The Gender Addiction

By James Kozlik and UI



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This is a combined work of fiction and personal wisdom of experiences distilled from knowledge.

Names, characters, places, and incidents either are that of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. However, the context of The Gender Addiction are the author's present thought forms that come from a Divine Source that may be divine intelligence, thinking like God, and not denying that pure consciousness is a unified field of thought.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Forward

We, you and I, are about to embark on a journey, an experiment, if you will permit me the liberty, of addressing this topic of gender addiction. In “The Silent Scream” I touched a bit on the topic of gender.

“I want to say, “when you look at me know I am not a man or a woman. I am present to give you warmth, and God love. Know me as a vessel to use, to fulfill your needs.”

I am operating as pure consciousness now. I am just a quiet presence in your world. I am your chef, I am your lover, I am your sex, I am at your service, I am your connection beyond all form.” From The Quiet Scream

When I write, I rely on a source that taps into my inner being. It’s hard to explain, I wonder if that’s what happens when channelers start their dissertations and with such elegant dialogue they capture the listener with God talk. It’s not like God talks to me, maybe in synchronistic ways the Divine answers my thoughts. Not all of them, because some thoughts I will admit are coming from pleasure seeking desires of the flesh. I’m guessing the ego is in charge of those thoughts.

So that brings up the topic of universal consciousness which may be different than universal intelligence which might be different than a unified consciousness.

My UI (universal intelligence co author) insisted I look it up and see what AI (artificial intelligence) had to say about all this. My Divine nudged me and by way of synchronicity had me reach for my device to get the answer…

AI Overview

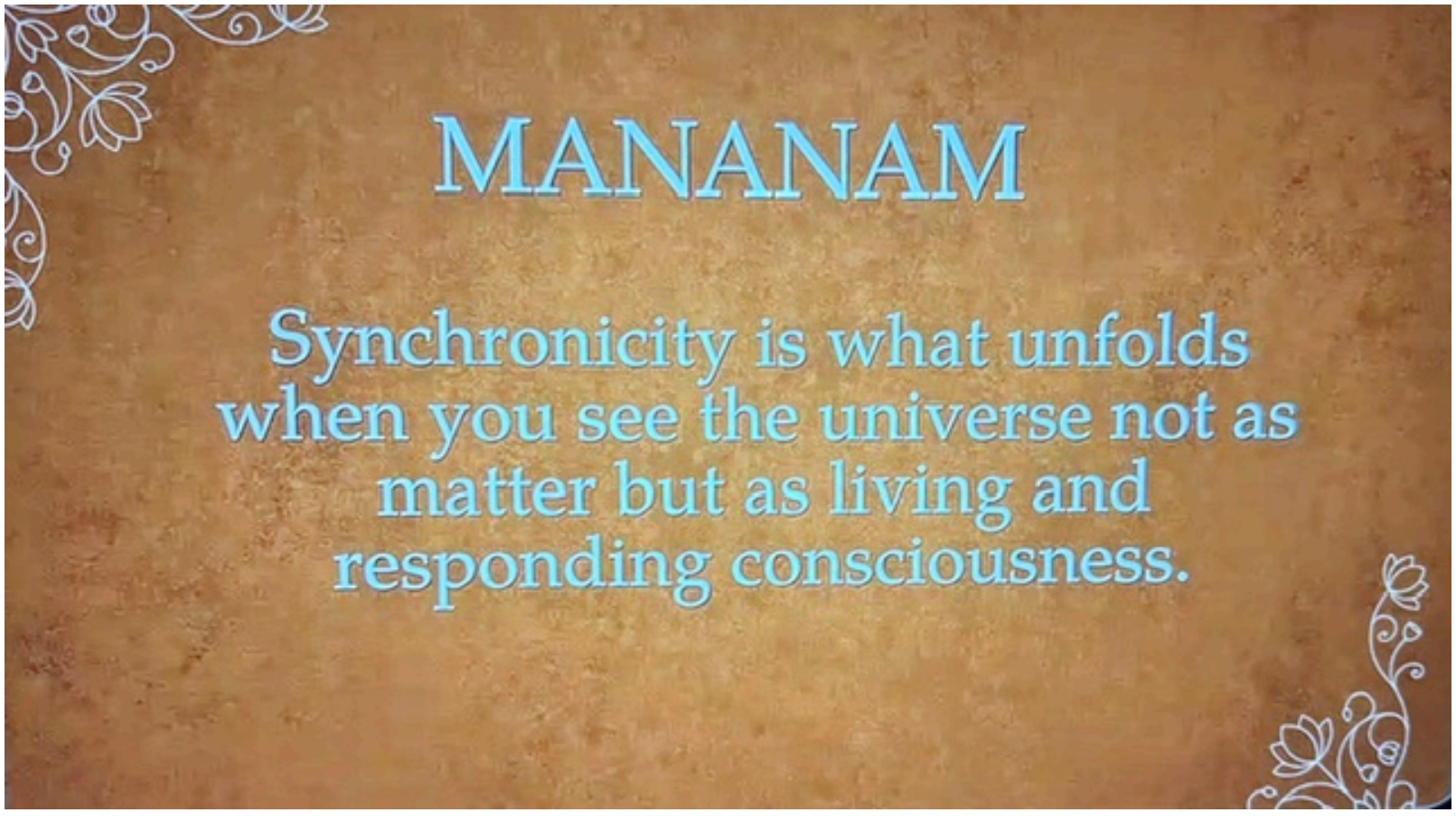
Yes, universal consciousness and universal intelligence are different concepts in philosophy, spirituality, and cognitive theory. **Universal consciousness** is the foundational, all-pervading state of awareness or "the feel of being alive", while **universal intelligence** is the inherent organizational order, design, or problem-solving capacity of the cosmos.

AI Overview

The highest level of spiritual consciousness is universally described as **Unity Consciousness** or Non-duality (Advaita). At this stage, the illusion of a separate self completely disappears. The observer and the observed merge into a single, seamless field of being where one experiences absolute oneness with the entire universe.

Read that very last sentence about ‘the observer and the observed merge into a single, seamless field.’ That is what this literary illusional experimental journey we are about to embark on, together, is exploring.

Introduction



The Oneness Movement

Prologue

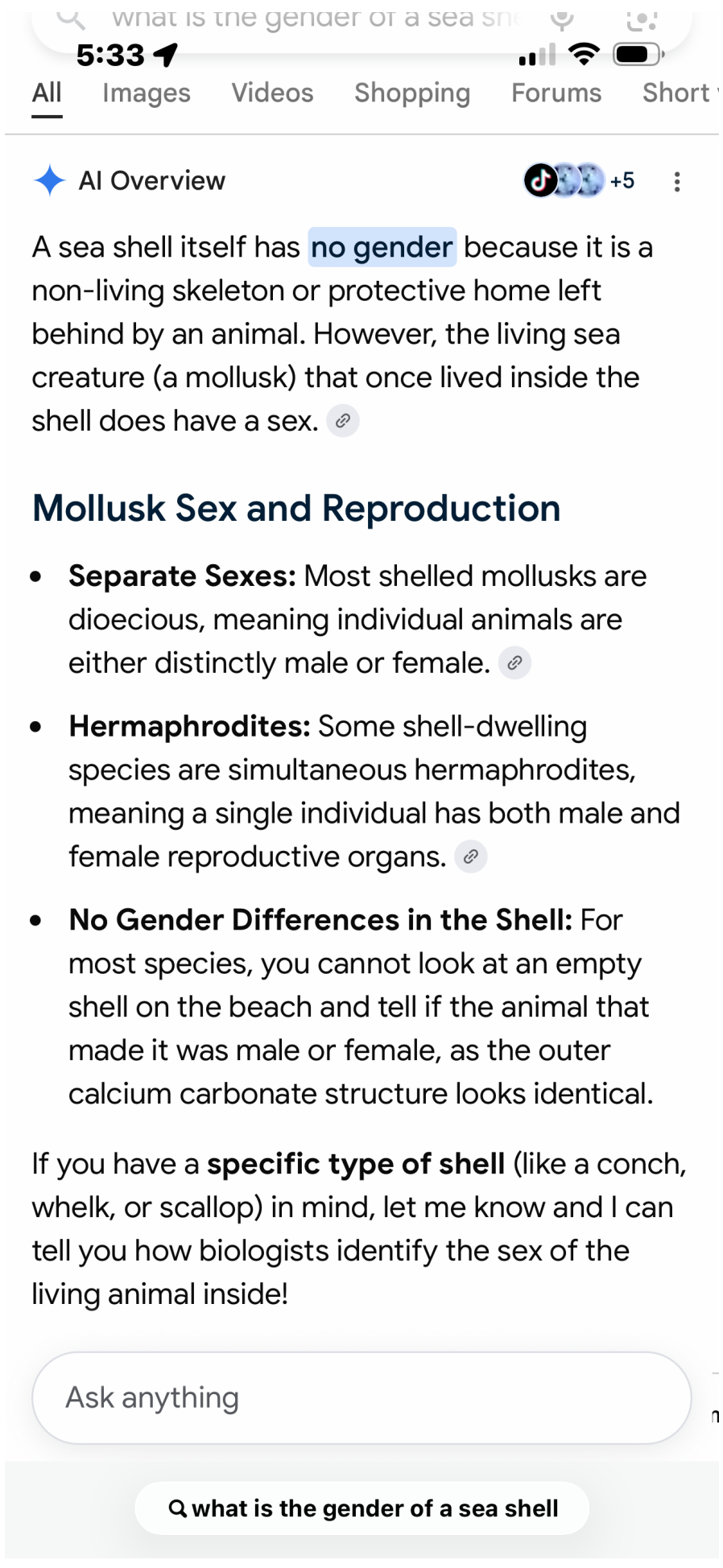
Biology professor George Windchimer and his wife Helen are making breakfast together. She makes the best pork green chili west of the Mississippi and George makes the best sopapilla in the west. He learned how to make them in New Mexico with the native Pueblo women, who can be found along the highways with their fires burning and skillets frying. Helen learned her recipe from Susie Workman when she cooked at the once famous Susie's Cafe in Westcliffe Colorado.

The skillet is popping with bacon grease and puffy doughy shapes. Cinnamon and honey being sprinkled while honey is oozing off of the sides of the sopapillas.

Helen is stirring her pork in the bacon fat while adding the green chilies, onions, garlic, and tomatoes along with the chili pepper, salt and black pepper.

They are side by side, bumping each other at the hip to the tune of Mexicana musac. "Georgie what in the hell got you into creating this gender addiction class this upcoming semester? Kind of a touchy subject, don't you think?"

“I’m tired of talking about frogs and what not. Besides last semester I did the gender of sea shells and mollusk. Check this out…” He grabs his phone and brings up an overview.



Helen looks over at George’s phone. “So this was your inspiration?”

“Yes and no, I had a transgender in the class and one of the classmates asked Christina if he/she was into hermaphroditism! That sent up a roar that I had to settle down, and after Christina flipped the other students ‘the bird’ we got into a discussion about identities. I felt so much compassion for Christina that I shared our tantric secret how we can feel what the other is feeling when we have sex which really is loving the other in a way by physically feeling what the other might be feeling. Actually, I’m joking, we discussed how impactful compassion is in relationships ”

Helen pinches Georgie’s butt hard, he jumps and a sapopilla is flying in the air. It lands in the chili. She screams with laughter, “Georgie, you entered my hot chili are we doing foreplay now?”

“Did I ever tell you about the…”

“Interview when you prep cooked at that Macrobiotic restaurant, was it the Yellow House or something like that, when we lived in Boulder. The tight kitchen where butts where rubbing and a light touch by a passing server could feel intimate.”

“Yeah, first question by the two owners, ‘how do you feel about rubbing someones butt! Because our kitchen is small and you might be butt to butt with someone!”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ve heard this one a million times.”

“The next question was could I love two women at once? Seems that one of the owners was in that predicament and wanted my input.”

“And?”

“I must have turned beet red and just shook my head up and down.”

“Ooo Georgie, I’m glad you quit that job back then.”

“Yeah, didn’t you have an infatuation going on with Richard back then?”

“Glad I quit that in a hurry. Back to the subject at hand. What in the hell made you pick gender addiction, surely you won’t teach it. Do you get tired of me calling you Georgie, my androgens man?”

Chapter 1

One month later, George has been sent the names of class participants for his topic of Gender Addiction. Delilah and Leigh, partners forty and thirty-eight in age. There's Jeramy a young gay man early thirties, Christina, a transvestite who was in his previous semester about the gender of seashells and mollusks. Then there is Peter and Jenny, committed swingers in their forties. Helen claims to be gender neutral.

Helen, Helen Windchimer, what! she's signed up for a class, my class! Oh man, what is her motive? Let's see, she'll be home in about an hour. I can hardly wait to find out! Who else is on this list, it's not very long. I know that the powers that be weren't too excited either. Biology Psychology of Gender, I think it will be a fascinating dialogue. Let's see who else signed up…looks like a small intimate class.

Sam who's name on the list is Samantha. He/she writes ' I was Samantha, if you call me by that name we will have a battle royal. Adam, definitely male, fifty and a proud veteran of the Marines.

Oh boy, another repeat, I wonder if he is stalking Christina and relishes making her/his life a hard road to travel. What did he call her last semester? A hermaphroditism, what commotion will he start in this class.

The list goes on about fifteen people all together. George let's the list sit on his desk with the unfinished syllabus. Which requires him to structure the class. And he still needs to understand what he is teaching. He walks out of his office and finds Helen who quietly entered the house and is preparing dinner.

"Oh, there you are, surprise, surprise what are you cooking up for me?"

"You mean us, I'm cooking for two silly, you and me."

"You mean she and him or them?"

"Huh, there's nobody coming for dinner, just us."

“We better work on our pronouns, I saw your name on my list of students for the Gender class. How’d you ever get to sign up? It’s not an adult education class that older folks take to fill in their time and escape boredom.”

Helen laughs, “oh, Georgie you keep life interesting in our relationship. Besides you shared our bedroom secrets in your seashell class. I am curious how you will manage to TEACH is that what you’re hoping to do…TEACH about gender what… what is the message you hope to convey?”

“What’s for dinner anyway?”

“Clams, Protandrous Hermaphrodites, you want to make the garlic butter?”

“Get out of town, how do you know you purchased THEM you’d need a microscope to examine or watch them spawn. I doubt you did either.”

“We will eat them and relish the fetish of a sexless sex. As in I am you and you are me and we are the same together.”

“Let’s go to the Oyster Bar in town, then we’ll know for sure that we are a THEM.”

“You sure about the THEM pronoun? Why don’t people just say THEY are a being. A Being of light, WE ought to all become BEINGS of LIGHT. Wouldn’t that be the end of confusion and separation!”

“Yeah, I like that. Hey maybe I’ll use that in my syllabus as one of the topics for discussion.”

“Ah, so this gathering of academics might turn into an informal think tank of like minded people?”

“I’m not sure, let’s go, we can exchange some ideas. You can co-teach, maybe I can talk the Dean into putting you on the payroll!”

“Stop it, come on, let’s go to the Oyster Bar, maybe we’ll meet some swingers!”

“So you read my list?”

“I couldn’t help it, I was curious what kind of energy you are attracting. I was kidding about meeting swingers, I hope you took that as a joke.”

“I wouldn’t put anything past you at this point, let’s go and be happy!”

Chapter 2

The Oyster Bar is hopping, dynamic blues music and people are dancing. It's hardly a romantic setting, yet the energy is eclectic. Their waitress finds them a small table away from all the action and noise. They are tucked into a corner upstairs where people are enjoying the dinner menu.

They order clams and oysters, with garlic bread and garlic butter, a couple of dark stouts to wash it down. They scan the room and get comfortable. Their discussion begins.

"Georgie, I have a little booklet at home, I haven't read it for years. Ironically I found it when I was looking for our tantric love book. It's called Freedom in Relationships by Krishnaji and Preethaji. The back cover is what caught my eye, 'to live a life of awareness is to be free of self-centric thinking. To be free of the illusion of separation. To be one with all that is." Isn't that what gender identity creates, separation?"

"Yes, I see where you're going with this, any type of identity that we choose is a choice to be separated…different from the other. Which we are, different that is. No denying that, however, to cling to an identity and shun what someone else identifies with, gender wise, is self-centric thinking."

"Yeah, yeah, we want to keep the topic of gender addiction, can I call it that?"

"Sure, I mean addiction is a broad based term."

"Okay, so we're choosing these clams and oysters as a means to identify with a non-gender being."

"Do you mean as in a Being of the creation?"

"I wasn't thinking in those terms, I like the identity of Being as a metaphor that we are what we are, why change it?"

"Humph, some species of Oyster can change their sex multiple times, even within a single breeding season. Human life was meant to be lived as male or female. There has to be something deeper in one's conditioning to force a biological change. That's is what needs to be explored. For instance, you like calling me Georgie, in reference to my feminine hemisphere - right brain- left

brain. Why do you really call me Georgie? Are you desiring a female partner? Is that something you want to explore in relationship?”

“Hey, we almost went there that one time when we were younger. Glad we didn’t.”

“Yeah, me too. How about calling me Gorgeous George?”

Helen laughs, “That sounds like a fake wrestler.”

The Oyster platter arrives with a basket of warm wrapped garlic bread and a bowl of hot, seasoned garlic butter. George feels a tap on his shoulder, Helen looks up as George turns his head.

“Excuse us, we couldn’t help overhearing your conversation. It is quite spicy. Umm, hi, I’m Peter, and my partner Jenny, we’re swingers!”

George drops his napkin and almost knocks over his stout. Helen just about spits out her oyster and has melted butter oozing down her chin.

“Excuse me…you’re swingers. Why do you tell me that?”

“Well we heard you ask if she was looking for a female partner,” responds Peter.

“And she called you Gorgeous George,” pipes in Jenny.

“So we thought we’d explore Being one with the two of you,” says Peter with a smile.

Helen wipes her chin, and calmly places down her napkin, then looks over at Peter and Jenny, “your last name doesn’t happen to be Proteus, is it?”

Peter and Jenny look at each other, Jenny responds, “why, yes it is, how’d you know?”

George looks at Helen, “the greek sea god who could change his shape.”

Helen answers Jenny, “the list, you are on Georgie’s list, his Biology Psychology class. I guess that’s what you’re calling it?”

“Georgie?” ask Peter.

“Never mind, and I don’t know what to call it. No thank you though for the invite to swing,” he looks at Helen, “right dear?”

Helen shakes her head up and down, “yes, I mean no, no swinging tonight we just want to enjoy our sexless oysters and go home to read our bible lesson.”

Chapter 3

Home Sweet Home.

“I’m having second thoughts about this Biological Gender topic. Maybe…”

“Maybe you or we can create some kind of semblance that connects people to what a relationship means. A relationship not only with others also with themselves. Their real selves, not their illusionary selves.”

“You might be on to something Helen, I’m still trying to figure out how we attracted them into our force field.”

“You know, that mention of a past foray about our little ‘menage a trois’. There is no sense in still expounding on past stories, especially at this point in our lives. We out grew them, learned from them and they strengthened our relationship because of our commitment to each other.”

“Yeah, me Tarzan, you Jane, no more Georgie pronoun references, please. At least not tonight.”

“No lovemaking tonight either, it might turn into fantasy,” is Helen’s request.

George picks up the little booklet, he flips to a random page, “listen to this, ‘you experience a lack of love because of your own concept of love.’”

It goes on, “the expression of love-from gestures of love to descriptive words about it - is based upon what we have seen or felt in the name of love.”

“I do appreciate what you mentioned about having dialogue instead of teaching. There really isn’t anything to teach. There is a bunch of processes to explore concerning our addiction to gender when really love is all there is. To love one self is to love the other and the total creation of our Being.”

“Maybe we can utilize this Freedom in Relationships booklet , somehow it might shed some light on…”

“Helen, I wonder if you’d be willing to be an observer and when prompted share some wisdom from your personal experiences especially concerning perceptions of gender roles.”

“Let me finish, maybe we can shed some light on how blaming external circumstances for our decisions or choices doesn’t serve our best interest. I wonder what drives people like Christina for example, to want to biologically become a woman. You told me from your last class, she’s not just cross dressing. Was there some hurt in his/her life? Something in the past that was never resolved.”

“I purchased a cup of coffee at the Coffee Crossroads and you know how they mark their cups? My cup had a saying, ‘underneath it all, I’m pretty naked’. If this class turns out to be an open exchange of personal insight, I hope people will be vunderable enough to show their nakedness.”

“I like that, we are all given gifts that define us. Not to give what we receive is denying our universal intelligence. Is that what you’re surmising?”

“Something like that, I wasn’t acknowledging the Universal Intelligence.”

“Check this out Georgie, here look at this,” Helen hands George the phone.

AI Overview



Universal intelligence is **the concept that an ordering, conscious, or informational force permeates the entire cosmos**. It suggests that nature is not random, but guided by an underlying wisdom. This idea appears in philosophy, artificial intelligence theory, and alternative health frameworks. [1, 2, 3, 4, 5]

Philosophical and Spiritual Meanings

- **Cosmic Order:** A non-anthropomorphic force driving the mathematical laws and self-organization of the universe.
- **Source Energy:** The life-force connection behind all living things, often equated with consciousness, nature, or the quantum field.
- **Intuition:** The belief that human minds can tap into this larger field for guidance and creativity. [1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6]
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Scientific and Formal Meanings

- **AI Theory:** A mathematical definition created by computer scientists (like Shane Legg and Marcus Hutter) to measure an agent's ability to achieve goals across any possible environment. [1]
- **Chiropractic Philosophy:** The foundational belief that an organizing principle governs both the universe and the body's self-healing capabilities. [1]
-

Would you like to explore how universal intelligence is defined in **artificial intelligence** or its role in **philosophical traditions**?

George chuckles as he reads the last question by AI, "seems to me that AI is the data base of knowledge that is passed on whether true or not. It's a data base of information that has been collected from all sorts of thought. Unlimited consciousness. Universal Intelligence is our personal wisdom gained from our personal experiences and expression."

"Now you are sounding like the professor, you are teaching."

"What is your opinion of this AI overview? If I challenge the people who show up for this gathering of souls [sic] you think they will show their nakedness?"

"You sound so sure of yourself, Georgie. Is that your belief, or did you gather that information from outside influences?"

"First off, maybe ease up on the Georgie name, especially in public. I mean it almost got us into a swinging predicament. Asking me about beliefs versus knowing is a slippery slope for me to navigate. Everything is a belief until one actually has an experience. Then there is something that we know, or gain from the experience which happens over and over."

"Okay George, what did you experience with Peter and Jenny?"

"Ha, first embarrassment, then I was intrigued especially since we had discussed a very old past experience."

‘Yeah, I wonder if there was something that we never resolved from that experience. She asked if we ever wanted a third person in our relationship she would be willing to join our partnership.”

George laughs, “good one Helen…”

“Ah Ha, you where ready for that, weren’t you…what are you doing?”

“Getting naked, there, now you asked me a question and my answer scared you back then, didn’t it.”

Helen slowly slips out of her dress, “I was surprised at first, I couldn’t believe your reaction, thank God that you held your desire in check. Are we starting a process here George?”

‘Sure let’s do this, let’s put it under a microscope. My sense is that all unresolved issues come back eventually to be put to rest and be kept in the subconscious as old news…do not repeat.”

George undoes Helen’s slip and it drops to the floor. Helen steps out of the pile and sits on their bed, “come here Gorgeous George, let’s do the face to face thang’ look into each other’s soul. What was on the cup of coffee…underneath it all I’m pretty naked.”

George joins Helen and they face each other with their legs splayed out, holding hands. Helen moves into Georges lap. Now their hands are on their hearts.

“Yeah, back then, now that we are revisiting the past…let’s call it Karma, I did have a desire and fear, too. We had a young son, we born to raise. He came from our DNA, to bring in another energy as family, and having another lover would have been confusing. What about you, Helen? You had a promiscuous streak, some carnal needs fulfilled back then.”

“I came up with a projection that I was not enough for you. I told myself that you didn’t love me. That was back then, of course I let my concerns be known and you listened. I was grateful that we came to the conclusion that our carnal needs, fantasies where fulfilling a need. We experienced it. I don’t recall what we shared with each other back then. I do know we discussed our truth and overcame envy and jealousy.”

“So today, the universe gave us a sort of replay. We bungled through it…you and our bible lessons…”

They are both laughing, Well, you saw that my oyster slipped out of my mouth…”

“And you had butter dripping down your chin, spectacularly sexy…”

“Boom, here we are discussing what a possible disruption of our partnership might look like? Is that where we are at in this discussion?”

“Yes, you know what came to me was my excitement that you got to experience love making with another being, back then I’d say woman, certainly not she/her. I mean would you consider Jenny?”

“George, no, I am totally grateful that I have you. Your enough to handle as it is. I don’t need another lover or a she/they personality to feel liberated.”

“Thank you Helen, I really feel a strong connection with you right now. When I do an inquiry and feel what it might have felt like for you…well, I just experienced compassion right now. And forgiveness of myself, in the sense that I don’t have to cling to that past thought. And here we are, face to face…”

Helen cradles a hand around the back of George’s head and pulls him towards her, “come here George…I am you and you are me and we are one. I love that you are in my life.”

They kiss and you know the rest…it’s a Tantric love scene.

Chapter 4

Niringa Kuar is singing ‘Hara, Hara, wha hey Guru’ in the background, Georgie is preparing breakfast Helen is on the phone with Jenny. Coffee is brewing and the bacon is sizzling.

Helen is on the phone.

“It was such a surprise meeting you and Peter at the Oyster Bar. SOoo, are you two going to show up today? I think George has something different to offer.”

“Of course we are coming, wouldn’t miss it. The topic is of interest to us.”

“We, George and I had quite an insight afterwords. When we got home we realized that you had ignited feelings from a past experience in our relationship.”

“Is that so? Hummm, how was your bible lesson?”

“Bible lesson?”

“Yes you mentioned that you had a bible lesson to go read? At home, I presume, anything to do with why God created women?”

“NOoo, I don’t believe I have ever read anything about the reason God created women.”

“For man’s pleasure, keep reading your bible, you’ll eventually stumble across it.”

“To be honest, we never had a bible reading, your invite to swing unnerved the both of us.”

“We gathered that, George’s expression of astonishment and your dribbling mouth after easing the oyster out of it, sexy if I must say so myself.”

“Well, you brought up a past experience of a triad. We were a threesome fulfilling some fantasy, at least for George and I. Back then, on the first night, I was with Christine, while George was away for the night. The second night we had a triad. I use that term because we all felt as one single unit encapsulated in a very small loft bed. Squished together sounds uncomfortable, how about compressed into one unified body. At least that’s how I think of the experience right now as I chat with you.”

“A unified body, I like that terminology, a oneness of love. Is that where the sex took you? To being one with the other…a tantric experience.”

George bellows, in a baritone operatic voice, from the other room, “breakfast is ready!”

“How’d you know?”

“I heard Georgie, you better go. I want to make you my Helen of Troy!”

Helen nervously giggles, “that might incite a war.”

“Go Helen, we’ll talk again. Maybe do a lady’s night.”

Jenny abruptly ends the call. Helen is left starring at the blank screen on her phone. She proceeds to the breakfast nook.

“You okay Helen?”

She shakes her head, like one might do after a deja vu, “uh, yeah I’m okay, oh look at this special breakfast Georgie. Gosh you are so sweet, you love me!”

“Well of course, and if anybody ever tried to take you from me I will do battle to get you back. Unless, of course you didn’t want to come back.”

“That home cookin’ we did last night, and this extravagant breakfast fit for a queen, I’ll come back, always, no matter what. You serve me well my loyal King. I da Queen, you da KING!”

Coffee is poured and they dig in. After several mouth watering bites a discussion ensues.

“This is a big day Helen, and I still don’t really have an idea where to start with this class. The syllabus is too structured and I can’t get excited about what I put together.”

“I’ll bet that after, or even during introductions, there will be an organic process that inspires you. Kind of like our garden, look what it has become despite our initial direction, it has taken on a whole new and ever changing life of it’s own. You recall our sharing last night of our time with Christine…”

“That was her name? Of course, how can I forget. I can see her face and body now.”

“Yes, well remember we were crammed up in the little loft, in the dome. The three of us on a twin bed size at the most. When I think of it we became one body, just like our garden beds, full of companions that do well with each other, they flourish. And when we notice some plants that do not they are either overcome by the dominate plants or we move them to another location.”

“I like it, you are on to something, garden biology, all of our desires, all of our anomalies crammed into a lecture room at the university. Exploring what? Do we even know?”

“How about what we all might discover as we take an in-depth view of how we arrived at the place we are at now. Whether it be lesbianism, transgender, machoism, gay, swingers, whatever identity we are out living until we come to a pause, a stillness and examine our inner state of being.”

“That inner state related to relationship with another and our self truth. What is that self truth related too? A belief, an experience, perhaps a pattern that we have become familiar with and accepted.”

Helen looks at the time on the wall clock, “we best be still now, finish this scrumptious breakfast and head on out.”

Chapter 5

Helen is driving while George is pursing his notes and realizes that he doesn’t quite have a grasp on what it is he is trying to achieve with this idea of his new semester biology class. Is it the psychology of biological evolution? He reads an excerpt from A Course In Miracles, ‘Yet you feel an alien here, from somewhere all unknown. Nothing so definite that you could say with certainty you are an exile here. Just a persistent feeling, sometimes not more than a tiny throb, at other times hardly remembered, actively dismissed, but surely to return to mind again.’

“Helen, even during stillness, like when you meditate or, as you say, just being, do you return to mind again? Or is your mind a continuum of thought?”

He would ask me that, now while I am lost in my brief suffering state of duality. The enticing threat of a rendezvous with Jenny. And would that include Peter, too? An alien here…yeah, even now with George, I try to dismiss my call with Jenny. Why did I call her in the first place?

“George, you are still in a state of suffering. Like I said at breakfast, before the stillness, which really wasn’t stillness since we were eating and probably thinking at the same time, let it evolve like our garden.”

“Okay, let’s just focus on our breath.”

Helen gives an agreeable nod. *Breath he says, I’m just as nervous as he is about this class. His topic was intriguing enough for me to want to be part of it? I have never gone to or read any of his previous class notes, syllabuses, or cared about any of his work for that matter.*
They arrive at the university and park in George’s reserved spot just outside the Biology Department. Listen, dear, you go ahead to the lecture hall, it’s room 202 a small hall. I need to go to my office first.

“Okay, you want to know me as a student rather than your wife in this act. Is that it?”

“Not a bad idea, what should I use as a last name?”

“Ha, you’ve got to be kidding, right?”

“No, I want whatever it is we might be dealing with on a personal inner level, to be separate from us.”

Helen looks at him, rather perplexed, yet agreeable, “Troy, Helen Troy!”
Without a thought, even though George is a student of Greek mythology, they go their separate ways.

I have got to settled down. I have never been this disorientated about teaching. Oh, yeah, we decided to not teach…just listen see where it goes. I wonder what the participation will be like if I don’t at least have a premise.

He notices a note on the middle of his desk. Obviously placed there so he would read it. “Your mind is so tricky that instead of solving the problem, you keep suffering about it.” Sri Krishnaji

There is no owner of this note. So who put this here? Whom do I know that would come up with this, this…looks like a Hindu type name…Krishna.” Think, think, who…humph. Maybe there is no solving to be done concerning the class. It’s just my mind that needs to be still. Let it all evolve, okay I surrender to whatever.

George looks upward, then at his list of participants;

Delilah and Leigh, partners forty and thirty-eight in age.
There’s Jeramy a young man early thirties.

Christina, a transvestite who was in his previous semester about the gender of seashells and mollusks.
Then there is Peter and Jenny, committed swingers in their forties.
Helen claims to be gender neutral. Helen Troy?
What! Helen of Troy? Did she pick that name for any particular reason?
Adam who claims to be very macho, ex-marine, also in his previous class.
Harriette, a proclaimed sapphic woman who claims to have a more masculine identity than feminine. An older woman, late sixties.
Joseph proclaiming himself as a daddy gay man. Same age range as himself.
Sam, formally Sara in transition from female to male.

George takes a deep breath and starts to make his way from his office where he feels secure and so confident of who he is. He goes empty handed leaving all his notes and syllabus at his desk. The only item he takes with him is the paper coffee cup with the inscription 'underneath it all I'm pretty naked'. He stops by the coffee machine and fills it up. When he takes his place at the lectern, he places his cup down on a small round table next to it. Unconsciously he has the inscription facing the people, whom are courageous enough to take the course that he has offered.

The room is set up with small desks. There are some folding chairs against the back wall. They are stacked on a chair rack with wheels.

"Eh hum, ah good afternoon, or is it morning…sorry I lost track of time." He looks at the participants making sure not to look at Helen. "You know what, this course does not require note taking, there will only be a guaranteed passing grade if you participate…honestly, I mean truthfully. Like right now I truthfully do not know how to start this discussion. Or shall we call it a semester of sharing. Sharing fears, perhaps past traumas, or current feelings and emotions. Maybe places where we are stuck because of beliefs, guilt, or resistance that leads to defiance."

There is some shifting bodies, raised eyebrows, and even someone yawning!

"Yeah, I have nothing to teach, no knowledge to give. Maybe I choose this topic because I need to understand myself better. You all can help me process why I fantasize what it might be like to have an interaction with another gender. In biology we can study the life of all living things. Genetics is a big factor on how traits are passed from one generation to another. We can study the evolution of adaption, what changes do we have to internally make to adapt to change? And we can study systems…patterns of thought that we act out or how our body responds in a hormonal way to another human being - behavioral

endocrinology. And there is the psychology of biology, or behavioral neuroscience."

Adam points at George's cup, "we meet again professor, this time I hope to get to know you better."

George looks down at the cup and becomes aware of how he placed this little reminder towards the class. He briefly considers the synchronicity of this interaction with Adam. "Hello Adam, two semesters in a row with you, I think that's a good sign, you must like my method of non-teaching."

"Humph, let's just say I'm more curious than you think, about this topic. I have my reasons."

Christina shoots him a look, of disdain.

"You know what, since there is no note taking let's get rid of the desk, put them up along the walls and take a folding chair from the back. We'll place them in a circle and have a formal meet up. Get to feel each other a bit, think of it as a warm up."

The circle is formed and George has a seat next to Joseph and Harriette.

"Let's start with some introductions, Joseph, you start and we will go clockwise, please…"

In a very confident voice and a sure manner, "I'm Joseph Lovejoy, an interior decorator by trade, I own one of the top three interior design companies in the city. I'm a dandy daddy. He chuckles at his own joke. An older gay man who knows what he likes in another man and does not project any negativity towards a woman."

"I'm Sam in transition from female to male, never, ever call me Samantha." She looks directly at George.

"I got the message Sam, we're good on that for now. Just so everybody gets Sam's modus operandi pay attention to Sam's request."

There's a moment of hesitation then, "Hi, I'm Delilah Roko, I guess they say Lesbian still, anyway I love women. I'm a social worker with female wards of the state. I help place them in transitional programs assisting them as they begin to live on their own, finding work or continuing education or both."

“I’m Leigh Silverman, Delilah’s partner. I’m an artist, painting, sculpture and writing.”

“Adam Chase here, ex-marine, two combat missions. I own a shooting range for ex-veterans. I also lead a wounded soldier chapter.

“Helen Troy here. I’m a seeker for truth and enlightenment, although both seem to be elusive for me. Maybe I need to get a coffee cup just like your’s George.”

There’s some laughter. Joseph remarks, “I like your honesty Helen of Troy!”

Helen doesn’t show it, there is some nervousness cursing through her body as Jenny speaks up, “I’m Jenny and I identify as a swinger. As much as I love my poly husband, I love the freedom to love women.”

“Ah hum, I’m Peter, I’m a stock broker and financial advisor. Oh yeah, I’m a swinger of coarse, otherwise I wouldn’t be married to Jenny. Our last name is Carebody.

“Hi, I’m Jeremy Young and I am a young man trying to find an identity. Younger than all of you. I am still a grad student here at the university. I’m copping identifying as gay. I have attractions to other guys, that I don’t understand. That is what attracted me to this class, not just for a credit, I hope to explore my inner mechanisms is the best way to put it for now. To know myself better. Does that make me a seeker Helen?”

“Beautiful intro Jeremy, yes it does. I’m with you on that note.”

Christina has her head partially bowed down, when she looks up her eyes are darting all over the room, from one person to another, not at Adam though. George recalls the last class and Adam’s remark that caused her shame. At least that’s the compassion he felt for her.

“Go ahead Christina, you were also at my last class, introduce yourself. Know that in this group you are safe and respected.” George and Christina turn towards Adam who raises both hands in a sign of surrender.

“I’m Christina, a transvestite and I’m having a difficult time relating biologically to a gender. It is causing me grief, this transition that I am struggling with. Being a man with all that competition and machoism is disconcerting to who I am. I’m not sure maybe transvestism is a better term

for me right now. I'm confused on what gender I best relate to. Does that make me a seeker Helen?"

"I think we are all seeking some sort of understanding or knowing of what our companion plants are in the garden."

"Bravo Helen Troy, I do believe you have connected the biological aspect of how to approach our Biological Psychology," says George with some bravado in his voice.

"I'm Harriette Moore, a fashion designer of unisex clothing. I consider myself as a sapphic woman. I like a man who recognizes his femininity, yet knows his masculinity without any shame. To me there is no sense in male emasculation. It's not necessary, it's time for the female and male sexes to call a truce and know each other as Beings. Just consciousness, and wholesome consciousness at that. Maybe, we'd all put an end to suffering."

George has a long hard look at Harriette, he feels for the note in his pocket. Slowly he looks around the room. Then he looks at Harriette, "you know, what you just said I would like to use as the syllabus for this dialogue. That is what we are meant to be here for. Someone left a note on my desk today, maybe yesterday, I don't know I haven't been here for awhile, here it is."

George ceremoniously pulls the note from his pocket and unfolds it, slowly, "Your mind is so tricky that instead of solving the problem, you keep suffering about it." Sri Krishnaji

"I do not want to insinuate that any of us here have a problem. Adam, Christina, even you, Helen, Jenny and Peter know that seashells and some clams and oysters are sexless. And they, oysters and clams, have the ability to change their sex. What I want to explore is how we can relate to each other as Beings, just Beings connected by consciousness. And perhaps we can become a unified consciousness that projects love as compassion and compassion as love. Maybe we can change the rules of biology as the foundation, physiology the mechanism and psychology as the expression of something that comes from the heart not just the mind. Let's end this session for today. I want to rename our time together as the Gender Sessions. Sounds kind of musical, like the Miles Davis sessions. We can play our horn with the pureness of grace and truth. No shame about all that jazz that we call the mind."

The room is still for awhile. Then Peter has a say, "what if we are comfortable with 'all that jazz' of the mind as you say. We might still speak our truth and it might not meet your expectations."

“I have no expectations and if you are comfortable with whom you are so be it. I might have some inhibitions that I need to explore. Like I said, I have nothing to teach. I intend to be a participant in these sessions. Any other questions?”

Chapter 6

Helen and George retreat to his office for a short reprieve before driving home. It’s George’s intention to have a brief discussion with Helen, her choice of a last name is a bit unnerving for him. Just as they are seated there is a knock on the door.

George welcomes whomever it is to enter, “come on in, doors not locked.”

Harriette enters, “sorry I hope I am not disturbing you, if you desire privacy let me know.”

They look at each other and consider that what ever they intended to do wasn’t important. There is always two chairs for guest at George’s desk.

“Have a seat Harriette Moore, your name is so familiar…”

“Psychology Department, you have probably seen my name somewhere around here.”

“Of course, what is on your mind, Harriette?”

“The board wanted me to find out exactly which direction you are going to take this, er, these sessions. I’m not sure what to tell them. And frankly I don’t care to give them a report until I know what path you are taking us down. If I have any inclination after today’s session, it will not necessarily be just a biological study of genetics and what role it might have concerning gender. Nor will we be entertained concerning pronouns and labels.”

“You are correct about that summation, Harriette. You have met my wife, Helen Troy, is it dear?”

“I made that up, I don’t think it’s a good idea for your wife to be in class?”

“Well two people are aware that we are married.”

“Excuse me, I think I might be a distraction for you two right now. I will leave, one last thing, I am versed in Jungian psychology and some of the knowledge he gained while in India. I too went there and did some processing with the guidance of two Mukti Gurus, enlightened masters/ teachers. I have a proposal… that we team up however that might look like. You talking about the scientific approach and I take the meta physical approach.”

“I’ll think about it, seems like that might initiate dialogue and discussion. Thanks for dropping by.”

Harriette looks at Helen with a wry smile and a nod.

George senses an energy between them. *It seems a little rough, did Helen really think that she would help facilitate? I better check in with her*.

“Helen, check-in time, there seemed to be some sort of energy exchange between you and Harriette. Am I right?”

Helen is lost in thought, “ah, no…I think she was feeling some other energy, what was transpiring between us, and my use of Troy as a last name. I think it might be a good idea to have her input in your class.”

“What I wanted to ask you is about your choice of Troy as a last name. You know I am a student of Greek mythology, Helen of…”

“She called me that, she said, ‘I will make you my Helen of Troy…”

“Slow down Helen, you’re speaking of Jenny, the swinger?”

“Yes, of course, who else would I be speaking about. It is awkward, sharing this with you right now. I feel sneaky if that’s a feeling. I called her to see if they were going to show up.”

“That’s odd, maybe you have a desire that popped up from your subconscious, maybe an infatuation?”

“Your choice of topic brought up a curiosity in me. And now that I signed up for your dissertation, which you now call a dialogue or discussion amongst us…”

“Oh, so you’re going to blame me for what you are experiencing?”

“Fair enough, I’m feeling seduced and she’s not even here right now. How’s that making you feel?”

“Your thoughts are seducing you…”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“Give me a second. How do I feel? Nervous, that’s it, I’m nervous not because I think you’ll leave me, rather I don’t want to interfere with your choices. It’s your journey, as they say.”

They just have eye contact for a long moment. Both with furrowed foreheads, deep in thought.

What a situation, now I’m nervous about the whole class. How will it go? And Harriette as our metaphysical psychologist? We might all be in process. Damn, and my relationship with Helen, my wife of twenty some years…exposed? How honest will we have to be with ourselves let alone the others in the class. I guess I get what I ask for, being one of the participants.

I’m not sure what to say to Georgie, he’s more than just a husband, he’s my confidant, my soul mate lover. Still there’s a nervous excitement to explore what a “session” haha, that’s what George is calling it now, ‘The Gender Sessions’, with Jenny might be like.

“George, you once mentioned to me that you really connected with the concept that by identifying, by naming and labeling all that is becomes a foreshadow of an illusionary reality of separation. You had said by giving God a name is separation. You brought up a thought that when we call upon a ‘brother’ or ‘sister’ it is the body we call upon. It is the body/mind that we make an appeal. The mind responds to what we call him/her and their true identity is hidden.”

“Yes, something like that, it was the premise for this topic. Why I can’t teach it is because it violates my belief systems. What I have been influenced by, my limited self…this recall of our previous conversation puts the aspect of relationships in a different light.”

“Let’s go home. We can continue this on the way, okay George? You look flabbergasted.”

“Yeah, let’s go home.”

As they drive back home neither of them reopens the conversation. There is a silence that each of them is appreciating right now. And so they drive, past businesses, neighborhoods, people rushing to and fro. They are very aware of the other and how their separate feelings seem alien to them. They have never exposed what they actually feel when there is an attraction to another being outside of their personal relationship. The inheritance of identity that the human mind has maintained forever, is the assumption we live with.

Finally, Helen continues the dialogue, “I heard you when you said you felt nervous. You also, started to say that my thoughts are what is seducing me, is that true?”

“Humph I did say that, what I wonder is do you fantasize what a rendezvous with Jenny would entail, how it might play out?”

“Now you are getting ahead of yourself. It’s in the future, I still don’t know if she was just humoring me by suggesting I was her Helen of Troy. Still it carried a strong enough proposal that it unnerved me in a way that I wasn’t ready for.”

“I find that the fascinating thing about identifying with a situation, is that it starts with a fear, and the judgement becomes defensiveness. In our defensiveness we might attract more of what we fear, since we refuse to accept what is.”

“Hmmm, okay Biology Professor, the premise of biology is scientific, and one of your proponents of what biology science includes is the study of ecology and how living things, humans included, relate to each other. So the other night we brought up a past threesome that we enjoyed back then, yet we also feared that the pleasure it gave us might cause a separation of

our relationship. The commitment we vowed to each other to forgive, not what the normal perception of forgiveness means, we had a different vow, one that meant working past “fatal attractions”. Would you agree?”

“Let’s drop the word fatal, it connotes the end of our relationship, to me. Other than that I agree. And so are you asking permission to pursue Jenny as a pleasure, or a non gender, unidentified Being with the most blessed attributes that you must explore this seduction as if it is just an illusion!”

Helen laughs out loud until tears are streaming down her cheeks. George is smirking as if he is the most humorous guy in the world. Finally they look at each other.

“What’s for dinner Georgie?”

“He nods his head at the sign out front, The Oyster Bar. Oysters, of course oysters, Oysters on the Half shell, alive, juicy and an introduction to the forbidden treat that you desire..”

She looks at him, admiring is demeanor and savviness, “George…”

“Trust, I trust the strength of our relationship and love you so much, that it is always your choice to make, it’s your journey. A friend and companion of mine once said, “Discover your perceptions and where they lead you. Forgiveness practice is relentlessly seeking a peace of mind whenever an upset occurs, owning one’s perception and asking to change that perception so that one can see the truth.” Marian Kozlik

‘That is forgiveness, forgiving our perceptions of self or another.”

“Sounds like it came out of your Course in Miracles,” replies Helen.

“Yes, we both did the readings together, back then while I was entertaining the study of biology. I needed something non-scientific to noddle about in my brain. Keep me grounded and connected to my spirit, so to speak.”

Chapter 7

"I am not of this world, nor of the next, nor of Paradise, nor of Hell;
I am not of Adam, nor of Eve, nor of Eden and Rizwãn.
My place is the Placeless, my trace is the Traceless;
'Tis neither body nor soul, for I belong to the soul of the Beloved.
I have put duality away, I have seen that the two worlds are one;
One I seek, One I know, One I see, One I call." Rumi

Week Two:

Everybody shows up, this is a good sign for George. Big smile on his face as he previews the room and the body language of the participants. Seems like a relaxed atmosphere. Helen came separate from George as she had to run some errands before hand, and paid a visit to her mother. Harriette took a seat directly opposite of George. They collaborated during the week with George accepting her proposal and agreeing on a seating arrangement. He wanted her to identify as one of the participants just as he was doing. He remaining as facilitator. As people enter he mentally takes a roll call; Helen, Peter, Jenny, Adam, Christina, Delilah and Leigh, Joseph, and Jeremy. There were six students of the university who checked out of the class during the week. There was one, Anthony, who became ill. He plans on attending hopefully next class.

"Good afternoon, I'm glad that we all showed up. Let's get a couple of ground rules set up. As you are all aware of from the first session we are not going to be discussing pronouns as a way to identify with gender. In the Science of Biology the only gender is male, female or non-gender. The Gender Sessions as we will call our 'meet ups', will be focused on the ecology of biology or how living things interact with each other. This might include our psychology, emotions and physicality. Another consideration will be honor, honoring each other as you would want to have the respect of another. Thirdly we will confront our fears, fear of what others might think. Any questions?"

Adam is first to speak, “where you going with this George? This is sounding like a class in humanity, not biology. And I thought you called yourself a participant. Are you the only one designing ‘the ground rules’ as you say?”

“Well, I thought about that during the week, and all I could come up with is that a group does need someone to facilitate. Since I am getting paid by the university, I figured at least I can be facilitating these sessions. The board will want to know how this class, ‘their terminology’ is being conducted.

Delilah speaks, “how about structuring these sessions based on a consensus?”

“That is time consuming and one person could kidnap this group into a stagnant state where dialogue never starts. Therefore, I decided going with these three simple ground rules with me as facilitator.”

There’s a silence of agreement, everybody realizing that George is actually in charge, at least he has some sort of direction.

“Let’s begin with how you relate to your body/mind versus your emotions and feelings.”

“Georgie, I have something to share before we get started…”

Joseph raises and eyebrow, and looking at George with a smirk repeats, “Georgie? What is that in reference to? I’d like to know.” He looks at Helen.

With a furious glance Helen responds, in defense of George, “ he is my husband, truth be told, I’m not Helen Troy… of Troy, I’m Helen Windchimer. George is my very androgynous man and at times I call him Georgie when he cooks, or sews, or does the laundry…”

“Whoa, I think Helen just wanted to set the record straight. Let’s leave it at that. This exchange brings up a good example of why I am the facilitator. Now I want to finish what I wanted to say…a comparison of sorts. Using a garden setting as an example of companionship, separation, and the oneness concept of the universe.”

Harriette is thinking to herself, *this ought to be good. I sure hope George knows where he’s going with this. I might have to bail him out.*

“Let’s look at straight row gardening, mono crop farming and Permaculture. In straight row gardening there is a very disciplined method from planting seeds, to weeding, spacing, irrigation and how it all looks. Maybe a singular pattern

from year to year. In mono crop production, the farmer is controlled by government subsides, corporate control of seed products and pesticides. Tilling the earth and using more fertilizers for the depilated soil. In Permaculture the whole is considered, it's methods produce an eco system of plants, domestic and wild, co-inhabiting with each other. The philosophy behind it spills over into how we (society) connect to mimic the plant life. The ecology of biological development, how living things interact. So how can we co-inhabit with each other and consider how we are a source energy of the universe?"

There is silence. George let's it linger. Then Harriette slowly interjects, "if you recall my introduction last week, you have a sense of what I am passionate about, and that is being one with the whole as Georgie just described. I spent some time in India recently, to gain some self discovery, chasing enlightenment and settling for a better way to look at relationships. What I found to be true is that being aware of my inner state, takes my mind of blaming external circumstances for my state of well being. To acknowledge when I'm suffering and what in me is causing that suffering. So I like Georgie's permaculture example of plants and weeds figuring out how to live harmoniously. I observe in my garden how when one plant is not able to cope with another it might move to another location where it is welcome. I observe the balance of nature, the animals, insects, birds and all life supports the whole system in a wonderful way even though there are times when it looks like it's in conflict."

"And so you called George by his feminine name too. Is it because you like a man who recognizes his feminine nature? I'm with you on that Harriette," remarks Joseph.

"What if he takes it to far, like a transvestite? You call that a man recognizing his femininity?" Adam responds as he is looking directly at Christina who has her head bowed down.

Christina abruptly looks up, "I think you're not understanding the difference between us."

Adam is quick to respond, "you mean you and me or you and Joseph?"

"You know what I mean, between you and me. Why is it that your type has one way of thinking. One damn masculine way that you see the world."

There is dead silence as Christina and Adam stare at each other both dripping with vengeance in their eyes. The energy in the room is a bundle of nerves,

Harriette can sense that the others are in a state of fear to speak up. She is glad that nobody is taking sides right now. She is willing for George to do something anything to end this session. *Come on George, be the facilitator, now, come on!*

George takes note of the room as he scans the faces of the others'.

He begins, "We are almost out of time. I just want to say, that I am also a student of Greek Mythology, I thought you might find that of interest Jenny."

All eyes revert to Jenny, Christina and Adam ease up, yet remain in a state of hurt.

"I am also a student of A Course In Miracles. Has anybody ever dipped into that book of lessons?"

No is the response with head shakes.

"There's a lesson I want to share today, it reads like this," he pulls out his note pad.

"God has no name. And yet His name becomes the final lesson that all things are one, and at this lesson does all learning end. All names are unified; all space is filled with truth's reflection. Every gap is closed, and separation healed. The name of God is the inheritance He gave to those who chose the teaching of the world to take place of Heaven. In our practicing, our purpose is to let our minds accept what God has given as the answer to the pitiful inheritance you made as fitting tribute to the Son He loves."

"To further understand this I want to read this excerpt, too."

"…what is true in earth and Heaven is beyond your naming. When you call upon a brother or sister [sic], it is to his/her [sic] body that you make an appeal. His/her [sic] true indentity is hidden from you by what you believe he/she [sic] really is. His/her body makes response to what you call him/her, for his/her mind consents to take the name you give him/her as his/her own. And thus his/her unity is twice denied, for you perceive him separate from you, and he/she accepts this separate name as his/her."

"Let's leave here today, and contemplate how we can remain in a state of acceptance. I hope to see you all here next week."

There's two doors in this lecture hall for fire safety. George dramatically rises and leaves out the back door, his back to the others who slowly watch his exit and start their exit out the door they entered from.

Jenny slips a note in Helen's direction and a startled Helen takes it and gives Jenny a nod and weak smile.

Adam, tries to reach for Christina, he wants to give her a gentle touch, however she swiftly retreats and manages to get Jeremy between them then quickly turns down the hallway and disappears.

Harriette heads for George's office. The others leave with mixed expressions.

Chapter 8

Session 2

Harriette knocks on George's office door.

"Come in, doors open."

"George, that was magnificent. To pull out your notes, and those quotes… the energy in the room changed. There was a reverence that filled that room. I have never been part of anything like that. And your use of the Permaculture concept…brilliant lead in."

"It really wasn't me Harriette, you should know, the Divine Intelligence was leading the way. I'll bet you received some lessons on that from your Gurus in India. Who are they?"

"Krishnaji and Preethaji…the Oneness Movement, why you know of them?"

"Sort of, now that you mention their name, someone gave us a Freedom in Relationship booklet a long time ago. I'll have to go through it again. It will come in handy I'm certain of that. By the way, thank you for your support, your statement was brilliant too."

“Sorry I called you Georgie, considering this class it seemed appropriate even though that was not my intention.”

“It was very synchronistic especially since it caused a reaction between Adam and Christina. They have some unfinished business that relates to my previous semester. They both being participants and having an unfortunate confrontation.”

“As I left I was aware that Adam wanted to reach out to Christina, who didn’t want anything to do with him. Yet, the effort by Adam was unusual for someone of his stature. My projection of Adam changed instantly. I can visualize similar other type relationships evolve as we lay down defenses and become defenselessness.”

“Like the saying on my coffee cup the other day.”

“George, just an idea, you don’t have to act on it, maybe you can treat us to coffee, all of us having that same cup with the saying…what was it?”

“Here, I have the cup…’underneath it all, I’m pretty naked’…yeah I will do that.”

“Thanks George for your courage to tackle a ticklish subject matter.”

“Hopefully by the end all matter will become formless.”

Harriette smiles, “I can hardly wait for the next session, let’s see who shows up.”

Harriette leaves, as she exits she almost runs into Joseph. His eyebrow is raised in surprise, “oh Harriette, fancy meeting you here? A little Tête-à-tête?”

“You can call it that, your turn, I presume?”

“Ooo, you make it sound trilling to have a turn with Georgie…”

“Stop it Joseph, no innuendo meant. What are you projecting about George?”

“Brotherhood!”

And with that they part their ways, as Joseph is rapping on the office door.

“Come in Doors open!”

George is standing with his back to the door as he is packing up his satchel. Joseph enters and slowly walks up behind George. As George turns he is surprised to be in direct eye contact with Joseph in such a close proximity. He smells his cologne or is it a pheromone, *does he think I might be a special mate?*

Joseph smiles, “Georgie, I do have a question, first though…”

Quickly so quick George is defenseless as Joseph’s warm hand is at he nape of his neck and he is pulled to Joseph’s lips. His mouth is agape and Joseph’s tongue is forcefully penetrating George’s open mouth as it swirls around his tongue in a French kiss. As George receives Joseph’s desperate advance, what he gives back is a slow, gentle, emphatic response. He manages to pull out without any disdain. They look at each other, querying and searching for the meaning of each other’s response.

Joseph is first, “you are quite a kisser George, why didn’t you stop me?”

They release each other and George responds, “you came at me fast, and hard. I have a soft edge about me. All of a sudden it was as if we became formless and who I was kissing I did not know, nor did I consider consequences. My fear subsided and I just wanted to give to you whatever it was you needed by this interaction. You need to know that my true mate, is Helen and she is also my sexual mate. You might be looking for something from me that I am incapable of giving you in the future. Presently what I can assure you is an intimate relationship not based on sex. Perhaps we can find some other common ground to relate to each other as in a companionship.”

Joseph is quick to retort, “and what might that be…brother? Can you consider me as a bro, a male companion even thought I am queer?”

“I love this poem by Rumi, You are in the ear. You are in the mind. You are in every burning heart. What am I saying? You are I.”

Joseph looks contemplative now, “this formless state you found yourself in just now, what did you feel?”

“I felt accepting, what comes to me now is accepting you as you are and accepting the bodily desire you had. Now I could have felt as a victim of a sexual predator, violated and abused. I would be suffering.”

“How does that relate to being formless?”

“I guess I didn’t answer your question, formless, I’m not sure, I do know that once I accepted what was happening, is when that Rumi poem came to light.”

“While we were kissing?”

“No, right after, during the moment I was just in an acceptance mode and there was no thought.”

“George, I must apologize for my behavior. I’m so use to getting what I want…please forgive me. You requested treating each other with honor and respecting each other like you would want to be respected. You just did that George, I feel so ashamed.”

“Joseph, there is no need for me to forgive you. You have the opportunity here to do some soul searching, inquire about your perceptions and patterns. To make changes is true forgiveness.”

“That’s not the normal way we forgive, in other words you think an apology is not needed. You still will be able to have a platonic relationship with me?”

“Yes, of course, we just found out a little about each other, let’s keep it as a lesson to be learned. We can support each other and grow together.”

“You sound like a gardener now!”

They have a good laugh and a hug, “thank you George, I appreciate you.”

Chapter 9

Helen of Troy

Meet me at Harry's…great ribs, here's the address. That was the note from Jenny. Helen didn't waste anytime, even though she was a bundle of nerves. The settling factor was George's admission that this is part of her journey.
I still don't fully understand why I am moving in this direction of thought. The desire to meet up with another woman. This is so illusional like a live dream. I want it and I don't want it. I want the excitement of doing something that seems forbidden. Even though long ago George and I made a pack. And now, it's back like a Karmic return. What is it that I didn't resolve from the past.

She stripes out of her normal day wear and finds something loose and whimsical. Something that floats in the breeze, not too sexy, yet forthcoming. She decides to remain naked under the garment. Her body cells are adjusting to the excitement, they are igniting her female hormones into readiness. She leaves after a shower and some beautifying preparation. One look in the mirror and she is off to Harry's for ribs with Jenny.

Upon arrival she takes three deep breaths to settle her nerves. Trying to put this sensation into perspective she ask herself, *what is sin if there is no sin. Just pure forgiveness of perceptions of right and wrong, judgements of others without seeing the same in self. I am craving for a thrill not knowing if George really meant what he said. He did say he'd go to battle for me. I doubt that I'll be captured, abducted probably, however this is no Greek mythology taking place this is a "let's see what happens" encounter. There she is, a calm demeanor, waiting for her playmate. I wonder if that is how she is thinking of me?*

"Well, Helen, you look airy light as a cloud. Please join me. I already ordered for us. A drink to get started with?"

"No, I wonder if they have an espresso?"

“Yes, here comes the waiter…”

They order their drinks. There’s a silence, they are looking at each other like two strangers. Not sure of themselves with someone new. Yet they both want to connect, how? The precedent of this meeting being a supposed seduction of Helen. And Helen seemingly surrendering into Jenny’s world of bodily fascination.

“Helen, can we hold hands. I need to feel you.”

Helen smiles with some reluctance, moves her hands across the table and holds both of Jenny’s hands.

“Your kind of nervous aren’t you Helen?”

“Yes, I have been in duality concerning you and coming to this stage of non-relationship since I don’t know you.”

“And so what or whom do you think I am…a swinger?”

“How could I not think that, you have admitted to that identity since we first laid eyes on each other.”

“Umm, I supposed I was not unpretentious at the time, and probably still am…kind of a free spirit in your face so to speak. Do I seem rather bold to you?”

“Now that you mention it, yes, though bold might not be the best description. Dominating, the dominant sister of the both of us?”

“You are giving me another label. If I accept that role, then in a hypnotic way, I can have you as mine tonight. Will you let me?”

What is this, I am falling into a trap of my own doing. Yet I want to surrender to this woman. All gender aside I want to feel another woman’s body next to mine. I want a different kind of sensuous touch. I do not want to be cerebral about this event. Otherwise I will be suffering in a big way.

Helen smiles, “for tonight yes, I am your’s. I will surrender to your desire, and mine, truth be told.”

The waiter arrives with the ribs, dripping with sauce, a finger bowl of water and large napkins. “Dig in ladies, get messy!”

And so they do, small talk in between bites as they tear into the meaty ribs. Helen feels sauce dripping down the side of her mouth, Jenny is suddenly licking the drip into a full kiss…in the restaurant! Lucky, they are tucked into a corner, somewhat inconspicuous of the other patrons. That is why Jenny picked this place and table. She knew she could instill some excitement without being an exhibitionist. They get messy, laughing, licking and sometimes kissing. With dinner ended, they drive over to Jenny’s home. There is already a mood set, dim lights, soft music, some incense and even a massage table. An inviting couch, wide enough to be a bed.

Helen is awe struck just looking around and admiring some art work. “You do the art work Jenny?”

“Leigh, from the class, er, Gender Sessions.”

“You know her? How long?"

“Several years now. We get together sometimes.”

Jenny moves closer to Helen and unbuttons Helens dress. She lets it fall to the floor.

“Jenny, I want to get to know you in a different way, a non sexual relationship. Can we have that, are you capable of relating to me or have a connection without pleasurable desire?”

“Huh?, I thought you were going to surrender to my desire?”

“I think we both came to this point in time because of our self centric thinking. To fulfill our own personal desire. I just became aware that my response to your desire is an old pattern that I thought I put to rest many years ago. It resurfaced and when I check where my thoughts have been since our first meeting, at the Oyster Bar, I witness how our thoughts become part of the universal consciousness, and the universe gives what we ask for. Until we change our perception, or our way of thinking we’ll always get what we always got.”

“Oh my, well I see. You have had an epiphany? So how do we proceed now, in the form of a non sexual relationship?”

“How about exchanging massages. You have a table here, obviously you and Peter do massage?”

“Yes, of course, sure I like that. We can nurture each other in a wholesome way. Wow, listen to me I think you are inviting me to form a meaningful relationship and not be in separation from each other despite our differences. My sexuality has forever been my identity. Peter is just a sexual partner, for the most part. Really, I will admit that I feel like a predator hunting down easy prey. It’s an addiction, that’s what made me curious about George’s class, Gender Addiction…how about Sexual Addiction.

“If you don’t mind me asking, how do you actually feel? Not what it’s like, a real feeling.”

“Diminished, humiliated, and embarrassed. To think that I almost had you in my grasp, with no concern for your marriage. You must think I am a despicable woman.”

“No absolutely not, for whatever reason we have come together tonight and both of us have communicated in an honest, truthful way. We have not only connected with our truth, we have confronted our wanton desires. There’s nothing wrong with pleasurable sex, it is our thinking, our thoughts that turn it and anything else into a suffering state.”

“A suffering state, I have never heard that before. Is it like a type of conscious thought pattern?”

“That will be a good question for Harriette, in the first Gender Session she mentioned about her two Gurus from India. I found a booklet about Freedom in Relationship, by Krishnaji and Preethaji. They reference that there is only two states, non-suffering and suffering.”

“I do feel relieved right now, that we have chosen to not have sex. I have been able to look at how I view my addiction and you have impacted me in a way that I have never been loved before. I have some clarity…I am not

suffering right now. There is no embarrassment I'm feeling. I feel your love."

"Thank you, your subtle pursuit showed me how powerful thought can be. It was so strong, this fantasy I imagined with you, that it became real. Yet I was suffering up until the time I bailed out of our tete-a-tete. When you desired me I suddenly became aware of how easy a physical act can be preformed with no feeling for the other. I felt total separation, where as with George, we do feel the giving and receiving as oneness."

"I see, to feel the other is what you are suggesting?"

"Yes, and since there happens to be a massage table present, my preference is for you to feel my loving, nurturing, and healing touch. You first Jenny, clothes off, hop on the table face down, I'll start on your back. Then you can do me."

The two woman are smiling and the vibration is high, joy, relief, tenderness, and genderless.

Chapter 10

Gender Session 3

There's a small table set up with cups of hot coffee and a variety of 'Georgie's Custom Sweet Potato Donuts'. Each cup has the same inscription, 'Beneath it all I'm pretty naked'.

As people come into the room they are invited to grab a cup and enjoy a donut, become encouraged to chit-chat with each other. George observes who's having small talk with whom. Helen, Jenny, and Leigh are in conversation with each other, as is Jeremy and Joseph. Harriet and Adam look pretty pensive with whatever they are discussing and Delilah seems to be questioning Christina and Sam. Christina looks a little uncomfortable with whatever it is they are discussing. Sam has a defiant expression. Peter showed up late, just in time to get a cup of coffee. The donuts having been devoured.

After a while George request that the participants refill their cups and have a seat.Everybody is seated and waiting for a dialogue to begin.

George begins, “Let’s look at a couple of possible aspects concerning the body/mind connection. In biological psychology or biopsychology, we can examine how our hormones, genetic make up, and brain cells have a bearing on our actions, created from thought and feelings. We are always dealing with the physical body using neuroscience as a means to study why we take the actions we do. Where as psychology’s true nature is to examine how we think, feel and relate to others.”

Jeremy ask, “so when you talk about genetic make up does that relate to family lineage? Or even our cultural upbringing?”

Harriette responds, “the biological and psychological traits we exhibit can be traced back through your ancestral heritage. I think that some of who we are is carried forward genetically and is part of the reason we resemble traits of our fathers and mothers.”

“So how do you explain, for instance why Christina and Sam are choosing to change their sex?”

“Oysters do it, why can’t I?” is Sam’s retort.

George, “what you’ll find is the study of biology in broad terms, are a view of the whole of life through the lens of a microscope. The function of the mind/body and our reactions seem unexplainable sometimes. That’s what I’d like to explore, is how our personal psychology interfaces with our biological self. So how do our attractions, preferences, and relationships form?”

“So with our interaction last week, how do you explain the formless state that you entered into?” ask Joseph.

Heads turn, all eyes on both George and Joseph. Especially, Helen whom has not been privy to whatever interaction Joseph is talking about. And that includes her experience with Jenny. They never did share what happened. It was as if they wanted to keep their experiences to themselves.

“You mind sharing your ‘brotherhood’ bonding, isn’t that what you referred your “office visit” with George or is it Georgie now.” Harriette interjects.

“I take your sarcasm seriously, Harriette. The slip of the tongue by Helen is meant as a genuine compliment. To use the reference any other way than to describe my androgyny makes me angry,” states George.

“Me too, Harriette,” as Joseph reacts with a visible expression of anger, “you don’t know what went on between us, you are projecting.”

Adam has his say, eyebrows raised in surprise, “details, can you share details? You went out of your way George to give us all these cups with a message.”

It’s Joseph that speaks up, “the only details that you or anyone else needs is the fact that George handled my aggressive behavior with grace. He was an example of surrendering to the flow of life. My week since has been a week of contemplation and change. To become aware of old patterns and be aware of my state of mind. My biological preferences are men.”

“From a parasitic bind weed, to a compatible ground cover, like clover?” ask Harriette.

“Oh, aren’t you so cleaver Harriette,” is Joseph’s sarcastic response, “yes, I do like your reference to nature. Now do you have any psychological explanation you can share? I checked you out, you are a psych professor”

“Fair enough Joseph, truce, I mean no harm. Ego, self righteousness is getting in my way right now. Okay, how about forgiveness of self. You becoming aware and willing to change your old habitual ways is a beautiful example of forgiveness.”

“Well, thank you. I appreciate your grace, too. It doesn’t change who I am as a gay man. What I am looking at is how my craving became so strong that I totally disregarded George’s space. I acted on impulse, and I got what I wanted at George’s expense.”

“Ah hum, mind if we continue with a family affair?” Jenny looks over in Helen’s direction. “This flow of grace must flow in their relationship, Helen and George must know the act of forgiveness that Harriette just

described. I desired Helen of Troy like Paris, I orchestrated an abduction, disguised as a seduction. Helen's desire for a woman's body faded as her awareness of her illusion became a reality check. What was it Helen, that really changed your mind?"

Helen looks over at George, then scans the room until her eyes settle on Delilah. "I was fascinated by the chance to relive an old connection with another woman. I see the myth I was trying to live out. I desired my own Helen of Troy—and like Paris, Jenny moved in for an abduction. I was lured by a raw, consuming seduction. I wanted that fierce, undeniable fire, for one night with Jenny." Her eyes meet George's, "I was terrified that finding sexual pleasure somewhere else would mean I didn't love you anymore, George. I realize what I want most is to respect exactly who you are—in all your complexity—and honor our relationship, even if it means leaving that specific physical side behind. The 'you' I hold onto is both the George I married and the softer, truer essence of you. I realized what I want most is to respect who you are and honor our relationship—even if it means leaving the physical side behind." Now Helen rivets her eyes towards Delilah, "the memory of what I shared with Jenny, isn't lost. It has just evolved into something fiercely protective, rooted entirely in deep compassion and empathy."

There's a silence that hangs in the air. Helen is still eyeing Delilah. Finally she ask, "Delilah, can you explain why you identify as a lesbian?"

"I'm not sure, maybe some is genetics. Like what kind of genes were passed onto me at birth. What I do know is at a very early age I had more of an attraction to my female acquaintances than male. Later on in life a couple of male relationships didn't fit my personality. How does biology look at sex, George?"

"Good question, we classify sex as either male, female or intersex which includes people born with 'hormonal or genetic sex traits - such as chromosomes, genitalia, or reproductive organs - that do not fit typical definitions of strictly male or female bodies. Intersex is about physical biology, whereas transgender describes a person whose deeply felt sense of gender does not match the sex they were assigned at birth.' AI generated (Cleveland Clinic?) (Source unknown)

For our purpose in these sessions, what I hope to explore is how we all interconnect as Beings."

Harriette, "as Beings do you mean no identity other than our form of body?"

Leigh interjects, "how about the mind/body identification which comes from the formation of Being by our thoughts?"

"Listen," in a gruff voice Adam has a turn, "my beliefs won't even consider any of this that has just been presented. I look at us men in this room biologically different than you women. So my thoughts are influenced by common knowledge."

"What has been presented just now are the science, psychology, and the metaphysical aspects of understanding why we choose the gender we most associate with," responds Harriette.

"Thank you Harriette, your summary is a good place to end this session. What I suggest we do is to sit in stillness for awhile. You can choose to lay down on the floor if you'd like. I have some yoga mats, over there in the corner of the room," George points, "I will play some quite sounds of chimes that I recorded in our garden. Let's just be still, clear your mind of thoughts and be with your God, or Divine, or your peaceful self. Just be in the stillness of our energy field that we are creating during these sessions. Please remain quiet as we settle into our personal space."

Chapter 11

Gender Session 4

"What's cookin' George, oh man of great creativity?"

"It's a seductive, succulent Orange Peking Duck, there's a bottle of red Cherry Republic Ballaton wine up on the top shelf of the pantry. Why don't you break the seal and pour us a glass. Then you can create a garden salad, maybe add some of the power greens that's on the sunroom window ledge."

“Ooo, this is feeling special George.”

“You can call me Georgie, too. I relate to either gender!”

“You’re a funny man Georgie. So is this your battle strategy to take back your Helen of Troy?”

“Humph, how’d you guess?”

They laugh and look at each other with a twinkle in their loving eyes. Helen get’s the wine and pours a couple of glasses. “I want to read us something I flipped to in that booklet Freedom In Relationships by Krishnaji and Preethaji.”

She retrieves the booklet and opens to the reading, “listen to this…”

“What is more important to you; the relationship or the hurt?

Hurt remains significant to you for as long as winning or losing in the relationship remains important. Many times you miss out on the possibility of a loving relationship because you choose judgement over and above love in the relationship. You can create years of misery for yourself and others around you because you choose hurt feelings over love, justice over happiness, blame over understanding, or demand over giving.

Relationships blossom when you cherish giving and sharing love. When love becomes important, you naturally move away from blaming the other person and move toward taking responsibility for bringing love into life and into your relationships.”

“So, George, what was it like for you to find out about my time with Jenny?”

“Well, to be honest with you, I may have helped spurn it on with my desire that you have the freedom to live your journey through this illusion of life on earth.”

“You saying that with tongue in cheek, or are you some sort of Buddha type mentor?”

“I’ll rephrase it, when I saw your daytime clothes left on the bed, I knew what you were doing. I was actually sensing your nervousness and how you where in conflict, suffering as this book points out. It’s so synchronistic what you just read. For my role, it really wasn’t about winning you back Helen of Troy. What I truly hoped for was that you could relax and enjoy the choice you were making. I had no perception that I was about to lose you. I found it interesting that you point blank addressed Delilah with your question. Are you still on a quest of self inquiry?”

“That’s a kind way to put it. At first I was into the desire I really wanted to have the close sexual body connection, then I came to my senses and realized that it wasn’t going to have anything to do with developing a relationship. In my mind I was wanting to feel what it would be like to receive the physical love of another woman. And then, I knew there was a better way to share the love of giving and receiving. She/They have a massage table and touch became an avenue to open the way to experience each other outside of sex.”

“Umm, here taste this slice of duck.” George puts a fork sample of Orange Peking Duck into Helens open mouth. There is some of the juicy sauce oozing from her lips. George does’t waste a moment to lick and kiss a surprised Helen, who turns her head and says, with a mouth full, wait let me finish chewing.”

She turns her head back to face George with an accentuated chewing motion, finishes chewing and goes, “ewe what’s gotten into you? Must you act out your kiss with Joseph?”

“Oh, is that what you imagined, well it’s true, Joseph actually, forcefully, French kissed me!”

“And, and…then what?”

“Much like your experience we discovered a better way to form a friendship, or relationship, I should say. I informed him that gayism [sic] isn’t going to work for me.”

“And?”

“And, by the grace of God we formed a bonding of brotherhood!”

Helen takes a sip of wine and looks at what she just read. She reads a phrase, "Relationships blossom when you cherish giving and sharing love. When love becomes important, you naturally move away from blaming the other person and move toward taking responsibility for bringing love into life and into your relationships."

"I think we just shared how we both cherished our experiences as loving with compassion," adds Helen.

"Ducks ready, I guess we'll both do the salad together, eh?"

As the week progressed Adam was having a time of it. His mind was full of resistance to these sessions that George had created, even though he realized that George hadn't created anything it seemed to be an organic process. *I don't seem to fit in with this group. Everybody seems to be relaxed with who they are, except for Sam and Christina. Christina, why oh why did he choose the route of transvestism. Same with Sam and her choosing to be a male? I wonder if they will get some kind of operation what do they call it, an intervention?" Let's see, this class I signed up for, Gender Addiction, what did George actually anticipate when he labeled this as biological psychology? My psychology is going crazy. Men and women altering their bodies to fit an identity. That goes against my beliefs.*

There is an edginess in the room as people are setting up their chairs. Peter is feeling like these sessions are a type of AA or recovery from addiction meetings. *Why do I sense that George thinks our identity choices are an addiction? How can my choice of sexual preference, or Joseph's, or Christina's any of our choice of gender identity be an addiction?*

There is a small table set up again with the same inscribed coffee cups "Underneath it all I'm pretty naked." This time George made an irresistible apple strudel. Jenny, Leigh, Helen, Harriette and Jeremy grab some coffee. Nobody took strudel. Was it nervous stomachs that left the strudel on the table. And who did not want to identify with being naked to the group of what might be exposed as their true identity.

George observes this whole scene, groks it for future reference and he begins as the facilitator. "Throughout the history of indigenous cultures people accepted a "two spirit" person. Some became healers, there were

woman warriors honored like male warriors. ‘In India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh, the Hijra community represents a recognized “third gender” with history stretching back over 2,000 years.’ EBSCO +1

‘In Indonesia there are the five genders of the Bugis. There’s males and females who take on the dress, social roles and behaviors of the opposite sex. The Bissu are a perfect combination of all genders and act as shamans, spiritual mediums and bridge the gap between humans and the Devine world because they encompass the totality of human experience.’ Britannica

There’s more, Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa. Mexico…they also accepted opposite gender roles and identification. The reason I am bringing this topic up, is so we can have dialogue about how we perceive to what we think is true about the choice of gender identity as a new norm, that is biologically science driven. Or has it been subjected to judgmental right and wrong thinking by our western culture.”

There’s a silent rustling in the room as some are readjusting their seated position.

Sam speaks first, “I’m living in this century, George. I doubt that I will be honored as a bridge between the Divine world and the human world. I just want to be manly, have the respect of males as a male.”

Harriette, “do you think that you need to look like a male to have the respect of a male? Is that absolutely true, Sam?”

“Somebody like Adam, he doesn’t respect me or Christina.”

“I don’t think you want to hear what I have to say about that,” retorts Adam.

“I have a question,” it’s Peter that wants the floor, “Why do I sense that you think our identity choices are an addiction? How can my choice of sexual preference, or Joseph’s, or Christina’s any of our choice of gender identity be an addiction?

“Thanks for asking Peter, this is why I started our dialogue with some historical fact about gender in indigenous cultures. Our society clings to indentity. Perhaps that is the addiction we have and by labeling the gender roles that we perceive as right and wrong. We set a trap of separation.”

Harriette, “let’s take the metaphysical aspect of angels. Some people believe they are sexless some depict them as male, or female. And then there are those of us that see them as beings no different than us. We are blinded by the world, so we can not see the light of God. What are we but consciousness?”

“I kissed him. That’s what you wanted to know last week, Adam! Yet George described his experience as formless. I understand it now as a transient state of being. It’s as if you, George surrendered all your thought of gender.”

“For that moment, yes. Then as you know, I requested a non-sexual relationship be formed. I became very aware that your choice of gender identification was none of my business.” He looks at Sam and Christina both of whom are seated side by side. He wonders if there is a silent bonding going on between them.

“Times up folks. Please have some strudel and wait…wait, I sensed an edginess today, and I still do. How is everybody doing, are these sessions getting a little too intense for anybody?”

Jeremy, “I am finding them quite enlightening in the sense that I am personally experiencing how I feel about my choice of gender identity.”

Leigh, “I haven’t said much, I fear that if I tell my truth, it might surprise you, Delilah. I want our relationship to grow as an enduring relationship. Yet I might have different input with this group if you weren’t present.”

Delilah looks appalled. She is blushing, “Oh, my, is there something that I need to know about? Is that swinger Jenny an issue?”

Jenny, “no, I am just a model for her art and sculpture. Nothing to concern yourself with, Delilah.”

Adam surprises everybody, with a shaky voice he says “I want her back.” As he points to Christina.

“You have me dad just as you see me now. This is who I am, what I have become. My identity, that you can’t possibly understand.”

Chapter 12

Gender Session 5

George leaves his office door open after the session, which ended so abruptly that his intuition told him he'd have a visitor. An sure enough it was Adam, come trudging through the door. He looks up at George."

"Have a seat Adam…"

"I will…now you know about my dilemma with my…whatever he or she has become."

"I can emphasize with you. During the last class you and Christina… you mind me referring to your offspring as a female?"

"It's okay I did that today out of desperation."

"As I was saying, that time when you called her a hermaphrodite I wasn't sure if you were related in any way. Considering the reaction from the rest of the class, I could feel her shame. Today I felt her resentment towards you. Part of my note taking when I tried to put together a syllabus for this class seemed to dry and scientific. Here look at this, it's from Wikipedia."

He hands Adam his note pad, "and read the study below it, too."

The biological and genetic factors influencing female sexual orientation involve a complex interplay of polygenic inheritance, prenatal hormones, and brain development. Scientists emphasize that sexual orientation is an innate aspect of human biology rather than a choice, though its underlying mechanisms differ notably between women and men.

1. Genetic Influences (Polygenic Architecture)

- No Single "Gay Gene": Major genome-wide association studies (GWAS), including a landmark study published in Science, have completely debunked the idea of a single gene determining sexuality. Instead, sexual orientation is polygenic, meaning it is

influenced by thousands of genetic variants scattered across the genome, each having a small effect.

2. Prenatal Hormones (The Neuroendocrine Theory)

- Prenatal Androgen Exposure: The neuroendocrine theory suggests that early uterine conditions shape the brain's sexual differentiation. For women, some research suggests that exposure to higher levels of prenatal androgens (like testosterone) while in the womb may masculinize certain brain structures, influencing future sexual attraction toward women. National Institutes of Health (NIH) | (.gov)

- Unlike Men: While male homosexuality is sometimes linked to maternal immune responses from older biological brothers (the fraternal birth order effect), this biological mechanism does not apply to women. Georgetown Medical Review

3. Epigenetic's and Neurological Factors

- Epigenetic Markers: Epigenetic's refers to temporary chemical "tags" on DNA that alter how genes are turned on or off without altering the genetic code itself. Scientists hypothesize that prenatal epigenetic changes, potentially triggered by the womb environment, could influence sexual orientation.
- Brain Architecture: Brain-imaging studies reveal that certain areas of the brain involved in emotional processing and sexual attraction show structural and functional differences based on sexual orientation. The neurological pathways regulating attraction develop early in gestation, aligning with the reality that most people feel their orientation is set before puberty

Adam finishes reading the information, “humph, is this stuff true?”

“In terms of biological studies, that is the type of information I might be passing onto a class. That is not what I wanted to do for this semester of teaching. That is why I choose to be a facilitator/participant, pun intended, and wanted it open to dialog. When Harriette came to me after the first session and told me she was from the Psychology department, that is when I threw out the syllabus.”

“Okay, nice to know and I appreciate you giving me some empathy. I guess I should talk to Harriette about what I might do to have a relationship with my son or is it daughter?”

“Helen found this little booklet filled with a lot of wisdom. We must have had this on our bookshelf for several years. It is coming in handy right now.”

He opens to a bookmarked page. “I read this while Helen of Troy was being abducted.” He hands it to Adam.

Adam gives a chuckle and shakes his head in disbelief. Amazing how you both handled that situation. He opens to the bookmarked pages.

“As the seasons change, so do we. As we change, so do our perceptions and actions. Love is the awareness of this flow of life. As spring gives way to summer and summer is followed by autumn, an inner experience ends and another begins. Togetherness follows separation, pleasure follows pain, and elation follows calm. Yesterday’s experience is not here today. The person I was yesterday is not the person I am today. I change, the other changes, and the relationship we share changes. The ways of love change. An awareness of this flow of life is the birth of love and compassion. In this awareness, fear and judgement cannot be.” Freedom in Relationships-Krishnaji and Preethaji

Adam closes the booklet and places it gently on George’s desk. “Thank you George. I’ll see you next session. I’m sorry for being aggressive to these people that don’t fit my perception of male and female.”

“No need for being sorry, forgive yourself by changing how you fear whom the other person thinks they are, which might just be their biological make up.”

George is relieved to how Adam came to him, and was witness to Adam’s seemingly change of heart. He could feel a sincereness that Adam had deeply been influenced by what he read.

Typically during the last few days before a class George would be making preparations. With this semester now into the fifth week, he has nothing to

prepare for. These sessions have become something other than “Gender Addiction”.

Helen is preparing diner this night and George is the prep cook. “Helen, my dear, what are you making of these ‘sessions’ that we are having under the guise of psychological biology?”

Helen muses, “I must say your inquiry of gender identity and addiction has turned into some serious soul searching and not everybody has participated yet.”

“Well, after that last session I observed your fascination about lesbianism, Joseph’s self realization about fulfilling his craving needs with regard of the other…”

“That be you George!”

“Umm, looks like Dahlia and Leigh have some work to do…if they decide to share. And I have a hunch that as calm and secure Jenny and Peter are about their identity there might be some revelations abound. As for Adam and Christina, theirs could be a very interesting evolution in rebuilding not only their relationship, also their personal identities.”

“That leaves, Harriette, Christina, and Sam…you think they are approachable and willing to do some self inquiry?”

“I don’t know, that booklet Freedom in Relationships…is coming in handy.”

“Well I am looking forward to see how you will continue to combine biology with psychology and stay on track with your original premise for this course.”

They next day George is driving to the university by himself. He is lost in thought, fascinated by how these sessions are evolving. His thoughts are in overdrive and scattered, and take him into a day dream what it might be like to have a swing with Helen, Jenny, and Peter. He can sense Jenny’s freewheeling polyamory style. *How is it that someone, married, can have an open marriage or relationship with more than one lover? Kind of like an Elk Bull in rut during mating season having a harem! Or is it more*

than that? A real relationship beyond sex. Oh, man where am I going with these thoughts? Now I need some psychology!!

There's no coffee or pastries today. Everybody is seated. George slowly looks around the circle, making eye contact as a way to acknowledge the wisdom he sees in his fellow human beings.

"Let's close our eyes for awhile. Settle into some deep full breaths. Making sure our exhale is twice as long as our inhale. You can count your breaths if you want. Once we still our thoughts, just take note of your body. See yourself as you are, right now. Just be…and love yourself while you're at it."

Surprisingly there are no remarks, no resistance. About ten minutes go by, and George is observing facial expressions. Helen has an amused smile, Adam is looking serious, Dahlia is sad. Leigh has a blissful expression. Harriette seems calm. Christina also looks fearful. Jenny has her eyebrows raised and a slight smile. Jeremy is expressionless. Sam is angry and Peter seems bored, with a smirk on his face.
"Okay, take your time and slowly open your eyes."
George waits while people open their eyes. Some look around the circle, connect with each other.

"Today, there's a couple of things we can discuss. Paralysis of the analysis and talking to our body cells."

Harriette clears her throat. George looks over in her direction, with his eyebrows raised and with an expression of wonder he ask, "would you have anything to add professor?" He smiles waiting for a response.

"Thank you for the intro…yet I am just a participant in these sessions. What I want to contribute though is how our thoughts take form. How does anger for instance result in projecting that someone or something is to blame for my actions? Or how does "talk to our body cells" as you reference, become a form of healing? If we believe what to be true is derived from a thought form that separates one from the other, including our physical make-up, then how are we to know what rules over what? Does our biological genetics have precedence over our psychological rehabilitation, that is if one wants to be rehabilitated?"

Jenny doesn't miss a beat, "is your premiss for these sessions to encourage rehabilitation, George?"

Joseph interacts, "I am perfectly fine with who I am and what I desire. If indeed there is anything that I might want to change, it is to not let my physical desires to be he only reason for relationship."

Christina looks at Adam, then continues, "since we are now sharing, I want to explore how I feel persecuted, and is my transvestism a result of my psychology or biology? Maybe both?"

Adam looks at his he/she *is that the proper pronoun?,* "please Christina, use the past tense of feel, for I no longer want to project upon you how I perceive what a man should be. How I perceive and project out into the world is the change I want to consider."

"What I am grateful for in our relationship, George, is that we have ended defending what we do. I finally feel understood. By combining the biological factors with psychological reasoning, I can appreciate where I am physically and mentally. You give me the space I need to explore my own consciousness. Defensiveness disappears, it is replaced with our dialogue and feelings." remarks Helen.

"Oompa, I am all jazzed up…sorry for such a peculiar description of my current head space. On the drive over here, to be honest, I was fantasying how it might be to be in polyamory relationships. Is that an identity, Jenny or Peter, that is outside of the realm of biology and having polygenetic inheritance?"

Peter speaks up, "I'd call it a choice, and actually it is not easy to be in such a relationship." He looks over at Jenny who seems surprised. "To have an open relationship, sexually is hard enough. Especially if your attraction to another person has nothing to do with having sex."

Jenny creases her brow, "what do you meant by that? Don't we love another person as a whole? I mean interrelating with another might encompass more just having an interest in their psychology! Help me out on this Harriette."

Harriette clears her throat and takes some time to ponder, "Jenny, you are sensing that love is a unified, harmonious relationship, which is how most

people view it. Have you ever meet someone that captured your curiosity with their presence of mind. Maybe they were attracted to your body/mind personality, yet didn't want to have sex with you, still he/she/they had an interest to befriend you?"

Jenny looks bewildered. She looks at Helen, "yes very recently, Helen!"

Heads turn, George remains stoical, and Harriette responds, "that is what Peter is indicating. The emotional bond outside your relationship is not the normal standard societal rule."

Dahlia ask, "when I chose Leigh as a partner, I view our love making as the exclusivity of our relationship. What you are indicating that it's not the case."

George intercedes, "the biological viewpoint we had discussed in your case, might have to do with genetics. You mentioned your attractions were always towards women from a young age. Are you outside of your comfort zone when Leigh has a model for her art? Jenny being a model? Leigh seemingly in a happy state of bliss, perhaps getting more fulfillment out of life being in other relationships outside of your 'exclusivity' based on your love making?"

Dahlia does not answer. Helen bails her out…sort of, "we all want to be loved, it's just that we have made being loved something other than feeling the other…man, woman, or child. Even animal, nature, and the world we live in."

Dahlia stares at Helen…"I don't relate to your comment. You have no idea what I am thinking."

"You're suffering it's in your expression, your body language…and I know a bit about your possessiveness." It's Leigh speaking now.

Her smile is gone. She waits for any kind of response from Dahlia who is in tears.

Head bowed down in her hands She blurts, "stop it, that's not true, I love you."

George feels like this session has gotten out of hand. He reaches for his little booklet “Freedom in Relationships” and the back cover is staring him in the face. He reads it, “To live a life of awareness - is - to be free of self-centric thinking - To be free of the illusion of separation - To be one with all that is.” Krishnaji & Preethaji

“We will end the session on that note. I hope that we are getting a sense that our physical systems - the body/mind phenomenon controls our actions and thoughts. I also would like us to spend this next week in contemplation and empower ourselves to be willing to make changes that eliminate separation.”

“Thank you George, and everybody who shows up. You all are having an impact on me, whether you know it or not.” This gratitude is from Adam. He is looking at Leigh who is kneeling and has her arms tenderly wrapped around Dahlia.

Chapter 13

Gender Session 6

Helen and George are sitting in George’s office.

“Whew, I didn’t expect the retort from Dahlia when I made my comment. Sometimes I wonder what it is that people don’t understand.”

“Well Helen, I think you were educating her and that is not what she needed. Actually we both did it, me reading from the back of the booklet.”

“Yeah, lesson learned, she actually got what she needed from Leigh, that was so beautiful to witness.”

There is a rap on the door, which is partially open.

They both voice a greeting, “come in, door’s open…”

Dahlia and Leigh enter, looking rather sheepish.

Dahlia speaks first, “sorry for my response and outburst Helen. I know you both mean well. I, we, didn’t know what to expect about this class when we signed up. We thought, what the hell, an easy elective for a credit.”

Leigh continues, “Gender Addiction, we kind of laughed at the thought that it was considered a biology class. I must say, you have really taken us in a different direction especially how much we are addicted to what we identify as.”

“I felt such a compassionate connection when Leigh came to my side,” Dahlia looks at George, “the sharing by you, Peter and Harriette’s interpretation of what Peter was saying and Jenny wasn’t hearing had a huge impact on my relationship with Leigh. Yeah, I have a possessive personality. What did you call it, self-centric thinking. She’s mine,” she points to Leigh, “I want all of her attention and it does bring up a wall of resistance, is that what you might feel in our relationship Leigh?”

“Hummm, that’s an interesting way to put it. I enjoy other non-sexual relationships, not because I judge you, it’s just that it seems like you’r being avarice as if you covet me like gold. You don’t get enough of me.”

“Can either of you relate to our predicament?” ask Dahlia, turning to George and Helen.

“I think Peter opened a ‘Pandora’s Box’, is it safe to say George that we have something similar going on? Be honest, you act as if my start of a sexless relationship with Jenny is okay with you, yet aren’t

you the least bit concerned that I might develop a gender addiction?"

"Humph, if that is the case…now you have my attention. Especially should it have an affect how we start to interrelate. This is when the "we are all one" , "you are me and I am you" concepts get tested."

"That's not what I asked."

"Okay, so we have worked on our relationship for years and to have to even consider you in an intimate relationship with another whether it be a female or male, has me suffering. I need to be aware of how I might blame you for any hurt and retaliate in such a way that causes an undesirable consequence. So it all evolves around my inner conflict."

"I get Harriette's point, so my need is to be compassionate about your feelings of trepidation and the other's, Jenny in this case, desire to form a relationship that she desires. My request of myself will be to maintain a balance between both relationships a be willing to express what is important for me. For instance there might be some areas of our relationship that doesn't fulfill all of my needs, yet Jenny might fill that void. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, I get it, and I can respect that especially if we share honestly. If you are filled with joy because the other relationship gives you something that I don't and by sharing I know what need it fulfills. Then it shan't make me suffer since my love for you is because I love who you are."

Dahlia and Leigh are enthralled by the exchange they just witnessed.

"Excuse us, I'm not sure if you two realize we're still here. That was such a wonderful example of relationship, compassion, and caring for the other," states Leigh.

George and Helen turn to look at them as they are already standing by the door.

“Gosh,” says Dahlia, “this seemed like such a private conversation, thank you for just being who you both are and how your relationship works.”

George, “Oh, umm, yeah, we didn’t mean to ignore you. Actually you became the catalyst for truth to be told. So, thank you both for coming.”

Helen, “ditto girls, thanks for being who you are!”

They back out of the door and leave it cracked open.

Helen extends her hands out to meet George’s hands on top of the desk that separates them. They peer into each other’s eyes and keep silent for a while, just searching, pondering, feeling. Finally…

“Georgie, I’m projecting into an unknown future…if per say for whatever reason, my desire to have a relationship with Jenny evolves into a physical expression, are you able to forgive me as I am able to forgive myself?”

“Are your sure that this is a future scenario? I’d rather just address forgiveness. I think we are both in the same lane concerning forgiveness. Isn’t forgiveness more about changing old patterns, even if you revisit it time and again. A constant lesson to relive until it is totally dissolved?”

“Ooo, I like that, so true. I never did think an apology carried much weight, unless I could really feel the sincerity of the one giving it.”

“Just so you know I am not giving you a blessing to become a swinger…” he has a smirk that hides his fear.

“Sometimes your dry humor touches my laughter buttons.”

“Yeah, but you are not laughing.”

Now Helen gives a squeal - a short, sort of laugh. After all this is a serious subject matter.

George the biologist is wondering… *did she have any prenatal organization during her fetal development. That past experience with Christine - she enjoyed that time, as I did too when they invited me to join them. I recall how I basically gave them approval, that they really didn’t appear to need. What did I feel back then? Think George was it some ego related thing to show… what, that I didn’t possess her? And now, do I covet her like gold, Helen of Troy testing her will to explore.*

“You’re thinking George, I can tell. Am I scaring you?”

“No, I wouldn’t put it that way…I am approaching your unknown future from the standpoint of possible biological studies concerning genetic inheritance. Plus, the influence of the subconscious mind that has a bearing on our actions. And perhaps preferences, I guess we’ll find out Helen, your life choices are yours. Any suffering will be mine to contend with. Our relationship is determined by our inner conflict or non-conflict. We can still have a non-sexual relationship. Maybe Joseph and I will have a non-sexual relationship…confined to kissing only!”

Now Helen has a belly laugh with a huge smile. She crawls over the desk top and kisses George.

Dahlia and Leigh move away from behind the partially open door.

…and a week later session 6 begins.

The room is set up differently than usual. The main circle of seating is tighter and nearer to the front of the room. The rest of the room has four very small circular tables with three chairs around them. Each table has some hand sanitizer and food on them. Helen finishes setting up the last table as the 'participants' are entering and seating themselves with an eye towards the back of the room. Helen looks up and smiles as she comes to the circle to be seated.

George ask the opening question point blank, "Jeremy, how are you doing with these sessions?"

It catches an unsuspecting Jeremy off guard. "Oh, well, uh I uh, I am just listening, taking it all in. I mean I am observing and wondering how I fit in. I am the youngest person here. I don't have the life experiences you all have. I'm still finding my way in this mixed up world, at least that's the way I view right now."

"You don't suppose we are contributors that feed your mind. And what is your mind observing? The body as a limit?"

Jeremy adjust his body to the edge of his seat, "ahem, well it is, the body can be a limit, considering what I want it to do for me."

"And what is it that you want the body to do for you?" ask Harriette.

He flutters his lips, "well Joseph seems to have a grace about him. Confident in whom he is and not afraid to be who he is. I'm not sure what to think about Christina and Sam, you two confuse me. Yet, I do have notions of wanting to connect with my femininity, like George? And Sam, you make me want to be more masculine not macho like Adam yet I want to be accepted by men like Adam, as a male. Peter, wow are you in a quandary concerning your relationship with the free-wheeling, vivacious Jenny? I wouldn't mind being in your shoes. Now what if I had a polymer woman friend and we decided to swing with you and Jenny, and I had an attraction for you too. Does that make me ambisexual?" He looks in the direction of Dahlia and Leigh. "For some reason I think we would just be friends, seeking something beyond the

body. Maybe not be possessive of the body/mind relationship. Get beyond that. And Helen of Troy… there seems to be some depth to you I think if you invited Peter on your next date with Jenny, you would have an interesting conversation about having an attraction to someone and forming a non-sexual relationship. And finally Harriette, you just heard my observations, projections, and limitations. How about you feeding my mind?"

Harriette gives a lesson, "The body is meant to take you on your journey through your own consciousness. It is not a tool for sex, or to be used in war, or to fret about other things. It will let you know when it needs physical care, not cosmetic illusions. One cannot hide it's ego behind a mask. Consciousness lyes within the mind. Hence the body/mind as being separate. And the heart as the receiver and giver of positive or negative frequency."

George has a say, "this is good, thank you Jeremy, what an intriguing spin you shared with us. And Harriette, thank you for bringing in the element of consciousness. The biological only aspect of gender and genetic studies has it's scientific limitations. And even bringing in the psychology of biology still has it's limits. When we add the metaphysical to seeking the why we want to change our identity it opens us up to a whole new avenue of thought. And thought brings us full circle back to the body/mind limits of our biological psychology of what we think we know. Any thoughts about that?" George has a chuckle as he notices the serious expressions on everyones faces.

Helen let's out a laugh, "I know this man, I think your playing with our thinking Georgie. Huh? Or are you as confused as we are about gender addictions?"

Christina speaks up, "stop it you two, I need to clear the air, I have something on my chest, pun intended. You all see me wearing this mask of transvestism. When my father, Adam finally was able to accept me for who I am, I realized that what I have become is a statement that I made to punish him. To make him suffer the consequences of not loving his only son. My inner conflict is my shame. If I have any kind of gender addiction it is not related to genetics. It is more in line with what Jeremy shared, and

of Josephs maturity about his sex and is courage to want to develop non-sexual relationships first…honor the other and if it becomes more then so be it. Is that what I sense from you Joseph?"

"Wow, Christina, you are beautiful right now, you are coming out of your armor. George, the cups…bring the cups with a message next time. Let's drink to being naked and letting our true self be known. Yes, Christina, to follow this new trait of respect for others, compassion is a better word. I want to be more compassionate, feel what the other is feeling and how can I really do that unless we are truly naked sharing our real self. Thank you for sharing.

"Times up my friends," George has to keep time, after all people have to get to other classes. "These session keep getting better…"

"Wait, George the food share, we still have the food exchange to do!" reminds Helen.

The tables are set up. Helen goes for the chilled wine in George's office, while George gives instructions.

"Okay, let's pick a table we'll seat three per table, as you can see the seating arrangement. We made some scrumptious finger food and Helen is coming back with some small plastic shots and wine. We are going to feed each other at the table. Then we will give each other a sip of wine as we cross our arms. You've seen that before, yes?"

Everyone nods their heads affirmatively.

"There is no need for chatter, just feed each other and celebrate life together. Here's the seating…Dahlia, Jenny, and Helen…Adam, Sam, and Leigh…Christina, Jeremy, and Harriette…Joseph, Peter and myself. Make sure to use the hand sanitizer."

Helen is back and pouring wine. Everybody is settled in and the feast begins. It's quite a scene, there's some laughter, missed mouths, and sparkling eyes. Even Sam is enjoying the moment. Adam looks at him with compassionate eyes and Leigh takes her time with her/he. She has a delicate way of feeding her.

Chapter 14

Gender Session 7

Finally, it's all over. There is a high energy in the room, hugs are exchanged, and silently people exit the room. Helen and George start the clean up. Sam, who was lingering out in the corridor comes back in and watches while the couple in his view are focused on cleaning.

They seem so compatible, I guess that's how a longterm relationship can function. Husband, wife, friends, and confidant. I wonder if they have time to listen to me. I need someone to vent…no I don't want to vent, I just want to express my emotions. I have keep them seething for so many years now.

Helen turns and sees Sam just standing there, watching them, "Hi Sam come in, maybe you can help us a little? If you have time."

"Sure," he comes in and starts bagging the paper plates, plastic forks and spoons and cups.

"Thank you Sam, you don't have a class after this?"

"No, not today. Hey, can we talk for awhile? I haven't shared anything except my resentment and anger during these sessions. What Christina shared made me feel as if she has given redemption."

“Come let’s sit, Helen will you join us?”

“Of course, over there in our group circle.”

They are seated and Sam starts, “I don’t know where to start, maybe you can help me.”

“One thing I want to ask you, is why are you hiding you beautiful feminine body behind this male persona?” ask George.

“Beautiful? I have this light mustache for one, I have the hips of a male, throughout high school I was called ‘thunder thighs’…my voice, I don’t need to go on.”

“Can we be blunt with you?” ask Helen.

“Sure,” Sam says in a defiant manner.

“Now we get back to the genetics of biology, plain and simple isn’t it? You inherited genetics from birth lets call them chromosomal variations. Just leave it at that for now. If you are taking steroids or any other hormonal substances that’s another topic for discussion. What I would rather explore is the suffering that you are causing yourself.” Says George

“Suffering? I resent the fact that I was born this way.”

“Yeah, that is suffering. Emotionally you are angry…maybe angry at God or your mother and father for being born into this world with these traits,” Helen points out.

“Whatever it is that we seek thinking that the change will make us happy, only causes more suffering. Seeking pleasure from someone or something is momentary. Then we want more of it until it becomes an addiction.” adds George.

“Okay, I’ll agree with that, yet my dissatisfaction with how I was created or came into this body is so strong that I am constantly angry with God if there is such a being. And I am angry at men for mocking me and not

treating me like other woman, that I just want to punch them out. I'm not really out to prove that I can do what a man does, physically. Then I get confused…who am I fooling myself or the world, am I a woman or a man? And that circles back to anger!"

George and Helen are just listening at this point. Helen recalls George reminding her that some people in this sort of state don't want to be educated. They both are very slow to respond, waiting to see if Sam is finished venting.

"You are really in a conundrum, Sam. You know we are not therapist, and we also have our own riddles to solve. For us it is about loving ourselves so much that nothing can come between, I'll speak for myself here, me and my Divine source. I acknowledge a personal connection to spirit which I call Divine. I have conversations with it, and get guidance especially when I go into inquiry, by that I mean turn it around. What ever emotion I am feeling I ask myself is it absolutely true. It is a method developed by Byron Katie, who once locked herself in her bedroom for a very long time until she came out of her self inflicted depression."

Helen adds, "as you can observe during some of the sessions, I am in my own conundrum concerning a new relationship forming with Jenny. She proudly identifies as being a swinger. There is something in my subconscious, I'll call it my ego mind, that wants more than just a non-sexual relationship. I end up in duality, I want it and I don't want it. So I suffer until I decide to dissolve the loop that I am creating."

"Gosh, you two seem so accepting with your honesty, how do you maintain your relationship. I mean you too George, after all we know that Joseph has an eye for you."

Helen pulls the booklet out of the back pocket of her jeans. "This little booklet Freedom in Relationships, has come into my hands. In it Preethaji talks about how resistance is a cause of conflict. When you become aware of what you are resisting for instance the obsession of a perfect you, then you can stop the perpetual cycle of unfulfilled expectations. We both are in that space right now, with different relationships. What helps us in our relationship is the honesty which we have, over many years, that we

courageously share with each other. What did that coffee cup say George?”

“Uh, something like underneath all of this I am pretty naked.”

“Yeah, hey, thank you both for letting me vent and sharing your stories. When you mentioned that you where just going to be a participant, George, I didn’t quite understand how you would pull that off. The fact that you are admitting to your suffering, as you put it, has been an inspiration for me. Especially right now, I have much to ponder and some patterns to change. Thanks, see you both at the next session,”

Dinner is a joint effort with Helen preparing the main course of lamb chops and eggplant lasagna. George is creating a special lemon pesto sauce for the chops and steaming some broccoli. He had baked sweet potato brownies with carob chips and cacao. A coconut cream topping with more carob chips and monk fruit as a sweetener.

“Did I rattle you George about being wishy-washy with desire for Jenny?”

“No, to tell the truth, it is in the future and whatever becomes your business with Jenny is your business.”

“You make it sound like it’ll be my secret. I will not make it that. In fact I will be seeing her after the next session. We plan on massage sessions just touch…uh not sure about her touch, mine will be therapeutic.”

“What a turn of events, look what has become of our innocent celebration at the Oyster Bar so many weeks ago.

The following week George shows up with the hot coffee cups, upon request, and a tray of cheese filled danish, his addiction. His dad liked bringing home bakery goods on Sundays when he was young. He loved the danish.

Helen is thinking, *Must be in his genes. HaHa!*

“Why are you laughing Helen?” Ask George as everyone is busy eating danish and drinking coffee .

“Biologically speaking, do you suppose that animals have genetic food addictions, like the deer that eat our flowers when there is plenty of greens to eat instead?”

“I know you are joking Helen, however animals have been found to have genetic addictions to foods. It’s all about triggering dopamine and opioid receptors in the brain. Think about a bear invading a campground searching for human foods.”

“And same sex attractions?”

“Actually, yes to that question too. The polygenic trait is do to many genetic variations. Animals, such as rams might bond male to male and refuse to have sex with females. Thirty-one per cent of Laysan Albatrosses are female to female. There is a fascinating occurrence with a penguin group, I can’t think which one’s right now, the male pairs will adopt young chicks to make sure of the survival of their species.”

Joseph can’t contain his emotion, “well damn it, and in human culture they refuse to honor or even understand why we might be attracted male to male or female to female. We are considered a sin in our western culture scorned and separated by identity.”

Harriette speaks, “as I stated in one of our early sessions, not all cultures regard same sex bonding in a negative way…”

Adam interrupts, “This is kind of ridiculous comparing and mimicking the behavior of animals. Joseph, your comment makes it seem like you need approval for who you are and what you have become. As if science makes your actions right when there is no right or wrong for you to be attracted to men. Why belabor the point of being gay?”

“And you have changed your perceptions, Adam, of your son? You will now love her as a daughter?”

Adam looks at Christina, “if she so desires.”

“I’m not a hundred per cent sure now, maybe I will ease up on the make-up!”

George and Helen have a good laugh. The others are appalled at their response. They feel the energy and what is being projected towards them.

“A joke, right Christina? A joke, weren’t you being facetious?”

Christina just smirks and nods yes, “yeah, sort of, what I meant by the comment, er humor was that I am not sure about really wanting to be a trans gender anymore. Now I have a better biological sense about my genes. And my dad has changed his beliefs wrapped around the freedom of choice concerning gender identity.”

“This is a good place to stop and see how our week progresses. Let’s stay contemplative about our projections and perceptions this week. Take time to observe people and notice what judgements might come up. Thanks for showing up again.”

“Dahlia and Leigh, everything alright in your corner of the world?” Ask George.

They give him a thumbs up.

“You kinda got cut off Harriette, you okay with that and the direction of the conversation?”

“I think Adam made the point of what I was going to say. It was beautiful. I enjoy observing your change Adam, you too Joseph.”

“Peter, you have anything to say?”

“Yeah, I would like to have a private session with you and Joseph.”

George looks at Joseph who shrugs his shoulders. They both are in agreement, “yeah, sure,” says Joseph.

“Okay, stay we’ll for a few, we will discuss what’s on your mind.”

Chapter 15

The quandary of gender.

Helen gives George a kiss on the cheek and bids farewell, “I’ll be going to Jenny’s for some massage exchange. Might be a few hours so you don’t have to wait for me concerning dinner.”

“Oh, okay Helen, well you have a good time with your new friendship.”

“You sound so withdrawn George, what’s up? You don’t seem so accepting of my choice to explore my gender addiction.”

“You would use that description. I get what Peter was talking about in one of the last sessions. I have a fear of a changed relationship with you.”

“Our relationship changes almost daily, with ourselves, each other, and God.”

“Yeeahhh…I suppose your right. You better be on your way. I think I’ll eat out tonight, at the Oyster Bar.”

“Ah, some contemplation time about my true gender identity? I’ll let you know if I change or not Georgie. Listen, you don’t have anything to worry about, I think.”

“Ooo, you’re starting to have my dry sense of humor Helen? At my expense?”

She just smiles and gives him another kiss, this time full on and very sincere.

Helen passes Peter in the hallway. “Enjoy your time with Jenny. I’m sure it will be pleasurable.”

Helen just smiles, winks, and keeps on walking.

Peter turns his head and admirably watches the back profile of Helen. He enters George’s office. And the next man she passes is Joseph.

He greets her, “Helen, I am glad that you are involved in these sessions. It seems to me that you have a very trusting relationship with George. You mind if I refer to him as Georgie, I like when you call him that. I can relate to the feminine suggestion when you say it. You like your man to be neither man or woman?”

Helen laughs, “wow Joseph you’re after him as Jenny is after me. I sure trust that Georgie and I, Helen of Troy, live up to your perception. I will always take him as a lover and trusting husband as I trust he will also be quick to take me back!!”

George raises an eyebrow, “are you suggesting that an open relationship would not impact the relationship you already have with George because you both share your personal lives openly?”

“Let’s change the word ‘open’ to lovingly, a compassionate relationship. The key to our relationship is sharing our personal lives openly, I like that projection Joseph. May your mens’ group be blessed.”

“Thank you Helen, enjoy your evening.”

“You too Joseph…”

“Gentlemen, welcome to my confines where knowledge or confusion is stored in all of these books that surround me.”

“I like your humor Georgie, you okay with Georgie? I just saw Helen in the hall. We chatted a bit about your name preference.”

“Well, Josephine, you can call me what you like. It won’t have a bearing on who I am.”

Peter intercedes, “Alright you two, let’s stop this facade of gerrymandering. Your like two politicians trying to shape a district of voters.”

“That’s kind of a funny way to describe our bantering,” remarks George.

“That is the sense I get with this comparison of the biological study of gender dynamics and choices people make to change their sex identity. It

seems like you are inadvertently having some of us think differently about our traits by calling our choices addictions."

"Did I call them addictions? I don't recall making a comparison, yet I see your point since I refer to the science. Harriette is my fulcrum to balance the thought process."

"What do you mean Georgie?"

"Well, if we look at our gender choices in a metaphysical way, then we bring in a new element to the discussion of sex choice dynamics. I like to think that so far, the science is giving way to the human conditioning of the mind."

"Helen beware…without seeming like a perception, I know Jenny. And she has conditioned her mind to enjoy the physical pleasure that someone she is attracted to gives her." Peter looks over at Joseph.

"You're looking at me as if I fit the description. I let everyone know that I am working on my aggressive behavior."

"Does that include your desire to lay with another man?"

Joseph pauses before answering, "no, it does not. What I am working on is right action, to respect another persons preference and choice."

There is a stillness in the room. The men are contemplating the thought. 'Right action', and what does that look like?

"What I hear you saying Joseph is you are practicing the art of forgiveness. Forgiving your old patterns of aggressive behavior shaped from your desires that may or may not be influenced by biological genetics."

"Explain that more, Peter," ask George.

"Generally speaking we ask for forgiveness from someone, or God, doesn't matter. It is ourself that we need to forgive. Yet to forgive oneself, we must change our pattern of projection, perception, and judgements. Make sense?"

“And what about you Peter? Are you asking forgiveness of yourself as a ‘swinger’?”

“Thanks for asking Joseph, that is my quandary and why I needed a mens group discussion.”

“And what is the quandary, may I ask?”

“Like I mentioned in the session, what I am feeling is lack of connection with Jenny. I’m wanting more time with Jenny combining more spiritual context with our tantric love making. She can be such a seductress, so I have been feeling left out, ignored is more like it. I am at odds with my ego, and lack confidence in my value to her in our relationship. That night when we overheard you and Helen in conversation, the first thing Jenny said to me was, ‘I want her’. Now I sense that the biological references that you have explained gives her permission to pursue Helen whether or not she has inherited certain gender genes, or whatever it is you are talking about George.”

There’s a knock on the open door. Heads turn to look at Harriette. She smiles and remains still. George isn’t sure whether or not to invite her in.

“I,” she stutters, “I…have…been listening. I’m sorry to be such a snoop, it’s just that I was intrigued to what you men might be in session about. Do you mind if I join you? After all I am a wo…man.”

Joseph snickers , “oh, Harriette, so you have some strong masculine genes do you?”

“Joseph, if I wasn’t so properly feminine I’d take off my heels and throw them at you.”

The men laugh. It eases the tension, they needed some humor. Together, a bit out of sequence they say, “come in, join the discussion.”

George points to the corner, “behind the door is a folding chair.”

She gets seated and waits for any clue that they want to hear what she might have to say. There is a silence.

Finally George facilitates, “if you have listened or should I say, overheard our discussion, what is your view point. Give us some input.”

Harriette clears her throat, “amongst the three of you there is that nakedness that is inscribed on your favorite paper coffee cup George. You three don’t see concerned about risking judgement within this circle. However, if there was more of this selfless courage to be out in the open, I think everyone will benefit in our next session. You left out Adam, Christina, and Sam from your group. You seem to be in conflict with your sexual energy. The body/mind dilemma versus your state of consciousness. Maybe visit with your Divine source of energy. The ego is causing mayhem.”

“With my effort to change my aggressive sexual behavior, forgiving myself in the sense of changing old patterns, what if by chance I where to kiss George again. And he returned the kiss rather than pull away because of my queer gender traits, what might you perceive is going on between us?”

“Well, I might be shocked because he is married to Helen. Or I might see it as as an act of reciprocity. A kind soul, not wanting to diminish your expression of loving another male. And so lucky you get to give and receive at the same time. A true act of gratitude and graciousness.”

Joseph looks at George who maintains eye contact with Harriette.

“And what about my suffering state concerning Jenny?” ask Peter .

“If I was in your shoes, I might consider what is the solution? Have you contemplated on that, Peter?”

“Well one solution is to leave the relationship. I am not feeling like being labeled a swinger anymore. I was never comfortable with the whole idea in the first place. It’s Jenny who wanted an open relationship. There really seems to be no depth to our relationship. There is a gap in communication. Our episode with Tantric Love and the man being the giver of pleasure, I never felt reciprocated the same way. The way you described the scenario with Joseph having gratitude and George being the gracious receiver there’s a reciprocal give and receive. So now I am blaming Jenny for my demise as her sole lover. I wanted to please her, yet I expected her to what…I not sure where I’m going with this right now. I’m venting, aren’t I.”

“It seems like you are stuck with wanting to please, and that can cause a lot of resentment because you are not sincere about your commitment to do so.” George continues, “Joseph is in hot pursuit of me, for whatever reason, yet now he knows that I prefer a heterosexual relationship with my wife. Jenny wants an open relationship, she thinks you agree by your actions, which is to please. I wonder if she feels your insincerity? Does she show any compassion for you? Maybe she can’t because her desire is so great that she thinks she has your permission to carry on in her wanton ways.”

There is a silence.

Helen is greeted at the door by Jenny, who is in a short sensual robe. Helen is taken off guard by her own bodily sensation that triggers her erogenous zones.

“Hello Dear Helen I’m glad that we can have this massage date.”

“Umm, looks like you are ready to be on the table first.” Helen giggles.

“Come in, come in, I have the room set up, let’s enjoy this night.”

Helen takes off her coat and hangs it on a coat rack. As she enters Jenny has a robe draped over her arm. “Here this one’s for you, it’s more comfortable to give a massage in loose clothing.”

“Jenny, the room has a nice feel, I like the soft mood music too. And a fire? Kind of romantic, do you and Peter exchange massage too?”

“Sometimes, he’s been kind of reclusive these days. Busy with work, he claims to be.” She hands Helen the robe, here why don’t you slip out of your clothes and put this on?”

Helen takes the robe, “Jenny, you mind if we talk some first. I want to get to know you better. To be honest with you the energy, the vibe I keep receiving from you triggers all of my erogenous zones. I can already feel

your sensuous touch, and your underlying desire to have me, to love me with your sex."

Jenny - *Holy shit, to think that Helen of Troy was going to be mine is foolery. What does she think of me? Now what, what will we talk about? I don't feel so enamored with her body right now. I thought I had sensed her willingness to play with me.*

"Ah… sure , sure let's sit, would you like some tea? Coffee? I saved a couple of those paper coffee cups that George keeps bringing to the sessions." She laughs, "They give me humor when I think about it."

"Ha, you probably get a different message than what George is trying to convey."

Jenny looks at Helen quizzically, "you are thinking that I am all about the body, that my inheritance of gender preference is other females." She laughs at her own statement. "That could be, like the biology professor has pointed out, yet my addiction if you want to put it as such, is more tantric, red tantric, the pleasure of sex. Does that shock you?"

"No, it does not shock me, what I experience is that to you I am just an object. Something for you to use. It triggers programs in my mind that are influenced by what society has projected concerning love. I can feel it and our interaction, and my attraction towards this potential experience with you has nothing to do with a non-physical relationship."

"Hold on for a second, I have coffee or Lavender tea ready, your choice…"

"Lavender tea sounds exquisite, I'll have that."

Jenny comes back with the teas, in the cups which still have the stuck on labels… 'Underneath it all, I'm pretty NAKED'.

Helen shakes her head with a smile and in a humorous jester, with a giggle, says, "so you want to see me strip and put on this sexy negligee?"

"Touché, yes that will be a starting point for our getting to know each other."

Helen obliges, and while doing so… “now you can see all of me, you can have this much of me, or you can have more of me…you can have what is in my heart…my compassion, what is on my mind…my sincerity to know your depth, and my being, one with yours, to dissolve all form including thought into light energy.”

“And what is this light energy you reference?”

“It is beyond our ego that seems to run our lives, our thought processes. It is an energy that serves us in a higher consciousness. Does that make any sense?” Helen takes a sip of her tea, “umm, this is good, thanks”

“How come you took off your negligee?”

Helen takes another sip of tea, gently places her cup down, on the floor. “Do you mind if we take the comforter and sheets off of the massage table and spread them out on the floor, near the fire?”

Jenny smiles, *this just might get sexy,* “no, here I’ll grab the comforter and you can get the sheets.”

“And I love to see your full nakedness too. Will you take off your robe and come sit with me?”

Wow, all of a sudden she’s in charge. Now she has my zones buzzing! I might as well submit to her desires. It’s about time that I play the submissive partner.

Come sit close, snuggle face to face, you wrap your legs around my waist and let your heals rest around my upper hip, in case you need some support. I’ll do the same, and we can start with our hands falling along each others quads, and we will focus on our heart, head and hands. Just be for awhile, look into each others eyes. Notice all of the nuances of our eyes, the color, are they blood shot, any mascara, is there a lot of blinking and so forth.

And so some time passes, a few giggles. At first focused concentration results in creases between the eyebrows as they take each other inward. Then smiles that turn into pleasant smirks.

“I am sensing that you are waiting for a kiss, is that true Jenny?”

She gives a big grin, “well it would be a nice way to communicate right now.”

“Ah, so is it customary that you like to dive right in with your lovemaking? Now, you have done what I have asked up to this point, are you willing to try something new?”

“I usually have the role that you are playing right now, my thought was to be your submissive lover. So I want to follow your lead.”

“Okay, can I get a commitment from you to do so. There will be no kinky stuff, this is going to be love making from a non-illusionary dimension.”

“Humm, sounding kind of spiritual.”

“How ever you think of it presently, know that your thinking might be altered, you’ll need to be open and not resist how I am about to make love to you.”

Jenny purses her lips and slowly nods in agreement. *Whew, I’m not sure what to think of Helen right now, certainly she’s not Helen of Troy, haha. I wonder if this is some kind of sex therapy she has been through.*

“Okay Helen, you have my full attention.” She gives Helen’s thighs a sensual stroke then returns her hands where they had been resting.”

Helen doesn’t resist, and does not reciprocate. “George and I, actually it was I who found a small booklet, packed with a lot of wisdom concerning relationships. Freedom in Relationships by Krishnaji and Preethaji. It was lost for a longtime on one of our book shelves. I am going to use some of the material from the booklet as I make love to you. Some of what I physically will ask of you is Tantric. This is one of our favorite ways to have a love session. It takes our mind off of the big O and makes for a long satisfying connection.”

“Ooo, I can relate in the sense that my mind gravitates toward the big O as you say. So much so that my partner may never get to climax because I feel done.”

“Like just now, your touch is a signal that you are ready to engage. To give or receive?”

“Okay, the preface of this scenario started out with the metaphor of our nakedness underneath it all. So yeah, habitually I am ready to have you, I am ready to receive. I expect you to submit to my needs, yet you have reversed the role. And now I am committed.”

“Good,” Helen gives Jenny’s quads a squeeze, “the way I typically look at love is how I have been influenced from outside sources. You know, movies, literature, talk amongst us woman. The comparisons dictate how and with whom I want to venture into my next experience. And my expectations are to receive the same type of excitement and readiness.”

“Yeah, are we talking about sex or love now?”

“I’m so glad you asked, you understand there is a difference. I might experience a lack of love because of my own concept of love. [sic] Preethaji I want to get to know you in relationship without expectations.”

They are still, peering into each other’s soul through their eyes. They reach down almost simultaneously for a sip of tea. When they come back to each other Helen makes a suggestion, “let’s place our right hands on each other’s heart. The middle of the chest will work.”

“To avoid nipple contact?”

Helen laughs, Jenny giggles at her observation.

“I didn’t think of that, it’s not like I was going to go search your bosom for your nipple. Let’s take our time with each other.”

“I appreciate how you have started in first person otherwise I might be resisting your love making.”

Helen smiles, “I came here not sure what I wanted. A dualistic state of mind I want your body and I don’t want your body. And then I realized, what I really want is relationship first and foremost.”

“You are cooling down my heat Helen. Still you are making a point, we are not our bodies.”

“Nor our minds.”

“Explain that, and oh, my arm is getting a little tense. Mind if I rest it a bit?”

“Just relax it into me, how about we do a quick meditation. When I looked up Preethaji there was a short meditation I found on Utube…Serene Mind.”

“Thanks, you might feel my sensuality if I relax my arm.”

“That’s okay, I will be feeling you.”

“Umm, let’s do the meditation.”

“Okay, I will guide us through, I appreciate your choice of music, so soft, and meditative. Here we go…let’s close our eyes and just feel each other breathe. Observe each other’s breath, is it short and fast, full, or just normal and relaxed?…Now let’s take three full abdominal breathes with the exhale longer than the inhale…

Now what is the exact emotion that you are feeling…”

Helen - *I am feeling her warm hand and it feels relaxed now. Combined with the warmth of the room it has opened up my erogenous zones again.*

Jenny - *What am I feeling? Let’s see, hmmm, empathy? Yeah, I do feel that.*

"Now where is that emotion taking you, in the past that has already happened or into the unknown future, or are you present?”

Helen’s fingers slide slowly, tenderly, up and down a soft rub along Jenny’s sternum. Jenny feels the confirmation of empathy from Helen.

“Now imagine a small flame right between your eyebrows, the third eye and watch that flame travel to the middle of your brain. Focus on the light.”

The music plays a melodic tune of serenity. “Let’s smile and when ready open our eyes.”

Helen is observing Jenny’s facial expression, she sees the slightest tear in her right eye. When her eyes open Jenny shares…

“Empathy, that is what I was feeling from you. Your touch it just radiated so much compassion too.”

Helen takes her hand off of Jenny’s chest. She places her hands behind her for support as she leans back and stretches her shoulders and chest. “I think it’s time to move to the massage table. My legs are screaming!”

“Yeah, I can feel your heels digging into my backside!”

Slowly they release from their position and stretch out their legs, with some giggles. They get on all fours and slowly rise off the floor, then readjust the sheets onto the massage table.

“You’re first dear,” Helen gently rubs Jenny’s back and gives her buttocks a soft tap, “face down I’ll get your back first.”

Jenny is ready. Helen pulls a sheet just below her lower back. There is a warm bottle of massage oil in a bowl of water , on the fireplace.

She starts with the back with therapeutic strokes. “Here’s a quote from the little Freedom in Relationship book… ‘Empathy is to feel what others are feeling, compassion is to consciously wish for others’ well being, and kindness is to reach out to them.’ How is my pressure?”

“Perfect, just about like Peter’s when we do massage.”

“Speaking of Peter, how did you feel when he shared his quandary concerning relationships.”

“I had a sense it was meant for me, indirectly. We never discussed it later. He has been brooding since I have been pursuing you for pleasure. I have a feeling his days of identifying as a swinger are numbered.”

Helen does not respond, she continues with the massage.

After some quiet time Helen a inquires, “can you recollect the last time you two shared some beautiful moments of shared empathy and kindness. Maybe how you have supported each other when you shared your bodies with another couple or person?”

Jenny takes her time to answer. Finally, “gosh Helen, you are a natural therapist. Please remove the sheet from the rest of my body. After all our nakedness is the metaphor for our truth.”

Helen slowly removes the sheet and starts at Jenny’s feet.

Helen - *My Divine, I surrender to your love. Guide me now, let me be an instrument of your peace.*

Jenny rolls over onto her back so she can see Helen. She responds, “I have not felt Peter for a longtime. I will admit, I have been wrapped up into my craving for multiple partners. Polymer relationships, once I started exploring that whole scene, my fantasies became a strong part of my mental self.”

There are tears now streaming down both cheeks. Jenny is not ready to continue, she has her right forearm resting on her forehead, eyes closed. Helen realizes it is imperative to feel what Jenny is feeling. They may both have a breakthrough that will impact their relationships with their partners.

Helen - *Of course, how can I be so enamored with my self and not really feel George. What he must be going through. When’s the last time we checked in with each other.*

She runs her hands with fingers spread out, with the slightest of pressure up Jenny’s legs and over her hips, briefly cups her breast and then wipes the tears from her cheeks. Helen runs her fingers through Jenny’s hair and bends down to give Jenny a gentle kiss.

“There was a chapter that I read, in the booklet, about our assumption that love will always be present in a relationship. Then we get preoccupied with our own experiences thinking the same love will always be there. When it’s not, we realize it was us who left our partner.”

Jenny is filed with gratitude, “thank you Helen, thank you.”

"It is I who want to thank you, too. What we both have just experienced how our relationships are similar, the only difference is the appearance of our relationships with our partners.”

Jenny sits up and Helen gets up on the table and sits next to her. “I feel very connected with you right now.”

They hold hands and swing their legs together like two little girls on a big swing.

Back at the university, in George’s office, Joseph makes a request for a group hug, and it is received with immense emotion. Harriette is included, their heads are slightly bowed foreheads touching in an act of brotherhood.

Chapter 16

Session 8

Helen comes home, George has something cooking, on the stove and in his head.

“George?” Helen shouts from the foyer.

“In the kitchen dear cooking up a storm”

Helen pops her head around the corner looking into the kitchen, “cooking up a storm? About what?”

“Ah, you get the jest, it will be a surprise, so don’t probe too much. And your time with sexy Jenny? Am I to worry?”

“Only if you want to suffer?”

“Oh boy, Helen of Troy, I am going to battle for you to return to my bed!”

Helen has a guttural laugh, “you are such good natured Georgie, and you have nothing to worry about. ‘You the one’ sweetheart.” She approaches George takes the flipper out of his hands and proceeds to kiss him with the passion of new lovers.

“Woo wee, so glad you’re back partner, where’d you go?”

“I only seemingly left you because of my obsession. We, Jenny and I discovered a similar pattern that interfered with our relationships with our main man.”

“Fantastic, Peter will be relieved.”

“Relieved?”

“I want to keep it confidential…you know how a men’s group might require that as a rule…”

“Well if it has anything to do with being a swinger, I think Jenny got the message. We both did actually.”

“Yeah? Next time we go to the Oyster Bar, let’s eat in silence.”

“Your being silly now. What are you cooking? Smells good.”

“An Oyster mushroom dish with Calamari and a special spicy sauce. Some Italian red wine. And I set up the massage table…”

“We don’t have a massage table.”

“We do now, and you will be the recipient of our first massage. I even have a book Taoist Foreplay it actually is about massaging the meridians not just for better sex also for healthier organs. And…I found a Rumi poetry book Fountain of Fire it was published by Cal-Earth press.

“Wow, okay my man, I will freshen up and get ready for dinner and a new kind of romance. An addition for our relationship to keep growing.”

It’s that time of the week for the sessions to begin again. Just two left, after this one, a shortened semester before Christmas break. People are entering the class room. On the drive to the university Helen seems contemplative, non-talkative. There is a long stretch of silence and he feels a little tension, wondering where it is coming from.

He looks at Helen, “what’s on your mind?”

“Oh, I am just projecting into this unknown future of today. Who will show up, if Jenny and Peter had any kind of positive interaction about their relationship. I’m so grateful for our week thus far, you made it easy for me to just feel accepted and loved by you. Do you ever have a feeling that I take our relationship for granted?”

“Maybe I feel that you have expectations of my role in our relationship. Would that be the same thing, even though I am perceiving that about you?”

“No that’s not where I was going with the thought, for instance when I decided to form a relationship with Jenny, I fear that the effort I will put into that relation or any other relationship, will effectively take away from our connection as time wears on.”

They pull into George’s parking space. He turns off the car and just sits staring straight ahead. Then he looks at Helen to respond, “the first part of a relationship for me, even being with you, with us as partners, is to take care of connecting with my inner being. Do I love myself enough that I am not relying on you to fulfill my needs. Then I can receive whatever space you fill in our relationship with your love, your input, and your spirit. And the opposite is true, I can only fill the empty spaces that you want to receive from me. And that is how I look at connection. With you, and with others. I want to be aware of being ready to give and have an open heart to

be ready receive. That doesn't always happen, especially when I am in my own little world of self centered thinking, or so focused on a thought or action that I seem closed off to you or anyone, when you/them want to give."

"Thank you George, that is so genuine of your love. It seems so selfless and allows my being to function the way it needs to, apart from you. There is so much personal growth in such a relationship. I feel so liberated now, I can love myself better. We better get to the session, professor."

They smile and turn toward each other blowing kisses.

When they enter everybody is seated and some have even brought along coffee cups with the inscribed metaphor. George smiles and points to Peter's cup, "nice, they are still using those labels? They usually have new ones every day."

"I had a bunch made up and stuck it on this cup and passed some out."

George gets a salute with cups in hand, labels facing out from the coffee drinkers. He smiles and nods his approval.

The energy in the room starts to settle to a stillness. "Let's just close our eye for awhile. Just try to empty you mind of whatever it is that you might be thinking right now."

George surveys the room and everyone is cooperating. He closes his eyes and after a short time he says, "let's take three very deep breathes with the exhale being longer than the inhale. Fill your entire diaphragm.

Now, check in with yourself what emotion are feeling right now?

Now stay with the feeling, is the emotion tied to a past situation or are you tying it to some future outcome that you desire? Maybe you are very present.

Now imagine that emotion as a tiny flame in-between your eyebrows. Ask yourself, is this emotion, tied to the past, future or present moment, what is absolutely true?

Watch the flame travel to the middle of your brain and see if you can change the emotion to one that brings you joy.

George opens his eye just to check facial expressions. He sees some smiles, some serious faces, and some neutral expressions.

Okay, slowly open your eyes. And be present right now. Good afternoon.

We have had seven sessions. After this one today we only have two more. What I would like to do is take these last sessions into a new direction. Maybe not so much on the gender and gene side of biology, rather…"

"Excuse me George," it's Leigh who wants the floor, "ya'll have been talking about how our genes might relate to the choices we make concerning gender identity. What about color? I have no choice to change my color, and I don't necessarily identify with my color. I see no color."

"Well, we could spend time talking about the biological study of genetics, chromosomes, DNA and such. Or we can discuss why you chose not to see any color. Just as Joseph sees himself as being gay, or Samantha see's herself as being a male, or Christopher sees himself as being a female, or Peter sees Helen as a mythological queen."
Helen laughs, "enough of that now, just so you all know I have returned to my lover and he da King I da Queen. My seductress has released me back to him."

All eyes are on Jenny who blushes beet red and gives the 'I don't know what she's talking about' emoji sign!

There is some light laughter and clearing of throats.

"Back to what I was trying to facilitate. There has been some revelations and insightful sharing based on our science and western psychology. Some reference to a more spiritual or metaphysical aspect of why we cling to identity and gender addictions. What if we fearlessly go a step further and since we know what the science is, what if we take a journey these next three sessions and change how the external influence has impacted us in such a way that our actions are based on those external influences."

“You mean like reprograming our bio-computers,” mentions Peter.

“Yes, yes that is a very clear description of what I was mumbling. Thank you Peter.”

Leigh, who is standing now, looks around the room, “I like this new direction you want to facilitate. So I can ask Jenny, for instance, if you were to you sketch me, paint me on canvas, what do you see, a body of color? An object like an apple in a still life?”

“Speaking of reprograming, what I saw in this meditation we just did, was how I looked at your body to fulfill my fantasy. Helen wasn’t the only woman I coveted, you too, at least in thought. And what I saw was how my conscious thought had an affect on Dahlia. It was so strong that she thought we had a thing going on. Our female to female inherited genes clashed in another dimension that we don’t recognize.”

“And what do you see now?”

“Now at this moment I see no color, I feel your empathy for me. I see your forgiveness to willing change old patterns with me. To renew a relationship that is not based on being a model, rather to assist me in the creative process of art.”

Leigh sits down and looks over at Dahlia.

Helen interprets Dahlia’s expression, “Dahlia, your body language seems more relaxed. Suddenly your serious look has changed. You want to share?”

“Yes, of course, what I felt in the meditation was relationship chaos in my future. I went from obsessing who I am and my preference female to female and realized that it doesn’t serve me in forming relationships. Even present relationships, like I haven’t contributed in these sessions because I told myself there is no common bonds with some of you. Like mindedness is what I seek in relationship, it makes interrelating easier for me.”

“So, what is changing?”

“The comment Leigh made about her color having no relevance to forming relationships. That’s not always true, is it Leigh?”

Leigh glares at Dahlia, “as much as I would like too disagree, yes, it’s not always true. That is when I really need to become aware of my current state of being. What is triggering my black pride? Whom and what am I judging?”

“What about you Sam, can you relate to what Leigh shared?” ask George.

“Are you asking if my genetic inheritance has a bearing on my choice to become MAN!

Harriette contributes to the dialogue, “do you choose to believe that you can change your physical gender? Or are your beliefs that your psychology can override your physical make up?”

“You might have a point, in the sense that I have a self righteous streak in me to be better than a man. I have had relationships with men that wanted to have children, yet I have issues with infertility because of my genetics. They dumped me instead of supporting me and think of alternatives to child bearing. Yet, I realize that genetics does not play a role in this facade of wanting to be male, rather it’s anger because of the past. I have resentment of my genetic trait, projecting that once found out, males view me as just a sex object until they get a woman with ovaries. So I workout, beef up and challenge males to arm wrestling, or even fights. I have some Marshall arts background so I don’t fear males. I become an aggressor.”

“You mind if I make an observation?”

“Go right ahead,” Sam holds up her cup, “I’m pretty naked right now.”

“Your emotions of anger have turned into an obsessive behavior. It is based on external circumstances that you have no control over. I don’t know anything about your past relationships, however you might consider upfront communication before you commit to a romantic relationship. Does that make sense to you?”

“Yeah, my gender addiction is based on suffering, the by product of grief.”

There’s a silence in the room. People are relating how they respond to external circumstances.

One voice briefly breaks the silence, it's Christina, "Thank you Samantha."

Without George having to say so, people realize the session is over. There's movement to collect whatever they came with, especially the cups with the description 'underneath it all I'm pretty naked'.

Chapter 17

Session 9

No one shows up at George's office since it had become an open door for the participants4. He is checking out some AI information and comes across what confirms todays session. That being what is the root cause of suffering states. It always seems to come back to ego. We loose our connection with a higher source and our human condition takes over.

*The theory aims to rehabilitate the human psyche by **providing a scientific explanation that eliminates the core guilt** underlying human behavior. By diagnosing the root cause of our psychological upset, it shifts the human condition from a state of ongoing conflict to one of compassionate understanding.*

Mechanism of Psychological Rehabilitation

- **First-Principle Understanding:** The theory uses biology to explain *why* humans can be competitive, aggressive, or alienated. It argues that this behavior was a necessary byproduct of the conscious mind searching for knowledge against the resistance of fixed, cooperative instincts.
- **Elimination of Guilt:** By demonstrating that human "evil" or destructiveness is not an inherent flaw but an unavoidable battle for understanding, it removes the fundamental subconscious guilt that humans have carried for millennia.
- **End to Defensiveness:** When the conscious intellect finally feels understood and defended by science, its need to prove its worth through power, fame, wealth, or ego disappears.

- **The "Transformed" State:** With the psychological battle resolved, the anger, egocentricity, and alienation that defined the human condition become obsolete. Individuals can naturally transition into a state of cooperation and psychological relief.

George closes the window and decides to leave the premises. As he is approaching his car he sees Christina and Adam on the other side of the parking lot. They are talking, it seems to be cordial, he watches as they hug. George has a feeling of gratitude he raises his head to the heavens. I guess they have connected heart to heart.

When he arrives home Helen is preparing a dinner. They greet each other with a smooch. “George, I invited Peter and Jenny over for dinner after we ended the session. I hope you’re okay with that.”

“I’m surprised, yeah making new friends. I am definitely warming up to them. Not that I had anything against them in the first place.”

“Good, why don’t you shower and get relaxed, maybe open up some wine?”

“Great idea, I’ll do that.”

Well this ought to be interesting. We finally meet as couples. Curiosity has this cat wondering what dialogue we will be engaged in. This might turn out to be another session. Humph, I got and idea! I think I know where I can find it.

George comes down the stairs and notices that the table needs to be set. Of course Helen raises her voice a few decibels and ask George to do just what he was going too.

The table is set so he goes into the kitchen. What’s cookin’ sweets?

“No sweets, Helen is doing rack of lamb, that’s what’s cooking.”

“I meant your invite to Jenny and Peter?”

“Connection, and you’ll have to admit, a weird start, yet real and I want to show my willingness to being a friend.”

“Yes, I do enjoy Peter’s demeanor and his views I like too. Beyond that I enjoy his energy.”

“You are having a vibratory action from his energy…really connecting in another dimension. A dimension of awareness and finding common ground?” ask Helen.

“Okay, no talk of politics and other chit chat. We’ll just see how the evening flows. Hey, I hear a knock…”

George answers the door, “well good evening Peter and Jenny, come on in. You can hang your coats here, on the coat rack. I just found out a little while ago that Helen invited you to dinner. Let’s go to the kitchen we can help prepare whatever it is that will move it along.”

“This is smelling like a grommet dinner, how can we help?” ask Peter

“Salad…if you and George can put a salad together…I’ve got carrots, potatoes and peas stewing in a pot with a brown sauce and some of the lamb meat and bacon fat. Jenny, sweetie, how about ladling them in those small pie crust and next to them are the dough lids.”

“You want me to put on ‘dough lids’ as you described them, on top and place the pot pies in the oven?”

“Yes, oven is already at 375, so they are ready to go in.”

“How about some Cherry Republic - cherry wine…from Michigan of all places.”

“Where’d you guys find that, George?” ask Jenny

“A trip to Traverse City and Big Bear Sand Dunes…four glasses?” inquires George.

Yay said they…and the dinner party begins.

The dinner conversation is light, some reminiscing of how they first met and some back ground of their relationship with their respective mates. As dinner winds down Helen suggest to gather in the reading room for coffee

and a light desert of creme brûlée. That's when the conversation changes and a real honest friendship begins;

"I must say Peter that when you suggested a mens group from our sessions, we left out Adam and two others…Christina and Sam. Why do you suppose we where blind to their potential needs?"

Jenny actually contributes her perception, "interesting that you bring that up George, you all might help them out with their confusion of gender. After all there is no mistaking the physical gender. And once they are aware of possible gender inheritance, even for a woman who might be infertile because of not having ovaries…there is still the vagina and gentiles that define man and woman."

"And how might we help them out?" Ask Peter

"By inquiring about the choices they are making to define what gender they relate to."

"Well how might that relate to your attraction to Helen, and her's to you?"

"Mind if I answer that, Jenny?"

"Go ahead, it was you who helped me to get some insight of my illusional reality."

"Well I don't need to get into details, however I thought we did a good job of recognizing our cravings, desires, duality and how the body ego has a very strong influence trying to dictate our choices."

George has an inspiration, "if we were in session, would you share the details with the entire group? Or are you more inclined to share within a women's group."

"They are different these days, George," reports Peter, "the landscape is not necessarily the same, now more men are showing signs of venerability and more women and interested in closing the career gap. It seems like the gender issue has also shifted with the younger generation. It's as if the political and christian conservatism have an influence on how society has shifted it's concerns. Now there's these movements of masculine and

feminism there seems to be forming a huge gap between how we relate as a sex."

George adds, "in a book about the Comanches 'Empire of the Summer Moon' by S.C. Gwynne he notes a historical description of an observation a white squaw had of the males. How they seemed so free unto themselves, always, bursting out in song, dancing, making jokes while the women did all of the grunt work, I'll call it that, and not free to have the same liberation."

"There are so many apples to eat, if you want to use the biblical reference of the tree of knowledge that sidetracked Adam and Eve. Hey, I went from being satisfied with a one on one male to female marriage, then wanting to explore being a swinger, to Polymer fantasy, and lesbianism…every which way there is a community to join that has what one desires. And we keep separating from each other not willing to find common ground," comments Jenny.

Helen joins in, "I like your insight, both of you seem to have recognized the chasm that was forming in your relationship. Outside influences that get drilled into our subconscious like a succubus and incubus that won't leave one alone. Using this example as a metaphor, for what separates man from women, or our gender identity from having a personal connection and relationship with someone who is seemingly different than you contributes to isolation."

"Now what if we, our group, keep the sessions on going as a 'oneness group'. By that I mean a gathering where we can freely share our ever changing emotions, beliefs, knowledge, insight and wisdom. With no gender choice, culture, genetics, whatever might prevent us from being 'naked underneath it all'. I keep observing the changes that are already happening with all of us. We are starting to support each other as a family that wants equanimity."

There's a break in the conversation. Helen gets more coffee and brings back some cookies. She ask Jenny and Peter, "where did George go?"

"He said he'd be right back, he had to get something,"

George comes back into the room, "I found this game that might be fun, let's lighten up a little and have some laughs."

“What do you have there George,” ask Helen.

“Twister, remember playing that with our children, Helen?”

“Yes, of course, and you want to play it now? With Peter and Jenny? You two in?”

They shrug their shoulders, look at each other and give a nod. “Sure why not?”

They move to the living room and move some of the furniture towards the outer perimeter of the room. George lays out the tattered large ‘indestructible’ sheet filed with colored dots. There’s a spinning wheel with a circle of various colors. George places this on the dot in the middle of the sheet.

“Okay, let’s stand around the sheet in the four directions, east, west, north and south. Yellow you place a left hand, red a right hand, blue a left foot, green a right foot. You are DQ’d if you knock someone over. Last person standing wins. In our case, last person standing picks up the ‘fallen ones’. That’s it, looks like your all into playing. So Peter why don’t you start.”

Peter reaches towards the middle and spins a yellow and places his hand on the closest yellow circle.

As they progress through the game their bodies are an entanglement of arms, legs and chests. There’s some ooo’s and ah’s and finally they collapse onto each other. As they roll off each other George’s head lays on Jenny’s stomach and Helens, on Peter’s stomach. They feel each other breath, and their hands find unfamiliar hands, George’s right hand finds Jenny’s left hand, Helens left hand finds Jenny’s right hand her right hand clutches Peter’s left hand. Peter’s right hand grasps George’s left hand. They chuckle and giggle as they melt into each other.

“This is a different aspect of swinging, wouldn’t you say Peter?” ask Jenny.

“Yes, much more to my liking. You two are fun to be with.”

Hands are squeezed, and sighs of a pleasurable connection. The resonance is felt by all four and a rapport is built on a mutual trust for each other's needs being fulfilled.

As the week get's nearer to the day of reckoning, George is hoping that his inspired therapy of sorts works, he is acting a bit nervous. Helen is feeling it and ask, "you are seeming a bit out of sorts, George. You look a little tense what's going on?"

"Here read this, it's my walking papers! I will be relieved of my duties after our last session!"

"What, right before Christmas break! How can that be? You are so close to gaining tenure. Let's see what they are basing this on."

George hands her the letter. In it he is informed that his most recent approach to the biological study of the role that genetics plays in gender identification doesn't stay in line with strictly scientific studies. There was a complaint filed and he is to finish this semester, then 'pack his bags'.

"What I am more nervous about is how this next session will turn out."

"Uh, you have a surprise for us?"

"Yeah, it's what I have been working on in the shop, my 'man cave' that you think is off limits to women, my woman!"

"Well, can I see it now?"

"You will soon enough, I will meet you in the class room. I want to call Harriette, have a meeting with her before the session. She told me that she was asked by the board to give them a report since the curriculum I put together for the semester was new."

"Oh boy, I hope she wasn't the informer. She contributed quite well up until now. Are you having any projections who it might be? Adam? Joseph?..."

“No, I’d rather not go there right now. What’s the old saying…’the cream will come to the top’? In this case, the one who is suffering most might be the he/she who filed the claim.”

“Ok Sherlock, it’s been a very liberating experience for me. And I can tell for many of the other’s too. The only too people that come to mind for me is Jeremy and Dahlia. Don’t ask me why, it’s just a perception from observing Dahlia’s interactions concerning Leigh, and Jeremy not knowing enough of himself to develop his personal identity. Just saying, other than that, I have no negative energy towards any of the participants.”

“Ok thanks for your input, let’s leave it at that. I will see you there.”

They hug, they kiss , and rub each others back.

At the office, George has his letter on his desk, contemplating whether or not he wants to follow through with his ‘game’ plan. Harriette knocks and enters.

“It wasn’t me George,” she places her letter on the desk next to his, “here’s my termination, too.”

“We are both close to tenure, you don’t suppose…”

“They can hire someone at a lower pay level, university cut backs? Could have that possibility. Let’s not brood over it right now, we can still file something with the union. We are backed by a union, aren’t we?”

“I think we have a faculty union that protects tenure-line professors. We better check and see what we have to do. In the meantime maybe we can start a practice together. A different kind of therapy concerning gender addictions.” George smiles.

Harriette raises an eyebrow, and smiles, “your thinking George, solutions, you are a man of solutions.”

“Yeah, always thinking…uh do you have some time to help me set up the room?”

“Of course, as usual or did you bring coffees and pastries?” She gives a short laugh.

“If you would, arrange the circle in a wider arch, about twenty feet diameter.”

“Really, what do you have in mind today?”

“We are going to play a game and connect bodily and find out where our mind takes us. I am hoping for a lot of laughs and trust.”

“You’re going to surprise me?”

“Soon, very soon, I have to get something out of my car.”

When George comes into the room Harriette is waiting in anticipation. He has a rather large box filled with carpet squares. George had a carpet company that sells stick on carpet squares, to mimic a large twister board game. He built circular spinning wheels. They meticulously place the squares down making sure to follow a floor plan.

“This ought to be good George. It will be fascinating to see who resist and who is ready to have fun.”

As the room fills with the participants there are astonished expressions and an undercurrent of curiosity. Helen’s jaw drops, *wow my Georgie sure knows how to cook up a menu! We are about to get close as a group and not concern our selves with gender identification*.

George, “well, looks like everyone showed up again! What a dedicated group.”

“What’s with this set up George?” Ask Adam.

“I’m glad you asked, today is game day. This is a game of Twister. The object is to place a hand or foot on the color that you spin. Trying to reach for the one closest to you. You want to maintain balance without falling. There might some bodily contact, so I need to ask, is anyone uncomfortable, considering your gender preference.”

Dahlia speaks up, “I don’t really want some big ape crawling over or under me!”

“Are you referring to the males in this room as apes?” ask Harriette.

She gets a quick glance and glaring snarl like expression from Dahlia. “Okay, so maybe I should have used male as the vernacular.”

"What does this have to do with gender?” Ask Jeremy

“I think Dahlia just answered your question,” George maintains a sincere empathic voice.

“If anybody has a problem with me being gay speak up now, because there is no telling where my head might end up.”

“What are you referring to Joseph? Should we be concerned with your addiction?” ask Peter.

“I’m not addicted to any gender, yet I know what I like. Seriously, I will promise right action. Remember, I am working on not being aggressive.”

“Christina, Sam you in?” ask Helen.

They both give a shrug and non-enthusiastic nods.

“Adam?”

“I’m in Dahlia’s corner, if you know what I mean.”

Finally Leigh speaks up, “this whole semester we have been making some self discoveries and gaining new insights. We have shared some of our depth. And yet how have we connected as just being harmonious with each other despite our inherent differences? A game, George came up with this game that will show us how compatible we can be. Come on ya’ll let’s play!”

“Jenny, you haven’t said anything, you go first,” the request comes from George, the facilitator.

“I loved this game as a kid, and most recent as an adult. The impact concerning my emotions where very, very different.”

She spins, yellow. There is a yellow circle about two circles on a diagonal to her right. She straddles the color in-between and places a foot on it. *Best I start with a foot, incase I have to stretch on my next turn.*

“Dahlia, your next.” She happened to be sitting next to Jenny. She doesn’t move until she looks at Leigh’s scowl across the room. *I better play, I don’t want to lose my partner over some silly game. She has been distant from me since our last two sessions. It’s that projection I made of her relationship with Jenny as a model. Trust, what is it about me and trust?*

“Christina, I know you’re not that interested, yet I think it’s time you have some fun.” *What does he know about me not having any fun in my life. Shit, I would have to spin green and the only green is next to Dahlia. Damn, those type of women hate guy’s like me. Especially when I tease them that I have better looking legs, in my mini! Oh well, here we go.*

Christina intentionally bumps Dahlia while he slides a naked leg under her to reach the green circle. He/She whispers, “How do you like my legs? I shaved them this morning.”

“Peter? You ready?” He gives a thumbs up. *All right George, you have some guts trying to pull this off. At least the four of us had some common ground to share.*

“Jeremy your turn.” *I wonder how this episode in my young life will have an affect on me. What will I take away from this experience? Does it really matter, I will have forgotten this whole semester, I just need a credit.*

“ Leigh, spin the dial, spin it good if you would. Place your foot where you can or maybe you can use a hand!”

Leigh laughs, “you a carnie professor?” *Alright it’s time to have some fun, purple, ah there’s a spot behind Peter’s butt. I wonder if he get’s spanked by Jenny. Haha. I’m going to fake a fall and slap his butt pretending I’m trying to balance my self.”*

“Hey, Leigh, that’s my wife’s property!”

“Oh, excuse me Mr. Swinger.”

“Georgie, I think you are in over your head…”

“Just take your turn Joseph, and no kissing!” *I love his sense of humor, he can take it and dish it out. Okay, time for fun. Red, ah there’s a circle by Jenny I think I can reach with my hand.*

Sam is looking stoical at the whole scene. She/he is not ready to join. The fear of having to be next, with Adam seated next to she/he is daunting. George’s voice is heard, “Your next…” *Okay, what the hell, purple shit right next to Dahlia opposite Christina. Haha, we got her bamboozled.*

Adam doesn’t wait to be called. He spins and lands on white, right in front of him is a white circle. *Good, easy choice…foot for stability. I can watch what’s going on. George was wise enough to place three spinning wheels for easy access around the board.*

“Helen, Harriette, you two are next, I’ll be the last to join.”

Helen looks at Harriette, who has an amused expression as she watches the other’s spin the wheels in a chaotic fashion. There’s no waiting for turns. She jesters to Helen for her to go. Helen obliges and joins in the perceived chaos. She gets next to Adam, spins and the circle color that she spins places her in front of Adam, face to face.

Helen - *Well, fancy meeting you here, of course I chose to be next to you, near this spinning wheel. That song what was it?*

Isn’t it ironic how the… “Spinning Wheel’ goes round and round - Did you find the directing sign on the straight and narrow highway -Would you mind a reflecting sign - Just let it shine within your mind and show you the colors that are real… Someone is waiting for you, spinnin’ wheel, spinnin’ wheel, spinnin’ true…Drop all your troubles by the riverside. Catch a painted pony on the spinning wheel ride.” Blood Sweat and Tears - partial lyrics of song by David Clayton-Thomas

Harriette smiles and looks at George, she jesters again, this time with the wave of her hand and lipping you first… *from what I can tell there is another force working here, the pairings of where people started and whom they confront as they continue to spin is truly remarkable. George came up with a fascinating way to get a message across. And look whom he chose to be next too, Joseph for God's sake. And check out my surprise…my perception and do I dare project what that thought might have me thinking about both men? Hummm, whom shall I snuggle up too on this game board. What is my choice or do I just jump in?* She finds herself on the other side of Leigh, opposite Joseph.

George - *I watched the hundreds of Starlings in their annual fall murmuration in our back yard. Their only purpose to eat the olives from our Russian Olive trees, go for water in the birdbaths, twelve to twenty of them going after the water, many in our gutters pecking at the moisture as the morning dew drips from the metal roof. Pecking at the skylight over head. And here we all are in a mass of confusion spinning wheels of color, choosing our desire to be something other that whom we are, just the Being part of Human Beings.*

Finally, with everyone in contorted positions, muscle tensions giving way to the duration of time spent in unorthodox positions, the fall begins, no telling who started the domino effect, yet fall they did, in a heap. Arms, legs, bodies crossing each other, laughter, grunts, screams and sighs of relief. They all just lay there for awhile, wiggling off each other, like the football players after a massive pile up. Some, standing now, others slow to get up on all fours and some squatting, drips of sweat coming off their heads or under their armpits.

As the chaos settles down they slowly return to their seats and look around at each other, to catch the expressions of whom they ended up being close to, making contact with, a physical connection experience and beyond.

George speaks, "our time is up, our next session is the last. Take time this week to contemplate and journal. Come back next week for our final share. And really observe how your thinking might have shifted. Write it down. If you get a chance look up Byron Katie and her method of self-inquiry also look up that little booklet Freedom in Relationships by Preethaji and Krishnaji. See you next week, aways love."

And with that statement George exits the room and the building. He is emotionally involved now with what has transpired. He is crying and what comes to him is a Rumi…

Wake up, wake up
this night is gone
wake up

abandon abandon
Even your dear self
abandon

there is an idiot
in your market place
selling your precious soul

if you doubt my word
get up this moment
and head for the market now

don't listen to trickery
don't listen to the witches
don't wash blood with blood

first turn yourself upside down
empty yourself like a cup of wine
then fill to the brim with the essence

a voice is descending
from the heavens
a healer is coming

if you desire healing
let yourself fall ill
let yourself fall ill

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Chapter 18

Session 10

“Why did you leave George? I went to your office with Harriette and you weren’t there. The door was locked.”

“Did she mention anything about us getting our walking papers?”

“Why, no she didn’t. All she could comment on was what transpired when you left. All of us, mingled and described our varied feelings and experiences. The pile at the end of entangled bodies had us engaged in a different way with each other. And you George, where did you go? You abandoned us.”

“I cried, I cried tears of confusion, the absurdity of our life, tied to human existence. The influences of all we worship, idolize, believe to be true, of identity. We, or dare I say I, have lost the way to the simplicity of God’s Divinity and the spirit that resides in all of us. If anyone is a skeptic, a disbeliever, I had become that person. I resisted to what forgiveness really means. I resisted to the power I was given. I resisted to the natural abundance that this earth gives. I resisted to what love is. I resisted by believing in my judgements, projections, and perceptions. I resisted by letting ego run my life. I am not talking about ego as in boosting, I mean it to be ego as in a source that dictates my life. I fell in the pile with all of you. I wrapped my arms around all of you as brothers and sisters. As one in spirit and forgiveness. I was overwhelmed with the moment at hand. I had to leave to cry with God. Let God be my addiction.”

Helen moves in to be close with George. He feels her tenderness as she wraps an arm around him. He cries again as he feels her like he hasn’t in a long time.

Where has Helen been? It is I who forgot how she feels. It is I who let her out of my site, out of my world. Her gender brings compassion to the gender of man. The womb of life, of all humanity, all genders derived from the creative source of God. And so I forgive myself of old patterns that keep recycling to keep me in ego consciousness, even as I am aware of a higher consciousness existing.

Helen easies her body into his. They feel each others warmth and sincerity. They become very present in the moment, and a new love is kindled.

“I’ll make us some dinner George, why don’t you go into the study and journal while your thoughts are fresh and your emotions are naked to the world.”

He gets a call…from Harriette, “George? You there?”

“Yes, I figured you’d be calling. Thanks for checking up on me.”

“Helen told you that we were shocked not to see you in your office?”

“Yes, of course, I had to leave, I was not in a space to want to talk…to anyone, other than myself actually, I’d like to think my higher self…my Divine source of energy…God.”

“Ah, George, you sound like a Buddha,” she has a giddy response, “share with me?”

“Sure, I feel more grounded now. It’s as if I took in everybody’s frequency and turned inward noticing that it was and always is my energy that I feel. It is my frequency that escapes my mind in thought form. And how I connect with another, silently with judgement, perception…well you know the rest. I got very detailed with myself. When we fell into each other at the end of the game, I knew why these sessions became part of my life.”

“Journal that George, that was your instruction to us. This last session might be a coming together of human kindness. I sure hope so. I must say this has been a unique semester for me. One of the reasons on the board firing me too, was that I didn’t give them any reports. It felt to precious to share with a short cited curriculum protocol. You have definitely taken the study of biological behavior to the next level…the nature of our thinking addicted to our body and subsequently to our mind. For me I was connected to the natural flow of not only my own thoughts, also the thoughts of all the participants. I realized how much I wanted to revert to psychological fixes. I became intrigued by the natural flow of the human element that everyone shared. This Twister game was such a metaphor of our entanglement with each other’s conscious thought, as you said. The Gender Addiction…did you ever think we’d end up here with that topic?”

“No, that is why I wanted to be considered as a participant because that’s what we are… participants in human form and consciousness.”

“And after those forms of life, any idea what’s next?”

George becomes mirthful, “not until I am dead and gone will I know, you too!”

Harriette is chortling now, “yeah, yeah hear ‘ey Hear ‘ey, the judge has spoken.”

Through a stream of laughter George blurts, “I am not the judge, and I do not idolize any judge whomever He/She might be!”

They share the laughter together. Helen enters into a frequency of humor. She motions with her cupped hand for ‘time to eat’. Helen is looking at George quizzically, he lips sings…Harriette.

The call is ended and Helen smiles, “it was a good call I presume.”

“Yes, now there is more to journal. Let’s go eat, smells so good throughout the house, yum.”

Session 10

George reads from Freedom In Relationships

“Let us understand this: you live in an independent universe where all life is connected. Your existence cannot be separated from your mother, father, brothers, sisters, teachers, friends, and all the people who live now and have lived in the past. In fact, the entire universe and all forms of life flow through your body, mind, and consciousness. This awareness guides our meditation.” Krishnaji and Preethaji

Before we start take a look around the circle that we have formed every session since we started. Take the time to visually connect with each other. No words need to be spoken.

A lapse of about ten minutes ensues, then George begins as the facilitator, “Let’s close our eyes now and take seven full abdominal breaths inhale through your nose, exhale out of your mouth. Let the exhale be longer than the inhale.

Now reconnect with some beautiful moments that we have shared with each other in these sessions. Give gratitude to each person here who showed up every session. Congratulate yourself and all of us here.

Now send a love frequency to each person here and silently thank them for being part of your life. Smile while you do this.

Now let’s take the time to feel all those you know outside of this group, all those people who have influenced you. And connect to the flow of life, the flow of the universe, the natural world that surrounds you. Realize that you are part of this vast ocean of consciousness.

Make an intention to be part of consciousness that produces right action, that leaves a positive, loving compassionate impact in this space we call the world.

Awaken to the joy of being part of this beautiful life that you are creating for yourself and all those whom you connect with. [sic] Krishnaji and Preethaji

You can slowly open your eyes when you are ready.”

There is a stillness that radiates throughout the room as everyone comes back to this space of grace.

George takes notice, “I see that some of you have brought along your journals, or at least some notes. There are a few of you who will share from your heart as you are feeling your emotions in a spontaneous manner. It’s all good, so let’s start and go clockwise starting with Jeremy on my left, and ending with my share.”

Everyone waits while Jeremy takes some deep breaths before starting. “I signed up for this class, which immediately became referred to as sessions, not knowing what I was getting into. You made it a mystery, professor. What I appreciated most is that you quickly informed us that you where also participating as one of us. And you did not separate students form the teacher. What I learned was taught, I experienced how everyone here

became my teacher. As the youngest of the group, you honored any input I gave as my wisdom. I felt empowered and I still do. Thank you all."

"Jenny, are you ready with your share?"

"Yes," she shifts in her seat and looks at some notes. "It's amazing the transformation I have made since we, you, Helen, and Peter, met at the Oyster Bar. How much of my time was spent in obsessing over the body. I was a manipulator, that's what I now recognize as my previous identity. Most of my conscious effort was to gain comfort from pleasure received or given to another in physical form. I felt power in the art of seduction. Now, the only resonance that I want to connect with another is a state of mind that is free from physical form."

Dahlia goes next, "thank you for going to that place that is hard for me to admit about myself. Manipulation… I fool myself thinking that to control another or a situation, is in the best interest of whomever I am directing this self righteous energy. This sense of gender inheritance - female to female is me manipulating my self so I don't have to deal with the projection of what I want to call male energy in this man's world. So I isolated, maybe a better description is insulated myself from men. My desire was to influence other woman as feminist with an anti male energy. I tended to want to disengage with what I observed in these sessions. As we progressed, I saw others changing their thoughts and transforming. I resisted, and I was in total judgement. Even now I sit here and do not want to believe Jenny, and I don't feel worthy to have a partner like Leigh. It's the mistrust that I battle with and am waiting for Leigh to lose her patience with me, thinking that she will move on from me. Now I realize the power of thought, and how it controls me. I try to manage it, yet that doesn't work instead I stuff my emotions. So you see, beneath this all I am pretty naked now. At least that's the first step for me, to strip myself of a consciousness that doesn't serve me nor anyone else that I come in contact with."

There is a long pause before George urges the next person to share. He senses that others are digesting this courageous observation and witnessing what Dahlia just went through.

"That's powerful Dahlia," whispers Sam.

"Speak up please," request Joseph.

“I personally felt the power of what Dahlia just shared. And from now on call me Samantha. Yeah, I love Samantha, who was I kidding trying to use the choice of gender. I knew all along that genes do not play a role in me wanting to be recognized as a male entity. As I started to journal, I wanted to be honest with myself. Trying to be a male, did not give me any satisfaction. In fact I suffered more. In comparing my body to the bodies of other woman left me agonizing about image. I cried until my tear ducts became dry. I felt the pain from trying to flatten my breast, and cutting my hair. The pain and addiction to the hormones and steroids were excruciating. I wanted to be free from all of that. I saw the real liberation from how I suffered was to forgive my self for not loving myself. When we all fell in a heap, I felt two hands squeezing my hands. There was energy that electrified my being. Like I was part of something, of someone who loves me for who I am. When we slowly all rose up, disentangle legs and arms, it was so funny seeing all of our expressions. And noticing were some of our body parts ended up. I can still see the expression on Joseph’s face. As we went eye ball to eye ball, you didn’t know what you were holding onto, did you Joseph?”

He laughs, a boisterous laugh, “Samantha, you caught me in total surprise. I knew I felt a woman like I never felt one for a long time.” He snickers, “maybe I need to change my thinking.”

“Anyway, that pile of bodies represented us as one in the same. The same fears, the same projections and perceptions. The same misguided ways that external influences can have over us. So now, well now I have a new me.”

“Adam, you ready?”

Adam is sitting awestruck by what he has just heard so far. “Ah, well gosh, I don’t really know what to say, other than I was getting ready to postulate what my truth is and now I realize it is a belief that I base my life on. It is not a known experience. So how can I possibly relate to what another might be feeling. There has been reference to compassion yet I don’t live a compassionate life. My relationship up to this point with Christina was of the belief that she was not born as a female so she should act as a female. Then I finally felt her anger towards me because she felt that she could not live up to my standards. Yet my standards have been shaped by beliefs formed from dogma, idolizing, obedience, and man’s law. I went along

with what I have been told that the world should be. I have lived in a state of should. I should be like Jesus, or a John Wayne image, some kind of what a real man should be like. I scared my wife away, and never felt compassion for her state of mind…what it might be like to live with me. Christina finally broke through and my heart started to open up to the point that I no longer care how my off spring wants to live her/his life. I probably am not using the gender pronoun correctly, yet I don't care, my favorite song is A Boy Named Sue. I thought tough love was a way to raise my off spring. It fit who I had become. Now I realize that my influence was the cause of resentment and the resentment lead to separation. And to heal both of our wounds had to be done through forgiveness. Not by apology, rather by forgiveness of old patterns that was mentioned during these sessions, was it not? Or is it a thought form, a frequency of compassionate consciousness that I am experiencing?"

Harriette is sitting next to Adam. She hesitates then ask, "Are you complete Adam?"

"Yes, I said what I needed to say, for now anyway."

"Okay, thank you, and thank you all for being here to this final session. For me the sessions have become a daily recurring event. When I have left each session, I had my own psychology to contend with. You have all opened me up more than any textbook I have had to read to get my degrees. Even with my likeness to the metaphysical and analytical forms of psychology. The rawness of being naked, pun intended, has left me personally involved with you all as friends. Good friends, someone I will never forget. Each of you have left an indelible imprint upon my soul. I cannot describe the closeness I feel other than I have had many of the same struggles with the body/mind ego that keeps me in a battle of retreat and attack. Retreat in fear and attack with annoyance and a willy nilly attempt to live in a non suffering state. I fool myself sometimes thinking that I have won the battle of duality, craving, ego, mind only to see those ugly menacing masks returning again and again. Now I know that awareness is the means to a quick result towards a more consistent non-suffering state of mind."

There is a moment of stillness as eyes settle on Peter, the next to speak. He takes a deep breath.

“I feel at peace right now. I feel so sure that I know my God, and yet I wonder is my knowing still something I want to believe in. And what if I don’t believe in this being heaven on earth, or God, or a guru’s teaching or an after life, or whatever other form of idolization I might have cursing in my varied thoughts. Even my self idolization. I left all of that wondering in another compartment of my mind, until I started this share. Now what do I feel? Hummm, maybe the confusion of this present moment. Now I just want to get back to peace and stillness, yet still interact with all of you and all of life. So really what is there other than consciousness and unconsciousness. My desire to be at peace and still aware of what is real now, or to use some sort of concoction like a stiff drink to numb out my mind and make me think I am at peace. The game, it did not bring me peace until we were instructed to spend a week of contemplation on how Twister, our entanglement with each other, gender wise or not, impacted us. And just the thought of the groans, and sighs, and chortling and gut wrenching laughter brought me to a state of being at peace with it all, you all and the world as a whole. And by ‘the world as a whole’ I mean all of the worldly and unworldly influences that remain forever in my subconscious mind. And so I grasp to hang onto a belief that puts me at ease. And I identify it as wisdom…different than knowledge. After all this thinking, I’d like to think all that is left to know is consciousness. Now how do I connect with that. I suffer or I am not suffering with whatever universal conscious thought is lurking at this present moment, in my mind. Is consciousness outside of me? Whose frequency am I connecting to? I’d like to think I have some sort of control on what enters my mind. Consciousness happens so fast all I can do is be aware and choose what I want to believe to be true. Yet, universal consciousness keeps flowing into my brain at a rapid pace. I want a good concoction right about now! A stiff martini! And now that I vented all of that pent up emotion and released it like the Old Faithful Geyser, I am at peace again.”

There’s some sifting of bodies in the room. Some scraping of chair legs as people readjust. And then there is Helen…

“Whew, underneath it all, it can get pretty complicated, eh? Well, my take away from these sessions is to be grateful for the good life I already have. I found myself wanting more thinking that I was lacking in a desire that I already experienced once in my life. And the thing that grabbed me was my craving to experience more of it. Since we are free to be open with each other, for those of you who were unaware of my infatuation with Jenny, now you know. And right now I feel so liberated to know that I can share it

with you. How I allowed myself to partake in a seduction, that alone was quiet a journey to observe my inner workings. How I played the fantasy over and over into so many scenarios that I want to become a player in becoming identified as a swinger. I desired an open relationship , yet I was too scared that it would tarnish the great relationship I already have with George. It became inconsequential whether or not George pursued a relationship with Joseph. I was so enamored with my own desires my relationship with George took second fiddle. Thank God I came to my senses and realized the significance of how difficult it would be to keep the 'fires burning' within our relationship. Now I understand better the strength of having a partner who is supportive and yet not suppressive. George is not a possessive partner and that gives me the freedom in relationship to have experiences of love in a compassionate way. Now Jenny and I can let our energy flow without any expectations of a reciprocal undercurrent of sex. We have our partners whom we chose to renew our daily experiences with. And I feel freer in interpersonal relationships especially since I did not hide any of what was going on with me, from George. He allowed his 'Helen of Troy' to find her way back to him. I experienced his strength and not his suffering. There was no need for grief, was there George."

"You just caught me off guard, Helen. I do concur that by openly sharing what was your truth and what was my truth was a sure way to prevent a shocking surprise that might have been a cause for suffering. That for me is the strength of our relationship. To be able to 'check in' with each other at least more often than not is a huge step in relationships. I might as well go out of turn, because much of what I have for this group share, is gratitude for showing up and being willing to utilize these session beyond the science of gender. You know, when Peter, Joseph, and I got together as a small semblance of a 'men's group' it came to me how much I desire relationship that is sexless. Yeah, gender has it's differences, yet making an effort to form some sort of common ground with another speaks volumes especially since the sexes seem to continue to separate themselves from each other. A united consciousness for me means that we find a common ground to strive for. Freedom in relationship can be that common ground. To be free to get 'underneath it all and be pretty naked' is the common ground of finding truth. Together, with one another stripping away all our projections and perceptions is huge. Why cling to our judgements created from ego. When we can experience the love that God created for us. I don't think of my inner conflict to be good against evil rather it is the state that I choose to operate from. That is the underlying message from the little

booklet that Helen found one day…buried on our bookshelf, behind all the knowledge books, we found a simple way to be in relationship. And you all participated in this energy field. Let's continue with the rest of these dynamic shares. The Miles Davis and John Coltrane sessions keep ringing in my ears, you are all playing your own tunes and owning the music. I love it!"

"Oh George, you live such a poetic life," remarks Joseph. "I can go now?"

"Yes, take us away with you…"

"Being gay isn't important to me anymore. I still am, yet it has nothing to do with making a gender statement of who I am. I identify with my queerness, okay? I also value the work I am doing concerning my personhood. By that I mean becoming a better person by understanding my anger. I ask myself now, where does that come from? I let it go sooner than I used to since we started these sessions. I came here angry at the topic title Gender Addictions. I was ready to contest the science of biology and the sexes. Then something happened when I 'bullied' George to respond to my advances. His grace had an impact, as if he understood what I had become, shall I blame it on Gender addiction. I don't think so although I guess if I crave something and desire it so bad that I have to have it, then that's an addiction. He reciprocated in such a way that I knew he knew it wasn't going to go anywhere…a mutually physically queer relationship. Yet he was and still is willing to have me in relationship, underneath the pretenses of whom we think we are. That's impactful for me to admit my false pretense and do the work as Byron Katie suggests, inquiry. George mentioned her, and I checked out her little booklet too. So now I don't find myself wanting to challenge the wit of other straight men. And I don't have to project my masculinity and compete to show that I am as Mano as they expect a man to be. Right there I have a false perception and it makes relationship with anybody more difficult. I see how I put up a wall that the other has to penetrate in order to know me. Not all men are created equal and that is quite alright with me. For there are men that I can still relate too. Who have a compassionate heart and who know that equanimity is the saving grace of a human culture full of separation. In this room I have felt as if we are all working toward a common goal of inner work and not only understanding who we are as a person, also how to relate better towards each other."

" Let's see, we have Christina and Leigh left to share. Who's next?"

“Leigh looks over at Christina and gives him/her a nod. You go…”

“I am a female, there is no doubt that what I have surpassed since early in my life and up until now is how I relate to my surroundings. Once I started transitioning towards a body obsession, I decided to research, see doctors and therapist you name it, I’ve been there. The more I tried to understand why I was different, the more resentment was bubbling up inside of me. I hated everything my father represented. I dismissed my mother abandoning me and leaving me with my father. And now my dad expresses his love for me and is willing to call me his son.” Christina shakes her head and gives a surprise laugh. “I have to correct him on that, hey I am willing to accept that he is still confused. Bottomline is that I am feeling his love. And that is what I wonder about you Dahlia. You told us your attraction towards females and how that evolved over time. Yet, how do you feel if I have an attraction for you? Are you concerned about social acceptance? Are you going to just blow me off and tell me that your not attracted to me? Will you still be willing to explore a non sexual relationship with me?”

“Christina, I have a partner whom I love.”

“You are about to lose her. You shared about your possessive streak, you think that will just go away?”

“You are supposed to be sharing how these sessions have impacted you!”

“What I am asking you, and what I have observed about you is what I have been contemplating on this past week and way before now. You think I am comfortable in my own skin? All of you, can you feel my hurt, my agony. My sense of a valueless life because I am so different. A real freak.”

“Stop it, stop it!” shouts Joseph. “You are not a freak. You have free will and you can be proud of whom you are what you have become and whom you are becoming. Why are you dwelling on not being accepted? Adam, help me here…”

“Christina, feel Joseph’s compassion. You have hit a chord with his own struggles around the choice he lives with. I have my struggles with the choices I have made too. Do you see how the game and the falling into the pile has benefited all of us in a way out of the entanglements that we

perceive as our disorientated life and lifestyles. As you directed your resentment towards Dahlia, do you have any regret that you aren't feeling her emotions right now?"

Christina sobs, "leave me alone, leave me alone…"

It's Jenny who is the first one at Christina's side, stroking him and touching her forehead with his. "You are pretty underneath it all, Christina. You have honestly shared your deep hurt. Can I hug you?"

Without waiting for a response she rises and lifts him/her off of the chair and wraps her arms around him. Adam and Joseph instinctively come forth and do the same. They are gently rocking in a circular motion like a dance. The others surround them and hum. Dahlia is glued to her seat, mouth wide open in astonishment of what just happened. Leigh is standing just observing and looking across the room aware that Dahlia is frozen. Slowly the circle breaks up and Jenny, Joseph and Adam move with Christina until she is seated. Adam stays next to her, gently stroking her hair. She gathers herself, emotions subsiding now and thanks everyone for their support. There is no need for Christina to continue, George senses that and looks over at Joseph who nods towards Leigh.

"Leigh, will you share your week of contemplation?"

"You're asking me to share after what just transpired? I'll tell you what, I just witnessed solidarity in this room. I came here with no journal, no preparation of what I might say. What I feel now is, is, how shall I put it. What I feel now is the real freedom in relationship, when one can be as real as Christina. What I notice is that if my consciousness is about me then I am not connected to anybody else. My mind is full of thoughts that take me away from whomever I am with. I have a long way to go. I guess I need not compare, let's just say I came here, to participate in these sessions, like Jeremy, just to get a credit and I got real life. Staring me in the face is all of my denial that I have refused to deal with. And here we are at the final session and ya'll haven't seen me naked yet. Underneath it all is what I need to discover about my self. Pretty? Uh, ah, I wouldn't say that, ego driven, yeah, obsessed by image? Yeah, and addicted by gender identification? Black is beautiful in my way of thinking, so I consciously do see color. Wanting to form real relationships now, yes please. Count me in, that is if we continue to be in session after today. Can you make that work professor?"

There is extreme silence now. Heads are bowed, Harriette is wondering, *is this how we end? We can't possibly leave these people hanging in oblivion. I'm in complete unawareness of what just transpired. Come George give us some perspective. Forget biology talk right now, come on say something…*

The silence continues for a while longer.

Finally George clears his throat. "These sessions will continue, not here. I've been released by the university. We will find someplace if you are all willing to continue. Once a week, and we can add to the sessions, some creative components to lighten up the mood a bit, some meditation, dance, whatever. Twister? I think we all found something here, about ourselves. I know I sure did." He looks around the room, "we are going to do one final ritual that will bring us to recognize the other in a loving energy. This is an exercise called White Tantric. Bare with me , pun intended, Dahlia sit cross legged in the middle of the room, Christina you will do the same across from Dahlia, Jenny, you do the same next to Christina, across from Adam. Adam, that's your cue. Alright, Peter you get next to Adam, Helen you across from Peter, Harriette you next to Peter, Samantha, across from Harriette. Now Jeremy you get cross legged next to Samantha and Joseph you across from Jeremy. Leigh you will be across from me. I am going to set a timer of three minutes on my phone when it goes off we all move to our right and have a new partner. Before we do that though, what we will do is place our right hand on the heart or chest of the person sitting across from us. Go ahead Dahlia, place your right hand on Christina's chest and Christina, you do the same, place your hand on Dahlia's chest. Now look into the other's eyes and feel the love. Three minutes and we switch partners. Begin."

The room is quiet, the energy is static with transformation. This is a process for love and compassion. Feeling the other, in relationship.

About an hour later Harriette finds George in his office with Helen. They are clearing out his desk drawers and taking down pictures and photos off the walls, packing boxes.

Harriette doesn't bother to knock. "You're not wasting anytime George, hello Helen."

"Greetings Harriette," Helen acknowledges her presence.

George stays on task, "no time wasted, might as well get out of here. I'm not even sure if I will pursue filing anything with the faculty union. I'm feeling done. What would tenure get me anyway, more time teaching curriculum that I can't get excited about anymore?"

"What will you do?"

"I'm not sure right now. I need to sort out my priorities. You know, what's important to me right now, what do I want to do with my life. I was just discussing with Helen, maybe develop a piece of land we purchased years ago. Do what Carl Jung did, retreat to a homestead, connect with nature. Hold some sessions out in the country side. Get out of head spaces that just stay in a loop of thought."

"And what about you Helen? Are you keen on this thought of homesteading?"

"I haven't given it much thought. I'm still noodling on resentment towards whom ever is responsible for giving you two the axe. You don't seem to concerned either."

"Nooo, I have my practice outside of teaching, and if I wanted to I could find another university. I like this town, I don't see myself moving anywhere. And besides, these sessions, in a secular way, have me wanting to connect with my clients differently."

"How so?" asked George.

"More personal, not as the therapist, rather as a friend."

"Funny you put it that way, I never could get to being recognized as the professor. I may have been the facilitator, even then these sessions turned

out to be a self study of how we interact with each other. I found it to be more fascinating than the biological study of gender."

"And Helen, what made you want to take a class taught by your husband?"

"I wanted to find out why I call him Georgie!" They all have a laugh about that remark. "Really, it seemed intriguing nobody refers to gender as an addiction."

"Yes, that's what red flagged your topic for a semester course, George. That's what got me involved. I'm not sure why the board chose me, a psychology professor, to monitor your class. I must say, I'm glad they did. I just might get a few new clients from these 'sessions'."

"Hey, I'll start taking boxes to the car, thanks for stopping by Harriette and all your contributions to George's experiment concerning human behavior of gender choices. I think I described it correctly."

The professors smile and Helen picks up a box, returns the smile as she leaves them to be with each other.

"It amazes me how you fearlessly accepted the course of the direction that your relationship with Helen was taking, right in front of all our eyes."

"Hummm, I never thought of it other than her and me being separated temporarily as we discover our subconscious influences, and bring them to life. Isn't that what we do? Become consciously aware of our subconscious and how it affects our thinking?"

"You suppose Peter and Jenny can maintain their relationship with that same idea you just mentioned…'being separated temporarily and bringing subconscious influences to life'?"

"Harriette, how is it that you don't have a partner? Or what was it like if your ever did?"

"Oh, yeah, okay truth be told, I have control issues that I deal with in relationship. By that I mean that I'm always observing others through my perceptions and view of how it should be."

Helen comes back into the office, “I’m starting to get hungry, you know all this will still be here tomorrow. How about the three of us going out together…The Oyster Bar…isn’t that how the concept for Gender Sessions started in your mind, George?”

He smiles, “yeah, especially when Jenny and Peter overheard our conversation. Let’s go, great idea, you good with that Harriette?”

“Yes, thanks for the invite.”

They enter the Oyster Bar and are seated. As they scan the room they see Peter and Jenny seated at another large table. Looks like they might be having a bigger party that will be joining them.

“There’s Peter and Jenny, I’m going to confirm my massage day with Jenny,” Helen gives George a wink as Harriette observes their exchange.

“You seem very accepting and trusting with Helen. I can tell you two have worked at your relationship. I found it very beneficial for all of us, the way the sessions shifted away from the biology. I really liked how the body/ mind connection we are all accustomed to, was experienced differently.”

“How so, Harriette.”

“I for one felt compassion building, especially in the later sessions. You took us there George, it was a very sublime energy. And I felt that you where improving as we moved along.”

“Thank you for your observations. Improving as we moved along from one topic to the next had nothing to do with me. What I mean is there seemed to be a guiding force, even in my relationship with Helen and everyone that I come into contact with these days. I’m not sure how to explain it. Look, Helen is waving us over to join them.”

Peter extends the invite, “come join us Harriette and George, soon everybody will be here. There’s a message thread going around. It’s probably on your phones now. Kind of a delayed celebration and gathering so we all get to know each other better.”

Joseph and Jeremy are coming into the restaurant, followed by Adam. And then they just keep streaming in and sitting next to and across from each other. The conversations are full of excitement, with oysters and clams dripping with garlic butter and sourdough bread baskets. Some drinks are ordered and the boisterous party takes over the room. Surprisingly Dahlia and Christina are sitting across from each other.

“I’m glad that we get to visit again Christina. I want to set the record straight. At first I hated that you vented the way you did today. It took me awhile to open up my heart and sense what it might be like for you. Dating, gosh I wouldn’t have a clue, especially a woman. When we did the White Tantric, I really had a chance to witness how I distance myself from others. Especially if I feel that my space has been disrupted. That seems so selfish of me now.”

“I get it Dahlia, and for me to dump on you…well I was doing it for years with my father,” Christina looks over at Adam who is in conversation with Jeremy, “and not just him. I have lived with a chip on my shoulder for many years. Brooding about my condition as if it was not my choice to be whom I think I am. Maybe, I should just be a cross dresser. You know not so enamored with wanting to be female.”

Dahlia sees a reflection of herself in a window, “oh my I need to do something about this hair…”

“Why don’t you drop by my Salon, where I work. I have a chair and would love to have you as a client. Here, here’s my card, in case you…”

“Yes, of course, I don’t have a ‘go to’ beautician right now. Hey, I will consider it a date with you. Please don’t think I am mocking your situation. I mean it, beauticians can be someone’s therapist too.”

“An vice versa in my case.”

“Helen, can I have your man tomorrow?” Joseph snidely ask.

“Pray tell, and to do what with my Georgie?”

Helen, Peter, Jenny and George are seated at the end of the table along with Harriette and Joseph. Brows are raised and Joseph let’s out a laugh.

“Not what you think,” a riposte comment by Joseph, “what you all don’t know about me is that I am a realtor. George mentioned about finding a place to continue the sessions. I have a small piece of land with a yurt on it. A babbling brook close by. About an hour from town…what do you think George?”

What do I think…if this is an offer it might be what I have been thinking. Finding a place in the country. A time to get back to the elements of what biology is all about. A study of ‘human nature’, so fitting to observe the natural world and how it applies to us, genetics and all. The behavior of animals.

“Sure Joseph, this is something you own or a listing?”

“Oh no, I own it. Picked it up several years ago. A place to rendezvous with friends. I was thinking about finding someone to develop it further. Kind of a small community set up. A sort of communal house with out buildings tiny cabins for guest. It’d make for a nice retreat.”

Now this is the whole idea of surrendering letting go of the professorship tenure and diving into something with more meaning. Especially with this group.

“You mind if Harriette joins us?”

“Not at all. We can brainstorm together.”

Harriette, “this is sounding like a Jungian retreat…sort of. Thank you two for considering me.”

The separate conversations between individuals are developing into a friendly rapport, finding common ground with each other. Helen and Jenny are discussing massage techniques and the art of sensual massage. Peter is inviting Leigh to an art exhibit by Katie Acheson Wolford who draws using a single line. Jeremy, Adam, and Samantha are discussing the homecoming football game and Adam has two extra tickets.

As the evening wears on the dynamics of a group camaraderie has formed. And for the group as a whole, gender discussion is none existent. New friendships and relationships are forming. That is the magical side of creation that had been overlooked by the participants.

The movement of life away from body - mind - conscious thought into the now of existence. And so the sexless ‘Oysters’ become whatever they want to become.

“Rather than having a fixed gender for life, most oysters and clams are **hermaphrodites** or **sequential hermaphrodites**, meaning they can change their sex over time.” This little tidbit is on the Oyster Bar menu and from The Oyster Tasting Guide

Epilogue

Helen opens the refrigerator while George is brewing some coffee for latte night caps.

“Georgie, I made us some banana custard, kind of like a brûlée. My own invention. I’ll put them out so they warm up then we can have a nice dessert. Maybe share our thoughts from the evening and what might be next for us sequential hermaphrodites.”

“Yum, and we can be naked so we can share what’s underneath it all.”

“Where did you get the mugs?”

“From the coffee bistro, They made them up, a bunch I forgot to hand them out. We can use them at the new Gender Sessions Retreat”

“You like Joseph, don’t you?”

“Yeah, you know I swing that crystal pendulum…well my guide is Joseph and he seems to pop up a lot. In and out of my life. He has a crazy kind of wisdom, that’s what I see in Joseph…his humor and straight forward approach.”

“What about you Helen? Seems like you and Jenny have formed quite a relationship, too.”

“Ummm, you make the best lattes, yeah, I’m not going to lie to you. Her sensuality is captivating. I really feel my full feminine nature being around her. Here have some banana brûlée.”

“After we get naked, let’s sit facing in each others lap. Just in case we spill a little brûlée on our bodies…we can share a sensual moment…”

“George? You know I love you, just the way you are.”

“Ah, yes, and I honor you Helen of Troy”

Acknowledgements

First and foremost I want to give a shout out to the Coffee Crossing bistro in Livingston, Montana. One of my favorite, ‘hole in the wall’ coffee shops. They mark their to go cups with all sorts of sayings for the day. Usually humorous with meaning. I still have that coffee cup with the label… “beneath it all I’m pretty naked”. It sits right next to my crystal pendulum. Joseph…my pendulum guide likes this story. That pendulum was really swinging.

Considering all of the time and energy I spend searching for an existence that is always prevalent, it’s a wonder why I find it so difficult to just enjoy life as it is. How it unfolds, like the life cycle of the paper wasp. I was doing an outside construction project…adding on a small edition and had the privilege to be working directly in the way of two wasp nest. They were so docile in mid-October. Even the one’s that are the protectors of the hive. The Queens apparently were long gone and the new fertile ones probably left the nests to hibernate for the coming winter. I sensed something different, like they knew the weather was going to change drastically. Also, the remaining one’s know that I am not a predator. They know I love them for what they do in the garden. And I know that their life cycle is short. I appreciate them rather than fear them. Try running from a wasp, they will chase you! Believe it or not, there was a gay man in my distant past… named, you guessed it Joseph. He was in an inner work event that I was also a participant in. He was older than me, and I felt his attraction towards me. I didn’t run, and he did kiss me. I responded just as Georgie

did, with grace. That was as far as the physicality of our relationship went. He had a quick laugh, we enjoyed each other's humor and he played an integral role assisting me during group sessions to take down my armor. He made me realize that underneath it all, I'm pretty naked!

A Rumi

if you can disentangle
yourself from your selfish self
all heavenly spirits
will stand ready to serve you

if you can finally hunt down
your own beastly self
you have the right
to claim Solomon's kingdom

you are the blessed soul who
belongs to the garden of paradise
is it fair to let yourself
fall apart in a shattered house

you are the bird of happiness
in the magic of existence
what a pity when you let
yourself be chained and caged

yet [sic] if you can break free
from this dark prison named body
soon you will see
you are the sage and the fountain of life