

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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HOLIDAY
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

GRANT HILL
INTERVIEW

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BILLY BOB
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OUTRAGEOUS EX

BETTIE PAGE
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A YEAR-IN-SEX
TO DIE FOR

TERI HATCHER
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ABOUT SEINFELD?

COVER GIRL
**SHANNON
TWEED**

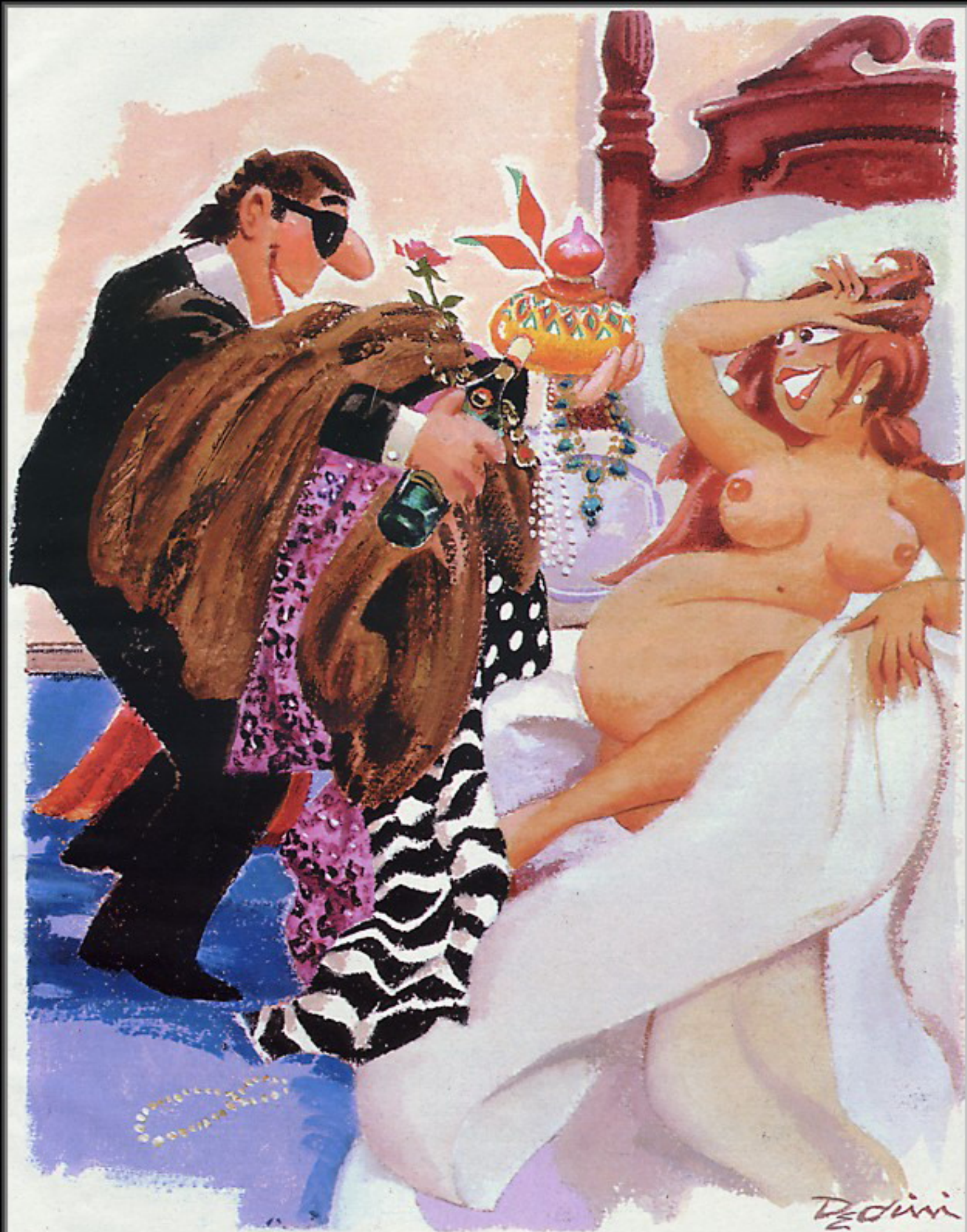
QUEEN OF THE B's
GOES PRIME TIME

HIP HOP
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OUT FROM ITS
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SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S
STREET SMART
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PLUS THE 1997
PLAYMATE REVIEW
NEW FICTION FROM
ARTHUR C. CLARKE
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
AND TOM PAINE
GREAT NEW YEAR'S
HIGH-JINKS AND A
WHOLE LOT MORE





"My God, Raul, your approach to Christmas is almost biblical!"



Love, Shannon Tweed

BOSS

the star of page, screen and thousands of web sites is one of our favorite blondes

TWEED



A milk farmer's daughter from Newfoundland, Shannon Tweed was new to America when we found her 17 years ago. Since then the stellar six-footer has personified elegance in movies, television and some of PLAYBOY's most popular pictorials. Now she's back—kicking off the new year in TV's *The Tom Show* with Tom Arnold and here on our pages with us. "Every so often I pose like this to reassure myself that I look OK," she says. How can such a woman be insecure about her looks? "Isn't every girl insecure?" she asks. Few have less reason to be. As a star of TV's *Falcon Crest* and more than 30 films, our 1982 Playmate of the Year gained notice as one of the world's great blondes. How popular is she? Tweed facts and photos are now seen on an estimated 20,000 Web sites, making her one of the top half-dozen cybercelebrities. "That only proves there are a lot more young men on the Net than young women," says Shannon. Of course her fans—some of whom can recite her lines in such films as *Lethal Woman* and *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*—beg to differ. To them she is an icon.

After two years as Hugh Hefner's consort, Shannon set up house with Gene Simmons of Kiss in 1984. She and Gene

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA

She plays a weapons expert in *Assault on Devil's Island* (below, with Carl Weathers and Hulk Hogan), but Shannon is adept at comedy, too. See her as Tom Arnold's ex-wife in *The Tom Show* (bottom left). She plays—what else?—a gorgeous celebrity.



now have two kids, a custom-made bed twice the size of a king-size bed and some unusual bedroom accessories: her collection of Disney figurines. "I am a bundle of contradictions," she told us recently, breezing into a Beverly Hills eatery, ordering a cappuccino and squash soup. Simmons, his famous tongue for once in cheek, calls Shannon his "ice woman from the North." Then Gene turns serious. "In the patois of the street, she's the strongest broad I've ever met. All other women fall short," he says. These days Shannon carools their kids to school and commutes to various studios. She may soon have her own sitcom. "But whatever happens, happens," she says, shrugging. "Meanwhile I am grateful to my PLAYBOY fans for sticking with such an old dinosaur. I have stayed in shape all these years to keep my end of the bargain."





How elegant is life as the star of such action flicks as *Code Name: Vengeance*? "So elegant it hurts. My nose was broken when a 'fake' Hollywood punch actually landed," says Shannon, an expert kick-boxer. Sitcoms such as *Frasier* (she was the delicious Dr. Honey) are more of a kick.



Sex object? "Why not?" Shannon has never refused that role. "I think it's fine as long as that's not all you are," she said when we first met her. Since then she has made a career that stands tall on its own. "I never felt I was that sexy. It's the poses you keep putting me in," she says.

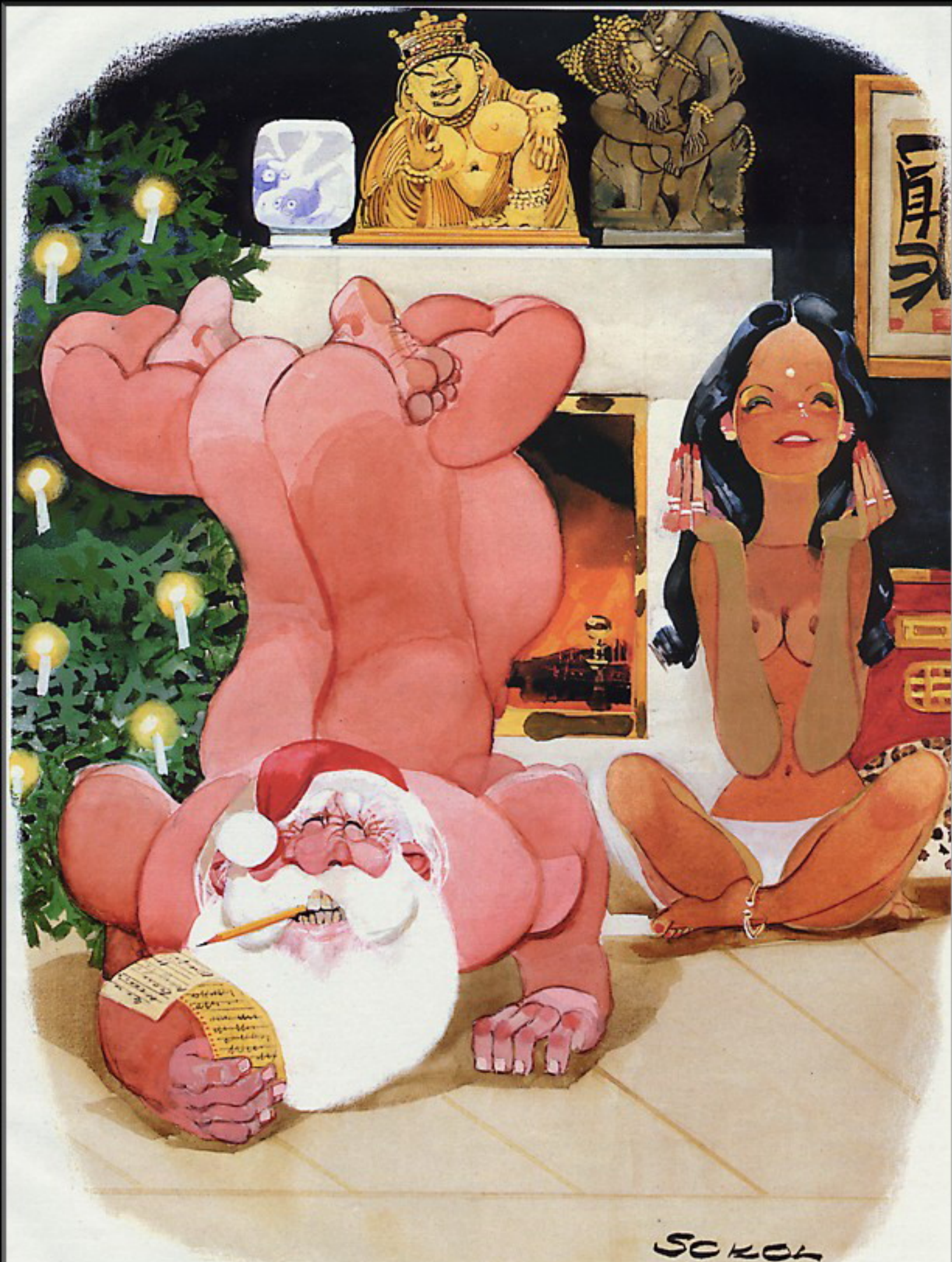




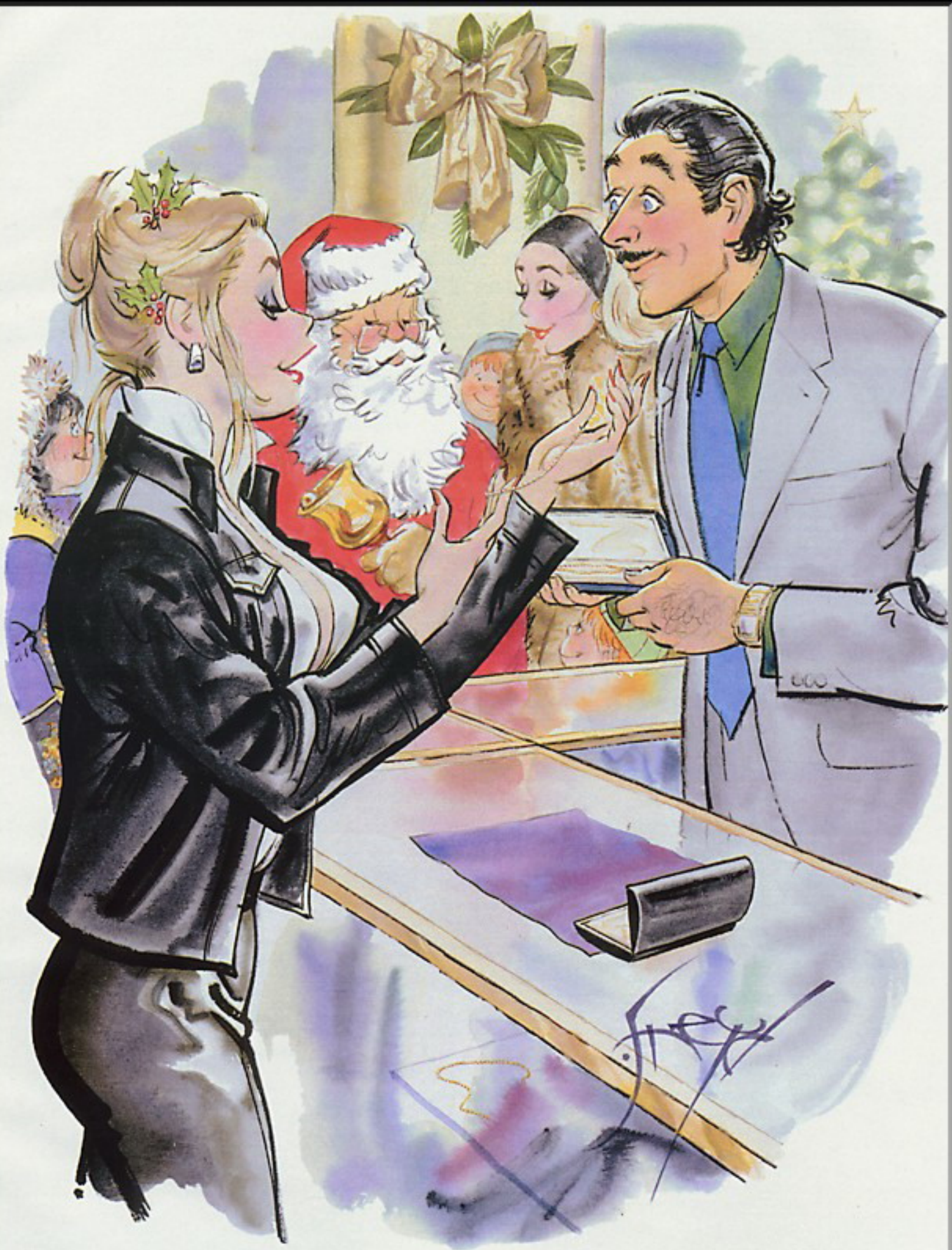








"I made a list and checked it twice, and I think there are a couple of positions we haven't tried yet."



*"Nothing too expensive—it's not like he's the only
guy I'm sleeping with."*



SLING BABE



"As a feminist, I worry that other feminists will think that my being naked in PLAYBOY is wrong," Pietra told us. "But here's how I see it: My marriage was a prison. Billy Bob was so jealous that he made me breast-feed our two sons until they were two and three years old—just to keep me at home and to stop other men from looking at me. He said that I was his angel, but he was hardly an angel to me."







"I saw on TV that Billy Bob was with Laura Dern. I'm not with anyone. A marriage like mine can numb you. Sometimes I feel 100 years old. But I'm only 27." Pietra says her primary reason for posing was political—"I want people to notice me and hear my message: Women must escape bad relationships." Still, she wouldn't mind if life brought her a new romance. "I'm free now," she says.

Hamlet

as Told on the Street

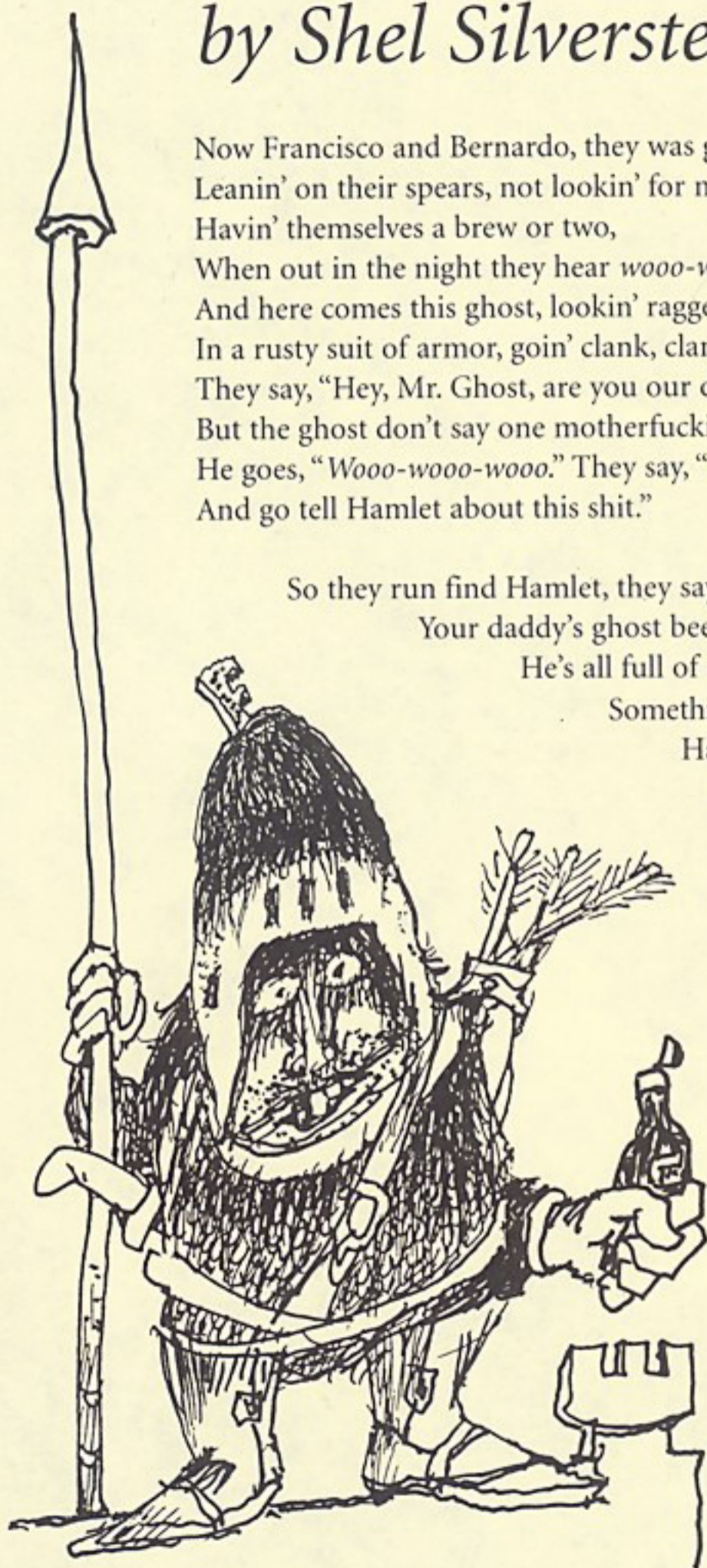
by Shel Silverstein

Now Francisco and Bernardo, they was guardin' the castle,
Leanin' on their spears, not lookin' for no hassle,
Havin' themselves a brew or two,
When out in the night they hear *wooo-wooo-wooo*.
And here comes this ghost, lookin' ragged and rank,
In a rusty suit of armor, goin' clank, clank, clank.
They say, "Hey, Mr. Ghost, are you our dear departed king?"
But the ghost don't say one motherfuckin' thing.
He goes, "*Wooo-wooo-wooo*." They say, "Hey, we better split,
And go tell Hamlet about this shit."

So they run find Hamlet, they say, "Hey, sweet Prince,
Your daddy's ghost been seen runnin' hither and hince.
He's all full of maggots and he's grizzly and grim,
Somethin's rotten in Denmark and—*whew*—we think it's him."

Hamlet says, "Oh, are you sure it's my pop?
Did he have matty gray hair with a bald spot on top?
Did he have bright blue eyes that never know fear
And a tattoo says GERTRUDE FOREVER right here?"

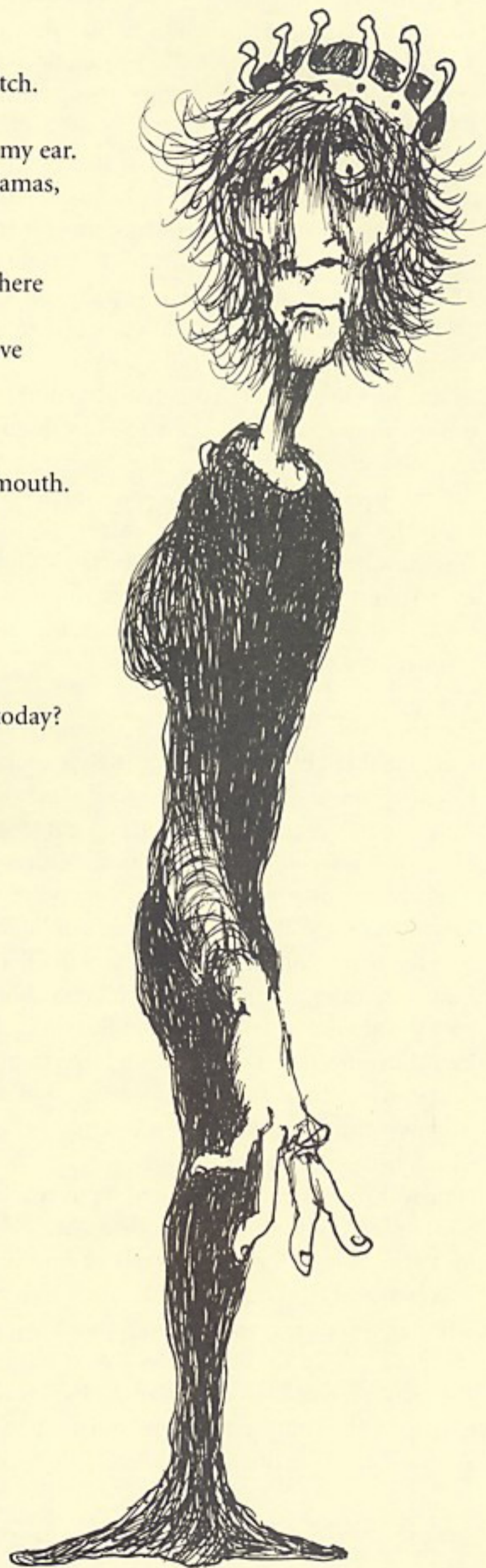
They say, "Hey, the thing just flittered by our station,
We didn't give him no physical examination.
And we don't know for sure if your daddy was *the* one,
But we do know a motherfuckin' ghost when we see one."
Hamlet says, "Show me where you spied this spectral klunk
So I see if it's my pop, or if you was both drunk."
So they bring ol' Hamlet to the spot, and then
They wait five minutes and *woooooo*—
Here he comes again.
He got gray skin, black teeth and hollow eyes,
Beckonin' like *this*—young Hamlet cries,
"Hold, spirit of darkness, are you a ghostly apparition?"
"No," says the ghost, "I look like this from malnutrition.
Of *course* I'm a ghost, but son, don't be scared,
And I'll tell you some shit that'll fry your hair."



He says, "You got two relatives, I won't say which,
But one's a bloody murderer and one's a faithless bitch.
Why, I was takin' a nap in the garden right here,
When my ambitious brother pours some poison in my ear.
And before my body's even cold he's wearin' my pajamas,
Layin' up in my bed with my crown on his head,
Doin' somethin' sinful to *your* momma.
And the terrible thoughts of what they're doin' up there
Is more than a poor old ghost can bear.
So you gotta revenge me on this harlot and this knave
Or else I'll never rest in my motherfuckin' grave."

Well, this information just flips Hamlet out.
He starts walkin' like *this*, with spit hangin' out his mouth.
His eyes are all bleary and his tongue looks worse,
And he's talkin' in couplets and blank fuckin' verse.
I mean the dude is indecisive,
He don't know how he'd like his eggs,
And he's got no opinion on tits, ass or legs.
He can't decide which horse to play at the track,
And when they ask him what suit you wanna wear today?
He says, "Ah . . . um . . . gimme the black."
He calls his uncle a murderer,
Calls his momma a whore,
And he can't get it up for Ophelia no more.
Oh, and Ophelia? She's tryin' her best
To make him feel better,
Wants to polish his crown jewels,
But he won't let her.
'Stead of sayin' yea, the fool says nay,
And the whole court's figurin' he must be gay.

Well, then in come Hamlet's oldest friends,
Rosenstern and Guildenkrantz,
They say, "Hey there, Ham, you gloomy Gus,
Get up—get down—and party with us.
We brought you some actors,
Some tunes and some lyrics
To put on a play to boost up your spirits."
Hamlet says, "Hey—songs and skits,
That gives me an idea that could stir up some shit.
We'll put on a play—
'N' that could be just the thing
To catch the conscience of the king,
there is a conscience in the motherfuckin' king."



So Hamlet calls all the actors, he says, " 'Fore this drama starts,
I'm gonna tell you suckers how to play your parts.
You gotta speak the speech like I pronounced it—
Don't rush it, don't milk it, don't drag it, don't bounce it.
I mean, do it trippingly on the tongue,
Or else I'll see your thespian asses strung up and hung.
And don't saw the air with your hands flappin' wild,
'N' don't go mouthin' my words in some method style."

Then the lead actor says, "Hey—are we *alive*?
Or just some talking meat that's gotta listen to this jive?
I have read this thing you call a script
And it ain't too bad, it's got a few little dips.
But with some new dialogue and a few minor edits—
Hey, do you mind sharing writer credits?
But this part about the king?—poisoning his brother?
I play this while the real king's watchin'? Sittin' with your mother?
You must be out of your cotton-pickin' mind.
He'll cut out my tongue, he'll gouge out my eyes,
He'll boil me in oil and send me to hell."
Hamlet says, "How about double scale?"—The actor says, "Well . . .

"I want my name above the title, three percent of the gross,
I want that tall brunette as my dialogue coach.
I want approval of director and a juicy per diem,
And if there's changes in the script, I got to see 'em.
I want a dresser, an undresser and a hairdresser, too,
And I gotta-gotta-gotta have the biggest dressing room.
I want an escape clause that lets me out in a month,
And the first thing I insist is that you fire that cunt.
I want transportation to and from every show,
I want complimentary tickets for everybody I know.
I want my brother and my cousin hired to play in the band,
And don't go tryin' to sneak in any extra matinees.
And next time you wanna speak to me,
Check with the director first.
Now will you please go away and let us rehearse?"
So Hamlet slinks off, lookin' for a backer,
Mutterin' how he'll never ever talk to another fuckin' actor.
And him and Horatio, they walk down a ways,
Till they see some clown diggin' a mouldy grave.
Hamlet picks up a skull, he says, "Who was this sucker?"
They say, "Yorick." He says, "Yorick? I knew the motherfucker.
He used to be court jester. Hey, Yorick, show us how
You used to make them funny faces—Why ain't you laughin' now?"

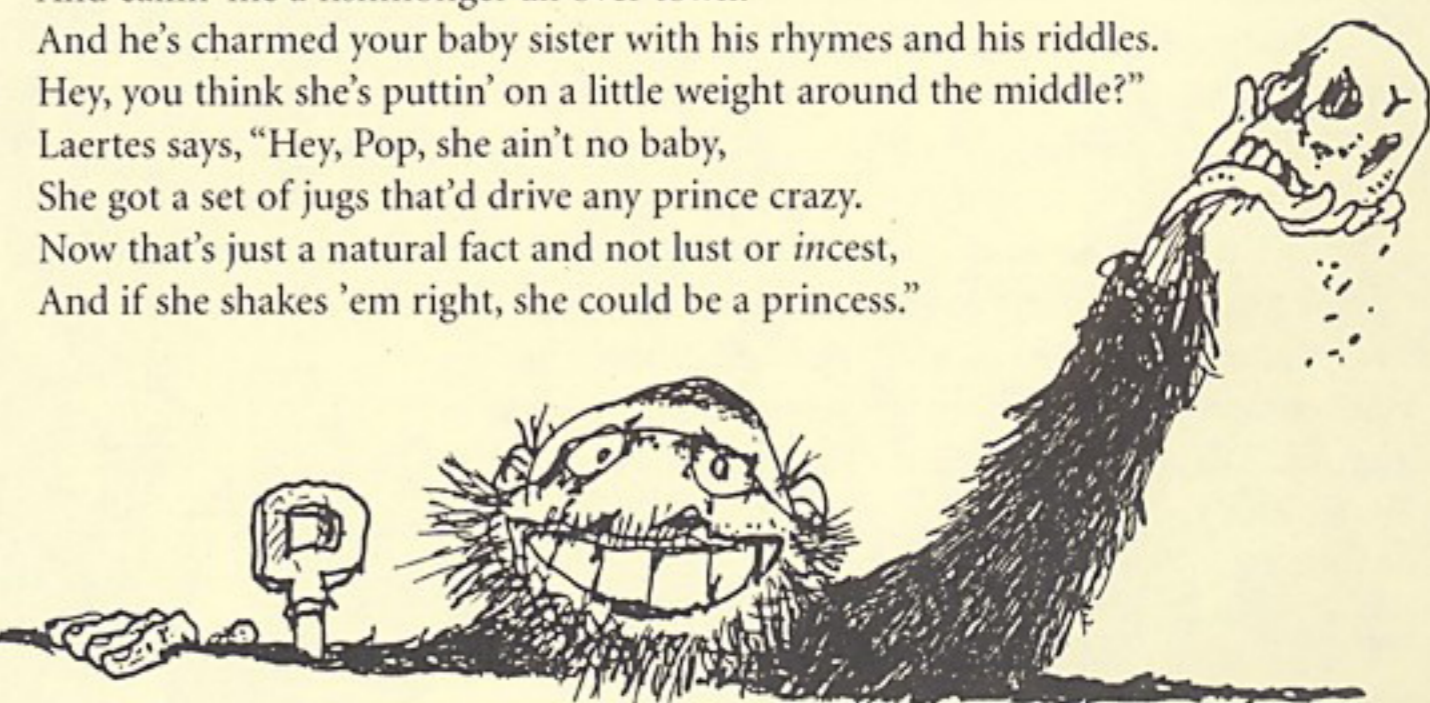


I've kissed these lips, I know not how oft." And Horatio quips,
"Hey, let's not announce how oft you kissed them lips.
I mean people already talkin' 'bout the way you walk,
And the fact that you ain't givin' Ophelia no nook."

Oh, and speakin' of Ophelia—Polonius, her daddy,
Says, "Hey, that prince is drivin' my little girl batty.
Got her runnin' all night and sleepin' till noon,
God knows what else he got her doin'.
But he's our royal prince, lord of earth, sky and water,
But he's also a horny little pimply-faced shithead
Trying to hump my daughter."
So Polonius calls Ophelia and says, "Listen, darlin' daughter,
I hope you and Ham ain't doin' things you shouldn't oughter,
'Cause you let 'em touch an ankle and they wanna grab a knee,
And they never buy nothin' that you let 'em have for free."

Ophelia says, "Hey, Pop, I know the score,
You think I wanna wind up another palace whore?
I got the dude sendin' me letters and babblin' 'bout the moon,
I really do think his bells are out of tune."
"Well, don't you go dingin' his bells," says Polonius,
"'Cause if he throws you in the grass,
I'll get your big brother Laertes to kick his royal ass."

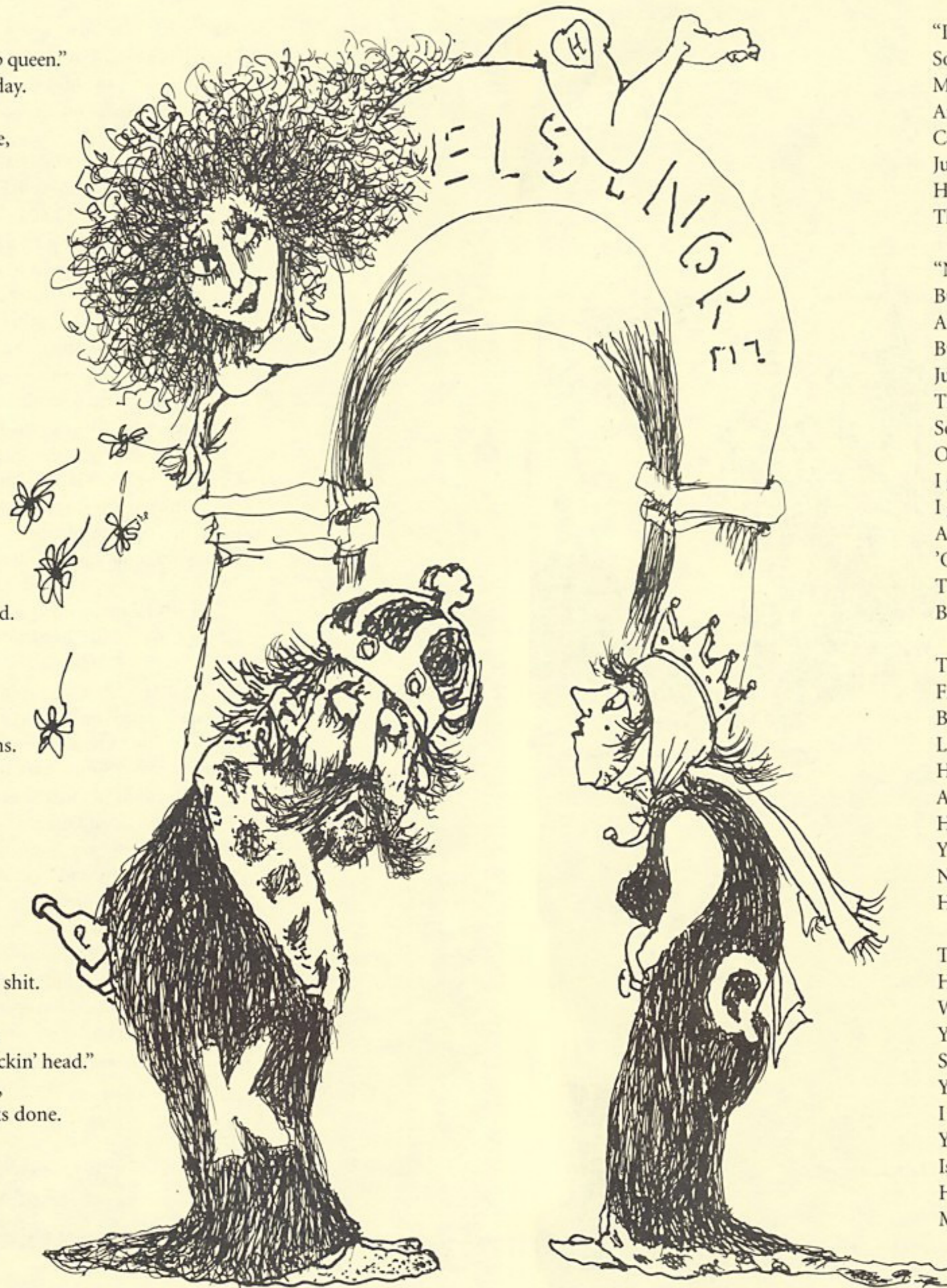
Now Laertes overhears his name bein' bandied about,
He says, "Hey, Pop, you signin' my ass up for somethin'
My head don't know about?"
Polonius says, "Son, it's Hamlet, that loony tune,
Been fed all his life with a silver spoon.
He's in my face and on my neck,
I mean the dude ain't playin' with a full damn deck.
He's bumblin' around twirlin' his crown,
And callin' me a fishmonger all over town.
And he's charmed your baby sister with his rhymes and his riddles.
Hey, you think she's puttin' on a little weight around the middle?"
Laertes says, "Hey, Pop, she ain't no baby,
She got a set of jugs that'd drive any prince crazy.
Now that's just a natural fact and not lust or incest,
And if she shakes 'em right, she could be a princess."



"That's right," says Ophelia. "That's my scheme,
And the way kings been dyin' 'round here, I could wind up queen."
"Enough," says Polonius. "That Prince has ruined my day.
Now we gotta see his fuckin' play within a play.
Hell, the place'll be drafty, the seats won't be com'fa'ble,
I wouldn't go at all but these tickets ain't refundable.
Prob'ly full of symbolism, I won't understand it,
Shit, I hope it rains and all the critics pan it."

So they go to the play and everybody's there.
They got diamonds on their doublets,
They got ribbons in their hair.
Lords, ladies, dogs, babies, all in attendance,
The marquee says MURDER, DECEIT AND VENGEANCE.
ONE OF YEAR'S TEN BEST. DO NOT MISS *IT*.
So everybody figures it's another piece of shit.
And they're bitchin' 'bout their seats, buckin' the line,
Scalpin' tickets and sippin' wine,
Rattlin' their programs, twistin' in their chairs,
Tryin' to catch if any celebrities are there.
Then the play begins—and *ooh*, looky here—
It shows the king puttin' poison in his brother's ear.
And King Claudius is watchin', and—*ooh*—is he pissed.
He says, "I know who's responsible for this."
He calls, "Hey, Gertie, come here, hon.
What the hell's the matter with your jive-ass son?
I give the kid room, board 'n' remedial education,
And he calls me a murderer, and other wild accusations.
Hell, I'd sue him for libel for implyin' that shit,
But the libel laws ain't been invented yet.
Just 'cause I'm bangin' you, he's givin' me hell,
I think he wants to hump you his own damn self."

Queen Gertrude says, "I think he's goin' through
An Oedipal rejection, seein' his uncle
Replace his father in his momma's affection."
"Oedipal?" says the king. "The punk is givin' me some shit.
I'll send him where I sent his pop if he don't quit.
So you tell him it's better to leave some things unsaid,
Or he'll be puttin' on his crown without his motherfuckin' head."
So the queen runs to Hamlet, she says, "Oh listen, son,
Y'better suck up to the king before some foul deed gets done.
It's true he wears black socks and Hawaiian shirts,
But that ain't no reason to treat him like dirt,
Because he is your uncle, and I do wear his ring,
And most of all, he is the motherfuckin' king."



"Don't say *mother*-fuckin' king," says Hamlet. "Please,
Somehow that phrase makes my blood freeze.
My daddy was a handsome dude with dignity and class,
And this fat fool got hair on his back and boils on his ass.
Can anybody get you in their goddamn bed
Just 'cause they got a crown on their goddamned head?"
His momma says, "Hey, before you go off the deep end,
There's some things about women you gotta comprehend."

"Now milkmaids and queens, we all have filet mignon dreams,
But when the steak is gone, you will eat the beans.
And when you're out of beans, you'll chew the shoes off their feet,
But you eat.
Just picture me—a sweet young thing,
Then boom—my husband's dead—and this sucker's king.
So it's 'heat the meat and act real sweet'
Or wind up with my ass out in the goddamned street.
I got cellulite, I got varicose veins,
I got a hip gets stiff every time it rains.
And—*this*—is what nursing a baby can do,
'Course, honey, I'm not blamin' you,
Though you *were* such a hungry child,
But life goes on and a queen must smile."

Then hark—just then Hamlet hears a sound
From behind the curtain—like a mouse skittin' 'round.
But it's really Ophelia's daddy, spyin' for the king,
Listenin' and takin' down everything.
Hamlet yells, "A rat!" and he stabs at the place,
And kerplunk, out falls Polonius on his eavesdroppin' face.
Hamlet sees it ain't the king, he says, "Oh shit,
Y'finally *do* take action and *this* is what you get.
Now I killed my girlfriend's poppa and I'm covered with his blood,
How do you explain *this* to someone you love?"

Then here comes Ophelia, callin', "Daddy, Daddy dear,
Hamlet, is my daddy in here?"
Well . . . he is . . . and he ain't—but someone should have told the cat
Y'don't wanna get stabbed, don't make noise like a rat.
She cries, "Oh, my daddy's dead and I can see
You stuck it in him like you stuck it in me.
I can't believe the shit you *done* to me.
You used to want all—now you want none of me.
Is this your perverted way of makin' fun o' me?"
Hamlet says, "Hey then, get thee someplace . . .
Maybe a . . . a nunnery."

"Get me to a nunnery?" Ophelia moans,
"Now that you ate the chicken, you wanna try and hide the bones?
With your poetry and promises you messed up my brain,
You are a dirty dog—and not a great Dane."
"Please," says Hamlet, "I'm in a crazed condition.
Can't you see I'm torn by indecision?
To be or not to be? That's the fuckin' question
That's givin' me migraines and indigestion.
Should I take arms against a sea of trouble,
Or just walk around goin' gubble-gubble-gubble?"

Ophelia says, "Hey, you don't fool me a bit,
You're fakin' all this psycho shit,
'Cause if you're insane you don't have to kill the king,
Or marry me or do any damn thing."
Ham says, "Hey, go bake a cake, or give your booty a shake,
Or take a jump in the motherfuckin' lake—"
Well, that's where he made *another* fatal mistake.
Y'see he didn't really mean for the bitch to do it,
But she's gone like a flash, and run, jump, splash,
She's floatin' and bloatin' 'fore anybody knew it.
"Oh, when it rains it pours," says Hamlet. "Ain't no doubt,
Here's another thing I gotta feel guilty about."

Well, they have Ophelia's funeral and everybody's there.
They got diamonds on their doublets, they got ribbons in their hair.
They're rattlin' their beads and twistin' in their chairs,
Tryin' to catch if any celebrities are there.
And it's a pleasant event, until into her grave
Leaps her brother Laertes and he rants and raves.
He's shakin' his fist and pullin' his hair,
Gettin' his ass tangled up in his underwear,
Jumpin' up and down in a frenzied fit,
Meanwhile stompin' her body to shit.
He cries, "FEE-FO-FI, if I find the guy who caused her to die,
I'll slice him like a pie. I'll cut out his heart and send it to Peru,
'N' I'll c.o.d. his balls off to Timbuktu,
Ship his dick to England in a registered letter,
And then let him try to get his shit back together."
Then the king pulls his coat, he says, "Harken to this,
Hamlet's the dude who fucked up your sis.
And he also stabbed your daddy, too,
And all you do is boo-hoo-hoo? What kind of brother and son are you?
If it was my family I know what I'd do, I'd be on him like a damned tattoo.
Now . . . here is a sword with a poisoned tip.
It'll send any sucker on a one-way trip,
'Cause all it takes is one itty bitty scratch . . .
Hey, Hamlet, how about a little fencin' match?"

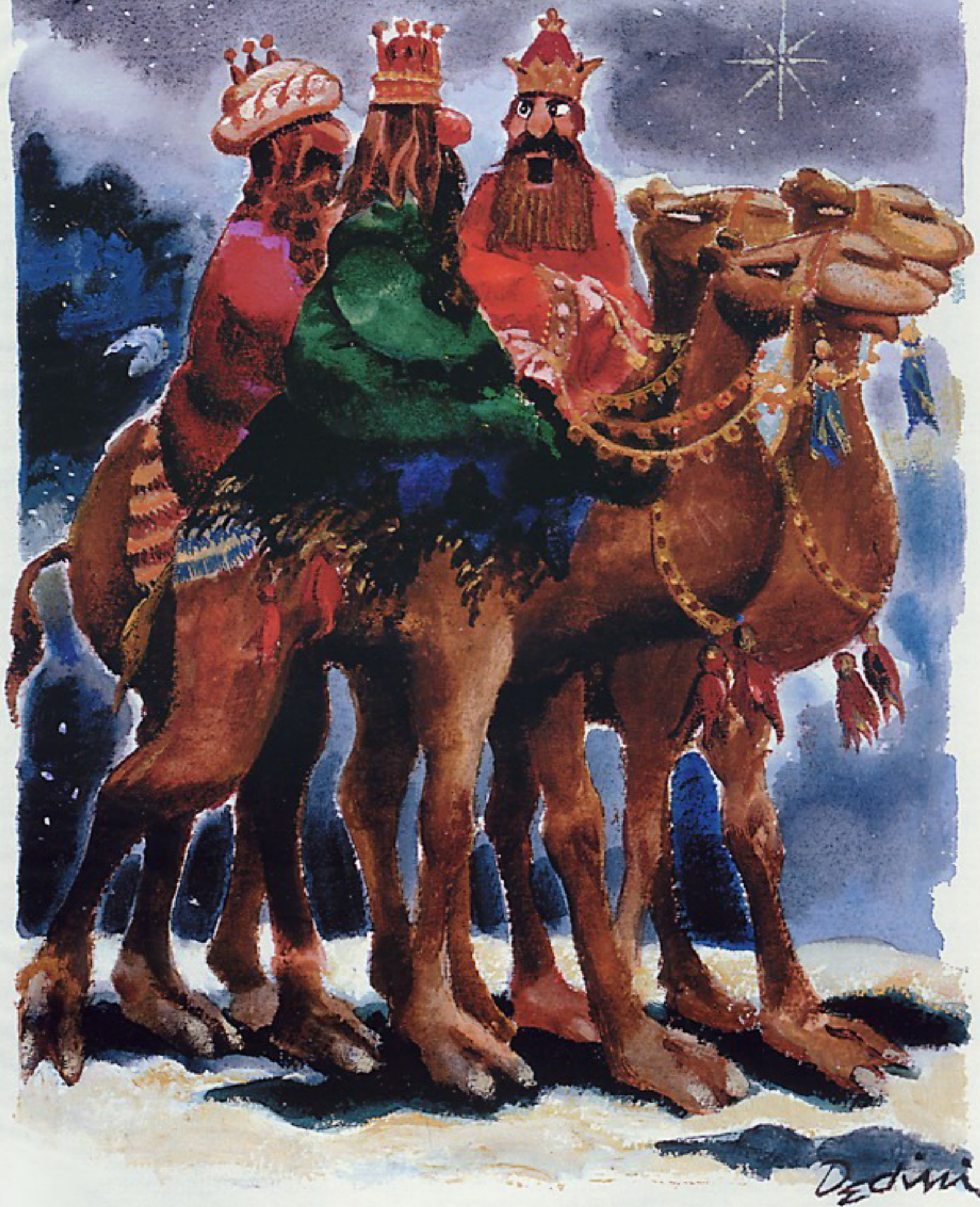


Well, then the whole fuckin' place caves in,
Hamlet stabs Laertes and Laertes stabs him.
Then Hamlet turns around and stabs his uncle, too,
While the queen drinks some poison the king had brewed.
So she dies, he dies, Hamlet dies, Laertes dies
On top of where Ophelia lies,
Right next to where Polonius died.
And before you can wink, blink or turn you head,
Chop-stab-slice—every motherfucker's dead.

Then in walks this cat Fortinbras, he says, "What—is—this?
I have never seen such a fuckin' mess.
You got skulls and swords, you got guts and gore,
You got bodies piled up from ceiling to floor.
You got broken glass, y'got tangled hairs,
You got blood and wine runnin' down the stairs.
You got dented armor and ripped up gowns,
You got bent-up crowns just rollin' 'round.
Y'got a punctured king, y'got a poisoned queen,
Y'got a sweet prince dyin' on the mezzanine.
And behind that curtain there's another dead duff,
And a body from the fishpond just floated up.
Y'got a stiff in the garden with some gunk in his ear,
And a tattoo says GERTRUDE FOREVER right here,
And two guards on the gate tower drunk on beer.
What the hell's been goin' *on* in here?"

Well, that was the end of our sweet prince,
He died in confusion and nobody's seen him since.
And the moral of the story is bells do get out of tune . . .
And you can find shit in a silver spoon . . .
And an old man's revenge can be a young man's ruin . . .
Oh—and never look too close . . . at what your mamma is doin'.

S.S.



"Will we be back in time for New Year's?"



"Oh, don't mind us. Lie right down and make yourselves comfortable."

HEATHER SENT

miss january spreads her wings

At 21, Heather Kozar, a self-described “spontaneous, silly and sophisticated” Ohio native, is ready for anything—from modeling to acting to rebelling against her strict upbringing. We met the down-to-earth angel in Chicago for a candid tête-à-tête.

Q: Is posing nude as easy as you make it look?

A: Sometimes I get a little cold. And it’s nerve-racking. There’s so much to think about—how to move, how to turn, what face to make. You practice in front of a mirror, but looking natural for the camera is harder. Fortunately, I worked with a great photographer who

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY





















PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heather Kozar

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 5-4-76 BIRTHPLACE: Akron, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To continue to be happy, healthy and successful.

TURN-ONS: Surprises, fun high-energy people and romantic evenings with my lover.

TURNOFFS: waiting in lines, unappreciative people, no sense of humor & tan lines.

I WISH I HAD: a dollar everytime I'm asked "Are you related to Bernie Kosar?"

WHAT SHAKES ME UP: Cab rides in Manhattan and commuter flights.

MY WEAKNESS: Alaskan King Crab Legs at Shooters in Cleveland.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: To pamper myself and live each day to the fullest!



Girl Talk.



Miss Ohio in Hawaii.



My favorite past time.

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Heather Kozan

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A diver was marveling at the beauty of a coral reef 20 feet beneath the waves when he noticed a guy at the same depth wearing no scuba gear. The diver went down another 20 feet, and a few minutes later the other fellow floated into view. Twenty-five feet farther down, the guy reappeared. Confused, the diver took out a waterproof chalkboard and wrote, "How the hell are you able to stay under this long without equipment?"

The guy took the board and pen and scribbled, "I'm drowning, you moron!"



The Civil War had finally ended and a Confederate soldier boarded a train to go home. He noticed a beautiful Southern belle sitting several rows ahead and was thinking about introducing himself when a carpetbagger strode up and sat down next to her. Before long, the burly fellow crudely offered the woman two dollars for her sexual favors. The soldier bolted up, walked over and without a word shot the carpetbagger between the eyes. He slowly holstered his gun and looked down at the startled young woman.

"They freed the slaves, they won the war," he snarled, "but I'll be damned if they're going to start raising prices!"

What do management consultants call hermaphrodites? Self-sufficient.

Doc," the concerned woman said, "I'm getting married this weekend and my fiancé thinks I'm a virgin. Is there anything you can do to help me?"

"Medically, no," he replied, "but here's a suggestion: On your wedding night, when you're getting ready for bed, slide an elastic band around your upper thigh. When your husband enters you, snap the band and tell him it's your virginity snapping."

After the ceremony, the newlyweds retired to the honeymoon suite. The new bride undressed in the bathroom, slipped the elastic band around her leg and climbed into bed. They began to make love, and when her husband entered her, she snapped the band. "What the hell was that?" the startled fellow asked.

"Oh, that was just my virginity snapping, honey," she replied.

"Well snap it again," he groaned. "It's got my balls!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: The Pope and President Clinton died within minutes of each other, but the Pope was sent to hell and Clinton went to heaven. It took a half hour for the Pope to correct the mix-up. On his way to heaven he passed Clinton headed in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?" the pontiff asked.

"Downstairs," the president replied. "Where are you going?"

"To see the Virgin Mary."

"Forget it," Clinton chuckled. "You're about 20 minutes too late."

What did Bill Gates reportedly say to his CFO? "I said 'Snapple,' you idiot. Snapple!"

The judge looked down at the meek little man before him, then at the charges, then back down at the skinny, bespectacled fellow. "Can you explain what happened?" he asked.

"I'm a mathematician dealing in the nature of proof," the man began. "I was at the library, found the books I wanted and stood in line to take them out. They told me my library card had expired and that I had to get a new one. So I went to the registration office, got in another line and filled out the form for a new card. And then I got back in line to pick up my card."

"Yes, go on," said the judge.

"And the librarian asked, 'Can you prove you're from New York City?' the man continued, "so I stabbed him."



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The dean of women at an exclusive girls' school was lecturing her students on sexual morality. "We live today in very difficult times for young people. In moments of temptation," she said, "ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

A young woman rose in the back of the room and said, "Excuse me, but how do you make it last an hour?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"Now remember not to give away the big surprise!"

Before she became a legend, Bettie Page was a Tennessee girl strolling the beach at Coney Island, New York. An amateur photographer named Jerry Tibbs spotted the pretty secretary in October 1950. Tibbs asked her to pose for him. Bettie smiled and said yes. Soon she was posing for local camera clubs, and when shutterbugs asked the 27-year-old to pose nude, Bettie smiled and said yes.

In the next seven years the young brunette became an underground icon. Bettie Page was the Queen of Curves, the most photographed woman on the planet. The Dark Angel, some men called her. By 1955 her hearty smile had appeared in such girlie magazines as *Stare*, *Sir!*, *Titter* and *Modern Sunbathing*. She was *PLAYBOY*'s Playmate for January 1955. Indeed, Bettie was the perfect Playmate, for she was both naughty and nice. That smile suggested forbidden fruit as well as apple pie.

Her allure also had a darker side—she posed for fetish and bondage photos. This was the secret Bettie, all tied up with a ball gag in her mouth. These Dark Angel photos led countless American men and boys to ponder a new sexual geography, a wet-dream-like land where Miss America meets the Marquis de Sade.

The Eighties and Nineties saw a Bettie Page renaissance. Moviemakers and fashion designers revived her look.



She inspired fantasies and art, fashion and fetish. But none of her hundreds of pin-ups captured the charm of the real Bettie Page (pictured above, at a California beach).



My Story— The Missing Years

in 1957 the most celebrated pin-up queen in history mysteriously disappeared. now she reveals the truth about how and why she vanished

Bettie Page interview
By Kevin Cook

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

Uma Thurman did a Bettie riff in Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*. Madonna, Demi Moore and other trendsetters appeared in Page-inspired photo shoots. Today her image adorns many of the hottest nightclubs in America. There are Bettie Page fan clubs and look-alike contests. There are more than 100 Bettie Page Web sites. All for a woman who disappeared 40 years ago.

Much of her work, particularly the bondage photos made by Irving and Paula Klaw, incensed the moral guardians of Fifties-era America. Men such as Tennessee senator Estes Kefauver entirely missed the campy frivolity that animated the Klaw sessions, and they scored political points by hunting down "pornographers" and "perverts." In 1955 Bettie became a target of Kefauver's congressional antipornography commission, which ruined Irving Klaw. She was intimidated by federal agents who waved her own nude photos at her, threatening criminal prosecution.

She fled New York in 1957. For four decades, nobody could find her.

What happened? At last we know. Thanks to Bettie herself we know about her descent into poverty and mental illness, as well as her thoughts on her recent revival. We know that the foreword she wrote for her authorized biography, *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-up Legend*, by Karen Essex and James Swanson, was partly whitewash, since Bettie omitted what she refers to as "my troubles." According to a new book, *The Real Bettie Page: The Truth About the Queen of the Pin-ups*, those years included violent outbursts by a Page desperately in need of psychiatric help. Now, for the first time, she discusses the tormented lost decades that followed her glory years.

Late last summer, Bettie Page appeared at Playboy Mansion West, home of her longtime supporter Hugh Hefner. Accompanied by David Stevens, the comic-book artist who immortalized her in *The Rocketeer*, she spent the day with PLAYBOY Editor-in-Chief Hefner and Contributing Editor Kevin Cook.

PLAYBOY: Tell us why you hide from your fans.

PAGE: I don't want to be photographed. I don't want my fans to see an old, fat—this old face.

PLAYBOY: But everyone gets older.

PAGE: Isn't it sad? I get very sad seeing how my favorite movie stars look today. I'd rather watch their old movies on cable and think of them that way. That's all I watch on television, old movies.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your career? Was it glamorous?

PAGE: I did it mainly because I could

make more money in two hours as a model than in 40 hours as a secretary. People say my one desire in life was to be a movie actress, that my modeling was a stepping-stone toward that. Hogwash! I never really pursued acting. I once had an option for a contract at Twentieth Century Fox, but it fell through. I studied in New York with Herbert Berghof, Uta Hagen's husband, but never auditioned for anything on Broadway. Mr. Berghof wanted me to try out for Moonbeam McSwine in *Li'l Abner* when it was first produced, but I wouldn't go. Julie Newmar got the part.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you audition?

PAGE: I was 34. I thought I was too old.

PLAYBOY: You still looked 24 in those days.

PAGE: I did look younger than my age. In the seven years I was posing, I felt my looks never aged a year. But whoever heard of a 34-year-old actress just starting out? I had done a couple off-Broadway parts and several TV shows. I did *The Jackie Gleason Show*. But by the time I studied acting and became convinced I could act, I was 34. It was too late.

PLAYBOY: How did you get your start in modeling?

PAGE: Well, my father stole a police car. We were poor. He stole a car in Texas to get my mother, me, my two brothers and my three sisters back home to Nashville. It happened to be a detective's car. My father got two years in the Atlanta penitentiary. Mama couldn't take care of all six of us, so my sisters and I were put in an orphanage. I was ten years old. I would dance and sing for the other girls in the orphanage and mimic the poses of the actresses we saw in movie magazines. We did the hula; I liked to watch the girls with their hips moving. I'd do the hula and pose for everyone. That was the start.

PLAYBOY: What else do you recall about the orphanage?

PAGE: Supper was always a cup of milk and a piece of cake. Plain white cake with no icing on it. Mama finally got us out of there.

PLAYBOY: You were 19 when you left Nashville.

PAGE: My husband Billy Neal got drafted into the Navy. He was stationed in Marysville, California. Two weeks after I graduated from Peabody College in Nashville I moved to San Francisco. Then he was shipped to the Mariana Islands to fight the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: Neal was kept under 24-hour guard before the ship departed. He had gone AWOL to be with you. Once he even escaped the stockade to spend the night with you.

PAGE: As a wife, I was always a good lover.

PLAYBOY: Soon you split with Billy Neal.

PAGE: I got a job, secretary to the sales manager at Enterprise Engine and Foundry. They made diesel engines for PT boats. The pay was \$40 a week.

PLAYBOY: What about your dream of being a model or movie star?

PAGE: I took a modeling course at night. It cost \$100. That was \$100 wasted. All I learned was how to put on too much makeup and walk with a book on my head. But I met a man in the window-washing business, Art Grasso, who said that he had done some directing in silent movies. Art Grayson, he called himself, but his name was Grasso. He was one of the first men to ask me to pose for him.

He took my picture and sent it to Twentieth Century Fox. Then one day he came running into the office with a telegram in his hand: "Twentieth Century Fox wants you for a screen test!" The next day we went to the airport to fly to Hollywood, but Grayson's wife was so jealous of me that she followed us in her car. She was sure we were having an affair. She grabbed him by the coattails. He was jumping over the turnstile to get to the airplane while she held on to his jacket. I said, over and over, "He never even made a pass at me!"

PLAYBOY: And what happened in Hollywood?

PAGE: I had a screen test with John Russell, who later had the title role in *The Lawman* on TV. I had to kiss him. It was awful. They made me up to look like Joan Crawford, with my hair bunched out on the sides, my eyebrows shaved off and penciled in and a great big wide lipstick mouth. I was disgusted. The studio people sat around a table saying the screen test was a flop, and I said, "Why can't I do my makeup? Isn't that what you liked in the first place?" And they didn't like that at Twentieth Century Fox, my speaking up.

PLAYBOY: Was that your only screen test?

PAGE: I had another chance. One day Mr. Grayson got a wire from Harry Warner at Warner Bros., who wanted me for a screen test. They might have let me do my own makeup; I might have gotten into the movies. But Billy, my husband, was just back from overseas. The war was over. I knew I had to go back to Nashville with him, so I didn't answer the wire. I will be sorry about that until the day I die.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there one other call from a movie man?

PAGE: Ten years later, in 1955, Howard Hughes called. He wanted to meet me. He said he wanted to test me, to screen-test me, in his studio downtown. But I had heard that he wouldn't do

(continued on page 184)

Bettie Page

(continued from page 136)

anything for you unless you went to bed with him. I wasn't into that. If I'm going to have sex with a man, I want to know and care something about him. I have to love him or at least like him very much. So Howard Hughes kept calling to say he wanted to take my picture, but I never called him.

PLAYBOY: Yet your greatest fame has been in the Eighties and Nineties. Your followers call you "timeless." In the old days your fans were dirty old men; today you're a heroine to their sons and daughters. Why?

PAGE: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Is it thrilling to have millions of new fans?

PAGE: It's surprising. I have a lot of young women fans, believe it or not. The other day I got a letter from a woman in Alaska, a missionary nurse. I'm still not sure how missionaries in Alaska get hold of my pin-up pictures.

PLAYBOY: You were the wholesome, naughty-but-nice girl in the most stylish dirty pictures of the Fifties. What was your best feature?

PAGE: I had a very natural smile.

PLAYBOY: Was it genuine? Did you enjoy posing nude, or were you pretending?

PAGE: I tried to imagine the camera was my boyfriend and I was entertaining him, with poses to please him.

PLAYBOY: How much of that did you do in real life?

PAGE: None. That's why it's funny when people claim I was some kind of sex icon and innovator. In my seven years of posing in New York I had less sex than at any other time in my life. For three of those years I dated an actor named Marvin Greene. He sang in the chorus in *Oklahoma!* Marvin was such a sweet fellow, the best companion I ever had. And gorgeous, with a beautiful body. He worked out in the gym; he could knock a baseball farther than the Yankees. But for some reason he did not appeal to me sexually.

We used to go camping in New England, Niagara Falls or way up in no-man's-land in northeast Canada. Slept together with no sex. I would kiss him, that was all. Marvin was bashful, but I loved to swim in the nude. Have you ever done that? It's a delightful feeling, unencumbered, like you're in another world.

Marvin wanted to marry me. I said, "I don't love you enough. I would make you unhappy."

PLAYBOY: In those three years you had no sex at all?

PAGE: None. I entertained myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy sex?

PAGE: Oh yes. But I had to feel something for the man. With Marvin, there was no desire.

PLAYBOY: Your bondage photos suggest a

darker sort of desire.

PAGE: Irving Klaw was the king of bondage. He would hire four or five models and two or three photographers. We would shoot for about four hours, always on Saturdays, down in the Village near 14th Street. An hour or an hour and a half of that would be bondage. You had to do bondage or you didn't get paid.

PLAYBOY: What were you paid?

PAGE: Eighty dollars.

PLAYBOY: Was bondage arousing to you?

PAGE: We laughed about it. Klaw's company was called Movie Star News. Irving and his sister Paula sold movie-star pictures, but their pin-ups, and then the bondage pictures, sold more. Paula did some photographing, but mostly she set up the scenes. She tied us up.

There was one set of poses that frightened me. It was outdoors. They put me between two trees with my feet off the ground. I was spread-eagle, with ropes around my hands and feet and my waist. They were too tight. I thought my arms were coming out of their sockets. I was in agony. It looks like it in the pictures, too. I wasn't putting on an act that time.

PLAYBOY: Who commissioned the Dark Angel photos you made?

PAGE: Judges, doctors, lawyers. People way up there in the professions. They go for bondage. They liked to see girls spanking each other. I held a whip a lot.

PLAYBOY: Any special requests?

PAGE: One guy sent me a pony outfit with a black leather hood that looked just like a horse. You couldn't even see me in there. I was down on all fours with my head covered, laughing.

Why do men like bondage? A fellow I knew well liked to be whipped. His wife never knew about it. Of course, I won't mention any names. . . .

STEVENS: Discretion, dear.

PAGE: [Smiling] Well, he deserves no discretion.

PLAYBOY: It was hardly discreet to pose nude in the Fifties. Why did you do it?

PAGE: God approves of nudity. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, they were naked as jaybirds. If they hadn't listened to the devil they could have been nude all their lives and as happy as larks. I always went around my apartment in New York totally nude. I swam in the nude, even considered joining a nudist colony. I do not believe in flaunting it, though.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you famous for flaunting it?

PAGE: No. My nude poses were mild. I frowned on any sort of pornography. I never did open poses. Except . . . well, there was one night. I went to a party; there were five camera clubs there and several models. They kept giving me drinks. I remember posing for them, doing some nude shots for the camera clubs. After that I must have been drunk, they must have talked me into doing some open poses.

PLAYBOY: The police later threatened you

with copies of those photos.

PAGE: You could get arrested for that in those days.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there an unwritten rule that camera club photos were for private use only?

PAGE: The dog who took those pictures sold them for \$800. They were sold under the counter, but the police found out and confiscated them. They knocked on my door one morning: "Bettie, we have something to show you." They had open poses. My face dropped, I was so shocked. They had close-ups, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first nude pose? We hear it happened after Jerry Tibbs introduced you to fellow hobbyists in camera clubs.

PAGE: That wasn't it. What happened was, I was sitting on a bench in Central Park when a fellow came up and said, "You have a beautiful face and a nice figure." He was a young photographer. He took some pictures. He asked me to pose nude and I didn't mind. I was in good shape back then. I never had qualms about being nude, though I didn't believe pubic hair should be showing in pictures.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any sexual problems?

PAGE: I wouldn't have intercourse with my first boyfriend until after we were married. Not even on our wedding night. That was because my father molested me as a child; I didn't care for sex for a long time after that.

I got over it. I believe that two people who love each other should make love. Sex is part of love.

PLAYBOY: In 1957, after your Dark Angel period, you dropped off the cultural screen. It would be decades before Dave Stevens with *The Rocketeer*, Robert Blue with his oversize bondage paintings and other fans would start a Bettie Page revival.

PAGE: Robert Blue painted my body all right, but not my face. I did not have a little tiny bird mouth and a frown line over my nose.

STEVENS: He liked the darker Bettie. What about the banana leaf one, where you're squatting on the ground in a leopard outfit?

PAGE: Yeah, that's not bad.

STEVENS: And the one where you're spanking the girl on the couch—

PAGE: That looks like me. That's a nice profile of me.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever ashamed of your work?

PAGE: I never thought it was shameful. I felt normal. It's just that it was much better than pounding a typewriter eight hours a day, which gets monotonous. I got tired of sitting at a desk all day.

PLAYBOY: Are you a feminist?

PAGE: Women should have equal employment rights. A woman who does the same job as a man should get the same money. As for women who don't want

men to be courteous, to give a girl their seat on a bus, I don't go in for that. I think women should enjoy those niceties and courtesies from men.

PLAYBOY: Take us back to the gala Beaux Arts Ball at the Waldorf Astoria in 1951. You made headlines.

PAGE: Robert Harrison published girlie books, *Wink* and *Flirt* and *Beauty Parade*. That man had a fetish about cleavage. Every model, no matter how big her boobies were, had to tape them together. He wanted that big *line* down the middle. For the Beaux Arts Ball he dreamed up a telephone outfit for me. I wore my black fishnet stockings and two little telephone dials over my boobies. And I had a suggestion box in the most strategic area, a little black box with a hole in it. I would never repeat some of the suggestions I got.

PLAYBOY: You were chosen Queen of the Ball. Your picture was in all the papers.

PAGE: I won a wonderful set of Revere Ware kitchenware. Seven hundred dollars' worth! Now it's almost 50 years later and I still use it.

PLAYBOY: Did you get dialed a lot?

PAGE: Some of the men tested the dials. Those phone dials on my breasts really worked.

PLAYBOY: It's been said you have the most-photographed breasts of all time.

PAGE: I never knew another girl with breasts like mine. Every month about a week before my period, my bust lost about two inches. My breasts got soft and flabby. Then a few days before my period and during it, they came back up and looked a lot better. It still bothers me that my breasts were down in my PLAYBOY centerfold.

STEVENS: You protest too much.

PAGE: If Bunny Yeager [the photographer] had to send my picture to PLAYBOY, she could have done it when my breasts looked better.

STEVENS: They looked fine.

PAGE: There's only one breast showing in the centerfold and it looks terrible. Do you know who followed me as Miss February? Jayne Mansfield. I was in high company.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to look enticing?

PAGE: Yes, of course. As a pin-up, that's what you do. I did it in a few movies, too.

PLAYBOY: You appeared in low-budget burlesque films with Lili St. Cyr and Tempest Storm.

PAGE: Tempest Storm was beautiful with her long, curly red hair. I played her maid in *Teaserama*. Or was it *Varietease*? Those wiggle movies were the same thing over and over. I just wiggled and mugged at the camera; I was no professional dancer. I was a good ballroom dancer, though.

PLAYBOY: With what partners?

PAGE: Men who asked me. I used to go to the Roseland Ballroom. It was full of beautiful colored lights. I would go alone; men would come over and ask me

to dance.

PLAYBOY: Men have always wanted things from you.

PAGE: That's part of why I had a nervous breakdown.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were abducted on your first trip to New York?

PAGE: I was walking on Seventh Avenue, window-shopping, when a tall, nice-looking fellow asked me, "Do you dance?" I said I loved to dance. He took me to his car and we drove to the Queensborough Bridge. Then two other guys got in the car. Then two more. It dawned on me that we were not going dancing. They parked behind a high school in Queens. One of the creeps got out and ran off with his girlfriend. The others all forced me to perform oral sex on them. They warned me not to go to the police. That night I called Billy Neal in Nashville. We weren't married anymore, but he sent me money for a Greyhound bus ticket home.

PLAYBOY: Your marriage to Billy Neal had fallen apart. Yet you and Billy wed a second time in 1953, only to divorce again. You had two other marriages, two more divorces.

PAGE: My breakdown came after my divorce from Harry Lear in Florida in 1972. Harry's ex-wife was so jealous of me that it ruined the marriage and my health. Harry and I had a good marriage. He was a wonderful provider and a good lover. But he had one bad fault. He was a Mr. Milquetoast. He wouldn't stand up to his ex-wife, who kept calling at four in the morning to yell at me.

PLAYBOY: Did she know about your past?

PAGE: Oh, that wasn't it. Harry was a big fan of my nude pictures. He had dresser drawers full of them. No, his ex-wife was calling at four A.M. to tell me I was bad for their children. They had three children and I was trying to be a good stepmother. The woman disapproved of everything I did. Those children threw their clothes all over the house, they wouldn't put them in the hamper no matter how many times I asked them.

PLAYBOY: Your fans would be amazed to hear that Bettie Page had clothes hamper worries.

PAGE: But that woman ruined my life. Harry never stood up to her. That's what led to our divorce. And that led to my troubles.

PLAYBOY: In his book *The Real Bettie Page*, Virginia journalist Richard Foster tells some lurid stories about you.

PAGE: Richard Foster is the devil posing as a human. A monster. He wants to make money, and he doesn't care what he does to my reputation.

PLAYBOY: Foster writes that you stabbed three people before being committed to a mental hospital.

PAGE: That book was full of lies.

PLAYBOY: Foster writes that you once held a knife to Harry Lear and his three children and forced them to pray. He says

you threatened to "cut their guts out."

PAGE: That is absurd. I wouldn't do something like that. [Editor's note: Contacted by phone, Harry Lear corroborated Foster's account. Lear voiced doubts about other charges in the book, however. "I don't like that guy Foster. He told me he would do almost anything for money," Lear said.]

PLAYBOY: Bettie, Harry Lear tells us the story is true. He says you made him and the children pray to a painting of Jesus, a painting by an artist named Sallman.

PAGE: We did have a picture like that. I don't know, maybe I was out of my head. I don't remember doing it.

PLAYBOY: Harry called the police on you that night. You spent four months in a Florida hospital.

PAGE: Harry didn't know what to do. He fixed me something to eat, then he said something I didn't like and I threw a plate at him. That's when he called the police. He knew it was hopeless; I was having a nervous breakdown. I was sent to Jackson Memorial Hospital, where I had to take Thorazine. Terrible stuff. You feel dizzy and frightened. You feel like your head is going to come off.

PLAYBOY: How did your breakdown start?
PAGE: I heard voices. I heard God and the angels talking to me, talking about fighting the demons in me. They talked out loud with my voice. That scared poor Harry. Of course, in the state I was in, I thought it was perfectly normal to talk to angels.

PLAYBOY: Were you religious?

PAGE: I was born again on New Year's Eve, 1959. By then I was married to Armond Walterson of Key West. The one before Harry. That was stupid on my part. I met him when I was 30 and he was 18, and all he cared for was sex, movies and hamburgers. The man was a hamburger fiend.

PLAYBOY: Was he born again?

PAGE: No, he was out drinking with the boys. I got restless and went for a walk. And it was as if someone had taken me by the hand and led me to a little church on White Street with a white neon cross on top. The door was open. I could hear singing. I went in and heard the preacher's salvation message. I stood there and cried because of my sins.

PLAYBOY: What sins?

PAGE: Because I had a lot of sex in my life. I even shoplifted a couple times at Peabody College in Nashville. The cadets on campus admired my looks; they dubbed me the Duchess and they would cross their swords over my head when I went to class. I was ashamed I didn't have anything pretty to wear, so I swiped two dresses from Harvey's Department Store.

But it was more than shoplifting. When I gave my life to the Lord I began to think he disapproved of all those nude pictures of me.

PLAYBOY: What did your husband think of your conversion?

PAGE: Armond didn't want to be led to the Lord. All he wanted was hamburgers and sex. And I had to teach him about sex. I don't think he'd ever had sex with a woman before me.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good teacher?

PAGE: I remember our first kiss. We were at a drive-in movie. Armond kissed me, but he really didn't know how. He barely touched his lips to mine. After that I showed him the ropes. He became a good lover.

PLAYBOY: Did religion change your life?

PAGE: I put my other life behind me. I threw all my bikinis in the garbage can. I threw out all my stockings and lingerie and panties and lace bras. And I went to Bible school. First the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, then the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and the Multnomah School of the Bible in Oregon. Did street witnessing and visited jails. I helped with church services at a home for teenage mothers, poor little 13-year-old girls with great big bellies. I led a few of them to the Lord.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want children of your own?

PAGE: I couldn't have any. I always wanted to, but I couldn't get pregnant. Doctors said I had a hormone imbalance.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about Bible Town,

where you studied in Florida.

PAGE: I had a breakdown there. I was in the auditorium when God seemed to talk to me. I guess I was cursing out loud, cursing Christians for not witnessing. Someone called the police.

This new book by Foster says Bettie Page threatened people with a .22 at Bible Town. That is a lie. I did have a .22 for protection, but whatever Foster has heard from the police, it never left my dresser drawer.

PLAYBOY: You had other run-ins with police.

PAGE: The worst ones had to do with two long-nosed busybodies, my good-for-nothing landladies.

I left Florida on October 9, 1978 and went to live in a little cottage in Lawndale, California. It's a nothing town, but I had a nice little place, painted white. Unfortunately, my landlady got it into her mind that I had a man in there. She would cup her hands over her eyes and peek through my window. I'd be walking around naked or in my panties, and I'd feel somebody watching me. I would look around and see her face against the window.

One day I was peeling potatoes when I saw her peeking in. I went to the door, and I guess I was waving the knife,

shouting, "Leave me alone or I'll call the police!" Well, her husband came out of the garage and busted me over the head with a hammer. My blood was all over the place. I thought he had killed me.

Then they lied in court. I wasn't allowed to speak. I tried to say they were lying. The judge kept saying he would cite me for contempt of court if I said another word.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to say?

PAGE: That I had no intention of cutting anybody with a knife. I am a peaceful person. Yes, I was depressed. My money was dwindling. I had tried to get secretarial jobs but was always turned down. I was overqualified. Or too old. I could type 75 words per minute and take shorthand at 120 words per minute, but I was too old. I got depressed and had relapses.

PLAYBOY: You were hospitalized again.

PAGE: They said I was schizophrenic. Acute schizophrenia.

PLAYBOY: How long were you at Patton State Hospital?

PAGE: Twenty months. Patton is in San Bernardino, California, you know. It's pretty there. You can see the mountains from your window.

I didn't feel like a prisoner at Patton. The grounds are lovely, full of orange and grapefruit and lemon trees. You were allowed to eat as many as you wanted. I had a job in the hospital offices. I was a secretary again. But one night I was back in the dorm when a big young woman, the girl who sat across from me in the cafeteria, attacked me and tried to choke me to death. It was a case of mistaken identity. She thought I was someone from her life. A guard finally pulled her away.

PLAYBOY: How often did you think about your former life as a pin-up girl?

PAGE: One night my picture came on the TV in the hospital. I couldn't hear anything, the women were all yakking. But seeing myself on TV—it brought back old times. Happier times.

PLAYBOY: There would soon be more troubles.

PAGE: Yes. Another relapse. After Patton State I rented a room from a woman who was worse than my other landlady. She would follow me around the house, bust into my room when I was dressing or undressing.

Since I couldn't get a job I depended on Social Security, which was \$450 a month. But the government needed verification of my rent, or it would cut off my S.S.I. I needed rent receipts from the landlady, but she wouldn't give them to me. I had no place else to live—I went into her room when she was sleeping and straddled her and threatened her: "Give me my rent receipts." I had a knife in my hand. We fought, and she hit me on the head with an antique telephone.

PLAYBOY: You wound up in court again.

PAGE: The judge would not let me speak.

I did not assault that woman. I was depressed and angry and I threatened her with a knife, but I wouldn't have done anything. I wasn't that sick. I might have cut her if she hadn't given me the rent receipts, but I would not have killed her. I never had that feeling even when I was mentally sick, but now it's on my record: assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder.

The court said I was not guilty by reason of insanity.

PLAYBOY: Was the court right?

PAGE: I wasn't insane. I had no intention of cutting that woman, for goodness sake, but I was held by the state for eight long years. I was released a few years ago. Now I live in a little house next door to my mental health center. Once a year I go to downtown Los Angeles to see a psychiatrist. That would be a one-hour drive, but it takes three hours on the bus.

My psychiatrist says I'm doing well. She tells me to avoid stress. I don't want to relapse.

PLAYBOY: Do you have financial troubles?

PAGE: All the attention I have been getting lately helps my morale more than my pocketbook. I had a louse of an agent, James Swanson, who published my life story, *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-up Legend*.

PLAYBOY: What about movie rights?

PAGE: People talk about a movie, but I don't think it will happen. My popularity was only at the cult level. My life isn't interesting enough for a big-time movie.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever appear in public again?

PAGE: No. I want people to remember me as I was.

PLAYBOY: Do you reminisce?

PAGE: I think about being young. I never thought I would get old. Then I started seeing gray hairs and lines around my eyes and my mouth. I thought, Oh no, I'm old. I'm 50. Now I think, Oh, to be 50 again! But I have decided to live to be 100. I'm into antiaging—I take vitamins, minerals and umpteen supplements and have more energy than ever.

PLAYBOY: One critic wrote that your appeal came from low self-esteem. You tried so hard to please the camera, he said.

PAGE: What's low about that? To please the camera—isn't that a good thing?

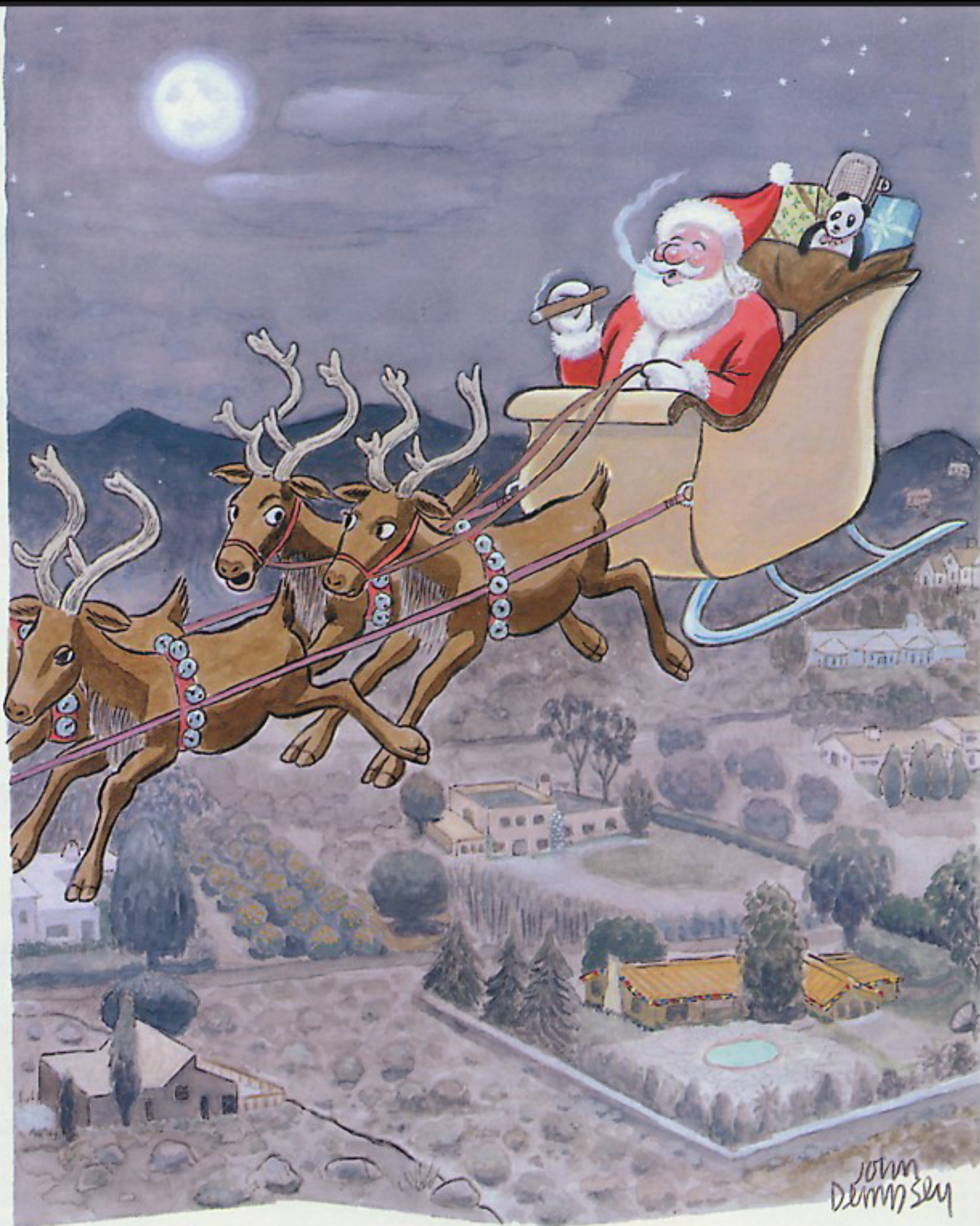
PLAYBOY: Do you regret anything?

PAGE: I am sorry for the trouble I had with Harry Lear and his ex-wife and their children. I'm sorry that this book has come out and that my fans, people who have been admirers of mine for years, have to read about my troubles.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a message for your fans?

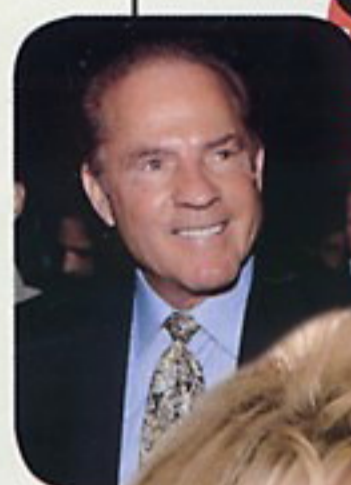
PAGE: Yes. I never got to tell them: Thank you.





"Did you notice? He swiped a box of Cuban cigars at that last house."

THE YEAR



FRANK'S GIFT OF LOVE TO KATHIE LEE — A VASECTOMY



Frank Gifford gave his wife Kathie Lee a "special gift of love"...

FRANK'S FOR THE MAMMARIES

When *Globe* placed Frank Gifford in a tryst with a former flight attendant, the sportscaster and his wife, TV hostess Kathie Lee, cried foul. "Total fabrication," they said. *Globe* countered with steamy photos of Frank and Suzen Johnson. (Not to be outdone, the *Star* and the *National Enquirer* proffered dueling pregnancy tales.) Kathie Lee often bubbled to fans about her spouse's great behind; a *PLAYBOY* layout proved Suzen has an impressive front.



DAVE



SHOW ME THE MONEY!

Jerry Maguire's Cuba Gooding Jr. stripped to bare essentials to proclaim what soon became the year's hottest catchphrase.

CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTIES DOWN, MARV FOULS OUT

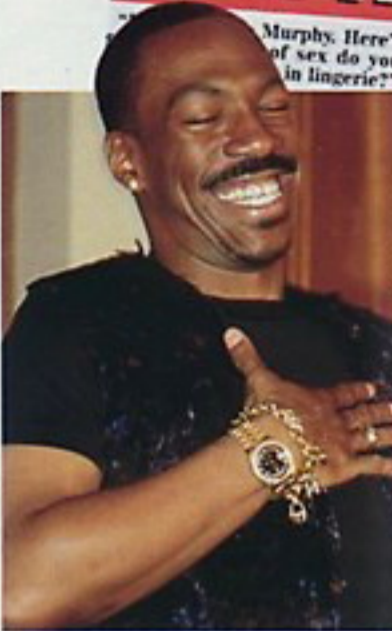
NBC fired Marv Albert after he first denied, then copped a plea to an ex-girlfriend's abuse charges. It didn't help that the sportscaster's DNA matched bite marks on her torso, that another witness testified she saw him in lingerie or that his name surfaced in the files of a dead dominatrix.



IN SEX

men behaving badly!
soldiers off-limits! stars
acting up! it's another
rip-roaring roundup

EDDIE MURPHY'S SECRET SEX LIFE



Murphy. Here's of sex do you in lingerie?"

His transvestite hooker tells all!

ENQUIRER EXCLUSIVE
By ALAN SMITH, MICHAEL GLENN, PATRICIA TOWNE & JOHN BUSSIER

...and he laughs? I'm a transvestite hooker... I've been in an area...
"Professor" is male about transvestite hookers... Police sources say he's been...

TV OR NOT TV?

Eddie Murphy insists his four A.M. pickup of transvestite hooker Atisone Seiuli (who, as evidenced near right, looks remarkably like Murphy's wife, Nicole) was

merely a good Samaritan gesture: Seiuli, who's known in the trade as Shalimar, just needed a ride. Other TVs tattled to tabloids about their alleged past encounters with the actor, who, they said, only likes to look.



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU... Eddie's transvestite pal, Atisone Seiuli (left), bears an uncanny resemblance to his star's wife.

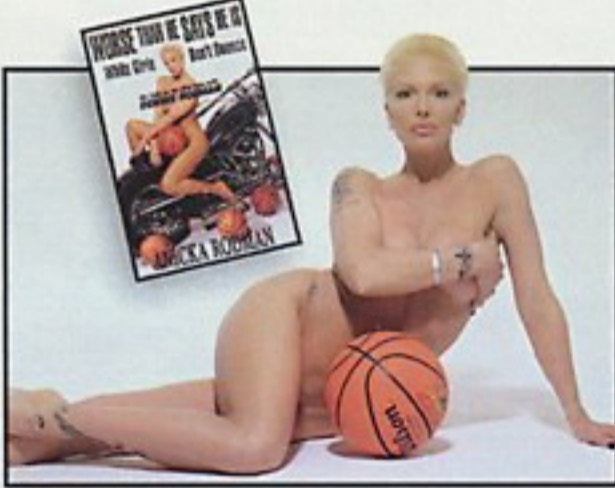
...stood in the area. We saw a person on the street and was interested. We stopped to ask if the person needed help and the person asked for a ride home. When The ENQUIRER inquired about the photo that we understood Murphy had taken with other transvestites in the past, a spokesman replied, "There is no truth to that at all." However, a source close to Los Angeles law enforcement told The ENQUIRER, "Eddie Murphy has done this before." "Undercover cops in the area where he was stopped say he's picked up transvestite hookers before. They say his favorite is pre-surgery transvestites." "In the past, police have stopped Eddie with hookers. But they let him go because they've never actually caught him in the act of sex."



He put two \$100 bills on my leg and asked: 'Can I see you in lingerie?'

There was a brief little tear. "Eddie said 'Never let me give a lady a ride.' I mean a lady a ride? At 4:30 in the morning, light asleep? I don't know. Despite last party invitation, Nicole said to how out of the it she assured her that stand for you, it's all here for you." "Now the transvestite... looking for face will... fun too, said all this... Eddie will be true... this year down for time."

Tragic secret Matt La...



WORSE THAN HE SAYS HE IS... White Girls Don't Bounce... ANICKA RODMAN

THE DISH ON DENNIS

Anicka Rodman, ex-wife of hoopster (and *Bad as I Wanna Be* author) Dennis, tells all in her book, *Worse Than He Says He Is: White Girls Don't Bounce*.



Yes, I'm Gay... Ellen DeGeneres



HANDS-ON PROJECT

GQ's February 1997 subscriber copies featured an image of Dennis Rodman's hands on Rebecca Romijn's breasts; the newsstand version featured a tamer Becky in a bikini.



FULL HEARTS, EMPTY CLOSETS
Ellen's April outing scored the sitcom's highest ratings; as Ellen DeGeneres and her lover Anne Heche glowed, Oprah Winfrey felt compelled to squelch rumors that she's gay.



THE YEAR IN SEX



SHOW ME THE DNA!

After Autumn Jackson was convicted of trying to extort \$40 million in hush money from Bill Cosby—she says she's his daughter—he gave blood for a DNA test to settle the matter. At that point, Jackson balked.

"I'm
Outta My
Outfit!"



O SAY! CAN YOU XENA?

Singing the national anthem at a Mighty Ducks hockey game, actress Lucy (Xena: Warrior Princess) Lawless lost it.



LUST IN CYBERSPACE?

Surfwatch software, purportedly aimed at Internet fare such as that below right, blocked the White House site for using the dirty word couples to describe Al and Tipper Gore.



FOCUS ON TECHNOLOGY
U.S. v. the Internet
As a cyber sleuth, the Indecency Act reaches the Supreme Court

SURF WATCH



OUT OF BODY, OUT OF MIND

Dissing her two years with PLAYBOY as momentary out-of-body experiences, 1994 PMOY Jenny McCarthy posed on the can and eyeing a plumber's ass for Candies ads that, despite being rejected as tasteless by magazines and TV outlets, sold shoes.



RUBBER BED-ROOM BUNGEE JUMPERS

Cords Unlimited's Bedroom Bungee device promises more bounce to the pounce via weightless sex.





MUFF SAID

"The only fur I'm not ashamed to wear," proclaims the beavered babe in this Italian ad for an animal-rights organization.

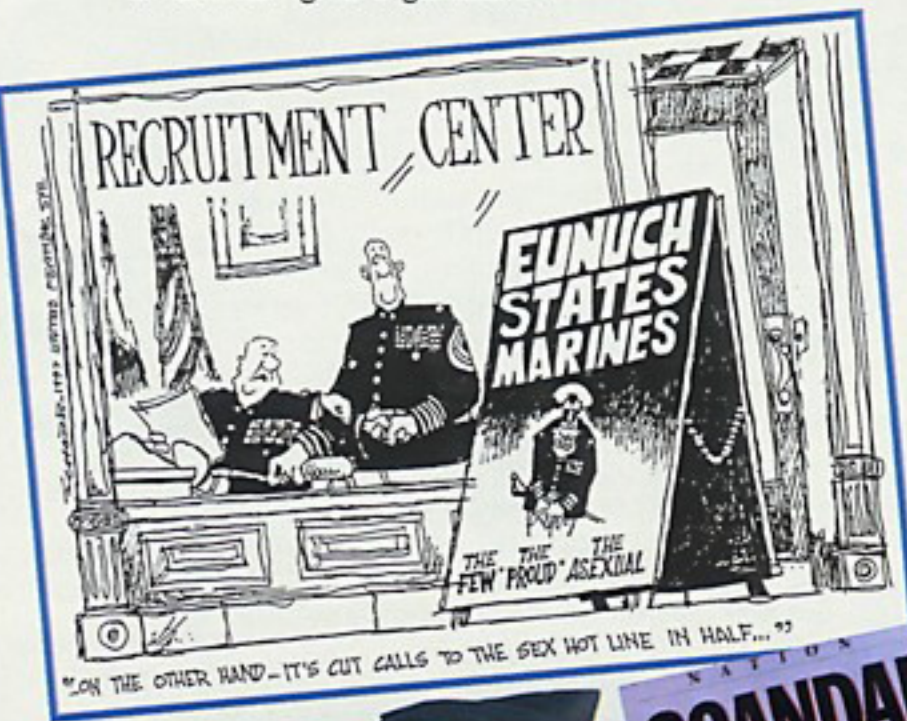
BUTTS OUT

The models (from the prestigious Boss agency) and the messages are the same in U.S. and German versions of this People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals ad. In prim American media, though, the slogan turned into a bum wrap.



MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE

No sooner had the Pentagon washed its hands of the gays-in-the-military issue than the specter of heterosexual sex raised its head. Among the combatants in the military's battle of the sexes: The Army's former top enlisted man, Sergeant Major Gene McKinney (below left), who faced a court martial for harassment; Air Force Lieutenant Kelly Flinn (bottom), who was forced to resign over adultery charges; and USAF General Joseph Ralston (right), who lost his Joint Chiefs of Staff nomination over a long-ago affair. The supporting players on the nightly news included drill sergeants and a horny recruiter.

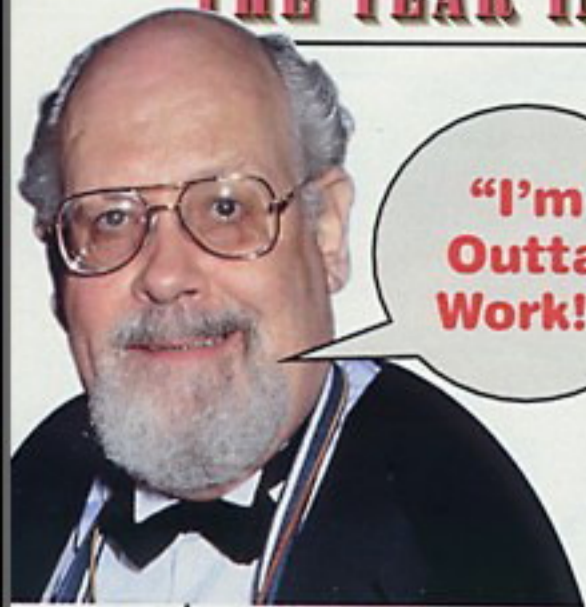


SCANDAL IN THE MILITARY

Reports of rape of an Army training base suggest that the service tolerates sexual harassment.



THE YEAR IN SEX



"I'm Outta Work!"

THAT'S BUSBOYS, NOT BUSS BOYS

Jeff Smith, television's Frugal Gourmet, lost a religious-network gig when seven former teen employees sued him over alleged sexual abuse.



SHOW US YOUR WILLY, BILLY!

Right-on reports described Billy, marketed as the world's first openly gay doll, as "very anatomically correct."



"Our dream has finally come true!"



GRANNY GOOSE, MEET GERIATRIC GANDERS

The same media that cluck-clucked when 63-year-old mom Arceli Keh gave birth to a daughter oohed and aahed when Tony Randall (left) became a first-time father at 77 and Anthony Quinn had his 13th child at 81.



THE PAM WHAT AM

Maybe they should buy better locks: After yet another reported theft of intimate photos—this time on tape—Pamela Anderson and husband Tommy Lee found themselves on the international video market via the Internet (left). Meanwhile, the blonde bombshell apparently stripped down

to host an episode of *Saturday Night Live*—complete with a sketch spoofing sister Playmate Jenny McCarthy's by-now-notorious farting routine (below)—before producing a brother for Brandon.



ORDER

Pamela's Hardware Sex CD @ \$85.00
 Pamela's Hardware Sex Video @ \$190.00
[Non-Credit Orders Click Here](#)

Prices Include Free Shipping & Handling!!

COUNTRY	Foreign Currency Rate Table	TAPE	CURRENCY
		180.00	
		306.00	German Marks
		318.00	Argentine Peso
		325.00	Australian Dollars
			Brazilian Real
			English Pounds



Baptists vs. Mickey

Why the boycott against Disney faces steep odds



NO SEX, PLEASE, WE'RE BAPTISTS

As Southern Baptists announced a boycott of Disney over racy films, *Ellen* and same-sex benefits, respected publisher Simon & Schuster resurrected a bawdy Mickey, Minnie and other cartoon characters in *Tijuana Bibles*, a collection of vintage eight-pagers.



GUY LIB

When *Playgirl* published two-year-old nude vacation photos, Brad Pitt won an injunction against the magazine. Antonio Banderas branded shots from *Playgirl*, *Celebrity Sleuth* and the Internet (below) as fakes. Would you?



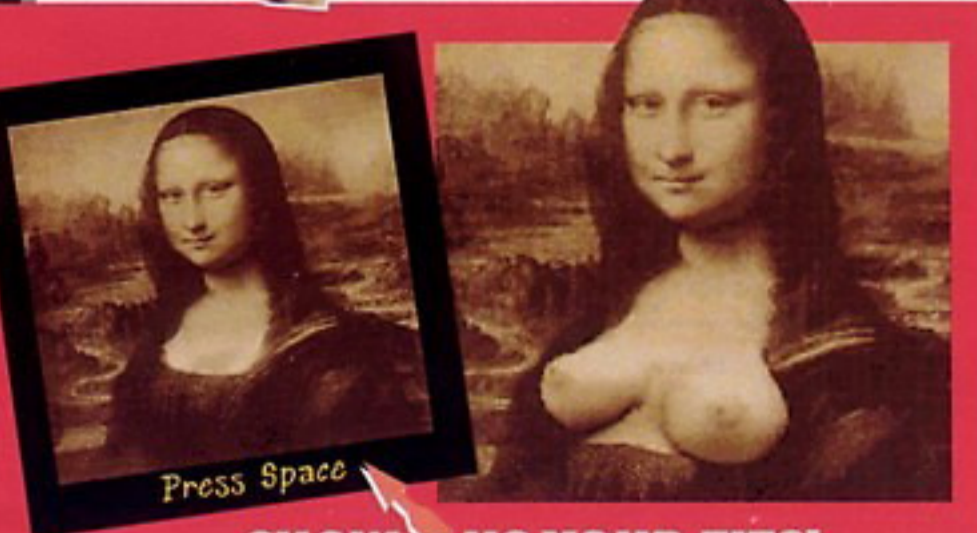
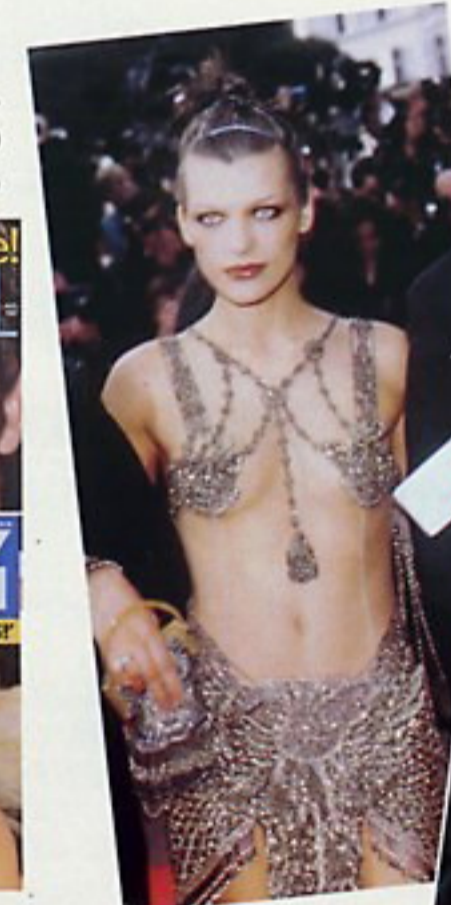
RUSSIA'S SECRET WEAPON

Russian Army generals sure know how to lift military spirits and keep the troops warm during those long Siberian bivouacs. They've cunningly recruited Playboy model Dana Borisova to host their official television show, *Army Shop*.



CELEBRITY SKIN

Skin was in for actresses Milla Jovovich (left) and Victoria Abril (below top), both snapped at the Cannes Film Festival, and models Shalom Harlow (for Dior, right), Naomi Campbell (below middle, photographed during New York's Fashion Week) and Kristen McMenamy (flashing for Fendi, bottom).



SHOW US YOUR TITS!

Now we know what she's smiling about: Pressing the space bar on your keyboard (www.satexas.com/coolfiles.html) gives you—presto!—Mona Lisa unfettered.

THE YEAR IN SEX



BARE MARKET

Photographer Spencer Tunick's Naked States Tour drew dozens of volunteers to run on Wall Street (top), but Germany's Manfred Schonlau recruited a mere handful to pose by Berlin's Brandenburg Gate (above, right).



THE MOON NEVER SETS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE
In a flag-lowering ceremony shortly before the Brits left Hong Kong, an errant breeze ruffled the dignity of the Black Watch regiment.



AS FAR AS WE KNOW, NONE OF THIS TOOK PLACE IN THE LINCOLN BEDROOM—IF, INDEED, IT TOOK PLACE AT ALL

Rumors of sexcapades in and out of the White House kept the presses running, notably at the *National Enquirer*, where (1) Barbara Pfafflin, ex-mistress of former advisor (2) Dick Morris, told reporter David Wright that Morris found both (3) Hillary Clinton and (4) presidential advisor George Stephanopoulos attractive—and that President Clinton lusted after (5) Sharon Stone (who doesn't?). Other alleged good friends of Bill: (6) Whitewater defendant Susan McDougal, who denies impropriety, and (7) singer Gennifer Flowers.



SHOW US THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC!

Paula Jones, the only one of these folks suing Clinton, claims Bill has "a distinguishing characteristic" beneath his briefs.





**"I'm
Outta My
Element!"**

BOONE TO BE WILD

When Pat Boone donned this punk studs-and-leather outfit at the American Music Awards telecast, a Christian cable net canceled his *Gospel America* show.



**KENNEDY HEIR,
HIS TEEN LOVE AND
THEIR STEAMY 5-YEAR AFFAIR**

**SO MUCH FOR
CAMELOT**

Another purported JFK amour, Gunilla von Post, surfaced via a memoir; RFK's son Michael (right, with wife Victoria) was said to have had sex with a teen baby-sitter; Michael's brother Joe (below) quit his gubernatorial race after ex-wife Sheila (left) fought their annulment; and JFK Jr. branded his cousins "poster boys for bad behavior" while himself posing nude in *George* (right).



BATTLE ROYAL

Kitty Kelley's retelling of innuendos about infidelities and the purity of the regal Windsor bloodlines kept her new book from publication in the United Kingdom.



Sheila (left) fought their annulment; and JFK Jr. branded his cousins "poster boys for bad behavior" while himself posing nude in *George* (right).



**FARRAH THAN
THE REST**

Despite a romantically rocky 1997, a bust-up with Ryan O'Neal, trouble with another date's girlfriend and a spacey guest shot on *Letterman*, Farrah Fawcett triumphed in a hot PLAYBOY pictorial and chart-topping video.



**WHAT WAS SHE
EXPECTING, BINGO?**

Ex-Miss USA Shannon Marketic was shocked (shocked!) when a visit to the Sultan of Brunei's palace turned harem-scare 'em. A judge tossed her suit, though, ruling the ruler immune to U.S. litigation.







EMRE GROWN

"My wife just walked in. Let me do all the talking."



TERI HATCHER

While pursuing a math degree at a northern California college, Teri Hatcher didn't imagine that she would work with two of show business' biggest legends, Superman and James Bond. Starting out as a dancer in her native Sunnyvale, California, Hatcher accompanied a pal needing moral support to a casting call. There, Hatcher won the attention of the producers and was signed to play one of the ship's dancers on "The Love Boat." Hatcher had studied at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, where one of her instructors was Annette Bening. Hatcher garnered small roles in Christopher Guest's "The Big Picture," "Soapdish" with Sally Field and "Straight Talk" opposite Dolly Parton. Her memorable guest appearance on "Seinfeld" alerted Warner Bros. executives who were searching for the postfeminist lead for the television series "Lois & Clark—The New Adventures of Superman." The show gradually became a hit during its four-year run, and Hatcher was soon appearing on Most Beautiful and Best Dressed lists around the world. She became an Internet star and turned heads with her nude appearance in the erotic thriller "Heaven's Prisoners" opposite Alec Baldwin. She also branched out with roles in the cult hit "2 Days in the Valley" and in David Schwimmer's directorial debut, "Since You've Been Gone." Now she is appearing in the latest James Bond movie, "Tomorrow Never Dies," as Pierce Brosnan's ex-lover and the current wife of a dangerously powerful media mogul.

**the newest
bond bomb-
shell on un-
dressing in
a crowd,
the complex
nature of
breasts and
the art of
leaving lip-
stick on
a man**

Robert Crane caught up with the darkly beautiful Hatcher at Shutters Hotel in Santa Monica. He reports: "Teri is so bright, well read and attractive, it's disorienting. Waiters stare, parking attendants drop keys, maitre d's give us the best table. The only way spending time with her could have been better is if I'd had X-ray vision."

1.

PLAYBOY: You were once voted most likely

to become a Solid Gold dancer. What went wrong?

HATCHER: The show went off the air. Unfortunately I'm a little too late for everything. I had a pretty extensive dance background as a kid but don't do it anymore. Except in nightclubs. When I moved to Los Angeles, my first job was a dancing role as a *Love Boat* mermaid. But I realized I wasn't good enough to compete in the dance arena. It was clear that I didn't get the job because I was the best dancer. I slept with all the producers. Just kidding. I couldn't compete, so that's when I started thinking more seriously about acting. I'm sure lots of the big stars sing, dance, do all that stuff, but you mostly see people doing one thing, and doing it well.

2.

PLAYBOY: Your picture on the Internet is one of the most popular hits. What does it take to be big on the Web?

HATCHER: I think the credit goes to the cape. There is something intriguing about that particular shot, having nothing to do with me. A woman naked wrapped in Superman's cape conjures so much. He's the definitive superhero, and she's obviously gotten so intimate with him that she has his cape, and it's sexy and sort of powerful. It was my idea to do that shot. ABC wanted me to do it in a buttoned-up Lois Lane blouse with the cape over it. We shot it that way and I said, "Can we just snap one roll without the blouse?" And of course, that was the picture they used. Cut to the next year, when they're like, "Will she wear a pair of Superman boxer shorts and be naked on the top, covering her breasts with her hands?" I don't think so. But it's nice to see you've caught on.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you fool around online?

HATCHER: I like having the ability to access information. I love e-mail, especially when I'm working. I often can't finish a phone call in the relaxed manner that I want to. E-mail allows me to sit down with a glass of wine, at two in the morning, and spend as much time as I need saying what I want to say, and send it to somebody without waking them.

4.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever changed in a phone booth?

HATCHER: No, but I'm sure I could. They're big and roomy, practically a hotel. I hate dressing rooms, and in a department store, I'll try on a top while hiding behind a rack instead of going into the dressing room to take off my clothes. I'm either not shy, or I'm really stupid and just think people aren't looking at me. On the set of the James Bond movie, I have this dress that reveals how complicated it is to look glamorous. It's a beautiful dress, but my breasts had gaffer's tape on them, and the sides of the dress were attached to my skin because it was too big and they couldn't take it in because of the way it was made. So, during filming, I'd wear my sweats until the very last minute and then put on the dress on the set. I didn't care if the crew was looking, I just wanted them to get the dress on, put the tape on, get me out. And you're constantly lifting your breasts up and tucking this and that, and you don't think about it because you're there to do a job. If that's what I have to do to look good on camera and to make myself comfortable, then I don't have any modesty about it. But there were moments when I'd think, There are 300 extras staring at me, and I'm touching myself wherever it needs to be touched.

5.

PLAYBOY: We missed the last part of that *Seinfeld* episode that featured your breasts. What was the resolution?

HATCHER: I told Jerry, "They're real and they're spectacular." I will never forget that line. It goes with me wherever I go. That will be pretty fabulous when I'm 80. I had a ball doing the show. And they didn't write that line until right before we were shooting. Larry David [*Seinfeld's* co-creator], genius.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are people too hung up on breasts?

HATCHER: The whole country is, both men and women. Women seem to want them to be better or different or this or that. And men feel the same way. It definitely isn't bigger is better, because it's in the eye of the beholder. I think people are too hung up on bodies in general. That's one of the reasons I want to go to Greece. I hear everybody is big and fat and they let it all hang out on the beach and nobody cares. It sounds fabulous to me. (concluded on page 190)

TERI HATCHER (continued from page 155)

Touch the vegetables in your grocery and you'll have an erotic experience. Stay away from the artichokes.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's a good reason for breast augmentation?

HATCHER: If that's what it takes to make a woman feel good about herself, then she should do it. I could never do it because I don't understand the concept of putting a foreign object into my body. That's all it's about for me. I didn't even want to take birth control pills. If it makes people feel good, and they feel like it's safe, then they should do it.

8.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever change your breasts?

HATCHER: Ask me after I've had a baby.

9.

PLAYBOY: In *TV Guide* you posed as earth, air, fire and water. Please comment on other elemental things. Mud?

HATCHER: If you want a comment on mud, you should go to the Flamingo, or whatever the hell the name of that place is, in Hollywood. There's a lot of mud there, spread all over women. Fishing comes to mind because I used to have to put my own worms on the hook. I was so proud that I was nine years old, fishing with my dad, and could hook my own worms and wasn't freaked out by it.

10.

PLAYBOY: Oil?

HATCHER: All over my body, by really

good hands, either my husband's or a professional's, whenever I can get it, in as many different scents as I can get it in. Love, love, love oil. Send oil.

11.

PLAYBOY: There are chat rooms on the Internet devoted to your belly button.

HATCHER: Are you serious? How do you know it's mine? I've heard my head is on somebody else's body. I haven't seen it, but that's what I've heard.

12.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever introduce a navel ring to your jewelry collection?

HATCHER: That's personal. They're very sexy, and that's all I'm saying.

13.

PLAYBOY: Which parts of your body would you not pierce?

HATCHER: Anything else.

14.

PLAYBOY: What's the most outrageous cover line you've seen on a women's magazine?

HATCHER: Something like 100 NEW WAYS TO HAVE SEX. I guess that has to be the most outrageous, and of course, I buy it. Sucker that I am.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've said lipstick is sexy. Is it OK to leave it on a guy?

HATCHER: My husband thinks lipstick is sexy, and sometimes I wear lipstick just for him. Can you leave it on a guy? Sure you can, because it's your mark. It's a sign that you've been there, wherever it is. I think the guy will be happy with it too, running around saying, "See this lipstick? Know how it got there?"

16.

PLAYBOY: You're a vegetarian. Give us a sensuous tour of the vegetable kingdom.

HATCHER: [Laughing] Just go to your grocery store and figure it out. Anything long, probably in green or yellow tones. Anything round. Just touch all the vegetables in your grocery store and you'll have an erotic experience. You might get arrested, but that's not my problem. Don't tell them I sent you. And stay away from the artichokes.

17.

PLAYBOY: If women had supernatural powers, would they use them for good or evil?

HATCHER: Any woman would be tempted to use what she could for her own selfish purpose, though not necessarily to hurt somebody. If a guy could actually look at a woman's lingerie under her clothes, I mean, wouldn't he? It's not really an invasion of privacy.

18.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever pretend that you weren't good in math?

HATCHER: No. That was so not me. I was always really competitive that way. I felt the men in class thought I was just attractive and stupid and I wanted to prove them wrong.

19.

PLAYBOY: How interesting a social life can a math major look forward to?

HATCHER: The answer to that is why I'm not doing it. You know, I'm sure they have real exciting lives—she says, rolling her eyes. But it would have been great if I had finished my math major and become a mathematician. It's a great field for women.

20.

PLAYBOY: What would a feminist think of the name Pierce—or Lance?

HATCHER: I guess it depends on how nuts they are. One can interpret anything one wants to any way one wants to. It speaks more of the person who is making the interpretation. I've never even thought about it—that tells you who I am. It hasn't even occurred to me.

But speaking of one Pierce in particular, Pierce Brosnan is great as a James Bond for the modern era. The first time Bond and I see each other on-screen, I slap him across the face. It's such a great entrance.



"My wife thinks we should do more to emulate the ways of Mother Teresa, whereas I, on the other hand, can't stop thinking about the Playmate of the Month."





*"Folks, your reservation for a table for two is going
once . . . going twice. . . ."*



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISS JUNE—06



MISS JULY—07



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS DECEMBER—12



Miss November
INGA DROZDOVA

Miss November's Playmate pictorial was a command performance for the 22-year-old Latvian. She had previously appeared in the Russian *PLAYBOY*, thrilling fans who already knew her as a pop singer. But the motherland should prepare to bid bon voyage to Inga, now that she's had a taste of the *sladkaya zhizn'*—or "sweet life"—of America. "I'll be moving to Los Angeles," she says. "Ever since my *PLAYBOY* appearance, my career has taken off. It's time to become an American star." Be our guest.

Miss April
KELLY MONACO

The first thing we noticed about Miss April was her natural charm, a trait that comes from growing up among the trees and lakes of the Poconos. Formerly a lifeguard, Kelly, 21, told us last year that she would love to comb the beaches of *Baywatch*. Dreams do come true: Kelly's now on the show. "I got a call from the producers when my centerfold came out. They brought me in and put me through this grueling swim test, and I kicked butt. They said, 'We need this girl.' We know what they mean.





Miss October

LAYLA ROBERTS

Last fall, Miss October's star was truly on the rise: She had made appearances on *Baywatch* and in an Aerosmith video, and we predicted big things. We were right. The Hawaii-born Layla, 23, has landed movie gigs with Sylvester Stallone (*The Good Life*) and Bruce Willis (the forthcoming *Armageddon*). "Even when I'm not working," Layla admits, "my mind is racing. I'm always figuring out where I am and what my next move is going to be. There are lots of good film jobs out there!"

Miss July

DAPHNEE DUPLAIX

Last year, Miss July told us how advice from Sylvester Stallone helped transform her from movie extra to bona fide actress with nine films under her 24-inch belt. Now 21, the Haitian-Italian Manhattan native has moved from her Miami digs to the equally warm climes of Los Angeles. "I'm doing the acting thing," she says, "looking for an agent, auditioning, lying in the sun." Meanwhile, Daphnee is still reeling from the splash she made in her *PLAYBOY* debut. "Haven't found a person yet who didn't like it," she says.

Miss February

KIMBER WEST

You'll recall that Miss February is an American melting pot—a Polynesian Spanish Cherokee (with a dash of Dutch and Irish) born and raised in Atlanta, Georgia. Twenty-three-year-old Kimber has relocated to California, where, careerwise, "things are really getting to be fun." Among her TV assignments was a guest spot on Jenny McCarthy's new show. Would Kimber like to be the next Jenny McCarthy? Nope. "Don't get me wrong, I love Jenny," she says. "But my goal is to be the next Kimber West."





Miss December
KAREN MC DOUGAL

Miss December—who was nicknamed Barbie (as in the doll) in high school—prides herself on her wholesomeness and sex appeal. These days the 26-year-old former preschool teacher is giving thought to leaving her comfy Michigan nest to try out the acting scene in Los Angeles. "I'll miss my family and the change of seasons back home," says Karen, "as well as the friendliness of Midwesterners. But I'd like to take my shot at TV." As for her *PLAYBOY* fame, Karen says, "Things are hectic, but I'm having a ball."

Miss January
JAMI FERRELL

A year ago, we introduced Miss January to you as the shy Indiana girl who braved the jaunt to Los Angeles and ended up a nanny for a high-powered couple in Malibu. Today, 23-year-old Jami looks to the future with the same enthusiasm. "I'm not sure what I want to do yet," Jami says. "But ever since I got back from doing a photo shoot in Africa, all I can think about are my experiences there. Maybe I'll work with animals. Maybe I'll write about them. It was an amazing adventure." See you in the fast lane, Jami.





Miss March

JENNIFER MIRIAM

We led off Miss March's Playmate pictorial with a shot of Jennifer skiing, a sport the Oklahoma native picked up when her oilman dad moved the family to Colorado. But Jennifer now calls Austin, Texas her home. "The film industry is moving down here," explains the 25-year-old starlet. "Quentin Tarantino, Richard Linklater, all those guys." Naturally, Jennifer is part of the action. Look for her as Ethan Hawke's love interest in Linklater's *The Newton Boys*, and in the 1998 *Texas Swimsuit Calendar*.

Miss August

KALIN OLSON

Miss August says she was a shy tomboy while growing up in Arkansas. A few victories in bikini contests—and one Playmate spread—later, the 22-year-old Kalin has become a local legend. "My hometown paper put me on the front page when my centerfold came out," Kalin says. "Everybody calls me a celebrity." Alas, the only perk not to come out of Kalin's PLAYBOY appearance was a chance to meet fellow Arkansan Bill Clinton. "He rarely comes home anymore," she says. "Unlike me."

Miss May

LYNN THOMAS

When she first appeared on our pages, Miss May had gone from studying genetic engineering to becoming a sheet-metal sculptor and art major at a New York college. Now a graduate, the Virginia native has decided to chill for a while. "I'm taking a break," says Lynn, "modeling a little but mostly relaxing." While grad school and a career in performance art are definite options for her future, Lynn, 22, is quick to point out: "I don't want to do the kind of art others expect me to do. I want to do my own thing."





Miss September
NIKKI SCHIELER

In her Playmate profile, Miss September said a psychic presaged her move from assistant dental hygienist to Hollywood actress. At 26, the native Californian is bent on making that prediction come true. "I'm doing tons of auditions," says Nikki, "and learning how to make the transition from modeling to acting. It's hard work." As for her PLAYBOY appearances, Nikki is proud to be one of only a handful of Playmates to be a cover girl one month and a centerfold the next. "That," she says, "is truly an honor."

Miss June
CARRIE STEVENS

As we told you last summer, Miss June went from being an Elvis enthusiast roaming about Graceland to a blossoming actress living in Hollywood. That was just the start. "Since I became a Playmate," says Carrie, "oh, my God, has life changed."

I'm working nonstop. Music videos. Beer commercials. An appearance on *90210* that may turn into a recurring role. Things are great!" Carrie, 28, remains a spiritualist who, in her rare spare moments, practices rebirthing. "I'll always make time for that," she says.

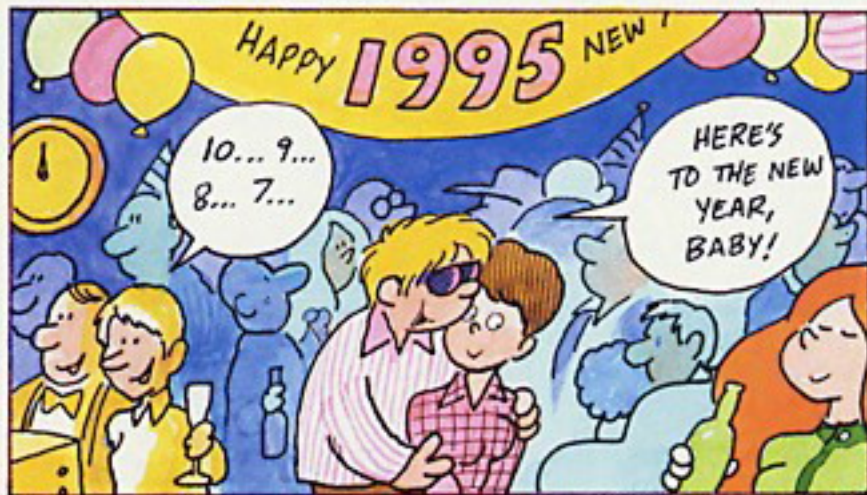




"They don't allow Christmas here—but they lay on a humdinger of a New Year's!"

CRUISER

Chris Browne



PLAYMATE NEWS



THE BUNNY HOP

In the age of retro, when a good cigar and a stiff drink are de rigueur, we long for the days of the dip—the Bunny Dip, that is. Miss July 1996 Angel Boris (from



Early on, the talk around PLAYBOY was of dressing the Club waitresses in sexy night-gowns. Fortunately for Club patrons, the magazine's Rabbit imagery won out.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JANUARY

Vicki McCarty—Miss September 1979 will be 44 on January 13.
Anna-Marie Goddard—Miss January 1994 will be 28 on January 13.
Alice Denham—Miss July 1956 will be 65 on January 21.
Debbie Hooper—Miss August 1969 will be 50 on January 24.
Karen Velez—Miss December 1984 will be 37 on January 27.

left), Miss May 1991 Carrie Yazel, Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian and Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller dusted off Bunny ears and tails to attend the Sony International Marketing of Personal and Mobile Communications awards party at the Playboy Mansion. Sony requested the Play-

JANET QUIST:

"I would be a Playmate again in a New York minute. Traveling and meeting people enriched my life."

mates, and we provided the costumes. We're happy to say that even after all these years, it was a perfect fit.

THE LADY OF THE LISTSERV

There are two ways to communicate with your fellow Playmate aficionados in cyberspace.

The first, of course, is to join the Playboy Cyber Club at <http://cyber.playboy.com>. The other is to check into the Playboy Digest at playboyrequest@mosaic.playboy.com. Moderated by Peggy Wilkins, it is not subsidized by Playboy, but Hef checks in all the time. Fans discuss every aspect of the world of PLAYBOY, from events they've attended at which Playmates have been present to the contents of the magazine. In fact, subscribers are known to scrutinize each issue. List subscribers are so fond of Wilkins that they paid her way to a Glamourcon in Los Angeles. Hef even invited her and a group of her fellow Listservers on a tour of the

PLAYMATES 101: LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

Point your browser to the Internet Movie Database (www.imdb.com) for Playmates in the movies. At last count, 162 Playmates were listed along with their biographies (to access these biographies:

US.imdb.com/M/search-biographies). PLAYBOY movie critic Bruce Williamson recommends:
Pamela Anderson in *Barb Wire*
Erika Eleniak in *Under Siege*
Lorraine Michaels in *Malibu Express*
Dorothy Stratten in *They All Laughed*
Shannon Tweed in *The Naked Truth*
Cyndi Wood in *Apocalypse Now*



Lorraine Michaels

Mansion. We recommend that you join the Playboy Cyber Club and check in with Peggy for a double dose of news.

GLAMOURCON IN TINSELTOWN

Because we know you can never get enough, here are candid shots of Glamourcon in Los Angeles. Clockwise from bottom left: Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian, Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough and Miss October 1983 Tracy Vaccaro hook up. Hef shares a moment with October 1995 cover girl Lisa Boyle. Miss May 1989 Monique Noel and Miss July 1987 Carmen Berg put their heads together. Audio Net's Mark Cuban interviews Miss February 1995 Lisa Marie Scott for a live Glamourcon Web cast linked up to the Playboy Cyber Club. Glamourcon is expanding to other cities in 1998. Our spies tell us Atlanta is next.



VETERAN'S DAY

Last summer the Veterans Foundation threw a party in southern California to honor Jerry Payne, the 1997 Veteran of the Year. Who better to give him his award than Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers? During the Vietnam war, servicemen by the thousands carried her centerfold into the Vietnamese rice paddies. Myers, who had attended the ceremony along with Miss October 1967 Reagan Wilson, said, "I was very proud to be a part of this special occasion." The young men who went to Vietnam in the Sixties formed a particularly close attachment to PLAYBOY and its Playmates, both of which represented home. To this day, the connection remains strong.



Jerry Payne and Cynthia Myers

attachment to PLAYBOY and its Playmates, both of which represented home. To this day, the connection remains strong.

both of which represented home. To this day, the connection remains strong.

FAN MAIL

Recently, I had the pleasure of meeting Miss August 1997 Kalin Olson on a flight from Rapid City, South Dakota. This young lady was personable and presented the professional image that I have come to expect from PLAYBOY. She was gracious enough to autograph a copy of the magazine for my four-year-old grandson, Alecander. On his 18th birthday, I will present it to him along with a little advice: Find someone as pretty and charming as Kalin.—Jim Williams, Mulvane, Kansas

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

Family ties

Playmate mothers and their movie-star daughters: Colleen Farrington and Diane Lane, Bebe Buell and Liv Tyler.

Playmate mother and daughter:

Carol Eden and Simone Eden. Playmate sisters:

Janice and Ann Pennington. Playmate and Playmate step-granddaughter: Joan Staley and Donna Perry.

The most unusual item I had autographed at the Chicago Glamourcon was one I'll treasure most: a giant helium-filled black balloon covered with

PLAYMATE NEWS

hearts and signed in silver by Miss May 1982 Kym Malin. The balloon was so large that it was almost impos-

JENNY MCCARTHY:

"A larger force, and I call it destiny, brought me to the door, moved my mouth, took the robe off—and I did it."

sible to fit it into my minivan. But if I'd had to, I would have strapped somebody to the hood rather than leave it behind.—Doug Combs, Springfield, Illinois

It was amazing how quiet the room became when Hef arrived at the Los Angeles Glamourcon. People stared in awe at the Man Who Started It All. Yet he blended into the crowd and looked like just another fan—except for the fact that Playmates were asking him for autographs.—David Skelton, Westminster, Colorado

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"In my day, Playmates couldn't show nipples and pubic hair. People don't have the same sort of prejudices now as they did then. When I went to work for PLAYBOY, I had to pretend I was working someplace else or I wouldn't have been able to get an apartment. Actually, PLAYBOY got me the apartment, but I told the landlord that I was working for HMH Publishing."—ELEANOR BRADLEY, Miss February 1959



apartment. Actually, PLAYBOY got me the apartment, but I told the landlord that I was working for HMH Publishing."—ELEANOR BRADLEY, Miss February 1959

"I was living in Malibu with a couple of my girlfriends when a man came up to me one day and asked if I wanted to submit my picture to PLAYBOY. Thinking it was a come-on, of course I told the guy to get lost. Then I found out he was a photographer for the magazine, so I did it. Later I also worked as a Bunny, and when I forgot my tail, the Bunny Mother gave me demerits."—KARLA CONWAY, Miss April 1966



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Playboy TV and Paramount teamed up for a syndicated television series, *Viper*. Twenty Playmates auditioned for two parts in a November episode. Miss July 1996 Angel Boris and Miss May 1994 Shae Marks were cast in co-starring roles. . . . The PLAYBOY Photo Department took Miss June 1996 Karin Taylor, Miss August 1995 Rachel Jean Marteen and Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell on an African safari. You'll see it in the magazine and in a forthcoming video. . . . Miss March 1995 and PMOY 1996 Stacy Sanches has a 16-month 1998 calendar, available in



bookstores. . . . Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccio was featured recently in *RX Magazine*. . . . Gillian Bonner, Miss April 1996, has moved her production company to Los Angeles. Her CD-ROM game *Riana Rouge* is available now. . . . Miss June 1967 Joey Gibson is working on a video that will be



Angel and Shae



Victoria Silvested

released this year, offering health and beauty tips for the second half of a woman's life. . . . Good service: Miss December 1996 and PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvested took part in the *Sand & Suds Volleyball Challenge* in Chicago this past summer. . . . Miss January 1988, PMOY 1989 and Hef's Playmate for Life Kimberley Conrad Hefner will appear in a forthcoming issue of *Muscle and Fitness* magazine. Look for her on the cover.

Kelly Makes Waves

Model KELLY KAWAKAMI is a student at the University of Hawaii. She was Miss July 1997 in the Island Classics calendar and will appear in two more Hawaiian calendars. Aloha.



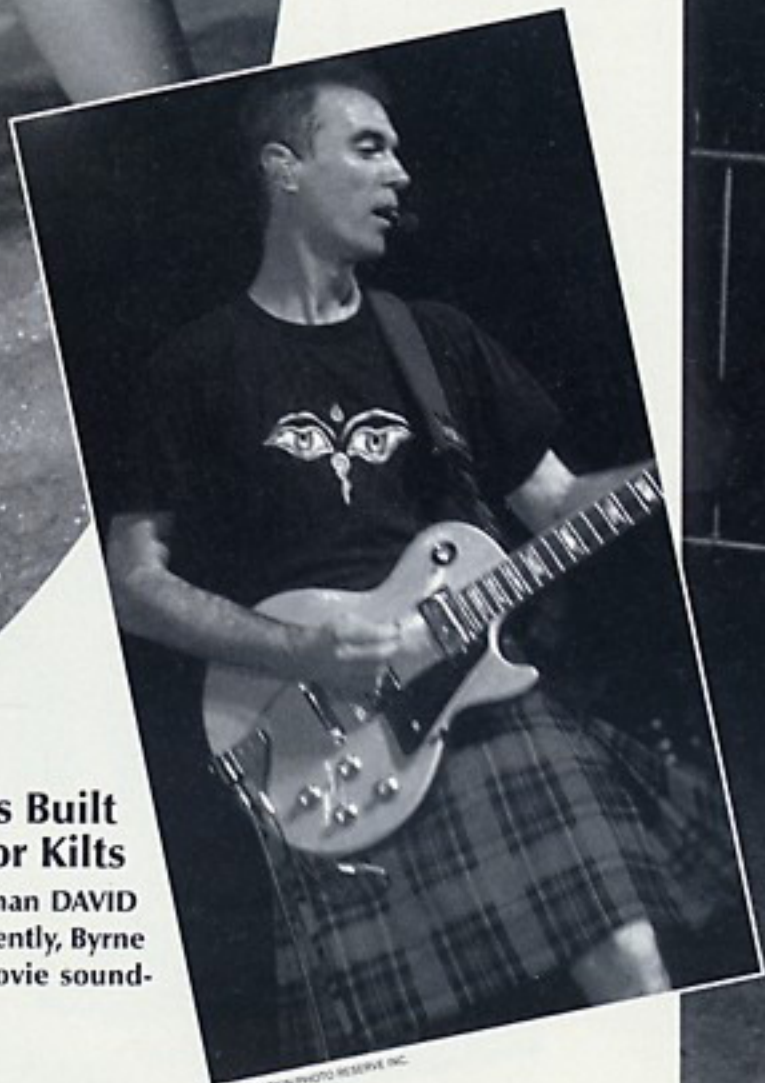
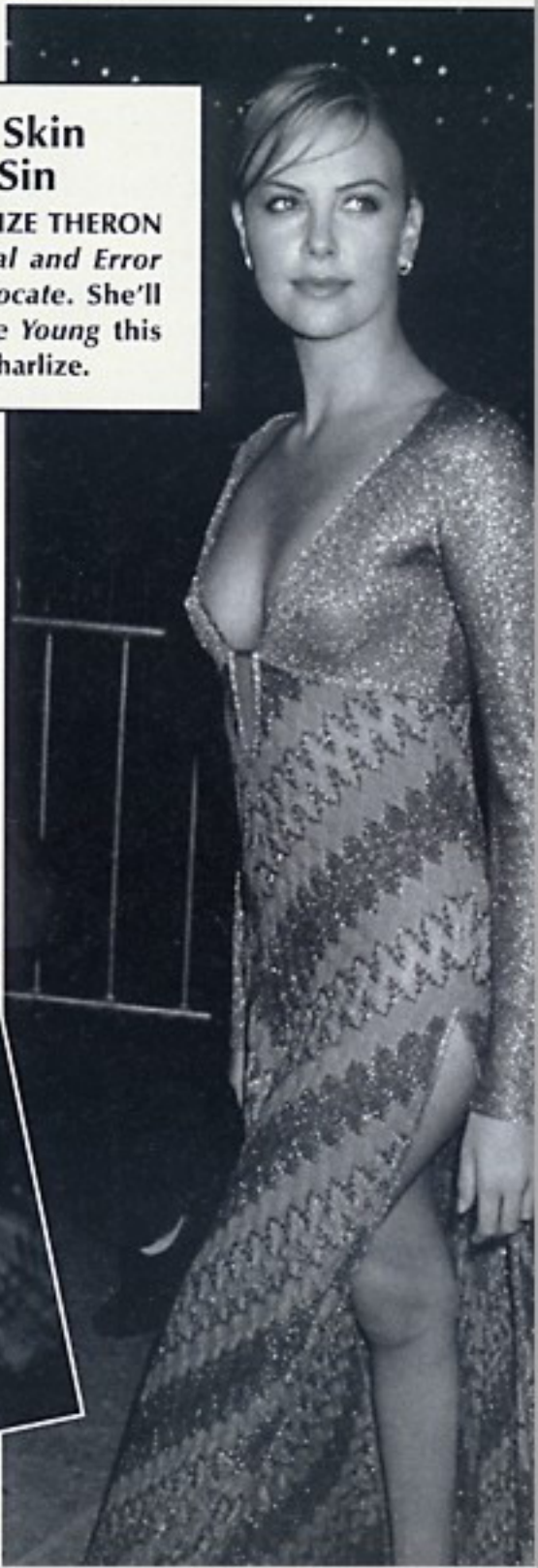
She Gets Her Kicks

Fresh from the Lilith Fair last summer and from receiving a gold record for *This Fire*, PAULA COLE headlined her own tour this past fall. About performing, Cole says, "I love the physicality, I love the dancing. I can let go."

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A Little Skin Is No Sin

New star CHARLIZE THERON appeared in *Trial and Error* and *Devil's Advocate*. She'll be in *Mighty Joe Young* this spring. *Mighty*, Charlize.



He's Built for Kilts

From the big suit of his Talking Heads days, Scotsman DAVID BYRNE has returned to his pleats. Having toured recently, Byrne is back in the studio recording himself, Indian movie soundtracks and Okinawan pop for his own label.

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Feets Don't Fail Me Now

BEN FOLDS plays piano for Ben Folds Five, which is really a trio (but they thought the name was cool). If you saw them at H.O.R.D.E., you know they're cool. The band is touring the U.S. now. Jive with Five.



In a Nude Mood

HEATHER GRIFFIN is featured in the most recent *Hot Body* video. You're surprised?



Lounge Act

Dancer **AMANDA FAITH** does a couch potato more gracefully than Al Bundy ever did. Modeling stints for TV and print, an appearance at the Blockbuster Awards and convention gigs keep her busy. In *Grapevine*, she rests.

NEXT MONTH



BOND BABE



FIFTIES SEX



SAYING YES



MISS FEBRUARY

DAPHNE DECKERS—SHE'S MORE FAMOUS IN THE NETHERLANDS THAN QUEEN BEATRIX, MORE POPULAR THAN TULIPS. WHO'S THE PLATINUM-TRESSED BEAUTY IN THE NEW JAMES BOND FLICK? HER NAME IS DECKERS, DAPHNE DECKERS. A STEAMY—AND DANGEROUS—PICTORIAL

CONAN O'BRIEN—THE CARROTTOPPED LATE-NIGHT PRINCE HAS STAYING POWER, GREAT ONE-LINERS AND A WHACKED-OUT WIT. **KEVIN COOK** READS BETWEEN THE PUNCH LINES IN THIS MONTH'S PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

BEN STILLER—HE'S THE SELF-DEPRECATING ACTOR-DIRECTOR WHO STARRED IN *FLIRTING WITH DISASTER* AND DIRECTED *REALITY BITES* AND *THE CABLE GUY*. A DISHY 20 QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

DOWN IN THE BAHAMAS—IT'S OUR KIND OF LOVE STORY: A FISHERMAN PROFESSOR FALLS FOR A GORGEOUS WOMAN UNDER THE SWAY OF A MYSTERIOUS BILLIONAIRE. WHO SAYS LIFE ISN'T GOOD? FICTION BY **PAUL BRODEUR**

WHY WOMEN SAY YES—SARAH IS INTO SEX TOYS. KIRSTY DIGS X-RATED MOVIES. KIM DESIRES DIAMONDS. WE ASKED WOMEN TO DESCRIBE WHAT UNLOCKS THE BEDROOM DOOR—YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAID

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: THE FIFTIES—THE COLD WAR, SENATE PROBES, LOYALTY OATHS AND—OH, YEAH—PLAYBOY. **JAMES R. PETERSEN** RELIVES THE GROUNDBREAKING DECADE IN PART VI, "TOGETHERNESS"

JAMES BOND—JUST IN TIME FOR THE NEW BOND MOVIE, *TOMORROW NEVER DIES*, WE SALUTE THE MAN AMONG MEN. IT'S OUR ODE TO 007, FROM THE GADGETS HE USES TO THE COCKTAILS HE SHAKES

PLUS: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO VALENTINE'S DAY (INCLUDING ROMANTIC GIFTS FOR WOMEN AND NEW CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS), THOSE PROVOCATIVE GIRLS FROM *NIGHT CALLS*, PLAYMATE **JULIA SCHULTZ** AND A ROUSING REVISIT WITH **VICTORIA VALENTINO**