

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1992 • \$5.50

JOAN SEVERANCE'S SUPER HOT "RED SHOE DIARIES"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WILLIAM SAFIRE • SEX IN CINEMA GETS DOWN TO BASICS • SEXY TREKKIE PATRICK STEWART ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS

Dear diary,

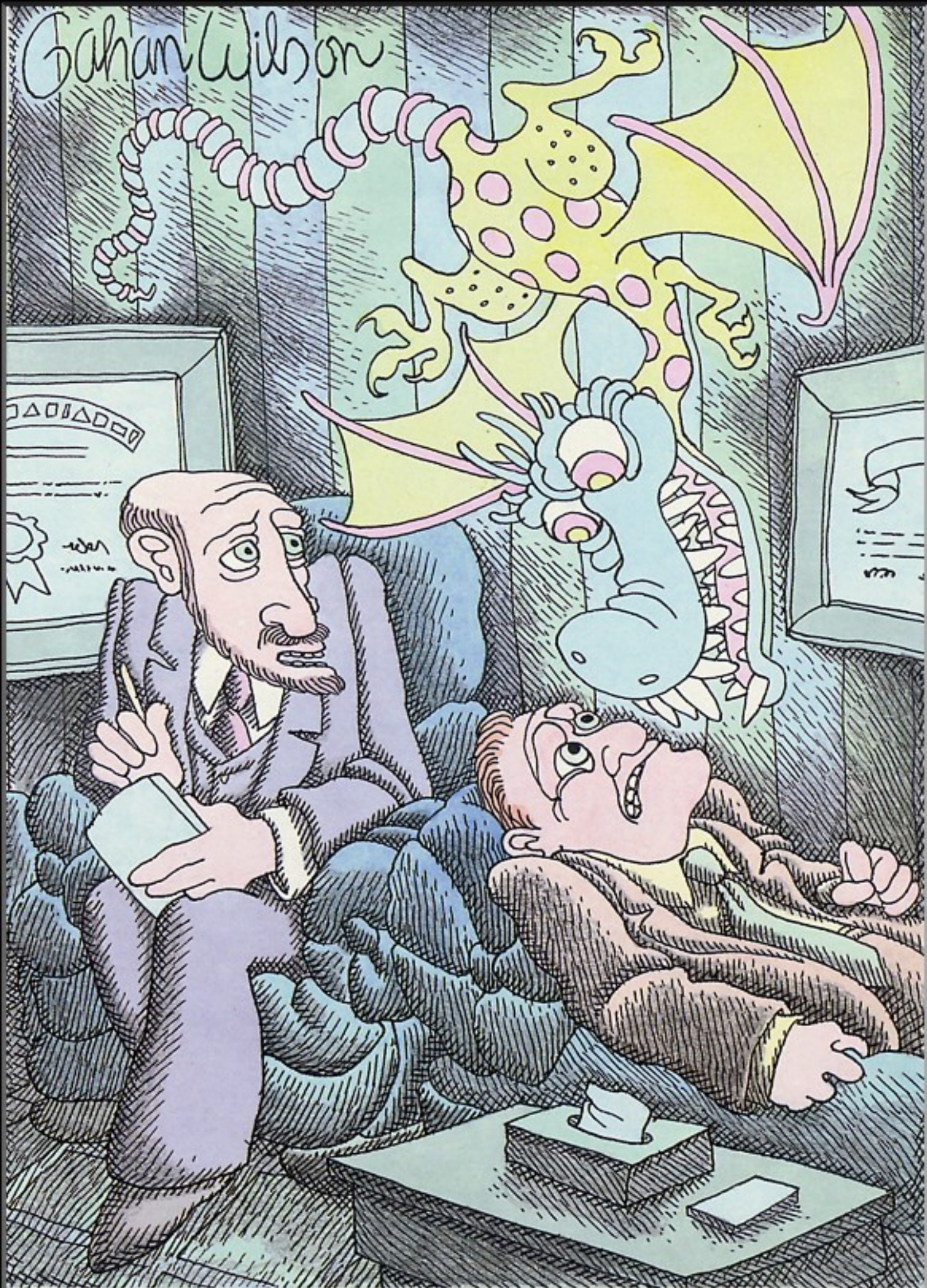
The shoot lasted hours. There was no part of my body left untouched by the hot lights. Imagine the rush. Can sex be caught on film?

We tried.

There was talk of a cover shot... ♡



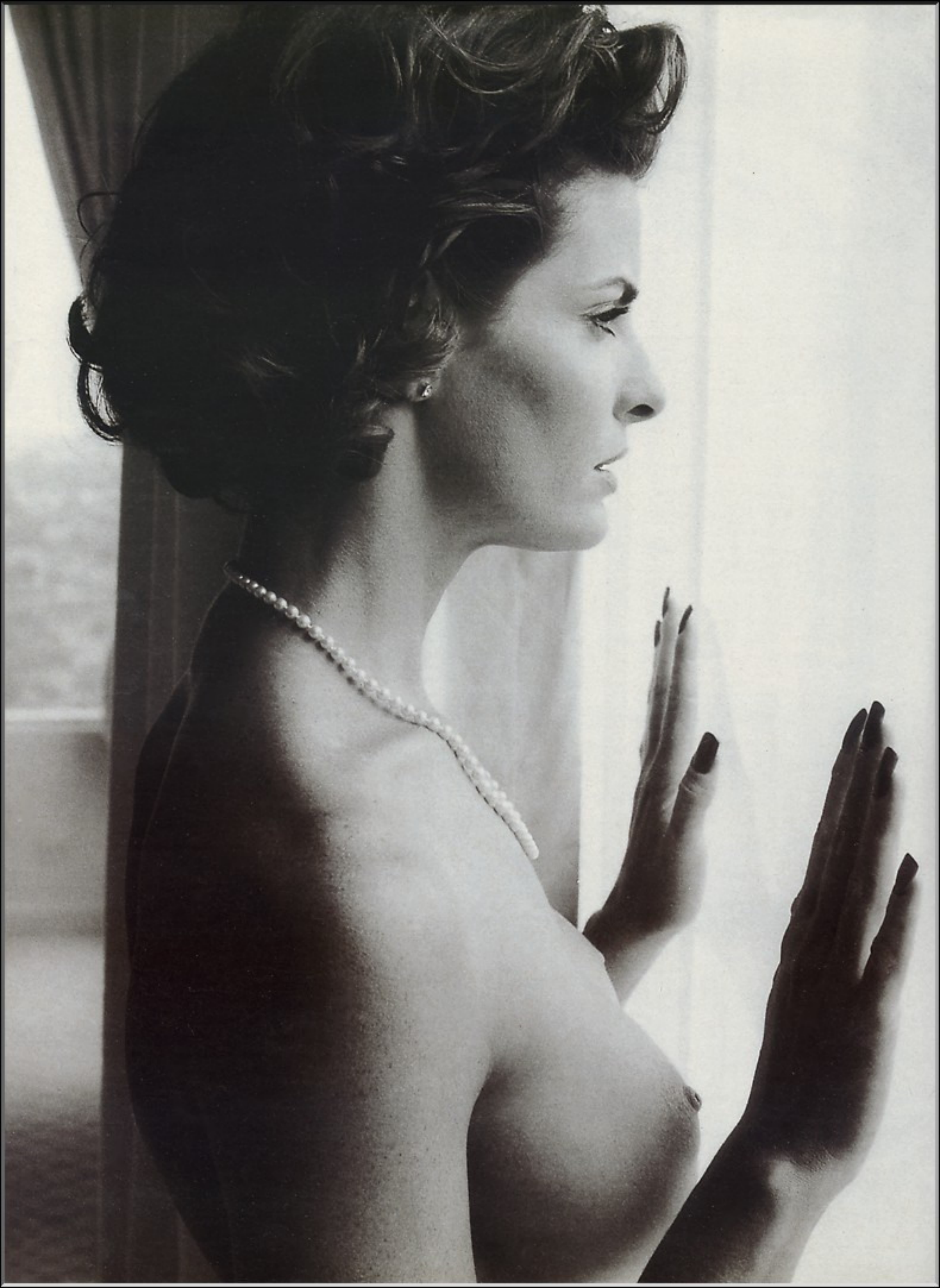
Gahan Wilson



"First, let me put your mind at ease about that being a hallucination. . . ."



"Thank goodness you've come home, sir! I'm exhausted."



DIRECTOR'S CHOICE

A TRIBUTE TO JOAN SEVERANCE, AN AUTHENTIC SCREEN SIREN

text by ZALMAN KING

THANK God for PLAYBOY! Here I am, doing a series on Showtime, a series that features some of the most sublime beauties on the planet, and the first publication to take notice is PLAYBOY. Figures. Having pioneered and legitimized erotic fantasy, PLAYBOY definitely blazed the trail—and I followed. *Red Shoe Diaries*, which I created with my wife, Patricia Louisiana Knop, is a series of travelogs from the wilder shores of romance—each week an excerpt from a different woman's erotic diary. Red for passion, red for danger, red for courage, and now, in PLAYBOY, read by millions—

I'm in, dude! But let's talk about Joan Severance, the heroine of the *Red Shoe* episode called "Safe Sex" and the star of this pictorial. Joan has talent, beauty, courage, elegance and those extraordinary blue eyes, but what's really intriguing is the air of mystery about her. This is no corn-fed girl next door: This is an authentic screen siren. She puts you in mind of those screen goddesses of the golden age of Hollywood, a woman with the intelligence and strength of Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn, plus the radiant sexuality of Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth—women who couldn't be pushed around. I spend much of my time surrounded by beautiful actresses. A lot of them are willing to do nudity on screen, so mere beauty is not enough. The roles in *Red Shoe Diaries*, like



In the *Red Shoe Diaries* episode "Safe Sex," seen on Showtime, Joan Severance and Steven Bauer share a cab ride, follow with a little autoeroticism (above) and then decide on a hit-and-run love affair. No fair peeking.

those in the movies *9½ Weeks* (which I co-wrote with my wife and produced), *Siesta* (which she wrote and I produced), *Two Moon Junction* and *Wild Orchid I and II* (which we co-wrote and I directed), are demanding. They require honesty, talent and courage. I've always been a risk-taker, which is perhaps why I've chosen such actresses as Kim Basinger, Sherilyn Fenn, Ellen Barkin, Carré Otis and Nina Siemaszko, to name a few. Like Joan, they are women without fear. Women willing to commit themselves totally to their chosen roles. Women who have the courage to experiment, the courage to walk away from a bad relationship, the courage to be vulnerable, the courage to be alone. Joan is

single, has been for a while, and that's by choice. Of course, she does get asked out. But "Do I go? No," she once told me. "Because usually I find out within one conversation that it's not going to work. I'd love it if the fairy tale came true, but it's hard for a man to see that an independent woman does need a man. 'Why?' he asks. 'You've got your house, you've got your car, you've got your dogs, a salary bigger than mine, your friends, you handle every situation impeccably—why on earth would you need me? Just for an occasional jump in the hay?' They don't understand that we need the emotional balance, the passion in our lives." What would she hope to find in such a man? "He should bring to a relationship good conversation, intelligence, his own security and a



good sense of humor, and he should limit his baggage to what's already neatly packed, preferably not in ripped suitcases. Is that so much to ask?" For now, at least, Joan finds passion in her work. "Actually," she said, "I'd always wondered if my trauma-free childhood would hold me back from playing complex roles. I'm not bulimic, I'm not anorexic, my father didn't molest me or my mother or my brothers. It was a great relief to realize that, when called upon, I did have that fire inside." That's what I'm interested in, that fire. My wife likes to describe our films as "emotional thrillers." We create characters that







are complex and flawed, because that's the way people are. There's a good deal of sexual turbulence in our movies, but Joan rightly understands our motivation: "Sometimes people need to be pushed to the edge in order to see the truth about themselves." Now making her second appearance in *PLAYBOY*—the first was in January 1990—Joan says she'd rather see "nudity with purpose than violence without purpose" (obviously a dig at Hollywood's love affair with bullets and body counts). Still, she knows that being the icon of the month is a fleeting glory, and she jokes about it. "From now on, I'm going to walk on



my hands: Gravity's the only thing that's forever." I was so impressed with Joan's work that I cast her in the next feature film I'm producing, *Lake Consequence*, due out in February. In one scene, Joan, co-star Billy Zane and newcomer May Karasun stage a nude threesome in a spa pool. Afterward, I asked her what she'd thought. "I'd never done a scene like that before, but in the right circumstances, I think I could—anyone could—get aroused." Joan keeps *her* fantasies private. "If I told people, I'm sure they'd lock me away," she says. "Whatever works, right? Start with a rose and who knows where you'll end up?"





"It's wonderful, Howard! Don't change a line of it."



John
Dempsey

"Mother Nature certainly can be cruel at times."



IF THEY COULD SEE HER NOW

miss november, a descendant of that adams family, has big plans

I HAD A TEACHER who once told me 'C plus B equals A.' Meaning: 'If you *conceive* and *believe*, you will *achieve*.'" Meet Stephanie Adams of Jersey City, New Jersey, superachiever—not to mention fashion model, artist, clothing designer and, of particular note this election month, a relative of the second and sixth presidents of the United States. "Yup, I'm blood-related to John and John Quincy Adams," Stephanie says with a shrug, quickly adding that her aunt Bootsy has the paperwork to back up the claim of presidential lineage. "Family lore has it that John had a couple of girlfriends and, well, you know. . . ." Then she breaks into a laugh. But the celebrated ancestry of the Adams family is just one aspect of Stephanie's already remarkable life. At 22, she's headed for the big time and shows no sign of slowing down. "There are so many things I want to do," says the part-West Indian, part-Irish, part-Cherokee, completely gorgeous model. "I want to be on the cover of every magazine—the female equivalent of Michael Jackson. This is where I belong." When Stephanie was small, her folks were always on the road—Dad is in public relations for Harrah's casinos—so she was raised by her aunts Pearl and Joyce, both former models, in Orange, New Jersey. It was the aunts who gave her the modeling bug. "Joyce was the Wella hair girl in the Sixties," says Stephanie. "I've posed in front of the camera since I was in diapers." Stephanie attended Catholic school from kindergarten through high school, dabbling mostly in art (the nuns actually put her sketches of nudes on display), clothing design (her fantasy label: *Einahpets*—or Stephanie spelled backward) and interior design. "When I was eight, my reading material was *House Beautiful*, *Architectural Digest* and *Vogue*. I decorated my



The direct descendant of a U.S. President, Stephanie (enjoying puppy love, above; consulting with Elite modeling agency chairman John Casablancas, top) will probably cast her ballot for Bill Clinton in November. "I like him," she says. "He's intelligent and he has charisma, both qualities important to leadership."

"Posing nude was fun," says Stephanie. "Most models hate lingerie and bathing-suit jobs, but I've always loved showing my body. And PLAYBOY's photographers made my skin look like café au lait." How will the nuns from Stephanie's Catholic school days react to her shots here? "I think they'll be happy. I'm very Catholic, but I see this as beauty. Besides, my nuns were cool."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



dollhouses and crocheted blankets for my dolls. I took it all very seriously." By the time she reached the tenth grade, Stephanie hit new heights—five foot eight, to be exact—and that's when she decided to become a model. "I was sixteen and I realized that I really could do it." Charm school was the first order of business. Stephanie took classes in everything from speech to make-up to behavior. That year, she booked her first gig, the video for George Benson's *Masquerade*. "I played the love interest of a Mafia guy who winds up getting killed," she recalls. Next, it was off to college at nearby Fairleigh Dickinson University, where Stephanie landed degrees in business management and marketing "so I could market myself as a model and manage the money I made." After graduation, the jobs began to roll in: a stint on *The Cosby Show* ("I danced at one of Theo Huxtable's parties"), a string of rap videos on MTV and ads for Sprite and Clairol. Her newfound success also brought her into contact with some of New York's rich and famous, including Donald Trump ("He approached me at a loft party and began with, 'You look







"Everyone has always told me I look just like a Barbie doll," says Stephanie (looking hotter than any Barbie we've ever seen, below, and cooling off, opposite). "You know: long legs, small waist, girlie face, wide eyes, wild hair—and the boobs, of course. Oh, yeah, and Barbie really loves shopping, too."



familiar . . ."), Eddie Murphy ("My girlfriends and I met him at the China Club and we all went back to his house in Jersey. He was a perfect gentleman"), New York Mets outfielder Daryl Boston ("We've always been buddies") and Dolph Lundgren ("We met at Grace Jones's birthday party"). Last spring, Stephanie wandered into PLAYBOY's Chicago offices on a lingerie photo assignment. Our photographer took one look at her and whisked her off to meet Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Within two weeks, John Adams' great-great-etc.-granddaughter became a Playmate. In other words, C plus B equals A—or, in this case, A-plus.



MISS NOVEMBER


PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Stephanie Adams

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Stephanie Adams 

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 7/24/70 BIRTHPLACE: Orange, New Jersey

AMBITIONS: Elite Supermodel, successful actress, get my Master's in Business and travel more.

TURN-ONS: Italian style, strawberries and cream, big cats, fast cars, Nintendo, kisses, and music.

TURN-OFFS: People who lie, guys who like me just for my looks and not my personality.

PRINCE CHARMING: He's tall, good looking, successful, intelligent, and willing to do anything to make me happy.

ROLE MODELS: Vanessa Williams, Iman and my Aunt Pearl all show ideal beauty, strength, talent and wisdom.

HOBBIES: Painting, reading, creative writing, computer programming, modern dancing, tennis, skiing and traveling. I like to keep myself busy.



Look at what Santa gave me!



Striking a pose with my friend Mickey.



The beginning of my modeling career.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

So what's your rush?" one worker asked another.

"Gotta meet my wife for our anniversary dinner," came the reply.

"How many years is it?"

"Nine," the celebrant answered. "Eleven, if you count the windchill factor."

Why did the blonde stare at the glass of orange juice for two hours? Because the label on the container read **CONCENTRATE**.



What do you call a dead blonde in a closet? The 1986 hide-and-seek world champion.

Miss Parsons, the town spinster, called the sheriff at two A.M. to complain that two dogs were copulating on her front lawn. The sheriff suggested she throw cold water on them.

Ten minutes later, she called again to tell him that the water hadn't worked and that the dogs were still copulating. He told her to bang trash-can lids together near them.

Fifteen minutes later, she called yet again to complain that the noise had failed to work and that the dogs were copulating more vigorously than before. "Miss Parsons," the sheriff said slowly and deliberately, "why don't you tell the dogs that they're wanted on the telephone?"

"Will that stop them from copulating?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "it sure stopped me."

What's the difference between a male blond and a female blonde? The female has a higher sperm count.

Muldoon, proprietor of an Irish pub, was busy pouring for his noontime trade while trying to keep a swarm of flies away from his buffet table. When Callahan, the town drunk and moocher, wandered in, Muldoon turned a deaf ear to his plea for a free nip.

The resourceful sot noticed the fly infestation and tried to strike a bargain. "I'll kill all the flies for a short one," he offered. Muldoon agreed and slid a shot of whiskey across the bar. As soon as he downed it, Callahan rolled up his sleeves and headed for the door. "All right, Muldoon," he said, "send 'em out one at a time."

One businessman reported that this message was scrawled on the sanitary toilet-seat dispenser in a Houston hotel bathroom, apparently by a previous guest: **FREE COWBOY HATS!**

At an exclusive country club that enforces strict adherence to club rules, a regular saw a new golfer place his ball six inches in front of the tee markers. The regular rushed over and confronted the man. "Sir, I don't know whether you happen to be a guest or a member, but our rules are very strict about placing your tee at or behind the markers before driving the ball."

The new golfer looked the stickler right in the eye. "First, I am a guest, not a member, of this club," he said. "Second, I don't care about your rules. And third, this is my second shot."

How many grad students does it take to screw in a light bulb? Only one, but it takes him nine years.

A cardinal ran into the Pope's office and said, "Your Holiness, Jesus just rode into the Vatican on a donkey. What do we do?"

The pontiff looked up from his work and replied, "Look busy."



When his wife complained that he wasn't in the same league sexually with her friend's husband, Stuart insisted he, too, could perform five times a night.

He hustled her to the bedroom, where he managed twice in a row before taking a nap. He took another nap after the third, barely made it through the fourth, dozed off again before the fifth and then fell sound asleep.

When Stuart finally awoke, it was 11:30 A.M. He didn't make it to work until noon and was immediately confronted by his foreman. "I don't much care about your coming in late this morning," he said. "I just want to know where the hell you were on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday."

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



"I forget. Am I your quarterback or their quarterback?"

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF

Instant Country Lyric Kit

how to get your achy breaky heart to beat in 4/4 time

YOU LEFT ME...

and I'm...

(pick one)

- taking soap and water to the back seat of my car,
- having a Wild Turkey sandwich, hold the bread,
- gonna chase Chastity till she ain't chaste no more,
- sending you a postcard from Death Valley: Wish you were here,
- flying out to Debbie, the gal who just did Dallas and Fort Worth,
- in a state of confusion in a town named Splitsville (and I'm living on Civil Court),
- getting used to being abused by you,
- feelin' like a sheep in wolf's clothing without ewe,

but it really don't matter because...

(pick one)

- I got my bottle and I got my dog and we're all goin' out tonight,
- life's a two-lane blacktop and I'm a goosed-up pickup Ford,
- you've been recycled—you're such a slut—you've got NO DEPOSIT stamped on your butt,
- you called me donkey face for the last time and now I'm hauling ass,
- my love's biodegradable (it gets more degrading every day),
- while you were dancing with the wolves, I was playing with the beavers,
- I'm a two-timing guy who just met some triplets,

and you'll...

(pick one)

- know I'm not a pig when you're makin' bacon without me,
- find my love among the leftovers in the icebox of your heart,
- go on saving whales and red-woods, too, while I try to save me from the memory of you,
- realize you can't get me out of your head (and you can't get me out of your pants),
- find that hell is all your old flames burning brightly in one place,
- find my Dewar's profile down on the post-office wall,
- regret taking the Bronco and going to Rodeo Drive,

(pick one)

**angel,
honky-tonk woman,
baby,**

because...

(pick two, alternate freely)

- I don't like it when my girlfriend has a boyfriend,
- my life's an empty book without your name on every page,
- there's life after the death of love, at least below the waist,
- my heart is broken badly but my liver's holding the line,
- you got the Midas touch: You made a muffler out of me,

because...

(pick one, growl)

- your in-laws are outlaws but your own kin don't sin,
- heartache isn't something that a doctor can cure,
- the only way I'd miss you is with a .45,
- the safest sex I ever knew is the sex we never had,
- we ain't Roy and Dale and this ain't no Happy Trail,

and/but I'll...

(pick one and weep)

- rise from my ashes like the fabled phoenix does.
- never be able to give my heart to science now that it's broke.
- sure enjoy that Moosehead (though the antlers poke my thighs).
- this is the end I want—it sure looks good in shorts.

and/but...

(pick one, return to top)

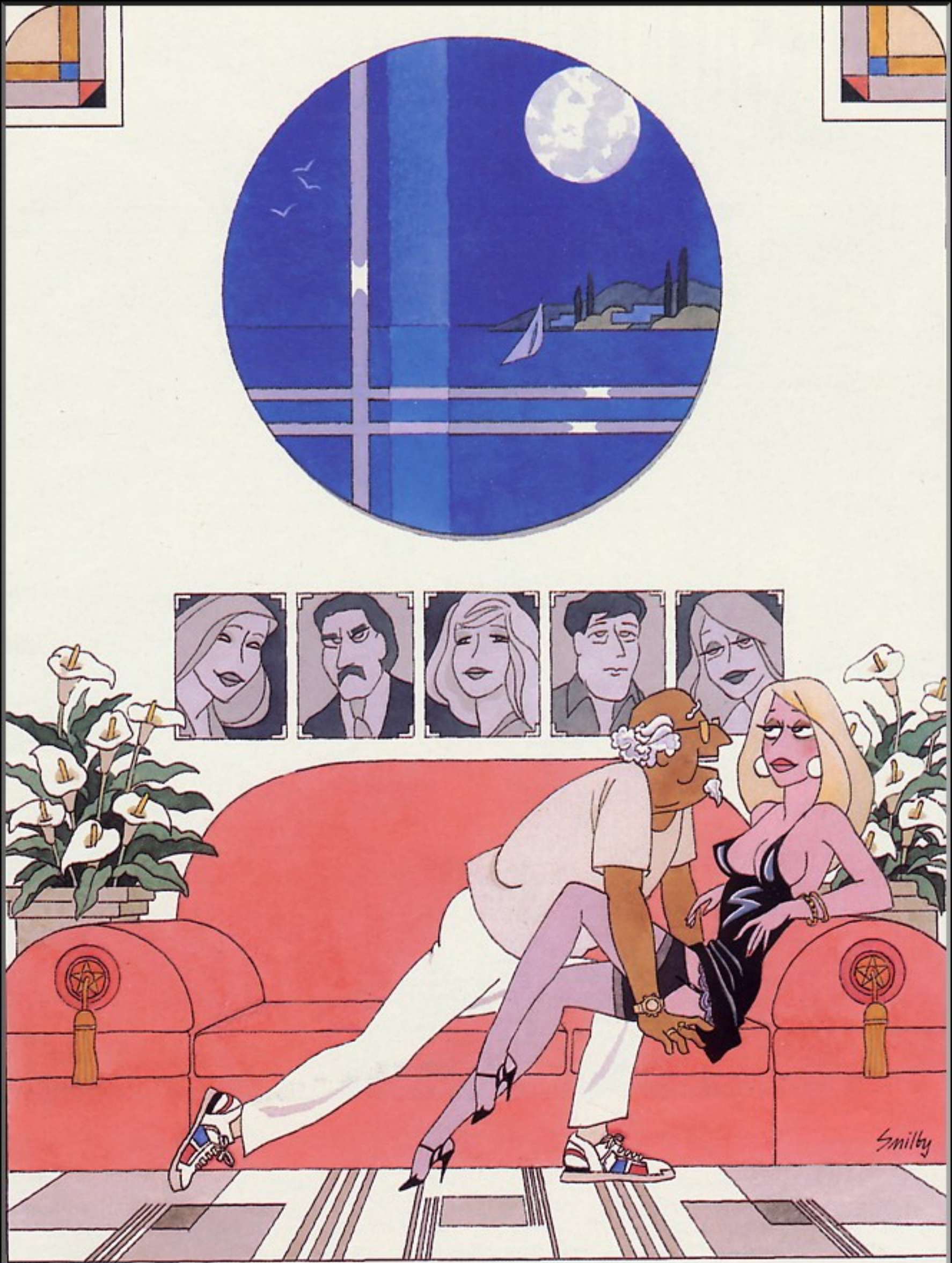
- my new girl's husband bought the farm and now she's buying rounds.
- I guess the baby-sitter's my baby now.
- I'll bury you not on the lone prairie but near the new mall in Kankakee.
- I'll give free love a try because it sounds like a good buy.

humor by **LARRY TRITTEN**



Mike Williams.

"I thought they'd never leave."



"Come to bed with me—I'll make you a star and then you can go to bed with Kevin Costner."

SEX IN CINEMA 1992



in a lukewarm erotic climate, hollywood turns up the heat

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON The notorious 40-odd seconds trimmed from *Basic Instinct* for audiences here in the U.S. somehow sum up the status of cinematic sex during 1992: a resurgence of hot stuff that wound up being cooled down. In a way, it was a banner year for sexuality on the screen, even though the banners sometimes seemed to be flying at half-mast. In a generally repressive social climate—partly traceable to the fear of AIDS and to feminist hysteria about sex as naked aggression—the message of moviedom soon took shape: If you can't *do* it, let your filmed fantasies dwell on it. Monogamy and commitment may well be the mood of the time. But try to peddle abstinence, fidelity or moral rectitude in a film and you'll be D.O.A. at the box office nine times out of ten. The pros remain aware that a film maker can harvest plenty of green from the field of dreams by following the tested formula: Stir their basic instincts and they will come. (text continued on page 150)

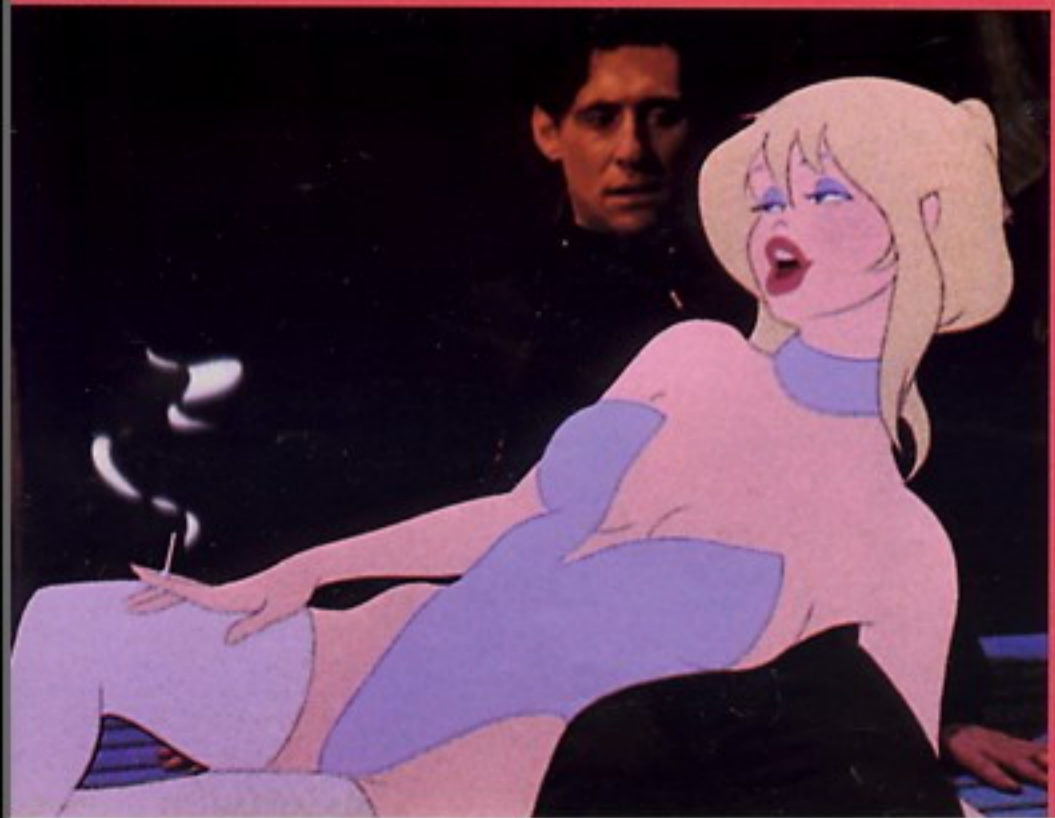
CREATURE FEATURE In the summer hit *Batman Returns*, Michelle Pfeiffer metamorphoses from subservient secretary to feminist feline, a martial artist with nine lives whose schizophrenic sexuality bewitches Batman (Michael Keaton). In this relationship, ignited by flicks of her tantalizing tongue, Catwoman most definitely comes out on top.





OUT OF THIS WORLD

Not your average boy and girl next door are Gary Oldman, who doubles as werewolf (above, menacing Sadie Frost) and as the titular vampire in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, Francis Ford Coppola's promised Thanksgiving treat; Jenny Wright and Jeff Fahey, indulging in future sex in *Lawnmower Man* (below); or Gabriel Byrne and his curvaceous cartoon creation, Holli Would (bottom). In later reels of *Cool World*, Holli turns into a flesh-and-blood Kim Basinger, who animates the artist's life.





WILD AT HEART

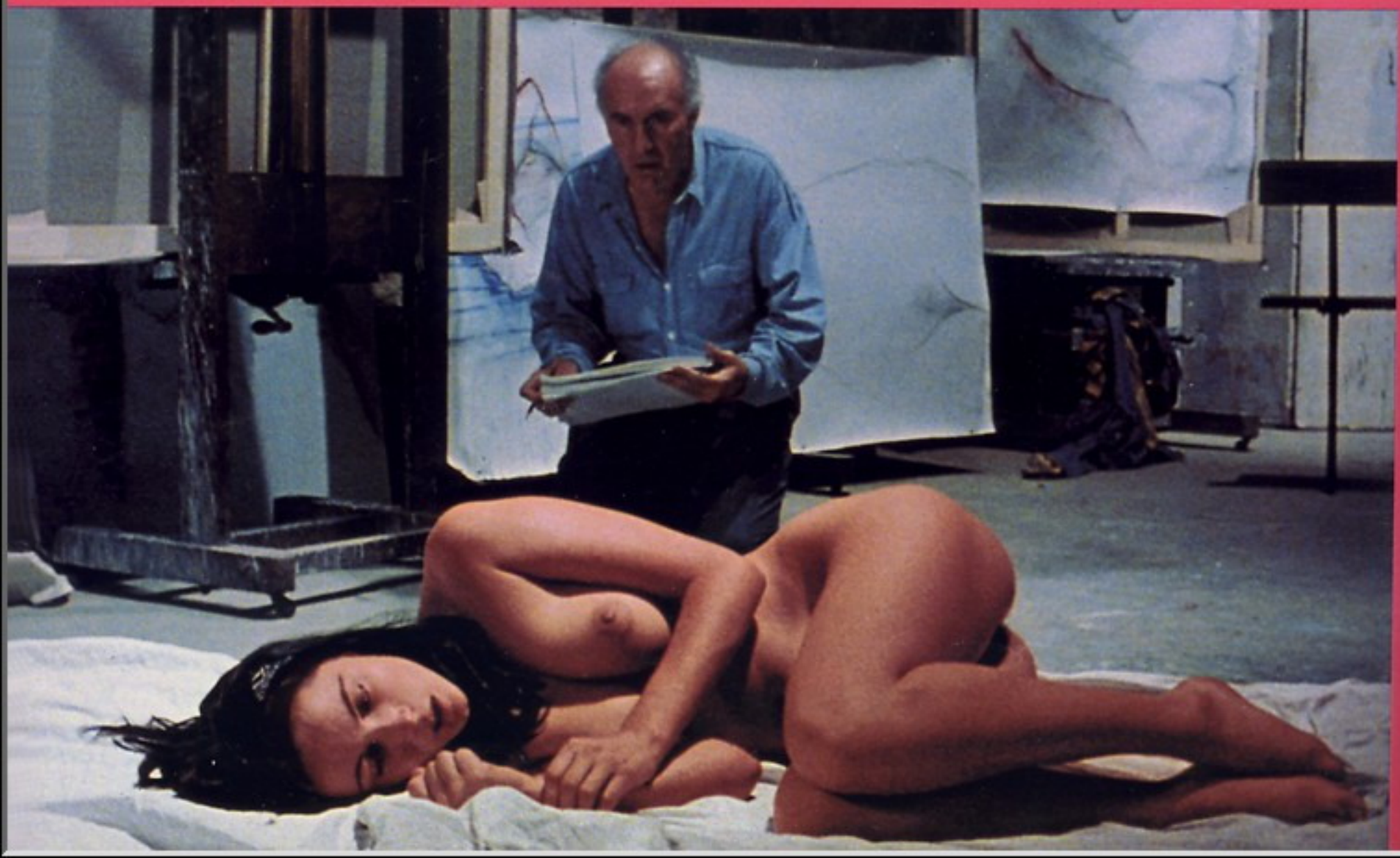
Among the steamier pictures pushing the envelope of eroticism this year are (clockwise, from above left) *In the Heat of Passion*, pairing Nick Corri and Sally Kirkland; *Hard Hunted*, in which Tony Peck (son of Gregory) beds Cynthia Brimhall (*PLAYBOY*'s Miss October 1985); *Poison Ivy*, featuring Drew Barrymore wallowing in wickedness (one of her stunts is seducing her girlfriend's dad, played by Tom Skerritt); *The Lover*, French director Jean-Jacques Annaud's sizzling English-language film based on Marguerite Duras' celebrated memoir of her youthful affair with a Chinese man (playing the amorous couplers on the carpet are Jane March and Tony Leung); *Bitter Moon*, Roman Polanski's forthcoming film in which he cast his wife, Emmanuelle Seigner, opposite Peter Coyote; and *Husbands and Lovers*, with Julian Sands as a philandering husband who's a sucker for girlfriend Lara Wendel (small wonder: His wife has just informed him that she plans to spend every weekend at the beach with her lover).





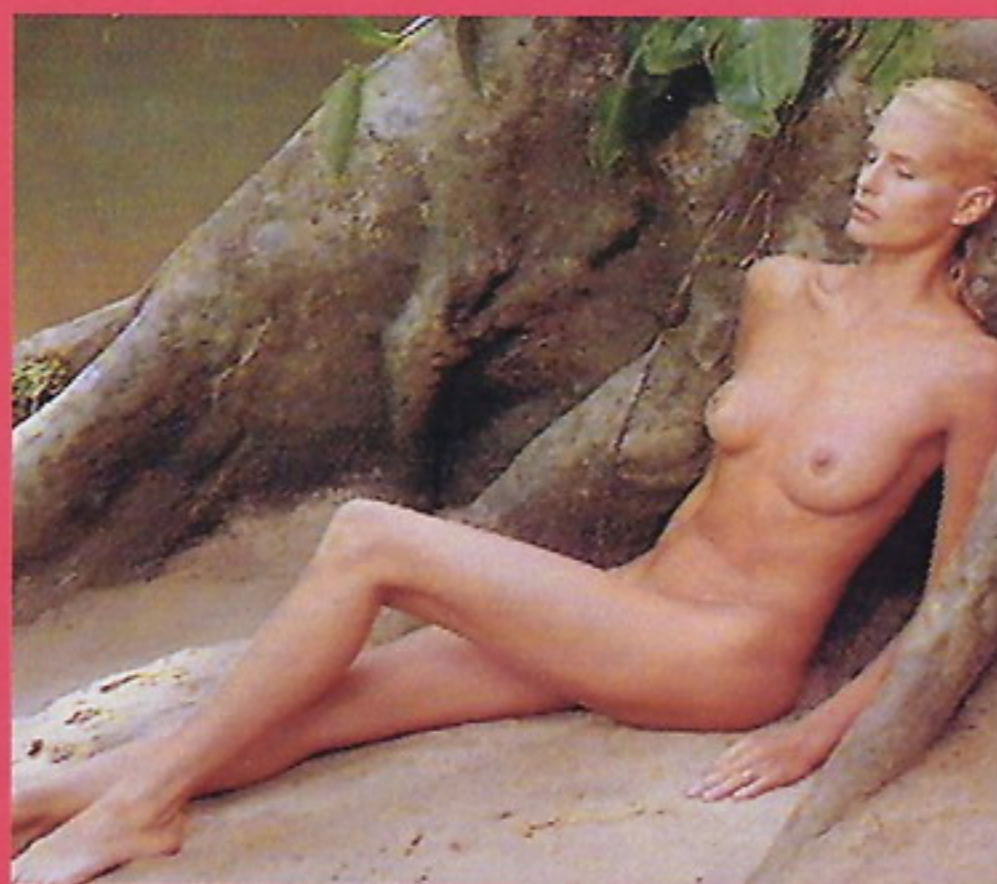
SEXPORTS

European films are still a tad kinkier than their American counterparts. Britain's *Close My Eyes* (above) calls for Clive Owen to boff his secretary (Helen FitzGerald) while talking on the phone with his sister—with whom he's having a passionate affair. Other transatlantic trippers include (clockwise, from above right) France's *The Hairdresser's Husband*, starring Jean Rochefort as a guy who has a thing for watching (and fondling) his wife (Anna Galiena) work over customers; *Amantes (Lovers)*, a Spanish film showcasing the salaciously subtitled bum of Victoria Abril; *High Heels*, the Pedro Almodóvar comedy starring Abril (again) working out with Miguel Bose; France's *La Belle Noiseuse*, about an artist (Michel Piccoli) infatuated with a model (Emmanuelle Béart); and the Oscar-winning Italian film *Mediterraneo*, with Memo Dini, Irene Grazoli and Vasco Mirandolo shown here.





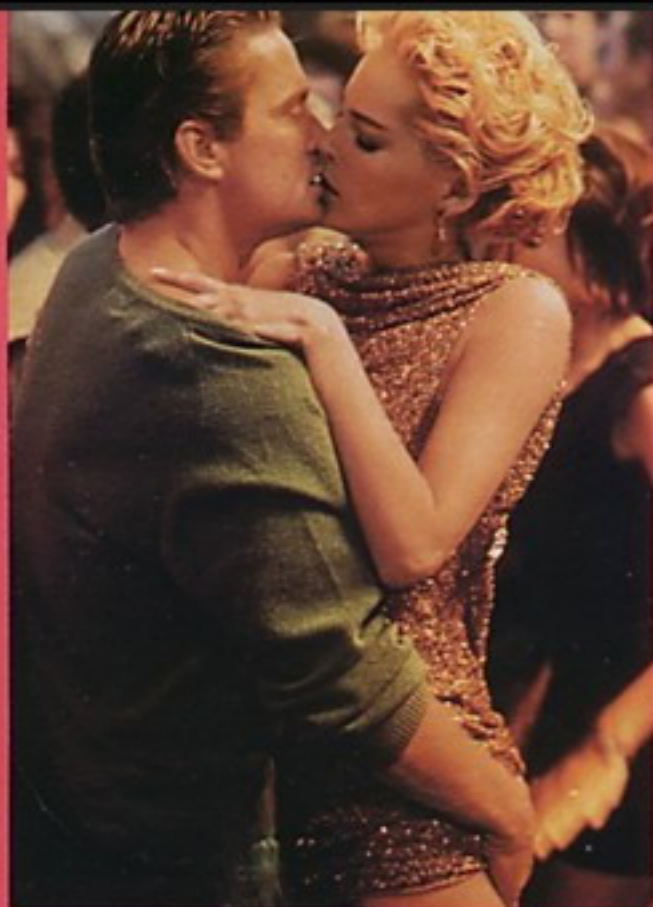
sure love to enhance their cunts.



NAMES IN THE NUDE

Hollywood's superstars vary in their approach to baring their bodies for the camera. Sporting the natural look: Tom Berenger (top) and Daryl Hannah (above) in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, the saga of missionaries and Indians in the jungles of South America. In *Far and Away* (below), a bit of crockery conceals a convalescing Tom Cruise's crotch.





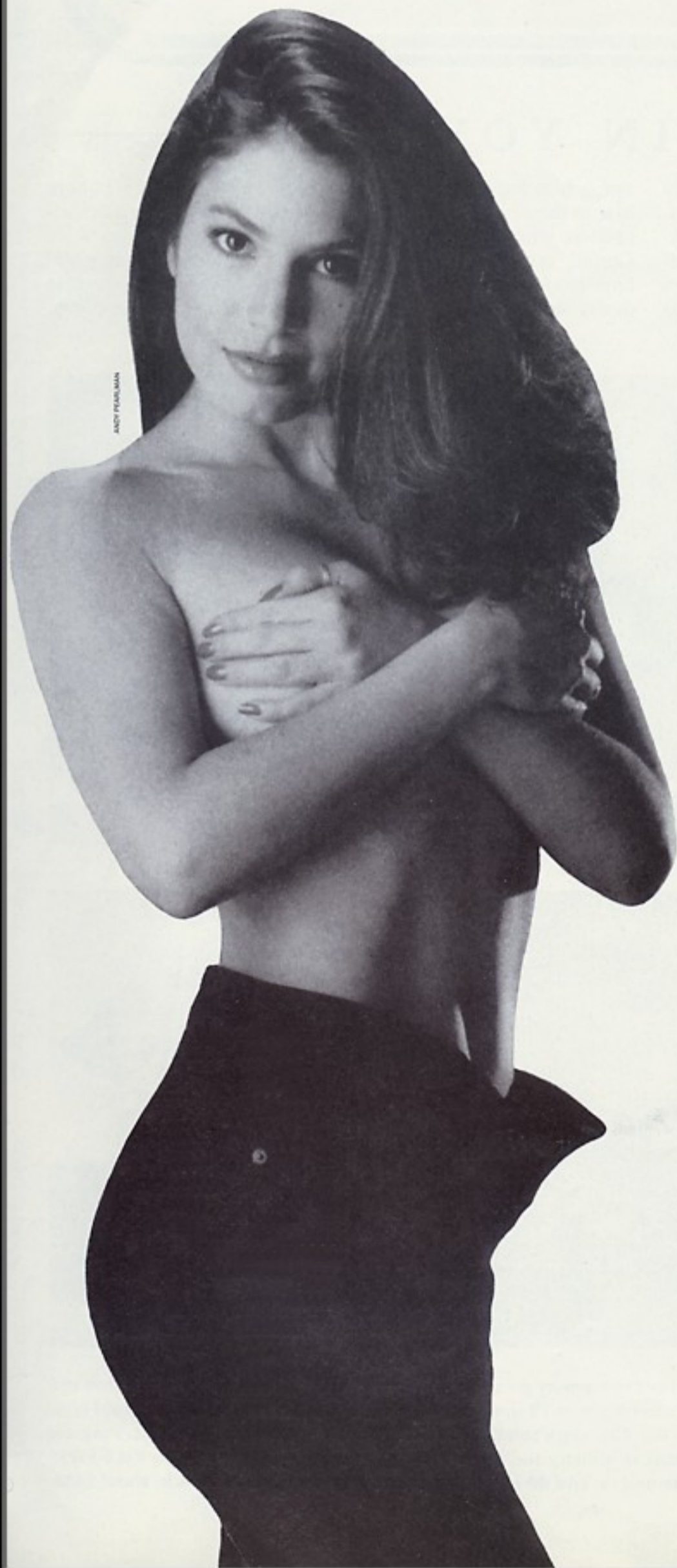
BACK TO THE BASICS Controversy dogged every aspect of Paul Verhoeven's film *Basic Instinct*, from the record fee paid to its screenwriter to its portrayal of a predatory bisexual blonde who may or may not be

a serial killer. Gay rights activists picketed movie locations and threatened to disrupt the Academy Awards; 45 seconds of violence and lovemaking were cut to earn the movie its R rating. Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone in heat wowed audiences here and abroad, but if you want to see the notorious 45 seconds, you'll have to catch the film in Europe.

GRAPEVINE

Andréa's Hands On

Actress ANDRÉA LYNN has been around the dial from *Hard Copy* to PBS to cable, as well as on the big screen. She played Maggie in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* in Hawaii and played coy with us in *Grapevine*. You'll be seeing more of Andréa.



ANDY PEARMAN



ANDREW SARGAN/ROX GAZELLA LTD

Hands Off, Grace

Actress/singer GRACE JONES knows how to get her picture taken and we know how to print it. Grace checked herself out at a party recently. Since you couldn't be there, go see her in *Boomerang*.



PAUL MATYKA/PHOTO RESERVE INC

Sisterhood Is Powerful

Next time five attractive women decide to go out dancing in a major American city, maybe they'll be as lucky as GOOD 2 GO. They were discovered one night in a club having fun, but it was their singing that sealed the deal. Look for the LP.



REINER W. POLLNER

Cheeky

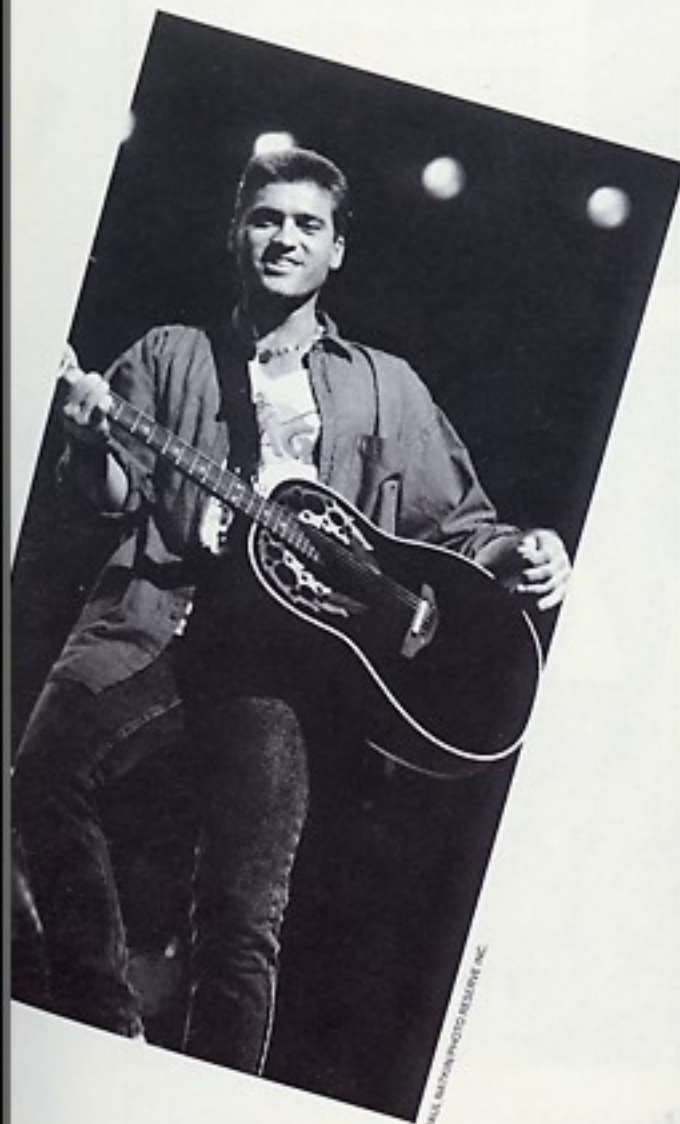
There's nothing between JENNIFER SCHWALENBERG and her jeans. Jennifer has graced *Beverly Hills, 90210*, *Baywatch* and a music video for the band Poison. She's working on a poster and was once Miss Teen Wisconsin. The Midwest's loss is clearly Hollywood's gain.

This Tribe Has Arrived

This is YOTHU YINDI, an aboriginal rock group from Australia. If you missed them opening for Midnight Oil and Neil Young, catch the LP *Tribal Voice* or the single *Treaty*. Music is the universal language. Speak it.



PAUL NATHAN PHOTO SERVICE INC.



PAUL NATHAN PHOTO SERVICE INC.

Billy Ray Has His Say

If country music is exploding, BILLY RAY CYRUS is a Roman candle. He went from obscurity to the top of the charts with a number-one single, *Achy Breaky Heart*, and a number-one LP, *Some Gave All*. Cyrus calls the stage "the one place where I'm happy." Lucky for the rest of us.



MARK LEVINGAL

Sheer Energy

Dancer/starlet DUSTINA LANAI has posed for posters and calendars. She appeared in the HBO series *1st and Ten*. Now she's holding her own with us. Let's hear it for basic black. It's our favorite color.

COMING NEXT: OUR GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE



PAGE PROOF



SPACE SEX



PARTY ANIMAL



MORE SEYMOUR

"GENERATION X"—WE'RE THROWING A RAVE FOR THE POST-BOOM BABIES, WHO KNOW HOW TO TAKE THEIR FUN SERIOUSLY

"BOP TILL YOU DROP"—PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK, PART FIVE, SALUTES THE MOST INNOVATIVE (AND MOST CONTROVERSIAL) ERA IN JAZZ—BY DAVID STANDISH

SHARON STONE, AMERICA'S NEW SEX QUEEN, TALKS ABOUT LIFE OFF CAMERA, LOVE ON SCREEN AND A FEW OF HER MOST BASIC INSTINCTS IN A HIGHLY PROVOCATIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"PARTY ANIMAL"—THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF DORTMUNDER, AMERICA'S FAVORITE BURGLAR—BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

"THE PREMONITION"—WHITNEY PAYS A PRE-CHRISTMAS VISIT TO HIS BROTHER'S WIFE AND KIDS AND RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED GIFT—BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

HELMUT NEWTON, PHOTOGRAPHY'S KING OF KINK, TALKS ABOUT NUDE SELF-PORTRAITS, MARGARET THATCHER'S BLUE HAIR AND THE WOMAN WHO COULD COAX HIM INTO WEARING A SADDLE IN AN OFFBEAT "20 QUESTIONS"

"GOLDEN FEATHERBEDDERS"—WHILE THE REST OF US SCRAMBLE TO PAY THIS MONTH'S VISA BILL, THE COUNTRY'S CRASSEST CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS ARE POKKETING MILLIONS—A REPORT BY AMERICA'S LEADING EXPERT ON EXECUTIVE COMPENSATION, GRAEF CRYSTAL

"HOW TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD"—PENN AND TELLER, THE BAD BOYS OF PRESTIDIGITATION, REVEAL THE SECRET OF THE POPCORN SURPRISE AND OTHER INCREDIBLE EDIBLE TRICKS

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR—YOU'VE SEEN HER ONCE, YOU'VE ASKED FOR HER TWICE. SEE MORE AS SHE DOES THE VAMP THING IN A SIZZLING PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

"EROS IN ORBIT"—ARTHUR C. CLARKE WEIGHS THE POSSIBILITIES OF SEX IN ZERO GRAVITY

PLUS: "BETTY PAGE"—A TRIBUTE TO THE FABULOUS FIFTIES PINUP; FICTION BY THOMAS BERGER; A VIEWERS' GUIDE TO WHAT THE SHOUTING IS ABOUT ON TV'S *MCLAUGHLIN GROUP*; "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW," BY GARY COLE; THE CAST OF *MELROSE PLACE* DECKED IN HOLIDAY FASHION; "SEX STARS 1992"; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE"; A KILLER GUIDE TO SNOW-BOARDING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE