Sports Illustrated

MARCH 9, 1992

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She Reigns In Spain

Kathy Ireland sparkles on the island of Lanzarote

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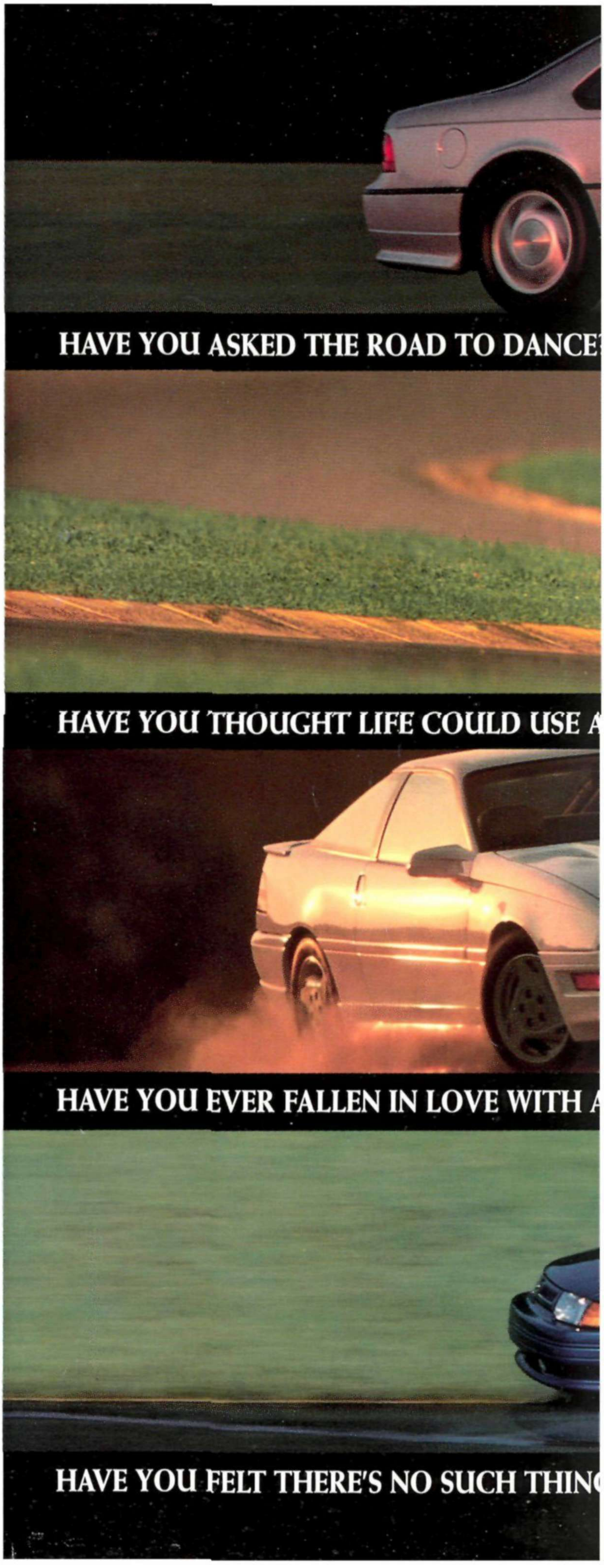

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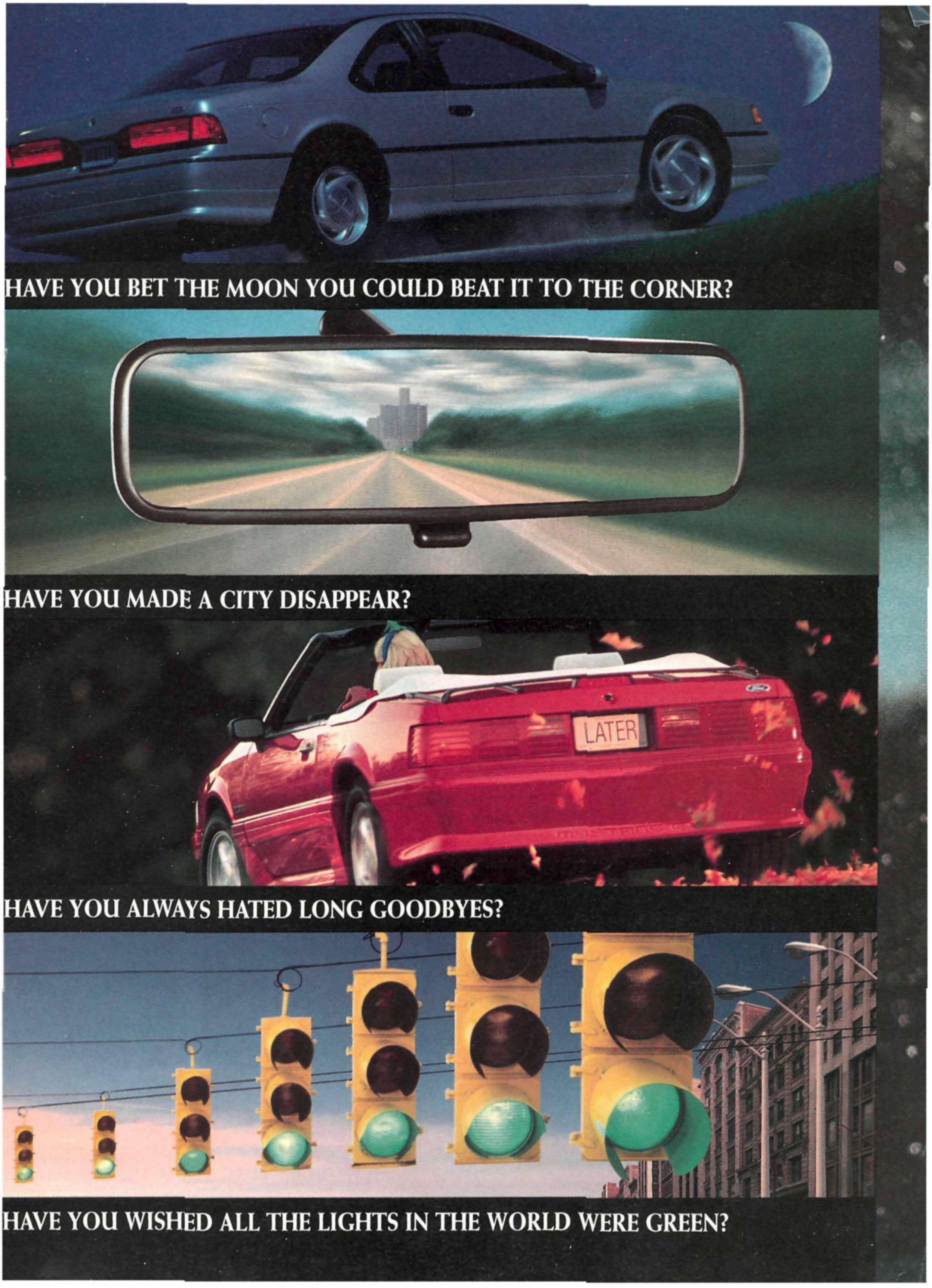
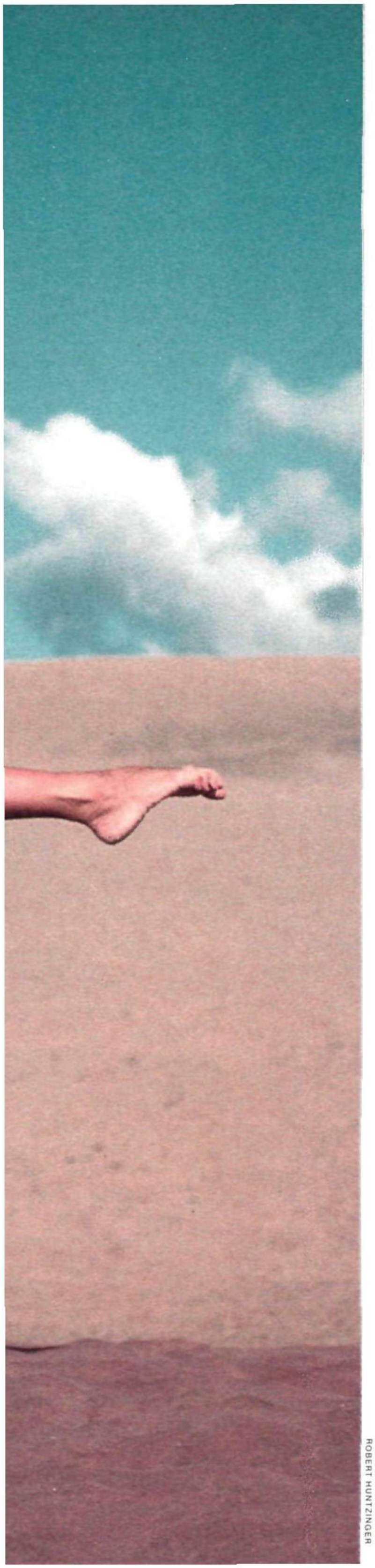

HAVE YOU BET THE MOON YOU COULD BEAT IT TO THE CORNER?
HAVE YOU MADE A CITY DISAPPEAR?
LATER
HAVE YOU ALWAYS HATED LONG GOODBYES?
HAVE YOU WISHED ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE WORLD WERE GREEN?



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Jumpin' for Joy

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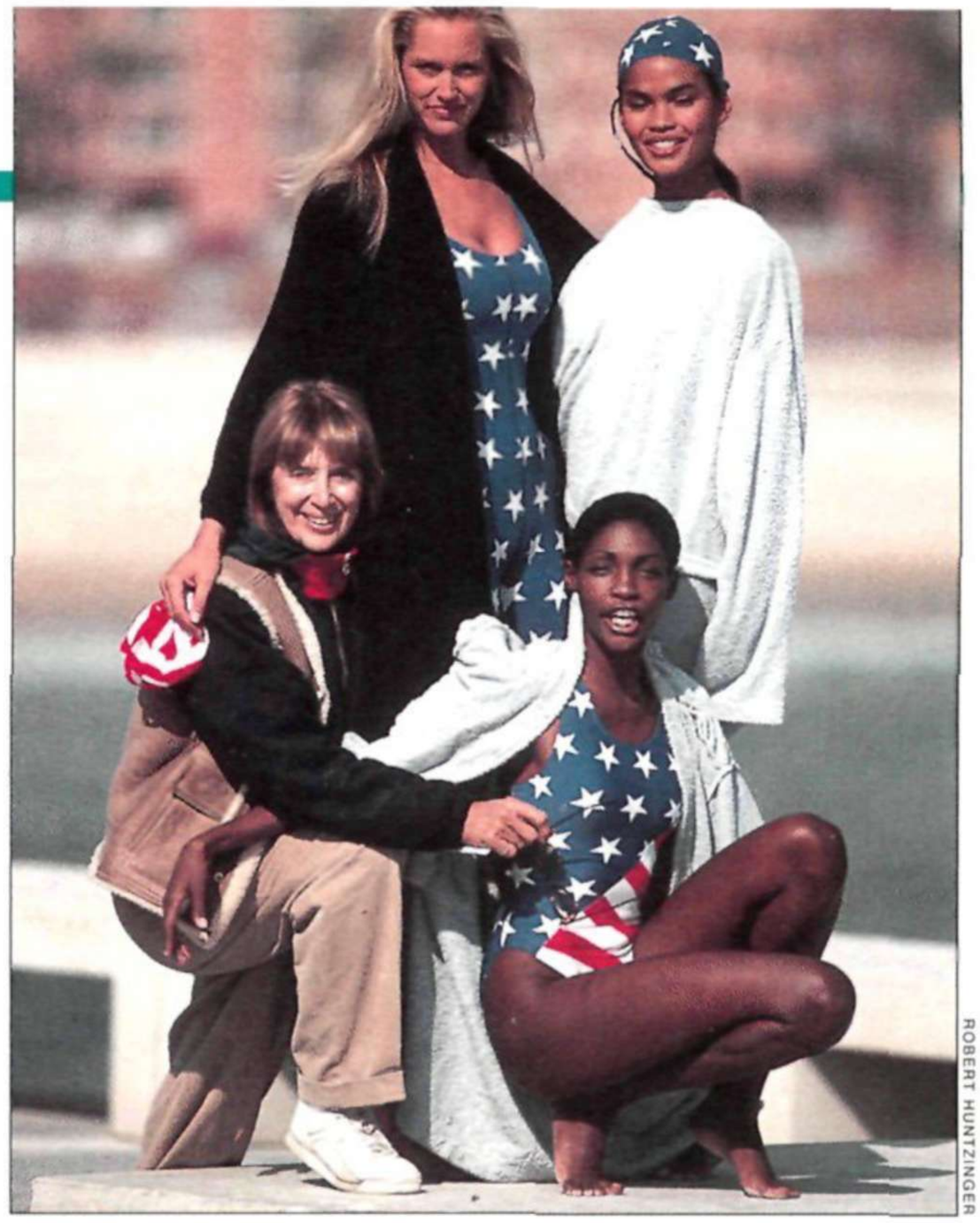
FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

LOOKING BACK, OUR MISTAKE WAS TO CONFUSE JULIE ANdrews with Willard Scott. *The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.* Yes, O.K., of course. Once we decided to photograph our annual swimsuit issue in Spain, we knew we would shoot no pictures on those soggy flatlands. And though we don't think you'll find a single plain picture in the 38 pages of photos that begin on page 82, we did learn a thing or two about trying to forecast the weather with Broadway show tunes. It rained for 32 of the 44 days that senior editor Jule Campbell, photographer Robert Huntzinger and our 11 models were shooting on some of Spain's most scenic beaches. On the last day of the trip, while working in front of the Olympic Stadium in Barcelona, site of the upcoming '92 Summer Games, the models had to scamper for shelter in order to avoid serious bruising when hailstones the size of *hailstones* began pelting their location.

Campbell had scouted all the locations last year in late June, when the weather was perfect, but knew from 27 years of experience producing these swimsuit spectaculars that conditions can change drastically by the time she returns in the fall. She takes a compass with her on scouting trips to help make allowances for the angle of the sun in the sky three or four months later. "I've had more than one great beach selected for a sunset or sunrise shot only to find the sun's not there when I go back because there's suddenly a mountain in the way," she says. "I also have a year-round tidal chart I take with me on every shoot. There aren't many fashion editors who have to carry one of those."

Campbell scheduled the trip earlier than usual this year because many of the locations that she intended to use were on the same latitude as Philadelphia, where it is not commonplace to find any of the local citizenry wearing thong bathing suits a week before Halloween. Huntzinger, who lives outside Philadelphia, brought along special cold-weather survival blankets for the models, while the rest of the crew wore silk ski underwear, parkas and sweats. Says Campbell, "I used to take off my coat in cold weather to show my solidarity with the models. Fortunately, I was able to overcome my feelings of guilt on this trip."



ROBERT HUNTZINGER

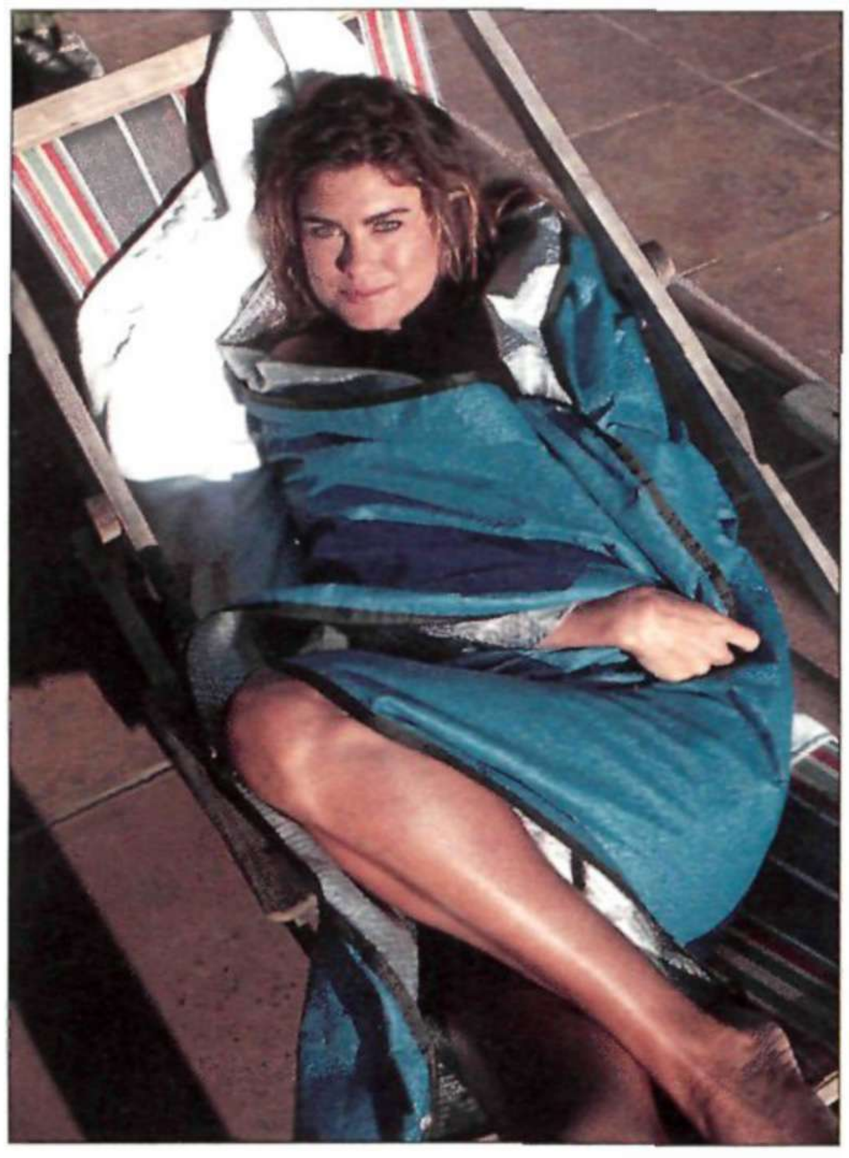
During a break in Barcelona, Campbell (front left) and (clockwise) Ashley Montana, Gail O'Neill and Roshumba Williams huddled for warmth.

Campbell never worried about model Vendela Kirsebom, a Swede making her first appearance in the swimsuit issue. "She would just plow straight into the icy blue water and didn't even complain," Campbell says. "She was a true Nordic." To keep morale up during the bad weather, Campbell and Huntzinger found ways to keep busy. "If the sky was dark gray, we would manufacture a picture," she says. "Sometimes we would just put in a bright background, strobe the shot and then hope the model's goosebumps don't show."

On the evidence it would appear that goosebumps in Spain stay mainly in the plain. We don't know that one, but if you hum a few isobars, we can fake it.

John Papanek

The Big Cover-up: Kathy Ireland (below) on Mallorca and Angie Everhart (right) in Lanzarote.



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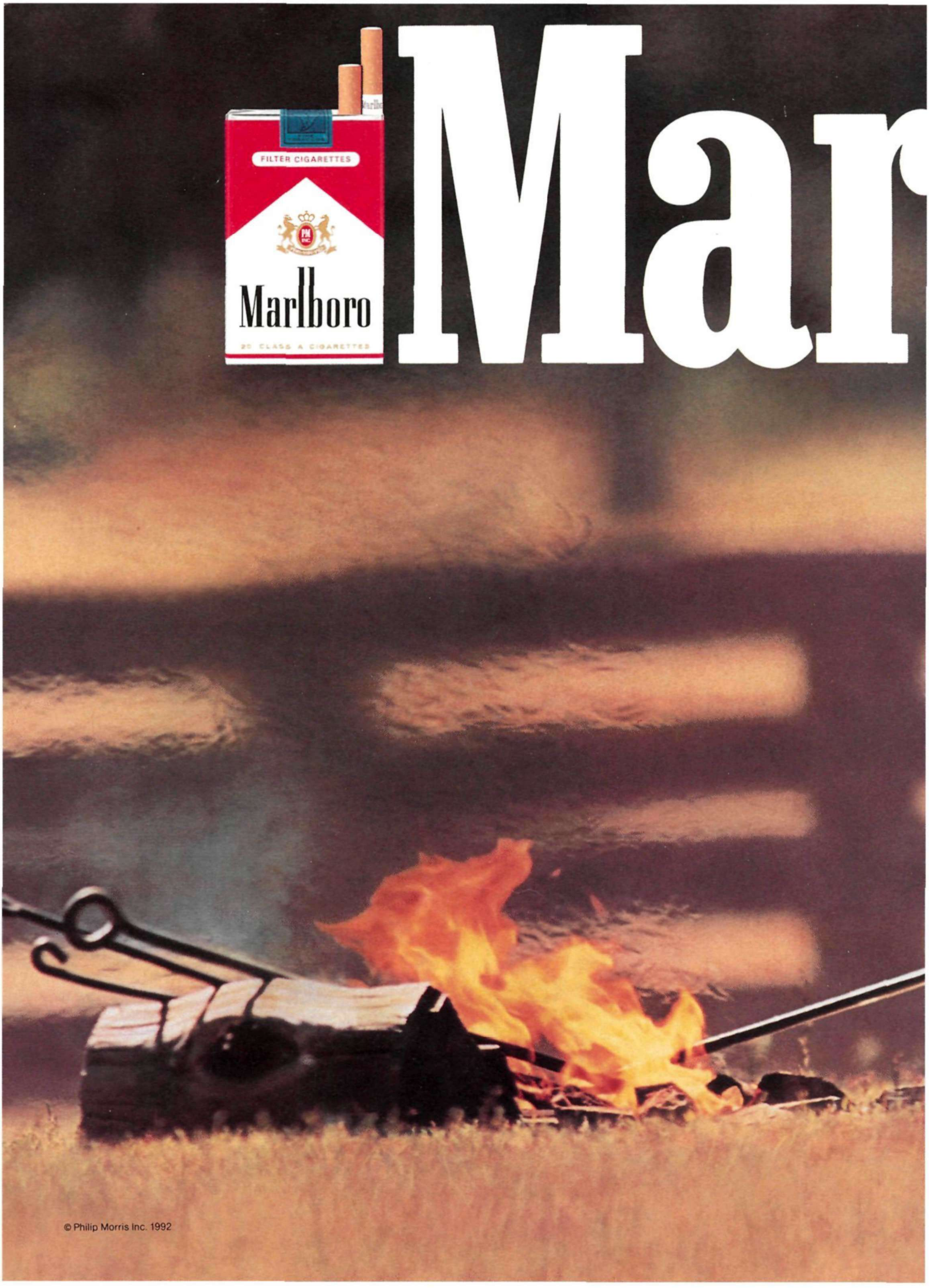
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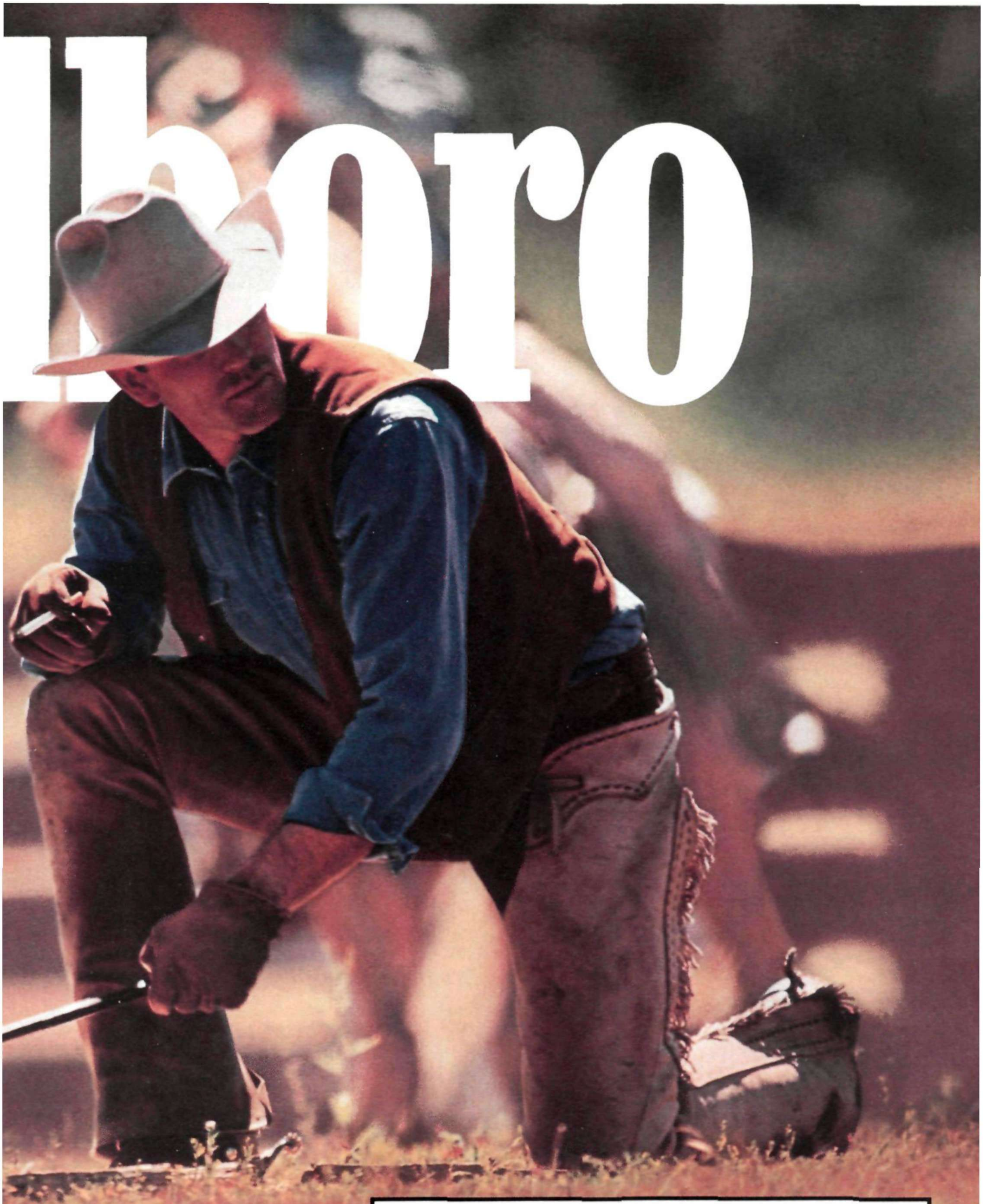
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Hot Properties

The National Football League has a big winner in its marketing and licensing arm

by JOHN STEINBREDER

AT A TIME WHEN MANY AN AMERICAN business is struggling, one anchored in sports is a rousing success. Consider NFL Properties, the NFL's marketing and licensing subsidiary, which has been putting together one great year after another.

How good is NFL Properties? Some 350 manufacturers are licensed to produce more than 2,500 items bearing NFL logos, and their gross sales in such merchandise for fiscal 1991 are expected to have exceeded $2 billion. According to Frank Vuono, vice-president in charge of retail licensing, that's well over 30% better than the previous year's sales, more than 70% above the 1989 total and about 700 times the gross just six years ago. The league also has 125 corporate sponsors, and together they will pay an estimated $50 million this year to use the league's logo in their marketing campaigns.

NFL Properties is a privately held firm made up of three divisions—retail licensing, marketing and promotions, and publishing. Industry sources estimate that the company, which has 130 employees, will have revenues of about $140 million this year, most of it coming from retailing and marketing and promotions. And those sources expect business to continue growing at an annual rate of 15% or 20%.

One of the biggest growth areas is fashion, which is part of the retail division. NFL Properties dresses players, coaches and fans in a wide range of sportswear. NFL apparel is now sold in most of the country's major retail stores—Sears and Bloomingdale's are but two—and it is hotter than two-a-days in August. "Team-licensed products are saving the retail business," says Dan Stock, vice-president of Zubaz, which manufactures a popular and colorful line of zebra-striped sportswear. Adds Dan McElwain, a marketing programs manager for athletic footwear and apparel at J.C. Penney, which has been selling NFL gear for more than 20 years: "This type of apparel has suddenly become very fashionable. I eat dinner in a nice restaurant, and I see people wearing Dallas Cowboy sweaters. That's how they want to dress today."

KEN LEVINE/ALLSPORT USA

Raider loyalists are among the many fans who have snapped up team jerseys and caps.

Of course, there's more to retailing than selling clothes. NFL Properties has put league and team logos on bowling balls, comic books, doghouses and bags of potato chips, and most of these wares are selling very well indeed. Want a golf umbrella with the San Francisco 49er emblem? How about a Los Angeles Raider pool cue? A Green Bay Packer license-plate frame?

"The people at Properties are savvy and aggressive marketers," says Stuart Crystal, marketing director for Starter Corp., the top maker of NFL apparel. "They know what they want, and they go out and get it."

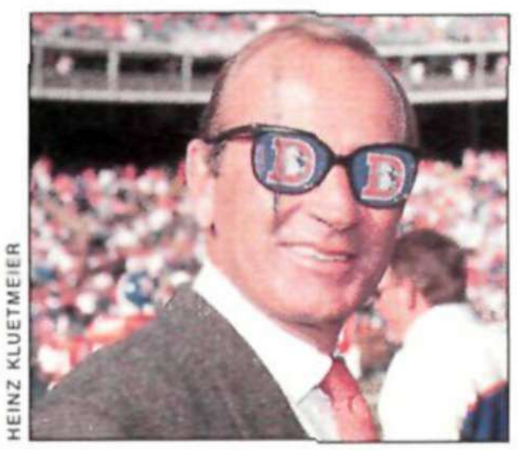
Marketing and promotions has also seen its share of revenue growth. In 1986 corporate sponsors paid somewhere between $25,000 and $750,000 apiece for promotional rights; this year they are shelling out from $75,000 to $5 million. NFL Properties has also begun to help NFL players pursue off-field business opportunities and currently exclusively represents 125 players for retail licensing efforts, according to executive vice-president John Flood.

Publishing doesn't contribute nearly as much to the bottom line, but it does well enough. National advertising in NFL stadium programs was sold out this past season, and the 1992 Super Bowl program, which was published by Properties, carried more than 100 pages of ads.

NFL Properties was started in 1963 to promote the NFL and protect the league's logos and trademarks, as well as to make money selling novelties like bobble-head dolls, T-shirts and hats. Business grew steadily, if not spectacularly. By 1969 NFL Properties was generating about $1.5 million in gross revenues from corporate sponsorships and from the sale of licensed products. Ten years later the figure had jumped to $100 million, and by 1986 it had hit $500 million. But the league's commissioner, Pete Rozelle, thought NFL Properties could do better. "Properties had always been more public relations than anything else," says Norman Braman, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles and chairman of the owners' committee that oversees the subsidiary. "But then Pete decided to take the restraints off. He wanted Properties to be more of a business, to realize its potential."

"Frankly, we were un-

MITCHELL LAYTON



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Buffalo boosters seek coverage; the Broncos' owner, Pat Bowlen, eyes his team.

derdeveloped," says John Bello, who has been president of NFL Properties since 1988. "But we started working on different ideas, different promotions, different programs, different ways of selling our products. And then things took off."

One of the highest fliers is a line of apparel and equipment that NFL Properties created in 1986 called Pro Line. It consisted of not only the same helmets, jerseys and warmup jackets that the players used but also the sweaters, hats and parkas that coaches, trainers and ball boys wore as they paced the sidelines. Licensees passed out samples of the nonuniform items to the teams, and suddenly Pro Line products were being modeled before national television audiences a couple of times a week. The fans quickly took notice. "We put a sweater on Joe Walton [then the New York Jet coach] for a Monday night game, and we got 5,000 calls about it within the next few days," Bello says. "People wanted to know where they could get one for themselves. We knew then that we had a winner." According to vice-president Vuono, after only a few years on the market, Pro Line now constitutes about 30% of NFL Properties' retailing business.

NFL Properties has been successful for a number of reasons, some of which are as much a result of good timing and luck as they are of skillful management. Sales took off when the market for team-licensed products of most major sports exploded in the late 1980s, and people were snapping up anything emblazoned with a team logo. It has also helped that a major part of the NFL's business is done in the fourth quarter, which begins with back-to-school buying binges, peaks with Christmas and generally ends with a healthy flow of revenue.

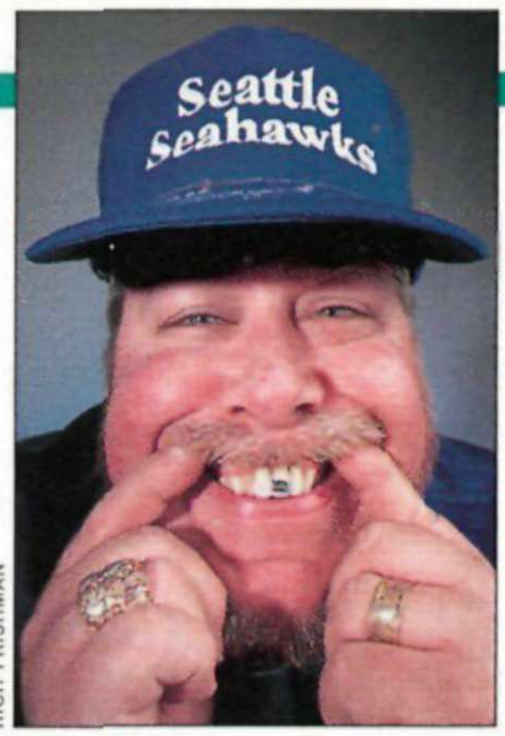
But some credit is due the people who work at NFL Properties, beginning with Bello. Bello worked as a product manager at General Foods and later in brand management at Pepsi-Cola before he joined the company in 1979. When he became president nine years later, he sought specialists in retailing, others who were veterans in marketing and advertising and still others who had spent years in publishing. His sales people have been getting NFL-licensed products into the major retail stores, and he has employees monitoring the hot teams, players and trends in search of more marketing phenoms like the Refrigerator.

NFL Properties has scored on virtually every drive, but while the licensees seem generally happy, more than a few worry about the number of products and companies that are now involved. Says the head of one firm: "I hope Properties doesn't license many more companies, because I don't want them to kill the golden goose." NFL Properties also faces a few legal battles. It has been named in several suits filed by the NFL Players Association, which in one case is questioning whether Properties may handle group licensing rights for the players. The decertified union claims it is the only organization that has the exclusive right to do that. Flood disagrees.

Another problem is that some of the company's best customers are inner-city gang members. Many of them have taken to dressing in NFL team hats, jackets and T-shirts—the Raiders are among the most popular teams—and using the logos and colors as a way of distinguishing the different gangs. In fact, the connection between NFL gear and gangs has become so strong that several municipalities have banned the wearing of team sportswear in their schools. Several baseball and hockey teams' colors and insignia have also been favored by certain gangs.

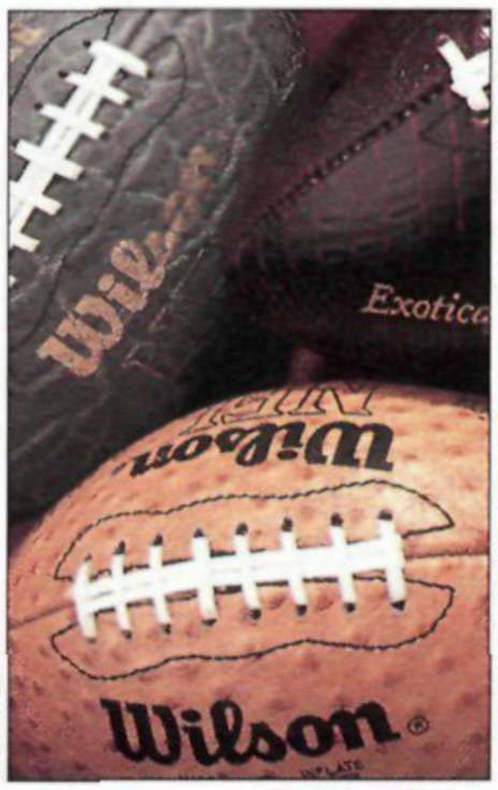
"It's a tough situation," says NFL Properties director of communications Rusty Hawley, "and we are trying to deal with it." Last fall the league kicked off a program called CHILL, in which rapper KRS-1 began speaking to youth groups around the country. "He is telling people that NFL merchandise is meant to be a message of goodwill and not a uniform of war and gangs," says Hawley. The league has also issued trading cards that decry gang activity, and it consults frequently with school boards and other groups that have difficulties with gangs wearing NFL-licensed gear. The league has even asked prospective expansion groups to be mindful of possible gang appropriation as they develop logos and colors and not to do anything that might be construed as encouraging gang identification with those logos and colors.

But such concerns won't prevent the company from moving into new markets. "I see us getting more and more into packaged goods," Vuono says. "Ultimately we will have a line of food products." NFL Properties is also trying to target women, who now make up 42% of the league's fan base. A line of NFL-licensed women's apparel called Spirit was introduced earlier this year, and it is being sold in test markets. Says Vuono: "I learned a while ago that if we want to keep growing, we have to keep up with the times." ■



RICH FRISHMAN

Fang time: Rod Svetich is a Seattle stalwart. Wilson's exotic balls sport NFL logos.



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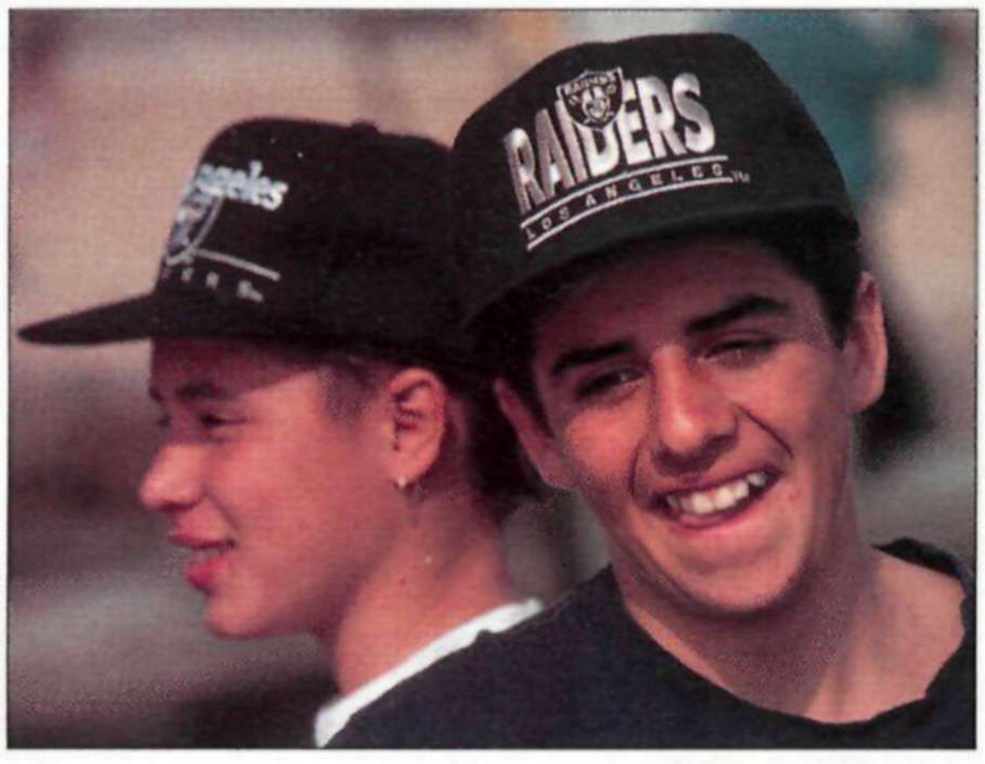

SCOTT ROBINSON

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A B L E N D I N G O F A R T A N D M A C H I N E

Go Woodstock

Scores of board-game freaks flocked to upstate New York for the seventh-annual U.S. Go Congress

by ALBERT KIM

JIM PACHA HURRIEDLY OPENED THE auditorium's double glass doors, stepped through and lit up a cigarette. "God, what a fight," he said, taking a deep drag. He stared at the ground while nervously rocking his stout frame from leg to leg. After two more quick puffs, Pacha tore off and threw away the lit end of the cigarette, carefully saving the butt for later. He exhaled deeply, gathered his composure, then turned to walk back in through the doors. "I hate *byo-yomi*," he muttered.

Pacha entered a cavernous room in which more than 200 people were sitting in pairs at long rows of tables. Each couple was focused in silent concentration on an intricate black and white pattern that had been woven atop a square wooden board. Pacha quietly made his way to his board and sat across from his opponent. He was as ready as he could be to begin the *byo-yomi*—Japanese for "overtime"—phase of his game of go.

Welcome to the 1991 U.S. Go Congress, the year's most important gathering for American aficionados of the ancient Chinese board game of go. These go-getters descended on the University of Rochester's Wilson Commons student center last August for the seventh annual such fest. For $480, which included room, board and a banquet, each participant was treated to a week's worth of lectures, clinics, demonstrations and, of course, competition.

The game that lured these people to upstate New York is a national pastime in Japan, China and Korea, but it remains something of an obscure obsession for a small cult of American enthusiasts. That's surprising, for go is not a daunting game. The rules are so simple they can be written on the back of a T-shirt—apparel that was de rigueur at the congress. In go two players take turns placing round black and white stones on a board inscribed with 19 vertical and 19 horizontal lines. The object is to capture territory and enemy stones by surrounding them with your pieces. Strategy can become complicated as chains of stones begin to intertwine and the board becomes a shifting web of complex forms and shapes. The game, which starts out with the simplest and most concrete of elements—line and circle, black and white—can move into endless abstractions and subtleties.

"Go has an infinite horizon," says Dave Weimer, the director and main organizer of the Rochester congress. "In chess, everything is localized—the board is only 64 squares. And material gain is everything. In go, you can't isolate any part of the board; positional advantage is the most important element. You can get situations of localized battle where groups of stones get isolated, but you have to be able to see the connection between the smaller scene and the overall picture."

Go's rules are as simple as black and white.

The smaller scene of the go world presented at the congress was a curious amalgam: East meets West, young challenges old, novice learns from master. Standing by the refreshment table, which offered Japanese green tea as well as hot coffee, a skateboard-toting teen casually chatted with a bespectacled engineer who was carrying a portable computer. Nearby, under a sign written in Chinese, a young woman hawked bumper stickers that read I GO FOR GO. Various impromptu discussions sprang up around the room, and any number of regional accents and foreign languages could be heard.

The players at the congress ranged in age from nine to 80 and came from every corner of the continent, from Canada to Mexico. "The awareness of the game among the general population has increased," says Weimer. "These days, when I'm on a plane and reading a book about go, the person next to me will often know what it is."

In Rochester this diversity made for some intriguing cross-board encounters. For example, the player who caused trouble for Pacha this morning was Lena Petrovic, a 16-year-old from University, Miss. Petrovic, who has been playing in tournaments since she was 10, learned the game from her father, Rade, an assistant professor of electrical engineering at the University of Mississippi who was the go champion of Yugoslavia three times. Pacha is a 43-year-old computer programmer from Broomfield, Colo., who took up go 17 years ago as an alternative to chess.

As it happens, many of the older players at the congress started out as chess hobbyists and learned go from other competitors at various board-game tournaments throughout the country and, indeed, the world. Most of the younger players seem to have been introduced to the game by parents or by computerized go programs. And as Barbara Calhoun, president of the American Go Association (AGA), says, "Because of the economic situation in the world today, people in general are more aware of things

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ABBOTT

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To assume he is uncaring
or aloof is to misread him.

He walks on the positive side of that fine line separating
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FOR A MAN

Prof as student: Weimer (left) learns from go pro Zhu-Jiu Jiang.

Asian." In the past five years the association's membership has tripled, from 500 to 1,500.

This growing desire to understand Asian thought is one reason Weimer, a political-science professor, has for the past seven years taught a semester-long course at Rochester called Go: Game and Culture. In the class, which has also attracted business students, Weimer teaches the game's basic strategies and shows how the philosophy of go reflects Asian culture. "I try to convey the idea that the most important characteristic of go is patience," says Weimer. "You've got to look ahead, think strategically and not be greedy. Don't try to take everything, or you'll collapse. You have to give your opponent something. But those are lessons for life."

Weimer's teachings were cited in a recent *New York Times* editorial that suggested that President Bush would do well to study go philosophy when conducting trade talks with Japan and other Asian nations. "Mr. Bush," wrote the *Times*'s editors, "might abandon his high-handed bid for quick concessions and settle in for a long, patient duel. He is dealing with people enthralled by the mystique of Go."

He certainly is. The game's hold on its devotees is powerful. "It is addictive in a medical sense," says Robert Ryder, a 77-year-old retired engineer from Summit, N.J. "I played my first game in 1954, and I've been to every one of these events. This congress fell on my 50th wedding anniversary. Needless to say, I am in a very odoriferous state at home right now. But luckily, my family has agreed to postpone the anniversary for two weeks."

As you might expect, America lags far behind Asia in playing talent. "I started too late," says Ryder, more than a bit wistfully. "I didn't play my first game until I was 39. I haven't had enough time to learn." In many Asian countries youngsters who show exceptional analytical skills start studying at special go academies when they're four or five years old. Some of these prodigies grow up to become professional go players who, if they're among the very best, can earn hundreds of thousands of dollars playing go tournaments throughout Asia. There were 16 pros in attendance at the Rochester congress, offering clinics and doing exhibitions, such as playing simultaneous matches against 10 players.

One of the professionals was 22-year-old Janice Kim, an American in her senior year at New York University. Kim earned her pro status from the Korean Go Association five years ago. She hopes to play professionally in Asia after graduating and is thinking about putting her earnings toward medical school.

"In Korea, I'm a celebrity," she says. "People on the street would stop me. Even the customs agent at the airport recognizes me. Of course, it's a different story here. Last summer I interviewed for a summer job at a hotel in New Mexico, and when the woman asked me what I had as previous job experience, I told her I had taught go in New York. She gave me this really weird look as she turned me down for the job. Later I found out she thought I had said go-go.

"I wonder if America is ready—it's such a cultural thing," Kim continues. "Sometimes when I try to explain go, it doesn't work. Americans always approach things from an individualistic, analytical viewpoint. They want to think things through on their own. Go is much more spiritual. There are certain things you have to accept as true and then rely on your intuition."

In Rochester, Ryder, Pacha, Petrovic and the others aspired to grasp this calm spirituality, but quite often they devolved into stressed-out Americans. In her match with Pacha, Petrovic ran out of her allotted 90 minutes for the game and therefore was forced into *byo-yomi*. In the overtime, given only 30 seconds for each move, she became flustered and made a crucial mistake. Unable to regain her footing in a key section of the board, she resigned.

"I lost," Petrovic wailed afterward. "It was really close, and I was ready to kill a group. But then the clock started beeping and I made one dumb move and I'd never been in *byo-yomi* before." She vigorously worked over a piece of gum. She considered for a moment and concluded simply, "It was terrible."

"It was a very good match," said Pacha, as he finally got to finish his saved cigarette. "In fact, she was beating me. I couldn't do this for a living. The pressure gets to me."

He stamped out the butt and sighed. "But I'll keep playing, " he said. "I enjoy the challenge. There's an artistic nuance to the game. In chess, you start with an entire board, and you cut, slash and hack to the finish. With go, you start with an empty board and create life for yourself. It's a very positive outlook." He's learning. ■

The cultures didn't clash; they blended, into a kind of go nation.

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Hoosier Redux

In basketball-crazy Indiana the Nostalgia Sectionals pit old high school rivals against each other | by GLEN CRANEY

IT WAS 1963, BUT THOSE WHO WERE there still remember the sound of bawling from the locker room that night. Loogootee, fielding the best basketball team in its history and led by Junior Gee, a brash 5′ 10″ senior guard with a Warren Beatty pout, had expected to make its first appearance in the Indiana State high school finals. Instead, Loogootee (pop. 3,100) had been shocked in the opening round of the tournament by bitter rival Washington, 58–51.

At Washington, Lester Stoll (in blue) of Epsom '58 dribbled by Sam Shaw of Shoals '58.

Gee went on to become an Indiana all-star, and averaged 11 points per game for a University of Miami team that featured Rick Barry. Still, Gee was haunted by his final high school game.

Now, thanks to a uniquely Indiana phenomenon called Nostalgia Sectionals, Gee and hundreds of former Indiana high school players have been given another chance to drive down memory's free throw lane. Men and women ranging in age from 40 to 90 are rejoining their old teammates and cheering squads from schools such as Epsom, Birdseye, Elnora and Mount Olympus—many long since swallowed up by consolidation—to re-create the tournaments of their past. To the rest of the world it might seem that Hoosier Hysteria has regressed to Dribbling Dementia.

The tournaments are the brainchildren of Tim Nonte, the baseball coach at Princeton (Ind.) High School, who organized the first event in 1988 as a fund-raiser to buy lights for the local baseball diamond, Gil Hodges Field. Princeton's 4,500-seat gym was crammed the first night for a 73–30 blowout of the Francisco Owls by the Oakland City Acorns, who went on to win the tournament. "We aren't trying to recapture our youth—just our memories," said Nonte, 49. "It brings together old communities that had lost their identity. It's magical."

The craze has spread throughout Indiana, and Nonte estimates that as many as 20 such tournaments have been held around the state in the past three years. At Washington (pop. 11,325), nearly 15,000 fans attended a weeklong fest in 1990. And last April, the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame held a four-team regional tournament at New Castle Chrysler High School, which featured former powerhouse teams from Anderson, Muncie Central, Chrysler and Lafayette Jeff.

For one memorable week, Washington's 7,000-seat auditorium was transported back to the future. While long-skirted, letter-sweatered, bobby-soxed women led cheers, players in frayed letter jackets hugged and slapped each other. Pep bands resurrected school songs. Legendary coaches roamed the benches barking substitutions. "Some people think Bobby Knight invented chair-throwing in Indiana," said 44-year-old John Helm, who was a sophomore member of the 1963 Washington team that destroyed Gee's dream. "They don't know what intimidation is unless they played for these high school coaches in the '50s."

Some nostalgia teams held weekly practices in the year preceding the Washington tournament. "Lots of guys lost weight, and there was quite a boom at sporting goods stores," said Nonte. Stunned by the size of the crowds, the players sheepishly emerged from the locker rooms as if they were violating some law of the gods by stepping back into time. But once the games began, old instincts took over and the competition became fierce; the quality of play was often surprisingly good.

"These guys play just as hard as they did in high school," said Bill (Fire Truck) Miley, who dispensed towels and advice as he did in his student manager days for Washington's 1941 state champions. "You should see their bumps and bruises." Coaches also reverted to form: When one opposing player butchered three shots in a row, Washington's Steve Craney, 74, (this writer's father) said, "That kid alone has missed enough to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID E. KLUTHO

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put 'em ahead." That "kid" was 55 years old.

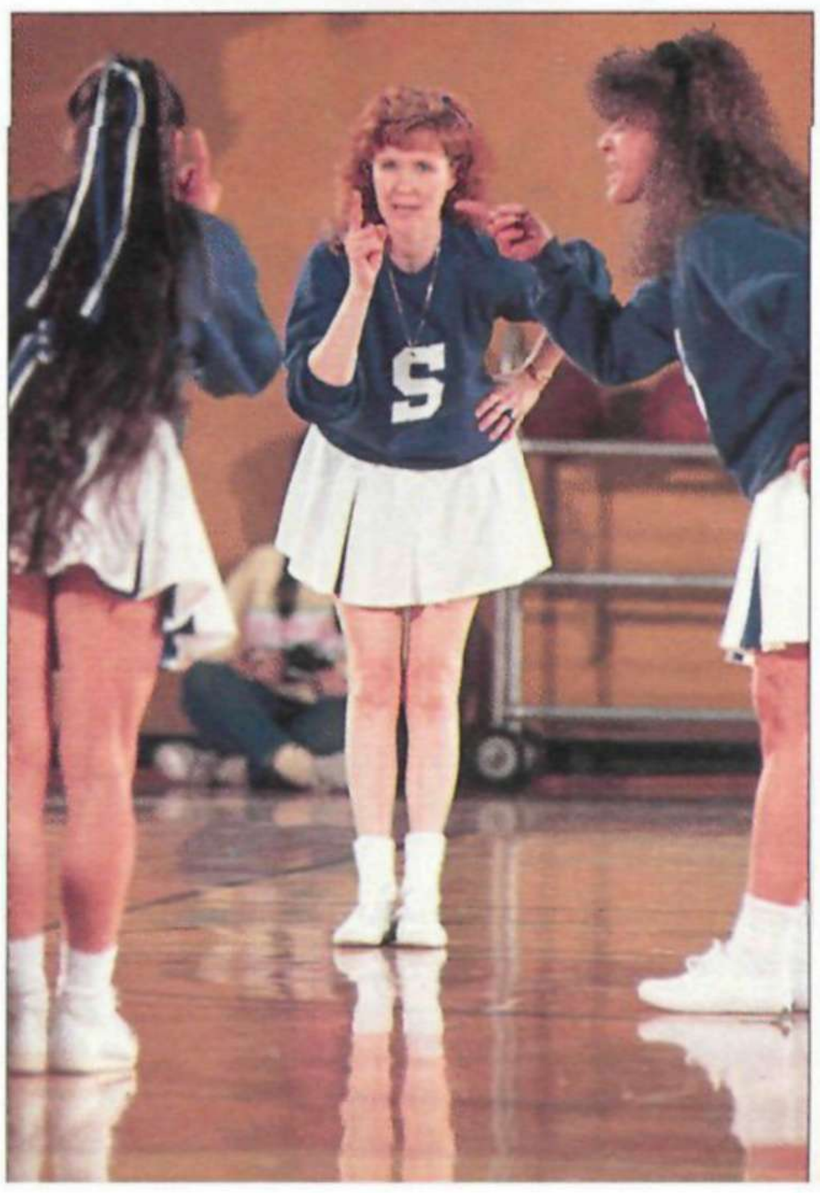
Johnny Walker (Montgomery, class of '61), an insurance salesman, wore his original Chuck Taylor Converse All-Stars. Generations of players hovered around the floor during games, heatedly debating whether the golden age of high school basketball had passed. Charlie Harmon, a member of two state championship teams for Washington in the 1940s and later a third baseman and outfielder for the Cincinnati Reds, St. Louis Cardinals and Philadelphia Phillies, recalled that coaches were not permitted to talk to their players during timeouts. "We were smarter back then," said Harmon. "We had to be. We coached ourselves." Others lamented the lionization of Indiana University's Damon Bailey, who was touted by some in 1990 as the best high school player in the state's history. "There were a lot of players like him in the old days," said Helm, a nursing home administrator who was the leading free throw shooter for his Georgia Southern University team in 1968-69. "Coaches just don't teach the court sense he has anymore."

Teenage cheerleaders watched with both bemusement and awe the routines of their predecessors, who included Washington's Nellie (Spike) Swanagan, 78, the state's first female cheerleader; and St. John's Fred Walker Jr., 54, Loogootee's only cheerleader during the days when the local Catholic bishop banned females from the role. "We're more acrobatic now, but we don't get the crowds participating like they used to," said Stephanie Clifton, a Washington cheerleader, class of '92. Born in an era when organized girls' sports were few, many of the nostalgia cheerleaders were frustrated athletes who threw themselves into the games—sometimes literally. Alfordsville's Georgia Gabhart Prewett ('54), who could palm a basketball, once earned a technical foul for her team when she intentionally tripped a referee, sending him into a belly slide across the floor. "Our principal never reprimanded me, though," she said.

For some schools, these tournaments are family reunions. At the Washington meet, Montgomery's team boasted four Kavanaughs—Albert, Lee and David, all teachers, and Louis, who announced the games on radio. Another brother, Steve, 39, looked forward to exorcising demons of his own in a future nostalgia contest. While celebrating after Montgomery reached the sectional finals in 1971, Steve was dancing an Irish jig atop his car and stumbled. He injured his ankle in the fall, and without him, his team lost the title to Loogootee the next night. "I still have dreams about that game," said Steve. "Maybe I'll come back on crutches so people will remember me."

Petersburg's Rick France topped Elnora's Alan Banks.

Even the cheerleaders returned for the tournament.



Yet another Kavanaugh brother, Tim, quit playing basketball a few years ago when a man he was guarding during a pickup game dropped dead.

Although the tournaments are played with fun and jocularity, they also serve the need to relive the memories, a need that players such as Helm and Gee admitted was hard to explain to non-Hoosiers. "I could walk down the street and 10,000 people would know me," said Helm. "Maybe I'd know 500 of them."

One can get a sense of how significant this is by considering the case of former Washington broadcaster Joe Edwards. Three generations of players have raced to their car radios on Friday nights to hear his voice immortalize their names in his weekly wrap-ups. The 69-year-old Edwards, retired and living in Florida, was invited back in 1990 to do the play-by-play of the Nostalgia Sectional for one of three stations that broadcast the games. Scheduled for heart surgery, Edwards was warned by doctors that the excitement of the tournament could be dangerous to him. He insisted on going. He broadcast the opening night's session and died of a heart attack the next day.

As for Gee, now a teacher in Florida, he gained a measure of satisfaction at the Washington tournament in 1990. Displaying the same repertoire of behind-the-back passes and cocky canters that had delighted fans and enraged opponents nearly 30 years ago, he and his Loogootee teammates beat Washington and went on to win their Nostalgia Sectional. The team celebrated its victory by posing for the championship team photo that—had the 1963 tournament gone the other way—would have been hanging in the Loogootee gym all these years.

When asked about the rematch with Washington, Gee paused, unable to shake the memories. "I don't know what happened," he said after the game. "I went out there tonight to certain spots on the floor, and I could still see the same images, the same faces—everything."

So could a lot of other Hoosiers. ■

Glen Craney is a writer living in Malibu, Calif. This is his first story for SI.

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Riding on the Rim

El Tour de Tucson, a race around the city's perimeter, draws cyclists in droves

by LEO W. BANKS

IT LOOKED LIKE THE INVASION OF THE bike people. Cyclists began lining up for the ninth annual El Tour de Tucson at 4 a.m., and spectators waited under a cold November sun for what has become a feature of this event: the sound of 1,854 cyclists—a good part of the 1991 field—snapping their toe clips into position for the 7 a.m. start.

What began in 1983 as a minor event—only 198 cyclists took part that year—has grown into one of the biggest charity bike rides in the country. The 1991 El Tour, which drew riders from 32 states, as well as from Canada, Mexico and Taiwan, raised $160,000 for the Arthritis Foundation.

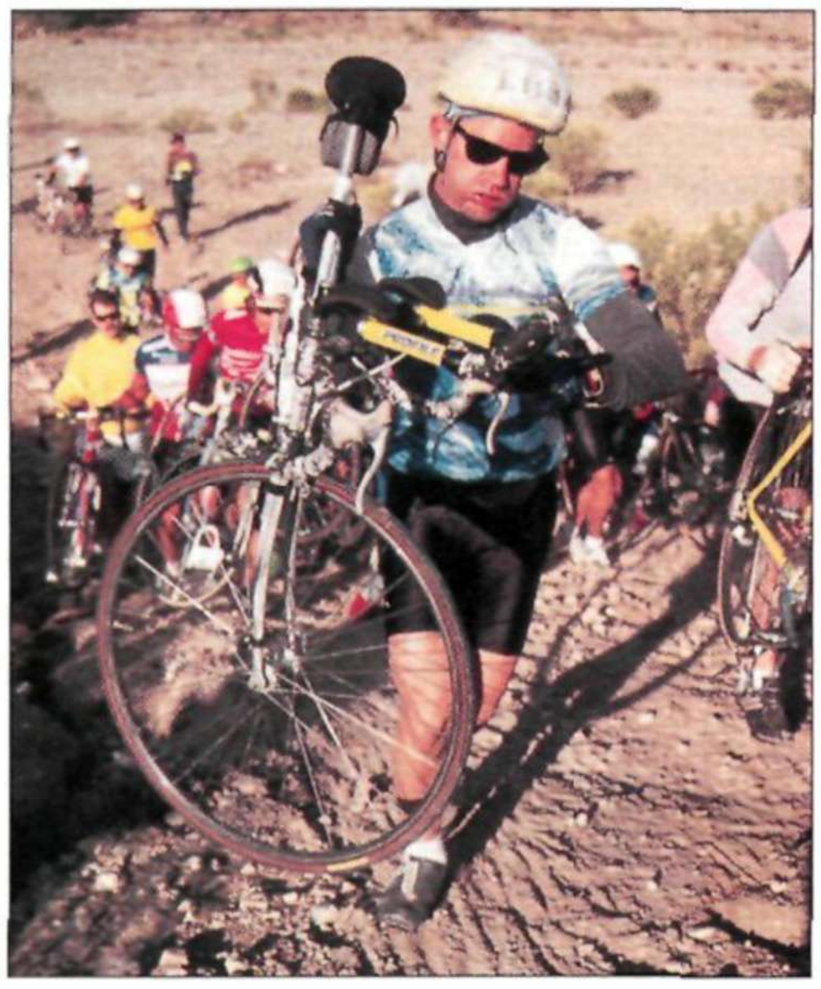
But Richard DeBernardis, the event's founder and organizer, says raising money isn't the main reason the event is staged. "Unlike other charity rides, we're not a bikeathon," says DeBernardis, who in 1979 became the first person to bicycle the entire perimeter of the continental U.S. "Our main objective is to put on a unique biking event that people of all ages and skills can attempt."

He means that not every rider should try El Tour's daunting 109-mile course. Some may choose to begin the ride at staggered intervals and bicycle 25, 50 or 75 miles. The attraction of El Tour for more casual riders—this year's race drew almost 700 such cyclists—is that it allows each one to set a personal goal. For the more seasoned, El Tour provides the chance to compete with some of cycling's biggest names.

The participants included Kent Bostick, a 38-year-old ground water hydrologist from Corrales, N.Mex., and the world amateur record holder at 5-km and 10-km on outdoor tracks; Paul Solon, 38, a lawyer from Tiburon, Calif., and winner of the 1989 Race Across America; Norman Kibble, 45, a bicycle mechanic from Tucson and national road-race champion in the 45–49 age group; and Jonas Carney, 21, who is from Annondale, N.J. and is a national team member and 1992 Olympic hopeful.

"When you get people of that caliber out there, you want to win," says Tom Tease, 29, another top rider.

El Tour's course skirts the perimeter of Tucson, running along broad boulevards, down narrow roads that wind through barren desert populated mostly by jackrabbits and saguaro cacti, past smelly horse corrals, deluxe resorts and the mouth of a scenic canyon. But what makes this course special are the three water crossings. For short stretches, they turn a bike race into a foot race.



Wet or dry, river crossings are an El Tour torture.

Luckily, this year two of the three crossings were dry, but competitors in studded cycling shoes still had to hop over creekbed boulders, carrying their bikes on their shoulders. The Lower Santa Cruz River crossing, which is about 300 yards wide and is the second of the three fords, was especially tough, and some cyclists lost their footing and fell as they sprinted across the loose sand.

In past years, heavy rains have left the washes running and given more than a few of El Tour's riders a scare as well as a chill. In 1986, the water at the Upper Santa Cruz River crossing was so high that El Tour officials thought it was unsafe for cyclists to cross. Using two-by-fours and plywood, officials built a makeshift bridge that dipped in the middle and shook as the cyclists ran across it. The bridge was so narrow that racers had to wait in line to cross single file.

"But a few riders didn't want to wait and tried to brave the water," says Dwight Nelson, 35, an engineer from Tucson and a six-time El Tour veteran. "It came up to mid-thigh, and they were carrying their bikes up over their heads. This was early in the race, and it was still cold out, so afterward they probably wished they'd waited."

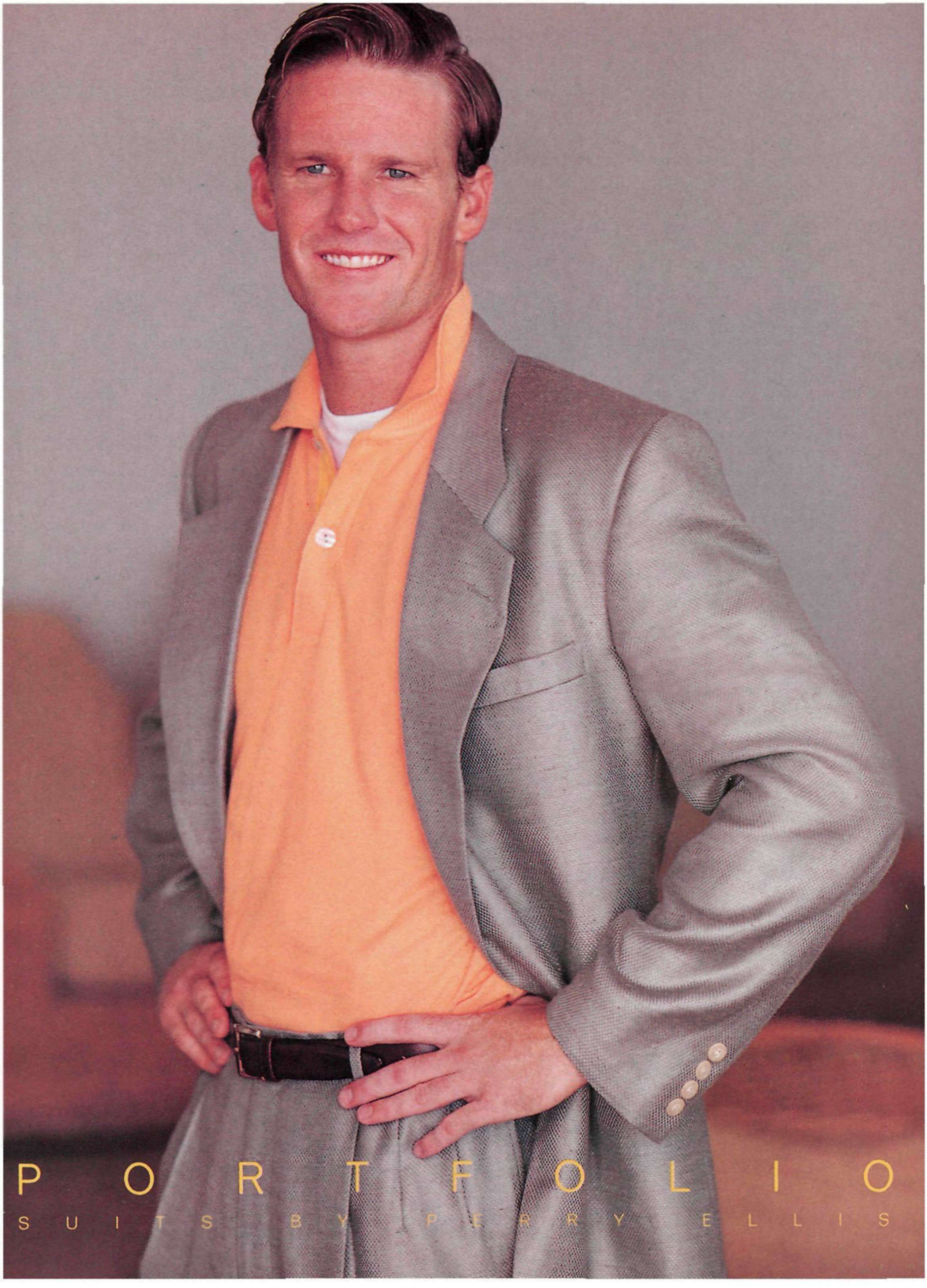
Some riders have tried to beat the waterlogged crossings by using garbage bags. One year Ralph Phillips, 41, a Tucson bike-shop owner, stashed two plastic garbage bags under his shirt at the start of the race. Until he reached the Upper Santa Cruz crossing, they served as windbreakers. At the river bank, he fashioned the bags into waders and secured them around his thighs with rubbers bands.

"It worked," says Phillips. "Of course, it took a lot of testing beforehand to find out which garbage bag worked best. I settled on Hefty bags with metal liners."

Most of El Tour's top riders despise the crossings, but Bostick takes a philosophical view: "This is my idea of a triathlon. Cycle 109 miles, run a few hundred yards, and if there's water to fall into, I get to swim."

As the winner of the previous four El Tours, Bostick was the man to beat. In fact, the race might have been named

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS MOONEY


PORTFOLIO
SUITS BY PERRY ELLIS

Bostick versus Tucson. A pack of local riders, led by Tease and Doug Loveday, an unemployed 24-year-old with a degree in biology from Arizona State, teamed up in an effort to break Bostick's streak and ensure victory for a hometown cyclist.

Even though he was a marked rider, Bostick's strength kept him in the lead pack through the early going. But his unofficial teammates—his wife, Carol Ann, and their friend Larry Risley—were delayed at the 45-mile mark by a flat tire on Carol Ann's bike. Fearing that he couldn't stave off the Tucson riders alone, Bostick waited for his teammates to make the tire change, allowing the lead group to pull away.

Long before sunrise, nearly 2,000 cyclists waited for the start of last year's race.

Bostick and his teammates caught up to the leaders, but bad luck intervened again when Risley had a flat at Sabino Canyon and had to quit the race, 75 miles into it. Their strategy to that point was for Risley to match every other Tucson attack, giving Bostick a chance to hang back and rest for the finish. With Risley out, Bostick was on his own.

Even so, Bostick still had his nose in the breeze for the last run down Oracle Road. A strong headwind kept the lead pack together as they raced the final half mile—downhill to El Conquistador Way, then a hard right, followed by a quick uphill sprint of about 400 feet to the finish line.

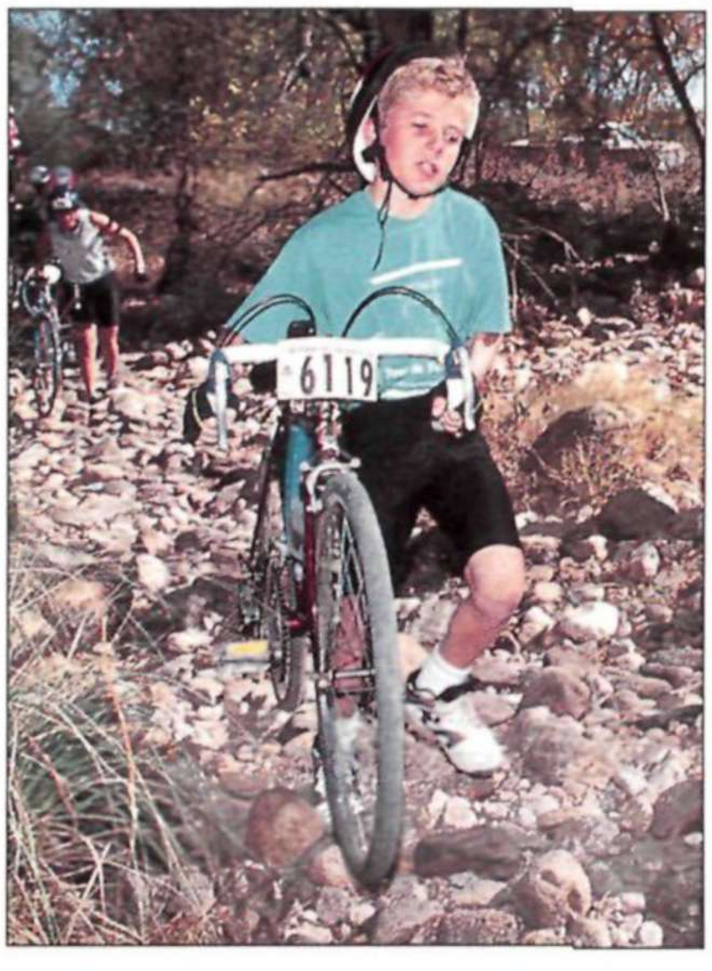
On that half-mile stretch, Tease attacked first, with Loveday on his wheel. When Bostick pushed ahead of Tease, Loveday broke away and angled for the inside lane, barreling into the tight turn at 25 mph.

Loveday sprinted across the finish line in an El Tour–record time of 4 hours, 22 minutes and 21 seconds. After a grueling 109 miles, Bostick was a wheel back, at 4:22:22.

Molly Taubeneck set a record for women at 4:25:24, only three minutes behind Loveday. "Competing against the guys is one of the things women like about this race," said Taubeneck, 28, a critical-care nurse from Tucson. "It tugs on their egos a little, and I get a perverse pleasure out of that."

But El Tour is as much a community festival as it is a competition among top riders. Local police staff the major intersections to keep traffic at bay while the cyclists pass. A 131-member bike patrol, part of a volunteer force of 2,500, keeps tabs on riders who might run into trouble on the course. Cyclists pass cheering fans who line the roads, including young children holding out trays of water, fresh fruit and muffins. The morning after the race, *The Arizona Daily Star* publishes the names and times of every rider.

One of the most familiar cyclists to El Tour fans was 73-year-old Rose Panziera Steward of Tempe, Ariz., who may be the world's oldest female triathlete. She began riding at 7 a.m. and was still on the course when darkness fell. El Tour's rules state that riders must stop at sunset, but no one was bold enough to tell her that she had to quit.



Brett Baughn, 9, rode the 25-mile circuit, which included the Sabino Creek crossing.

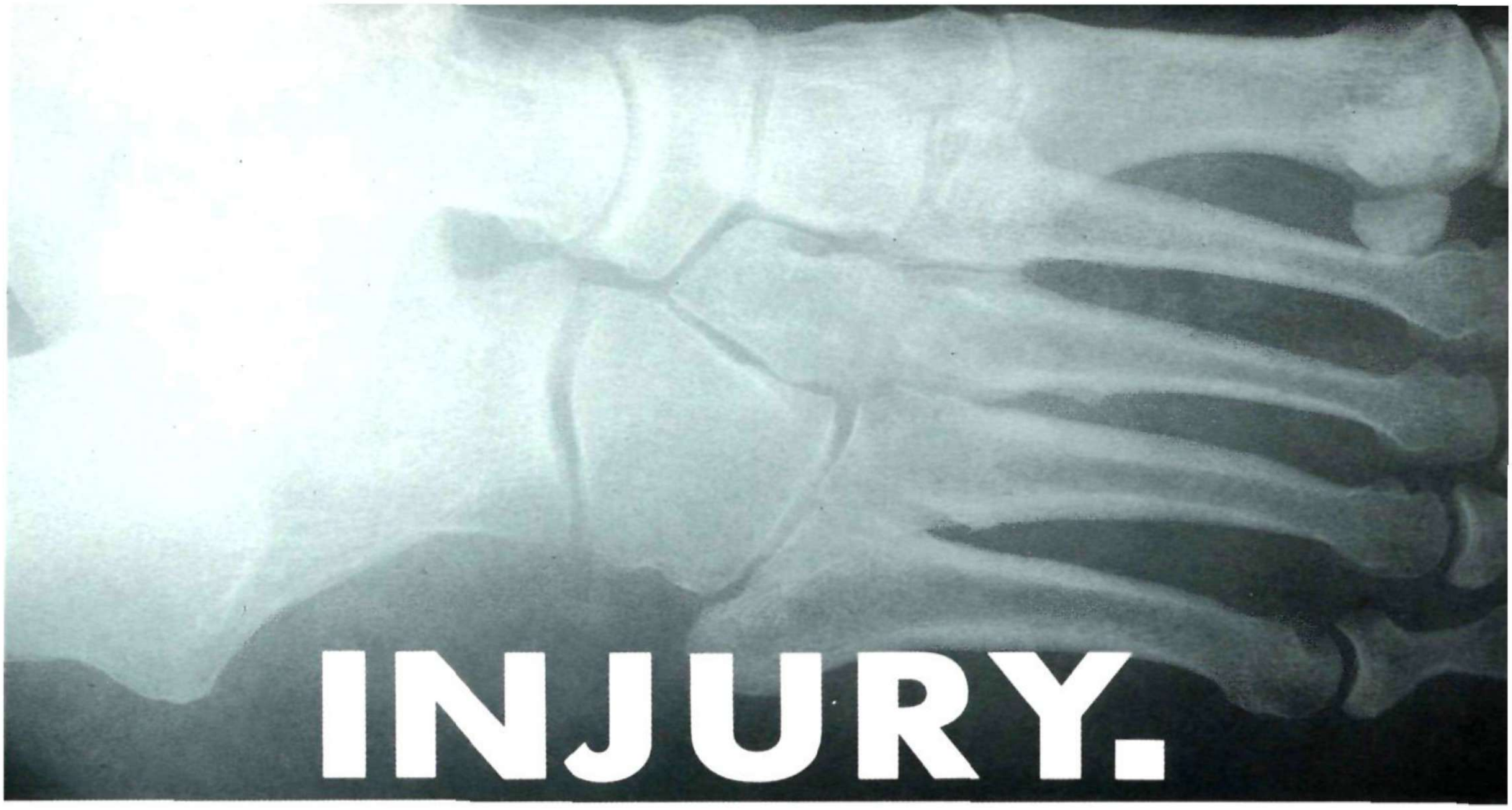
"I was determined to finish this sucker," said Steward, who had a headlight rigged to her bike to help light the way. At the 91-mile point, she was huffing along in the pitch-black night, struggling to see the road through her trifocals, when, thinking she was about to hit the curb, she turned abruptly and took a spill. She bloodied her hand, arm and leg and reluctantly decided it was time to pull out. But she promises to return next year. "I just wish there were more cyclists my age," said Steward. "It gets lonely out there."

Then there was John Neuner, 38, a computer data specialist at Samaritan Health Services in Phoenix, who had more than fitness on his mind when he and his 36-year-old girlfriend, Marie Romano, a project manager at Samaritan, set out to cycle 25 miles. The couple finished at 3:30 p.m., then headed for the medallion tent to report in.

Behind the table hung a banner: RIDER 6051 WILL YOU MARRY RIDER 6050? Romano, a.k.a. rider 6051, didn't see the banner at first. Neuner, who had gone to elaborate lengths to set up his proposal, nervously nudged Romano and pointed.

Rider 6051 did a neat double take, then her eyes popped, and she fell into Rider 6050's arms. Tired cyclists still pouring over the finish line must have wondered what was going on as El Tour's loudspeaker played the Wedding March. ■

Leo Banks has written a number of stories for Sports Illustrated.



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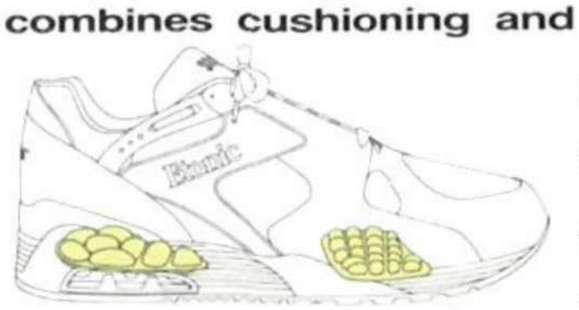

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Seattle Mariners

Congratulations to Steve Wulf for his excellent article on the efforts to sell the Seattle Mariners to an ownership group headed by a Japanese businessman (*An Outside Pitch,* Feb. 10). Unlike the majority of media, which have used this issue as fuel for the protectionist fire currently burning in the U.S., Wulf points out the irony that makes this issue so simple: The preference for local ownership is to provide stability. The Baseball Club of Seattle would keep the Mariners in Seattle and provide the best ownership they have ever had.

CHARLIE MAHONEY
Harrisburg, Pa.

Thank you for your evenhanded commentary on the proposed sale of the Mariners. It's nice to see that not everyone in the U.S. is blaming the country's current problems on the Japanese. I wish baseball commissioner Fay Vincent and the owners would adopt such a realistic view.

BRYAN GIBSON
Northfield, Minn.

Vitale Style

Norman Chad eloquently and humorously described Dick Vitale's distracting, irritating and annoying announcing style (SCORECARD, Feb. 10). Vitale makes Howard Cosell seem like Red Barber. How many do as I do and watch a Vitale-butchered game with the sound off?

H. RICHARD WEST
Ellington, Conn.

I'm a college hoops fan who turns the channel rather than subjecting myself to Vitale. He yells at me ("Ohh, Baby!"), puts stupid words in the players' mouths ("Take that, Hurley! I can play too!"), uses abbreviations ("Coach, give me PT") and doesn't know any more about college basketball than I do.

Hey, ESPN and ABC Babies, are you listening? Your prime-time player is chasing me away. If you keep Dickie Baby, this CHF (college hoops fan) will TTC (turn the channel).

DAVID CONLEY
McKinney, Texas

When first confronted with Vitale's act, I would watch the game without the sound. Gradually, by taking small bites, I was eventually able to stomach an entire broadcast. Then suddenly I woke up. I realized that Vitale is as thrilled by the world's greatest game as I am. I feel I am shortchanged if Vitale isn't doing the color. You can keep the Billy Packer types; they put me to sleep. Give me Vitale, Jim Valvano or Al McGuire.

R.V. WATSON
Chattanooga

Chad fails to realize that Vitale's vitality is what college students like. It enhances the close games and entertains during the blowouts. No one brings more passion to the microphone than Vitale does, and no one works harder to know the game and to educate his listeners. He gives credit to players and coaches when it is due, and he points out mistakes that few other analysts see.

BEN RICHARDS
Fairfield, Ohio

Translation

I am curious to know the translation of the Japanese characters on the illustration of Ken Griffey Jr. by Kinuko Craft (*An Outside Pitch*, Feb. 10). While the artist's red signature mark seems to be a clever reworking of *Seattle Mariners*, I can't be sure. Do the characters in the upper lefthand corner represent an editorial comment? If so, I hope you'll share it with your readers.

TED WATTS
Oswego, Kans.

• The characters you refer to translate into "Ken Griffey Jr." in the left column and "Seattle Mariner" in the right. The red mark in the lower righthand corner is Kinuko Craft's seal, and the characters are the artist's name.—ED.

Smart Players

Why even point out that five of the six players voted by coaches and general managers as the smartest in the NBA are white (INSIDE THE NBA, Feb. 10)? Maybe these six players *are* the NBA's smartest. Your commentary serves merely to justify and perpetuate stereotypes held by small-minded fans. If I were an NBA coach or general manager, or one of the players mentioned, for that matter, I would be insulted by your insinuations. The coaches and general managers were asked for their opinions. Why not let their responses stand on merit?

SCOTT MCLANE
Hazlet, N.J.

Magic Johnson

My disappointment with Magic Johnson has nothing to do with his "not adding any gay activists to . . . the Magic Johnson Foundation" (*Most Valuable Person,* Feb. 17). It is his foundation; he can do with it what he wants.

Because the spread of AIDS is furiously outpacing any benefits education can provide, and because research into a cure is still in the Stone Age, I wish Mr. Johnson would 1) use his magnificent voice more specifically to raise the cry for research that will save his life and an estimated 40 million other lives worldwide and 2) not distance himself so deliberately from "gay AIDS" as if it were somehow different from "heterosexual AIDS." Everyone must join together to win the battle against this plague.

LARRY KRAMER
Founder
ACT UP
New York City

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Center of Attention

Slighted by NHL scouts, the Hartford Whalers' high-scoring John Cullen is now hard to overlook

by E.M. SWIFT

WHAT COULD THE SCOUTS HAVE been thinking? You ask yourself that the first time you see John Cullen skate over the blue line, then spin toward the boards in what you thought was a Wayne Gretzky trademark move, then feed a teammate a no-look pass while the defensemen sag back on their heels.

How could so many people have missed so much talent? You brood on that while watching Cullen control the pace of play like a young Stan Mikita—one-timing a touch pass when the defense is expecting a shot, or stickhandling across the offensive zone to buy time, before firing a behind-the-back pass to a teammate he could not possibly have seen.

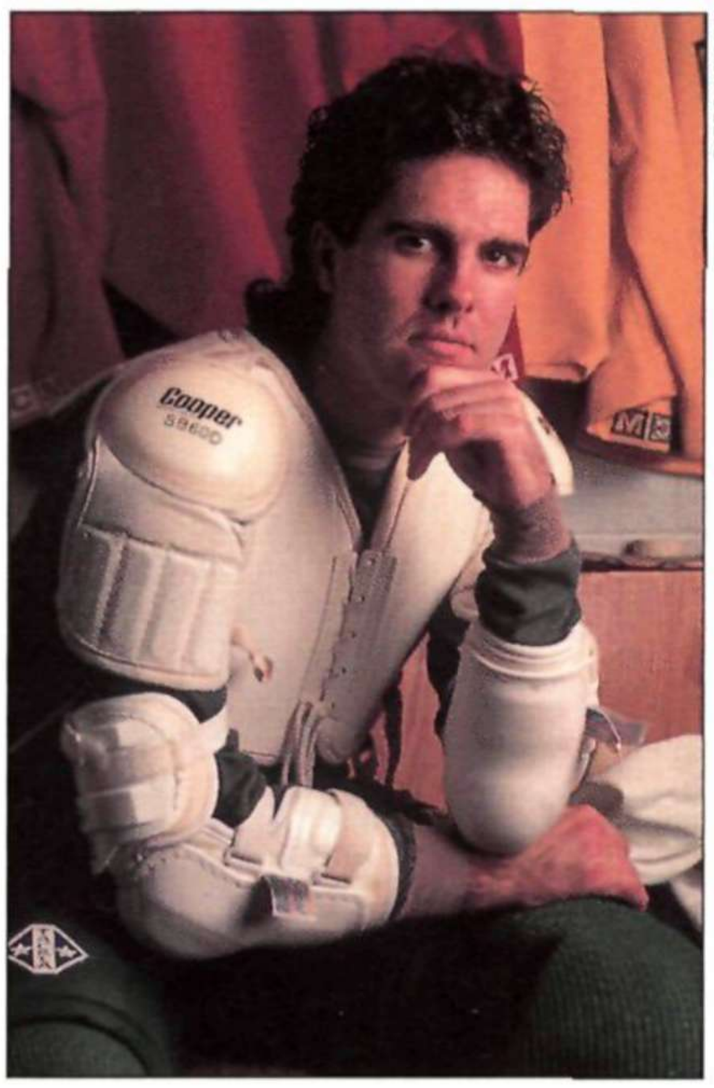
"Scouts stereotype you," says the 27-year-old Cullen, who was lightly recruited for college, ignored the first year he was eligible for the NHL draft and uninvited to try out for the 1988 Canadian Olympic team. "Everyone thought I was too small and couldn't skate."

They don't think so today. Not after Cullen, who may be the best player you've never heard of, scored 110 points for the Pittsburgh Penguins and Hartford Whalers in 1990–91, the fifth best in the NHL. Certainly not after he signed a contract with the Whalers for $1.2 million this season and $4 million over four years, making Cullen, who a mere four years ago was an unsigned free agent playing for $550 a week in Flint, Mich., the 10th-highest-paid player in the NHL.

Too small? At 5′ 10″, 185 pounds, Cullen is bigger than three Hall of Fame centers who leap to mind: Mikita, Bobby Clarke and Henri Richard. This isn't basketball we're talking here. The center's job is to quarterback the offense, to move the puck, and Cullen's hands are magic in that regard.

"The biggest thing that's lacking in scouting today is the ability to project which of these small kids will be players," says Jimmy Roberts, the Whalers' first-year coach. "With the weight training they're doing today, the small guys are able to take the punishment they have to take to succeed in this league. And they add the element of quickness."

As for speed, you don't score 202 points over two seasons, as Cullen has done, without being nimble of skate.



ANDREW GOETZ

Cullen takes pleasure in proving people wrong.

"Cully has deceptive speed," says linemate Pat Verbeek. "When he throws those shoulders at you, the defense tends to play it safe and back in. He creates things."

Which returns us to our original query: What were these people thinking? Scouts don't look for creativity? They don't look for passing and puckhandling, for great vision and imagination, for intangibles like toughness and personal resolve? All they care about is size and speed?

What about bloodlines, for cripes' sake? Cullen's father, Barry, spent five seasons in the NHL in the late '50s, when it was a six-team league. Two of his uncles, Ray and Brian Cullen, played in the league six and seven years, respectively.

John's brother, Terry, four years his senior, was a young star in Canada in the mid-'70s who was mentioned in the next breath after a kid named Gretzky. "Terry was the most sought-after kid in Canada after his Guelph [Ont.] team won the Centennial Cup," says John, referring to the highest prize in Tier II junior hockey. "I idolized him. No question, he'd be a star in the NHL today."

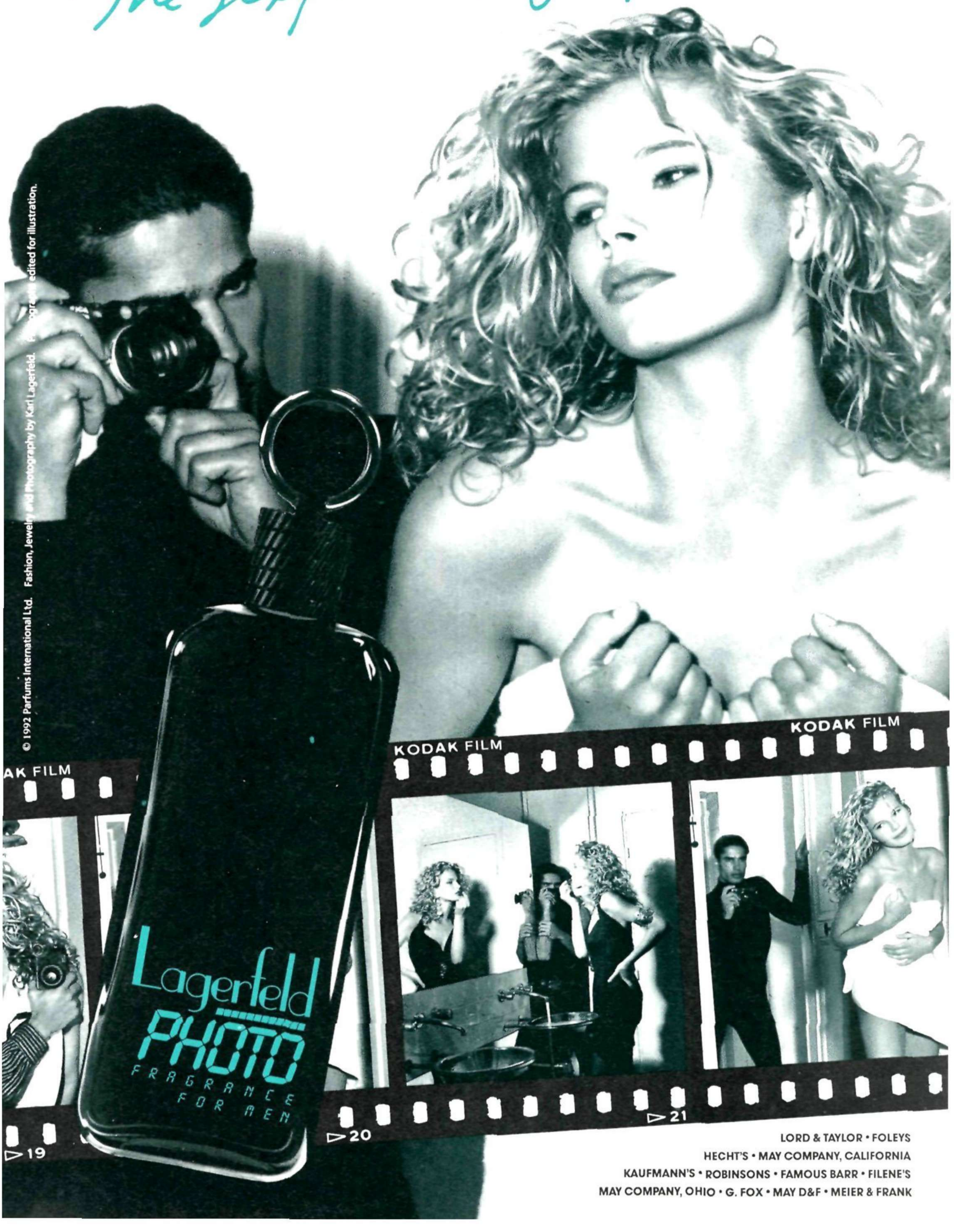
Except that Terry's career came to a halt when, as an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Michigan, he was hit from behind in the fourth game of the season and collapsed with numbness in his legs. X-rays revealed a broken neck, which doctors suspected had occurred the season before when Terry went headfirst into the boards while playing for Guelph. He underwent an operation in which bone from his hip was fused with three of his vertebrae, and today he leads a normal life as an automobile dealer outside Atlanta. But his hockey career was over.

As a youth, John Cullen wasn't about to make anyone forget his brother. "John was a late bloomer," says Barry, who has owned an auto dealership—like father, like son—in Guelph since 1969. "He wasn't as intense when he was growing up as he is now. He didn't seem to have that tremendous desire to excel. That's what a lot of scouts missed—his desire. They kind of overlooked John."

The college recruiters who had courted Terry seemed to have forgotten the way to Puslinch, Ont., when John's time came. Only two schools, Ferris State in Big Rapids, Mich., and Boston University, offered him a scholarship. He chose BU and wondered if he could even make the team his freshman year.

That year his mother, Loretta, fell gravely ill with skin cancer. Cullen got a

The Sexy men's fragrance



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call at BU telling him it was time to come home. "She died before I got there," he says. "I didn't want to go back to school. I told my dad I'd rather just stay with the family. He said, 'You've got to. Your mom would want you to get on with your life.' And to make a long story short, that's what I did. That was the turning point in my career. You realize what life is all about and how important someone is to you. My mom knew what the hockey life was like. She'd had Terry when my dad was playing on the road. She took me to all those games and practices. I dedicate every game I play to my mom. I will for the rest of my life."

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Once deemed too small, Cullen is creative, deceptive and, at 5′ 10″ and 185 pounds, plenty big enough.

That, too, the scouts missed—a resolve to succeed forged by a sense of loss. Cullen led BU in scoring as a freshman with 56 points in 40 games and was rookie of the year in the Eastern College Athletic Conference. Still, he was bypassed in the 1984 amateur draft.

He became BU's alltime leading scorer and was eventually selected by the Buffalo Sabres in the second round of the 1986 supplemental draft. The Sabres, however, didn't even offer him a contract to come to camp and cut him without so much as dressing him for an exhibition game.

So he tried out for the Flint Spirits of the International Hockey League—the redoubtable "I" in hockey circles. Soon Cullen was scoring at a pace that became difficult for NHL scouts to ignore. In 1987–88 he was the I's leading scorer with 157 points in 81 games. He was also the league's MVP and shared the Rookie of the Year award with Ed Belfour, now goalie for the Chicago Blackhawks.

Cullen passed up a more generous offer from the Sabres to sign a minimum NHL contract with the Penguins, despite the fact that Pittsburgh was loaded at center with Mario Lemieux—the franchise—and 40-goal scorer Dan Quinn. "He was so cheesed off at what happened in Buffalo, he didn't care about the money," Brian Cullen recalls. "I figured he'd play maybe third or fourth line for a few years, have some fun. But he got a break when Mario got hurt."

Cullen failed to turn many heads during his first season in Pittsburgh: He scored only 49 points. But in 1989–90 his ice time increased dramatically when Lemieux missed 21 games because of a back injury, and Cullen finished third on the team in points, behind Lemieux and Paul Coffey, with 32 goals and 60 assists in 72 games.

Last season, with Lemieux missing the first 50 games while recovering from back surgery, Cullen got off to a torrid start. Under the Penguin coach, the late Bob Johnson, Cullen logged much of his ice time during power plays and had 94 points in the team's first 65 games. But when Lemieux returned to the lineup, Cullen's ice time dwindled.

"Once the Penguins saw Lemieux was healthy, they wanted a little better defensive player for a second center," says Hartford general manager Eddie Johnston. "We were looking for a more creative centerman. Cully gave us an ingredient we needed here—more excitement."

The March 1991 deal that Johnston and Pittsburgh general manager Craig Patrick put together was a blockbuster. Cullen, defenseman Zarley Zalapski and right wing Jeff Parker went to Hartford in exchange for the Whalers' alltime leading scorer, Ron Francis, plus defensemen Ulf Samuelsson and Grant Jennings.

Cullen went from a team that 2½ months later would win its first Stanley Cup to the woeful Whalers, who had never advanced out of the Adams Division. Hartford fans were no less disappointed. Who the hell had ever heard of John Cullen, anyway? Still, Cullen scored 16 points in the Whalers' last 13 regular-season games and won fans over with his performance in the playoffs, when he was the Whalers' best player (two goals, seven assists) during their rugged six-game loss to the Boston Bruins.

That might explain why Cullen's one and only entry in the Whalers' 1991–92 media guide, under Greatest Thrills in Hockey, is Proving People Wrong. If most of your life people have been looking right past you, focusing on what you're not or who you're not, it's kind of a thrill to finally be recognized for what you *are*.

In Cullen's case, what he is is a resolute, unselfish overachiever with magical hands who is the Whalers' leading scorer this season, with 19 goals and 40 assists in 53 games. And Roberts, who has the young Whalers playing a more up-tempo style than in years past, is pleasantly surprised with another quality that the scouts seemed to have missed in Cullen: leadership. "He's a competitor and a leader type," says Roberts. "He's going to enjoy working with these young guys."

"It's pretty amazing," says Cullen, "It's my fourth year in the NHL, and I'm considered a veteran, one of the guys they're supposed to look up to."

Cullen is shaking his head. He has been proving people wrong for so long, he can't quite believe that now others are trying to prove themselves to him. ■

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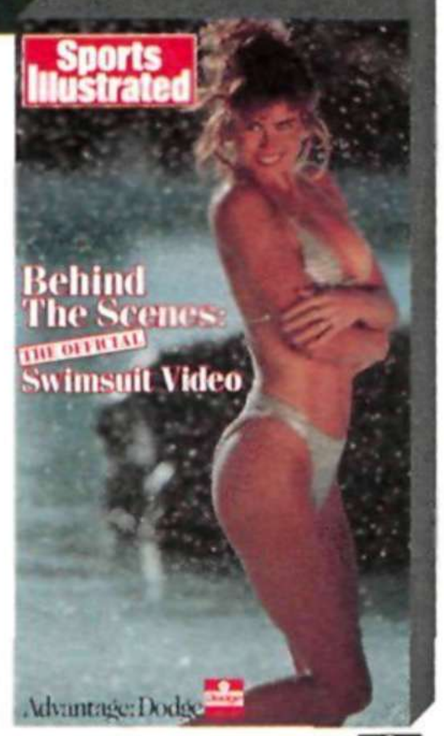

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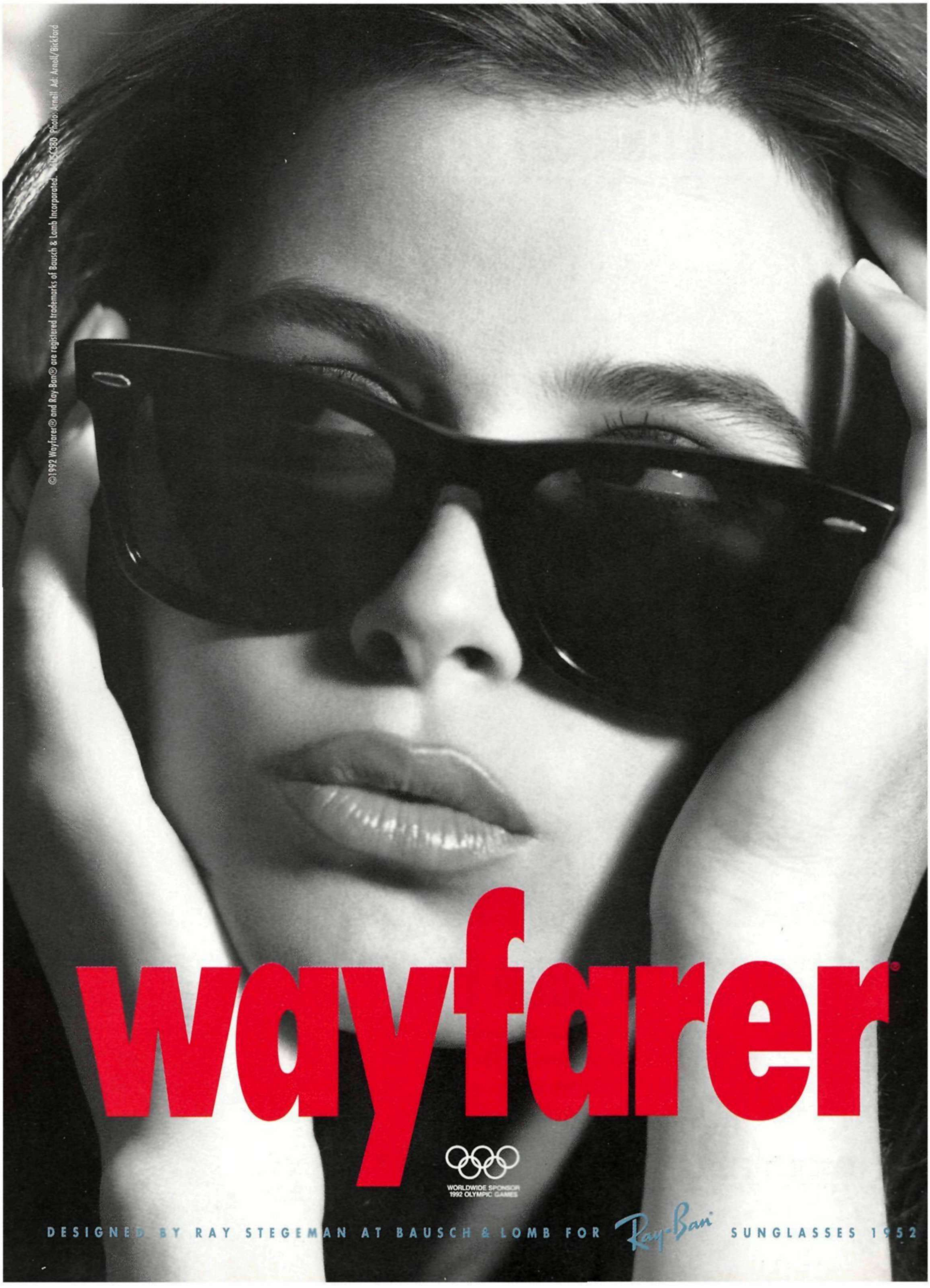
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SCORECARD

Edited by Steve Wulf

Legal Heavyweight

Now in Mike Tyson's corner: Harvard's Alan Dershowitz

Dershowitz has agreed to add Tyson to his list of famous clients.

Mike Tyson's defense team landed a superstar last week when Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz agreed to help the boxer in an appeal of his Feb. 10 conviction in Indianapolis on rape charges. Dershowitz, who in 1984 won a reversal of an attempted-murder conviction for playboy Claus von Bülow, is also working for two other rich celebrities in trouble, jailed junk-bond czar Michael Milken and tax-evading hotel queen Leona Helmsley.

On what will Dershowitz base his appeal? One approach he is contemplating is to invoke the legal principle that only the state of mind of the accused is relevant in criminal proceedings. In date-rape cases, however, equal consideration is generally given to the state of mind of the complainant, and Dershowitz could challenge this he-said, she-said approach. He would point out that Tyson told both the grand jury and the trial jury that he thought the victim, Desiree Washington, agreed to sex. As Dershowitz states the issue, "Whose state of mind governs when both the accused and the complaining witness believe they are telling the truth?"

Dershowitz, who is reviewing a 2,327-page transcript of the trial, may consider two other grounds for appeal. One is the disqualification of a black man during the selection of the grand jury. The other is the flawed performance of Tyson's team of lawyers, led by Vincent Fuller. They allowed Tyson to testify at trial without corroboration of key elements of his story. They also depicted their own client as a sex-obsessed monster who was somehow an innocent victim of a conniving 18-year-old beauty pageant contestant. Dershowitz may package the questionable strategies into an argument that even though Tyson spent an estimated $2 million on his defense, he was deprived of the quality of representation guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution.

Dershowitz won't assume a principal role until after Tyson's sentencing on March 26. Prosecutors will ask Judge Patricia Gifford for a jail term of 10 years, and they will argue that Tyson should be locked up immediately. Fuller will ask that Tyson remain free during the appeal process.

Whatever the judge decides, the fight appears to be far from over. —LESTER MUNSON

Judgment Calls

To **Mike Williams**, *an Eskimo competitor in this year's Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, for dedicating his entry to the cause of sobriety for Eskimos and other Native Americans, who as a group have been damaged by alcoholism.*

To the **University of Missouri**, *whose officials humiliated Gabby Richards, a wheelchair-bound sportswriter for the Oklahoma State student paper. Threatened with arrest, she was removed from her assigned seat in press row just before a basketball game, ostensibly because of a fire code violation.*

To **Tribune Entertainment**, *distributors of* Final Shot: The Hank Gathers Story, *for the tasteless design used in promoting the TV movie about the basketball star who died of heart failure. The design features the wave of an electrocardiogram ending in a flat line.*

The Yawkey Way

The Red Sox lose their matriarch, Jean Yawkey

Jean Yawkey was always there for the Red Sox, keeping score of every game in her personal score book, spending the money she and Boston hoped would finally bring the team a world championship, preserving the proud tradition of the franchise.

She was always there, yet she remained all but invisible. She shrank from the limelight and denied almost every request for an interview. Such was the air of mystery around her that when a Boston TV sportscaster asked her on camera in 1983 if she was happy with a court decision, her two-word answer of "I am" was accorded the status of a big scoop. So when Mrs. Yawkey died last week at 83 of complications from a stroke, there wasn't a wealth of anecdotes about her years with the Red Sox.

It was in December of 1944 that Jean Hollander, a former model, married Tom Yawkey, who had bought the Red Sox for $1.5 million in '33. She was his second wife, he her second husband. They were an outdoorsy couple, a sort of South Carolinian Nick and Nora. They hunted and fished together in the scrub woods of Tom's estate in Georgetown, S.C., and in the summer they journeyed to Boston to watch Tom's team. In the beginning they sat together, but after a while they watched the games from separate roof boxes because Tom didn't like Jean to hear him swear. The Red Sox tend to make people do that.

They had no children, or rather, they had hundreds of them. Tom's coddling of players was often blamed for Boston's failure to win a world championship, even though they were in the World Series in 1946, '67 and '75. When he died in '76, the good old boys who ran the Red Sox assumed Jean

The Yawkeys, who would later sit in separate boxes, survey the '46 Sox.

DERSHOWITZ: MIRIAM BERKLEY; YAWKEYS: AP

Too often we are scared.

Scared of what we might not be able to do.

Scared of what people might think if we tried.

We let our fears stand in the way of our hopes.

We say no when we want to say yes.

We sit quietly when we want to scream.

And we shout with the others,

when we should keep our mouths shut.

Why?

After all,

we do only go around once.

There's really no time to be afraid.

So stop.

Try something you've never tried.

Risk it.

Enter a triathlon.

Write a letter to the editor.

Demand a raise.

Call winners at the toughest court.

Throw away your television.

Bicycle across the United States.

Try bobsledding.

Try anything.

Speak out against the designated hitter.

Travel to a country where you don't speak the language.

Patent something.

Call her.

You have nothing to lose

and everything

everything

everything to gain.

JUST DO IT.

Air Cross Trainer™ Low

Barry Sanders - running back, Detroit Lions, 5'8".

THEY SAID IT

Wimp Sanderson, Alabama basketball coach, on lasting 32 years at the school: "I've been here so long that when I got here, the Dead Sea wasn't even sick."

wasn't interested in the club's operation, but they were wrong, and she became a limited partner. In '83 she won a vicious court battle for controlling interest in the team. In her remaining years she became the unchallenged boss while continuing her husband's good works with the Jimmy Fund, a charity that benefits children with cancer, and endowing a new wing of the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

Her closest brush with the limelight occurred at the end of the sixth game of the 1986 World Series. With the Red Sox one out away from their first world title in 68 years, she was standing on a podium in the clubhouse, ready to receive the World Series trophy on national TV. But then the Mets rallied, and suddenly and quietly she was whisked away.

She left the scene in much the same way last week, alas, without that trophy. There is some uncertainty surrounding the control of the Red Sox, but it is hoped that whoever inherits the team at 4 Yawkey Way will continue the tradition of generosity established by Tom and furthered by Jean.

There may have been no one closer to her than Red Sox great Ted Williams. As Teddy Ballgame said of Mrs. Yawkey last week, "What a terrific gal she was." —CHARLES P. PIERCE

Diamond Mine

Singer Neil Diamond recently attended a Bulls game at Chicago Stadium, and naturally, he wanted some souvenirs. He bought one $1,000 jacket, three $300 jackets, 22 $150 jackets, 92 $65 sweatshirts and other assorted apparel. The tab came to $13,000 and change. One might say his shopping trip was a "Song Sung Bull." But we won't.

NORMAN CHAD — A Two-Minute Warning

HOW LONG IS TWO MINUTES? IN REAL TIME, two minutes is just 1/30 of an hour or 1/720 of a day or 1/5,040 of a week or 1/263,520 of a leap year. In college basketball time, however, two minutes is too long.

Biggest lie in America: "The game's almost over, honey. I'll be there in a minute."

The last two minutes of college basketball games have become the Russian breadlines of sport: They never end. Third World nations have been toppled in less time than it takes to play the final moments of some games.

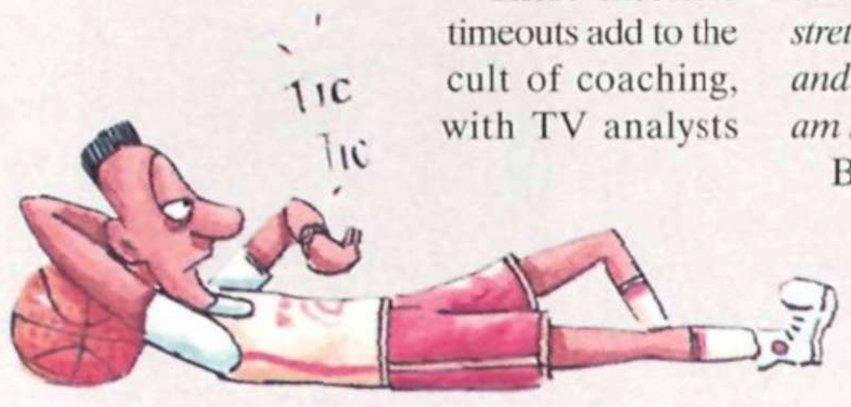
Timeout. O.K., so you're just passing through on your way to the swimsuits. Fine, then. I don't need you. I guess it doesn't matter that I'm writing this while wearing only a tutu. I guess it doesn't matter that I'll be printing Ashley Montana's and Kathy Ireland's home phone numbers in a bit.

In Florida State's 110–96 victory over North Carolina last Thursday on ESPN, the final 2:28 of the game took nearly 15 minutes to play. In Indiana's 86–80 victory over Ohio State on Feb. 23 on CBS, the final 2:33 took 14 minutes. And these are not extreme examples; these are routine. At game's end, the game never ends.

North Carolina committed seven fouls and called two timeouts in the final two minutes in its attempt to catch up. "It's foul-them-to-the-buzzer time," ESPN analyst Jim Valvano remarked. In the Indiana–Ohio State game, three timeouts were called in the final 1:35, including one by the Hoosiers—leading by eight points—with 8.1 seconds left. CBS's Billy Packer actually called it a "very smart play."

The golden rule in college basketball is, If there's time left, there's time left to call timeout.

If you are so hell-bent to get to page 82, then just get out of here now. Go ahead, I'll wait. . . . Good. Now we can stretch our legs, huh? So who's left with me at this point—the class of '87 from Mount Holyoke and Ralph Nader? Fine, then. I've played smaller rooms than this.



These excessive timeouts add to the cult of coaching, with TV analysts endlessly analyzing the various options at hand. (One coach is imploring his team to foul; the other coach is imploring his team not to foul. Pretty complex stuff.)

The game has become a stop-and-start, foul-and-be-fouled telethon. The worst offenders are Big East teams. They contest everything; I've seen Big East starters take a charge during player introductions. (In the Big East, after the seventh foul of a half, the opposing team shoots one-and-one; after the 10th foul, opponents get two shots; after the 50th foul, they're allowed to drive the courtesy car home *right then and there.*)

In the last two minutes of a Big East game, you *not only can order a pizza from Domino's and get* it on time, you can order it from Denver!

True Big East story: When a Georgetown-Syracuse game began in 1988, there were 15 people watching in my living room. By the time the game was over, the only people left in the room were me and my wife's divorce lawyer. New York City closes up earlier than the Big East, for crying out loud. Big East administrators plead to TV execs: "Please don't put us on at 9 p.m. ET. Not only is it too late for kids, but the only people left at the end are speaking Hawaiian."

Big East games take so long that you can actually see the gray creep into the beard of Seton Hall coach P.J. Carlesimo. (In fact, all games involving Connecticut and/or Seton Hall now go into overtime. That means a second dose of the final two minutes—and a fresh set of timeouts!)

So I asked the editors what I could do to help in the actual making of the swimsuit issue—and? I was told I wasn't needed. Hah! Can you smell the Jovan Musk I have on right now? Granted, I am banned from most West Coast beaches, but on certain islands along the Strait of Magellan—stretched out in a mahogany suspender suit ($35) and sequin-laced maillot ($50) by Anne Klein—I am simply considered The Man.

Bonus stat for bachelors: In the final two minutes of college basketball games, you can cook five three-minute eggs. If Dean Smith is coaching, you have time to eat them too.

ILLUSTRATION: PATRICK MCDONNELL

SCORECARD

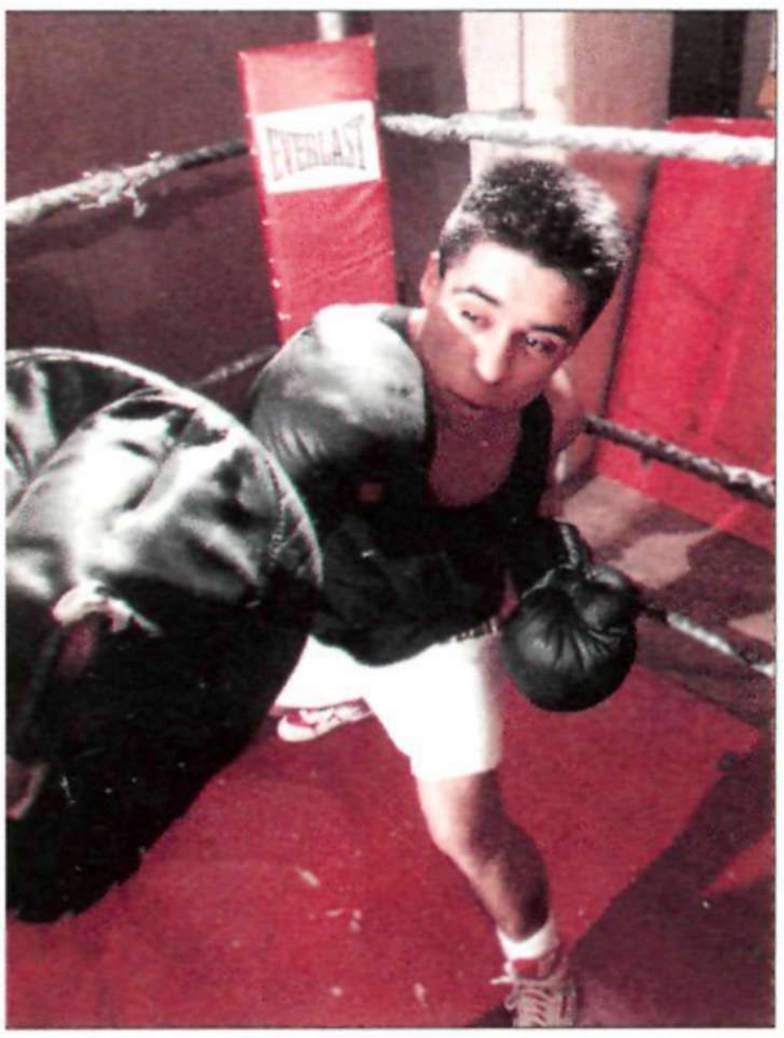
THEY SAID IT

Heidi Voelker, U.S. Olympic skier, after USOC vice-president George Steinbrenner told her he had just bought a hockey team: "That's nice. I just bought a T-shirt."

Up from the Canvas

Francisco Sánchez refuses to be counted out

Things were not looking good for little Francisco (Pancho) Sánchez at this time last year. Pancho, a 5' 1" 18-year-old from Mexico City, had trained for months in a dank Chicago gym, preparing for his debut as an amateur boxer in the 1991 Chicago Golden Gloves tournament. Entered in the



When it comes to determination, the diminutive Sánchez is no lightweight.

112-pound weight class, he drew a pass all the way to the finals, held in the suburban Rosemont Horizon arena, because there was only one other youth in his weight class. Then, just minutes before what would have been his first bout ever, Pancho stepped on the scale and was told he had not made weight.

It was as though water had been spilled in front of a man dying of thirst. Pancho wept uncontrollably; he had no father, mother or relative present to console him. Boxing was more than a sport to him, it was going to be his salvation. School was hard for Pancho, he was poor, and his family was split between the U.S. and Mexico. Boxing was the one thing that could bring him pride. But now even that had vanished.

I had been following Pancho and his 18-year-old boxing buddy, Juan Soto, as they prepared for the Golden Gloves (SI, Sept. 9, 1991), and my heart ached as I watched him cry. Now he was going to become just another inner-city kid with splintered dreams, another kid ready for drugs, gangs and crime.

But Pancho fooled me. He came back from that nine count.

He trained down to 106 pounds, fought in a couple of amateur bouts and then entered this year's Golden Gloves. In his very first fight at St. Andrew's Gym near Wrigley Field last week, he took an early pounding from 16-year-old Raul Carrillo before catching the gangly youth with a left hook to the temple and knocking him to the mat. Pancho won in a split decision, and out of sheer ecstasy, he did a front flip that nearly broke his neck. With his arm around his new girlfriend, María Arroyo, Pancho—nose still bleeding from the fight—could not stop smiling.

All of his family is now in Chicago. He is a junior in the bilingual program at Wells High. He is boxing in the Golden Gloves. And, of course, there is María. "I am happy," he said after the fight. "So happy. Last year at the Horizon I made a very big decision. What happened was my fault and nobody else's. And I decided the experience wouldn't happen again."

His next bout will be for the novice division championship at the Rosemont Horizon on March 16. But win, lose or draw, Pancho Sánchez has already scored a very big victory.

—RICK TELANDER

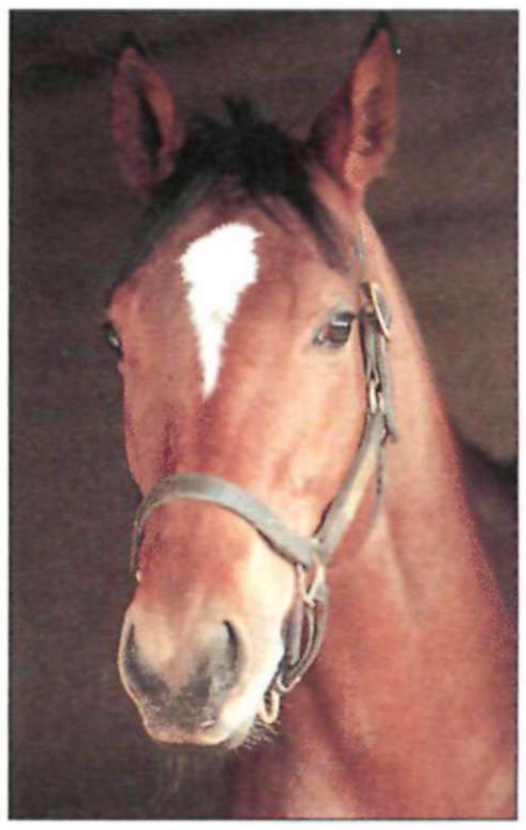
A Model Racehorse

Like Paulina, Porizkova is a photogenic female

She has eyes to die for, a luxurious mane and an ideal configuration. She also has a star in the middle of her forehead, a bed at Belmont and an appetite for hay. She's Porizkova, a 3-year-old filly by Polish Navy, out of Saratoga Fleet, and named for model Paulina Porizkova.

Says owner Bob Kirkham, "She's a gorgeous filly. My wife first chose the name Paulina, but it was already taken. We thought Paulina Porizkova was Polish, and with the filly's breeding, the name seemed appropriate. We found out later that Paulina is really Czechoslovakian."

Porizkova—the horse—does more than just look good. In her last three starts at Aqueduct, she has finished third, second and first. Ridden by Mike Smith, she went wire-to-wire for a three-length victory in a six-furlong race on Feb. 21, paying $8.80. Despite the win—her maiden—she isn't exactly Kentucky Derby material,



This Porizkova has to win a few more races before she becomes a cover girl.

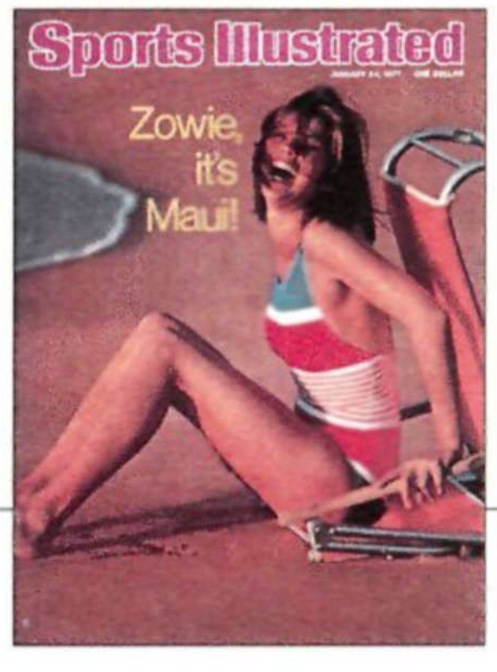
which is too bad, because the headline RUNWAY FOR THE ROSES has a certain ring to it.

One of the reasons Porizkova isn't a better horse is that her progress has been slowed because of a freak accident she suffered as a weanling. While romping in a field, Porizkova draped herself over another horse. When her playmate ran out from under her, Porizkova's right shoulder was dislocated. Physical therapy, though, has since healed the shoulder, and she is running confidently.

Porizkova's trainer, Billy Badgett, says, "She's very affectionate and she loves attention. She's no superstar, but she tries real hard with what she has. If only she had better legs. . . ."

—JAMES RODEWALD

Replay 15 Years Ago in Sports Illustrated



That's Lena Kansbod on our "Zowie, it's Maui!" swimsuit issue of Jan. 24, 1977. Once readers got through the pictures of Hawaii, they were treated to a feature on lefthanders, one of whom was Will McEnaney. When he pitched for Indianapolis, McEnaney liked to walk his imaginary dog outside the clubhouse. Manager Vern Rapp, exasperated by this practice, once snapped, "McEnaney, get that damned dog inside!"

SANCHEZ: BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM; PORIZKOVA: MICHAEL J. MARTEN; SI COVER: ART KANE

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KING OF BEERS

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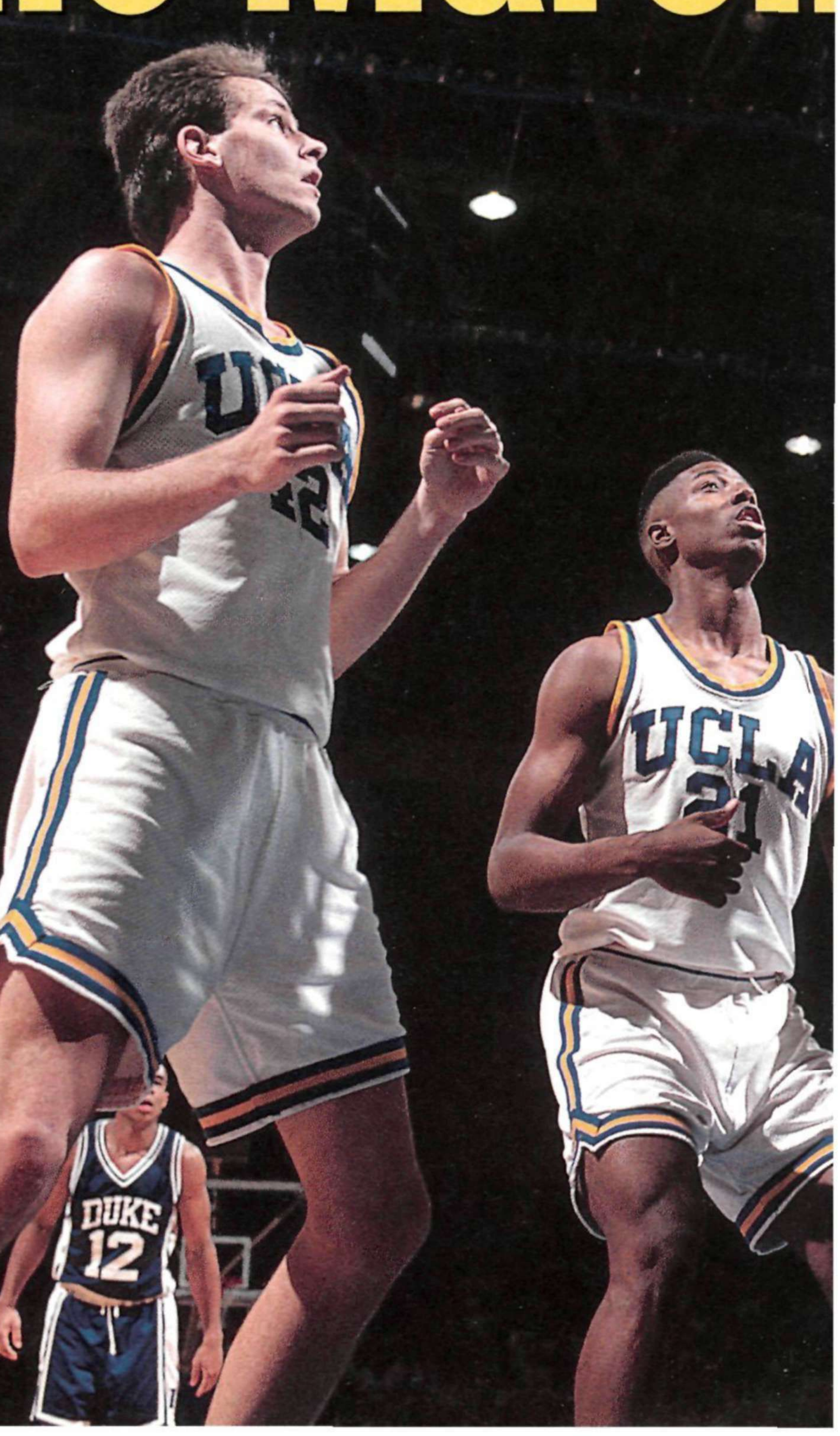
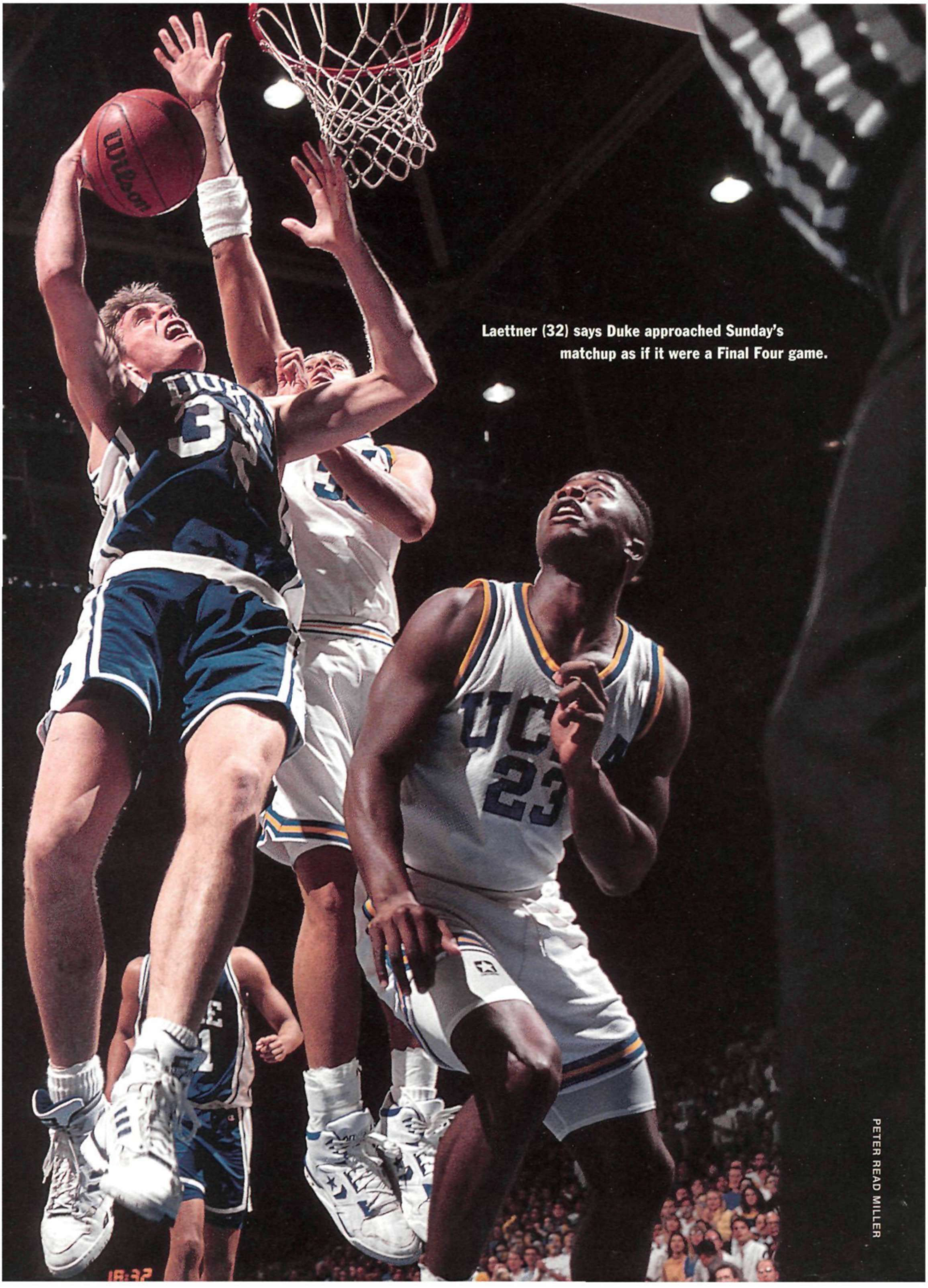
On the March

By ripping UCLA at Pauley Pavilion, Duke appeared to be primed to defend its national title

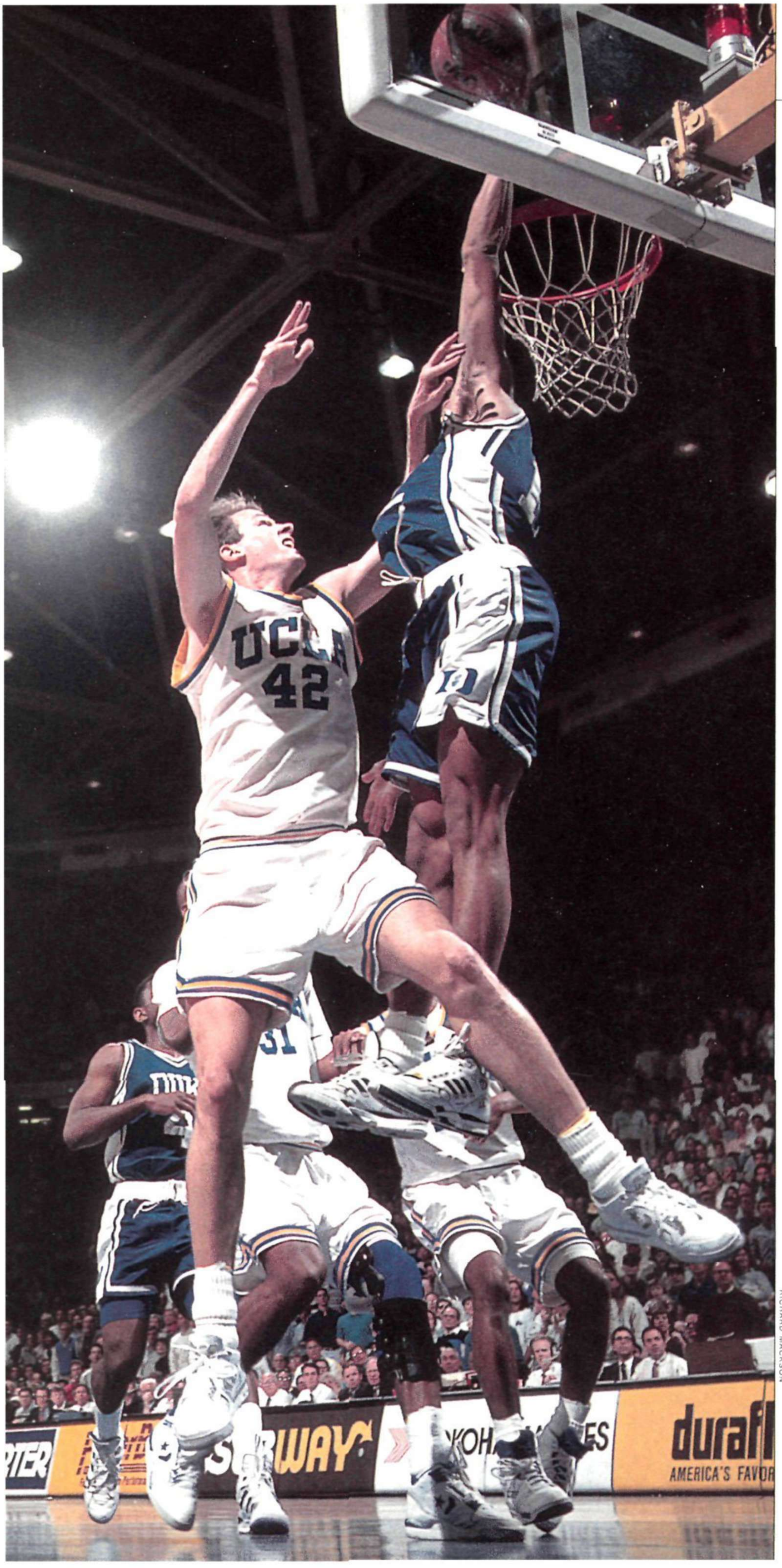
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



Sports Illustrated
MARCH 9, 1992



Laettner (32) says Duke approached Sunday's matchup as if it were a Final Four game.



RICHARD MACKSON

UCLA had a devil of a time with Dookies like Thomas Hill, here blocking a MacLean shot.

ONLY A SADOMASOCHIST OR somebody weaned on a diet of Brylcreem and kielbasa can appreciate the way Duke prepares for its annual pilgrimage to the Final Four. In recent years it was enough for coach Mike Krzyzewski, he of the wet look and the never-ending cornball tales of his Polish past, to have his team drop late-season games to Wake Forest and Clemson, not to mention suffer yet another whipping by bitter rival North Carolina. And who can forget Coach K's fashionably early yet wily motivational ploy when, on the way to the 1992 national championship, his team lost the '91 title game by 30 points?

All of this pales in comparison to Krzyzewski's desperate attempts to get this season's Dookies—who at one point were 17–0, averaging almost 95 points an outing and outscoring the opposition by 25—sufficiently clad, glad and raging bad for March Madness. Not only did the Blue Devils go ahead and lose to both North Carolina and Wake Forest, but they also lost both their glue and their glow. After point guard Bobby Hurley was sidelined with a broken bone in his foot and missed five games; after do-everything swingman Grant Hill suffered an ankle sprain that would sideline him for at least two weeks; and after No. 1 Duke, in such an uncharacteristically vulnerable condition, took the floor at Pauley Pavilion to combat No. 4 UCLA on Sunday—"precisely smart scheduling," Blue Devil center Christian Laettner said—all those who appreciate a fair fight, not to mention an equitable NCAA tournament, rejoiced.

For about 37 minutes.

It was just about then, with the score 61–61 late in the second half, that the poised, veteran, coldly efficient defending champs showed why they win gut-busting, nerve-jangling games like this, while the talented yet unsure Bruins revealed why they lose them. With a little less than three minutes remaining, UCLA center Don MacLean, in possession of the ball and trying to free himself through traffic in the lane, was called for traveling. As Hurley set up the Duke offense on its ensuing possession—he had returned four days earlier, making a nine-assist contribution to a 76–67 victory over Virginia—

Laettner, who was under the basket on the right side of the key, called for the ball. Well, he didn't exactly call for it. Laettner screamed for it, and he actually pointed to the spot where he wanted it: left hash mark, in front of the Duke bench, 22 feet away, in three-point range.

That is exactly where Hurley passed the ball, where Laettner, who after darting around a screen and getting his defender, Tracy Murray, picked off, caught it and shot it, and where the game virtually ended—64–61 with 2:33 left. "What about that three?" reporters kept asking Laettner following the Blue Devils' 75–65 defensive lockup of a Bruin bunch that had been averaging more than 85 points.

"Which one?" answered the snickering senior, whose perfect features and immaculate sideburns gave the locals a vision of the future of *Beverly Hills 90210* whenever Luke Perry gets bored.

O.K., O.K., Duke had other magical moments, many of Laettner's game-leading 29 points and 13 rebounds among them. There was his baby skyhook off an offensive rebound that gave Duke its first lead of the game barely two minutes into the second half. There was Laettner's other trey—the one the UCLA scoresheet playwright described as "24 ft. right wing rainmaker"—which brought the Blue Devils from behind yet again and gave them a 49–48 advantage. There were two old-fashioned trifectas—one-hand push shots—by Hurley, who still can't jump, that gave Duke another pair of late leads. And there was that huge steal and breakaway layup by Hill's replacement, the unsung Antonio Lang, which granted Duke a bit of breathing room, 66–61, with slightly more than two minutes left.

By then the Pauley fair-weatherites were vacating the premises faster than you can say arugula, while old John Wooden, sitting behind the UCLA bench and no doubt reflecting on the night he won his first NCAA championship by beating Duke in 1964, was left to ponder this telling reversal of fortunes. "Terrific game," he would say later. "Score doesn't reflect it."

That's because the Blue Devils, having finally gotten used to having Hurley back in the lineup, outscored the Bruins 16–4 in the final 3:06. Moreover, they made eight of nine free throws during that stretch (after missing 12 of their first 26), and 6′ 7″ senior forward Brian Davis slashed around the ever-beleaguered MacLean for still another killer bucket. In this most impressive of Duke victories—"How tough will these guys be with Grant Hill back?" said a perplexed but still proud MacLean (20 points, 10 rebounds)—Davis exemplified just how deep and versatile the Blue Devils are. While checking UCLA's leading scorer, the 6′ 8″ Murray, who had 22 points and eight rebounds, Davis swaggered for 19 and 11 of his own. "I don't need a lot of attention," he said. "I know what kind of player I am."

One question lingered in the days leading up to this clash of college hoop dynasties, current and past: Did anybody know what kind of significance the game might have? Upon arriving at Wooden Center for his team's practice on Saturday evening, Krzyzewski was asked how "big" he considered the game. He held his thumb and forefinger half an inch apart.

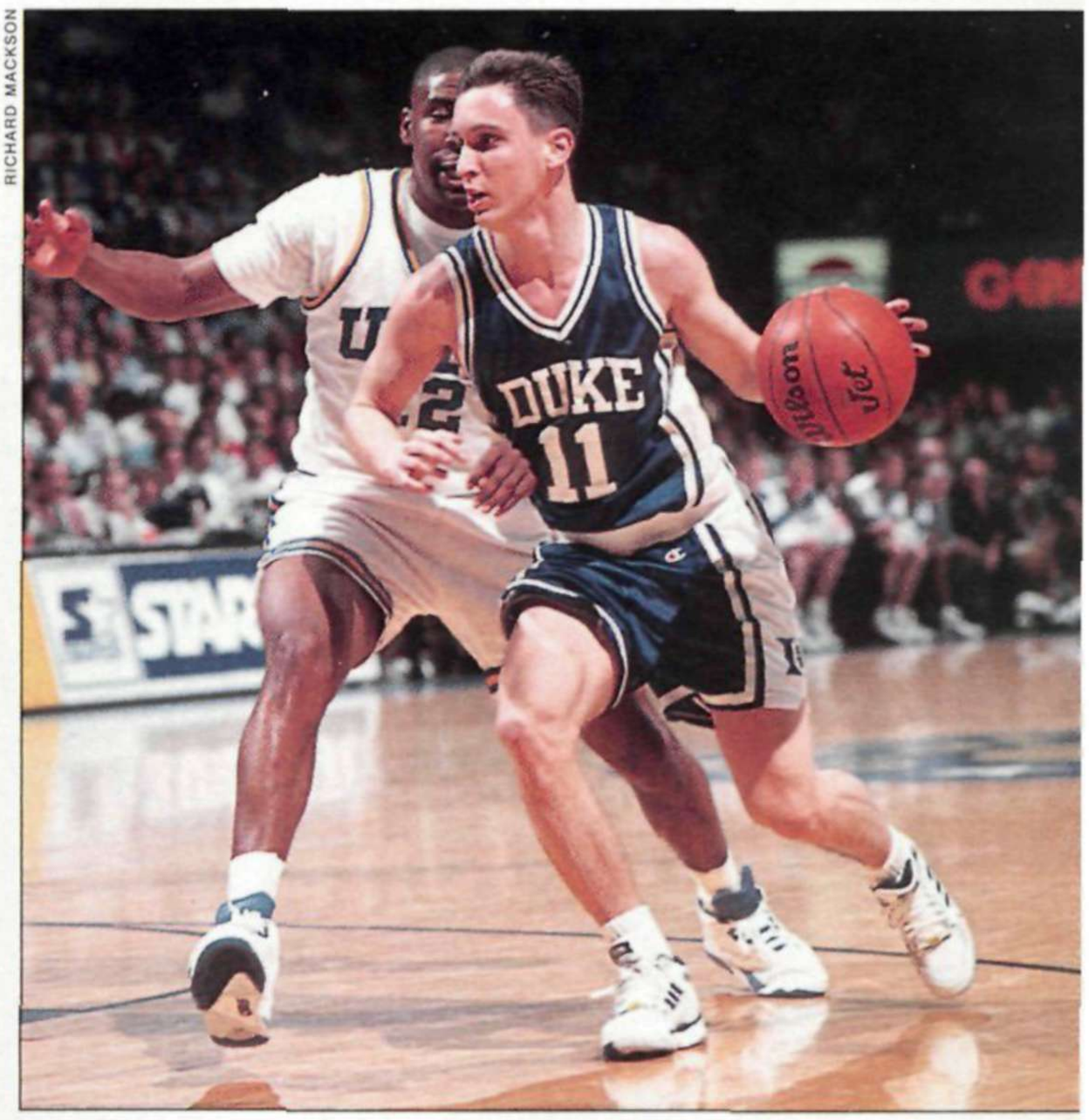
"I don't know what all this hype is about," he said. "We're battered. We've won the ACC. When we play UCLA, we're playing for absolutely nothing. We're not in the same conference. We're not playing for Number One. To me, this is like a great scrimmage. These are the primaries. The election is later."

To get to the ballot box in L.A., however, the Blue Devils not only had to fly 2,300 miles but also had to hoof the most treacherous stretch of the journey—down Bruin Walk past hundreds of UCLA students camped outside Pauley waiting for seats. The students serenaded the interlopers with such clever chants as: "We're gonna kick your ass," "My dog's name is Duke" and "You ain't ——." *Los Angeles Times* humorist Mike Downey wrote that UCLA students are so mellow "nine out of 10 have absolutely no idea where in the world Duke University is located or whether it was endowed by John Wayne or named after Patty."

"They were too close to us to get really mean," said Laettner. "Not like the Cajuns at LSU. They threw beer cans."

Despite UCLA's traditional laid-backness and Coach K's disclaimer, this game had been ultrabig since the Bruins pounded Indiana back in November and proceeded to hold the No. 2 ranking for most of the season. As recently as the weekend before the game, when Duke and UCLA were a combined 42–2 and their meeting looked like a Poll Bowl clash for No. 1, the game was said to be one of the hottest tickets in the history of Los Angeles sports, ahead of even Sumo Babe Pudding Tai Chi. But when UCLA was upset

RICHARD MACKSON



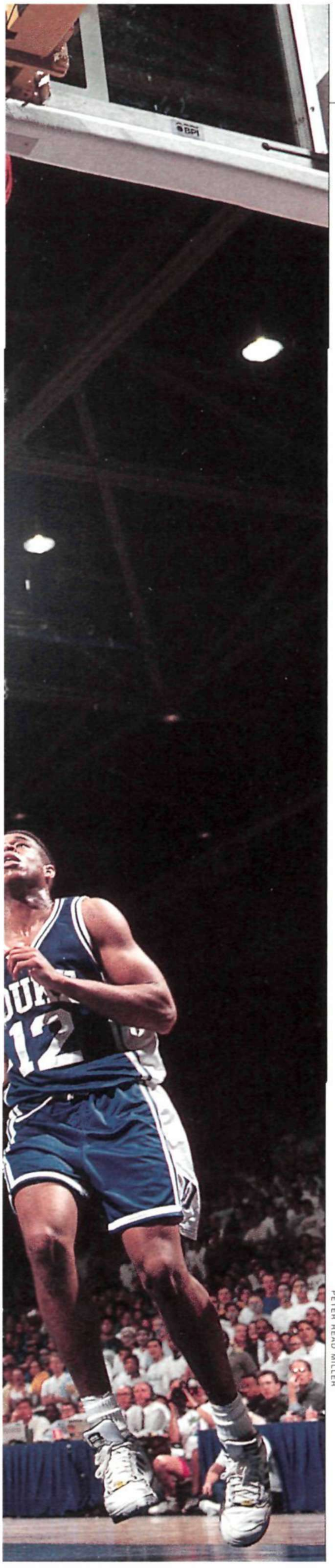
When Hurley finally took command, his teammates responded.

by Notre Dame on Feb. 22 and the Blue Devils lost to Wake Forest the following day, scalpers' prices plummeted from $700 to $150. Ultimately, after the Bruins fell again—last Thursday to crosstown enemy USC, their second loss to the Trojans this season—the only place UCLA was No. 2 was in its own area code.

"By all rights we should still be second in the polls," said UCLA coach Jim Harrick early last week. "Duke and we have the two best records in America—not counting Montana."

Whether Harrick was discounting Montana from the rankings or from America was difficult to ascertain, inasmuch as his priorities seem to vary. Witness his unabashed lobbying for a raise.

TIME OUT
10
UCLA
21



PETER READ MILLER

Davis (23) said he didn't need attention, but he earned it with 19 points and 11 rebounds.

Said Harrick last month, "I beat Bobby Knight, I beat Lute Olson, I beat Denny Crum, and I should be paid on the same scale as those guys."

But could he beat Coach K? Last Friday the *Daily Bruin* featured a 16-page pullout section on the hotly anticipated game, and UCLA's campus bookstore displayed a special stock of 200 Duke sweatshirts and T-shirts. Even a pep rally was held. All of which helped produce a Pauley attendance record of 13,023.

The Bruin players denied looking ahead amid all the buildup, but their desultory performance in the 83–79 loss to Southern Cal—MacLean and Murray combined for but five defensive rebounds—spoke volumes. "I'm getting tired of losing big games on national TV," said UCLA captain Gerald Madkins after the Southern Cal loss. "It's hard to contradict those East Coast people who always blow us off. But the fact is, the Pac-10 is tougher than it's ever been."

"Your game with USC was a war," Krzyzewski told Harrick when they met following Duke's practice on Saturday.

"Yeah. Hey, they're more athletic than you guys," Harrick said.

"It was a great game for your conference," said Krzyzewski.

"Yeah. Hey, you guys need any movie tickets?" said Harrick.

But the Blue Devils remained mostly business. They ate dinner in Marina Del Rey on Saturday night, played the game and then caught the red-eye on Sunday night in time to make Monday classes. Oh yes, the Blue Devils did pause after the game to do a team guest shot on Roy Firestone's ESPN interview show, but Duke was within the friendly confines of California for only 34 hours. "Not a lot of time for partying," said Murray.

Not that the Duke players wouldn't have had friends with whom to party. Murray played with Laettner and the Hills (both Grant and Thomas, Duke's 6′ 5″ junior swingman) last summer on the bronze-medal U.S. team at the Pan American Games. MacLean and Hurley palled around at the '89 Olympic Festival. Laettner and UCLA guard Darrick Martin met at Duke during a recruiting visit. UCLA once intimidated teams on name alone; now Duke does. "I don't know any of 'em, but I feel like I do," said Madkins.

One of Krzyzewski's L.A. friends, a TV producer, wasn't quite so generous in his scouting report on the Bruins. "UCLA has two problems," he told Coach K. "Neurological and cardiovascular—no brains, no heart."

In the first half on Sunday, though, neither team exhibited wares to be proud of. At one point the score remained frozen at 16–14 for almost four minutes, and then Duke went without a field goal for nearly four more minutes. On consecutive possessions, UCLA's Sean Tarver shot an air ball and Duke's Kenny Blakeney threw a two-hand overhead pass that sailed into the stands. What was this? The effects of the sun-dappled afternoon outside? Of the UCLA cheerleaders' cat-woman outfits? By halftime Laettner and MacLean had two baskets apiece, their teams had shot a combined 29%, and UCLA took a pitiful 29–24 lead into the locker room.

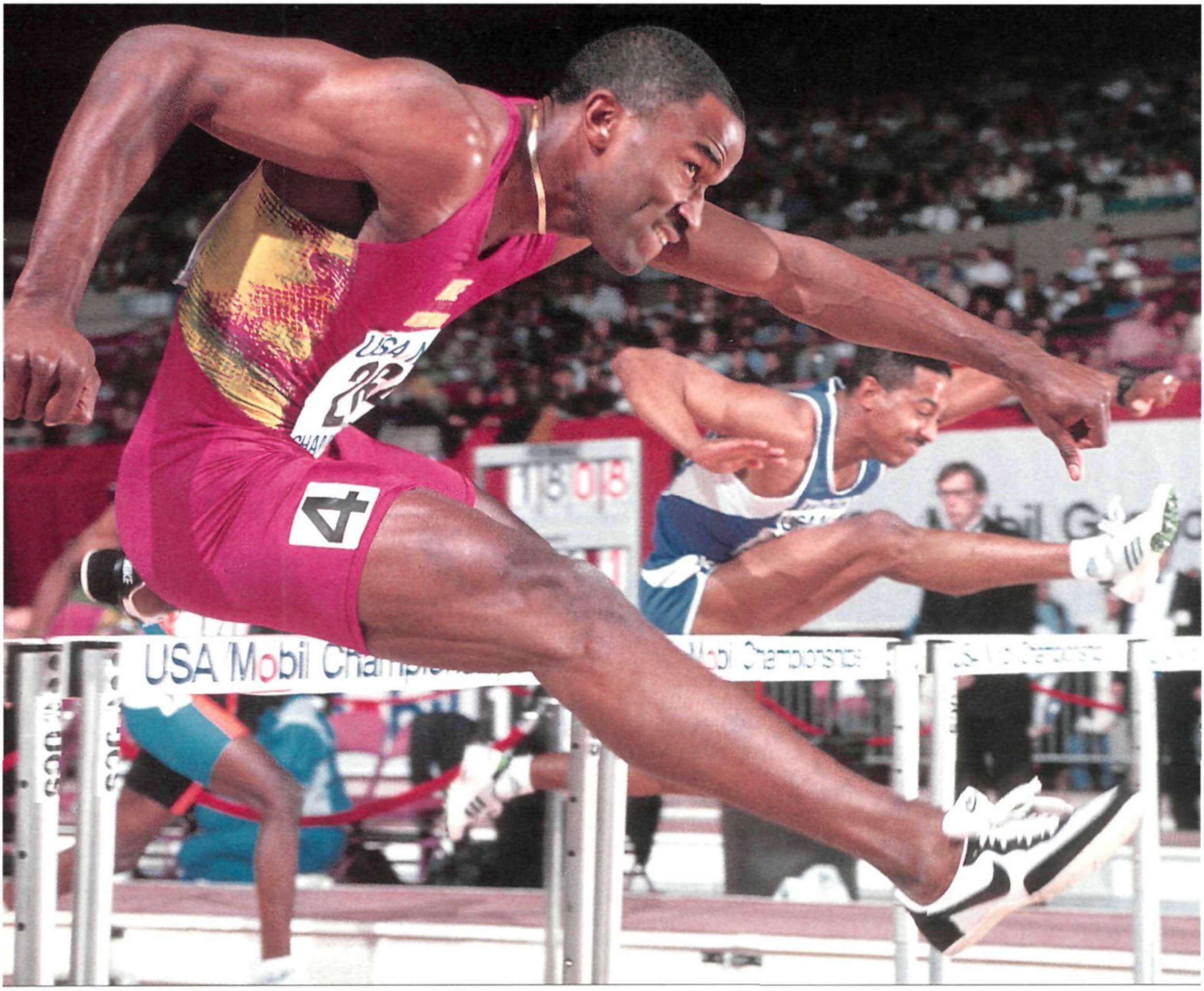
Duke had handled Hurley's injury exit well. What the Blue Devils weren't handling well was his reentry. They didn't take advantage of their bullwhip on the fast break because they weren't used to his being there. Finally, Krzyzewski simply told his team, "Guys, he's *baaaack*."

When Hurley joined the race after intermission, and Laettner and Davis began banging bodies, the result was that MacLean got into foul trouble while UCLA's Mitchell Butler (busted lips), Tyus Edney (bruised back) and Tarver (sprained ankle) all came up hurting. "We got what we expected," said Madkins. "They take away a lot of things."

With UCLA ahead 54–50 and Hurley bringing the ball up, Edney, the Bruins' tiny freshman point, made the costly mistake of looking at his bench for instructions. Zip. Hurley drove down the pipe for a lefty layup. At 54–52 Lang's missed free throw was tipped out to Hurley, who fired from behind the three-point arc. Bang, Duke leads 55–54. Moments later, with the score 56–56 and UCLA in a zone, Hurley again let go a trifecta. Swish, Duke 59–56. Duke's poise, confidence, experience and hunger were too much for the Bruins. "We thought of this as an NCAA Sweet 16 game, possibly a Final Four game," Laettner said afterward, "and we want another championship."

Big game, Coach K? Yes.

"Hey, good luck," Davis said to Madkins, in parting. "You guys will get to [the Final Four in] Minneapolis, and we'll see you there." ■



Leap Year Feats

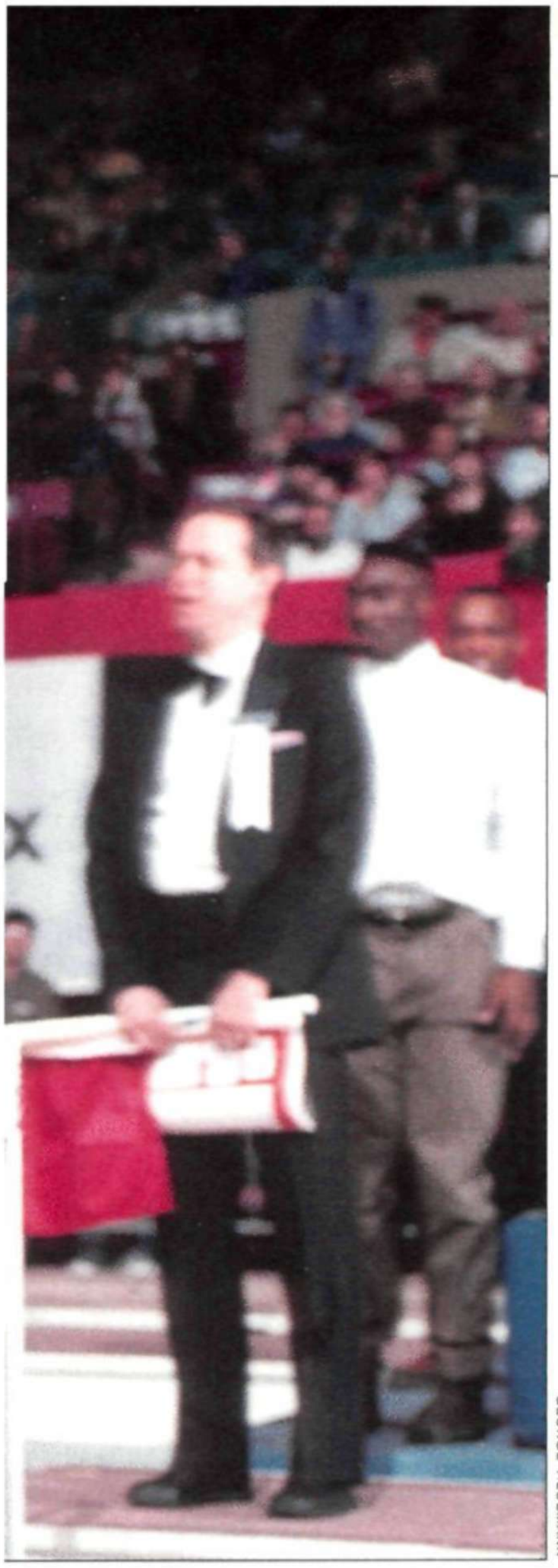
Olympic aspirants made strong showings at the Mobil meet | by MERRELL NODEN

AMID THE CLATTERING CONFUSION OF last Friday night's USA/Mobil Indoor Track & Field Championships, Jackie Joyner-Kersee came flying down the middle of the Madison Square Garden sprint runway, a meter clear of the field and in control of the 60-meter hurdles. While over the third hurdle, she reached for another gear. "You snap your [lead] leg down and you move," she said later. "Your acceleration comes off that snap."

That, at least, is the theory. But the instant Joyner-Kersee tried to put it into practice, she teetered off balance. It looked as if a mouse had skittered beneath her. Her hands flew up, and her eyes grew wide with panic. "I was traveling so fast," she said, "that I couldn't keep up with my legs."

She still reached the finish first, in 8.07, inches ahead of Kim McKenzie and Jackie Humphrey, both of whom clocked 8.09 in a dead heat for second place. Joyner-Kersee emerged from the tunnel with a huge grin. "Bobby's going to have a lot to say about that," she said with a chuckle.

Bobby, of course, is that terribly exacting man who doubles as her coach and husband. Over the past six years Jackie, with Bobby's help, has broken five world records, four in the heptathlon and one in the long jump. If at times it seems that Bobby has more Mr. Hyde than Dr. Jekyll



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Part-time drag racer Dees went from zero to 60 in 7.51 seconds, even with a collision.

in him, it's because he is seen mostly in the heat of battle, pacing and pleading and scolding and prodding. At the world championships last summer in Tokyo, Bobby took considerable heat for making his wife continue long jumping on an ankle she had twisted earlier in the competition, an injury that left her crumpled and sobbing in the sand. "If it's not broken, we'll tape it," he told Bob Forster, her trainer. "She's taking her last jump."

NBC cameras caught Bobby's order, and he received more than 20 letters from incensed viewers. When he and Jackie returned home, an elderly woman confronted them in the airport in St. Louis. "I thought she wanted Jackie's autograph," Bobby recalls. "But the woman said, 'I know what those initials, B.K., stand for: Bobby Knight. You're the Bobby Knight of track and field. I don't like him, and I don't like you.' "

Joyner-Kersee, who won Friday's long jump with a leap of 22′ 5¼″, was the meet's only double winner. Surprisingly, the long jump and 60-meter hurdles are the first national titles she has won indoors. "I'm happy," she said. "This indoor season is only a stepping-stone to outdoors."

That is the theme in every Olympic year, and it was sounded again and again at the Garden. But while the athletes clearly had one eye on the Olympic trials in June, there were still a number of impressive performances, led by Carl Lewis's in the long jump.

Lewis rightly considers last summer's world championships, in which he set the world record in the 100 meters and surpassed 29 feet in the long jump, to be the finest meet of his life. But what he seems to remember most about that meet is losing the gold medal in the long jump to Mike Powell and watching Powell break Bob Beamon's record. Instead of closing out the 1991 season on the European circuit, Lewis went home to Houston to rest. He was back training by October, earlier than any year since 1985. On Friday night he was an easy winner, leaping 27′ 4¾″. That sounds like a modest mark until you realize that, besides Lewis, only two men have ever jumped farther indoors: Larry Myricks and Robert Emmiyan.

The most spectacular race of the night was the men's 60-meter hurdles. Tony Dees was in Lane 4. Courtney Hawkins was one lane to his left. Hawkins got out fast and narrowly led Dees into the third hurdle, which Hawkins clipped with the back of his left, or trailing, foot. He wobbled to his right, stepping into Dees's lane and hitting Dees's trail leg hard enough to bruise it. Hawkins then creamed the fourth hurdle, crashed down hard on his right hip and slid on his back to the last flight of hurdles. Dees, unfazed, crossed the finish in 7.51, .09 ahead of Renaldo Nehemiah, and then said, "I don't care if this does sound cocky. I think I would have set a world record had I not bumped Courtney."

Dees has been threatening to do something outrageous ever since he hooked up with hurdles guru Wilbur Ross two years ago. Dees has run 100 meters in 10.15, an astonishing time for a hurdler. Yet so far his best time for the 110-meter hurdles is 13.05, fourth fastest in history. However, Ross, who once called himself "the greatest scientist of hurdling and the Michaelangelo of the event," insists that it's just a matter of time before Dees makes better use of that speed in the hurdles.

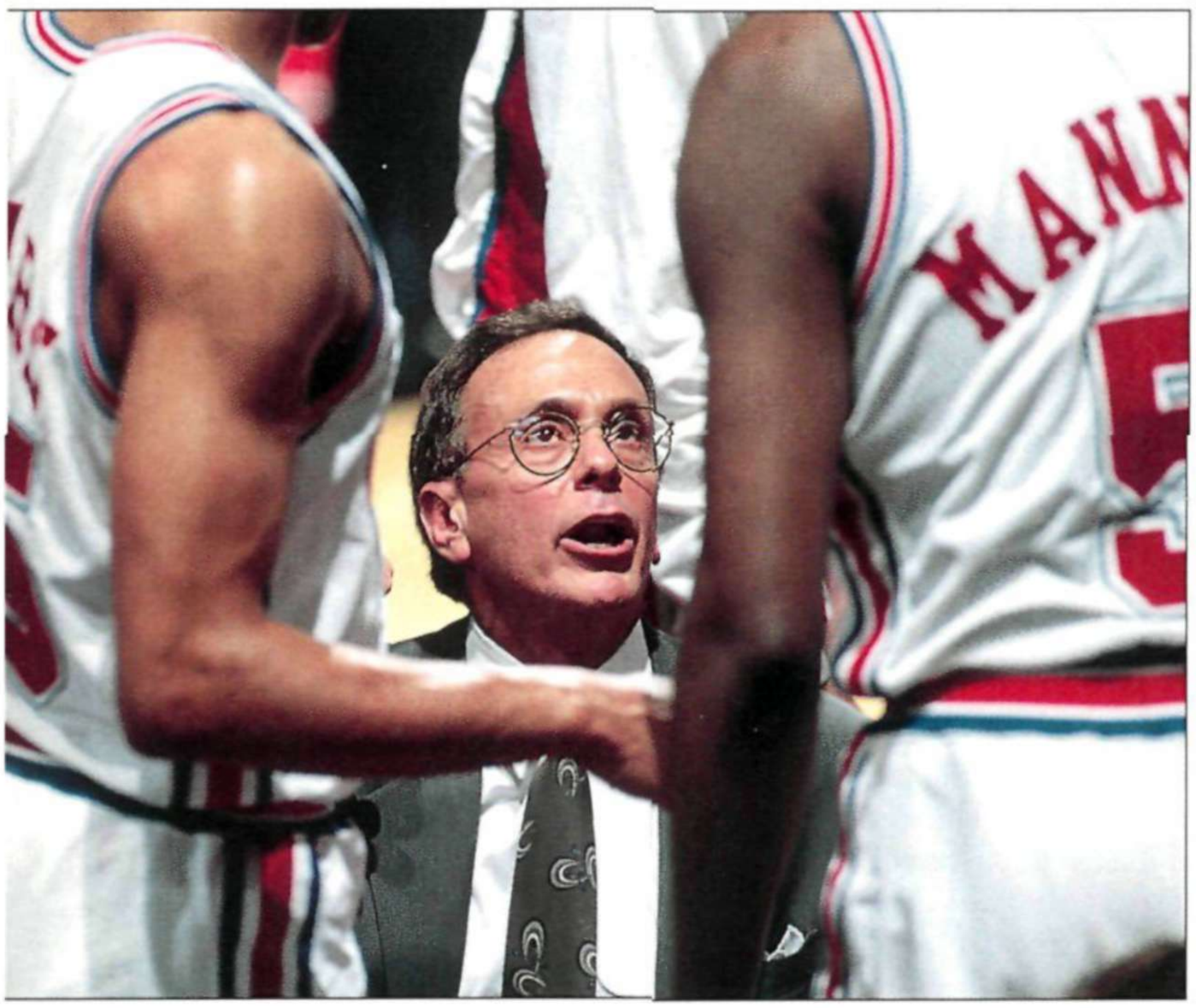
Speed, in fact, dominates Dees's life. He is, by his own description, a "roller coaster adventurer" who can compare the finer points of roller coasters from Puerto Rico to California. He is also a drag racer who competes up and down Florida's west coast in *Gangster*, his '67 Chevy Beretta, which covers the quarter mile in slightly less than 10 seconds at a top speed of 142 mph. Dees does a pretty good job of rationalizing this latter hobby as training. "Drag racing is foot-*eye* coordination," he says. "Track is foot-*ear* coordination. They enhance each other by refining my reaction time."

The women's 800 included one of track's fastest rising stars—Maria Mutola, a powerful 19-year-old from Mozambique who finished fourth at the '91 world championships in a world junior (19 and under) record of 1:57.63. Mutola is a senior at Springfield (Ore.) High, thanks to an International Olympic Committee program that places athletes from developing countries who wish to train abroad. Mutola had never run on the boards until this year. But that's hardly a daunting challenge for someone who a year ago moved to a country where she knew no one and couldn't speak the language.

Mutola led past 400 in 58.9, but with a lap to go, Meredith Rainey pulled just behind her. When they bumped on the final turn, Rainey lost momentum and Mutola won in 2:01.49. That not only broke the meet record but also eclipsed Mary Slaney's 18-year-old national high school mark. This summer, if Mutola is healthy—she only recently recovered from a stress fracture in her right leg—and gains more racing experience, she should be a favorite in the Olympic 800.

Mutola, whose English is improving rapidly, does not know yet whether she'll compete for a U.S. college or run on the international circuit for money. "She comes from a poor country," says Jeff Fund, whose wife, Margo, is Mutola's high school coach. "It may be more important to make herself financially secure than to get a college degree."

For now, though, Mutola looks forward to returning to the familiar world of outdoor track and the bigger challenges she'll find there this summer. ■



The Clips Show Some Zip

Under coach Larry Brown, the Clippers, long overshadowed by the Lakers, are lighting up L.A. | by HANK HERSCH

ON FEB. 21 AT THE SPORTS ARENA, Los Angeles Clipper owner Donald Sterling sat in his customary front-row seat, his legs crossed, every pore in his body soaking up the riotous scene around him. Over the past 11 years, Sterling has watched the Clippers, a red, white and blue emblem of defeat and disaster, turn into a living antonym of their wildly successful crosstown rivals, the purple and gold Lakers. In that time the Clippers have won fewer than half of their games, never reached the playoffs, traded for damaged goods, damaged tradable goods and until last season nurtured as their franchise player underachieving center Benoit Benjamin, who after a tough loss once consoled a sobbing teammate by saying, "Hey, you've got to learn to be more casual."

But on this night Sterling was not suffering. The Clips, riding a five-game winning streak at tip-off, had sold out their 15,800-seat arena for a club-record sixth time this season and were battling mighty Portland into the fourth quarter. No matter that it would end in a 123–116 loss, for as the fans clamored to their feet—yes, cheering!—with unprecedented frequency, The Donald (West Coast version) bathed in the bedlam like a kid hunched over his candlelit birthday cake. He couldn't help but smile as he sneaked a peek toward the Clipper bench, where what was once the NBA's version of perdition now held a glimmer of hope: a natty 51-year-old coach just dismissed by the San Antonio Spurs with a flair for U-turning downtrodden teams.

"Oh, god, my phones don't stop ringing, everyone saying, ' Thank you, thank you, *thank you* for Larry Brown,' " Sterling says. "It's like a religious experience."

Since being hired on Feb. 5 to replace the fired Mike Schuler, Brown has experienced the turbulence customary to the Clips, who started out 5–0 under Brown's care and have since lost three of their last five to slip to 29–28 at week's end. But his push-it-up, passing-game attack has enlivened L.A. and unleashed the abilities of multitalented players like forward Danny Manning and guard Ron Harper. Under Brown the Clippers are shooting better (49.6% to 44.9%), scoring more (109.5 points a game to 99.9) and playing less selfishly (28.7 assists to 23.2) than they had this season under Schuler. Better still, in their victories they controlled the fourth quarter instead of going four-paws-up. And if the Clippers' Showtimey 125–94 wipeout of the visiting Lakers on Feb. 19 is any indication, the Q-rating at the Clip Joint will soon be soaring.

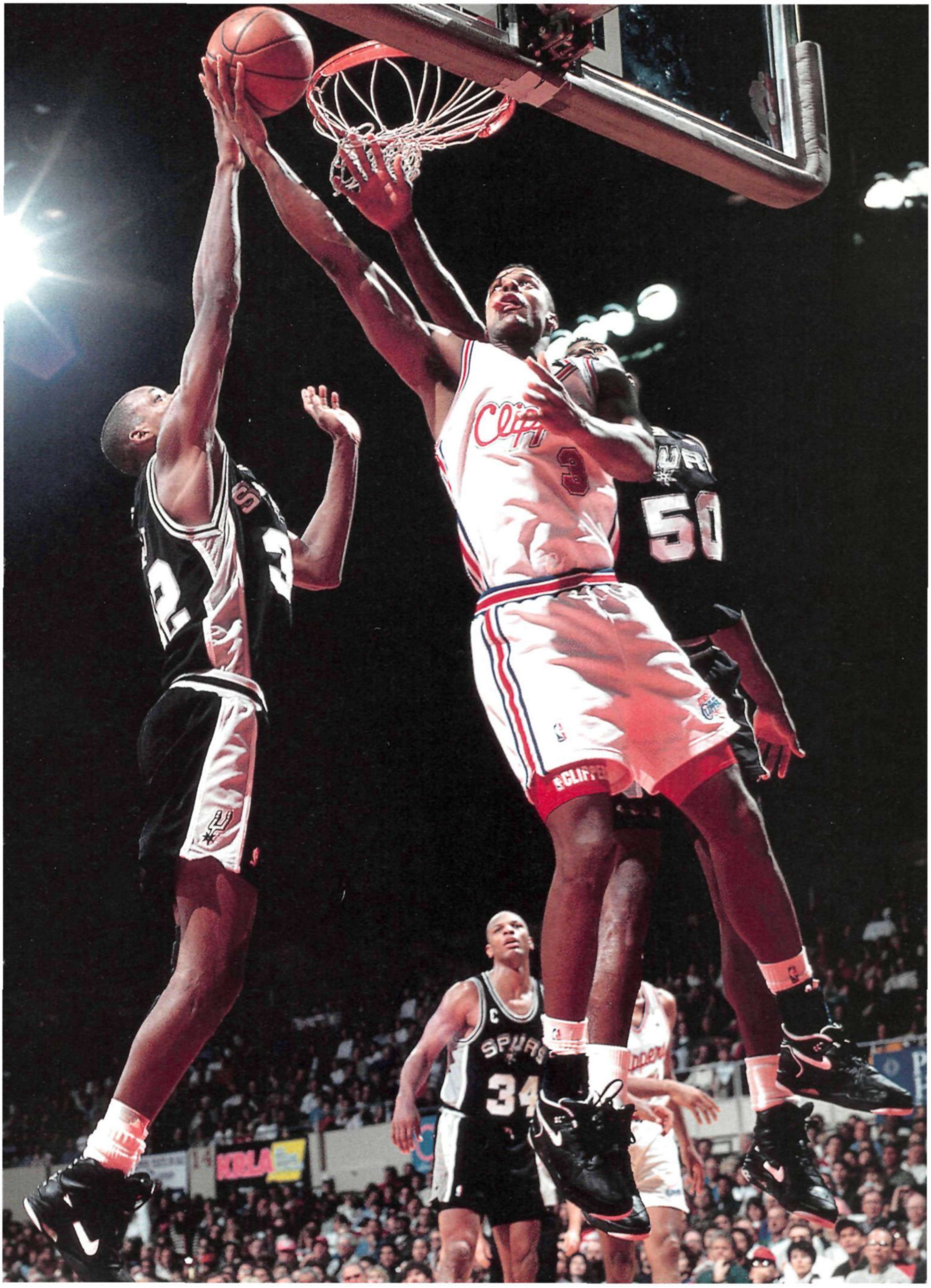
Indeed, after a recent win, heavyweight hamburger eater George Foreman bounded into the Clipper locker room, pronouncing himself "a believer" and proclaiming Brown "the master." Some Clips, such as center Olden Polynice, are more cautious. "A good deodorant covers up a lot of stink," he says. But others join Foreman in a hallelujah chorus. "The players respect him more," Harper says of Brown. "Finally we've got a coach who's really behind us," says forward Ken Norman. Adds guard Doc Rivers, "I'd take us in March. We're going to be a lot better—that's the big thing."

In a couple of ways, Brown is following in the well-heeled footsteps of Pat Riley, the ex-Laker coach now with the New York Knicks. First, in a city consumed with style, he has charisma and can dress (a bit preppier than Riley perhaps, but with a more daring sense of color). Furthermore, Brown has a five-year, $5 million commitment from Sterling that is second only to Riley's five-year, $6 million contract with the Knicks. That means Brown will have the time and the support to tailor the team to his tastes—a huge change for the Clippers. "It's not like I've played for a hundred coaches to compare him with," Manning says. "But then again, he is my fourth in four years here."

In the past Sterling has often promoted career assistants and paid them scale.

Norman (3) stormed the Spurs, helping Brown (above) beat his old team on Feb. 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN W. McDONOUGH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That, combined with his unequaled need to meddle and to openly covet other teams' coaches, has turned his head men into instant lame ducks. The Clippers in turn have developed into a mutinous band who walked their last three coaches off the plank: They quit on Gene Shue (in 1989, after a year and a half), voiced their displeasure en masse to Sterling about Don Casey (in 1990, again after a year and a half) and openly challenged Schuler by refusing to practice this year on Martin Luther King Day, a day when six NBA games were played.

Of course, Brown knows a little about vanishing acts himself, having left six jobs in his 20 years of coaching, all but two of the departures of his own volition. After being fired by the Spurs, he had planned to spend the next five months observing other coaches, visiting his three daughters and weighing his next move. But the Clippers' courtship of him appealed to Brown for several reasons.

He was drawn by what he calls "the Danny factor," the presence of Manning, who had led Brown's Kansas team to the 1988 NCAA title. He was equally impressed with general manager Elgin Baylor and executive V.P. Harley Frankel, in whom he found not only a nurturing presence—"I always have worked better when the people around me knew my weaknesses and understood me," Brown says—but also what he hopes will be a buffer between himself and Sterling. He had also fallen in love with the city of Los Angeles when he coached UCLA from 1979 to '81, and this time around he would be flush enough to buy a house. Then, too, there was the same unfinished business that had lured him to San Antonio from Kansas: the chance to add an NBA championship to his NCAA ring and the Olympic gold he had earned as a playmaker for the U.S. in 1964.

What compelled Brown most, though, was the opportunity to dispel the doubts that nagged at him after San Antonio.

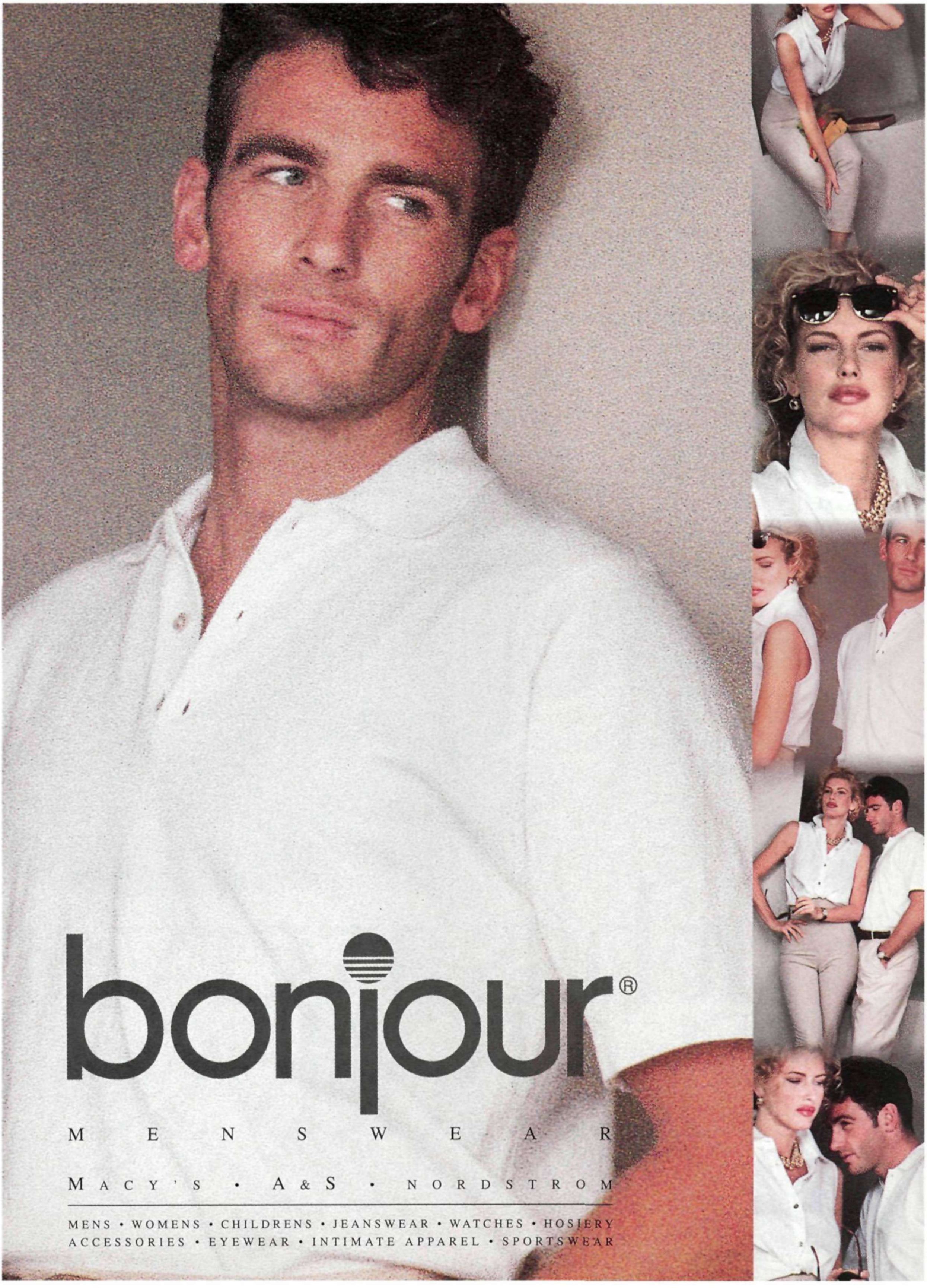
Brown has Harper slashing and dashing, as was evident on this dive for a loose ball.

True, he had lived up to the Larry legend—*veni, vidi, vici, arrivederci*—by taking the Spurs to back-to-back Midwest Division titles before leaving. But the team also had given him his first losing season ever, in 1988–89 (21–61), and was foundering when he was canned on Jan. 21. In his last days with the Spurs, Brown says, veteran players and assistant coaches told him that he hadn't been stern enough with the younger Spurs. He had been afraid of alienating them and as a result had abdicated his most crucial role, the one he had always assumed so gladly and performed so well, that of teacher.

"There have been very few times in my life when I've been uncomfortable saying something to a player and having him perceive it not the right way—as criticism instead of coaching," Brown says. "But in four years in San Antonio, there were a lot of times like that. I'm not making excuses, but that's the dead truth. I want to be able to walk into that dressing room and have the players look at me like, Everything that man tells me, it's because he wants me to get better, and he treats me with respect and he cares about me as a player. And he can help me do what I want to do."

With a core of young talent and four No. 1 picks over the next two seasons, the Clippers seem prime for such polishing. For the six days between his accepting the job and the passing of the All-Star break, Brown agonized over how he would address his new team. "Man, I was scared to death," Brown says. "I thought the most important thing was to let them know I was a human being, that I was at fault in San Antonio, that I didn't do what was asked of me. But the second I walked in the room, they were attentive and they accepted me. At my press conference I had said we could win, but I'm not sure I believed it at that time. But after a few minutes with the team, I thought, Hell, yeah, we can. I just want them to give me a chance."

The Clips seemed only too happy to oblige. They had begun to chafe under Schuler's "negativity," according to assistant coach Mack Calvin. Now Calvin says they are responding to Brown's "gentleness," as well as to his generosity—it's not unusual for Brown to use nine players in the first quarter. "The big plus is that they know Larry has won and they know that he cares," Calvin says. "After practice [power forward] Loy Vaught and Kenny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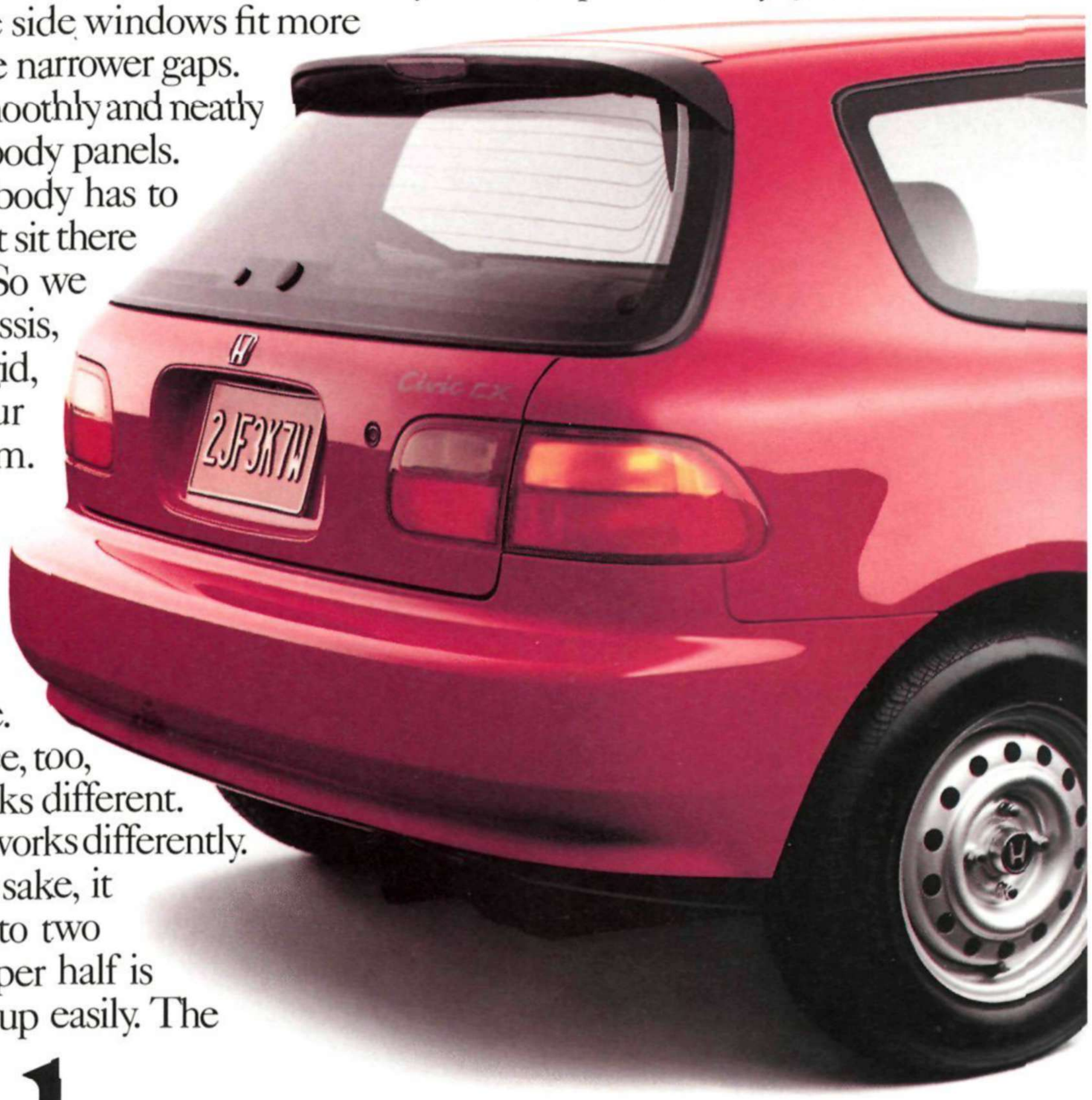

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Norman are looking for Larry. They want to learn."

When Brown arrived, Vaught told him he was nervous about running a particular post-up play because he felt uncomfortable on the block. Brown tutored him on his moves, then called the play against Portland. After Vaught faced up and canned the shot, he raced over at the next whistle glowing with pride. In that same game, Brown let Norman, shooting 54.6% from the free throw line, shoot a technical to tie the score at 88. Brown had revamped Norman's technique, getting him to settle the ball near his ear instead of his waist before going into his release. Norman, heart thumping, swished it. "Even if he had missed it, later on down the road, Kenny Norman is going to respond and say thank you back," Rivers says. "That's why Coach Brown is a winner."

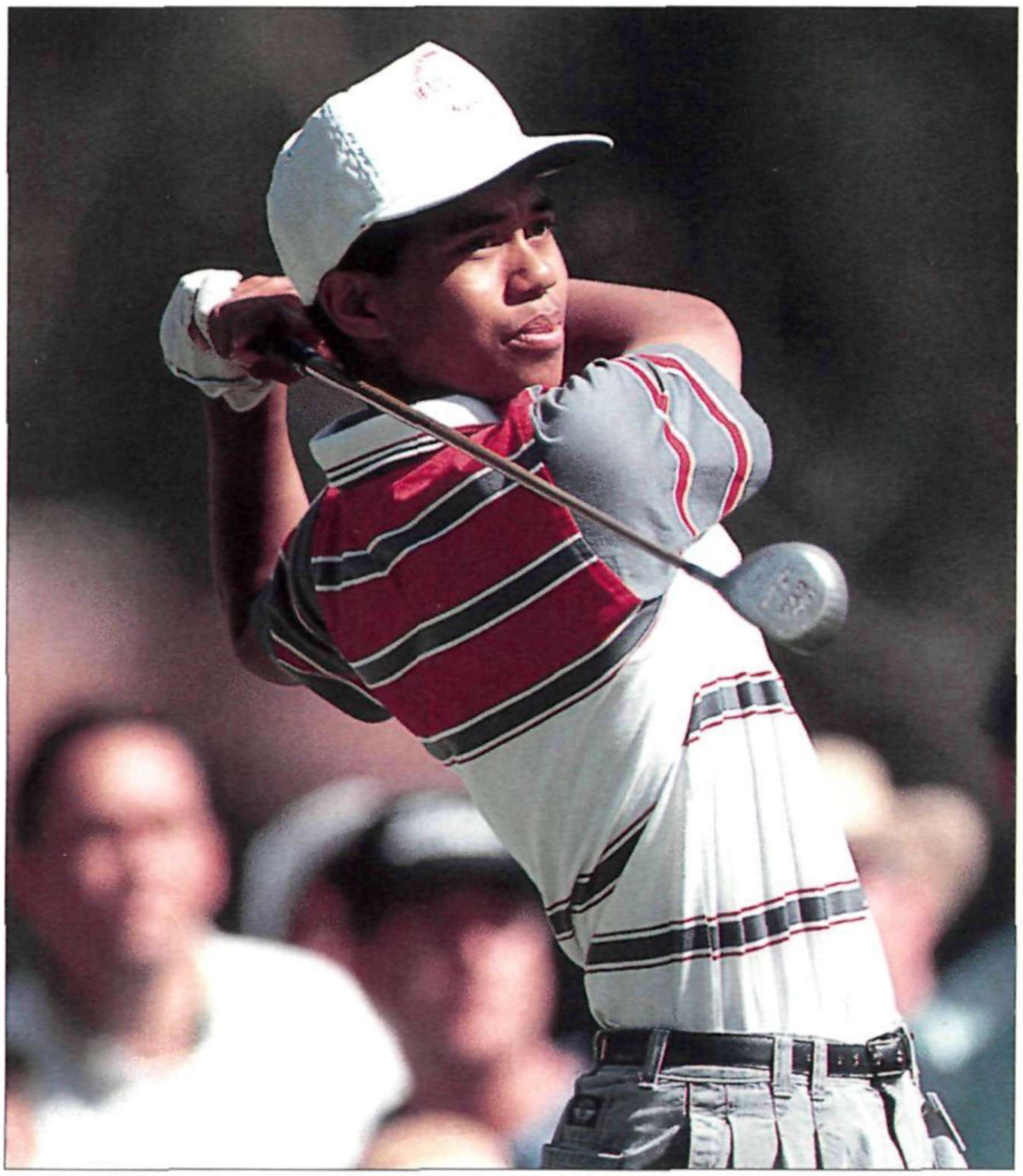
Harper is prospering in the passing game; his shooting percentage has gone from 39.2% to 49.1% since Brown has had him slashing and dashing. Says Brown, "I never knew how great a player he was." Meanwhile, the 6′ 10″ Manning (18.6 points, 6.4 rebounds, 3.4 assists, 1.7 blocks for the season) has continued to demonstrate the savviest game in L.A. now that the Lakers' Magic Johnson has retired, showing off an assortment of feathery jumpers, half-hooks and no-look passes. Though he toiled for a less mellow Brown at Kansas, Manning has tremendous respect for the coach. "He asks the most from you," Manning says. "But one thing I've come to realize is that he's not going to ask you to do anything you're not capable of doing."

It's clear that the Clippers and Brown are in the honeymoon phase: They aren't hankering to stage another coup, and he isn't scanning the landscape for greener grass. But Baylor, in his sixth year as general manager and the Zelig of NBA lottery footage, believes Brown's peripatetic past will help him flourish. "I don't care if you give a coach a 20-year contract, the players are going to challenge him," Baylor says. "Then it becomes a question of how he uses his authority. Larry's been a lot of places, but I look at that as a plus. He's been with so many teams with so many personalities, he's had to deal with it all. The proof is, he's been successful. Everywhere he's been, they've turned it around."

A signal that things have already changed was flashed at the trading deadline, when the Philadelphia 76ers dangled All-Star forward Charles Barkley in front of a drooling Sterling. Instead of foolishly rushing in before his new coach had a chance to evaluate the club—Brown had yet to see Charles Smith, a gifted power forward, suit up because Smith had a bum right knee that kept him out of action until Sunday—Sterling heeded Baylor and Brown and passed. A better offer may still shake out. There will be time enough for dealing when the season is done.

And by then, who knows? With Manning and Brown in lockstep, the Clippers may have achieved their 1990–91 slogan—TO PLAY IN MAY—by overtaking the Lakers, whom they trail by one game, for the last Western Conference playoff berth. "Win or lose, I like this coach, and I mean that," Sterling says. "And I think that he'll be with us for a decade." Says Brown, more softly, "I see myself here for as long as I'm doing the job, and I would like that to be a long time." ■

Rivers (25) rejects any notion that the Clippers won't be even better in the weeks ahead.



Though only 140 pounds, Tiger proved that his chances of success are far from slim.

'You the Kid!'

Tiger Woods, 16, proved he could make the grade, if not the cut, in his PGA Tour debut | by JOHN GARRITY

THE FIRST TEE AT RIVIERA COUNtry Club, on a cliff 75 feet above the fairway, looks more like a jumping-off point for hang gliders than a starting point for golfers. And yet it's a great place from which to launch a drive . . . or a career.

High school sophomore Tiger Woods did both last Thursday when he teed off in the first round of the Nissan Los Angeles Open. At 16 years and two months, he became the youngest golfer ever to play in a PGA Tour event—a man-cub among men in a sport that favors the long-in-the-tooth over the teething.

Tiger, the 6′ 1″ reigning U.S. Junior Amateur champion, stepped to the tee weighing only 140 pounds, and this was following a meal earlier that week of seven pizza slices and a vanilla ice-cream cone. On a typical Thursday morning he would have been sitting in the third row of Glenn Taylor's advanced geometry class at Western High in Anaheim, laboring over angular and perpendicular bisectors. "It's sort of like what he's doing on the golf course," Taylor said after that day's round, "except that out there Tiger's doing it all in his head without a compass."

Beginnings are instructive. Wednesday, in the pro-am, a nervous Tiger had deployed a driver at the majestic 1st tee and hit a high, sweeping hook into the corporate tents, out of bounds. The following morning, in front of a gallery that included hundreds of enthusiastic supporters, he went with his three-wood and spanked a crowd-pleasing 280-yard draw out over the cliff, the ball stopping in the first cut of left rough on the 501-yard par-5. "I was so tense I had a tough time holding the club," Tiger said later. "It was like rigor mortis had set in."

From there Tiger drilled another three-wood to the middle of the green and got down in two putts for a birdie. On leader boards around the course, the score went up: T. WOODS, −1.

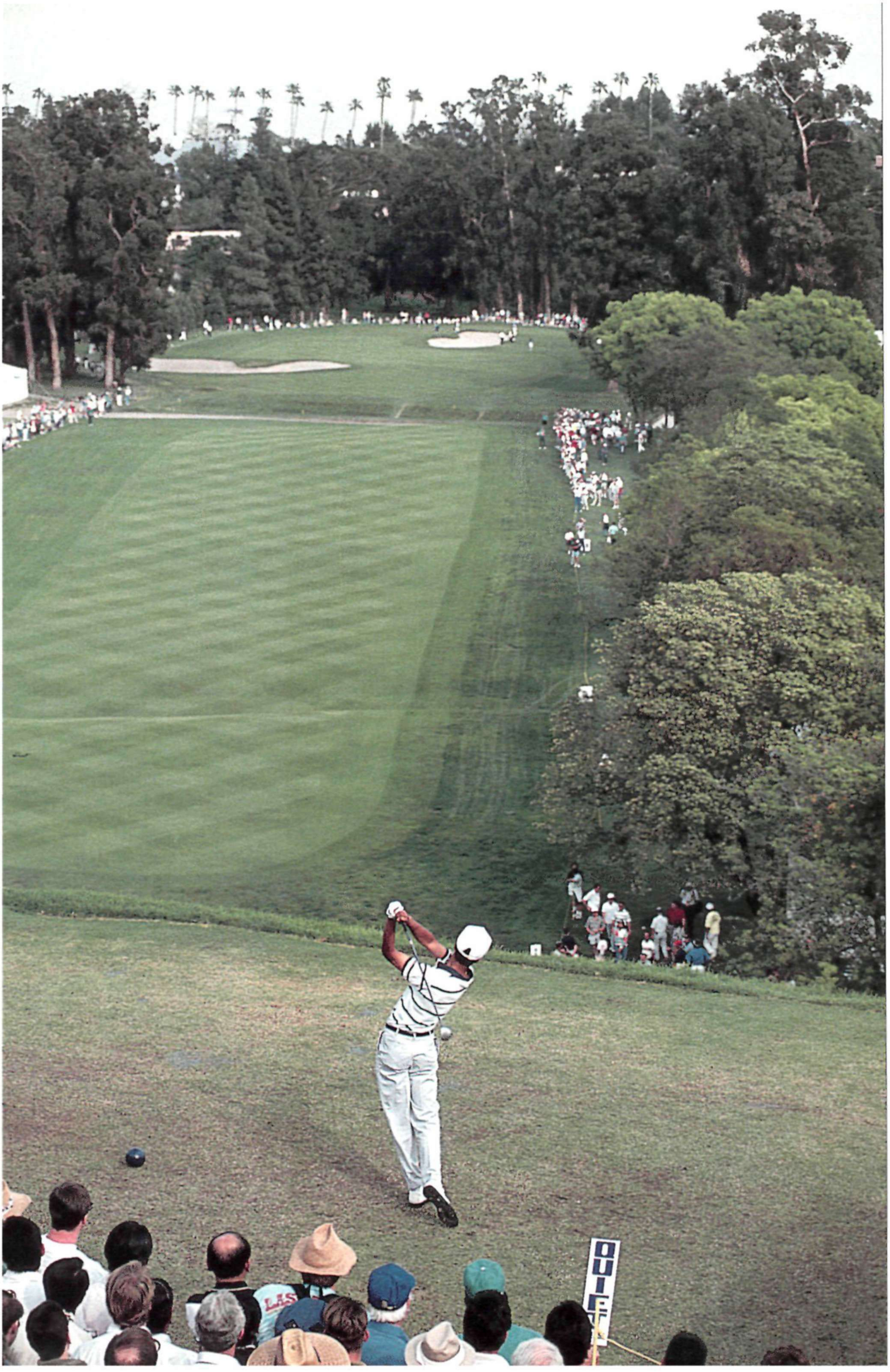
"That was neat," he said afterward.

Following that cue, let's put the events of Tiger's week into two categories:

- Neat—Playing in the pro-am with pro Gary Hallberg and actor Peter Falk (Tiger wisely averted his eyes when TV's Columbo cranked up his slow-ratcheting backswing) . . . getting an encouraging pat from golf legend Sam Snead . . . being followed by enthusiastic galleries of 3,000 on Thursday and Friday . . . seeing a GO GET 'UM TIGER sign held by a spectator . . . hearing fans shout "You the kid!" . . . shooting a first-round, one-over-par 72 to get within reach of the 36-hole cut . . . and walking onto the final green late Friday afternoon to a rousing ovation. ("More than a thrill," Tiger said.)
- Not so neat—The distractions of gallery movement and noise ("I've never had a gallery," Tiger said. "I wasn't used to it") . . . television cameras in his face between shots . . . former Masters champ Sandy Lyle, when asked if he knew anything about Tiger Woods, responding, "Is that a golf course?" . . . the swing arrhythmia

The Riviera's majestic first tee was a suitably scenic canvas for Tiger's first PGA stroke.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BECK



that made Tiger wild off the tee ("I wanted to walk out there and hand him a course map," said Jay Brunza, Tiger's personal sports psychologist) . . . and a 75 on Friday to finish the two rounds at five-over-par 147 and miss the cut by six shots.

"It was a learning experience," Tiger said, relaxed and smiling, when it was over, "and I learned I'm not that good."

Huh? O.K., 17 strokes separated Tiger from second-round leader Davis Love III, who was 12 under. But he was just 12 strokes behind eventual winner Fred Couples, the 1991 PGA Player of the Year. And although Tiger was off his game—he hit only 10 of 36 fairways though he is normally consistent off the tee—he outscored 15 seasoned players, including two-time U.S. Open champion Andy North; Andrew Magee, who won two tournaments last year; and 42-year-old Mitch Voges, the current U.S. Amateur champion. Not exactly a confidence crusher, now is it? More important, Tiger showed that he knows how to scrape it around when he doesn't have his "A" game, which is the mark of a golfer as opposed to a ball striker.

"He was playing Army Golf: left, right, left, right," said his father, Earl, who had his son swinging a sawed-off putter in the garage at age 10. Ten months, that is.

"But he was getting up and down like a thief. He recovered and made pars from positions that Riviera hasn't seen in a long time."

There was, for instance, the par Tiger made Thursday on the par-4 number 2, when he snap-hooked his drive between a row of oleanders and the practice-range fence. Trying to chip to the fairway, he caught the edge of the cart path—the ball bounced back toward him—and wound up lying two, still 170 yards from the green and behind a massive tree. With his backswing impeded by branches, Tiger still was able to hit a high, improbable hook with an eight-iron. The ball swept home like a boomerang and bit four feet from the hole.

"I hit eight greens and shot 72," Tiger said jokingly after Thursday's round. "What does that tell you? I was getting up and down like a champ."

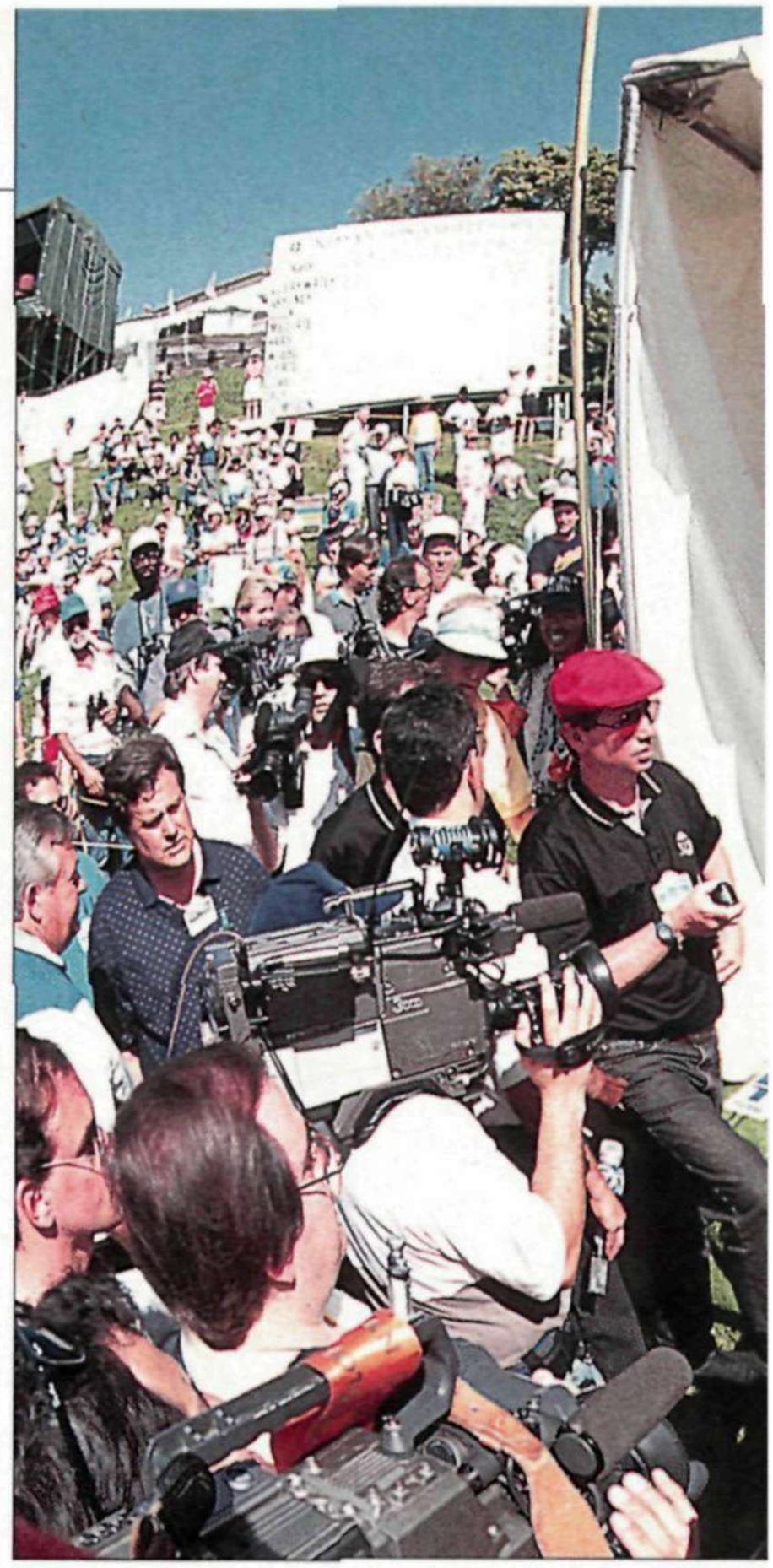
Maybe it told more. With his scrambling, Tiger displayed composure and imagination—not to mention the technical skill to maneuver the ball in unconventional ways. (Retaining such a deft touch isn't easy when you've grown five inches in two years, which means the club you used on a particular shot yesterday might not work today on the very same shot.) "He plays the mental game like he's been out here seven or eight years," said his caddie, Ron (Graphite) Matthews, a veteran bag carrier.

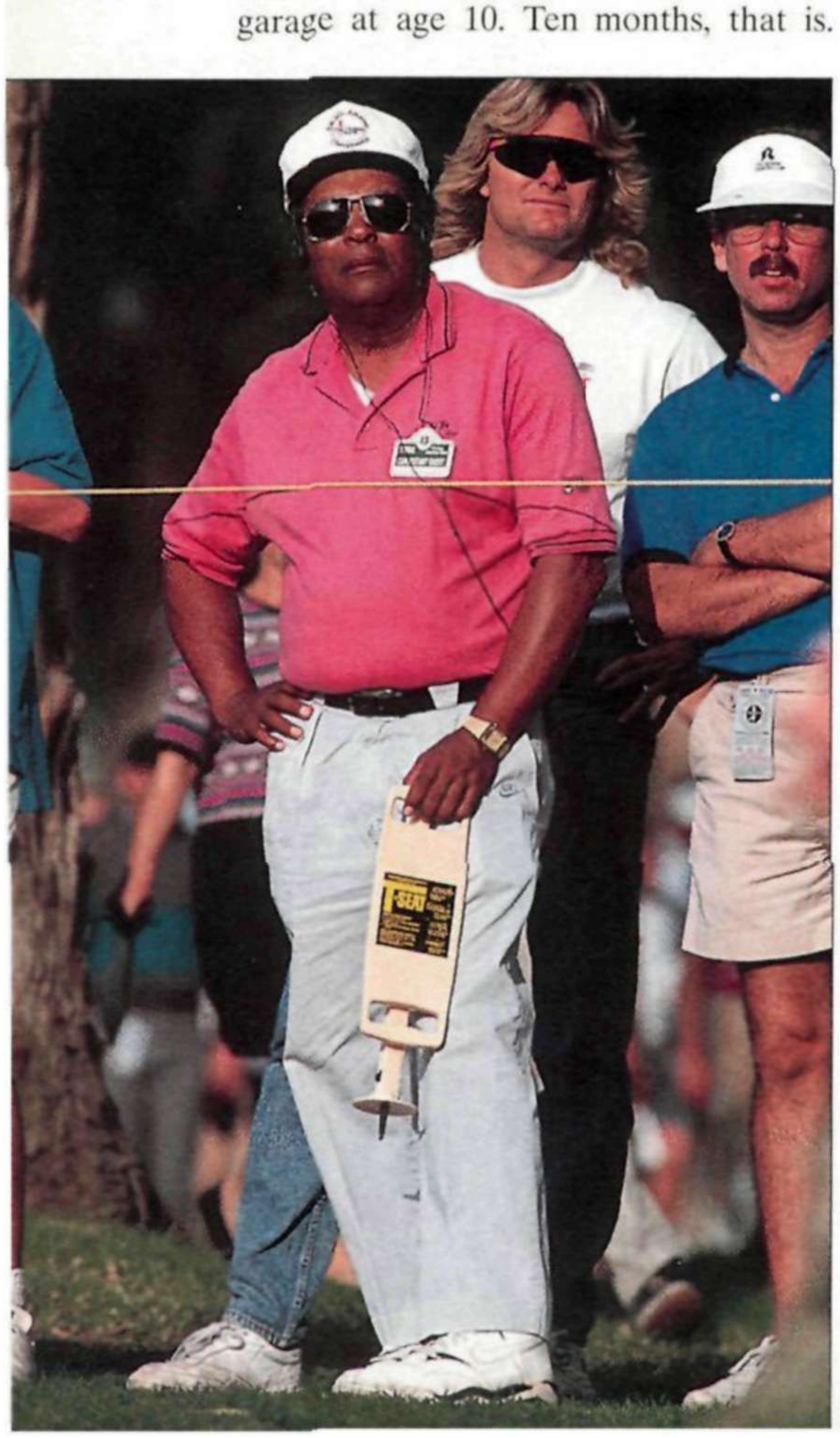
"He's remarkably mature," added 28-year-old Tour rookie Bobby Friend, who, along with second-year player Dicky Thompson, 34, played with Tiger both days. "It was kind of a zoo out there, but Tiger got the ball up and down from some unbelievable spots. I'd say his game is on the level of a good college player, possibly an All-America."

Tiger's fans went further. "He's the next Nicklaus, maybe better," raved one spectator on Wednesday as Tiger cut the corner with his driver on the tree-lined 18th in the pro-am. "There walks the future of American golf," gushed another on Friday when Tiger saved a miracle par on number 6 with a twisting, downhill eight-foot putt.

The touring pros, while conceding that Tiger may be the best junior golfer ever—he has won a record six junior world titles—steered away from hyperbole. They noted that Doug Clarke, who won the Trans-Mississippi Amateur at age 17, never made it on the Tour and now gives lessons at a driving range in Del Mar, Calif. And there's 23-year-old Bob May, who, before Tiger, held the record for youngest player in a Tour event (16 years, three months and 18 days) but failed to earn his PGA Tour card last fall and now toils on the Asian Tour. Even Hallberg, a four-time college All-America, was once billed as the next Nicklaus—but has fallen 18 majors short.

Moreover, Tiger is already nursing a sore back caused, in part, by growing pains. On Thursday, Tiger pulled a back muscle on the par-5 11th as he struggled to escape from the rough on a severe uphill lie. The injury was treated after the





Earl, architect of Tiger's success, took in the sights—and all that jazz—from the gallery.

After Thursday's historic round, Tiger led the field in recognition.

round and iced throughout the evening.

"Tiger's got all the tools to be a star, but only time will tell," said veteran Mark O'Meara, who played a practice round with Tiger in January. "I told him to have fun. There's no rush to get to the Tour."

Fellow pro Steve Pate agreed: "He's got a great swing, and maybe he'll be a world-beater, but he's only 16. There's no way to predict what he'll be a few years from now."

Still, if early success is no guarantor of future stardom, neither is it a hex. And by granting Tiger the spot in the L.A. Open he almost won through qualifying a year ago, the tournament committee gave the public a chance to see golf's latest Boy Wonder while he is still a boy. Judging by last week's turnout, the typical Tiger fan is a young, or old, white, black or Oriental man, or woman, and wears either a designer polo shirt or a Spike Lee–inspired X baseball cap, or both. When Tiger spun a wedge close to the pin on one hole, a spectator with a smoky voice cackled at the ball, "Take a seat, baby!" and then added, "He put a *karate* chop on that!"

(Not everyone, unfortunately, was so adoring. Woods, the only black player in the field, was followed by several security guards, dispatched in response to three threatening telephone messages left earlier in the week for tournament chairman Mark Kuperstock. The anonymous caller used racial epithets to express his displeasure at Kuperstock for granting an exemption to a minority player.)

The tournament also provided Tiger with something unique: the opportunity to define himself in ways that the junior golf circuit does not allow. For instance, when asked for autographs at Riviera, he complied with a simple "Tiger." This suggests that his ears won't perk up anymore if you say "Eldrick," and reveals a certain marketing savvy. He also tried out, although tentatively, the Tiger Paw—a felinelike clawing gesture used to punctuate the dropping of a key putt.

Watching, and approving, were Earl and his wife, Kultida, who raised their son in Cypress, Calif., 40 miles from Riviera. Earl, a 60-year-old former Green Beret lieutenant colonel, had dubbed his son Tiger after an officer with whom he served in Vietnam. The proud parents walked nearly every hole with their son, even though Kultida, who was born in Thailand, commuted two hours each evening to the family's home to walk and feed Tiger's new puppy, Joey. On the course Earl listened through earphones to tapes of light jazz. For him, the role of spectator was obviously a pleasant agony.

"Don't you *ever* do anything simple, Tiger?" he asked no one in particular when his son flew the 7th green on Friday and needed relief from a marshal's chair. Later, watching Tiger dispatch an errant tee ball, Earl shook his head and said, "I know how he can hit the fairway—just hit his one-iron 260 yards!"

If reading the old man was a cinch, reading the son wasn't. Tiger showed a shy grin when acknowledging cheers, but muffed shots had him walking around with his hands linked behind his head like a POW. Often he strolled off by himself to hang his head and ponder.

Did that mean he wasn't having fun? Hardly.

"I think these were the best two days of my life," he said on Friday, as the sun sank behind the Palisades. "I really do. Even when I hit a bad shot, people clapped."

More likely, Tiger's subdued tenor is derived from his awareness that he has embarked on a race that does not always go to the swiftest. Before he turns pro, he says, he wants to win a U.S. Amateur title, play in the Walker Cup, conquer his hummingbird metabolism in order to add weight, lead some lucky college team to the NCAA championship and get an accounting degree. And, oh, yeah, he had a high school match Monday against Gahr High in Anaheim.

"I've got a lot of growing to do, both physically and mentally," Tiger said before leaving Riviera, "but I'll play these guys again—eventually."

He understood: In golf, it's not how fast you get good—it's how good you get. ■

Bloody Shark Attack

Jerry Tarkanian's attempt to unresign has provoked vicious backbiting in Vegas

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

THIS MAY COME AS A SURPRISE TO the Las Vegas basketball fans who were calling for his head last week, but UNLV president Robert Maxson played a little hoops himself while growing up in rural Arkansas during the 1950s. He likes to tell of the time a storm forced the postponement of one of his high school games and how his Baptist parents kept him from playing when it was rescheduled for a Wednesday. Just as the devout never failed to go to church on Sunday, neither did they miss the Wednesday prayer meeting. "Think of a clothesline!" the Maxsons' minister would thunder. "Without that pole in the middle, it sags!"

Last week Maxson found himself drawing on that lesson in both steadfastness and the need to keep basketball in its rightful place as he faced the biggest crisis of his eight years in office. On Feb. 23 Runnin' Rebels coach Jerry Tarkanian held a sort of Holy Rollers-meet-high rollers prayer meeting of his own at a north Las Vegas church and told a hymn-singing overflow crowd of supporters that he was rescinding the resignation he tendered last summer. No dice, said the administration, which declared the resignation "irrevocable" and cited various state laws and policies to support its position. "I'm embarrassed and I'm tired," Maxson said last Friday, "but I think this university's at a crossroads. And I believe the nation is watching UNLV to see if we're going to be a serious academic institution or a basketball team with a university attached. Jerry has said that if I had cooperated with him I could have been governor of this state. Well, I don't want to be governor. I want to be president of a good university."

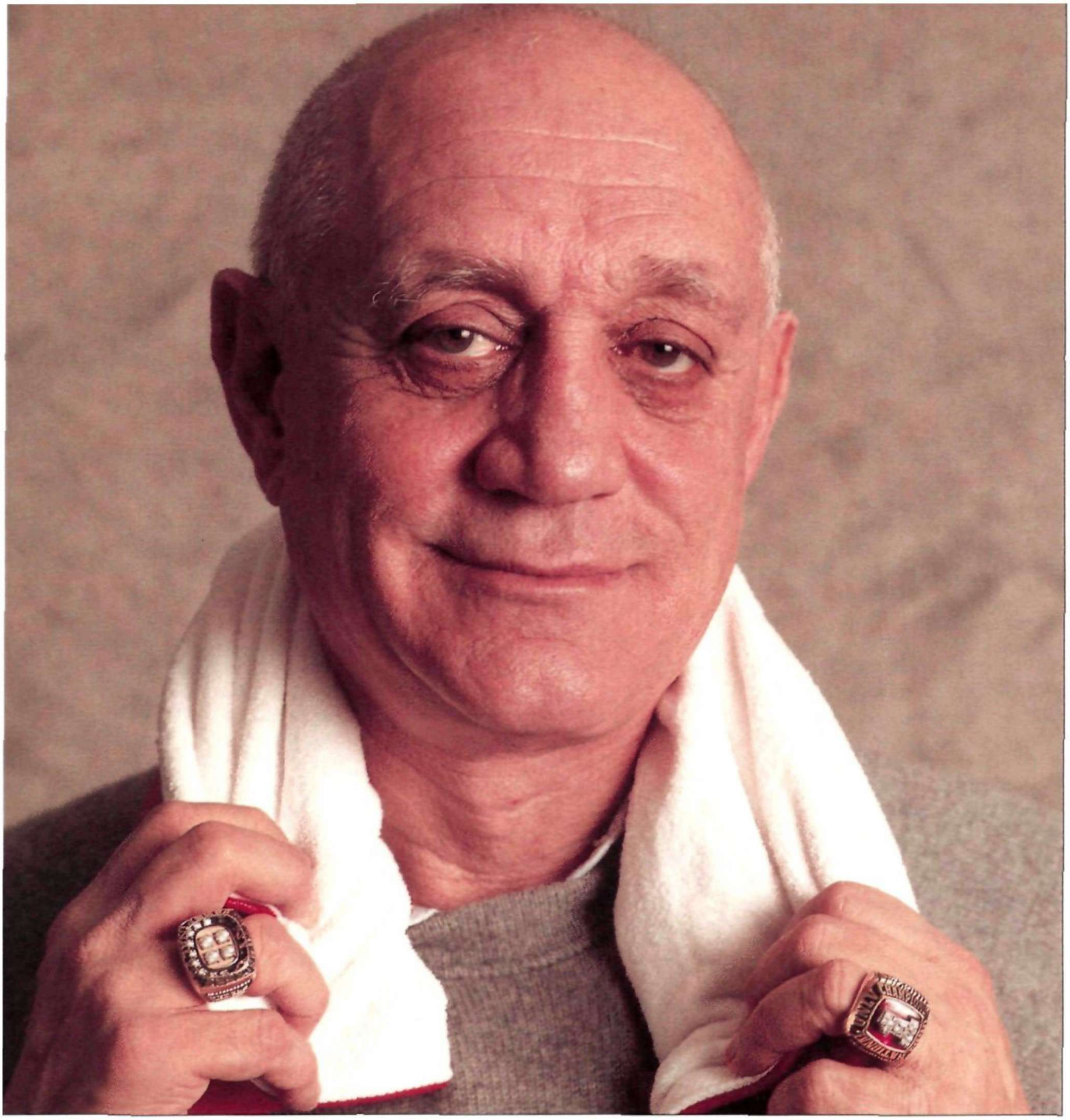
Good or bad, UNLV is right now a divided university, in a divided city, that seems ready to go up in partisan conflagration. The Committee to Save Tarkanian has gathered more than 50,000 signatures on a petition urging Maxson to keep the coach. On the other hand, the UNLV Faculty Senate discussed on Feb. 25 a resolution to drop basketball for two years; the measure, which would constitute no more than a recommendation to the school administration, may be put to a vote on March 10. The two sides clashed two days later during a rally on campus in support of the president at which Tarkanian supporters shouted down pro-Maxson speakers. The rancor spilled over into the following day at a boisterous public meeting of the Nevada Board of Regents. As campus police and security looked on, one pro-Tarkanian speaker at the public meeting urged that the school's name be changed to Tark the Shark University. A student protested that UNLV was not "a forum for rich individuals in this town to form their own private professional team." A Tarkanian partisan, who is a donor to the school, wore a Mickey Mouse shirt because, he said, "That's what this is. Please inform your faculty and scholarship people that it's *my* money that has built *your* buildings." And a school admissions office employee pleaded, saying, "If Mr. Tarkanian really loved about 19,000 students at UNLV, he would abide by his resignation, leave with dignity and let the healing process begin."

As the No. 7–ranked Runnin' Rebels beat up Fresno State 84–67 last Thursday night to extend their winning streak, the nation's longest, to 22 games and their record to 25–2, the players broke each huddle with a mumbled shout of "—— the school!" Tarkanian crony Freddie Glusman, a Las Vegas restaurateur, sat on the team bench. "I only did it because it pisses Maxson off," Glusman said.

All of this raised the question of what might happen at the one game remaining in the Rebels' probation-truncated season, a home date with Utah State on Tuesday of this week. Envisioned months ago by Tark supporters as a valedictory occasion for the man who has spent 19 seasons at UNLV and whose .836 winning percentage is the best in the game's history, the evening was to have included the presentation to Tarkanian of an Oldsmobile and a Saturn—either of which would have allowed him to drive away in style. But now, how do you bid adieu to someone who says he's not going anywhere?

And how do you cut through the welter of litigation that threatens to form legal gridlock in the desert? In addition to a looming courtroom showdown over his about-face on resigning, Tarkanian has a suit pending against the NCAA in which he charges it with maliciously trying to drive him from the profession. UNLV assistant coach Tim Grgurich has also sued the school, claiming the administration conspired to ruin *his* career by videotaping a phys-ed conditioning class he taught last October that was suspected of being an out-of-season practice, an NCAA violation. Last week the Runnin' Rebels players indicated they would sue Tarkanian, the NCAA and UNLV—being codefendants is as close as those three parties have been in months—in an effort to get an injunction to allow the team to play in this season's NCAA tournament.

The players contend that the agreement reached last year among the NCAA, Tarkanian and UNLV to settle an infractions case dating back to 1977—it allowed the Rebels, the 1990 national champs, to defend their title in the 1991 NCAA tournament but required the team to sit out this season's NCAAs—had been struck without their consent and without regard for their rights. "How about that, guys!" Tarkanian said last week as he listened to Steve Stein, the players' lawyer, brief them on the suit's particulars. "You're going to be suing me!"



Feeling harassed and humiliated, Tarkanian refused to throw in the towel.

In the meantime the NCAA is pursuing its investigation of 40 more recent infractions alleged to have been committed by the UNLV program. This case began with the recruitment of Lloyd Daniels, the former New York City playground star who pleaded guilty to buying crack in a Las Vegas sting operation shortly after arriving on campus in 1987. But the NCAA's case is at a standstill because of a new Nevada statute that requires the organization to ensure due process in the conduct of its investigations—a law the NCAA is challenging in court. As of November, when figures were last toted up, the university had spent more than $600,000 in legal fees—and dealt with 15 separate attorneys retained by various principals—on the latest NCAA matter alone. The nation's economy may still be in recession, but Nevada's legal industry is doing its part to pull us all out of it.

Friends and family began prodding Tarkanian into withdrawing his resignation two weeks ago after reading a report in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* that federal officials were investigating whether some members of last year's team were involved in shaving points. Tarkanian says the story was "totally manufactured and totally orchestrated" by Brad Booke, the assistant general counsel of the University of Nevada system. "I've seen my dad hurt before, but nothing crushed him like this," says Tarkanian's son Danny. "In sports, point-shaving is the worst. They're trying to force him out with this black, evil cloud over his head."

Sources in both the FBI and the Organized Crime Strike Force of the U.S. Attorney's Office have told SI that, while they are conducting a gambling investigation, neither body has any evidence of point-shaving. Another source said that twice-convicted sports fixer Richard Per-

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE

GREG CAVA

Maxson vows to polish UNLV's image, which has been tarnished by, among other things, photos of Perry with three Rebel players.

SUNDAY

Las Vegas, Nevada

Photos tie Rebels to 'The Fixer'

Photographs show three players partying in 1989 with gambler Richie Perry, a convicted sports fixer.

LAS VEGAS REVIEW-JOURNAL

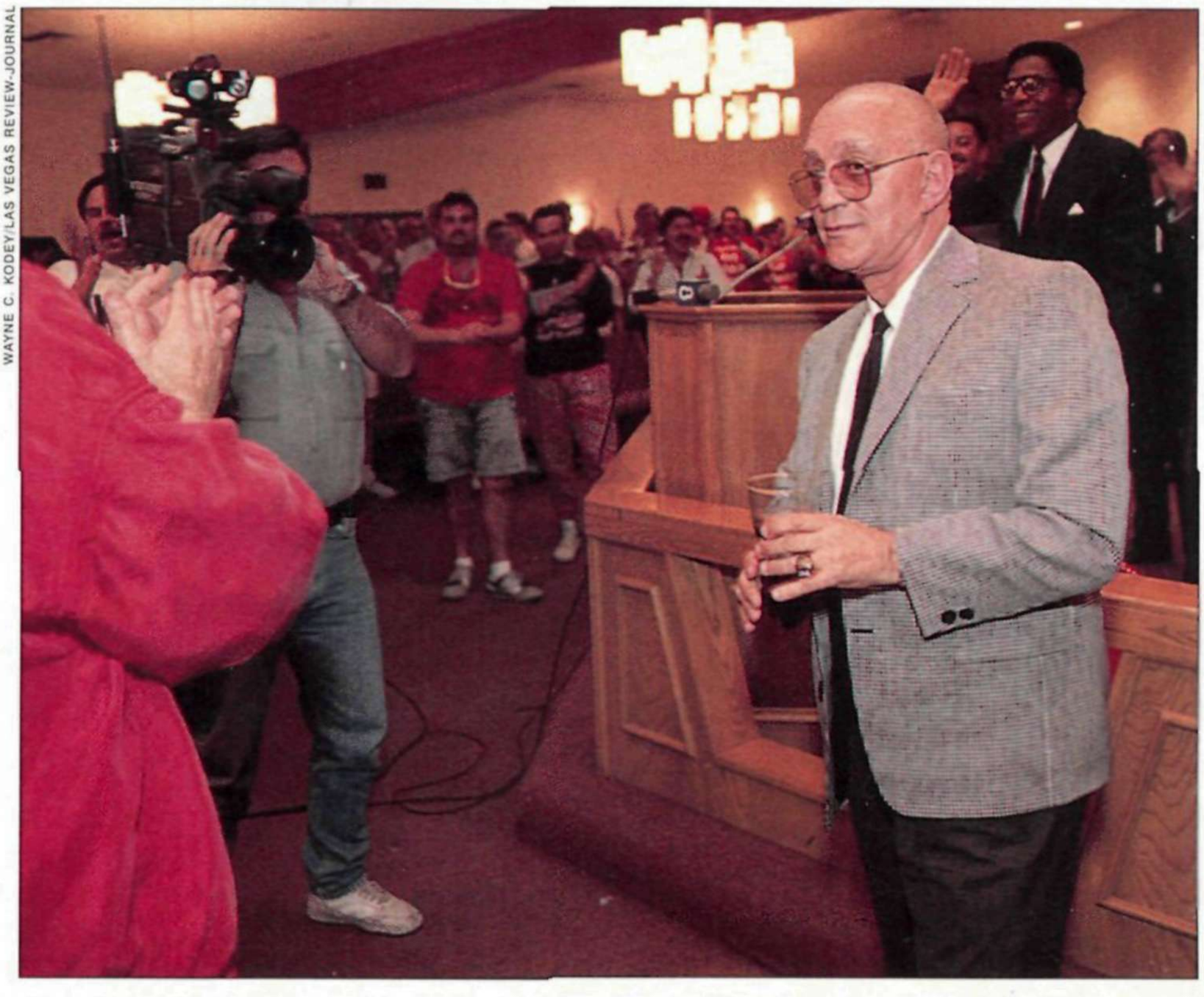
ry, who has been linked to the UNLV basketball program, is the only target of the gambling probe. Booke, the man who ordered the infamous videotaping of Grgurich's class, calls Tarkanian's charge that he orchestrated the point-shaving story preposterous. "I was born at night, but not last night, and I know you don't cut off your nose to spite your face," he says. "I represent this institution as a whole, and there's no way I would be involved in bringing such an unflattering thing to light. I didn't convict Richie Perry of point-shaving in 1984 or ask him to bring Lloyd Daniels to UNLV or arrange tickets for him to come to basketball games or take players to lunch at Caesars Palace or invite three players into a hot tub at his house. And I certainly didn't start a federal investigation.

"The strategy of the basketball boosters is to say, 'Who told on us?' whenever an allegation pops up. Then comes an attack of variable viciousness on whichever individual they've settled on. Never, 'Let's see what the problem is, let's correct it.' Just deny and attack, and I'm the latest victim."

Tarkanian has often said that the greatest value in the Italian neighborhood in which he grew up back in Euclid, Ohio, was loyalty. "You could do anything you wanted, and everybody would be behind you—except squeal on somebody," he has said. That might explain his reaction when UNLV officials, not just the NCAA investigators who were once his primary nemeses, began two years ago to put compliance at the top of their agenda. The most recent potential NCAA violation came to light after an incident on Jan. 24 in which police were summoned to a Jack-in-the-Box near the UNLV campus in response to a call that someone had thrown food at a clerk through the drive-thru window. Police arrested UNLV forward J.R. Rider, the alleged food thrower, on a charge of obstructing a police officer and impounded the unregistered 1991 Ford Explorer he was driving. Bernie Schiappa, a UNLV booster and general manager at the Fletcher Jones Import Center, the car dealership that sold the Explorer to Rider's mother, Donna, told the *Review-Journal* that he had done her a "favor" by getting her a good price on the car. In doing so, Schiappa appeared to have admitted to violating an NCAA rule against offering to athletes and their families anything that is not available to any other student.

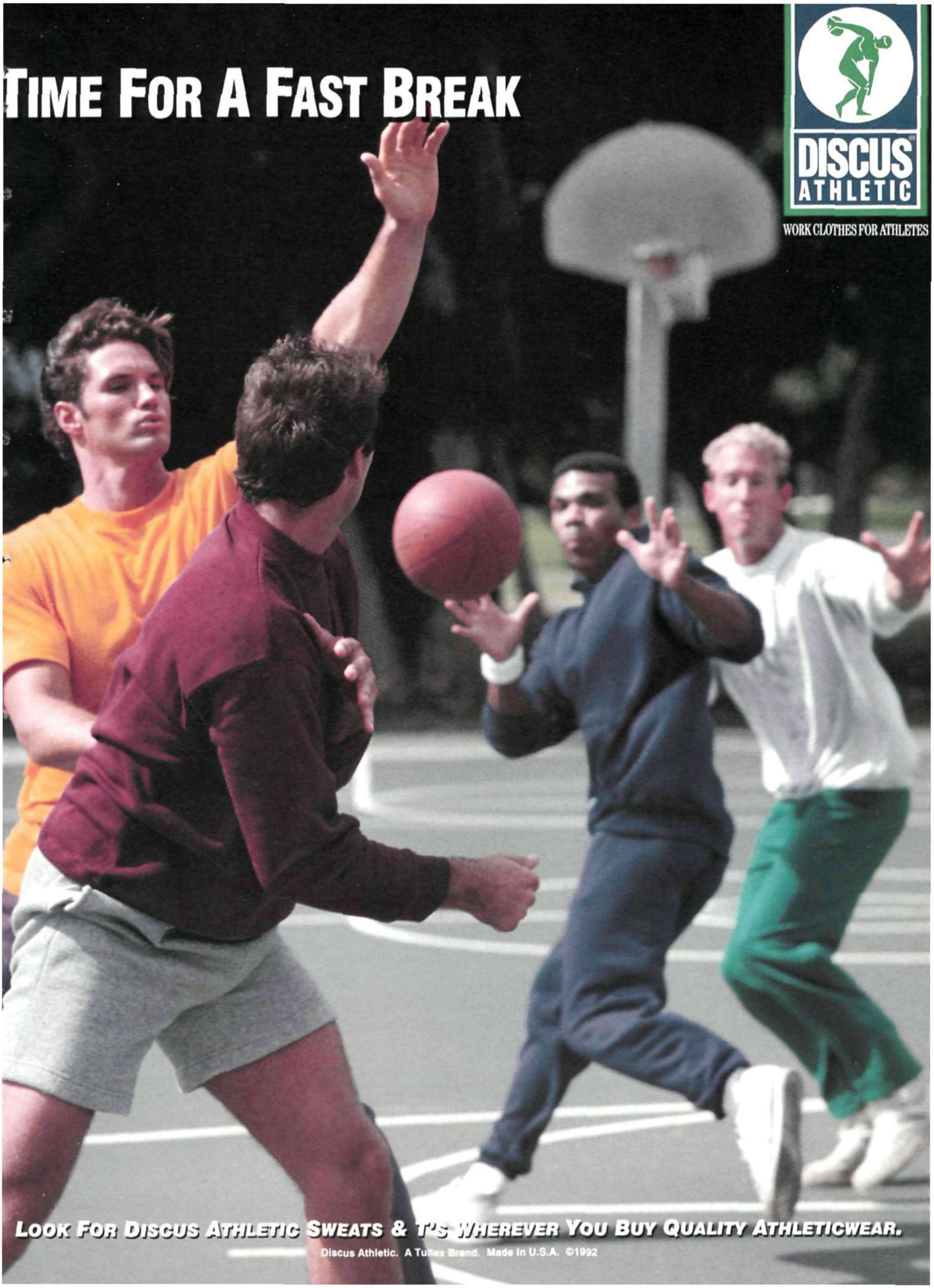
To determine if the school needed to file a report with the NCAA, Booke asked for Tarkanian's help. But Chuck Thompson, one of Tarkanian's attorneys, told Booke, "Jerry would rather sit down with David Berst than meet with you." Berst is the NCAA enforcement official who once called Tarkanian "a rug merchant."

Tarkanian concedes that despite rescinding his resignation, he can't imagine himself coaching at UNLV next season. Before the latest imbroglio, he and San Diego State athletic director Fred Miller had agreed in principle that Tarkanian would take over next season as the Aztec coach. But Tarkanian has all but given up on ever having that job and says he wants to pursue the UNLV matter to "get the truth out, so everybody in Nevada will see what happened." To that end, Tarkan-



WAYNE C. KODEY/LAS VEGAS REVIEW-JOURNAL

Tark was buoyed by a rousing rally held for him at a Las Vegas church.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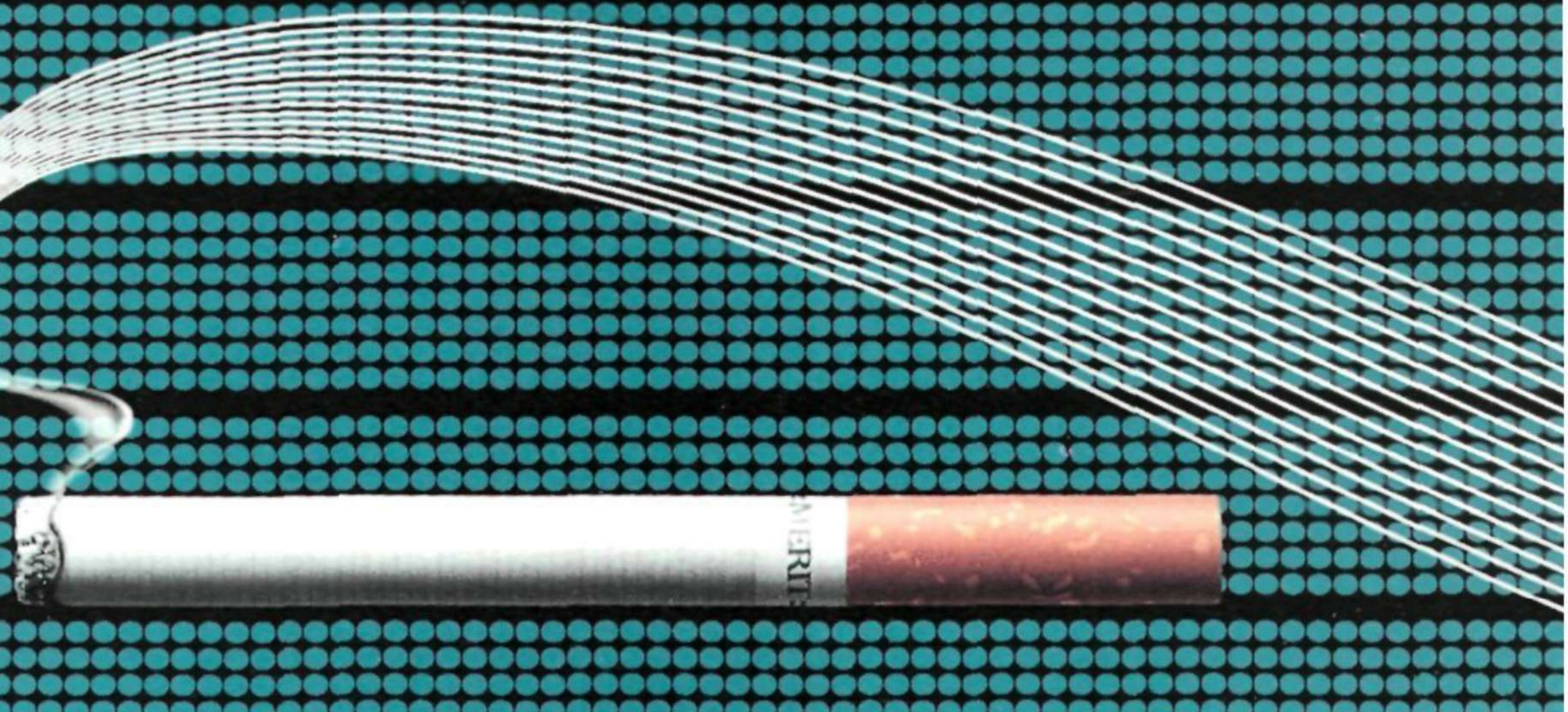

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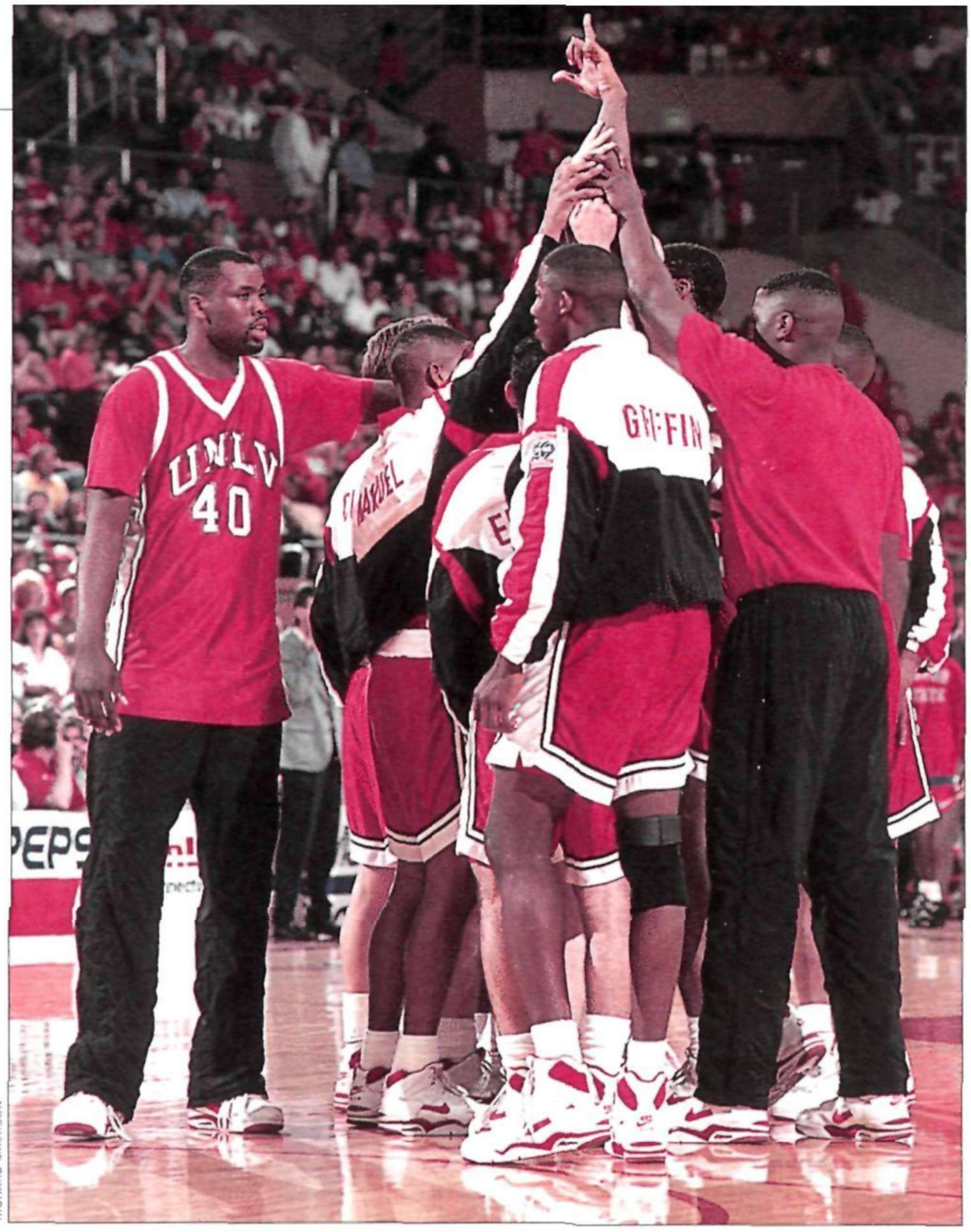
ian's lawyers are banking on a civility clause in the resignation agreement. The clause barred school officials from saying anything derogatory about Tarkanian, so that he could receive, according to the agreement, "all the respect, courtesy and consideration normally due a departing senior member of the faculty." Tarkanian maintains that the administration has breached that clause, thus abrogating the agreement.

For its part, the school points to a Nevada law that says a resignation becomes "irrevocable" 72 hours after it has been tendered. Additionally, if he seeks relief by invoking the civility clause, Tarkanian would have to prove that he comes "with clean hands"—as legal principle requires—because that same clause bars him from "harassment, annoyance or intimidation" of university officials. For example, when the coach ripped into Maxson and Booke during an interview last November with SI, he was asked if he wasn't bound from criticizing his employer. "I'm not criticizing anyone," Tarkanian said. "I'm just telling you the truth."

UNLV's recent travails may be the inevitable result of the peculiar way athletics developed at the school. Until the early 1960s, there was only one University of Nevada, in Reno, with what would become UNLV consisting of no more than a few buildings in Las Vegas known as the university's Southern Branch. Budgets were set and funds disbursed in Reno, where all sports teams were also fielded. Las Vegans clamored for college athletics but realized they wouldn't get them unless they put up money of their own. The bejeweled citizens who now sit in Gucci Row at UNLV games did just that and thus feel quite proprietary about their team. Maxson's efforts, then, aren't so much to maintain institutional control over the basketball program as to capture it for the first time.

Since Maxson arrived in 1984, UNLV has nearly doubled its enrollment, established one of the few supercomputing centers in the world and begun to attract more and more of the state's high school valedictorians. "At a university that's old and stable, something like what we're going through would be just a blip," Maxson says. "But this is an adolescent university. We're like an awkward teenage boy who's taller than the others, with long arms and big feet; but if he's nurtured right, he's going to be a strapping man someday."

Maxson knows he has charted an unpopular course. In a town that leads the nation in unlisted phone numbers, Maxson's is in the book. And among the hostile mail he has received is an envelope containing only a newspaper clipping—about the Feb. 18 murder in Boston of the president of a Japanese university. "I understand why people have an emotional investment in this team," Maxson says. "This will not be the president who downsizes the athletic program. But I've been just as focused on academics as Jerry Tarkanian has been on basketball."



RICHARD MACKSON

While clobbering Fresno State, the Rebels chanted curses against their own school.

As Maxson and Tarkanian stuck fast to the sides they had staked out, neither they nor their surrogates could agree on anything, not even on what last week's events resembled. "Like *Saturday Night Live*," suggested Booke. "Like nothing else I've ever seen," said Glusman.

But that those events could only have a deleterious effect on the university was clear from the anguished remarks of Elmore Spencer, the Rebels' senior center. Spencer has no affection for Maxson but had to be persuaded to be a party to the players' lawsuit. "It's just a total embarrassment," he said. "As I told the class president the other day, there's no way I'll come back to finish my degree here. It'll be as worthless as stock in one of those Keating savings and loans." ■

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Testy Times In Germany

Katrin Krabbe and two other track stars were banned for drug-testing improprieties they hotly deny

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON and ANITA VERSCHOTH

MIKE POWELL ALLSPORT

Krabbe's win in the 200 in Tokyo enhanced her appeal to sponsors.

THE LATEST DRUG SCANDAL involving world-class sprinters is so loaded with suspicious motives, sleazy accusations and questionable handling of test samples that it makes Ben Johnson's run-in with a urine bottle in the 1988 Seoul Olympics seem almost elegant by comparison. The central figure in this sordid story is Germany's double world sprint champion, Katrin Krabbe, the first true superstar to emerge from the shadowy recesses of the powerful East German sports machine since the unification of the two Germanys in late 1990.

Strikingly tall (5′ 11¼″) and glamorous, with long legs, flaxen hair and Katherine Hepburn cheekbones, Krabbe, 22, was on her way to becoming one of the richest women in her sport before the scandal. Sponsors were groveling at her feet even before she won the 100- and 200-meter events in last summer's world championships in Tokyo, and those wins further enhanced her value as an endorser of Nike and a host of German products.

But all this was before the German track and field federation declared on Feb. 15 that Krabbe and two other athletes from the former East Germany—Grit Breuer, 20, the 400-meter silver medalist in Tokyo, and Silke Möller, 27, a former world champion in the 100 and 200—were guilty of using an "illegal technique" in submitting urine samples for testing on Jan. 24 while training in Stellenbosch, South Africa. The federation said that the three women had supplied drug-free urine from the same person or from the same "pot" of urine mixture. Because of this "manipulation" of samples, the federation's executive committee voted to suspend the three athletes for four years and fire their coach, Thomas Springstein, another product of the East German system, who had been put on the payroll of the unified track body.

Though shocked by the severity of the penalties, track and field insiders were not surprised that Krabbe and her running mates had been nailed in a drug-testing violation. From her teenage years Krabbe had displayed an erratic performance pattern symptomatic of anabolic steroid use. Möller had been more directly linked to steroid use when East German documents released after the fall of the Berlin Wall listed precise steroid dosages administered to her.

Now Krabbe, Breuer, Möller and their coach are claiming that shortcomings in procedures used for the Jan. 24 tests not only render those tests meaningless but also indicate that pro-West officials of the newly unified federation are waging a witch-hunt to harass and bring down star athletes from the East. "We are still East Germans to them, and we are proud to be East Germans," said Springstein. "Some people don't like that."

Said Möller, "I suspect that athletes from the East are tested more often than athletes from the West."

Last August, Krabbe said that she had been tested 22 times between January 1991 and the world championships in August. Recently she amended that to 15 tests. Lutz Nebenthal, press officer for the German federation, has said that Krabbe has been subjected to no more than eight tests in training while hammer thrower Hans Weiss, who is from the former West Germany, had 15 out-of-competition tests in the same period. "It is nonsense to say that East German athletes are tested more often than West German athletes," Nebenthal says. "We have a rule that our athletes are tested twice per month during the training phase and by a lottery system during the competition phase."

The Jan. 24 tests on Krabbe, Möller and Breuer, however, came about under circumstances that fell outside that rule. Brigitte Berendonk, a respected Heidelberg lawyer who recently wrote a book titled *Doping Documents: From Research to Fraud*, appeared on a TV talk show in Dresden on Jan. 3, the same day the sprinters left for South Africa. Berendonk was asked if she thought German athletes were still using steroids. She replied drolly, "The cat doesn't stop catching mice.... When I hear that some athletes travel as far as South Africa to train, they might feel less disturbed down there."

The German media interpreted Berendonk's comments as an accusation that Krabbe and her running mates had gone to South Africa in order to use performance-enhancing drugs without risk of detection. In an interview last week with SI, Berendonk said that Helmut Meyer, president of the German federation, ordered that tests be made on the spot in South Africa. "I want to prove that Katrin Krabbe is clean," Berendonk quoted Meyer as saying.

The German federation requested that its counterpart in South Africa obtain the samples, but arrangements to do so were not completed until Jan. 24, the day before the Germans were to return home. "If the federation had done this correctly, they would have sent someone to South Africa to test us, or they could have sent someone to the Frankfurt airport to test us there," says Möller.

Emil Vrijman, a Dutch lawyer and acting director for the Netherlands Center for Doping Control, who became involved in the case as an expert representative for the athletes, says, "The International Olympic Committee [IOC] charter for doping in sports says very clearly that in order to have your athletes tested abroad, you should have an agreement [on testing procedures] between federations. The Germans didn't know how the South Africans tested. Why didn't they send someone over? All they had in South Africa was a faxed message to conduct tests. No procedural guidelines were drawn up."

And it seems the testing was not handled in textbook fashion. In their statement to the German federation, the three women said that the South African doctor administering the test carried their sample bottles around the examining room while she was filling out the necessary forms. As Vrijman points out, "By the time the athletes got dressed, it would have been easy for the physician to switch the samples. We in Holland make sure the athletes carry their samples themselves until the bottle is sealed before their eyes."

GRAY MORTIMORE/ALLSPORT

Möller's use of steroids had been previously documented.

Also, the South Africans did not secure the samples—an A and a B sample for each athlete—for shipment in the manner followed by the IOC and the IAAF, the world governing body for track and field. According to Vrijman, the South African sample bottles were not sealed but had only screw-on caps; the plastic shipping containers in which the bottles were placed were not lined with the tamper-resistant hard plastic in use elsewhere; instead of being sealed in a pouch the containers were shipped in a duffel bag with a zipper.

Furthermore, Vrijman says, samples are supposed to be shipped by courier, but in this case the duffel bag was sent unaccompanied and was left unattended for two days in an airport before it reached the IOC-accredited testing lab in Cologne headed by Dr. Manfred Donike, an expert in the field of drug testing. Donike took the unusual step of immediately ordering that a video camera record all his moves while he opened the A containers. According to Vrijman, when he later asked Donike why he insisted on the video, Donike replied, "[The samples] looked suspicious to me."

"If you know from the press who is training in South Africa and you receive samples from there, you can piece this together and get your video camera and tape it," Vrijman says. "This didn't give me the idea that the procedure was neutral. It should be totally anonymous."

After each of the three women's B samples also tested as coming from the same source, the German federation concluded that the athletes had contrived to pour the same untainted urine into all of their sample bottles. But wouldn't it figure that the athletes would have thought to use three separate batches of "clean" urine? "A lot of people ask, 'How can you be so stupid?' " Berendonk says. "I think it is a certain audacity. In the past when there were rumors that their samples had been tampered with, they escaped unscathed. It was also unusual that the three samples were compared. Usually samples are only examined for whether they are positive or negative. Professor Donike must have been suspicious."

The case is in the hands of the federation's legal committee, which probably will complete its review within a month. The committee has the power to overrule the suspensions. Last week, in her regular column for the tabloid *Bild*, Krabbe seemed optimistic: Under the headline I BET THAT I WILL COMPETE IN BARCELONA! she said, "You get the feeling there is a conspiracy against you.... A lawyer wrote to me: 'Keep your head high. There are jealous people everywhere.' I believe that justice will prevail." ■

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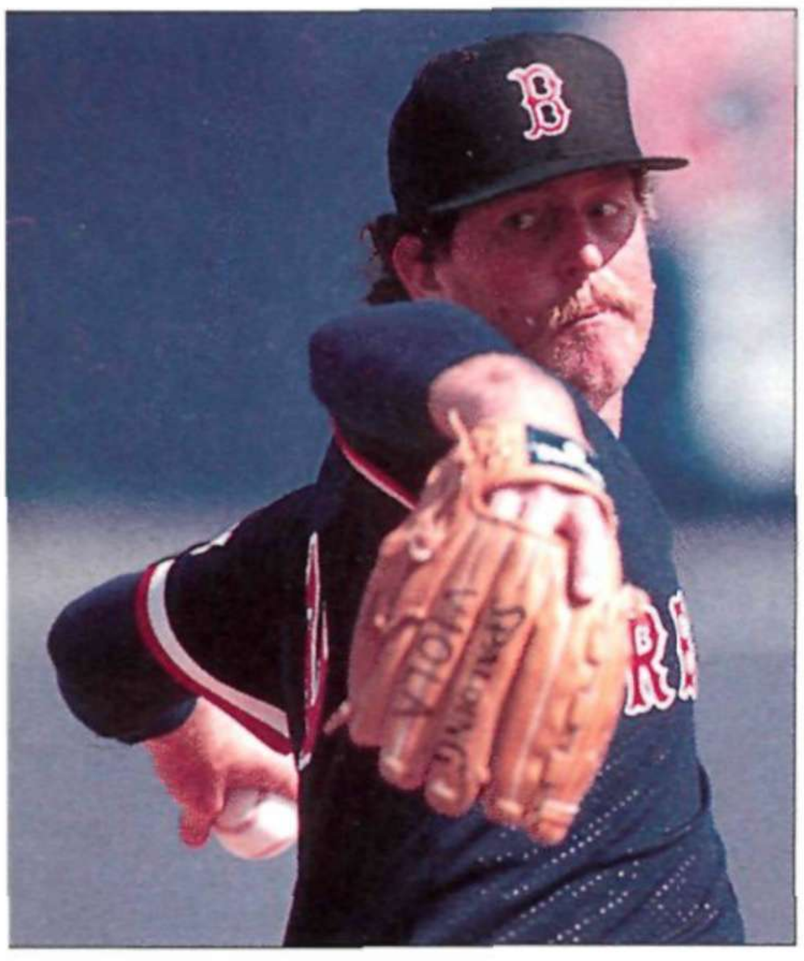
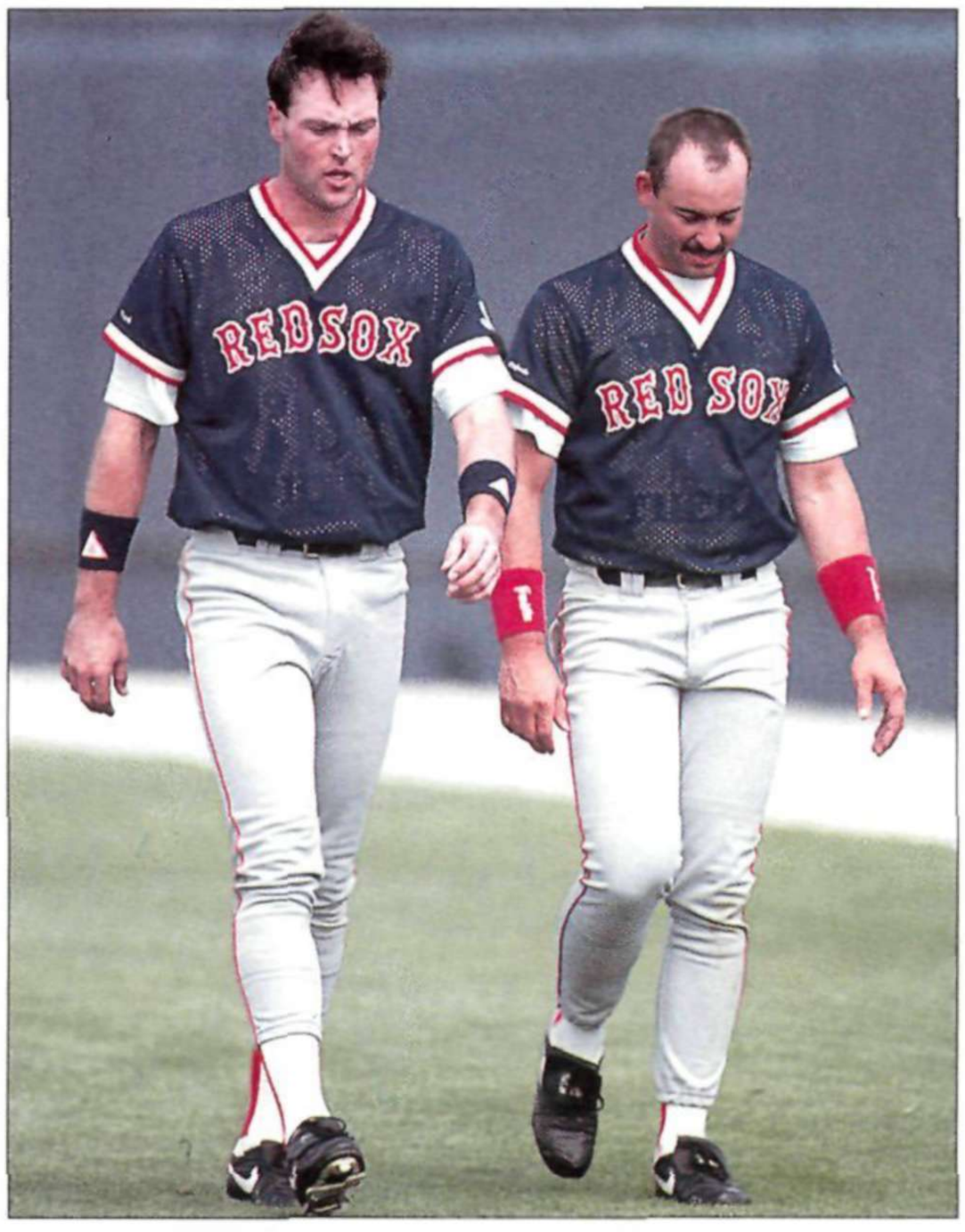




Among subjects that could test Hobson are (clockwise from top) Clark, Brunansky and Greenwell, and pricey talent like Frank Viola.

Butch League

New Boston Red Sox manager Butch Hobson has one tough job—and his first week in camp proved it | by TIM KURKJIAN

WHEN BUTCH CAME TO shove, the Red Sox shoved back. Clell Lavern (Butch) Hobson Jr., Boston's 40-year-old rookie manager and once the Sox third baseman, certainly knew that the Red Sox, baseball's never-ending news story, would not make it easy on him. But he had no reason to expect *this* much aggravation.

Upon his arrival at training camp in Winter Haven, Fla., on Feb. 15, the odds, as established by Red Sox watchers, New England's most wary oddsmakers, were already against Hobson. Why the doubt? Because of the team he's running, the manager he's replacing and the command work ethic he's instituting. So all Hobson wanted was a quiet, orderly opening to spring training. Instead, he got whacked from more angles in the first week than in three years of playing football for Bear Bryant.

Consider the woes of Week 1. On Feb. 20, three days before pitchers and catchers were supposed to report to camp, Jean Yawkey, the Red Sox's majority owner, suffered a stroke. She died six days later, ending the Yawkey family's distinguished 59-year stewardship and initiating speculation about future ownership *(page 17)*. On Feb. 23, Hobson penciled in Carlos Quintana as his starting first baseman. The next day Quintana, still in his native Venezuela, broke his left arm and his right foot in a car crash while rushing two of his brothers to a hospital after both had been shot during a dispute at a party. Quintana is out at least five months. On Feb. 26, left-fielder Mike Greenwell, ending a six-month silence with the media, unloaded on Hobson's predecessor, starting a chain reaction of name-calling back home in the Boston papers.

And through it all, Red Sox pitching ace Roger Clemens, the team leader, spent the beginning of training camp back home in Houston, stretching his arm by doing celebrity bartending at The Velvet Elvis. He finally hit camp on Monday morning, ending his manager's eight-day wait. "There are a lot of eyes on me now," Hobson said. "If this is a test, I'm going to pass."

This *is* a test, make no mistake about it. And so far he has survived quite nicely. Despite the first week's events, workouts have run smoothly. While Hobson would be justified in saying he would like to tear Clemens's head off, which he probably could, he has shown great restraint. And from the outset, he has dealt patiently with the press.

All of which comes as a surprise to some people. Since that stunning day last fall—Oct. 8—when Joe Morgan was fired and Hobson was hired, skeptics have forecast doom for the new manager. With only one year of managing above Double A, Hobson, they said, wasn't ready. He was too strident. His rah-rah, football tough-guy approach would never fly in the major leagues. He might look like Paul Newman, but he was really a redneck from Alabama who would be smothered by the Boston media. And he would never replace the affable Morgan, a Beantown favorite son who was adored by the press—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK SOLOMON

and who also won two American League East titles in his 3½ seasons at the helm.

Managing the Red Sox is the most demanding job in baseball, perhaps in all of professional sports. There are more emotional stockholders in this team than in any other in America. Six states passionately call the Red Sox theirs, and they create enormous pressure to win. The franchise history is as gory as it is gloried; Boston, of course, hasn't won the World Series since 1918. The media coverage is massive and often nasty. The Sox clubhouse, always known for the irascibility of its tenants, might be the toughest room in sports. "If he can pass this test," says Boston reliever Jeff Reardon, "then he'll have a hell of a career."

Hobson has spent a lot of time in that clubhouse, which should work in his favor. He played third base for the Red Sox from 1975 to '80; in '77, he hit 30 homers and knocked in 112 runs while batting ninth. He wasn't a skilled player, but no one played harder, and few got more out of their ability. He played eight years in the big leagues, batted .248, hit 98 homers, devoured second basemen on the pivot and steamrollered catchers at the plate. He played most of the '78 season with bone chips in his right elbow, and made 43 errors. "Between pitches he adjusted the chips," says Don Zimmer, who managed Hobson for 4½ seasons and will coach for him this year. "Sometimes he didn't get them back in time, and he couldn't throw. He was tough."

Some of that toughness comes from his father, the senior Clell Lavern Hobson, who played quarterback for three years at Alabama and was Butch's high school football coach. "A great motivator," says Butch. "Whenever I need to call someone, I call my dad. I need to talk to someone about this [the Clemens situation]. I can't talk to my wife, know what I mean? I'll call my dad."

Some of the toughness came from Butch's college football coach, Alabama's Bear Bryant, for whom he was a backup quarterback in 1972 and later a strong safety. "Bear Bryant was one of the toughest, greatest motivators ever—I *loved* him," Hobson says. "I was scared of him. I was intimidated by him. But every Saturday he made me want to run over my grandmother. After the game, we were gentlemen. We called our mothers. That's how it's supposed to be."

Hobson's tough-guy approach won him honors in the minors, but will it work in the majors?

As a minor league manager, Hobson used his own intimidating style with success: In 1991, at Triple A Pawtucket, he was voted the Minor League Manager of the Year. "He can't stand to see someone who doesn't get the most out of his ability," says Red Sox third baseman Scott Cooper, who played for Hobson last year. "He's the first to let you know when you screw up, but the first to pat you on the back when you do something right. He was hard on me. Real hard."

He was harder on catcher Todd Pratt. "My second year at Double A, in 1989, I was out late one night, and he knew it," says Pratt, now in the Phillie organization. "The next day he had me run 25 poles—corner to corner of the field. Every time I passed him, he cussed me. He dropped some serious F-bombs. He said, 'Do you know how good you are? Do you know how you're wasting your ability?' He said it under his breath; no one heard it but me. That day, he became a father figure to me. He made me more mature. I played three years for him, but he matured me by about six years."

"He has that effect on people," says Cooper. "He'd be so fired up in the dugout, I'd look at him and say to myself, 'Hell, I'm a *player*, I should be that fired up, too.' "

But will Hobson have that effect on major league millionaires? Will he have a maturing influence on a Clemens? Will he make a Greenwell run 25 poles? Will they respond?

The Red Sox front-office people are counting on it. That's why they promoted him. He's their hired gun, like Newman in *Hombre*; their tough guy, like Newman in *Cool Hand Luke*; their emotional leader, like Newman in *Slap Shot*. "The atmosphere [last year] indicated that we needed a change, a completely fresh look," says Red Sox general partner Haywood Sullivan. "Getting along with the guys, keeping everyone organized and interested, that's the biggest part of managing. He's been in prickly situations already and handled

As the Sox rolled out the red carpet for Clemens, Hobson pondered a welcome of his own.

them well. If he gains their respect, they'll behave. They'll test you. Being the manager in Boston, he'll be tested daily."

Morgan, 61, passed most tests but by the end of last year had lost control of the clubhouse and had reportedly been overpowered by some veterans like Clemens, outfielder Tom Brunansky and designated hitter Jack Clark. "I think the game has passed Joe by," says Clark. "That's not a knock. This is the '90s. The game has changed. Salaries are astronomical. If a change had to be made, the right change was made. We get a fired-up manager. You want to play for a guy like him."

Hobson's managing philosophy is simple: "I'm not asking them to do anything I wouldn't do. Just play hard. I don't think today's player has changed much. They want someone to motivate them. They want to know their manager will fight for them. I will. I'm aggressive. If that means I'm a hard-ass, a tough guy, then that's what I am. Does that work as a manager? I think so. We'll be doing things differently here, and I've talked to the players about it. They've told me, 'Hey, you're the manager. It's your decision.' I don't know how I'll react if someone loafs to first base, because I don't think it's going to happen."

Oh, it will. Says Zimmer, "Thirty-five years ago, there were dogs, and there are dogs today. Thirty-five years ago, there were guys who played hard. Today, there are guys who play hard. The game hasn't changed. I think Butch will have discipline, he'll be his own man, he'll be fair. He's going to be a player's manager. He's not coming in here like Hitler."

Hobson's camp looks no different than any other manager's: There are no tackling dummies, no coaching tower, no barbed wire. "He's working us a lot harder than Morgan did, but nobody really minds," Reardon says. Says Pratt, "The first month and a half at Pawtucket last year, some of the older players bitched and complained about all the work. After that, everyone respected him."

Hobson's level of respect here will be measured in part by his ongoing handling of his star pitcher. Clemens has become bigger than the team; his failure to report with everyone else was merely more evidence of that. He then heightened the insult to his new manager by saying from Houston that if he *were* in camp, he would just "be standing around spitting sunflower seeds." Hobson quietly seethed as he waited: "When Roger gets here, he and I will go in and get our heads together. He's from Texas. I'm from Alabama. I'm tough. I'm gritty. I'm mean."

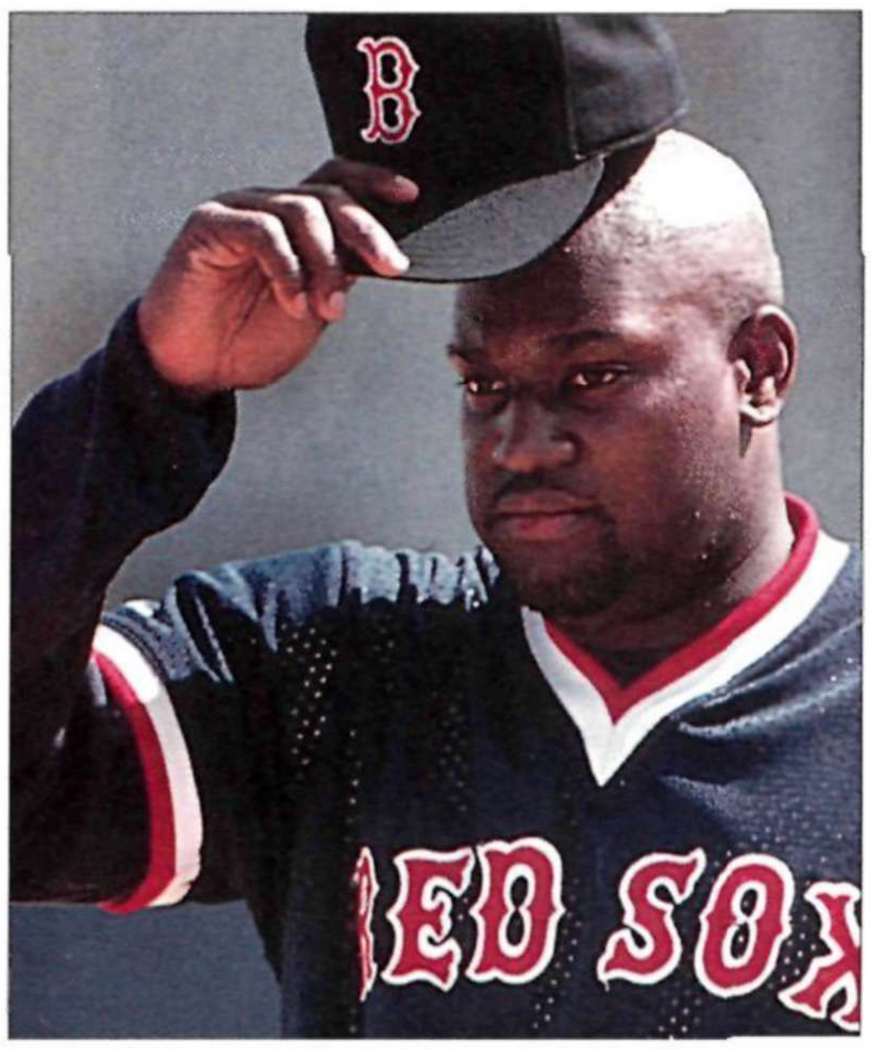
When Clemens trotted out for wind sprints early Monday morning, Hobson joined him; their chat continued inside. "Butch and I had a pretty good talk," said Clemens afterward, noting to the media that his absence had been blown out of proportion. "Give me the ball, I do the job. You guys make it complicated."

His teammates had made it comic. A red carpet was laid from the door of the clubhouse to Clemens's locker, where a supply of sunflower seeds awaited, along with a sign reading REMEMBER THE GOLDEN RULE: WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES. But not all the Red Sox thought Clemens's absence a laughing matter. "He brings attention on himself that's not needed," said Clark. "Maybe he had things to do back home. Well, so do I. I didn't want to leave my family either. Pitchers and catchers are supposed to be here when everyone else is."

Clemens won't be Hobson's only challenge. Controversy has followed Clark wherever he has played. Brunansky has said that if he's not in Hobson's starting lineup he would rather be traded. Greenwell fought with Sox first baseman Mo Vaughn last August in Anaheim and is now blaming Morgan for not backing him; he also took a shot at former hitting coach Richie Hebner, who responded last week by saying in *The Boston Globe*, "These guys don't need a hitting coach, they need a shrink" and "I hope they've got some pacifiers around that clubhouse."

Of the Greenwell-Morgan episode, Pratt says, "That wouldn't happen with Butch. He'd be all over Greenwell. No one is going to push Butch around. He's going to cast a very loud shadow."

That shadow, noisy or not, will be able to prevail on the sunny fields of Florida. But the proving grounds of Fenway Park will test its durability. "I'm nervous in a lot of ways," Hobson says. "This is a big step for me. I want to be a great manager. But I'm not going to change what I've been doing. If I do change, I won't be managing anymore." ■



The fight between Vaughn (right) and Greenwell in '91 is still making news.

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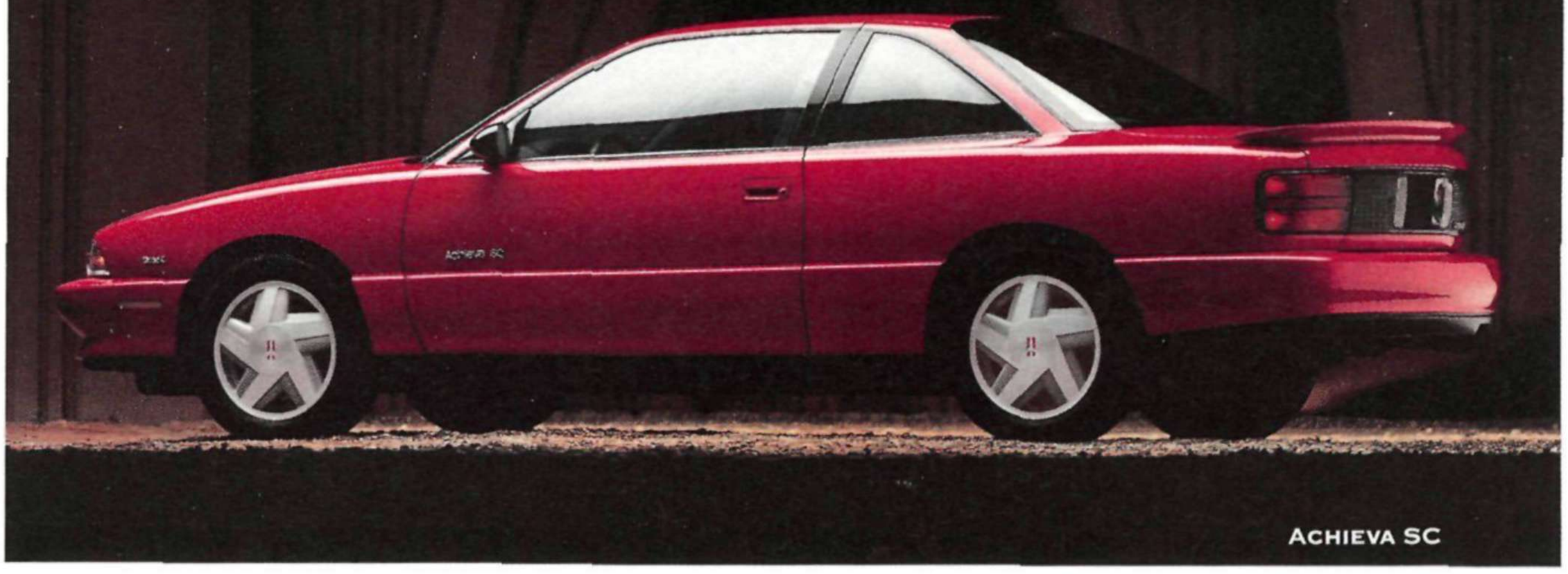

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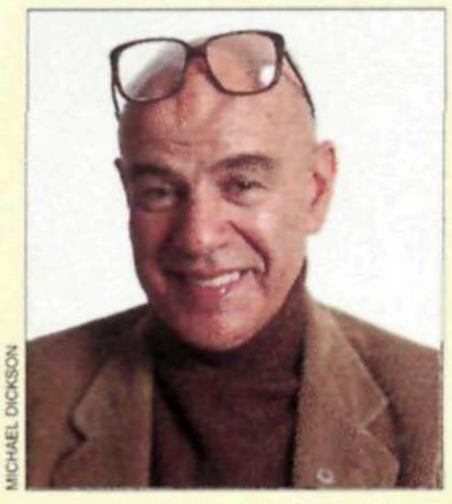
JAMES WHITEMORE

While the timers had Larson (lane 4) first, the chief judge (circle) gave the gold to Devitt (lane 3).

Larson Had the Best Time, But He Didn't Win the Race

The men's 100-meter freestyle event at the 1960 Summer Games in Rome produced the most controversial result in Olympic swimming history. Although timers at the finish clocked Lance Larson of the United States in at least 55.1 seconds and John Devitt of Australia in 55.2, the six placing judges were divided. The chief judge broke the judges' tie and named Devitt.

BY BUD GREENSPAN



MICHAEL DICKSON

OLYMPIC FILMMAKER

Larson, the USC All-America, had trailed Devitt until the last few meters when he caught the world record holder and touched out at the same instant. Three hand-timers using electronic stopwatches for lane 4 clocked Larson in 55.1 or 55.0. The three lane 3 timers all had Devitt in 55.2. However, the placing judges at poolside disagreed. Before electronic devices became the final authority, placing judges, not timers, determined the order of finish. At this race, three men decided the winner, and three others chose the runner-up. The first-place judges voted 2-1 for Devitt, perhaps swayed by his above-water touch. But two of the three second-place judges thought Larson's less obvious underwater touch had beaten the Aussie.

Despite having a poor angle, the chief placing judge broke the 3-3 tie and voted for Devitt, assigning him an Olympic record time of 55.2. Meanwhile, Larson had remained in the pool and swum a brief victory lap. "I thought I had won," he said later. "But I wasn't positive." Even Devitt was confused: "At the end of the race, I thought I was second. So I congratulated Lance and climbed out of the pool." Though Larson's appeals failed, the controversy helped speed acceptance of the electronic touch pads that have become standard.

ROME • SUMMER GAMES • 1960

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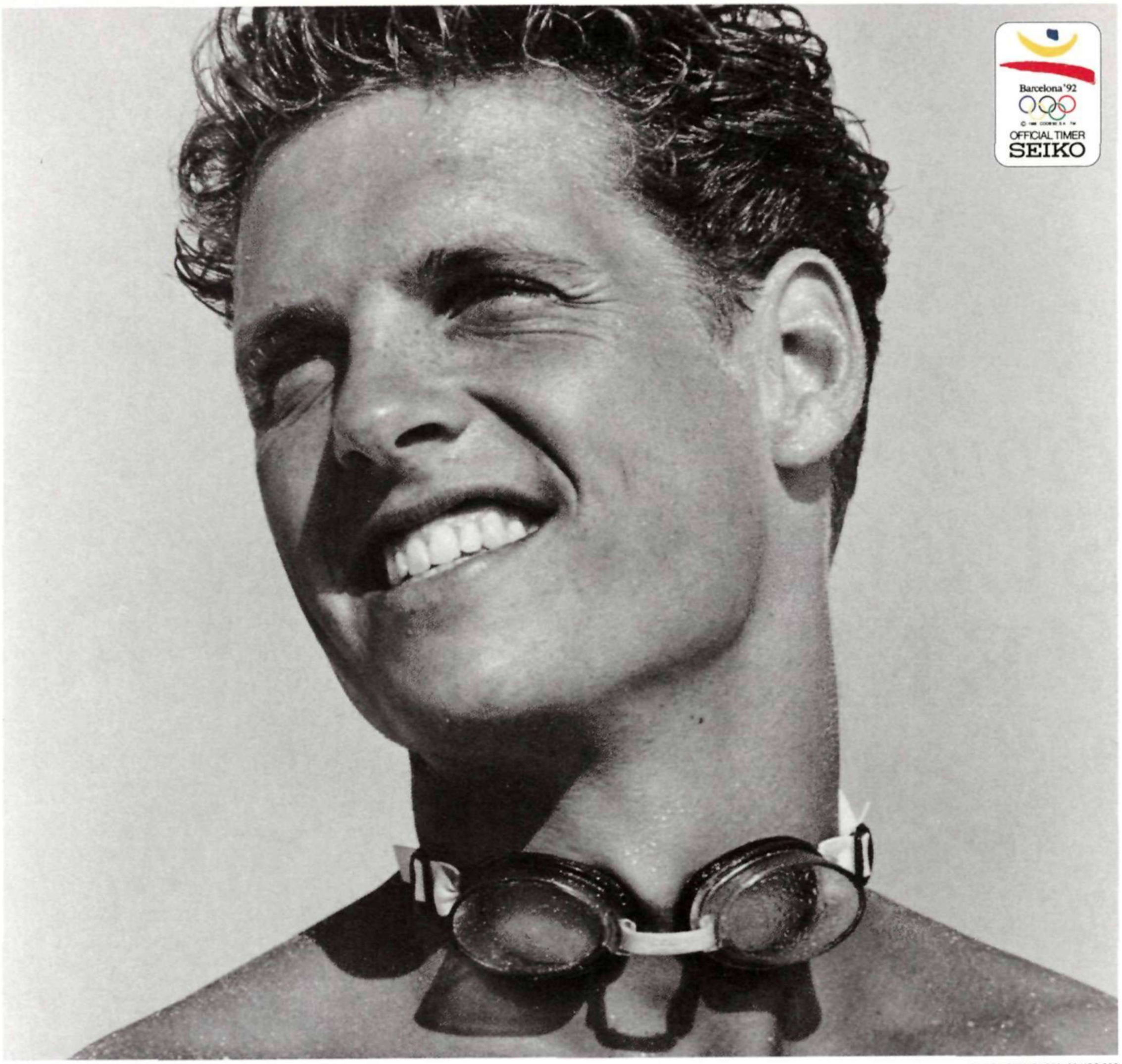

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The Measure of Greatness

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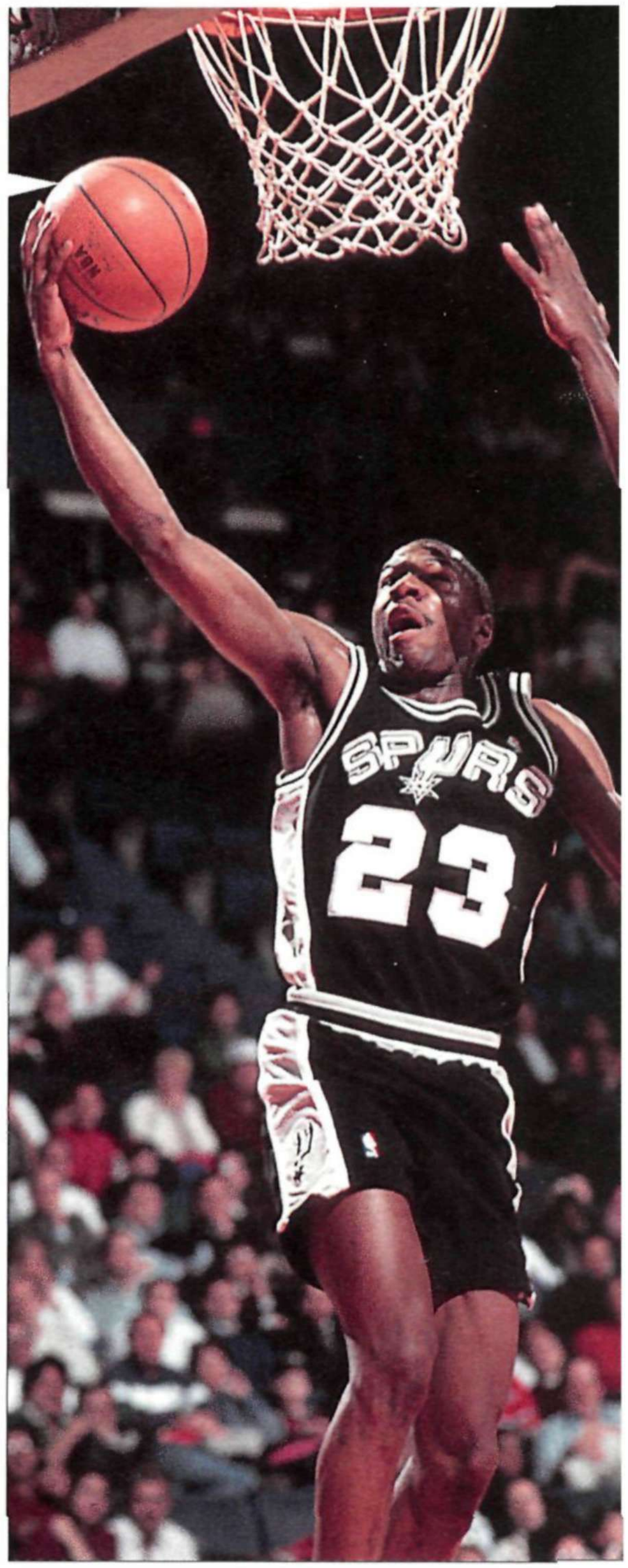
Some thought Oral Roberts's Sutton (23) wouldn't have a prayer in the NBA; Iuzzolino (55) went small-time so that he could hit the big-time.

From SLEEPERS *to* KEEPERS

There are many schools of thought on why so many small-school players are making it in the NBA these days

BY JACK McCALLUM

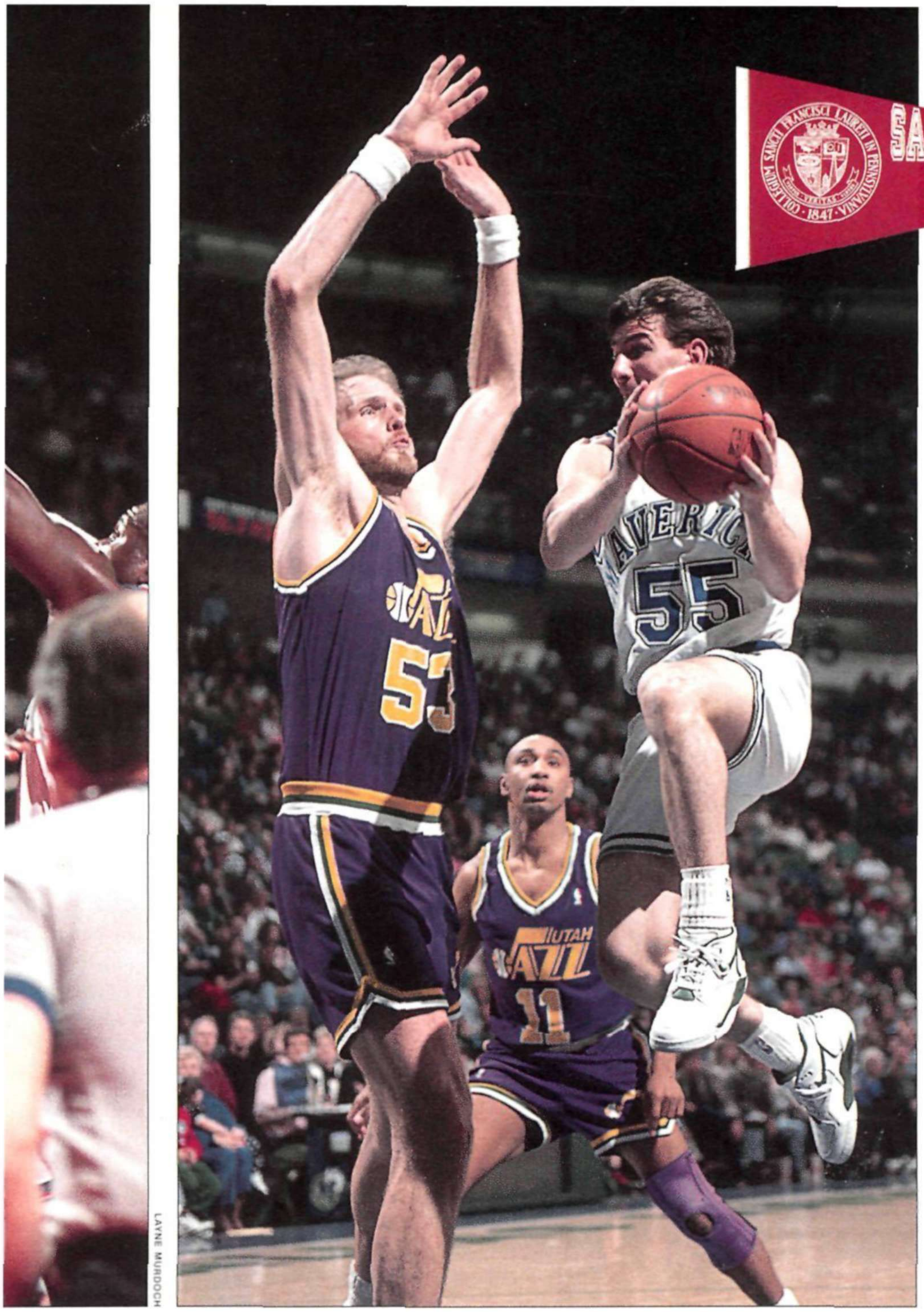


EVERY YEAR AROUND NCAA TOURNAMENT time the interest in college basketball heats up a couple of hundred degrees around the NBA. Break out the ol' letter sweaters and turn up Dickie V a little louder, eh, boys? All those University of North Carolina products (there are currently 11 of them on NBA rosters) can josh about ACC superiority with all those North Carolina State guys (there are eight of them). All those University of Michigan alums (eight) can woof about the Big Ten with all those former University of Illinois players (eight). And all those UCLA products (six) can quibble over who's best in the West with all those UNLV guys (five).

Which leaves one third of the Portland Trail Blazers' roster with very little to talk about.

The Blazers are but the most obvious example of a surprising development in the NBA. To wit: In an era when the major-college basketball programs are getting more and more sophisticated in their recruiting techniques, the NBA is finding more and more of its talent in the boondocks. Quick—name the alma maters of Blazers Jerome Kersey, Terry Porter, Kevin Duckworth and Lamont Strothers. (They are, respectively, Longwood College, Wisconsin–Stevens Point, Eastern Illinois and Christopher Newport.) Which school has more players on NBA rosters today, the University of Kansas, a storied team from the Big Eight, or Virginia Union, a Division II school that plays in the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association, a conference of historically black colleges? (Well, each has three: Charles Oakley of the New York Knicks, A.J. English of the Washington Bullets and Terry Davis of the Dallas Mavericks all played at VU, while the Jayhawks boast only Danny Manning of the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MITCHELL LAYTON



Los Angeles Clippers, Greg Dreiling of the Indiana Pacers and Mark Randall of the Minnesota Timberwolves.) What town were you in if you caught Golden State's Mario Elie or Houston's John Turner in a home game during their senior years? (Springfield, Mass., for Elie, who went to American International College, and Enid, Okla., for Turner, who transferred to Phillips University, an NAIA powerhouse, from Georgetown.)

While this season's all-rookie team will almost certainly be dominated by players from major-college powers—Georgetown's Dikembe Mutombo, UNLV's Larry Johnson, Michigan State's Steve Smith and Syracuse's Billy Owens—look for the fifth member to be the Bullets' Larry Stewart, a free agent out of Coppin State, a relatively obscure Division I school in Baltimore that plays in the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference.

And then there are the patron saints of these Men from Nowhere—Central Arkansas's Scottie Pippen, Southeastern Oklahoma State's Dennis Rodman and Gonzaga's John Stockton, NBA All-Stars all. Chicago's Pippen is merely one of the league's most sensational players, while Detroit's Rodman and Utah's Stockton are leading the league in rebounds and assists, respectively. Not bad for three guys whose college games were never seen on ESPN. In fact, Pippen and Rodman were never even on local television, and we mean *local*—in Conway, Ark., and Durant, Okla.

There have always been some Men from Nowhere in the NBA, of course. Heck, Hamline University, a Division III institution in St. Paul that now competes in the Minnesota Intercollegiate Conference, was once a veritable feeder program for the NBA, producing seven NBA players in the '40s and '50s, including the estimable Vern Mikkelsen, one of the NBA's early greats. In fact, Hamlinites Mikkelsen, Howie (Stretch) Schultz and Joe Hutton (son of the Hamline coach of the same name) were teammates on the Minneapolis Lakers' 1952 championship team.

But the college system in those days was wide open and lacking, as Mikkelsen says, "all those I's, II's and III's." Under Hutton, a little-known but wildly successful small-college coach, Hamline's Fighting Pipers routinely played against the best colleges in the country, regardless of size. The surprising thing about today's Men from Nowhere is that they are beating the odds in a system that glorifies only the high-profile, Division I programs.

Moreover, players are being summoned from the boonies to an NBA that since 1989 has drafted only 54 players in two rounds. Granted, it's still rare when a player from an unknown school is drafted as high as Pippen was—No. 5 in 1987—but these days NBA teams are more likely

Turner's fortunes improved when he was sent into exile by Georgetown.

to spend their second pick on the best player from a relatively unknown school than on, say, the second-best player from a name program. In fact, Oral Roberts, an NAIA school in Tulsa, was one of only six schools to have more than one player taken in last year's draft—Greg Sutton, now with the San Antonio Spurs, and Anthony Jones, who failed to stick with the Los Angeles Lakers.

Thus was Turner the 20th player selected in the 1991 draft, ahead of such well-known (and oft-televised) college stars as Eric Murdock of Providence, LeRon Ellis of Syracuse, Rick Fox and Pete Chilcutt of North Carolina and Randall of Kansas. And thus did these sleepers get their shot from the second round of the draft—the Mavericks' Mike Iuzzolino, the 35th pick, out of St. Francis (Pa.), and Strothers, the 43rd pick, out of Christopher Newport, which sounds like the name of a playwright but is in fact a Division III school in Newport News, Va.

There are a multitude of reasons that the Men from Nowhere either matriculated at, or transferred to, the small-time. Some were late bloomers, such as Pippen, who was the *manager* of his college team as a freshman instead of its star, or Rodman, who grew 11 inches between his senior year of high school and his sophomore year at Southeastern. Some were overlooked, such as Strothers, who firmly believes he could have been as successful at a Division I program as he was at Christopher Newport, where he finished his career as the third-highest scorer in Division III history, with 2,709 points. Others had problems with the coach at a major program, as did Turner, who got into trouble with coach John Thompson because of his friendship with a convicted drug dealer and Hoya hanger-on named Rayful Edmond III. (Turner himself was never involved in any illegality.)

No, the compelling question is not how these players got to such remote basketball outposts, but why they succeeded in getting to the NBA once they had.

"Oh, boy," says Stockton of his years at Gonzaga, "where do I begin? Playing time, first and foremost. It all starts with that."

Indeed, that is the unifying element of these Men from Nowhere. Rodman might have been a nonplaying curiosity piece at, say, the University of Oklahoma, Stockton merely a late-game press-breaker at the University of Washington. Instead, they became the main men, and from that big-fish-in-a-small-pond status came confidence. Over four seasons a combined total of 18,962 fans watched Strothers play at Newport's Ratcliffe Gym, a number that doesn't even constitute a one-game sellout at the Dean Dome. But, ultimately, so what? "So many players go big-time and get lost in the shuffle," says Porter. "I think that could've happened to me in a big program. But, instead, I was able to stand out in the NAIA more than I ever would have in Division I. I was the go-to guy all the time."

A number of other players also mentioned the close-knit atmosphere that is likely to prevail at a smaller school. That's not to say many major-college athletes haven't felt similarly warm and fuzzy feelings, even at Indiana, where the Dad-as-dictator system is in place. But many players are simply overwhelmed at big schools—witness Larry Bird, who transferred to Indiana State after finding that the sheer size of Knight U was simply too intimidating.

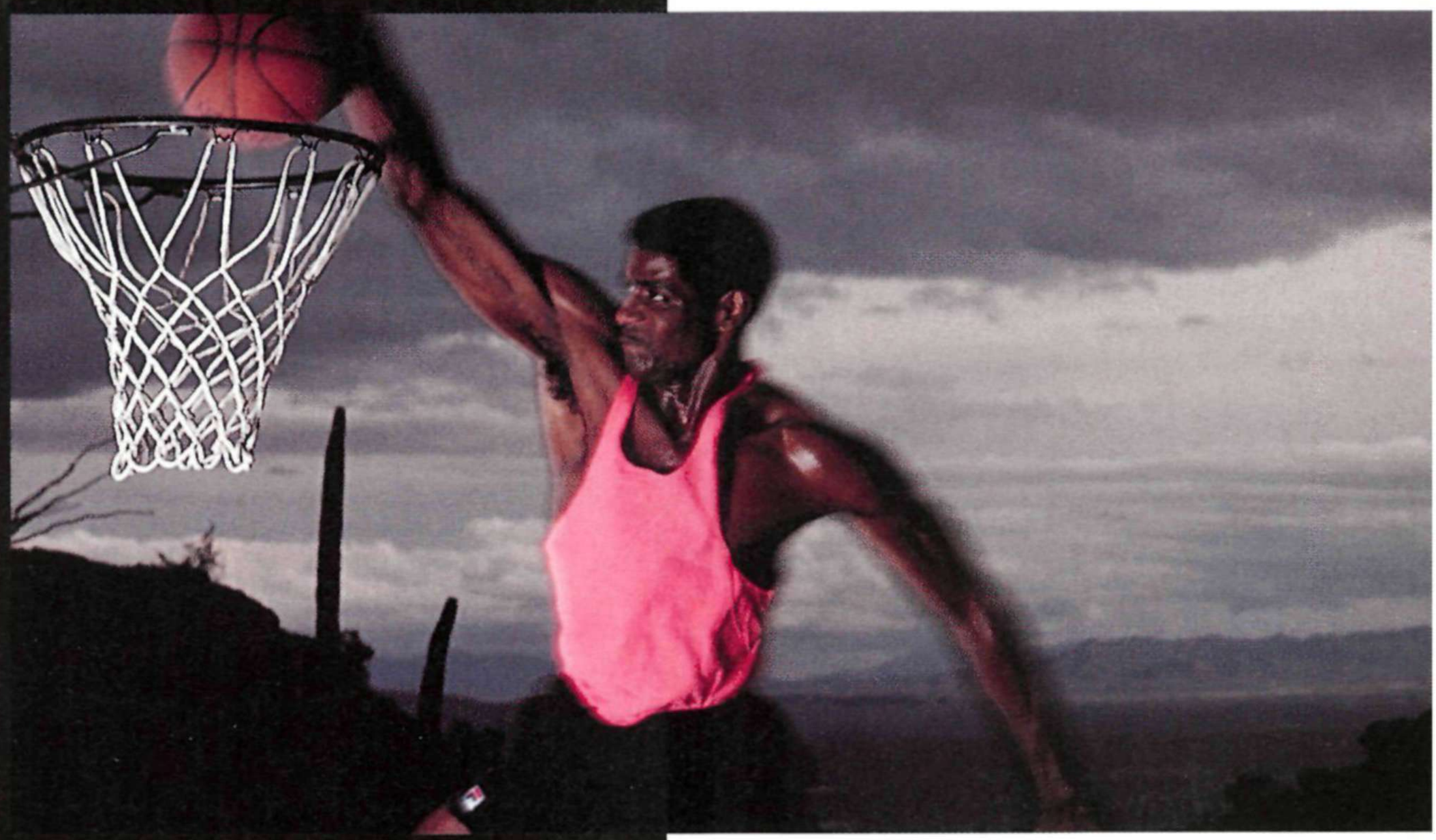
"The school was good to me and cared about me," said Duckworth of his Eastern Illinois experience. "When you go to a small-school program, they give you time to develop and don't expect as much from you. That was very important to me, that family atmosphere. By the time I was a senior, I could talk to the coach [Rick Samuels] about my personal problems. That's why I would do it all over again."

Strothers felt that family atmosphere too . . . all the way to his bones. To prepare him for the tough competition at the Portsmouth Invitational—one of the postseason tournaments held for NBA scouts, where a Man from Nowhere's future is often made or broken—Christopher Newport assistant coach Roland Ross gathered together several of the meanest players he could find and ordered them to abuse Strothers physically during practice. Strothers then went to Portsmouth and caught the eyes of NBA scouts with 48 points in two games. Sure, Dean Smith cares about his players and wants them to succeed in the pros, but when a player from an obscure school has a chance to make the pros, it's really something special to that campus and that coach. Porter, in fact, still returns to Wisconsin each summer to work out under the tutelage of his college coach, Dick Bennett, who has since moved from Stevens Point to Wisconsin–Green Bay.

Another important reason for the success of the Men from Nowhere is that a lower-level program can sometimes offer a system more compatible with their talents. The vast majority of high school stars dream of being a cog in Knight's motion offense or a ball-hawking warrior in Thompson's relentless trapping defense, and that is fine for some. But many players would be better served by thinking beyond college. Iuzzolino, for example, stewed for two years under a conservative, walk-it-up style at Penn State before transferring to St. Francis in Loretto, Pa., the second-smallest Division I school in the country. You might say it made a difference—Iuzzolino's Penn State scoring averages of 2.4 and 3.2 turned into 21.3 and 24.1 points per game at St. Francis. "I didn't feel at Penn State that I was becoming the type of player I had worked so hard to be," says Iuzzolino. "At St. Francis we played up-tempo, run and gun. That's what I'm best in, and it really helped show my talents. There's absolutely no doubt that it helped me develop my game more than I could have at a larger school."

That should not imply that all small

WHERE YOU WANT TO GO...



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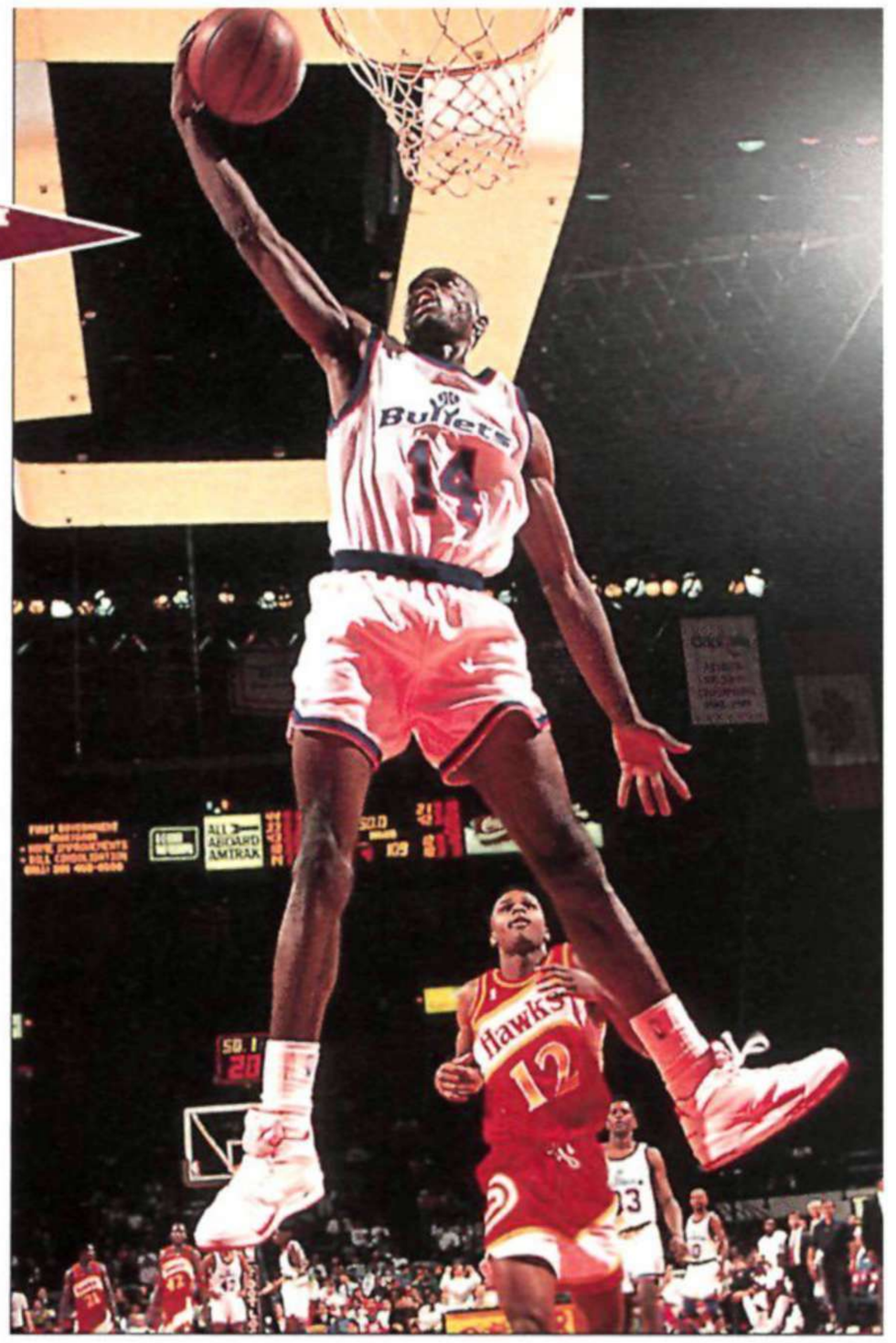

Despite humble origins Stewart is driving for the all-rookie team.

schools play helter-skelter basketball or that all pro prospects need to play in a college program in which they are the sun and their teammates the planets. Dozens and dozens of excellent—but relatively anonymous—Division III and NAIA coaches have principles that are every bit as inviolate as Knight's. "Hey, I played in a 'my-way-or-the-highway system' like most college players," says Stockton of his Gonzaga tenure under Dan Fitzgerald, who is still the boss man in Spokane. But a player should find a system in which he fits, not necessarily one that shows up on ESPN every week.

More than a few eyebrows were raised when Billy McCaffrey, a solid contributor during his first two years at Duke, transferred to Vanderbilt (not a Nowhere but not as Somewhere as Duke, either) after the NCAA championship season of 1991, partly because he could not supplant Bobby Hurley as the Blue Devils' point guard. McCaffrey feels that if he has a future in the NBA, it will be as a point guard, where his height (6′ 4″) might distinguish him, so he traded media exposure and a shot at another ring for the opportunity to broaden his game. (He'll be eligible to play again in the 1992–93 season.) The fact that Duke didn't work out for McCaffrey isn't anyone's fault—perhaps he should have just thought smaller from the start.

"The thing is," says Dave Robbins, who coached Oakley, English and Davis at Virginia Union, "if you're a great player, the pros are going to find you." Absolutely correct. While dozens of legitimate high school talents escape the eye of college recruiters, there are precious few who are not known by the pro scouts once those athletes finish two or three years of college competition at *any* level. It's understandable. A physical and mental portrait of an athlete is much more complete at the age of 20 than at 17, and 1,000 potential college All-Americas can easily be whittled down to, say, 100 potential NBA prospects.

Some prospects, though, take longer to develop than others. The Knicks' John Starks played only one season at a Division I school, Oklahoma State, after fleeting stops at three Oklahoma junior colleges as well as at Safeway supermarkets, where he stocked shelves for a while out of financial necessity. But Starks, like Elie, ultimately made it to the bigs via the CBA, and perhaps the same thing will happen to Myron Brown (Slippery Rock) and Bobby Phills (Southern), two other Men from Nowhere, who were drafted in the second round in 1991 and are currently toiling in the CBA.

The most compelling reason that so many Men from Nowhere make it to Somewhere, however, is that most of them share a gritty, ultracompetitive, I've-got-something-to-prove attitude. "It's often a two-sided coin with these guys from small schools," says Portland vice-president of basketball operations Bucky Buckwalter, who rarely drafts well-known college players and prefers to scour the rural rough for his diamonds. "Most of the time they haven't played against great competition, and that can be a factor. But on the other hand they haven't been pampered or spoiled by success and attention. They just seem to *want* it more than other players."

That feeling of wanting it starts early. "You know that you're an underdog," says Stockton. "And when you start to achieve some good results, you still keep that underdog attitude. That can be very, very potent."

Kersey, whose alma mater was an all-women's school until 1972, agrees. "I think the people in my situation always have something to prove," he says. "A lot of us were talented but just never got the chance. I always felt you have to show you are willing to work harder than the next guy. I still do. I figure every time I go out on the court, I have to prove myself all over again."

And Rodman is almost messianic in his belief that small schools make big men. "I didn't get glory, I didn't get praises, I didn't get money, I didn't get people giving me anything," says the Worm. "I was just one of the crowd in college, and that gave me a work ethic like nobody else's. And I'll tell you, when I did succeed, when I did come out ahead of a lot of those other guys who were better known, it felt so-o-o-o good." ■

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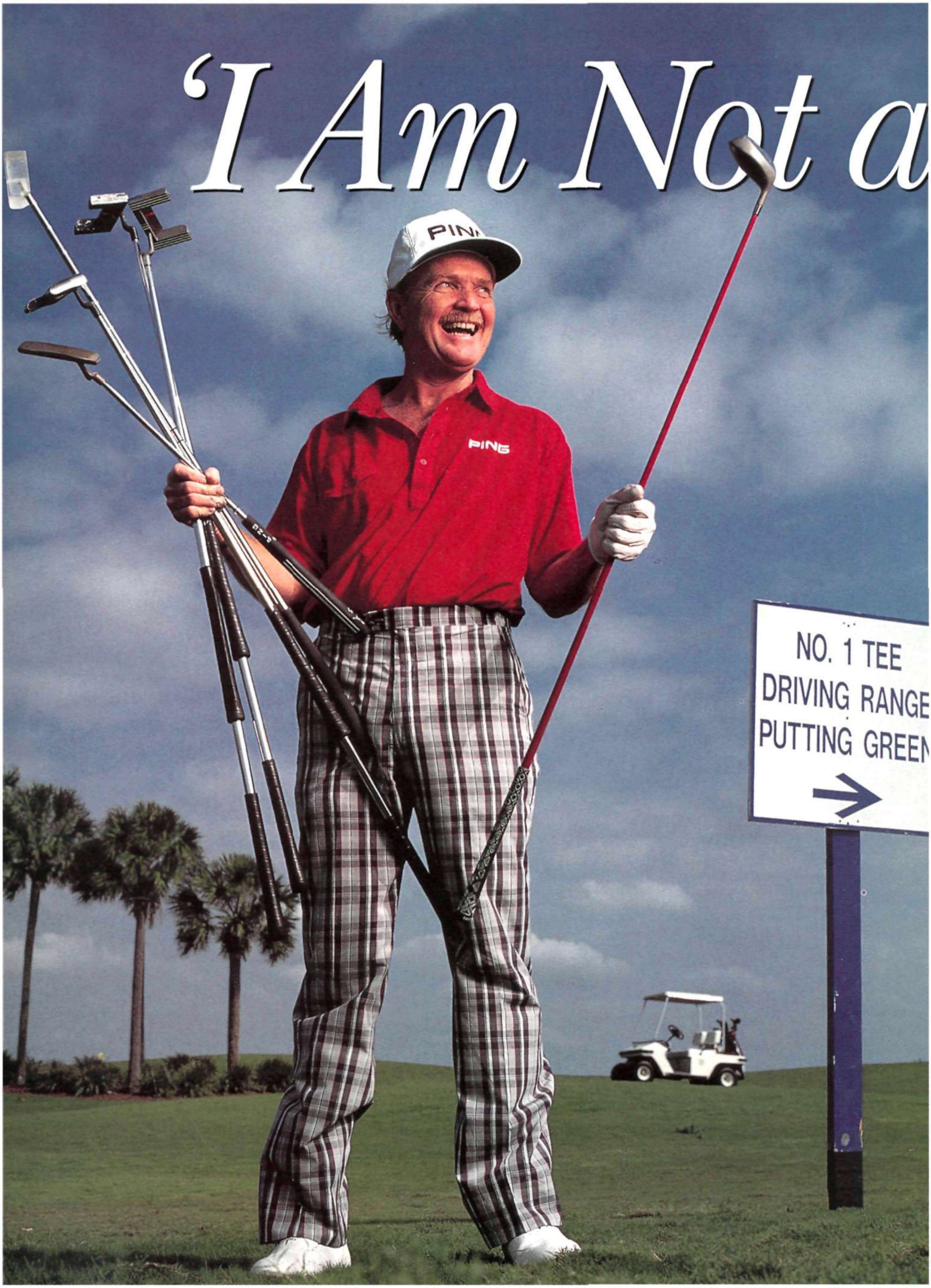


Flake'

So says Rocky Thompson, who took 27 years to win a PGA event—and blames the Putt Fairy and the Phantom

by FRANZ LIDZ

ROCKY THOMPSON ARCHES HIS CARROT-colored eyebrows and denies he's a flake. Back home in Toco, Texas—where he's the mayor—flakes are unreliable, irresponsible, downright reprehensible. "In short, jerks," Hizzoner says in a voice as sharp as freshly sliced jalapeño peppers. "Like in that movie *Thelma & Louise*."

In that movie, he tells you, "Louise, or maybe Thelma, blows a guy away. She wants to lay low in Mexico, but Thelma, or maybe Louise, gets antsy and wants to surrender to the police." Whereupon Louise—Thelma?—says, "Don't flake out on me."

"Meaning, don't be a jerk," explains Thompson. "So please, don't call me a flake, even if you mean wild and crazy, which I certainly am. Because where I'm from, a flake is a jerk, and while I might be a jerk, I'm not unreliable."

Thompson was flouting flakery one day in January, at the Infiniti Tournament of Champions in Carlsbad, Calif. To get invited, you had to have won a PGA Tour event in 1991. "I've wanted to play here ever since I entered my very first pro tournament, the 1964 Indy 500 Classic," the 52-year-old Thompson said. "Of course in those days I didn't drive the Rockmobile." It wasn't until 1966 that fellow pro Bob Goalby told him, "Rocky, if a man's gonna drive the Tour, he's gotta drive it in style." The very next day Thompson dumped his Oldsmobile and bought himself a red Coupe de Ville—the Rockmobile. He has driven various versions of the Rockmobile ever since.

Even with his new wheels, Thompson just couldn't seem to find his way from Indianapolis to the winner's circle: The trip took him through Venezuela, Panama, Australia and New Zealand; from the Indian Open in New Delhi to the Bucaramanga Open in Colombia to the Space Coast Open in Titusville, Fla.; and to many other satellite sites too obscure to mention. "I've played in places where there isn't even a town," he says. And the trek lasted 27 years.

In nearly three decades on the PGA Tour, Thompson, the son of a Texas oilman who long financed his career, won just $141,096 and failed to win a single tournament. "I don't think I could have gone 27 years without a victory," says Chi Chi Rodriguez. "My clothes would have gone out of style."

King Rabbit, they called Thompson, because he hopped from tournament to tournament, trying to qualify and to pick up a little lettuce. Nobody ever played in more Tour events without an exemption. "I wonder how I made it through all those Monday qualifiers," he muses. "Just try playing 600 Tour events fighting the 36-hole cut, knowing if you don't make it, you're not going to get a dime."

Thompson drifted in links limbo, just above the family safety net, until joining the Senior tour in the fall of '89. "Suddenly I hit pay dirt," Thompson says. He made $308,915 in 1990, another $435,794 in 1991. And—wonder of wonders—Thompson actually won a tournament. Two of them, in fact: the MONY Syracuse Senior Classic last June and the Digital Seniors Classic in Concord, Mass., in September. The Syracuse victory snapped his winless streak at 611 tournaments and earned him a ticket to Carlsbad. "It feels the same to win on the Senior tour as it does in the juniors," he says. "Then again, how the hell would I know?"

Thompson can turn a phrase as felicitously as an old cowboy can drop a rope around a mustang's neck. "I may be old in body, but I have a teenager's brain," he says. Who else moonwalks on the putting green ("I like Guy Lombardo, but I *love* Van Halen")? Or relaxes before rounds by staring into a blinking light-and-sound gizmo he calls Mo Chine? Or performs what appear to be sexual calisthenics after sinking a 40-footer? Or carries a low-tech putter that looks like a ski pole jammed into a coconut Frozfruit? Or fears the Putt Fairy?

Thompson is an authentic character of the sort that sports once produced in abundance. And if today his breed seems like an endangered species, that may be a measure of the diminished quality of modern life.

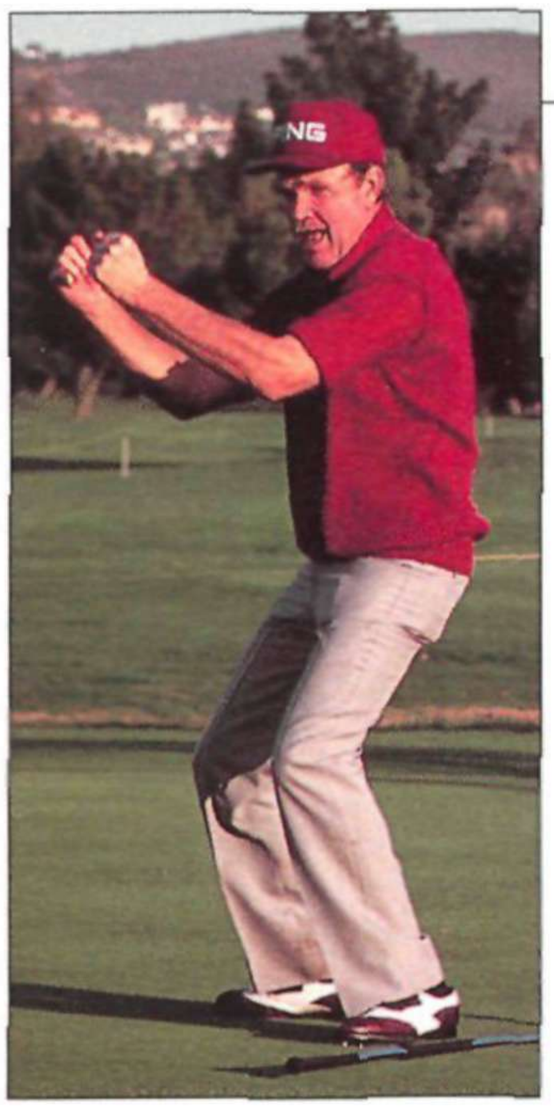
Before last year the closest Thompson had come to winning a tournament was 25 years ago at the Azalea Open in Wilmington, N.C. He would have forced a sudden-death playoff that day if his putt at 18 hadn't died a half-inch from the cup. "A victory there would have changed my first-day pairings forever," he reflects. "Never again would I have been required to tee off at 7 a.m., when the greens are frosty, or at 3:15 in the afternoon, when they've been torn up by spikes." He pulls in a long breath. "Another half an inch, and my whole life might have changed." Another breath. "Who knows, I might not be mayor of Toco."

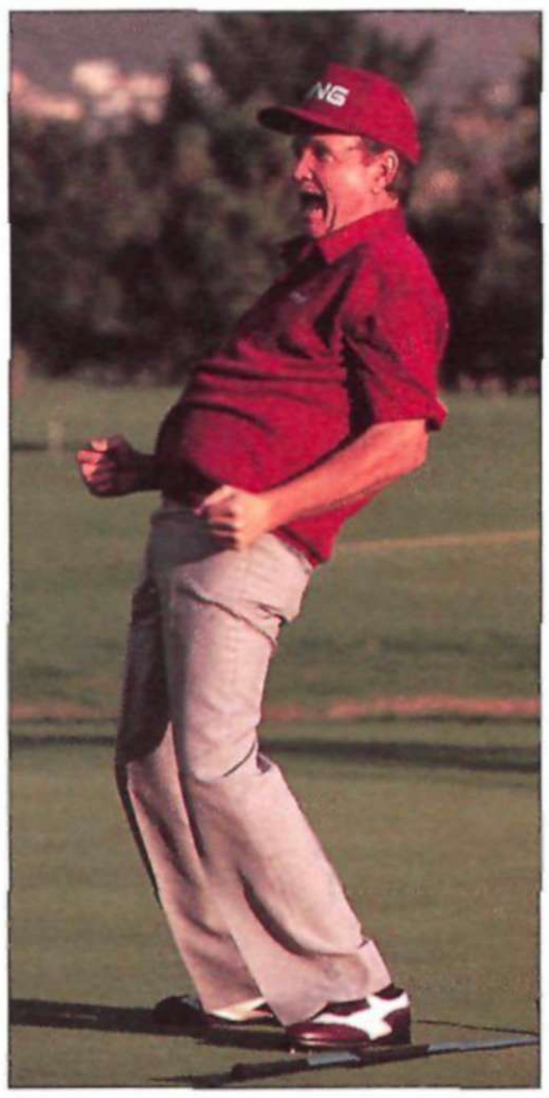
Toco (pop. 164) squats in the middle of the Great Nowhere, a bleached expanse of Southwestern landscape. "Toco's just a little deal west of Paris," Thompson says. And he doesn't mean it's right there by Cherbourg.

Toco consists of 38 homes, three water tanks and a liquor store that doubles as the jail. No prisoners have been taken since 1972, when a band of desperadoes were locked up for drinking, handily enough, in the store's parking lot. Mayor Bill Thompson, Rocky's father, allowed himself a few liberties with his office. "My father held court for all 15 of them

Thompson arrives with all manner of putters and a 50-inch driver he calls Big Red.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAD TRENT/OUTLINE





JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

On sinking a difficult putt, Thompson has been known to celebrate by gyrating in his own unique manner.

dudes," Rocky says. "He appointed himself judge of the Toco Territory."

When Bill died in 1983, Rocky took over as mayor. He has been reelected four times. "Has anyone ever run against me?" he says, incredulously. "Who the hell would want to?" His municipal duties run from impounding stray dogs to unclogging sewer lines. Once a year he shows up in Paris to host the Rocky Thompson Shootout, a sort of free-for-all in which duffers are blasted with water pistols as beer is poured on their Titleists. "The idea is to screw up the other players' shots without touching them or impairing the flight of the ball," Thompson says. Foghorns are legal, even encouraged. But firecrackers had to be outlawed in 1986 after a Roman candle sparked a fire in an adjoining field. "Just about anything goes in the Shootout," Thompson says. "It's what golf might have been like in the Old West."

For Rocky, the Old West is romantically real. He grew up singing *Pistol Packin' Mama, Don't Fence Me In* and *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. He believed in cowboys and Indians, in Tom Mix and in the Lone Ranger, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown and Red Ryder. Thompson took his name from Alan Rocky Lane, a Saturday-afternoon-serial cowpoke from Thompson's youth who "whupped up on the bad guys and never failed."

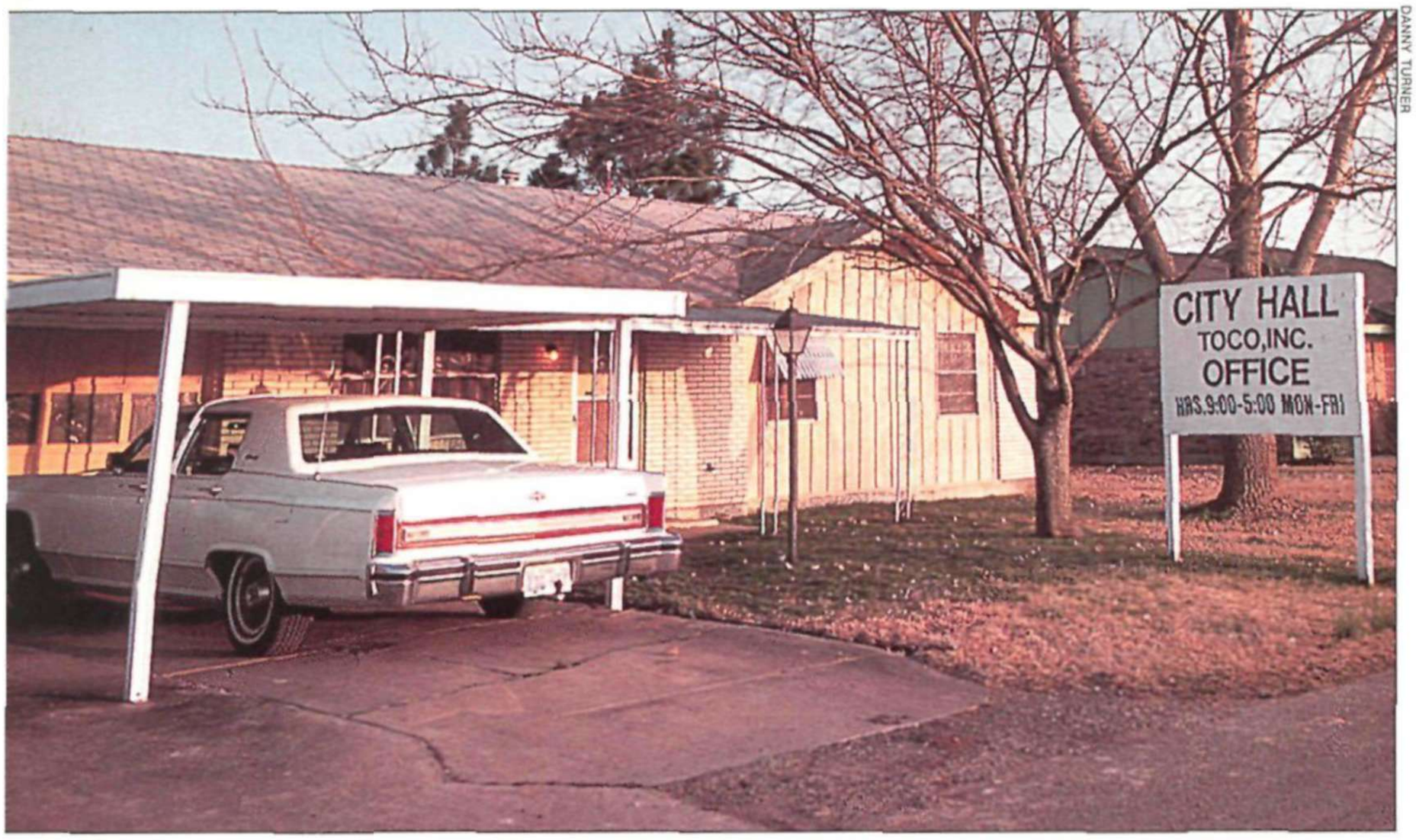
Thompson was born in Shreveport, La. When he was four, his family moved to Wichita Falls, Texas. His father later started the Thompson Oil Company, from which Toco took *its* name. "I'm not a bit sorry or apologetic that when I was born, my daddy was rich," Rocky says.

When Rocky was 12, his old man signed him up for golf lessons at the Wichita Falls Country Club. Within two years Rocky was shooting par. At 16 he averaged 68. "I had the world's greatest short game," he says. At 17 he saw his game balloon to an average of 73. "I had the world's worst long game." In 1956 he was paired with a Canadian slugger named Gary Cowan at the Jaycee junior championship in Fargo, N.Dak. Off the final tee Cowan outhit him by 50 yards. "I decided that if I could drive the ball farther, no one on the planet could beat me," Thompson says.

Thompson's remodeled swing looked like the swing of another Rocky—Colavito. "I traded my smooth, Gene Littler deal for a lashing, gashing piece of junk," he says. Thirty-six years later he's still trying to regain his graceful stroke.

Thompson often partied harder than he practiced. "The first 10 years on the Tour, I was a bachelor," he recalls. "I loved to dance. Most nights I was out late doing *the twist, the Watusi, the James* Brown. The women got me. No question, the women got me. Then I got married, and my wife got me. I didn't get totally serious about golf until I was 49."

With his 50th birthday approaching, Thompson spent all of 1989 prepping for the Senior PGA Qualifying School tournament. All, that is, but three days. "*I wanted to beat balls on those*



DANNY TURNER

In Toco, Thompson is at home at City Hall. Among his duties: dog catching.

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days, too" he says. "But my wife kept me too busy with the *honey-do*'s."

Meaning what?

"You know, Honey, do this. Honey, do that."

In the tournament about 450 people competed for eight Tour exemptions. Thompson led the field with an opening-day 67, followed by scores of 72, 71 and 71. He won the event by a record 10 strokes.

Thompson still goes to great lengths to win: 50 inches, to be exact. That's the size of Big Red, the driver that helped him place third in last year's seniors driving competition. Once a singles hitter, Thompson has become a real long-ball threat. That, combined with his soft touch—he was second in putting among the seniors last year—*resulted in a Tour-high 400 birdies* in 35 events.

Oddly, Thompson uses several different putters. When one fails him, he switches to another—often on the same hole. "If a putter does well," he says, "I reward it by letting it play the next hole."

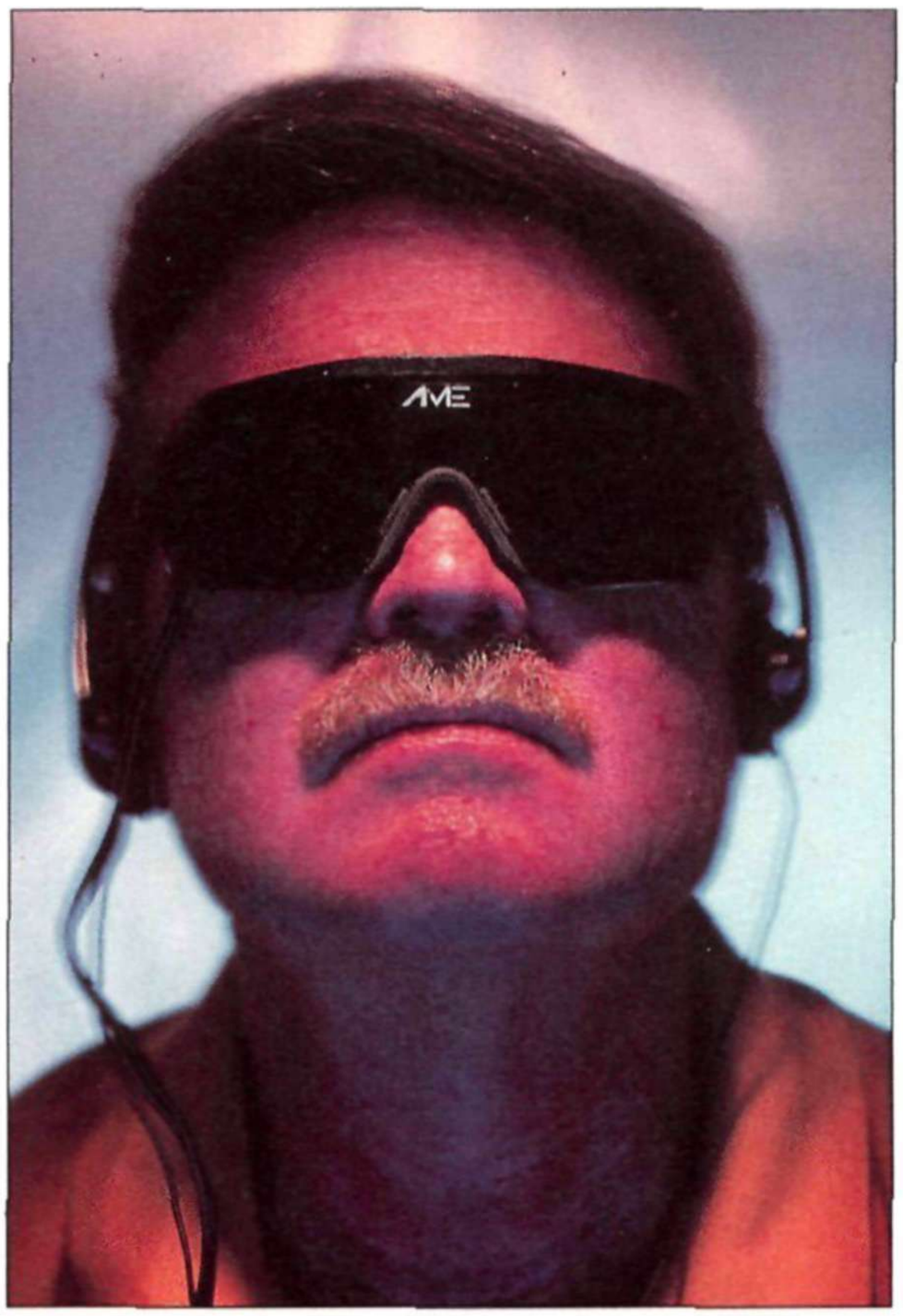
Does Thompson think his putters have minds of their own? "A flake would probably say yes, but I don't believe they do," he says. "At least not yet."

They do, nonetheless, have distinct personalities. Two of them come in the black-and-silver color scheme of the Los Angeles Raiders: what he calls the 650 (because it cost $650) and Faded Jake, whose black paint is beginning to—sorry, Rocky—flake off. The other putter is the oddly angled Low Rider, a homemade number that seems ideal for performing root canal work on a hippopotamus. To wield it, Thompson must assume a catcher's crouch, plant his elbows on his knees and punch the ball toward the hole. If the putt falls in, he shouts, "Low Rider! Low Rider! Lowwwwwww Rider!" If it doesn't, he blames the Putt Fairy.

A cruel and vengeful creature, the Putt Fairy, says Thompson, "punishes those who don't keep their mouths off the putt." A remark as innocent as "It's in!" will cause her to nudge a ball toward an unnatural break. "Sometimes the Putt Fairy gets so offended, she'll jerk that sucker out of that hole!" he says. "Of course, you know she's the wife of Satan."

Of all golf's gremlins, Thompson considers the Phantom to be the most fiendish. "He decides whether you'll get good or bad kicks," Thompson says. He calls good kicks Nicklauses; bad ones are Thompsons. "Sometimes the Phantom likes me and gives me a Nicklaus," says Thompson. "But Nicklaus never gets a Thompson. Never."

Thompson got Thompsoned last March at the Vantage in San Antonio. Going into the final hole, he was a stroke ahead of Lee Trevino. But his drive found a sprinkler head, kicked dead left and landed behind a tree. Thompson chipped out and wound up with a bogey. Trevino eagled the par-five hole and won the title.



A light-and-sound show he calls Mo Chine helps Thompson relax.

Thompson finally got Nicklaused three months later at the MONY Classic, where he and Jim Dent were tied for the lead after 17 holes on the final day. On 18 Thompson hooked his tee shot into the rough and behind a weeping willow. Ignoring the obvious irony of the ball's resting place, he somehow slinked a six-iron to within 14 feet of the flag. Dent was long, 35 feet away. Thompson two-putted. When Dent muffed what would have been a score-tying six-footer, Thompson was suddenly a champion. He executed a hip-jiggle, then thrust his fist into the air like a down-home revolutionary.

Afterward, Thompson said, "I've been playing 27 years. My goal was to win a tournament. Just one week I wanted to be the Man. Until this week, as best I can count, I was oh for 611. But now, if I never win again . . . right now . . . this minute, today, this week, I am the Man!" So loud did he scream those last four words as he stood near the green that he lost his voice for a week. He was hoarse again in September when he won the Digital Seniors. This time he celebrated with a vaguely erotic variation on the push-and-pull. "I am the Man!" he exulted once again. "I *am* the Man!"

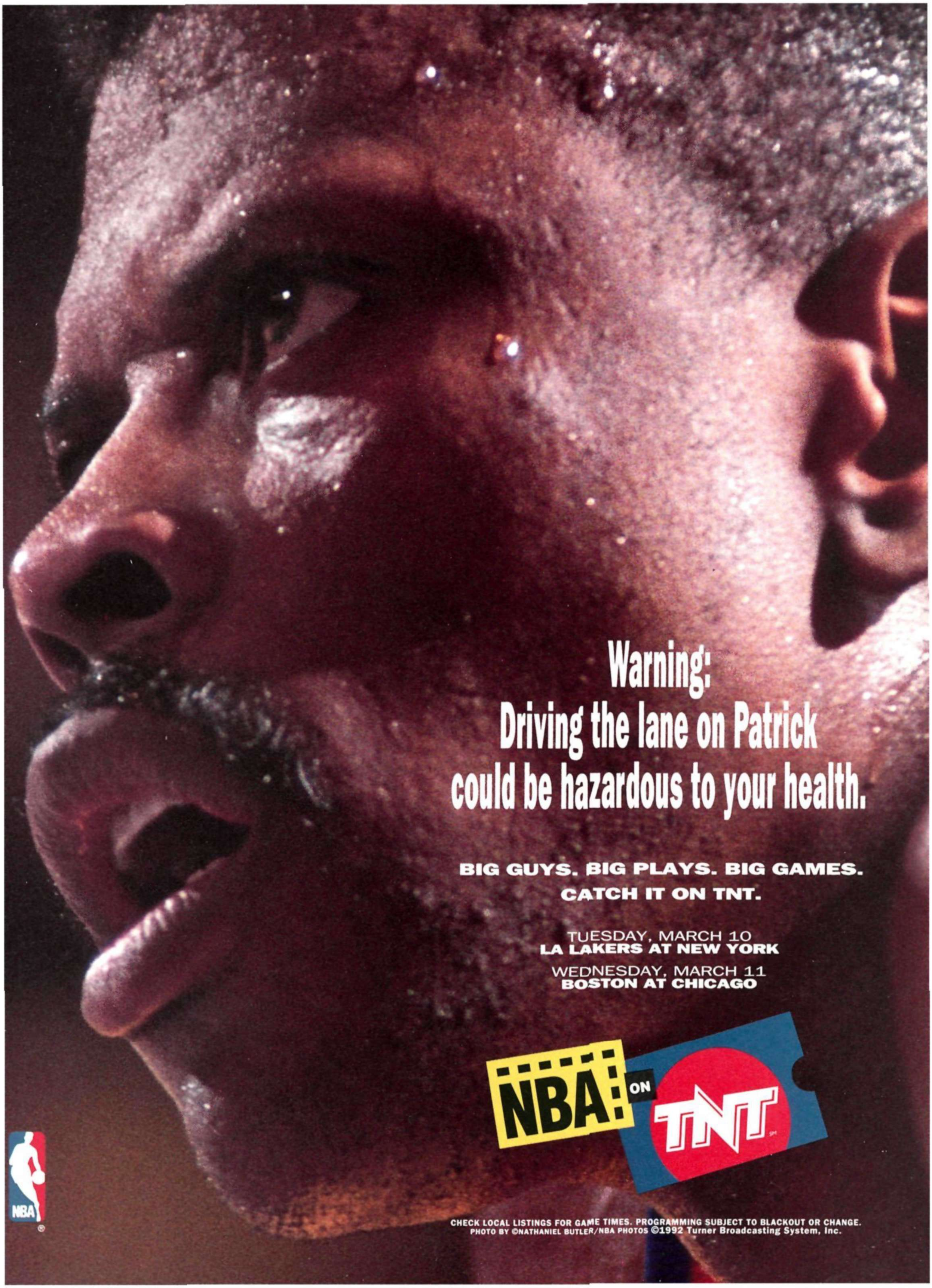
Still, unlike Stan, Thompson gets little recognition. He spent so long in the shadows that even some seniors don't know who he is. At the Tournament of Champions awards banquet, Calvin Peete introduced him as Rocky Thomas. "You know what I should have done?" Thomas told a clump of fellow senior citizens in the locker room the following day. "I should have shouted, 'Stop! Stop this program!'

"Then I should have said, 'I started in '64. I finally get a chance to play on the Senior tour, but I have to qualify. I hit one million, two hundred thousand practice balls and win one of eight qualifying spots. I finally win my first tournament. Now I'm to be announced to come up onstage to get a medal, and I'm introduced as Rocky *Thomas*.' "

He fused his carroty brows until they formed a single smudge across his forehead. " 'If I'm going to bust my buns for 27 years and go through all the heartache and pain and aggravation, I at least want everybody in this room, including *Rodney* Peete, to know that my name is Rocky *Thompson*. Thompson! Thank you.' "

The seniors laughed uproariously and broke into prolonged applause.

Thompson's smile was pert, twisted. "People think I'm nuts, but I don't care," he said. "The truth is, I *am* nuts." He paused, then added, "But I am not a flake." ■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Slap Happy

Calgary's Al MacInnis loves to do something his foes dread: blast away with the NHL's hardest shot

by LEIGH MONTVILLE

THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN the inevitable was going to happen. The puck was ahead of defenseman Al MacInnis of the Calgary Flames, and he was closing the distance. Inevitable. Time was suspended at the top of a roller coaster. The slow was going to become very fast. Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow. The hardest slap shot in hockey soon would fly through the air.

No one else on the ice would count except MacInnis and the goalie. MacInnis would turn his body, a fluid and quick movement, the hands lifting the shortened Sherwood Feather-Balanced P.M.P. 7000 stick in a blur, the red letters on the white wood invisible as the stick went up in an arc, then *came back down, faster, quicker. . . .*

The middle of the blade of the stick, wrapped in white tape, would connect with the side of the black puck. The blade, bent in a legal one-half-inch curve and then warped at the bottom, scooped, would lift the puck. The effect would be that of a seven-iron hitting a golf ball with malice. . . .

The goalie. . . .

"Where'd he get you?" Andy Moog, the Boston Bruin goalie who was the recipient of this shot on this night, was asked.

Moog had come from his net at the far end of the Boston Garden to challenge. What else could he do? On a slower shot, a weaker shot, he could stay back, protect against the possible pass. He would have time to react. There would be no time with this shot, this shooter. Moog had come out of his crease and skated almost to the face-off circle to meet the challenge. Fifteen feet away. Maybe 20.

He lay on the ice for almost four minutes as the team trainer worked to get him upright after the impact.

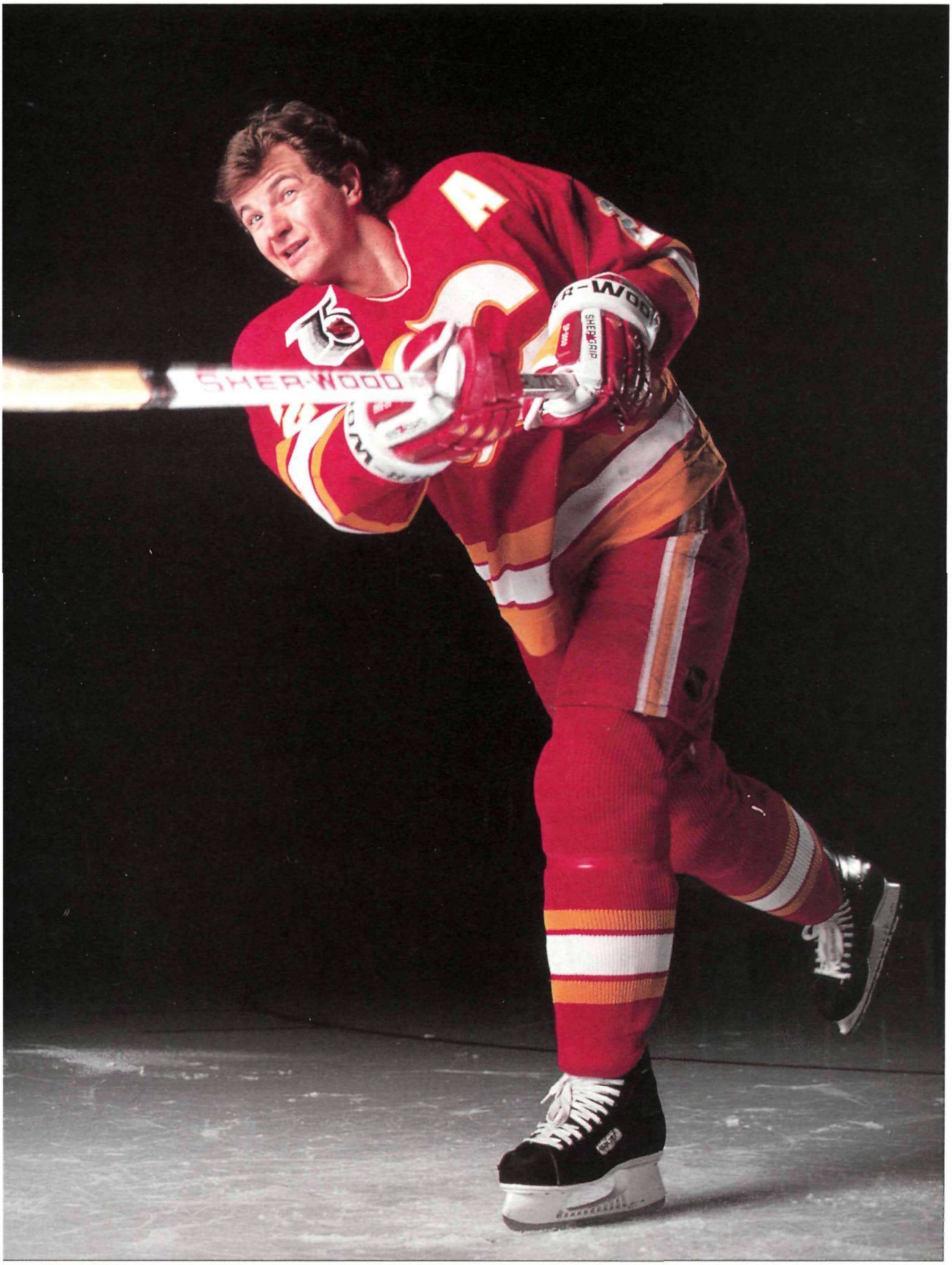
"Right here," Moog said in the safety of the Bruin locker room, showing a red circle the size of a bread plate on *the right side of his naked body.* "Right between the ribs. Got over one set of pads and under another. Knocked the wind out of me."

Inevitable. The hardest slap shot in hockey. Al MacInnis.

"You should have seen me at the beginning," the 28-year-old defenseman says. "That's all I could do. Shoot. They called me up just to be on the power play. I was a specialist. I'd sit

JEFFREY LOWE

The MacInnis shot, once clocked at 94 mph, has seriously injured three players this year.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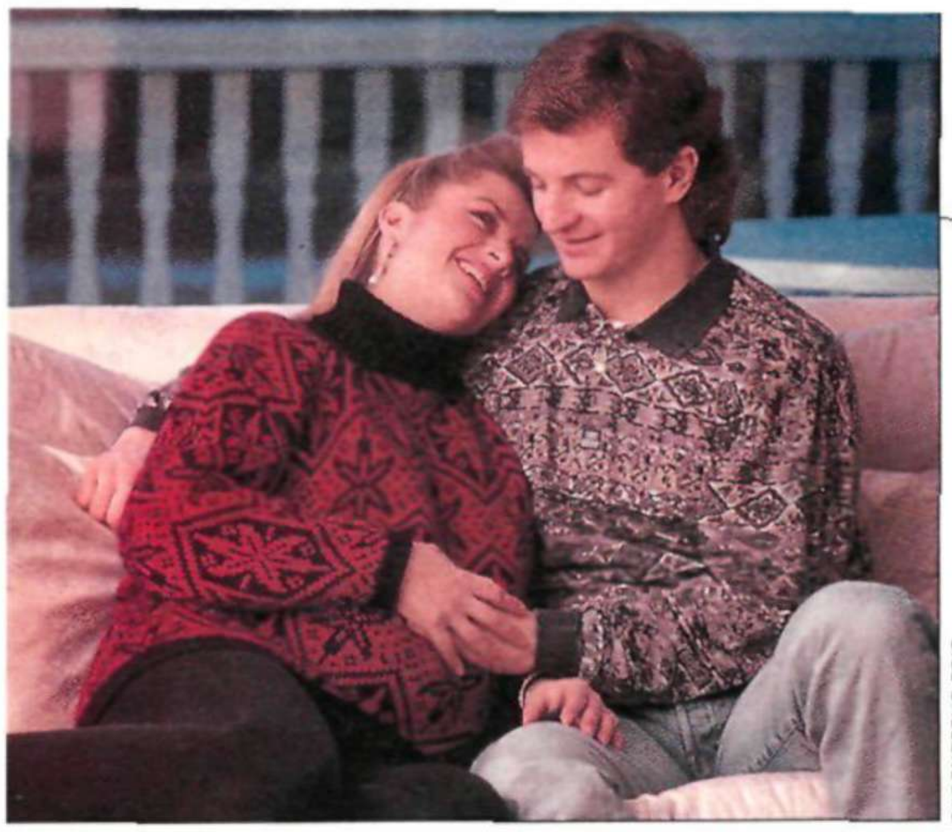

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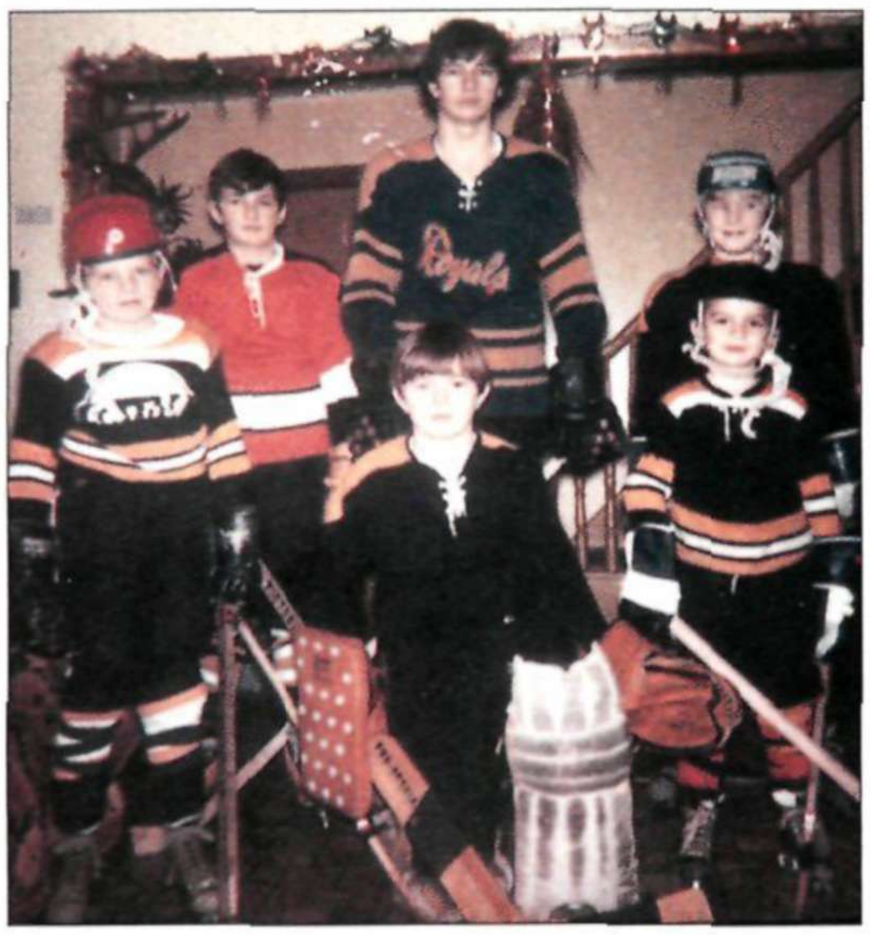

COURTESY OF BRIAN MACINNIS

Jackie may soon add a new MacInnis boy to join (clockwise from left in '71) Al, Alexander, Brian, Paul, Robert and Cyril.

around and sit around and then we'd have a power play and I'd go out to the point to shoot. That's all I'd do. It was like that movie . . . was it *Bull Durham*? No, not *Bull Durham*. The other one, *Major League*. Charlie Sheen. I was the guy Charlie Sheen played, the guy who threw the baseball so hard but had no idea where it was going."

Wild Thing?

"I," MacInnis says, "was Wild Thing."

He is closer to the complete player now—10 full years in the league, improvements made in his skating and stickhandling and his overall sense of the game, second last year to Boston's Ray Bourque in the balloting for the Norris Trophy as the top NHL defenseman—but there still is a touch of the fastball wunderkind to him. How does he get that thing cranking like that? What is his secret? Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow. On the scale of fear aroused, he is up there with Rob Dibble or Nolan Ryan or Roger Clemens on a baseball diamond. He goes into his windup, and people begin to duck.

"The most amazing shot I ever saw him take wasn't even a goal," Flame coach Doug Risebrough says. "The goalie was Pete Peeters. Al was about 15 feet away from him, straight ahead. Al shot, and Peeters caught the puck in his glove. Then—and I've never seen any goalie do this—he dropped the glove off his hand, bent down and put his hand on the ice."

Put his hand on the ice? The speed of the puck, again, is roughly equivalent to the speed of a topflight major league fastball. The scientific babble of baseball commentary is missing, because a hockey shot is harder to time. The last time MacInnis's shot was clocked was this year in the skills competition before the NHL All-Star Game in Philadelphia. He won the hardest-shot contest with a 93-mph slapper. It was the second straight year he had won the competition. No one else was above 90 mph this year.

There are other players with hard slap shots in the league—Brett Hull in St. Louis, Al Iafrate in Washington, Stephane Richer in New Jersey are near the top of the list—but MacInnis's shot seems to be universally considered the scariest long-distance weapon. The Flames have had one of the most successful power plays for the past five years, and MacInnis is the major reason. The basic four-man box zone used by shorthanded teams has become an elongated rectangle against the Flames, as forwards have played closer and closer to the blue line in an attempt to stop his shot. Sometimes the rectangle has even been destroyed, one forward assigned only to mirror MacInnis.

The perfect MacInnis shot is a low-rising bullet from the point. The goalie must pick it up at the moment it leaves the stick, a few inches off the ice, and decide how high it is going to rise. Does he stop it with his pads? His stick? His glove? The judgment has to be made in an instant. The puck that starts a few inches off the ice could be four feet up by the time it reaches the net.

There also are variables. The puck may be spinning on the ice when it is hit, making it curve. The puck may be standing on end, a no-chance proposition for the goalie, the shot following the flighty course of a knuckleball—at 90 miles per hour. There also may be arms and legs and sticks in the way. The puck may change course at any moment, tipped by a piece of body or equipment. The Flames, naturally, are looking to tip the puck, the forwards standing near the crease and trying to bunt the fastball past the goalie and into the net. It is a mess of activity.

The shot was developed during the winters—and summers—of a faraway youth in Port Hood on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia. Port Hood is a small, turn-back-the-clock town, 700 people, no strangers, located on the west side of the island, open to the vagaries of the cold Atlantic Ocean. It is a place of big families and hard work and not a lot of money. A large paper mill employs some of the people, and most of the rest work in the fishing industry. For a while there was also a coal mine, the tunnels running a perilous two and three miles under the ocean.

MacInnis's father, Alex, was a miner at first, and Al can remember seeing him come home for dinner with coal dust all over his face, two eyes shining through the dirt. The mine closed, and he later became an assistant manager of a civic hockey rink that appeared, wonder of wonders, less than half a mile from the farm where the family lived. There were eight kids, six of them boys. MacInnis was the second youngest. All of the boys played hockey.

"None of us were thinking about playing in the NHL, though," the oldest brother, Brian, says. "That was someplace that was in another world. No one from our area ever had done it. Not even close. Just getting an NHL tryout would make you famous forever. We were just playing for ourselves."

Most of the early, organized hockey was played on lower levels in Port Hawkesbury, a 28-mile drive. MacInnis's mother, Annie Mae, 28 years a school teacher, would drive her assorted players to their assorted games in the green family Chrysler, waiting out the time in the cold rink. The disorganized hockey was played in Port Hood. Before the rink was built, there was a pond that froze in the winter, carved out of the ground behind the MacInnis farm. There were constant games, constant activity. There was plywood in the summer. Plywood?

"There weren't any swimming pools or day camps or movie theaters or any

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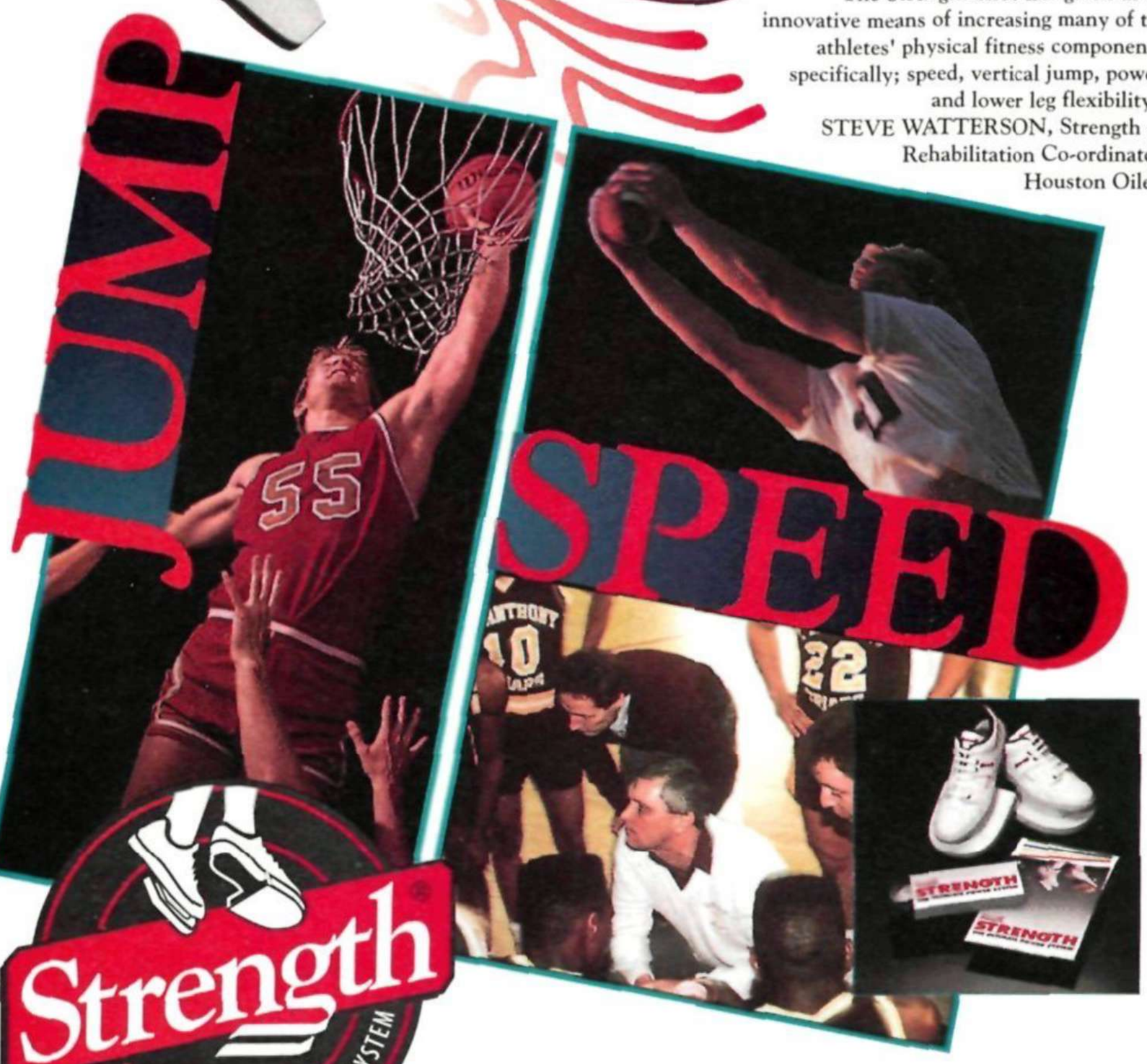

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organized activities in the summer, so you had to be creative with your time," MacInnis says. "We had a piece of plywood on the ground and a four-by-six piece of plywood against the barn as a goal. I'd just go out there with a bucket of pucks and start shooting at that piece of plywood. The problem was, I didn't hit it all that much. Every fall, my father would be out there again, putting up shingles where I'd knocked them off during the summer. It never changed. Every fall."

The shot somehow arrived. Somewhere in all of this practice it appeared. Who knows how these things happen? Even now MacInnis cannot explain why his shot is harder, faster than his brothers' shots, than anyone else's shot. It was a gift. He has heard people try to explain about the 6′ 2″, 195-pound size of his body and the unusually short stick and the arc that he takes and . . . a gift. Bob Feller could throw fastballs at the side of a barn in Van Meter, Iowa, a thousand years ago. MacInnis could knock the edges off the barn in Port Hood, Nova Scotia.

By the time he was 15, he was taking the shot with him and marveling at the big-city lights (big-city lights?) of Regina, Saskatchewan, in Junior A hockey. By the time he was 18, he was taking his first slappers at a goalie in Calgary. The shot was leading the way, and he simply was following, traveling to places where no one else from his hometown had gone.

"I remember he came up, he had this big reputation from junior, this kid who was scoring goals from the red line," says Bruin backup goaltender Reggie Lemelin, a Flame when MacInnis appeared. "I had a lot of fun with him. We'd work out after practice. I'd say, 'Keep it low, or you're going to be shooting at an empty net. Understand?' He'd break the toes of my skates. I'd make a stop, and the toe would be crushed. I'd go right into the dressing room for another pair of skates. Uh-uh, I wasn't going to stay out there with a broken toe on my skates. Not against him."

The first gift MacInnis bought when he signed with the Flames was a satellite dish for his mother and father. It was one of the first satellite dishes in all of Port Hood. The house became a winter gathering place for the increasingly large family—MacInnis now has 21 nieces and nephews, and his wife, Jackie, is pregnant with their first child—and on the TV there were some sights to see. The highlight was the Flames' Stanley Cup championship in 1989. All of Port Hood celebrated. MacInnis was selected as the Most Valuable Player in the playoffs.

"I remember I didn't know what to buy when I signed, but I think now that I made the perfect choice," he says. "My mom passed away last summer. Cancer. All eight of us and our father were there at the hospital. I think of her watching those games on that television in the winter of Port Hood. I think of her driving all of us to that arena, the way she loved hockey. She wouldn't have liked anything better, just watching those games."

He now makes a million dollars a year, working the second year of a four-year, $4 million contract signed during this sudden hockey-salary boom. He collected 103 points (28 goals, 75 assists) last year, only the fourth defenseman in history to go past 100 points. He has been injured a bit this season, missing two weeks with a separated shoulder as the Flames have struggled below the .500 mark, but he is back and firing and making other people duck. If anything, the shot has seemed even more lethal. It has sent at least three opposing skaters—Stephane Matteau of the Chicago Blackhawks, Troy Murray of the Winnipeg Jets and Mark Tinordi of the Minnesota North Stars—onto the injured list this year.

Matteau suffered a broken ankle when he was hit by a MacInnis shot. Murray's injury was more gruesome. The puck struck his shinbone and tore open a hole. "It was amazing," Jet coach John Paddock said. "The puck sort of ripped open this hole in his shinbone the size of a quarter, maybe a 50-cent piece."

Tinordi was injured in a strange incident in an early-season game in Calgary. The North Stars, trailing, had pulled their goalie in the final moments. MacInnis got the puck behind his net and sent it around the boards, trying to clear the zone. Tinordi, a defenseman, tried to stop the puck at the point by sticking out his leg. The puck glanced off the area behind his knee and went to one of the Flames, who took it down the ice to score an insurance goal. Tinordi limped to the bench.

A week later the two teams played again, in Minnesota. MacInnis noticed Tinordi, a friend, in street clothes with crutches and a cast before the game. MacInnis asked him what the problem was. Tinordi jokingly said at first, "The problem is you tried to ruin my career," and then explained how the puck had crushed a nerve in the back of his leg. The nerve controlled the up-and-down movements of his foot. Now it was damaged. He was waiting for the slow regeneration of the nerve, out of action until that happened.

"I told him, though, that it wasn't a hard shot," Tinordi says. "It just hit at a freak angle or something. And that's the truth. If it was a hard shot from Al MacInnis, I'd probably never be walking again."

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow. A legend quietly grows. ■

As Flame goalie Mike Vernon certainly knows, MacInnis is much more than just a big shot.

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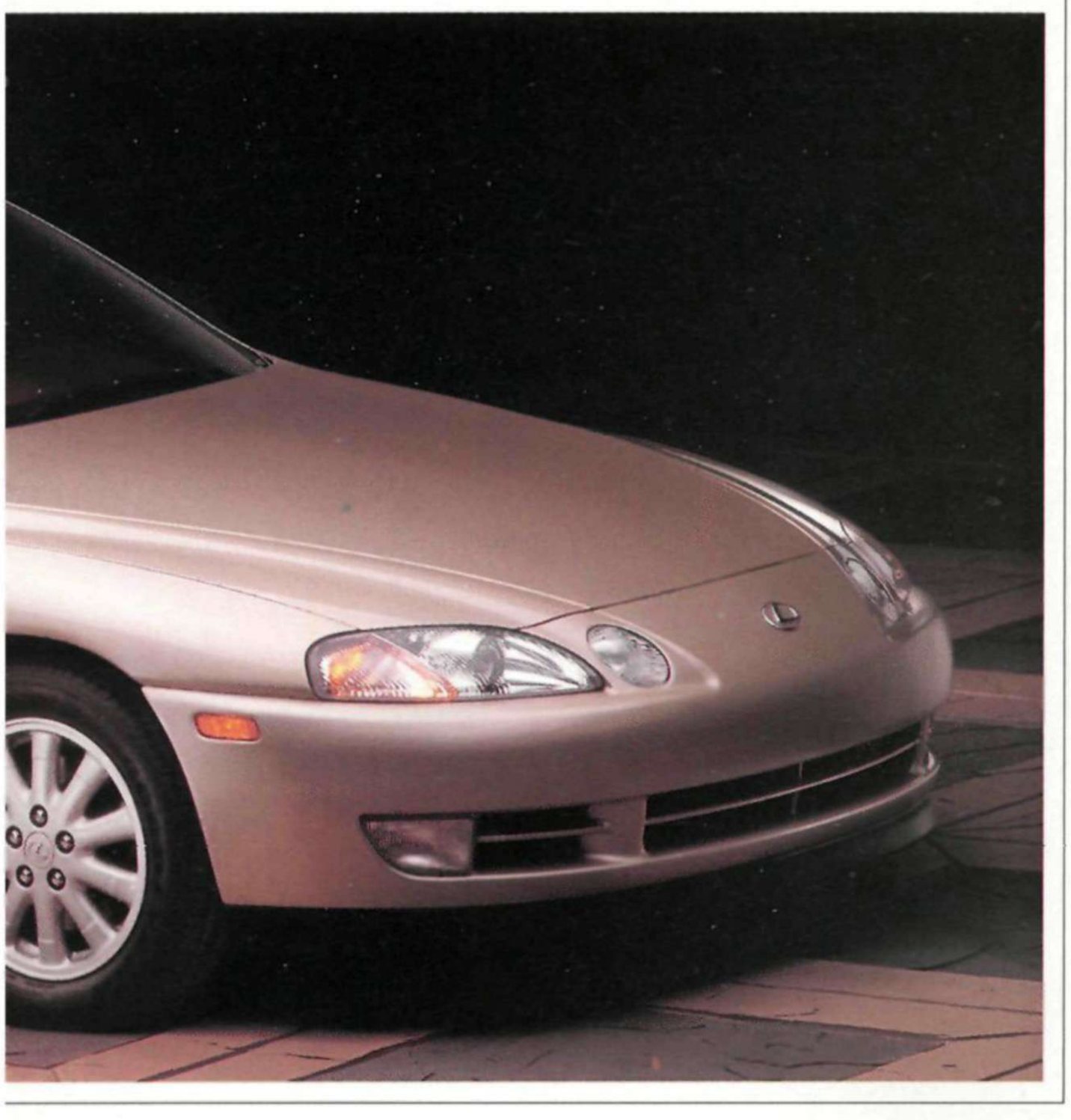

ng Incognito.

above, the unique design greatly contributes to this magnetism. What may not be so obvious, however, is the beauty that lies beneath the skin.

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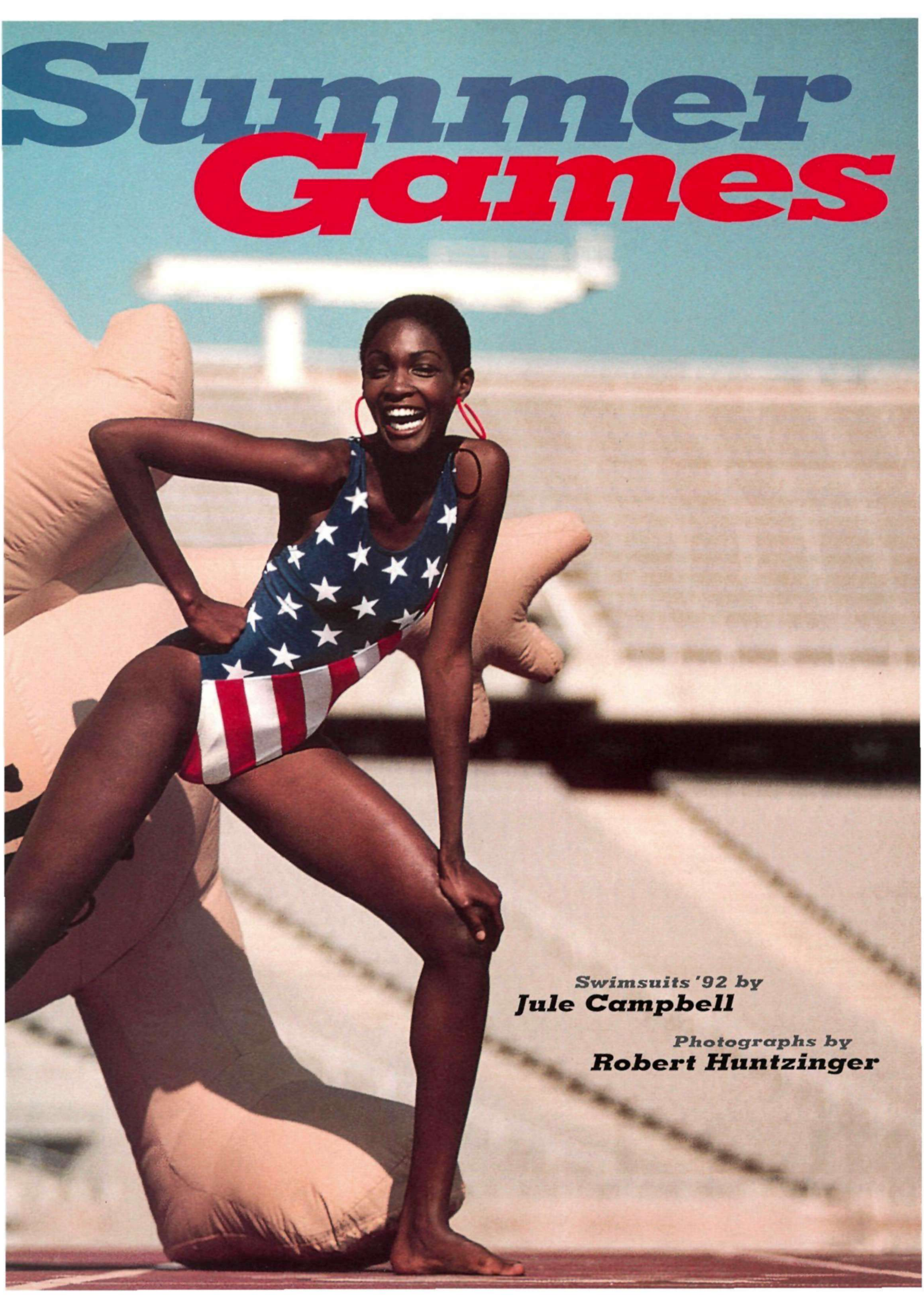
Anticipating the Olympics in Barcelona, we travel to Spain for our own

In the company of Olympic mascot Cobi, Roshumba Williams gives Montjuïc Olympic Stadium in Barcelona a sneak preview of red-white-and-blue for '92. Her star-spangled suit is from TYR Sport ($50).

Summer Games



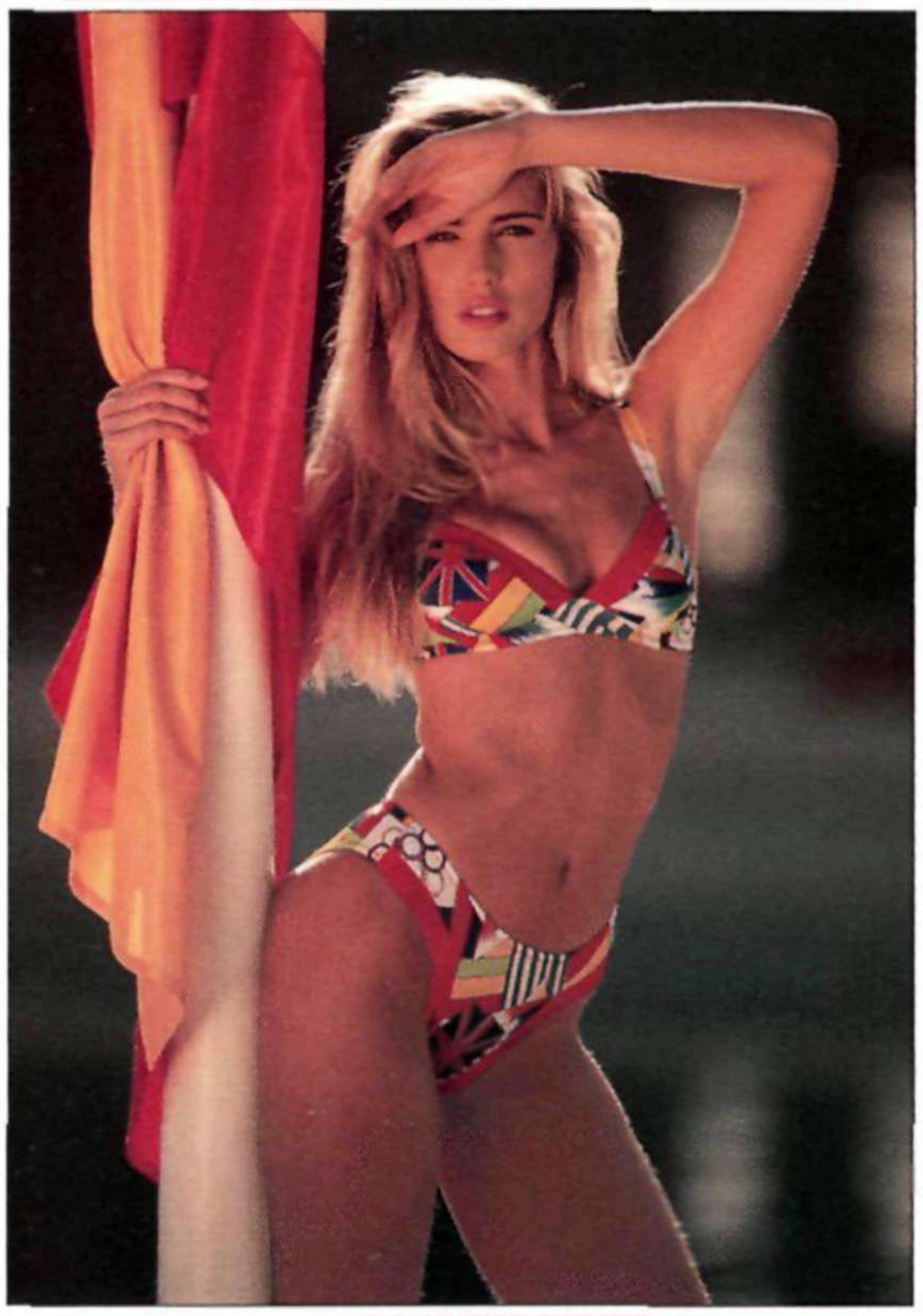
Swimsuits '92 by
Jule Campbell

Photographs by
Robert Huntzinger

FOUR CENTURIES AFTER THE passing of its Golden Age, Spain persists less as an empire—once vast and vainglorious—than as a state of mind, a land of the imagination inhabited largely by bullfighters and flamenco dancers. But 500 years ago Spain ruled the earth, holding dominion over much of Europe, sending explorers like Columbus and Cortés west to reinvent the world and bring back treasures from the Americas, Mexico and the Philippines, and staking claim to the New World. For much of the *16th century, the sun never* set on the Spanish flag.

In 1992, with the Summer Olympics unfurling in July in Barcelona, a vastly reordered world will bring *its* flags of conquest to a new Spain. This is a nation that, since the death of dictator Francisco Franco in 1975, has shaken off the pall of political incorrectness and emerged as a prospering partner in the European community, and now is celebrating its modern stature with the Year of Spain. In April a world's fair called the Universal Exposition begins in Seville, to be followed by the Olympics and, finally, by the festivities surrounding the 500th anniversary of Columbus's voyage to America.

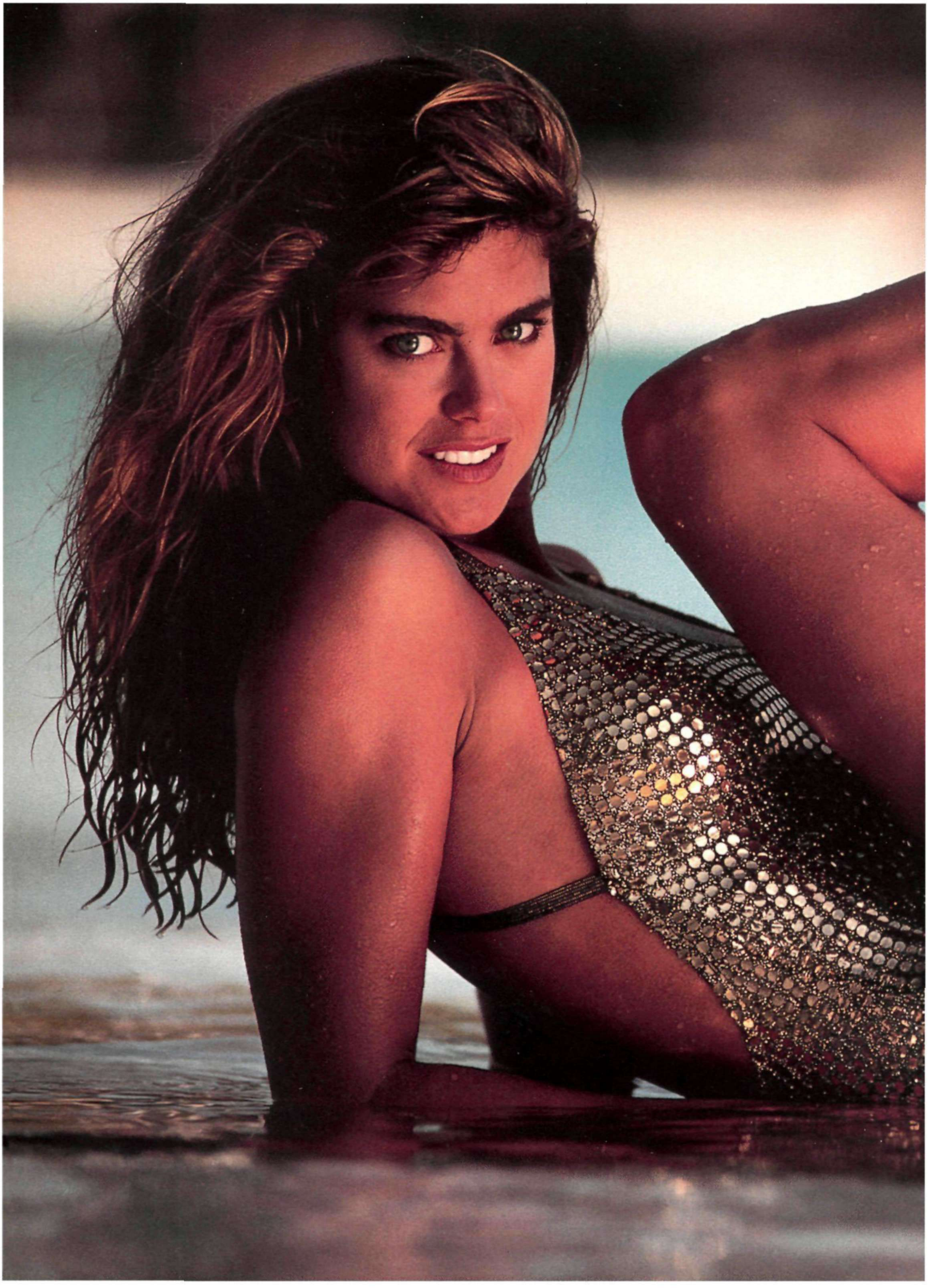
Fittingly, then, it is Spain where the sun also rises on our annual swimsuit spectacular and on Barcelona native Judit Masco *(center)*. Salute her, pledge allegiance to her, sing your national anthem of choice to her. And contemplate the difference between flags of the New World and those of the new world order: Every half millennium or so, just when you aren't paying attention, they go from being symbols of national sovereignty to bikiniwear.



Judit signals a banner year for Spain in her bikini by Darling Rio ($60). Paulina Porizkova (right) presages an Olympic gold rush in a suit by Robert Mannino ($95).

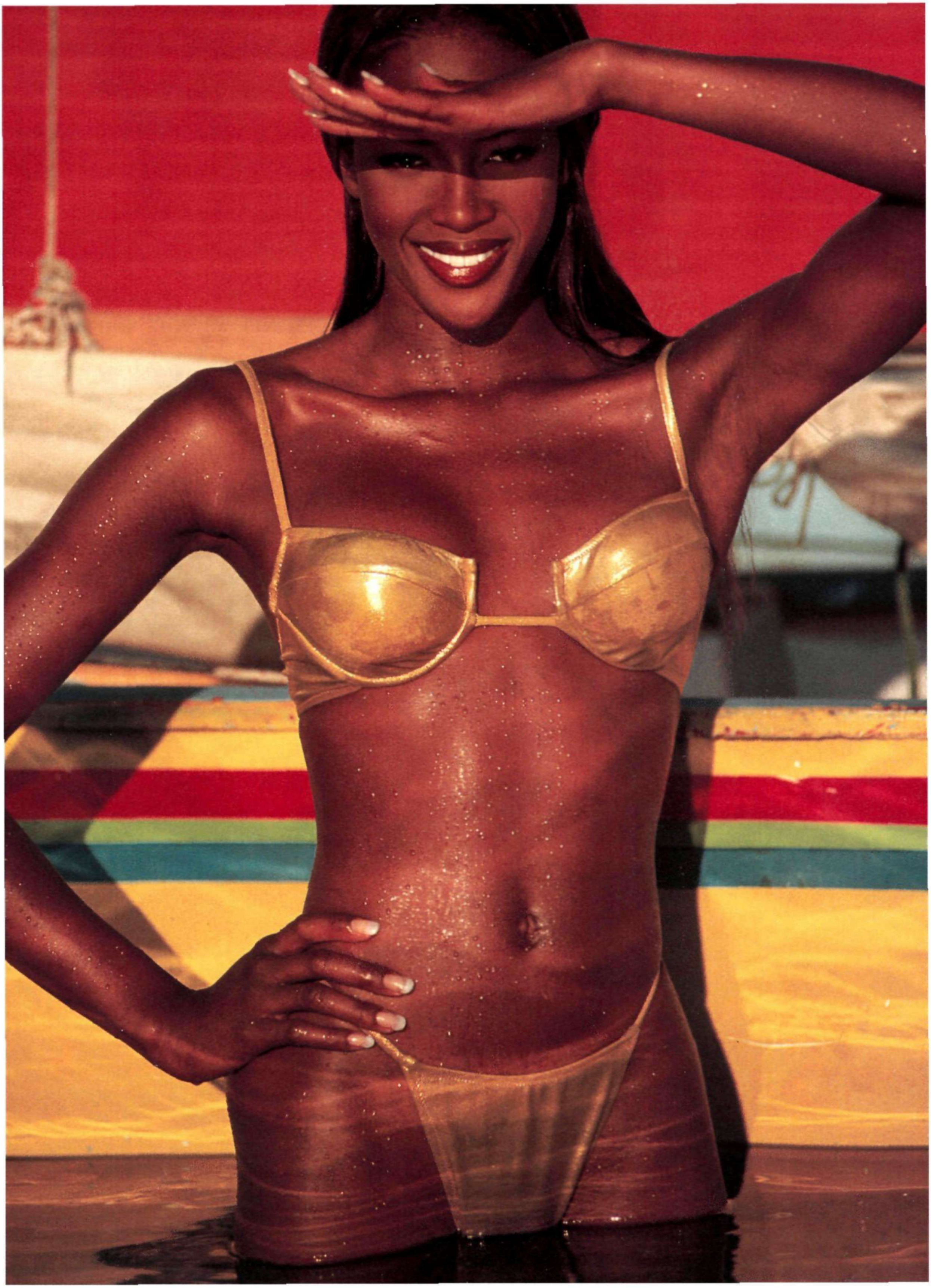
Though the outer reaches of the Spanish empire have steadily receded since the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, visitors to this slenderized Spain will find that its borders *are worthy of the* highest SPF rating. The SI swimsuit caravan journeyed from the resort towns of Cadaqués, Figueras and S'Agaró on the Costa Brava to the seaside village of Port Lligat (where you can say "Hello, Dalí!" at the late surrealist's home), and hopped from the island of Mallorca in the Mediterranean to the islands of Grand Canary and Lanzarote in the Atlantic, discovering in the process that Spain spins a coastline of formidable measure: nearly 3,500 miles, in fact. Think of it as Europe's Florida. Then think it three more times, once for each of Spain's four distinct dialects. When you feel yourself about to burst into a Castilian rendition of *The Impossible Dream*, start turning the pages. In Spain, no dream is impossible.

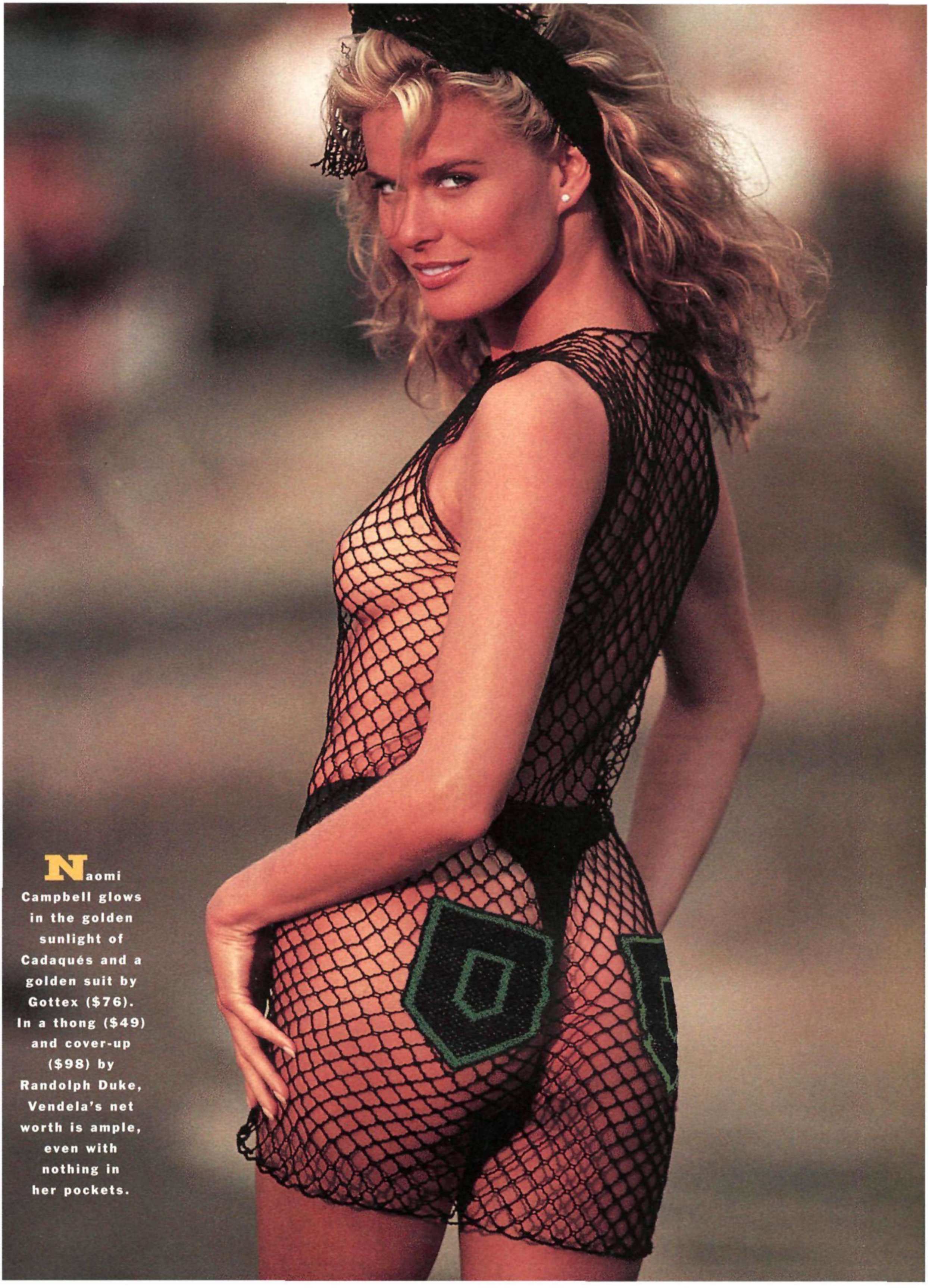
Hair and makeup by Jane Pittman and François Ilnsopher



With Olympian mettle, Kathy Ireland legs it out and goes for the gold: a glittering Lycra suit by Monika Tilley Swim ($165).

During a pit stop in Cadaqués, Judit dallies with a digital dessert, giving Vendela Kirsebom pause for reflection. Judit's three-piece cotton Lycra ensemble is by Look & Sea ($85).

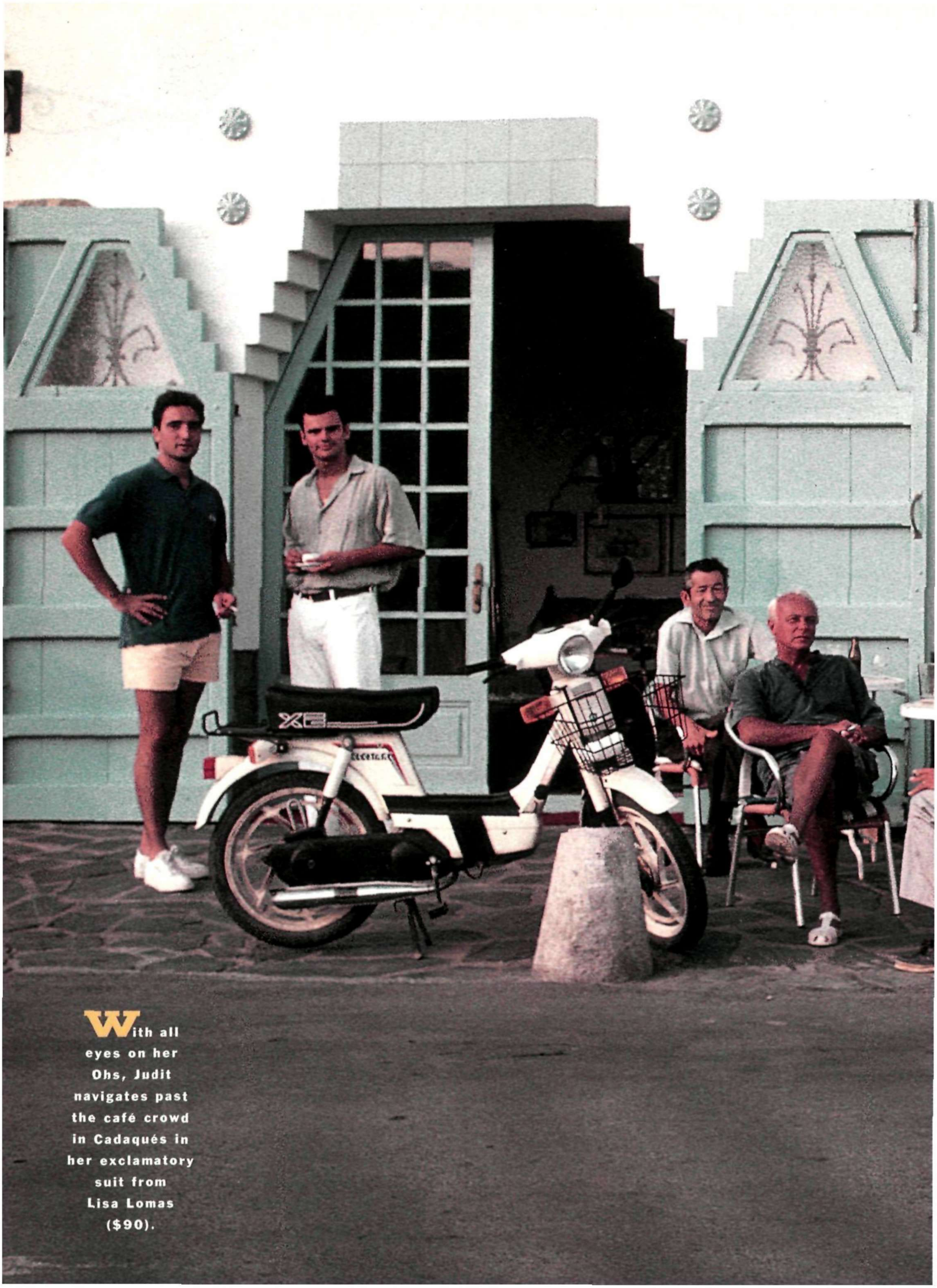




Naomi Campbell glows in the golden sunlight of Cadaqués and a golden suit by Gottex ($76). In a thong ($49) and cover-up ($98) by Randolph Duke, Vendela's net worth is ample, even with nothing in her pockets.

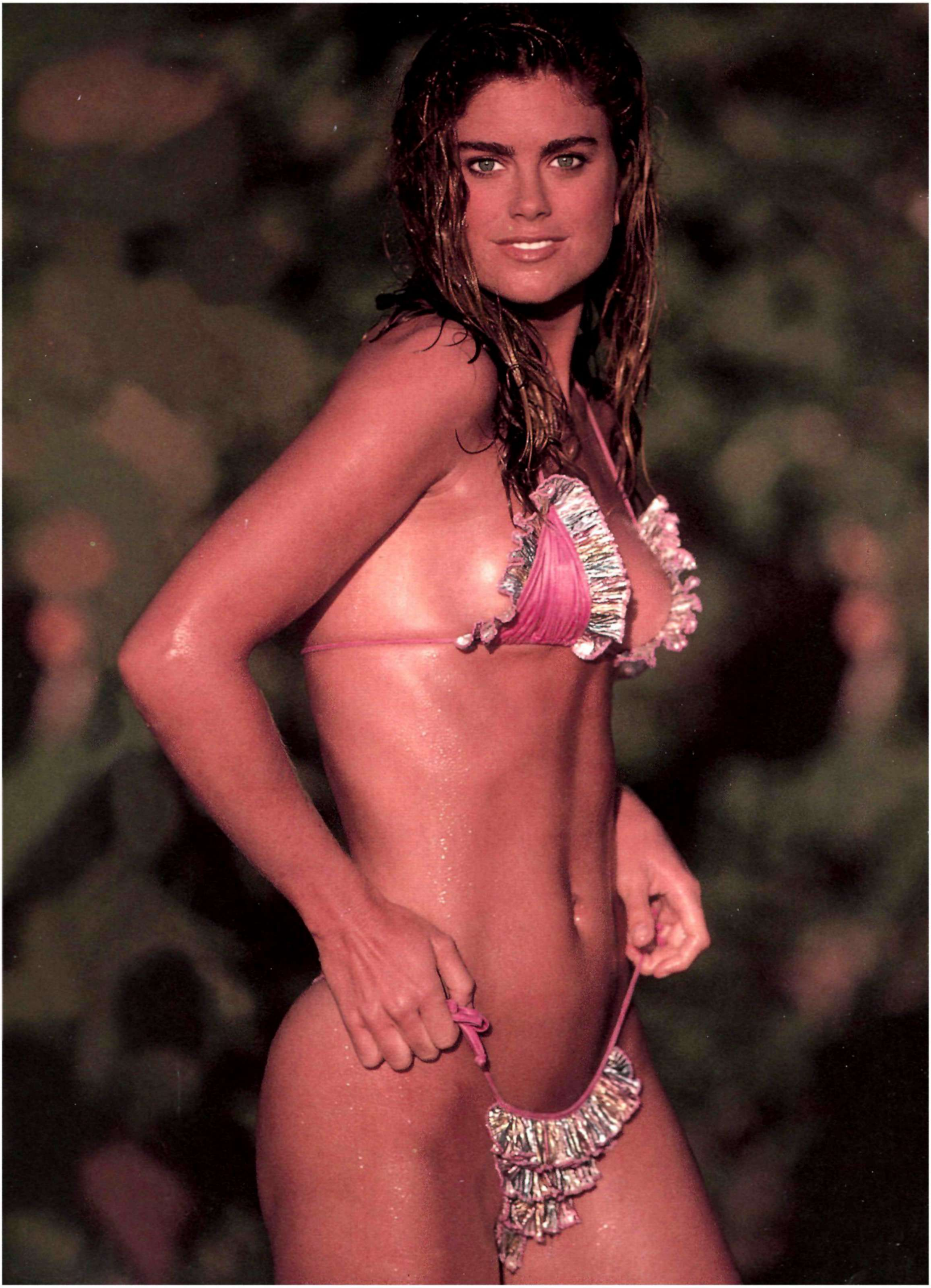
In the vineyards on the island of Lanzarote, a multiply-exposed Ashley Montana is thrice as nice in a patent-and-nylon-spandex suit by Karla Colletto ($100).

In Port Lligat, Naomi rows to the occasion in her Speedo America maillot ($58). Vendela sparkles in a hologram-studded suit from Lisa Lomas ($295).



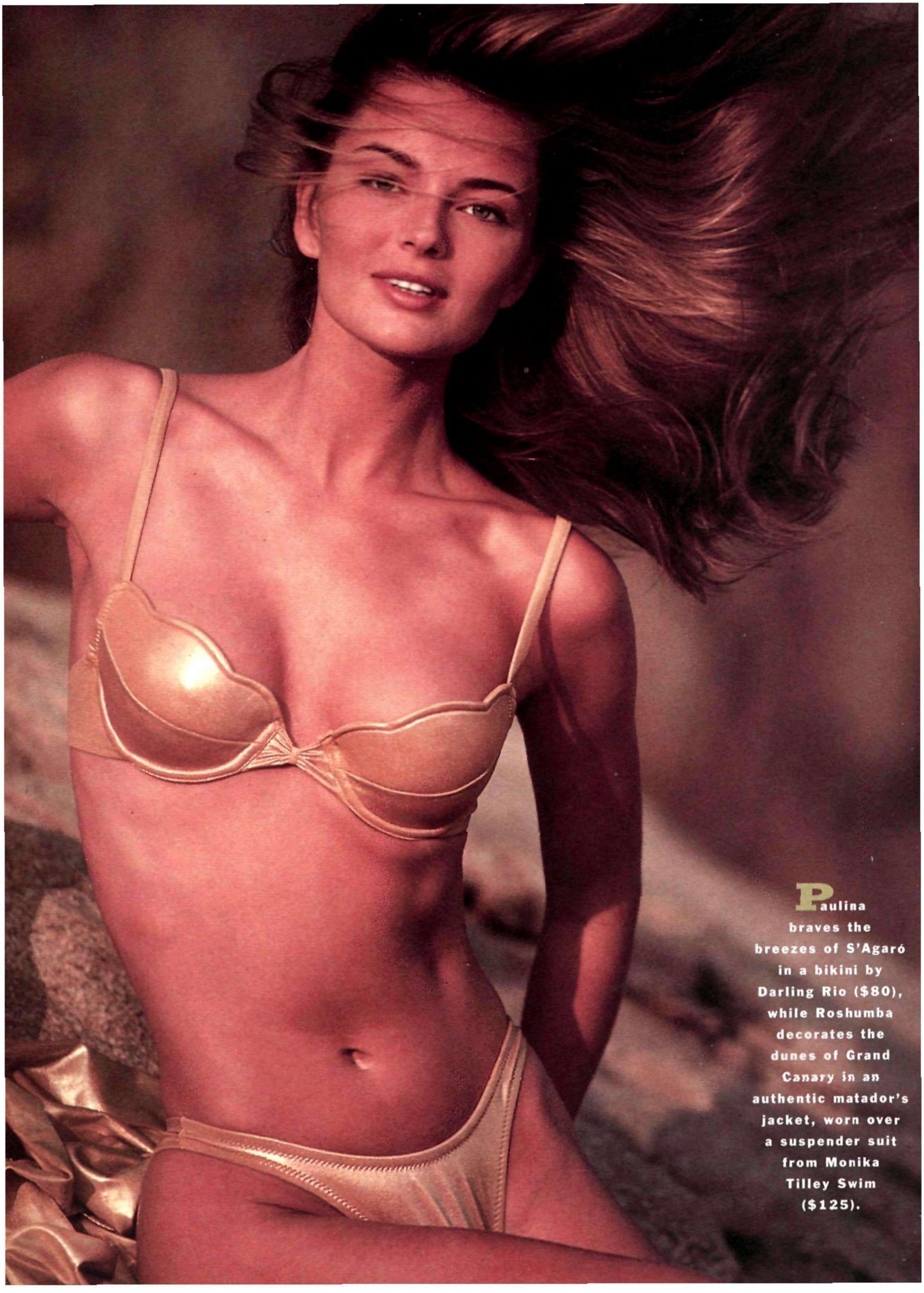
With all eyes on her Ohs, Judit navigates past the café crowd in Cadaqués in her exclamatory suit from Lisa Lomas ($90).

OH
OH
OH
OH



Radiant in ruffles, Kathy drips from a dip. Her bikini is from Lisa Lomas ($190). In Lanzarote, Angie Everhart takes a bold step in her stretch hologram suit by Gottex ($500).

Part
shimmer, part
shadow, Naomi
lends her form
to the substance
of a lace
bandeau top
and Lycra thong
by Monika
Tilley Swim
($85).



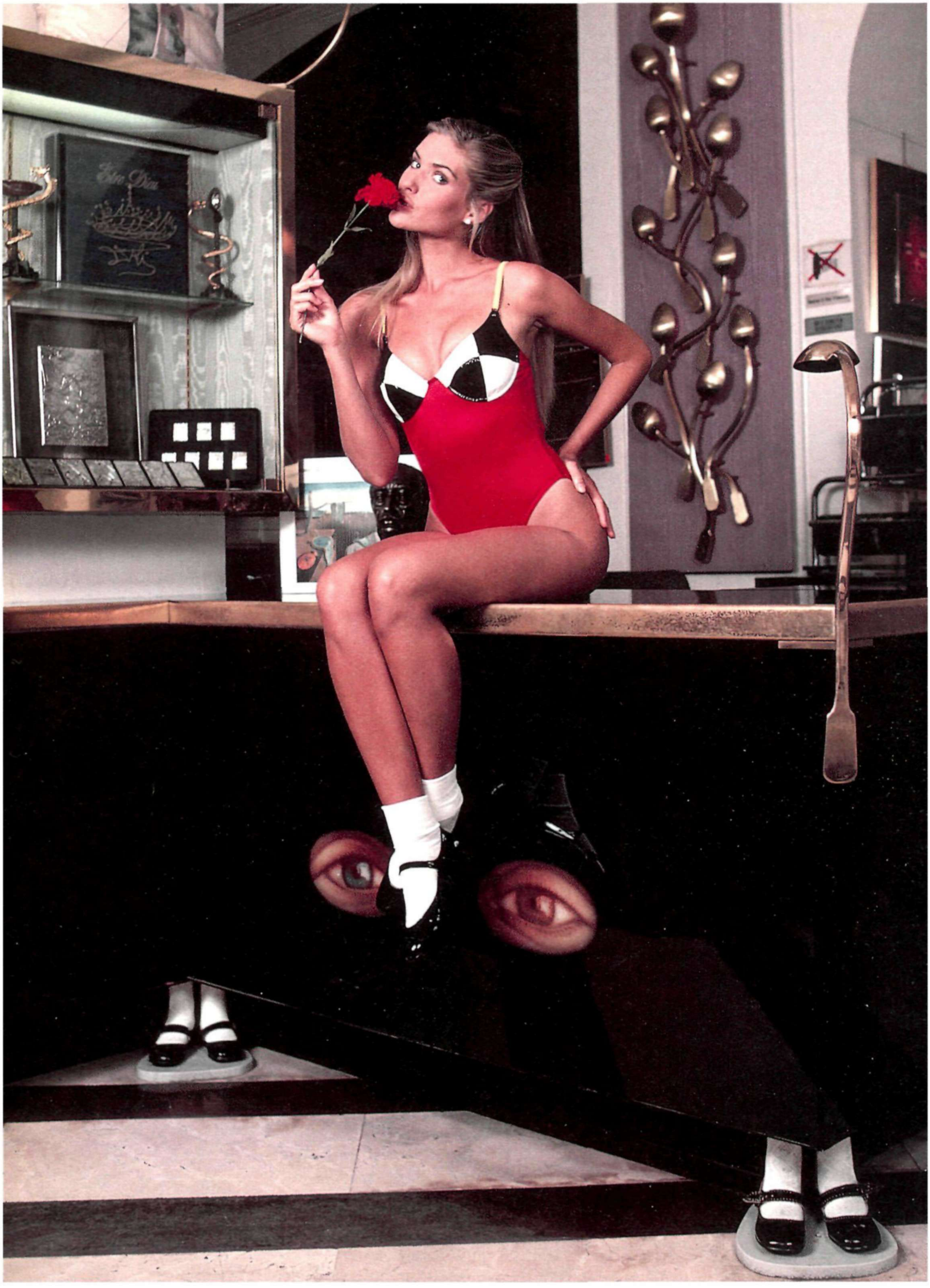
Paulina braves the breezes of S'Agaró in a bikini by Darling Rio ($80), while Roshumba decorates the dunes of Grand Canary in an authentic matador's jacket, worn over a suspender suit from Monika Tilley Swim ($125).

Stacey Williams exhibits poolside patriotism during an afternoon siesta on the island of Mallorca. Her suit is from La Blanca ($57).

Roshumba brightens a gray day by donning a scarlet towel to top off her patent-and-nylon-spandex suit from Karla Colletto ($100). Paulina's morning suit is a Lycra-and-crystal bikini from Giorgio di Sant'Angelo ($145).

Who's more statuesque: Paulina, in nylon and Lycra by Robert Mannino ($90), or this stony señorita? There's no question, though, that Naomi emerges a winner in satin-finish Lycra by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo ($660).

For this grinning beast it's no burden when the passenger is Roshumba. Her dazzling desertwear—bikini ($96) and tights ($122)—is from Gottex.



At the Dali museum gift shop in Figueres, Judit's suit (by Karla Colletto, $100) has surreal appeal. Stacey's sequined suit (by Gideon Oberson, $430) has appeal that's clearly real.

Atop
a windy dune
on Grand Canary
island, Vendela
grins through a
gritty performance
in her bikini
by Darling Rio
($38).

Judit joins the niñas of Cadaqués, who race while balancing water-filled jugs. Judit's bikini ($62) and jacket ($22) are from Mossimo. Paulina exhibits star quality in her bejeweled bikini by Gottex ($420).

Heating the Olympic pool back in Barcelona are Ashley (in a paper-Lycra suit by TYR Sport, $195), Gail O'Neill (Speedo America, $58) and Roshumba (TYR Sport, $50). Our games are concluded. Let the real Games begin.

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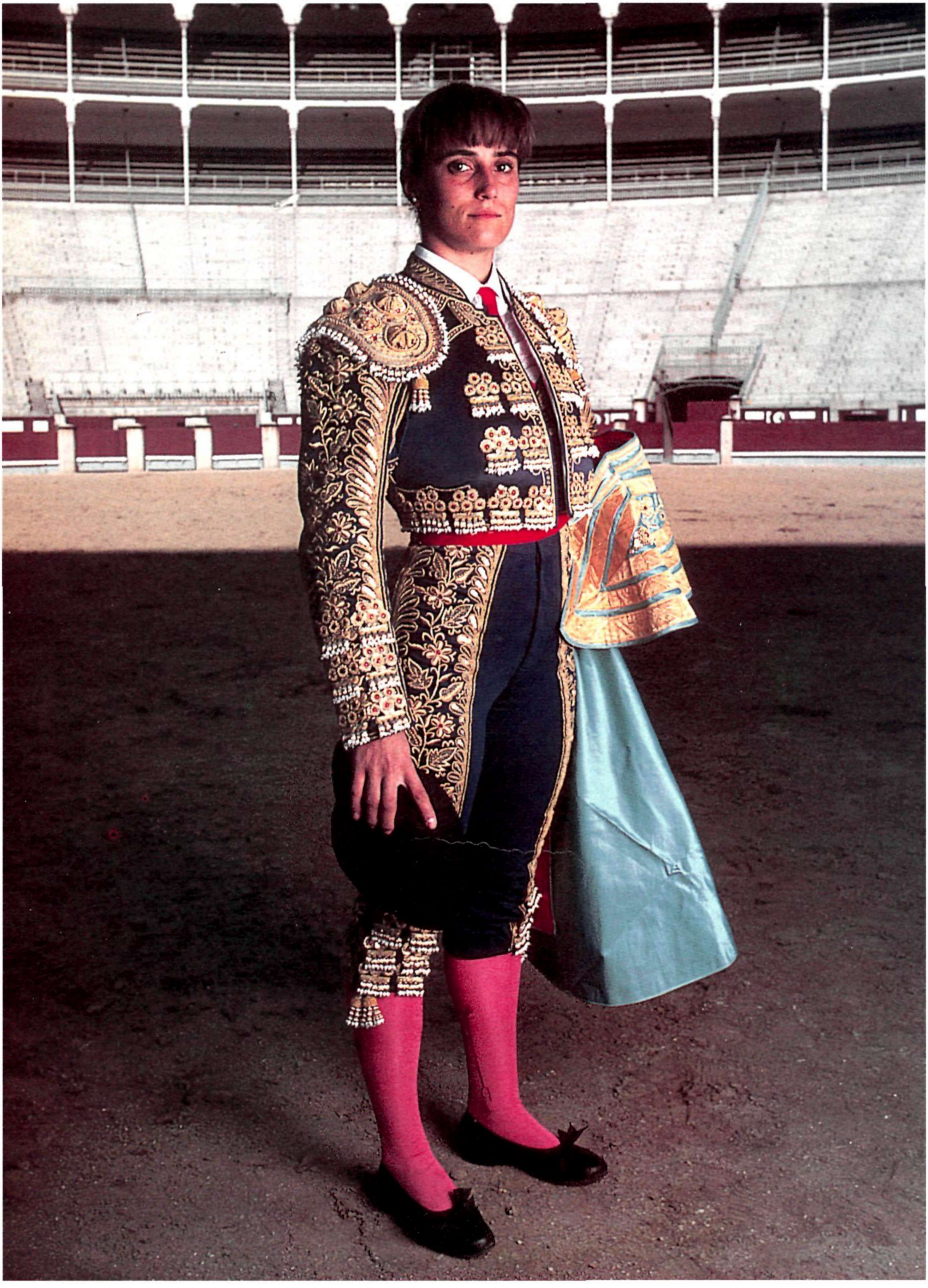


A Woman's Place

Novice bullfighter Cristina Sánchez intends to show Spain's male matadors that the bullring is not their exclusive domain

by Gary Smith

HE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED ALL of this seven years ago in Navalagamella. He should have ended it that dusk as he was changing back into his street clothes in the town hall after another day of bullfighting, when he heard them shouting from the plaza outside, "Look! Look! A *girl* is bullfighting!" and he raced out onto the balcony in his underwear to discover his 14-year-old daughter rippling a cape in front of the beast.

A circle had cleared around Cristina. The teenage boys who had been waving their jackets, proving their manhood just a moment earlier in the plaza, had backed away. The cape flashed, the horns went by Cristina's stomach, and the crowd standing behind the makeshift barricades cried, "Olé!"

Antonio Sánchez remembers his first instinct. "I wanted to dive off of the balcony," he says. He remembers his second instinct, too. He paused for a second or two to watch her. Then he jumped into his pants, ran downstairs, yanked her off the plaza and put her in the car, shouting at her half the ride home.

Cristina let him shout. Her father was incapable of hiding it; she had glimpsed it in his eyes: *Dios mío*, he had thought as he watched her from the balcony in his underwear. She is *not bad*.

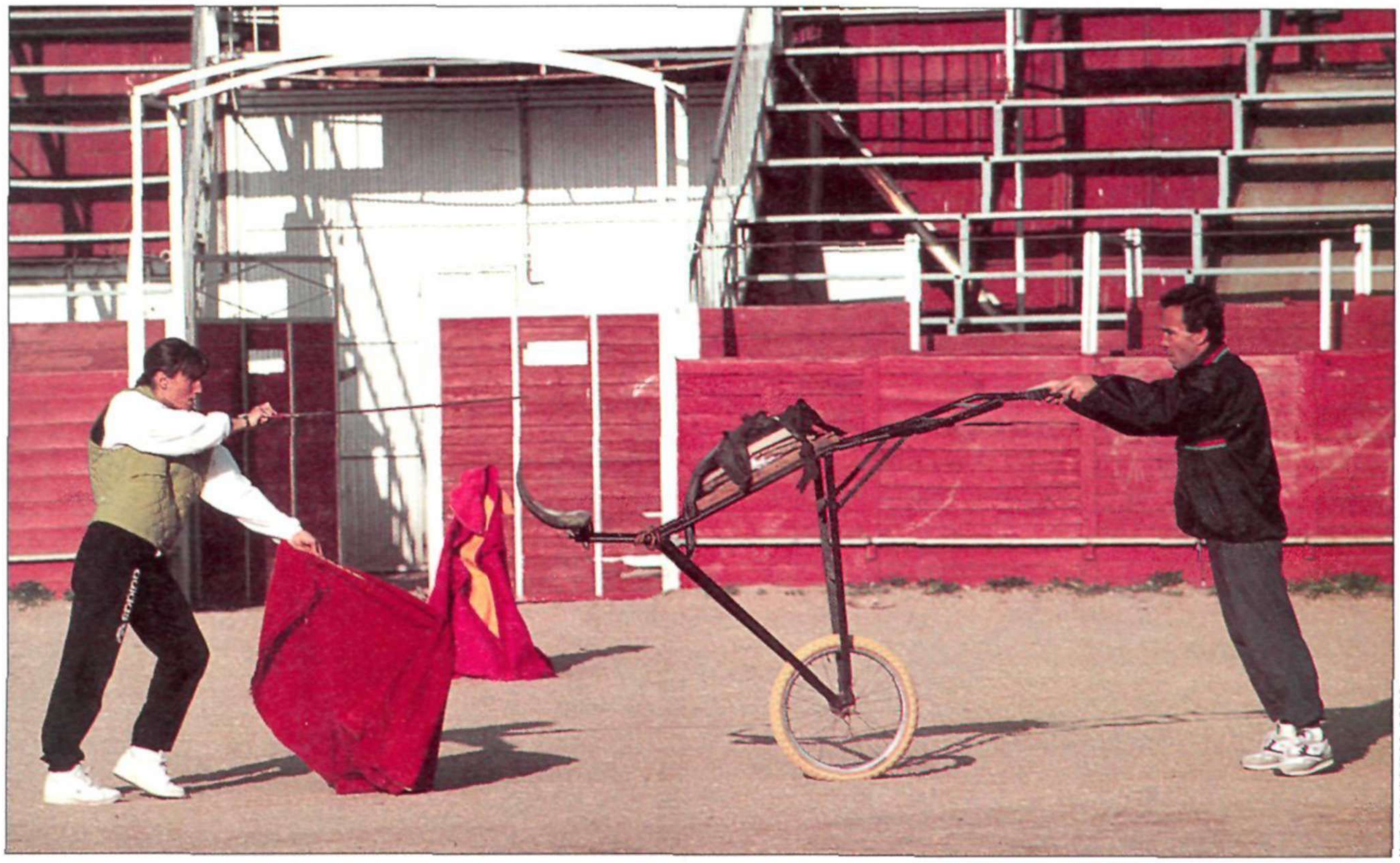
He should have stopped all of this two years ago in Getafe. He should have put an end to it that afternoon when the bull flung her into the air every time she tried to drive her sword between its shoulder blades—10 times, a dozen—sending her mother and youngest sister running from the plaza de toros in tears.

"Do you see how impossible this is?" Antonio had hollered at Cristina as she lay in the medical van afterward. "Look at you, bruised like a Christ! Do you *finally* understand?"

She looked up, covered with sweat and dirt, fighting to keep her voice from breaking, and said, "I knew it would be difficult, Papá. This is just another exam I have to pass."

A beautiful answer, but he should not have accepted it. He should have taken the $1,000 sword from her that day, taken the $2,000 costume and stopped this mad experiment that was filling plazas de toros in towns all around Madrid with curiosity seekers and noveltymongers, with narrow-eyed men and wide-eyed women. Because he knew he would hate himself for the rest of his life if she ever got seriously hurt. And here she was in the sand in the middle of a plaza in Cali, Colombia, crumpled like a dress that had slipped off its hanger, having been tossed by the bull and having landed on her neck in precisely the same way Julio Robles landed two years ago, when he was paralyzed for life, exactly the same way El Nimeño II landed a year before that, incurring injuries that eventually

In a few years, when she is a full-fledged matador fighting mature bulls, Sánchez, in her "suit of lights," hopes to shine at major arenas like Las Tiendas in Madrid.



DIEGO GOLDBERG/SYGMA

left him in a bathroom with a rope around his neck. *And here was Cristina's bull coming for her again as* she lay on the ground, and her father's legs were so frozen with fear that he couldn't make them go to her with his cape to draw the animal away.

He should have stopped all of this five years ago in Parla. . . .

There is no place in bullfighting for a woman. In truth, there is not even room in it for a bullfighter's wife. "Women do not *support* a man in this business," says Félix (Pirri) Saugar, a former torero from Madrid. "A matador's woman is just *there*, in a different world from the matador, waiting for him to come back."

Inside a corrugated metal pavilion on the northwestern edge of Madrid, about 80 boys ranging in age from 12 to 22 were practicing the rites that might permit one or two of them to enter this private world of men and bulls. Despite the hundred or so animal-rights activists who picket each year on the opening day of the season in Madrid, despite the explosion of publicity about the "new Spain," a bullfighting renaissance is under way, the number of bullfights having increased steadily over the past five years.

Some of the boys in the pavilion were bent in half, holding horns before them and simulating bulls, charging again and again at the capes of their classmates. Others were practicing the kill, driving a sword into a scrap of inner tube mounted atop a one-wheel metal cart with protruding horns. "Push the sword in harder!" demanded Juan Antonio (Macareno) Alcoba, a former matador who teaches at the *Tauromaquia de Madrid bullfighting school. "It is* not an olive! It is a bull!"

At their hometown bullring in Parla, Antonio plays the horns while Cristina practices the art of the kill.

In the midst of all the boys and young men stood a young woman. Her brown hair was pulled into a braid on her neck. Her eyes and jaw were serious, hard. The carriage of her body, the arch of her back as she executed her capework were classical, austere, almost arrogant. After a series of competitions last October, a jury of experts selected her as the school's best torero. "I want to be the woman who changes men's thinking," Cristina Sánchez says. "I like that role. Why? Because I have the *capacity*. Bullfighting makes me feel very big inside. Bullfighting is to dream awake."

Her quest isolated her. Her friends each came once to watch her fight, then never again; they could neither bear it nor understand it. The deeper she threw herself into it, the smaller and further away became their conversations about clothes and movies and rock stars and boys. Her hunger to fight bulls had killed all of her other hungers. She had no boyfriend, went to no discotheques, smoked no cigarettes, drank no alcohol. Every choice, large and small, that she made each day was placed beneath the naked light bulb of a single question: Will it help me become a great matador?

She knew the odds she was bucking. She knew the history of women who had stood in front of bulls. Two hundred years ago, Goya slipped a female matador, La Pajuelera, into a tapestry cartoon for shock value, and except for a few women who appeared in

village bullfights in the 1800s, that's where the idea remained, in the realm of fantasy and taboo, until a hermaphrodite named El Reverte smudged the line in the early 1900s. Having no success as a male matador, El Reverte grew his hair, pulled on a skirt, dabbed on some makeup and became a female bullfighter, La Reverte . . . with the same shortage of talent she had suffered from as a man.

Then came the real thing, Juanita Cruz, a teenager who declared her desire to fight bulls in the magazine *Madrid Taurino* while hiding behind a mask and the name Señorita X so that her family would not discover her heresy. By 1933, at the age of 16, she was doing it, attracting crowds so large that promoters ignored the prohibition against women matadors in the bullfighting bylaws. Out she walked into the center of the plaza, wearing a calf-length skirt because pants were considered unladylike. Her capework was brilliant, and her courage was cold; Juanita refused to run, even when she had dropped the cape and was helpless. "If I were a man, I would run," she said. "Most men matadors do. But if I run, someone in the audience will yell that I am running because I am a woman and I am scared—so I will not run."

"The famous matadors supported her," recalls her husband, Rafael García. "But the ones still trying to reach the top were furious. Some refused to appear with her. Others refused to alternate with her in the killing of the six bulls—they made her kill the first two bulls and then watch, as if she were just a sideshow."

She filled the biggest plazas in Madrid and Seville. Then the Spanish Civil War erupted in 1936, and the blood in the sand was not of the bulls. When the plazas de toros reopened after the war, Franco's regime enacted a law forbidding female matadors. Juanita, who had fought bulls outside of Spain during the war, drifted through Mexico and South America until 1947, performing in plazas, waiting for sunlight to come back to her country. Finally she retired and returned, so embittered by the prohibition and by the press's failure to defend her that she asked her husband, a few years before her death in 1981, to burn the suitcases full of photographs and articles about her career.

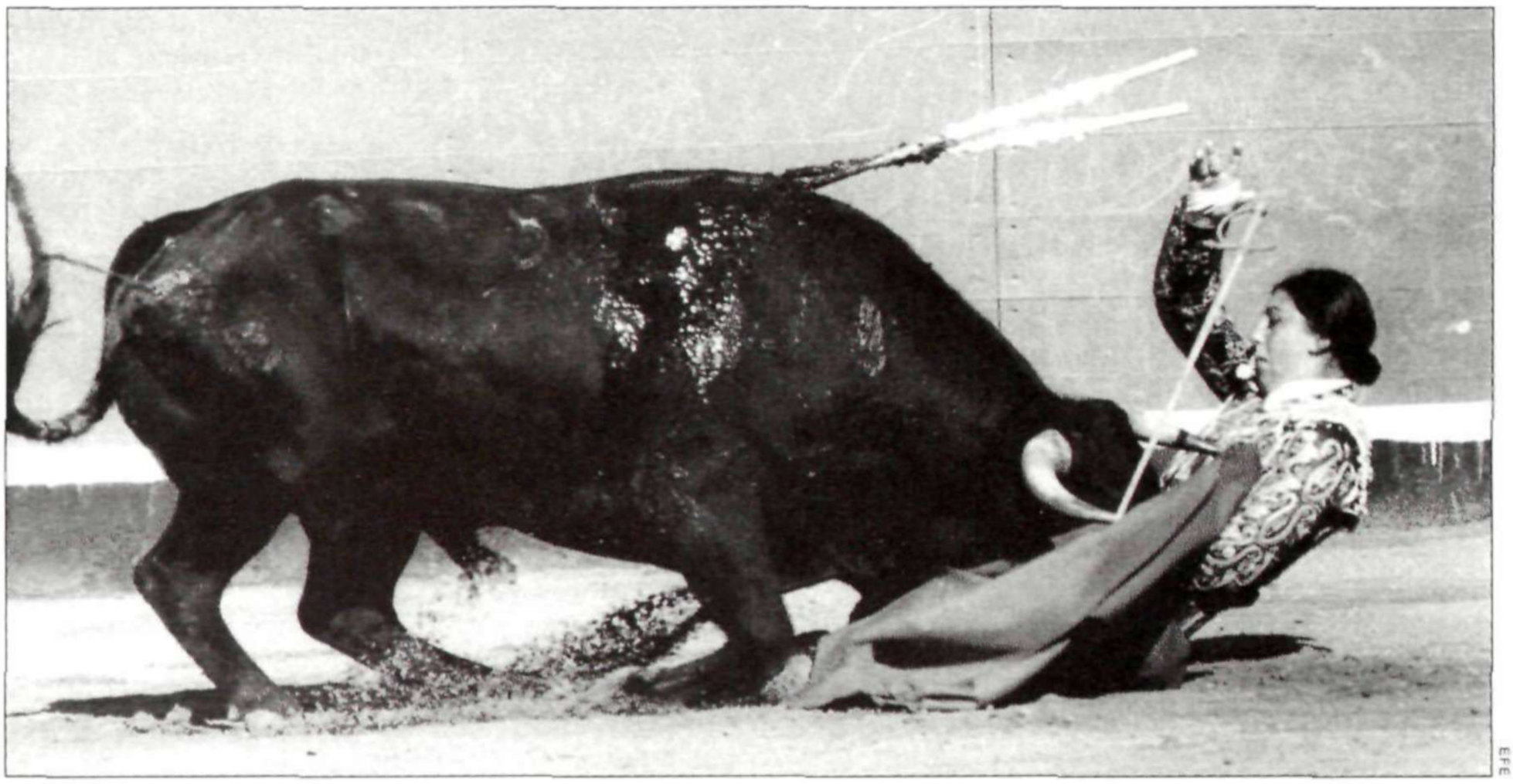
Behind the trailblazer, the trail went up in blazes. Women such as the Peruvian great Conchita Cintrón were permitted to be *rejoneadores*, who killed bulls from horseback using a lance. But no woman fought a bull on foot in Spain for nearly 40 years . . . until an orphan with bottle-blonde hair named Angela appeared. Angela Hernández had grown up in Seville and first stood before a bull when she was nine years old. She lost both her mother and father to cancer when she was 11, and she discovered one day on a farm that the only time she didn't think about them was when she was facing a bull. For three years Angela fought the ruling against female matadors and finally won in the Spanish Supreme Court in 1974, when Franco was busy dying. Then it was the bulls' turn to judge.

They broke her arms, wrists, fingers, clavicle, knee and back. They took two vertebrae from her spine, two centimeters from her height, ripped a 200-stitch gash in her back. They gored her 17 times. They tore open her face and made her tear ducts keep spilling tears down her cheeks in a sport in which a woman couldn't cry. As recently as 1989, a horn entered the back of her knee and came out the front, and when it was finished her foot pointed backward, and a single tendon was all that connected her thigh to her calf, which she held in her hands as she was carried out of the plaza. "I feel happy in front of a bull," Angela says. "I feel like Napoleon. I forget everything."

She earned as much as $20,000 per bullfight in the mid-'70s, when the idea was startling. But now, just as

In Cali, Colombia, before her big spill, Sánchez showed her elegant form and crisp capework to a charging two-year-old bull.

BERNARDO PÉREZ/EL PAIS



Cristina Sánchez was entering the private world of men and bulls, trying to imagine what her life might be like 20 years from now . . . there was Angela, making her comeback at 42 on an artificial knee, for a fraction of what she once earned, in the small and dusty plazas scattered across the dry tableland of Spain. And for all her pain and sweat, today in her country one thing has not changed: Virtually no one believes that a woman has the strength to kill bulls, the agility to avoid bulls, the endurance to drive all night, sponge off the road dirt and confront the next bull and the next.

Ask an old matador about women matadors and he will lean back his head, blow out a plume of smoke as if he were in pain, and then wave it away with the back of his hand.

"Angela?" he will say. "*Mala.* Bad. No skill, no presence . . . nothing. *Mala*."

And Alicia Tomás, the actress who took advantage of Angela's breakthrough and looked so fine walking into the ring in a matador's *traje de luces* ("suit of lights") for the three years that she fought bulls, until giving up in 1976? Another plume of smoke. Another wave of contempt. "*Mala*, *mala*, not serious about bullfighting . . . but pretty."

And Maribel Atiénzar, who did it from 1975 to 1987, when she walked away in disgust at the age of 28, insisting that the promoters had boycotted her, and took up painting in Paris? Another plume of smoke. This time the hand wavers, jiggling the smoke back and forth instead of erasing it. "Not bad, she had valor. . . . Not *good* . . . but not bad."

And Cristina? The cigarette gets snuffed in the ashtray. Cristina is still a *novillera*, fighting two-year-old bulls that weigh 600 pounds, not the four-year-old, thousand-pound beasts that a full-fledged matador fights. Still, something about her is different.

"She has the courage and the desire," says Saugar, one of six professors at the bullfighting school. "She has the strength, the charisma. She has a better start than any woman bullfighter ever. But no one knows. She has not yet had the baptism of blood."

The nightmare of Antonio Sánchez is that his daughter will be gored, as another female matador, Mari Forte of Portugal, was in San Sebastián, Spain, in 1977.

But now the baptism was about to occur. Now Cristina was lying half-conscious in the dirt in Cali, the bull was coming back for more, and Antonio's feet were fixed to the earth. It couldn't have been more than two seconds that he froze, maybe three . . . could it? He had spent his life testing his reactions to fear, discovering what his legs would do when he put them inside of flaming apartment buildings in Madrid during his 17 years as a frontline firefighter, inside of enclosed rings with a half-ton animal bred to kill during his two decades as a torero—and the legs had never failed him. But now, at 42, on an afternoon two months ago, he had finally found the thing that locked his knees and ankles, that drained him of his manhood: watching his child do what he did. "*Impotente,*" he sighs, closing his eyes and rubbing his hands over them. "I was *impotente*. . . ."

Here was the paradox: Until the horns were in his daughter, no one would truly know how good she was, but once the horns were in her, Antonio would never be able to live with himself. Yes, Cristina had seemed more than brave, sometimes brazen, in front of the more than 100 bulls she had slain so far. When a bull refused to charge, she would throw herself to her knees in front of it, as much an act of showmanship as of frustration, shouting at the bull as she yanked open the lapels of her glittering vest, daring it to come for her chest as she shuffled closer and closer to its head. "Above all," she would say, "I want to connect with the public. This is an art. What good is an art if you do not connect with the public?" One afternoon she had taken it too far, inching on her knees right into the bull's face, rubbing its head to mock it . . . and then finding herself on her back, 600 pounds of meat hoofing across her arms,

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DIEGO GOLDBERG/SYGMA

The closed world of men and bulls *was opened for* Spanish women by pioneers such as Tomás (holding picture of herself in action), Cruz and Hernández.

while once more her father's legs went to ice.

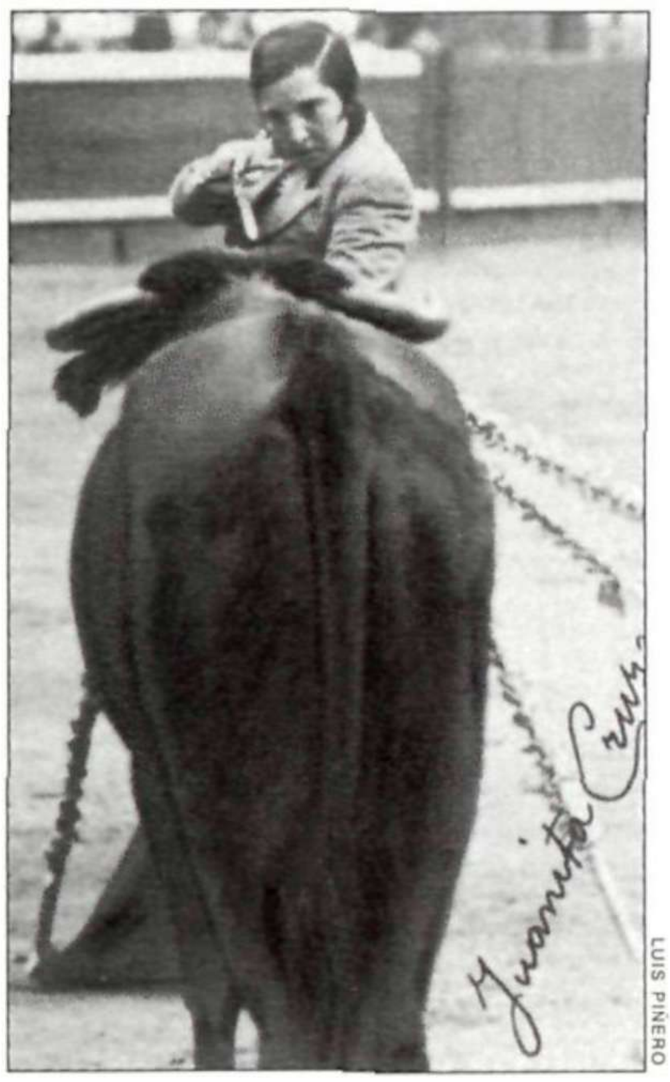
One of Antonio's jobs as a member of Cristina's team was to run out with the cape and distract the bull when she was in trouble. Thus he was doomed to blame himself if she were ever hurt, to ask himself why he hadn't been a half-step quicker, a half-blink more prescient; three seconds is all it takes for a bull to kill a human. "I *hate* working with her—I feel like I am having a heart attack," he says. "But I must hide it. I cannot pass my fear on to her." Some days he could barely control his imagination, some days he could barely control his feet; Cristina had to keep ordering him to return to his position behind the wooden barricade, to leave the ring to her and the bull. "*¡Tápate!*" she would yell at him. "Cover yourself!"

He had tried removing himself from it altogether, taking jobs with other matadors in other towns when Cristina was to enter the ring . . . but it was hopeless. His mind ran back to her, agonizing over what he might be doing at that very moment to save her, making him useless to anyone in either place. There was no way out of his dilemma: All true matadors would *rather be gored than fail in the ring.*

Sometimes he lay in bed at night, scourging himself. He was the one who had allowed Cristina to ride with him across Spain on the bullfighting circuit from spring until fall, who let her listen to the men talk of styles and tactics, of cowards and killers, in the same quiet, dreaming-aloud way that boxers do.

But when Antonio's guilt and fists could clench no tighter, he would rebel. It was not *his* fault that she had followed him like a shadow ever since she could walk, not *his* fault that her mother's love was cool, quiet, rational, and that his was as hot as the sun. He had *told* her she could not fight bulls for a living, but this was a force of nature, a piece of destiny. . . . My god, his birthday and the girl's were even the same.

She wasn't a child he could manipulate. She kept the world at a sword's length; she locked up her thoughts, but once she made up her mind, she was as hard as a stone. Sometimes she joked with the teenage boys aspiring to be matadors, but often she retreated so far into herself that she didn't seem to be among them. Maybe there was something else Cristina was killing when she jammed her sword into the bull. Maybe it was all those mornings as a child in school when she had panicked and forgotten everything she had studied the day before. Maybe it was all those nights when she had come home from the hair salon where she worked, closed her door so no one could see, and cried. That was her first job, after she took, at 14, the first exit that the Spanish school system offered. Awakening each morning at six in Parla, she had taken the long bus and subway rides to the hair salon 20 miles to the north in Madrid. By 8 a.m. she was making the coffee, doing the laundry and ironing, readying the dyes, gels, conditioners and mousses, trying to smile while she felt her life hissing out of her like hair spray. "Those fingernails, all of those long fingernails," she says. "All of those women pretending to be someone. The other two apprentices quit, leaving me to do the job of three. It was a concentration camp. I hated it."



LUIS PIÑERO

The chemicals began to eat at her hands. Thank god for the allergy—it gave her a bad rash and an excuse; nobody could argue when she quit. When she thought no one was watching her in the kitchen, she began moving the dish towel like a cape. Her parents saw. They arranged a job for her as a clerk in her uncle's fire-*extinguisher factory.*

She kept coming up with excuses in the afternoon—doctor appointments, stomachaches. She kept showing up at the plaza de toros in Parla, joining the young matadors who practiced *there with her dad. "It is only a hobby,"* Antonio kept reassuring the others. "It will pass."

But the mixed signals kept shooting off him like sparks. One day he was taking pictures of everything she did and showing them to everyone, so proud that he couldn't fit through the door. The next day he was seizing the one-wheeled cart with horns at the plaza and playing the most wicked of bulls, making 90-degree turns, knocking Cristina onto her back, screaming at her when she argued that no bull

CHANOC

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could move like that, telling her to leave and never come back, to *go scrub the kitchen*! The words were out of his mouth before he could pull them back; she ran out the gate biting her lip . . . but soon he was stroking her shoulder, saying, "I am sorry, Cristina, I am sorry."

He couldn't shoot down her dream—that would be putting a gun to his own. Five times as a teenager his passion to be a matador had so overwhelmed him that he had leaped from the stands into the ring with his muleta—the fan-shaped scarlet cloth folded over a wooden stick—during the middle of a bullfight; once, during the world-famous running of the bulls in Pamplona, the police had hauled him away from the plaza and locked him in jail for four days. Then he met a 14-year-old girl who made his blood as hot as the bulls did. Suddenly he had a baby and a wife and a desperate need of a paycheck, so he settled for a life as a fireman and a banderillero. For a wad of pesetas worth about $500 from the matadors who contracted him, he would charge the bull at an angle, lean over the horns, place two barbed-iron-tipped banderillas in the thick hump of its withers and then spin away, slowing the animal and lowering its head so that the matador can come out with his cape and muleta and make art. But Antonio could not lie to himself. He had compromised.

One afternoon, a club of toreros he belonged to held a party on a farm outside of Madrid. The men were swapping tales, sipping wine, watching their children cavort in a ring with a one-year-old bull, when suddenly everyone's eyes were on Antonio's 16-year-old daughter. "Everybody out," the president of the club ordered the children. "Everybody except for this girl."

When she was done, the men conferred. "How about if she kills one next week in the plaza at Torrelaguna?" the club president asked Antonio.

"Do not even *think* of it," he replied.

So how did he find himself walking out the door with her a week later, lying to his wife, Mary Carmen, that Cristina was only going to kill a small goat? How did he find himself fighting to keep the grin off his face when it was over and the crowd had insisted that his girl have the highest reward, both of the bull's ears and its tail? "She was perfect," he recalls. "She was *harvested*."

DIEGO GOLDBERG/SYGMA

Sánchez and male students train together without problems, but as she advances in the sport, they may find themselves locking horns.

Her bedroom walls were soon covered with pictures of bulls and matadors and little cutouts she had scissored off matchboxes that demonstrated all of the traditional passes a torero could perform with his cape. Her mind flew far away from the stacks of receipts in her uncle's factory. "Bulls or office work," her uncle finally said. *Bulls*, uncle, *bulls*. She quit that job in 1988 and began attending the 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. school for bullfighting in Madrid, one of a score that have opened in the past 15 years around Spain as an alternative to the old route into the ring, a haphazard system of apprenticeship that often drove teenage boys to take mindless risks in village bullfights to catch someone's eye. As darkness fell, Cristina often rushed straight from the school to the plaza in her town for more practice. In the morning she jumped back into her sweats, straightened up the mess her parents and three sisters had left behind in their rush to work and school, and hit the road to jog two or three miles or work out with her dad at the firefighters' gymnasium. It became an all-day regimen. "The man is *born* with the physical faculties to fight bulls," she says. "The woman must *acquire* them. The bull gives gifts to no one—not even to a woman."

Her flourishes with the muleta impressed everyone. Her capework was solid. It was the kill that frustrated her most. It was not a lack of strength or desire to kill that plagued her; she felt no remorse, saw no blur in the line between her pet mongrel Estarky—who exuberantly played the role of the bull whenever she wanted to practice her capework—and the 50 bulls she is scheduled to put to death in 1992. It was a problem of technique, repetition, self-confidence, of standing in profile two yards from the bull's skull with the sword handle cocked back by her chin, drawing the animal's head down with a flicker of the muleta in her lowered left hand, forgetting the horns for one heartbeat and driving for the meat between the shoulder blades and down to the aorta, doing it right so many times that the motion became grooved, allowing her to kill consistently on the first or second try instead of the fourth or fifth.

"It is not a problem of sentiment," she says. "I consider the kill as just part of my job. The bulls would be killed by a gun in a slaughterhouse if they were not

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killed this way—is that any better? Here they die fighting, in front of hundreds or thousands of people. This is an animal born to take part in an art. This breed would not exist if not for bullfighting. When I am preparing myself to do it, I am thinking only of technique."

Still, there was something shocking about seeing a woman look down those 30 inches of steel and then bury them inside an animal so grand; something that permitted Cristina to pick and choose among promoters' offers for which aspiring male matadors would have fallen to their knees. She will earn about $10,000 this year—far from the $3 million that the handful of stars in her profession earn, but already enough to call bullfighting her *job*. But in exchange for that, each time she makes the slow opening procession into the plaza, wearing just the faintest makeup, wearing the dark blue *traje de luces* because it makes her look taller and *thinner than her pink one, she* has to brace herself for the whistles and catcalls.

"If you are as bad as the other women matadors I have seen," a man shouted one afternoon a few years ago in Valdilecha, where the bullring was formed by barricading off a square that has a fountain in the center, "I will throw you into the fountain!" Her father's temper flared; he offered the man a deal. "If Cristina is bad, you can throw her in the fountain," he said. "But if she is good, it is you who go in." The bet was made. The flowers and hats flew into the plaza when Cristina was done; the crowd demanded that she cut both ears. Without hesitating, the heckler climbed over the barricade, walked to the fountain and immersed himself.

"I would have to put plugs in my ears not to hear the comments," Cristina says. "Those who scream at me to go to the kitchen have to know that they strengthen me and motivate me to fight bulls with even more anger, with more desire to demonstrate that women, just as men, deserve an opportunity, and let us put an end to all those centuries of discrimination. I want to make the *machistas* eat their words. Sometimes I even throw the ears directly to them."

No, Antonio told himself when he watched her parading around the ring after such a moment, with one of the caps flung to her by the crowd cocked on her head, with a dozen flowers cradled in her arms; *no*, he couldn't have stopped her, any more than he could raise his hand and halt the wind. Telling her about the horn he had taken in the scrotum wouldn't have done it, nor would talking of the one he had taken deep in his arm, nor the one in his back that damaged the sciatic nerve, nor the one across his cheek that had made him wonder if people would think he was a Gypsy. Hell, the horns had given Antonio his nickname: Scar. Nor would sitting her down with the professor at school, Agapito (Serranito) García, whose career had been ended by a broken back, nor making her listen to another professor, Faustino (Inchausti) Tinín, who had lost his leg when a bull tossed him onto his sword, nor taking her to the tomb of a graduate of the school, José (Yiyo) Cubero, who took a horn in his back seven years ago that went straight through his heart and came out his chest.

She couldn't be dissuaded by fear or anguish, because the bull had become the *antidote* for every fear, every anguish—not the cause of it. "Every problem in your life goes away in front of a bull," Cristina explains. "Because *this* problem, the bull, is bigger than all other problems. Of course I have fear, but it is fear that I will fail the responsibility I have taken on in front of all those people—not fear of the bull. Death becomes unimportant when I am in front of him. I feel so good, it does not matter if he kills me."

It was only in her sleep that this argument disintegrated. Only in the dream she had that the bull was coming for her, no matter where she ran in the ring, coming for her even when she jumped the wall and hid in the audience, coming for her. . . .

Finally, Antonio felt his legs moving. Finally, Antonio felt his throat thawing: "Heyyyy, heyyy!" he shouted at the bull as he raced across the sand in Cali, flapping his cape, kicking up dust, anything to distract the animal's eyes, its ears, its horns, anything. The bull took the lure. Cristina staggered to her feet,

DIEGO GOLDBERG/SYGMA

Mary Carmen (far right), who has fled Cristina's bullfights in anguish, finds it easier to watch them on tape with (from left) Antonio and daughters Ester, Cristina, Noemí and Yraxte.

A fistful of flavor for small change.

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blinking, and then came Antonio's next heart attack, while he was still hyperventilating from the first: Would he permit his daughter to risk the kill while her head was fogged and her legs were reeling? Or would he cut out her heart in front of the crowd and *pull her away from the bull?*

Deep under it all, deep, lay the thing he dreaded most—the telephone call home. The silence on the other end of the line if he had to say, "Mary Carmen . . . Mary Carmen, something happened. . . ." Because already his wife's headaches and stomach cramps were so severe from worry during this trip for three bullfights in Cali that she had missed three days of work at the leatherware shop. She *said* she was beyond the anger she first felt toward her husband and daughter when she learned that Cristina was going to fight, she *said* she had resigned herself to it, she *said*, "Now I just try to stay out of the way, because Cristina is doing exactly what she wants." But everyone knew how airtight a seal Mary Carmen could put on her feelings, how bad it must be if she stayed home from the leatherware shop. Sure it disturbed Cristina that her obsession made her mother suffer so, but then that small grin would come to Cristina's lips, that chilly truth upon which greatness depends: "But I forget all about her suffering once I am doing it."

Where was the seam in her armor? Those who had stood before this animal didn't have to see her expose it to know. "I know about the ride to the bullring, I know about the panic," says José Antonio Carratero, *a young matador who helped train Cristina.* "*I feel* pity for her. She can capture the audience because she moves differently from a man, she is very feminine. They may have sympathy for her, but the bull will not."

Bullfighting is in the Sánchez family's blood, and Cristina's absorption in the art is so complete that it excludes all other interests.

There is no turning back now. By December of this year she plans to make the jump to three-year-old bulls and leave the school. Two or three years later she hopes to be ready for the torero's "diploma" ceremony, the *alternativa,* when she will become a full-fledged matador facing four-year-old bulls. And that, says Maribel Atiénzar, who gained her *alternativa* in 1981, is when the men will move to shut her out.

"*She must be always ready for* struggle, always be ready for war," says Maribel. "Because the men in *toreo* will let a woman go *so far, but in the end, they will* close the door. Some toreros will refuse to work with her, some promoters will refuse to contract her.

"I will never forget what Antonio Ordóñez [Spain's most famous bullfighter of the 1950s] said to me when I told him that it was my dream to get my *alternativa* and fight four-year-old bulls. He told me, 'If women are capable of fighting four-year-old bulls, what are men going to do to *stand out from them? All that will remain for us is to* give birth.' "

ANTONIO: Mary Carmen? *¿Cómo estás? Sí,* everything went well. No problems, Cristina was great.

MARY CARMEN: What do you mean, no problems? How is she? I heard it on the radio—that fall she took was very bad. How is she?

ANTONIO: *(Gulp)* Radio? It was on the radio in Spain?

MARY CARMEN: Yes, it was broadcast live—how is she?

ANTONIO: Fine, Mary Carmen, fine—she fell, but you heard it, she got up and killed the bull. Believe me, it was nothing.

MARY CARMEN: Antonio. . . .

ANTONIO: It is the truth, Mary Carmen, she has only a little scratch on her head, it was nothing at all. . . .

A few days after their return from Colombia, Antonio stepped out of the car with the two photographs of Cristina in her *traje de luces* taped to the rear window, entered his apartment and stared at the trophy she had won as the best apprentice matador in Cali. Which was greater, he was asked, his fear or his pride?

He shook his head. He took a deep breath.

"My fear is always greater than my pride," he said. "I still do not know. . . . What should I do? Do you understand? Cristina is my daughter. Cristina is a *woman.*" ■

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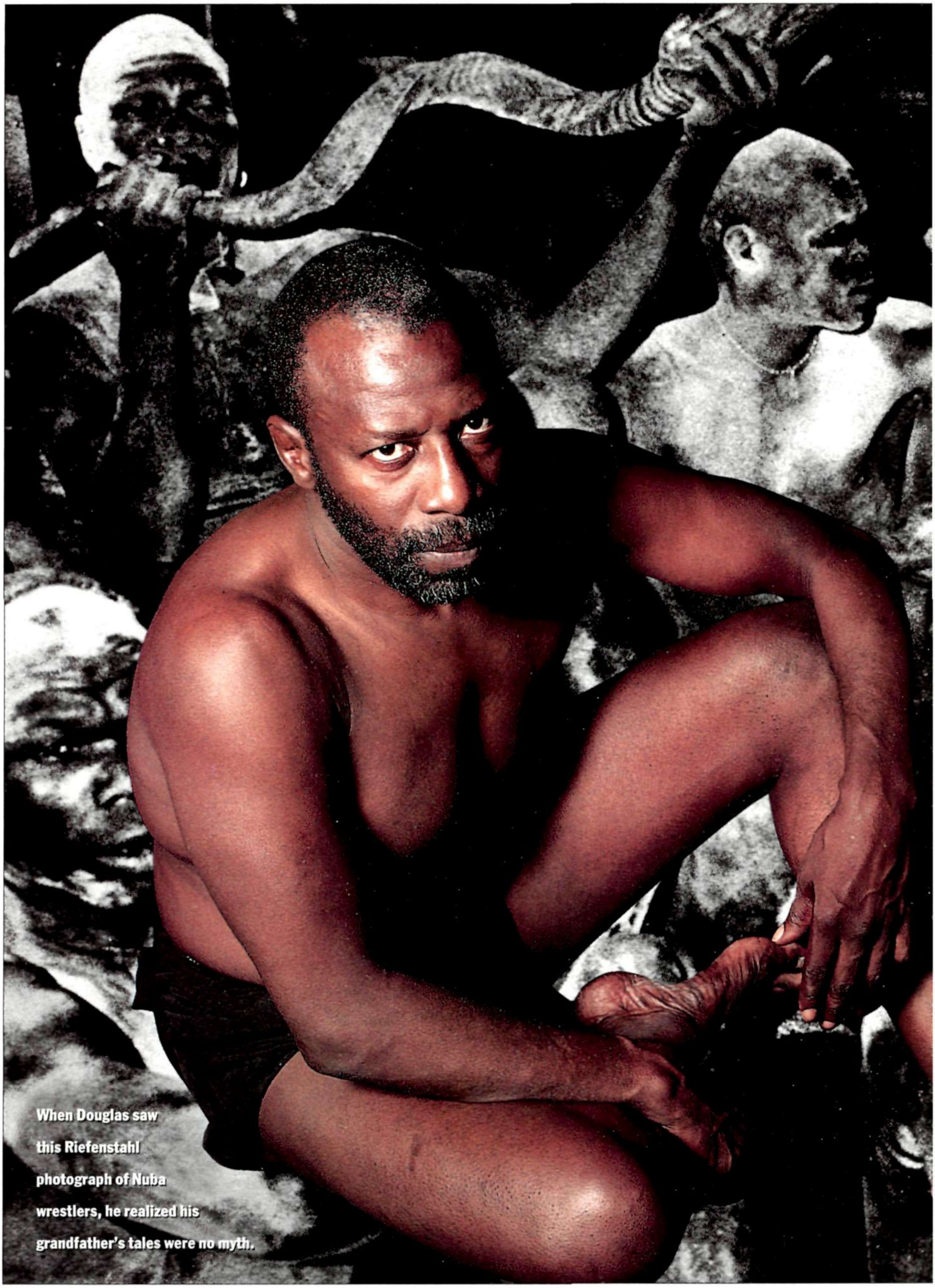
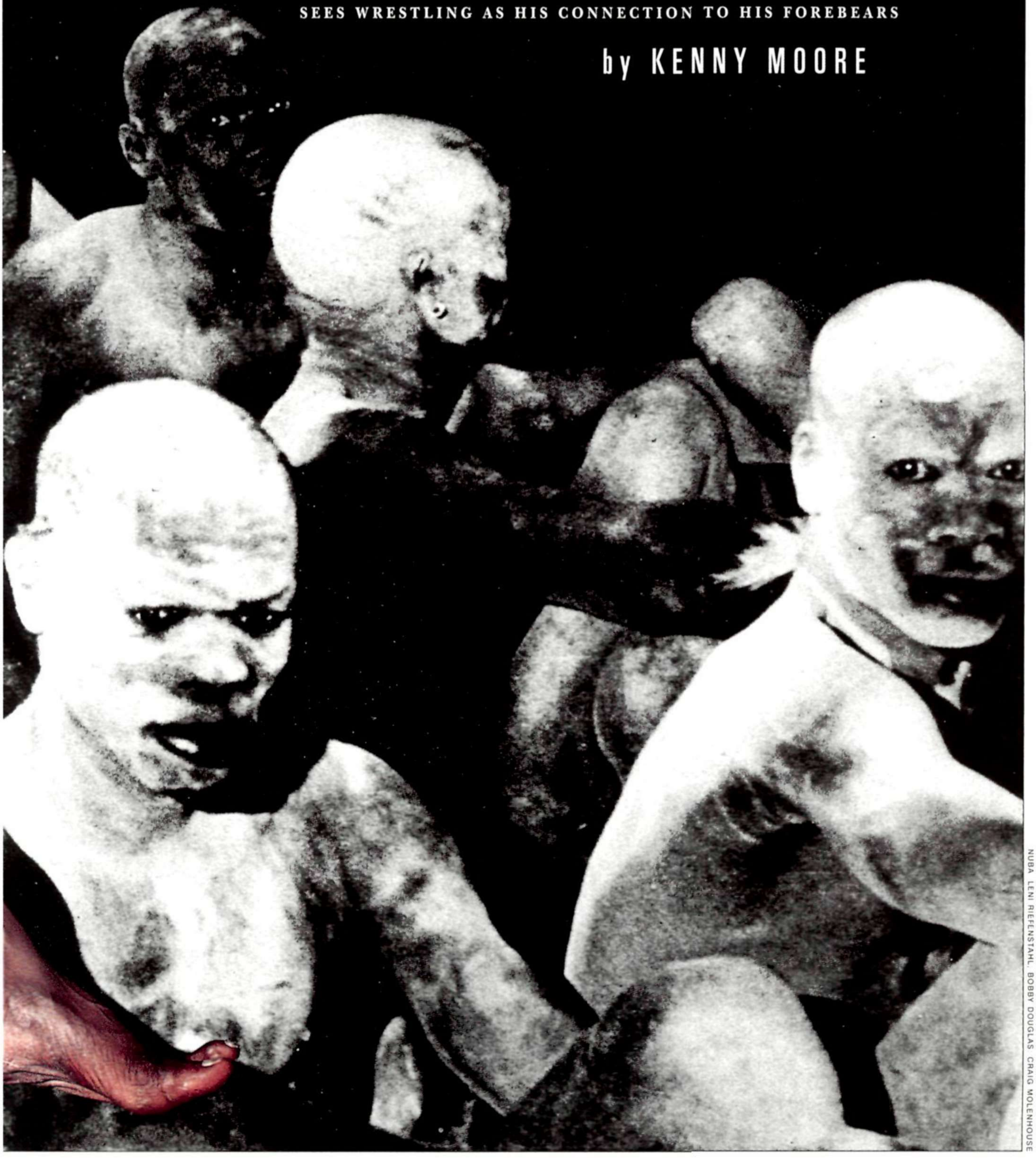


When Douglas saw this Riefenstahl photograph of Nuba wrestlers, he realized his grandfather's tales were no myth.

A Man of the Ash

ARIZONA STATE AND OLYMPIC COACH BOBBY DOUGLAS
SEES WRESTLING AS HIS CONNECTION TO HIS FOREBEARS

by KENNY MOORE



NUBA LENI RIEFENSTAHL, BOBBY DOUGLAS CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

COURTESY OF BOBBY DOUGLAS

Douglas (far left) found a new mentor in coach Kovalick after his grandfather's death.

FOUR FEET IN FRONT OF BOBBY DOUGlas's desk in his third-floor office at Arizona State is the sky. A wall of windows reveals the campus below, a rectilinear oasis of palms, citrus and tawny masonry rising out of a land of pale rose rock. Between the desk and the windows is wedged a single chair. *To speak with the 1992 U.S.* Olympic wrestling coach, you settle into this seat and wait, because the man is so consumed by college competition, Olympic planning, recruiting, writing and club coaching that he lives a perpetual, unclosable 10 minutes behind schedule.

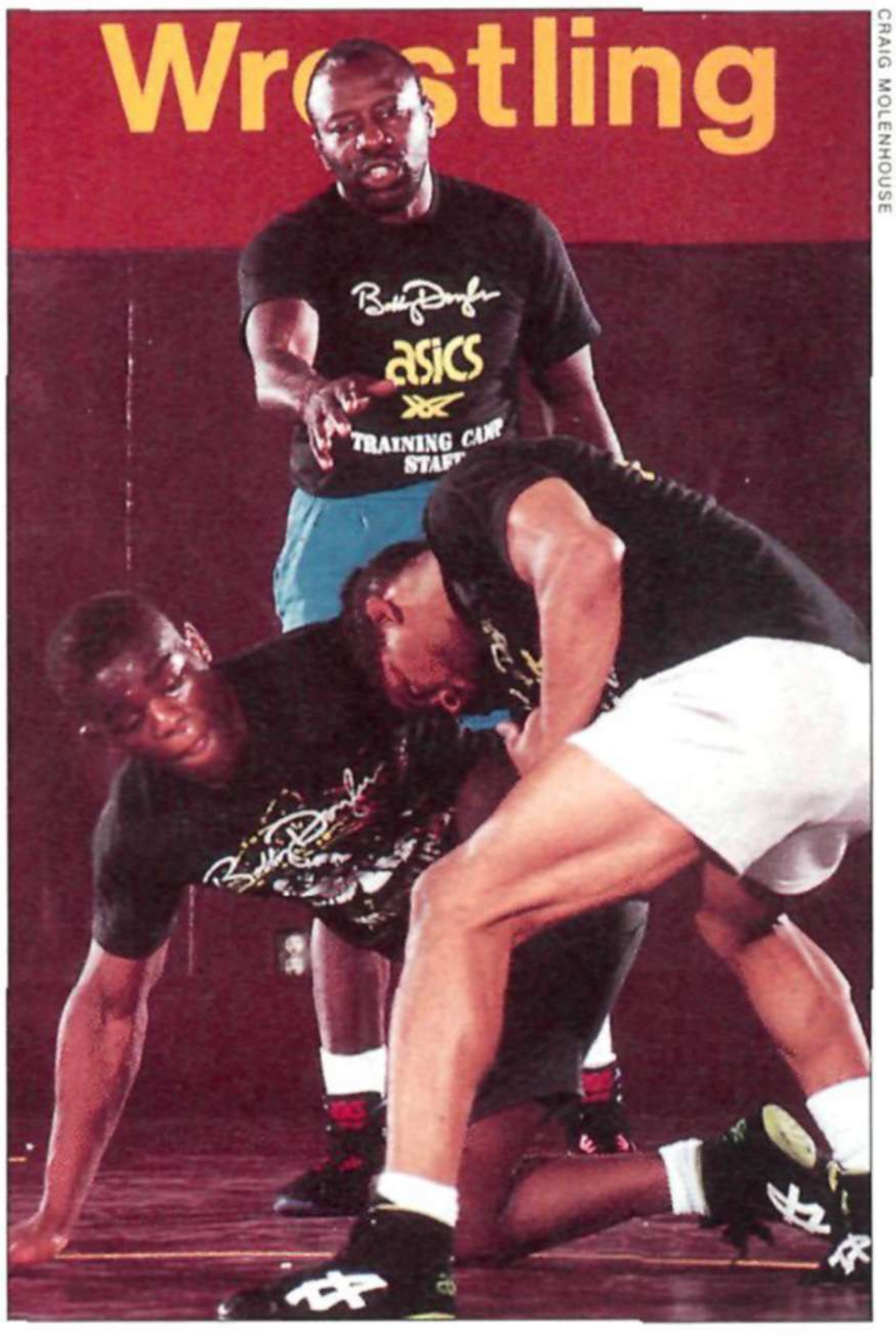
You study silver runner-up trophies from the 1989 and 1990 NCAA championships and photos of Douglas and his team rejoicing in the Sun Devils' 1988 victory, the first NCAA wrestling title ever won under an African-American coach.

The heel of your hand finds bare metal. The vinyl on the chair's arms is split, and the foam padding has frayed to the rivets. This is where each Arizona State wrestler sits alone before his coach. This is where strong men writhe.

You have been warned that Douglas can be intimidating, tending, in the way of many wrestlers, to feel people out, to give nothing away. Indeed, when he appears, in a sweatsuit, Douglas keeps his sunglasses on. He is 5′ 7″ and compact. At 49, the wisps of gray in his short hair seem like fuses leading to the body of a cast-iron cannon. But when you are finally able to tell him that you want his sense of what is important in his story, the shades come up, and he takes your hand, powerfully, and draws you within the pale.

"We are always, each of us, on the end of a long story," he says, "and wrestling's is as ancient as humanity's. I was saved and formed by two men, my grandfather and my high school coach, and they did it with the culture of wrestling. So, as a teacher, hell, I *ache* to tell my story."

It comes out awkwardly at first, because of its unexpected sweep. Clumps of Ohio childhood are mixed with prehistory. *Horrific loss is juxtaposed against* sporting triumph. A personal quest is intermingled with blood rituals and post–cold war diplomacy. But as Douglas spreads photographs on the desk and unfolds old correspondence and pulls down books, his story takes on the clarity of desert night air.



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Every Douglas wrestler is taught to locate and attack his opponent's weaknesses.

Douglas was born in Bellaire, Ohio, in 1942, to Belove Davis and Eddie (Blue) Douglas, an itinerant boxer and mineworker who was in prison for theft at the time. Belove had been an invalid since an automobile accident crushed her pelvis when she was 27. "She had so much pain in her life, she was alcoholic," says Douglas. "We lived in a third-floor apartment *in the ghetto. It was a welfare environ*ment. People survived as they could, and one way was with the numbers racket. I remember when I was maybe three being sent apartment to apartment delivering slips of paper with writing on them."

Douglas's fundamental childhood memory still sometimes tears him from sleep. "I was three or four. I was with my mother in bed on a hot evening," he says, his tone controlled. "There was banging on the door, not a knock. It scared my mother. Then the door came down. A guy *came in, and they were fighting. He* pinned her against the wall. There was blood. I couldn't tell where it was from. She was screaming for me to leave. I was thrown off the bed and hit my head on something, but I crawled out through the blood and got downstairs, and the people there called the police. I can't remember anything more until I was five."

Belove was raped and suffered 16 stab wounds in her chest and abdomen. Though she survived, she never fully recovered. Her parents, Anthony and Maggie Davis, took young Bobby into their home in Blaine, Ohio, across the Ohio River from Wheeling, W.Va. "My next recollection is being carried on my grandfather's shoulders, holding on to his shaved head," says Douglas, the stiffness going out of his voice. "He was 6′ 5″ and 240 and had been a coal miner since he was a boy."

And a wrestler. "I saw my grandfather wrestle at Stop-32, Ohio, a mining town named for its 32 houses," says Douglas. "That was maybe 1947. All along the tracks, miners and veterans back from the war—Italians, Eastern Europeans and blacks—gathered and drank wine they had made and wrestled."

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COURTESY OF BOBBY DOUGLAS

In Mexico City in '68, a weakened Douglas did not get past his opening bout with Abassy.

Anthony Davis spoke of the sport to his grandson with great reverence. He taught the boy holds and sent him against older, bigger boys at picnics and saw that he almost never lost. When Davis told him that knowledge of wrestling would let him defend himself and protect others, he saw that the boy was wild to be strong. So the grandfather put the boy, at six and seven, through rugged exercises, all the while telling him magical stories.

"I remember him saying we were descended from a man named Ash," says Douglas. "He had been taken as a slave from a tribe in Africa called the Nuba, which means gold. Grandfather said the Nuba had been black pharaohs and magnificent warriors who coated themselves with sacred ashes and wrestled as a spiritual art. He said he shaved his head because that was the tradition that had been passed down. It sounded great to me, at seven, but of course it was a fantasy, a myth, because it was too good to be true."

Douglas was a quiet, distant boy, knowing as he did that horror could batter down any door without warning. So he grew up along the Ohio with an adult's balanced appreciation for life's riches and rigors. "We lived in what seemed the country, near the Cumberland Trail," he says. "It was green and wooded, with muskrats and raccoons and rabbits to hunt, but it was dominated by the mines and mills. The creek changed from copper-gold to jet black when they washed the coal. And when the millworkers and miners came walking home, covered with soot and coal dust, you saw their drained and hollow faces, and you knew how hard they'd worked."

And for how little. "I remember in winter going on the railroad tracks and digging in the snow for coal to heat the house. I was embarrassed, but a lot of people had to do that. I remember the church. No matter what, even if you'd been out until 4 a.m., you still had to go to church on Sunday. I remember that toughness and devotion."

Douglas's voice has taken on some of the rhythms of that church, the cadences that held a people together through their bondage and that gave some solace to the eight-year-old Douglas when his grandfather, his rescuer, Anthony Davis, died in 1950.

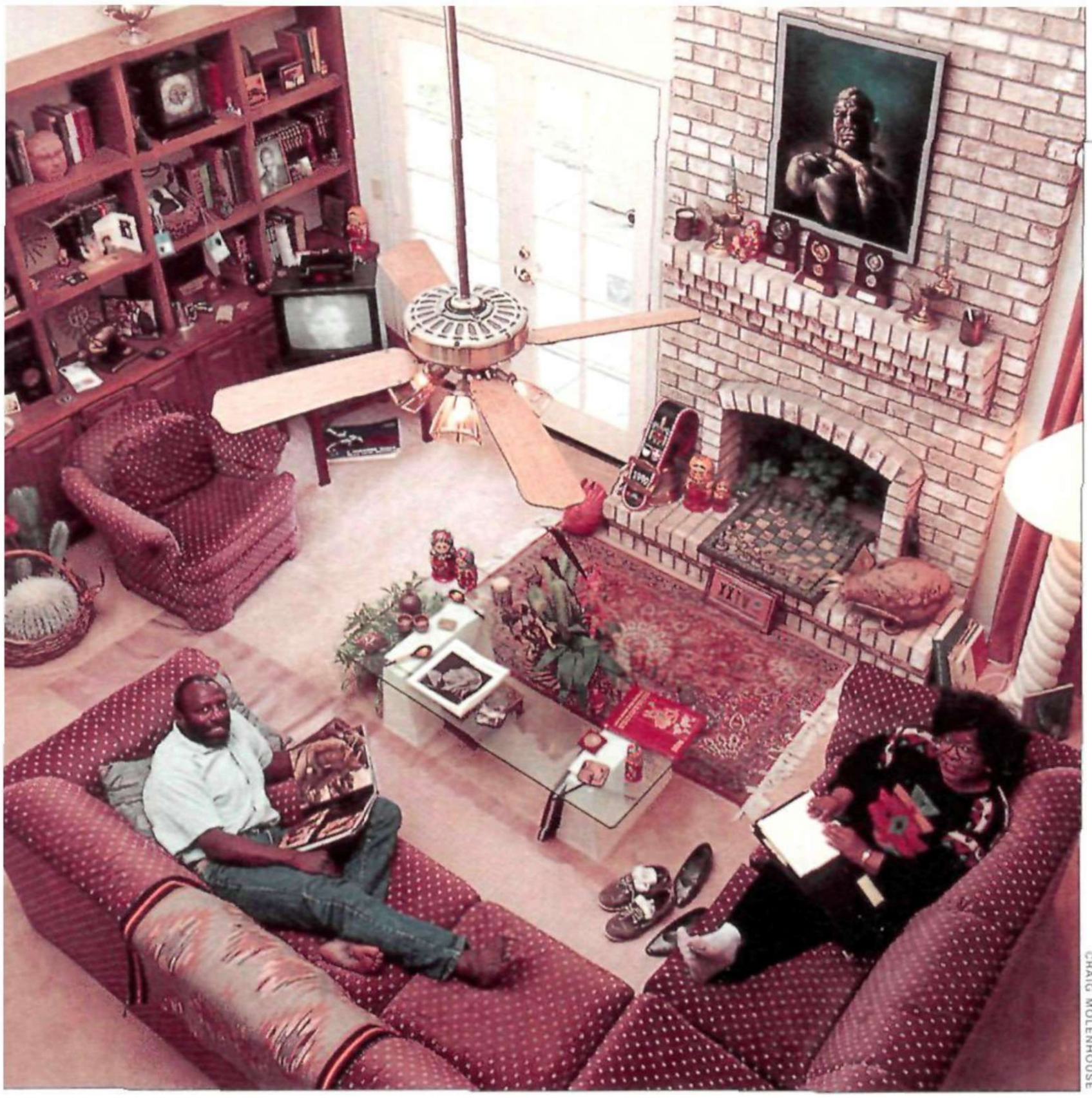
Entering Bridgeport High eight years afterward, he came under the eye of George Kovalick, the wrestling coach, who saw speed, well-developed moves and tireless yearning. Douglas, in turn, heard this courtly, organized man tell him that he was a potential champion and seized upon him as a father figure. Douglas would consult him about every important decision until Kovalick died in 1984.

"He gave me both hope and standards," Douglas says. "Wrestling creates a family. It lets you find it, feel it." He brought elements of his own to the sport. "Ten years after my grandfather died, I was one of the first black wrestlers to shave my head."

In 1959 Douglas won the Ohio state 112-pound wrestling title. He then accompanied Kovalick to West Liberty (W.Va.) State, won the 1962 NAIA championships at 130 pounds and transferred to Oklahoma State, where he would earn his B.S. in health, physical education and recreation. A superb technician and a glutton for conditioning, Douglas wrestled with the iron confidence that he could finish stronger than anyone. "I never let my opponent hear me breathe or know I was in pain," he says. In 1964 he became the first African-American to wrestle in the Olympic Games, placing fourth in the featherweight (138.5-pound) class in Tokyo. He took a silver medal in the 1966 world championships and became a favorite to win in the Mexico City Olympics.

In 1966 he married Jackie Davidson, whom he can remember seeing around the neighborhood back in Ohio when he was nine and she six. Their first and only child, Bobby, was born prematurely in the summer of 1968. "For six weeks he fought for life in Bellaire Hospital while I trained with the U.S. team in Alamosa, Colorado," says Douglas. "I was terrified of every phone call." He had a right to be. Douglas's mother had died in 1966, and a year later his older stepbrother, Gary Polley, an Army paratrooper, had been killed on his first day in Vietnam. "His helicopter from the ship was shot out of the sky," says Douglas.

No sooner was his son out of danger than Douglas, who had been elected the U.S. wrestling team's captain, was plunged into the debate over whether American black athletes should boycott the games to dramatize racial injustice in the U.S. "I was torn," he says. "I got threats from both sides. I wasn't political. I wanted to go on to be a coach. I'm amazed I got through those days."



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

The Douglases have filled their airy home with souvenirs of Bobby's wrestling travels.

He barely did. In Mexico, food poisoning practically killed him. Then, severely weakened, in his first match he faced Shamseddin Abassy of Iran, who tore cartilage in Douglas's ribs and partly severed his Achilles tendon. Douglas was out of the Games.

In 1970 Douglas was named the outstanding wrestler in America and retired with a lifetime record of 303-17-7. In 1973 he became the first African-American head wrestling coach at a major college, UC Santa Barbara, then, the following year, he took over at Arizona State. He has been there ever since, coaching both the varsity and the Sunkist Kids club, which has won the national freestyle championship seven times in eight years.

Douglas has gradually made Arizona State a sanctuary for wrestling culture. "I have nothing to go home for," says 167-pound All-America G.T. Taylor, who comes from Lorain, Ohio, west of Cleveland. "My peers have all gone to drugs. When I went back to Cleveland recently, I sort of savored it in a way, knowing I was growing away from it so fast."

"The struggle is always to keep the spirit of wrestling alive," says Douglas, "so dynamic, combative, disciplined people can find a safe haven. We can't compete with football or basketball in sponsorship money, but we do in the men we produce. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were wrestlers. Genghis Khan, Ulysses S. Grant and Norman Schwarzkopf wrestled. Plato was a wrestler. The throne of Japan was decided at one time by a wrestling match."

Researching wrestling's history, Douglas was drawn inevitably to his own roots. "In 1970 I got my grandmother to talk about the Davis family for the first time," he says. He learned that the name came from a John Davis, a Georgia sheriff who had purchased a slave referred to as the man of the ash. Seeking confirmation, Douglas was frustrated by William Tecumseh Sherman's having burned so many plantation and courthouse records on his march through Georgia toward the end of the Civil War. A further complication arose because a Nuba male was apt to be so extraordinary a physical specimen that a slave owner would take such a man from plantation to plantation, essentially standing him at stud. The man might leave many children, though few would carry his name.

Douglas studied old diaries and family Bibles and discovered that John, the slave also known as Ash, had a son named Tom, who had married the daughter of a white doctor. She was traceable, and Douglas established that Tom was father to his grandmother Maggie Davis. The tree was complete. The man of the ash was Douglas's great-great-grandfather. But how much of what Anthony Davis had said about the Nuba could possibly be true? "Imagine how I felt," says Douglas, "when I came across the work of Leni Riefenstahl."

Riefenstahl was the actress and filmmaker who had powerfully documented the Nazi rallies at Nuremberg and the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games. After the war she turned to still photography and lived with isolated tribes in the Kordofan region of the Sudan. She produced two books in the mid-1970s, *The People of the Kau* and *The Last of the Nuba*.

Douglas slides over a copy of the latter and opens it to spectacular photographs. Beside a village of sharp-pointed mud huts, thousands of tall tribespeople bearing spears surround an area from which dust is rising. Here dozens of pairs of massive men wrestle. Their heads are shaved, their shoulders are curiously whitened.

"That's the ash," says Douglas, with barely suppressed excitement. "It was all real. It was all real."

"The complex symbolism of ash sums up for the Nuba," wrote Riefenstahl, "a wide range of philosophical beliefs." Depending less on animal husbandry than on agriculture, the Nuba were a settled people and had split into isolated villages where more than 100 separate languages were spoken. At the center of their life lay wrestling. Children practiced it before they could walk properly. Interaction between villages was largely limited to ceremonial wrestling tournaments like those Riefenstahl had photographed. "Wrestling provides, for the Nuba, much of what the search for wealth, power and status does for the individual in the West," she wrote.

Village champions headed large processions to the site of matches. The less powerful wrestled first, each pair with a referee. In an earlier time they had fought to the death, but they were not that brutal when Riefenstahl saw them, though their

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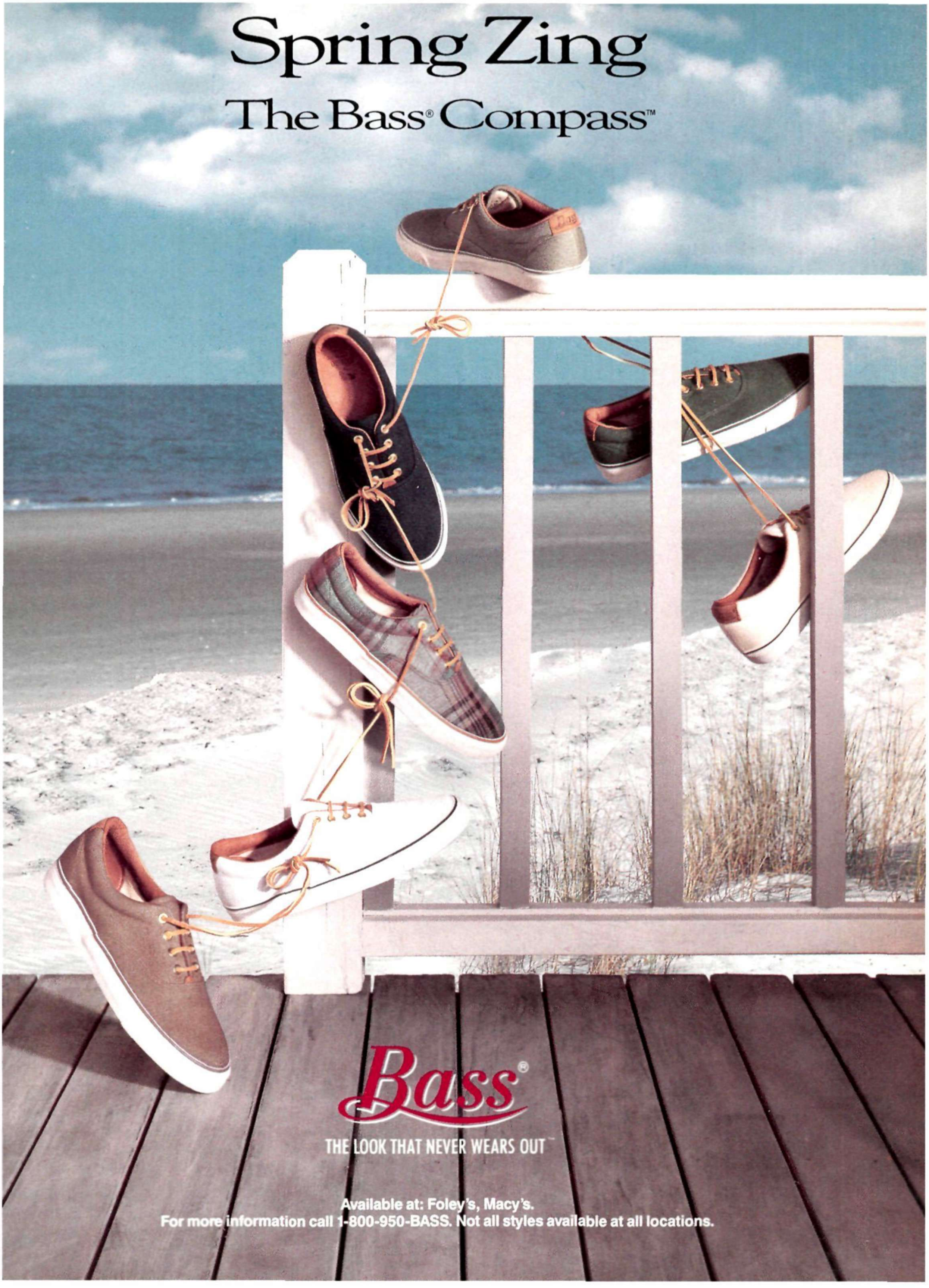
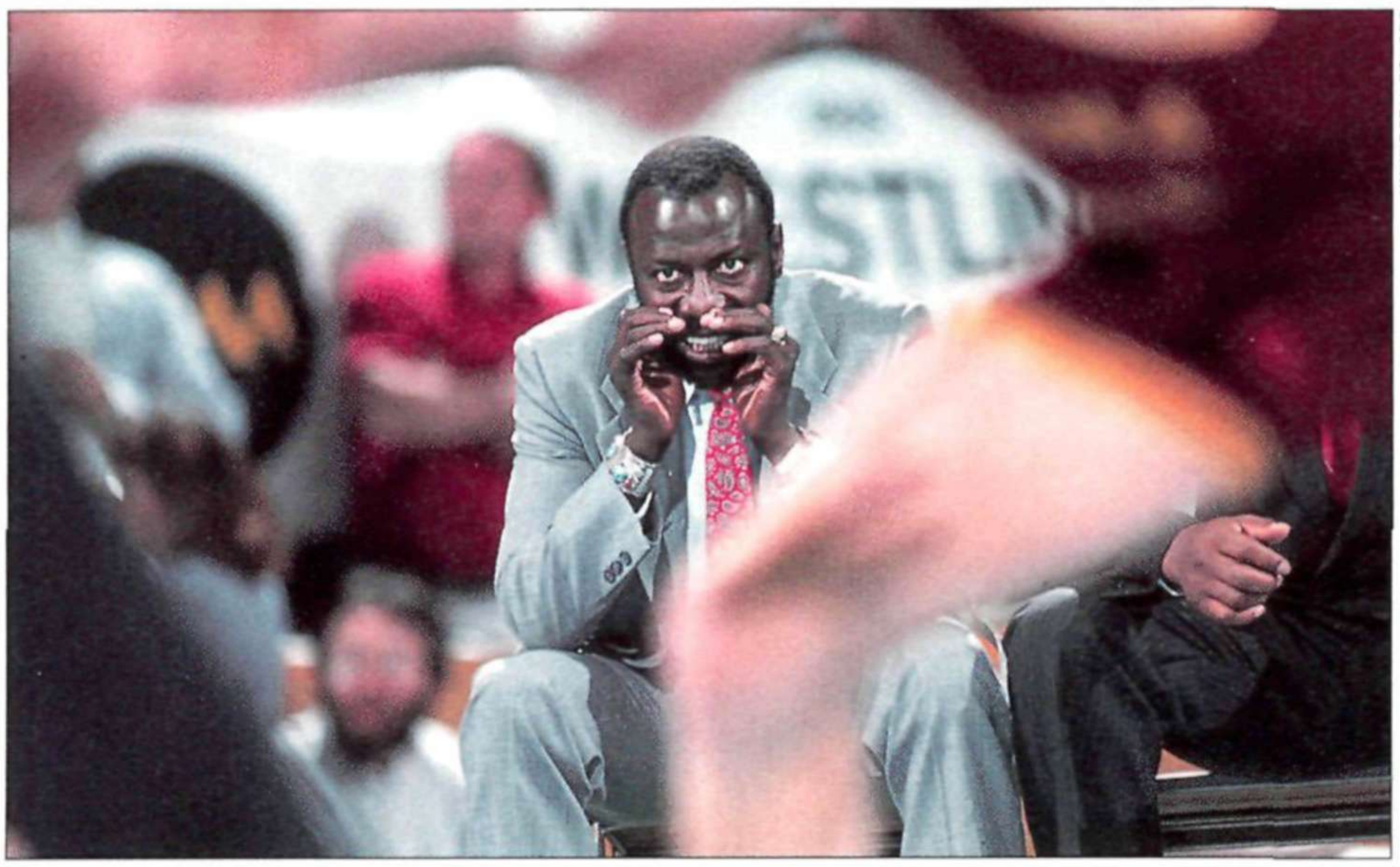


ears were frequently torn from wearing silver earrings. The women licked the men's wounds. The men showed no pain.

"The loser gets up quickly, disappointed but certainly not crushed," she wrote. "The victor is lifted shoulder high by the men from his village, and carried around the circle." The palm of victory is a branch of acacia wood given by the victor's team. This stick is taken back to the cattle camp, burnt, and the ash is carefully preserved. Half of it—to be used only at the wrestler's death during the burial rite—is put into a cattle horn and hung by his house.

A padded concrete pillar divides two squares of dried-burgundy mat. About 30 athletes of all sizes, in groups of three (two to wrestle, one to keep time and recover before rotating in again) engage in furious one-minute rounds. There is much collegial coaching. Six men yell at once: "Get his hand off your knee!"

Douglas, in gray shorts and T-shirt, moves from pair to pair, correcting, laying on hands, his six-second sermons supported with hooks and pivots and astoundingly easy upendings that show what happens if you get the angles just right.



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Having coached State to the '88 NCAA title, Douglas prepares to lead the Olympic team.

The other half is dusted over the champion's torso at the next tournament, the ash being the essence of both the tree's and the man's strength.

The victors would disdain prizes. "They fight," Riefenstahl wrote, "for the renewal of the sacred vitality of the tribe."

A place in the book is marked by a postcard that is from Riefenstahl herself. "She and I were pen pals for quite some time," says Douglas. "Look at this." The photograph is of a triumphant Nuba champion on another wrestler's shoulders. "That man," says Douglas, "is the image of my grandfather."

Within the gleaming immensity of Arizona State's athletic plant, Douglas's steamy wrestling room is a catacomb. Low, dim, subterranean, it is a fitting place, as a few of the team's T-shirts promise, to be WRESTLING WITH THE DEVIL.

"We *move* on the mat," he has said. "We have a specific intent, to set up, penetrate and finish. We don't want to fight you where you're strong. We want to attack your weakest spot. Speed lets you do that. This system wants a student with speed and Olympic aspirations."

So the most humiliating thing Douglas calls out is an occasional, dry "Keep wrestling." It seems absurdly unnecessary as the combatants, agile, prehensile crabs, make the mat squeal and pop with explosive takedowns and reversals. Douglas orders other team members to stand as buffers between maniacally straining pairs. Rough beards scrape. A hold slips, and a face takes a stunning elbow. When time is called at the end of each round, the most brutal bursts conclude with reassuring little pats. No harm intended. Understood.

"Tempers flare," Douglas says. "They'll hurt each other if someone gets in a bad position. But never purposely."

Seeing this delicate control of human aggression, one thinks of its profane opposite, professional wrestling. "The pro circuit is a by-product of carnivals," says Douglas. "A type of violent showmanship. Olympic style is a product of education, of mankind's desire for fair competition and improvement. It is at heart spiritual, so what has happened with pro wrestling is really blasphemy."

Douglas makes it home, usually late, to Jackie, who is warmly, endlessly patient. (Their silver anniversary was last August. They found a night to celebrate it in November.) Shogun, their young rottweiler, wants to jump on you and lick you but has been Douglas trained not to, so he sits and trembles and seems to internally hemorrhage instead.

The house is open and high, which is vital, because it is a display case. Douglas has been on the U.S. team staff at 12 Olympics, World Championships or Pan American Games. The physical evidence is Czech crystal, Korean lacquer boxes, Persian rugs, Indian pots, Mexican chess sets. A set of Russian dolls came from a Soviet coach.

Although he will be facing a fragmented team from the former Soviet Union, his Olympic disappointment of 1968 fires him still. "Iran and Turkey will be tougher," he says. "And Germany's united now."

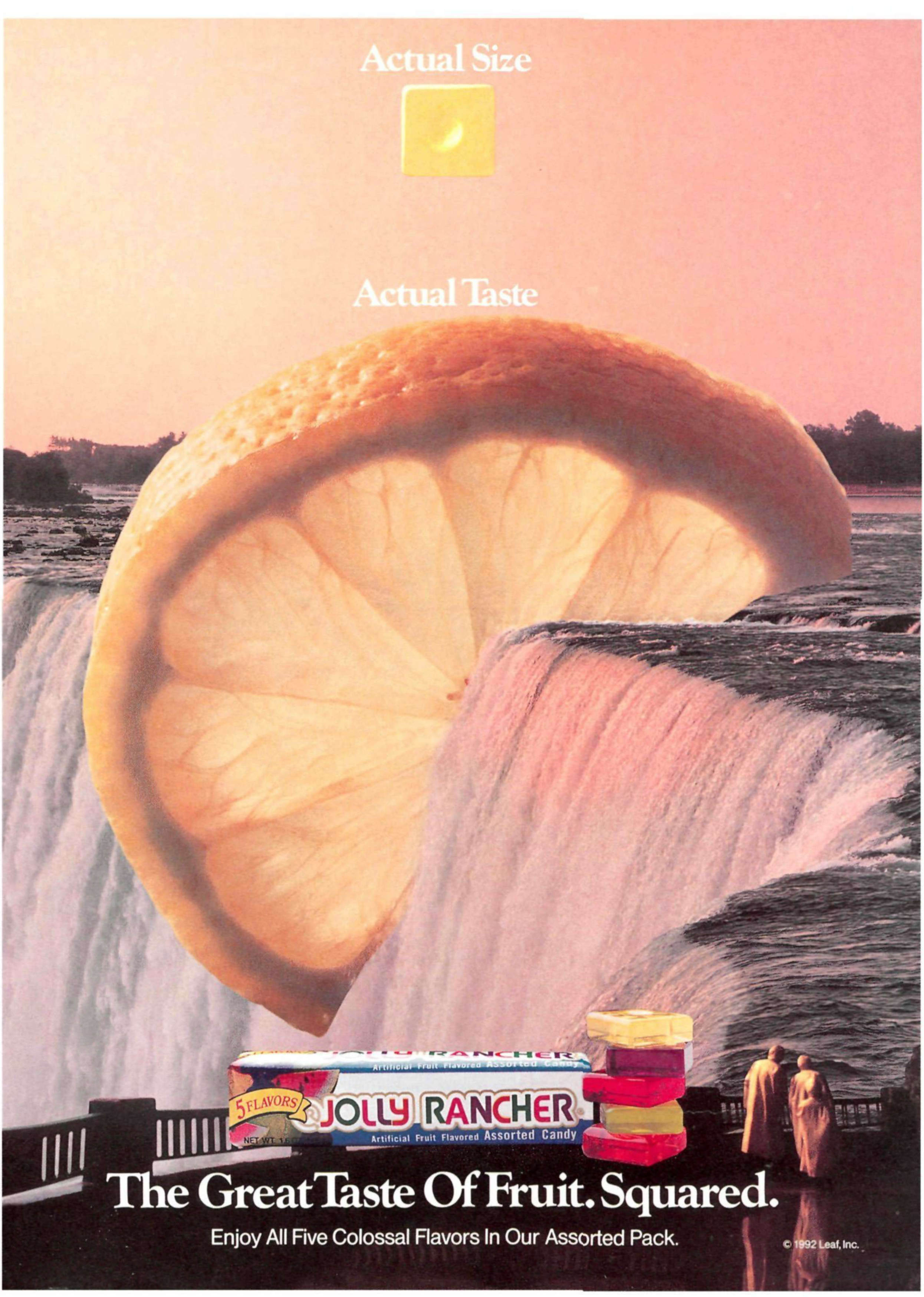
All these diverse wrestling cultures, Douglas believes, participate in fundamentally the same rite. "In Turkey," he says, "back in the Ottoman Empire, they had a ceremony they performed before a big match. They cut the throats of two sheep, and while they chanted with a drum, each wrestler was touched on his forehead with a bloody finger. You knew this was what they had done a thousand years ago before they went into battle. They always have a drum. They always dance."

Douglas senses that it is a good season for this vast brotherhood of wrestlers. "The time of healing is here," he says. "The 21st-century world will be more interdependent. Wrestlers will open the door back into Iran. We can break down more barriers in Cuba than the Marines."

He is in rhythm again, finding words that expand to encompass the whole of the Games. "The spirit that's in us when we gather is not that of winning or losing. It's affirming civilization. It's the meaning of the ash. You do wrestle for the life of the tribe." ■

Actual Size

Actual Taste



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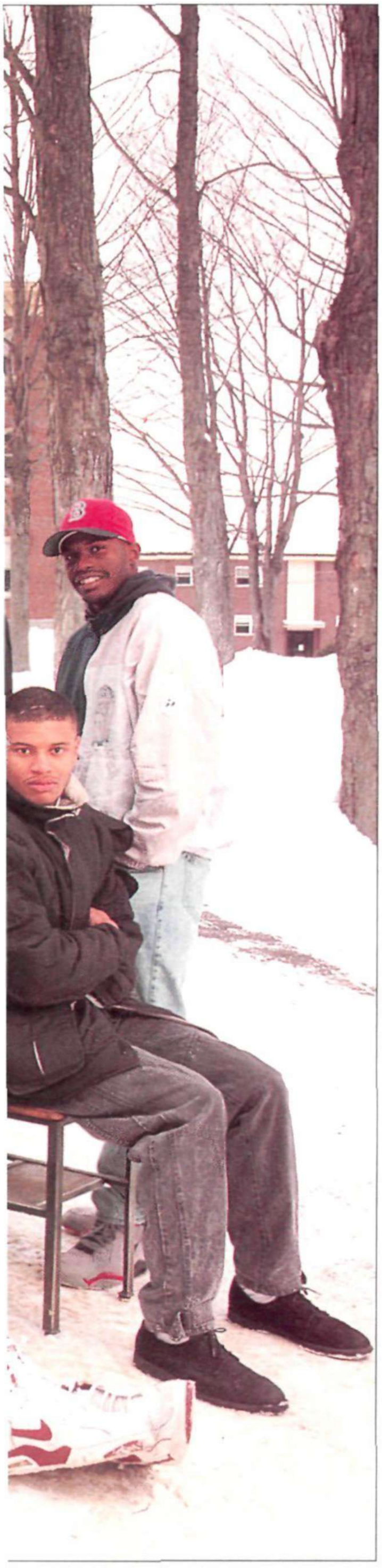


Blackboards and Backboards

The lure of higher SAT scores has made a prep school in frigid Maine a hotbed of college basketball talent

by PHIL TAYLOR

BY MAINE STANDARDS IT IS A MILD WINtertime day, but a bleak one. The sky looks hard and gray as a stone, and something in the air whispers that another snowfall is coming. Interstate 95 south from Bangor is lined with nothing but thin, bare trees creating a sameness that stretches so far, you begin to wonder if there is anything to be found out here except isolation.

But finally there is tiny Pittsfield, population 4,500, home of one movie theater, one supermarket and one spectacular prep school basketball team, the postgraduate squad at Maine Central Institute. There is a fine line between a postgrad team and a college team, and the Huskies are doing all they can to blur it. They lost for the first time in three seasons last Sunday, ending a streak of 79 straight wins, when they were beaten 89–82 by St. Thomas More prep of Oakdale, Conn. Playing against college junior varsities and other postgraduate teams, the Huskies finished the season with a 29–1 record and won their games by an average margin of 49 points.

Changes in college sports—specifically the academic reform movement in Division I—are what have made MCI a juggernaut. The Huskies are largely a collection of high school graduates who would be on Division I college teams if they had met Proposition 48 requirements for freshman eligibility by scoring a minimum of 700 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test. Instead they are tucked away in Pittsfield, where their objective, according to 6′ 10″ center Etdrick Bohannon, is to "get that 700, win some basketball games and try not to freeze." In that order.

"The movement to Prop 48 and the tightening of academic standards has started a virtual stampede to the prep schools in New England," says Tom Konchalski, a recruiting expert who concentrates on the Northeast. "The preps are nothing new, but the emphasis on them is getting greater because a lot of schools will do anything they can to avoid having a Prop 48 player."

Indeed, college coaches are feeling pressure from their administrations—particularly from university presidents, who are at the forefront of academic reforms—not to recruit players who fall short of the academic requirements of NCAA article 14, the legislation that grew out of Proposition 48. Anecdotal evidence suggests that many recruiters now won't offer scholarships to players who don't make the grade, at least in part because most of them lose a year of eligibility. So a year at a prep school bringing up those SAT scores can make life easier for players and colleges.

Take the case of Johnny Rhodes, the Huskies' best player, a 6′ 4″ guard and one of those athletes who glide through a game so smoothly that it sometimes

Maine Central, which attracts players from all over the country, has lost only one game in three years.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Domination of games is a drop in the bucket for the Arizona-bound Bohannon.

seems they're going half speed. He's also a typical example of how players wind up at MCI. At Dunbar High in Washington, D.C., last season, Rhodes was the Metro Player of the Year and made a verbal commitment to Maryland, but the golden 700 on the SAT eluded him.

Rhodes could have attended junior college for two years and sacrificed half his Division I eligibility. But there was another option: The Maryland coaching staff recommended Rhodes and MCI to each other. At MCI, Rhodes could spend a year getting his boards up to 700, receive Division I–caliber coaching and be free to play for the Terrapins next season without the stigma of having been a Prop 48 and with his four years of eligibility intact.

"I cried the first day I got here," says Rhodes. "But after a while I began to get used to it, and I realized it was the best thing for me. In high school I was one of those guys who never really got serious about my schoolwork. But once you get here, they make you realize that you have to put up or shut up. They only ask one thing—that you take studying as seriously as you take basketball."

Even more players may go the postgrad route when the NCAA's tougher new freshman eligibility standards are instituted. Beginning in 1995, a sliding scale will go into effect, with players who have a 2.0 grade point average needing a 900 on the SAT, 2.25 GPA students needing an 800, and 2.5 GPA students needing a 700.

"Is a kid who can barely manage a 700 on the SAT going to be getting the B's and C's he needs to have a 2.5 GPA?" asks Konchalski. "Players are already heading to prep schools in greater numbers than they ever have before, and these new rules are going to be even better for business at schools like MCI."

It's hard to imagine the MCI roster being much stronger than it already is. Three of the players who began the season at MCI were on talent scout Bob Gibbons's list of the top 150 players in the high school class of 1991—Rhodes; 6′ 7″ forward Derrick Carroll, who will play for Florida State; and 6′ 8″ forward Dan Buie, who is still unsigned. "Some people will tell you that the only school that had a better recruiting class than we did was Michigan," says MCI coach Max Good.

That kind of talent is nothing new at MCI or at about a dozen prep schools like it in New England. Forward Dave Johnson, Syracuse's leading scorer, spent a postgraduate year at MCI. Guard Sam Cassell, who is currently the leading scorer for Florida State, also played for the Huskies, although he failed to get a 700 and later had to spend two years at San Jacinto (Texas) junior college. Several other New England prep schools also have distinguished alumni. New Hampton (N.H.) produced Syracuse guard Lawrence Moten, perhaps the Big East's top freshman, and Arizona State's star forward Jamal Faulkner spent a year at Cheshire (Conn.) Academy after originally signing with Pitt and then falling short on the SAT.

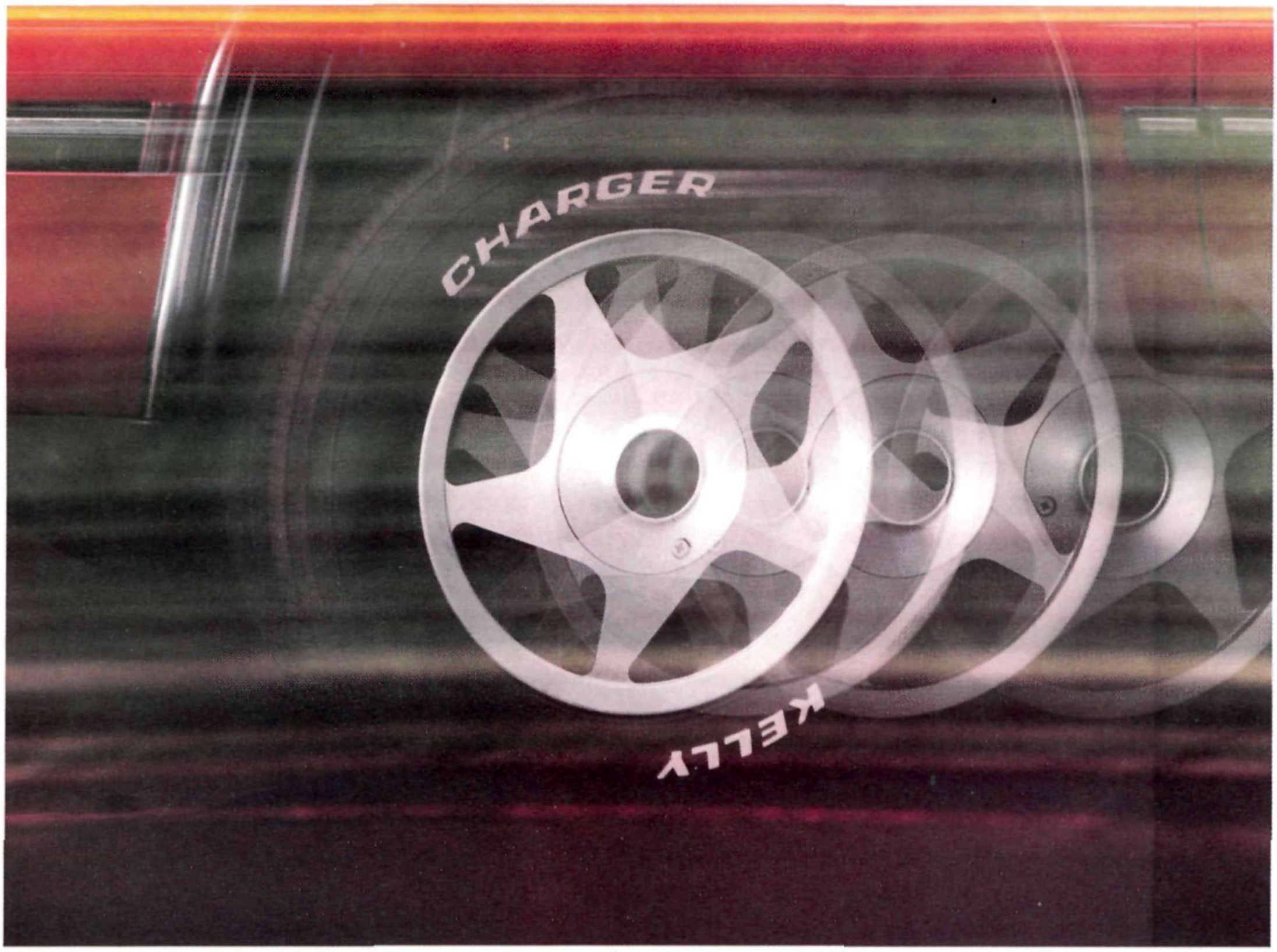
But none of those schools has a more impressive record than MCI, on the court or on the test. Good, a Maine native and MCI alum who was head coach at Eastern Kentucky for eight years before returning to his old school in 1989, teaches old-fashioned values—defense and rebounding—but he also believes that "you don't have to pass the ball 12 times to get a good shot." The Huskies averaged a robust 123 points per game this year, with eight players averaging in double figures. "I remember somebody once asked a coach what his delay game was," says Good. "His answer was, 'We put more arc in our shots.' That's us."

Despite the Huskies' high point totals, the numbers that make MCI a major player in the college recruiting game are these: In Good's first two seasons 14 of the 19 players who went to MCI needing a 700 on their SAT achieved it, and 15 of the 19 eventually played for Division I programs. This year, Good's third, three of the six players who needed to get the 700—Carroll, Bohannon and forward Mario Mullen—have already done so. The others still might.

That's why Maryland, Massachusetts and Old Dominion are among the schools that have steered players to MCI. And it's why Arizona, Syracuse, Connecticut and others go there looking for talent. (More than 230 coaches from 150 college programs descended on MCI during last fall's open recruiting period.)

"Blackboards and backboards," Good says as he crunches across the snow to his seventh-period health class. "That's the way we like to sum up our program. I mean, look around. It's not like there are a lot of distractions up here. These kids know what they're here for. They didn't come here from all over the country for the scenery or the nightlife. To them it's all about blackboards and backboards."

The prep school option is such a logical recruiting tool, the only surprise is that more colleges don't take advantage of it. "I don't think everyone has a firm grip on



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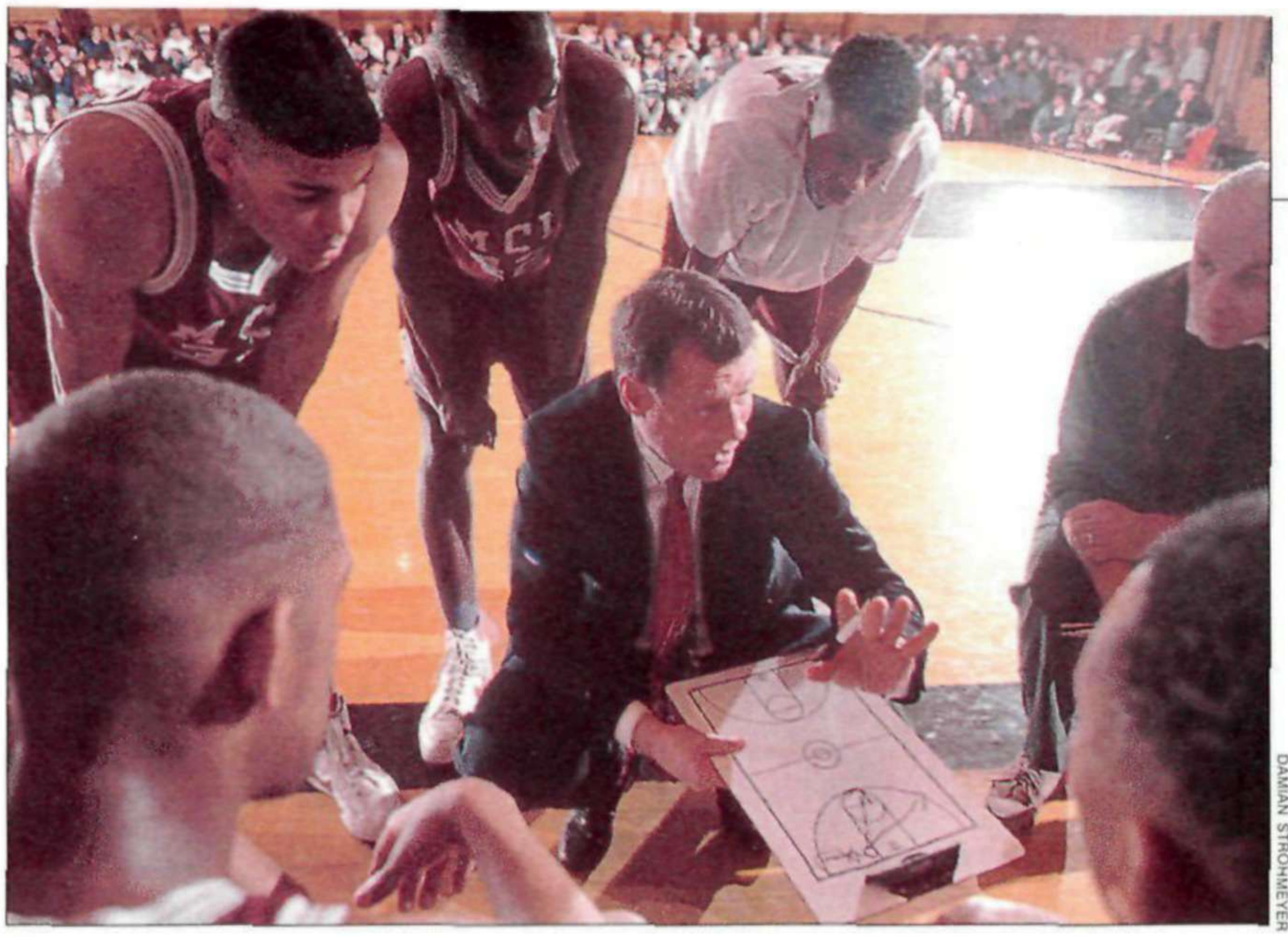


DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Colleges know Good will give players first-rate coaching—and keep rival recruiters away.

what it's all about yet," says Good. "One coach said to me that if he had known *how good our program was, he would* have sent his son here even though it would have cost him a year of eligibility. Of course, it wouldn't have cost him any eligibility at all."

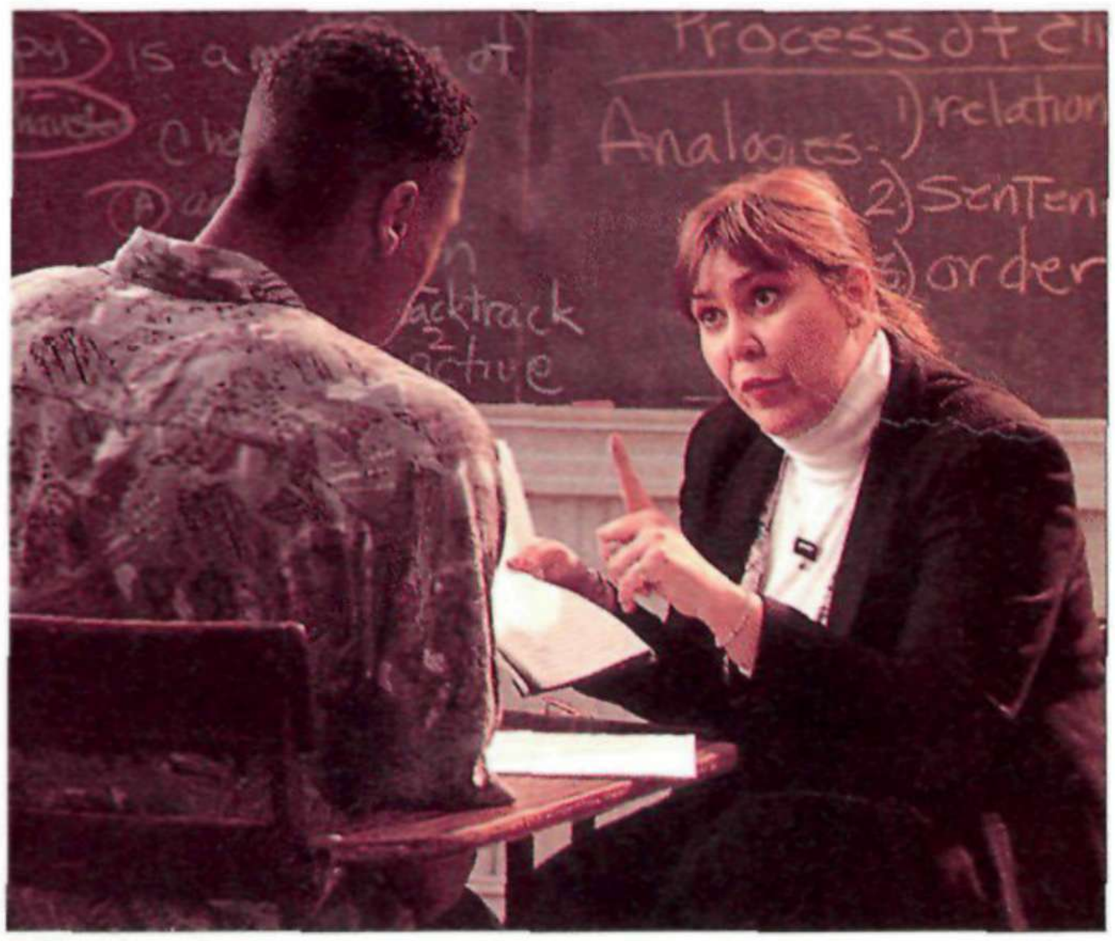
But some coaches, like John Calipari at resurgent Massachusetts, seem to be ahead of the game. Two current UMass players, Mike Williams and Ted Cottrell, were MCI postgrads, and the Minutemen are said to be in the recruiting hunt for 6′ 6″ forward Donta Bright of Dunbar High in Baltimore, who is one of the top high school seniors in the country but has *yet to make 700 on his boards.* "If he signs with UMass and needs a prep school, I'd feel pretty good about our chances of getting him," Good says.

MCI is particularly attractive to a school like Massachusetts or to any other program looking for a place to stash a player without the risk of having him recruited away by another school. If a college steers a player to the Huskies, Good makes sure that other recruiters don't contact that player while he's at MCI. *That's a service that's not provided at* many other prep schools and is unheard of at junior colleges.

Mullen, a 6′ 7″ forward from Virginia Beach who was the Virginia Player of the Year last season, was steered to MCI by Old Dominion. When he began to show improvement in Maine, he caught the attention of several recruiters from other schools, including Connecticut. Mullen, a bit star-struck at seeing coaches like Jim Boeheim, Lute Olson and Lou Carnesecca in the stands, told Good he wouldn't mind talking to them.

"I told the other schools that Mario was off-limits, and I told Mario that if he really wanted to be recruited again, I wouldn't stand in his way as long as he picked up the phone and told the people at Old Dominion that," says Good. "Loyalty is important to me. I tell coaches all the time, 'If I let you talk to a player another school has sent here, would you ever feel comfortable sending me a player yourself?' "

Fortunately for those recruiters, not every player at MCI is already spoken for. Some, like 6′ 1″ guard Billy Butler from Greenwood, Ind., come to MCI to improve their games and get greater exposure. Butler is one of five players who went to MCI for the 1991–92 season with SAT scores above 700. He and two others, 6′ 3″ guard Torrey Mills of Romulus, Mich., the brother of the New Jersey Nets' Terry Mills, and Pax Whitehead of Fort Lauderdale, are being recruited by Ivy League schools, according to *Good.*



BILL BALLENBERG

Nuñez also provides players with top coaching, but her opponent is the SAT.

MCI doesn't claim to make Renaissance men out of its postgraduates; it sticks to the basics that are necessary for the college boards. The players take a double period of English, two math classes and an elective in addition to an SAT course, and all students have mandatory study halls from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. "The 700 will get them into college," says Good. "We also want to help them develop the study habits and skills that will allow them to *stay* in college."

But there's no question that the SAT *course is the one that gets the players' full* attention. It is a subzero night in January, and 10 MCI basketball and football players are gathered in a dormitory lounge with teacher Lynn Nuñez to get in some late cramming for the SAT coming up the following Saturday. Nuñez is drilling them on antonyms in the verbal section when the word *endorse* comes up. One player isn't sure of the meaning.

"If any of you gets to be a great sports star," Nuñez says, "and they come to you with big contracts to endorse sneakers. . . ." Ah, yes. Endorse.

Nuñez *takes a practical approach to* preparing the postgraduates for the SAT. She teaches them, among other things, how to beat the test. The players learn what Nuñez calls the law of thirds, which holds that on each section of the SAT, the first third has the easiest questions and the last third the most difficult. Therefore Nuñez recommends that the players not answer the last few questions of each section unless they are certain about them.

The SAT presents passages in its reading-comprehension sections, one of which involves an ethnic group or issue. Nuñez instructs the players to answer all the questions on that passage, because "the answers are so predictable, you could almost answer them without reading the passage," she says. "The answers that reflect most positively on the ethnic group are the right ones, almost without fail.

"I hate that test, I *hate* it," Nuñez says. "The SAT, especially the verbal part, is a test that's designed to trick students. I teach them how to avoid those tricks. We approach it almost like a video game that

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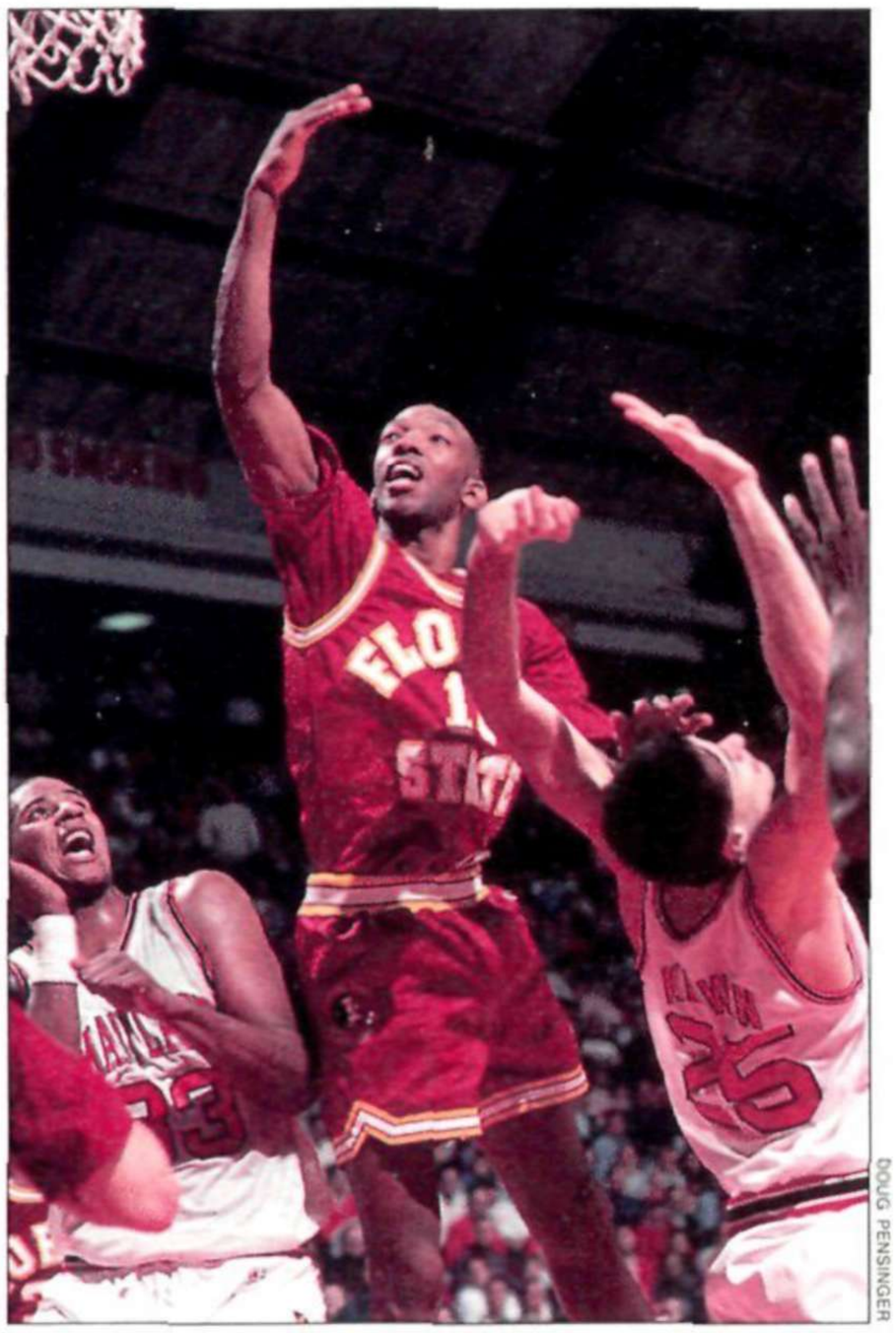
NOREN TROTMAN



DOUG PENSINGER

Twenty-four MCI alums now play in Division I, *including Johnson, Syracuse's leading scorer,* and Cassell, who's high man for Florida State.

we're trying to beat. Find the trick and, *boom*, blow it up."

Does learning how to beat the SAT leave the players any more prepared to handle college work? "No," says Nuñez. "*I'd like to be able to tell you I'm teaching* these great problem-solving skills, but I'm really teaching them how to meet what is essentially a meaningless requirement. I'd love to know what it is they think they're measuring with the verbal section. I've taken a kid with a 410 and brought him up to a 780 in two months. If it's a valid test, I shouldn't be able to do that."

Drastic improvements in SAT scores aren't unusual at MCI. Bohannon, a bright 18-year-old with a quick wit and wide smile, improved from the 650 he scored his sophomore year in high school in San Bernardino, Calif., to an 840 after less than a semester at MCI. (Although he played on the postgraduate team, Bohannon is actually completing his senior year of high school and has signed with Arizona.) "This whole setup is such a good idea, I'm surprised the NCAA hasn't said something yet," he says.

And indeed, MCI might have to be vigilant to avoid giving the NCAA reason to become involved. There's no question that the prep school system is at least open to abuse from shady college programs. At MCI, a school of 380 day students and 90 boarding students, annual tuition and boarding costs are $14,200 for postgraduates. Need-based financial aid can cover as much as $9,200 of that, which means that every member of the team must pay at least $5,000 for a year at the school. According to director of admissions Jonathan Alden, six of the 13 players who began this year on the basketball team qualified for the maximum amount of financial aid, meaning they demonstrated some economic need.

So where do the players come up with at least $5,000? That's where the answers tend to become vague. Good, who exerts tight control over every other aspect of the program, says he makes it a point to steer clear of the financial arrangements. Bohannon, who is paying $5,650 to attend MCI, said his grandmother and father came up with the money with help from Elvert Perry, the coach of his summer AAU traveling team.

At St. Thomas More, 6′ 2″ guard Steve Frazier, who averaged 39.6 points per game last year for Andrew Jackson High in Queens, N.Y., has $4,000 of the school's $12,000 cost paid for by a work-study scholarship. His parents pay another $6,000, and according to St. Thomas More coach Jere Quinn, the other $2,000 comes from alums of the school and from Quinn's friends.

There's no rule against *friends or even summer-*league coaches helping to pay prep school fees. Still, the potential for violations is obvious. It wouldn't be difficult for a college to steer a potential recruit to a prep school and pay the player's tuition through intermediaries, and it is certainly in the college's interest to have its players eligible for an ex*tra year.*

But if the prep school route can lead to possible abuses, it can also lead players who have long been frustrated in the classroom to develop greater self-confidence. George Butler, who played for the Huskies in 1990–91 and now plays for Lamar, went from a 560 on the SAT to a 710. "He came to me and said, 'Coach, I found out for the first time that I'm not stupid,' " says Good. "That is a scathing in*dictment of high school academics, that* for the first time some of these kids are discovering that they are just as intelligent as anyone else."

Rhodes also lacked confidence when he faced the test for the first time, in high school. "There was a lot of worry and frustration," he says. "You know so much is riding on it that you make it even harder than it is." But after being at MCI, Rhodes improved his score 100 points and is close to the 700 mark.

"It's not a matter of *if* I get the 700, it's a matter of *when*," he says. "Before, I wondered if I could do it. Now I know I can do it."

That kind of rise in self-esteem is hard to quantify, but when it happens, it's as easy to see as blackboards and backboards. ■

Newport

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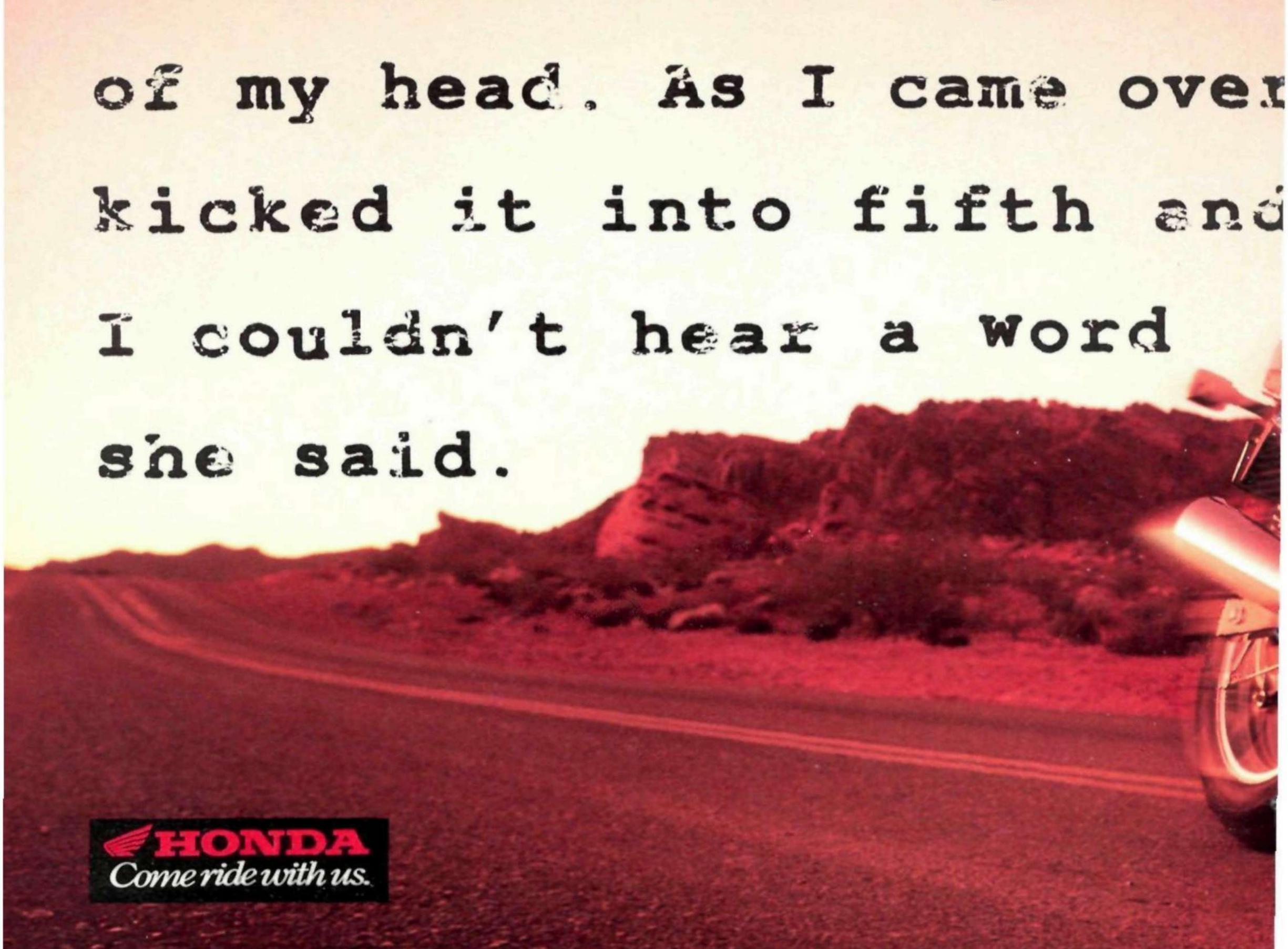
I couldn't hear a word
she said.



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But no matter how hard

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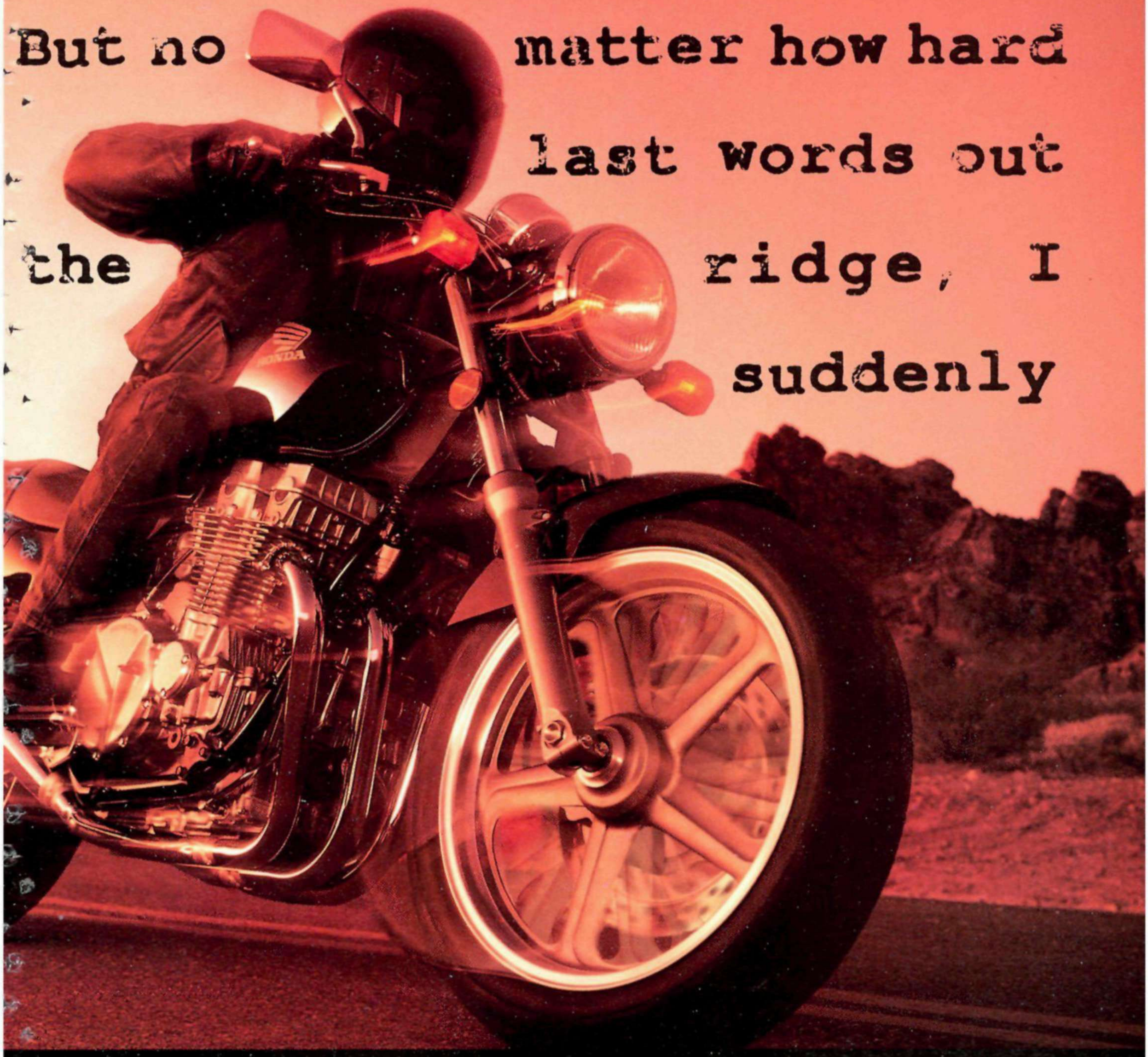

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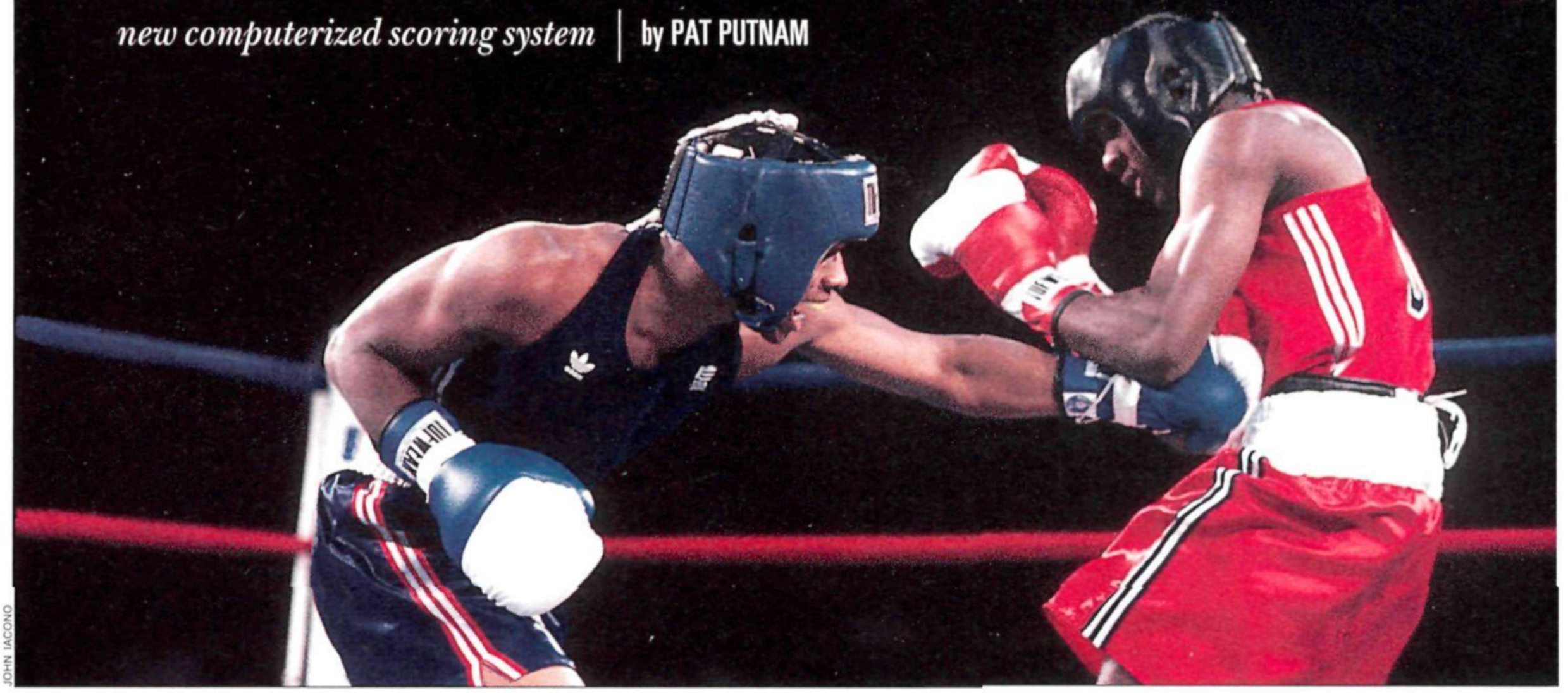
In Classic Op® Colors -

On the Button

Amateurs at the U.S. Championships had to adapt to a new computerized scoring system | by PAT PUTNAM



JOHN IACONO

In the final Byrd (left) stayed clear of the ropes so that the judges could see all his punches.

THE 3-D GYM, TUCKED INTO THE FARthest corner of a short, no-name alley hidden behind a shopping center in Colorado Springs, is the sort of place where you would expect to find America's top amateur fighters sharpening their mean skills. This is no trendy fitness center filled with people high-stepping to a rock beat. The only music heard there last week was the grunting of six laboring boxers and the heavy sound of leather whacking against hard bodies.

As these six trained for the World Championships Challenge, to be held on March 13 and 14 in Tampa, the boxers were mindful of the new electronic scoring system for amateur boxing that has drastically changed the sport and consequently their style of fighting. Stay off the ropes. Jab, jab and jab again. Punch to the body and make the judges *hear* the blows. Box out in the open, where at least three of the five judges can see your punches. "What are you doing on the damn ropes? Get the hell off there!" Pat Nappi, the 73-year-old coach of the U.S. national team, said repeatedly at the 3-D to Eric Griffin, America's 106-pound world champion and the best amateur boxer in the world.

Last Saturday night, a few miles to the west of the 3-D, at the Broadmoor Hotel, another two dozen amateurs faced off in the 12 title bouts of the U.S. Championships in hopes of winning berths at the Olympic trials in Worcester, Mass., in June. These boxers also had to contend with scoring computers, both on Saturday and through four days of preliminary matches at the nearby Olympic Center. "We're stuck with the damn thing," says Nappi, who was the U.S. Olympic coach in 1976 and '84. "But that doesn't mean I have to like it."

Traditionalists like Nappi aside, the lords of amateur boxing rightly concluded after the 1988 Games in Seoul, which set an Olympic record for scandalous decisions, that there was a critical need for a neutral computer to score bouts. Juan Antonio Samaranch, the president of the International Olympic Committee, ordered boxing either to clean up its act or forget about being an Olympic sport. "Boxing embarrassed itself in Korea," says Jerry Dusenberry, the vice-president of USA Amateur Boxing and the U.S.'s resident expert on electronic scoring.

The scoring had been too subjective. Some decisions were not merely bad, they were sheer larceny. Electronic scoring, which was adopted by the International Amateur Boxing Association (AIBA) in 1989, should end that. Each of the five judges, who are seated at different locations around the ring, is given a box with two buttons, one for each boxer. When a judge sees a scoring punch, he pushes the button for the fighter who landed it. At least three of the five judges must score the punch within one second of its being thrown for the blow to be recorded by the computer. The winner of a bout is the boxer who has tallied the most scoring punches. It's that simple.

A fighter now must stay away from the ropes so that his punches will not be obscured by the body of his opponent or by the referee. A stunning shot to the head or body is wasted if only two judges witness it. Anyone can see a jab, but for it to be a scoring blow, the jab must be hard and crisp. "No more shoe shining," says Olympic coach Joe Byrd. "Now you have to hit somebody."

JOHN IACONO

Hoffman (in red) was one of the lesser known fighters who blossomed in Colorado Springs.

Amateur boxing has always been a game for headhunters. Now body punching, a tactic of the pros, will play a far more important role. In a pre-Olympic tournament in Barcelona from Feb. 15 to Feb. 22, Emil Jetchev of Bulgaria, chairman of the AIBA's judges and referees, ordered his charges to start scoring more body punches. "We have lived with a myth," says Dusenberry. "We were scoring on impressions. Electronic scoring has exposed the weakness of the old system. Now we have accountability. A punch is a punch, and it is one point, period."

Under the old system, the winner of a round was awarded 20 points, and his opponent earned anywhere from 19 points, if the round was close, to 16, if it wasn't. On Saturday night Chris Byrd, who was voted the national tournament's outstanding boxer, won 76–13 over Eric Wright in the 165-pound final. Byrd was superb, but the bout was not as much of a mismatch as the score indicated.

Byrd, the 21-year-old son of the Olympic coach, is probably the best example of electronic scoring's influence on boxing styles. Until recently he was a counter-puncher who loved to work with his back against the ropes. Last year, in a U.S.-Cuba dual meet, he defeated Ramon Garbey under the old scoring system, three rounds to none. However, with the new scoring system in place during the world championships in November in Sydney, Australia, Byrd, still fighting off the ropes, lost 20–6 to Garbey. The judges could not score what they could not see.

"Dad ordered me to stay off the ropes," said Byrd before the national championships. "And Pat Nappi told me to stay way the hell out in the center of the ring."

Remaining away from the ropes as he battled past three opponents in the preliminary bouts in Colorado Springs, Byrd, a southpaw from Flint, Mich., stopped Harold Roberts in Round 1 of their fight before defeating Ronald Simms and Ray Berry by the combined score of 65–19. In the final against Wright, Byrd gave an aggressive performance that looked to be right out of a textbook.

Joining Byrd and Saturday night's 23 other finalists at the Olympic trials will be the 12 armed forces champions, another 12 Golden Gloves champions, 24 fighters selected by regional boxing committees, plus boxers who will have received at-large berths based on their international rankings. Among this last group will be the six fighters who were working out at the 3-D, including Griffin and two other possible gold medalists, Oscar de la Hoya at 132 pounds and Ivan Robinson at 125.

The beauty of the qualifying system for the trials is that by awarding a free pass to proven boxers, the door is left open at the national championships for unknowns to make their mark. Last week for the first time, the spotlight was on Arturo Hoffman, 17, a high school junior from Dade City, Fla., who defeated Russell Roberts 40–19 to win the 112-pound championship. Hoffman, though, is not likely to win at the trials. The favorite is Tim Austin, the defending national champion at 112 and the world's fourth-ranked flyweight, who is recovering from a broken hand. Nonetheless, having demonstrated his talent, Hoffman will spend the next four years grooming himself for international competition, especially the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta.

Another promising prospect is Paul Ayala, a green 21-year-old junior college student from Fort Worth who ripped through the nationals like a hurricane until he met the more experienced Sean Fletcher, a Navy petty officer, in the 119-pound final. After three impressive victories, one by the remarkable score of 129–51, Ayala lost 54–33 to Fletcher. Still, it was a most significant national debut.

Youngsters like Hoffman and Ayala will always find the door open to places like the 3-D Gym. And once they get inside, they'll find someone like Nappi yelling "Damn it, kid, get off the ropes. Throw the jab. Punch to the body."

It's the computer age. ■

JOHN IACONO

JOHN IACONO

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INSIDE

The NBA

by JACK McCALLUM

What's Up, Doc?

For whatever else Julius Erving wanted to accomplish with his sponsorship of last Friday night's one-on-one basketball show in Atlantic City, he did not want to look like the reincarnation of World B. Free. Nevertheless. . . .

Hey, Doc, nine of 44 from the field?

Well, that's what happens when you're forced to shoot jump shots over a 7′ 2″ monument and you were never a jump-shooter even in your prime. And that's what happened at the first—and perhaps last—"Clash of the Legends" as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar swamped Erving 41–23. Viewership figures for the pay-per-view spectacle were not available as of Sunday night, but there are early indications that America was not exactly agog over the concept. Nor were many in attendance. The appearance of Magic Johnson at a courtside seat did more to excite the crowd, announced at 4,200, than anything Kareem or Doc pulled off on the court.

To answer the most obvious question: Yes, it appears that the 44-year-old Abdul-Jabbar could still be a serviceable backup center in the NBA. His strength enabled him to penetrate almost at will against Erving, and his skills helped him score on short hooks and finger rolls with either hand—he made 16 of his 31 shots. But after the competition Abdul-Jabbar reiterated that he had abandoned thoughts of an NBA comeback and would not be playing in any future one-on-one contests, either.

Ditto for Erving. "There will be no rematch," he said.

That is good to hear. Most of the pregame curiosity centered on whether or not the 42-year-old Erving could display his past magic, a swooping baseline drive, perhaps, or an acrobatic jam. But only once could Doc find enough space to dunk—the rest of the time he spent throwing up errant jump shots, including half a dozen or so air balls. Kareem got to the basket consistently, but he accomplished it with bull-like charges rather than with grace and finesse. One had to admire the man, but it did not make for great theater.

The event was sponsored by Erving's company, The DJ Group Inc., in association with the Trump Taj Mahal and Showtime Entertainment Television. Part of the proceeds will be donated to the Magic Johnson Foundation, but—make no mistake—Erving created the concept as a money-making venture. In fact, there was no three-second violation rule, but the "lane" was sold to Coca-Cola. And the prematch press releases included this breathless news: KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR CHOOSES DURASPUN SOCKS. Hey, maybe that was the difference.

Mail It In

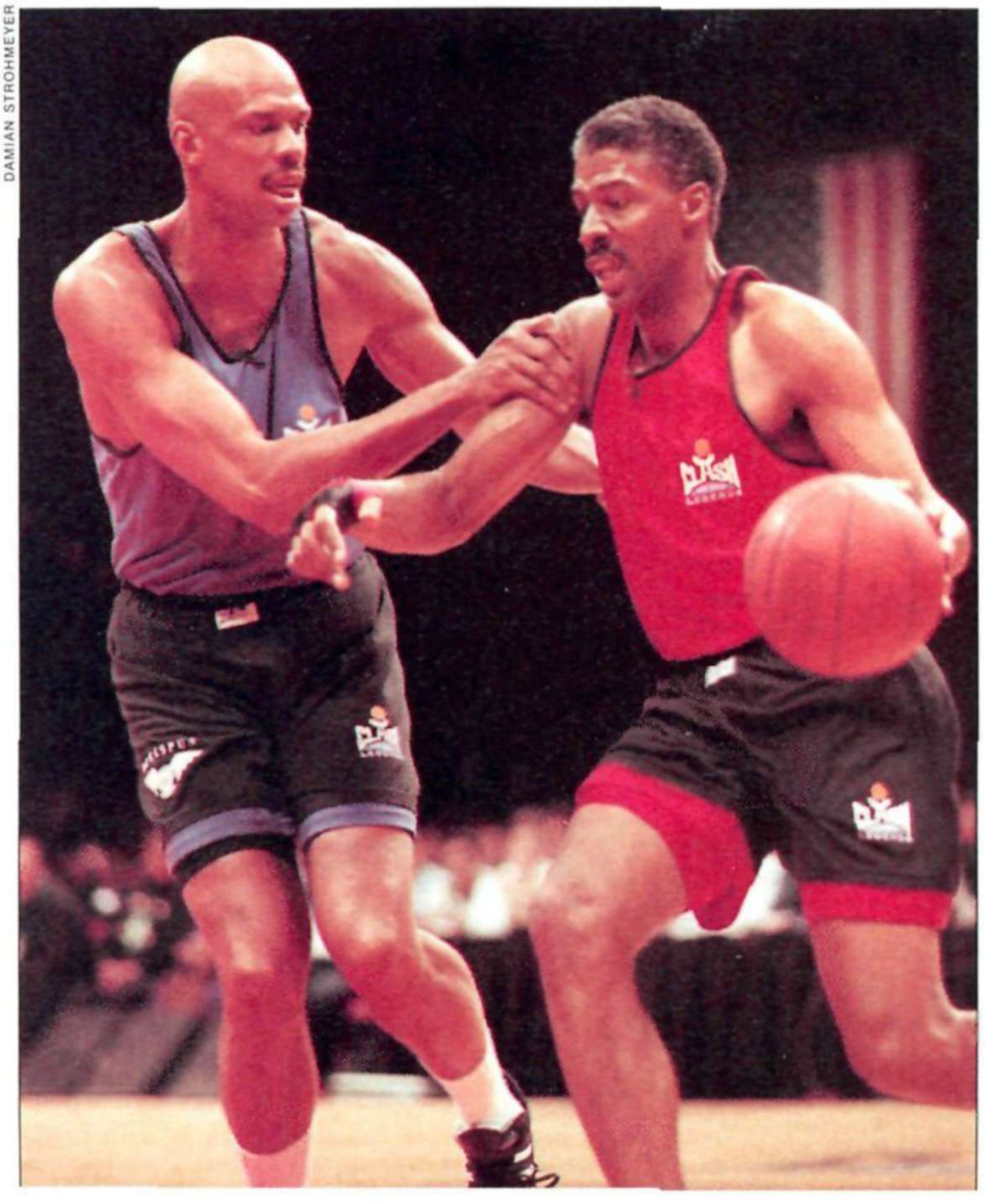
Charles Barkley of the 76ers and Karl Malone of the Jazz have all but redefined the forward position in the NBA. Their strength and bulk make them unstoppable in a half-court offense, yet they run the floor like sprinters. Barkley starts at small forward and Malone at power forward, but it really doesn't matter—they're just forwards, possibly the best two in the game. It will be a treat to see them on the court together in Barcelona in the Summer Olympics because both have a way of swallowing up the court. Which one will demand the ball on the low post? Which one will get out quicker on the break? Now, there's a dilemma for an Olympic point guard—the Mailman's in the right lane wanting the ball, and Barkley is on the left calling for it. Whom do you give it to? And where do you hide when the other comes looking for you?

And if you were starting a team and could take either one, which would you prefer? That was the question posed in this week's SI poll of coaches and general managers. The winner was Malone, 15–7. (Three teams didn't respond, and the votes of Utah and Philadelphia didn't count.)

There were common threads in the voting. Malone's supporters invariably mentioned his loyal-soldier qualities and contrasted them with Barkley's penchant for controversy *(page 186)*. But Barkley's backers felt that there was no substitute for talent and that he achieved more with less, having no John Stockton to deliver him the ball.

"If it was just basketball you were talking about, I'd go with Barkley," said one Western Conference executive who voted for Malone. "But it's gotten so bad this year with the off-court distractions and his unhappiness with being on the Sixers that it finally has had an effect on his

DAMIAN STROHMEYER



The clash of Kareem (left) and Dr. J was less than legendary.

play. He hasn't been as consistent. With the Mailman, you know he's going to play hard every night, and you don't have the worries of what might happen after the game." Said another Malone backer, a Western Conference head coach: "This isn't to say Charles is a bad guy, because he isn't. But the off-court baggage detracts from his game and, more important, is a constant distraction to the team." An Eastern head coach agreed: "Charles is better when he wants [to play hard], but you never know when that's going to be. I'll take Karl." And an executive in the West actually had a basketball reason for taking Malone—he feels that the Mailman's game, at least in the low post, is more varied and potent than Barkley's.

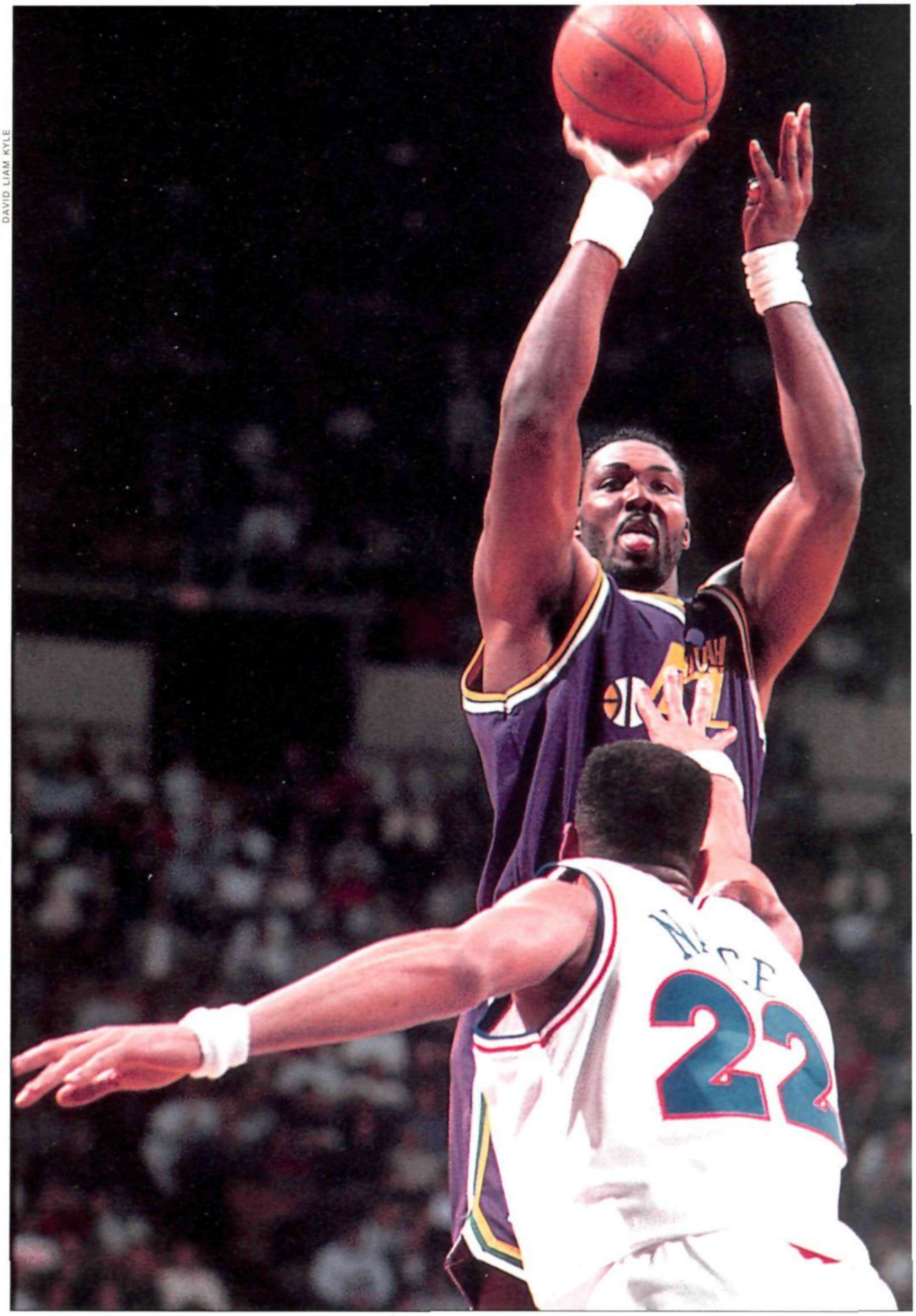
But a Barkley voter, an Eastern Conference head coach, said: "I like Charles's heart, the way he overcomes the size disadvantage, the way he takes over a game all by himself." Other Barkley supporters mentioned his versatility and the fact that he puts the ball on the floor much better than Malone. And, finally, one Eastern Conference head coach had this unique reason for choosing Barkley: "I want to write my own book someday, and he'd make it more interesting."

The Early Lottery Line

The words *lottery pick* are a major cause of indigestion among NBA front-office types. As soon as a college player hears the magic L-phrase ascribed to him, the chance that he will appear in the postseason all-star tournaments grows slim (particularly if he has already hired an agent). If the player doesn't show, a big opportunity to evaluate his talent goes *poof*.

Therefore, despite being quietly optimistic about this year's college talent, pro scouts, general managers and player-personnel directors have a smaller-than-usual list of surefire lottery picks. One scout who tagged player after player as "borderline lottery" finally paused and said, "Well, we've gotta have 11 players in this thing, don't we?"

Yes, that's the way it will operate on June 24 in Portland, the site of this year's draft. Three of those lottery names will be Jimmy Jackson of Ohio State, Harold Miner of USC and Shaquille O'Neal of LSU—if those heralded juniors decide to enter the draft. "And if they come out, a good draft becomes a great draft," says Seattle general manager Bob Whitsitt. Despite reports to the contrary, no one can say for sure whether any of the three has really decided what he'll do.


DAVID LIAM KYLE

SI's poll says the Mailman delivers more than Barkley—because he carries less baggage.

O'Neal is No. 1 in any scenario if he comes out, but no one is counting on that, so the top-pick derby currently centers on two other big men, Georgetown's Alonzo Mourning and Duke's Christian Laettner, both of whom are seniors. Mourning's appeal has climbed considerably this season, and most scouts rate Mourning's pro potential as slightly higher than Laettner's. But a number of teams would take Laettner just as quickly.

"I've heard a lot of nonsense about neither being a true center," says one NBA scout. "All I know is that if you don't have a center, you'd be crazy not to take one of these guys."

No one even pretends that Mourning and Laettner are not lottery material, but some general manager or player-personnel guy can find a reason to exclude everyone else. But, hey, you gotta have 11 names. Excluding the three juniors, here is SI's early line on the nine players who

will follow Mourning and Laettner, in no particular order.

- St. John's Malik Sealy. At 6′ 8″ he's a proven scorer who was born to play the three-spot (small forward) in the NBA.
- UCLA's Don MacLean. Some teams are afraid of his temper and his reputation for selfishness. Others question his quickness and the release on his jumper. But he's 6′ 10″, and the ball frequently goes into the basket when he shoots it. No one questions that.
- Oklahoma State's Byron Houston. Some think his size (6′ 7″) will keep him from being a truly great power forward, his natural position. But he also has more skills than most power forwards.
- Arkansas's Todd Day. He has had several off-the-court scrapes, including his involvement in an alleged sexual assault in a dormitory last February. The charges were dismissed by police, but Day was suspended from the team for a month. There's no doubt that NBA teams pay more attention to those things than they used to. But at 6′ 8″ Day is as good an all-around player as there is in the country.
- Stanford's Adam Keefe. He has the physical attributes (6′ 9″, 230) to be an outstanding power forward.
- North Carolina State's Tom Gugliotta. There's some resistance to this guy because he came so far so fast. But he's a 6′ 10″ rebounder with perimeter skills, and his versatility makes him attractive.
- Notre Dame's LaPhonso Ellis. A 6′ 9″ forward, Ellis has improved dramatically. And what he has shown since former NBA coach John MacLeod arrived as coach is that he is likely to be an even better pro than collegian.
- Maryland's Walt Williams. There's a lot of head-shaking that Williams, like so many point guards in this class (Arkansas's Lee Mayberry, UConn's Chris Smith, Georgia's Litterial Green), lacks the ability to penetrate. But Williams is 6′ 8″, and some see at least Steve Smith of the Heat in this Terrapin, if not Magic Johnson.
- Southern Mississippi's Clarence Weatherspoon. Opponents are keying on this 6′ 7″, 240-pound Wes Unseld type, and his rebounding numbers are down though his scoring is up. A few teams have crossed him off their lottery lists; others have not.

Robert Horry, a 6′ 9″ small forward from Alabama, and Murray State's Ronald (Popeye) Jones, a 6′ 8″ rebounder, are the best bets to supplant one of the above. And Missouri's Anthony Peeler, a 6′ 4″ shooting guard, Virginia's 6′ 5″ forward Bryant Stith and Arkansas's 6′ 2″ Mayberry are also on the lottery borderline.

The best lottery long shot? Tony Bennett of Wisconsin–Green Bay, who is smart, tough and, at 6 feet, that elusive true point guard.

The best player you've never heard of? Could be Chaminade's George Gilmore, a 6-foot point guard who burned Arkansas and North Carolina State with 38 and 37 points, respectively. If Gilmore scores like that in the postseason tournaments, he could sneak into the first round.

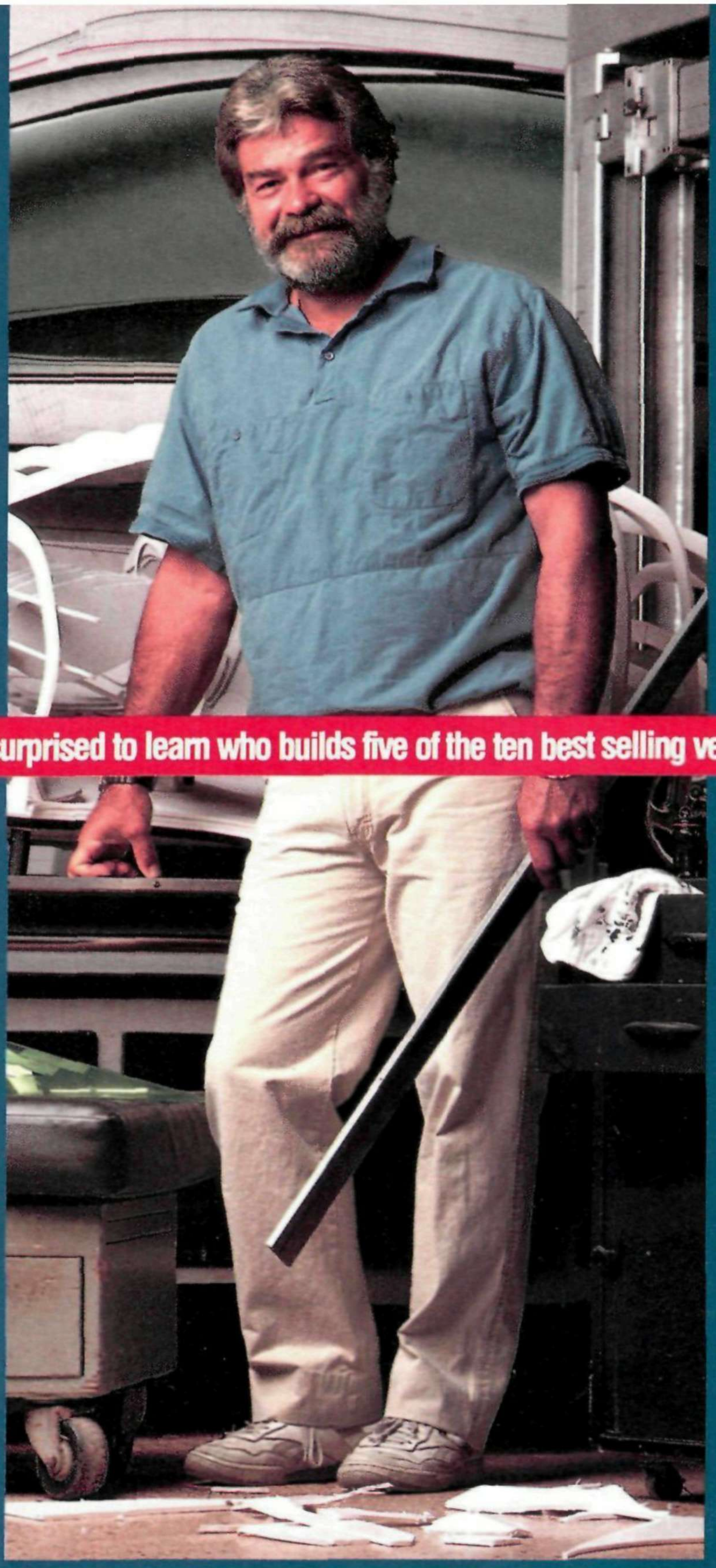
The Suns Begin to Shine

The Yakima (Wash.) Sun Kings have been making a lot of news in the CBA this season. They got off to a 1–7 start that led to the firing of head coach Dean Nicholson. He was replaced by Bill Klucas, who didn't exactly turn things around—the Sun Kings lost 18 in a row before Klucas got his notice. The current king of the Sun Kings is none other than Robert Reid, the former NBA forward who took a position as player-assistant with the Tri-City Chinook at the beginning of the season so he could learn the coaching ropes. He found himself with a head job much sooner than he expected. Yakima is a respectable 11–14 under Reid, though it still occupies the basement in the National Conference.

Yakima's top player was former Celtic Conner Henry, but he recently decided to bolt Yakima in favor of a professional team in France. Nevertheless, the Kings plugged away. And last week they were involved in one of the most remarkable games in league history—a quadruple-overtime marathon against the Albany Patroons. Sun Kings forward Lee Campbell, a second-year player from Southwest Missouri State, was the hero of this one, playing 66 of the 68 minutes and finishing with 39 points and 25 rebounds in Yakima's 166–160 victory. ■

DOUG HOKE

Houston could get lucky in the lottery despite some reservations about his lack of size.



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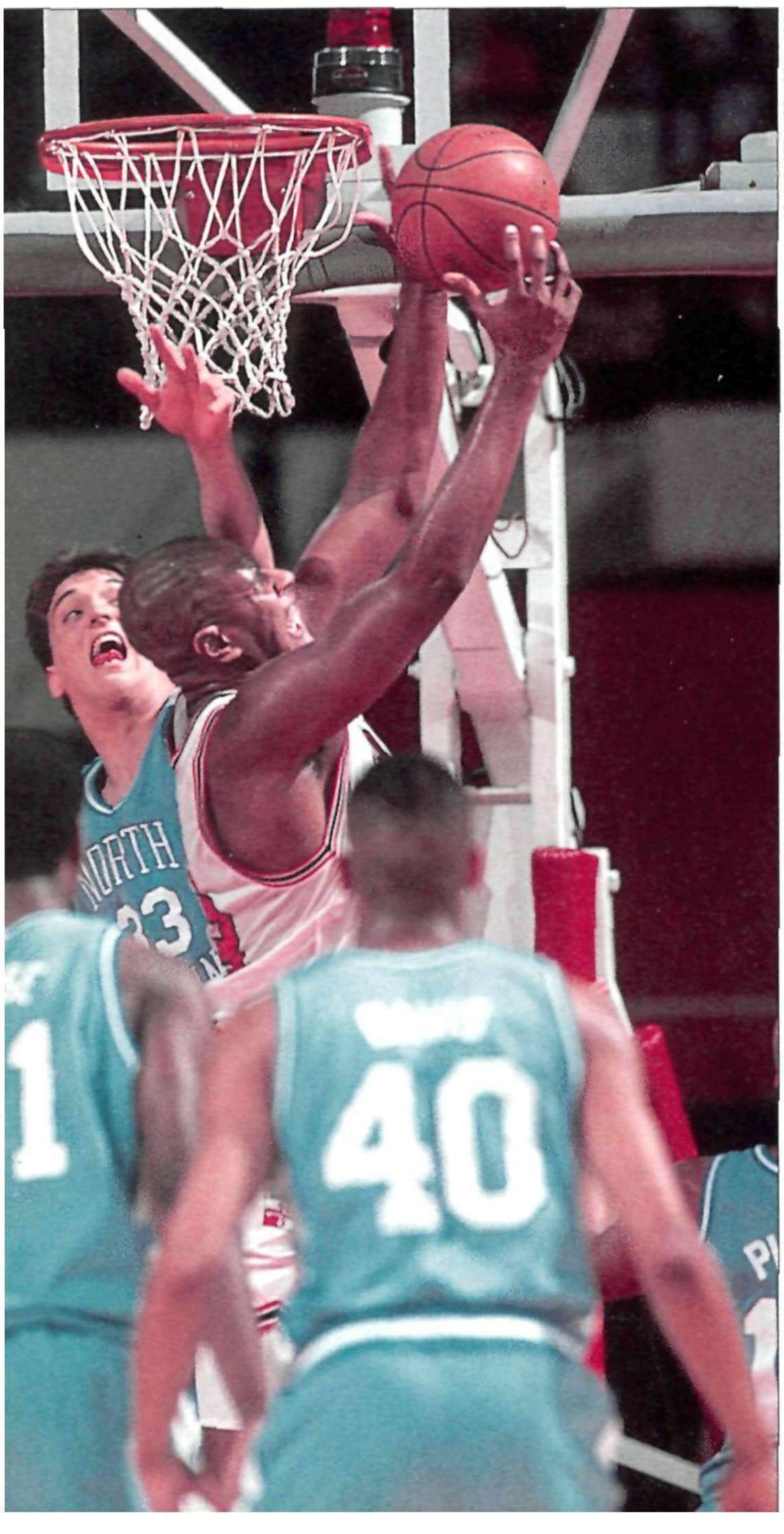
INSIDE College Basketball

by PHIL TAYLOR



DOUG PENSINGER ALLSPORT USA

Back on Their Heels

This is the time of year when Top 25 teams are supposed to be rounding into shape for the NCAA tournament, but North Carolina is doing just the opposite. The Tar Heels' 82–80 loss at Maryland on Sunday was their fourth straight defeat, their longest losing streak in 27 years. The Heels, in fact, haven't played a solid game since they upset Duke on Feb. 5.

How concerned is North Carolina coach Dean Smith? Probably more than he is letting on. Smith chose to concentrate on how well his team played in the second half against Maryland, when the Heels overcame a 22-point deficit. But Smith's behavior at intermission, when he stomped out of the locker room in disgust after giving his players a rare tongue-lashing, might have been more indicative of his real feelings.

After the game the players also professed not to be worried. "We're catching opponents at the peak of their games," said guard Hubert Davis.

"Everybody's hot when they play us," said center Eric Montross.

The losing streak must have the Carolina players feeling disoriented, because, in truth, three of the teams that beat the Tar Heels in succession—Virginia, North Carolina State and Florida State—all ended losing streaks with their wins.

North Carolina has been especially woeful on defense. The Tar Heels surrendered 110 points to Florida State—equaling the most ever allowed by a Smith team in his 31 years in Chapel Hill—and 99 to North Carolina State. The team's recent struggles have prompted critics to trot out some time-honored knocks against Smith. The complaint is heard that some of the most talented players stop developing, while others—Walter Davis and Michael Jordan being prime examples—don't really flourish until they turn pro. The system is the star, with the result, it is said, that players are reluctant to take charge when the game is on the line.

Not that anyone is ready to count out the Heels, however. "I think North Carolina is going to be a very good tournament team," said Maryland coach Gary Williams after Sunday's game. "If you look at the teams in the ACC this season, from top to bottom they've all gone through bad stretches."

But the Tar Heels' stretch seems particularly ill timed. With the postseason fast approaching, they don't have much time to find themselves.

The Terps' Evers Burns put in 22 points against the Heels.

Prince of the City

Notre Dame is making a habit of ambushing good teams, some of which may simply have trouble maintaining their enthusiasm for nonconference games. The Irish's 79–70 defeat of St. John's in South Bend last Saturday appeared to be a case in point. But certainly the loss didn't erase the Redmen's impressive recovery in the Big East after a 4–5 start. Going into Monday night's game with Georgetown to break the two teams' tie for the conference lead, St. John's had won seven consecutive Big East games.

The Redmen have benefited from the improved play of senior guard Chucky Sproling and of 6′ 11″ sophomore forward Shawnelle Scott, who has made sure the team doesn't miss injured center Robert Werdann too badly. However, the Redmen's pillar of strength has been 6′ 8″ senior forward Malik Sealy, who has played like the first-round NBA draft choice he's likely to be.

If it's possible for a New York City athlete to be underpublicized, Sealy has been. That's ironic because Sealy, a graduate of Tolentine High in the Bronx, is the consummate New Yorker. As a child, his parents made sure that he and his sister and three brothers saw more of the city than just basketball courts. "They took us all over New York," Sealy says. "As a kid I went to all the museums, and I knew all the bridges and all the different neighborhoods. I saw a lot of things that kids my age didn't get to see, and I learned that you can get an education outside the classroom as well as inside it."

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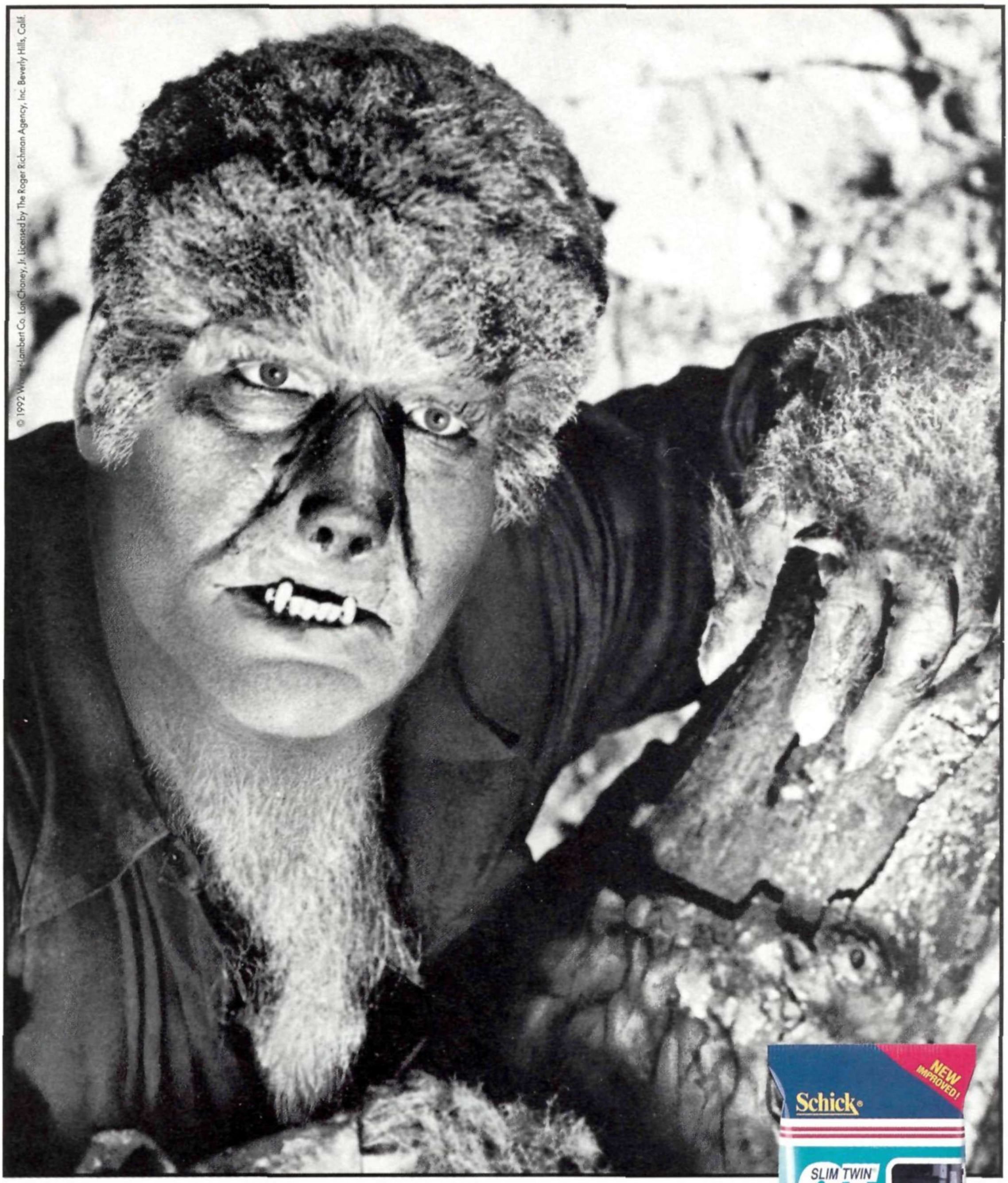

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PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

MEN

USC's Harold Miner, a 6′ 5″ junior guard, scored 29 points and pulled down 13 rebounds, both game highs, as the Trojans completed only their second sweep of UCLA in 50 years with an 83–79 win.

WOMEN

Miami's Frances Savage, a 5′ 9″ senior forward, had 63 points and 15 rebounds as the eighth-ranked Hurricanes ran their winning streak to 26 games by beating St. John's 85–63 and Villanova 84–67.

SMALL SCHOOLS

George Gilmore, a 6-foot senior guard for Division II Chaminade, scored 46 points in a 97–93 overtime victory over Alaska-Anchorage and 39 points in a 101–96 defeat of Alaska-Fairbanks.

Another thing Sealy learned was how to sew, a skill his mother, Ann, taught him when he was in the fifth grade. In fact, Malik became a proficient enough seamster to make a blouse for one of his elementary school teachers. He hasn't tried anything so ambitious lately—unless you count the fact that he has helped piece St. John's season back together.

A Historic Mission

Even before Virginia Union's 66–63 win over Johnson C. Smith in the final of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association tournament last Saturday in Richmond, it was obvious that both teams would be invited to the NCAA Division II tournament, which begins March 13. Virginia Union entered the CIAA tournament ranked third in the country, while Johnson C. Smith was No. 5.

But some people around the CIAA, a 14-team league of historically black colleges, are so dissatisfied with the tougher admissions standards passed by the NCAA in January that they are urging CIAA schools and other black universities to withdraw from the NCAA. The most controversial of the new rules replaces the 700 SAT score required by Proposition 48 with a sliding scale, so that a student with only, say, a 2.0 GPA must have a minimum of 900 on the SAT to qualify for an athletic scholarship.

"We're talking about schools that exist, at least in part, to provide higher education to students who haven't reached their academic potential," says Johnson C. Smith alumnus Joseph Faust, a former sports information director at North Carolina A&T, a black school in Division I. "To go along with the NCAA on this is to go against the principles on which these schools were founded. The NCAA is asking schools for African-Americans to exclude African-Americans by using a test that has been shown to be culturally biased against African-Americans."

Don't look for the CIAA to secede from the NCAA anytime soon, but some school officials in the conference are at least listening to Faust and his supporters. "If the scales tip too far in the wrong direction—and this is the wrong direction—then pulling out would be an option that we would have to consider," says Virginia Union athletic director James Battle.

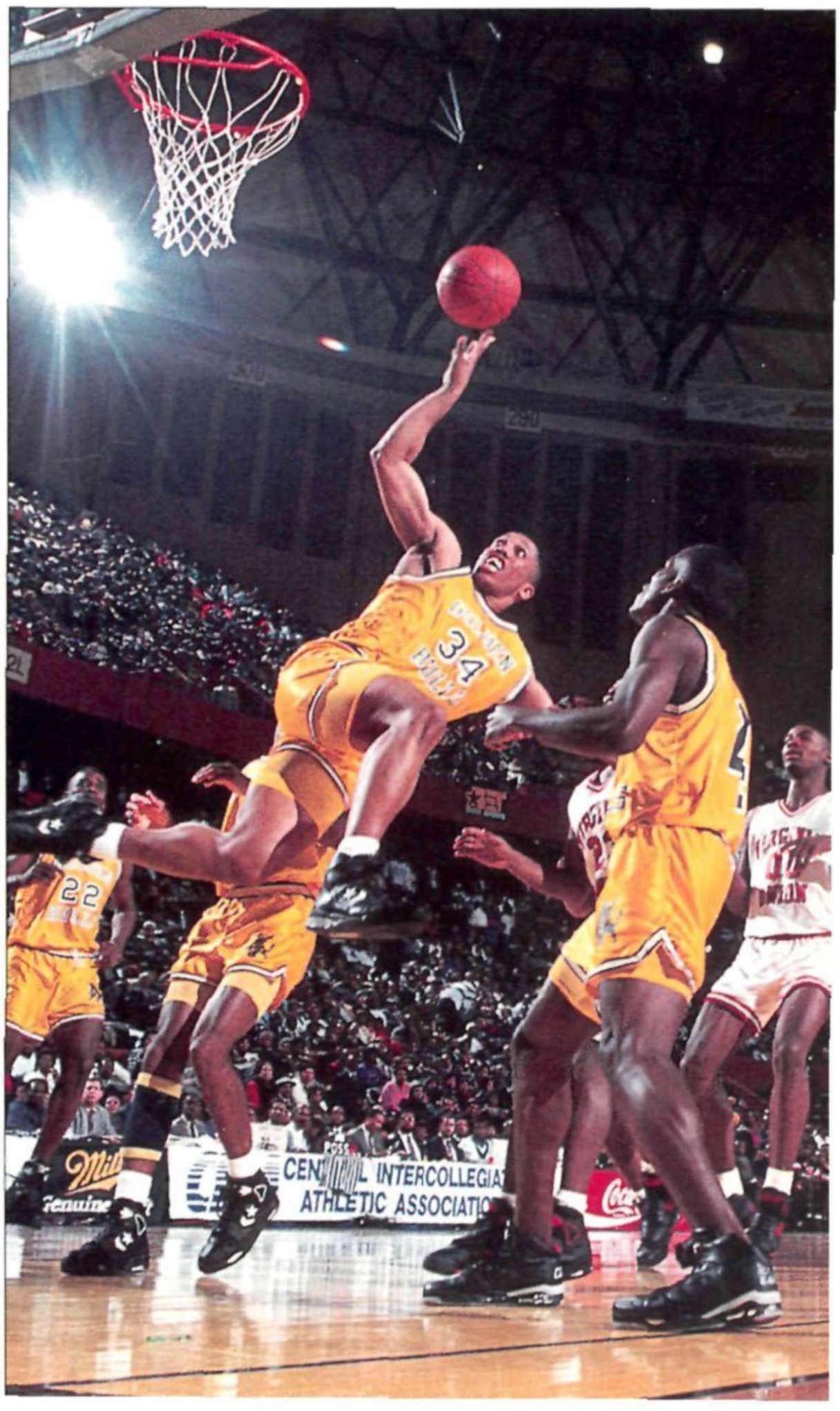
Johnson C. Smith senior forward Mark Sherrill, who scored a game-high 24 points in the CIAA final, is an example of the kind of player who might not be in college had the new standards been in place four years ago. Sherrill, the Golden Bulls' alltime leading scorer, remembers a seventh-grade teacher telling him he was too stupid and undisciplined to succeed in school. Last spring, Sherrill made the dean's list with a 3.35 grade point average.

Some coaches and educators think the NCAA's new standards are at odds with the academic missions of black schools. The sad truth—sad, that is, for the NCAA—is that these schools are so committed to educating students without strong educational backgrounds that there may no longer be a place for them in the NCAA.

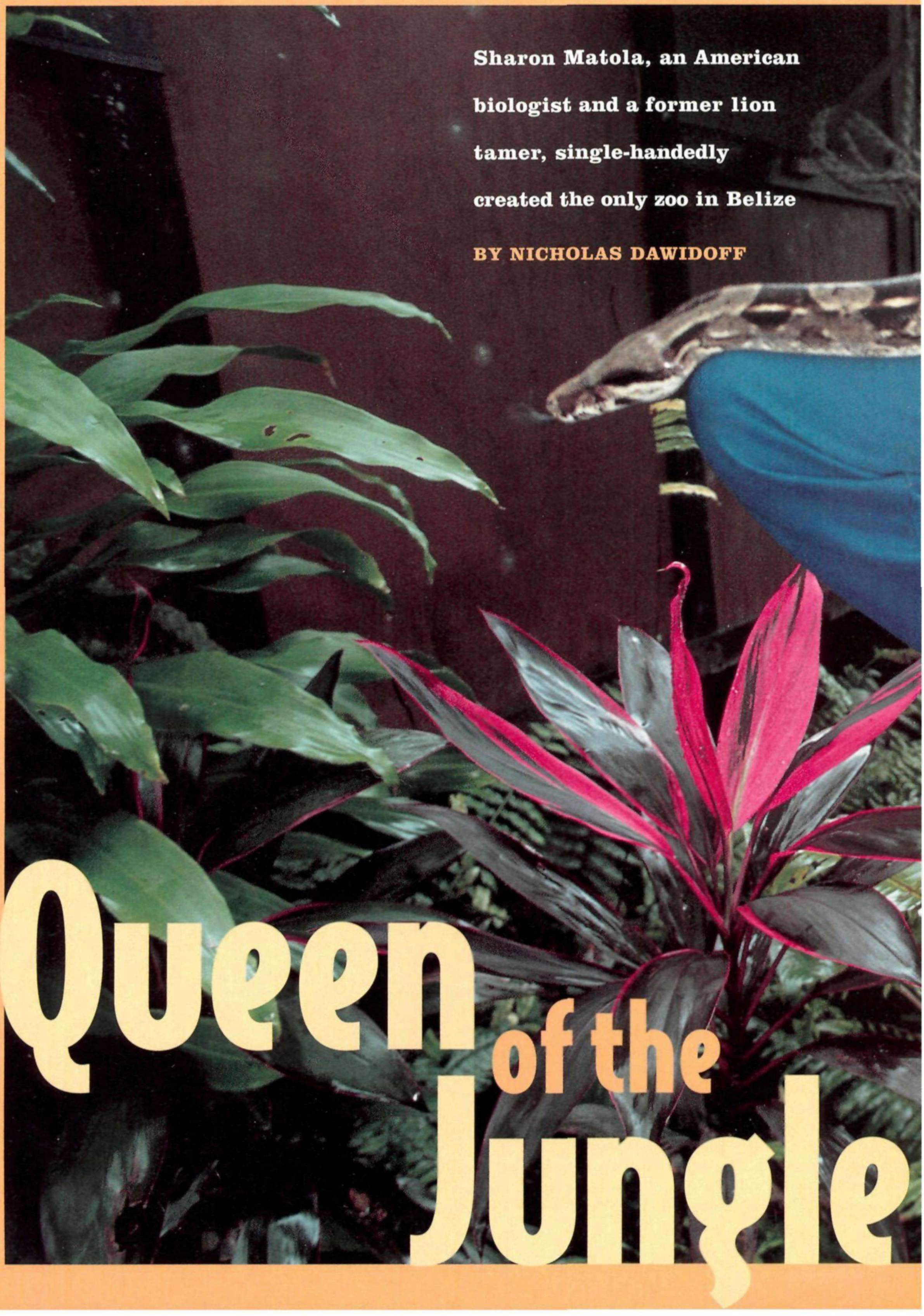
Tip-ins

Kevin Roberson, Vermont's 6′ 7″ senior center, figures to finish his career as the No. 2 shot-blocker in NCAA history. Through Sunday, Roberson had 401 blocks in 109 games, second only to Alonzo Mourning of Georgetown, who had 418 in 113 games. . . . The third-ranked Mississippi women's team is one of the nation's biggest surprises. Last Saturday the Lady Rebels clinched the SEC regular-season title with a 59–57 win over Vanderbilt that improved their record to 26–1. . . . The point guard at Kankakee (Ill.) Community College is Jessie James. He's averaging 4.3 steals per game. ■

DAMIAN STROHMEYER



His school's career scoring leader, Sherrill (34) has made the grade off the court as well.

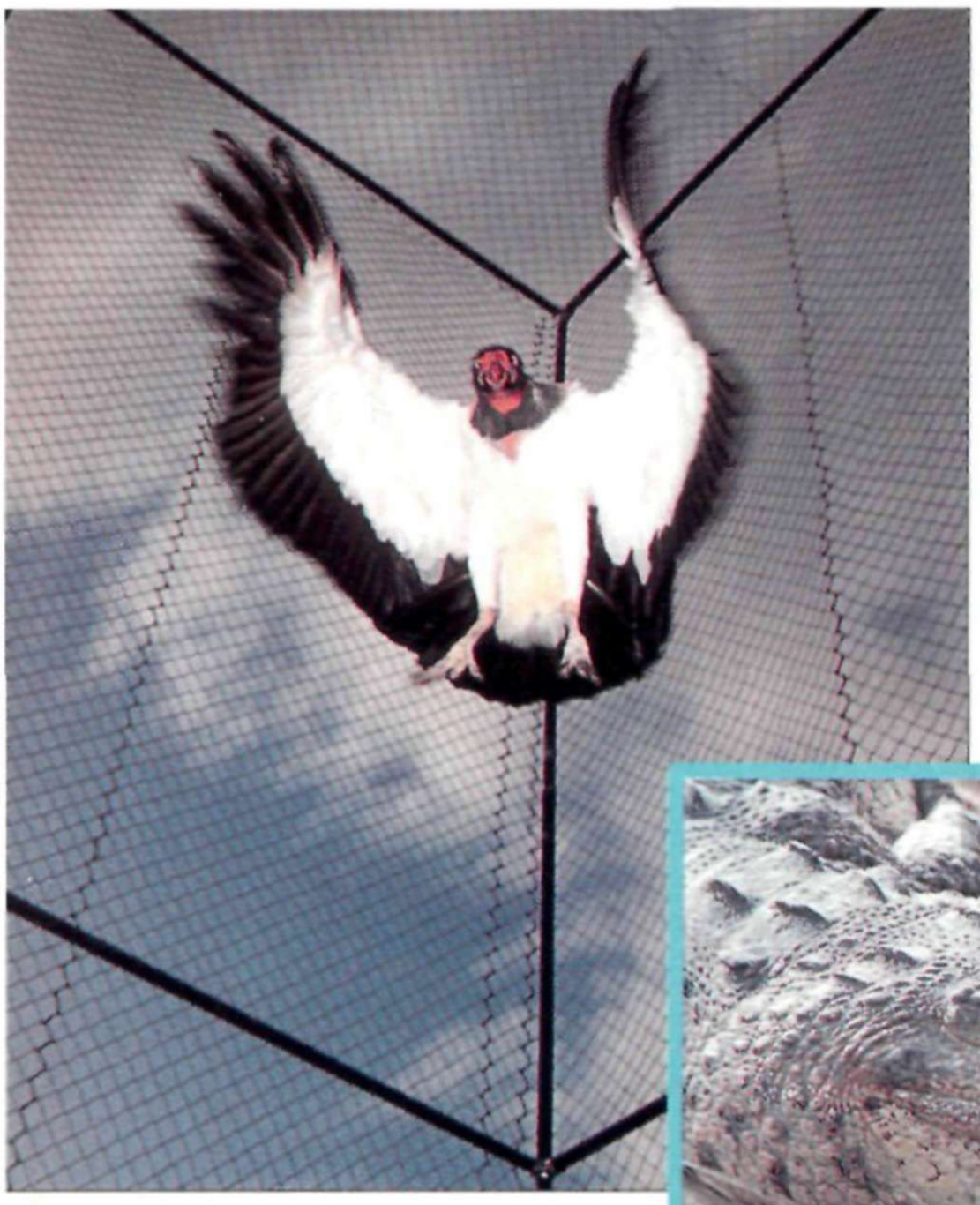


Sharon Matola, an American biologist and a former lion tamer, single-handedly created the only zoo in Belize

BY NICHOLAS DAWIDOFF

Queen of the Jungle

When Matola wears her boa, it's short on feathers.



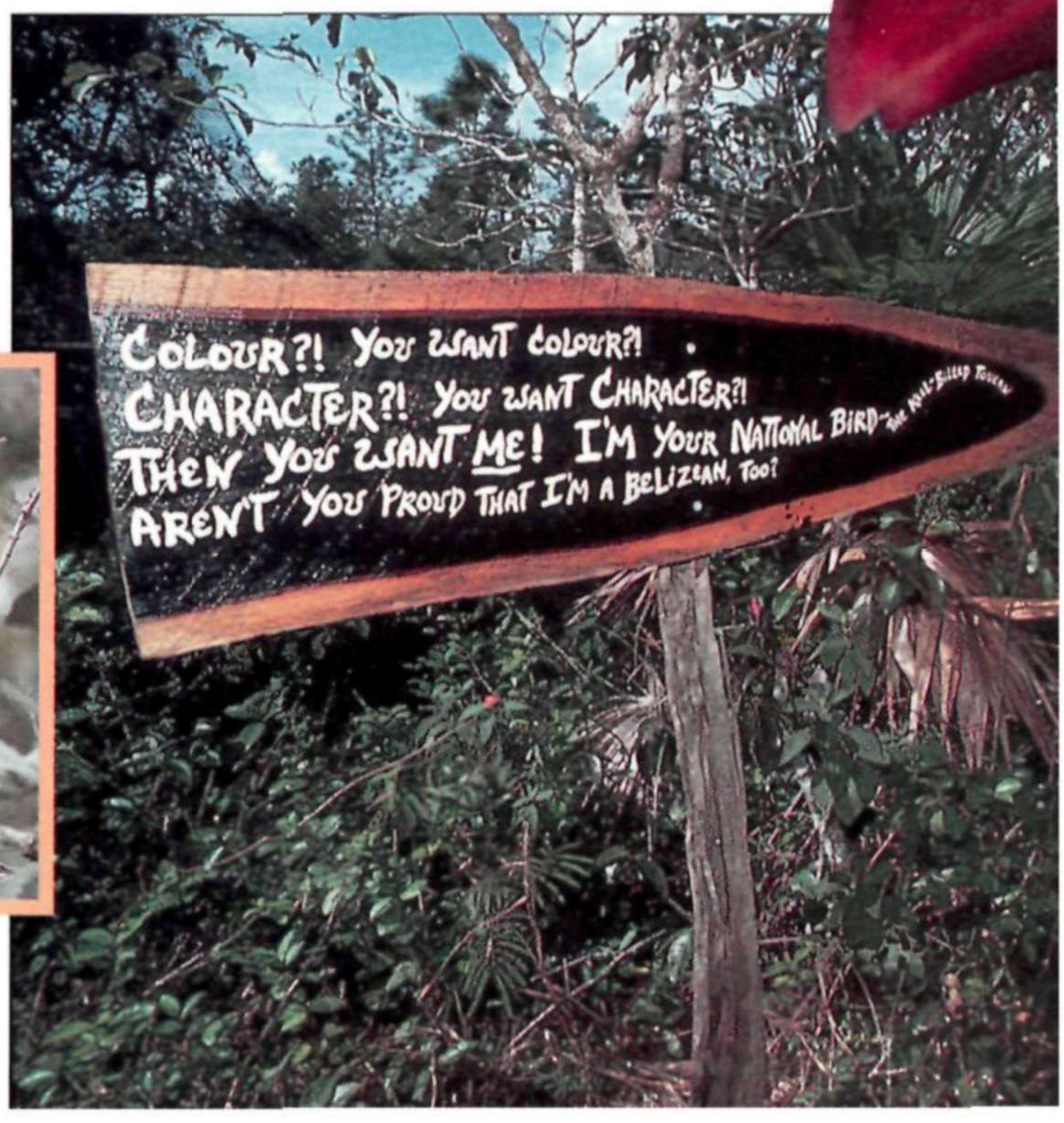
While Rex, the king vulture, often hits the roof, a zoo croc keeps his nose to the ground.

The blazing plumage of Henry, the macaw, wouldn't suit the camouflage needs of Zorro, the tree-climbing fox.

It was getting late in the day, but even the shadowed portion of a January afternoon can be hot in Belize, and Sharon Matola was tired. Since closing the gate to visitors, Matola, an American biologist and the founder and sole keeper of the Belize Zoo, had been tending her animals, shuttling from Balboa, the boa constrictor, to April, the tapir, to Hans and Sigi, the curassow couple, to Maya and Pinto, the handsome pair of jaguars. She had swept their cages and brought them plates of food, and she was collecting and cleaning the dishes when the old man appeared at the gate of the zoo, which lies in bush country, 30 miles out the lonely road from Belize City. His face was parched with wrinkles. His hair was pure white. "I have come from Belize City to see the zoo," he said.

"Come in," sighed Matola.

She began walking beside the man, leading him on the tour that is given to all who visit her zoo. "To him, every cage was part of a myth," says Matola. "He said that if you feed curassow to a dog, the dog will go crazy. Young tapirs are spotted like watermelons, and when he saw April he said that if you eat a young tapir, you'll become spotted yourself. He stayed well away from the boa, because he believed that, from sunset to sunrise, they are very poisonous to the touch. Then he got to the two jaguars. It was an incredibly beautiful afternoon. Golden sunlight



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED WOOD

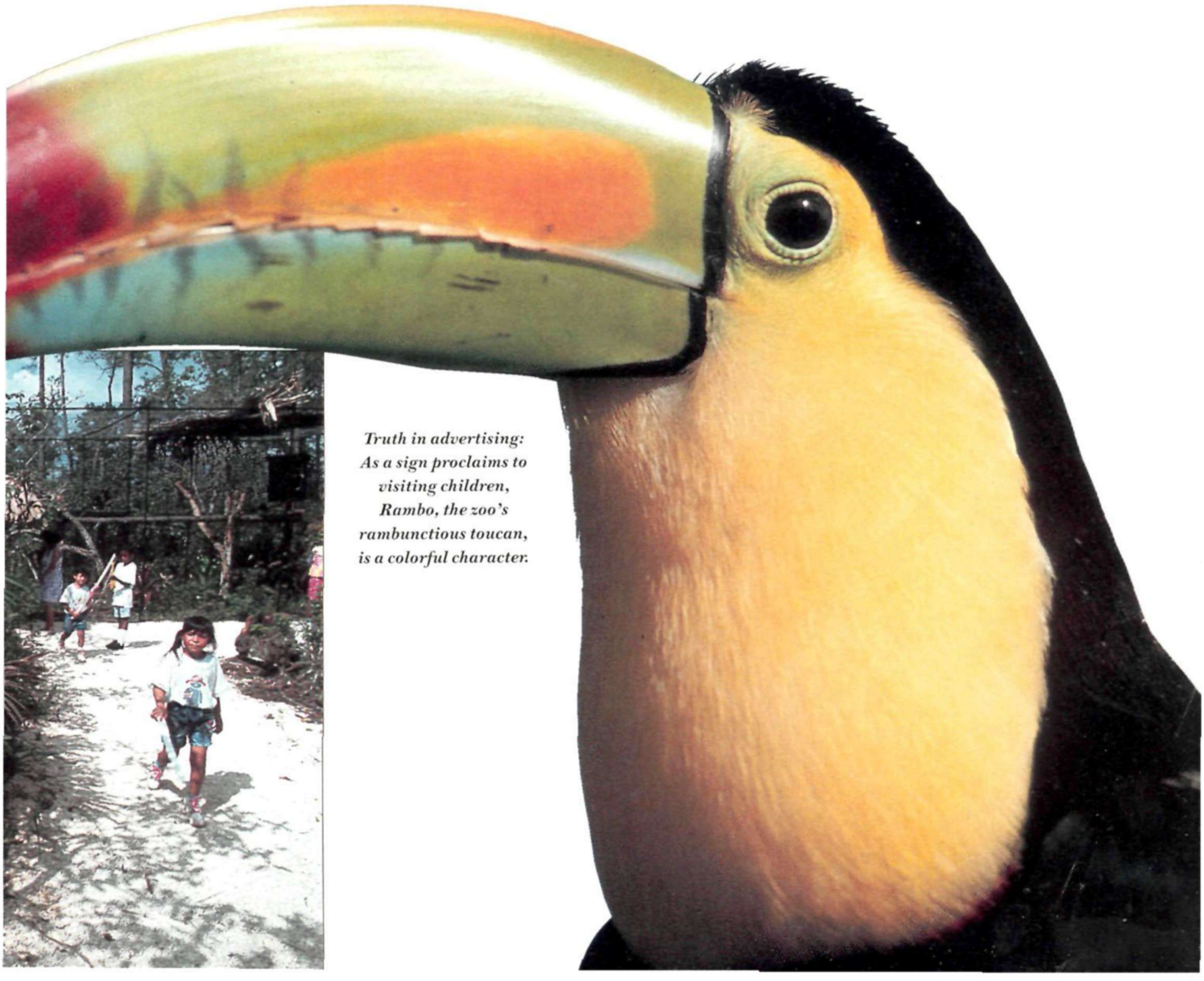
was streaming into the cats' cage, and they were rolling on the ground, playing with each other. I began telling him that in the U.S., where I came from, jaguars are extinct. That they are endangered in many places in Central America, but Belize has the healthiest population of jaguars in the region because Belize has so much intact forest; there is a habitat for them. Then I noticed that he was crying. I couldn't believe it. I felt very awkward. I felt responsible. I thought that maybe his favorite dog had been killed by a jaguar and that I had reminded him of something painful."

Then, she says, the man began to speak. "I'm very sorry, Miss," he said. "I have spent all my life here in Belize, and this is the first time I have seen the animals of my country. They are so beautiful."

"It struck me then what the real importance of the zoo was," says Matola. "I had come to Belize to work on a wildlife film project, but I saw that the zoo could offer with more immediacy what the films were trying to accomplish. How turned around can life get? I'm working for a film company to show these animals to people on the BBC in Britain when people in the Belizean bush and in poor villages have never seen them. Here was a place that made those animals accessible to Belizeans and could serve as an educational facility for them."

That was nine years ago, in 1983. At the time of the old man's visit, the Belize Zoo had been open for exactly a month. Ever since, Matola's zoo has been remarkable for the unerring consistency of its mission: It has acquainted Belize with Belize.

Belize, formerly known as British Honduras, is a sliver of a country tucked along the Caribbean coast of Central America, between Mexico's Yucatán on the north and Guatemala on the south and west. It's a place with an inchoate air about it, a country that is still adjusting to the independence it won from Britain 11 years ago after existing as a crown colony since 1862. Belize is a stable democracy with a two-party political system. But two thousand British soldiers remain on duty there because of a long-standing threat from Guatemala, which until recently claimed Belize as part of its territory. Lately the soldiers and the Belize Defence Force have also had their hands full with Colombian drug runners, who refuel their airplanes on hidden landing strips in the Belizean jungle. The country has a festering problem with crack cocaine addiction, because the Colombian couriers distribute the drug as salary to their Belizean assistants, who sell it for a relative pittance on the streets of Belize City.



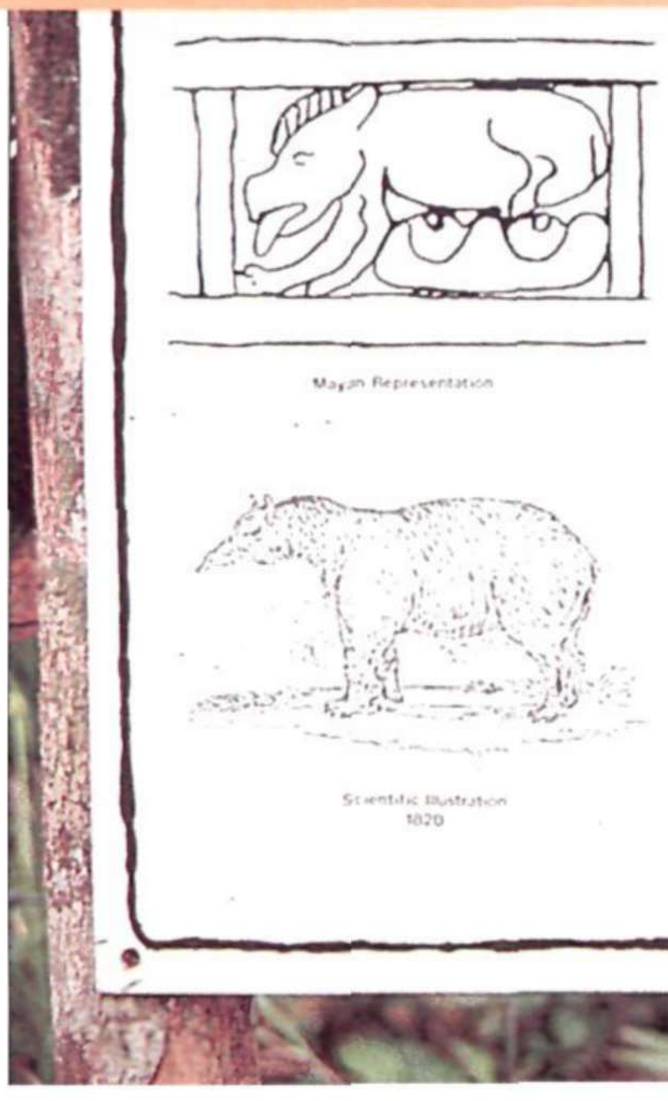
Truth in advertising: As a sign proclaims to visiting children, Rambo, the zoo's rambunctious toucan, is a colorful character.

Belize's estimated 200,000 citizens trace their roots back to native Indians, African slaves, British loggers, Chinese from Hong Kong and refugees from assorted American countries, mainly El Salvador and Guatemala. They are poor people, and to them the Belize Zoo is many things, including one of their country's foremost cultural and entertainment attractions—Belize's Disneyland, Dodger Stadium and National Gallery. Yet the zoo remains principally the place where Belizeans come to learn about the beauty and fragility of their country. Since the beginning, when she used to stuff Balboa and some slides into her backpack, jump astride her Kawasaki 650 and, uninvited and covered with road dust, roar up to give presentations at schools all over Belize, Matola has concentrated on the country's youth. Now she can stay put; nearly every schoolchild in Belize visits the zoo at least once a year, and for those who can't, because they live in isolated villages from which travel is prohibitive, the zoo has an outreach program.

Throughout Central America, trees and animals have vanished at an astonishing rate. In the past 30 years more than half of the region has been deforested. At present Belize has more forest cover per unit of total area than any other country in Central America. A full third of Belize is now classified as protected land. There are upwards of 30 Belizean reserves, including the 103,000-acre Cockscomb Basin Wildlife Sanctuary (known as the Jaguar Preserve) and the 18-square-mile Community Baboon Sanctuary. The extent to which Belize has embraced conservation is best illustrated by an advertisement for Belikin, the best-selling national beer, that reads, "Belize is a lucky country . . . our cool forests still exist, wild animals roam our jungles, our wondrous reef is largely unspoiled and our rivers still flow freely and without pollution. We must fight to keep it that way, fight to protect our precious earth or else the earth will turn its back on us."

Ixchabelle, the jaguar, got a new pool in the new zoo. April, who gets to rub noses with Matola, got a new sign painted by U.S. wildlife artist Mark Dion.

It would be inaccurate to credit Matola alone for all this. Belize has a low population density, making it relatively painless for politicians to set aside land. Besides that, a variety of individuals and organizations have had much to do with the country's conservation success. Yet it's not purely a coincidence that most of what has been accomplished in local conservation dates from Matola's arrival in 1982.



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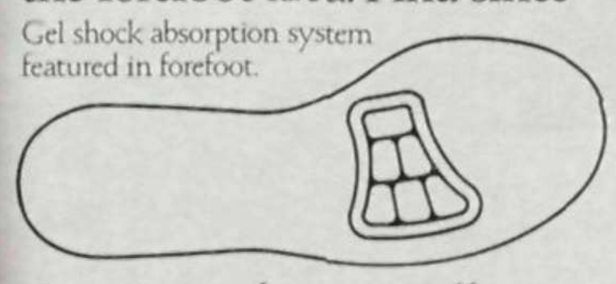

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Matola shares her jungle home and office with her longtime companion, Balboa, who sometimes can be found going over her notes.

"She's an extraordinary woman," says Meb Cutlack, editor of the monthly *Belize Review*. "The impact she's had on Belize is tremendous."

The 37-year-old Matola, who was born in the U.S. but became a Belizean citizen in 1990, is in the tradition of eccentric, fiercely driven Western women who left behind their home countries and devoted themselves to the animals of distant places. This distinguished group includes Dian Fossey (the mountain gorillas of Rwanda), Jane Goodall (the chimpanzees of Tanzania), Birute Galdikas (the orangutans of Borneo) and Joy Adamson (the lions of Kenya). "I tell Sharon Matola stories to my family," says Kathryn Fuller, president of the World Wildlife Fund in Washington. "She's one of a handful of people with an incredible passion and a willingness to pursue a lifelong commitment under what can be pretty difficult circumstances."

Matola lives in a one-room house with a sleeping loft and a thatch roof that is a mile into the jungle from the zoo. Nearby is a small pond in which she keeps fit by swimming, usually naked and heedless of the crocodiles who also exercise there. "They are just babies," she says.

In the early years of the zoo, it was difficult for Matola to leave the animals for even a couple of hours, but now that she has a staff of 15 to help, her range has expanded. She is always heading off somewhere: striking out on British Army or scientific expeditions to remote portions of the Belizean jungles; roaring up the Western Highway to Belmopan, the capital city, where her opinions are solicited with frequency by government ministers (she is now an official—albeit unpaid—land and resources adviser); or careering into Belize City, the country's population center, for a high-society cocktail party.

QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

Matola is a big-boned, attractive woman with long brown hair. At social functions in a country that has half as many people as Atlanta, someone like her is, as her friend Lou Nicolait, director of the Belize Center for Environmental Studies, puts it, "very much in demand—she is just mad enough to be interesting." Matola's company is solicited even by those soiree hostesses who know that Matola sometimes rides into Belize City having forgotten to stuff a portion of her evening wardrobe into her knapsack. She once appeared at an ambassador's party wearing one of Nicolait's hastily restitched curtains as a dress.

"Sharon in a way reflects Belize," says Nicolait. "Belize is a young, healthy, vigorous nation with a lot of assets and a kind of frontier mentality where anything still goes. She's the right person in the right place."

Matola grew up near Memorial Stadium in Baltimore. By age nine she had become a devotee both of the Orioles' portly first baseman, Boog Powell, and of Gerald Durrell, the British author of Matola's favorite book, *My Family and Other Animals*, an account of Durrell's youth on the Greek island of Corfu, where he lived amid eccentric people and exotic animals. Matola was the sort of child who kept worms as pets and was prone to returning home at the end of a day with skinned knees and a jarful of butterflies.

Soon after finishing high school she joined the Air Force. She lasted 2½ years in fatigues. "I couldn't stand it—too old-boy for me," she says, refusing to elaborate. The Air Force did, at least, afford her one experience for which she is grateful. Included in her training was a stint at jungle-survival school in Panama, her first visit to Central America. "There was just so much life there," she says. "It showed *me what an active place the tropics are.*"

With that in mind she headed off to the snow-blanketed cornfields of Iowa to study Russian at the state university in Iowa City. "I didn't want to be pigeonholed or channeled, as people tend to be in the sciences," says Matola. She spent two years in Iowa and became conversant in Russian, which at the time was one of the international scientific languages. Then she transferred to New College in Sarasota, Fla., and began to study biology. For two months she worked for a Romanian lion tamer, studying conditioned behavior in his cats. Then a fish taxonomy project took her to Belize for three months in 1980.

"I had the same feeling [in Belize] that I'd had in Panama," she says. "There was no development at all. There was so much life. I went diving at night and saw octopus and squid. I thought, If I have a dream, it is to return. Belize seemed to me a place where things were in their natural state. Nature without the wood footpaths and signs you see in Smoky Mountain National Park. Nature undefined."

Her undergraduate degree completed, Matola enrolled in the master's program at the University of South Florida, up the road from Sarasota in Tampa, where she specialized in mycology, the science of fungi. One day she was reading the local newspaper and chanced upon an advertisement seeking women to dance in a traveling Mexican circus. "I phoned up," says Matola, "and an elderly man answered. He said, 'We need a tall white woman.' I thought, I could be going to markets during the day to see mushrooms, working toward my master's. I *could travel free, and I love to dance. It* seemed perfect. I thought, I can use the circus the way Darwin used the *Beagle*.

"I went with five other women from the

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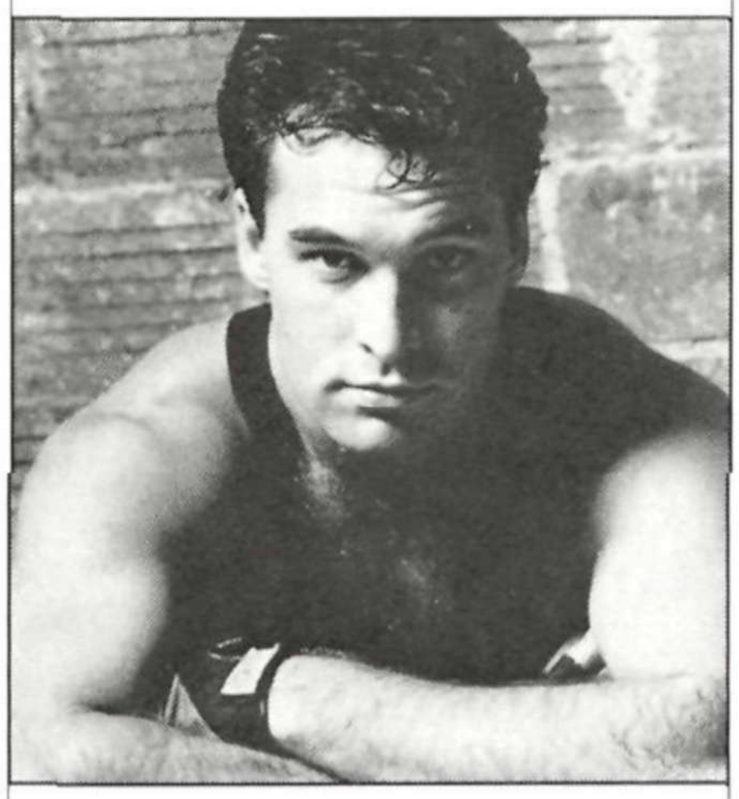

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Sarasota-Tampa area. They all had make-up cases. I had rolls of wax paper and fungi books." They flew into El Paso, where they were picked up by the wife of the circus owner. As it turned out, the woman had passed through Sarasota when Matola was working for the Romanian lion tamer. "The next day," says Matola,"the circus owner asked me if I wanted to do the lion act."

Matola was put in charge of six tigers and four lions and was a dancer besides. "It was great fun kicking up my legs," she says. "No one knew who I was. When I danced I was in a red-sequined bikini, a red-feathered headdress and silver high heels. It made me worry about myself. I was a biology major. Why was I enjoying this so much?"

As the lion tamer, she wore gold lamé and was the circus's main attraction. Her cats jumped through burning hoops, formed pyramids and lay down submissively around her as she stood "like Big Jane, Queen of the Jungle," she says. "For three months it was the kind of life I'd like to lead for the rest of my life. It was like being a gypsy in the real romantic sense. But all that ended when I was transferred to a big international circus. We were always smack in the middle of a metropolis." Those cities meant lousy pickings for a mushroom hunter and seemed to bring out the worst in circus people. Matola didn't like the way the circus men were treating her, and she particularly objected to the way everyone was treating the animals.

"A tiger bit my stomach," she says. "It wasn't his fault. He fell on top of me during a new part of the act we'd just added. He was disoriented, and he tensed. I can still see his mouth closing on my stomach.

Zookeeper Cerillo Chun helps Matola map out the zoo's traveling exhibitions.

The Romanian lion tamer had told me, 'If you want to work for me, go stand in front of a full-length mirror, look yourself in the eye and say, 'If I am going to work with wild animals, I am going to get scarred.' So I was prepared for that. But people used to beat the chimpanzees when they were uncooperative. I knew it was time to leave."

The circus was in Chihuahua when she made up her mind. Taking her pet monkey, Rocky, in hand, Matola took a train to the border town of Juárez in May 1982. She didn't want to leave Rocky in Mexico, but U.S. customs officials were unlikely to allow him in. She decided to try smuggling him across the Rio Grande. In Juárez, Matola says, "a guy said he'd take us [over] for $10. We walked and walked to a barren part of Juárez. We saw a green U.S. Border Patrol Jeep and lay down. Then we got up, jumped a fence and ran down across a dry gully and came to a canal. I put Rocky on my shoulders, and the man held my backpack out of the water. We crossed and then we ran and ran. Finally we stopped in a slummy alley between a lot of hovels. I thought, This is it. He's going to knife me. But all he did was ask me for $10. I gave him the money, and off I went."

Went back to Florida, in fact, but not for long. An invitation had come from an Englishman named Richard Foster, who was making wildlife films in Belize. He wrote that he needed someone to care for his animals. Enclosed was an airplane ticket. Rocky had to stay behind. Matola has lived in Belize ever since.

In January 1983, after Matola had been in Belize four months, Foster lost most of his funding and announced he was leaving for a while to work on a project in Borneo. His 20 animals, including mammals, reptiles and birds, were housed in a group of crude cages. Foster told Matola to get rid of them. "Impounded animals can't care for themselves in the wild," she says. "You have to either keep them in cages or kill them." So on impulse she painted a yellow sign that said BELIZE ZOO and placed it out by the dirt highway. Down the road a stretch was a lone, bedraggled bar. "I went there and told them, 'If the people seem bored, send them to the zoo,' and people started to drop in," says Matola. "It startled me. I had no environmental vision—absolutely none."

The strong reactions of her Belizean

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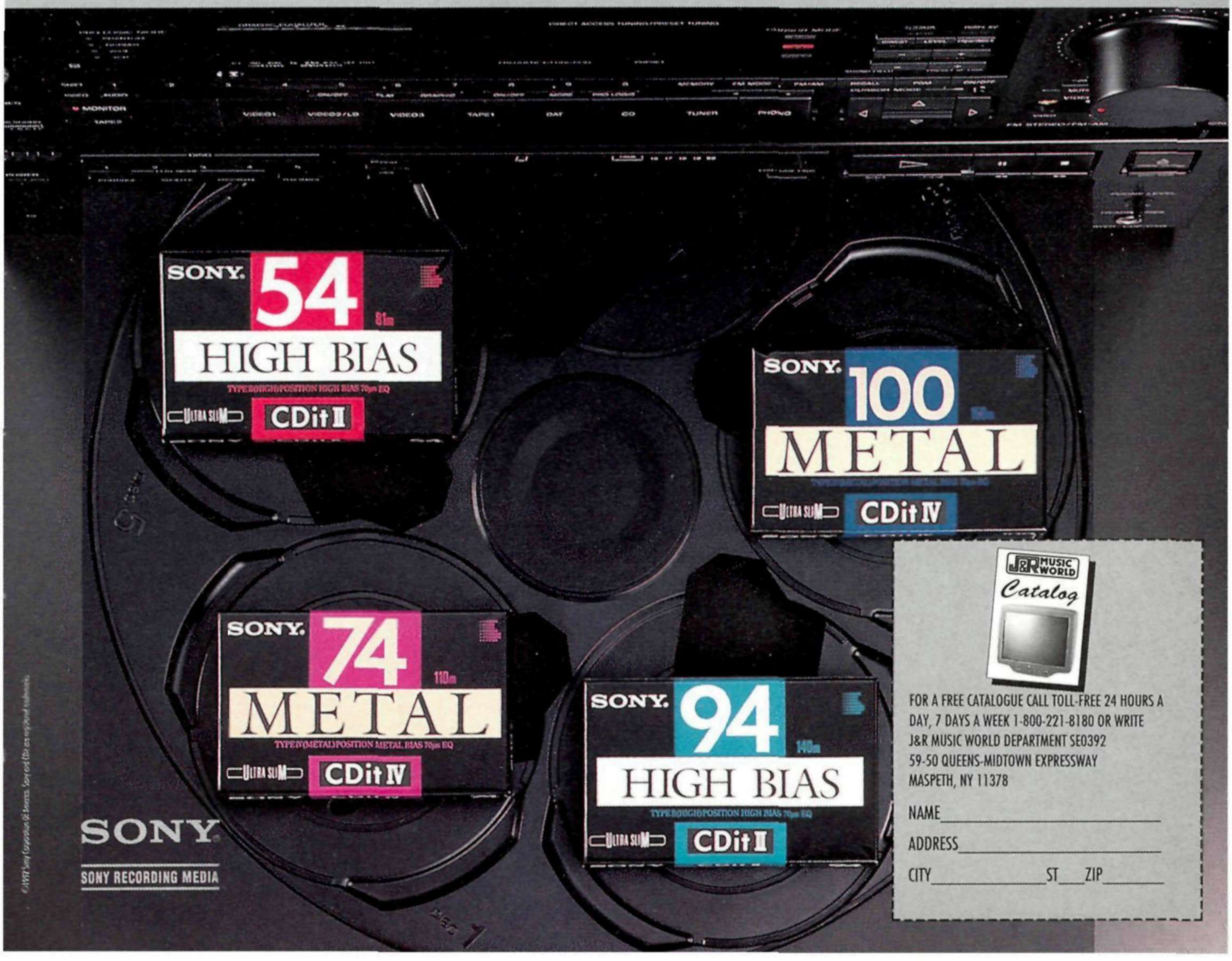

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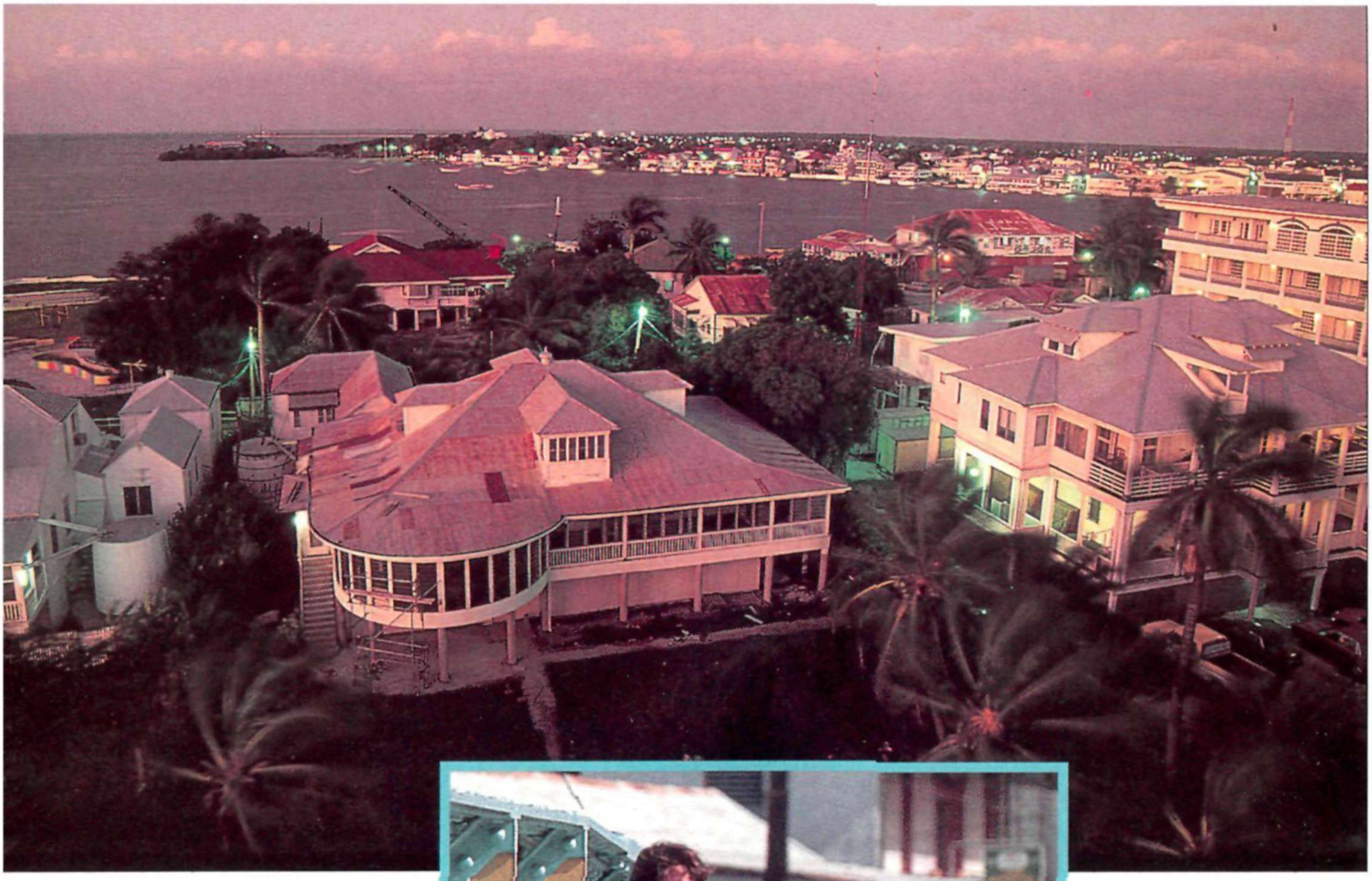

Matola gets provisions and a taste of urban life on her weekly shopping trips to Belize City.

visitors encouraged her, and by year's end Matola had gone to the government and proposed that it endow a national zoo and education facility. Officials couldn't muster the cash, but they did give her their blessing, and from that moment Matola began raising funds for a new zoo.

Before Matola arrived, Belize had never had a zoo. The very notion of it seemed as preposterous as, say, hauling a load of Pennsylvania coal into Newcastle harbor. And even in Belize, where just about anything is tolerated, there were people who paused at the idea of a freckled American woman hanging up a shingle all alone out in the jungle.

In the early days she slept in a trailer and sometimes awoke in the morning not knowing where the animals' evening meal was coming from. For many years she led groups of foreign tourists on nature walks to earn the money to keep the zoo going. Now the combination of admissions fees, souvenir sales and plump donations from sources as varied as the World Wildlife Fund, Jimmy Buffett and Harrison Ford have put the fretful days behind her. Indeed, the money has meant much more than birdseed. Matola has her staff of keepers, education specialists and other aides, all but two of whom are Belizean. The zoo houses more than 120 animals, and outside every cage or habitat is a hand-painted sign with a portrait of the animal inside and details of its behavioral patterns and its role in the environment.

Today the popularity of the Zoo Lady, as Matola is known to all, is indisputable. I LOVE THE BELIZE ZOO bumper stickers are proudly displayed on cars and bicycles. "Before Sharon, environmental awareness [in Belize] was nil," says Myrtle Flowers, a retired schoolteacher who now heads the zoo's Tropical Education Center. "People went about throwing things all over the place, cutting down trees without a thought. So many of the kinds of animals we have here at the zoo were being eaten. Now people come to me and tell me how many iguanas or how many turtles someone is catching. The zoo has a very good spot in the hearts of all Belizeans." Matola keeps it that way by hosting a popular weekly conservation-oriented radio show. Years of giving presentations in Belizean schoolrooms,

where the only natural-history books described the animals of Great Britain, prompted Matola to write and publish *Hoodwink the Owl*, a children's book that serves as a lively zoo program. Of course, nothing beats walking through the zoo with her.

"Hello," cries a yellowhead parrot just inside a wood and wire mesh gate. The bird was once somebody's pet, but yellowhead parrots tend to live past 50 years of age and spend their lives compensating for their slender vocabulary—one word—with amplification. Enough 10,000-hello afternoons convinced the parrot's owners that it might be happier at the zoo. Matola likes telling this story to visitors—an understated warning that tropical birds are intended to perch in trees, not in living rooms. The sign in front of the zoo's parrots is more direct. It says, *Please let us live free. Do not hunt us for pets. There are less of us today than there were five years ago. Let us have a future in the wild.*

The zoo acquires animals in any of three ways: people donate their pets; specimens are sent from other zoos; animals are born in the zoo. Wild animals are never captured. For a while men would show up at the zoo with animals they'd trapped, hoping to sell them, but Matola always refused to buy. She made television and radio announcements stating her acquisition policy. The problem has diminished considerably.

Rambo the toucan is perched near the parrots. Rambo's name used to be Rainbow, but his brash strut and shameless preening for tourists' cameras led to the change. "Usually the animals simply name themselves," says Matola. "I like to name them for where they come from. Gracie the spider monkey comes from Grace Rock." Matola, from Maryland, is wearing jungle survival boots, fatigues with peanuts in one pocket and high-protein dog kibble in the other, and sporting an oversized smile. She has just looked in on the two great curassow eggs, courtesy of Hans and Sigi, that are incubating at the zoo. (They will hatch two females.) Curassows are turkey-sized birds with a regal comb of plumage. They are also hunted extensively, and they are endangered throughout most of their range.

The zoo's paca isn't tempted into view by a handful of carrots, and even if he weren't a nocturnal rodent, one couldn't blame him. The paca's tender, porklike meat used to be such a fad that when Queen Elizabeth visited Belize in the early 1980s, she dined on roast paca. Belizeans now refer to the paca as the royal rat.

Marshall and Lee, the acrobatic howler monkeys, make everyone who watches them feel terrific. Marshall and Lee came to the zoo courtesy of a couple of tourists who bought them in Belize and put them in the back seat of their Jeep with the intention of driving them home to the U.S. The monkeys were well on their way to tearing the Jeep to shreds when the tourists abandoned them at a hotel, which in turn passed them on to the zoo.

Not that the zoo is immune to violence. Angel, the jaguar who was the first animal born at the Belize Zoo, has led a life touched with tragedy. In 1988, while Matola was away leading a tour of Belize for a group of World Wildlife Fund board members, a keeper improperly fastened

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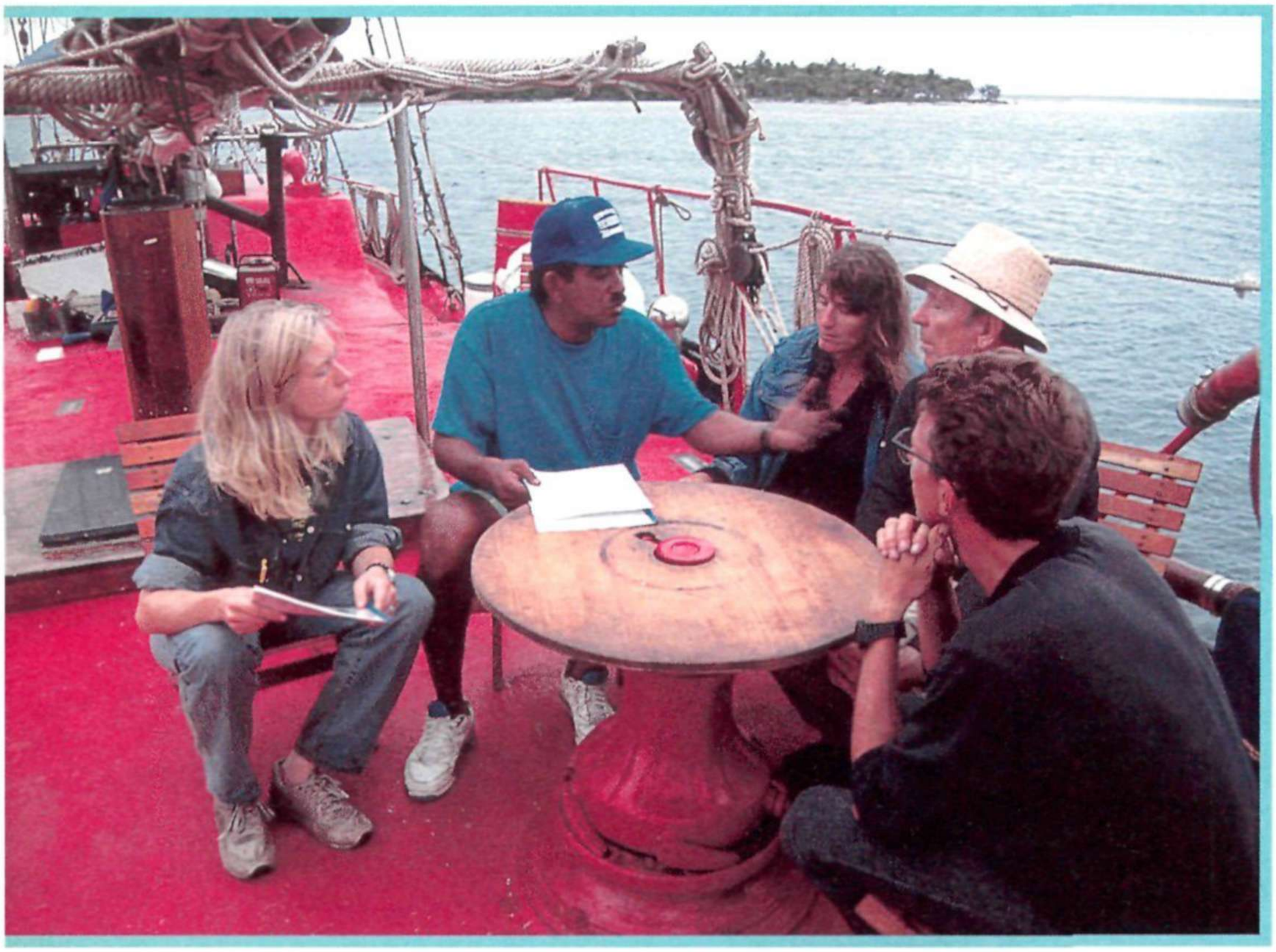

Sailing the Turneffe Islands, Lightburn (in cap), Matola and friends promote ecology-minded tourist development.

the adult jaguars' gate after feeding, and Maya and Pinto, Angel's parents, escaped. The cats wandered to a nearby village, where somebody shot them.

Sugar, the ocelot, was presented a mate a few years ago, but she soon took care of the fellow by devouring him. "She's so severely imprinted on people that she doesn't know she's an ocelot," says Matola. Once, Sugar escaped from her cage. The next morning, when Matola came to work, she found 25 dead chickens and a dead curassow. "The closest cat traps were at Cockscomb [65 miles through the jungle]," says Matola. "The only vehicle I had was an old motorcycle. The road was so bad that I dropped the bike six times. Somebody with a truck took me the last five miles. I got a trap, bungee-corded it onto the motorcycle and started back. It got dark and started to rain. I was tired, the windshield was busted, and I couldn't straighten my arm. I got to the zoo, parked the bike and there was my neighbor. 'I've got some news for you,' she said. 'The ocelot walked back into her enclosure, and we just shut the gate.' "

The zoo is a place full of independent females. In the biggest cage are the pumas, Zuni and Inca, gorgeous examples of the largest and most powerful American cat. Inca has spurned Zuni. "He just adores her," says Matola with compassion, and it's no trick to see why. Inca's buff-colored coat is soft and lush. She drums her leg contentedly while Zuni mopes 20 yards away. "Inca had this territory for eight years, and then all of a sudden this big bruiser arrives," explains Matola. "Even when she goes into heat she won't let him near her. When she's in heat, you can hear her growl at my house, a mile away."

But there is also romance at the Belize Zoo. For months in 1990, the country's five newspapers breathlessly updated the news that April, the tapir (Belize's beloved national mascot), was getting married to a tapir from the Los Angeles Zoo. "Every time I go into Belize City," Matola said then, "somebody asks me about April's boyfriend." (Alas, April was spurned at the altar; Matola decided the groom's bloodlines were not good enough.) Tapirs are 400- to 500-pound herbivores that have been around since dinosaur days. To everyone but a Belizean, they are remarkably ugly creatures, bulky, long-nosed relatives of the rhino and the horse. April is fairly typical as tapirs go—shy, gentle, willing to kiss a child and happiest when basking in a muddy pond. She was first discovered lying near the edge of a river, infested with screw worms and close to death. Matola took her in as a roommate, shared her bed with April and nursed her to health on a diet of high-vitamin banana shakes.

It has become a tradition that the last Saturday in April is April's birthday. Hordes of schoolchildren descend on the zoo, bringing April bananas and carrots as gifts. Matola always bakes a cake several feet high.

Near the snake cages, a deer walks by. One of the zoo's charms is that you might encounter a strolling deer or even Sally, the toothless mother crocodile who sometimes wanders out of her pond. For years, one of the zoo's deficiencies was space. Snakes, like the deadly fer-de-lance, lived in glass boxes that didn't even permit full extension. Hawks were housed in cramped aviaries. "I didn't like keeping them like that," says Matola. "But you can't learn about animals by looking at a photograph or a postcard."

Last Christmas, Matola opened the gates to the spacious, new 30-acre Belize Zoo and Tropical Education Center. Eight years of intensive fund-raising had yielded a $700,000 facility that displays the various topographies of the Belizean forest in microcosm. A brisk walk, if you will, through Belize. Based on a plan drawn up free of charge by a Seattle architecture firm, the new zoo maintains the intimacy of the old zoo—a rustic place with dusty paths, teetering structures and the occasional mango tree in bloom—while enabling people to see animals in their natural habitats: paca in river forest, pumas in pineland, jaguarundi at the forest edge. April now lives in a lagoon dug for free by British soldiers. The aviaries

are spacious, as are the reptile and butterfly houses. There are trees to climb, so people can look out at an ocelot at play in the brush or at the stunning rust-colored Mayan mountains beyond. The British soldiers also built limestone gravel walking paths, and at one edge of the zoo is a boardwalk, not yet completed, for birdwatching. The children's playground has swings and slides, and workers are constructing a huge climbing web on which a child can sense what it feels like to be a spider, and an enormous model of a flower through which kids can crawl. All of the zoo's electricity is solar-generated.

"When we began building, I was afraid we were removing the closeness between animals and people," Matola says. "We wanted to be homespun and unintimidating. As we progressed, I felt the new zoo enhances the beauty of the animals and gives them a better living environment without removing the closeness."

Matola is strolling through the Community Baboon Sanctuary at Bermudian Landing with her friend the sanctuary manager, Fallet Young. It's midafternoon, and Young, as usual, is commenting on everything he passes. He points to a cahune palm tree, prized for its delicious heart but most famous in Belize as a source of roofing material. "Poor man's zinc," Young calls the tree's long, thick leaves. "Only works when you cut them at the right time of year." Young gestures at one of the dirt mounds that litter the forest floor. "Red ants, man. They can rip your shin off." Matola, who towers over Young, is grinning. Just then a roar rolls over the treetops. Howler monkeys.

Belizeans are fond of confounding English semantics, which explains the presence of a baboon sanctuary in a country that has no baboons; all monkeys are referred to as baboons in Belize. The howlers by any name, though, would be difficult to mistake. A booming, tail-dangling mass of them is high up in a tree above somebody's pineapple orchard. Better than 90% of the farmers in the area have abided by their pledge not to touch the sections of their land that they donated to the monkeys. The Baboon Sanctuary represents considerable sacrifice on the part of these poor Belizeans. By giving up potential cane fields or pineapple orchards, they have assumed significant hardships.

Young and Matola watch the monkeys for a while and then walk back to his office. They are discussing a resort that has an obviously maltreated pet monkey. "Maybe I'll ban their guests from the zoo as long as they keep pet monkeys," she says. "If I'm going to stick to my principles, I may as well be a real bitch."

Early the next morning, Matola is in a speedboat bound for the Turneffe Islands. Belize has the world's second-largest barrier reef and a long strand of 450 mostly pristine islands—called cayes—some of which are bordered by mangrove swamps or by soft sand beaches. In the past few years foreign land developers have put up hotels and recreational facilities on some cayes at an alarming rate. The island of San Pedro, once a charming fishing village, is now also a tourist boomtown. Riding in the speedboat is the coastal zone management committee

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formed to protect the interests of the cayes. Ray Lightburn, cofounder of the committee with Matola, also functions as the developers' representative. "I'm a double agent," he says.

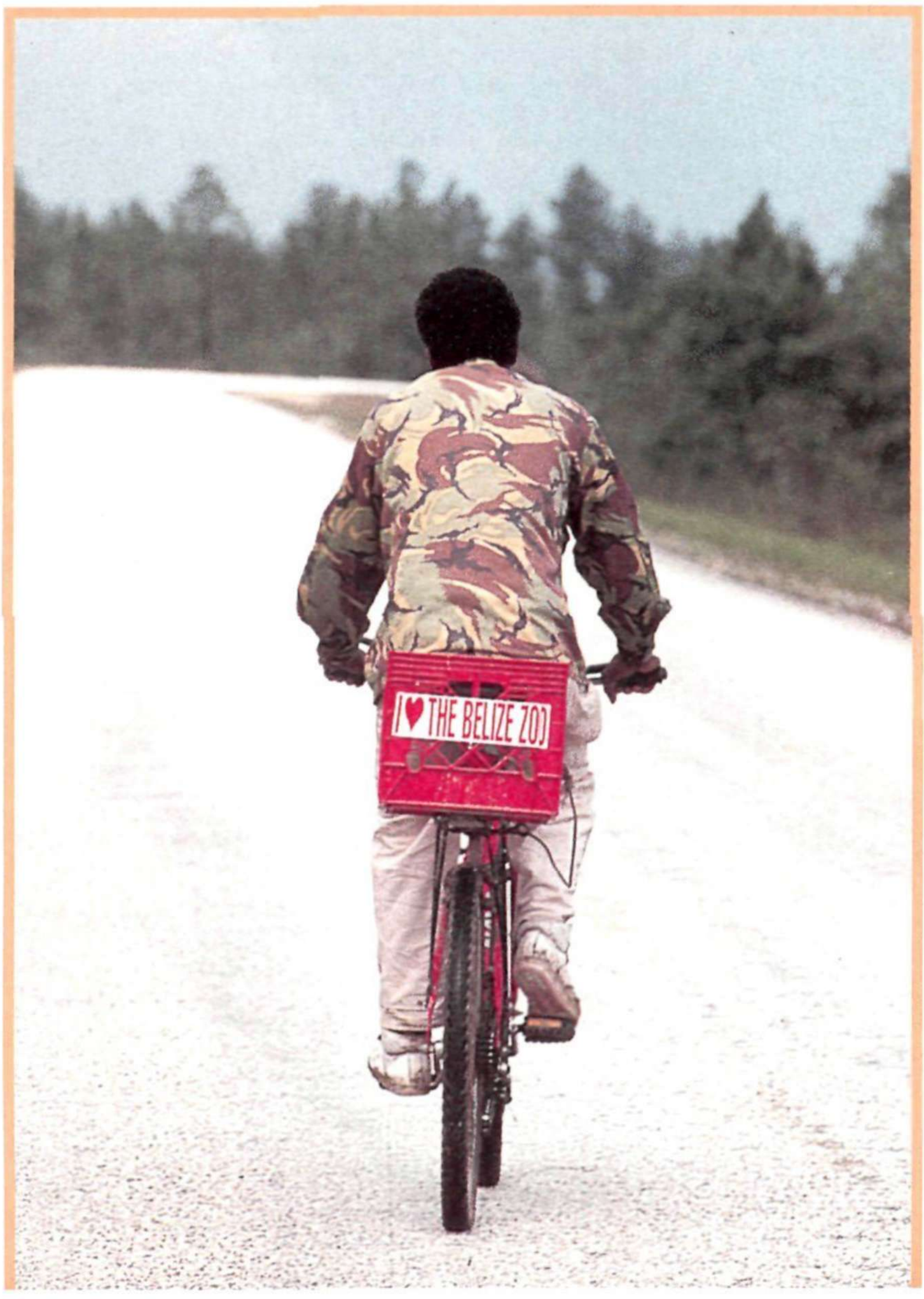
Matola and the boatful of men—boatbuilding, fisheries and fishermen's representatives, the government's environment minister, a Forestry Department representative—are laughing hard at Lightburn's stream of stories. In between bottles of Belikin, the committee makes a thorough assessment of the area.

"When you meet people like Sharon, you can't help believing," says Lightburn. "Belize still has a chance. That's why we do these inspections." He waves at the mangroves. "This is what Florida used to look like. We don't want to end up looking like the Everglades."

Twenty-four hours later, Matola has a dress on and her hair up, and she is en route to Belmopan to visit the man she describes as her hero. Florencio Marin was born in a rural village not far from Belize's border with Mexico. He had scant formal education and was a farmer until he was elected to the National Assembly in 1965. He has been in politics ever since. Today he is the deputy prime minister and the minister of natural resources.

Marin is a well-fed man whose face resembles Manuel Noriega's. He wears zippered boots and an untucked white shirt. "As a boy there was game meat in abundance in our community," he says, sitting in his office. "As I grew up, I found that the deer meat that was so common in my boyhood was now very scarce. All the forests had been turned into cane fields. This provoked my thinking as to the steps we must take to preserve the species we have." This isn't just political patter. A year ago, Marin was instrumental in facilitating the expansion of the Cockscomb Jaguar Preserve from 3,000 to 103,000 acres.

Coming or going, Belizeans make it clear how they feel about Matola's achievement.

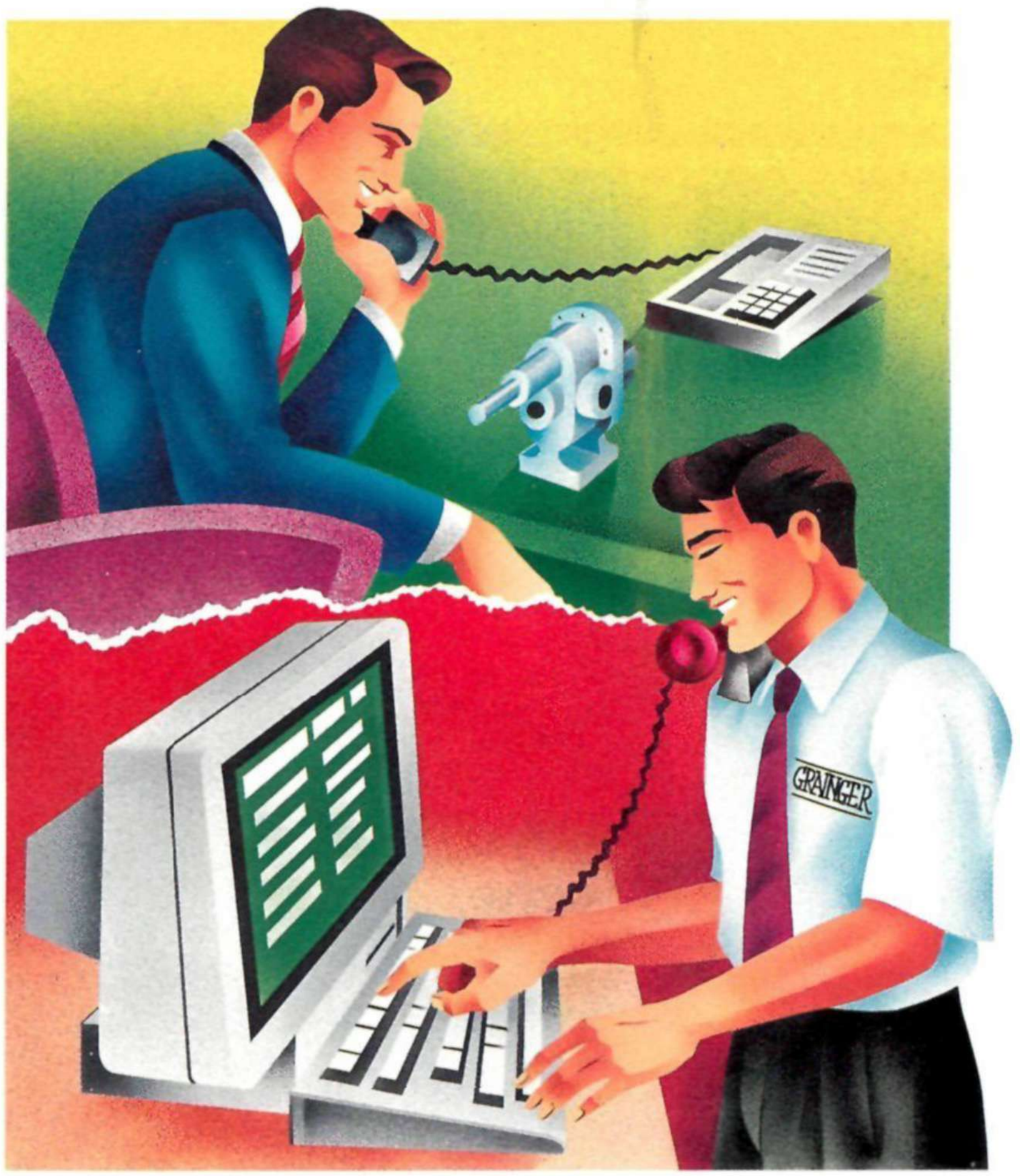


Cockscomb was the idea of Alan Rabinowitz, an American zoologist who spent years by himself deep in the Belizean jungles, charting the behavior of the jaguar for the New York Zoological Society. Rabinowitz's findings led to the establishment of Cockscomb, an important accomplishment but ultimately not a practical one, since jaguars require much more than 3,000 acres to rove. Matola and Rabinowitz became good friends during his time in Belize. After he left, Matola took part in a campaign to expand the sanctuary, mentioning it to government officials at every opportunity. She would sit outside Marin's office for hours to get in a three-minute conversation. Her break came when, at Matola's invitation, Kathryn Fuller of the World Wildlife Fund visited Belize. "With Sharon standing there, I asked Marin if he'd expand the sanctuary if [the WWF] funded it," says Fuller. "He said, 'Madame President, write me a letter and it is done.' I wrote him the next morning, and he did it."

Expanding Cockscomb required Marin to cancel two citrus-industry concessions. Marin's instincts outpace his scientific education, so he relies heavily on Matola's advice. On this day they discuss his plans to create a new forest biosphere reserve for World Environment Day. Then Matola gets up and hands Marin a chocolate bar she has bought for him. They beam at each other, and she leaves.

Matola keeps her personal life very private, so Belize is full of rumors about her relations with men. Regarding marriage, she says, "It's too late for that. I like my way of life a lot, and that would change it. Anybody can get married. Not everybody can have such an impact.

"I always feel good that I live here. I like being out in a jungle better than anything else. I didn't plan to become a citizen and stay here for the rest of my life, but I consider myself a conservationist in the most basic sense. If I were in Montana or Peru, I would be doing the same thing. I've loved animals since I was a child. So here I get to do what I love. It's a satisfying life for me. I've created a zoo." ■



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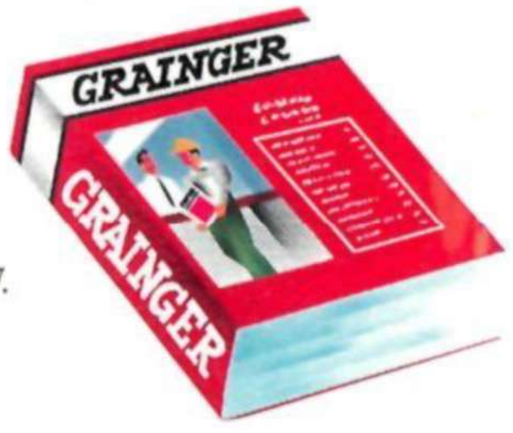

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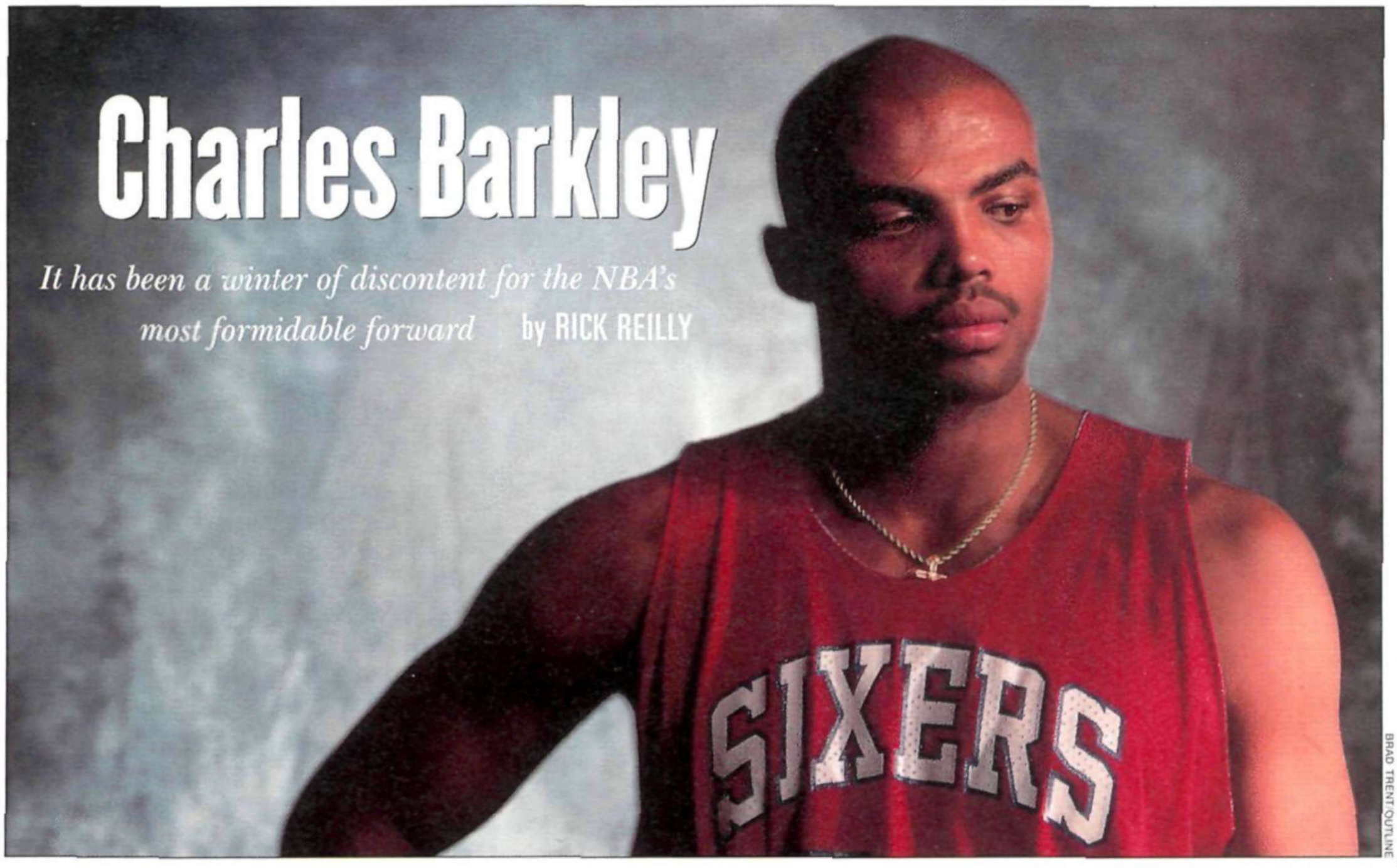
Charles Barkley

It has been a winter of discontent for the NBA's most formidable forward

by RICK REILLY

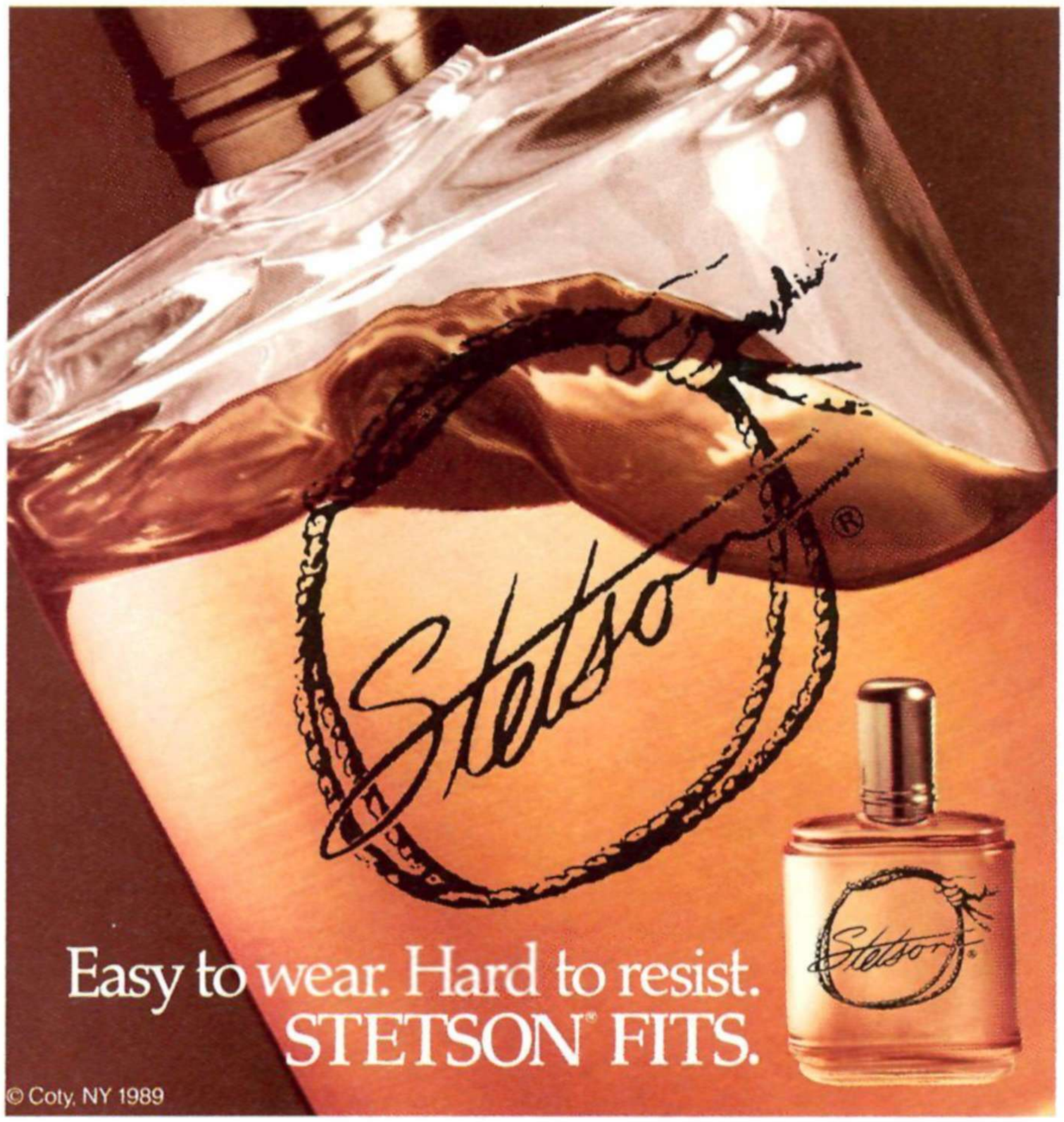


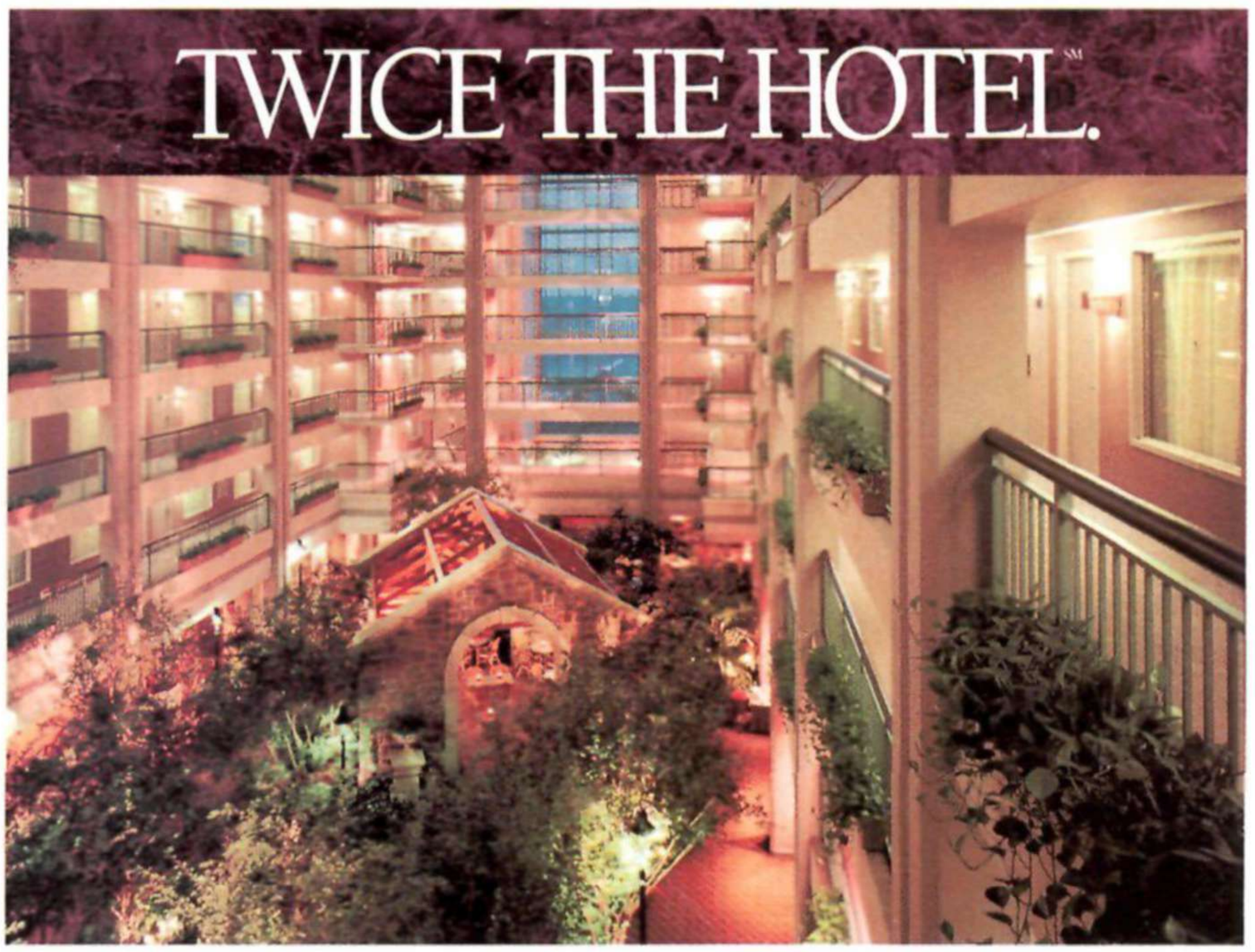
BRAD TRENT OUTLINE

NBA VICE-PRESIDENT Rod Thorn, the man who hands out fines and suspensions, was asked recently about Charles Barkley. "It's fair to say," Thorn said, "that when it comes to visits to my office, Charles is in a class by himself." ❊ This season Barkley is having a particularly rough time, and he is making life rough on others. At 2:30 on the morning of Dec. 22, he got into a fight outside a Milwaukee bar, breaking a heckler's nose with a punch. He spent four hours in jail and was charged with misdemeanor battery and disorderly conduct. He will answer those charges at a trial later this month. Verbally, Sir Charles has been just as rough and tumble. He has characterized Philadelphians as "racist" and teammates as "lazy." Last month Barkley suggested that his friend Magic Johnson shouldn't take part in the NBA All-Star Game. ❊ Barkley has always had opinions, though lately they seem to have hardened. While he remains one of the most quotable of athletes, in sound bites it's difficult to get a complete picture of the man.

Sports Illustrated: *What's bugging you?*
Charles Barkley: Nothing.
SI: *What was bugging you in Milwaukee? [The district attorney alleges that Barkley broke James R. McCarthy's nose after leaving Rosie's Waterworks and that when police intervened, Barkley was wielding a street sign above his head.]*
CB: The thing in Milwaukee was nothing I could avoid. The guy followed me for two blocks. And I avoided him for two blocks. But once he put his hands on me, he was going to get hit. He wanted to see how tough I was. It happens all the time.
SI: *Where were you walking?*
CB: To the car. He was about 30 yards behind me. I could hear somebody screaming my name. But then, before I knew it, he was up on me. There were three guys. It was a little scary for a while.
SI: *Did you hit him hard?*
CB: He couldn't take a punch, *and* he was a bleeder [laughs]. I hit him one time with my left hand, and he went down, bleeding. Broke my hand, too.
SI: *You broke your hand?*
CB: Yeah. This little bone right here. [He points at his left hand.]
SI: *And you've been playing anyway?*

CB: The Sixers wouldn't pay me [if I sat out], so I played.
SI: *So, how was jail?*
CB: The cell was too small. I couldn't even move around. My advice to anyone over six feet tall is not to commit any crimes.
SI: *On the road you're abused by fans more than just about anybody in the league. Why is that?*
CB: Well, I'm a pain in the ass sometimes, but I feel if people take the time to come up and talk to me . . . I mean, I've been around athletes who are mean to people, and it's not a pretty picture.
SI: *Like whom?*
CB: Moses [Malone] is tough on fans. Manute [Bol].
SI: *What kind of heckling do you hear?*
CB: Well, I don't mind just heckles. But I go crazy if I hear racial slurs. Or when they get personal on my family.
SI: *Is that why you hit the guy during that game in Indianapolis a couple years ago?*
CB: He was just harassing my teammates, and I went to defend one of them. It was wrong, but you know, it gets tough sometimes to control yourself.
SI: *How about the guy in New Jersey. What did he say that upset you? [Barkley spit at this fan during a game on March 26, 1991, and hit the little girl in front of him instead. The league suspended him for one game and fined him $10,000.]*
CB: He was just on me the whole game. It was stupid because I didn't even mean to spit on anybody. On replays I did spit downward, but you would never really know what happened. In my rage of trying to spit down, I guess it flew everywhere. That's what really hurt me the most about that. That was a good experience for me, though.
SI: *How so?*
CB: That made me realize that you can't let anybody get you so mad that you could make a tragic mistake, so mad that you would beat your child or hit a woman or go out and kill somebody in a fit of rage. You need to sit back and look at yourself if you're that kind of person.
SI: *And yet you carry a semiautomatic gun in your car. Don't you think that puts you in a dangerous position?*
CB: No, I've had it for eight years, and I've never done anything. Only time I ever got in trouble for it was this policewoman searching my car for drugs. I mean, people —— with me all the time.





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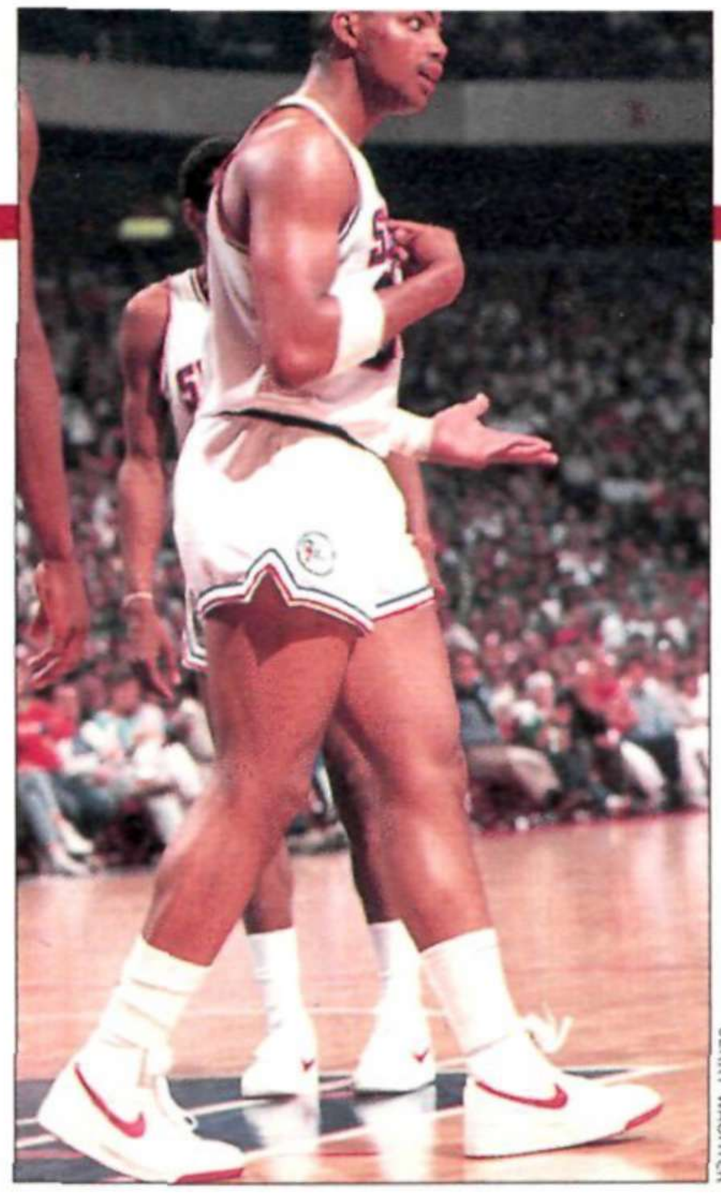

JERRY WACHTER

Barkley has always been one to speak his mind.

SI: *But why a semiautomatic?*

CB: Well, it's not against the law. I shouldn't carry a semiautomatic. I mean I can't explain why. It's just that I like that type of gun.

SI: *Could you pull the trigger on somebody?*

CB: If somebody tried to hurt somebody in my family, I could.

SI: *Isn't it true that your wife has been harassed because of your interracial marriage? Didn't somebody spit on her once?*

CB: Yeah. And afterward he said, "How do you like it?" And called her an "N lover." See, that's why I need my gun.

SI: *Are you saying you might have killed that person if you were there?*

CB: I would have kicked the —— out of the guy. But people don't do —— like that when I'm around. Only when I'm not. Like my wife and I were traveling together one day, and we had to leave each other. Two little kids saw us hugging, saying goodbye, and this little kid came up to her later and said, "I saw you hug Charles Barkley. Do you know him?" And she said, "Yeah, he's my husband." And the little kid says, "He can't be your husband. He's black." And my wife explained to the kid that it doesn't matter. All of a sudden my wife hears: "I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't teach my son any bad habits."

SI: *Amazing.*

Now, what about the guy in Chicago earlier this season? [On Jan. 15, Barkley was in a Chicago bar when teammate Jayson Williams broke a beer mug over a patron's head. No charges were ever filed against Williams or Barkley.]

CB: I had nothing to do with that. The media threw my name in for no reason. See, I haven't been talking to them all year. I think they want me out of town.

SI: *The rumor is that you want yourself out of town.*

CB: No. I want to stay here. I'm a man. I'm not a boy. I don't want to pick up my bat and ball and go home just 'cause we're not winning. I don't want to bail out on the rest of the guys.

SI: *But aren't these the guys you called lazy?*

CB: Well, I was just saying our team has got to be professional. If you're not professional, then you're lazy on the job. Some guys didn't know the plays, and they weren't working hard. I told them: I don't care if we win or lose, just as long as we work hard. They owe me that and the other guys that.

SI: *Are your feelings hurt when you hear the Sixers are considering trading you?*

CB: It disappoints me that they would trade me. People know I'm not the problem. Why is it always the guy who plays well who gets blamed for not winning?

SI: *Well, it's not your play that makes them want to trade you, it's your personality.*

CB: No, I don't think so. They're between a rock and a hard place as far as the team is concerned. Do we trade Charles and rebuild? Or do we try to make it work?

SI: *Have you ever tried to leave the Sixers?*

CB: I've come close. I came close a lot of times to saying "I want out." I think the Sixers are a very difficult organization. They don't treat the people in the front office—the secretaries and the people—with respect. I'll give you an example. This year they have taken [back] the team chaplain's tickets, the doctor's tickets, the head security guard's tickets and the assistant equipment manager's tickets. That's just terrible.

The Sixers are gutless. For example, we can't have beer in the locker rooms. I can't have a beer after I run up and down the court for two hours, but they're going to serve it to the guy who's got a wife and two kids to drive home. That is so gutless. They're only concerned about making money.

SI: *How do you get along with [team owner Harold] Katz?*

CB: He treats me decent. Not great. He does things I don't like. I don't like the way he treated Rick [Mahorn]. They left a message on his machine to call the Sixers [last year]. He called and they said, "Rick, we're going to release you." Hey, they can come to his house or he can come there, and they can tell him person-to-person. Rick was devastated. And then the thing with Maurice Cheeks. A TV guy says to Maurice, "Well, how do you feel about the trade?" and Maurice says, "What trade?" The guy says, "You've been traded to New York." And the tears came to his eyes. I'll never forget that. It burns my heart every day. Here he was, one of the best point guards in basketball for 10 years, and they treat him like that. That's ridiculous.

SI: *Isn't it true that at the end of his career, the Sixers wanted to trade Dr. J to Utah?*

CB: They wanted to. They didn't want to pay him, actually. And everybody wonders why nobody ever wants to hang around the Sixers' organization.

SI: *If they're going to treat Dr. J like that, do you think they'll treat you like that?*

CB: You expect them to.

SI: *Pretend you've been the Sixers' general manager throughout history. How do you alter the history of the team?*

CB: The Moses Malone deal [Malone, Terry Catledge and two No. 1 drafts picks were dealt in 1986 to Washington for Cliff Robinson and Jeff Ruland, who played a total of five games and then sat out five years with knee injuries]. We still haven't found a center.

SI: *What about your current center, Charles Shackleford?*

CB: I don't think he can play center. I don't think he's big enough.

SI: *What do you think of Armon Gilliam?*

CB: He's a good player. He's a good person. He just frustrates me sometimes. I want to know why he's not consistent. This game is about consistency. One thing I'm proud of, I've been consistent for seven years. I think to be good in this league, you got to do it every single night.

SI: *You're notoriously tough on teammates. Would you want to be your teammate?*

CB: Well, I don't curse them out after the first mistake. Second mistake I might let go. Once they go to three and four, and I don't think they're playing hard—hey, we have an obligation to each other.

SI: *Is that why you pointed at Mike Gminski one night earlier this season and motioned him to the bench?*

CB: He wasn't playing well.

SI: *But you're not the coach.*

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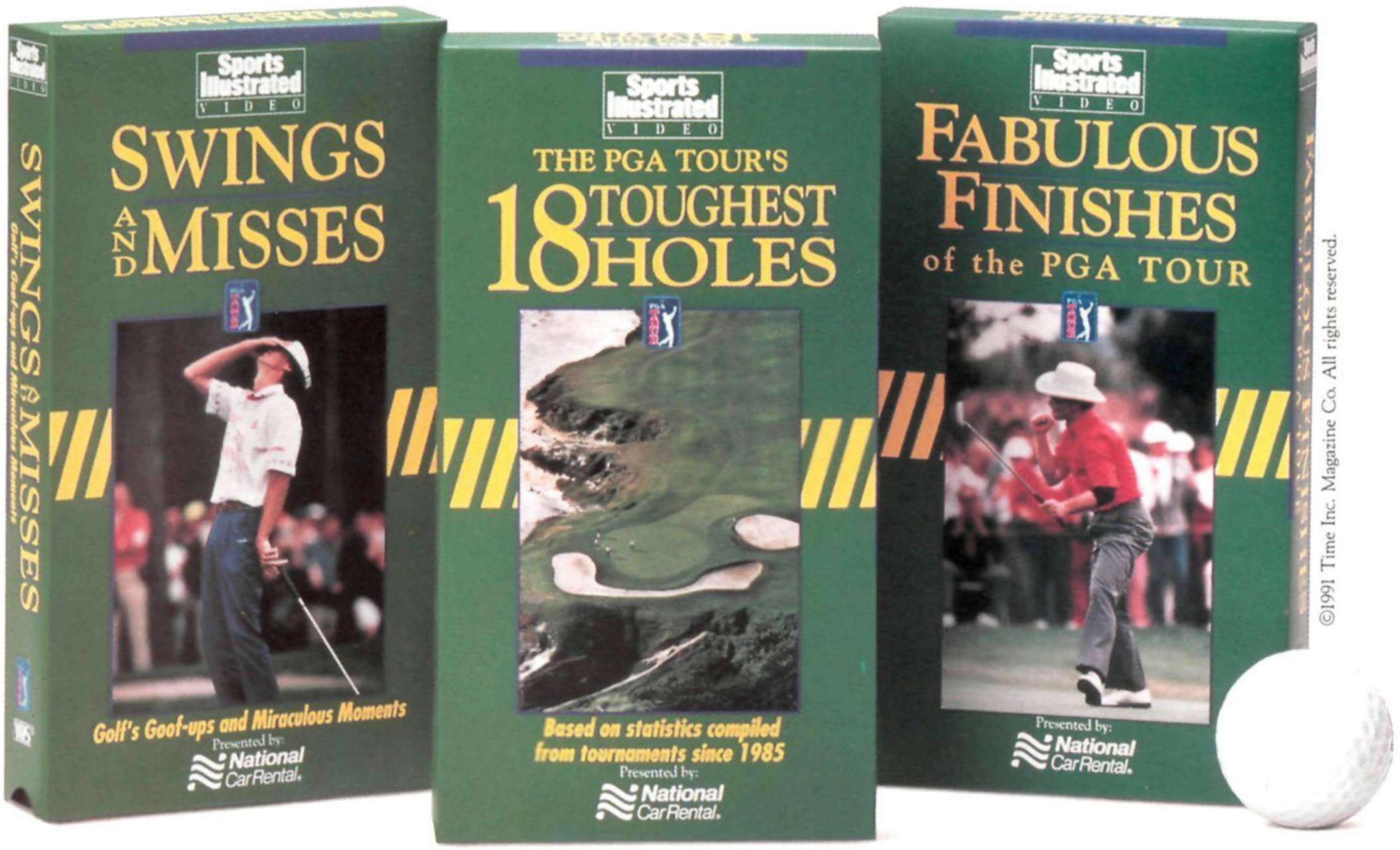

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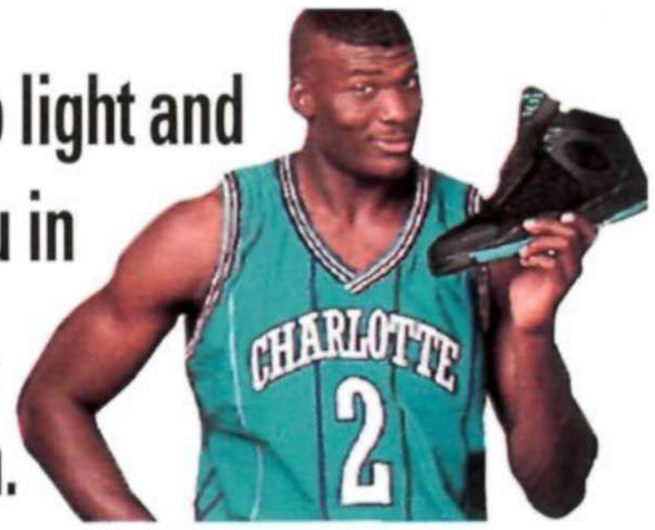

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CB: Yeah, but if he's not playing well, it'll reflect on my team. He came to my defense. He admitted he was playing horrible.

SI: *Whom will you yell at in the Olympics?*

CB: You don't have to yell at superstars.

SI: *Speaking of the Olympics, what did you think of Bill Laimbeer's threats of a lawsuit against the U.S. Olympic Committee because he didn't get a tryout?*

CB: He wouldn't have got on that team.

SI: *We heard a rumor that you like Laimbeer.*

CB: Well, I like him. I enjoyed making a movie [*Hot Shots*] with him. I don't like some of the things he does on the court. I think he's literally tried to hurt people. I mean, I'm all for physical intimidation, but he does so much stuff on the court that's mean. You can grab somebody and stop them from making the shot without trying to put him through the floor.

SI: *Back to the Olympics. It's ironic: The time you did try out for the team—1984—you didn't make it, and now, when you didn't try out, you made it.*

CB: Well, in '84, I didn't really want to make it. I just wanted to move up in the draft.

SI: *So why do you want to play in the Olympics now?*

CB: This is different. How often do you get the chance to make history? I mean, I want to be on the greatest team ever assembled. They've had a million Olympic teams, but there's only been one of these.

SI: *One of your teammates in Barcelona will be Magic Johnson. He recently told us that he was going to advise you to slow down and enjoy life a little. Did he?*

CB: Yeah, he and Michael [Jordan] both told me. I told Magic, "You're right. I should have fun. But it's very difficult when you're five games below .500." It's frustrating when you're losing. Those guys are my friends, but they play with great teams year after year. They can't stand in my shoes.

SI: *Speaking of Magic, do you stand by your statement that he shouldn't have played in the All-Star Game because he'd be taking away attention from—*

CB: No, that's not what I said. I said that as a friend of Magic, I feel bad about what some Lakers—A.C. Green, Byron Scott—said about him [that he shouldn't play]. And some of the media were killing him. As a friend I said I was going to call him and say, "Maybe you should stay home because you don't need all this abuse." The "attention" thing was two different conversations. The guy [interviewing me] has been telling people I didn't say anything detrimental about Magic.

SI: *How did the news about him hit you?*

CB: Like a ton of bricks. It was a frightening thing. It was the most stunning news I think I've ever heard.

SI: *Have you been tested?*

CB: Yes. I passed.

SI: *Were you scared?*

CB: No, because *I am not afraid to die*. I have accomplished everything I want to accomplish in my life. My only goal in life was to make sure my family has a great life. I have accomplished that.

SI: *Let's go on to a few other things. First: How do you get misquoted in your own book? [When Barkley's autobiography,* Outrageous, *was published in January, Barkley said his co-author, SI senior editor Roy S. Johnson, had misinterpreted certain things—all of which, as it happened, were controversial and got Barkley in trouble with his team's management.]*

CB: That was my fault. I should have read it before it came out.

SI: *O.K., now, this may be strange, but would you mind ranking your body parts?*

CB: Well, number one has to be my legs. I've got supreme confidence in my legs. I'll put my legs up against anybody's. Two would be my mind. I know how to play the game. You can't fool me. I might make a mistake, but I know what it takes to be successful, and I know who can play and who can't.

That's about the only parts that work. I'm serious. I got bad ankles, bad knees, bad back, bad shoulders. Other than that, I'm fine.

SI: *There's probably not another head like yours in the universe. Could you describe it?*

CB: Well, I'm a man who keeps his hair cut low because he's going bald, number one. And number two, he hates to comb it. I just woke up one morning and I saw my hair wasn't growing at the top, and I said, "I don't want to grow up bald." So I shaved it.

SI: *Who shaved first, you or Jordan?*

CB: I think I started first.

SI: *We presume Michael is represented in your autograph collection. Whose autographs do you have so far?*

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CB: Anyone more famous than me. Brett Hull. I've got Wayne Gretzky's hockey stick. Ron Hextall gave me a puck. Dr. J's shoes. Richie Allen's bat. Magic Johnson's jersey. Larry Bird's jersey.

SI: *What's it like to walk up to Larry Bird after you've been beating on him all night and ask for his autograph?*

CB: Well, I just tell him I respect him a lot. You can't get good in basketball unless you work your ass off, so I feel like I have something in common with these guys.

SI: *A number of them—Gretzky, Magic, Bird—have won championships. Right now it looks like you will never win an NBA championship. How does that feel?*

CB: It hurts. For me, it's a burden with God. He has blessed me so much. If I got a ring, it would make me feel like I've used everything he has given to me.

SI: *Let's say you've got winners at the playground, and you get to pick four guys in the history of the NBA to be on your team. What players do you pick to keep the court?*

CB: Well, Maurice Cheeks is going to be my point. Then it's a toss-up between Jordan and Andrew Toney at off guard.

SI: *They're just sitting there. Got to pick one.*

CB: I'd take Andrew. Andrew Toney was the best I played with. He was so good sometimes it was frightening. My center would be Moses Malone. The most tenacious rebounder ever. In his prime he was the best rebounder that ever lived. And my power forward would be Kevin McHale. Best player I've ever played against. No question. Unstoppable.

SI: *If you could steal a part of Bird's game, what would it be?*

CB: I already took a part of Bird's game—mental toughness. I learned from him how to play hard every night.

SI: *Magic's old game?*

CB: Ability to see the floor.

SI: *Kevin Johnson's?*

CB: Kevin Johnson, I thought, was the best point guard in the league two years ago, but he didn't fulfill that. Now I think Tim Hardaway is the best point guard in the league.

SI: *Jordan's?*

CB: His championship ring.

SI: *Try this one. What do you secretly crave?*

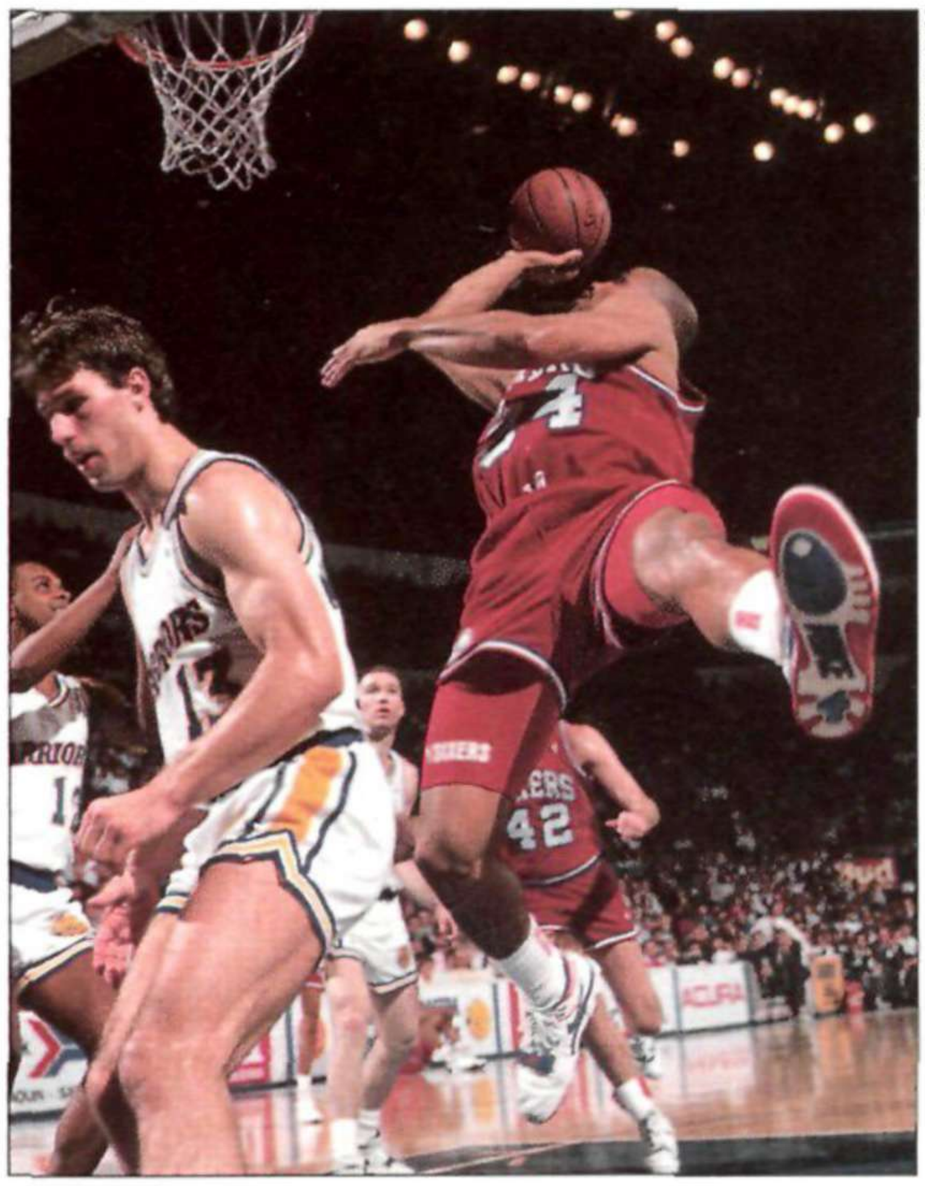
CB: Chocolate chip ice cream .

SI: *Seriously.*

CB: Oh. Well, to learn to play the piano, to take karate and to learn a foreign language. Oh, and try out for the [Philadelphia] Eagles one year. If my shoulder didn't hurt so bad, I'd do it.

SI: *We've heard you're impeccably neat. Could you give us a tour of your closet?*

CB: Everything has got to be perfect. Every shoe matches perfect. I've got a little spot in the corner for my tennis shoes. I've got about 20 pair of them stacked *neatly* on top of each other. The shirts are in their little section, all facing the same way.



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

Barkley says the thrust in his legs keeps him at the top.

People think I'm strange, but I think it's normal to be clean. I mean, like I get on the guys' cases. They'll take tape off in the locker room and just drop it. I say, "Is it really going to be that difficult to take two seconds out of your life to walk up to the trash can and drop it in there?"

SI: *You're the kind of person who revacuums a room because they didn't get the lines exactly right, aren't you?*

CB: Yeah. You've got to have the lines going the same direction.

SI: *Please don't demonstrate, but do the head butts you do with teammates hurt?*

CB: No, but a couple of kids' parents called and said we should stop doing them because their kids got hurt doing it.

SI: *Did you?*

CB: Nah.

SI: *Speaking of childhood, did you ever steal as a kid?*

CB: That's when I actually got started playing basketball, because I had started the stealing. We weren't stealing anything big. We were about 15, just stealing stuff to have something to do. We were going into stores and stealing ink pens. One day I stole about 100 pens for no reason whatsoever. We just had a contest, who could steal the most pens. Then we stole cakes. We noticed every Sunday night that this big delivery truck would deliver all the cakes for the week to the supermarkets. We could have any kind of cake we wanted. Like a big, seven-foot-tall cake. One night the police chased us and almost killed us. We ran into these woods. A cop said "freeze," but we didn't freeze. We just started crawling on our hands and knees through the woods. I crawled like 200 yards that night, on my hands and knees. And I ran into a damn tree. It gave me a big knot across my forehead. That's when I said, "Hold it. There's got to be a better way." That's when I started playing basketball.

SI: *Did you try drugs?*

CB: I smoked pot a couple times. I didn't like it. Every time I tried to keep it in, I'd choke. I'm scared to try cocaine.

SI: *Is that because your brother Darryl suffered a stroke because of coke?*

CB: Yeah. He's clean now, but he messed up his life with that stroke. I'm proud of him, though, because he's made a miraculous comeback.

SI: *What caused the stroke exactly?*

CB: Well, he had a thyroid problem, but obviously if he hadn't been doing drugs, he maybe wouldn't have had the stroke.

SI: *How has it affected him?*

CB: He'll never be 100 percent again. He's not as quick and mobile as he used to be, both in his speech and physically. He can't move his hand too good.

SI: *What's he doing now?*

CB: Nothing. I think he works for me doing nothing. Best job in the world.

SI: *How do we get that job?*

CB: Sorry. Got to be family. ■

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BY KARL TREUTLER

At right, the new Audi 100CS.

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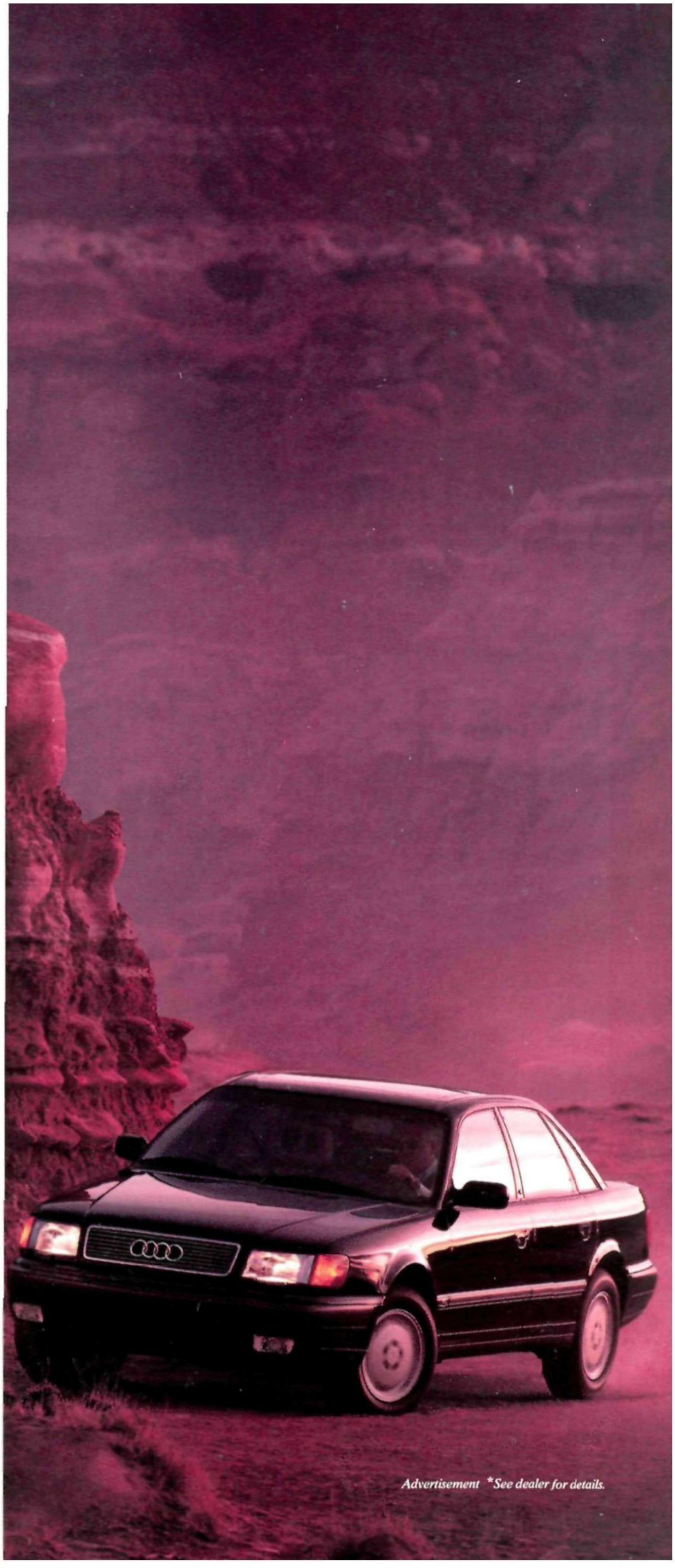

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Doc Sandoval Aims for Barcelona

Marathoner Anthony Sandoval, now a cardiologist and the father of five, is trying for the Olympics one more time | by KEN McALPINE

PRESILIANO SANDOVAL SMILES. HE IS 67 years old and he is remembering.

"When Anthony was little, maybe six or eight, we used to split wood with a wedge," he says. "We would go on cold winter mornings together into the mountains, bundle ourselves up, cover our ears, wear good gloves and proper shoes. We'd split wood and sometimes the snow would be falling."

Presiliano goes on to describe how the splitting of the frozen piñon would resound like a rifle pop through the mountains; how father, with his big sledgehammer and wedge, and son, with his smaller version of each, worked side by side in the high country above Truchas, N.Mex.; how the boy never complained and never quit; and how he would often shoulder his small hammer and wedge and go into the mountains alone to split wood.

"Some of the other boys, on the cold mornings they would fuss," says Presiliano, laughing. "But Anthony was always willing to go. He was always willing to work."

Anthony Sandoval can't bring a smile to everyone. This November morning Sandoval, now a cardiologist at Presbyterian Hospital in Albuquerque, is making rounds. He walks into the room of a young woman. She is so thin. Dark circles ring her eyes. She is lying in a bed and looking out the window. She doesn't turn her head when Sandoval enters. Her husband sits on the edge of a chair. In the five minutes Sandoval spends in the room, the husband never stops wringing his hands.

Sandoval walks to the woman's bedside. He talks to her quietly, then asks for a smile. She continues to stare out the window.

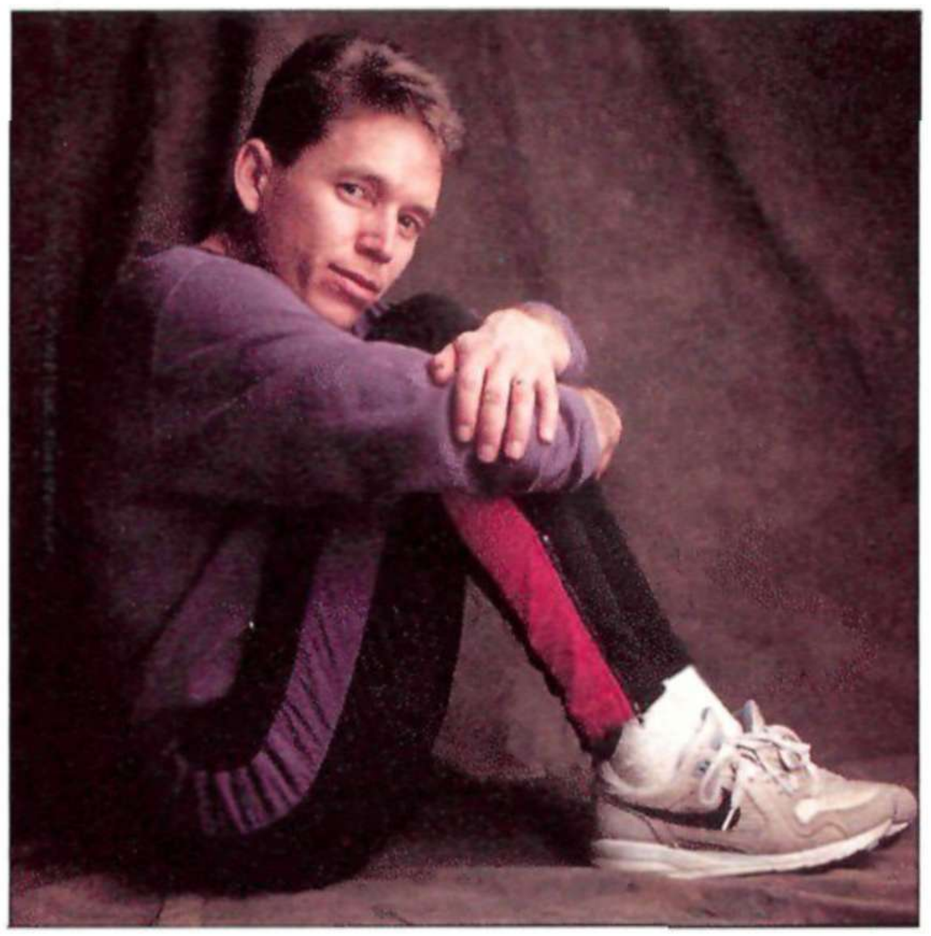
"No smiles today," says Sandoval softly. "That's O.K."

The woman turns away from the window and looks at him.

"Not yet," she says.

Sandoval nods and leaves the room. Born with a congenital heart defect, the woman will die. She has been told. She will leave behind her handwringing husband and two infants.

"You gently try to work them through a little bit of information, a little bit of implication," says Sandoval, standing for a moment in the hallway. "It is never easy. The ones who die make a big impression on you."



Denied by the '80 boycott, Sandoval knows this is his last shot.

Twelve years ago Sandoval was the fastest marathoner in the U.S., quite possibly the fastest in the world. On May 24, 1980, five days after his 26th birthday, Sandoval ran to a 2:10:19 win at the Olympic marathon trials in Buffalo. Unfortunately, three months earlier President Jimmy Carter, protesting the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan, announced that the U.S. would boycott the Moscow Games. East Germany's Waldemar Cierpinski won the Olympic gold in 2:11:03.

A decade passed, and Sandoval became a cardiologist and the father of five.

Next month, at the Olympic marathon trials on April 11 in Columbus, Ohio, Sandoval will try to make the team again. He will be 37. One final time he will chase the dream that has eluded him for 16 years, ever since he missed an Olympic berth by one place at the 1976 trials.

Dramatic stuff, but irrelevant here. Hospital hallways are not places for reflection. Contemplating your navel here will get you trampled. Sandoval bustles off. For the next eight hours he will examine patients, wade through voluminous files, make notes that will create more voluminous files, and have a pleasant word for everyone. He will sit three times, yawn once and pick at a piece of greasy chicken and call it lunch. Sandoval doesn't practice medicine so much as he is swept up by it. Some of the other cardiologists move about with studied importance. At 5′ 8″ and 120 pounds, the smooth-faced Sandoval looks as if he had come to the door selling magazines and got pressed into service because the hospital was shorthanded. There is play in his manner. You half expect him to motion you close, then squirt you in the eye with the jaunty red-and-blue bow tie he's sporting.

He examines a perky, elderly woman recovering from heart surgery. She plops herself up on the examining table and immediately goes on the offensive. At her last visit to the hospital, she tells Sandoval, the nurses were wearing so much perfume she spent most of her time vomiting.

Sandoval won't be thrown by this tack.

"Have you been walking?" he asks politely.

Well, a little, she says, but she doesn't think it's fair that she has to do all this work while her neighbor smokes, eats

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anything he wants, does next to nothing for exercise and has no problems at all.

Sandoval smiles.

"Well, you just have to do the right things for yourself and ride things out."

That is precisely why Sandoval is making another Olympic bid. He was fourth at the 1976 trials, first in the '80 trials and sixth at the trials in '84. In 1988, deep into his medical career and woefully unprepared, he ran 2:22:37 and finished back in the anonymous pack. That halfhearted effort, and the niggling near misses preceding it, couldn't be ignored. Before he crossed the finish line, Sandoval's wife, Mary, knew what was coming.

"*I fully expected him to try again,*" says Mary. "Anthony can't do any job, even the most mundane thing, without finishing it and finishing it right."

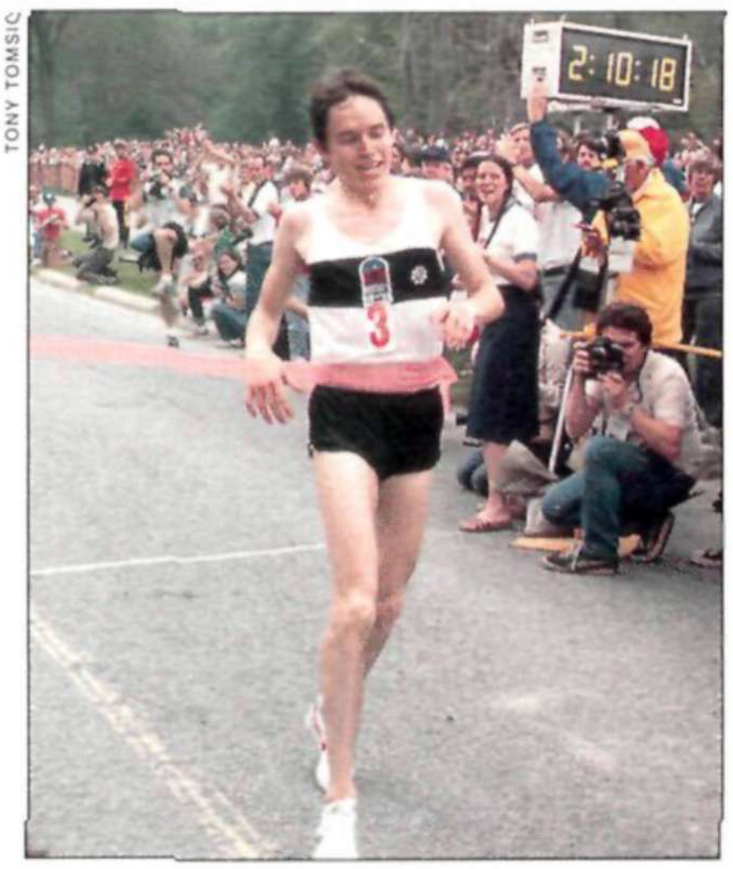
The Sandovals made two decisions. The '92 effort would be as focused as possible. It would have to be.

"Back in 1980 we were a lot younger," says Mary. "The future was still coming." She shakes her head and laughs. "This is it. We cannot do this again."

And so, last June, Sandoval pared back his cardiology schedule and moved Mary and their five children from Albuquerque to Los Alamos, N.Mex. He makes the 93-mile trip to Albuquerque by car two days a week and spends the rest of his time in Los Alamos, a town of 18,500 that was the site of the development of the first atomic bomb. The town rests on mesas at 7,200 feet. The Jemez Mountains, which flank the west side of town, jut up to 11,254 feet. The mountains are laced with rugged trails. The air is thin. Drawing a breath on the run is like sucking taffy through a straw. It is a wonderful place to train for the marathon.

Happy coincidence, because this fact had little to do with the Sandovals' coming here. This is home. Mary grew up in Los Alamos. Anthony went to high school here. To the east of the mesas, across the washed flatlands of the Rio Grande Valley, are the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Within their

TONY TOMSIC



Good time, bad timing: Sandoval won the 1980 trials but couldn't go to Moscow.

folds is Truchas, Anthony's father and the family farm. Anthony refers to it as "the place"—where he grew up; where he and his five siblings split piñon on brittle winter mornings; where they walked the summer mountains tending cattle and pitched hay well past dusk, banging their heads on the barn rafters in the half-light. It was also home to a lively, and one-sided, porcine rodeo, the little Sandovals hitching up their britches and straddling the family pigs for the ride of their lives. "We'd hold on to their ears while they'd run squealing in and out of the trees trying to scrape us off," says Anthony, grinning. "The pigs always won." For Anthony, Truchas is the center of the universe.

"For generations and generations both Mom's and Dad's families were from Truchas or the surrounding little communities," says Sandoval. "They grew up working hard and they died working hard and they believed real hard. That's very important to me. That's one of the things that makes me struggle so much."

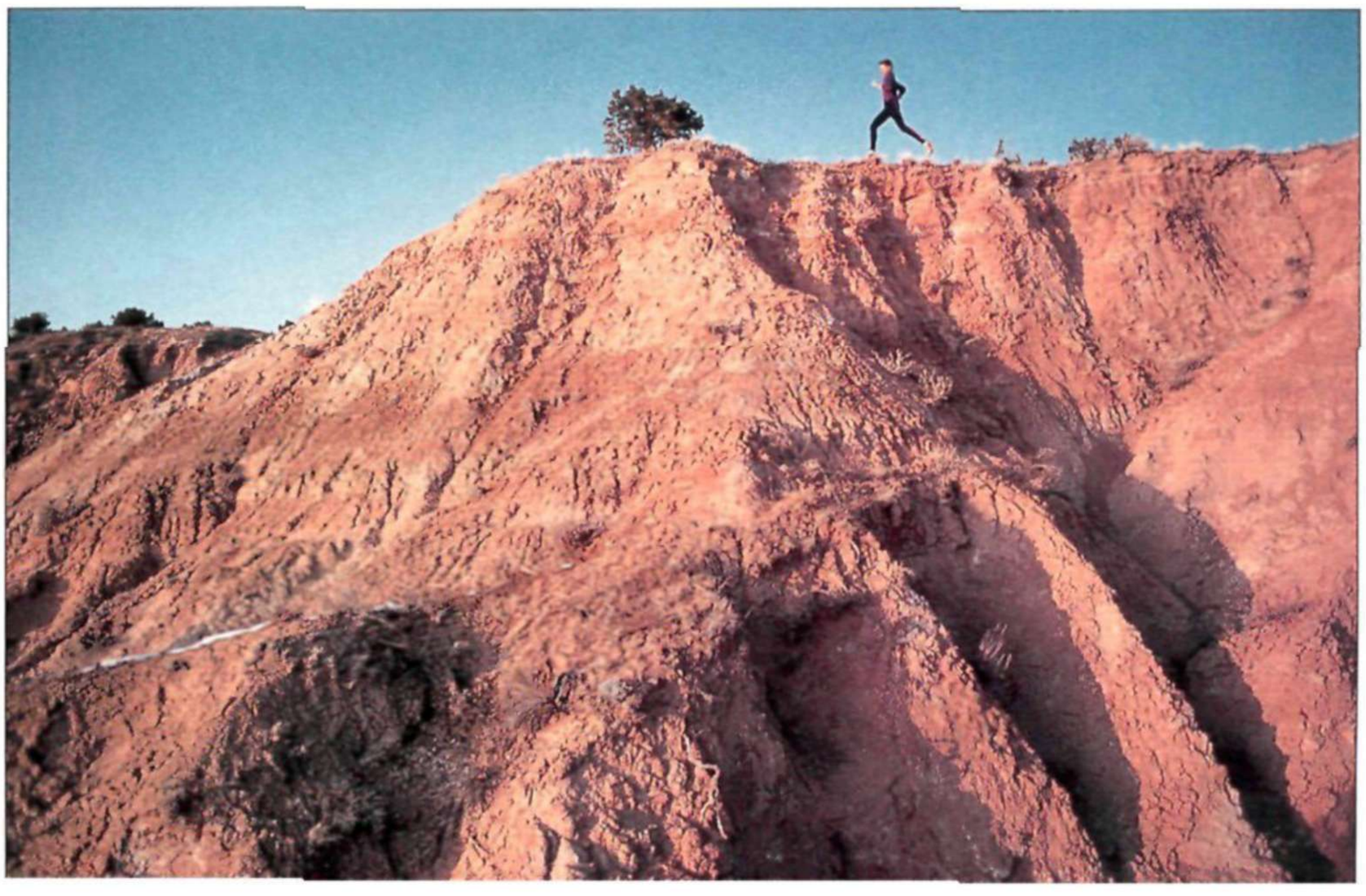
Truchas also instilled a firm sense of priorities. Sandoval has struggled mightily in both medicine and running, but never at the expense of what really matters.

Dinnertime at the Anthony Sandovals'. The assembled energy rivals anything Robert Oppenheimer ever cooked up. Strung out around a repast of homemade enchiladas are Magdalena, 10; Miguel, 7; Marisa, 5; Analisa, 3; and Benigno, *8 months. Blue eyes and blond heads fill* the room. Sandoval, who is brown-haired, is of Spanish and Native American descent. He may have the recessive gene, but he also has the last word. "My blue-eyed *gringitos*," he calls them.

Analisa, an energetic sprite who will shed her clothes at a moment's notice, bobs dangerously close to her water glass. Sensing a need for distraction, Sandoval asks her to say the dinner prayer. Everyone joins hands. Analisa gathers herself and blurts out everything she is thankful for, namely the family rabbits and the fact that the community pool is open this Saturday.

Prone to deeper reflection, her daddy sees his comeback effort as a chance to impart a valuable lesson to his children.

"What really is number one in our lives is our family," he says. "A big reason for doing this, going back to hard training and focused effort, is to have the kids experience someone close to them making a



Sandoval is training on the mesas near Truchas, where he grew up.

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DRINK SAFELY

plan and working hard and diligently at it. I want them to know that you just don't go out and have great success. You have to do your homework before that."

Sandoval has had to bone up in a hurry. Until he started training in earnest last summer, he hadn't done any serious running since 1984. He started his training by running 30 miles a week. Madonna runs more than that. She also has more company. *Before the '80 trials Sandoval* trained in Los Alamos with Jeff Wells, John Lodwick, Kevin McCarey and Lionel Ortega, all members then of the elite Athletics West running club. This time around, Sandoval runs alone or with the "Varmints," a merry band of local runners whose enthusiasm is no match for Sandoval's leg speed. "They are wonderful," says Sandoval, after leading the Varmints through a noon session of half-mile repeats on the track. The Varmints would respond in kind if they weren't busily sucking air from between their knees.

Before the track workout Sandoval spends an hour explaining the wonders of the digestive system to Miguel's second-grade class at Mountain Elementary School. To impress upon his charges the scope of the intestine, Sandoval tells how he and his father once removed the intestines of a butchered cow and stretched them to their full length. "We walked, and we walked, and we walked until we were across the field, practically," says Sandoval, his eyes wide. This causes a minor uproar.

Steve Spence, whose 2:12:17 best makes him one of the favorites in Columbus, is polite about Sandoval's hopes. "Chances are, at 20 miles there will be some surprises up there," says Spence, who was 14 when Sandoval ran in the '76 trials. "If I were to see him still up there at 20 miles, I would consider that a surprise. I wouldn't rule it out, but I don't expect it, either."

Those who know Sandoval well aren't so sure. They cite his drive *and talent. They cite the mara*thon's vagaries and the power of a 16-year dream. They cite precedent: Portugal's Carlos Lopes was 37 when he won the 1984 Olympic marathon. They pause. They cough. They begin to gush. Among his friends Sandoval inspires a devotion that gives their objectivity two tads of taint.

At the hospital, he displays patience and understanding.

"Anthony is a rare individual, extremely gifted both physically and intellectually," says former teammate Wells. "If that weren't enough, he's also a super guy. He may not have a recent track record, but I still think he'll be the most gifted athlete at the trials. It would not surprise me at all if he made the team."

Wells majors in faith: He is now a pastor in The Woodlands, a Houston suburb. But others also give Sandoval a chance.

"The odds are against him, but he has a shot," says Marshall Clark, who coached Sandoval at Stanford University in the mid-'70s. "It's been a long time since he's competed, and I worry about that. Still, we're talking about a very exceptional person who knows this is his last chance." Clark hangs on valiantly, then his last shred of objectivity dissolves. "God," he says. "Wouldn't it be a fairy-tale ending if he pulled this off?"

Sandoval has no idea how he will fare at the trials. He hasn't run a marathon of distinction since he clocked 2:12:42 at the 1984 trials. He has run only one marathon since 1988, a desultory 2:23 at last October's Twin Cities Marathon. Still, Sandoval is characteristically upbeat. His years of sporadic training, he says, have kept him fresh and injury-free. Mentally, he believes he is as strong as anyone. With proper preparation and a bit of luck, he says, he can still run fast, possibly faster than he has ever run.

He stretches out in a living room easy chair, next to a fireplace strung with five sets of little mittens. "People ask me, 'Are you ready?' 'Are you on track?' " He smiles softly. "I have no idea. I have no clue how things will work out. I may come in 75th. If I do, I'll be disappointed, but if I were to take inventory of the year, it has all been wonderful. I'd be happy just for what our family has shared."

Perhaps. Later that evening the family gathers in the living room for a bedtime story. Anthony sits in an armchair, Miguel and Marisa prop themselves up in his lap. Outside it is cold and dark. Inside it is warm. Analisa celebrates the temperature differential by lifting her nightshirt over her head.

Sandoval begins reading. The story, *Where the Red Fern Grows*, is about a boy, named Billy, growing up. The boy and his two dogs have treed a raccoon in an enormous sycamore. The dogs can't scurry up and the coon won't come down, so the boy decides to chop down the tree. He chops through the night and into the next day. His arms and hands turn numb. His back aches. He won't quit. His mother worries. His sister thinks he's crazy. But Grandpa—Grandpa knows differently.

The fire crackles, logs settling into ash. Sandoval reads Grandpa's words slowly. Blue eyes take it all in.

" 'You know, Billy,' " intones Sandoval in his most grandfatherly voice, " 'about this tree-chopping of yours, I think it's all right. In fact, I think it would be a good thing if all young boys had to cut down a big tree like that once in *their life.*' "

Sometimes twice. ■

Sandoval wants his children to learn from his hard effort.

Ken McAlpine is a free-lance writer who lives in Ventura, Calif.

On September 14, 1990, a modified GMC Truck set a new F.I.A. authenticated record of 204.145 miles per hour, two-way average, in the flying mile. Yes, you read that right. A GMC *Truck*. The street-legal truck inspired by these explorations was a compact pickup called Syclone. Performance cognoscenti still speak of how *Car and Driver* pitted Syclone against a $122,000 Ferrari 348ts. "In a blink, the Ferrari is looking at tailgate," they wrote.

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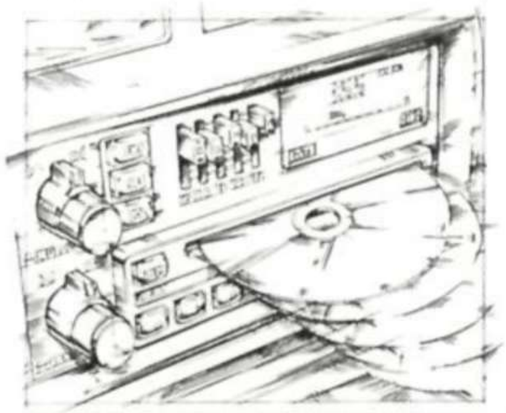

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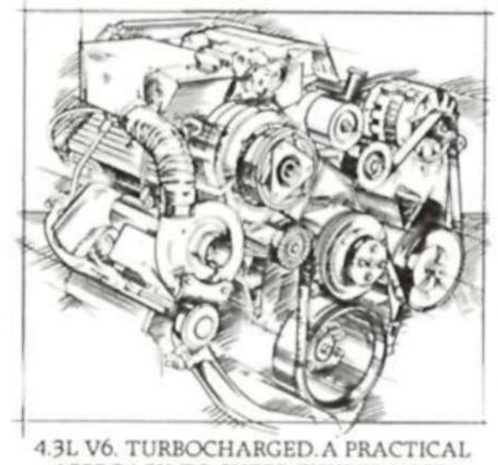

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Buckle up, America!

Sporting Chance for Women

Two books offer a historical view of *ompeting*
in traditionally ma

by JOHN GARRITY

FOR CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING, NOTHing can beat having a front-row seat at a women's college basketball game. Women, one discovers, produce the same board-shaking thud as men do when they crash to the floor. They sweat as profusely as men; they sometimes use profanity and are not above bloodying the face of an opponent with an elbow when provoked.

As recently as the early 1960s, it was widely held that "ladies" could not play basketball by men's rules, that they could not even run the floor. Similar prejudices hampered women's progress in other sports. Only with the passage in 1972 of Title IX, which mandated roughly equal access to college athletic programs for both men and women, were American women finally allowed to fully express their physicality through sport.

The pursuit of this hard-won freedom is documented in two recent books: *The Illustrated History of Women's Golf* (Taylor, $34.95) by Rhonda Glenn and *At the Rim: A Celebration of Women's Collegiate Basketball* (Eastman Kodak Co. and Thomasson-Grant, $35), a collection of photographs edited by Rebecca Beall Barns.

Glenn's history of distaff golfers takes the long view—four centuries long, if you count a witty prologue about Mary, Queen of Scots, the first woman to lose her head over golf. *Women's Golf* is a social history, and the author deftly places her pantheon of golfing greats in context. Victorian women, she writes, "looked nearly comedic swinging a club" because their long skirts and whalebone stays inhibited a free swing. "Most women in their class had never been encouraged to try anything more physical than climbing into a carriage, and that with the aid of a gentleman's arm."

Times changed. By the turn of the century, American women of means were climbing mountains, riding, shooting and driving as well as playing golf and lawn tennis. Margaret Curtis, who with her sister Harriot inspired the Curtis Cup series, was awarded France's Légion d'Honneur for her work as chief of the Paris bureau of the American Red Cross in World War I.

The Lost Generation? Glenn gives us

STEFANO VITALE

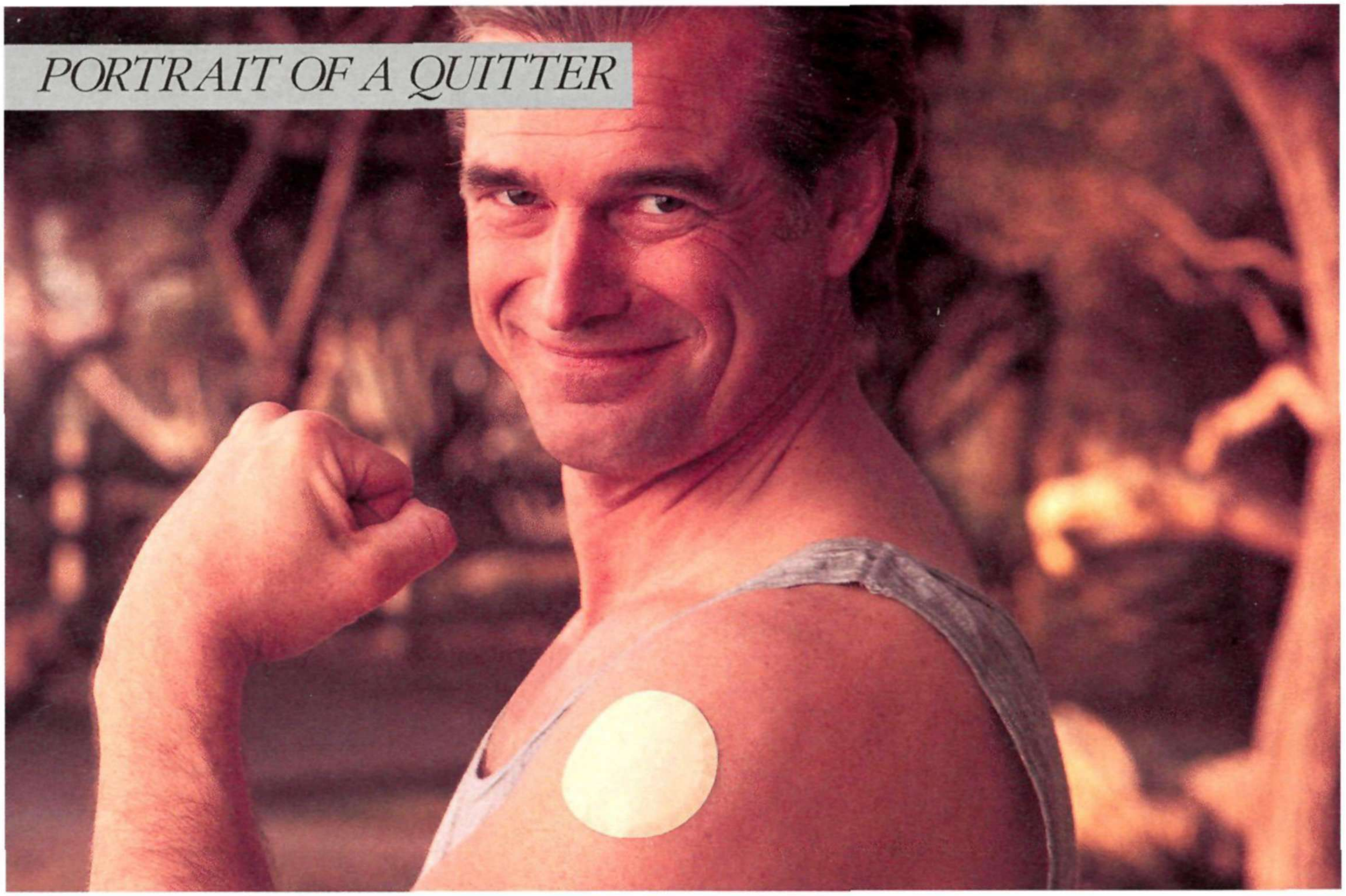
Jordan Baker, the woman golfer in F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1920s novel *The Great Gatsby*, "who gave up cocktails when training for a tournament but seemed to spend a great deal of time reclining languidly on divans and making delicious small talk with the glorious Daisy." Baker, Glenn tells us, was based on the beautiful Edith Cummings, the 1923 U.S. Amateur champion.

For the most part, Glenn's history equals and sometimes surpasses the writing of golf historian Herbert Warren Wind, whose influence she graciously acknowledges. An accomplished amateur player herself in the 1960s (and more recently a commentator for ABC), Glenn stumbles occasionally into the first person, but this stylistic shortcoming is redeemed by the high quality of her writing and reporting.

At the Rim, a book of images by 30 women photographers, seeks a more immediate truth in photos taken during the 1990–91 college basketball season. The production values are arresting, with jersey colors and painted floors gleaming through the book's coated stock like wet paint on an Irish door. The photos capture every aspect of the college game: players clamoring for rebounds, coaches jumping off the bench to protest fouls, little sisters being cute, tired players studying in hotel rooms.

If the exclusion of male photographers from the book seems self-indulgent—and it does, since the collection does not offer a uniquely feminine perspective—we can perhaps excuse the snub by recalling the path of societal indifference and recalcitrance women athletes have had to follow. Taken together, the two books make the case that sport has played a significant role in freeing women from unnecessary constraints. "In this stifling atmosphere," Glenn writes of the Victorian era, "the development of competitive golf for women was a bold stroke. The privileged classes were perhaps blinded to the social ramifications of allowing a woman to choose a weapon, make a mighty swipe at an object, and then chase that object at a brisk pace. Such activities hardly encouraged a female's more submissive nature."

Touring pro Judy Rankin put it more bluntly one day in 1977. "If it weren't for golf," she said, "I'd be waiting at this table instead of sitting at it." ■



About six years ago, I decided to stop smoking. So I tried cold turkey. It seemed to work for a while. But within three months, my wife caught me sneaking cigarettes out the bathroom window.

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In addition to the smoking cessation program, I was given a free kit. The kit includes tips on getting through the rough times and an audio tape for relaxation and motivation. My doctor is a big support as well. He even gave me a list of support groups I could attend.

Of course, Habitrol won't work for everyone. Only your doctor can determine if it's right for you. If you're pregnant or suffer from any serious disease, be sure to tell your doctor. The most common side effect is skin irritation.

If you're really determined to quit, **ask your doctor** about Habitrol therapy. **Or call 1-800-YES-U-CAN,** for more information, today.

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See brief summary of Prescribing Information on next page

Habitrol ™
(nicotine)
Transdermal Therapeutic System
Systemic delivery of 21, 14, or 7 mg/day over 24 hours

BRIEF SUMMARY. FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION SEE PACKAGE INSERT.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Habitrol treatment is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Habitrol treatment should be used as a part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program.

The use of Habitrol systems for longer than 3 months has not been studied.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Use of Habitrol systems is contraindicated in patients with hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any of the components of the therapeutic system.

WARNINGS

Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Habitrol systems, and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement.

Pregnancy Warning

Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Habitrol treatment can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by Habitrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS, Other Effects). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Habitrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Habitrol treatment, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

Safety Note Concerning Children

The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if Habitrol systems are applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 21 mg/day systems contain about 60% (32 mg) of their initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both used and unused Habitrol systems out of the reach of children and pets.

PRECAUTIONS

General

The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Habitrol therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Habitrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the Habitrol dose should be reduced or Habitrol treatment discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions).

The use of Habitrol systems beyond 3 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting.

Allergic Reactions: In a 6-week, open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Habitrol systems, 22 of 220 patients exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, 3 patients exhibited mild-to-moderate contact allergy. Patients with contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. In the efficacy trials, erythema following system removal was typically seen in about 17% of patients, some edema in 4%, and dropouts due to skin reactions occurred in 6% of patients.

Patients should be instructed to promptly discontinue the Habitrol treatment and contact their physicians if they experience severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (e.g., severe erythema, pruritus or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (e.g., urticaria, hives, or generalized rash).

Skin Disease: Habitrol systems are usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (atopic or eczematous dermatitis).

Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases: The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed.

Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Habitrol treatment was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with Habitrol treatment, it should be discontinued.

Habitrol treatment should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period, patients with serious arrythmias, and patients with severe or worsening angina pectoris.

Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency: The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment *on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal* impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics).

Endocrine Diseases: Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma or insulin-dependent diabetes since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla.

Peptic Ulcer Disease: Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease, therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Accelerated Hypertension: Nicotine constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Information for Patients

A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Habitrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Habitrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist.

Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets.

Drug Interactions

Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications.

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation
Insulin	Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation
Adrenergic antagonists (e.g., prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation

May Require an Increase In Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Adrenergic agonists (e.g., isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidence of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats.

Nicotine and cotinine were not mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced reparable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation.

Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS)

The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Habitrol treatment on fetal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches.

Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported, as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded.

Habitrol treatment should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of use of nicotine replacement by the patient, who may continue to smoke.

Teratogenicity

Animal Studies: Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg/day IP or SC).

Human Studies: Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans.

Other Effects

Animal Studies: A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking 1 cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 mg/kg/min nicotine for 20 minutes to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about 6 cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes).

Human Experience: Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low-birth-weight infants and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate, and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Habitrol treatment has not been studied in pregnant humans.

Labor and Delivery

Habitrol systems are not recommended to be left on during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on the mother or the fetus during labor are unknown.

Nursing Mothers

Caution should be exercised when Habitrol therapy is administered to nursing women. The safety of Habitrol treatment in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk, the milk-to-plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first-pass clearance; however, the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. The nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Habitrol treatment when used as directed than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be weighed against the *risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued* smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from Habitrol systems alone or in combination with continued smoking.

Pediatric Use

Habitrol systems are not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Habitrol treatment in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated.

Geriatric Use

Forty-eight patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of Habitrol therapy. Habitrol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Assessment of adverse events in the 792 patients who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by concurrent smoking by many of the patients. In the trials, when reporting adverse events, the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom.

Topical Adverse Events

The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 35% of patients on Habitrol treatment in the clinical trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 17% of patients and local edema in 4%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. Cutaneous hypersensitivity (contact sensitization) occurred in 2% of patients on Habitrol treatment (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions).

Probably Causally Related

The following adverse events were reported more frequently in Habitrol-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients or exhibited a dose response in clinical trials.

Digestive system - Diarrhea*, dyspepsia*
Mouth/Tooth disorders - Dry mouth
Musculoskeletal system - Arthralgia*, myalgia*
Nervous system - Abnormal dreams†, somnolence†

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system
*Reported in 3% to 9% of patients.
†Reported in 1% to 3% of patients.
Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients.

Causal Relationship Unknown

Adverse events reported in Habitrol- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Habitrol treatment and these events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician.

Body as a whole - Allergy†, back pain†
Cardiovascular system - Hypertension†
Digestive system - Abdominal pain†, constipation†, nausea*, vomiting
Nervous system - Dizziness*, concentration impaired†, headache (17%), insomnia*
Respiratory system - Cough increased†, pharyngitis†, sinusitis†
Urogenital system - Dysmenorrhea*

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system
*Reported in 3% to 9% of patients.
†Reported in 1% to 3% of patients.
Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients.

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

Habitrol systems are likely to have a low abuse potential based on differences between it and cigarettes in four characteristics commonly considered important in contributing to abuse: much slower absorption, much smaller fluctuations in blood levels, lower blood levels of nicotine, and less frequent use (i.e. once daily).

Dependence on nicotine polacrilex chewing gum replacement therapy has been reported. Such dependence might also occur from transference to Habitrol systems of tobacco-based nicotine dependence. The use of the system beyond 3 months has not been evaluated and should be discouraged.

To minimize the risk of dependence, patients should be encouraged to withdraw gradually from Habitrol treatment after 4 to 8 weeks of usage. Recommended dose reduction is to progressively decrease the dose every 2 to 4 weeks (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

OVERDOSAGE

The effects of applying several Habitrol systems simultaneously or of swallowing Habitrol systems are unknown (see WARNINGS, Safety Note Concerning Children).

The oral LD_{50} for nicotine in rodents varies with species but is in excess of 24 mg/kg; death is due to respiratory paralysis. The oral minimum lethal dose of nicotine in dogs is greater than 5 mg/kg. *The oral minimum acute lethal dose for nicotine* in human adults is reported to be 40 to 60 mg (<1 mg/kg).

Two or three Habitrol 30 cm^2 systems in capsules fed to dogs weighing 8-17 kg were emetic, but did not produce any other significant clinical signs. The administration of these patches corresponds to about 6-17 mg/kg of nicotine.

Signs and symptoms of an overdose of Habitrol systems would be expected to be the same as those of acute nicotine poisoning including pallor, cold sweat, nausea, salivation, vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, headache, dizziness, disturbed hearing and vision, tremor, mental confusion, and weakness. Prostration, hypotension, and respiratory failure may ensue with large overdoses. Lethal doses produce convulsions quickly and death follows as a result of peripheral or central respiratory paralysis or, less frequently, cardiac failure.

Overdose From Topical Exposure

The Habitrol system should be removed immediately if the patient shows signs of overdosage and the patient should seek immediate medical care. The skin surface may be flushed with water and dried. No soap should be used since it may increase nicotine absorption. Nicotine will continue to be delivered into the bloodstream for several hours (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics) after removal of the system because of a depot of nicotine in the skin.

Overdose From Ingestion

Persons ingesting Habitrol systems should be referred to a health care facility for management. Due to the possibility of nicotine-induced seizures, activated charcoal should be administered. In unconscious patients with a secure airway, instill activated charcoal via nasogastric tube. A saline cathartic or sorbitol added to the first dose of activated charcoal may speed gastrointestinal passage of the system. Repeated doses of activated charcoal should be administered as long as the system remains in the gastrointestinal tract since it will continue to release nicotine for many hours.

Management of Nicotine Poisoning

Other supportive measures include diazepam or barbiturates for seizures, atropine for excessive bronchial secretions or diarrhea, respiratory support for respiratory failure, and vigorous fluid support for hypotension and cardiovascular collapse.

Safety and Handling

Habitrol systems can be a dermal irritant and can cause contact sensitization. Although exposure of health care workers to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be minimal, care should be taken to avoid unnecessary contact with active systems. *If you do handle active systems, wash with water alone, since soap may* increase nicotine absorption. Do not touch your eyes.

Disposal

When the used system is removed from the skin, it should be folded over and placed in the protective pouch which contained the new system. The used system should be immediately disposed of in such a way to prevent its access by children or pets. See patient information for further directions for handling and disposal.

How to Store

Do not store above 86°F (30°C) because Habitrol systems are sensitive to heat. A slight discoloration of the system is not significant.

Do not store unpouched. Once removed from the protective pouch, Habitrol systems should be applied promptly since nicotine is volatile and the system may lose strength.

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FOR THE RECORD

Fenech folds Down Under . . .

The son also falls . . .

A big scare for the Stilt

WILL HART/SHOWTIME

Nelson (left) spoiled Fenech's homecoming.

KO'd Australian boxer **Jeff Fenech**'s dreams of revenge. In front of 38,000 of his countrymen, at Melbourne's Princes Park football grounds, Fenech faced WBC super featherweight champion **Azumah Nelson**, of Ghana, in a rematch of their fight last June in Las Vegas—a hard-fought draw many thought Fenech had won. "I'm fighting for the whole country; I'll get the job done," promised Fenech before the bout. He was subsequently knocked down three times and stopped in the eighth round by the inspired Nelson. "The Australians laughed at me," said the champion, "but I showed them."

Splashed With tears of joy, 19-year-old **Jenny Thompson**, of Dover, N.H., after she set a world record in the women's 100-meter freestyle at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Indianapolis. "It was the first time I've cried because I was happy," said Thompson, whose time of 54.48 seconds in a semifinal heat broke the mark of 54.73 held by **Kristin Otto**, formerly of East Germany. The first U.S. swimmer to set the record since Helene Madison in 1931, Thompson was surprised at her own performance. "Other people get world records," she said. "Not me." That same evening, in the 100-meter finals, Thompson swam 54.63, the second-fastest time ever, and qualified for the Olympic team.

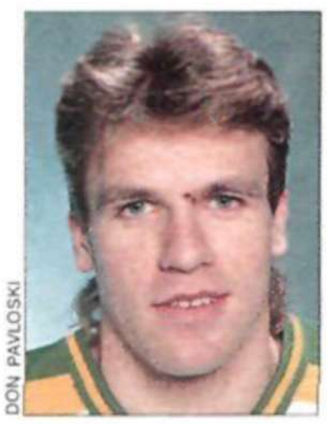
Following In his father's skid marks, daredevil **Robbie Knievel**, the son of legendary Snake River Canyon crasher **Evel Knievel**. Robbie wiped out while attempting a world-record motorcycle jump over 25 pickup trucks, in Cerritos, Calif. Following the accident, in which Knievel bounced off the 22nd truck, he was treated for abrasions to his buttocks at Long Beach Memorial Medical Center and released. According to Jerry Deuby, a representative of the car dealership where the record attempt was made, "We're supposed to invite him back, but you know what? I doubt it."

Settled The sexual harassment suit brought by former *Boston Herald* sports writer **Lisa Olson** against the New England Patriots, various team officials and three players, for an undisclosed sum. Olson, now working as a feature writer for a newspaper in Australia, says she will donate the majority of the settlement money to start a journalism scholarship fund, possibly at Northern Arizona University, her alma mater. "I just want to get on with my life and do the job I've been trained to do," says Olson. "I don't want to be the news anymore."

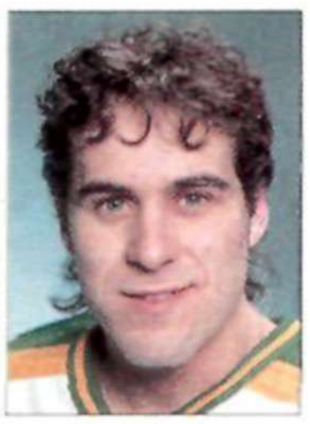
Laid Up With cardiac arrhythmia, NBA Hall of Famer **Wilt Chamberlain**. On hand at the Forum for a game between the Los Angeles Lakers and the New York Knicks, Chamberlain, 55, complained of gastric pain and a racing heart. The Big Dipper was taken to a nearby hospital, where he remained under observation for three days, and then was sent home wearing a heart monitor. The Knicks, on the other hand, were found to have no heartbeat after being humiliated 81–68 in coach **Pat Riley**'s first game in the Forum since he left the Lakers following the 1989–90 season.

EDITED BY RICHARD O'BRIEN

Faces in the Crowd



DON PAVLOSKI



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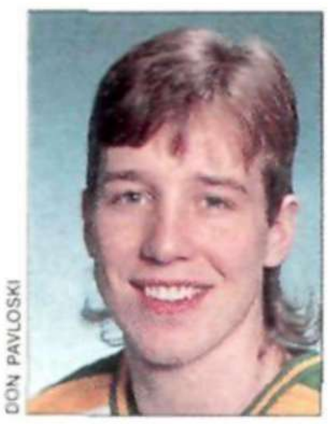

DON PAVLOSKI

Jim Hiller
CRANBROOK, B.C.

Scott Beattie
KIMBERLEY, B.C.

Dallas Drake
ROSSLAND, B.C.

Hiller, Beattie and Drake, the No. 1 line for reigning NCAA hockey champion Northern Michigan, all rank in the top six in the nation in individual scoring. Hiller, a junior right wing, leads the country in points, with 75 (27 goals and 48 assists) through last weekend. In 115 games for the Wildcats, he has scored 194 points. Drake, a senior left wing, ranks third, with 67 points (34 and 33). In 157 games he has amassed 204 points. Beattie, a senior center, in just three years of college hockey, is the school's active points leader, with 211, including 63 this season (22 and 41). He led the nation in scoring last season and was a 1991 finalist for the Hobey Baker Award as the college player of the year.

DENNY LANDWEHR

Tina Silbersack
CINCINNATI

Tina, a senior at St. Ursula High, was unbeaten in the 100-yard butterfly in her four-year career and won the girls' state title in the event each year. No other Ohio swimmer has ever been state champion in the same event four times.

AL ALEIXO

Aileen Keenan
WAKEFIELD, R.I.

Aileen, a senior at South Kingstown High, has been named all-state in both track and soccer. The honor student also led the Rebels to a 35–1 mark in basketball over the last two years and the 1991 Class C state crown.

KATHY ANDERSON

Cappy Meyer
METAIRIE, LA.

Cappy, a senior girls' volleyball setter and a five-year starter at Sacred Heart Academy, led the Cardinals to a 40–4 record and their second Class AA state title in five years. She was also the state tournament MVP.

Just Deserts in the Desert

UNLV sold its soul for basketball glory, and Jerry Tarkanian is holding the school to the deal

by RICK TELANDER

RONALD C. MODRA

LET'S PLAY A QUICK GAME. READ THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE and answer two questions when you're done.

The case began six years ago when the NCAA opened an investigation of alleged basketball recruiting violations by the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and its coach, Jerry Tarkanian. . . . The case was supposedly closed on Aug. 23 this year, when after numerous hearings and reviews the NCAA informed Las Vegas that its basketball team would be put on probation for two years. Included in the judgment was a recommendation that . . . Tarkanian be barred from all formal or informal participation in the school's athletic program . . . for the duration of the probation. . . . Though deemed by many college basketball insiders to be the perfect fall guy, [Tarkanian] refused to go down.

O.K., who wrote it?

Right! I did. (The rich style, of course, is like a fingerprint.)

Now, when did I write it?

Last week? Nope. Last fall? Uh-uh. Two years ago? Wrong. Five years ago? Sorry. Seven? Nine? Before car phones?

Try 15 years ago. Before MTV. Before the Big East, even. In the Oct. 10, 1977, issue of SI, to be exact.

Memories. There I was, my first time in Vegas, a callow scribe scorched by the desert sun and $2 blackjack tables, all my change gone to slot machines, listening to this hoarse, raccoon-eyed man known as Tark the Shark tell me how he'd been framed or conned or undermined by all kinds of people in high positions. He had just filed suit against his own university so he could continue coaching, and he was hunkered down and girded to take on the Evil Empire itself—the NCAA. "They better tape their ankles," Tarkanian told me, meaning the NCAA specifically but the whole world generally, "because the game is just beginning."

I was distracted by the lure of green felt, free drinks and doubling down, and I pretty much forgot about Tark's words once I'd filed my story. But digging them up now actually makes me chuckle. Think of it: Do people still expect this man to ride quietly out of town? Fifteen years ago Tark was in full battle garb, and what has changed since then except that he has piled up more wins, controversy, NCAA violations and antagonism from the powers that be? In an agreement worked out between Tarkanian and UNLV in the aftermath of NCAA sanctions stemming from infractions committed in 1977, Tark said last June that he would retire at the end of this season—and even signed a binding letter of resignation. But as Alexander Wolff details in his article beginning on page 42 of this issue, Tarkanian has since decided that UNLV and its president, Robert Maxson, have pulled dirty tricks on him, spied on him and linked his team to gamblers in an attempt to tarnish what little remained of his good name and send him slinking into the desert like a dog.

That made Tarkanian angry and defensive, and if we have learned anything from history, it is that Tark is one tough foe when he feels that way. Which he usually does. Now he wants to rescind his resignation, and it's clear he's not going gently into the night. "He's leaving Kuwait burning," sums up UNLV sociology professor James Frey.

Mostly, Tarkanian feels used, and in a funny way he has been. Years ago there weren't too many complaints from UNLV brass when Tark's outlaw Runnin' Rebels were winning games and giving exposure to a school that desperately wanted it. UNLV, which opened its doors in 1957, lacked tradition and needed something to make its presence known to potential benefactors, teachers and students. The early UNLV was, as Frey puts it, a classic "school on the make," one of those nouveau institutions eager to use big-time sports as an ax to hack out a place for itself. If Tarkanian, who left Long Beach State holding the bag for 23 rules violations committed in his five years as that school's coach, could come to UNLV in 1973 and start winning right away with questionable student-athletes in a questionable program, so be it. The p.r. upside was bigger than the ethical downside.

The conflict started when UNLV grew as an academic institution even as Tark's band of hoopsters was making people think that the school was little more than a casino pit with glass backboards. Indeed, UNLV now boasts strong English, sociology, biology and engineering departments as well as one of the nation's best hotel administration programs. Since Maxson arrived in 1984, UNLV has established its first seven Ph.D. programs, in disciplines ranging from history to physics, and enrollment has risen from nearly 11,000 to 19,600. Whatever benefits the basketball team once brought to the university through name recognition have long been undone by the negative vibes the Runnin' Rebels cast over the school's educational mission. Whether Tark is guilty of all the sins he has been accused of is irrelevant; he is perceived to be. If only the man would go away. . . .

But you live by the sword, and you die by the sword. Other schools on the make—Southwestern Louisiana, New Mexico, Oral Roberts, Cleveland State, Memphis State come quickly to mind—have used the big-time basketball quick fix for recognition and ego fulfillment and have gotten burned, just as UNLV has. But the coaches at those schools all went away. Tark just won't go down.

"This university hired me," he's saying. "I gave you what you wanted. Deal with me."

And you know what I say? Bully for him. ■

Advertisement

ESPN® SPORTS WEEK

Sat. 3/7- Fri. 3/13

All Times Eastern

AUTO RACING

Checkered Flag: NASCAR from Rockingham, N.C.
Monday - 6 PM

BOWLING

Ladies Pro Bowlers Tour from Yuma, Arizona
Sunday - Midnight

GOLF

Cadillac Senior PGA Tour: GTE West from Ojai, CA.
Second Round
Saturday - 5:30 PM
Final Round
Sunday - 5:30 PM

Inside the PGA Tour
Wednesday - 4 PM

Inside the Senior PGA Tour
Thursday - 6 PM

HORSE RACING

Budweiser Thoroughbred Digest
Thursday - 5 PM

OUTDOORS

Outdoor Saturday
Fishing, hunting, and news about nature and the environment
7:30 - 11:30 AM

SKIING

World Cup Skiing: American Ski Classic - Subaru Women's Downhill from Vail
Saturday - 4:30 PM

Subaru Women's Super G from Vail
Sunday - 4:30 PM

SPORTSCENTER®

SATURDAY, SUNDAY
7 AM, 11:30 AM, 7 PM, 11:30 PM, 2 AM

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
7-9 AM, 10-11 AM, 7 PM, 11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

THURSDAY
7-9 AM, 10-11 AM, 6:30 PM, 11 PM, 2:30 AM

FRIDAY
7-9 AM, 10-11 AM, 6:30 PM, 11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

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Silver Streak America's Hilary Lindh, Olympic Silver Medalist in the Downhill, competes in the American Ski Classic Subaru Women's Downhill, from Vail, Saturday at 4:30 PM.

March Madness

Championship Week returns with twenty-three games, fifteen deciding conference titles and automatic NCAA Tournament bids. Main events include complete coverage of the ACC tournament as Christian Laettner (*right*) and defending NCAA champ Duke strut their stuff, plus the Big Eight or SEC Conference title game, and a regular season heavyweight matchup between Pac 10 powers Arizona and UCLA.

Championship Week

SATURDAY

Big South Conference Championship
12:30 PM

Colorado State vs. Wyoming
2:30 PM

Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference Championship
7:30 PM

Brigham Young vs. Utah
9:30 PM

SUNDAY

Ohio Valley Conference Championship
12:30 PM

Southland Conference Championship
2:30 PM

Southern Conference Championship
7:30 PM

Sun Belt Conference Championship
9:30 PM

MONDAY

Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference Championship
7:30 PM

Missouri Valley Conference Championship
9:30 PM

West Coast Conference Championship
Midnight

TUESDAY

Patriot League Championship
7:30 PM

Mid-Continent Conference Championship
9:30 PM

WEDNESDAY

TransAmerica Athletic Conference Championship
4:55 PM

North Atlantic Conference Championship
7:30 PM

Northeast Conference Championship
9:30 PM

THURSDAY

Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament:
First Round Game
7 PM

Atlantic 10 Conference Championship
9 PM

Arizona vs. UCLA
11:30 PM

FRIDAY

Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament Quarterfinal Games
Noon, 2 PM, 7 PM, 9 PM

SATURDAY

Mid-American Conference Championship
11:30 AM

Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament Semifinal Game 1
1:30 PM
Semifinal Game 2
3:30 PM

Midwestern Collegiate Conference Championship
5:30 PM

Great Midwest Conference Championship
7:30 PM

Western Athletic Conference Championship
9:30 PM

Big Sky Conference Championship
Midnight

SUNDAY

Atlantic Coast Conference Championship
1 PM

Big Eight or SEC Conference Championship
3 PM

Big West Conference Championship
5 PM

NCAA Tournament Selection Special
6:30 PM

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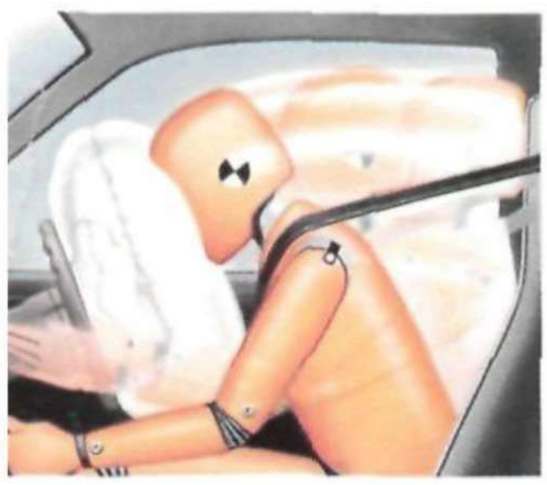

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