope]$_2$." Jews have been promoting [hope]$_2$ from many directions for 3,400 years. [Hope]$_2$ through men loving men is the most recent, modern way some of us promote [hope]$_2$, even though Israel hasn't yet achieved marriage equality.

Orgasm is only a very brief expression of [hope]$_2$. It's a marker that only arrives at puberty. It's a [rainbow]$_2$ that shines after storms within us that some people don't associate with DOG and country. For some reason, people seem to think that what they're going through inside has never been experienced before in all of history. I'm the dick who's here to tell you otherwise.

The [rainbow]$_2$ of [hope]$_2$ in the [heart]$_2$ of good men and women shines in darkness, something rainbows don't do in the night sky. So, it's understandable that people get confused when it comes to the topics of sex and [hope]$_2$. Sex and [hope]$_2$ are actually signs from DOG that we're being watched over like a teacher who loves each and every student in his or her class.

Sex leads to ecstasy. Fear leads to hopelessness. Learning to love sex with DOG as your WITNESS becomes hopeful if you're not afraid of HIM. The LGBTQIA+ community is the most fearless tribe DOG has ever created.

We love sex whether or not HE witnesses it. Unlike the hyper-religious, we're not afraid of DOG.

Nobody wants to go to school figuratively nude. Many are terrified of appearing emotionally naked in front of their classmates. And those who are evil are repelled by the very idea of being exposed as transparent before the TEACHER of us all.

The student thinks the assignments given to him will be graded uniformly. And I suppose that's true in a math class. But in an English class, there's wiggle room for personal interpretation of answers through essays, creative writing endeavors and even for using vocabulary in new ways. That's why science is a science and politics is an art. As soon as you come to your classmates politically as though in a math class, you open the door to Nazism.

There's room for you to shine in class. There are even students who are rooting for you to succeed. Individuality is the most powerful tool for making peace because each of us cares for the wellbeing of others a little differently.

Life must be lived like a math class in scientific ways, but like an English class in other ways. Sometimes you need the exact, right answer to solve an external problem. But the rest of the time, you need to be graded on your creativity, inspiration and the joy you bring to your endeavors and answers.

Problems are external. Syndromes are internal. Problems cost trillions of dollars to solve. Syndromes can be solved free of change. Yet, people insist on focusing more on their problems than their syndromes. Therefore, it should be no surprise why this world looks as it does.

Grades are often conferred on a curve. The world is curved. Nothing is truly straight. Some things just appear to look straight.

The hyper-religious don't want to hear that. They only want to interpret their scripture through stories that have interpretations suitable for children to hear. They don't want

to grow up to face DOG as an adult. They're afraid to grow up. Trees grow up. The hyper-religious are afraid to see themselves as spiritual trees that grow up, too. They're like bonsais.

Some children grow up to be more like their parents. Others grow up to be quite different from them. Yet parents don't ask themselves why their children end up looking down on them and adult children don't ask themselves why they find Thanksgiving so difficult a holiday when they stop focusing on the food.

It's normal for trees to fall in the forest and make noise coming down. It's not normal for bonsais to make noise when they come down. They're too small to care.

A pall descended upon the room

Dear Mike,

A “pall” is a cloth spread over a coffin. To “pall” means to have a wearying or tiresome effect on someone. When your [s]mother asked you to be a pallbearer at your grandfather’s funeral [after you already told the whole family that you wouldn’t be attending], she had a wearisome and tiring effect on you, I’m sure.

When we were babies, our [s]mother had access to every part of our body. As we moved into childhood, she was supposed to slowly give up that power and control. What I found in adulthood was that my [s]mother had figurative boundary issues around my body. I felt as though she figuratively stuck her fingers in my ass to prod me from behind; I felt she figuratively pushed me to my face; and would even figuratively squeeze my crotch to get me to do what she wanted.

And I just took it because I didn’t fully realize what was happening at the time. That’s what I learned about my Jewish [s]mother that I now believe is true of many other [s]mothers.

I overcame more of my fear of my [s]mother after she was deceased. I overcame my fear of my father once he was in the grave, as well. In doing so, I overcame my fear of ending up like them. And I’m so glad I did. I’m moving into old age very differently than they did.

I was chagrinned when you told me yesterday in a text that you think you love your mother too much. I disagreed with you. But here’s why:

I don’t think you [love]$_2$ your mother anymore. I think that was a word you used as a child that has a very different meaning to you today.

A “dominatrix” is a woman who likes to dominate men sexually. Your [s]mother is like that. But she wants to dominate you religiously, not sexually. Either way, it’s a

breach of boundaries if the man doesn't realize he's being used. You don't want to believe your [s]mother is evil, but you have problems admitting that she has religious vices that parallel sexual expressions of female [x] dominance over males [y]. I think you think that once your father is dead, you'll be able to "reform" her.

I see this as like the ancient Greek story in which Oedipus realized he was in a sick relationship with his [s]mother. He gouged his eyes out, not wanting to see the truth. You're trying to gouge my eyes out not to have to admit the truth.

Whether or not you agree with me, this has been a great lesson for me. I'm not going to allow the gay community to repeat the mistakes that the religious communities have made. I'm going to express what I see in sexual terms that may offend people. That's how deeply I honor having been created gay.

I discovered over time with experience that I couldn't [love]$_2$ anyone who had boundary issues when it came to my body. I felt molested by many people over the years. They may not have physically accosted me, but they psychically abused me. Larry even left me feeling raped when he broke our bond of fidelity by having sex secretly on the side.

I think you [honor]$_2$ your mother. But I think you confuse the words [honor]$_2$ and [love]$_2$.

What's more, I think you [honor]$_2$ her admirably. I thought your refusal to be a pallbearer at her father's funeral was stated tactfully, kindly and compassionately. I just wish you hadn't used the word "love" to describe how you feel about her. But even that was a sign of how deeply you [honor]$_2$ her, knowing that not telling her that you love her would hurt her feelings. And above all, you don't want to do that.

Your [s]mother knew that you'd already signaled to the family that you wouldn't be at the funeral. For her to

override your decision by asking you to do it for her sake is a sign that she's now behaving like a child and you're now the adult in the room. If things unfold with your [s]mother like how they unfolded with mine, I predict that your [s]mother is only going to get more difficult to manage as she ages.

I had to take on the parent role when my [s]mother started to behave like a child. I hated doing that. That's when I realized that I could outsource that job to an institution and take on the adult role, instead.

I hope you prepare for that eventuality by learning more about the importance of filters. We all need a filter between us and the world. We all need a filter between us and our family. We all need a filter between us and our friends. And, as I've discovered, I even need a filter between me, myself and I. I have boundary issues that I need to werk on, too.

I'm so proud of you for having refused your [s]mother's request. My [s]mother asked me to take her and her husband on a Mediterranean cruise in their late eighties. My sister wisely warned me that my [s]mother's husband's health was impaired, and we might find ourselves at a hospital on an island in a foreign country watching our cruise ship sail off over the horizon. That was enough of a picture of a possible nightmarish outcome for me to refuse my [s]mother's request. But to this day, I think about the guilt it still brings up in me to have said, "No" to my mother.

Before I tell you about Mike's response to my email, I want to tell you what I learned about me from this experience with him.

Mike is an atheist. I believe in DOG. Mike suffers an Oedipal complex. I've cleaned up my relationship with the feminine [z] side of myself. And Mike is a polygamist. I'm a monogamist.

We don't have anything important in common anymore. My efforts to help him have only helped me, even though my intention was to help him.

He's helped me because I've always had an inferiority complex. I believed that helping other would help me. And it did – to a point.

But there came a point when I turned into a doormat. Mike has helped me replace my doormat with a welcome mat. I welcome people in. But I watch to see if they wipe their feet on my welcome mat. Because if they don't, I now know that they'll wipe their feet on me.

Here's Mike's response to my email:

Barry,

I have spent a great deal of time thinking about our friendship and about everything that has happened recently. After twenty years, this is not something I say lightly.

You have been an enormously important person in my life. You came into my life at a time when I was still learning how to love and accept myself, and you helped me in ways that I will always be grateful for. We have shared countless conversations, laughs, trips, ideas, experiences and years of friendship that I will remember with genuine affection. Nothing about what I am saying now erases the good that existed between us or what I learned from knowing you.

At the same time, I have come to understand something about our relationship that I can no longer ignore. Too often,

especially in recent years, I have felt that my own understanding of my feelings, motives, beliefs and choices has not been allowed to stand when it differs from yours. I have repeatedly found myself being told what I am really feeling, what my choices really mean, what I supposedly have not yet understood about myself, or what I should do in order to grow.

I want the people closest to me to be able to challenge me, disagree with me, offer advice and even tell me when they think I am making a mistake. But there is an important difference between offering me another perspective and defining my inner life for me. I need my feelings, values, beliefs and decisions to ultimately belong to me.

What happened around my grandfather's death brought this into focus for me in a way that I cannot move past. In your email, you told me that you intentionally tried to make me feel the guilt you believed I should feel, that you knew you had hurt me, that you were not sorry, and that you would do it again if you felt you had to. You also expressed this through sexual metaphors that I found deeply disturbing and disrespectful. I understand that from your perspective you believed you were helping me. But for me, knowingly hurting me in order to produce an emotion and action you believed I should have, crossed a boundary that I cannot reconcile with what I need from a friendship.

After a great deal of thought, I have decided to end our friendship and step away from further contact. This is not a punishment, and I am not doing it to hurt you. It is a decision I am making for myself about what I now need in my life. My peace and joy are more important to me than anything else in this life. For me, life is not a school with lessons I am required to learn. I see it as a godless adventure – one filled with joy, laughter, curiosity, connection, and even sexual freedom. That is the life I want to live.

I genuinely wish you and Will well. I will always be grateful for the good that you brought into my life and for

the many years of friendship we shared. Those memories do not disappear simply because I have decided that our friendship needs to end here.
Take care of yourself.

I'm not the fool I once was. I'm glad I've broken all ten of the Ten Commandments – especially the 10th Commandment. That one prohibits coveting. What that means to me now is not to strive to be someone I'm not.

I've lost a lot of people in my life because I was too good. That's what people with inferiority complexes do. Those with a superiority complex have a record of being not good enough.

I think it's better that I'm this way. I don't regret my losses. I've grieved from each of the people who are no longer in my life, and moved on by using that suffering to reinforce learning from my lessons in life.

Righter's block

I don't suffer from writer's block because I don't suffer from righter's block. I think at a depth of being that uses [codes]$_2$, not just [words]$_2$. I'm not just chatting with myself in loud.

Once you can write yourself notes in the margins of your mind rather than rely on the casual thoughts you mumble to yourself in loud, you have proof positive of what you've said that you wish to recall. I had to learn how to create mnemonic devices to remember what I was thinking, but I also had to create photos with symbolic meanings to remember what I'd concluded.

These symbols are what I describe as [code]$_2$. They're [pictures]$_2$ that represent a thousand [words]$_1$. They're ideas that A.I. hasn't yet been programed to categorized and connect in ways that will help the world.

There are artists with a gift in drawing [pictures]$_1$. I'm an artist with a gift in drawing [pictures]$_2$. I had to become a spiritual artist who could produce my werks like a digital graphic designer, using my imagination as the tool of my creativity.

My books aren't just crumbs I've scattered on the forest floor to find my way back where I came from. They're clues for you to where I'm going.

I have no intention of going back to where I was. I'm only going forward through the garden, grove, orchard, forest, urban jungle and swampland to a land of [milk]$_2$ and [honey]$_2$. You're welcome to join me, but I know many will choose to remain in the garden of childhood complaining about all the snakes that are keeping them from picking fruits in the trees.

I have meaning. I have purpose. I have direction. And I can say that in loud and out loud because I'm making progress daily, rain or shine. My inner [weather]$_2$ doesn't deter me from getting where I want to go.

Each day is an accomplishment. I don't know whether I have another full day ahead of me tomorrow. So, I don't live as though I do. I don't spend time like money. I pay off each day spiritually as it comes. I go to sleep at night impoverished. But every morning I wake up a richer man than I was the day before. There isn't a billionaire on the planet who's as rich as me.

If you want to dream big, look at your dreams as office hours with the TEACHER. Contemplate your messages to yourself through the spiritual process of shutting yourself down at night to upload new apps and updates into your spiritual software.

If good people want to communicate with one another better than they're doing now, they ought to dip below their head, heart and soul to observe the rest of S'DOG image of them in the flesh.

The ground of all faith is indigenist. The basement of the edifice of faith is Hindu. But everybody enters the spiritual world through the Jewish, front door. If you don't admit gays into your edifice because of your fear of DOG, you won't get something you desire [+] in life that's important to you: self-love. You can exclude gays and/or Jews and achieve your fantasies, but you'll never succeed in achieving your dreams.

If you've got a problem with gays and/or Jews, you've not only got a problem with Jesus and the prophet Muhammad. You've got a problem with [reality]$_{1/2}$. You've got a problem with the existence of the United States of America. And your problem with us will circumscribe your bad luck moving forward.

"Sorry Seems to be the Hardest Word"

Elton John's song, released in 1976, was way ahead of its time. And it still is. The lyrics were composed by Bernie Taupin [gay Jew]. Here are the lyrics:

What have I gotta do to make you [love]$_2$ me?
What have I gotta do to make you care?
What do I do when lightning strikes me,
and I wake up and find that you're not there?
What've I gotta do to make you want me?
Mmm hmm, what've I gotta do to be heard?
What do I say when it's all over,
and [sorry]$_2$ seems to be a hardest [word]$_2$?
It's sad, so sad.
It's a sad, sad situation,
and it's gettin' more and more absurd.
It's sad, so sad.
Why can't we talk it over?
Ohh, it seems to me
that [sorry]$_2$ seems to be the hardest [word]$_2$.

There are only three words to learn the meaning of in life: [please]$_2$, [sorry]$_2$ and [thank YOU]$_2$.

[Please]$_2$ will give you permission to do what you desire [+]. [Sorry]$_2$ will give you permission to stop doing what you want [–]. And [thank YOU]$_2$ will give you permission to like the way things turn out.

America isn't Black or White unless you're spiritually colorblind. If you can't use your nose to perceive the [rainbow]$_2$ within you, your passions will only be for a select few.

Look around. You can see that many can't achieve self-love. They're forced to live through others, whether through their career, sports or patriotism or neediness. Their sense of [hope]$_1$ shines like a [rainbow]$_1$ outside themself.

Getting cozy
[Written in 1990 at the age of 42]

My first boyfriend and I met when we were both 37 years old. My age was critical to me then because I'd dreamed of having a lover since I'd been 12 years old. I did everything I could to make love happen, but it never did. By my mid-thirties, I felt romantic love had passed me by, that I'd never experience the joy of deep intimacy with another man. By the time I met Larry, I was already worried about reaching 40 without my dream having come true.

I'd always left room in my life for a lover, but I'd never set aside enough room in my life for me. "Love the one you're with," I learned to tell myself. So, I sought the courage to live in peace with myself alone while secretly seeking a love affair with somebody else to complete me.

It took decades for me to learn to love the One I'm with. After learning to love Adonai, I learned to love Jesus. Then I learned to love Archangel Gabriel. Then I had what I needed to love the ONE I'm with.

At that time, my inner voice told me to leave the city of L.A. and move to the country. So, I quit my job as a junior high school English teacher in East L.A. and moved to a small town of 9,000 people in the wine country of Northern California near where I'd applied for and gotten a job as a drama teacher. I'd never lived in a farming town. I'd never had a dog or a cat. I'd never witnessed the changing of all four seasons. This, as my dad used to say, was, "A chance to kill a never."

Following my dream of living in the country didn't mean that I gave up my dream of finding Mr. Right. It just superseded it. It meant putting myself first rather than some stranger in my imagination who I hadn't yet met.

I was always attracted to foreign men, the sort of man I was more likely to meet in L.A. or another cosmopolitan city. I'd always hoped to be partnered with someone exotic

who spoke with a foreign accent, someone whose skin, hair and eyes spoke of lands I'd only visited or hoped to visit.

When I met Larry, I was attracted to his olive skin and large, dramatic, organ-grinder mustache. But I was disappointed when he opened his mouth, had a New York accent, and I found out he was Jewish. I didn't think that made him exotic in the least. I tried not to be prejudiced, least of all against somebody from my own faith. But some of the fantasies I'd been looking for in a man had to be discarded in order to date him. Only later did I discover how much he and I had in common.

We met at an organization called G.M.S.R. [Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat] on February 16, two days after Valentine's Day, in 1990. The retreat was in a secluded part of the redwood forests along the Russian River in Northern California. There were about 25 men, all strangers to me, who met for a three-day weekend at St. Dorothy's Episcopal Camp and Retreat.

The best part about being in seclusion with those gay men was the opportunity to watch Larry as he socialized. It looked like he already knew most of them. There were so many questions I didn't have to ask him; his behavior in public spoke for him. Although we looked for time to spend alone, the time we spent sharing community told me a lot about who he was and wasn't.

I remember in high school watching the boys and girls socialize freely with sexual inuendo. I missed all that then. Being given the chance to be with gay men in a community setting was very new and healing for me. Homophobia in the 20th Century had twisted, then damaged, my ability to hope.

I watched Larry like a hawk. I noticed who he spoke to, what he laughed at, what he ate and drank. I learned a lot about him indirectly. I felt jealousy and envy for every smile he gave away that could have been for me.

The second night of the weekend, the group got together in a circle. Each person was instructed to give himself a

Native American name. My heart sank. I hate doing things like that. I looked for the door, but I didn't see a graceful way out. I knew I'd have been just as uncomfortable if the assignment had been for each of us to give himself a Hasidic name. I felt that they were toying with another people's culture.

When it was Larry's turn to give himself an Indian name such as "Running Deer" or "Eagle Eye," he just turned to the group and said, "I'm Larry, Urban Dweller." Everybody laughed, and I think I fell in love with him right there on the spot. I saw he had a sense of humor, and he could use it to get himself out of uncomfortable situations.

Larry never met a stranger. He was curious; he asked questions, a rare virtue in most social circles. He'd talk to anybody without seeming to worry about being judged; he was too busy enjoying being himself.

Larry found me attractive, in part, because of how I was carrying myself through the homophobia I was suffering on my job at the school where I was teaching. Larry found me attractive, not just good-looking.

But I sensed how immature I was. I sensed that he was worldly in a way that I was not. Despite having lived in three countries and could converse in five languages, I knew that he spoke a language I'd always yearned to speak. He spoke "people." He could converse with everyone because he knew something about human nature that I didn't.

I was staying in a cabin outside the main house, and it was so cold that I couldn't sleep at all the first night. When I told Larry, he invited me to sleep with him on his twin-sized bed the second night.

I was more than warm the second night. I was hot! But we were figuratively "chaperoned" the whole night by his roommate in the bed next to us, so the atmosphere was physically close but not sexually intimate.

We got to know each other much better over the next few months and then realized we wanted to be soulmates. We

wanted to witness the integrity and honor of each other's spiritual path, to learn to forgive and grow in each other's presence. We didn't meet a moment too soon or too late. We were both 37 years old, but if we'd met 37 years later, at the age of 74, it would have been just as sweet. Love is always fresh, new and hopeful.

Looking for love in the outer world is as great an adventure as looking for love within. People have dedicated a whole day [Valentine's Day] to the pursuit of external love. But nobody lovingly buys himself a box of chocolate or sends himself a card on Valentine's Day. We don't seem to think that our love for ourself is worth acknowledging or rewarding.

And yet, the credit card companies are always pursuing new ways to get us to get further in debt by promoting and praising gifting ourself. Would that they praised us for getting out of debt. That's a gift worth commending us for!

Even though my relationship with Larry eventually came to an end, it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. [Alfred Lord Tennyson] The reason for that is because love becomes more internalized over time.

Once you realize how much love you have for yourself as the result of the ways you've honored others, you understand why love and hope have to be given away before you can receive them.

We're all on a quest to enter our inner world with the key [penis or clitoris] to the lock [heart] we've been given.

But Larry always wanted something I didn't have to give. He wanted me to give him license to have sex with other men. I couldn't give myself that autonomy, so I certainly couldn't give it to him. That went against something I believe in. [the 7th Commandment] He was HIV+ when we met. He lived with AIDS seven years after our relationship ended.

From the love I've earned for me, I give some of my love to DOG. There's no one in this world I'm closer to, more

intimate with and care about more than Will. He's the light of my life. He brings me an illumination and warmth I can't achieve with any other person on Earth.

But I don't just love him. I like him. I like what we share. I like what he has that I can't have. And I like what he has that he can only share with others.

Will does the right thing without expectation. He's not transactional. But neither am I. I give to others without expectation of return. But I can't say that about my relationship with myself. I expect me to live up to my highest standards. I reward myself for doing so and criticize myself if I don't.

I put a great deal of love, honor and hope into Will. But it's the high standards I set for myself in how I treat him that pays dividends in self-love.

I've chosen to honor everyone but Will and me. I love us. That's why I can call us soulmates.

HOME-lessness
[Written in the 1990's at the age of about 40]

I perfected fearlessness in the 1980's. Insanity helped. Insanity coiled itself around my feelings and squeezed. Whatever fear was exuded, insanity consumed. That left me fearless. I was dogmatic and irrational long before it became a fad.

I was about 30 years old at the time and lived in a one-bedroom downstairs apartment in a fading neighborhood of L.A. For decades, my apartment had been the home of a woman who died in that apartment at a very old age. The bushes outside my living room windows seemed to be mourning her death. The whole neighborhood looked like it was on life support. Armed with paint, sandpaper and hardware, I strove to rejuvenate the flat like Jesus brought Lazarus back from the grave. I succeeded, but only somewhat. Lazarus was resurrected, but he looked unwell…

As mental illness crept over me, a shadow entered my sweet nest, and I, too, began to die. I lost my job at the University of Southern California English department where I was a student. I couldn't write a paper for my class on British literature of the 1880's, so I dropped out of school altogether. Then I sold my bed and TV to a neighbor for food. I had a garage sale out in front of the building where I sold my kitchenware and linens for money to buy cigarettes. The bedroom lay bare. I set up my tent in the bedroom to fill the empty space. I turned it into a fort to protect me from imaginary enemies. Then one day, I defecated in my tent in anger at something or someone. That was my way of expressing my rage.

A few days later, I cleaned up the mess and closed the bedroom door with resolve and finality. Nobody liked me enough to sleep with me. And that meant that I thought nobody liked me enough to love me. Therefore, I thought I had to remain alone forever. So, I restricted my anger and

frustration to the living room.

I closed the blinds and slept all day on my couch. I didn't want to be around people. They hurt me, just like the light of day hurt me. I no longer had the strength to suffer the multitudes. I wanted only darkness and repose. I wanted to die like the previous tenant, alone in the apartment. I wanted Lazarus to die despite what Jesus desired [+].

I slept all day and ate once a day, at night. I made cow kidney and beans, grilled in Crisco and wrapped in tortillas, the cheapest food I could find. I had little appetite. I wanted only cigarettes, and pot if I could get it. I watched the late-night news programs till 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. I couldn't feel a thing. Then I'd go for a long walk.

I usually walked to downtown L.A., about three miles one way. I walked at a brisk clip. I didn't want anyone to speak to me. I wanted to look busy, like I was running an errand before dawn, rather than running from light and the meaning of life dawning on me. There were plenty of people to speak to if I'd wanted to: bums, drunks, nuts and assorted refugees stranded after dark outdoors, caught in the night by bus schedules that kept them from their warm, peopled lives.

I'm lucky to be alive.

We all go through experiences without reflecting on them as we're going through them. We can see some things in hindsight that we couldn't look at, at the time with foresight.

Insight requires hindsight and foresight. But you can't see far enough behind you in your rear-view mirror or far enough ahead of you through the windshield if you don't see yourself clearly as the driver behind the wheel.

My vehicle didn't get where it got thanks to a chauffeur. I wasn't in the back seat drinking champagne and noshing aperitifs. It was me who was in the driver's seat. If I'd wanted to get a sense of the highway of life, I should have looked around from the front seat. I'd have been amazed to discover that another part of me was in the death [passenger]

seat, screaming at me to watch the road!

If you just curse the drivers around you, swearing that they got their license at a dollar store, you're missing the greater message about the meaning of your life. It isn't any one medium that's the message. You're the message. The mediums lie within you. It's time you discover your medium of self-expression. It isn't a gun with unlimited rounds of ammunition. The mediums of your message lie in your navel, genitals and anus for you to discover your own way.

Listen to that serpent in your tree. Discover who you are by what you want [–] and desire [+]. You'll discover what a dumbass you were for only listening to the delivery device of your life-given medium. You're a dick [arrogant] if you only listen to your dick. You're an asshole [defiant] if you only listen to your asshole. There are so many wonderful voices within you. Give them a chance to speak, too.

If you want to express yourself honestly [head], sincerely [heart] and authentically [soul], speak from the desires [+] of your dick. Dick "writes the songs that make the whole world sing." [37]

The ABC's of life are easy to learn:

"A" stands for apple. Your Adam's apple bobs up and down in your neck, even if you can't see it because you're a woman.

"B" stands for boy. Your boy hangs down or stands up between your legs, even if you can't see it because you're a woman.

"C" stands for sin. If you don't acknowledge that you once thought that "C" stood for "sin," you're never going to correct all the mistakes you make with your ears.

Life is as simple as these three ABC's.

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[37] "I Write the Songs" was composed by Bruce Johnston in the early 1970's. Barry Manilow [gay Jew] recorded it in 1975. It reached number one on the Billboard Hot 100 in January 1976.

My chicken: Lily-Ann
[Written in 1997 at the age of 45]

San Francisco is a crowded, bustling city known for its architectural beauty and cosmopolitan ways. The people here are generally compassionate, perhaps not much different than people anywhere. Pets are common, but people usually have dogs or cats. Few realize that some here have chickens for pets.

I had five hens at one time. In order of dominance, they were: Tasha, Veronica, Buttercup, Spot and Lily-Ann. Each had a unique personality. Each gave me much pleasure and yummy eggs. But my favorite chicken was, without a doubt, Lily-Ann.

She was a Cochin, black with gray and white swirls. She looked like a grand dame in a fancy, feather coat. Her matching feathered legs gave her the appearance of having run out in public in her pajamas or dressed in a pant suit for a day of play.

Lily-Ann was named after my corpulent Aunt Lillian and Larry's grandma Ann. Lily-Ann had eyes that looked old and wise because of the wrinkles under her lower lids. She looked like a victim, acted like a victim and touched my heart as do many a victim.

Lily-Ann was truly hen-pecked. She got the least to eat, avoided trouble at every turn and kept to herself a good deal of the time. When she did commune with the other hens, her best friend seemed to be Tasha, the leader of the pack. How curious it was that these two would find pleasure in each other's company.

But Tasha didn't protect Lily-Ann from the others. I guess Tasha felt it was every fowl for herself. Still, the two of them would share a hole and spray each other's feathers with dirt. They could even be seen together at night, nuzzled together like best friends at a slumber party.

Lily-Ann even let me pick her up and pet her. She gave

in to any form of authority, any voice, whether it was commanding or kind. “Compliant” was the word to describe her. “Gentle” was her credo - a peace lover. She’d never attack anyone or take up more space than her seven little pounds would require.

So, when Lily-Ann developed a respiratory infection, I was truly saddened and worried. I’d only enjoyed the company of chickens in my home for about two years, so I had no experience with poultry illnesses. I took her to the vet, but after growing a culture, the doctor could find no biological cause for Lily-Ann’s wheezy breath and lack of energy.

The ol’ gurl was on antibiotics twice a day. She didn’t even have to have the syringe forced down her throat. She willingly lapped up her medicine. What a gal! I put extra food and water by her coop, but she didn’t get around as much anymore…

The vet suggested blood work, but I decided against it. Lily-Ann would just have to work it out on her own. I loved my big bird, but I’d spent as much money on her as I could afford on fowl friends. I’d taken the vet’s suggestions on things I could do for Lily-Ann that didn’t cost money. That felt good enough. It cost me $169 for that doctor’s visit. Do you know how much raw chicken you can buy for that price?

Nation building is much like raising chickens. The brood you’re dealing with are going to have to get over their pecking order or your efforts will have been for naught. The hen-pecked are going to have to learn to stand up to all their fowl foes.

Lily-Ann was in S’DOG hands, as are we all.

I felt funny making medical decisions based on money. It didn’t seem right. Yet, there are countries in the world where people’s annual income is less than I spent on my pet hen. What should my priorities be? Where should my money go?

These questions were laid before me for me to ponder. I

didn't wish to burden others with my insights about life just from my pet chickens. But there is something to be learned from a bunch of bird-brains.

Like Lily-Ann, I try not to take up more space than is mine. I try not to burden others with my problems. Yet, I have the ability and urge to communicate, to express my feelings without coming across as a victim or underdog. [Perhaps I should say underhen.]

What will happen to people like Lily-Ann in a world that's terribly hen-pecked? What will happen to all the people in the world who have less than me but are worth as much as me? What will happen to those who find it difficult to speak up for themself?

What will happen to me? I wasn't just the owner of five chickens who taught me more about myself than I ever imagined. I'm like Lily-Ann, and my boyfriend, Larry, is like Tasha.

I can now see that my life can be mirrored anywhere, in city life or nature.

Pets are S'DOG way of allowing us to resurrect the teddy bear we had when we were a child. Pets are mirrors of ourself. We talk to them. We cuddle them. We feed, water, walk and heal them. And when they die, a part of us dies with them.

But when we tear people apart, whether literally or figuratively, we discard a part of ourself along with them. That's why this world is in as bad a shape as it is.

We continue to create a projection of our inner child in myriad ways as long as we live. If you don't look at yourself as you interact with your pet reflections as though looking in the mirror, you're missing a marvelous piece of your own puzzle. And your view of the big picture will suffer for it.

If you didn't turn people into pets, you wouldn't try to build other lands of milk and money. Other nations don't want what we have in America. They want something they can call their own. If we want something different, let's

create it here at home. Don't adopt people like Bette Midler [Jew] encouraged us to adopt highways. Everyone is on a road of his or her own.

The great rabbi, Hillel, who was born in Babylon in 110 BCE and died in Israel in 10 CE, said, "If I am not for me, who will be? If I am only for me, what am I? And if not now, when?"

If you want to translate that saying into modern American English, you need to speak spiritual-psychology, not ancient Hebrew:

If I don't have an inner child, who am I? If I live only for my inner child, what will I turn into? And if I procrastinate in getting to know myself more deeply than I have, what should I expect to find when I reach the end of the time I'm being given to discover who our CREATOR wished for me to strive to be?

Oakland verses San Francisco

One year during Gay Pride, – [It may have been sometime between 2012-2014. I vaguely remember it being before we achieved marriage equality on June 26, 2015.] – young, Black people from Oakland came to the Castro and stood on our streets with nothing to do in our ghetto but look around with blank stares. It felt weirdly intimidating. They didn't show any excitement or support for us. It was like they were there to test us to see what we thought of them. It was as if they came out of their Black ghetto to see if we'd come any further out of our gay ghetto in their direction.

I found that sociologically fascinating. Why would people from one ghetto [Oakland] come all the way across the Bay Bridge to show up in another ghetto [The Castro]? Why would Black people stand silently before gay people? What was the meta-message?

How much more could we have come out to them if we'd tried? Obviously, we hadn't yet come out as far as we could. We still hadn't achieved marriage equality by then. We now need to go to orthodox synagogues; rightwing churches; and all mosques around the world to pray with straight people who don't yet know that DOG created us, too, with good reason.

I know coming out can be intimidating, even suicidal. But if the DOG-fearing kill us in or near their houses of prayer, it may bring them a bit of an awkward awakening to what hypocrites they really are. Just killing us in our clubs doesn't send the same message.

Sadly, both the Black visitors and the local gays missed an opportunity to communicate that day at Pride. Needless to say, I don't think either group knew the topic of the conversation they weren't having with one another. I think it's up to each one of us now, in retrospect, to decide what that message could now be.

Coming out is a process. There's much more to coming

out than is revealed through sexuality or the color of your skin.

For me, coming out means coming out of bondage. The Jews were slaves four times in history: Egypt, Babylonia, Rome and Germany. Coming out of bondage each time meant having to live in the company of our previous masters. That must have been uncomfortable for the previous masters as well as the previous slaves.

Black people in the Americas have only come out of bondage once. I'm sure they must feel uncomfortable being former Black slaves in the company of former White masters. I know my parents felt uncomfortable as Holocaust survivors in the company of some White Christians, especially if they spoke with a European accent.

I'm uncomfortable as a gay man around Republicans. And I'm uncomfortable as a Zionist Jew around Democrats.

But to be perfectly honest with you, I'm more uncomfortable as someone who's obviously mentally challenged. Everyone can see that I'm different as soon as I open my mouth. Very few people like me. Most are a bit afraid of me. I have very few friends. And it's not because I'm gay and Jewish.

So, when I watched two ghettos converge that day at Pride, it felt like I was observing a Venn diagram in the making. There was a definite overlap, but there was a lot more left out by the rest of the two circles. I may be crazy, but I don't think you have to be that crazy to see what I saw.

The Israelites carried doG [Y.H.V.H.] in the tabernacle for 40 years through the desert, thinking doG needed to be literally transported from one place to another. That is, of course, absurd when viewed through a modern lens.

The doG they carried as a tribe out of Egypt became the doG each one of them carried in their breastplate after they were banished from Israel by the Romans, 1,400 years later.

Y.H.V.H. is an acronym. [38] That's why it's unpronounceable. We use the euphemism "Adonai" [my Lord] to refer to the name of our doG.

The common word for "closet" in Hebrew is "aron." The Children of Israel may have thought they were literally carrying DOG in the "mishkan," [tabernacle] which housed the holy chest [Ark of the Covenant]. But people nowadays who believe in DOG carry the doG within them in the holy chest [aron/closet] within them. Some call that their inner space, inner sanctum, inner shrine, or inner temple.

Coming out of your closet, aron, sacred chest, sanctum, shrine or temple is a Herculean task for us all. But DOG didn't literally come out of anything. The primitive Jews at the time were so closeted that they projected that coming out process onto the doG Moses had previously met at the Burning Bush.

Coming out of the closet is described in the Gospels. [Matthew 6:6; Judges 3:24; Joel 2:16] Gays come out of the closet one way. But we all do so one way or another – or we don't.

We're all closeted, even if DOG was once described as figuratively closeted. But if HE could come out of the Ark of the Covenant and then from the Holy of Holies [the innermost sacred area of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem] to reveal to the ancient Jews in Babylon that HE was universal and He was personal, and not stuck behind a wall in a temple in Israel, you can come out [develop psychologically] in your own special way.

It's been very hard for me to come out, not because I'm gay and not because I'm Jewish. It's been hard for me to come out because I'm mentally challenged. It's been hard for me to imagine that the way I describe and operate my

[38] A loose translation of Y.H.V.H. is, "What will be, will be." This was s'doG reply to Moses when he asked Him, His name.

inner forces could be a blessing, not a curse.

People are terrified of many things. In the Middle East, most Muslims are terrified of Jews. Some Muslims are terrified of Muslims who negotiate with Jews. They're all terrified of gays, especially Muslim, gay men. But none of them complain about being terrified of people who are mentally challenged.

Here in America, we certainly have no reason to be terrified of gays or Jews. It's those who are terrified of gays and Jews who are frightening. In my opinion, people with mental challenges can be managed with psychological tools that have a spiritual edge. I think it's vengeful behavior, not a struggle with bad thoughts, that's a danger to society.

If DOG truly did create man in HIS image figuratively, then young Black people and gays are reflections of one another who are something to behold when witnessed staring at each other after a Pride event as though going into a fun house to see unexpected clowns through distortion mirrors.

Most Black people and gays come out of the Judeo-Christian cultural roots of our nation. Most have a sprinkling of Old and New Testament teaching that have been shaken over them like salt and pepper after they were battered and fried by society.

What's the point of standing around in front of others if you don't talk about why you're there to stare? What's the point of visiting San Francisco if you don't know what you're looking for in yourself by coming here?

That's not a question just for Black people. That's a question for all tourists to Penis Land. The Holy Land won't help you discover yourself here. You'd better look for your own reason for coming here. But you'd do better to look for that reason coming from your soul, not cuming out of your dick or asshole.

The penis you had as a child isn't the penis you now have as an adult. It's grown. It's bigger, and it's got many more interests than just candy, summer vacation and fast rides at

amusement parks. The penis you have today talks about much more than what it was interested in long ago.

DOG must have had good reasons for having created Black people and gays. But it's up to us as adults to find out what that is by looking below our belt, with curiosity about the wonderful differences in how DOG made us.

How many tourists go to Berkeley and Oakland? How many are interested in our tale of three cities?

I believe that those young Black visitors who came here that day wanted to reveal more than their skin and facial features to us. We gays figuratively reveal our genitals and anus to the world from the Castro every day. But nobody is talking about it the way I do. Everybody seems focused on their container, not their contents.

We're all in a body that needs to be explored and expressed with spiritual meaning. If we don't learn from one another, how are we going to feel hopeful about the future the next generation is going to need to share?

Most of the tech workers who invent our phones, computers and the apps that run them come in waves to the Bay Area. They know very little about the history of San Francisco. Between the Asians and the gays of San Francisco, the Jews of Berkeley and the Black people of Oakland – there's enough to learn about how DOG created all of us in myriad images of HIMSELF. If HE has more than one name, HE certainly has more than one literal image in MIND. Even Jesus has more than one name and image.

When I met Larry, he was a leader of sorts in the gay community. He belonged to an a cappella quartet called "The Choral Majority." The group sang irreverent song parodies celebrating queer love, using the music of familiar Christian hymns. The most famous of their songs was, "Amazing Gays."

Larry had known Harvey Milk personally. As I told you, that ex-boyfriend of mine never met a stranger. And everywhere he took me in my early days in San Francisco,

we ran into people who knew him. Once, we were in a tiny hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Chinatown and a Chinese woman cried out his name. She knew him, too!

Living with a San Francisco "celebrity" was ideal for me because I was a shutdown, suicide survivor who didn't dare werk at being with people. Larry made it easy for me to ride his coattails.

Being popular if you were shut down and unpopular growing up can be partially achieved through proximity to strange, new people. It's humbling to care about others' wellbeing. And the humility it takes to hitch your wagon to someone else's star is a tool that will serve you well in the long run.

But eventually, you'll want to hitch your wagon to your own star. And if you've survived the ghetto that you came out of, whether it was filled with rich people or poor, you'll be very glad that you never forget where you are, where you've been and what you've been through. You'll eventually be tested on everything you've learned.

Jesus is the greatest secret in the Jewish arsenal of secrets. He's such a well-kept secret that many of the Jews worldwide still don't know how top secret He is.

If DOG came to Earth as a human being, HE certainly could have come as a Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. [There weren't any Muslims 2,000 years ago.] The very fact that HE chose to come as a Jew is an advantage to us now. But many of the orthodox Jews are too dense to see it this way.

Moses brought us DIVINE metaphors that depicted DOG as using reverse psychology to get us past our defiant nature. Jesus brought us DIVINE symbols because we made our way around metaphor with more defiance. The prophet Muhammad brought us DIVINE similes for the same reason.

Our defiance was first expressed metaphorically by Moses as a talking serpent in a forbidden tree. That serpent convinced Adam and Eve to defy DOG. That metaphor has been the foundation of our wisdom and the secret to our success for 3,400 years.

I've turned San Francisco into a symbol of man's penis in this book. I've turned Berkeley and Oakland into symbols of man's navel as depicted over time. I've turned San Palo Alto and San Jose into symbols for our testicles, and Silicon Valley as the indentation in our scrotum between our testicles. I've also turned the Golden Gate Bridge into a symbol of our semen. It creates a universal bridge between all men.

I've gathered those symbols together and turned my homeland into a simile. The Bay Area is like man's lower body. I've implied that the gay men living here are the personification of man's anus. I'm leading you to the conclusion that the TEACHER is using us to personify the universally despised aspect of man's body: his asshole. Gay men may be more despised worldwide than even the Jews, but we hold a very special place in the heart of San

Franciscans.

I don't have to remind myself of this picture. I've turned it into the equivalent of a QR code. I only have to scan the code in my imagination to bring up this picture. In this way, I demonstrate to myself that I can use symbols to build upon metaphors to produce similes to advance my spiritual operating system.

Maybe the problem that the hyper-religious Jews have with Jesus is nothing more than penis envy. Maybe the orthodox Jews are just jealous of His desires [+]. Maybe the Christians were in a 2,000-year-long pissing contest with the Jews that ended with the Holocaust when they thought they could end the problem with genocide. Maybe it's about time that every man grows up to think about the penis DOG gave him, personally.

The Jews have always promoted wisdom:

1. Make mistakes.
2. Correct them.
3. Apologize.
4. Make amends for your mistake
5. And don't make that mistake again.

The recipe for wisdom is just that simple. And we, Jews, have been promoting wisdom for 3,400 years. You can just imagine how popular that's made us with everyone, then as now…

But the recipe for Christ's Jewish love for the world is quite complicated. It's based on DIVINE symbols, not metaphors. Love comes from the heart, not the head. Love requires separating self-love from forgiveness. It requires us using tough love to achieve the wisdom needed to love ourself for doing what has to be done.

Self-love involves honoring those people who treat you respectfully. Loving people for doing the right thing is merely the consequence of low self-worth. Respect requires honoring your neighbor because you love yourself. Don't love your neighbor as yourself. Respect those neighbors who

respect you. But if your neighbor is ruining your relationship out of prejudice, fight like hell to redeem your name.

But self-love also has to be achieved through self-sacrifice so that you better yourself through gifts to those who don't deserve them. Gifting those who deserve gifts should be easy. Don't confuse that with self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is like moving through darkness slowly into light. You only see where you were after you've moved out of it.

DOG said that self-love is the result of honoring your parents. I say, the more you honor them, the more you'll be able to love yourself.

Sadly, many people don't want to love themself because religion has taught them that that's egotistic, selfish and mercenary. It's not. It's wise. You can't give DOG something you haven't yet received from yourself. Pride in what you've done for others will turn into self-love. Don't let arrogance confuse you into thinking that self-love will make you proud. Self-love will make you deserving of blessings from DOG.

Self-love is even denounced as vane and egotistical. And it is if you don't share it with your soulmate and DOG. As for the rest of the world, I recommend you sacrifice yourself for their sake without the expectation of being loved. You'll be lucky if they honor you.

In this way, vanity becomes a relationship to our container that will ultimately augment our relationship to our contents. Being allowed to appreciate our contents will raise our self-esteem with awareness of our virtues and self-worth with awareness of our sacrifices for others. This is the spiritual process that produces self-love.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to give myself permission to love myself. I had to earn it with DOG as my WITNESS. The more HE permits me to use language figuratively, the more I'm permitted to construct my inner world like a computer operating system to overcome my self-defiance.

At the beginning of this book, I told you that DOG is like

cilantro. Some people have a natural attraction to DOG. Others associate HIM with the taste of soap. You've read this far in this book. You can surely now appreciate the need for approval and permission from DOG to advance your spiritual education. Perseverance is a great virtue when you look at life as in a school setting.

People who can't perceive this truth resist DOG. They're anti-AUTHORITARIAN. We can't change that about them. It's the consequence of their defiance. It's the result of their syndrome.

Mike doesn't want to believe in DOG. He doesn't want to stop loving his mother. And he doesn't want to change his sexual lifestyle to seek a soulmate. As our relationship got closer, he realized he didn't like what he saw of himself. He stopped talking to me as though in a mirror. He took the mirror off the wall, took it to the door and left it outside.

Some people hate the taste of DOG. It feels like their mouth has been washed out with soap. But they eat it anyway despite their dislike of learning new things about themself. Their efforts are then rewarded, even though it leaves a bad taste in their mouth. And what will come out of their mouth in the future will be a little cleaner as the result of having had their mouth figuratively washed out with soap. DOG werks in mysteriously figurative ways.

The ancient Jews didn't want what Jesus had to offer then, and they've only learned to love themself despite of Him in the recent past.

But the orthodox Jews don't look like they like, let alone love, anybody. And if you ask them why they don't like Jesus, they'll give you a whole host of reasons that will leave you feeling that they don't like you, either.

I have to admit that I don't like some people, either. But I have the people skills to conceal my feelings. But if they ask me a good question, I'm intrigued at what they might know that I may have overlooked.

My personal truth is that I have little patience for

children and pets. I usually find teenagers offensive and threatening. I often find young people self-ignorant. I find the middle aged cynical and bitter. And nobody likes old people because we're ugly…

Christians didn't want what the Jews had to offer in the past when it came to wisdom, and some Christians have only learned wisdom of the [heart]$_2$ to spite us.

Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone has something to learn about the passages of life. Everyone has been given an identity in order to question why DOG made them as HE did.

What a weird and wacky world this is when you look at it up close! If I wasn't so accustomed to being alive, I'd still wish I was dead. It was hard for me to appreciate that life is like a school until I admitted that my major had to be me. I can't major in being like anyone else. I know. I tried.

The Muslim contribution to humanity is the loyalty ALLAH gave them that each of us needs to learn how to give ourself. Those fanatical Muslims who blew themself up for ALLAH'S sake didn't know nearly enough about loyalty.

With wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life, you've got a lot of what you need to better the world. It's a pity that so many Muslims still think that destroying Israel would embellish ALLAH'S plan. I believe that those Muslim martyrs who died trying to kill gays and Jews lost the opportunity for LIFE after life.

Ancient indigenists tried to destroy Israel. Ancient Christians tried. Ancient Muslims tried. There were crusades between Christians and Muslims to steal our land. There's a cathedral on one of our holiest sites: Mt. Sinai. There's a mosque on the spot where our Temple once stood.

But we're still here. After the Holocaust, Israel came back to life with a fury. So, I'd question your assumptions about S'DOG plan if you think getting rid of the Jews is a part of it.

Israel is known as the land of milk and honey. [Exodus 3:8; Numbers 14:8, Deuteronomy 31:20; Ezekiel 20:15] But

the struggle over [milk]$_2$ and [honey]$_2$ lies within. The loving are full of milk. The soulful are full of honey.

Literally, the head is located above the heart. Figuratively, our [heart]$_2$ wishes to influence our [head]$_2$. But our [urges]$_2$ will always influence our [head]$_2$ and [heart]$_2$.

It's only when you get out of your [head]$_2$ and [heart]$_2$ to look at what's going on inside you from your [soul]$_2$, that third place in inner space, that you see the motives of your inner forces more clearly. Only then do you realize that DOG sees you as you are.

The. doG within comes to us at our breastplate. This is where we develop a conscience, so that our feeling and beliefs are balanced under our thoughts before we take action. There's no mistake about how you were made in S'DOG image. You just haven't been shown how to use your body to advance your desires [+].

In that sense, Jerusalem is the figurative seat of our [head]$_2$. Rome is the figurative seat of our [heart]$_2$. And Mecca is the figurative seat of our loyalty to LIFE everlasting, a truth which resides in our [soul]$_2$. This is the way DOG made us.

San Francisco [the dick of the Bay Area] figuratively lies below our head [Jerusalem], heart [Rome] and soul [Mecca]. We, in San Francisco, are more in touch with our individual thoughts, feelings and beliefs. We understand that the spiritual operating system of our inner world mirrors the outer world. We're known for programming using a code equivalent to Morse code: computer code. It's no coincidence that Silicon Valley is the place where the world began using code as a means of self-expression.

If religion, politics and real estate issues overwhelm spirituality, the Iranians will eventually destroy Jerusalem with a nuclear bomb. If that happens, Israel will, of course, do the same to Rome and Mecca. So, the military options that the Iranians are working towards aren't viable. [You

can't convince a thief that what he wants he'll never succeed in getting from the outside in. He has to come to the conclusion that he wants what he has even more than what you have. And the only way to keep what he's believes is so valuable is by sharing it.]

Presently, there's a great deal of squabbling going on in Jerusalem by orthodox Jews with other Israelis over who's got the answers to today's problems. But today's problems aren't just problems. They're also syndromes. Solutions to syndromes don't cost a dime. If people don't want to spend their gross national product on solving problems, they're going to have to werk on their syndromes. As it is now, Israel must remain the most militarily defended nation on Earth.

I think that the clashes between the hyper-religious Jews and hyper-religious Palestinians will only increase over time, since they both blame their politicians instead of their rabbis, imams and clerics. None of the hyper-religious leaders worldwide want to join the 21st Century. They're all adamant about moving backward, not forward. The only thing they can all agree on is the abomination of gay men.

It's a pity the Iraqis don't remind their Muslim brothers that since 1948, when the Iraqis threw out all the Jews who'd been living in Iraq for the previous 2,500 years, life in their country has deteriorated considerably. Now that they don't have the Jews to blame, they're struggling abysmally to tolerate one another. Just a lesson from the TEACHER!

The Persians [Iranians] tried to enslave all the Jews in the 5th Century BCE, 100 years after the Babylonian [Iraqi] Exile. The Jewish holiday of Purim describes how one queen [Esther] thwarted the Persian plans to annihilate all the Jews.

Tell that to our previous masters, the Iraqis. We were once their slaves. Tell that to the Iranians. We escaped becoming their slaves once, and we won't let them try to do so, again. Muslims who have no respect for their indigenist history will be doomed to repeat it. We read all of HIS story for clues what not to do.

The Palestinians want to blame the gays and Jews for all their misery. But don't get me started on what's happened to the Lebanese and Syrians. Lebanon has slipped back into the Stone Age "thanks" to Iran. And Syria! The name of their country alone is synonymous with hell on Earth.

When you've got a third of a recipe, things don't come out of the oven looking quite as enticing as you expected. Even with two-thirds of a recipe, which the Christians possess, still turns up noses. We were slaves in Germany just recently. There wasn't a more sophisticated, Christian country in Europe in the last century than Germany…

When you realize that you've only got one seventh of a recipe, it's natural to become cynical and hopeless. DOG created seven paths to HIS REALM. How odd that HE'd choose a gay Jew to remind people of the obvious.

Previews to another Civil War in the United States are already here. And the Republicans are determined not to lose this one like they did the last time. Only 10% of the American Jews lived in the Confederacy during the Civil War. 90% of the Jews then were in favor of taking Torah's laws on slavery figuratively.

When it comes to the Jewish vote, the political numbers have remained pretty constant at around 65% Democrat to 35% Republican for the past 50 years. We'll have to see if the ongoing rejection of a Jewish homeland in the Middle East by the Democrats changes those numbers.

I believe that America fixing the world will fix America. I believe that self-sacrifice will reward us with a stronger America. And by that, I mean that a stronger America will be an America that's less self-defiant.

Consider me like a bullfighter. But instead of stabbing bulls with my sword, I stab bullshit with my $[words]_2$. I'm not going to sit by and watch what the hyper-religious and atheists are doing to the world without commenting on their actions from scriptural perspectives.

You may say that the devil can quote the scripture, but I

say that my dick can do so, too. It's not where the message comes from. It's whether the message is hopeful [+] or defiant [–].

I've tried to tell people that I'm the son of a slave, but they're so blind, deaf and dumb to what I'm saying that they can only look at my light skin and blue eyes incredulously. They don't believe that somebody like me could possibly know what Black people know about being treated with revulsion.

Perhaps this book should be a call to all Ethiopian Jews to remind Black Americans about Operation Moses. In 1984, Israel carried out a secret exodus from Ethiopia thanks to an agreement between the Israeli Mossad and the senior officials of Sudan. Approximately 8,000 Black Jews were brought home to Israel.

Sometimes, people don't use their nose to discern who's authentic from who's insincere. They only use their eyes and ears. If you don't look like them, they don't believe you can feel and believe like them.

I've tried to tell people that the LGBTQIA+ community has herd immunity, indirect protection from dis-ease. We're seeking miracles with marriage equality that straights ought to learn to emulate.

Roe verses Wade is slipping through straight women's fingers because they weren't foresighted enough to see the difference between autonomy over their body and autonomy over another life. Men have always had autonomy over life and death. Men are never going to give women autonomy over life and death within their own body. Straight people are just going to have to settle with contraception. But they're going to have to find a pill that men can use to take that responsibility off of women's shoulders. That would be the gentlemanly thing to do. Killing sperm for 8 hours wouldn't destroy the virility of man any more than limiting the sale of ammunition. If you want to play with your dick and protect your loved ones with a gun, you're going to want

to weigh the benefits of your desires [+] against the detriments of your wants [–].

The difference between controlling women's vaginas is very different from controlling men's anuses, and needs to be discussed since they both include S'DOG will. Everybody has been given an anus, not just a navel. The importance of semen in women for producing life must be contrasted with semen in men's anuses for producing joy.

I may be a dumbass, but my ass is a lot smarter than a whole lot of other dumbasses out there. My ass has been infused with the life-giving substance of many men who contributed to the joy of the memory of my sex life as a young man. I've plummeted my ego [prostate gland]. I've penetrated the tunnel with the light at the end [rectum]. I've defied the taboo of self-penetration, literally, figuratively and spiritually. And let me tell you, it feels really good to have done so! I didn't have to infuse my semen into my anus to achieve self-love. I did so figuratively.

The hyper-religious don't want to look at global weather chaos as something they brought upon us all. Some of them blame the gays for the tornadoes, the Blacks for the hurricanes and the Browns for the floods. And some have blamed the Jews for setting the forests aflame.

Hyper-religious Christians thank Jesus for bringing them through pain and suffering without having to face guilt, no matter how hopeless and afraid they may feel deep down inside. They look for religious ways to sweep guilt under the rug. They don't use their faith in DOG to face guilt with courage. They claim it's against their religion to pick an apple from any tree they deem is forbidden.

I'd like you to read this paragraph and then look up from this book to observe the tree on your right. That tree is full of apples. And those apples are forbidden. But I'm telling you that what I just said is Jewish nonsense.

It's hard to teach students who only want to graduate with a Ph.D. in how to play hooky. It's hard to listen to the

bozos at the back of the room who want to distract the class from facing forward, pay attention to the TEACHER and stop disrupting the class.

It shouldn't be that difficult to be wise. All you have to do is look at your mistakes, admit you were wrong and correct yourself the next time.

Meet the People Walking Tours

In the mid 1990's, I created a walking tour company of Chinatown. The purpose of it was to meet local people to find out what brought them to our fair city. In so doing, I researched the history of San Francisco and discovered that it was cosmopolitan from its inception.

The Yelamu people and their Ohlone neighbors arrived here between 4,000-6,000 years ago. San Francisco became a Mexican outpost of the Spanish missionaries who'd arrived in 1769. Thousands of South Americans got on board ships rounding Cape Horn to come here in search of gold. Chinese and Japanese came across the Pacific to do the same. Prostitutes from France were rounded up and sent to San Francisco to get them out of France, ostensibly to end adultery in France. And, of course, Americans and Europeans poured in using overland routes in search of gold, and later silver, whale oil and furs.

Levi Strauss was a German, Jewish immigrant who sold trousers made of sailcloth reinforced with metal rivets to the miners. And Adolph Sutro, another German, Jewish immigrant, was the mayor of San Francisco from 1895-1897. Modern, secular Jews have been a part of our city from its inception.

Most of the men who flocked to San Francisco didn't feel a part of life where they'd come from. They were motivated by the promise of fortune in a day-and-age when options for self-advancement were few and far between. Some of those men weren't the least bit interested in romantic relationships with women, either. That has made a difference in opening hearts and minds out West.

This city is the first city in the world to cater to true individualism. And in that respect, nothing has changed. If you have any desire to be yourself, know yourself, love yourself and express your loyalty to yourself through all that you do for others, San Francisco is the place to discover who

you have the potential to become.

The song, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" was composed by George J. Cory, Jr. His gay partner, Douglass Cross, wrote the lyrics. When the song was written in 1953, Cory and Cross were amateur songwriters who'd moved to New York following military service during World War II, but became homesick for the West Coast. After pitching the song unsuccessfully to other artists for about eight years, the song was picked up by Tony Bennett who sang it at a 1962 "Happy New Year" engagement scheduled at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. [Internet]

Here are the lyrics:

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly grey.
The glory that was Rome is of another day.
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan.
I'm going home to my city by the Bay.

I left my heart in San Francisco.
High on a hill, it calls to me
to be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars.
The morning fog may chill the air;
I don't care.
My love waits there in San Francisco
above the blue and windy sea.
When I come home to you, San Francisco
your golden sun will shine for me.
When I come home to you, San Francisco,
your golden sun will shine for me.

Being gay [z] in San Francisco is no sin. It's a blessing. Being gay [z] everywhere should be seen as a blessing from DOG, too. San Francisco hasn't been perverted by us. The city's been augmented by gay angels [z] who elsewhere have been distained.

Now that it's safe to be gay [z] in many more places in

America and around the world, the hyper-religious ought to ask themselves what S'DOG intentions could now be. What if the world isn't digressing, but progressing? What if they're the ones going the wrong way?

If so, the only reason for their disorientation could be in their misinterpretation of scripture, beginning with the Creation Story. If Torah is a cautionary tale based on reverse psychology, then the hyper-religious have made some serious mistakes.

I leave it to the one DOG who created the indigenists, Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims to judge each of us for the way we've each lived our life. DOG only knows what each of us may be doing that displeases HIM. But surely "using the back door when the front steps are being painted" couldn't be the worst sin in the world.

Laundry lesson 101
[No tickee – No washee]

When the Chinese were begrudgingly allowed to move into the city of San Francisco in the 1860's, rather than forced to remain in fishing villages around the Bay, they were outlawed from doing any job that a White man could do. That's why many of them chose to go into the laundry business.

At the time, there were few women living in San Francisco, and White men considered laundry "women's work." Often a miner only had two pairs of Levi jeans. And if he wanted one pair washed, he had to send it to China because there were no laundries in San Francisco. If he was lucky, someone in Hawaii would wash his jeans for him, and he'd get them back three months later. Otherwise, it could take up to six months to get his second pair of pants returned to him washed and pressed.

So, when the Chinese decided to open laundries in San Francisco, they opened doors then for today's straight men [y] to do their own laundry without the stigma of figuratively having their penis dismembered and testicles castrated through the acts of doing women's work.

But because the English language communication skills of the Chinese were often poor, the expression "no tickee, not washee" became a running frustration for White men. If you lost your receipt [ticket], the Chinese laundryman wouldn't give you back your laundry [wash]. "The expression today suggests that something is not to be had without an exchange; there will be no deal without the required consideration or recompense." [Internet]

In the early days of San Francisco, Chinatown was considered a dangerous place. White men would only go there for opium and prostitutes. Many men who ended up in Chinatown were regularly drugged, kidnapped and taken aboard ships [Shanghaied] to China because so many sailors

left their ship in San Francisco to seek their fortune digging for gold. There was a constant need for more sailors to man ships that came to port.

In 1850, there were only 7 Chinese women versus 4,018 Chinese men in San Francisco. In 1855, women constituted only two percent of the total Chinese population in America. These low numbers can be attributed to Chinese cultural values and financial considerations which prevented Chinese women from traveling alone. [Internet]

Additionally, most of the Chinese men were afraid to bring their wives and raise families in America because of the racial violence they found themselves subjected to, here. These skewed male to female ratios led many of the White men to seek sexual release in brothels. "Prostitution was so rampant that in the 1870 census manuscripts 61% of the 3,536 Chinese women in California had their occupations listed as prostitution." [Internet]

Because young girls were sold for as little as $50 in China but were worth thousands as prostitutes in San Francisco, they were often kept in cages here. But after four to five years of prostitution, many of them died of venereal disease.

One hundred years later, in the 1950's, Broadway Street was the dividing line between Chinatown and North Beach [an Italian immigrant community]. Chinese who traveled North of Broadway would get beaten up.

Many of the beatniks of the 1950's were Second World War veterans who'd come off the farms of middle America. When they were temporarily stationed in San Francisco on their way to the battlefield in the Pacific, they promised themselves that if they survived the War, they'd come back to live here. Many of those who did, such as progressive, gay, Jewish poet Allen Ginsburg, moved into North Beach because it was a poor Italian neighborhood with cheap rents. With the creation of nightclubs on Broadway between North Beach and Chinatown, rents went up in the late 1950's. So,

the creative types [z] moved to Haight-Ashbury, an inexpensive Irish neighborhood that still offered cheap rent in those days. When the rents went up there in the late 1960's because of the influx of hippies, the gays moved to the Castro. That's how and when our gay ghetto [z] was born for men of my generation to find peace and repose in a world that wanted to see us dead and buried.

When we look at the quest for freedom in America today, we need only look to the neighborhoods of San Francisco for evidence of changes in the 20th Century that have made the world a gentler and more accepting place for all.

You can come to school each day with our TEACHER and plan to do well even if you fear for your life. You can improve your grades even if your classmates [x or y] are trying to trick you [z]. You can make peace with your neighbors even if they're stuck in a religious nightmare and can't find a way to wake themself up from it.

Asians and gays are especially aware of our history in San Francisco. We've flourished here because we've embellished our spiritual operating system to accommodate our special needs. How we've prospered here in ways that have changed the world is an important part of our stories and HIS story. We share an understanding of minority rights that other Americans may not fully appreciate.

Living among people who look different

People who look different than you and people who live differently from you aren't necessarily bad people. They may only scare you because you can't figure out what principles they're guided by. This awareness can be achieved through direct communication with them, enjoying their art, music, culture and food and by reading their scripture.

Learning to use your intuition is key. But inuendo, gossip and insincere praise isn't useful in this regard. When it comes to overcoming prejudice, first-hand experience is the best teacher.

It's often only in big cities where people have the opportunity to rub up against those who come from different backgrounds and lifestyles. As Hillary Clinton so aptly put it, "It takes a village to raise a child." By that, she may have implied that cities are made up of many villages.

When it comes to personal growth, I think it takes a family, not just a village. I had to befriend my inner parents who were based on my impressions of my parents. I had to even befriend the inner child birthed into existence by my inner parents.

My spiritual process accounts for the sophistication and education about the meaning of my life. The hyper-religious dogmatically insist on childish interpretations of scripture that won't wake anybody up to S'DOG plan as viewed from their breastplate. They only put me into a religious coma, one in which they tried to empty my pockets and steal my inner wealth, as well.

Here in San Francisco, we see how religious thieves are pressuring the childlike [z] to give in to their dogma. We see how some politicians [x and y] are using their knowledge of scripture to keep the childlike [z] from reaching their full potential.

The childlike [z] in San Francisco aren't naïve or

gullible. The childlike [z] here are wise and loyal to life. The childlike throughout the Bay Area strive to be tolerant and fair.

Here in San Francisco, the edge of respectability now lies with those who own their home at one extreme with those who are renting at the other. And the homeless lie on the streets in the middle. This pandemic has shown us that housing the homeless is the best way to begin the spiritual process of seeing the homeless as human beings with feelings, not wild animals nesting in our parks, alleys and doorways.

Not having developed the feelings for yourself to care enough for your body to shelter it indoors doesn't mean that you don't have any feelings. It just means that you don't care about yourself as much as others do. That sense of self-caring can be taught with tough love and rigorous honesty.

The problem with some is that they aren't interested in offering learning opportunities to people who are Black, Brown, Asian, gay or homeless. They only want to teach them a lesson. And when it comes to Jews, some make it about rich verses poor, which is just as futile.

There's plenty of room in HEAVEN for the rich and the poor. There's even enough room for the gays and the homeless. The problem lies down here, not UP THERE.

Because of hyper-religious prejudices, some people are only interested in those Jews who share the same hatreds they hold. They dump the rest of the Jews in with those they believe are "ruining" this country and the world.

You see the same differences between rich and poor, straight and gay, religious and secular in Israel. The difference there is that Israel is like an island surrounded by shark infested waters. There's nowhere for Jews to get away from those Jews who hate them without taking a plane.

That said, Jews who reject other Jews have a history of getting severe and painful learning lessons from the TEACHER. We'll have to see if that holds true as the schism

between gay and homophobic, religious Jews widens.

You might say that DOG ruined my life with an act of DOG: mental illness. You might say that DOG is ruining my state [California] with forest fires. But you might add that HE's also ruining the East Coast with hurricanes, tornadoes and floods. They're all acts of DOG.

If you want to look at the destruction of America, you need look no further than DOG. Man's participation in this ruination is something you'll find hard to get him to admit to. Acts of man are of no interest to the hyper-religious. But acts of DOG are of no interest to atheists. Both insist on blaming their preferred scapegoats so they can confirm their superiority before DOG and/or man.

What I learned from mental illness has been a blessing in disguise from DOG. What Americans should be learning about America is that the American mentality is changing into a world class citizenry that must deal with acts of DOG as well as acts of man. We need every single American to make this country greater.

In my opinion, it's now all hands-on-dick. DOG has changed our challenges. HE's forcing us to modernize and broaden our thinking by facing not only our thoughts, feelings and beliefs, but the sensations HE endowed us with, as well.

The order of spiritual life can be stated in four words: pain, suffering, guilt and hope. We all have to go through pain to learn to do our utmost to avoid it. We all have to go through suffering to learn to avoid feelings of superiority and inferiority that cause us heartache.

But once we've experienced both pain and suffering, we're going to feel guilty for having allowed people to hurt us. If we broke Commandments #6-#10, we're a murderer, adulterer, thief, liar or someone who tried to be someone we were not.

We made mistakes. We corrected our mistakes. And we promised ourself not to make that mistake in the future. In that sense, good and evil; right and wrong; better and worse – are levels of moral discernment we're always having to face.

Guilt helps us develop spiritually despite our wants [–] and misplaced desires [+]. We should all feel guilty about knowing too little about ourself until we've proved to ourself through our words and deeds that we're less naïve, self-indulgent and self-ignorant than we were in the past.

Even if our democracy protects us sociologically by claiming that we're innocent until proven guilty, on the spiritual level we begin with innocence and then move into naïveté. With gullibility comes awakening to not having protected ourself sufficiently from people, places and substances that hurt us.

We're guilty for having given too much, whether to others or ourself. We're naïve until we resolve to become more guarded and disciplined in the future.

Pain, suffering and guilt are means to achieving spiritual enlightenment. I'd like to promise you that negativity in your life will end, but it won't. There are always going to be lessons in this school. And there are always going to consequences for mistakes made that teach you to change

your behavior.

Pain and suffering are caused by people who behave like dicks and assholes. But none of us is responsible for anyone else's grades in the school of life. We're only responsible for paying for the lessons that will improve our grades. Pain, suffering and a guilty conscience is the cost in changing our werk habits that will improve our grades,

Arguments, disagreements, clashes, conflicts, skirmishes, fights and wars are the result of men going rogue. Claiming that the TEACHER is on your side is a convenient way many use to rationalize violence. It's an especially popular way of expressing defiance in having been enrolled in this school. It's a common tactic used by those who have no interest in building a transcript they'll be proud of.

This world is crawling toward peace, albeit it very slowly. But peace can't be achieved only by stopping people from behaving vindictively. Peace must also be achieved by teaching people to treat themself wiser, more loving and more loyally than they did before.

Therein lies the light of hope.

The secret to fire

Fire is the world's greatest mystery and S'DOG greatest secret revealed. The Internet describes fire as "the visible effect of the process of combustion – a special type of chemical reaction. It occurs between oxygen in the air and some sort of fuel. The products from the chemical reaction are completely different from the starting material." That's a fancy way of saying that nobody knows what fire is, but nobody wants to admit it.

People have always associated DOG with fire and fire with DOG. The Burning Bush is just one example of how ancient Jews were told to make that connection. [39] [Exodus 3]

The best way to describe fire in the spiritual sense of the word is with $[words]_2$. Words are a form of fuel that can be combusted in spiritual reactions. Words are a magnificent creation by DOG that we tend to take for granted because man has had tremendous difficulty plummeting how words werk. But by comparing words to fire, we produce an understanding of ourselves as "meaning making machines" that produce spiritual outcomes in the world around us that we ought to contemplate with greater interest for the spiritual combustion they produce. [40]

You know that what I'm saying is true because you

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[39] Moses described the Burning Bush as a fire that burned without consuming anything. s'doG voice was described as coming out of those flames. There's a fire that burns within us despite us not being literally consumed by the flame. The voice in our conscience is the voice of doG. He guides us. But He also warns us that what will be, will be [Y.H.V.H.]. It's up to us to make wise choices.

[40] Socrates came close to calling man a meaning making machine by emphasizing that humans create meaning through reflection and ethical inquiry.

figuratively experience figurative glows, sparks, flickers, flares and flames inside you all the time. Just bringing up the topic of politics and religion might cause a burning sensation in you that you might associate with rage at someone over something.

We all attribute these hotspots to emotional reactions that others ignite in us. But you probably don't explore the process any more deeply metaphorically. It's only by going through the figurative fire within us that we come to understand how it werks.

The only thing we can say for sure about fire is that it's a container with seven contents with the following correspondences:

	Attribute of Fire	Attribute of Spirituality
1.	Illumination	Wisdom
2.	Warmth	Love
3.	Burn	Punishment
4.	Smoke	Prayer
5.	Mystery	Awe
6.	Sound	Mission
7.	Smell	Intuition

I'm going to skip the first three spiritual attributes associated with fire because they're obviously associated with Judaism [illumination], Christianity [warmth] and Islam [burn], respectively. The fourth attribute, smoke, [prayer] was associated with the delivery service of prayers to DOG up through the air to HIS HAVEN above the clouds.

The ancient Jews who sacrificed animals at the Temple altar weren't alone in concluding that smoke took their sacrifices to DOG using smoke. People around the world have used fire as a religious delivery device for millennia.

Ancient man presumed that the larger the sacrifice and the more smoke it produced, the more satisfied DOG would be with their gift and the more likely HE'd be to bestow HIS

grace upon the giver.

Pleasing DOG was logical and rational. The rich believed they were more beloved by DOG than the poor. But the greater truth is that the sacrifices of the poor are often much greater than those of the rich. Favoritism for the rich isn't reasonable and such urges aren't sensible.

Today, all good people try to make their sacrifices for others as great as possible. The theory is that this should get DOG to respond to their urges [+/–] with as much DIVINE intervention as possible. Such is the strategy of sacrifice in the modern age.

Today, the hyper-religious pervert the system of self-sacrifice system by expressing little-to-no spiritual substance. Another way of describing the way they communicate with their doG is like standing in front of a virtual fireplace. It looks and sounds just like a real fire, but it's almost none of the attributes of a real fire: all illumination without any warmth [+] and no fear of a burn [–]. And yet, they think their prayers are logical [head], rational [heart], reasonable [soul] and sensible [urges]. Don't believe everything they think.

Contemplation, meditation and prayer are the products of the fire within us. The more you stoke the coals of your mind, the higher your prayers will figuratively rise once you've ignited them with good questions for your Tutor about the intentions of our TEACHER. But because we're so attracted to the mystery and magnificence of the outer world, we often seek pleasure instead of meaning and verisimilitude instead of value. We seek external success rather than inner progress.

The secret to self-sacrifice is to do your utmost to become better than you were the day before. Compete against yourself, not against others.

The opposite is also true. Goodness for goodness' sake is naïve and unfocused. Help others for how much you anticipate it will improve your standing with the TEACHER.

Do good for what it you hope it will bring you, personally.

Some people insist on hobbling themself in favor of their religious tradition, which insists on them sacrificing themself for others' sake – never for their own sake.

Just imagine what would happen to the institutions of faith if people promoted their own goodness above the goodness of the clergy. The powers that be always insist that you never raise your head any higher than theirs. They're students in this school just like you and me. Don't let them convince you that they know more than you about S'DOG plan.

The problem of superiority arises because people are selfish some of the time and selfless at the other times. They can't find thee sweet spot in the middle by being self-centered.

The attraction we have to religious leaders, politicians, movie stars, celebrities and famous artists is based on the brilliance with which they figuratively shine. People gather around them in the hopes of learning how to figuratively build a fire as great as theirs. The assumption is that their sacrifices are larger; their smoke plumes bigger; and their gifts to DOG, more valuable, than yours or mine.

Fools want what celebrities have. The wise want to learn about the virtues celebrities possess and how they use them to promote the good of ONE and all.

Social media influencers have achieved the same results as celebrities without the unnecessary burden of talent and hard werk. They cut corners by producing artificial fireplaces that look and sound just like the real thing. And they try to convince themself and others that they're melting marshmallows on such flames.

Influence yourself. Don't allow yourself to be influenced by others who make their living by influencing.

Those of us who can't produce a flame that burns as hot as celebrities may, instead, choose to follow one of the other attributes of fire, such as the sound of a flame [mission].

Sometimes a fire crackles. Sometimes it bellows. Those who seek a mission in life are figuratively able to hear the roar of their own flame. They sacrifice themself to a cause they can hear inside that others can't.

A mission produces a lifestyle of giving that elevates their name in S'DOG eyes through their deeds. They become the personification of the sound of fire. They lift people up through healing, whether it's physical, emotional or spiritual healing. That brings them an appreciation of their life as a journey toward a reward of everlasting LIFE.

I don't seem to have been given a mission. My mission seems to be to analyze myself so deeply personally that my conclusions about me have universal applications.

Devoted servants the LORD may be ignorant of all the attributes of fire. But, at least, they experience the attribute of fire that comes with a mission [the sound of a fire].

My gift comes from the last attribute of fire, the smell of a fire. You don't literally have to see the illumination, feel the warmth, feel the burn, hear the sound or use the smoke of a fire to know that there had been a fire at one time in a particular place. You can tell just by the smell that remains.

People are places, too. [41] You're a person in a body. Your body is the place where you reside figuratively. No other

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[41] This is a reaction to "Corporations are people, too." famously professed by [Republican] Mitt Romney during the 2012 presidential campaign. Corporations are places, not people. They're places people gather to behave as a tribe. Corporations promote loyalty. But they denounce self-love as disloyal to the group, and they discount wisdom as counterproductive. They buy politicians; bow their heads to religious leaders; and lobby for laws that will reduce their costs and augment their profits. Such a corporation isn't a place where good people would prefer to participate, regardless of the money they can make. They know that money can't substitute for honey.

person can take your place. When you leave this world, there will be a place missing that no other human being will ever be able to fill.

When you go to bed at night, your feet come off the floor. You enter the world within. When you get up in the morning, your feet touch the floor, and you return to the world we share. These two worlds are like places. Your body is like a place because it exists in both of these places. You're not a place. You're a person. A corporation isn't a person. A corporation is a place.

I burned out long ago. I lost my first mission when I realized I wasn't good enough to make a living dancing professionally. I lost my second mission when I realized that teaching English to kids wasn't satisfying enough for me.

I had to wait to discover that my third mission had been my true mission all along. My other missions were missions on the way to finding my true mission. My mission has always been teaching myself how to figuratively wake up and rise, like Lazarus, from a grave I'd dug myself into.

You can't convince me that after three suicide attempts, I'm ablaze like the rest of the queens in the gay community. I extinguished something in me that will never come alive again. I'm figuratively charred in some places inside. There's nothing there to burn. I can figuratively smell that a fire had once burned within me. But that fire has gone out. Pleasure doesn't attract me the way it used to. I can see my wants [–] and control them before taking action.

I'm not yet a very old man, but I think like a man on his deathbed taking his final exam with every breath he takes. I'm summing up my journey. By day, I'm still on an adventure. By night, I'm facing the TEACHER in my dreams, receiving a handshake or an averted eye.

I'm not like a flaming queen. I'm a queen who extinguished her own flame. I'm the charred remains of the exuberant, gay man I once was. I find sex pleasurable, but I can't imagine what I'd get out of sex with other men that I

don't get with Will. I wasn't like that before.

When I'm having sex with Will, I combust in a way that makes it even more obvious that $[words]_2$ are the most volatile $[fuel]_2$ on the planet. Our sex is like prayer for me. It produces figurative smoke that transports our intimacy to S'DOG REALM as an ecstatic sacrifice.

We're more than members of the lavender community. We're the personification of the violet realm of the rainbow. We're as close to $[ULTRAVIOLET]_2$ light as you can get without giving up your ghost.

Words that create pictures in my mind wake me up. They provide pieces of my puzzle that give me the inner skills to produce new ways of communicating with myself before my Tutor. My imagination now produces videos, not just pictures.

My head is like a doctor. My heart is like his wife. My penis is like their son. My thoughts are the obstetrician who delivered our child. My feelings are the mother of our urges. This is what an immaculate conception looks like when you birth an inner child.

I can never anticipate what increased, inner, technical achievements I'll earn that will intensify my intimacy with my Tutor and TEACHER. What I share with you is a fraction of what I share with THEM.

The smell of everyone's flame translates as "intuition." We're all intuitively gifted. I'm just not able to predict the future using my intuition. I'm skilled at using my intuition to paint pictures of human nature through verbal sketches.

Ironically, I was ahead of the class as a youngster who saw that gay sex is good. I've been ahead of some of my classmates in seeing that Israel is an important piece of the spiritual puzzle. And I've been ahead of the class in promoting spirituality as a universal antidote to the poison produced today.

I call what I have a Jewish nose. But it's also a gay nose. And it's a nose that's been browned by my inferiority

complex. Call it whatever you like.

One of my nostrils is figuratively filled with birds that make nests within me. The other is filled with bees that build hives inside. I think about the birds and the bees with every breath I take. I'm like a tree with a nest and a hive inside. I figuratively go to places inside me that you could go to if you knew more about yourself.

You don't have to shine the way people expect you to shine. You only need to discover the way that you shine and then consciously endeavor to shine in that way as brightly as you can. Some will see what you've got. Others may not. The point is to wake yourself up, whether or not others do the same.

Don't let anyone deter you from expressing the flickering flame within you in your own way. If I can be inspired by the way I do me my way, you can inspire yourself to do you your way.

When Jesus chose Jewish fishermen to carry His message, He knew that they knew all about catching fish. So, He taught them to catch men. [Matthew 4; Mark 1; Luke 5]

Jesus knew Torah was a spiritual spark from His FATHER that had been transformed by Moses into words. Jesus also knew that the geography of Israel mirrors the lifecycle of man.

We start out like minnows in a lake [Sea of Galilee] that's so big that we think of it as a sea. We swim around freely while trying not to get eaten by bigger fish. But when we get old, and we no longer have the strength we once had, we're compelled by the current to make our way toward the river [Jordan] that will take us downstream. Only then do most $[\text{fish/Christians}]_2$ realize that there's no turning back. It's only at that point that they conclude that they're mortal. They're headed for something that resembles the Dead Sea. From this salty body of water [death] no one returns.

And so, Jesus, with the help of John the Baptist, convinced a number of ancient Jews that there's another LAND of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] that can be achieved with LIFE after life, no matter where on Earth you lived, or when. This universalized the meaning of Israel as ISRAEL, a struggle with EL, not a struggle against EL.

Jesus, with the help of John, taught His followers that He could net them and carry them out of the river of life before it's too late, that it's possible to avoid eternal death through His teachings combined with John's rituals.

This slowly turned into the concept of paradise, an ancient Hebrew word [pardes], which means "orchard." In Mosaic terminology, life is an orchard [pardes] of experiences that can lead to LIFE after life [PARADISE] if you live your life by performing wise deeds. In Jesuit terminology, life will be a PARADISE [pardes/ orchard] afterlife for those who perform loving deeds. Love, Jesus

implied, is the greatest of all possible rewards. [42] I believe that love and wisdom are the greatest of all possible rewards. I don't choose one over the other.

The prophet Muhammad contributed to these revelations with the Quran by adding loyalty to the wisdom revealed by Moses and the Self-love contributed by Jesus. This was what Archangel Gabriel whispered into Muhammad's heart that gave him the secret to the strength [Y and X] of our TEACHER that Muslims are now learning to interpret more wisely and lovingly than they did in the past thanks to modernity and greater access to their [z] factor.

As you can see, this puts women [xx] on the same level as men [yy] in our TEACHER'S eyes. But this also creates a burden for all of us to contemplate our navel [z]. Without an understanding of the myriad ways in which our TEACHER created the feminine side of all human beings, we're doomed to perceive HIM as through the eyes of flies. [43]

The prostate gland corresponds to the male ego. This gland produces and holds the seminal fluid that carries sperm out through the penis.

The Sea of Galilee corresponds to my prostate gland. That lake in the north of Israel is linked to the Jordan River which corresponds to my urethra that delivers my sperm. I identify with each of the millions of [fish/Christians]$_2$ in the Sea of Galilee and Jordan River that yearn for eternal LIFE, not death in the Dead Sea. Their yearning is familiar to mine. They seek something I seek.

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[42] Jesus taught this idea in Matthew 6:20, where He said, "But store up for yourselves treasures in HEAVEN, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves do not break in or steal."

[43] Flies see the world through compound eyes with hundreds to thousands of lenses, giving them rapid motion detection but limited detail compared to human vision. [Internet]

When a straight, Christian man enters a woman with his penis, he experiences her vagina like he's being baptized in the Jordan River. The new life they create holds the potential to achieve ISRAEL after life. This is the spiritual reason why devout Christians are opposed to abortion. The removal of new life in a Christian woman denigrates the mystery of the creation of the State of Israel here on Earth and the mystery of the eternal ISRAEL after life.

No woman [x + z] should liken her vagina to a dead sea. But if women are allowed to use safe and secure contraception, their vagina can become a safe place for pleasure, not just a place for creating life.

Paradoxically, the "right to life" movement is vehemently opposed to contraception. But if a man can spill his seeds for joy, a woman should be able to allow her river to flow with joy.

Beneath misogyny lies disgust of the anus, the dead sea where no sperm can survive. The "right to life" movement gives hyper-religious Christians the erroneous right to hate sodomy, as well as contraception and abortion.

Gay men are adamantly opposed to this hateful agenda. There's no logic, rationality or reason for opposing the use of sperm for the production of joy rather than the creation of children. No man seeks orgasm only to produce children. Forcing that agenda upon men is unrealistic. You can't control what anyone thinks, feels, believes or senses. The best you can do is discuss your inner forces with others through a spiritual lens.

Religion insists on creating guilt with knowledge of their doG, and their doG, alone. Spirituality insists on relieving guilt with self-knowledge given to us by the DOG who created all religions.

Only those with a terribly antiquated and hateful view of reality can't see the value in intimacy above and beyond the value of making babies. We don't need more children in this world. What we need are more people who can share the joy

of intimacy like adults, not like children who run in fear of their FATHER.

Our TEACHER has brought us from the creation of children to the creation of self-intimacy through knowledge of how HE created us all in HIS myriad images of HIMSELF. By plummeting the mystery of intimacy with one, cherished soulmate, we're then able to plummet intimacy with our Tutor and TEACHER. It's not necessary to create children to do so. This elevates the concept of marriage with spiritual equality.

I'm more intimate with myself than my father was with me. I know and love me in a way that he couldn't know or love himself. I forgave my father for countless mistakes he made because he was too self-ignorant to do better. He never once asked for my forgiveness.

My relationship to my inner child has produced a tenderness, closeness, familiarity and affection for me that my father couldn't share with me because he didn't have it with himself. He was too damaged by Nazis and his antiquated view of Judaism uber ales.

My confidence comes out of my caring for me. My candor comes from having cared for many others. In my opinion, the creation and dissemination of my self-love have used my sperm figuratively in the best of all possible ways. If you have a problem with how I've figuratively used the fruit juice that's been emitted through the mouth of my serpent, take your objection to DOG. Leave me out of it. That discussion bores me. I'm a very easily bored boar. If you think I'm not kosher [clean] enough for you, that's your right. But I'm not a pig. I've grown up.

Any religious leader who condemns me for "spilling my seed" has no understanding of the garden the GARDENER gave me within, in which HE planted me to germinate and grow in my own way.

Torah was never meant to be taken literally. Yet the hyper-religious in the Abrahamic faiths do only that. People

are still fighting over how many angels you can get on the head of a pin. [44]

The gland that corresponds to the vaginal fluid that pours out of the inner mountain streams in women that create their Sea of Galilee, so different from our Sea of Galilee [prostate gland] is called the ‘‘skene gland.” Once the hyper-religious perceive their prostate [y] or skene [x] gland as a gift from our TEACHER to be enjoyed for pleasure, they’ll internalize their moral principles, and leave us alone.

Needless to say, hyper-religious Christians and fanatical Muslims have been fighting for millennia over Israel. Each of them has planted their flag on our [Jewish] soil, the Catholics on Mt. Sinai and the Muslims on the Temple Mount.

Among the Jews today, the three religious casts [orthodox, conservative and reformed] are fighting among themselves for power and domination over the land that the GARDENER gave to all the Jews that corresponds to the spiritual grounding within each and every person on Earth.

Now that the reformed and conservative Jews [zz] grant gay people the right to become rabbis and marry their own gender outside Israel, the only holdouts are the old-fashioned, orthodox Jews [yy]. When the orthodox Jews get on board with the rest of us, the hyper-religious Christian [yy] and fanatical Muslim [yy] stranglehold on religion will dissolve. They’ll all see that their hateful prejudice isn’t logical, rational, reasonable or sensible. They’ll perceive Torah as reverse psychology given to the Jews by the DOG of us all.

Israel is a battleground over a meaningful, spiritual relationship with your mother [z]. Naziism is the outcome of

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[44] A metaphor for wasting time debating topics of no practical value, or on questions whose answers hold no intellectual consequence when more urgent concerns accumulate. [Internet]

an unresolved struggle with your father [x or y].

A man who has a covetous relationship with his mom [z] may suffer from a bad relationship with his dad [y]. A woman who has a covetous relationship with her dad [x] may suffer from a damaged relationship with her mom [z].

The only thing all three of the hyper-religious [x or y] in the Western faiths can agree on is that gays and lesbians [zz] are "abominable." And I'm sure our TEACHER, in HIS infinite wisdom, will continue to punish them for their shallow interpretations of HIS $[words]_2$ in myriad ways until they awaken to their self-ignorance.

When you develop a conscience, but use it only as other people's guide, you need to turn that conscience around. That's what it takes to develop a soul. Just pointing fingers at the Jew du jour [z] isn't going to improve you in any meaningful way.

We all struggle to learn when to turn the other cheek externally and when to face our perpetrators. [Matthew 5:38-40] But we all have to learn how and when to turn the other cheek from within.

Once you're not afraid of your own penis [or clitoris], you won't be intimidated by Israelis, and by extension, Jews generally. Once you see that each Jew [z] has been selected as an embodiment of Israel chosen by DOG, you'll be able to see yourself the same way with regard to Rome and Mecca.

Once you can embrace the Hebrew and Christian scriptures figuratively, imaginatively and creatively, you'll be able to make peace with yourself in the way DOG [ELOHIM] made you in HIS image. [Genesis 1:27] Once you can do all that, you can break through the broken record that has been going around in your head for a lifetime.

Another word for "broken record" is "conflagration." There's a fire in you that may be burning out of control, very much like the fires in California, Canada, Siberia and elsewhere that are decimating our beautiful forests,

threatening wildlife and worsening global weather chaos.

But the fire in you is emotional, not literal. It's synonymous with rage. You may even realize that that fire within you is now out of your control. You may need help.

Democrats are enraged by Republicans, and vice versa. People of color are enraged with White people, and vice versa. Gays are enraged with straights, and vice versa. Muslims are enraged with Israelis, and vice versa. The fire within humanity is as hot as the fire causing global warming.

Denying the cause of the conflagrations at one end of the country and the floods at the other isn't going to end them. Frustration is only going to grow between believers and atheists as it becomes apparent that interpretations of scripture are inadequate on both sides. Without deeper understanding of the self-ignorance at the root of their syndromes, we're all going to watch as Mother Nature bats last. You don't have to claim to be poetic [z] or prosaic [x or y] to realize that we're all in hot water.

This pandemic is another example of what's going on within us. No one wants to have to admit that wearing a mask makes us look like thieves. No one wants to admit that s/he stole the same thing Adam and Eve stole: self-knowledge.

You may not have yet apologized to yourself for your thefts from yourself. You may not have amended your ways from within. You may not have admitted your guilt to the one person [z] you ought to ask forgiveness from. You may not presently have all the answers you need to operate yourself as well as you could.

You need more self-knowledge, but you may not want to ask for it because you're too proud to admit that although there are many Tutors, there's only one TEACHER to go to. To understand others, you must stand under each and every part of yourself.

You don't have to be poetically inclined to vote wisely [z]. But to vote foolishly [x or y], you have to be hopelessly prosaic. As someone who's a world-class expert on insanity

and prosaic behavior that led to several attempted suicides, I have to stress the importance of waking up in the morning having done my HOMEwerk from the night before, putting the soles of my feet on the floor with conscious awareness that I'm moving from the guidance of our TEACHER in my sleep to the guidance of my Tutor by day. I'm prepared for another day of instruction on how to honor my classmates.

One of my dearest friends is a gay Jew [y + z] from Shreveport, LA who's 85 years old. He's poor and he isn't lonely. He has many friends. He's an intellectual who was raised in the South in the 1930's.

He complains to me about the broken record in his head, thinking its message is unique to him. He tells me of a voice inside that puts him down, ridicules him and tells him he's worthless, mean and cruel.

As the result of his poorly developed self-operating techniques, his mind is dimwitted, and his heart is without hope. He has no soul. He doesn't believe in DOG. He studied Buddhism his whole life. He's finally reached the source of his suffering, albeit too late to change much about himself anymore.

His conscience is developed enough to know that he's his own worst enemy. So, he asked me to teach him how to fight that patriarchal voice [y] within that dominates him and causes him so much suffering. He wants to arm wrestle with that voice over facts, truth and logic to see another side of himself. He knows there's more to him than he sees from his head. But he's not been educated in all that's going on below his collarbone.

He's a stiff-necked Jew [y]. But he's also a good, gay Jew [z] who hasn't progressed sufficiently spiritually.

You can't teach a bough to bend. Only a branch will bow to pressure.

I've told him many times that arm wrestling his patriarchal self [y] is his only hope. He must struggle against that voice within that wishes him enslaved to his parents'

1930's dreams for him. His are the same sorts of voices that are running Russia [yy], China [yy], North Korea [yy], Afghanistan [yy], Gaza [yy], Lebanon [yy], Syria [yy] and Iran [yy]. The great difference is that he's got enough self-awareness to embrace his [z] factor, although he can't yet find anything good to say about his own mother [z].

Learning to embrace the feminine side of myself required struggling with my mother's virtues and vices. I had to see how I'd turned out similarly to her. I had to search for how my individuality [z] saved me, even though my lack of collectivity [zz] has hurt me.

The weapons in this patriarchal war that emanates out from within us are earned with intimate questions. Once you've got answers for yourself, there are far more creative ways of fighting the Nazis within with ridicule than rivalry.

In my opinion, Mel Brooks was one of the greatest geniuses of the 20th Century. He alluded to the struggle against the Nazi within us in his movie, "The Producers." He scorned antisemitism, anti-Zionism, homophobia, racism and misogyny. He scorned hatred of all kinds, including self-hate.

You can't change the minds of some men [yy] about all men [zz]. You can't even open some women [xx] up to the idea of the woman [z] within each of us. The only person you can change is you. And since you've surely tried everything else, I recommend you scorn the voice [x or y] within you that thinks it can keep you [z] under its thumb.

My friend has good reason to cry over who he's become, not how DOG made him. He has good reason to feel guilty about how he feels about himself. His ego just won't allow him to face his own truth.

Out of a soil that's been conditioned with pain and suffering, guilt adds the grounding in which hope can grow. Self-blame is a hell of a lot better than attempting suicide or trying to kill your teddy bear.

They say, "Real men [yy] don't cry." They say, "Real

men [yy] don't eat quiche." Well, "real" men [yy] won't be around forever.

There's a wo/man [z] inside every "real" man [y]. And it seems to me that gay men and lesbians [zz] can see her in everybody.

Women [xx] have been depressed, repressed, suppressed and oppressed for a very long time. We've all been conditioned not to do a lot of things that will make us forget that we have a side of ourself that we got from our mother [z]. Use her or lose her.

We've been conditioned to bypass our navel on our way to satisfying the urges that emanate out of our genitals. We run away from the connection to our mother that was severed at birth that's been gnawing in our gut our whole life. We insist on growing up rather than growing close. And so, the one person we end up knowing the least about is ourself.

Learning how to cry out of joy in being alive is the secret desire [+] of every wo/man [z] on the planet. Sadly, people don't even know that that's what they'd most like to do. So many end up crying instead.

Antisemitism doesn't just come from Christians and Muslims anymore. Now we can see it coming from Jews, too. Who can't see homophobia in the gay community and racism amongst Black people? If women don't call out misogyny in woman, we're never going to seek reasons to point fingers at ourself.

America couldn't win a war with Vietnam that we fought for 18 years. We couldn't win a war with Afghanistan that we fought for 20 years! Building a nation isn't possible when you haven't read their scripture, but insist that they live by yours. Generals who don't know what they're fighting over refuse to turn self-ignorance into a weapon. Yet that will end the bloodshed once and for all.

Ridicule of a head that's illogical, a heart that's irrational, a soul that's unreasonable and a dick that's not sensible would be far more effective. It cuts much deeper

than knives. Seek the hypocrisy in your enemy and bombard him with that.

Who can't predict that the Taliban are going to do to modern Afghans what I did to Teddy? Who can't already see that Muslim extremists worldwide are going to continue to decapitate people to find out what's in their head; slit open their belly to find out where they got their guts? And then they're going to discard the leftover pieces of flesh in the trash as I did with Teddy.

Building a nation has to be done with books, pamphlets, artwork, television and sweets of every kind. I suggest America stop trying to build nations with guns. We're close to destroying our own nation with guns!

Only dicks fight dicks. I love my dick. I love Will's dick. And I express my love of dicks fearlessly for all to hear.

Do we really think we left Afghanistan any safer for gays and Jews? Are the Vietnamese so badly off under their form of communism? Religious states work fine if people would just compare and contrast their religion to the other six to glean better interpretations of their scripture.

Give the Canadians a chance to explore nation building with Cirque du Soleil. Life is a balancing act. Everyone knows it!

We can't even build our own nation until we get thieves out of office and secure elections for everyone who has enough sense to vote. You started out in a garden. You left the grove of family to make your way in the orchard of humanity. But you got lost in the forest. Seek the meadow, and you'll discover that there's swamp within you, too.

You can't build a nation with a gun any more than you can protect America from our fellow Americans with the Second Amendment. The Second Amendment gives us the right to talk about our penis problems and clitoris conflicts publicly in tactful ways that won't upset children who aren't biologically or psychologically ready for aspects of reality that can only be accessed from the rainbow of puberty that

points them in the direction of adulthood.

Our forefathers thought we needed guns to protect us from our government. What modern American men need is a werking relationship with their penis, not a gun without a license or training in how to use it. With a warmer, more loving relationship with their penis, a lot more could be accomplished than what the hyper-religious have offered us for a future.

Those who've embraced the universal principles of respect for the passages of life, beginning in infancy and ending in old age, will come to embrace gays, Jews and all other minorities naturally.

Sadly, the only thing that the world is learning from America today is how to put money before honey, property before principles and prestige before inner prosperity. Wherever we go, we create a land of milk and money.

The Taliban [yy] saw right through that. Let's build our nation to be the envy of the world. At the moment, we're the laughingstock of the world. Make America [create]$_2$ again!

Needless to say, the Taliban are going to repress the [z] factor of everybody in Afghanistan. That will be a terrible outcome for Muslims worldwide who care about the reputation of Islam in ALLAH'S eyes. What we're seeing isn't what Archangel Gabriel taught the prophet Muhammad. A man [y] today who's lost his [z] factor won't know better than to oppress women [xx]. What we're seeing from men like that is obscene!

Hezbollah [yy], Hamas [yy] and the Iranian Guard [yy] will never be able to destroy Israel. They'd have to kill every woman [z] on Earth. Therein lies the secret to power.

Our nation of Jews could make an even greater difference to the world if the old-fashioned orthodox Jews [yy] confessed their antisemitism and misogyny [zz]. Until they give up their prejudice against gay Jews [zz], none of the other hyper-religious [yy] in the world will do so, either.

While reeling from the effects of building other nations,

Americans should be looking more critically at the people we've put in charge. Some Americans have no intention of expressing anything more than lip service to loyalty to our country. They've been bought and paid for by billionaires [yy], Russians [yy] and Chinese [yy] who don't have loyalty to anything other than world domination. Life is meaningless to all of them because the spiritual code behind the words they utter is beyond their ken.

The word "dafka" in Hebrew best translates as "defiant." It also means contrary. There's a time and place for such behavior. But the political leaders and religious leaders that have our nation in their pocket are only convincing the masses to be dafka to cement the need for their position of power. There's no logical basis to their opposition to vaccines, technology and global warming. They're just using mob mentality to maintain their grip of terror on the nation.

Defiance is figuratively located in the anus. Sodomy defies defiance. Loving penetration of the anus by a penis or with fingers is considered blasphemous, irreverent, profane, lacking piety and respect for the sacred.

The hyper-religious condemn those of us who use our anus sexually. They must believe DOG wants us to be defiant. HE certainly made in clear in Leviticus 20 that Jews should kill all gay Jews.

Today, hypocrisy is raining down on the West like ash, not manna. And hypocrisy is rising up in the East like a flood of Biblical proportions.

If you want to test people's ideals, test them below their belt. Ask them if they believe that a Jewish, circumcised penis is better or worse than any other. Then ask them if a gay ass is better or worse than any other. That's where you'll get your answers to whether people are civilized, or not.

When the mobs admit that what comes out of their ass is no better than what comes out of anybody else's, they'll begin to see how similar they are to the minorities they despise. They'll begin to admit that what lies inside of them

stinks as much as what lies inside their father and mother. They'll come down from their high horse and admit that playing cowboys and Indians is no longer P.C.

Israel was built by Jews [yy and xx] for Jews [zz]. But corruption in Israel is as rampant as everywhere else on the planet because of defiance. Yet, when self-knowledgeable Jews [zz] struggle to overpower self-ignorant Jews [xx or yy], Israel becomes a brighter light for the nations. [Isaiah 49:6]

Those defiant types [xx or yy] in America and around the world who give lip service to Israel only do so to help the orthodox Jews [xx or yy]. And they only do that to keep the Church [yy] and the Mosque [yy] in positions of religious and political power over their own people.

The defiant are the religious. The compliant and faithful are the spiritual. Defying defiance is the greatest act of peace possible.

The gay community unconsciously brought death upon ourselves, perhaps because everyone else wished us dead. Now that we've been through the "winter of our discontent," we're moving toward the summer of marriage equality. Therefore, we say to you, "Be careful what you pray for."

The power of the words you utter, inside and out, is a spiritual force that comes from your relationship with DOG. Therefore, you ought to learn how to use words personally in order to use them properly. What else do you really have to do with your life other than learn to speak properly?

Making money isn't a good reason to live. Making babies isn't a good reason to live. But making a bigger mess of your life isn't reason enough to die. Clean yourself up.

Plummeting the meaning of $[words]_2$ is the best reason to live. Only $[words]_2$ will bring you nearer to your CREATOR. Only communicating with yourself will bring you the love you seek.

If you don't understand the seven meanings of the $[word]_2$ $[fire,]_2$ you're going to get burned by your selfish

utterances and pathetic prayers. You're going to drown in self-instigated floods of feelings to relieve you of your shame. Hypocrisy will destroy you, no matter how soulful you say you are.

My broken record is quite different from my old, gay, Jewish friend's broken record. He's come to a fork in the road. He has to decide whether to do what the doctors tell him or prepare for death. He doesn't want to do either. He's forging a path between the two. That's his choice. That's none of my business.

But I don't want to do the same. I don't suffer from a broken record anymore. When I realized that I was going to have to live with a murderer for the rest of my life, I cried bitterly at what had become of me.

I now refuse to betray myself. There was a Judas in me and the equivalent of a Roman army that had colonized my mind with words empty of meaning. There were even the voices of homophobic, orthodox Jews conspiring against me.

What gay man [z] isn't afraid of coming out to his father [y]? My father couldn't stand me. I disgusted him.

How many good fathers in this century have raised their sons using their [z] factor, honoring their children's mother – unperturbed by the sexuality of their offspring?

Look what the "good" people of Wyoming let happen to Matthew Shepard [z] to shut him up in the last century. [45] Look what some Americans still want to do to transgendered men and women all across this country, especially those trans people of color.

Good gays and lesbians have woken up their straight parents and society to the underlying assumption about erroneous interpretations of scripture. But there's much

[45] Matthew Wayne Shepard was an American student at the University of Wyoming who was beaten, tortured, and left to die near Laramie on October 6, 1998.

more werk to do.

The TEACHER gives me new challenges every night in dreams that confound and confuse me in ways I can't foresee. But there's an intelligence to the lessons I'm being given. They build one upon the other.

I can't predict the future, as much as I try. But at least I'm trying to live my life from the inside out rather than the outside in, one day at a time.

The consequence of mixing my two worlds produces tension. It's even produced superstition. But when I was insane, I worried that what I was thinking was going to change the world, independent of anything I could do about it.

That, of course, was crazy. We can't change the outer world with our mind. We must literally interact with the world to change it. Thinking only changes our inner world.

Thinking differently will have a powerful effect on how things change internally. Understanding the power of your mind will give you the tools to then change those aspects of the world we share that the CREATOR of us all would want you to affect. Understanding how you influence your own thinking can make an enormous difference in how you interface with yourself, and then with others.

Sports psychology is based on winning the game from the inside out. If you want to feel like a winner, you've got to love the loser in you. You've got to nurture your nature, however sick and twisted it may have become.

Changing your mind will help you transform your heart with more loving feelings for yourself. It's easy to love the best in you. It's hard to love the worst in yourself. Transforming your heart will help you transcend your beliefs about yourself, which will, in turn, make your conscience a better guide. And contemplating your separation from your mother at birth will help you come to honor your mom [z], not just your dad [x or y].

This is what it takes to become a spiritually transparent

person. Nobody wants to relive the feelings of The Invisible Man. Nobody wants to feel ghosted, least of all by himself.

Superstition must be erased from your operating system altogether. The purpose of Voodoo is to "serve the spirits" through prayers and rites for health, protection, and favor. The misuse of the spiritual realm for vindictive reasons will always backfire. Look at what voodoo used for revenge has done to Haiti.

DOG is in charge of this world. You're only in charge of you [x or y + z]. If you mix up where you end and DOG begins, you'll pay a price for your ignorance.

If you drive your car off a cliff, as I did in one of my suicide attempts, you won't kill DOG. No one is powerful enough to kill DOG. The ancient Christians who blamed the Jews for killing their doG were insane. Today's neo-Nazis are insane. Vindictive people are insane. They're all afraid of what would happen if they changed their mind.

Keep that in mind when you interact with them. Ridiculing the religiously insane with reality is the best medicine. Flat earth, 2D thinking can be reshaped into 3D thinking. People once believed the world ended at the horizon.

The Tao deals with the paradoxes that exist between the world within us [yin] and the world around us [yang]. The more we can face these seeming contradictions, the more we can unlock the secrets within us given to us individually by DOG. Better to ridicule ourself than have others ridicule us. Once you get through your rage and are realistic about your self-hate, you won't have to fear and combat ridicule.

I thought I had a good sense of humor until I realized that I couldn't be teased. Laughing at myself isn't enough. I have to allow others to laugh at me, too. But if I can't laugh with them, I have to ask myself what their joke is all about. Jokes at my expense that I don't understand don't poke fun at me with me. They scorn and deride me behind my back to my face. That's unkind. Talk to your Tutor about this kind of

lesson from the TEACHER.

If you let people get in the way of you accomplishing your victory over guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation], you'll suffer for your fragility. Modesty over embarrassment; humility over shame; and loyalty over humiliation of yourself before DOG – are lifelong aspirations to strive for.

The way in which I broke my broken record was by realizing that it was the victim voice [z] within me, and I was the persecutor [y]. The victim just wanted me to acknowledge that I was my own worst enemy. My broken record wanted me to admit that a part of me [y] was childish, immature, unreasonable and, at times, bat-shit crazy.

I have ample proof of that now. By agreeing with my matriarchal voice [z], I was able to ridicule the message of the persecutor [y], the patriarchal voice. I didn't have to renegotiate my past after that. I'm no longer consumed by a tug-o-war between two factions living out the past within me.

I'm half male [y] and half female [z], and I always was. I'm a combination of physical, emotional and spiritual forces that were combined when I was created. There's no coincidence about the parents I was given and the way my life turned out. But there's so much I can do to turn what once seemed like my fate into what now feels like a potential to achieve my destiny.

My life story is, itself, really quite uneventful. The outcome of this accomplishment is peace of mind, something I never experienced before. I now know the difference between solitude and serenity. I've made my way all the way around my inner world. There's nowhere else I want to go.

Jesus was the product of a Jewish mother [z] and a heavenly FATHER [Y]. He was [Y + z] according to Christian doctrine. All the rest of the men in the world are a product of [y + z].

The prophet Muhammad was, in the biological sense, no different from any other man [y + z]. But because his father, Abdullah ibn Abd al-Muttalib, died before he was born, and his mother, Amina bint Walb, died when he was six, Muhammad had ALLAH-given, emotionally arrested feelings for both his [y] factor and [z] factor. These challenges were healed through the Archangel Gabriel [Hebrew: strength of EL]. The strength of EL [ELOHIM] is [Y]. Archangel Gabriel was Muhammad's Tutor and the Tutor or all Muslims.

When you combine the message of Moses [who was separated from both his parents as an infant]; with the message of Jesus [whose FATHER is believed by Christians to be ELOHIM]; with the message of the prophet Muhammad who was inspired by an Archangel, the strength of EL – you achieve insight into yourself and your relationship to your parents that you can't get from any one scripture.

If you feel like there's a struggle going on inside you between the Old and New Testament or the Bible and the Quran, know that you're not alone.

Turning this tug-o-war between the Old and New Testament into a hate triangle between Tanach, the Gospels and Quran was something I didn't know I was doing until I looked at history as a clue to HIS story. The prophet Muhammad described the breaking of the projection of these inner forces through DIVINE similes.

In order to become soulful, I've had to break my projections onto the external world to grab, grip and then embrace my projections as a reflection of deeper perceptions of myself.

Granted, that caused me to have to lower my opinion of my father and mother in some ways. But it also required that I raise my opinion of each of them in other, totally unexpected ways. And that has made all the difference in me growing nearer to my Tutor and our TEACHER.

Anybody can honor his mom [z]. Anybody can honor the unspoken voice within him or herself [z] that's been repressed. Anybody can become the personification of Israel, Rome or Mecca. All s/he has to do is give up his or her infantile, childish and juvenile views that s/he's projected out onto the world. Once a person can unify the perpetrator [x or y] and victim [z] within, s/he's free to become a mature citizen of the world. Anyone can find ways to include matriarchal power with patriarchal power in new, creative ways.

In doing so, I've come to embrace the perpetrator in me who tried to kill me. I've seen how he had no other option at the time to reveal the meaning of my life to me then. Now that I can tease myself [y] over what I did to me [z], I can talk about it in a way that's universal, not just paranoid and personal. Self-deprecating humor is the best medicine.

I know that the people in the Bay Area aren't perfect. But I say to you that if the whole world could trade in their problems for ours, they would. We're doing something here that's worth emulating.

People who claim to care about themself and others ought to learn from good examples. Our understanding of the [z] factor, and the ways in which we live out the [z] factor in us are more evolved than in most other places.

I like to watch cooking shows and baking competitions. But because I know very little about cooking, baking or competing, I'm left with judging the contestants by their personalities, not their skills in the kitchen. And that produces a whole other "variety show" that's only entertaining for me.

When I see a contestant who turns me off [whether physically or emotionally], I want them to lose. And when I see one who turns me on, I want them to win. But that says more about me than them or their skills in the kitchen. That's what it means for me to watch a baking show subjectively, not objectively.

I look at how people affect me and ask myself what it is about them that I find so attractive or unattractive. There's nothing about the way I play "The Great Barry Bake Off" that has anything to do with baking.

Because I can't fully trust the judges on baking competitions because I can't taste the food, I resort to playing my own game. Learning how to bake isn't my goal. Learning about my subjectivity is my goal.

Many people feel that they need to strive to become an underdog just to achieve the sympathy from others that they can't give themself. And many people offer their sympathy to underdogs who wouldn't be underdogs if they learned from their own mistakes. So, just feeling sorry for underdogs isn't a good strategy for me anymore.

I can now feel the difference between embarrassment of my body and shame of my character. I can even feel the humiliation I've heaped upon myself by looking at my behaviors in the past with DOG as my WITNESS.

I saw myself as a Jew killer. I saw myself as a gay killer. I saw myself as insane and separate from all other people. But that was only because I couldn't forgive myself.

I didn't realize that helping others would lead me down

a well of solitude that would allow me to help myself with S'DOG help. I didn't realize that there was so much involved in helping me help myself. I didn't realize I need to become soulful to attract a soulmate.

I had no idea DOG had a mission for me. I'm not a Democrat or Republican. I'm an Independent. I'm not gay or Jewish. I'm both and I'm many other things.

I see the DOG of the Jews as like a gardener. Y.H.V.H. is like his farmhand. I see the DOG of the Christians as like a father and Jesus as like his son. And I see the DOG of the Muslims as like a teacher and Gabriel as like a teacher's aide.

These three views of DOG have helped me discern the spiritual difference between me, myself and I:

1. me: my relationship to my body
2. myself: my relationship to others
3. I: my relationship to DOG

As I developed the self-intimacy to dive further down into my subjective truth, I saw the importance of progress, not perfection. Each of the books I wrote brought me to a deeper understanding of who I was; how I acted; and how DOG viewed me.

Each of my edits of the books that I wrote brings me new skills in editing my mind. I've learned to stop myself from beating up on myself to prove that I'm inferior to who I was yesterday. I've learned to stop myself from thinking about revenge down the line. These thoughts are bad habits that I have a responsibility to strike from the record.

I see myself as branching out like a tree that's growing up toward the light. I'm laden with fruit. I'm rich inside. I have so much to give.

But I've had to distance myself from my family and most of my friends. I've had to give myself permission to strive to be the best me I can be without them. I want [–] fame and fortune to make them look bad. I desire [+] fame and fortune

to help the world. This is paradoxical.

The future is out of my hands. I may die without having achieved my mission of seeing marriage equality in Israel. If so, I'll just be one more unknown fallen soldier. And that's O.K, too.

I'm not sorry I told Mike to honor his [s]mother and family. I'm not sorry I stepped on his ego to do so. I'm not sorry I use sex to describe some familial relationships as perverted and sick.

If you loved your parents, that was a mistake. If they loved you, that was also a mistake. The relationship between parents and children should be one of honor.

DOG brought you a yearning for a soulmate to love. Teddy was my first soulmate. I'm so glad I cut him into little pieces. Larry did the same to me when he committed adultery. I'd never do that to another human being.

Parents are given children so that the children can go through them like students in a teacher's classroom. Loving your children will bind them to you like slaves. It'll recreate the bondage of the Israelites with their ancient Egyptian masters. Your children will be forced to escape from your clutches.

Love yourself. If you're so blessed that DOG gives you a soulmate, consider yourself in the Ph.D. program of the school of life. Love your soulmate as you love yourself. Treat him or her as you would wish to be treated. Then give the love you've discovered to DOG. Show HIM that you're using the time HE's giving you wisely.

I haven't told you this yet, but I see Santa Cruz and Monterey as the anus of the Bay Area. I love the Monterey Bay. I love anuses. If the people living there don't like my description of them, there's nothing I can do about that. I'll just have to be careful who I tell what.

In the end, it's about how I stand before DOG unflinchingly. I know HE doesn't yet expect my conscience

to be fully developed. But HE does expect me to face my feelings with the goal of allowing HIM to adjust my beliefs. This will make it possible for me to behave differently in the future while still allowing my conscience to guide me a little more loyally day-by-day.

I suspect that all hyper-religious nuts are antisemites, anti-Zionists, racists, homophobes and misogynists. I don't see them as underdogs. They deserve what they get, both the blessings and the curses.

The only way to get ALLAH to give Muslims a piece of Israel is for them to ask nicely for it. Israel, like every apple on a tree, is S'DOG creation. If you think you can just pick apples without asking, you still don't know the first thing about why DOG created the Jewish people. Even my description of HIS generic name written backwards is a reminder to me to always ask. DOG uses reverse psychology because many people have a negative emotional reaction to being persuaded, and thus choose options which are being advocated against. They're defiant.

In terms of the main metaphor of Moses, my tree of knowledge is laden with ripe fruit. If others go hungry inside, let them get their hands dirty by sowing and reaping their own spiritual garden to produce food-for-thought.

Some of my fruits I offer others. Many of my fruits I share with Will. But most of my fruits fall to the ground where they enrich the soil within me. I can never know which of those seeds will germinate.

Some people judge me as selfish. The religious community tells me to strive to become more selfless. Only the wise see how self-centered I am.

In terms of Christian symbolism, their FATHER isn't my father. Their Son [Jesus] isn't my son. And their holy spirit isn't my spirit. My spirit is like a flame that burns in my breastplate. That's where I discovered my burning bush. I don't hold myself responsible for maintaining a familial relationship with others. I honor strangers. I don't pretend to

love them.

I was planted like a seed in a familial grove. I've long since been transplanted. Think of me as a lone Monterey pine.



In terms of the 114 Islamic similes for ALLAH, their TEACHER'S Aide [Gabriel] isn't grading me. The TEACHER of us all is. Other people's grades aren't going on my report card. I'm pleased with how I've raised my g.p.a. And I'm motivated to spend all my time producing a transcript that will earn me a handshake from the TEACHER when I graduate.

To all the trees in the orchard; to the entire family of man; and to all my classmates, I say, "Grow up. Get real. Israel is real. Your [z] factor is real.

But your childish interpretations of your scripture are fantasies your institutions of faith created for children who are prepubescent. Until you evolve to the figurative age of 13, you're going to continue to suffer from bad "luck."

If I was to use a sports metaphor, I'd say that I'm in a timed competition against me with myself. But I'll win even if I lose because I'm learning and growing day-by-day from my mistakes. It's all an inside contest. The outside contest is a game where I test the theories and practices on how to use my seven figurative selves to play well with others.

Turning my world inside out so that my internal world is facing the world and my external world is something I do as

a writer. “California Dreaming” [The Mamas and the Papas] isn’t a dream for me anymore. I’m literally achieving it thanks to rigorous self-communication in loud.

When you reconsider your time on Earth as a schoolroom setting with the same TEACHER as everybody else, life makes much more sense. Granted, there are class clowns who only want to distract students from their studies. There are bozos at the back of the room who steal other people’s trophies, sometimes individually, sometimes using the power of collusion. There are students in the middle of the room who are only here to enjoy family, friends and cherished acquaintances.

But there are students who are sitting in the first few rows, close to the board, who have a view to the TEACHER and HIS chalkboard. They discuss their HOMEwerk in terms of the lessons of each day. [46] They compare their test grades. They’re the only pupils preparing for their final exam.

It’s only when it becomes all about me that the meaning of life begins to fit snugly into place as though it was TAILORmade. It’s only when I translate everything I think, feel and believe as a lesson to increase my self-knowledge – that I grow soulfully in my own unique way.

Acts of man that help you should be seen as acts of DOG, as well. We’re all in a relationship with DOG, even if some people forget to read HIS name from right to left as they do in Hebrew. The word “nema” read backwards is the only Hebrew word you need to utter. It means “I believe.”

[46] “homewerk” teaches me about myself and others. “HOMEwerk” teaches me about my Tutor and TEACHER.

Keeping the Sabbath holy

Of the ten Commandments Moses brought down from Mt. Sinai, only two of are in the positive, the 4th and 5th, keeping the Sabbath holy and honoring your father and mother. Unless you're in a spiritual frame of mind, it isn't going to be possible to appreciate the time you've been given to honor, rather than love, your parents. Time is a resource that's out of everybody's control. And nobody picked his parents.

Although time is a resource we can't control, our parents are a resource we must control. Your parents are two trees, one a tree of knowledge; the other a tree of life. Your apple didn't fall far from their trees.

Your father isn't your FATHER. That much self-knowledge you already know. But your mother is the first tutor you were given in this school. The milk [love] she gave you as an infant can't be compared to any other dairy product.

A trans woman may feel locked in the body of a man. But every man and woman was once locked in the body of a woman. Everybody came out of their mother.

When you look at the Ten Commandments as emanating out of your feet, you're accounting for the two tablets as your soles, whether they're exposed when you're in bed or concealed when you're up and about. Each toe corresponds to a Commandment. They keep you balanced.

When you look at the Ten Commandments as emanating out of your hands, you're accounting for the two tablets as your palms pointing every which way, day and night. Each finger is a tool with which you serve DOG.

When the 5th and 6th Commandments correspond to your thumbs, then the 4th Commandment corresponds to the index finger of your nondominant hand and the 7th Commandment corresponds to the index finger of your dominant hand. This is the finger you wag at others to warn them that their

[word]$_{1/2}$ is paramount in determining their worth.

I'm not fond of rites or rituals. I don't appreciate my value by going to a house of prayer to pray. But, then again, I don't go to theaters to watch movies now that I can watch what I want at home on TV.

Decide for yourself what the institutions of religion have to offer you. But don't try to convince me that to be a good person I need to stand up to DOG, kneel down to HIM or prostrate myself before HIM. I can do so figuratively.

Nobody is willing to admit they've got a problem with ELOHIM, the FATHER or ALLAH. If you're gay, that smells to high heaven because we have a problem with HIM. I've spelled out what that problem is.

I'm now much too enamored of spirituality to go back to the days of traditional religion. Male religious leaders, male generals and male politicians, along with male judges, know nothing about their [z] factor. They've all got problems expressing their feminine side.

Granted, there are still many good people who use their house of prayer as a vehicle for charity and spiritual comfort. That's something religion does well.

But many religious leaders influence those with power using conformity to patriarchal interpretations of scripture. A real separation of the church will never happen. We have to reform the church and the state through culture wars that emanate out of spiritual transformations.

All nine members of the Supreme Court come out of the Judeo-Christian belief system. It should be a court that has one Native American, one Hindu, one Jew, one Buddhist, one Taoist, one Christian and one Muslim. With these seven spiritually, diverse members of the court plus one gay man and one lesbian, the world might have greater respect for how we supervise our government as our government supervises the world.

Are you awakened enough to question what our politicians and courts are doing for our country? If you

believe in stacking the court full of Christians, you can't possibly be hoping for the best.

I recommend that the LGBTQIA+ community spend more time in all the houses of prayer, even if I don't. [I already have.] If I could have learned about the best in all S'DOG teachings, gays and lesbians can add to what I've said in religious settings of their choosing. That's where I see the cutting edge of the new, world order.

That said, the importance of the 4th Commandment can't be overstated in making peace from within. The Sabbath speaks to the importance of timing.

Rite translates as heart. And ritual translates as soul. Rites are disciplines you set in place to force your head to adhere to a higher level of self-love in your heart than you're able to express now. Rituals are disciplines you set in place to force your head and heart to adhere to a higher level of faith in your soul than you're able to express now.

If you don't put your heart and soul into everything you feel and do [every single day of the week], you're going to be quite exhausted by the time you reach the end of your journey. So, in that sense, rites [feelings] and rituals [beliefs] need to be understood as internal processes that must be taken seriously, not necessarily literally.

When I saw my heart transforming and soul transcending who I was before, it motivated me to try even harder to use DOG as a WITNESS in all my affaires.

Every day became a Sabbath day of rest within, not another day I was under external pressure to compete with others. Every holiday became a daily event, not a yearly event. Every day became Yom Kippur, a day of atonement for my guilt. Every day became Christmas, a day to celebrate my self-love. And Ramadan became a day of expression of my discipline and sacrifice for the sake of exercising my self-devotion before DOG.

Your inner world is actually timeless and, therefore, eternal. It's only your outer world that's been segmented into

seasons for sowing and reaping. Every 24-hour interval has been divided for you into various shades of light [good] and dark [evil]. To appreciate these two constructs of time, you should honor the timelessness of the Sabbath from within and the weekly organization of time as constructed in seven portions first described in the Creation Story. These seven days correspond to the creation of the seven faiths:

1.	Sunday	Indigenism
2.	Monday	Hinduism
3.	Tuesday	Judaism
4.	Wednesday	Buddhism
5.	Thursday	Taoism
6.	Friday	Christianity
7.	Saturday	Islam

The Hebrew calendar of dividing time into seven days has been applied to every yearly calendar on the planet. That was an act of DOG, not an act of the Jews. How are Muslims going to destroy Israel and embrace the seven days of the Jewish week that they're using? Are they going to change our division of time to accommodate their dogma?

The only way to achieve the subjective experience of the Sabbath is with courtesy, honor and an attitude of humble enlightenment to all those who celebrate the Sabbath on different days.

Once you can honor the Muslims who celebrate the day man was created [Friday]; the Jews who celebrate the day DOG rested [Saturday]; and the Christians who celebrate the day DOG decided to create the universe [Sunday], the differences in time [Commandment #4] will help you in moving forward from the 4th Commandment to the 5th.

You can't honor your parents if you have no appreciation of the time you've been given to learn about the meaning of having been created and brought here to value life. You're here with good reason. Therefore, use reason to discover that

reason.

Just keeping Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays holy is for amateurs. When I'd go to a house of prayer on one of those days, I was surrounded by beginners in spirituality. Once I considered myself a professional [adult] in matters of faith, going to synagogue, church or mosque to pray became like going to a restaurant. It's fun. It's nice to see what they can make that I can't make at home with the recipes I've got. And it's nice to enjoy being served. But there's nothing like a homecooked meal [prayer].

You should know that the Jewish new year celebrates the birth of Adam. The Christian new year celebrates the circumcision of Jesus. The Muslim new year celebrates the prophet's journey from Mecca to Medina. He had to run away from his enemies to escape religious persecution. Surely, Muslims should be able to apply that to their persecution of the Jews, today.

When you can take matters of time to heart, you'll find it much easier to take your Sabbath to heart. When you can interact with your parents soulfully, you'll find it easier to honor them.

When you can admit that there is a DOG who took you out of an inner Egypt to a land of milk and honey, you'll have no other sdog before HIM. And if you do have a doG who guides you, you'll share your doG with others in the hopes that they'll share the bounty of their doG with you.

In looking at life in these ways, you won't use any of the LORD's names in vain. You'll find yourself able to enjoy the mystery of time and space as you move through them.

My lesbian cousin's wife

My lesbian cousin's wife comes from a Protestant family from Amish country in Pennsylvania. They were all probably Republicans in their day. Most of the men in the family still are. My lesbian cousin's wife is like family to me. We've been in each other's lives for more than 30 years.

That said, she still expresses some of her feelings as though she's a little girl still living under her parents' roof. She feels surrounded on all sides by straight people who don't understand her. In her heart, she hasn't yet entered our gay community as an adult lesbian among other adult lesbians and gays. She still worries like a frightened little girl who declares that the sky is falling every time a drop of disappointment lands on her head. Her thoughts shatter her feelings into little pieces that scatter in every direction when something triggers her.

To put it succinctly, she's paranoid. But she's projected her paranoia onto the external world. Her wife, my cousin, and I [and others] aren't afraid of what she's afraid of. We have paranoias of our own.

My lesbian cousin's wife is a Chicken Little, not a Big Bird. My lesbian cousin's wife is an excellent driver who has a couple of high-powered motorcycles. She's made a name for herself as an electrician who supported other women who took on "male" professions to prove themselves in a "man's" world. She even became a psyche tech and worked with the mentally disabled. So, she's very socially astute to what's happening around her from a range of external experiences that have taught her a lot about the meaning of life. She just hasn't asked herself the value of life.

She could afford to become more aware of what's happening within her. She may be afraid of dying alone. My lesbian cousin's wife holds on to my cousin like a life preserver in the middle of the ocean. I think she sees my cousin like a savior.

Lesbian Jews like my cousin aren't life preservers. Gay Jews like me aren't lifeboats. We're all bobbing on our own ocean of emotions alone. So, everybody needs to, "Sit down, sit down, sit down sit down, sit down you're rockin' the boat!" [47]

Making new family without your family of origin is a science. But feeling at home and trusting your new family is an art. Gay men learned this from our AIDS epidemic. We refuse to sweep what we went through under the rug like many Holocaust survivors felt forced to do in their day.

We learned a lot from our gay brothers who died while attempting to create gay, family dynamics in 20th Century America. Even if our brothers didn't survive to enjoy the marriage equality we enjoy today, they bequeathed to us the joy of their spiritual endeavor. And like the Jews who died in the camps in Germany, Poland and elsewhere in antisemitic Europe, the gays who died in "Das Neue Deutschland" here at home have a story to tell.

Who we are is the upper story of a skyscraper of scores of stories. Each year we build another story above the penthouse. But accessing the foundation [Hinduism] and the ground floor [Judaism] require a metaphoric understanding of how we were all figuratively made of steel and glass.

The syndrome for lesbians has to do with unresolved issues with their mom [x]. The syndrome for gay man has to do with unresolved issues with our dad [y]. The syndrome for all of us has to do with unresolved issues with all moms [zz].

Therefore, we need to look for those syndromes we have in common with others if we're going to work together on werking separately.

This is why spirituality, and not religion, is the way to approach life. I'm not worried about our problems. The

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[47] Lyrics from the musical "Guys and Dolls" by Frank Loesser [Jew] in 1950.

religions of the world are going to have to get behind the spiritualists if the religious want to connect with DOG in ways they haven't achieved before by facing their syndromes.

My lesbian cousin's wife is getting through her paranoia, one wrinkle on her face at a time. She's not a young woman any longer. And I'm not a young man. But don't judge our books by our covers.

She's been through hell and high water to get where she is today. For her to learn to trust her second family will require honoring her parents more, not loving them. It'll require honoring her siblings, not loving them. And it'll require learning to discern the difference between the feeling of love and her belief in the importance of honor, even if she hasn't yet learned enough about herself to talk about the difference between her feelings and beliefs out loud.

My own siblings treated me abominably. My half-brother is an anti-Zionist who condemns me for having lived in Israel. He thinks all the Jews in Israel are thieves by virtue of their nationality. And my sisters are both antisemites. They ridicule me for even speaking about DOG. My siblings can't stomach cilantro, so, they scorn me for eating it. That's not how good Jews should behave.

My dad was born in 1910. He came from the old-fashioned, orthodox, Jewish world in Lithuania. He only came to terms with my gayness on his deathbed in 1994. Only then did he commend me for my decision to have hooked up with a Jewish boyfriend. If he could have come to terms with his own femininity [z], he would have come to terms with mine in a timelier manner. But he was torn between the [y] and the [z] within him, afraid of what DOG would think of him if he embraced his gentle side.

As I was sitting by his side on his deathbed, he suddenly exposed himself by pulling out his penis and pointing it in a menacing fashion. My half-brother and half-sister were there and witnessed what I'm telling you. She was disgusted. I was

in shock. But our brother thought it was funny, reached over, saying, "Let's just put that away." He pulled Dad's gown and sheet over his penis in a repetition of Shem and Japheth's encounter with Noah. [Genesis 10] [48]

You don't want to make a fool of yourself on your deathbed. You don't want to "leave them laughing when you go." You don't want to send out a clown. [49]

By exposing his penis before his children, my father figuratively told me that it was never about the fruits of his labors. It was always about glorification of himself. What came out of his mouth for 84 years was figuratively cuming out of his dick. He was a typical, early 20th Century man who had no idea that the serpent in his tree was constantly talking to him. He thought he was S'DOG dog. He was a strange mix of good and evil that I leave to DOG to separate into moral, component pieces.

My mom was born in 1921 in Germany. Her mother was Jewish. Her father was Christian. She supported my sexual identity from the day I came out to her. Her Jew du jour [prejudice] was physically fat people, not those who are fat in the sense of self-indulgent [x or y]. If she could have come to terms with her [z] factor, she would have made different choices to augment her virtues and diminish her vices.

It's no wonder to me that I became a dumbass. I should have doubted my thoughts, feelings and beliefs from the start. I didn't have a clue that my apple hadn't fallen far from those two trees.

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[48] Shem, one of Noah's sons, who, along with his brother Japheth, showed respect and honor towards their father by covering his nakedness.

[49] "Send in the Clowns" is a song composed by Stephen Sondheim [gay Jew] in 1973 for the musical "A Little Night Music."

A brief history of my matriarchal past

Before the War, my dad's family was one of the richest families in Lithuania. They owned a cigarette factory in Kaunas. When their workers went on strike in the 1930's my dad, the youngest of the eight children, was the only one who marched in solidarity with the workers. He and the eldest child, who'd already moved to South Africa, were the only ones who survived the War. Their deeds for the poor and disenfranchised [z] made it possible for their progeny to survive and thrive.

My mom defiantly ripped off her yellow star [z] after the apartment building that she and her mother lived in, in Munich, Germany was bombed by the Americans. The day before the bombing, her mother had been taken away by the Nazis. Because my grandmother had counted on the Nazis embracing her half-Christian daughter, my grandmother was livid when she gambled on racism and lost. She cursed and screamed at the Nazis when they came to pick her up, knowing they were coming the next day for my mother. They had to gag her to keep the rest of the Jews at the train station from revolting.

When my mom came out of the basement after the bombing the next morning, the building was in shambles; her mother had been literally dragged to concentration camp; her father had died of throat cancer a couple of years prior; and her little brother had fallen off the balcony and died when she was a child.

She had no one. She was scheduled to get aboard a train that day with other Jews. So, her decision to throw away her I.D. card, which declared she was a Jew, and run throughout Germany during the War, didn't require as much courage as you and I might think. She felt utterly hopeless.

Your defiance of injustice matters in S'DOG eyes. Sometimes a tragedy can turn into a miracle. We can only see S'DOG choices in retrospect.

When my lesbian cousin's wife learns how to honor those who came before her, despite the way they fee, about gays and lesbians, she'll be able to love herself more and worry less about matters that are S'DOG department. Granted, for a 20th Century lesbian, that's quite a lot to bite off, chew on and swallow.

But I believe my lesbian cousin's wife can do it. I think she loves cilantro [DOG], even though my lesbian cousin can't stand it. I believe my lesbian cousin's wife's parents taught her enough about love to attribute it to Jesus, even if she doesn't talk about it. I think she's self-loving enough to honor her past rather than try to love it.

A chosen person

They call the Jews "the chosen people." Of course, that's not what we call ourselves. Among ourselves, we pray that DOG would choose someone else for a change… Nobody wants to feel singled out with curses. And yet it must also be stated that everybody wants to feel singled out with commendations and blessings.

The Jews aren't just S'DOG chosen people. Every Jew is one of S'DOG chosen persons – not to say that you're not a chosen person from a chosen people, too. When you meet the next Jew in your life, you may perceive that in some special way that s/he's meaningful, special and touching to you. But that'll be a subjective outlook, not one that everyone has to perceive or concur with.

Hopefully, you won't meet Jews and see us as accursed by virtue of our religion, but by our individual actions. I certainly feel great animosity and distain for those old-fashioned, orthodox Jews who cursed me and drove me out of their synagogue.

When I meet orthodox Jews today, regardless of what it looks like they know by what they're wearing, I try to treat them benevolently. That said, it doesn't take them long to sniff out that I'm gay and Jewish. And many have turned their nose up at me soon after.

That sort of encounter is a lesson brought to the two of us by DOG. And I always find unexpected encounters fascinating. I never know what I'm going to learn about myself while in the company of the next person I meet. I can't anticipate any encounter because people behave psychologically in ways that express universal forces individually.

If I apply my philosophy of "watch, wait and listen" to everybody, regardless of their race, religion, gender or sexuality, I find being with new people more interesting than I used to. I find life more interesting than it was before, even

though people may end up not liking me personally. I even find me more interesting than I used to because I don't feel the same way about me from one day to the next.

The TEACHER brings us in contact with very strange strangers to see what we've learned about the stranger within us. As the result of these sorts of encounters, HE prepares the next lesson for us. HIS plans may change without a moment's notice. This is because we're all in the now, and HE's outside the now. When we leave the now, perhaps we'll learn more about where we were.

Rachel Maddow [Catholic/Jewish lesbian] says, "Don't watch what they say. Watch what they do." I say, "Listen to what they say and do, and then watch carefully what you say and do." In this way, I smell the odiferous delight or stench in everyone. I even get a whiff of what I smell like.

Toilet paper

Where would we be without toilet paper? Nobody wants to wipe his butt with his hand. I'd like to think that after Adam and Eve ate forbidden fruit from the Tree of knowledge and then came to the decision to cover their genitals with leaves, they also decided to use leaves to wipe their ass. Who wouldn't use knowledge in this very practical way?

The ass is the most denigrated part of the human body. There isn't a tribe or sub-tribe in the world that doesn't joke about sphincters and the exceptionally large diameter of so many of them. Why is that? Why are gay men the only group of men on the planet who treat another man's butt with respect, honor and are even willing to give it great personal attention?

I like to kiss Will's butt. It reminds me of how important he is to me. I just don't like kissing anyone else's.

Surely, he and I are different from other people. Surely, no other tribe or sub-tribe is able to do what we do for one another. Surely, this sets us apart from all other men who have no wish to do what we do with one another in bed.

Because we're out of the closet, I have no compunctions about telling you that I kiss his butt figuratively, too. If I was a comedian, I could tell you stories about how I've had to turn the other cheek to kiss one of his. Living with another person has taught me a lot about all four of his cheeks.

But if we, too, were created in S'DOG image, then DOG must have given an anus to every single human body with good reason. And that reason must be emotional because we can all see how emotionally we all act or react to this one part of the body. When it speaks, eyes avert and noses are forced to listen.

My advice is to learn from gays and Jews those things about yourself that you need to know if you're going to get in better touch with who you've been up until now.

The most important thing to note about shit is that you can't tell one person from another by the smell or color of their shit. Patriarchal men put enormous importance on their semen, even though you can't tell one man's semen from another, either. And yet, so much importance is placed on the color of people's eyes, hair, nails and skin. I'm not the only one who's had good reason to call himself a dumbass.

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The ties that blind

When I was about ten and my sister was eight, our dad paid to have us come to New York for the summer to visit him. He had to work all day, but he enrolled us in a day camp, and we spent every night and weekend together. It was heaven on Earth to be with him after four years in California without a father.

One Sunday afternoon in Manhattan in the summer of 1962, we went to Central Park. There, my dad wanted to take us to a restaurant for lunch. It may have been Tavern on the Green because I think we were walking around in the park at the time. But when we got to the door, the maître d' told him that he couldn't enter without a tie and coat, but they had a jacket and tie if he wanted to borrow them.

My dad made some excuse and we left, but he never told us why he wouldn't wear borrowed clothing. Now I suspect that as a Holocaust survivor who'd been forced by Nazis to wear their red and white striped uniform, he wasn't about to put on a coat and tie to look respectable in a Christian establishment. He had no intention of bending that far over to accommodate a restaurant that wouldn't serve him as he was.

But he didn't want to make a scene. Sadly, he didn't want to explain himself to my sister and me, either.

The real reason why I cut off Teddy's head and sliced open his chest and belly wasn't because I wanted to find out what he was thinking, feeling and believing. It was what my dad was thinking, feeling and believing that had been at the root of my actions. I loved my dad. He was the one who had given me Teddy.

The real reason why I've gained and lost about 500 pounds in my life [two or three pounds at a time] is that I've been figuratively eating my teddy bear like Communion and then trying to get him through me and out of me with knowledge of what was in my father, not our FATHER.

Maybe that's why I ended up in the gay ghetto of San Francisco writing books to myself. Maybe that's why my little slice of Israel is here and not anywhere else.

I'm gay and Jewish. DOG made me the way HE made me. I can now see that my past makes perfect sense in getting me to today. The road I took made me see what I saw and become who I am.

I need toilet paper just like everybody else. My shit stinks. Get over it. Stop blaming my mistakes on me being gay, Jewish and/or mentally challenged. I don't dishonor you. Don't dishonor me.

The word “amen” means “I believe” in Hebrew. But I could make the argument that the word “amen” is superfluous. Those who don’t believe in DOG don’t use the word “amen.” And those who do, may sometimes wish they believed much more than they actually do. They have their doubts that there is a DOG to believe in.

When I say “amen” after a prayer, I say it with a finality that reinforces my belief in DOG. I want me to know that I have no doubts about S’DOG existence. I say it to me, not to HIM.

I went insane. I lost my mind. Therefore, for me to pray requires enormous faith because I occasionally worry about being on the edge of insanity. The more I believe in DOG, the more I believe in the force emanating out of my soul that gives me the ability to believe, so different from the forces of thinking, feeling and sensing that figuratively emanate out of other locations inside me.

I’ve divided these seven inner forces into parts of the body, even though my soul doesn’t literally reside under my right nipple. The soul is an abstract concept. But because feelings have been assigned to the heart and sensations have been assigned to the genitals, I take the liberty of assigning thinking to the head, contemplation to the navel, moral direction to the breastplate, defiance to the anus and believing to a nebulous place on the right side of the chest.

Some modern, straight women insist that their whole body, including their vagina, is their personal property. Some modern, straight, hyper-religious men claim that their semen doesn’t become a woman’s property once it’s inside of her.

This makes the ownership of a fetus a particularly interesting spiritual topic. I believe that when an egg comes in contact with a sperm, the chemical reaction is a form of fire that produces a new life. Wood [flesh] may be alive, but

it's merely a combustible material. The fire [spirit] that consumes wood [flesh] is different from the wood itself.

The fire within me consumes my body the way a flame consumes a log. The flame in me will go out over time. The charred remains of my body will remain here. What becomes of my flame, nobody knows. People who believe in DOG hope and pray that there's a THERE somewhere.

I lived through a time in history when gay men of the last century had to learn the hard way that sex is a responsibility, not just a pleasurable experience. Those bottoms who didn't learn that lesson died of AIDS.

In this century, I think that straight women are going to have to learn the same lesson of responsibility with regard to pregnancy. Women don't have to repeat the horror we, gay men, went through to awaken themselves to the need to take responsibility for every aspect of their being, including their vagina and semen that may be in it.

Men who didn't use condoms during the AIDS crisis were more likely to die. Women who don't use contraception are likely to produce an unwanted child.

I'm opposed to suicide, abortion and war. All three dismay me. But I believe we can teach people how to operate themself in a way that will avoid unnecessary reminders from the TEACHER that we're here to learn the preciousness of human life, even gay, Jewish lives.

What's the point of living in a modern age if we don't find modern solutions to religious problems that our ancestors couldn't solve that we can.

There ought to be an energy source that doesn't produce pollution. There ought to be a way to start rain over fires burning out of control. There out to be a way to clean up the oceans. There ought to be a way to achieve the same percentage of income through taxation from every individual in every society on Earth.

There ought to be a way to teach people how to use the seven forces within themself to better their life. But first you

need to know what those inner forces are:

1. Head	Thinking
2. Heart	Feeling
3. Genitals	Sensing
4. Navel	Contemplating
5. Anus	Defying
6. Soul	Believing
7. Breastplate	Discriminating

Positive changes to every society on Earth would be possible if we asked the TEACHER for more knowledge about how to operate ourselves. We have the ability to earn HIS blessings. We don't have to live under the curse of HIS curses.

Defiance is the greatest problem in the world. Defiance emanates out of our anus. Gay men may be defiant by defying the prohibition of having sex in the anus, but we're a lot more civilized than straight men. We don't kill our brothers. We are our brothers' keeper.

Having earned back our Jewish homeland doesn't mean that that gives any sect of Jews the right to write their prejudices into law. The Jews they despise were also created in ELOHIM'S image. If they think their image is greater than ours, they've got a penis problem or a clitoris conflict. They're figuratively delivering a product that comes from the wrong [evil] testicle [y] or ovary [x].

In fact, their problem is much deeper than a penis problem or clitoris conflict. It's a grammatical problem. They have inadequate knowledge about the way DOG is addressed and translated from Hebrew to English.

It's one thing to talk to DOG directly in the second-PERSON singular [YOU]. But when we talk about DOG indirectly, we speak about HIM in the third-PERSON singular.

In Hebrew, this creates a problem that's worked out

another way. ELOHIM [DOG] is always in the plural. ELOHIM is the name for the generic term "DOG" that's used when referring to creation, the majesty of S'DOG deeds and DIVINE judgment. This is paradoxical because the verbs used in conjunction with ELOHIM are almost always in the singular. [50] This grammatical pattern is unique. Hebrew doesn't normally pair plural nouns with singular verbs. It happens only with ELOHIM.

There is no exact distinction between EL [singular] and ELOHIM [plural] in meaning or usage in Hebrew. Personally, I like to think of EL as a euphemism for Y.H.V.H., just as Adonai is a euphemism for the unspeakable name for doG. When I think of EL, I think of the doG within me. I think of a singular source of DIVINE knowledge, as opposed to the sum total of all the knowledge of ELOHIM.

I think of "emanu-EL" as "us with the doG within each one of us." I think of "gavri-EL" as the strength [y] of the doG in each one of us.

I make these distinctions because I don't believe my connection to the doG of my understanding speaks for me or anyone else. If I did, I'd be a Nazi. I'd see myself as perfection personified. And that's not good for my mental health.

I suggest everyone kicks their own can down the road, and leave my can alone. I'm making spiritual progress on my own. I don't want or need anyone's help to get from start to finish.

The things that trigger me make me feel hopeless. The thing I fear the most is losing my soulmate. I've come so far, but I don't think I could go it alone. I'd need other people if

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[50] The only exceptions are Genesis 35:7, Exodus 21:6 and 1 Samuel 28:13 where ELOHIM uses plural verbs to refer to multiple DIVINE beings; multiple judges and multiple spirits or Deities. [Internet]

I didn't have Will. I'd probably have to go into a home. I have some amazing skills, but I'd need some structure to lean on. I'd need flying buttresses to keep my heavy, cathedral walls from crashing down.

The process of reprograming myself requires strict adherence to systems I've set in place a very long time ago. Being able to access myself within myself using figurative speech allows me to upgrade myself slowly to a more current version of me. But to do so, I need a certain amount of safety, security and calm. With that, I can access one revelation after another. Will gives me that inner peace that's so vital to my creative process. Amen! [I believe.]

No nickel

When I taught junior high school back in the 1980's, I told my students at the beginning of each semester that I was going to do a lot of lecturing. So, I expected them to listen to every word I uttered.

But I then told them that I was also going to intersperse jokes in with my lectures to find out whether they were paying attention to me. If they were, they'd laugh. If they weren't, they wouldn't. I had a whole host of puns and word play to sharpen their wits, just as I've done with you.

But I also told them that I didn't care in the least if they didn't listen or laugh at my jokes because I'd made a deal with DOG. For every joke I told my students that they didn't laugh at, I'd be given a nickel in a bank account on the other SIDE just waiting for me and collecting interest until I got THERE to withdraw it.

Needless to say, the thought of me making money at their expense was motivation enough to keep my students peeled to every word that came out of my mouth for an entire semester. And because I told my jokes with a straight face, they realized they'd have to alert one another when I told a joke by yelling out "No nickel!" That kept everyone awake in class working together as a team to make sure that I'd die poor when I was dead. My students enjoyed the challenge of averting me from getting rich at their expense.

I can't tell you how happy it made me to hear "no nickel." My students thoroughly enjoyed keeping me from investing in my LIFE after life. When you're dealing with juveniles, all of whom have delinquent tendencies, I think reverse psychology is an important teaching strategy.

I guess I should have told this story at the beginning of this book and not at the end. But I did tell you that the Creation Story was reverse psychology. I did imply that Torah was really about what happens when a man listens carefully to his penis [serpent], even if thinks he's being

motivated by his head [Adam] and heart [Eve]. I did tell you that Dick was telling this story, not Adam or Steve.

By now you should see that the hand in your back has been your own. It brought you further than you would have come without that pressure. But the occasional finger up your butt from me may also have motivated you somewhat.

If you haven't been imagining my voice as emanating out from between my legs the whole time, you really may have missed some of the jokes, innuendos, puns and psychological ploys I've used to motivate you. I may have gotten rich in nickels at your expense…

I remember teaching a 10th grade high school English class during summer school in 1991. I had eight weeks to introduce my students to ethnic literature. I spent the first two weeks on Black lit; the second two weeks on Latinx lit; the third two weeks on Asian lit. And then in the last two weeks I introduced my students to gay lit. But I did so by returning to the Black, Latinx and Asian writers they were already familiar that I'd chosen who I then outed as gay or lesbian.

When one of the Black boys in class learned that James Baldwin was gay, he stood on his desk and swore to the class that it wasn't true, that I was a liar and every student in that class should report me to the principal. Now that was a memorable learning experience!

I've helped you reprogram yourself as well as I could, given that I can't control where anyone is coming from. You entered my inner world of your own accord. But if you've been coming from the delivery device of your wants [–] and desires [+], you probably got the most you possibly could out of this book. Bravo!

You might like to consider reading this book again or reading my previous book, How to Find the Man of your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms. That will better prepare you for the book I wrote before that called, Call Me Glinda: a book for friends of Dorothy. Each of my books will

offer you a more detailed account of the spiritual theories I've presented as they've been since edited by me.

I only hope that my junior and high school students in the last century grew up to realize that I played mind tricks on them for their sake. I couldn't talk about penises in class, so I had to find a way to interest them in my idea of a well-rounded, public school education. Without having secretly embedded sex into my lessons, I wouldn't be able to look back with a smile on my face and gleam in my eye in having been a teacher. I now think of myself as a TEACHER'S pet.

Some of my students saw themself as superior to DOG, their parents and all other people on this planet. Others were destined, like me, to have to make their way through an inferiority complex. I'm proud I found ways of honoring the goals of developmental education without bringing the topic of DOG into the classroom.

I can now confess how rich I feel when I look back at how teaching adolescents contributed to my life. I got paid for my effort, but I really should have paid for the privilege. The same goes for the Lighthouse for the Blind where I volunteered.

If I had to do it all over again, I'd still start out as a ballet dancer to discover the wonders of having been given a human body. That taught me how to express myself gracefully before I tried to express myself graciously. I'd still become a teacher to discover the wonders of having inner parents who gave birth to my inner child. And I'd still go into business with my previous boyfriend to discover the joy of trusting the one I loved with my hard-earned money. I invested all my savings in his business before he cheated on me with his former boyfriend. I came away a very rich man from that investment, both in money and in honey.

All the disappointments I've been through in life seemed like fallen trees blocking the road. Now they look like logs

that were blocking my eyes. [51] [Matthew 7:3-5] Sorrow [blue] taught me about the meaning of life. Joy taught me about the value of life.

Waking up feels joyful; sweet and sour. Waking up feels like light and dark swirling around to produce an inner sense of day and night, four seasons and a timelessness that has to be experienced to be believed.

Wake yourself up. You're no longer asleep in your mother's womb. You were hypnotized by an external world that insisted you deny the seven truths that are occurring simultaneously within everybody. Snap out of it!

You're more alive now than you were before. Now you're able to see, hear, smell, taste and feel more than your senses could convey to you when you were a child. Now you know that your heart needs to learn to feel guilty because your penis can't.

Now you can:

1.	Think	Head
2.	Feel	Heart
3.	Believe	Soul
4.	Separate	Navel
5.	Want [–] and desire [+]	Genitals
6.	Produce	Backbone
7.	Face	Yourself

But there is one more thought I'd like to leave you with. Your navel is Hindu. It represents the separation from your mother [z] that led you to think you're all alone. That separation corresponds to pain.

Your genitals are Buddhist in nature. They represent the

[51] Jesus taught not to focus on a "speck" in someone else's eye while ignoring a "log" in your own. He encouraged removing the "log" from your own eye first, so you can clearly help with the "speck" in someone else's eye.

wants [–] and desires [+] that led you think you could do as you please. That autonomy corresponds to suffering.

Your backbone leads down to your anus. It's Taoist. It represents the outcome of all that you consume, digest and eliminate from within you into the world. That product corresponds to a defiance that you're now willing to replace with self-obedience.

But your mind is Jewish. It represents the ability to think about who you are and what you're doing here.

The wisdom you use in living your life righteously corresponds to hope. Thanks to pain, suffering, defiance and hope, you have the ability to put your arms behind your back and place the palms of your hands in your lower back to push yourself forward. I strongly suggest that you do.

Will and I went through a difficult period recently. All couples have bad days because each of us werks separately. We're soulmates who are growing our own soul. We water each other's tree, but we grow our own fruit. We share our labors and our sabers. We entwine our branches, but not our roots.

We're circles that come together to create a Venn diagram. But most of each of our circle is separate. I have to remember that some of our grades can't be shared. Each of us is ultimately tested separately.

There comes a point in time when you realize you're in it for the long haul, or you're not. You see how the spiritual operating system works on the outside, and you adapt it to inner werk. We all do it. We all take our external experiences and apply them to our internal needs. What else can we do?

You know how things work out around you. You'd have to be lobotomized not to use that information on how to treat yourself.

I went down a dead end with Larry. But I'm so grateful I did. Now I can see dead ends in the nightmarish thoughts I have that are bat-shit crazy. I can tell myself that this is a dead end. And I know how that will turn out because I've experienced dead ends on roads, and I've experienced dead ends in relationships.

I used to think that I had a shit list and a fuck you list. I used to think that the fuck you list was for people I'd crossed off my shit list. I now see that anybody can get on my shit list. All they have to do to get off it is to apologize for what they did to get on it.

I've also learned about roundabouts. Christianity is a roundabout. The Jordan River is a dead end. It ends at the Dead Sea. There's Israel and there's ISRAEL. Christians believe that Jesus will net them like fish and carry them out of the river of life before those who don't believe get to the

end. They believe that He'll bring them into an ISRAEL with His FATHER. This is the safe HAVEN they hope their deeds will earn for them.

I believe in dead ends because I have external experience to back up what dead ends look like literally and figuratively. Nobody knows what death means. Death is like the flame of a candle going out. Death is like a vehicle going down a road that ends in a cul-de-sac or an impasse.

The CREATOR of roads to HIS ABODE gives us dead ends to humiliate us. Bacteria and viruses are dead ends. Vaccines are the application of the work of Jesus. Vaccines scoop you out of a Jordan River that ends at a Dead Sea. Vaccines give you more life by adding time to your clock. Vaccines take bacteria and viruses, which produce death, and turn them into reasons to feel inoculated from death with a healthier life. Vaccines give you even more reasons to repent. The whole point of science is to teach us to hope that the ingenuity of man will use the word of DOG in creative, new ways to improve life for us all here on Earth. That's what it means to me to have been born in the modern age.

I'm not sorry I tried to kill Teddy, but Teddy still had soft, sexy fur on his taint at the end. It was the only part of his body that survived and thrived the test of time.

Too weird? Go fuck yourself. When the sex police are monitoring my feelings for my teddy bear, I'm not the one with the problem.

It should be no surprise that I didn't learn anything about the way Teddy thought by decapitating him. I didn't learn anything about the way he ingested, digested and eliminated food-for-thought when I slit open his belly. But I did learn a lot about myself by doing so.

I don't recommend you kill yourself. [#6] I don't recommend you hurt yourself. [#7] Don't cheat yourself by making bad choices. [#8] Don't steal your reputation out from under yourself. [39] Don't lie to yourself. [#10] And

don't be jealous of the body you didn't get or envious of the virtues you don't have.

If you're having difficulty figuring out how to use the forces within you, and you're not interested in using the doG of your people to help you, I recommend that you get a hand mirror and voice record conversations with yourself.

I recommend you share that information with a professional who can advise you, the way a coach advises a professional athlete. You're a professional if you've completed adolescence. You're a coach if you've crossed the rainbow bridge from childhood to adulthood and experience the joy of being on the other side.

If you have amateur standing by that definition, you can still see a professional to get tips on how the game is played. Everyone has the potential to become a winner. Everybody has a trophy waiting for them. The engraving of your name on the trophy you earn will only figuratively happen while you're on your deathbed. But your yearning to succeed admirably lies in your hands.

For some reason, DOG seems to have given the world the impression that everybody's trophy lies in the hands of the gays or the Jews. It doesn't. We're werking on our trophy, too.

Black lives matter because trophies matter. You can't win unless there's a level playing field. Life is like a school with a sports program. Be your own cheerleader [z]. Be your own quarterback [x or y]. Learn how to play the game from the inside out. Winning only matters if milk [love] and honey [honey] matter. They hold your belief in the power of $[hope]_2$.

Everyone is on the opposing team. But you always have the potential to win if you have $[hope]_2$. $[Hope]_2$ has to be learned. It's not a natural feeling. $[Hopelessness]_2$ is a natural feeling. It feels frightening. $[Hope]_2$ feels happy. There's no other way to describe it.

Life is like med school. Become your own doctor. Life

is like prison. Become your own guard and warden. Life is like a garden. Become your own tree. Then hug yourself. If you like the idea that you were planted here by a GARDENER thank the Jews for holding on to our faith all the way to the modern age. I've told you about the birds and bees. I've explained where eggs come from and the importance of honey.

Teddy never existed.
Teddy was a figment of my imagination
that I projected onto an inanimate object.
I did so because there wasn't anyone I could trust
to project my feelings onto as a child.
That's what it means to be psychotic.
I never killed Teddy.
What I did to that inanimate object
I did because I love my things to that degree.
I project many of my feelings onto objects.
But my penis isn't an object.
It can't talk.
It can't grow.
It can't conspire against me.
It can't guide me.
If you were raised by human beings
who were deeply traumatized,
you're going to have to find ways to give yourself
what they were missing.
Gays and Jews aren't psychopaths
if we don't believe in the doG you cherish.
Reverse psychology is a necessity of life.
Come out of your closets,
but be careful.
Make sure you're as defended as Israel.
Don't trust anybody.
Becoming a team player requires enormous trust.
I trust gay people.

I trust Jews.
I trust people with disabilities.
I trust Americans.
But I only trust individual, gay, Jewish Americans with disabilities to a certain degree.
I use my identity to learn to trust others.
But I can never be sure of anyone.
Therefore, I honor everyone.
My relationship with the TEACHER
and my Tutor is the only thing that's real to me.
Call me crazy,
but I'll always love dick.

Previous Books

[I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.]

21. How to Find the Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms
A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. Lampshade for the Light
of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. Call Me Glinda
a book for friends of Dorothy

18. Home Schooled
why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. Lazy Susan
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

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

15. Playing DOG With DOG
Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to believe in DOG by believing in Yourself

8-14. Quran: The Book of Lights
Volume 1 High Lights
Volume 2 LAND: How to become a Genius and Save the Planet
Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 5 Sky: How to believe in Yourself

Volume 6 Sky: How to believe in Yourself
Volume 7 Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

5-7. A Guest at Their Table
My Gay Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

3-4. The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective
Torah For Straight People
Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses like You
Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. The Wisdom of Self-Love
Life is a School. I Am My Major

1. Becoming
89 Poems of My Love for Me