

My First Half-Century in the Iron Game

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A friend of mine used to say ... “I don’t mind doing business with a man who is a thief or a liar; so long as I know he is a thief or a liar.” Which statement, in my opinion, was very poor advice.

As outlined in earlier articles in this series, the usual reaction of supposed “experts” in my field when confronted with something that is new or different in their field, is a five-step process: ignore, ridicule, attack, copy, steal.

When I introduced the first Nautilus machines, in 1970, Universal was the largest company in the exercise-machine business; and, at first, they ignored us. But within a year or so they started trying to ridicule what we were doing; people started coming to me with reports of the stories being spread by Universal salesmen. We had introduced the first intelligently-designed exercise machines, and we clearly spelled out the requirements for variable resistance, for full-range resistance, for balanced resistance, for direct resistance, and a number of other essential requirements for proper exercise. But, according to Universal, none of these things mattered; were, in fact, dangerous, to be avoided; while their machines, of course, were perfect.

Still we survived, continued to grow; so Universal switched from ridicule to an outright attack. By 1973 they were telling people that I was a member of the Cleveland Mafia, that I was a heroin smuggler, a professional killer, and a long list of other such lies.

Following the Colorado Experiment (covered in an earlier article), we printed some advertising material showing the results of that research and took it to the National Weightlifting Contest and the Mr. America contest; and while we were watching the contest somebody stole all of our advertising material from the booth where we were exhibiting Nautilus machines. And since the annual National Trainer’s Convention was starting the next day in Atlanta, and since we planned an exhibit of Nautilus machines there, this meant that we had no advertising material to hand out in Atlanta.

Two days later, during the Atlanta convention, a trainer came to me and told me that some of the Universal people were handing out copies of our advertising material, and that they (Universal) had added accusations of fraud to this material. So I went to a place where I could see just what was actually happening at the Universal exhibit; and, sure enough, Ed Burke, national sales manager for Universal was giving trainers a copy of our advertising material. I followed a trainer who had been given this material, asked him to let me read it, and saw the accusations of fraud that had been added by Universal.

So I returned to the Universal exhibit and asked Ed Burke to give me a copy of the material he was handing out. He refused, saying it was “private” material intended only for Universal employees. Sure, like the trainer I saw him give one to.

So I told him ... “Ed, you are a liar, I saw you give a copy to a trainer, and I saw where you were keeping this material, under your table, so now you are going to give me a copy; and if not, then I am going to take one anyway, and the only way you can prevent me from taking one is by force; and I really hope you are dumb enough to try that, because I have never whipped a World Champion hammer thrower before, which will make you the first.”

Which I thought was a fair offer, since he was about twenty-five years younger than I was, was about six inches taller and forty pounds heavier. He believed me, and he gave me a copy of the material. But, later, he told people (including the F.B.I.) that I had a bunch of “goons” with me (a lie, I was there alone), and that I made threats that I would blow up his house, kill his wife and children, and that he feared for his life and the lives of his family.

A few weeks later, Harold Zinkin, the inventor of the early Universal machines, called me; ostensibly for the purpose of apologizing for Burke’s actions, but with a clear undertone that accused us of similar actions. So I told him ... “Harold, some people believe I am a genius, and some people believe I am crazy; but I have no opinion about either of those matters, after all, how can we judge our own sanity? But, as far as you are concerned, it will make no difference; we will put you out of business in either case. Ask yourself, Harold, does it matter to a bomb just who lit the fuse? The

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bomb will explode if it is set off by a genius or a lunatic. The things you are telling the public are not true, but our claims are true; and that truth will eventually set off a bomb that will put you out of business.”

And it did, two or three years later Universal was bankrupt. But in the meantime we had a lot of other problems with them; they continued to attack us, spread all sorts of ridiculous stories about both me and my products.

And still our business continued to grow, while their business continued to drop; so then they decided to copy us, and hired Gideon Ariel as their new “scientific expert.” Having knocked the need for variable resistance in exercise, which was introduced by me, they then introduced their own form of variable resistance, so-called “Dynamic Variable Resistance,” which was, of course, far superior to our variable resistance. Sure.

When I first saw their new machines I made a mistake; it did not appear to me at the time that their resistance actually varied; so I offered to bet both Gideon Ariel and Harold Zinkin that their resistance did not vary, that it remained constant. And they refused to bet; which was fortunate for me, because I was wrong in my initial impression, and if they had been willing to bet I would have lost.

But their refusal to accept my offered bet shows just how much real confidence they had in their new machine. None.

Later, when I performed careful tests with one of their new machines I found that the resistance did vary; but also found that it varied in the wrong direction; when resistance should have been getting heavier it actually became lighter, and vice versa so that rather than providing an improved exercise it actually made the exercise worse.

Having heard many of the vicious lies being spread by Universal, some of my distributors of Nautilus machines started demanding that I respond to these accusations; they believed I was doing nothing, since I had remained silent in the face of Universal’s accusations. But, in fact, I was doing something; every time somebody came to me with one of these stories being spread by Universal I got them to give me a sworn statement which provided proof of Universal’s actions and statements.

We did not seek out such witnesses, but took sworn statements from everybody who came to us with such stories. I was carefully gathering my evidence before taking action against Universal; I wanted to be in a position to prove their actions and statements. By 1974 I had enough evidence; sworn statements from coaches, doctors, officers at the Military Academy in West Point, military cadets, and a long list of other respectable witnesses.

Then I made my move.

In the November, 1974, issue of Athletic Journal I published an ad titled “Criminal Fraud, or Unbelievable Stupidity?” in which I clearly stated that Universal was guilty of one of the other factors mentioned in the title, and were probably guilty of both.

Frankly, I was somewhat surprised that the journal was willing to publish my ad; and then was surprised again by the fact that Universal published a somewhat similar attack on me in the same issue of that journal. Perhaps the editor felt that publishing only one such ad would be wrong, but that publishing both ads at the same time was all right.

Universal, of course, was outraged; it was perfectly all right for them to attack me, but was not acceptable for me to respond. So they sued me for libel. But of course, they were unaware of the evidence that I had against them.

Several months later, in California, we started conducting depositions; and the first person deposed was Ed Burke, Universal’s national sales manager, and he lied like hell, which is a Federal felony. If you lie in an affidavit you can later change your story, but you cannot later change your story as presented in a deposition; a deposition is considered to be the same as testimony sworn as a witness in court, and is thus subject to the laws on perjury. Perjury being a felony.

By the end of Burke’s deposition we had him firmly by the short hair; we could prove that he had perjured himself.

Burke’s deposition was taken on a Monday, and Harold Zinkin’s deposition was scheduled for two days later, on the following Wednesday; but Zinkin’s deposition was never taken, because by Wednesday their lawyers clearly understood that Universal had no case against us, and that we did have a case against them.

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Following Burke's deposition we worked all that night, all the next day, and all of the second night in order to be fully prepared for Zinkin's deposition; and we were prepared. On Wednesday morning I handed copies of several documents to Universal lawyers, copies of Burke's statements made during his deposition, together with copies of sworn statements from a number of people that clearly proved that Burke had lied during his deposition.

Having read these documents, Universal's lawyers were obviously in a state of shock; the respectability of our witnesses was such that their statements would certainly be accepted in court, which would send Burke to jail for perjury, and which would win our law suit against Universal.

So then I made a statement ... "Gentlemen, I intend to make a brief statement, and afterwards I am going to walk out of that door over there; and then I will remain in the hall outside of this room for three minutes, and then I will knock on the door. You will then have two choices: you can invite me to return to the room, or not, the choice is yours. But if you do not invite me to return, then be damned sure to watch the news on television tonight, and be sure to read the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal tomorrow. If you can prove Burke's statements, then you have nothing to worry about; but if not, then you are in deep trouble; we will put Universal out of business and will put Burke in jail for perjury. But, if you do invite me to return, be advised that by doing so you are agreeing in advance to settle this matter here and now, today; and also be advised that you are agreeing to such a settlement without knowing the terms of that settlement. In effect, you will agree to any terms that I suggest. Take it or leave it."

And I walked out; and three minutes later they invited me to return; and said ... "It will not be necessary to take Mr. Zinkin's deposition today; in fact it will never be necessary to take Mr. Zinkin's deposition. What are your terms?"

So then I made another mistake: I let them off the hook. I told them that I wanted nothing from them, did not want any of Universal's money, wanted only for their outrageous actions and statements to come to an abrupt halt.

Which suggestion, of course, they agreed to, in writing; their law suit was ended "with prejudice," meaning that it could never be filed again. They also agreed to refuse to support any law suits against me by Ed Burke or Gideon Ariel; and agreed that they, Universal, would be fully responsible for any of my future expenses that resulted from law suits by Burke or Ariel.

So what happened?

What would you expect? Their actions and statements did not stop ... "Same song, second verse, could be better but couldn't be worse."

Shortly afterwards I made a third mistake.

The annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine was held in New Orleans that year, and we were exhibiting a new line of Nautilus Neck Machines for the first time at that meeting. I was conducting research at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point, at that time, but I took a day off and flew down to New Orleans in order to see how things were going.

Since there had never been an exercise machine for the purpose of developing the strength of neck muscles, and because of the large number of neck injuries in sports, particularly in football, our new machines attracted an enormous amount of interested attention, and our exhibit was swamped with people. And, during the day, I noticed that Gideon Ariel walked by our exhibit several times; he was obviously interested in our new machines, but just as obviously was scared to approach our exhibit. Which I thought was very funny; so, eventually, as he was walking by for about the tenth time, I said to him ... "Stop being so ridiculous, Gideon, come over and have a look at our new machines; nobody will hurt you."

And he did; and then, afterwards, he wanted to have a long talk with me, and I agreed to such a talk. Then he told me that the law suit between Nautilus and Universal had been terribly damaging to him; and he denied the fact that he was one of the authors of a booklet that Universal had been handing out and mailing to customers, a booklet that was a savage attack on me, and a booklet that had his name on it as one of the authors.

Did I believe his denials?

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Hell no, I knew he was a liar; had far too much proof of his lies to have any doubts on the subject. I was simply curious about what he might have to say. But even talking to him was a mistake; because, prior to that talk he was scared to death, but after that talk he got over his fear, and that made him dangerous again.

Later that year, I wrote an article titled "The Future of Exercise, an Opinion," and published it in the Athletic Journal. That article was the first published mention of computerized exercise; we had then been working towards computerized machines for both testing and exercise purposes for a period of about four years, had already invested several million dollars and tens-of-thousands of man-hours of work in that project, and we then believed that we were very close to our goals. So I decided that it was time to mention this new development.

As it happened, I was wrong again; in fact, we were still far away from our goals; the first acceptable version of such a machine was not produced until ten years later. Every time we solved one problem we discovered even more problems; for a long time it appeared that our goals were simply impossible. We discovered thousands of things that did not work, which is knowledge of a sort, even if negative knowledge, but it took us fourteen years to solve all of the problems that we encountered along the way.

Since I had already submitted that article about computerized exercise to the journal, and knew that it would be published a couple of weeks later, thus becoming public knowledge, I decided to talk about computerized exercise at a health-club convention in October of 1975. Gideon Ariel was a passenger in our rented car when we went from the airport to the meeting, and during that trip I told him about our work on computerized exercise. Fully aware that he would hear about it a few hours later, and thus believing that telling him about it in advance would not hurt.

He became very excited, told me that he was a computer expert, told me that my ideas were certainly an act of genius, and also said that he would like to become involved in the project.

So then I made another mistake. I did not believe that Gideon could make any meaningful contributions to our work, did not need or want any supposed "help" from him; but I was foolish enough to believe that I could at least protect myself from him by signing him to a contract.

I strongly suspected, and rightly so as things turned out, that without such "protection" Gideon would try to steal credit for our work. So, a few weeks later, I wrote what is probably the most detailed contract in history; a contract that clearly stated just where and when Gideon first heard about computerized exercise, from me, and then went on to clearly spell out just what Gideon was permitted to do and what he could not do. In effect, under the terms of that contract he could not go to the bathroom without written permission from me in advance.

Under the terms of that contract, I agreed to pay Gideon a small weekly salary; not much, but some payment in order to assure the validity of the contract. At the time I considered it a good investment in "protection."

Much later, under oath in Federal court, Gideon perjured himself by stating that I held a gun to his head and forced him to sign that contract. Well, in fact, he signed that contract in the lobby of a busy hotel during broad daylight with hundreds of people walking by.

And, afterwards, I supposed, I followed him around and forced him to cash the weekly salary checks. Sure.

A month or so after the contract was signed, Dick Butkus and I flew up to Massachusetts in order to visit Gideon; he was supposed to meet us in the restaurant of the motel where we were staying, and eventually he showed up together with his live-in girlfriend, about two hours late for the scheduled meeting.

We were sitting around a table in the restaurant when he walked up; and the first thing he said was ... "There is more than one God." And handed me a typed, several-page-long document.

And I made another mistake: I assumed that the document was a copy of an article intended for publication. In fact, it was a patent application. Having read the document, which gave Gideon full credit for my ideas on the subject of computerized exercise and testing, I asked Gideon just why he had written the document, since that was in clear violation of the terms of our contract.

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At first he stammered and stuttered, and then said that he did not intend to publish the document. So I asked him ... "Then why did you write it? I don't write articles that I don't intend to publish, and I never heard of anybody that did."

So he said ... "It is not true, and you know it."

Although the facts were not all apparent at the time, what had happened was this: Gideon had intended to claim that the document was written a year earlier, in an effort to convince me that the things he had learned from me a few weeks earlier had already been discovered by him much earlier. In effect, he was going to try to steal credit for my work.

But, at the time, he lost his nerve, realized that his scam was not going to work, and tried to back down.

Well, as it happened, Gideon did not write that document; what happened was this: immediately after returning home after first learning about the idea of computerized exercise and testing machines from me, Gideon went to a computer expert named Jeff Zirco, presented my ideas to Zirco as if they were his, Gideon's, ideas, and asked Zirco to prepare a patent application for him. And it was the document that Zirco wrote which Gideon handed to me in the restaurant.

About two years later, Zirco visited me in Florida, and I told him about some of my problems with Gideon; told him about the document that Gideon handed me in the restaurant, then went to my files, pulled out the document and handed it to Zirco.

Whereupon Zirco said ... "Jesus Christ, Gideon didn't write this, I wrote this."

And, as it happened, we were able to prove just where and when it was written; because Zirco wrote that document on a typewriter owned by his sister, a typewriter that he had access to for a period of only a month while he was staying in her apartment. We later bought the typewriter from his sister, and the type matched the document perfectly. So we then had clear proof about where and when the document was written.

At about the same time I ran into Ed Burke again, at a convention in Florida, and learned some surprising things from him; according to Burke, Gideon was under an exclusive contract with Universal and was trying to develop some new machines for them. Having heard that from Burke, I offered to take him to the airport the next day; then, in the car on the way to the airport, I got Burke to repeat his earlier statements and recorded it on tape.

That night I called the new President of Universal, told him what Burke had said, and asked him if Gideon was under contract to Universal. And he told me that Universal had an exclusive contract with Gideon. So I told him that I also had an exclusive contract with Gideon, and that it appeared that we should get together in order to discuss the situation. He agreed, and I flew to California in one of my jets for such a meeting.

At the meeting, attended by only three people, the President of Universal, one of his assistants, and me, he asked me what I wanted to do. And I told him that I did not know what I wanted to do, that all I knew was a few things that I did not want to do. All of us agreed that nothing would be said to anybody until we had a chance to think about the situation and to decide what to do.

Nevertheless, somebody, either the President of Universal or his assistant, immediately called Gideon and told him the whole story, or part of the story at least. It turned out that the whole story was even worse than it first appeared to be: in fact, Gideon was under exclusive contract with three companies in the exercise business, and was negotiating (conspiring) with several of Universal's distributors in an attempt to form a new company to compete against them.

So I called Gideon and asked him to come to Florida; and he agreed to catch a plane later that day, but then called back to say that he could not get an airline reservation. So I told him to meet me at the Hartford airport about three hours later and I flew up to get him.

During the flight back to Florida I did not discuss anything of any importance with Gideon, did not refuse to do so but merely changed the subject when he tried to find out just what I knew.

The next day, in Florida, I took Gideon into a sound studio, sat him down and questioned him on tape for about six hours; at that point Gideon did not know just what I knew, was desperate to learn what I knew and what proof I had. He knew he was "caught" but did not know just how badly he was caught.

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A few days later, when I played those tapes for two agents from the F.B.I., one agent got up from his chair about halfway through the first hour of the taped conversation with Gideon, walked to a corner of the room, sat down on the floor and leaned back into the corner of the room. At the end of the first hour of the tapes, this agent said ... “Never before, in all of my years in law enforcement, have I ever heard anybody hang himself so completely with his own shoelaces.”

During the six hours of taped conversation, Gideon confessed to everything that I already suspected and told me in detail about many things that I had not previously suspected. He cried, he begged, he pleaded, everything just short of running into the bathroom and drowning himself in the toilet; and I am reasonably certain that he considered doing that.

Shortly afterwards it came to my attention that a doctor named Irving Dardik, who had just been appointed the Director of Sports Medicine by the United States Olympic Committee, was considering hiring Gideon for the Olympic Committee. And I felt it was my duty to make him aware of Gideon’s true character.

So Dardik and I spent most of an entire night listening to the taped confession by Gideon, and reading many supporting documents; at the end of which Dardik thanked me for making him aware of this information, telling me ... “You have prevented me from making a terrible mistake.”

In fact, I had just made another mistake: Dardik rushed home and told Gideon the whole story. He was not, as he said, “considering” hiring Gideon; instead, he had already entered into a conspiracy with Gideon and several other people in an attempt to use their connections with the Olympic Committee in order to steal credit for my work.

Somewhat later, the same evidence was presented to Colonel Miller, the Director of the Olympic Committee, and his reaction was much the same as Dardik’s, he was obviously scared to death because he was a part of the same conspiracy. He tried to buy me off by offering to purchase a number of Nautilus machines for the Olympic Committee; an offer I refused.

Then, in 1978, at the annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine, which was held that year in Washington, D.C., I was approached by Tom Pipes, the author of the faked research study that supposedly proved the superiority of isokinetic exercise, a study that in fact was never performed. Tom wanted to talk to me, so we went to a restaurant and talked for two or three hours; during which conversation I told him a lot about my experiences with Gideon, Dardik and Miller.

That conversation with Pipes occurred on a Thursday afternoon, and the next day, Friday, I was scheduled to fly back to Florida since that would be the last day of our exhibit. But the meeting itself was scheduled to continue until noon on Saturday, and the last presentation was supposed to be made by Gideon; according to Pipes, who was the Chairman of that final presentation, Gideon intended to introduce “his” computerized machines.

Then Pipes asked me if I would like to “respond” to Gideon’s presentation. In effect, would I be willing to stand up and put the lie to Gideon’s claims. Something that is supposedly encouraged during scientific presentations; there being a microphone located in the middle of the room for that express purpose.

So I told Pipes ... “Tom, you have made an offer, and having done so you cannot now withdraw that offer; but I cannot accept your offer unless you are willing to agree to certain conditions to be imposed by me. Your offer was made, I suppose, in good faith; but in fact you have no proof of any of my statements, and I cannot accept your offer under those circumstances. So my conditions are as follows: I will return to Florida today instead of tomorrow, will gather up all of my evidence, tapes, letters, contracts and hundreds of other documents, and will be back here sometime early tomorrow night. Then it will be necessary for you to spend most of the night carefully going over the evidence, reading the documents, listening to the tapes, all of which will require several hours of your time.”

And I then continued ... “After you have examined the evidence, I will ask you two questions. I will ask you if you are convinced beyond any shadow of a doubt that my charges against these people are true. And I will then ask you if you are convinced, based upon the evidence, that I can prove these charges in court. Then, if you are convinced in regard to both points, guilt and proof, I will respond to Gideon on Saturday; but if you are not convinced of both points, I will not respond.”

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He agreed, I went to Florida, rounded up my evidence, and returned to Washington on Friday night, Pipes then spent almost the entire night going over the evidence, which was perfectly clear, unambiguous, and left no doubt about guilt. He then told me he was convinced about both points, guilt and proof, and asked me to respond to Gideon later that day.

With me I had a lawyer, a writer from Sports Illustrated, Barry McDermott, and several other people, including several of the largest and strongest men in the world, Jim Flanagan, Dick Butkus, "Foots" Lee (nearly seven feet tall and lean at 290 pounds), the Center from the Tampa Bay Bucs football team, and a few others. Not knowing just what to expect we wanted to be prepared for literally "anything."

So, about Noon, immediately following the end of Gideon's utterly phony presentation, during which he gave himself full credit for years of my work, I stepped up to the respondent's microphone, asked Pipes if I had "the floor," and he said that I did.

Then I played a tape that we had prepared the night before; this being taped in advance so that I would be absolutely certain in regard to what was stated.

This pretaped statement clearly spelled out the facts, accused Gideon, Dardik and Miller of criminal conspiracy, industrial espionage, perjury, faked research and other Federal crimes; and added that I could not see how such people could be to the advantage of either the American College of Sports Medicine or the United States Olympic Committee.

As I was playing the tape into the microphone, Butkus stepped up alongside of me on one side while "Foots" Lee stepped up on my other side, and then my other inhouse "giants" stepped up alongside of them. I wanted it to be clearly understood that we were both willing and able to defend ourselves; and that point was communicated loudly and clearly.

This meeting was held on a Saturday, the next day was Sunday, and the following day, Monday, was a national holiday, and in the event that this meeting ended up in a riot I did not want that to be missed by the media. I did not want these people to be able to "sweep it under the rug." To hide it; I wanted the whole matter to come to the attention of the public.

So I told my people in advance ... "Do not raise your voice, and do not raise a hand, except in self defense; but if we are attacked then I want everybody in that room to end up in the emergency ward of some hospital; don't kill anybody, but you can certainly bend their suits."

During his presentation, Gideon had one of his stooges, a guy we call Doctor Dumb-dumb, on the stage for the purpose of demonstrating Gideon's machine, and this guy was sitting on a chair on the stage when I started to play the tape. He started to stand up, but then saw the people with me and stopped halfway between a sitting and standing position, then remained in a crouched position for several minutes; he didn't know just what the rules were, was literally afraid to move.

As you probably know, Dick Butkus is both a very big man and a very impressive man, but on that day he was far more impressive than usual; a few days earlier he got his slipper tangled up in the accelerator of his Corvette, the car ran away with him, flipped and ended up on a ditch full of water, upside down. If someone had not pulled him out he would have drowned because he was knocked unconscious.

So he had two very black eyes, had several patches of hair missing in places where surgical repairs were required, and had several freshly stitched up cuts on his face; he looked a lot like the Frankenstein monster must have looked before the surgery had healed. He did not look like somebody that you would be tempted to start a fight with.

So nobody attacked us; and afterwards, "Foot" Lee said ... "Damned, I wanted to hurt somebody." So did I, but I wanted to have a good excuse for doing so.

Some people need hurting. Or, as a friend of mine says ... "I don't care what the problem is, the solution is violence."

So, a few months later, Gideon and Dardik sued me for libel, and I countersued them, and then the case dragged on for several years. Gideon and Dardik were not about to pay a lawyer, so they had to find a lawyer who would take the case on a "contingency" basis.

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Both Gideon and Dardik are about as smart as a goat, but they are not stupid enough to hire a lawyer on an hourly basis, so they had to find a lawyer who would take the case “on the come,” who would be paid only if he won a case against me. But, in the end, that proved to be impossible; during the next several years, they retained several lawyers, but as soon as these lawyers saw the evidence they dropped the case. My charges were true, and the lawyers could clearly see this, so refused to continue to waste time on a case that was obviously lost in advance.

So, eventually, they dropped the case; settled the case “with prejudice,” meaning that the case can never be reopened.

And, ever since, Gideon has been telling anybody who will listen that I was forced to pay him millions of dollars in damages. Sure, Well, in fact, I did not pay him a cent. And I have the court documents to prove it.

I also have certified copies of Gideon’s sworn testimony in three court cases, two Federal cases and one State case, and he perjured himself in all three cases. Perjury that is easily proven by comparing his testimony in one case to his later testimony in another case. In one case he said that he had a PhD in computer science, and then in a later case he denied every having made that statement.

He also tells people that he invented Nautilus machines, claims to have invented variable resistance, and a long list of other lies. About two years ago, at a meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine, he told Scott Leggett and David Carpenter that I was forced to pay him millions of dollars in order to settle his law suit. And we have that claim recorded on tape. It is simply amazing what some people will say when they do not know that their statements are being recorded.

Is that legal?

Yes, under Federal law, you do not have to inform somebody that you are recording their conversation; all that is required is that at least one party is aware that the conversation is being recorded, and if you are a party involved in the conversation then that is all that is required.

Another party involved in the conversation was Frank Katch, who for a while was head of a department of the University of Massachusetts, and who is as big a liar as Gideon is. On the same tape he confirmed Gideon’s phony claim, stated that he had seen and counted the checks ... “But got tired counting and stopped after the total reached several million dollars.”

Sure.

Two years before he ever met me, Frank Katch wrote and signed a sworn statement to the effect that he and I had been close associates for several years, and that he was convinced by my statements to him that Gideon’s life was in peril; that I had made threats to him about my plans to kill Gideon.

Later yet, Katch came to Florid and tried to get me to give him money for research; which I declined to do. Then he started publishing articles in muscle magazines putting the knock on both me and my products.

I first met Katch at a meeting of the Chicago Health Clubs; he was seated at a table about ten feet in front of me, looking directly at me, in a brightly-lighted room, with no idea of just who I was, when he was approached by one of my employees, a man named David Liskin, who Katch had known for several years.

Katch looked at Liskin and said ... “David, what are you doing here?”

And David said ... “I’m here with Arthur Jones.”

And Katch said ... “Oh, where is my good friend Arthur? I want to see him.” Meantime looking directly at me with no idea of who I was.

David was somewhat embarrassed, but finally said ... “Well, actually, Frank, that is Arthur sitting directly in front of you.”

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Then Katch wanted to talk; but I told him that it was too noisy there and suggested that we meet in my room about twenty minutes later. Actually, I wanted time to prepare both witnesses and taping equipment so that I would have proof of just what was said.

I made my arrangements, Katch and his brother came to the room, and he started telling us all sorts of juicy gossip about Gideon; and finally said that he had been illegally taping conversations with Gideon for several years ... but midway through that final statement the expression on his face changed; having raised the subject of taping conversations himself, it suddenly occurred to him that we might be taping him, which we were. So, suddenly, had to leave.

The writer for Sports Illustrated, Barry McDermott, who came to the confrontation in Washington in 1978, then went back to Florida and spent several days going over my evidence; became convinced that somebody had been bugging my phones and went so far as to take my phones apart looking for hidden microphones.

There was no doubt in his mind about the facts, and he clearly understood that he had all of the proof required for exposing a major scandal in the Olympic Committee, and as he left he stated that he intended to expose this scandal.

Then, for several years, I heard nothing more from him. And when I finally did come into contact with him, years later, he told me that he did not continue with the story because he did not want to embarrass me. Sure. I will probably never know just what happened, but it is obvious that somebody either bought him off or scared him off.

Integrity in the media?

Don't be silly; most of the members of the media that I have ever known had about as much integrity as a typical lawyer. None. And about as much smarts as a retarded goat.

You cannot deal reasonably with thieves, liars, lawyers, members of the media, or most of the "experts," so don't waste your time trying. Unless you insist upon repeating many of my earlier mistakes.