

The
AMERICAN
BACHELORS
REGISTER

AN INTIMATE
LOOK AT
AMERICA'S
MOST ELIGIBLE
BACHELORS

THE ULTIMATE REFERENCE BOOK COMPLETE
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND VITAL STATISTICS

WHO ARE AMERICA'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELORS?

Celeste Fremon and the editors of *Playgirl* have found them! Here's an incredible collection of the most successful, dynamic and sexy men from all across the country—from Hollywood to the White House.

Meet each entry as he discusses his passions and dreams, his accomplishments and desires. And most important, take note as America's most wonderful men describe the qualities they look for in the women they would want to share their lives with.

Whether you're looking for the man who will fly you to Paris for lunch, or the man who will cook you a candlelit dinner, you'll find him here. Find out if he's the man for you—if you're the woman for him—or just browse.

Complete with photographs, in-depth interviews, vital statistics and mailing addresses, this is the ultimate reference book for all women.

The American Bachelors Register could change your life—and his!

Celeste Fremon is a freelance writer specializing in women's interests. She was formerly an editor for *Glamour*, *Seventeen*, *Teen* and *Playgirl* magazines. She now lives in Pacific Palisades, California.



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Mark Bruzonsky

DATE OF BIRTH: October 27, 1947

PLACE OF BIRTH: Duluth, Minnesota

HEIGHT: 5'6"

WEIGHT: 140

COLOR HAIR: Brown

COLOR EYES: Brown

OCCUPATION: Consultant/Journalist on International Affairs

MAY BE REACHED AT: Dupont Circle Building, Suite 1129, Washington, DC 20036

Mark Bruzonsky is a quiet revolutionary. He is a behind-the-scenes intellectual guerrilla. A passionate fighter for what is often the unpopular point of view. He takes the flak but never the credit. Who was that masked man?

Mark grew up doing all the things a brilliant, young, politically conscious Jewish mother's son is supposed to do. He got his bachelor's degree in economics and government, his master's in international affairs at Princeton, his doctorate in law at New York University. He was a Root-Tilden Scholar and a gentleman. He went to Israel.

Then, while finishing his degrees, he was invited to spend three years at the United Nations as a representative of the International Students movement. His world view began to widen. He traveled to thirty-five countries. He thought about ideologies very different from his own, and he became friends with Arabs as well as Israelis.

Some time and several jobs later, the intense, curly-headed kid was becoming recognized as something of an expert in Middle Eastern affairs. For example, there was the matter of the Sadat telegram: Mark happened to be in Israel helping plan an international peace symposium when Sadat announced his willingness to go before the Israeli Knesset. Mark got the idea that if Sadat could be persuaded to send a telegram to the peace symposium, the world would be further persuaded of the genuineness of his intentions. He hopped on a plane to Cairo, met with Sadat, and the first telegram from an Arab country to Israel ever was sent within hours of their conversation.

Since that time, Mark has, through his widely published writing and his consulting, been one of the most ardent and persuasive voices in Jewish/Middle Eastern affairs pushing for peace in the region.

Okay, so much for the serious stuff. Mark's one of those guys who thought he was too brainy for the girls to like him. Then he got older and brains became a sexy item and suddenly the women began to flock. Mark made up for lost time—he turned into a blatant sensualist.

The condition remains. He adores women; he wants to know how they function, how *they* see things differently from the way *he* sees things. If

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International Affairs
Suite 1129, Washington,

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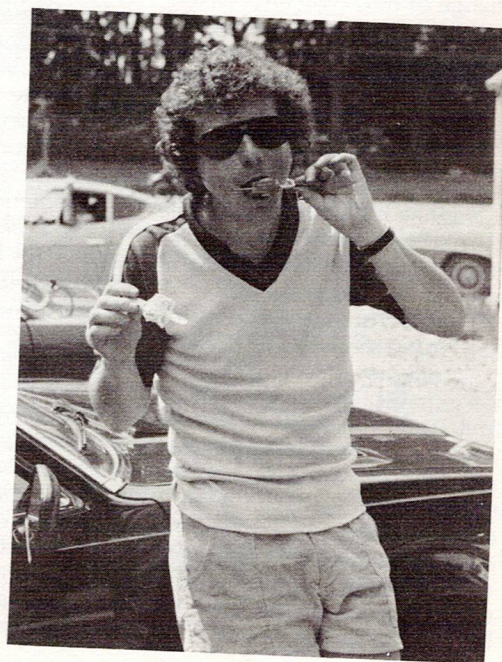
he wants to know how they
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you get to know him at all, he will want to talk about everything with you—sex; love; politics and world affairs; men and women, particularly. There will be no holds barred.

He admittedly enjoys his woman-in-every-port condition, but says that "there is a place in both my head and my heart for one special relationship and for marriage and family. I hope," he adds, "that relationship will not be based on sexual exclusivity or possessiveness, but rather will be symbiotic, catalyzing in terms of what each of us is reaching for."

He had no trouble describing his ideal day with a woman: "A long, exhausting walk/hike along the Potomac River Billy Goat Trail just outside of Washington. Depending on what each person feels that day, it's a great place for talking, skinny-dipping, lovemaking, getting exhausted and sweaty in the hot, humid Washington summer. Then, at the end of the trail, you've got the Old Angler's Inn, with the most incredible iced tea, and more time to talk about life, love, and politics."

"The more special I felt the woman to be," he adds, "the more creative I would be in getting her attention. I might send her a funny gift which contains an invitation to anything from a diplomatic reception to a hike. Also, the more special a woman is for me, the less I want to immediately confuse things with sexuality and the more I want to get to know the real woman." He says he would adore having a "special" woman be creative in return. "Exactly how she is creative is less important than doing so with charm, style, and humor."



Mark Harmon

DATE OF BIRTH: September 2, 1951

PLACE OF BIRTH: Burbank, California

HEIGHT: 6'

WEIGHT: 165

COLOR HAIR: Brown

COLOR EYES: Blue

OCCUPATION: Actor

MAY BE REACHED AT: PMK Inc., 8642 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90069

Mark Harmon seemed to have a fairy-tale existence while he was growing up. He was as good-looking as a boy could be; his family was famous and wealthy; his father was Tom Harmon, one of the best-known sportscasters of the period; he was smart and athletic; and he even had a gorgeous model for a sister. He had it easy.

However, Mark has never been quite content to do things the easy way. For example, at UCLA Mark was a golden boy. He was the starting quarterback for the school's football team and a pre-law student. After college, it was just *expected* that Mark would either play pro ball or go on to law school. But what Mark really wanted to do was be an actor. He'd wanted to act ever since he was six years old and had seen a 1929 Buddy Rogers silent film named *Wings*. "I knew I wanted to act but I wasn't going to *tell* anybody that!" Instead, after college he held down two jobs (one as a sportscaster, doing commentary on the UCLA games, and one as an advertising account executive) while he took acting lessons. "People thought I was crazy not to have played pro ball," he says. "'You *could* have been on *Monday Night Football*!' they'd say to me." People also wondered why he didn't go out and find some acting jobs. He was photogenic enough, God knows, and there were his father's contacts, right? "I didn't want to go out there until I had confidence in what I had to offer. I didn't want to do it as a lark or be just another college jock looking for a job in acting."

Finally, when he felt he could legitimately call himself an actor, he gave up his advertising job, his expense account, his nice new house and new car, and hustled for work. At first, he was stuck playing endless all-American-boy roles. But soon his looks turned from boyish to darkly handsome and the jobs came faster. He did a string of forty guest shots "on every TV show you can think of," an impressive list of movies for television, some highly acclaimed theater in Toronto and Los Angeles, and, of course, his part as the weakling-but-drop-dead-incredible-looking senator-husband opposite Morgan Fairchild on the grandly soapy *Flamingo Road*. (When we asked how he felt about the series being canceled, he answered before we even got the full question out: "Thrilled," he said, "I am *thrilled*.")

Now, once again, he is doing what he wants, he has started a pre-law program (in an old Buddy Rogers movie) and is particularly, with Norman Lear, an athlete who becomes paralyzed by events that unfold in his life. "I agree that it should be done in another *Brian's Song*!"

On the personal side, Mark seems like a fairly simple person, but it is complex, and with a third wife, it describes his football days, he says it because the patterns we play are beautiful. And when it would be a field where there would be no one, he likes best about himself, he is lovely, big, scarred and flexible, marked him, more so than his eyes.

He has never been married, monogamous in terms of relationships. "Independent, wears very little makeup, is a hard worker and a survivor."

He dislikes "liars, egos, and people who are not at home, where he would cook."

An ideal evening with the wife allows me to make mistakes and go to a 1800 schooner to Catalina Island.

He wants to have kids, and wants to do it one and only time. He expects "charging steeds" and like hoochie men arrived.

... Avenue, Los Angeles, CA

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Now, once again, he is doing it the hard way. In order to get the parts he wants, he has started a production company (called Wings after the old Buddy Rogers movie) and is developing several projects. One in particular, with Norman Lear, is based on a true story about a champion athlete who becomes paralyzed from the neck down and the subsequent events that unfold in his life. "But I *refuse* to let it be done until we can all agree that it should be done the right way. Otherwise, it just becomes another *Brian's Song!*"

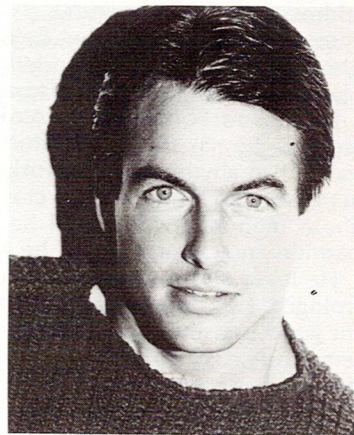
On the personal side, Mark is a man who unfolds in layers. At first, he seems like a fairly simple person. But then you look again and you see he is complex, and with a third look, he is more complex still. When he describes his football days, he does so with the soul of an artist. "I loved it because the patterns we played were like paintings to me. They were beautiful. And when it would work right, I would go into this state on the field where there would be no sound at all." Or when you ask him what he likes best about himself, he says, "My hands." And he does have lovely, big, scarred and flexible hands; hands that show where life has marked him, more so than his face shows. By the way, he has astonishing eyes.

He has never been married, and he strikes us as receptive and monogamous in terms of relationships in general. His ideal woman is "independent, wears very little makeup, has her own life and direction, is a hard worker and a survivor."

He dislikes "liars, egos, and drugs."

An ideal evening with the woman of his choice would be either dinner at home, where he would cook a vegetarian meal in his wok ("the wok allows me to make mistakes and nobody notices"), or taking a full-sail 1800 schooner to Catalina Island and big-band dancing at the casino.

He wants to have kids, and when he does marry, he wants it to be the one and only time. He expects, he says, bells, fireworks, and "white charging steeds" and like hoopla to let him know that *the* woman has arrived.



dearest
Mark ...

Jan 1, 1983

When we look back,
say when we're sixty,
at those ~~days~~ forays of

The
American
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Register

ours into the ill
charted waters of what
it means to be men and
women, and how one goes
about this business of sex
and love — maybe we'll
giggle and wink at each
other and say "You, know, we
knew a lot more than we
thought back then...."

Looking forward to continued
mutual exploration (on the
aforementioned & other subjects)
in the twenty-five years
between then and now.

P.S. What ^{love, Celeste} you say the name
of that Cologne was ?

The American Bachelors Register

A RITTER/GELLER BOOK

by Celeste Fremon
and the editors of *Playgirl*

A WALLABY BOOK
Published by Simon & Schuster
NEW YORK



*For the men who had heart enough to share with me
what it is like to be men—particularly GCM*

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Introduction

This book came about partly because of a coincidence. I had just separated from my live-in love and was in the midst of doing battle with the inevitable onslaughts of the Anxiety Demons. You know, the ones that wake you at three in the morning to hiss, "How can you leave him?! Do you have any idea what kind of creeps are out there? Chauvinist nerds wearing 'Honk if You Love Sex' buttons!"

It was in the midst of such an attack that Simon & Schuster and Playgirl Press called and asked if I wanted to do a book on eligible men in America. I deliberated for, oh, four-and-a-half seconds before saying yes to the assignment. I then had, right in my lap, the perfect excuse to *find out* what kind of men are out there.

Together with the women who assisted me on this project, I sent questionnaires to and interviewed several hundred men, and sifted through five times that many recommendations from our various sources.

The criteria we used when considering men for the book were fairly simple. First of all, the man needed to be eligible—that is, not married, not madly in love and living with a woman, not gay. We steered clear of aging, wealthy Don Juans. Incurable womanizers are tedious at any age.

Next, we looked for men who are successful in their chosen field. Although in most instances, this also meant monetary success, it was not always the case. The fire-breathing union organizer, the brilliant biochemist, and the president of the international relief organization are not wealthy men. But they are fascinating men of significant accomplishment, who also happen to be sexy, sensitive, warm, and great fun.

Many of the men we chose are at the apex of their careers. But in just as many cases, we tried to choose men who were clearly stars on the rise, men to keep an eye on. We thought you'd like having the inside track on some real comers.

In addition to career involvement, there needed to be a depth of interest in other areas. And, yes, we *did* consider attractiveness a tenet of eligibility. This did not mean they had to match Robert Redford or the models in *Gentleman's Quarterly*. Attractiveness often has very little to do with chiseled features and good pecs. Woody Allen is attractive. King Hussein of Jordan may be short and balding, but every woman journalist who's met him will tell you he is one of the sexiest men to ever come down the pike. He has a clear, unswerving gaze, a wonderfully expressive face, a powerful masculine aura, and energy to burn. *That's* attractive. However, if they did happen to look like Robert Redford, we didn't turn them away.

After we had set down all our nice, reasonable criteria, my editors and I evolved the true, unofficial motto for the book: "No Jerks." This meant eliminating such persons as the good-looking, polo-playing young multimillionaire who, when asked about his ideal woman, said, "I'd like one with a flat head so she could balance my drink without spilling it." No doubt this man has many sterling qualities; however, you won't find them detailed in this book.

In selecting men we did our best to avoid the obvious. No one needs to be told again that Warren Beatty is an eligible bachelor. And although we think Tom Selleck is as sweet and unassuming as they come, and has the best dimples in the Western Hemisphere, this is not new news. When, for example, we were choosing men in the field of politics we leaned toward men whom you would have been less likely to have already heard about.

The men who were ultimately selected differ greatly. There's the public-advocate lawyer who started a private relief agency; the brilliant engineer-entrepreneur who has designed and is manufacturing the most sophisticated sports car in the world; the young investment banker who makes a habit of rescuing failing companies, and who cooks well enough so that his recipes are often featured in *Bon Appétit* magazine; the author/documentary filmmaker/mystic who looks like a rock and roll star and has a tattoo on his chest from his initiation into the lost tribe of Dyaks of Borneo; an advertising genius or two; a number of gifted artists; a photojournalist who won the Pulitzer at age twenty-five; several hotshot politicians; a rodeo champion; the fastest skier in the world; a spate of self-made millionaires; . . . well, you get the idea.

But each one of these men, as unique and individual as he may be, is representative of hundreds of other men, equally sensational and unique, who are not in the book. There were endless instances in which I would hear about some terrific man who couldn't be included because there was already an overflow of men in that category. Even after the 100 men had been chosen, excellent recommendations continued to stream in. We could easily have done a book of 1,000 men if time and stamina had held out.

In the course of the project, a number of interesting patterns emerged: All of the men, even the most conservative, expressed a strong desire to be approached; to have the woman indicate when she is interested. These men don't want to be left out there on a limb by themselves. On the other hand, they don't want to be chased. A "Hey, baby. How about it?" line of approach seems to put off even the most liberated man, if not send him screaming into the hills.

Many of the men, and this will come as no surprise, are engaged in the difficult and confusing struggle to determine just what it means to be a male in a time when all the guidelines are blurred and the models few and far between. And many of them are coming up with some remarkable and very touching new definitions of themselves. And the kind of women with whom they would like to interact.

The failure rate in marriages was a subject that came up continuously as an area of concern. Huge numbers of men—particularly less traditional men—talked about how many broken marriages they'd seen and

were consequently afraid
was "right." "I take marriage
get married I want it to be
they seemed at a loss as

Despite the worry, the women always clear and present their minds that they "felt closer to value their male friends for the things that matter" with the competition," they'd tell

There were, as you may remember, two projects. One very successful one I confessed great coolness at the time. In the case of galloping insecurity, I wrote a note to my editor, who immediately sent it to a speech writer who also happened to say, "You'll never get married." The bachelor got his complete answer. At the bottom that read, "By the way, I'm really like telling this part of the story. Everything was amiss, called me."

It was almost as funny as the size of the male ego. The self-made millionaires who raised their voices an octave to "So what are my chances?" I could tell you about men who make the decision more

In the end, if there were else it is this: Men need founded by them, sometimes almost more than they want whole, more in touch with dozens and dozens of times that followed: "How do stay?"

You'll notice that the b women who contribute magazine and newspaper particularly my stalwart and resourceful editor at *Sim* inappropriate to write it

One last thing: Recent love. When I went over, I brought along a pile of love letters. I was red-eyed and still sniffling, saying a word. Finally she

"My God!" she said, so
really is hope, isn't there
Damn right there is.

were consequently afraid to marry (or marry again) until they were sure it was "right." "I take marriage too seriously," went the refrain. "When I get married I want it to be forever," they would say wistfully. But often they seemed at a loss as to just how that could be accomplished.

Despite the worry, the longing for a committed relationship was almost always clear and present. Again and again these same men would tell us that they "felt closer to women than to men." It wasn't that they didn't value their male friends, but they could talk more intimately "about things that matter" with a woman. "Men are too caught up in macho competition," they'd tell us.

There were, as you might imagine, some very funny aspects of the project. One very successful, somewhat well known bachelor who professed great coolness at the idea of being in the book was seized with a case of galloping insecurity when faced with filling out our questionnaire, and sent it to a ghost writer. The ghost, a Washington political-speech writer who also happens to be a friend of mine, called me immediately to say, "You'll never guess what I have on my desk!" When the bachelor got his completed questionnaire back with a notation at the bottom that read, "By the way, Celeste Fremon has great legs" (I particularly like telling this part of the story, I have to admit), he sensed something was amiss, called me to apologize, and filled the thing out himself.

It was almost as funny to learn how grossly I had underestimated the size of the male ego. That oversight was rapidly corrected by several self-made millionaires who, mid-interview, would clear their throats, drop their voices an octave to affect tones of intellectual earnestness, and say, "So what are my chances of being in this book? I mean, is there anything I could tell you about myself that would help you and your editors to make the decision more, uh, effectively?"

In the end, if there was one message that stood out above anything else it is this: Men need women. They are fascinated by women, confounded by them, sometimes even in awe of them, and often value them almost more than they value their own sex. "I think women are more whole, more in touch with life. Their values are better." We heard it dozens and dozens of times. And then there was the inevitable question that followed: "How do we get together with each other and make love stay?"

You'll notice that the book is written in the plural. There were so many women who contributed to the formation of this book—regional magazine and newspaper editors, *Playgirl* magazine's editors, and most particularly my stalwart assistant, Deborah McColl, and my sensitive and resourceful editor at Simon & Schuster, Melissa Newman—that it seemed inappropriate to write it as the expression of a single person.

One last thing: Recently a dear friend of mine broke with her longtime love. When I went over to help her through the Anxiety Demons, I brought along a pile of the bachelors' completed questionnaires. Red-eyed and still sniffling, she read through about ten of them without saying a word. Finally she looked up, then began to giggle.

"My God!" she said, smiling broadly for the first time in days. "There really is hope, isn't there?"

Damn right there is.