

At the 2006 Winter Games, when Bode was going on all-night benders, the rest of the U.S. Ski Team did what they do best: collected hardware. These days Miller's on his own, reliable Rahlves is out to pasture, and the next generation of American skiers is rushing into the spotlight — and making these khaki suits for spring look good.

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THE ORIGINAL Steven Nyman Before he was picked for the 2002 Junior World Championships, where he won the slalom wearing "1990s stretch pants," Nyman had never been invited to a team camp. "They thought I was this stoner kid," says the 26-year-old. "But I'm a Mormon boy from Utah!" Point taken. Nyman, who grew up at Robert Redford's Sundance resort (his father ran the ski school, his mother was an instructor), used to mow the actor's lawn and skateboard down his driveway. These days, his team nickname is Planet Provo, because, he says, "I'm in my own world sometimes." His other nickname: the Albatross. At a lanky six-feet-four, with a technique that team coach Phil McNichol calls "loose and hectic," the downhill specialist can seem all over the place. But it works for him. Last season, in Val Gardena, Italy, Nyman won his first World Cup downhill, and this December he nabbed second place at Birds of Prey in Beaver Creek, Colorado — one of the toughest downhills.









THE MIRACLE MAN *Dane Spencer* Spencer's life can be divided into two parts: everything that came before Launch Pad and everything that came after. The Boise native, who was the number one skier for his age when he made the U.S. Ski Team at 16, spent some 10 years on the team, which included a 16th place in the GS at the 2002 Olympics. But when he flew wildly off that aptly named jump in February 2006, while competing in a Whitefish, Montana, downhill race, his world fell apart. Spencer crashed, breaking his C2 vertebra in four places, fracturing his pelvis, and blowing out a lung. He lost six and a half out of the eight units of blood in his body, and doctors estimated he had a 98 percent chance of dying or living as a quadriplegic. "I drew the short straw, and then I was real lucky," says Spencer, 31. After

spinal fusion surgery, a host of titanium plates and screws, a huge weight drop (from 198 pounds to 165), and just nine months of rehab, he was back on skis. "Mentally, I needed to know if I even wanted to do it anymore," he says. He did. "When you're on the slopes, there's such freedom. You have control of your destiny." This past October he returned to competition in a World Cup giant slalom in Sölden, Austria. "I was scared," he says. "I just wanted to get past that first time and start skiing for real. You can be content with 'just finishing' for only so long." Still Spencer, who used to rely on intensity more than technical skill, is taking things a bit more slowly. "I've skied all my life, so it's easy to get stuck in a box," he says. "This whole experience could be great for my performance. I just have to get past the fear."



