



The Paul Newmans Fight for Their Marriage

*Paul and Joanne Woodward
have all the strikes against them that make
Hollywood marriages so short-lived,
yet the experts say that for these two it really
will be "happily ever after"*

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

"**W**OULD YOU LIKE some coffee, Miss Gray?" the stewardess asked.

The man beside "Miss Gray" nudged her with his elbow, and she hastily looked up. "Oh, yes, thank you."

"Miss Gray" was really actress Joanne Woodward, and the man beside her, traveling under the name of Edward Hall, was Paul Newman.

They were on their way to Las Vegas, Nev., to be married, and to begin the struggle for a happy and sane home life—a struggle which has yet to cease.

The glare of publicity is the bane of any show-business marriage, and when they eloped, Paul and Joanne were determined to keep their private lives out of the spotlight—just as they attempt to do so today. But then, as now, they are defeated at almost every turn.

Since their wedding, Joanne and Paul have been constantly tormented by flashbulbs, fans, and reporters. Joanne stands up comparatively well under the ordeal because she remembers when she was an avid fan.

On the other hand, Paul is a lot more outspoken about the constant spotlight. "Why shouldn't an actor get angry at an invasion of his privacy? We're human beings, too, aren't we?"

But though Paul gets violently upset when fans intrude in his home life, a typical actor's ego makes him resent being constantly mistaken for Marlon Brando.

As he insists, "Every actor wants to have a sense of special identity." Luckily, however, his sense of humor keeps him from being belligerent about the mistaken identity. He admits with a sly grin to having signed as many Brando autographs as Brando himself!

As for Joanne—who is always changing the color and style of her hair so that she seldom looks the same for any length of time—she's also annoyed at not being recognized. She still burns at the memory of the night she went to a premiere with her friend, playwright Gore Vidal, while Paul was starring in a play, and the TV commentator couldn't remember who she was!

It is the problem of finding the median between the two extremes—being public property and wanting the acclaim on the one hand, and having a private life on the other—that Paul and Joanne must face squarely.

The subordination of their personal lives to their careers even included the birth of their baby, Elenor Teresa—whom they call Nell for short.

"I cleverly arranged to be pregnant when Paul was starring in 'Sweet Bird of Youth' in New York," she told me. But that was only half the problem. "I wanted Paul to be close when the baby was born, and I kept praying I would have it during the day or after midnight, when Paul wouldn't be on stage."

Joanne went into labor at 6 a.m. on a Wednesday, which worried her terribly because it was matinee day—and Paul had to be at the theater by 2:30 p.m. The baby arrived just in time for Paul to see her—and get to the theater three minutes before curtain time!

ASIDE FROM the tension and uncertainties created by two acting careers in one family, the biggest drawback to a normal life and, consequently, a normal marriage, is the impossibility to relax except in their Washington Square brownstone home in New York.

While in Israel, where Paul was making "Exodus," Joanne had hoped to be free to move about a lot with the baby. But every time she stepped out of her hotel she was swamped by fans.

One morning she and Paul decided to have breakfast on their tiny balcony facing a side street. Within minutes, a crowd of 150 persons had assembled below them. This annoyed Joanne so much that she flung a slice of bread at them. But the bread was so light that it gently floated down—to the enthusiastic applause of the fans. Determined to show her feelings, she picked up a hard roll and aimed it directly at a man very close to her. He caught it deftly,