

THEY WARNED ME  
NOT TO TELL THIS  
STORY. BUT I RECKON  
IT'S SAFE NOW.

THIS ALL HAPPENED  
BACK IN '51. NO ONE HAD  
HEARD OF ME THEN. I  
WAS JUST A FACE.

A PRETTY FACE,  
A SLIM BODY,

AND A SASSY HAIRCUT.  
IN 1950 A NICE COP  
SUGGESTED IT, TO HIDE  
MY BIG FOREHEAD. TURNED  
OUT TO BE SOLID ADVICE.

BETTIE  
PAGE? MAKEUP  
IS STRAIGHT  
BACK. CAN'T  
MISS IT.

THE LENS-HOUNDS LIKED ME. I  
WASN'T A SCARED BUNNY. GOD GAVE  
ME A NICE SHAPE, AND I DIDN'T SEE  
ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR WRONG  
WITH HAVING IT PHOTOGRAPHED.

MODELING WAS A  
GAS, AND IN THE  
SPRING OF '51 IT  
LOOKED LIKE  
SMOOTH SAILING  
FOR THIS KID.

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE  
CHECKED THE WEATHER  
REPORTS...

...BUT I ALWAYS  
LEAP WITHOUT  
LOOKING.

TRY THIS,  
HONEY.





# The SECRET DIARY of Bettie Page®

## CHAPTER ONE: HOLLYWOOD BOUND

THAT'S  
IT, BETTIE.  
THROW OUT  
YOUR HIPS  
A LITTLE  
MORE.

I'LL  
TRY... BUT IF  
I THROW MY  
HIPS TOO MUCH  
FURTHER OUT  
THEY'LL BE IN  
BROOKLYN.

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER...  
THAT WAS THE LAST SANE  
MOMENT FOR A WHILE.

HERASSHHH









OKAY,  
LITTLE MOUSE.  
DON'T KICK UP  
A FUSS.

GAAAAH!

HONESTLY, IF HE  
HADN'T SAID "KICK  
UP" I MIGHTN'T HAVE  
THOUGHT OF IT.

SO REALLY...  
IT WAS HIS  
OWN FAULT.

RIGHT?

NEED  
A HAND,  
ANGEL?





THAT  
ALL DEPENDS  
ON WHAT YOU  
WANT TO DO WITH  
YOUR HANDS,  
MISTER.

I FIGURE I  
COULD HELP YOU  
DOWN. WOULDN'T  
WANT TO SEE YOU  
SCRAPE A KNEE OR  
BUST A HEEL.



OKAY, BUT  
IF YOU'RE  
A HEEL, I'LL  
BUST YOU.



MY NAME'S  
RICK. RICK  
CHAPLAIN.

HOWDY,  
CHAPLAIN.  
NICE TO MEET A  
MAN OF THE  
CLOTH.

HE SMELLED NICE. I  
DIDN'T MEET A LOT OF  
NICE-SMELLING MEN.



CHAPLAIN IS  
JUST A NAME,  
NOT A TITLE,  
WISE GUY.

WHAT'S  
YOURS?

I DON'T  
HAVE A  
TITLE, BUT  
YOU CAN  
CALL ME  
BETTIE.

AND YOU  
CAN LET GO  
OF ME NOW.



WHEN I ACCEPTED THE RIDE HOME FROM LOVERBOY I KNEW THERE WAS A PROPOSAL COMING, AND PROBABLY AN INDECENT ONE.

WHAT I ACTUALLY GOT WAS A WHOLE LOT CRAZIER.

I ASKED FOR A RIDE TO MY APARTMENT IN THE VILLAGE.

CALIFORNIA IS FARTHER THAN I GO ON A FIRST DATE.

THIS ISN'T ABOUT A DATE, BETTIE: IT'S A JOB.

I RUN A LITTLE RESEARCH OUTFIT IN PASADENA, AND I NEED A NEW ASSISTANT.

I NEED A SMART GIRL WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

SMART? YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO TURN A GIRL'S HEAD.

YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ME.

DON'T I? A GIRL WHO CAN ESCAPE A FEDERAL RAID IN HIGH HEELS CAN PROBABLY DO ANYTHING.

AND A GIRL LIKE THAT IS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN IT'S WISE TO BLOW TOWN FOR A WHILE.





YOU  
THINK THOSE  
FEDS GOT A  
GOOD LOOK  
AT ME?

YOU'RE KIND OF  
MEMORABLE.

IN THIS  
OUTFIT, WHO'S  
LOOKING AT  
MY FACE?

PRETTY  
MUCH  
EVERYONE,  
KID.



LET ME  
GUESS...  
YOU'RE  
MARRIED,  
RIGHT?



THAT'S  
A LONG  
STORY...

OH,  
BROTHER...

TELL YOU  
WHAT: I'LL EXPLAIN  
IT ALL AFTER WE SHOP  
FOR SOME NEW DUDS  
FOR YOU. YOU'RE NOT  
EXACTLY DRESSED  
FOR AIR TRAVEL.

YOU'RE  
SMOOTH,  
RICK. YES  
YOU ARE.



PASADENA...  
THAT'S NEAR  
HOLLYWOOD,  
RIGHT?

HOLLYWOOD  
WILL BE  
JUST DOWN  
THE ROAD,  
BETTIE.



BETWEEN IDLEWILD AND LOS ANGELES, HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO TELL ME HIS STORY.

RICK CHAPLAIN WAS SOME KIND OF GENIUS. HE'D BEEN MAKING ROCKETS SINCE HE WAS A KID, AND BY THE TIME HE WAS OUT OF SHORT PANTS HE'D FOUNDED AN OUTFIT CALLED PASADENA AEROSPACE TECHNOLOGIES.

ALL THOSE LATE NIGHTS AT THE LAB TAKE A TOLL, THOUGH...AND HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART HELENA, WAS STEPPING OUT WITH A BUDDY OF HIS.

THEY BOTH VANISHED ONE MORNING AND HE HADN'T SEEN HER SINCE. RICK WASN'T DIVORCED BECAUSE HE HAD NO IDEA WHERE TO SERVE THE PAPERS.

HE SAID IT BROKE HIS HEART.

HE AND HIS WIFE AND HIS BUDDY HAD ALL LIVED TOGETHER WITH A BUNCH OF OTHER SCIENTISTS AND WEIRDOS AND OUTCASTS, IN A BIG SPRAWLING HOUSE THEY CALLED THE COMPOUND.

GUESS WHERE I WAS GOING TO BE STAYING?

IT ALL SOUNDED LOOPY...BUT THE THING IS...I KIND OF LIKE "LOOPY."





THAT NIGHT, THEY HAD A LITTLE WELCOMING 'DO' FOR ME, AND I MET THE WHOLE BUNCH.

I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A DRINKER. I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL BE THE ONE PERSON IN THE ROOM WITH A CLEAR HEAD.

THE FOLKS AT PLANTERS COULDN'T HAVE COME UP WITH A MORE INTERESTING GROUP OF FANCY MIXED NUTS.

THAT'S A UNIQUE NECKLACE.

DR. CAL HIMES, CHEMIST.

MARVIN AND ELLIE PRILL, MUSICIANS.

RICK'S LAST ASSISTANT SEEMED TO DIG THE GIG. NO IDEA WHERE SHE SCAMPERED OFF TO. JUST LIKE HIS WIFE, HUH?

RICK GIVE IT TO YOU?

YOU'LL BE AUDITIONING IN YOUR SPARE TIME? GIRL LIKE YOU, I MEAN, IT'S OBVIOUS.

PHILLIP VEGA, SCREENWRITER.

IF YOU'RE STICKING AROUND, YOU SHOULD CATCH OUR ACT SOMETIME.

IF RICKY GIVES YOU A NIGHT OFF, I THINK HE PUSHED THE LAST ONE TOO HARD.

DR. DAN OBERT, ENGINEER.

I WAS A MODEL, TOO...UNTIL FRANKENSTEIN HERE MADE ME GO BACK AND GET A MASTER'S DEGREE.

ADOLFAS AND JONAS PERKUNIS, FILMMAKERS, AND ADOLFAS' WIFE POLA, FOLK SINGER.

PROFESSOR STEVEN SKIFF AND DOCTOR SHARON SKIFF, PHYSICISTS.

THE WORLD NEEDS PRETTIER SCIENTISTS. JUST LOOK AROUND THIS ROOM...

WE LOVE YOU! UNLESS YOU ARE A COMMUNIST!

AMERICAN COMMUNISTS ARE THE MOST BORING OF ALL COMMUNISTS!

SHE'S TOO PRETTY TO BE A COMMUNIST, YOU MANIACS!





DIDJA  
HAVE A NICE  
TIME?

THEY'RE  
A FUN BUNCH  
OF BANANAS.



YOU DIDN'T  
TELL ME YOUR  
ASSISTANT RAN  
OFF, TOO.

IT'S  
BEEN A ROUGH  
MONTH, BETTIE.  
I GOT THE WIND  
KNOCKED OUT  
OF MY SAILS.

THAT'S  
ONE OF THE  
REASONS YOU'RE  
SUCH A BREATH  
OF FRESH AIR.



WERE YOU  
FOOLING  
AROUND WITH  
HER? YOUR  
ASSISTANT?

HER  
NAME WAS  
**CHRISTINE**. SHE  
WAS A GOOD EGG,  
AND I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT HER.



I'M SORRY, RICK.  
IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY,  
AND YOU PROBABLY  
DON'T WANT TO TALK  
ABOUT THIS STUFF  
RIGHT NOW.

I CAN  
TAKE IT, BUT  
I DO HAVE ONE  
LAST QUESTION  
BEFORE YOU  
SACK OUT.



YOU DIDN'T  
**REALLY** NEED  
ANY HELP  
GETTING DOWN  
FROM THAT FIRE  
ESCAPE.



THAT'S NOT  
A QUESTION.

G'NIGHT,  
RICK.



THE NEXT DAY, WE WENT TO WORK. THE SET-UP WAS PURE CAPTAIN VIDEO.

"LITTLE RESEARCH OUTFIT?"

I DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE YOU OFF.

CAPTAIN VIDEO, BUT WITHOUT THE CARDBOARD SETS AND SPARKLERS. REAL ROCKETS AND REAL MAD SCIENTISTS.

BUT AT THE END OF THE TOUR IT WAS, AFTER ALL, JUST A DESK, A TYPEWRITER, A PHONE AND AN INTERCOM...LIKE ANY JOB I'D HAD IN NEW YORK THAT WASN'T MODELING.

EVERYONE AT P.A.S.T. WAS PRETTY NICE...THOUGH THERE WAS AN APE OR TWO IN THE CROWD. THERE ALWAYS IS.

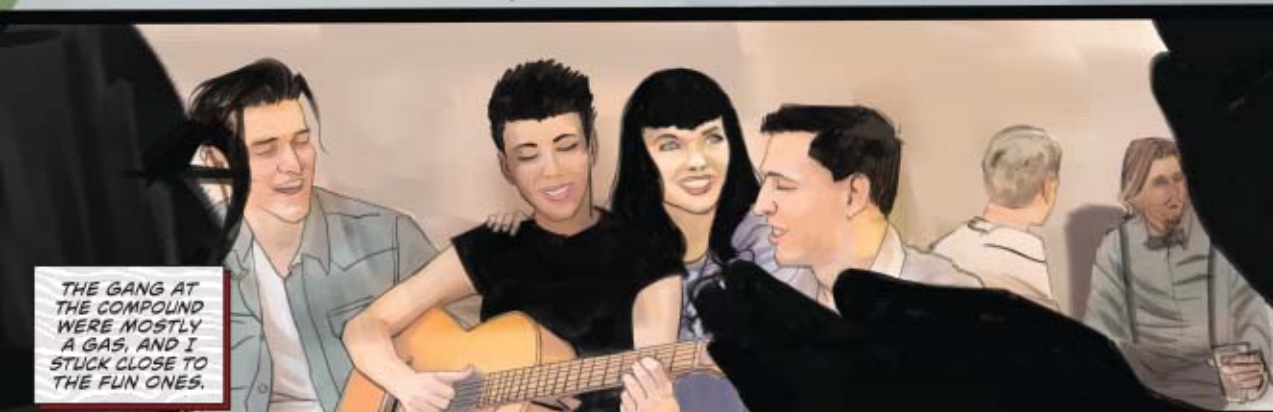
BETTIE, COULD YOU STEP IN AND TAKE A LETTER?

BUT THE BOSS KEPT A HELPFUL EYE ON ME.





I MOVED AROUND A LOT  
IN MY LIFE...SO WITHIN A  
WEEK I HAD SETTLED IN  
PRETTY WELL.



THE GANG AT  
THE COMPOUND  
WERE MOSTLY  
A GAS, AND I  
STUCK CLOSE TO  
THE FUN ONES.



RICK KEPT PRETTY  
BUSY, AND DIDN'T  
NEED ME THAT MUCH.

WHICH GAVE ME  
TIME TO PURSUE  
OTHER THINGS...

INVASION OF THE SPACE COMMIES  
Open call for Female Lead:  
Ursula, Queen of the Space Commies  
Casting Director: Ilisa Lenya

HOLLYWOOD HAD BURNED ME BEFORE,  
BUT I WAS WILLING TO GIVE IT ANOTHER  
SHOT. THE AUDITIONS WERE RIDICULOUS.  
IT BEAT SITTING AT THE DESK.

