

by Paul Krassner

As the 10th anniversary of Walt Disney's death approaches, the mythology about him continues to build -- or crumble. Now the question arises which has already resulted in a flurry of apathy: Was he gay?

"One day on the way home from school," wrote Richard Schickel in *The Disney Version*, "Walt was ganged up on, beaten and forced to what can be described only as a quasi-sexual assault by some Democratic kids. From that day on he never voted for anyone but a Republican."

As an adult, he was quoted as saying, "Girls were a nuisance. They bored me. They still do. Their interests are just different."

And now a gossip sheet, *Hollywood Star*, has featured a red headline: WALT DISNEY WAS HOMOSEXUAL! Editor Bill Dakota admits, "I have written (the article) and exposed my personal life for the main reason of selling papers. It's a true experience I had with Walter. . ."

In 1958, Dakota had placed an ad in three Los Angeles papers: "18 year old male would like to share apartment with same." It ultimately led, he swears, to the back seat of a limousine where Disney "held my hand and put his other hand over the top of mine. The chauffeur got in and we drove away. . . He put his hand on my leg and he would squeeze it every so often. Dumb me, I had no idea what was happening. . ."

There are no excruciating details such as, "Mr. Disney burrowed his head in my crotch and made Donald Duck sounds." Instead: "We parked and the chauffeur

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## Deviant Disney



got out and walked away and that's when it happened. Then we sat there until the chauffeur came back. He started the car and we drove off back towards Hollywood. Before I got out of the car Walter took my hand, put something in it and squeezed it shut. It was a hundred dollars. I handed it back and got out of the car. . ."

Ah, such integrity as one might expect only from the likes of Goofy or Jiminy Cricket.

Of course, it must be noted that Disney's deviation seems to depend on which publication you read. In the October issue of *Oui* magazine, John Calendo quotes Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babylon*, as saying: "Walt Disney was a transvestite."

Anger showed him an old photo captioned: "At 14, (Disney's) artistic soul began to show a little; he liked to act in his mother's clothes." States Anger: "If Disney was dragging up at 14, I'm sure he didn't stop at 15! And I know for a fact that every New Year's Eve, Uncle Walt threw a party where he got up in panties and garters and everything!

"Walt Disney was the Hitler of children. He killed their imagination by programming them for his saccharine prefab fantasies. He hated them. He had a torture chamber for them in his house. . . I'm not saying he actually tortured children, now; the chamber was an after-dinner joke for his guests. He'd open a small rounded door in the wall -- a fairy-tale sort of door that creaked -- and take his guests down a winding staircase into a dungeon filled with racks and Iron Maidens scaled to the size of a five-year-old!!! 'Now, this is how I really feel about the little bastards,' he'd say, and puff on his cigar.

"And Disneyland in Anaheim, California has nothing to do with entertaining kids! It was constructed for the sole purpose of preserving Disney's body forever! He's frozen in a cryogenized nitrogen-filled capsule in the tower of Sleeping Beauty's Castle, and in case of a power cut, Disneyland has emergency generators to keep the tower at 40 below. In short, Walt Disney is Sleeping Beauty!"

Waiting, we presume, for Truman Ca-

pote and the Seven Dwarfs to go suck his Popsicle off.

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Robert Anton Wilson, author of *Sex and Drugs*, and co-author with Robert Shea of the *Illuminatus* trilogy, recently held a weekend seminar on General Semantics and Exo-Psychology which I attended.

Previously, Art Kleps, Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church, had charged that *Illuminatus* had actually been written by Timothy Leary.

Now, over lunch, Wilson admitted that he hadn't written it himself, but that Kleps had secretly authored it and only accused Leary in order to misdirect the scent off himself.

I told Wilson that since he stated this in front of a group of seminar attendees at lunch, I did not feel ethically bound to keep it a confidence.

He did a double-take, then said: "That's all right -- nobody would believe you anyway."

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Does anybody know where Bobby Seale is? The Black Panther Party won't say; private investigators hired by an attorney can't find him; and the Oakland police claim he is now a skid row bum. The truth is whatever you can get away with.