

SEPARATE STORM SEWER SYSTEMS, OR MUNICIPAL COMBINED SEWER OVERFLOWS, INCLUDING CONTROL FACILITIES, OR OTHER WET WEATHER CONTROL FACILITIES.—

"(1) IN GENERAL.—Where the Administrator determines that it is necessary in accordance with subparagraphs (B) and (C) of section 303(c)(2) to include biological monitoring, whole effluent toxicity testing, or assessment methods as a term, condition, or limitation in a permit issued to a publicly owned treatment works, a municipal separate storm sewer system, or a municipal combined sewer overflow, including a control facility, or other wet weather control facility pursuant to this section, such permit term, condition, or limitation shall be accordance with such subparagraphs.

"(2) RESPONDING TO TEST FAILURES.—If a permit issued under this section contains terms, conditions, or limitations requiring biological monitoring or whole effluent toxicity testing designed to meet criteria for biological monitoring or whole effluent toxicity, the permit may establish procedures for further analysis, identification evaluation, or reduction evaluation of such toxicity. The permit shall allow the permittee to discontinue such procedures, subject to future reinitiation of such procedures upon a showing by the permitting authority of changed conditions, if the source of such toxicity cannot, after thorough investigation, be identified.

"(3) TEST FAILURE NOT A VIOLATION.—The failure of a biological monitoring test or a whole effluent toxicity test at a publicly owned treatment works, a municipal separate storm sewer system, or a municipal combined sewer overflow, including a control facility, or other wet weather control facility shall not result in a finding of a violation under this Act."

## MUHAMMAD ALI—"STILL THE GREATEST"

### HON. LOUIS STOKES

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 11, 1997

Mr. STOKES. Mr. Speaker, I recently read an inspiring article which appeared in the Washington Post's national weekly edition. The article is entitled, "Still the Greatest." In the article, David Maraniss, a staff writer for the Post, reminds us of the struggle, perseverance, and success of one of the world's greatest boxers—Muhammad Ali.

Muhammad Ali, the once Olympic boxing medal winner and past world's heavyweight champion, is considered by some to be the "Greatest of All Time." But, he has always been more than just an exceptional athlete. He was, and still is an exceptional man. Muhammad Ali, as Maraniss points out, "is universally recognized as a man who stood for what he believed in and paid the price and prevailed." As champion, Ali converted to the Islamic religious belief, took a stand against the Vietnam war, and donated time and money to charitable organizations. After his boxing career ended, he continued to spread goodwill and associate himself with worthy causes.

Today, Ali maintains his commitment to the funding of research for Parkinson's disease, a disease he himself was diagnosed with in the early 1980's. He travels frequently, doing good deeds, visiting schools, and campaigning against child abuse, as well as "promoting universal understanding and tolerance."

Mr. Speaker, this article shows the strength of the human spirit when coupled with the will to survive and drive to succeed. Muhammad Ali is an inspiration to all of us, young and old, rich or poor, athlete or spectator. He not only stands for what he believes in, but he also backs it up. Whether the fight was in the ring, with American policy, or with a debilitating disease, Muhammad Ali never backed down. It pleases me that Mr. Maraniss decided to pay tribute to the "Greatest of All Time." I take pride in sharing "Still the Greatest" with my colleagues and others across the Nation.

[From the Washington Post, June 16, 1997]

STILL THE GREATEST—MUHAMMAD ALI'S LATEST COMEBACK HAS MADE HIM A BELOVED FIGURE ALL OVER THE WORLD

(By David Maraniss)

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH.—No words at first. The greeting comes from his eyes, then a handshake, light as a butterfly, followed by a gesture that says, "Follow me." He has just popped out the back door of his farmhouse wearing green pants and a light brown wool pullover with sunglasses tucked coolly into the mock turtle-neck collar. He is carrying an old black briefcase. His hair is longer than usual and a bit uncombed. He starts walking toward his office, a converted barn on the lower end of the circular driveway.

He moves slowly, hunching slightly forward as he goes, never a stumble but sometimes seeming on the verge of one, as though his world slopes downhill. He opens the door and stand aside, following, not leading, on the way upstairs to his second-floor office. Halfway up, it becomes clear why. He sticks out a hand and catches his visitor's foot from behind. The old trip-up-the-stairs trick. Muhammad Ali loves tricks.

At the top of the stairs is the headquarters of GOAT. Another trick. It is the playfully ironic acronym for Greatest of All Time, Incorporated. Ali wants the world to know that he is just another goat, one living thing in this vast and miraculous universe. But also the greatest there ever was. He is 55, his mouth and body slowed by Parkinson's disease, yet still arguably the best known and most beloved figure in the world. Who else? The Pope? Nelson Mandela? Michael Jordan? Ali might win in a split decision.

Even the most dramatic lives move in cycles of loss and recovery. Last summer in Atlanta, when Ali stood alone in the spotlight, the world watching, his hands trembling, and lit the Olympic flame, he began another cycle, perhaps his ultimate comeback, as emotional as any he had staged in the ring against Joe Frazier or George Foreman. For 16 years he had been retired from boxing. During that time he had gone through periods of boredom and uncertainty. Not that he was passe, but the world tends to forget its old kings when new ones come around.

He kept going as best he could, his health deteriorating, spreading goodwill with his smiling eyes, trying to keep his name alive.

Then, finally, his moment arrived again, first at the Olympics, then at the Academy Awards, where he bore silent witness to "When We Were Kings," the Oscar-winning documentary about his dramatic heavyweight championship fight in October 1974 against Foreman in what was then Zaire.

The shimmering house of movie stars seemed diminished, their egos preposterous, when Ali rose and stood before them. Yet some saw in that appearance a hint of the maulin; poor Ali, enfeebled and paunchy, dragged out as another melodramatic Hollywood gimmick. Was he real or was he memory? What was left of him if he could no longer float and sting?

Quite a bit, it turns out, no sorrow and pity from the champ. He says he cherished

his performances at the Olympics and Academy Awards more than anyone could know. Publicity is his lifeblood, more important to him than any medicine he is supposed to take. "Press keeps me alive, man," he says, with an honesty that softens the edge of his ego. "Press keeps me alive. Press and TV. The Olympics. Academy Awards. 'When We Were Kings.' Keeps me alive."

When the producers sent him a videotape of "When We Were Kings," he stuck it into his VCR at home and watched it day after day. At a recent autograph extravaganza in Las Vegas, he conducted his own poll by comparing his line to those for Jim Brown, Paul Hornung, Bobby Hull and Ernie Banks. Twice as long as any of them. Staying alive. And the biggest life-saver of all: that night in Atlanta last July, 36 years after he had first danced onto the world scene as the brash young Olympic champion Cassius Marcellus Clay.

Long after the torch scene was over, Ali would not let go. He went back to his suite with his wife, Lonnie, and a few close friends. They were tired, emotionally drained from the surprise, anxiety and thrill of the occasion, but Ali would not go to sleep. He was still holding the long white and gold torch, which he had kept as a prized memento. He cradled it in his arms, turning it over and over, just looking at it, not saying much, sitting in a big chair, smiling, hour after hour.

"I think the man was just awed. Just completely awed by the whole experience," Lonnie Ali recalls. "He was so excited. It took forever for him to go to bed, he was on such a high. He found it very hard to come back down to earth. There was just such a fabulous response. No one expected that. None of us did."

By the time he and Lonnie returned to their farmhouse here in southern Michigan, the mail was already backing up, flooding in at tenfold the previous pace. Letters from everywhere. The return of a trembling Ali had unleashed powerful feelings in people. They said they cried at his beauty and perseverance. They said he reminded them of what it means to stand up for something you believe in. Disabled people. Old '60's activists. Republicans. Black. White. Christian. Jewish. Muslim. A little boy from Germany, a boxing fan from England, a radiologist from Sudan, a secretary from Saudi Arabia—the multitudes thanked him for giving them hope.

When Ali reaches his office, he takes his customary chair against the side wall. There is work to be done, the room is overcrowded with mementos to be signed for charity, and his assistant, Kim Forburger, is waiting for him with a big blue felt pen. But Ali has something else in mind right now.

"Mmmmmmm. Watch this, man," he says. His voice sounds like the soft, slurred grumble-whisper of someone trying to clear his throat on the way out of a deep sleep. Conversing with him for the first time, one unavoidably has to say, "I'm sorry, what?" now and then, or simply pretend to understand him, but soon enough one adjusts, and it becomes obvious that Parkinson's has not slowed his brain, only his motor skills.

Ali walks toward the doorway and looks back with a smile.

"Oh, have you seen Muhammad levitate yet?" Forburger asks. She suddenly becomes the female assistant in a Vegas act. With a sweep of her hand, she says, "Come over here. Stand right behind him. Now watch his feet. Watch his feet."

Ali goes still and silent, meditating. His hands stop shaking. He seems to radiate something. A mystical aura? Ever so slowly, his feet rise from the floor, one inch, three inches, six inches. His hands are not touching anything. "Ehhhh. Pretty heavy,

mmmm," he says. His visitor, familiar with the lore of Ali's levitations yet easily duped, watches slack-jawed as the champ floats in the air for several seconds.

Come over here, Ali motions. To the side. "Look," he said. He is not really levitating, of course. He has managed to balance himself perfectly, Parkinson's notwithstanding, all 250 pounds of him, on the tiptoes of his right foot, creating an optical illusion from behind that both of his feet have lifted off the ground.

The tricks have only just begun. He hauls out a huge gray plastic toolbox, opens it and peers inside. His hands now move with the delicacy of a surgeon selecting the correct instrument from his bag. For the next quarter-hour, he performs the simple, delightful tricks of an apprentice magician. Balls and coins appear and disappear, ropes change lengths, sticks turn colors. "Maaann! Maaann! Heavy!" he says.

Then he turns to slapstick. Close your eyes and open your hand. The champ places something soft and fuzzy in it. "Mmmm. Okay. Open."

A fuzzy toy mouse.

Ali beams at the startled reaction.

His voice becomes louder, higher, more animated. "Ehhh." he shrieks. "Kids go 'Ahhh! Ahhh!'"

Try it again. This time it's a cockroach.

And again. This time fake dog doo.

Ali closes his gray toolbox and puts it away, satisfied.

What is going on here? In part it is just Ali amusing himself with magic tricks that he has been doing over and over for many years for anyone who comes to see him. But he is also, as always, making a more profound point. He has transferred his old boxing skills and his poetry and his homespun philosophy to another realm, from words to magic. The world sees him now, lurching a bit, slurring some, getting old, trembling, and recalls that unspeakably great and gorgeous and garrulous young man that he once was. He understands that contrast. But, he is saying, nothing is as it appears. Life is always a matter of perception and deception.

Poets and philosophers contemplate this, and boxers know it intuitively (Ali ghost boxing before the Foreman fight "Come get me, sucker. I'm dancin'! I'm dancin'! No, I'm not here, I'm there! You're out, sucker!") back when he was Cassius Clay, he pretended that he was demented before fighting Sonny Liston because he had heard that the only cons who scared big bad Sonny in prison were the madmen. By acting crazy, he not only injected a dose of fear into Liston, he took some out of himself. Life is a trick.

The Islamic religion, to which Ali has adhered for more than 30 years, disapproves of magic tricks, but he has found his way around that problem, as always.

"When I . . . do a . . . trick," he says now. He seems more easily understandable. Is he speaking more clearly or has the ear adjusted to him?

"I . . . always . . . show . . . people . . . how . . . to . . . do . . . it."

He smiles.

"Show . . . people . . . how . . . easy . . . it . . . is . . . to . . . be . . . tricked."

Perception and deception. He has returned to his chair in the office, with his black briefcase on his lap. Slowly and carefully he opens it up . . . click . . . click . . . and looks inside as though he is examining its contents for the first time.

Tucked in the upper compartment is his passport. Parkinson's has not slowed his travels. He's at home no more than 90 days a year. Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Louisville, Las Vegas in a week, doing good deeds. he visits schools, campaigns against child abuse, for more Parkinson's funding, for

peace and tolerance. Everyone want to see the champ. Germany is clamoring for him. Its national television network just ran an hour-long documentary on him.

Next to the passport is a laminated trading card. He lifts it out and studies it. There's Ali next to Sargar Ray Robinson and Joe Louis.

"Two of the greatest fighters in the world," he says. He pauses. "Mmmmm. Both dead."

Ali think a lot about death. Aging and death and life after death. His philosophy is at once selfish and selfless. Publicity keeps him alive. He wants to stay alive so that he can make people happy and do good deeds. And "good deeds are the rent we pay for our house in heaven."

He is teaching our preaching now. A new poetry, slower, no rhymes, stream of consciousness, deeper meaning.

"Twice a month they call us to sign autographs

Make two hundred thousand a day.

Signing. Hundred dollars a picture

Long lines. Bring millions of dollars.

I'm not fighting no more

I'll sign for nothin'. Give it to charity.

Get the money, give it to the homeless

Give it to soup lines

If I see someone who needs some

Here's a hundred. Here's fifty

Soup vendor. Wino. Old woman with varicose veins.

Good deeds. Judgment.

I'm well pleased with you my son. Come into heaven.

That's eternal life. Maann! Maann!

Look at all the buildings in downtown New York.

People built them. They're dead.

Buildings still standing.

You don't own nothin'. Just a trustee.

Think about it. You die.

This life's a test. A test.

Trying to pass the test. I'm tryin'.

Warm bodies. Shake hands. Gone.

All dead now. President Kennedy.

Whatever color you are

No matter how much money you have

Politics. Sports. You're gonna die.

Sleep is the brother of death."

Ali closes his eyes. He starts snoring. Re-opens his eyes.

"Turn over now. It's morning."

Back to the black briefcase.

Stacked in rows along the bottom are a collection of little leather books, five of them, in red and pink and green. It turns out they are Bibles. Why he needs five in a briefcase is not clear. What he does with them is part of the mystery of Muhammad Ali.

During the past several months, he and Lonnie and Thomas Hauser, author of his authorized biography, have made appearances around the country promoting the cause of universal understanding and tolerance. Ali and Hauser, Muslim and Jew, put together a little book titled "Healing" which they distribute at every stop. It contains quotations on tolerance from Cicero, Voltaire, Thoreau and Ali. The book was inspired by Ali's habit of combing through the Koran and other books and writing down phrases that he found moving. Hauser chose the title one day when he studied a series of words and notice A-L-I in the middle of H-E-A-L-I-N-G.

This crusade seems natural for ali now. In the '60s, when he shed the name Cassius Clay, which he dismissed as his slave name, and refused to be inducted into the military to fight in Vietnam, temporarily giving up his freedom and wealth and title in the process, he stood as what Hauser called "a symbol of divided America." Now his popularity transcends politics, race, country and religion. He is universally accepted as a man who stood up for what he believed in and paid the

price and prevailed. He has endured enough intolerance to give the message deeper meaning. His shining eyes are the prize of peace.

Ali takes the little leather Bibles out of his briefcase and places them on the table beside him. He peers inside again and comes out with a stack of paper. Each page has a typed message. He hands over the first page. Could these be the quotations of tolerance and understanding he writes down each day?

Read it, Ali indicates, wordlessly, nodding his head.

"If God is all perfect his revelation must be perfect and accurate. Free from contradiction. . . . Since holy scripture is from God, it should be impossible to find mistakes and conflicting verses. If it doesn't, you can't trust it 100 percent. There are many conflicting verses in the Bible."

Ali smiles, gestures to take that piece of paper back, and hands over one page after another of contradictions he has found in the Bible. Some contradictions in numbers, some about what Jesus was purported to have said. "All in the Bible," Ali says, as he finally puts the stack of paper back in his briefcase. "Heavy." He points to a filing cabinet behind the desk, which is overflowing with similar papers. It turns out that this is one of his favorite intellectual pastimes, searching his little leather Bibles for thousands of contradictions of fact or interpretation that have been cited by Islamic scholars. There seems to be no malice in his hobby, though it is hardly what one might expect from a missionary of universal healing.

What is going on here? The question is later put to Lonnie Ali. She is his fourth wife, wholly devoted to his well-being, a smart, funny and gracious woman, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, who started cooking for him when he was getting sick, married him 12 years ago, and is serving more and more as his public voice. She knows that he is not perfect, but she also appreciates his larger meaning to the world. Muhammad, she says, is greater than his individual parts. He means so many things to so many people, and she is determined to preserve that, sometimes in spite of him. She has known him since she was 6 years old and growing up in Louisville in the house across the street from his mother, Odessa Clay.

Why is Ali doing this? She shrugs at the question. That, she says, "is part of the dichotomy that is Muhammad.

"Even when Muhammad was in the Nation of Islam where they considered whites devils he was putting little white kids on his lap and kissing them and loving them. Muhammad could really care less if a person is of another religion. But Muhammad found out that there are contradictions in the Bible and he's hooked on that. If he can get you to say, 'Oh, look, I never knew that,' then it's like he has accomplished a victory. Muhammad is a warrior. And he finds these little things to battle over."

There certainly seem to be more important battles now for Muhammad Ali. Perception and deception. How sick is he?

Ali began showing signs of trouble as far back as 1980, when he lost the heavyweight title in his 60th, and next to last fight, against Larry Holmes. He visited several medical experts over the next few years and finally Parkinsonism, a syndrome related to Parkinson's disease, was diagnosed. Parkinson's is a slowly progressive disease, suffered by an estimated 1.5 million Americans, that causes cells in the middle part of the brain to degenerate, reducing the production of the chemical dopamine and leading to tremors, slowness of movement, memory loss and other neurological symptoms. Its cause is unknown.

People who suffer from Parkinsonism have many of the same symptoms but in a milder and usually undegenerative form. Until recently, most of his doctors believed Ali had the syndrome, not the disease. Over the past 18 months that diagnosis has been changing and the belief now is that he might have the disease.

Some doctors who have examined Ali remain convinced that his ailment was brought on by the pounding he took in the ring, especially the brutal fights late in his career against Frazier, Foreman and Holmes. Mahlon DeLong, his Parkinson's physician at Emory University in Atlanta, and other experts argue, however, that Ali must have had a predisposition to the disease. They note that most "punch drunk" old fighters do not show signs of Parkinson's but more often suffer from something known as Martland syndrome, with intellectual deficits that Ali does not show.

His disorder, in any case, is not as debilitating as one might suspect from catching a brief glimpse of him. He is agile enough to dress himself each morning. He knots his ties perfectly. He lifts his legs to put on his socks. Laces his shoes. Slips on his Swiss Army watch. Feeds himself. Opens doors. Performs magic tricks. Reads his Bibles and Korans. Writes legibly. Talks on the telephone. Understands everything said to him and around him. Flips the remote on his television to watch CNN and Biography and the Discovery Channel.

"He doesn't need any help from me," Lonnie Ali says, meaning in the physical sense. "The only thing I may assist Muhammad with, because he is nearsighted and doesn't wear glasses, is shaving. He misses some spots." His main problem, she says, is that he shows little interest in keeping up with medical treatments.

"I can offer him all the care in the world," she says. "His doctors can give him all the care in the world. It is up to him. Muhammad tends to ignore it."

Ali is on the move now, heading down the steps and out onto the grounds of his 88-acre farm. It is an unexpected paradise at the end of the road in the middle of Middle America, between South Bend, Ind., and Benton Har-

bor, Mich. Once belonged to Al Capone, a mobster's hideaway. "Found . . . machine . . . guns," Ali says.

There is a gentle pond, a gazebo where he prays to Allah, a playground for the youngest of his nine children, 6-year-old Asaad, whom he and Lonnie adopted at birth; acres of sweet-blooming perennials, woods at he edge of the field, the St. Joe River rolling by, white picket fences and white and green barns.

On his way down the looping driveway, Ali cannot resist some playful sparring. His hands stop shaking as he bobs and weaves and dances backwards. His condition seems irrelevant, or at least that is the point he wants to make. Could knock you out in 10 seconds. His middle looks soft until it is felt: like steel.

At the turn in the driveway he reaches the far garage and his beige on brown Rolls-Royce Corniche sedan. He slowly eases himself into the driver's seat, then struggles out and onto his feet again, and starts fishing in his pants for the keys. He pulls out a set, examines them, picks a key, settles back into the car, tries to insert it into the ignition. Doesn't fit. He starts over again, pulling more sets of keys out of his deep pocket. Two sets. Three sets. Four sets. Which is it? None fit.

He gets out again and walks to the rear of the car and points to the license: Virginia plates with a '93 sticker. "Haven't driven it in four years," he says. He leaves the garage and walks toward the fence, where a black Ford pickup is parked. The seat is too close to the steering wheel for him, and he has a difficult time squeezing in. It takes him a few minutes, but now he is there, behind the wheel, and he has a key that fits and the engine starts and he motions to climb in. As the truck reaches the front entrance, Ali stops, waiting for the electronic gate to open. His eyes close. He starts snoring. He can fall asleep any time of day, his doctors say, but he often only pretends to, and people around him can never be sure if he is dozing or duping.

Only a trick this time. The gate opens. The black pickup goes flying up the road, free and swaying. He always loved to speed. In

the old days he might take the wheel of the press bus at training camp and scare the daylights out of the boxing scribes. He is doing it again. What is going on here? No reason to fear. Muhammad Ali is heading out to see the world. He is hungry, and he knows what he wants: some love and affirmation and a quarter-pounder with mustard and onions at the local McDonald's.

The love is there the moment he pulls in the parking lot. Everyone wants an autograph, and he joyfully obliges. They call him champ and hero and pat his back and shake his hand and kiss him and smile at him and show him pictures and stare at him. They talk about how much he means to them. They say they will miss him if he moves, as he and Lonnie plan to do before the year is out, down to Louisville, his home town, where he is setting up a Muhammad Ali center. He smiles back with his eyes.

No need to feel sorry for the champ, he wants you to know. "My life is a party," he says softly, chewing his quarter-pounder.

"Every day. Imagine. Every day. Things are quiet here. Imagine how it must be when I go to New York. Harlem. Detroit. Philly. Walk into a gym. The streets. Look at me. Imagine what it's like."

After lunch, Ali returns to the farm and resumes a tour of the grounds. He comes to a barn and slides open the door and looks inside. There, in the dim darkness, is an extraordinary thing. Look up in the rafters. Trophies lining the hayloft beam, one bigger than the next. Gathering dust. And attached to the wall: a huge black-and-white blowup of the young Ali, gloved hands aloft in triumph, after one of his title matches with Frazier. He stares at his own image, the greatest of all time.

People often wonder about the past; how beautiful it would be if they realized the present. Ali turns and steps out of the barn. He slides the wooden door to the right. Is it closed? He notices an opening on the left. He slides it to the left. Now there is an opening on the right. He decides to leave it that way, a ray of light filtering in, and walks down the path to his home.