

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1995 • \$5.95

**Gala
Christmas
Issue**

**GET TO
KNOW TV'S
HOTTEST BABE
COURTENEY
COX**

**THE REAL
BETTIE PAGE**

**JERRY
GARCIA
THE INSIDE STORY**

**SEDUCTION MADE
EASY: IS YOUR
APARTMENT SEXY?**

**THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT
GOES APE OVER EVOLUTION**

**FARRAH
FAWCETT
HOLIDAY
PICTORIAL**

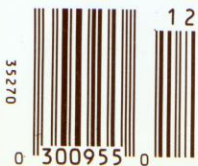
**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
GEORGE
FOREMAN**

**O.J. TRUTHS FROM
DOMINICK DUNNE**

**DARYL GATES
ON TERRORISM**

**FICTION BY
RAY BRADBURY
AND ROBERT
SILVERBERG**

**PLUS: GIFTS FOR
MEN, GIFTS FOR
WOMEN AND GIFTS
FOR THE LITTLE
BOY IN ALL OF US**



PLAYBOY

vol. 42, no. 12—december 1995

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

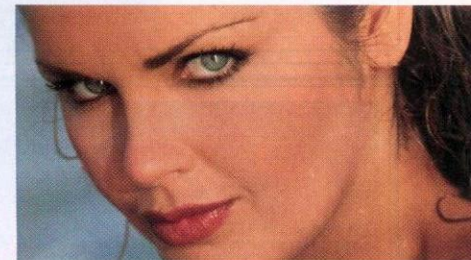
PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
MUSIC	18
STYLE	24
WIRED	28
MOVIES BRUCE WILLIAMSON	30
VIDEO	33
TRAVEL	34
BOOKS DIGBY DIEHL	35
MEN ASA BABER	36
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	41
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE FOREMAN—candid conversation	55
VERY WEIRD SCIENCE—article ... COLIN CAMPBELL and DEBORAH SCROGGINS	70
SEX STARS 1995—pictorial text by GRETCHEN EDGREN	74
CHRISTMAS IN LAS VEGAS—article PENN JILLETTE	82
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION—modern living	87
THE WITCH DOOR—fiction RAY BRADBURY	92
PLAYBOY GALLERY: TULA	95
DEAR SANTA—humor ROBERT S. WIEDER	96
BETTIE PAGE—pictorial text by KAREN ESSEX and JAMES SWANSON	98
CHRONICLES OF THE DEAD—article ROCK SCULLY with DAVID DALTON	104
THE SECOND SHIELD—fiction ROBERT SILVERBERG	108
TORRID TORRES—playboy's playmate of the month	110
PARTY JOKES—humor	122
TERRORISM? SAYS WHO?—article DARYL F. GATES	124
ALL SHE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS—modern living	126
BONDING YOUR WARDROBE—fashion HOLLIS WAYNE	130
BABE OF THE YEAR—playboy profile MICHAEL ANGELI	134
THE SEX-FRIENDLY APARTMENT—article CHIP ROWE	138
FATALITY—fiction RICHARD BAUSCH	140
FARRAH!—pictorial	144
HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS—modern living	154
20 QUESTIONS: DOMINICK DUNNE	156
WHERE & HOW TO BUY	203
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	205



Heavenly Farrah P. 144



Weird Science P. 70



Torrid December P. 110



Merry Christmas P. 154



COVER STORY

"It's all about guts," says Farrah Fawcett of her PLAYBOY pictorial shot on St. Bart's. Farrah never quits looking for new challenges. "It's about feeling what's right and doing it," she says. Our cover was shot by Davis Factor and styled by Frank Chevalier for Smashbox Beauty. Farrah's makeup was styled by Joanne Gair for Cloutier using Make-Up Forever. Her hair was styled by Peter Savic for Cloutier/Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare. You can't tell this Rabbit by its spots.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: OCTOBER 1995. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TER- RONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1995 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 203. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES, FRANKLIN MINT BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 IN ALL CANADA SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND AND DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES, ARAMIS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 AND ROGAINE BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 60-61 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES, MARLBORO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES, DAVE'S INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 186-187 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE TITULO EN TRAMITE.

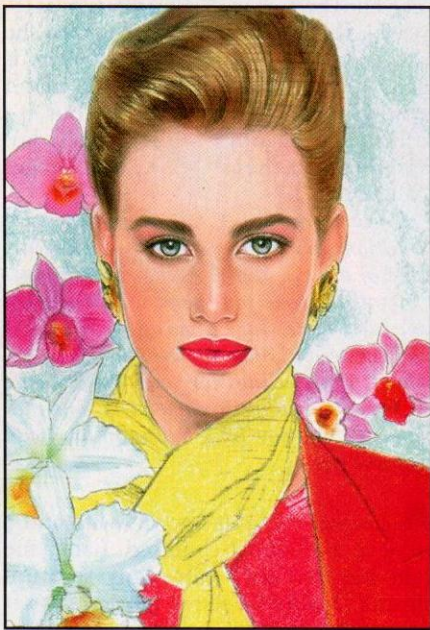
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I enjoyed your response in the July issue about the classic blow job. But please, please, won't you provide detailed instructions to men on how to provide better oral sex for women? My experience has been that for the most part men don't understand the need to be gentle, rhythmic and teasing, and as they don't respond to hints, I can't figure out a way to teach them. If you can, I'm sure millions of women will praise you.—D.C., Baltimore, Maryland.

Educating the American male is not a task for the faint of heart, but we're primed for the challenge. Listen up, fellas. Cunnilingus requires you to think glacially—constantly in motion but advancing slowly. Your goal is to convey the idea that you're licking her because you find it incredibly erotic, and that time has lost all meaning (drop all thoughts of getting her orgasm "out of the way"—it's not in the way). To begin, work from her mouth to her nipples to her belly, covering as many square inches as possible. Once you've camped between her thighs, start building a fire. Use your fingertips (cut those nails) to spread her vaginal lips and expose her clitoris. Explore the sensitive folds of skin. When she arches her back or moans, slide a finger or two inside her. Play with her a bit, then extend the tip of your tongue to meet her clit. (Make sure your tongue is wet—lubrication and warmth are important.) Dart your tongue in and out. Press firmly. Lick gently. Throw in some longer, flatter strokes over the length of her vagina, as if you were licking an ice cream cone. Hum or moan to create vibration. Pull away so you're just inches from her, as if contemplating what to do next. Blow lightly across her vagina. Tell her how good she tastes, how much you like licking her, how you could stay there for hours. Draw her clit gently between your lips and flick it or massage it with your tongue. Stop. Lick. Kiss. Finger. Repeat as necessary. What you're after is a combination of rhythm and intrigue: She can't guess what's coming next, but once it does, she won't want you to stop.

After reading your response about the classic blow job, I realize that I must be better at giving head than I thought. If you really want a man to beg for it, start licking at the tip of his penis and gently nibble around the frenulum and down the shaft on the underside. Circle the head with a moist finger as you suck on his balls. Nibble back up the underside and take the head into your mouth. Flick your tongue on the tip, then take his cock into your mouth. Lick the underside of his penis as best you can by moving your tongue back and forth. Create suction by applying pressure with your lips. If you can take it into your throat without gagging, try that. All the while,



fondle his balls with one hand and the exposed part of his shaft with the other. I don't know how other men will react, but my husband certainly can't stop thanking me when I'm done.—P.H., Seattle, Washington.

We can't take much more of this.

A local radio morning host recently mentioned a position called the three-eyed turtle, but he said he couldn't explain it on the air. Have you ever heard of it?—N.N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The three-eyed turtle got its name in 1993 from two disc jockeys in Cleveland who heard Dr. Judy Kuriansky describe the position on her syndicated radio program, "Love Phones." The first eye is the urethral opening of an uncircumcised penis, which emerges from its "shell" as it becomes erect. The head of the penis is rubbed against the second eye, the clitoris, while the partners watch with a third eye—their own—straight on or with a mirror. Not exactly a new position, but great sex often comes out of making the mundane mysterious.

Your recent optimism regarding digital video and how it will enable everyone to make perfect copies of their tapes may lead to disappointment. The motion picture industry is set to make the preservation of video recordings impossible by following the music industry's lead with a serial copy management system. This chip, when present in a recorder, prevents users from making a copy of a copy. Therefore, you would be able to preserve your digital tapes for only one generation. This SCMS bullshit is designed to deter piracy, but it's really a scheme to make you buy a new copy

when the original wears out.—D.G., Detroit, Michigan.

We understand your concern, but the situation isn't as foreboding as you believe. First, unlike analog VHS tapes, digital videos won't wear out from use or age. Second, SCMS is far from a certainty. Moviemakers are leading the charge, but consumer electronics makers haven't embraced the idea. SCMS may be unnecessary simply because buying a recordable compact disc to pirate a movie will cost more than buying a new copy of the movie. As for home videos, one way to get around SCMS might be to feed your digital video into a computer, then record it from there to a blank disc. But you didn't hear that from us.

One thing about my girlfriend bothers me. She never says whether or not she finds me attractive. I assume she does since she's sleeping with me, but she has never flat-out said, "I think you're handsome." Am I being unreasonable?—T.M., Dayton, Ohio.

Not at all. A common misperception is that guys don't need to hear that "mushy" stuff; in fact, men spend their lives searching for someone to overlook their physical flaws. Being told he's virile, handsome or particularly well-hung indicates to a guy that he may have found that special sucker . . . er, someone. More important, flattery is the sincerest form of foreplay. Having a lover run her hands over his chest as she whispers "You are so hot" can make a guy want to prove it.

My boyfriend has a unique sexual interest. He loves to see women in tight blue jeans that are soaking wet. Are there any sources of erotica that deal with this? I'd like to surprise him for his birthday.—T.J., Atlanta, Georgia.

It sounds like your partner has a simple recipe for better sex: Just add water. It's not difficult to find erotica that depicts women in wet clothing (or even sprawled in mud or covered in ketchup, if his fetish develops further). Sample a few of Playboy's "Wet & Wild" videos, or write Messy Fun, P.O. Box 181030, Austin, Texas 78718, which carries a variety of wet clothing magazines and videos. Better yet, why not get involved yourself? If the weather's warm on his birthday, let your boyfriend discover you washing the car or swimming in cutoffs. Or shower in nothing but Levi's, then call him in to hand you a new bar of soap. The only drawback will be that wet denim is about as easy to shed as a chastity belt.

Last week, my girlfriend and I were sharing fantasies and she said she has always wanted to have sex with another woman. How can I encourage her to pursue this without giving her the idea

that I'm just a horny guy who wants to watch two women make love?—P.K., Tampa, Florida.

When did she invite you? Don't confuse her curiosity as a request for a ménage à trois. Then again, don't rule out the possibility. A man's presence can act as an approbation (and has been the excuse for more great sex in the past few decades than any other ploy). The next time you're sharing fantasies, tell her that yours would be watching hers.

The condom ripped as my girlfriend and I were having sex last night. What are the chances that she's now pregnant? This is the third condom we've ripped in the past three weeks.—H.N., Trenton, New Jersey.

Chance has nothing to do with it. By now, either she's pregnant or she isn't. That many torn condoms in such a short time signal human error; it's extremely rare for condoms to break because of structural defects. Our guess is that you're pulling them on too tight. Once you've unrolled the condom over your erection, gently pinch at least a half inch of airless space at the tip. This allows a place for the semen to be deposited, and it provides room for the condom to move as you thrust.

My fiancée is considering breast augmentation as a wedding gift to me. But all the negative publicity makes me wonder if implants are safe.—H.A., Washington, D.C.

The most recent study on the subject, like others before it, found little to indicate that implants are unsafe. The controversy you've heard about centers on silicone gel implants, which were taken off the market three years ago after the FDA raised concerns that the devices might be associated with connective-tissue diseases (like many medical devices introduced before FDA regulation began in 1976, breast implants were never fully tested). The latest research hasn't stopped a lengthy court battle over the issue, especially since four implant makers recently agreed to pay \$4.2 billion to 450,000 women who claim their health problems were caused by silicone implants. That said, we would discourage any woman from getting cosmetic implants unless they're something she desires for herself. If your fiancée wants larger breasts solely to please you, tell her she already does.

I have heard that only long, slow workouts burn fat. Now I'm reading that shorter, more intense exercise burns fat better. Which is true?—T.M., Richmond, Virginia.

The best way to burn fat is moderate aerobic exercise for at least 30 minutes (and preferably longer) five to seven days a week. Moderate is defined as maintaining 60 percent to 75 percent of your target heart rate (220 minus your age). Quick bursts of intense activity are less efficient because you don't begin to burn excess calories and fat until 20 minutes into your workout.

Fast and furious also invites burnout and injuries.

My best friend met his wife through me. The three of us started a business together, then he took another job, so she and I run the business. The problem is that I have fallen in love with her. I would never hurt my buddy, but it's killing me to work with her all day. Should I tell them?—S.D., San Diego, California.

Don't say a word. You're in an impossible situation, and confessing will only create more of a mess. Your longing stems in part from all the time you spend with a woman you can't have. Take a vacation (it sounds like you need it), then try hard to find a girlfriend. Your feelings for your friend's wife may never disappear completely, but they shouldn't stop you from falling in love with someone else.

A couple of nights ago my wife and I were in a 69 and I climaxed. Later, she told me that as I came, my scrotum shrank. I didn't believe her, so she set up a video camera and gave me a blow job. Sure enough, as I came, my sac shrank and pulled up close to my body. Should I be concerned?—T.G., Uxbridge, Massachusetts.

Didn't we see this on "America's Funniest Home Videos"? Relax, it's natural. As you become aroused your scrotum tightens and the testes rotate until they're resting against the tissue between your scrotum and anus. When the scrotum rises to its peak, as your wife discovered, orgasm is imminent. Sex researchers believe that a man's body recognizes its vulnerability in the throes of ecstasy and takes steps to protect the testes. From what, you ask? If you're lucky, just your partner's enthusiasm.

While reading a book about Seminole Indian traditions, I came across a reference to spiderwort sap. Rubbed on the penis, this supposedly causes the organ to "swell to the size that would satisfy any woman. The tumescence later subsides with no ill effect." Does spiderwort really work?—C.P., Brooklyn, New York.

It might if you're allergic to spiderwort. The flower is just one of many supposed penis enlargers and aphrodisiacs that have been touted through the centuries—none of which have any effect other than psychological (you believe it works, so it does). During the Middle Ages, myrtle was the aphrodisiac of choice: Some people ground the flowering shrub into a pulp and rubbed it on their bodies in an effort to enhance sexual performance. You'll do better bringing her flowers than rubbing them on your penis.

One of the things I enjoy doing most with a woman is to take a shower with her and then slowly dry her with a soft towel. After that I ask her to lie on her stomach. I massage and kiss her back,

then move down to her ass and lick her anus. I get immense pleasure out of this, and most of the women I have done it to like it. Are there any risks in this practice?—P.R., Denver, Colorado.

None that can't be minimized. You're on the right track by seducing your partner after she takes a shower, especially if she thoroughly cleans her nether regions. Be careful not to move from her anus to her vagina or mouth, as that's an easy way to spread bacteria. And you may want to consider a dental dam or barrier, though they can be awkward. Helping your partner to relax before any type of anal stimulation will make the experience more rewarding. As Cathy Winks and Anne Semans note in "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex": "Anuses are the seat of much tension, so that any kind of tender tonguing will doubtless feel extremely relaxing and pleasurable to your partner."

I've heard that you can tell how well your car is running by checking the floor of your garage. What are you supposed to look for?—T.S., Alexandria, Virginia.

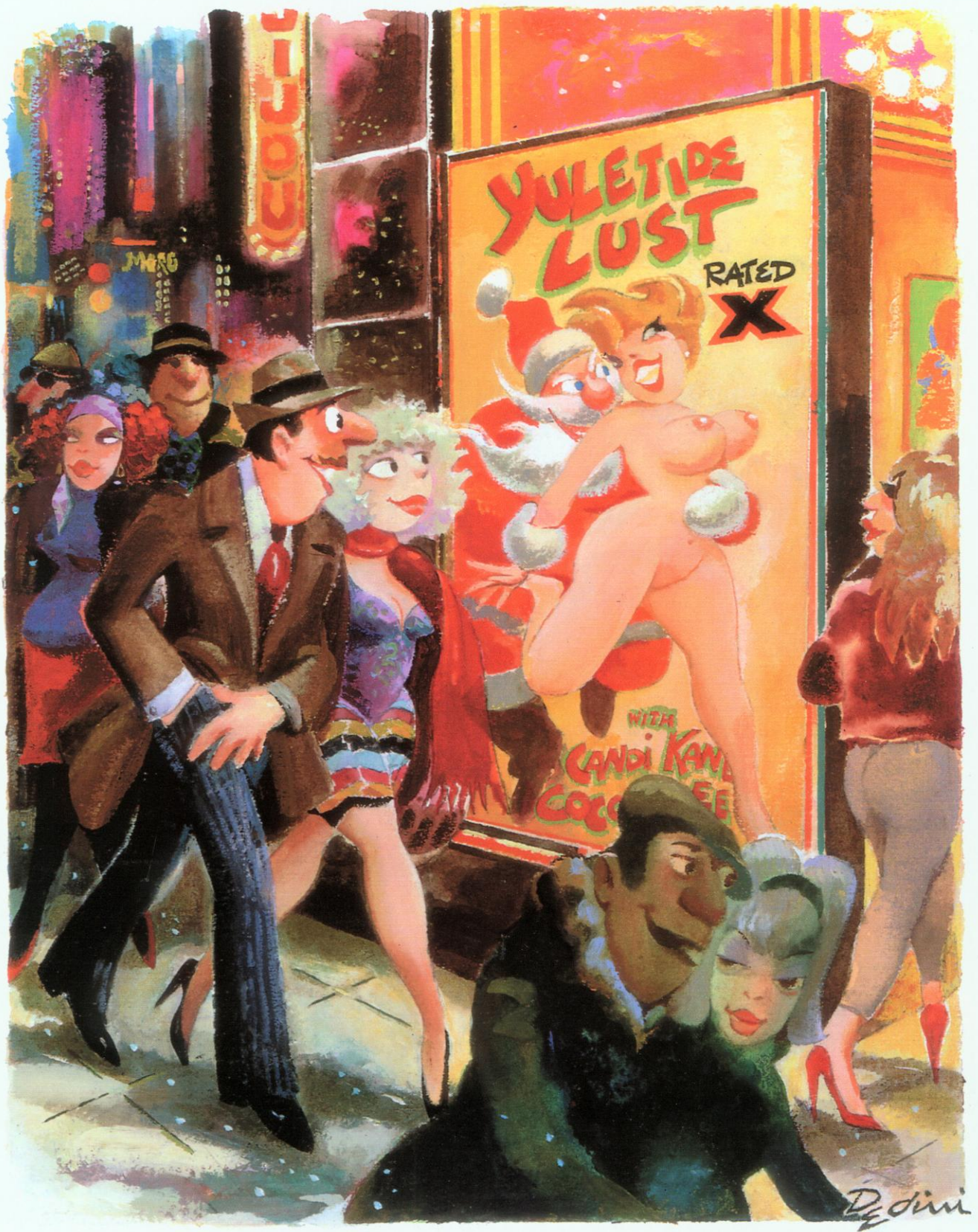
Stains. Yellowish green, pastel blue or fluorescent orange puddles indicate an overheated engine or antifreeze leak. An oily dark brown or black deposit means you could have a bad seal or gasket. An oily red spot indicates that your transmission or power steering leaks fluid. The only thing that shouldn't concern you is dripping water, which is just condensation from your air conditioner.

My boyfriend wants me to talk dirty in bed, but I'm not sure what to say. Any suggestions?—M.C., Savannah, Georgia.

Speak up. Talking dirty is easier than ordering a pizza, and you can't do it wrong, no matter what you try. Explicit isn't always the same as erotic, so there's no need to talk a blue streak if that doesn't turn you on. Instead, describe in simple language what your lover is doing to you ("you're kissing my neck," "you're touching my breasts"), what you're doing to him, what you want to be doing and what lovers elsewhere might be doing while you're doing what you're doing. As things heat up, you'll be talking dirty without even trying.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at <http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html>.





"All right! It's about time we put the X back in Xmas!"



PAMELA ANDERSON
Bikini bride

SEX STARS 1995

they surprised us from everywhere: television, tabloids, the internet. some of them even made movies

text by GRETCHEN EDGREN Time was, you knew where to find sex stars. They were bigger than life, up on the screen of a darkened movie theater. Hollywood's then powerful movie studios turned out mile-high heaps of autographed publicity stills, sent for the asking to adoring fans. Those studios are gone, but some stars still shine on celluloid. Nowadays, though, they're just as likely to enter your consciousness via TV—syndicated TV, at that—or the information superhighway. Last year's sex stars strutted off fashion-show runways and onto PLAYBOY's pages. This year, they're being downloaded hot off the Internet. Take Pamela Anderson. As Conan O'Brien quipped on *Late Night*: "A survey asking men who they would want to be stranded with on a deserted island has Pamela Anderson tied with Sharon Stone. Of course, that's the number one choice: Pamela Anderson tied to Sharon Stone." When Pam married Motley Crue drummer Tommy Lee in a seaside ceremony, the bride wore white—a white bikini. Pictures of the nuptials landed in all the tabloids, and more intimate wedding-night shots soon surfaced online. Pam's syndicated TV show, *Baywatch*, is the most watched on earth; this year she also did *Baywatch the Movie: Forbidden Paradise*, a made-for-TV Mike Hammer movie (*Come Die With Me*) and a PLAYBOY video, *The Best of Pamela Anderson*. At this year's Cannes (text continued on page 202)

AMERICA'S MOST WANTED Playmate Pam Anderson, star of the world's most watched television series, surprised *Baywatch* fans (and former beau Jon Peters) by marrying Heather Locklear's ex, drummer Tommy Lee. Megamodel Cindy Crawford, Madison Avenue's favorite spokeswoman, was the cover girl for *Esquire*'s annual "Women We Love" issue and made her first movie, *Fair Game*. And *People* proclaimed Brad Pitt "the sexiest man alive."



CINDY CRAWFORD
Free again

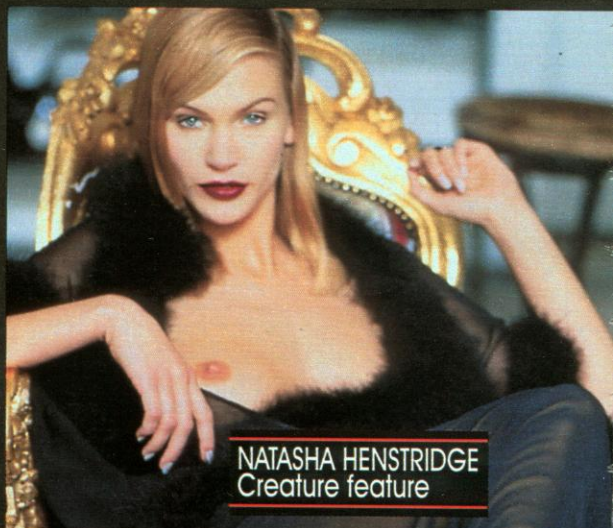
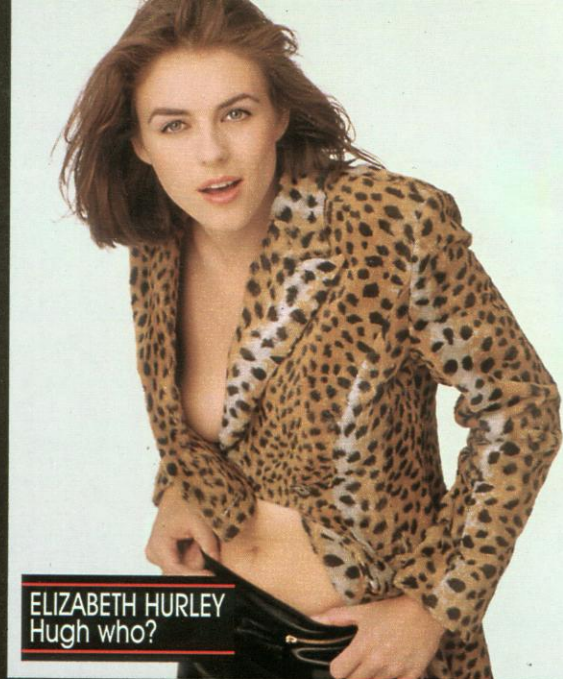


BRAD PITT
People's choice

DENNIS RODMAN
NBA's bad boy



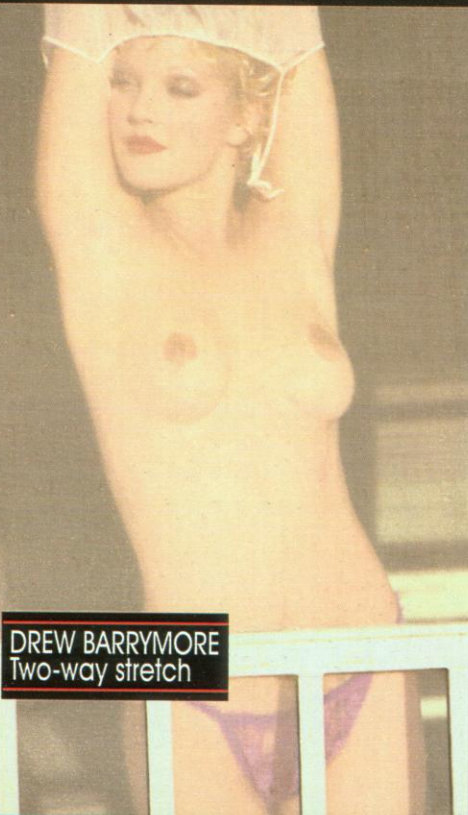
ELIZABETH HURLEY
Hugh who?



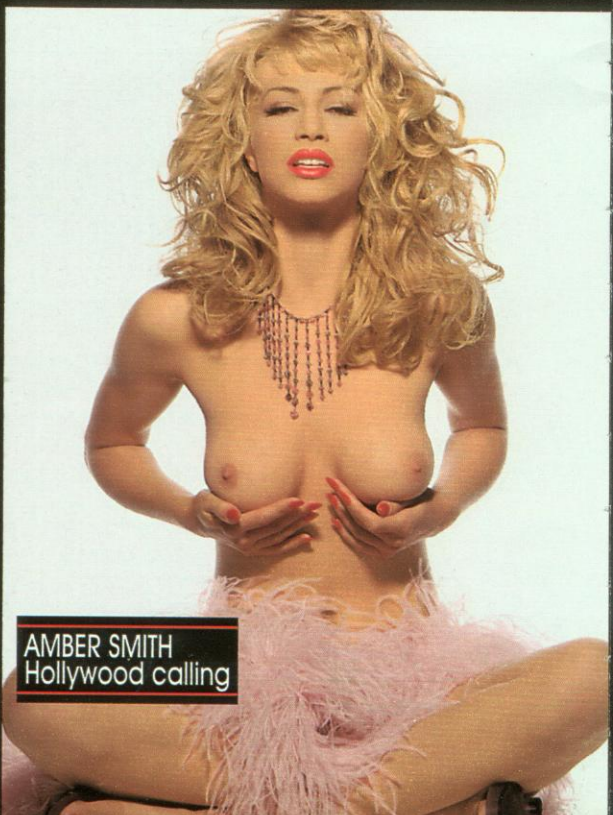
NATASHA HENSTRIDGE
Creature feature

SHOOT TO THRILL

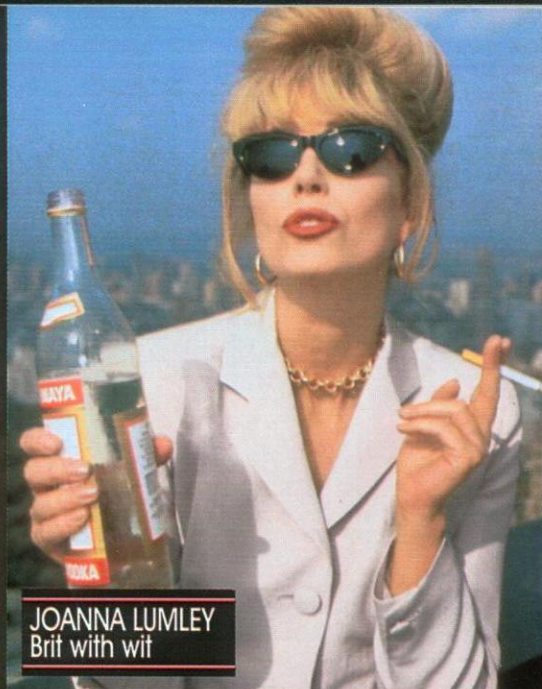
The camera loves the likes of San Antonio Spurs forward Dennis Rodman, who set basketball aside to pose for sexy photos and a *Sports Illustrated* cover; also erstwhile Hugh Grant squeeze Elizabeth Hurley, who is now enjoying a fat contract with Estée Lauder; ex-model Natasha Henstridge, the creature in *Species*; onetime Guess girl Drew Barrymore, who flashed Letterman and told *Movieline* that she likes girls, too; and supermodel Amber Smith, out in *Faithful*.



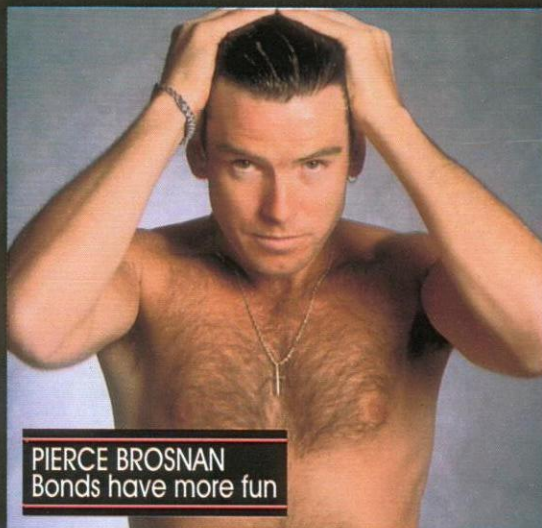
DREW BARRYMORE
Two-way stretch



AMBER SMITH
Hollywood calling



JOANNA LUMLEY
Brit with wit



PIERCE BROSNAN
Bonds have more fun



SOPHIE MARCEAU
Oui, oui!



ANTONIO BANDERAS
Son of the Sheik

COMING ACROSS Transatlantic traffic is mostly westward-bound. Joanna Lumley's performance on *Absolutely Fabulous* made such a hit with U.S. viewers that Roseanne bought the rights for a remake. Spain's Antonio Banderas, a Valentino for the Nineties, has won roles in a half-dozen films (along with Melanie Griffith's love). Irish-born Pierce Brosnan, stymied by earlier contract commitments, finally gets to be James Bond, and France's Sophie Marceau endeared herself to *Braveheart*'s Mel Gibson.



JULIE CIALINI
The prize is right



KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER
Model mom



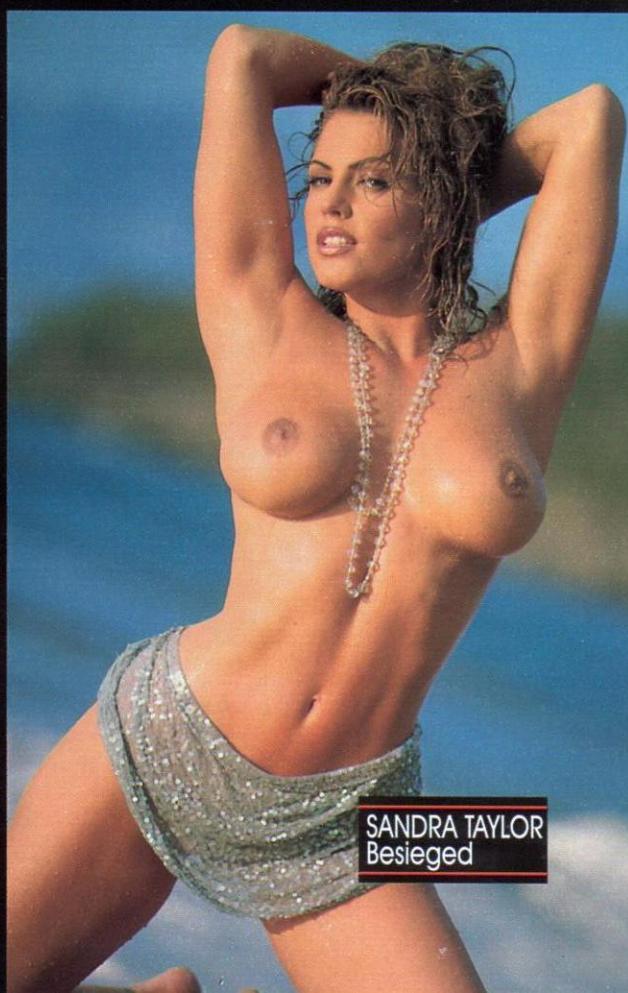
AMY LYNN BAXTER and TEMPEST
Making waves



ELLE MACPHERSON
She'll love *Lucy*



NANCY SINATRA
Back in boots



SANDRA TAYLOR
Besieged

PAGED BY PLAYBOY Since the days of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield, an appearance in *PLAYBOY* has conferred its own kind of stardom. The tradition continues with 1995 Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini, a presenter on the nighttime version of *The Price Is Right*; Kimberley Conrad Hefner, the Playmate for a Lifetime, whose latest pictorial demonstrates that marriage and motherhood have only enhanced her charms; supermodel Elle Macpherson, who signed to make *If Lucy Fell*; May cover girl Nancy Sinatra, who shed those boots and everything else to prove that she's still something at 54; Sandra Taylor, who appears with Steven Seagal in *Under Siege 2*; and Amy Lynn Baxter and Tempest, from August's *Girls of Radio* pictorial.



PAULA BARBIERI
O.J.'s squeeze



KATO KAELIN
Guest who?

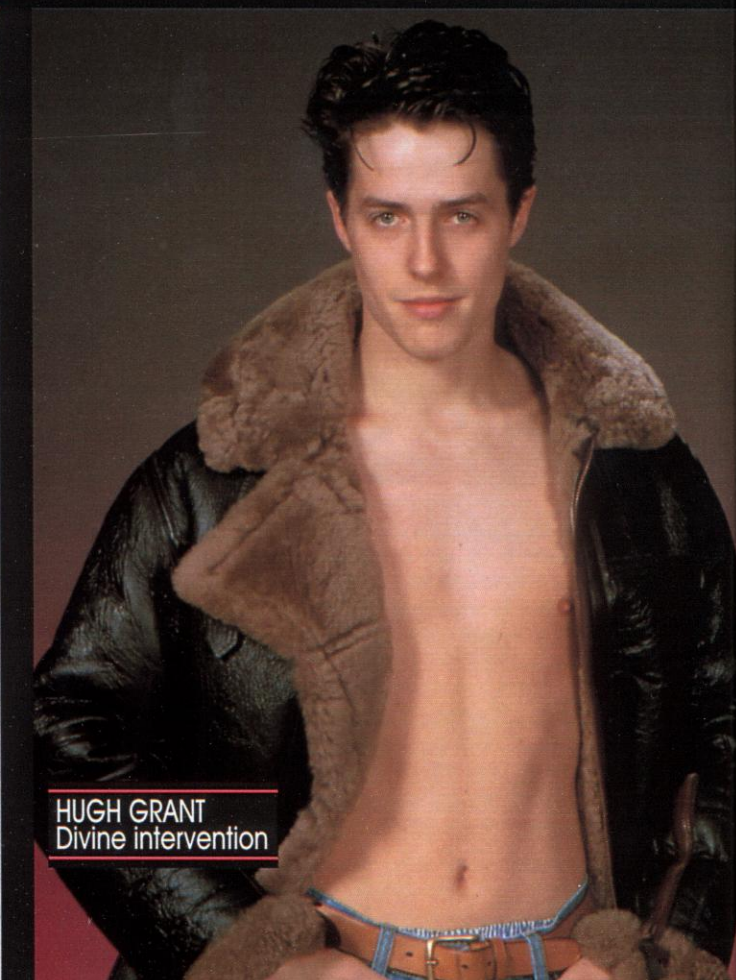


TRACI ADELL
Phone-call phenom

TABLOID CELEBRITY Popular media—from *Hard Copy* to *The National Enquirer*—create their own cadre of sex stars. From O.J. Simpson's trial coverage came his former girlfriend Paula Barbieri, houseguest Kato Kaelin and Playmate and phone-call recipient Traci Adell. Courtney Love vaulted from one scrape to another, while Hugh Grant's candid confession of guilt in his tryst with a hooker seemed to salvage his career (if not his relationship with Elizabeth Hurley). Cameras flashed as amply proportioned model (and 1993 Playmate of the Year) Anna Nicole Smith, dressed in white décolleté, bade a tearful farewell to her elderly spouse.



COURTNEY LOVE
Here comes trouble



HUGH GRANT
Divine intervention



ANNA NICOLE SMITH
Widow's peek



BUCK BROWN

"If you're going to give me a present, Santa, wrap it!"



We always celebrate those who live on the sexual frontier. Few, however, challenged PLAYBOY in quite the style of Caroline Cossey, known in modeling circles as Tula. The Divine Miss C lived life as a male until 20, when transsexual surgery

freed her to become a woman. She has appeared on many magazine covers, in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only* and in an ad campaign for Sauza tequila. This picture is from our own landmark September 1991 pictorial. *Salud, Tula!*

The Great
Pinup Reveals
Why She Vanished
And How She
Came To Star
In Every Man's
Fantasy



olivia
1992

The Real Bettie Page

By KAREN ESSEX
and JAMES SWANSON

SHE COULDN'T imagine why we wanted to write a book about her. The "modeling days," as she called them, ended decades ago. "Who wants to read about me? I'm not important. All I did was pose for some pictures."

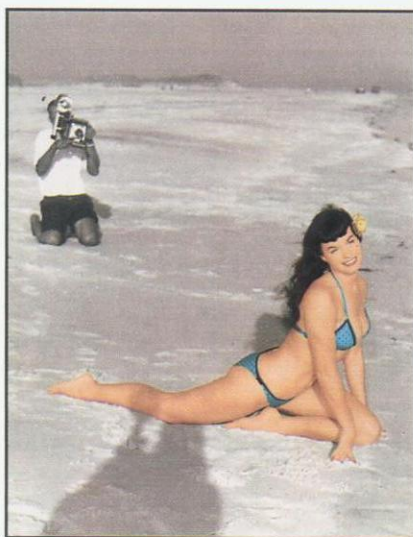
Was she kidding? In the Fifties those pictures rocked America. They violated sexual taboos, provoked the wrath of a congressional committee and made Bettie Page the greatest American pinup before she vanished in 1957 at the height of her fame. Today, because of those pictures, she is a legend, influencing contemporary style, fashion and photography from Soho to Paris. She inspires artists worldwide—not to mention fans from her heyday and those young enough to be her grandchildren. With more magazine covers than Marilyn Monroe or Cindy Crawford, she is the model of the century, yet she remains one of its best-kept secrets. Like James Dean and Monroe, she left us early; like all the great ones, she left us a look and a mystique that have endured the test of time.

Bettie Page embodied the stereotypical wholesomeness of the Fifties and the hidden sexuality straining beneath the surface. She was the ultimate model of the postwar pinup era—the girl next door, naughty and nice. Bettie was one of the first centerfolds for a fledgling men's magazine called *PLAYBOY*. More daring yet, she posed for fetish and bondage scenarios, which earned her a loyal underground following. As America grappled with the duality of its sexual longings, she ripped through layers of repression and served as a harbinger to a more liberated time just around the corner.

The real Bettie Page never understood that she had done something important. During her 38-year self-imposed exile she became a worldwide phenomenon. For decades, Page cultists, as well as journalists, publishers, photographers and the curious, tried to lure her out of seclusion. When bondage apparel became fashion, she was right back in the mainstream along with the garments she used to wear. Bettie glorified fetish, seduction and voyeurism long before Versace, Gaultier, Dolce & Gabbana and other top de-



Bettie at age 17. Co-editor of her high school paper and yearbook, she was voted "most likely to succeed" by classmates.



Modeling for camera club members in New York in 1955: "My glory days," she says.

signers. She is the dark Monroe and the precursor to Madonna, the third member of a triptych of American style and sexuality.

She was always elusive, even before she vanished. She inspired Hugh Hefner, but he had never met her. An infatuated Howard Hughes summoned her, but she would not go. Gay Talese sought her for his book about the sexual revolution, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, but he couldn't find her. Willie Morris pined for her in one of *Esquire's* "Women We Love" issues. Through the decades, public and private appeals for Bettie Page went unanswered.

Then, in 1991, an article appeared in *USA Today* about the missing pinup queen and the growing Page phenomenon—posters, T-shirts, buttons, model kits, a comic book and a motion picture—surrounding a woman no one had seen for decades.

In late 1992 *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* aired a segment with a man who said he was Bettie Page's brother. It included an audiotape of a woman insisting she was the real Bettie Page—alive and well, amazed at her popularity and refusing to be seen. Immediately, Karen Essex contacted Bettie's brother, only to be told he had engaged James Swanson, an attorney and writer who represents artists, models and photographers. Inundated with requests from merchandisers, producers, fans, cranks and opportunists, the family hired James to protect Bettie from the consequences of her fame.

It became clear that someone was going to write a book about Bettie, with or without her cooperation. She remained uninterested because she believed people wouldn't care about her story. But James began sending Bettie recent newspaper and magazine clippings about her.

Finally, Bettie agreed to talk, but she didn't want to see us (meaning she didn't want us to see her). She said she was old now and no longer beautiful. And wouldn't we be wasting our time traveling across the country to write a book about a woman no one remembered?

We let her know that others were searching for her and planning to write about her. If there were a book to be written, shouldn't it be based on her recollections? Reluctantly, she told us to come—without cameras.

As we drove into the California desert for our rendezvous, giddy with



Bettie with a boyfriend in Miami, April 1955 (above). "He was a great kisser," she says. Right: in a Florida amusement park.



the idea that we would be the first writers to meet her, we asked many questions. Was she a feisty sexual renegade or a broken and bitter recluse? Did she see herself as a victim? What was the source of her magic? How was it that for the past four decades, she had become more famous? Most important, how could we be sure it was her?

In the end, we didn't need identification; we knew it was her the moment we saw her. She opened the door and we felt the thrill of recognition. The same eyes, the same smile and even the same long hair, though now gray. The spirit in the old photos still radiated from the sporty 72-year-old woman standing before us.

The real Bettie Page is a soft-spoken, unpretentious woman who has retained her Southern accent and manners. During our week with her she spoke candidly about her life and demonstrated an uncanny recall of past events. As she reviewed photos she hadn't seen in more than 40 years, she identified the dresses she had made, the names of the streets she had walked down, her first bikini and what she was thinking as she sat on her grandmother's stoop as a small child. She seemed shy at first. But once she relaxed, she was chatty and funny—and keenly interested in whether a picture of her was good or bad.

The real Bettie Page is a lot like the Bettie Page in the photographs. She communicates many of the same characteristics: authenticity, sweetness, a sense of fun, lack of guile, openness, accessibility, jauntiness. She is an intelligent woman with a great interest in books and films, an avid reader mostly of history and biography. She does not seem like the kind of person who would hide herself away for decades.

Nothing about Bettie Page's background suggests she was destined to be a star. She was born in Nashville in 1923 to Roy and Edna Page, neither of whom advanced beyond the third grade. The family was so poor that, according to Bettie, the six children were lucky to get oranges in their Christmas stockings. Roy's philandering—the source of constant family arguments—resulted in the impregnation of a 15-year-old neighbor girl, and Edna threw him out. However, she received no child support and had to put her daughters into an orphanage for one year during the Depression. Bettie honed her modeling skills by playing glamour games with her sisters and



Bettie clowns at home in Tennessee with sister Joyce, circa 1954 (above, center). Bettie frequently visited her family in Nashville during her modeling days in the Fifties. Bettie's sisters Joyce and Goldie modeled professionally with her several times. Above: Bettie promotes the Irving Klaw film *Teaserama* during an interview with WABC Radio in New York, 1955. Left and opposite: Two sides of Bettie from photographer Bunny Yeager.





The Rocketeer rescues Bettie Page from her captors (left). In 1982 artist Dave Stevens set the Bettie Page revival in motion with the publication of his comic book, *The Rocketeer*. Combining nostalgia, adventure, a hero with a rocket pack and a raven-haired girl named Bettie, *The Rocketeer* was an unexpected sensation. The *Village Voice* voted it "the greatest comic book in the world." The *Rocketeer* phenomenon climaxed in 1991 with the release of the Disney motion picture. Bettie Page had no idea she was a comic-book heroine or that the comic had inspired a movie. She saw the film for the first time—and loved it—at a screening at the Playboy Mansion for her, Stevens and a small group of friends. Stevens' follow-up, *Bettie Page Comics*, will be published late this fall.

other girls in the orphanage.

When she returned home from the orphanage, Bettie was confronted with a new problem. Edna allowed Roy, who was now finished with the 15-year-old, to rent a room in the family home. By the time Bettie was 13, Roy had begun to sexually abuse her, which she endured for the better part of a year. He bribed her with dimes to go to the movies, that he knew were her passion, in exchange for sexual favors. Bettie submitted to her father's wishes and told no one—for 59 years.

Given the problems at home, Bettie decided that an education would be her ticket out of poverty. As a teenager, she spent afternoons and evenings at a community center, where she spent long hours reading and doing schoolwork. "I was never the smartest," she says now, "but I studied all the time." She entered Hume-Fogg High School in 1937, coveting the full scholarship to Vanderbilt that came with the honor of being valedictorian. Always a straight-A student despite her many extracurricular activities, Bettie skipped an art class to rehearse for a play and got her first B. The scholarship was lost, and she was devastated.

Still, Bettie persevered. She worked her way through George Peabody College for Teachers as secretary to the professor of education Alfred Leland Crabb. After the breakup of her first



Bettie by Bunny Yeager (above and top opposite). Olivia De Bernardinis, a longtime *PLAYBOY* contributor, has painted Bettie Page for more than ten years and has featured her in books, calendars, prints and paintings. Her *Crackers in Bed* (opposite) was based on an Irving Klaw photo. "I see breathtaking women all the time," says De Bernardinis of her favorite subject, "but they can't get across this kind of magic. Bettie could. She paraded around in impossible high heels. She could play dominant or submissive roles and look as if she were having a ball. She was remarkable."



marriage and a stint at teaching, she drifted from San Francisco to Haiti to Miami to Washington, D.C., eventually settling in New York in 1950. There she was discovered on the beach at Coney Island.

Page spent seven years modeling. She worked for camera clubs on weekends, and on weekdays Irving "Pinup King" Klaw and his sister Paula photographed her in a variety of poses, including the legendary bondage tableaux. She posed for dozens of men's magazines. In the evenings she worked for studios that rented models and space to photographers by the hour. She did her own makeup, set her own hair, booked her own appointments. She never had a publicist, agency, manager or lawyer. She worked with Bunny Yeager and other

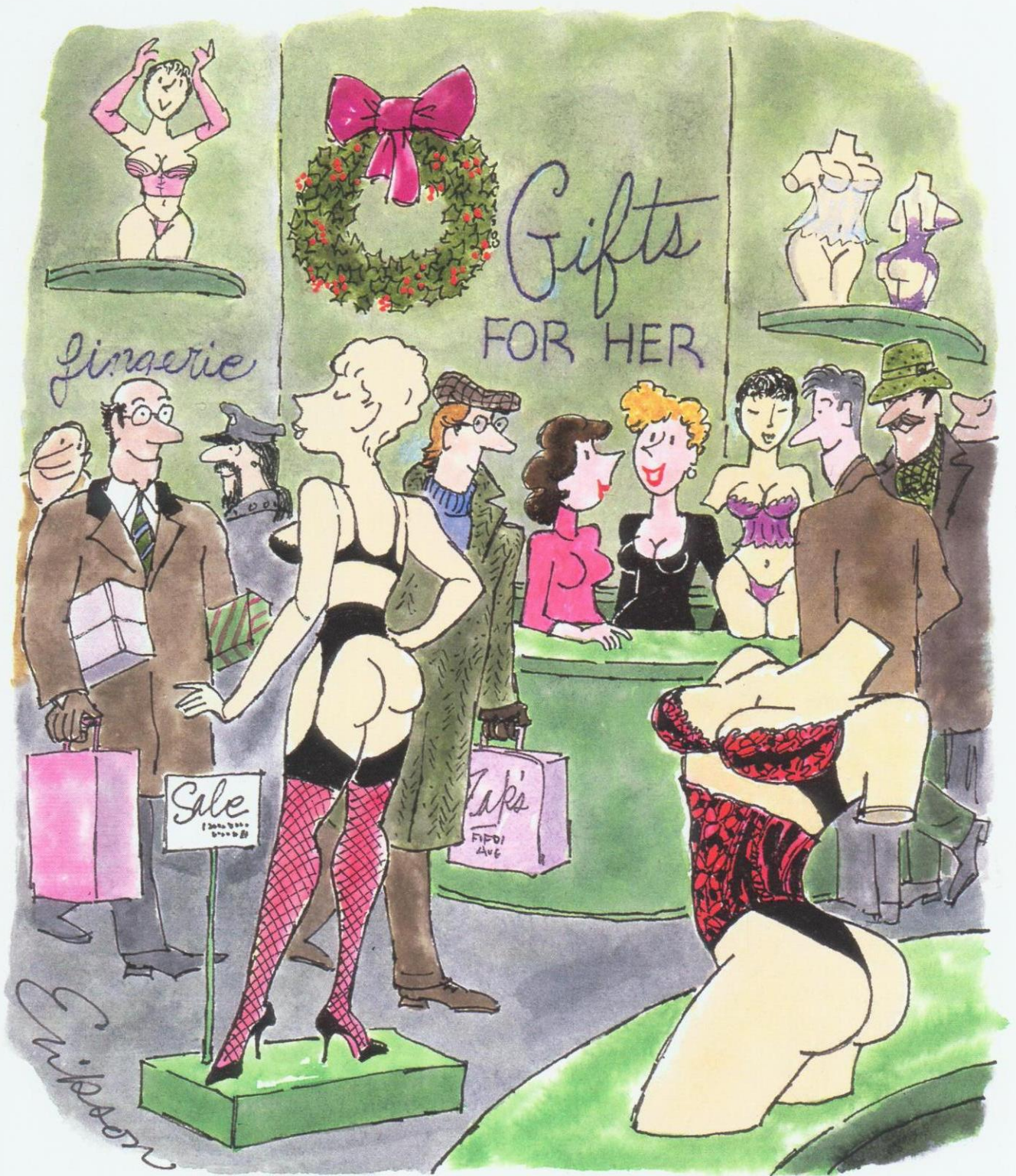


Florida photographers who immortalized her in series of postcards still sold widely today. But she never solicited work. She just let it all happen. The closest she came to a mentor was her acting teacher, Herbert Berghof, who encouraged her to audition for Broadway plays. She never took his advice. "He believed in me, but I didn't believe I could do it. I really lacked ambition in those days," she says wistfully. "I did nothing to promote myself."

During her modeling career, Bettie had admirers, but she maintains that she had fewer dates during those days than at any other time in her life. "I think most men were afraid of models who had any kind of name."

Nonetheless, she did have relationships with a few lucky men, though she never dated (continued on page 198)





"Is this heartwarming or what? Each of them searching for something to gladden the heart of a loved one."

TORRID TORRES

miss december is
spain's hottest
export since salsa

A WICKED squall bursts across South Beach, Miami's mecca for models, and it's headed straight for Samantha Torres. "Doesn't that figure," says Miss December, eyeing the approaching storm. "I wear sheer white, and it pours." The rain is now seconds away from drenching her teeny halter top and micro-skirt and rendering them all but transparent. Shrugging off a suggestion that she take cover, Samantha presses on, as fast as her three-inch platform shoes will allow. As if startled by the audacity of this 22-year-old blonde, the storm suddenly turns to a drizzle. Still dry, Samantha continues her march up Ocean Drive, finally settling in for cappuccino at trendy Caffe Milano. "You have to seize the moment," she says, laughing at her luck with the weather.

That philosophy drives almost everything Samantha does. Take the way she fell into modeling. Two years ago, as a goof, some friends entered her in a beauty contest on Ibiza, the Spanish island where Samantha grew up. She won that

"I have a lot of different looks when I model, which will be good if I become an actress. Usually, though, I get assignments that call for someone who's sensuous and strong. I could never be one of those flat-chested Armani types."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG





pageant and went on to be crowned Miss Spain and then become one of Europe's hottest models. "I do well as a model," she concedes, "but I think of it only as a stepping-stone to acting, which is my true love. I don't have a master plan, but I know what I want to do: become a sexy, sensual actress like Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*."

Samantha has never been shy about getting what she wants.

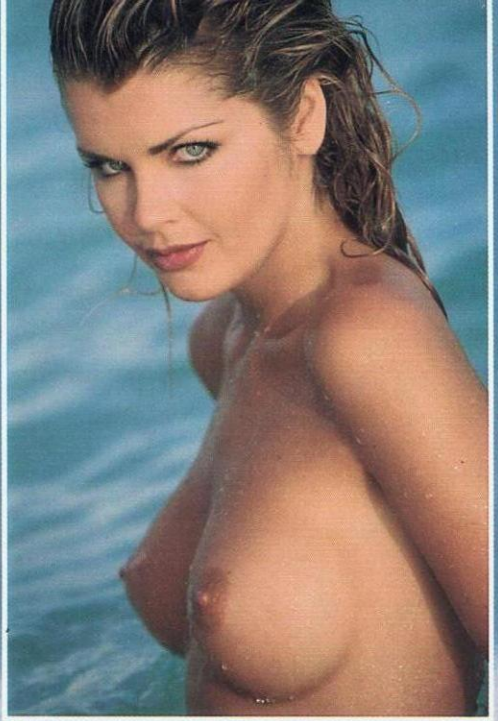


Some of her first words as a child were a command to the family cook: "Harold, beans on toast." It's still a favorite meal. As a toddler, she once commandeered a lift in a hotel and wouldn't give up the controls until the staff gave her chocolates. Samantha speaks English like a native Brit, having spent

Samantha learned to swim at age 18 months and studied gymnastics for seven years. Here, she practices both skills as she kicks up her high heels in an exotic version of underwater ballet.







When Samantha was a teenager, she wrecked her motorbike on Ibiza and spent nearly a year on crutches. "I still ride, though," she says, restating her personal motto: "I'm not afraid of anything."





three years at a boarding school in London. The accent vanishes when she speaks Spanish or Ibizenco, the dialect of Ibiza.

Now that she keeps an apartment in Miami, Samantha rarely gets back home, but it's definitely where her heart is. "It's magical. I water-ski, swim, scuba dive, play squash, ride my horse to the beach. I never sit still. And Spanish men are so special because they're strong and never boring."

Samantha admits some men are put off by her independence and stubborn streak, but she's not about to change. "I'm happy with who I am, how I look and what I'm doing. This is me, like it or lump it." —TOM WOTHERSPOON

"I'm shy in a way, and hard to figure out," claims Samantha, "but when I'm onstage or in front of a camera, I bring out what I don't show in public."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Samantha Torres

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 53 kilos

BIRTH DATE: 6 OCT 73 BIRTHPLACE: IBIZA, SPAIN

AMBITIONS: To be considered one of the most sexy actresses.

TURN-ONS: Reenacting scenes from "9 1/2 weeks" with my boyfriend.

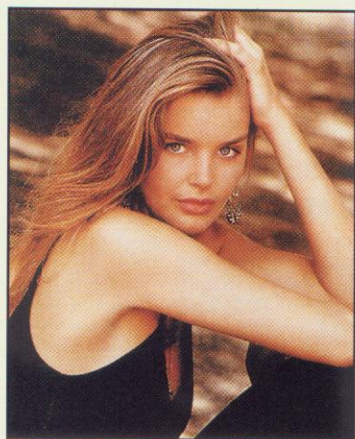
TURN-OFFS: Moody people, bad tempers, guys on steroids and guys in elastic-tight jeans, white socks and black shoes.

I'LL NEVER: Quit until I'm good and ready.

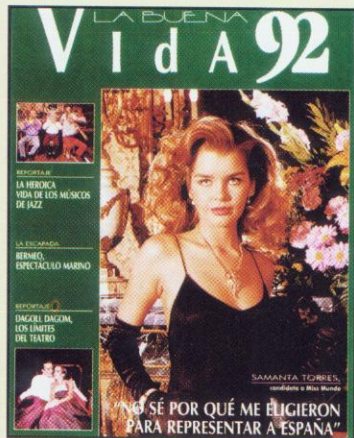
NOBODY KNOWS: That I'm embarrassed by my laugh. I sound like a donkey. So please don't ever tickle me.

CALL ME CRAZY, BUT: I eat baked beans on toast and banana sandwiches.

I MAY LOOK INNOCENT: But I'm wild at heart.



Sexy eyes



Lover girl



The Bacall look

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man ordered four expensive 30-year-old single malts and had the bartender line them up in front of him. Then, without pausing, he downed each one.

"Whew," the barkeep remarked, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"You would be too if you had what I have."

"What do you have?" the bartender sympathetically asked.

"Fifty cents."

How do prostitutes go to college? On the Hugh Grant, of course.



While scavenging behind a toaster, a mouse bumped into an old acquaintance. "It's been a long time," the first said. "How's everything?"

"Great," the other replied. "I have three brothers in pharmaceutical testing and a sister in heart research."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: After a heavy necking session ended short of consummation, the young man's date told him he would be welcome to come over the following Sunday when her parents would be at church. "Only this time," she said with a grin, "bring condoms."

In anticipation, the fellow stopped at the local drugstore on his way home and asked the pharmacist to give him the best condoms on the market.

Sunday, he headed to the girl's house and rang the bell. Her father opened the door and glared long and hard before admitting him.

When the time came for the parents to leave for church, the young man asked if he could join them. His surprised girlfriend whispered, "Since when are you a churchgoer?"

"Since when is your dad a pharmacist?"

What do you call 100 lawyers skydiving out of an airplane? Skeet.

The Irishman was always getting into brawls. His wife decided to put a stop to it the night he came home with a black eye, a swollen lip and a few missing teeth.

"All right, who was it this time?" she asked.

"Oh, me and O'Leary had a few words, that's all."

"O'Leary?" she shrieked. "You mean to stand there and tell me a weak, sniveling little pipsqueak like O'Leary did all that to you?"

"Now, now, love," he said. "'Tain't nice to speak ill of the dead."

While at dinner, a man struck up a conversation with a woman in the dining car of a cross-country train. Both, it turned out, were married and both were traveling on business.

Following several after-dinner drinks, the woman confessed that she was sure her skirt-chasing husband would be unfaithful while she was away. The man admitted he had a similar fear about his wife. "Since we are in the same situation," the man suggested with an eager gleam in his eye, "perhaps we could exact revenge together."

Without another word, the two made their way to his sleeping compartment, where their partners' adultery was passionately avenged.

The two lay still for several minutes afterward. Then, as her lover turned over to sleep, the woman whispered, "How about one more act of revenge?"

"Sorry," he yawned, "I've already forgiven my wife."

Why do men love cars more than women? Because there's a better chance that their cars will turn over in the morning.

A middle-aged fellow was approached by a hooker on a downtown street. "How about a blow job for 50 bucks, honey?" she asked.

"No way," the man said. "I'm married."

"So?"

"So," he replied, "my wife will do it for 40."



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you call 100 heavily armed lesbians? Militia Etheridge.

A Wall Street broker came home unexpectedly one afternoon and found his wife in bed with a handsome young man. The husband's face reddened. "How are you going to explain this?" he exploded.

"It's simple," his wife calmly replied. "I've gone public."

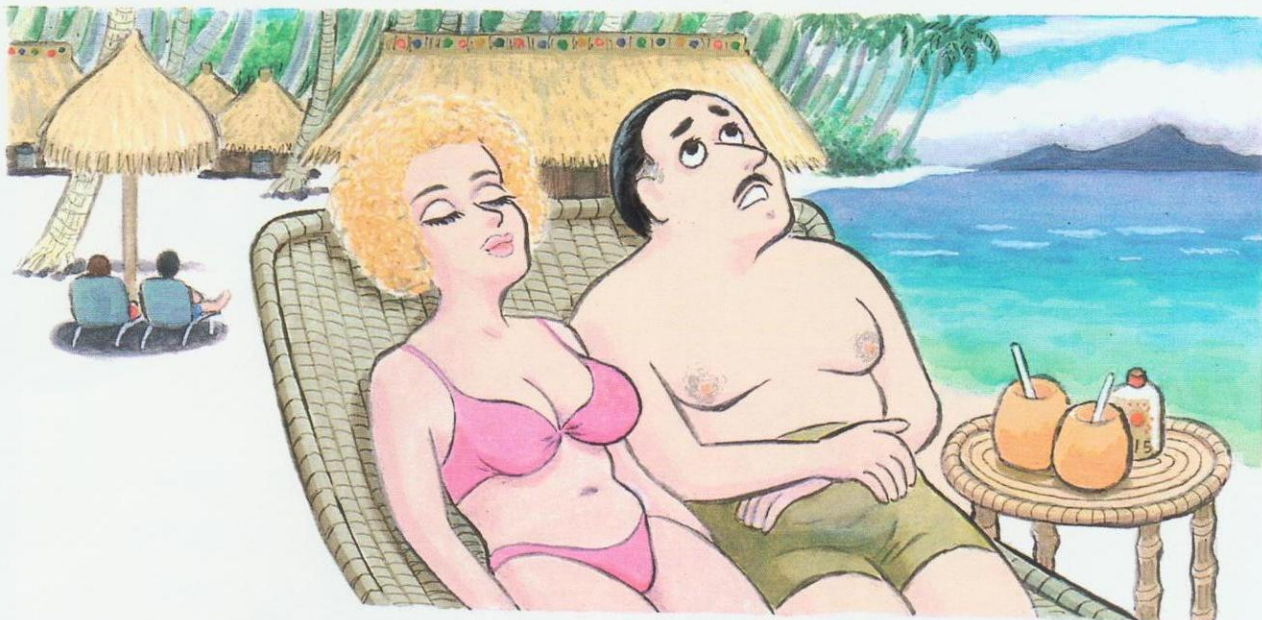
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



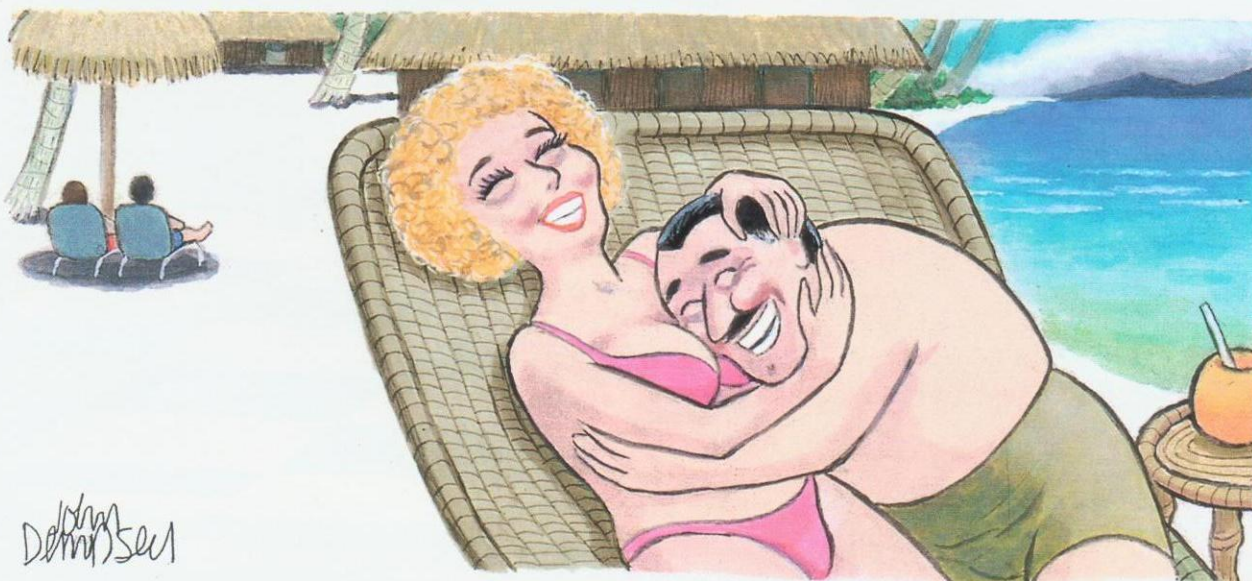
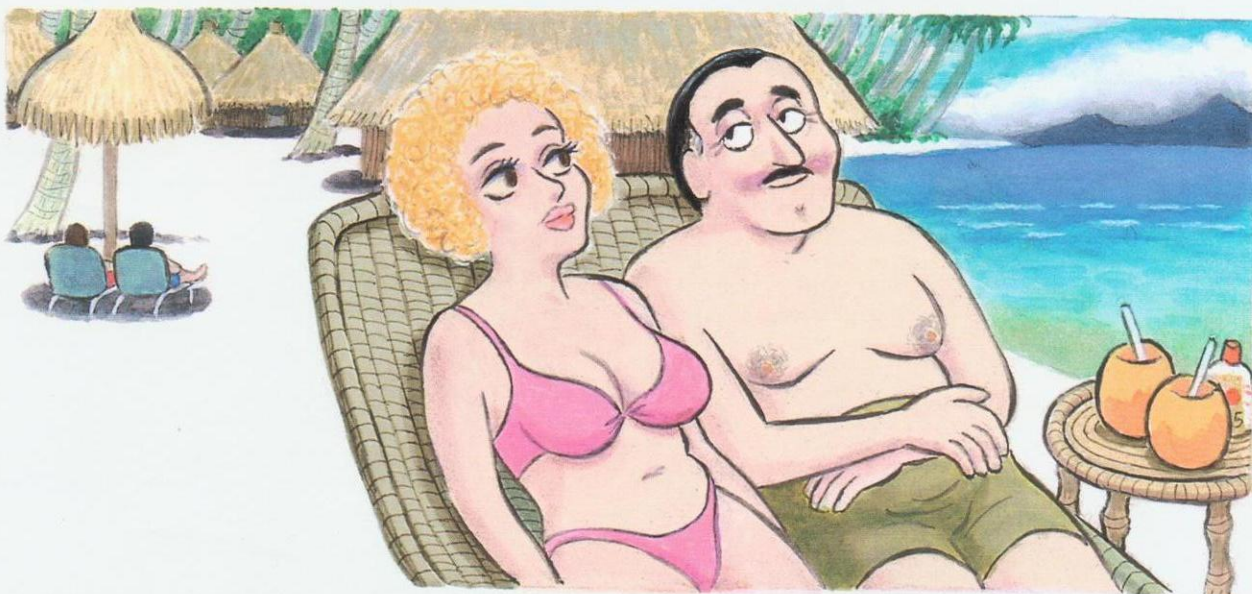
"Quite frankly, I've had enough of good little boys and girls for one night."



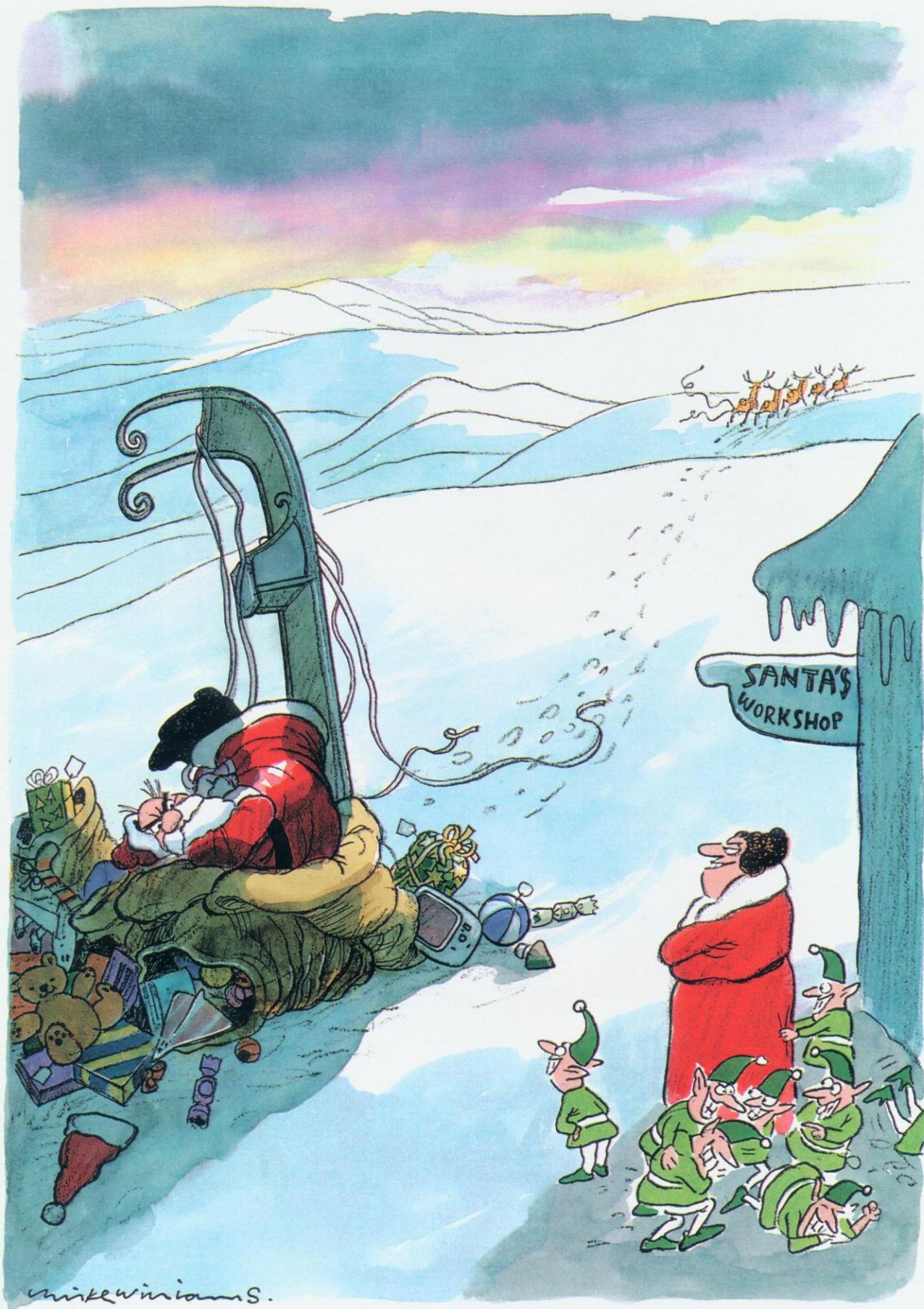
"I knew I heard caroling last night!"



"Isn't it unfortunate that business took us away from our families this Christmas?"



John Debra Seci



"Not a very auspicious beginning to the Yuletide season, dear."



farrah fawcett
stars in a
personal first

FARRAH!

WHAT IS stardom? To some it means money, bright lights, fans clamoring for a split second of your time. But to Farrah Fawcett, a woman we have loved since she was our December 1978 cover girl, stardom means freedom. "I can choose my own projects," she says in that sweet, melodic voice of hers—the kittenish voice of a tigress. "That means other people no longer can invent my image for me." It means that Farrah, who bravely quit TV's top-rated *Charlie's Angels* to test herself in films, the stage drama *Extremities* and a series of acclaimed television movies, never quits looking for new challenges.

Now she's doing another brave thing. Yes, the rumors are true: Farrah does *PLAYBOY*. We spent ten days together on the isle of St. Barthélemy in the West Indies. The setting was gorgeous; Farrah made it look plain by comparison. What happened between us was just what you would expect: truth and beauty.

"I wanted to make an artistic statement," Farrah says. "For years I've dealt with an image of me that other people created. Fans hand me posters, pictures, T-shirts to sign, and they talk about having fantasies about me! I decided, if they're going to have fantasies, I'll give them what I think they should have.

"As much as I wanted this, it wasn't

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR

STYLING BY STEPHEN EARABINO/SMASHBOX BEAUTY • MAKEUP BY JOANNE GAIR FOR CLOUTIER USING MAKE-UP FOREVER
HAIR BY WARD • HAIR COLORIST ROBERTO RAMOS/ESTILO SALON





easy," she continues. Her famous lover-housemate-hero Ryan O'Neal "gave me courage. I'm shy, even with Ryan. After 14 years I still can't let him see me change clothes! But he said, 'You look incredible. You have the most beautiful body, not a flaw.'" Ryan played PLAYBOY photographer at home, shooting practice Polaroids until Farrah's doubts melted. On St. Bart's she surprised photographer Davis Factor, who had shot an *Esquire Gentleman* pictorial with her but hadn't met this new Farrah. "She amazed me," Factor says. "Farrah is shy about her body—don't ask me why, it's the body of an 18-year-old—and that shyness did not disappear. But something new did appear on St. Bart's. Something like the ultimate Farrah." Factor cites a blend of timing, setting and star that made "a moment that was meant to be."

More vital, perhaps, was a factor Farrah prizes most of all. "It's all about guts," she says. "It's about feeling what's right and then doing it." Best example: Before she flew to St. Bart's, Ryan asked, "How will you do this if you can't stand even me seeing you nude?" Farrah bit her famed lip and said, "Don't worry. When the time's right, it'll come to me."

Right again, Farrah.

This is no act. "I can't be sexy on command," Farrah says. "In fact, the worst thing a photographer or director can say to me is, 'Be sexy.' I lock up and have no idea what it means." On St. Bart's she spent long days indulging "my heart and my mind's eye," with all-natural results.











"I wanted these photographs to be works of art," says Farrah, "so the viewer's eye doesn't necessarily go to the nudity, but rather to the expression, the composition, the thought. I expect these photos to be controversial. Most of my life has been. So why not the photos, too?"





1996 PLAYMATE CALENDARS

JULIE LYNN CIALINI PHOTO BY ARNY FREYTAG

© 1995 Playboy

DECEMBER 1996							NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
29	30	31					JANUARY						
							S	M	T	W	T	F	S
							5	6	7	8	9	10	11
							12	13	14	15	16	17	18
							19	20	21	22	23	24	25
							26	27	28	29	30	31	

Dream Dates

Enjoy January through December with a different Playmate each month.

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59177)

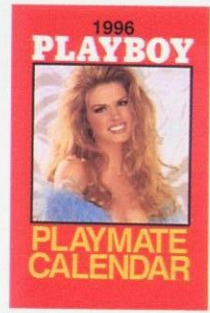
Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59177, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

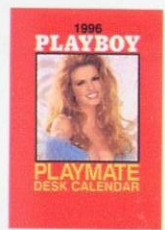
Please include a \$2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional \$3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

ALSO AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

\$5.95
EACH



WALL CALENDAR
8 1/8" x 12 3/4"
Item CNCC1996W



DESK CALENDAR
5 1/8" x 7 3/4"
Item CNCC1996D



KELLY GALLAGHER



CINDY BROWN



VICTORIA ZDROK



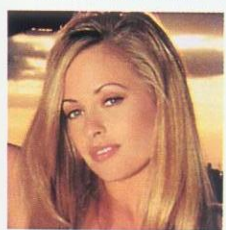
STACY SANCHES



ELISA BRIDGES



TRACI ADELL



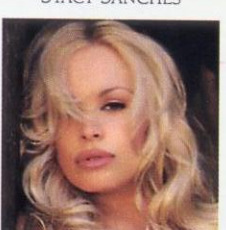
RHONDA ADAMS



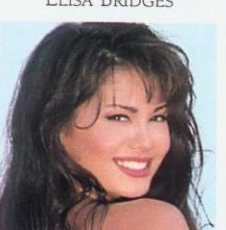
MARIA CHECA



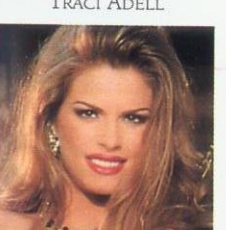
DANELLE FOLTA



MELISSA HOLLIDAY



LISA MARIE SCOTT

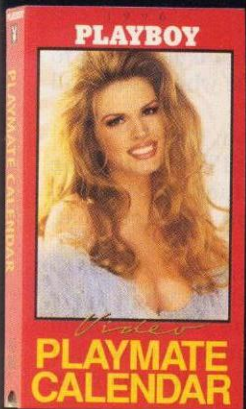


JULIE LYNN CIALINI



"It's my fault. I couldn't resist telling them what a warm reception I received here last Christmas."

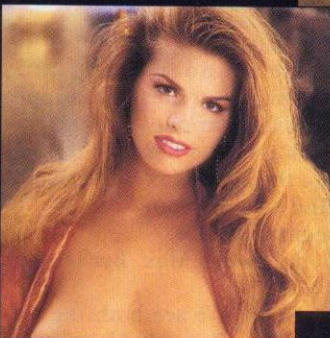
1996 VIDEO PLAYMATE CALENDAR



Only
\$19⁹⁵

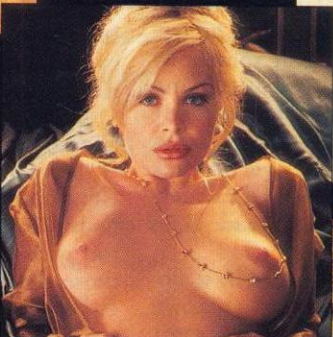
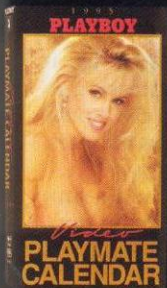
Enjoy Julie in June and Danelle in December. Or Melissa in

March and Stacy in September. Anyway you look at it, the 1996 Video Playmate Calendar adds up to a solid year of sexy entertainment! Twelve of Playboy's most desirable Playmates reveal all in intimate vignettes that you'll replay and savor month after month. So clear your appointments and make room on your schedule—a dozen Playmates have a date to keep with you! Featuring Victoria Zdrok, Kelly Gallagher, Cindy Brown, Rhonda Adams, Julie Cialini (1995 Playmate of the Year), Traci Adell, Melissa Holliday, Maria Checa, Elisa Bridges, Danelle Folta, Stacy Sanches and Lisa Marie Scott. Approx. 55 min. **CR1810V \$19.95**



Also Available 1995 VIDEO PLAYMATE CALENDAR

Featuring Neriah Davis, Elan Carter, Becky DelosSantos, Shae Marks, Julie Lynn Cialini, Julianna Young, Anna-Marie Goddard (40th Anniversary Playmate), Jennifer Lavoie, Carrie Westcott, Arlene Baxter, Jenny McCarthy (1994 Playmate of the Year), Elke Jeinsen. VHS. Approx. 55 min. **CR1809V \$19.95**



Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59174).

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59174, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a \$4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional \$3.00 per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at your local video and music stores.

"This is my life. I have never told anyone these things and I want to get them off my chest."

her photographers. She was more interested in regular guys. She dated college men, aspiring actors and enlisted men. While she dated a few prominent men such as Richard Arbib, the noted industrial designer, she thwarted the advances of the rich and famous.

In 1955, Bettie was 32 years old but looked and claimed to be ten years younger. It was then that the bondage exploits caught up with her. Irving Klaw was hounded by a congressional committee that attempted to link a bondage

photograph of Bettie to the suicide of a 17-year-old boy. Bettie was visited by federal agents who accused her and Klaw of making pornography. The committee forced Klaw to shred thousands of photos of Bettie. In 1957 Irving and Paula Klaw ceased production of their pinups.

Bettie was appalled by the government's treatment of the Klaws, but she had bigger problems. She had become the victim of a stalker, a 16-year-old boy who wrote her anonymous letters full of

ugly threats. Though he was caught by the FBI, the incident frightened her. Then there were romance problems. Bettie's boyfriend of three years began to pester her to marry him. She knew she didn't love him, and she began to think seriously about leaving New York.

It was around this time that the police knocked on Bettie's door with "pornographic" pictures of her that were being sold at newsstands. Years before, she had gone to a party where she was encouraged to take a drink or two. She became intoxicated and ended up taking off her clothes and posing in more explicit ways than she had previously done. She remembered the evening sketchily, but the police confronted her with a most unhappy reminder: The shutterbug, in serious debt from gambling, had sold the illicit photographs.

It was time to move on. Quietly, Bettie Page left New York. She called Paula Klaw to say that she was going to Florida and that she would write. She put her belongings in storage in New Jersey, said goodbye to her friends and left the city.

Bettie told us her story right up to the present. She apologized for not living a more fascinating life. "I guess you'll have to invent things about me to make it more interesting. Well, I trust you. Let your imaginations run wild." She insisted we leave in the grimmer personal experiences, including the childhood sexual abuse.

We gave her ample time to change her mind. "Are you sure about this?" we would ask periodically. "Put it all in there," she would say. "This is my life, both the good and the bad. I have never told anyone these things and I want to get them off my chest."

Bettie, it should be noted, doesn't regard herself as a victim. "I never felt like a victim because of what my father did to me," she says. She doesn't even believe that what happened with her father tainted her attitudes toward sex. "I've taken it in stride." Bettie believes in a woman's right to express herself sexually—in the bedroom and before the camera. She will happily talk about enjoying sex with the men she loved. "Women who do not express themselves sexually become repressed," she insists. "And that causes them to suffer."

Bettie Page has a difficult time seeing herself as the sexual pioneer others describe. She admits to no sexual arousal while being photographed, no feeling of power in front of the camera. "I was just worried about doing a good job," she says. Yet she admits that she often pretended the camera was a man.

Why would a proper Southern girl in the Fifties allow herself to be tied up, gagged and photographed? Bondage,



"I don't see the gizmo you'd push when you wanted, say, a samba beat."

bikinis, stockings and high heels—according to Bettie, they were all parts of the job. As far as the nudity was concerned, she always believed the body was beautiful. “I never had any bad feelings about posing nude because I always felt that God did not disapprove of it. I never felt ashamed. I like a good nude. I like to look at them. I even thought of joining a nudist colony.” Laughing, she adds, “I was happy as a lark stark naked.”

Why, then, did she remain hidden all those years? According to Bettie, she didn't. The public perception was that she took steps to change her identity and to live in seclusion after she left New York, but she disputes those notions. “I don't know where those rumors came from. I was never in hiding about anything. I went right on living my life in the open.” She didn't even bother to change her name. “I never tried to keep away from people. I just was through with my modeling career and went on to something else.”

Although Bettie has lived in California since 1978—in the midst of her fandom—she didn't know about the Bettie Page phenomenon. Over the years, a relative or friend would see a picture of her or tell her about an article, but Bettie dismissed each incident as an isolated one. Occasionally, someone would ask her if she was Bettie Page. She would usually just smile and say, “Who's that?” She didn't even know that a character in *The Rocketeer* is based on her. In fact, Bettie saw that film for the first time in 1994 when Hugh Hefner screened it for her at the Playboy Mansion. As odd as it seems, she never had a clue about her popularity. And now that she does, it won't change her life. She receives frequent offers to make public appearances, but she would rather preserve her privacy and be remembered as she was.

Bettie was extremely honest with us. She told us everything she remembered about her life, from the trivial to the traumatic. We learned about the husbands, lovers and sexual transgressions. She spared nothing. Yet, in the end, we were less confident in speculating about Bettie's life, and the motives behind her actions, than we were before we learned the facts.

Like most people, Bettie is full of contradictions. One could say that she gave up too easily—on teaching, on acting, on two of her husbands. But with other things, she tried too hard—with her first husband, Billy, whom she married twice; with trying to please every two-bit photographer in New York while ignoring better opportunities.

Bettie is an unwitting symbol of liberated sexuality, a Southern gentlewoman delighted to admit that bondage modeling was “a ball.” As she was enigmatic during her time as a model—the wholesome beach bunny in one shot, the dark

angel of strange sexual proclivity in the next—so she remains today: unique, paradoxical, ingenuous.

The real Bettie Page isn't articulate on the subject of her legend. While she can point to pictures of Cindy Crawford or Claudia Schiffer and identify qualities that make them good models, she cannot do the same with herself. “I haven't the foggiest notion why I'm popular. I never considered myself anything special in the looks or any other department.” She is not, however, indifferent to her popularity. She is thrilled to find out that she has inspired designer Todd Oldham, or that Steven Tyler of Aerosmith is one of her biggest fans. But despite her lack of greed and her unwillingness to “cash in,” she does look forward to some rewards. She hopes that a movie about her life—always in discussion—will finally be made, and she considers endorsing a line of clothes. All this against the background of her humility. “I wasn't trying to be anything,” she says modestly. “I was just myself.”

In the end, Bettie's ambivalence is a key, not an impediment, to understanding her legend. The answer lies not in her life and what she makes of it but in her look and what she came to symbolize, in spite of herself. She was an unwitting standard-bearer of a new era of sexuality. Bettie fascinates because she personifies what is sexually appealing to the American psyche—middle-America soda-shop good looks with an undercurrent of sexual availability. In one body and one face, Bettie Page balanced the sexual contradictions of her time.

When the exhausting week of interviews was over, Bettie wanted to celebrate with a long drive. She hadn't been to Hollywood in years—would we take her there? We stopped for a late lunch and then drove to Santa Monica so she could see the ocean. We walked to the end of the pier to watch the sunset and laughed at what we found there: a photographer with his model catching the day's last light. Magic hour. “How about a picture, Bettie?” we teased. “Forget it!” she answered. “You'll have to rely on your memory.” As we watched her toss her hair in the wind, we remembered her vow: never to be photographed again—not for our book, not for this article. Yet she was still there. The face we saw—the face the public has not seen in nearly 40 years—is still the face of an icon. Not because she hasn't changed or grown older, but because the real Bettie Page never confused herself with the woman in the photos. She didn't manufacture a false persona and spend the rest of her life failing to live up to it. She never tried to become a different person for the camera. Instead, she let the pictures capture the woman she always was.



For the Twelve Months of Christmas
My True Love Gave to Me...

Panty of the Month®

Enroll in our *Twelve Months of Christmas* and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep—perfumed, gift-wrapped and enclosed with a seasonal note.

For a gorgeous free color brochure just give us a call, or E-mail your street address to panty@fairfield.com. You can also visit our web-site.

Christmas orders taken thru Dec. 22nd.

Call our 24 hr information hotline:

1-515-469-6800
<http://www.fairfield.com/panties>



Term Paper Blues?



TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE

Catalog of 20,000 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

TOLL FREE HOT LINE **1-800-351-0222**

or (310) 477-8226 Mon. - Fri. 9am - 5pm (Pacific time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below

Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 20,000 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Endnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS...

21589 - HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. Analyzes conflicting theories & argues that IQ is not only inherited, but also created by environment, social and contextual forces. 16 citations, 5 sources, 10 pages.

21940 - DRUG USE & ADOLESCENT SUICIDE. Incidence, connections, abuse, at-risk teenagers, family dysfunction, self-esteem, past & future research. 22 citations, 15 sources, 6 pages.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of professional writers, each writing in their fields of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED



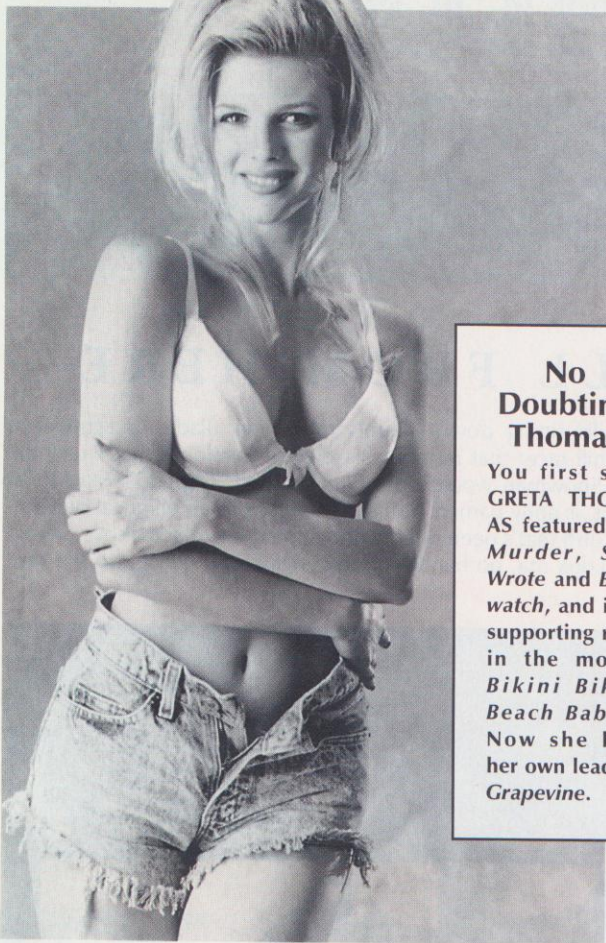
RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206-KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2 to cover postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

GRAPEVINE

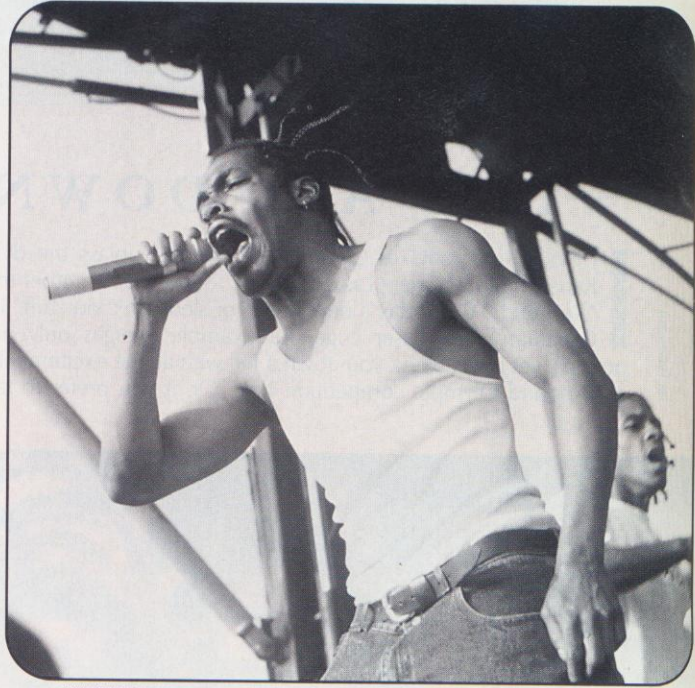


No Doubting Thomas

You first saw GRETA THOMAS featured on *Murder, She Wrote* and *Baywatch*, and in a supporting role in the movie *Bikini Biker Beach Babes*. Now she has her own lead in *Grapevine*.

Cool Rules

COOLIO played the second stage at Lollapalooza, to first-rate reviews. You can hear him on the movie soundtracks to *Clueless* and *Dangerous Minds*, which stars Michelle Pfeiffer. Expect a studio CD early in 1996. Coolio is the hair apparent.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

© ANDY PEARLMAN



High on a Hog

Former Raiders cheerleader JANINE JORDAN has her pedal to the metal. Janine's a Renaissance woman: She plays classical piano, writes country music, has co-hosted a Japanese talk show and recently received her stockbroker's license. You can bet her engine doesn't idle.

Youth and Pleasure Meet

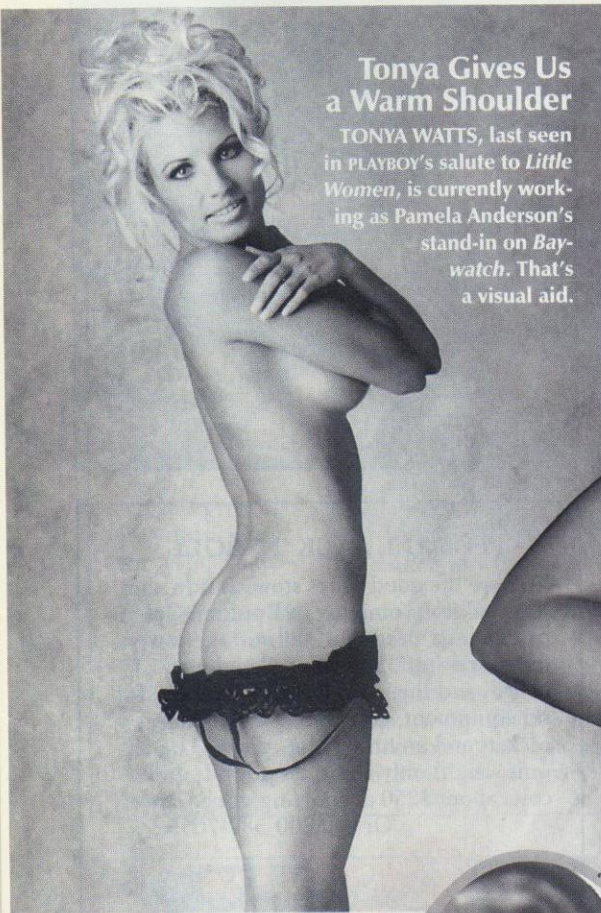
THURSTON MOORE and KIM GORDON of Sonic Youth have been rocking. The group headlined Lollapalooza and has completed a fall tour. Its latest CD, *Washing Machine*, is in the spin cycle.



© TONY MOTT/RETNA LTD.

Tonya Gives Us a Warm Shoulder

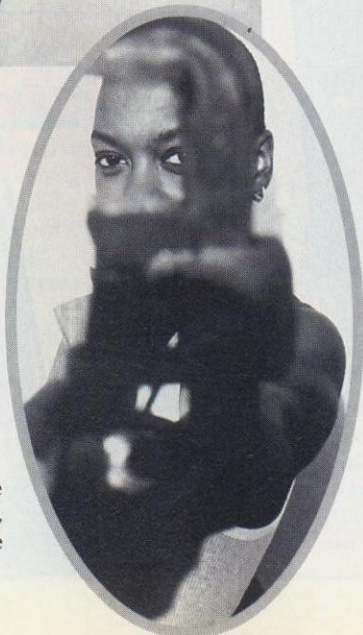
TONYA WATTS, last seen in PLAYBOY's salute to *Little Women*, is currently working as Pamela Anderson's stand-in on *Baywatch*. That's a visual aid.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

She's Looking at You, Kid

ME'SHELL NDEGÉOCELLO had *Wild Nights* with John Mellencamp around the time she made musical mockery out of a two-timing boyfriend. You can hear her on *Jazzmatazz II* while you wait for her next CD, coming early in 1996. The eyes have it.



© BENJAMIN OUVRE/ACCELERATOR/RETNA LTD.

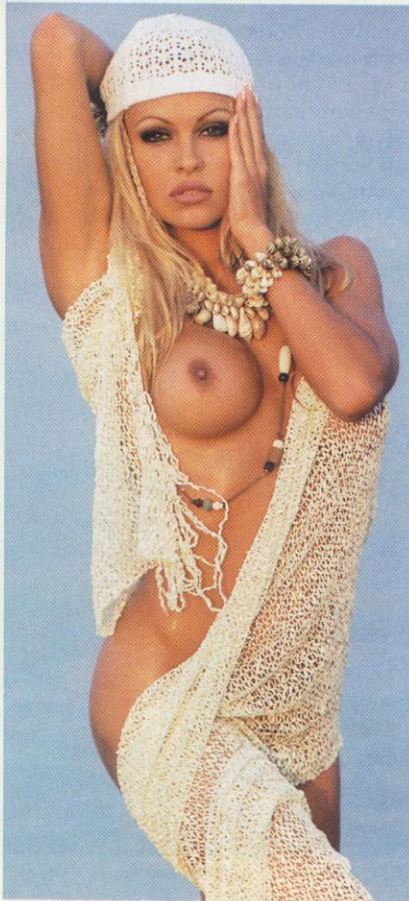
Campbell Served Hot

The very beautiful NAOMI CAMPBELL struts on runways, at her restaurant, Fashion Café, and lately on the big screen in *Miami Rhapsody*, which stars Sarah Jessica Parker. Campbell knows all about the perfect little black dress.

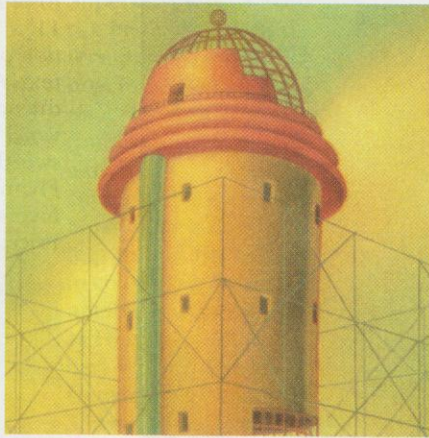
© ROBERT FARRER/RETNA LTD.



NEXT MONTH: HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PAM ANDERSON



ERECTOR SET



MAFIA MANAGER



PLAYMATE REVIEW

PAM ANDERSON—IT WAS QUITE A YEAR FOR ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIMO BABES. WITH A NEW HUSBAND AND A NEW MOVIE, PAM IS LEAVING STARDUST IN HER WAKE. A KNOCKOUT NEW YEAR'S PICTORIAL

IT'S A BAYWATCH WORLD—SCHOLARS OF THE PLANET'S TOP TV SHOW KNOW IT'S ABOUT MORE THAN SAND, SURF AND WOMEN IN SWIMSUITS—HUMOR BY **BRENDAN BAKER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

A BONEHEAD'S GUIDE TO HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING—WHO NEEDS MARTHA STEWART TO PULL OFF A THUMPING HOLIDAY PARTY? THIS IS THE IMPORTANT STUFF—ETIQUETTE BY **HAL RUBENSTEIN** AND **JIM MULLEN**

THE DICK CLINIC—WHAT ONE BRAVE MAN FOUND ON HIS QUEST FOR THE FOUR-HOUR ERECTION—A BONE-CHILLING TRUE ADVENTURE BY **D. KEITH MANO**

ALICE—A VOYEURISTIC FOURSOME CAVORT IN A SYLVAN GLADE—A LOST CLASSIC BY A GREAT WRITER OF EROTIC FICTION, **ANAÏS NIN**

HOOP IT UP—PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW FORECASTS THIS SEASON'S BIG WINNERS AND HAMSTRUNG LOSERS—SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

THE STALLION—THERE WERE ONLY TWO THINGS ANGELO PERRINO ENJOYED MORE THAN BATTLING FOR CONTROL OF BETHLEHEM MOTORS: SCREWING HIS BOSS' WIFE AND DAUGHTER—NEW FICTION BY **HAROLD ROBBINS**

ROBIN QUIVERS—THE SIDEKICK WHO SHARES THE RADIO BOOTH WITH HOWARD STERN TALKS ABOUT HER BREAST REDUCTION, HER BOSS' BUTT AND WHY GOOD VENTILATION IS ESSENTIAL IN 20 QUESTIONS

JOHNNY DEPP—THE STAR OF *ED WOOD*, *GILBERT GRAPE* AND *DON JUAN DE MARCO* DATES KATE MOSS, OWNS A NIGHTCLUB AND TRASHES HOTEL SUITES. WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT? A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

AXIOMS OF THE MAFIA MANAGER—HOW TO NAVIGATE OFFICE POLITICS, GANGLAND STYLE—ADVICE FROM A REAL WISE GUY

DENNIS RODMAN UNVEILED—WHAT THE OTHER GUYS WERE AFRAID TO SHOW—AND YOU THOUGHT THE NBA STAR COULDN'T GET MORE OUTRAGEOUS

PLUS: JAZZ & ROCK POLL, OUR 11TH-HOUR SANTA, TEN ROMANTIC PLACES TO SPEND A FABULOUS NEW YEAR'S EVE AND A ROUSING YEAR-END **PLAYMATE REVIEW**