



THE WIZARD OF OZ

Oz Revisited: Why We Still Follow the Yellow Brick Road

'The Wizard' wanders back onto the big screen, in all its restored glory

By Richard Corliss | Sept. 16, 2013

This is the first of a five-part series, adapted from an essay in LIFE's The Wizard of Oz: 75 Years Along the Yellow Brick Road, published by Time Home Entertainment and available on newsstands this week.

If you or your grandfather were turning 75 next year, you probably wouldn't start celebrating now. But the curators of classic popular culture love to jump the gun on anniversaries—especially when the artifact in question is the most beloved movie of all time.

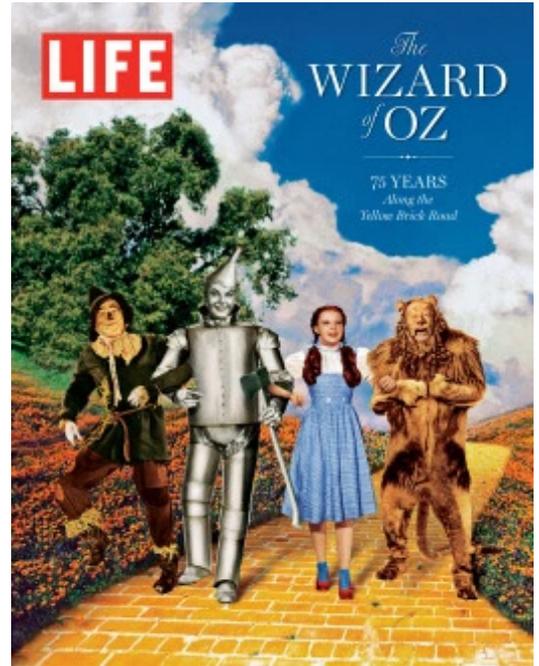
Seventy-five years ago from now, carpenters were building the sets and actors perusing the script of MGM's *The Wizard of Oz*. The 16-year-old Judy Garland might have been honing her rendition of "Over the Rainbow," which she recorded on Oct. 7, 1938. Shooting began on Oct. 13 and continued into the following March. *The Wizard* had its premiere on Aug. 12, 1939, at the Strand Theatre in the unlikely city of Oconomowoc, Wis., three days before its Hollywood opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. So the movie is really only 74 and, say, five weeks.

Nevertheless, the tub-thumping for the picture's [diamond jubilee](#) will become a cheerful corporate din this week. In a 3-D Imax restoration, *The Wizard of Oz* will invade 318 theaters in 289 cities for a seven-day run, with the big premiere held at the refurbished Chinese Theatre. On Oct. 1, Warner Home Video will release a 3-D/Blu-ray/UltraViolet box set. And did we mention the Time Home Entertainment book?

(MORE: [Tim Newcomb on the Newly Imaxed Chinese Theatre](#))

It was a book that started it all. L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* was a publishing sensation in 1900, generating dozens of sequels. In 1902, Baum wrote the lyrics and libretto for a lavish stage musical that ran on [Broadway](#) for 464 performances. The author also turned the books into a traveling show that he narrated, as the Wizard, with the help of actors, film strips and magic-lantern slides. In 1910 came the first movie version, featuring the young Bebe Daniels in the role of Dorothy. In 1925 another silent-film adaptation appeared, co-starring Oliver Hardy as the Tin Man.

International film remakes have run the gamut from, *O* to *Z*, in Japan, Turkey, Russia, Brazil, Mexico and Lithuania. Disney has mounted a sequel (the 1985 *Return to Oz*) and a prequel (this year's *Oz the Great and Powerful*). *The*



Courtesy of LIFE, MGM/PHOTOFEST

Disney has mounted a sequel (the 1985 *Return to Oz*) and a prequel (this year's *Oz the Great and Powerful*). *The Wiz*, a black-cast Broadway show, which won a Tony Award for Best Musical and ran for four years, was filmed in 1978 with Diana Ross as Dorothy and [Michael Jackson](#) as the Scarecrow. The stage musical *Wicked*, a revisionist tribute to the mean, green Witch of the West, has been entrancing Broadway audiences for the past decade. It will mark its 10th anniversary on Oct. 20.

(MORE: [Richard Zoglin's Review of Broadway's *Wicked*](#))

Yet when most people hear the title *The Wizard of Oz*, their hearts and minds leap directly to the 1939 MGM film, (most of it) directed by Victor Fleming before he left to direct (most of) *Gone With the Wind*. Millions of movie lovers warm retrospectively to the Technicolor splendor of the Emerald City, to witches good and evil, to the fearsome Wizard, to Munchkins and monkeys and poppies and Toto too—the whole indelible dreamscape spun from a lonely girl's fraught wish to be somewhere over the rainbow.

Multiple generations have been enthralled by *The Wizard of Oz*. People of every age, from toddler to centenarian, know the dialogue by heart. “Toto, I’ve a feeling we’re not in Kansas anymore,” “I’ll get you, my pretty, and your little dog too!” and “There’s no place like home” all grace the American Film Institute’s list of Top 100 movie quotes. Many of Harold Arlen and E.Y. Harburg’s songs have nestled permanently in fans’ internal jukebox, suitable for retrieval in the most peculiar circumstances. When British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher died in April 2013, her political detractors waged a campaign to propel the Munchkins’ song “Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead” to the top of the music charts. It hit No. 1 in the U.K. iTunes store.

(MORE: [The *Wizard of Oz* Song That Fueled a Margaret Thatcher Postmortem Storm](#))

Nominated for six Academy Awards, *The Wizard of Oz* won only two, for Original Score and Original Song (“Over the Rainbow”), plus a richly deserved citation for Garland for “Outstanding Juvenile Performance.” Mind you, 1939 was a vintage year for Hollywood films. Of the 10 finalists for Best Picture, there’s not a clunker in the carload. *Gone With the Wind* won eight awards, including the big one, defeating three other potent adaptations of famous novels: *Wuthering Heights*, *Of Mice and Men* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Frank Capra’s populist rouser *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* secured a nomination, as did two transcendent weepies, the Bette Davis *Dark Victory* and the Irene Dunne *Love Affair*. Foraging beyond the usual stately dramas, the Academy also cited a western, John Ford’s *Stagecoach* (which made John Wayne a star), and Ernst Lubitsch’s romantic comedy *Ninotchka* (“Garbo laughs!”); both films are close to being the definitive examples of their genres. Oh, and a musical: *The Wizard of Oz*.

(MORE: [Gerald Clarke on 1939 Movies—12 Months of Magic](#))

At the 1940 Oscar ceremony, the film got little more than a diploma, a testimonial and a medal. Immortality came later, in the perennial affection of moviegoers and, in the next millennium, a plethora of other awards. Here are just three. In 2001, experts from the Recording Industry Association of America chose “Over the Rainbow” as the best, the very best, song of the 20th century. A 1999 *People* poll of the century’s favorite movies rated *The Wizard of Oz* as No. 1, tied with *The Godfather*. When the British magazine *Total Film* picked the 23 Weirdest Films of All Time, *The Wizard* was again, and startlingly, the winner, beating out such authentic indie oddities as *Eraserhead*, *Being John Malkovich*, *Donnie Darko* and *Pi*. In a way, though, *Total Film* was simply reflecting the “adult” classification that the British Board of Film Censors gave the film in 1939, “because the Witch and grotesque moving trees and various

hideous figures would undoubtedly frighten children.” (Mommy, no! Not the moving trees!) The Imax edition is rated PG for “some scary moments.”

The Wizard of Oz can claim another distinction: it is the rare movie to achieve classic status through annual TV showings. Viewers whom the film had beguiled as children watched it with their kids and on and on through the decades. In 1967, TIME called *The Wizard* “the most popular single film property in the history of U.S. television,” attracting 64 million viewers when NBC broadcast it in 1970. (In its earlier CBS appearances, when fewer homes had color sets, the movie was aired in black and white, making Oz look like a fizzier Kansas.) It continued to seduce home viewers on VHS and laser disc, DVD and Blu-ray. In a way it never went away. And now it’s back in movie theaters, where a big, colorful film like this should always be seen.

(MORE: See TIME’s 1967 Story on *The Wizard of Oz*’s TV Popularity by subscribing to TIME)

“It’s gonna be better in 3-D,” a young woman in Manhattan told her friends before a preview screening of the Imax *Wizard*. “You’re gonna have the monkeys spittin’ in your face.” Not exactly. The thousand or so technicians who worked for 16 months on the conversion were not trying for the shock effects of a 3-D horror film. They wanted to clarify—or in their words, “optimize”—the original visual elements. And that’s what you get: a clearer view of the freckles on Dorothy’s face, of the rivet between the Tin Man’s eyebrows, of the Scarecrow’s burlap skin. The ruby slippers, shinier than ever, sparkle like a million bucks, which is about what the originals would cost today at auction.

(WATCH: How *The Wizard of Oz* Got Imaxed)

The transfer of three-strip Technicolor, even with the light-reducing property of 3-D glasses, renders the images nearly as bright as in 1939. And they don’t jump when the camera moves, allowing for the slow, spectacular tracking shot that first reveals Munchkinland in all its floral glory. Unlike MGM’s 1968 wide-screen rerelease of *Gone With the Wind*, which lopped off the stars’ foreheads in closeups, *The Wizard* is shown in the familiar Academy ratio; it gives you, literally, the full picture. Technicians also subtly amped up the sound, making the intense moments louder—though at the Manhattan screening, the synchronization of sound to image was off by about a quarter of a second, which was particularly noticeable when Garland sang “Over the Rainbow.”

Other than that, the Imax transfer is everything a purist Ozophile could wish for: It’s as good as old.

NEXT: Part 2 — Making *The Wizard* Wonderful

THEN: Part 3 — A Parable of Empowerment

FOLLOWED BY: Part 4 — The Battle Over ‘Over the Rainbow’

AND FINALLY: Part 5 — What’s the Matter With Kansas?



THE WIZARD OF OZ

Oz Revisited – Part 2: How They Made It Wonderful

People got injured on the set. The Munchkins ran wild. The movie lost money on its initial release. And voila: a classic!

By [Richard Corliss](#) | Sept. 17, 2013

This is the second of a five-part series, adapted from an essay in LIFE's *The Wizard of Oz: 75 Years Along the Yellow Brick Road*, published by Time Home Entertainment and available on newsstands this week.

Courtesy of LIFE, MGM/PHOTOFEST

In the year 1900, at the very dawn of what TIME cofounder Henry Luce would proclaim as “the American century,” L. Frank Baum published *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. His book proved an apt fable for a nation cresting toward maturity and eager to seize preeminence from senescent Europe. Baum kept the rococo creatures of antique fairy tales — Munchkins and flying monkeys in place of gnomes and talking donkeys — while discarding the medieval morality. No children get eaten. Only a witch dies.

Here was a story that Teddy Roosevelt, the spirit of that adventurous age, must have loved: of a lone girl who undergoes hardships to forge a glorious future for herself and her adopted country. Like the pioneers heading West to carve out their personal manifest destinies, Dorothy left her spare home and disapproving elders on a journey of self-discovery into a miracle mirage that her kin were too dim even to imagine. Baum's Dorothy was a true heroine of nation-conquering dimensions: she came, saw and conquered, liberating the masses. She was Oz's Julius Caesar and Joan of Arc.

(FIND: [The Wonderful Wizard of Oz at No. 11 on TIME's 1968 list of All-Time Best-Sellers](#))

In many ways Baum prefigured Walt Disney (who in the 1930s had hoped to make an animated feature of the Baum book, but MGM secured the rights first). He invented characters that lodged in the popular imagination, then extended their lives in sequels and translated them into other media. Like Disney, Baum became nearly as famous as his creations, not by hosting a TV show but by touring cross-country. And in 1905 he announced an Oz theme park, which he never realized. In fact, his dreams crashed when he invested much of his fortune in Oz movies. That made him another kind of American icon: the big dreamer who can't write himself a happy ending.

MGM's movie version of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* suffered its own detours and disappointments; its success was neither sure nor immediate. Hollywood's most ambitious previous attempt at a live-action fairy tale — Paramount's 1933 *Alice in Wonderland*, with Gary Cooper as the White Knight, Cary Grant as the Mock Turtle and W.C. Fields (who would be an early candidate for MGM's Wizard) as Humpty-Dumpty — had foundered at the box office. Who'd want to make the same mistake twice?

(SEE: [TIME's 1922 cover story on Paramount's Alice in Wonderland](#))

(SEE: TIME'S 1933 COVER STORY ON PARAMOUNT'S TAKE ON WONDERSLAND)

What must have spurred MGM to making a musical version of the Baum book was the popular and critical favor that greeted Disney's first animated feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. In a promotional book for exhibitors, MGM trumpeted the achievement of its rival studio: "You are Presenting the Greatest Marvels, Splendors and Wonders on the Screen since the Extraordinary *Snow White*," adding for clarity that "*The Wizard of Oz* is Played by a Cast of LIVING ACTORS! It is not a Cartoon Picture."

(READ: TIME's 1937 cover story on Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*)

MGM would boast that it spent "\$3 million" (a production budget gives the figure as \$2,769,230.30) on a film in a genre, the musical fantasy, which had never produced a live-action hit. And a movie with no stars. The opening credits expend only one card on the names of the eight principal players — Garland, Frank Morgan as the Wizard (and Professor Marvel), Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow (and Hunk the farmhand), Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion (and Zeke), Jack Haley as the Tin Man (and Hickory), Billie Burke as Glinda the Good Witch, Margaret Hamilton as the Wicked Witch (and Elmira Gulch) and Charlie Grapewin as Uncle Henry. (Clara Blandick, in the crucial role of Auntie Em, was not listed in these credits, though "the Munchkins," aka the Singer Midgets, were.)

Morgan had been a reliable MGM comic foil. Bolger, Lahr and Haley were seasoned stage performers. Burke, another Broadway veteran (and widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, whom MGM had bio-picked in the Oscar-winning *The Great Ziegfeld*), put her giddy coloratura speaking voice to delightful use as a Hollywood supporting player, but never a movie lead. Of all the *Wizard* cast, only Garland would soon reap her own legend, which was intimately tied to this film. Hamilton also won a curious renown for her role: decades later, she'd autograph her fan photos "WWW," for Wicked Witch of the West.

(READ: TIME's first notice of Judy Garland, in 1936)

Today, *The Wizard of Oz* is a conundrum of a different color: a masterpiece made by anonymous craftsmen. A dozen screenwriters worked on the script, with the credit finally going to Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf, all of whom had worked on earlier Judy Garland films but are notable for little else. Renown for the geniuses who brought Munchkinland and the Emerald City to scintillating life — including art director William A. Horning, makeup artist Jack Dawn and special-effect maven A. Arnold (Buddy) Gillespie — doesn't extend far beyond this film.

Richard Thorpe, the Kansas-born artisan who later directed Esther Williams in four musicals and Elvis Presley in *Jailhouse Rock*, began shooting *The Wizard*; but when Buddy Ebsen, who was to play the Tin Man, developed an allergy to the aluminum dust in his makeup, both Ebsen and Thorpe were replaced. Sam Wood, whose direction of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, would win Robert Donat an Oscar for Best Actor, also worked on the *Wizard* set for a brief spell. George Cukor, the first director of *Gone With the Wind*, offered wise advice on Garland's makeup and other visual aspects, but directed not a frame of the movie.

It was a different time in Hollywood; directors were under studio contract and chipped in when asked. But no one, apparently, was asked to ride herd over the Singer Midgets. Their on-set rambunctiousness became the stuff of movie legend, and inspired — not quite the word, if you've seen it — the 1981 farce *Under the Rainbow*, with 150

little people and Carrie Fisher as their den mother.

(READ: TIME's review of *Under the Rainbow*)

The Wizard's producer of record was Mervyn LeRoy, who had established his name as the director of such crime films as *Little Caesar* and *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. But the film's guiding hand belonged to Arthur Freed, the associate producer who received no screen credit. It was Freed, later the producer of MGM's finest musicals, who shepherded *The Wizard* from first concept to finished picture. Composer-arranger Roger Edens, Freed's invaluable aide during his 20-year reign at the studio, supervised the movie's music, also without credit.

Victor Fleming ought to be revered, if only for his work on 1939 films; he directed *Gone With the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*. Yet he is absent from most critics' Hollywood Pantheon, despite the strong case that Michael Sragow makes in his 2008 biography *Victor Fleming: An American Movie Master*. Assigned to his first musical and first color film because of his smart handling of two children's adventure movies, *Treasure Island* and *Captains Courageous*, Fleming steered the *Oz* shooting until David O. Selznick called on him to replace Cukor on *Gone With the Wind*. And King Vidor shot the Kansas sequences. (If you tear up attending to Garland's brilliantly unadorned rendition of "Over the Rainbow," thank Vidor.)

(READ: Steven James Snyder in praise of Michael Sragow's biography of Victor Fleming)

A man's man whom Sragow dubs "the real Rhett Butler," Fleming could flare into bullying, even sadistic behavior: he once slapped Garland for giggling during a scene. In a near-tragedy, Hamilton caught fire during the Munchkinland sequence; after six weeks' absence from the film, she wore a glove on her right hand to cover the exposed nerves. When she returned to the set, Fleming grabbed that hand hard. "Well, the pain was so unbearable," Hamilton recalled, "that I almost passed out. 'It looks fine,' he said." His tough-guy persona aside, Fleming directed most of *The Wizard*, and it looks fine.

After an unusually long shooting schedule of 108 days, from Oct. 13, 1938, to Mar. 16, 1939, and furious fiddling in post-production, the film had its Hollywood premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Aug. 15, 1939. Two days later it opened at the Broadway's Capitol Theatre, where Garland and her frequent costar Mickey Rooney performed after each screening. The reviews were mostly positive, with TIME's anonymous critic opining, "As long as *The Wizard of Oz* sticks to whimsey and magic, it floats in the same rare atmosphere of enchantment that distinguished Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. ... Lavish in sets, adult in humor, it is a Broadway spectacle translated into make-believe."

(SEE: TIME's 1939 review of *The Wizard of Oz*)

The acclaim didn't instantly translate into big bucks for MGM. In its initial release, the movie earned about \$3 million — the 10th highest-grossing picture of 1939, behind *Gone With the Wind*, of course, but also below *Mr. Smith* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, as well as the Garland-Rooney *Babes in Arms*. After studio overhead and exhibitors' fees were factored in, *The Wizard* finished in the red. Not until its 1949 rerelease did the movie enter the profit side of MGM's ledgers.

And then it became a flying cash cow on TV and DVD. Everybody at MGM got rich — except for the actors. They

were under contract and got no royalties. Their Yellow Brick Road was paved with gold brick.

NEXT: Part 3 – A Parable of Empowerment

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THE WIZARD OF OZ

Oz Revisited – Part 3: A Parable of Empowerment

Somewhere under the rainbow, 'The Wizard' spoke encouragement to kids, women, gays and the poor

By Richard Corliss | Sept. 18, 2013

This is the third in a five-part series, adapted from an essay in LIFE's *The Wizard of Oz: 75 Years Along the Yellow Brick Road*, published by Time Home Entertainment and available on newsstands this week.

Behind the intense and eternal entertainment value of this ultimate studio production, *The Wizard of Oz* endures because it speaks in subtext to so many segments of the audience. Put baldly, it is a multiple act of empowerment for traditionally powerless groups. We'll try to analyze these four aspects without strangling all the fun out of the movie.

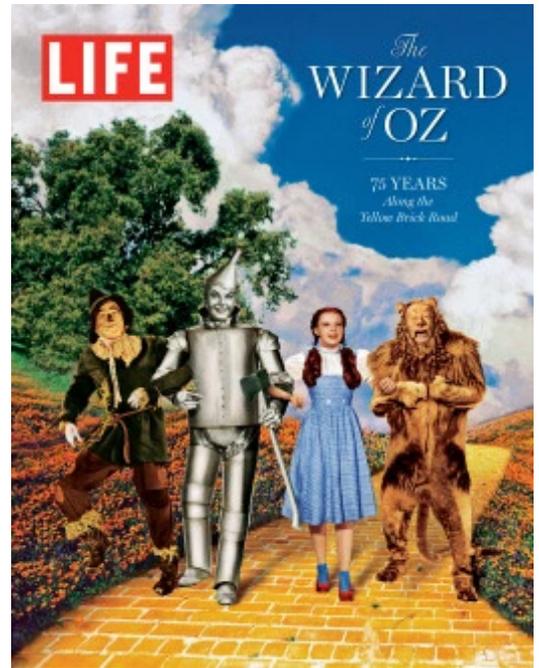
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KID POWER. Here's how a child might tell the movie's plot:

Dorothy the orphan girl lives — subsides, actually — on a [Kansas](#) farm surrounded by stern, oafish, duplicitous or downright sadistic adults. Em, the woman who runs the place, radiates all the grace of a prison matron while bossing her weaker husband Harry and her three feckless farmhands. With no friends her own age, Dorothy must confide her dreams of a land over the rainbow to her dog Toto. But now a truly evil adult, Miss Gulch, wants Toto totaled — a verdict that sends sobs like stabs through the girl's heart. To protect her pet, Dorothy runs away from home. On the road she meets Professor Marvel, who falsely hints that her aunt is dying. Her nicely responsibility trumping all hope of escape, she rushes back to the farm, where a ferocious wind whisks her out of Kansas and, *voilà*, into a Technicolor land of sunshine, lollipops and rainbows. Also wicked witches, soldier monkeys and poisonous poppies. Still, the place is less like the life sentence of Kansas than like a DayGlo exclamation point. Free at last!

We grant that Dorothy didn't go to Oz voluntarily. For this young pioneer, a cyclone-propelled house was her wagon train. Yet when she got there, she behaved bravely and selflessly. In the Baum book, Oz is a real place, and Dorothy was lucky to see its wonders. In the MGM film her trip is portrayed as a dream, but that doesn't diminish the girl's accomplishment. It means that she is an artist of surpassing creativity. Instead of discovering Oz, she invented it.

This *Wizard* movie differed from other children's stories in several ways. The earliest Disney animated features, for example, painted childhood as an unrelenting nightmare, from which the young protagonists eventually escaped to a happy ending more by luck than by heroism. The vivid portrayal of childhood misery allowed kids to see Pinocchio



Courtesy of LIFE, MGM/PHOTOFEST

a happy ending more by luck than by design. The vivid portrayal of childhood misery allowed kids to see Pinocchio or Dumbo as extreme cases from which they could distance themselves; their lives weren't *that* bad.

(FIND: [Pinocchio and Dumbo on the all-TIME Top 25 Animated Features list](#))

That's Dorothy's life on the farm: it isn't tragic, just dull and painful, like a toothache with no dentist for miles. In other words, the recognizable existence of a desolate kid. And Oz, for all its mortal hazards, offered Dorothy an adventure through which she could brandish the love and nobility that no one thought to ask her to display at home.

Some classic children's fables painted life as a Museum of Surrealist Art, a dreamscape for the underage protagonist to wander through. Lewis Carroll's Alice, the Wonderland girl who had appeared in print 35 years before Baum published his first *Oz* book, gazed at the frantic charades of the Mad Hatter and the Red Queen through the looking glass of her amused passivity. Dorothy, though, is an activist — at first by default, when her house crushes the Wicked Witch of the West's sister, and then by defying death on a children's, a child's, crusade to find the Wizard and somehow earn her passage back home.

(READ: [TIME's 1945 essay on Lewis Carroll and his Alice](#))

The crafty malevolence of the WWW, the fuming and stalling of the Wizard, the winsome failings of the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Lion — none of these can derail Dorothy's commitment to her quest. Let adults be corseted by convention and compromise; this girl has more brains, heart, courage and wisdom than all the Wizards and Witches combined. As Salman Rushdie wrote in a 1994 essay on the film, "the weakness of grown-ups forces children to take control of their own destinies." A little child shall lead them.

At first, MGM took that Isaiah quote quite literally: the studio brass hoped to borrow [Shirley Temple](#), then nine years old and the biggest star at 20th Century-Fox, to play Dorothy. Though Temple was close to Dorothy's age (Baum biographer [Katharine M. Rogers](#) calls her "a child of about six"), the casting seems daft. A child, no matter how precocious, would be no match for Dorothy's adult adversaries. She couldn't charm them, which was Temple's strategy in her Fox films; she must defy and defeat them. And how could that cinemoppet (TIME's term) locate the hope and ache that Garland invested in "Over the Rainbow"? MGM's awarding of the role to the 16-year-old Judy proved to be one of Hollywood's smartest casting choices.

(READ: [Our 1936 Shirley Temple cover story by subscribing to TIME](#))

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WOMAN POWER. Was L. Frank Baum a feminist, at a time when black males were legally free to cast a vote but women of any color were not? He was indeed. As [Meghan O'Rourke](#) noted in a 2009 *Slate* essay, "Baum, who publicly supported women's right to vote, was deeply affected by his beloved, spirited wife, Maud, and her mother, Matilda [Gage], an eminent feminist who collaborated with Susan B. Anthony and publicized the idea that many 'witches' were really freethinking women ahead of their time. In *Oz*, Baum offers a similarly corrective vision: When Dorothy first meets a witch, the Witch of the North, she says, 'I thought all witches were wicked.' 'Oh, no, that is a great mistake,' replies the Witch of the North." O'Rourke added that, "In sequels, *Oz*'s true ruler ... turns out to be a girl named Ozma, who spent her youth under a spell — one that turned her into a hapless boy." The Wizard is just a regent; this empire has a Queen.

(READ: the 1960 astronomy probe called Planet Ozma)

Baum's biographical details aside, the Oz of the book and the MGM movie is a full-fledged matriarchy. On the Gale farm, the strongest figure is Auntie Em. In Oz, Glinda the Good Witch presides over Munchkinland. The Wicked Witch of the West is the Castro and the Che of her insurgent campaign — the usurping politician and the crafty military commander, lording it over the monkeys and the male guards.

One of the *Wizard* screenwriters' signal inspirations was to promote the WWW from minor villain to Dorothy's nemesis: a dual-identity bitch-witch who rode her bicycle across Kansas, and her broom above Oz, brimming with threats to kill Toto, set the Scarecrow on fire and plant a swarm of bees in Tin Man's hollow chest. Finally vanquished, she is stirred to bilious wonder: "Who ever thought a little girl like you could destroy my beautiful wickedness?" Her last lines — "I'm melting! I'm melting!" — are capped with a final, self-pitying profundity: "What a world, what a world!" Her spirit, though, lived long enough to see a showbiz world that both treasured villainy and set it to music, when her poignant, arguably heroic backstory was told in *Wicked*. (One person who didn't romanticize the WWW was Judy Garland, who later said that her own mother, Ethel, "was no good for anything except to create chaos and fear. She was the worst — the real-life Wicked Witch of the West.")

(READ: Richard Zoglin on the Broadway musical *Wicked*)

The little girl is Dorothy, devising schemes to infiltrate the Wicked Witch's castle and eventually killing her, while acting as the efficient surrogate mother of her three hapless friends. The only adult male in the Kingdom is the Wizard, who also appears in the guise of a palace guard, a coachman and a gatekeeper. Yes, this Great and Powerful Oz is the beneficent granter of all (well, most) fervent wishes; but the reign of the movie's one "strong" man is a ruse. And at the end he abdicates, in a balloon, leaving a flummoxed Dorothy in charge, with the Scarecrow, the Tin Man and the Lion as her cabinet. If the homesick girl hadn't been told to click her heels, she'd still be the Wizardess, waiting for Ozma.

Gone With the Wind, MGM's (and Fleming's) other big 1939 film, was also predominantly a woman's movie, with Scarlett, Melanie and Mammy fighting to sustain their home and tend the children. But sexy Clark Gable did tip the scales toward a gender balance. In *The Wizard of Oz*, the males are bumbling or bogus. The women of Oz perform all the magic, for good and ill. And one of them, a young stranger, saves the kingdom.

* * *

PROLETARIAN POWER. Virtually every adventure story relates a rebellion of the underdog against the ruling class; few movies find the one percent wonderful. Knowing that the poor filled more theater seats than the rich, the makers of *The Wizard of Oz* made its chief villain a wealthy landowner.

Miss Gulch is not only a "sour-faced old maid," in the words of Hickory (later the Tin Man); she is also the richest person in this part of Kansas. The film opens with Dorothy rushing urgently home after an (unseen) encounter with Gulch, who whacked Toto after the dog toyed with her cat. Soon Gulch cycles over to the Gale farm with a warrant for Toto's apprehension and demise, which prompts Auntie Em to uncork a little of Ma Joad's vinegar from *The Grapes of Wrath*: "Just because you own half the county doesn't mean you have the power to run the rest of us!" Oh yes, she does, because, in this Kansas, money talks; Gulch presumably exerted her financial and political influence

to secure the warrant. The spiteful spinster essentially dognaps Toto — an act that triggers Dorothy’s escape, and possibly the wrath of the cyclone that lands her in Oz, where Gulch awaits as the WWW.

(READ: TIME’s 1940 Cinema review of *The Grapes of Wrath*)

We’ve said that Auntie Em, Uncle Harry and the three farmhands — Dorothy’s ostensible authority figures — shower little parental love and guidance on her. She must find those qualities in Oz. Glinda has them in abundance, but she’s not around much, like a charismatic relative who appears only at whim (in a floating soap bubble). The Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion are Dorothy’s boon companions but also her emotional dependents; *she* must pick *them* up. Nor can she trust Oz’s supreme authority, the Wizard, who uses her as a one-girl counterrevolution, sending her on a suicide mission to steal the Wicked Witch’s broomstick. Besides, as we eventually learn, the Wizard of Oz is a fraud.

“I am Oz, the great and powerful!” he thunders through his sulfurous TV screen. And the girl replies, “I am Dorothy, the small and meek.” In Oz, the meek will not inherit the earth; she must seize it. Grave peril forces a common farm girl to find the unique heroism inside her. Back in Kansas, Dorothy didn’t think of herself as extraordinary, only bereft and frustrated; her intuitive reaction to danger was flight. Finally, she learns to fight, in a new land whose threats don’t sap her but give her strength.

(FIND: Oz among the all-TIME Top 10 Most Beloved Wizards)

That was the movie’s mixed message to its Depression audience: You can fulfill your fantasies by standing up for your rights — but to get there, you have to move. Leave the barren Plains! Crawl out of that Dust Bowl! Find the American Dream in the Oz of California, and the Emerald City of Hollywood.

* * *

GAY POWER. Another group to which *The Wizard of Oz* spoke, at least in semaphore, was homosexual men. In the decades before Gay Liberation, when their natural sexual proclivities were deemed crimes in America, they took heart in the movie’s tale of people cloistered and repressed in dreary Kansas who reveal their full eccentric glory in Technicolor Oz. The Gale farm is real life; Oz is *show business!* To become a star, Dorothy goes not to Broadway’s Great White Way but to the Emerald City. There she is transformed from a helpless child into the Munchkins’ savior princess, and the handymen come out as the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion.

In conventional manliness, the three amigos of Oz are not exactly the Fellowship of the Ring. Comic relief more than staunch warriors, they lack, respectively, a brain, a heart and “the noive.” All are clinically reliant on Dorothy and easily intimidated — especially the Lion, who confesses, with mincing gestures and a toss of his blond curls, “Yeah, it’s sad, believe me, Missy, / When you’re born to be a sissy,” and “I’m afraid there’s no denyin’ / I’m just a *dandy* lion.” Yet Dorothy proclaims them “the best friends anybody ever had” (perhaps because her only other best friend couldn’t talk; Toto only barked). These friends of Dorothy join her on the Yellow Brick Road in their collective search for the godlike Wizard. Plus they get to sing and dance. They could be Oz’s Village People.

(READ: Dan Goodgame on Dorothy, Gays and West Hollywood in 1985)

Not long after the film’s release, gays began employing the phrase “Friend of Dorothy” as a code for introducing

themselves to other men without risking assault, arrest or blackmail. The name stuck; a half-century later, cruise-ship schedules would announce meetings for Friends of Dorothy, or FOD, as a delicate way of indicating, without frightening the straights on board, that gays were welcome to socialize.

But not everyone was in on the acronym. In his 1994 book *Conduct Unbecoming: Gays & Lesbians in the US Military*, Randy Shilts reported that in the late 1970s or early '80s the Naval Investigative Service, unaware of the phrase's meaning, "believed that a woman named Dorothy was the hub of an enormous ring of military homosexuals... [they] prepared to hunt Dorothy down and convince her to give them the names of homosexuals." Aside from its hilarious and cruel cluelessness, this Dorothy caper makes the definitive argument for allowing gays in the military — at least in the NIS.

(READ: Richard Lacayo on the New (1998) Gay Struggle)

As Garland aged from sweet teen to tragic diva, before her death at 47 in 1969, gays embraced her as their den mother, "Over the Rainbow" as their song and the MGM film as their story. [John Waters, onetime naughty filmmaker \(*Pink Flamingos*\)](#) and the all-time Cardinal of Camp — or at least the Dandy Lion — has given this lavender précis of the movie's plot: "Girl leaves drab farm, becomes a fag hag, meets gay lions and men that don't try to molest her, and meets a witch, kills her. And unfortunately — by a surreal act of shoe fetishism — clicks her shoes together and is back to where she belongs. It has an unhappy ending."

Waters knew, as we all do, that Dorothy and her Friends belonged not in Kansas but in Oz; that's where they can flounce and flourish. And speaking of shoe fetishism: In 2005, one of the few surviving pairs of the movie's ruby slippers was stolen from Garland's childhood home in Grand Rapids, Minn. (which was by then the Judy Garland Museum). On his late-night show, David Letterman deadpanned that "The thief is being described as 'armed and fabulous.'"

NEXT: Part 4- The Battle Over 'Over the Rainbow'



THE WIZARD OF OZ

Oz Revisited – Part 4: Where’s That Rainbow?

Everyone at MGM loved the Harold Arlen-E.Y. Harburg score — except for that 'Over the Rainbow' song

By [Richard Corliss](#) | Sept. 19, 2013

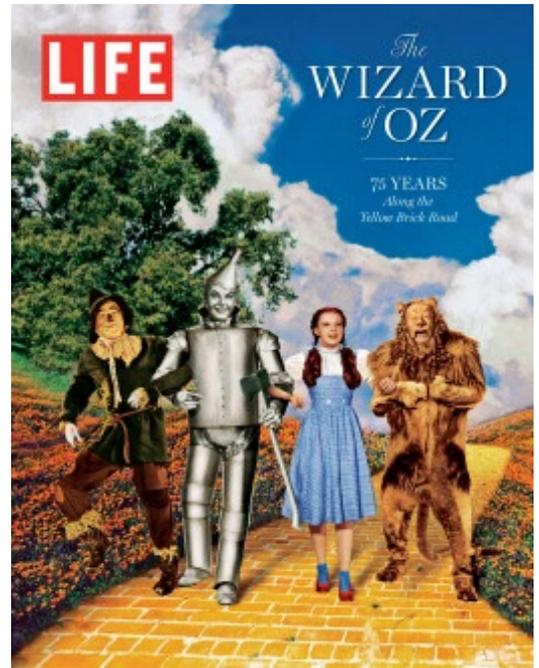
This is the fourth in a five-part series, adapted from an essay in LIFE’s *The Wizard of Oz: 75 Years Along the Yellow Brick Road*, published by Time Home Entertainment and available on newsstands this week.

Arthur Freed, around the time of *The Wizard of Oz*, had musicals in his blood, and in his future. In MGM’s early talkie years, he and composer Nacio Herb Brown had written the hit songs “You were Meant for Me,” “You Are My Lucky Star,” “All I Do Is Dream of You” and “Beautiful Girl,” all of which would turn up in the 1952 *Singin’ in the Rain*. (They wrote that song too.) That was one of a skein of film musicals produced by the Freed Unit, which for two decades married the most renowned American songwriters (Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Leonard Bernstein, Harry Warren and Johnny Mercer, Jule Styne, Lerner and Loewe, Comden and Green) to the finest triple-threat performers in Hollywood or on Broadway — Mickey and Judy, Astaire and Kelly.

A connoisseur, asked to choose the 10 all-time best movie musicals, could arguably go all-Freed: *Singin’ in the Rain*, plus *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *The Harvey Girls*, *The Pirate*, *On the Town*, *Anne Get Your Gun*, *An American in Paris* (Oscar for Best Picture), *The Band Wagon*, *Gigi* (Oscar for Best Picture) and *Bells Are Ringing*. If by now you’re not humming a song from one of these movies, you must be tone-deaf, or 12.

(READ: [Corliss on the Glorious Feeling of Singin’ in the Rain](#))

In 1938, between his careers as songwriter and movie producer, Freed was working as the uncredited brains behind *The Wizard of Oz*. In April of that year he had set out his thoughts on the L. Frank Baum story in an important memo that helped shape the texture of the screenplay and the tone of the performances. Now he just had to decide who should write the songs. His first choice was Jerome Kern, the dean of American composers, and lyricist Dorothy Fields, who had collaborated on the sensational score for the Astaire-Rogers *Swing Time*; and hoped to team them with lyricist Ira Gershwin (whose brother George had died the year before). But Kern had suffered a heart attack and was unavailable. Freed considered two other songwriting duos (his old partner Brown and Al Dubin, or Harry Revel and Mack Gordon) before he and the MGM brass settled on Harold Arlen and E.Y. (Yip) Harburg



Courtesy of LIFE, MGM/PHOTOFEST

The son of a Buffalo, N.Y., cantor, Arlen had written a slew of hits — “Get Happy,” “Between The Devil and The Deep Blue Sea,” “I Love A Parade,” “I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues,” “I’ve Got the World on a String,” “Stormy Weather” and “Let’s Fall in Love” — all with lyricist Ted Koehler. He first worked with Harburg in 1932 on the Broadway revue *Americana*. Arlen and Harburg, like Kern, Berlin and Porter before them, had then gone West to write for movies. The money was good, the audience huge; the only thing the songwriters lacked was the authority they enjoyed on Broadway, where *they* decided which songs went into a show. In Hollywood, the producers were in charge, and most movie musicals of the ’30s (*Swing Time* included) contained only five or six songs, instead of the dozen or more in a typical Broadway show.

(READ: our review of the Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland — and Arthur Freed — DVD Collection)

The Wizard of Oz would be different. It’s a full score of eight pieces, some divided into sections, like the elaborate “Munchkinland Medley” (which contains seven discrete musical themes) and the three “If I Only Had a Heart / a Brain / the Nerve” solos. Elegantly constructed, yet hummable by any child, these numbers drive the narrative rather than simply ornamenting it. (Harburg also contributed to the screenplay by culling early script versions for retrievable shreds and by writing the Wizard’s climactic awards ceremony.)

Identified with the bluesy numbers he had composed for Ethel Waters and Cab Calloway at Harlem’s Cotton Club, Arlen didn’t approach this adaptation of a children’s book by writing down to the kiddies. Most songs are in a major key, and the jazz inflections are muted — the score’s one boogie-woogie number, “The Jitterbug,” was cut during production — but Arlen’s melodies are as intricate as ever. Harburg had free rein to exercise his lyrical wit in pinwheeling wordplay for the Munchkins and the Scarecrow, Woodman and Lion. The song cycle in the early Oz scenes is musical story-telling of the highest, most effervescent order: Glinda’s “Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are,” Dorothy’s “The House Began to Pitch” (for which Harburg confected nine “witch” rhymes), the Munchkin Mayor and Coroner numbers, the Lullaby League and Lollipop Guild trios, “We Welcome You to Munchkinland” and the celebratory “Ding! Dong! The Witch is Dead.” (Songs for the Wizard and the Wicked Witch of the West were proposed but never written.)

(READ: A Hundred Years of Harold Arlen)

Freed and Arlen agreed on the need for a ballad that would connect Dorothy’s confinement in Kansas with the wonders she meets in Oz. In his April 1938 memo, Freed had noted how, in Disney’s *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which had opened just a few months earlier, “the whole love story...is motivated by the song ‘Some Day My Prince Will Come.’” He suggested an early “musical sequence on the farm” that would express a similar longing. That was the challenge for Arlen: write a ballad that’s not romantic — less a love song than a prayer.

One day, as his wife Anya was driving him through Los Angeles, Arlen asked her to pull over in front of Schwab’s drug store. With the car idling, he jotted down a musical idea that would become “Over the Rainbow.” Talk about dramatic: there’s a full-octave jump from the first note (“Some”) to the second (“where”), instantly conveying a vaulting emotion and establishing Dorothy as a woman (lower octave) who is also a girl (upper octave). Later he added a bridge (“Some day I’ll wish upon a star”) of alternating notes, as in a child’s piano exercise, to be sung “dreamily.” Simple yet sophisticated, the tune seemed a gift from above. As Arlen later recalled, “It was as if the

Lord said, ‘Well, here it is. Now stop worrying about it.’”

(READ: a review of Judy Garland’s 1961 Carnegie Hall concert by subscribing to TIME)

His worries had just begun. First, Harburg resisted the idea; he wanted the patter songs to carry the story, and he hated that opening octave jump. When Ira Gershwin finally persuaded him of the melody’s merit, Harburg went to work. He reasoned that in Dorothy’s Kansas, “an arid place where not even flowers grow, her only familiarity with colors would have been the sight of a rainbow.” (It also anticipates the movie’s shift from black-and-white to Technicolor.) Edward Jablonski’s excellent biography *Harold Arlen: Rhythm, Rainbow and Blue* details how Harburg kept trying to drop those first two notes, then hit on the “Some / *where*” that today seems perfect and inevitable. Gershwin also suggested the song’s kicker, which repeats the first two musical phrases of the bridge (“If happy little bluebirds fly / Beyond the rainbow...”), then soars into ethereal yearning (“Why, oh why, can’t I?”).

It is a superb song — and the big guns at MGM didn’t like it. Arlen and Freed had to overcome the resistance of the studio bosses, who balked at filming the segment, then cut the song three times during the editing process. As late as a sneak preview in Pomona on Jun. 16, less than two months before the Aug. premiere, “Over the Rainbow” was not in the movie.

(READ: TIME’s 1939 *Wizard of Oz* review, with no mention of “Over the Rainbow”)

One possible explanation for the moguls’ skepticism is that Garland, in her early films at MGM, had made her rep less as a balladeer than as a jive singer and comedienne, with such numbers as “Swing, Mr. Mendelssohn, Swing” and “Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart.” In her solo movie debut, the 1936 short *Every Sunday*, Judy sings the jazzy “Waltz With a Swing” while her young costar, Deanna Durbin, performs the operatic “Il Bacio.” (Some at MGM wanted Durbin as Dorothy — she’d have been as wrong as their other early favorite, Shirley Temple.)

Garland’s little-girl looks contrasted almost freakishly with her prodigiously mature soprano and intuitive reading of a lyric. In the Roger Edens song “In-Between,” from the 1938 *Love Finds Any Hardy*, she addresses her awkward adolescence in words that prefigure Dorothy’s restlessness on the Gale farm: “I’m not a child, / All children bore me. / I’m not grown up, / Grown ups ignore me.”

(READ: The 1969 memorial to Judy Garland)

It is precisely Garland’s “in-between” status, as a grown-up child, that helped make her rendition of “Over the Rainbow” so powerful. She was originally to sing it to Auntie Em and the farmhands. When Fleming left to direct *Gone With the Wind*, King Vidor — who had directed the populist films *Hallelujah* and *Our Daily Bread*, both set on farms — took over the shooting of the Kansas material. It was Vidor who purified the number into a votive secret that Dorothy shares with her only friend, Toto, and with the movie audience.

Filmed in just a few shots, and pristinely performed by an unblinking Judy, the scene displays the film’s first and lasting moments of magic — not of wit or color or special effects, but of the ideal fusion of music and lyric, situation and singer. Every listener touched by this song should think of Harold Arlen on that corner in front of Schwab’s, and join him in saying, “Thank you, Lord.”

NEXT: Part 5 — The Great Kansas vs. Oz Debate

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THE WIZARD OF OZ

Oz Revisited – Part 5: What's the Matter With Kansas?

Dorothy, triumphant in Oz, still thinks "There's no place like home."

By Richard Corliss | Sept. 20, 2013

This is the final entry in a five-part series, adapted from an essay in LIFE's *The Wizard of Oz: 75 Years Along the Yellow Brick Road*, published by Time Home Entertainment and available on newsstands this week.

Dorothy Gale dropped into Oz and achieved it all: legendary warrior, national heroine, Empress for life. What else could she want? She says she wants [Kansas](#) — that monochromatic land where no one showers love on her, and a mean lady took Toto away to be killed.

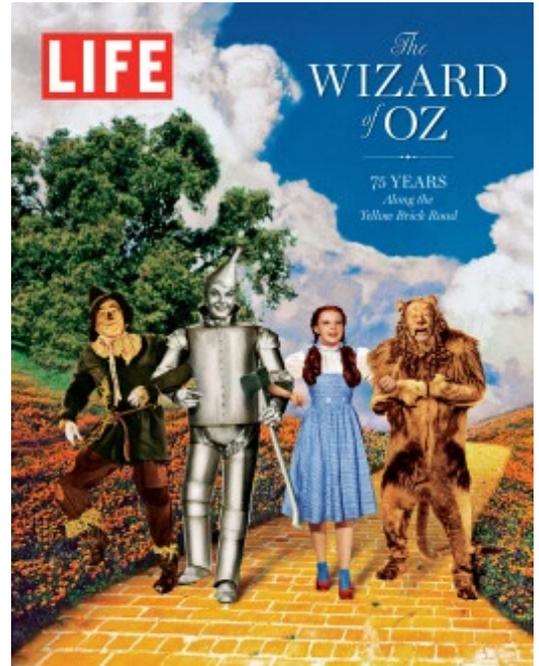
To justify her decision to return from the Emerald City to the Gale farm, the screenwriters of *The Wizard of Oz* attempted an impossible headstand and fell flat on their prats. In Dorothy's big speech about the lesson she's learned, she tells Glinda: "If I ever go looking for my heart's desire again, I won't look any further than my own back yard. Because if it isn't there, I never really lost it to begin with."

What in the world does this mean? Back in Kansas, Dorothy had boldly expressed her "heart's desire" — in her "own back yard." Indeed, she sang it: "Somewhere over the rainbow, / Way up high, / There's a land that I heard of / Once in a lullaby. / Somewhere over the rainbow, / Skies are blue. / And the dreams that you dare to dream / Really do come true." She wished upon a star and woke up where the clouds of a lonely girl's Kansas life were far behind her. She dreamed Oz, or went there, as an expression of that innocent desire.

And yet, at the end of her adventure and the apogee of her acclaim, Dorothy clicks her heels, summons the words of John Howard Payne's lyric for the 1823 song: "There's no place like home." She awakens in bed, with Auntie Em, Uncle Henry, the farmhands and Professor Marvel stirred to sympathy by the bump on the head she got during the cyclone. Actually, her "home" — the Gale house — is the instrument that propelled Dorothy to Oz. In that sense, she never really left it to begin with.

(READ: [Oz Revisited — Part 1: Why We Still Follow the Yellow Brick Road](#))

In the Baum book, Dorothy explains her homesickness this way: "No matter how dreary and grey our homes are, we people of flesh and blood would rather live there than any other country, be it ever so beautiful. There is no place like home." Thus she acknowledges the lure of faraway places while affirming that her emotional compass always points homeward.



Courtesy of LIFE, MGM/PHOTOFEST

The movie Dorothy articulates little of that nuance. From what we've seen of her Kansas, there's no place like home for drudgery and frustration. Dorothy's nostalgia is like that of a prisoner who declines his parole: he wishes he were back in his cell. The Joads in *The Grapes of Wrath*, for all their troubles in [California](#), might not look back to the parched land they left and croon, "There's no place like [Oklahoma](#)." How're ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen the Emerald City?

For the movie to propel Dorothy and the viewer willingly back home, Kansas must have something Oz doesn't. Arthur Freed thought he knew the answer: an orphan girl's love for her surrogate mother. In an April 1938 memo detailing his thoughts on the project, he described Dorothy as a girl "who finds herself with a heart full of love eager to give it, but through circumstances and personalities, can apparently find none in return. In this dilemma of childish frustration, she is hit on the head in a real cyclone and through her unconscious self, she finds escape in her dream of Oz. There she is motivated by her generosity to help everyone first before her little orphan heart cries out for what she wants most of all (the love of Aunt Em) — which represents to her the love of a mother she never knew."

(READ: [Oz Revisited — Part 2: Making *The Wizard Wonderful*](#))

Freed's memo brandishes some acute psychology — and proof that he knew from the start that this would be more than a kid-centric fantasy musical — that is not evident in the movie. The "circumstances" Freed refers to must be the absence of Dorothy's parents and the and the "personalities" those of Auntie Em and Uncle Henry. The film makes no allusion to Dorothy's real mother (or father); her orphan status must be a condition she long ago accepted. And as played by Clara Blandick, her main adult guardian is quite the bitter pill.

Stern of demeanor, the movie Aunt Em is seen smiling only twice: first in a photo that Dorothy carries when she runs away (and which Professor Marvel borrows to "read" her mind), and then at the end, when Dorothy "comes home." To Em, in her preoccupation with counting chickens, her niece is little more than a barnyard critter under her feet. Heedless of Dorothy's pleas about Miss Gulch's intent to abduct and kill Toto, Em admonishes her to go "find yourself a place where you won't get into any trouble." That's when Dorothy sings "Over the Rainbow," a dream not of maternal love but of freedom from Auntie Em and the rest of Kansas.

We know that many of the Kansans — Miss Gulch, Professor Marvel and the three farmhands — reappear in Dorothy's dream of Oz. The one major Oz character who could be wholly the figment of her imagination is Glinda. Wise, capable and still as gorgeous as a Ziegfeld girl (Burke, who turned 54 the month the movie opened, was Florenz Ziegfeld's widow), Glinda is a good — no, a great — witch, and the perfect fairy godmother for a lonely child who hopes against hope for a sympathetic maternal figure.

Could Glinda be the Auntie Em of Oz? Not likely. If the movie's creators thought so, they would have cast the same actress in both roles. She's magical but not reliable, materializing and vanishing abruptly, like the sainted mother in the tenderest dreams of any orphan. Harry Potter had such visitations, from the mother he never knew. Back in Kansas, Dorothy must make do with a severe, fault-finding aunt — her own Petunia Dursley. Or maybe the adults will treat her more kindly now, since she may have been in a coma "for days and days."

(READ: *Oz Revisited* — Part 3: A Parable of Empowerment)

John Waters was right when he said that the movie “has an unhappy ending.” Of course it does. In a musical, characters express their feelings and spirits through song. In Kansas, only Dorothy sings; the Land of Oz, nearly everyone does, even the Wicked Witch’s soldiers (“Oh ee oh!”). For the girl to leave her musical wonderland, whatever its perils, and return to the status quo, minus the urge to escape its stultifying restrictions, would almost be a lobotomy of the soul.

The tone is even darker in Disney’s 1985 *Return to Oz*, in which Auntie Em wants Dorothy to get electroshock therapy! In Walter Murch’s bleak fantasy, Oz is closer to a Dust Bowl Kansas. The rocks and walls are evil sentries, the Yellow Brick Road is gray rubble, the Emerald City an archaeological ruin, its citizens frozen statuary. It’s Oz as imagined by Em.

We don’t mean to demonize Auntie Em. She has to run the farm and the family virtually on her own, since Uncle Henry and the farmhands seem lacking in leadership, competence and gumption. Em may well be a woman who feels love for Dorothy but hasn’t the gift of expressing it. And the fact is that, given the dream construction of the movie’s plot, Dorothy has to return home, where it began. We just wish the filmmakers had given the early scenes the smidgeon of appeal that would justify Dorothy’s fervent wish to prefer Kansas over Oz.

Besides, Em isn’t the story’s prime agency of all mischief. At the beginning, which character was responsible for infuriating Miss Gulch, indirectly leading to Dorothy’s exile? And at the end, who jumped out of the Wizard’s balloon to chase an Emerald City cat, forcing Dorothy to forfeit her ride from Oz back to Kansas? The perpetrator is the lonely girl’s best friend: her dog Toto.

(READ: *Oz Revisited* — Part 4: The Battle Over ‘Over the Rainbow’)

Dorothy may not escape Kansas, but moviegoers can always return to Oz. Of all the estimable movies from Hollywood’s Golden Age, *The Wizard of Oz* is the one that has never gone out of fashion. Its enveloping fantasy world allows for no contemporary references that would be obscure today. And it requires no apologies for anachronistic views on race, as *Gone With the Wind* does.

Modern viewers, whose main complaints about old movies are that they are too dark and too slow, needn’t adjust their eyes and clocks to *The Wizard*. Once Dorothy alights in Munchkinland, the film bursts into riotous color — aside from *GWTW*, it was the only Best Picture nominee of its year not in black-and-white — and zips along like a Pixar cartoon epic. But with songs, great songs.

Timeless when it was released nearly 75 years ago, *The Wizard of Oz* is timeless now. Who isn’t eager, at any moment, to soar with Dorothy over the rainbow and into the Merry Old Land of Oz?