

SPORTS

Age-handicapped marathon a big hit

By Jack Russell

Running well, I had been leading Olympic champion Frank Shorter since the very beginning of the race. But as I rolled up one of the few small hills in the road course I could hear Shorter's footfalls coming from behind. As we crested the rise together he blew by me and was gone around a bend.

I'll bet half the runners who ever jogged around the local park have fantasized such a moment. I certainly had. Viewing sport or doing sport, we seek some bond with the best. So on April Fool's Day I took my quixotic self to Michigan City, Ind., where the next morning, at the U.S. Track and Field Federation National Age Handicap Championship, I could make my novice's reveries real.

Never mind that my two second duel with Frank Shorter came in the first 500 meters of the 15,000 meter race, nor that I'd been leading him *only* because I had a 29 second headstart, nor that he swept by me with several score other racers out of my league. I had my moment of vicar-

ious glory. Better yet, I and 500 other distance runners had an opportunity to pioneer an event that may make competition in our sport still more accessible to men and women of all ages.

Distance running, says *Sports Illustrated*, "is becoming virtually the U.S. national amateur sport." Hundreds of thousands have begun running because of the substantial health benefits (cardiovascular strength, weight reduction) because it's inexpensive (25 bucks for excellent shoes) and because there are no age barriers. Grade school children and men in their 70s have finished marathons: women from 13 to 45 have run the classic distance in under three hours. Nearly all local races feature age group divisions and awards as well as the Open category.

Until now, however, the good masters (40-49) and veterans (50-59) have fought out their age group battles in the midst of the pack while the "best" racers, mostly in their 20s, have been the front runners. In a sport that does honor its elders, separate has still not been "equal."

Left, the 70-year-old winner, Ray Sears. Below, the first woman runner, Mary Czarapata, 41.

Ed Blume



►Is faster better?

But is the faster, younger runner truly better? Records of past performance indicate that male distance racers peak in their late 20s and decline gradually thereafter, assuming consistent training. Yet one can argue that the "better" competitor may well be the older person whose training, tactics and courage yield a superior performance for his or her age.

To compare racers across a span of years in a way that fairly measures their relative quality, a huge volume of performance data must be assembled, analyzed and translated into some system of equivalents.

Enter Ken Young, a witty astrophysicist and distance runner from Tucson, Ariz. Young's labor of love, the National Running Data Center, processed information on 40,000 performances last year. Using these race reports from across the nation, Young has evolved a system of Age Graded Tables that allow us to make several comparisons.

We can measure equivalent performances by different ages: a 6:03:9 mile by a 15-year-old male is equal to a 60-year-old's 8:59:7 mile. We can "grade" racers of the same age: for 35-year-old men running 15,000 meters, 65 minutes makes you a respectable citizen runner. Turn in a low 50s and you're a likely local winner. Burn it in under 46:00 and you'll be a submasters national champion.

As a runner ages, he can now understand his slowing times as an *improvement* if he stays ahead of the predicted average decline.

►An age handicap system.

The most important result of Young's statistics, however, may be the opportunity they create for truly accurate age handicapping. The NAHC was the first real test of the possibilities. Michigan City's Hal Higdon, an experienced race promoter and a former national masters champion, provided smooth organization and recruited Shorter as a draw.

Young worked out a handicap system for the 15 kilometer distance. The senior competitor, 71-year-old Bradford Cossell, would start first with progressively younger runners following according to a time handicap computed for each age from 71 down to 29, the peak year for distance runners and, by chance, Frank Shorter's current age.

Since the race was conceived with the over-30 athlete in mind, all those 29 or under, including some preteens, would start from scratch with Frank, 24 minutes and 17 seconds after Cossell.

Handicapping the female entrants posed a problem, Young explained, be-

cause there was not yet enough data to construct valid tables. Men still outnumber women in the sport 20:1, but the gap is narrowing and Young hopes soon to handicap for sex as well as age. For the NAHC, women were asked to add 16 years to their actual age to find their starting time, a solution Young conceded was based as much on "intuitive feeling" as on science.

Whatever the limits of its current design, the race seemed to please everyone. The top older runners welcomed a fair shot at the world's best man. Novices like myself were simply happy to be part of it all. And gold medalist Frank Shorter said the system gave him a kick because it was easier and more exciting to come from behind.

Shorter, who hasn't had to overtake many racers in the past eight years, was given the chance to stride past hundreds in Michigan City. After dispensing with me in the shadow of the starting gate, he rolled by a host of those who are the foundation of the sport in which he excels: a coronary care nurse in her second race, a 48-year-old executive from Pittsburgh, a homemaker of 32 who two weeks before had completed her first marathon, and her husband, who had confessed the night before, "It's scary to think of, you know, nine miles!"

Eventually he passed 41-year-old Mary Czarapata of Wisconsin, who would be the first woman to finish, and race director Hal Higdon, whose 52:27 earned him 4th place over all.

►70-year-old winner.

But Frank didn't catch his friend John Archer, who was second, or 70-year-old marvel Ray Sears of Shelbyville, Ind., who won for us all with a remarkable time of 64:23.

Shorter was jovial in defeat. "Back to the drawing boards for Ken Young," he quipped. "To win today I would have had to break the world record for 10,000 meters and keep on going!" But he, like the rest of us, thought a new and more democratic form of road racing may have been born in this modest event in the heart of the heart of the country.

"You gotta learn to lose, too," Frank Shorter had told us. Walking back down the last 500 meters of the course with 71-year-old Bradford Cossell, cheering later finishers home and laughing at the torrential rain that had soaked most of us for the final two miles, one understood there were no losers here.

Jack Russell lives in Detroit and is helping co-ordinate *In These Times'* sports coverage. Comments and contributions are welcome and should be sent to *In These Times*.

Marquette's McGuire bows out with a big win

For the last 13 years Al McGuire has been one of the most colorful and controversial figures in intercollegiate basketball. A product of the New York city schoolyards in an era when Irish and Jewish players dominated the game, McGuire was one of the first major college coaches to see that the best basketball in the country was being played in black neighborhoods and to concentrate his recruiting on players from the inner city.

With only a limited budget at his disposal, McGuire was able to attract a steady stream of great players to Marquette and turn the school into a national basketball power.

Unlike other coaches who built their reputation on black athletes, however, McGuire protected his players. He kept the number of scholarship athletes on his team small enough so that all of them would play, built them up in the press so that they received national publicity and kept close tabs on their classroom performance to make sure that they received

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their degrees even if they left school early to join the pros.

Although harsh and authoritarian in his coaching style, McGuire let his athletes play with the intensity and combativeness that was the trademark of ghetto ball and encouraged them to express themselves on and off the court. In a typical Marquette game, McGuire yelled at his players, his players yelled back at him, and they both yelled at the refs.

His teams had a rough, contentious quality, that offended some of his fellow coaches, but they almost always ended up in the top ten in the nation—without depending on corrupt recruiting practices.

Over the years, Al McGuire built up an honorable reputation among inner city

ball players. In the schoolyards of New York and Chicago, Marquette was known as a good school to go to if you wanted training for the pros, a place where you would be treated fairly if you were willing to work hard, where you were allowed, even encouraged, to "be yourself." Each year, McGuire only went after a small number of high school prospects, but he usually succeeded in signing the players he contacted.

This year, Al McGuire finally achieved the goal that had escaped him throughout the years—the national championship. Only a few months after he announced that this would be his last season as a coach his Marquette team defeated North Carolina to win the NCAA title.

Significantly, the team that gave Marquette the most trouble in the tournament was the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, a school with a miniscule recruiting budget and a starting team of five black athletes who were unheralded and unknown. Marquette won its semi-final game against Charlotte 51-49, but after this tense contest, the final was an anticlimax. Marquette easily wore down the disciplined North Carolina with a pressing defense and superior rebounding and shot-blocking, pulling away to win 67-59.

In the last moments of the game Al McGuire sat on the bench with tears streaming down his face, overcome with emotion at what he and his players had achieved. It was a fitting conclusion to the career of a man who, in the corrupt, competitive world of college sports, had still managed to preserve his humanity, had been able to "do right."

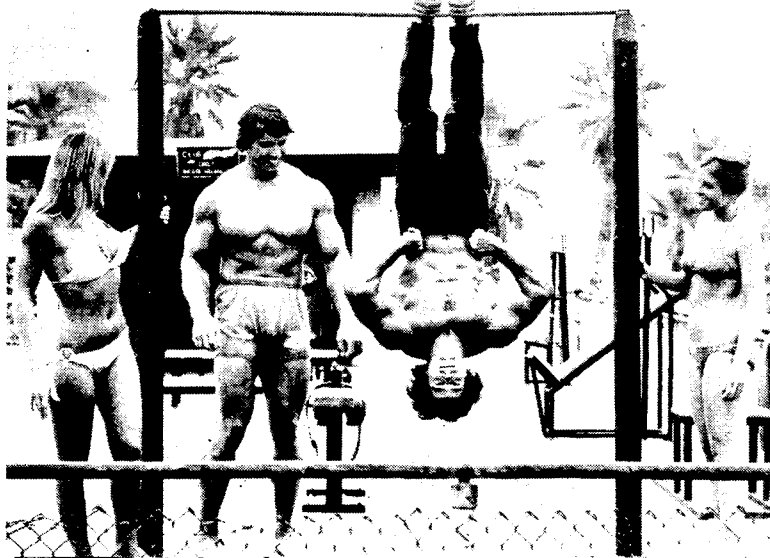
—Mark Naison

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ART «» ENTERTAINMENT

FILM

Schwarzenegger claims that the agony that goes into his own creation reaps a mighty ecstasy. "When I'm pumping, I'm in heaven," he says. In fact, the sensual rewards of his profession are so great that he feels like he's "coming all the time."



Passionate pumping of iron, a major sport in muscle-flick

PUMPING IRON

Starring Arnold Schwarzenegger
Conceived by George Butler
Distributed by Cinema 5

Spinoza was the first one to put forth the idea that something could be both cause and effect—but he was talking about the universe.

On a smaller scale, Arnold Schwarzenegger, six-time winner of the "Mr. Olympia" title, claims that he views his body as "a piece of sculpture;" the artist being none other than Guess Who. In order to whip himself into shape, which means possessing a set of muscles whose worth is based on symmetry and clarity (including 32 inch arms), Arnie undergoes a series of tortures at the gym. From the look on his face, and those of his fellow body-builders, lifting weights and working out isn't as much fun as it could be.

Schwarzenegger claims that the agony that goes into his own creation reaps a mighty ecstasy. "When I'm pumping, I'm in heaven," he says. In fact, the sensual rewards of his profession are so great that he feels like he's "coming all the time." But a longer look at the champ reveals that he is very likely the type of person who doesn't know whether he's coming or going.

Schwarzenegger displays a consistent, casual contempt for the other contenders, using "psychology" and bullying techniques to destroy their confidence and push them further down the ranks of body-building. His smug confidence is so overwhelming it's as if he's already read the end of the script.

As a documentary, *Pumping Iron* suffers because of the painful, on-camera self-consciousness of its subjects, Arnold, being a fledgling actor as well as a kinetic sculptor, is reasonably relaxed, but his competitors in the Mr. Olympia contest are compelled to try very hard not to look like assholes. Mostly they fail. Their appearances are as awkward and contrived as rehearsed home movies. Outstanding in this category is the father of one Lou Franco. Louie is none too bright, but smart enough to keep his mouth shut. Not so the old man, who has an endless supply of rehearsed speeches of the "win one for the gripper" variety, obviously delivered for the sake of you-

fans-out-there.

Throughout the Film, Schwarzenegger throws in references to "girls" and "girlfriends," so there should be no question as to the healthy straightness of his sexual orientation. Body-building is one sport that is rumored to attract more than your usual number of homosexuals. That may well be, but Arnie ain't one of 'em, and he's telling you so.

So what kind of people get into body-building, and why do they endure the strenuous training for five glorious minutes of standing in their shorts on a pedestal? Unlike other "sports," there is no game to body-building. It most closely resembles female beauty pageants, and no one ever called being "Miss America" a sport.

A hint at explanation is offered by probing into the childhoods of some of the main contestants, a bunch of scrawny, bespectacled,

unpopular bozos—yup, your 90-pound weakling types! Now they can kick the sand in anybody's face. Girls (or boys) were also surely a part of the initial motivation. But by the time they get to the point of worrying about the symmetry of their deltoids, such thoughts seem to be far from their minds. As a group, the body-builders seem less macho than the average athlete.

And what about the spectators? Are they a slaving crowd of voyeuristic sex maniacs? Not really. No more so than your typical football fan.

"People may think it's weird to be a body-builder," Arnold admits, "but is it any more ridiculous than trying to break a speed record, going around in a sportscar?"

—Pat Hertel

Pat Hertel is a free-lance journalist who lives in Chicago.

Two lyrical ladies with razors up their sleeves

DANCER WITH BRUISED KNEES

By Kate and Anna McGarrigle
Warner Brothers

Kate and Anna McGarrigle are two dear, smiling French-Canadian ladies who have skilled, fragile voices and razors hidden up their sleeves.

The harmonies of "Southern Boys" are intricate. The song itself might be seen as an update of the Beach Boys' "California Girls." But the lyrics slip the stinging poison in:

*Southern boys are warm and lovely,
They speak gently of their homes
And show you pictures of their folks.*

*Breath in your ear is soft as the cotton
Whether they're wooing
Or whispering the latest racist joke.*

A song like "First Born" describes the love given to new life, *the family's the oyster you're the pearl* but the tender mood is suddenly broken by the observation that *some of them will make it some of them won't.*

This understanding is not a pose, but a state of mind.

The album's title cut compares a love affair to a duet of dancers. Love ends when the man can no longer be trusted to catch the woman on her descent from a breathless leap. Passion is replaced by suspicion, signaling the end. Love and death are not seen as synonymous, but they still exist together in the harmonious voices of the musicians.

By way of asserting their

strength and independence, the McGarrigles sing three of *Dancer's* cuts in French. No way to crack the American popular market but the songs are certainly not throwaways. Two are rearranged traditionals. "Blanche Neige" tells the story of a woman who feigns death so well (to save herself from dishonor) that she is buried alive. In "Perrine Etait Servante," a boy hides in a pantry so the priest won't catch him with his girlfriend. He is forgotten and eaten by rats.

But these were practical people and they made a holy water fount out of his skull and candle sticks of his leg bones.

This lyricism of voice and music, contradicted by cynicism, creates a duality that may repel potential listeners, which would be their loss.

If the themes of these songs are not exactly upbeat, the arrangements are crisp, the harmonies spare and beautiful. The McGarrigles write, sing, play a number of instruments (piano, organ, button accordion, recorder, banjo), and their choice of back-up is superb.

The sisters McGarrigle sing of things they want to do or see or that they observe. Without self-indulgence or mock piety, they project a mood, tone and voice completely free of compromise.

—Joe Heumann

Joe Heumann teaches media related subjects at Eastern Illinois University and writes regularly for *In These Times*.

BOOKS

Mental health for the managerial class?

THE GAMESMAN: The New Corporate Leaders

By Michael Maccoby
Simon & Schuster, 1976, \$8.95

Michael Maccoby has managed to write a book describing the social character of 250 corporate managers and the relationship between them, their companies and the "system" without once mentioning that awful word—capitalism.

This failure is significant. Maccoby's inability to deal with the powerful dynamics of monopoly capitalism leads him to underestimate the consequences of corporate actions and to speculate naively about managers reforming themselves and bringing about a new, humane society.

First, his findings: through lengthy interviews, Rorschach and dream analyses, Maccoby (a psychoanalyst with a background in social research) concludes that a new corporate type has risen to prominence in high technology corporations. The gamesman has replaced the jungle fighter of the late 19th century and the

company man of the 1950s. His (96 percent of the executives interviewed are male) combination of flexibility, leadership, cooperation and aggressiveness is necessary for service in the fast moving changeable environment of electronics, military/aerospace and data-processing industries.

Yet the gamesman is personally flawed. "Underdeveloped," he lives detached from his emotions: "Corporate life did not stimulate compassion or idealism." He is unwilling to take responsibility for the consequences of his own and his corporation's activities: "No one we interviewed ever stopped working on something because it was socially harmful." Maccoby would have had more to criticize if he had further pursued the results of corporate behavior, but he ignores imperialism, exploitation, support for apartheid and a myriad of other aspects of modern capitalism.

Through numerous examples including a lengthy portrait of one individual gamesman, Maccoby displays a keen insight into

the relationship between the demands of hierarchical, immoral corporation, the competitive processes of executive mobility and the human pathology that results. At times he places his analysis in broad perspective: "Given our socioeconomic system, with its stimulation of greed, its orientation to control and predictability, its valuation of power and prestige above justice and creative human development, these fair-minded gamesmen may be as good as we can expect from corporate leaders."

If the logic of Maccoby's argument seems to cry out for a new system, a just system where "fair-minded" leaders might engage in different behaviors, the author heeds a different call. He hopes for a more humane protagonist, one "who develops his heart as well as his head and who could become an example for leadership in a changing society where the goal is economic democracy and the humanization of technology."

It is as if Maccoby hadn't read his own book. The dynamic be-

tween structure and personality has fizzled, and we are left with simplistic wishful thinking from a sensitive and gifted investigator who has shown us the limits of capitalism for managerial health.

Instead of concluding, "If these be our successes then the system has failed," Maccoby has given us an updated version of William H. Whyte's (1956) *The Organization Man*. A man with problems, yes, but ones that he and the company can work out. Not surprisingly, Whyte's magazine, *Fortune*, has published an article excerpted from Maccoby's book.

Presumably, Maccoby-influenced business school students on their way to IBM and Raytheon will now strive to be humanizing agents of social change. Well, neither the Shah nor David Rockefeller need worry.

—Maynard Seider

Maynard Seider is a sociologist presently living in Massachusetts, who reviews books regularly for *In These Times*.