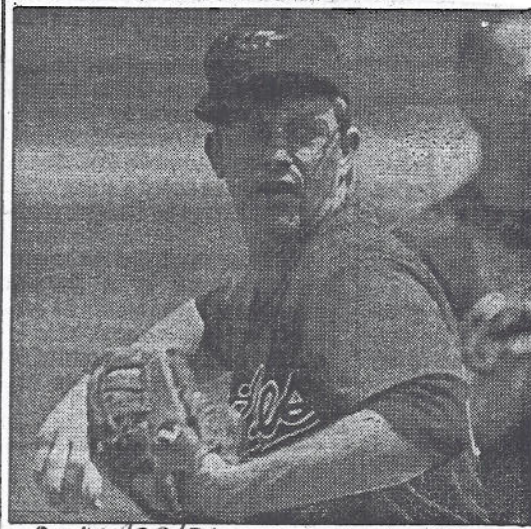


When asked to be interviewed on the radio broadcast of the Orioles game at which he was, among other things, taking batting practise. Kostner declined, saying he had to play golf with President Bush. The story appears to contradict him. The interviews also are often taped in advance. So, I wonder why Kostner would not be interviewed.



Post 7/29/91 ASSOCIATED PRESS
Kevin Costner, in the area filming a movie, takes some pregame infield with Orioles' Cal Ripken.

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MONDAY, JULY 29, 1991 B78

ORIOLES NOTEBOOK

Teams Seek Veterans for Stretch Drive

By Mark Maske
Washington Post Staff Writer

BALTIMORE, July 28—The deadline for making trades without players having to clear waivers is Wednesday, and the Baltimore Orioles may be sifting through offers for some of their more prominent veterans.

General Manager Roland Hemond said no deals necessarily are imminent, but he conceded that "everybody talks at this time of the year." Officials of other clubs say the Orioles may make a move.

The most attractive players appear to be outfielder Dwight Evans and relief pitchers Mike Flanagan and Mark Williamson.

Evans's proficiency as a pinch hitter has boosted his trade value. His single today made him six for 12 with a home run and six RBI this season.

The New York Mets apparently

like Flanagan and Williamson, and the Atlanta Braves and Minnesota Twins also have scouted Williamson. The Los Angeles Dodgers too are desperate for bullpen help.

It doesn't appear that any of those teams have made an alluring offer as yet, although the Mets reportedly would part with infielder Gregg Jefferies for pitching help. One Orioles official said today, however, that Baltimore doesn't expect to be able to acquire Jefferies.

Today's turnout of 48,341 brought the total for this weekend's series to 141,619, third-best for a three-game series in franchise history.

The Orioles are averaging 32,589 per home date—a pace that would give them a club-record 2.6 million. This would push all-time attendance figure at Memorial Stadium over 50 million.

Actor Kevin Costner took batting practice before the game from both sides of the plate. He hit one ball over the left field wall. That led Flanagan to quip: "Can he pitch? That's what we really need around here."

Canseco Fans Flamboyance, Takes Heat

CANSECO, From B1

pointing at the ground for the man heckling him most to step forward. (He didn't, and police led him outside.) Hardly an advertisement for Charm City, this scene.

(A woman was on her feet, yelling at Canseco and pointing at him. Usually, women in Baltimore are very hospitable and often call a fellow "hon." Ask a woman at a concession stand for a hamburger and she'll say, "What do you want on it, hon?" Recently, someone changed a "Welcome to Baltimore" sign on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway to "Welcome to Baltimore, hon." But the woman yelling appeared to be calling Canseco something else.)

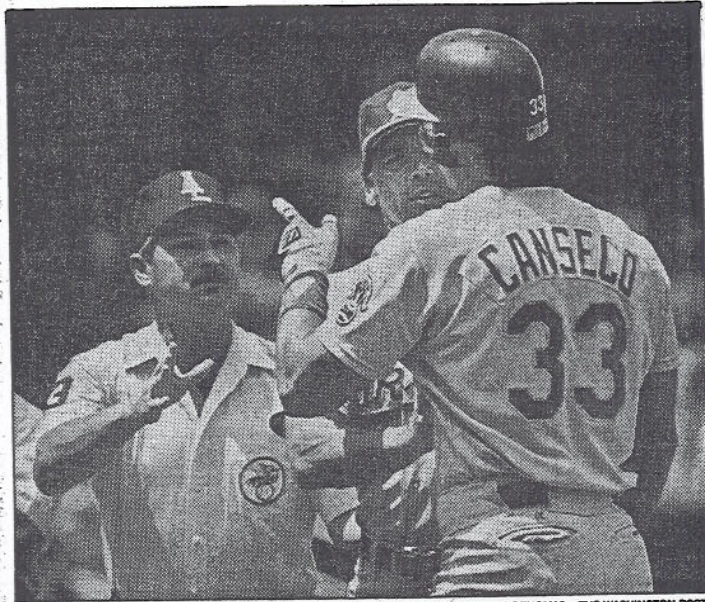
Canseco is the sum of all his adventures, but he probably could come and go from city to city in relative peace if it weren't for the way he goes about the game. He does nothing without a flourish. Even on a zero for five Saturday night.

But first, Friday night. Canseco turned on an inside pitch from Dave Johnson and the ball headed off toward Pennsylvania. In a hurry.

For even a finer example of well-muscled strength, Saturday night's checked swing was better. Trying not to hit the ball, Canseco sent it zinging into the last section of box seats in right field—the equivalent of a 270-foot bunt.

Then there was The Strikeout on Saturday night. Vintage Canseco. Badly fooled, he fanned. At that moment, tilted like Pisa's Leaning Tower, Canseco looked as if he might corkscrew himself into the dirt at home plate. Instead, the bat dropped from his hand and he staggered halfway to the fungo circle trying to regain his balance. That was a crowd-pleaser.

Nobody can miss Canseco. Before a



BY MARGARET THOMAS—THE WASHINGTON POST

Jose Canseco wants to talk to Ben McDonald after being hit by pitch.

third consecutive big crowd today, Ben McDonald plunked him in the first inning with a weak curveball to the neck. (If there was a message in that pitch, it's that McDonald needs work on his curve.)

As he trotted toward first base, Canseco shook his finger at Orioles catcher Chris Hoiles. Then Canseco glared at McDonald. Canseco began walking toward McDonald. The benches cleared, the bullpens cleared. But Canseco suddenly didn't seem to want to make real trouble, and was easily persuaded to back off.

The night before, he was a solitary brooding giant even though the Athletics won, 9-1—giving them 21 runs in two days against Baltimore pitching. ("A Season to Remember," eh?) Asked what had set off his ninth-inning exchange with the fan, Canseco reignited with profanities.

"Every time a player has a run-in with a fan, the guy's a celebrity. Put that in the newspaper."

Logic had no effect on Canseco's fiery machismo. You don't put names of people who behave that way in the newspaper, he was told.

Logic be damned.

"I still don't want to talk about it," he replied, angrily.

He continued his pout on the other side of the clubhouse.

La Russa said that usually Canseco ignores the taunts of fans. "If they call him a bum or something like that, that's okay," said La Russa. "But there's a line between that and something personal. The fan crossed the line."

Getting Canseco and the rest of the A's on the team bus required Baltimore police reinforcements. "Did you see that crowd out there?" said the lieutenant in charge.

The usual visiting team exit was closed, the Memorial Stadium lobby cleared. The A's then were escorted through the lobby and between rows of police to their bus. A mighty parting boo sent off Canseco, with cameras flashing—and people trying to look in through the bus windows for him.

There was one arrest. "Not bad for a crowd of 50,000," said the officer. "And that was a guy we escorted out earlier and he tried to get back in."

The paddy wagon rolled out behind the A's bus.

Today brought lots of sunshine and a whole new atmosphere—for a while.

When Canseco stepped off the bus in his pressed, tan suit and fabulous flowing black hair, an appreciative roar went up. The whole mood had changed, as if everybody had been to church and got religion.

In the dugout, a subdued Canseco told reporters that he knew it was best if he ignored everything he heard. "The more you show it, the more the fans attack you," he said.

He was only "human . . . imperfect."

He hears things "every day," he said, but what bothers him most is when an adult "uses" or "misleads" a child to rail against him.

Kevin Costner-watching helped lighten the mood.

Costner, filming this week in Washington, showed up to field some grounders with Cal Ripken Jr. Ripken and Costner stood side by side at shortstop. Cal Sr. had the honor of hitting the grounders. Costner caught all his grounders, just like Ripken, although every one had a nice bounce.

Costner chatted with Dwight Evans at the batting cage and, wearing

his glasses, hit some batting practice pitches. Good, fast pitches that the Orioles' new No. 25, batting right-handed, hit sharply all around. "I was lucky," he said, with a knockout grin.

Canseco missed the show; he was looking at tape of himself batting, searching for that level Costner stroke to blend with his far superior bat speed.

Voila. Sixth inning, there it went. As if he'd seen enough of McDonald's fastballs, and as a payback for the errant curve that hit him, Canseco delivered his 27th home run, a three-run shot—shot, that's what it was—against (but not through) the green wall to the right of the 360-foot marker in left. He'd tied the game, 3-3, in a blink, for which, when he went to right field for the bottom of the inning, he was applauded by fans.

Canseco had calmed himself after the 4-3 victory. "It was just a breaking ball that got away; and he settled down," La Russa said of McDonald's pitch and its victim.

"It wasn't intentional," Canseco added. And as far as him walking toward McDonald, a small joke: "I was just trying to get us motivated."

More seriously: "I said, 'Don't do it again,' and he dropped the 'f' word on me. I just wanted to tell him, the next time I'd have to come out there. You've got to protect yourself."

All of that took place with a backdrop of fans howling at him. Looking on the bright side, Canseco said: "A lot of fans were applauding and I was waving back. I focus myself on those fans who are more positive."

As for Saturday night: "Sometimes you've got to say, hey, that's enough. . . ."

Canseco's life is filled with tabloid headlines, raucous fans, a searing spotlight ("Thank you," he said to a TV cameraman who turned off the bright light shining in his face).

"It's the good and bad of being well known," said Canseco. "Everybody who is well known and makes that much money is put in that position." It was the price of fame.