

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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**“Until I met you, I thought I held the world record; I believed that I had made more mistakes, created more fuck ups, and been involved in more stupidity than anybody else who ever lived.”**

**John Peters**

John Peters was directly involved in almost continuous combat, all over the world, for nearly forty years, so he was fluent in several languages; but, in Africa, hundreds of different languages are spoken, and nobody understands all of them. In the Congo, a country that the mercenaries conquered under John’s command, the most common European language is French, and all of the natives speak it fluently, together with many different native languages. But John did not speak French, his vocabulary in that language was limited to only three words: yes, pineapple and gorilla, which inhibited his ability to communicate with the natives more than somewhat.

When I asked him how he got around that problem, he said . . . “When you pull up to the bank of the river, next to a village, get off of your boat looking like a pirate, walk into the village and fire a burst from your machinegun into the huts, they understand exactly what you mean.”

John was in command of the Nigerian army during the last part of the Biafran war, led an army to victory that had been losing the war before he took command. I had friends fighting on both sides during that war; Hank Warton supplied everything that was needed by the Ibos during the war, and Chuck Tellechea, who also fought at the Bay of Pigs fiasco, piloted one of the airplanes that carried supplies into Biafra, landing a big airplane, at night with no lights, on a very narrow dirt road hacked out of the jungle, with tall trees so close to the landing strip on both sides that there was barely enough clearance for the plane’s wings.

Then had to unload the airplane within a matter of a very few minutes and take off for a return, nonstop flight back to Lisbon, Portugal; and had to carry enough fuel to permit a round trip without refueling, which meant that the planes were always grossly overloaded when they left Lisbon for the trip south. Had to make a round trip of several thousand miles with nothing in the way of either maps or navigational aids, at night, hoping that they would not be spotted by Nigerian fighters.

Another pilot that I flew with in South America several years earlier stole an airliner from an airport, flew it to Lagos, Nigeria, and sold it to the Nigerian government, telling them that it was one of Hank Warton’s planes, which they were offering rewards for.

I almost got involved in the Biafran war after things fell apart in Rhodesia, because at that point I was almost dead broke and badly needed to make some money quickly; but the war was almost over by then so I came back to this country instead.

When we got to Miami, Florida, I had no slightest idea of what I was going to do next, and had very little in the way of choices; so we stayed with a friend of mine, Ralph Demers, for a few days, made one quick trip to Hollywood in an unsuccessful attempt to get a filming job there, went back to Miami to pick up my children and started to look for a place to settle; still believing that all of my equipment would be arriving from Africa in about two months by ship, but unable to do much until it did arrive.

Eliza Steffee had gone to school briefly at Stetson University, in DeLand, Florida, and her parents lived in Kissimmee, Florida, about sixty miles south of DeLand; so we rented one very large house in DeLand that I planned to convert to a film studio when my equipment arrived from Africa and another house in the village of Lake Helen, about eight miles away from DeLand. Inge followed us to this country, so there were then only six of us including my three children. I bought a used car for \$2,000.00 and paid deposits on both of the rented houses and was then down to only a few dollars in cash, with no source of income. A few months later I was able to sell one of my African films to ABC Television network, but practically had to give it to them in order to make the sale, got only \$50,000.00 for a film

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that would have cost them at least a million dollars to make; this was shown on network television, during prime time, in the fall of 1970, and was called 'Operation Elephant.' The ratings for that show, a one-hour 'special,' were very high, because it was a damned good film.

Howard Hughes, after he sold TWA Airlines, had so much money that he decided to buy one of the three big television networks, but was unable to do so; then decided to start his own network, and started looking for film producers who could supply the programs that he would need. He contacted me and wanted me to go to New York for a meeting with some of his people, in order to negotiate a contract for my services; but at the last minute something happened to change his plans, so the meeting was never held and I never heard from him again, although I was staying in the Acapulco Princess hotel in Mexico when he died there a few years later. He did not die on the plane enroute to Houston, as was reported at the time, he died in the hotel, but they removed his body and flew it back to this country as if he was still alive because getting bodies out of Mexico is very difficult to do.

I talked with him on the phone only twice, and never met him face to face, but did see him on the day that he flew the airplane that he called the Hercules and that other people called the Spruce Goose. But I knew a lot of people that did know him very well, and I know that most of the stories that have been printed about him are not true. He was nearly killed in an airplane crash in California shortly after the war, was dragged out of a burning fighter that he had designed and built by an enlisted man in the army; but had inhaled flames that almost destroyed his lungs.

The doctors all believed that he would die, so figured that they had nothing to lose by trying to treat him with a very dangerous drug that nobody knew much about; and the drug saved his life, but also destroyed his immune system, so that in a sense he was then the first victim of AIDS, the only difference being that he was not infectious. He should have lived out the rest of his life enclosed in a sterile environment, but refused to do so; but later stories about his living habits and avoidance of people failed to mention the fact that he had to do what he was doing just to stay alive. The doctors also gave him massive doses of morphine, because he was badly burned and in great pain; but doing so addicted him to morphine, a habit that he was never able to break.

He was, in my opinion, a Hell of a man, accomplished far more than he has been given credit for; one film that he produced, Hell's Angels, still ranks as one of the best films of all time. Another of his films, Scarface, supposedly about Al Capone, was probably the best gangster movie ever made, starred Paul Muni and Boris Karloff and gave George Raft his start in movies.

So what if he liked girls, fucked everybody in Hollywood between the ages of about thirteen and twenty? Didn't we all? Apart from the fact that he had a lot more money than I ever did, we had a lot in common, I even looked like him at one time, although he was a lot taller than I am, and quite a few people thought I was him.

In 1970, having called two men in Louisiana and told them to come to Florida immediately, because I wanted to investigate some rumors that I had been hearing, I first gave them the riot act for nearly twelve straight hours, then sent them into a motel room that we had bugged. I wanted to hear what they would say after I left.

On the tape you could hear the door opening, and could hear their steps as they entered the room, then one of them said . . . "The son of a bitch thinks he's Howard Hughes."

And the other guy said . . . "Damned, maybe he is."

I have been far stronger than average since the age of about ten, got interested in exercise, weightlifting and gymnastics, when I was twelve, and was powerfully built by the age of fourteen. I quickly learned that a barbell was by far the best tool available for exercise, that most other exercises then being used were utterly worthless; but I also learned that a barbell had certain limitations, had problems that I was aware of but did not understand. So I started modifying barbells in an attempt to improve them; in 1939 I welded hooks to a barbell so that I could add the weight of heavy chains to the weight of the barbell, chains that would thus vary the resistance as the barbell was lifted.

That first attempt was very crude, and did not provide what I was looking for, but it was a start. Nine years later, in 1948, I was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, being recruited by both sides in the ongoing Jewish/Arabian war; I wanted to fly Messerschmitt ME 109 fighters in combat, and having almost nothing in the way of political opinions at the time I would have been willing to fight on either side.

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While talking with recruiters from both sides of that war, I was training in the weight room of the YMCA, and I was then in very good condition, lean as a race horse, strong as an ox and nearly as big as a gorilla. All of the other men training there were very impressed by my size and strength, and one of these men, Percy Cunningham, asked me to teach him everything possible about proper exercise. Percy was in his early thirties so was a bit older than I was then, was a captain flying for American Airlines, was earning a very high salary for that time and place, had a new Cadillac convertible and more young, attractive stewardesses than he knew what to do with; to my personal knowledge he fucked fourteen of these girls within a period of only three days; in those days the captain got whatever he wanted, and the stewardesses clearly understood the rules.

So I helped Percy and he helped me, and we both nearly fucked ourselves to death. He was American Airlines' test pilot for the then brand new DC 6, the best airliner of its day, and still my favorite airplane nearly fifty years later. He took me along on a night test flight in one of their DC 6s, which was illegal as Hell. But Percy paid very little attention to rules. And I paid none.

Then, working together, Percy and I designed and built an exercise machine and installed it in the gym of the YMCA. This machine included several unique features that I designed in an attempt to improve barbell exercises, and they did provide some degree of improvement, but still were not good enough to satisfy me.

Twenty years later, then in Rhodesia, I still wasn't satisfied; in the meantime having designed and built literally dozens of other exercise machines all over the world. I built them in about a dozen states in this country, in two different countries in South America, in Singapore and later in Africa. No two were exactly alike, each model incorporated changes that I hoped would provide improvements.

I was still trying to solve problems that I did not yet understand, problems that nobody else seemed to be even aware of; but, then, I did not know something that I learned about twenty years later: in the 1850s, in Sweden, a doctor named Gustav Zander designed and built a very sophisticated line of exercise machines. He understood the problems that I was trying to solve, and provided practical solutions for many of these problems; some of his machines, built about 140 years ago, were as good as most of the exercise machines now on the market.

But I was unaware of the good doctor's much earlier discoveries, so had to solve the problems myself, and eventually I did. The first breakthrough came to me in the middle of the night, at 2:15 in the morning; I suddenly understood one of the problems, and believed that I knew the solution. So I called Graham Hall, carefully described exactly what I wanted him to build and told him to build it immediately and to bring it to my house by eight O'clock in the morning. And he did.

We added the new part to the machine that I already had, but it failed to work at I had expected it to; however, it failed in such a dramatic fashion that I immediately understood just what would be required to make it work properly. But doing so would have required a totally new machine, and I left Rhodesia before I had time to build one.

But, once settled in to a rented house in Lake Helen, Florida, I started building another machine, incorporating the ideas that I got from my experience with the machine in Rhodesia. And it worked like a charm. It had never entered my mind that a market for such machines might exist, I built these machines only for my personal use. I had no respect for most bodybuilders, then considered them to be the dumbest people on the planet, did not associate with them, did not read the bodybuilding magazines and usually trained by myself. Nobody that I ever met could stay up with me during a workout, and the ones that tried to ended up puking their guts out about ten minutes into the workout, because I trained at a literally brutal pace, a pace that would kill most people. And did kill one man, a guy who dropped dead in that YMCA gym while trying to exercise like I did.

The only bodybuilding magazine that I ever did read was one published by an old man named Perry Rader, in Nebraska; most of the things published in that magazine, which he called IRONMAN, were pure bullshit, but a few of the articles made some sense, while all of the other such magazines contained nothing apart from pure bullshit.

So, for lack of anything better to do at the time, I sat down in the dining room of my house and pounded out an article on my typewriter and then mailed it to the editor of IRONMAN; but I did not believe that it would ever be published, because I insulted practically everybody in the field of exercise, took many of their most cherished opinions

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and ripped them to shreds in such a simple manner that the article would probably have been perfectly clear to a cat. Knowing full well just how most people react when faced with the truth; particularly when the truth makes them look like the fools that they really are.

But, as usual, I was wrong; a few days later, the editor of the magazine tried to call me on the phone, did not reach me because I was away from home when he called, but he was so excited that he insisted that he had to speak with somebody there, and ended up talking with Inge. When I got back, she told me about the call, and mentioned how excited he was. So I called him back, and then one thing led to another, and I started writing more articles for his magazine, meanwhile expecting nothing apart from slings and arrows of outrage from readers.

And again I was wrong; because within a matter of a few weeks I was getting dozens of letters almost daily, then hundreds of letters, then thousands. Primarily letters from people anxious to purchase machines that did not exist outside my mind, machines I had not even started to design yet.

Then a man named Jack Feather called me from California and asked me if I was the inventor of the revolutionary exercise machines that he had been hearing about. And when I told him that I was, he said . . . “Ship me one of each, immediately.”

When I asked him if he was concerned about the price, he said . . . “It doesn’t matter; tell me how much they are and I will mail you a check tomorrow.” So I then decided that this must be some sort of a gag, and told him that I had to leave the phone for a couple of minutes but would be right back, and he said that he would wait.

Then I went over to the wastebasket and searched through the discarded papers that I had thrown into it, looking for a list of machines that I had written down a day or so earlier. Found what I was looking for, returned to the phone, and read him the names of the machines, together with the prices, machines that did not exist, prices that were simply SWAGS, or Scientific Wild Ass Guesses.

So he said, fine, the check will go out tomorrow. And it did, and it was as good as gold. So I suddenly found myself in the exercise machine business, totally by accident. I got Jack Feather’s check a long time before he got the machines, but he eventually did get them, and loved them; later gave me a standing order for two of each type of machine that I ever built, one to be air shipped to California and another to go by air to his home outside London, England.

A few weeks later he offered me \$500,000.00, up front, in cash, plus what extra sum might be required to start a magazine on the subject of exercise, and said that I would also be given half ownership of the magazine. I was certainly interested in the proposition; but when I suggested that I fly out to California to discuss it with him, he started being hesitant for the first time; by then I had talked with him on the phone for dozens of hours; he would sometimes call me and then talk nonstop for as much as eight hours. And I had discovered that he was by far the best educated person that I had ever talked to in my life up to that point. He seemed to know literally everything.

But he was also a crook; which is why he did not want me to come to California; because, at that time, he was on trial in the Federal courthouse charged with mail fraud, a Federal felony. He was afraid that if I went to California I would read about it in the newspapers there.

The criminal charges brought against him involved his sale of a so-called Sauna Belt, which supposedly removed body fat in a near miraculous manner. But he beat the rap, was acquitted; largely as a result of testimony from a scientist who he hired to perjure himself on his behalf.

I not only designed the machines but built them with my own hands, which was no problem because I had been building things since I was about five years old, built a functional machinegun when I was twelve, an airplane that would fly when I was fourteen, and somewhat later a submarine that did half of what I expected it to do, went down like a rock, but would not then come back up; is still sitting on the bottom of the lake where we tested it. Fortunately, the guy who took that first, and last, test ride was good at holding his breath, was strong enough to kick himself out of the submarine, and a good enough swimmer to get himself back to the surface of the lake. Me test it? No way, Jose, I ain’t that dumb.

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While waiting to pick up my children at the DeLand high school one afternoon I met a man named Larry Gilmore, who we later called Turkey; I could tell, by looking at him, that he was a weightlifter, and said something about it, something that he considered to be an insult. He said he was going to stuff me into the trunk of my car, but changed his mind when I asked him if he was bullet proof. I later conducted some research using the high school football team as research subjects, with very good results; Turkey heard about that and sought me out, started training with me and my oldest son and eventually we became close friends. He later went to Africa in my big jet when we picked up the elephants, and made another trip in a different big jet of mine to Australia.

At one time I owned three big jets, one designed only for hauling cargo, one in a normal airline configuration with seats for about 200 passengers and one that we modified so that it provided first class seats only and thus could haul only 132 passengers; I used the fanciest of these planes to haul doctors to medical seminars that I conducted in Merida, Yucatan, in cooperation with the School of Medicine of the University of Florida, Gainesville.

Having already gotten orders for quite a few machines in spite of the fact that I could not tell prospective customers when delivery would be made, or even what the machines looked like, I decided to build a machine for the purpose of displaying it at the annual Mr. America Contest and national Weightlifting Championship Meet that was going to be held in Los Angeles in the spring of 1970.

So I worked almost nonstop for several months, sleeping an average of less than two hours a night during that period; and Turkey worked with me, even though he was working full time for the telephone company at hard manual labor, digging holes, climbing poles and stringing wire. He would arrive at the shop I had rented in Lake Helen about five every afternoon, then work until about three in the morning, go home to sleep for a few hours, get up early and go back to his regular job. But on weekends he worked nonstop from five on Friday afternoon until about three on Monday morning, with no sleep and with very little to eat. And I was paying him nothing for all of this work.

Inge painted the machine and Eliza made all of the required upholstered parts for it. And it was finally ready only three days before we needed it to be on display in California. And I had no way to get it to California.

When I told Turkey about my transportation problem he told me that I could use his car, a large Cadillac, to haul the machine in; and when I pointed out the fact that the machine was far too big to fit inside the car he then said that we could cut the top off his car with a burning torch and then load the machine with most of it sticking up into the air above the car.

But I didn't want to destroy his car, so declined his offer. One of the local banks had been stupid enough to mail me a credit card, unsolicited by me; but it had a credit limit of only \$300.00 and I had already exceeded that. So using that card at night, so that they could not call the bank to check my credit, I rented a car and a trailer, put the machine in the trailer and pulled the trailer with the car. Then we drove straight through to Los Angeles, stopping only for fuel or food; Inge and I took turns driving, while she drove I would sleep in the back seat, and vice versa. All three of my children went with us, but Eliza stayed in Lake Helen in an attempt to fight off my creditors.

When we left Lake Helen I had only six dollars in cash, and the already overextended credit card. So we had to make only small purchases enroute to California, keeping the sums charged to the card low enough that they would not provoke a call to the bank.

The machine that we exhibited in California created a sensation, and one guy tried to buy it from me, an offer that I refused because I realized that the machine still had a few problems. I also met an eighteen-year-old boy named Casey Viator who had the potential for literally enormous muscular size, and I knew that if I trained him that he would win the annual Mr. America Contest in 1971; so he returned to Florida with us, and I started training him. And, a year later, he won the Mr. America Contest in the most spectacular fashion in history, before or since.

He won six of the seven possible awards, Mr. America, Most Muscular Man in America, best arms, best back, best chest and best legs. The only thing he did not win was best abdominals, and he should have won that; but I guess the judges decided that they had to give at least one award to somebody else and so gave it to another young man that I trained.

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Casey was about six inches shorter than Arnold Schwarzenegger but weighed almost as much, and was far more massive than Arnold. Had much better arms and legs, and was leaner than Arnold. Arnold and his longtime friend Franco Columbu visited us in Lake Helen in November of 1970, and sitting in the living room of my house Arnold told some terrible stories about Joe Weider and Joe's wife Betty, while working for Weider.

Arnold was a homosexual prostitute, a drug user and drug pusher and made no bones about it at the time; so, later, when he tried to get me to hire him I turned him down. He had one of the best physiques in history, but his ethics left a good deal to be desired. About a year ago he told a friend of mine, Joe Cirulli, that he did not know me, had never met me. Well, maybe he has lost his memory, because I have literally hundreds of pictures of him that Inge took in my house, my gym and my yard.

Just before he left he offered to write an endorsement for my machines, and I typed it as he dictated it; but when I asked him how to spell his last name he gave me five different versions, all of them wrong. Finally Franco had to tell him how to spell his own name. Franco's English was pitiful at the time so he spoke Italian to me and I spoke Spanish to him and we got along fine. Arnold's English was far from fluent and he had a terrible accent but we were able to communicate by speaking a combination of several languages and always had Inge to fall back on since she is a native-born German.

My older sister, Jean, loaned me \$2,500.00 and that helped us to survive during a very low period; but by November of 1970 things were starting to look better and some money was coming in. The first Nautilus exercise machines were picked up by a customer on November 30, 1970, and after that we were off and running.

Fourteen years later, Forbes magazine listed me among the four-hundred wealthiest people in America, with an estimated net worth of \$125,000,000.00. Which was their estimate, not mine, I have always refused to discuss my net worth with anybody.

But my problems and battles were far from over, I was the new cat on the block in the exercise business and all of my competitors except one immediately set out to destroy me. They spread malicious rumors about me all over the country; according to them I was a member of the Mafia, a drug smuggler, a professional killer and a long list of other things. One of my later associates was the son of a man who at one time was the head of the Mafia in this country, but the son had no such associations, although he at least knew many members of the Mafia.

Randy Agnew, the son of Vice-president Agnew, lived with us for a while, and his father, Spiro (or Ted, as he liked to be called) visited me for a few days after he was forced to resign. G. Gordon Liddy was, and is, a good friend of mine. Liddy and Jack Martin, an F.B.I. agent who was a close friend, went with me on several long trips in one of my smaller jets, and Liddy made one trip in one of my big jets. I also made it possible for Liddy to fly a fifty-year-old German transport plane owned by a friend of mine.

Robin Moore, the author of the book 'The Green Berets,' and several other books, went to Rhodesia about the time that I left there and opened an unofficial American Consulate in order to help the Americans who were fighting there on the side of Ian Smith's government, then later wrote a book about it called 'The Crippled Eagles,' which he asked me to proof read for him since I knew many of the people and all of the places mentioned in the book. I found only two minor mistakes, but told him that he would never be able to get it published; and, as far as I know, it never was published; it was a very good book, but was not 'politically correct.'

I continued to write articles in every issue of IRONMAN for several years, and later published hundreds of articles in other magazines, most of them in the Athletic Journal and a few in another journal called the Scholastic Coach. Eventually wrote and published four books on the subjects of exercise, physical rehabilitation and specific testing of human functional ability.

As of the moment, June of 1994, I have been continuously involved in large-scale medical research for more than twenty-two years, in cooperation with several medical schools in four states, Florida, California, Colorado and New York, and recently provided training for eleven physical therapists and two medical doctors from Holland who will conduct research with our equipment in Europe, funded by the Dutch government. My investment in medical research now exceeds \$90,000,000.00 and so far I have never received a cent in return.

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As an appropriate close for this chapter, I am going to add a rather brief editorial that I published in one of the 'Muscle Magazines' more than twenty years ago, "The Beginning or The End."

### THE BEGINNING or THE END

By: Arthur Jones

(Originally published as a Guest Editorial in the May, 1972, issue of Iron Man magazine.)

Voting for politicians that tell you what you want to hear has all but destroyed civilization . . . giving in to outrage in the hope of avoiding trouble has all but destroyed freedom . . . and looking for the "easy" road to success in bodybuilding has all but destroyed the actually great potential value of weight-training. Which perpetuates the politicians, pleases the perpetrators of outrages, and pads the pockets of a pack of predators in the field of bodybuilding.

And now I am going to set all of this right, right?

Sorry, I'm afraid not. In my carefully considered opinion, I don't think things can be set to rights. I think we are very near the end of civilization . . . or the beginning of a new, never-ending dark age. Some few people are aware of the problems, and even see the obvious solutions; but far too many other people have been led much too far down the primrose path of false promises. Which, quite frankly, to me, is amusing . . . I think most people deserve just what they are getting, and are about to get; and believe me, they will get it . . . in the neck. For me, as an individual, my time is almost gone . . . and I do not regret its passing; a hundred years from now, no living person will remember me, and few, if any, living people will even be aware that I ever existed . . . a thousand years from now, it is highly unlikely that there will be many, if any, living people to remember anything, least of all the name of an obscure individual in the then distant past, or the fact that such a concept as "freedom" ever existed. Which, in a way, is unfortunate . . . since it just might be that I represent the last example of an actually "free" man remaining on this planet. There are, of course, millions of people who call themselves "free" simply because they have chosen to shirk their responsibilities . . . little realizing, or caring, that this freedom had been purchased by the tightening of the bonds of others. But having accepted and met my responsibilities as best I can . . . and no man can do more . . . I can be, and am, free in an actual sense. Freedom must be purchased, and I have paid my dues . . . freedom must be fought for and defended, and I will carry the scars of my battles to my grave . . . freedom must be sacrificed in return for security, and I have refused to pay that price.

The six decades during which I have lived have been, in many ways, perhaps the most interesting period in history . . . this being true primarily because transportation had advanced to a point where it was possible for me to roam the world without spending most of my life "enroute," but not to the point where the interesting features of the world had been destroyed by the influx of tourists. But that era is all but finished, another ten or fifteen years . . . at the outside, twenty . . . will finish both my life and any few remaining opportunities for real freedom; so I will have lived during a fortunate period in the history of mankind.

The above being true, as it is, do you then think that I really care what happens afterwards? . . . Or that I am much worried about what happens during my few remaining years? My parents are long dead, most of my real friends are either dead or so near death that their passing will surprise neither themselves nor me, the big herds of elephants are gone from the Africa that I once knew. "Big Brother" is coming . . . and has already arrived in many places . . . and, quite frankly, my days of wishful thinking are far behind me.

But, if that is also true (as it is), then why do I bother with attempts to get a few points of simple logic across to a very small group of people? . . . Who, for the most part, have been so brainwashed by commercial interests that they don't even want to hear the truth . . . and why do I care what such people think anyway? Many readers, of course, will readily answer that question to their own satisfaction with no slightest hesitation . . . "in an effort to serve my own commercial interests."

Hogwash. During the last year alone I have turned down three filming propositions that would have earned me more money than I can possibly make from my interests in the weightlifting field during the entire remainder of my life. "Then," some readers may think, "I am already so wealthy that I don't care about money . . . and am, perhaps, only



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interested in amusing myself?” Hogwash, again. Think what you like, believe what you will, the simple truth of the matter is that I enjoy work . . . people like me have recently been diagnosed as “workaholics,” as good a label, I suppose, as any, and a far more polite one than some that have been hurled at me.

During the last thirty years, most of the worthwhile characteristics of civilization, no small part of the Earth itself, and practically all of the benefits of progressive exercise have been so perverted that almost nothing of value remains; the problems are known, but are ignored . . . the answers are available, but are denied . . . primarily, it seems, because far too many people are interested only in avoiding controversy or are unwilling to face up to difficult solutions.

In the fields of greatest importance to most people, politics, sociology and the environmental sciences, I can do nothing to help anybody, not even myself, and I am fully convinced that the people who might be able to do something in these areas, won't, in fact, do anything of any slightest value to anybody, not even themselves . . . instead, they will hesitate, procrastinate, pass the buck, form committees, investigate, occasionally release ambiguous reports of absolutely no value, stall, lie, shirk their responsibilities, and blame others for their own mistakes. At this stage in the history of mankind, if you even hope for anything different from politicians or the people in charge of the scientific community, then you are a fool, purely and simply.

The wolves of politics and science cannot be avoided . . . eventually they will pull us all down, and themselves with us; but dodging in and out around the feet of the wolves are the jackals of commercial interest . . . and you can avoid them. But, human nature being what it is, most people won't avoid them . . . instead, most people will continue to look for “easy” solutions, thus making themselves prey for the jackals.

My sphere of possible influence is thus limited in several ways; by the very nature of my present work, I am limited to a possible audience of people interested in weight-training, actually a very small part of humanity . . . secondly, because I hold out no hope of “easy” solutions to difficult problems, many weight trainees will turn away from my words in search of some “secret to instant, effortless success” . . . and thirdly, many trainees who realize that no “easy” solutions exist may still be left in doubt because they fail to understand the actually simple physical laws that I have been writing about for the last two years in Iron Man. My potential audience is thus limited to some few thousand weight-trainees who do at least understand the basic physics involved . . . and it is for these few that my articles are intended; if I attempt to write articles of interest to even the average trainee, then my selection of subjects and my treatments of these subjects would be limited in the extreme . . . limited to hogwash, the same hogwash that has been printed a thousand times, the type of hogwash of no value to anybody, hogwash that generally isn't even true.

So if you are interested in hogwash, then read somebody else's articles . . . my articles are intended for men, men who want to hear the truth and are not afraid to face up to hard solutions to their problems, and if you think my articles are hogwash, then put your money where your mouth is. I have been known to make wagers for money, and I will back any of my statements with my cash, or my life. I used to think that most people were unjustifiably biased against bodybuilders as a class . . . but I now realize that the actual state of affairs in bodybuilding circles today is far worse than most people even suspect; which is a crying shame, because progressive weight-training could be, and SHOULD be, of great value to almost everybody, and might be if it were not for the antics and outrages of many of the very people who should be doing everything in their power to promote weight-training.

“And now I will change all of that, right?”

Wrong. The very most I can even hope to do is to try to reach a tiny minority of humanity . . . and even if I can reach them, the most I can then hope to do is to guide their thinking into a logical direction.

“...And God Laughs”