

PLAYBOY

A photograph of Robin Givens, a Black woman, posing for the magazine cover. She is topless, wearing a black beaded choker necklace, and has her arms crossed over her chest. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1994 • \$4.95

Hollywood Confidential

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
MEGA-MOGUL
DAVID GEFEN

ROBIN
GIVENS
DELIVERS A
KNOCKOUT
PICTORIAL

ROCKERS
STEPHEN KING
DAVE BARRY
ROY BLOUNT JR.

PLUS
DAVID
MAMET'S
FIRST
NOVEL
A STUNNER
FROM JOYCE
CAROL OATES
20Q WITH
DAVID CARUSO
PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST



"We can't get away with much these days."

women who love
women, and the men
who love them

A WALK ON THE BI SIDE



SAY WHAT YOU WILL about bisexuality," said Woody Allen. "You have a 50 percent better chance of finding a date on Saturday night." Indeed, as *Basic Instinct* showed us, the possibilities are endless. From curious college undergrads to gender-benders to icons such as Madonna and k.d. lang, it's a whole new ball game out there—with or without the balls—as women experiment with the changing rules and roles of sex play. At the front of the pack is the bisexual woman—a pleasure-seeker who shuns labels in pursuit of carnal attraction in all its forms. She is the ultimate rule breaker. There have always been bisexual women, of course. But until recently, they never quite fit in: Lesbians were wary of them because they like to sleep with men. Yet because they also slip between the sheets with women, many straight guys didn't know what to make of them. The media and gay activists, meanwhile, charged them with sitting on the fence. We say bisexual women enjoy the best of both worlds—and why not? Both have so much to offer. "If I

Above from left, Lené Hefner (no relation to our boss), Angela Cornell and British model Stephen Scott enjoy a cozy triangle. We'll meet them again later. Twenty-one-year-old Bridgette Lott (right) is an outdoor type who enjoys softball, track and writing poetry. Bridgette is a psychology major with smarts to match her ambisexual passions: "I received a perfect score on my college entrance exam," she boasts. Her ambition: to live in a French villa.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





Model-actress Lené Hefner (left) finds dimples, short hair and a sharp sense of humor attractive in both men and women. She's also a consummate cook who hopes to pursue a career as a chef.



Twenty-four-year-old Jessica Bryan (above and top right) studies business law in southern California. "I come from an ultraconservative family that accepts me for who I am," she explains. "I'm not conservative, to say the least." Dutch fashion model Angeline Straatman (right) grew up on a farm in Zimbabwe. Now a New Yorker, Angeline is a feminist-activist known for her naked embrace with another woman in Steven Meisel's safe-sex poster campaign.



hadn't had sex with women, my sex life wouldn't have improved with men," explains Angeline Straatman, a bisexual New York fashion model and safe-sex advocate. "Many of the things that excite women also excite men. Why choose between them when I can have both?" Hugh Hefner, an emblem of the heterosexual lifestyle, has this to say about the bi bunch: "If you are sexually adventurous, then I don't think heterosexuality should preclude you from trying whatever is out there."



Angelika Bolliger, 23 (above left), who was born in Poland, comes to America via Paris and Rome. Melissa Regal, 24 (above right), is a cocktail waitress in Los Angeles. "I want to become a lawyer," says Melissa, who claims she's wild about "big Jeeps, Corvettes, dalmatians and horseback riding." At right, meet another equestrian: 21-year-old Renee Awakimiam, who was born in Moscow but grew up in Glendale, California. When she's not in full gallop, the right man or woman might find Renee ice-skating, roller-skating or swimming. "I love meeting new people," says Renee, being careful not to draw a gender distinction. "I just want to be in a happy relationship."



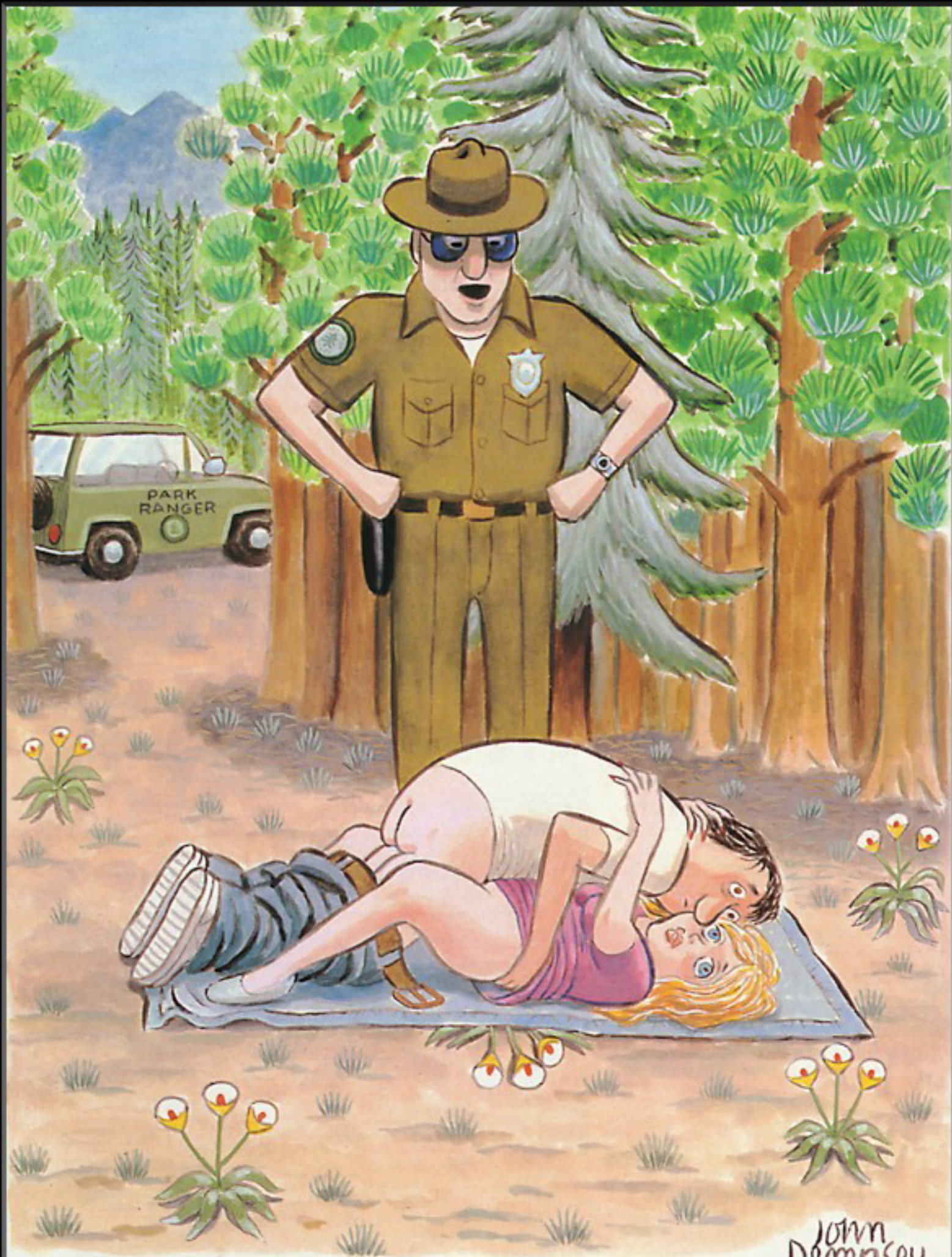


At left and below, meet Angela Dickson, 22, who owns a pest-control company in Arizona. Angie values open minds more than any other attribute and aspires "to be happy, healthy and wealthy."



Twenty-three-year-old model-actress Christine Mardis (left), a native of Dayton, Ohio and now a California resident, is a real down-home woman: "I'm very close to my grandfather and the rest of my family," she says, "and my little sister is one of my best friends." At right, we once again find our torrid trio (from left), Lené, Angela and Stephen. "I was brought up influenced by different ideas and values," says Angela, whose mother is from Thailand. "And that has made me what I am today: a combination of East and West." And, we might add, interesting combinations are what it's all about.





John
Dempsey

"Excuse me, but you're copulating on an endangered plant."



"It's all right, dear. It's the plumber."



DESIGNING WOMAN

miss september decorates a room
just the way we like

HER ROOMMATE calls her Dishevelina because she sometimes seems frazzled by life. OK, Kelly Gallagher may spend a half hour searching her apartment for keys she left in the door, but don't interpret that as a sign that she is losing it. Miss September knows precisely where she is headed. "My mother is a designer and she has her own business. That's my ultimate goal, to have my very own store."

And she will probably get it, along with a few other things she would like to have: a man to marry when she's in her early 30s and a farm in Montana or New Mexico where she can dote on animals. She might even find a new recipe to replace the salmon-on-corn-tortilla-with-black-beans-

and-goat-cheese concoction that she whips up to impress friends who come to dinner.

Kelly is focused when she's pursuing her goals. An early sign of her passion for interior design came when, as a child in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, she began rearranging the furniture in her home. She went on to attend the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston, where she also took architecture classes. Kelly worked in film production design, but gave that up for a more balanced life. "If I'm in a relationship, I don't want to have to go to Zimbabwe for six months. I like stability. That's important to me because life is crazy and hectic enough."

Now comfortably encamped in Los Angeles, Kelly has just finished decorating a home in the Hollywood hills and has

"I can't figure men out," says Kelly. "My theory is that men and women are completely different creatures. It's like trying to put a monkey and a pig together—they just don't belong." Still, "I like having a boyfriend. It's always nice to have somebody you can count on."







started another, two freelance jobs she landed as an aggressive self-starter. She is confident of getting others, though "I don't know if anyone is going to say, 'I want a Playmate to design my house,' except perhaps a single guy."

While waiting to amass the capital she'll need to start her design shop, Kelly goes to museums, browses in bookstores and enjoys yoga classes, hiking and in-line skating.

But she doesn't hang out in the trendy night spots. "By no means do I go to a club and drink and dance until two in the morning." Most nights she slips into an oversize T-shirt and boxer shorts and is in bed by midnight.

At this point, Kelly's roommate interrupts the interview to take a look at Miss September's photos. She stares in awe. "You are wondrous," she says admiringly.

"You can ask any of my friends," says Kelly. "I have no problem with my sexuality. I'm completely uninhibited. Everybody has a body, and I want to show mine. God blessed me."

Kelly takes a moment to examine the layout, but she's not seeing photos of herself. She is critiquing the design elements. The woman can't help it. For Kelly, it will always be about design.

Kelly dated a guy who had two dogs. She broke up with him, but maintained her relationship with his pets. "I still have visiting rights," she says.







Undergarments are not a big concern in Kelly's life. "I love lingerie, but I'd rather go out and spend my money on a pair of shoes. I have one lingerie piece that I wear to sleep. It's white, long and silky." Note to President Clinton: On the question of boxers or briefs for men, Kelly sides with boxers. "Or nothing at all. That's how I usually go. I hate panties. They just get in the way."





MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Walter P. Gallagher

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: KELLY GALLAGHER

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11-21-67 BIRTHPLACE: MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

AMBITIONS: TO OWN MY OWN MARVELOUS DESIGN AND FURNISHINGS BUSINESS.

TURN-ONS: FABULOUS, INTENSE MINDS, HONESTY, HUGE SMILES AND A MAN WITH A COLOSSAL ♡.

TURNOFFS: LACK OF COMMUNICATION, CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, SLACKERS AND BAD DESIGN.

ROMANCING MY MAN: BREAKFAST IN THE Boudoir, A BIT OF PHYSICAL ACTIVITY, TRIP TO THE MUSEUM FOR SOME MENTAL AND VISUAL STIMULATION, A NIBBLE FOR TWO TO SATISFY THE PALATE AND A TRIP TO THE BEACH TO SEE THE SUN SET AND THE MOON RISE.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF: SWAP MEETS, BLENDED COFFEES, NICHOLSON PARKER NOVELS & GOOD LOVING.



MARTHA'S VINEYARD WITH BIG SIR -



SCUBA DIVING MAUI



SUN AND FUN IN NANTUCKET

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After trying unsuccessfully for months to collect an overdue bill, the town grocer sent an emotional letter to the deadbeat along with a picture of his young daughter. Underneath he had written, "Here's the reason I need the money."

A week later, the merchant received a photo of a voluptuous blonde wearing a string bikini. It was captioned, "Here's the reason I can't pay."

What's a typical Wasp ménage à trois? Two headaches and a hard-on.



How can I help you?" the psychiatrist asked. "It's her," the man said, nodding toward his wife. "For the last six months, she has thought she is a lawn mower."

"This is very serious," the shrink advised. "Why didn't you bring her in sooner?" "My neighbor just returned her."

A hiker was passing a farm when a horse spoke to him. "Hey buddy," it said, "I'm a Kentucky Derby winner and this hick farmer has me pulling a plow every day. Get me to a stud farm and I'll make you rich."

The astonished hiker ran to the house and roused the farmer. "I want to buy that tired old plow horse of yours," he said. "I'll give you \$10,000 for him."

"He ain't worth it." "But I'll buy him just the same." "I can't take your money, son," the farmer said. "I don't care what he said, that horse ain't never even seen a Kentucky Derby."

Our Washington sources report President Clinton has found a way to slow down inflation: Turn it over to the Postal Service.

Charlie had been fishing on the riverbank for hours without any luck. He was about to pack it in when a man walked up and said, "What you need is a fishing mirror."

"What's that?" Charlie asked. "It's a special mirror you hold over the water," he answered. "The fish look up, think they see another fish and jump out of the water. You just catch them and put them in a sack. I'll sell you one for ten bucks."

"OK, I'll take it," Charlie said, handing over the cash. "But tell me, have you ever caught any with this thing?"

"Counting you," the man said, grinning, "four today."

Harvey was in bed with a married woman when they heard the garage door open. "It's my husband!" the frantic woman cried. "Get dressed and start ironing these," she said, tossing a pile of shirts at him.

Her husband strode in and asked about the strange man. After the woman explained that he was the new housekeeper, Harvey stayed to finish the shirts.

When he left the house, Harvey walked to the corner to wait for a bus. He was so proud of his escape that he related the experience to another man at the bus stop.

The stranger smiled. "Are you talking about that red brick house over there? Hell, I'm the one who washed the shirts."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Graffito spotted in Boston: NANCY KERRIGAN SHOULD GET BACK ON THE ICE. SHE IS BEGINNING TO SPOIL.

Two friends became philosophical as they left the funeral of a co-worker who had died after a sudden illness. "I'd like to go out in a blaze of glory," one decided.

"Not me," said the other. "I'd like to go like my grandfather—peacefully, in his sleep. Not screaming and yelling like his passengers."

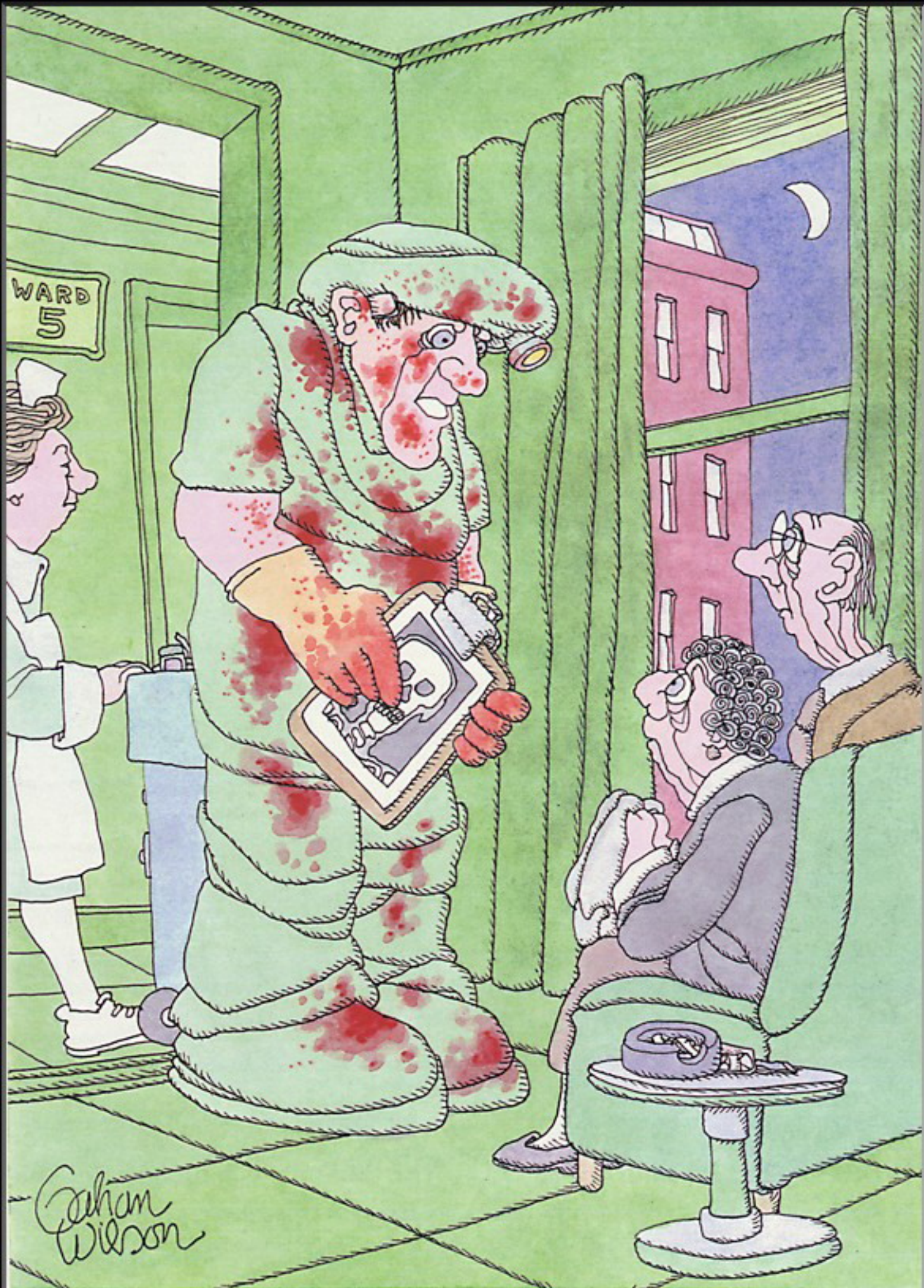


PARTY JOKE CLASSIC: When a naive and inexperienced couple married, they were uncomfortable using the word sex, so they agreed to refer to the act as "doing the laundry." This practice went on for years, even after they had children.

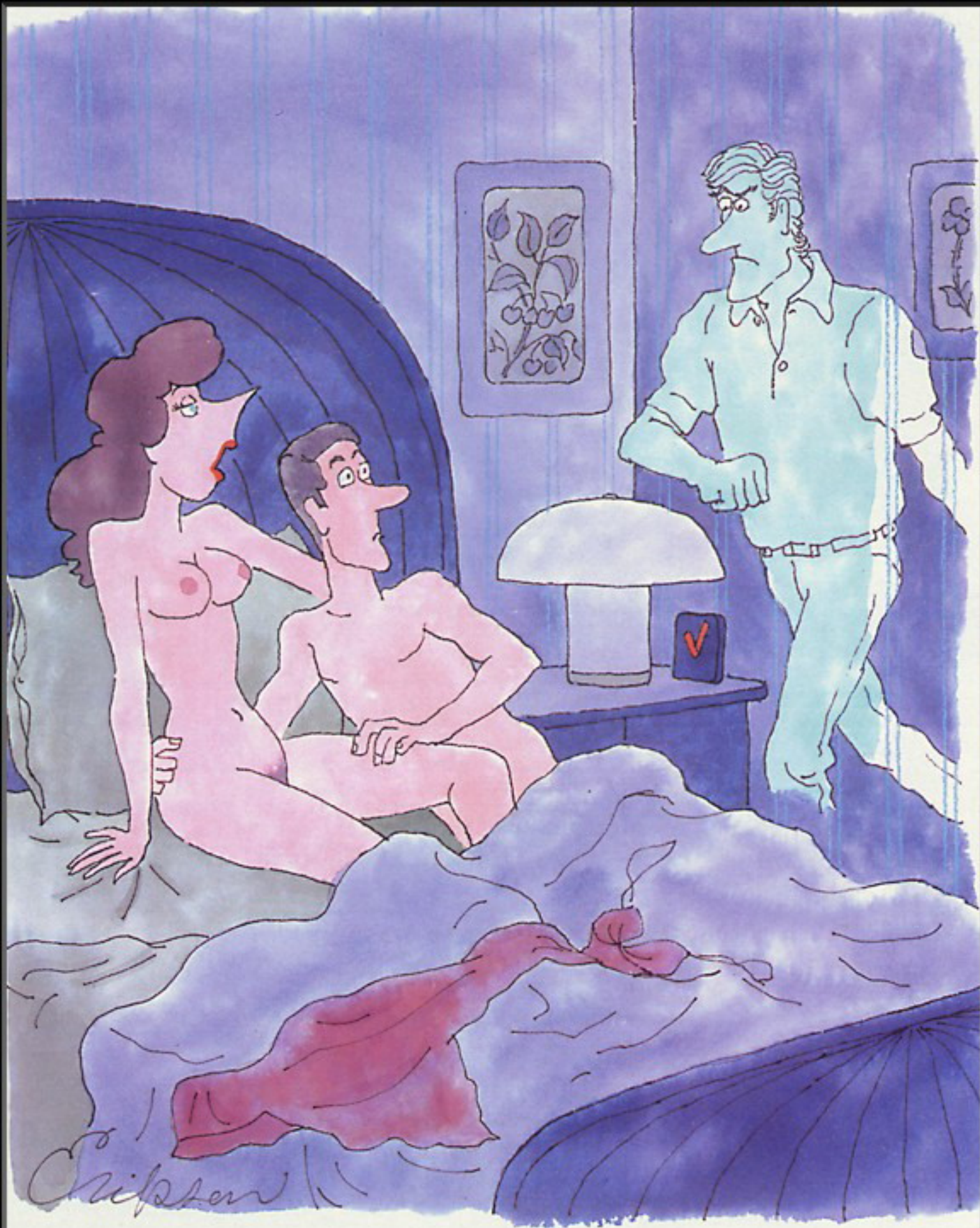
One afternoon, the husband felt in the mood and sent his five-year-old son downstairs to ask the wife if she wanted to do the laundry. Fifteen, 30, 45 minutes passed. Finally the boy returned. "Mom said she'll do the laundry in about five minutes," he reported.

"She doesn't have to bother," the father said. "Tell her it was a small load and I did it by hand."

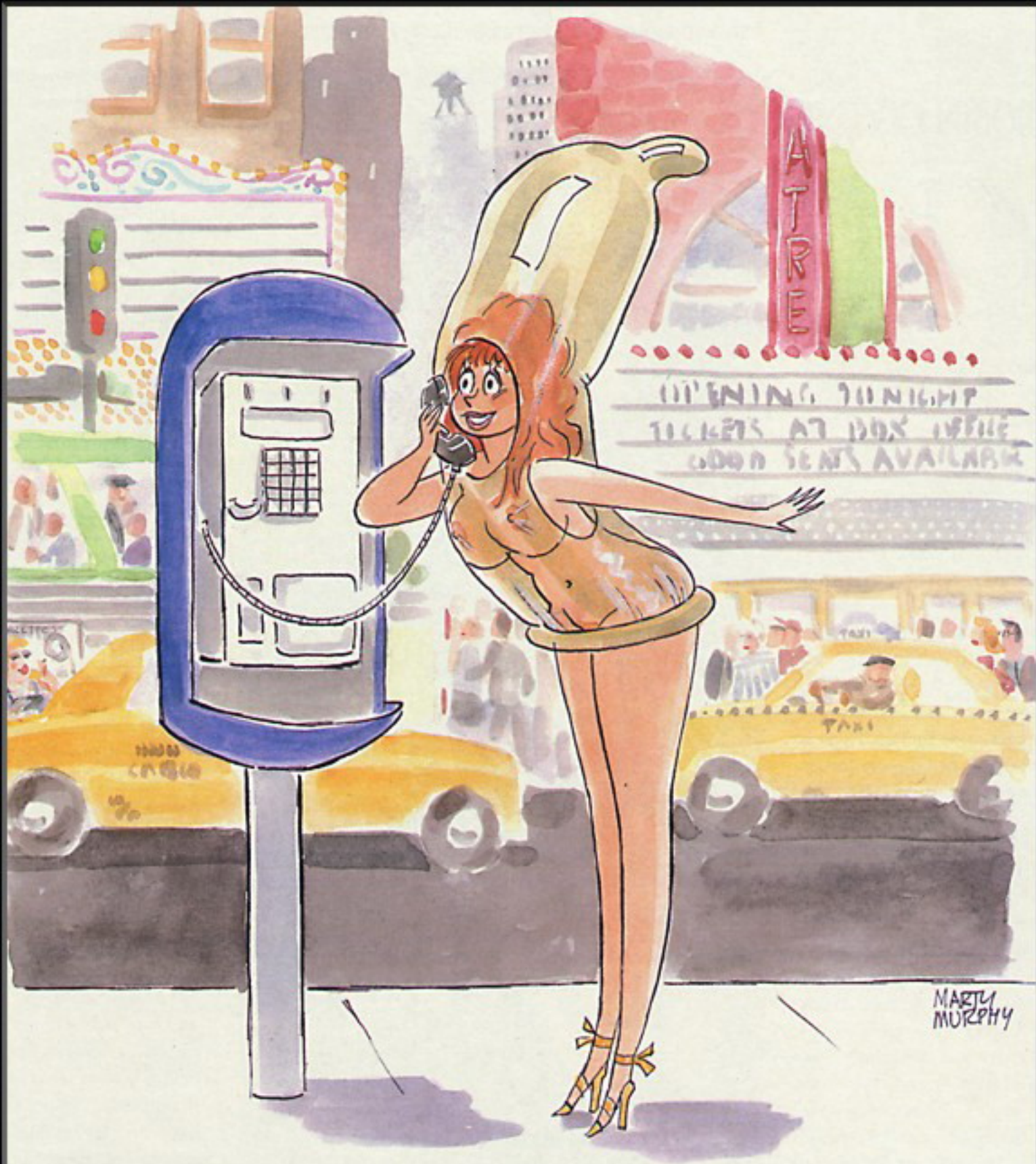
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Don't worry, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, we're doing everything we can to avoid a malpractice suit."



"Of course I had no idea he was a hologram when I married him!"



"Hello, Mom? I got the job in the TV commercial!"

SO HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW?

for the first time, the film and tv actress recounts, in her own words, her charmed life and embattled love

BY
ROBIN GIVENS

ONCE, I MOVED through life as if I were on a European highway. I traveled fast, feeling secure that my lane was designed and built just for me. It enticed me, engaged me, excited me. There were no bumps or obstacles, no wrecks or detours. I knew where I was headed. I had no reason to think that would change.

But suddenly, with what seemed like vicious, mysterious plotting, an obstacle appeared in the road. Actually, it was more like a brick wall. The self-confidence that had given me so many opportunities had now carried me to the brink of disaster.

Like a temperamental lover, life took from me—abruptly and without warning—the comfort of my predictable existence. Like a victim of a thief in the night, I had been robbed of all that was familiar. And then there was the pain—pure, raw and complex. There were no bruises, no visible signs of my terror, only an inner trembling that would not go away. So I sat, shaken and dazed, simply watching life pass by. I saw curious stares with no concern, moving lips without voices. My fear was met by others' fear. My longing was met



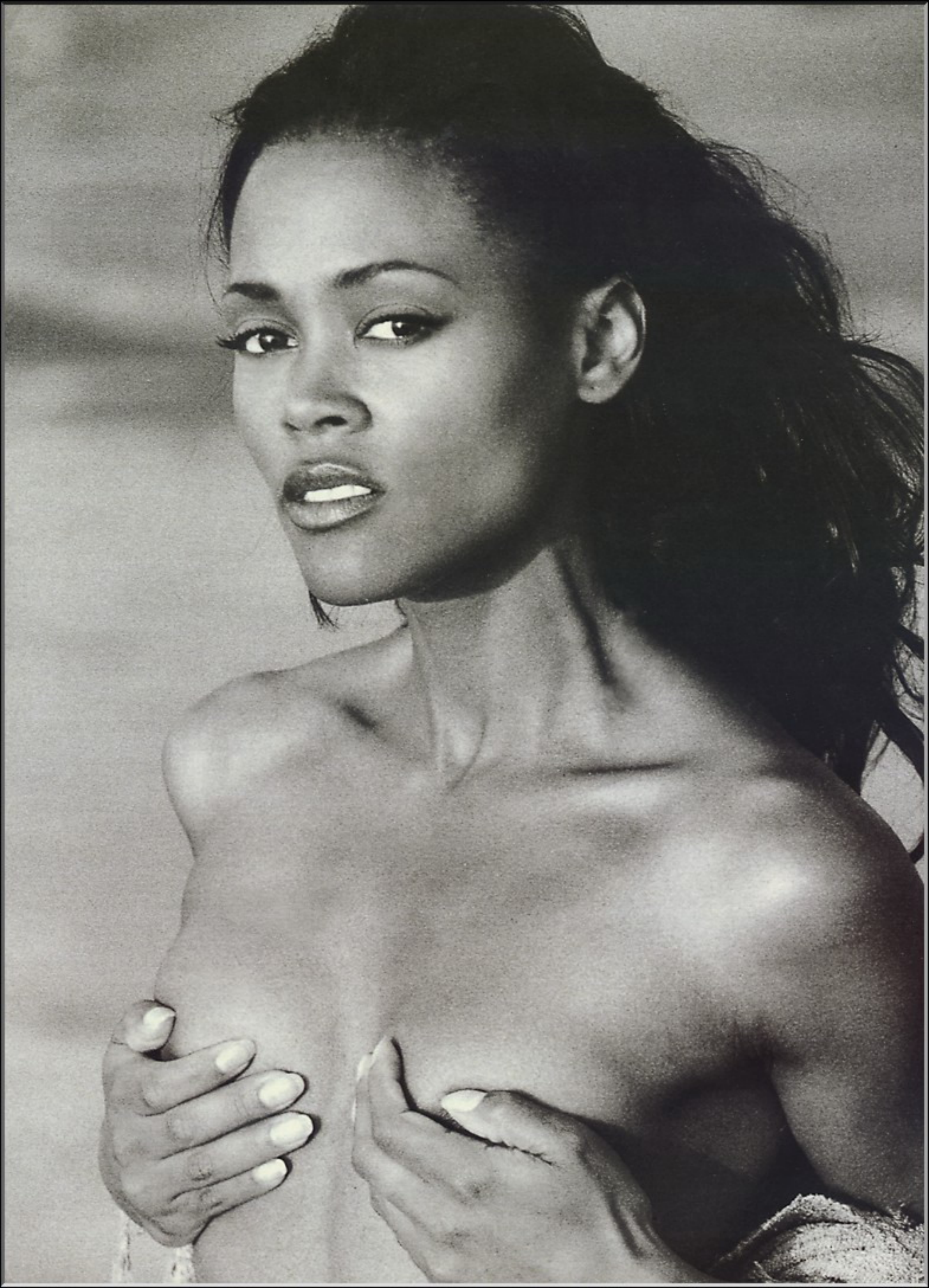
by cynicism from others. I was forced to face the future alone.

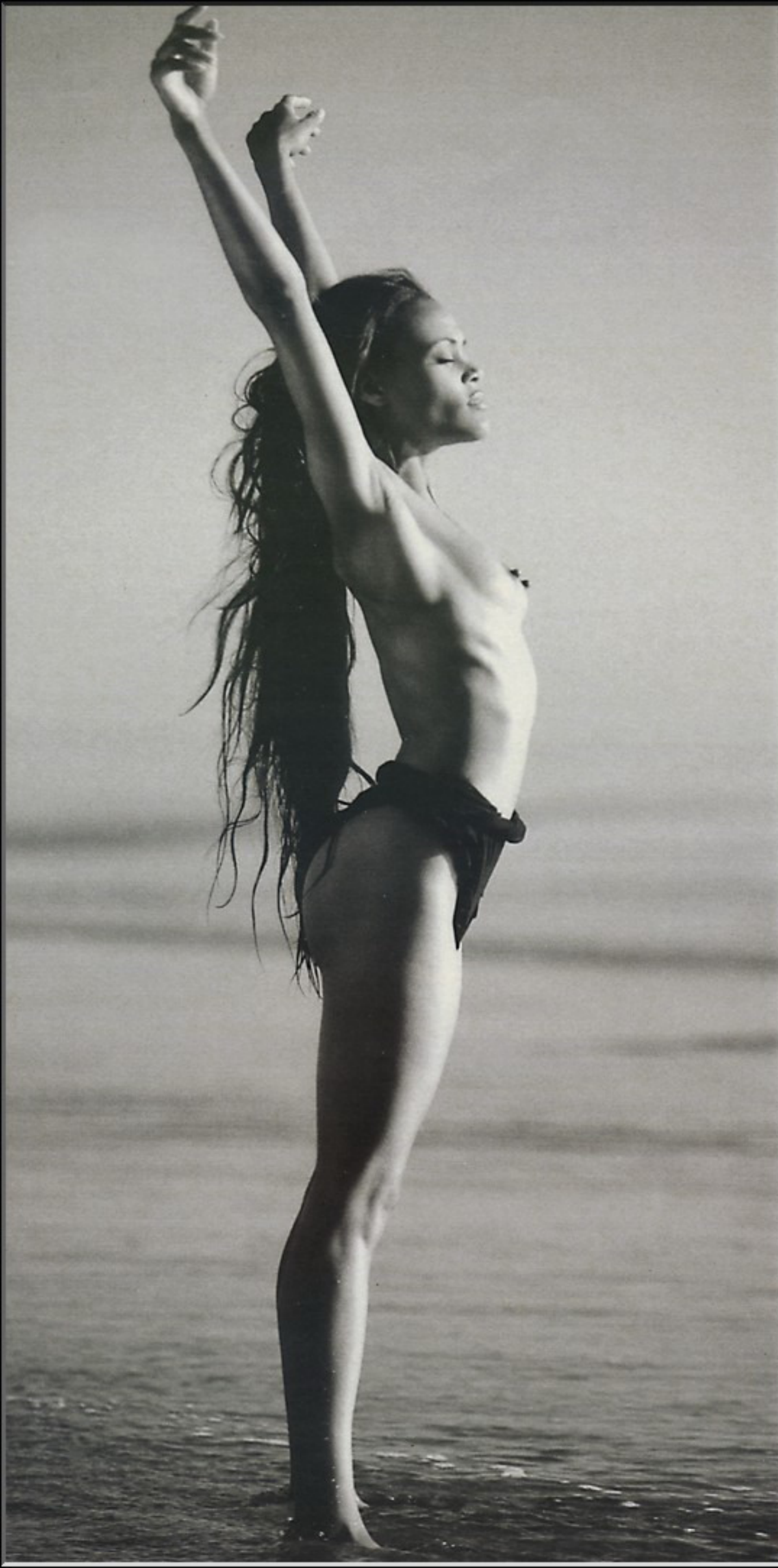
Mike Tyson was an imposing presence, yet he was still just a boy. He was handsome and he had an unerring sense of quality. This was not altogether effortless; it was part of everything he wanted to be. But for now there remained the boy, a little younger than I, who had come a long way in too short a time. Although he still had remnants of genuine innocence, much of that was pushed aside by the emerging man and by the difficult experiences of a brief but tumultuous life. Some of his innocence may have been forced. A lot of it was deliberate. He had learned that his guileless displays were more subtle manipulators than his physical strength, and they were far more disarming. They had the potential to be more deadly.

This weaving of man and boy, strength and vulnerability, was not only enticing, it was electrifying. He smiled and relaxed. He liked me. It was like a reunion of old neighborhood friends who understand just how far from home they are. Our glances gave reassurance and comfort and familiarity.

I had never had a relationship so complete, so intimate. There was never

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN





any uneasiness, no having to think about what to say or how to act. There was no getting dressed up, made up or done up. For the first time, being myself was easy. I had always strived for perfection, but I had never felt perfect. I was perfect for him.

And in the beginning he was perfect for me. He became my comforter, my protector, my supporter, my sustainer. He was the strong, reliable, constant male presence that I was missing. He satisfied a basic criterion I had established for my relationships with men. He always showed up. Not only when he said he would but even when I didn't expect him and needed him most.



I was about two years old when I lost my father through divorce. My first memory of him—or the absence of him—is of sitting in the window, waiting for him to pick me up. My mother had dressed me in pretty clothes, and I remember climbing onto the sofa to be able to see out the window. I waited and waited for him. It felt like an eternity. He never came, and I remembered very little about him after that until I was much older.

As the years passed with little contact between my father and me, I lost trust in him. I have never been able to heal that breach of trust. Afraid of being let down again, I placed few demands on any man, as long as he showed up.

This standard of judgment can be quite stringent. How many men have I known who could not keep the simplest commitments? I wish my father had been there to teach me that relationships go beyond showing up, that commitments go beyond time and date and go straight to the





heart and soul of the relationship. By being there, he could have helped me understand the strictest commitment—namely, that the person with whom we are engaged in a relationship should be concerned for our well-being, our growth and our unfolding, and that though they are not responsible for this process, they should do nothing to impede it.

But if my father—the first man in my life, my first love—did not love me enough to keep his commitments to me, why should any other man?

Although I say that commitment is important, perhaps I have not really insisted on it, nor do I even really expect it. I

was never taught what it means to be loved by a man. The man who could have taught me best was not there to teach me. And for those of us who are fatherless daughters, my heart breaks because, until we resolve our feelings about our fathers, the first men in our lives, we will be disappointed again and again as we search for the man who will show up.



We were practically inseparable after our first meeting. We were like two children who had each finally found a best friend as well as a partner in mischief. Discipline had always been important to me, but with *(text concluded on page 130)*









him I felt free. We were wildly happy.

Early on in our relationship, I had a job to do in Vail. We kissed goodbye, and we were both sad. I left Los Angeles and he made the long trip back to his home in Catskill, New York.

The day after I arrived in Vail, I was miserably sick from the altitude. I was also miserably lonely. When he called to check on me, I learned that he was equally tormented. When he discovered that I was sick and somewhat frightened by this experience, he comforted me by telling me he loved me—for the first time. I was so sick, but I was happy.

As time passed, I seemed to get sicker, and I could barely get out of bed. The telephone rang. It was him again. He wanted to talk only for a moment, which was uncharacteristic of him. During that brief conversation, he assured me I would be fine and that we would see each other soon. We hung up, and I lay back and closed my eyes, hoping the room would stop spinning. Then there was a knock on the door. I felt too weak to answer it. When I finally did open the door, there he stood.

We slipped into our roles quickly. I was to be the caretaker, the stronger and more deliberate one. But since I was the woman, I also would become the wicked one. Perhaps circumstance, as well as gender, had ideally suited me for the role. After all, wasn't I more sophisticated, more worldly, better educated? Wasn't I also less a victim of poverty, less a victim of inner-city circumstance and, generally, less likely a victim?

We often spent the night at my mother's apartment. It was far more modest than our own home, but that was where we were both comfortable and somehow comforted. I recall one night in particular when even there he was having trouble sleeping. This was common when he was training for a fight. He would stay awake far into the night, hoping to be distracted from the obvious pressures. When I finally got him to relax and fall asleep, we cuddled close on the twin futon. We stayed interlocked all night, as we did when we were at home in our huge bed. But on this futon I had to hang on especially tight to keep from falling onto the floor. On this fitful night he let out an unfamiliar, desperate scream. He had dreamed that he'd been knocked out and had lost the fight. We talked about it. We laughed about it. And as we went back to sleep, he squeezed me even tighter. He was a little afraid, and I was more afraid.

We were different, yet so much alike. There was one thing in particular that we shared: a profound and overwhelming fear. But we also shared a common reaction to our fear. It was natural for each of us to fight harder, to, as he de-

scribed it, "turn the fear into fire." While some people are paralyzed by fear, it fueled our desire. At the time of greatest fear—fear of love and intimacy, fear of trust and mistrust—we engaged in the fiercest battles.

I recall him saying, "I'm not going to fight anymore. I am going to fight only you." Maybe he was really saying, "I will put up a furious battle to keep things the way they have always been, the way I have grown to trust them to be. It is difficult for me to trust. Becoming a man is difficult for me, especially in the presence of someone I love, in the presence of someone who thinks I'm already a man. How can I confide that my greatest fear is of failure, and that my greatest failure would be failing you?"

But I was a girl with fears of my own, putting up a fierce battle of my own, striving to become a woman, or perhaps not to become a woman. Yet we were desperately in love, with all the anxiety, grief, pain and torture that desperation brings. We had no idea that the only battle to be waged is within each of us, and the victory is triumph over oneself.

"Man, I'll never forget that punch. It was when I fought with Robin in Steve's apartment. She really offended me and I went bam," he said, throwing a fast backhand into the air to illustrate. "She flew backward, hitting every fucking wall in the apartment. That was the best punch I've ever thrown in my whole fucking life."

—MIKE TYSON, AS RECOUNTED BY JOSÉ TORRES IN HIS BOOK *Fire and Fear*

Of course, that was not his most deadly or even his hardest punch. But it may have been his most devastating. It was devastating for me because, though there was no permanent physical harm, the emotional hurt was painful and lasting. I became the third generation of battered women in my family. The cycle remained unbroken.

The punch was devastating for him, too. He wanted desperately to break his own cycle of violence. But there were many obstacles preventing him from doing so. As the heavyweight champion of the world, he was exempt from the rules of civilized behavior. He had been condemned for his brutality in his early life, but then he found his way into the boxing arena, where brutality was not only condoned but expected and richly rewarded. This paradox must have been terribly confusing to a young man struggling to establish values.

After our relationship ended, everything was crazy, out of control, upside down. It's been a while now, but not long

enough for me to be comfortable with the memories. My mom and I recently went out to a movie. A good movie always makes me feel happy, and there is safety and peace in the darkness. As we left the car and headed toward the theater, a young woman shouted at me, "You deserved to get your ass kicked. He should have killed you."

I continued to walk, never acknowledging her taunts. I felt bad for me; I felt even worse for her.

I have had childhood dreams realized, and I have had unimaginable nightmares become reality. As a result, a new direction for my life has emerged.

Becoming a woman is one of several difficult experiences that I must endure in life's journey. Nothing has caused me more agony. Getting acquainted with, and finally being comfortable with, one's sensuality is complicated. It can be especially burdensome for a woman. Embracing one's femininity can become confusing when, by virtue of your femininity, you are under suspicion. As daughters of Eve, we inherit the legacy of original sin. We are tempters of man, seducers of the world. Ultimately responsible for all evil, we carry the burden of the fall of man. Therefore, we are in constant contrition, always striving to be absolved of its stigma.

Like many who are oppressed, we struggle to distance ourselves from those who share our curse. We want our oppressors to accept us, to love us. We say what they want us to say. We do what they want us to do. We attempt to forget the pain and suffering of those with whom we share a common oppression. We begin to blame the oppressed for their oppression.

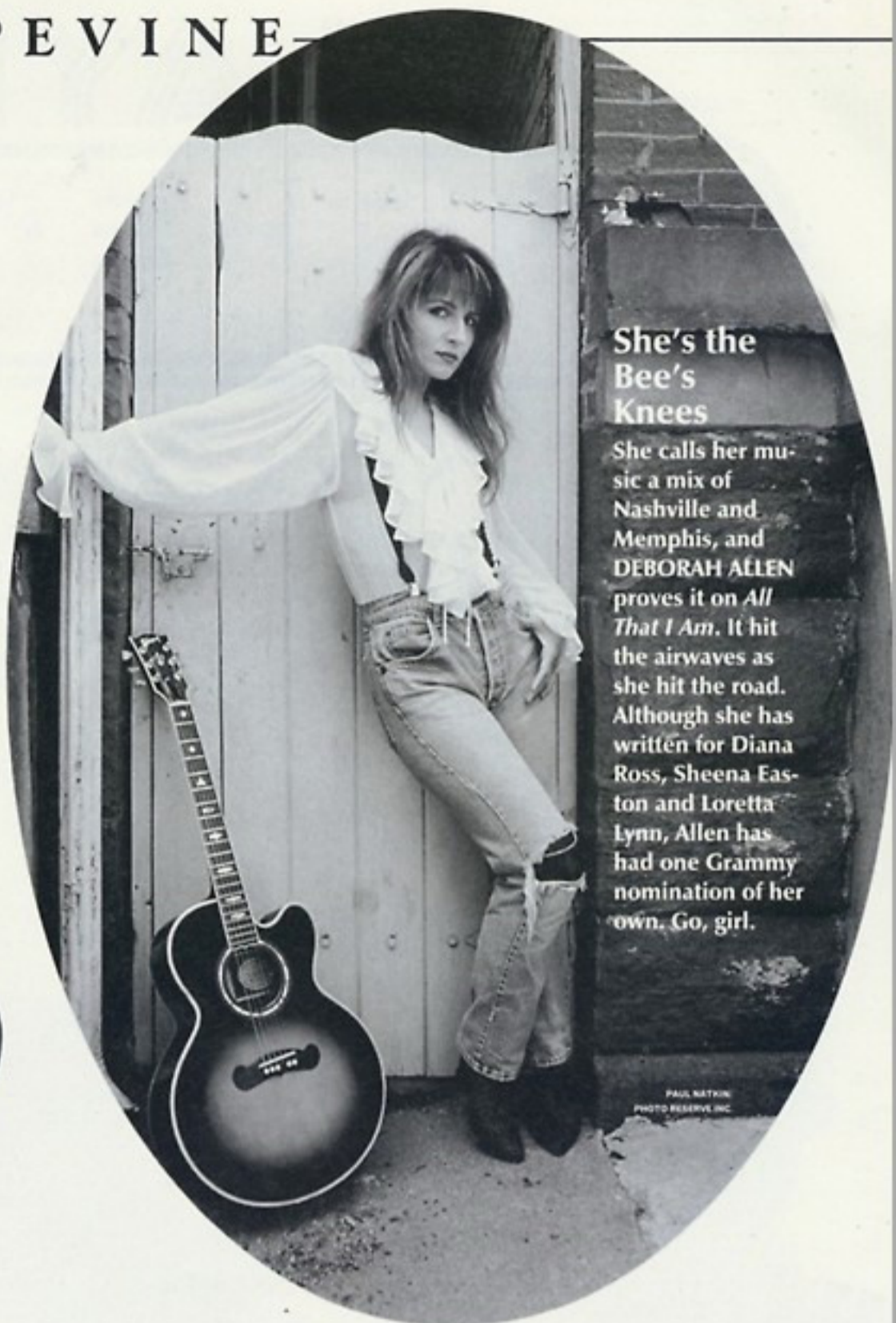
"What did you do to make him hit you?" is the question we are asked and, worse yet, that we ask ourselves. Whether in rape, battery or harassment, time and time again the blame is put back on the victim when the victim is a woman. Suspicion and accusation sometimes seem to validate mistreatment, not only in the minds of men but often women as well. Perhaps it is because even now women do not like or trust one another the same way men do. On the contrary, we are suspicious. As women, therefore, we face a double-edged sword of suspicion—from our own sex and from the opposite sex.

I have tried absolution by perfection. I have tried absolution by submission. I have tried absolution by assuming blame and responsibility for others to the point of not taking care of myself. But rather than struggle to be absolved, I will—with an uneasy, yet mature courage—embrace being a woman.



The Bottom Line

Actress LISA BOYLE has appeared on the big screen in *Sweet Dreams* and *Art of Murder* and on TV in *NYPD Blue* and *Dream On*. She's also in the pilot for *Ocean Park*. Applause for her bodysuit.



She's the Bee's Knees

She calls her music a mix of Nashville and Memphis, and DEBORAH ALLEN proves it on *All That I Am*. It hit the airwaves as she hit the road. Although she has written for Diana Ross, Sheena Easton and Loretta Lynn, Allen has had one Grammy nomination of her own. Go, girl.

PAUL NATHAN
PHOTO RESERVE, INC.

It's in the Cards

If you can, catch B.B. KING on the Blues Music Festival tour featuring Dr. John, Little Feat and a Muddy Waters tribute band. Then get his duet LP with Diane Schuur, *Heart to Heart*. The king of the blues holds court.



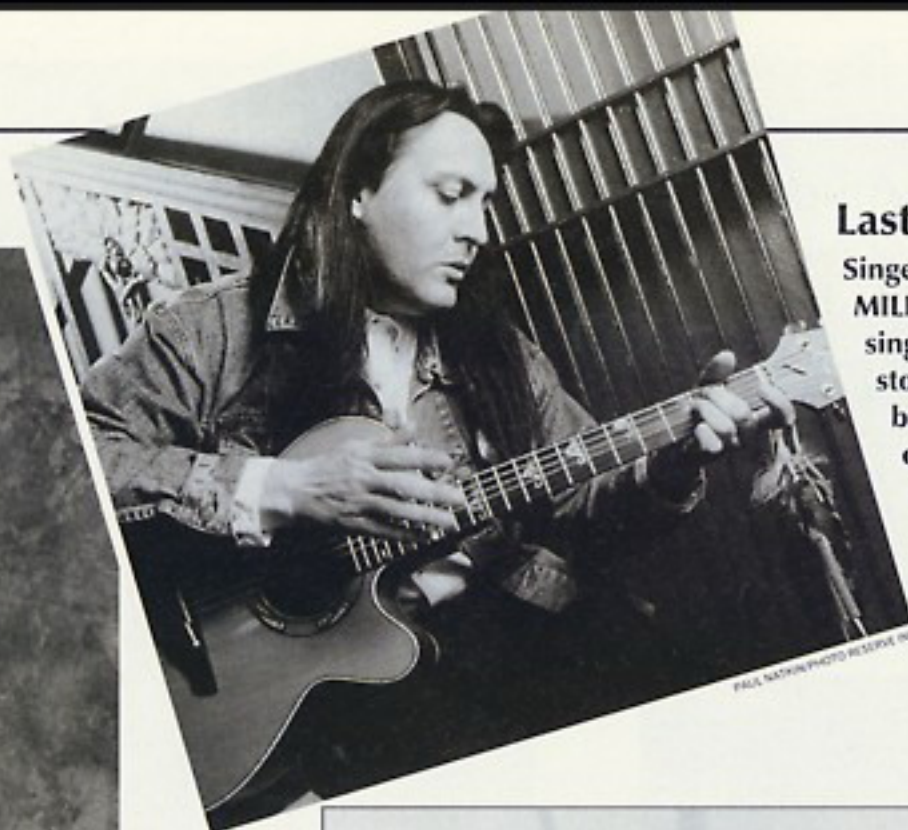
© SHERRY ROSEN

© KEN SETTEL



No Fin, No Grin

YVETTE STEFENS is a knockout. For more, get her Frederick's of Hollywood poster and the catalog. Look for her in a Pringles Right commercial and in music videos. We call this a net profit.

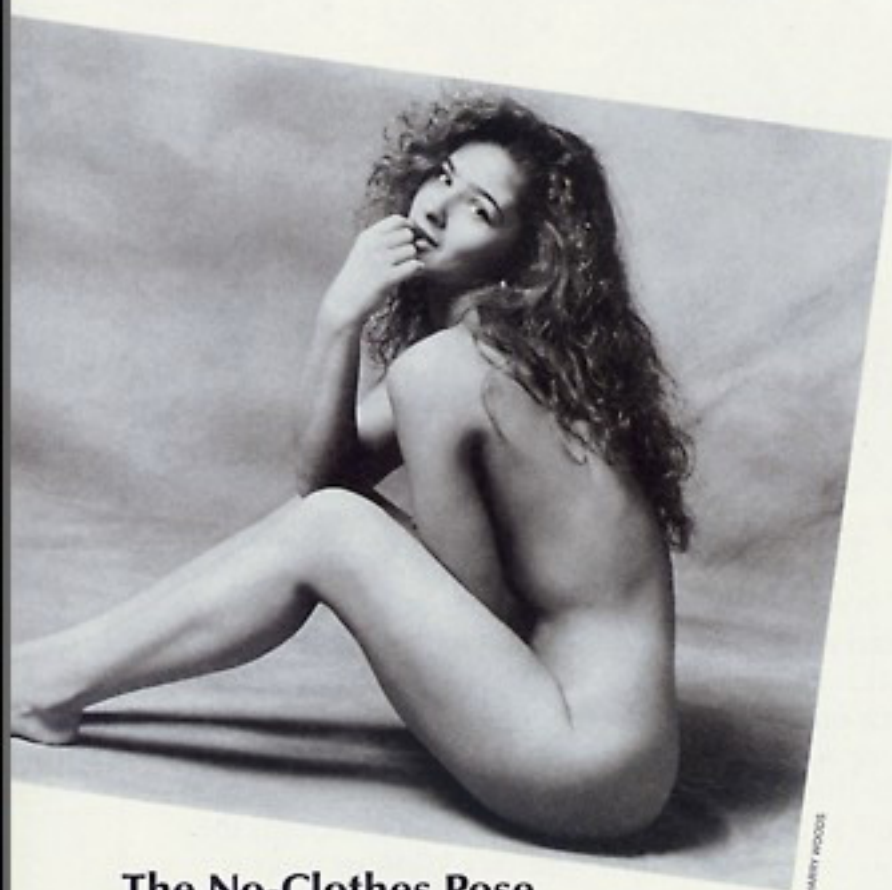


Last of the Mohicans

Singer, songwriter and painter BILL MILLER is half Mohican and all folk-singer. Miller brings his acoustic story-songs to a wide audience, both in person—he's currently opening for Tori Amos—and on his album *The Red Road*. Says Miller, "Doing this album was like writing my story." He'll play you a chapter.

Sea and Be Seen

TERESA LANGLEY was a featured extra in *Rocky V*, *Kick Boxer II* and *Sibling Rivalry* and appeared in a Coors Light beer commercial. Teresa rocks our boat.



The No-Clothes Pose

KENDRA OXNER was a contender in our 40th Anniversary Playmate Search. Her titles include Miss Budweiser, Miss Riverfest and Miss Ujena International. Want to cast a vote?



NEXT MONTH



BRAINY RUSSIAN



FICTION WINNER



DATING TEST



DIXIE'S FINEST

BUCKEYE THE ELDER—WHEN BUCKEYE THE PANTY-HOSE SALESMAN COMES BY TO COURT SIMONE, HE PROMPTLY BREAKS HER LITTLE BROTHER'S COLLARBONE. THEN THE ENTIRE FAMILY FALLS IN LOVE. WINNER OF PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

FIRST DATES MADE EASY—TONGUE-TIED WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH A NEW GIRL? GOT THE FIRST-DATE JITTERS? OUR SUREFIRE QUESTIONNAIRE GIVES EVERYONE—EVEN DATING VETERANS—SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT—BY **MYLES BERKOWITZ**

LESLIE ABRAMSON—HER FIERY COURTROOM THEATRICALS KEPT ERIK MENENDEZ FROM THE GAS CHAMBER. WHAT'S NEXT FOR THE COUNTRY'S ACE DEFENDER?—PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

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