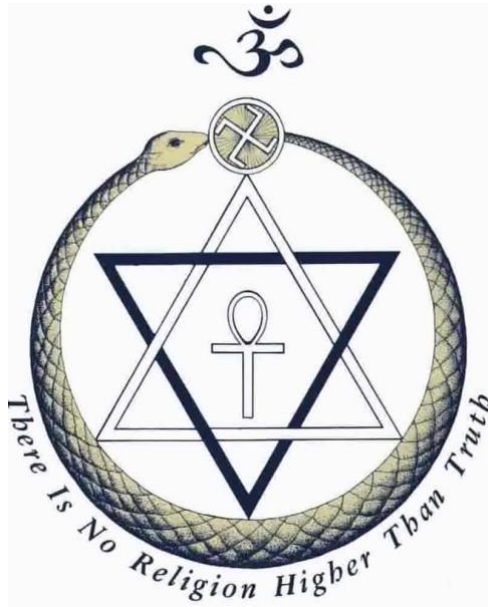


Call Me Glinda

a book for friends of Dorothy



By
Barry Emanuel Zeve

Copyright © 2021 by Barry Emanuel Zeve

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Appreciation to Alyssum Mormino for use of the photo on the front cover.

Printed in the United States of America

First Printing, 2021

ISBN 978-1-7374299-3-7

Strawbarytree Press
www.BarryZeve.com



Strawbarytree Press

I dedicate this book to RuPaul.

Ru,

Thank you for letting me figuratively play with you
and your friends from **RuPaul's Drag Race**.

You made me feel included
in your exploration of the meaning of life.

As Ru says,

“The library is official open”

and

“reading ¹ is fundamental.”

Where I use quotation marks without a credit,
these are expressions from Ru.

¹ reading: to wittily and incisively expose a person's flaws often exaggerating or elaborating on them; an advanced form of insult. [gay slang]

Imagine you're the cockroach Kafka turned into
in his short story,
"The Metamorphosis."²

Now imagine you're a very special Beatle
like
John Lennon.

Now imagine that there are billions and billions
of bedbugs crawling all over you,
vermin biting you and sucking your blood.
Now imagine you're not a cockroach, Beatle or bedbug,
but a garden variety humbug.
That may be how the wizard felt about himself
after Toto pulled back the curtain on him,
similar to how Donald Trump must have felt
when he lost the 2020 election.

This is how I felt when I realized I'm not a great man.
I'm just a queen scribbling my thoughts on paper.

An *idea* holds within it
a plan that can be turned into a story.
A *story* is a moral with a beginning, middle and end.
But a simple *thought* is an aspect of an allegory.
And an *allegory* is a waking dream.

I'm not a storyteller.
I'm just a half-blind, female impersonator
trying to find my way out of a walk-in closet
the size of Texas.

² Franz Kafka was a German speaking Jewish Czechoslovakian who wrote about his experience as a Jew in early 20th Century, Christian Europe. Perhaps now you can see why he may have thought he was the world's biggest pest.

Dorothy isn't just a little girl
who gets lost in a strange land far from home.
She's the personification of all those
who have real questions about what life is all about.
What that says about the peculiar cast of characters
she befriends,
including her dog, Toto,
is the tale I'm here to tell.

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz is an allegory.
Each character is a metaphor, symbol and simile that,
when combined into narrative form,
reveals a profound truth about us all.
Describing it as an allegory.
rather than a story,
is *my* way of entering *your* dreams
without biting you like a bedbug,
and you concluding that *I'm* the pest in your bed at night.

Each of the world's scriptures is also an allegory.
When you have the keys to unlock the mysteries
hidden in the world's scriptures,
you hold the tools you need to unlock
the mystery of why God Created you
just as He Did.

You don't even have to believe in God
to earn the key that unlocks the secret
to who you are and what you're here to do.
If you're curious enough about yourself,
your path in life will unfurl like a
yellow brick road.

In 1989 I bought a brand new, white, Toyota Celica.
When she was sweet 16,
I had her painted bright yellow and named her Chiquita.
But I thought people were waving to me as I went by
because Chiquita was so pretty,
until my boyfriend told me
people thought I was driving a taxi.
It was 11 years later that
I had to call the Make A Wish Foundation
to tow the poor girl away.
That was a sad day in my life.
She was the most loyal friend a guy could ever have.
We'd travelled many a mile together.

The mind is like an automobile.
It doesn't matter if you drive a Ford, BMW or Toyota.
What people don't know about their car
is that the seven world faiths and philosophy
should be assembled like a vehicle
whose parts were constructed separately around the world.
And if you want to achieve *mindfulness*,
you have to *make up* your mind.
Just sitting behind the wheel and cursing the traffic isn't
going to get you where you want to go.
You're only going to get angry and frustrated about
all the lousy drivers who are racing around you.
You'll never see yourself as a contributor to the traffic.

Most people are afraid of Muslims.
We all have good reason to be angry at Christians.
You can hardly find a soul who's interested in Hindus.
People swear by the Buddhists,
but the Buddhists don't even believe in God!
The Taoists are inscrutable.
Nobody talks seriously about indigenists anymore.
And who doesn't hate the Jews?...

Table of Contents

Introduction to My Commentary	I
Dorothy	1
Scarecrow	4
Tin Man	7
Cowardly Lion	14
Toto	18
Wizard	24
Storyline	34
Glinda	63
Returning Home	68
Wicked Witch	73
Flying Monkeys	82
The Moral of the Story	87
The Anal-Retentive Ego	92
Your Tower to Power as Seen from Oz	94
Previous Books	

Introduction to My Commentary

The modern world is full of much more peculiar characters than you'll find in The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. L. Frank Baum wrote the book in 1900. It was the first of 14 books he wrote about Oz, but this one was banned by the Chicago Public Library in 1928. In 1986, several fundamentalist Christian families in Tennessee filed a lawsuit objecting to the book being included in a public school's syllabus.

It seems that many issues with the story have upset some readers over the past 100 years, including animals being given human characteristics; a strong female main character; and the inclusion of a good witch, which some feel is theologically impossible, because witchcraft is bad...

My commentary will focus on the meaning of the words "peculiar characters." It's not just that the characters in this book and movie are peculiar. It's that *you're* peculiar, too. In fact, when you pierce the storyline with psychological and spiritual insight, The Wizard of Oz is really an allegory about how peculiar everybody is until you come to learn more about yourself.

Call me Glinda but think of me as the Archangel Gabriel after a sex change operation. I'm a transgendered angel. If you find that difficult to imagine, then think of me as an angel fully disclosed (not an angel in disguise). Or think of me as a drag queen. Or think of me as a Jewish mother and rabbi daddy wrapped into one. Just know that I'm fierce and fearless despite an almost apologetic tone.

The name "Glinda" comes from the Spanish word, "linda," which means, "pretty." And, although I'm not drop-dead gorgeous, I'm pretty pretty in *my* mind's eye. But you

could also imagine me as the biggest *booger* that ever came out of a Jewish nose.³

As an angel, naturally, I believe in God. So, I have the divine right to express the feminine side of myself both inside my closet and outside Heaven's gate. St. Peter has no jurisdiction over me while I'm down here.

When I have trouble getting out of my head, all I need to do is use my imagination to figuratively look down at all that lies below my neck. Contemplating who I am and why I'm here is only limited by what I can see of myself.

Many people who've climbed a mountain think they know that mountain because of the path they used to get to the top. But to know the mountain of faith with all its views, you've got to approach it from all its sides, or you may be worried by the time you get to the summit that your journey wasn't justified by your means.

I'm here on Earth to tell you not to believe everything you think. But I'd also like to tell you about the seven paths up the mountain of faith. They correspond to seven parts of the human body which correspond to the seven "peculiar characters" in the movie "The Wizard of Oz."

These seven parts of us describe how we Were Made in God's Image as well as how we're all personified in Frank's allegory. Each character symbolizes a spiritual construct.

Frank couldn't be here today to tell you this himself. (I'm an intermediary of The Lord who runs errands for lots of angels who were disguised while they were on Earth.) If you don't believe me, just ask him yourself when you see him.

Once you understand God's Thinking (and Frank's), you'll want to know more about yourself. Here is a list of

³ booger: a non-stereotypically attractive, drag queen whose success tends to be attributed to her stage presence as opposed to her appearance. [gay slang]

these universal characteristics and Frank's peculiar characters:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 1. Soul | Dorothy |
| 2. Penis (Clitoris) | Toto |
| 3. Face | Glinda |
| 4. Head | Scarecrow |
| 5. Heart | Tin Man |
| 6. Navel | Cowardly Lion |
| 7. Anus | Wizard |

“Let your whole-body talk, gurl!”

And here is the chronological order by which God Gave us these seven paths up the mountain of faith along with their correspondences to your body and Frank's tale:

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Indigenism | Face | Glinda |
| 2. Hinduism | Navel | Cowardly Lion |
| 3. Judaism | Head | Scarecrow |
| 4. Buddhism | Penis/Clitoris | Toto |
| 5. Taoism | Anus | Wizard |
| 6. Christianity | Heart | Tin Man |
| 7. Islam | Soul | Dorothy |

Don't worry about all this information I'm throwing at you. It'll all sink by the end of this book. I'm not going to test you on any of this. I assume you're curious enough about yourself to absorb it naturally to raise your self-esteem.

Like the seven chakras, seven colors of the rainbow and seven days of the week, each of the world faiths signifies a part of God's Design that most people haven't yet shown much in the way of curiosity to explore from a place of unity and harmony. And that causes great suffering worldwide.

Each of these seven paths up the mountain offers a specific panorama onto life as we know it that the other paths don't. But, when you can combine all seven of these

outlooks, you become a soulful person who can drop the pretense of knowing what will happen to you after you die.

Because most people live as though they'll never die, perhaps the concept of *mortality* is one that I should begin with. But I'm not going to. I'm going to remain as tactful and polite as I possibly can be. I'm going to begin with new vocabulary words you're going to need, instead.

The word for "*work*" in Hebrew (*avoda*) also means "*worship*." You can surely see that there are a lot of people working very hard to make a living who aren't being appreciated for their *work* or their form of *worship*. The gay word for *work* is "*werk*," as in, "Werk it, gurl!"⁴

None of my gurls in Heaven is werking as hard for the honey (wisdom) as I am... That's why you're dealing with me, a trans-angel, and not some ordinary angel in disguise.

Let me welcome you to God's School for gurls. In this school, you're going to be graded on "Charisma, Uniqueness, Nerve and Talent (C.U.N.T.)." So, don't let anyone make you feel like a loser. "You're a winner, baby!"

If you're not a friend of Dorothy (gay) in the *literal* or *literary* sense, you might want to watch the movie again to refresh your imagination on Mervyn LeRoy's 1939 production at MGM.

Basically, it's about a young girl far from home who finds herself in the company of strangers who she goes on an adventure with and comes to love as dear friends. Although they find themselves together on this adventure for different reasons, they're all looking for a man to solve their problems for them. That man, the wizard of Oz, *does* solve their

⁴ *werk*: putting in the necessary effort and using your skills to perform effectively. Displaying effort and talent so undeniable that no one can shade or read you. [gay slang] I'd add that *werk* is motivated by self-curiosity. If you're not nosy by nature, you're never going to develop an interest in snooping around inside yourself.

problems, with the exception of Dorothy's. But it turns out that she's had the answer to her problem on her feet all along. And it's her fairy godmother, Glinda (me), the good witch of the North, who reveals the truth about the steps she's taken near the end of the movie.

Consider me your fairy godmother and daddy rabbi all rolled into one. "Mother has arrived!"⁵ But I'm really just a fairy who never undresses from gay drag. I've been in costume since I arrived here in my birthday suit.

I hope to reveal something to you about the ruby slippers you're figuratively wearing that you can't see, but which give your feet of clay a deep ruby-red rage with every step you take, making you human in the deepest sense of the word. A lady is always dressed to thrill!

You'll come to thank me and God that your rage is the greatest gift of your life once you learn how to use it properly. And, if you happen to be involved in professional sports, but don't want anyone to know you're a *hunty*,⁶ I suggest you rethink your strategy from now on. Honesty, sincerity and authenticity are the best policy.

We're just about to start this adventure together. But I must tell you from the start that it may not be easy for you. Getting to know yourself is a complex process because you have seven moving parts.

But don't get discouraged. If you're used to gay people, you'll have no trouble getting used to a transgendered angel. I'm no more peculiar than anybody else in this world.

Nevertheless, giving you an overview of yourself will require circumnavigating the whole globe to climb the mountain of faith from all seven sides. So, begin by

⁵ Memorable quote by Vivacious, a drag performer on Season 6 of **RuPauls' Drag Race**.

⁶ *hunty*: (1) reference to a fellow artist (2) term of endearment for another queen (3) derived from combining 'honey' and the c-word. [gay slang]

imagining yourself as a visitor to this planet, not a permanent resident here. That will make our adventure to Oz together all the more meaningful and fun.

Dorothy

Islam gave us the last and final path to the top of the mountain of faith through the path of redemption in our soul, not just our head (Judaism) or heart (Christianity). Islam began about 1,400 years ago and is figuratively centered in the breastplate, which designates the soul. When you can weigh your Jewish thoughts (head) against your Christian feelings (heart), you create a humanitarian conscience that can guide you to righteous action. And when your conscience about the treatment of others has been illuminated with awareness of how you've been treating yourself, that awakens you to Allah (God) consciousness, which turns you into a soulful person that Anyone Would Want to keep by His Side forever. ⁷

Dorothy is the personification of every young, Islamic girl who's lost in a strange, ungodly place where people behave quite differently from how she expects them to. But Dorothy also represents the feminine side of every man and woman on Earth, the side of us we got from our mother.

In this allegorical rendition of our feminine side, Dorothy is 12 years old, on the cusp of puberty. She suffers the abandonment of separation from her mother who recently died and rage toward her father who's passed her along to relatives to care for her. (This background information is only presented in the book.)

Soon after the introduction of the story, Dorothy inadvertently becomes a murderer through no fault of her own. The fact that the people of Munchkin Land (all the little people in this world) then celebrate that the Wicked Witch of the East is dead and thank Dorothy for having killed her by inadvertently having crashed her house into her – doesn't mitigate the fact that Dorothy feels guilty about what

⁷ For more insight into matters of the soul, try reading my 7-volume workbook, [Quran: The Book of Lights](#).

happened. This sets her on a path of self-discovery (yellow brick road) in her effort to return to where she came from. She just wants to go back to the way things were before.

In the Islamic sense, Dorothy really just wants to go Home (Heaven, Paradise, Promised Land). So, she decides to take my (Glinda) advice and the advice of the well-meaning little people around her (Munchkins) who advocate that she visits the wizard who lives in Emerald City in the hopes that he'll be able to help her make her wish come true.

Quick change of topic: In medical terminology, every man is a combination of a "y" chromosome from his father and an "x" chromosome from his mother. Every woman is a combination of an "x" chromosome from her father and an "x" chromosome from her mother.

But this makes no logical sense in terms of biological symbolism. The "x" chromosome from our mother isn't the same as the "x" chromosome from our father. So, let's call the "x" chromosome from our mother: our "z" chromosome. That makes men ($y + z$) and women ($x + z$). This better describes the gender and spiritual blueprint we get from our father (x or y) and the mysterious other characteristics, both physical and spiritual, that are passed along to us from our mother (z).

Since everyone has a mother and a "z" chromosome, this is the mysterious link between all human beings. Let's call that: our "z" factor.

Our "z" factor is what we're talking about when we speak about contemplating our navel (examining oneself). Everyone has a navel. Everyone came from a human mother. If you look at any picture or carving of Jesus, you'll see that even He Had a navel. And Christians believe He'S God! ⁸

⁸ If you'd like more information about the path of love, may I suggest my 3-volume workbook, [A Guest at Their Table: My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love.](#)

The character of Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz” doesn’t just represent a Muslim girl who wants to go Home (Heaven). Dorothy signifies the universal “z” factor in us all.

I discovered my “z” factor when I started thinking like a woman (z) in addition to like a man (y). But because of social taboos, that took me a lifetime. Now, I can look at myself without having to smile or gesticulate. Now, I can calmly say, “Gentlemen, start your engines. And may the best woman (z) win!”

When you look at how people react when they feel abandoned, you see raw, human nature before you. Some respond with kindness, charity and forgiveness. Others react with scorn, indignation and derision.

So, when we approach the mystery of our “z” factor, we’re exploring something so deeply personal that it becomes universal. And this is the essence of this adventure about abandonment in a strange land where nothing turns out for Dorothy quite as she expects it to.

Dorothy was abandoned by an “Act of God” (death) that took her mother from her and an “act of man” when her father left her with relatives so he could pursue a new life with his second wife. This is what has so enraged Dorothy that she hasn’t been able to express her experience of life at her young age in words. It only takes a woman’s intuition (z) to see that much of this story...

“The Wizard of Oz” is a universally beloved tale of what happens to all of us when we go through a trauma so great that we can’t find words to describe it in traditional story form. It magically transforms from a story into an allegory.

Scarecrow

Judaism was the first path up to the summit in the West. This is the path of wisdom as described in the story of the Israelite Exodus from Egypt to Israel with Moses about 3,400 years go. That journey freed the Jews from their slave masters to pursue the freedom to think for themselves.

The creation of the Jewish people and the gift of Israel as the homeland God Gave us is an allegory for the universal grounding that comes with political freedom (not with the autonomy to open your mouth to say anything that comes to mind!) ⁹

The Jewish path is figuratively centered in your head. If you don't doubt some of the things you think, you're going to believe everything you say. If your head isn't screwed on tight, nobody will care much about what happens to what lies underneath your navel. And by that, I'm speaking about the guts you may not be sure you have or may worry that you're missing.

While walking along the yellow brick road (rocky road of fear and apprehension) with her little dog Toto, Dorothy encounters a scarecrow (Jew) figuratively crucified on a cross in a corn field. With her help, he's able to come down from his cross (suffering). And he reveals to her that his dream is to have brains (wisdom). And since Dorothy is on her way to see the wizard of Oz to help her get Home (Heaven), the Scarecrow asks if he can join her to see if the wizard will give him the brains he so desires.

The Scarecrow is male, although he's more of a dork (z) than a dandy (y). But his personality is compatible with the "z" side Dorothy received from her mother. So, the two of them go down the yellow brick road to make their way

⁹ For more insight into the Jewish path of wisdom up the mountain, I recommend my 2-volume workbook [The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective: Torah for Straight People](#).

together through Oz (inner world) to Emerald City (Mecca, the soul).

This unlikely friendship between a sweet, Muslim girl and a dorky, Jewish guy is about as far-fetched as you can get. But once you realize that Dorothy represents the personification of the feminine side of all males and females (z) and the Scarecrow is the personification of everyone's desire for wisdom (head), their unlikely alliance makes more sense.

The first thing needed is for the Scarecrow to get down off his cross and make his way with someone who has a real plan on how to get Home. Dorothy clearly sees *where* she's going, even though she doesn't know *how*. This fortuitous alliance cements their friendship as traveling companions for the remainder of their journey.

The tendency of all Jews, but especially Jesus, to be crucified for our beliefs (nailed to a cross), is not just a Jewish predisposition and historical outcome. We all feel, at times, that we've suffered unjustly for something we *didn't* do that's keeping us from making our way to our Final Destination. This is the hidden truth about abandonment issues that you may or may not yet have discovered about yourself. But when you do, it'll make it possible for you, like Dorothy, to make peace with the Scarecrow's path as integral to your own.

Dorothy is on a quest. Think of her as a Queen Arthur. And the Scarecrow is her first knight. The roundtable where they met is a corn field. And the dragon they're about to slay will become clear to you a little further down the road.

The yellow brick road begins to unfurl like a fern in infancy, but it soon turns into a crossroad where all directions (N, S, E, W) appear yellow (filled with horror). There, you meet someone who has a magical and inspired influence and confluence on your life. His goals align with your own, which sets the two of you on an adventure together.

That person can't be your father. He may be a brother or a friend from grade school. Or he may not enter your life until many years later. But the crossroad that Dorothy experiences with the Scarecrow creates a fortuitous alliance that becomes deeply meaningful to them both by the end of their adventure.

From a religious point of view, their friendship is initiated by The Hand of God. From a Buddhist, philosophic point of view, it's a yellow (terror-filled) path lined with bricks (hard lessons) one set in place after another that can't be accounted for by An Outside Hand. The most you can say about it is that the path itself leads to a person and place where you believe all your questions will be answered and all your dreams will come true.

Tin Man

Christianity was presented in the West as a separate path that branched off from Judaism about 2,000 years ago in Israel. This is the path of love. Christianity is figuratively centered in the heart. Jesus Was a Jew Who Beseched His Jewish Countrymen to get out of their head into their heart to perceive the world from His New And Improved Point of view.

Dorothy and the Scarecrow travel down the yellow brick road until they find themselves in an orchard. And here, I must stop to explain what an “orchard” is in a Western allegory.

In the Creation Story, the first story in Torah (the core of the Hebrew testament), God Created a *garden* called “Eden.” Adam and Eve ate from a Tree of knowledge that grew in that garden, a tree that God Forbade them from touching.

Adam is a metaphor for the head of everyman; the seat of wisdom. Eve is his heart; the seat of love. The serpent is his penis; the delivery system of his cravings and desires (+/-). And the two fruits that hang down from that tree, one good (+) and the other evil (-), are his testicles, which produce the life or death outcome that emerges from the mouth of his serpent (semen). The characters in the Creation Story are, therefore, aspects of every Tree of knowledge planted in this garden called, “reality.”

This is what it means to be a tree of knowledge (y), so similar, and yet so different from a tree of life (z). This is what complicates matters when you’ve Been Forbidden from even touching yourself, let alone knowing yourself.

In this Mosaic metaphor that unfolds into the allegory upon which all of Judaism is founded, every one of us begins as a tree that we can’t touch as infants, but which we begin to explore as toddlers. Every one of us was planted like a seed in a garden to grow up to discover our own truth. Over time, we’ve all gone from shoot to sprout to sapling to a

mature tree blossoming and blooming in our own unique ways.

We all have deep linguistic, cultural and religious roots, regardless of our faith or philosophic background. We fruit in many wonderful ways. And although we enjoy picking other people's fruits (learning through touching), it's still difficult for us to learn how to learn about our self from ourself. It's as though we were forbidden from knowing ourself and have to discover how to ask politely for self-knowledge. It's especially difficult to become wise, loving and worthy of redemption when so much self-knowledge is required over a lifetime to do so.

When we're very young, our world is like a backyard garden. Our parents' home is our little patch of earth where we dig around and learn to literally plant seeds in rows and water them until they germinate. But when we start school and realize that everyone is planted in a garden such as ours, it's as though the world we knew before suddenly grows infinitely bigger, when, in fact, it's us who've grown. In that sense, this world then becomes more like an *orchard* of new experiences than just a tiny garden with a couple of fully grown trees (parents) who we've taken for granted.

This world is an orchard made up of many individual trees, each very different from the rest, and yet created under very similar, spiritual circumstances. Therefore, we should conclude that the fruits of many others' trees are sweet and tempting, too, even if they were planted on another side of the mountain of faith. We should climb (explore) all trees to appreciate how they've grown somewhat differently from us due to differing climatic conditions.

But because the world becomes so very complex and difficult to negotiate, we may conclude over time that we're no longer in a garden *or* an orchard. We find ourselves in a deep, dark *forest*. Life can become scary in ways we couldn't find words to describe when we were kids.

The modern world can be disorienting for everyone, children and adults alike. It's figuratively filled with wild animals that seem dangerous and frightening.

Now, I don't want to scare you, but if you can make it through the woods, you're going to discover that there's something even more terrifying out there than that.

You should have already asked yourself how a beautiful forest in early adulthood could have turned into the urban *jungle* where you find yourself now. You should ask yourself how that jungle paved over with parking lots could then have gotten so filled with crocodile tears that parts of it have turned into a *swamp*.

The word for "orchard" in Hebrew is "pardes." This world could be a pardes (paradise) on Earth, an orchard of opportunities if you understood the allegory of the garden upon which all the Western scriptures was constructed in Hebrew and all the ways in which Torah was figuratively misinterpreted by our ancestors. If you could decode all the world's scriptures with yourself as the tree of knowledge (x or y) at the center of your own garden, you could use that knowledge to create the tools you need to develop yourself righteously and help others do the same. And you could see yourself as a tree of life (z).

If not, you might find yourself disoriented in a dangerous forest full of wild "animals" that don't know the first thing about the rule of law. These "animals" only know how to apply the laws of nature to themselves, concluding that the strong and powerful will win and the meek will become their prey.

Unfortunately, such "animals" don't know the first thing about evolution from a spiritual point of view. They don't understand the magnificence of the potential inherent in human nature.

Frank created an allegory focused on the adventures of a young girl. But he didn't fully realize that he was telling the world *our* story, not his alone.

Frank was introduced to the Theosophic Society in California years after he wrote The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, which opened his eyes to what he'd created through his previous literary works. ¹⁰ (It wasn't until he got to Heaven that s/he *gagged* when s/he saw all that s/he'd done.) ¹¹

Using seven inner voices (Dorothy, Toto, Glinda, Scarecrow, Tin Man, Cowardly Lion and Wizard) to represent these seven paths up the mountain of faith - each of us creates our own individual journey along a yellow brick road on which we meet wicked witches whose dreams and aspirations are very different from our own.

We may first find ourself in a corn field that later becomes an inviting orchard as we meander down the lane. But that will, at some point, turn into a scary forest without a clear path for us to follow. There, we may not know where to turn or what to do next.

Dorothy (who just wants to go Home) and the Scarecrow (who just wants brains) find themselves in just such an orchard. There, Dorothy literally gets into an altercation with an angry tree after she picks an apple without asking. It slaps her across the face with a branch. (And you just know that our little girl isn't going to forgive or forget that insult!) In pursuit of another apple that simply fell of its own accord

¹⁰ Theosophy teaches that the purpose of human life is spiritual emancipation and claims that the human soul undergoes reincarnation upon bodily death according to a process of karma. It promotes values of universal brotherhood and social improvement, although it doesn't stipulate particular ethical codes. [internet] Their emblem is on the cover.

¹¹ gag: when you're so impressed by something that you are left speechless. [gay slang]

and rolled away from a tree, she and the Scarecrow hear someone moaning in distress. It turns out to be the Tin Man.

The Tin Man (Christian) has rusted and can't move. His axe is even stuck high overhead in what must be a very uncomfortable position. He'd obviously been cutting down trees when he rusted in place.

The Muslim girl and Jewish man oil his joints and discover that the Christian's great dream in life is to have a heart. He feels a hollow echo in his chest when he pounds his tin (!), and he wishes to fill that ominous emptiness inside himself with love.

A Christian is a spiritual lumberjack constructed out of psychological armor. He figuratively cuts down trees of knowledge (y) and trees of life (z) to use the wood for his own productive means. He tries to abstain from lying, from divisive speech, from abusive language, and from idle chatter. He does his inner work without complaint until he can't anymore.

The love Jesus Described that He Had for His Father, as told in the Gospels, was just the beginning of His Tale. With His Works, Jesus Proved to some of the ancient Jews in Israel at that time that He'D Gotten out of His Head into His Heart.

When today's Christian realizes that he's unkind or untruthful, he cries out inside. And this is what rusts him (y), leaving a good Christian unable to spiritually move about psychologically inside and sociologically outside. His love leaves him rusted in ways he can't explain.

If you don't love yourself and treat yourself as you'd wish others would treat you, what deeds will you have accomplished to demonstrate to God that you even have a heart? How will you communicate with others if you don't know how to communicate lovingly with yourself?

We're all psychologically needy. But we're also sociologically needy. And if society isn't woven tightly in one direction psychologically, and in the other

sociologically, someone (like Trump) is going to come along and rip the fabric of that society to shreds.

The Tin Man asks them if he can join them on their journey to Emerald City to ask the wizard to give him a heart.

So, now we have three characters who personify the potential for a soul, a head and a heart united in their pursuit of the man (wizard) who'll make all their dreams come true.

If ever there was a gay tale, you can certainly see that this is it. You could even call it *The Gay Constitution* since we, gay people, don't share the animosity we see coming from orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims. We strive for unity between the faiths. Each of us seeks to become someone who'll do for our *self* what all these faiths ask *their* God to do *for* them.

Exclusion is the root of all evil, not *money*. Money is just *one* of the means by which people exclude one other. You may have already learned that when you have enough honey (wisdom), the money pours in of its own accord honestly.

The outcomes of the three Western faiths have been united in this allegory using Frank's characters who have a vision of a better world. They're on an adventure together to make their dreams come true.

Gay people and straight people who practice an inclusive faith and who respect the dreams of others, aren't lost in the fantasy of blame and suspicion that plagues our hyper-religious counterparts. We don't dream of conquering the world for God. We find good reasons to work together, and we make lasting friendships along the way by doing so.

We're trying to teach others about our vision of paradise (parades: orchard). Our dream is to have religious *nuts* stop rejecting *fruits* as being abominable perverts who have no place in *their* God's Kingdom.

None of the Abrahamic faiths would have to talk about their religious beliefs *ad nauseum* if their attitude came from a higher altitude up the mountain. God Doesn't Hold a place of dominance in allegories, unlike the literal interpretation

of the Abrahamic scriptures and Hinduism where God Plays a domineering role.

In the past, God Sent archangels like Gabriel to do His Werk for Him. Nowadays, He Sends tranny angels, Glindas, not Gabriels. That's why I'm here.

The inclusion of the Tin Man on the journey to Emerald City is paramount to the outcome of Frank's allegory. That said, getting a heart shouldn't be something you should have to convert to Christianity achieve. A fish (y) is a fish (x) is a fish (z).¹²

¹² fish: (1) a drag queen who's effeminate enough to pass as a woman [gay slang], (2) Christian [straight, religious slang] My expression is borrowed from the lesbian-Jewish poet Gertrude Stein who said, "A rose is a rose is a rose."

Cowardly Lion

Hinduism was the first path up from the indigenist plain. That occurred about 3,800 years ago. Theirs is the path of detachment. Everyone's been physically detached from his or her mother. The navel marks the place on the human body that was first scarred with the cutting of the umbilical cord, a pain we all have in common. When you contemplate your navel, you suddenly realize that everyone's got one! You might even go so far as to claim that what makes us mammals is (1) a live birth that (2) leaves us with a navel. Your navel signifies the first source of your suffering, which occurred just after your birth.

Every god is like a hill that gives Hindus a better view of nearby mountains. Every goddess is an elevation that points them in the direction of One God, similar to the great, Himalayan, mountain range surrounding Mt. Everest, the highest peak in India and on Earth.

The field where Dorothy met the Scarecrow at the crossroad in the cornfield eventually turned into an orchard where they met the Tin Man. But that orchard has slowly turned into a forest, and now the three of them become terrified as they make their way through the dense, dark forest that more resembles a jungle. Then, they suddenly hear the roar of a lion.

But when they encounter the lion, and it threatens Toto, Dorothy slaps the lion across the face, (something she learned to do from an apple tree, if you recall). Surprisingly, the lion begins to cry. It turns out he has no courage. He's all bluster.

The Cowardly (shameless) Lion (complainer) represents the man who's testicles haven't yet figuratively descended from his body cavity. He lacks the courage needed to be all that's expected of lions (real men). He lacks stamina. He lacks focus. His fears easily overwhelm him. He's all boldness, bluster and bravado.

But a Cowardly Lion only lacks faith in himself for one reason only:

He's in denial of the shame in the way he treats *himself*. He's not really a lion at all. He's just a cub who treats himself shamelessly. And his unconscious rage at himself for being as he is, couldn't be more obvious to others. You find many such lions in urban jungles, not in gardens, orchards or forests.

If the self-knowledge a lion is missing isn't presented in just the right way, he *reacts*. He roars. He doesn't *respond*. And then he becomes frightened and confused at his own behavior. Later, he worries himself to death over nonsense.

There are two kinds of cowardly lions. The first knows the taste of blood. He goes out into the urban jungle to figuratively kill what he needs to survive. He loves the hunt because he's developed a taste for blood (revenge).

The second kind of lion is a sissy. He's bitten his tongue and has tasted his own blood. He's afraid of shedding any more blood because his mother told him that that's not the right way to behave. And because he doesn't want to exact that painful experience on others, he exacts revenge on himself, instead.

The Cowardly Lion in this allegory personifies the Hindu who seeks detachment from the external world, albeit because he's afraid of his mother (z). What he'd really like to do is pursue his quest for courage (y) without having to constantly prove his worth to her.

For a cowardly lion cub, the urban jungle late at night is a quiet place to contemplate his fears. At night he can look up through the branches (thoughts) and the leaves (guilt) to see the stars (mystery) that twinkle down like winking eyes. Then he can face his shame, alone with all the friends he's made inside himself, to confess to them what he's done and how he feels about having bitten his own tongue and drawn blood. Such is the path of self-contemplation of a sissy.

This isn't just fanciful, poetic speech. How are you (x or y) going to get to know you (z) if the two of you aren't even on speaking terms? Contemplation of your navel must be done with words. Deeds are not enough.

A hyper-religious Hindu who refuses to talk to himself hopes to make his way slowly through one reincarnation after another to finally become one with his Maker (The Spirit of God: Brahma). He wishes to prove himself by being heroic without saying so out loud. So, he expects to have to make his mark over the course of many lifetimes. He hasn't contemplated his navel sufficiently to discover how much he has in common with women (x + z), who have no testicles so far as his eyes can see.

The only thing any man (y + z) can be sure of, using his eyes, is that every woman (x + z) has a navel. He may have also noticed that some women demonstrate great courage, even though they don't *literally* have the balls he has. Therefore, a man may not fully appreciate the elephant in his midst (x + z) despite The Elephant (God) in the room.

This Hindu syndrome isn't Hindus' alone. It's universal. People aren't taught how to contemplate other people's navel, any more than they're taught to contemplate their own. They don't think about how others are struggling with *their* inner forces. All they do is judge the characters they encounter around them and conclude that *they're* odd. Well, from a tranny angel's perspective, it looks otherwise.¹³

The Cowardly Lion is afraid that Dorothy, Scarecrow and Tin Man might not want him to join them to see if the wizard would make *his* dream come true, too. People may

¹³ For more insight into the Hindu path of detachment, try my workbook entitled Playing god With God: Hinduism, Health and Healing. How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

tell you that they *like* sissies, but sissies are very worried that nobody will ever *love* them.

If you haven't disconnected from your mother psychologically despite the scar on your belly that proves that the two you of are no longer like Russians dolls, one inside the other, you may judge yourself as cowardly because you don't always have the guts beneath that navel of yours to do what needs to be done from the inside out.

The Democratic, cowardly lion cub lives in a forest of self-denial, self-rejection and self-mutilation which goes in the direction of *suicide*. The Republican cowardly lion cub lives in a forest of scientific denial, rejection of humanity and mutilation of law-and-order that goes in the direction of *murder*.

Courage is "cœur" (heart) rage. So, engage your cœur rage, gurls! Prepare to *slay* your dragons in your own way.¹⁴ It's not all about what you're wearing when you ride out to slay dragons. It's also about how and when you plunge in your "sword." So, unlock your chastity belt, Guinevere, and climb into your armor. Nowadays, gurls (z) *slay* dragons with swords (tongues), too.

¹⁴ slay: (1) to make someone laugh, (2) to have sex with someone, (3) or to do something spectacularly well, especially when it comes to fashion, artistic performance, or self-confidence. [gay slang]

Toto

Buddhism offers the godless path to freedom from suffering (+/-). Buddhism branched off from the Hindu path in India. The Buddhist path was forged about 2,500 years ago and is figuratively centered below the waist in the genitals, the site of lust, which is figuratively made up of cravings (-) and desires (+).¹⁵

The path of Buddhism alleviates suffering. It's the godless path that's paramount if you're going to put your faith in yourself. Those who only put their faith in God don't understand that faith must emanate out from within. If you don't believe in the power of the penis (or clitoris), you won't figuratively have a sword to slay dragons with. How are you going to put your faith in yourself without the tools to do so?

Change of topic: A "tale" is an interesting story. A "tail" is an appendage above the anus of animals that they wag for one reason (happiness) and hang between their legs for another (guilt).

But when we speak about seeking some tail, we're talking about casual sex. We're talking about a hunger that's (1) different from the hunger for food; (2) different from the hunger for knowledge that might lead to wisdom; (3) different from the hunger for love of others that could then be internalized to learn to love oneself; (4) different from the hunger for the courage to stop complaining on the one hand and roaring at others on the other; (5) and different from the hunger to go Home to be with God.

The hunger for tail is a figurative description of lust. And, as we all know, lust is a very powerful hunger. Most people have a lust for tail. But some have more of a lust for

¹⁵ For more insight into this topic, consider reading my book, Your Buddha Within: Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who Yearns for Peace of Mind.

money, power and prestige because that's what they think will give them a sense of psychological control. It's still exceedingly rare to find someone who has a lust to know and love himself for the sake of helping others. That's why I was sent here. What tranny *or* angel would want to come to a place like this?

Buddhism is described as a dog in this allegory. Buddhists lust to know themselves to find peace of mind. They have a healthy attitude concerning sex, so long as one's sex lifestyle doesn't cause suffering, which is usually the result of adultery or promiscuity. Such behaviors become expressions of sexual stimulation for the wrong reasons.

The path of Buddhism is just as vital to God's Allegory as all the others. If God Hadn't Produced a path anonymously, how'd we know that it's *our* dreams we need to pursue, not His? If we don't learn how to put our faith in ourself, what good is a yellow brick road to Heaven, Paradise or Promised Land after we die? We all need to learn how to go our own way, together. But to do so, we need to pursue that path from within (Oz) as well as throughout (Kansas).

In Toto's tale (the Buddhist trail up the mountain), there are very few spoken lines. Toto has no need to go anywhere. He isn't on an adventure. He doesn't have a dream he wishes to see come true. Toto has nothing to ask a wizard for. Life is enough of an adventure for a Buddhist like Toto just the way it is. He rarely barks. And he never roars.

Toto is Dorothy's lifelong companion. He's the most profoundly important fellow traveler in Dorothy's life. He's her dearest friend despite the fact that she's making some really good, new friends along the way.

You might still find it odd that the Buddhist in this allegory would be represented as a dog, especially in light of the fact that when we think about dogs, we think about animals that are very sexual in public.

If ever there were an animal that knows nothing of privacy, it's man best friend: the dog. They'll lick their

genital and anus in plain sight of anyone. They'll stick their nose in your crotch or backside if they smell something they want to investigate. Dogs will even sniff under one another's tails and commence having sex regardless who's watching.

A dog isn't exactly a complimentary character with which to represent a Buddhist in an allegory. But if the serpent was the creature in the Hebrew Creation Story that represented the animalification of man's urges 5,781 years ago (as of sunset on the 18th of September 2020 according to Hebrew scripture), then Toto is the animalification of man's urges in this allegory.

The bite of a snake might kill you, but the bite of a dog might, at worst, make you sick. There are some people who are rabidly opposed to gay sex because it's the most obvious kind of sex that's not for the purpose of procreation. These people were bitten by some rabid dog in the past, and they don't want a hair of the dog that bit them to bite them again...

Thank God, over the course of millennia, the cravings (–) of man have undergone a makeover. They're not seen as quite so undesirable anymore. In fact, some of us have even grown fond of our cravings (–). We're not nearly so fastidious and frightened of this hunger as our ancestors once were. We've developed a modest appreciation for all that lies below our belt.

The seat of suffering {+/-} may be figuratively located far below our head, heart and soul, but it isn't figuratively located that far below our navel. Once you can appreciate that scar that we all have in the middle of our belly, you can, at least, contemplate the universality of lust and the importance of passion as an inner force common to us all.

You now know that when a man's serpent colludes with his heart (Eve) to achieve *their* ends, his mind (Adam) will then get embroiled in their troubles by opposing the will of his conscience (God).

But that doesn't mean you have to avoid sex entirely or force people to have it any one way. The Jewish creation

metaphor (and the allegory of Torah constructed upon it) leaves wiggle room for greater knowledge to unfold as each tree grows with the righteous fruits of its own labors.

The Buddha was a beggar who didn't renounce his hunger for lust or any of his other hungers. Detachment, wisdom, and his desire to go Home (Nirvana) were all explored. We could all learn a thing or two about our spiritual operating system by taking this path up the mountain. Perhaps this is why Buddhism is the fourth largest faith (philosophy) in the world with 535 million followers.

So, when Toto pulls back the curtain on the wizard, we ought to ask ourselves how this little Cairn Terrier managed to do something so incredibly vital to the outcome of the allegory that none of the other characters could imagine carrying out.

Toto represents the ultimate anti-*authoritarian* in us all. And the Buddhist represents the ultimate anti-*Authoritarian*. His philosophy goes against the very concept of God – but with very good reason.

The Buddhist tale is the path Given by God anonymously. It's the path for all those who refuse to fit in; go with the flow; and agree with their indigenist-Hindu-Jewish-Taoist-Christian-Muslim neighbors about what brought us here and what will happen when we leave.

A Buddhist will never make peace with God's Judgment upon him at death, or any other god or goddess for that matter. A Buddhist is the ultimate iconoclast. Like any animal generally, or terrier specifically, he can't be fully trained.

The Buddhist *tail* represents a triumphant *tale*. It's a tale about greater knowledge of our urges (+/-). The Buddhist tale holds a secret about how we Were Created, so we can choose whether, or not, to touch our own tree of knowledge (x or y) in fear of the worm (clitoris) or snake (penis) concealed beneath the fig leaf.

The gay man who uses his penis to fill the dirtiest hole in a man's body (anus) is a man who craves (–) something other than what most straight men and women crave (–); as does his mate who offers his anus like a vagina. They're men who love loving themselves in the company of men who love them just as they are. They're the men hyper-religious people consider dirty dogs.

The ultimate destination of a man who understands his cravings is described in Buddhist dogma as: Nirvana. A Buddhist seeks the greatest outcome of all desires; the desire (+) to use desires (+) to achieve those virtues he most admires. And that doesn't require fearing serpents in trees, dogs in allegories or penises in anuses.

By seeking the desire (+) to desire (+) himself, the Buddhist goes to Oz from Kansas as a character without a speaking role. He travels the yellow brick road as a companion to Dorothy and her friends. He avoids all the paths to God by taking the godless path.

The desire (+) to be virtuous because you want to discover the secret side (z) of yourself sounds similar to a dominant seventh chord. It's holds a natural leaning for resolution. When you're helpful to others; disciplined within yourself; and awakened to The Presence of God, no matter where you happen to be on the mountain – you simultaneously strike a chord in yourself that achieves a resolution you feel you can be proud of.

Therefore, God Had to create a path that wouldn't be hampered by man's false impressions of Him when s/he looks out from only one side of the mountain. The path of Buddhism serves this function.

Buddhism is a response to Hinduism's attraction to millions of gods and demigods. Hinduism seeks detachment from earthly cravings to achieve oneness with Brahma, The Spiritual Essence of God without any physical containers. The path of Buddhism seeks the same, but without any God at all.

The closest thing we have in the material world to holding such contents without any living containment is: fire. And I'll discuss this unique container with you a little later.

The path of Buddhism detaches from heavenly and earthly cravings alike. It detaches from earth, water, wind and fire. Buddhism promotes *self*-realization because man is deeply curious about himself, not because he wants to suck up to God in order to look good in His Eyes.

A Buddhist will be rewarded for his efforts, as will all believers in God. Just because there's no god but The One God doesn't mean that there's no path but the path to God your parents may have taught you to take. There are other paths. And each of them offers learning opportunities if you're interested in learning about yourself, whether or not you're in a personal relationship with God.

Maybe it's time to sing silently to yourself, "This little dog of mine, I'm gonna let it shine."

Wizard

The path of Taoism, begun in China about 2,200 years ago, presents us with an understanding of paradox. This philosophic path with religious overtones (16 gods and goddesses) is also figuratively centered below the waist, but in the anus, the seat of the ego. Like a door that opens in two directions, the ego is a contentious part of ourselves that some people need to project onto gay people to avoid taking personally.

Once you can separate yourself from your ego by getting your head out of your ass, all sorts of personal secrets you've been keeping from yourself can be revealed... And then you won't be enamored by the power and prestige sought by the wizard in Emerald City.

The wizard within us is our ego. Like our urges (genitals), our ego (anus) is figuratively located below our belt. Our ego eliminates the food-for-thought consumed by our head that then makes its way through our spiritual digestive system and out the other end.

But this can be a fetid process, unless your ego has been trained in socially appropriate ways. Making your way consciously down your yellow brick road (digestive track) and out of your spiritual system (anus) is what makes it possible to then become a soulful person. This is the struggle every friend of Dorothy is engaged in.

The wizard ended up in Oz by mistake. He couldn't get back to the world as we know it. He's a stranger to himself; a humbug. He thinks he's in charge of everybody. He has an elaborate plan by which he controls others with fear. In today's lingo, we'd call him a Republican or a Muslim terrorist.

When Toto pulls the curtain back on the wizard, you may also see the bedbug in *yourself* who shares your bed with you and bites you at night, forcing you to toss and turn without being able to fall back asleep. On such nights, you, too, may

wake up in the morning like Kafka, feeling like a cockroach, not like one of the Beatles...

The wizard that Dorothy and her friends meets up with is more like a jackass who's got his head so firmly lodged up his own ass that he can't tell the time of day. Someone has to pull him out of there. And it's Dorothy, in the end, who does so.

But it's dark and dreary inside us all. The wizard personifies that moral darkness (shade ¹⁶) in all of us who manipulate others using knowledge of people's limited powers. We all use intimidation, humiliation and scorn to achieve control. We just don't want to admit it.

Most claim that without God's Love, you'll be defeated. But I think God Loves everybody. (He Did, after all, Make everybody.) I recommend that if you want to succeed in life, you ought to behave in a way that demonstrates that you, not only, *love* yourself, but that you *like* yourself. If you like yourself, it's very likely that God Will Like you, too.

We're all wizards in our own ways, just as we're all like the other characters in this allegory. Pulling back the curtain on your own ego is a spiritual art. And this is what Frank is trying to tell us in his shorthand, which some would call a fantasy.

What you're reading in this book of mine isn't a fantasy about a fantasy. It's a spiritual commentary on an outstandingly well written allegorical autobiography by an American genius. If you haven't yet come to that conclusion, you may have projected your craving to live out your fantasy onto both Frank and me...

¹⁶ "Shade" means "disrespect." The term is typically accompanied with the verb "to throw." Someone who "throws shade" is publicly criticizing or expressing contempt for another person.

I'm not here to lull you to sleep where you can dream. I'm here to wake you up from your fantasies and dreams to face a greater vision of reality.

The ego is what's described in "The Wizard of Oz" using imagery that makes the horrifying face the wizard has created for himself look like what anti-Semites describe as The God of the Jews: Powerful, Wrathful, Frightening, Commanding and Unmerciful.

The thunderous voice the wizard creates using a mechanical contraption that exude smoke and shoots out flames, make him appear to be parental, authoritarian, rule bound and unsympathetic when it comes to fulfilling anyone's dreams. (Today, wizards do it much more subtly with advertising, propaganda, grandstanding, military force and alternative facts.)

When Toto reveals the man behind the *Sturm und Drang* (German: storm and stress) by pulling back the curtain where "The Great Oz" controls the mechanical face he's constructed, the real wizard actually looks quite pathetic compared to the impression he makes on the big stage. Such is the *seemingly* mild, meek persona of many leaders of government and industry.

Such is the description of every man's ego when you pull back the thick curtain (anus) to reveal the humbug (prostate gland) inside. Next time you massage someone's ego instead of pulling the curtain back on it, remember the figurative image and odor on that index finger you're waving at others...

The wizard that Dorothy and her friends encounter in Oz is the great pretender in us all who needs to conceal his true, maniacal identity, even if that means we put our faith in them in an erroneous attempt to convince ourselves that we believe in ourself.

But why is that? What causes us to defend those who create an image that looks like The God of the Jews? The Hebrew Testament doesn't describe God as Meek behind a

melodramatic Self-Image full of Rage and Fury. Most Jews I know aren't like that, either. Our scripture is as whimsical and magical as Dorothy's visit to Oz if you read Torah allegorically. ¹⁷

Frank's description of the wizard's horrifying, mechanical recreation of himself is a poetic rendition of the ego that goes unchecked out of a craving for *money, power* and *prestige*. With knowledge of these three external forces in place, it's easy to maintain strict control over your external world. But what will happen thereafter isn't your *story*. It's your *allegory*. ¹⁸

The craving for power begins within. Once we get a taste for external power through fame and fortune, the wizard in us believes his own projection. He believes everything he thinks. Then, his cravings can no longer be arrested by external means. They must be addressed internally to be corrected.

That's why people don't *change* externally until they've *transformed* internally. That's also why they don't *transform* internally until they've *transcended* their very understanding of life itself.

Which part of the body does its job more nobly than the anus? And which part of the body is more disrespected for what it does day after day without commendation or appreciation?

¹⁷ For more insight into the mystery that unites our inner world with the outer world, read my book, Lazy Susan: How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought.

¹⁸ Frank ended up in the West. He and his wife moved to Southern California where he hoped to open an Oz amusement park on Catalina Island. He died at the age of 62 and is buried in Glendale's Forest Lawn Memorial Park Cemetery. His last book Glinda of Oz was published on July 10, 1920, a year after his death. I haven't read it, but it must be good if it's about me...

It's vital to have a path up the mountain of faith that deals with suffering (+/-) for the sake of delivering a noble persona.

But those kings who compare themselves to our One King by creating a contrary persona; by behaving in anti-social manners; and by using anti-authoritarian tactics to get their way – will surely never achieve their truth. They won't even admit they use toilet paper, same as the rest of us...

What they're really doing is screwing themselves over. They deliver the goods selfishly inwardly rather than to the rest of us. They become givers who only give with ulterior motive. They become self-sodomizers who must be exposed as such.

There are associations to be made between the seven parts of a human body I've enumerated in terms of the seven major world scriptures. There's a yellow brick road within you (colon) which is the universal *path* from mouth to anus that replaced the *trail* (umbilical cord) you had when you were still in your mother's womb. If you don't look at the path you're taking through life as your personal rendition of a yellow brick road, you're not *on* an adventure. You're living out a crisis.

No tea, no shade.¹⁹ So twerk it, gurl!²⁰

There's a mysterious connection between the forces within you that it would behoove you to explore. You could consider giving up being *exclusive*, in favor of becoming *inclusive* just because that will help you better understand yourself. You could consider the ways you're keeping some people at a distance. You could give up being egotistical,

¹⁹ no tea (T), no shade: no disrespect. In the drag community, "T" stands for "truth." The related phrase "all tea (T), all shade" means that a statement is true. [gay slang] Today, we're all trying to overcome truth decay.

²⁰ twerking: throwing or thrusting your hips back and shaking your buttocks. [gay slang]

knowing that your “z” factor will suffer for your self-ignorance.

To put God before ourself would be a misappropriation of our moral priorities. But to put the wellbeing of others before ourself would also be wrong. That’s why we start out *selfish*, become *selfless* and then learn to balance our efforts to become giving, inside and out, without becoming egotistical.

If we don’t begin by learning how to put ourself first, we become *obsessive*. If we don’t continue moving forward by learning how to put others next, we become *selfish*. And if we don’t put God third, we become *dogmatic*.

Doing what’s morally right in every instance requires more than wisdom or love or redemption or detachment. It requires all four. *And* it requires an understanding of the relationship between urges (+/-) and the evacuation of evil.

Toto is the only true hero in this story because he doesn’t ask for anything for himself. His methods are either *free* from personal gain or they’re solely *for* personal gain. No one can say why Toto pulls back the curtain on the wizard. Not even Toto will tell you. From the start, Toto, Dorothy’s best friend, doesn’t show the least bit of concern for Dorothy’s wellbeing, unlike her other friends who are deeply devoted to her.

The urges (+/-) of man are figuratively located in his testicles and delivered through his penis. But your urges are what they are. They’re manifested in the outer world in the ways that your head (thoughts), heart (feelings) and soul (beliefs) allow them to be disseminated. If your urges are out of control, we aren’t going to blame that one part of you. We’re going to blame *all* of you.

The ego of man is figuratively located inside his anus. The ego corresponds to the prostate gland in men that often blows up like a balloon in older age. In women, the ego

corresponds to the Skene gland that lubricates the vagina. A man with an overly active ego figuratively has a penis that's always at attention with ooze dripping out of its mouth that usually leaves others describing him as greasy. In women, her ego has the opposite effect. She loses her sense of humor. Her vagina figuratively dries up leaving her granular and bristly.

These glands have biological functions that are important for reproduction. But they also represent a spiritual function that's important for creating and maintaining a healthy, spiritual outlook on life. If your autonomic nervous system doesn't correct for malfunctions, your whole personality will be off kilter. Your urges will lead to your downfall.

The ego (wizard) is located at the end of the yellow brick road (small intestines) where each inner trip you make reaches its destination. The forces (muscles) around your ego give you that last push which sends everything you've brought in from the outside world back out where it came from.

In truth, we all are what we eat. And that's especially true when it comes to forbidden fruit that ends up being eliminated as food-for-thought. If you don't give thought to what you consume with your eyes and ears, you're going to figuratively go to sleep and miss out on life, both around you and within you. You're going to wake up with moral indigestion. And then, when you look in the mirror, you may want to throw up...

Queasiness comes from something you ate that didn't agree with you. Although the body only experiences this sensation on rare occasions, your mind may experience it every morning when you realize you have to spend another whole day with you.

You may even wake up with nightmares in the middle of the night that you aren't going to understand or know how to

handle. And it could all be avoided if you'd just *ask* yourself what you want to know more about and not simply *take* whatever your mind gives you.

The Hebrew scripture begins with a theft while the Buddhist scripture begins with an explanation of contrariness (chutzpah). Judaism explains *how* it happens. Buddhism explains *why* inquiring minds want to *no*...

Assholes are people who digest what they learn from others and then spit those people out their other end instead of their food-for-thought. They have no respect for the messenger of the messages they receive. If they see or hear something they don't like, they seek revenge. They leave a trail behind them like a cop on a horse in a big city.

When the media reminds you of the voting record of certain politicians, they're following the path of that cop by the "gifts" his horse left behind for others to clean up.

Although we may think of some people as behaving like assholes, what we're really trying to convey is that they're guided by their ego, and not their head, heart and soul.

If not for the Buddhist anti-authoritarian who pulls back the curtain on his ego, how would we come to see that we've adopted the artificial image we've made of God as Wrathful, Domineering, Frightening and Rule-Bound?

If you desire something from someone who is egotistically withholding it from you, you may have to do what Toto did in this story. You may have to pull back the curtain on his ego to prove to others that he's a humbug. That's what the two Impeachment Trials of Donald Trump were really all about.

A God without Mercy or Forgiveness is just a traumatized projection of ourself onto our Creator. That's not what God Really Looks, Sounds or Acts like. But how could people know that unless they've gone round the world in seven ways and not just circled the block a couple of times like a fool who thinks he's seen it all?

To understand The Ego of God, you must first understand the ego of man (wizard) and the anti-authoritarian forces within us (cravings and desires) that gives us the temerity to pull back the curtain on ourself.

We all have a tendency to blow things out of proportion with petty grievances we don't bother to contemplate for personal insight. We all have a tendency to face others by trying to look like the God of the Jews.

But the irritation you may experience inside when you have to face a Black man, Jew, Catholic, Muslim, woman or gay man is caused by your ego. It's not something that's coming out of your head, heart or soul. It's a sign from God that you need to calm yourself with words spoken *in* loud, not conceal your smirks with smiles you don't authentically feel.

God Is our Teacher. He'S our Guide. He'S our Healer. He'S our Creator Who Gave us a spiritual operating system by which to find our way Home.

We must use our head to get out of our logical mind (that can only think about one thought at a time) to get into our heart (our rational mind that can hold more than one feeling simultaneously).

We must use that heart to get out of our hateful feelings of demonization for the sake of revenge, so we can get into our navel (detachment).

We must contemplate our navel to get out of our attachment to our abandonment issues that began at birth. Only then can we make our way below our belt into our penis or clitoris.

Only then can we use our genitals to explore our cravings (–) and even misplaced desires (+) we can't account for.

Then, we'll achieve the discipline and determination to find our way to look more realistically at the spiritual purpose of our anus (ego).

We aren't going to make our way out of ourself and up to our soul for a better look at how and why we Were Made

in God's Image if we don't understand the passages of life that familiarize us with the inner forces that make us who we are.

We're going to behave like an egotistical asshole toward someone, for which we may pay with karma in our lifetime, and maybe even long after that (Hell or reincarnation).²¹

²¹ Who cares if you can claim to be able to see light at the end of the tunnel? Every baby born through natural childbirth has been down that tunnel. More important than that is where you went wrong once you got out of that dark tunnel into the light.

Storyline

The movie version of the book begins with a dedication to the young at heart. As you begin watching the movie, if you don't consciously tell yourself that this movie is dedicated to you personally, you're already off to a bad start.

The movie was completed 80 years ago, so the movie version of Kansas is a bizarre, old-fashioned B&W set that we're supposed to accept as modern and real.

Dorothy Gale returns home (the farm of her aunt and uncle where she's now living), extremely upset because their neighbor Miss Almira Gulch threatened Dorothy when Toto chased the old lady's cat. But Auntie Em and Uncle Henry have no time for Dorothy's petty grievances. And, although the farm hands care about her concerns, they can't convince her to behave any differently. Besides, they have chores to do.

Perhaps in an unconscious attempt to get everyone's attention, Dorothy walks along the top of a wooden fence, falls into a pigsty and needs to be rescued. (She's trying to show them that she's a mess inside. She's like a piglet turning into a sow, and she doesn't know how to talk about that in polite society. Therefore, she *acts out* her frustrations instead.)

Her aunt tells her in no uncertain terms to find a place to go where there isn't any trouble to get into. And Dorothy ruminates about such a place being somewhere she couldn't possibly get to by boat or train, somewhere far, far away. That place is her inner world, which, paradoxically, couldn't be any closer.

Oz isn't a place you *go* to. It's place you *come* from. Oz is an alternate view of what reality looks like when you peer at life from the inside *out* rather than the outside *in*.

After running away from home with Toto, and then deciding to go back out of love for her uncle and aunt, Dorothy finds herself locked out of the storm shelter where everyone has retreated because a tornado is coming. So, she

goes inside the house. The tornado (an Act of God) lifts the house off its foundation and carries it up to the sky. Inside, Dorothy reorients herself to this trauma as her mind's eye projects the people she loves in her own twisted way as flying past her bedroom window.

When the house lands, she goes outside, only to discover that her house accidentally landed on and killed an old biddy. Dorothy is going to accidentally kill an old crone before the story is over. But because Dorothy wasn't raised to speak about her elders in this way, she has no way to talk to herself candidly about what's happening that she finds so annoying.

In an allegory, all the characters are aspects of ourself that we must find the courage to assemble like pieces of a puzzle to make sense of our big picture. When the characters in an allegory come together, they reveal something about reality we've been taking for granted, a truth about a unique, big picture God Has Given to each of us alone.

The first challenge Dorothy had to contend with in this allegory is the trouble Toto got her into. As a child who's on the cusp of puberty, Toto represents the animalification of her sexual urges (lust) that are beginning to develop, and which are secretly causing her untold grief and confusion.

Without a mother and father to love and guide her through the confusion that arises at puberty, Dorothy is particularly prone to becoming a victim of false assumptions and exaggerations about adulthood that may lead her astray.

You don't have to be orphaned to know the feeling of abandonment. If you've lost your mother or have suffered indignities in life, abandonment doesn't need to be explained to you.

In singing the famous, opening song, "Somewhere Over The Rainbow, Dorothy ruminates how to get to a place where all her trials and tribulations will, at least, make sense. She asks herself, "If happy, little bluebirds fly over the rainbow, why, oh why, can't I?"

“Little birds” is a euphemistic term for gay men (from the derogatory Yiddish term “fegeles,” which literally translates as “little birds.” The songs and lyrics of the movie were composed by two Jewish composers, Edgar Yipfel “Yip” Harburg, who wrote the lyrics, and Harold Arlen, who composed the tunes. The movie won Academy Awards in 1940 for best original score (Herbert Stothart) and music (song “Over the Rainbow” by Harburg and Arlen).

“Bluebirds” are a description of gay men who are, by nature, profoundly sad (blue), even when they’re happy. The rainbow is the bridge of puberty between childhood and adulthood. And the rainbow is a personal promise from God that you’ll be happy once you attain spiritual maturity in adulthood provided you keep your childlike dreams alive.

So, the question then becomes, if gay men (who should be the most guilt-ridden of all people on the planet, since they’re accused of being an “abomination” before God in Torah), can maintain their childlike innocence on the other side of this rainbow, “why, oh why, can’t I?”

Dorothy is feeling enraged (red), agonized (orange), terrorized (yellow) and profoundly grieved (blue) about just about everything. She’s already feeling the emotional equivalences to some of the colors of the rainbow. Her hormones are causing feelings she’s never experienced before so intensely, and none of the adults in her life seem to be willing or able to explain what’s happening to her.

Miss Gulch comes over with an order from the sheriff to take Toto away to be destroyed. She’ll become the personification and focus of all Dorothy’s anger and frustration. Miss Gulch will become demonized in Dorothy’s mind as the Wicked Witch of the West.

Muslims literally destroy girl’s best *friend* by circumcising Muslim girls to remove their clitoris. This leaves Muslim females without the ability to enjoy sexual expression with orgasm.

Naturally, Dorothy is beside herself with rage (red), agony (orange) and horror (yellow) at the possibility of losing her dearest “companion.”

During this inner whirlwind (tornado) that lifts her house (mind) off its foundation (psychosis), Dorothy sees (imagines) all the people she loves outside her window flying by, happy and contented – with the exception of Miss Gulch who flies by transformed by Dorothy’s mind into a witch riding a broomstick.

Dorothy’s reinterpretations of outer reality are presented with optical illusions in the movie. But for her, in her traumatized state, they’re very real. And we can certainly sympathize with her feelings and get wrapped up in her reading of reality.

When the house lands, Dorothy comes out the front door into a strange garden-like land reminiscent of what Eden, where God Created Adam and Eve, might have looked like had it been populated by their descendants. Oz is the experience of life as an allegory. It’s our inner world as seen through the lens of a pubescent girl whose troubles are so twisted and awry that they can’t be described in “normal” terms.

There’s a path right outside Dorothy’s door unfurling out into the distance. In inner reality, this spiral path begins in the valley of infancy before there’s any awareness of the mountain of faith. There, on the great plain of reality in early childhood, all our toys were idols we worshipped like indigenists worshipping manmade gods in the valley before God Created His Mountain of faith.

We followed that path in infancy around in circles until we were grounded on one of the six paths to the summit of the mountain. That path up gave us our first, panoramic view of reality. In adulthood, however, if we look back down on reality, we see more of life than we could have possibly imagined in our youth.

But for Dorothy, at her young age and at this moment in time, the yellow brick road doesn't give her any altitude or insightful outlook on where she is or what she's doing. The yellow brick road is merely a way forward that stretches out to the horizon, making it impossible for her to see where it's going or where it'll end.

In that sense, every girl going through the hormonal changes of puberty wants to believe that the yellow (frightening) brick (individual) road (journey) of life she's on will eventually introduce her to people who can help her prioritize her moral principles so she can make her way Home (Heaven) with her reputation and body intact.

Given the losses Dorothy has already experienced in life with the death of her mother and abandonment by her father, it's going to be quite a challenge for her to follow this road with an attitude of hope, self-confidence and gratitude to God.

The experience of Home can't be attained in outer reality alone. For Dorothy, Home is paradise with God. But, as you now know, "paradise" comes from the Hebrew word "pardes," which means orchard.

Life becomes an orchard of trees of knowledge ($y + z$) and trees of life ($x + z$) once you understand the Hebrew creation metaphor about the Garden of Eden. To go Home means to leave this world (die) to return to God. There, with Him, there's a pardes (paradise) where eternal life will make sense in a way that it doesn't always here.

The Banishment forced upon Adam and Eve by God is a description of the process of growing up. We all had to descend down the vaginal tube as though we were a seed bursting out of a shell. We all had to make our way through the ground of our mother's being into this world we have to learn to share with others. We all left the garden of infancy behind for the orchard of childhood. And the forest of adulthood wasn't far behind that.

In puberty, we're all carried off by an emotional twister (tornado of feelings) that brings us to a strange, new world where we have to find our way forward in order to get Home.

I (Glinda), the good witch of the North, (princess, fairy godmother, tranny angel, drag queen, daddy rabbi) arrive in a bubble (vision) to confirm that Dorothy is not in Kansas anymore.

Kansas is Frank's description of the concept of the middle of nowhere. He was a devout, Methodist who came from a wealthy family from upstate New York. Perhaps for him, Kansas was about as far away as anyone could possibly get from inner reality in the 19th Century.

I (Glinda) call to the little people who live in Munchkin Land, saying, "Come out, come out wherever you are." This is the call from everyone in the LGBT+ community to the straight world to see themselves as they truly are and to accept themselves as God Made them. This is the call for honesty, sincerity and authenticity that will reveal our inner secrets to ourself.

The Munchkins are queer in the least threatening sense of the word. They behave naturally and affably with Dorothy. And, although they're each odd in a different way, they're appreciative and kind to her collectively because she's inadvertently helped these little people by killing the wicked witch who, up until then, had had power over them.

Dorothy is celebrated as a heroine who'll go down in Munchkin history. And, when all is said and done, isn't it how the working class (little people) feel about the middle class that should matter the most to us all? Helping to free the working class from cruel masters should be the highest concern for all drag queens (fairies, good witches) who seek to use their magic powers to achieve justice.

The witch that Dorothy inadvertently killed is figuratively her mother who forced her to grow up alone in the world by dying young. The witch is any old, immigrant woman in the market place whose sharp elbows get her to

the front of the line. The witch is any woman who bosses over you at work who you don't have the power to fight back against because you were raised by a lady to behave like a lady, not like a son of a witch...

You could even say that the witch that Dorothy inadvertently killed was the 19th Century notion that ideas coming out of the East were idolatrous, and therefore evil. Today, we know that those living in the Far East are hard workers even though they don't use our names for God.

By killing off her prejudice against people whose culture doesn't believe in God as we know Him here in the West, Dorothy has now piqued the ire of the Wicked Witch of the East's sister, the Wicked Witch of the West – who figuratively rules over the stiff-necked Jews, rightwing, puritanical Christians and fanatical Muslims whose faiths are constructed upon distinct, discrete dogmas about God-consciousness.

Dorothy begins her trip down the yellow brick road in the company of the Munchkins by singing and dancing. But when she finds herself alone with Toto and comes to a crossing where all four of the roads are made of yellow brick, she doesn't know which way to turn.

This is typical of the indecisions we have in youth over moral options that all look scary. We end up making these choices intuitively. Sometimes, there isn't even a morally wrong path to take. There are just personal choices we need to make for the first time on our own.

It's at this crossroad that Dorothy meets the Scarecrow (Jew). The Scarecrow can't make up *his* mind, either. He ruminates on the fact that he can talk even though he doesn't have a brain. But he also notes to himself that some people do a lot of talking and they don't have any brains, either.

What separates Dorothy's choices from the Scarecrow's is that she can move about, while he's nailed to a pole (cross). On his suggestion, Dorothy bends the nail that's got him stuck and flailing about up there, and then he slips down

from the pole and dances around in the middle of the intersection, celebrating his freedom.

What it means to “bend the nail” is an imbedded, religious metaphor of what it takes to move toward freedom from suffering. This is a topic discussed metaphorically by Krishna with Arjuna in The Bhagavad Gita; Moses with the Israelites in Torah; Jesus with the ancient Jews of Israel in the Gospels; and the Prophet Muhammad with the forefathers of today’s Muslims in the Quran. Basically, it means to let yourself off the hook.

I’m sure you knew when your nail was bent favorably, and you allowed yourself off the cross on which you felt impaled. I’m sure you can remember dancing around when you felt released from the burden that was keeping you feeling stuck in one place.

Jews, including Jesus, are like scarecrows hung on crosses. They require someone to bend the nail to let them off the hook. And most of them are doing all sorts of contortions to try to do it themselves. No one is willing to wait any longer for Dorothy to meander down that lane.

The wizard within us isn’t our conscience. It isn’t our soul. It’s our ego. Our ego is figuratively located up our anus. We all have a natural predisposition to believe there’s a voice inside of us that’ll know how to solve all our problems. We call it our intuition. But our intuition comes from our soul, not our rectum. Our ego only makes us annoying to others, as well as to ourselves.

The yellow brick road is a euphemistic term for our digestive track. In pursuit of answers, we internalize the outer world in the same way that we internalize food as knowledge by biting into information; chewing on new ideas; swallowing concepts; stomaching thoughts that upset us; digesting theories; and releasing all that we don’t need to know back out into the external world in a whole other form. (What you’re doing right this minute is a form of intellectual swallowing of the new ideas that I’m spoon-feeding you...)

When we say that someone is full of crap, we're really trying to express our concern for a backup in their spiritual operating system. They're clogged. They're stuck somewhere on their yellow brick road. They can't find the answers they're looking for because something inside of them is causing them spiritual constipation.

By metaphorically taking the road our food takes, and, like our food, coming out the other end of ourselves, we discover what's happening inside of us so we can then solve the external problems that challenge us.

If we use our imagination to make sense of our experiences subjectively, we can perceive that Dorothy has gone on a journey within to discover how her spiritual operating system makes her who she is and how she behaves.

We can then anticipate that her goal of meeting the wizard (ego) isn't going to solve her problem. She's going to have to solve it herself.

When we don't yet realize that the voice of our ego figuratively comes near the end of our digestive track, and not somewhere in the beginning or middle, we give our ego more importance than it's worth. And we misinterpret or exaggerate the crap we're having to make our way through in the external world. We're often more offended than our injuries warrant.

Those who are figuratively *anal retentive*, like Dorothy and her friends (Democrats), become needy and greedy for answers. They want to hold on to everything they've got in the hopes of achieving more.

Those who are *anal expulsive* (Republicans) become wrathful. They play god. They pretend they're like the God of the Jews and let everyone know how mad they are just in having to have been born. This, paradoxically, is what fuels anti-Semitism. Surely the Jews couldn't be better or worse than everybody else.

What goes into us literally is food. What goes into us figuratively is knowledge. What comes out of us literally is

excrement. What comes out of us figuratively are either answers or dogma.

Rodin's sculpture, "The Thinker," is a spiritual description of how we figuratively solve our syndromes while seated on the toilet. That was his Western interpretation of contemplation in the 19th Century. As a Frenchman, he must have loved good food. And so, this sculpture may have been his description of the meaning of food-for-thought.

Our ego is just one of many inner voices that helps guide us. Therefore, we should consult our head (Scarecrow); listen to our heart (Tin Man); and contemplate our navel (Cowardly Lion) – if we want to become a soulful person. And even then, there's always going to be the voice of our urges (Toto) which can be broken down into cravings (–) and desires (+).

Toto, who represents our genitals (urges), doesn't have to say anything out loud to change the outcome of Dorothy's adventure. Toto solves Dorothy's problems in a whole other way.

Without all these voices contributing to learning how to believe in ourself, we may listen to our ego (wizard) and make mistakes that cause pain and/or suffering. And in this way, we may feel we're figuratively moving further from our destination [Home, Heaven, Paradise, Promised Land, Moksha (release from the cycle of birth), Nirvana], rather than drawing closer to it with self-awakening.

Dorothy and the Scarecrow proceed down one of the four yellow brick roads at the crossroad where they met and soon find themselves in an orchard of apple trees (Eden). Dorothy picks one of the apples, but the tree then slaps her with one of its branches and demands to know how she'd feel if someone took something of hers without asking.

This is a commentary on the Hebrew Creation Story from God's Point of view. If only Adam and Eve had asked

permission from God before picking the forbidden fruit, this world would surely look very different than it does... Everybody would still be in paradise, not stuck down here on Earth... You'd be able to access your inner world without the doubts and confusion that come when you feel like you're on your journey all by yourself.

We wouldn't have to use allegories to wake us up from your dream-like view of reality if our parents hadn't abandoned us to external reality without internal tools. And we wouldn't label people "insane" just because they refuse to accept the standard interpretations of reality the majority agree to. People who are non-violent may be confused, but they aren't crazy. People who promote violence are insane.

That said, we could all find more tactful ways of voicing our opinions to help morally sick people through their misunderstandings of what life is about. We could help everyone transition from mad (Republican) to crazy (Democrat)...

In retrieving an apple that fell from a tree and then rolled away, Dorothy comes across the Tin Man (Christian) who's so rusted he can't move. He can only whisper and moan.

The Christian who's so defended by his psychological armor that any drop of water (love) causes him to rust inside is a poetic description of how people get stuck in their own interpretation of this paradise (parades: orchard) we're all in.

If people allow themselves to chop down any tree they like without considering the consequences of their actions, what would they expect to happen? Those who don't question their behavior may have to cry silently to themselves until they're so rusted inside that they can't take any righteous actions at all.

Therefore, *first* teach your children to apologize to themselves. *Then* teach them to apologize to you and others.

Dorothy and the Scarecrow oil the Tin Man's joints, liberating him from his condition, and he tells them how hollow he feels inside, like an empty kettle. They encourage

the Tin Man to join them on their journey to see the wizard, in the hope that the wizard will give him a heart.

Without love, there's no reason to seek brains or believe yourself when you tell others you just want to go Home. Love is essential to the meaning of life. What good is life if you haven't learned to love it? All the *sympathy* you have for the underprivileged and all the *empathy* you have for your privileged friends will be of no use to you if you haven't discovered the universality of the power of love.

The Wicked Witch watches their encounter from a branch high up in a tree and throws a fireball at the Scarecrow, which the Tin Man manages to put out with his metal hands. Hers was an anti-Semitic act, pure and simple.

But when good Jews and Christians work together to defeat the evil intentions of others, accidents and even incidents can be overcome. The Scarecrow and Tin Man then swear their allegiance to Dorothy and promise to help her get Home.

One of the greatest of all attributes in Judaism is "chesed," which is normally translated as "loving kindness." But "chesed" literally means "loyalty." When you make friends in life who are loyal and trustworthy, you've accomplished something some others would describe as a miracle.

But you don't need to take "a course in gay miracles" to see that Dorothy has earned the loyalty of her two new friends. Therefore, she's more prepared for her own future than she may realize, regardless of the perilousness of the journey ahead.

Although the Wicked Witch will use fire a second time later in the story to set the Scarecrow aflame yet again; and the wizard will use fire and smoke to invoke fear and intimidation – the attributes of fire are much greater than our fear of literal flames or the eternal fires of damnation in Hell. The attributes of fire are:

1. Illumination	Wisdom
2. Warmth	Love
3. Burn	Purification thru punishment
4. Smoke	Prayer and communication
5. Mystery	Questioning
6. Sound	Mission
7. Smell	Intuition

Although Frank doesn't go into the mystery of the spiritual secrets contained by fire, his allegory uses the burn of fire to portray various forms of purification through punishment. The other attributes of fire are personified in the characters themselves.

The Scarecrow personifies the search for the illumination (wisdom) of fire. The Tin Man personifies its warmth (love). The Cowardly Lion personifies the search for mastery over the mystery of fire (courage through questioning). And Dorothy personifies understanding of its purifying property (soulfulness).

Fire is the one container different from all other physical containers. The human being who seeks to understand and personify a fire becomes awakened to the magnificence of the container and contents s/he's been given. So, how you choose to flame, girlfriend, is all important!

Dorothy, Scarecrow and Tin Man make their way through the orchard together, but then it turns into a deep, dark forest. While an orchard is a more profound understanding of the Garden of Eden metaphor, a forest is a combination of trees of knowledge ($y + z$) and trees of life ($x + z$) that don't produce edible fruits from their labors. A forest is a world where nothing makes much sense spiritually. There's nothing to chew on to satisfy your need to know yourself. It's a place where the inexperienced, childish, foolish and mean-spirited are found. It's a description of a scary world where good people become disoriented and lost in selfish pursuits. The material world of

immature adults is just such a forest if you don't seek spiritual guidance to make your way through it.

Even though the three of them hold hands as they make their way through the woods, their imagination gets the better of them as it turns more and more into a jungle. They start to worry about an encounter with lions, tigers and bears. And before you know it, they do hear the roar of a lion.

When a lion jumps out from behind a tree to threaten Toto, Dorothy slaps the lion across the face, which causes him to cry. It turns out that he's all bluster. So, they suggest that he joins them on their quest to visit the wizard in the hopes that the wizard will give him the courage he lacks.

But then the Cowardly Lion asks them a curious question, whether they wouldn't be ashamed of being in the company of a "sissy" like him. They assure him that they're not ashamed of sissies (something many people are actually afraid to admit). If the Cowardly Lion decides to do the "sissy-walk" down the yellow brick road, that's just fine with them.

The sissy-walk has a spiritual meaning that's misunderstood. What it really means is to progress through life without asking important questions. In that sense, most people are sissies. They don't dare question what they're going through. They react by roaring about life some of the time and walking silently and fearfully without thinking about life the rest of the time.

So, Frank's allegory is extended from the voice inside us that just wants to go Home (make peace with ourself before God); the voice that just wants brains (wisdom); the voice that just wants a heart (to know love); to the voice inside us that just wants to overcome fear of becoming the best person we can be without people judging us as a sissy.

Dorothy's encounter with the Cowardly Lion represents her movement down into her navel, where she's achieved conscious awareness of her ability to contemplate the mystery of her circumstances to seek the courage to proceed

with complaints, but without reactivity. This exemplifies how new information figuratively moves through our body when we chew on our experiences, swallow and fully digest them.

We can never make our way back through that knot (navel) to where we literally came from (our mother's womb). We must move forward in time. We must make new attachments. Our first, literal attachment to our mother no longer exists. And that loss will mirror future losses in life that we must learn to question and repair when broken.

We must learn to chew on our experiences by ourself with ourself before we take action. We must learn how to question the quality of what we produce for others' consumption.

Our whole method of being fed, nurtured and protected changed when we were born. There's no cross now on which we feel crucified; no psychological armor that'll protect us; and no denial of this change in our life. If we're truthful about how life affects us, we must forge ahead.

The Cowardly Lion represents the Hindu part of us all. This path describes how we interfaced with one human being before we were born, so different from how we interface with human beings now. Our sense of detachment from our mother and reattachment to others through alliances, friendships and the effort we make to cooperate with everyone – as made manifest through the virtues of loyalty and trust – is an exercise that makes sissies of us all because it's so hard to develop total trust of strangers without asking meaningful questions.

Trust requires inner strength even after you have experience to fall back on. Getting through suspicion is impossible to accomplish without courage. Bravado isn't the same thing.

Perhaps for a Hindu male, it may be particularly hard to put trust in women after his own mother "evicted" him from her "home" at birth. But men and women around the world

who were given other views off the mountain of faith suffer these doubts and suspicions, too.

The navel is the stem of the forbidden fruit in us all that proves we've been picked from a tree of life (mother). We all share the same physical evidence of our existential nature. Knowledge of the external world simply isn't enough to learn all there is to know in this academy here on Earth. We need allegories to make sense of ourselves.

Therefore, we must look for knowledge hidden in plain sight to understand life. And to do that, we must seek the courage and conviction to persevere through thick and thin (orchards and forests) to make our way with conscious understanding toward our wizard within. The "man" who has to help us is *ourselves*.

But Dorothy and her new friends firmly believe that the wizard who lives in Emerald City will want nothing more than to serve their needs once they recount to him their dreams. They think he'll be as trusting and loyal to *them* as they are with each other. And so, they cast their lot together and proceed.

I'm sure you sense the cynicism in my voice as I describe this to you. But there truly is an aura of innocence and hopefulness we all have when the voices inside of us are working in tandem, even if others may think, after having met our friends, that we've lost our mind completely...

Meanwhile, the Wicked Witch watches them in her crystal ball and uses her magic to create a field of poppies to put them to sleep. The team make their way out of the forest, but then they find themselves surrounded by poppies, unaware of the danger they're now in. From these fields, they can see Emerald City off in the distance. But they close their eyes to the proximity of their destination.

Dorothy, Toto and the Cowardly Lion fall asleep. The Scarecrow and Tin Man, who aren't made of flesh and bone, cry out loudly together for someone to help them wake up

their companions. I (Glinda) hear their cries from afar and magically invoke snow to wake their companions up.

If poppies symbolize drugs that distract us from our spiritual journey of life, snow is the cooling, calming effect that comes with the mystery inherent in the opposite of fire; ice. Ice mitigates our hottest passions (cravings). Ice numbs us to the burns we've received from going through fire. Ice counters the purification process that causes us pain and suffering. Ice acts like the adult in the room when people are running about screaming that the house is on fire.

It's one thing to wish for the best for ourself. It's quite another to find the answer to that wish in artificial dreams produced by drugs that only put our visions to sleep, further distancing us from our spiritual goals.

But there are diabolical thieves out there who use confusion to put people to sleep; to stop them from asking important questions. This is a meaning in poppies, too. The Republican Party sows poppies in the countryside. They're losing power in the big cities. Those who die from the Delta variant because they're afraid of vaccines are asleep long before they expire.

When our head and heart have been disciplined to work together on our behalf, we're magically rewarded with outcomes that wake up our courage, desires and beliefs. We find the strength to continue with our new friends. And then we, ironically, find ourself closer to our destination than we previously thought.

The group resumes without incident, arriving in Emerald City hopeful and optimistic. They're let into the castle of the wizard, but only because Dorothy is wearing the ruby slippers. The slippers represent the ruby-red rage at birth that give her the strength that others can see keeps her going strong. This is the essence of the life force within those who never asked to be born but have the passion to wrest meaning out of living. This is the reward that some Have Been Given, that others may never achieve.

Those parents who don their children with an explanation of the spiritual meaning of ruby slippers will give them a gift early in life that their children will appreciate till their last dying day. They'll be able to slip into and out of rage at injustice with ease and without physical harm to anyone – but especially not to themselves. It'll become a creative force, not a destructive force.

Meanwhile, the wicked witch flies overhead, creating the words “Surrender Dorothy” with her broomstick in skywriting. But Dorothy isn't perturbed.

We're all given experiences in life that would lead a lesser person to give up. But surrender isn't possible for those who have an innate love of life and reason (mission) for being. Curiosity about what will come next is one of life's most motivational forces.

What's unclear is whether the witch's skywriting is intended for (A) the people of Oz to turn Dorothy over to the Wicked Witch (Surrender Dorothy) or (B) whether the words are intended to convince Dorothy to surrender *herself* to the witch (Surrender, Dorothy!).

The team meet with the wizard, and he strikes a deal with them. (We bargain with our ego. We promise ourselves rewards if we deliver results). If the group kills the Wicked Witch of the West, the wizard agrees to grant them their wishes.

The mission to expose the evil inclinations of others is a noble, but complicated undertaking. If our soul (Muslim) is united with the intentions of our head (Jew); heart (Christian); and navel (Hindu) – we've got what it takes to achieve this end. [But, in truth, without our penis (Buddhist) to act as the delivery device of our unspoken urge for the best (+), not the worst (-), of outcomes, we'll never succeed in achieving our mission.]

Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion go West with Toto in tow to battle the Wicked Witch. We all do the same in our own way when we protest the inequities in

the world around us, a world in which we all need to learn to cooperate, even if it's our ego that has motivated us to do so.

People (witches) who are consumed with jealousy and envy (green) must learn to see all the colors of the rainbow of promises they've Been Given. Ego issues often get us embroiled in others' nefarious ends.

You and I may sometimes get enraged (red), anxious (orange), frightened (yellow) or sorrowful (blue), but we aren't usually motivated by covetous emotions (green). What motivates us is the awe (indigo) and potential ecstasy (violet) of life. What motivates those who oppose us is jealousy and envy (green) or guilt (darkness).

When you want what someone else has, earn that reward, even if you don't succeed in getting it. Just making an effort to achieve what others have will leave you with respect for their talents.

But be suspicious of some people's motives. Question the source of the information you're given. You may not realize what motivates them. Their skin doesn't exude the color that's influencing them as is the case with green witches.

Some people have an irrational fear of people of color because they erroneously conclude that they're guilt-ridden (black) to the degree that their skin is off white. What utter nonsense!

The Wicked Witch of the West literally has a green complexion because her covetous nature poetically emanates out from within her. She wants what Dorothy has. She covers her green (covetous) skin in black garments (guilt). But, deep down, she has no idea why she wants what Dorothy has. Such is the personification of the evil inclination of everyone according to Frank.

Good people need to be inspired. Logic and rational thinking aren't always going to motivate them. Inspiration brings them from political extremes to a centrist place where

they can work together with most others, regardless of the race, religion or belief system they come from.

Evil witches and wizards secretly covet what *we* hold inside, even though they may possess much more than us materially. They may also hold much more power than we have. But they either want the body we got (container) or they want the virtues we've filled ourselves with (contents) inside.

This, people often don't understand about human nature. But this is what drives witches and wizards to pursue malevolent methods to achieve their ends. And many such people use their scripture to validate their evil endeavors, convincing naïve believers (like the orthodox Jews, Evangelicals and unenlightened Muslims) to support them.

The flying monkeys the Wicked Witch dispatches to bring Dorothy and Toto back to her are a police force that only does the bidding of the frightened, prejudiced and hateful who are in power. They're mindless and heartless animals who are depicted as all looking identical. And they don't think or feel deeply enough to make responsible decisions when on their own. They aren't trained to think and feel. They're trained to react quickly, not wisely.

The flying monkeys capture Dorothy and Toto and take the two of them back to the witch's castle. But Toto escapes her clutches, while Dorothy remains a prisoner in her castle.

What the Wicked Witch claims to want are Dorothy's ruby slippers (spiritual reward and rage). She thinks it's Dorothy's shoes that hold the magic that advances Dorothy toward greater righteousness. But that's ridiculous. It's not her *soles*, but her *soul* that makes her so special.

Stealing Dorothy's gift isn't possible. The Wicked Witch comes to the conclusion that she must kill Dorothy in order to be rid of her and her power.

Dorothy knows she doesn't have long to live. She's at the lowest point in her young life. She's frightened and cries out for Aunt Em. But she can only see her in the witch's

crystal ball. She can't reach her physically or be heard by her. The two of them are in different worlds.

Keep in mind that Dorothy is an orphan. And Aunt Em has been more like a grandmother to her than just a guardian. They say that grandparents and grandchildren share the same enemy, unless circumstances growing up for children are so unfortunate that they couldn't possibly think badly of their mother.

For some, Dorothy's frustration may be interpreted as a sociological reference to the struggle some girls have with their mom that leads them to believe she's a wicked witch. As this interpretation is brought to greater consciousness as a part of an allegory, mothers and daughters may come to realize that their struggle with one another is a syndrome they share that can be solved with greater introspection.

Toto intuitively runs back into the forest to look for the others to lead them to Dorothy. The Scarecrow, Tin Man, Lion and Toto climb the cliff to the witch's castle and seek a way in. Meanwhile, the Scarecrow thinks up a plan that requires the Lion to lead them with courage and devotion to free Dorothy.

They end up successfully blending in with the Wicked Witch's soldiers, thus getting into the castle surreptitiously. (The Witch's soldiers are the bureaucrats and lawyers that bad leaders use to protect them from the long arm of the law. They're also the unions that protect bad cops.)

When the team finds and releases Dorothy, and they try to escape, they're caught. The Wicked Witch lights the Scarecrow on fire again. This time Dorothy tries to put out the flames with a bucket of water, but she also douses Evilline (evil line) by mistake, and the Wicked Witch of the West shrivels up and dies.

There are no 21st Century castles at the top of craigs where wicked witches reign. Today they live in gated resort communities and large ranches out in the country. They send

their sons and daughters to Washington (the swamp) to do their bidding for them.

At the beginning of this tale, the threat of separation from Toto caused Dorothy to demonize Miss Almira Gulch. That brought up unconscious feelings about her previous separation from her mother who died, which caused such a sense of abandonment that it activated Dorothy's syndrome: *demonization*. Dorothy can't see that Miss Almira Gulch is envious of her sweet nature.

The Scarecrow's syndrome was *fire*. His head, like his body, was filled with straw. He saw himself as lumpy and clumsy, both physically and intellectually. The burn of fire (punishment) was the one force that could destroy all his hopes and dreams.

The Tin Man's syndrome was *sorrow*. The more he cried over outcomes, the more he rusted. For him to internalize his sorrow, he didn't just need a heart that could express sympathy for those less fortunate than him and empathy for those like himself. He needed to feel love coming to him from within. But how can you feel love for yourself if you're incased in nothing but armor that keeps you defended from everybody?

The Cowardly Lion's syndrome was *fear of fear*. The more enraged he became, the more his mind took him to a place where he was incapable of helping himself, let alone others. He didn't need courage. He needed to overcome his fear of facing his unexamined fears with tough questions, not bravado. With conscious awareness of fear of your primal rage, courage develops naturally out of new experiences and old.

So, for Dorothy to put out the flames that the Wicked Witch ignited the Scarecrow with is a reminder to us all to put out the flames of revenge that cause our intentions to become ignited with evil inclinations for the sake of being punitive, even if we think we have no intention of acting on such thoughts. We should always seek justice, and only

justice. But that makes a life motivated from within much harder than it looks.

Many people claim to want justice, when they're really motivated by revenge. They don't understand the unseen forces within themselves. They're motivated by crass cravings (–), not devotional desires (+). This is the cause of all wars. And this is the cause of all prejudices and mental/emotional/spiritual illnesses.

Dorothy has now killed the second wicked witch, a reminder to us of the tragic loss in Dorothy's youth. She had to find her way within from *tragic* to *magic*. She had to find her way through demonization to spiritual development.

She asks the witch's soldiers for the witch's broomstick to take it back to the wizard as evidence of having killed her, with the expectation that now her dream will be bestowed on her.

A *broomstick* is hard evidence that you've triumphed over your adversaries, even if it doesn't make your dreams any more real. You become cynical, skeptical, suspicious and sarcastic when you replace your hopes and dreams with broomsticks. But you're no closer to getting Home.

Many powerful people have closets figuratively filled with broomsticks. They've killed many wicked witches in their imagination. But when it comes to knowing right from wrong, they're power-hungry and delusional. They're humbugs who hate witches. They're tiny, little men with humungous mommy issues.

Young people know this about others deep down inside, and they scorn us for not telling them the truth about what happens to everyone through the process of growing up. They look up to us for answers in how to get life right, but few can explain it as well as Frank did.

When the team returns to Emerald City, the wizard tells them to go away and come back the next day. Finally, they all object loudly in protest!

Then, Toto pulls back a curtain, revealing the humbug at the controls. In doing so, Dorothy and her friends now realize that their dreams may never come true. They've been duped.

When we pull back the curtain on our ego, we see what a fool we've made of ourself. We humiliate ourself before ourself, sometimes even in front of others. We prove what a hypocrite we are because we don't even have the ability to make our dreams come true. We only come across as an expert in telling *other* people how to live their life.

When we've exposed a part of our self to ourself in this way, we see what a liar we are. We see we're living in denial. And then we, rightfully, conclude that we've screwed ourself over. This creates the feeling of humiliation that we exact against ourself every day we get up on the wrong side of the bed.

Too much awakening can be deeply painful, but it's sometimes necessary. That's best represented by knowledge of Toto's triumphant tale in following the yellow brick road as Dorothy's best friend. We all need to make sense of Toto's tale, regardless of what that may reveal about our most craven cravings (-).

The little dog in Frank's allegory doesn't have any spoken lines, but his actions speak much louder than his unspoken words. Without Toto, the story could never achieve a happy ending. Without Buddhism, our ascent up the mountain of faith in all God's Names won't bring us faith in ourself. All study of scripture should include the study of Buddhism. Unless you eliminate suffering from within yourself, all your highfalutin language about God is meaningless.

The wizard admits to Dorothy and her friends that he's a very good man, but a very bad wizard. In other words, he thinks he has some very great powers that make him virtuous, but he lacks the virtues required for a job as leader.

Not only does he not apologize for his ruse and for sending them into danger. He still comes across as a know-it-all. Only now he claims to know all about himself!

But the wizard still only demonstrates that he knows how to manipulate other people; he knows nothing about how to operate himself genuinely. And this is what makes him such an “outstanding” example of a humbug (self-sodomizer).

A wizard is a victim of his own invention. He consumes the fruits of others’ trees of knowledge, but he refuses to pick and consume his own. This is why he needs to create a frightening face to protect himself publicly. And as the result of this weakness, he has no idea how to complete his own journey over the rainbow to go Home.

Frank’s allegory foreshadows the demise of the Republican Party because every Mary in San Francisco has been trying to tell the American people for years to embrace Mary’s Son, not the jackasses He Rides in on in the Republican Party.

To understand San Francisco, you must understand the Castro – our gay neighborhood where I’ve lived for more than 30 years. You don’t have to become a drag queen when your mother dies, and you inherit her crown (of thorns). You don’t have to put on a dress. A fashionable frock and high heels are something you can don from within (z)...

To know yourself you need only explore the “z” factor given to you by your mother. And when she passes, you’ll then be able to accept her throne as graciously as any princess turned queen.

Oz is a view of our inner world. It’s not paradise in the religious sense of the word. Oz isn’t the Heaven of Christian or Muslim dogma. It’s a view of the kinds of peculiar people you find inside yourself who you may find easier to point out around you than within you.

The wizard makes amends by using his knowledge of human nature to help each of Dorothy’s friends. He begins

with the Scarecrow by telling him that men go to universities to become great thinkers. But they have one thing the Scarecrow doesn't have: a diploma. The wizard then assuages Scarecrow's damaged mind by handing him a diploma. (The diploma fools the Scarecrow into thinking he's as smart as any other Jew...)

The wizard then makes the claim that the Lion is a victim of unorganized thinking. He tells the Lion that just because he runs away from danger doesn't mean that he doesn't have courage. He tells him that he's confused *courage* with *prudence*. Until he met Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion was just a cub with delusions of being a fully grown lion. He hadn't yet matured inside.

Heroes parade their fortitude once a year, the wizard tells him, but they have one thing he does not: a medal. So, the wizard gives the Cowardly Lion a medal for fighting the Wicked Witch and protecting Dorothy despite the voices inside that told him it would be imprudent to do so.

And then the Lion feels validated and admired externally for the courage he showed by expressing prudence within and courage throughout. This is the Hindu path that comes from questioning yourself after helping others. This is the power that will turn India into a world power.

Then the wizard moves on to the Tin Man, telling him that he doesn't know how lucky he is not to have a heart. He tells him that those who tell everyone they have a heart have no bigger a heart than he has. (They, too, produce a hollow echo inside when they pound their tin...)

But what they do have is a testimonial. What the Tin Man needs is a token of esteem of others' affection. He tells the Tin Man that a heart isn't judged by how much you *love*, but by how much you're *beloved*. And the wizard claims that that depends on the wisdom of your heart, which is created with kindness, forgiveness and respect for others. The wizard promises that the more he gives these virtues to others, the more he'll be beloved.

The wizard then gives the Tin Man a clock in the shape of a heart so he can always hear the ticking of a heart to remind him that the evidence of his ability to feel lies close to his chest, regardless of what's going on around him.

The wizard tells them that it was a hot air balloon that brought him to Oz, and he offers to take Dorothy back to Kansas using the same means. Of course, we know that no one can go to or from Oz (inner world) with hot air. This is a journey you go on daily whether you consciously know it, or not. This is a paradox about life that you must discover for yourself.

Unfortunately, at this point in the story, the wizard demonstrates that he's only capable of waxing poetic about topics he doesn't have to take personally. He's still a humbug. But he's a humbug who's done what he could to correct his mistakes.

The only thing a wizard (Taoist) will do for the Dorothy (z) in you is awaken you to paradoxes in the way you treat yourself. Such is the outcome of the fragile ego of man.

From the basket of his hot air balloon, the wizard tells his dotting crowd that he's going to embark on a hazardous journey to hobnob with other wizards. What nonsense! What a flair for the absurd he has right to the end. The basket he's in is tied to a balloon full of hot air that isn't going to get him where we all want to go.

Toto once again steals the show by running after a cat. And isn't running after pussies what all dogs do best?... Toto's untrained actions, once again, leave Dorothy in the lurch. The wizard flies away uncontrolled, and Dorothy concludes that all is now lost.

I (Glinda) unexpectedly show up again in my transparent bubble to tell Dorothy that she always had the power to go Home. But she'd never have believed me when she first arrived in Oz. Dorothy needed her own experiences to prove her inner strength and confidence.

In saying their goodbyes, the Tin Man tells Dorothy that he knows he has a heart because it's breaking. The Lion tells her that he never would have found his courage if it hadn't been for her. But Dorothy tells the Scarecrow that she'll miss him most of all. (As a Jewish tranny angel, that, of course, touched me deeply.)

Then I tell Dorothy to click the heels of her ruby slippers together three times and say to herself, "There's no place like Home." (translation: Give meaning to your life with remorse for how you've treated yourself. That'll leave you joyful, not bitter.) And then, there she is, back in Kansas again.

Dorothy opens her eyes to find Aunt Em and Uncle Henry by her side comforting her. They tell her she just had a bad dream. None of the farm hands who remind her of her friends in Oz really believes Dorothy's explanation of what happened or how they figured in her dream.

Dorothy promises never to leave any of them ever again, when what she really wants to say is that she's internalized their virtues and made their virtues her own with admiration and respect for where they come from.

Dorothy's been *schooled*.²² She's been enrolled in the gurls' school on planet Earth. She's going to graduate sassy and classy. But there's no one yet to confirm for her where she's been and what she's accomplished. She is, after all, only 12. Her teenage years are still before her.

We all go over the rainbow when we make our way from childhood to adulthood. And we can all go back any time we please. [Sadly, Judy Garland fell asleep in the field of poppies (drugs), deeply confused and bitter. She never made it this far.]

We all know that our visits to Oz are never ending. We just need a fairy godmother to come along to convince us

²² to school: to humiliate someone so s/he can self-correct. [gay slang]

that these trips are real. In this way, we can go over our rainbow every day.

Glinda

The six paths up the mountain of faith (Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam) lead to faith in Something greater than yourselves. These paths are surrounded by a valley that offers you the option of believing in self-made, local gods (indigenism) that are forged with your own hands.

Some people put their heart and soul into creating idols that they can worship, not realizing that their effort and devotion to their creations may Have Been Held in place, all along, by The Hand of God. Some don't...

Now you know that I'm Glinda and that my former name was the Archangel Gabriel. I'm the tranny angel sent down to help you understand the wizard you have within you.

So, sit back. *Mama is serving*. The forecast calls for a gale storm. So, hold on to your hat, darlin'. We're gonna take a ride on a tornado together, you and me. Hold my hand.

In the book version, I'm the good witch of the *South*. But obviously, the screenwriter didn't know the first thing about moral direction and the value of going South. Until I tell you what a Spiritually Inverted U Turn is a little later on, you aren't going to see why he chose to describe me as the good witch of the *North*. That was an odd choice, actually. I'm hardly what you'd call a Northern knockout. I'm more of a Southern belle.

When I was Gabriel, I was the guardian angel over Israel. I was the angel who stopped Abraham from sacrificing Isaac (even though Moses didn't identify me by name). I told Mary she'd be the mother of God's Son. And it was me who recited the Quran to Muhammad.

After my sex change, I chose the name "Glinda." Call me Glinda because now I'm here to set the record gay, not straight, gurl.

As Glinda, you don't have to consider me an angel in disguise anymore. Now I'm an angel disclosed. I'm here to

tell you that regardless of which path you may have taken up the mountain of faith, you can still earn your wings. It's easy. (What's hard is earning a dimmer switch on your halo! You don't want all that illumination in your eyes round the clock 24/7 for eternity. You're going to want to set the mood just right for every occasion.)

Just please don't call me Ishmael. (Hebrew: Heard by God). I don't need to worry about God Hearing me. I only need to worry whether I can hear myself think with all the racket you people are making over all your faiths and philosophies...

When you put your effort into doing what's right, even if all the self-righteous, hyper-religious people in the world are against you because it says, or is implied, in their holy scripture that you're *abominable*, you'll discover in your own sweet way and at your own peaceful pace that you're a meaningful participant in God's Designs.

When you can reveal to yourself your potential for hope and self-inspiration, it doesn't matter which road you take up the mountain. It doesn't even matter if you choose to remain on the great plain of indigenism. The yellow brick road lies within you. All external roads are *holy* if you see yourself as striving to be *wholly*. All roads will lead you to the Oz within you, even if you're looked down on as a dog in some people's eyes.

I (Glinda) am the personification of the "z" factor in everyone, including Dorothy. I shine in all the colors of the rainbow. I know the color of rage (red); agony (orange); horror (yellow); coveting (green); grief (blue); awe (indigo); and ecstasy (violet).

I know the jewel tones of the rainbow in the heart of man. And so, nobody is going to use blindness as an excuse for his behavior so long as Glinda is by your side.

Dorothy is the personification of every Muslim girl who feels different, orphaned, abandoned and betrayed. She thinks she just wants to go Home, but she's really in shock.

The Wizard of Oz is Frank's account of P.T.S.D. before there was a word for it.

Dorothy's is the personification of the path of redemption despite disappointment in others and regrets about things she didn't get to say and do for her parents in a timely manner and in a meaningful way. By the end of the story, Dorothy discovers that she doesn't have to feel vindictive about the inequities of her past. There's a reason for everything.

To *use* your mind without *losing* your mind is an art in itself. To avoid that unfortunate outcome, you have to become mindful of yourself, not just mindful of others or God.

Getting God To Listen to you requires lending Him your ear. If you can't feel for how He Feels; and if you can't imagine how patient He'S Been with you – you're going to remain far away from knowing how to pray in front of anything other than a wall, a cross or a big, black box.

Just kissing God's Behind in your house of prayer isn't going to get you what you want out of life. His Behind is full of far too many smooches. That's the wrong way to approach Him. You're not even going to go far in this world if you kiss other people's behind. And kissing your own is certainly a contortion you don't want to have to get into...

Getting Home is harder than it looks. To do so, you have to figuratively go on an adventure that goes both East and West to face all the issues inside that will thwart your effort to go any way you choose. But I suggest you do so like a lady (z). Don't let your nose get bent out of shape over issues that are being manipulated by your ego.

To only go North up the mountain of faith using the name for God you were taught as a child is a fool's errand. You ought to experience *loving* and *earning* simultaneously. That's the definition of *learning*.

External success will only lead you to a fool's paradise if you don't use *embarrassment* of your body to achieve

modesty; *shame* or your behavior toward others to achieve *humility*; and your *humiliation* of yourself before yourself to admit to your head, heart, navel, penis, anus and soul that you've behaved shamelessly in how you've treated them. Learn *loyalty* to the one you most love. Moodiness, high strung behavior and a temperamental nature won't get you where you won't to go.

You don't have to wait for your mother to die to go from princess to queen (z). You can discover your own "z" factor and express it without mocking a single woman. Women are reminders to men that we all came out of one such as them.

If a man doesn't know himself well enough, he may exaggerate the size of his chest (y), not just the size of his penis and testicles (y). In this way, he may try to magnify the secret he's keeping from himself by externalizing it.

While on the yellow brick road to making your dreams come true, you may meet a scarecrow (Jew) who personifies the embodiment of your potential for wisdom. He could become a friend on your mutual journeys. But if you don't bend the nail that's got him hanging from a cross (let him off the hook), greater freedom in your country may never occur. Your politics may override your spirituality. And your whole nation may be held hostage in bondage.

You may make your way through the garden to the orchard where you meet a man (Christian) who seems to be made of tin. He'll personify the embodiment of your potential to love. He could become a friend on your mutual journey if you oil his joints, bringing greater liberty to your country than your people held in their hearts before.

You'll surely get lost in the woods. But you'll be confronted by a lion (Hindu) who personifies the embodiment of your potential for courage. Sissies are a mysterious gift to us all. Question everything to come to know yourself proudly.

The path of your dearest, lifelong companion (Buddhism - your most precious pet philosophy of life) was given to you

to teach you to embrace and defend your most virtuous desires (+), not your crass and craven cravings (-). The wish to be the best person you can be will never cause you to doubt your motives if you understand that *dog* below your belt.

The wizard within you (Taoist) will become the embodiment of paradox if you choose to use his strength to help yourself. Otherwise, you'll become the embodiment of foolishness. Paradox is like a door that makes it possible for you to enter or leave a place everybody considers dirty and untouchable.

Your soul (Islam) is figuratively located where all of you and The One God cross paths. This was described as the windless way (Nirvana) by The Buddha 500 years before Jesus and more than 1,000 years before the Prophet Muhammad was visited by me when my name was Gabriel (Hebrew: manliness of God). Once you've achieved peace of mind, that sense of peace can be used to make peace with God, if you so desire.

You can call yourself Glinda, if you like. You can think of yourself as a good witch from the North if you prefer the movie version or a good witch from the South if you prefer Frank's book. But the answer to whether you're going North or South is: yes. This is a Taoist mystery we're going to have to save for another day, gurl.

Returning Home

Samadhi is the eighth path of the Eightfold Path of the Buddha. Samadhi is a state of intense concentration achieved through meditation (spiritual fasting). Spiritual fasting occurs nightly until you break that fast by opening your eyes in the morning and guzzle up more light.

In Hindu yoga this is regarded as the final stage, at which union with the divine is reached (before or at death). Hindu scripture explains, “I am absorbed in celestial Samadhi, lovingly attached to God forever.”

The word “Nirvana” literally means “without wind”. In the West, Judaism offers the *grounding* you need in its creation metaphor for all forms of One-God-consciousness that build upon that. Christianity holds the holy *water* that causes the seeds of your faith in God to grow with love. This corresponds to loving emotions for yourself and God that need to be nurtured. Without positive feelings pouring into your thoughts, your heart spills out vitriol in uncontrolled ways, leaving your thoughts parched and gnarly. Your wood becomes warped and your roots, twisted and deformed.

Islam is like the sky that holds an invisible power everyone needs: the *wind*. The wind moves you whether you see it coming, or not. Usually, you see only dark clouds amassing on your horizon, and presume from that that another horrifying Act of God Is Approaching.

If you embarrass yourself by the ways you treat your body; shame yourself by the ways you treat others; and humiliate yourself by the ways you treat yourself – you’re going to separate the Abrahamic faiths, not unite them. You’re going to deny the fact that your nose is bent out of shape because of the way you’re exaggerating the evil in others.

Blacks aren’t any more guilt-ridden than Whites. Jews aren’t greater swindlers than Christians and Muslims. Gays aren’t any more perverted than straights. And men aren’t any

more intelligent than women. We're all unique combinations of seven forces.

To be without wind is a paradox in your inner world, although it's common in the figurative deserts of this world as you make your way from one place to another. Inside, there's almost always at least a mild breeze blowing. You experience this as the flickering of your own flame with mystery, awe and inspiration. Granted, your flame burns brighter, hotter and faster if there's less wind. But such are the fickle conditions of inner weather issues.

Nirvana is the experience of a windless day within. It's the experience of neither Heaven nor Hell. Nirvana is the experience of being beyond reincarnation.

More than some people want to go to Heaven, they really just want to be reincarnated to be able to come back to help all those who seek awakening, and even those who don't. Helping others becomes their greatest desire (+), not Nirvana. It's through helping one another by day that we reach Nirvana every night.

Once you reincarnate yourself on a daily basis, thanks to the visions you've had the night before, you get up in the morning in a container that mysteriously shapes your contents differently from the day before. You're like a thermos with an inner container separate from the outer container. Therefore, you have the potential to know a new possibility and potential for self-mastery every day.

Such is the mystery of the mastery of life that I can't prove to you. It's gossip. It's hearsay. But I *can* tell you that if you don't make it from blue (grief) to indigo (awe and curiosity), you'll surely die red (enraged).

Visions are the consequence of the download of new information into your operating system during the night. Visions aren't just mental excrement people call dreams. All those weird dreams you have are ways in which you're humiliating yourself that you don't want to admit to yourself consciously.

You're in a partnership with God, whether you like that idea, or not. And He Has the discretion to allow anything He Wants to happen to you to shape your clay into a masterpiece.

But that carving process can be very painful. It would be best if you learned how to become a spiritual sculptor of yourself for yourself. But that's a personal decision I can only suggest you think about.

Just as a laboratory can discern the health of your body by your feces, you can learn how to investigate your dreams for personal insight into your spiritual health and the direction of your healing.

Visions are a collusion with God secretly made at night that leave you with new impressions of yourself by morning. Visions are clues to where you are on your journey. The more you live them out by day, the more you'll appreciate the visions you achieve the next night.

Reincarnation, like the concepts of Heaven and Hell, can become a way of describing experiences you're going through in your inner world. You don't have to wait for death to better yourself enough to reach Nirvana. Reincarnation is an awakening that's as close to you as Kansas is to Oz.

Being at Home at home is a description of being truly alive and vivacious. You figuratively return to the world we share when you come back to your Kansas from your Oz. As you find that you've *changed* your mind, *transformed* your heart and *transcended* your soul, you influence the world around you just by being the best person each day that you can be.

Your quest isn't achieved only by applying Hindu contemplation to the words of Krishna to Arjuna in the Bhagavat Gita. It won't suffice to read about the meaning of wisdom as described by Moses to the Israelite in bondage within you. Nor will this be achieved only with Christ's Love for the world or the revelations from the Prophet

Muhammad as he stood before me when I recited to him my manly understanding of God.

Sometimes you just need your best friend (Toto) to pull the curtain back on your own ego. Only then will you see how important all the voices within you are to your spiritual evolution.

To be all that you can be, you must be able to recognize and separate the individual voices within you, even the silent voice of your penis or clitoris that says so much without uttering a word.

Frank created characters that are describing you to yourself. Each holds archetypal functions. He should be credited with having written the Great American Novel. The only problem is (A) it's not a novel; it's an autobiography. And (B) it isn't fiction; it's non-fiction.

You just had to have a tranny angel move you from one spot to another inside until you could see The Wizard of Oz from seven points of view.

Sadly, Frank had severe bugs in his own operating system regarding his mother that he projected onto indigenist-Americans. He saw them as savage, idol worshipping heathens. Here is an example of excrement that figuratively came out of Frank's dirty, little bum:

In 1891 he wrote, "The Pioneer has before declared that our only safety depends upon the total extermination of the Indians. Having wronged them for centuries, we had better, in order to protect our civilization, follow it up by one more wrong and wipe these untamed and untamable creatures from the face of the earth."²³

God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Later Brought Frank to California where he fell in love with the beauty of the land that we stole from the indigenists who'd come to this continent before us. The caves in La Jolla figure in one of his books, and so does Santa Barbara.

²³ Talk about unresolved mommy (z) issues!

If you're going to save the planet, you'd better learn how to integrate indigenist wisdom in with your own. You'd better learn to idolize the land, sea and sky. Because you sure as Hell aren't going to get where you need to go without an indigenist view of this world in addition to what you now know.

Even the Holy Land is crying out for an indigenist love of land that many there aren't hearing. And by extension, the people of every other land should learn to behave better with their land, sea and sky.

All the ways in which you've allowed yourself to take the rocky road West (toward modernity) will serve you in the end, provided you have a healthy respect for the indigenist plain that surrounds the mountain of faith on every side.

The fact that modernity is driving humanity toward the sunset of our stay here only means that you need to believe in miracles all the more. You need inspired experiences that'll turn you South *figuratively* before it's *literally* too late.

Wicked Witch

The wicked witches of the East and West are aspects of an allegory, not characters in a story. There is no such thing as witches, literally. Witchcraft is utter nonsense. Women who are so consumed with jealousy and envy of themselves on the inside or of those around them – that their skin literally turns green – is a parody of the misunderstood “z” factor of every human being.

Vanity of one’s body and *conceit* of one’s mind create the covetousness you can separate into jealousy (vanity) and envy (conceit). Cravings in the external world are reflections of virtues you ought to question about what’s motivating you within. Then, getting your dreams to come true becomes a reward (destiny), and not the preview to a punishment (fate).

Frank’s use of witches in this tale should be considered highly improper and offensive 120 years after it was written. Nobody should speak about women in this way. We shouldn’t even speak about the feminine side of ourselves (z) with disrespect and disdain. We should connect thoughts about women to repressed ideas we’re still holding about our mother. Therefore, we need to discuss the author’s intentions with greater insight than could be conveyed to the public more than a hundred years ago.

Life is like a journey. It begins in infancy and ends in very old age with an easy death if you’re lucky enough to complete the whole trip from start to a magnificent finish. In childhood, you became aware of the journey of life in stages that you had to piece together on your own because your parents (specifically), and society (generally), didn’t have the wisdom to piece the journey of your life together with you in ways that were universal, as well as personally relevant.

Everybody on Earth wants to succeed in life. In that sense, everybody wants to go North. Even if you live in the Southern hemisphere, the modern world uses the imbedded metaphor of success like the orienting arrow on a compass

to imply that life is a journey that takes us in a Northly direction up to a great height where we'll find answers at the summit.

You try to climb the ladder of success in the external world as best you could. You try to ascend the mountain to get to the summit. You try to go up (North), not down (South). Even in terms of emotions, you try to keep your spirits high, not let them sink into feeling low.

A lady (z) knows this about everyone. A man (y) just nods his head in agreement because that's just one more truth hidden in plain sight.

In your effort to go North, you experience the sun rising in the East on your right. You experience daylight, illumination, warmth and the defeat of darkness as originating in the East each day. But because this is one of those secrets hidden in plain sight, you don't talk about it as a key to spiritual awakening. You take the clues to the meaning of life as given in the external world for granted – until something tragic or shocking happens to you.

The death of the Wicked Witch of the East symbolized a change in the course of Dorothy's life that was so profound that we can recognize it as a sign of a syndrome, not just the death of a stranger who meant nothing to her personally.

Having your inner home rise off the ground and land in a strange place on top of an aspect of yourself that you've killed off, but only partially buried, is a way of describing a syndrome that hits you so personally and profoundly that it changes the course of your entire life. For Dorothy, her experience of having killed the first witch, left her feeling bad, regretful, apologetic, uneasy, dreadful, flawed, troubled, cruel, tested and even wicked.

After such a shock, no one could ever live with the childlike fantasy of going North on an unending, autonomous expedition in search of success. We'd be so affected by this new circumstance that the event would force us to turn away from the East on our right. It would force us

to give up our childish view of a life where all goodness, like the morning light, arises in the East each day with the regularity of the sun peeking over the horizon.

Such an event (whether internal or external) would force you to look West with self-disappointment. It would force you to face the setting sun. It would even make you look at your life up until then as though it's all happening over the course of one, excruciatingly long day. And you'd know then that when the bell tolls at midnight, your individual day will be done. What will come after that is anyone's guess.

Facing the setting sun at the end of the day forces us to anticipate death and darkness. It forces us to face defeat and the loss of illumination. It forces us to consider the eventual absence of light: death and darkness. And that may make us cynical, sarcastic and even mordant about some outcomes without being able to talk to ourself about how we feel.

You're at home in your house (body). Your body is like the shell of a turtle. And you're in your house in the same way that Dorothy was in hers when the tornado (twisted, rageful feelings) lifted her house (body) off the ground and brought it down in Oz (inner world) against her will.

Each of us has doors, windows and walls that give our house (inner abode) the layout it has. But for each of us these features are located in different places. Where you might have a wall, another person might have a window. And where I might have a door, you might have a wall.

Your access to the outer world is based on the blueprint of your house (inner abode) as it was given to you. Any interior decorating (changes in thinking) you may choose to do that involves reconstruction (massive emotional transformations) might be very costly (painful). Such is the price of denial.

You were once an *egg*.²⁴ You were an unhatched chick (x/y) trying to peck your way out of something you couldn't explain. You were just one more hen (z) doing something you couldn't talk about without ruffling someone's feathers. The only thing you knew about yourself that connected you to others was that you had a yolk that was drying up inside. You were running out of time. You had to find a way out of your shell. If not, you'd die a lost soul inside.

Dorothy's first unintended murder may have been celebrated by the Munchkins (all the little people who make up the working class who have no way of stopping the evil rulers who oppress them). But the arrival of the Wicked Witch of the West in Munchkin Land to collect her sister's ruby slippers foreshadowed the complexity of Dorothy's challenges moving forward. Dorothy's existential anger was a *ruby*-red rage, not the pastel red or any of the other pastel tints we see in the rainbows around us.

As I (Glinda), the good witch of the South said to Dorothy, "You've made an enemy," referring to Evilline's vow to avenge the death of her sister by getting the ruby slippers off Dorothy's feet and onto her own. Little did Dorothy know that the enemies you make in life figuratively reappear each time you look in the mirror.

We all need three eyes, not two. We need one eye to watch the world around us; one to watch the world within us; and one eye to watch what happens to the other two. Only in this way will we avoid exaggeration. Only in this way will we avoid magnifying or minimizing our problems. Only in

²⁴ *egg*: a transgender person who has not realized they're trans yet; used by transgender people when aspects of one's personality or behavior remind them of gender-related aspects of themselves before they realized they were trans. [gay slang]

this way will we not become *optimistic* or *pessimistic*, but *realistic*.

From a psychological and spiritual perspective, Dorothy interpreted her life as having gone through an experience of loss that was so tragic and life changing, that it unconsciously turned her West, toward the sunset. She couldn't anticipate going any further North, as other people are subtly encouraged to do with that hand they feel in their back pushing them forward and Northward.

We already know that Dorothy's mother died of an illness and her father remarried a woman who didn't want Dorothy around. So, it makes perfect sense poetically that Dorothy was farmed out to Aunt Em and Uncle Henry (who happened to literally live on a farm).

Dorothy's Wicked Witch of the East experience didn't turn her West. It reminded her that she was already going West. What happened when her house landed in Oz was a figurative description of the abandonment and horror she'd gone through in late childhood before the unset of puberty when every girl needs a father and mother to guide her into adulthood. Turning her circumstances into an adventure with friends made it possible for Dorothy to discover herself with hope for a better tomorrow.

When you find yourself facing an existential loss that brings up feelings of death, destruction, an urge for revenge and a darkness (guilt) you never experienced before, it forces you to look *out*, not *in*. It forces you to project your situation onto the world we share. It may even force you to defeat imagined enemies you create in your own mind's eye.

For Frank, this, his first book, made it possible for him to reveal the "z" factor of himself to us. By presenting us with his profoundly enlightened outlook into the human condition, we can see through Dorothy's trauma to a view of reality we may never have imagined could be true for us, as well.

Near the end of the story, the death of the “evil line” (Evilline: Wicked Witch of the West) is an unexpected, fortuitous outcome to this allegory that figuratively turns Dorothy a second time. But this time, it turns her South. The “evil line” that points people to the setting sun is an unavoidable outcome that may eventually turn them figuratively toward a more positive view of their mortality, fate, failures and the certainty of one day dying.

Knowledge of mortality isn’t only a truth about others. It’s a truth that can affect all people positively if they can maintain that perspective on life as a timed and very important test.

Those who go South discover a magnificent mystery to life. They parallel the original path they took in youth going North but going the other way. And so, they get to look over at the road they took North in their past from a new view, going in the opposite, but parallel, direction. They even get to look all the way back down to their birth in a whole new way. And from this Southerly route, they can apologize to themselves while going downhill for all the mistakes they made previously as they were scrambling to make their way up to the summit.

Ultimately, everyone goes South. Some turn South and then die without a moment’s notice. Some go West all their life and turn South only close to the end, writhing in pain at a lifetime of work they can’t do in the time remaining.

But those who see this in others learn how to take the road South slowly and carefully their whole life long. They learn how to make meaning out of the inevitability of death as a creative force, over the course of their entire life. They use death like a frame around a magnificent work of art they’re painting day-by-day.

When you can look at success *internally* to overcome your greed and lust for power, you may not need to make a lot of money. You may not need to make a name for yourself. You may not even need prestige to prove your worth.

When you're well oriented internally, all the names for God are clues to the voices inside you that will help you make your way through life's lessons in increasingly more meaningful ways. When you're oriented to success as an ascent in a spiral trajectory around this mountain of faith I've been telling you about, you succeed in both your worlds in ways that make your life miraculous and enviable to you. You connect with all seven of the paths up and around the mountain. Whether you're spirally moving up or down, you're viewing life realistically from all sides.

Those who aren't so self-devoted and diligent end up only going West, toward the setting sun. They gamble with their health by defying their doctor. They gamble with their love life by defying the wisdom of those they love. They roll the dice when it comes to decisions about their hard-earned money. All that leads to outcomes that force them to trudge toward the setting sun, whether they like where they're headed, or not.

Going West is a *tragic*, but realistic outcome, especially when you're young and no longer as naïve as you were as a kid. But turning South is a *blessing* that can occur at any age.


Whatever direction your life takes you in, you can make sense of your circumstances if you have an inner orientation to the figurative meaning of your conscience being constructed like a compass with a mysterious magnet guiding it. Only then will your conscience truly become *your* guide. Only then will you be able to ask yourself which way you're facing from an enlightened, unexaggerated, moral point of view. And only then will this spiritual inverted U turn be a meaningful reminder of who you are and where you're headed.

Feeling guilty is the greatest clue to becoming a better you. It's the emotion that leads to wisdom. Knowing you've done something that's unwise will *free* you to try doing it differently the next time. Knowing you've done something that's unwise will *liberate* you to feel more confident about

yourself. And that'll eventually *emancipate* you from who you once were in an indescribable and mysterious way.

Guilt will give you the wisdom to seek love. Love will give you the reason to live life more thoroughly, knowing that there's no way of knowing what comes next.

The journey of life begins looking like a line segment that goes from the South to the North in an ascending fashion. It quickly turns into an evil line pointed West in the direction of inevitable darkness. But in the end, for those who seek the good, life is more realistically described as an inverted U turn.

Going North ↑ , West ← , South ↓ and then East → again and again creates links  . And the links create a chain. This chain looks like the ladder in Jacob's dream. [Genesis 28: 10-22] You will be ascending and descending this ladder in inner space every day of your life as you come to realize that you're an angel, too.

Understanding Jacob's dream as a boy's first, wet dream makes it possible to appreciate the awe and mystery of being male. It gives him the ladder he needs to recreate the path of angels (thoughts) moving up and down within him. It individualizes and personalizes his own experiences in ways that allow him to reinterpret Torah as an allegory on which all of Western Civilization has been constructed using The Words of God.

This paradox between the outer world₂ and inner world₁ can be experienced soulfully without drama when you can monitor your thoughts without believing everything your head tells you. You can use your heart and soul to guide your actions even if your head tells you otherwise. You don't have to turn into a drama queen...

An external tragedy forces people to face death and destruction (the setting sun). In Dorothy's case it's the death of the Wicked Witch of the East that reminded her of the tragic death of her mother. The second external tragedy (the death of the Wicked Witch of the West) forced her to face

death a second time with an optimism and hope she didn't have before.

By throwing a bucket of water on the Scarecrow because he was on fire, Dorothy acted with the best of intentions. She had no idea that water would be the nemesis of the Wicked Witch of the West. Who could have imagined that water, the life-giving force that we all need to keep us from figuratively bursting into flame with rage just at having been born, could become anyone's downfall?

The inverted U turn is what you perceive in people who have a "charisma, uniqueness, nerve and talent" you can smell with your nose, not see with your eyes. It's an attraction you have for them that you wish they could talk about.

Frank depicted these two movements (West and South) in Dorothy's life as motivated by ugly, old, green women dressed in black who rode around on broomsticks. The death of the first, set Dorothy on an adventure in Oz that almost got her killed. The death of the second brought an unexpected resolution and positive outcome to her and her friends that none of them, least of all Dorothy, could have anticipated.

Dorothy eventually gets back to Kansas from Oz with a whole, new perspective on life. And don't we all just want to make our way to Kansas – a place where we feel everything is normal and makes good sense?

We all just want to go Home. And we all will. But along the way, there are allegories created by brilliant authors like L. Frank Baum who can describe the importance of our own life to us because we're too close to ourselves to see ourselves clearly.

So, if you haven't met the wizard of your Oz, I suggest you make haste to get to Emerald City to do so. Kansas can wait.

Flying Monkeys

The flying monkeys are servants of the Wicked Witch of the West. They do her bidding because she personifies the setting sun. Flying monkeys see only death and destruction (Armageddon, Apocalypse, End Times) before them. They remain aloft on wings of cynicism and scorn they think nobody else can see.

After leaving the wizard, Dorothy and her friends find themselves in a haunted forest. The Wicked Witch dispatches her flying monkeys to kidnap Dorothy and Toto and bring them back to her. She wants what Dorothy has, and she knows that torturing Toto is the way to get it.

Flying monkeys are people who have no triumphant tale of their own to tell. They serve those in power because they're afraid of their own innate powers. They wish to be ruled. They don't want to take responsibility for themselves. They not only *want* to face the setting sun. They *worship* it. They don't want to share this world with a bunch of peculiar characters who look and sound like losers to them. Flying monkeys always vote Republican.

All flying monkeys look alike and strive to think alike. They'll do anything to upset helpful, hopeful outcomes. But they must always seek new reasons to behave in a contrary fashion, so they conspire and collude with wicked witches to produce cynicism, scorn and derision worldwide. That quest keeps them flying high.

They blame others for knowing less than they do, never themselves. They use the law to get control and maintain control in order to ruin other people's lives. And they do what they're told by their leaders through code they think we can't understand. Their code is a condescending and patronizing attitude to all those who believe differently from them.

As we all know, some monkeys in zoos get mean and nasty over time. They don't like being cooped up behind

bars. So, they throw their feces at the people who come to gawk at them.

Flying monkeys in the urban jungle figuratively do the same. Until they evolve, we're stuck with these knuckle draggers. We can't sneak around them.

Flying monkeys appear to be compliant, obedient and soft-spoken with one another because they don't wish to frighten one another with their spiritual ignorance and malaise. But they have a chip on their shoulder as wide as the Grand Canyon from the disappointments they've faced in life. They flock together to create conspiracy theories that will support the wicked witches they work for. But it all boils down to rage at their mother at her having gone into contractions that forced them into this world.

The flying monkeys are, in some ways, more like bats. They insist that they're blind to the hope and optimism we can see. They insist that *their* God Is Going to relieve only them of suffering. They're banking on *their* God Punishing us.

Flying monkeys and the witches who have power over them demonize anyone who has a desire to grow spiritually because that goes against their religion. Their religion is run by *their* name for God alone. They think He Has no other name than *theirs*. But He Always Looks just like the mechanical face created by the wizard to frighten everyone into doing his bidding. The wizard's external face looks like The God of the Jews. So, when they get disappointed, frustrated and enraged, they end up blaming gays, Blacks and, if that fails, the Jews.

If you go elsewhere in the world, it doesn't matter what they claim their religion is. The only thing that matters is that their leaders affirm for *their* flying monkeys that in order to return to the "wonderful" way things used to be thousands of years ago, everyone has to do exactly as s/he's being told.

Obedience is their only virtue. And for being obedient, they promise a great reward after life using *their* name for

God alone. Science, common sense and a cooperative nature aren't words in their vocabulary. They have to use conspiracy and collusion because they can't yet be honest, sincere and authentic with themselves. This is true about the orthodox Jews, too.

Flying monkeys can't contemplate their own navel (figure themselves out). They can't wrap their head around the idea that everyone had a mother just as they did. They treat those of us they exclude as though we weren't born the same way they were. So, obviously that means we don't have feelings, even if we make a point to point to the knot on our belly.

They don't view men and women as having something in common that gives women the same rights and privileges as men. They don't believe in the "z" factor on some sort of principle. Females don't count when it comes to expressing their power. They're only ovens for cooking up more males.

Flying monkeys can't meditate (fast) or contemplate (eat) from within because they don't know enough about how they operate in the spiritual sense of the word. For them, everything must be taken literally.

But what comes out of their mouth and what comes out of their anus are indistinguishable because the various voices inside them have no intention of working for unity to become cohesive human beings who strive for goodness for all. Therefore, I say to them, "Let your whole-body talk, gurl!"

Any attempt to modernize, liberate and evolve is strictly forbidden by flying monkey leaders. That would cause them more guilt [embarrassment of their body, shame of their character and self-humiliation (melancholy, depression, repression)] than they could possibly allow themselves to face. They're homicidal. They're sociopathic. And if you ask me, they're Hell bent.

Flying monkeys are always facing West and going West. When the Wicked Witch of the West was killed by Dorothy, that left an opening for another wicked witch to come along

from the East to round up all the flying monkeys to continue the fight for the “right” to pursue death and destruction. We see the same thing happening from one generation to the next.

Their wish to die is, paradoxically, something they have in common with Dorothy. When your parents loved you as a baby because you were their little monkey, it may have given you the false impression that they’d love you like that forever.

But you grew up and things changed. In Dorothy’s case her mother didn’t *love* her enough to avoid her own demise. (As if that’s reason enough not to respect your dear, departed mom!) And her father didn’t *like* her enough to even keep her under his roof. And so, Dorothy, like every little monkey, grew up with doubts about how long love will last.

Now that the Delta variant is punishing Republicans for dismissing the vaccine as a hoax; now that the tornadoes, hurricanes, fires and droughts are simultaneously hitting the whole country; now that the truth about the conspiracy and attempted coup by Donald Trump is coming to light - the Republicans are beginning to sound like the soldiers in the castle after the Wicked Witch shriveled up and died. Let’s hope the flying monkeys get the message.

The less you believe in love, the more you turn into a monkey with leathery wings. The more you come to believe that love can’t last forever, the more you turn into a sad, Muslim girl who wishes she could go Home.

What flying monkeys and disappointed, young ladies (z) have in common is the feeling of confusion. When you’re frustrated with parents who demonstrate that they no longer love one side of you, whether that side is “x,” “y” or “z,” it makes you question whether you can love all sides of yourself.

A young lady (z) on the cusp of adulthood seeks answers. And that’s what separates monkeys from maidens (z), which

is another way of saying that that's what separates the gurls' (z) from the bois (x or y).

And if that's not clear enough for you, then let's separate the gay bois (y) from the drag queens (z) until we find someone who's willing to come far enough out of his closet to tell it like it is. If you aren't ready to listen to a gurl like me (Glinda), then you're not yet a friend of Dorothy.

The Moral of the Story

They say that the moral of “The Wizard of Oz” is to be yourself. But if you recall, the Witch’s flying monkeys (constituents) and her soldiers (lawyers) are relieved when the Wicked Witch of the West is declared dead. They just don’t apologize or make amends for their behavior. Is that what it look like when they’re being themselves?

If you recall, the wizard helps the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion after Toto pulls back the curtain on his charade, but the wizard doesn’t apologize for having sent them to kill the Wicked Witch and endangered their lives. Isn’t that a humbug being a humbug?

Who’d want to be himself (egotistical and self-indulgent) if he continues to behave callously with the lives of others?

If this were a story, the moral of it should be that you ought to do more than stop being awful. The moral should be to apologize for the way you’ve hurt people and make amends to them in a timely manner.

But this isn’t a story, and so that isn’t the moral of it. It’s an allegory. Therefore, all the characters are aspects of yourself. There’s no one for you to apologize to but your inner selves. Don’t worry about being *bad*. Worry about going *mad!*

Whether you’ve walked past one wizard (narcissist) or every wizard (showoff) on Earth, you should secretly feel sad for every Sorcerer’s Apprentice you meet. These “wizards” think they need to create an artificial persona that resembles The Wrathful, Intimidating God Whom they blame on the Jews. The anger and fury that emanates out of them when they get their curtain pulled makes them dangerous to every society. Study His Story if you don’t know enough about history. And study herstory is you don’t know enough about your own (z).

We all self-sodomize ourself from time to time. That’s why God Told us *not* to eat from the tree of knowledge and

not to sleep with men (y) as we would with women (x). Sleep only with fully grown adults (z) who you're deeply attracted to.

If God Hadn't Created us contrary to begin with, and then told us what *not* to do, we'd never have done what we did. And then we'd never have developed what little conscience we have.

If man hadn't raised himself awake from sleep, he'd never have realized that the Hebrew Testament began with a story based on reverse psychology. He'd never have learned to question those who think they have the right to behave like gods and those who think they're as evolved as the Buddha. You should question those who don't question themselves and The Word of God for insightful answers.

If you don't unify the characters of the allegory of "The Wizard of Oz" as aspects of yourself, you'll never come to see how *you* behave like a flying monkey (bad cop) or soldier (sociopathic lawyer or bureaucrat) defending the castle of a wicked witch who everyone else can see looks just like *your* mother... You'll never see the apology you need to make to yourself.

Love *yourself*. You need your love more than your mother does. Just honor *her*. And don't worry about God. God Loves everybody. He Just Doesn't Like everybody... Do you?

There *is* justice in this world. But if you don't improve your relationship with all the voices inside of you day-by-day, you may slowly become the recipient of worse and worse misfortune. And then you may not realize what you need to do to turn your bad luck, good. Your brown (grounded) eyes will turn blue (sad).

Crying out that you just want to go Home is another way of saying that you wish you were dead. Life is harder than it looks, Dorothy. But the miracle of being able to go on this journey to self-discovery is an amazing gift from God, even if you're traveling the Buddhist path of self-ascension solo.

If you insult yourself with declarations of faithlessness in yourself, what would you expect to receive in the way of hope and self-betterment ten years from now?

You got what you got. It may not have been what you wanted. Learn from it. Deal with it. The gays aren't going to the moon and the Jews aren't going to Mars to rid this world of what some people here on Earth don't care for about us.

“The Wizard of Oz” is an allegory in which the moral is to learn to apologize to some of the voices inside you. There are many aspects of yourself that make you who you are. If you aren't aware of how you're treating all of them, expect more in the way of disrespect, failure and bad luck. Expect more weight on your shoulders; more clouds in your inner sky; and more fires and floods around you.

You wouldn't buy a computer or cell phone and then not learn how to use it. Why would you assume that you're not in an instrument that's even more sophisticated than one of man's manmade, technical devices? If you throw your body (container) and blood (contents) on the scrap heap of cynicism without having discovered the magnificence of your potential, you'll only have yourself to blame.

Your house (body) isn't the same as your parents'. Yours is a smart house. It's wired in ways that your parents aren't accustomed to operating theirs. If you don't appreciate the sophistication of your spiritual abode, as though you were a turtle lugging around a shell, you're not going to get far. Someone's gonna flip you over and watch you flail.

Every garden will eventually turn into an orchard. Every orchard will turn into a forest over time. And every forest will, in some spots, turn from an urban jungle into a swamp.

Where you choose to live out your life depends on the skills you've been given and your urges (+/-). But what you do with those skills and urges depends on your conscience, not your figuratively webbed feet, forked tongue, razor-sharp fangs or terrifying talons.

Those who don't see human nature in Mother Nature may just have to be damned for having thought of themselves as having come out of a witch. It's not where you come from, but where you're headed, that counts.

There are all sorts of mammals that live in swamps.

Foxes think they can reinterpret the news with alternative facts. Bears expect the market to fall, so they sell early to make money at others' expense. Raccoons steal from the innocent, and rats double-cross the naïve.

Swamps aren't only filled with venomous water moccasins (egotistical tyrants) and man-eating gators (lawyers). You'll find vipers (swindlers) in every family!

Long before you have to face your final exam to graduate from this gurls' school (z), you may become filled with regrets at what you didn't learn about yourself while you still had the time. But, by then, it may be too late.

When Frank wrote The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, he created a term used by gay men nowadays when our urges overwhelm our thinking. That expression is, "Surrender, Dorothy!" In Republican circles that kind of sky writing was stated another way, "Lock her up!"

But the good people of Oz shouldn't lock up Dorothy. Dorothy should never surrender to the injustices of political thugs, entrepreneurial criminals and hyper-religious thieves. She isn't guilty of having done anything to hurt anyone. The worst you can say about Dorothy is that her confusion about how to live her life caused her to wish she could get out of here as soon as possible.

In truth, every time a friend of Dorothy clicks the heels of her ruby slippers; snaps her fingers or clucks her tongue, she enters or leaves Oz. Would that you could transition between your two worlds with such ease.

Don't surrender, Dorothy! Apologize to yourself. Life is harder than it looks. Who cares whether any of the rest of them apologize to themselves? Their destiny or fate is out of your hands.

How often did you wish you were dead when you were 12 years old? How well did you manage puberty thereafter? Did you literally have to deal with the death of your mother and rejection by your father at that age, or did you, instead, have to do so figuratively?

Scripture doesn't only have to be taken literally. God Is a Poet. He'S not prosaic. Don't you be, either.

Problems in the external world are always accompanied with a struggle over a *syndrome* in your inner world. We all have to deal with syndromes, whether we like it, or not.

Some have to go through forests in the external world. And some have to go through forests internally, meeting all sorts of scary creatures they wouldn't have expected to find.

We all started out life in a garden. We all went to school to discover the orchard (pardes) of reality. In school, they cut us down like timber and sawed us into two-by-fours to build a productive society.

But when we graduated the educational mill, we found ourself in a forest where everyone gets lost, whether you consider that forest an *urban* jungle with wild animals that try to rip you apart limb from limb or an *inner* jungle where you encounter beasts who do the same to you another way. Both places are equally real.

Despite the fact that Frank was inspired by a file cabinet labeled "O-Z" in naming the place where Dorothy went over the rainbow, the name "Oz" is, coincidentally, a boy's name in Hebrew, meaning, "strength, power, and courage."

Anyone who travels between his two worlds with the ease of ruby slippers mounted on stiletto heels intended to protect feet of clay becomes an honorary resident of Oz, regardless of his or her namesake. Call her Dorothy. Call her Glinda. Call her whatever you like.

The Anal-Retentive Ego

“Gather round ladies! Oh, Pit Crew!”

Flying monkey who threaten their leaders to hire soldiers (lawyers) to take their unrealistic grievances (lost elections) to court are going to discover that they’re on the wrong side of His Story because God Has many names besides Jesus.

If you don’t behave like a Cairn Terrier that’s pulling back the curtain on the maniacs behind the scenes who’re out to screw us all over, you’re going to look back on your life with remorse. You’re not only not going to go as far North as you thought you could. You’re going to go further and further West, towards cynicism, suspicion, sarcasm, skepticism, scorn, distrust, contempt and disillusion.

That’s not the message Jesus Brought to Earth.

When the day comes (and it will) that you turn South, you aren’t going to have the least bit of orientation to where you were or where you’re going if you’ve been interpreting this world *literally* and not *literarily*.

Don’t believe everything you think. If you doubt your own head, you’ll put most trust in your heart and soul. If you doubt the soldiers and flying monkeys around you, you may find that your luck changes dramatically. The leaders you’re following aren’t serving your best interest if they’re representing the Republican Party.

There may not be a fairy godmother or even a good witch by your side to remind you to figuratively click your heels together when you’re on your deathbed. You may be afraid. You may be angry. You may be anxious and upset at how you ended up living your life. You may even wish you hadn’t figuratively died long before you literally found yourself with nothing left to do but flatline.

So, decide now to die with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye, not a grimace on your face and a wince in your eye. Because, if you’re not prepared to go out joyously, with at least lavender leanings of love for yourself and understanding for others, the people who loved you may

sob at your funeral for all you didn't do for yourself when you still had the time. Don't wait until it's too late to discover that it really was always about you.

Your Tower to Power as Seen from Oz

When you get out of your head, but go down only as far as your navel, you can still imagine what figuratively lies below your waist. First contemplate your navel to determine who you are and why you're here. Then you'll find that your genitals are part of your destiny, not an appendage to your fate.

When your serpent conspires with your heart, they mess with your head. That's the Old Testament in a nutshell. But when you get out of your head and into your heart, you have the possibility of saving yourself from ruin. That's the New Testament in a nutshell.

And when you know love, you open yourself to the possibility of knowing God. That's the Quran in a nutshell.

There's no literal placing of hands on The Elephant that'll tell you what The Elephant looks like below Its Belt. That's why the faiths of the world are all fighting with one another over a mystery they can't solve. They don't want to touch Something in A Place they shouldn't...

The Medieval Catholics described this as counting the number of angels that can stand on the head of a *penis* (which they avoided saying out loud by calling it a *pin*). Since then, people have been afraid to laugh at the sexual ignorance of hyper-religious fools who couldn't find their ass with both hands tied behind them...

The tower to your own power is figuratively your penis or clitoris. Men who try to out-macho (y) one another are trying to prove the figurative length of their penis. And that's futile because it's something that's subjective. Your penis grows to the length you allow it to get in your imagination. That's why some men are so creative, and some are diabolical, conniving thieves.

Fire and ice are like the burn of orgasm. Snow is like powdered sugar that rains down from the clouds in your inner sky to sweeten your landscape. Your temperament is either like fire and ice or powdered sugar. Your inner

weather isn't determined by man. Only the outer weather is determined by man. If you want acts of God to work in your favor, you'd better become more realistic.

Another way of saying this is that the dominant seventh you've been striking all your life will reach resolution when you come to the summit of your tower to power.

Once you can be proud of all of yourself, you won't need wings to get to Heaven. You'll just saunter up to St. Peter at The Gate, show him your little Toto and he'll wave you in because you're a friend of Dorothy...

Nirvana is like sex with yourself. *Heaven* is like to sex with your soulmate. But what's going on in that skyscraper of yours when it reaches above the stratosphere to outer space, nobody but you can say. ²⁵

“Can I get an amen up in here?”

²⁵ Special credit to all the stars of **RuPaul's Drag Race**. Thank you, brave gals, for revealing who you are; and the mysterious “z” factor that you're willing to explore publicly. But a special call out to Bianca Del Rio, the winner of season 6. Who said, “I love saying goodbye. There's nothing like shutting that coffin lid.” “Chanté, you stay!”

Previous Books

(I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.)

18. **Home Schooled**
why my inner child refuses to go to college
17. **Lazy Susan**
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought
16. **Your Buddha Within**
Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who
Yearns for Peace of Mind
15. **Playing god With God**
Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself
14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**
Volume 1 High Lights
Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save
the Planet
Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 5 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 6 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 7 **Flames**: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul
7. **A Guest at Their Table**
My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**

Torah For Straight People

Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You

Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and
Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**

Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**

89 Poems of My Love for Me