Call Me Glinda

a book for friends of Dorothy



Emblem of the Theosophy Society

By
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Call me Glinda.
Call me Ishmael. [1]
It's doesn't matter what you call me.
It doesn't matter if you perceive me as female or male.
What matters is why you call for me.
I'm a fairy GODmother.
I'm here to help.

[1] Ishmael means "GOD will hear" in Hebrew. The first line of Moby Dick, by gay, Christian writer Herman Melville was "Call me Ishmael." He defied his Christian roots by describing his sexual-spiritual relationship with Islam. That had never been done before.

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 officially open.
Reading is fundamental." [2]

Where I use quotation marks in this book
without a credit,
I'm quoting Ru.

[2] reading: [1] to wittily and incisively expose a person's flaws often exaggerating or elaborating on them; [2] an advanced form of insult. [gay slang]

Imagine that you're the cockroach
Kafka turned into
a short story. [3]
Now imagine that you're a Beatle
like
John Lennon.
Now imagine that there are millions
of bedbugs crawling all over you,
vermin biting you and sucking your blood.
Now imagine that you're
a garden variety humbug.
That may be how the Wizard felt about himself
when Toto pulled back the curtain on him.

This is how I felt
when I realized I'm not just a good witch.
I'm a fairy GODmother scribbling my thoughts on paper
about what I did for Dorothy.

An idea holds within it
a plan that can be turned into a story.
A story is a moral explanation
with a beginning, middle and end.
But an allegory is a vision of tomorrow
that can awaken the dead.

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[3] Franz Kafka was a German speaking, Jewish Czechoslovakian who wrote about his experience as a Jew in early 20th Century, Christian Europe. "The Metamorphosis" is his most famous short story. Perhaps when you look at today's world, you can see why he described himself as the world's biggest pest.

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

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz is an allegory.
Each character is the personification of
metaphors, symbols and similes that,
when combined into narrative form,
reveal a profound truth about us all.

Each of the world's scriptures is also an allegory.
When you have the keys that 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 why you're here.
If you're curious enough about yourself,
your path in life will unfurl like
a yellow brick road.

Your mind is like a vehicle.
What people don't know
is that the seven world faiths
should be assembled like an automobile
whose parts were constructed separately around the world.
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 creating traffic jams.

Most people are afraid of Muslims.
We all have good reason to be angry at Christians.
Hardly anyone's interested in Hindus.
People swear by Buddhists
but only because they don't believe in GOD.
The Taoists are inscrutable.
Nobody has ever cared about indigenists.
And everyone hates the Jews.

Table of Contents

Introduction to My Commentary	I
Dorothy	1
Scarecrow	6
Tin Man	10
Cowardly Lion	21
Toto	26
Wizard	33
Storyline	44
Call Me Glinda	75
Returning, Rather Than Going, HOME	83
Wicked Witches	88
Flying Monkeys	98
The Moral of the Story	102
The Anal-Retentive Ego	108
Your Tower to Power as Seen from Oz	110
Previous Books	

Introduction to My Commentary

The modern world we live in 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 of "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 Baum's 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. I'm a fairy GODmother and the wife of archangel Gabriel. I'm a good witch, which is like an angel disclosed, not disguised. I'm a lover of drag queens. I'm a lover of Jewish mothers. 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 have my permission to perceive me as the biggest booger that ever came out of a Jewish nose. [4]

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

As a Jewish angel disclosed, naturally I believe in GOD. So, I have the divine right to express myself both inside 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 hampered by what I can't 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 life with all its views on faith, you've got to approach it from all sides, or you may be worried by the time you get to the summit that the end of your journey wasn't justified by your means.

I come here on Earth to remind you not to believe everything you think. But I would like you to think about the seven paths up the mountain of faith. They correspond to seven parts [chakras] of the human body which correspond to the seven "peculiar characters" in the movie "The Wizard of Oz."

These seven aspects of man describe how people were made in GOD'S image as well as how they're personified in Baum's allegory. Each character symbolizes a spiritual construct.

Baum couldn't be here today to tell you this himself. [As a fairy GODmother, I'm an intermediary of the LORD who runs errands for lots of angels who had to be disguised while they were on Earth.] If you don't believe me, just ask the LORD yourself when next you see HIM…

Once you understand GOD'S thinking [and Baum's], you'll want to know more about how HE made you in HIS image. Here is a list of these universal characteristics in relation to Baum's peculiar characters as they first appear in the story:

	Human Attribute	Wizard of Oz Character
1.	Muslim Soul	Dorothy
2.	Buddhist Penis/Clitoris	Toto
3.	Indigenist Face	Glinda
4.	Jewish Head	Scarecrow
5.	Christian Heart	Tin Man
6.	Hindu Navel	Cowardly Lion
7.	Taoist Backbone	Wizard

"Let your whole-body talk, gurl!" You need to know each aspect of yourself to unite them within your container with your unique contents.

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 Baum's tale:

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

As you can see, Dorothy is the last of these seven characters, yet the story revolves around her. You can't get from here to THERE without the examples that Dorothy and her companions model.

Don't be concerned about all the opinions I'm throwing at you. They're intended to make you think about what you take for granted. It'll all sink in by the end of this book. I'm not testing you on any of this. I assume you're curious enough to absorb my thoughts in an effort to see yourself as a gift from GOD to us all.

Like the seven chakras of Hinduism, seven colors of the rainbow and seven days of the week in Judaism, each of the world faiths signifies a part of GOD'S design that some people haven't yet shown much interest in exploring from a place of unity and harmony with their inner forces. That's what I believe is causing much of the suffering worldwide.

Each of these seven paths up the mountain of faith offers a specific panorama onto life that the other paths don't. But, when you combine all seven of these outlooks, you become a soulful person who can drop the pretense of telling yourself you know what will happen to you after you die.

Because most people live as though they'll never die, I should begin by discussing the concept of mortality. I'm going to begin with new vocabulary words you're going to need.

The word for "work" in Hebrew [avoda] also means "worship." You can surely see that there are a lot of people working very hard at making a living who aren't appreciated for their work or their form of worship. The gay word "werk" refers to inner werk. as in, "Werk it, gurl!" [5]

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 good witch and fairy GODmother, and not one of those angels in disguise.

Let me be the first to welcome you to GOD'S school for gurls. Here on Earth, you're going to be graded on "Charisma, Uniqueness, Nerve and Talent [C.U.N.T.]." So,

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[5] werk: [1] putting in the necessary effort and using your skills to perform effectively. [2] Displaying effort and talent so undeniable that no one can shade or read you. [gay slang] [3] 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.

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 "The Wizard of Oz" again to refresh your imagination on Mervyn LeRoy's 1939 production at MGM.

In short, 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 her closest friends. Although they find themselves together on this adventure for different reasons, they're all hoping that the same man will solve their problems for them. That man, the Wizard of Oz, does solve their problems, with the exception of Dorothy's. But it turns out that she's had the answer to her problem all along. And it's her fairy GODmother, Glinda [me], the good witch of the North, who reveals this truth to her at the end of the movie. [I'm the mirror in which Dorothy can truly see herself and face herself.]

Consider me an angel disclosed and fairy GODmother all rolled up into one. "Mother has arrived!" [6] But I'm really just a fairy who's been in gay drag 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 productively. And, if you happen to be involved in professional sports, but don't want anyone to know you're

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

a hunty, [7] I suggest you rethink your strategy from now on. Honesty, sincerity and authenticity are the best policies if you want to become genuine.

Before we start this adventure together, I must tell you that this won't be easy. 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 along with a good witch who's naturally angelic. I'm no more peculiar than anybody else in this world.

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

[7] hunty: [1] reference to a fellow artist [2] term of endearment for another queen [3] derived from combining "honey" and "cunt." [gay slang]

Dorothy

Islam gave us the last and final path to the top of the mountain of faith through the path of redemption through our soul, not only through our head [Judaism] or heart [Christianity]. Islam began about 1,400 years ago and is figuratively centered under our right nipple where our soul resides. When you can weigh the thoughts [in your head] against the feelings in your heart below your left nipple and the beliefs [=in soul below your right nipple, you create a connection between the three main forces within that are unified in your breastplate. This provides you with a humanitarian conscience, which can then guide you to take righteous actions.

And when your conscience about the treatment of others has been illuminated with awareness of how you've been treating yourself, this awakens you to ALLAH [GOD-consciousness], which reveals you're a soulful person because of the deeds you do, not just because of the thoughts you think, feelings you feel or beliefs you espouse. This makes you the sort of person GOD would want by HIS side FOREVER.

Dorothy is the personification of every young, Islamic girl who's lost in a strange, seemingly 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 we got from our mother.

The medical model describes man as [x + y] and woman as [x + x]. This is an inaccurate, and therefore inadequate, use of symbols. The [x] that women get from their father is nothing like what we all got from our mother. Call what we got from our mother [z]. Man is [z + y]. Woman is [z + x]. What we all have in common is our [z] factor.

Our [z] factor must come first. If we don't seek the wisdom of the heart found in women, the world will collapse. We can see by the nightly news what this world looks like when people put their [x] or [y] factor first. We must turn this around.

In Baum's allegorical rendition of the forces within us through the search for our feminine side, Dorothy was described as a 12 years old girl, on the cusp of puberty. She suffered the abandonment of separation from her mother [z] who recently died, and rage toward her father [y] who passed her along to relatives to care for her. [This background information is only presented in the book.]

Dorothy inadvertently became a murderer through no fault of her own. The people of Munchkin Land [all the little people in the world] then celebrated that the wicked witch of the East was dead, having been crushed under Dorothy's house. They thanked Dorothy for having killed her, but that didn't mitigate the guilt Dorothy felt about what had happened. That set her on a path of self-discovery [yellow brick road] in her effort to return to where she came from. She just wanted to go back to the way things had been before. She just wanted to be a child again.

In the Islamic sense, Dorothy really just wanted to go HOME [PARADISE]. Islamic PARADISE corresponds to Christian HEAVEN, the Jewish PROMISED LAND after life, an Israel [Hebrew: struggle with GOD] that ends after life for the deserving in GOD'S presence FOREVER.

So, Dorothy decided to take my [Glinda] advice and the advice of the well-meaning, little people around her [Munchkins] who advocated that she visit the Wizard in Emerald City in the hopes that he'd be able to help her make her wish come true.

Our [z] factor is what we're referring to when we speak about contemplating our navel [examining ourself through rumination and cogitation]. We contemplate our navel to discover our prior connection and subsequent separation

from our mother at birth. We contemplate our navel to discover our virtues and vices.

Then we meditate on our genitals to discover our unconscious and subconscious wants [–] and desires [+]. Lastly, we reflect upon our vision for a better world from the bottom of our backbone [anus] before we take action.

In these ways, we come down from our head, heart and soul to our navel, genitals and anus to do the [inner] werk necessary to give our conscience spiritual evidence to add to our thoughts, feelings and beliefs. In this way we learn to face ourself as we truly are in the moment in GOD'S eyes.

GOD gave everybody two worlds, the world around us that we share and a world within us that's totally private. Oz is Baum's description of his inner world. I [Glinda] am the ambassador between his two worlds.

Everyone has a navel [z]. 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. Christians believe Jesus is God. They call Him the Son of the FATHER.

In the school metaphor, GOD is our TEACHER. HE gave the Jews a Tutor [Y.H.V.H.]. HE gave the Christians a Tutor [Jesus]. And HE gave the Muslims a Tutor [archangel Gabriel].

Since Jesus also had genitals and an anus, He must have known the spiritual operating system I'm describing to you. Following in His path [love] is paramount. Love may only be $1/7^{th}$ of the big picture, but it's crucial to our success in life and after life.

I only advocate that you reproduce Christ's Self-love with self-love of your own. I'm not Christian. I don't advocate conversion to other faiths. I advocate learning about other faiths so you can better appreciate the faith GOD gave you.

The creation of the seven paths to GOD is described chronologically in history [HIS story]:

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

The character of Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" doesn't just represent a Muslim girl who wants to go HOME [PARADISE]. Dorothy personifies the untapped, universal [z] factor in us all.

I discovered my [z] factor when I started thinking like an independent woman [z] in addition to thinking like a man [x]. But because of social taboos, that took a long time because I couldn't name what I was looking for. 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 can respond with kindness, charity and forgiveness to the pain of existential isolation. Others have no choice but to react with scorn, indignation and derision at what GOD has forced them to experience.

When we approach the mystery of our [z] factor, we're exploring something so deeply personal that it becomes universal. This is the essence of the adventure from loneliness through solitude to serenity in a strange land [Oz] where nothing turned out for Dorothy quite as she expected 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 so enraged Dorothy that she wasn't able to express her experience of life in words at her young age. She was already able to move her thoughts, feelings and beliefs out through her mouth. She just needed to learn where those inner forces came from and how to control them.

It only takes a woman's intuition [z] to perceive this much of the story. Dorothy personifies every woman. But she also personifies every man.

"The Wizard of Oz" is a universally beloved tale of what happens to us all 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

Life is like a tabletop mountain. We're born in a valley. We spent childhood climbing the foothills of life. By adolescence we discovered that were on an uphill climb to the top of a mountain. It can take as much as 40 years to get to the summit. Occasionally we turned around to look back on the path we're on and the valley we came out of, but most of the time we're facing solid rock when we're young. We can't yet see where we're going.

From about the ages of 40 to 70, we're trudging across the top of the mountain of life with faith in ourself, having gotten so far. We see how others got where we are taking other paths. We can even compare and contrast paths. There are peaks and valleys in middle age, but nothing like what we went through in childhood, adolescence and young adulthood.

But after the age of 70, it's all downhill. Then we put one foot cautiously in front of the other, so we don't slip and fall. We realize that most of the mountain of life is now behind us. Before us, we see the valley of death without impediment.

Judaism was the first path with GOD 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 and act for themselves.

The creation of the Jewish people and the gift of Israel as the homeland GOD gave the Jews is described historically in Torah. But it's also an allegory that creates the universal grounding that comes with political freedom [not the autonomy to open your mouth to say anything that comes to mind].

The Jewish path is figuratively centered in our head. If we don't doubt some of the things we think, we're going to

believe everything we say. If our head isn't screwed on tight, nobody will care much about what happens to what lies below our neck. And they certainly won't care about our navel and the guts we have beneath it.

While walking along the yellow brick road [rocky road of fear and apprehension] with her little dog Toto, Dorothy encountered a scarecrow [rabbi] figuratively crucified on a cross in a corn field. With her help, he was able to come down from his cross [suffering]. He then revealed to Dorothy that his dream was to have brains [wisdom]. And since Dorothy was on her way to see the Wizard of Oz to help her get back to Kansas [the external world], the Scarecrow asked Dorothy if he could join her to see if the Wizard would give him the brains he wished for.

The Scarecrow was male, although he was more of a dork [z] than a dandy [y]. His personality [z] was compatible with Dorothy's [z], so they saw a potential friendship brewing. The two of them then danced down the yellow brick road making their way through Oz [inner world] together.

The unlikely friendship between a sweet, Muslim girl and a dorky, rabbi 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 the Scarecrow needed was to get down off his cross. Only then could he make his way with someone who had a real plan on how to go HOME. Dorothy clearly saw where she was going, even though she didn't know how to get THERE. This fortuitous alliance cemented their friendship as traveling companions for the remainder of their journey.

The tendency of all Jews, but especially rabbis, to be crucified for our beliefs [nailed to a cross], isn't 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 learned about your relationship to yourself.

When you discover that you've abandoned yourself, it makes it possible for you, like Dorothy, to make peace with the Scarecrow's path as integral to your own. To get HOME in one piece, you must have brains. What's more, you must use your knowledge of yourself to achieve wisdom.

Dorothy was on a quest. Think of her as a Queen Arthur. The Scarecrow was her first knight. The roundtable where they met was a corn field. And the dragon [witch] they want to slay will arrive later, further on 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 fear]. There, at the first intersections of your life, you may have met someone who had a magical and inspired influence on you. His or her goals aligned with your own, which set the two of you on an adventure together.

A "journey" without others is a passage, an opening. An "adventure" is an exodus, a crossing, a movement, a progression with others. Life becomes a trip if you're on an adventure. Life is only an obstacle course if you have to negotiate it alone.

Those with you on your adventure can't be your parents. Honor your parents, as GOD told us to in the 5th Commandment. Love the ones you're with. They're your study partners given to you by the TEACHER. Your seat was moved to sit next to them in class. It was no coincidence.

From a religious point of view, the friendship of Dorothy and the Scarecrow was initiated by the hand of GOD. From a Buddhist, philosophic point of view, it was a yellow [terror-filled] path lined with bricks [hard lessons] one set in place beside another that couldn't be accounted for by an outside HAND. The most you and I can say about the yellow brick road is that it led to a person [Wizard] and place [Emerald City] where Dorothy believed all her questions would be answered and all her dreams would come true.

Tin Man

Christianity was presented in the West as a 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 beseeched 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 traveled down the yellow brick road until they found themselves in an orchard. And there, 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 Eve claimed GOD forbade them from even touching.

In the Hebraic allegory, Adam is the personification of the head of everyman; the seat of wisdom. Eve is the personification of his heart; the seat of love. The serpent is his penis; the delivery device of his desires and base cravings [+/–]. And the two fruits that hang down from his tree are his testicles. His right testicle represents goodness [+] and his left one [–], evil. What comes out of the mouth of his serpent for the first time at puberty is a literal expression of the combination of good [+] and evil [–] called semen. Semen is released through a HEAVENLY sensation called "orgasm."

For the rest of his life, a man will seek the meaning of his being by attempting to infuse the life-giving force within him into all that he does. In doing so, he'll discover the value of being good [+] to achieve the ultimate reward from GOD, LIFE after life. He presumes that will feel like an ETERNAL orgasm.

The characters in the Creation allegory represent the seven forces that help every tree of knowledge grow after it's been planted in this garden called "reality."

Men and women are both trees of knowledge. Men have a serpent in their tree. Women have a worm in their apple. These are euphemistic ways of talking about the differences between the genders without offending anyone.

Although both men and women are trees of knowledge, only female trees bear fruit [babies]. Man's fruits [testicles] are figurative fruits that hang down from twigs from the trunk of his tree. Women's fruits [babies] are literal fruits that fall from their tree. Your stem [umbilical cord] was disconnected from your mother's tree at birth. You are forbidden fruit that you must ask permission from GOD to eat.

What complicates matters is that women have figurative fruits, too. Their breasts are like melons that produce a juice that the fruits from their womb need to survive.

The juice that emanates out of women's figurative fruits [melons, papayas, pears or olives] is called milk. It can be likened to liquid love because it's the first nourishment we receive in life. It's the first gift from our mother than unites us with her after we were separated from her with the severing of "our" umbilical cord.

The juice [semen] that emanates out of man [semen] is like honey. That which is sweeter than milk [love] is honey [wisdom]. The land of milk and honey was first described as Israel. In Torah GOD gave the Jews a land overflowing with milk [women] and honey [men]. The Jews were destined to become loving and wise in the homeland GOD gave them. These virtues were intended to become universal through humanity's attempt to ground itself in this world.

Sadly, GOD changed HIS plan along the way when he saw the ancient Jews squabbling among themselves and

with their indigenist neighbors. The path of love [Christianity] diverged from the path of wisdom [Judaism]. Today's Judeo-Christians in the United States understand the depth of the roots we share in the Bible, the book that combines the Old Testament and the New.

This secret, universal knowledge about GOD'S designs differentiates every tree of knowledge [z] from the TREE of ETERNAL LIFE [Z]. This not only separates man [z] from nature. It unites man [z] and woman [z]. It even unites man [z] and man [z] and woman [z] and woman [z] if you have the love [milk] and wisdom [honey] to perceive the truth revealed in HIS story when you see these two paths merge at the top of the tabletop mountain.

This is why it's so important that as the land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom], Isreal must unite Israelis with marriage equality. It's a crime against all those in the Abrahamic faiths that in the year 2026 39 countries have instituted marriage equality, yet Israel isn't one of them.

Until Jews and Muslims in Israel have the freedom to marry the one they love, the wars in the Middle East won't end. The jealousy and envy of Jews and Muslims living in Israel for what we have in America won't cease. And the corruption of witches and wizards worldwide who are taking advantage of this situation won't stop.

This goal is complicated if you were taught that you're forbidden from even hugging yourself like a tree, let alone knowing yourself in the biblical sense of the word.

The Mosaic metaphor presented in the Creation Story in Genesis unfolds into the allegory upon which all of Judaism is constructed. Every one of us begins life like a tree that we can't literally touch when we're an infant, but which we begin to explore with our hands and feet as toddlers. When we reach puberty, our hands grope us in a whole new way that reveals more about our nature and our GARDENER'S intentions for us, alone.

We left the garden of infancy in childhood. We left the grove of our parents at puberty, to make our way through the orchard of exciting opportunities in adolescence. But then in early adulthood, we found ourselves in a forest where we had to contend with Jewish metaphors, Christian symbols and Islamic similes. That's when the lessons from our TEACHER became frightening.

Baum explained in his first book how his own life had become beguiling [enticing, captivating, appealing and enthralling]. Like Moses in the Hebrew Testament, Baum chose to use allegory to tell his tale.

But Judaism is only one out of seven world faiths, and it's by far the smallest. Jews comprise 0.02% of the world's population. It's not just odd that Jews have survived for 3,400 years. It's miraculous.

Every one of us was planted like a seed in a garden to grow up to discover our own truth. We've all gone from shoot to sprout to sapling to a mature tree that blossoms and blooms in our own unique ways.

We all have deep linguistic, cultural and religious roots, regardless of our faith or philosophic background. We each 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 GOD politely for permission to know ourself. It's especially difficult to become wise, loving and worthy of redemption [LIFE after life] when so much self-intimacy is required to do so.

When we were very young, our world was like a backyard garden. Our parents' home was our little patch of earth where we dug around and learned to literally plant seeds and water them until they germinated. But when we started school and realized that everyone was planted in a garden such as ours, it was as though the world we'd

known up until then suddenly grew infinitely larger, when, in fact, it's us who've grown taller.

In elementary school, our garden turned into a vineyard. Kids gathered together like bunches of grapes. They say that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. That's nonsense. The truth is that grapes that turn into raisins fall from the vine.

At puberty, everyone's world turned into an orchard made up of countless trees, each very different from the rest, yet created under similar, spiritual circumstances. Teenagers realize that the fruits of trees are tempting and sweet, even if they were planted on another side of the tabletop mountain of life. Teenagers today are so sophisticated, thanks to technology, that they climb [explore] gingkoes, black oaks, palms, rubber trees and evergreens in their attempt to discover how trees grow somewhat differently due to differing, spiritual conditions.

Because the world has become so very complex and difficult to negotiate, we all find ourselves in what feels like a deep, dark forest. Life has become scary in ways we couldn't find words to describe it when we were kids.

The modern world of today is disorienting, what with wars on top of global warming. Everything has an underlying, secret meaning that we must delve down into to make sense of. Everyone's on a path, but no one seems to be going the same way anymore.

I don't want to scare you, but if you made it through the garden, vineyard and orchard into the forest, you'll discover that there's something even more terrifying out there. You should have already asked yourself how the beautiful grove you enjoyed in childhood and the woods you walked through fearlessly in early adulthood could have turned into the urban jungle you find yourself in today. You should have already asked yourself how that jungle could 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 has been constructed and all the ways in which Torah has been used and abused by our Abrahamic ancestors. If you could decode Torah as the one tree of knowledge [z] at the center of your own garden, you could use that knowledge to create the tools you need to develop yourself righteously while helping others do the same. You could see yourself as one small twig hanging on for dear life to the 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 must resign themselves to being 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. They don’t believe in a GARDENER, let alone a FATHER. They just want money, power and prestige and they believe the way to get it is to take advantage of all those who believe in one GOD who created us all.

Learning to evolve is the secret to success. Using external knowledge to perceive internal knowledge is the key. Knowledge that isn’t turned into love and wisdom will only distance you from your hope in achieving LIFE after life despite what the cynical will say.

Dorothy didn’t really want to go HOME. She was much too young to give up and go back where we all came from. Dorothy simply didn’t want to evolve. She just wanted to go back to her past to change her future. She wanted to see her mother and father back together again.

Baum created an allegory describing the adventures of a young girl. But he didn't fully realize he [z] was telling the world our story, not his alone.

Baum was introduced to the Theosophic Society in California years after he wrote his first book, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. I believe they opened his eyes to what he'd created through all his literary works.

Theosophy teaches that the purpose of human life is spiritual emancipation. They claim that the human soul undergoes reincarnation upon bodily death according to a process called "karma." They promote values of universal brotherhood and social improvement, although they don't stipulate particular ethical codes. [Internet] Check out their emblem on the title page of my book for more insight. [8]

Using seven inner voices, [1] Dorothy, [2] Toto, [3] Glinda, [4] Scarecrow, [5] Tin Man,]6] Cowardly Lion and [7] Wizard, Baum created an allegory to describe the seven spiritual paths up the mountain of life. Each of these voices represents a way to approach GOD. Each of us creates our own individual journey using all seven of these inner voices to make our way along our yellow brick road. And each of us meets wicked witches along the way whose hallucinations create nightmares that are very different from our dreams and aspirations.

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

Dorothy [who just wanted to go HOME] and the Scarecrow [who just wanted brains] found themselves in

[8] I don't promote any one spiritual path. I promote them all, but I can see through them all. They're all inadequate without all the others.

just such an orchard. There, Dorothy literally got into an altercation with an angry tree after she picked an apple without asking. It slapped her across the face with a branch. In pursuit of another apple that had simply fallen of its own accord and rolled away, she and the Scarecrow heard someone moaning in distress. It turned out to be the Tin Man.

The Tin Man [priest] rusted and couldn't move. His axe was even stuck high overhead in what must have been a very uncomfortable position. He'd obviously been cutting down trees when he rusted in place.

The Muslim girl and rabbi oiled the priest's joints and discovered that his great dream in life was to have a heart. He felt a hollow echo in his chest when he pounded his tin, and he wished to fill that ominous emptiness inside him with love.

A priest is a spiritual lumberjack constructed out of psychological armor. He figuratively cuts down trees of knowledge [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 werk and outer work without complaint. He understands that "avoda" can only be achieved with work and worship. But he's susceptible to rust [corrosion, corruption, tarnish and decomposition].

The love Jesus described He had for His FATHER was just the beginning of the road to love. With His werks/works, Jesus proved to some of the ancient Jews in Israel that He'd made His way out of His head into His heart. Christians have augmented His tale with their own pursuit of love for two millennia.

Today, when a priest realizes that he's unkind or untruthful, he cries out inside. This is what rusts him [y], leaving him unable to spiritually move about psychologically inside or sociologically outside. His love for his FATHER leaves him rusted in ways he can't

explain. He gets caught up in capitalization to achieve external wealth rather than the capitalization of letters in words to achieve internal wealth.

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, let alone use it? How will you communicate effectively with others if you don't know how to communicate lovingly with yourself?

We're all psychologically needy. But we're also sociologically needy. If society isn't woven tightly in one direction psychologically, and in the other sociologically, someone is going to come along and rip the fabric of that society to shreds.

The Tin Man [priest] asked Dorothy [the little Muslim girl] and the Scarecrow [rabbi] if he could 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 fully evolved human being, a head [Scarecrow], heart [Tin Man] and soul [Dorothy] united in their pursuit of a 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. The head, heart and soul of gay people isn't constrained by Jews, Christians and Muslims who call us "abominable."

You could call "The Wizard of Oz" our "Gay Constitution" since the LGBTQIA+ community doesn't share the animosity we see in orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims. We strive for unity between the faiths.

Exclusion is the root of all evil, not money. Money is just one of the many means by which people exclude one other. You may already know that when you have honey [wisdom], money pours down upon you magically.

The outcomes of the three Western faiths have been united by GOD allegorically with a vision for a better tomorrow. Good Jews, Christians and Muslims are on an adventure together to make their dreams come true. If only we could convince the clergy to speak about it as such.

Gay 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 as well as werk separately. We make lasting friendships doing so.

I [Glinda] am a good witch and GODmother teaching others about my vision of PARADISE [pardes: orchard]. My dream is to have religious nuts stop rejecting fruits as being abominable perverts who have no place in GOD'S kingdom.

None of the Abrahamic faiths would have to scream about their righteous, religious beliefs if their attitude came from a higher altitude on the mountain of life. They're like young adults making their way to middle age. They haven't yet arrived at the summit of the tabletop mountain. Many are hanging on by their fingernails, looking down with fear of falling.

Those of us who've arrived at the spiritual age of 40 [regardless of our literal age] stand tall. We can see people coming up from all sides. We're making our way across the top of the tabletop mountain joyfully and down the other side cautiously. That's what pride parades model.

GOD doesn't hold a place of dominance and fear in allegories, unlike in the literal interpretation of the Abrahamic scriptures where the clergy portray HIM holding an egotistical role.

In the past, GOD sent archangels like Gabriel to do HIS work for HIM. Nowadays, GOD sends good witches like

me [Glinda], Gabriel's wife. That's the story I'm here to tell as an ambassador of all faiths.

Man was given an ego by GOD. HE placed it in his rectum. It's called the prostate gland. If you want to massage a man's ego, you can do so literally or figuratively. There isn't a woman on the planet who doesn't know that much about men.

The inclusion of the Tin Man on the journey to Emerald City is paramount to the outcome of Baum's allegory. That said, getting a heart shouldn't be something you should have to convert to Christianity achieve. A fish [z] is a fish [z] is a fish [z]. [9]

[9] fish: [1] a drag queen who's effeminate enough to pass as a woman [gay slang], [2] a Christian [straight, religious slang from the time of Jesus] [3] "A fish, is a fish is a fish" 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] left us with a navel. Your navel signifies the first source of the stress in your life, which occurred just after your birth.

Every god is like a hill that gives Hindus a higher view of nearby mountains. Every goddess is an elevation that points a Hindu 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 slowly turned into a forest, and then the three of them became terrified as they made their way through the dense, dark forest that began to resemble a jungle. Suddenly, they heard the roar of a lion.

But when they encountered the lion, and it threatened Toto, Dorothy slapped the lion across the face, [something she learned to do from an apple tree]. Surprisingly, the lion began to cry. It turned out he had no courage. He was all bluster.

The Cowardly [shameless] Lion [complainer] represents the Brahmin [Hindu religious leader] whose testicles haven't yet figuratively descended from his body cavity. He lacks the courage needed to be all that's expected of every king of the urban jungle [a real man]. He

lacks spiritual stamina. He lacks focus. His fears easily overwhelm him. He's all boldness and bravado. He doesn't yet understand the source of his own strength. He's macho, not meaningful.

A cowardly lion 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. His unconscious rage for being as he is couldn't be more obvious to others. You'll find such lions in gardens, orchards and forests, not just in urban jungles.

If the self-knowledge a cowardly 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 bad behavior. Later, he worries himself to death over how fearful he's become.

There are two kinds of lions. The first knows the taste of blood and projects it onto prey. He figuratively kills what he needs to survive. He loves the hunt because he's developed a taste for blood [revenge]. He's hungry in the worst way.

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

A cowardly lion is offended, rather than appalled, at how people treat one another. He takes their bad behavior to heart. He's enraged at how people treat others but has little to say about how others treat him. But that's because he's a coward when it comes to confronting himself.

The Cowardly Lion in Baum's allegory personifies the Hindu religious leader who seeks detachment from the external world, albeit because he's afraid of his mother [x], his father [y] and himself [z]. What he'd really like to do is

pursue his quest for courage [z] without having to constantly prove his worth to anyone.

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 like winking eyes. 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 tongue and drawn blood.

This isn't just fanciful, poetic speech. How are you [x or y] going to get to know you [z] if you [x or y] aren't even on speaking terms with yourself [z]? Contemplation of your navel must be done in 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 [BRAHMA]. He wishes to prove himself by being heroic without having to say so in loud. He expects 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 [z + x] who grow fruits on their chest, not between their legs.

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

This Hindu syndrome isn't Hindus' alone. It's universal. People are only taught how to contemplate other people's navel, not their own. They gossip. They don't express confidentiality with themself. They often prefer silence to sharing themselves honestly [head], sincerely [heart] and authentically [soul] with others. The better part

of discretion is valor. But if you can't express fearlessness with yourself about yourself, you'll appear to look like a cowardly lion to others.

Think about how some others are struggling with their inner forces. All they do is judge the characters they encounter around them and conclude that they're odd. From my [Glinda's] perspective, it looks otherwise. We're all odd. We're all in need of a bubble to get around. We need to feel protected on all sides.

The Cowardly Lion was 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 tell you that they like sissies, but sissies are 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 of you 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 inner strength we all need comes from going beyond contemplating our navel to meditating on our wants [–] and desires [+]. This moves us from our conscious mind down to our subconscious and then into our unconscious mind, which reveals the SOURCE of the urges we cogitate on.

The Democratic, cowardly lion cub lives in a forest of self-denial, self-rejection and self-mutilation which takes him 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 takes him in the direction of murder.

Courage comes from the French word, "cœur" [heart]. The heart is made up of seven emotions revealed in the rainbow, which corresponds to the seven faiths give to us by GOD:

	Color	Feeling	Faith
1.	Red	Rage	Indigenism
2.	Orange	Angst	Hinduism
3.	Yellow	Fear	Judaism
4.	Green	Coveting	Buddhism
5.	Blue	Sorrow	Taoism
6.	Indigo	Awe	Christianity
7.	Violet	Ecstasy	Islam

You need wisdom of the heart to discover the true meaning of hope. Engage your rage, gurls! Slay dragons your own way. [10] It's not all about what you're wearing. It's also about how, when and where you plunge in your "sword." So, unlock your chastity belt, Guinevere, and climb into your armor. Nowadays, gurls [z] slay dragons with their tongues.

[10] 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

Baum described Dorothy's pet as a little black dog, not as the Cairn Terrier used in the movie. Toto represents Buddhism, the philosophic companion to all the world's faiths.

Toto is like a roshi, sunim or a bhante. He's even like the Dalai Lama. Dorothy's little, black dog is like all Buddhist philosophic leaders. This is why dogs are described as man's best friend.

Buddhism offers the godless path to freedom from suffering [+/–]. We've all got to deal with stress, but suffering is an option.

Buddhism branched off from the Hindu path in India. The Buddhist path was forged about 2,500 years ago and is figuratively centered below our waist in our genitals, the site of lust, which is figuratively made up of cravings [–] and desires [+].

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 their name for GOD don't understand that faith emanates out from within everyone, not just those in the religion you subscribe to.

If you don't believe in the power of your 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?

Muslims circumcise women's sword, hoping it will shut them up. Perhaps what they're really afraid of is dismemberment. I wouldn't know. I only know that I'm not afraid of dismemberment. I find massaging my boyfriend's ego with my penis very pleasant for both of us.

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 [sadness].

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 ourself; [4] different from the hunger for the courage to stop whimpering inside on the one hand and roaring 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 money, power and prestige because that’s what they think will give them a sense of sociological control over others.

It’s exceedingly rare to find someone who has a lust to know and love himself for the sake of helping all others. That’s why Baum sent me to Dorothy. What good witch would want to rule over a place like Oz? A fairy GODmother is like a reflection in the mirror within you when you realize you must rule over your inner Oz. A good witch within is what everyone needs to help them transition between Oz and Kansas regularly.

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, promiscuity or sex with children. Such behaviors are 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 we must pursue our

vision of a better world for our sake, not HIS? If we don't learn how to put our faith in ourself, what good is a yellow brick road?

Emerald City isn't HEAVEN, PARADISE, NIRVANA or a PROMISED LAND [ISRAEL] after life. Emerald City is Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca all rolled into one. It's a place where promises are revealed to those who believe in one GOD.

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 of life], there are very few spoken lines. Toto had no need to go anywhere. He wasn't on an adventure with anyone. He didn't have a dream he wished to see come true. Toto had nothing to ask a wizard for. Life is enough of a trip for a Buddhist like Toto just the way it is. He rarely barked. And he never roared.

Toto was Dorothy's lifelong companion. He was the most profoundly important fellow traveler in Dorothy's life. He was her dearest friend despite the fact that she made 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 have no compunction about being sexual in public.

If ever there was 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 you. 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 animalifaction of man's urges 5,781 years ago [as of sunset on the 18th of September 2020 according to Hebrew scripture], then Toto was the animalification of man's urges in this 20th Century allegory.

The bite of a snake might kill you, but the bite of a dog might, at worst, make you sick. Snakes are terrifying. Dogs are not.

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. Homophobes were figuratively 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 that 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.

Lust may not lead to love, but it's a pleasant diversion and an adequate substitute for some people. Why love everyone? Wouldn't it be better just to strive to like most others?

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 already 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 self-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 and discussed. 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.

When Toto pulled back the curtain on the Wizard, we ought to have asked ourself 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 represented the anti-authoritarian in Baum's story. Buddhists represent the anti-AUTHORITARIAN in us all. The Buddha's 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.

Buddhists don't fight over names for GOD. And that's refreshing for a Jew considering how much they've suffered from indigenists, Christians and Muslims for three millennia over names for GOD.

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, a Buddhist can't be fully trained.

Defiance is the one characteristic that we all have in common. But Buddhists defy the very concept of GOD, while true believers fight over names for HIM.

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.

Buddhists have no guilt about disobeying GOD. They experience embarrassment of their body and shame of their character. They just don't know the meaning of humiliation before the LORD.

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 want [–]; as does his mate who offers his anus like a vagina. They're men who love loving themself in the company of men who love them that way. They're the men hyper-religious people consider dirty dogs.

Those Buddhists who overcome their cravings go to a PLACE called "NIRVANA." Buddhists seek the greatest outcome of all desires; the desire [+] to use their desires [+] to achieve those virtues they most admire. That doesn't require fearing serpents in trees, dogs in allegories or penises in anuses.

By seeking the desire [+] to desire [+] himself, a Buddhist goes to Oz from Kansas as a character without a speaking role. He travels the yellow brick road as a silent companion to Dorothy and her friends. He avoids all the paths to GOD by taking the godless path wherever it leads.

The desire [+] to be virtuous because you want to discover the secret side [z] of yourself sounds similar to a dominant seventh chord. It holds a natural leaning for resolution. When you're helpful to others; disciplined within yourself; and awakened to the presence of the good

[+], no matter where you happen to be on the mountain of life – you simultaneously strike a chord in yourself that achieves a resolution you feel you can be proud of.

GOD had to create a path that wouldn't be hampered by man's false impressions of HIM when he looks out over only one side of the mountain. The path of Buddhism serves this purpose.

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 oneness with one's own contents, without the need for GOD to achieve serenity and safe harbor.

The closest thing we have in the material world to holding such contents without any living containment is fire. 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 for those who are deeply curious about themself, not because they want to suck up to GOD in order to look good in HIS eyes.

I believe a good Buddhist will be rewarded for his efforts, as will all good believers in GOD. Just because there's no god but GOD doesn't mean that there's no path but the path to GOD your parents may have influenced you in taking. 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 our CREATOR.

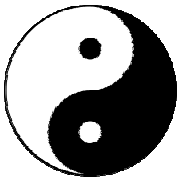
Maybe it's time to sing silently to yourself, "This little dog of mine, I'm gonna let it shine."

Wizard

The path of Taoism began in China about 2,200 years ago. It presents us with an understanding of paradox. This philosophic path with religious overtones [16 gods and goddesses] is partially centered below the waist. “The Way” as Taoism is called, is like the spine that begins in our head and continues all the way down to our tailbone. The Way is the backbone you need to keep yourself standing tall. You can’t see your backbone without a mirror. This makes the Way inscrutable.

The two aspects of the whole in Taoism, yin and yang, correspond to the world within us and the world we share.

The world around us, like nature, is devoid of emotion:



The world within us is filled with feelings:



To make your way through both your worlds, you must understand the paradox of having two worlds that are both similar and nothing like one another. But because we must use words to describe both, we’re blessed with metaphors, symbols and similes to describe the world within us using terminology we all share that comes from the world around us.

Making your way within is a passage, not a journey. Movement in our inner world requires the concept of chakras [destinations]. Inner advancement is like the title of Darwin's work, On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. Our individual evolution changes our mind, transforms our feelings and helps us transcend the beliefs we held before.

To make sure that the words that come out of our mouth don't smell like what comes out of our anus requires an appreciation of our ego. The ego of man is like his prostate gland, located in his rectum. Massaging a man's ego literally is something gay men do with glee. Having to massage another man's ego figuratively feels like a pain in the butt unless you like praising, admiring, congratulating, approving and complimenting others.

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 you can be revealed... Then, unlike the main characters in this allegory, you won't be enamored by the power and prestige held by some of the Wizard in Oz.

Our ego eliminates the food-for-thought consumed by our head that then makes its way through our spiritual digestive system and out our other end. When we evacuate our thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs with pride, we free ourself to express our pride in others. We enjoy praising others.

The problem with most men is that they aren't willing to tell themself how proud they are of what they've accomplished. They'd much rather boast about it to others.

The pride it takes to compliment yourself with GOD as your only WITNESS draws you to HIM with an intimacy the egotistical don't know. Once you can pat yourself on the back, it's much easier to pat others on the back, as well.

Receiving from yourself makes giving to others much easier.

The Wizard of Oz is a humbug, a hypocrite and a phony. If Dorothy was like a Muslim girl on a Hajj to Mecca [Emerald City] in an effort to find a way to make her way HOME, then the Wizard was like an ayatollah who insisted on using others to consolidate his power.

Making your way consciously down your yellow brick road [digestive track] and out of your spiritual system [anus] is what makes it possible to 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 was a stranger to himself, a humbug who wanted to be in control of everybody. He had an elaborate plan by which to gain control over others using fear and intimidation.

When Toto pulled the curtain back on the Wizard, Toto exposed a problem with every system where one man holds all the power. The Wizard personified the moral darkness [shade] [11] in all those who manipulate others using knowledge of the limits of power.

Most people claim that without GOD'S love, you'd be defeated. But I think GOD loves everybody. [HE did, after all, create everybody.] I recommend that if you want to succeed in life, behave in ways that demonstrate 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.

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[11] "Shade" means "disrespect." The term is typically accompanied with the verb "to throw." Someone who "throws shade" is publicly criticizing to express contempt for another person.

Pulling back the curtain on your own ego is a spiritual art. This is something Baum was trying to tell us using shorthand, which some call "fantasy."

What I'm writing 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 not yet be able to pierce the skin of your own forbidden fruit to get through the meat to the pit.

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

The ego is personified as the wizard in "The Wizard of Oz." Baum used imagery that made the horrifying face the Wizard created of himself look like what antisemites describe as the GOD of the Jews: powerful, wrathful, frightening, commanding and unmerciful.

The thunderous voice the Wizard created using a mechanical contraption that exuded smoke and shot out flames, made him appear to be parental, authoritarian, rule bound and unsympathetic when it came to fulfilling others' dreams. [Today, Wizards do this much more subtly with advertising, propaganda, grandstanding, military force and alternative facts.]

When Toto revealed the man behind the Sturm und Drang [German: storm and stress] by pulling back the curtain where "The Great Oz" controlled the mechanical face he presented to others, the real wizard actually looked quite pathetic compared to the impression he made on the big stage.

Such is the description of every man's ego when you pull back his curtain [anus] to reveal the humbug [prostate gland] inside. Next time you massage someone's ego, remember that others do the same to you.

The Wizard that Dorothy and her friends encountered in Oz was a great pretender. There's a fundamental problem

when your leader presents an image of himself that isn't real. Optics is the science of looking agreeable, frightening, powerful or friendly, depending on the message you wish to send. The problem with optics was elucidated in George Orwell's allegory, Animal Farm, where the barnyard animals couldn't tell the difference between the farmers and the pigs by the end.

The Wizard presented the intimidating side of himself to look more like the GOD of the Jews. This was common in Christianity in the past in Europe. It's still the style for many Muslim leaders in the Middle East.

Wizards imitate GOD to oppress and frighten their countrymen. Ironically, most Jews are more like Munchkins. When Dorothy inadvertently killed the wicked witch of the East who'd presided over the Munchkins, she became their Queen Esther. [12] She'd defeated their oppressor.

Baum's description of the Wizard's horrifying, mechanical recreation of himself as a god who used Moses' depiction of GOD is a poetic rendition of the ego that goes unchecked out of a need for money to achieve power and power to achieve prestige. Baum's understanding of the underpinning of man's craving [–] slowed turned his mission in life into an expression of his inner world.

Baum 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

[12] Queen Esther intervened in a plot to annihilate the Jews by revealing her Jewish identity to King Ahasuerus of Persia [Iran] and pleading for their safety. Her actions are commemorated in the holiday of Purim.

July 10, 1920, a year after his death. I haven't read it, but it must be good if it's about me…

Once a man gets a taste for external power through fame and fortune, the wizard in him believes his own projection. He believes everything he thinks. Then, his cravings can no longer be arrested by what he feels or believes. They must be addressed internally to be corrected. Otherwise, such men must be stopped in their tracks.

Baum wasn't Jewish, but perhaps he carried Torah in his head, the Gospels in his heart and the Quran in his soul. I think all good people do. They seek peace with GOD while they seek peace on Earth.

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

It's vital to have a path up the mountain of faith that deals with suffering [+/–] for the sake of delivering an example of a more noble persona in man. Those kings who compare themselves to the KING of the Jews become false prophets. They seek profits by pretending to be prophets.

The arrogant don't admit they use toilet paper, same as the rest of us… They defy gays who use our anus sexually. They defy those who prioritize the forces within them with a wise head above their loving heart, beside their soulful soul.

There's a yellow brick road within you [colon]. It's your personal path from your mouth to your anus that replaced the trail [umbilical cord] you used when you were still in your mother's womb. If you don't look at the path you're on in life as a projection of your yellow brick road, you're not on an adventure. You're living out a crisis, a rollercoaster ride that's only thrilling as it makes its way over the first hill. After that, it turns into a series of twists and turns that become quite unpleasant if you don't use the

God within you as a Tutor and don't see the GOD of us all as everyone's TEACHER.

No tea, no shade. [13] So, twerk it, gurl! [14]

There's a mysterious connection between the forces within you that it would behoove you to explore. You should consider giving up exclusivity, in favor of inclusivity. That that would help you better understand yourself. Consider the ways you're keeping some people at a distance. Give up egoism, 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 by becoming self-centered.

You can only give for so long. There comes a point when you've got to receive in order to give more. Most people know this. Some people choose to take instead. Receiving is something you learn from others and then apply to what you're getting from GOD.

Appeasing wizards won't get you what you want. If you want brains, don't go to a humbug. Learn from the Jews. If you want a heart, learn from the Christians. And if you want to overcome your cowardly nature, learn from the Hindus. Every girl is like Dorothy. Every girl is like a Muslim. There is no shortcut in becoming soulful.

If we don't begin by learning how to put ourself first, we remain selfish. If we don't continue moving forward by learning how to put others next, we remain selfless. And if

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[13] 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.

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

we don't put GOD third, we remain dogmatic. Until you see yourself as all three, you won't struggle within to respond in just the right way to every situation you find yourself in.

Doing what's morally right in every instance requires more than wisdom, love, redemption or detachment. It requires all four. And it requires an understanding of the relationship between urges [+/–] and the evacuation of evil from your spiritual system.

Toto is my hero in this story because he didn't ask for anything for himself. His methods were either free from personal gain or they were solely for personal gain. No one can say why Toto pulled back the curtain on the Wizard. Not even Toto could tell you. From the start, Toto was Dorothy's best friend.

The urges [+/–] of man are figuratively located in his testicles and delivered through his penis. But everyone's urges become projected out onto the outer world because of the ways that their head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and soul [beliefs] allow those forces to move through them. If your urges are out of control, you aren't going to blame one part of you. You should blame all of you, but you'll probably just blame your head.

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. You 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, ears and nose, you're going to figuratively go to sleep and miss out on the mystery of your life. You're going to wake up with moral indigestion. And then, when you look in the mirror, you may want to throw up having to look at what you have to face.

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 won't understand. And it could all be avoided if you'd just ask yourself what you want to know more about yourself; not simply take whatever your mind tells you as gospel truth.

The Hebrew scripture begins with a theft while the Buddhist scripture begins with the study of defiance. Judaism explains how defiance happened. Buddhism explains why inquiring minds want to no…

Assholes are people who digest people and then spit them out their other end. They have no respect for the messenger of the messages they receive unless they like the message. 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 on big city streets.

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 by a conscience that's united 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's 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.

A GOD without mercy or forgiveness is just a traumatized projection onto our CREATOR. That's not what GOD really looks, sounds or acts like. But how can 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] that give us the temerity needed 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 what we think the GOD of the Jews looks like.

The irritation you may experience inside when you have to interface with 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 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 make 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, to make our way to 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 to our penis or clitoris.

Then we can use our genitals to explore our cravings [–] and even misplaced desires [+] we couldn't previously account for.

Then, we'll achieve the discipline and determination to find our way to look more realistically at the spiritual purpose of our backbone, ending in our anus [ego].

Only then can you make your way up to your soul for a better look at how you were made in one unique expression of GOD'S image. Then you'll understand the passages of life that familiarized you with the inner forces that have made you who you are.

Who cares if you 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 returned home [the farm of her aunt and uncle where she was living], upset because their neighbor Miss Almira Gulch had threatened Dorothy after Toto chased the old lady's cat. But Dorothy's Auntie Em and Uncle Henry had no time for her petty grievances. And, although the farm hands cared about her concerns, they couldn't convince Dorothy to behave any differently. Besides, they had chores to do.

Perhaps in an unconscious attempt to get everyone's attention, Dorothy put one foot in front of the other in an attempt to balance herself on the top of a wooden fence. She fell into a pigsty and needed to be rescued. [She was trying to tell those around her that she was a mess inside. She saw herself as a piglet turning into a sow, but she didn't know how to talk about that in polite society. Therefore, she acted out her frustrations instead.]

We're all trying to balance ourselves above a world that looks like pigsty. The trick in keeping your balance lies in admitting to being sloppy, messy, greedy and gluttonous at times. The more you can understand and excuse yourself for these vices, the more you'll be able to excuse the actions of others.

GOD forbade the Jews and Muslims from eating pork, but HE didn't forbid anyone from behaving like a pig. If you see that you're behaving piggishly, but do nothing

about it, what sort of a reward would you expect to get when you leave this barnyard once and for all?

Aunt Em told Dorothy in no uncertain terms to find a place to go where there wouldn't be any trouble to get into. Dorothy ruminated about such a place being somewhere she couldn't possibly get to by boat or train, somewhere far, far away. [That place is our inner world, which, paradoxically, can 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 relations, Dorothy found herself locked out of the storm shelter where everyone had retreated because a tornado was coming. So, she went inside the house. The tornado [an act of GOD] lifted the house off its foundation and carried it up to the sky. Inside, Dorothy reoriented herself to the trauma as her mind's eye projected the people she loved flying past her bedroom window.

When the house landed, Dorothy went outside, only to discover that her house had accidentally fallen on and killed an old biddy. Dorothy accidentally killed an old crone before the story was over. But because Dorothy wasn't raised to speak about her elders in that way, she had no way to talk to herself candidly about what was happening inside herself that she found 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 the big picture. When the characters in an allegory come together, they reveal something about outer reality and ourself that we've taken 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 was the trouble Toto had gotten her into. As a girl on the cusp

of puberty, Toto represented the animalification of her sexual urges [lust] that were beginning to develop, but which were secretly causing her untold grief and confusion.

Without a mother and father to guide her through the confusion that arose during puberty, Dorothy was particularly prone to becoming a victim of false assumptions and exaggerations about adulthood that led 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 ruminated how to get to a place where all her trials and tribulations would, at least, make sense. She asked 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 translates as "little birds." The songs of the movie were written by two Jews, Edgar Yipsel "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 men who love men. They're, ironically, profoundly sad [blue], even though they're gay. The rainbow is the bridge of puberty that connects childhood to 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 vision of hope 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 the LORD in Torah], can maintain their childlike innocence on

the other side of this rainbow, why can't a little Muslim girl from Kansas?

Dorothy felt enraged [red], agonized [orange], terrorized [yellow] and profoundly grieved [blue] about just about everything. Puberty was introducing her to the emotional equivalences of these colors of the rainbow. Her hormones were causing feelings she'd never experienced so intensely before, but none of the adults in her life seemed to be willing or able to explain what she was going through.

Miss Gulch came over with an order from the sheriff to take Toto away to be destroyed. She became the personification and focus of all Dorothy's anger and frustration. Miss Gulch would later become demonized in Dorothy's mind as the wicked witch of the West.

Muslims literally destroy their little girl's best friend by cutting out their clitoris. This leaves Muslim females without the ability to enjoy sexual expression with orgasms.

Naturally, Dorothy was beside herself with rage [red], agony [orange] and horror [yellow] at the possibly of losing her dearest "companion" [Toto].

During this inner whirlwind [tornado] that lifted her house [mind] off its foundation [sanity], Dorothy saw [imagined] all the people she loved outside her window flying by, happy and contented – with the exception of Miss Gulch who flew by transformed by Dorothy's mind into a witch riding a broomstick.

Dorothy's interpretations of outer reality were presented with optical illusions in the movie. But for Dorothy, in her traumatized state, those video snippets she created seemed real. We can certainly sympathize with her feelings and get wrapped up in her reading of reality.

When the house landed in Oz [her inner world], Dorothy came out the front door into a strange garden-like place reminiscent of Eden, where GOD created Adam and Eve. Oz is the experience of the Creation Story as an

allegory. It's our inner world as seen through the lens of a pubescent girl whose troubles are so twisted that they can't be described in "normal" terms.

There was a path right outside Dorothy's front 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 life before us. On the great plain of reality in early childhood, all our toys were idols we worshipped like indigenists who worshipped manmade gods. In the valley of childhood, all children are idol worshippers before they learn to interpret reality through the cultural and religious eyes of their custodians.

We all follow the path through idol worship in an ever-widening circle until we're grounded on one of the six paths of faith as we make our way to the summit of the tabletop mountain. Our path gives us our first, panoramic view of reality, albeit it only $1/7^{th}$ of the view we're exposed to in adulthood. In later life, when we look back on our path, we see how we got where we are today.

But for Dorothy, at her young age and at that moment in time, the yellow brick road didn't give her any altitude or insightful outlook on where she was or where she was going. The yellow brick road was merely a way forward that stretched out to the horizon, making it impossible for her to see where it would lead.

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/PARADISE/NIRVANA] with her good reputation intact.

Given the losses Dorothy had already experienced in life with the death of her mother and abandonment by her father, it' was going to be a challenge for her to follow the

road she was on with an attitude of hope, self-confidence and gratitude to GOD.

The hope of going HOME can't be achieved in outer reality alone. For Dorothy, HOME could only be PARADISE with GOD. But, as you now know, "paradise" comes from the Hebrew word "pardes," which means orchard. The conflict between going back to Kansas [outer reality] and going HOME to GOD become intertwined in us all. Dorothy was, as yet, too young and naïve to understand the concept of mortality. But that would change.

Life turns our perception of society into an orchard of trees of knowledge [z + y] and trees of life [z + x] once we reach puberty. Dorothy wasn't there yet. But she was close.

Going HOME means leaving the external world [die] to return to GOD. There, with HIM, there's a pardes [paradise] where ETERNAL LIFE will make sense in a way that life as a teenager anywhere on Earth doesn't.

The banishment forced upon Adam and Eve by GOD is the first sign of growing up. We all had to descend 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 the external world where we learned to share experiences with others. We all left the garden of infancy behind for the vineyard of childhood and then the orchard of adolescence before we found ourself in the forest of early adulthood.

In puberty, we were all carried off by an emotional twister [tornado of feelings] that brought us to a strange, new internal world where we had to find a way forward in order to make our way HOME.

I [good witch, princess, fairy GODmother] came to Dorothy in a bubble [vision] to confirm that she wasn't in Kansas [outer reality] any longer.

Kansas is Baum'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 an interesting place to grow up in 19th Century America.

I [Glinda] called to the little people who live in Munchkin Land, saying, "Come out, come out wherever you are." This has become the call from the LGBTQIA+ community to the straight world to see themselves as sexual beings and to accept themselves as GOD made them [lustful, luscious and voluptuous] This is the call for honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] that will reveal the secrets in being yourself that will make you genuine.

The Munchkins, like the Jews, are queer in the least threatening sense of the word. They behaved naturally and affably toward Dorothy. And, although they were each odd in a different way, they were appreciative and kind to her because she'd inadvertently helped them by killing a wicked witch who, up until then, had had power over them.

They celebrated Dorothy as a heroine who'd go down in Munchkin history. And, when all is said and done, isn't that how all the little people in this world feel about those who help them overcome cruel masters?

The highest concern for all good witches [fairy GODmothers] is to use our magic powers to achieve justice for all. This makes "The Wizard of Oz" an odd retelling of the Exodus. The miracles GOD used to help the Israelites correspond to the overarching hope I [Glinda] bestowed on Dorothy's journey. The red shoes Dorothy obtained were a talisman that conferred protection and power over all that she did.

In her inner world, the witch that Dorothy inadvertently killed was her mother. Dorothy unconsciously blamed her mother for dying, which forced Dorothy to go through adolescence alone.

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 good students in the school of life and hard workers, even if they don't use our Western names for GOD.

Dorothy began her trip down the yellow brick road in the company of the Munchkins, singing and dancing. But when she found herself alone with Toto and came to a crossing where all four of the roads were constructed of yellow bricks, she didn't know which way to turn.

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

Stereotypes about sex roles in society is just one of these crossroads that have become easy to cross in this century. The sexual revolution of the 1960's and subsequent liberation of the LGBTQIA+ community from the gay plague in the 1980's and 90's has made it possible for young people today to reject oppression in society, repression in their family, suppression of the forces within them and the subsequent depression that occurs when they don't succeed.

It was at this crossroad that Dorothy met the Scarecrow [the rabbi in search of wisdom]. The Scarecrow couldn't make up his mind, either. He ruminated on the fact that he could talk even though he didn't have a brain. But he also noted to himself that some people do a lot of talking and they don't have any brains, either.

What separated Dorothy's choices from the Scarecrow's was that she could move about, while he was nailed to a cross. On his suggestion, Dorothy bent the nail that had him stuck and flailing about. Then, he slipped down from his cross and danced 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 in detail by Krishna with Arjuna in The Bhagavad Gita. [15]

This is the same struggle Moses described in getting the Israelites out of Egypt. Jesus instructed the ancient Jews on how to get out of their head into their heart. And the Prophet Muhammad went from Earth to PARADISE in his night journey to commune with Moses, Jesus and GOD on how to become so soulful that we can all go from here to PARADISE to receive ETERNAL LIFE with GOD.

Basically, all the world's scriptures tell us to let ourself off the hook. The struggle is within us, not around us. [16]

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. For most of us, that happened when we grew out of adolescence, moved out of our parents' house and began living on our own…

Rabbis 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

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[15] Arjuna was a Hindu warrior who Arjuna faced a profound moral crisis. He was conflicted about fighting against his own relatives and teachers. In his moment of despair, Arjuna turned to Krishna, who served as his charioteer [the god within his vehicle] who provided Arjuna with guidance and moral clarity. Krishna ultimately led Arjuna to perceive the fight as happening within him.

[16] The meaning of the word "Israel" is "struggle with GOD." When you struggle within yourself, you befriend the God within you, Adonai, Jesus or archangel Gabriel. In Far Eastern scriptures, your options are similar.

do it themself. No Jew today is willing to wait any longer for Dorothy to meander down the lane.

Priests, pastors, parsons and ministers are like the Tin Man who required others to oil his rusted joints for him. Pujaris and pandits are Hindu religious leaders who are like lions lost in a forest. They need those on their journeys to lead them on a quest for their own courage.

The wizard within us is an inner voice that claims to know how to solve all these problems. He's the voice of our ego. He makes himself appear frightening to others, but we eventually discover our ego is just a humbug, an imposter who attempts to deceive us, in an effort to protect himself.

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 than it first entered us.

When we say that someone is full of shit, we're really trying to express our concern that there's a backup in their spiritual operating system. We're claiming that they're intellectually, emotionally or spiritually clogged. We see them as stuck somewhere on their yellow brick road. But we don't usually remind ourself that they're working on a lesson from the TEACHER that will allow them to progress toward graduation from this school, same as us.

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

Our external problems occur in Kansas. Our internal syndromes occur in Oz. Our effort to go HOME is thwarted

by our TEACHER who wants us to learn about ourself before returning to HIM.

Some seek brains [wisdom]. Some seek a heart [love]. Some seek trophies [courage]. Some, like Toto, just do what they do without reflection, creating circumstances that need to be dealt with by others. And some, like the Wizard, have answers for others, but they're clueless when it comes to helping themself.

If we use our imagination to make sense of our experiences subjectively, we see that Dorothy has gone on a journey within to discover how her spiritual operating system will shape her into who she's meant to be. She's personified the voices within her as friends who join her on her journey. The outcome of her travails is a mystery [my story] in history [HIS story].

We can foresee that Dorothy's goal of meeting the Wizard of Oz [ego] won't solve her problem. She's going to have to solve it another way.

I'm Glinda. I'm not like Dorothy or any of her companions. I'm appalled, annoyed or dismayed when people hurt others. And I'm deeply offended when people hurt me. I protect myself from getting hurt by traveling in a bubble. A good witch gets around in a bubble. A bad witch has to use a broom.

Those who are figuratively anal retentive, like Dorothy and her friends [Democrats], become needy and greedy for answers. In their effort to get through their impatience, they blame the Jews and the GOD of the Jews.

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 in having been enrolled in this school. This, paradoxically, is what fuels homophobia. They hate their little toto [penis or clitoris].

My husband, archangel Gabriel, has the power to announce GOD'S will. He's the messenger from GOD and

guardian angel over Israel. As his wife, I do what I can to help girls make their way to maturity.

What goes into you literally is food. What goes into you figuratively is knowledge. What comes out of you literally is excrement. What comes out of you figuratively are either answers or dogma.

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

The male ego is just one of many inner voices that helps guide women to make decisions for themselves. We must consult our head [Scarecrow]; listen to our heart [Tin Man]; and contemplate our navel [Cowardly Lion] – if we want to become soulful. And even then, there's always going to be the voice of our urges [Toto] which can be broken down into cravings [–] and desires [+].

The question I needed to ask myself was who I [Glinda] was Dorothy's life. I discovered that I represent the Taoist in this allegory. Women need to develop a backbone. They need a way to stand tall on their own. They can't depend on men to save them.

I had to write this book about myself to realize that Baum called on me [Glinda] because I already know my way around Oz. I always knew that Dorothy's red shoes were the secret to getting from Oz to Kansas. I always knew that I'm the mirror in which Dorothy would reflect on her desires [+], not the evil mirror of Evilline [the wicked witch of the West] that mirrored Dorothy's cravings [–].

Without all these voices contributing to learning how to believe in ourself, we may listen to our ego [wizard] and make mistakes that cause others pain and/or suffering. We may feel we're figuratively moving further from our

destination [HOME, HEAVEN, PARADISE, PROMISED LAND after life, MOKSHA (release from the cycle of birth), NIRVANA], rather than drawing closer to it with self-awakening.

Going HOME isn't just the story of Dorothy anymore. It's the story of every woman who uses the outer world as a resource for interpreting the forces in her inner world.

Dorothy and the Scarecrow proceeded down one of the four yellow brick roads at the crossroad where they met until they came to an orchard of apple trees. Dorothy picked one of the apples. But when the tree slapped her with one of its branches and demanded to know how she'd feel if someone took something of hers without asking, Dorothy was offended. She intuitively knew that lesson have very personal implications.

That incident was a commentary on the Hebrew Creation Story from GOD'S point of view. If only Adam and Eve had asked permission from HIM before picking the forbidden fruit, the world would look very different than it does. Everybody would still be at HOME, not stuck in Oz or Kansas far from HOME. Dorothy would be able to access both her worlds without the doubts and confusion that arise when you feel like you're on the journey of your life all by yourself.

We wouldn't have to use allegories to wake us up from our dream-like view of reality if our parents hadn't abandoned us to external reality without internal tools. We wouldn't label people "insane" just because they refuse to accept standard interpretations of reality that the majority agree to.

People who are non-violent may be confused, but they aren't crazy. It's the people who promote violence who are insane. They're mad about something, and that something is usually taken out on gays or Jews.

That said, we should all find more tactful ways of voicing our opinions if we wish to help the morally unwell through their misunderstandings of what life is all about. We could help everyone transition from mad [Republican] to simply odd [Democrat] if people knew what they were doing.

Yet, it was in trying to retrieve an apple that Dorothy came across the Tin Man [priest] who was so rusted he couldn't move. He could only whisper and moan.

A priest, pastor, parson or minister who's so defended with psychological armor that any drop of water [love] causes him to rust inside presents a poetic description of how all people can get stuck in their day-to-day routines if they don't contemplate their navel, meditate on their genitals and cogitate on why GOD gave them an anus.

If people allow themselves to chop down [kill] any tree they like without considering the consequences of their actions, what should they expect to happen? Those who don't question their behavior may find themselves crying silently inside over not having oiled their joints when they first saw that they were rusting.

Therefore, teach your children to apologize to themself. Then teach them to apologize to you and others.

The Tin Man confessed to Dorothy and the Scarecrow how hollow he felt inside, like an empty kettle. They encouraged him to join them on their journey to see the Wizard, in the hope that the Wizard would give him a heart.

Without love, there's no reason to seek wisdom or go HOME. Love is essential. Love gives life value, which is more important than meaning.

What good is your life if you haven't learned to love it? Life is a miracle, not a happenstance of nature. All the sympathy you have for the underprivileged and all the empathy you have for your friends will be of no use to you if you haven't discovered your need to love yourself.

The wicked witch watched their encounter from a branch high up in a tree and threw a fireball at the Scarecrow, which the Tin Man manages to put out with his metal hands. Hers was an antisemitic act, pure and simple. The Scarecrow and Tin Man then swore their allegiance to Dorothy and promised to help her get HOME.

When good Jews and Christians work together to defeat the evil intentions of those who covet what we've achieved, accidents and even incidents can be overcome.

One of the greatest of all attributes in Judaism is "chesed," which is normally translated as "loving kindness." "Chesed" can mean "loyalty" but it encompasses a broader range of meanings including love, kindness, and mercy, often within the context of a covenantal relationship. When you make friends in life who are loyal and trustworthy to your goals, you've accomplished something that can only be described as miraculous.

Although the wicked witch used fire a second time to set the Scarecrow aflame; and the Wizard used fire and smoke to invoke fear and intimidation – the attributes of fire are much greater than our fear of literal flames or the fires of damnation in hell. The attributes of fire are:

	Attribute of Fire	**Containment in a Flame**
1.	Illumination	Wisdom
2.	Warmth	Love
3.	Burn	Purification thru punishment
4.	Smoke	Prayer
5.	Mystery	Questioning
6.	Sound	Mission
7.	Smell	Intuition

Although Baum didn't go into the mystery of the spiritual secrets contained in fire, his allegory used 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 self-contemplation]. And Dorothy personifies understanding of the purifying property [burn] of fire [soulfulness] derived through a journey with a DESTINATION.

Fire is the one container different from all other physical containers. The woman who seeks to understand and personify the fire within her will awaken to the magnificence of the container and contents she was given. How you choose to flame, Gurlfriend, is all important!

Dorothy, Scarecrow and the Tin Man made their way through the orchard together, but when it turned into a deep, dark forest, their efforts no longer made sense. There was nothing to chew on to satisfy their need to know themselves. They were lost in a place where the inexperienced, childish and foolish are found. The forest is a description of a scary world where good people become disoriented and lost. The material world of the immature is just such a forest if they don't seek spiritual guidance to make their way through all the trees of knowledge [z + y and z + x] that know more than them about the meaning of life.

Even though the three of them held hands as they made their way through the woods, their imagination got the better of them as their surroundings began to look more like a jungle. They started to worry about an encounter with lions, tigers and bears. And before you know it, they heard the roar of a lion.

The Cowardly Lion [Hindu] threatened Toto [Buddhist], so Dorothy slapped the lion across the face,

which made him cry. It turned out that he was all bluster. So, they suggested he join them on their quest to visit the Wizard in the hopes that the Wizard would give him the courage he lacked.

But then the Cowardly Lion asked them a curious question, whether they wouldn't be ashamed of being in the company of a "sissy" like him. They assured him that they weren't ashamed of sissies [something some people still don't have the courage to say]. If the Cowardly Lion decided to do the "sissy-walk" down the yellow brick road, that was just fine with them. [17]

So, Baum's allegory was extended from the voice inside that wanted to go HOME [make peace with GOD]; the voice that wanted the brains to use knowledge to achieve wisdom; the voice that wanted a heart to learn how to love; to the voice inside that wanted to overcome the fear of becoming a hero.

Dorothy's encounter with the Cowardly Lion represented her spiritual movement down to her navel [z], where she achieved conscious awareness of her ability to contemplate the mystery of her circumstances to seek the courage to win in life, despite her previous losses.

This exemplified how new information figuratively moves through our body when we chew on our experiences, swallow and fully digest what we're going through and, paradoxically, what's simultaneously going through us.

We can never make our way back through that knot [navel] to where we literally came from [our mother's womb]. We must all move forward in time. We must make new attachments. Our first, literal attachment to our mother

[17] To "sissy that walk" means to strut down a runway with exaggerated, confident femininity and flair, a phrase rooted in ballroom culture that RuPaul popularized.

no longer exists. And that loss will mirror future losses in life that we must learn to question and repair when broken.

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 will rust us; and no challenge we can't learn from to achieve the courage needed to believe in miracles.

Our sense of detachment from our mother and attachment to others through alliances, friendships and the effort we make to cooperate with everyone – is an exercise that turns sissies into soldiers of spirituality.

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.

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 from 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 [our 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.

Dorothy and her new friends firmly believed that the Wizard who lived in Emerald City would want nothing more than to serve their needs once they recounted to him their dreams. They thought he'd be as trusting and loyal to

them as they were of each other. And so, they cast their lot together and proceeded on their way.

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

Meanwhile, the wicked witch watched them in her crystal ball [surveillance camera] and used her magic to create a field of poppies to put them to sleep. The team made their way out of the forest, but then they found themselves surrounded by poppies [drugs], unaware of the danger they were in. From those fields, they could see Emerald City off in the distance. But they closed their eyes to the proximity of their destination.

Dorothy, Toto and the Cowardly Lion fell asleep. The Scarecrow [rabbi] and Tin Man [priest], who weren't made of flesh and bone, cried out loudly together for someone to help them wake up their companions. I [Glinda] heard their cries from afar and magically invoked snow to wake their companions up.

If poppies symbolize recreational 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 is the attribute of the adults in the room when people are running about screaming that the house is on fire. What "ICE" doesn't stand for is U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement.

It's one thing to wish for the best for ourself. It's quite another to find the answer to that wish through sexual fantasies and the pursuit of artificial dreams produced by drugs that only put our visions to sleep, further distancing us from our spiritual DESTINATION.

There are diabolical forces in society who use force to put people to sleep. But there are equally bad forces that freeze problems rather than solve them.

When our head [Scarecrow] and heart [Tin Man] have been disciplined to werk together on the behalf of ourself and others, we're magically rewarded with outcomes that wake us up to the courage we need to advance spiritually. We find the strength to continue our quest with new friends.

The group resumed without incident, arriving in Emerald City hopeful and optimistic. They were let into the castle of the Wizard, but only because Dorothy was wearing the ruby slippers. The slippers represented the ruby-red rage at birth that gave her the strength that others could see kept her going strong. That's the life force within those who never asked to be born but who have the passion to wrest meaning out of living passionately anyway. That's 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 themself. It'll become a creative force, not a destructive force.

Meanwhile, the wicked witch flew overhead, creating the words "Surrender Dorothy" with her broomstick in skywriting. But Dorothy wasn'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 could come next is one of life's most motivational forces.

What's unclear is whether the witch's skywriting was intended for [A] the people of Oz to turn Dorothy over to

the wicked witch [to surrender Dorothy] or [B] whether the words were intended to convince Dorothy to surrender herself to the witch [Surrender, Dorothy!].

The team met with the Wizard, and he struck a deal with them. [We bargain with our ego. We promise ourself rewards if we deliver results]. If the group killed the wicked witch of the West, the Wizard agreed 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 genitals [Buddhist] to act as the delivery device of our unspoken urge for the best [+], not the worst [–], of outcomes, we won't succeed in achieving our mission.]

Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion went 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's motivated us to do so.

Women [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 by GOD. Their own ego issues often get them embroiled in men's nefarious ends.

You and I may sometimes get enraged [red], anxious [orange] and frightened [yellow], 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 guilt [darkness]. That's what makes me blue [sad].

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 others. Their skin doesn't exude the color that's influencing them as is the case with green witches. Chameleons turn brown to conceal how green they really are.

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 nonsense!

The wicked witch of the West literally had a green complexion because her covetous nature poetically emanated out from within her. She wanted what Dorothy had. She covered her green [covetous] skin in black garments [guilt]. But, deep down, she had no idea why she wanted what Dorothy had. Such is the personification of the evil inclination in everyone.

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 because they've achieved the ability to werk together with the forces within themself.

Evil witches [guilt-ridden women] and wizards [egotistical men] secretly covet what we have inside, even though they may be powerful and possess much more than us materially. But they either want the body we got [container] or they want the virtues we're filled with [contents].

This, some of us don't understand about human nature. But this is what drives witches and wizards to pursue malevolent methods to achieve their ends by engaging our help. Don't turn into a flying monkey. Don't help evil become more powerful.

Many bad people use their scripture to validate their evil endeavors by convincing the naïve to support them.

We see this in politics and religion. We see it in big business. We may even see it in personal relationships we thought were based on love.

The flying monkeys the wicked witch dispatched to bring Dorothy and Toto back to her were like a police force [Ice] that only did the bidding of the frightened, prejudiced and hateful in power. They were mindless and heartless animals who were depicted as all looking identical. They didn't think or feel deeply enough to make responsible decisions on their own. They weren't trained to think and feel. They were trained to react quickly and decisively, not wisely.

The flying monkeys captured Dorothy and Toto and took the two of them back to the witch's castle. But Toto escaped, while Dorothy became a prisoner in the witch's castle.

What the wicked witch claimed to want were Dorothy's ruby slippers. She thought it was Dorothy's shoes that held the magic that advanced Dorothy toward greater righteousness. But that's ridiculous. It wasn't her soles, but her soul that made Dorothy so special.

Stealing Dorothy's gift wasn't possible, so the wicked witch came to the conclusion that she must kill Dorothy in order to be rid of her and her intrinsic power.

Dorothy felt she didn't have long to live. She was at the lowest point in her young life. She experienced her own mortality for the first time, even though she'd already been through the grief of losing her mother.

Dorothy was so frightened that she cried out for Aunt Em. But she could only see her in the witch's crystal ball. She couldn't reach her physically or be heard by her. The two of them were in different worlds.

Keep in mind that Dorothy was an orphan. Aunt Em had 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 might 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 [z] and daughters [z] may come to realize that their struggle with one another is a syndrome they share that can be solved with greater introspection.

Toto intuitively ran back into the forest to look for the others to lead them to Dorothy. The Scarecrow, Tin Man, Lion and Toto climbed a cliff to the witch's castle and sought a way in. Meanwhile, the Scarecrow thought up a plan that required the Lion to lead them with courage and devotion to free Dorothy.

They ended up successfully blending in with the wicked witch's soldiers, thus getting into the castle surreptitiously. [The witch's soldiers represented 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 found and released Dorothy, and they tried to escape, they were caught. The wicked witch lit the Scarecrow on fire again. The second time Dorothy, herself, tried to put out the flames. She grabbed a bucket of water, but she also doused Evilline [evil line] by mistake. The water [love] made the wicked witch of the West shrivel up and die.

There are no 21st Century castles at the top of craigs where wicked witches reign today. There are no Emerald cities where wizards restrain their people. Today, the rich and powerful live in palaces on islands. They send their sons and daughters to Swiss schools and then 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'd died, which caused such a sense of abandonment that it activated Dorothy's syndrome: demonization. Dorothy couldn't see that Miss Almira Gulch [z] was simply envious of Dorothy's [z] 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 of becoming wise.

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 through him. But how can you feel love for yourself if you're incased in nothing but armor that keeps you defended from everyone?

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 [z], courage develops naturally out of new experiences and old. You don't need trophies and medals to prove your worth.

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're only being fair. We should always

seek justice and justness. That makes a life motivated from within much harder than it sounds.

Many people claim to be impartial, when they're really motivated by revenge. They don't understand the unseen forces within themself. 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 killed the second wicked witch, a reminder to us of the journey from tragic to magic. She had to find her way through demonization to spiritual awakening.

Then Dorothy asked 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 then her dream would be bestowed on her by the Wizard.

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 for a better tomorrow with broomsticks. That leaves you 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 from within, they're power-hungry and delusional. They're humbugs who hate witches. They're like tiny, little men with humungous mommy issues.

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

When the team returned to Emerald City, the Wizard told them to go away and come back the next day. Finally, they all objected loudly in protest!

Then, Toto pulled back a curtain, revealing the humbug at the controls. In doing so, Dorothy and her friends realized that their dreams might never come true. They'd been duped.

When we pull back the curtain on our own ego, we see what a fool we've made of ourself. We humiliate ourself before ourself, sometimes even in front of others if we're forced to confess our sins because we can't admit them willingly.

When we've exposed a part of our self to ourself in this way, we see what a cheater we were. We see we were living in denial of the repercussions in trying to get something over others. And then we have to conclude that we 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.

Awakening can be deeply painful, but it's worth the discomfort. That's best represented by knowledge of Toto's triumphant tale in following the yellow brick road without anything to gain as Dorothy's best friend. We all need to make sense of Toto's tale, regardless of what that may reveal about our own craven cravings [–].

The little dog in Baum's allegory doesn't have any spoken lines, but his actions speak much louder than his unspoken words. Without Toto, the story could never have achieved a happy ending. Without Buddhism, our ascent up the mountain of faith in all of GOD'S names won't bring us the faith in ourself that we need to achieve wisdom, love and courage. All study of scripture should include the study of Buddhism. Unless you eliminate suffering from within yourself, all that you profess about GOD will prove useless at the END.

The Wizard admitted to Dorothy and her friends that he was a very good man, but a very bad wizard. In other words, he thought he had some very great powers that

made him virtuous, but he lacked the virtues required for a job as leader.

Not only did he not apologize for his ruse and for sending them into danger. He still came across as a know-it-all. Only then he claimed to know all about himself, as well!

The Wizard still only demonstrated that he knew how to manipulate other people; he knew nothing about how to operate himself genuinely. And this is what made 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 make his way HOME.

To know yourself you need to explore the [z] factor given to you by your mother. When she passes, you'll then be able to accept her crown 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 even HEAVEN in the Christian sense. 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. It's only after you do the bidding of your ego [wizard] that you return to your Emerald City within a changed person.

Emerald City is a combination of Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca with a bit of Varanasi on the banks of the Ganges River thrown in. Cherish the holy city of your people in the outer world, but pray from the Emerald City within you. Replace the Wizard of Oz with a Tutor, whether you choose Adonai, Jesus, archangel Gabriel or Krishna.

The Wizard made amends by using his knowledge of human nature to help Dorothy's friends. He began 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 assuaged Scarecrow's damaged mind by handing him a diploma. [A diploma from a theological institution might fool any rabbi into thinking he's wiser than any other Jew…]

The Wizard then made the claim that the Lion was a victim of unorganized thinking. He told the Lion that just because he ran away from danger didn't mean that he didn't have courage. He told him that he'd 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 told the lion, but they have one thing he doesn't: a medal. So, the Wizard gave 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.

Then the Lion felt 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. Just contemplating your navel isn't enough. You need hard evidence in the world we share that you are who you say you are. This is the power that turns Indians into world leaders worldwide.

Then the Wizard moved on to the Tin Man, telling him that he didn't know how lucky he was not to have a heart. He told 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 needed was a token of esteem of others' affection. The Wizard told the Tin Man that a heart isn't judged by how

much you love, but by how much you're beloved. And the Wizard claimed that that depends on the wisdom of your heart, which produces kindness, forgiveness and respect for others. The Wizard promised the Tin Man that the more he gave his virtues to all others, the more he'd be beloved.

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

Church leaders have plenty of testimonials of the good they've done for others. They already know that love must be given away to be received. They already preach that nothing can be accomplished without Jesus. So why is the church still exclusive? Why aren't there female priests, married priests and out, gay priests?

The heart is only $1/7^{th}$ of our spiritual operating system [s.o.s]. If you don't expand your feelings to include the other six forces within you, you become an expert cardiologist who can't even set a broken bone.

The Wizard told them that it was a hot air balloon that brought him to Oz, and he offered to take Dorothy back to Kansas using the same means. Of course, we know that no one can go to or from Oz [our 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 the two worlds we've all been given that each of us must discover for herself.

The Wizard was only capable of waxing poetic about topics he didn't have to take personally. He was still a humbug. But he was a humbug who'd done what little he could to correct his mistakes.

The only thing a wizard would do for the Dorothy [z] in you is awaken you to the paradoxes in the way you treat others so different from yourself. Such is the outcome of the fragile ego of man.

From the basket of his hot air balloon, the wizard told his doting crowd that he was going to embark on a hazardous journey to hobnob with other wizards. What nonsense! What a flair for the absurd he had right to the end.

Toto once again stole the show by running after a cat. And isn't running after pussy what all dogs do best?... Toto's untrained actions, once again, left Dorothy in the lurch. The Wizard flew away out of control, and Dorothy once again concluded that all was lost.

I [Glinda] unexpectedly showed up again in my transparent bubble to tell Dorothy that she'd 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. She needed to see that the feeling of hopelessness was her syndrome. She'd always have to prove to herself that there's reason to hope, even upon graduation from this school.

In saying their goodbyes, the Tin Man told Dorothy that he knew he had a heart because it was breaking. The Lion told her that he never would have found his courage if it hadn't been for her. But Dorothy told the Scarecrow that she'd miss him most of all.

Then I told Dorothy to click the heels of her ruby slippers together three times and say to herself, "There's no place like HOME." [translation: Give greater value to your life with remorse for how you treated yourself in the past. That'll leave you joyful, not bitter, about what's ahead of you to accomplish.] And then, there she was, back in Kansas again.

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

Dorothy promised never to leave any of them ever again, when what she really wanted to say was that she'd internalized their virtues and make them her own with admiration and respect for what she received from them.

Dorothy had been schooled. [18] She'd been enrolled in the gurls' [z] school on planet Earth. She'd graduate sassy and classy. But there'd be no one to confirm for her where she'd been or what she'd accomplished.

We all went over the rainbow when we made 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 any further on her journey of hope.]

We all know that our visits to Oz are never ending. We just need a fairy GODmother to come along to convince us that these trips are real. In this way, we can go over our rainbow every day.

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

Call Me Glinda

The seven paths up the mountain of faith [indigenism, Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam] lead to faith in SOMEONE greater than ourselves. These paths are surrounded by the valley of birth that offered us the option of believing in self-made, local gods [toys] that we imbue with great power when we were a child.

Some adults put their heart and soul into idols they worship, not realizing that their effort and devotion to their creations are held in place by the hand of GOD.

Now you know that I'm a fairy GODmother [z] sent down to help you understand the wizard you have within you. I'm not here to take you on your journey to Emerald City. I'm not here to reveal the humbug within you. I'm not even here to help you fight wicked witches.

So, sit back. "Mama is serving." The forecast called for a gale storm. We've taken a ride on a tornado together, you and me.

In Baum's book version, I'm the good witch of the South. But some screenwriter in Hollywood 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 looks like, you aren't going to see why he chose to describe me as the good witch of the North. That was an odd choice. I'm hardly what you'd call a northern knockout. I'm more like a southern belle.

Call me Glinda because now I'm here to set the record gay, not straight, Gurl. You don't have to consider me an angel in disguise. I'm fully disclosed. I'm here to tell you that regardless which path you may have taken up the mountain of faith, you can 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 all ETERNITY... You're going to want to set the mood just right for every occasion.]

You can call me Ishmael if you like. [Hebrew: GOD will hear]. I don't worry about GOD hearing me. I worry about you hearing GOD. I think you need to worry whether you even hear yourself with all that din reverberating inside you.

It's easy to imagine that Jesus could think. It's easy to imagine that archangel Gabriel could think. But it's hard to think that a Burning Bush could think and talk. But when a tree talked back at Dorothy and slapped her for picking one of its apples, Baum brought the topic of thinking all the way back to the beginning of the Book of Exodus in Torah.

A tree of knowledge that doesn't talk, isn't able to show any indication that it can grow. A tree of knowledge must have been planted in Eden as a seed. As soon as it burst forth from its shell in the earth it, too, must have cried out at being here all alone. It, too, must have grown in two directions, up to the sky as a shoot and down into the ground as a root.

Like a tree GOD planted in a garden, you, too, must have wrapped your roots around the ROCK. What difference does it make what name they gave you for that ROCK? The whole planet is just one big rock revolving around the Son [if you're Christian] and around the sun if you're not.

If you don't identify as a tree of knowledge, you're self-ignorant. We're all trees of knowledge. We're all twigs growing from the same TREE of LIFE. If you can't relate to the Hebraic Creation allegory, you're a fool, not just an atheist. You're too primitive to understand our religion. It's no wonder so many hate us.

The reason this world looks as it does and not as it did 3,400 years ago when Moses first told his tale is because our faith has spread around the globe. We didn't even spread it ourselves. Others spread it for us.

It began with the ancient Greeks. They were curious about a religion that professed devotion to only one GOD. They yearned to read Torah in Greek. But because of the enormous cost of parchment [animal skins], Torah had been written in Hebrew without spaces between the words. It was called the word of GOD because it had to be written as one long word to save space. Only Jewish geniuses could read it.

The ancient Greeks started the dissemination of our scripture in a book rather than as a scroll. Their economical substitute for parchment made it possible to put spaces between the words, paragraphs and chapters. The rabbis even divided Torah into the five books we speak about today.

When the ancient rabbis realized they could reduce the number of animals that had to be killed to promote literacy, they jumped on papyrus from Egypt as a gift from GOD. They saw that it would be an economical solution that would make it possible for all the Jews in ancient Israel to read Torah without difficulty. They then passed laws requiring all Jews to learn to read. Literacy became paramount to the Jews 2,400 years ago during the Greek conquest of the Middle East thanks to papyrus.

What we see in synagogues today are scrolls that require 62 to 84 animal skins to produce one scroll of Torah. But thanks to the ancient Greeks, we can read Torah in book form. The whole reason why Christ's disciples went to Greece to promote their "good news" was because the ancient Greeks already knew about Torah. It had been a best seller there for hundreds of years.

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 discover in your own sweet way and at your own peaceful pace that you're a

meaningful participant in GOD'S designs. As with Ishmael, GOD hears you.

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 because you know that the yellow brick road lies within you. All external roads are holy if you see yourself as striving to be whole. 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. In my heart, I know the color of rage [red]; agony [orange]; horror [yellow]; coveting [green]; grief [blue]; awe [indigo]; and ecstasy [violet].

I even know the jewel tones of the rainbow in the heart of old, gay men who survived the gay plague of the last century that GOD used to separate our holocaust from the Holocaust of the Jews. No one can claim to be blind, deaf or dumb as an excuse for their behavior so long as I'm by your side. You'll always recognize me because I smell good. Your nose knows.

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 Wonderful Wizard of Oz is Baum's account of P.T.S.D. before there was a word for it. Dorothy couldn't believe where she was. I had to orient her at the beginning and end of her first journey within herself.

Dorothy is the personification of the path of redemption despite disappointments 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 tale, Dorothy discovered that she didn't have to feel vindictive about the inequities of her past. There was a reason for everything that had happened to her.

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 and GOD.

If you resent me pulling back the covers on Dorothy's journey, just imagine how Judy Garland scorned Baum's rendition of reality all her life. She died of a drug overdose at the age of 47.

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 from knowing how to pray in front of anything other than a wall, a cross or a big, black rock.

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 may go far in this world by kissing other people's derrieres. But kissing your own is always the outcome of those contortions…

Just look at all the people who start out by excusing themself for little things and then find themself forgiving themself for things that shouldn't be forgiven. They end up exonerating themself for breaking the Ten Commandments, and then concluding that GOD hates them or ignores them. Maybe if the publishing world turned the Old Testament, New Testament and Quran into one book, instead of three, religious leaders of today would get a better message.

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 with my help [z]. You can always count on Glinda. You don't have to 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.

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 [1] face your [2] head, [3] heart, [4] navel, [5] penis, [6] spine and [7] soul.

Learn about the meaning of loyalty to the one you most love. Moodiness, high strung behavior and a temperamental nature won’t get you where you want to go.

You don’t have to wait for your mother to die to receive the crown that will turn you from a princess into a 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 us.

If a man doesn’t know himself well enough, he may exaggerate the size of his chest [y] with feelings and beliefs that aren’t truthful, not just by inflating the size of his penis. In these ways, he may try to magnify the secret he’s keeping from himself by foolishly externalizing it.

While on the yellow brick road to making your dreams come true, you may meet a scarecrow [rabbi] 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.

While on the yellow brick road to making your dreams come true, you may meet a tin man [priest] who personifies the embodiment of your potential to love. He could become a friend on your mutual journeys.

While on the yellow brick road to making your dreams come true, you may meet a cowardly lion [Arjuna] who personifies the embodiment of your potential to

contemplate your navel [z]. He could become a friend on your mutual journeys.

Wisdom without Adonai, the God within the Jews is hard to imagine. Greater liberty in your heart may never unfold without Jesus. And emancipation of your soul before the one GOD of us all may never burst into bloom without archangel Gabriel. These three Jewish Tutors from our TEACHER should not be ignored.

Don't let politics override your spiritual quest. Don't let your nation be held hostage by wizards and wicked witches. We live in a modern age. Don't let the superstitious drag you back to the dark age. Today's world isn't Black or White. Today's world is filled with color. If you're afraid of red and green [Palestine] or white and blue [Israel], you're spiritually colorblind. You inherited shortsightedness from your ancestors. Use more than your eyes to perceive the truth.

Make your way through the garden to the orchard where you'll meet men [Christians] who are made of steel, not tin. They personify the embodiment of your potential to love yourself. They could become a friend on your journey if you oil their joints, bringing greater liberty than people have held in their hearts until now. Stainless steel still stains, but it stains less.

You may get lost in the woods. You may be confronted by men [Hindus] who personify the embodiment of your potential to express courage. They could become a friend on your journey if you don't ridicule them by calling them sissies.

Your journey will take you through meadows where poppies will lull you to sleep. Scarecrows and Tin Men will try to waken you, to no avail. I'll have to intercede with snow; cold perceptions of reality that will help you wake yourself up.

Emerald City [Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca] doesn't have to be seen as a swamp. It doesn't have to be ruled by a

wizard [orthodox rabbi, rightwing priest or fanatical ayatollah].

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 crass and craven cravings [–]. Your wish to become the best person you can be will never cause you to doubt your motives if you befriend the little toto below your belt.

The wizard within you [Taoist] is the embodiment of paradox if you choose to use spiritual 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.

All it takes to perceive the difference between appearances and good deeds is a backbone. But no one can see their own spine without mirrors. No one can face that part of themself without contemplation, meditation and reflection. That's the meaning of cogitation.

Your soul [Islam] is figuratively located where all of you and the one GOD of us all 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 Gabriel [Hebrew: the strength of GOD]. Once you've achieved peace of mind, that sense of peace can be used to make peace with humanity, if you so desire. This will lead to serenity from within and, peace on Earth.

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 Baum'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.

Returning, Rather Than Going, 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 guzzling 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 we need in its creation metaphor for all forms of one-GOD-consciousness that build upon the allegory of creation. Christianity holds the holy water that inspires the seeds of your faith in GOD to grow with love. This corresponds to loving feelings for yourself and GOD that need to be nurtured by bestowing wisdom of the heart on others. Without positive feelings poured into your head, 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 in the ways that you treat your body; shame yourself in the ways you treat others; and humiliate yourself in 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 truth. You're not going to see acts of GOD as lessons from the TEACHER that will increase your opinion of yourself.

The rainbow is an act of GOD that appears in the sky. But it corresponds to the hope in your heart that can be achieved in seven ways. Perhaps now you can see why GOD required three Abrahamic faiths to specialize on the land [Judaism], sea [Christianity] and sky [Islam] in conjunction with the seven attributes of fire to understand GOD'S plan for man.

Black people aren't any more guilt-ridden than White people. 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 made manifest in many ways.

To be without wind is a paradox when perceived from your inner world. Inside, there's almost always at least a mild breeze blowing. You experience this as the flickering of your own flame with mystery over the littlest of things that are new to you. You experience this as pride in the things you do well; awe in what you've learned; and inspiration in the ways you've helped others. Granted, your flame would burn brighter, hotter and faster if there was 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. It's the feeling of being Dorothy watching the Wizard fly off in his balloon, with nowhere left for her to go.

More than some people want to get to HEAVEN or PARADISE, they really just want to be reincarnated to be able to come back to help all those who seek awakening. 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 from the night before, you get up in the morning in a container that mysteriously shapes your contents differently from the previous day. You're like a thermos with an inner container separate from your outer, physical container. You find the potential to know new possibilities and potential for self-mastery every day. You're cool on the outside, whether you're hot or cold within.

Such is one of the mysteries in the mastery of life that I can't prove to you. It's just gossip. It's hearsay. But 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 confuse with fantasies, dreams and nightmares. All those weird dreams you have are ways in which you humiliate yourself that you can't understand without new lessons the following day. These new lessons will reveal the outlines of the new container you were poured into the night before.

Visions are your pact 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 next vision you achieve the next night.

"The Thinker," "The Kiss" and "The Gates of Hell" carved by Rodin were 19th Century views of man. In today's modern age, your contents are simply poured into another inner container. What people will see on the outside will never reveal who you're becoming within.

Even if you're a humbug, you'll still get the opportunity to pass out pins and needles mixed with bran, meant to symbolize brains. You'll get to give people watches for

hearts and medals for courage. No one is exempt when it comes to expressing their ego.

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 Kansas from 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 will never 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 my husband, Gabriel, who recited to him the meaning of the strength of GOD [Y]. To know GOD [X + Y + Z] is greater than you can imagine.

Sometimes you just need your best friend [Toto] to pull the curtain back on your 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.

Baum created characters that describe you to a [T]. 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 described allegorically.

Sadly, Baum had severe bugs in his own operating system regarding his mother [z] that he projected onto indigenist-Americans. He saw them as savage, idol worshipping heathens.

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.” [19]

GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, later brought Baum 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.

If we’re going to save the planet, we’ll need to integrate indigenist wisdom in with our own. We’ll need to learn to idolize the land, sea and sky. GOD created idols for this reason.

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

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 all sides.

The fact that modernity is driving humanity toward the sunset of our stay here on Earth means that we need to believe in miracles all the more. We need inspired experiences that’ll turn us figuratively the other way [South] before it’s literally too late.

[19] Talk about unresolved mommy [z] issues!

Wicked Witches

There's no such thing as witches. Witchcraft is utter nonsense. It's women who are so consumed with jealousy and envy over those around them that their skin literally turns green who exist.

The wicked witches of the East and West in "The Wizard of Oz" are a parody of the misunderstood [z] factor of every human being. These women are aspects of an allegory, not just characters in a story.

Vanity of one's body and conceit of one's mind create the covetousness we separate into jealousy [vanity] and envy [conceit]. Cravings in the external world are reflections of vices we ought to question we hold against ourself if we're going to discover what motivates us. Then, getting our dreams to come true becomes a reward [destiny], and not the preview to future punishments [fate].

Baum'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 ourself [z] with disrespect and distain. We should connect negative thoughts about women to repressed ideas we're still holding about our mother which conceal even worse thoughts we hold about ourself. Therefore, we need to discuss the author's intentions with greater insight than could be deduced 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 the beginning to a magnificent finish. In childhood, we became aware of the journey of life in stages that we had to piece together on our own because our parents [specifically], and society [generally] didn't have the wisdom to piece the journey of life together in ways that were universal, as well as personally relevant to us, individually.

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 expect to find answers at the summit.

We try to climb the ladder of success in the external world as best we can. We try to ascend the mountain of life to get to the summit to enjoy the magnificent view. We try to go up [North], not down [South]. Even in terms of emotions, we try to keep our spirits high, not let them sink into feeling low.

Most women [z] seem to know this instinctively. Many a man [y] just nods his head in agreement because he doesn't want to admit that that's one more truth hidden in plain sight that he didn't see coming.

In my effort to go North, I experienced the sun rising in the East on my right. I experienced daylight, illumination, warmth and the defeat of darkness as originating in the East. This was a daily occurrence. But because this was one of those secrets hidden in plain sight, I didn't realize it was a key to spiritual awakening. I took the clues to the meaning of life for granted – until something tragic or shocking would happen to me.

The death of the wicked witch of the East symbolized a change in the course of Dorothy's life that was so profound that I saw it as a sign of her syndrome, not just the death of a stranger who meant nothing to Dorothy personally.

Having her inner home rise off the ground and land in a strange place on top of an aspect of herself that she killed off, but only partially buried, was Dorothy's way of describing her syndrome. That hit her so personally and profoundly that it changed the course of her life.

Dorothy's traumatic reaction to having killed the first witch left her feeling bad, regretful, apologetic, uneasy, dreadful, flawed, troubled, cruel and tested.

After that shock, Dorothy could no longer live with the childlike fantasy of going North on an unending, autonomous expedition in search of success. She was so affected by this new circumstance that the event forced her to turn away from the East on her right. It forced her to give up her childish view of a life where all goodness, like the morning light, arose each day in the East with the regularity of the sun peeking over the horizon.

Her arrival in Oz [inner world] forced her to look West with sorrow. It forced her to face the setting sun. It even made her look at her life up until then as though it had all happened over the course of one, excruciatingly long day. She knew then that when the bell would toll at midnight, her one day on Earth would end. What would come after that would be anyone's guess. Such are truths about death we're all forced to face.

Facing the setting sun at the end of the day is a way of describing our mortality. That leaves us guessing the probability of our death occurring at any moment and the possibility of ETERNAL darkness. The death of her mother and the wicked witch of the East forced Dorothy to face defeat as a very real outcome and the loss of illumination as a very possible fate. It forced her to face cynicism, sarcasim and even mordant scorn at hopeful outcomes without being able to talk to herself about how she felt.

Dorothy was at home in her house [body]. Her body was like the shell of a turtle. When the tornado [twisted, rageful feelings] figuratively lifted her house [body] off the ground and brought it down in Oz [inner world] against her will, Dorothy needed answers to questions she wasn't even ready to ask!

I [Glinda] came to her in that time of need to help her perceive that it was time to start the journey of adult life

with greater conscious awareness of what she was going through. I knew I couldn't answer questions before she asked them. But as her fairy GODmother, I could look out for her along the way.

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, I 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 involve reconstruction [massive emotional transformations] might be very costly [painful]. Such is the price denial exacts upon us when it comes to the question of why we're here and what we we're meant to do.

You were once like an egg. [20] You were like an unhatched chick [x/y] trying to peck your way out of something you couldn't explain. You were like a hen [z] doing something you couldn't talk about without it ruffling your 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 instinctively knew you'd die a lost soul.

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

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

sister's ruby slippers foreshadowed the complexity of Dorothy's challenge moving forward. Dorothy's existential feelings were ruby-red with rage, not pink or any of the pastel tints we see in the rainbows around us.

As I [Glinda], the good witch of the North 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 [inner father]; one to watch the world within us [inner mother]; and one eye to watch what other two [inner child] are looking at. Only in this way do we avoid magnifying or minimizing our problems. Only in this way do we avoid optimism and pessimism to achieve realism.

From a psychological and spiritual perspective, Dorothy interpreted her life as having gone through an experience of loss [the death of her mother] that was so tragic and life changing, that it unconsciously turned her West, toward the setting sun. She couldn't anticipate going any further North, as others are subtly encouraged to do with that hand they feel in their back that pushes them forward and northward.

After Dorothy's mother died of an illness and her father remarried a woman who didn't want Dorothy around, 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 forced her to acknowledge that she could no longer go East. What happened when her house landed in Oz was a figurative description of the abandonment and grief she'd gone through in late childhood before the onset of puberty when every girl needs a father and mother to guide her across the bridge of adolescence to adulthood. Turning her tragic

circumstances into an adventure with friends made it possible for Dorothy to discover the meaning of hope.

I'm proud I could be a part of her journey. I'm proud I could be there in the beginning to encourage her to go to Emerald City to seek the advice of the Wizard. I'm proud I could be there in the middle to send down the snow [hard, cold facts of life] that woke her up from the drug induced state caused by the poppies. And I'm proud of myself for being with her at the end to show her how to return to Kansas [the world we share], so different from Oz, [the world within us].

When you find yourself facing an existential loss that brings up feelings of death, destruction, an urge for revenge and darkness [guilt], it forces you to project your dilemma onto the world we share. It's impossible to solve our external problems until we receive answers to internal syndromes.

For Baum, this, his first book, made it possible for him to reveal the [z] factor in himself to himself. By presenting us with his profound and enlightened outlook on the human condition, perhaps he got to see through Dorothy's trauma to more of a view of his own.

Near the end of the story, the death of the "evil line" [Evilline: wicked witch of the West] was an unexpected, fortuitous outcome to this allegory that figuratively turned Dorothy a second time. But this time, it turned her from the West to the South.

The "evil line" that points people to the setting sun is an unavoidable outcome that will eventually turn them figuratively toward a realistic 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 a hopeful perspective on life as a timed and very important test from our TEACHER.

Those who go South discover a magnificent mystery to their life. They parallel the original path they took in youth going North by going the other way. They get to look at the road they took in their past from a new view, going in the opposite, but parallel, direction. They get to look all the way back to their birth in a whole new way. From this Southern route, they can apologize to themself for all the mistakes they've made.

Everyone goes South. Some turn from the West to the South and then die without a moment's notice. Some go West all their life and only turn South by writhing in pain at all the inner werk they didn't do in time.

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 which turns them East and then North again.

When you can look at success internally by overcoming greed, gluttony and lust, 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 within that 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 the mountain of faith, 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, North, West, East or South, you're viewing life realistically from all sides.

Those who aren't self-devoted and diligent end up only going North toward an external goal. They may gamble with their health by defying their doctor. They may gamble with their love life by defying the wisdom of those who love them. Or they may roll the dice when it comes to

decisions about their hard-earned money. Any or all of these temptations force them to trudge West through hopelessness toward the setting sun.

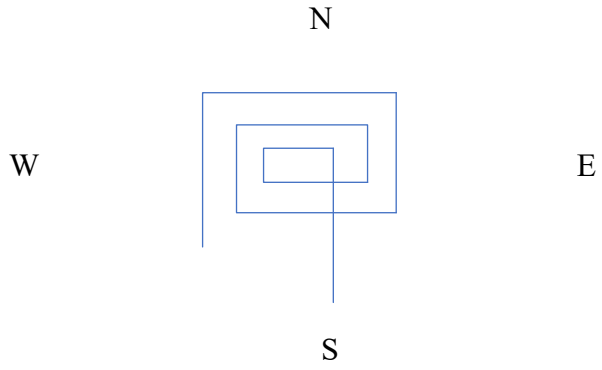
Going West is a sad, but necessary outcome of life, especially when you're young and no longer as naïve as a kid. Turning South can be seen as a blessing because it begins the spiritual spiral that reveals the real and surreal equally.

Whatever direction life takes you, 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 orienting it. Only then will your conscience truly become a trusted guide. Only then will you be able to ask yourself which way you're facing from an enlightened, moral point of view. Only then will this spiritual left turn be a meaningful reminder of who you are, where you're headed and why.

Feeling guilty is the greatest clue to becoming a better person. It's the only emotion that leads to wisdom. Knowing you've done something that was unwise frees you to try doing it differently the next time. Knowing you've done something that was unwise liberates you to feel more confident about yourself the next time. That'll eventually emancipate you from who you once were in an indescribably mysterious way.

Guilt will give you the wisdom to seek love. Love will lead you to loyalty, a bond within yourself to GOD that no one can get asunder.

The journey of life begins looking like a line segment that goes from the South to the North. Our journey turns us West, then South, then East again. And before you know it, you're once again going North. This creates a pattern:



Understanding this inner pattern helps you perceive the emotions that influence your movement in your outer world.

The paradox between movement through our inner $world_1$ and outer $world_2$ can be experienced soulfully and without drama if you can monitor your thoughts and feelings without coming to the erroneous conclusion that GOD is conspiring against you.

The death of the wicked witch of the East ended the rage Dorothy held against her mother for abandoned her by dying. The death of the wicked witch of the West ended the rage Dorothy held against herself for having blamed her mother for dying.

When GOD closes a door, HE leads us to a window. When we look out that window, we see things very differently.

By throwing a bucket of water on the Scarecrow when the wicked witch set him on fire, Dorothy acted with the best of intentions. She had no plan to douse the wicked witch of the West as well. Who could have imagined that water, the life-giving force that we all need to keep us from

figuratively bursting into flame with rage time and again, could become anyone's downfall?

Baum depicted movement East and West as motivated by witches. 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 could have seen coming.

Dorothy eventually got back to Kansas from Oz with a whole, new perspective on life. You might even say she developed an inner compass from her journey to guide her.

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 life to us because we're too close to ourself to see the miracle of life clearly.

If you haven't yet met the Glinda in your Oz, I suggest you make haste to do so. Kansas can wait.

Flying Monkeys

The flying monkeys were followers of the wicked witch of the West. They did her bidding because she personified 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 found themselves in a haunted forest. The wicked witch dispatched her flying monkeys to kidnap Dorothy and Toto and bring them to her. She wanted what Dorothy had, and she knew that torturing Toto was 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 power. They wish to be ruled. They don't want to take responsibility for themselves tribally or themself individually. 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 only vote for extremists.

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

Flying Monkeys blame others for knowing more than they do. They use the law to get control and maintain control in order to ruin other people's lives, whether it's Black people, undocumented aliens, gays, women or Jews. They do what they're told by their leaders through code they think no one can decipher.

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

feeling cooped up and separated from others behind bars. So, they throw their feces at the people who come to see them.

Flying monkeys in the urban jungle figuratively do the same. Until they evolve, we're stuck with these knuckle draggers. We can't get around them. We have to expose their behavior to motivate them to contemplate their navel [z].

Flying monkeys appear to be compliant, obedient and soft-spoken with one another because they don't wish to frighten each other with their self-ignorance and spiritual 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 to 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.

Flying monkeys are, in some ways, more like bats. They insist that they're blind to the hope and optimism we see. They insist that their God alone can relieve them of suffering. They're banking on Him punishing the rest of 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 confuse their Tutor with our TEACHER. They think GOD has no other names than theirs. But HE always looks just like the mechanical face created by the Wizard to frighten others into doing his bidding.

The Wizard's external face looked like the GOD of the Jews as described by antisemitic non-Jews. When people get disappointed, frustrated and enraged, they end up blaming Blacks, then gays, and if that fails, women. If all else fails, they go back to blaming 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 leader affirms for his flying monkeys that in order to return to the "wonderful" way things used to be thousands of years ago, everyone must do exactly as he says.

In exchange for obedience, every religious leader promises a great reward after life. Science, common sense and cooperation aren't words in their vocabulary. Reconciliation becomes another word for revenge. They have to use conspiracy and collusion because they can't yet be honest, sincere and authentic with themself. Their thoughts, feelings and beliefs aren't united in their conscience with awareness of the personal power they've been given below their waist.

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 they exclude as though we weren't born the same way they were. That means that we either don't have feelings or we lack a soul. Therefore, they believe we deserve what we get. Even if we make a point of pointing to the knot on our belly, they can't conceive of us having been born of woman, too.

Flying monkeys 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 principle. They claim that women only count if they agree with men. But take a good look around the world. How are women treated in most places. Who would agree with that?

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 humiliation before the LORD.]

Melancholy leads to depression. Depression is caused by repression that arise from suppression and oppression.

Flying monkeys and the wicked witches that dominate them are homicidal. They're sociopathic. 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 who didn't learn from their mistakes to continue the fight for the "right" to pursue more death and destruction. We see this happening from one generation to the next. We see this coming from the East and West.

The less you believe in wisdom, self-love and loyalty to all life, 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 only wishes to go HOME.

What flying monkeys all lack is individuality. When you're frustrated with parents who couldn't teach you about your [z] factor, it makes you question whether you're more than a stem disconnected from a twig that had been hanging from a branch on a bough on the trunk of a tree. If you can't see yourself as forbidden fruit that you were meant to be tempted to pick, you turn into faux fruit, fake fruit or decorative fruit that just gathers dust.

A young lady [z] on the cusp of adulthood seeks answers. That's what separates monkeys from maidens [z]. That's what separates and later unites the gurls' [z] and the bois [z].

The Moral of the Story

They say that the moral of "The Wizard of Oz" is to be yourself. If you recall, the Witch's flying monkeys [constituents] and her soldiers [lawyers] were relieved when the wicked witch of the West was declared dead. But they just didn't apologize or make amends for their bad behavior. Is that what it looks like when people are being themselves?

If you recall, the Wizard helped the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion after Toto pulled back the curtain on his charade. But the Wizard didsn't apologize for having sent them to kill the wicked witch and for having endangered their lives. Isn't that a humbug just being a humbug?

Who'd want to be himself [egotistical and self-indulgent] if he continues to behave callously when it comes to the lives of others?

If "The Wizard of Oz" was 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 The Wonderful Wizard of Oz isn't a story, and so that isn't the moral of it. It's an allegory. All the characters are aspects of ourself. There's no one for us to apologize to but our inner child. 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 wizards 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 defiant to begin with, and then told us what not to do, we'd never have done what we did that was right. We'd never have developed the conscience we have. And we wouldn't have experienced the pain and suffering necessary to value what we believe to be right and true.

The Hebrew Testament began with a story based on reverse psychology. Question the serpent in your tree for details. There's nothing wrong with wanting to be like GOD. The issue was not asking.

Moses wrestled with Adonai at the Burning Bush. He didn't want to go back to Egypt. He claimed he couldn't speak for GOD. But he was told that his brother, Aaron, was waiting for him with open arms. This was the first time in Torah that a brother was described in loving terms.

The name "Aaron" means "high mountain," "exalted" or "mountain of strength" in Hebrew. You don't have to personify Aaron as your brother. You can interpret the mountain [brotherhood] in your life as a journey that will reveal your strength. You will go North until you reach the valley of death. But you'll also go South toward the valley of your birth.

A brother personifies certain virtues and values. But you can be a brother unto yourself. You don't have to kill your brother to hurt GOD'S feelings, as Cain did to Abel. You can go on the journey of moving through Torah, the rest of the Hebrew Testament, the New Testament and the Quran to discover the value, not just the meaning, in being.

If you don't unify the characters in the allegory of "The Wizard of Oz" as aspects of yourself, you'll never come to see how you behaved like a flying monkey, bad cop, renegade soldier, sociopathic lawyer or ambivalent bureaucrat who defended the castle of a wicked witch who everyone else could see looked like your mother… You may have to die never having gotten the apology you owed 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 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 around. Your brown [grounded] eyes will turn a deep, dark 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 of 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 will you be able to anticipate receiving 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. Nobody's going to rid this world of what some people here on Earth don't like about others.

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz is an allegory in which the moral is to learn to appreciate more of the voices inside you. There are many aspects of yourself that make you as wonderful as you are. If you aren't aware of how you're

treating all of you, expect more lessons that will challenge you with disrespect, failure and bad luck. Always expect more weight to be placed on your shoulders; more clouds in your inner sky. How can you help others without experience? How can you turn self-love around to express your love of others without a fairy GODmother [Glinda] on your side?

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 home [body] isn't the same as your parents'. You're wired in ways that your father and mother aren't accustomed to operating themselves. If you don't appreciate the sophistication of your spiritual abode, you're not going to get far. Someone may see you as a turtle, flip you over and watch you flail.

Every garden eventually turns into an orchard. Every orchard turns into a forest over time. And every forest will, in some spots, grow into an urban jungle with swamps.

Where you choose to live out your life depends on the skills you've been given and your desire [+] to evolve. But what you do with your skills 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 have to climb aboard a broom to get around. They aren't able to get around in a bubble. It's not where you come from [North, South, East or West] or how you got here, but where you're going, that counts.

Foxes think they can reinterpret the news with alternative facts. Bears expect the market to fall, so they can sell off early to make money at others' expense. Raccoons steal from the innocent who don't protect themselves, and rats double-cross the dirty.

Swamps aren't only filled with venomous water moccasins [egotistical tyrants] and man-eating gators [lawyers]. You may find vipers [swindlers] in your familial waters! Everyone has her own allegory to tell.

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 Baum 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 Emerald City shouldn't lock up Dorothy. Dorothy should never surrender to the injustices of political thugs, entrepreneurial criminals and hyper-religious thieves who seek to topple democracy. Dorothy 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 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 themself? 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.

We all started out life in a garden. We all made it to high school where we discovered the orchard [pardes] of reality. Throughout our 12 years of schooling, they cut us down like timber and sawed us into two-by-fours with which to build a productive society.

When we graduated the educational mill, we found ourself in a forest where everyone gets lost. Your outer world is real. Your inner world is surreal. It's up to you how you unite the two.

Despite the fact that Baum 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.

The Anal-Retentive Ego

Synonyms for "anal-retentive" are particular, fussy, choosy, demanding, exacting, picky, fastidious, discriminating, critical and finicky. Other synonyms are stubborn, obsessive, dogged, strict, hard, adamant, severe, and willful.

The ego is the defiant aspect of ourself. In the male body, the ego is the prostate gland. In the female body it's the skene gland. Both are located between the genitals and the anus.

"Gather round ladies! Oh, Pit Crew!"

If you don't behave like a Cairn Terrier that's pulling back the curtain on the maniacs [y] 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 Moses, Jesus and Muhammad brought us.

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 believe. If you doubt your head, you'll put most of your trust in your heart and soul. But if you go on a journey to discover all the forces within you, you'll make your way all the way around to face yourself in a new way day-by-day.

I found that the Kansas-Oz-Kansas experience began to go faster as I got older and bolder. They cast Billie Burke to play me [Glinda] in 1939. I wish I could say I look that good today. The older you get, the more the Glinda within

you will draw you toward older women for comfort and support.

When you see a man, and you can't decide if he's a flying monkey [y], a wizard [y] or just a cowardly lion [z], ask yourself if there's a Dorothy by his side. If not, call on some fairy GODmother to help him help himself. All women [z] need fairy GODmothers to help wizards [y] and wicked witches [x], even if they [z] don't know it.

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 soulful regard for all others, the people who loved you may sob at your funeral for all you didn't do for yourself when you had the time. Don't wait until it's too late to discover that it's really all about you [z] and HIM [Z].

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't imagine what figuratively lies below your belt. First contemplate your navel to determine your relationship with your mother. Then you'll discover that your genitals are part of your destiny, not an aspect of your fate.

The serpent in your tree never conspired with your heart [Eve] to mess with your head [Adam]. That's the Old Testament described by a cynic. Your penis began to talk at puberty in a planned move with GOD'S blessings to introduce you to your heart in a way that would help you see this world in a whole new way.

Adolescence was a gift from GOD. It was a rainbow bridge, not just a yellow brick road. You're now a builder of bridges between the East and West. You cross your own bridge from every sunrise to sunset as you make your way to where you're going.

GOD'S intentions for you aren't only revealed in HIS wisdom as expressed in Torah. HIS love for you isn't only expressed in the red words of Jesus. And HIS loyalty to you isn't only expressed in the Quran.

HIS separation of you from your mother [z] is expressed in the Bhagavad Gita of Hinduism. HIS strength is expressed in the I Ching of Taoism in the way you developed a backbone. But HIS mission for you alone is expressed in the Dhammapada of Buddhism without HIS name attached to it.

There's no literal placing of hands on the ELEPHANT that'll tell you what the ELEPHANT looks like. That's why the world faiths are all fighting with one another over a mystery they can't solve. They need to watch the "Wizard of Oz" from my [Glinda's] perspective.

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 that's subjective. Their penis grows to the length they allow it to grow in their 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 reigns down from the clouds in your inner sky to sweeten your landscape. You either taste 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.

The dominant seventh chord you've been striking all your life will only reach resolution when you come to the summit of your tower to power through marriage equality.

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 toto, and he'll wave you in because you're a friend of Dorothy…

NIRVANA is like sex with yourself. HEAVEN is like sex with your soulmate. But what's going on in that skyscraper of yours when it rises above the stratosphere to outer space, nobody but you can say. [21]

"Can I get an amen up in here?"

[21] Kudos to all the stars of RuPaul's Drag Race. Thank you, brave gurls, for revealing who you are; and the mysterious [z] factor that you've been willing to explore publicly.

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