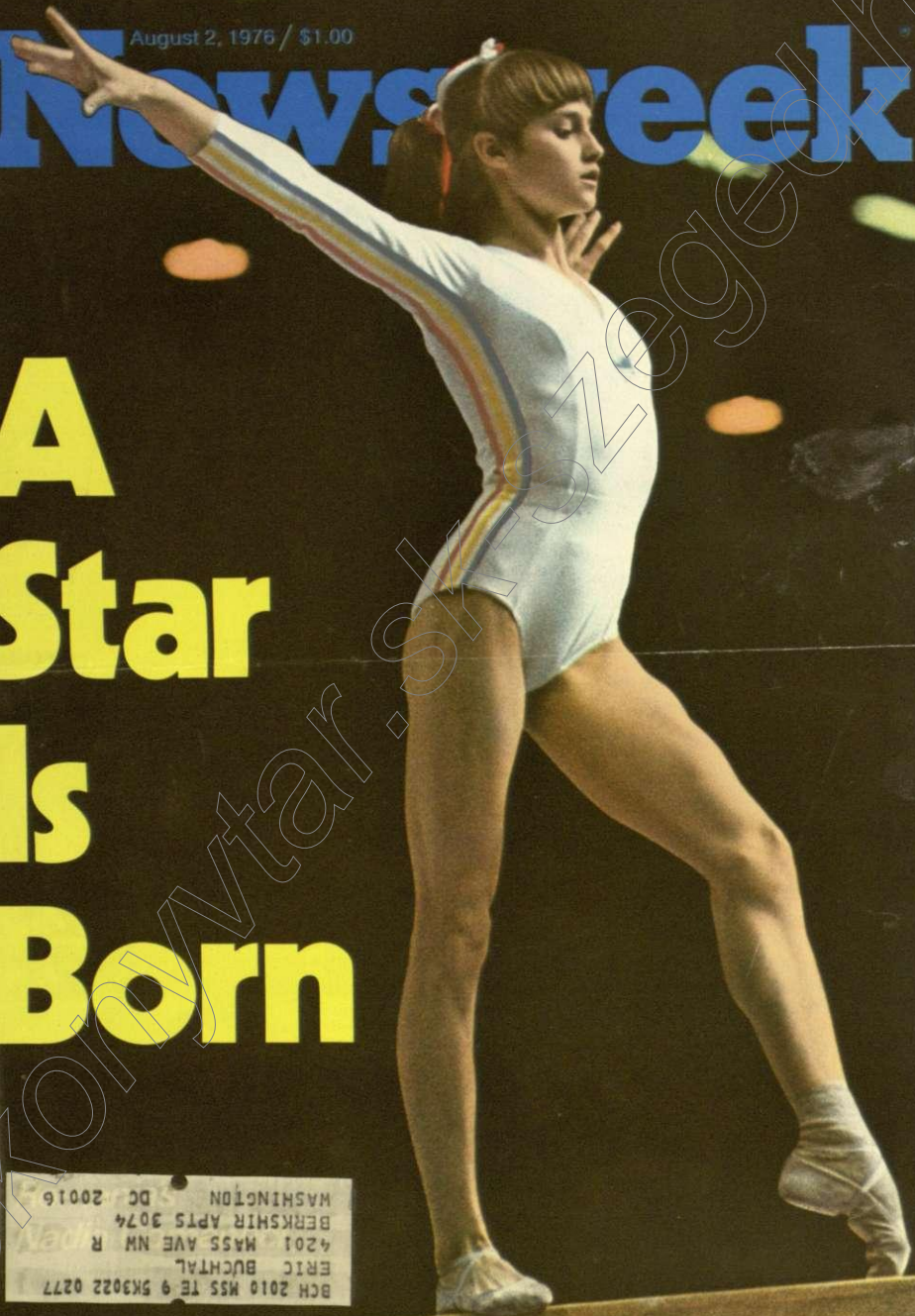


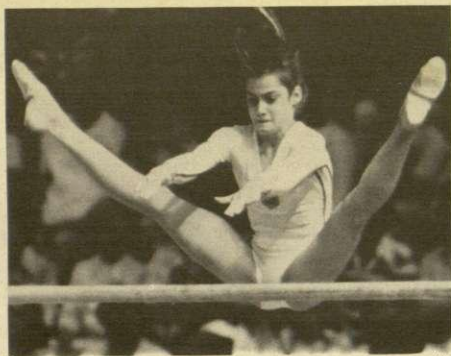
August 2, 1976 / \$1.00

Newsweek

A Star Is Born

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Nadia on parallel bars and beam: Where others hesitate, she grows bolder—and perfection is part of the routine



In flight and on the floor, complete control of an 86-pound body: 'If she were doing it alone in a room, the scores would still be 10'



OLYMPICS '76: A STAR IS BORN

Nadia. Her name was whispered excitedly every time she approached an exercise. On the sidelines she was restless, pacing while her competitors sat and waited, occasionally doing difficult backflips with the casual ease of a ballplayer waving a bat in an on-deck circle. Then it was time for action, and as the hush came over the capacity crowd in the Montreal Forum, all the nervousness and little-girl shyness went out of the child-heroine of the XXI Olympiad. Suddenly 14-year-old Nadia Comaneci of Romania was in complete, exhilarating command of her tiny body—and of the worldwide television audience. It was the purest, most joyous theater that the Olympic Games can offer, and every twist, leap and smile proved that the star was worthy of her role.

At times Nadia was virtually motionless, using the otherworldly strength in her 86-pound body to freeze herself above bars and beams in portraits of perfect gymnastic form. Then she would pick up the tempo and become a blur of supple arms and legs, a ballerina in mid-air flight. At the most difficult points where others hesitated, Nadia became even bolder and more breath-taking. The crowd, seared with her, gasping and cheering in a crescendo until she made her triumphant bow. Then there was the inevitable pause, followed by the new explosion of sound as her perfect 10-point score—unprecedented in Olympic gymnastics—was posted. It was to be a week of record performances, with at least one moment of genuine heroism,

and more would surely come as the Games continued. But amid the political feuds, cheating scandals and impromptu squabbles that have become semi-official Olympic events, Nadia in flight was Montreal's doll-like symbol of what's still right with the Games.

Only in her quiet moments away from the arena did Comaneci relax her irresistible grip on her audience. Then she allowed herself to be a small girl, speaking in chirping tones, pondering questions with dark eyes that sometimes sparkled, even giggling as she savored the experience. Yes, she said, she had an idol—not the Russian pixie Olga Korbut, whom she so convincingly dethroned, but the French movie star Alain Delon. No, she admitted openly, she didn't feel sorry for Korbut.

TO BE YOUNG AND PERFECT

"Were you confident that you would win?" she was asked after the fifth of her seven perfect scores and the first of her three gold medals.

"Yes. I was sure."

There was little left to say. There is probably no speech in any language that can describe the feeling of being 14—and perfect at what you do. Nadia Comaneci certainly required no words last week to express the unforgettable intensity of the Olympic experience at its best.

Comaneci's reach for perfection was the centerpiece of a week of world records in the pool, velodrome and weightlifting arena. U.S. men and East German women owned the pool. The Americans

set nine world records in winning the first ten men's swimming events. East Germany's domination was nearly complete, led by 17-year-old star Kornelia Ender. But the most appealing theme of these Games has been one of personal confrontation. The Comaneci-Korbut duel was the most glamorous, but it was hardly more emotional than the 1,500-meter swimming triumph of feisty American teen-ager Brian Goodell over his Australian rival Steve Holland. In basketball, there was the vindication of Bitch Lee, who had been snubbed by the U.S. team—and almost led his adopted Puerto Rican team to a stunning upset of the Americans.

As the track and field competition began, however, upsets and near disaster caught up with the Americans. First the U.S. shotputters were shut out of a medal for the first time in 40 years. Then the sprinters finished out of the money behind Trinidad's Hasely Crawford for the first U.S. 100-meter shutout in 48 years. And in a fleeting but shocking moment, 800-meter favorite Rick Wohlhuter was threatened with disqualification after forcing his way between rivals during a semifinal. Only a study of the videotape changed officials' minds and kept Rick in the event.

As always, the Games have produced images that will outlive the perishable statistics. There was Comaneci on the victory platform, accepting the gracious kisses of Soviet veteran Lyudmila Turishcheva, the bronze medalist. There was Goodell pulling himself from the

water, jerking a thumb at his own chest in a "Who's No. 1?" gesture. And there was Lee on his knees, on the court, screaming in anguish at the official who had called him for a last-minute charging foul that left Puerto Rico a point short of the U.S.

But perhaps the most fitting Olympic counterpart to the effortless grace of Comaneci was provided by the 26-year-old male gymnast Shun Fujimoto of Japan. During his floor exercise, Fujimoto fractured his right leg. But with the Japanese in contention for a team gold medal, he refused to give up. Fitted with a plastic cast from hip to toe, he somehow competed in the ring exercises—and achieved the highest score of his life. He finished with a triple somersault and twist that doomed him to excruciating pain when he landed. But he executed it flawlessly and fearlessly and maintained his balance long enough to clinch the gold for his team—before his leg crumpled grotesquely beneath him.

"It is beyond my comprehension," said an Olympic doctor who treated Fujimoto, "how he could land without collapsing in screams. What a man."

"Yes, the pain shot through me like a knife," said Fujimoto. "It brought tears to my eyes. But now I have a gold medal, and the pain is gone."

The Olympic capacity for surviving pain and trouble seems particularly striking in Montreal, because these Games have had a rich supply of problems to overcome. Politically, they are haunted by the nations that aren't present—the Taiwanese who weren't wanted and the

30 nations that have withdrawn in a racial protest.

The small Taiwan team, barred by Canada because of the host country's recognition of China, a lucrative trading partner, was scarcely missed in the athletic events. But its absence sets a frightening precedent. If the host country can flaunt the Olympic rules and invite only the nations who fit comfortably into its foreign policy, one can imagine future hosts—the Soviets are next in 1980—turning a worldwide open event into a clubby invitation.

'ONLY THE GRASS SUFFERS'

The absence of the Black Africans and their sympathizers in the boycott of competition with New Zealand has had a more immediate effect. Several of this week's track events have been stripped of glamour by the defection of stars like Tanzania's Filbert Bayi, Kenya's Mike Boit and Uganda's John Akii-Bua. Early rounds of the boxing tournament were reduced to a series of walkovers when Africans didn't show. And amid the mood of resignation in the African sector of the village, athletes have seen years of preparation dissolve into days of waiting for flights back home.

"Of course it's disappointing," said Lee Evans, the American coach of the Nigerian runners. "But while it's all well and good to say that the Olympics are sacred, life is sacred too. When you think of the 176 people killed in the South African riots—just before New Zealand sent its rugby team there—you can see why Africans have decided that life is more important than winning medals."

*Some black athletes felt differently. Sprinter James Gilkes of Guyana asked the International Olympic Committee to permit him to compete as an individual when his country withdrew, but the IOC refused.

It was a Kenyan who best explained the athletes' role as pawns in the power struggle. "We have a saying at home," he said quietly, "that when two bulls fight, only the grass suffers."

On a less global level, there have been the usual Olympic disputes and zany incidents. Despite an armed-camp anti-terrorist security system that dampened some of its Gallic charm, Montreal quickly established itself as a gold-medal host city from the moment of its spectacular opening pageant. The Games facilities, overpriced and unfinished as they were, received generally high praise from athletes. And although a bumbling lodgings bureau placed a few unsuspecting tourists in \$60-a-night flophouses and prostitution hotels, most visitors marveled at the town's food, beauty and wondrously clean, quiet subways.

Only the roads suffered Olympic-class chaos. The army officers assigned to drive the VIP cars staged a demolition derby of their own, scoring more than 200 accidents in the opening week. For their part, the taxi drivers, irascible because the officials were all riding the free cars instead of paying for cabs, didn't give an inch. The result was street-corner crashes almost as entertaining as the ubiquitous street dancing that was a feature of the week's cultural program.

The presence of Queen Elizabeth added grandeur to the scene, but it too caused problems. At one point the underdog Canadian volleyball squad was rallying gamely against Czechoslovakia. Then the royal family arrived and action was halted by a standing ovation. The Canadians, who were either unsettled by the delay or overcome with emotion, immediately lost momentum—and the match. At the equestrian competition in Bromont, the royal attention also took its

toll on Princess Anne, whose horse Goodwill performed erratically in the early stages of the three-day event and fell in the endurance run. "When you've fallen off a horse four times," the Princess grumbled to the press during practice, "you don't want to be asked what you had for breakfast."

A pair of Danish cyclists suffered no such rush of attention. So, in the most notable individual feat of unexplained behavior, they decided to make themselves known by pedaling through the Olympic Village clinic. As they cut a high-speed swath among startled nurses, receptionists and even a few patients in wheelchairs, an irate doctor pursued them on foot. He nabbed them near the dental ward, pummeled them and cursed them in both English and French. Finally, they escaped as quickly as they had arrived, cycling blithely through swinging doors and into the night.

In the team-blunder competition, the Soviets have been in a class by themselves. After a nightmarish week of cheating, arguing and even quitting, the Russians are on their way to eclipsing the Olympic record for trouble that was set by the U.S. in 1972 in Munich.

CHEATING DEVICE

Most shocking was the exposure of modern pentathlon contender Boris Onishchenko, a 38-year-old merited master of sport in the U.S.S.R., who was caught hot-handed with an electronic cheating device in his épée. Fencing is scored electronically: every "hit" of a sword on an opponent's chest shield automatically registers on a scoreboard. But Onishchenko was equipped with a transmitter that scored hits every time he pressed a button in the handle. It might have been the greatest illegal scientific breakthrough since crooked jockeys first learned to stimulate horses with battery-powered buzzers. But Boris acted too flagrantly, scoring a hit when he wasn't even close. His weapon was inspected and he was thrown out of the games.

Soviet team leaders expressed shock and embarrassment, but one rival doubted their motives. "Immediately after the discovery that Onishchenko's weapon was rigged," said Chaba Pallaghy of the Amateur Fencers League of America, "the Russians crowded around their equipment bag. The officials should have checked all weapons on the spot."

The officials did make an over-all check later, but another American didn't believe it was necessary. "Don't lump all Russians as cheaters," pleaded fencer Denise O'Connor. "The ones we know are very honest." That sentiment was small consolation to Onishchenko, who was rushed from the village and flown home to Kiev in disgrace. "He will be stripped of all his medals and honors back home," a Soviet spokesman said ominously. "I fear that his career as a sportsman is over."

But the furor refused to subside around the Soviets. Next, an American

diving official claimed that a Russian had approached him at a party and suggested that the two nations' judges "trade off points" to aid each other's divers. The charge was vehemently denied, and there were indications that the entire exchange had been a cognac-fueled attempt at heavy levity—but an investigation was promised. Then there was more controversy when the Soviet water-polo team, the defending Olympic champion, pulled out of the Games because of "sickness and injuries." Critics claimed



Departing Ethiopian: Wasted years

that the ailments had been induced largely by an early upset loss to the Netherlands. Later, after forfeiting a match to Cuba, the team rejoined the competition and beat the Mexicans—before a jeering crowd.

Finally, the Soviets were forced to play an anguished role at the week's main event—witnessing the conquest of their national heroine Korbuto by the upstart Comaneci. The lovely Olga has been hard used in the years since she captured the hearts of the world from Munich. Last week the price of all her traveling, competing—and simply growing up—was poignantly apparent. At 21, Olga has become a woman. Sometimes,

when the circles under the eyes darken and the once-winning smile becomes a loser's frown, she even looks like an old woman, more tired and strained than any 21-year-old should have to be.

Olga struggled gamely last week, contorting her rubbery body and reaching out theatrically for her audience. Experts said that her gymnastics were every bit as good as they had been in Munich. But a foot injury slowed her just a bit and, more painfully, she understood very quickly that she had lost the crowd to Comaneci. Korbuto, Turishcheva, the brilliant 18-year-old Nelli Kim and 66-pound Maria Filatova won the gold medal as a team. But the spotlight belonged to the second-place Romanians and the girl with the perfect scores.

BREAKING THE SCOREBOARD

In the 48 hours before the individual all-around competition, Montreal revolved around Comaneci. Computer technicians had to redesign the scoreboard system, which—like the rest of the world—had been unprepared to handle 10-point perfection. Scalpers roamed the streets outside the Forum, demanding \$100 for \$16 tickets that were suddenly the most prized of the Games. Insiders debated the judges' scoring, wondering if 10-point scores were unrealistic.

"Nobody is perfect," said Russian coach Larisa Latynina. "Comaneci has her faults, too."

"The judges are in a box," said ABC analyst Cathy Rigby Mason, the former American champion. "They started out giving high scores, and Nadia is so superior to every girl here that they have no choice but to give her 10s."

"In other words," Rigby was asked, "if Nadia were competing against an abstract standard instead of human rivals, and if the crowd wasn't going wild, she might not get 10s?"

Rigby pondered a moment. "If Nadia were doing what she's been doing, all alone in an empty room," she said finally, "I'd still have to say that she would get the 10s."

Olympic gymnastics is a dazzling four-ring circus. Separate groups of brightly clad athletes do their vaults, uneven bars, balance beams and floor exercises simultaneously, accompanied by sporadic cheers and the rousing music that goes with the floor routines. But the individual all-around quickly became a two-woman show. In the early sparring, Comaneci vaulted to a 9.85. Seconds later Korbuto whirled around the bars to a 9.90 and excited cheers. "Ol-ga, Ol-ga," the crowd chanted. For a moment it seemed that the older princess could win back her people—and the gold medal.

Then Comaneci flew onto the bars and

Let the Games begin: A select troupe international gymnasts brings street-festival gaiety to the opening ceremony

Wally McNamee—News

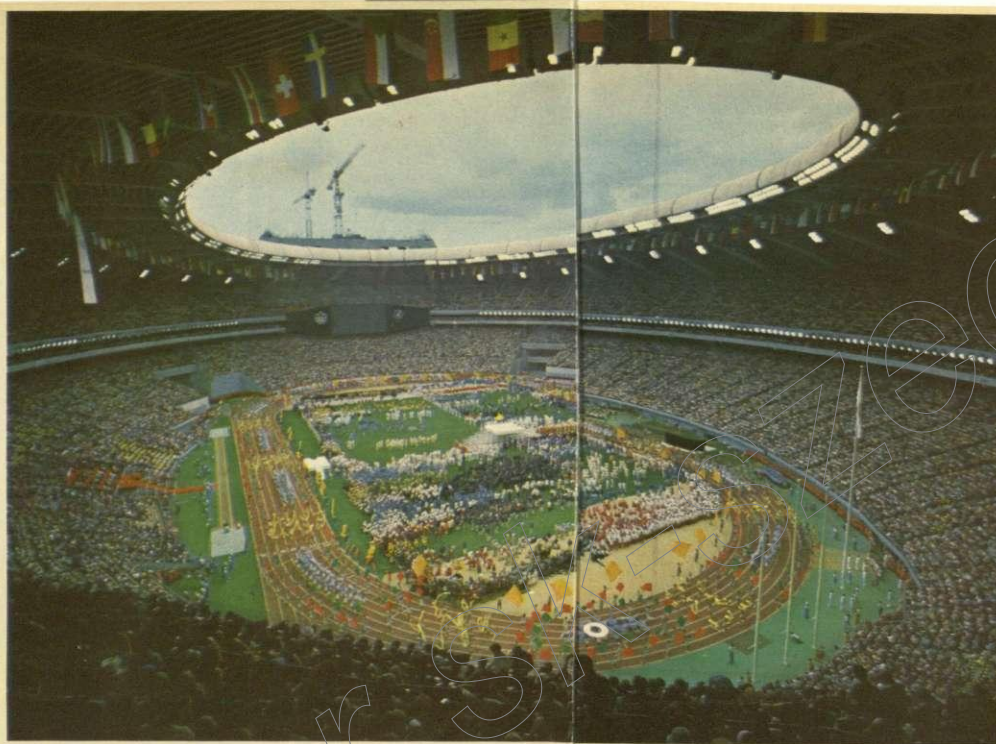
Newsweek, August 2, 1976



A flag-bearer for Swaziland, which later withdrew from the Games, marches into the packed Olympic Stadium. Jenni Chandler dives for a U.S. gold medal and East Germany's Kornelia Ender wins her teammates' congratulations after the 400-meter medley relay.



Wally McNamee—Newsweek



Photos for Ken Regan—Newsweek—ABC Sports

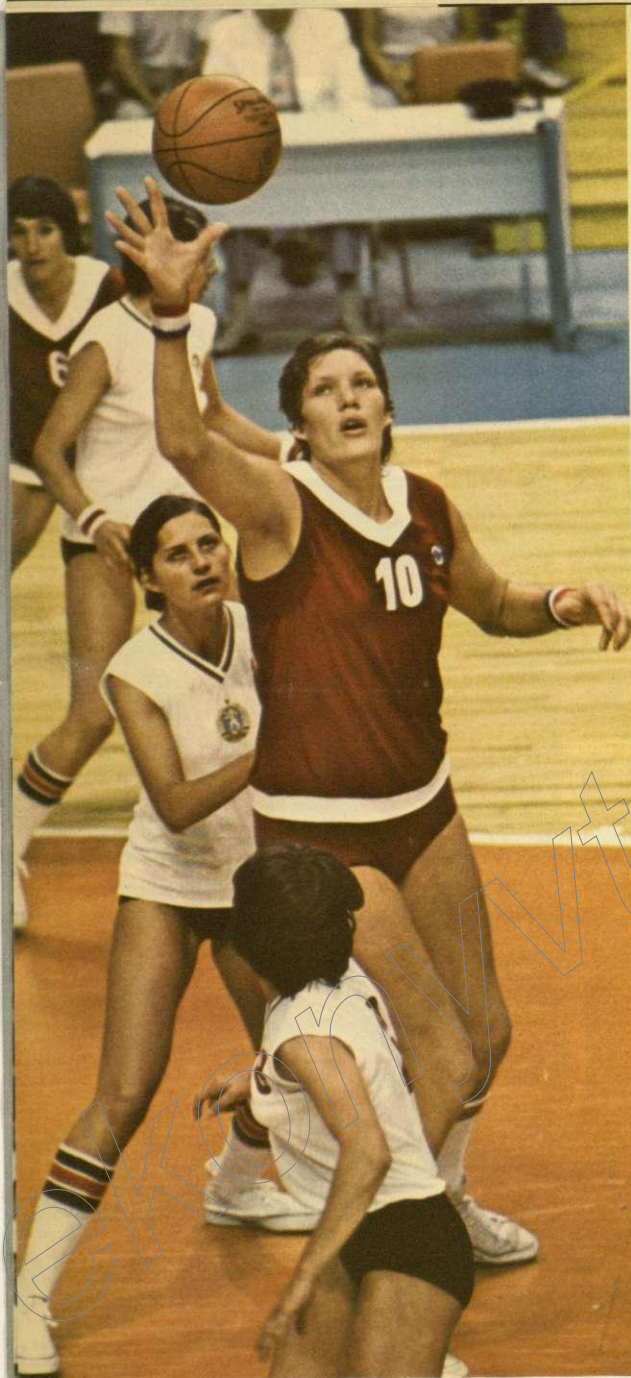


Gamma—Liaison



Cyclists sprint in the 200 meters, Pakistan meets West Germany on the hockey field and American Mike Bruner digs for gold in the butterfly. A prayerful John Naber joins U.S. freestylers Bruce Furniss and Jim Montgomery on the victory platform after their 200-meter sweep.





Soviet women came in all sizes, from 7-foot 2-inch basketballer Yuliana Semyonova (here towering over the Bulgarians), to 66-pound gymnast Maria Filatova, who is 15. Britain's classiest entry was Her Royal Highness Princess Anne.



Photos by Ken Regan—Newsweek—ABC Sports.



the Korbut dream died. Nadia was so sure in her movements and bold in her style that her 10 was almost a foregone conclusion. But that didn't detract from the din when the score flashed—or her joy as she beamed and waved.

Korbut watched from the other end of the arena, where she was about to mount the balance beam. Then she launched her own desperate bid. For a few magical seconds, she seemed to recapture her Munich triumph, curling her body full circle on the beam, then rising to strut with her old bouncing gait. The uninitiated dared to hope that she had pulled out a 10 of her own. Then the forum echoed with angry boos. She scored 9.50.

Soviet coach Latynina approached the judges. She was told that Olga had merited a 9.75, but had been penalized .25 for exceeding her time limit. The star didn't wait for the explanation. Stunned, she paced to a lonely corner of the arena and silently wiped away a tear.

"Because of her injured foot," Latynina later explained, "Olga had to adjust her routine, so she went over the time limit." But it was difficult to shake the impression that in the face of Comaneci's 10-point challenge, poor Olga had simply tried too hard—for too long.

10s AND MORE 10s

Soon Korbut had even lost her spot at the head of her team. Kim, with a 10 in the vault, soared toward a silver medal. Turishcheva, stately, charming and deserving of more acclaim than she has received, won the bronze.

But Nadia had more to offer. She wrapped up the all-around championship with her fifth 10—a near-miraculous balance beam performance that left many wondering if one perfect effort can be described as even more perfect than four earlier ones. Then she returned the following night to do it all again in the individual exercises—and pick up two more perfect scores and gold medals.

Nelli Kim shared the final-night honors, scoring a second 10 of her own with an inspired floor exercise and grabbing two golds. But the week belonged to Nadia, and the only challenge remaining for her was posed by her own statement, "I want to keep improving." To do that, she may have to invent a new sport.

Swimming actually seems to become a new sport every four years, as a whole new set of standards of excellence is established. Every time the Olympic adrenalin starts flowing, world records become so commonplace that an outsider might suspect that Olympic rules require the pools to be shortened by a meter or two each time around. But behind the monotonous regularity of the records and the medal-counting duel between the American men and East German women, last week's action in the pool provided some of the most intriguing personal dramas of the Games.

Six-foot 6-inch John Naber was the ebullient leader of the American men's medal sweep, churning through the wa-



AP Photos

Judge inspecting Russian Onishchenko's épée: An Olympic record for team blunders

ter for two backstroke golds, two more golds in relays and a silver behind teammate Bruce Furniss in the 200-meter freestyle. And it was Naber who made the big impression after his triumphs, hurling himself back into the pool for spontaneous victory laps, enveloping surprised rivals in vicelike bear hugs—and launching into enthusiastic speeches about life, religion and himself at the slightest provocation.

"I've always been a freewheeling, extroverted guy," says Naber. "When I was in fourth grade, my teacher commented on my report card, 'He has a remarkable talent for leadership, but I wish he wouldn't use it to create an uproar.' I like to get people involved in all sorts of things. I'm an organizer."

THE PRICE OF PRIDE

Some teammates are mystified or put off by Naber, especially when he pontificates about religion. ("I'm not a Jesus freak," he says, "I'm just crazy about Jesus.") But Naber takes pride in being different from the many rubber-stamped swimmers whose vision tends to have the breadth of their lane markers. Unlike the lifetime medal chasers who were virtually weaned on chlorine, Naber didn't start swimming until the advanced age of 13. At that point he had to work hard to catch up, taking full advantage of his long arms and kicking effectively with his oversize feet. "My size-12 triple E's don't help me much," he quips. "Certainly no more than fins would."

For 17-year-old Brian Goodell and his friends, the 1,500-meter race turned into an Olympian pool party—made all the sweeter when some Australians had to pick up the tab. Australia's powerful, shaggy-haired Steve Holland was supremely confident as the race approached; some of his unfortunate

rooters were infected by his spirit and paid the price.

The financial maneuvering began when a cocky Australian businessman offered to bet \$1,000, at even money, that Holland would win. When the challenge reached the American camp, a U.S. businessman called the bluff—only to have the Australian back down. By then, however, the wagering fever was running high. Members of the Australian team pledged modest sums, and the Ameri-

Gymnast Fujimoto: A moment of heroism



PRINCESS OF THE GAMES

She sat ramrod-straight, her gaze unblinking, her lips pressed in a thin line as she listened to questions and replied in short, crisp sentences. Then a Romanian official handed the small group of reporters sniffers of slivovitz, a brandy with a tangy plum flavor. Spontaneously, they rose and silently toasted the fragile-looking girl across the table from them. She responded to their uplifted glasses with a tilt of her head and a warming smile that was as captivating as her flips and twists in the Montreal Forum. For a fleeting moment, Nadia Comaneci looked very much like the 14-year-old kid she is—a girl who collects dolls, struggles with homework and spends vacations swimming and skiing.

As an Olympic heroine whose overall performance bordered on perfection, Nadia is already carving out a legend based on grim efficiency and icy purpose. But offstage, she has never cried over aching muscles or felt trapped by the demands of her sport. And if her childhood was unlike that of other girls her age, it is because Nadia spent it doing precisely what she enjoys most—gymnastics.

Four Hours a Day: Comaneci (it rhymes with peach) was born and raised in Onesti, a city of 40,000 in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains. (It was renamed Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, after a former Communist Party leader—but everyone still calls it Onesti.) Her father is an auto mechanic, her mother an office employee, and she has a 10-year-old brother named Adrian. The family lives in a new apartment within walking distance of the school where Nadia takes such subjects as French and chemistry—and where she practices four hours a day, except Sundays.

Nadia's coach is Bela Karolyi,

who also happens to be in Montreal as the coach of the Romanian women's gymnastic team. A handsome, strapping man of 35, Karolyi had no interest in gymnastics until he met his wife Marta. "She was a gymnast," he says. "Since I fell in love with her, I fell in love with her sport."

Searching for budding gymnasts, the couple used to scout the kindergartens of Romania, and Karolyi vividly recalls the day when he spotted two 6-year-old girls playing in a courtyard during a recreation period. "They were running and jumping and pretending to be gymnasts," he says. "Then the bell rang, and they ran into the building and I lost them. I went



Comaneci: Also a 14-year-old doll collector

into all the classes looking for them. I went again and still I couldn't find them. A third time I went and asked, 'Who likes gymnastics?' In one of the classrooms, two girls sprang up. One is now a very promising ballerina. The other is Nadia."

In 1969, Nadia was the youngest competitor in the Junior National Championships of Romania—and she finished in thirteenth place. "Because thirteen is an unlucky number," says Karolyi, "I bought her an Eskimo doll for good luck and told her she must never rank thirteenth again." The next year, Nadia won the event—and she hasn't lost a competition since. She has carried the Eskimo doll in its faded sealskin dress with her everywhere, and whenever she leaves home, she buys dolls to add to a bulging collection of about 200 stacked neatly on shelves in her bedroom. "The ones I have purchased in Montreal," she says, "will remind me of my 10s in the Olympics."

Courage: "The technical purity of her performance," says Karolyi, "is her most brilliant characteristic. Physically, she has strength, speed and flexibility. Mentally, she has intelligence, phenomenal powers of concentration—and courage."

"Nadia is the best gymnast in the world," boasts Karolyi. "And she will improve with the addition of new and different elements. Every year we try to put in new exercises. Some are technically too difficult, so we put them away and try later. We want to develop perfection, to the time when she gets all 10s in the same competition."

That day may not be far off—and then Nadia must look for some new surpassing triumph. Thinking ahead, someone asked her last week, "How long will you compete? When will you retire?"

"Retire?" The pale lips pursed in a quizzical expression. "I'm 14 years old."

—PETER BONVENTRE in Montreal

cans responded by appointing 200-meter butterfly silver medalist Steve Gregg as an informal betting commissioner.

"These Australians are really brash," Gregg said before the race. "I'm holding a lot of money." He paused, fingering his stash. "Well, maybe not all that much."

"All week people have been asking me, 'Are you worth betting on?'" said Goodell. "I tell them, 'I think so. Put your money up and find out.'"

The answer came after about twenty of the 30 grueling laps. Holland was just overtaking American pacesetter Bobby Hackett when Goodell surged up behind

the leaders. Normally Goodell is a "negative-split" racer. In other words, he prefers to pace himself early and finish much faster than he began. But this time he simply felt too good to wait. The American bettors had themselves a waterlogged Secretariat.

"The first 600 meters went by so fast, it was like a dream," Brian said later. "I was just skimming along. I had to keep telling myself, 'Hey, this is the Olympics. Pay attention.' Then after 1,000 meters, I got concerned and picked up my pace." Goodell clung tenaciously near the pacesetters. And as the crowd

exploded in the noisiest roar of the swimming meet, he seized the lead on the final flip turn and won going away from Hackett and Holland, whose bronze medal left his backers out of the money.

The American men swept all the medals in the two butterfly events. But in the powerful group led by youthful winners Mike Bruner and Matt Vogel, the most striking figure was a swimming oddity—a 24-year-old medical student named Gary Hall, who survived the onslaught of teen-age stars to appear in his third Olympics and grab a bronze medal.

At Munich four years earlier, Hall had

seen the biggest disappointment on the U.S. men's team. Favored to dominate several events, he had settled for a lone silver medal—and decided to put swimming behind him. But even as he lunged into his medical studies at the University of Cincinnati, Hall felt drawn back to the water. "My infant son was my inspiration," he said. "When I started teaching him to swim, I realized how much the sport still meant to me."

For the first 90 meters of the 100-meter butterfly, the sport seemed to hold a elated gold medal for Hall. Only in the final strokes did his age betray him—but he was delighted to cap his personal comeback with a bronze. After the race, he strode halfway around the pool to kiss his wife and carry his inspirational 2-year-old, Gary Jr., back to the dressing room with him. "This was my last race," Hall said later, choking back tears. "But I love to return to the Olympics—maybe as the U.S. team doctor in 1984."



Korbut: Falling on hard times

For the most part, the American women swam as if they could have used some medical assistance, for their shattered psyches if not for the arms and legs that simply couldn't keep up with the East Germans. Shirley Babashoff, the winner of five events at the U.S. Olympic trials, spent a particularly miserable week. In two long-awaited confrontations with Ender, she was soundly trounced. In her favorite event, the 400-meter freestyle, Shirley found Ender resting on the sidelines—and managed to lose to another East German, Petra Thumer.

When Ender achieved her most remarkable feat—winning two races in only 27 minutes, barely taking time to change swimsuits between gold medals, Babashoff was finally moved to comment. "People in the U.S. do sports for fun," she said. "All the East Germans talk about is working hard. I wasn't picked out in kindergarten and sent away to some camp for ten years."

Ender, whose infectious smile and charm belie the stereotype of the stolid, bionic East German athlete, replied calmly to the blast. "Swimming is a hobby to me," she said. "As long as I have fun at it, I'll continue."

If the Ender-Babashoff clash had undertones of petty nationalism, the women's diving competition brought the issue to the surface. Jenni Chandler, a lean and graceful Alabama high-school student, was overwhelming off the springboard—to all spectators except one adamant East German judge. In the kind of narrow-minded display that seems to mark judgment-call events at every Olympiad, Judge Heinz Gold consistently downgraded Chandler and favored East German silver medalist Christa Köhler. Happily, his votes had no effect—and they may have helped the winner by outraging the crowd. "I don't know if the judge meant to do that to me," Jenni said later. "But I do know it was nice to have the crowd with me."

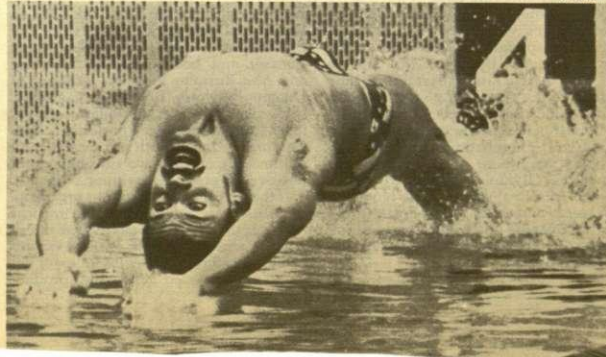
A MATTER OF STYLE

In the pocket-size Olympic basketball arena, the crowd chanted, "U.S.A.—all the way" like fanatics at an Indiana high-school tournament, and the American team looked worthy of the support. Olympic basketball often has a predictable pattern. The Americans are kids who grew up with the sport and became stars—but enjoy little practice as a unit. The Russians and Yugoslavs counter by assembling groups of the tallest athletes they can find and teaching them skills and team play. So far in Olympic history, the natural U.S. stars have lost precisely one game—and that one required a disputed Russian basket after the final buzzer. The Americans aren't likely to lose another during this Olympiad.

Last week, they came tantalizingly close to an upset, rallying to edge an inspired Puerto Rican team. After that narrow escape, the Americans awakened with an easy rout of the ponderous Yugoslavs and headed for their showdown

Ford (front), May face the Puerto Ricans

Naber: A vein of gold for 'a freewheeling, extroverted guy'

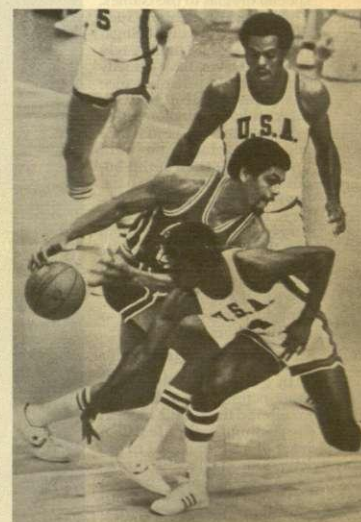


AP photos

SPORTS



The new Sugar Ray: A touch of flamboyance



early this week against the Soviets. A repeat of the chaotic Russian victory in Munich seems unlikely, partly because of players like Scott May, Adrian Dantley and Phil Ford—and partly because the Montreal clocks measure time in tenths of a second, making post-buzzer timing adjustments highly unlikely.

The Soviet women's team seems a safer bet. The Soviets lack the speed and finesse of the crowd-pleasing Japanese, but they have a strong intimidating factor in 7-foot 2-inch Yuliana Semyonova—who may have romance as well as gold in her future. "We're hoping she'll get married," said her coach, Lidia Alekseyeva. "It will be better for her game."

"Who will be the husband?" someone asked. "In my country," said the coach, "we can find one."

This week the boxers and track-and-field athletes will add their special dramas to the Games. The American fighters, such as light welterweight Sugar Ray Leonard and lightweight Howard Davis, have already demonstrated flamboyance as well as skill. But the U.S. track athletes stumbled off to a dismal start. Harvey Glance and Johnny Jones, the swift but inexperienced sprint finalists, had hoped to whip the Soviet defending champ Valery Borzov. Instead, they watched Borzov beat them for the bronze—while the ebullient Hasely Crawford edged Jamaica's Don Quarrie for the gold. The U.S. shot-putters were equally as disappointing.

KATE THE GREAT

In a reversal of the swimming pattern, the U.S. women offered the bright spots in the stadium. Kathy McMillan leapt to a silver medal in the long jump and javelin thrower Kate Schmidt won a bronze. Trailing badly until her final throw, Kate (the Great) came through with a dramatic 209 feet, 10 inches toss—and waved a fist in delight to her cheering fans.

Many more confrontations lie ahead. The athletes will be hard pressed to match the splendor of Comaneci or the raw courage of Fujimoto. But just by reaching for that kind of excellence, they will be acting out a fitting second act for an Olympics that is succeeding in spite of its self-perpetuating problems. Overblown and unrealistic as they unquestionably are, there are still moments when the Olympics rise above themselves. Montreal knew such moments last week, and as they happened, it was hard to imagine any setting more fitting for the Olympic experience—or the perfection of Nadia.

—PETE AXTHELM in Montreal

Almost-Nicely

What's playing at the Broadway? I'll tell you what's playing at the Broadway.

A revival of a classic musical, so in tune with current trends

That it puts white characters into blackface from Miss Adelaide to Nicely-Nicely.

That's what's playing at the Broadway.

What's playing at the Broadway Theatre is, of course, **GUYS AND DOLLS**, and as revived by an all-black cast, it proves three things about the current odds in one of the oldest established permanent

tion and specialty numbers for which the words and music seem to have been written simultaneously. **Guys and Dolls** literally explodes with them—from the nervy, low-operative opener "Fugue for Tinkorus" to the girly-show pastiche "Take Back Your Mink" to the tender gift song "More I Cannot Wish You." Swerling and Burrows's book could almost work as a nonmusical play and the giddy authority of its social and psychological jabbing is as fresh as ever.

In this revival, which was "supervised" by Abe Burrows himself and staged by Billy Wilson, it's all still gloriously there—behind a lot of interference. New York's committee to clean up Times Square should start with the body mikes

that musical performers, with perfectly swell voices, have taken to wearing in recent years; here, they disembodied the voices and amplify repartee into harangues. In keeping with the spirit—and budgets—of most of the recent rash of Broadway revivals, Tom H. John's sets look aggressively cheap, which is not the same thing as evocatively seedy.

Idiom: But the most troubling interference is the blackface. It's not that the show's original Jewish flavor proved ineradicable, for its essentially showbiz idiom flows just as naturally from blacks as it did from whites. But of the four principal characters, only lovable, slippery Nathan Detroit seems completely himself in the person of Robert Guillaume. The supergambler, Sky Masterson, loses his sexually provocative cool to the ingratiating warmth of James Randolph; Nathan's fiancée, Miss Adelaide, is drained of her soft-boiled center in the hard-shell performance of Norma Donaldson.

This "Guys and Dolls" has acquired a black cast but, for

the most part, the cast is just a cast—a darker shade of make-up uneasily applied over white characters. Significantly, the production brings down the house twice—when Ernestine Jackson as Sister Sarah Brown discovers there's more to life than saving souls on street corners and when Ken Page as Nicely-Nicely Johnson discovers his power to rattle the souls of his tinsmith pals. The house comes down because the blackface comes off—as Jackson and Page convert "If I Were a Bell" and "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat" into new Loesser classics by singing them in a soul-stirring manner that is genuinely all-black.

—CHARLES MCHENER



Martha Swope

Page: Bringing down the house by rocking the boat

floating crap games in New York: (1) it's a sure bet to bring back a masterwork like the one that composer and lyricist Frank Loesser and bookwriters Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows made in 1950 out of Damon Runyon's Broadway gamblers, show girls and street missionaries; (2) it's just as sure to cast black performers who can sing and dance with real swagger and enthusiasm, and (3) two sure bets don't necessarily produce a winner.

If the cell of that amorphous organism, the Broadway musical, is the musical number, then no show has ever strutted, wiggled and sighed with so rich a variety of living interlocking cells. Loesser remains unsurpassed at creating produc-

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1976

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