

ENTERTAINMENT FOR HORNY MEN

JUNE 1965 50 CENTS

LAYBOY

REVISITED

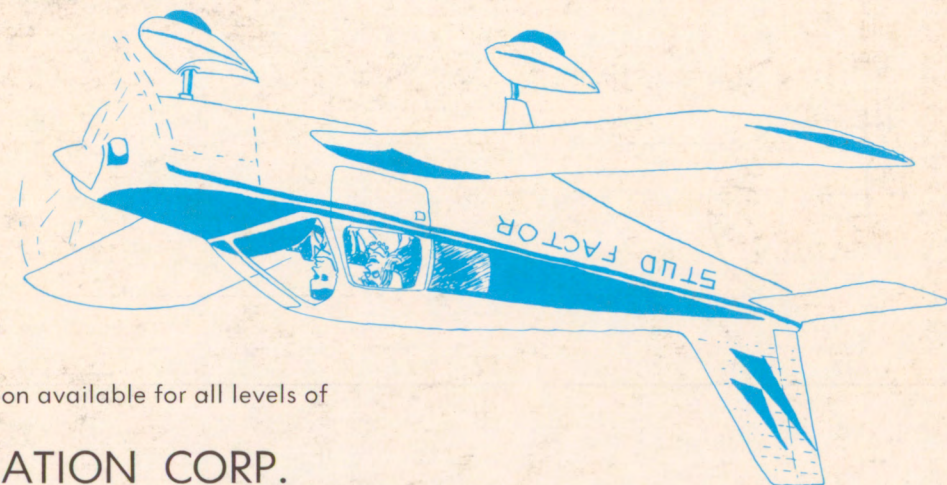
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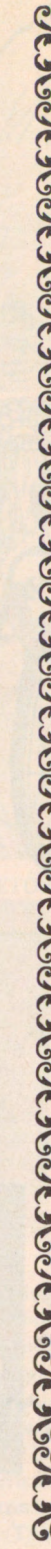
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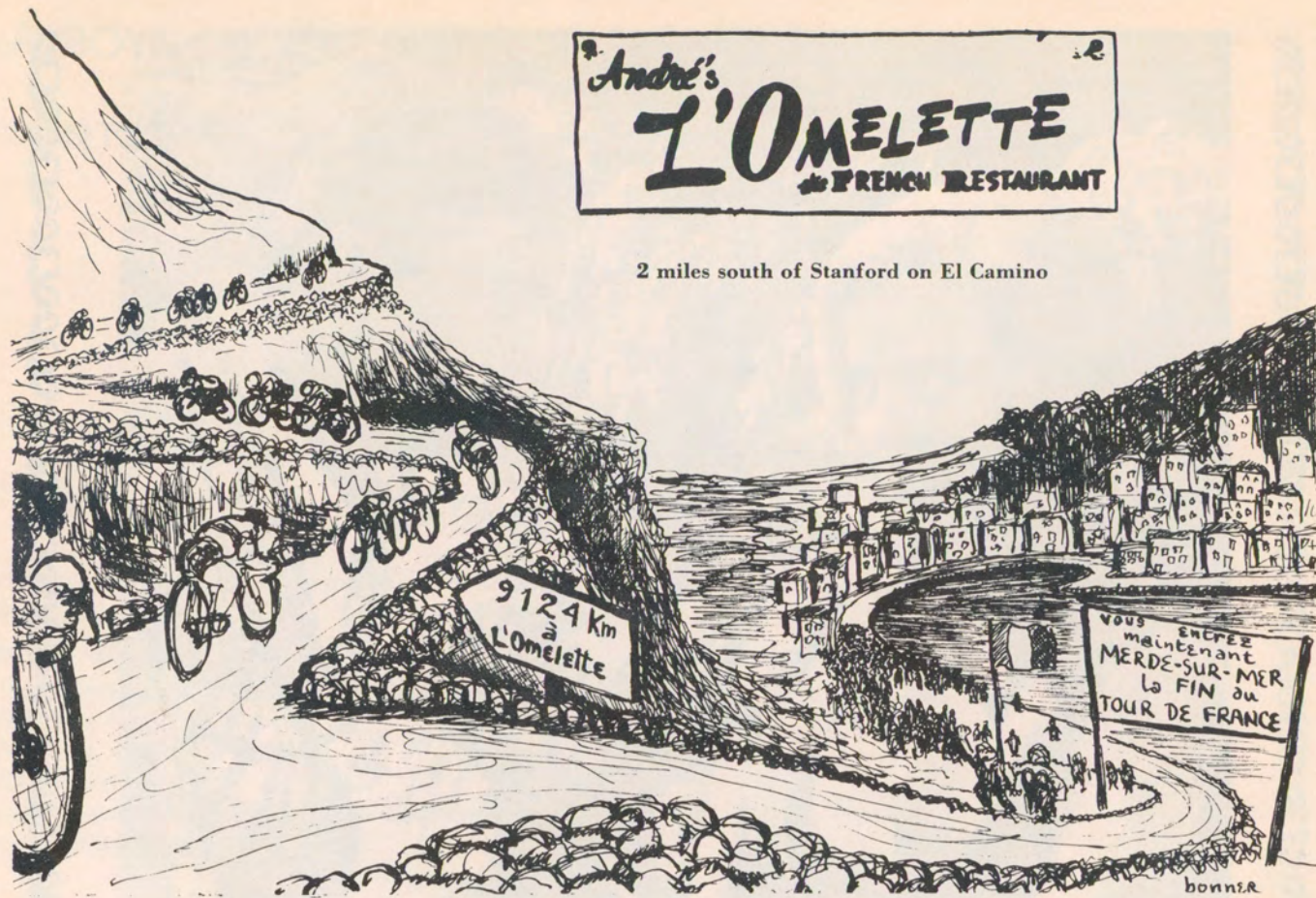
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LAYBILL

Well, here we are again, you big, hairy suave, affluent, intellectually aware, and generally studly guys. Another issue of this great magazine to stimulate your prurient, though limited, imaginations and tell you how to be cool, like us. As you all know, this IS the page of the mag in which we tell you what we have in store for you in the issue. Believe us, you're in for it this time. As you've undoubtedly noticed by now we don't say a hell of a lot here, but then you have probably stopped reading by now anyway. Can't wait to get to the smutty pictures can you, fellows.

Our cover girl this month is Rondi Young from Roblehall, California. She is keen, isn't she? We would like to tell you more about her, but her boy friend will not let us. Too bad, guys.

We are fortunate in being able to bring you in this issue the first and final installment of the last, we hope, Iam Flaming novel, *Organ Trouble Over Quad*. This thriller, really written by Dave Harris, depicts our favorite hero's adventures at Stanford, a remote university in California. You will thrill to every pulse-plucking word as Jimmy baby, always the epitome of studliness, battles the insidious forces of LETCHRE.

We were planning to have a LAYBOY interview this month, but, alas, we could find nobody who would talk to us. We do, however, have the three hundred and sixty-ninth installment of the *Layboy Philosophy* in which editor Hugh Betcha spells out for anyone bored enough to wade through it, the credo of his personal sex life. Those of you who are familiar with this series will recognize this installment as simply more redundancy and illumination of the obvious. This perceptive and witty analysis of our backward mores was produced by Messrs. Steinhart and Hendrie.

Shel Pewtermug, our bearded artist-about-the-world, who in this case happens to be not only clean-shaven, but also a girl, Lynn Mollere, takes you on a *Cliche Fieldtrip*. This bit features artistic interpretations of the hackneyed and worn idioms of the English language. You know, things you read in our magazine.

There is no point in gassing about this month's Laymate. Her name is Carol Doda and she is just a simple, pretty girl such as you are liable to find on the next stool at the soda fountain. Just a plain ordinary girl is she, except for a few details. Details like, for example, her thirty-nine inch bust-line and the fact that she displays same on top of a piano at the Condor night club in San Francisco every night. At any rate, here she is in almost all her radiant, silicon enhanced glory, photographed by Jerry Telfer.

A former editor, who prefers to remain anonymous, returned to his typewriter and produced *A Bod in the Hand*, a high point of our fiction selection. This exciting bit of whimsy depicts the misadventures of an experienced and proficient raconteur as he attempts to bed a bod that is just a little bit out to lunch. You layboy types will doubtless be able to pick up a few good tips to assist your own endeavors from this expert in our favorite field. At any rate, I think you'll agree that Wright Studlystories has outdone himself on this one.

The photo feature, *The Girls of Stanford*, will give all of you layboys an idea of what to expect while grazing or just gazing upon the green pastures of that fine school. Jerry Telfer and our staff of shutterbugs spent long hours prowling about the campus hunting up these lovely coeds, but their time was well spent, we think. Some of those girls look good enough to eat, eh guys?

The Piebald Classic in our last issue, entitled *The Ass and the Cuckold* created quite a stir in some circles. This time we feel that we have exceeded the previous issue in providing a translation of another example of the fiction of classical antiquity. Kent Anderson, our myth editor has come up with an unusual version of another old but exceedingly popular story. We feel that the impact of this story, *The Potter's Wheel*, will outstrip that of its predecessor. It will be talked



HUGH BETCHA



IAM FLAMING



WRIGHT STUDLYSTORIES

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about for years to come, you can be sure of that.

Of course there is the usual fine selection of outstanding cartoons in this issue. Our great staff of contributing cartoonists, including Gone Wilson, Eric Sokold, Dumpsy, Takgas and Shoelacer, has been augmented by some highly talented newcomers. Bob Walker, Mike Wright, Kent Anderson, Jim Woodroe, Mike Rugg, Randy Bonner and Rich Garlinghouse have all come through with fine illustrations and cartoons. The star of the cartoon show, so to speak, has got to be America's darling, *Little Orphan Fanny*, created by ol' Horny Kurtzman and Will Holder, assisted by M. Rugg and Kanderson. This episode has Fanny lost in the voracious and impersonal clutches of the small school with the big tower, Stanford University. You'll giggle with delight and sigh with sadness at every turn of our heroine's up and down career at college.

Well, we've just about finished telling you how neat we are and explaining to you just exactly what's inside this magazine. You may be wondering just why we bother, so we'll tell you now. It's so that if you get hit by a truck before you read further you will know exactly what you missed. A word of warning: Look out for trucks.

Here is another word of warning: Remember, as you read through this parody, the worthless, inane words of the blithering idiot who wrote, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

LAYBOY

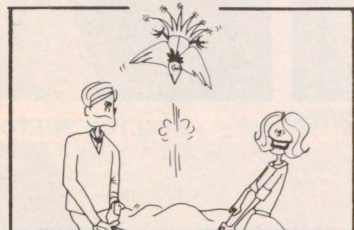
REVISITED



Twist and shout P. 25



Iam Flaming's latest P. 14



Pewtermug P. 38



Little Orphan Fannie P. 53

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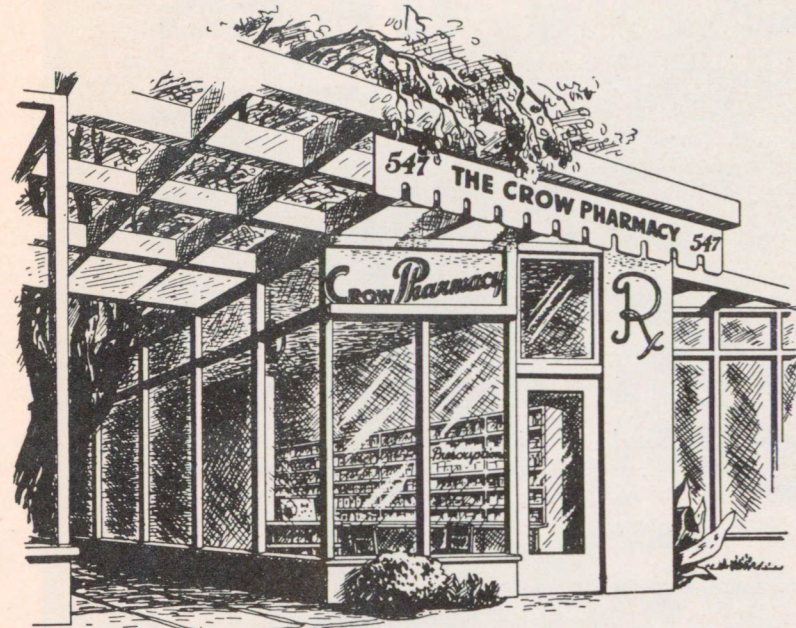
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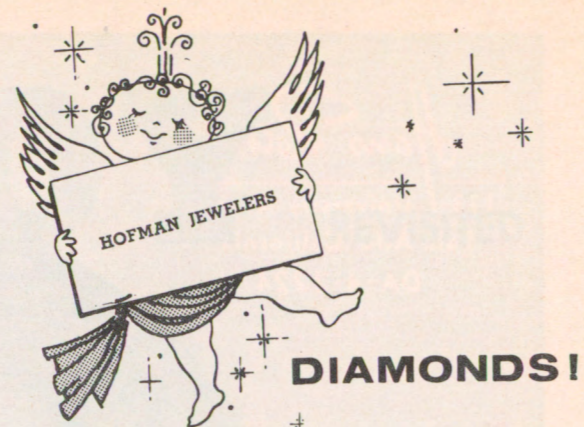
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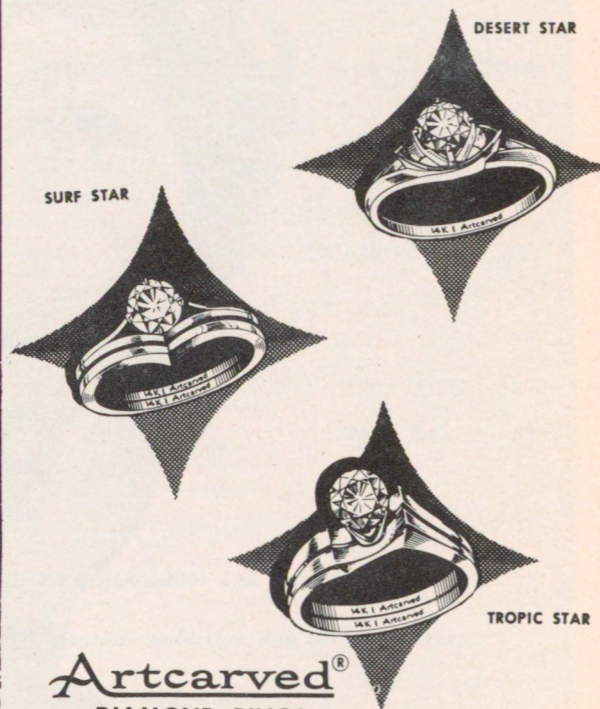
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LAYBOY AFTER OURS



NOW THAT we have regrouped our forces and mustered our courage we have produced *Layboy Revisited*. On this occasion it might be worthwhile to recount, for those of you too young to remember, the story of the original *Layboy*. The sixty page magazine was put on sale on a Wednesday morning in May of 1961. Of a press run of three thousand copies, twenty-eight hundred were sold from the stands by ten in the morning, the remainder being held out for subscriptions and our advertisers. This fantastic sale was due in part to a carefully planned whisper campaign by our staff indicating that the Dean would probably throw us off campus for the content of the mag. None of us really believed this was possible, but at two o'clock that afternoon the phone rang in the office. The present editor, then starving young artist, happened to answer the phone.

"Menlo Park snake farm and grocery store," he said brightly, in the fashion of the times. There was a very loud clearing of a very deep throat at the other end.

"This is Dean Winbigler. Will you please ask Brad Efron to be in my office as soon as possible. Thank you." By four that afternoon, Brad, the *Layboy* editor, was no longer in school and the magazine had been ordered to suspend publication until further notice. There was a great commotion among the staff members and an even greater one at the math department. It seems they resented having their prize grad student suspended.

The issue that precipitated the catastrophe was quoted to us as having been a "sacrilegious article," namely the Ribald Classic, a fairly innocuous tale en-

titled "The Ass and the Cuckold" and written by the editor. The story was interpreted as a heinous parody of the immaculate conception, and received strong criticism from local religious leaders as well as being cited as the reason for our "little setback." There were a few ardent supporters of the *Chappie* in the debates that followed, but in general the apathy was overwhelming. Brad and the staff simply had to bite the bullet and wait for a new year. With the rising student feeling on free speech and the contemporary community standard of obscenity established by the San Francisco courts, it is likely that the apathy potential is down some this year.

At any rate, here we go again.

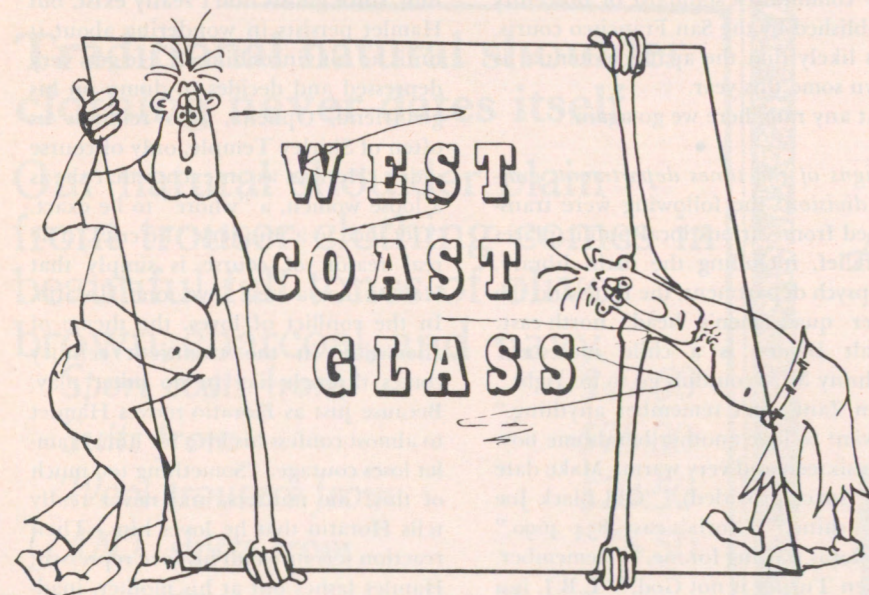
Signs of the times department, graffiti division: the following were transcribed from various local public places of relief, including the main library, the psych department, the Rat's and the inner quad men's head, north-east: "Walt Disney is a child molester," "Johnny Mize couldn't go to his right," "Van Zant can't remember anything," "I want to love another handsome boy. I am sixteen and very warm. Make date here (space provided)," "Old Black Joe was a shine," "Gloria's easy- 854- 4690," "Godot is waiting for me," "Remember, Steven Turner is not God," "L.B.J. is a wimp," and finally, "Sky King is not a religious figure."

An ad seen in the classified section of the *Stanford Daily*: "For Sleaz Cneip, 74 Frod Cliftebsi, rucs doog; \$.8k4."

THEATER

In one of the current season's most

bizarre productions, the theater group down at the ANTA off-Broadway is now playing the work of a fast-rising young London playwright named Bill Shakespeare. The play is *The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, and lives up to its name. The anti-hero hero, Hamlet, spends four acts of the almost intolerably long production moping around the stage giving his peers a bad time. First he sees a ghost that "tells" him his father was murdered by his uncle, who has since married his mother. This should not really upset him, since ghosts don't really exist, but Hamlet persists in wondering about it until he convinces himself. He gets very depressed and decides to dump on his girl-friend, Ophelia, who reminds us often of Shirley Temple, only of course older. He uses as an excuse that she is a loose woman, a "whore" to be exact. "Get thee to a nunnery!" he cries. The real reason of course is simply that Hamlet has a new love, one Horatio. In the conflict of loves, the theme of alienation in the twentieth century comes through like in no other play. Because just as Horatio moves Hamlet to almost confess his love for him, Hamlet loses courage. "Something too much of this," he mutters, and never really tells Horatio that he loves him. Then reaction sets in. With his love repressed, Hamlet lashes out at his mother, inadvertently killing Polonius, Ophelia's father. Polonius was hiding behind a curtain at the time, and one is somewhat at a loss to explain what he was doing there. The playwright tells us he was spying on Hamlet, but this is obviously just a ruse that the audience is intended to see through. Hamlet's mother has obviously been having an



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Auto Glass Mirrors

affair with Polonius, and the misleading speeches by the people are intended to show how duplicity must be maintained in order to have an affair these days. Nevertheless, the murder of Polonius does not wake Hamlet up to his existential predicament. Instead he dismembers the body in a fit of temporary necrophilia. Then Laertes, who is Polonius' son, returns to find out why the checks have stopped coming to him from home, since he was away at school, studying in Europe. In the finale, a riotous parody of the actual impotence of modern weapons against the human soul, the playwright has Hamlet meet Laertes in a showdown with, of all things, swords. Poison is added to keep the suspense up, by making the audience intensely aware of the double danger of the sword. (Whatever that is.) At any rate, Hamlet kills Laertes, Laertes kills Hamlet, the King kills Gertrude, and Hamlet kills the King, in as gruesome a daisy-chain as has ever been staged. This leaves the audience with a new grasp of reality, as the sudden appearance on stage of four dead bodies reminds one of various traffic accidents that occur on the freeways, with four or more of a family being killed. The moral of the play is obviously "Drive carefully, the life you save may be your own." And if you don't believe it, see the play. We did.

BOOKS

Euphensis Kuecker, in his new book *The 617 in 619*, is trying to capture the spirit of such books as *Mila 18*, *Catch-22*, and *The 480*, in hopes of putting the definitive touch on the current literary number game. The 617 is a masterpiece of numerical intrigue. All the characters are given numbers, obviously in parody of 007, who appears in a well-known series of morality plays Off-Broadway. The title refers to two apartments located at 11312 N. 33rd in the nation's number 2 city. (Which is Chicago). The nine people who consist the dramatist personify, so to speak, in this 813 page novel, are numbered 2 through 10. Number 1, we learn on page 412, does not exist any more. This is the book's message. There is no number 1 in a world that has been democratized the hell out of. Incidentally, zip codes appear in only two places in the novel. Under the address of the receiver and under the address of the sender. Where else, stupid? We did.

MOVIES

Censorship is nobody's business, we always say, and now it looks like it hasn't been. We've just been to see *Mary Poppins*, a titillating frolic through symbolic sex among the rich and poor in London of the 1880's. The heroine, Miss Poppins, is a sultry nymph that harbors a secret lust for putting little children to bed. Threatened by the children's father, a fat lecherous sort, she turns to the amorous arms of a chimney-sweep. Awww, we can't do this to good ol' Mary Poppins. We did.

The perennial BB is at her nudest in the Pyramint production of *Content*, co-starring Lacks Balance. Good-lookin' BB undresses almost as often as Heinz came up with a variety. Every time she strips, the camera pans in her luscious bod and she kind of moves her leg. This really turned us on, I'll tell you. But not hardly as much as the scenes where these really wild statues gave the audience the evil eye. Unfortunately for the movie, however, is the fact that the script writer worked himself into an impossible tangle and had to have the two principals killed in a car wreck to unravel things. It was a real shame, too. The car was bitchin'. We did.

RECORDINGS

Whenever Loris Lay opens her mouth to sing, you can count on shattered wine glasses. This freckly little old lady has a voice that scares Taiwan when she sings in the Rose Bowl. Which she never has. Her latest is called *Old Kentucky Foam*, an album of bootlegger's poems put to music by George Dylan, or whatever his first name is. The background is provided by Leonard Beerstein, directing the Memphis Philharmonic. Buy. We've got stock in the company. We did.

RESTAURANTS

This weekend marks the centennial of the *Blue Moon* down in old Tiajuana. It hasn't been open for a hundred years; just a hundred months, but the people down there like to celebrate. Remember: at the Blue Moon you can get all you want to eat for the price of drinks. We did.

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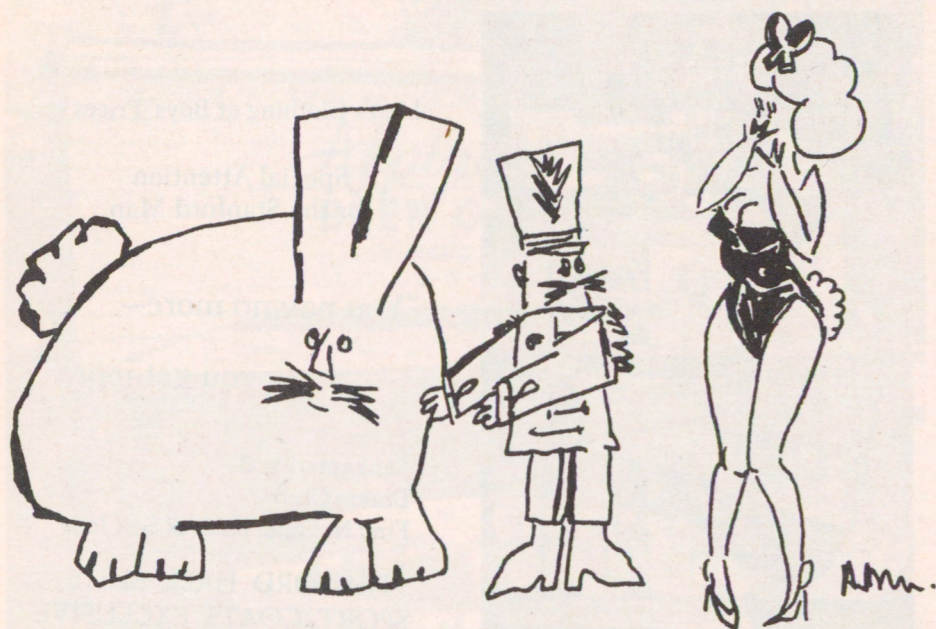
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THE LAYBOY ADVISOR

Last September I purchased a mint-condition 1927 Isoto-Francini dual-cowl, drop-head, twin DOHC, seven point three litre, gran-sport roadster. The quick "m-type" with the Amherst-Villars blower. My problem is this: where is the ignition switch? I have looked everywhere, consulted several mechanics, and tried to find a near-by IF dealership. Help me if you can, as I am anxious to get back to my taxicab business.—P. D., East Keester, Colorado.

Get a bigger hammer.

Why are wine glasses shaped the way they are?—O. D., Mellon, Maine.

Why are women shaped the way they are?

I have recently been invited to attend a church-burning here in town by the local chapter of the KKK. Could you advise me as to appropriate dress for such an outing?—M. X., McComb, Mississippi.

Sure. White muslin.

I work in an office next to a cute little babe whom I shall call Cindy. My brother in law used to work here, but he transferred to the St. Louis office last June. My wife and I are separated and she now works in St. Louis as well. A friend of mine wrote to me that she (my wife) has taken up with my brother in law, which is all right with me since I hate the bitch anyway. Meanwhile, however, my sister is living here in Pittsburgh and has been sleeping with Cindy's brother on the sly. Now I would be keyed to make it with Cindy, except that my aunt wrote me last Friday and sent me a copy of the family tree which shows that my brother in law's great uncle is Cindy's cousin on her father's side. Not only that, but somewhere I once heard that my ex-wife's father was married to his first cousin whose name is the same as one of the uncles on my family tree. I don't know if they are one and the same, but both fought in the American revolution. If I should some day marry Cindy, could I join the D.A.R.?—L. L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Some times you bite the bullet, some-times the bullet bites you.

How come you always write such terse, disparaging, sarcastic, one line answers to the important, meaningful questions in this column?—T. S., Oakland, California.

Bite the bag, T.S.

I have recently fallen in love with a male nurse at the local hospital. I have tried so hard to get him to like me back, but nothing I do seems to have any effect. For instance, I feigned a heart attack last month and with more luck than I could have

hoped for, he was assigned to my room. But every time he tried to take my temperature, I started to giggle. I think it was this incessant giggling that turned him off. You know how some fellows are. Do you know of anything that I could take to prevent this awful giggling next time I get "sick"?—F. S. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Take gas, faggot.

I'm having a party for a group of my son's friends and I want them to have a good time, but nothing wild, as we just bought new furniture. Can you tell me a good drink that will help me have the kind of party I want?—F. G. M., Darien, Connecticut.

1964 was a good year for 7-up.

I have been dating a female army sergeant and have also been dating her twin sister on the sly, unconventionally, so to speak. But now the scene is getting tight. Each one reads my letters to the other over the phone (long distance rates are very low) and they each rave over the other's new cool boy friend and telling each other how much they want to meet him and vice versa. For three months now I have evaded the fatal encounter. My question is this: ain't I a stud?—D. S., Omaha, Nebraska.

Beats the crap out of me lieutenant.

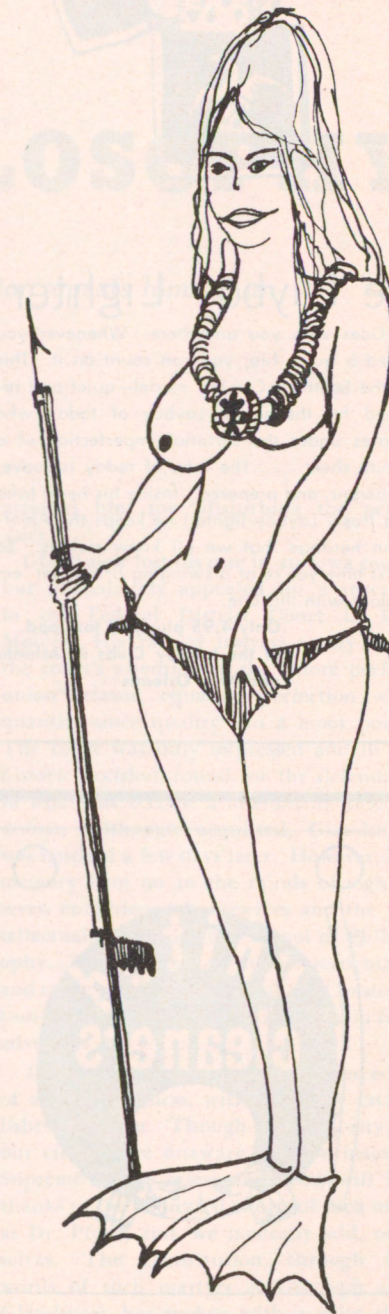
I am a photographer and have worked out a slick solution for seducing girls. I take a candid photo and then invite the girl to come to the darkroom while I develop it. While we're in there I subtly snow her with my glib lines and then bango I maneuver her onto a hidden bed which descends from the wall. Anyway, one of my models recently started reciting her periodic tables and I don't quite know what to do. Should I continue in my present course of action or halt any further developments?—R. F., Baltimore, Maryland.

Skip town, fella.

My wife and I are continually bickering and fighting over seemingly trivial matters. For example, my wife is always bugging me to play double solitaire with her. Now it's not that I hate double solitaire, but she's such a lousy player and such a bore (yelling, screaming and like that) that I'd much rather go off and play solitaire by myself. What should I do about this?—J. O., Hammer, North Carolina.

Go play with yourself.

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THE LAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

The three hundred and sixty-ninth part of a series in which the editor repeats himself unendingly, to the complete boredom of his readers and typesetters.

by editor Hugh Betcha

In the February and April installments of *The Layboy Philosophy* we exclaimed the extreme intolerance of Government toward sexual freedom during le huitieme siecle. We noticed how, in 1775, a band of outraged blue-nosed colonists, cleverly disguised as Indians, boarded a British ship in Boston Harbor and threw overboard a whole cargo of nudie magazines ;thus outraging the National Geographic Society, a powerful lobby in the court of King George III. This impetuous action precipitated the Bitter War. We saw that at the same time in Europe, eight million French and Italian males were receiving theirs under the auspices of the Enlightenment Philosophy. Now we must note that at the same time the eminent wisdom of the foundling fathers in this country framed a Constitution that assured sexual freedom for posterity.

"How about it, men?" asks Dr. Ralston Pfeen, distinguished Harvard political scientist, in his mononucleic study, *Sex, the Constitution and You, Friend*. "How about it? You getting your Constitutional rights? You getting any at all?" Dr. Pfeen continues: "Us Americans is the only guys in the world what has living laws to protect us. Only in America can Johnny you-know-what Susie and have the Government say 'You done well, son,' because only in America we got it down in the highest law of the land, and I mean our Constitution."

Dr. Pfeen is of course referring to the onetime obscure ruling of the Supreme Court in *Gottsyph vs. North Dakota*, (143, U.S. 69). This decision ranks with such judicial mileposts as *Marbury vs. Madison* and *Brown vs. Board of Education*.

The Gottsyph case involved one Alexei Gottsyph, who was arrested in 1880 in Tilsbury, N.D., for violation of the State's "crimes against nature" law. Gottsyph, a man of incredible sexual prowess, had bet

a local sheepherder that he could "satisfy the flock." He won the bet, but killed seventeen ewes in the process. He was arrested and brought to trial. He appealed his state conviction, but before his case came before the Supreme Court in 1881, he was hanged. However, a group of North Dakota cattle ranchers continued the court fight for unspecified reasons.

The defense in this case pleaded that the Constitution states it was framed "in order to form a more perfect union." The Court ruled that the plea was evident from the Preamble, thereby beginning America's sexual revolution legally. Unfortunately for the name of Gottsyph, the Court held that the death of seventeen sheep does not constitute "a more perfect union," and thus Gottsyph's execution was upheld by the Court.

The Alexei Gottsyph case would have undoubtedly had an immediate effect, but the assassination of James A. Garfield, a well-known Government official, occurred the day after the historical ruling. It threw the nation from the path of moral duty by usurping the front pages. Thus the decision remained obscure, for the opinion of the justices was never publicized. Eventually the court report fell behind a filing cabinet and remained obscurer. Dr. Pfeen himself discovered it while working late one night, in 1949.

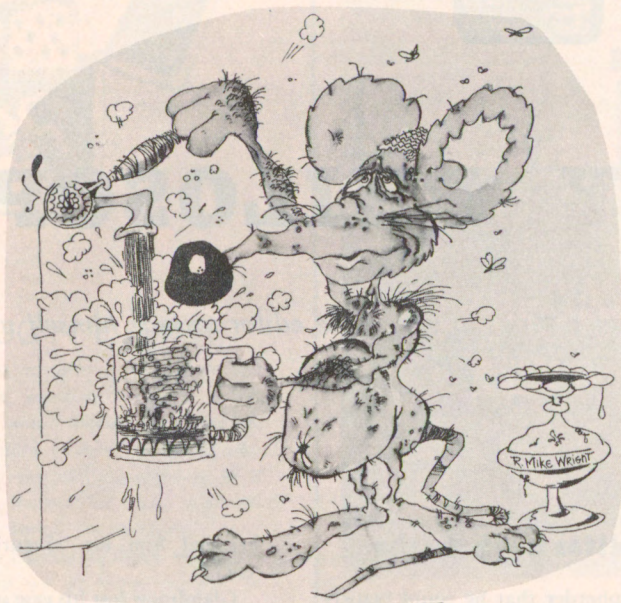
However, the "more perfect union" clause had been invoked once before, in 1928. In the preceding year, Fudge Glandsnew of Hopie, Iowa, had broken into a girl scout camp, one hot July evening, and sexually assaulted seventy-three girl scouts, fourteen brownies, and three den mothers. Glandsnew later pleaded in his defense that he was only trying to get a merit badge. The blue-nosed Iowa State Cops

arrested him for "disturbing the peace (sic)."

Glandsnew lost his case in an Iowa court, but immediately appealed for a reversal in the Federal District Court in Des Moines. His raft of lawyers wisely drew the court's attention to the "more perfect union" clause, equating perfection with quantity since quality was a moot point. The court was duly impressed and in an historic decision, found for the defendant in what has become a monument to *stare decisis*. Although acquitted, Glandsnew was lynched a few days later. However, his memory lives on in the minds of eighty-seven enlightened housewives and the intellectuals of the Layboy School of Philosophy. The courts had at last recognized and made public the fact that the Constitution guarantees sexual freedom, and in fact advocates it.

Today, this country is truly on the edge of sexual greatness, with its newly established freedom. Though the majority of our citizens are unaware of these historic Supreme Court cases, they soon will be, thanks to the dedicated efforts of such men as Dr. Pfeen, and, we modestly add, ourselves. The Constitution, through the words of such martyrs as Gottsyph and Glandsnew, has spoken with a voice that reaches from Omaha to Portsmouth to Oahu and back again. Not far away is the day when the President himself will order out the National Guard in small Nebraska towns, New York suburbs, and the beaches of San Gregorio State Park, to protect those who wish to enjoy their Constitutional right to do it in public; whether on a pedestrian island while crossing the freeway, in a public fountain, or in the lobbies of hotels—yes, sexual freedom is here to stay. We return to the words of Dr. Pfeen: "How about it, men? . . . You getting any at all?"

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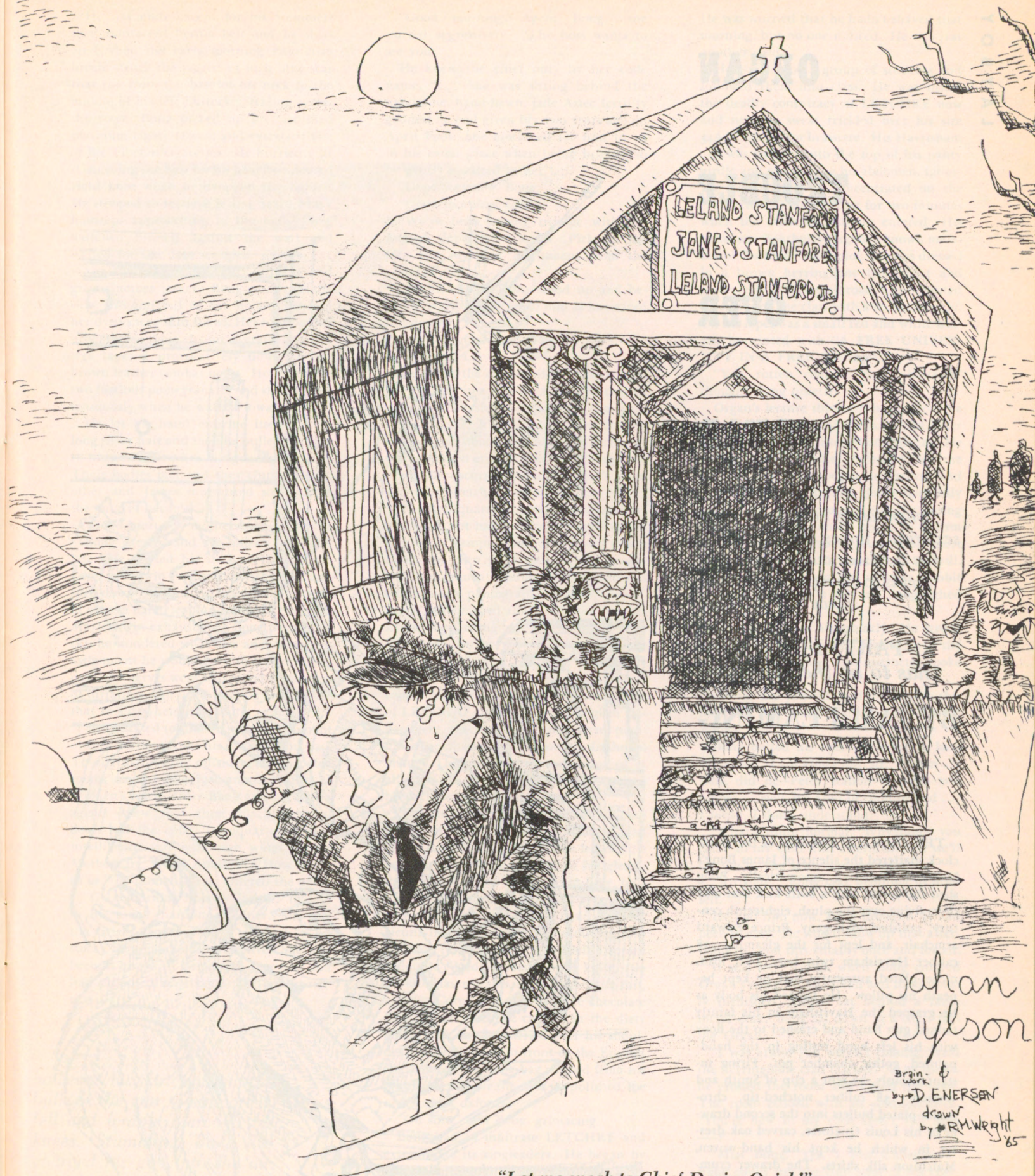


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"Let me speak to Chief Davis. Quick!"

ORGAN

TROUBLE

OVER

QUAD

when James Bong battles the sex-crazed forces of LETCHRE, the insidious outfit whose sole aim is to corrupt the precious flowers of Stanford.

PARTS I-III of what has to be the last novel

BY IAM FLAMING

THE SHARP CLANGING of the alarm clock shattered the silence of James Bong's bedroom. Reacting automatically, Bong shed the covers with a swift kick that sent them flying over the plush, eighteenth century, polished mahogany, Prince Edward armchair, and lept for the gleaming .38 caliber Havrisham twin bore, butt load, nickel-plated automatic that he kept beneath his pillow. He twisted his body as he grasped the Havrisham in his faintly tanned gun hand and crashed to the floor with his left hand resting in the hand-painted, gothic chamber pot. Firing instantaneously, he sent a clip of Smith and Wesson, .38 caliber notched-tip, chromium-plated bullets into the second drawer of his Louis Quatorze, carved oak dresser in which he kept his hand-woven, Matchison silk shirts. The drawer crumbled into a heap of silk and oak splinters. "Oh shit," Bong muttered, sweating profusely.



He was nude except for his Steinmetz steel reinforced hernia belt and he shivered when the early morning Palo Alto breeze struck the jagged 33 inch blue scar that ran from the base of his neck to the middle of his left buttock. Striding across the room, Bong picked up his tarnished platinum cigarette case and extracted one of his Tibetan cigarettes. He hurriedly lit it, singeing the hair on his heavily-caloused right knee when he dropped the lighter. He stooped to retrieve it and heard heavy footsteps approaching in the hall. Bong flattened himself against the wall and waited for the door to open.

She entered, clad in a scanty blue and green lumber jacket. Bong could see the slow rise and fall of her breasts beneath her dyed sheep skin shawl. Her hips bulged beneath her blue denim overalls and her legs tapered provocatively down to her brown leather combat boots. Her lips were two luscious pomegranates and she grinned sensuously when he walked toward her.

He let his hand entwine itself in her long silver hair and then he pulled her face to his and kissed her savagely on the lips. Their bodies met and they clung to each other and James murmured softly from the nape of her neck,

"Good morning, mother."

Bong dressed and ate quickly. He was late. He started his steel grey, hard top Edsel with twin Paxton super-chargers and sped down University Avenue with a streak of orange flame leaping from his Holt and Mayler twin exhausts. As Bong parked his car, he wondered what new and dangerous assignment he would have to cope with today. His nerves were sharpened from years of flirtation with death and he could sense that this day held adventure.

He chuckled to himself when he thought of the excellent front his organization had. To any unknowing outsider, the carpeted rooms seemed like just another Dean of Women's office. Only Bong and his fellow agents knew that these black-enameled doors hid the entire headquarters of the intelligence and espionage wings of the Mothers for Moral America. "How clever of us," he thought as he entered the office.

"Good morning Miss Dollarbill," he said in his usual charming manner. She was the chief's secretary and, although a bit stocky at 318 pounds, attractive. She had been in love with Bong for a year now and had proposed marriage at the last Christmas party.

however, his skirt, without the bulk of the gun to support it, fell and wrapped around his knees. Stumbling, Bong discharged his gun into the air.

"Good morning, Agent Bong," she purred aggressively. "The boss wants to see you."

He knew the chief only by her code name, "L." She was sitting behind the handsome, hand-hewn, jade Aztec fertility goddess he had given her two years ago on April Fool. She motioned for him to sit in his usual place when being briefed, so he gently squatted in her lap.

"Good morning, Bong."

"Good morning, Chief."

"We've been having trouble with the English department again. Pick up the files and necessary equipment from the armory."

"Right, chief." Bong stood up and began to leave. She stopped him as he neared the door.

"Oh . . . good luck, Bong."

"Thanks, L."

Bong left the office twitching nervously. He was back in action at last and he tingled with apprehensive excitement. Once again he must place his life on the line for the sake of the honor, morals, and virtue of young women everywhere. The thought of it sent him scurrying into the men's room where he wretched violently.

The headquarters of this insidious operation was not hard to find. It was on the portion of campus known as Inner Quad. Bong had been there once before on another assignment, trailing a Delt who was selling nasty photographs to math majors. Bong had finished that case with a swift karate chop to the base of the instep. The Delt had died hard and Bong barely escaped with his life.

As he understood it, this plot was a simple one. The carefully trained agents of LETCHRE, in the guise of English Department teaching assistants, were planning the mass annihilation of freshman virtue. This scheme had to be stopped at all costs. Bong felt honored that he had been chosen for the task.

The armory had anticipated the obstacles he would have to face and had armed him accordingly. Before leaving, he had been given, in addition to his gleaming Havrisham .38 caliber, twin bore, butt load, nickel-plated automatic (which he carried in a saddle leather, hand-stitched, vicuna-lined, Italian made shoulder holster that rested snugly in his left armpit), a double-edged Samoan jungle knife, two portable laser beams, an inflatable life raft, a Peace Corps t-shirt, and three chocolate bars, all of which he carried in the dirty green book-bag he carried over his shoulder. As he stopped in front of the English Department, his book-bag slipped from his grasp and fell on the heavily-polished toe of his black oxfords.

"Oh shit," said Bong, grimacing.

Bong had to infiltrate LETCHRE and exterminate its ringleaders. He began by disguising himself. In the shelter of a large palm tree, he quickly changed into his costume. When he left the undergrowth, he appeared to be just another Stanford coed.

He was worried that he hadn't shaved that morning, but no one noticed. He was just another coed.

He waited for a group of students and followed them into class. He was inside the deadly conspiracy of LETCHRE now and nervous sweat trickled over his size 34A Maidenform brassiere. His Havrisham .38 was wedged into the top of his panty girdle and was chafing his abdomen. Ignoring his pain, Bong concentrated on the class. He had been sitting for two minutes when the teaching assistant entered. His name was Bencheley Organ, a known member of the LETCHRE plot. He was dressed in a brown herringbone frock coat and green levis. He wore a broad, hand-painted tie and eyed the class with a seductive grin. On his lapel was a small red and white button imprinted with "A FREE UNIVERSITY IN A FREE SOCIETY."

"You rotten commie rapist bastard," thought Bong quietly.

Organ's lecture this morning was on the sexual connotations of the farmer in *Peter Rabbit*, and Bong listened attentively. He noticed as the lecture proceeded that the girls in the class began to twitch and squirm in their seats and glance nervously around the room, crossing and re-crossing their legs. Bong himself began to squirm and it was only through a supreme effort of will power that he was able to sit still. Fortunately, the love life of Peter Rabbit was interrupted by a bell and Bong sighed with relief.

Now he had to act quickly. He strode hurriedly to the door and reached it at the same time as Organ. The instructor spoke first.

"What did you think of my lecture this morning, my dear?" he asked, fondling Bong's arm.

Bong batted his eyes and tried to look innocent. "I got kinda lost, sir. I mean . . . well, did he—Peter Rabbit—I mean you know . . . well, it's kind of complicated . . . I mean, I don't understand."

"That's quite normal. Why don't you come to my office this afternoon and we'll discuss it," he said, winking slyly.

"All right," Bong said, grinning to himself.

He had him now, Bong thought. It had been so easy. He would show up that afternoon and end this villainy once and for all.

It was four o'clock when Bong entered Organ's room. It was small and innocuously furnished. Organ sat behind a large metal desk. Bong sat down in a chair facing Organ.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," said the herringbone clad teacher. As he spoke, he crossed the room and closed the door. The room echoed with an ominous click. "You're new in my class aren't you Miss —?"

"Miss Bong. Yes, I just transferred." Bong could feel the cold steel of his Havrisham .38 pressing against his navel and his stomach tightened when he thought that he might have to use it in the next

few minutes.

"Well, Miss Bong," said Organ as he ran his hand along Bong's shoulders, "what did you think of *Peter Rabbit*?"

"It was . . . uh . . . very interesting," Bong answered nervously. His palms were clammy now as he waited for his chance.

Smiling lecherously, Organ moved his head close to Bong's. "Did the numerous sexual connotations bother you any?" he whispered expectantly. Organ's fingers caressed Bong's thigh now and James' gun hand grew tense.

"Well, just that one part where Peter is in the lettuce patch," Bong stuttered, feigning embarrassment.

"You mean sex bothers you, is that it Miss Bong?" Organ drooled.

"Why, of course not!" Bong said, sounding shocked.

"Well then, Miss Bong, why don't we . . ."

Bong drew his gun and lept from the chair.

"Hands up Organ, it's all over!" he shouted coolly and threw off his wig. As he said it, however, his skirt, without the bulk of the gun to support, fell and wrapped around his knees. Stumbling, Bong discharged his gun in the air. The last thing he saw was Organ's blackjack. Then, everything went black.

Bong awoke in a dimly lit cavern. It smelled of musty, aged paper. Standing around him were the members of LETCHRE, armed with automatic rifles.

"Mr. Bong seems to have come to, gentlemen," Organ smiled.

Bong felt for his pistol, but it was gone. "Where am I?" he inquired groggily. He had a large throbbing lump on the back of his head.

"You're in the library basement, Mr. Bong. From here the arms of LETCHRE reach out not just to the Stanford community, but to every university on the face of the earth. It is in this very room that the teaching assistants of the world are trained in the tactics of virtue annihilation. You have stumbled onto something very big, Mr. Bong . . . observe it closely, it's the last thing you'll see on earth." Organ giggled and hit Bong across the face with an argyle sock full of broken glass.

"You know you can't get away with this. You may kill me, but others will follow." Bong lied in hopes of frightening them.

"You fool Bong. We can't be stopped. Soon there won't be a virgin at Stanford! There won't be a virgin in the world! Hah hah hah hah," Organ laughed fiendishly.

They hoisted Bong to their shoulders and carried him through a door into another large room. In one corner was a huge high speed, webb-fed printing press. The rest of the area was filled with bespectacled men hunched over desks writing feverishly.

"This is the heart beat of our organization, Mr. Bong, the propaganda section. Those scholars are turning out literature filled with sexual connotations twenty-four

hours a day. They are innocent enough looking books, but beneath the surface lurks sexual excitement. With these books we will lure innocent young coeds everywhere into our cult of sexual decadence. Their minds will be filled with phallic images and erotic urges. The death of virtue is fast approaching. Hah hah hah hah hah hah."

"Dirty perverts," thought Bong bitterly.

They carried Bong to the printing press. "And this is your fate, Bong. You will be run through the press with our next edition of *The Cultural Significance of the Proboscis*, a book which at first glance seems to be an analysis of the nutritional content of the daily food consumption of an ant-eater, but is really the biography of a middle class nymphomaniac."

They began strapping Bong to the conveyor belt that fed the press.

"After a trip through the printing press you'll make an awfully messy page one, Bong. Hah hah hah hah hah." One of Organ's henchmen, annoyed at all the laughter, rapped Organ across the groin with his rifle butt and he turned suddenly pensive. "We can't be stopped, Bong. Our cause is inevitable."

Bong turned his head and stared at Organ. "May God have mercy on your soul."

Organ flipped a switch and the belt began to move slowly into the press. "Sweet dreams, Bong," he laughed, striding from the room.

Bong's thoughts were lost in the roar of the churning press. He could see its whirling cylinders printing page after page of insidious literature. He would soon be crushed to a pulp between the aluminum plate drum and the whirling inking roller. He was helpless. He tested the bindings on his hands and feet but they were very solid. He could move his hands only an inch either way. The huge rollers of the press were getting closer and soon LETCHRE would be free to subvert the morals of young women everywhere.

Suddenly he spotted his last hope. Ten feet in front of him, on a table next to the conveyor belt, was an open can of plate cleaning fluid. Bong pounded his head on the conveyor belt, jarring loose one of his gold inlays. Quickly calculating the speed of the belt, Bong estimated that when he was three feet seven inches from the can, he could spit the inlay against the wall. Giving it slight backspin, it would rebound off the wall and tip the fluid onto his bonds. Gaging the wind resistance, he let fly. The gleaming piece of gold caromed off the wall and sent the can clattering over, spilling the inflammable liquid onto his ropes. Now he had to get his tarnished platinum Zippo from his panty girdle to his hand before he was swept into the roaring press. He stretched his bindings until the ropes drew blood from his wrists. The press's menacing rollers were getting closer and closer. With a last burst of strength he was able to grasp his lighter in his bloody palms. Quickly, he lit it and his hands and arms

burst into flames. The pain of burning flesh sent a silent scream from Bong's lips. "How long must I bear this pain before the ropes burn through?" thought Bong. All the time the deadly jaws of Organ's printing press were looming larger and larger. His flaming body was a mere seven feet from the press now and Bong was panicky. He tugged and pulled at the burning ropes. Finally they broke. Bong bent, untied his feet and lept from the belt, barely a foot from the rollers. He stood in the middle of the room panting with exhaustion when the smell of burning flesh reminded him that his arms were on fire. He ran to the press and doused them in a pot of printers' ink.

The only thought in Bong's mind now was hate. He must kill those rotten bastards before they succeeded in their plot. But he had no weapon. He would have to use his hands—karate! Bong tested his club-like, heavily caloused, right hand on a nearby book shelf. A loud crack echoed through the stacks and Bong's arm went limp and hung loosely at his side.

"Oh shit," said Bong, holding his rapidly swelling hand.

Suddenly he heard sounds behind him and bullets whistled over his head. They had found him! Bong darted up the nearby steel staircase and shots rang after him. They were behind him on the stairs. As he reached the seventh level, he saw a window. He could hear them clamoring below and another shot sent parchment whirling across the floor. His only chance was the window. He ran to it and climbed out on the roof.

"Oh shit," Bong cursed himself emphatically. He was trapped.

They were on the roof and he was cornered. On one side was a squad of automatic rifles. On the other side was an eighty-foot drop. Organ faced him and drew the rifle to his shoulder. Bong stood with his back to the edge, resigned and defeated. A prayer fumbled from his lips. He could not escape. Then suddenly, as Organ's finger began to depress the trigger, the whirr of rotor blades cut the silence and Organ and the others collapsed in a hail of machine gun bullets. Above him, suspended in the air, was a Bombast, J-49, turbine-powered, tri-cycloproped helicopter. Standing at its door was "L," with a smoking .50 caliber Browning Automatic Rifle resting on her hip. "I knew you'd foul it up, Bong," she yelled and then turned the machine into a gentle double loop and flew off.

He had been given a two-week medical leave to heal his wounds and Bong was in good spirits. "L" hadn't fired him and had actually praised him for his work. Once again the agents of vice, corruption, and immorality had been defeated and the world was safe for innocence. The thought brought a smile to Bong's lips, and as he walked to his car, he anxiously thumbed through a paperbound book with an ant-eater on the cover.

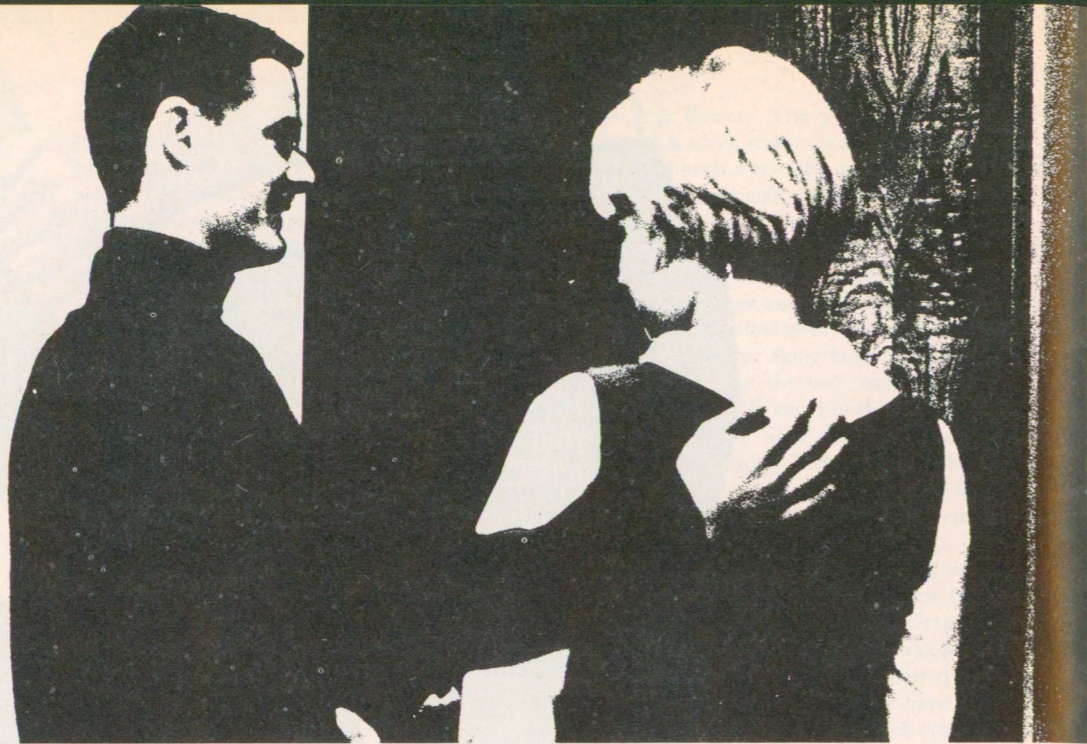


WHAT SORT OF MAN READS LAYBOY?

A young man on the make, the LAYBOY reader knows the way to the top in the modern camp world. He digs Andy Warhol, smokes pot, eats up underground movies, knows Jean Genet by heart. The LAYBOY reader and his social friends know how to make a gay time of it any where anytime. **FACT: 89% of LAYBOY male readers are males.** (Source: estimates of Kinsey and Associates.)

LAYBOY Advertising Offices are located in the following cities throughout the United States: Are you kidding me already?

A Bod In The Hand



good old front door be in in a minute what a body and ive got her this close to paydirt just get the old key out open the door look at that body wheres the key find the goddammed key cant find the key change lighter no key never saw a female so ripe in my life and i cant even find the goddammed key to my goddammed penthouse body body find the key try another pocket ballpointpen billclip no key try another pocket penknife creditcard folder just standing here next to me waiting for me to open the door and let her in and no key try the other pocket find it key wallet no key body body try the other pocket handkerchief more change wheres the key find the key try the other pocket wallet try the other pocket checkbook addressbook no key pantscuffs maybe the key fell into my pantscuff gotta find the key for the body body body. lift up the right leg no key there lift up the left leg

"What in the world are you doing?"
the body speaks look at that body and i

"I'm looking for my key. I can't seem to find the key to the front door here."

"Well, I don't think you'll find it there, because it's right in the lock where you put it a minute ago."
in the door all the time the goddammed door must have put it there just before i lit her cigarette now we can open the door right in the door the whole goddammed time christ how can i be so

"Why, so it is, heh heh. Of course. Well, there! The door's open. Step right in."

"Thank you. It certainly is dark in here."
"It's okay, baby, just keep moving—I'll find the switch."

dammned right its dark and gonna stay that way for the body body bedroom straight ahead bod good christ im blinded what happened

"I found the switch!"

"Good girl."

She found the switch behind the picture how the hell remind me to hide that

switch better before next weekend found the switch that

"Oh gee, what a terrific apartment! Your furnishings are so neat!"
damn right its a nice apartment for three hundred bills a month what do you expect the love seat gotta steer her over to the love seat get a few martinis in the body on the love seat over to the no no no cant let her do that no body body dont sit

"Oh, this modern furniture is just so neat! Like this one—I mean I feel like I'm all swallowed up!"

"If you're uncomfortable, let me recommend this love s . . . er, this double chair over here. It's really a lot bigger than it looks, and if you'd . . ."

"Oh, no! I mean this one I'm in now is fine! Really!"

strike one well that can wait get her in the love seat later maybe wont even need to hey yeah maybe i wont even have to bother with the love seat sometimes dont need to get em in the goddammed thing what the hell does she want ask her what

"What are you looking around for? Is there something you'd like?"

"Well . . . those etchings you said you had up here. I was kind of wondering where they were."

she believed that line my god who believes that etching crap anymore this is just too easy like taking candy from a baby oh baby what a body on this baby get this babys candy pretty quick wants to see those etchings eh all right this is so easy it hurts

"Oh, of course. Come with me—I keep them in this room over here. Give me your hand and I'll help you out of that chair. There we go."

what a hand what a body what a

"Thank you. Say, this is a funny place to keep etchings. It looks like a bedroom. Are you sure you keep etchings here? I mean, it sure looks like a bedroom to me, with the bed in here and all."

"Kid, this is the only place to keep etchings. It's out of style to keep them anyplace else."

"Well, okay, I guess . . . where are they?"

"Where are what?"

"Those etchings, of course."

what where are they what the hell is this doesnt she know the rules of this game no well where are they hmm where are they

"What was that?"

"I asked where those etchings that you invited me up to your apartment to see are."

"Oh yeah, them. I guess they're not here. Because this week I . . . sent them out to be cleaned, I did. But listen, as long as we're in here, why don't you just . . ."

"Well, if they're not here, I guess we'd better go back out to the living room, because I guess you must feel sort of funny about strange girls running around in your bedroom. I know if I were you I'd feel that way."

no baby you got it all wrong that body belongs in the bedroom dont step through that door howd i ever let her get between me and the door at least maybe this time shell sit in the no no get away from there dont sit there nononobodybody this one may be harder than she looked

"Ooooooh! This one feels even neater than that other one! I mean, it's just like being all swallowed up!"

"Yes, I often regret the day that I got all that uncomfortable furniture. Now if you want to get comfy, why don't you just come over here and sit on this double chair with me. It's really a lot bigger than it looks."

"Oh, no thanks. This is just fine. Hey, is that a record player? I just love to listen to records. Do you have any?"

is that a record player she says is that a record player goddammed right its three thou worth of record player you stupid

"Why, I have a few. What would you like to hear?"

"Oh, just anything's okay with me!"

"Tell you what! I'll turn the set on to warm it up, and then I'll go and mix us some drinks, okay?"

"Fine."

turn on the old stereo whatawe got here see if i can remember all of it this time turn the power on main switch on set the circuit breaker at eighty watts unlock the safety switch okay now cut off the bathroom speakers the kitchen speakers the den speakers the garage speakers the closet speakers the shower speakers no better leave those on now we got just the shower speakers living room speakers and bedroom speakers going okay now ill be bolero set those pizzicato violins up turn down those clarinets and those flutes and those trumpets on second thought turn those clarinets back up again turn all the brass down bring those first violins up percussion up okay now we want that solo clarinet to bounce off the fireplace so well turn up the north living room woofer a little turn all the tweeters down no leave the southeast one in the bedroom up just a hair okay get that beat going strong better set the north and south woofers in the bedroom up a little turn up the east and the west-southwest ones in the shower up a little okay forget anything nope all set bolero and martinis never been known to fail body body youll soon be mine go and mix those martinis while it warms up good old bolero and martineroonies every time body body

"Okay, I've got it turned on now. I'll get on those drinks. Two martinis all right?"

"Oh, no martini for me, please."

"Well, what would you like? Gibson, Scotch, bourbon, Irish, a Manhattan, what would you like?"

"Just a Tom Collins would be fine. I'm not much of a drinker, you see."
tom collins christ dont sweat it old uncle jack set for every emergency turn out okay

"Okay, honey, a Tom it is."

"Don't make it very strong, please—I'd hate to have my room-mates see me come home in my cups."

"Okay, baby, one nice weak one coming up!"

go in the kitchen open the cabinet martini first glass out of the freezer big shot of gin take off vermouh cap wave cap quickly over the glass quickly now ahhhhh what a martini oops didnt mean to sample the whole damn thing mix another one up real quick shot of gin vermouh cap quickly quickly shhhh okay put it down and mix the collins for the body and the body for the bedroom and a glass from the freezer and some gin from the bottle and lots and lots of mix and now that secret weapon get out the key open the cold cold chest jesus its cold in there get on the asbestos gloves okay open up the lead box there they are gin ice cubes one hundred percent pure and are they beauties careful careful one two three of em put em in the collins for the body pick up the drinks back to the living room damn what a body and

mine in just a few minutes with martini and bolero and gin ice cubes goddamn

"Here I am again, with magic waters in my grasp. Here's your Tom Collins and here's my martini. Bottoms up."

"Thanks. Hey, this tastes just like lemonade, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does, yeah, I suppose so."

"Gee, I just love hot lemonade!"

"But that's not hot lemonade."

"Of course not, but you've got a stove, haven't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Well, then I'll just go and heat it up. No, don't bother to get up. I'll go do it myself. You stay here and put on the records."

hot lemonade what the hell is this with hot lemonade but as long as those gin ice cubes do their stuff i should complain as long as she drinks that stuff were okay i should worry if she wants to warm it up just as long as those ice cubes

"Oh, hi—back already?"

"It didn't take long to warm it up once I took those ice cubes out."

no no no wernt supposed to take the ice cubes out of christ of all the dumb

"You took the cubes out?"

"Yes. Besides, they smelled funny. Must be this New York water."

god what next still have old bolero to fall back on seen chicks hit the sack after a side of bolero maybe wont need booze any how yeah booze or not well be in bed in a minute to the strains of

"I think the set's warmed up by now. I'll put something on."

"Neat!"

bolero bolero open up the old record cabinet oh god i forgot i loaned all those records out hope bolero isnt one of the ones i loaned goddammit why didnt i remember to get them back left them at that damned party damned charlie said he wanted to borrow them so i left them there christ hope bolero is in this mess see what we got here . . . mingus plays way way way out sounds of the stockyards mort sahl looks sideways in askance where is goddammed bolero not this one not this one no no no where is it got to be here somewhere oh thank god here it is pull it out of the jacket aaah good old ravel good old bolero good god who put lawrence welk in the bolero jacket have to take it out and put it where it belongs gotta find

"What do you have there?"

"I was trying to find Ravel's 'Bolero,' but someone seems to have put 'Lawrence Welk plays Our Favorite Square Dances' in the jacket by mistake. I'll have 'Bolero' for you in a minute."

"Oh, no—put on Larry."

"Larry?"

"Yes, that one in your hand. Please?"

lawrence welk music never won a body cant play welk gotta do something about this square dances yet christ ahhh thats the ticket

"Oh, you dropped the record!"

"I did? How clumsy of me."

"Be careful! You'll step on it!"

"What? Oops!"

"Oh, you broke the record right in half."

"My gosh, I am really sorry. Well, I think you'll like another one I've got here, 'Bolero' by Ravel."

"I don't know. I don't usually go for that heavy stuff . . ."

"Baby, I know you'll like this one. Here, I'll get it out and put it on the turntable." where is it where is it . . . if lawrence welk is in bolero jacket then maybe bolero is in lawrence welk jacket dig it out here it is get the record out oh thankgod thankgod its bolero wonder how the two got mixed up like they did must have been the maid thank god its here put it on the turntable lift the arm over goddammed lucky to find that record be in the sheets in no time at all now

"I'm sure you'll like this one, kid, just sit back and relax and let it take hold of you."

"I don't know—I'm not much of a fan . . . oh! You did find Lawrence Welk after all!" what the hell somebody switched the labels that what happened must have been that goddammed practical joke playing charlie that sonofabitch ill wring his goddammed neck the next time i see that bastard ill

"Hey, that clarinet sounds like it's coming out of the fireplace! Your record player is really neat! This is fun! Larry is so lively, don't you think so?"

"Yeah, he sure is. Say, I think I'll go and mix some more drinks. One for you?"

"Oh, yes—another hot lemonade, please."

hot lemonade for the body eh old uncle jack ready for any emergency this time well fix a nice hot lemonade but first the martiniweenie gin more gin okay now the vermouh bottle cap quickly quickly ahhhhh what a damn fine martini now the lemonade lots of lemon juice lots of sugar now heh heh lots of vodka for the body heat it up what a damn fine hot lemonade whered that martini go oh i drank it mix another one double shot of gin wheres the vermouh bottle oh forget it too much of the damned stuff give you cancer okay martini in one hand hot lemonade in the other all right get her to bed yet maybe i can talk her into it yeah art books jazz with the hot lemonade have her down in no time just get her talking and then work the conversation around to sex yeah convince her that sex is the greatest yeah vodka and discussion for the body body so theres no music still get her goddammed body yet yeah

"Here's your lemonade. Say, is that record over already?"

"Unhmm—can we play the other side now?"

"We'd better not. It's not good for the record player to play both sides of the same record in the same night—it puts a set in the speakers, you know. Here, I'll turn it off."

lawrence welk jesus no other soft music in the house so no music at all just a nice

quiet conversation about books art jazz pretty soon ill have her talked into bed yeah

"Say, I happened to read some Henry Miller the other night—do you like his works?"

"Well, I don't read very much. I don't think I ever read anything of his."

"Well, what do you like to read?"

"Gee, I don't know—one of my room-mates gets Redbook every month and I usually read some of the stories there, and then I read mysteries every now and then." my god how dumb can a person books are out gotta change the topic a little bit try art on her so what if she doesn't read maybe she digs art start her off on modigliani and then work it around to his mistresses is she drinking any of that lemonade

"Did you happen to make the Modigliani exhibit last month?"

"Who?"

"Modigliani. He's a painter. Have you ever heard of him?"

"No, I don't think so . . ."

forget the art talk about something else music worth a try what would be a good start hold it she digs welk forget the music try something else im sure she isnt drinking any of the lemonade finish my martini and go mix another one as soon as she drinks some of that go on and drink that lemonade kid what to talk about

"Is something wrong with your lemonade?"

"Oh, no—it's fine! I just don't feel like drinking it right now, that's all."

"Aw, c'mon, drink it up, kid. Here—I just downed my martini, so now you drink your lemonade, okay?"

"Okay, I'll just take a little sip . . . there, but I really don't feel very thirsty right now."

"If you don't drink it up it'll evaporate. The climate's funny up this high—stuff evaporates just like that!"

"Oh, but I'm really not very thirsty—I'll just nurse it along."

"I find myself getting very thirsty—if you'll excuse me for a minute, I'm going to make another martini. Be back in a second."

could it be that i picked a loser no not with a body like that shes not a loser get her in the springs in no time just a matter of finding the right approach little gin vermouth cap thats not very much martini drink it down in one gulp didnt last very long at all better make some more why waste all this time walking back and forth fix that up lots of gin drop of vermouth thats got it keep talking to her maybe current events travel business stuff like that she probably knows whats going on yeah thats the ticket

"What's that in the pitcher?"

"Oh, I got tired of walking back and forth between here and the kitchen, so I mixed up a pitcher of martinis."

"Sure is a lot of it."

"Evaporation, baby, evaporation—say, how's that old lemonade coming?"

"Oh, I'm just nursing it right along."

"Keep at it. Say, what do you think about Castro and all that stuff he's pulling down in Cuba?"

"What's that?"

"Castro? He's the guy who led the rev . . ."

"NO no no. What's a 'Cuba?'"

there goes current events travel business what else can we talk about have another martini mmmgood pour another to have it on hand may need it what else can we talk about whats left to talk about at least she can talk heard her speak gotta get that body in bed what to do what a body better have that other martini what to talk about what does everybody know about got it start from there and maybe we can get the discussion around to talking her into the sack yeah shes gotta know about

"Watch much television?"

"Oh yes, every night, almost. Do you have a set?"

"I got a couple around the house."

"Neat! What shall we watch?"

"I didn't mean that we should watch it. I just wanted to talk about . . ."

"I don't see the set around—where is it? Turn it on."

"Well, one of them is in the living room here, but it's behind a panel, and then there's one in the bedr . . . er, the other room. Yeah, there's one in the other room we could watch!"

a blessing in disguise the bedroom tv get her in there have that body body in bed in no time yeah

"In here's just fine. If you've got a set in here, why don't we just watch this one? Where is it?"

"It's next to the book case over there, third panel down, but the one in . . ."

"Oh, this is neat! Just pull the panel and down it comes! I'll turn it on."

"Better let me turn it on—it's tricky. You just go back and sit down in that big double chair and I'll turn it on."

okay disconnect the antenna wire there we go set wont work now have to go into the bedroom to watch tv thats the old fight no time at all now have that body in

"I can't seem to get the set to work. I guess we'll have to go into the other room to watch TV."

"Let me take a look at it. One of my old boy friends is a repairman and he showed me how to fix TV's. Maybe I can do something for it."

"I'm afraid there's not much hope for it, really. Don't trouble yourself, because there's one in the next room that works like a jewel. We'll just go in there and . . ."

"Oh, no trouble at all . . . let's see now. Oh, heres' the trouble—the antenna's been disconnected. There! Hey it works fine."

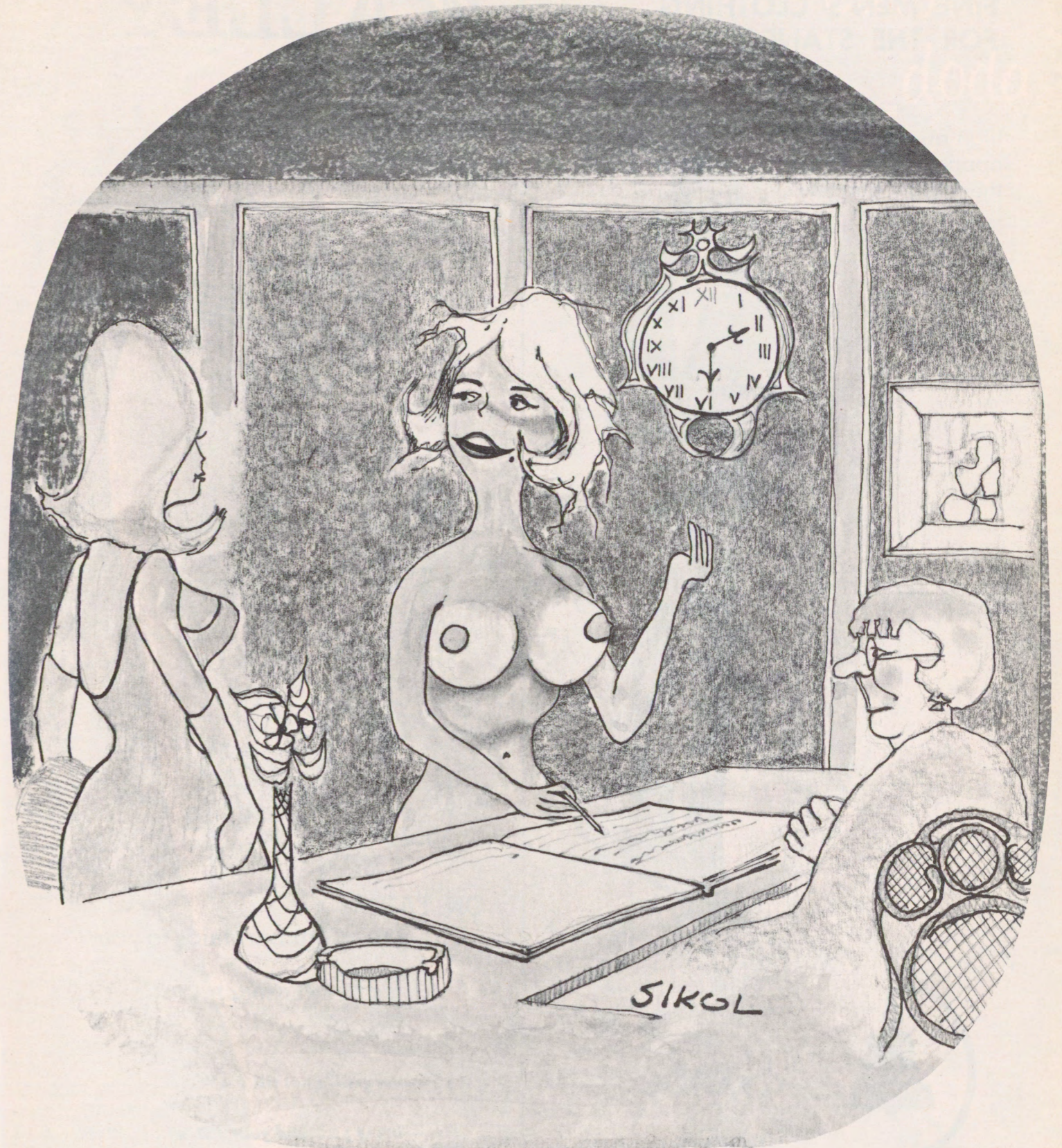
goddammit foiled again but all is not lost only chair in the room that faces the tv is the love seat so this time she cant pull that modern chair crap on me shes gotta sit here hey what the hell no no dont sit there you cant sit

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable here

on this double chair with me? That floor is harder than hell. Come on up here."

"No, it's fine. I always watch TV from the floor. My room-mates all think I'm weird because I always watch TV from the floor."

jesus on the floor yet what can you do on a hardwood floor have another martini mmmgood damn what good martinis have another one mmmmmgood fill up both the glasses again with those two pitchers fill the first glass hey the second glass filled up too got two martinis now drink one hey what happened to the other one better try that again where is the body oh on the floor watching those tv sets think shed put different programs on the sets if she was going to watch both sets at once maybe its stereophonic tv whats that program with all those people are those people why wont she get up on the love seat maybe theres a sex program on tv and i can turn it on and shell get the idea from that check the tv log while i pour those two glasses full of martinis is she drinking the lemonade yet dont see it oh there it is over by the potted plant empty she finally drank it wont be long now better have two more of those double martinis dont see any sex programs listed except peyton place and weve missed that one already maybe if we stay up long enough we can catch it on the reruns what martinis with these two glasses i can drink twice as much at once have it patented make a mint look at those bodies must be able able to get one of them in bed but wont the other two notice when their friend is gone gotta figure that out what bodies right there on the goddammed hard floor the goddammed lousy hard floor better have some more of those martinis is that goddammed elevator boy spinning the room around again that little sonofabitch just see what kind of tip he gets come christmas that sonofabitch who does he think he is to spin the goddammed room around like that oughta stick to his goddammed elevator and leave decent peoples rooms alone thats better stopped spinning the room guess i can let go of the floor now no danger of falling off with the room stopped spinning awfully light outside for one am oh it must be one pm oh my head what happened dont remember going to bed did i sleep i wonder dont remember sleeping whats this pinned to my shirt oh its a piece of paper with writing on it must be a letter see what it says wonder how come the postman brought it in here see what it says what does it say get some light. lets see here says thanks for everything i left as soon as the late show got over i had to leave through one of of the windows because i couldnt get the door open isnt that funny thanks again for the wonderful time see you soon marie who whats this all about oh just a minute last night of yeah that blond oh yeah with the body marie oh yeahhhh what a body yeahhhh well chalk up one more for the old demon lover heh heh



"Oh, the party was alright, I guess."

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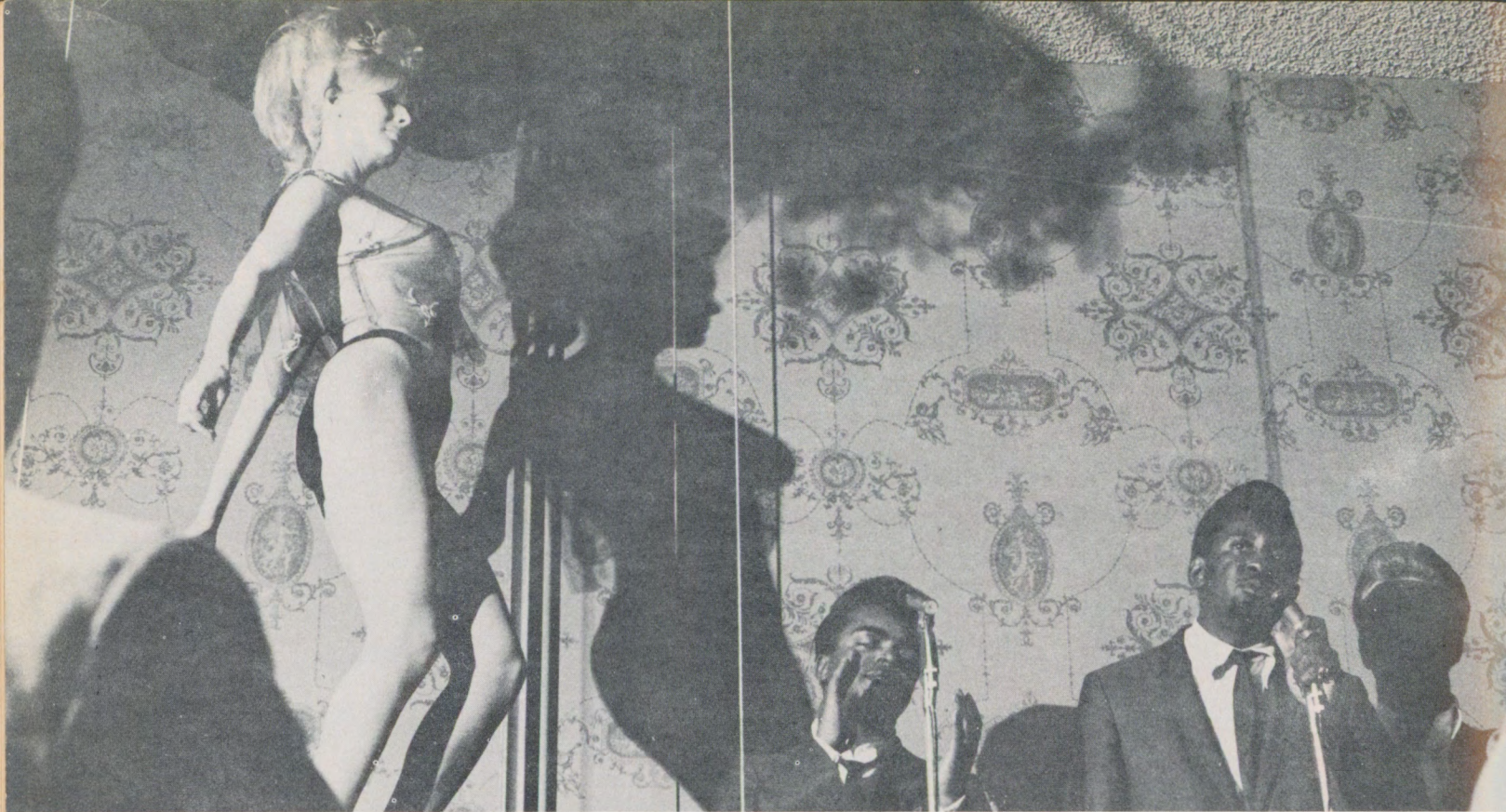
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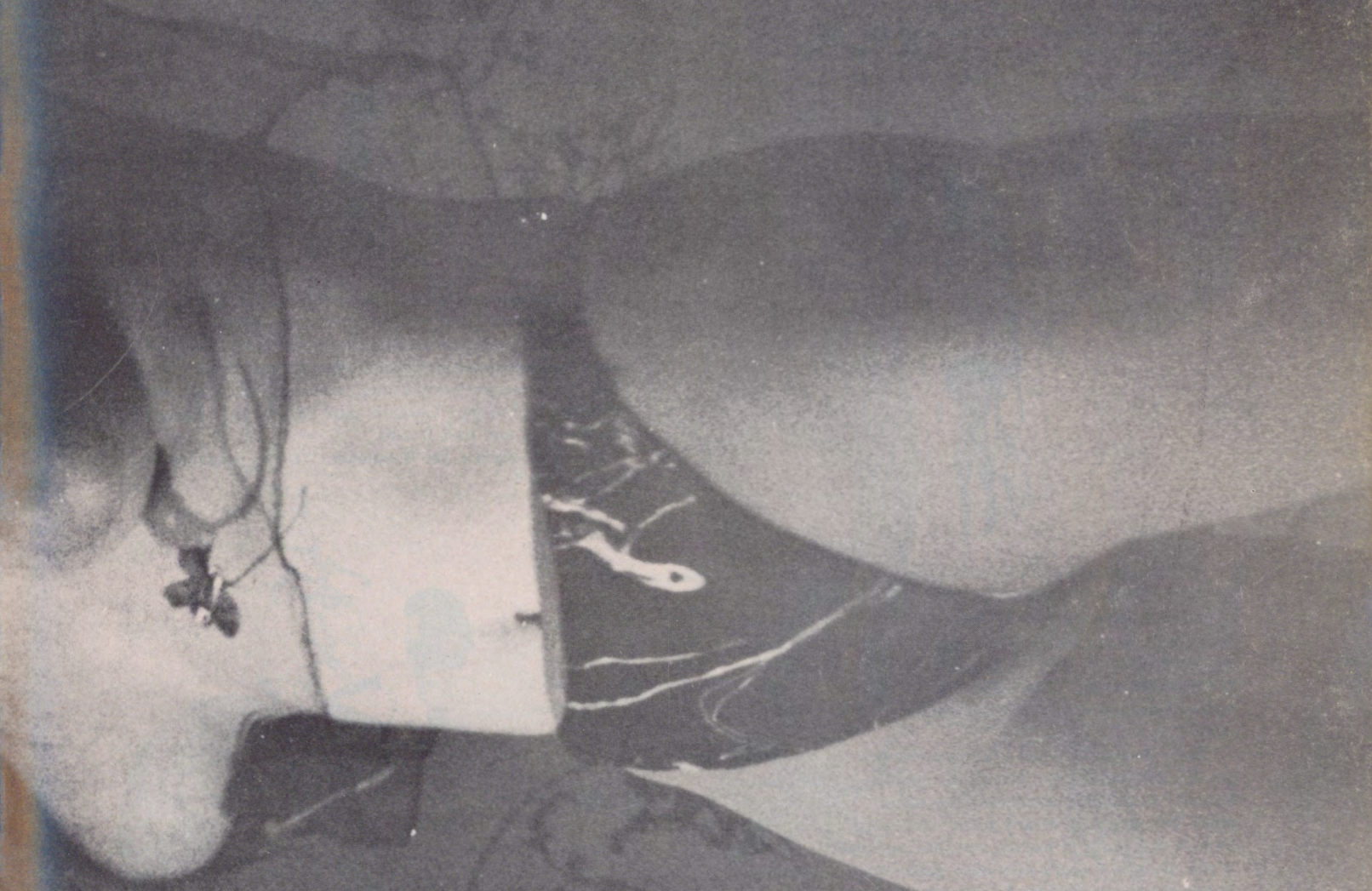




This month's Laymate, Carol Doda, is hardly what you might call the little girl next door type, which we usually feature in this section of the magazine. Carol is a full-time ecdysiast, performing nightly at the Condor night club in San Francisco's North Beach. We had a very interesting interview with her at her place of employment while these pictures were being taken. The repartee was broken only by the intermittant sound of our mans' adam's apple smashing against the knot of his necktie. Carol was born and raised in the Bay Area and departed the halls of academia before she had completed high school in order to pursue her career. "My career is the only important thing. I work at it full time and everything I do is oriented to it." In line with this program she works out at a local gym to keep in shape and is reading books on acting and production in order to plan a musical comedy show built around her build. When asked about her future plans she replied, "I'll go anywhere where there's a stage. Right now I'm working to improve this act. I live day by day, so I really can't say where I'll be tomorrow." Carol's vital stats are: "forty-one or two, these things change, you know, twenty-three, thirty-six." We just had to inquire about the medical augmentation of the first of these figures, a matter made much of by other publications. "It's really very simple," she told us. "I had a series of silicon injections to increase my bust dimension. The stuff is inert and body tissues will grow around it. The doctor uses a horse-sized syringe and just fills them out whenever they need it." Of course we had to ask her all the other stupid questions, too. Regarding her ideal man she replied, "A man. A real man, if you know what I mean!" When asked about the kind of car she drives, she answered, "Who needs one? I live right up the street." Carol had a rather interesting experience the other evening. It seems that during her act at the Condor, a cop jumped up on the piano with her. After a few minutes, he told her that she was under arrest and carted her off to jail. The raid on "the bach" as Dave Rosenberg, her manager, calls it, is history now. So too are the trials, including Carol's, that followed. Carol took the whole episode philosophically, "They tried to call my act obscene, but failed to provide any evidence of contemporary community standards of obscenity. They had to let me go. I mean, if you are going to allow that movie, *Sin in the Suburbs*, to be shown, you can't object to bare bosoms in a night club." I asked her if anything amusing had transpired during the trial. "The prosecuting attorney asked whether, during my act, I moved my pelvis at all. I mean, what's the use of having a pelvis if you can't move it?"



MISS JUNE LAYBOY'S LAYMATE OF THE MONTH



LAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A Negro N.A.A.C.P. worker entered a laundromat where they have twenty white washing machines. Seeing the singularity of color, he ran up to the manager and demanded, "I want to see some black washing machines around here."

The manager calmly turned to him and said, "If you will open all the white machines, you will see a black agitator inside every one of them."

On the first night of their honeymoon the bride slipped into a filmy negligee and crawled into bed only to find her husband had settled down on the couch. When she asked why he was apparently not going to make love to her, he replied, "Because it's Lent."

"How dreadful," she wailed. "To whom, and for how long?"



Wally Smith was getting married that night, but during the afternoon he was in a car wreck, and hospitalized. After a thorough examination the doctor informed him that he was alright except for a severe ligament laceration in a most awkward place. It would be necessary, he said, to apply a protective covering. Thereupon, he reached for four small strips of narrow wood and some bandages, from which he made a splint.

Later that night, when Wally and his new bride finally got to the boudoir she started to disrobe in striptease fashion. Baring her shoulders, she cooed, "Look, Wally, never been touched by any man." She continued in like fashion to a finale of nudity, and then announced: "Look, Wally, no other man's eyes have gazed upon this." But to her disappointment Wally seemed unimpressed.

"That's nothing," he said finally. "Look at this—still in its original crate."

Our Unabridged Dictionary defines a ladies' lounge as a maidenhead.

Then there was the young stud who called his car the Mayflower because of all the Puritans that had come across in it.

Mark Antony strode into her palace, demanding, "I want to see Cleopatra."

"She's in bed with typhus," a servant replied.

"Those damned Greeks at it again?"

Then there was the Egyptian princess who was laid in a tomb. Now she's a mummy . . .



An American tourist was expounding upon his theory of British humor to an obviously bored Englishman.

"You see, the American said, "all of you are so drab and somber because you are just once race and nationality, instead of a homogeneous mixture, like most of us. Take me, for example, I'm part German, part Italian, part French, part Swedish, and part Dutch."

"Really," replied the Londoner. "Damn sporting of your mother."



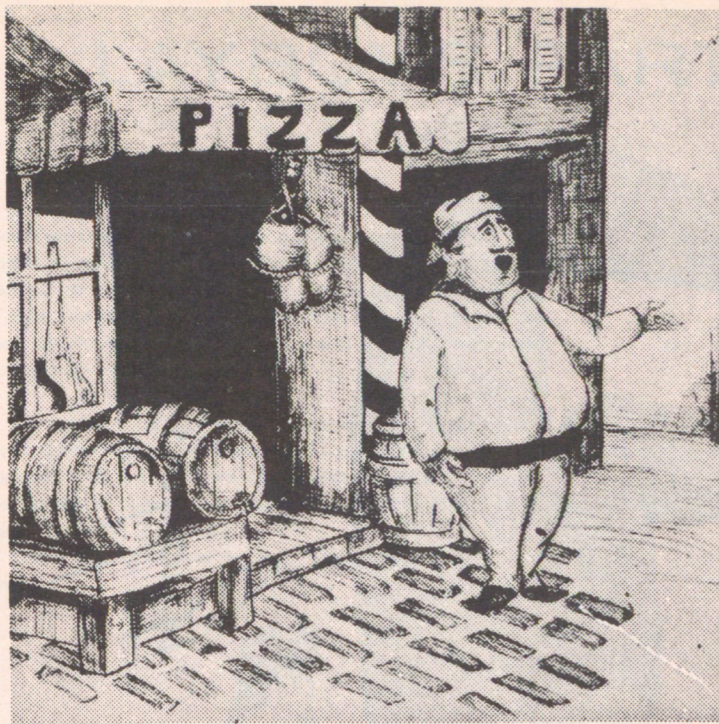
On entering her third grade classroom, the teacher discovered a puddle, sometimes called a "little accident" in those circles, on the floor near her desk. Having taken Psych one in college, she employed psychology on her class to discover the culprit.

"We'll all hide our eyes and who ever did it will come up and write his name on the blackboard. That way nobody will be embarrassed." When the class had hidden their eyes a patter of feet was heard, followed by the squeak of chalk on the board. When the footsteps returned the teacher opened her eyes to find another puddle at the foot of the board and an inscription thereon: "the phantom strikes again."

heard a good one recently. Send it to Lyndon B. Johnson at The White House. If your joke is selected he will make it part of his foreign policy. Good luck.



"My name IS Ursula Andress, but I think you have me confused with . . ."



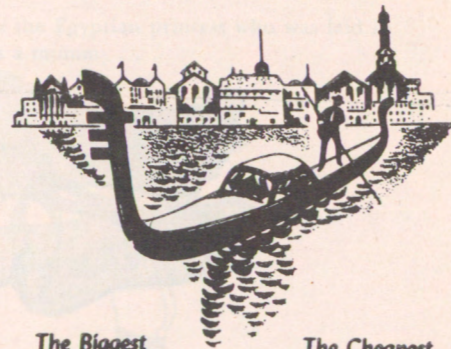
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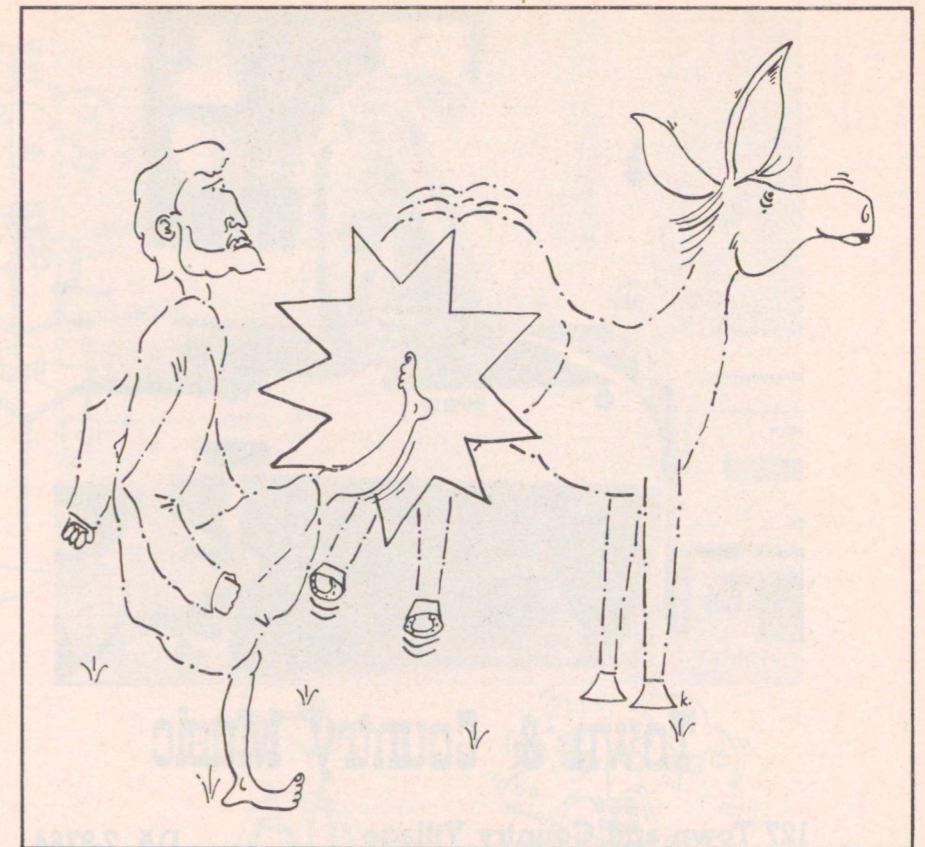


Germany



Great Britain

**Piebald
Classic**



ONCE THERE WAS an old potter who sold his wares from a modest little shop in the heart of the Babylonian bazaar. Babylon at the time was teeming with potters, and thus it was to the old potter's great credit that he was esteemed the best in the city. Now the potter had a wife who was some years younger than he. She was by no means beautiful, but the potter was contented with her, and she was devoted to him. She spent her days sitting near him while he threw his magnificent pots on his potter's wheel. She was very happy with her life, and when religious holidays came, the potter always bought her a new veil. Their's was a simple and enjoyable existence.

Then one day a young Arab walked into the old potter's shop and said that he wished to become the old man's apprentice. The old man was a charitable person, and so he accepted the young Arab into his service. As it turned out, the young Arab's name was Ahm ben Scuj, a good Arab name. Young ben Scuj showed great talent at the potter's wheel. He learned to estimate the quality of clay just by touching it with his thumb, a technique developed by the old potter himself. In a few months young ben Scuj was being bragged about by the old potter to the potter's clientele. Soon he was the talk of the bazaar and merchants passing through on their way to Ankara made special visits to the potter's shop to see this marvelous young man. All who saw were amazed and came away with amazement on their faces.

As luck would have it, word of young ben Scuj's genius reached the wife of the local Emir. She was a pulchritudinous young woman of exquisite taste. The Emir, on the other hand, was a rather non-descript, amicable wino. He spent his time collecting taxes, and gave it all to his wife. She

usually spent it on furnishings for their palace. So it was only natural that when she heard of a new and talented potter, she was greatly interested. She at once set out to see the young man in action. When she reached the shop, she was greeted by the old potter. He led her proudly to young ben Scuj's wheel and talked about the finer points of the young man's technique as he threw a pot for her. She was very impressed by it all, and immediately desired to have the handsome young man in her service. She talked with the old potter about possible arrangements, and in the end, they agreed on the following contract: Since the old potter wanted to retire, the Emir's wife would support him and his wife in exchange for full rights to young ben Scuj's work. But before the agreement could be sealed, the Emir's wife had to have the Emir's permission. So she sent for the Emir to have him come down to the shop and see the young man at work. He arrived shortly and entered the room wherein ben Scuj was working. He did not say a word, but watched intently every motion the young man made. At length he muttered a sigh, lit some Hashish, and strolled into the next room. His wife and the old potter followed him.

"Well?" said his wife.
"Holy Moses," stated the potter, "his work is fantastic!" With that the old potter's mouth broke into a wide grin, the Emir's wife smiled exuberantly and kissed her dear fat husband on his nose. Soon the agreement had been written upon a scroll and young ben Scuj made his first pot in the commission of the wife of the Emir.
Thus the fortune of a young man was made, the old-age security of two wonderful old folks secured, and a woman made happy to know her home would contain the best pottery in all of Babylon.



Town & Country Music

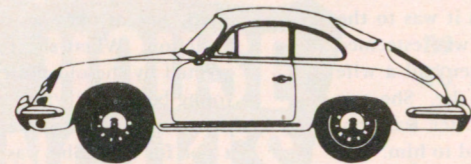
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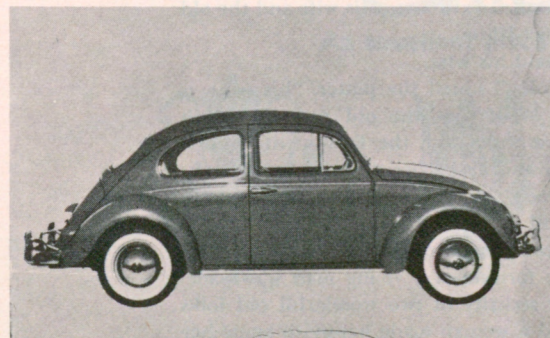
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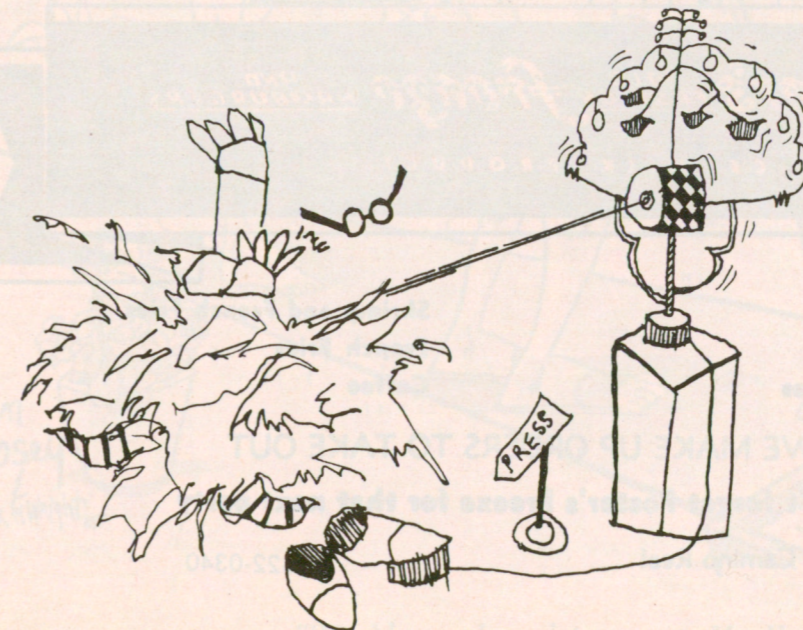
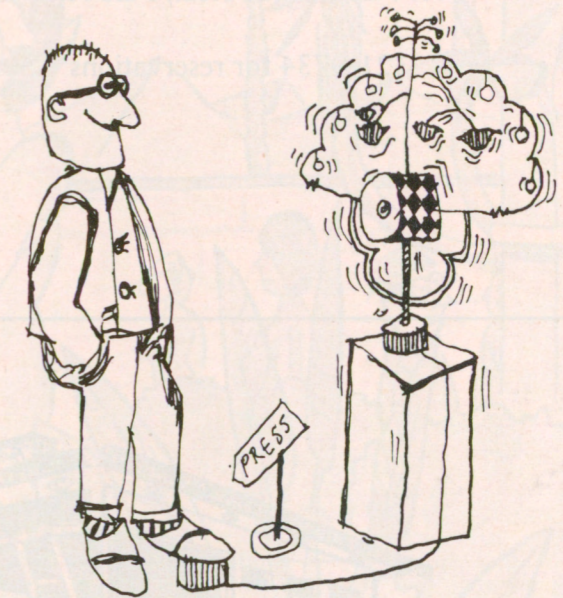
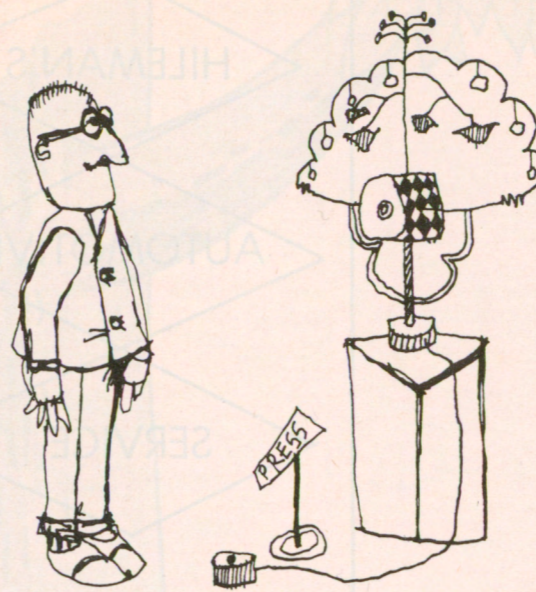


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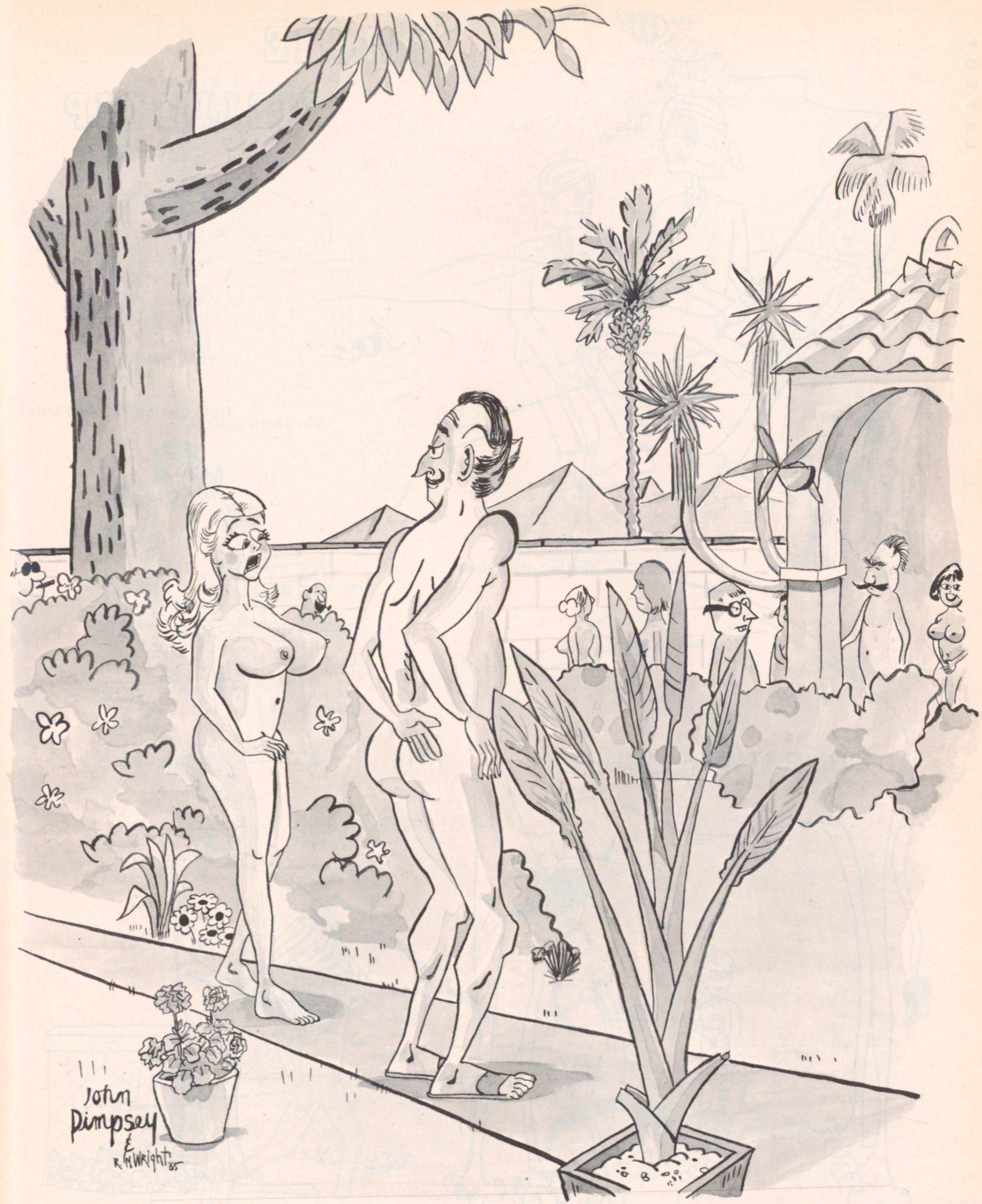
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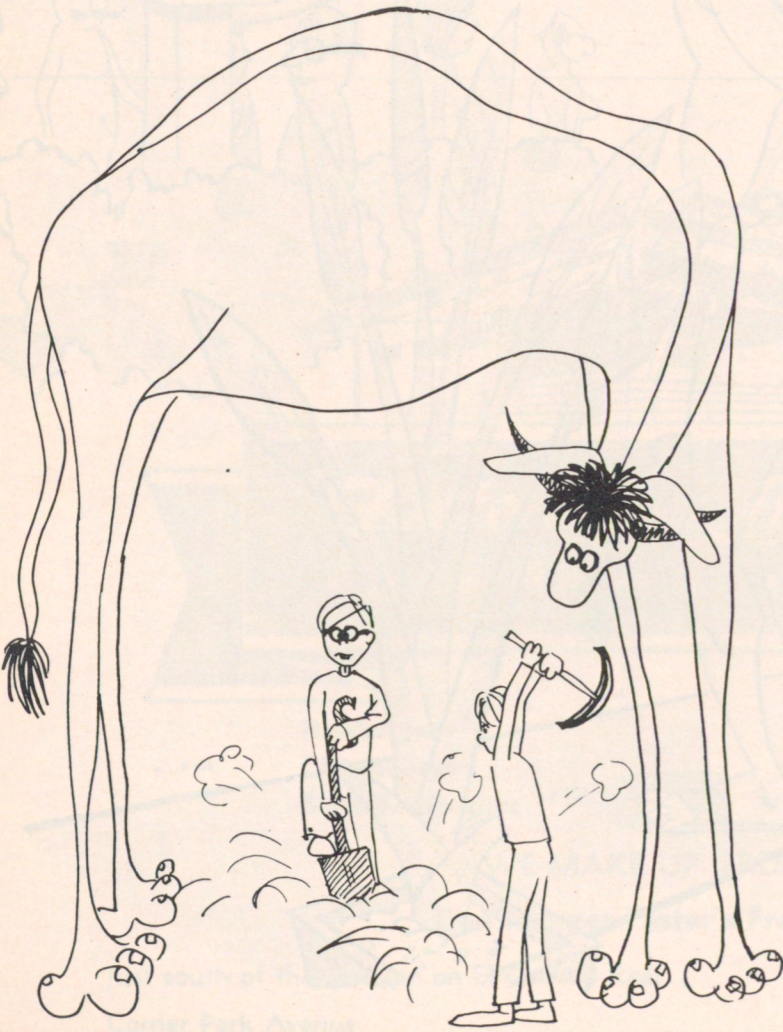
CLICHE FIELDTRIP



"trying to gather one's wits"



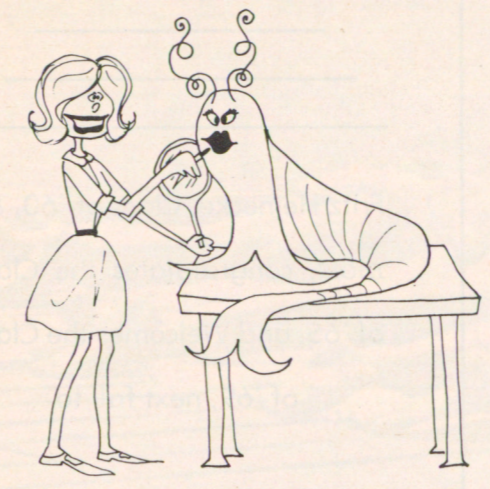
"casting aspersions"



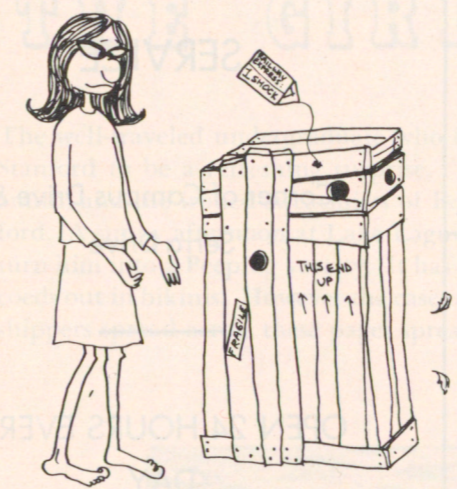
"laboring under a delusion"



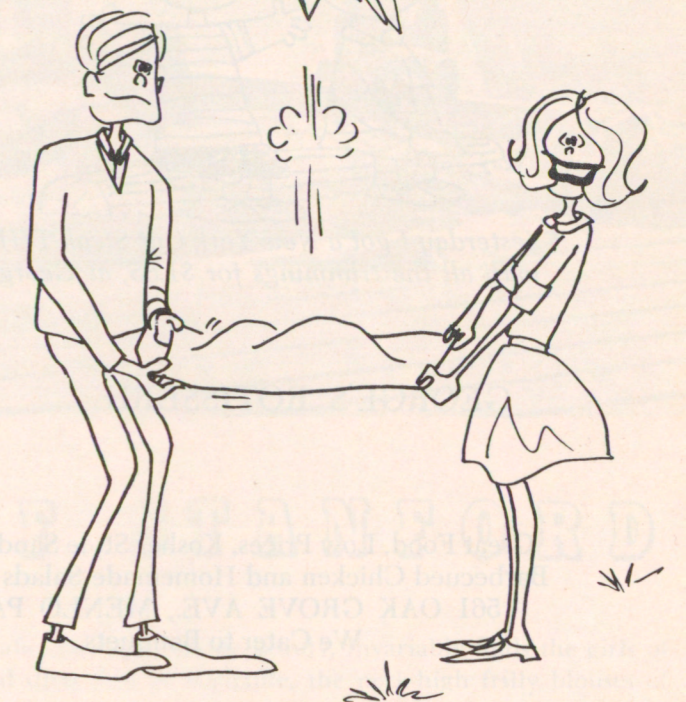
"mixing metaphors"



"making up an alibi"

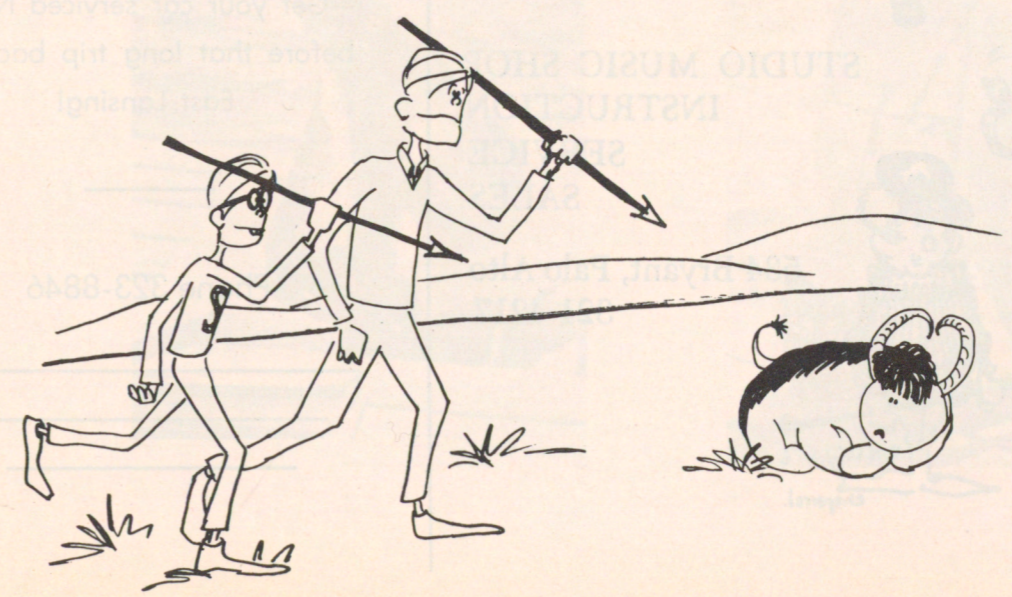


"receiving a shock"

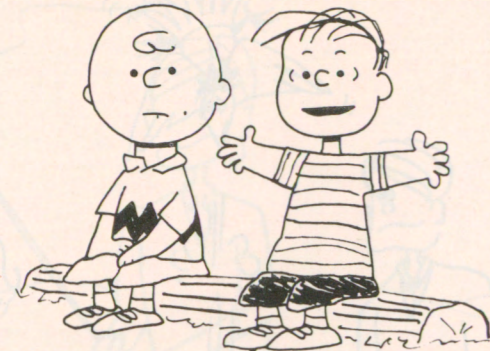


"flipping the bird"

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Fritz Heinecke, Class of '60, almost, congratulates the Class of '65, and Welcomes the Class of '69, next fall to

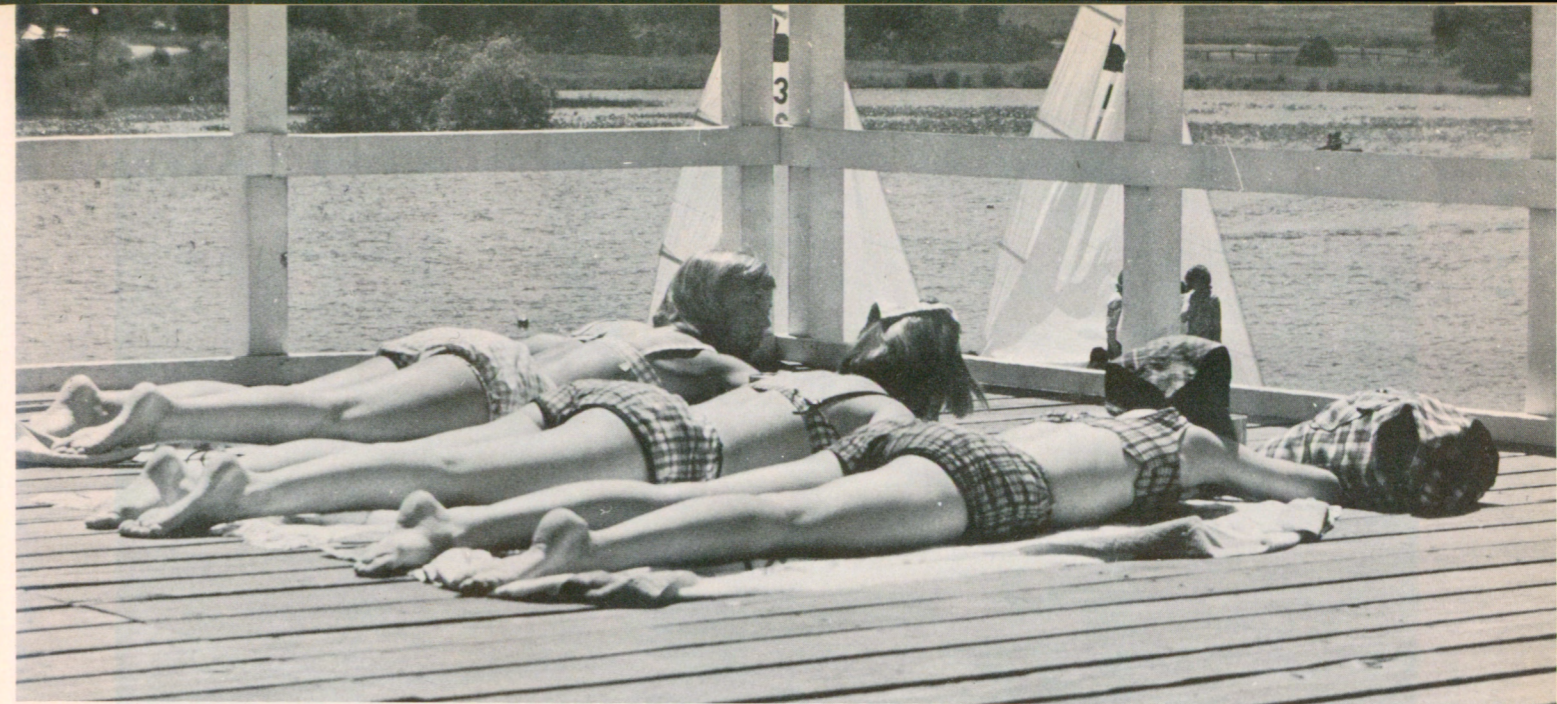
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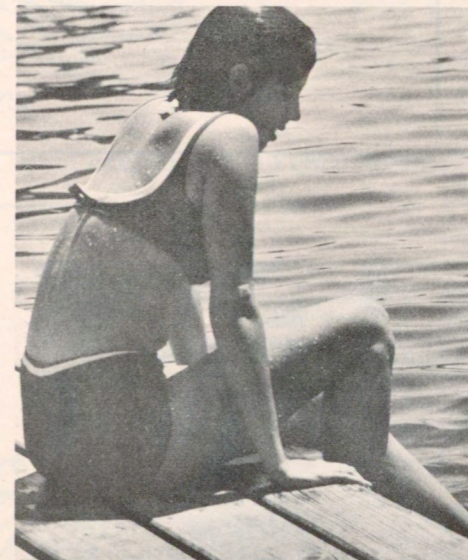
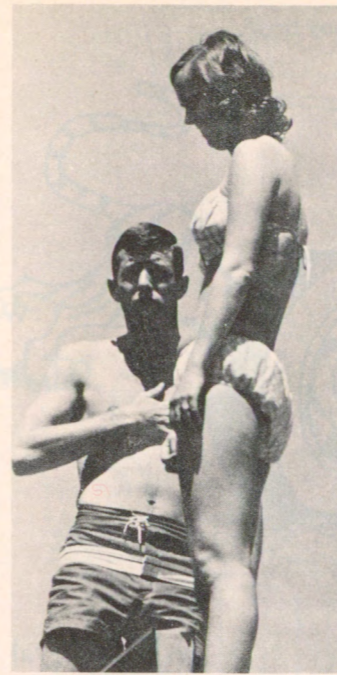
THE GIRLS OF STANFORD

The well-traveled undergraduate who happens to be an aficionado of femine beauty, invariably finds the girls of Stanford to be a refreshing surprise. The ratty hair and dirty feet of Radcliffe, the neck-high frilly blouses of Smith, and the ironed sweatshirts of Bennington give way to a simple sexy style of sartorial sophistication at Stanford. A sunny afternoon at Lake Lagunita or the Searsville sands will more than convince the Doubting Tom and turn him into a Peeping variety. It has been said that the only reason the University has a sailing club is to lure the coeds out in bikinis. However the case may be, the girls are there, and most suitably attired. The luscious sun-worshippers spread across these pages spread themselves out on the beach every chance they get, ostensibly for a tan,





but more likely for a man. These girls are a sharp bunch. When you talk to a Stanford woman you are very likely to be talking to a mathematics major who knows how to program a computer, or a Latin American expert who speaks three languages. Beauty and brains is a combination hard to beat, but don't let our plaudits scare you. Beneath the polished exterior of every Stanford woman there beats a warm heart, just ready for the right guy. Talk to one sometime. It's just like talking to one of your own family. In fact, that's why they call Stanford students "the family on the farm."



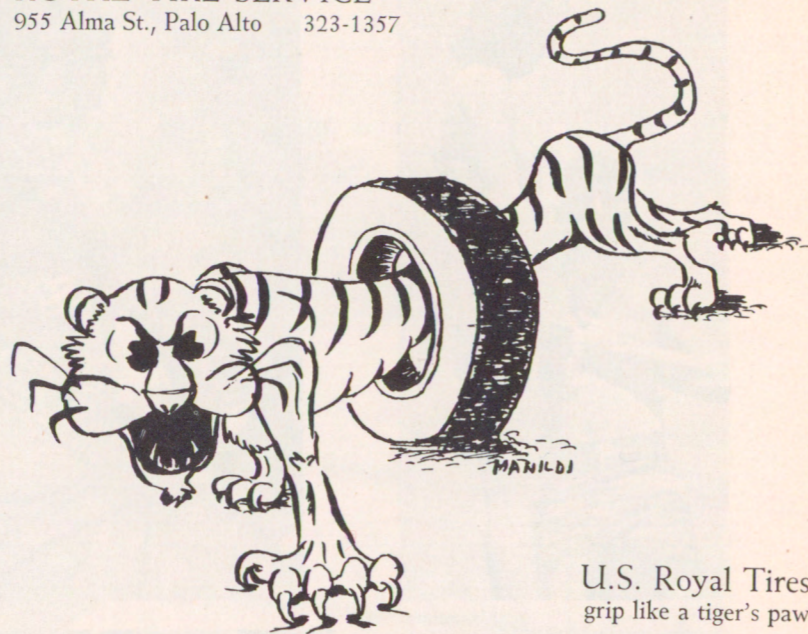
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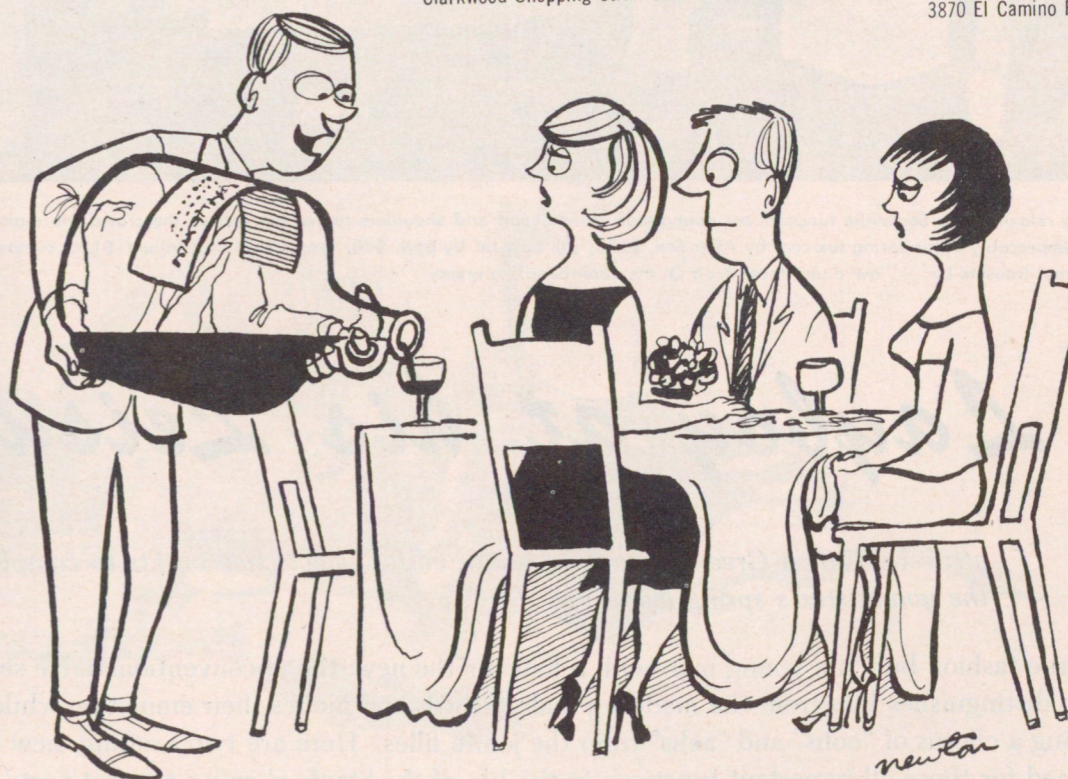


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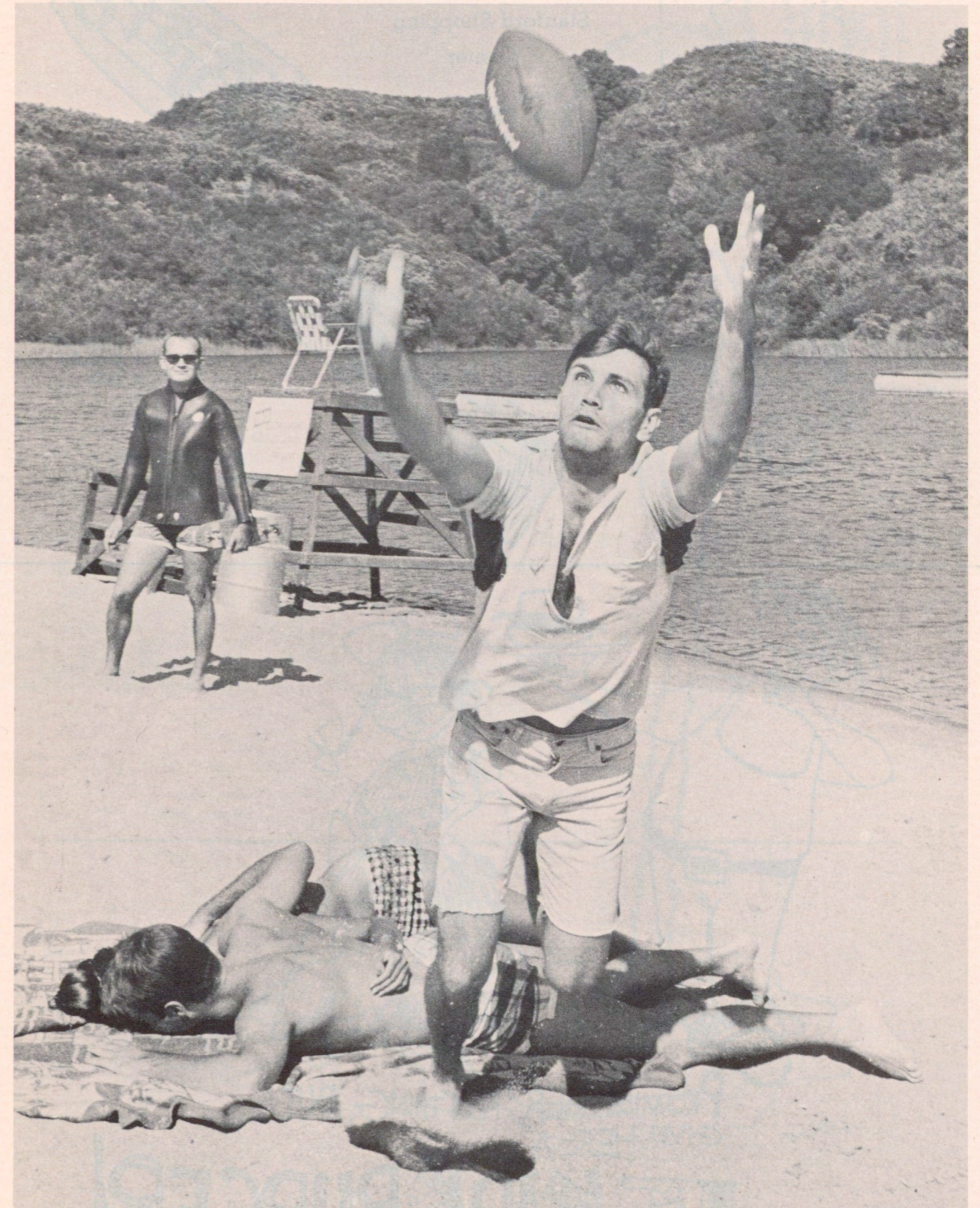
Casually relaxing at a Searsville function, our young man stands head and shoulders above the rest of the crowd, no matter how high they are, togged impeccably in his spring tux coat by After Sex, \$675; silk bow tie by Bow, \$50; formal shirt by Zantium, \$125; cumberbund by Payola, \$47; and formal trousers by . . . aw damn those Fruit O' the Loon people anyway

Layboy at his Leisure

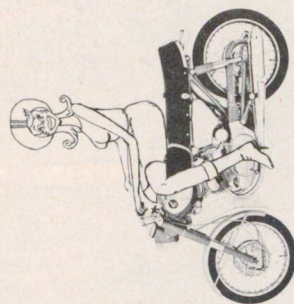
attire by Gahan Green. layboy's fashion editor selects two outfits to complete the young stud's spring wardrobe.

The true fashion buff is a young man with a flair for the new, the unconventional. He seeks out an outfit which distinguishes him from the madding male crowds and incites their emulation while simultaneously arousing a chorus of "oohs" and "aahs" from the jeune filles. Here are two exciting, new outfits, specially designed for those all-important functions in the life of the Stanford man: the frat party and the big day at the beach!

Displaying his athletic prowess at the beach, our young buff draws admiring glances from girl and envious stare from boy friend in his sweat-er shirt, featuring the all new "pit stop" leather underarm patches for the prevention of embarrassing blemishes and material erosion, by Shuhah Chief, \$25, chest toupee, by Hare, \$75 (pre-scented in Bay Rum, Old Spice, or Cary Grant, \$10 extra), swimsuit by Cutoff, \$25.



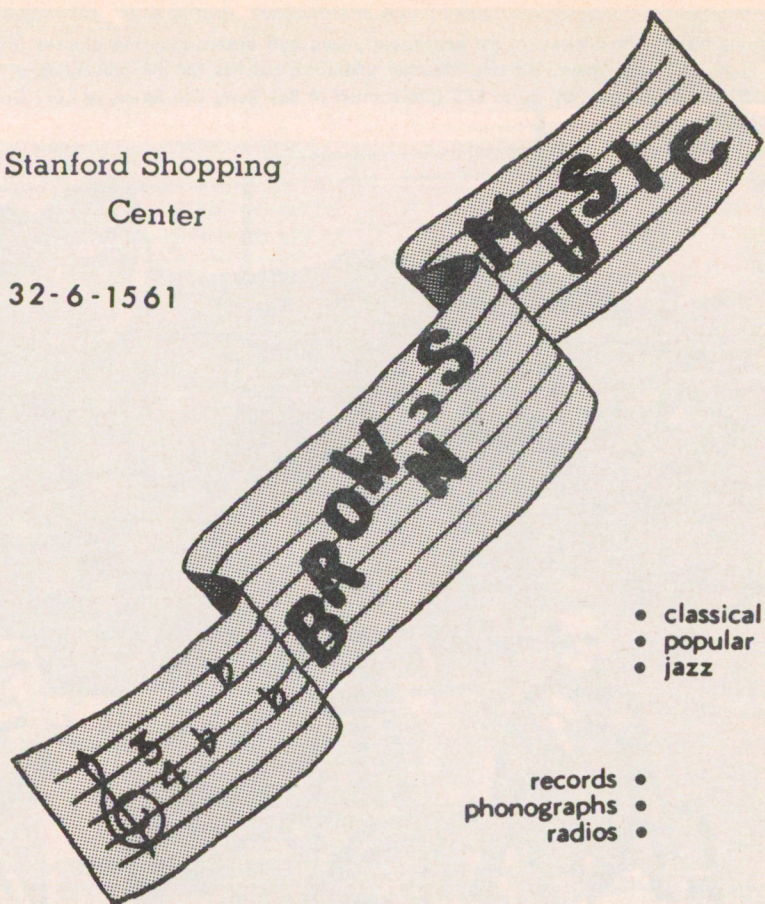
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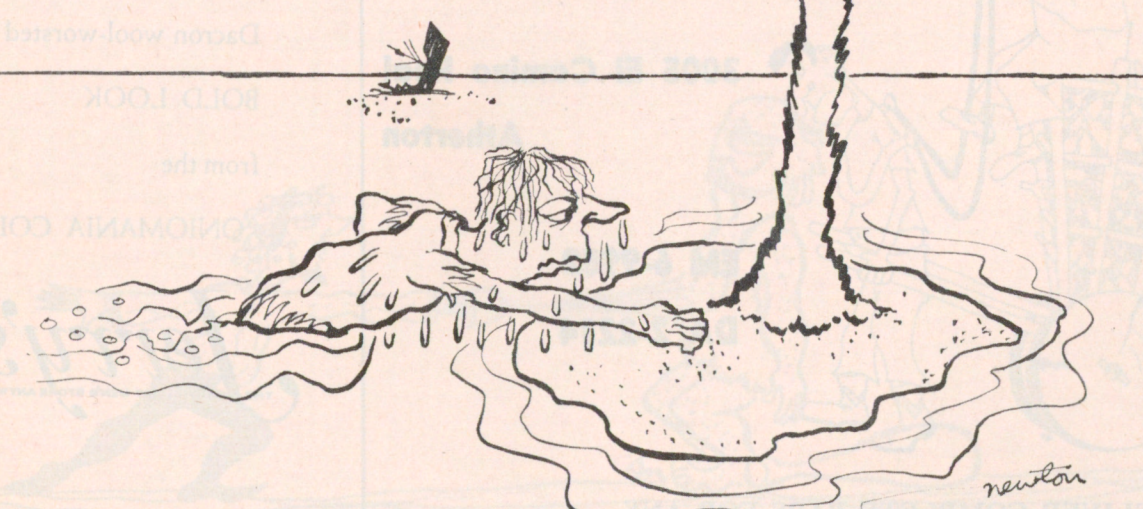
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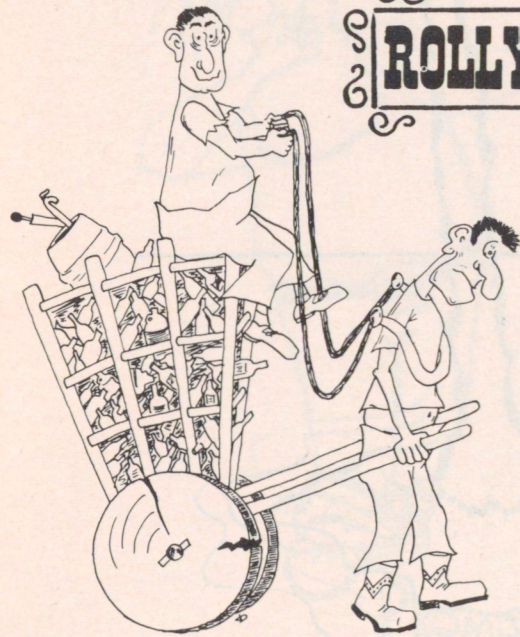
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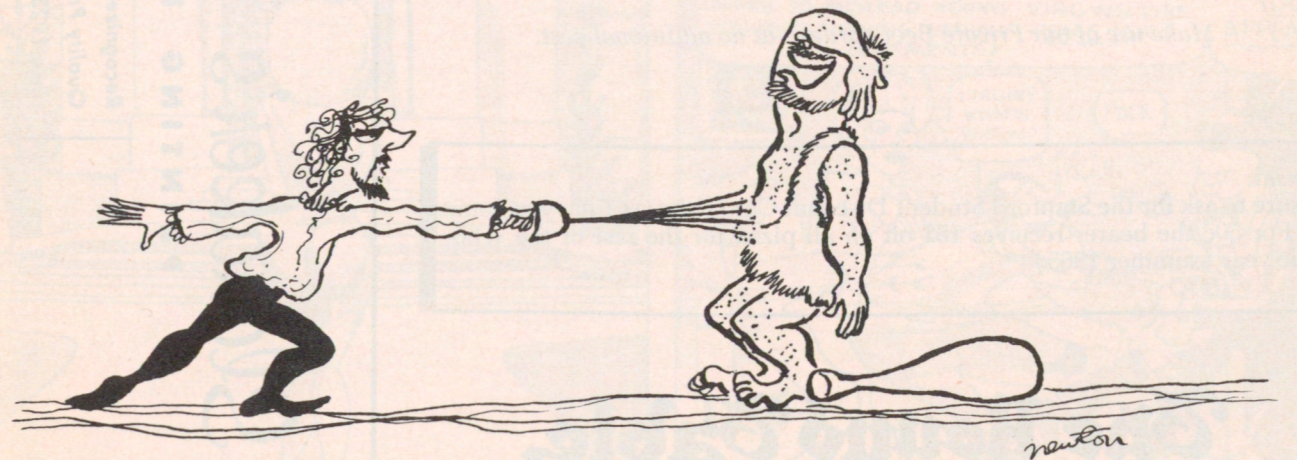
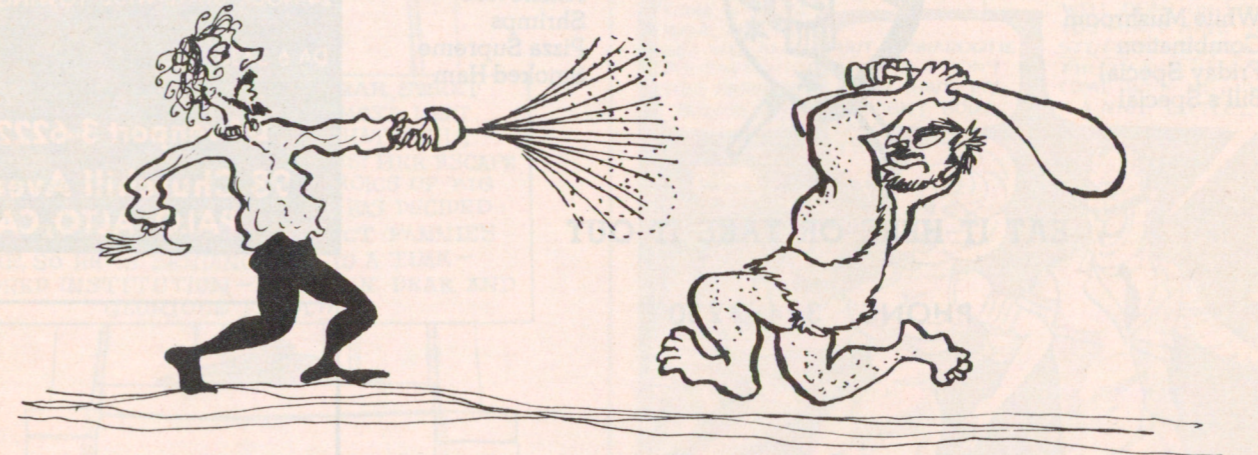
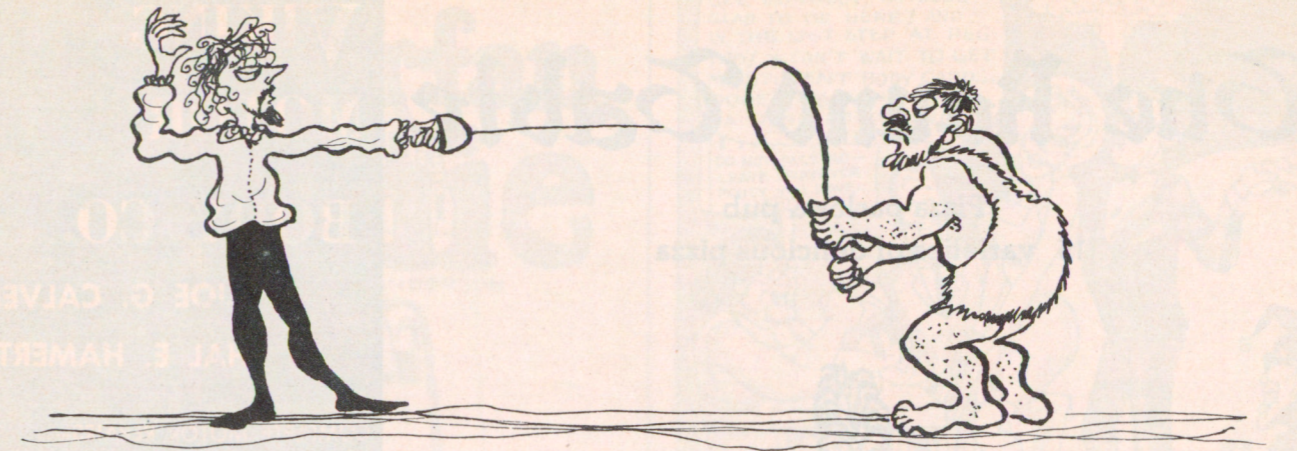
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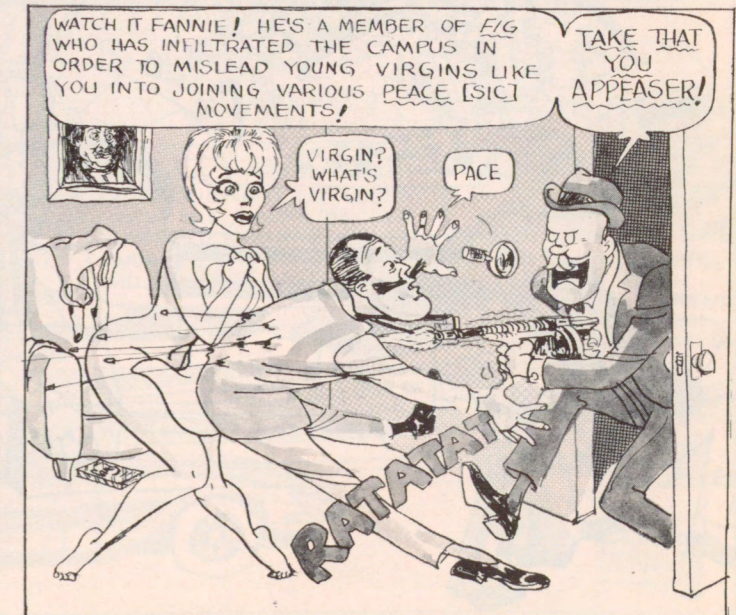
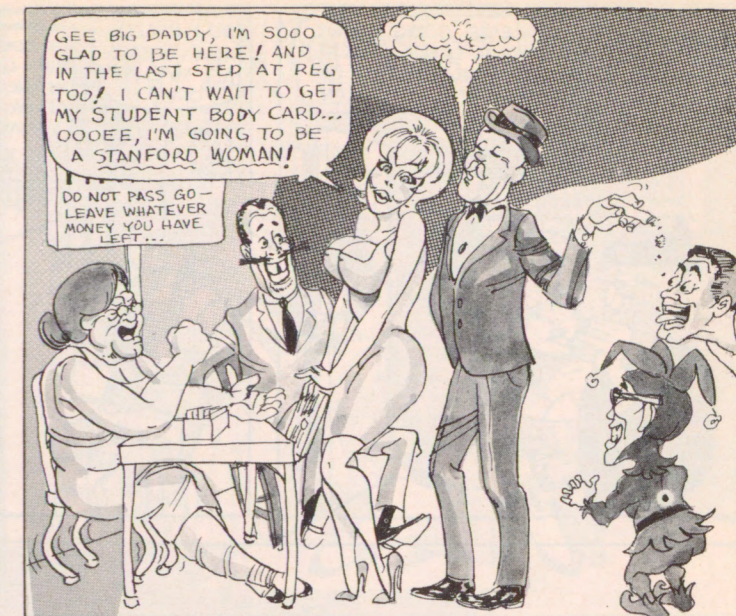
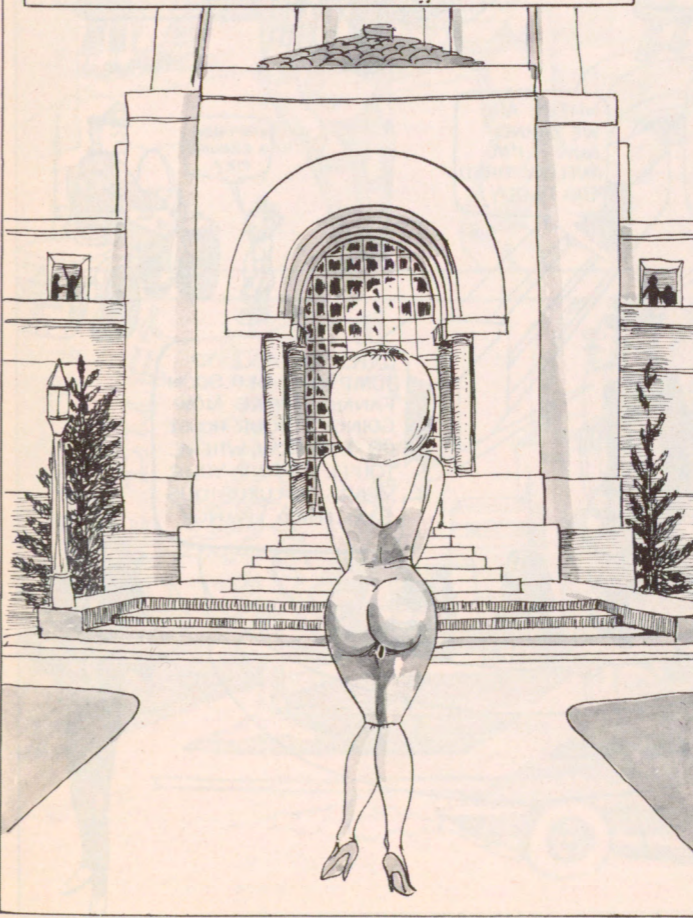
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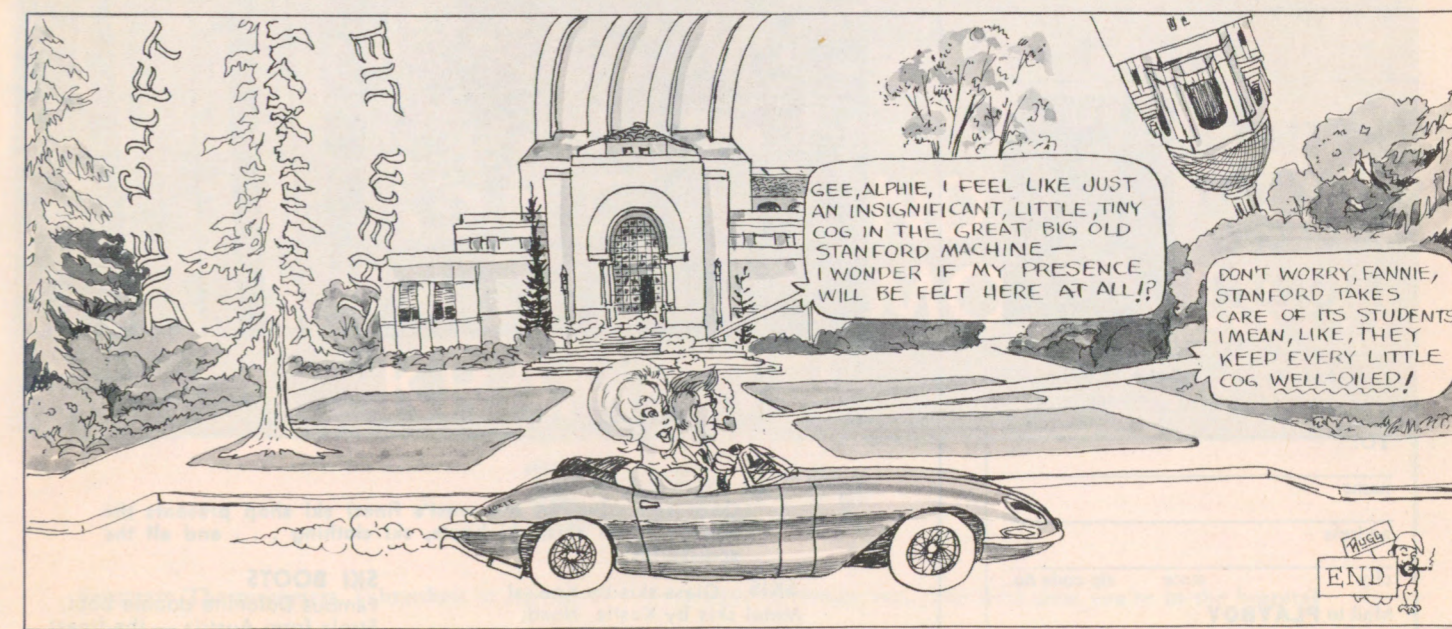
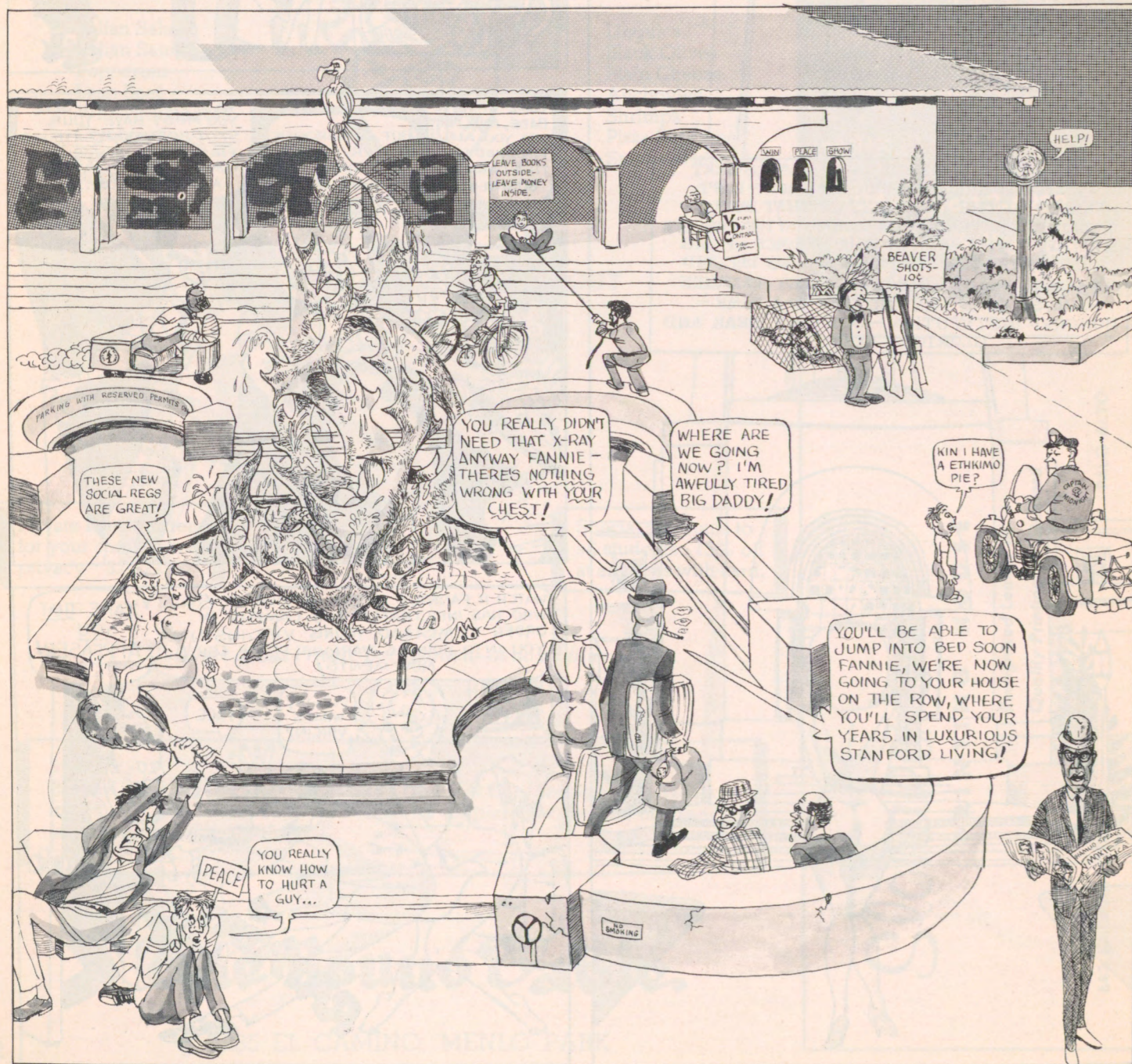
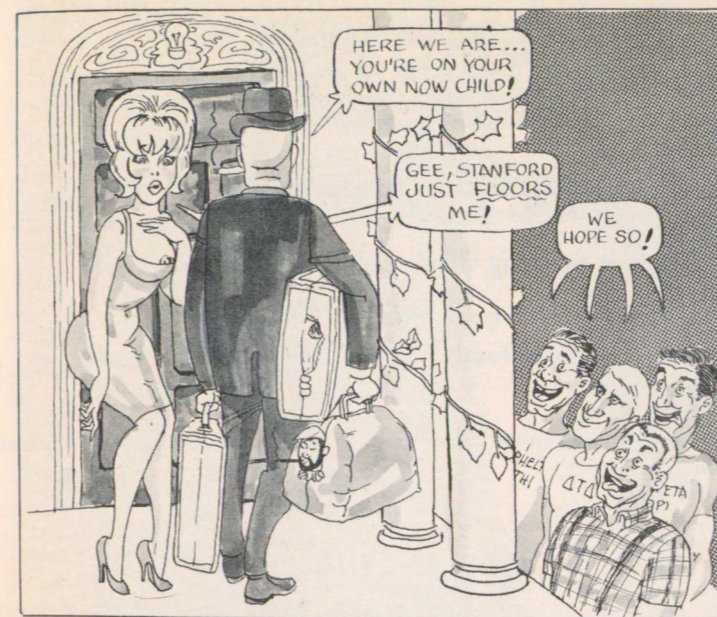
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Little Orfan Fannie

BY RUGG AND KANDERSON

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Cardinal Cleaners	12
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Crow Pharmacy	6
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