

RACQUET

QUARTERLY

PREMIER ISSUE \$3.00

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE..."

William Shakespeare



CLASSIC
Aerodynamic body designed and handcrafted by Pininfarina.

SOPHISTICATED
2-liter double overhead cam engine with fuel injection. 5-speed gear box.

RESPONSIVE
*4-wheel power assisted disc brakes. Stop from 60-0 mph in just 185 feet.**

FUN
Snug-fitting top that can be lowered and raised with remarkable ease.

POWERFUL
*Highway passing from 50-80 mph is faster than BMW 320i and the Porsche 924.**

EXCLUSIVE
For select individuals at select Alfa Romeo dealerships. Call us, toll free at 800-447-4700; in Illinois call 800-322-4400.

*Based on 1980 Consumer Information figures required by U.S. Motor Vehicle Safety Regulations Part 575.

Alfa Romeo
A UNIQUE DIMENSION IN DRIVING.



I didn't see it. What happened?"

"He won in three straight."

Something is missing.

Knowing the score of a match is like
being told the plot of a classic novel:
the imagination and excitement and grace
remain an unkept promise.

The contest, like a work of literature, is a series
of critical moments pieced together in a unique fashion,
with a special drama and purpose.

But the essence of the game, be it any racquet sport,
can be found in its entirety within any one of those moments:
the spin miraculously drags the ball to earth,
bringing it down on the very border
that distinguishes good from bad.

The artistry of a professional produced the shot,
but does that mean it is not ours?

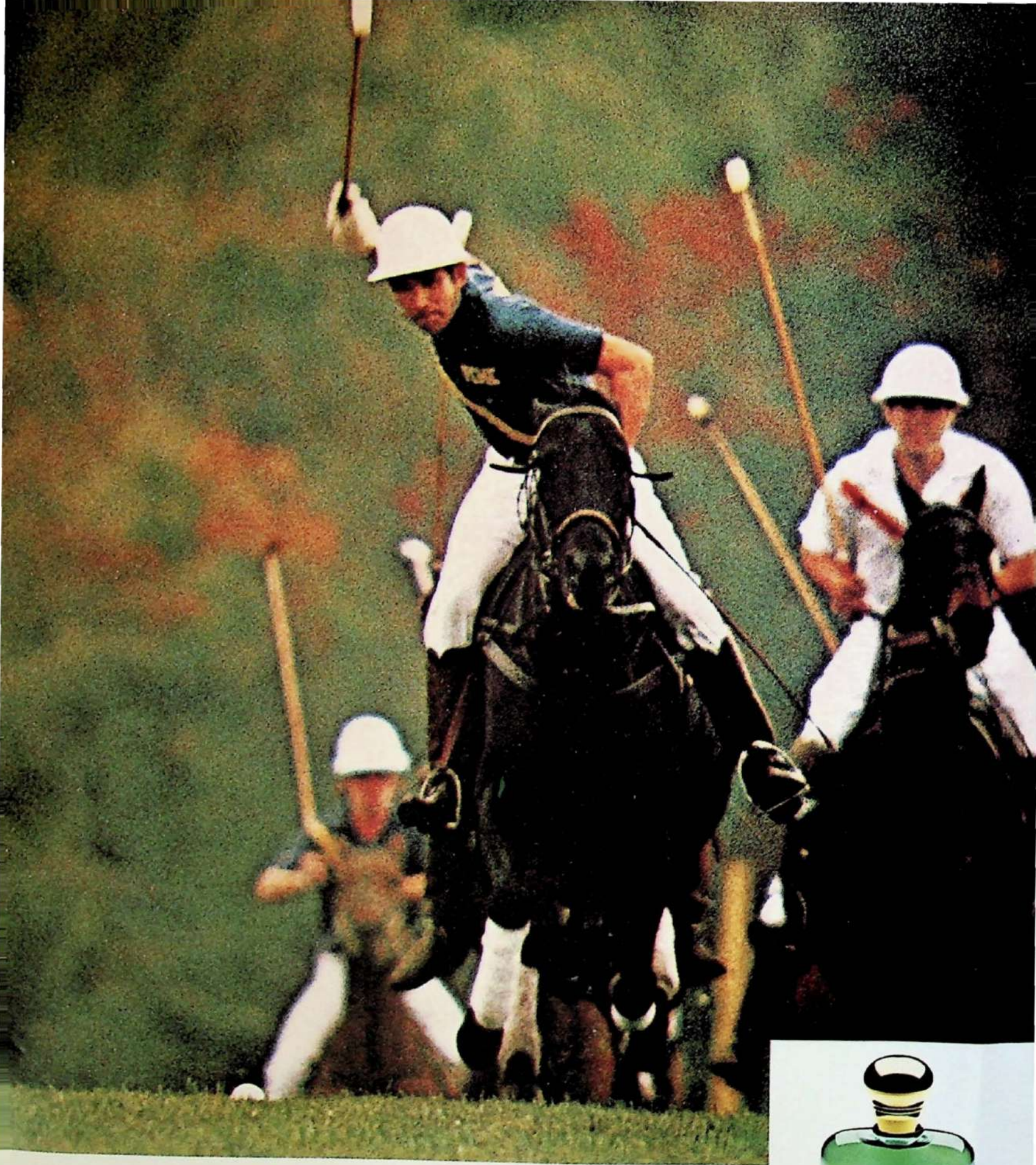
We are all participants.

We have all experienced that one shot,
precise and perfect.

And we know that with it comes
a special feeling, a special pleasure.

Racquet Quarterly is dedicated to that celebration.

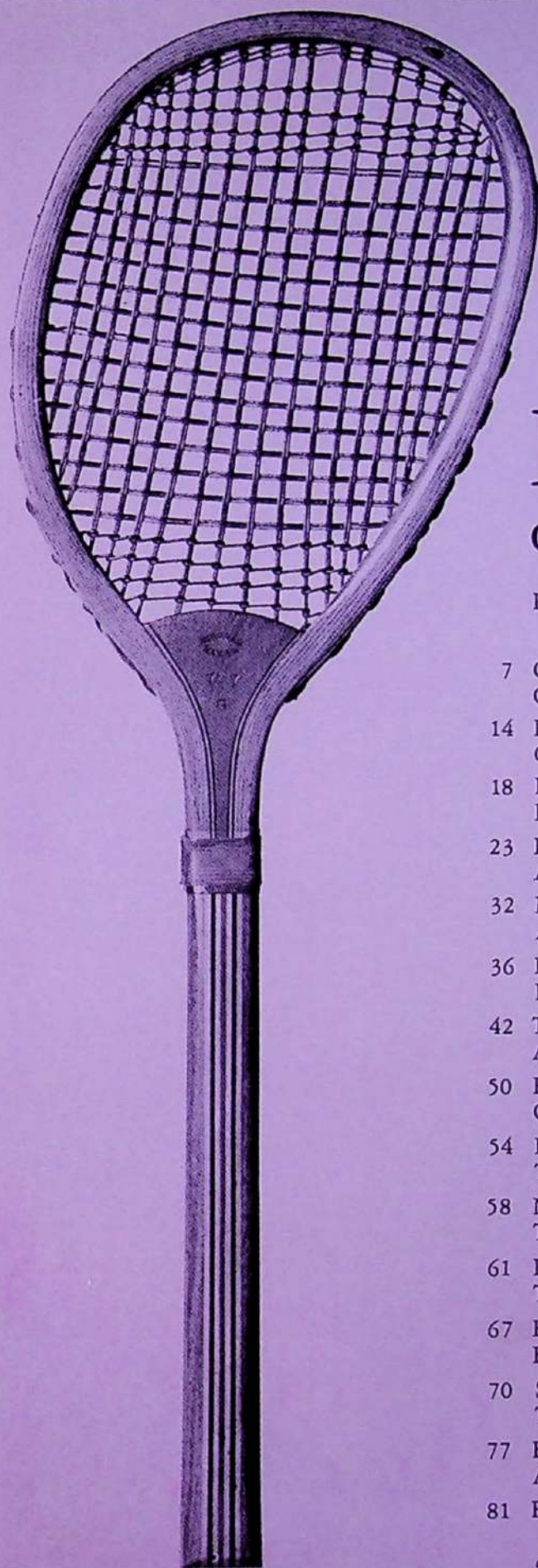
The Editors



A definitive and timeless style —
expressed in a classic man's cologne.

POLO by Ralph Lauren.





RACQUET

QUARTERLY

PREMIER ISSUE

- 7 COURTSIDE
Observations on the racquet world.
- 14 HEROES *by Robert Cramer, Jr.*
One will be Racquet Athlete of the Year.
- 18 PIERRE *by George Plimpton*
He was the king of court tennis.
- 23 PROFILES *by Jay B. Siegel*
A photo essay on the U.S. Open.
- 32 MOONBALL *by Isaac Asimov*
A giant bounce for mankind.
- 36 LET THERE BE LIGHT *by Geoffrey Gove*
Images of the racquet sports.
- 42 THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES *by Ray Kennedy*
A chemist conceives the winning formula.
- 50 HIGH TECH *by Karen Rockow*
Guaranteed to improve your game.
- 54 HEAD TO HEAD *by Peter Baron*
Two masters show off their technique.
- 58 NEW WAVE *by Peter Wortmann*
The fan plays along.
- 61 RED CLAY AND BLACK TIE *by Barry Tarshis*
The Country Club of Monte Carlo is a tennis heaven.
- 67 ENERGY CRUNCH *by Jane Brody*
Fact and fantasy in the athlete's diet
- 70 SHARIF VS CLIVE *by John Fillion*
There's bad blood on the squash court.
- 77 BOOKSHELF *by David Peele*
A guide to the best books on the racquet sports.
- 81 HUMOR SECTION

cover photo/close-up of red clay court by Andrea DaRif

RACQUET
QUARTERLY

A Celebration of
the Racquet Sports . . .

RACQUET QUARTERLY
36 East 73rd Street
New York, New York 10021
(212) 988-1065

RACQUET

Q U A R T E R L Y

H.K. Pickens
Publisher & Editor

Andrea DaRif
Art Director & Designer

Peter Wortmann
Senior Editor

Andrzej Dudzinski
Special Projects Editor

Karen Rockow
A. Friedberg
Associate Editors

Jan Westervelt
Editorial Assistant

Richard Polsky
Peter Talbert
O. Quentin Hyder, M.D.
Donald McDougal
Teodoro V. Abueva
David Peele
Contributing Editors

Jay B. Siegel
Staff Photographer

36 East 73rd Street
New York, New York 10021
(212) 988-1065
Sales Offices

typography by:
etc Graphics, Inc. New York

RACQUET QUARTERLY is published four times a year by Heather & Pine International, Inc., with editorial and advertising offices at 36 East 73rd Street, New York, NY 10021. Copyright 1980 by Heather & Pine International, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is strictly prohibited. Editorial queries and manuscripts should be directed to the Editor. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self addressed, stamped envelopes. RACQUET QUARTERLY assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Subscription price: U.S.A. \$10.00 per year. Foreign subscriptions: Canada \$12.00; elsewhere \$14.00. All inquiries and correspondence regarding subscriptions and change of address should be sent to RACQUET QUARTERLY, 36 East 73rd Street, New York, NY 10021. Application to mail at controlled circulation is pending at New York mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, NY and additional mailing offices.

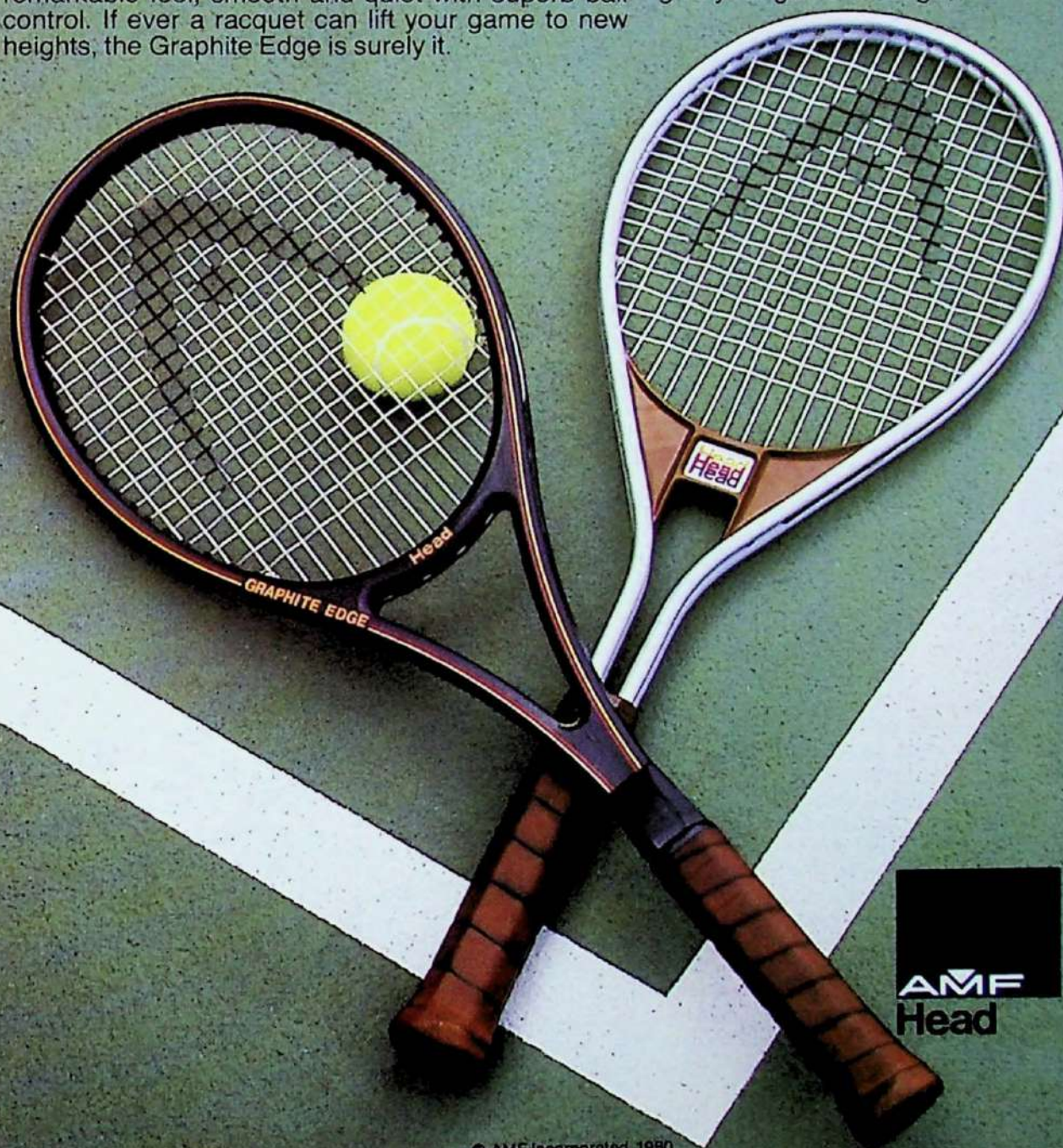
Head now gives you an additional Edge.

The new Head® Graphite Edge® Racquet offers all the advantages of the popular Edge mid-size racquet plus the feel and power of graphite.

THE NEW GRAPHITE EDGE. For the player who wants the ultimate in playability and performance, the new Graphite Edge combines the feel and power of graphite with the advantages of the Edge mid-size design. Its unique graphite composite construction creates a stiffer racquet for crisper volleys, deeper ground strokes. The first thing you'll notice is its remarkable feel, smooth and quiet with superb ball control. If ever a racquet can lift your game to new heights, the Graphite Edge is surely it.

THE EDGE. The growing popularity of the Head Edge is testimony to the great playing characteristics of the Head mid-size racquet concept. An enlarged tear-drop shaped racquethead gives you a larger "sweet spot" for added shot control. The streamlined design and lightweight aluminum construction add quickness and response to your game. And, the better you hit, the more fun you have.

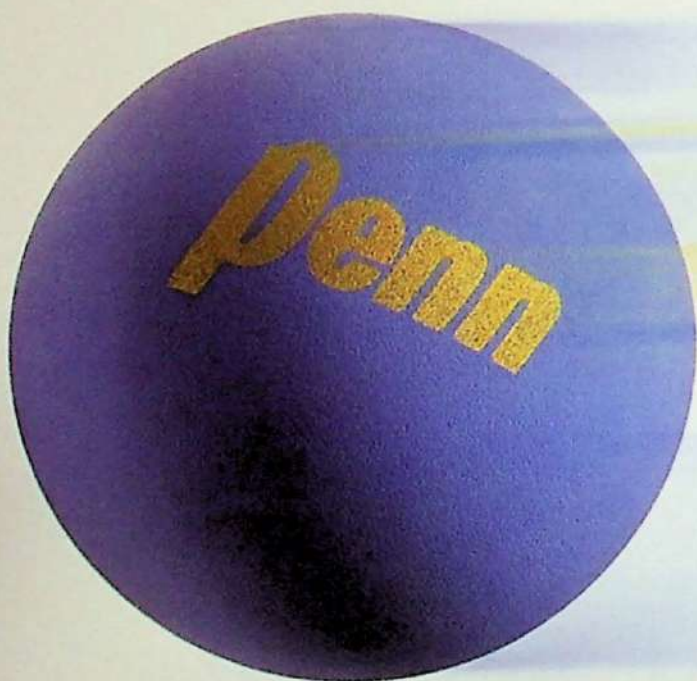
Pick the Edge that suits your game. See your authorized Head Dealer for a demonstrator. Let us give your game an Edge.



AMF
Head

We can make
a difference
in your game.

The one part of your game that never has an off day.



Rely on it. When all your shots are working. And when they're not. Because even on those days your game's more off than on, the Penn® Ultra-blue racquetball performs. Shot after shot. Game after game. Whether your style is power or finesse.

This ball is so lively, consistent, and durable, we back it with the guarantee no one else offers: If any Penn ball should fail before the label wears off, return it to the place of purchase or to Penn for two new balls.

Ask anyone who plays it. Once you try Penn, you won't go back to anything else. Because even if you're off, it's on.

Penn Athletic Products Company, 200 Mall Boulevard, Monroeville, PA 15146.



Disaster and Triumph

*"If you can meet with
Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two
Imposters just the same"*

This sign hangs above the players' entrance to Forest Hills' stadium court. Although it is doubtful that Mr. Kipling had tennis or any other sport in mind when he uttered the phrase, it is nevertheless a particularly revealing insight into Americans' attitudes towards winning and losing in athletics. Winning is triumph. Fair enough. I doubt that equation would raise even a small "Harumph" from the OED lexicographer's committee. But losing is disaster? This is one contentious thought.

Well, let's see. Accepting the Rudyard-stick method, it is clear that the summer of 1980 brought to America three full-fledged disasters: the Mount St. Helens eruption, the heat wave and Bjorn Borg's 5-set loss to John McEnroe. These disasters are listed in chronological order, but I can't help but wonder how that order would change if we were to seed them according to their impact on the American people.

Where, after all, is Mount St. Helens? As we all know, it's in the state of Washington. And where is Washington? Much tougher question. Having collected the worst grades of my elementary school career in geography class, I relied on my trusty atlas and found that Washington is in the fourth, the last corner of the United States: the Northwest. Why, it's practically Canada. Only a few Kodiak bears, beavers and Sierra Club

members call it home. The nearest town to the volcano is Cougar, with a population of 300. (My atlas is 20 years old, so this figure may be high or low.) For most of us, the eruption merely gave us an excuse to blame the smog on something other than our automobiles for a few days.

The heat wave was different because it directly affected a larger section of the country. An area called the "Farm Belt" seemed particularly hard hit. My atlas fell to "less-than-trusty" status when I found that it had no listing under "Farm Belt". I am, therefore, using intuitive logic when I suppose that the same refers to the girth of our nation. Yet again, as in Washington, there were no huge metropolises, no towering infernos or overcrowded mass-transportation systems in this Belt to be brought to a standstill by the heat. If food prices went up slightly, well, we can all just eat a little less.

Finally, Borg loses to McEnroe. I believe that we are now talking major disaster. The loss occurred in New York, the premier city in the world boasting a population of 15,404,300* people. This is 15,404,000 more than in Cougar, Washington. The disaster was seen in person by Dan Rather and Morley Safer (conferring on it, by association, a "60 Minutes" prestige), George Plimpton, Mayor Koch, Dr. Henry Kissinger, and Sally Flack, a neighbor of mine from apartment 3F. In addition, millions more witnessed the disaster as it was broadcast live into their living rooms on CBS-TV. The catastrophe of seeing Borg's quixotic struggle for the Grand Slam being undermined, of knowing that the Open title had been denied

him for the eighth time, of hearing that his earning for the year had leveled out at \$5 million—this was a coast-to-coast prime-time purgatory.

The relative importance of the Borg disaster to the eruption and the heat wave is best demonstrated by the amount of TV news coverage devoted to each. I timed the weather reports on the three networks and came up with a three and a half minute average. The sports news averaged four and a half minutes. One doesn't have to be a genius to surmise that the two natural disasters were only ¾ as important as the Borg loss.

The Borg calamity clearly had the most impact on the American people. The figures speak for themselves. Why then, I ask, has no one in New York sought designation as a disaster area and applied for federal relief funds? I'm quite sure that some financial arrangement could be worked out with Mr. Borg whereby he, as direct party to the disaster, would receive, say, 70% of any federal monies (less Monte Carlo beach-front property taxes and subsequent movie royalties) while New York City and other propoundly devastated pockets would split the remaining 30%. Perhaps even Sweden would be eligible for international relief funding as fatherland to the Titanic of tennis.

So Mr. Kipling was right after all. Losing is disaster. I guess this means I'll have to give my own game some additional attention. I wouldn't want to hit America when it's down.

—Peter Talbert

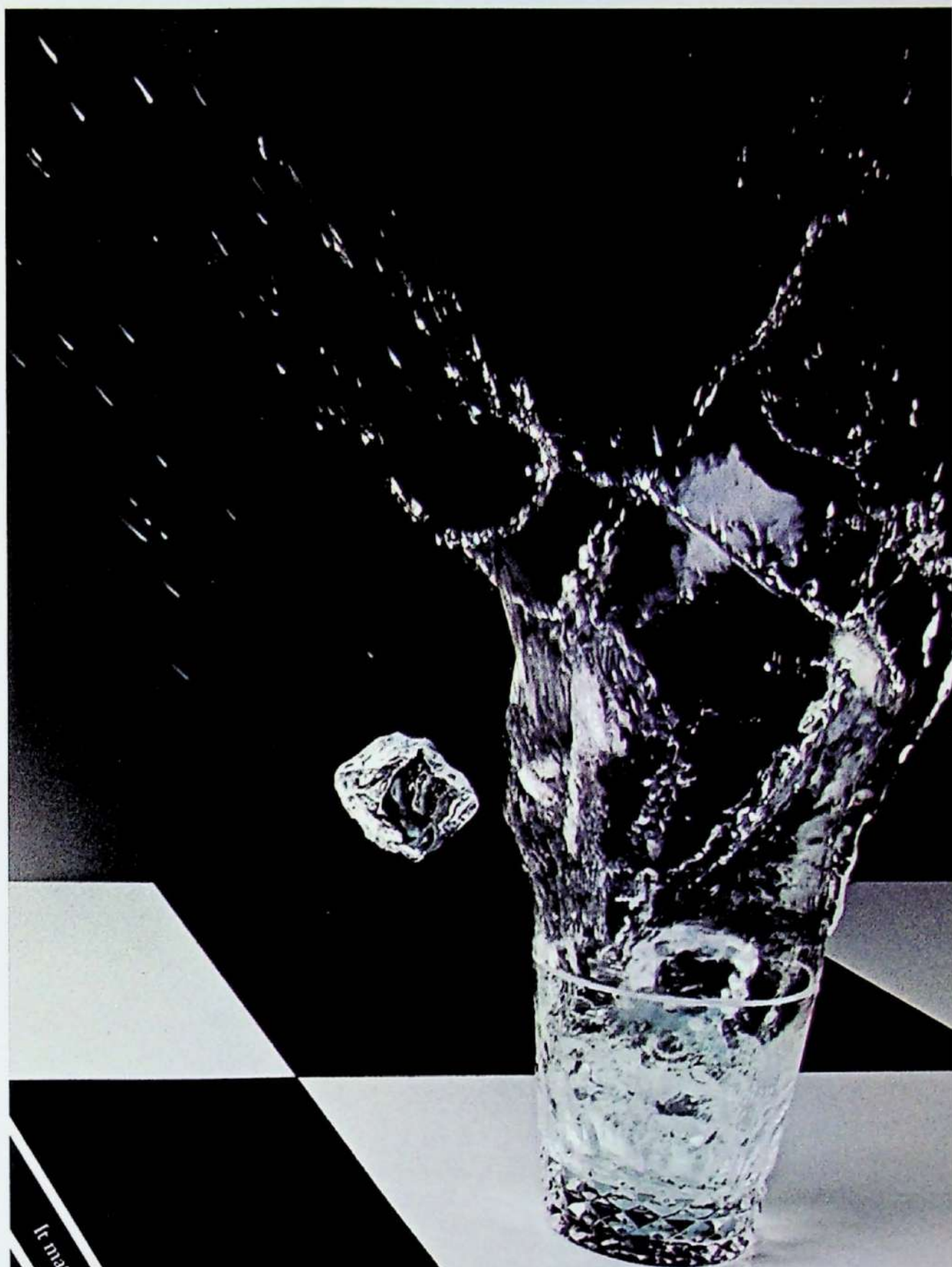
* Life Pictorial Atlas, Rand McNally, 1961

Smirnoff de Czar Vodka, 82.6 proof, distilled from grain, © 1980, Ste. Pierre Smirnoff, Inc., (Division of Heublein, Inc.), Hartford, CT. Made in U.S.A. Limited availability in select areas.



Il n'importe qu'on vive,
mais comment.

Smirnoff de C



*It matters not that we live,
but how.*

Winning Attitude

Ethan Gologor can beat Bjorn Borg at tennis, Marty Hogan at racquetball and Sharif Khan at squash. At least he says he knows how to beat them—if only he could play a racquet sport.

A psychologist and author of the book *Psychodynamic Tennis*, Gologor thinks that part of the secret of winning lies in determining whether a player is an extrovert or an introvert. His theory is well demonstrated by the confrontations between Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg over the past five years, a period in which Connors came from behind to win just twice.

"Exhibitionist types do better early in a match," explained the professor. "They have less vigilance than introverted types on prolonged tasks. Therefore, they cannot come from behind as readily. They are overtly attentive to the crowd's reaction and would rather run away from the embarrassment."

"It's as if, when something goes wrong early, the extrovert says to himself: 'What are they saying about me out there? I'm just terrible.' And he is eager to leave the scene, while the introvert, more attuned to his own drummer, doesn't have that concern."

"If the introvert can hang in at the beginning, he will win. If the extrovert does not build up an early lead, he will lose. The professor backs his beliefs with a match that Borg, the introvert, won by 7-6, 3-6, 6-1 over Connors.

"There were at least three clear ways in which the extrovert did not come back," says Gologor. In the first-set tiebreaker, Borg won the first point on Connors's serve. He went on to win the tiebreaker, 7-1, a graphic demonstration of the importance of what happens early on.

"In the first game of the third set, Connors lost his serve and proceeded to lose the set decisively," Gologor noted. And, finally, although Connors came back to win the second set, he couldn't come back to win the match.

"So when you play a brat," he concluded, "just be sure to get an early lead. 'Nine times out of 10, you'll win.'"

Boom or Bust

Over the years we have seen many enthusiastic, if unrealistic, reports on the lofty status of various participation sports. Each one, it would seem, claims to be "America's fastest growing sport." (Maybe America itself should expand its borders to accommodate such an unprecedented advance.) So it was of interest to see the New England Racquet Sports Association publish an informed, business report on the current state of racquetball, a realistic insight into the game's potential growth.

In the feature address, Richard J. Trant, President of the Association and Chairman of Marketing Studies for The National Tennis Association, noted that it has been just over two years since his colleague, Randy Vataha, former wide-receiver for the New England Patriots, opened a 14 court racquetball facility in Braintree, Massachusetts.

This was the first commercial venture of its kind in New England. Since then, the overwhelming popularity of Vataha's Playoff Club has led to the construction of over 100 racquetball facilities in New England in the last eighteen months, with an average of five new facilities opening each month.

In assessing the underlying strength of this development, Trant, who has been involved in commercial recreation for over twenty years and has lived through the boom-bust cycles of other ventures in commercial recreation such as bowling, billiards and skating, advised prospective investors and lenders to distinguish between three types of demand: imaginary demand, transient demand, and permanent demand. Imaginary demand is a derivative of the fantasy that either everyone is already playing racquetball or soon will be playing the game. Naturally, there are those who have a vested interest in fueling this fantasy—the court builders, the court consultants, racquet and ball makes, etc. This fantasy is often further charged by visiting an existing racquetball facility at peak hours during peak season. In actuality, however, the *primary* market for racquetball nationwide is

quite limited (the 18 to 35 age group), and within this primary market, racquetball's penetration rate rarely, if ever, exceeds 10%.

Secondly, continued Trant, there is transient demand, which consists of those hundreds of thousands of people who, partly because of media attention, and partly because the game is very much in vogue, play racquetball once or twice or a half-dozen times, but who develop no lasting or genuine commitment to the game. Evidence of the staggering proportions of transient demand is the fact that the current annual member turn-over rate in racquetball clubs nationwide exceeds 50%.

According to Trant, it is still too early to tell how much of the current demand for racquetball is transient and how much is permanent. Nevertheless, one would be naive to expect present New England racquetball growth rates to continue indefinitely.

Nevertheless, since New England was the last section of the country to experience a racquetball boom, some generalization can be made on the basis of what has happened in the far West and Midwest. There, where they have more than five years experience in the racquetball business, permanent demand is assessed by taking 10% (the maximum national racquetball penetration rate) of the 18 to 35 age group living within seven to 10 minutes driving time from the facility. This penetration rate is, of course, not necessarily a constant, but is subject to all the internal and external factors that have affected other recreational ventures. Furthermore, in calculating permanent demand on the basis of this penetration rate, one must be careful to exclude those who have a family income of less than \$20,000 or more than \$50,000. (Those with incomes in excess of \$50,000 tend to play the older, more established racquet sports.)

Asked why he confined the calculation of permanent demand for racquetball to the 18 to 35 age group, Trant said that he did not mean to imply that people younger than 18 or older than 35 do not play racquetball, but only that the overwhelming

THE HOTELS
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



Come experience the beautiful French Caribbean at a beautiful French hotel. Swim in our see-through seas, stroll on our sugar-sand beaches, sample our Creole cuisine. Enjoy our casinos, tennis, scuba, discos and championship golf courses. It's all here, all done with a special touch of French elegance. Hotels Meridien Martinique and Guadeloupe are two of over thirty-five Meridien Hotels around the world, including hotels in Houston, New York and one opening soon in Boston. For information or reservations at any Meridien Hotel contact your travel agent or local LRI office, or call (800) 223-9918. In N.Y.C. call (212) 265-4494. In the rest of N.Y. State call (800) 442-5917. Meridien... a travel companion of Air France.



HOTELS
MERIDIEN
MARTINIQUE &
GUADELOUPE

majority of players falls into this age group.

Based on such an analysis of permanent demand, a potential racquetball investor or financier can decide not only whether to build, but also how many courts should be built. If a racquetball court is open 126 hours per week (18 hours per day, seven days per week), and if the average number of players per court is 2.2 (almost all play is singles), and if on annual basis the average member of a racquetball facility plays three-quarters of an hour a week (or 39 times per year), then it takes 370 member-players to keep one court 100% occupied.

For example, if there are 37,000 men and women between 18 and 35 years of age with an equivalent income of more than \$20,000 and less than \$50,000 per year living within 10 minutes driving time of a proposed site, approximately 10% of them or 3,700 will play racquetball.

Theoretically this would indicate the site could support 10 courts at 100% occupancy or 15 courts at 67% occupancy. This, however, assumes that all of the potential players are equally available at all hours of the day, which of course is not true. What generally happens under the best of conditions is that there is excessive demand at certain hours (prime times) and very soft demand at other times, on weekday afternoons from 1:30 to 4:30 for instance. Occupancy projections based on demographics alone must always allow for a small factor of slippage due to the unavailability of large segments of one's membership at certain times.

The necessity of this type of market demand analysis becomes critical, continued Trant, when one appreciates that a racquetball facility requires large outlays of cash (\$75,000 - \$100,000 per court) for long periods of time (16 - 20 year mortgages). The New England Racquet Sports Association has prepared a vest-pocket guide to the supply and demand of racquetball facilities in 24 different New England metropolitan markets. This guide indicates that certain areas, notably Bridgeport, Connecticut and Portland, Maine, already have more racquetball courts

than they can possibly sustain. On the other hand, there are large metropolitan centers in New England that could comfortably support a well-placed facility.

Unfortunately, according to Alan G. Schwartz, President of The National Tennis Association, this type of market research is not being done by many of the people rushing to develop potential racquetball clubs. Too often, continued Schwartz, facilities are built where the demand simply does not exist or where an existing club has already absorbed 90% of the demand. He pointed to what is known in the industry as the "fishing fleet syndrome." If one club is "catching fish," someone else will assume that there are more fish and will build another club less than three miles away.

This is precisely what has happened in the Boston area, where certain markets, notably Framingham, Woburn, and Waltham will soon be vastly over-supplied with courts, while other areas remain virtually untouched.

Richard M. Caro, executive vice-president of Citi-Sport, a New York firm that specializes in rescuing failing racquetball facilities, emphasizes his belief that the racquetball industry is here to stay. Caro stated: "In California, commercial racquetball has seven years behind it; in St. Louis and Chicago, it has five. There is no doubt that a properly-located, adequately-financed, and well-managed racquetball club can be a good investment. All we ask of those entering the industry is that they pay attention to the factors that spell the difference between success and failure." Asked why he thought that racquetball will continue to grow he answered: "It's good exercise, it's easy to learn; it's a great couples game; and it's fun. Put those four ingredients together, and you've got quite a package."

For the Record

A friend sent us some interesting observations on squash players at the University Club in Chicago. He had been going through the

squash playing records dating back to 1961 and came up with some surprising profile characteristics.

Basically, the typical player is young (36), lives in the suburbs (usually Winnetka), works downtown (in a bank or other financial institution), has one wife, three kids, a dog (usually a Golden Retriever), plays tennis and/or golf and frequently votes Republican. He went East to college, wears drab suits, likes Perrier water, the Cubs, Bears, club sandwiches, Scotch and a good steak. Overall, the average profile is very similar to that of your grandfather.

And there are other surprising tendencies exhibited by typical squash players at the University Club:

- Bankers are the most frequent players but garner the least silver.
- Lawyers call the most "lets" and take the shortest showers.
- Commodity traders pick the lowest point in deuce games.
- Advertising men use the water cooler and hair dryer more frequently.
- Insurance men shout, "Coming Around" more often. Stock brokers and bond salesmen rank last in this category.
- Politicians generally do not enter tournaments and don't keep score.
- Marketing men win the most silver.
- Educators don't play.
- Retirees use the racquets court most frequently.
- Steel salesmen break the most racquets and balls.
- Suburbanites play the most doubles and city people the most singles.
- Doctors take the most lessons.
- Real estate people cancel games more often than other groups.
- Fat people play the best backgammon and eat the most peanuts.
- Skinny people generally wear bathrobes after playing.
- Lake Forest and Barrington residents are tops in 1961 tailoring.

"ACCURACY AND POWER"

**Why Harold Solomon
puts it on the line with
the Strato.**



ROSSIGNOL
The new power in tennis.

© 1980 ROSSIGNOL SKI COMPANY

HEROES

REMY MARTIN RACQUET ATHLETE OF THE YEAR

by Robert Cramer, Jr.

When I was growing up my father would tell me stories about his days as a college football player—his games, the players—and the athletes who had inspired him as a boy. He embellished his stories with each telling until these men and their exploits assumed mythic proportions in my mind. They were not ordinary men, I felt certain of that. With his tales, he was attempting to pass on his love of sports and, I think, trying to give me a sense of the aspirations he had in his youth.

Heroes is a word that has fallen out of favor these days. I do not think we lack heroes, but there does seem to be a reluctance to create them. Or perhaps we are just confused by the jungle of talk show conversationalists and personalities who masquerade as heroes in this age of celebrity. If we are wary of making heroes, our reluctance is understandable. Not only is it difficult to discern between the real thing and the hype, but the very manner by which we identify with a hero seems to have been confused. *(continued)*



The Boodles martini. It's more than expensive.



If you expect the Boodles martini to be more than expensive, you won't be disappointed. Because Boodles is the ultra-refined British gin that only the world's costliest methods could produce. And it is imported from Britain for you—the individual who will appreciate a Boodles martini as well as a Boodles and tonic. Two experiences well worth their price.

Boodles. The world's costliest British gin.

94.4 Proof. Distilled From Grain. General Wine & Spirits Co. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

"To talk of heroes is to talk of ourselves, of our own aspirations . . . of what we expect of ourselves and our times."

Those who grew up with Bill Tilden, Sid Luckman, Babe Dietrickson, Jesse Owens and many others looked up to them with an awe that had as much to do with the public images they projected as it did with their abilities. Perhaps they survived as near mythic figures, in the days before television, because we could not see them up close and in person, and begin to pick out their frailties.

And as America opted for a steady diet of anti-heroes, who represented little more than a certain aura of sensual attractiveness, the sporting scene clearly reflected this tendency to glorify the negative and put down the positive. This does not mean the performers like Ilie Nastase are not great athletes, but it is a comment on a society whose value system demands winning at any cost, and then offers huge sums of money to athletes who wave the finger at the very people who pay their salaries.

Some feel that big money has fundamentally corrupted sports by changing them from something admirable to mere trades, professions. But money has been part of sports for years and the athlete's accomplishments are certainly not diminished by the fact that he made a passel of money along the way. The influx of money, on the other hand, has promoted the growth of sports in general and has allowed both men and women to make a living as athletes. It has not changed the character and spirit of competition.

All top athletes share common bonds: excellence in their sport and persistency, a tenacity of purpose. "Persistency is the essential trait of genuine heroism," wrote Emerson. One would almost be content to stop here with a definition of the heroic, but all good and persistent athletes are not considered heroes. At least they are not recognized as heroes.

Emerson did not consider that the weight of a man is found solely in his accomplishments. "Like an iceberg, the large part of his power is submerged. This is that which we call character," he wrote. "A reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means." This question of character is puzzling. If admiration and accomplishments do not make a hero what does?

A hero is not someone we just admire. A hero is one we idealize. "Heroes have definite attributes," writes Henry Farlie in *Harpers*. "But it is we who give significance to them. The process is two-way. We choose the hero. He is fit to be chosen. To talk of heroes is therefore to talk of ourselves, of our own as-

pirations . . . of what we expect of ourselves and our times."

Take Billie Jean King, for example. Many consider her something of a hero (more properly a heroine), despite the presence of other equally good players. The reason for this, I believe, is that she crystallizes the spirit of our age. Not only is she a good tennis player, but she is a woman and one who has worked hard toward her goal of achieving a recognition that female athletes are to be valued as highly as male athletes.

One recent image sticks in my mind. It is the sight of Marty Hogan, the racquetball phenom, surrounded by a group of admiring kids. Hogan looks like he just started shaving, and probably wasn't more than five years older than some of them, but in spite of his age, they looked up to him. To them, he is a god.

Heroes are important especially to the young if they are to be drawn out of themselves. Growing up, my friends and I would argue incessantly about different athletes and about which sports were greater. That we turned to sports should not be surprising. Athletes are the easiest heroes to discuss. Not only do we know sports through our own experiences, but an athlete's achievements are more easily quantified and evaluated than, say, the work of Albert Einstein.

Looking back, I realize that most of the time we didn't have the faintest idea what we were talking about and changed our minds from week to week, moment to moment. We were trying on clothes suitable for the world we would create and examining the fabric we had inherited. Athletes, among others, showed us what fine cloth we might possibly weave for ourselves. Our heroes were then, and are now, the substance and the measure of our dreams.

So we come to the Racquet Athlete of the Year. Selecting one athlete from all the racquet sports who has stood above the rest is a difficult task indeed. The nominees may or may not all be heroes, but they all represent competition at its best. Individually and together they demonstrate the essential qualities of the heroic figure: persistency, character and excellence. The following athletes have been nominated and the winner will be announced next issue as Racquet Athlete of the Year:

Wimbledon Champion, Bjorn Borg; U.S. Open Champion, John McEnroe; U.S. Women's Champion, Chris Evert Lloyd; North American Squash Champion, Sharif Khan; National Racquetball Champion, Marty Hogan; last year's winner who switched from squash to racquetball and won the Women's National Championship, Heather McKay; and World Raquets Champion, William Surtees. ●

Robert Cramer, Jr., is a contributing editor of *Racquet Quarterly*. Raised in the Virgin Islands, he is a recent graduate of Williams College and currently resides in New York City.



Joel Naprstek © 1980

PIERRE

PIERRE ETCHEBASTER WAS THE KING
OF COURT TENNIS

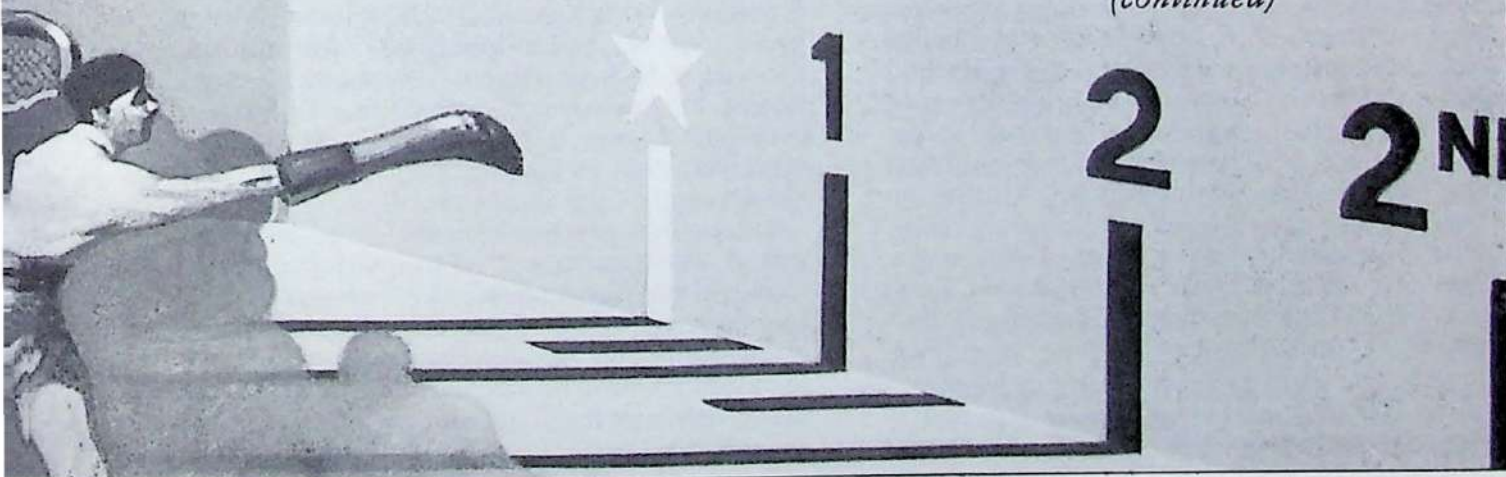
by George Plimpton

Nobody can have met Pierre Etchebaster without being left with a strong impression of the man: small, with a peppery walk, toes out, a portrait always of energy and enthusiasm, invariably outfitted in the voluminous long flannels of the Racquet Club professional, with an oversized red cardigan that seems to envelop his entire body as he crouches to make the "classic" shot; those who stick to the game will remember him as an instructor utilizing a variety of English that can strain the eyeballs; and in competition his opponents will recall that familiar strong jaw jutting in Gallic ferocity in direct proportion to the tension on the court.

Whatever one's impression, one has been, if briefly, in the presence of a champion. It is unlikely that any sport has *had* such a champion.

The newsprint on him, which fills dozens of scrapbooks, details a career which is without parallel in sports — an uninterrupted reign as champion of the world for twenty-six years . . . until a date in 1954 when, with not a competitor in sight capable of extending him, he retired at the age of sixty.

(continued)



"On the final day, Pierre faced the awesome task of having to win five sets in a row to take the championship . . ."

Pierre had been demobilized in 1919 after receiving two citations of the Croix de Guerre. His introduction to court tennis came in 1922 through Jacques Worth who was the President of the court tennis club at 74 ter rue Lauriston in Paris (the club is still there, of course). Worth was the tennis champion of France, a surprising sidelight to his profession as one of the large coutouriers of the time . . . On his return to the Cote Basque, he had picked up the *chistera* for the first time since his youth and he was now the champion of all the basque sports—*mains nues* (a variety of handball) and *pala* (which features wooden paddles) and *chistera* (in which large baskets are worn, as in *jai alai*). After two years of play at the rue Lauriston, Pierre could beat everyone around, Jacques Worth included, and in 1924 the club sent him to the professional handicap tournament in Manchester, England, to see how he would fare against some of the best Englishmen—G. F. Covey, who was the world champion, Ted Johnson, O. Wilson, and others.

Pierre could not speak a word of English, not even, as he remembered it, understand the calls of the marker. During the tournament he kept his own score. With the help of a handicap (he had a full fifteen against Covey and beat him handily in three straight sets) he won the tournament, beating Wilson in the finals, playing even.

Considering the ease with which Pierre had won, Jacques Worth and Reginald Watson, the latter an American who was to mastermind Pierre's career, felt that an official challenge the following year, particularly with time for Pierre to improve, was in order. Covey accepted the challenge and the match for the world's title was played at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, in 1927.

The enthusiasm raised by the match was considerable. In 1927 there were twenty courts in active use in England (eighteen exist at this writing) and practitioners and followers of the game filled to standing room the large spectator area behind the dedans. Covey was forty-six at the time, a heavy-set strong player who relied on a sidewall and a railroad service and severely cut ground strokes. He seemed faster about the court than he actually was (Pierre recalls) because he combined the pace of his slow and heavy strokes with excellent anticipation. Covey was a "private" professional in the employ of Lady Wentworth, one of the few women who has played court tennis, and whom Pierre remembers as a "very

strong lady—rough-looking." She had divorced Allen Lyttleton, one of the notable court tennis names of the era, and there is Gallic twinkle in Pierre's eyes as he reminisces about those days that suggests that Covey's activities in the good lady's household were not necessarily confined to the tennis court.

At Knightsbridge, however, Covey kept his mind on retaining his world title. He beat Pierre seven sets to four. But it was a match that Pierre remembers as "very curious" and he shakes his head ruefully thinking back those forty-odd years. He had beaten Covey six games to love in the first set. He was leading four games to love in the second set when he was obviously upset by the referee's call: Covey had hit a shot from the hazard side, a desperation retrieve, that Pierre felt sure had gone out of the court. He did not bother playing the ball which cannoned around the court and landed chase two. The chase was called to Pierre's astonishment. He says the call did not upset him, that his lack of experience was responsible for his eventual loss. But certainly that particular point was pivotal: Pierre lost that set 6-5, the subsequent two by the same score, and was in grave difficulty following the second day's play when he lost three sets to one.

On the final day's play, a Saturday, Pierre faced the awesome task of having to win five sets in a row to take the championship. He seemed well on the way to doing it. He won the first two sets in such sparkling fashion that Peter Latham, himself a former world champion, talking to spectators in the dedans, said that the title was on its way to France. But Covey rose to the occasion and won the third set, and with it retained his world title.

Neither Pierre nor his backers were disheartened. It was apparent that only two strong contenders were in the running for the title—Pierre himself, and Jock Soutar, the American professional from the Philadelphia Racquet & Tennis Club. It was determined that the winner between these two would get a match against the champion, Covey. With an additional year of practice on the courts at rue Lauriston behind him, Pierre set sail for America in early 1928, fashionably sporting the blue beret.

Pierre's first impression of the United States was that it was "grandiose," and a very "practical" country—by which he meant that he found the people very much at ease, inhibited by neither custom nor tradition. He was pleasantly surprised that barber shops stayed open late, until nine o'clock, and that people were lively and about the town long into the evening. Quite a change from European provin-

George Plimpton is a renowned sportsman, writer and raconteur. Along with his well-known sporting endeavors he also plays a good game of tennis, squash and court tennis.

"What amazed people so much was that Etchebaster seemed better at fifty-six than when he was younger . . ."

cial villages which close up after the evening meal.

In New York, Pierre stayed in the Murray Hill Hotel and commuted every day by Pullman to Philadelphia to acquaint himself with the Racquet court, Jock Soutar's home territory. The wagering was 2-1 for the Philadelphia professional. "Soutar is going to kill the poor boy," was a sentiment often heard, though there were some who had their doubts. Walter Kinsella, one of America's great professionals, played enough with Pierre in practice session to speak of his game in awe: "Say fellow, wait 'til you see this little Frenchie . . ." he'd say to acquaintances, with a big wink and a dig of the elbow.

Kinsella turned out to be right. In a match which began on February 22 (Allison Danzig's lead paragraph in the *New York Times* reminded his readers that George Washington had warned of foreign entanglements) Pierre, his blue beret firmly in place, swept his opponent aside seven sets to one. Soutar, being an excellent racquets player, was a fine retriever, and many of the points produced shouts of amazement from spectators sitting in the dedans, but there was never a moment when Pierre did not obviously have matters in hand. The press described him as "phlegmatic, inscrutable." Only once did he smile a faint half-smile, and only about three times did he let his feelings express themselves with a scarcely audible "bah!"

The victory over Soutar established Pierre as the primary contender for the world championship, and once again, on the Knightsbridge court where he had gone through his humiliation the year before, Pierre faced the champion, Covey, and beat him seven sets to three, two of the sets won at love. The *London Observer* describes the last stroke of the match: "Covey had to attack a short chase (worse than two), and four times in succession he made beautiful strokes on the floor which would have won the chase, and four times Etchebaster returned them. The fifth time Covey made a stroke which lost the chase (it fell chase three), and Etchebaster was the champion of tennis."

In 1930 Pierre left the rue Lauriston through arrangements made by C.C. Pell, Sr. and joined the New York Racquet and Tennis Club's professional staff (the others on it at the time were Frank Blow, Tony Bertolotti, Freddie Robinson, Eddie Rogers and Bill White). The club was very strict in those days—"severe" is the word Pierre uses—and the professionals came and left through the alley behind the clubhouse.

Tennis was extremely popular then, the courts often in use at eight o'clock, both morning and eve-

ning. Two of the more regular practitioners at the early hour, Pierre recalls, were Jarvis Cromwell and Oliver Iselin. As for the brand of tennis played, Pierre believes that it suffers in comparison with what he sees in the court today.

As for himself, from 1928 until his retirement in 1954 Pierre never lost a match on even terms. He defended his championship seven times. Usually he trained four weeks for his defenses. The first week was devoted to "contact with the ball"—two hours alone in the court practicing his repertoire of shots. For the remaining three weeks he would play four sets a day—usually with Ted Johnson (Jack Johnson's father). Tuesday and Thursday of each training week were rest days. He was always early to bed (between 9 and 10), and he would always be up at 7—a habit he has kept to over the years. Pierre has never smoked; occasionally he has a very sweet daiquiri when (as he puts it) he is offered one, which is not very often. His feeling about training is that the athlete should constantly play the game he is training for. If the player is running to get his legs in shape for court tennis, he should run in the court, not around the reservoir.

In the first of his defenses (in 1930) Pierre defeated Walter Kinsella at London's Prince's Club, seven sets to one (the challenger twisted an ankle badly and the match was not completed); a rematch with Phipps in April, 1948, following the war, was won by Pierre, seven sets to two, with such extraordinary skill that the foot-stomping in the dedans went on for minutes as the spectators acknowledged his brilliance.

In that same year (1948), in December, Pierre beat James Dear, of England, seven sets to four. Pierre remembers Dear—they were using the lighter ball by then—as very fast on his feet and a great retriever, though not possessed of as "nice-looking" a stroke as Covey's. In 1949 he met Phipps again, during the week of his fifty-sixth birthday, and beat him seven sets to one.

"What amazed people so much (Laney wrote) was that Etchebaster seemed better at fifty-six than when he was younger. They had come expecting or hoping that he would be beaten, for they thought they had detected evidence that the years were catching up with him in his match with James Dear. Now they are wondering whoever is going to beat him."

In 1950 and 1952, Alastair Martin, 21 years Pierre's junior, took a crack at it, and failed decisively both times, seven sets to love, and seven sets to two.

On February 24, 1955, Pierre officially announced his retirement at a dinner in his honor at the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York. Since that time,

"Voilà!" he cries, his body tense with excitement, as if in some way he has produced a key for his pupil.

Pierre has watched tobacco companies, for instance, ship. His observation about today's tennis is that for the past three years the game has been reformed at its best—the players are more powerful than they ever have been, and this partly because the game is far more athletic, and partly because of the emphasis on the volley. Pierre feels that the volley is played eighty percent more than it was initiated by Ogden Phipps, and accountable for the success of the Mottos, the Knoss, and the Beswick brothers.

Pierre admits that it is difficult to make comparisons between the tennis players of today with the champions of the past because the present-day ball is so much livelier. Now the game is what Pierre calls "physical"—by which he means that physical prowess has become so much more important... especially speed of foot.

And where does Pierre himself fit in the gallery of champions? Certainly, he has an illustrious set of forebears. Tom Pettitt would be the first to come to mind. He arrived in the United States from England a penniless youngster. He developed his tennis game here, and in 1885 he won the first modern world championship against George Lambert in England's Hampton Court. Lambert had held his title for fifteen years. A slugger, Tom Pettitt scandalized the ultra-stylists of the day such as J.M. Heathcote and the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton whose strokes were artistic and contained. One of his outraged critics wrote in the *Saturday Review* of that year, "His style on his first appearance was strange, wild, barbaric, untutored."

Pettitt's feats were legendary. It was said that he would play Payne Whitney in the Manhasset court for a bird and a bottle of wine, using a champagne bottle, or the arm of a chair for a racquet.*

And yet no court tennis historian would rank Pettitt equal with the champion of the next decades, Jay Gould—the wealthy young scion who at the age of twelve was placed under the tutelage of Jack Forrester, the Tuxedo professional, and was acknowledged at the prime of his career to be better, even handicapped at a half-thirty, than any other amateur in the world. He was the world champion from 1914-

*Apparently, it was common practice for openmouth pros to handicap themselves in such a fashion. In France, there was one who jumped in and out of a barrel between shots. Perhaps the strangest was one of the great nineteenth century players, a professional called Louis, who distinguished himself in a match in Paris by playing his opponent, Mr. Hughes Ball, with a boot jack in stead of a racquet. He played another match carrying a man on his back, and yet another with a donkey on his back, and he won them both.

1916 (he retired from the title), and he was the U.S. Sports champion from 1906-1926.

Could it be that only past master of the game with an ability which would have tested Pierre in one of those "giant matches" that sport historians are so fond of developing in their minds. It is an idle pastime. How would Pierre II, the best of the royal amateurs to be the best evidence, or Francois I, or England's Henry VIII have fared against the moderns? Blaise, Napoleon and Wellington played the game. How would they have done against each other? Perhaps it is best to savor one's own personal reminiscences and evaluations, and let such comparisons hang in abeyance, like a chase hit early in a game.

And so what does one finally keep in the mind's eye in consideration of Pierre Etchebaster? Some will remember him as a teacher—following in the great tradition of such as Tom White, the professional at Hampton Court, who once said to George V. who was slow and irritated with himself: "Ah, Sir, there is no royal road to tennis."

Others will remember Pierre's style of play. Norry Knox once told me that playing against Pierre was like being destroyed by a consummate chess master. He went on to say that he felt that Pierre's incredible skills were served by his "big eyes"—which could define spins and angles. His play was always smooth and "silky." He never went for a ball that he couldn't get to, and he never made a move on the court that could be criticized as clumsy, such as bolting into the wall in a frenzied attempt at a retrieve.

As for myself, I keep remembering what Bob Gerry once told me—perhaps because I've seen it myself so often: the scene of Pierre on the court introducing an elderly beginner to the rudiments of the game, working with the same intensity and enthusiasm he might muster training a player for the World Championship... demonstrating the classic stroke, then patiently hitting balls to his student, never wincing, or bemoaning a steady succession of shots that he sees hit off the wood, or the thumb, or missed completely.

Then, finally, after frustrating minutes of this, his pupil hits the ball in the center of his racquet with form approximating what Pierre has wished of him, and the ball flies properly over the net. To study Pierre at this instant is to catch something of his enthusiasm, his optimism, his devotion to excellence. "Voilà!" he cries, his body tense with excitement, as if in some way he has produced a key for his pupil, and from that point on, the intricacies of the game, its infinite pleasures are all within reach. ●

P ROFILES

Some people have greatness thrust upon them. Very few have excellence thrust upon them. They achieve it, and not unwittingly. They do not stumble onto it in the course of amusing themselves. True excellence is built upon discipline and tenacity of purpose.

The U.S. Open is one of the crown jewels of tennis. To win it, even to compete with repute, the players must rise to the challenge of the tournament itself. To look beyond what is merely expected, to find a higher level of the game, they must approach the realm of excellence.

The following profiles, taken during the 1980 U.S. Open, offer a quiet and graphic look at the struggle to be the very best.

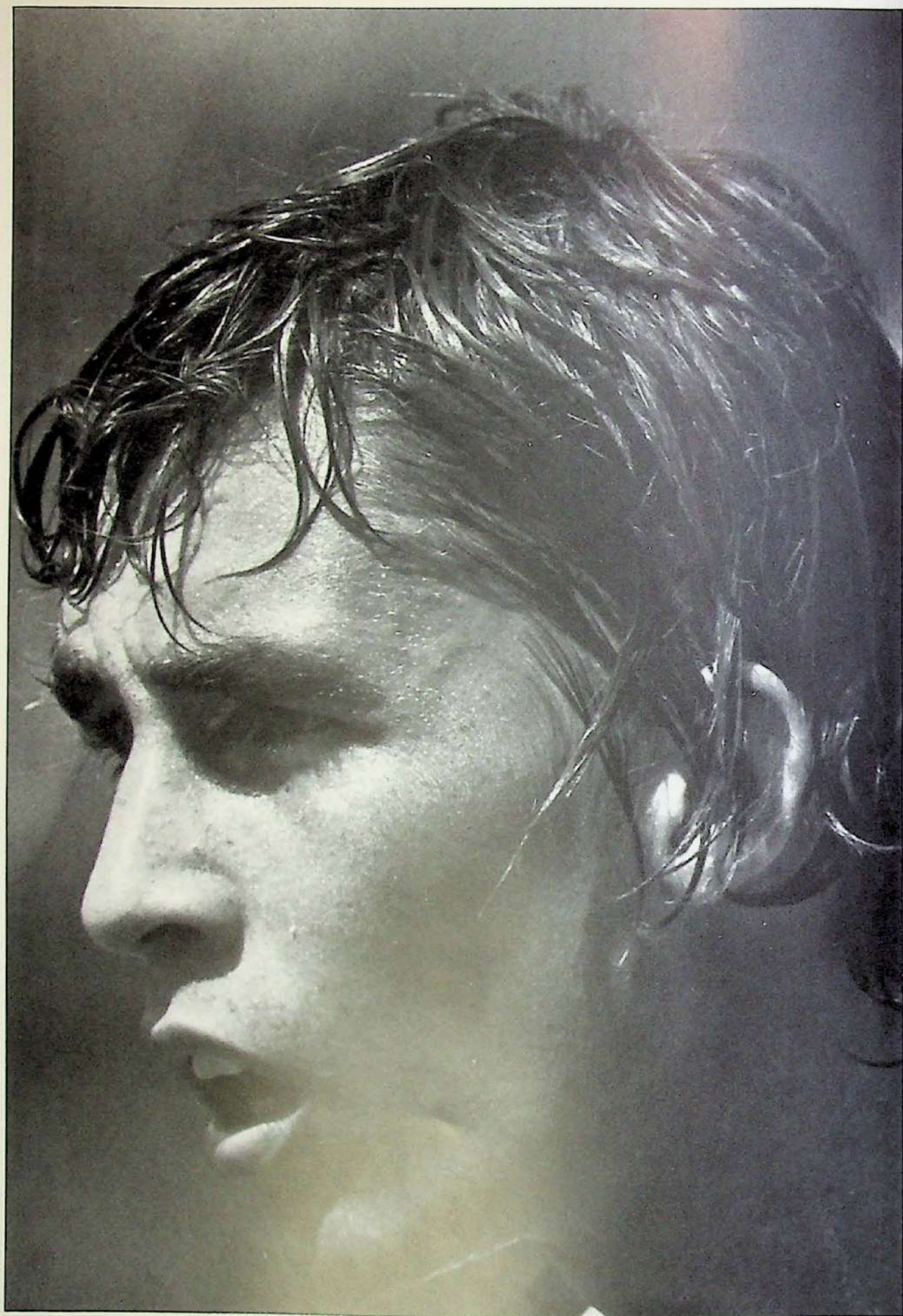
photographs by Jay B. Siegel



Chris Evert-Lloyd



Bjorn Borg



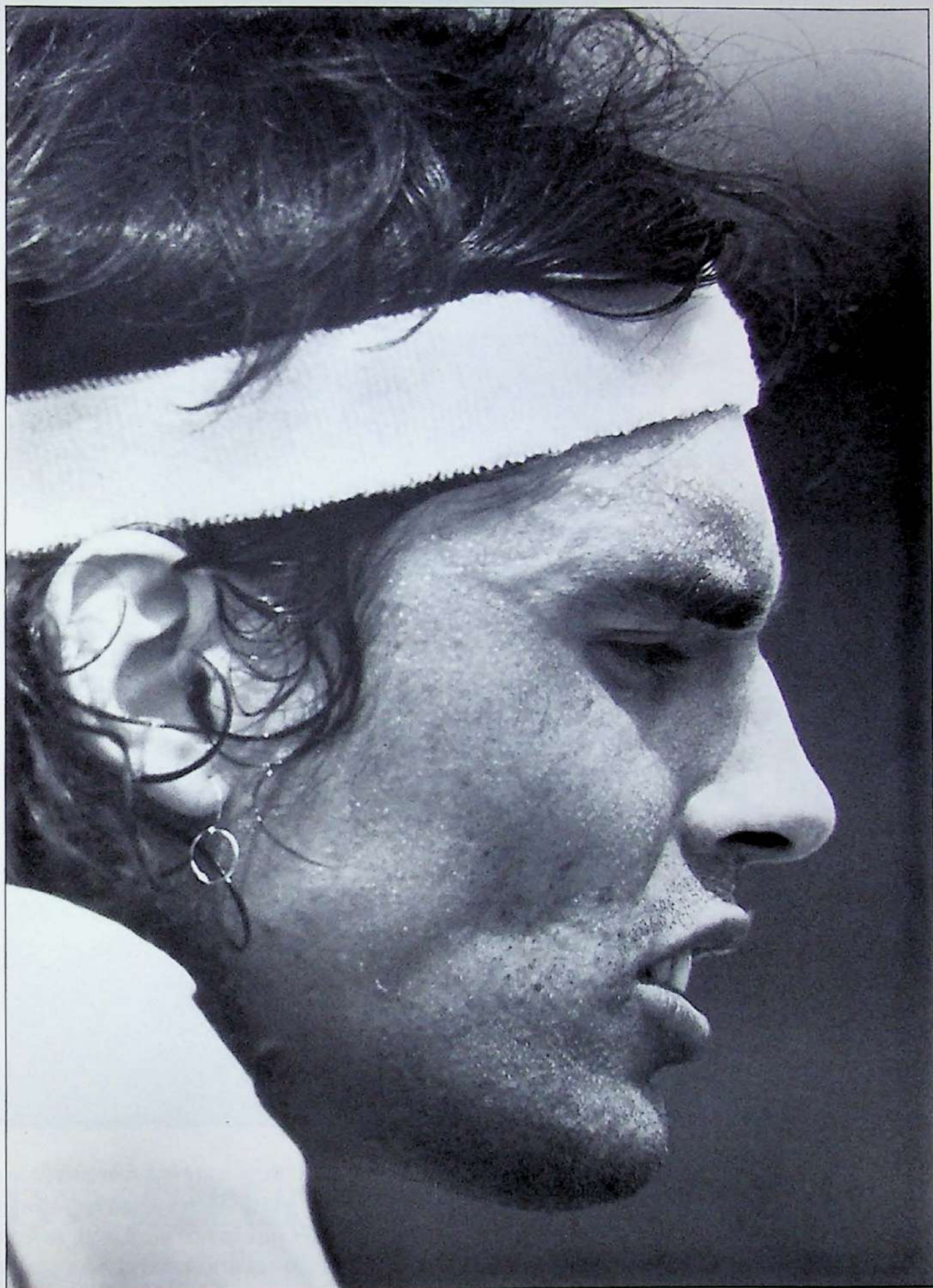
Ivan Lendl



Martina Navratilova



John McEnroe



Victor Pecci

Shawwaert 5200 NW 84th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33166 (305) 592-2360



Style is not affectation. It is a distinctly natural language that speaks in the way we travel, the cut of our clothes. It comes out in our choice of words, our choice of games and the way we play them. Style is the assertion of our natural advantages. It is the expression of ourselves in the things we do. Style is a pleasure in itself.

Men's and women's fashions and accessories—Barney's, New York. Photography—Michael Dakota



Snauwaert

Boronite and John Newcombe Boronite Two
White ash core with boron inlays, graphite
and glassfibre or fibre reinforcements
Handcrafted in Belgium
Balmforth of England leather grips
Gut string and proper care recommended
Frame only with cover



An assertion of style. Snauwaert.

MOONBALL

A GIANT BOUNCE FOR MANKIND

by Isaac Asimov

Although the 21st century is only two decades away, it remains a symbol of the distant future. Surely it will set itself apart from all previous centuries; the image that we conjure up in our minds is that of a lifestyle so alien from what we know today.

There will be large numbers of people living on the moon, or in space settlements, for long periods of time. But our images of these communities—people landing space ships, people wandering about in space suits, people digging rocks from barren and forbidden terrain—seem to be stuck in the mire of science fiction rather than science fact.

First of all, people who inhabit the moon will not be living on its surface. Temperature on the surface is either boiling or freezing and would require a spacesuit at all times. But a cavern hollowed out underneath the moon's surface will offer an agreeable environment: the temperature will be equitable and the day-night cycle will be arranged to suit a wide variety of needs.

Our minds seem to shun images of recreation of all-night, or perhaps no-night, athletic facilities—images of entire communities devoted to sport. We forget that these people are going to want to have fun. And there is no reason why games like tennis should not thrive in these colonies, no reason, that is, for those who are willing to admit that with the future comes, first and foremost, change.

Tennis has experienced all sorts of modifications. Racquets have gone from wood to aluminum to graphite, head sizes have changed, the weight of the ball has varied. But in the long run, these will be seen as very minor changes. In the 21st century, we will create a totally new horizon for tennis and its varieties.

One thing taken for granted, and absolutely essential to the game, is the force of gravity. When we hit the ball, it travels along a path that is the result of the force with which we hit it, the direction in which we hit it, and to some extent the direction and *(continued)*



"In the 21st century, when we have mastered zero gravity tennis, we will be free from the confines of our game."

velocity of the air currents on the court—but mostly it depends upon the pull of gravity. The ball moves in an essentially parabolic path ever so gently up and down, but we can tell where it's going to, where it's going to come down and we can run to the spot where we plan to greet the ball. Now wouldn't we be offended if something happened to the force of gravity, and the ball decided to be somewhere else?

On the moon, the force of gravity is one-sixth of that on earth, and a ball that floats around in one of the moon's cavern communities is going to travel a long way. To accommodate it, we can expect a rather large tennis court—and chasing down a ball will be much more of a chase. But the players will be able to cover greater distances themselves assuming, that is, they have mastered a technique of low-gravity locomotion. We can imagine all kinds of humorous situations with which the uninitiated from earth will contend—as they start running, only to find themselves so high up in the air that all they can do is wave to the crowd, and hope for a downdraft.

As the ball flies down the court and players devour equally long distances touching the ground infrequently, the beauty of the sport will no doubt be enhanced. It will look something like tennis, but in slow motion. Spectators will be able to see the details of the movements even better than on earth.

In a space settlement floating in high orbit around a planet, the situation will be slightly different, slightly more interesting. We will not be restricted to one particular gravity. If a space settlement is built to rotate about an axis, it will introduce a centrifugal effect that produces zero gravity at the axis but a gravity that increases as we move out from the axis to the inner surface of the outer shell. In one of these circular-tube settlements, "up" is always toward the axis around which the settlement rotates. If it turns rapidly enough, the centrifugal effect on the inner surface of the outer shell will be just strong enough to make us feel as though we were under normal earth gravity.

If tennis were actually played there, the game would be the same as we know it. But once the ball was hit into the air, a new effect must be taken into account. As the ball goes up into the air the gravitational pull on it decreases: the path of the ball will no longer be the same parabola that it would follow on earth. The higher the ball is hit, the greater the variance in gravitational effect. The lob would certainly take on a new strategic meaning, for if a ball

were hit high enough, it would never come down.

Taking this a bit further, the difficulty of the game could be deliberately increased by playing at a lower level of gravity. Let's suppose we lived on the inside of a large, rotating sphere. Along the inside of the sphere's equator we would be pulled with the full force of our earth's gravity. This is where most of the people would live. But the closer we get to the poles, the weaker the gravitational force until, at the poles themselves, we would experience zero gravity.

In this zero gravity world, we are free of the confines of the two-dimensional game. In tennis that means the ball just keeps going. Instead of drawing lines on the surface of a court and playing within them, we could have a three-dimensional box simply divided into two halves. Players would have to hit shots right or left, short or long, and up or down as well—and make similar computations in retrieving.

Tenniswear also depends on gravity. It would be very embarrassing if part of our outfit moved upward and covered our eyes as we were about to hit the ball. The reason it doesn't do it on earth is because gravity holds it down. Well then, if we are playing under zero gravity conditions, we are going to need a costume which cannot flop around, which will always be held tightly to the body, either by elastics or by small magnetic fields.

In addition, it would be very embarrassing if we jumped in the air to catch a ball that's heading upwards and started tumbling in the air. There must be a certain amount of aerodynamic stability, and the best way to accomplish that is to have fins—that's the way the fish do it. Outfits could be made with rather stiffish extensions at the elbow, at the knees and particularly along the line of the back, so that when we jump in a particular direction, we will not roll. We will be able to slow ourselves down by properly positioning our ankles and knees. It may look ungraceful, but it will take a lot of skill. The trick will be in manipulating our limbs in such a way that we end up where the ball is going to be, and then still have one limb free to hit it.

In the 21st century, when we have mastered the skills of three-dimensional, zero gravity tennis, there will be nothing less exciting than getting back down to earth and playing a set of the ordinary, two-dimensional game, and, of course falling all over the place.

But it is just such a prospect that should be heartening: the thought that as we move into the future everything, even tennis, will become space-aged in nature to fit the growing human potentiality and the ever-expanding human horizon that lies before us.●

Dr. Isaac Asimov is a world renowned scientist. He is the author of over 200 books and countless magazine articles on the subject of science fact and fiction.

After the match step into a great idea.

The Foot Fixer® is a breakthrough from Clairol's Personal Care Research Center. And your feet'll get a kick out of it.

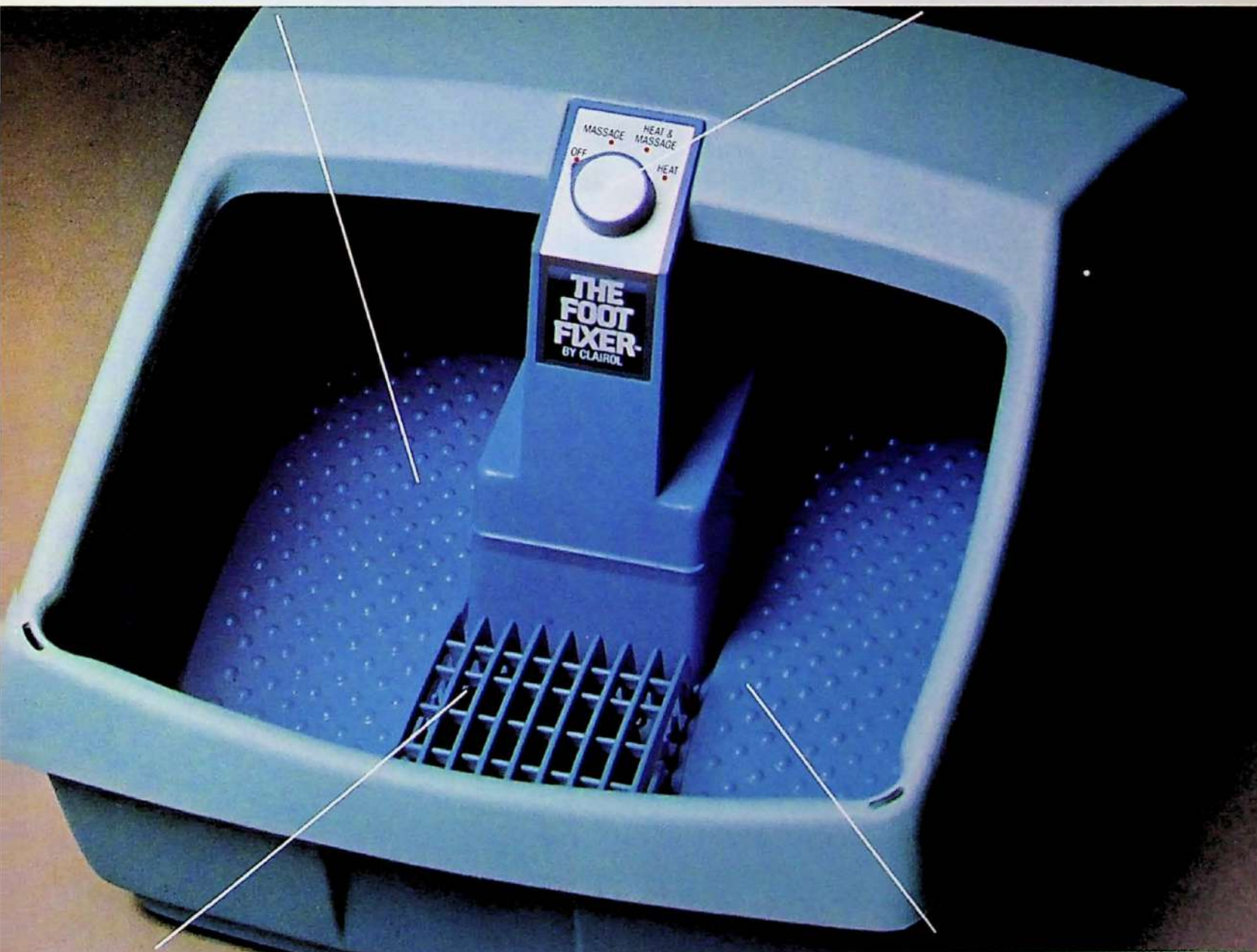
Because The Foot Fixer is not a toy, not another "tub." But a serious, totally unique foot care system with professional-

type features. Like an automatic heater that keeps the water nice and hot. And a vibrating water-massage action that soothes tired, aching feet in minutes.

After all your feet have done for you, this is the least you can do for them.

Gentle massage action that soothes, refreshes, stimulates—with or without water... makes feet feel good in minutes.

4-way dial gives complete control— from massage, to heat with massage, to soak with controlled heat.



Automatic heater maintains controlled water temperature.

The Foot Fixer® by Clairol
superior foot care system

Hundreds of tiny invigorating "Vibra-Fingers"™ on each of the contoured arch rests.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

IMAGES OF THE RACQUET SPORTS

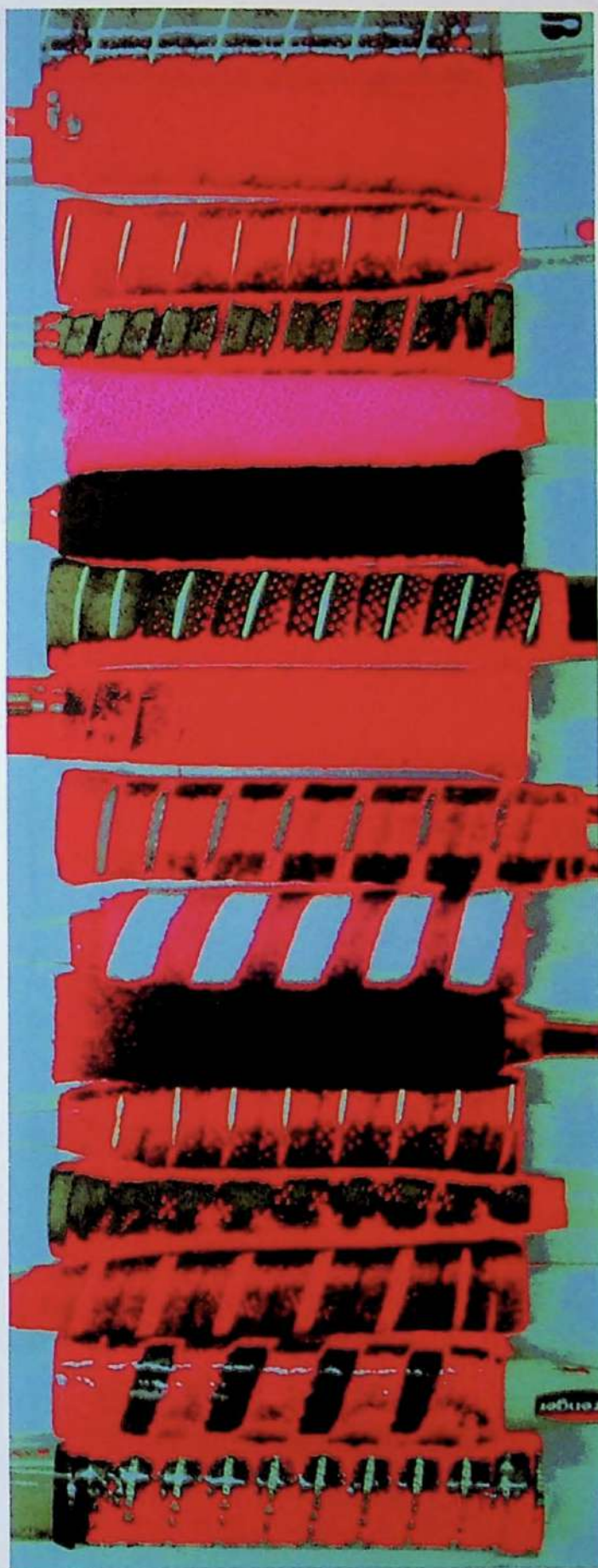
by Geoffrey Gove

Geoffrey Gove's fascination with photography began with his realization of its ability to document one "decisive" moment. However he was not satisfied with merely capturing reality—he became increasingly interested in the surreal and symbolic possibilities of the moment. The unifying theme throughout his recent work has been light and how it defines and intensifies one's relationship with the subject matter.

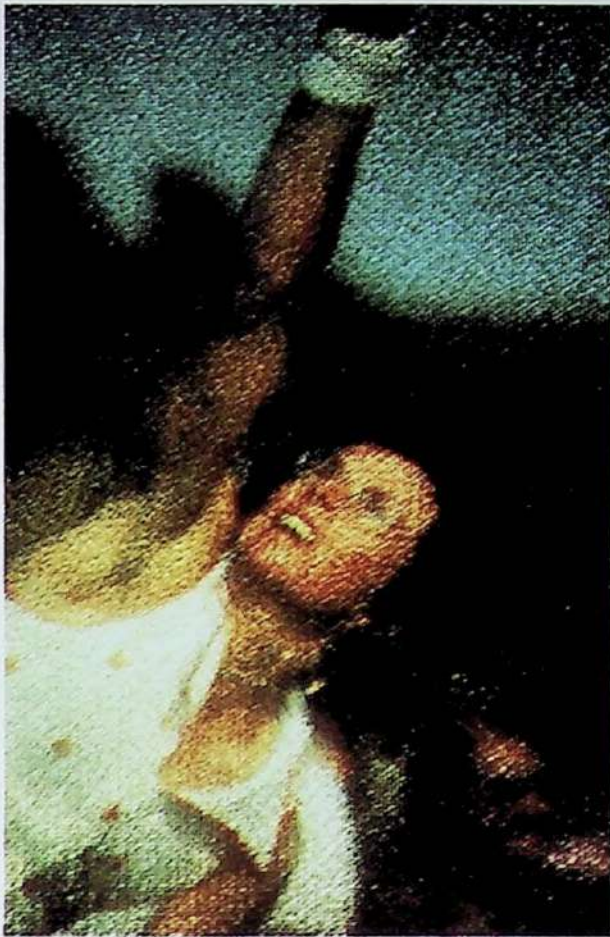
Gove's use of the camera is combined with the refractive qualities of a number of translucent mediums: glass, plexiglass and acrylic surfaces of varying textural and structural consistencies. Color and light become interdependent in the definition of subject matter. The culmination of his effort is a continuous process, commencing when his eye fixes upon suitable subject matter. It involves a light restructuring technique in which grain structure is replaced by light structure which, when added to the additional dimensions of time, makes possible an infinite range of visual interpretations of any original image. His term for this technique is "photo-optigraphy."

The following pages illustrate Gove's unique interpretation of the racquet sports.













Who will be the Grand Prix champion at the big January showdown in Madison Square Garden? "Hmm, let's see now," muttered Edward Brodeur. "Vilas? No. Tanner? Hardly. Solomon will be out of there early . . ."

Then with an air of finality, Brodeur said, "O.K., in the semifinals you'll have Borg, Connors, McEnroe and Gerulaitis. The matches will last an average of one hour and 50 minutes. The players will average 4.8 strokes per point with 3% aces, 8% service winners, and 2% of their rallies will exceed 15 strokes. And, oh yes, to answer the question, Bjorn Borg will be the champion."

At the time, three weeks before the tournament, Brodeur was sipping a cup of coffee in a cafeteria near his home in Marietta, Ga. So there were no tea leaves to consult, no crystal balls or trick mirrors. By what magic, then, was he able to correctly predict the triumph of Borg, who had never won in New York City, the names of the four semifinalists, the average length of the matches and all the other variables to within two-tenths of a percentage point?

The answer lies not in the stars but underfoot. Ed Brodeur, 58, is not a psychic but a very down-to-earth chemist who makes tennis courts. He is the owner of Research Coatings and Plastics, Inc., an eight-man company that manufactures Supreme Court, a portable playing surface used in the major men's indoor tournaments throughout the world. And while he calls them as he foresees them strictly

for fun, he does it with the uncanny accuracy of a tennis technocrat who can discourse for hours on the relationship among Newton's laws of motion, the energy absorption of vinyl-coated polypropylene and the 140 mph serves of Roscoe Tanner.

Over the past six years Brodeur has amassed reams of technical data on some 1,000 professional tennis matches. He was seeking to "engineer" the perfect court, but along the way he also became an expert on the imperfections of the players. Forget motivation, rivalries, pressure, courage and all the other intangibles that the romantics in the press box dote on. Regardless of how hard they struggle, says Brodeur, the pros are such slaves to the dictates of physics that the results of their labors are as foregone a conclusion as ball impact equals mass times velocity squared.

"You can predict exactly what will happen," says Brodeur. "It doesn't matter what kind of ball they use or what kind of racquet or anything else."

What really matters, he says, is the composition of the surface, and when it comes to creating courts Ed Brodeur is a cross between Nostradamus and Henry the Navigator. He can foretell the final destination because he charts the course. That is, by varying the chemicals, Brodeur contends, "We can put down a court on which Tanner would win absolutely. We can keep the Eddie Dibbses in there and we get the Brian Gottfrieds out of there. We can favor the Europeans or we can make it an all-American event. No one is aware of the power we have. They can say what they want, but in the final analysis we are the ones who are going to say who wins."

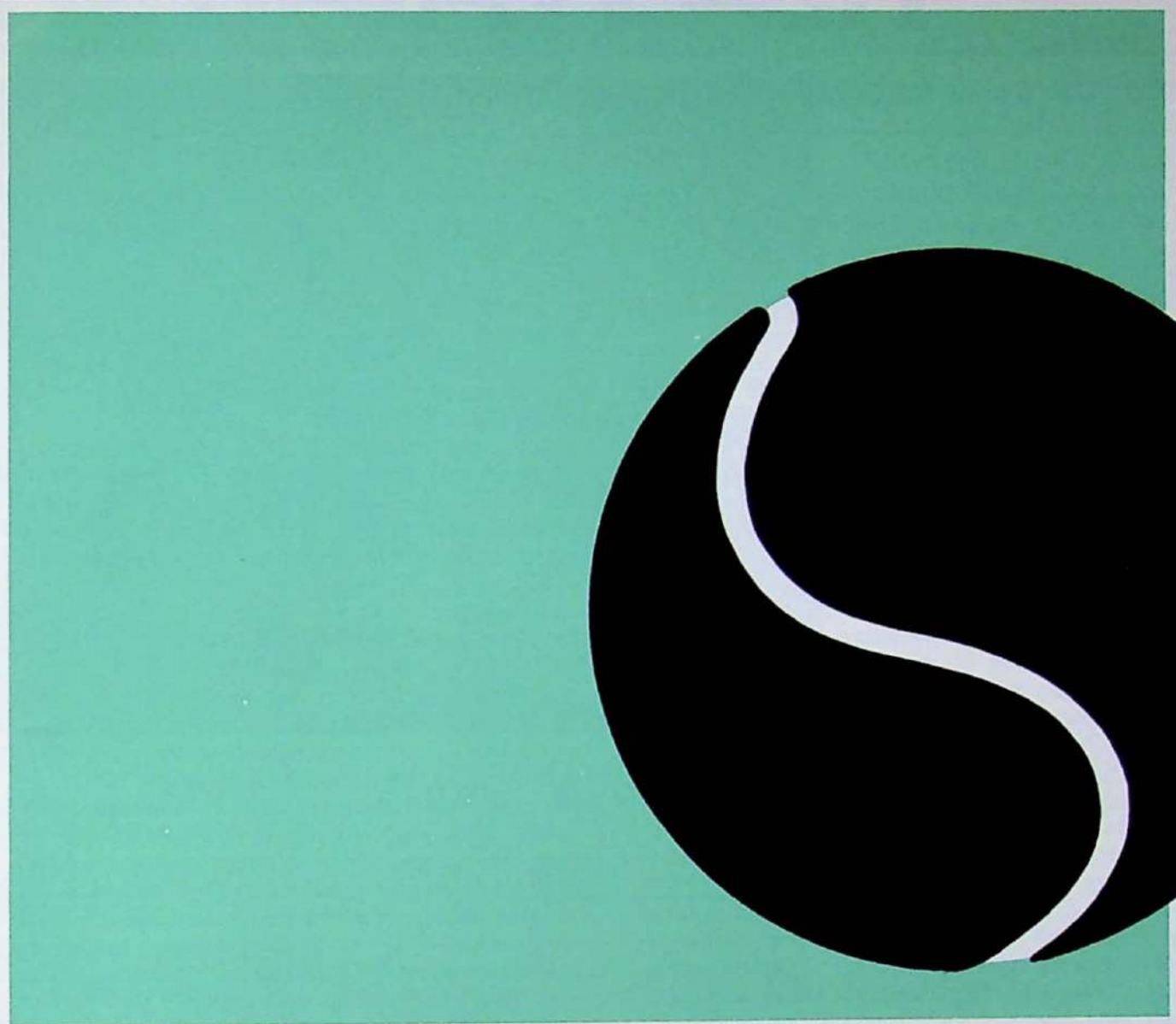
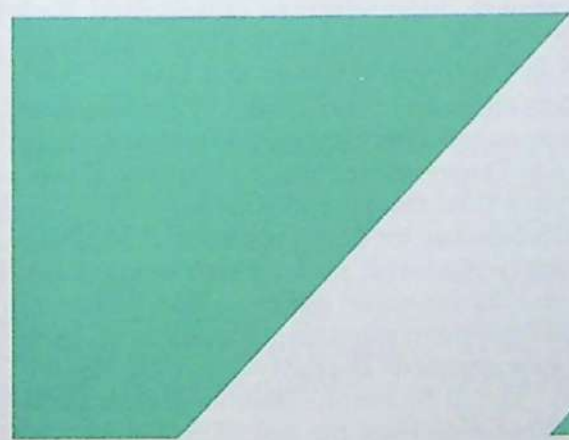
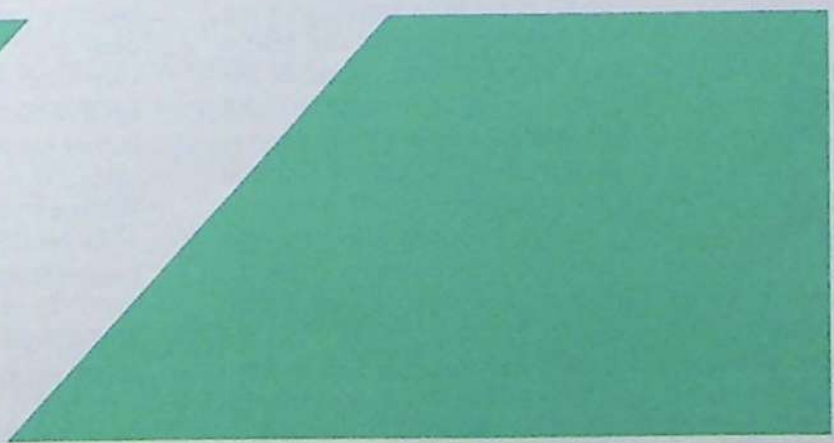
So why play? Or more to the point, why believe

THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES

A CHEMIST CONCEIVES THE WINNING FORMULA

by Ray Kennedy

Ray Kennedy is a senior editor of *Sports Illustrated*. This article reprinted by permission of *Sports Illustrated*. Copyright © 1980 Time Inc.



"Brodeur adds that his desire to find the ideal adjustment to the court was tinged with a strong streak of patriotism."

Trouble was, no one had the vaguest notion about how that might be accomplished within the limits of the existing technology. None of the indoor courts WCT had been using—various concoctions of vinyl, urethane, fiber glass and needle-punch materials—was specifically designed for tennis, and the results showed it. Under the hot glare of TV lights, the surfaces expanded and popped their seams, causing nettlesome delays. No two courts played the same, and there were numerous problems with slippage and dead spots. WCT's Davies, a former pro who toured on the canvas, concrete and hardwood courts of yore, likens the early artificial surfaces to "playing on a sea of ripples."

Erratic at best, the courts further alienated the TV schedule makers by defying all attempts to contain a match within a certain time frame. Davies recalls the shocked expression of the TV executive who exclaimed, "You mean this match could go on for *five hours*?" Some did, and while the adoption of tie-breakers helped, the matches were still too open-ended to suit the parties involved. Missed press deadlines were one thing, says Brodeur, but more troublesome was the fact that "everyone was sick and tired of going to the post-match parties at 1 a.m. They wanted to start drinking at 11 p.m."

All told, Brodeur was faced with a very demanding challenge, and he loved every perversely complex aspect of it. He explains, "It involved physics, tennis and plastics—all the things I know and care something about. I hadn't had so much fun in years."

Everyone knew that clay courts slowed down and effectively neutralized the big serve. But why? Starting from scrach pad, Brodeur juggled equations dealing with gravity, air resistance and ball spin, and while his $Y = \frac{1}{2}GT^2$ (in which Y stands for the downward pull of gravity on the ball from a horizontal plane, G for gravity and T for time) is not on the order of $E=mc^2$, it did prove that the fastest serve possible is 140 mph. However, because the margin of net clearance for a 140-mph zinger to land in the service box is a scant inch, in reality the serves of most male pros travel at something more like 100 mph. All of which led to Brodeur's formulation of the basic problem: "What happens when a man serves a two-ounce ball 100 mph from a height of nine feet at an 11-degree angle with a force of 60 pounds?"

Excellent tennis, he concluded, if the ball is slowed so that the receiver has an additional tenth of a second of reaction time. That meant that the surface had to slow the ball by five hundredths of a second

on contact, a feat that was easier deduced than duplicated. One attempt at simulating the clay-court effect, producing a hard surface with a rough, granulated finish, failed because the ball was not in contact with the court long enough—only .0017 second—to make any appreciable difference. Brodeur's conclusion: "At high speeds the surface texture is not what slows the ball down. Something else has to happen."

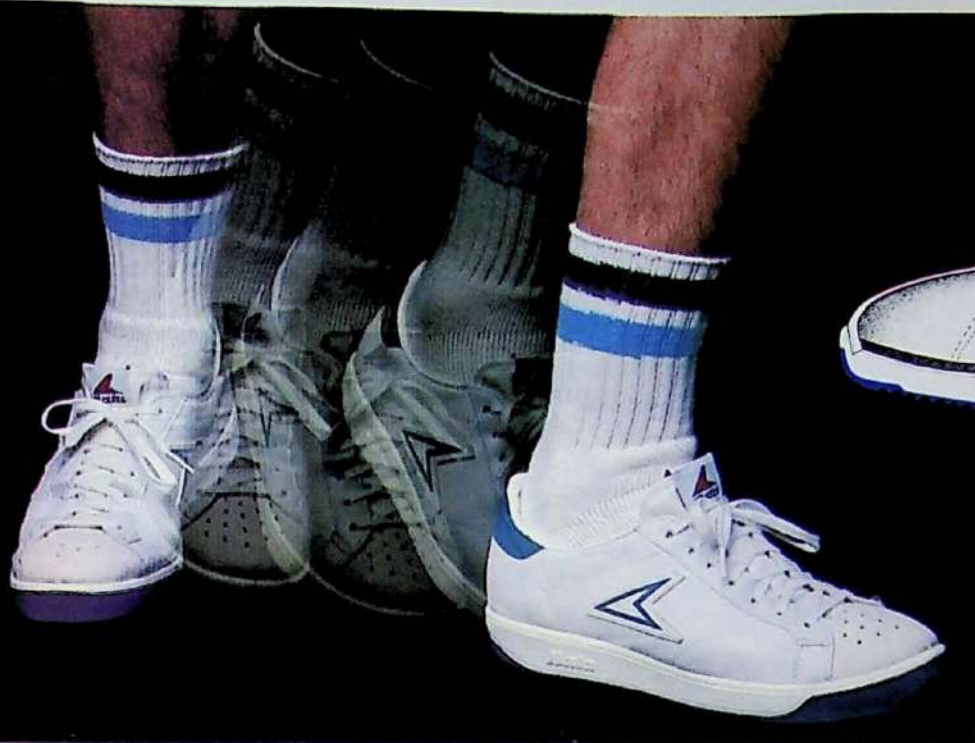
Like a mystery-novel sleuth, Brodeur got down on his hands and knees and studied the ball marks on clay courts. And sure enough, there was the visual proof of what he had worked out on paper: elongated teardrop impressions made with enough force to kick up a small amount of clay in front of the ball and reduce velocity. He videotaped the ball striking the court and painstakingly analyzed the "divot effect" in slow motion. Conclusion: "There is only one way to slow a hard, flat, low-angle shot. The surface has to *grab and give*."

Brodeur's attempts to reproduce the divot effect chemically was like building a Dagwood sandwich. He began his four-decker with 25 different ingredients, spreading a face coat of polyvinyl chloride on a cloth of polypropylene nylon fabric that was back-coated with another layer of polyvinyl stacked on top of a waffled foam cushion that looked like the tread on a truck tire. It took 50 variations and months of trial and error under tournament conditions before—eureka!—he came up with a surface that gave or "puckered" just enough to provide the receiver that precious extra tenth of a second of reaction time.

And none too soon for Lamar Hunt, the Daddy Warbucks of WCT. Brodeur admits, "We really made some awful courts at first. I mean, we put out some real crud." That was all too apparent when Borg and Vilas met in the finals of the 1976 WCT championship and labored through one point that lasted 84 strokes. In an effort to compensate, Brodeur went too far. "In the 1977 WCT Challenge Cup final in Las Vegas, Connors and Nastase averaged about 6% aces," he recalls. "I remember Lamar came to me after that match and was really mad. He and Davies wanted the court slowed down. We knew right then that we had gone too far."

Brodeur adds that his desire to find the ideal adjustment was tinged with a strong streak of patriotism. "In slowing the courts down, we had destroyed Smith, and younger guys like Tanner and Dick Stockton were stymied. It really wasn't fair to the Americans. The U.S. has 40 million players compared to 20 million from the rest of the world. Yet for the first time, we played hell trying to get three

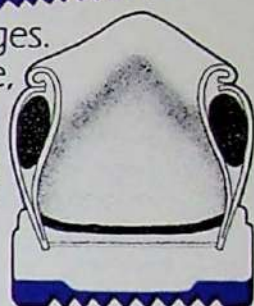
THE BATA FLASH



tennis shoes. We've strengthened our dual-density outer soles with more extra-tough polyurethane.



Along the edges. And in the toe, ball and heel. The parts you pivot on. And drag most.



BATA MADE THE FIRST POLYURETHANE SHOES. WE'RE STILL MAKING THE BEST.

Bata introduced and pioneered polyurethane shoes. That was more than a dozen years ago. And a lot of companies have been trying to follow in our footsteps. Now let's see them try and catch The Bata Flash.

BECAUSE YOU DON'T WIN TENNIS MATCHES WITH YOUR RACQUET. YOU WIN THEM WITH YOUR FEET.

Introducing the newest Bata Flash: Tourney dual-density polyurethane tennis shoes. They're lighter, tougher, more shock absorbing than Nike All Courts, Adidas Stan Smith, Puma Hard Courts.

LIGHTER. SO THEY WON'T WEAR YOU OUT.

Bata's dual-density tennis shoes have a tough, dense outer polyurethane sole. Molecularly bonded to a soft, light polyurethane mid-sole. This makes them 25 to 50 grams lighter (per shoe) than the leading tennis shoes. So you'll play faster, harder, longer than most of the people you compete with.

30% TO 50% MORE SHOCK ABSORBING. SO YOUR FEET WON'T BEAT YOU.

	G Level*	
	Toe/Ball	Heel
The Bata Flash "Tourney"	23.5	13.5
Nike All Court	39.5	24.0
Adidas Stan Smith	37.5	22.0
Puma Hard Court	50.0	23.5

*The lower the "G" level, the more shock absorbing.

Bata dual-density tennis shoes are built to take all the punishment your game can dish out. Our mid-sole is more shock-absorbing in the toe/ball and heel. Where you come down hardest, most often. And our shoes are fully padded: heel, toe and tongue.

THE BATA FLASH. FASTER PLAYING. SLOWER WEARING.

The Bata Flash can mean as much as 50% longer-lasting



Tourney dual-density polyurethane. In leather and mesh.

Bata

"Yes, we killed off Stan Smith, I'm afraid," says Brodeur, "and all I can say about Vilas and the rest is, well . . ."

such an expansive claim? Well, beyond Brodeur's demonstrated powers as a clairvoyant, there are other factors that support the basis, if not the full sweep, of his contentions.

It is no secret that certain players perform more proficiently on certain surfaces than on others. Harold Solomon, for instance, is as tough to beat on slomo clay as Pancho Gonzalez was on the lickety-split cement slabs of California. It can be argued, in fact, that playing conditions figure more crucially in the outcome of tennis than in any other professional sport.

Brodeur's credibility is also enhanced by the fact that the art of creating tennis courts has advanced to the point where he can roll out a customized surface to suit the style of any type of player. "We can make it play like grass, like clay, like cement or anything in between," he says. "We can make it as soft as a worm or as hard as a rock. We can maximize the spin effect of the ball or make it play as straight as a railroad track. In short, we can make the ball do anything we want it to."

Certainly the players are hip to the importance of the surface. Because the Europeans are generally raised on clay courts and the Americans on faster surfaces, the distinctions tend to run along continental lines. The 1979 Davis Cup final in San Francisco, for example, was played on a \$7,000 Supreme Court that Brodeur made for the U.S. team according to its own specifications. Would the Americans be so unsporting as to host their Italian guests on a court that heavily favored John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, *et al.*? Is Ilie Nastase temperamental? "The Italians screamed bloody murder, and they were right," says Brodeur. "No way they were going to win on that surface." Final score: Hustlers 5, Pigeons 0. By the same token, Argentina defeated the U.S. in the 1980 American Zone Davis Cup final on the oh-so-slow red clay of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club.

As for soothsaying, Brodeur points out that the whole thrust of a pro's training—hitting ball after ball, year after year, until each shot is a machinelike reflex action—is aimed at the kind of consistency that makes prophets out of oddsmakers. Thus it is neither surprising nor denigrating that steely competitors like Borg are often likened to robots with racquets.

To be sure, tennis has its share of upsets, but those that are not attributable to what Brodeur calls the "surface phenomenon" are so few that there is very little turnover at the top. Indeed, though some 200 players competed on the Grand Prix tour last year, the fact that the major tournaments were dominated

by the same four millionaires only confirms Brodeur's thesis that "tennis is a game that follows very precise patterns." In sum, given his grasp of the numbers involved, Brodeur is the first to emphasize that his predictions are not magical, merely mathematical.

What it all adds up to is suggested by Brodeur's now-it-can-be-told revelation that his experiments in the mid-1970s with courts that were alternately too fast and too slow directly paralleled the rise and fall of Stan Smith, the big hitter, as well as master ground-strokers like Guillermo Vilas. "Yes, we killed off Smith, I'm afraid," says Brodeur, "and all I can say about Vilas, Orantes and the rest is, well, that's the way the ball bounces."

There is an inclination among fans to dismiss Brodeur's claims as overblown if only because they take a lot of the fun, mystery and suspense out of the game. In fact, there are those who fancy him as something of a diabolical old sorcerer, cackling over his steamy mixing vats and tossing in bat wings and newts' eyes. Brodeur's response is that his only intention is to conjure up a court that "will provide the best tennis possible." That at least was the idea when World Championship Tennis selected him from the ranks of the plastics industry, and he set out on no less a mission than to "redesign the game of tennis."

Brodeur seemed an ideal choice. He grew up in Worcester, Mass. with a tennis racquet in one hand and his trusty Gilbert chemistry set in the other. When not threatening to blow up his attic laboratory, he was haunting the local clay courts, raking and rolling the humps left by the spring thaw. "You developed your playing skills by aiming shots for the ruts," he says.

Brodeur captained the tennis team at Holy Cross, and after getting his master's degree in physical chemistry, he spent eight years in the labs of U.S. Rubber. A polyvinyl expert, he subsequently built his own mixing plant in Rome, Ga., where his developments in indoor-outdoor carpeting attracted the interest of Mike Davies, the executive director of WCT. That was in 1973, and the pro indoor circuit was in desperate need of a consistent playing surface that did something more than pose the question of who's going to break whose serve?

"Who cares?" was the reaction of most fans, and Brodeur is equally candid about precisely why he was asked to devise a more competitively balanced court. "It was for television," he says. "TV was going to drop tennis if we didn't do something to get away from the serve-and-volley game."



Introducing the best tenniswear we can make. Levi's® Activewear.

Levi's® Activewear: Tennis and racquetwear, runningwear,
skiwear, warmups and all-purpose sports apparel.
For men and women, at sports and department stores now.



QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE.

INTRODUCING FILA'S NEWEST GREAT IDEA.



Fila Composite. World-class style. And the heart of a killer.

Now you can find Fila performance in racquets, too. And this is where you'll find it at its revolutionary best. Fila Composite.

New shape. New structure. Fila Composite is designed to be aggressive to the point of nastiness.

A longer oval, for more power. A lamellated structure of the finest woods – French ash, American beech and maple – for feel and flex. And an unyielding heart of graphite for pinpoint control.

Fila Composite. Another winning combination of Fila technology and craftsmanship.

And just one of a complete line of professional racquets that can bring out the best in anyone's game.

Fila 1 One, Fila Master, Fila All Play, Fila Lady, Fila Composite and Fila Kid. From Fila. The finest name in tenniswear ...and now, in tennis racquets.

The creativity in sport.



RACQUET QUARTERLY

A Subscription For You

Please enter my subscription to RACQUET QUARTERLY (four issues per year) at the special rate — at least 20% off the newsstand price.

☐ 1 year—\$10.00 ☐ 2 years—\$18.00

Canada: add \$3.00 per year. All other: add \$6.00 per year.

☐ My payment is enclosed. ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

... And A Friend

Please send a gift subscription of RACQUET QUARTERLY with a card in my name to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A Subscription For You

Please enter my subscription to RACQUET QUARTERLY (four issues per year) at the special rate — at least 20% off the newsstand price.

☐ 1 year—\$10.00 ☐ 2 years—\$18.00

Canada: add \$3.00 per year. All other: add \$6.00 per year.

☐ My payment is enclosed. ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

... And A Friend

Please send a gift subscription of RACQUET QUARTERLY with a card in my name to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A Subscription For You

Please enter my subscription to RACQUET QUARTERLY (four issues per year) at the special rate — at least 20% off the newsstand price.

☐ 1 year—\$10.00 ☐ 2 years—\$18.00

Canada: add \$3.00 per year. All other: add \$6.00 per year.

☐ My payment is enclosed. ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

... And A Friend

Please send a gift subscription of RACQUET QUARTERLY with a card in my name to:

Name _____

Address _____

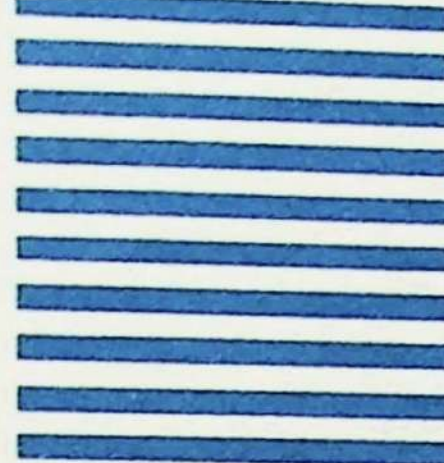
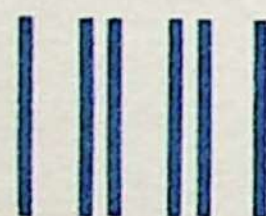
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Postage will be paid by

RACQUET

QUARTERLY

36 East 73rd Street
New York, New York 10021



No Postage
Necessary
If Mailed
in the
United States

Business Reply Card

First Class Permit No. 1534 New York, N.Y.

Postage will be paid by

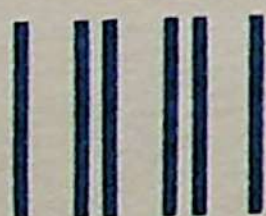
RACQUET

QUARTERLY

36 East 73rd Street
New York, New York 10021



No Postage
Necessary
If Mailed
in the
United States



Business Reply Card



RACQUET
QUARTERLY

Americans into the top 10. I thought something should be done."

By the 1978 U.S. Pro Indoors, Brodeur had fine-tuned his Supreme Court to the point where he could give not only a better break to U.S. players (six in the top 10) but also a "happy-medium pace" for the tournament. By now he could also predict results and all the tricky little particulars with a precision you could set your Accutron by.

Brodeur has since refined his stroke-by-stroke research into a handy formula whereby he can regulate the average length of a match and still assure "exciting tennis in which the best all-around player will win." His notes on crowd reaction, for example, show that fans "go bananas" over aces as well as extended rallies as long as they do not exceed the tedium levels of 3% or 4% of the points played. Keeping service winners in the 8% to 10% range and averaging 4.5 to five strokes a point produces the "ultimate in strategic tennis," he says.

The only problem with definitions of ultimate is that they are ultimately subjective. Davies, who worked closely with Brodeur and the players in fashioning Supreme Court, argues that decision by committee is impractical in such sensitive matters. "Somebody has got to take a stand," he says, "and who is as capable as myself?"

The intrusion of TV may sound sinister, says Davies, but he feels that the situation is one of those rare instances when what is best for the commercial interests is also best for the spectators, the players and the game. "That's not true at Wimbledon," Davies contends. "I have seen too many players who didn't have the quality game win the championship only because they had the big serve. On the other hand, some truly great players like Ken Rosewall never won Wimbledon because they were at such a disadvantage on the grass. I think the court that WCT has now is the best ever, because, among other things, it does away with those kinds of inequalities."

Still, Brodeur for one has his reservations. "Sure, it's definitely unfair that the U.S. Davis Cup team is allowed to play on its own court, just as it's unfair that the Europeans are able to corner the Americans on their clay courts and baseline them to death. We protect our flanks by saying that the best players win on Supreme. But with so much money and so many careers at stake, we're sitting here making decisions

American way is to slap down a slab of asphalt, put some lines on it and say, 'That's a tennis court.' Well, it isn't. It's a painted parking lot. The ball takes off too fast on those courts for any talented youngsters to develop the solid ground strokes that you can't learn after you're 21. All they know how to do is blow the ball by the kid on the other side, and that's why, per capita, we're not producing the kind of world-class players that we should.

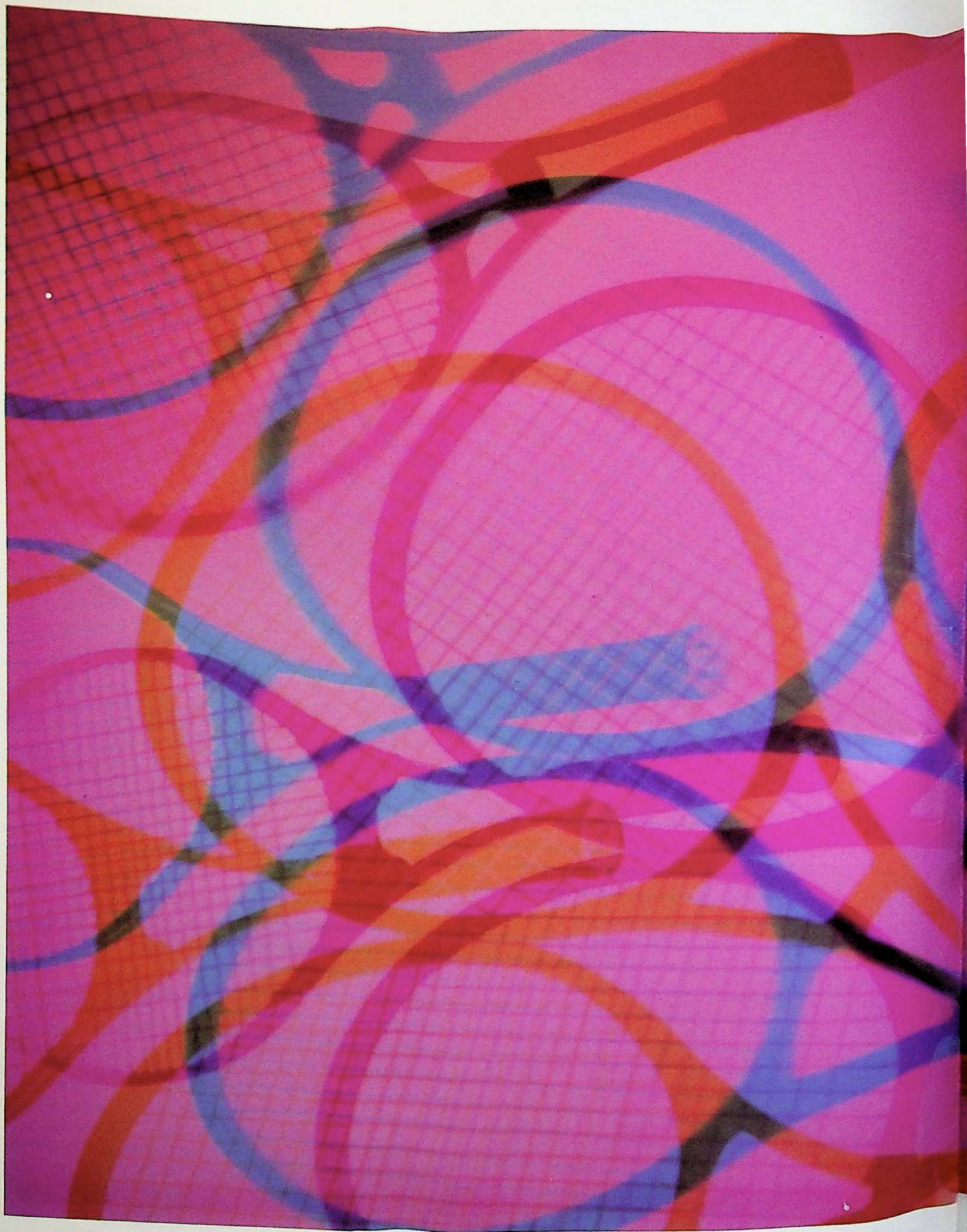
"Take Tanner. He learned much of his game on asphalt, and by the time he had to get the ball over the net four or five times it was too late to learn how. Right now there's a gifted young pro named John Sadri, who came off asphalt courts in North Carolina. He will thrill the crowd but, like Tanner, he'll never win consistently. And that's a damn shame."

For Brodeur, the symbol of much that is wrong with tennis in America is the new U.S. Open court complex in Flushing, N.Y., right by LaGuardia Airport. "I hate it," he says. "Forest Hills had class, but that place is strictly honky-tonk, a concrete jungle with unruly crowds and planes roaring overhead. Coney Island with nets."

Equally distressing, says Brodeur, is that the Open's hard surface, which he views as little more than an extension of upper Broadway, is too heavily weighted in favor of the U.S. players. No Ouija board was needed, he says, to foretell that the two finalists in last year's Open would be a couple of street-savvy New Yorkers named McEnroe and Gerulaitis. "If something isn't done," he warns, "the Europeans will stop coming."

Brodeur doubts that his protestations will ever be heeded. For reasons he cannot divine, he finds that many people are cool to the scientific approach to sports. A few years ago, when he was producing the Sportez surface for a New York City firm that supplies courts for the women's indoor circuit, he offered to make some improvements, but the ladies would not even look at his numbers, he says, for "emotional reasons."

Ah well, these days Brodeur contents himself with playing 12 sets of tennis a week, "fiddle-diddling" with his surface to compensate for the faster ball that WCT has adopted and playing the clairvoyant for local sportswriters whenever the pro tour comes to Atlanta. Otherwise, about the only prediction he will indulge in has to do with the shipping mixup that sent a massive carpet intended for Dubai to a





HIGH TECH

GUARANTEED TO IMPROVE
YOUR GAME

by Karen Rockow

In the beginning there was wood. Then came the Cuisinart to change the course of Western Civilization. Not to mention Gore-tex. In case you've lost touch with the High Tech Revolution, the last word in racquets this year is "sweet spot." The next to last word is "open throat," an innovative design that puts a hole in your racquet and pocket book simultaneously.

In the event you have certain misgivings about your game, however, American industry has stepped in to help you out. For a medium sized fortune, a number of companies will sell you a graphite frame to cow your opponents, awe spectators and shift the focus of attention from your faltering backhand to their marvelous racquets. Who would ever credit big business with such a public spirited attitude?

The search for the perfect racquet, that kinesthetic feedback which comes from a piece of equipment that feels good to use, can take many forms. And Americans, being masters of psychological warfare, have devised some new wrinkles. . .

"... choosing from the wide variety of hexagonals, elongated models, teardrops and all manner of ovals is not easy."

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

If you own a graphite *anything* (pencils excluded), you could qualify. You may be only an average player, but you've fallen hook, line and sinker for the adage "If you've got it, flaunt it." Expensive equipment and clothing may not improve the way you hit the ball, but they give you a psychological lift, which can have a tangible effect on your game. Likewise on your more timid opponent, who begins to quake in his sneakers when you calmly unsheath your dazzling weapon. He thought people kept those things in safe deposit boxes. He takes one look at his battered wooden frame and retires to the nearest bar. Next time, though, watch out. After a few glasses of Perrier, if your opponent has any brains and spunk, he will grin wickedly, don an old white T-shirt and pair of tattered sneaks and proceed to exploit your guilt feelings.

RADICAL CHIC

The essence of radical chic is a somewhat deliberate insouciance. In clothing, this means either opting for the Salvation Army Look or wearing the right things in the wrong places: Nike Waffle Trainers to the supermarket, Ellesse shirts to sail, a LaCoste golf windbreaker for jogging. Needless to say, this is an art form with limitations. One cannot play squash in Sperry Topsiders or golf in a sailing slicker. The idea is to show that one is an all-around athlete and scorns conventions. An unexpected benefit is the built-in excuse for mediocrity. You may not play golf very well in your Head tennis shorts with the multi-colored pockets, but you somehow leave the impression that you play one hell of a game of tennis.

STUDIED INDIFFERENCE

In all probability, one must be born and bred to this station. You needn't be wealthy to sustain it, but it can be expensive. One example will suffice.

If you hang your sweaty T-shirt on a rusty locker hook (all the best old clubs have rusty locker hooks), you create a rust-stained T-shirt. No one will give it a second thought. If you hang your sweaty \$20 alligator shirt on a rusty hook, you get a rusty alligator shirt. This is guaranteed to impress everyone. Precisely how varies considerably.

THE EQUIPMENT FREAK

There are many people who love equipment. I once knew a man who spent two weeks in Vermont taking

apart and putting together his rods and reels. He never fished; he just fiddled with his gear. This is an extreme form of the addiction. Many EFs are dedicated and skilled players. They appreciate fine materials and workmanship and will forego lunch for a year to own them. They *need* the latest racquets for their tennis, custom-made frames and titanium cranksets for their bicycles. Harmless, frequently lovable, the EF often suffers from moodiness which can be easily treated with a small graphite fix.

HIGH TECH

The racquet sports are booming and everyone is looking for the racquet that will give him a competitive advantage (or hit the ball without human assistance). If you're trying to spend a lot of money, tennis is the obvious place to start.

Although they are still improving wood, steel, aluminum, fiberglass and composite frames, the manufacturers have now moved into space-age materials such as graphite and boron (extremely expensive and useful because of their high strength to weight ratio) to produce ultra-expensive racquets. In general, these are handsome, stiff frames, open-throated and predominantly black, which will hit the ball with great power—if *you* have great power to hit the ball.

The industry has also been experimenting with head size and shape. After the introduction of the Prince racquet with its oversize hitting surface, one company after another stepped on the bandwagon. The theory is that the new shapes will increase the size of your sweet spot, giving you fewer off-center hits and making your game easier. And the sweet spot is not inconsequential. The "thwack" it produces signals a soul satisfying moment when racquet and ball meet, squarely, without vibration, and when the racquet becomes an extension of self.

But assembling your arsenal—choosing from the wide variety of hexagonals, elongated models, teardrops and all manner of ovals—is not so easy. It's like being in a candy store.

Speaking of new shapes, if you wish to bring tears to my eyes, simply mention my second racquet, a \$15 (strung) Champion from Maine's C.A. Thompson Co. I swear the sweet spot extended two inches beyond the frame. Alas, my Champion fell victim to Harvard's excessive ecological zeal when, in a notoriously unhappy experiment, the university left its buildings unheated over Christmas vacation. I returned to find the racquet warped like a spoon. Now that's High Tech.

SEAMCO "BLUE 600" A Smashing New Idea in a Racquetball!

It's Official...
It's the Racquetball
adopted by the



This new pressureless ball has the look and performance of a champion. Off the wall, "Blue 600" responds with a consistent bounce, coupled with lively action—play after play. Whether you play with a power game or a ceiling game you are always in control. Brilliant blue color gives it high indoor visibility, too. Has the unique distinction of bearing the seal of the USRA. And that's official. Next time, put Seamco "Blue 600" into play and see what it does for your game. It's a blast! It's the ball control players can appreciate!

IF IT BOUNCES SEAMCO MAKES IT...OFFICIAL

SEAMCO
Seamco Sporting Goods, La Grange, GA 30240
Division of Dart Industries, Inc.
Call toll free 1-800-241-8111



HEAD TO HEAD

TWO MASTERS SHOW OFF THEIR TECHNIQUE

by Peter Baron

After seeing him lunge for a ball just barely beyond his reach, you can't help but wonder if he isn't muttering to himself, "simple, simple: the court's just too big." But this is Victor Niederhoffer. His face is an emotionless mask. He has no tolerance for a muttered break in concentration. He positions himself for the serve and returns it crisply.

You can be sure his opponent has no doubts about the court. He is at home here. Hardly a day has gone by in the last ten years when he had not worked out on a court such as this. As the ball comes off of the back wall just a shade too much, Charlie Brumfield, five-time national racquetball champion, sets up and blasts it for a winner. He then casually steps between the service lines and pats a garbage serve. Though it has all the velocity of a butterfly, it hugs the side well like paint and heads unerringly towards the crease in the back corner.

Niederhoffer, though, has no intention of letting it travel freely to the back court. Accustomed to dealing with slow lob serves, he sprints forward and scrapes the ball off of the wall at chest height. His shot, the squash player's bread and butter, flies down the line and back again, passing Brumfield on the backhand. Brumfield rolls his eyes, feigning acute embarrassment. How is it that he got into the position of having to deal with someone who plays the game so obviously "wrong"?

Very simply, Victor Niederhoffer has turned to racquetball. Winner of the U.S. Squash Nationals five times, the U.S. Doubles three times and the one competitor to dethrone Sharif Khan in the North American Open, Niederhoffer has discovered new worlds to conquer. As he was in squash, he is relentless in his pursuit of excellence. For two hours a night, as Manhattan's night life drifts into morning, Niederhoffer works in the confines of a racquetball court. He practices the game shot by shot, isolating its elements. And he works alone. Worthwhile competition is rarely available at 1:00 a.m., but Niederhoffer has, throughout his career, both amateur and

pro, chosen to practice in such solitude. He has a remarkable ability to set up game situations, explore the alternatives, and then take what he has learned to match play.

Brumfield could never be mistaken for the self-contained Niederhoffer. At 31, he is not only a veteran of the racquetball wars, but a colorful and naturally skillful performer who is the young sport's most articulate spokesman. As a teenager he was the one-wall handball champion of San Diego. At the age of 18 he turned his attention to paddleball and won the national championship three years in succession. In 1968, he became obsessed with racquetball.

Brumfield's record of five national racquetball championships still stands and though he is often a full decade older than his current competition, his tactical skill and court generalship usually serve to nullify the generation gap.

His string of successes on the court, though, belies an uneasy beginning. "When I was a kid," Brumfield admits, "I was a terrible athlete. I played Little League baseball and one game sums up my early sports career. That season I had been up at bat 25 times and each time I struck out. Not fouled out, struck out. In this particular game, I got up to bat and the opposing team except for their pitcher and catcher, walked off the field. They were that sure I was going to strike out a 26th time. No, I was not a good athlete as a child, but after all those years, I now have no trouble motivating myself."

Niederhoffer serves a good one. Brumfield returns to the ceiling. In all of racquetball, his ceiling game is surely the finest. This time the ball comes down tight to the backhand wall, high enough to make it difficult to hit offensively, and not struck hard enough to carry off the back wall. Niederhoffer returns to the ceiling as well, but the ball glances against the sidewall and comes to the middle. Brumfield puts it away in the corner, low and hard.

The physical contrast between the two men is striking. Brumfield is outgoing and garrulous, bor-

Charlie Brumfield goes through the motions



"You can tell when Brumfield wants it. He goes into a crouch, his eyes flickering . . . as he paws the floor . . ."

dering on noisy. Niederhoffer is quiet and contemplative. Brumfield looks natty, attired as he is, in the sleek, heavily logoed clothes of Adidas and Leach, the companies he endorses. His brown hair is long and curly, his beard well trimmed. Though Niederhoffer would probably dislike the association if it ever occurred to him, his togs bear the stamp of Harvard and the old New York men's clubs. His white tennis shorts are happily shapeless. His shirt is traditionally cut. On the breast is the discrete but discernable emblem of the Boodles Squash Open. His mismatched socks droop around his ankles in a Pete Maravich disarray. His hair is a jagged crewcut.

Now, another sort of game begins. Brumfield, the master of eyeball manipulation, glares at Niederhoffer: an archer looking for chinks in the armor, maybe even a slight gap in which to place his arrow. Niederhoffer is totally oblivious. He is within his walled city of angles and strategy. This is Niederhoffer's psyche: impenetrable concentration.

And supporting Niederhoffer's mental position, or maybe emanating from it, is his aura of confidence. He has what Brumfield coyly calls, "the inability to appreciate when he's outclassed." Still, he knows what he can and cannot do. He never needlessly exhorts himself to greater effort. He never beats himself. When talking about wins and losses he states simply, "There's no way I'm going to let a player beat me twice in a row the same way." He seems to feel that given astute observation, proper preparation and a well-honed strategy, he can beat anyone. He has a record to back it up.

The first things you hear about Victor Niederhoffer do not make you think of an athlete. He is an intellectual, a loner. His desire for money and personal achievement have led him to become a Ph.D., an accomplished pianist and the president of a multi-million dollar financial firm.

As a youngster, Niederhoffer played handball or paddleball or tennis daily. He became something of a local celebrity and would often use his court skills to hustle nickels and dimes from unsuspecting adults. When he was thirteen the Brighton Beach group backed a challenge match between Niederhoffer and a national paddleball champion named George Baskin who was 35. Niederhoffer dispatched Baskin and collected a pair of sneakers. A heady victory for a thirteen-year-old: one that emplaced the notion of excellence in his mind. Niederhoffer knew very early on what he expected of himself.

Charlie Brumfield sings a different song. He constantly and straightforwardly depreciates himself. "My game is awful. My backhand is terrible. I'm in

the worst shape of my life. I'm not thinking out there at all." These, of course, are rhetorical statements. They are Brumfield's motivation.

Brumfield pauses a bit, as if he has to extricate himself from that bath of contentment before looking elsewhere. He continues, "In my younger days when I was a little bit wilder there was a time in a Houston tournament when a guy set me up with a brand new car. The night before the finals I went out with the guys and had a few. The next morning I didn't know where the car was. I couldn't go back to Houston for two years.

"In those days I was just operating on my own, reflecting on myself. Now everything has become sophisticated because the sport means more to more people. As a spokesman for the game the things I do reflect on racquetball as a whole. But I also feel we need color and charisma out there.

"I was always the crowd 'unfavorite' for the first five years. One time I was playing Steve Keely in Flint, Michigan. I hit a 'miracle ball' into the corner for a winner and announced, 'You don't usually see these shots in a small town.' The crowd went completely berserk!

Play continues, the score shifting one way, then the other. But you can tell when Brumfield wants it. At times he awaits Niederhoffer's deliveries almost casually. He seems relaxed, maybe too relaxed. But on important points, he goes into a crouch. Eyes flickering behind his glasses, his head comes down and he paws at the floor with his toes. He is coiled and he springs, it would seem, in that split second before Niederhoffer hits the ball.

Niederhoffer, of course, always wants it. Every point is *the* important point. His play is nothing but unflagging, unwaning intensity.

Suddenly, the first session is over. Both players leave the court to towel off and change shirts. Spectators call out their admiration and advice. Brumfield, accustomed to the congeniality of racquetball, goes into a stand-up routine.

"Are you really going to wear that?" Brumfield points to the dry, pink shirt that Niederhoffer has chosen. It's breast is emblazoned with the Slazenger panther and the words, "N.A. Open—'74." His tone clearly suggests that he wouldn't be caught dead in such a shirt. "What's the matter, Charlie. Are you going to report me to the effete members of the squash association?"

"Not me, Victor, not me. It's just that the shirt's going to be the color of blood by the time I'm finished with you."

Niederhoffer shakes his head and grins. ●

"If you want the best in Racquetball... Head has it all!"

Steve Strandemo



Steve Strandemo, Head Racquetball Touring Professional/Instructor, says, "Pick the racquet that suits your game and let Head quality engineering do the rest."



HEAD® COMPOSITE RACQUETS. The GRAPHITE EXPRESS® racquet combines graphite and fiberglass for strength, lightness, and unbelievable power. The ENDURO® has an aluminum reinforced fiberglass core construction for power and durability. Both feature the open throat design that reduces twisting.



HEAD METAL RACQUETS. The PROFESSIONAL® is used by more Head Touring Pros for its outstanding power and control. It uses high-strength aluminum for devastating power. The MASTER® is made with a lighter, more flexible aluminum extrusion for superior racquet control and quickness.



HEAD RACQUETBALL BAGS. Specially engineered for travel and small lockers, Head Bags are available in navy blue and chocolate brown. All are washable and contain wet-pockets.



RACQUETBALL ACCESSORIES. Look to Head for the best in accessories, too. The Head racquetball shoe features a canvas-and-mesh upper molded to a skid-resistant crepe rubber sole. The Head Plum® ball and deerskin gloves add to your enjoyment and skill. Our eye guard adds to your protection. See your authorized dealer for equipment that will help you play your best.

We can make a difference in your game.

**AMF
Head**

NEW WAVE

THE FAN PLAYS ALONG

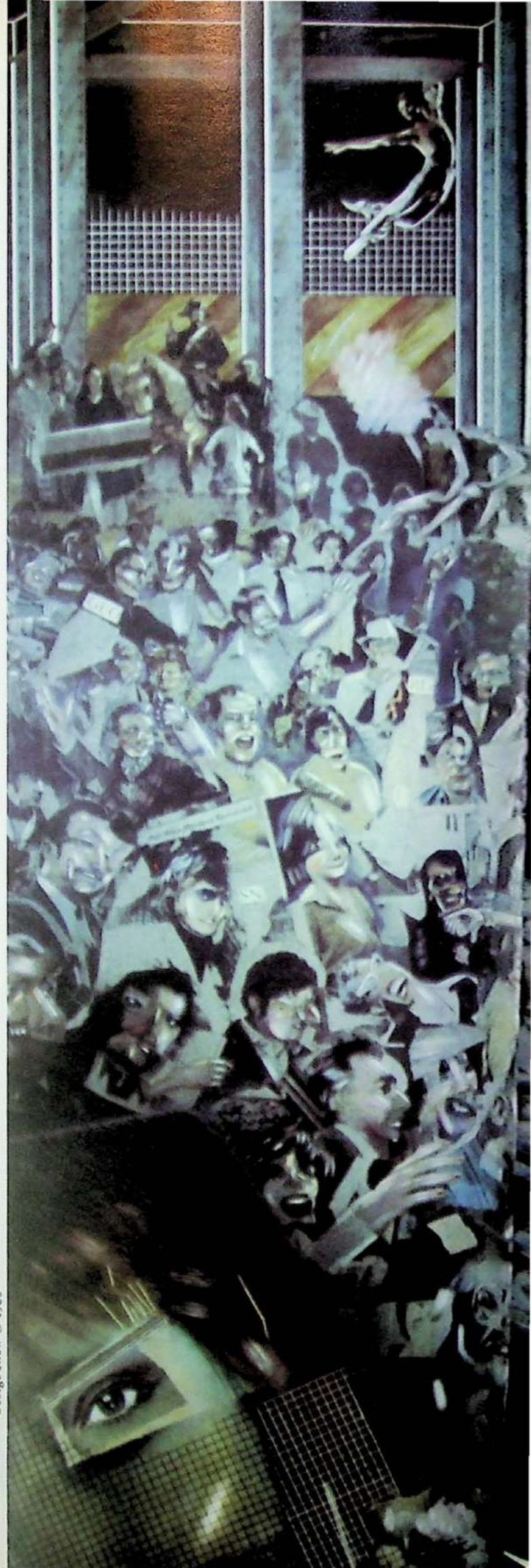
by Peter Wortmann

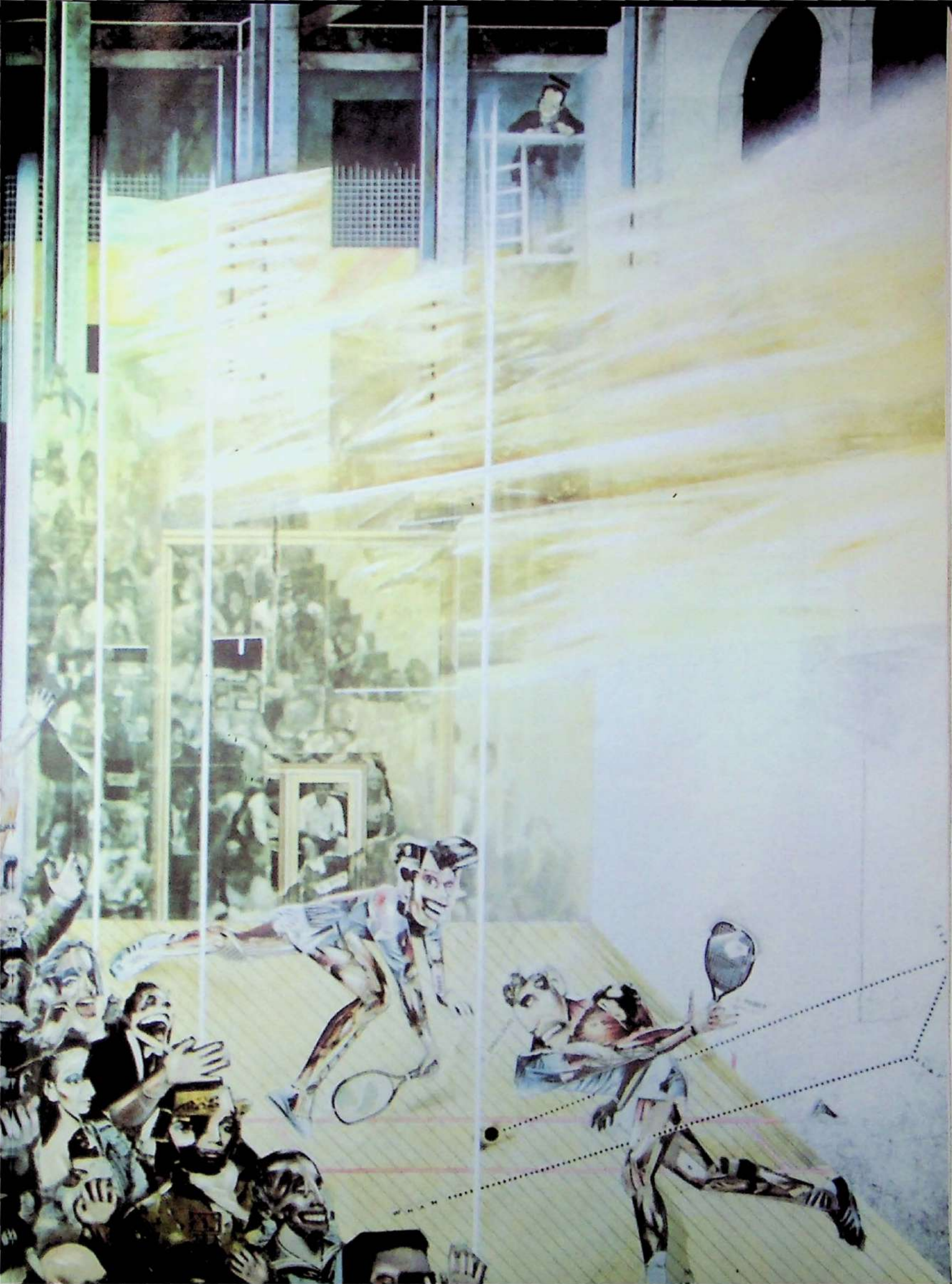
The new Wimbledon Champion tossed his racquet high in the air, or so I am told. I did not see the match. No one did. It was played to empty bleachers. No broadcast of any sort. They claim that it was a fine tennis match, the sport at its best. I wonder if what went on out on that court was tennis at all.

Does the sport exist without the spectator, more precisely, the crowd? Or does it return to an earlier form of play? Something more basic, less shared, more personal. The soul of all sport is ritual: participation not just for the principals but for the community as well. Wimbledon's stands were once, and by tradition, filled with ladies and gentlemen who exercised their decorum in unison, applauded politely when appropriate. Those times of distance appreciation are past. The world is now too obviously splintered, too diverse, too untouchable. Our rituals must draw us all in. They must be, at least seem to be, within our reach. We must choose to choose our heroes, our magic. Certainly we invest in them special powers, expect of them miracles. Our exhortations will surely change the course of the dance, give strength to the most deserving. The crowd, to be sure, is wholly part of the match.

Tennis has ached with ambivalence—to stay the same and change. But racquetball, modern sport that it is, was born into this brave, new world. Some people who watch tennis, play tennis. Racquetball is played by everyone. (I have been led to believe that you know how to play before ever entering a court.) The champions are medicine men: they do just what you do yet they are entirely different, exalted, impossible. They are common men and women in day to day life, but the sacred, walled space transforms them into shamen. The spirit they draw from the court passes through the clear walls to the initiates. They share the game. And in this way it is modern: it is difficult to distinguish between watching and playing. Or maybe they can be distinguished after all, but to no end. ●

George Snow © 1980





The Copenhagen

You
owe
it
to
your
feet



PATRICK

PATRICK ATHLETIC SHOE COMPANY

45 E. 30TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018 (212) 686-8052

RED CLAY AND BLACK TIE

MONACO'S COUNTRY CLUB OF MONTE CARLO

by Barry Tarshis

It is one o'clock in the evening and I am sitting on a terrace sipping an anisette and Campari and watching a tennis match. Make that *three* tennis matches. No one playing is a professional or even better than average club player, but for all I care the players could be members of a senior citizens' aerobic dancing club. I have just finished two sets of singles myself, and at this particular moment there is no place on earth I'd rather be.

Let me describe the surroundings. The matches I am watching are taking place on a bank of courts situated about 30 feet or so below the terrace. The surface is red clay—a surface you rarely see in the U.S. anymore because it requires as much maintenance as grass—and the overall area is so large, with so much room between the courts, a more frugal builder could have easily squeezed in another court. You do not see a fence; it is there, forming the standard perimeter, but it is buried within the verdant embrace of a tall hedge. On each side of this triad of courts slopes a broad expanse of lawn, which creates something of an amphitheater effect. Beyond the slope to the left, in banks of twos and set amid trees and garden paths, are a multitude of other red clay courts, terraced at various levels so that each bank of courts is a setting unto itself. All this is framed by mountains on three sides, and straight ahead, beyond the tops of the trees that jut above the far ledge, is the sparkling and tranquil blue of the Mediterranean, where, at this very moment, a water skier is being pulled along by a yacht the size of a houseboat. On the center court below, a white-

haired man wearing elastic bandages on both knees has just taken a point with a deftly placed drop shot from a much younger, more athletic-looking player. Near me, a young blonde woman in a Fila tennis outfit crosses the terrace. Behind her oversized sun glasses, she looks like a French movie star. The thought occurs to me that if there is a tennis club in heaven, this is the way it should look.

As you've undoubtedly gathered by now, I am not describing your everyday tennis resort. Where I am, on this balmy late afternoon in August, is inside the Monte Carlo Country Club, which, in its own way, is a kind of tennis heaven (providing a tennis experience that may well be unique in a world now filled with resorts that can dazzle you with their facilities and surroundings). I make this statement knowing full well that there are any number of tennis clubs and resorts throughout the world that can dazzle you with their facilities and surroundings.

Let's start with Monaco itself. Oh, there are imperfections. Chances are you'll see more tour buses than Rolls-Royces these days in front of the fabled Monte Carlo casino. (This is not true of the nearby Hotel de Paris, however, which remains one of the few Old Guard dominions on earth.) The restaurants in Monaco do not compare with the best the Cote d'Azur has to offer, and the beaches are far from being a sun-worshiper's fantasy. But, still and all, Monaco remains a jewel of a playground: a veritable sanctuary for the moneyed way of life, graced with a shimmering harbor, glorious villas and ubiquitous gardens. Monaco is one of the few places left where women display their costliest diamonds with absolute impunity, since crime is virtually nonexistent here. As a retired Englishman who now lives in

Barry Tarshis is a contributing editor for *Tennis Magazine*. He lives in Connecticut, but likes to travel to exotic places, especially if he can get court time.



ellesse

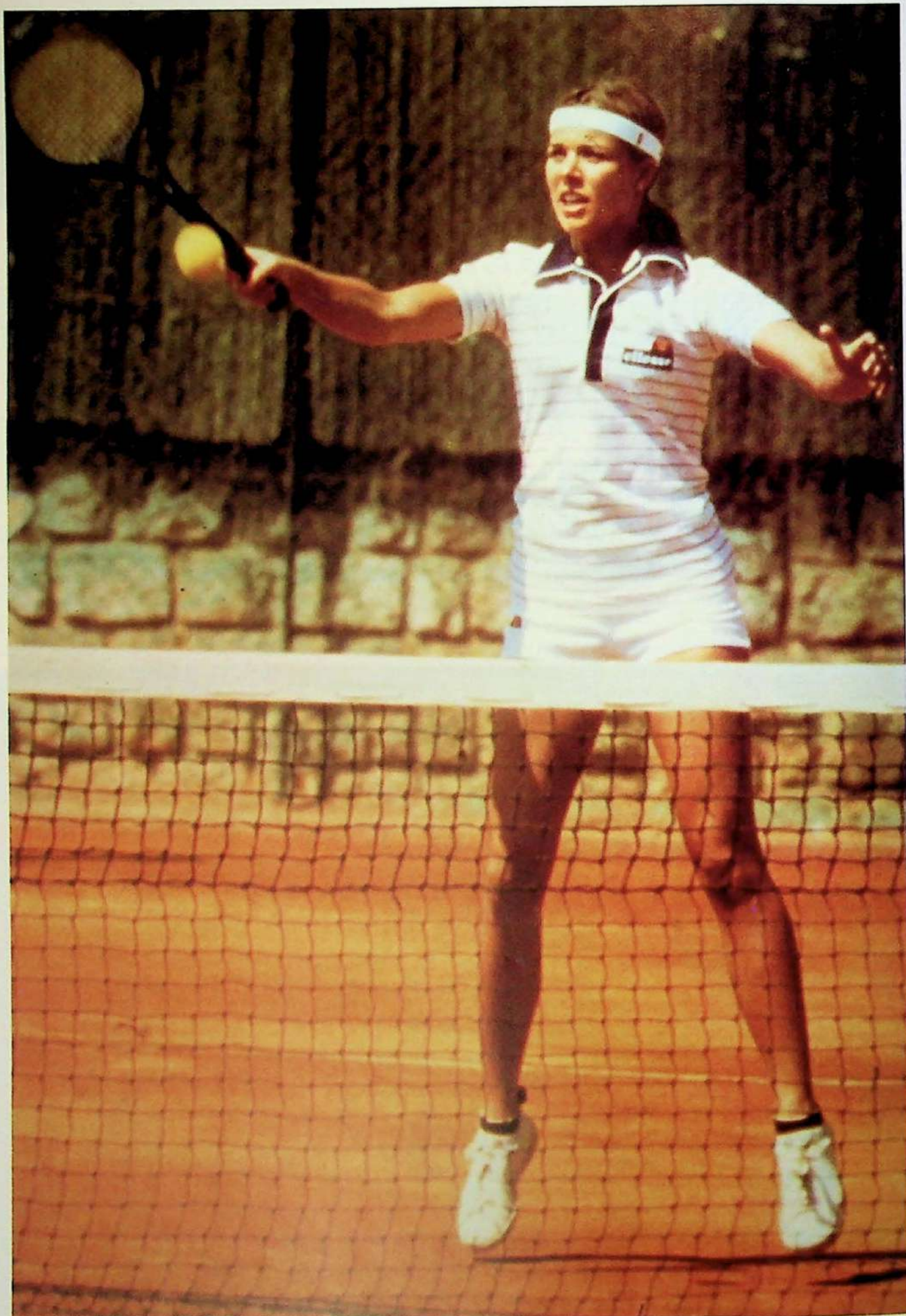


for
serious
tennis

ellesse U.S.A., INC.

1384 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10018
(212) 840-6111

ellesse designed by Leonardo Servadio



The Monte Carlo Country Club was the most impressive looking tennis club ever built . . . an enclave for high society."

Monte Carlo likes to put it, "In Monaco, money not only talks, it listens, too."

And the tennis. Well, tennis has figured importantly along the Cote d'Azur since the turn of the century, and today there are something like 100 tennis clubs between St. Tropez to the west and Monte Carlo to the east. The Riviera has always been a regular stop on the international tennis circuit (although more so, probably, in the days of amateur tennis), and it was at a tennis club in Cannes, no longer in existence, an hour's drive from the Monte Carlo Country Club, that the legendary French tennis player Suzanne Lenglen played—and beat—the American Helen Wills in 1926 in what remains, to this day, one of the most celebrated tennis matches ever played.

As it happens, Mlle. Lenglen was actually instrumental in the creation of the Monte Carlo Country Club, albeit indirectly. It seems that during the early 1920s, when the French star was in her prime, tennis clubs throughout the Cote d'Azur were in constant and often acrimonious competition for her participation in local tournaments. Monaco, in this respect, was at something of a disadvantage, for the only club in town—the Festa Club—was located on the roof of a garage—not exactly Wimbledon standards.

Enter an American tobacco magnate and tennis buff named George Butler. Butler, who vacationed in Monaco and was an ardent Lenglen admirer, felt it shameful that the best Monaco could offer the *grande dame* of tennis was a garage-top court, and he felt it was somehow incumbent on Monaco to build a tennis complex befitting a player of Lenglen's celestial stature. So he presented—and sold—the idea to the Societe des Bains de Mer, the corporation that owns and runs the Monte Carlo casino as well as several of Monaco's leading hotels, restaurants and night clubs.

What the SBM set out to do with the Monte Carlo Country Club, it did: it created the most impressive-looking tennis club ever built, and soon it became the center of the Riviera tennis universe. Much like the Newport Casino in the early 1900s, the Monte Carlo Country Club became as much an enclave for high society as a place to play tennis. A place to linger, to mingle, to entertain. You never had to look very far to find somebody with a royal title. Members from Monaco's ruling family—the Grimaldis—were regulars from the start. Indeed, Prince Rainier's sister, Antoinette, much to her brother's chagrin, went on to marry—and eventually divorce—a local tennis hero named Aleco Nogues. Present at all times was an assortment of dukes and

lords from Great Britain, most noticeably the Duke of Connaught, to whom the honor of officially inaugurating the club fell in 1928. But probably the most conspicuous representative of European royalty on the courts of the Monte Carlo Country Club was tall, feisty old King Gustav of Sweden, who was 70 years old when the club opened but spry enough to hold his own in doubles, and, on occasion, partnered Suzanne Lenglen in handicap tournaments. Gustav, alas, was something of a sore loser and, according to reports, not the sort of player whose line calls you could always trust. Still, it was the practice of tournament officials to tread easy where the old King was concerned, so his habit of making questionable line calls was ascribed not to chicanery but to his poor eyesight.

Even the international tournament competition had a social flavor. Monaco has been the scene since 1897 of a yearly tennis tournament (its early winners included some of the golden names of pre-World War I tennis, among them the Doherty brothers and Anthony Wilding), but it wasn't until the Monte Carlo Country Club was built and George Butler introduced something known as the Butler Cup—a doubles tournament in which each team represented a country—that Monaco tournaments drew the cream of the international tennis set—players like Henri Cochet, Bill Tilden, Jacques Brugnon and Gottfried von Cramm. World War II put an obvious cramp in the club's tournament activities. The club, however, remained open throughout the war. After the war, George Butler's daughter, Gloria, helped put the club back into the international tournament business by persuading big-name American and Australian players to come to Monaco and play. Virtually all the top Americans in the early 1950s—Frank Parker, Tony Trabert, Billy Talbert, Gardner Mulloy etc.—competed, usually with success, in the tournaments held each year in Monaco. And they were quickly swept up in the Monaco social swim at the same time. Indeed, one of the highlights of the Monte Carlo tournament was the "show" that Gloria Butler gave during the Thursday evening party that preceded the tournament finals—a show in which the players themselves would dress up and give imitations of famous personalities.

"The thing I always liked about playing in Monte Carlo," recalls Billy Talbert, "is that it was more a reunion than a tournament. The same people you might run into in New York or Paris or Southampton you'd see in Monte Carlo. I remember how beautiful it always was, and I always loved the elegance of the whole scene—the black tie in the evening. The only

Princess Caroline is frequently seen on the courts.

"As popular as tennis is becoming in Europe, it still retains much of the social character it used to have in the U.S."

other place I ever played that could even compare was Paris."

As far as the day to day operations of the Monte Carlo Country Club is concerned, things move along pretty much as they did in decades past, with a couple of crucial differences. For one thing, apart from the Grimaldi family, members with royal backgrounds are rare. Instead, reflecting the social pattern that prevails throughout Monaco, the membership roster is the microcosm of the "new" elite in Europe: multilingual financiers, executives and industrialists who, when they are in Monaco, use the club on an almost daily basis, much like Wall Streeters use places like the New York Athletic Club and the Racquet and Tennis Club. During much of the year, the club operates as a quasi-resort because of a policy that offers temporary memberships—daily or weekly—to the public at large.

You need no special family connections, no particular social credentials, no introductions from members to use the Monte Carlo Country Club facilities when you are in Monaco. The only thing you need is money—about \$30 a day during the high season—July through September; one-third less if you're staying at the Loew's Monte Carlo and even less if you're a guest at any of the SBM hotels—the Hermitage, the Hotel de Paris or the Old Beach Hotel. The daily fee covers everything, and there's no need to reserve a court. Indeed, there *are* no court reservations here: you simply show up and take the first one available. There is no formal game arranging service as such, but club personnel, according to what I observed during the week I spent in Monaco, do their best to match players up. And so director Francis Truchi, a former Monaco Davis Cup captain, goes out of his way to point out, the club genuinely welcomes tennis-minded outsiders. It helps, certainly, that there are enough courts at the club that the presence of visitors never squeezes the regular members out of court space. As Truchi puts it, "What we try to do here is combine the best of two worlds: a tennis resort with a true private club atmosphere."

It works. For accessible as the club is to the public, it still radiates an unmistakably club-like atmosphere, and if you're a person who is insecure about himself or his tennis, you could be a little intimidated by the atmosphere, not to mention the style of play dictated by the slow clay courts. For while the Monte Carlo Country Club welcomes Americans—or players from anywhere else, for that matter—don't expect everyone you meet to speak English, and don't be surprised if when trying to set up a game, you are "classed." As popular as tennis is becoming

throughout Europe, it still retains much of the social character it had in the U.S. before the boom. The term "classed," however, has nothing to do with social standing. It refers to a ranking system in France based on performance in local tournaments.

The main point, though, is that if you have any sort of reasonable game and know the basics of tennis etiquette, you need not worry much about feeling out of place here. During the week I spent in Monaco, I talked to several Americans who come to Monaco and play tennis at the Monte Carlo Country Club on an annual basis. One of them, a New York investment banker in his early 30s, told me that the two passions in his life are tennis and gambling, and that Monte Carlo was the only place he had ever been where he could indulge himself to excess in both. He stays at the Loew's Monte Carlo—the only hotel in Monaco with its own on-premises casino—and figures that the \$20 a day he spends to become a daily member of the Monte Carlo Country Club is simply a part of the room fee.

Another American with a special feeling for the club is Robert Sweet, president of The Robbins Company, an awards manufacturing company that also owns one of the most impressive-looking indoor-outdoor tennis complexes in the U.S.—The Four Seasons, in Wilton, Connecticut. "If you really like tennis," says Sweet, "you can't help but get caught up in the atmosphere of the Monte Carlo Country Club. You know you're in a kind of fairy tale world, but it doesn't seem to matter."

Fairy tale world indeed! For if Monaco itself is an improbable remnant of a rococo age that we will never see again, the Country Club, in many ways, is the embodiment of this improbability. To be sure, the Club is hardly an economic bonanza to the SBM, and each year it gets tougher and more expensive to maintain the courts and the gardens around them. And it's possible that maintenance problems may reach a point at which club management has no real choice but to change the surface from red clay to an acrylic surface of Har-Tru.

For now, however, the powers that be in Monaco are content to leave things as they are at the Monte Carlo Country Club, making is possible for anybody with an appetite for the game to satisfy it in an atmosphere that has changed only imperceptibly over the past fifty-five years. One can only hope the policy doesn't change. For if the Monte Carlo Country Club proves anything, it proves that sometimes in tennis—indeed sometimes in life—the best way to keep a step ahead of everybody else is to stay right where you are. ●

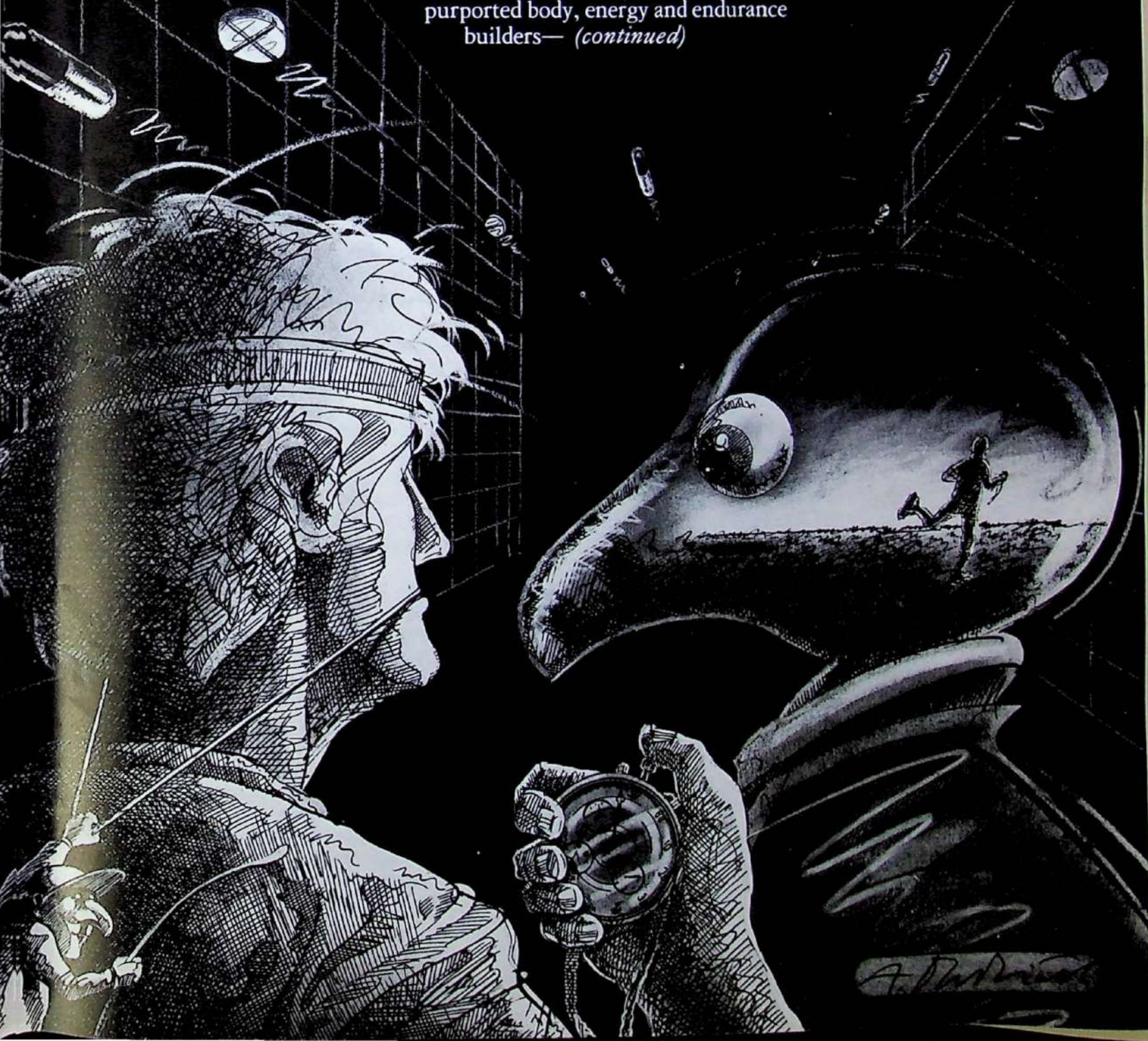
ENERGY CRUNCH

FACT AND FANTASY IN THE ATHLETE'S DIET

by Jane E. Brody

Most athletes, whether they play for fun or compete for titles, are quite naturally interested in eating to win. Certainly it's reasonable to assume that the kind of food your body gets could make a difference in how well it performs. But to see how some sports participants fuel—or don't fuel—that resilient machine on which they depend, it's a wonder that they can function at all. Those who are not guilty of omitting nutritional essentials often do the opposite, stuffing themselves with “winning” foods, drinks, pills and potions that make a dent in their pockets but have little or nothing to do with performance. In fact, some have the reverse effect, compromising the athlete's ability just when he needs to at his best.

Athletes are easy game for the purveyors of purported body, energy and endurance builders— *(continued)*



THE EFFECT OF DIET ON PHYSICAL ENDURANCE

Fat and protein diet

GLYCOGEN CONTENT
0.63 grams per 100 grams
muscle tissue

MAXIMUM WORK TIME
57 Minutes

Normal balanced diet

GLYCOGEN CONTENT
1.75 grams per 100 grams
muscle tissue

MAXIMUM WORK TIME
114 Minutes

High carbohydrate diet

GLYCOGEN CONTENT
3.51 grams per 100 grams
muscle tissue

MAXIMUM WORK TIME
167 Minutes

vitamin and mineral supplements of all kinds, protein capsules, energy pills, gelatin, lecithin, wheat germ, ginseng and bee pollen, among others. None of these is needed, and there is no evidence that any can physically improve performance, although an athlete's belief in their magical properties may give him or her a psychological edge.

Even those who don't fall for the hoked-up claims for nutritional supplements often succumb to such misinformation as:

- Athletes need extra protein.
- Avoid drinking during workouts.
- Slugs of sugar or honey before and during the event will help you win.
- Salt tablets are needed if you sweat a lot.
- Athletes should never consume—(you fill in the blank—snacks, fats, spices, salads, milk, pop, pork, alcohol, beans, cabbage, cake, coffee, tea or candy).

Like everyone else, the athlete, whether amateur, professional, weekend, seasonal or perennial, needs to eat a well-balanced diet containing normal proportions of protein, carbohydrates and fats.

The one thing that people who exercise vigorously may need more of is calories. Since they expend more energy than the average person, they need to consume more energy to maintain their body weight (assuming that they are not overweight to start with).

The typical athlete in training requires from 3,000 to 6,000 calories a day, depending on body size and activity level. Some need as much as 10,000 calories a day. The best way to obtain these extra calories is to eat larger-than-normal portions, and to consume calorie-laden but nutritious between-meal snacks.

Extra protein is needed only during periods of growth (adolescence) or, to a lesser extent, when the adult athlete is enlarging muscles or subject to repeated injury to muscle tissues (such as football and hockey players). Otherwise, the well-conditioned mature athletes needs no more protein than sedentary people of similar size.

Dr. Gabe Mirkin, author with Marshall Hoffman of "The Sportsmedicine Book," (Little, Brown and Company, \$12.50 hardcover, \$6.95 paperback) points out that protein is not an immediate source of energy for muscles. Extra protein beyond what the body needs can overtax the liver and kidneys, which must process and excrete the leftover nitrogen.

The revered steak is no better source of protein than, say, pork, poultry, cheese, eggs, or combinations of legumes and grains. In fact, a disadvantage of steak is that it contains more fat than protein and most of that fat is highly saturated and therefore potentially harmful to your heart and blood vessels.

As many accomplished athletes who are vegetarians have proved, you needn't eat meat protein to be a winner.

Like other people, athletes should not consume more than 30 or 35 percent of their calories as fat, and most of that fat should be unsaturated, from vegetable sources. Those who expend many thousands of calories a day may find that eating extra unsaturated vegetable fat is an easy way to pack in needed calories, since fat is a compact energy source (per gram, fats supply more than twice the calories that protein and carbohydrates do). Nuts and peanut butter are nutritious high calorie sources of vegetable fat.

Carbohydrates, although unjustly in disrepute among many Americans, should be the mainstay of an athlete's diet, accounting for 60 percent of total calories consumed. Carbohydrate, in the form of blood sugar glucose, is what your muscles use for fuel, especially if you're doing strenuous workouts. During moderate activity, the muscles burn both fatty acids and glucose.

You should eat enough carbohydrates to be sure that the glycogen storage depots in your muscles and liver are completely filled. Bread, cereal, pasta, potatoes, rice and other grains, fruits, vegetables and nonfat dairy products should be the main carbohydrate sources. Sweets as part of the ordinary diet are

"Without enough water, toxic substances build up in the blood and your cells cannot use energy efficiently . . ."

no more desirable for athletes than for anyone else.

The value of sweets (sugar cubes, honey, candy or very sweet drinks) as sources of "quick energy" before and during competition depends on the nature of the event.

For short events, such as dashes or swimming races, no benefit has been found. However, in endurance events like marathons, a small slug of sugar every hour can help relieve fatigue. But beware of excessive sugar intake, since this draws fluid into the gastrointestinal tract and may cause cramps, nausea, gas and diarrhea.

For special, infrequent events, such as marathons, the amount of carbohydrates your muscles store can be greatly increased by observing a special diet and exercise regimen for a week before an event. This is primarily useful for endurance events, like long-distance running or cycling, cross-country skiing or channel swimming. As devised and tested by Swedish investigators, the carbohydrate loading program goes like this:

One week before, switch to a diet for three days that is primarily protein and fat and very little carbohydrate. Each day, exercise to exhaustion the muscles that will be used in the event. Then add a lot of carbohydrates to your diet and do only very light exercise. This will allow the muscles that need to store considerably more fuel than they would ordinarily.

Water is perhaps the most important part of an athlete's diet. Without enough water, toxic substances build up in the blood, your cells cannot use energy efficiently, your muscles weaken and you tire easily.

Most people don't consume enough liquids to make up for that lost during exercise, and thirst is not an adequate indicator of how much additional water your body needs. For each two pounds lost during an athletic endeavor, about one quart of water should be replaced.

During a prolonged workout, you must make a point of drinking water at least every hour. "Balanced" solutions like Gatorade may be too concentrated and are best diluted with water. But avoid iced drinks, as these may interrupt digestion and cause cramps. Also, stay away from coffee, tea and alcohol before and during events, as these can reduce muscle efficiency and impair coordination.

Salt (sodium chloride) is also lost in sweat. The body of a well-conditioned athlete learns to conserve sodium, so that his sweat is less salty. Studies have shown that in hot weather, athletes perform better if they routinely restrict the amount of salt in their diets.

It's a good idea, however, to start salt restriction in the winter to give your body time to adjust.

Salt tablets should never be taken unless prescribed by a physician. These can so raise the sodium content of body fluids that water is drawn from your cells and your muscles become unable to work.

The concentration of salt in sweat is lower than that in blood, so when you sweat heavily your blood becomes saltier than normal. Therefore, sweat losses—up to four quarts, representing a weight loss of eight pounds—should be replaced by water, not salt.

However, beyond four quarts of replaced water, to make up for the sodium lost during prolonged heavy exercise, you might drink a cup of bouillon, or lightly salt your food for a meal or two. One quart of sweat (two pounds of body weight) contains one to two grams of sodium; one cup of bouillon has one gram of sodium but a well-salted meal has three or four. Heavy sweating may also cause a loss of potassium, needed for proper muscle function. A banana or orange juice can supply potassium.

One of the most hotly debated subjects among competitive athletes is what and when to eat before a game or race.

As a general rule, you should not indulge in heavy exercise with food in your stomach. Therefore, your last meal should be about three hours before, and it should contain easily digested carbohydrates—for example, juice, cereal, lightly buttered toast and jam, skim milk and several extra glasses of noncarbonated liquid.

An alternative is to consume a prepared liquid meal, which may be bought in pharmacies. But avoid fats and proteins, as these take a long time to digest. Drink one or two additional glasses of water about a half hour before the event.

It is also wise to cut down on fibrous foods for 48 hours before the event, because these can cause bloating, flatulence and cramps.

You will always find exceptions to the above rules for pre-event eating. Some people win gold medals competing an hour after eating a meal of chiliburgers, fries and cola. Any food that from experience causes you no problem and that you believe helps you to win is considered acceptable.

For further reading on good eating for athletes, you might consult, in addition to Dr. Mirkin's book, "Food for Sport" by Dr. Nathan J. Smith (Bull Publishing Company, Palo Alto, Calif.).●

Jane E. Brody writes about personal health/fitness for the *New York Times*. Reprinted by permission of the *New York Times Company*, © 1979.

SHARIF

THERE'S BAD BLOOD BETWEEN
TWO OF THE WORLD'S BEST SQUASH PLAYERS

VS

by John Filion

CLIVE

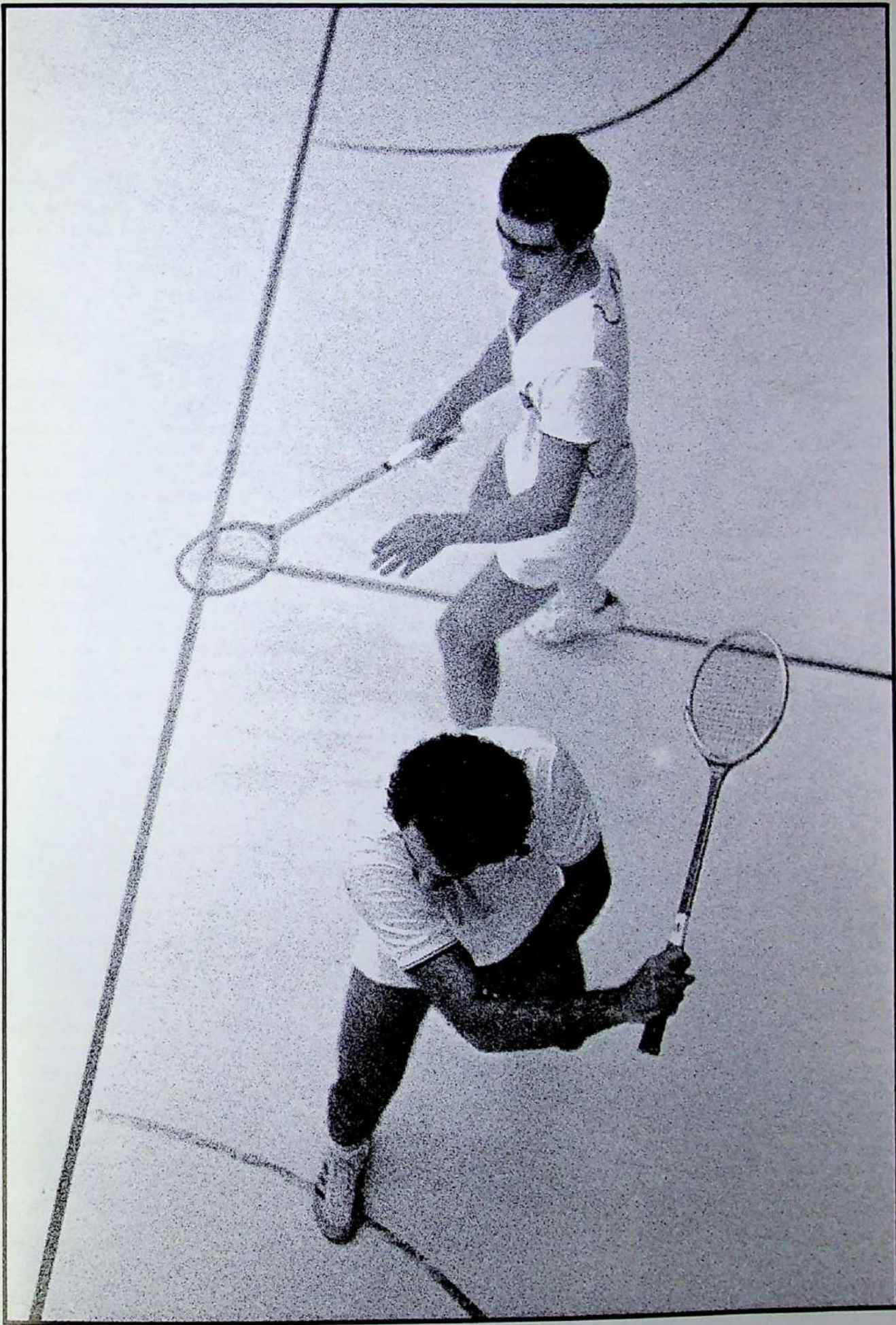
The eyes betray the opponent's weakness: the physical suffering, the tension, the loss of confidence—signals that tell Sharif Khan that it is time to press for the kill.

"There is a certain look," says Khan, North America's premier squash player for more than a decade. "You've got to search his eyes, examine his face. Has the color changed? Does he look drained? You can't just be staring at the wall, playing majestic shots; you're playing a living opponent who's going through some pain, let's hope. And as you move into the middle of the match, you've got to look out for these signs because they tell you when to make your move. It's a great advantage to be keeping track of your opponent."

Stalking him? "Stalking him," Khan repeats darkly. "Stalk your man. Hunt him down."

Khan is a proud man with much to be proud about. In the past 11 years he has won 10 North American Open Championships. The year he lost, in 1975, to an abrasive New Yorker named Victor Niederhoffer, Khan was struck hard in the eye by his opponent's racquet. When discussing the loss he does not mention the injury, only that he beat Niederhoffer five times the following year. When you are a Khan, there are no excuses for losing. But there is revenge. . . .

Sharif Khan and Clive Caldwell battle it out in the Boodles Open.



"By all means," Khan says, "bear me a professional grudge. But for God's sake, keep the personal thing out of it."

Though his personal achievements are great, Khan talks more of his family. "Never in the history of sports," he says, "has a family dominated one sport so completely." The Khan dynasty began with Sharif's father, Hashim, who learned squash from British army officers in Peshawar, a walled city near the Khyber Pass. "The British taught us the game," Sharif explains, "and we taught it back to them."

Hashim Khan invaded North American squash in 1956, and in all but three of the years since, one or another of the Khans has been king. Sharif deposed his uncle, Mohibullah Khan, in 1969 and has held the title (except in 1975) ever since. He intends to retain it at least until another Khan is ready to assume the throne.

The North American version of squash is a brutal, sometimes vicious sport. Since there is no net to separate the antagonists, squash players share—fight over—the same space. It's a game of territorial warfare. Players vie for control of center court and the one who can hold this ground is best able to reach all shots while forcing his opponent to wear himself out chasing the ball up and down the sides, back and forth across the court.

A squash champion, like a boxer, will grind his opponent into a state of mental and physical exhaustion, of submission. He does not literally slug it out with an opponent, but the effect is similar, and there are no clinches, no buying time on the ropes. (Aggression on the squash court is not as well sublimated as it is in other sports arenas; it's not only very difficult to hide your aggression, it's very difficult to hide from your opponent's aggression.)

Khan's presence on the court, especially when he feels threatened, is awesome. The menacing stares (his eyes appear ready to lunge from their sockets), the fearsome sounding oaths of encouragement shouted in his native language, the aura of intensity like a human bomb ready to explode: all promise quick defeat for any man who dares to block his path.

"I become a different person on the court," Sharif Khan is saying. "I'm a pussycat, but I come to life in that environment. It's a jungle out there. . ."

Sitting in the lounge of the Toronto Squash Club, Khan is relaxed, good-natured, generous with his time, at peace with the world. He has won yet another tournament. But more important than either this victory or the money is the satisfaction Khan feels at having eliminated Clive Caldwell in the

semi-final the day before.

Caldwell, who won the North American Professional Championship last year and who is one of the top three or four players in North America, has offended Sharif Khan. And for that he must die. A symbolic death. A squash death.

"It would probably kill me if I ever lost to him," says Khan, deadly serious. "Well, I'd live," he chooses his words carefully, "But it would be a terrible suffering."

The feud between Caldwell and Khan appears to have been nurtured by Caldwell; certainly it is he who made it public. Khan finds the whole business distasteful. He discusses it reluctantly, and only in general terms, as "a clash in philosophies." And for him it is very much a question of philosophy, of theology even.

Khan is less concerned with the initial subject of the dispute than with the fact that Caldwell has deliberately carried it onto the squash court. To mix healthy squash rivalries with seamy personal grudges verges on sacrilege. Caldwell might just as well have desecrated the court's hallowed white walls.

"By all means," Khan says, "bear me a professional grudge. But for God's sake, keep the personal thing out of it."

For the inside story of the increasing animosity between Sharif Khan and Clive Caldwell we must turn to Caldwell, who willingly provides the details between large bites from a rare cheeseburger in a coffee shop at the Sheraton Centre in Toronto.

"A few years ago, when I was coming up, a young player, I had Sharif as my target. And I didn't mind being vocal about it." So very confident was the brash, young Caldwell that he bet a local player \$1,000 that, within three years, he would defeat Khan in a tournament match. Bets of this nature are not uncommon in Toronto's top squash circles, and this one seemed to Caldwell like money in the bank. Khan thought otherwise and, Caldwell says he later learned, made a deal with the other player to take on half the bet.

A year later, Caldwell beat Khan 3-1 in a match at the Bloor Club. Besides rejoicing in victory (his only win over Khan in 30 matches to date) Caldwell, who is as much a squash entrepreneur as a playing professional, was no doubt planning ways to parlay his winnings into some new business venture. Imagine his chagrin when the grand was not forthcoming.

With uncharacteristic patience, Caldwell waited until last fall to press for payment. "I'd just won our doubles tournament, I'd had a couple of drinks, and I decided to bring it up when these two guys (Khan

John Filion is a free lance writer who keeps his eye on the squash scene. He currently resides in Toronto, Canada, the squash capital of North America.

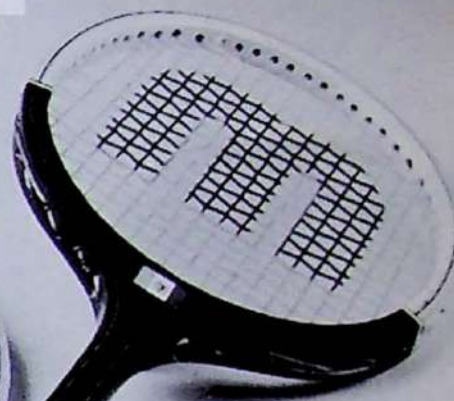
SQUASH IS MANTA'S RACQUET



U.S.S.R.A.
(Available in U.S.A. only)



Ladyflex



Mario Sanchez

Three new racquets are
three more reasons
Manta® stands for quality,
innovation and leadership
in the sport of squash.

The USSRA: The strong light-weight racquet exclusively endorsed by the United States Squash Racquets Association. Play with this Manta® once and you'll endorse it too. (Available in the U.S.A. only)



Graphite 65

Graphite 85

The Mario Sanchez: Constructed of selected ash and bamboo frame with carbon string and the finest leather grip, this is the racquet of a winner. That's why Mario Sanchez, North America's 4th Ranking Professional, gives it his name.

The Ladyflex: The new lightweight Manta® with a small grip. Ideal for women who want a lighter model (200 gram frame) that still packs power and strength. The USSRA, the Mario Sanchez and the Ladyflex, continuing the tradition of Manta excellence established by squash's proven winners, the Graphite 65 and 85. The USSRA, exclusively endorsed by the U.S.S.R.A. and the N.I.S.R.A.

MANTA®
"DEDICATED TO SQUASH"

Head Office: #10-6143, 4th Street S.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2H 2H9. (403) 253-4263. Telex 03-825835

Registered Trademark of Manta Sport Ltd.

"With cries of 'C'mon Pakistani,' Khan attacked with renewed vigor. He won the game 15-9, taking 12 of the last 15 points."

and his alleged partner in the bet) were together.

"They said I hadn't beaten him in a sanctioned tournament and that I owed *him* the money," relates Caldwell. "Well, there's no such thing as a sanctioned tournament in squash. Never has been. I was insulted. My intelligence was insulted." (Caldwell becomes incensed just thinking about it.)

"The thing that really drives me up the wall—and the reason I decided to let it be public—is that I don't bet very much, but I pay my debts. *And I'd have paid those guys a thousand dollars if I'd lost.* So here I am, I risk \$1,000 and I win, and they turn it around on me. It just drives me *crazy!*"

Caldwell hasn't spoken to Khan since. For a time, he even refused to shake hands after losing to him. "But I've decided I can't continue that anymore. He makes me look like . . . We had a tense match in New York and I didn't want to shake hands. But he forced me to. And the crowd started going 'hiss.' So I gotta. I don't want to open myself up to that much scorn every time I play squash."

Khan will say nothing about the bet other than that "there are two sides to it." Mention of Caldwell's refusal to shake hands, however, prods him to respond.

"I've played very many players, great players. There's been a lot of physical manoeuvring, and even blood's been spilled accidentally. But there's been a grudging respect; so after we've gone through the battle we have always, always shaken hands. That becomes a very big symbol of what you are and what you represent."

He speculates that Caldwell has fostered the feud to motivate himself. "The thing is, it's sort of self-defeating. Because whatever the antics of an opponent—the more he goes off on a tangent, the more he doesn't conform to what I think the match should be—the more intensely I play. I reach down deeper and deeper and deeper. I may have gotten older and slowed down, but the will to win is there."

"I don't think I have to be afraid of getting Sharif too up," replies Caldwell when it is suggested his vendetta may be counterproductive. "The man is thirty-five and there are wolves at the door; I can assure you he doesn't need anything to get him up." Besides, Caldwell notes, his play against Khan has improved tremendously since the dispute. "If you think it gets him up, you have *no idea* what it does for me. No idea."

Since the dispute, matches between Khan and Caldwell have produced high drama as well as superb squash. The two met in the \$30,000 Mennen Cup Classic last year, a match that Khan won. But

Caldwell was a last-minute replacement for an injured competitor and the match was only an exhibition. It lacked the tension of another, earlier encounter, at the Toronto Squash Club, which was fierce even by major tournament standards.

Throughout, the two men jostled vigorously for control of centre court and strained legal limits to obstruct and intimidate one another as much as possible. The decorum so cherished in traditional squash was markedly absent. Whoever needed the ball to serve was required to fetch it—although Caldwell, finding the ball at his feet on one occasion, made the concession of kicking it toward Khan. And Khan, ending up with the ball in his hand when the referee ruled it was Caldwell's serve, did toss it to Clive—over his head.

The best 3-out-of-5 game match began with Caldwell forcing the play, pushing Khan to his limit. The pace was so frantic that, after only 20 minutes, a timeout was called to mop the sweat from the floor. Caldwell won the first game 16-14.

In game two, with Caldwell still pressing, Khan's look became wilder. Violent-sounding exhortations, in English and Pashto, shot from his mouth between rallies. "C'mon Pakistani," Coming from behind, Khan won 15-13 and leaped for joy.

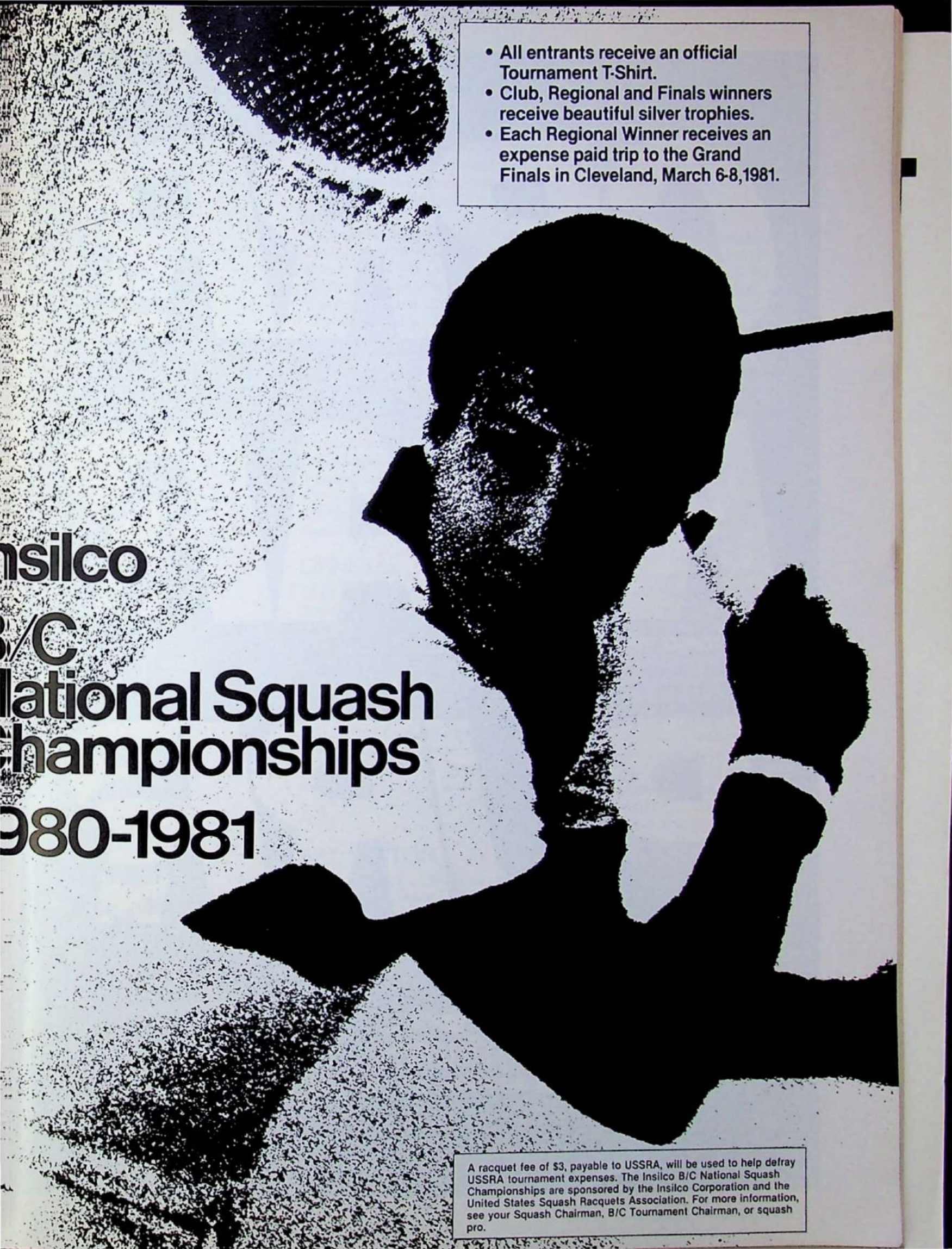
The third game began much like the first two. Caldwell led 6-3 at one point. Then something happened: the pressure started to drain him, physically and mentally. Worried that Khan was gaining, he began looking over his shoulder. "I started thinking," he said later, "that if I didn't do something spectacular, *he* would do it first." Tense and distracted, he missed several shots that shouldn't have given him trouble. Against another opponent, Caldwell's lapse might have been temporary. But Khan, sensing weakness, allowed no time for recovery.

"Everyone's hurting on the court," Caldwell would later explain. "Sharif's dying out there, but he isn't going to show it. And that's a big plus for him. You show a crack and that's all your opponent needs. *Bang!* He'll break down the door."

With cries of "C'mon Pakistani," Khan attacked with renewed vigor. He won the game 15-9, taking 12 of the last 15 points. Caldwell was exhausted and demoralized. The fourth game was now a formality, and Khan won it easily.

Defeated, Caldwell perfunctorily shook Khan's hand and left the court, dejected and utterly spent. Khan emerged smiling, his fatigue erased by the exhilaration of conquest.

"You've just seen squash at the championship level," he told a well-wisher. "Blood and guts." ●

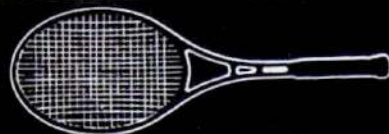
- 
- All entrants receive an official Tournament T-Shirt.
 - Club, Regional and Finals winners receive beautiful silver trophies.
 - Each Regional Winner receives an expense paid trip to the Grand Finals in Cleveland, March 6-8, 1981.

Insilco B/C National Squash Championships 1980-1981

A racquet fee of \$3, payable to USSRA, will be used to help defray USSRA tournament expenses. The Insilco B/C National Squash Championships are sponsored by the Insilco Corporation and the United States Squash Racquets Association. For more information, see your Squash Chairman, B/C Tournament Chairman, or squash pro.

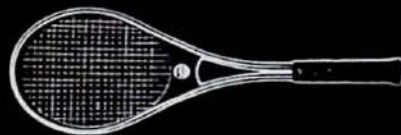
GRRR

THE PHANTOM II. 100% graphite for more power and less elbow shock. 18% more hitting surface than traditional racquets. Sleeker lines than big, clumsy racquets.



ROAR

THE SLAZENGER TITANIUM. The strength, lightness, and stability of pure titanium. Aerospace metal. It dampens vibration twice as fast as aluminum frames. The effortless power it affords your game dampens the spirit of your opponent.



PURR

THE CHALLENGE GRAPHITE. Get the sure, steady feel of wood with a graphite spine and four fiberglass laminates. Test its balance. Feel the added power and responsiveness. See your dealer soon.



SLAZENGER. WE BRING OUT THE BEAST IN YOU.

Slazengers, Inc. Box 160 Cornwells Heights, PA. 19020

BOOKSHELF

A GUIDE TO THE BEST BOOKS ON THE RACQUET SPORTS

by David Peele

There are some who live for their court time, who are livid when their anniversaries force them to cancel their weekly game. As an inadequate substitute (if you can't do it at least you can read about how it should be done) the following guide is presented.

The bulk of racquet sport literature is, of course, instruction, and criticism of such books is not uncommon. Al Laney in his *Covering the Court* (see 1) says of his early days as a reporter: "I had not at this time read any tennis instruction books, which I rate a most fortunate circumstance, since I was able to observe without being misled by their fallacies and errors."

The attitude that one cannot learn by reading but only by doing, under the guidance of an experienced professional, is fairly common. The reply can only be that there are three ways people learn—from observation, description, and performance. For some, a good guide can be useful.

GENERAL

The Squires book, *The Other Racquet Sports* (see 2) is the essential item. The author finely summarizes the basics and gives a feel for the games, and his informed predictions on the future of each one are worth reading. Individuals who play more than one of the games in this book will find *Rules of the Game: Racquet Sports* (see 3) a useful purchase to settle inevitable arguments. Some might want to purchase the book from which it was taken, *Rules of the Game* (see 4).

BADMINTON

The prime book is Davidson and Gustavson's *Winning Badminton* (see 5). Published in 1964 it is still the best available; it is clear, thorough, and useful for all levels from beginner through advanced. Second place is shared by Davis's *Badminton Complete* (see 6) and Brown's *The Complete Book of Badminton* (see 7). Davis does have the faults mentioned in the annotation in this book, and it was written for an English audience—readers will need to know what terms such as "tramlines" mean. It is a good book and is particularly

thorough on the serve and in the section of leading faults and how to correct them. Brown uses drawings rather than sequence photographs, but his sections on tactics and points on anticipation are excellent.

PADDLEBALL

For the one-wall game there is only Hammer's *Paddleball* (see 8); fortunately it is a good book. For the multiwalled varieties Fleming and Bloom's *Paddleball and Racquetball* (see 9) is the choice. While it does cover both games it keeps distinctions clear.

PLATFORM TENNIS

First choice is Russell and Chu's *Winning Platform Tennis* (see 10) with its emphasis on the modern aggressive game. A second choice is Sullivan's *Paddle* (see 11). Occasional humor—the correct strategy when one lobs too short is "cowering"—provides an added bonus to an excellent book. Iseman's *Play Paddle!* (see 12) with its admirable clarity, and Callaway and Hughes's *Platform Tennis* (see 13) with full-page sequence photographs, are worthy books.

RACQUETBALL

For individuals who dream of being champions, *Marty Hogan's Power Racquetball* (see 14) is an essential book. With the helpful analysis of top player Charlie Brumfield, Hogan presents a new theory of how the game should be played. Steve Keeley's *Complete Book of Racquetball* (see 15) has the most detail and, in spite of a clever writing style that might irritate some, would be the second choice for players. Other good books: Brumfield and Bairstow's *Off the Wall* (see 16), Reznik's *Racquetball* (see 17), and Strandemo and Brun's *The Racquetball Book* (see 18). The first and third of these have excellent sequence photographs and diagrams, and Reznik is second only to Keeley in its detailed coverage. The two books

David Peele is a writer/research librarian. This forthcoming book *Racket and Paddle Games: A Guide to Information Resources* is published by Gale Research Co.

by Victor Spear (see 19, 20) are both delightfully and dogmatically written, with the first especially offering much sound strategic advice. Because it is one of the easiest games to learn at the elementary level, a final recommendation is Sauser and Shay's *Teaching Your Child Racquetball* (see 21) for parent interested in a good family game.

SQUASH RACQUETS

Two books are indispensable: Barnaby's *Winning Squash Racquets* (see 22) and Truby's *The Science and Strategy of Squash* (see 23). Barnaby's discussion of grips, spin, and shots is unequaled. He makes his usual dogmatic statements—"The return of any decent service should *always* be aimed high and deep along the wall"—and backs them up with sound analysis. His description of the Ace bandage ploy in the gamesmanship section is sheer delight. The book will be most useful to the intermediate and advanced player. Truby is good for all levels, is clear and thorough, and has the best sequence photographs. Khan and Randall's *Squash Racquets: The Khan Game* (see 24) and Molloy's *Winning Squash* (see 25) are two other worthy purchases, with the latter being especially useful on the changes the 70+ ball has made in the game. Finally, Satterthwaite's *The Three-Wall Nick and Other Angles* (see 26) with its informed commentary on the game and its players is highly recommended.

TABLE TENNIS

There is no outstanding table tennis instruction book but a noteworthy selection is Reisman's *The Money Player* (see 27), with a fascinating life story and portrait of the world of big time hustling. The problem with instruction books is that none of them goes into detail on the penholder style of play. Most books describe it briefly, say that it is inferior to the Western style, and leave it at that.

TENNIS

Autobiography, Biography, History
There is no tennis equivalent of Franklin or Boswell. Two good books

are Ashe and DeFord's *Arthur Ashe: Portrait in Motion* (see 28) and DeFord's *Big Bill Tilden* (see 29). Grimsley's *Tennis: Its History, People and Events* (see 30) is the best general survey in print, but it does skim over the early years in too rapid fashion. For those years there is Potter's *Kings of the Court* (see 31) or Alexander's *Lawn Tennis: Its Founders and Its Early Days* (see 32), which is delightfully written and takes a thorough look at the Outerbridge versus Davis controversy on who first brought tennis to the United States and when. For the modern period, two items are essential. Koster's *The Tennis Bubble* (see 32) with its survey and explanation of the various power groups is the first, and Wind's *Game, Set and Match* (see 33), offering informed and finely written reflections on the game during the years of the tennis explosion is the second. Finally, Jack Kramer's *The Game* (see 34), with its detail on the years before Open tennis, is recommended as an opinionated, fascinating portrait.

Fiction

Some may think it unusual to place a work of fiction on a list of recommended books for a subject such as tennis. An old examination question provides a justification. "One can learn more history of Victorian England from the novels of Dickens than from the histories of Trevelyan. Discuss." Art Hoppe's *The Tiddling Tennis Theorem* (see 35), while not as apt as the Dickens-Trevelyan example, is included as desirable not because it is great literature but simply as a charming fable by a knowledgeable enthusiast that other players cannot read without a "wince of recognition" at the types of people who inhabit the tennis world.

Instruction

There are *many* good instruction books, and before choosing the top ones it can be said that a library holding any book by Gonzales, King, Metzler, Chet and/or Bill Murphy, or Talbert has fine material on its shelves. The two books by *Tennis* magazine based on their instructional

series, *Tennis: How to Play, How to Win* and *Tennis Strokes and Strategies* (see 36, 37) are both good, as is the one by *Tennis USA* when it was a magazine, *Winning Tennis* (see 38). People who like technical explanations of what is being done will respond to Jones's *Improving Your Tennis* and *Tennis: How to Become a Champion* (see 39, 40) or Plagenhoef's *Fundamentals of Tennis* (see 41). The less technically oriented can learn a lot from Gordon's *Improving Your Tennis Game* (see 42). Kramer and Sheehan's *How to Play Your Best Tennis All the Time* (see 43) and Kraft's *Tennis Instruction for Fun and Competition* (see 44) are both good. The former is a fine one for the intermediate player who wants to raise her or his game a notch, and the latter will be helpful to nonconfident beginners who need encouragement.

A good representation of standard instruction books, as well as one or two books that offer a different approach is a good idea. For standard instruction three outstanding titles are recommended—Braden and Bruns's *Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future* (see 45), Barnaby's *Advantage Tennis* (see 46), and Faulkner and Weymuller's *Ed Faulkner's Tennis: How to Play It—How to Teach It* (see 47). The first is the most exhaustive instruction book on the market. Duggan and Scott comment on Barnaby's book in *The Tennis Catalog* (see 48) and their words are apt: "You may or may not become a convert (to Barnaby's thesis that racquet skills are the most important element in learning the game) but you're sure to learn a lot from this particular book on the subject." Faulkner's book is not as complete as the other two; only one serve is taught, and doubles is not covered. But the text is so clear, the sequence photographs so good (in the unabridged version; in the abridged book they're hard to follow) that a top rank is deserved; it is the recommended choice for absolute beginners.

The above are all large books. For individuals wanting briefer presentations to carry along in a tennis case, Devereux's *Net Results* (see 49) and Gould's *Tennis Anyone?*

(see 50) are the recommended choices. For last minute cramming before the big match, Sonneman's *The Compleat Pocket Tennis Strategist* (see 51) offers sound strategic advice.

The subject of tennis strategy deserves major treatment of its own and gets two good ones in Segura and Heldman's *Pancho Segura's Championship Strategy* (see 52) and Harman and Monroe's fine book for the average player *Use Your Head in Tennis* (see 53). The doubles game receives full treatment from Charles (see 54); Doerner, and Ozier (see 55); Durr (see 56); Mezler (see 57); Smith, Lutz, and Sheehan (see 58); Talbert and Old (see 59), and Trabert and Hyams (see 60). Talbert's was first in the field, has long been the classic, and is a fine book. Even so, Metzler is the first choice with Lott a close second. All the books recommend that partners be together—both up at the net whenever possible or both in the backcourt when forced there, but never one up, one back. (Vic Braden's amusing film *Go For a Winner* (see 61) makes the same point.) If one goes to a local public court, however, and observes what is going on, what is most likely to be seen is one up, one back, or "singles on a doubles court" as doubles authors contemptuously call it. The average player has neither the serve nor the nerve to follow that serve in to the net, and if that serve is a pat-ball lob, the average receiver has even less gumption and is not likely to follow the return in. Metzler (and to a lesser extent Barnaby (see 62) in his chapter on doubles) is the only author who has a substantial section on one up, one back, and his book will be of most use to the average player. It should be noted that Metzler does not recommend one up and one back; he agrees with all the others on the superiority of side by side.

Since most instruction books are written for beginners and intermediates, the advanced player may sometimes wonder if there is anything for her or him. Segura's book on strategy (see 63) has been referred to on the previous page, and the sections on advanced play are worth reading. Of the books entirely

INDEX TO THE RECOMMENDED BOOKS

1. *Covering the Court*, Simon and Schuster, 1968, 285p.
2. *The Other Racquet Sports*, McGraw Hill, 1978, 273p.
3. *Rules of the Game*, Crown, 1977, 95p.
4. *Rules of the Game*, Two Continents, 1974
5. *Winning Badminton*, Ronald, 1964, 150p.
6. *Badminton Complete*, Barnes, 1976, 176p.
7. *The Complete Book of Badminton*, Stackpole, 1969, 187p.
8. *Paddleball*, Grosset and Dunlop, 1974, 84p.
9. *Paddleball and Racquetball*, Goodyear, 1973, 97p.
10. *Winning Platform Tennis*, Contemporary, 1977, 250p.
11. *Paddle*, Coward, McCann, Geoghegan, 1975, 223p.
12. *Play Paddle*, Dutton, 1976, 144p.
13. *Platform Tennis*, Lippincott, 1977, 224p.
14. *Marty Hogan's Power Racquetball*, Contemporary, 1979, 135p.
15. *Complete Book of Racquetball*, Follett, 1976, 228p.
16. *Off the Wall*, Dial, 1978, 173p.
17. *Racquetball*, Sterling, 1979, 192p.
20. *The Racquetball Book*, Pocket Books, 1977, 207p.
21. *Teaching Your Child Racquetball*, Contemporary, 1978, 68p.
22. *Winning Squash Racquets*, Allyn and Bacon, 1979, 286p.
23. *The Science and Strategy of Squash*, Scribner's Sons, 1975, 260p.
24. *Squash Racquets: The Khan Game*, Wayne State University Press, 1967, 160p.
25. *Winning Squash*, Contemporary, 1978, 178p.
26. *The Three-Wall Nick and Other Angles*, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1979, 284p.
27. *The Money Player*, Morrow, 1974, 241p.
28. *Arthur Ashe: Portrait in Motion*, Houghton Mifflin, 1975, 272p.
29. *Big Bill Tilden*, Simon and Schuster, 1976, 286p.
30. *Tennis: Its History, People and Events*, Prentice-Hall, 1971, 380p.
31. *King of the Courts*, Barnes, 1963, 342p.
32. *The Tennis Bubble*, Quadrangle, 1976, 209p.
33. *Lawn Tennis: Its Founders and Early Days*, Zimman, 1974, 127p.
34. *Game, Set and Match*, Dutton, 1979, 229p.
35. *The Game*, Putnam's Sons, 1979, 318p.
36. *The Tiddling Tennis Theorem*, Viking, 1977, 182p.
37. *Tennis Strokes and Strategies*, Simon and Schuster, 1975, 216p.
38. *Winning Tennis*, Chilton, 1978, 154p.
39. *Improving Your Tennis*, Translantic Arts, 1973, 132p.
40. *Tennis: How to become a Champion*, Translantic Arts, 1970, 146p.
41. *Fundamentals of Tennis*, Prentice-Hall, 1970, 130p.
42. *Improving Your Tennis Game*, Hawthorn, 1976, 136p.
43. *How to Play Your Best Tennis All the Time*, Atheneum, 1977, 178p.
44. *Tennis Instruction for Fun and Competition*, Grosset, Dunlap, 1976, 176p.
45. *Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future*, Little Brown, 1977, 274p.
46. *Advantage Tennis*, Allyn, Bacon, 1975, 237p.
47. *Ed Faulkner's Tennis*, Dial, 1970, 294p.
48. *The Tennis Catalog*, Macmillan, 1978,
49. *Net Results, Pathfinder*, 1974, 182p.
50. *Tennis Anyone?*, Mayfield, 1978, 101p.
51. *The Compleat Pocket Tennis Strategist*, Sonneman, 1974, 34p.
52. *Pancho Segura's Championship Strategy*, McGraw Hill, 1976, 180p.
53. *Use Your Head in Tennis*, Crowell, 1974, 230p.
54. *How to Win at Ladies' Doubles*, Arco, 1975, 101p.
55. *Winning Tennis Doubles*, Contemporary, 1978, 111p.
56. *Doubles Strategy*, McKay, 1978, 112p.
57. *Tennis Doubles: Tactics and Formations*, Sterling, 1975, 160p.
58. *Modern Tennis Doubles*, Atheneum, 1975, 150p.
59. *The Game of Doubles in Tennis*, Lippincott, 1977, 214p.
60. *Winning Tactics for Weekend Tennis*, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1972, 128p.
61. *Go for a Winner*, AMF Head, 1976
62. *Advantage Tennis*, Allyn and Bacon, 1975, 237p.
63. *Pancho Segura's Championship Strategy*, McGraw Hill, 1976, 180p.
64. *Match Winning Tennis*, Translantic Arts, 1971, 166p.
65. *Advanced Tennis*, Sterling, 1972, 191p.
66. *Advanced Tennis*, Brown, 1976, 101p.
67. *Advanced Tennis for Coaches, Teachers and Players*, Lea, Febiger, 1975, 126p.
68. *Sinister Tennis*, Doubleday, 1975, 94p.
69. *Ed Faulkner's Tennis*, Dial, 1970, 294p.
70. *Pattern Play Tennis*, Doubleday, 1974, 140p.
71. *Inside Tennis*, Prentice-Hall, 1969, 192p.
72. *Tennis for the Player, Teacher and Coach*, Saunders, 1975, 274p.
73. *Advanced Tennis for Coaches, Teachers and Players*, Lea, Febiger, 1975, 126p.
74. *Tennis*, Allyn and Bacon, 1974, 146p.
75. *The Inner Game of Tennis*, Random House, 1974, 141p.
76. *Inner Tennis*, Random House, 1976,
77. *Pattern Play Tennis*, Doubleday, 1974, 140p.
78. *Instant Tennis*, Devin-Adair, 1962, 260p.
79. *Unisex Tennis*, Kennikat, 1977, 260p.
80. *Match Play and the Spin of the Ball*, Kennikat, 1960, 177p.
81. *The Encyclopedia of Tennis*, Viking, 1974, 392p.
82. *Official Encyclopedia of Tennis*, Harper and Row, 1979, 497p.
83. *The Code*, USTA, 1978
84. *Tennis: Origins and Mysteries*, Singing Tree, 1968, 258p.
85. *The Tennis Catalog*, Macmillan, 1978, 256p.
86. *The Tennis Player's Handbook*, Tennis Magazine, 1980, 318p.
87. *How to Build Your Own Tennis Court*, Dutton 1977, 182p.
88. *Build Your Own Tennis Court*, Chilton, 1977, 163p.
89. *Love and Hate on the Tennis Court*, Scribner's Sons, 1977, 178p.
90. *Psychodynamic Tennis*, Morrow, 1979, 227p.
91. *Total Tennis*, Macmillan, 1980
92. *Love Tennis*, Macmillan, 1978, 164p.
93. *Quick Tennis*, Dutton, 1977, 113p.
94. *Levels of the Game*, Straus and Giroux, 1969, 150p.
95. *Game, Set, and Match*, Dutton, 1979,
96. *Tennis: Game of Motion*, Crown, 1973,

devoted to the topic—Jones (see 64), Metzler (see 65), Murphy (see 66) and Tilmanis (see 67)—the choice would be the Jones book. He tends to strive for the rich, beautiful prose prize on occasion, but when he gets down to the subject he has worthwhile things to say.

Left-handers are a breed unto themselves on the courts, and Schwed's *Sinister Tennis* (see 68) comments in detail on what they can do and what right-handed players can do to counteract. It is a good book that could have been better with grip photographs and sequence shots. For too long, left-handers have had to contend with either "hold the book up to the mirror" or "reverse all directions" statements. They deserve a text of their own.

Several books are aimed at tennis teachers. Faulkner and Weymuller's (see 69) remains number one. Other good ones are Brent's *Pattern Play Tennis* (see 70), Leighton's *Inside Tennis* (see 71), the Murphys' *Tennis for the Player, Teacher and Coach* (see 72), and Tilmanis's *Advanced Tennis for Coaches, Teachers and Players* (see 73). The Murphys recommend the graduated length method of learning for children. The founding mother of that method, Elaine Mason, (the founding father is Dan Halperin) believes in it for adults as well, and her book *Tennis* (see 74) is worth looking at for that reason.

For nonstandard instruction there is one indispensable name—Gallwey. His first book, *The Inner Game of Tennis* (see 75) has been the all-time best selling instruction book, and his second book, *Inner Tennis* (see 76), summarized the first and then moved toward a philosophy of life. Get one, both if possible, and also Shawn Tully's article "Inside the Inner Game," *World Tennis*, April 1977, pp. 43-47. Insert that in whichever book is bought; it contains commentaries on the Gallwey method, as well as his response to those commentaries.

Coaches should consider two other non-standard instruction books, Brent's *Pattern Play Tennis* (see 77) and Bradlee's *Instant Tennis* (see 78). Brent supports teaching the volley before teaching groundstrokes and

also believes that strokes should be taught as a series of patterns. Bradlee's claim is that for years leading professionals have taught one way but played another. The feet sideways to the net and the weight shift theories are wrong, and pictures taken of leading players prove it, he says with some vehemence.

By this point the reader may feel swamped with recommendations. Some worthwhile books have been left out—Lenz's interesting *Unisex Tennis* (see 79) for example and Bill Tilden's *Match Play and Spin of the Ball* (see 80). Supporters of Tilden as the greatest of them all (among whom Don Budge is not included) may be upset that his best book is not here. His discussion of spin is excellent, but so is that of other authors recommended above, and their more modern books remain first choices. Lenz has a good discussion on the topic of the difference between the sexes in terms of tennis. There are also a number of "tennis for women" books that begin by saying that women are not the same as men, and then go on to present instruction that hardly differs from that found in the standard books.

Reference

A good encyclopedia might be a recommended reference purchase. It is useful to have a tennis results summary, as well as a guide to famous whos and whats. Unfortunately, neither of the two leading candidates, Robertson and Kramer's *The Encyclopedia of Tennis* (see 81) and the United States Tennis Association's *Official Encyclopedia of Tennis* (see 82) is an outstanding example of a reference book. Robertson does not have an index and needs one; the United States Tennis Association has one but it does not include personal names, and its table of contents is difficult to follow. Since it is the more recent of the two and does contain more information, the latter is given a qualified recommendation.

A useful item for individuals is Nick Powell's "The Code" (see 83).

Research libraries collect bibliographies, and the bibliography for early tennis materials is that

compiled by Robert Henderson in 1932 that appears in Whitman's *Tennis: Origins and Mysteris* (see 84). Of the other books, the choice is between Duggan and Scott's *The Tennis Catalog* (see 85) and Tennis Magazine's *The Tennis Player's Handbook* (see 86). The former is more specific (discussing brand names), the latter more up-to-date.

Miscellaneous

In the area of miscellaneous works, suburbia ought to have one of the tennis court construction books, and either Anderson's *How to Build Your Own Tennis Court* (see 87) or Neal's *Build Your Own Tennis Court* (see 88) will do. The latter is the most complete and has the added bonus of its chapter on platform tennis court construction, while the former is the easiest to understand.

The two best books on tennis psychology are *Love and Hate on the Tennis Court* (see 89) and *Psychodynamic Tennis* (see 90). A new book is *Total Tennis* (see 91). Billie Jean King's *Tennis Love* (see 92) has sound words on tennis mothering and fathering and is also recommended.

Most tennis books have a chapter with exercises for conditioning for the game, but Hines and Morgenstern's *Quick Tennis* (see 93) is definitive. The exercises they offer are not easy, but they are good, and the thorough coverage of court mobility is a strong bonus.

Two final suggestions are offered in this category. Both individuals and libraries should get McPhee's *Levels of the Game* (see 94). Part biographical, more sociological, it and the previously recommended book by Wind (see 95) are the best "tennis as literature" contributions. Finally, here is the outstanding coffee table book. Friends and strangers are coming to your party, and you wish to let the latter know (and remind the former) that you are a discriminating player. The book to carelessly leave open on the table is Eugene Scott's *Tennis: Game of Motion* (see 96). This book can often be found at remainder sales. It contains fine pictures and informed text.●

WHEN I SAY MY AD I FEEL GUILTY

AND OTHER ABSURDITIES FROM THE RACQUET SPORTS



with drawings by Jerry McLaughlin

A RUPTURED APPENDIX

A REVISED GLOSSARY OF RACQUET SPORT TERMS

by Steve Stern

ace: Type of bandage worn by player who has injured himself straining to return a perfect serve.

change of pace: Losing the second game of a match rapidly, after having lost the first game slowly.

coming around: Squash player's announcement to spectators that his injured opponent has regained consciousness and is almost ready to resume the game.

cross-court pass: Attempt made by one player, usually male, to become friendly with another player, usually female.

crotch shot: Shot strategically aimed at the opposing player in order to weaken his game or eliminate him from play entirely. The struck player sometimes confuses this play with a kill shot.

doubles: What a player often sees after allowing his head to come between the ball and his opponent's racquet.

putaway: The wealth of a Shah that cannot be retrieved.

reverse sandwich: Lunchtime food offered at table tennis tournaments, consisting of one slice of bread held between two slices of cheese.

70 + ball: Smaller, lighter squash ball, designed for senior citizens.

singles match: A blind date between two tennis players.

sweet spot: The most exclusive gay racquet club in Greenwich Village.

Z-serve: In France, a difficult to return two-wall serve, as in, "Marcel could not return zee serve."

zucchini: Form of squash played in southern Italy.

telltale: In squash, the loud sound given off by a player who has just been struck by his opponent's double boast.

tiebreaker: Mixed doubles match ending in divorce for one or both teams. Originally an Indo-Chinese word, spelled Thaibreaker.

tournament: The Italian slang term for an injured ligament.

fault: Popular location of numerous California racquet clubs, including the well-known San Andreas Club.

floater: Racquetball player who's had several high-balls before playing.

forecourt: Part of the court nearest the net, where foreplay takes place.

kill shot: In South America, a shot that is commonly used in government-sponsored games and is designed to eliminate the opponent.

love: It is better to have scored and lost than never to have scored at all.

overhead smash: A boisterous victory celebration in the apartment above.

Philadelphia boast: Squash player's claim that he can beat anyone in New York.

pimples: Tiny projections on the rubber face of an adolescent table tennis racquet.

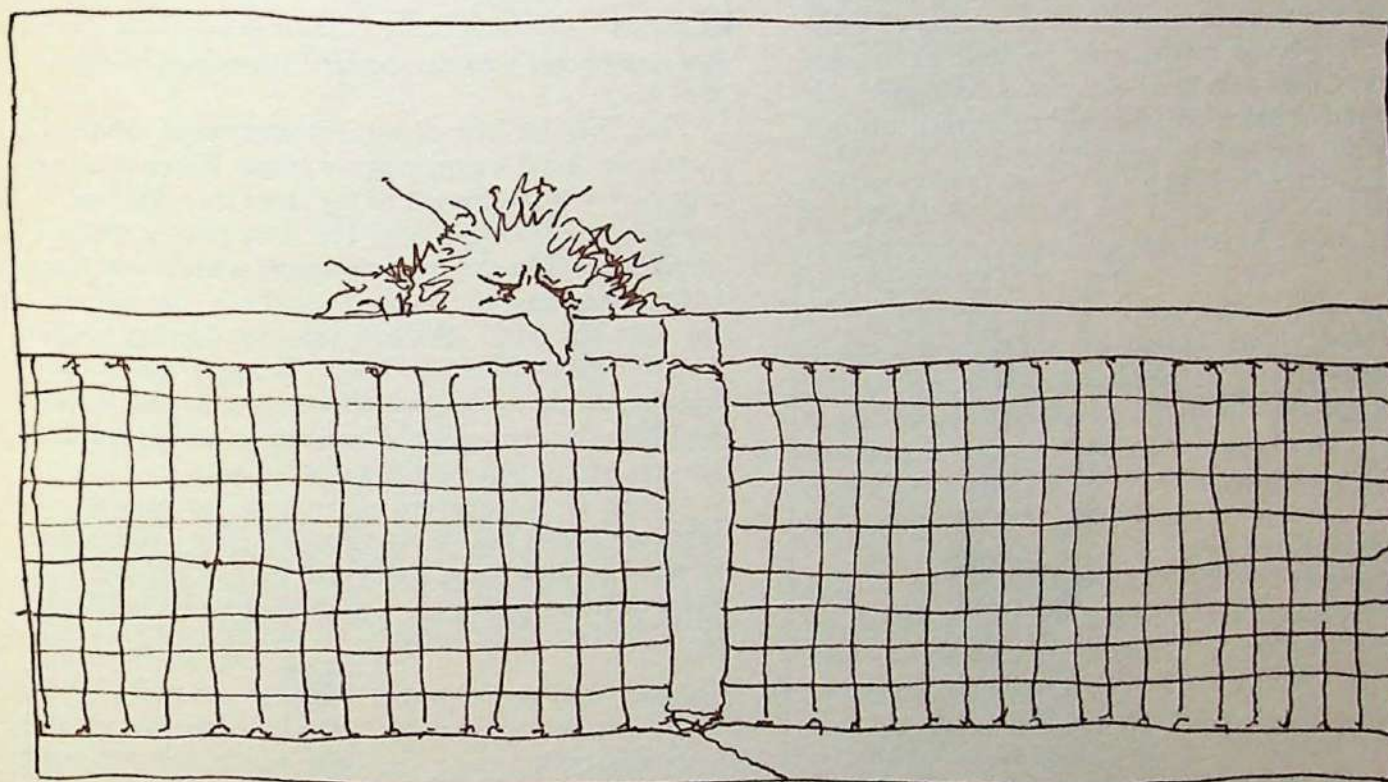
winner: Season during which tennis players take up the indoor racquet sports they don't have time for in summer.

tension: a command issued by an officer to a subordinate indicating an improperly strung racquet.

ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING

OR WHEN I SAY MY AD I FEEL GUILTY

by Gerald McCarthy



Just a few weeks ago I got a brochure in the mail advertising an assertiveness training tennis camp designed specifically for the hacker. It began, "The great Seventeenth-Century playwright John Webster spoke for every hacker, when he said we are merely tennis balls in the sky, struck and bandied which way the stars please." I had never thought of it that way, so I read on.

"Are you the passive victim of your own incompetence? Are you ashamed of dropping your racquet head on a volley? Are you a mass of guilt when caught in no-man's land? Do you rush to complete a match when the person waiting for your court un-

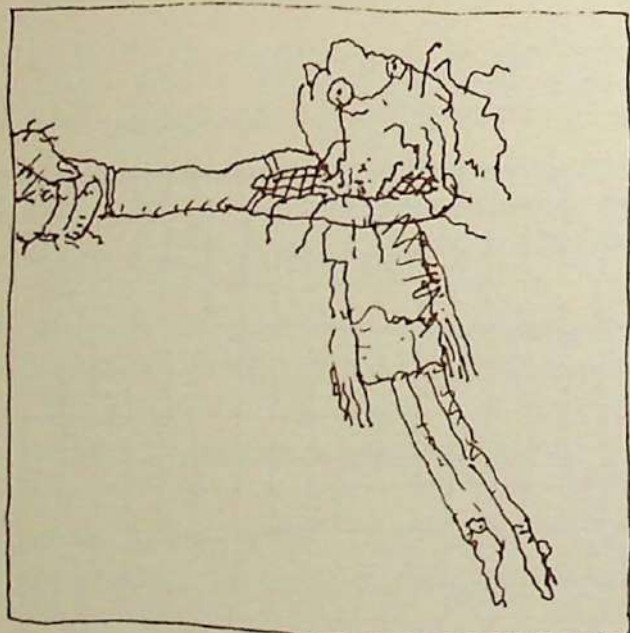
sheaths a racquet strung with gut? Well, if you are, this is the tennis camp for you: two intensive days on the public courts of Aliquippa, Pennsylvania in the shadow of a majestic steel mill, with personal instruction from Waldo Pepper, Ph.D., author of the forthcoming book *When I Say My Ad I Feel Guilty*. Enrollment limited to the first two hundred."

The list of workshop topics was equally impressive: the first day included exhortations on "Avoiding the percentage shot," "Externalizing blame," "Baiting the crowd for maximum effect." The instructor would speak for six hours on the first day, and leave "ample time for hunting up a court and

hacking around." Day two would offer instruction in these areas: "Creating a climate of fear on court," "Avoiding guilt when you bring an old can of orange balls," "Giving analytical interviews after losing love and love," and "Lying to get better matches."

....

There was a mob at the registration table when I arrived packing a boxed lunch (as directed). It was a colorful scene: Bermuda shorts of every stripe were in evidence, tie-dyed shirts vied with all-white T's and smartly-pressed bowling shirts, and many wore matching socks and basketball shoes. Women's fashions were less creative. Most wore cut-off denims, T-shirts, and went sockless in the heat. It was like a scene from the great Delacroix painting depicting Lady Liberty roaming at last in the streets of Paris. Dr. Pepper was majestic when he called us to order shortly after picking up our fifty dollar checks. He stood on a bench and addressed us for six hours that first day. Here are the highlights:



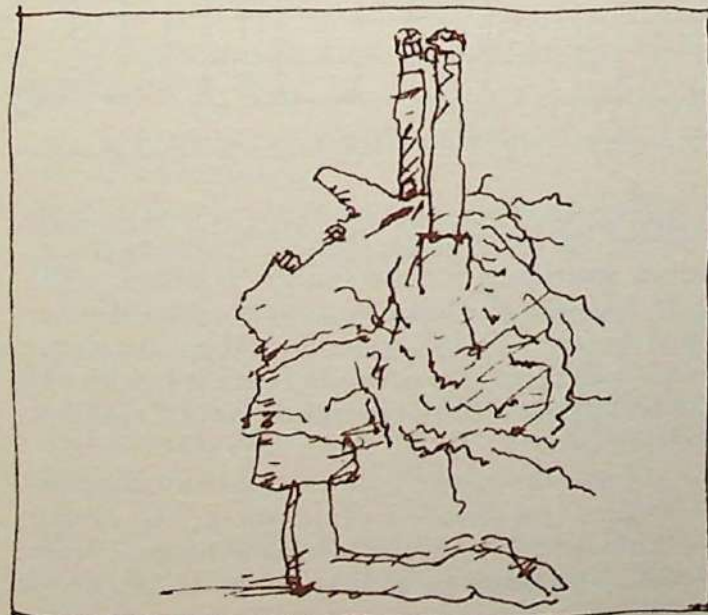
"There is a specter haunting the country clubs of this nation. For too long we hackers have been kept in our places by the platitude that *tennis is only a game*. That phrase is the opiate of the people! If tennis were, as they say, only a game and not a means of subjugating the common person, of crushing his ego, of keeping him in his place, if I say, tennis were no more than merely another recreational sport, how can you explain prize money at tournaments! (there was a shout) endorsements in which we're asked to spend the fruits of our labor! (a murmur of discontent) and, worst of all, rankings in which not one,



not one hacker's name appears! (sustained shouts of No! No!)

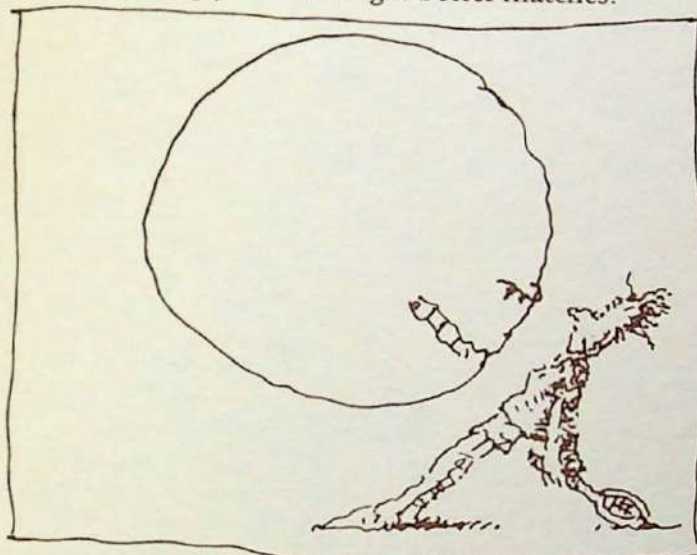
"My friends," he continued somewhat subdued, "they say this is a gentlemen's game. When you lose a point you're supposed to say 'nice shot old boy!' I say *Never Lose Gracefully!* The only people who are good losers are accomplished losers—when you lose, curse the courts, the balls, your shoes, the racquet, the sun, the wind. Become intense. Change courts quickly when you are down. Being a good loser builds confidence in your opponents. Saying 'I lost' seeps into your sinews and makes you accept loss as a natural part of playing the game. It isn't.

"Stare at the heavens when you are passed ... learn to express your total disbelief, your amazement at realizing that some malign deity has interfered in favor of your opponent ... then shake your head and



proceed stoically back to the service line (read Camus *The Myth of Sisyphus* for inspiration) . . . dropping your racquet is not enough to express disbelief—you must never imply that you are defenseless, but merely that you are a victim of the stars on that point.

"Argue with spectators . . . gloat when you hit a good shot, clown when your opponent makes an error . . . when you are down a love set and 0-4 ask your bored girlfriend to get you some water, saying 'it's going to be a long afternoon . . . keep slapping your thigh . . . changing sweatbands . . . baiting the crowd so the better players will want to become heroes beating you. You'll get better matches.



His voice dropped to a mumble and the crowd began milling around trying to get a good match before the light faded. The next morning he was fresh again after a night at the trailer camp and picked up where he left off.

"My friends, never hit a percentage shot. Hitting the percentage shot, while it will improve your record in the short run, will never intimidate anyone. You must smash everything in sight . . . it creates a climate of danger on the court . . . smash with confidence and appear surprised when the ball goes over the fence . . . then, hit the next shot five times as hard . . . take overheads in the air . . . avoid groundstrokes when possible . . . hit everything in the air . . . and, most of all, swing at your volleys . . . keep moving forward . . . never drop shot your opponent . . .

"When you miss a shot, hit a practice ball with the same stroke as hard as you can—show your opponent that the error was an aberration, and make him fear forcing you into an error lest you maim him with a practice shot.



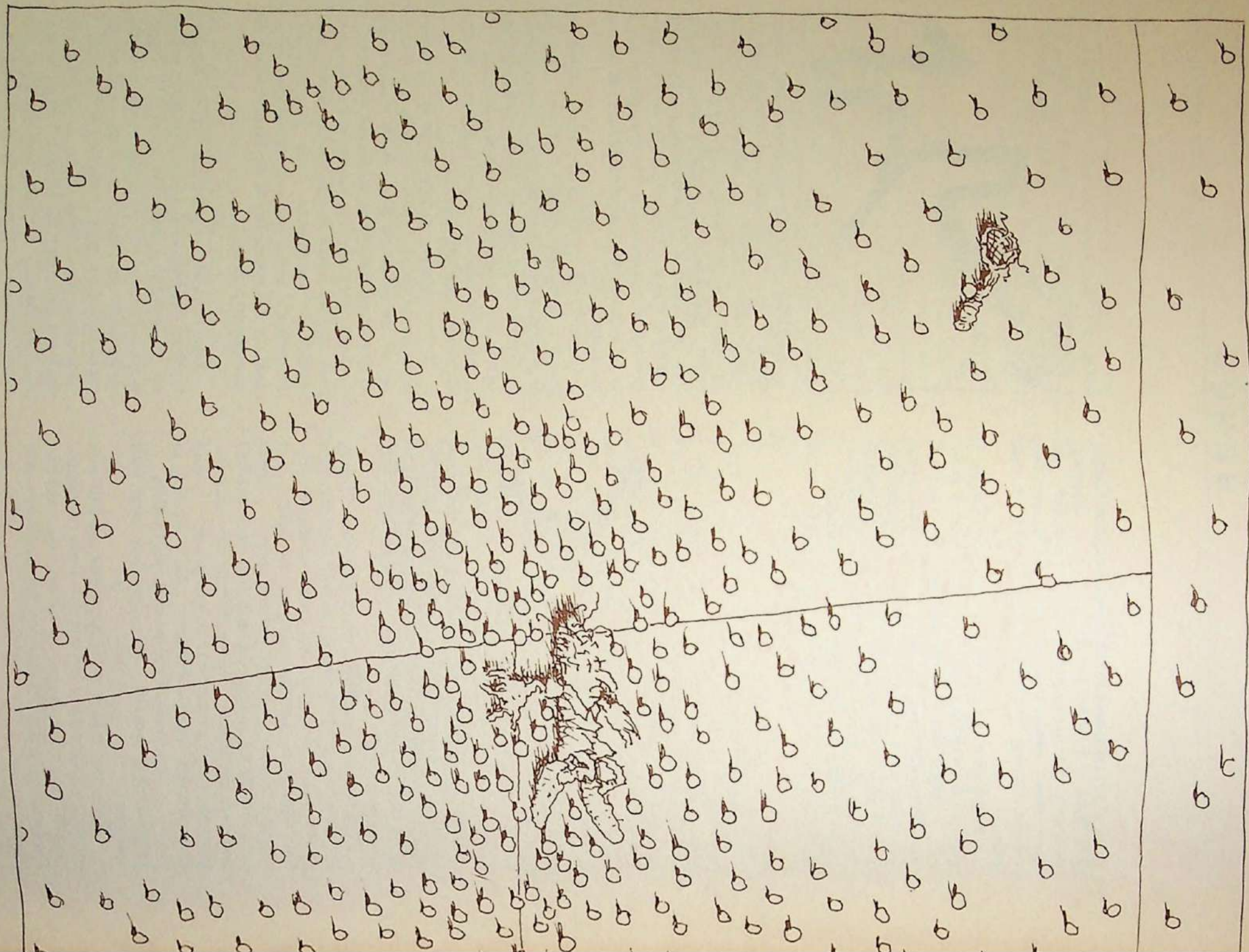
"At parties, never admit that you've lost a tennis match. If you have lost badly and someone asks, say 'I played him tough' or 'we had some good points' . . . if pressed, say 'he was in the twilight zone yesterday.' Remember, it's your word against his. The important thing is to convince the person you are talking to that you are a good player so he will agree to a match. If necessary, lie. You must get the match of your dreams before your opponent finds out you are a hacker."

"Finally, my friends, if you lose a tournament match in humiliating fashion, you must master the final defense of the assertive hacker. You must learn to give an analytic interview. Here is a speech given by a former student of mine who is now on the tour. It was given after he lost love and love in his first club tournament as a class B player":

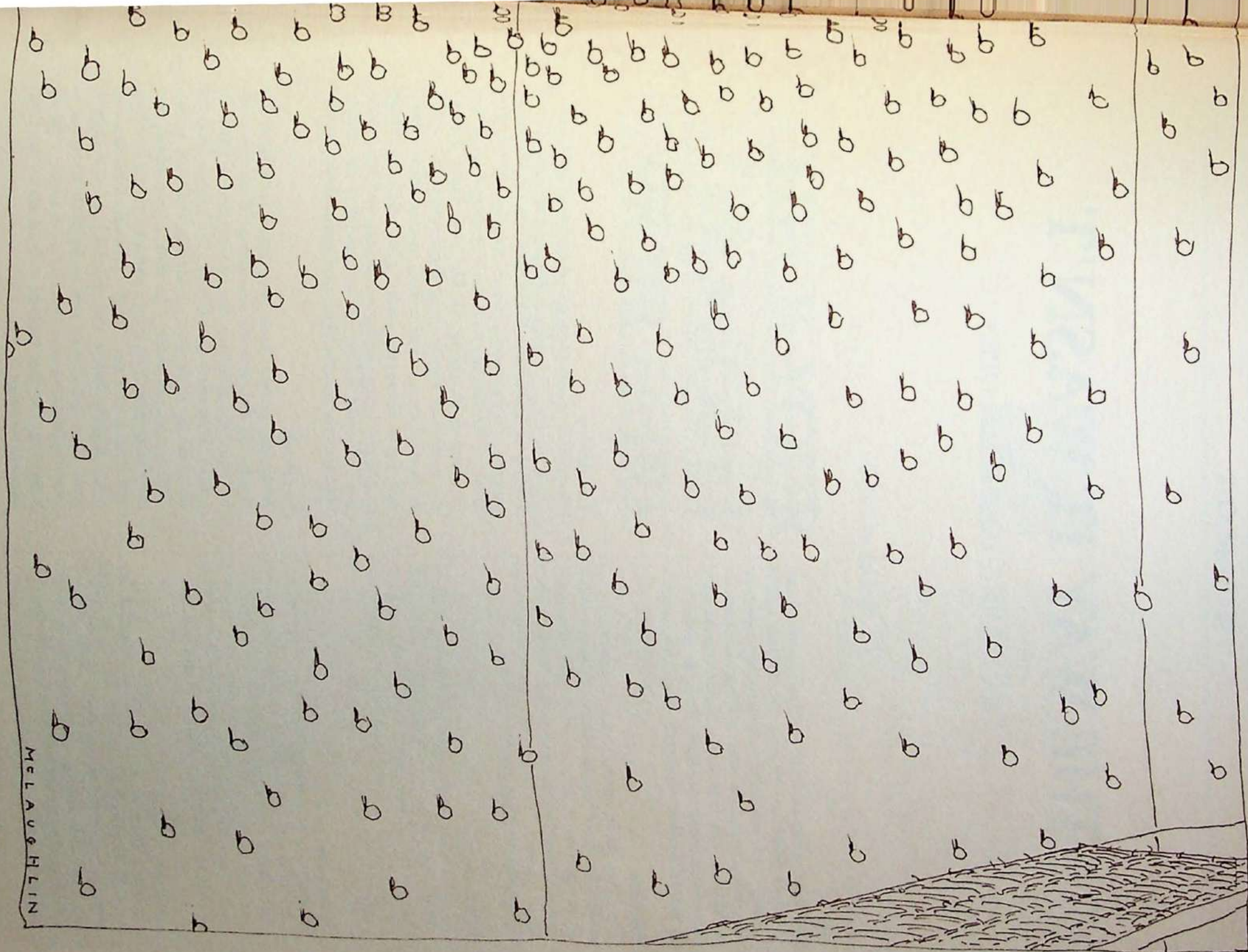
"I wasn't getting enough torque in my racquet head on my topspin forehand so the balls were carrying all the way to the fence. My first volley wasn't deep enough to keep him outside the service line, so I couldn't get proper angle at the net. Those seventeen aces he served and my twelve double faults broke my concentration. I was positioned well between the service line and the baseline, but he kept the ball consistently at my knees. I'm just not tournament tough yet."

....

It was an exhilarating two days and I was happy to say so on the evaluation. I would like to quote from my comments to conclude this report. "Dr. Pepper is an enthusiastic and well-prepared instructor who understands the practical problems faced by the timid hacker and relates extremely well to them. I recommend this training session to all those who dream of greatness while falling off their back foot on a backhand. I especially liked his slogan that *everybody loves a loser except the loser himself.*" •



MELAVUHLIN



THE WAY IT WASN'T

A NEW ENDING TO THE U.S. OPEN

by David Peele

First day:

Play began today in the U.S. Open tennis championships in Flushing Meadow. Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors, and other top seeded players advanced without difficulty. However, a dramatic upset occurred on an outside court; Ilie Nastase was defeated by a complete unknown, David Peele, by scores of 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, with Nastase getting but one point.

Third day:

Jilly Been Queen, tennis' newest transsexual, was crushed by David Peele at Flushing Meadow today. At the post-match press interview, JBQ graciously conceded that his opponent was, "tougher than Riggs. However," he concluded, "My post operative condition made things hard for me."

Fifth day:

Stan Smith, the leaning tower of Pasadena, fell by the wayside today in the third round of the U.S. Open. Seven ball boys did the same. Smith was playing David Peele, and the latter's 187 mph serve was a trifle out of control.

Seventh day:

A broken leg with multiple contusions was the big news today at Flushing Meadow. The savage drives of David Peele put such huge holes in the hard surface court that Gene Mayer, his opponent, fell into one of them. The court is expected to be as good as new in three weeks or so. Mayer will take a year.

Ninth day:

Guillermo Tiriatic, or, as he is sometimes called, Ion Vilas, defaulted today from the U.S. Open. Faced with the prospect of playing David Peele, TiVi said that his throat, his leg, his moustache, his Prince racquet and his poetry were all hurting, and he would be unable to compete.

Eleventh day:

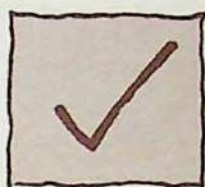
David Peele permanently altered the right hand of his opponent, Jimmy Connors, in the semi-finals of the U.S. Open today. Connor's third digit, held in its usual extended position, was struck by one of Peele's flat drives. Doctors present told the star he had the choice of either leaving the finger permanently in the point or having it removed. Connors opted for the former, saying it would save a lot of time in his future matches.

Twelfth day:

Bjorn Borg went down to total defeat in the U.S. Open singles final today at Flushing Meadow. David Peele won by scores of 6-2, 6-1, 6-1 in a dull contest; indeed, the only excitement occurred in the fifth game of the first set with Peele leading 4-0. A bevy of groupies including Ali McGraw, burst through the cordon of surrounding Pinkerton men as they ran onto the court and hurled themselves at Peele's feet. Peele, always the perfect gentleman, was happy to oblige all requests for autographs and was, therefore, occupied during the remainder of the match. Naturally the quality of his play suffered somewhat.

Post Match:

After his victory Peele was invited to say a few words. He did, and the few alienated everyone. He informed the audience that he intended to pawn his trophy, keep every cent of the prize money, and not do anything to further the development of tennis. "What a stupid game," he said. "Two adults running around in little shorty pants batting a ball back and forth over a net. God!" He ranked his achievement slightly below the invention of the dribble glass. And said that he saw no point in returning to Flushing Meadow next year, "... to barely work up a sweat against these hackers, most of whom need two hands to hit a shot."



CHECK YOUR RACQUET SAVOIR FAIRE

DO YOU HAVE INSOUCIANCE,
AMBIENCE AND CACHET
ON THE COURT

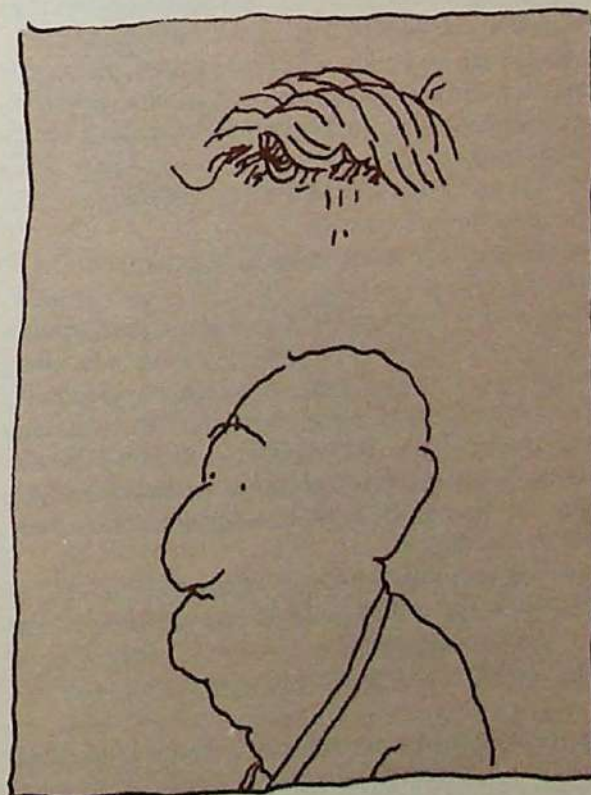
by Gerald McCarthy

1. As a result of having raised a large amount of money for a local charitable organization, you are invited to participate in the organization's pro-celebrity doubles tournament. Your first round opponents include a volatile professional. At a crucial point in the match, responding to your wife's constant and vocal cheering at his mistakes, the professional walks over to the guest pavilion and wrings out his sweatband on her dress. You should:

- (a) Tell your wife you'll buy her a new dress.
- (b) Wring out your own sweatband on his backup racquet.
- (c) Demand that the referee test the net's height.

2. In a vigorous racquetball match against your boss, the vain J.B. Bigley, you notice that your opponent's toupee, unbeknownst to its owner, has fallen in one of the back corners of the court, out of harm's way. As the game ends and J.B. begins to realize his state, you determine that your best bet for escape is to ignore the shine of his pate and treat the furry object as entirely foreign. You should:

- (a) With a crisp backhand stroke, loft the wig through the spectator's porthole.
- (b) Announce your surprise that the club provides dustmops.
- (c) Pin it to your belt as a tribute to your victory.





3. At a tournament sponsored by your company for all its executives, you find yourself in Hawaii hitting practice balls off a training wall. You also find yourself next to a rather buxom woman who is pursuing the same exercise. After a few moments of admiring her and wondering whether she would like to practice with you on a court, you find yourself talking to her. In a distinctly Australian accent, she surprises you by asking if you'd like to "knock it up a bit." You should:

- (a) Cramp up and assume the fetal position.
- (b) Make fun of her accent.
- (c) Inform her that you've had a vasectomy.

4. At a party in the home of an international squash champion, you find yourself admiring and then handling a solid gold trophy won some years ago in London and known to be the prized possession in the Trophy Room. Your reverie is disturbed by the dinner gong and you look down in horror to find that the head of the figurine has broken off in your hand. You should:

- (a) Ask your hostess for a jar of Elmer's Glue-all.
- (b) Hide the trophy head in the cushion of the couch and go home.
- (c) Stick it in your pocket and go to dinner.

5. Lord and Lady Farnsworth, whose houseguest you are at their country estate north of London,

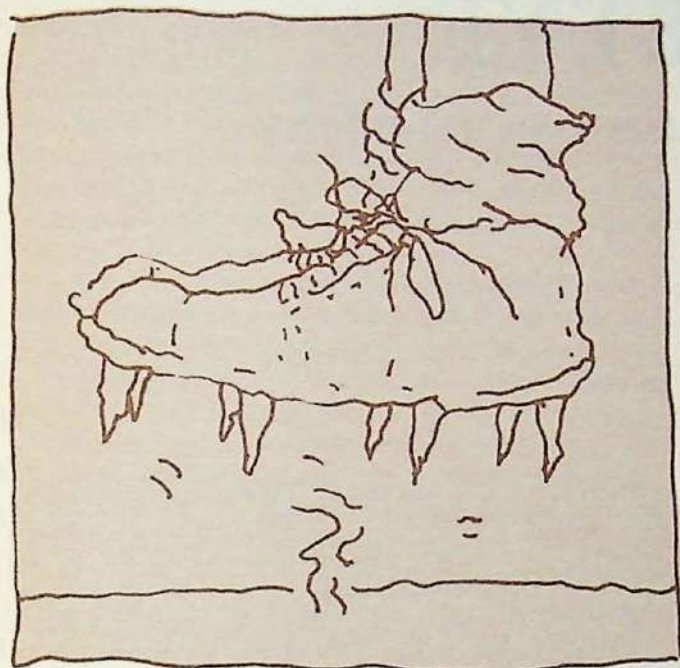
boast an impressive library of holograph manuscripts by such tennis progenitors as Major Walter Clopton Wingfield and Big Bill Tilden. For your bedtime reading you ask if you can read the handwritten text of Wingfield's original instructions on how to play the new sport of Sphairistike (or lawn tennis). Being a teaching pro, your zeal gets the best of you and you realize halfway through that you have been writing marginal criticisms of Wingfield's instructions. You should:

- (a) Send the Farnsworths a photocopy of the printed version from the British Museum.
- (b) Use chlorox on the marginalia.
- (c) Announce at breakfast that you are giving Wingfield a B-.

6. On a cross-country trip somewhere in Central Iowa, you are passed by a souped-up Volkswagen with a bumper sticker reading "Honk if you play squash." Eager for a game, but finding to your chagrin that your horn doesn't work, you accelerate and pull alongside the VW. Attempting to communicate your desire for a match by gesturing, you accidentally sideswipe the VW and run it off the road. When you examine the wreck, you find that your victim has two broken legs. You should:

- (a) Suggest he get a citizen's band radio.
- (b) Ask where he learned to play squash.
- (c) Ask if there are other 'B' players in town.





7. You are the new tournament chairman for a ladies auxiliary tournament held each year at the local country club, of which you are not a member. Because of your new position, your wife has been invited to participate. During her first match, you become aware of a stirring in the crowd and slowly realize that the cleats she is wearing are inappropriate for the clay surface. You should:

- (a) Slip away and hire a cloud-seeding service.
- (b) Should encouragement, telling her to "dig in."
- (c) Immediately call a foot fault.

8. During the finals of a tournament at the Uptown Squash Club, you are sipping Gin and Yogurt with your new girlfriend, the daughter of the Martin LeDucs of Philadelphia—a family tracing its ancestry to the Norman conquerors of the 11th Century. During a particularly energetic display of hustle, one of the combatants experiences a long tear in the seam of his shorts. Ignorant of his compromised state, he prepares for the next serve by squatting. You should:

- (a) Stand up and sing the *Marseillaise*.
- (b) Throw your drink at the glass backwall.
- (c) Announce that your broker is E.F. Hutton.

9. Though you have never played the sport, you are invited to a racquetball party at which you are to compete in the novice division of the round-robin. Having played seven matches without winning a point, you find yourself the target of some subtle

sarcasm about your sport, which is handball. One wag, slightly tipsy, asks you in front of your date whether the racquet is too complicated an instrument for you to master. You should:

- (a) Slap your tormentor upside the head.
- (b) Ask him how much he earned last year.
- (c) Quote the entire first book of *Paradise Lost*.

10. At an exhibition of table tennis in the People's Republic of China, you have been asked to represent the United States as coach, a duty that also includes the inevitable toasts at the pre-exhibition banquet. You have spent hours practicing a rousing tribute to Chinese sportsmanship in the Mandarin dialect, but immediately after delivering it you are told by a translator that it came out as "Ping pong is for sis-sies." You should:

- (a) Cable Washington for further instructions.
- (b) Defect and hope for the best.
- (c) Attribute the quote to the "Gang of Four".

YOUR SCORE:

The correct answer in each case is 'c'

10-8 correct: Excellent. You have insouciance, ambivalence, and you are probably tournament tough. You would have no trouble convincing Jimmy Connors, Marty Hogan and Vic Niederhoffer to form a committee for ERA passage. You can no doubt describe the comparative physiological effects of a sauna vs. steam, and you can recognize the laminated-core triple layer sandwich racquet at 40 paces. You have recently switched from a department store warmup to a Fila (while in Europe), and choose to suffer inept referees in silence.

7-3 correct: Not all that bad, really. Sixty-percent of those scoring at least 3 correct wear matching socks and avoid T-shirts with LOVE IS SCORING printed across the front. Your cachet is limited to an occasional Tequila Sunrise between games, and you slap your thigh too often in moments of frustration. A score of five or below disqualifies you from verbal repartee without written notes. Never try to get a game when away from home.

2-0 correct: Irremedial, hopeless. Bring a hand calculator for scoring and never extend a match to best two-of-three. Let a computer match you with opponents and try to limit your activity to being a spectator. Don't accept Gatorade from strangers. Give up the presidency of your local club immediately and never have your racquet restrung. ●

EAGLE EYE

THE MOST COLORFUL LINESMAN IN HISTORY

by Ted Powell

The Career of Eagleby Isaac Bradford seems ended now. Those who thought of him as "Eagle Eye" must mourn, while those who thought of him as a menace to the game, will rejoice. But, all must agree that he was, for a brief period, the most colorful and impressive line umpire in the history of tennis.

Eventually, Eagle Eye's talents carried him to the pinnacle of his profession — Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Roland Garos, and the lesser arenas of top-flight tennis. All knew the extraordinary performance that could be offered by this peerless linesman. Tennis audiences throughout the world thrilled to his stentorian calls and his vigorous, dramatic hand signals.

Was it possible that a boy with no social background, no connections, no family membership at West Side, Orange Lawn, or Longwood could succeed as a tennis umpire? Mr. Bradford knew that the struggle would not be easy, but he was determined that his boy would succeed.

By the time Eagleby was twelve he had memorized the Official Tennis Rules, Colonel Nick Powell's "Code," Jack Stahr's "A Friend At Court," and the annual supplements of cases and decisions.

His performance was equally impressive, first at public parks, then at regional tournaments. The senior members of the Tennis Umpires Association who observed him all rated him as "superior" for promptness, accuracy, and clarity. The only slight qualification was a comment by one of the more conservative senior officials, that the delivery of his calls was perhaps a touch "flamboyant." There is a bit of irony now in quoting that comment. That touch of "flamboyance" in the very young Eagle Eye was as nothing in comparison to what he was to become with the full development of his talent.

Some of those familiar with the course of Eagleby's career say that it was the accolades, while

others say that it was the T.V. attention, that caused the drastic change in his performance. Still others contend that it was only the natural growth of the skills of this extraordinarily gifted tennis official. Whatever the cause, the impact of Eagleby's intensified performance upon the tennis world was powerful and, of course, controversial. His calls were emitted like the explosion of a cannon, or, for a change of pace, like the crack of a rifle shot. His control of the timbre of his voice would have done credit to Barrymore. His hand signals were delivered with a vigor and exaggeration reminiscent of early silent movies. And as the energetic quality of his performance increased, so did the enthusiasm of the spectators. With this came the interest of the T.V. sports director, and, consequently, the interest of tournament promoters.

There was controversy, oh yes, there was controversy. Some purists argued that Eagle Eye was detracting from the game. After all, it was the *playing* of tennis, not the *officiating* that should receive the spectators' attention. But, others replied that this was an old-fashioned attitude. Tennis today, they said, is big business and it's show business. This argument, of course, prevailed with the tennis tournament promoters. Box office records began to tell the tale. When it was announced that Eagle Eye would be taking a line at a tournament, there was a rush for tickets.

Eagle Eye's lifestyle changed along with his celebrity. He purchased (for use when not working matches) a custom-made, fire-engine red Ferrari. He began wearing a cape lined with satin (also fire-engine red), and was often seen at the livelier watering spots with a buxom blonde or a pixieish groupie. (Oh, yes, he had developed quite a following among the female tennis fans). For awhile, the gossip columnists and some of the sports

columnists reported a romance between Eagle Eye and the Danish tennis star, Verie Willing. Then, he was seen in constant companionship with Sally Starr, the fashion model turned folk rock singer or vice versa. They appeared everywhere together — at tennis matches, cafes, discos, and even on the various TV talk shows where Eagle Eye was a great favorite.

Eagle Eye's increasingly confident attitude showed in his performance as a line umpire. He was no longer content to raise his arm as a signal and call the single word, "out." Instead, he would call "that stinks," "What a lousy shot," or "no damned good." Instead of using the standard gesture of the upraised hand with the open palm, he would signal a bad shot by pointing both thumbs down or using right thumb and forefinger to hold his nose.

Needless to say, the audiences were delighted by Eagle Eye's colorful conduct. Not so the players. There was grumbling by a number of them who thought that Eagle Eye was calling attention away from their own histrionics. In a momentous stadium match, one of the players had the temerity to question an "out" call made by Eagle Eye. He contended that his ball had nicked the line and appealed to the chair umpire to direct Eagle Eye to go out and look at the mark left by the ball. The chair umpire timidly made the request. Eagle Eye jumped from his chair, ran out to the spot, and quickly scuffed his feet all around the area. "When I call 'em out," he told the chair umpire, "they're out!" The protesting player objected that Eagle Eye's action was against the rules. Eagle Eye defied the chair umpire to find any rule that he had violated. The chair umpire tentatively suggested calling a "let" so that the point might be replayed. Eagle Eye exploded. He banged his chair on the ground repeatedly. "I'm the line umpire!" he insisted. "When I call 'em, they stay as I call 'em." The stadium was in an uproar.

That day was a watershed in Eagle Eye's career. The quality of his subsequent performances was heightened. His flamboyance was undiminished and spiced with a new kind of playfulness. He would make humorous, suggestive motions with the net stick, or he would scoop up a loose ball and let it drop out through his pants leg. Such antics were resented by some players, but they served to increase Eagle Eye's popularity with the crowds.

Yes, Eagle Eye had made it to the top in big-time tennis by virtue of extraordinary natural ability, years of training, drive, ambition, confidence, and an energy that seemed boundless. With so much

going for him, why should his brilliant career have come to so abrupt an end?

It happened in the finals of the International Invitational Classic at Monte Carlo — a very select draw tournament, of course. Only the very top world-class players and a distinguished audience were present. The promoter had of course included among the corps of officials, the internationally celebrated, colorful, Eagle Eye.

It was a brilliantly fought contest that continued for almost three hours. Eagle Eye found himself extended as never before. As the tension of the match increased, so, too, did Eagle Eye's confidence in his powers. His calls were quicker, crisper, and snapped out instantaneously, with the touch of the ball to the ground. The final set went back and forth without a service break by either player until, with the evening sun dropping down into the Mediterranean, and the shadows growing long, the time came for the championship to be decided by a single point. And how else could it end but for Eagleby Isaac Bradford to make that final call. There, before an audience that included representatives of two dozen nations: ambassadors, diplomats, the Deputy Premier of France and Her Serene Highness herself, the ball landed barely a fraction of an inch beyond the baseline. Eagle Eye leapt to his feet and with clenched fist and upraised middle finger, pointed at the sky, he shouted, in a voice heard throughout the stadium, "The f----- ball is out! Game, set, match, and championship!"

The shock felt in the stadium was echoed in cables and letters of protest received by the State Department and at the White House. Eagle Eye was dismissed from the Tennis Umpires Association and was banned from officiating at all sanctioned tournaments. Sponsors dropped contracts with him for endorsement. His girlfriend left him for a rock guitar player. And worst of all, Eagle Eye had to sell his Ferrari.

So, it seemed that a brilliant career had ended. Yet, Eagleby Isaac Bradford has not admitted total defeat. Word has it that just outside of Los Angeles, he is offering training programs in the Eagle Eye Style of Tennis Officiating. He plans to take a cadre of tennis officials on the road and is convinced that, with ten others like himself, he'll fill tennis arenas, grandstands, and stadiums across the country. But what about the players? "Oh," he replies, "at first we can pick up local players. But, soon the top pros will be banging on the door to perform with us." They *already* know that big time tennis is really show business!●

BED AND BORED

THE PINSEY REPORT ON RACQUET PLAYERS

by Steve Stern

"The manner in which players behave on the court is so often indicative of their performance in the bedroom: they are generally very sexy, but too many of them double-fault in the clutch."

So writes Myra Pinsey, renowned zoologist and former Miss New York Subways, in her controversial new book on the foibles of racquet sports players, *Sexual Deviation on the Court* (Uganda University Press, 1979). Based on five years of intensive personal research and painstaking bedside interviews, Ms. Pinsey's findings have received widespread acclaim, although several of her subjects—particularly her four ex-husbands—have challenged the validity of her conclusions.

Chapter 6, "Ball, Balling, Balled," is perhaps the most-discussed section of the book. In this chapter, the author describes in detail "the chief failings of both pro and amateur racquet players." A sampling: *Players don't warm up sufficiently.* Play begins much too soon in most matches. "The players simply won't take the time to loosen up, to get to know each other. All they want to do is score, score, score."

Players are not gentle enough. Racquet sports players seem to prefer a hard stroke to a more subtle stroke in almost every situation. "They need to learn more about finesse," writes Pinsey. "Male players especially are always coming at you with a kill shot."

Play is too rushed. Pinsey observes: "Most of the time it's all over in a flash. Players don't conserve their energy enough. One of my former husbands, for example, used to put everything he had into the first game, and then when I was ready for a rematch, he was too tired to get his racquet up."

Players seldom try to improve their technique. Racquet sports players are too rigid in their ways, according to Pinsey. "They don't experiment enough. Once they find a position they like, they play that same position no matter what the circumstances. How boring! I've always tried to size up the other

fellow and deviate my approach accordingly. Nothing is sadder," says Pinsey, "than watching a player who, after adhering to a single play year after years tries his or her hand at doubles."

Protective devices are not taken seriously. "It absolutely amazes me," remarks Pinsey, "how many people will play without using any of the widely available safety devices. Racquetballers are the worst. After an accident you hear them whine: 'I wish I had worn that thing.' But sure enough, the very next time they're right back in there taking the same chances again."

Other chapters of the book are equally candid. Pinsey analyzes the tennis player's avoidance of love and the squash players need to boast. She discusses the racquetball player's fear of the crotch ball and the table tennis player's preoccupation with shadow stroking. And in a separate section, Pinsey focuses on what she calls "the badminton player's frantic search for the perfect bird."

Equipment is considered as well. A heavily illustrated chapter is devoted exclusively to the question of racquet length and width. The author also comments in depth on grip and why experienced players continue to prefer leather over rubber.

The final chapters concentrate on popular methods of body conditioning and explore techniques used to overcome the fatigue factor. Pinsey ends with a description and discussion of ten rather remarkable exercises for improving racquet control. "Control is paramount," says the author. In interview after interview I have heard players blame a poor session on everything from equipment failure to crowd make-up—some players claim that without at least a few attentive spectators, they cannot perform at all—but my years of research have shown that racquet control is the critical factor. Unfortunately, although proper control can be maintained and even improved through exercise and practice, experienced players know that it's basic principles cannot be taught." Concludes Pinsey, "You either have a feel for it, or you don't." ●

IT TOOK HEAVEN TO MAKE THE BEST RUM ON EARTH.



Rain. It doesn't fall on the Virgin Islands very often. But when it does, it's a heavenly blessing. Not only for our greenery. But also for our rum.

Because before Cruzan reaches the peak of mellowness, we add a little rain to every barrel.

As a result, light-bodied Cruzan is not only extremely smooth, it is exceptionally clean-tasting. As clean-tasting as the rain water it's made with.

Mix Cruzan White or Gold in your favorite rum drinks. Or try it on-the-rocks.

Either way, there's a little bit of heaven in every sip.

Send for your free Imported Rum Recipes booklet: Cruzan Rum Distillery Co., P.O. Box 218, Frederiksted, St. Croix, V.I. 00840

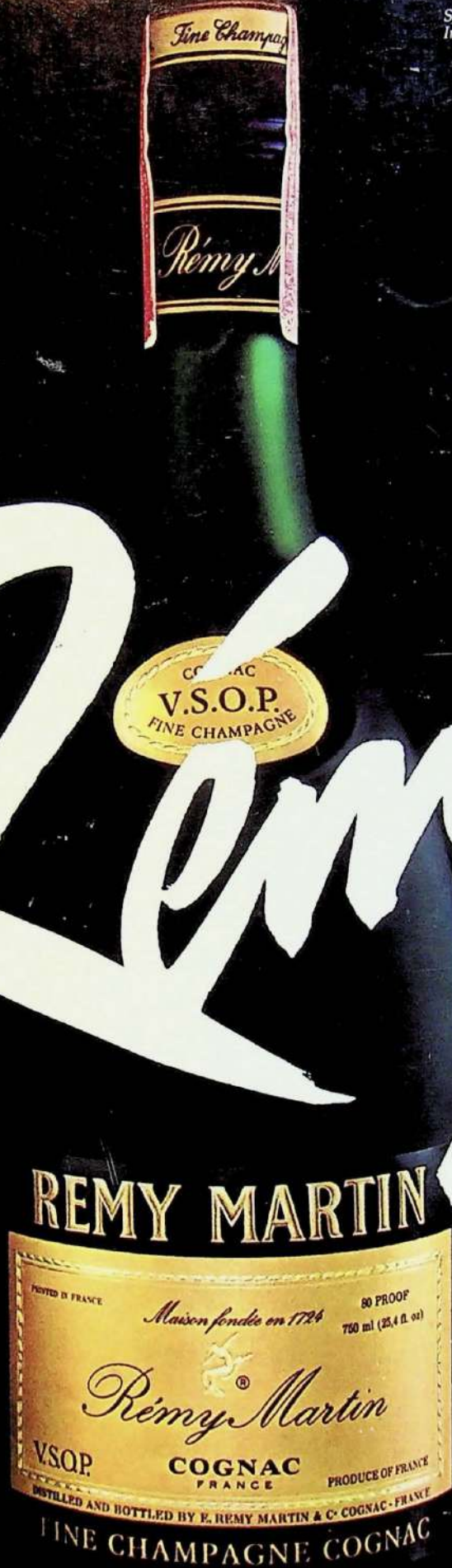
Cruzan Rum Distillery Co., St. Croix, V.I. 80°, © 1979



CRUZAN
The Virgin Islands Rum
made with Virgin Rain.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Foreign Vintages, Inc., Jericho, N.Y.
Imported by Remy Martin Amerique, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof

Remy



THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724
EXCLUSIVELY FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC: FROM THE TWO "PREMIERS CRUS" OF THE COGNAC REGION