2024 OFFICIAL PROGRAM



ARTISTS & WRITERS

76TH ANNUAL CHARITY SOFTBALL GAME

SATURDAY AUGUST 17, 2024
12 P.M. BATTING PRACTICE, 2 P.M. GAME
HERRICK PARK, EAST HAMPTON

FOR THE BENEFIT OF:
EAST END HOSPICE
THE ELEANOR WHITMORE EARLY CHILDHOOD CENTER
THE RETREAT
PHOENIX HOUSE WAINSCOTT RESIDENTIAL SERVICES

Games of years past



PARKER CALVERT, RONNETTE RILEY



THE 1978 GAME PLAYER SCORES



LORI SINGER, PAUL WINUM



JACK GRAVES



GEORGE PLIMPTON



CARL BERNSTEIN



THE EAST HAMPTON ARTISTS & WRITERS CHARITY SOFTBALL GAME IS A 501(C3) AND FUNDS RAISED FOR THIS YEAR'S GAME WILL GO TO SUPPORT: EAST END HOSPICE, THE FIFANOR WHITMORF FARIY CHILDHOOD LEARNING CENTER, THE RETREAT, PHOENIX HOUSE WAINSCOTT **RESIDENTIAL SERVICES**



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Springs Tavern, New York Yankees, Tutto Cafe

From the Board of Directors

elcome to the 76th Annual East Hampton Artists and Writers Charity Softball Game!

Since its inception in 1948, this event has been a beacon of community spirit, uniting artists, writers, volunteers, and even celebrities in a common cause: supporting those in need on the East End of Long Island.

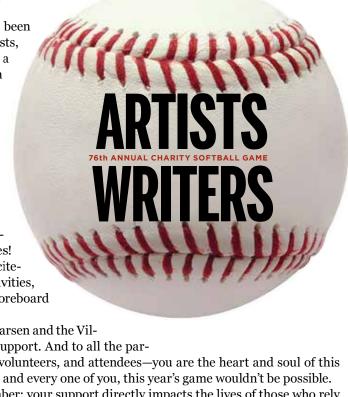
As the longest continuing tradition in our area, we welcome the opportunity to come together each year to create a festive, and inclusive event that thrives on the fun spirit of friendly competition, while benefiting local non-profits that play a vital role in providing essential human services to our community.

Over the years, we've raised over threequarter of a million dollars for these charities! And this year, we're adding even more excitement: a kids' corner, in-between inning activities, tons of raffles, soft-serve ice cream, and a scoreboard manned by selected game spectators.

Our heartfelt gratitude goes out to Mayor Larsen and the Village of East Hampton for their unwavering support. And to all the participants, artists, writers, sponsors, donors, volunteers, and attendees—you are the heart and soul of this cherished Hamptons tradition. Without each and every one of you, this year's game wouldn't be possible.

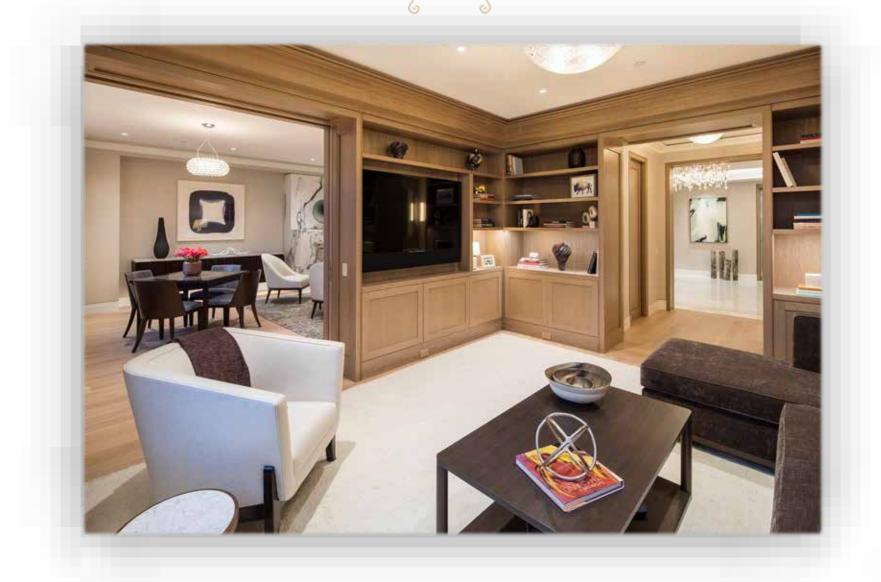
So let's play ball, enjoy the day, and remember: your support directly impacts the lives of those who rely on our local non-profits. Together, we can make a meaningful difference.

The Artists & Writers Board









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A Brief History of The Game

 Γ or 76 years, Artists and Writers have been gathering in the East End for a lighthearted, energetic, goodwill softball game. Since its inception, the game has evolved into one of the longest running charitable events in the Hamptons. The game, which funds four local East End charities — East End Hospice, The Retreat, Eleanor Whitmore Early Childhood Center and Phoenix House - is a staple in August and has evolved through the years.

Among the first artists to play included Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock and Joan Mitchell. Then came writers such as Barney Rosset and art critic Harold Rosenberg. They all gathered in Wilfrid Zogbaum's front yard. They talked, ate, drank and shared some laughs.

From that first gathering, the game has become an institution where players flock to the East End to compete, laugh and play. It is a who's who of the Hamptons that has expanded to include actors, publishers, television personalities, editors, musicians, presidents, mayors, senators and even a U.S. Supreme Court Justice.



FANS 1988



LORI SINGER



KIDS WATCHING THE 2023 GAME



ED HOLLANDER



CHEVY CHASE



THE 1978 GAME





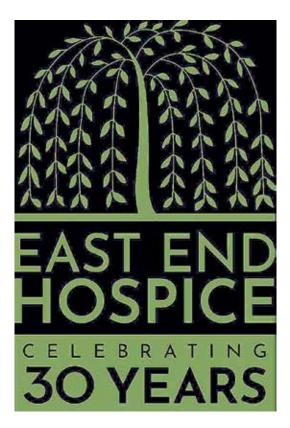


LEIF HOPE MORT ZUCKERMAN GODFREY

Charities Supported by the Artists & Writers Game

EAST END HOSPICE

East End Hospice is a New York State Certified Hospice, providing an individualized plan of care for patients, their families and loved ones throughout the difficult time of illness and loss in the comfort of their homes on the East End of Long Island. Since 1991, their team of skilled professionals and volunteers offer social, emotional, and spiritual support as well as pain and symptom control in a familiar and loving environment. No one is denied care due to the inability to pay. Their bereavement care services are offered throughout the East End community. The staff is extensively trained in grief therapy. East End Hospice also offers Camp



Good Grief, a summer day-camp for children who have experienced a difficult loss. Camp Good Grief is a place where fun is mixed in with therapy, and skilled bereavement staff plan and lead each day intentionally with care.



The Eleanor Whitmore Early Childhood Center

The Eleanor Whitmore Center, founded in 1969 as a Head Start organization, provides affordable high-quality education and childcare for 105 children ages 18 months to 4 years old from working families. More than 65% of the families we serve live in households of low/extremely low income. We are licensed by the New York State Office of Child & Family Services (OCFS) and are affiliated with the National Association for the Education of Young Children (NAEYC). The Center is open 10 hours each weekday, year-round. Our staff of certified teachers and caring assistants are bi-lingual and reflect the population we serve. We support the whole family through parent workshops, daily communication, and providing support and guidance in response to needs. We provided childcare during the pandemic for essential workers free of charge. We are so very grateful to the Artists & Writers Charity Softball game for their generous support over these many years. Thank you. Congratulations on 75 years!



THE RETREAT

The Retreat's mission is to provide safety, shelter and support for victims of domestic abuse and to break the cycle of family violence. In pursuit of that mission, The Retreat offers a full range of residential and nonresidential services: 24/7 domestic violence hotline (631.329.2200), individual and family counseling, legal services and advocacy, violence prevention education, crime victim assistance, a comprehensive fatherhood program, self-sufficiency and financial literacy training programs, rental assistance, and batterer education. Through collaborations we support victims living with mental illness, developmental disabilities, in foster care, and in substance abuse treatment.



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Since 1967, Phoenix Houses of the New York Region have helped thousands of people overcome substance and alcohol abuse in order to lead healthy, productive and rewarding lives. We are committed to supporting individuals and families by providing a wide range of services, from residential and outpatient treatment to continuing care and recovery support. Our specialized services include treatment for people with co-occurring disorders; veterans, military personnel, and their families; and medication-assisted treatment, including buprenorphine and suboxone. We operate five residential and outpatient facilities across Long Island. Today's proceeds benefit our East End facilities. Our residential facility in Wainscott serves young men, ages 18 to 30, who are struggling with drug or alcohol addiction. We provide assessment, individual and group counseling, seminars, treatment for substance abuse and/or co-oc curring mental health problems, case management, and discharge planning. Our East Hampton Outpatient Program serves adults with substance use disorders that do not warrant residential treatment. In some cases, clients may join our program after successfully transitioning from a residential addiction treatment setting. The center offers a warm, compassionate environment that empowers clients in their recovery.

Mount Sinai South Nassau proudly supports the East Hampton Artists & Writers Charity Softball Game in its 76th year, and applauds its support of local charities

On behalf of the Advisory Board, Administration, and Medical Staff



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For media inquiries and to reach medical experts during normal business hours, please call Dana Sanneman, Damian Becker or Joe Calderone at 516-377-5370.

During off hours, please call 516-632-3000 and ask for the media representative on call.

Unforgettable Highlights from the East Hampton Artists & Writers Charity Softball Game

BY MIKE LUPICA

In the end, sports is really the memory-making business. Something great happens and when it does, you don't need a picture of it on your phone or to watch it again and again on video. It just get burned into memory and imagination and it stays there. And since I first started playing in the East Hampton Artists & Writers Charity Softball Game in 1982 — not missing one since — we've made a lot of memories, for the fans who support our game and the ones playing in it.

There are too many of them to list here. But I can tell you about the year when I was playing shortstop for the Writers team and the game was tied in the bottom of the 9th, and the late Christopher Reeve was on second base and Paul Simon, a terrific lefty hitter, was at the plate. And Paul pushed a single between me and third base and into leftfield and here came Chris Reeve, Superman, flying home with the winning run.

There was the time, just for me, when I was again playing shortstop and looked over and saw one of my newspaper heroes, Ben Bradlee, playing second base as hard as his *Washington Post* once went after Richard Nixon

And there was the year when I was supposed to be a runner for George Plimpton, always such an essential mainstay of our game. But then George got a clean hit, and there the two of us were, running alongside each other toward first base, George forgetting that he'd asked for a runner, and just making his way to the base like a happy kid.

There was the time when Roy Scheider, who'd been ill, came back to pitch for the Artists team. Roy, who loved our game as much as anybody and added so much to it, didn't pitch his best that day. No one cared, just because he was back with us. At the postgame party, we unanimously decided to make him MVP even though his team had lost. We called him from the postgame party, put him on speaker and told him, and then began chanting his name.

Later that night, he called me at home and, that with the famous, wonderful, tough-guy voice breaking, just said, "You guys...."

It was as far as he got, and as far as he needed to go, because the truth



JACK GRAVES, MIKE LUPICA AT BAT, CALRTON HOLMES, KEN AULETTA

was that game had mattered more to us, just having him with us on the field one more time, than it did him.

So many memories across the years, in an event that brings East Hampton out every August to go to a baseball game, for such good causes.

And, of course, there was 19-18 in 2022, when our Writers team scored 17 runs in the bottom of the 9th in the craziest game – and memory of all.

There's so much mythology about that game now, as there should be. We went back to the top of our batting order in the 9th, me leading off. Trust me, it wasn't to jump-start what turned out to be a historic comeback — yeah, if I got on, look out, we had them right where we wanted them - it was because Ken Auletta, who runs our Writers team, knew this was the last time I was going to play, and wanted to get me one more at-bat in front of my son Alex, playing for the first time, before I retired to helping Ken manage our team, which I still do. Simple as that.

I'd even wanted to throw in the towel after the 8th inning that day, wanting to invoke some kind of Little League slaughter rule. Times two. Little did I know what a historic mistake that would have been.

I singled and Alex singled and he looked over at me from first and smiled and pointed and I did the same and even though it was 17-2 against us at the time, I had one more memory from Artists Vs. Writers.

Then I scored and Alex scored. We kept scoring. Alex's wife Jen was the only one in our family who'd stayed, and she was texting Alex's brothers, who wanted to know why we weren't home yet for a planned barbecue.

"I think it's 18-8 now...."

"I think it's 18-12...."

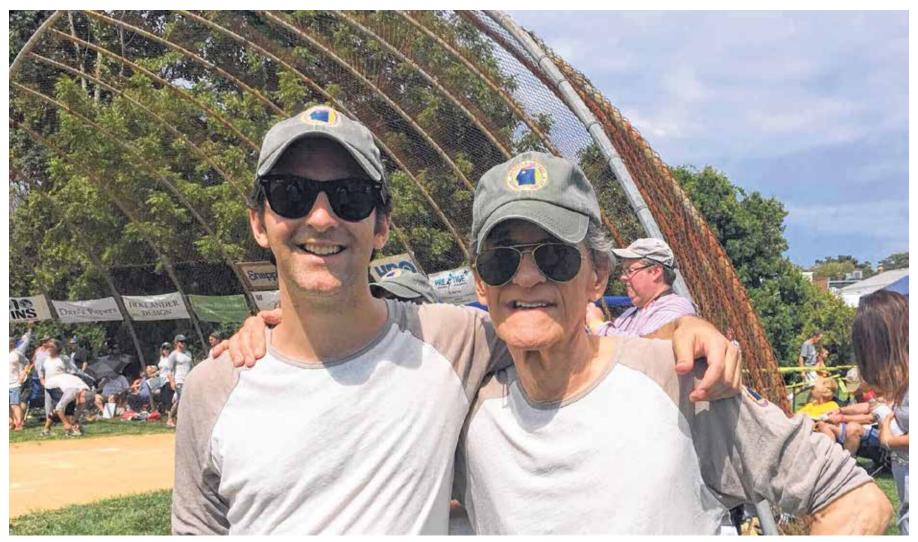
"The people still here are starting to go crazy....."

And they were. Suddenly it was 18-17, and there were two outs, and the bases were loaded and Rabbi Josh Franklin of the Jewish Center of the Hamptons, was at the plate. During batting practice hours earlier, Ken Auletta had come over to me and said, "You know, I think the rabbi can really hit."

I suggested in the moment that I wasn't sure I'd ever heard that during batting practice in all the years when I'd played the game.

But it turned out that the rabbi could really hit. He sent a rocket to left field toward the tennis courts and at first we thought it was a walk-off grand slam. It was finally ruled a game-ending double. Writers 19, Artists 18. We'd finally come up with a better ending than the great Paul Simon and Christopher Reeve had provided that day.

Now we're back again, raising money for worthy members of our community, coming together on one more August Saturday. That's the real beauty of our game. The sense of community. It keeps me coming back. And keeps you coming back, too. I miss so many of my softball friends who are no longer with us. But never miss the game.



ZACK AND DAN GREENBURG

Farewell, Dan Greenburg: A Gutsy Softball Player, An Even Better Dad

BY ZACK O'MALLEY GREENBURG

My father, Dan Greenburg, made a career writing about things that absolutely terrified him. For publications ranging from the *New Yorker* to *Playboy*, he chronicled his adventures following firefighters into burning buildings in New York, joining voodoo ceremonies in Haiti, and even participating in orgies, wherever they have orgies. Perhaps most terrifying of all: softball.

My dad passed away in December, at age 87, and I'm one of the many who miss him terribly. I'm also one of the few who knew him not only as the author of 79 books, but as a gutsy (if not great) softball player. And his example, both on and off the field, is a blueprint for conquering fears.

To be clear, my father wasn't just petrified of softball, but of sports in general. That's because, as a self-described scrawny Jewish kid growing up in Chicago during the 1940s, he was always the last pick in school-



ZACK GREENBURG AT BAT IN 2023

yard games—and a frequent target of bullies who enjoyed stealing the hats and gloves given to him by his overprotective mom (he wrote about that, too: a book called *How to Be a Jewish Mother*).

So imagine the chutzpah it must have taken for him to get on a field alongside his professional peers (and scores of strangers) at the Artists & Writers game. Starting at some point in the 1980s, he would spend the summer training for the big moment by playing in the Sag Harbor Sunday League, where I heard he even won the award for Most Improved Player.

His teammates remember him not as a natural athlete, but as someone who always brought good humor about himself and the game. As for me, I recall the annual ritual of watching my dad take the field at Herrick Park on a sweaty Saturday in August. I had no idea whether or not he was a great softball player, but I knew he was a great dad.

As I got older, he told me about the importance of conquering one's fears, and regaled me with his tales, both of failure and triumph. I saw that playing softball was part of this for him. But I also realized he'd been doing it largely for me. He wanted his only child to have a different experience around sports than he did. And by brushing up on his softball skills, he knew he could help me be a better athlete than he was—and avoid much of the attendant schoolyard suffering.

So, as I began to show more and more interest in baseball, we'd head to the yard and he'd lob tennis balls in my direction—underhand, like a softball pitcher—to help me hone my skills as a hitter. When I started pitching, he gamely bought a used set of



ZACK GREENBURG, BILL COLLAGE

catcher's gear and squatted as I hurled hardballs at him, more than a little terrified once again.

A few times a year, at my urging, he took me to the old Yankee Stadium. I remember going to both games of a doubleheader against Cleveland in 1995 and watching Mike Stanley hit three homers in the nightcap. The Bronx Bombers lost both games, with the second being a particularly dramatic seesaw contest (largely due to the mediocre performance of the starting pitcher, a rookie named Mariano Rivera). But we agreed it was the most fun we'd ever had at a sporting event.

During the Yankees' title runs of the late 1990s, my dad would even sneak me out of Yom Kippur services early with him to watch the games on TV. By then, we'd sold our place in East Hampton, and he didn't make a habit of coming back to the Artists & Writers game. But in 2007, when I graduated from college and became a staff reporter at *Forbes*, I decided to carry on the tradition myself. My dad's softball skills were passable, though perhaps not good; mine were good, though perhaps not great—a testament to all those tennis balls he tossed me.



DAN AND ZACK GREENBURG AT YANKEE STADIUM

As an adult, I felt comfortable confronting fearsome situations, both on the field or off. At work, I did so by chasing a diamond smuggling story all the way to Sierra Leone, tangling with billionaires around the globe, and writing an unauthorized biography of Jay-Z here at home. I wasn't afraid on the field, either. I became a regular for the Writers squad and

even spent a decade as captain of the Forbes softball team.

In 2018, shortly after my dad's 82nd birthday, I convinced him to come back for one more Artists & Writers game, just for the day. We warmed up in the yard at home, and I tossed him a few pitches. He seemed rusty, but ready to roll, and we got in the car. By the time we arrived in East Hampton,

batting practice had begun, and he got up to take a few hacks.

After a few swings and a few misses, I think he concluded he needed another summer of practice before stepping back into the box at Herrick Park. Or maybe he figured he'd already conquered this particular fear—and he was simply happy to be at the game, like that time at Yankee Stadium in 1995.

I'm a dad now, too. And my twoyear-old, Riley, is already aware of my proclivities (the other day, she declared: "Baseball, dada like it!") There are a lot of lessons I'd like to pass down from my father about conquering fears and the like. But the one on achieving some measure of happiness just by being at the game, win or lose, might be the best of all. Thanks, dad, I love you. And I miss you so much, especially this weekend.

Zack O'Malley Greenburg is the author of five books, including A-List Angelsand the Jay-Z biography Empire State of Mind. His work has also appeared in The New York Times, Washington Post, Rolling Stone, Vanity Fair and Forbes, where he served as senior editor of media & entertainment for a decade.



The Creative Journey of Renowned Artist Herman Cherry

BY MATTHEW SHAMNOSKI

Aving recently been inducted into the Hamptons Fine Art Fair's 'Hall of Fame' this past July, we're reminded not only of the of Herman Cherry's influence on the art world at large, but more specifically his importance to the cultural fabric of the East End. From contributions to the Federal Art Project via the WPA in the 1930s, to chairing National Arts Conferences in Woodstock, NY in the late 1940s, fundraising for and participation in CORE in the 1960s, and political fundraising projects for the McGovern campaign in 1972, Herman's charitable nature and high moral fiber are remembered fondly by all who knew him.

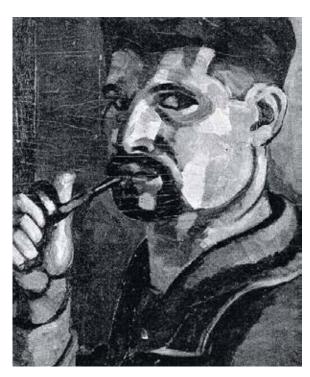
Most notably to some, Cherry was a prominent player of the Artists & Writers Softball Game. Having been a veteran of the first game, Cherry's involvement is a testament to his dedication to both the arts and community in East Hampton.

This beloved Hamptons tradition dating back over 70 years, brings together creative minds for a day of friendly competition and philanthropy. The game has always served as a fundraiser for local charities, supporting causes that are close to the hearts of participating members of the community.

Cherry's role in the Artists & Writers game extends beyond having only been a player. He had been instrumental in organizing and promoting the event, ensuring its success year after year. His enthusiasm and commitment, and the inspirations it's given others is what's made it a cornerstone of the East Hampton summer calendar.

In Hamptons Bohemia: Two Centuries of Artists and Writers on the Beach, Helen Harrison and Constance Ayers Denne recount one of the most memorable moments of Cherry's involvement in the game as when he pitched the last painted grapefruit to George Plimpton in 1972. According to sources, Plimpton, a very prim and proper man, was rather displeased at being covered in juice and pulp after making contact with the phony ball. The idea of the painted grapefruit had been conceived by Louis Schanker, Willem de Kooning, and Franz Kline as a way to get back at Philip Pavia who "took the game seriously - far too seriously." This was the final appearance of the grapefruit, which had become emblematic of the game's humorous and spontaneous spirit.

As East Hampton continues to celebrate its artis-



HERMAN CHERRY, SELF PORTRAIT, 1927, OIL ON CANVAS

tic and literary heritage, Herman Cherry stands out as a pivotal, yet unsung, figure whose legacy will be remembered for years to come. His work and community involvement, along with of all the other past and present players of the Artists & Writers Softball Game, have left indelible marks on the East End, embodying the spirit of creativity and philanthropy.



The Artists and Writers Game Through the Lens



A&W FANS WITH MIKE LUPICA



RONNETTE RILEY DISCUSSES STRATEGY WITH THE ARTISTS TEAM



CHEVY CHASE, LORI SINGER, ALEC BALDWIN



KEN AULETTA AND JAY MCINERNEY



DARNELL JOHNSON & GARY MICHAEL HOUSTON



LESLIE MORGAN STEINER UP AT BAT



ZACK FULMER SINGING TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME



THE CLOHESSY, CALVERT BROTHERS



THE WRITERS TEAM WITH UMPIRE PRESIDENT CLINTON IN 2022



MIKE LUPICA, ALEX LUPICA



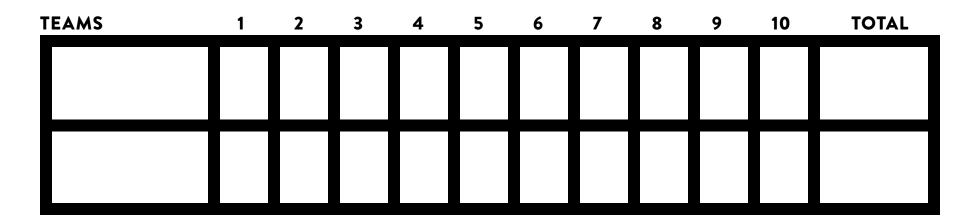
WALTER BERNARD, MIKE LUPICA, JOE TORRE, KEN AULETTA AND LEIF HOPE





WRITERS





ARTISTS

Abby Russell, Actor

Andrei Lloyd, Photographer

April Gornik, Artist

Charles Herzfeld, Producer

Clayton Calvert, Photographer

Eddie McCarthy, Musician

Edmund Hollander, Landscape Architect

Eric Fischl, Painter

Dylan Blue, Actor

Halsey McKay, Artist

Joe Pallister, Actor

John Alexander, Artist

John Andrulis, Photographer

Jonathan Schenk, Artist

Jordan Rock, Comedian

Joseph Sopiak, Landscape Architect and Designer

Leif Hope, Manager / Artist

Leila Pinto, Artist

Lori Singer, Actress/Producer/Musician

Matthew Montemaro, Actor/Producer

Michael Dougherty, Actor

Parker Calvert, Photographer

Ron Noy, Team Doctor/Painter

Robert Tuchman, Host of Entrepreneur's How Success Happens

podcast

Ronnette Riley, Manager/Architect

Sarah Scribner. Actor

Stu Sleppin, Film/ Video Producer

Walter Bernard, Graphic Design/Painter

William Quigley, Artist

WRITERS

Alec Sokolow, Screenwriter -

Alex Lupica, Writer

Andrea Elliott, Journalist

Andy Friedman, Essayist / Musician / Illustrator

Ann Liguori, Sports News Reporter/Producer

Ben Goldberger, Executive Editor/ Time

David Bernstein, Writer

Elise Trucks. Writer

Eric Gentier, Author

Erik Sherman, Author

Erika Katz, Writer

Gregory Lauritano, Producer

Jay Cardiello, Writer

Jeff Bandman, Writer

Jill Wagner, Journalist & TV Anchor Podcaster

John Franco, Writers

Jonathan Lemire, Journalist & Host of MSNBC's Way Too Early

John Avlon, Journalist

John Leguizamo, Writer

Katie Couric, Journalist

Ken Auletta, Manager / Author- New Book: Hollywood Ending:

Harvey Weinstein and the Culture of Silence

Leslie Morgan Steiner, NYT Author

Lizabeth Zindel Wells

Mary Giuliani, Author

Mike Lupica, Sportswriter / Novelist

Mosheh Oinounou, Content Producer

Paul Winum, Writer

Peter Wood, Novelist

Peter Cestaro, Comedian

Rob Levi. Screenwriter

Steve Perrine, Special Projects Editor, AARP Publications

Teddy Jones, Author

Vanessa Gordon, CEO & Publisher East End Tatse

Whitney Casey, Journalist



PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON AND MIKE LUPICA

Artists & Writers Game Through The Lens



FUTURE ARTISTS AND WRITERS TEAM PLAYERS



BEA, BILL DURHAM



FORMER NY METS FIRST BASEMAN ED KRANEPOOL AND ADAM FALEK



IOIO WINS REPORTER JULIET PAPA AND DAN'S PAPERS FOUNDER DAN RATTINER

Paul Winum salutes the 76 year tradition of the Artists and Writers Softball Game as well as the staffs of the charities it supports who provide such important services to our East End Community



FORMER NYPD COMMISSIONER RAY KELLY AND EAST HAMPTON VILLAGE MAYOR JERRY LARSEN



VICTORIA HILTON AKA JOHN GRAHAM



EARTHA KITT & FRIEND



DAVID BERSTEIN AND HARRY JAVER



FANS ENJOYING THE 2023 GAME

Congratulations on 76 years!

Artists & Writers Charity Softball Game



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Artists Writers Over the Years: Games in the 1970s and the Greatest Half Inning Ever Played

BY DAN RATTINER

lthough the first Artist-Writers AGame took place in 1948 (Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Klein), I first took interest in it in 1972. At the time, I was a young upstart with 12 years under my belt running Dan's Papers, a new free newspaper, the first ever to be published in America, as far as anybody knew. Although there was a report in another publication that I hit a single in this game, I wrote no report in Dan's about it or anything else taking place in that year's game. The game seemed kind of weird to me. The nationally known painters and sculptors on one side, the literary lions on the other, all stumbling and schlepping through a baseball game for charity on a baseball field behind the East Hampton supermarket. But I did report about the game in 1973, and then almost every year, often umpiring, through to the present day.

As I have this long connection to the game, I must note that painter Leif Hope also played from when I first started, and it's said, even before me. And here he is today, the respected organizer of this annual event. And here am I, still writing in *Dan's Papers*. Below are excerpts from these newspaper reports in the 1970s. And at the end, "the greatest half inning ever played," which happened in 2022.

But please note these excerpts are not about who hit long home runs or made sensational diving catches. There were dozens of those. This account is about the sense and feel of "the game," not the heroics.

1973

Before this game, kids from East Hampton Head Start, the charity that year, came out to the pitcher's mound and sang — not "The Star Spangled Banner" — but "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and "Bingo." The crowd of about 400 spectators applauded afterwards.

And so it began, a grand slugfest, with a great conclusion. In the top of the ninth, the Artists, way behind, scored 6 runs to take the lead 12 to 11. However, the Writers got 2 in the bottom of the ninth to win.

There was a certain inevitability about that. Before and during this game, there was much talk about the fact that since 1968, every year, the Writers won. Five years in a row. Why was that? Writers tapping away



PETER CESTARO

on typewriters all day getting no exercise then coming out all fresh and willing, to win? While the Artists, flinging paint all morning and half in the bag by noon now out at game time exhausted? That was as good a theory as any. And here it was, the Writers, shocked to fall behind in the ninth, grasping victory from defeat.

In this game I played right field for the Writers batting eighth, coming to bat directly after playwright Jimmy Kirkwood (*A Chorus Line*). I went 1 for 3. I also scored a run. I confess to having no memory of this.

Others who played for the Writers included folk singer Tom Paxton, novelist Sylvia Tennenbaum (*The Rabbi's Wife*), author Peter Maas (*Serpico*), playwright and screenwriter Murray Schisgal (*Luv, Tootsie*), and playwright Adolph Greene (*On the Town, The Will Rogers Follies*). Leif Hope was catcher for the Artists.

Also playing for the Artists were painters Jimmy Ernst and Esteban Vincente, also bad-boy hippie Abbie Hoffman (who, between the second and third pitches thrown to him, ran off to steal first base). He got hooted back to continue hitting. And he did hit, but was thrown out.

Umpiring at third base that year was feminist Betty Friedan (*The Feminine Mystique*). During the whole game,

she just stood there, looking very serious. For a while, Abbie Hoffman came over to talk with her. Gwen Verdon, the Broadway dancer and show star (*Chicago*), tried umpiring calling balls and strikes from behind the mound, but after quickly discovering she had no idea how to do this, agreed to be allowed to umpire at short center field.

The big hitter in this game for the Artists was Ben Heller, who, in the 1950s had purchased the painting "One, Number 31, 1950" by his good friend Jackson Pollock for \$8,000. He also bought "Blue Poles" for \$32,000. Now, in 1973, he sold "Blue Poles" to the National Gallery of Australia for \$1.2 million. When later, he used this fortune to try to create a housing development of 300 wooded acres in Northwest, people resented him for trying to spend Pollock money like that in their bucolic community. But that was way after 1973. This year he went 3 for 3 and in the ninth inning hit a grand slam home run that briefly gave the Artists the lead.

1974

This was the game in which the Artists broke their long losing streak. They trounced the Writers 12-1. Ben Heller pitched for the Artists, raconteur and prankster George Plimpton (*Paper Lion*) pitched for the Writers. Others playing included painters

Sheila Isham, Sculptor Bill King and actor Eli Wallach.

A real treat in this game was watching Eugene McCarthy, the Democratic senator from Minnesota who's strong showing as a candidate for president in the 1968 primary, caused President Lyndon Johnson to announce he would step down after his term ended rather than continue against McCarthy, this anti-war candidate. McCarthy did not win in 1968, but ran again for President in 1972 and he would, after this softball game, mount an effort in 1976 as an Independent. At this game, iron willed and gray haired at 50, he played first base with a great flair, hitting a double and scoring the only run for the Writers. In a later inning, he had another hit, a single. It was then, as he took a short lead off first base, that I saw he had split the seam in the back of his white shorts. Nobody seemed to notice. And the game went on. Later in the rally, now on second base, though, he got pulled for a pinch runner so he could change. And as he left the field, the announcer, publisher Gardiner Spungin gleefully announced "Eugene McCarthy will not run."

Also at this game, I learned that the 1968 game had been a fundraiser for McCarthy's candidacy. (It was called "Clean for Gene.")

I played left field. And at one point, a pedestrian walked across that field and asked me who was winning. I told him the Artists. He stopped in his tracks. "No," he exclaimed.

The New York Times sent a writer out to cover this game. The article about it, I was later told, appeared September 1, 1974.

1975

Eugene McCarthy again played, and again he played wonderfully. At one point, he beat out a single to first base by shoulder blocking the first baseman in his path to the ground so he couldn't catch the ball. Then, as he helped the first baseman up, uninjured, he said, "and they say I lack aggressiveness."

Pop Artist Matsuoko Skeda played, as did Willie Morris, publisher of *Harper's Magazine*, and author James Jones (*From Here to Eternity*.)

Art Gallery owner Elaine Benson, who'd been manager of the Artists until this year, had turned the job over to artist Warren Brandt. Brandt told a reporter from *New York* magazine

that he had researched the history of the game and it was first played in 1954. Present to watch this game were Esteban Vicente, sculptor Philip Pavia and photorealist painter Howard Kanovitz, all who had played in that earlier game.

Again a slug fest. The Writers won 18 to 15.

1976

There was only a brief report about the Artist-Writers Game in *Dan's Papers* this year. A featured player was Carl Stokes, the former Mayor of Cleveland, now an activist who worked as a commentator for NBC.

1977

Painter Audrey Flack played second base for the Artists. Mike Burke, the President of the New York Yankees, the New York Knicks and Madison Square Garden, also played.

Others, playing for the Writers, were newspaper scion Bunky Hearst, author Arthur Blaustein and food writer Miriam Ungerer. New artists were Louis Trakis, Jeffrey Meizlik and Carl Christensen. The game was close until the sixth inning. With the score 5-5, publisher Willie Morris came in to pitch for the Writers. He lobbed in the slowest pitches imaginable, and the Artists swatted them far and wide with glee. Final score was Artists 13, Writers 7.

I played for the Artists in this game, bouncing out to third in my only appearance.

Some interesting commentary — a wannabe ball player to one of the coaches:

"What do I have to write about to get in this game?"

"Sex Novels," was the reply. "Or having your book on *The New York Times* Bestseller List. The farther up, the closer you get to being allowed to play."

1978

Investment banker Felix Rohatyn, now the Chairman of Big MAC, popped out to shortstop in this game. Others who played were, for the Artists, Syd Solomon, Boris Kroll and Eric Ernst.

And just before the game began, I learned that I would be the lead off hitter. Quickly, I searched for this favorite bat I had used during batting practice earlier. Felix Rohatyn had it, so I snatched it from him.

As I sauntered toward the plate, I noticed that a spectator had arrived along the third base line carrying a copy of *Dan's Papers*. That cheered me. He'd have something to read. But then he set it down on the ground and sat on it.

"Ball one," the umpire said.

I swung at the next pitch, and hit a

spinning popup to short, which was caught. After that, the coach took me out.

Eventually, the Writers won 9-8, but they did so only after they had snuffed out an Artists rally in the ninth. One run behind, the Artists had runners on first and third with two out and it was up to Artist Leif Hope coming to the plate.

It was late in the day at this point, and the sun was sinking in the west. Looking out from behind the backstop to see how this was going to turn out, I saw what appeared to be a group of about 12 spectators jogging out onto left field. Others saw it. Heads turned. There was a pause in the action.

The folks in left field fell to the ground out there and began doing pushups and sit ups. Apparently, they were members of some sort of health club who had reserved left field with the Village for that time, and so, had gone out to seize what was theirs.

Well, they had every right.

Leif Hope then grounded out to short, and the game was over.

1979

Again, Ben Heller played and was a star. Also playing were novelist Avery Corman, (Kramer Vs. Kramer), Peter Maas again, Carl Bernstein (All the President's Men), Willie Morris, novelist and satirist Wilfrid Sheed (The Boys of Winter) and boxing commentator Larry Merchant. Playing for the Artists now were Mike Solomon, Rocco Liccardi and Judy Kleinsrud. Activist Carl Stokes was also back to play in the game.

Leif Hope was now the manager of the Artists team. He hadn't asked for the job. The Artists just insisted he do

And for some reason, other powers that be had hired a real live official professional umpire to adjudicate this game. He wore a uniform with a patch on his shoulder reading U. S. Umpire's Association and a nameplate on his chest that read M Tangel. He carried a black bag containing extra softballs, a plastic strike and ball counter and, in various pockets, an official whisk broom and an official yellow penalty handkerchief. He stood, for most of the game, behind home plate, fiercely serious, shouting the strikes and balls and controlling everything.

"Batter Out! No Good. Dead. Get

People ran around doing his bidding. And the Writers won 9 to 5.

THE GREATEST HALF IN-NING EVER PLAYED

From behind the pitcher's mound, he did it quite well. He continued umpiring until the end of the fifth inning when, surrounded by his ever-present Secret Service men in their dark suits and ties, went off to his next activity.

Had the ninth inning been different had he stayed? We will never know.

The first batter to come to the plate in the bottom of the ninth was *New York Daily News* sportswriter Mike Lupica. The score was Artists 18, Writers 2. Three outs and it would be done.

Lupica singled to right. His son Alex, a substitute, came up next and singled to left. Next up was David Baer, a writer and last year's MVP. He doubled to left, bringing home both Lupicas. And then Jerry Xie, a Wall Street analyst, singled through the second basemen's legs. The score was now 18 to 5 and nobody out. The Writers were stirring.

The next batter should have been out. He was Dan Pulick, and his easy grounder to short was thrown to first, but the first baseman dropped the ball.

Next, writer John Lemire (his new book *The Big Lie* was #4 on the *NY Times* bestseller list that week) singled, writer Nicholas Davidoff singled, novelist Peter Wood singled and producer Harry Javer walked in a run.

Comedian Michael Cesaro had been slow-ball pitching for the Artists. But now he seemed really spooked. He hit the next batter, Paul Winum, in the arm. Winum fell to the ground groaning, but he was faking. So he got up, apologized, dusted himself off and hit the next pitch over the shortstop's head for a single. After that, Brett Shevak, the founder and chairman of a big New York ad agency, hit a triple down the left field line, clearing the bases.

Now the score was 18-12. And so, Leif Hope, coaching the Artists, walked out to the mound to change pitchers. He took out Cesaro, and summoned painter John Longmire, who earlier in the game had pitched several innings without allowing the Writers to score.

But the manager of the Writers, New Yorker writer Ken Auletta, ran out. You can't put in a player you earlier had taken out, Leif argued back. The Writers had done exactly that in an earlier inning. But New York State Supreme Court Judge Richard Lowe, who had replaced President Clinton earlier as umpire, agreed with the Writers. It hadn't mattered earlier, but now in this critical situation, it did. Longmire was ushered off, and instead, photographer David Blinken came in to pitch. And it looked like he might end it. The first two Writers he faced hit routine fly balls to center, both caught. The Writers were down to their last out.

The next batter, screenwriter Nich-

olas Davidoff hit a routine grounder to second that should have ended it. But the second baseman picked it up, bobbled it and then was unable to beat John Lemire on first, racing to second to avoid the force.

I was umpiring behind first base at this point and it was clear to me the umpire had failed. Safe, I ruled. Also declaring him safe was Umpire Lowe.

But the entire Artists bench would have none of this. They came running out declaring the game over. Gloves were thrown on the ground. I thought — this is a rebellion, bigger than any umpire's decision. And I stopped to reconsider. But then, one of the writers, Mike Lupica, shouted at the Artists

"Do you really want to end it like this?"

And that stopped them. They were ahead, still needed only one out. They retreated. And the game continued.

Here's how it ended. It's Artists 18, Writers 17. There are two men on base. And the Writers bring in someone who has never played in this game before. He is Rabbi Josh Franklin from the Jewish Center of the Hamptons on Woods Lane. He's a Writer? Yes he writes. He swings at the first pitch. It's a long fly ball deep out to center. The center fielder goes back and back, but has to stop to watch it. It's a home run. And with the two men on base, the Writers have won, 20 to 18.

A crowd races out onto the field to embrace the rabbi as he trots around the bases. It's pandemonium. I catch up with him just after he crosses home plate and it seems he does not realize what he has just done. He'd just arrived to watch the game. Didn't know the score. They brought him in.

As it turns out however, it is not a home run. The center field boundary is marked by a rope held up by traffic cones, a rather pitiful imitation of a wall now having been used for years, since many moons ago, when the wall was turkey wire with steel stakes to hold it up and singer Paul Simon, playing center field in a full professional baseball player's uniform, leaped up to catch a fly ball and came down on the stake which stuck him in the back. People rushed out to help him, but he got up from the ground and declared he was fine. He held up the ball. A miracle. But you know what? It will be a rope from now on. No stakes.

Well now it turns out that the rabbi's drive came down under the rope. A ground rule double. So the Writers won 19-18, not 20-18. And that was that

An almost impossible ending to this game. No one will ever forget it.

Artists & Writers Game in Action





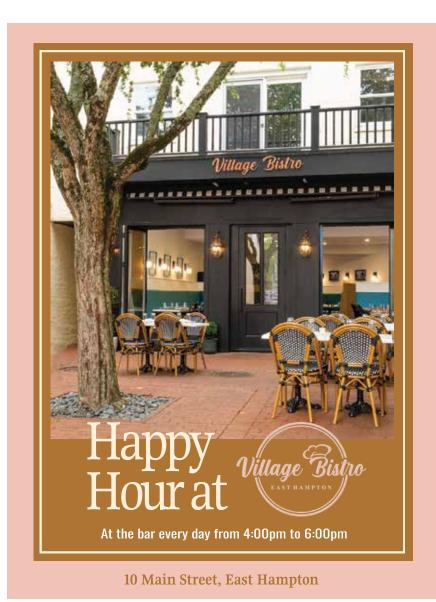
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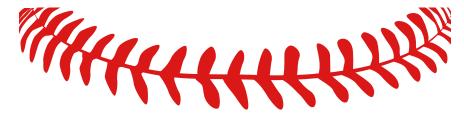


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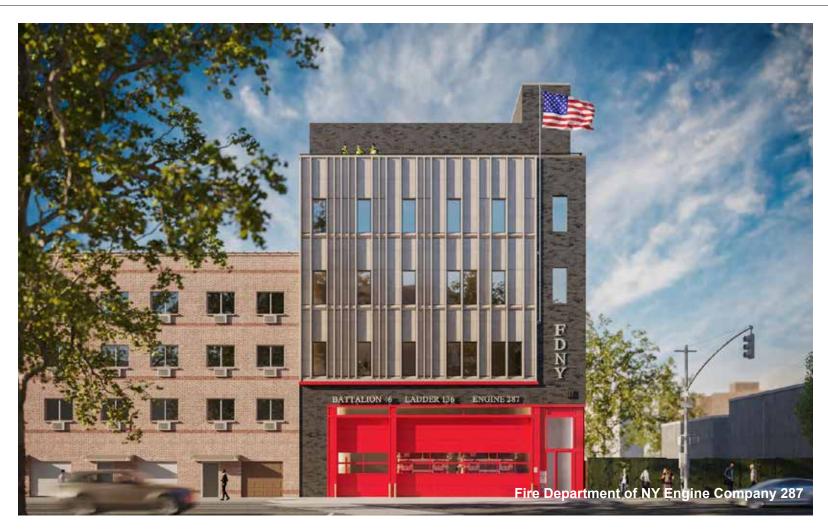
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