Sports Illustrated

FEB. 14, 1994
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The Dream Team

Poolside with
Kathy Ireland,
Elle Macpherson
and **Rachel Hunter**

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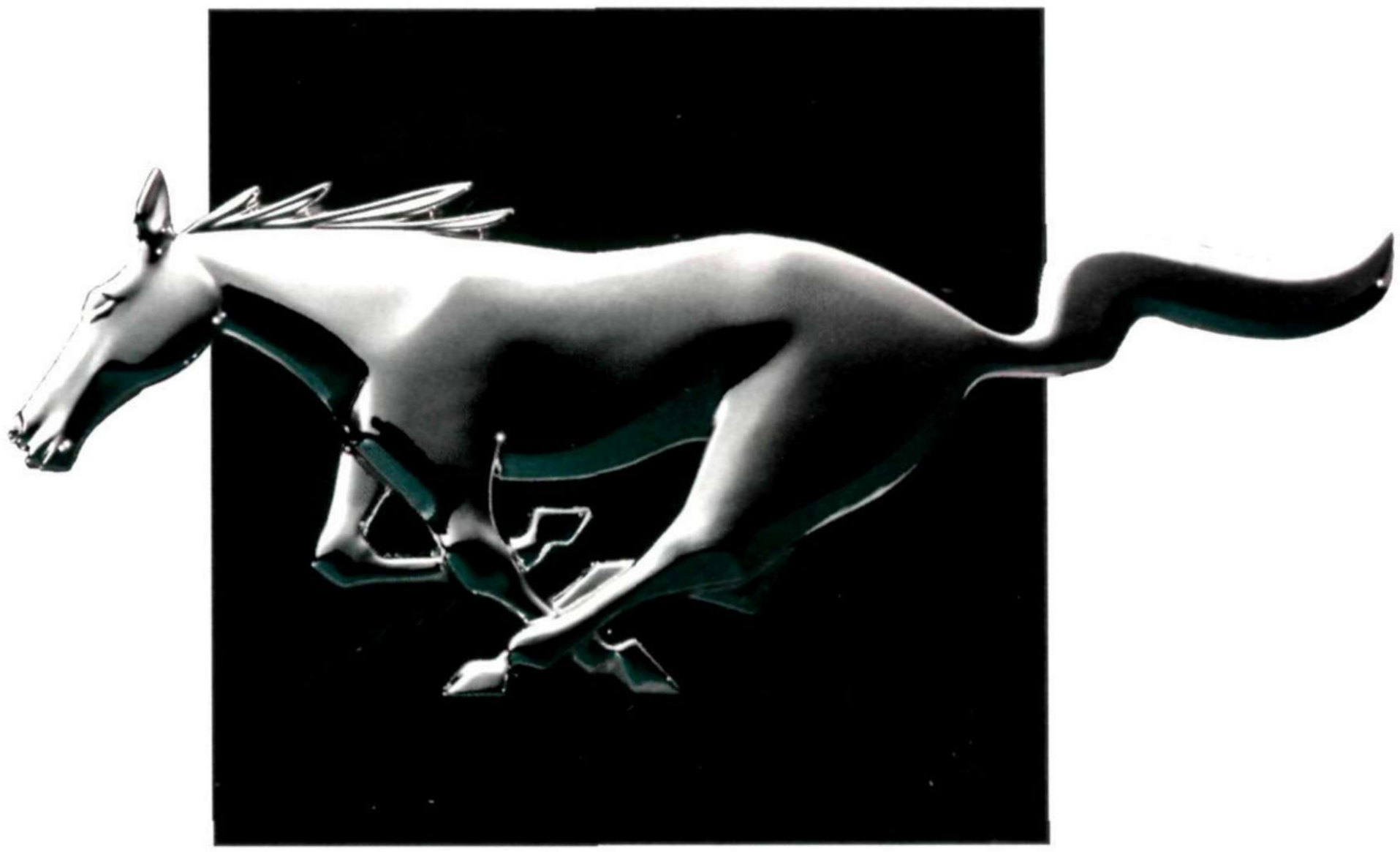

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WALTER IOOSS JR.

Who's Peeking in my Porthole?

Well, it sure ain't Jacques Cousteau, muses Stacey Williams, who's striped for action in a Calvin Klein bikini ($70). On the cover: It's three for the show when Kathy Ireland, in a suit by Mossimo ($72), Elle Macpherson, wearing leatherlike Lycra by Darling Rio ($52), and Rachel Hunter, sporting a suit by Robin Piccone ($54), cool beside a pool in Beverly Hills.

TO OUR READERS

PERHAPS IT'S because the SI swimsuit issue turns 30 this year (hey, when you look this good, why lie about your age?) and is thus more health conscious. Or maybe it's because ingredients such as Kathy Ireland, Elle Macpherson and Rachel Hunter have been proved to accelerate heart rates in certain readers. Or, who knows, maybe it's just that the models were sick and tired of all the sand that got in their suits. Whatever the reason, here is the good news about this year's swimsuit issue: no salt added.

Having hit more beaches than the Marines in her three decades of overseeing the issue, senior editor Jule Campbell opted to abandon the traditional saltwater photo shoots this year. Instead, she and her crew went exclusively poolside.

"Shooting pools," says Campbell. "At first I thought, What a silly idea! You don't see swimsuits, you just see heads and shoulders above the waterline. Then the notion began to excite me."

As it did the models. Kathy Ireland was so enthused about working only eight miles from her Southern California home for one shoot that she made the commute on her bicycle—at 5 a.m.

MICHAEL O'NEILL SWIMSUIT BY MALIA MILLS, $118

Reporter Julie Stern, Campbell's assistant, recalls that another shoot, scheduled for a private home in Malibu, was canceled at the last moment. Faced with the loss of a day of work, Campbell wondered what to do. Then Rachel, who lives nearby, piped up: "Well, I have a pool at my house, but I'm not sure if it's any good." It is; it's on the cover.

As a result the 30th-anniversary swimsuit issue promises no salt, but plenty of chlorine. What it lacks in NaCl it makes up for in Cl_2 many times over—which is not to say that you can see Elle too many times.

We got rid of the salt, but for the first time we did add MSG (Macho Sexy Guys). The third week of December found Alex Rousseau (above, with Stacey Williams) and four

MANNY MILLAN

When Stern and Campbell (above) needed a male pioneer, Alex happily took the plunge.

of his mates from the U.S. water polo team—Troy Barnhart, Chris Duplanty, Kirk Everist and Rick McNair—in San Diego, helplessly trapped inside what might have seemed like a beer commercial.

"That's a good analogy for how we felt," says Alex, 26, who last August, along with his teammates, had accepted Campbell's offer to be pioneers of sorts: the first male swimsuit models in SI. "Basically, we hung out in our Speedos for four days with some of the most beautiful women in the world. It wasn't hard to get used to."

Rousseau, himself a leggy 6′ 3″, admits that at first "I was very self-conscious about how I looked in a suit next to Elle—I feel I can call her Elle by now. But the models were constantly assuring us that we looked great." How did they do that? "They whistled at us."

Though he realizes that he cannot expect such perks as having Elle whistle at him at every shoot, Alex says that, should the opportunity arise, he would love to work again as a model. And Campbell says of Alex et al., "They were the nicest guys in the world. Who knows, perhaps next year we'll take them to the beach with us."

Back to the salt mines.

Mark Mulvoy

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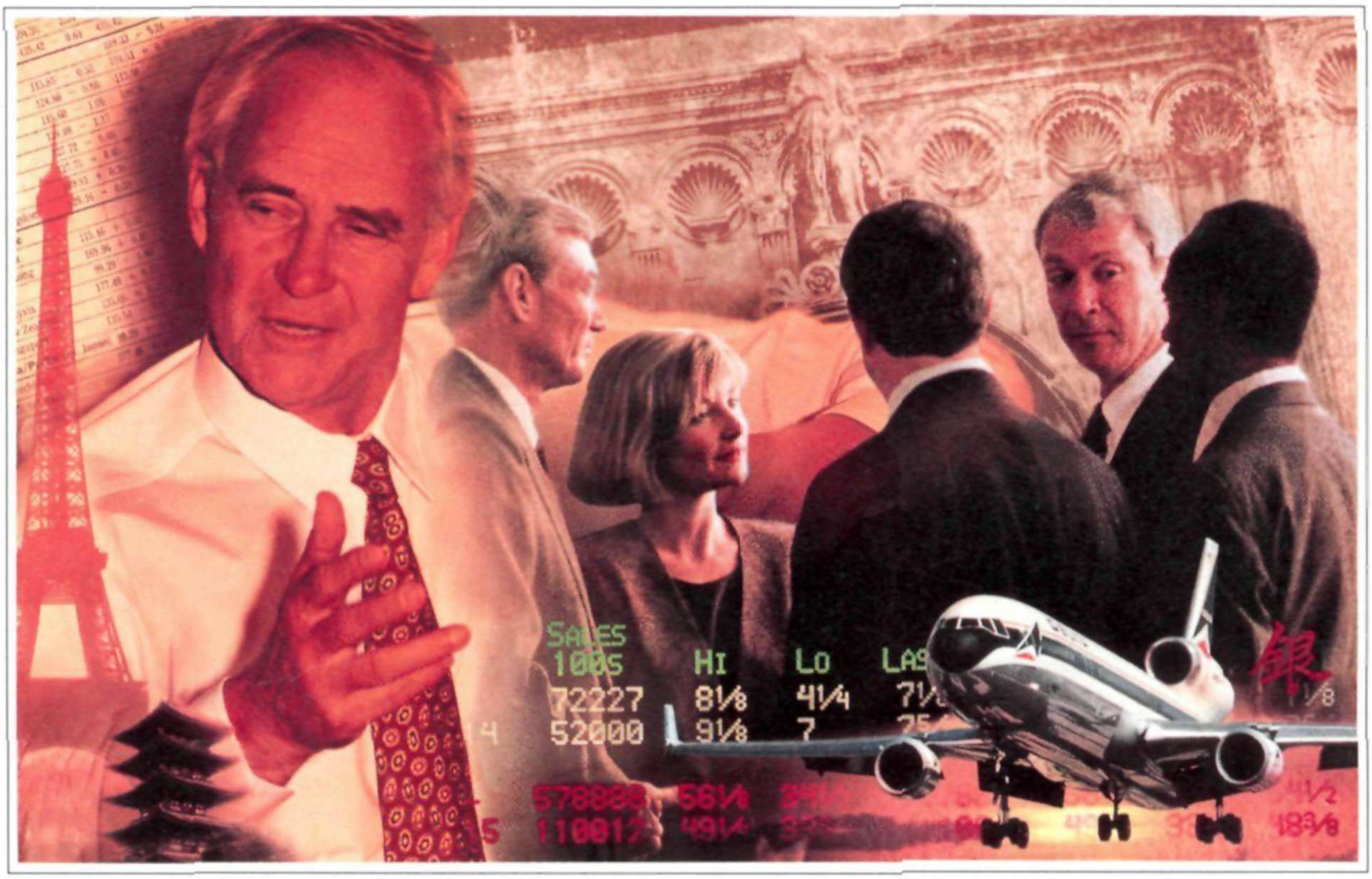

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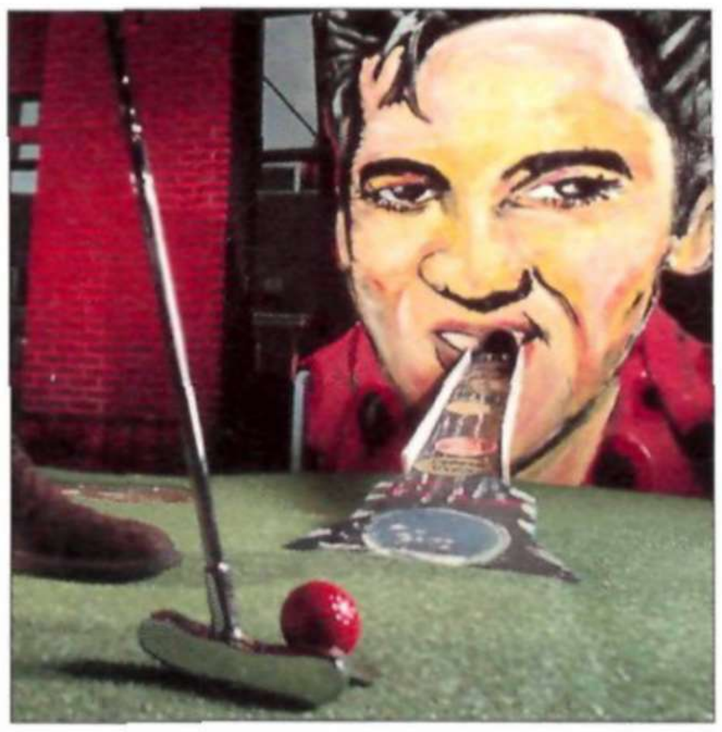
An Art Course for the Masses

An artist-designed miniature golf course will be touring nationally • by Candace Putnam

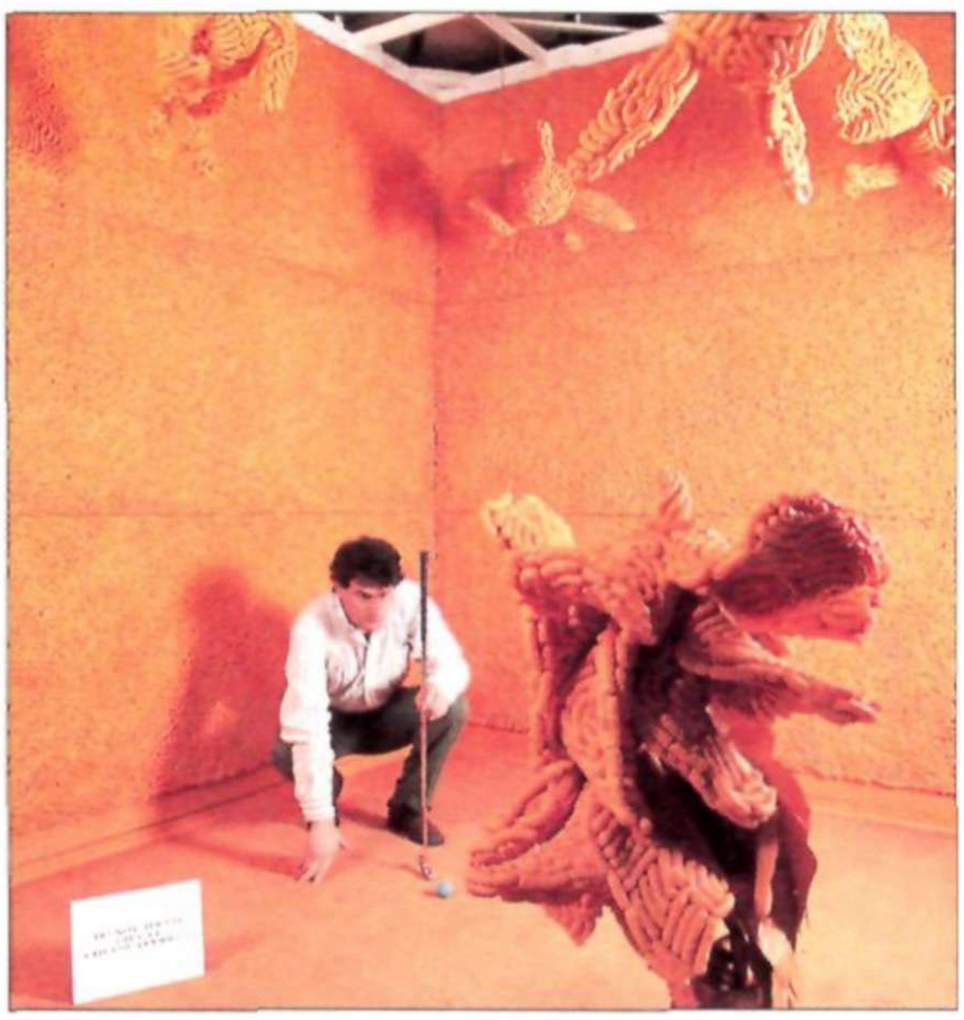
J.C. RAVAGE steps up to the 3rd hole of the golf course and puts his hand to his forehead, squinting as he shields his eyes from the late-afternoon sun. His game is off today, and already he trails by four shots. J.C. approaches the tee, rests his club on the green and slowly rocks back and forth on the soles of his sneakers. Then, in one fluid motion, he lifts his club, arches his body backward and follows through. The ball sails through the air, across an orange carpet, past a spinning flower covered with Cheez Doodles and then grazes the underside of a lazily rotating bunny, also covered with the fluorescent orange cheese snacks. His ball hits the far wall and knocks off an errant Doodle, setting him up for an easy tap-in.

"The Cheez Doodles are a little rancid," says the 11-year-old J.C., wrinkling his nose as he retrieves his ball. "The most difficult obstacle of this hole is the smell."

Putt-Modernism is a par-49 18-hole indoor miniature golf course at New York City's South Street Seaport. Players are challenged to putt around or through, among other weird objects, a White House made of empty bottles of AZT and Zovirax (both are drugs used to combat AIDS) on the par-2 Blood on Your Hands 7th hole, the sole of a blue-faced homeless man's shoe on the par-3 Hole-in-My-Soul Blues 17th hole, and the 20 waving arms of an inflatable Jesse Helms look-alike clown, into a bed of inflated breasts on the par-3 15th hole, Censorama. An afternoon of culture as well as a rousing round of miniature golf can be had for a mere $5.



The brainchild of Ken Buhler, a painter and a director of Artists Space, a gallery in nearby Soho, Putt-Modernism is on exhibit at the Seaport for a second time, after a successful run during the summer of 1992. During its first installation some 30,000 visitors helped raise more than $85,000 for the nonprofit Artists Space.



Awash in Cheez, Dave Cohen lined up his shot on the 3rd hole. On the 16th, he took aim at Elvis.

"I always thought the potential of a miniature golf course was far from being fully explored. The possibilities of fantasy and of kitsch are fertile material for an artist to play with," says Buhler, 38, who was bitten by the putt-putt bug at eight, when he and his brother built a ramshackle course in their backyard in Wichita, Kans. "I don't want to give the impression that I've been dreaming of miniature golf all these years—not that there's anything wrong with that—but somehow it was in my subconscious."

Although Buhler had no difficulty attracting artists to donate their time and talent to the creation of the course—19 artists were recruited to design the 18 holes—the execution of the task proved to be harder than its conception. Many of the artists were hard-pressed to distinguish a putter from a baseball bat, so getting the holes of such notables as food artist Sandy Skoglund, abstract artist Gregory Amenoff and architect Michael Graves to conform to the laws of physics was an exercise in itself. Even now a misguided putt on the 9th hole may launch a player's ball out the side of Graves's Putt-Hut on a nonstop flight for the huge sizzling woks of the Kam Wan fast-food Chinese restaurant across the hall.

The exhibition remains in New York through February. After that it will tour the country until November 1995. Beginning with Allentown, Pa., in March, future stops include Cleveland, New Orleans, Buffalo and Salt Lake City. Meanwhile Buhler has had offers from institutions to buy the exhibition outright. A Japanese businessman flew in a museum curator to survey the course in an effort to extend the tour to Japan, and artists' groups from Detroit to Laguna Beach, Calif., are co-opting Buhler's idea and setting up postmodern-art golf courses to raise money for their own financially beleaguered galleries. Meanwhile, golf enthusiasts who happen upon Putt-Modernism are enjoying the links as much as the artwork.

"These are wonderful holes, aren't they?" said Eileen Lindsay to her grown son, Andrew. Ducking under one of Jesse Helms's arms, Lindsay looked at the hole's so-called Pleasure Dome.

"What's that supposed to be?" Lindsay asked her son.

"Geez, Mom, they look like breasts, I guess," said Andrew, putting out. "It must have something to do with censorship." ■

Photographs by Gabe Palacio

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"Even though there wasn't one quote from the man, I learned more about Ewing than I ever knew."

DAREK WILLLAMS, TUCSON

Bob Knight Redux

It's amusing that Frank Deford's 1981 profile of Bob Knight (*The Rabbit Hunter*, Jan 10) would be reprinted as an SI classic, because it contains perhaps the most-flawed analysis of a college basketball team ever. Deford referred to the 1980–81 Indiana team as a "bunch of nice Nellys" in the midst of "this rather disappointing season." Among the Nellys were future NBA players Isiah Thomas, Ray Tolbert, Randy Wittman and Jim Thomas, as well as Landon Turner, who would have been an NBA star if not for the paralyzing injuries he suffered in an automobile accident, and Ted Kitchel, whose pro career was wiped out by a back injury. These softies went on to win the NCAA title by the third-largest average winning margin in tournament history.

BRIAN KERNAN, *Denville, N.J.*

Can Indiana explain why it maintains on its staff anyone who would impart such hateful sentiments about women to young men? Admittedly, not everyone influenced by Knight's "winning" attitude has adopted his definition of manhood—witness coach Mike Krzyzewski of Duke—but it is troubling that Knight is permitted to play such a critical role in the development of so many young men's sense of themselves. Oh, yeah, winning is everything, isn't it? Is that the answer, Indiana?

MARY M. SCHWEITZER, *Villanova, Pa.*

One can criticize Knight's courtside tirades, his ignorance of the press and his public embarrassment of his players, but no one stands with him in shaping lives through discipline.

ERIC PERKINS, *Hamersville, Ohio*

Patrick Ewing

Thank you for Rick Reilly's insightful piece on Patrick Ewing (*The Unknown Player*, Jan. 17). Ewing doesn't get much press, so the article was as rare as it was well deserved. In an era of overexposed media darlings, we ought to admire Ewing because of his (very) private life, not in spite of it.

VASSILI THOMADAKIS
Cambridge, Mass.

Poor Patrick Ewing. He's not flamboyant like Magic. He's not handsome like Michael. He doesn't bust a rap or a backboard like Shaquille. Given these obvious shortcomings, Ewing will have to settle for being one of the most-talented, hardworking players in the NBA, a dedicated family man and a decent, humble human being.

STEVE KNAUER, *Santa Fe, N.Mex.*

I was a Knick ball boy from 1984 to '87, which included Ewing's first two years on the team. He was always friendly, but I didn't think he had any idea of who I was. Then at the slam-dunk contest during All-Star weekend at Chicago Stadium in 1988, a friend gave me the elbow and told me to look behind me, because somebody was calling my name. It was Ewing, about 12 rows back, waving for me to come up. Startled, I hustled to his seat. He shook my hand and asked how I was and how school was going at Wisconsin.

How many NBA superstars would holler in a jammed arena to say hello to a former ball boy? You should have seen the look on my friend's face when I returned to my seat!

BARRY BAUM, *Los Angeles*

MANNY MILLAN

Isiah helped put Knight's "nice Nellys" on top.

Dr. Z's Team

I could respect Dr. Z's selection of defensive tackle Tim Johnson of the Redskins over John Randle of the Vikings on your All-Pro team (INSIDE THE NFL, Jan. 10) if it were not for his explanation that Randle too often takes himself out of plays. If Randle does anything, it's give 100% on the field. His motor is always running. I'm not knocking Johnson, who is a fine player, but he certainly didn't have the year Randle did.

DAVID C. MOORE, *Los Angeles*

If Dr. Z thinks that Daryl Johnston is a better fullback than Tom Rathman, then it's time for him to look for a new job.

KEVIN HINSHAW, *Mocksville, N.C.*

Dr. Z's worst malpractice case was his choice for Coach of the Year. In picking the Giants' Dan Reeves he wrote off the way Jack Pardee held the Oilers together while leading them to their best record ever and the AFC Central title. The Oilers survived a 1–4 start, season-ending injuries to three starters and two key backups, Jeff Alm's suicide, David Williams's much-publicized first offspring and a coaching staff that behaved as though it were ready for the World Wrestling Federation. Pardee was the glue that held Houston together.

DON NORWOOD, *Silsbee, Texas*

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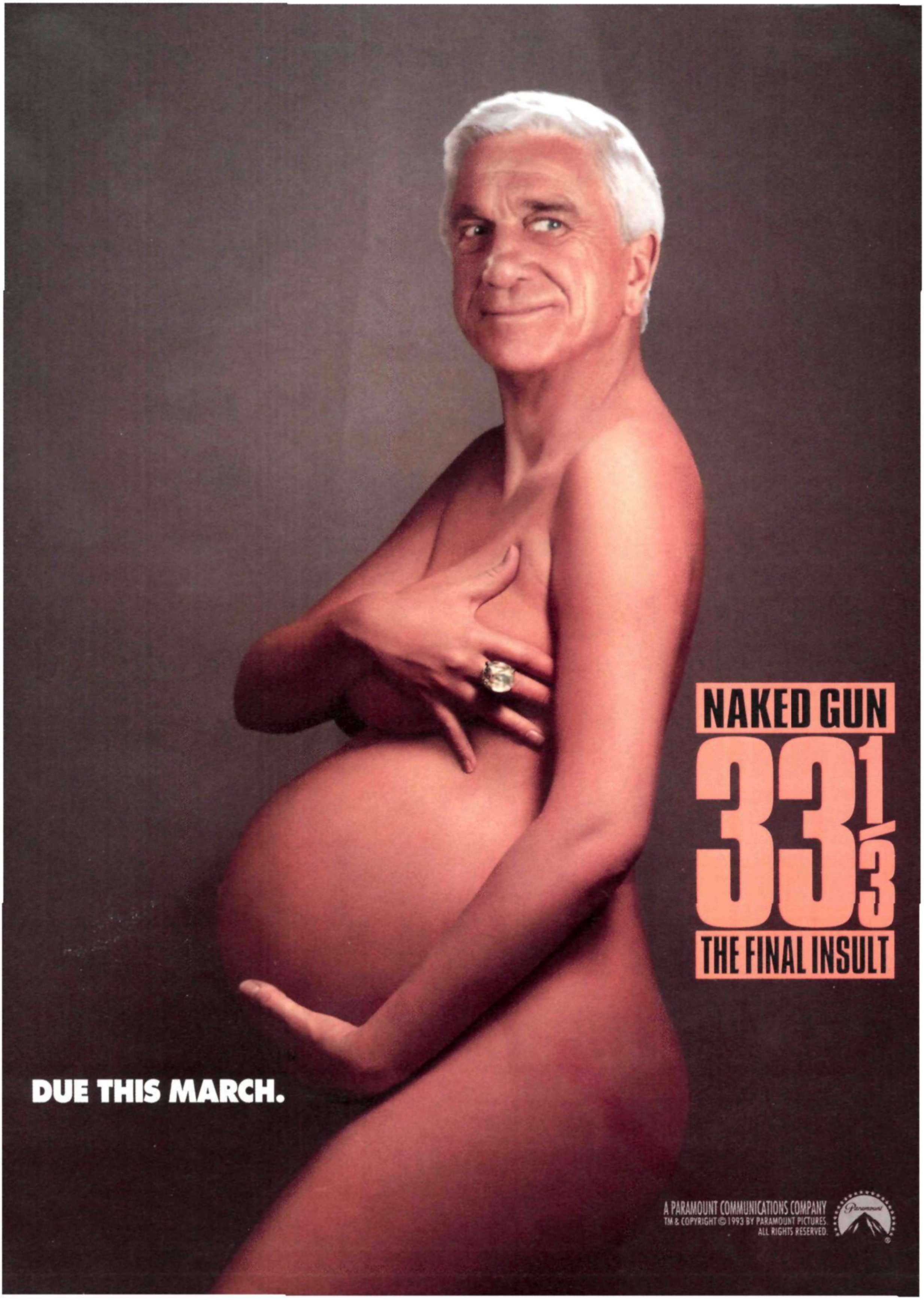
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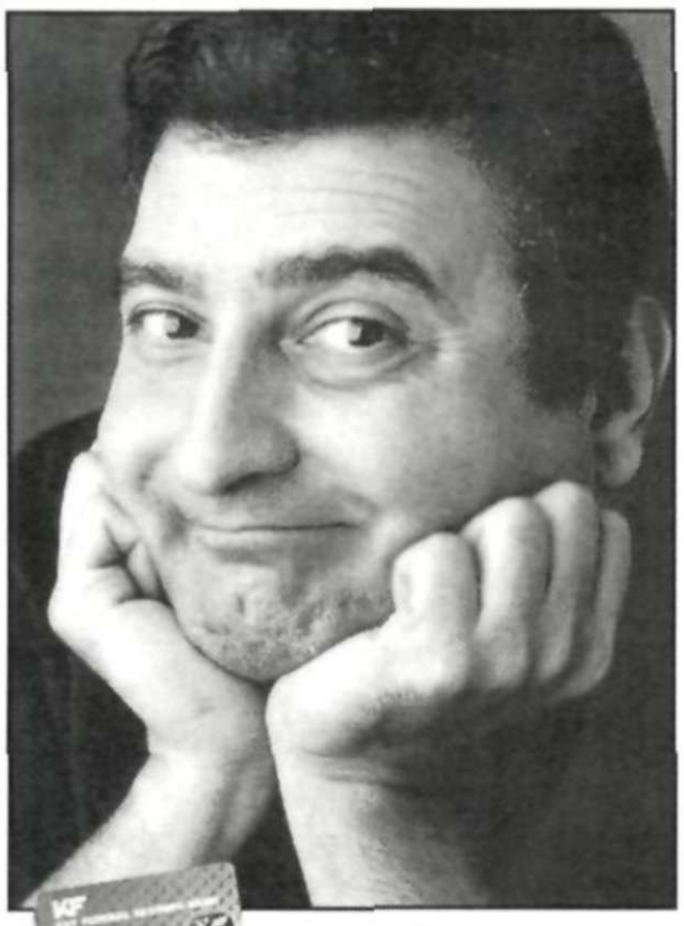

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FACES IN THE CROWD

Jason Dunn

OLYMPIA, WASH.

James Dunn

OLYMPIA, WASH.

PATRICK NEARY

Jason and James, identical twin seniors, led Seattle Pacific University to the Division II soccer title. With the Falcons trailing Florida Tech 5–3 in the second OT of their semifinal, James, a defender, was moved into goal so that an extra attacker could be brought on. With 1:02 remaining, he and Jason, a forward and the third-leading scorer in Division II, assisted on a goal by Travis Connell to make the score 5–4. Sixty-one seconds later Jason scored the tying goal. In the scoreless third OT, James made four saves, and in the 13-round shootout to decide the game he had two more. The Falcons won 6–5 and went on to beat Southern Connecticut State 1–0 in the title game.

PATRICK NEARY

Margie Lepsi

LA GRANGE, ILL.

GEOFF SCHEERER

Margie, a senior at Lyons Township High, beat Isabell Oelze of Naperville Central (6–2, 6–0) to win her second state girls' singles tennis championship. She did not lose a set on her way to a 32–0 record this season, and over four years she was 125–6. The Lions were state girls' team titlists the last three years.

LaDrell Whitehead

NEW ALBANY, IND.

MATT STONE

LaDrell, a senior guard, scored a career-high 39 points to lead New Albany High to an 83–69 victory over defending state champion Jeffersonville High. The win ended a 22-game Jeffersonville winning streak. As of last Friday the Bulldogs were 14–0 and ranked No. 2 in the state.

Sue Bessette

SUFFERN, N.Y.

CHERYL BARRA

Bessette, 49, won the masters synchronized swimming solo title in her age group for the fourth time. The 1991 masters synchronized swimmer of the year, she also teamed with Beth Carey of Chestnut Ridge, N.Y., and Carol Motyka-Miller of Waldwick, N.J., to win the trio title for the ninth year in a row.

Christine Bannon-Rodrigues

WARWICK, R.I.

BILL GUCFA

Bannon-Rodrigues, 27, won titles in women's lightweight fighting, forms and weapons at the World Association of Kickboxing Organizations championships. She is the only person to sweep all three events at a world championship, which she also did in 1991. Her '93 fighting record was 60–2.

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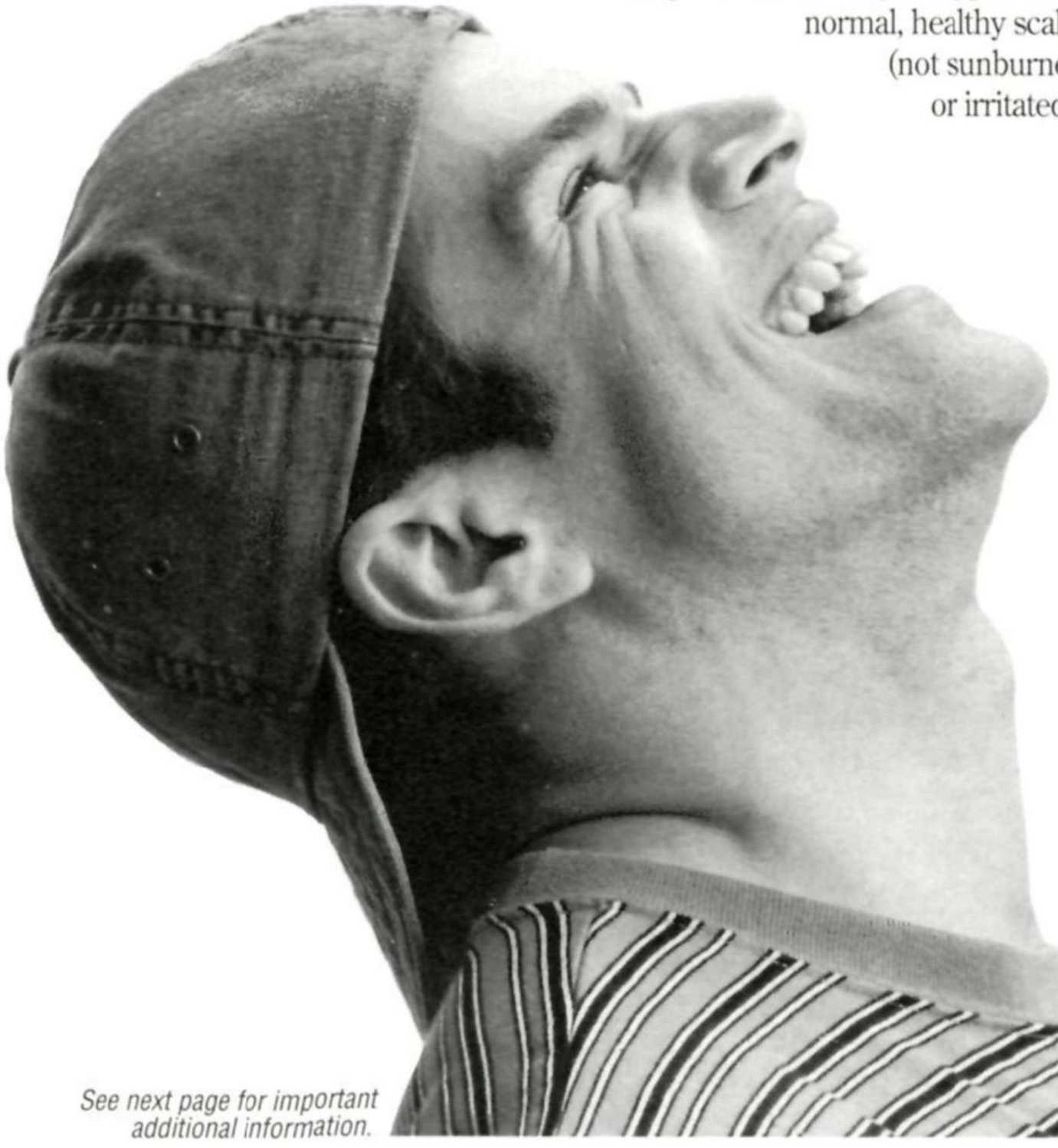

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%. **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%. **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%. **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%. **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%. **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%. **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%. **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%. **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%. **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%. **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%. **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%. **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%. **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema, hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth), local erythema (redness), pruritus (itching), dry skin/scalp flaking, sexual dysfunction, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity), increase in hair loss, and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related, that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure.

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down, a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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Scorecard

EDITED BY JACK McCALLUM

The Pell Incident

Charley Pell had trouble finding a soft landing spot after Florida forced him to resign as its football coach in 1984 for myriad recruiting violations. His name was forever linked with corruption, and schools—even Division I-AA Troy State, which briefly courted him for its head job three years ago—didn't want to take a chance on him. A proud man who had been a head coach for 12 of his 20 years in the college game, Pell wouldn't grub around for assistant-coaching jobs, so he drifted into business, which was not his forte. At least seven of his ventures have failed, and he has lost about $1 million over the last decade.

On the evening of Feb. 2, the 52-year-old Pell drove his car into a wooded area not far from his home in Jacksonville, ran a hose from the exhaust pipe through the passenger-side window and sat inside the car with the engine running. However, Pell had also ingested sleeping pills and vodka, and the combination nauseated him. He got out of the car and vomited, and that's where he was discovered by Florida state trooper Malcom Jowers, a friend who, during the good times, used to escort Pell off the field after Gator home games. Pell had left Jowers a suicide note and a map showing where to find his body and, after the trooper found the papers, he rushed to the scene. Had Pell not gotten out of the car, he might have been dead when Jowers arrived.

Because of the note and the map, there has been speculation that Pell staged the attempt. "Not a chance," says Herschel Nissenson, a friend who was chatting with Pell's wife, Ward, at the Pells' home when word came about the suicide attempt. "That wouldn't be Charley's style. He's been under an incredible amount of self-inflicted pressure over the last 10 years. He can't get back into football, he's not really a businessman, and the media think he's the worst criminal since John Dillinger." Nissenson was the national college football writer for the Associated Press until 1991.

Pell, a tackle on Bear Bryant's 1961 national championship team at Alabama, was released from Baptist Medical Center last Saturday. Though his doctors say that the suicide attempt will have no lasting physical effects on him, he is undergoing psychiatric treatment for depression. Nissenson visited Pell in the hospital, where the suicide attempt was only briefly mentioned: "You know, if Coach Bryant were alive, he'd kick your ass," Nissenson kidded Pell.

"Well, he almost got to tell me himself," said Pell, managing a small smile.

No Show, No Snow

Anchorage spent millions in 1988 in an unsuccessful bid to bring the 1994 Winter Games to the Last Frontier. As it turned out, the International Olympic Committee was wise to spurn Anchorage. The city has just come out of an uncommon heat wave, with temperatures having reached as high as 48°, and much of the snow that blanketed the city has turned to slush and mud puddles. The Nordic skiing events would have been in serious trouble, and Alpine competitors would almost certainly have been skiing on manmade snow. Buck up, Anchorage, and get that bid ready for the 2004 Summer Games.

Ice Wars: The Prequel

Long before Nancy Kerrigan and Tonya Harding, there was another no-love-lost rivalry in women's figure skating. It involved Sonja Henie, still the sport's biggest name, and Vivi-Anne Hultén, then known as the Flame of Sweden.

To summarize Hultén's position: Henie, the three-time Olympic champion (1928, '32 and '36) from Norway, was a scheming and vindictive competitor who pilfered routines and intimidated fellow competitors. Though Henie had no Shawn Eckardt or Shane Stant in her circle, Hultén claims that Henie ordered border guards to strip-search her en route to the '36 Olympics in Germany. (Bear in mind that Henie, who died at 57 years old in '69, is not around to defend herself.)

"When I started out, she was very nice, and I admired her greatly," said Hultén, 82, last week from her home in White Bear Lake, Minn., a suburb of the Twin Cities. "But when I started to challenge her by finishing second in the 1933

The Flame of Sweden, here kicking up her blades on a 1938 'Life' cover, has a low view of Henie.

HERBERT MATTER

world championships, she turned on me."

Hultén said that Henie's father, Wilhelm, made deals with judges that tilted the ice against Hultén, specifically at the 1936 Olympics and at the '35 and '36 world championships. Hultén finished third, while Henie was first, in all three competitions. Could jealousy be behind Hultén's claims?

"Look, I have great admiration for what Henie did," says Hultén, who runs The Skating Academy in St. Paul. "On the ice she was terrific, a wonderful acrobat, just like a circus princess, a big smile, dressed perfectly. But she was Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a very nasty person off the ice. She treated people with her hand stretched out, like, What can you do for me? I'm just telling it like it is."

Telling it like it is might have cost her a trip to Lillehammer as a figure skating commentator for NRK, the Norwegian television network. Shortly after Hultén roasted Henie in the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* a few weeks ago, an NRK executive canceled an invitation that had been extended in early November. The letter cited difficulties with securing her a ticket but also scolded her for having criticized the Norwegian legend.

"It would've been nice to be there, but I'll watch on TV," said Hultén. "My favorite is the little girl from Ukraine, Oksana Baiul. She makes skating both an artistic dance and an athletic exhibition. Sonja only did the athletic part. No one wants to hear that, but it's the truth."

VICTOR JUHASZ

TV Rook-ies

Isolated cameras, instant replay, computer graphics and telestrator-assisted commentary. Sounds like some network is preparing for a football game. Guess again. It's 21st-century chess.

"This is going to be anything but the dry, static game that people expect," says Bob Rice, commissioner of the fledgling Professional Chess Association (PCA), which is negotiating to sell its high-tech format to television. Televised chess? Shuffleboard seems like *Melrose Place* when compared with chess. But the PCA's series of four Grand Prix tournaments this year—beginning in Moscow next month, followed by stops in New York, London and Paris—will feature a speed-chess format, with each player having a total of only 25 minutes to complete his moves. There will also be innovations like electronic boards and flashing pieces ("viewer-friendly" wrinkles, according to Rice) and, predictably, a voluble, hyperinformative commentator, in this case U.S. master Maurice Ashley, "the John Madden of chess," as Rice calls him.

The PCA is optimistic that American television will buy all or part of the tour. And the plan is not as far-fetched as it seems, given that the PCA has already secured the sponsorship of computer giant Intel, which has committed more than $5 million over the next two years. What's more, consider the boffo ratings that a British television network drew when it devoted 60 hours of programming to last fall's Gary Kasparov–Nigel Short match in London. There's every possibility that a new breed of player could thrive in a glitzy atmosphere far removed from the mausoleumlike conditions of traditional chess, and that a new audience might arise from among the *Beavis & Butt-head* set.

"People have this idea that you have to be supersmart and educated to enjoy chess," says Rice. "That's bogus. I'm just a normal guy, and I love this game."

Trading Up

Last Saturday, in an intriguing variation on today's popular trade-guns-for-something programs, Prince—the sporting-goods company, not the purple-clad singer—gave a tennis racket to every youngster who handed in a video-game cartridge. Two hundred kids made the swap at SportsTown, an Atlanta sporting-goods store.

Proving Ground

Monica Seles did not return to action at the Virginia Slims of Chicago tournament this week and so became, according to the Women's Tennis Association computer, a nonperson. A player must compete in at least three tournaments over a 12-month period to maintain a ranking, and, because she was stabbed at a tournament in Hamburg on April 30, Seles has participated in only two during that span. Because the WTA bases its tournament seedings on computer rankings, the ques-

Scorecard

Buzz

● **FOX Broadcasting lost the television rights to the 1998 Winter Olympics in Nagano, Japan, but don't bet against *The Simpsons*'s network when it comes time to bid for the 2000 Summer Games in Sydney. That's the hometown of News Corporation Ltd., Fox's parent company, and many observers believe that chief executive Rupert Murdoch would love to carry the Olympics from his native land.**

● **UNDEFEATED junior lightweight Oscar De La Hoya has come to a financial settlement with his former managers, from whom he split in December (SCORECARD, Dec. 20, 1993) in an attempt to seize "full control" of his career. According to sources, De La Hoya will pay Steve Nelson and Robert Mittleman close to $2 million. Which means that when he climbs back through the ropes, for a reported $1 million payday in Los Angeles on March 5 against Jimmi Bredahl, boxing's Golden Boy will be fighting just to pay off his debt.**

● **THE NCAA recently adopted a rule that allows a college basketball player to enter the NBA draft and then return to the college ranks (within 30 days) if he does not like the team that drafted him or the deal it offers. NBA officials wonder aloud what the rule really accomplishes, because a team that drafts a player keeps the rights to that player for one year after he does come out. Therefore, a college player doesn't necessarily avoid going to a team he doesn't like by staying in school. Beyond that, though, the rule raises a potentially embarrassing situation for the league. To wit: What if *no one* wants to go to Minnesota?**

tion is: Should Seles be unseeded in the first tournament she enters, or should she be given a dispensation—namely a high seed—because of her No. 1 ranking before the attack?

This issue has caused much hand-wringing in women's tennis in recent weeks. But look, there's only one way to settle it, and we would be amazed if the networks aren't thinking about it—a million-dollar, winner-take-all showdown between Seles and Steffi Graf, the No. 1 player right now. Not only would tennis fans eat it up, but the match would also give the WTA a fix on whether Seles's skills have diminished or whether she is the grunting, baseline basher of old.

Hooray for Hollywood

NBA scouting director Marty Blake was around when pro teams rode buses from arena to arena, so one can imagine his surprise when he went one-on-one with high-budget Hollywood. Blake has a minor—very minor—role in the movie *Blue Chips*, starring Nick Nolte and Shaquille O'Neal, and he was recently summoned to California to "re-loop" his scene. Blake was flown first-class from his home in Atlanta to Los Angeles, met by a limousine at the airport and housed in a swank hotel. And what were those all-important lines?

"Yep," says Blake.

No, really, Marty, what were they?

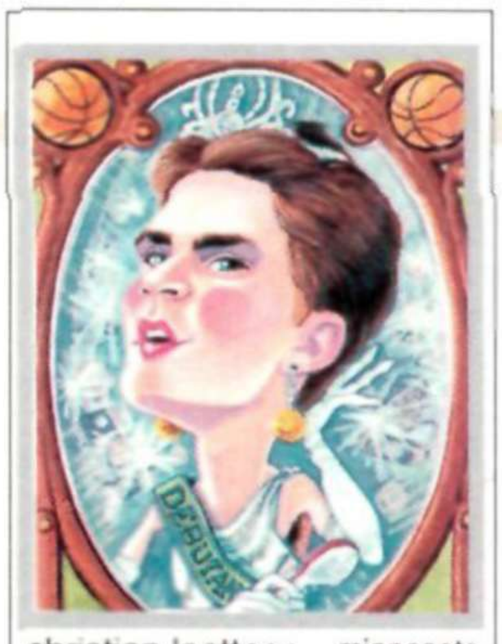
"Yep," says Blake. Yep, that was his only line—yep.

Says Blake, "But I said it perfectly the second time."

A Bunch of Real Cards

A different kind of NBA trading card is making the rounds, one that the players would hardly want kept in their children's shoeboxes. The front of Benoit Benjamin's card says THE EMBARRASSMENT, a reference to his legendary underachieving, while Kendall Gill's calls him FANTASY ALL-STAR for his proclivity to overestimate his value. Rather than celebrate Shaquille O'Neal's rim-wrecking power, his card reads PLAYIN' FOR THE CAMERA. And Charles Barkley *(above)* is labeled, with obvious irony, MR. NICE GUY.

The line of cards is called Skinnies, in reference to the player analysis provided on the back of each card. ("Rony speaks four different languages," reads the skinny on Rony Seikaly. "Too bad he doesn't understand 'pass' in any of them.") Skinnies is the brainchild of First Amendment Publishing, a Northport, N.Y.–based company that got into the trading-card business only because of the constitutional issues raised by a local ban on another company's serial-killer cards two years ago. To challenge the law, First Amendment produced a set of cards, similar to the serial-killer set, called Sex Maniacs. "I'd never let my own child buy those cards," says Joe Mauro, a publishing attorney and one of the founders of the company, "but it was necessary for the protection of the First Amendment."



christian laettner minnesota

"THE PRINCESS"

charles barkley phoenix

"MR. NICE GUY"

FIRST AMENDMENT PUBLISHING

Bad taste isn't an issue with the NBA cards—well, Christian Laettner *(above)* would beg to differ—and Mauro doesn't expect any legal difficulties, either. The cards, drawn by several caricaturists, show players in generic uniforms with no reference to the NBA. Reaction from the league has been tepid. "We are reviewing the situation to see if there will be any legal action," said one spokesman.

Here's our skinny on the cards—they're funny and, much of the time, on target. Grin and bear 'em, NBA.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

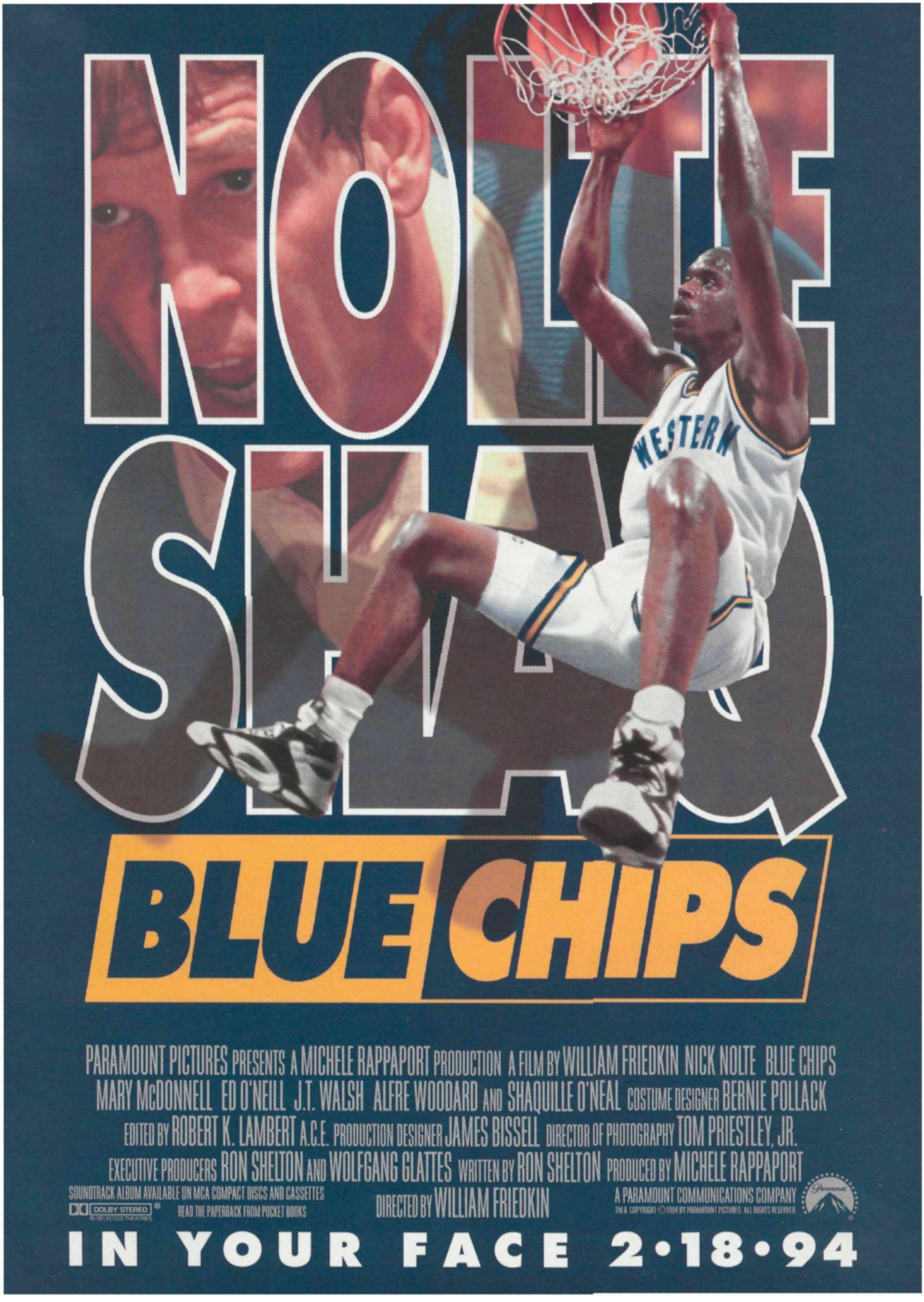
TREES died so that a writer named Bob Andelman could produce a tome entitled *Why Men Watch Football*, which theorizes, among other things, that football "gives us men something to talk about."

They Said It

Hal McRae

The Kansas City Royal manager, on the acquisition of former New York Met and fireworks aficionado Vince Coleman: "On July 4, wherever we are, you're going to room with me."

Scorecard Reporter: Richard O'Brien



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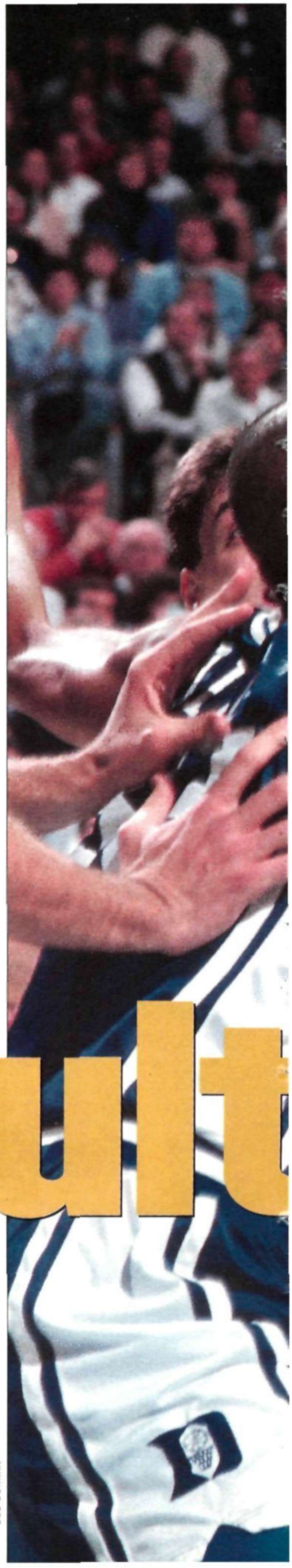


BOB DONNAN

Poll Vault

There's an upsetting trend in college ball this season, and it's proving disastrous for No. 1 teams • **by Alexander Wolff**

COLLEGE BASKETBALL seasons are usually quite simple: They begin with Midnight Madness, end with March Madness and have 19 weeks of relative sanity in between. If the 1993–94 regular season walked into a psychiatrist's office, it would be fitted for a straitjacket. And if it went to the doctor, it would be told, "What you have is a case of upset stomach. Take two Alka-Seltzers and call me in the morning. Tuesday morning, April 5."

By the end of January six schools had already taken a turn atop the Associated Press's poll *(chart, page 24)*. After North Carolina vaulted over No. 1–ranked Duke with an 89–78 victory last Thursday, the Tar Heels claimed the top spot for the third time, giving the AP six changes at No. 1 in as many weeks. The No. 1 ranking has become so meaningless that the second-ranked Tar Heels were 10-point favorites going into their meeting with the Blue Devils—and the Heels still covered the spread. "It used to be that 10 teams, maybe 15 teams, could beat Number One," says Kentucky coach Rick Pitino, whose Wildcats spent a single week at the top back in December. "Today I believe the 35th team could beat the Number One team, because there isn't a truly dominant team or player."

In Las Vegas all the chaos is bringing smiles to the sharpies who run the sports books. "When anybody can beat anybody, it's treacherous for the gambler and better for the house," says Bob Gregorka, who runs the sports book at the Sands. "There's more guesswork and less probability."

Jim O'Connell, who covers college basketball for the AP, is simply relieved that he's not dealing with college football.

Two days after Derrick Phelps (14) and Carolina drove Duke out of the top spot, UCLA fell into an Irish stew (opposite).

ing

Upsets

"Thank goodness we won't have 65 voters determining a national champion," he says. "We'll just let the NCAA's little tournament settle the whole matter."

Study the polls and you'll find that with five weeks still remaining in the regular season, 39 teams have made at least a cameo in the Top 25. Watch CNN's *Headline News* and the nightly score crawl will astonish you. Washington 74, Arizona 69 . . . Notre Dame 79, UCLA 64 . . . Kansas State 68, Kansas 64 . . . Butler 75, Indiana 71 . . . St. Francis (Pa.) 77, Xavier 73 . . . Alaska-Anchorage 70, Wake Forest 68 . . . Santa Clara 80, California 67.

Play the old score-chain parlor game—Mercer beat the College of Charleston (by 10), which beat Alabama (by 22), which beat Arkansas (by two), which beat Missouri (by 52), which beat Kansas (by 12), which beat Massachusetts (by 11), which beat North Carolina (by five)—and you can prove conclusively that the mighty Bears of Mercer, 4–15 through Sunday and No. 268 in the *USA Today* power ratings last week, are 114 points better than the defending NCAA champs. You can measure the zaniness every which way. The question is, How to explain it? Here are a few theories.

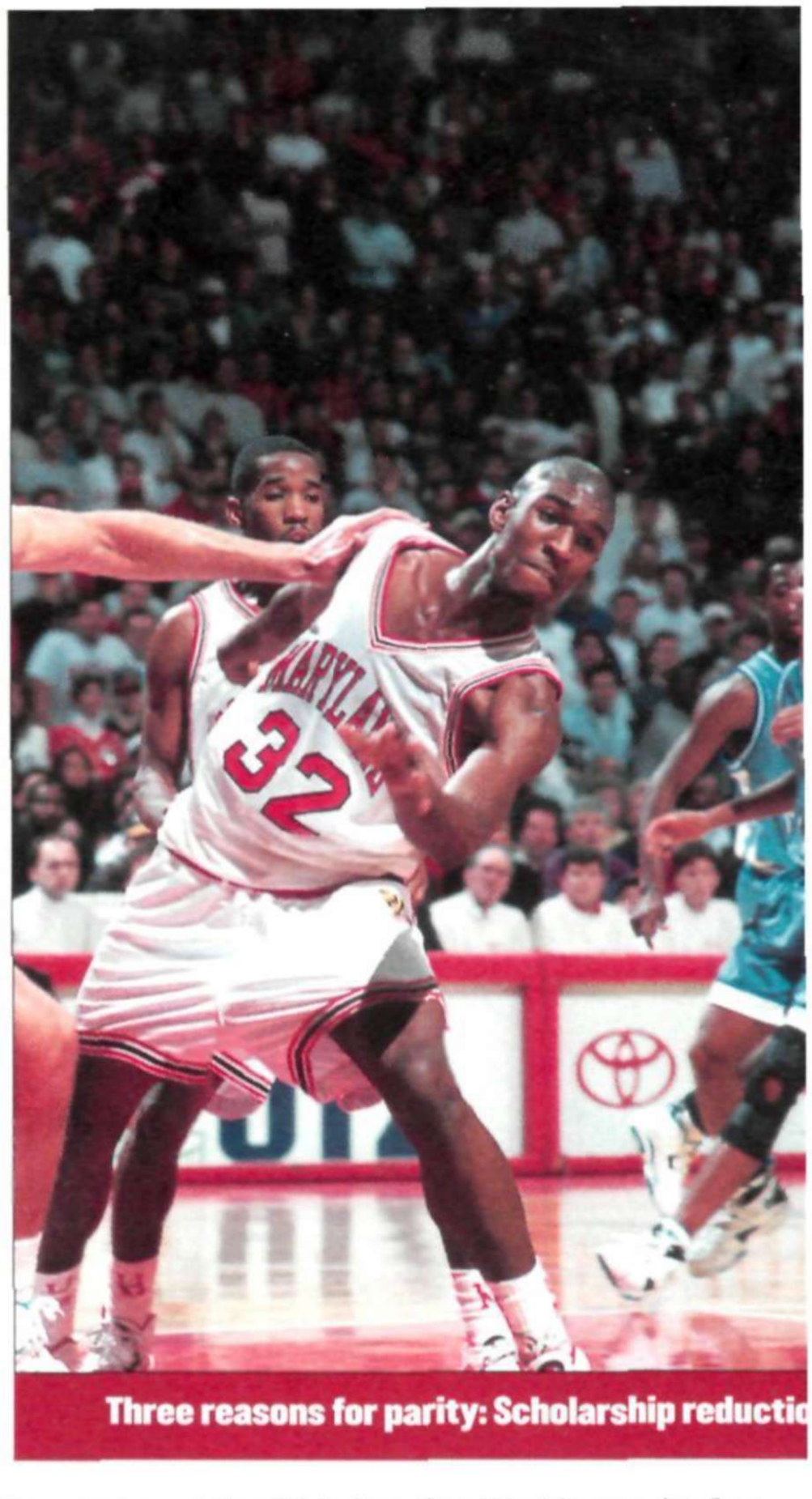
• *The three-point shot.* Bette Midler could sing the theme song for this season's NCAA highlights video: *From a Distance*. Coaches have finally realized that the trey is here to stay and that they might as well use it. When the rule was introduced, beginning with the 1986–87 season, about one in every six shots came from beyond the arc. Now more than one in four do. Three-point attempts are up by three a game over last season. While part of that increase is a result of shortening the shot clock from 45 to 35 seconds, the three-pointer has led to nothing less than a profound reformation of the college game.

"Teams don't run plays anymore," says Paul Baker, a former coach at Wheeling (W.Va.) College and now a scout for the Washington Bullets. "They play the line. Players today are making as many as 400 pass-or-shoot decisions a game. And the line is like Moby Dick. It represents the choice between good and evil. 'Should I? Or shouldn't I?' That's why there's parity. Coaches have no control anymore."

As Baker sees it, coaches can do little more than supplicate at the altar of the holy trey, which giveth (Santa Clara went 13 for 23 in its upset of Cal) and taketh away (in last Saturday's stumble against Notre Dame, UCLA was 0 for 16 from beyond the arc; later in the day Arizona was 4 for 28 in handing Washington its first Pac-10 win). It's not so much a question of whether you use the shot, because everyone is using it. Nowadays it's more a matter of whether the shot is going to use you.

Just ask Ohio University coach Larry Hunter how the three-pointer has affected the sports adage about "On any given night. . . ." His Bobcats upset Connecticut on Dec. 29 largely because they sank six of nine three-pointers on an evening when the Huskies missed 14 of 18. A month later, though, Ohio found itself on the business end of the upset, losing 78–77 to Mid-American Conference rival Toledo. In that game the Rockets' Archie Fuller rebounded his own missed three-point attempt as time wound down, dribbled back behind the arc and made good on another try with one second to play.

• *Lousy foul-shooting.* The mighty and the meek must share the blame for the overall percentage nationwide (.663 through Jan. 31), which is on pace to be the worst since 1953–54. Free throw foul-ups, however, stand to hurt the more talented team most. Superior talent is supposed to put a defense into a position in which it must foul, but if a team can't convert the



Three reasons for parity: Scholarship reductio

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Alabama's Walter Pitts thought bringing down No. 1 Arkansas on Jan. 8 was worth shouting about.

The Topsy-Turvy Top 25

With five weeks still to go in the regular season, there have already been a slew of changes in the Associated Press's Top 25. Here's how the upheaval in this season's weekly AP poll compares with that of seasons past.

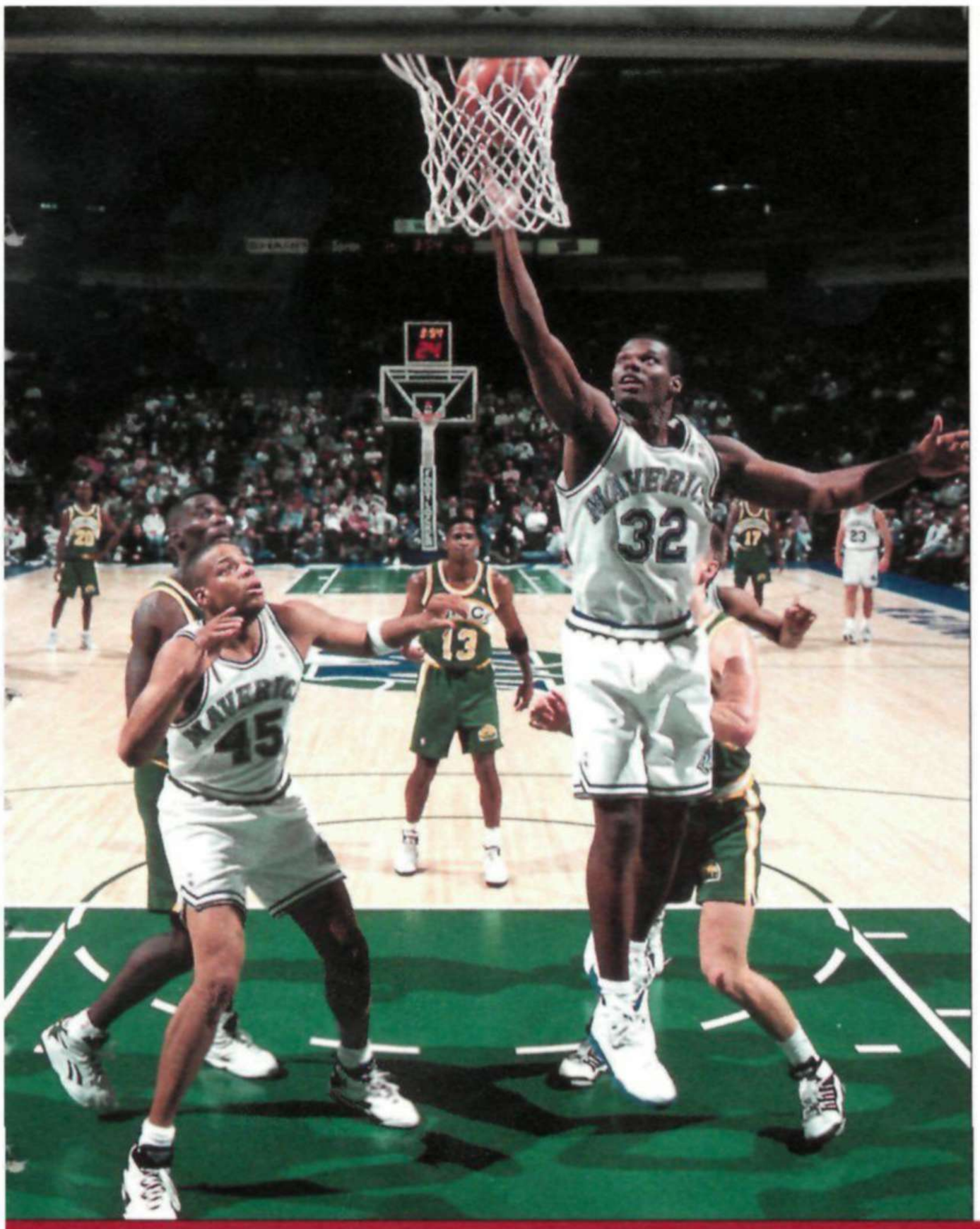
Season	No. of teams in Top 20 or 25	No. of schools to hold No. 1 spot	No. of times No.1 changed
*'93–94**	*39*	*6*	*7***
'92–93	*48*	*5*	*4*
'91–92	*40*	*1*	*0*
'90–91	*41*	*1*	*0*
*'89–90****	*38*	*5*	*7*
'88–89	*35*	*4*	*5*
'87–88	*38*	*5*	*6*
'86–87	*35*	*3*	*4*
'85–86	*33*	*3*	*2*
'84–85	*36*	*2*	*2*
'83–84	*38*	*2*	*2*
'82–83	*37*	*7*	*6*
'81–82	*38*	*4*	*3*

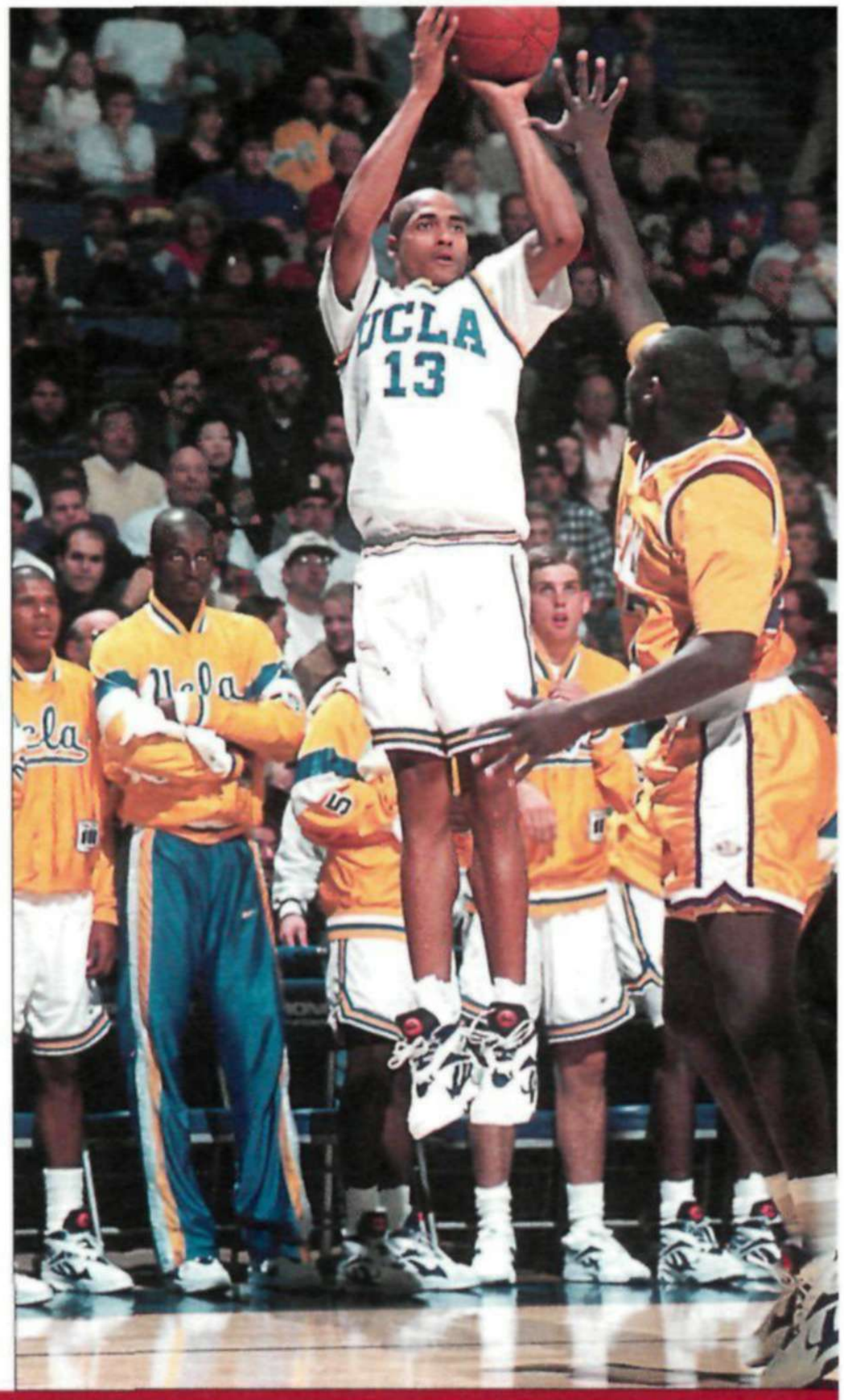
* *Through AP poll of Feb. 1.*

** *Assumes new No. 1 this week after Duke loss.*

*** *AP poll expanded from 20 to 25.*

SOURCE: Associated Press





that scatter talent like Smith (left), early exits by stars like Mashburn (32, center) and erratic three-point shooting like UCLA's.

ensuing free throws, it has squandered that advantage. A case in point is Kansas, whose top-scoring inside player, Richard Scott, was shooting 47.7% from the line as of Sunday. Scott missed all five of his free throw attempts in the Jayhawks' four-point loss at home to Kansas State on Jan. 17, which bumped the Jayhawks from the top spot.

• *The glut of games.* Coaches still do their darnedest to get players motivated. But with game following game following game through the dog days of January and February, players are liable to go canine themselves—and then it's an underdog-eat-dog world. "Highly ranked teams think they're invincible," says George Washington coach Mike Jarvis. "There are only a couple of teams in the country that play hard all the time."

Adds Seth Greenberg, coach at Long Beach State: "You see upsets when teams start playing multiple games within a week—two league games followed by an intersectional game. The made-for-TV games create a logjam, which creates fatigue and complacency, which create the opportunity for an upset."

• *Early exits.* No one expects to establish a dynasty anymore, not since John Wooden unrolled his program. But it used to be that when a school recruited a high school All-America or two, it counted on getting things going for at least three, perhaps four years. Now most premier collegians check out early. Seven underclassmen were chosen in the first round of the NBA draft last spring, rather than the three or four of recent years. Kentucky, Michigan and Wake Forest would be nigh unbeatable if they still had Jamal Mashburn, Chris Webber and Rodney Rogers, respectively. Give Anfernee Hardaway, James (Hollywood) Robinson, Shawn Bradley and, yes, even the enigmatic Luther Wright back to Memphis State, Alabama, Brigham Young and Seton Hall, respectively, and those schools wouldn't be adrift right now somewhere south of the Top 25.

• *Rule changes.* The 35-second clock was supposed to penalize underdogs everywhere by injecting extra possessions into a game and allowing raw talent to prevail. And it has worked, at least against teams that want to slow down the game, like Princeton. In many cases, though, the shorter shot clock has resulted in more three-pointers being taken over the course of a game, which gives the shot a better chance to work its mischief. This season's other major change, the elimination of the five-second-closely-guarded rule, has proved to be a pebble for the slingshot too. If a team has one rugged, intrepid guard, he can dominate the ball. Radford went into Baton Rouge on Dec. 30 and entrusted its fortunes to a freshman playmaker named Anthony Walker. He guided the Highlanders to a 73–72 shocker over LSU. "Before that rule you were often playing three on five when you faced a team with much more talent," says Radford coach Ron Bradley. "Now if you have a guy who can handle it for 25 or 30 seconds, you can turn it into a one-on-one game on big possessions."

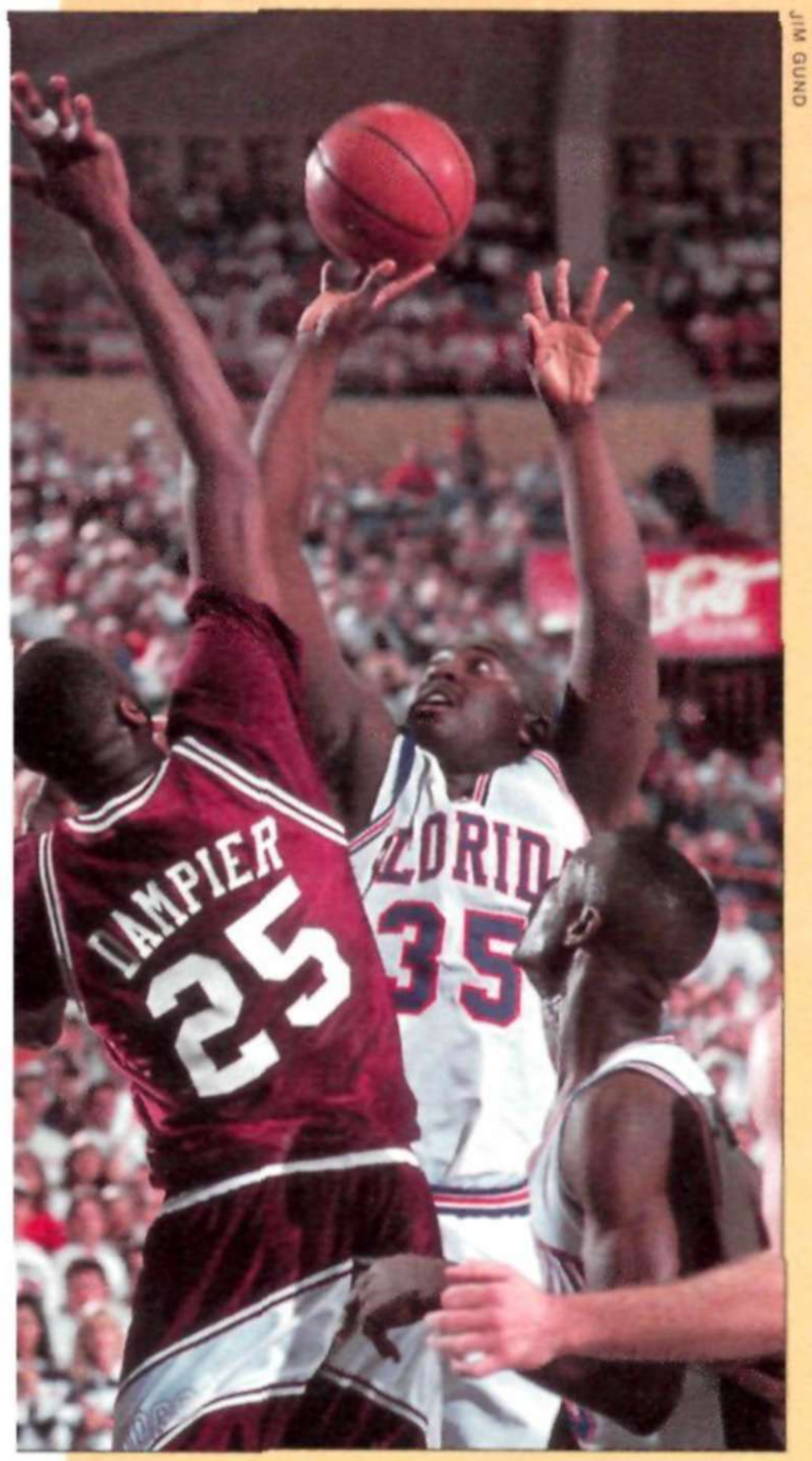
• *Academic barriers.* The ACC and the SEC, two leagues that have long had the pick of the talent from New York to New Orleans, don't accept Prop 48 academic nonqualifiers anymore. As a result, more and more terrific players are winding up at schools in the Atlantic-10 and the Great Midwest Conference. (So far this season four schools from each conference have spent at least some time in the

FROM LEFT: DOUG PENSINGER; JOHN W. MCDONOUGH; RICHARD MACKSON

A Picture of Parity

There is no better example of the arrival of parity in college basketball than the state of affairs in the SEC, where the most important matchup of last week was . . . *Florida versus Mississippi State?* While Arkansas and Kentucky have both spent time as the No. 1 team in the nation this season, they both found themselves staring up at the Gators in the SEC. Going into Saturday's game, Florida (17–3 overall) led the Eastern Division of the SEC with the conference's best record, 7–1. Included in that mark was a 59–57 stunner over Kentucky on Jan. 18. Surprising Mississippi State was 13–4 overall, 6–2 in the league and tied with Arkansas and Alabama atop the Western Division, thanks largely to a 72–71 upset of the Razorbacks on Jan. 19.

Neither Florida nor Mississippi State was picked to finish higher than fourth in its division, and neither seems accustomed to the heady atmosphere atop the league. "Sometimes," Florida coach Lon Kruger said on Friday, "I look up at the end of a game and wonder how we won."



JIM GUND

Having shed 60 pounds, man-mountain Hill has helped Florida's surprising climb in the SEC.

At the raucous O'Connell Center in Gainesville on Saturday, the Gators once again relied on their dandy backcourt of junior Dan Cross and senior Craig Brown. (Another contributor to Florida's success has been 6′ 7″, 286-pound sophomore center Dametri Hill, who has lost 60 pounds in the last two years and suddenly learned last summer that he could dunk.)

Cross, who finished with 26 points, was particularly devastating from the perimeter. With 1:06 left, Florida nursing a tenuous two-point lead and the shot clock down to :02, he made a leaning three-pointer that effectively sealed the 84–75 win. "You [reporters] have a tendency to underrate some players," said Mississippi State coach Richard Williams afterward. "Don't underrate Florida." Just for the record, Coach, the writers had Florida in their Top 25 last week; the Gators were nowhere to be found in the coaches' poll.

Florida's success comes four years after the Gators were hit with NCAA probation for violations committed during coach Norm Sloan's watch. In the long run, though, Florida's NCAA troubles may have been the best thing that ever happened to the program. Without them, the Gators might never have hired Kruger, who led Kansas State to an improbable final-eight appearance in 1988.

"Coach Kruger has taught us to get that meanness, like Kentucky," says Cross. "He always says, 'You've got to learn to set your jaw.' We're learning." Gone are the flaky, if talented, enigmas of the Vernon Maxwell and Dwayne Schintzius variety from years past. In their place are a bunch of relentless no-names who didn't exactly have college recruiters camped outside their high schools. "I don't like the word *overachievers*," says Kruger. "If players get good results, they're a good team."

Florida and Mississippi State are examples of how quickly teams can ascend these days. Between them, they have only three seniors and should be tough next year too. It's also promising that both schools are cultivating support on their football-obsessed campuses. "For the first time," says Gator forward Andrew DeClercq, fairly stunned, "we walk around town and people recognize us."

—Ned Zeman

Upsets

Top 25.) New academic rules, says Wake Forest coach Dave Odom, "carved a niche for those kinds of teams. They don't have to compete [with the ACC and the SEC] for those recruits."

• *Scholarship reductions.* For years schools were allowed to have 15 players on scholarship, then in 1992 the number was reduced to 14, and now it's down to 13. That has opened up opportunities for rough-cut diamonds to find more-obscure settings in which to sparkle. "Out of the top 100 programs in the country there are now 200 more players available," Nevada coach Pat Foster said before this season began, explaining how he intended to rebuild in his first season in Reno. Sure enough, when the Wolf Pack beat No. 23 New Mexico State last Thursday for its first victory over a ranked team in 10 years, Nevada's star, with 25 points and 14 rebounds, turned out to be juco transfer Jimmy Moore—a guy who might well have gone to UNLV this season if the Rebels had had another scholarship to give.

You can see this trickle-down effect everywhere. Take Maryland's Joe Smith. As a high-schooler in Norfolk, Va., he desperately wanted to go to North Carolina. And he might be wearing Carolina blue today if the Tar Heels had a 14th and 15th scholarship. But instead of being practice fodder for Eric Montross, Kevin Salvadori and Rasheed Wallace, Smith is at a school that had a spot for him—and lots of playing time, too—and he's making a name as the best freshman in the nation.

Some coaches believe the lost scholarships and tighter academic requirements have hurt the quality of the college game. "I don't think any league has ever been better than ours was in 1986," says Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski. "The sixth-best team in the ACC that year was Maryland, with Len Bias." However, that quality may still be there, only more equitably spread out. Perhaps it's *because* the best athletes aren't concentrated on the same teams and *because* a coach doesn't have the same influence over what those players do that the game has become so enormously crowd-pleasing.

And the real madness doesn't start for another month. In 1982–83, the last time the AP poll was so discombobulated during a regular season, seven teams did a stint as No. 1. The postseason delivered an unforgettable tournament. That year the NCAA crowned arguably its unlikeliest champion ever, North Carolina State. All of which suggests that this March might be clinically insane. ■

Bloomingdale's
Burdines
Jordan Marsh
Lazarus
Rich's
The Bon Marché
A&S

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Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE
TOILETTE

COOL WATER

THE KERRIGAN ASSAULT

Anatomy Of a Plot

Even in their version of events—which differs from Tonya Harding's—the confessed conspirators in the Nancy Kerrigan assault were at once goons and buffoons • by E.M. Swift

IT BEGAN with a fourth-place finish in Chiba, Japan, a result that, except in the mind of Tonya Harding, could not have been less extraordinary. Competing for something called the NHK Trophy, Harding fell on her combination jump in the technical program, a disastrous error, which eventuated in her being beaten by three of the best skaters in the world, Surya Bonaly of France, Yuka Sato of Japan and Lu Chen of China.

Harding thought she had skated well, certainly well enough to finish higher than fourth. When Harding returned home to Portland, in mid-December, her live-in ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly, lent a sympathetic ear. Because Tonya wasn't the darling and cover girl of the U.S. Figure Skating Association, because she wasn't Nancy Kerrigan, she would never be given a fair shake by the judges and the press. He knew it, and she knew it. And fourth-place finishes by the hardscrabble Harding were not going to provide them the ticket to fame and fortune they both so desperately sought.

Gillooly explained all this to his lifelong friend Shawn Eckardt around the 16th of December. Gillooly doesn't remember where they were at the time, but they certainly made quite a pair. Gillooly, trim, well-groomed, tight-lipped, weighed in at 143. Eckardt, rotund, unkempt, bigmouthed, weighed 311. They had been in the same first-, seventh- and eighth-grade classes and in the same freshman class at David Douglas High. Both were now 26 and, essentially, unemployed. Eckardt had dropped out of high school and was currently enrolled in a paralegal course at Pioneer Pacific College—that is, when he wasn't running the grandly titled World Bodyguard Services from the second floor of his parents' Portland home. Eckardt had no clients and few prospects, but his imagination was world class. His résumé would have put James Bond's to shame. Never mind that little of it appears to have been true.

Gillooly? He'd been out of work since quitting his warehouse

Low technical scores in Japan distressed Harding, leading to a scheme, Gillooly says, to harm Kerrigan.

Illustrations by James McMullan

Sources And Denials

THIS STORY is based on statements made to law-enforcement officials by the four men who have admitted their involvement in the Kerrigan attack—Shawn Eckardt, Jeff Gillooly, Derrick Smith and Shane Stant—plus reporting by SI's Martin Dardis, Michael Jaffe, Lester Munson, Stefanie Scheer, Shelley Smith and Sonja Steptoe.

Gillooly and, to a lesser extent, Eckardt are the sources for the parts of the story that implicate **Tonya Harding**. One of Harding's lawyers, Robert Weaver, says that Harding will not respond to "piecemeal accusations" that she was involved in the assault. In a Jan. 27 press conference Harding denied having any prior knowledge of the Jan. 6 attack and said she learned only later that people close to her were involved. During a 10½-hour interview with the FBI on Jan. 18, Harding said she became aware only on Jan. 11 of Gillooly's involvement. She also specifically denied to the FBI most of the allegations made by Gillooly and Eckardt.

Last week the U.S. Figure Skating Association concluded that reasonable grounds exist to hold a disciplinary hearing to decide whether Harding violated the association's code of ethics. The U.S. Olympic Committee said it was considering action that could remove her from the U.S. team that will compete in the Lillehammer Games.

Gillooly alone is the source of the suggestions in the story that **Agnes Eckardt** had a hand in the plot. Her lawyer, Mark Cross, says, "At no point was Agnes Eckardt involved, nor did she knowingly participate in any conspiracy to cause physical harm to Nancy Kerrigan." Shawn Eckardt, who would have been present for all the remarks that Gillooly attributes to Agnes Eckardt, last week told Portland's KATU-TV that his mother had played no role in the scheme.

job at the Oregon Liquor Control Commission in March 1992. Harding was his meal ticket, and he passed his time by being her money manager and sometime gofer. He reportedly was an abusive husband, but there is little hard evidence of this—no broken bones or black eyes—and Harding herself has been inconsistent on the subject. Though in the past she had been granted restraining orders against him, in her most recent interviews with the FBI, she says she was not abused by Gillooly. They were married in 1990, divorced last August, but had been back living together in a rented house in Beavercreek since October. "I thought I was renting to a couple of love-struck kids," their landlord, Melvin Babb, recently said. "One who might skate in the Olympics."

In Gillooly's account to the FBI—a version of events that largely squares with the statements to authorities made by Eckardt and two other confessed conspirators in the case, Derrick Smith and Shane Stant, but which is disputed by Harding *(box, previous page)*—he said the original idea to disable Kerrigan was Eckardt's. Eckardt told investigators it was Gillooly who first floated the notion. Whichever is the case, Eckardt was immediately intrigued. Such an attack, he figured, would cause a panic in the figure skating world. Hordes of rich skaters, he fantasized, egged on by his old pal Gillooly, would flock to his World Bodyguard Service for protection. "How's it gonna feel driving that brand-new ZR1 Corvette?" Eckardt says Gillooly asked him.

According to Gillooly's FBI statement, when he told Harding about his conversation with Eckardt, she liked the idea of injuring Kerrigan. But she was skeptical about whether Eckardt, a notorious blowhard, was the right man to arrange it. How could he know anyone who would do something like that? Gillooly says he told her that it was Eckardt's business to know such people and that Eckardt would get back to him. If they didn't like what Eckardt came up with, they could pull the plug on the project then.

Around Dec. 22 Smith called Eckardt from Phoenix. Smith was 29, 6′ 1″, 258 pounds and recently unemployed. He and his wife, Suzanne, had moved from Portland to Arizona in October with two other couples. One of those couples was Stant and his girlfriend, Leslie Thomas.

Smith had hated the weather in Oregon. He nurtured a dream of quitting his Portland job with Developmental Systems, Inc., where he supervised the work of mentally retarded adults, and starting a paramilitary survival school in the Arizona desert. Smith had met Eckardt about 10 years ago when both were taking a course at Mount Hood Community College; he was calling now because he thought Eckardt might be interested in moving down to help get the school off the ground. Then, by way of making conversation, he asked if anything else was going on.

Eckardt says he told Smith he had a client who needed someone "taken down." The act might involve a physical confrontation and, hopefully, some bodyguard work afterward. But it would definitely not involve a killing. Did Smith know anyone? Smith, who had no criminal record, told Eckardt he had a fellow in mind, and he would get back to him soon.

A critical meeting in Shawn Eckardt's Portland home on Dec. 28 brought (from left) Stant and Smith, who had driven up from Phoenix, together for the only time with fellow plotters Eckardt and Gillooly.

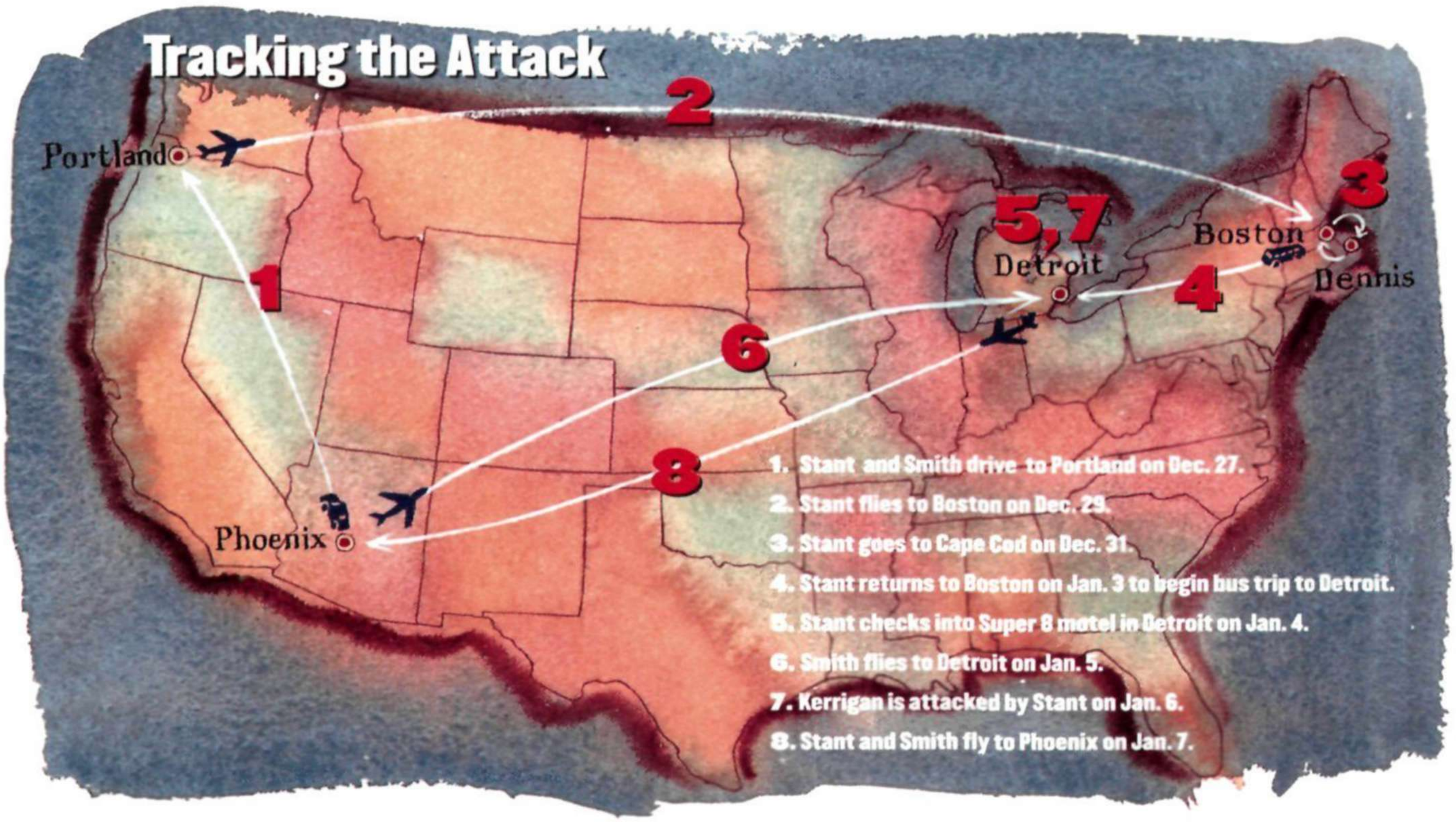
Stant, 22, was a bodybuilder, a muscular 225-pounder. A martial-arts expert and health-food nut, he, too, was interested in helping Smith set up his survival school. Part Hawaiian, part American Indian, Stant was one of those guys who seldom finished what they started. Like Eckardt, he was a high school dropout. He had enlisted in the Oregon National Guard in 1989 but was discharged when he failed three times to show up for a secondary physical. He once worked as a busboy for eight days in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, but was fired for not showing up for work. At another time he was arrested and served 15 days in jail for stealing cars. In 1992 Stant tried out for the Oregon Thunderbolts, a semipro football team, but left without explanation after a month. He had also been involved in his share of bar fights.

Since moving to Phoenix, Stant had been unable to find work. He regularly worked out in a gym, then would roam the streets in

his neighborhood, picking up stray dogs, which he would bring home to feed. When Smith told him about the job that Eckardt was offering, Stant asked for more specifics. A short time after that, Eckardt called Stant directly. The job, he said, was to "make an accident happen" to a skater. As Stant tells it, Eckardt suggested that an Achilles tendon be cut. Stant said he would not cut anyone, and Eckardt revised the job description. The skater, he said, would have to be injured sufficiently that she would not be able to go to the upcoming national championships in Detroit. The fee was $2,500. Eckardt sweetened the pie by mentioning a bodyguard contract of $36,000 a week for a five-man team to provide security for Harding before the Lillehammer Olympics. This was pure hogwash, of course. But Stant was in, and he visited a store called Spy Headquarters and purchased a black, 21-inch retractable ASP tactical baton, shelling out $58.56, tax included.

cording to Gillooly's FBI statement, he passed this request on to Harding, suggesting she call a journalist of their acquaintance, Vera Marano, who lived in West Chester, Pa. Harding, Gillooly says, agreed to do so, saying she would tell Marano that she and Gillooly had a bet regarding where Kerrigan lived, and Marano could settle the bet. Harding also mentioned a poster of Kerrigan, Kristi Yamaguchi and Harding that she could say she needed Kerrigan to sign.

Interviewed by the FBI, Marano said the following: On Dec. 26 Harding called her, saying she needed to settle a bet. She asked Marano if she could find out where Kerrigan trained and if Kerrigan owned any property on Cape Cod. Marano told Harding she would try to get that information and would get back to her. Marano did this by calling a friend in Massachusetts, Dorothy Baker, a member of the U.S. Figure Skating Association. Baker told Marano that Kerrigan trained at Tony Kent Arena on



Shortly afterward Eckardt visited Gillooly and Harding at their home. Gillooly says Eckardt put the cost of an attack on Kerrigan at $4,500, including airplane tickets, bus fare and the purchase of a used car to drive in Boston, plus food and lodging. Gillooly said that was too expensive. Eckardt asked what Gillooly and Harding could afford. Gillooly's response: $2,000. That was too little, Eckardt said.

A few days later Eckardt and Gillooly met again; Eckardt said he had the men lined up for the Kerrigan job and that they were ready to go. But Eckardt and Gillooly couldn't agree on a price, and according to Gillooly, he asked Eckardt to call the whole thing off. Eckardt said it was too late, that his reputation was on the line. On Christmas, Smith called to say he was coming to Portland and would arrive in about 18 hours; Eckardt and Gillooly could resolve their differences then.

Smith and Stant would be arriving in the early afternoon on Monday, Dec. 27, and Eckardt told Gillooly it would be a good idea to have some personal information on Kerrigan: a photograph, her address, the location of the rink where she skated. Accordingly Cape Cod. Baker would not provide any information about Kerrigan's place of residence. Marano called Harding back and left the information on an answering machine.

Gillooly told the FBI that when he and Harding listened to the tape, it sounded as though Marano were saying Kerrigan trained at "Toby Can" arena. They couldn't understand it. Gillooly says that Harding called Marano back on Dec. 27 and that he heard her ask Marano to "spell it out." Harding wrote down "Tony Kent Arena." After hanging up, Harding told him that Marano couldn't find out where Kerrigan lived. They then started looking for a picture of Kerrigan, and Gillooly found a brochure containing a photo of Yamaguchi, Harding and Kerrigan.

The drive by Smith and Stant to Portland from Phoenix, straight through, took 22 hours in Smith's black Porsche 944. Upon arrival the two men checked in at the Del Rancho Motel, across the street from a 7-Eleven, and paid in cash, registering under Stant's name. On Monday night, Dec. 27, Eckardt called Gillooly and told him that the guy who would carry out the attack had arrived. Time was short, and they wanted to meet the

next morning at 10. Gillooly told him Harding was training at that time but he would try to get there as close to 10 as possible.

Harding's practice session was over at 10:30 a.m. Gillooly put gas in their blue Ford pickup, then, with Harding as a passenger, drove to the army-green, two-story house in which Shawn lives with his parents, Ron and Agnes. According to Gillooly, Harding knew what the meeting was about, and she was none too thrilled over his having direct contact with a possible hit man. Parked in the drive was Eckardt's 1976 green Mercury four-door and Smith's Porsche, which stood out like a pumpkin in a radish patch. Gillooly told Harding he would call her when the meeting was over, and she drove off in the pickup.

It was 11 a.m. when Gillooly arrived. While they were waiting, Smith had asked Eckardt to tape the conversation. The tape, he said, might be useful leverage if things went wrong and Gillooly refused to pay up. Eckardt put a pocket tape recorder on the desk and covered it with a paper towel. When Gillooly arrived, Eckardt's mother let him in. Eckardt's father was also in the house. Agnes told Gillooly, "They're in the office."

Eckardt's office was half a flight up, a small, converted bedroom with a window facing the street. He owned a computer, and his neatly stacked bookshelves had volumes arranged by subjects. *The Poor Man's James Bond* and *The Anarchist Cookbook* were among Eckardt's collection. He also had an impressive array of catalogs on SWAT and mercenary equipment.

Gillooly knocked on the office door, and a man he later learned was Stant let him in. Stant was wearing a baggy black Australian-outback coat, a hat and black fingerless gloves. Eckardt introduced Gillooly to Derrick, using only his first name. He introduced Stant by saying simply, "This is his friend."

"It's a pleasure," Stant said. Then he clammed up.

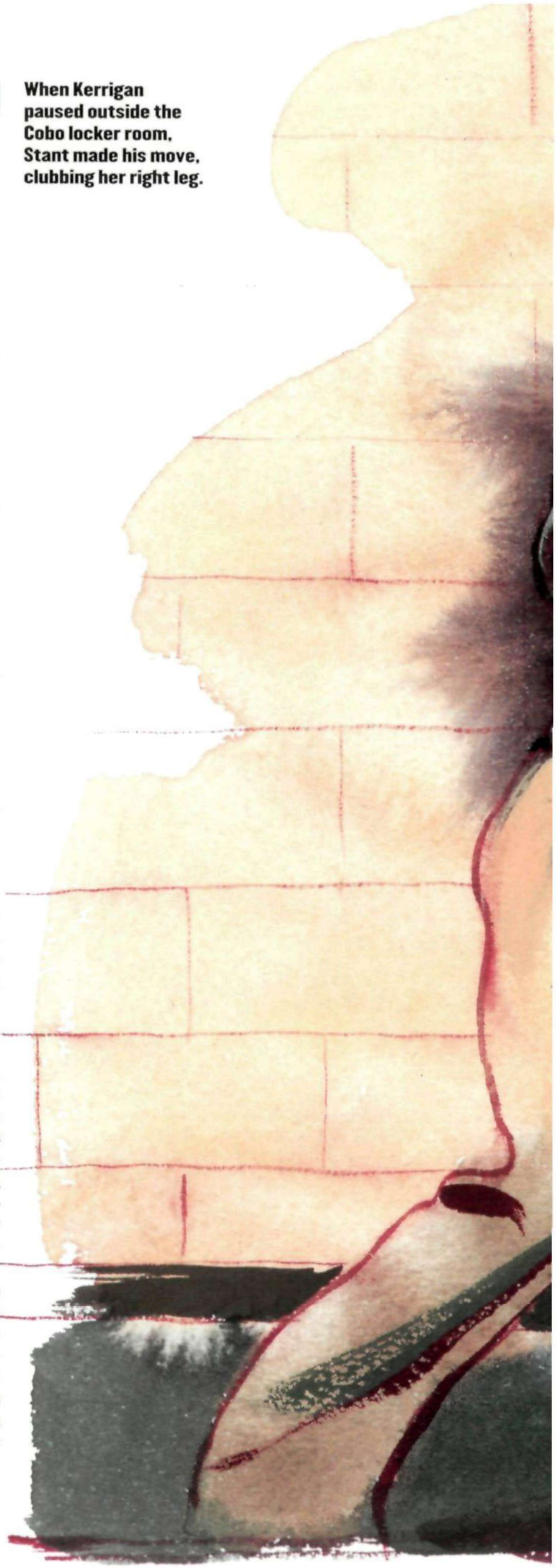
Derrick told Gillooly he was the type of guy who solved other people's problems. Eckardt asked Gillooly if he'd brought the information on Kerrigan, and Gillooly put the material on the desk. Eckardt looked at the picture of Kerrigan and remarked, "She's good-looking."

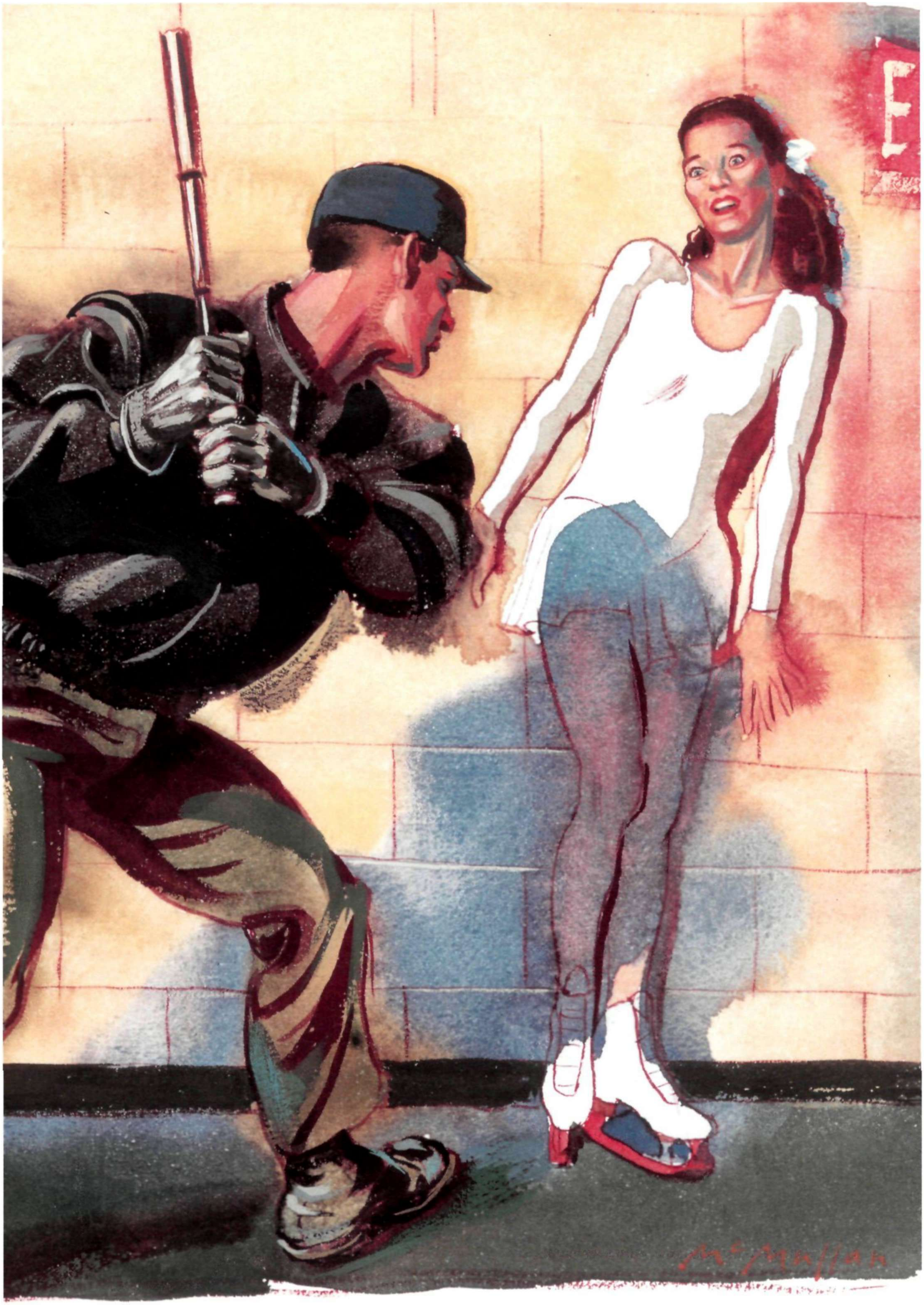
Gillooly told the other men that if Harding could get to the Olympics and win, she would have endorsements and a truckload of money. Because of that, Gillooly would be able to offer $1,000 a week to provide security for Harding. To qualify for the Olympics, however, she had to do well at the nationals. Kerrigan was the primary obstacle.

They discussed various ways of disabling Kerrigan. Smith and Stant told the FBI that Eckardt again suggested cutting an Achilles tendon, but everyone else opposed that idea. Eckardt then floated the suggestion of buying a "beater" car in Boston and running Kerrigan off the road. "A couple of broken ribs should do it," he figured. That, too, was nixed. Gillooly then explained to the others that Kerrigan's right leg was her landing leg—he said he'd verified that the day before with Harding—and that was the leg to be disabled. Derrick told him he had a guy in mind who was a martial-arts expert. He could break Kerrigan's right leg with "a short kick to the long bone."

In their FBI interviews Gillooly and Stant quoted Eckardt as asking, "Wouldn't it be easier to just kill her?" Gillooly and Smith replied that they weren't going to get into that and ignored Eckardt while he fantasized about where he could position a sniper with a rifle. It was settled, then. Someone would break Kerrigan's right leg. It was also determined that a note would be left at the scene of the attack, so it would look like a psychotic was stalking all the top skaters. All the better for the bodyguard business.

When Kerrigan paused outside the Cobo locker room, Stant made his move, clubbing her right leg.




McMANUS

When the talk turned to money, a figure of $6,000 for expenses was mentioned, with $2,000 up front. Eckardt assured Gillooly that if his henchmen couldn't disable Kerrigan before the nationals, Gillooly would get his $2,000 back. They were offering a money-back guarantee. Smith joked that they could always raise that money by selling Eckardt's computer and Rolex.

Gillooly then said he had been unable to find Kerrigan's home address but that she trained at Tony Kent Arena. He said he would find out the times that Kerrigan would be on the ice and get back to Eckardt later in the day. As they were preparing to leave, Derrick wanted Gillooly's word that if things worked out, he would "open doors" for him to provide bodyguarding contracts for other figure skaters and make important contacts. "Like George Steinbrenner," Eckardt said, referring to the New York Yankee owner, who's also a U.S. Olympic official and a recent sponsor of Harding's. Gillooly assured Derrick that he would do everything he could to help. Stant shook Gillooly's hand as they left and spoke for the second time in the half-hour meeting. "It was a pleasure," said Stant.

"Those guys are great," Eckardt said after he'd ushered Smith and Stant out. He asked what Gillooly thought. Gillooly said it sounded O.K. to him, but he would have to check with Harding and would get back to him later. Not too long, Eckardt said, and asked how much money Gillooly would be able to come up with. Gillooly told him that $2,000 would be it.

His escape route blocked, Stant exited headfirst.

Harding was waiting at Gillooly's mother's house. He called and asked her to pick him up. About 15 minutes later Harding pulled up in the truck. "We're going to make a lot of money, we're going to make a lot of money," Eckardt said, enveloping Gillooly in a blubbery goodbye hug.

Gillooly gave the FBI this account of what happened next: He drove, and Harding asked him how the meeting went. "Not bad," he said. Then he told her that the other men had offered him a money-back guarantee. Harding laughed, and Gillooly told her that he was serious. He said that for $2,000, it was not a bad deal, better than playing the lottery. Then he described the people at the meeting and said he felt more comfortable with Derrick than with his old friend Eckardt. Harding asked him how he felt about the scheme. Gillooly said pretty good, but he would leave the final decision up to her. Harding said she wanted to leave it up to Gillooly. Gillooly said, "I think we should go for it." Harding responded, "O.K., let's do it."

Gillooly told the FBI he remembered exactly where he and Harding were at that moment, driving southbound on Interstate 205, across from Public Storage, a large gray facility with bright orange doors, just a mile from the Clackamas Town Center ice rink where Harding trained.

Gillooly says he told Harding they needed to get some more information for Eckardt's two friends: another picture, if possible, and Kerrigan's skating times. They decided Harding should make the calls, in case the person at the Tony Kent Arena asked any technical questions. Harding would say that she had a daughter who was a big fan of Kerrigan's and that they wanted to see her skate and maybe get an autograph.

Gillooly says that Harding made three calls. The first number she called was a prerecorded message giving the public skating hours at Tony Kent, at the end of which another number was given for further information. Harding dialed the second number and asked for the patch and freestyle times. She wrote down the times and asked if Kerrigan skated then. According to Gillooly, after she hung up, Harding told Gillooly, "The stupid bitch gave it to me." The woman at the Tony Kent Arena had volunteered that Kerrigan's private ice time was noon to 3 p.m. Gillooly asked Harding if she'd gotten the address of the arena, and she told him she'd forgotten. So Harding called the arena a third time and wrote down the address. Harding and Gillooly then searched for another picture of Kerrigan and found two. One was in the World Team handbook, and one was in *Olympian* magazine. Gillooly says he was going to take the entire magazine to Eckardt until Harding pointed out that their name and address were on the mailing label. They tore off the cover and threw it in the trash.

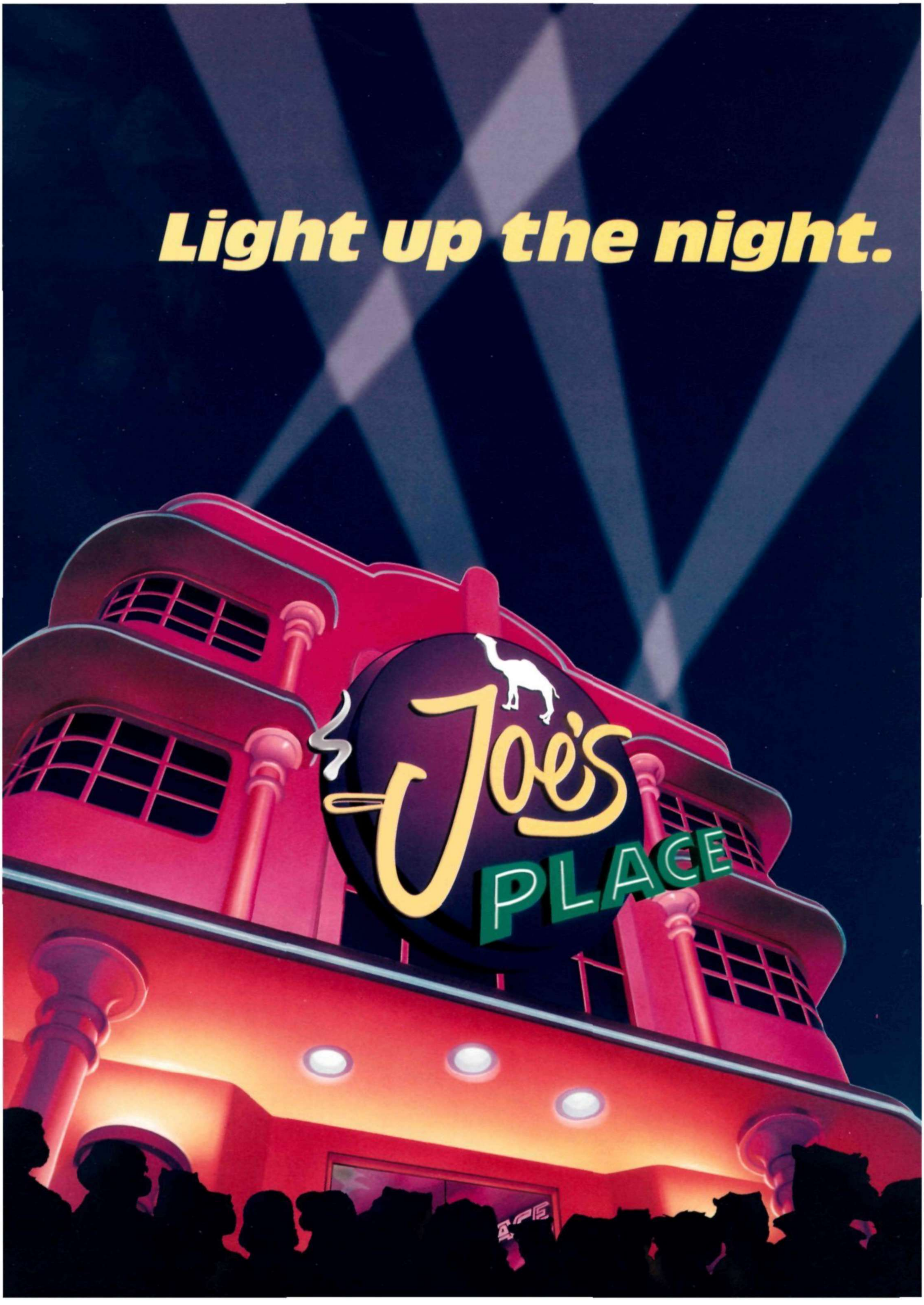
Early that evening, Gillooly told the FBI, he and Harding drove back to Eckardt's house with the information on Kerrigan, the additional pictures and $2,700 in cash. This time Harding came inside with him. Agnes Eckardt offered Harding a cup of coffee while Gillooly went into Eckardt's office and handed over the material. Neither Smith nor Stant was around. Harding came into the office a short time later and, Gillooly says, commented that the full-page photo of Kerrigan was flattering. She wandered out, and Gillooly asked Eckardt where Derrick was. Eckardt said he'd gone to Seattle, where he was putting one of his operatives on a plane to Boston, none of which was true. Eckardt couldn't resist adding that another guy was leaving from Los Angeles and would join the guy from Seattle in Boston. Eckardt also told Gillooly that he and Derrick had put together the note that would be left at the scene, which would say something like, "All skating whores will die. Nobody can shut me off." Gillooly gave Eckardt the money—$2,000 in $100 bills—and Eckardt said he would pass it to Derrick.

Gillooly told the FBI that he walked into the living room and asked Eckardt's mother what she thought. He assumed she knew about the plot. According to Gillooly, whose allegations are disputed by Agnes Eckardt *(box, page 29)*, she replied something like, "I think it will work." Harding looked shocked, and Gillooly said, "It probably surprises you that Agnes knows about this."

Gillooly told the FBI that Shawn then said something like, "She knows everything I know, because she has to take messages from my people."

Agnes, Gillooly says, laughed during this conversation and then said something like, "Of course I know what Shawn does. I won't tell anyone. He's my son."

When Gillooly and Harding returned to the truck, they expressed their amazement that Agnes seemed to know everything about Shawn. Gillooly quotes Harding, whose relationship with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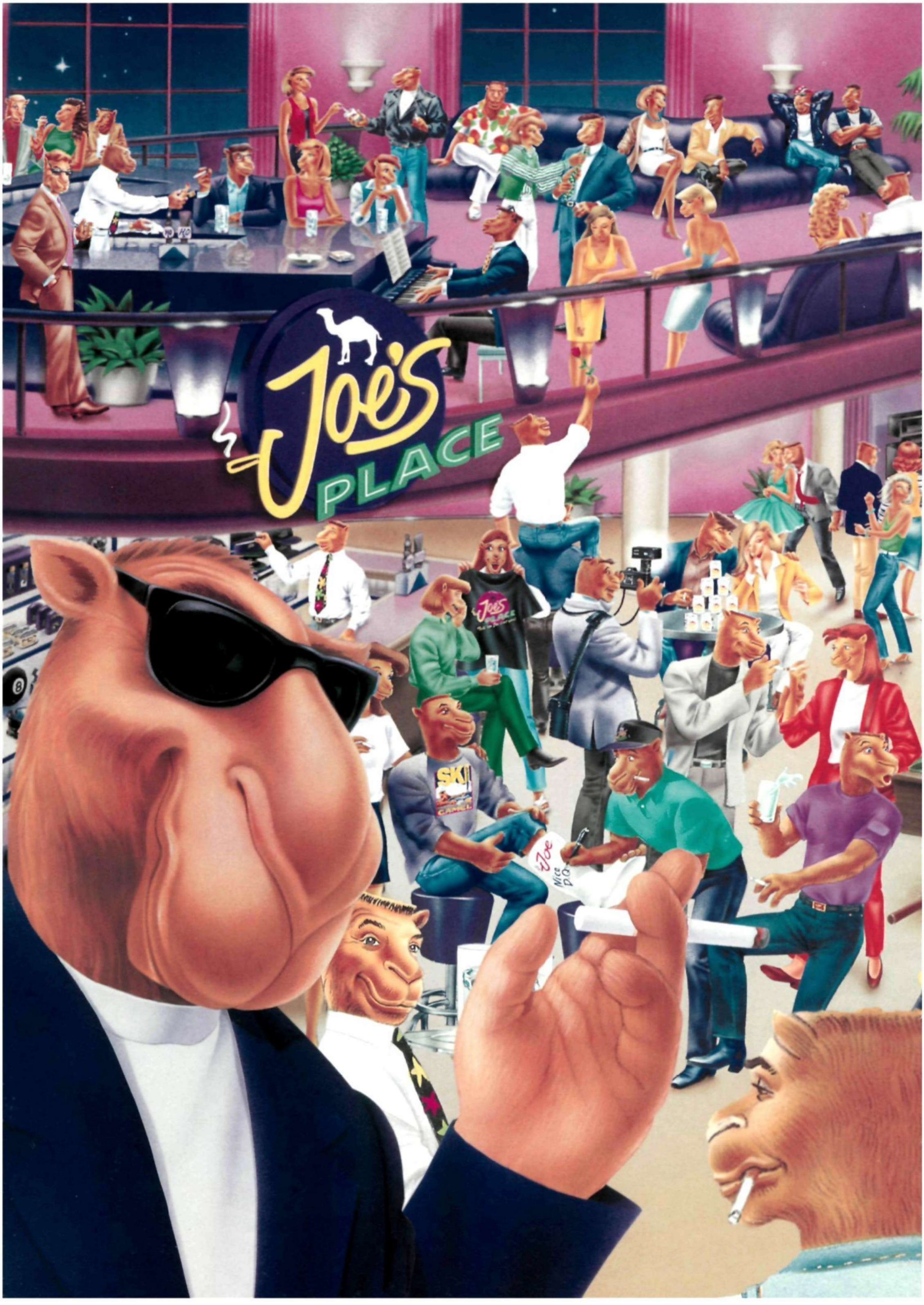
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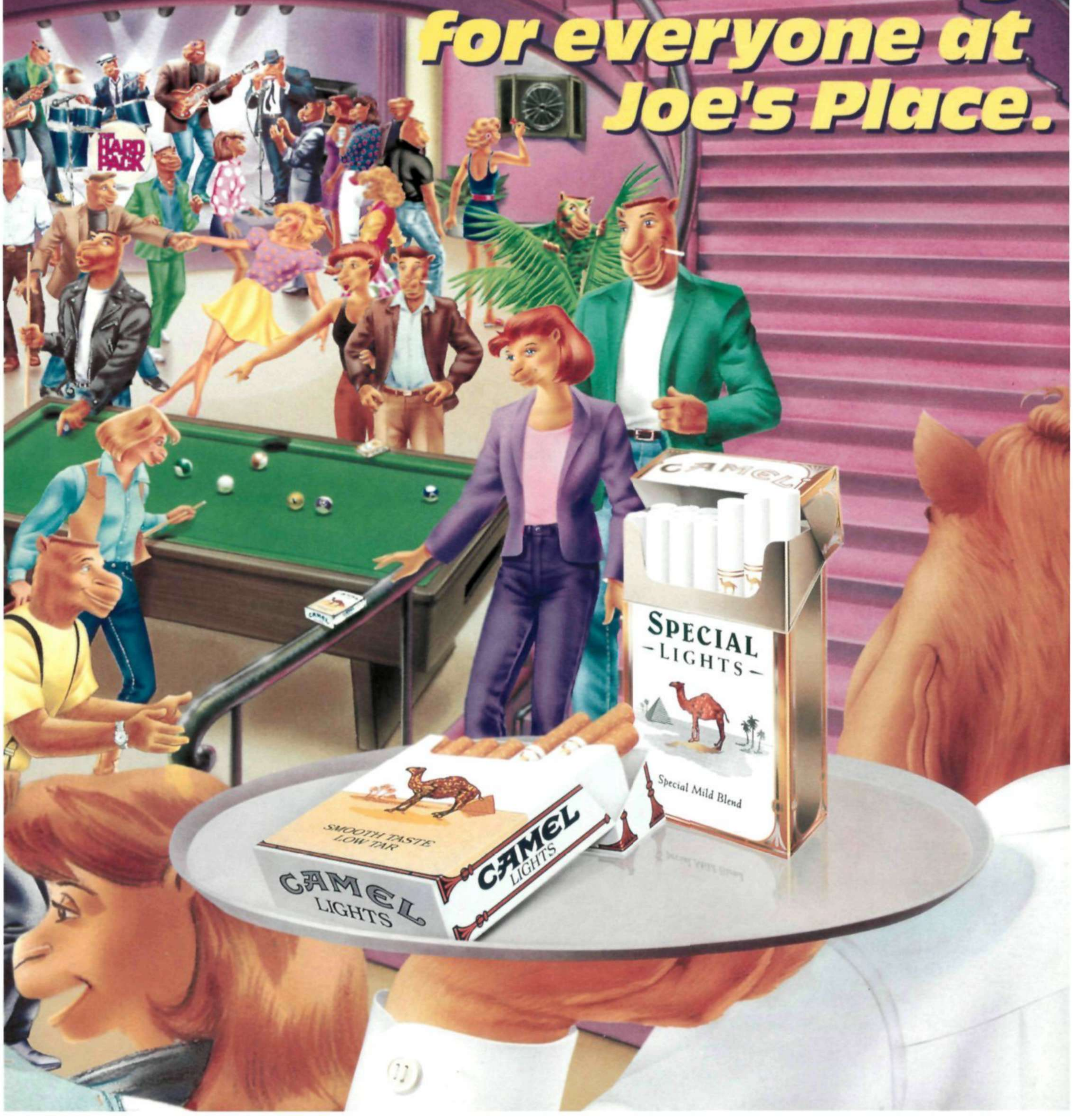

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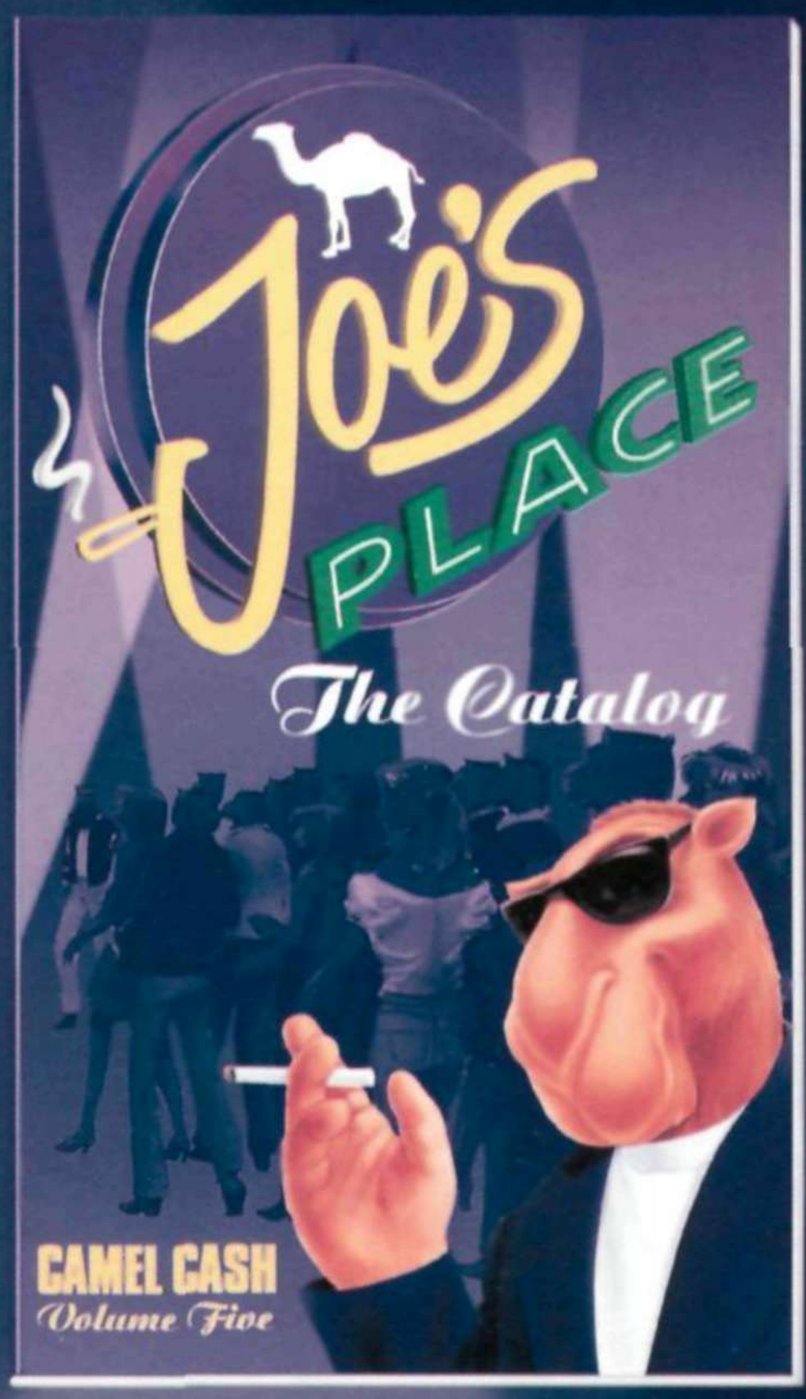

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her own mother has always been one of acrimony and mutual distrust, as saying, "That's kinda neat."

Gillooly says he then told Harding that Derrick had a guy leaving from Seattle that night and another from California the next day. Harding asked what they were going to do, and Gillooly used Smith's line: "They're going to break a long bone."

"What's a long bone?" Harding asked.

"I imagine it's your femur," Gillooly replied.

Stant flew out of Portland the next day, Dec. 29, on a 6:37 a.m. American Airlines flight to Dallas, then caught a connecting flight to Boston. Smith had given him some expense money, the photograph of Kerrigan, a computer printout with background information on Kerrigan and directions to the Tony Kent Arena in Dennis, Mass. Stant was scheduled to return on Jan. 3. They figured that would give him plenty of time to carry out the attack.

But almost immediately things began to go wrong. Stant registered at the airport Hilton in Boston using a credit card. When he tried to rent a car with the card, he was refused, since it was issued in Leslie Thomas's name. Stant had inadvertently grabbed his girlfriend's credit card when he left Phoenix.

Stant called Thomas and asked her to send his card to Boston as soon as possible. It didn't arrive until 6 p.m. the next day, Dec. 30. Stant spent another night at the Hilton, then, on New Year's Eve, drove his rented Chevrolet Cavalier to Yarmouth on Cape Cod, a distance of 80 miles. Kerrigan skated that day but left the Tony Kent Arena by 1:30 p.m. By the time Stant had checked into the Gull Wing Suites, which was 6½ miles from the arena, Kerrigan had already departed; she was on her way to spend the New Year's weekend with her parents in Stoneham, outside Boston. Kerrigan and Stant, traveling in opposite directions, may have passed each other on Route 6.

For the next two days Stant staked out the arena, moving his car to a different location in the lot every half hour.

Meanwhile, back in Portland, Gillooly and Eckardt began to suspect that they'd been swindled out of the $2,000. Smith had driven back to Phoenix, and Eckardt said he had no idea where Smith's two supposed operatives in Boston might be staying. When Eckardt told Gillooly that Derrick had called to ask when he could expect the rest of the expense money, Gillooly said, "What? Do I have stupid written across my forehead?" He refused to forward another dime until there were some results to report or receipts proving that someone was in Boston.

Gillooly says he didn't tell Harding about his suspicions that they'd been had. He says that on either Dec. 30 or 31, Harding mentioned that it would be nice if Derrick's thugs could do the number on Kerrigan in some bar on New Year's Eve. Why? Gillooly wondered. Harding allegedly replied that it would make Kerrigan look bad, as if she hung out with the wrong sort of crowd.

When nothing happened by Jan. 1, Gillooly says, he told Harding he thought they'd been ripped off. He says she agreed and, remembering the money-back guarantee, said that Gillooly should make Eckardt give back the $2,000. That night Harding skated late, from 11:30 p.m. to 1 a.m., and Gillooly asked Eckardt to be there. Eckardt showed up, and when Gillooly asked him what was going on, Eckardt offered a wild tale about how Derrick's two operatives back in Boston had stolen Kerrigan's car in the process of trying to read her registration to determine her home address. Gillooly didn't know whether to believe him, but he flashed Eckardt a $10,000 check he was carrying around that had been sent to Harding by the USFSA, money Steinbrenner had contributed to Harding's training expenses. Gillooly told Eckardt that maybe the prospect of a $10,000 bonus would motivate those two guys in Boston.

Cook, a friend of Ron Eckardt's, tipped off police.

At that point, according to Gillooly and Eckardt, Harding skated up. She asked Eckardt, who had hurt his back several days earlier, how he felt. Then she wanted to know why she could not get anyone to do this thing for her, referring to the Kerrigan attack. She was angry. Eckardt stuttered and said he didn't know. Then, according to Gillooly, Harding said, "If it doesn't get done, you call them and get the $2,000 back."

"Why don't you call?" Eckardt asked. Harding told him it was his responsibility.

Stant, meanwhile, was bumbling around Cape Cod like a muscle-bound Inspector Clouseau. He finally went inside the Tony Kent Arena on Jan. 2 and was told that Kerrigan had not been around. On Jan. 3 Stant called the arena and said he had a daughter who would like to see Kerrigan skate. The woman who answered the phone told him that Kerrigan had already left for the nationals in Detroit. That evening Stant boarded a Greyhound bus for Detroit. The ticket cost $117.

Twenty hours later, tired, hungry and running out of funds, Stant arrived in the Motor City. He checked into the Super 8 motel at the Detroit Metropolitan Airport, using his real name, and paid for three nights' lodging in advance, shelling out $101 cash. He rented a videotape machine and a couple of X-rated movies, *Hollywood Fantasies* and *The Girls of Beverly Hills*, and retired for the night.

Eckardt, in the meantime, had spoken with Smith. What in the heck was going on? Smith told him his men had staked out the Tony Kent Arena, as planned, but Kerrigan hadn't showed up. An employee at the rink had said Kerrigan was having "quiet time" before the nationals. Eckardt passed this report on to Gillooly, who, according to his statement, passed it on to Harding. She flat-out didn't believe it and called the Tony Kent Arena for a fourth time, on Jan. 3, to determine if Kerrigan had skated that day. Harding said thank you and hung up. Kerrigan had skated early that morning. Harding, Gillooly says, was upset and convinced that their $2,000 investment was history.

The next day, Jan. 4, Harding flew to Detroit for the competition. Eckardt and Gillooly were pretty well resigned by then that the hit was never coming off. Eckardt told Gillooly that he, Eckardt, should have done the job himself. Gillooly returned home at about 10 p.m. and found a message from Stant on his answer-

ing machine: "Jeff, this is Shane. We met in Shawn's office about a week ago. I'm in Detroit."

Gillooly immediately called Eckardt, upset. He said this Kerrigan job could not be done in Detroit. Eckardt explained that Derrick did not have enough money to send Stant home and that Stant was going to finish the job, if for no other reason than that Gillooly would then have to pay them. Eckardt claimed that poor Shane hadn't eaten during his 20-hour bus ride from Boston to Detroit because he was broke. At that point, according to Gillooly, he decided to wire another $750 to Derrick so that his operative in Detroit could be sent home.

Smith, however, was pondering that $10,000 bonus, and on Jan. 5 he used the $750 to fly to Detroit to join Stant. Stant had rented a car from Alamo, and the two of them drove to Joe Louis Arena and purchased tickets to that day's practice session at Cobo Arena. Stant made note of the side entrance at the south side of the arena, where the skaters entered and exited. The area was supposed to be secured, but Stant was able to walk down to ice level, pass through a blue curtain and stroll down the hallway leading to the skaters' locker rooms. He scoped the place out for 45 minutes without being challenged by security personnel. At the end of that corridor were Plexiglas doors, one of which was open. Stant was to be the hit man, Smith the getaway driver, and that door was where Stant figured he could make his escape if the job was done at Cobo.

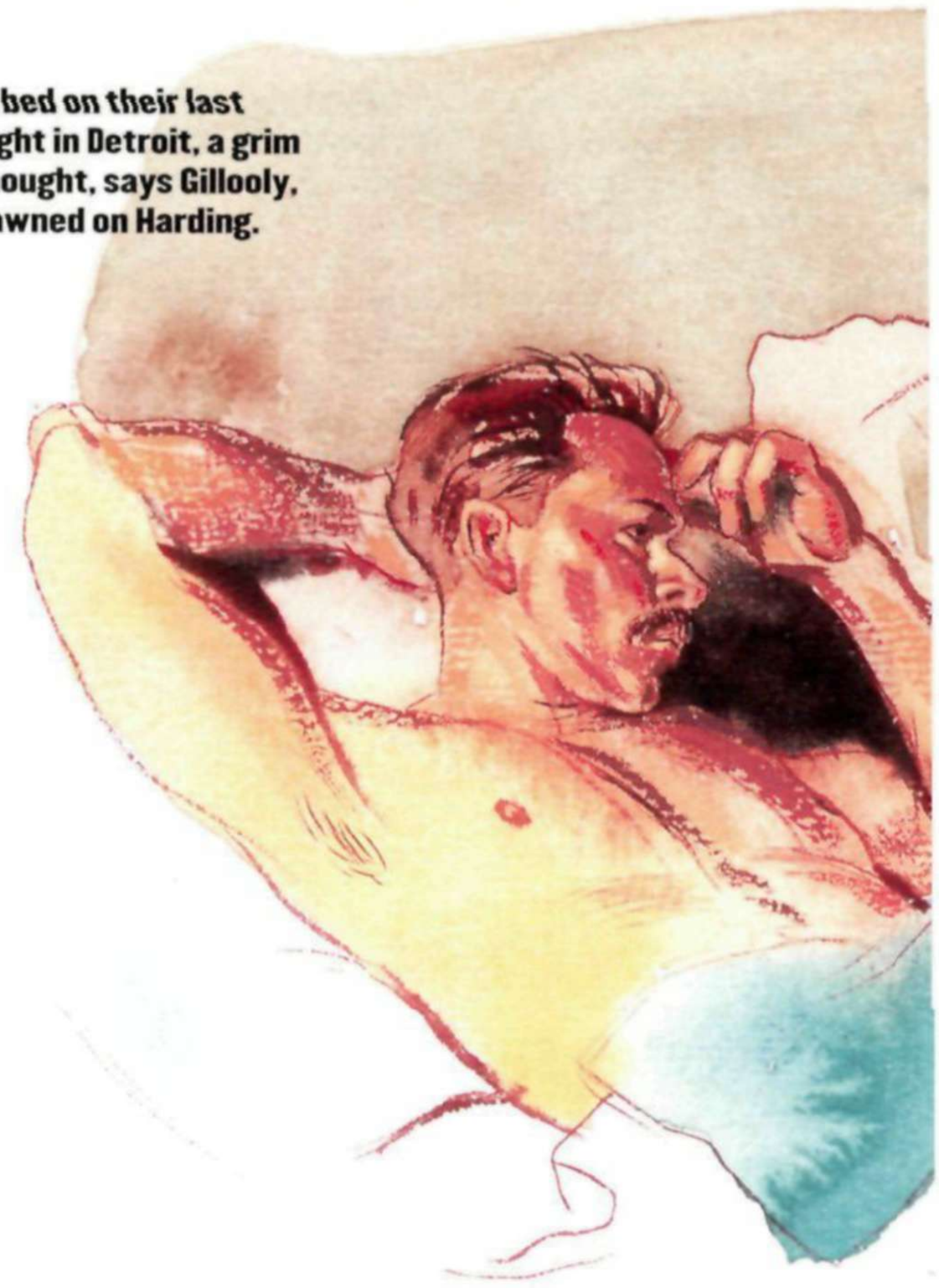
Another possibility was the Westin Hotel, where the skaters were staying. Smith called Eckardt and told him they wanted Kerrigan's room number as well as her practice schedule. Eckardt called Gillooly, and Gillooly called Harding. According to Gillooly, Harding told him there was only one security guard at the Westin and none on her floor. He says that he and Harding decided that the best place to attack Kerrigan would be in her room. According to Gillooly, he spoke by phone with Eckardt, who suggested leaving Kerrigan bound in her room with duct tape after the attack.

Smith and Stant, though, didn't like the idea of an attack in the hotel. Smith had gone to the hotel and discovered it was a 4½-minute walk from the elevator to the street. That was out. They settled on Cobo Arena.

On Jan. 6 Stant and Smith drove to the vicinity of Cobo just before 11 a.m. Stant was wearing a baseball hat, black leather jacket, black jeans, black gloves and brown hiking boots. He put the ASP tactical baton in the belt of his pants. Then he and Smith stole a license plate from a vehicle that resembled their rental car and attached the new plate over the rental's. Stant showed Smith the row of Plexiglas doors where he said he would make his escape from the back of Cobo, and Smith backed the car onto a nearby access street. After the attack they were to meet near the post office about five blocks from the arena.

They walked to the arena. Stant told Smith that he would sit near the blue curtain where the skaters entered the ice and that Smith was to sit on the opposite side of the arena. Stant said that when he spotted Kerrigan and the assault was imminent, he would stand up and sit down. That would be the signal for Smith to go to the car.

Stant took a seat about seven rows up from the ice. Fifteen minutes later he watched as Kerrigan took the ice. He waited until her name was announced, then he stood up and sat down. Smith left the arena. Stant watched Kerrigan skate, watching for video recorders, so he wouldn't be photographed. After her session, at about 2:35 p.m., Kerrigan left the ice. Stant got up from his seat. Kerrigan was followed by a cameraman from ABC, and



In bed on their last night in Detroit, a grim thought, says Gillooly, dawned on Harding.

when the man laid down his camera and turned to his left, Stant darted around him to the right. Two men were standing at the blue curtain, but Stant walked past them. He saw no security people. Kerrigan stopped in the hall outside the dressing room and spoke to Dana Scarton of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

Stant drew the baton out of his belt with his right hand and, according to his statement, clutched the "madman" note with his left. Swiftly he walked between Kerrigan and Scarton. He struck one quick, vicious blow to Kerrigan's right leg, just above the knee, then bolted. Kerrigan screamed. Again and again, she screamed. Stant says he dropped the note as he began to run. The Plexiglas doors he had seen the day before were chained together; without pausing he crashed through the lower part of one of the doors, using his head as a ram, and sprawled onto the sidewalk. Behind him a voice cried out, "Somebody stop him!"

Stant got to his feet and ran. A man got in his way, and Stant knocked him down. He ran toward the post office, flinging the baton in the snow under a parked car. He glanced over his shoulder. People were watching, but no one was giving chase.

As it turned out, he was running directly away from Smith, who had parked about 150 yards from the exit, near some tour buses. Smith watched as Stant bowled the man over and, in the car, caught up with Stant before the end of the block. Stant jumped into the car and tore off his jacket and gloves, then slipped on a brown coat. No one was following them.

Within an hour of the attack, Gillooly says, he was awakened by a telephone call from Harding, and this exchange ensued:

"It happened," Harding said.

"What happened?"

"Nancy. They did it."

"You're kidding," Gillooly said.

"No," Harding said.

Gillooly says he told Harding to call him if she learned anything more. Then he called Eckardt.

"It happened," Gillooly said.

"What happened?" Eckardt asked.

Gillooly told him the news. He had to assure Eckardt several times he wasn't kidding.

"It happened!" Eckardt exulted.

Gillooly says he heard a woman's voice in the background say, "What?" Eckardt, Gillooly says, yelled to his mother to start recording the news. Then he told Gillooly he'd better get over there quick with some money.

Gillooly showered and, on the way to Eckardt's, withdrew $3,000 in cash from his account at the First Interstate Bank. When he arrived at the Eckardt house, he says, Shawn and his mother were in the kitchen. The father, Ron, was not around. Eckardt told Gillooly that Derrick had called and said everything was fine. According to Gillooly, Agnes Eckardt said, "You had better get them out of there"—referring to Stant and Smith.

Agnes, Gillooly says, had already made the plane arrangements, booking Stant and Smith back to Phoenix early the next morning under the names Ron Stone and Stan Dixon. The cost of the tickets would be $1,300. On his way to wiring Smith the money, Eckardt, giddy with the success of the mission, treated Gillooly to his version of the day's events, a totally fabricated account in lurid detail. Eckardt related that when Kerrigan came out of the door, Stant, busting through a crowd of a hundred people, had hit her three times on the kneecap and twice on the side of the leg. When she fell, Stant clubbed her in the head. While he was savaging her thus, Eckardt went on, Stant shouted, "I spent 29 hours on a bus for you, bitch," and flung down the note.

When Eckardt and Gillooly returned to the Eckardt house, Gillooly says, Agnes was taping the news. Shawn announced he had changed world history. He became elated as he watched the tape of the stricken Kerrigan, moments after the assault, screaming and pleading, "Why?" He kept asking his mother to play the tape over and over, three and four times. Agnes watched her son's reaction with dismay. "You're sick, Shawn," she said.

That night, Gillooly says, he called Harding. He told her he would have to come to Detroit and that they would have to seem as frightened as everyone else. He instructed her that she should say she was scared and had asked him to come.

Gillooly arrived in Detroit around 4 p.m. on Saturday, Jan. 8, just before the women's free-skating final. Smith and Stant were safely back in Phoenix; Kerrigan had withdrawn from the competition, which Harding would win; and the composite sketches the police had released scarcely resembled Stant. Witnesses could not even decide if the assailant was black or white. According to his statement, Gillooly talked to Harding before she left for the arena and confided that it looked like everything was working out.

And it may have worked out, were it not for that tape recording made surreptitiously by Eckardt on Dec. 28. For Eckardt that tape was proof, real proof, that he wasn't a blowhard. Something he had planned had actually come to pass. World history had been changed. And he didn't seem to care who knew it.

On Friday, Jan. 7, a woman who would not identify herself called Detroit deputy police chief Benny Napoleon, who had appeared several times on television to discuss the Kerrigan assault. She told him about a tape she had listened to in which four men were planning the crime. She provided Napoleon with names. The caller, it turned out, was a friend of Eckardt's father's, a woman named Patti Cook, who says that she blew the whistle on the conspirators because she was appalled at what they had done to Kerrigan.

On Sunday, at about 2:30 p.m., a Detroit police detective, Dennis Richardson, approached Gillooly. They had spoken briefly the night before. During the conversation Richardson was called away several times to make telephone calls. At one point he returned with two men whom he introduced as FBI agents. The conversation turned to security for Harding, and Gillooly told them about Shawn Eckardt and his World Bodyguard Services. Then one of the agents asked, "Who's Derrick?"

Gillooly's heart leaped into his throat. He felt his temples flush hot. "Derrick who?"

"You know. Derrick," said the FBI agent.

Gillooly said if they could come up with a last name, he might be able to help them. He signed a statement for them and left.

That night, Gillooly says, he told Harding about the interview. He told her they had mentioned Derrick. Harding, Gillooly says, asked if they knew something, and Gillooly told her they definitely knew *something*. He just didn't know how much.

Later that night Gillooly called Eckardt and told him about the FBI interview and about how Derrick's name had been dropped. He asked Eckardt to get in touch with Derrick.

Around 2:30 a.m. Gillooly called Eckardt back from the Westin lobby. Eckardt had not been able to get in touch with Derrick. Gillooly took that to mean that Derrick was already in custody. He told Eckardt to keep trying and went up to Harding's room and went to sleep.

As Gillooly tells it, he woke up in the middle of the night. He had remembered something. There was a Derrick who worked at the ice rink where Harding trained. It gave him an idea, and he reached over to awaken Harding.

"When the FBI asks you who Derrick is, you should say, You mean Derrick at the ice rink?" Gillooly said. "Then I'll say, That's where I heard that name before."

Harding, Gillooly says, agreed to do it.

According to Gillooly, Harding then said in a tentative voice, "We're never going to get out of here, are we?"

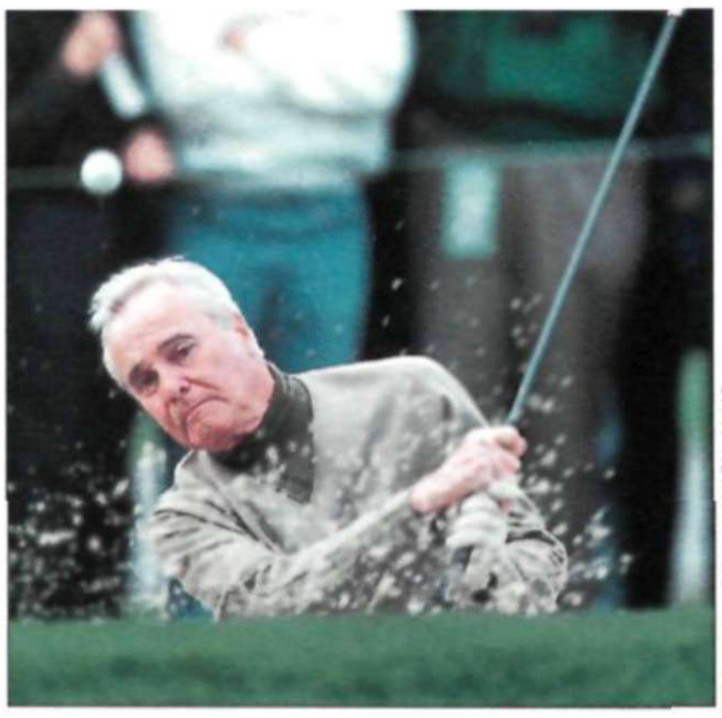
Gillooly lay still for a moment, closing his eyes, and sighed before he answered, "It does not look good." ■

GOLF

Aged To a Tee

Johnny Miller made broadcast news at 46 in the AT&T

by Rick Reilly



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THE WEATHER Channel never said anything about it getting ready to rain 1976 at the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am, but rain it did. A young Nicklaus made the cut. A vintage Arnie broke 70. An older-edition Pate fired a 66. On Sunday a young-swinging Miller was one shot behind the leader. A young-thinking Watson two. Who said bell-bottoms ever left?

Of course, the young Nicklaus was 30-year-old amateur Steve, not Jack, playing as his father's partner in the pro-am. And Arnold Palmer and Jerry Pate ended up missing the cut. But this Miller and that Watson were the valuable collector's originals: Johnny Miller, 46, and Tom Watson, 44, two guys who dominated the 1970s but pretty much skipped the last decade while their putters were out of town.

Legends both, each man had won only one PGA Tour event in the last 10 years—Miller the 1987 AT&T and Watson the 1987 Nabisco Championship (now called the Tour Championship). Since then it has been filling out freshly pressed NBC blazers for Miller and holding up Ryder Cup trophies for Watson.

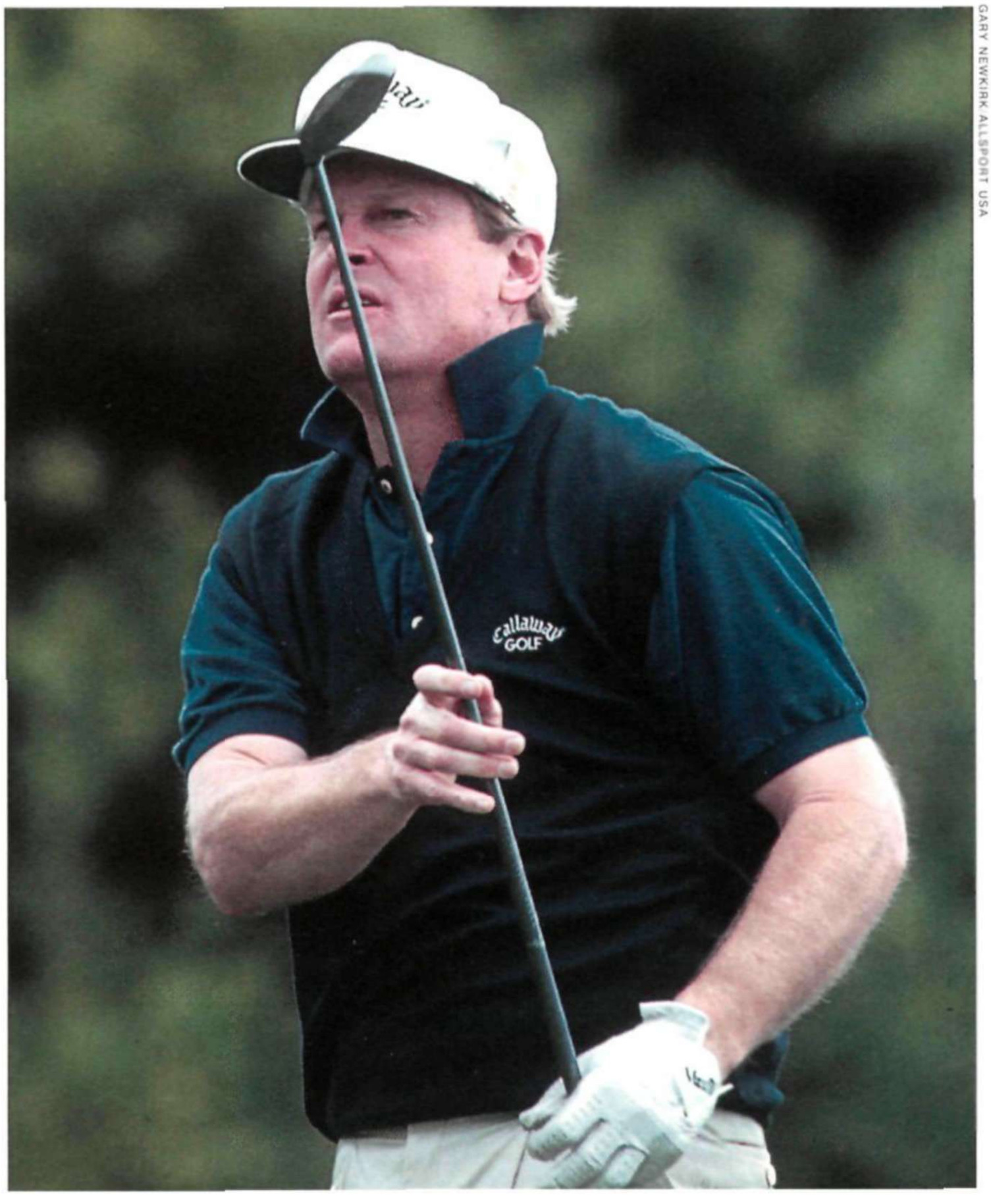
Miller will get back in his blazer plenty, but after last week he'll start packing his spikes a little more often. Impossible as it seems, a man who has entered only five tournaments in the 1990s, and had planned to enter only one this season, made a simple two-foot par putt on the 18th hole on Sunday to finish at seven under and beat Watson, Corey Pavin, Kirk Triplett and Jeff Maggert by one stroke. "I guess this changes my plans," said Miller, who looked as shocked as a Publishers Clearing House winner. "I guess I have to play the Masters now and the Tournament of Champions and. . . ." Rotten luck.

Watson, vanquished and dejected, nonetheless greeted Miller on the fringe of the most scenic finishing hole in the world. "Congratulations," Watson said. "Now get back in the booth."

Miller gave up playing the Tour four years ago and became a color announcer on NBC's golf telecasts. Actually he gave up everything except this tournament, which he hasn't missed since 1970. "I play young at Pebble Beach," said Miller. "Nobody in the field has played more rounds at Pebble Beach than I have. Nobody. Not even Jack Nicklaus."

Indeed, Miller is building a house in Pacific Grove, just a drive and a few two-irons from the 1st tee. "I've always called Pebble his girlfriend," says Miller's wife, Linda. That's a heartbreaking thing, always having to check for poa annua in your husband's pockets.

Miller, though, appeared to have little



GARY NEWKIRK ALLSPORT USA

Miller prevailed; Lemmon (above, left) again fell short; and Cathy Stockton caddied for son Ron.

SEPARATES THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

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CHANEL

FOR MEN

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faith in his chances. Chilled fans spent the week looking up from their Thermos bottles of *caffè latte* to holler, "Johnny, you're going to win!" But Miller, the reluctant star, wasn't buying it. "I don't know," he said after shooting a 67 on Saturday, which put him one stroke off the lead, "I can *barely* picture myself winning. . . . I came here to have fun, not win."

Uh-oh. Anybody who came to Pebble to have fun seemed doomed. Take comedian Bill Murray, the best thing to happen to this tournament since Jack Lemmon discovered the shank. In his three years at the AT&T, Murray has made the serious mistake of trying to make a game fun. Last week he pounded on a San-o-let and yelled, "Hurry up, we're on the tee!"; played golf in a sport coat from the House of Dumpster; and skulled a chip shot and ran after it yelling, "Wait up!"

Obviously this is not the kind of stuff you want fans to, say, *enjoy*. PGA Tour commissioner Deane Beman labeled Murray's behavior "inappropriate, detrimental and [it] will not be tolerated in the future.' " Murray, head down, finally responded. "[I am] asking for the resignation of Deane Beman."

Murray will probably not be asked back, and good riddance. Who needs a guy who draws huge crowds and who, in the words of his pro partner, Scott Simpson, "signed a thousand autographs this week and shook a thousand hands"?

Fun wasn't much to come by either for an angular 20 handicapper with a backswing you could fit into a chimney flu—George Bush. The former president and his former vice-president, Dan Quayle, became the first White House battery to ever play the tournament. Bush was perfectly brutal. He missed the cut by six shots and was so exhausted from having to endure six-hour rounds that his caddie began carrying a shooting stick for him. Afterward Bush announced, "I'm coming back with one proviso: I *don't* have to play golf."

Most of the Family (Shot) Values came from famous golfing families. Not only the Nicklauses but also the Floyds (Raymond played with his 19-year-old son, Ray Jr., while his 18-year-old son, Robert, teamed with Dudley Hart to win the pro-am), the Faxons (touring pro Brad and his father, Brad Sr.) and the Pavins (pro Corey and brother Fletcher). When it came to togetherness, though, none of these clans could compare with the Stocktons of California. Senior tour star Dave Stockton paired with his son Ron, while his other son, Dave, a PGA Tour rookie, was also entered. Plus Ron's caddie was a familiar face—his mother, Cathy. *Now, Ronald, how many times have I told you to replace your divots?*

What's weird is that the fun meter looked as if it might bust a spring there for a while when Lemmon and his pro partner, Peter Jacobsen, sold the soles of their sand wedges to the devil and shot a 10-under 62 to nearly lead the pro-am competition after the first round. This is the same Jack Lemmon who had never made the cut in 21 tries. "This *is* the year!" yelped Jacobsen that night on the practice range.

The next day, after he and Lemmon had struggled to a 71, leaving them 10 shots off the pace, Jacobsen said, "*Now* is when the pressure starts!"

The third day, after he and Lemmon had missed the pro-am cut, Jacobsen said, "Next year. *Definitely* next year."

But for Watson and Miller the talk was all *this* year, this chance. With the wind whipping balls and swings on Sunday, the field started falling backward. By the 16th hole Watson led Miller by a shot when Watson suddenly started playing in the Ipecac Open, with throw-up three putts on not only the 16th (three putts from 15 feet) but also the 17th (two from three feet). All Miller had done was stay erect, and he had himself a gift-wrapped, one-shot lead.

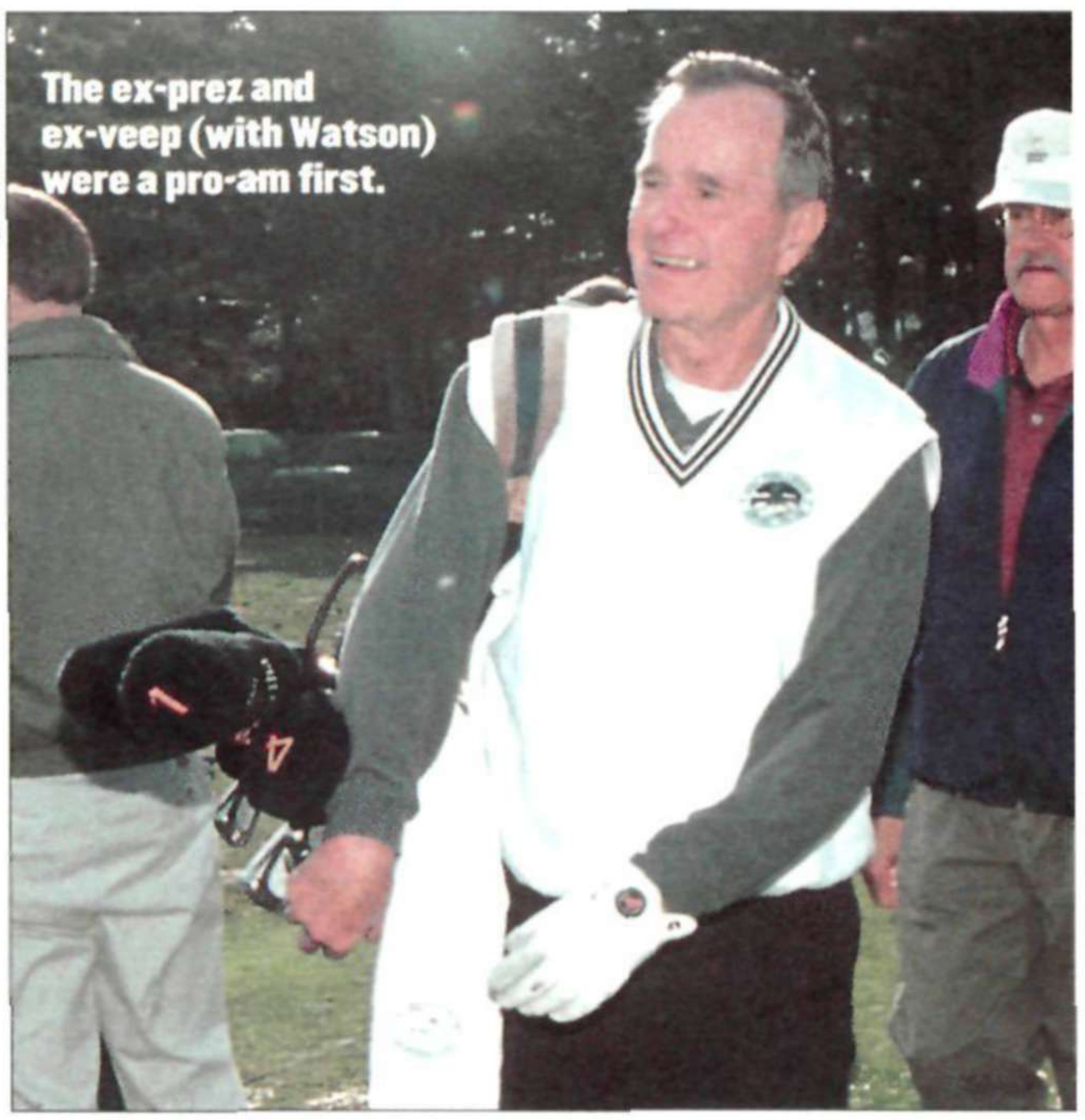
Watson had one last chance, with an eight-foot birdie putt on 18 that would have tied Miller. He left it one roll short. "Coming down the stretch," said Miller, "I was thinking, Oh, geez, Tom Watson, he always beats me down the stretch. He's usually so tough with the putter, but today he putted like a guy, well, our age." Miller merely had to par 17 and 18 to win, and that's exactly what he did.

For Watson you had the feeling that having tried and lost again was almost as bad as not having tried at all. As much as nobody wants to hear it, it's true: The yips are back. Boy, the yips are back. "I lived by the putter earlier in my career," a downcast Watson said. "I died by it today."

With the victory still only moments old, Miller wasn't even sure it existed. "This is not happening," he said. "This is a time warp. I do not play more than 25 rounds of golf a year. I do not practice. I'm Joe Announcer. I guess it shows you, if you're in the right place at the right time, magic can happen."

Just then Miller noticed his NBC colleague Roger Maltbie in the back of the room. "Hey, Roger," he called, "you want to be the color man? I'm quitting." ■

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN



The ex-prez and ex-veep (with Watson) were a pro-am first.

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

SARAJEVO REVISITED

The Killing Ground

Sarajevo once held the sweetest Olympic Games in the author's memory, but now it stages bloodbaths

• by William Oscar Johnson

WHEN WE think it can't get any worse, it does: It gets insanely worse. And we reel again in shock, revulsion, despair and disbelief that this latest atrocity—and all the ones that went before it—could have happened in Sarajevo, where 10 years ago the sweetest Winter Olympics of them all took place. This time the madmen struck in the teeming marketplace, the same marketplace where in 1984 we journalists had sipped thick Turkish coffee each morning before the day's competition began. This time they killed 68 people and injured more than 200 others, with one bursting shell. This time they blew off more arms and legs, spilled more blood, crippled more innocent men, women and children, took more lives than they had before in any one day.

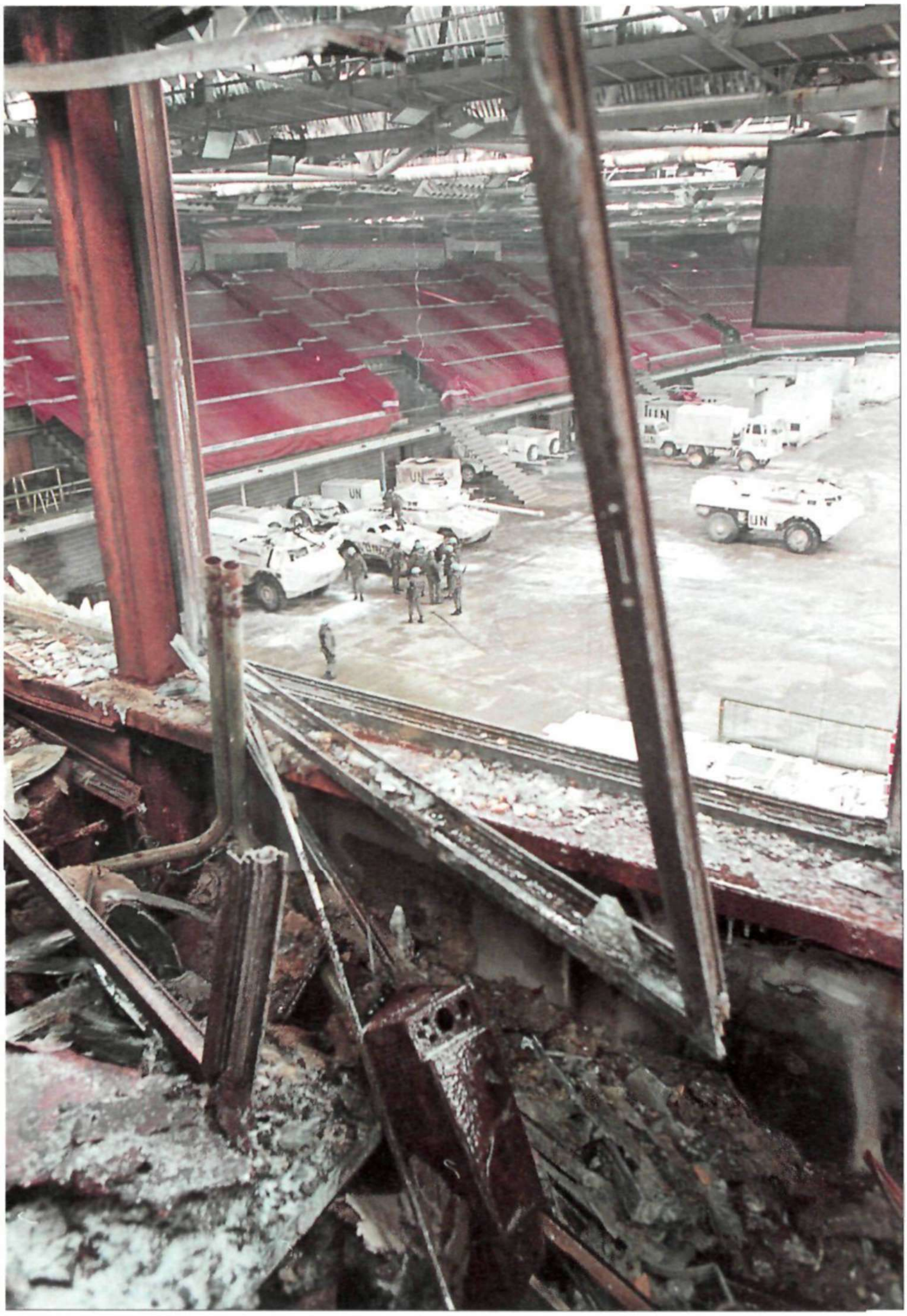
How does this brutal lunacy fit with what we remember of the high spirits and

REUTERS (ABOVE, LEFT); JAVIER BAULUZ

light hearts that ruled during the 13 days of the 1984 Games? It doesn't. It tries to turn our brightest memories into lies. Thank God, we know better. My own best memory of Sarajevo a decade ago is of a blizzard that attacked that ancient city in the first week of the Games. Crews of volunteers were desperately sweeping snow off the speed skating oval so the races could begin. It was hopeless, and after long labor the volunteers put down their brooms. They didn't sulk or complain. They began to play. Some took long, satisfying slides on the ice. Some began a game of tag. Some scampered onto the infield and, like children, lay on their backs and made angels in the deepening snow.

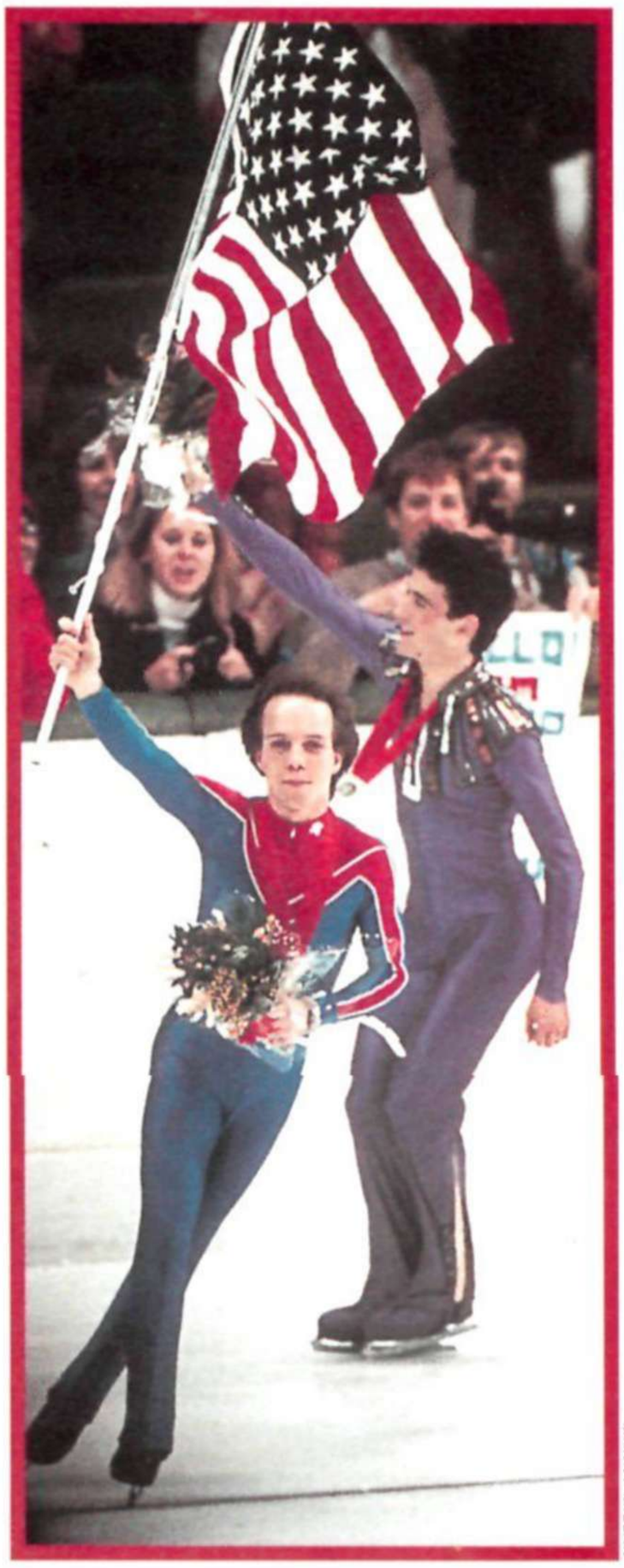
Franko (right, with flag at '84 Games) is appalled by the world's indifference to the slaughter.

MANNY MILLAN



JAVIER BAULUZ

A UN military base occupies the rink where hockey was played and Hamilton skated to a gold medal.

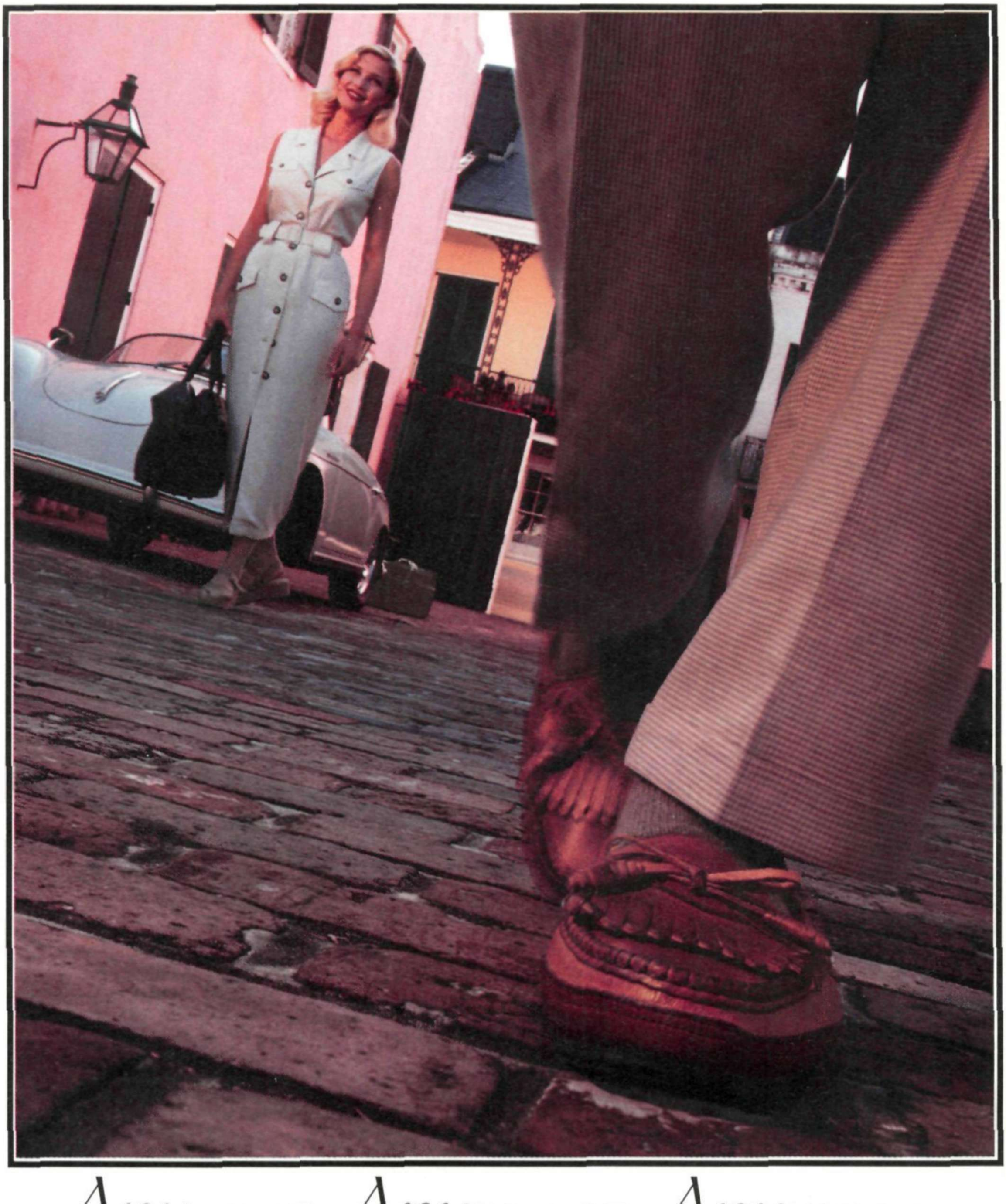


MANNY MILLAN

Now, as another Winter Olympics is about to open, in Lillehammer, and the murder in Sarajevo goes on, I cannot help but ponder the fate of those happy sweepers. I assume, of course, that many of them have died in the war that has ravaged Sarajevo for 22 months and killed 10,000 there. But I also wonder: How many tag players have since killed their fellow tag players? How many angel makers have taken the lives of others who lay nearby in the snow that day?

This is the single most unbearable truth I face in trying to reconcile Sarajevo 1984, Olympic city of brotherly love, with Sarajevo 1994, human slaughterhouse: The same people who made those Games such a sweet occasion 10 years ago are killing each other today. If one angel-maker was a Serb and another a Muslim—as could easily have been the case during those friendly Olympics—then one may well have murdered the other by now. Serbs have sworn to carry out a policy of "ethnic cleansing"—genocide—against Muslims throughout the republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, of which Sarajevo is the capital. Bosnian Muslims have retaliated, sometimes brutally. All this has occurred in the larger context of the nationalist and ethnic violence that was unleashed when Yugoslavia fractured into independent, warring pieces early in 1991.

And bad as the physical devastation has been, the moral devastation has been far worse. Zlatko Dizdarevic, a local newspaper publisher, writes in his book *Sarajevo: A War Journal*, "We look across the ashes of the city and past ruins we could never have imagined . . . and what drives home the extent of the destruction is the number of razed buildings that used to define the city's skyline. What is Sarajevo without the central railroad station, without the old post office, without the School of Forestry, the technical lyceum, and on and on. . . . But what does all that matter against the destroyed friendships, broken relationships, betrayals by former friends; against the total collapse of all human standards, of our previous understanding of the world and its relationships?"



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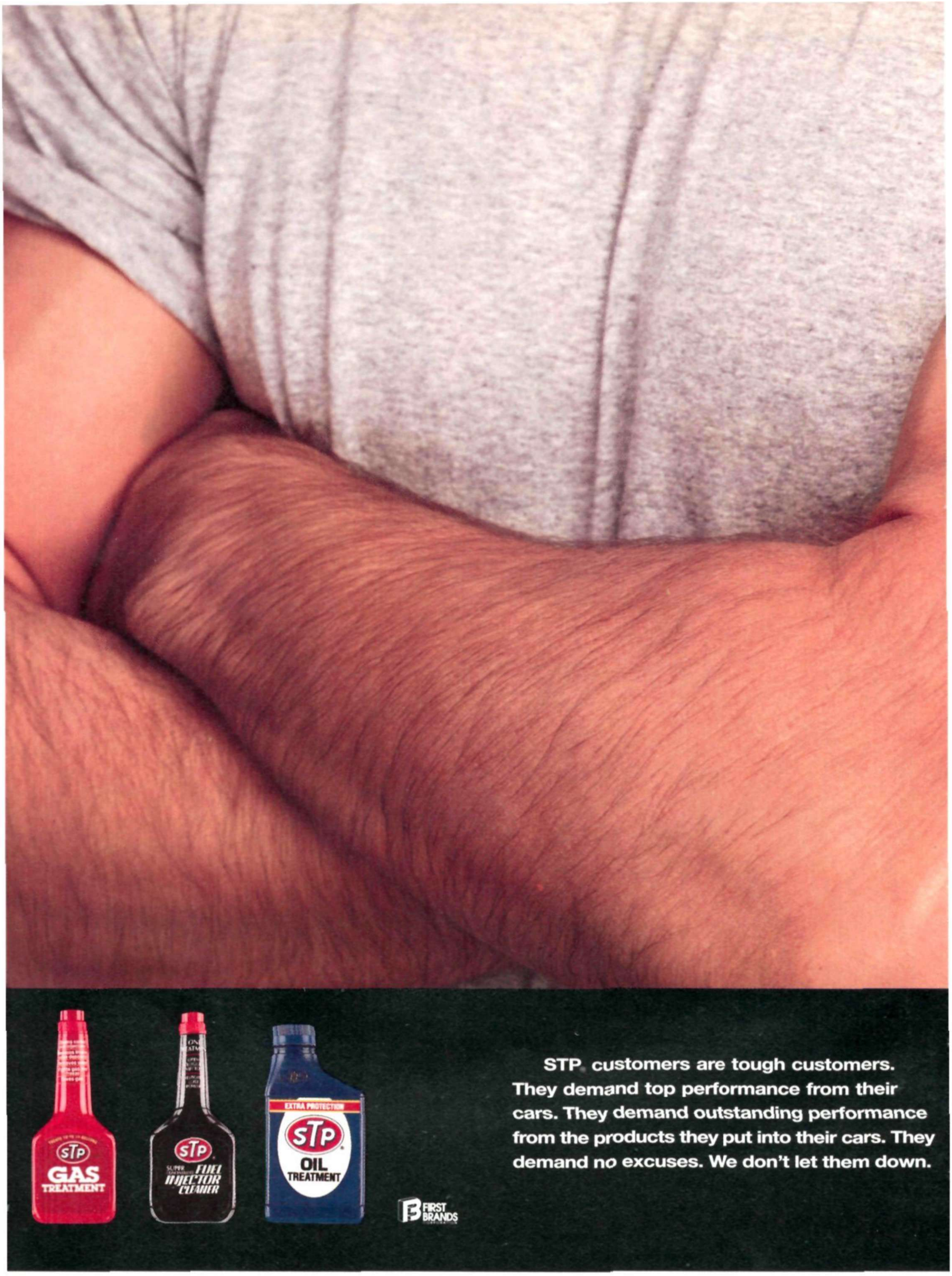

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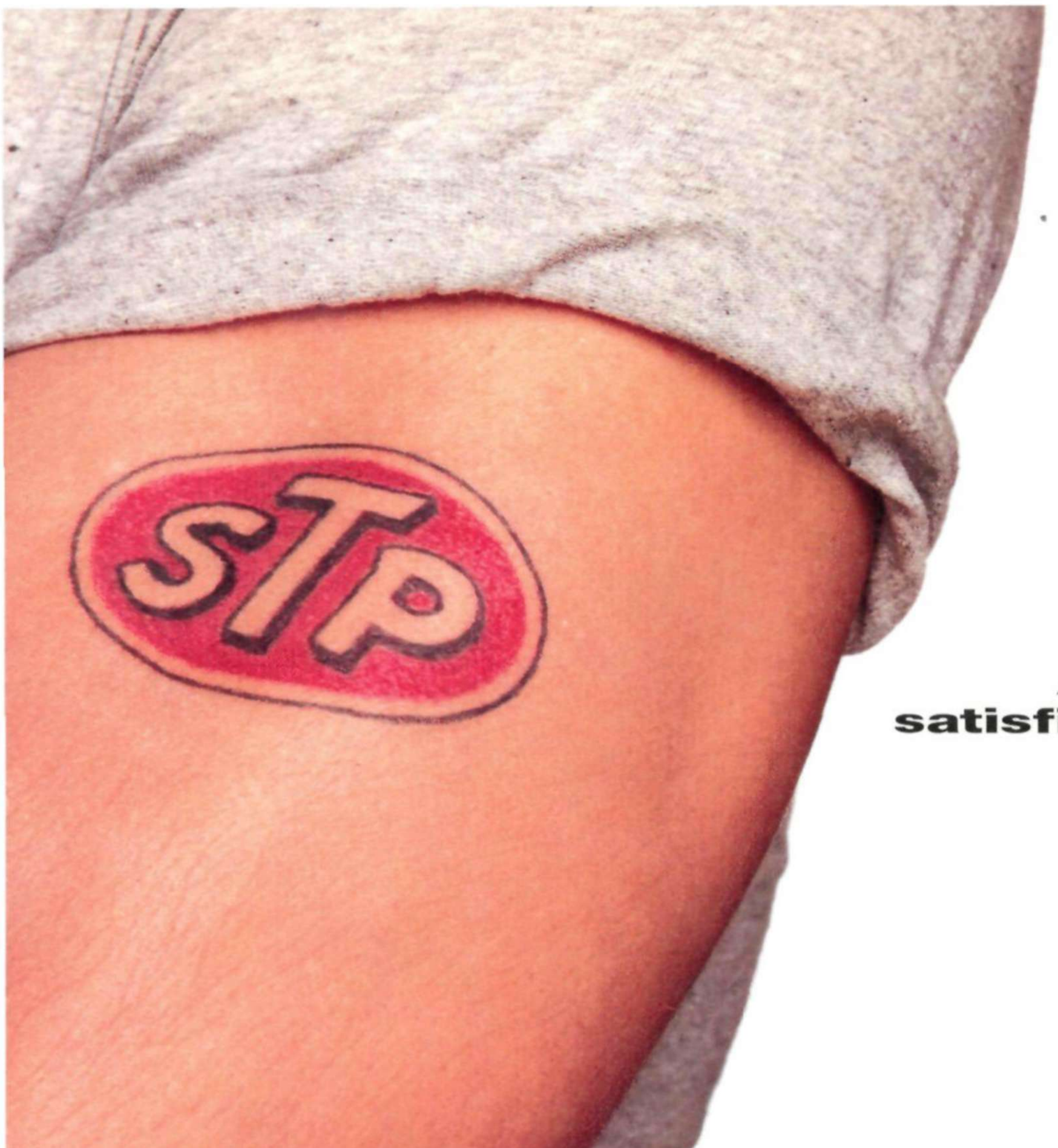

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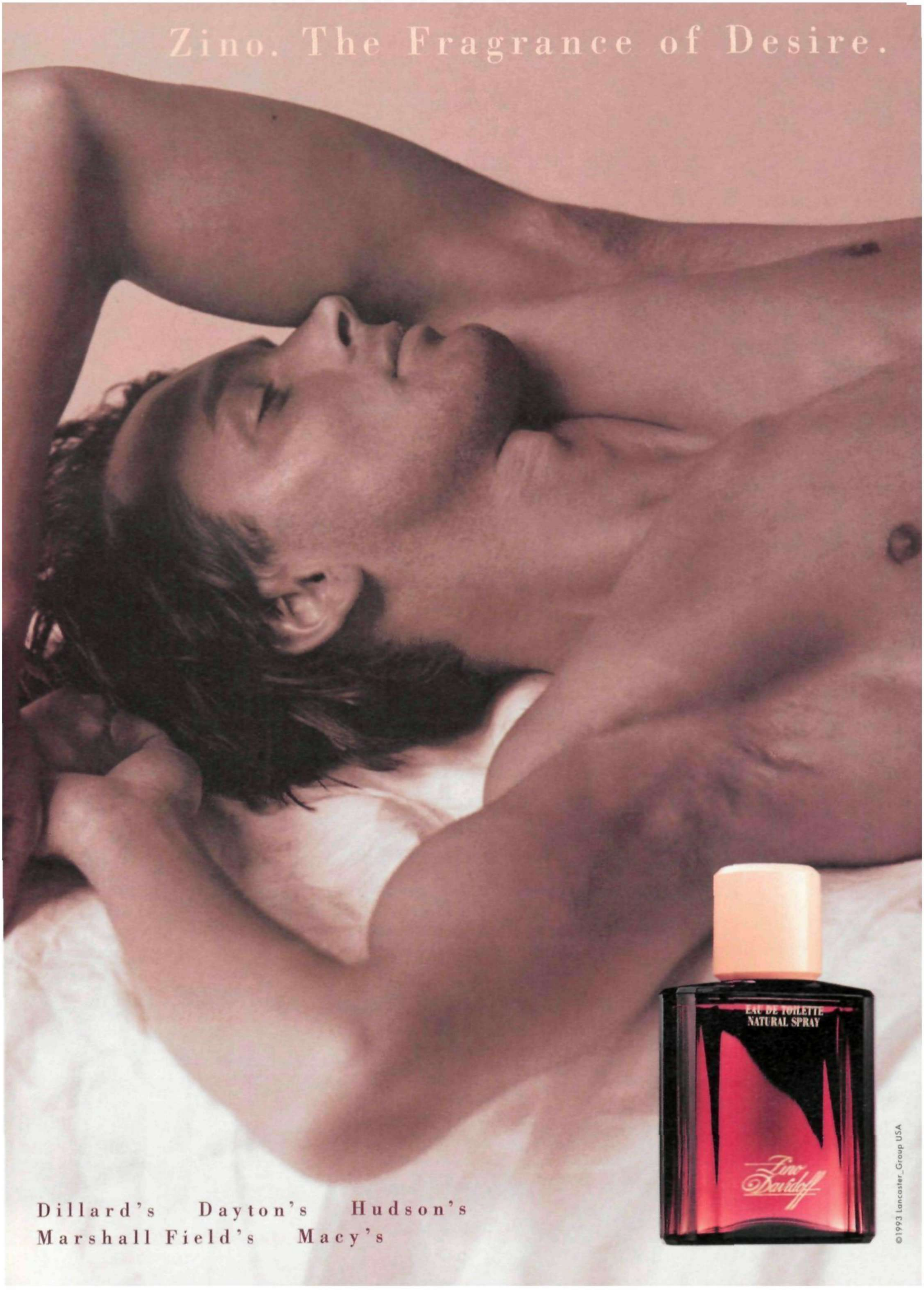
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VIVIANE RIVIERE

Anyone who was at the Sarajevo Olympics is baffled, for there was no hint of ethnic hatred or betrayal in the euphoria of those 13 days in February 1984. I remember the opening ceremonies. The floor of Kosevo Stadium was swarming with 4,500 proud and joyful citizens of what was then Yugoslavia, six republics and two provinces that had functioned for 45 years as a unified nation. But the discord that had marked the region's history for centuries before the formation of Yugoslavia is the root of the current conflict.

A cultural and political potpourri of factions, religions and nationalities was on display at those ceremonies: Serbs, Muslims, Bosnians, Croats, Macedonians and Albanians, among others. They were dancing together, singing their national anthem together, all dressed up together in folk costumes or bright Olympic volunteers' uniforms or silly outfits the colors of gumdrops. Together, they looked as if they had just arrived from a Balkan Oz.

The man chosen to carry the flag for Yugoslavia was Alpine skier Jure Franko, then 21, a Slovene who now speaks eight languages and is a ski commentator for Japanese TV. He recalls the ceremonies: "When the crowd saw the flag, they stood up and went mad, absolutely mad. It was indescribable. I remember having goose bumps all over my body that day. None of the tensions were present, certainly none that would lead you to think a war would ever break out among us. Having the Olympics in Sarajevo gave them special significance, because Sarajevo was the heart of Yugoslavia. Sarajevo was where the mix of all ethnic groups and nationalities had lived together through history."

The grim military now and joyous troops then at the men's downhill course.

VIVIANE RIVIERE

Eight days later the flag bearer became his country's greatest Olympic hero when he won the silver medal in the giant slalom—the only medal won by a Yugoslav in any Winter Olympics. Franko has never forgotten the day: "It was getting toward the end of the Games, and we had no medals. People had climbed the lift towers, and they were yelling and reaching to touch me as I rode by. There were thousands on the hill and at the finish. When I won my medal, people began jumping on me, kissing me, practically tearing me apart, and all I did was laugh and laugh. Because of my medal, a medal for Yugoslavia, it suddenly all made sense that the country had pulled together to put on these Games. It made sense then that we were feeling such harmony, such peace, such brotherhood as Yugoslavians."

And now? Franko speaks grimly: "As many positive feelings as I had then, that's how many negative feelings I have now. For me to know that the people who surrounded me with such love, the same people who surrounded all the athletes with such love, who wrapped the entire Olympic Village in all possible warm feelings . . . to know that they are now trying to kill each other is basically unthinkable. Eighty, maybe 90 percent of the people dying now in Sarajevo have absolutely nothing to do with the war. They die when they go to get bread or a bucket of water. They are innocent."

I suppose *innocent* might apply to the Olympic venues too as they undergo assault after assault. Kosevo Stadium still stands, but it has been pocked with howitzer shells and snipers' bullets. There is a graveyard near the stadium's scarred walls, and I wonder how many of those opening-ceremony performers lie buried so near the ground they danced on. The speed skating track has been hit more than 20 times by heavy-artillery shells, and no one is playing tag there. Franko's triumph took place on Mount Bjelasnica,

as did the feats of U.S. twins Phil and Steve Mahre (gold and silver, respectively, in the slalom) and that of the U.S.'s Bill Johnson (gold in the downhill).

Last summer the courses were scorched by weeks of combat, the ski lifts were burned, all the hotels and restaurants were torched. Mount Jahorina, where U.S. skiers Debbie Armstrong and Christin Cooper earned gold and silver, respectively, in the giant slalom, is now a major military installation occupied by Serb troops, the hotels there turned into barracks. The Zetra figure skating center, where Scott Hamilton, Katarina Witt and the elegant Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean won Olympic championships, was flattened to rubble early in the fighting. Igman Plateau, site of all Nordic events, has been a key battleground for months: The cross-country ski trails have been chewed to smithereens by shells and Serb tank treads, and the ski jumps stand in ghostly silence.

The list of destruction goes on: The former Olympic Village, which became an apartment complex, has long been Sarajevo's deadliest killing ground because of its proximity to the airport; the bobsled and luge runs are a fortified Serb staging area from which artillery and sniper fire rain death down on the city; the main press center was reduced mostly to rubble during fierce street fighting early in the siege. All the hotels, restaurants and bars we frequented during those Games have been burned down or blown up.

The difference between then and now is perhaps more sharply defined for those who remember the Sarajevo Olympics as a time of shining personal triumph. Hamilton says, "For me those 13 days are always going to be my best 13 days. If I ever have grandchildren, those will be the 13 days I talk about, the 13 days they'll ask me about. But what's happening now doesn't make any sense to me. It's all so devastating, and you wonder about the people, the volunteers, who gave us so much then. To think some of those people are shooting children—it's just so hard to believe it all."

Nevertheless, for the athletes who succeeded in Sarajevo, their triumphs live on in a bright, bulletproof bubble of remembrance. Though the madmen continue to try, no one can murder their memories.

But nothing else in Sarajevo is safe from sudden death. And among the citizens the sense of horror and hopelessness runs deep. Branko Mikulic, 65, was president of the organizing committee for the 1984 Games, and he speaks with resignation: "When I took the leading role for the Olympics, I thought it would help Sarajevo develop its beauty and grace, and bring it into the 21st century. Now we know that will not happen. Sarajevo is a ruin, a concentration camp. And the world is not even acting to help. I cannot believe it—any of it." And Abdulah Sidran, a local poet and screenwriter, says, "During the Olympic Games, I hoped I would live for a hundred years. Now I just hope I will wake up tomorrow."

There is, of course, the question of how many tomorrows there will be before the slaughter ends. I asked Franko how long he thought it might be before Sarajevo is free of the killing, and he replied, "When there is no one left to murder."

This week, as the marketplace massacre proved, there were still plenty of people left to murder. And we can be pretty certain that the only angels being made in Sarajevo in this deadly winter are interred under the snow instead of imprinted on it. Franko is outraged not only by the brutality of the combatants in and around Sarajevo but also by the indifference—and the ingratitude—shown by other nations toward his country: "The world embraced our Olympics and took our people as messengers of peace. If Sarajevo and Yugoslavia were able to produce such good feelings for the entire world, I think the world should give something positive back. It should be able to produce something that would bring hope back to the people of Sarajevo. But the world has turned its back. The world, especially the political world, has failed us." ■

VIVIANE RIVIERE

Near Kosevo Stadium, where flowers were given to Olympians, they are now placed on graves.

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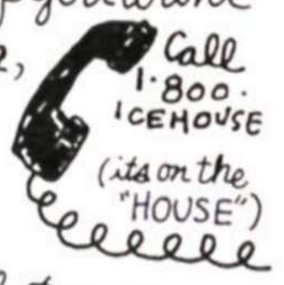

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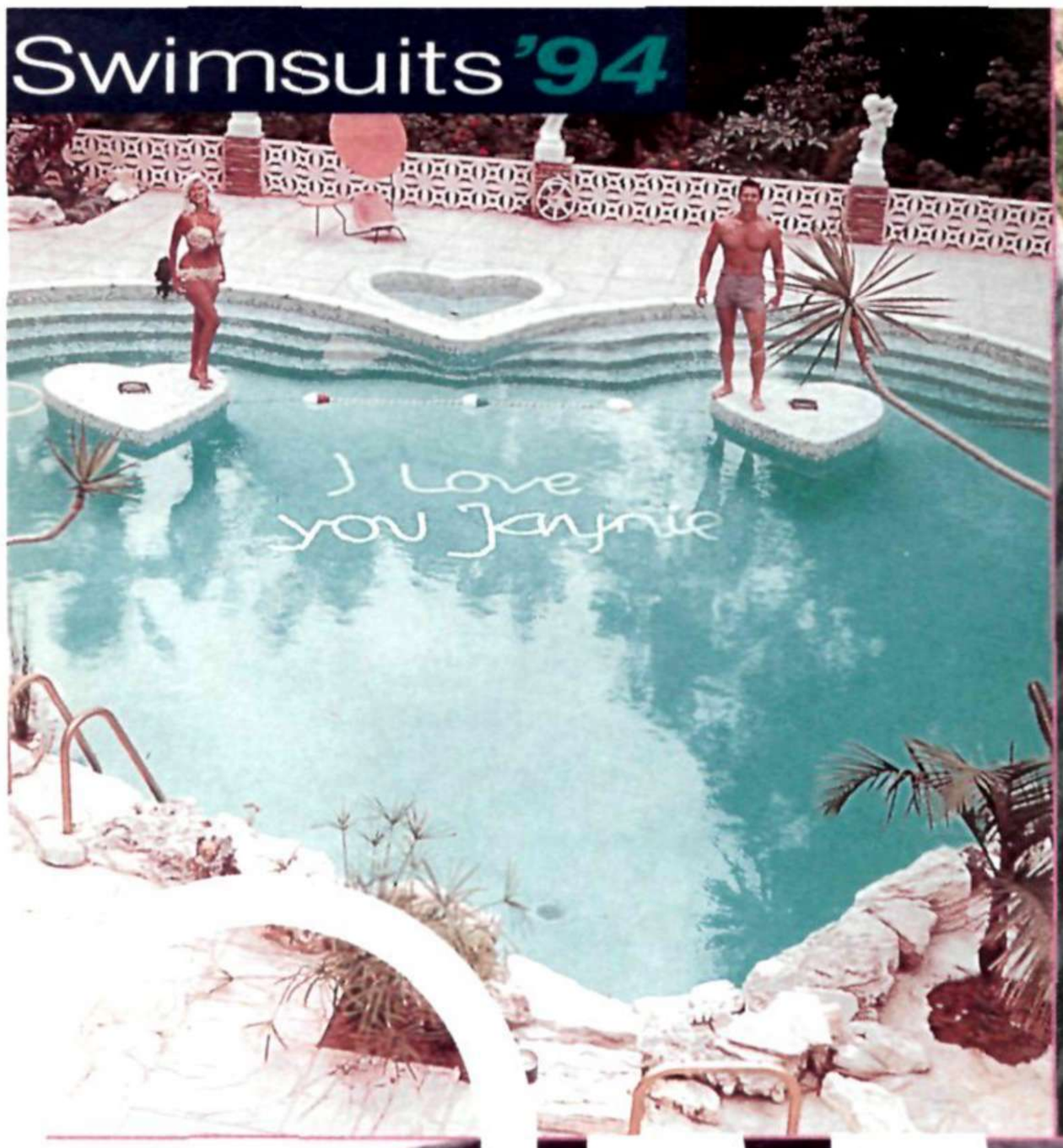
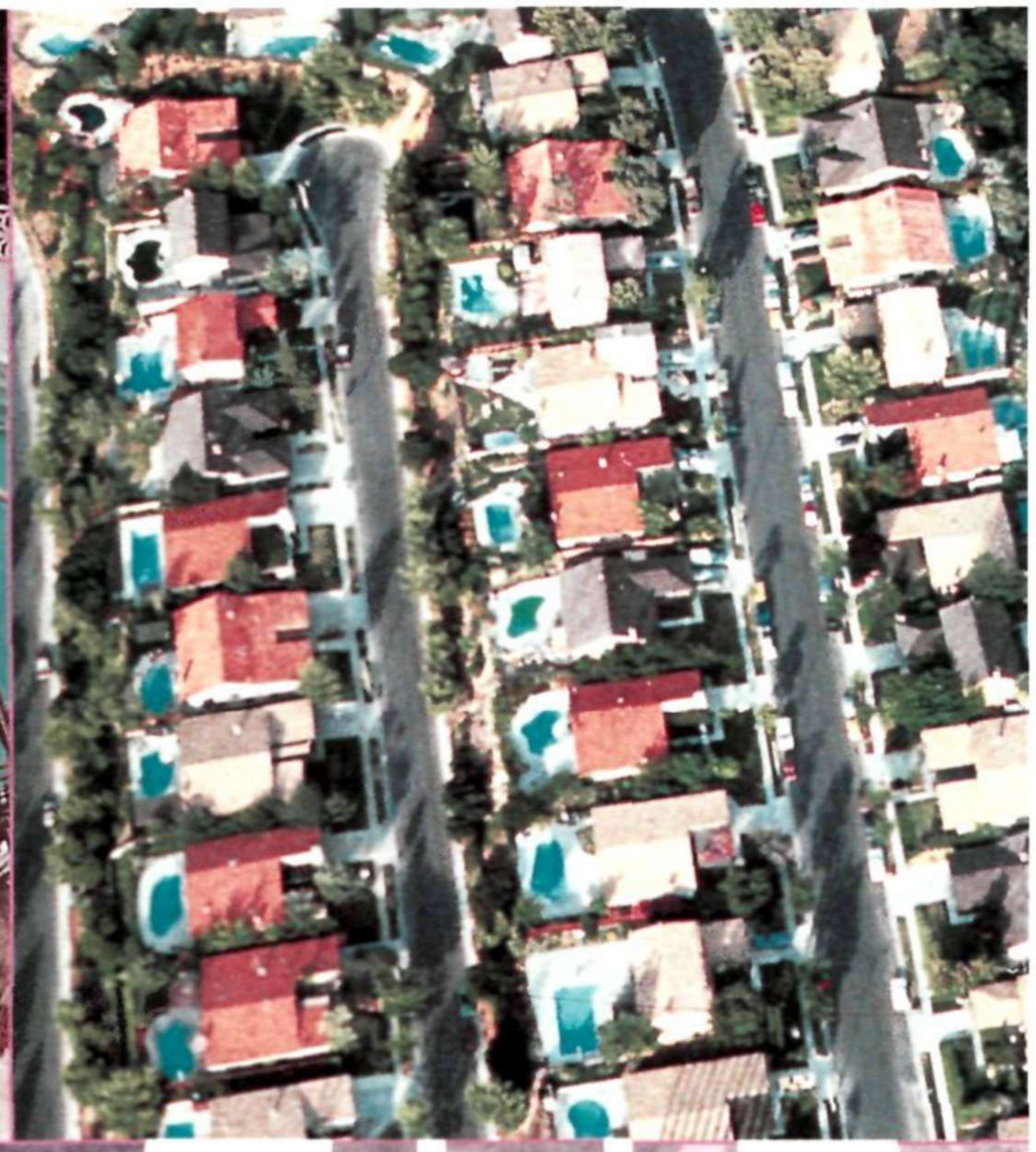
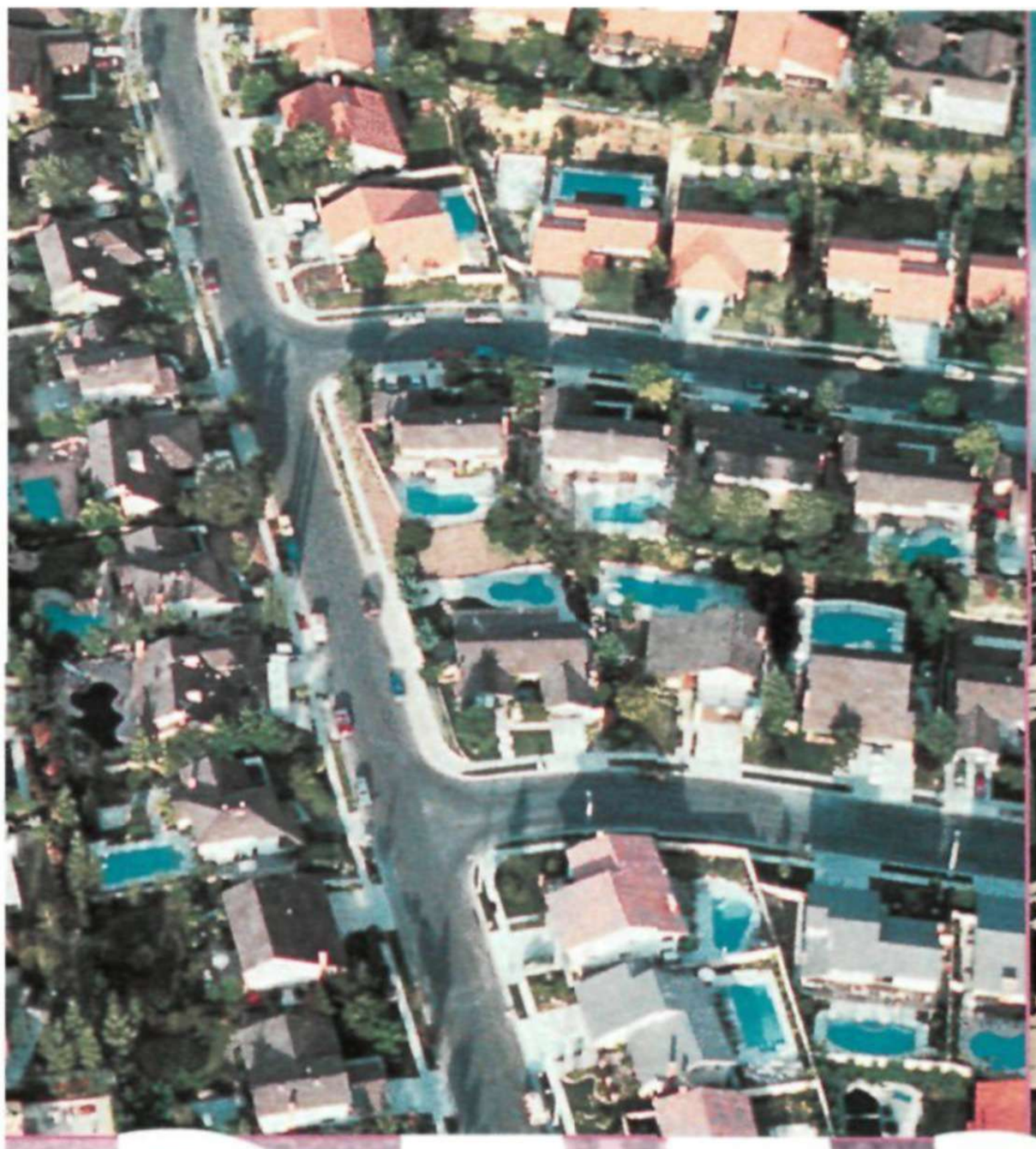


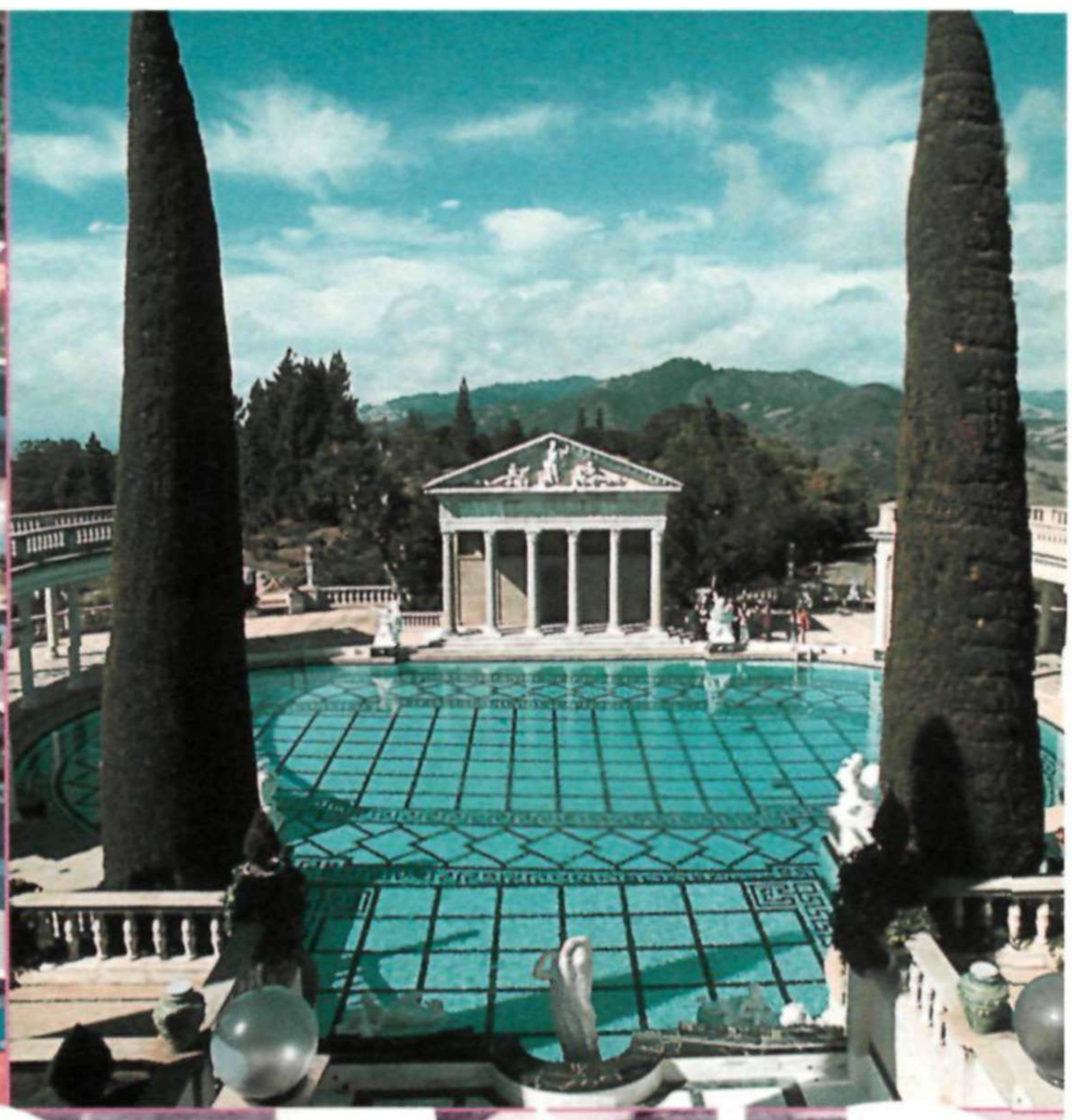


OFF THE

Seduced by the sparkle of those turquoise

California pools (clockwise from top left) have symbolized many notions, including love (Mickey Hargitay and his wife Jayne Mansfield); conformity (in the San Fernando Valley); grandeur (at the Hearst Castle); and glamour (Esther Williams from the movie "Bathing Beauty").





DEEP END

waters, America has fallen head over heels in love with the swimming pool

BY BRUCE NEWMAN

(CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT):
JERRY OHLINGER'S MOVIE MATERIAL STORE; PETER MENZEL;
SYGMA; JERRY OHLINGER'S MOVIE MATERIAL STORE

POOLS

I COVER the water front.

Kidney-shaped, chlorinated, gin clear—it's all in the notebook. Artesian spring, hot sulfur spring—water is my beat. Filtered, heated, treated, water turquoised to within an inch of its life, you read about it here first. Water covers three quarters of the earth's surface and all of my brain. This is the swimsuit issue. These are the swimming pools. I am the pool boy.

Edgeless pools, endless pools, infinity pools—I have the pruned skin, the blue lips. Natural pools, *fake* natural pools, football pools, car pools, secretarial pools, Ed Kranepool. I have been there. I have swum. I wear my goggles tight.

I am here to blow the lid off the Jacuzzi. Do you want to talk about the difference between a spa and a Jacuzzi? A Jacuzzi and a hot tub? Get a life. You press a button, you get bubbles. *There is no difference*. The pool boy knows these things.

Just as dog owners often look like their pets, most pool people have a shallow end and a deep end. To them, there is a spiritual connection between the walled-off, $100,000 chlorinated hole in their backyard and our last big kick turn in the evolutionary gene pool. "We're all born from water," points out Hollywood's most famous swimmer, Esther Williams, in her foreword to Kelly Klein's 1992 book, *Pools*. "What could be more natural than to swim all your life in that wonderful weightless medium." The pool boy would like to know how many birthday parties for sticky, Kool-Aid-engorged six-year-olds Esther Williams ever floated through in "that wonderful weightless medium."

To Williams, we are all tadpoles who have just wriggled out of the primordial soup, searching for a chaise longue that is facing the sun. Sixty-five percent of the human body is made up of water (5% is suntan lotion, and the remaining 30% is believed to be licorice and nachos), which may account for why we enjoy pools so much. We're in our own element, after all.

The idea of a swimming pool in every yard was simply a postwar refinement of Herbert Hoover's 1928 campaign promise of a chicken in every pot, though the pool construction boom that took place in the 1950s would have been unthinkable without the introduction of inexpensive, sprayable concrete. "Then it became socially correct to have a pool, and everybody had to do it; a house was not fully potentialized unless there was a pool," says Bob Easton, a Santa Barbara, Calif., architect. "If you didn't have one, it meant you weren't with it. But on a deeper level the boom happened because people have always instinctively wanted to live next to water."

Hotel pools, motel pools, we go down to the sea but never leave the swimming pool. The beach is too sandy, too equipment-intensive, there's too damn much salt in the water and not enough on the margaritas. ("Oh, pool boy. More margaritas!")

YMCA, YWCA, why, oh, why are swimming pools almost always hidden away in people's backyards? What's going on back there that they don't want us to see? "Being in the water is a great moment of privacy," explains Janice Bagdasarian, a writer-producer who has a 65-foot "natural" pool in her yard. "If you have to wave at passing buses, that's lost." The electronic gate that seals off the Bagdasarians' eight-acre mountainview estate near Santa Barbara tends to hold the bus traffic down to, well, none. And still they put their pool in the backyard.

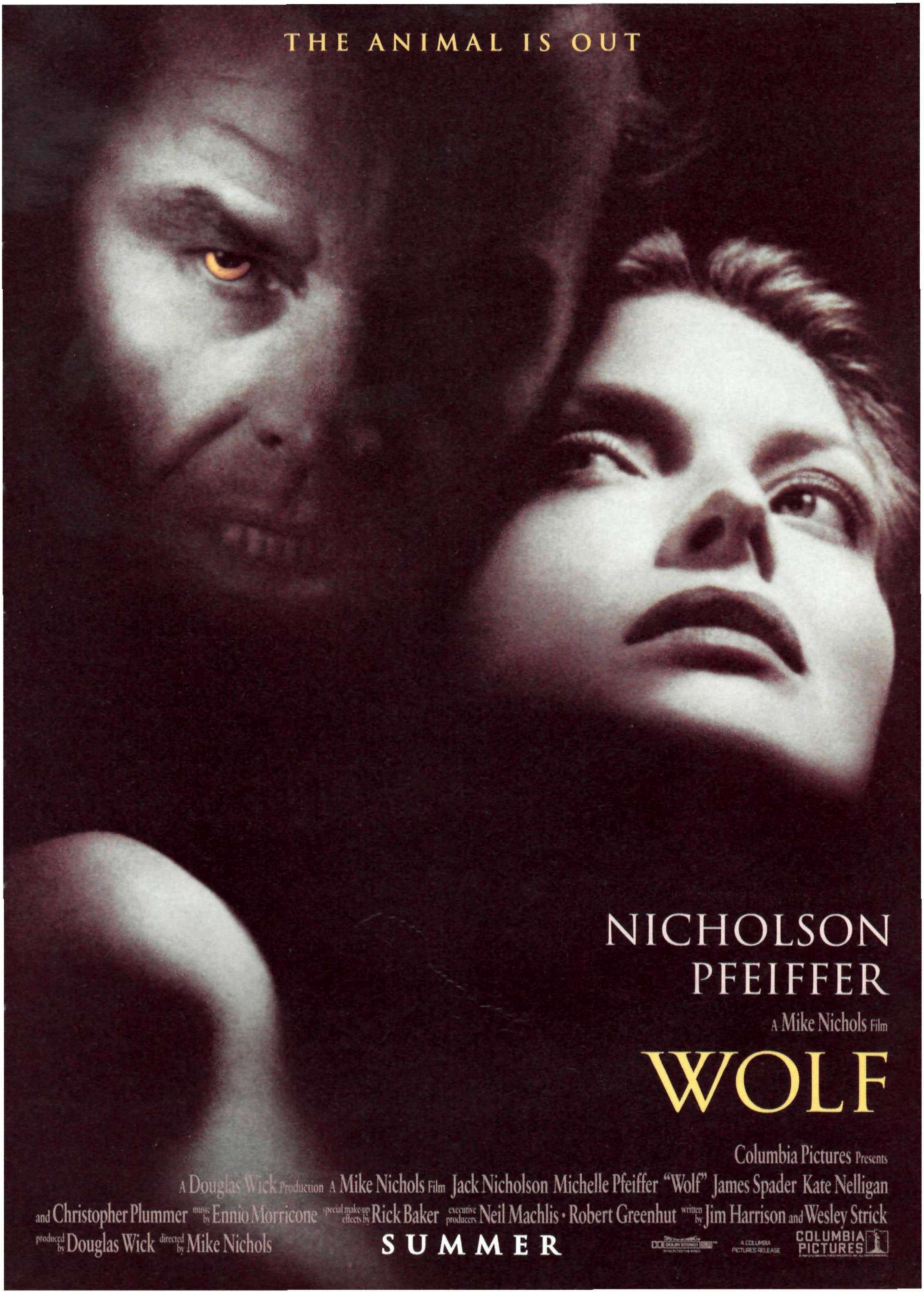
From the air, the slanting rays of Southern California's winter sun seem to race from one backyard to the next, the light collecting in the swimming pools in a series of small explosions, like flashbulbs popping. The turquoise kidneys and the blue-green hearts form a kind of magnetic resonance image of Los Angeles: a many-chambered nautilus of pools in the prosperous precincts of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, while in South Central L.A.—where municipal pools must often close for lack of funds—the organs appear blackened and necrotic.

There are nearly a million swimming pools in California, almost as many pools as there are people in the entire adjoining state of Nevada. "A lot of people who moved here from the East would trick their kids into coming out by promising to buy them a swimming pool," says pool builder Bob Winship. (Winship once built a pool in the shape of a heart for a cardiologist in Palos Verdes, then went charging over the top by driving an arrow through it.)

The swimming pool has been a central part of Hollywood mythology since the dawn of silent pictures, a truth observed and then turned upside down in the opening scene of the film

ALEX S. MACLEAN LANDSLIDES

Thanks to a well-placed pool, apartment dwellers in this Chicago building are never left high and dry.


THE ANIMAL IS OUT
NICHOLSON
PFEIFFER
A Mike Nichols Film
WOLF
Columbia Pictures Presents
A Douglas Wick Production A Mike Nichols Film Jack Nicholson Michelle Pfeiffer "Wolf" James Spader Kate Nelligan
and Christopher Plummer music by Ennio Morricone special make-up effects by Rick Baker executive producers Neil Machlis • Robert Greenhut written by Jim Harrison and Wesley Strick
produced by Douglas Wick directed by Mike Nichols
SUMMER
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POOLS

classic *Sunset Boulevard*. In what is almost certainly the most famous swimming pool in the history of the movies, a screenwriter named Joe Gillis is seen floating facedown in the water. As the camera observes him from below, a surprised look still on his face, a voice that turns out to be Gillis's own explains how he got there. "The poor dope," Gillis says ruefully. "He always wanted a pool."

Billy Wilder, the movie's director, explains why he chose that image to open the film. "Back in those days a pool signified opulence and importance. It was a medal of success. Now everybody has one, even the apartment buildings," Wilder says, sounding faintly appalled. "A swimming pool wouldn't work now. If I wanted to remake the picture, which I certainly do not, I would have to use something else."

He almost had to use something else back then because the underwater shot of actor William Holden was so badly distorted by the refraction of light and water. "We found out that if you are trying to shoot anything in the water above you from the bottom of a swimming pool, it's indecipherable," says Wilder. "So at the bottom of the pool we put a mirror, and then we shot it from above."

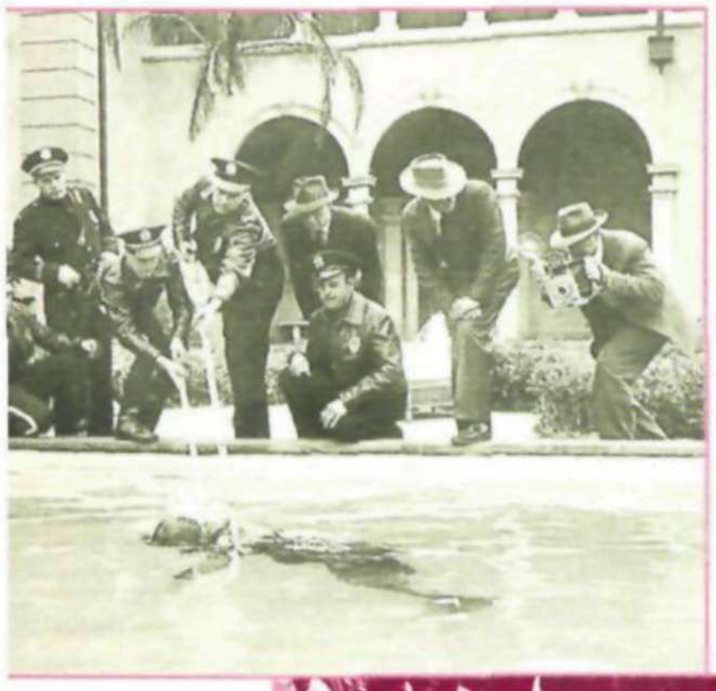
The pool itself was built especially for the movie behind a house that was actually on Wilshire Boulevard in L.A. "One of the former wives of Paul Getty was having a dance school or an acting school there," Wilder says. "She told us we could put in a pool but we must not use any pipes or plumbing, and as soon as we were finished, we had to fill it in. It was very curious because she could have had a functioning pool for nothing, but she said no, after the shooting is over, you have to unpool it."

Another famous Hollywood pool that has been filled in and paved over *was* on Sunset Boulevard, at the old Garden of Allah resort. The Garden had been owned at one time by Russian actress Alla Nazimova, who had the pool built in the shape of the Black Sea to remind her of home. Legend has it that during a party at the hotel one night, the renowned American humorist Robert Benchley toppled headfirst into the swimming pool. After being dragged out, Benchley summoned up what remained of his dignity and said, "Get me out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini."

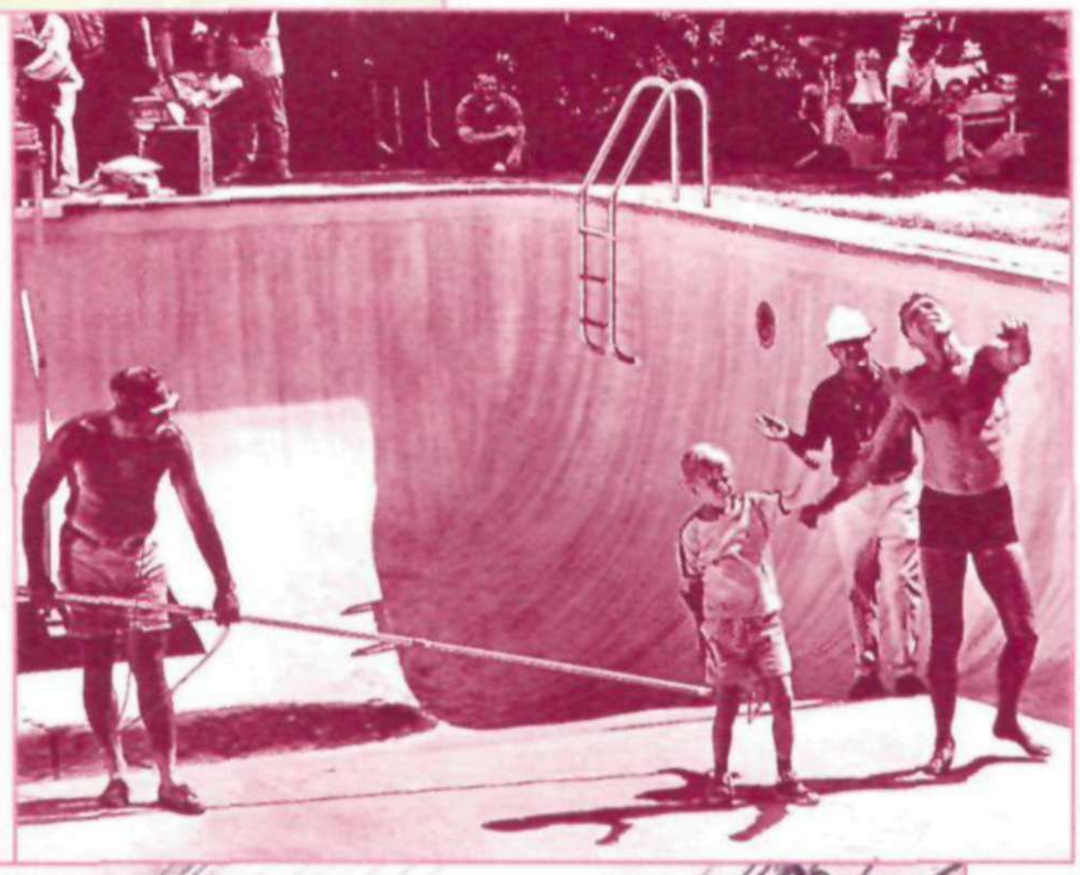
The anonymity of hotel pools often seems to incite extravagant behavior among the guests. A few years ago, superdupermodel Elle Macpherson was staying at the Sunset Marquis Hotel and was poolside with a fellow supermodel. The two women took up adjacent chaises at the hotel swimming pool, which is next to a popular outdoor cafe. "I don't know which of them took off her top first," says a desk clerk, "but it became kind of a competition between the two of them to see who could attract the most attention." (And to think, in certain parts of the world they will try to tell you that America has lost its edge, that we have become a third-rate power. And they will be wrong. For as long as there are supermodels willing to come to this country and put it all on the line, to compete, to strive, to embody so much about what is right in us as Americans, then we will always be No. 1. U-S-A! U-S-A! I am pool boy, hear me roar.)

No swimming pool occupies a more important position in the watery firmament of pools around which stars arrange their orbits in an effort to see and be seen than the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. The hotel, which was closed last year for renovations and will not reopen until 1995, is being completely made over, but the hotel's management has already reassured the public that the pool will remain much as it was before.

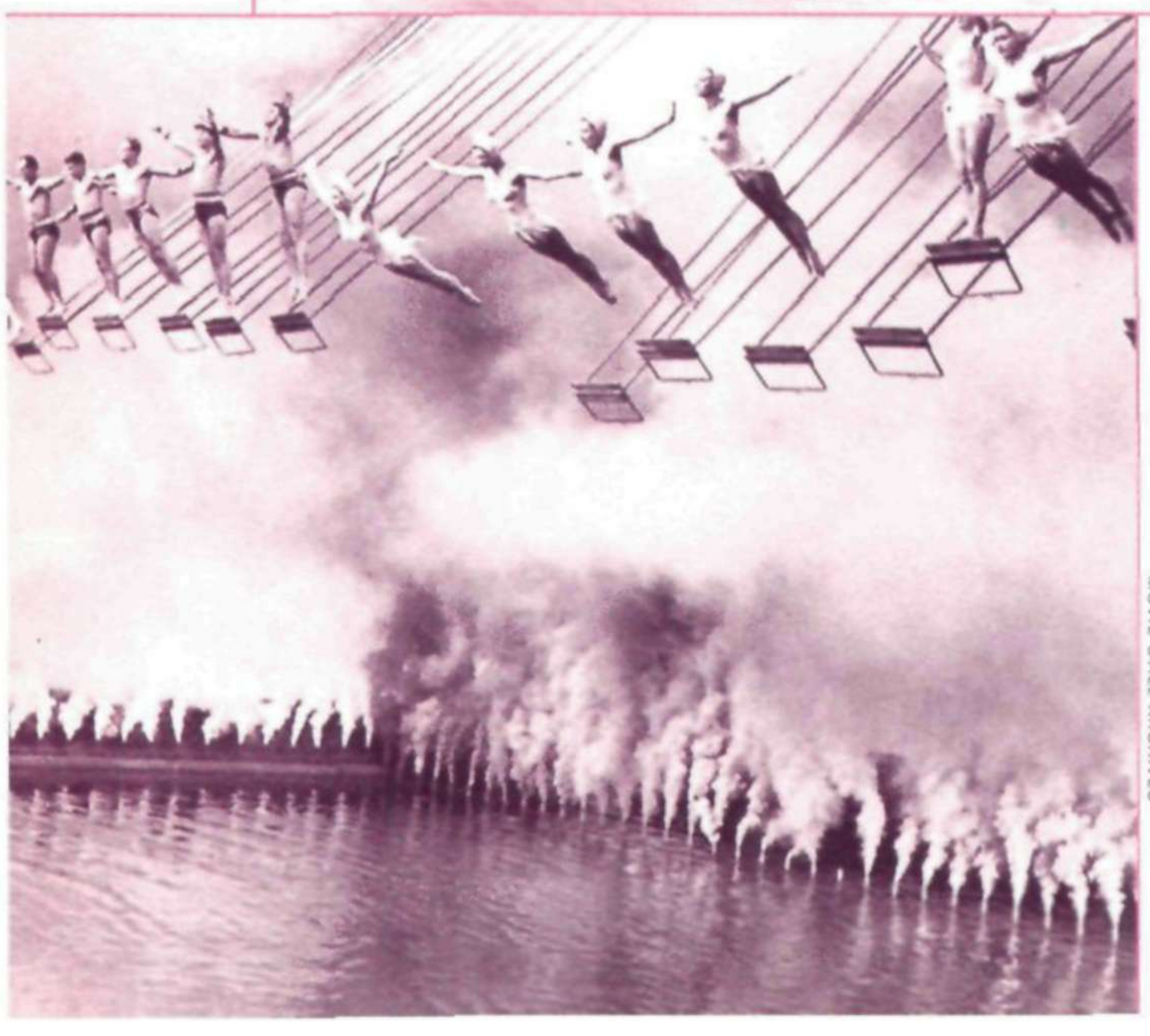
There has always been an abundant supply of movie stars at the pool. Katharine Hepburn would often drop by after her tennis match, stride onto the diving board and execute a neat backward somersault into the pool. Fully clothed. Then she would shove her hairpins back into place and strike off again for home. Hepburn's opposite when it came to fashion consciousness was English actor Rex Harrison, according to Svend Petersen, who for 30 years was the pool manager at the Beverly Hills Hotel. (Petersen's leathery brown skin and snappy towel presentation made him such a fixture that he was mentioned by name in three Jacqueline Susann novels.) Harrison often stayed in a private cabana at the hotel while making movies in



PHOTOFEST

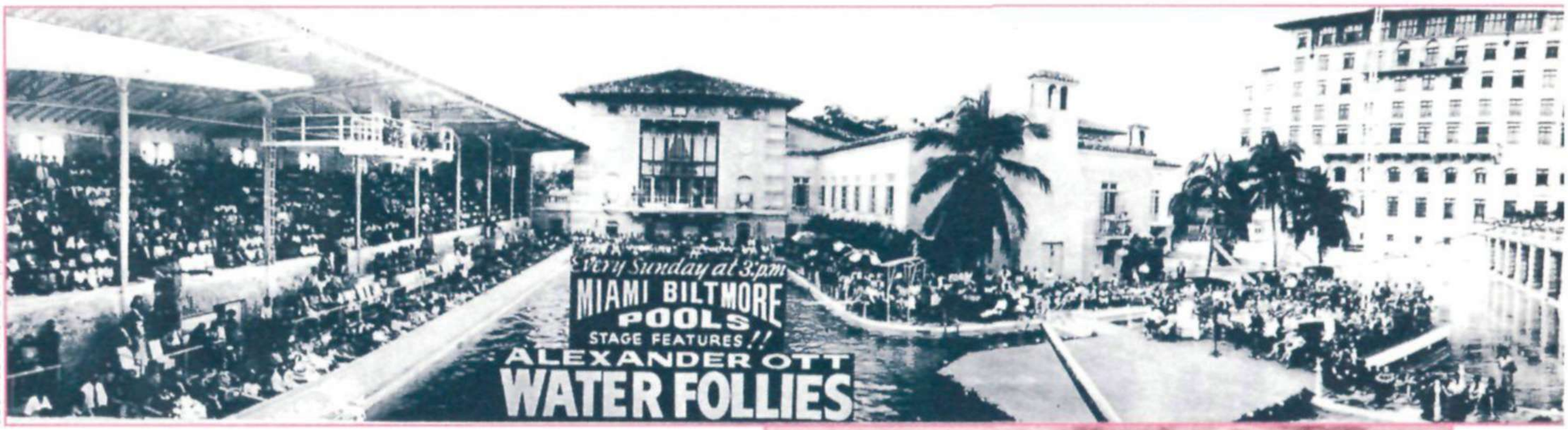


MOVIE STAR NEWS



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Pooling their talents in Hollywood (top to bottom): Holden did the dead man's float in "Sunset Boulevard"; Burt Lancaster stroked through the suburbs in "The Swimmer"; and divers went up in smoke in "Million Dollar Mermaid."



COURTESY JACK OTT (2)

In the '30s, crowds flocked to the prodigious pool at the Biltmore to see the aquatics of Jackie Ott the Aqua Tot (right, with his father, Alexander).

America, and when sunbathing, "he never believed in bathing suits," Petersen told the *Chicago Tribune*. "He just put his privates under a handkerchief, and every day it was a different color."

The week before the Academy Awards ceremony, the starlets were often stacked up around the pool like 747s circling the airport. "There have been a few times when I had to escort a lady out," Petersen said. "One was on the high board with a see-through bathing suit. I think she might have been trying to be discovered."

Director Alfred Hitchcock once declared that "all actors are cattle," and in its heyday the Beverly Hills Hotel pool became their sylvan salt lick. Esther Williams had a clause written into her MGM contract granting her a guest pass to the pool so she could swim laps there every day. But for an exclusive weekend getaway, there was no place quite like the stately pleasure dome that publisher William Randolph Hearst shared with actress Marion Davies at San Simeon.

The Hearst Castle and its two sumptuous formal pools—the Neptune Pool outdoors for daytime and the Roman Pool indoors for the nights, each the most beautiful pool of its kind in the country—were designed by Julia Morgan, who is widely considered to have been America's first great woman architect.

Hearst was a notorious prig and would stand for no debauchery, but it was all but impossible for him to keep track of everything that was going on in the 345,000-gallon Neptune Pool. When English actor Leslie Howard, one of the stars of *Gone With the Wind*, visited with his wife, Ruth, anything could happen. "Leslie was like a naughty boy, and his wife would yell at him," wrote Davies, Hearst's longtime mistress, in her memoirs. "Ruth was forty and rather fat, and she treated him like a child. She would say, 'Now, don't go in the swimming pool. You might catch cold.' Just to tease her, he would jump in the pool and lose his trunks."

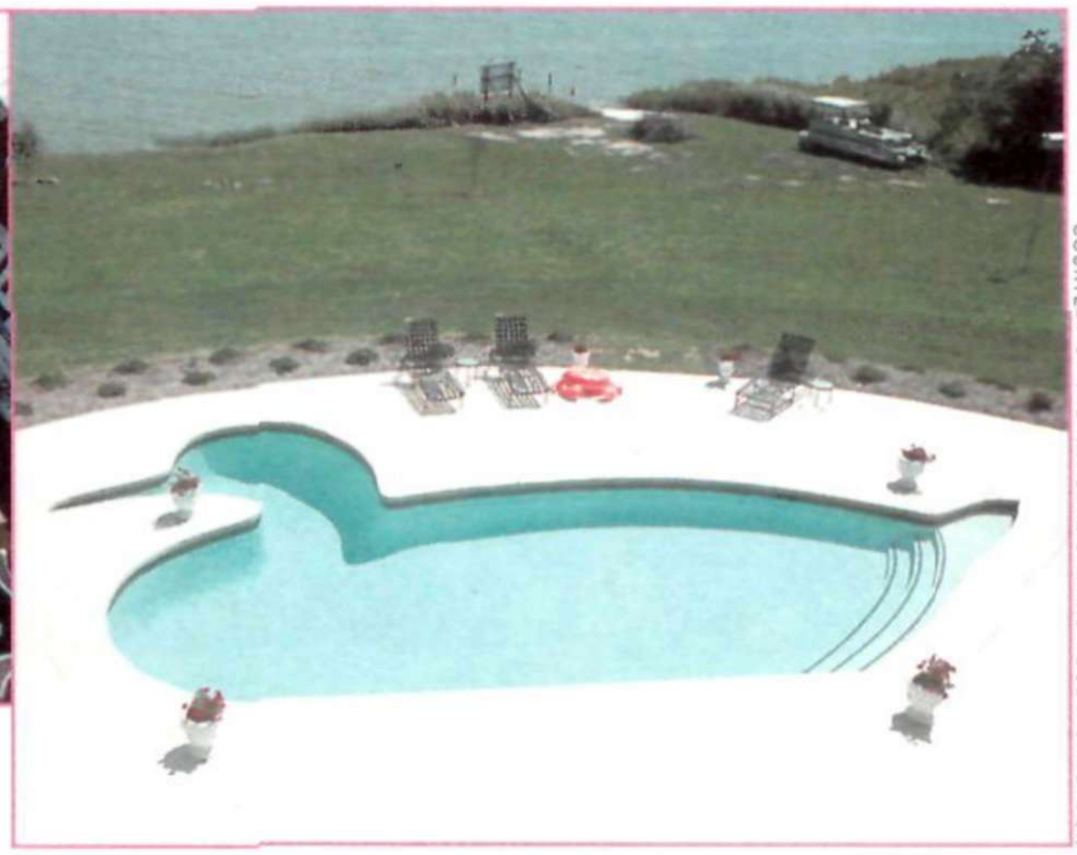
The Neptune Pool is surrounded by an actual temple facade, massive semicircular marble colonnades from the third and fourth centuries A.D. Nearby is a pool house with 17 dressing rooms for Hearst's intimate little pool parties. The Roman Pool is in a grotto beneath the castle's two tennis courts. Its deck tile is blue and gold—real gold leaf—as are the walls, the ceiling and the pool itself. The bottom is 10 feet deep from end to end, although an optical illusion created by the refraction of light makes it appear that the depth changes as you walk beside the pool. But it has been years since anyone swam in them or even lost his trunks in them to torment an overbearing wife.

The formality of pools like Hearst's eventually led to the design of pools that attempts to recreate—and in some cases improve upon—nature. Film-score composer Barry DeVorzon built a "natural" pool in his yard, and it was such a hit in the Santa Barbara music community that there is now a virtual subdivision there of painstakingly planned, multimillion-dollar improvisations on Eden. DeVorzon walked his property for nine years before he decided where to put the swimming pool, then called in the cranes to open the earth for it in 1980. "When I saw the size of that hole, I almost killed myself," he says. He spent months scavenging for the boulders that now sit at the water's edge on steel-reinforced shelves, to prevent leakage.

Ross and Janice Bagdasarian also have meticulously strewn boulders around their fake natural pool. Says Janice, "I didn't want to feel like we were in Disneyland with those rocks that are, like, airbrushed in."

The Bagdasarians are the voices of the Chipmunks, the helium-voiced rodents made famous in the '50s by Ross's father, whose stage name was David Seville. Having made their fortune as singing chipmunks, the Bagdasarians might have con-

POOLS



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL SPA AND POOL INSTITUTE (2)

A Florida homeowner makes a musical splash with a backyard banjo, while a pool in Maryland allows its owner to duck out of the heat.

sidered using their pool as a way to pay tribute to their furry little benefactors. "We stayed at the Spence Manor Suites in Nashville when we were making a country album once, and they had a pool in the shape of a guitar," Janice says. "Any thought we might have had of doing our pool in the shape of a chipmunk ended there."

Making sure the water stays heated and properly filtered in such pools is the job of the professional pool man, who wields his telescoping leaf rake with practiced ease. "We've spent years learning how to open and close gates quietly, hoping just once we'll come around the corner and find a voluptuous woman lying there naked," Ventura, Calif., pool man Terry Cowles confessed to the *Los Angeles Times* last year.

Most companies instruct their pool cleaners to enter a client's property whistling or singing loudly. But there are times when warnings are of little effect. Jim Burkhalter used to service a pool at the home of the owner of a nude bar in Long Beach who regularly invited his dancers over to sunbathe their tan lines away. Says Burkhalter, "I'd go in, do the job, then go to the next place and jump in the water to calm down."

In 1953, MGM built a pool in the shape of the state of Florida for an Esther Williams musical called *Easy To Love*. The movie was set in Cypress Gardens, where the blue-tiled monstrosity still stands—one of about 700,000 swimming pools in Florida, and not even necessarily the ugliest.

More reliant on the winter tourist season than is California, Florida did not often trouble itself with subtlety in pool design or in the application of color. Hotels like the Fontainebleau and the Eden Roc built enormous, extravagant pools to contain the million-footed beast blown down from the north.

"Almost every old Miami Beach postcard will show you a pool," says architect Laurinda Spear, whose firm designed the new International Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale. "And every postcard showed the building very small and the pool very big, because they felt they had to seduce you."

Bigger was always better in Florida, and biggest of all was the L-shaped pool of the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. At 240 feet long and 150 feet wide it was for many years the largest hotel swimming pool in the world. Built in 1926, the Biltmore pool eclipsed even the nearby Venetian, a mammoth 820,000-gallon hole left by the excavation of the coral rock quarry from which many of the original homes in Coral Gables were built.

Alexander Ott's Water Follies had run for two years at the Venetian Pool before settling in at the Biltmore in 1929 for what became a 13-year run at the height of the Depression. The show often drew crowds of 3,000 people on Sunday afternoons, and it was to follow the exploits of Alexander Ott's son, Jackie Ott, the Aqua Tot, that many of them came.

Jackie was the world's most beautiful child, winner of six baby beauty contests. "My mother would curl my hair and put lipstick and eyeliner on me, and I was hard to beat in those baby contests," he says. He became friends with headliners such as Olympic skater Sonja Henie, the Flying Wallendas and magician Harry Houdini. The great Houdini had himself shackled and locked inside a trunk, then lowered into the Biltmore pool, a watery grave from which he escaped by the narrowest of margins.

Jackie Ott later became friends with Johnny Weissmuller, who was a regular in Alexander Ott's show at the Biltmore pool long before he went to Hollywood and became Tarzan. Weissmuller supposedly never drank anything stronger than milk, but that didn't stop him from behaving strangely. "He was seen running up and down the halls of the hotel one night with no clothes on, chasing this girl," Ott says. "Johnny was like a big kid, always pulling fire alarms, having the time of his life."

In John Cheever's short story *The Swimmer*, the protagonist, Neddy Merrill, decides to swim home through suburban Connecticut via his neighbors' backyard pools. It is a story of loss, but one that begins with much promise. Water is neither wonderful nor weightless in Merrill's world; it has specific gravity.

He took off a sweater that was hung over his shoulders and dove in. He had an inexplicable contempt for men who did not hurl themselves into pools. . . . The day was lovely, and that he lived in a world so generously supplied with water seemed like a clemency, a beneficence. His heart was high and he ran across the grass. Making his way home by an uncommon route gave him the feeling that he was a pilgrim, an explorer, a man with a destiny, and he knew that he would find friends all along the way. . . .

And if not friends, well, at least when they carted him off to the loony bin he would be in shape. The pool boy, his muscular prose rippling with the upper body strength of 10 novelists, has an inexplicable contempt for men who do not hurl themselves into the literary whirlpool. I swim the water-containment beat—bottled water, mottled water, hot-water bottle. I am the treader of water, treater of words, here to remove the scum of the earth from your filter. ■

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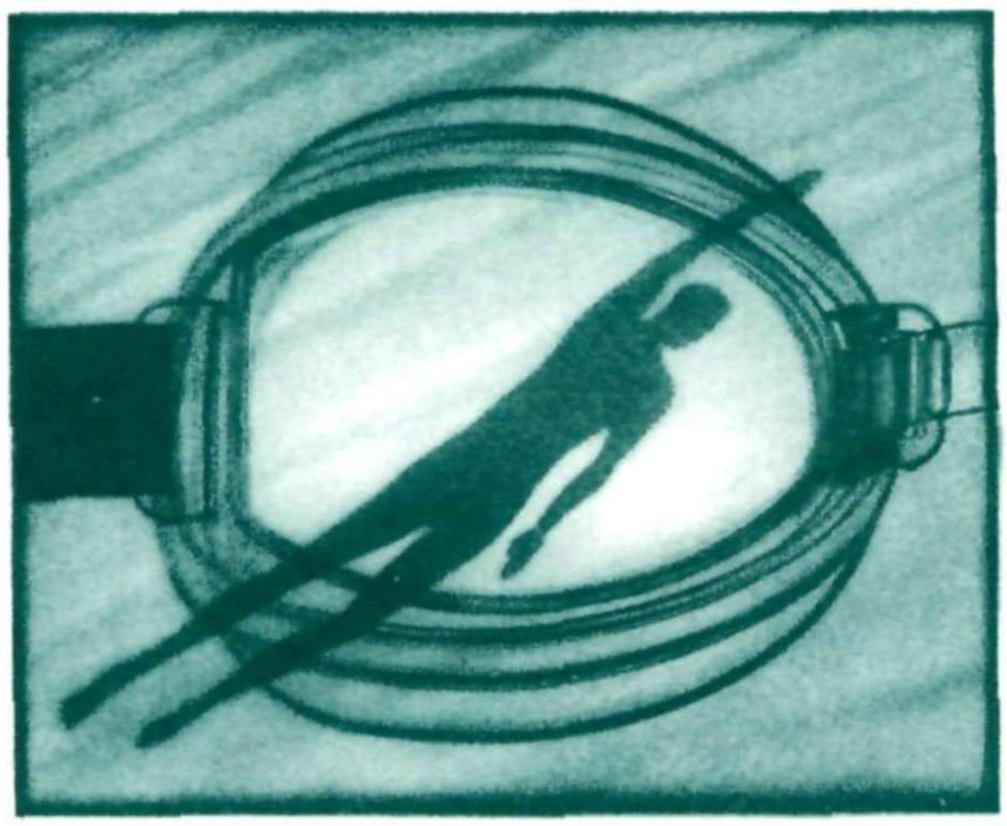
THE BLACK-LINE BLUES

With the first million laps behind him, the author has a good shot at circumnavigating the globe. Totally awesome!

BY GILBERT ROGIN

I SWIM every day of the year except on one or another holiday when all my pools are closed. This is no longer the end of the world; now it's more like the week before. I tell myself, You've got to put things in perspective. For example, I saw this sign in a Miami Beach hotel: THE OCEAN ISN'T OPEN. (Life's most important lesson, I've learned, is how to be forbearant, or put another way, how to be your own defensive coordinator.)

I belong to two health clubs, two Y's and a pool in a church basement. I used to belong to a third health club, but I let my membership lapse because I felt I might be overdoing it. I own 17 bathing suits, usually draped on doorknobs or over shower rods or fluttering from the railing of my deck. From time to time I'm arrested by the spectacle they present and find myself wondering what it is that I have done. I am the only person I know who sets his alarm clock on vacation; this is so I can do my laps before the kids get in the pool. It also occurs to me that I may be the only person I know. To say that my life centers on swimming adds little to the store of human knowledge. To say that swimming may in fact *be* my life is to slowly raise the curtain. . . .



When asked whether I believe in God, I say I've never given it any thought. Oh, they say, you're an agnostic. No, I say, an agnostic hasn't made up his mind. With me, it hasn't *entered* my mind.

I lie. I believe in God, but it's a kind of token immanence—He only presides over swimming pools. I believe that if I tell myself I'm going to swim, say, 100 laps, He overhears me. He also counts. Maybe He goes like this, 𝍸 |||| etc., or maybe he's got one of those little clickers. And if I swim, say, 98, I believe He shakes his head in confirmation of His longstanding conviction that I am without character, that I'm just vamping and have, as my father used to point out, no gumption.

Lifetime (mine, not His), He's had to count a million laps, minimum. And he doesn't get overtime. He doesn't even get *paid*. It's all pro bono. Benies? Does God need managed care, a 401(k)? But look at it this way, it's pretty steady work. How would you like to unload God? Got a nice little package for you, God, if you take early. . . .

God: Don't even try it, sonny. I'll hit you with the age discrimination suit of the. . . .

Me: Ages.

God: You took the word right out of my mouth.

A million laps works out to about 14,200 miles, more than halfway around the world.

Me: You know, God, when I was a kid I didn't set out to circumnavigate the globe, but, hey, if I live long enough, I got a shot at it.

God: Totally awesome!

Expressed temporally, that's like 400 days, about 1.7% of my life—if I didn't sleep. Sleep included, it's 2.56%. What do you think, am I wasting my life? And so conscious am I of the nemesic clicker that only once, out of impatience, boredom, fatigue, whatever, have I fallen short. Key Biscayne, Fla., Nov. 3, 1987, 90 instead of 100. Filled not so much with shame as remorse, I wrote it down.

As a check against overreporting, if I forget what number lap I'm on, I go back to the last one I recall.

God: You're such a good boy.

What helps is it's always odd numbers up, even ones back. Applying this system to life at large . . .

God: Mr. Analogy.

. . . while acknowledging that my life may make more sense as a concept than as a shooting script. . . . Put it this way, while most lives might be said to describe a great, and we are led to believe, consolatory arc, mine may best be characterized as consisting of unremitting, numbing back and forths, like a farmer following the plow, except the farmer moves heedlessly sideways while I, trapped in the tyranny of thought, cover no new ground. All this can be reduced to idle speculation as to whether, when I reach the final wall in the interminable workout that I guess has turned out to be my life, I'll be finishing an odd- or even-numbered lap. And what, if anything, that will signify other than a sense of incompleteness if it's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM DUKE

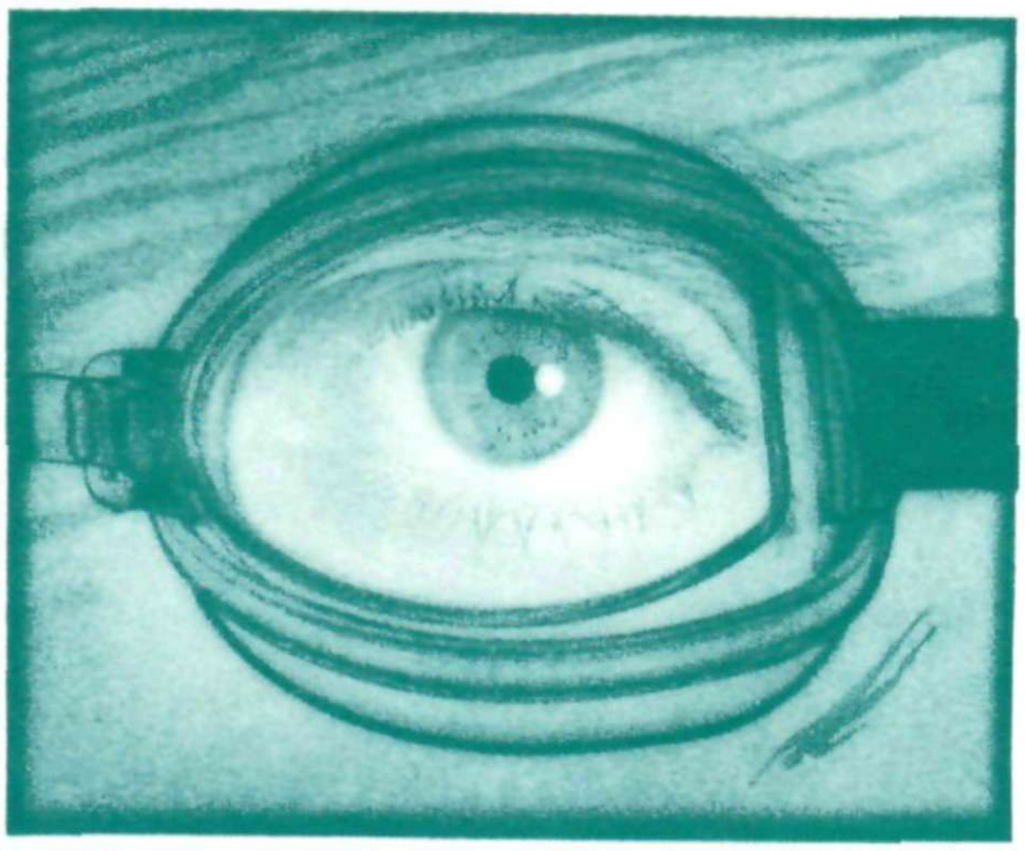
odd—but I suppose one might experience that in any case.

Heraclitus said you can't step into the same river twice. I say you can lower yourself into the same pool a thousand times. Pers. obs., as biologists write.

Me: By the way, God, did I ever tell you about the time I shook up the shampoo because I thought it was Italian dressing?

God: More than once.

Garbage yardage, which is what mindlessly swimming laps instead of doing sets is called, gives rise more to this kind of meditation than, say, to cite the example I started out with, pondering the existence of God. The black-line blues is what swimmers call the mood that leads to such rumination, the black lines being those thickly drawn on the bottom of the pool to delineate the lanes, lines that only lead you remorselessly back to where you started.



To dispel the blues, I lay down three tracks as I do my laps. The first is the hum, kind of like the bass line in hip-hop in that it underlies everything else. But you can't swim to Snoop Doggy Dogg—I've tried. Humming is good because you don't use up a lot of energy and you do it with your mouth closed, so you don't drown. Today I was humming Vivaldi's G major violin concerto, FI, No. 173—mainly the hooks—which was in heavy rotation last month. Yesterday it was Cher, Beavis and Butt-head's *I Got You, Babe*. Your pool playlist shouldn't include anything too up-tempo; it's going to mess up your rhythm.

The second track is lap counting, which I've dealt with, and the third is thinking, heavy-duty and otherwise. In fact I composed this piece in, successively, the Four Seasons Hotel pool (Los Angeles), the pool in the basement of St. Bartholomew's Church (New York City), and the Norwalk and Westport (Conn.) Y's.

Me: How about when I was driving my car and panicked because I couldn't find my car keys in my pockets?

God: Truly pathetic.

I have swum in a 50-meter pool, passing over, at the deep end, beneath a 10-meter tower, a man in an old-timey diver's helmet, cleaning the bottom. I have swum in a 12-yard (approx.) pool, 200 furious, wave-tossed laps, forgetfully crashing into the walls at the ends. I have swum in a driving rainstorm. I have swum with snowflakes settling on my back. I have swum in 48° water. I have swum in 90° water. I have swum in a pool while it was being drained, my knees scraping the bottom as I made my final turns. I have swum from darkness into light and from light into darkness.

From light into darkness. As I turn my head to breathe, I see a last, lemony fragment of sky. On the next lap it's gone. The palm trees rising from the beach and above the pool deck betray the dark by being darker. It is still except for my wake, quiet except for the splashes and gurgles that mark my progress, the organic notes of my exhalations underwater. Then, suddenly, always unexpectedly, the pool lights come on and my shadow is flung upon the far wall. I am transmogrified. I am a dancing man. I am emblazoned and I am exalted.

In competition you swim on the lines, in workouts between them. The latter's my man; interlineation; long, narrow spaces in which to revise your work, your life. I am compulsively scribbling between the lines, but who can read what I write?

The best swimmers have a feel for the water. They reach out and capture it, pull it toward them, mold it, making something that disappears in the act of creation. I am swimming from light into darkness amid murmurs of, I don't know, Freddie Jackson, Bach, Crash Test Dummies and incanted numbers, writing my life story, such as it is; behind me not a trace remains.

I once wrote of a prisoner who wrote a book in the spaces between the lines of a book because it was the only paper he had. Here I will revise an episode (true story) I wrote years ago, so that it has a different, perhaps more edifying, conclusion.

I arrived in Key Biscayne at night and went swimming in the motel pool, which was illuminated by underwater lights at the deep end. A Cuban boy of 10 or 12 was at the shallow end. Although it was my impression that he was getting out while I was getting in, as I returned to the shallow end on my second lap, I saw his dark, slender, headless body before me. I mean, there's no one else in the whole pool except me and him, so of course he has to do a number in my lane. I was going to have to kind of smack him one. Instead of dropping my hand slightly below the diagonal on the point of entry, I rotated it outward. But as I extended my hand, he held out his to mine . . .

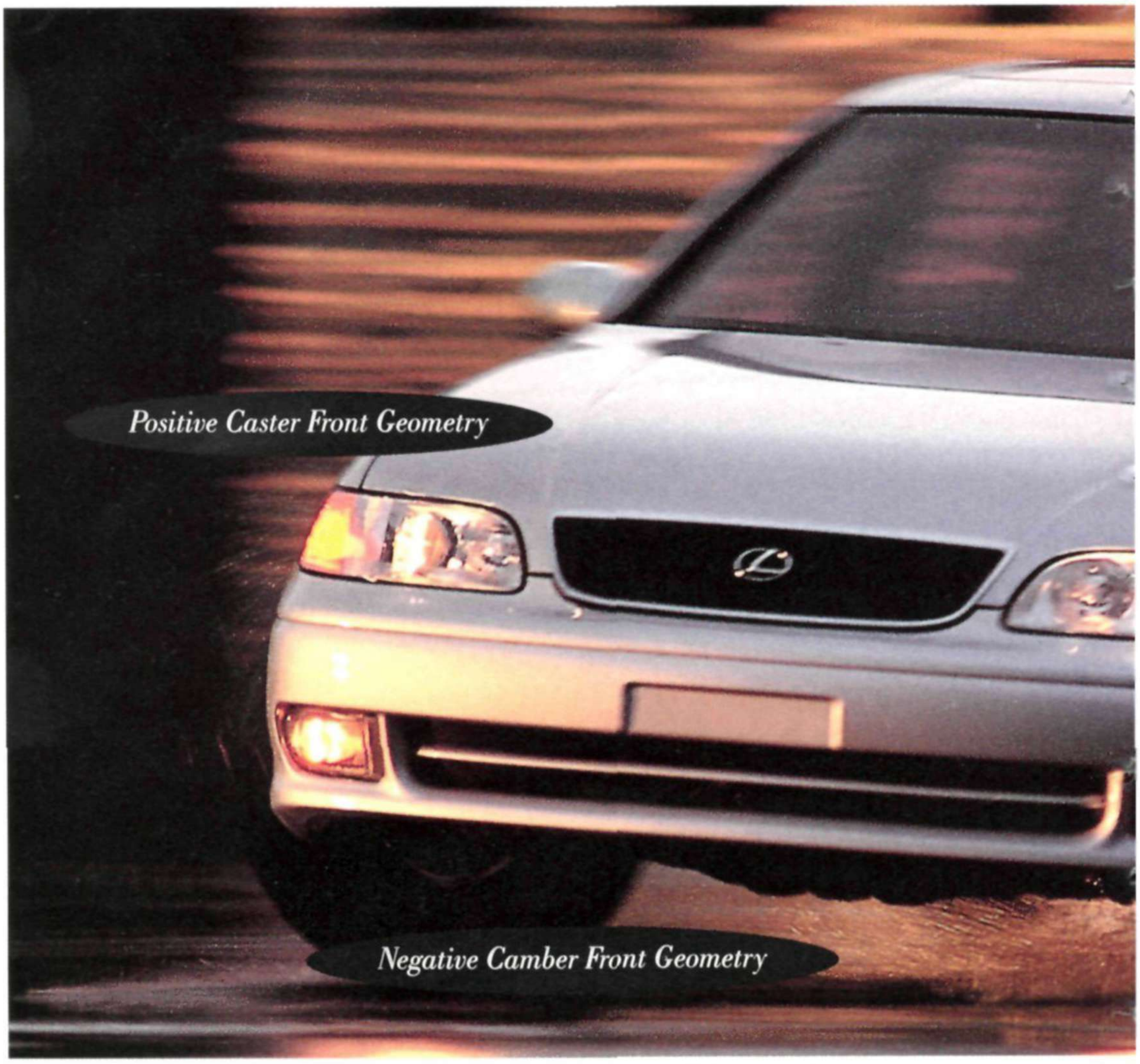
God: Ah! Wasn't that how I gave life to Adam?

. . . my fingers touched the tiles and I was joined to my writhing shadow.

God: You're such a feeble schmuck, but I forgive you.

Me: Thank you, Lord.

God: Don't mention it, and I appreciate the plugs. ■



And You Thought You'd Geometry After

Chances are, you haven't found a practical use for calculating the angles of an isosceles triangle,

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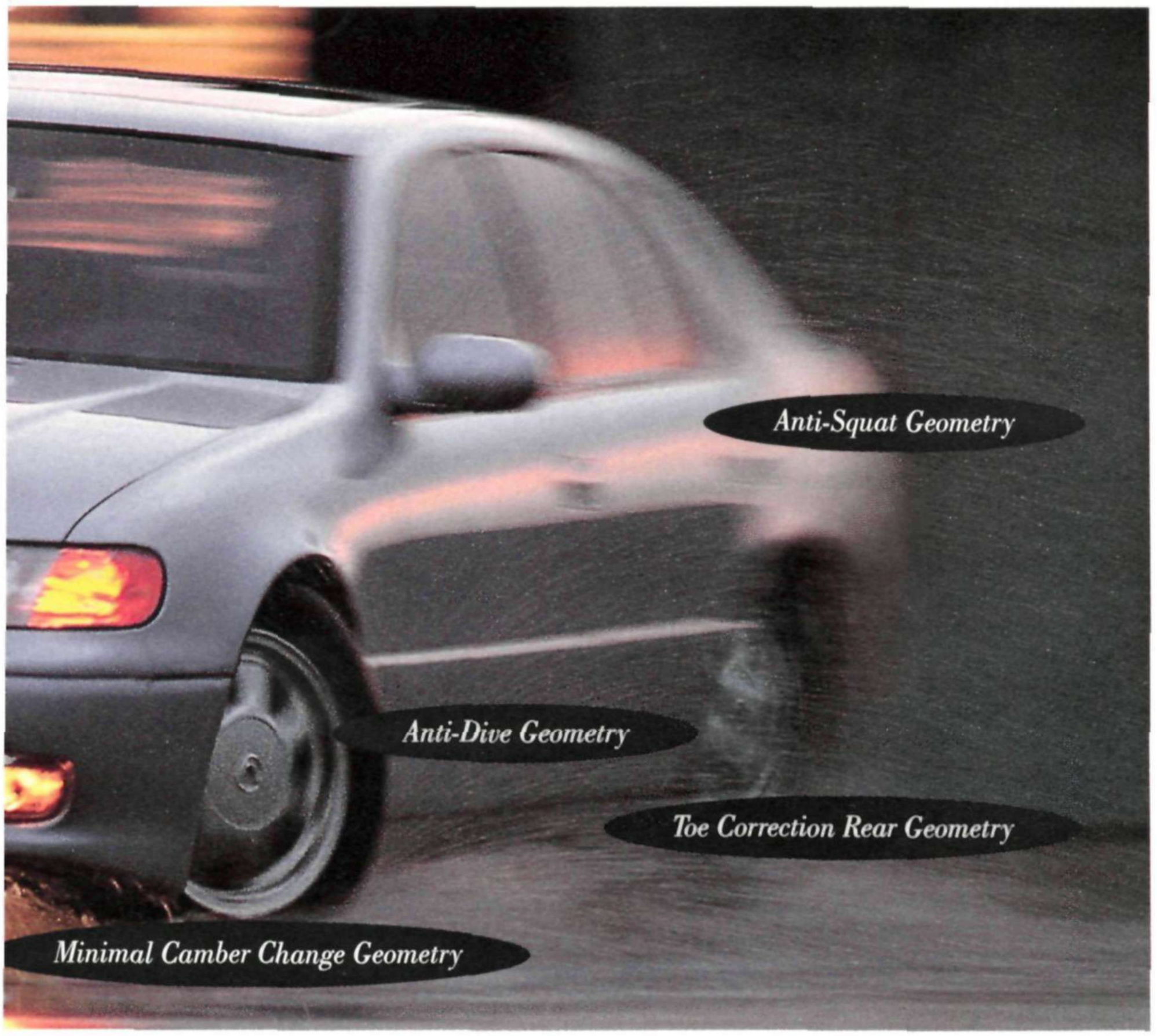

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So there they were, (from left) Kathy Ireland, U.S. Olympic gold medal swimmer Dara Torres-Gowen and Elle Macpherson, out for a stroll and to check out the boy babes in the pool at UC San Diego, when these guys challenged them to a game of water polo.

Swimsuits '94

EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL

BY JULE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

DONNA DEMARI

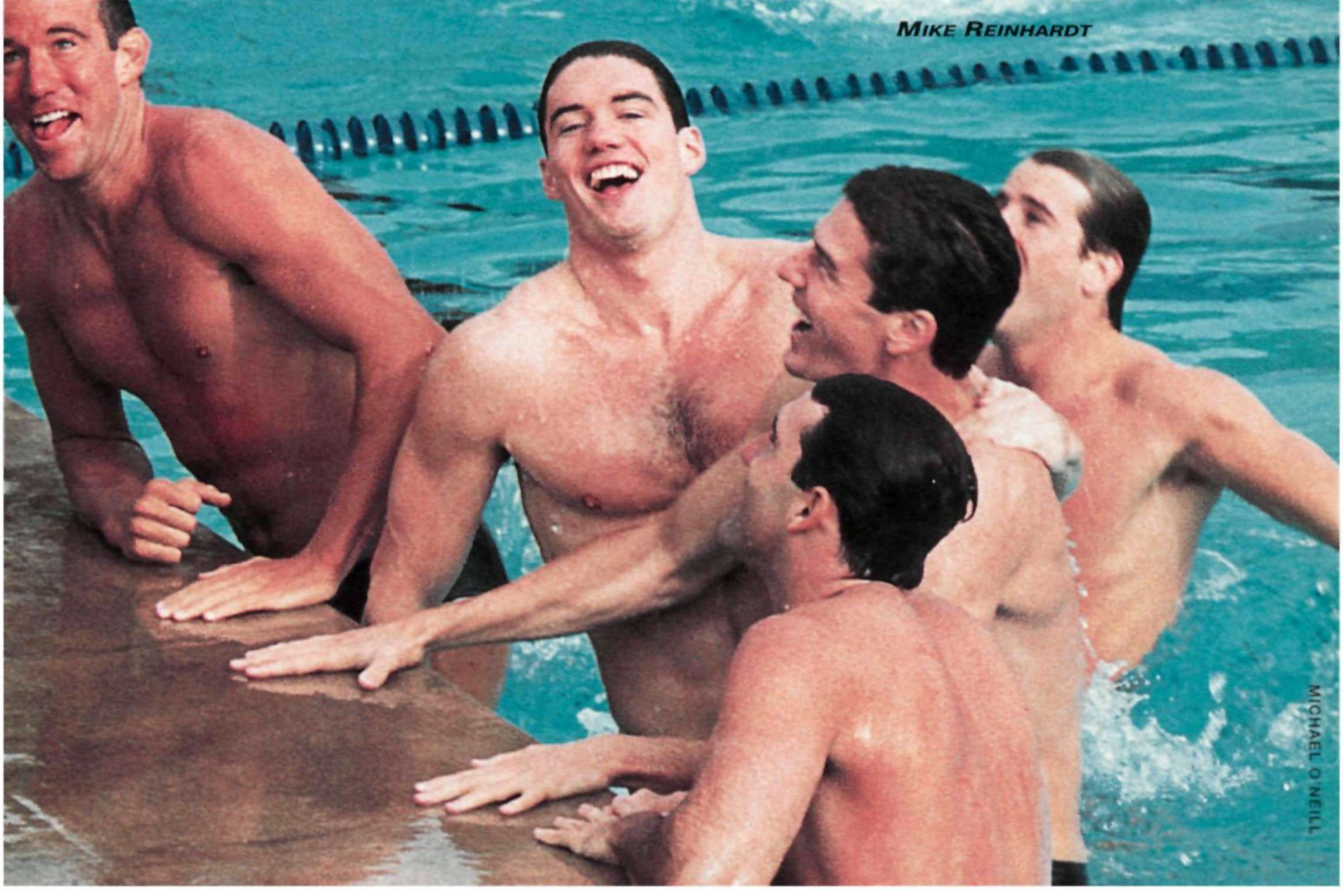
ANTHONY GORDON

WALTER IOOSS JR.

PAUL LANGE

MICHAEL O'NEILL

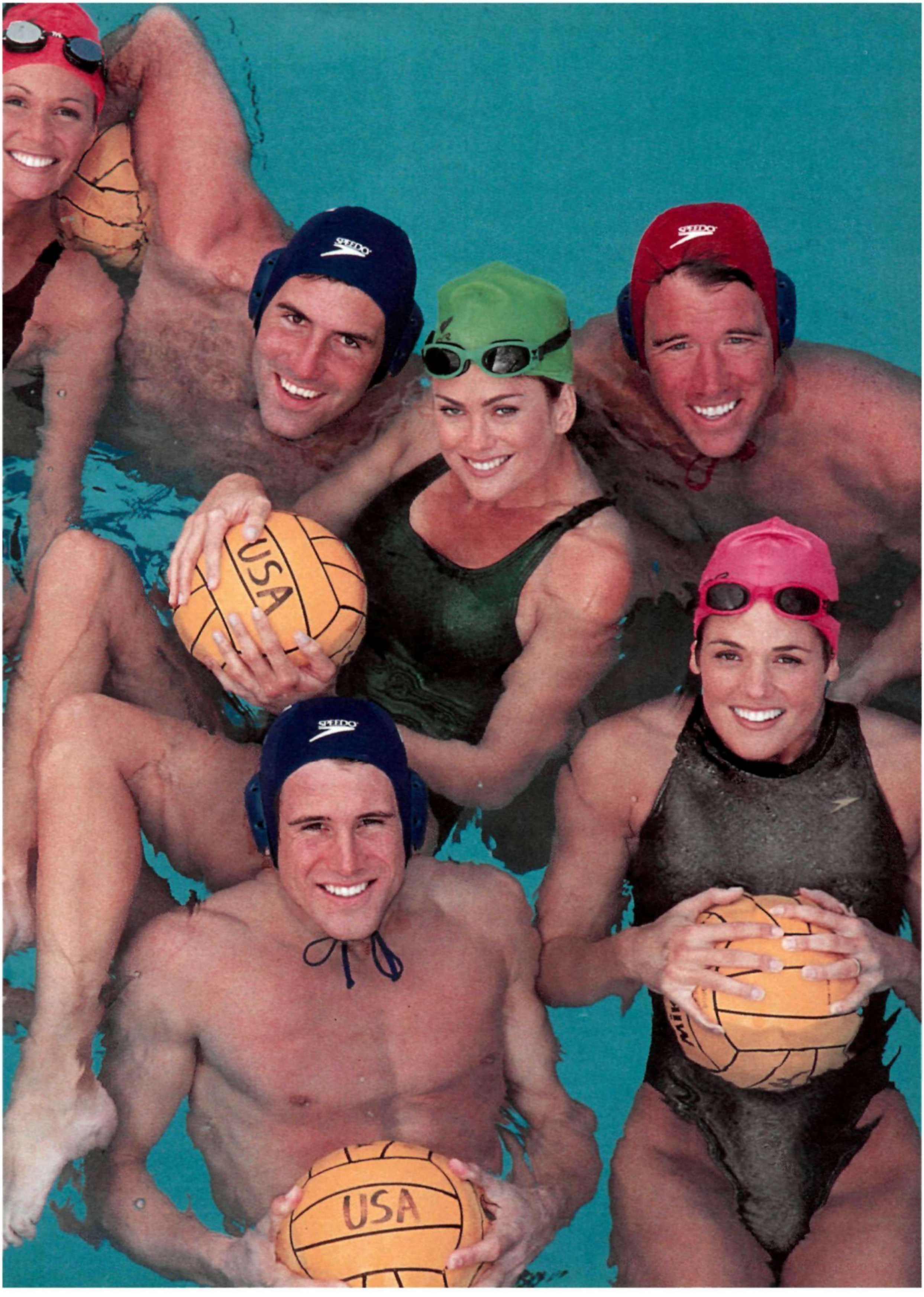
MIKE REINHARDT



MICHAEL O'NEILL

Fortunately, the girls wore their competition Speedos ($68 for Elle's and Kathy's, $78 for Dara's) for a leg up on their challengers from the U.S. water polo team (clockwise from center): Kirk Everist, Chris Duplanty, Troy Barnhart and Alex Rousseau. (Teammate Rick McNair must have been submerged.)

MICHAEL O'NEILL


SPEEDO
USA

FIRST some pool rules: No running. We are giving you 44 pages of swimsuit photos, shot at some of the world's most beautiful swimming pools, from San Diego to Sardinia, so take your time. Let the pictures wash over you. • Eat at least one hour before diving in. Go on, let your food digest. It would make your mother happy. • At regular intervals someone will blow a whistle, at which point you readers will be expected to get out of the pool and take a breather. For safety's sake, **it must be done**. • No loud music. This year, pools rule.

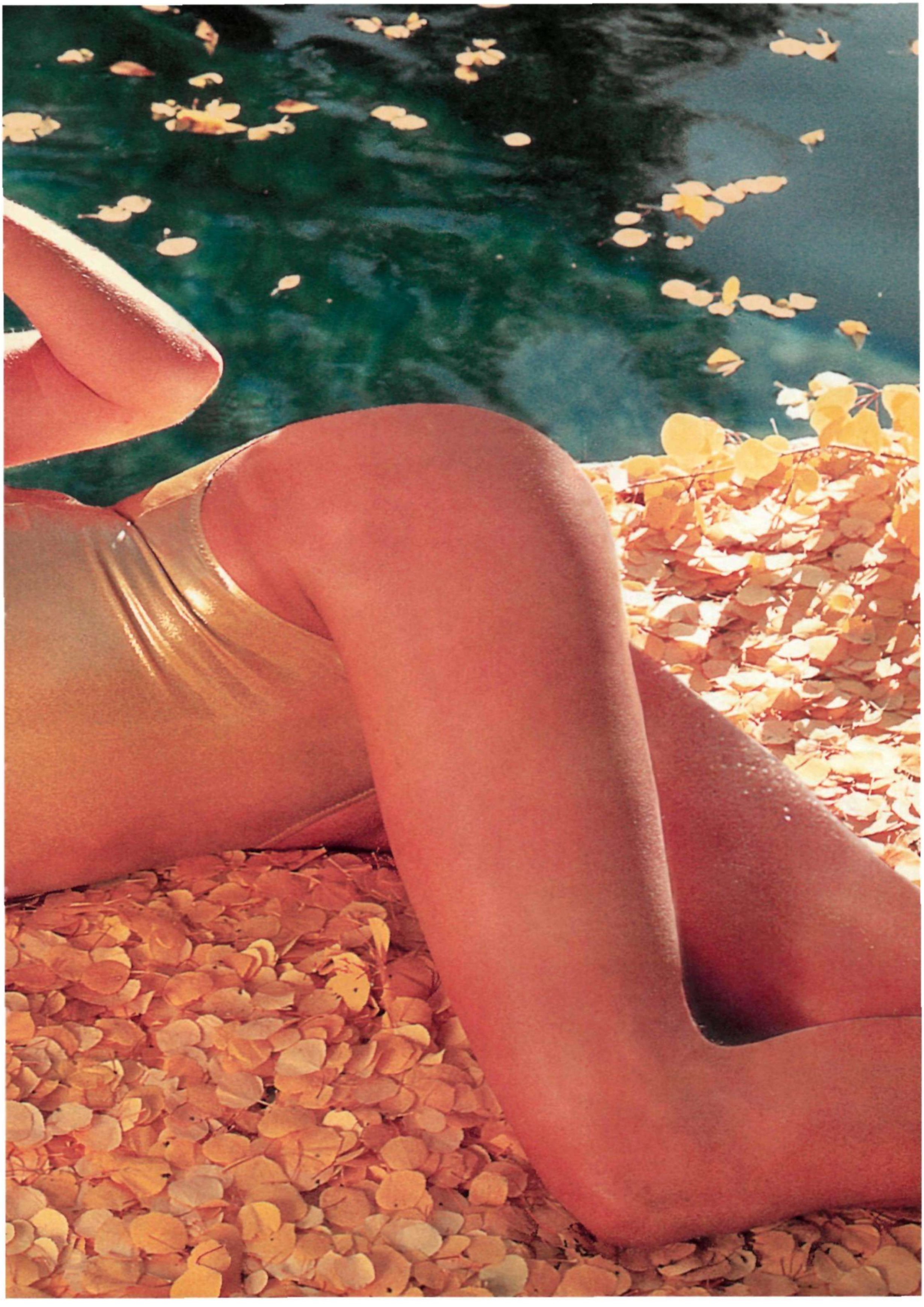
Hair and makeup by Pam Geiger for MCM Salon, François Ilnseher, Jane Pittman, Gisberto Serpa for Elizabeth Watson

WALTER IOOSS JR.

Ingrid Seynhaeve is all that stands between a devil of a pool and the deep blue sea off the Caribbean island of St. Maarten. She is a wispy cloud of white in a bikini by Karla Colletto ($106).

Aspen leaves set the gold standard for the Rockies each fall, but Vendela's maillot by Michael Kors for Trulo ($98) makes even the aspens quake and provides the most stylish change of the season.

ANTHONY GORDON



Roshumba Williams stretches a point in Ormond Beach, Fla., while contemplating a dip in the pool in a stretch crocheted suit from Radio Fiji by Raisins ($68).

Cornered at
The Raleigh's hotel
pool in Miami Beach,
Amber Smith stoops to
conquer in a nylon and
Lycra maillot ($86) by
Gideon Oberson.

What sarong with Venezuela's Patricia Velasquez? Practically nothing, as far as we can see. She's wearing a Gideon Oberson batik sarong ($96) at the Amandari Resort in Bali.

DONNA DEMARI

On the Mediterranean island of Pantelleria, Rebecca Romijn suspends the laws of gravity in a thong ($38 for the whole suit) by Darling Rio.

MIKE REINHARDT

MORE MAGAZINES: XSAVA.XYZ & SPICYMAGS.XYZ

The phrase "nothing but net" takes on a whole new meaning when it's Vendela who's tickling the twine in a fishnet sarong ($412) and bikini ($102) by Gottex.

PAUL LANGE

Splish-splash, Rachel Hunter's a smash in a print bikini by Darling Rio ($62) that looks just fine in The Four Seasons' hotel pool in Los Angeles.

WALTER IOOSS JR.

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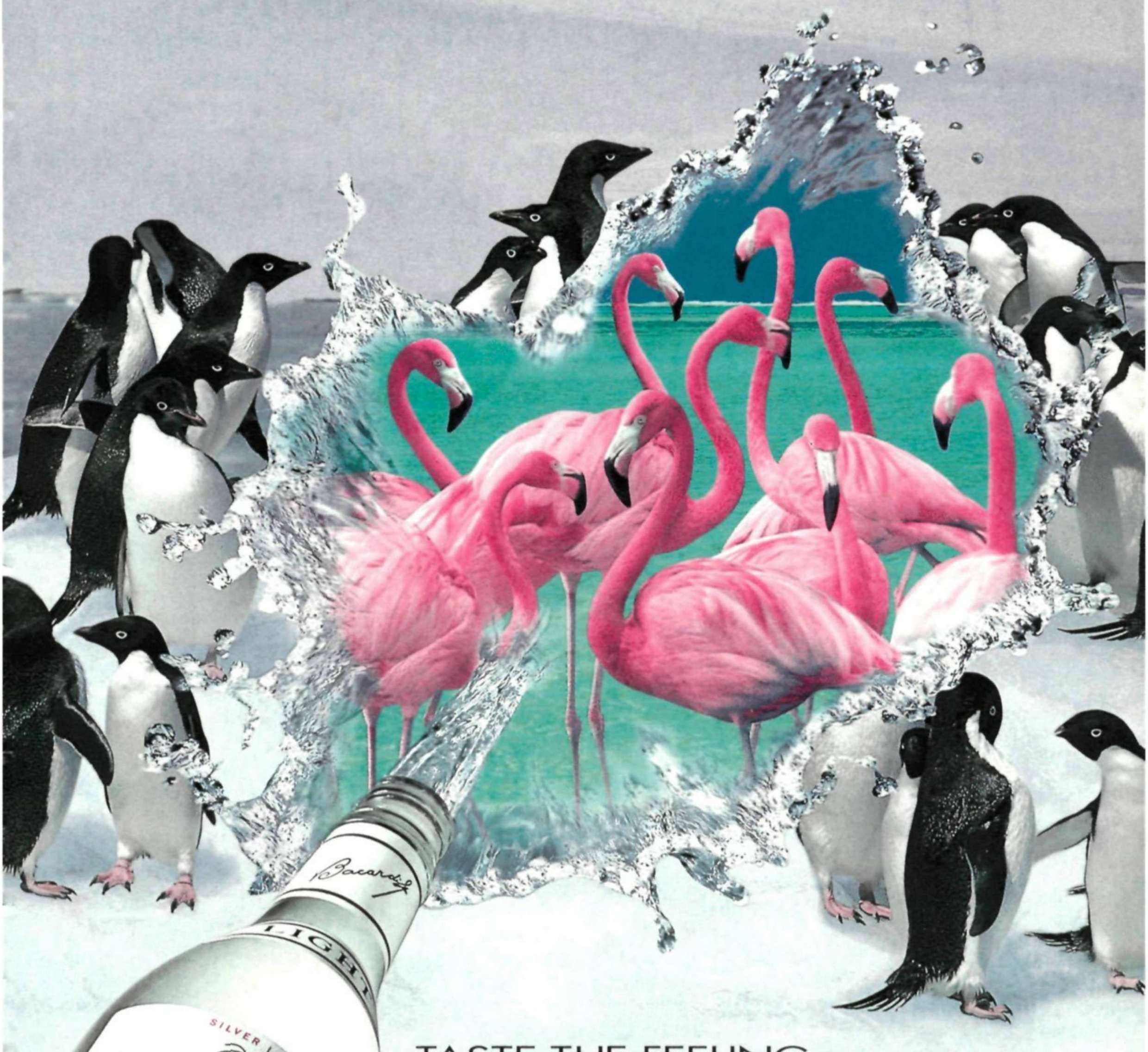

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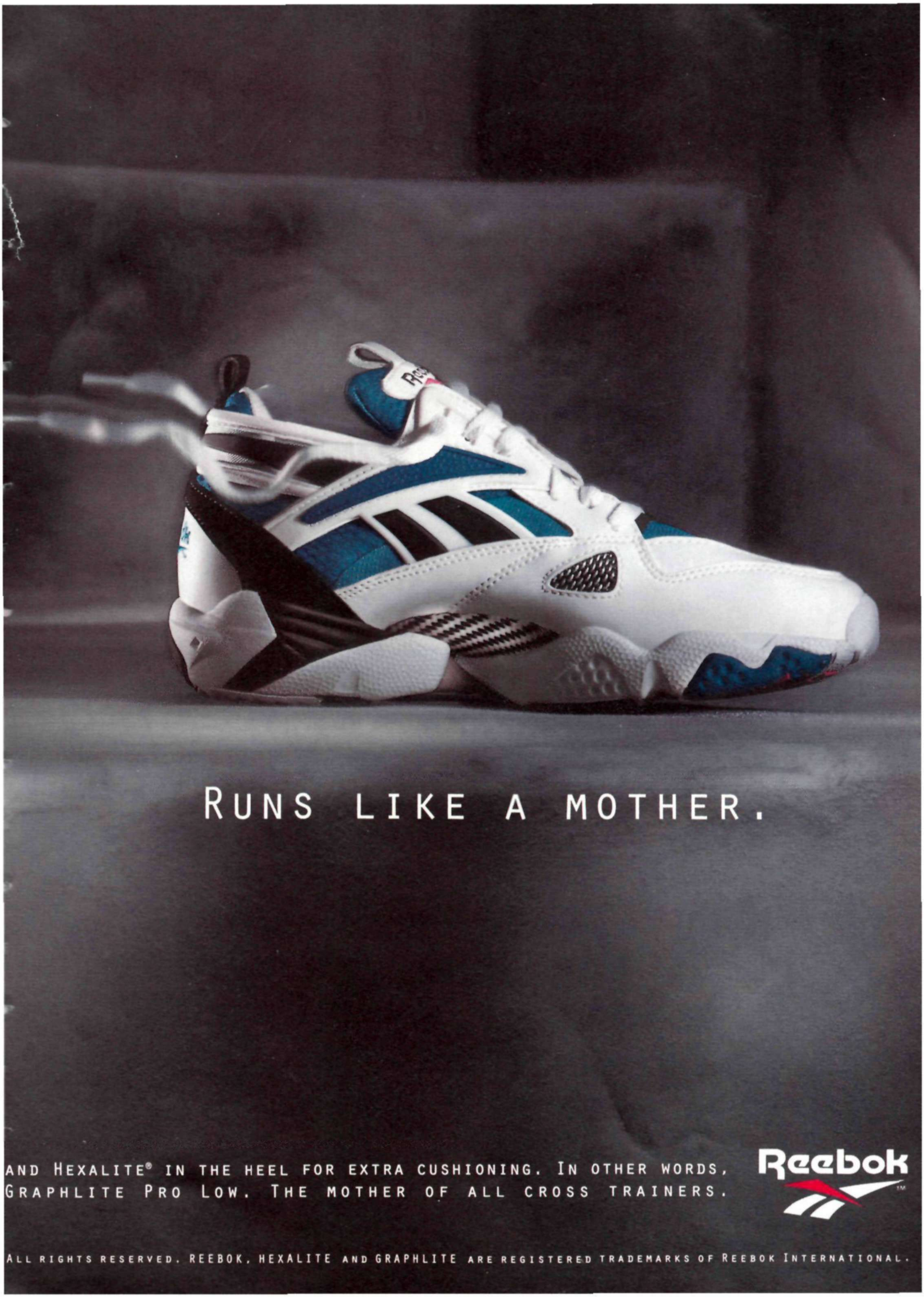
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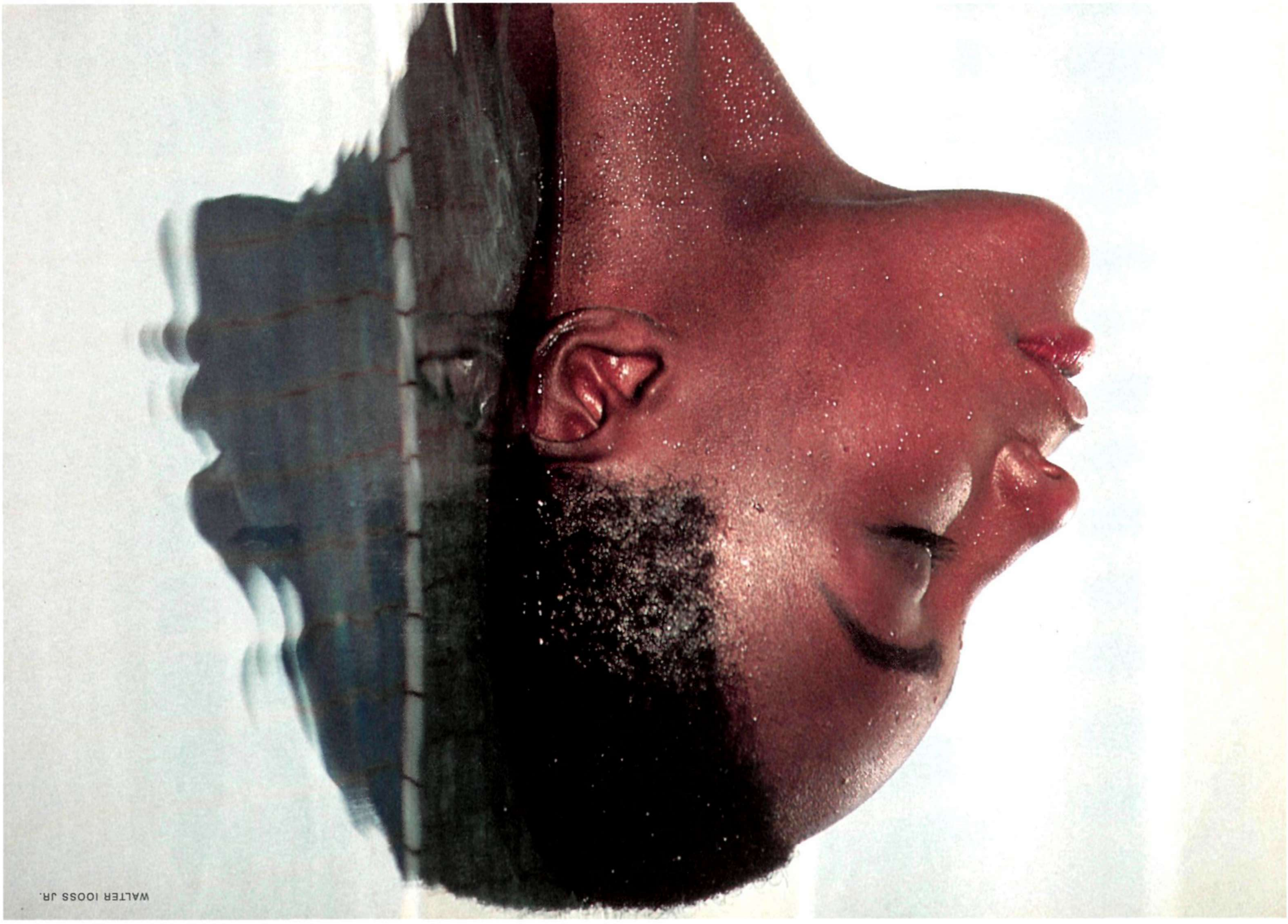
Saludos! from Sayulita, Mexico, where Jenny Brunt holds up a wall at poolside in a suit by Darling Rio ($72). The sculpted bra, held together with U-rings, seems to be bearing the Brunt nicely.

Behold the two faces of Roshumba, taking a diptych in Ormond Beach in her one-piece hologram-printed suit by Bendigo, $110 any way you look at it.



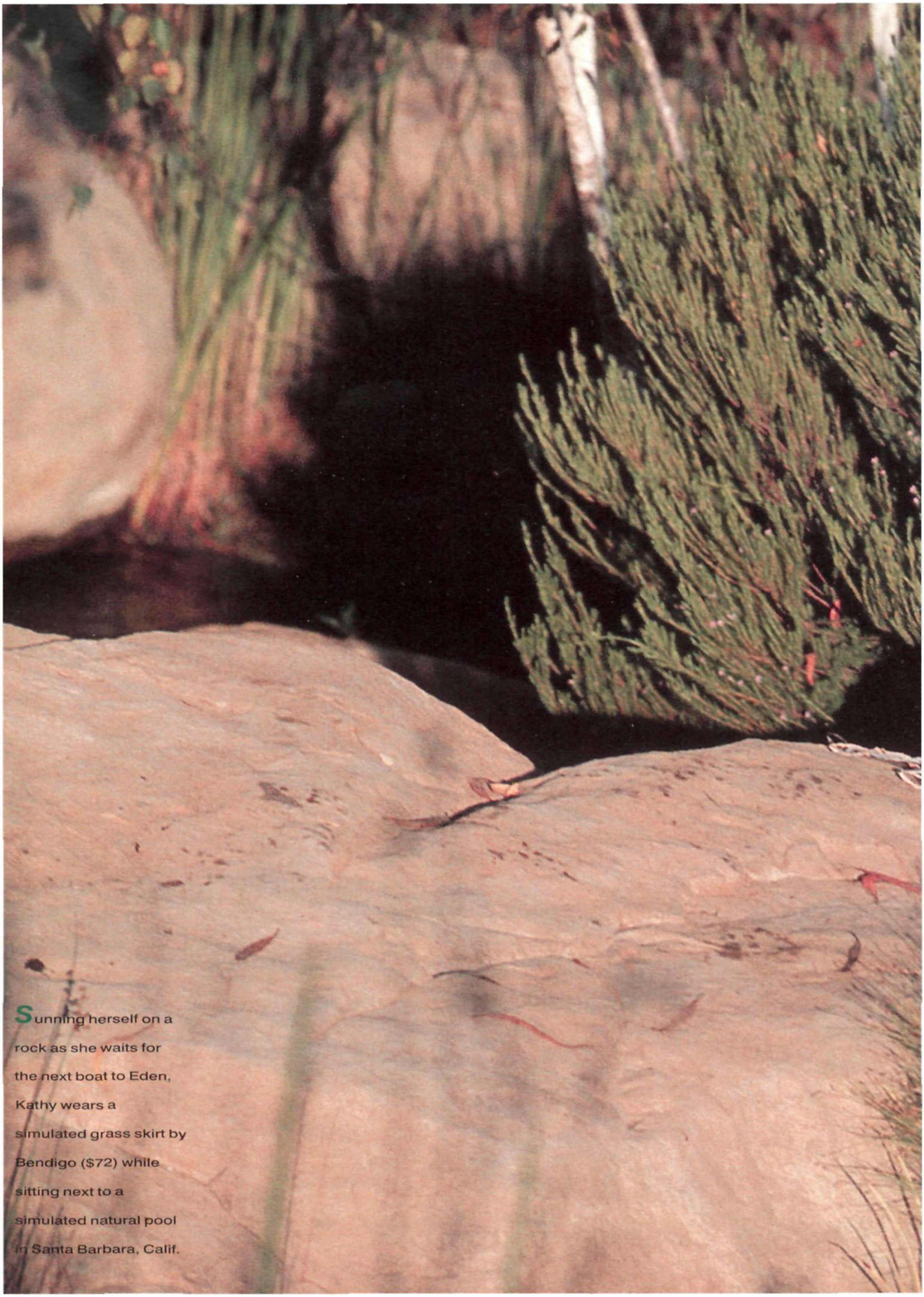
WALTER IOOSS JR.

Both the infinity pool in Costa Careyes, Mexico, and Patricia—in a thong suit by Jamaican Style ($54)—look as if they could go on forever.

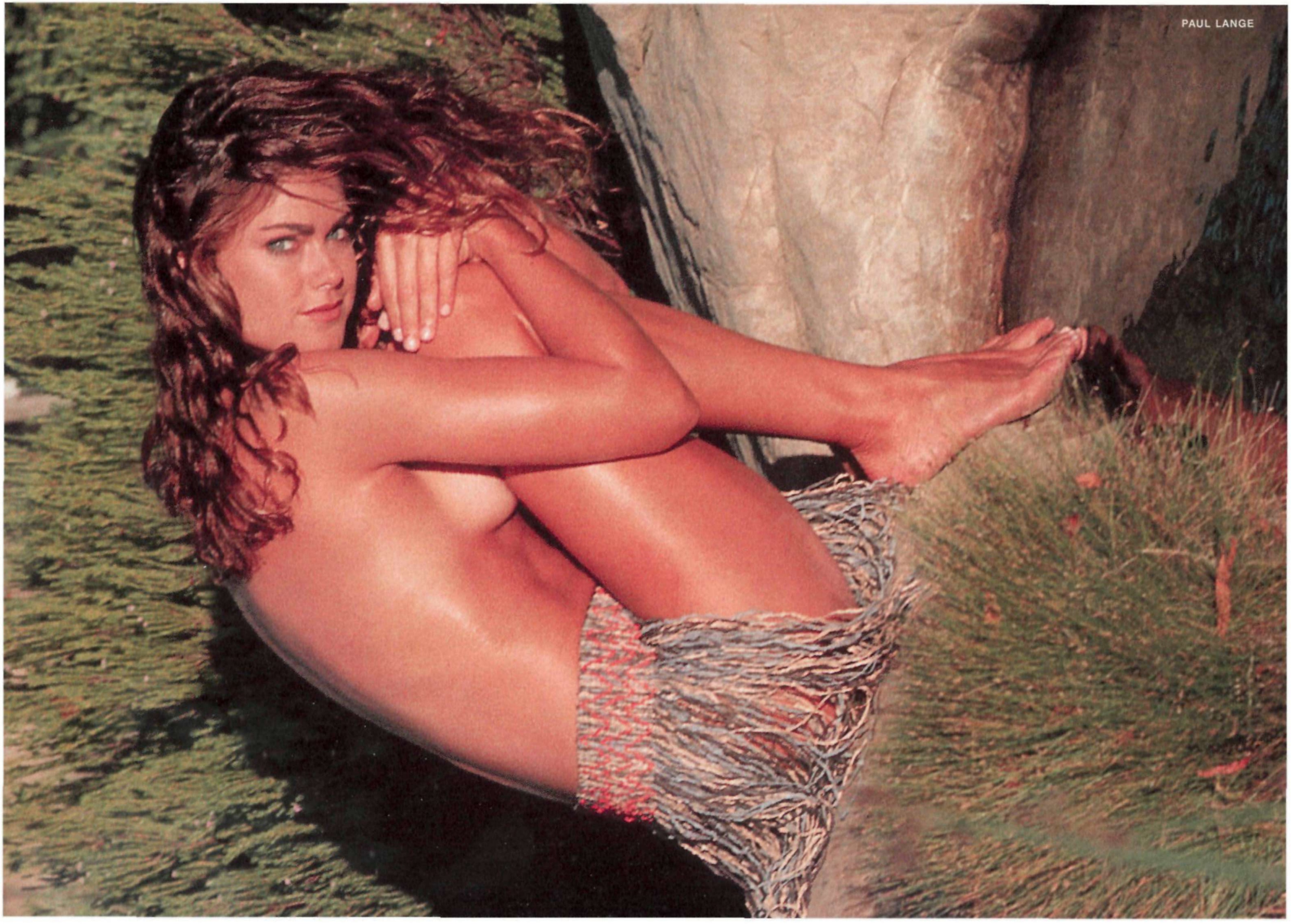
MIKE REINHARDT

The perfect three-peat: Veronica Blume, Rebecca and Judit Masco are compatible in matching velour swimwear. Veronica's bikini ($120), Rebecca's after-swim dress ($326) and Judit's one-piece suit ($148) are from Gottex.

MIKE REINHARDT



Sunning herself on a rock as she waits for the next boat to Eden, Kathy wears a simulated grass skirt by Bendigo ($72) while sitting next to a simulated natural pool in Santa Barbara, Calif.


PAUL LANGE

From her perch at poolside atop Hong Kong's stately Regent Hotel, Kate James, in a bikini by Darling Rio ($58), has a commanding view of Victoria Harbor.

DONNA DEMARI

MIKE REINHARDT

Ouch! Rebecca gets a cactus shower before diving into a pool on Pantelleria. She wears a Supplex maillot by Keiko ($88).

MICHAEL O'NEILL

Dara weaves her way through the undulant stalactites that are the wheels of the U.S. water polo team. She moves carefully in a paper Lycra suit by TYR Sport ($58), since scissor kicks cut paper.

Alex gives Elle a shoulder to climb on at the University of San Diego pool. Her *pullover* cap ($18)—with a $40 competition suit by TYR Sport—is the latest thing for swimmin' women.

MICHAEL O'NEILL

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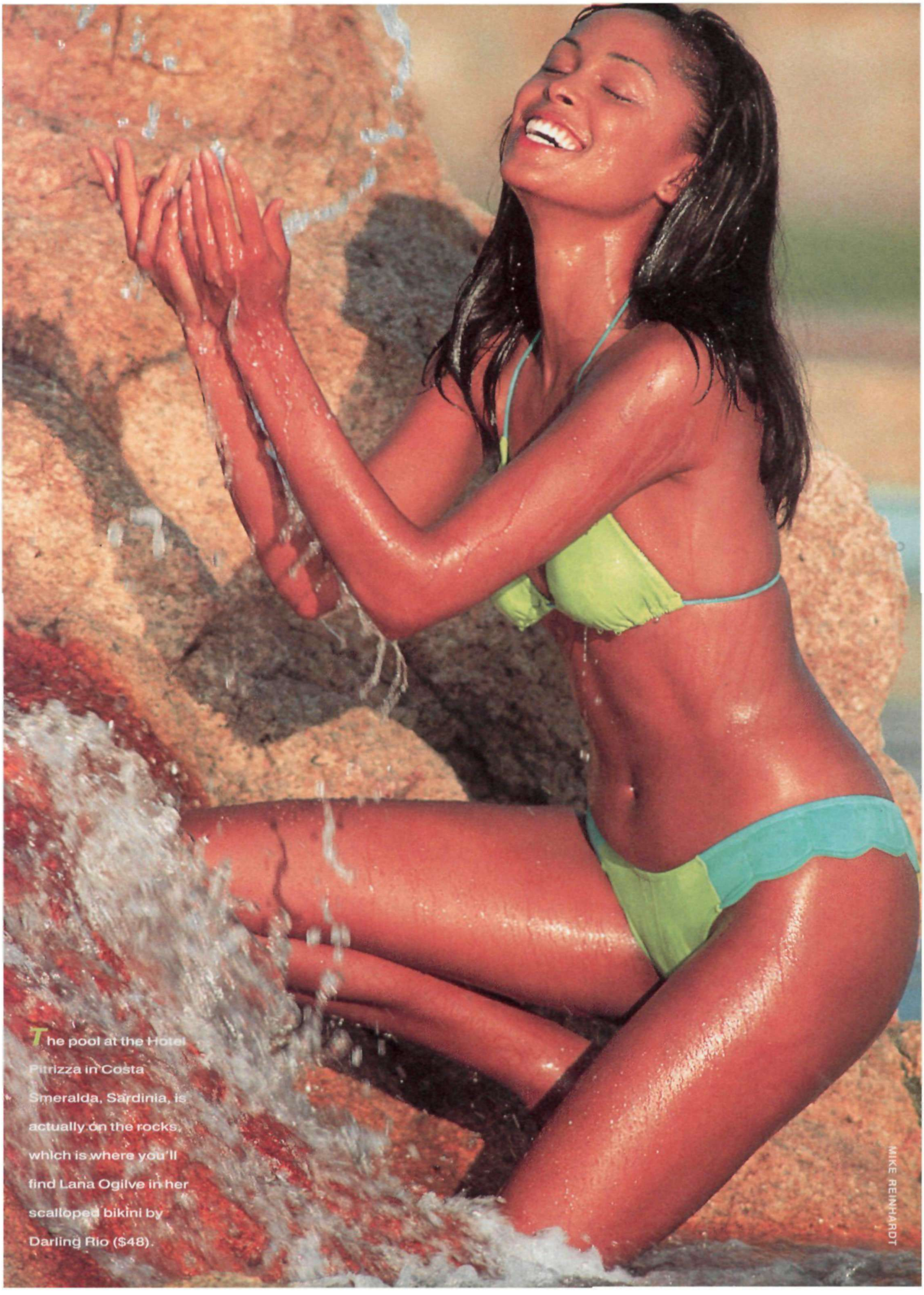
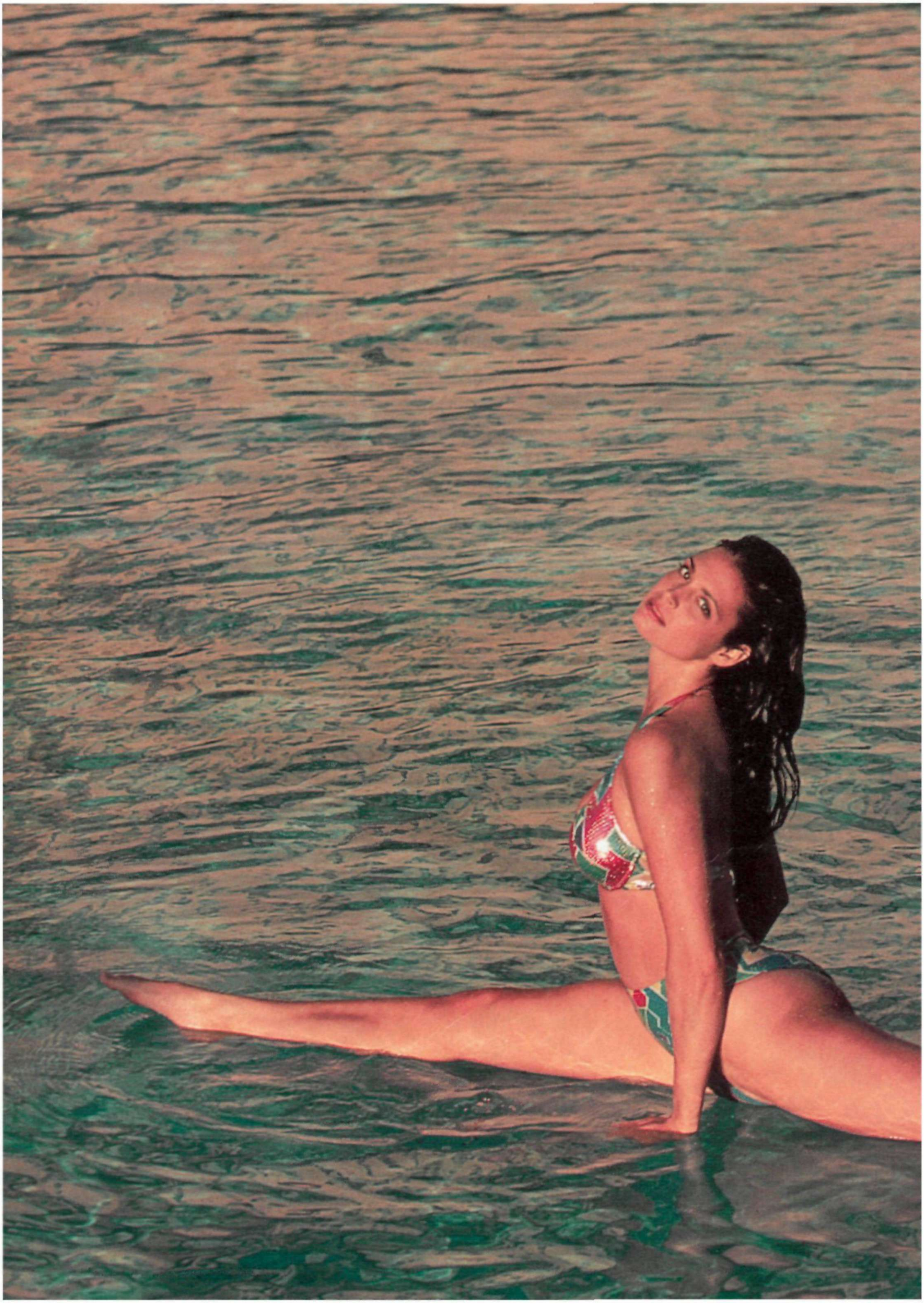


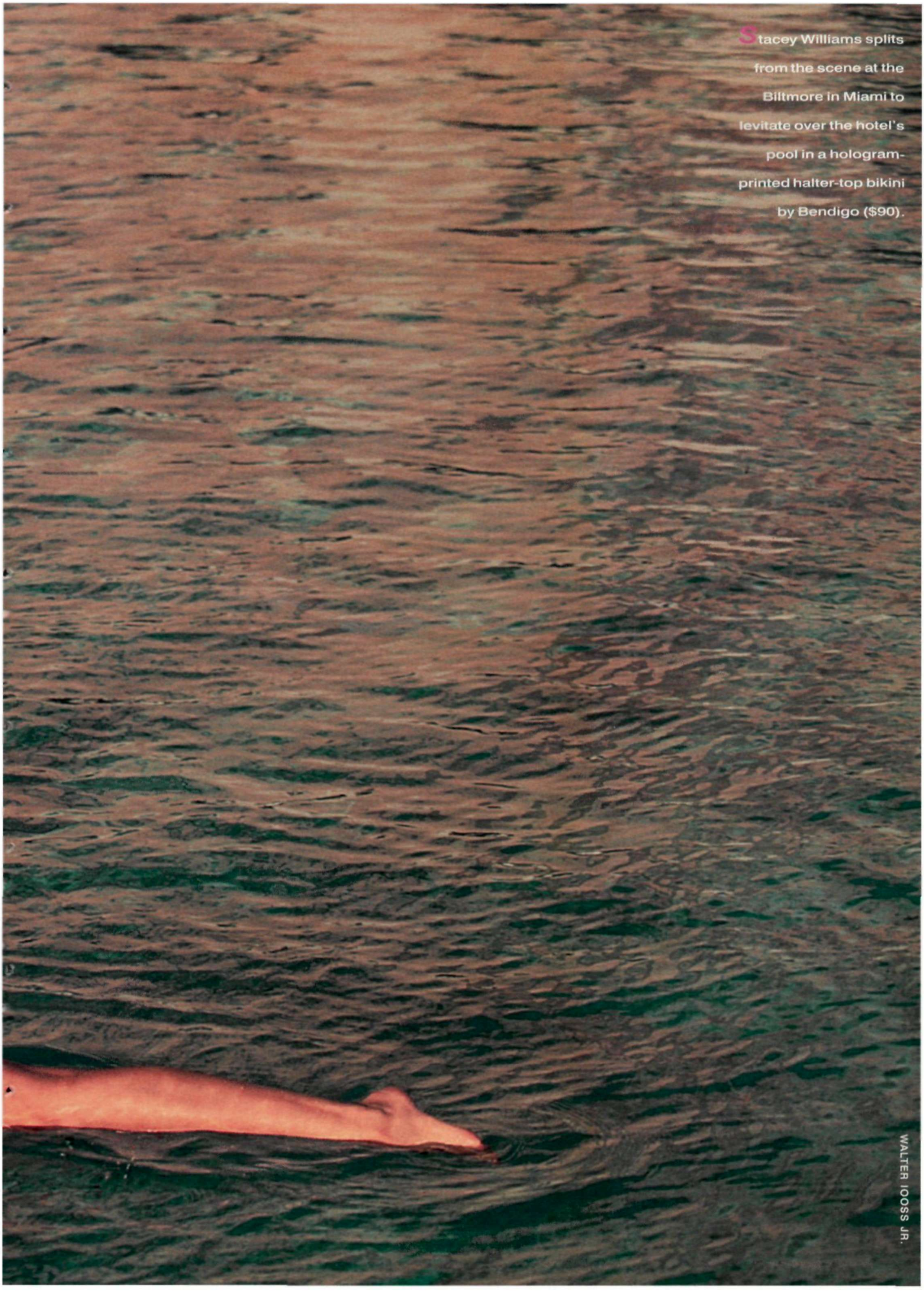
The pool at the Hotel Pitrizza in Costa Smeralda, Sardinia, is actually on the rocks, which is where you'll find Lana Ogilve in her scalloped bikini by Darling Rio ($48).

MIKE REINHARDT

The hat keeps the sun out of Judit's eyes as she takes in the scene at the Mullet Bay Resort in St. Maarten. The bikini by Gideon Oberson ($98) is trimmed with rickrack that leaves male guests rickwrecks.

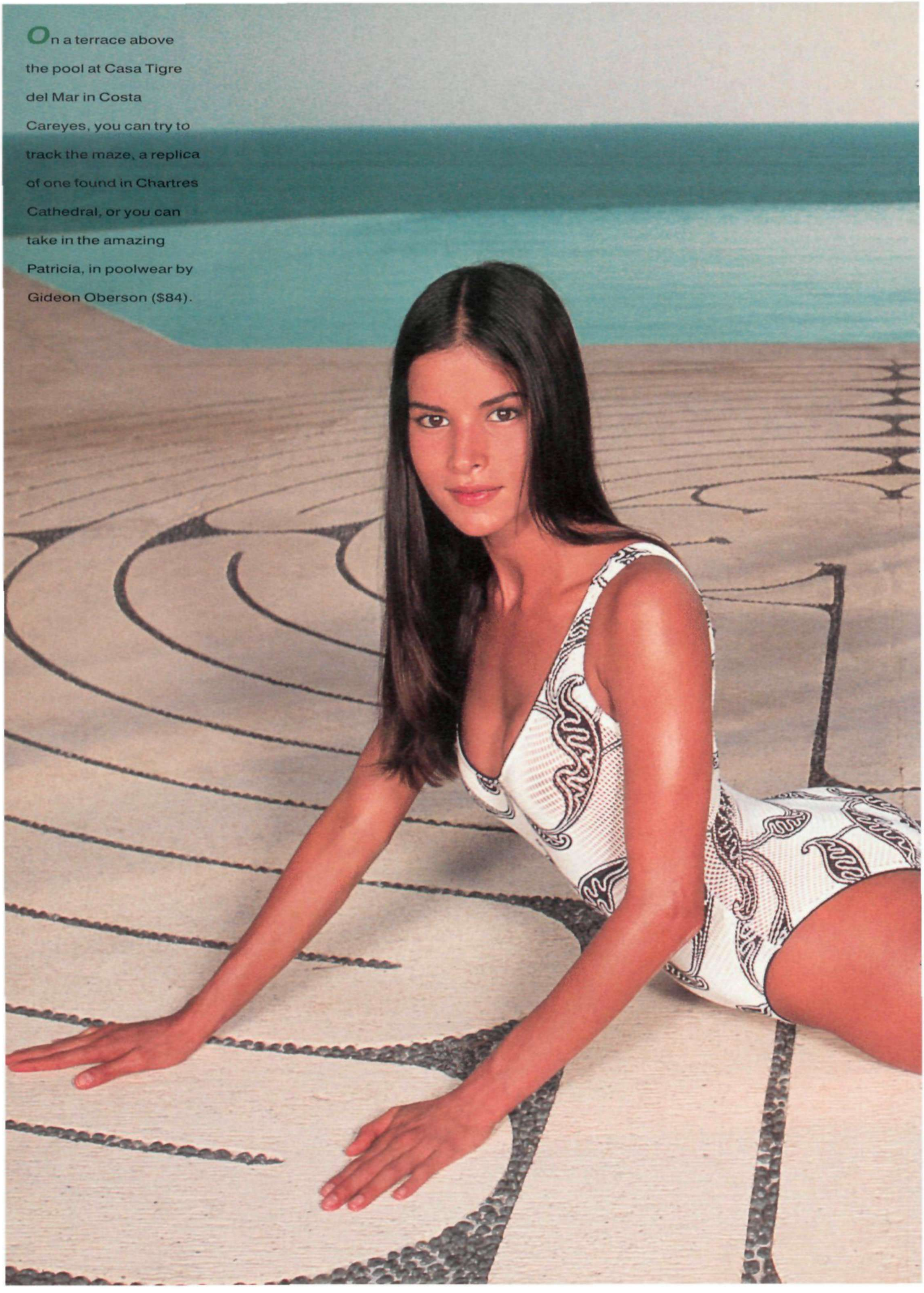
WALTER IOOSS JR.





Stacey Williams splits from the scene at the Biltmore in Miami to levitate over the hotel's pool in a hologram-printed halter-top bikini by Bendigo ($90).

WALTER IOOSS JR.



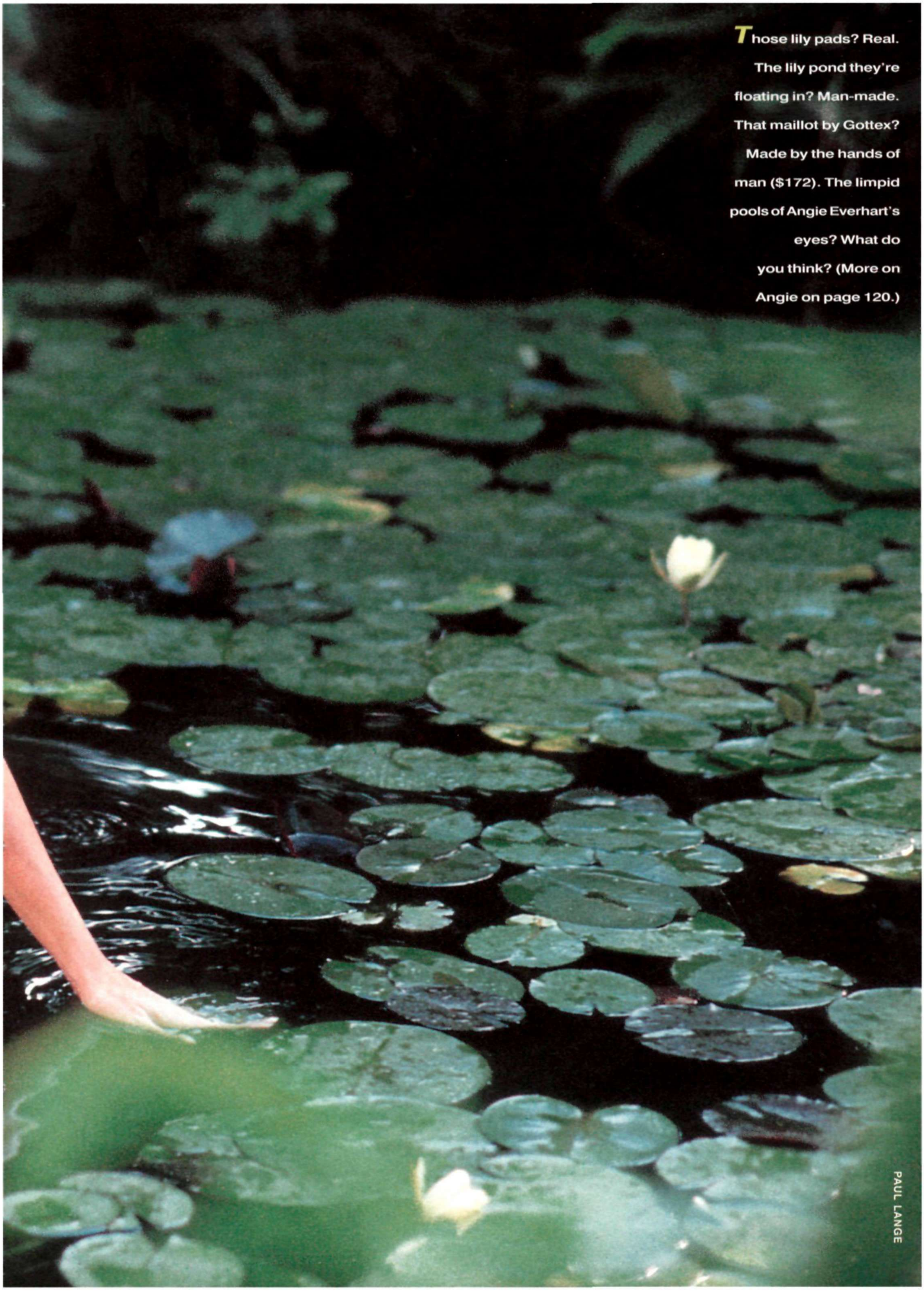
On a terrace above the pool at Casa Tigre del Mar in Costa Careyes, you can try to track the maze, a replica of one found in Chartres Cathedral, or you can take in the amazing Patricia, in poolwear by Gideon Oberson ($84).

MIKE REINHARDT
ARCHITECT: GIAN FRANCO
BRIGNONE

Snakes alive! Stacey looks simply sinuous at The Raleigh in a sequined pseudo-snakeskin bikini by California Proline ($56).

Aya Thorgren, in a Lycra thong bikini with a gold-chain inlay by Darling Rio ($47), sparkles in a shower before taking a dip in the pool at the Hotel Pitrizza.

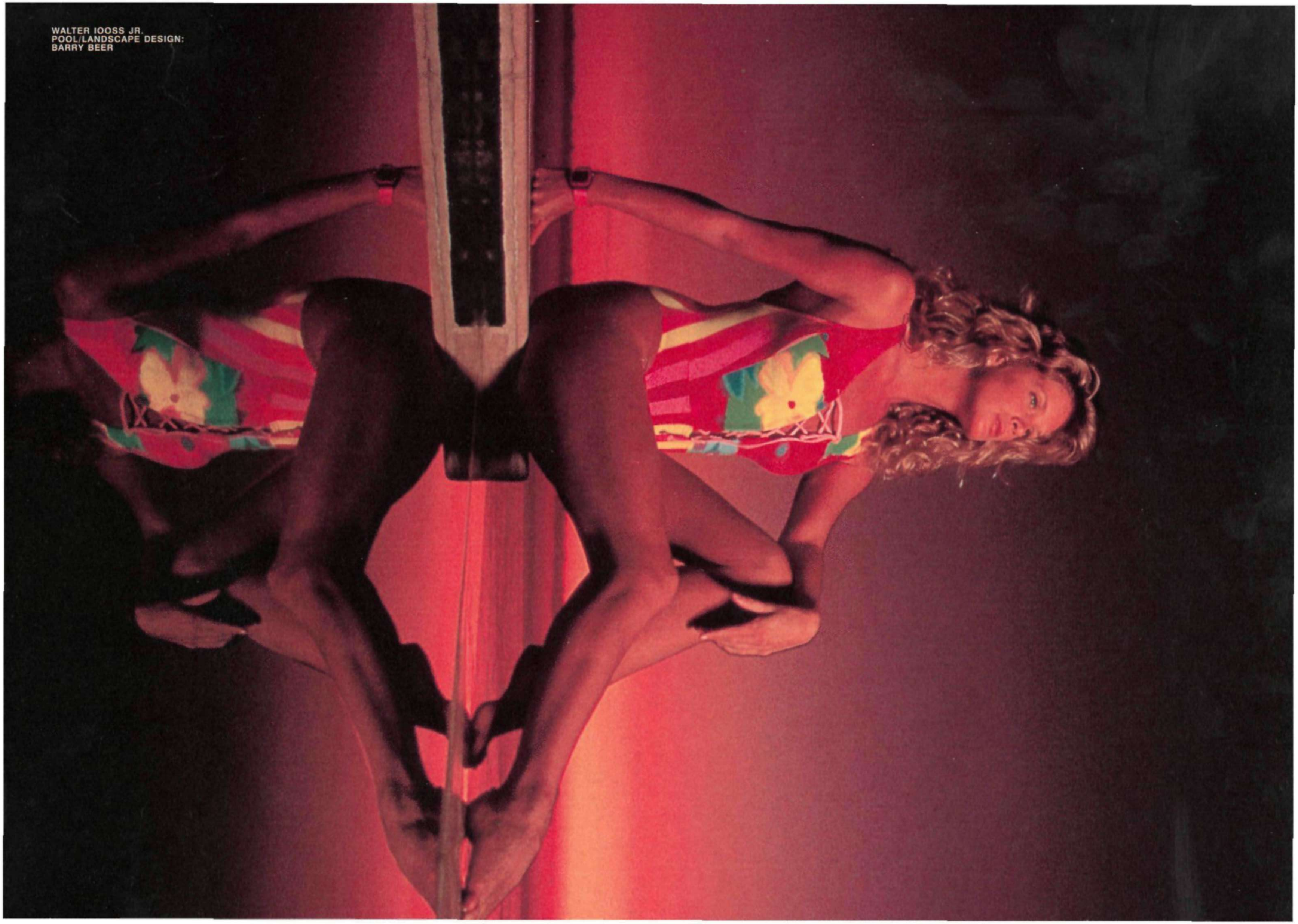
MIKE REINHARDT


Those lily pads? Real. The lily pond they're floating in? Man-made. That maillot by Gottex? Made by the hands of man ($172). The limpid pools of Angie Everhart's eyes? What do you think? (More on Angie on page 120.)
PAUL LANGE

Waiting for a warm breeze to get that pesky dampness out, Stacey stands out in an after-swim dress designed by Michael Kors for Trulo ($188). Waiting. Waiting. You go ahead, we'll wait with Stacey.

MIKE REINHARDT

WALTER IOOSS JR.
POOL/LANDSCAPE DESIGN:
BARRY BEER



If this is Malibu and that's the sunset, it must be time to go. Rachel faces east in a floral-and-striped one-piece suit by Keiko ($90), awaiting the dawn of another day.

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SUPERMODEL

Angie Everhart is really a redhead, loves her little white dog and has stamina to burn.

NEW YORK City at this time of year is as gray as the pigeons in Central Park, as cold as the skating rink at Rockefeller Center and about as friendly as a cabbie stalled in rush-hour traffic. Angie Everhart steps out from her parkside apartment building and into this grim winter landscape. Angie is a model, a leggy supermodel, if you will, with very red hair.

Looking like some 1940s Hollywood starlet, Angie is wearing sunglasses and a black suede coat with a fluffy boa collar. At the end of a red leash trots her little white dog, Eddie, a Maltese. On her arm is a distinguished gentleman, her father, Bobby. Her mother, Ginnie, who is the original redhead, walks a few paces behind them, talking with a visitor. Angie's parents are in town for the weekend, and today they are going shopping with their daughter.

As the Everharts and Eddie stroll down Fifth Avenue, men suddenly lift the brims of their caps to get a better look; women eyeball the entire Angie package, from the high-heeled boots to the fiery hair. Children, the only ones brave enough to approach the Everharts, coo at the little white dog and pet him gently.

She doesn't have a catchy name like Vendela or a movie-star husband like Cindy Crawford or even an uncomely rock-star boyfriend like so many other models do. Still, these passersby all seem to be thinking the same thing: I know I should know who she is, but I can't think of the name. Sure, Ginnie could fill a whole newsstand with her collection of the magazine covers her daughter has appeared on, but a household name Angie Everhart is not. At least, not yet.

As she passes Bergdorf's, a man in a navy coat glances her way, passes by and then does a double take, or rather, a near-*Exorcist*-full-rotation-of-the-head triple take and . . . *boom!* . . . bumps into an unsuspecting pedestrian. Me, the one left in Angie's wake. "See what I mean?" Ginnie says to the visitor. "It happens all the time. Never walk behind her. People will just crash into you."

CONFIDENTIAL

Just ask the author, who for three days shared the fast lane wth her

BY KELLY WHITESIDE

But that was my assignment: to walk in Angie's wake for a few days; to get a behind-the-scenes look at the glamorous life of a top model, one who's pictured on page 113 of this very issue. At first Angie and I both felt uneasy with the assignment. Me, I would have been far more comfortable writing about the Super Bowl. As for Angie, journalists with cameras have always been good to her, but she doesn't quite know what to make of the ones with notebooks. There was that time when a writer from a fashion magazine asked Angie about her beauty secrets. "I don't really have any," she replied. In print her answer read something like this: "Angie likes to put sea kelp on certain parts of her upper torso to keep them firm, and she also rinses her hair with strawberry yogurt to keep it red."

To put Angie's mind at ease, we set a few ground rules. I promised not to ask any sea-kelp-and-strawberry-yogurt questions. She asked me not to write about her boyfriend. "I just don't want to jinx us," she said. I told her I knew nothing about the world I was about to enter. She agreed to answer even my dumbest questions. If we flew somewhere during the next few days, she demanded the window seat. I said fine, I did nothing but aisle. With those guidelines in place, and my ego checked at the airport gate, we were ready to begin.

Day 1

You want glamour? We've got *Glamour* at 9 a.m., a photo shoot for the magazine's March cover at a studio in downtown Manhattan. By 9:50, with about a dozen fat red Velcro curlers in her hair, Little Orphan Angie is ready for makeup. "Did you ever have someone pluck your eyebrows?" she asks me. Vincent, the makeup artist, eyes me, menacing tweezers in hand, which is my cue to leave the room. An hour later the taupes, peaches, rosewoods and pinks have all been applied

Fiery of lock and beautiful of visage, the leggy Angie creates havoc merely strolling along Fifth Avenue.

SUPERMODEL

Since she has no need to watch what she eats, our model brazenly loads up on sweets at the airport.

to Angie's face, and the curlers are out.

"Is that your real color?" Mitch, the hairstylist, asks her. It is a question that will be repeated every day, countless times. Mitch needles Angie about her hair, stopping just short of demanding baby pictures for proof of its authenticity. If you really want to see this redhead's temper flare, call her hair color orange. Angie, a native of Akron and a Cleveland Brown fan most seasons ("The Browns suck," she says, "and Bernie! How could they have ever cut Bernie!"), is fully aware that orange looks good only on helmets in the Dawg Pound. "How would I describe my hair color?" she asks, repeating my question. "It's a shiny copper penny in the light with an old copper penny mixed in."

Watching a photo shoot is about as glam as sitting in a doctor's waiting room, except the studio doesn't have any *National Geographic*s with which to pass the time. Every 10th photo or so the shoot comes to a halt so Vincent can apply another layer of rosewood lip pencil to Angie's mouth. Every 12th shot or so Mitch scrunches and spritzes her hair. Angie, wearing a sheer silk dress with a red-and-pink-rose design, leans uncomfortably on the floor, propped on an elbow. Her eyes are watering from the stiff breeze coming from the wind machine. "Isn't this glamorous?" she says.

Almost everyone wears black, the primary color for those who work in the fashion world. PIBs (People in Black) never seem to have last names; they are simply Vincent on makeup or Mitch on hair or Neil from South Africa or Lucienne from Toronto.

Angie from Akron is 5′ 10″ and weighs 118 pounds. At 24, she has traveled to more countries than most foreign diplomats and has lived in Paris for 5½ years. She owns a condo on a golf course just outside of Akron and an apartment in that parkside building in Manhattan. "I've met so many famous people, it doesn't faze me anymore," she says with a sigh. She would rather talk about Mary from Akron, her best friend since age four, than Oliver, Arnold or Cindy. As for her substantial bank account, she refuses to reveal the amount of her accumulated riches but says, "I started [modeling] at age 16, making $55 an hour, then went up to $1,200 a day, then to $2,000 a day. I have earned up to $10,000 a day, but that's not just me. When you reach a certain level, that's standard."

Today Angie will be paid $250 a day to pose for *Glamour*. "Editorial pays nothing, but you make up for it with the exposure you get," she explains. Did somebody say exposure? By the end of the six-hour shoot, Margaret, the photographer and a PIB, has taken 1,188 photos. "It's going to be hard to edit this," Margaret moans. "Every shot was great."

Fifteen minutes after Angie has given her air-kiss goodbyes, she arrives at a nearby casting agency to audition for a shampoo commercial that will air on European television. "Shake it, toss it, run your fingers through your hair," the PIB behind the camera instructs. Ten minutes later she is in another cab, and the driver is running red lights up Madison Avenue. Angie's next job is in Los Angeles, where she will pose for a leather company's spring catalog. The plane for L.A. leaves from Kennedy Airport in an hour and a half, and Angie hasn't packed yet.

At 5:30 p.m., with the goods zipped up in a black duffel bag, Angie hands her plane ticket to the airline clerk at the counter, who doesn't suspect a thing. All Eddie has to do is keep a low profile, which is fairly easy for a dog the size of a loaf of bread. Eddie knows the routine. If he doesn't stay quiet, it will mean a very long flight with a cargo full of Samsonites.

Once on the plane, Angie sweetly asks a passenger—Mr. Harris is his name—if he would mind moving so we can get two seats together. Leggy supermodels get away with murder. Not only does Angie smuggle her little white dog on the plane, not only does she use her cellular phone seconds before takeoff, but—*egad!*—she also pulls off the old seat-*not*-in-the-upright-position caper. "Here, put yours even with mine," she whispers. "They'll pass right over us."

Well, they do, at least until dinnertime, when Martin, the flight attendant, asks me, "And, Mr. Harris, what would *you* like for dinner this evening?"

"Huh? I switched seats with Mr. Harris," I say, "not genders."

Around Angie grown men sometimes forget how to complete sentences, cabdrivers stare in rearview mirrors instead of at the road, and . . . *boom!* . . . just as Ginnie had warned me, it's as if Angie were traveling alone. Mr. Harris indeed.

She orders the chateaubriand and then cuts the meat into small pieces for Edward Van Halen II, who is snug in his duf-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAURICE VELLEKOOP

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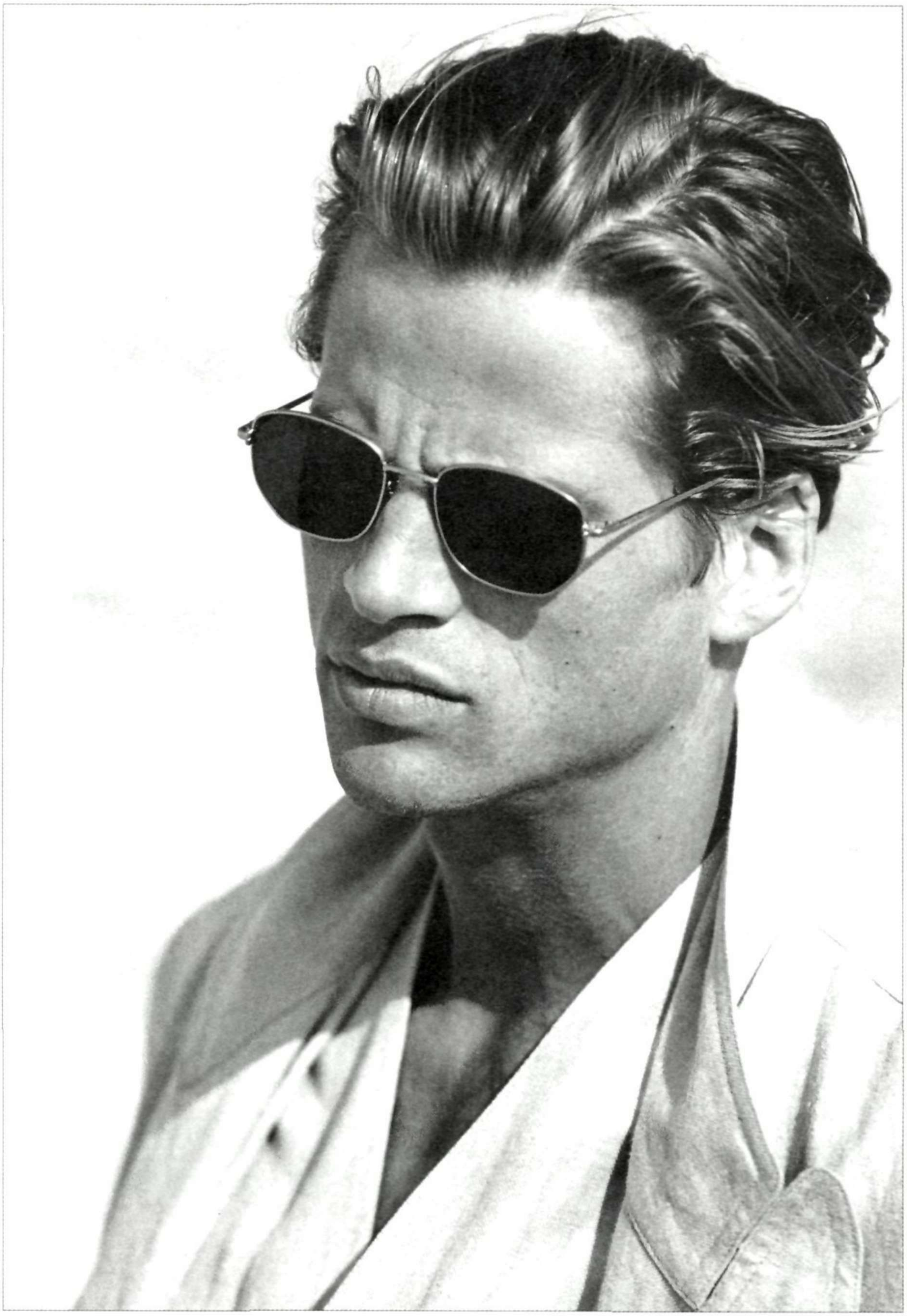

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fel, tucked under Angie's seat. I opt for the salmon. It tastes like two-day-old Mrs. Paul's fish sticks, so I offer my dinner to Eddie. "If you're not going to eat it, I certainly am not going to give it to Eddie," Angie says.

When dessert arrives, King Edward II's food taster does not offer her Häagen-Dazs Carmel Cone Explosion ice cream to the royal pooch. Between spoonfuls Angie talks about the world she has known since that day in 1985 when her mother took her to a modeling convention at the Akron Hilton. There an agent from New York saw her potential, and soon Ginnie was making the 10-hour drive to New York, and 15-year-old Angie was modeling for *Seventeen* magazine. At 16 Angie's minimum hourly wage was 16 times what she would have earned slinging burgers at some fast-food joint back home. "There were a lot of good things about it, like the fact that before I even had my driver's license, I bought a new gray Honda Prelude," she says. "But I missed out on a lot, since I finished high school a semester early to model full-time. For example, I had to ask my brother Mike to be my date at the prom." When Angie was 17, she left for Milan, Italy, to work in the industry that has formed her adult impressions.

"Modeling is so misunderstood," she says. "People don't think it's a real job. I can't tell you the last time I slept four straight nights in my own bed. To someone who lives in Ohio and works in a factory, sure my job is glamorous. It's so hard to be a normal person. Why are people called stars? Because they're so far away from the ground. You can get caught up in all of it. But it's a very short-lived 15 minutes. You have people telling you you're beautiful all day long. It's tedious sometimes, and sometimes it's nice. It's my family and friends who keep me grounded."

A disembodied voice interrupts her. "We will now be showing *Free Willy*," the loudspeaker announces. Early in the movie, the little boy, Jesse, is at the edge of Willy the whale's tank. Suddenly, like Poseidon rising from the deep, Willy shoots up out of his pool, and Angie lets out a shriek so bloodcurdling that I scream, too, emitting a screech I normally reserve for horror movies. The shrieks alarm the poor woman in 9G, who cracks her knees on her tray table. Angie and I laugh at ourselves—it's not as if Willy would snack on a little boy in a G-rated flick—and then, the marks from Angie's fingernails etched in the armrest, we watch the rest of the gripping tale.

Day 2

At 7 a.m. the 34-foot Winnebago pulls up to a deserted lot in East L.A., North Beach Leather's first location. All the beautiful people, still recovering from their 5 a.m. wake-up calls, tumble out onto the garbage-strewn street. Homeless men push grocery carts full of their belongings down the street. DOGSY, RISM, ROXIE and BROMA have left their signatures on the walls with cans of spray paint. "You know, this actually looks beautiful in the lens," says Michael, who owns North Beach Leather.

A broad, affable man named Harold, who's in charge of the video for North Beach Leather, is shooting Lucienne, the makeup artist, as she carefully brushes Angie's eyelashes with a substance that resembles pine tar.

Harold moves in for a close-up when Angie takes over the eyelash task. "Have you ever poked yourself in the eye?" Harold asks Angie as she applies mascara to her eyelashes. Angie nods. "Sure, lots of times." Harold continues, "It's just so close to the eye. . . ."

"When did you make that startling discovery?" Lucienne hisses. "Imagine *that*! Eye makeup, actually close to the eye."

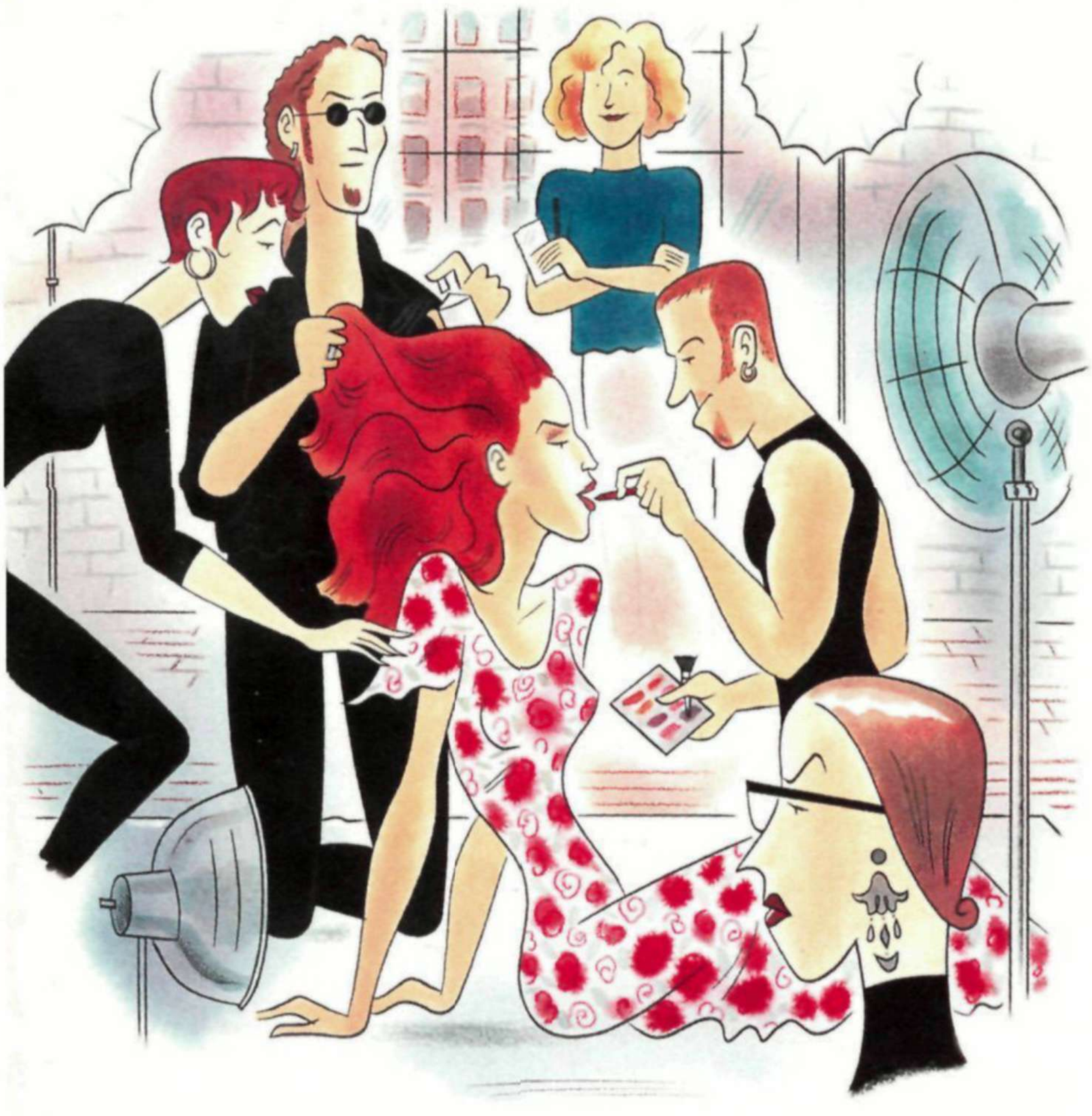
Harold recoils. Angie blinks hard. Bits of muffin fall from my mouth. It's tough to digest attitude so early in the morning.

The three models on the shoot—Angie, Stacey and Rebecca—do not have attitude. These are their jobs, they all insist, not their lives, and they would rather talk about what they do during their free time, not about modeling. Angie takes an acting class; Stacey is into yoga; and Rebecca loves to surf.

But they aren't traveling alone. The Winnebago is packed with couturiers whose conversations range from how to serve lamb 50 different ways to the weather. "I think I would take hell over New York," sniffs one PIB. "And London. Yes, London I love, but the weather is too terrifying for words."

As the day progresses, the Winnebago stops at two more locations, the Los Angeles River and the Wells Fargo Building. In front of the colossal corporate tower, Angie wears a short suede dress with spaghetti straps, dubbed *The* Dress by a second Michael, this one the fashion director.

Edward Van Halen II travels in luxury, avoiding the Samsonites and supping on chateaubriand.



SUPERMODEL

Getting combed, painted and jabbed by folks with early-morning attitude—you call this glamorous?

"What will be *The* Cost of *The* Dress?" I ask.

"Oh, $395. We want to make it affordable," says Michael.

"Oh."

"Isn't this dress a home run?" Michael asks the baseball aficionados among the crowd. "We *have* to send it to *Vogue*. Tonight."

Lucienne pinches a wad of Drum tobacco from a pouch and, as she does every 2.4 minutes, rolls another cigarette. She lights up, draws deeply and asks which fashion magazine I work for. Before I can get out the "Illustrated" . . . bells clang, sirens blare. . . .

"I am the world's biggest Blue Jay fan!" exclaims Lucienne, who begins speaking so fast you would think Joe Carter had just hit the Series-winning home run all over again. It seems the Toronto native worked at a concession stand at Exhibition Stadium as a teenager, and she plans her trips home around the Jays' schedule. She watched every pitch of the World Series. "Can you believe the Phillies sent in West in Game 4? The guy had an ERA of infinity! Unbelievable!" Lucienne continues, spewing stats and pitch counts like a Rotisserie geek.

Unbelievable is right. I have found the unlikeliest soul sister in the bunch, the very same snippety eye-makeup-close-to-the-eye-wisecrack artist.

Angie needs to move her chin only a centimeter to completely change her look. In one picture she's the girl next door, all freckles and smiles. In another she's a heavy-metal seductress, all leather and lips. Angie is asked what she thinks about when the camera is clicking. "Sometimes I'm not thinking anything," she says. "Sometimes I'm wishing it could be over. It can become so mechanical."

The shoot finishes at 3:30 p.m., and Angie decides to do some shopping on Melrose Avenue. The first stop is the Optical Shop of Aspen, where she buys sunglasses for herself and her boyfriend. *Cha-ching! Cha-ching!* The cash register adds up the total, $500. Before you know it, the salesman is bringing out a special pair of sunglasses from the back.

"These were on the cover of *Vogue*," he says of the gargantuan shades. He admits that he hasn't sold very many and says Angie can have them for $50.

"What do you think?" Angie asks.

"They might come in handy on Halloween for a costume party," I say, assuming she is not serious.

"I like them," she says, ignoring my comment. I wouldn't ask me for fashion advice either.

Angie puts on the Harry Caray–sized frames, and like some optical illusion, her face disappears. She takes them off. She looks in a different mirror. She is on the fence, wavering.

It might be . . . it could be . . . sold! To the redheaded lady with the American Express card.

"I can get away with wearing these," she says while picking out the case. "I'm a fashion model."

Day 3

At 6:45 a.m., in the hotel in West Hollywood, no Angie. At 7:10 a.m. she shows up with a red leash in her hand and puts out an APB: "Eddie ran away!" The Edster made a clean getaway when his old lady opened the door to their room. He was last seen rounding a corner in the third-floor hallway and heading toward the stairs, perhaps in search of some uncollected room-service trays. "Someone probably opened their door, Eddie ran in, and they closed it behind him," says his now frantic owner.

On the lam a few minutes, Eddie finally is spotted by Angie cruising south on the second floor and is returned to captivity.

"Bad dog! Bad Eddie! You're getting the leash from now on," soon becomes "You're still the cutest bunny in the world." Eddie the dog receives more adulation than his namesake, the lead guitarist of the rock band Van Halen, ever dreamed of, although Angie is a big fan of his. Her bedroom in Akron was wallpapered with Van Halen pictures. Last summer at a Van Halen concert in Pittsburgh, she paid a scalper $900 for three second-row seats. There was also the time at the Cleveland Coliseum when lead singer Sammy Hagar invited her onstage to dance to the band's rendition of *Simply Irresistible*. Backstage after the concert, Hagar asked Angie, then 16, if she wanted to go bowling with the band. "Yes, bowling," insists Angie. "He was serious. I said no. I said I had a plane to catch. Yeah, a plane to catch. At 10 o'clock at night. I was nervous, but it was the only excuse I could think of."

The shooting location for the day is Smashbox Studios in Culver City, Calif. It's 9 a.m., and Neil, the photographer and a PIB, is already impatient. He pokes his head into the hair-and-makeup room and inquires, "How are we doing, guys?"

"Well, the crudités are out, and I just put the turkey in the oven, dahling," Lucienne sniffs, brandishing the blusher like a basting brush. Never rush an artist.

Lucienne is downright domesticated, compared with some others on the shoot. Michael the fashion director is barking in Angie's ear. "Woof! . . . That's me wishing I was Eddie," he says to Angie, who is cuddling her canine. Pam, the marketing director, is explaining the term *favored nation* to me. No, she's not talking about U.S. trade policy with China but about the modeling biz. "Favored nation just means that all the girls here make the same rate, $3,000 a day," she says. Neil is pulling down $6,000 a day, which makes him the most favored nation of all.

Crudités? A barking flirt? Favored nations? How *are* we doing?

In Angie's case, not well. "Some things just set me off," she explains, speaking softly so that the stylist who has just dressed her cannot hear her. "You know, when you wear an outfit you hate." Looking like a referee, Angie is wearing a black-and-white-striped jacket, a white skirt and . . . heavens! North Beach Leather should be penalized at least 15 for this one . . . black pumps. The couture cognoscenti take one look at the fashion faux pas and send Angie back to the dressing room to put on a black skirt to match the shoes. Much better.

"Smiles, Prozac smiles, everyone," Neil says from behind the lens, like Mr. Rourke in the opening scene of *Fantasy Island*.

Clickclickclickclickclick.

So far this experience has only seemed like scenes from a bad TV show, then a bad TV show actually arrives on the set. A crew from the tabloid program *Hard Copy* shows up to do a piece on Michael, the one who owns North Beach Leather, who has a reputation for "discovering" the next megasupermodels.

"Michael predicted Cindy and Christy would be huge, and he's saying the same thing about you three ladies," says Anthony, a *Hard Copy* associate producer, during an interview with Angie. He asks her if she sees herself following a similar path as Cindy. "I don't see myself going the route like Cindy did, being a newscaster for MTV," Angie answers. "I want to be an actress." Fade out. . . .

Two years ago Angie was on the Concorde when she noticed Lauren Bacall sitting several rows in front of her. She had never asked anyone for an autograph but decided to make an exception.

"What's a pretty young girl like you want with an old lady's autograph?" the whiskey voice asked. "Sit down."

Fifty years earlier Bacall had been discovered after she appeared on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*. Within a month she had a Hollywood movie contract, and soon after, she starred with Bogie in her first film, *To Have and Have Not*.

"I feel like an actress more than I feel like a model," says Angie, who has been taking acting lessons for the past year. "I know that goes along with the stereotype. Models thinking they can jump into acting. But with me, it's something inside."

In her first movie Bacall delivered one of the most memorable lines ever uttered on the silver screen: "You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together and blow." Angie's first movie was last summer's forgettable *Last Action Hero*, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. But, hey, Arnie is no Bogie. Still, Angie's two lines as the Video Counter Girl may someday be an answer to a trivia question, so tuck these words away: "Foreign films are in the back," and, "Down the aisle to the left."

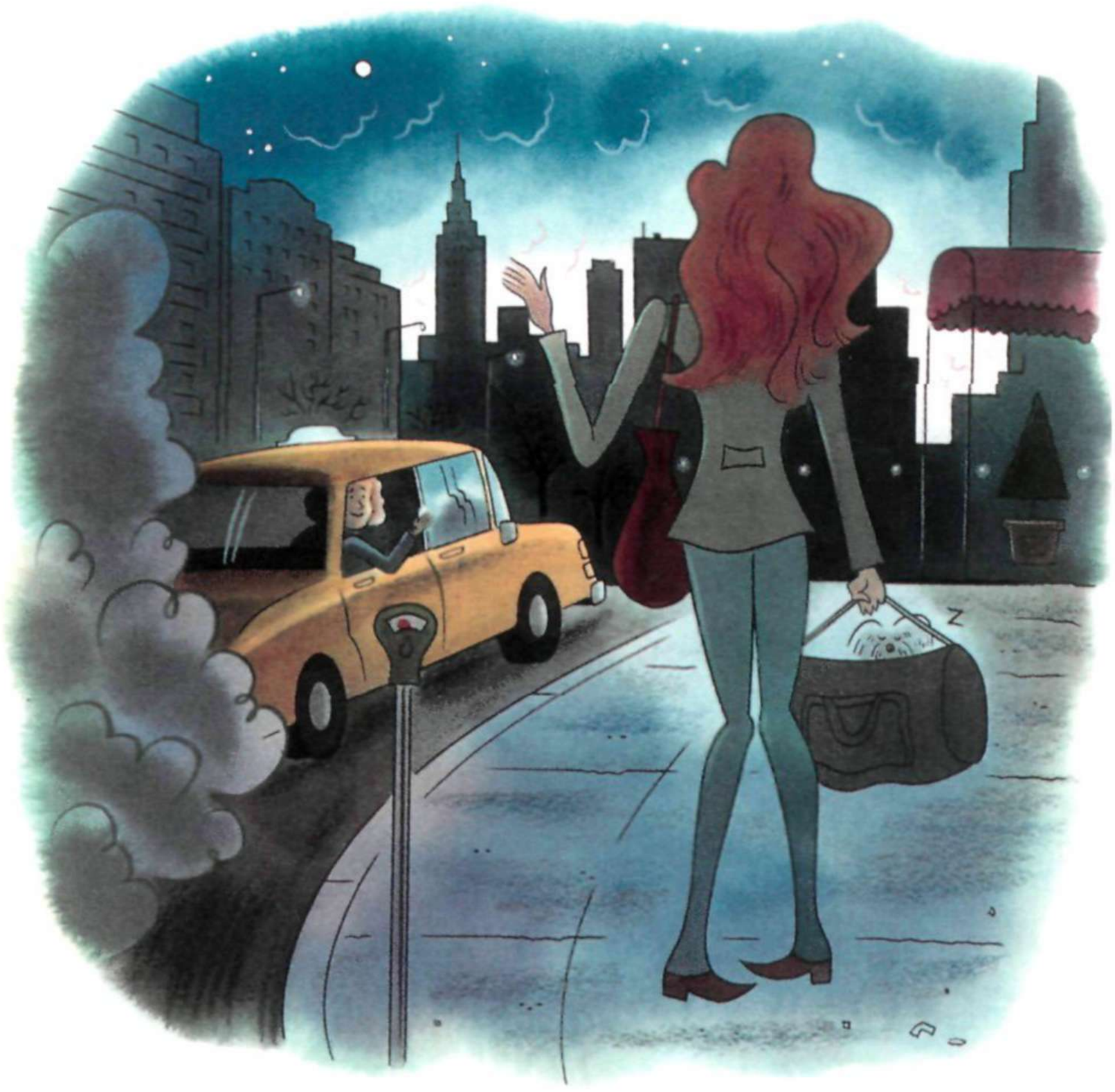
"Down the aisle to the left," the flight attendant says. It is 10 p.m., and we are on the red-eye back to New York. The plane will arrive at 6 a.m., and Angie has a booking for 9 a.m. "I think it's for Saks," she says wearily. "Maybe Bloomingdales."

We decline the meal because we had dined two hours earlier at a Taco Bell drive-through. Angie eats like any normal 24-year-old. A testament to her superhuman supermodelness is the fact that she does not *have* to work out, nor does she belong to a gym or employ a personal trainer. And she eats junk food, lots of it. Before we boarded the plane, Angie had apparently knocked over an airport candy shop and gotten away with a bagful of fancy chocolates, gumballs, Nerds, lollipops and paper dots.

It is Day 4 when the plane lands at Kennedy. The sky is midnight blue, a perfect backdrop for a fairy-tale moon that's so unreal I half expect to see a cow or a spoon nearby. In drowsy silence Angie and I stare out of the taxi's windows at the lunar brilliance. "Everyone is still asleep," she says as we cross the Triborough Bridge to Manhattan. Her stop is first.

Angie says goodbye and gives me an old-fashioned hug, not one of those phony air-kissing two-cheekers. As the cab pulls away, it leaves in its wake a plume of exhaust fumes and an exhausted supermodel who in two hours will begin another glamorous day all over again. ■

Back home on the red-eye, Angie can rest before she has to be gorgeous again—two hours from now.



High School People

Jawauna McMullen

WHEN SHE was a young girl growing up in Bed-Stuy, one of Brooklyn's toughest neighborhoods, Jawauna McMullen was nicknamed One Eye Joe by her pals. Born blind in her left eye, she liked the moniker. It made her different. Handicapped? Hardly. Even today, as a 17-year-old sophomore at Christ the King High School in Queens, she wrinkles her nose at the term, preferring to describe her eye as "just asleep." Handicapped or not, Jawauna is arguably the most talented middle-distance runner to emerge in the U.S. since Mary Decker set the indoor 880-yard world record of 2:02.4 at age 15 in 1974. And Jawauna has had to overcome not only her partial blindness but also abandonment as an infant and the myriad pitfalls of life in the inner city.

Jawauna and her natural brother, LaShaun, 19, were adopted as infants by John McMullen, a salesman, and his wife, Lena, who has operated a day-care center in their home. The couple raised the pair alongside their three natural and five adopted sons. Today, each of the 10 McMullen children is either in high school or college or has graduated from college.

In the spring of '92, Jawauna's grades slipped dramatically, and she considered quitting track. She confessed to her brother Stephen, who plans to become a priest and is now studying at Xavier University in Louisiana, that she was uncomfortable with the attention she attracted through running and found it difficult to concentrate in school. "Maybe I'm just dumb," she confided. Yes, Stephen told her, you are dumb. Dumb for not trying. Dumb for giving in to the neighborhood credo of underachievement.

The next day Jawauna began spending her free periods and lunch breaks with a special tutor. By the summer she had not only passed the eighth grade, but she also was ranked first among American high school girls in the 800 (2:05.35) and ran the nation's third-fastest 400 (53.74).

At 5′ 10″ she is a study in grace and power, eerily reminiscent of the 5′ 11″ Wilma Rudolph. But on the track she sometimes has trouble seeing the other racers, especially when they are on her left, or blind, side. To compensate, she accelerates quickly to the front of the field. She knows that if she gets caught up in the pack, she's apt to become visually confused and either fall or fail to navigate a turn. In one race two years ago she became so disoriented while trying to get around the leader on a turn that she ended up in the shot put area instead of on the backstretch. "When I'm running, I can feel real clumsy," she says. "I lose my balance a lot." In an effort to develop more speed and confidence, she is concentrating this winter on the 400.

As a member of the Brooklyn-based Jeuness Track Club, Jawauna won the 800 at both the 1993 indoor and outdoor national scholastic championships, which were held in Syracuse, N.Y., and Los Angeles, respectively. Last June she ran a 2:07.89 to defend her 800 crown at the USA Track & Field junior championships, in Spokane. One month later in Winnipeg, she finished in 2:06.99 to win the Junior Pan Ams.

Jawauna spends what free time she has with her mother, Lena, her best friend. Lena has never been able to turn her back on a child in need. Even today, at 73, she takes kids in, whether for a meal, a night or a few months. The neighborhood youth, even the most troubled, return the favor, particularly when it comes to Jawauna. "If the drug dealers see me coming, they put the stuff away until I walk past," she says. "They do it because they have respect for me. I don't think they'd do it for anybody else—except maybe my mother."

—BETH SCHMIDT

MANNY MILLAN

The Brooklyn sophomore has been kept on the run by her family circle.

USA
NIKE
MIZUNO

The Oklahoma senior (light shirt) wrestles with Lee Roy, Pat, John and his decision.

THOUGH SIGNING DAY is only two months away, and Mark Smith, the best high school wrestler in the U.S., still hasn't decided on a college, it sure is quiet in Del City, Okla. So why is Smith's mailbox empty? When the phone rings, why is it just his girlfriend calling? Why isn't the top wrestling recruit being recruited? Why bother?

"It would be dumb for schools to recruit me," says Mark. "They would be wasting their time since I'm either going to Oklahoma State or Arizona State." But Mark isn't receiving roses, valentines or hourly phone calls from the coaches at those two schools either. After all, the way the coaches at OSU and ASU see it, why wine and dine a kid who used to sit across from you at the kitchen table?

Mark Smith

Mark's choice is between two programs run by older brothers. Lee Roy Smith, 35, is the head coach at 14th-ranked Arizona State. John Smith, 28, is the head coach at No. 1 Oklahoma State. "I don't want to hurt either brother's feelings," says Mark. "They both have a chance at getting me. When signing day [April 13] comes, it will be whatever side of the bed I wake up on."

The Smiths are the first family of wrestling. Lee Roy was a three-time All-America and national champion at OSU. John, a two-time Olympic gold medalist, a six-time world champion and a two-time national champion at OSU, is regarded as the finest American wrestler of recent years. Another brother, Pat, a senior at OSU, could make wrestling history this season by becoming the first four-time NCAA champion. "Each brother seems to say, 'How do I do more?' " says Lee Roy. "Each outdoes the others. If Pat gets four NCAA titles, what's next?"

"I could become the first college wrestler not to lose a match," Mark says with confidence.

This season at Del City High, he is wrestling up a weight class at 189 and is 23–0 with 17 pins and five technical falls. With an 87–2 overall record in four years, he has won two state titles and a national junior championship. Mark is an unusual talent because he is so quick for his size. "I wrestle more like a 134-pounder," he says. "A lot of guys I face like to tie up their opponent and muscle him around. Hell, I don't like to touch them, I just give them a quick high crotch and a low leg." John, who wrestled at 134 pounds, pioneered this style, which is based on speed and low-leg attacks.

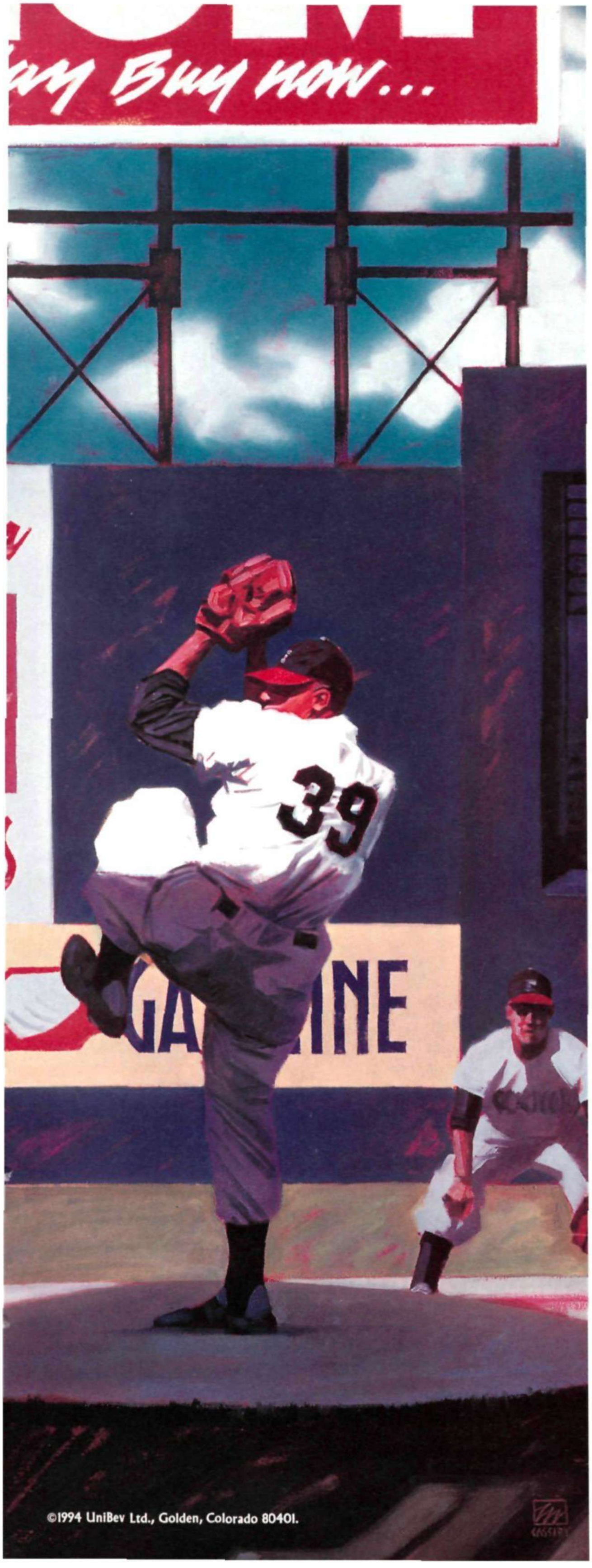
Every morning Mark drives his pickup truck to Del City High and parks outside the John Smith Field House. Inside the gym's lobby, he passes the Hall of Fame room, where portraits of his three brothers hang. In the middle of the room is a life-sized bronze statue of John, cordoned off by red velvet ropes. His parents' home is a veritable Smith-sonian museum, full of artifacts from his brothers' years of athletic achievements.

But amid the expectations, Mark says he doesn't feel a knot of pressure. His brothers have taken a lighthearted approach to this unique recruiting battle. "When the windchill in Oklahoma is in the minuses, I call Mark and say, 'It sure is nice to be running outside in short sleeves,' " says Lee Roy.

"I'm on to his tricks," says John. "I tell Mark, sure, you can run in the sand if you like, but there's no coon hunting in Tempe." Coon hunting is Mark's passion, and his favorite hunting spots are near OSU's Stillwater campus.

"No matter what I do," says Mark, "I can't make a wrong decision." —KELLY WHITESIDE

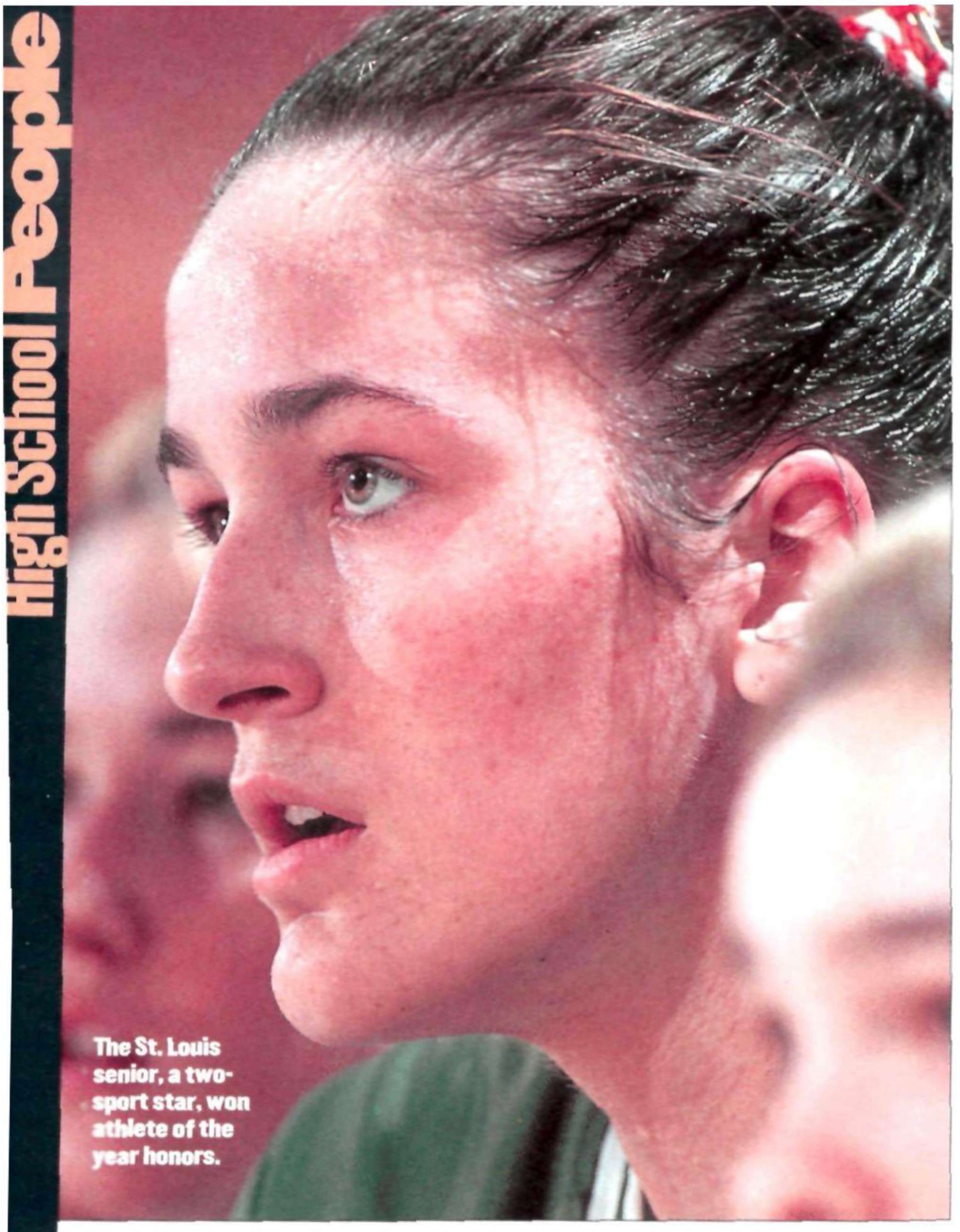
PHIL HUBER



Most of all, it's always been a game about color.

Where the grass is green and the ball is white and the men in blue yell at guys nicknamed Whitey and Red (who wear hometown white pinstripes and away city greys). And in the stands, blue and white collared fans wave multi-colored pennants, eating red-hots and drinking Red cold. Killian's Irish Red as the face of t Irishman Casey, wh e town of Mudville mightily struck out Killian's Red as fro opening day when poure ed badged vendors fr cherry bat shaped bott brown paper cups (the crisp amber lager softly spilling over with a wave of red). Yeah, it's always been a game about color... and I think about this as I sip a cold Killian's Red – watching my team whitewash their rivals.

KILLIAN'S RED
ASK FOR IT BY COLOR.



The St. Louis senior, a two-sport star, won athlete of the year honors.

Kristin Folkl

KRISTIN FOLKL had been getting autograph requests from other girls for some three years now, but this was a first: A 13-year-old boy was asking for her signature.

"She can dunk it?" asked Paul Martin, a starstruck eighth-grader from Chicago, who had joined some 2,000 other spectators at DePaul's Alumni Hall to watch Kristin play. "What I wouldn't give to be her for just one day," he mused. Kristin, the 6' 2" All-America forward and her St. Joseph's Academy team from St. Louis, ranked No. 7 in the country as of Sunday, were about to take on Chicago Washington, one of the best teams in Illinois, during a three-day event last month featuring midwestern girl powers.

Although St. Joseph's proceeded to romp past Chicago Washington 57–31, with Kristin rolling up 18 points and 14 rebounds, it wasn't a particularly easy game for her. Washington's own All-America, 6' 3" Tangela Smith, blocked seven of Kristin's shots, and in the locker room after the game, Angel assistant coach Julie Goessling teased Kristin: "How'd you like that stuffing, turkey?"

"We don't usually get a lot of scouts and media at our games," Kristin explained to reporters, "so I guess I wanted to do better here. I know certain things are expected of me."

That kind of pressure is part of the package when you've led your team to three straight state championships and you're one of the most heralded high school athletes in the country. And Kristin certainly fits that description. She is not only a great basketball player, but also a two-time Mizuno volleyball Player of the Year, having led the St. Joseph's team to a 94-game winning streak and another four state titles in volleyball. Next year she will play both volleyball and basketball at Stanford, a perennial powerhouse in both sports.

The calls and letters from colleges had begun to pour into her St. Louis home following her sixth grade year. Once, as a high school freshman, she was on the phone with an assistant basketball coach from Stanford when her call-waiting signal beeped; a Stanford volleyball coach was on the other line.

Kristin first visited the Stanford campus when she was 13. "She came to basketball camp here the summer before her freshman year," says Stanford basketball coach Tara VanDerveer, who was in Europe at the time. "When I returned from Europe, all I heard about from the other coaches was this freshman from St. Louis who could start on a college team right now. I said, 'Guys, camp has made you delirious.' " Two summers later Kristin, who has a 29-inch vertical leap, was back at the camp, and VanDerveer saw her dunk.

Kristin has yet to do that in a game, but she did jam one for ESPN during a scholastic sports program in January. That was two weeks after she was given the Dial Award, a trophy given to the top male and female high school scholar-athletes in the country.

Last summer the straight-A student, who plans to major in marine biology at Stanford, made the 1993 U.S. volleyball B team, one of only a few high school players to do so. Says Kristin, "When I showed up for tryouts, the others wondered, 'What is *she* doing here?' " By the time the team left for its European tour, Kristin was a starter.

Right now, Kristin's not sure which sport she will focus on. "I really like [both sports] equally," she says. "But if I have to choose, I will choose the one that offers the best opportunity."

She does have an idea of what she hopes to do in the next few years. The St. Joseph's basketball team was 17–1 at week's end, and she would like to lead it to that fourth straight state title. "And before I get out of college," says Kristin, "I would maybe like to win a national championship in each sport, be on an Olympic team, get straight A's and still have a social life on the side. That would be my dream package." —JULIE HANNA

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Compared with his embattled '93 season, Benes's weekly war games are a mere frolic.

the SURVIVAL Game

In paint ball or baseball, San Diego Padre pitcher Andy Benes is a wanted man

by Kelly Whiteside

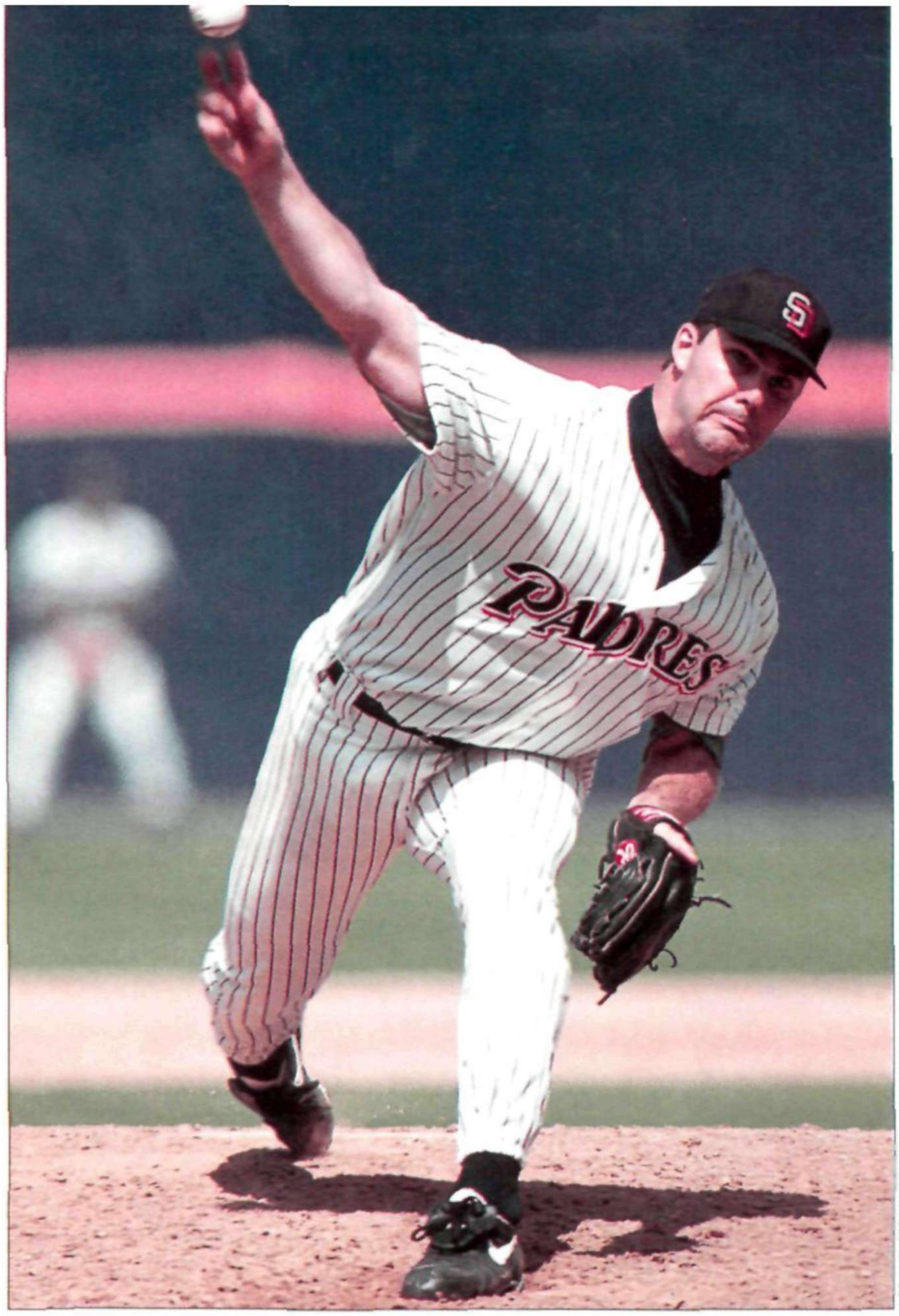
IT IS January, and San Diego Padre pitcher Andy Benes is in uniform. Out of bed at 0500 hours, he has donned camouflage shirt and pants, pulled on combat boots and packed his air gun and Darth Vader mask. Now he prepares for battle. Sure, playing for the most miserable team west of the New York Mets last season was a survival game in itself, but try hiding all 6′ 6″ and 245 pounds of fatigues behind some sorry excuse for a California redwood while the enemy stalks you with a paint-ball gun.

On Monday mornings of the off-season, Benes and a group of buddies—ranging from fellow major leaguers Howard Johnson, Phil Plantier, Kurt Stillwell and Jeff Gardner to the pastor of his church, "Dirty" Harry Kuehl—play war games in a canyon five miles from Benes's house in Poway, Calif. "They call me the Big Tree," says Benes, whose in-season moniker is the Big Train. The scouting report on the man with the lumberjack's body, according to Padre leftfielder Plantier: "An easy kill."

You can't blame Benes for trying to learn a few survival techniques. As if someone had painted a bull's-eye on his chest, it has been open season on the young pitcher since last August. He has been the target of so many trade rumors that he checks under TRANSACTIONS in the sports section every day just in case. Early in the hot-stove-league season, he was so hot you needed oven mitts just to talk to him on the phone.

In fact, Benes, a 26-year-old righthander who put up Cy Young numbers in the first half of the season, pitched in the All-Star Game and then collapsed in the heat of the Padres' Great Fire Sale of 1993, would welcome a trade. But San Diego general manager Randy Smith says trade talks have flickered since late November. "Andy Benes is our Opening Day pitcher," Smith

Photographs by Craig Molenhouse



STEPHEN DUNN/ALLSPORT USA

says, to the relief of Benes's teammates and the club's dwindling corps of fans.

"The only time I want to see him on another team," says Plantier, "is when he's wearing camouflage."

The cost-conscious Padres started unloading high-salaried players late in the 1992 season, but the most dramatic budget cuts came last summer. Defending National League batting champion Gary Sheffield was traded to the Florida Marlins on June 24, slugging first baseman Fred McGriff was dealt to the Atlanta Braves on July 18, and eight days later pitchers Bruce Hurst and Greg Harris—Benes's two closest friends on the team—were packed off to the Colorado Rockies.

In the midst of those moves, Benes, who had a one-year contract, told Smith that he wasn't interested in signing a long-term deal with the club because he wanted to pitch for a team committed to winning. "Not to slight the guys here, but we don't have the experience," Benes says. "It was hard to look at the two expansion teams last season knowing that they had better teams. It's tough for a team with a $12 million payroll to be in the thick of things."

Benes pitched like an All-Star the first half of last season but lost his touch when he lost his teammates.

The Padres weren't going to move popular outfielder and four-time National League batting champion Tony Gwynn, so the media logically speculated that Benes—the only other valuable commodity left on the club—would be the next player out the door. And Benes was ready to go; but the Padres, it turned out, were done dealing for a while. Nevertheless, the repercussions from the team's traumatic downturn were devastating for Benes.

He was 9–6, was leading the league in ERA (2.57) and had struck out 107 batters in 136⅓ innings before the All-Star break. At that time he was the only pitcher to rank among the top 10 in all three categories. But during the month of August, Benes gave up 31 earned runs in 35⅓ innings. He lost his last five decisions to finish the season 15–15 with a 3.78 ERA. Still, not a bad season on the whole, considering he pitched for a team that wound up 61–101 with the league's second-worst defense, second-worst on-base percentage and most-inexperienced bullpen.

The Hurst-Harris trade was the point at which the pitcher began to unravel like a cheap sweater. The veteran Hurst had been a mentor to Benes, the first player picked in the 1988 draft, ever since Benes was called up to the Padres in August 1989. Harris pitched his first full season for the Padres that same year. The three were double-knit tight.

When Benes learned about the trade 10 minutes before a game against the Cubs in Chicago, he went into the Padre locker room and cried. As the scheduled starter for the next day's game, he was supposed to keep the pitching chart that night. Instead he took a shower and went back to the hotel. The next day Benes wrote Harris's number, 46, and Hurst's number, 47, on the back of his cap as a tribute, and in one of his best outings of the season—and one of his last effective starts in '93—he tossed a five-hit shutout.

Soon after, Benes lost that focus. "I was a basket case out there," he says. "I didn't get anybody out in September." He had lost three straight heading into a start against the Rockies in Denver on Sept. 22, and then something snapped—and it wasn't his losing streak. In the fifth inning Benes threw a pitch that hit Rocky centerfielder Alex Cole in the side. Without hesitation, plate umpire Bob Davidson ejected Benes. The pitcher started walking toward the Padre dugout, but when he reached the foul line, he turned and headed for Davidson before anyone could derail the Big Train.

"I always pitch Cole the same way, inside; I just wanted to explain myself," says Benes, who was suspended for five games by the league for throwing at Cole. "I was irritated at the ump, and I wasn't going to leave until he listened to me. I was shouting, which is out of character for me. My teammates don't expect me to lose control, but I guess the frustration from everything just built up. I was irritated."

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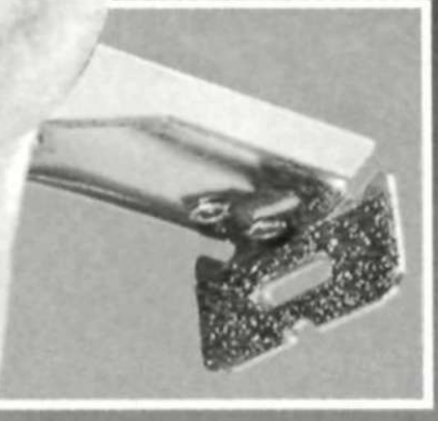

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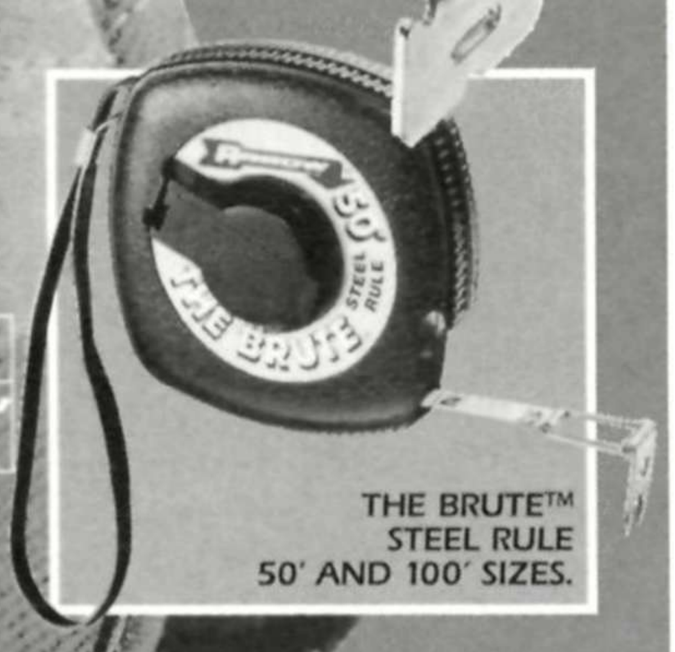

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Andy Benes

Benes is one of those guys who is usually able to stay a few degrees below the boiling point. He had been thrown out of a game only once before, and that was when he played quarterback for the University of Evansville. In that game, an opposing linebacker kept barreling into him after Benes had released the ball. When the guy hit him late for the fourth time, it was the last time. Benes jumped up and wrestled him to the ground.

"I'm not a troublemaker," says Benes. "I'm not controversial. I'm not Howard Stern." A shock jock he's not, but Benes, who is also the Padre player representative, doesn't hesitate to speak his mind. Last June, when the Padres did not draft his brother, Alan, who was a junior at Creighton University, Benes said, "At least if they had drafted Alan, they would still have a Benes in the organization two years from now." (As it happened, Alan, also a righthanded pitcher, was picked 16th overall by the St. Louis Cardinals; it is only the third time that brothers have been first-round draft picks.)

Benes, who signed a $3 million contract for the '94 season on Jan. 26, will be eligible for free agency after the 1995 season. Even though the Padres were not shopping Benes in the off-season, Smith listened to offers from the Cardinals, the Boston Red Sox, the Montreal Expos, the New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Phillies. It figures that the Padres will keep Benes until late in the '94 season, then trade him before he walks away as a free agent.

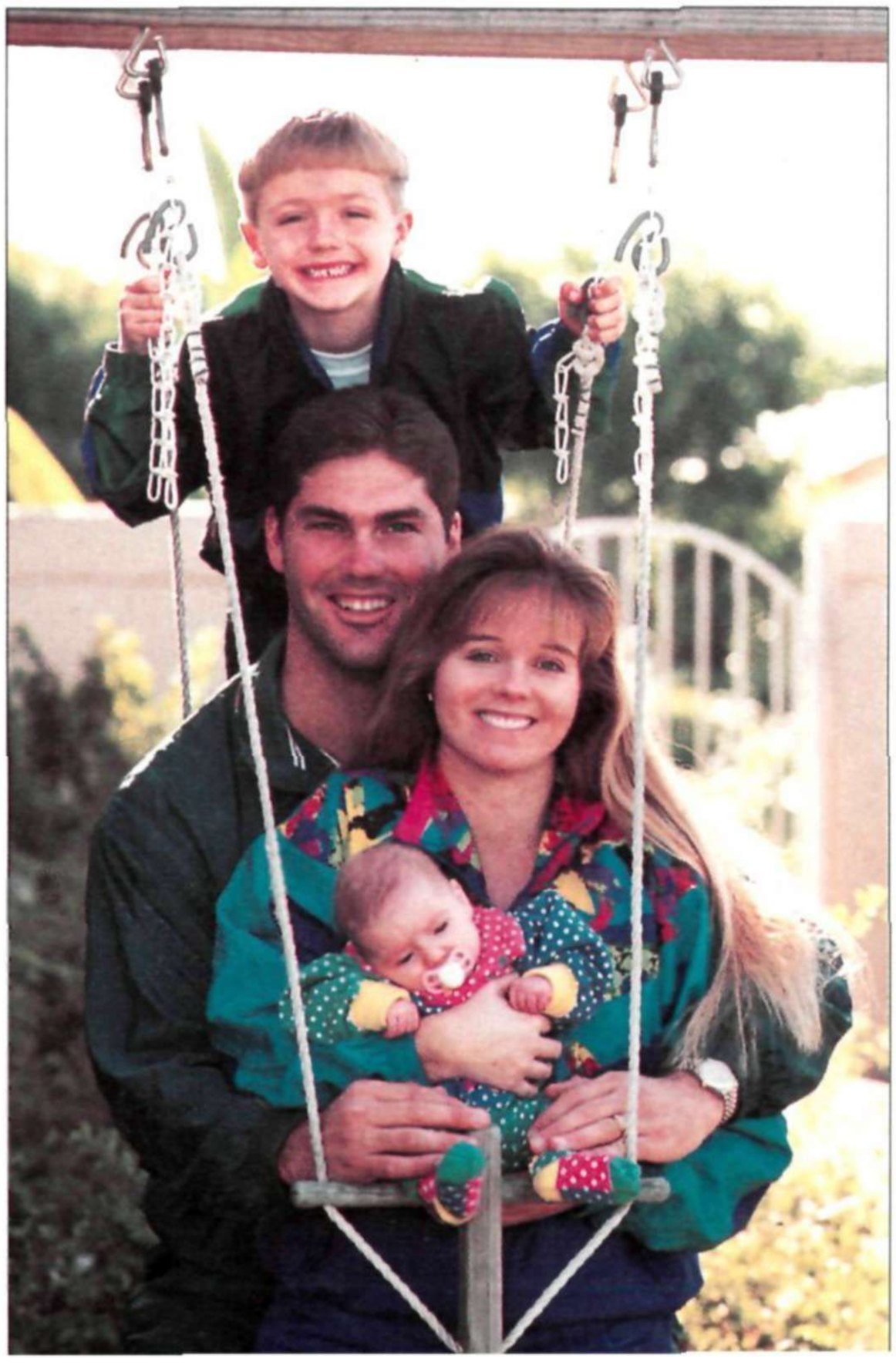
"He's a good pitcher, a pitcher everybody would like," says Cardinal general manager Dal Maxvill. "He's a power pitcher that you want to see in baseball, somebody who might strike out 12 or 13 guys one night. Fans like that. There aren't many of those guys around."

Conventional wisdom says that under different circumstances Benes, who has a lifetime record of 59–54, would be a lock to win 20 games. Conventional wisdom also says he is one pitch away from becoming one of the game's elite pitchers. The quickness of his cross-seam fastball is Clemens-like, and his breaking ball is deceptive, but his changeup needs work.

On the other hand, Benes's path to becoming a power pitcher has been anything but conventional. The former high school shortstop truly learned how to throw off a mound only when he was on a football-baseball scholarship at Evansville. Because he came to the Padres after only four months in the minors, Benes is still developing into a major league talent.

"Andy's a horse. He goes out every fifth day and does his work no matter how he feels," says former Padre G.M. Joe McIlvaine, who is now with the Mets. "He can be as successful as any pitcher in the league. He has the ability to rise above the adversities that come to every pitcher."

"If you never go through adversity, you never gain strength," says Benes. "Last season made me a better person. For 25 starts I was as good as anybody. The last nine were pretty bad. Were they under difficult circumstances? Yes. But that's not an excuse. I feel I'm a lot better than a .500 pitcher, regardless of what team I'm playing for. I have no one to blame but myself. It's not the owners' fault."



Drew (top), wife Jennifer and Brynn keep Andy in the swing of things.

On a recent Saturday, Benes and some teammates and coaches spent five hours in Tijuana, Mexico, meeting with Little League players and signing autographs as part of the Padres' goodwill caravan. While certain fans in the U.S. derisively call the Padres a Triple A team and while most of the San Diego players are as anonymous as White House sources, in Mexico on this day it seemed that only Fernando Valenzuela would have been welcomed more enthusiastically than these visiting Padres. "You know they must *really* love baseball if they're excited to see *us*," Benes said with a grin.

At one stop a thin boy in a red turtleneck and a baseball cap gingerly approached Benes—whom Mexican fans call El Gigante—and presented six of the pitcher's baseball cards, each carefully wrapped in clear plastic, for him to sign. As Benes autographed the cards, he asked the boy his name.

"Carlos," the boy said

"What position do you play?"

"Third base."

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

Benes told Carlos that if he practiced real hard, someday he might play for the Padres. Benes failed to mention that San Diego could use a third baseman this season. Minutes later Carlos reappeared with his baseball jersey and glove.

"Do you want me to sign them?" Benes asked.

"No, they're for you," Carlos said. "You give us so much. I wanted to give you something of mine. Besides, I have an extra glove at home."

Benes smiled warmly and shook the boy's hand. And with that, the thought of pulling on a Padre uniform again didn't seem so bad.

Indeed, Benes insists that he's once again looking forward to pitching every fifth day, beginning with San Diego's season opener, April 4, against the Braves at Jack Murphy Stadium. "I'm much better equipped to handle things this year," he says. "It will be a lot easier. I'm more motivated than I have ever been in my career."

Perhaps Benes is simply learning what it takes to survive. After all, he has been practicing. ■

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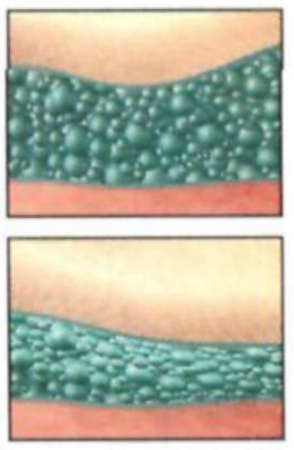

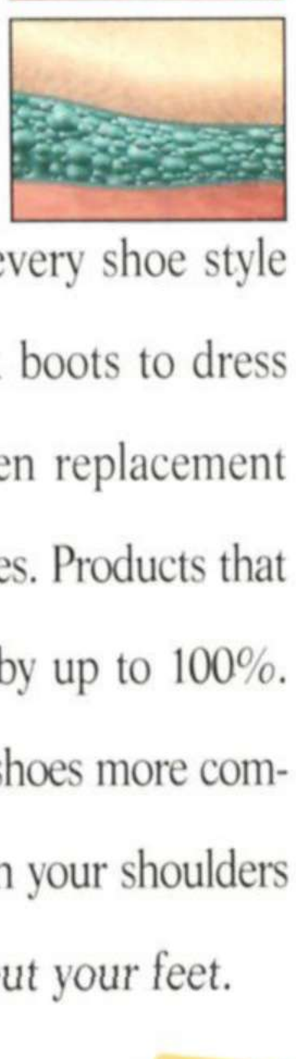

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A Man Of VISION

Emmitt Smith's X-ray eyes have led to more MVP honors than even he could have seen coming

by Leigh Montville

THE HOLDOUT was deep into the ugly stages. There is a ballroom-dance formality in the beginning of any of these financial negotiations—player asks for moon, while management says moon is out of the question—that is accompanied by the required winks and grimaces and a reasonable understanding that everyone will eventually wind up on the same page of a new contract, signatures scrawled at the appropriate places as cameras click to record the historic moment. That feeling had long since passed. Running back Emmitt J. Smith III was home. The Dallas Cowboys were into their regular season. The formality had been replaced by a standoff, a siege, intractable ugliness everywhere.

"I'd walk across Texas for five dollars," Cowboy owner Jerry Jones said.

Uh-oh.

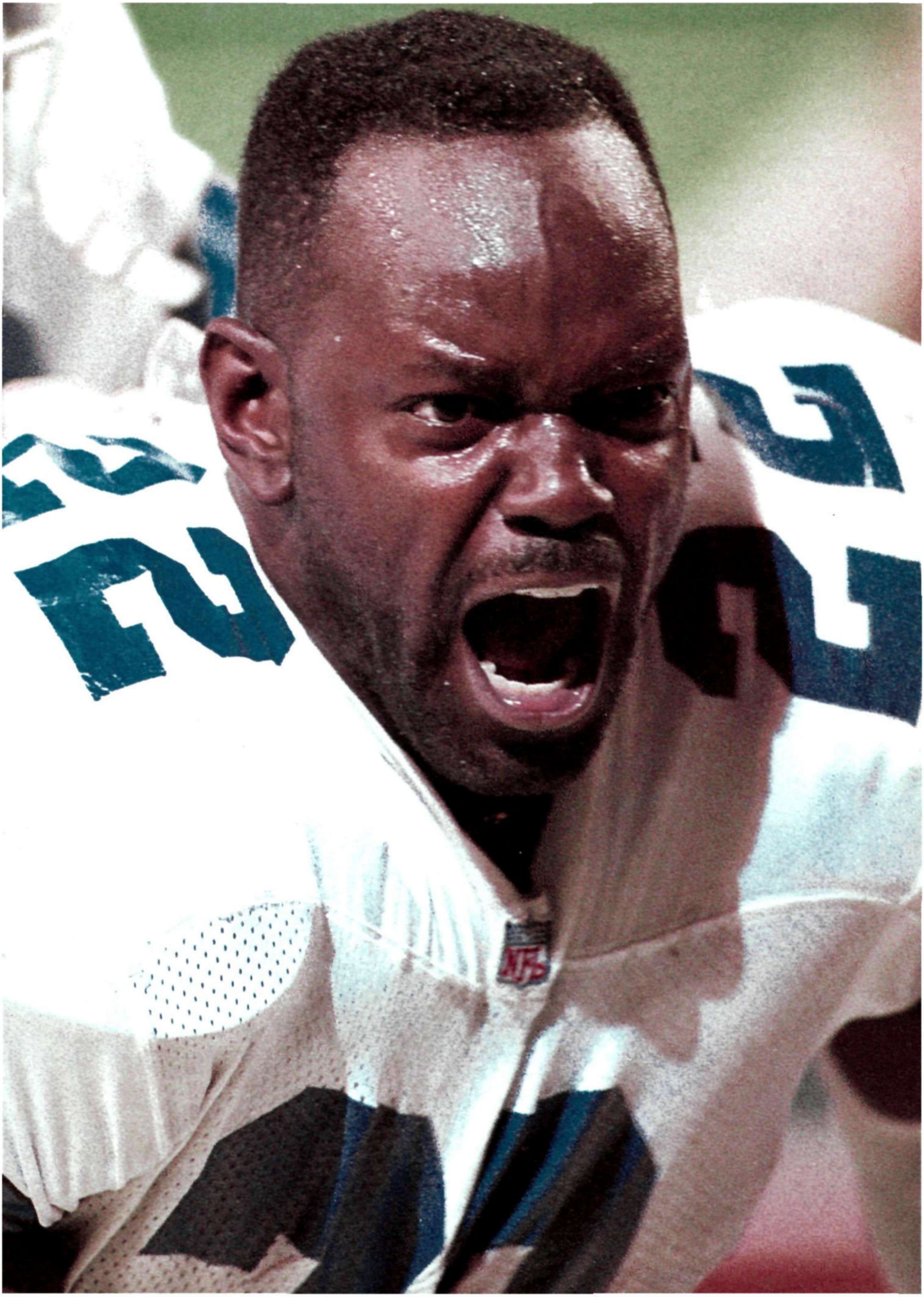
"Emmitt Smith is a luxury, not a necessity for the Cowboys," Jones said.

Uh-oh. Uh-oh.

The numbers on the two sides were not close. The Cowboys were offering $9 million for four years, and Smith was asking for $15 million, and the $6 million hole in the middle was certainly about as wide as the Lone Star State. No one was going to budge. The Cowboys had lost their opener in Washington—had been manhandled 35–16 by the Redskins—and were heading into a rematch of Super Bowl XXVII at home against the Buffalo Bills. Smith was working in his store in Pensacola, Fla., selling football cards and T-shirts and other collectibles. An imaginary clock was clicking off real seconds. Time was running out.

"Emmitt was a restricted free agent, which meant that the Cowboys could match any offer," Smith's agent, Richard Howell, says. "There was a feeling around the league that Jerry would make Emmitt the Cowboys' designated franchise player and match the offer, so there *were* no offers. Not one team showed any interest. My own thought was that if we didn't sign by the third game of the season, there wouldn't be a deal. I didn't think it was going to happen. I thought that Emmitt

WALTER IOOSS JR



was going to sit out the entire season, and then next year things would open up, and some other teams would come around. That's what I truly thought would happen. Emmitt was prepared for that."

What would he do if he didn't play? He would probably continue to do what he had been doing for a while. In the mornings he would go over to Escambia High School and work out on the track or in the weight room, which had been renovated with his donation to the school last year. In the afternoons he would be at the store. At night he would mostly be at home. He was sleeping in the same bedroom he had had as a kid, doing many of the same things he had done as a kid. Where's Emmitt? In the living room. Playing video games.

Despite a $2.175 million contract for his first three years in the NFL, despite having led the league in rushing for the previous two years and despite having edged into the commercial endorsement field with companies like Starter and Coca-Cola and Reebok, he was still very much a home-based guy. His father still drove a Pensacola bus. His three younger brothers still lived at home. His older sister, Marsha, 29, had moved out only in the last year, after getting married. She lived all of six miles away.

"I think my children are always going to be around the house," Mary Smith, the mother of this family, says. "And that's the way I like it. Emmitt will get his dream house someday, but not right away. We have a deal—when he left college at the end of his junior year to join the Cowboys, we agreed that he wasn't going to buy a house until he went back and completed college—and we're going to keep to it. It's like I always tell him, 'How can you go around telling kids to stay in school if you didn't stay yourself?' You have to live what you preach."

Going back to college was a definite option. If a pro football season did not materialize for him, Smith would head back to the University of Florida to finish off those 13 remaining credits. He would live his idle year according to those true-value rules that had been as normal and important in his family's household as a good breakfast every morning. Right was right. Fair was fair. Maybe Jerry Jones was a business marvel and a public relations whiz-bang when he talked to the cameras in Dallas, but with Smith he was dealing not just with a rock but with a rock sunk in some solid Pensacola ground.

WALTER IOOSS JR.

Smith ran roughshod over the Bills in the Super Bowl for 132 yards and two TDs.

"Emmitt is as determined as any man you're ever going to meet," Howell says. "And beyond that, deep down, he knows how good he is."

This was a 24-year-old guy who could handle a siege. No one who knew him had any doubts.

"We had a procedure we did with the kids," Dwight Thomas says. "I'd give them these cards. I have a thing I say: 'It's a dream until you write it down. Then it's a goal.' We gave the kids the cards to write things down. I remember sitting down with Emmitt just once, and looking at the Florida high school rushing records. I think it was in his sophomore year. We never did it again, but he knew—and I knew—what the records were. Emmitt had goals."

Thomas was the coach at Escambia High. He had been fired from a bigger Florida

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Of course, it is a long summer, and that means there'll be plenty of disagreements and do-overs. Just try to leave mom out of it, okay guys?

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AL TIELEMANS

Rarely the fastest man on the field and never the biggest, Smith lives by his uncanny powers of elusion.

high school, Choctawhatchee in Fort Walton Beach, after four years and a 30–12 record. The injustice he saw in his situation—who gets dumped with a 30–12 record?—was a fire inside him. He wanted to prove himself in a hurry. The only job open was at Escambia, 50 miles away. The school had had only one winning football season in the previous 18 years. He grabbed at the chance, making the 100-mile round-trip commute daily, coming in strong with a doctrine of hard work and discipline, making all the rounds to the middle schools, recruiting players for the future.

One stop he wanted to make was at the Brownsville Middle School. He had heard about this kid who was an eighth-grade sensation, running around and through everybody on the peewee level. This was a kid he wanted to meet. The moment is captured in his memory.

"All these kids were running around playing run-and-grab-butt, fooling around, normal eighth-grade kids," he says. "Wiggle-worms, I call them. In the middle of it all there was this quiet kid. He was dressed real nice. Nice polo shirt. Nice pressed slacks. Nice dress shoes. He came over to me and put out his hand. 'Hello, Coach,' he said. 'I'm Emmitt.' "

The rest was easy. In Escambia's opening game the next season, the quiet kid scored two touchdowns and gained 115 yards. Thomas had never started a ninth-grader in his coaching career. Indeed, he had started only two 10th-graders. At Escambia he rushed everything. He started Emmitt, another freshman and 11 sophomores. This was a fast-salvage program. Thirty-eight seniors were on the team at the beginning of fall practice, and only seven remained at the break-up banquet. Escambia High was in the divisional playoffs for the first time in history. By the end of the following season it was the 3-A champion, and by the end of the next it was the 4-A champ, the biggest title in the state.

The quiet kid was far from the strongest player on the team, because another kid, Lamar Williams, was the strongest kid in the *state* and set a weightlifting record to prove it. The quiet kid was also not the fastest. He ran track in the spring and never won an individual sprint because Marzette Porterfield was a burner, a state champ. What the quiet kid was . . . the quiet kid was simply the best football player Thomas had ever seen. He was polite, and he was on time, with a football under his arm, and he was an open-field delight, dipping and moving, making people miss, and heading for the end zone.

"I told the team," Thomas says, "that I only had three rules: Be where you're supposed to be; be there when you're supposed to be there; and be doing what you're supposed to be doing. That was Emmitt. In his four years he never missed a practice, never was late for a meeting, and I never heard him say a swear word. Every day before practice I would talk to the team for five minutes, discuss some problem that we might have—stealing or something. I'd read from Scripture. To start the meeting I'd flick the light switch to tell everyone to calm down and listen because this was important. Every time I flicked the light switch, Emmitt was there, sitting in the front row. He never even got senioritis, which is something, because just about everybody gets senioritis. And do you know what he did in the winters? On the basketball team, he mostly passed out the towels and kept the scorebook. That's how secure he was as a kid."

The four years were a nonstop wonder. Emmitt broke virtually all the Florida rushing records, and his 8,804 yards still stands among the top-three career totals in the nation, ever. He ran for more than 100 yards in 45 of the 49 games he played, including the last 28. He fumbled, total, six times. The doormat school became a powerhouse, ranked first in the nation for six weeks in the *USA Today* poll during Emmitt's senior year. Emmitt won just about every individual award possible.

The college coaches who came to recruit him were as impressed as Thomas

THE PENSACOLA NEWS JOURNAL

BILL FRAKES

Smith rewrote the Gator record books, first at Escambia High (left), then at Florida, where the fans had even bigger things in mind for him.

had been when he met Emmitt. Here was a kid who had grades, plus a stable family life, plus all of this natural ability. Was this a dream? Mary Smith's first rule of being a parent was to be around her children. She told young mothers that their children were only going to be around for a short time, so a mother had better be with them now, because there wouldn't be a chance later. Mary, who was working at a bank at the time, would stop and watch Escambia practice on the way home, sitting at the edge of the field with the other mothers.

Football was part of family life. Emmitt played, and middle brother Emory (now at Clemson and the Tigers' offensive MVP of this year's Peach Bowl) played, and Emmitt Jr., their father, still played semipro during the first two years of Emmitt's high school career. Friday night was for Escambia High's games. Saturday morning was for Emory's youth-league games. Saturday night was for Emmitt Jr.'s games as a 40-year-old wide receiver and free safety for the Pensacola Wings of the Dixie League.

"Here's what you have to understand about Emmitt," Thomas says. "He didn't have to go through all that searching about who he was. It was Maslow's theory of hierarchy of needs. Emmitt knew who he was because he had a mother and father and a family at home. He was very secure about that. All he had to worry about was who he could be. He could maximize his talents."

Emmitt's most memorable game was not his biggest statistical game, not the 301 yards against Milton High or any of the seven 200-yard games he had as a junior. In his sophomore year he was going to miss the game against Rickards High with a swollen ankle. The ankle looked like a balloon, and he couldn't even run during pregame warmups. He tested the ankle on one play in the first half but left the game immediately and watched from the sidelines as Rickards took a lead. At halftime he iced the ankle and asked the trainer to tape it tight. He returned to the game late in the fourth quarter and gained 89 yards on a touchdown drive. Escambia won in a triple-overtime shootout, a win that put the school on the way to its first state championship.

BILL FRAKES

"He was always a determined child," Mary says. "All my children have been determined. I like to think it's something that starts at home."

"Emmitt," Thomas says, "is a role model. Not just for kids. I mean for all of us."

The University of Florida was a continuation of Escambia High. There never was a thought about redshirting this local-hero running back, but certainly there was the notion that maybe he should be moved slowly into the rigors of college football. This lasted exactly two games. The third game of the season Florida (1–1) was at Alabama. Smith started. He ran for 224 yards on 39 carries and scored twice in a 23–14 upset, breaking a school single-game yardage record that had been set in 1930. By the seventh game of his freshman season he had cruised past the 1,000-yard mark, reaching that milestone faster than any other runner in college history.

"We expected he was going to be good, but we never expected those kinds of numbers that fast," says Galen Hall, Smith's coach those first two years. "He was just very confident. He believed in himself. You'd watch him run, and you'd see he had great balance, great lower body, great vision."

Vision was the word now associated

with him most. There had been detractors at the end of his high school career. One scouting service called him "a lugger, not a runner" and said, "The sportswriters blew him all out of proportion." His timed speed of 4.55 seconds for the 40-yard dash seemed to indicate that he wasn't a whippet who could run away from people. His size—5′ 9″, 200 pounds—seemed to indicate he wasn't a locomotive who could blast people out of the way. So what was he? He was X-ray eyes. Vision.

The kaleidoscopic puzzles that opened on the defensive side of the ball on every play simply were not as puzzling to him as they were to everyone else. He had a pace about him, rather than an overpowering speed or overpowering strength. He could see what was going to happen, use his blockers, react, use his talents to elude the trouble.

"When I line up, I don't see the wide receivers or the cornerbacks, but I see everybody else on both teams," he explained to sportswriters. "It's not a blur, but a clear picture. I probably see things other people don't see. I can see changes in coverage. I can usually look at a defense and see where the hole will be, regardless of where the play was called. That part is more difficult now. In high school I'd sometimes tell the fullback where the hole was going to be before the snap, and the majority of the time I was right. Sometimes I'd mess around and run toward the hole with my eyes closed."

Again his determination was mentioned. By the end of Smith's sophomore season at Florida, when he had already broken 17 school single-season and five single-game records and had run for more than 100 yards in 15 of his 19 college starts, sportswriter Gene Frenette of the *Florida Times-Union* was headed to the library to find out why this guy was so good. Frenette found a quote from sports psychologist Jim Loehr.

"It's always interesting to me that the great athletes don't feel their greatness is due to great genes," Loehr had said. "One [factor] that constantly emerges in psychological tests of greatness is level of drive. That's the single greatest predictor of all. How passionate is the person going after a particular goal? So many people who rise to greatness in sports don't feel they're genetically gifted, like Larry Bird or Wayne Gretzky. Mental toughness, most athletes will tell you, was the deciding factor. They were able to get the emotional part together better than most of

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their counterparts. You look at Bird, and you don't believe he can be that great when he stands next to all these super Ferraris. Obviously he has something beyond genetic superiority."

Amazingly, most of the pro football scouts seemed to pay no attention to any of this. When Smith became one of the 38 college juniors to declare their eligibility for the 1990 NFL draft—the first class allowed to do so—he was not the generally accepted top-of-the-heap pick. True, his junior season had been played amid chaos as Hall resigned and the threat of probation swirled around Florida's football program, but he hadn't been a part of that. He had simply kept running, relentless as ever. He had broken his own school single-game rushing record with 316 yards against New Mexico, had increased his total of 100-yard games to 25, had finished with a school-record 3,928 yards (a mark that Errict Rhett broke last season). He had been a yardage machine.

Sixteen teams nevertheless passed on him in the first round of the draft. The first running back chosen was Blair Thomas of Penn State. Blair Thomas? It was as if the scouts couldn't believe their eyes, only their stopwatches. Only the Cowboys, who oddly enough had started all of this computer-based scouting—throughout their first run at glory, during the 1970s, they took obscure prospects instead of guys with proven results—went for face value. They traded up to pick Smith 17th.

"There were all these people saying, 'He's too slow,' or 'He's too small,'" coach Jimmy Johnson says. "All I know is that every time I saw a film of him, he was running 50, 60, 70, 80 yards for a touchdown. That looked pretty good to me."

"It was a no-brainer," Dallas backfield coach Joe Brodsky says. "We'd tried to recruit him when we were at the University of Miami, but we didn't have a chance. I guess a lot of teams were worried about how he'd do in a pro offense, as opposed to the toss-me-the-ball-and-let-me-run that they play in college. Well, we just toss him the ball and let him run in the pros. I've said this before. He touches the ball and he takes your breath away, and you don't get it back until he's finished."

Jones, delighted by the pick, said on the radio that Smith was "rated fourth overall on our list," a steal. This giddiness was soon tempered at the bargaining table. With Howell as his agent and armed with that Jones quote and all of those statistics from Florida, Smith asked to be paid as if he were the fourth pick in the draft. This brought an early impasse—and a glimpse of the future. Smith sat out the entire training camp before signing the three-year deal for $2.175 million. The Cowboys wanted a five-year deal, but Smith and Howell wanted something shorter so they could negotiate again.

"And that's the way it went," Howell says. "Emmitt signed, and he didn't ask to renegotiate, as so many players do. He honored the terms of that contract. Then, when it was finished, he wanted to get what he deserved."

Three years. Two rushing titles. One Super Bowl championship. How much was that worth? Playing for the Cowboys was no different from playing at Florida, which was no different from playing at Escambia, which was no different from playing in the peewee leagues. He still was the dominant player on the field. How much was *that* worth?

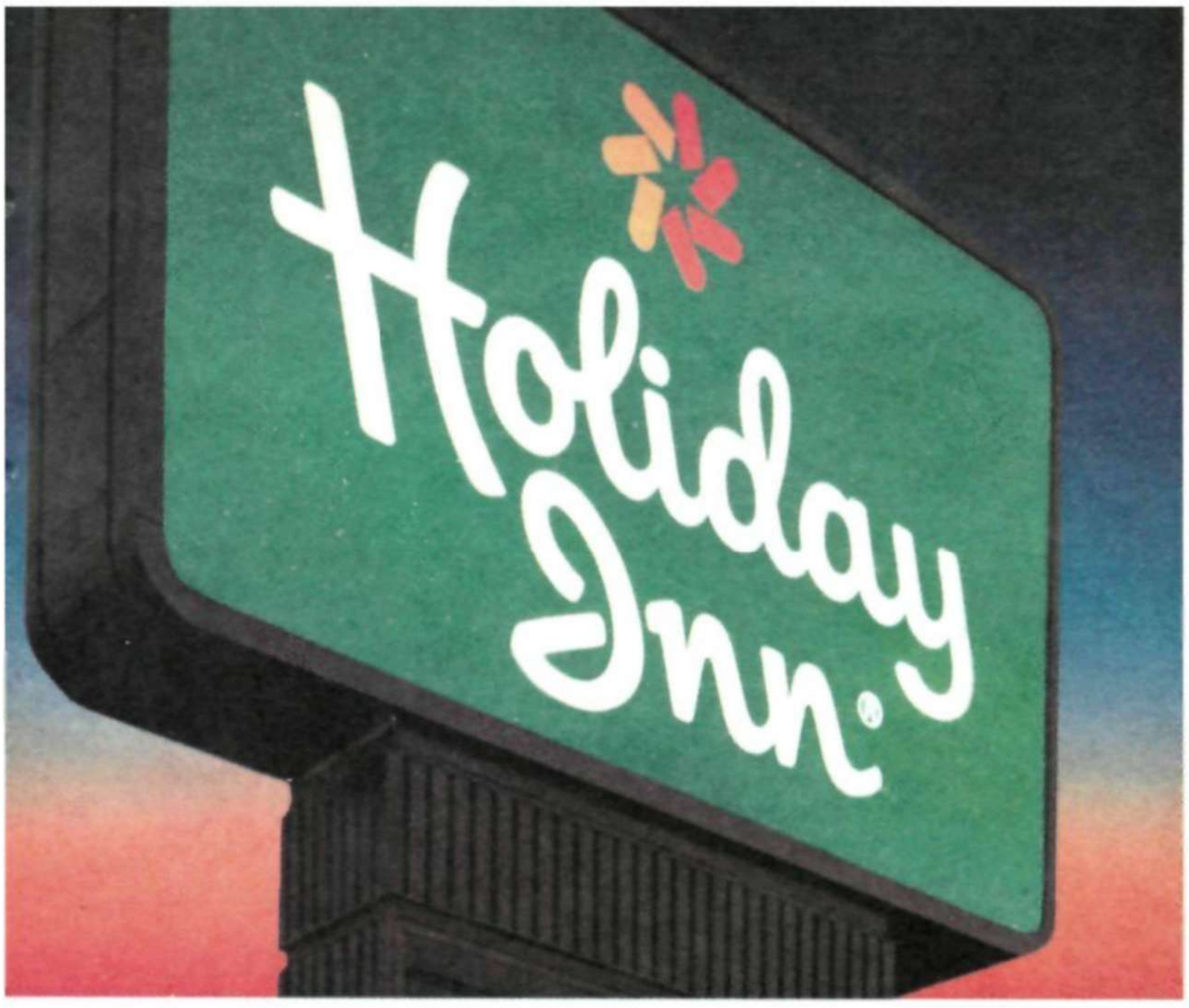
"I see him make cuts now that I saw him make when he was in the peewees," Mary Smith says. "They say he doesn't run fast, but I've never seen him have to run any faster than he does, have you?"

The dominant player on the field simply wanted to be paid like the dominant player on the field. And if he wasn't, he would not be on the field.

The Buffalo game was the turning point. There are two games that will be talked about forever in the tale of the Cowboys' up-and-down ride to their second consecutive Super Bowl win, and the Buffalo game is one of them. The Cowboys lost 13–10, second game of the season, and legend will show rookie running back Derrick Lassic fumbling twice and defensive end Charles Haley slamming his helmet into a wall and coach Jimmy John-

In Emmitt's memorabilia shop it is apparent that football has always been part of the Smiths' family life.

PETER READ MILLER NFL PHOTOS



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son being almost unable to speak, stunned and angry at what had happened, and Jerry Jones blinking at last, heading toward the nearest bank machine with his card in hand. This was the game when the luxury became a necessity. "The leverage pendulum swung because of the loss," Jones said in simple business-speak.

The Cowboys' offer jumped in a hurry to $13.6 million for four years. The loss to Buffalo was a financial catapult. Smith still wasn't happy, but the sight of his teammates and friends in disarray took hold. Over dinner at an Atlanta steak house, he agreed to the offer that made him the highest-paid running back in history. He was in uniform by Dallas's next game, in Phoenix, running for 45 yards on eight tune-up carries in a 17–10 win. He was back full-time the next week against the Green Bay Packers, and the Cowboys were rolling again.

"The loss in Buffalo meant everything," Howell says. "If the Cowboys hadn't lost that game and if Jerry hadn't moved, I don't think it would've been done. You had to figure Dallas was going to beat Phoenix anyway. If the Cowboys had beaten Buffalo and then Phoenix to go 2–1, it just wouldn't have happened."

No team had ever lost the first two games of its season, then won a Super Bowl. Was Emmitt Smith worth the money? He was an every-week constant. He gained more than 100 yards in total offense in 10 of his 13 starts. He touched the ball 355 times and fumbled it away only twice. He ran for 1,486 yards, inexorably rolling to his third consecutive rushing title, becoming only the fourth player in history to accomplish that feat. He was Player of the Week, Player of the Month, MVP, Player of the Year.

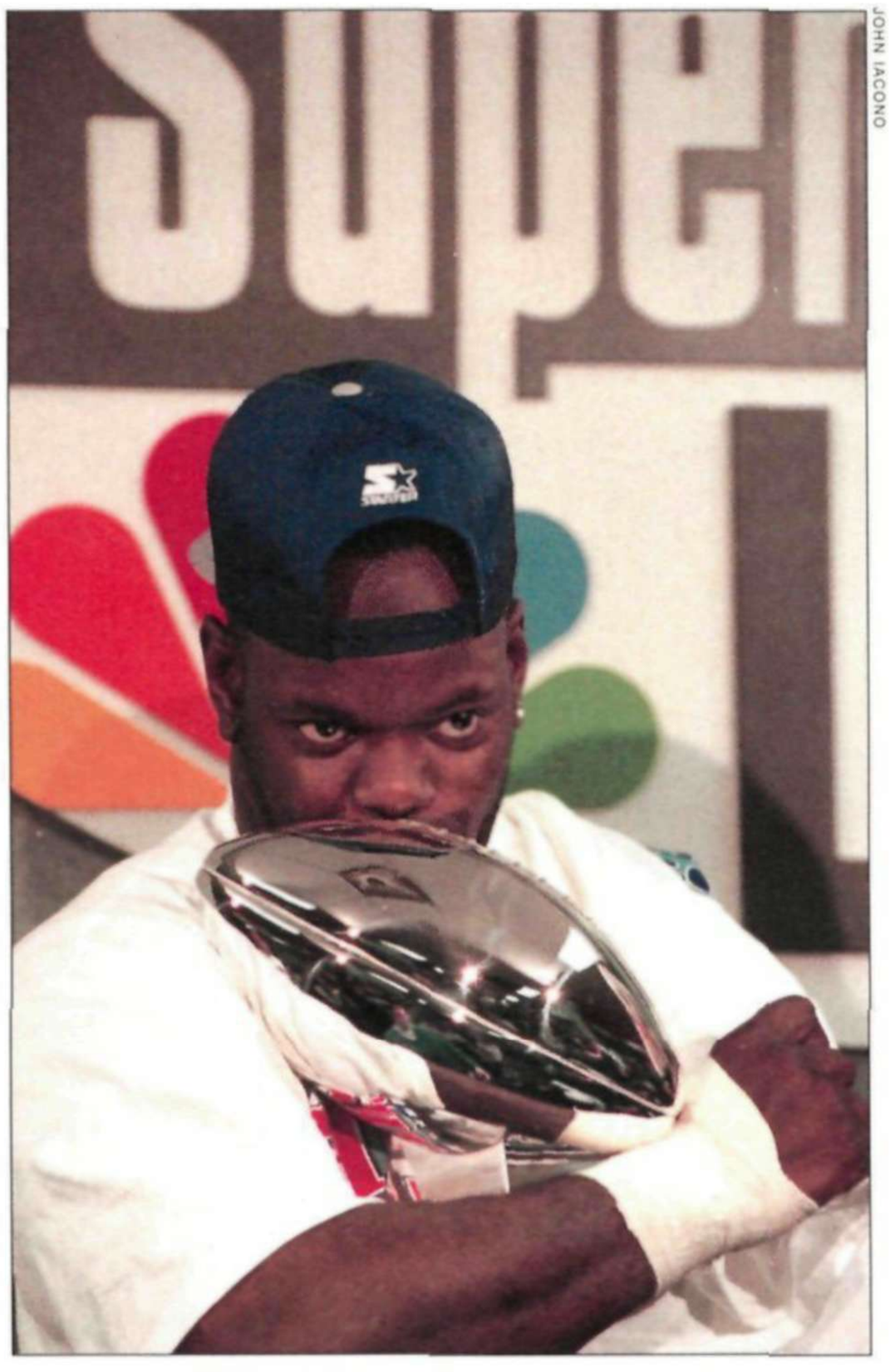
The Cowboys' staff sometimes worried that it was using him too much, but who could resist? Every time the plan was made to rest Smith, a situation arose in which he was needed.

Smith put a perfect ending on his MVP season when he was named the Super Bowl MVP.

JOHN IACONO

What should we do now? Get the ball to Emmitt. Let him roll. There was a bump in the team's progress when Smith suffered a bruised right quadriceps in Atlanta in week 12 of the season—another loss followed on Thanksgiving—but then he was fine again, and Dallas was fine. His health was the Cowboys' health, simple as that. His presence was the team's presence.

This was illustrated in the other game that will be discussed forever in the Super



JOHN IACONO

As the Super Bowl clock wound down, Smith really got into Johnson's hair.

Bowl run, the regular-season finale against the New York Giants. Who can forget the pictures? Smith's right shoulder was hurt in the first half—"hit the same way Nancy Kerrigan was hit on the leg," he says—and his right arm seemed almost useless. Still he played. The outcome of the game meant the NFC East championship, a week off and home field advantage in the playoffs. How much harder would it have been to reach the Super Bowl on the road? The game went into overtime, and Smith played all the way, grimacing, fighting his body's resistance. It was Escambia vs. Rickards, the ankle taped tight, again. Determination on a national stage. In the Cowboys' 16–13 overtime win, he carried 32 times for 168 yards, caught 10 passes for 61 yards and scored Dallas's only touchdown.

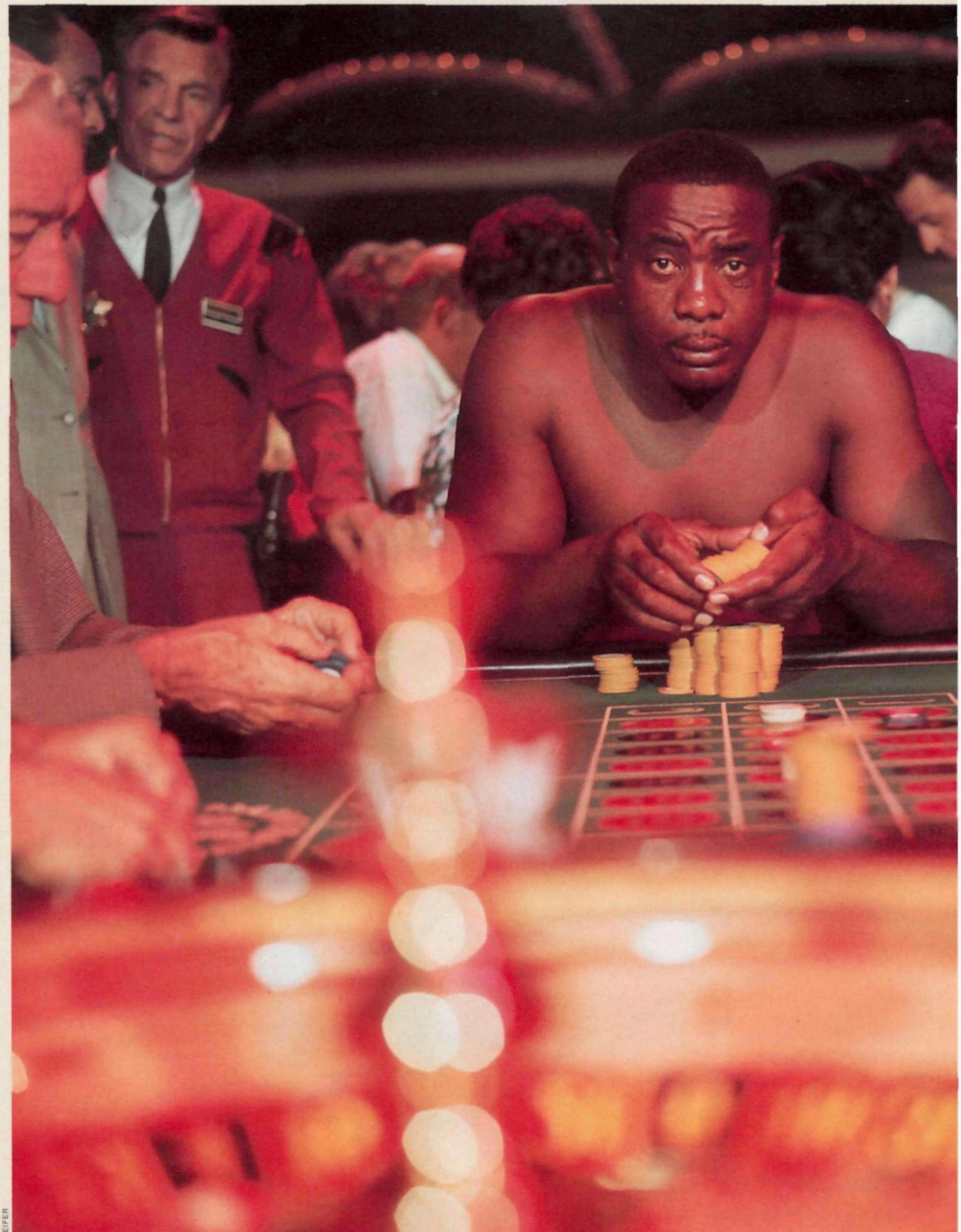
"I never felt pain like that before," Smith says now. "I can't describe it to you. You have to be in my shoes or see the expression on my face to know what it's like. Every time I got knocked down, it hurt. Every time, I had to get back up."

He is standing on a stage in the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Atlanta, a broad-shouldered man in a black turtleneck and a Cowboy-blue vest. In a moment he will be presented with a black Buick Park Avenue Ultra as the MVP in the Cowboys' 30–13 win over the Bills in Super Bowl XXVIII. In the game he scored two TDs and ran for 132 yards. He won the regular-season and Super Bowl MVP awards in the same year. Jones has said of his loss in the long-ago contract standoff: "Maybe we got a bargain." Maybe he did indeed.

"What next?" a reporter asks Smith.

"There's so much more I need to accomplish," Smith says. "I have so much room to grow, both as a player and as a person. If you're satisfied, you're finished. You can never be satisfied."

Uh-oh, Jerry. Don't lose that bank card. ■



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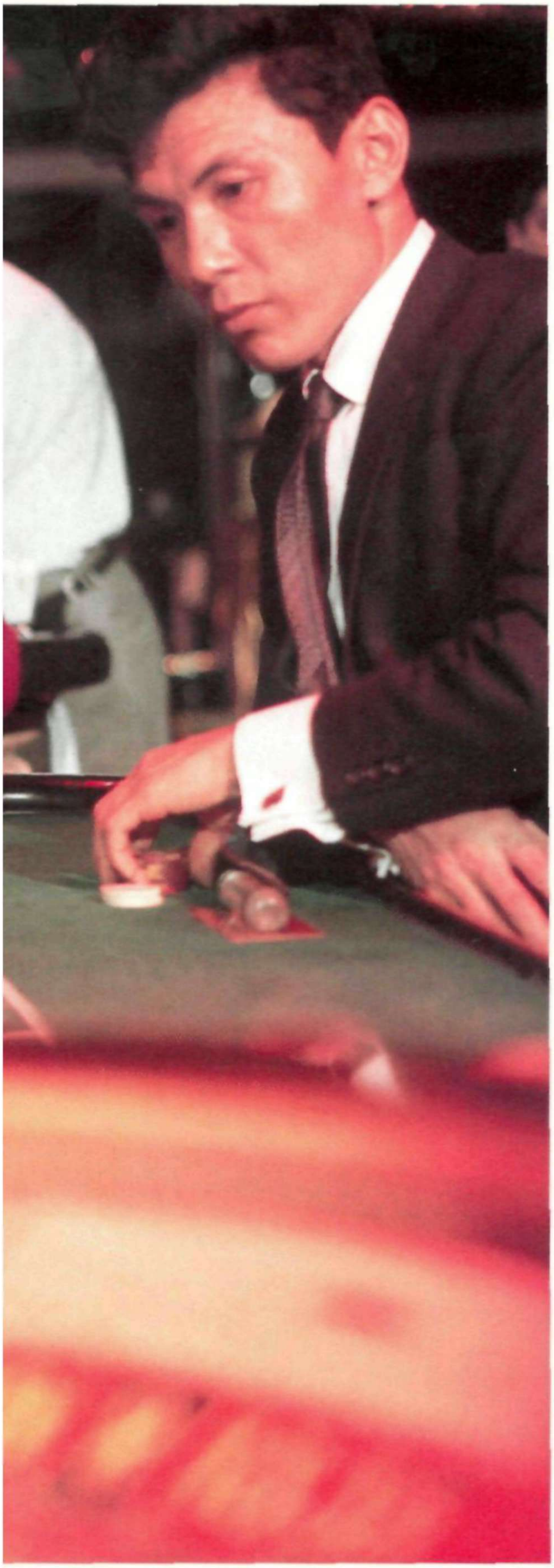


0 Unlucky Man

This SI Classic, reprinted from February 1991, tells the tale of Sonny Liston, upon whom fortune never smiled, even when he was the heavyweight champ

by William Nack

SOMEDAY THEY'RE GONNA WRITE A BLUES SONG JUST FOR FIGHTERS. IT'LL BE FOR SLOW GUITAR, SOFT TRUMPET AND A BELL.

–CHARLES (SONNY) LISTON

It was already dark when she stepped from the car in front of her house on Ottawa Drive, but she could see her pink Cadillac convertible and Sonny's new black Fleetwood under the carport in the Las Vegas night.

Where could Charles be? Geraldine Liston was thinking.

All through the house the lamps were lit, even around the swimming pool out back. The windows were open too, and the doors were unlocked. It was quiet except for the television playing in the room at the top of the stairs.

By 9:30 p.m. on Jan. 5, 1971, Geraldine had not spoken to her husband for 12 days. On Christmas Eve she had called him from St. Louis after flying there with the couple's seven-year-old son, Danielle, to spend the holidays with her mother. Geraldine had tried to phone him a number of times, but no one had answered at the house. At first she figured he might be off roistering in Los Angeles, and so she didn't pay his absence any mind until the

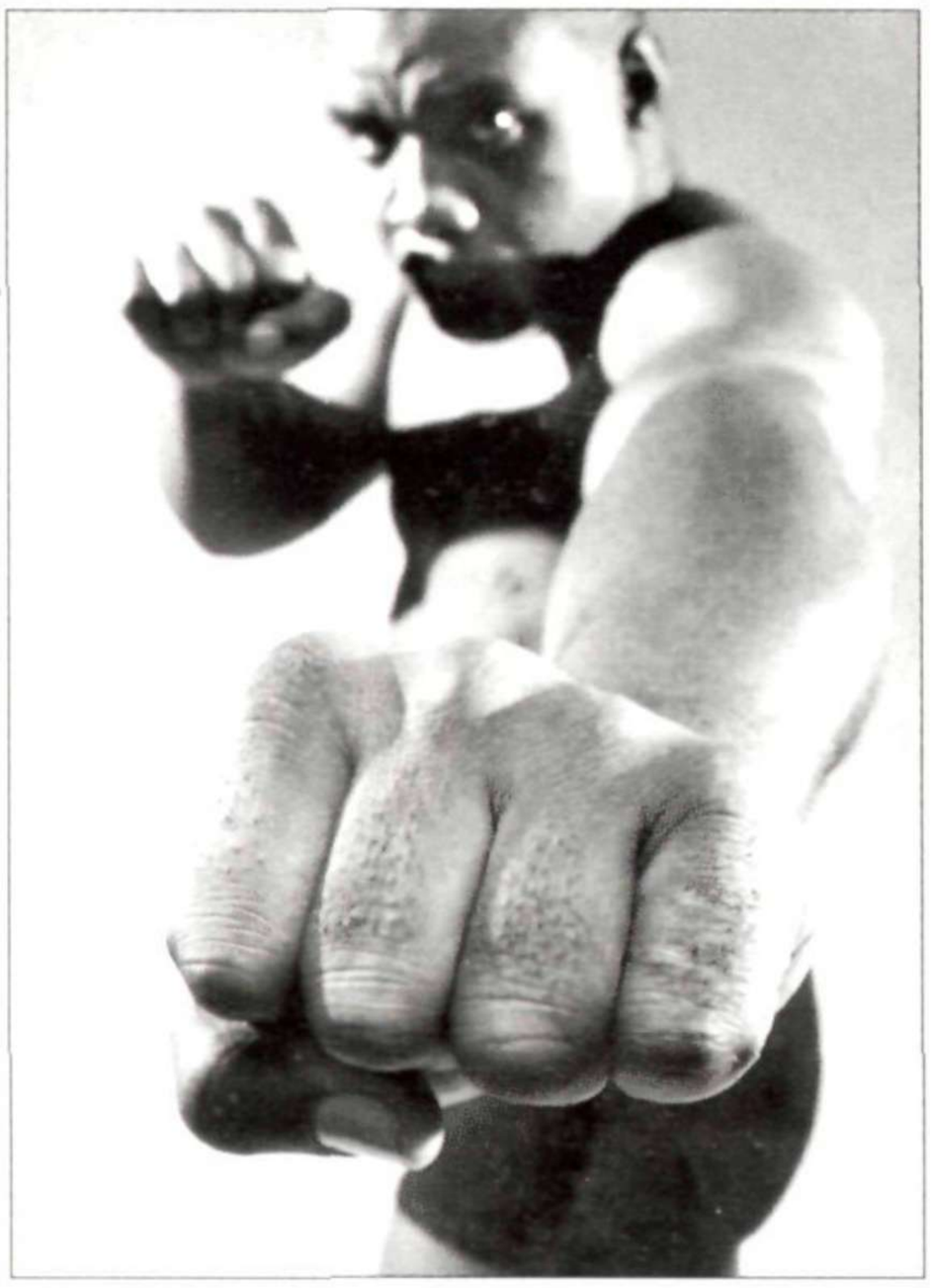
evening of Dec. 28. That night, in a fitful sleep, she had a vision so unsettling that it awakened her and sent her to her mother's room.

"I had the worst dream," Geraldine says. "He was falling in the shower and calling my name, 'Gerry, Gerry!' I can still see it. So I got real nervous. I told my mother, 'I think something's wrong.' But mother said, 'Oh, don't think that. He's all right.' "

In fact, Sonny Liston had not been right for a long time, and not only for the strange dual life he had been leading—spells of choirboy abstinence squeezed between binges of drinking and drugs—but also for the rudderless, unfocused existence he had been reduced to. Jobless and nearly broke, Liston had been moving through the murkier waters of Las Vegas's drug culture. "I knew he was hanging around with the wrong people," one of his closest friends, gambler Lem Banker, says. "And I knew he was in desperate need of cash."

So, as the end of 1970 neared, Liston had reached that final twist in the cord. Eight years earlier he was the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world—a 6' 1½", 215-pound hulk with upper arms like picnic roasts, two magnificent 14-inch fists and a scowl that he mounted for display on a round, otherwise impassive face. He had won the title by flattening Floyd Patterson with two punches, left hooks down and up, in the first round of their fight on Sept. 25, 1962; 10 months later he had beaten Patterson again in one round.

BOB GOMEL LIFE MAGAZINE



Even Liston's jab could knock a foe senseless.

Liston did not sidestep his way to the title; the pirouette was not among his moves. He reached Patterson by walking through the entire heavyweight division, leaving large bodies sprawled behind him: Wayne Bethea, Mike DeJohn, Cleveland Williams, Nino Valdes, Roy Harris, Zora Folley et al. Finally, a terrified Patterson waited for him, already fumbling with a getaway disguise, dark glasses and a beard.

Before the referee could count to 10 in that first fight, Liston had become a mural-sized American myth, a larger-than-life John Henry with two hammers, an 84-inch reach, 23 knockouts (in 34 bouts) and 19 arrests. Tales of his exploits spun well with the fight crowd over beers in dark-wood bars. There was the one about how he used to lift up the front end of automobiles. And one about how he caught birds with his bare hands. And another about how he hit speed bags so hard that he tore them from their anchors and ripped into heavy bags until they burst, spilling their stuffing.

"Nobody hit those bags like Sonny," says 80-year-old Johnny Tocco, one of Liston's first and last trainers. "He tore bags up. He could turn that hook, put everything behind it. Turn and snap. *Bam!* Why, he could knock you across the room with a jab. I saw him knock guys out with a straight jab. *Bam!* In the ring, Sonny was a killing machine."

Perhaps no prizefighter had ever brought to the ring so palpable an aura of menace. Liston hammered out danger, he hammered out a warning. There was his fearsome physical presence; then there was his heavy psychic baggage, his prison record and assorted shadows from the underworld. Police in three cities virtually drove him out of town; in one of them, St. Louis, a police captain warned Liston that he would wind up dead in an alley if he stayed.

In public Liston was often surly, hostile and uncommunicative, and so he fed one of the most disconcerting of white stereotypes, that of the ignorant, angry, morally reckless black, roaming loose, with bad intentions, in white society. He became a target for racial typing in days when white commentators could still utter undisguised slurs without Ted Koppel asking them to, please, explain themselves. In the papers, Liston was referred to as "a gorilla," "a latter day caveman" and "a jungle beast." His fights against Patterson were seen as morality plays, Patterson was Good, Liston was Evil.

On July 24, 1963, two days after the second Patterson fight, *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray wrote: "The central fact . . . is that the world of sport now realizes it has gotten Charles (Sonny) Liston to keep. It is like finding a live bat on a string under your Christmas tree."

The NAACP had pleaded with Patterson not to fight Liston. Indeed, many blacks watched Liston's spectacular rise with something approaching horror, as if he were climbing the Empire State Building with Fay Wray in his hands. Here suddenly was a baleful black felon holding the most prestigious title in sports. This was at the precise moment in history when a young civil rights movement was emerging, a movement searching for role models. Television was showing freedom marchers being swept by fire hoses and attacked by police dogs. Yet, untouched by image makers, Liston steadfastly refused to speak any mind but his own. Asked by a young white reporter why *he* wasn't fighting for freedom in the South, Liston deadpanned, "I ain't got no dogproof ass."

Four months after Liston won the title, *Esquire* thumbed its nose at its white readers with an unforgettable cover. On the front of its December 1963 issue, there was Liston glowering out from under a tasseled red-and-white Santa Claus hat, looking like the last man on earth America wanted to see coming down its chimney.

Now at the end of the Christmas holiday of 1970, that old black Santa was still missing in Las Vegas. Geraldine crossed through the carport of the Listons' split-level and head-

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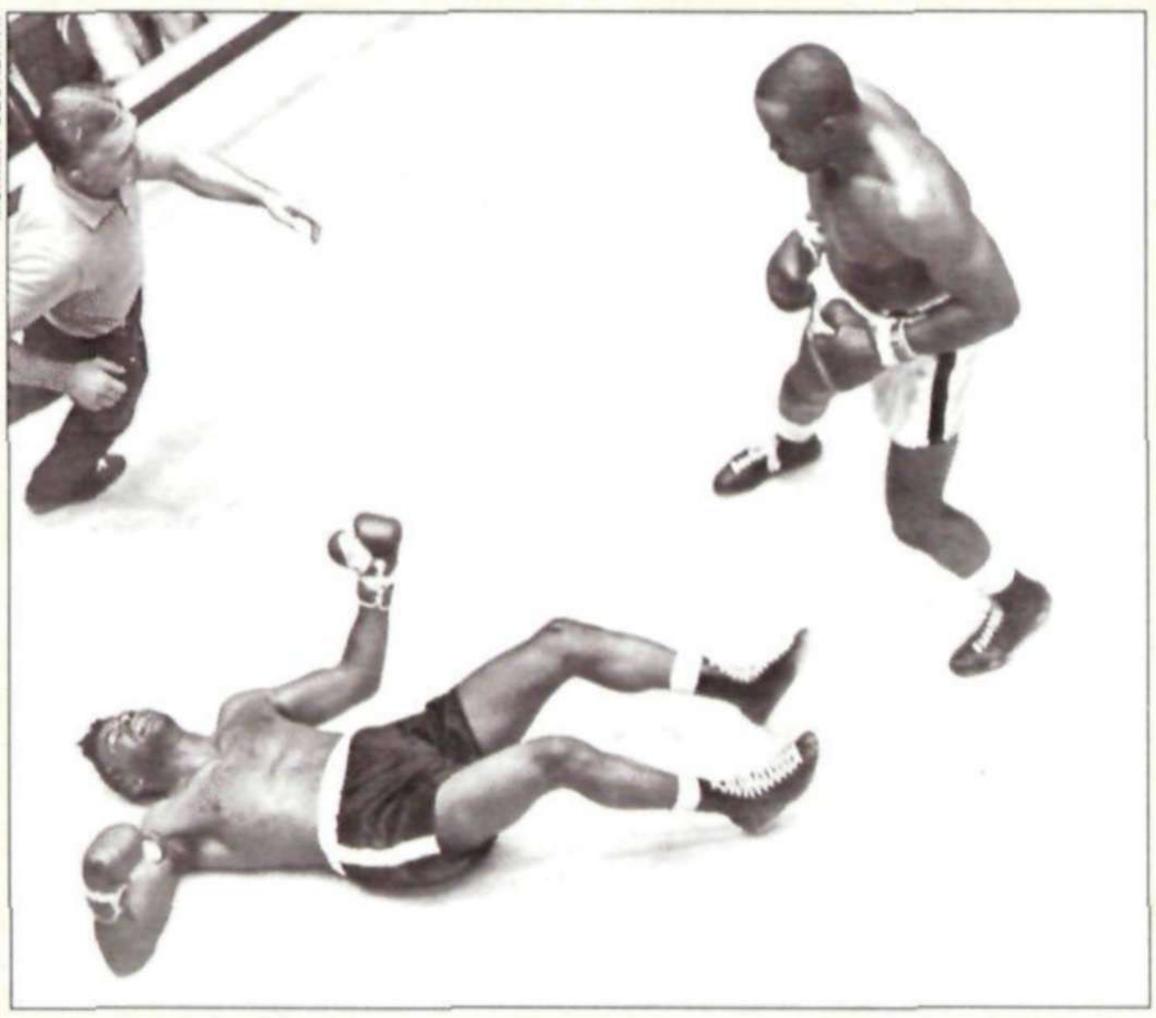
ed for the patio out back. Danielle was at her side. Copies of the *Las Vegas Sun* had been gathering in the carport since Dec. 29. Geraldine opened the back door and stepped into the den. A foul odor hung in the air, permeating the house, and so she headed up the three steps toward the kitchen. "I thought he had left some food out, and it had spoiled," she says. "But I didn't see anything."

Leaving the kitchen, she walked toward the staircase. She could hear the television from the master bedroom. Geraldine and Danielle climbed the stairs and looked through the bedroom door, to the smashed bench at the foot of the bed and the stone-cold figure lying with his back up against it, blood caked on the front of his swollen shirt and his head canted to one side. She gasped and said, "Sonny's dead."

"What's wrong?" Danielle asked.

She led the boy quickly down the stairs. "Come on, baby," she said.

On the afternoon of Sept. 27, 1962, Liston boarded a flight from Chicago to Philadelphia. He settled into a seat next to his friend Jack McKinney, an amateur fighter who was then a sportswriter for the *Philadelphia Daily News*. This was the day Liston had been waiting for ever since he first laced on boxing gloves, at the Missouri State Penitentiary a decade earlier. Forty-eight hours before, he had bludgeoned Patterson to become heavyweight champion. Denied a title fight for years, barred from New York City rings as an undesirable, largely ignored in his adopted Philadelphia, Liston suddenly felt vindicated, redeemed. In fact, before leaving the Sheraton Hotel in Chicago, he had received word from friends that the people of Philadelphia were awaiting his triumphant return with a ticker-tape parade.



MURRAY BECKER/AP

The Patterson rematch, like the first fight, ended in a quick KO.

The only disquieting tremor had been some other news out of Philadelphia, relayed to him by telephone from friends back home, that *Daily News* sports editor Larry Merchant had written a column confirming Liston's worst fears about how his triumph might be received. Those fears were based upon the ruckus that had preceded the fight. *The New York Times*'s Arthur Daley had led the way: "Whether Patterson likes it or not, he's stuck with it. He's the knight in shining armor battling the forces of evil."

Now wrote Merchant: "So it is true—in a fair fight between good and evil, evil must win. . . . A celebration for Philadelphia's first heavyweight champ is now in order. Emily Post probably would recommend a ticker-tape parade. For confetti we can use shredded warrants of arrest."

The darkest corner of Liston's personality was his lack of a sense of self. All the signs from his past pointed the same way and said the same thing: dead end. He was the 24th of 25 children fathered by Tobey Liston, a tenant cotton farmer who lived outside Forrest City, Ark. Tobey had two families, one with 15 children and the other with 10; Charles was born ninth to his mother, Helen. Outside the ring, he battled his whole life against writers who suggested that he was older than he claimed he was. "Maybe they think I'm so old because I never was really young," he said. Usually he would insist he was born on May 8, 1932, in the belly of the Great Depression, and he growled at reporters who dared to doubt him on this: "Anybody who says I'm not 30 is callin' my momma a liar."

"Sonny was so sensitive on the issue of his age because he did not really *know* how old he was," says McKinney. "When guys would write that he was 32 going on 50, it had more of an impact on him than anybody realized. Sonny didn't know *who* he was. He was looking for an identity, and he thought that being the champion would give him one."

Now that moment had arrived. During the flight home, McKinney says, Liston practiced the speech he was going to give when the crowds greeted him at the airport. Says McKinney, who took notes during the flight: "He used me as a sort of test auditor, dry-running his ideas by me."

Liston was excited, emotional, eager to begin his reign. "There's a lot of things I'm gonna do," he told McKinney. "But one thing's very important: *I want to reach my people.* I want to reach them and tell them, 'You don't have to worry about me disgracin' you. You won't have to worry about me stoppin' your progress.' I want to go to colored churches and colored neighborhoods. I know it was in the papers that the better class of colored people were hopin' I'd lose, even prayin' I'd lose, because they was afraid I wouldn't know how to act. . . . I remember one thing so clear about listenin' to Joe Louis fight on the radio when I was a kid. I never remember a fight the announcer didn't say about Louis, 'A great fighter and a credit to his race.' Remember? That used to make me feel real proud inside.

"I don't mean to be sayin' I'm just gonna be the champion of my own people," Liston continued. "It says now I'm the world's champion, and that's just the way it's gonna be. I want to go to a lot of places—like orphan homes and reform schools. I'll be able to say, 'Kid, I know it's tough for you, and it might even get tougher. But don't give up on the world. Good things can happen if you let them.' "

Liston was ready. As the plane rolled to a stop, he rose and walked to the door. McKinney was next to him. The staircase was wheeled to the door. Liston straightened his tie and his fedora. The door opened, and he stepped outside. There was no one there except for airline workers, a few reporters and photographers and a handful of p.r. men. "Other than those, no

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– Sir Charles

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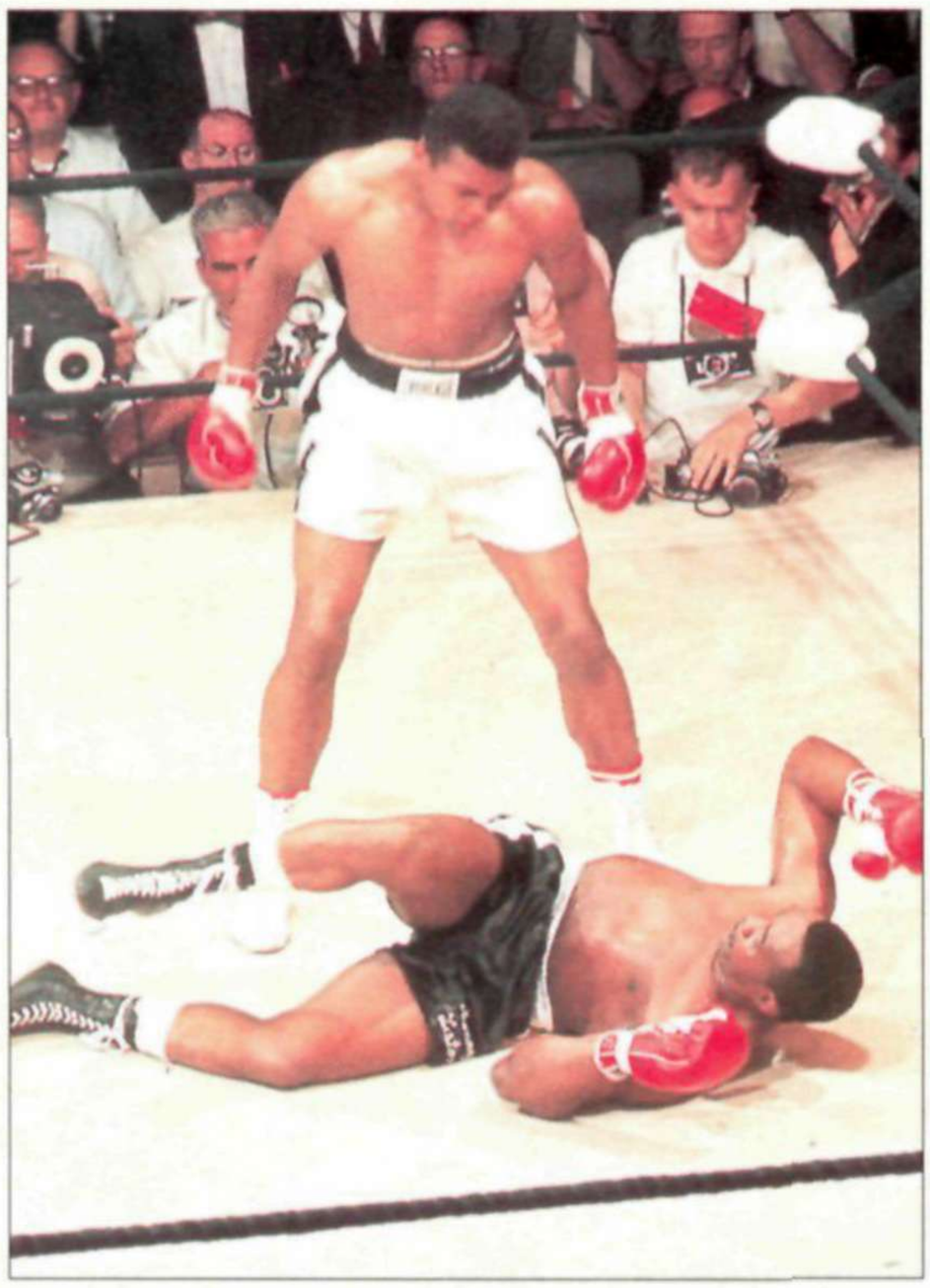
one," recalls McKinney. "I watched Sonny. His eyes swept the whole scene. He was extremely intelligent, and he understood immediately what it meant. His Adam's apple moved slightly. You could feel the deflation, see the look of hurt in his eyes. It was almost like a silent shudder went through him. He'd been deliberately snubbed.

"Philadelphia wanted nothing to do with him. Sonny felt, after he won the title, that the past was forgiven. It was going to be a whole new world. What happened in Philadelphia that day was a turning point in his life. He was still the bad guy. He was the personification of evil. And that's the way it was going to remain. He was devastated. I knew from that point on that the world would never get to know the Sonny that I knew."

On the way out of the airport after a brief press conference, Sonny turned to McKinney and said, "I think I'll get out tomorrow and do all the things I've always done. Walk down the block and buy the papers, stop in the drugstore, talk to the neighbors. Then I'll see how the *real peoples* feel. Maybe then I'll start to feelin' like a champion. You know, it's really a lot like an election, only in reverse. Here I'm already in office, but now I have to go out and start campaignin'."

That was a campaign that Liston could never win. He was to be forever cast in the role of devil's agent, and never more so than in his two stunning, ignominious losses to Cassius Clay, then beginning to be known as Muhammad Ali. In the history of boxing's heavyweight division, never has a fighter fallen faster, and further, than did Liston in the 15 months it took Ali to reduce him from being the man known as the fiercest alive to being the butt of jokes on TV talk shows.

BOB GOMEL/LIFE MAGAZINE



Ali's "phantom" right hand KO'd Liston in Lewiston.

"I think he died the day he was born," wrote Harold Conrad, who did publicity for four of Liston's fights. By the nearest reckoning, that birth would have been in a tenant's shack, 17 miles northwest of Forrest City and about 60 west of Memphis. Helen had met Tobey in Mississippi and had gone with him to Arkansas around the time of World War I. Young Charles grew up lost among all the callused hands and bare feet of innumerable siblings. "I had nothing when I was a kid but a lot of brothers and sisters, a helpless mother and a father who didn't care about any of us," Liston said. "We grew up with few clothes, no shoes, little to eat. My father worked me hard and whupped me hard."

Helen moved to St. Louis during World War II, and Charles, who was living with his father, set out north to find her when he was 13. Three years later he weighed 200 pounds, and he ruled his St. Louis neighborhood by force. At 18, he had already served time in a house of detention and was graduating to armed robbery. On Jan. 15, 1950, Liston was found guilty of two counts of larceny from a person and two counts of first-degree robbery. He served more than two years in the Missouri state pen in Jefferson City.

The prison's athletic director, Father Alois Stevens, a Catholic priest, first saw Liston when he came by the gym to join the boxing program. To Stevens, Liston looked like something out of *Jane's Fighting Ships*. "He was the most perfect specimen of manhood I had ever seen," Stevens recalls. "Powerful arms, big shoulders. Pretty soon he was knocking out everybody in the gym. His hands were so large! I couldn't believe it. They always had trouble with his gloves, trouble getting them on when his hands were wrapped."

In 1952 Liston was released on parole; he turned pro on Sept. 2, 1953, leveling Don Smith in the first round in St. Louis. Tocco met Liston when the fighter strolled into Tocco's gym in St. Louis. The trainer's first memory of Liston is fixed, mostly for the way he came in—slow and deliberate and alone, feeling his way along the edges of the gym, keeping to himself, saying nothing. That was classic Liston, casing every joint he walked into, checking for exits. As Liston began to work, Tocco saw the bird tracks up and down Liston's back, the enduring message from Tobey Liston.

"What are all those welts from?" Tobey asked him.

Said Liston, "I had bad dealin's with my father."

"He was a loner," Tocco says. "He wouldn't talk to nobody. He wouldn't go with nobody. He always came to the gym by himself. He always left by himself. The police knew he'd been in prison, and he'd be walking along, and they'd always stop him and search him. So he went through alleys all the time. *He always went around things.* I can still see him, either coming out of an alley or walking into one."

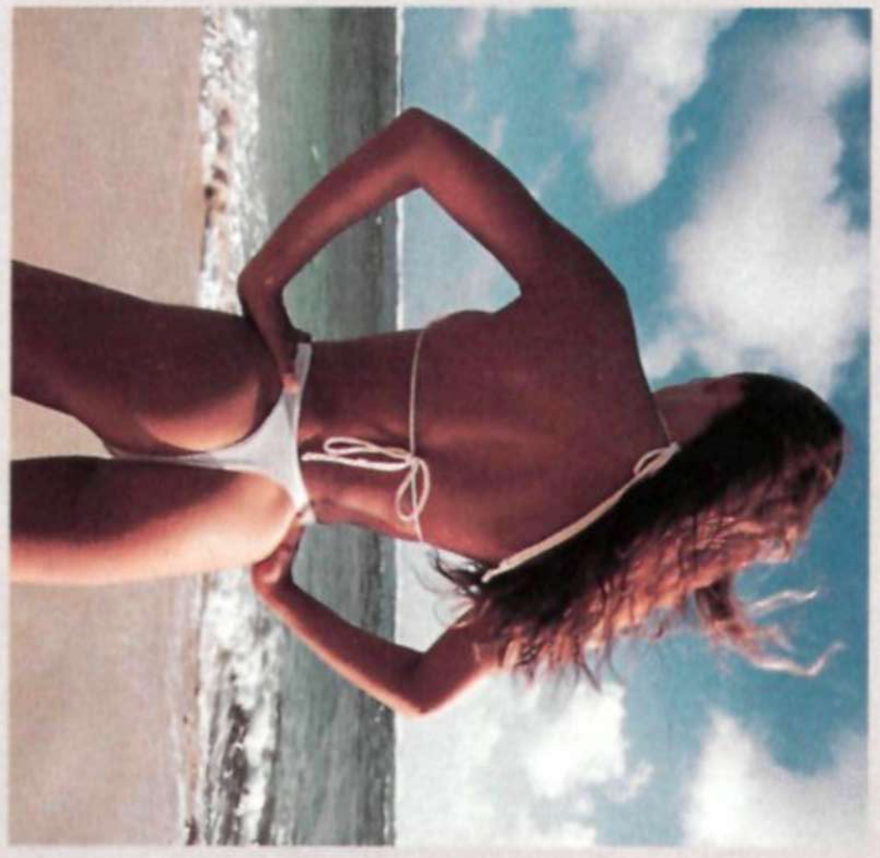
Nothing was simpler for Liston to fathom than the world between the ropes—step, jab, hook—and nothing was more unyielding than the secrets of living outside them. He was a mob fighter right out of prison. One of his managers, Frank Mitchell, the publisher of the *St. Louis Argus*, who had been arrested numerous times on suspicion of gambling, was a known front for John Vitale, St. Louis's reigning hoodlum. Vitale had ties to organized crime's two most notorious boxing manipulators: Frankie Carbo and Carbo's lieutenant, Frank (Blinky) Palermo, who controlled mob fighters out of Philadelphia. Vitale was in the construction business (among others), and when Liston was fighting, one of his jobs was cracking heads and keeping black laborers in line. Liston always publicly denied this, but years later he confided his role to one of his closest Las Vegas friends, Davey Pearl, a boxing referee. "He told me that when he was in St. Louis, he worked as a labor goon," says Pearl, "breaking up strikes."

SWISSMADE

SPRING
SUMMER 1994

THE ART OF CHANGING

SEA FLOOR



swatch
SCUBA 200

Not pleased with the company Liston was keeping—one of his pals was 385-pound Barney Baker, a reputed head cracker for the Teamsters—the St. Louis police kept stopping Liston, on sight and without cause, until, on May 5, 1956, 3½ years after his release from prison, Liston assaulted a St. Louis policeman, took his gun, left the cop lying in an alley and hid the weapon at a sister's house. The officer suffered a broken knee and gashed face. The following December, Liston began serving nine months in the city workhouse.

Soon after his release Liston had his second run-in with a St. Louis cop. The officer had creased Liston's skull with a nightstick, and two weeks later the fighter returned the favor by depositing the fellow headfirst in a trash can. Liston then fled St. Louis for Philadelphia, where Palermo installed one of his pals, Joseph (Pep) Barone, as Liston's manager, and Liston at once began fighting the biggest toughs in the division. He stopped Bethea, who spit out seven teeth, in the first round. Valdes fell in three, and so did Williams. Harris swooned in one, and Folley fell like a tree in three. Eddie Machen ran for 12 rounds but lost the decision. Albert Westphal keeled in one. Now Liston had one final fight to win. Only Patterson stood between him and the title.

Whether or not Patterson should deign to fight the ex-con led, at the time, to a weighty moral debate among the nation's reigning sages of sport. What sharpened the lines were Liston's recurring problems with the law in Philadelphia, including a variety of charges stemming from a June 1961 incident in Fairmount Park. Liston and a companion had been arrested for stopping a female motorist after dark and shining a light in her car. All charges, including impersonating a police officer, were eventually dropped. A month before, Liston had been brought in for loitering on a street corner. That charge too was dropped. More damaging were revelations that he was, indeed, a mob fighter, with a labor goon's history. In 1960, when Liston was the No. 1 heavyweight contender, testimony before a U.S. Senate subcommittee probing underworld control of boxing had revealed that Carbo and Palermo together owned a majority interest in him. Of this, Liston said, he knew nothing. "Pep Barone handles me," he said.

"Do you think that people like [Carbo and Palermo] ought to remain in the sport of boxing?" asked the committee chairman, Tennessee senator Estes Kefauver.

"I wouldn't pass judgment on no one," Liston replied. "I haven't been perfect myself."

In an act of public cleansing after the Fairmount Park incident, Liston spent three months living in a house belonging to the Loyola Catholic Church in Denver, where he had met Father Edward Murphy, a Jesuit priest, while training to fight Folley in 1960. Murphy, who died in 1975, became Liston's spiritual counselor and teacher. "Murph gave him a house to live in and tried to get him to stop drinking," Father Thomas Kelly, one of Murphy's closest friends, recalls. "That was his biggest problem. You could smell him in the mornings. Oh, poor Sonny. He was just an accident waiting to happen. Murph used to say, 'Pray for the poor bastard.' "

But even Liston's sojourn in Denver didn't still the debate over his worthiness to fight for the title. In this bout between good and evil, the clearest voice belonged to *New York Herald-Tribune* columnist Red Smith: "Should a man with a record of violent crime be given a chance to become champion of the world? Is America less sinful today than in 1853 when John Morrissey, a saloon brawler and political headbreaker out of Troy, N.Y., fought Yankee Sullivan, lamister from the Australian penal colony in Botany Bay? In our time, hoodlums have held championships with distinction. Boxing may be purer since their departure; it is not healthier."

COURTESY ESQUIRE MAGAZINE

Liston was Esquire's idea of a most unjolly Santa.

Since he could not read, Liston missed many pearls, but friends read scores of columns to him. When Barone was under fire for his mob ties, Liston quipped, "I got to get me a manager that's not hot—like Estes Kefauver." Instead, he got George Katz, who quickly came to appreciate Liston's droll sense of humor. Katz managed Liston for 10% of his purses, and as the two sat in court at Liston's hearing for the Fairmount Park incident, Liston leaned over to Katz and said, "If I get time, you're entitled to 10 percent of it."

Liston was far from the sullen, insensitive brute of the popular imagination. Liston and McKinney would take long walks between workouts, and during them Liston would recite the complete dialogue and sound effects of the comedy routines of black comedians like Pigmeat Markham and Redd Foxx. "He could imitate what he heard, down to creaking doors and women's voices," says McKinney. "It was hilarious hearing him do falsetto."

Liston also fabricated quaint metaphors to describe phenomena ranging from brain damage to the effects of his jab: "The middle of a fighter's forehead is like a dog's tail. Cut off the tail and the dog goes all whichway 'cause he ain't got no more balance. It's the same with a fighter's forehead."

He lectured occasionally on the unconscious, though not in the Freudian sense. Setting the knuckles of one fist into the grooves between the knuckles of the other fist, he would explain: "See, the different parts of the brain set in little cups like this. When you get hit a terrible shot—*pop!*—the brain flops out of them cups and you're knocked out. Then the brain settles back in the cups and you come to. But after this happens enough times, or sometimes even once if the shot's hard enough, the brain don't settle back right in them cups, and that's when you start needing other people to help you get around."

So it was that Liston vowed to hit Patterson on the dog's tail until his brain flopped out of its cups. Actually, he missed the tail

and hit the chin. Patterson was gone. Liston had trained to the minute, and he was a better fighter that night than he would ever be again. And what had it gotten him? Obviously, nothing in his life had changed. He left Philadelphia after he won the title, because he believed he was being harassed by the police of Fairmount Park, through which he had to drive to get from the gym to his home. At one point he was stopped for "driving too slow" through the park. That did it. In 1963 he moved to Denver, where he announced, "I'd rather be a lamppost in Denver than the mayor of Philadelphia."

At times, in fact, things were not much better in the Rockies. "For a while the Denver police pulled him over every day," says Ray Schoeninger, a former Liston sparring partner. "They must have stopped him 100 times outside City Park. He'd run on the golf course, and as he left in his car, they'd stop him. Twenty-five days in a row. Same two cops. They thought it was a big joke. It made me ashamed of being a Denver native. Sad they never let him live in peace."

Liston's disputes were not always with the police. After he won the title, he walked into the dining room of the Beverly Rodeo Hotel in Hollywood and approached the table at which former rumrunner Moe Dalitz, head of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas and a boss of the old Cleveland mob, was eating. The two men spoke. Liston made a fist and cocked it. Speaking very distinctly, Dalitz said, "If you hit me, nigger, you better kill me. Because if you don't, I'll make one telephone call, and you'll be dead in 24 hours." Liston wheeled and left.

The police and Dalitz were hardly Liston's only tormentors. There was a new and even more inescapable disturber of his peace: the boisterous Clay. Not that Liston at first took notice. After clubbing Patterson, he took no one seriously. He hardly trained for the rematch in Las Vegas. Clay, who hung around Liston's gym while the champion went through the motions of preparing for Patterson, heckled him relentlessly. Already a minor poet, Clay would yell at Liston, "Sonny is a fatty. I'm gonna whip him like his daddy!" One afternoon he rushed up to Liston, pointed to him and shouted, "He ain't whipped nobody! Who's he whipped?" Liston, sitting down, patted a leg and said, "Little boy, come sit in my lap." But Clay wouldn't sit; he was too busy running around and bellowing, "The beast is on the run!"

Liston spotted Clay one day in the Thunderbird Casino, walked up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. Clay turned, and Liston cuffed him hard with the back of his hand. The place was silent. Young Clay looked frightened. "What you do that for?" he said.

" 'Cause you're too —— fresh," Liston said. As he headed out of the casino, he said, "I got the punk's heart now."

That incident would be decisive in determining the outcome of the first Liston-Clay fight, seven months later. "Sonny had no respect for Clay after that," McKinney says. "Sonny thought all he had to do was take off his robe and Clay would faint. He made this colossal misjudgment. He didn't train at all."

If he had no respect for Clay, Liston was like a child around the radio hero of his boyhood, Joe Louis. When George Lois, then the art director at *Esquire*, decided to try the black-Santa cover, he asked his friend Louis to approach Liston. Liston

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grudgingly agreed to do the shoot in Las Vegas. Photographer Carl Fischer snapped one photograph, whereupon Liston rose, took off the cap and said, "That's it." He started out the door. Lois grabbed Liston's arm. The fighter stopped and stared at the art director. "I let his arm go," Lois recalls.

While Liston returned to the craps tables, Lois was in a panic. "One picture!" Lois says. "You need to take 50, 100 pictures to make sure you get it right." He ran to Louis, who understood Lois's dilemma. Louis found Liston shooting craps, walked up behind him, reached up, grabbed him by an ear and marched him out of the casino. Bent over like a puppy on a leash, Liston followed Louis to the elevator, with Louis muttering, "Come on, git!" The cover shoot resumed.

A few months later, of course, Clay handled Liston almost as easily. Liston stalked and chased, but Clay was too quick and too fit for him. By the end of the third round Liston knew that his title was in peril, and he grew desperate. One of Liston's trainers, Joe Pollino, confessed to McKinney years later that Liston ordered him to rub an astringent compound on his gloves before the fourth round. Pollino complied. Liston shoved his gloves into Clay's face in the fourth, and the challenger's eyes began burning and tearing so severely that he could not see. In his corner, before the fifth round, Clay told his handlers that he could not go on. His trainer, Angelo Dundee, had to literally push him into the ring. Moving backward faster than Liston moved forward, Clay ducked and dodged as Liston lunged after him. He survived the round.

By the sixth Clay could see clearly again, and as he danced and jabbed, hitting Liston at will, the champion appeared to age three years in three minutes. At the end of that round, bleeding and exhausted, he could foresee his humiliating end. His left shoulder had been injured—he could no longer throw an effective punch with it—and so he stayed on his stool, just sat there at the bell to start Round 7.

There were cries that Liston had thrown the fight. That night Conrad, Liston's publicist, went to see him in his room, where Liston was sitting in bed, drinking.

"What are they saying about the fight?" Liston asked.

"That you took a dive," said Conrad.

Liston raged. "Me? Sell my title? Those dirty bastards!" He threw his glass and shattered it against the wall.

The charges of a fix in that fight were nothing compared with what would be said about the rematch, in Lewiston, Maine, during which Liston solidified his place in boxing history. Ali, as the young champion was now widely called, threw one blow, an overhand right so dubious that it became known as the Phantom Punch, and suddenly Liston was on his back. The crowd came to its feet in anger, yelling, "Fake! Fake!"

Ali looked down at the fallen Liston, cocked a fist and screamed at him, "Get up and fight, sucker! Get up and fight!"

There was chaos. Referee Joe Walcott, having vainly tried to push Ali to a neutral corner, did not start a count, and Liston lay there unwilling to rise. "Clay caught me cold," Liston would recall. "Anybody can get caught in the first round, before you work up a sweat. Clay stood over me. I never blacked out. But I wasn't gonna get up, either, not with him standing over me. See, you can't get up without putting one hand on the floor, and so I couldn't protect myself."

The finish was as ugly as a Maine lobster. Walcott finally moved Ali back, and as Liston rose, Walcott wiped off his gloves and stepped away. Ali and Liston resumed fighting. Immediately, Nat Fleischer, editor of *The Ring* magazine, who was sitting next to the official timer, began shouting for Walcott to stop the fight. Liston had been down for 17 seconds, and Fleischer, who had no actual authority at ringside, thought the fight should have been declared over. Walcott left the two men fighting and walked over to confer with Fleischer. Though he had never even started a count, Walcott then turned back to the fighters and, incredibly, stepped between them to end the fight. "I was never counted out," Liston said later. "I coulda got up *right* after I was hit."

No one believed him, of course, and even Geraldine had her doubts. Ted King, one of Liston's seconds, recalls her angrily accusing Sonny later that night of going in the water.

"You could have gotten up, and you stayed down!" she cried.

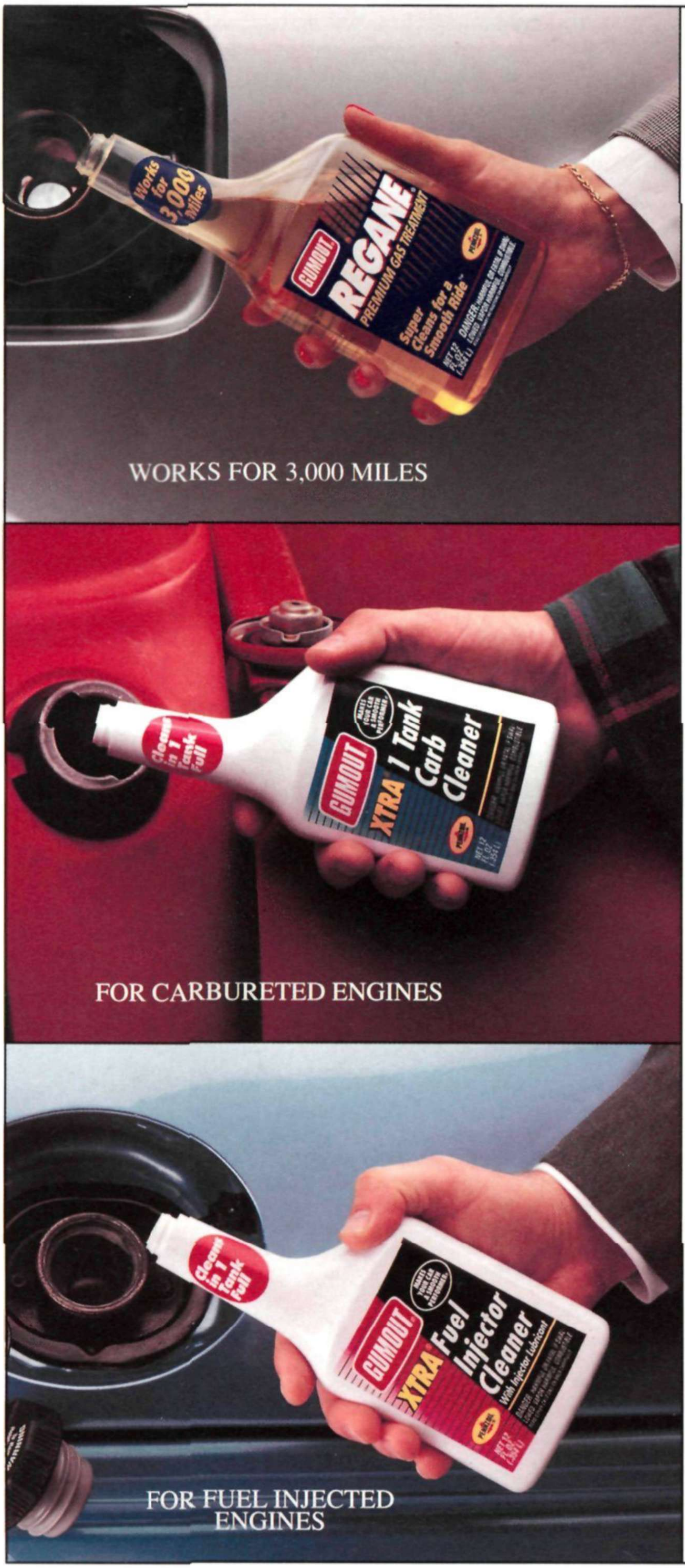
Liston looked pleadingly at King. "Tell her, Teddy," he said. "Tell her I got hit."

Some who were at ringside that night, and others who have studied the films, insist that Ali indeed connected with a shattering right. But Liston's performance in Lewiston has long been perceived as a tank job, and not a convincing one at that. One of Liston's assistant trainers claims that Liston threw the fight for fear of being murdered. King now says that two well-dressed Black Muslims showed up in Maine before the fight—Ali had just become a Muslim—and warned Liston, "You get killed if you win." So, according to King, Liston chose a safer ending. It seems fitting somehow that Liston should spend the last moments of the best years of his life on his back while the crowd showered him with howls of execration. Liston's two losses to Ali ended the short, unhappy reign of the most feared—and the most relentlessly hounded—prizefighter of his time.

Liston never really retired from the ring. After two years of fighting pushovers in Europe, he returned to the U.S. and began a comeback of sorts in 1968. He knocked out all seven of his opponents that year and won three more matches in 1969 before an old sparring partner, Leotis Martin, stopped him in the ninth round of a bout on Dec. 6. That killed any chance at a title shot.

BILL PETERS DENVER POST

Liston could not avoid run-ins with the police.



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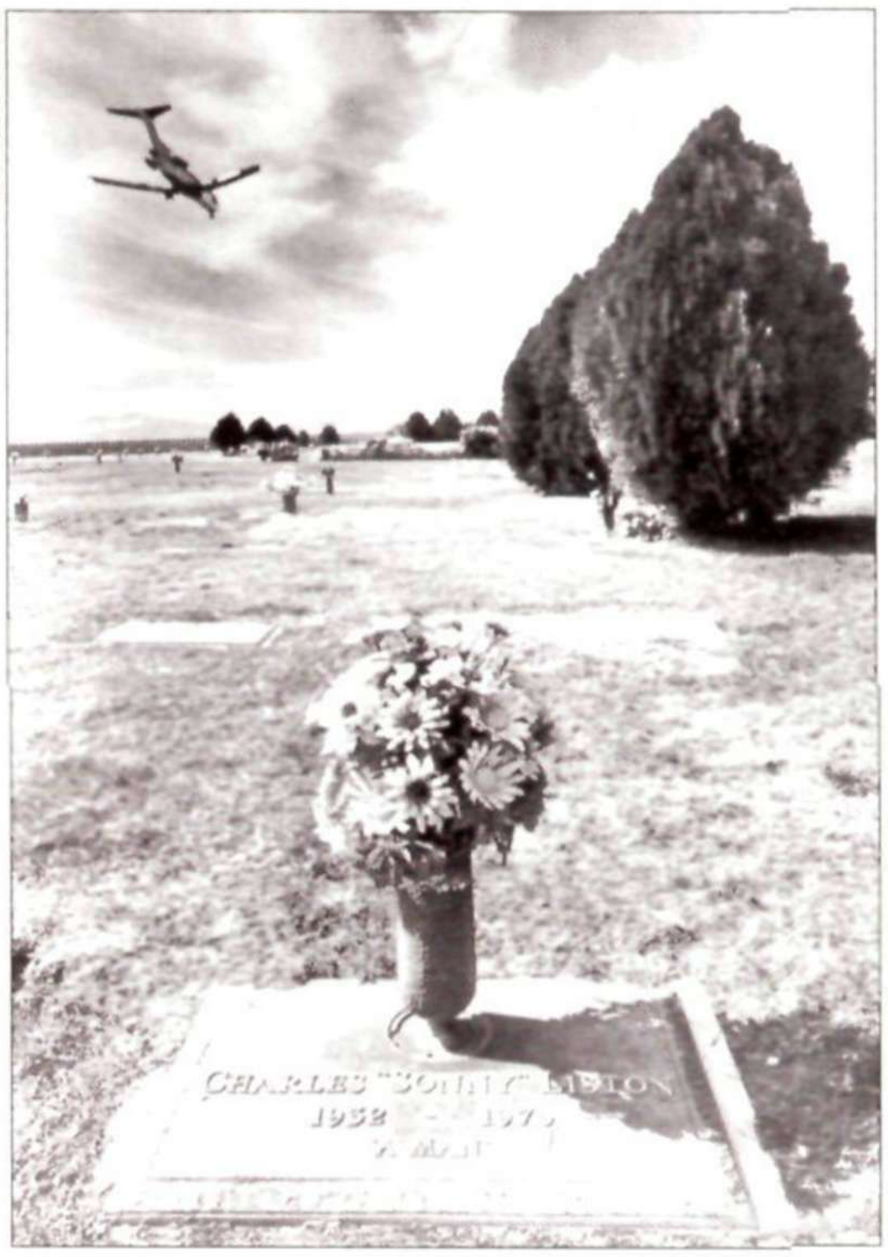
On June 29, 1970, he fought Chuck Wepner in Jersey City. Tocco, Liston's old trainer from the early St. Louis days, prepared him for the fight against the man known as the Bayonne Bleeder. Liston hammered Wepner with jabs, and in the sixth round Tocco began pleading with the referee to stop the fight. "It was like blood was coming out of a hydrant," says Tocco. The referee stopped the bout in the 10th; Wepner needed 57 stitches to close his face.

That was Liston's last fight. He earned $13,000 for it, but he wound up broke nonetheless. Several weeks earlier, Liston had asked Banker to place a $10,000 bet for him on undefeated heavyweight contender Mac Foster to whip veteran Jerry Quarry. Quarry stopped Foster in the sixth round, and Liston promised Banker he would pay him back after the Wepner fight. When Liston and Banker boarded the flight back to Las Vegas, Liston opened a brown paper bag, carefully counted out $10,000 in small bills and handed the wad to Banker. "He gave the other $3,000 to guys in his corner," Banker said. "That left him with nothing."

In the last weeks of his life Liston was moving with a fast crowd. At one point a Las Vegas sheriff warned Banker, through a mutual friend, to stay away from Liston. "We're looking into a drug deal," said the sheriff. "Liston is getting involved with the wrong people." At about the same time two Las Vegas policemen stopped by the gym and told Tocco that Liston had recently turned up at a house that would be the target of a drug raid. Says Tocco, "For a week the police were parked in a lot across the street, watching when Sonny came and who he left with."


MICHAEL BRENNAN

Buried near an airport, Liston still has no peace.

On the night Geraldine found his body, Liston had been dead at least six days, and an autopsy revealed traces of morphine and codeine of a type produced by the breakdown of heroin in the body. His body was so decomposed that tests were inconclusive—officially, he died of lung congestion and heart failure—but circumstantial evidence suggests that he died of a heroin overdose. There were fresh needle marks on one of his arms. An investigating officer, Sergeant Gary Beckwith, found a small amount of marijuana along with heroin and a syringe in the house.

Geraldine, Banker and Pearl all say that they had no knowledge of Liston's involvement with drugs, but law enforcement officials say they have reason to believe that Liston was a regular heroin user. Those closest to him may not have known of his drug use. Liston had apparently lived two lives for years.

Pearl was always hearing reports of Liston's drinking binges, but Liston was a teetotaler around Pearl. "I never saw Sonny take a drink," says Pearl. "Ever. And I was with him hundreds of times over the last five years of his life. He'd leave me at night, and the next morning someone would say to me, 'You should have seen your boy, Liston, last night. Was he ever drunk!' I once asked him, 'What is this? You leave me at night and go out and get drunk?' He just looked at me. I never, ever suspected him of doing dope. I'm telling you, I don't think he did."

Some police officials and not a few old friends think that Liston may have been murdered, though they have no way of proving it now. Conrad believed that Liston had become deeply involved in a loan-sharking ring in Las Vegas, as a bill collector, and that he had tried to muscle in for a bigger share of the action. His employers got him drunk, Conrad surmised, took him home and stuck him with a needle. There are police in Las Vegas who say they believe—but are unable to prove—that Liston was the target of a hit ordered by Ash Resnick, an old associate of Liston's with whom he was having a dispute over money. Resnick died in 1989.

Geraldine has trouble comprehending all that talk about heroin or murder. "If he was killed, I don't know who would do it," she says. "If he was doing drugs, he didn't act like he was drugged. Sonny wasn't on dope. He had high blood pressure, and he had been out drinking in late December. As far as I'm concerned, he had a heart attack. Case closed."

There is no persuasive explanation of how Liston died, so the speculation continues.

Liston is buried in Paradise Memorial Gardens, in Las Vegas, directly under the flight path for planes approaching McCarran International Airport. The brass plate on the grave is tarnished now, but the epitaph is clear under his name and the years of his life. It reads simply: A MAN. Twenty years ago Father Murphy flew in from Denver to give the eulogy, then went home and wept for an hour before he could compose himself enough to tell Father Kelly about the funeral. "They had the funeral procession down the Strip," Murphy said. "Can you imagine that? People came out of the hotels to watch him pass. They stopped everything. They used him all his life. They were still using him on the way to the cemetery. There he was, another Las Vegas show. God help us."

In the end, it seemed fitting that Liston, after all those years, should finally play to a friendly crowd on the way to his own burial—with a police escort, the most ironic touch of all.

Geraldine remained in Las Vegas for nine years after Sonny died—she was a casino hostess—then returned to St. Louis, where she had met Sonny after his parole, when he was working in a munitions factory. She has never remarried, and today works as a medical technician. "He was a great guy, great with me, great with kids, a gentle man," says Geraldine.

With Geraldine gone from Las Vegas, few visit Sonny's grave anymore. Every couple of minutes a plane roars over, shaking the earth and rattling the broken plastic flowers that someone placed in the metal urn atop his headstone. "Every once in a while someone comes by and asks to see where he's buried," says a cemetery worker. "But not many anymore. Not often." ■

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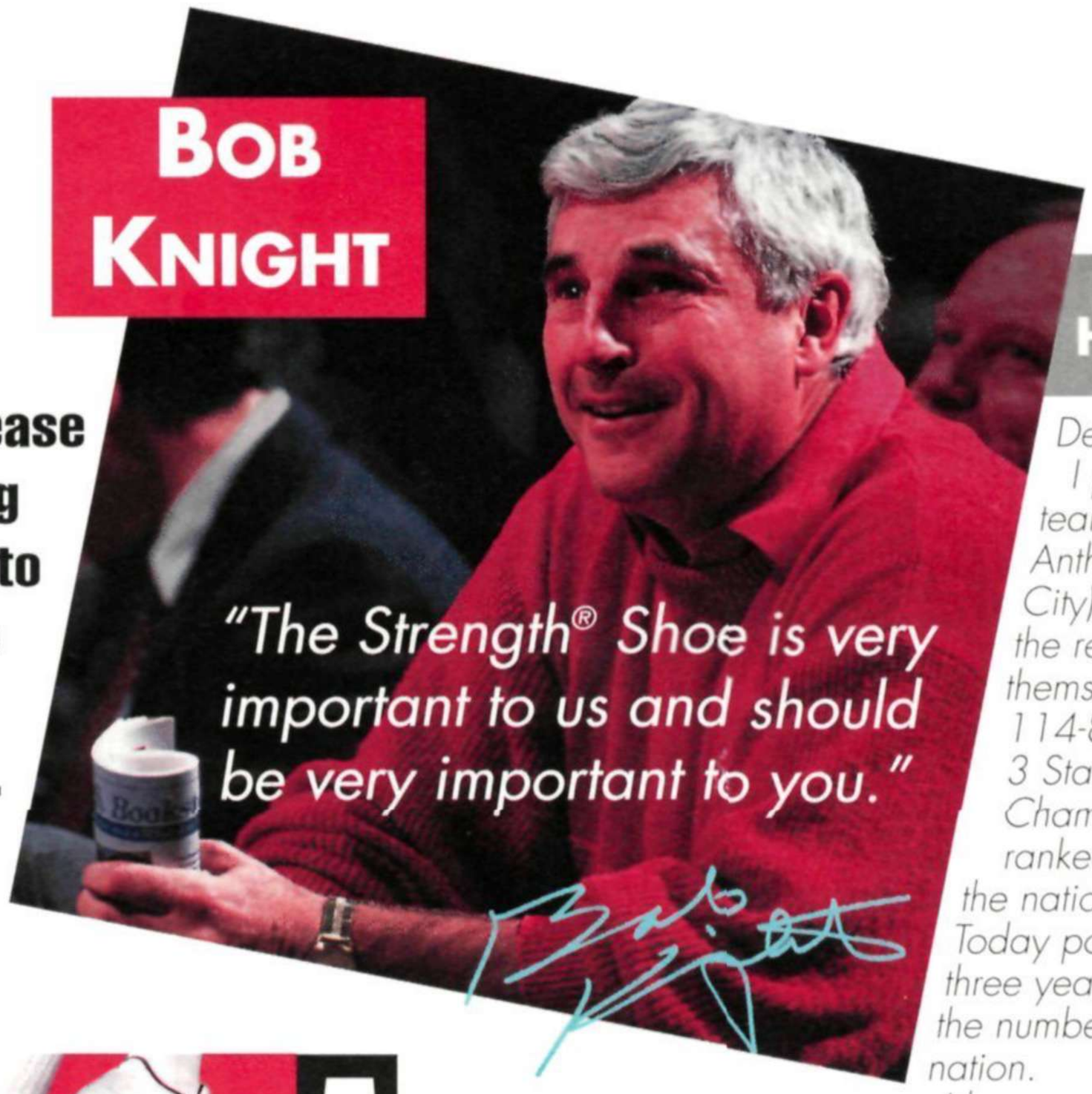

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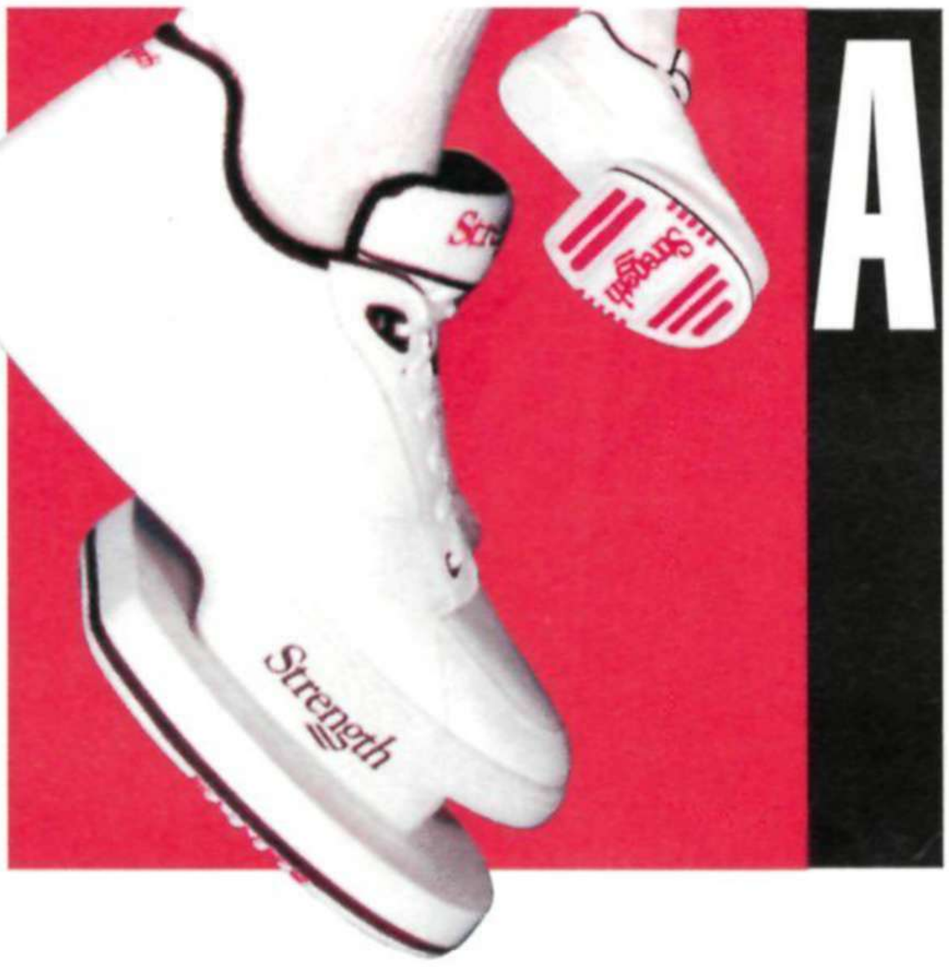

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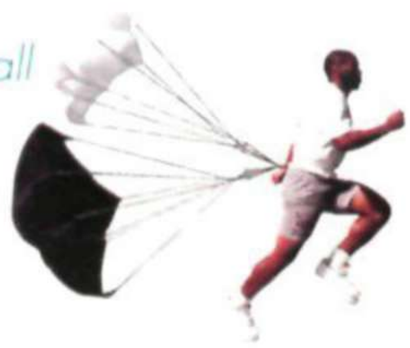

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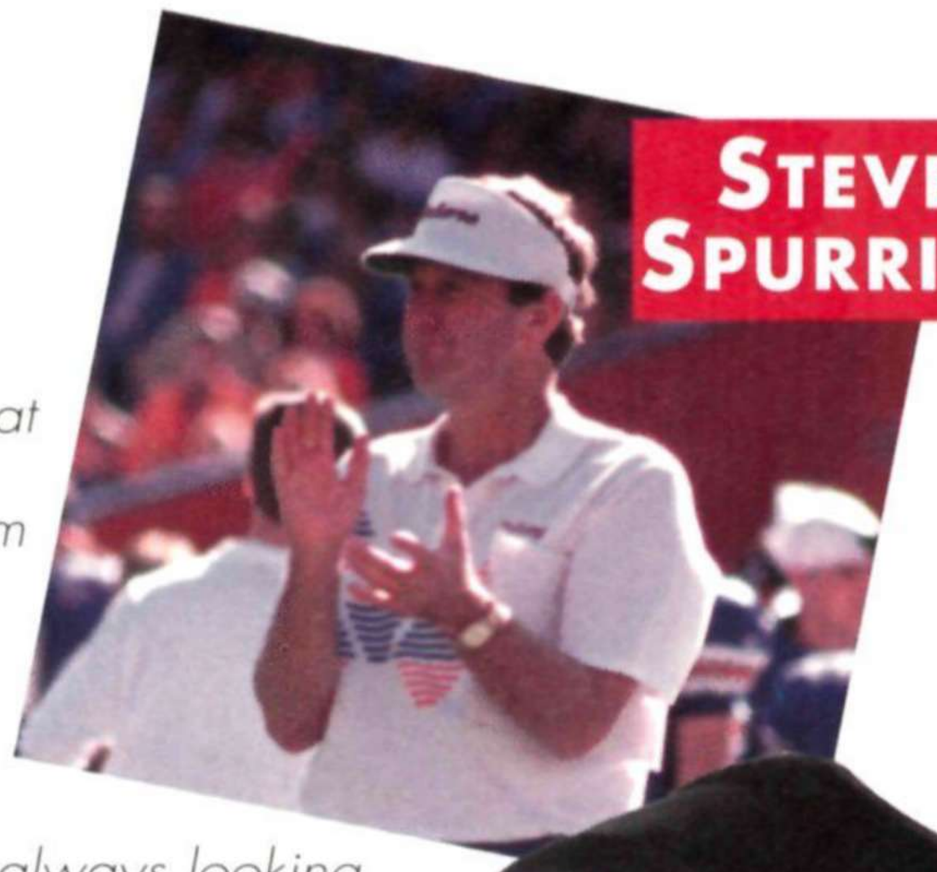

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A Life in the Shadows

Since 1947 Dick Baldwin has shunned the big time to coach small-college hoops in upstate New York

by Alexander Wolff

SOMEONE HAS chosen this afternoon to darken the doorway of Dick Baldwin's tiny, cramped office with a problem. A characteristic late-20th-century college basketball problem. A shoe problem.

But in a quaint, peculiarly small-college twist, the problem isn't borne by some beady-eyed compliance officer, come to inform Baldwin that he stands accused of funneling sneakers to his players at the State University of New York at Binghamton so they might resell the shoes for pocket money. Nor is the problem represented by a Maserati-driving shoe executive, calling to convey regrets that he can offer only a million a year and not that promised seat on the company board.

The problem, rather, is this: The Binghamton players have been trying on shoes of a certain style. They will buy the shoes with their own money, except for a $50 subsidy from the school for each pair. But the team's ambivalent. "We like the fit and the feel," says one of the tricaptains, a senior guard with the decidedly Division III name of Jeremy Greenberg. "But what would you think about . . . *black* shoes?"

Now, Baldwin is the winningest college basketball coach ever. He's also, at 72, the oldest coach still wielding a clipboard. What is such a man to do? Be a fuddy-duddy and say no? Or go back on his pronouncement not an hour earlier that this year the Colonials would be shod in white, as they were last season?

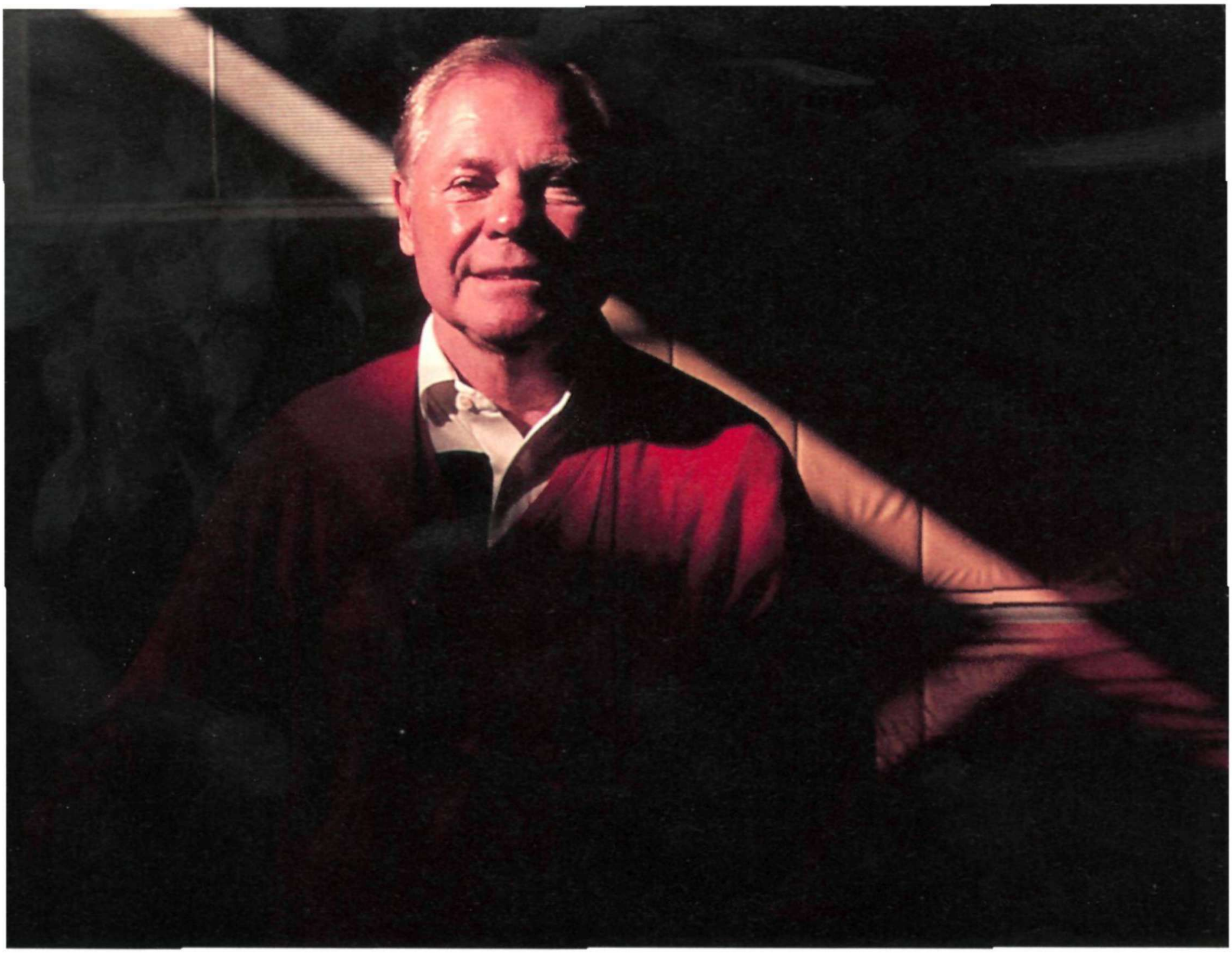
"Fine with me," Baldwin says. "We want happy feet."

As his assuaged tricaptain pads down the hall, Baldwin smiles. "Some pro team must be wearing black," he says.

You have just witnessed the quintessential Dick Baldwin moment. Bending is how a coach prospers in the bushes, where Baldwin has won 933 games. The first 879 victories came at Broome Community College in Binghamton, where Baldwin coached from 1947 to '87. The other 54 occurred across town at SUNY-Binghamton, a.k.a. Binghamton University, where Baldwin has coached since ending a four-year retirement in '91.

When Baldwin took over at Binghamton, the Colonials had failed to win 10 games in any of their previous four seasons. They were lucky to draw a few hundred spectators per game—despite not charging admission. Even with Baldwin on the bench, the team lost five of its first six games in '91. But it went on to win 19, more than any SUNY-B team ever. Last season the Colonials went 19–9 and won their second division title in a row. As of Sunday they were 16–4 for '93–94, and late this season or early next they should give Baldwin his 939th victory, breaking Red Auerbach's mark of 938, which leads all basketball coaches, college or pro.

When players hear instructions from this man who rarely raises his voice, who played the game when you still jumped center after every basket, who is mantled in all those victories, they can't help but take the floor with a spring of confidence in their step. Baldwin has done the chalk; surely they can walk the walk. "My sophomore year we were in a lot of games tied or down at the half, and then in the first few minutes of the second half we'd just overrun them," says Greenberg. "It was always just one or two things he'd tell us."



In one of those halftime talks, Baldwin found occasion to quote another Colonial—Ben Franklin, who at the signing of the Declaration of Independence said, "We must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

"No, I wasn't there when he said it," Baldwin added.

Yet you could reissue a chunk of the collegiate record book under the name *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Baldwin has won in six decades. He has never missed a game. Only twice in 42 seasons has one of his teams finished below .500. As a junior-college coach he went 64–24 against four-year schools. "You know," he says, "I can never remember the losses."

If Baldwin were in the big time, no one would let him forget the losses. All he has to do is look up the New York State Thruway to see how Jim Boeheim gets chewed on at Syracuse. But the Division I merry-go-round never held much appeal for this denizen of greater Binghamton, the Carousel Capital of the World, which sits astride the Susquehanna River just north of the Pennsylvania line. There was a brief stretch during the early 1950s when Baldwin looked into openings at St. Bonaventure and Cornell, but he quickly determined that he could do better at Broome. "As Sinatra puts it, 'My regrets are few,' " Baldwin says. "Except one. I would have kept my college nickname, Biggie. It had euphony to it. It would have been a good public-relations gimmick."

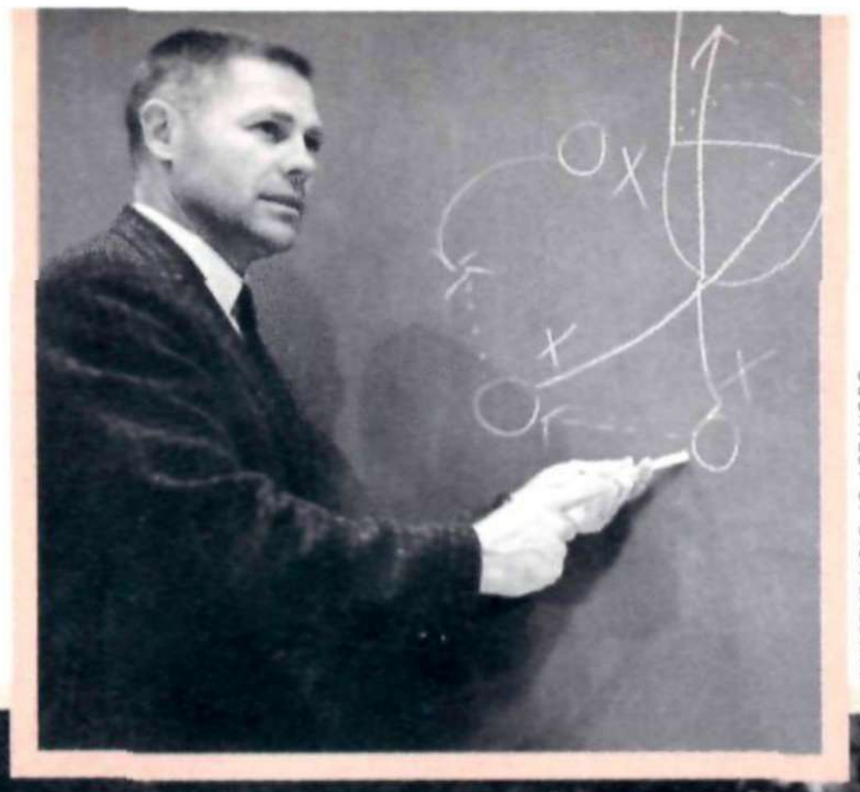
Today Binghamton athletic director Joel Thirer, who hired Baldwin, acts like a homeowner who has just discovered black crude under the Charm-Glo. "Dick doesn't have a sleep-in-your-car mentality," says Thirer. "He's a teacher whose roles as a father and a husband take precedence." Just so you understand: Thirer means those things are *good*.

In 1975, at the National Association of Basketball Coaches convention in San Diego, Baldwin was supposed to lead a clinic when he and his wife, Janet, learned that one of their daughters had just given birth to their first grandchild. "Let's go," Janet said, and she and Dick left. To stand in for Baldwin, organizers conscripted a man who happened to be in San Diego because his old team, Kentucky, was in the Final Four. Twelve years later, when Broome gave Baldwin his 877th victory, he took Adolph Rupp's place at the top of the college coaches' victory list. But Rupp had once taken Baldwin's place at a clinic because, in the end, there's something more important than basketball.

For the past 45 years, Dick and Janet have shared the same house in the Binghamton suburb of Chenango Bridge. That's where they raised their three daughters, Judy, Sandy and Debbie. Dick has always confounded stereotypes of male coaches, and the women in his life appreciate him for it. "He'd never be angry or sullen after a big loss," says Sandy. "If things weren't going well he'd look at what *he* was doing, not at what the kids weren't picking up."

Before the 1980s got hold of the profession and deformed it, coaching wasn't a control-freak show for primpers and preeners. It entailed making do, enabling, finding effective ways to jawbone young men who were hormonally (and often academically) jumbled into accepting their

DAVID BURNETT



COURTESY OF DICK BALDWIN

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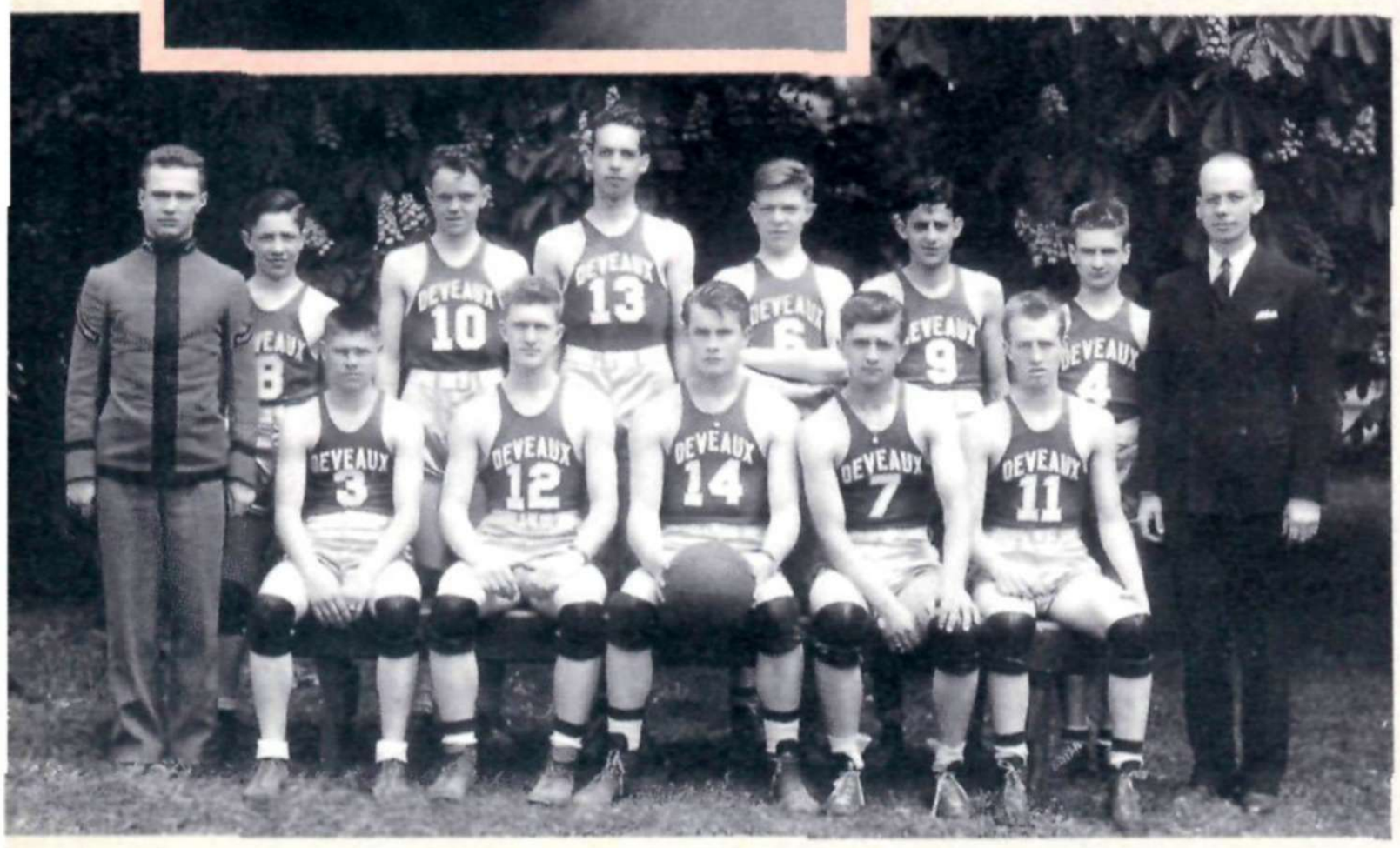

COURTESY OF DICK BALDWIN

As Baldwin (3) rose from hoops player at DeVeaux to coach at Broome, his golf game sizzled.

roles on a team. "From the first time he walked into the gym, Coach Baldwin didn't speak loud or stomp his feet," says star senior tricaptain Sherwin Telford. "But there was something about the way he spoke and carried himself. You had no choice but to respect him."

Baldwin doesn't remember where he was when he heard the news, nor does he recall who told him. *(I never remember the losses.)* But in 1931 his father, Allen, a lawyer in Olean, N.Y., was killed in a hunting accident. Dick was nine years old.

Dick's mother, Opal, opened a beauty parlor in their home at 808 Main Street to support Dick and his younger brother, Allen Jr. In the meantime the DeVeaux School, a military academy in Niagara Falls, offered Dick a scholarship reserved for fatherless boys. Dick lettered in baseball, basketball, golf, soccer and tennis, sang in the choir, made the honor roll and served as student council president. In his senior year he won a scholarship to the University of Rochester.

In college Baldwin played football and golf in addition to basketball. A 5′ 8″ forward, he was described in accounts of the time as "the little guy with the eagle eye." He learned much from his coach, Lou Alexander. Some lessons were by counterexample: When Alexander upbraided his players for turnovers, Baldwin intuitively understood the negative effect. Today he is still sensitive to his players' feelings. Come garbage time he won't send a substitute into the game without asking him if *he wants to play, lest the young man's* pride be hurt.

By his junior year at Rochester, Baldwin had become a contributor on perhaps the greatest basketball team in the school's history, a squad that went 16–0. Baldwin was elected captain for the '42–43 season, but during the summer before that school year he was drafted into the Army. While serving with the Army Air Forces in England as a bomb-sight mechanic and autopilot technician, he kept in touch with his brother, whom everyone called Babe. He was on the Continent in the infantry. One day one of Dick's letters to Babe came back marked DECEASED.

Back in Olean, at 806 Main Street next door to the Baldwins, Janet Reitz was 15. She remembers a teacher telling students that Babe Baldwin, her brother's best friend, had stepped on a land mine at the Battle of the Bulge. Janet also remembers, from card games the Reitz and Baldwin families had played together, how furious Dick became when he got the Old Maid. "By the time I got back, she'd grown up," says Dick, who got not the Old Maid but the girl next door.

He finished up his last year at Rochester, then brought his bride to Binghamton, where he took a job at the State Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences, one of the first in a crop of two-year schools sprouting up after the war. Baldwin coached basketball, golf and baseball, served as athletic director, taught communications skills, even did a turn as the school's public-relations director. When the basketball team lost its first three games, some people wondered if the new man was stretched too thin.

"When I started out I told myself, We'll only play man-to-man," Baldwin says. "After those first three games I switched to a zone. The first thing I learned was that there are no certainties in coaching. Ever since then I've been very flexible."

No team better exemplifies Baldwin's resourcefulness than his 1961 regional champions. Like most of Baldwin's squads, this one had virtually no height. No player came from more than a couple of miles outside the Binghamton city limits. Baldwin found players in CYO leagues and YMCAs and even one behind a cash register at the A&P. Broome, as the institute had come to be named, won 30 games that season.

"There was no such thing as a rebuilding year," Baldwin says of coaching in junior college, *where such talent as there* was turned over every two years. "Offensively and defensively, we tried just about everything." One year Baldwin threw at the Cornell freshmen something he calls the orbit offense. He left a basket hanger at one end of the floor and played defense with a triangle zone and a chaser on the opposition's ball handler.

All over greater Binghamton, with its population of perhaps a quarter million, there are men aged 17 to 71 who have played basketball for Baldwin. Several sets of fathers and sons have played for him. His daughters Sandy and Debbie led cheers at Broome. During one blowout, Sandy passed a note down the bench: *Dad. We have a new cheer. How about a timeout?* Dad got Sandy her TO, baby.

In so circumscribed a world, Baldwin met the few big-time tests that happened along. He beat an undefeated, Boeheim-

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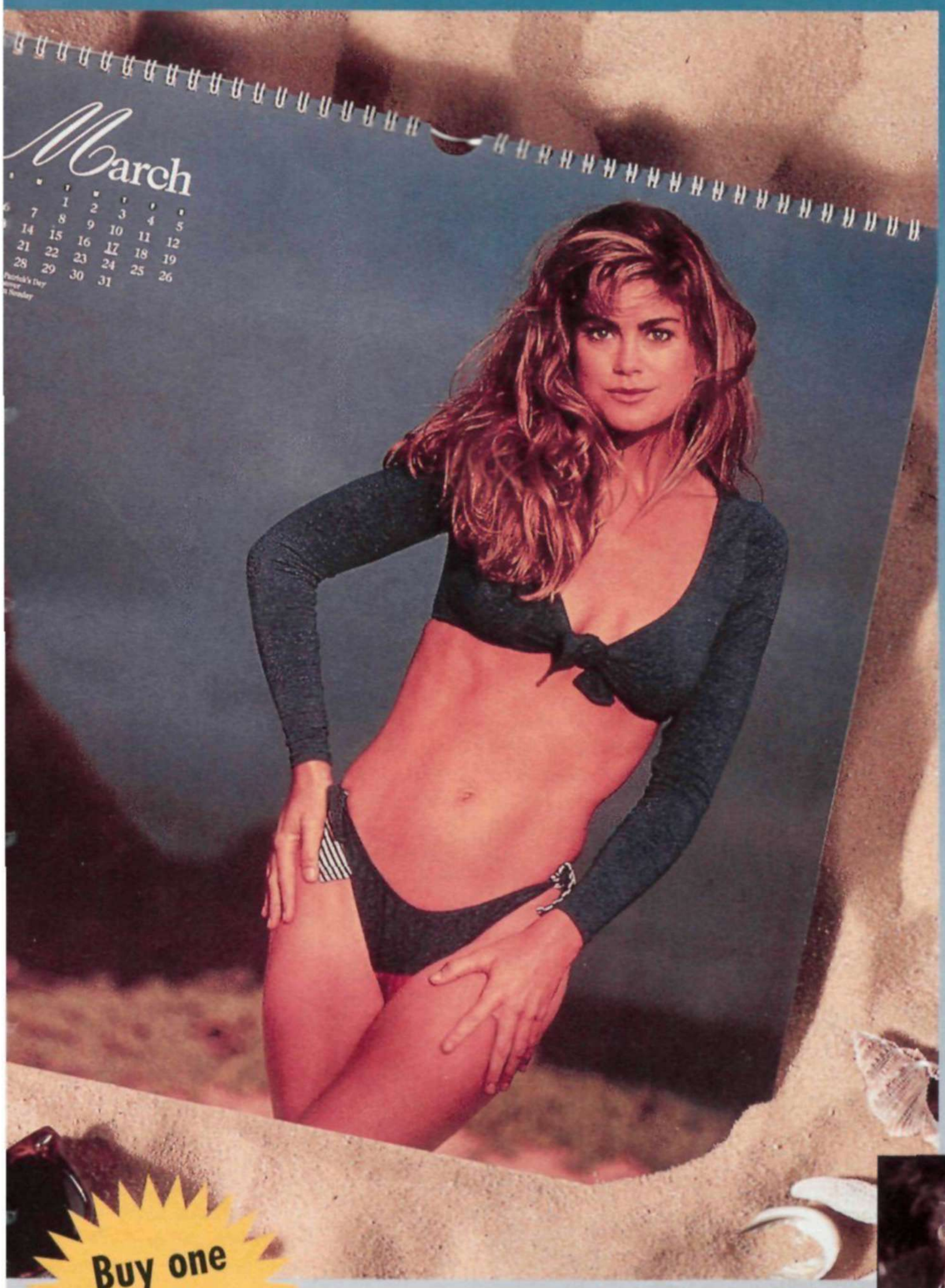

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JOHN HARTRICK

Last season Baldwin's steadying hand guided his players to their second consecutive league title.

coached Syracuse freshman team in 1964. He beat the St. Bonaventure frosh twice during the 1966–67 season, when Bob Lanier was leaving size 24 footprints on everything in his path. "Upstate New York, Upstate New York" doesn't suggest a song, and there's no evidence that if you can make it there, you can make it anywhere. But surely Baldwin could have stood up to major-college pressure.

Baldwin won 10 NJCAA Region III titles but none after 1970. Minor league hockey came to Binghamton and gouged out a chunk of Broome's attendance. In the early '80s, when the Big East began keeping people in front of their TV sets several nights a week, the crowds at Broome games dwindled to a few hundred. On the floor Broome struggled too, with back-to-back losing seasons from 1981 to '83. By the mid-'80s other coaches who admired Baldwin quietly hoped he would retire. In 1987, the year of his 40th wedding anniversary and 40th season as a coach, he did.

No one took much notice at the time, but Baldwin said he wouldn't rule out coaching again.

It would make for a good story if Baldwin, bored in retirement, suffered a late-life crisis and had an epiphany on the golf course: *It's not really my place to be putting a ball in a hole but to teach others to do so.* Something nice and tidy like that.

The real story is this: Baldwin was a scratch golfer. On his wedding day he broke the course record at Olean's Bartlett Country Club. ("I thought we got married at night because it was fashionable," Janet says.) Like any retiree, he immersed himself in the game, and the truth was revealed: His hands were arthritic. He could not hit the ball far anymore.

As his handicap crept into double figures, Baldwin realized his competitive fire needed a place to warm, and the golf course had become too damn big. In 1991 Frank Snupik, the captain of Baldwin's first junior college team, persuaded him that there was no better place for him than the West Gym at Binghamton U, né Triple Cities College—the school they had beaten in '47 for Baldwin's win No. 1.

Binghamton offers no athletic scholarships. Conflicts with classes guarantee that there are few practices with the entire team present. The best antidote is Baldwin's upbeat approach. "In practice it's never, 'You idiot! What you do is this!' " says senior tricaptain Jeff Merrill.

With Dick, Janet went from neighbor to wife.

DAVID BURNETT CONTACT

"But he'll never let anything go," says Greenberg. "He kind of smiles, then reminds and reminds and reminds."

Once Binghamton's gate depended on whether a few grad students set aside their Derrida and made the wind-whipped schlepp from the library. Now games are shown tape-delayed on the campus TV station. There's a booster club, a pep band, cheerleaders, even a kick line. Binghamton now ranks among the Top 10 Division III schools in home-game attendance, averaging 1,700. The school president, Lois DeFleur, comes to as many games as possible and lets students paint her face green and white.

At Binghamton, three-two is both a zone defense and the team's GPA. Greenberg, an English major who wants to be an actor, has starred in campus productions of *The Heidi Chronicles* and *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* (not, alas, in the role of Chief). Merrill, a philosophy major, was his high school's salutatorian. Baldwin's best player is Telford, a nursing student from Guyana by way of Brooklyn's Clara Barton High. The big time had the Doctor; Binghamton has the Nurse.

Every now and then Baldwin permits himself a reverie of what might have been had he coached in Division I-A. "I'd be a lot richer," he says. "The spotlight, the media attention, the shoe contracts. But there'd be the necessity to win. I have plenty of internal pressure already."

There was a time when we made people like this our coaches: men we could count on; men who never missed a game, rarely raised their voices, always put the team first; men who figuratively grew up on Main Street and figuratively married the girl next door.

The actuaries would tell Dick Baldwin, this man who literally grew up on Main Street, who literally married the girl next door, to stop right here. Seventy-two is the average life expectancy of the American male. But averages insult individuals. "Just a few weeks ago [Thirer] felt me out on how long I could keep going," Baldwin says. "I told him as long as my health is there and my wife's health is there. I don't have anything to prove anymore."

In '91, gung ho as ever, Baldwin opened the season in a man-to-man defense. The Colonials lost five of their first six. And then the funniest thing happened. Just as he had 44 years earlier, Baldwin switched out of that man, and the team started winning.

After 70 a man doesn't so much learn new lessons as relearn old ones. ■

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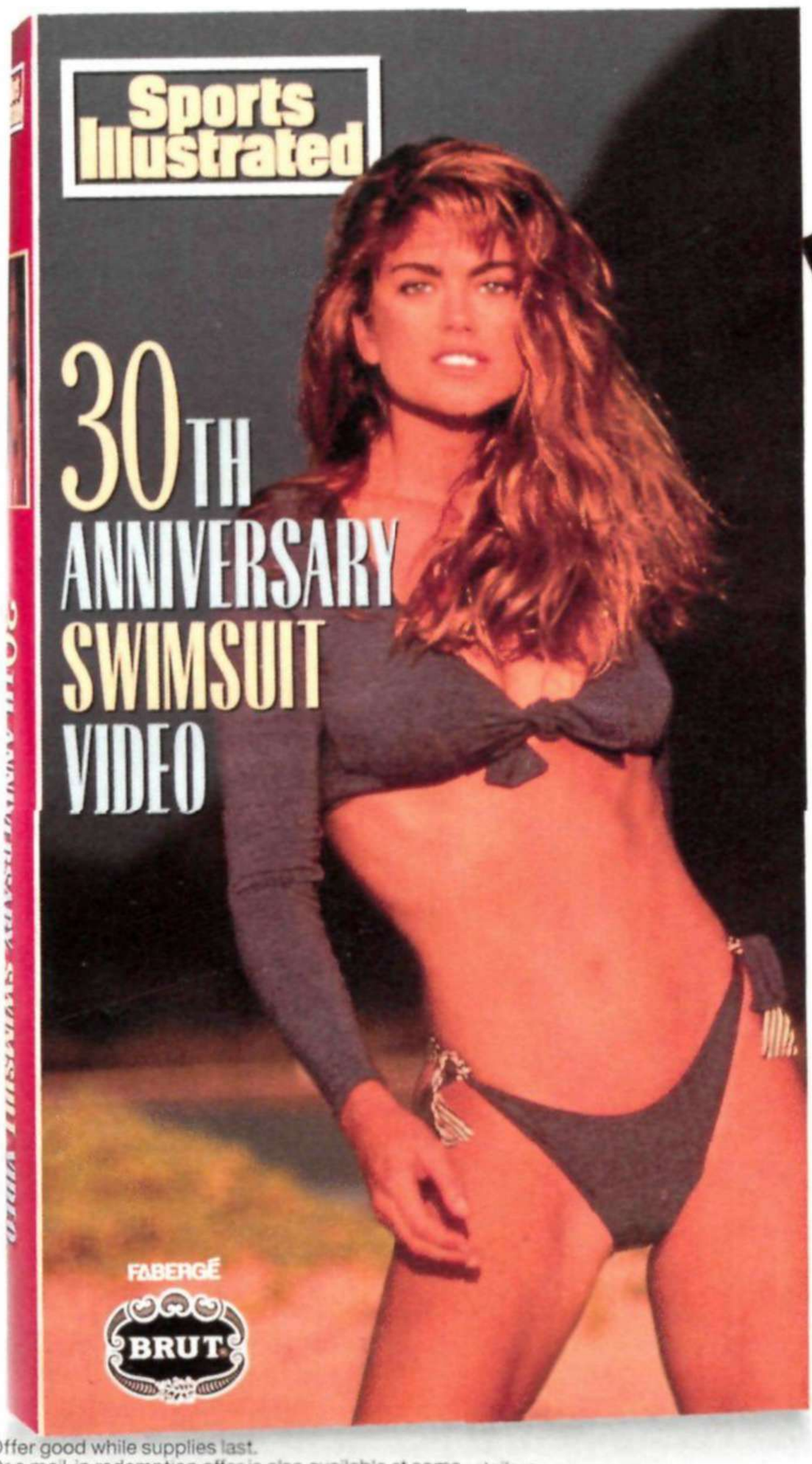

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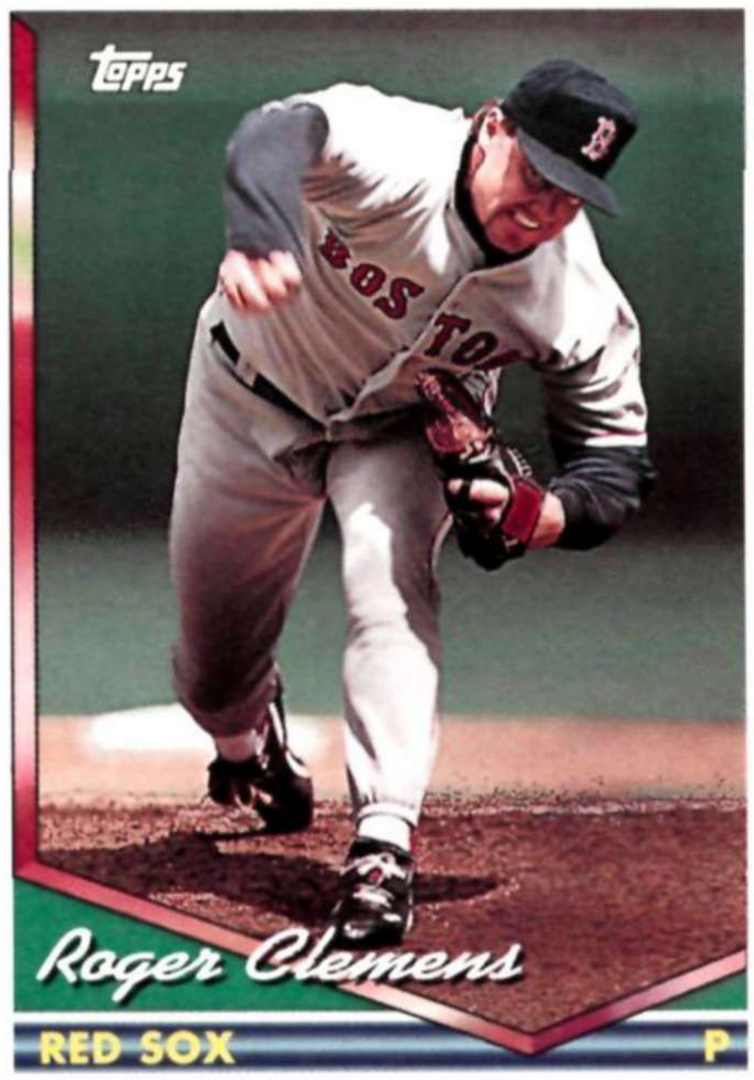

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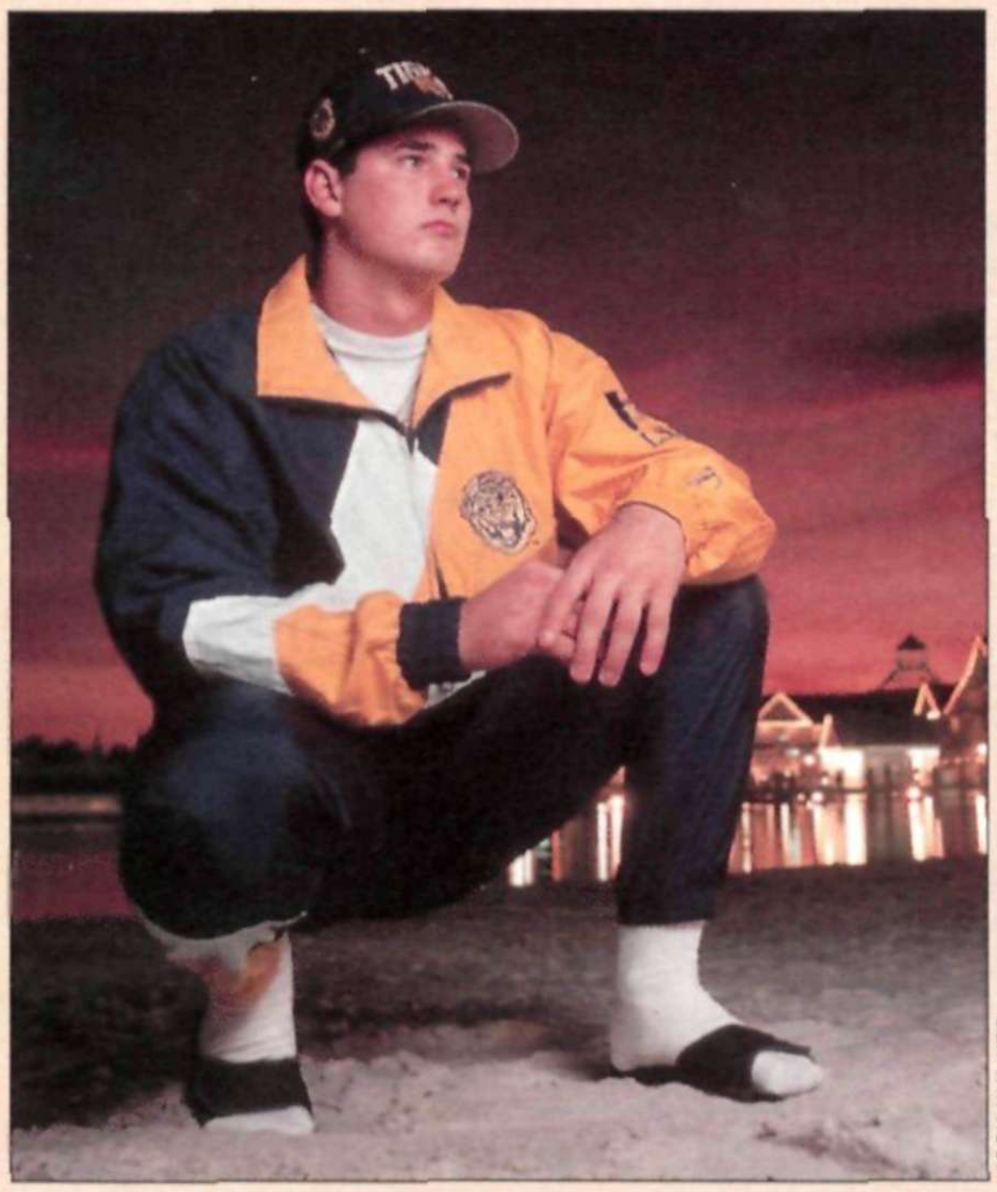
INSIDE

College Football

by JOHN WALTERS

The Class of '94



BEN VAN HOOK

JOSH BOOTY believes it is a typo, but because it concerns the Booty legend, who can be sure? On a recent cover of *Tiger Rag*, a magazine devoted to LSU sports, Booty's photo appears with the headline JOSH BOOTY, ANGEL QUARTERBACK. The word should have been *Evangel*—Booty's high school in Shreveport—but *Angel* may be more apropos.

Outside as well as inside Louisiana, Booty has already achieved celestial rank. A 6′ 3″, 210-pound senior, he is considered the best schoolboy quarterback in the nation. He is also a shortstop whom *Baseball America* has proclaimed the country's top high school prospect. Five Sundays ago, when Booty stood up in church (not just any church, but the First Assembly of God, whose services are broadcast locally on a show entitled *The Best Is Yet To Come*, and one of whose associate evangelists is Josh's father, John) and orally committed to play both sports at LSU, well, hell (sorry, heck), the entire state just got down on its knees and gave thanks.

Booty obviously never spoke with Robert Davis. Three years ago Davis, who broke the Alabama career rushing record at Homewood High, just south of Birmingham, was coveted by LSU for the same reason Booty is today: To restore Tiger football to its glory days. "LSU did the best job of recruiting me," says Davis. "At the time I thought that [LSU coach] Curley Hallman and his staff were really down-to-earth people, and they were."

Today Davis, who's a sophomore, is Homewood-bound, having recently become the first full-scholarship athlete in the three-year history of Alabama-Birmingham's football program. At LSU, Davis was a tailback on the *USA Today* Fabulous Freshman team of 1992. But last fall he began in third place on the Tiger depth chart. Why the drop in status, Davis wondered. Yes, he was on academic probation, and he had missed a few days at his summer job at Pearson's Luggage in Baton Rouge, but what did that have to do with his ability on the field?

"Our other backs simply were performing better," says Hallman. "Robert was going through a maturing process."

"Mind games," says Davis, who describes the coaching staff in Baton Rouge as something like the Khmer Rouge. "Room inspections, getting us up at 5 a.m. for practices; we even had one drill where we had to wrestle each other. LSU will never win a national championship as long as Coach Hallman is there. That military crap doesn't work anymore."

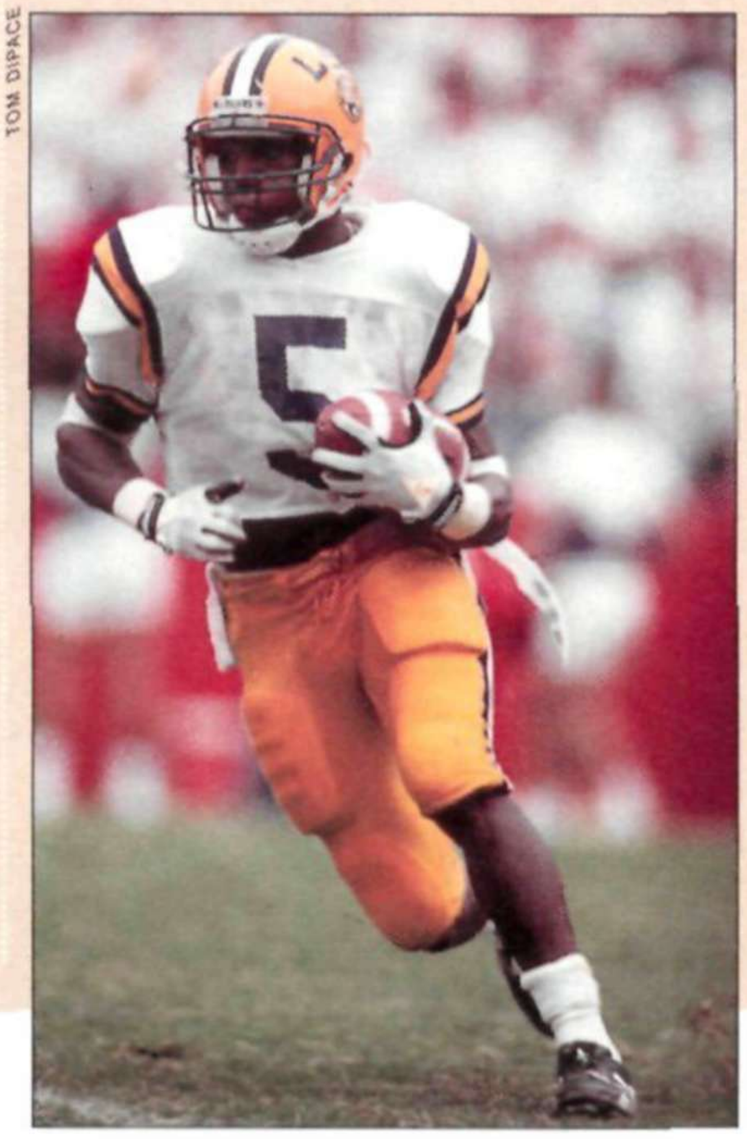
Hallman has a decidedly less scatological term for his regimen. "We call it the Daily Must," he says. "You must be solid daily in the academic, athletic and social areas of your life. I'm disappointed that Robert wanted to leave."

For Davis, Alabama-Birmingham and its home stadium, Legion Field, where he last played as an 11-year-old in the same backfield with David Palmer, give him an opportunity to come home and make things right. "Leaving LSU is the best thing I could have done," he says.

For Booty, going to LSU is the next chapter of the legend. "Deep in my heart I knew that I wanted to help bring LSU football a national title," says Booty. "Staying in Louisiana was the best thing I could have done for myself."

Vol-atile Victory

The only national championship more mythical than the one Florida State won last month is the one that Tennessee garnered last week. The Volunteers, who signed two first-team *USA Today* All-Americas (wide receiver Marcus Nash and offensive lineman Jarvis Reado) and two of *SuperPrep* magazine's top five quarterbacks (Peyton Manning and Branndon Stewart), have the best recruiting class of '94. Florida State, boosted by

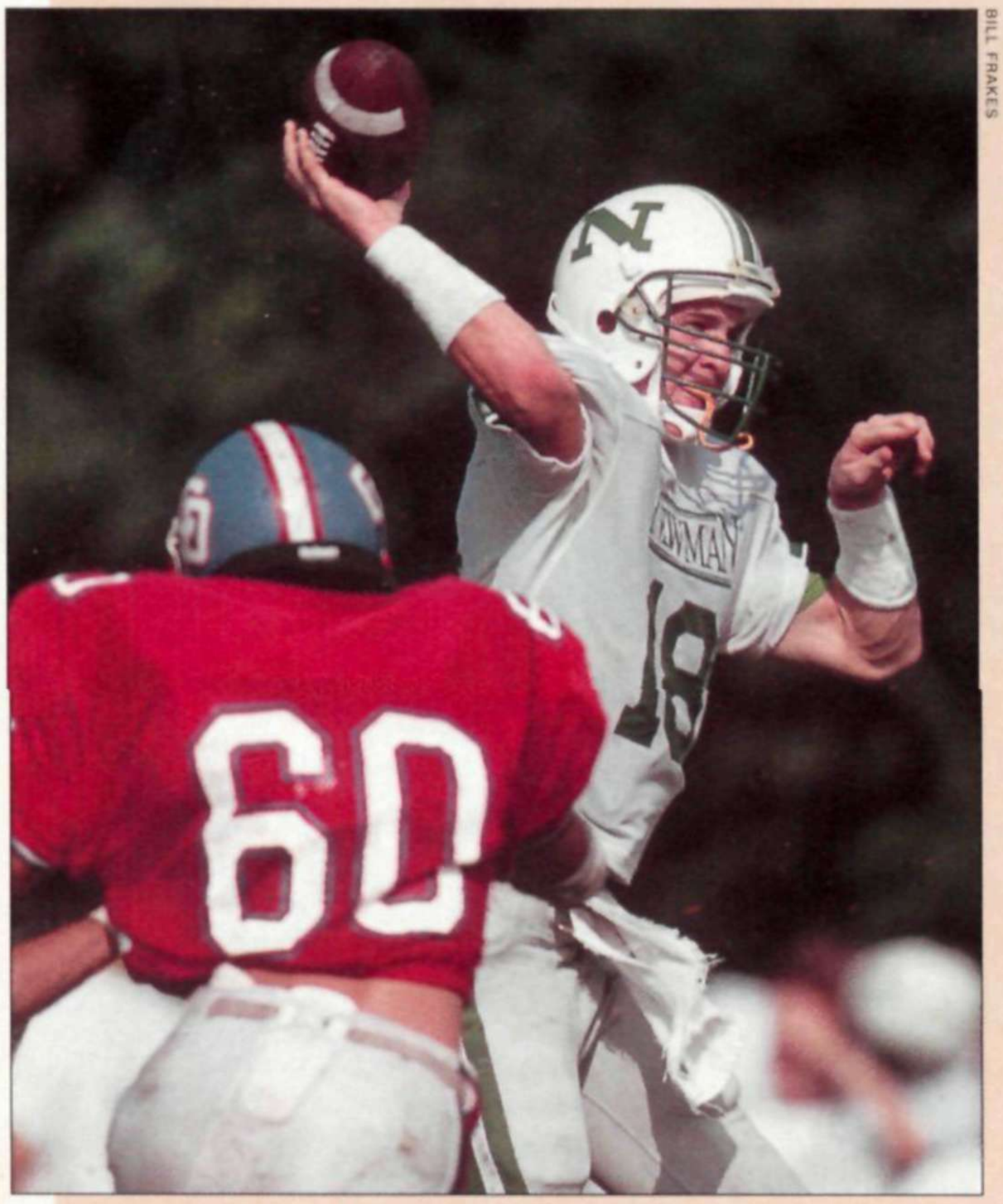


TOM DIPACE

Booty (above) and Davis could not be happier with their very different decisions regarding LSU.

commitments from linebacker Lamont Green and safety Robert Hammond, *USA Today*'s top defensive player and *SuperPrep*'s top defensive back, respectively, had to settle for a close second.

Before you begin your forearm-bash frenzy, Vols and 'Noles, answer this question: What do Nebraska linebacker Trev Alberts, Alabama cornerback Antonio



BILL FRAKES

Manning is just one reason that Tennessee hit the jackpot in this year's battle for blue chips.

Langham, Texas Tech running back Bam Morris, Notre Dame tackle Aaron Taylor, Arizona noseguard Rob Waldrop and Florida State quarterback Charlie Ward have in common? Correct: Each won a major postseason award in '93—Alberts, the Butkus; Langham, the Thorpe; Morris, the Doak Walker; Taylor, the Lombardi; Waldrop, the Outland; and Ward, the Heisman.

Very good. Anything else? Chew on this: As high school seniors, none of the above made *Parade* magazine's All-America list. Only one, Taylor, was named a *SuperPrep* All-America. In 1988, *SuperPrep* profiled 362 high school seniors but somehow omitted Ward.

An aberration, you say? Since its inception in 1985–86, *SuperPrep* has listed 1,553 All-Americas. Not one among that army of gridders has gone on to take the podium at the Downtown Athletic Club. Not one of the last 11 Heisman winners was a *Parade* All-America, either. In fact, of the 100 college players who have been named Associated Press All-Americas this decade, only 17 were *Parade* All-Americas.

"It just amazes me how much stock people put into all of this," says Florida State coach Bobby Bowden, whose bluest of blue-chip recruits in 1991, Marquette Smith, *USA Today*'s offensive player of the year, recently transferred to Division I-AA Central Florida. "I just don't get it."

Then Again:

In the last seven years, nobody has outrecruited Florida State, and the Seminoles have finished no lower than fourth in the final polls. But what is so great about State, and Tallahassee? As one longtime follower of the Seminoles says, "It's basically Long Beach State with a football stadium."

So what *is* so great about Florida State? Among other things, having the coeds of Florida A&M, a traditionally black school, about two miles away. That holds out the prospect of a rich social life for black Seminole players. "It's a great school, and we're proud of the way we get along with them," Bowden says of A&M. "But to be honest, I didn't realize how much it meant to our recruits."

He Ain't Irish, Either

You may recall that last season's Notre Dame quarterback, Kevin McDougal, sure didn't *look* Irish. Not that anyone said much about it. So why all the fuss over Gus?

Gus is Gus Ornstein, a 6′ 5″, 205-pound quarterback from Tenafly, N.J., who, since confirming that he will attend Notre Dame this fall, has resurrected the lost art of Jewish press quippings. "The media's preoccupation with our faith has been a revelation," says Ornstein's father, Steve, displaying a *Chicago Sun-Times* headline that reads JEWISH QB COMMITS TO NOTRE DAME. The *South Bend Tribune* said that if Gus's story were filmed as a sequel to *Rudy*, it would be called *Reuben*. And what of the reporter from New York's WNBC-TV? He asked if "Win one for the Gipper" would undergo a conversion to "Win one before Yom Kippur."

Oy vay! "We never even thought much about the fact that Notre Dame is a Catholic school," says Gus, a Reform Jew who boasts a 3.8 GPA at Fieldston, a prep school in New York City. "And Coach [Lou] Holtz told me that only 40 percent of the team is Catholic, anyway."

Unlike Ron Powlus, *USA Today*'s 1992 offensive player of the year, Ornstein is not expected to step in immediately as the school's savior at quarterback. In fact, he is more likely to be the second coming of last year's backup, Paul Failla, who also plays shortstop for the Irish. Ornstein is a gifted switch-hitting first baseman who will likely start in the Irish infield.

Anyway, Ornstein is hardly the first non-gentile giant to find refuge on campus. In front of the school's main library is an 18-foot-high bronze statue known as We're No. 1 Moses. "And," says Holtz, "if you look at the lady on top of the Golden Dome, she's 100 percent Jewish."

Squibs

Linebacker Dwayne Rudd, from Batesville, Miss., was in Memphis on Jan. 24 listening to *VolCalls*, a weekly radio program broadcast throughout Tennessee, when he heard a recruiting guru mention his name. Rudd called the program and committed to the Vols on the air. The next evening he phoned a call-in show in Nashville to commit to Tennessee again. Last week Rudd signed with Alabama. . . . To entice All-America running back George Lombard to stay at home in Atlanta and attend Georgia Tech, coach Bill Lewis drafted and signed a document guaranteeing Lombard a chance to start in Tech's first game of '94—against Arizona, which led the nation in rushing defense last year. Lombard chose Tech. . . . From the home office in Piscataway, N.J.: Rutgers recruiting coordinator Marty Barrett sends prospects a Top 10 List of Reasons to Choose Rutgers. Among them are, *No. 3: Coach [Mark] Deal's wife makes great-tasting brownies after every win,* and *No. 7: The coeds all look like Cindy Crawford or Whitney Houston.* Barrett should add, *No. 11: Bryan Fortay couldn't crack our lineup, either.* ■

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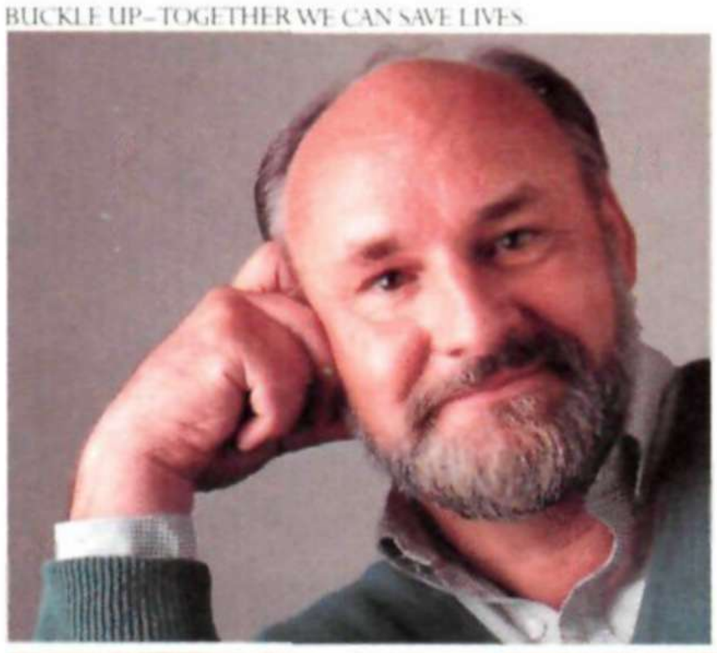

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INSIDE **The NBA**

by PHIL TAYLOR

All-Star Tinkering

IT'S BEST not to spend too much time analyzing all-star selections in any sport. All of that head-scratching is bad for the scalp. But it's hard to avoid a scratch or two when you consider the picks for Sunday's NBA All-Star Game in Minneapolis. Why, for instance, did Karl Malone of the Jazz finish sixth in the fan voting among Western Conference forwards, behind the likes of Chris Mullin of the Warriors, A.C. Green of the Suns and even Antoine Carr of the Spurs, for goodness' sake? And how did the Bulls' B.J. Armstrong get more votes than any other Eastern Conference guard? Could it be that Michael Jordan left fans voting for Chicago guards by force of habit?

But as popularity contests go, the results of this one are, for the most part, hard to quibble with. Still, there's never been an All-Star roster that couldn't be improved with a little tinkering. Here are the rosters for the game, along with our changes:

• **Eastern Conference**

Starting guards: Armstrong; Kenny Anderson, Nets.

Reserves: Mookie Blaylock, Hawks; Mark Price, Cavaliers; John Starks, Knicks.

We would start Blaylock, who is having as good an all-around season as any guard in the conference, and Price, and we would leave Armstrong off the team because, as you'll see below, we want to add another forward to this squad. Some observers say that the Pacers' Reggie Miller was snubbed, but he's too one-dimensional for us.

Starting forwards: Derrick Coleman, Nets; Scottie Pippen, Bulls.

Reserves: Horace Grant, Bulls; Dominique Wilkins, Hawks.

It's hard to improve on this group, but we would add Charles Oakley of the Knicks. Sometimes players can have career years that are not statistically apparent. Oakley is one of the best defensive forwards in the league, a superb positional rebounder and in many ways the soul of his team.

Starting center: Shaquille O'Neal, Magic.

Reserves: Patrick Ewing, Knicks; Alonzo Mourning, Hornets.

No argument here.

• **Western Conference**

Starting guards: Clyde Drexler, Trail Blazers; Mitch Richmond, Kings.

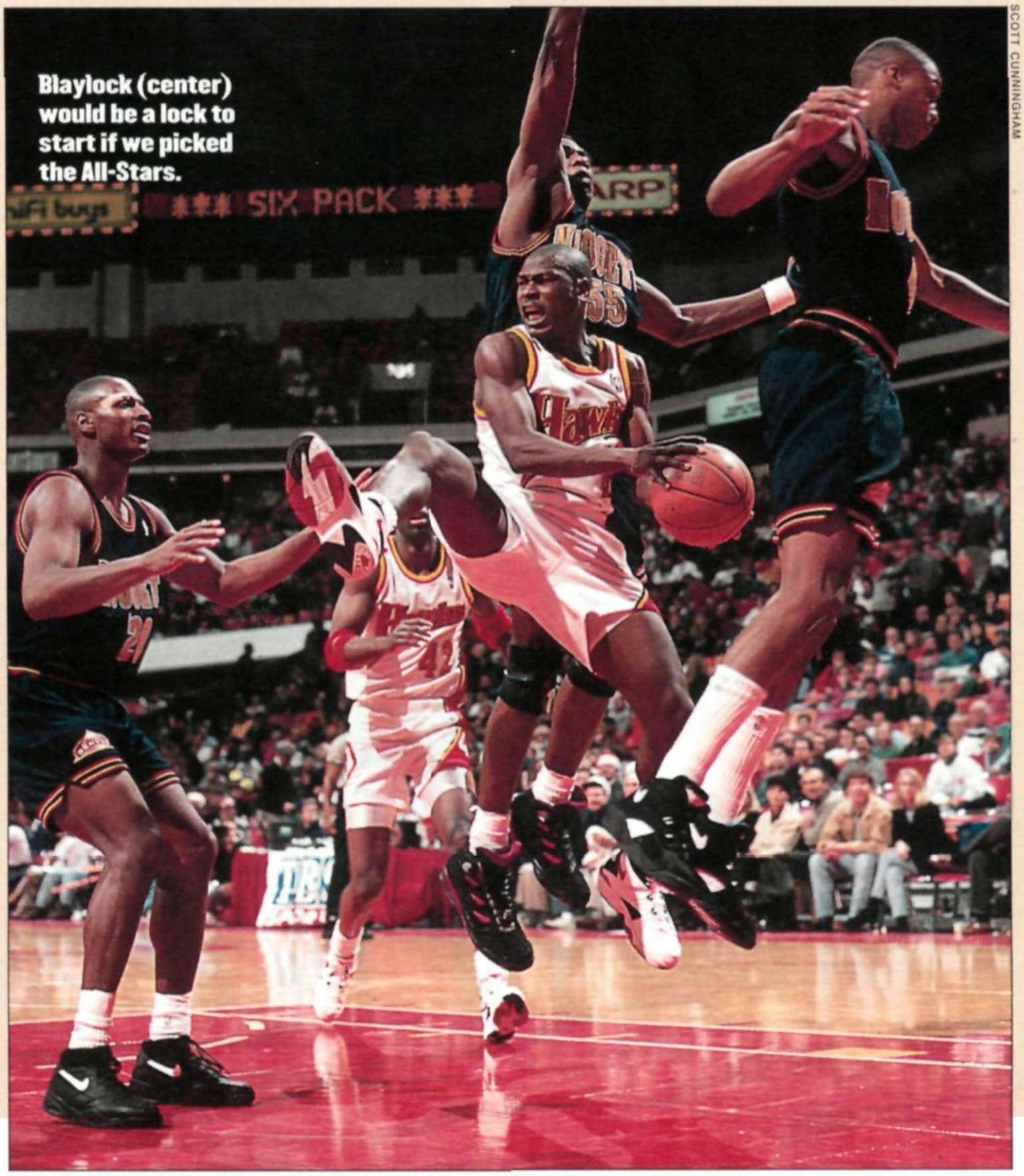
Reserves: Kevin Johnson, Suns; Latrell Sprewell, Warriors; John Stockton, Jazz.

Drexler should be sitting this one out. Injuries have kept him from having his usual season. SuperSonic Gary Payton, one of the keys to Seattle's pressure defense, should be there in his place.

Starting forwards: Charles Barkley, Suns; Shawn Kemp, SuperSonics.

Reserves: Karl Malone, Jazz; Danny Manning, Clippers; Clifford Robinson, Trail Blazers.

Malone and Kemp should start because Barkley's been out with an injured right



Blaylock (center) would be a lock to start if we picked the All-Stars.

SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

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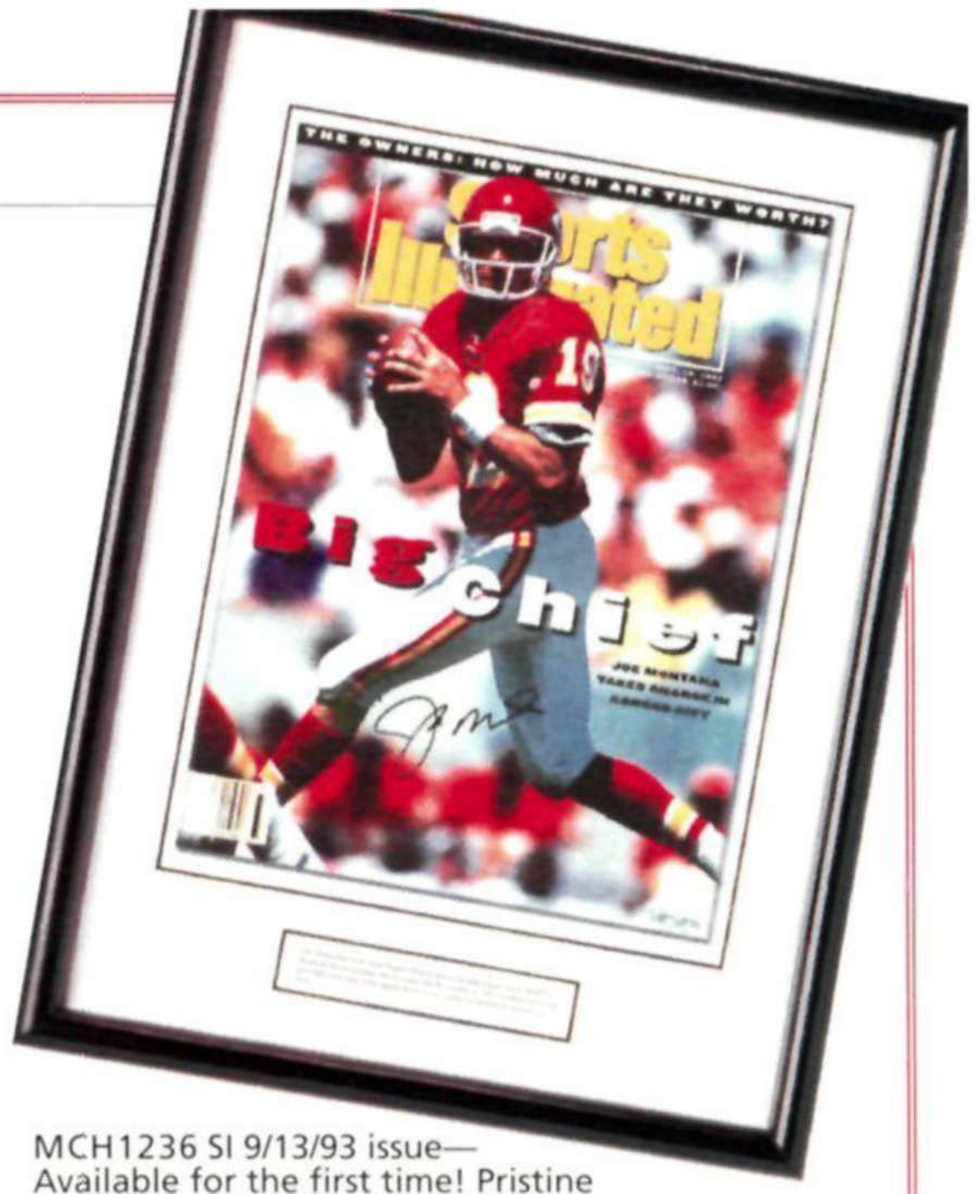

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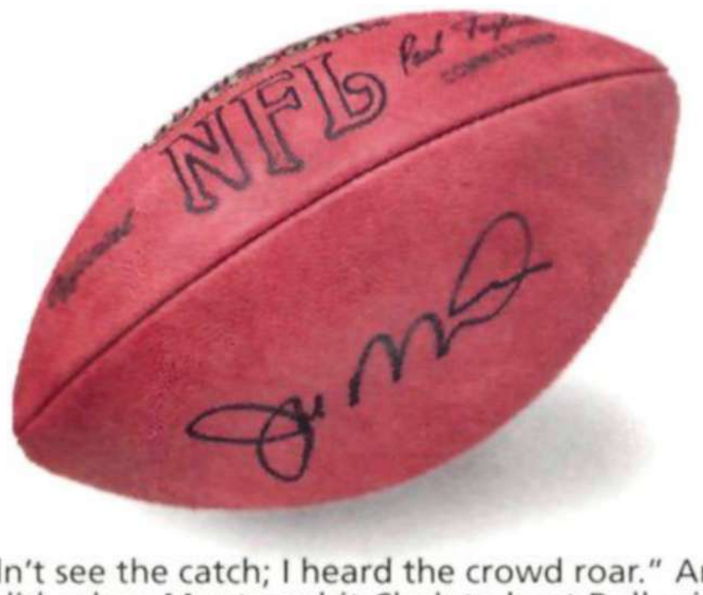

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knee for several weeks. Sir Charles, however, should be a reserve because, as the leading vote-getter on the all-interview team, he automatically gets a spot on our roster. Like the Pacers' Miller, forward Dennis Rodman of the Spurs doesn't make this squad because he's a one-dimensional player.

Starting center: Hakeem Olajuwon, Rockets.

Reserve: David Robinson, Spurs.

Again, no argument.

Sun Shines

Phoenix forward Cedric Ceballos has played like an All-Star himself lately. With three of the Suns' key players—Barkley, Johnson (chicken pox) and Danny Ainge (sprained left ankle)—out with injuries and another, last season's rookie find, forward Richard Dumas, undergoing drug rehab, Ceballos has done more than his share to compensate. He has scored 40 points twice this season and averaged 27.5 points over his last six games through Sunday. "I've always known I could score if the opportunity presented itself," he says. "I'm just doing what needs to be done until we get all our firepower back."

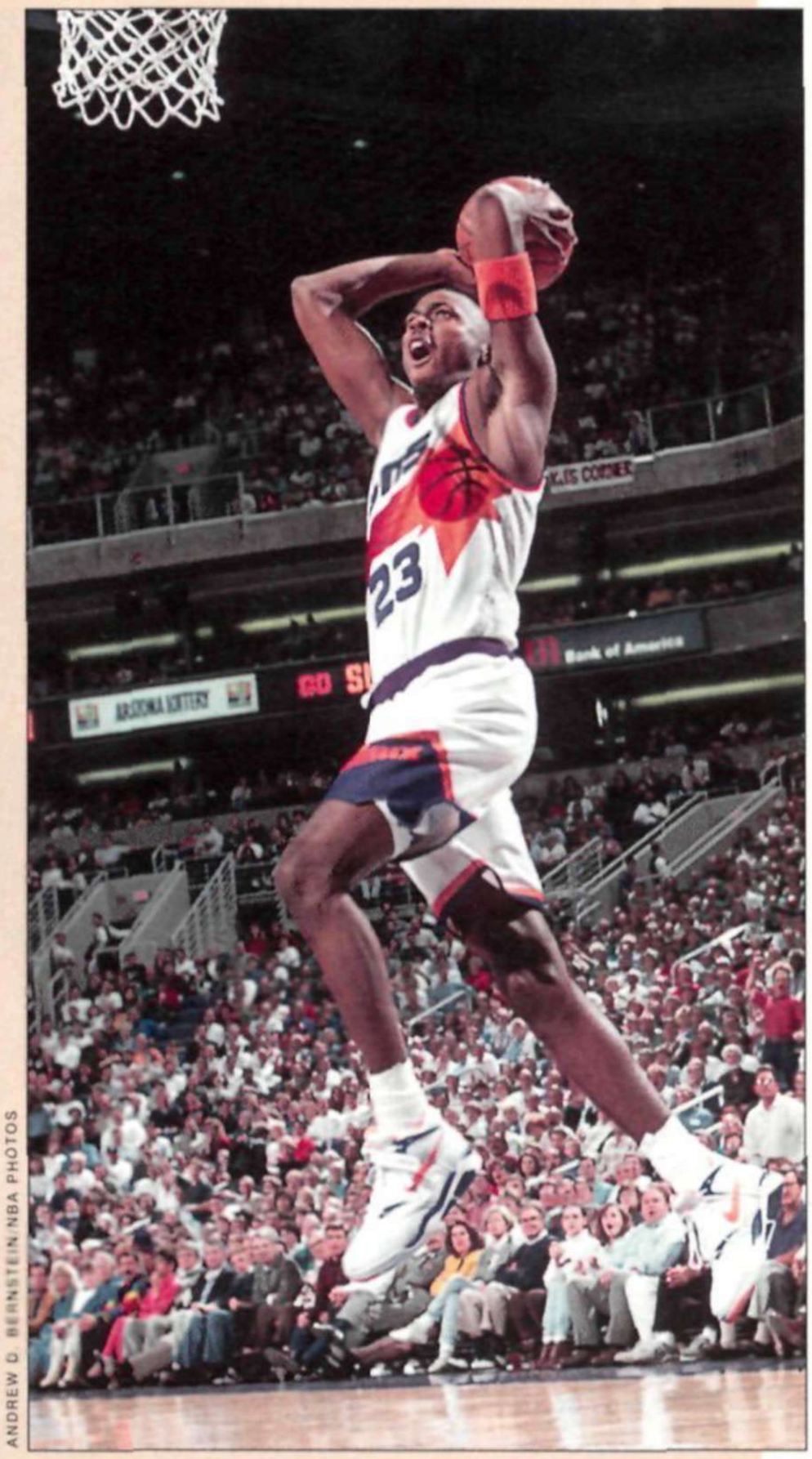
The burst of scoring by Ceballos is all the more remarkable because he missed last year's Finals and the first 29 games of this season with a broken left foot. He wasn't activated until Jan. 9. "If we'd had Cedric for the Finals, we would have won the world championship," says Barkley. "Everyone is seeing that now."

The injuries have forced Phoenix coach Paul Westphal to use 13 different starting lineups, and the Suns have had to turn to the CBA for help, picking up guard Elliott Perry. Even with Ceballos's scoring, Phoenix, which was 30–14 and trailed the Pacific Division–leading Sonics by four games at week's end, needs good health more than anything.

Deals, Deals, Deals

Despite the rescinded trade between the Pistons and the Rockets that would have sent Sean Elliott, who failed his physical, to Houston for Robert Horry and Matt Bullard and two second-round draft picks, the next couple of weeks could be eventful because of the looming Feb. 24 trade deadline. But as usual there won't be nearly as many trades as there are rumors. Some of the talk involves teams that are considered championship contenders, but the theme this year seems to be dealing for high-profile free-agents-to-be, like Manning, Grant and Coleman, and not just adding one more horse for a championship run.

BILL BAPTIST



ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

Payton (20) should have joined Olajuwon as an All-Star, and Ceballos (23) is now playing like one.

The Nets and Coleman, who can be a restricted free agent at season's end, discussed a nine-year, $90 million deal last week, but talks broke off. Now New Jersey is listening to offers for him. The most attractive proposal may be from the Heat, who are rumored to be proposing a package that includes center Rony Seikaly.

It seems that nearly everyone is taking a run at Manning, whom the Clippers would like to unload before he becomes an unrestricted free agent at the end of the season. The Magic has been offering a package that includes forward Dennis Scott and draft picks for some time now. The Trail Blazers have dangled forwards Harvey Grant and Tracy Murray, and the Hornets have been rumored to be offering guard Hersey Hawkins and forward Scott Burrell.

But Manning and his agent, Ron Grinker, hold all the cards. There is bitterness between Grinker and Clipper owner Donald Sterling, and the possibility exists that Grinker and Manning will scuttle any potential deal by telling the interested team that Manning will test the market after the season. That would ensure that Sterling and the Clippers get nothing in return as they watch their best player walk away.

Line of the Week

Gheorghe Muresan, Bullets
Min: 24; Reb: 7; TP: 15

Muresan, Washington's 7′ 7″, 315-pound Romanian rookie center, posted that line against the Knicks' Ewing on Feb. 2 in an 85–80 Bullet loss. It was part of the best week of Muresan's young NBA career. He also had 11 points and 11 rebounds two nights later against Philadelphia's 7′ 6″ Shawn Bradley in the tallest center matchup in NBA history. Not bad for a player who was described as "a slow Mark Eaton" when he was drafted last June. ■

What's the Net Worth?

Certainly not $90 million, if you're talking about Derrick Coleman of the New Jersey Nets

by Phil Taylor

BACK WHEN a million dollars was a lot of money, it was easy to work up a healthy outrage over athletes' mind-boggling salaries. But by now our minds have been so frequently and thoroughly boggled that we've come to accept that no sum is too enormous for a superstar. As the numbers roll past our glazed eyes, we don't even blink anymore. Barry Bonds signs a $44 million contract? Sure, fine. Troy Aikman gets $50 million? Whatever. Derrick Coleman rejects $69 million from the New Jersey Nets but is willing to accept $90 million? Deal. Pay the man.

Wait a minute. *Derrick Coleman?*

The same Derrick Coleman who two years ago refused to reenter a game, angrily telling then coach Bill Fitch, "Get out of my face!"? That Derrick Coleman? The one who didn't make an NBA All-Star team until this season? The Derrick Coleman who put the Nets on his back the last two seasons and carried them all the way to . . . the first round of the playoffs? No question, Coleman, the first player picked in the 1990 draft, is one of the best power forwards in the league, but what has he accomplished that makes him worth the biggest contract in NBA history? Not nearly enough, that's what.

The league is entering dangerous territory. By tendering contracts of unprecedented length and value, NBA teams have created a new salary neighborhood and, worse, begun populating it with players who don't yet deserve to reside there. In October the Charlotte Hornets signed forward Larry Johnson, who had two seasons and a back operation under his belt, to an eight-year contract extension that made the deal worth $84 million over 12 years. Like Coleman, Johnson is an excellent young talent, and, like Coleman, he has too brief a résumé to justify such an expensive long-term commitment. But Charlotte wanted to make sure Johnson wouldn't walk away as a free agent after his original six-year contract ran out in 1998.

This strategy is already threatening to backfire on the Hornets. A chronic back ailment has sidelined Johnson indefinitely—he missed 19 of Charlotte's first 45 games this season—and it could have a long-term effect on his play. It's worth noting that Coleman's back has occasionally flared up on him as well. So how smart would it be for the Nets to take a similar risk by breaking the bank to sign Coleman to a huge, guaranteed contract that is based more on his potential than on his performance?

JOHN IACONO

In October, New Jersey offered Coleman an eight-year, $69 million contract, with $56 million guaranteed, but he and his lawyer, Harold MacDonald, told the Nets to try again. Last week MacDonald and New Jersey general manager Willis Reed reportedly reached a verbal agreement on a nine-year, $90 million deal, with $75 million guaranteed. But when Reed took the offer to the Nets' ownership, the owners backed away from the deal, and at week's end the club was said to be exploring the possibility of trading Coleman. Nevertheless, the Nets clearly are willing to pay Coleman more than the $50 million that the team is estimated to be worth, giving new meaning to the term "franchise player."

If these ultrabuck, career-long deals are going to be thrown around regularly—rookies Chris Webber of the Golden State Warriors and Anfernee Hardaway of the Orlando Magic also signed contracts worth more than $60 million last fall—teams would be wise to follow two rules of thumb to identify the rare player who is truly worthy of such a contract. First, basketball skill alone isn't enough. A player has to elevate his team to championship-caliber play, or he has to at least put fans in the seats. Coleman hasn't shown he can do either. Second, the player has to exhibit a high degree of professionalism and an exemplary work ethic—other areas in which Coleman, who has a reputation for coasting at times, doesn't earn high marks. "If I'm going to pay that kind of money, I want to know that the guy is going to bust his tail night in and night out," says one Eastern Conference general manager. "As much as I'd want a guy with Coleman's talent on my team, I can't be sure I'm going to get that from him."

The negotiations between Coleman and the Nets boil down to leverage and credibility. Coleman has the leverage: Left unsigned, he will become a restricted free agent at the end of this season, meaning that he can accept any other team's outrageous offer, and New Jersey would have to match it to keep him. And the Nets' credibility is on the line: If they let Coleman walk, they'll look like the same old incompetent operators who have been unable to bring together enough quality players to lift New Jersey out of the NBA depths.

So the Nets have a choice: They can pay Coleman and hope that his body stays healthy and his attitude gets better, or they can decide that only players who have shown great commitment are worthy of a great commitment in return. The smart thing to do would be for New Jersey to trade Coleman for a dependable big man and two draft picks, taking one step back in order to take two steps forward.

The Nets have to have the courage to tell Coleman what he told Fitch: "Get out of my face!" ■

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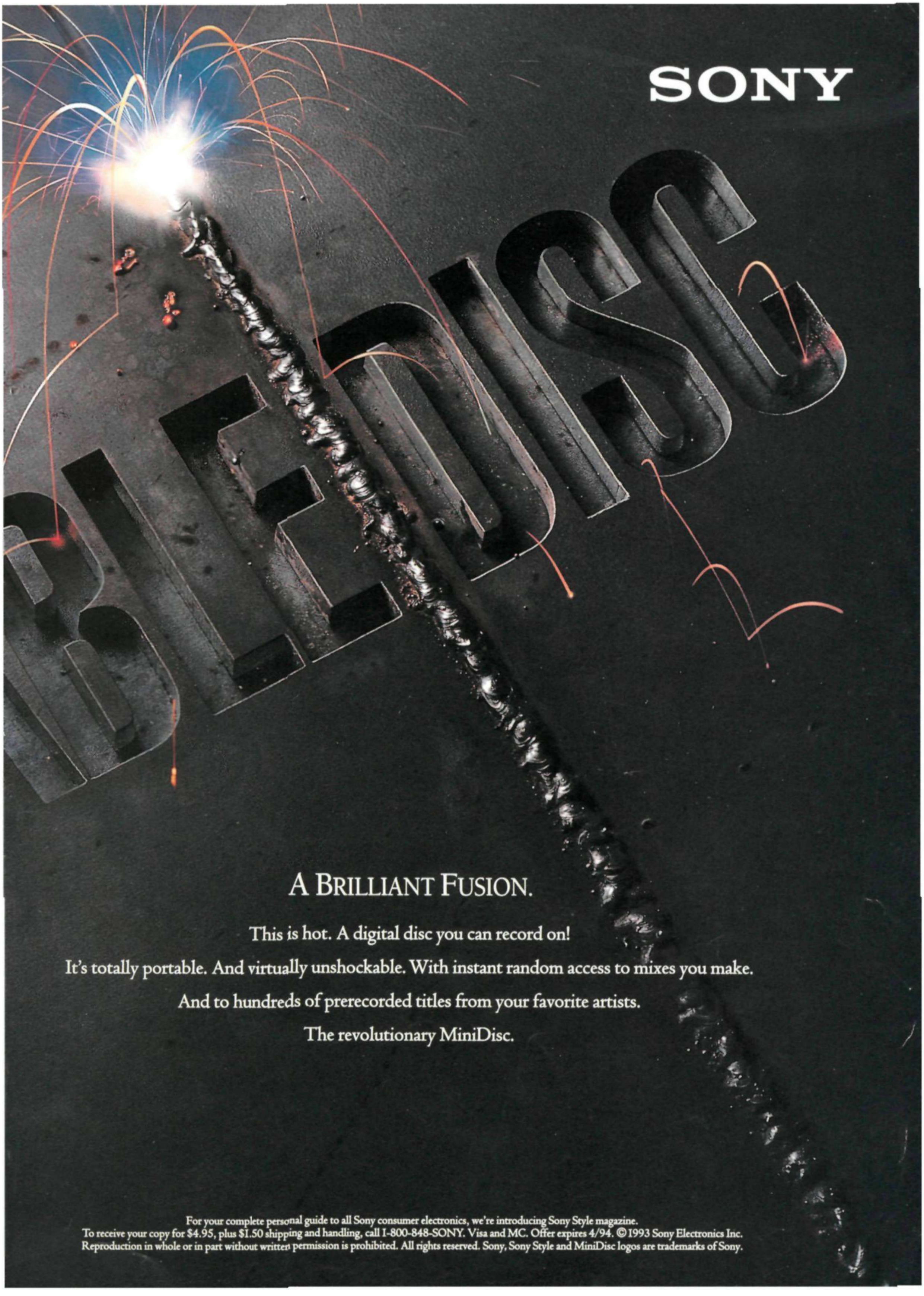

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