

# f m

F R I D A Y  
m a g a z i n e



## INSIDE

*Defrosting Walt's Myths*  
*Marx and Mouse Kapital*  
*Mr. Freud's Wild Ride*

## NOT INSIDE

*Mary Poppins Speaks Frankly About Sex After 50*  
*Peter Pan: Off the drugs and high on life*  
*Prince Charming's favorite pickup lines*

# Disneyland

## The Happiest Line on Earth

### *Inane Intro.*

Disneyland: it's for the child inside of us. It's also for the child in front of us ... as we run to be first in line on Star Tours. Yet, it's the happiest place on earth. A place where you go to wish upon a star and to stand in line.

Disneyland was Walt's dream. According to Richard Schickel author of *The Disney Version*, "Disneyland, to (Walt) was a living monument to himself and his ideas of what constituted the good, true and beautiful in this world." Of course, as a man who spent his life making cartoons about talking animals, Walt was entirely loopy, so his idea of the good, true and beautiful probably shouldn't be trusted.

Then again he was *America*, embodying every aspect of the American dream — a common man who took his vision and made a huge profit on it.

Walt ruled the Magic Kingdom. He ruled so efficiently, that many thought he should run the entire country. In fact, Sci-Fi novelist Ray Bradbury, suggested that Walt run for mayor of Los Angeles. In reply, Walt asked, "Ray, why should I run for mayor when I'm already king?"

Quite possibly, we lost out on a great president. He had all the necessary talents. Few others have convinced thousands upon thousands of sweaty, corralled, claustrophobic people to gleefully wait in long lines, act nice, not same-sex dance and joyfully pay exorbitant prices for cheaply made goods. He had the ability to make people happy to be controlled. A true benign ruler.

But enough of our whining; we had a great time at Disneyland. The entire staff even sang along on *The Pirates of Caribbean*, where several members had to be physically restrained from jumping ship and putting a bid on one of the "Wenches for Sale."

In other words, Disney CEO Michael Eisner, we loved your park — so please, don't sue us.

## A Word From The Sponsors

Disneyland doesn't represent communism or totalitarianism or utopianism or any other -ism. Get outta here! It's capitalism. Big business, pure profit-motive capitalism.

They have corporate sponsors for everything in the Magic Kingdom except the restrooms. They should look into that: they could put brass plaques on the bathroom stalls saying "This toilet donated by the Kraft Corp."

How do these companies decide what to sponsor? I mean, why does M&M/Mars sponsor Star Tours? They won't tell. "Since we're not publicly traded, we deserve confidentiality in our decision-making process," said one M&M/Mars spokesperson. Maybe they were trying to recoup their losses after telling Spielberg he couldn't use M&Ms to win E.T.'s heart. Spielberg used Reeses Pieces instead, and they laughed all the way to the bank. So Star Tours, with its rascally robot host and pilot, may have been their answer. Too bad the thing didn't scarf down a couple bags of M&Ms during the Star Tours flight and leave the wrappers lying around.

Lawry's Spice Co. has a cozy corner on Frontierland's Mexican food market. Their Casa Mexicana is a Lawry's Seasonings shrine. Of course, Disneyland manages to anglicize even Mexican food with a huge color photograph of a June Cleaveresque mom serving a mouth-watering Mexican dish.

Kodak is another clever sponsor. Those "Kodak Picture Spots" are brilliant! They're getting a lot of advertising bang for the buck with those strategically placed yellow signs. They know everyone gathers round in silly poses and points at the dumb sign for photographs. Then, months later when dads around the world torture the relatives with slide shows of Disneyland, there's that Kodak sign, glowing on the living room wall. What an awesome prospect. Kodak refuses to admit this was their plan. "There's no specific guidelines for that," said Michael Donnelly of Kodak. He says the signs are placed near "a background which will turn out to be a spectacular picture, based upon the environment of the theme park." Whatever you say, Mike.

Kim Kash

**Editors**

Adam Liebowitz  
Jennifer Smith

**Assistant Editor**  
Jeffrey C. Whalen

**Writers**

Jeffrey McManus  
Tim McDaniel  
Kim Kash  
Wade Daniels  
Lisa Mascaro  
W. Patrick Whalen

**Artists**

Doug Arellanes  
Todd Francis  
Jeffrey C. Whalen

**Photographers**

Mutsuya Takenaga  
Jeffrey McManus

**Production**

Heather Howarth  
Colleen Sample

*So long and thanks to everyone who contributed, passed up and laughed. Special thanks to Cris Carusi for getting me through the dark beginning.*

— A.L.

## Disneyland: Socialist Utopia

From the worship-sized sign at the entrance declaring that D-Land is "The Happiest Place on Earth," to the clean uniformity of the institution and its employees, to the flag-waving, foot-stomping, feel-good-at-all-costs atmosphere it provides: Disneyland is a socialist utopia.

Consider:

Disneyland's recent reintroduction of an economically doubtful currency, the "Disney Dollar" — like the economically-xenophobic Russian ruble and a host of other socialist currencies, only good within the boundaries of the issuing country... er, amusement park

A tendency to represent an optimized view of future ethnic and racial harmony (within *It's a Small World*, for instance — curiously sponsored by formerly apartheid-supporting Bank of America) while simultaneously refusing to represent Blacks or Native Americans as anything but cowering stooges (within *The Jungle Cruise* and *Tom Sawyer's Island*, for instance)

An embarrassing failed attempt at a utopian ideal (Stalin's postwar USSR; Disney's motel-infested, overcrowded Anaheim Disneyland) followed by an ostensibly less offensive but inherently identical second attempt (Brezhnev's corrupt, stagnant USSR; Disney's overplanned, sprawling Walt Disney World), finally arriving at a compromise in which everyone's original ideals were sold out (Gorbachev's *Glasnost*-land, Disney's socially-correct-yet-land Epcot Center)

The sudden, unexplained incorporation of new figures into its pantheon of personalities while simultaneously quietly cycling out unpopular or inefficient ones (Roger Rabbit's in, Snow White's out; Gorby's in, Stalin's out)

Homophobia, embodied in the long-standing ban on same-sex

dancing at the park (a ban which was eventually destroyed by a much more powerful and progressive utopian socialistic power known as the State of California)

The glorification of really scary militarism — such as the Tomorrowland Rocket Jets, Fort Wilderness (and its attendant cadres of musket-toting eight-year-olds), and the sailing ship *Columbia*, which used to fire a real loud cannon at a robotic Injun but now simply fires the cannon for no real reason save the incredibly loud noise. *War is peace*, of course

The Autopia, for the bad polyester uniforms worn by attendants, but more appropriately for its blatant utopian-socialist "you don't want that kind of freedom" implications. *Freedom is slavery*, of course

The unnerving tendency toward revisionist history — for example, Frontierland contains no Confederates, no Blacks, and the only Indians are robotic. *Ignorance is strength*, of course

The People Mover, for its classic utopian-socialist name, but also for its ironic failure to actually move people;

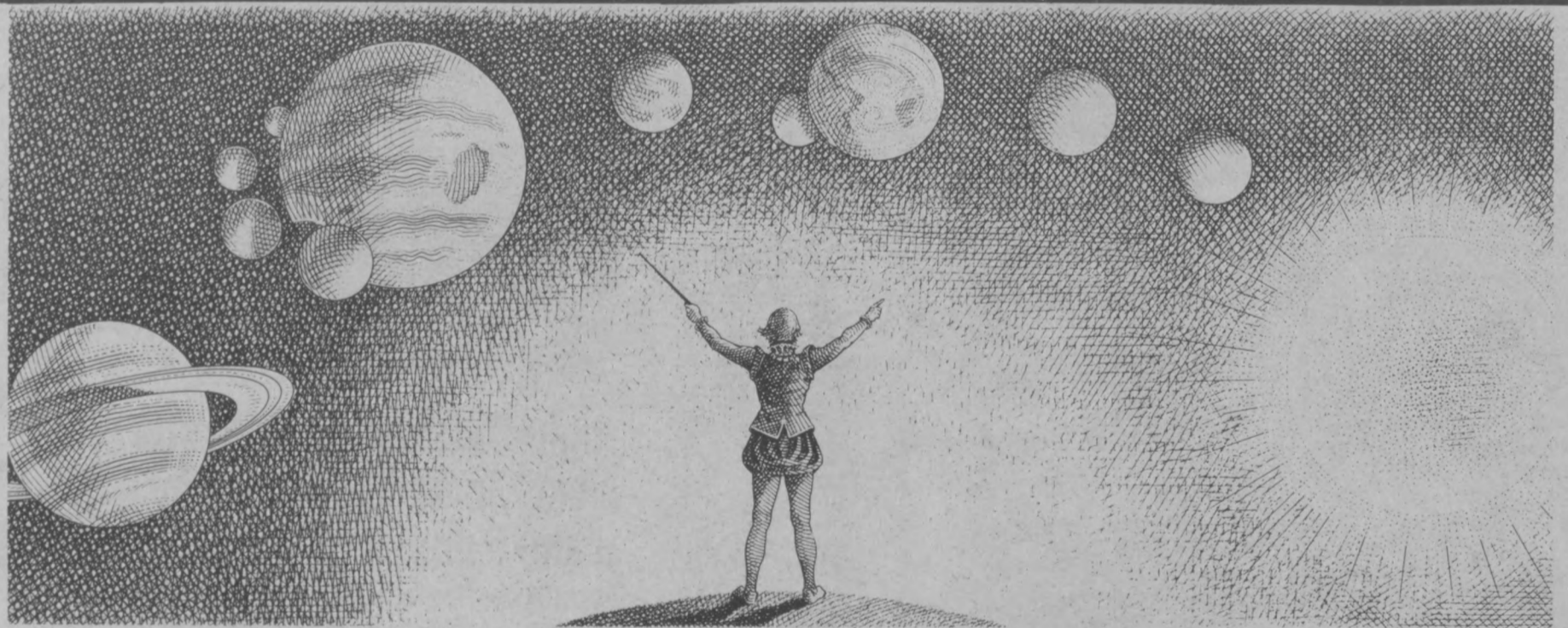
Goggle-eyed, larger-than-life icons plastered on every visible surface

Regularly-scheduled parades, pseudo-events, entertainment happenings, and merchandising opportunities whose only apparent function is to glorify the institution and its icons

A catchy, uplifting, everyone's-part-of-the-conspiracy anthem (*Why? Because we like you! Now shut up and get back in line!*)

A charismatic leader who has been preserved after death (V.I. Lenin in Red Square, Walt Disney in a cryogenic-suspension chamber somewhere in Burbank)

— Jeffrey P. McManus



### It took Galileo 16 years to master the universe. You have one night.

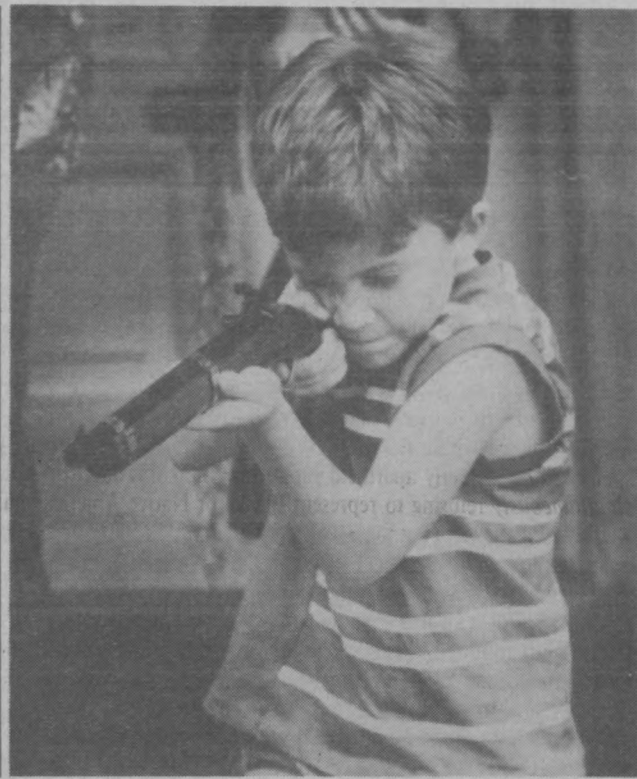
It seems unfair. The genius had all that time. While you have a few short hours to learn your sun spots from your satellites before the dreaded astronomy exam.

On the other hand, Vivarin gives you the definite advantage. It helps keep you awake and mentally alert for hours. Safely and conveniently. So even when the subject matter's dull, your mind will stay razor sharp.

If Galileo had used Vivarin, maybe he could have mastered the solar system faster, too.

Revive with VIVARIN®





Disneyland is often an important part of childhood. As these young tykes indicate, part of what Disneyland has to offer is the opportunity to relive some of the adventure that made this land great — shooting it out on the frontier. Of course, the young lad on both ends demonstrates that times have changed — you may be well armed but today you should also wear a shirt for world peace. As the *It's a Small World* song goes, "It's a world of hope and a world of fear."

## Disney Myths



Somebody once said, "Ignorance leads to gossip, gossip leads to rumor, rumor leads to fear, and fear leads to hysteria."

Because Disneyland has notoriously been shrouded in mystery, it's not surprising to note the gleeful hysteria that has enveloped the Magic Kingdom since it opened its doors to the public. Indeed, it is the mystery of not knowing how anything at Disneyland works that makes it so magical.

But there is a dark side.

So, in an effort to separate fact from fiction, *Friday Magazine* has taken it upon itself the mission of clarification.

*Special thanks to Disney publicist-person, Barbara Warren, for speaking on behalf of Disneyland.*

**Rumor:** Walt Disney was cryogenically frozen shortly before his imminent death.

**What Disneyland Claims:** The organization adamantly claims that Walt is very much dead, and that he is buried in a Forest Lawn Cemetery. Where? "I believe it's in Burbank," said Warren.

**What Probably Really Happened:** As Walt got on in years, he went from being cold and ruthless to being cold and toothless. So yes, he is frozen, but don't look for him in your grocer's freezer; he most likely resides in private display in the Disney family home where the grandkids dare each other to "lick him."

**Rumor:** A Disneyland "guest" was crushed to death by the moving platforms in the now-defunct "America Sings."

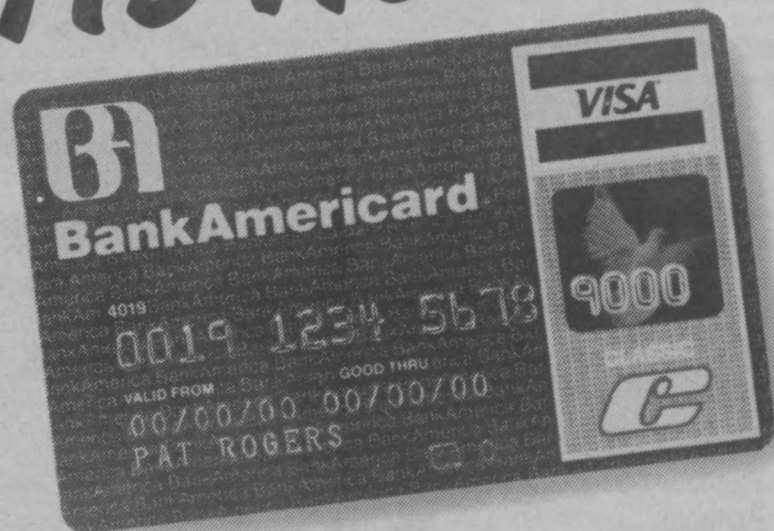
**What Disneyland Claims:** Warren waffled and then blurted: "I believe there was an accident." She went on to say that she didn't really know the specifics, and the guy who *would* know was "out of town" until Friday (knowing full well we needed the information by Wednesday).

**What Probably Really Happened:** A diehard Sam the Eagle fan unsuccessfully tried to execute a flamboyant "stage dive" during the climactic "We All Sing Together" segment of the show. She slipped and fell into the underworkings of the machinery and was subsequently "pulped like a Del Monte tomato," according to one corporate sponsor.

**Rumor:** There is a basketball court hidden in the bowels of the Matterhorn.

**What Disneyland Claims:** Warren doubted the idea that there is an entire basketball court down there, choosing to say only, "I believe" (See MYTH, p.8A)

# Your Credit History Starts Here



**Right Outside the Bookstore.  
Next Monday to Thursday  
9 am-5 pm.**

BankAmericard representatives will be available to take your application and answer any questions about BankAmericard Visa, the only credit card you ever need. So take a short walk over to our booth. It could be the first step in beginning your credit history.

## We Say 'Yes' to Students.

Be sure to also ask us about our Automatic Approval Program for sophomores, juniors, seniors and graduate students. Because there's no one we would rather say "Yes" to than you.

**Bank of America**

# Friday Magazine Travel Chart

The world's top two vacation spots — who could deny the title to France and Disneyland — share remarkable similarities. Both are overrun with Americans and a spattering of other nationalities during the summer tourist season, both are pinnacles of culture for their respective continents and in both you can pay five bucks for a Coke. But there are some differences — not all as obvious as Disneyland's lack of aperitifs. To keep things straight for culture hounds, *Friday Magazine* has prepared the following chart.

	France	Disneyland
Egomaniac founder	Napoleon Bonaparte	Walt Disney
Regions	Brittany; Champagne; Massif Central; Normandy; The Riviera	Frontierland; Fantasyland; New Orleans Square; Tomorrowland; Critter Country
Stirring rally cry	<i>Vive la France!</i>	Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me!
Major Mountains/Mountain Ranges	Mont Blanc; Alps; The Jura; Pyrenees	Big Thunder Mountain; Space Mountain; Splash Mountain; Matterhorn
Trend of History	Competition with neighboring lands occasionally resulting in wars	Competition with neighboring theme parks occasionally resulting in new rides
Historical skeleton	Two world wars	Don Knotts/Tim Conway movies
Standard disclaimer	<i>Je ne parle pas anglais</i>	We're sorry, but children under three, expectant mothers, and guests who do not meet the height requirement may not ride.
Exalted war hero	Charles de Gaulle	Captain EO
Ally	USA	Lucasfilm
Satellite nations	Algeria; Morocco	Disneyworld; Disneyland Tokyo
Repository of cultural/political heritage	The Louvre	Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln
Recent acquisitions	Nuclear weapons	The Spruce Goose
Philosophical movement	Existentialism	Imagineering
Fiery, heroic figure	Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, who led the French army to victory and was burned at the stake	The guy in New Orleans Square who sells frozen orange bars in the burning 90-degree heat
Exploited underclass	<i>Les miserables</i>	The Seven Dwarves
Hip bohemian hangout	<i>Quartier Latin</i>	Videopolis
Preferred bubbly	Dom Pernignon	Coke
Haute cuisine	Maxim's	Hungry Bear Restaurant, hosted by Wonder Bread
Expedition in Africa	Chad	Jungle Cruise
Contribution to <i>le monde</i> of fashion	Pierre Cardin; Coco Chanel	Mouse ears
Embarrassing jerk revered as comedic genius	Jerry Lewis	Goofy
Offensive come-on line	<i>Voulez-vous coucher ce soir avec moi?</i>	I've got two E-Tickets to Fantasyland. Wanna ride?
Social niche for pigs	Sniffing truffles	Greeting visitors
Celebrities whose names alliterate	Marcel Marceau; Brigitte Bardot; Pepe Le Pew	Donald Duck; Mickey Mouse; Peter Pan
Reason the locals won't talk to tourists	They're French	They're dressed like giant cartoon characters
Cruel & unusual punishment	Guillotine	America Sings
Burning question	Will they live up to their NATO commitments?	Is this haunted room <i>actually</i> stretching... or is it your imagination?

-- Tim McDaniel and Jeffrey P. McManus

# It's a Freud World

## A Freudian Interpretation

Ah, if the good Dr. Freud were still alive. Not only would he charge \$500 an hour, he'd have a few words on Disneyland. Sure, they call it *the happiest place on earth*, but after a little psychoanalysis into the fun and fantasy, it becomes *the most psychotically disturbed representation of American repression on the planet*. Fighting words indeed. However, examine the symptoms closely.

### The Phallic Nature of Many Rides:

Penis worship is common in male-dominated societies and Disneyland is no exception. Whether in motion or towering from above, the phallus is a common Disney motif. And why not? Disneyland appeared just at the beginning of the women's movement; typical of Disney reactionary politics, the designers created multitudes of mechanical penises on the grandest of scales.

**Rocket Jets:** How else can you describe the giant, pointy tower that fills the Tomorrowland skyline as anything but a big penis? Meanwhile, orbiting the dominant father are smaller phalluses, circulating in endless competition. Is it the socialization of young males into the competitive corporate structure, or the dutiful sublimation of sexual desires under one authoritarian eye?

**Various Rollercoasters:** All rollercoasters are phallic by nature, but Disneyland took them to a new level by adding fantasy elements. Not only long, rounded machines, they *plunge* through the darkness, *probing* mysterious regions and all ending in a consummating **SPLASH!** (Space Mountain has an undulating tunnel filled with steam). Makes you want to smoke a cigarette, doesn't it?

**Submarine Ride:** This time, phalluses explore the watery unknown, with provocative mermaids making guest appearances. Disneyland, keeping the penis forever in mortal danger, interrupts the ride when a terrible storm comes from nowhere. Quick, we have to surface!

**Frozen Bananas:** Enough said.

### Fantasyland:

Freud viewed fantasy as the return of suppressed urges for pleasure and an expression of hidden guilt. All the theme rides in Fantasyland (Walt's favorite section) have lessons about the need to deny pleasure in the face of temptation. Since Freud theorized that we are born with desires and guilty consciences, it is also fitting that these are children's rides. Disney, borrowing from the classics, was forced to abridge the story in order to make the ride short enough for a child's attention span. However, the segments that Disney did choose to portray on these rides demonstrate a symbolism that favors conservative morals in the face of desire.

**Peter Pan:** Basically, you get to fly on this one, zooming over Victorian London and off to Never-Never Land. And what is flying in Freudian terms? It's none

other than repression a permanent adolescent girl's room and everybody, here Snow White: guilt. On every twin apple. Sure, talk to

that your naughty — the dwarves — by a big rock. Just

**Pinocchio:** "I g opening. Fine, but And this ride never fear about breaking too much fun, y Staying out too late

**Mr. Toad's Wild Ride:** much freeway fun rampage straight different meaning California, a land children about the commuting (there driving). **DRIVING LAWS MAKES** O the best ride in the at the end by the p




**Erotic and Freud defined**

# Hey Khamenei!

Now that you're the new spiritual leader of Iran, what are you going to do?

I'm going to Disneyland!



## Donald Duck:

There is an unholy terror of change.... Great danger lurks behind very sudden changes.

— How to Read Donald Duck, Imperialist Ideology in the Disney Comic

Despite his worldwide fame as mastermind of the happiest utopia on Earth, Walt Disney was no comrade to the international revolutionary movements of his day. In fact, Disney's ardent, indirect support of oppressive, conservative political regimes via his comics is no conspiratorial hunch; it's matter-of-fact knowledge brought to print by former University of Chile Professors Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart in their book, *How to Read Donald Duck, Imperialist Ideology in the Disney Comic*.

Published shortly after the Pinochet coup and originally banned in both Chile and the USA, the book compiles an illustrative array of Donald's more political/propaganda messages. Probing the 'toons, the professors prove Disney was more than a participant and perpetrator of the American Way.

"Disney has been exalted as the inviolable common cultural heritage of contemporary man," the introduction proclaims. "He is, arguably, the century's most important figure in bourgeois popular culture." And after translation into some 30 languages, sprawling over more than 100 countries around the globe, the messages in Disney's cartoons have reached quite a few ears. Here are a few treasures from the Dorfman and Mattelart collection:

This adventure 'toon, published in the London *Chile Monitor*, the year after the Pinochet revolution, provides

one of the more (Commie-Free, Ya Disney style.

"Hey, Hegel! Look what a fat little worm I've caught!"

"HELLO, HEGEL! (A)IRRA EL QU-SANCO GORTO: TO QUE COUS- (B)ILE HORRIBLE! (L)OU GATTITO NO SO-TAL PHEMOSODOR PARA ESTO! (D)A-VETE! (A)ND COA- (P)RECEDES- (E)SPERANTO!"

"How dreadful the kittens aren't prepared for this!"

"HELLO! COMMO- (E) ME TONDO CO- (D)IE SON INVAL- (A) CICE DE LA-CIENCIA!"

"Help! Occasionally I run up against! Pops who are immune to the voice of conscience!"

"The far coasting about-"

"Hat Pin- the on- these b- birds a- of."

Or this bufoon inefficiencies, comp and an oafish, ram

# World After All! Evolution of Disneyland

repressed sexual feelings. Silly, you say? So is adolescent who sneaks into a pubescent room and convinces her to fly. "Come on today, here we go-o-o-o!"

**White:** Another ride about desire leading to every twist and turn, an evil witch offers you an apple, talk to dwarves, sing with the birds, but for God's sake, don't ever, ever, ever eat the apple. For some unfathomable reason, western culture has declared apples to be the symbol of everything evil, so only serpents, devils, witches and drug dealers offer them to innocents. And if it weren't bad enough

for naughty urges get you in trouble, your friends warwolves — are left at the end about to be crushed rock. Just say no, kids.

**Pinocchio:** "I got no strings," says Pinocchio at the end. Fine, but with freedom comes responsibility. Pinocchio never hesitates to infuse kids with guilt and then breaking away from mom and dad. Having fun, you'll make an ass out of yourself. It's too late, watch out for that whale.

**Toad's Wild Ride:** Fantasy and nightmare meet on a freeway fun as Mr. Toad goes on a driving straight to hell. This ride takes on a whole new meaning about repression and guilt in Southern California, a land where it is important to socialize about the dangers of mixing pleasure and work (there's even a moral about drinking and driving). **DRIVING IS WORK! OBEYING TRAFFIC LAWS MAKES ONE FREE!** (However, what makes this ride in the park is that the moral is undermined by the pure sensuality of a hot, steamy Hell.)



and Death Imagery defined the two driving forces in human life as

# Philosophical Implications of "E" Tickets Great Thinkers on Disneyland

When Nikita Khrushchev visited the United States in 1959, he wanted to go to Disneyland, but citing security reasons (which likely stemmed from the era's Red paranoia), Walt laid down a big fat "no." It might have been a magic day for Nikita, just as it may or may not have been for other noted philosophers and political ideologues, such as:

**Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)** — *It is not an improvement but a deterioration of human nature to exceed the boundaries of organic life.*

He'd probably hate most of the place, because permeating Disneyland are examples of how man has molested every facet of the environment for his own ends; exhaust-puking Autopia cars, glorified space junk, a great big white mountain carved-up like Swiss cheese.

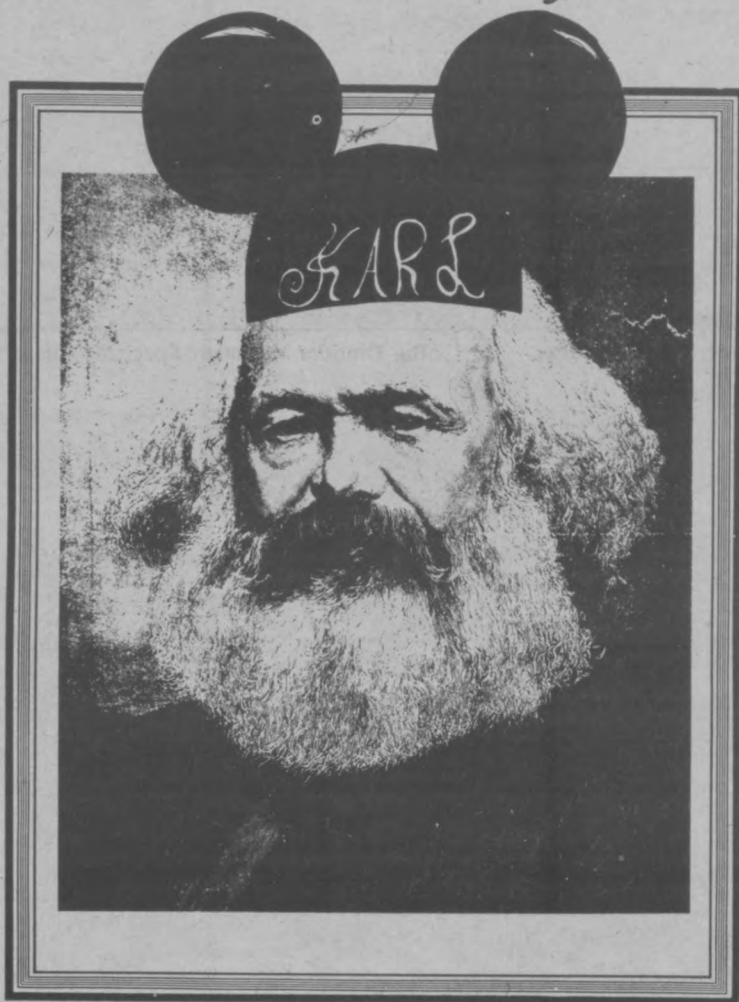
Rousseau might, however, take a likin' to Frontierland. The guy diagnosed, from secular aspects, the symptoms of the crisis of modern civilization as stemming from man's deviation from nature. And Frontierland is the closest Jean J. would come to finding an idyllic state. One thing he might find disturbing, though, is the use of the word "frontier," which implies a soon-to-be-trammeled mentality.

**Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)** — *Man, by nature, is a political animal.*

If they walked into Frontierland together, Aristotle would tell Rousseau that this mockery of a "wilderness" was the closest people were going to come to agreeing to live in such a state; that in order to control society, we need to control nature. So, because we can't exist without government, we installed our own version of a bucolic environment where we could conduct ourselves according to human nature — vices and all — and have services like servants to sweep up the cigarette butts.

**Rene Descartes (1595-1650)** — *I think, therefore I am.*

Okay, Rene figured out that he exists,



INTERNATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY GALE RESEARCH CO. - BOOK TOWER - DETROIT - 1971

but how would he really know he was at Disneyland? As skeptical as he was about everything, he probably wouldn't ever resolve it.

But whomever he went with, they would probably get so irritated by all his annoying cynicism and nihilist nagging, that they'd wish he didn't exist.

**Benito Mussolini (1883-1945)**

This fascist Italian dictator's favorite place at the park would be at the very top of the Matterhorn where he could have all the people look up to him as he swaggered and made all kinds of flamboyant gestures, as he went to do on balconies overlooking throngs or wherever there was a photographer.

**Karl Marx (1818-1883)** — *You have nothing to lose but your chains.*

Marx would likely have mixed feelings about Disneyland. On one hand, it is a very classless place, where everyone — regardless of their amount of wealth — has to stand in long lines for the goods and services.

However, a dichotomy surfaces when he realizes that it cost a whopping \$23.50 for admission (\$18.50 for children); now that's downright elitist. He would also be

dismayed by all the conspicuous consumption going on with people ambling around buying things — like mouse ears — that they will never again use or wear after they leave the park.

**John Locke (1632-1704)** — *Life, liberty and the pursuit of property.*

Considering that portions of his *Two Treatises on Government* were borrowed for our capitalist American doctrine, Locke would be encouraged by just about everything that irked Marx.

Between slurps off his sno-cone, he might say, "All the junk food and shoddy trinkets like Goofy masks and stuffed Dumbos — sure they're useless! But people buy 'em like crazy at jacked up prices, so what the heck!"

**Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)** — *Love of pleasure as an evil.*

The fact that Disneyland was designed with the intention of giving its patrons a day off from reality would really incense Nietzsche. He scorned the love of pleasure saying that it leads to complacency, advocating instead a life of risk-taking and danger.

Concurring with his detest of practices such as Christianity where he saw passivity being rationalized, he would say that the abundance of services and induced fantasy were repressive to the active mind.

**Alister Crowley (1875-1947)** — *Everywhere his government is taking root.*

Famous for worshipping the Devil, he was referred to as "the Beast" and has been called the most evil man who ever lived. Aside from reveling in the sheer gluttony of the place, Crowley might even enjoy some of Disneyland's rides.

He'd feel right at home on Pirates of the Caribbean with all the rum-soaked, scummy guys cursing and shooting at one another and chasing wenches. And aside from having unabashed lust for Snow White, he'd also enjoy that ride watching all the skeletons of people who were apparently left to rot in jail cells.

One thing that might offend him, though, is the wimp "hell" at the end of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, where this dorky comic book-type devil goes "blaaaahh" and you get sprayed with warm steam.

— Wade Daniels

the need to seek out the pleasures of the erotic (Eros) and the need to seek out the consummating quiet of death (Thanatos). Under a Freudian critique, great art is that which combines symbols of both drives. Not surprisingly then, over the years the most popular attractions at Disneyland combine images of the erotic and death.

**The Haunted Mansion:** "Grisly ghosts out to socialize." In other words, death is a big party — death is erotic, in the Disney perspective. Direct erotic images

abound. A beautiful woman ages and another one turns into a medusa in the gallery. And that's a bride blowing out the cake in the banquet scene (death on the wedding night?). Finally, death is a seduction: as you leave, an alluring temptress enchants to you to hurry back, "and don't ... forget ... your ... death ... certificate."

**The Pirates of the Caribbean:** "Dead men tell no tales," forebodes the talking skull. The reason the pirates can tell no tales is probably because they're

partying so hard they're not likely to remember anything.

So much of the horror on the ride (rape, murder, et al) is played out so innocently, it's attractive. The women getting raped are *enjoying* it. Meanwhile, pirates lie eternally preserved in the rapturous moment of discovering long sought-after riches. Anyway, death is better than singing that damn song again. "Yo-ho-ho, a pirate's life for me." — Adam Liebowitz

# Friendly Fowl Or Covert 'Hero of the Free World'

the more obvious examples of "The Rappist e-Free, Yankee-Gun-Totin') Place on Earth," style.



is bufoonery of socialism and it notorious lies, complete with a mock Chinese character and a fish, rampaging revolutionary who easily has a

change of political heart.



More of the same short allegiance-span theme: Donald mocking peace-type protesters who instantaneously abandon their cause for a glass of the duck's lemonade. As Dorfman and Mattelart explain, it's the "dilution" and "recuperation" theory: Banalize an unusual social phenomenon as an "isolated incident ... a symptom of a cancer," then use the freakish phenomenon to justify the need for the current social system and its values. Note the barbaric character of the lemonade-pursuing

protesters in contrast to the orderly and civilized cadets and ducks.



And of course, the American woman has her place

alongside Disney's men.



But in the end, it's the diligent work of Donald Duck, in pursuit of revolutionaries and against revolutionary change, that brings in the bucks and gets the last laugh.



Your Choice...

**Exxon Supertanker  
Spill Costs: Untold Millions**



— or —

**Our No-Spill  
SuperTanker at 89¢**



**A.A.RCO**

**We really Care A Lot**

## Happiest Place to Work

Disneyland seeks only the finest person to wear its uniform, and, believe me, that is certainly the reality. The masses of full- and part-time Disneyland employees are indeed very fine, none more than the handful of highly paid executives, designers, imagineers and machinists that really move the place, give its sense of magic, of wonder, of *fun*. Of arguably more importance, however, is the complex underworld of lesser, lower-paid employees who dole the frozen bananas, scrub the basins, tend lines and dress like a pig.

I met these everyday people, and I worked with them, sharing and loving their victories, defeats and life-enhancing traumas. I worked

and although I never met her, I knew they were close; Gary was always talking about all the great Disneyland premieres they got to go to as Disneyland employees. Gary seemed pretty happy with his lot, and I couldn't blame him: Disneyland had given him a good job, employee health coverage and interesting, Disneyland-related diversions. Since Gary was my boss but never seemed to do anything different from what I did, I asked him why he was my boss. He replied that he made the tentative work schedule but that he couldn't give the final approval. That, of course, was left to The Manager.

**The Manager** — This person was the quirkiest. The manager of my department was named Ron, a short, clean individual with a good tan who moved quickly and didn't appear to be married. He was "upstairs" a lot, but when he came down, he would tell us to get to work. He seemed to take a liking to me, saying loudly when he saw me: "Ho-ho! Hey!" and then asking about where I had gone to lunch. When I told him I had had lunch at the nearby 7-11, he would act horrified and then suggest that I accompany him to a "happy hour" at a hotel across the street. But wasn't Disneyland already *happy* enough for Ron? I found this attitude strange inside the Magic Kingdom, and was forced to reply to Ron: "Sure!" and then quickly walk away.

**The Young Adult** — This person, generally in their mid-20s, is feeling pretty sour about having worked at Disneyland for about four or five years now. They don't work too hard, tend to make cutting, unfunny jokes about the Magic Kingdom and during breaks are known to stand outside sullenly smoking cigarettes. There were quite a few of these employees working in my department, but the most interesting was a bosomy brunette named Becky. Becky had a terribly sad story. She was 22, had three kids and was married to an Iranian sort who was balding and looked like he was about 36. It was all very depressing, and she always muttered things about leaving this guy and her three kids since he was such a schmuck. Of course, I

*He would act horrified and then suggest that I accompany him to a "happy hour" at a hotel across the street. But wasn't Disneyland already happy enough for him?*

"backstage" as they call it, behind-the-scenes. My job was to give employees their "costumes" — from dainty red and white Carnation food dispenser wear to the rugged leather and rawhide of Tom Sawyer's canoeists.

There are five distinct types of people who work at Disneyland. During my stay, I learned a lot about these people ... and a little about myself, too.

**The Careerist** — This person truly loves Disneyland. My immediate supervisor, Gary, was a careerist. Having made the team when he was 18, and now at 32, he was making about \$9 an hour. His wife also worked at Disneyland,

see **WORK** p.8a

**\*5,000 Books Distributed**

**\*Only 80 Remain  
for sale...  
\$25**

**696 PAGE**

**LA CUMBRE '89**

**The Yearbook of UCSB**

DISTRIBUTION INFO:

Thur., & Fri.  
June 8-9  
9 am-4 pm  
in front of Main Library

June 12 THRU June 16  
8:30 am-4:30 pm  
in Yearbook Office  
Storke Bldg. rm 1053

7,000 Copies • 696 Pages • 60 Pages of Full Color • Special Covers  
Seniors • Student Life • Sports • Picture Yourself • Greeks  
Organizations • Academics • Departments • Residential Life

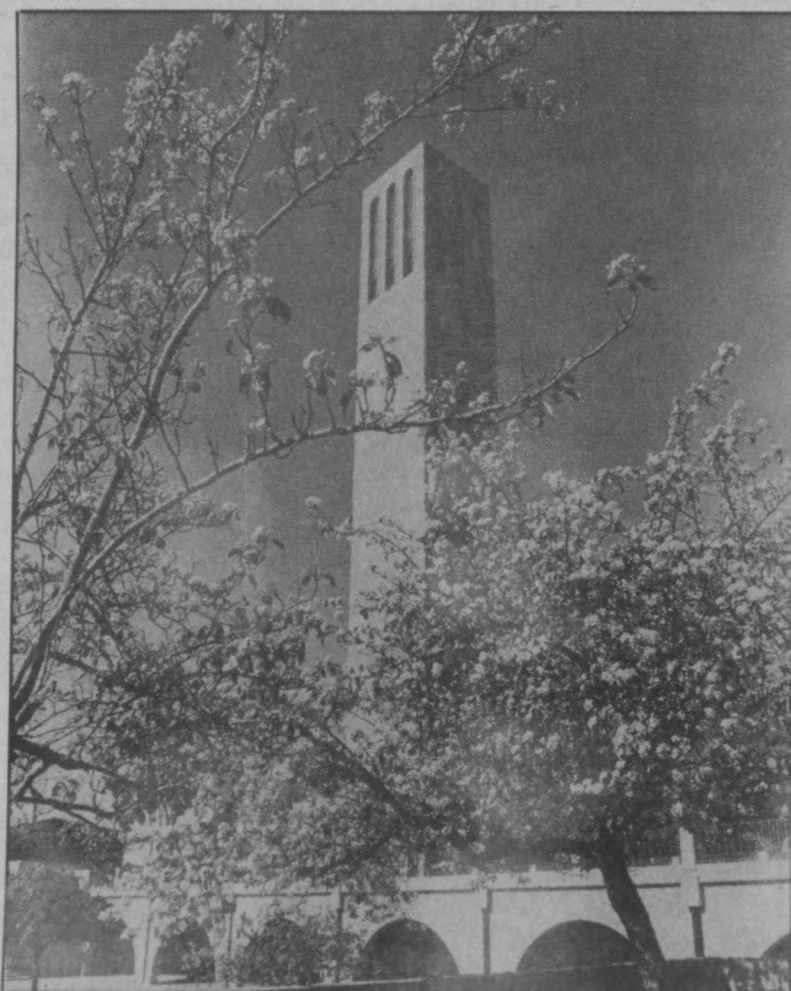
Picking up your yearbook is easy. If you bought a book we have your name! Just bring a **PHOTO I.D.** and show it to one of our enthusiastic staff members. Next take your **La Cumbre** to your favorite hide away and let the memories come rolling back.

— DON'T MISS OUT!! —

**ATTENTION: Only 80 copies remain to be sold!**  
On sale for \$25 • *Hold on to the memories*

*"I've been here 26 years and this is one of the best college yearbooks I've ever seen.  
It's a 700-page bargain for only \$25!"*  
— Joe T. Kovach, Adviser

**THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE!**



# COMMENCEMENT

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS 1989

### Friday, June 9

Art Studio Awards Reception  
5:30 p.m. – Cliff House  
By Invitation Only

### Saturday, June 10

College of Creative Studies  
Reception following Commencement  
4:00 p.m. – Santa Rosa Hall Patio

### Thursday, June 15

Senior Pub Party  
8:00 p.m. – The Graduate  
Tickets Required – 961-2064

### Friday, June 16

Black Graduation Banquet  
7:00 p.m. – UCen Pavilion  
Tickets Required – 961-4292

Military Science Commissioning  
Ceremony and Reception  
2:00 p.m. – Music Building, Room 1145

Senior Send-Off  
9:00 p.m. – University Club  
Reservations Required – 961-2064

University Service Awards Ceremony  
4:00 p.m. – University House  
By Invitation Only

### Saturday, June 17

Anthropology Department Tea  
and Awards Ceremony  
1:30 p.m. – Conference Room, North Hall 2052  
By Invitation Only

Chicano Graduation Ceremony  
11:00 a.m. – Campbell Hall  
Chicano Banquet and Dance  
6:00 p.m. – Francisco Torres  
Tickets Required – 961-4040

College of Engineering Reception  
2:30 p.m. – Engineering II Courtyard

College of Letters and Science  
Honors Reception  
5:30 p.m. – Music Bowl  
By Invitation Only

Economics Department Awards Ceremony  
and Reception  
1:30 p.m. – North Hall 2212  
By Invitation Only

Environmental Studies Tea  
11:00 a.m. – The Greenhouse  
Reception following Commencement

Speech and Hearing Science  
Reception for Graduating Seniors  
11:00 a.m. – Snidecor Hall  
Reception following Commencement  
By Invitation Only

Geological Sciences Reception  
11:00 a.m. – Geological Sciences Building  
Main Lobby  
Reception following Commencement

### Sunday, June 18

Art History Department  
Graduation Reception  
3:00 p.m. – Art History Patio

English Department Reception  
10:30 a.m.  
South Hall/Girvetz Courtyard

Dramatic Art and Dance Reception  
2:30 p.m. – Studio Theatre  
1101 Snidecor Hall  
By Invitation Only

History Department Reception  
and Brunch  
11:00 a.m. – Ellison 4824

Graduate Division Reception  
6:00 p.m. – Faculty Club Green  
Reception following Commencement

Political Science Honors Awards  
Ceremony and Reception  
11:30 a.m. – Lancaster Room  
Ellison Hall 2614  
By Invitation Only

Spanish and Portuguese Reception  
to honor MA and PhD Candidates  
2:00 p.m. – Wofsy Room, Phelps Hall  
By Invitation Only

# Work

(Continued from p.6A)

wasn't sure at all what to do about this, and Becky was so ... so beautiful to me, in that weird 18-year-old dumb guy kind of way.

**The First-Timer** — This person was me, the person who had arrived to work part-time at Disneyland and felt like the luckiest kid alive, except that you didn't have time to go on rides, and you couldn't get any of your friends in for free. Most first-timers seemed to be recent high school graduates or college punks moonlighting, but there was always the spare grandmother or grade school teacher lurking about. Although the fun of working at Disneyland never waned, my best colleague-buddy Carlos and I soon found ourselves guzzling California Coolers in the employee parking lot before work, during lunch and most certainly after work. This was great. Sometimes after work, we'd stay in the parking lot drinking all night and wander into the Disneyland employee cafeteria (the food sucks!) in the morning and eat waffles. The good old days.

**The Funny People** — This was the most unfunny group at Disneyland, consisting mostly of the Jungle Cruise dudes, random jugglers, comedians and sweepers — the "fun" jobs. Somehow, their quick lines and wry facial expressions weren't that funny when they needed me to hand them a new pair of socks or something. And that was just the problem — they couldn't be normal without cracking jokes because they were *expected* to be funny at all times at Disneyland, whether backstage or in the park. Sure, it was a tough job, but when your working for one of the *premiere* organizations in the world, you *better* be goddam funny ... all the goddam time. Most of these guys appeared to be limitedly talented Eddie Murphy and Steve Martin imitators, but they carried themselves poorly, and you felt that somehow they knew they weren't going anywhere. New guys were always enthusiastic ... for about a week. And then you'd just wince when they'd come by. After a while I started baiting them, saying stuff like: "C'mon, say somethin' funny, man." And they'd answer dumbly, saying "Porky sucks!" or something in a shrill rat's voice or by trying to grab me through the window, lurching like a rabid Goofy-beast and then shrugging and laughing at the guy behind them. In harsh reality, their jobs were quite taxing and some of these guys didn't last the summer. They left as defeated men, bested by a "fun" job at the Happiest Place on Earth.

— W. Patrick Whalen

# Myth

(Continued from p.3A)

there is a net" (meaning a hoop).

**What Probably Really Happened:** Walt was always the last kid picked for teams. With nothing else to do, he turned to cartooning. When he finally achieved the power he had so longed for, he installed a basketball court that has a literal net in the hoop, annoying his sports-capable employees.

**Rumor:** While he was alive, Walt Disney had a "love nest" apartment located on the second story of the firehouse on Main Street, USA.

**What Disneyland Claims:** Although Warren admitted that Disney did have an apartment in the firehouse, she did not refer to it as a "love nest." She said Walt used it as "a place to stay during those hectic times."

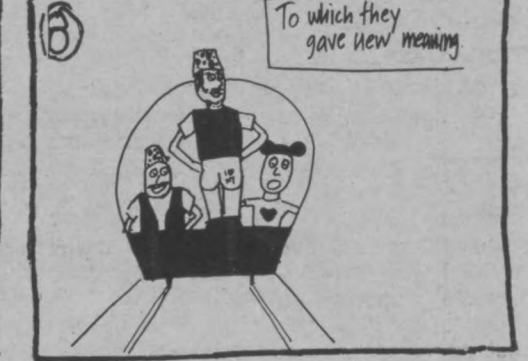
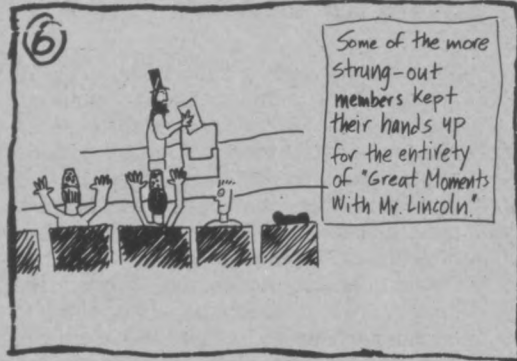
**What Probably Really Happened:** Due to the fact that Walt Disney possessed one of the most fantastically imaginative minds in recent memory, it is probably safe to say that his imagination didn't restrict itself to cartoons and merchandise. Undoubtedly, he entertained many a Minnie in his loft and performed God knows how many acts of so-called "animated lovemaking" upon his female patrons. This experience was described by one such "guest" as being "scarier than the Haunted Mansion, but it didn't take nearly as long."

— Jeffrey C. Whalen

Lock up the kids!  
Hide the silverware!  
Keep your arms and legs inside!

# THE RENEGADE LOCAL FRATERNAL ORDER FROM HELL!

Obviously true stories transcribed by Doug Arellanes



# A Student Loan Company As Unique As You Are.

With a name like Educaid there's only one thing we can do—specialize in student loans. This makes Educaid unique among student lenders. We've made a business of servicing students' special needs. It's all we do. That's why we're the best. And that's why you can depend on us for that special, personal touch when you need it.

**Educaid knows you can't wait for your money.** You need it now. From the moment we receive your loan application, we're fighting the clock to get you your money fast. **Educaid can save you money, too.** You don't pay interest on interest while you're continually enrolled in school. Educaid capitalizes the interest (adds it to the principal) on your SLS only once—at graduation.

See your Financial Aid Office. If you're eligible for a Stafford Loan (GSL) or an SLS, ask for Educaid. Or give us a call:

**Educaid**  
THE STUDENT LOAN SPECIALISTS  
Sacramento: (916) 446-1626  
Toll Free in CA: (800) 443-7667  
Outside CA: (800) 642-9955  
3301 C Street, Suite 100-A  
Sacramento, CA 95816

