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# PLAYGIRL

A man in a white tuxedo and bow tie stands in front of a palm tree against a sunset background. The man is smiling and has his hands clasped in front of him. The background is a warm, orange and yellow sunset with silhouettes of palm trees and other tropical foliage.

## 10 SEXIEST MEN IN AMERICA

BY PATRICK MCGILLIGAN

**A**NNUALLY FOR EIGHT YEARS, we at PLAYGIRL have selected 10 men who, for reasons obvious as well as subtle, represent the best in American manhood.

They might be hard-playing or hard-driving, youthful or in the twilight of their years, power politicians or pop musicians, handsome to die from or an acquired taste.

But whatever else they are, they are *sexy*. We can attest to this, having spent months behind closed doors, poring over alluring photographs and debating the finer points of male chemistry, to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to narrow the list to the very elite—the 10 Sexiest Men of 1986.





GREG GORMAN

## BRUCE WILLIS

Let's hear it for Broo-oo-cie!—Willis (previous page), that is. It's not that we have anything against the redoubtable Springsteen, but it's nice to have another Bruce to moon over for a change.

This Bruce is more of an enigma. Shy guy. Don't count on him for personal appearances: no blabbering interviews, and not a single, er, music video.

This mystery man came roaring out of New York theater environs to take hearts and minds by storm as the wisecracking David on TV's *Moonlighting*. Sorry, Don Johnson—you're yesterday's papers. Willis is the sexiest male specimen on TV, and *Moonlighting* is the rip-roaringest detective show. Of course, Bruce has co-star Cybill Shepherd to squire around, and as someone once remarked of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, he gives her class, while she gives him sex appeal. But Willis didn't need any boost in that department.

Husky, dynamic, irrepressible, at turns macho and vulnerable, cornball and deadly serious, this particular Bruce makes us rather *reclusive*. Tuesday night? No, thank you. We've got a date. At home.



BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



## MICHAEL J. FOX

All right: the ubiquitous Michael J. Fox (left). Yawn. Well, they can't all be surprises, and paying homage to the 10 Sexiest Men in America without extolling the virtues of this pint-size (5-foot-4-inch) charmer, would be like running the football draft without powerhouse Bo Jackson. Fox is a *natural*.

There he is playing chummy for the paparazzi with Julian Lennon; there he is on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, *People*, *TV Guide*, etc. In the morning he stars in *Family Ties* reruns and in primetime, there he is again, delectably preppie-ish Alex Keaton, keeping *Ties* high in the Nielsens. *Back to the Future* continues to soar at the box office (\$200 million and counting) and how the Academy overlooked him for a Best Actor nomination is beyond us. They'll get another chance come Christmas, when Fox and Joan Jett play brother and sister rock 'n' rollers for director Paul Schrader in his new film, *Just Around the Corner at the Light of Day*.

C'mon, how about a cereal in honor of this guy—bite-size, honey-coated nougats packed with energy? We can just see that tousled, all-American (oops, Canadian!) face decorating the box, beaming out at fans, all sunshine and con artist.

We'd buy it. We'd eat it. We can't get enough of him.

## BILLY CRYSTAL

Billy Crystal (left), you're so hot, it's unbel~~ee~~evable!

No, we mean it, babe.

Comic cohort Martin Short may be just as hilarious (maybe not); Michael J. Fox does terrific Pepsi commercials, too (yours are better).

But the other wise guys, they don't have your curly 'do, your boyish mien, your amazing life story, kiddo.

You walked out of the first cast of *Saturday Night Live* (that took guts, man), and portrayed TV's first sitcom homosexual on *Soap*. Your years of dues-paying, stand-up comedy culminated in a wacky repertoire of celeb-mimickry—and a triumphant return to a rejuvenated *SNL*.

Not to mention your alter ego, that Latin ladykiller, 'Nando. Oooh!

You know what we're saying, *dahrling*? You *ll*ook *mahr*velous.



BILL SMITH

## WILLIAM 'THE REFRIGERATOR' PERRY

Who to follow in the footsteps—nay, obliterate the footsteps—of such previous 10 Sexiest choices as ample funnyman John Candy and vid-weatherman Willard Scott?

William "The Refrigerator" Perry (above), that's who.

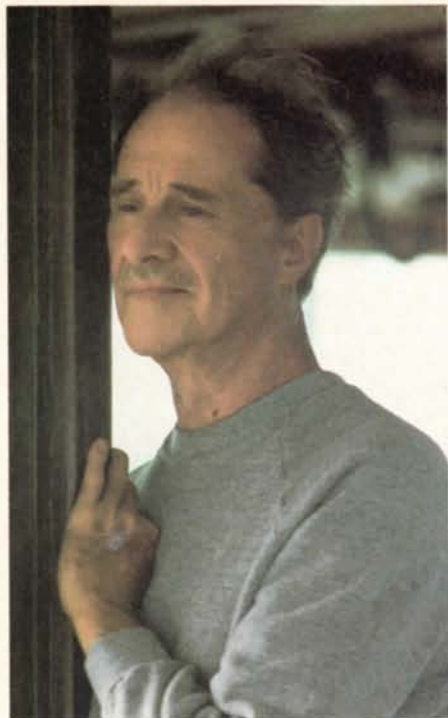
We confess to a crush on this crushing fella—all 300-plus pounds of the gap-toothed man-mountain.

As much as we adore the glitzy QB Jim McMahon or "Iron Man" Walter Payton, we think of Mr. Perry as the symbol of the revitalized Chicago Bears footballers. He's real salt-of-the-girth. Not lean, not even mean, he's Mr. Nice Guy. Family man, too.

Perry deserves his world-record largest-ever Super Bowl ring (size 23) and his whirlwind status in advertising circles as a pitch man for fast food, toys, jeans, furs and underwear—and, natch, real refrigerators.

The offer is hereby tendered for a centerfold. How about it, Fridge? Even if we have to resort to a wide-angle lens.





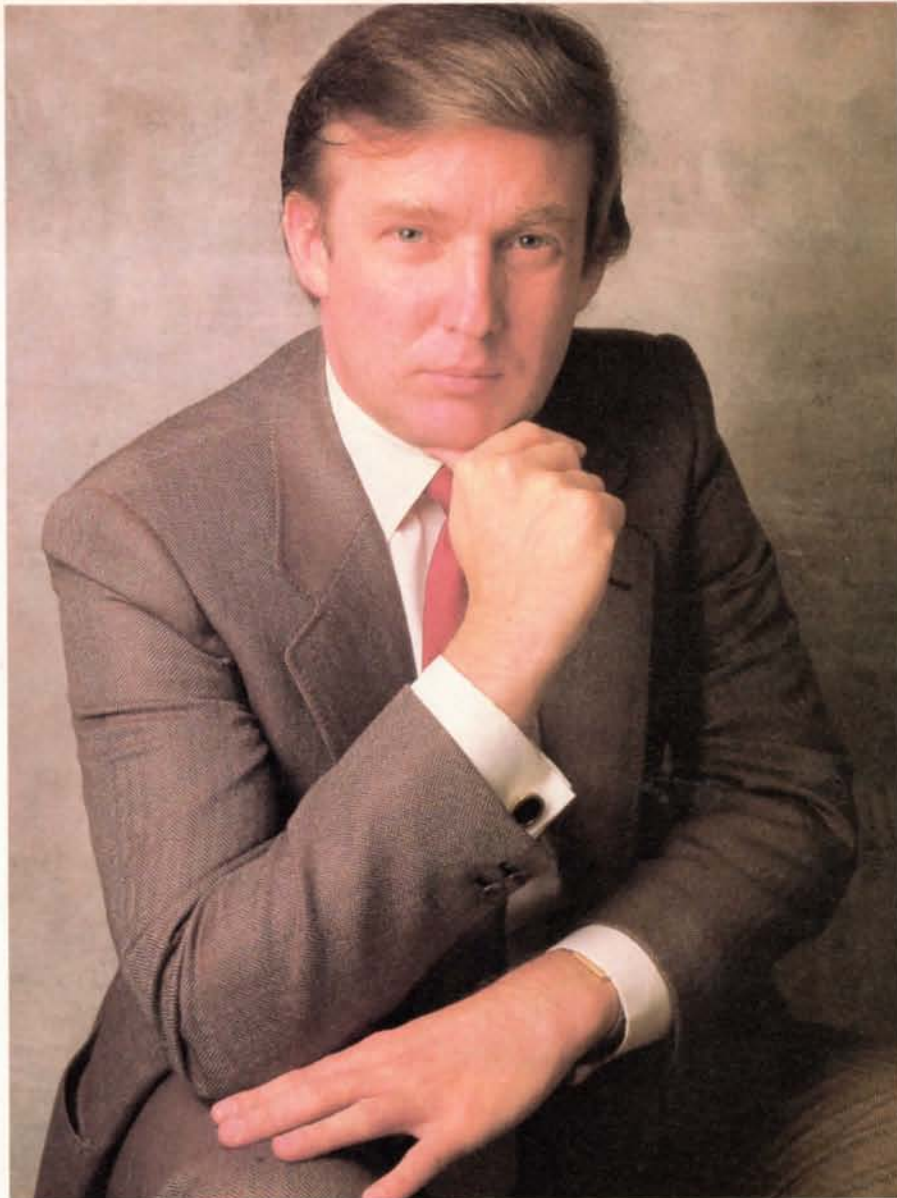
### DON AMECHE

Don Ameche (above) has been born again.

The first time around, he was an all-purpose bon vivant for 20th Century Fox in the golden age of movies. He was equally at ease in romantic comedies or lightweight musicals or, memorably, as the famous telephone inventor in the 1939 film, *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell* (as in, "Call me up on the Ameche").

The second time around, at the lustrous age of 78, he took home an Oscar for his role as the sweet, venerable hipster who experiences the regeneration of his hormones in *Cocoon*, director Ron Howard's fable about aliens, old folks and a fountain of youth.

For Don, this is recognition long overdue. And here's another feather in your cap—you are one sexy septuagenarian. After that break-dancing demonstration, we may have doubts about your true age, but not about your ageless savoir faire.



### ROBERT DOLE

Just to show we're open-minded, we like to choose a sexy Republican for mention on our annual list. But you know the Republicans—that's easier said than done.

Still, for us, Robert Dole (left), the U.S. senator from Kansas, was a unanimous choice. A tall, trim man who has triumphed physically and psychologically over World War II wounds, he is a political gut-fighter with some credentials as a moderate (food stamps and civil rights) and a reputation on the stump as an acerbic quipster.

He has the advantage of being married to Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, which makes them the most powerful couple in Washington after the you-know-whos, and twice as sexy.

Consider a sample of Dole's humor: Referring to Nixon's blighted White House taping system during the Watergate crisis, he cracked, "Thank goodness, whenever I was in the Oval Office, I only nodded."

If the Republicans want to keep from nodding off, we cast our vote for the slashing wit of Dole, already a front-runner for '88.

### DONALD TRUMP

One headline about Donald Trump (above) tells it all: "Storybook Success, Legendary Ego."

Among his projects: He builds lavish condos for the superrich and -celebs (among them, Johnny Carson and Steven Spielberg). His slew of opulent edifices includes the aptly named Trump Towers, with retail shops that rent for \$1 million a year. Today, he is making plans to build the world's tallest building in this country.

No shrinking violet, Trump tells off his critics (OK, he's a tad ruthless when it comes to historical preservation or tenants' rights) and then warms up his ego by nominating himself as the best U.S. negotiator of nuclear arms limitations with the Soviets.

"It would take an hour and a half to learn everything there is to learn about missiles," says Trump self-deprecatingly. "I think I know most of it anyway."

Conservative estimate of his worth: \$400 million.

This year he turns 40. Indeed, it is a most dapper and charismatic 40.



## LOU PINIELLA

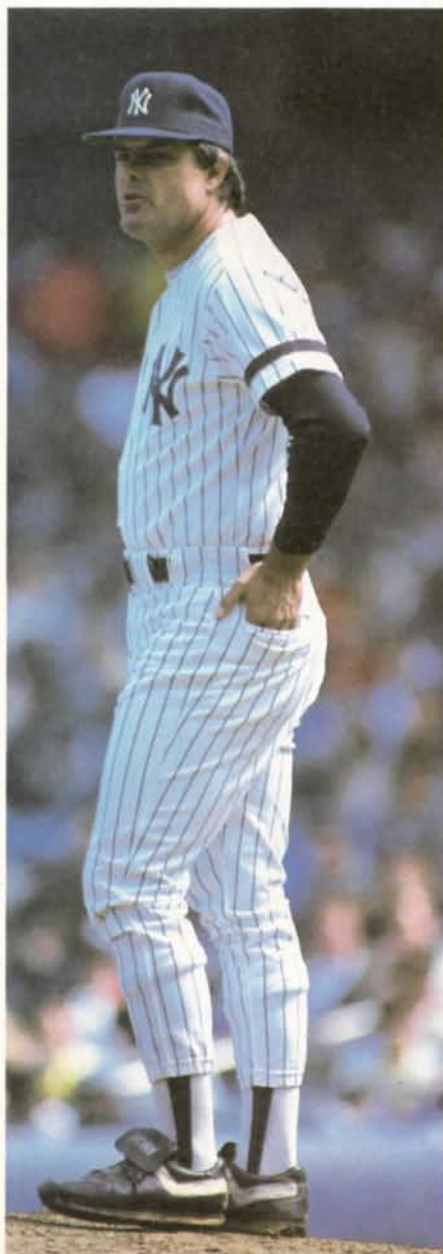
How do we love New York Yankees manager Lou Piniella (below)? Let us count the ways.

Bleacher bums love Lou because, in his heyday as a player, he was a spirited, crowd-pleasing outfielder who turned in a career .291 batting average in 16 seasons, 11 of them in Yankee pinstripes.

Gentlemen (and -women) of the press love him because he is a blue-jeaned, stubbly-bearded sort of guy. He's not a deep philosopher like Yogi, not an ornery cuss like Billy Martin, but a compromise between the two.

Hey, it ain't no easy job. Lou is the ninth man to juggle Yankee lineups since 1973, the 13th managerial change during the reign of fearsome owner George Steinbrenner. Yet the Tampa (Fla.) native seems to be just what the team needed: The Yanks are off to their fastest start (and Steinbrenner to his slowest burn) in years.

How do we love him? Any which way.



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CAROLINE GREYSHOCK

## RUBEN BLADES

Latin jack-of-all-artistry Ruben Blades (above) is on our 10 Sexiest list because . . .

A) His music drives our feet crazy. RB's pop accomplishments include co-producing *Siembra*, the No. 1 bestselling salsa album in history, and presiding over a rapturous, cross-country concert tour that was the "in" musical event of the year.

B) Music, journalism and political essays are not enough—he is also a serious actor and budding movie star. Last year's modestly budgeted (and highly praised) film, *Crossover Dreams*, will be followed by Blades' turn as Richard Pryor's co-star in a new comedy-in-the-making.

C) His music makes us think. His lyrics-with-a-social-conscience dissect justice and political inequality around the globe, and he has mused about returning to his native Panama to run for president. (A Panamanian poll once showed he was ranked third in national popularity, behind the late President Omar Torrijos and Blades' pal, boxer Roberto Duran.) In the event, he recently picked up a master's degree in international law from Harvard University—in his spare time.

D) He has *duende* (defined by Webster's as "personal magnetism")—a lithe physique, a challenging air, sensuous eyes.

E) All of the above.

## GARRISON KEILLOR

Yuppie Man of the Year would have to be Garrison Keillor (right), even if the storyteller of Lake Wobegon insists his rapt audience consists of ordinary people, friendly neighbor-types, everywhere.

Garry is his real name—changed it when he was in the eighth grade on the theory Garrison, meaning fortress, would sound more formidable.

The Minnesota native, whose eccentric tales first appeared in *The New Yorker* magazine, has created a world of respite and enchantment in his weekly *A Prairie Home Companion*, a radio show of back-porch yarning and old-time music, broadcast nationally on American Public Radio stations every Saturday evening.

His novel, *Lake Wobegon Days* (Viking, \$17.95), notched an incredible 35-plus weeks on the Top 10 fiction bestseller list in 1985-1986, nosing out such more-likely-to-succeed authors as James Michener and Jean Auel.

Keillor topped it all off with a cross-country PR tour in which he held the stage alone, dressed in his trademark long-tailed black tuxedo, red socks and red suspenders, to charm sell-out crowds of tweedy, well-mannered men and women.

Formidable? How about classy? Whimsical and wise? The phenom of 1986?

*Time* magazine: Listen in.



JIM BRANDENBURG