

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“Prophesy again, oh toothless one; bring forth more words of wisdom.”

Roy Hurst, as he farted.

The large quantity of gas that is frequently produced in the lower intestines of humans, and animals, is highly flammable; if you lit a match close to the ass of a large elephant just as it farted, the resulting explosion would send bright blue flames out about twenty feet behind the animal and would probably burn you to death. Graham Hall once set fire to one of his farts in a dark room and the resulting flames lit the whole place up as brightly as the sun could have done. My son Gary and Dieter Plage, the German cameraman, both started laughing so hard that they ended up vomiting up their latest meal.

I planned for years to film the explosion produced by setting fire to a fart, and wanted to use such a scene in a feature film; but never got around to doing so. Most people apparently do not realize that such a thing is even possible, but it is and is usually quite dramatic. I have produced at least my fair share of big farts, but never set fire to one of them; was always afraid to, was afraid my guts might explode, and it is at least possible that it could happen. Don't much like the current condition of my guts, but don't believe that blowing them up would improve things much.

Scientists have been debating the pros and cons on the subject of spontaneous combustion of human beings for many years; some believe that it happens, and a vast amount of evidence has been accumulated which indicates that it may happen rather frequently, but other scientists try to ridicule the very suggestion that it is even possible. I have no real opinion on the subject, since I have no evidence pointing in either direction; but I have sometimes wondered just what would happen if some preacher in the midst of a tirade declared that he hoped that God would strike him dead if his words were not true, and if he then instantly exploded in front of his audience. Talk about an audience response: that would really get their attention.

In that same direction I once planned to heave a large bucket of human shit into the back of a wind machine, a huge fan capable of producing a gale, and thereby spraying it into the faces of a large audience of scientists; I tended to believe that doing so would get their attention. But I did plan to sterilize the shit in advance and have it delivered to me by armed guards who could testify afterwards that it was sterile and thus did not provide an actual threat to anybody. I did not want to hurt the audience, just wanted to create a memorable experience for them.

It was a hell of a good idea, but unfortunately I never got around to putting that plan into action. But that would have been outrageous, wouldn't it? No, the audience was outrageous; and while I did not believe that such a stunt would teach them anything, primarily because they were all too stupid to ever learn anything, it might at least have given them a fairly clear idea about my opinion of them.

During the course of an utterly phony but supposedly scientific talk given by Gideon Ariel, he first told the audience about the dangers involved in jogging, mentioned that jogging produced as much as three Gs of impact force and was thus dangerous; and when he said that there was a lot of interest shown by the members of the audience, much whispering back and forth and the taking of written notes.

Then, less than twenty minutes later, he told the same audience that performing so-called jump squats, jumping off of a high table onto a concrete floor with a 300 pound barbell across the back of your neck was perfectly safe and was a very productive form of exercise. And it certainly is productive, produces broken necks, broken legs, ruined knees and destroyed lower backs; because the G forces are then something on the order of 50 Gs; yet not a single member of the audience jumped up and screamed . . . “Now, just a fucking minute, Dr. Ariel, if three Gs is dangerous then how in the Hell can 50 Gs be safe?” Instead they made more written notes.

I was there, I heard the statements, and saw the audience reactions; then could not avoid the conclusion that both the speaker and every member of his audience were insane. Or, at the very least, totally stupid.

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That occurred about twenty-four years ago, and my subsequent experience with most members of the scientific community, with thousands of them, has done nothing in the way of improving that initial impression; if anything has made my opinion of them even worse. But recently I have become a bit confused on the subject: do not know just which group is actually the most stupid, the scientists or the physical therapists. Very few from either group appear to be capable of learning, or understanding, anything; but almost invariably have no problem believing things that are simply insane.

During the course of another scientific meeting where Gideon was scheduled to speak, he showed me a copy of a supposedly scientific article that he had written, a paper outlining the same subjects that would be discussed in his scheduled speech; I read it very carefully, and having done so I then pointed out several obvious mistakes that had led him to a false conclusion.

I have seen nothing to indicate that Gideon ever had an original idea in his life, but he is not utterly stupid; when things are carefully explained to him he usually appears to understand what he has been told.

So, after I pointed out the mistakes in his paper, he changed it, reversed his earlier conclusion. Which surprised at least one member of his audience; who stood up following Gideon's talk and said . . . "Well, I don't know what to say; what you just heard was not the paper that was submitted to me for a review. In fact, the conclusions were exactly opposite to those in the article he sent me."

That man had been sent a copy of Gideon's paper several weeks earlier, so that he could study it carefully and prepare a response to be given just after Gideon finished his presentation.

During another scientific meeting where we were exhibiting Nautilus equipment and several of our competitors also had exhibits, Gideon offered to bet Dan Baldwin five-hundred dollars that changing the position of the resistance pad on a leg-extension exercise machine would also change the torque that a subject could produce; and moving the pad from one position to another in relation to the knee axis will change the force that is imposed on the pad, but will not change the torque. So I told Gideon not to bet Dan, that if he did he would lose the bet.

Then I carefully explained the simple laws of basic physics that were involved, physical laws that Gideon apparently had not been previously aware of, but that he could understand when they were explained to him. Having heard my explanation, he said . . . "But if that's true, and I can see now that it is true, that means that your machines, Nautilus machines, are the same for everybody."

And I said . . . "I've been trying to tell you that for years, Gideon."

When I first saw one of the exercise machines that Gideon designed for Universal, a machine which incorporated what they called Dynamic Variable Resistance, I did not believe that the resistance varied; it initially appeared to me that the resistance remained constant throughout a full range of movement. But I was wrong, it did vary; but varied in the wrong direction, became heavier when it should have been lighter, and vice versa.

I saw that machine in the lobby of a hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, where they had it on display during a convention for coaches; and we took the machine apart in order to study it carefully during the middle of the night. But while we were looking at their machine Gideon came walking in together with the two owners of the Universal company; and they were somewhat upset by what they caught us doing, but not upset enough to say or do anything that might be insulting. Apparently they didn't want us to kick their asses all over the lobby, which we would have been more than happy to do.

So I asked Gideon if the machine provided variable resistance, and he said that it did. Then I asked him how much the resistance varied, and he said it increased by more than one-hundred percent from the starting position to the finishing position of the movement. So then I said, with a look on my face that obviously indicated that I did not believe him . . . "Now, Gideon?"

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He stammered a bit and then said . . . “Well, this machine varies by about eighty percent.”

Then, when he saw that I did not believe that statement either, he said . . . “Well, this particular machine varies by forty percent.”

So I then said . . . “So which is it, Gideon, a hundred percent, eighty percent or forty percent? Make up your mind, it can't be all three. Personally I don't believe it varies at all, I think your resistance is the same in every position; and I will bet you a half a million dollars of my money against a used doughnut of your's that your machine does not vary the resistance, not even slightly.”

But they refused to bet; apparently they had very little confidence in their own claims. Which was very fortunate for me, because I would have lost that bet if they had been willing to accept my offer. Later they sent one of their machines to an independent testing company and then learned that it did provide variable resistance, but by then I was also aware of my earlier mistake, so no bet was ever made.

Gideon also claimed to be a computer expert, which he was not; in some of his published advertisements he stated that he had a Ph.D. in Computer Science, and made the same claim on the witness stand under oath while testifying as a witness during a trial in a case of alleged patent infringement, where he was called as a supposed expert witness.

Then, later, when he was on trial in a criminal case, being tried because he threatened the life of one of his previous college professors, a frail old man about half his size and twice his age, he denied that he had ever claimed to have a degree in computer science. Denied it while looking at a full-page advertisement of his that had been published in a national journal, an advertisement that clearly stated that he had such a degree. When the prosecutor handed him a copy of the advertisement, he said . . . “What advertisement?”

And the prosecutor said . . . “That one, the one you are holding in your hand.”

I have certified copies of Gideon's sworn testimony that was given in three different trials, two criminal cases and one civil law suit, and he perjured himself in all three cases; perjury that is clearly proven by comparing what he said in one trial to what he said in the other two cases. He was not even a good liar, could not keep his stories straight; appeared to say the first thing that occurred to him, then usually tried to change his story shortly afterwards.

He said he was an orphan; which surprised his mother when my investigators interviewed her in Israel. He claimed to have been a paratrooper in the Israeli army, which surprised them since they had never heard of him. He also claimed to have degrees from several universities in this country that had no records indicating that he had ever even applied for admission to these schools.

He was, he said, the first person to use motion-picture films for the purpose of trying to measure human functional ability, and then made all sorts of utterly stupid claims about the value of such tests. In fact, he learned what little he knew on that subject from one of his professors, a man named Stanley Plagenhof who was himself a borderline idiot, a man who also made many stupid claims.

I used films for that purpose at least twenty years before Gideon ever came to this country, but quickly realized that such tests are worthless for their intended purposes; are worthless because they are based upon marks made on the skin of a subject being tested; but your skin stretches as you move so changes in the positions of such marks tell you nothing about the actual changes in the positions of the related body parts that are occurring.

Providing meaningful tests of human functional ability, strength, ranges of movement and muscular endurance was a lot harder than any of the supposed experts believed it was; the result being that many such tests are still being used by medical professionals and scientists that are worse than worthless, worse because they are misleading. And some of these worthless testing procedures are dangerous as Hell.

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Yet, once accepted by scientists, a myth is all but impossible to remove from their minds; very few such people can ever bring themselves to admit that their earlier opinions were wrong. One current result of this being the fact that everything now being taught by schools for physical therapists is pure bullshit, worthless at best and dangerous at worst. But you would be hard pressed to find an equally arrogant group of people; most of them are convinced that they know everything, while knowing nothing.

Chiropractors may be even worse, since the basic theory upon which their treatments are based is simply stupid, utterly insane; a so-called subluxation, the displacement of spinal joints, which they claim to move into a proper position by manipulation, is an outright myth. You would find it all but impossible to change the position of spinal segments with anything less violent than a hard blow with a sledge hammer; and you would not like the results if you tried that.

My neck was broken many years ago when I was badly mauled by an adult African lion, and I now have a very limited range of neck movement as a result, and frequently have neck pain even forty years after the original injury. But, a few years ago, a chiropractor who visited me in Florida told me that he would sure like to work on my neck. And I told him I would not let him touch my neck for a million dollars.

About two minutes before he made that comment to me, he had another man down on the floor while he was violently twisting and jerking on his head in an attempt to remove neck pain. So then the chiropractor said . . . “Oh, I would not touch your neck until I had seen a series of X-rays.”

So then I asked him . . . “You mean X-rays like those you made of Alvin just before you started jerking his head around, right?” He had not, of course, made any X-rays of Alvin. If he had done the same thing to my neck it would have killed me.

Surgery performed for the purpose of relieving lower-back pain is sometimes required, but is now being used much too frequently in this country, is very expensive and in general does not produce very good results; it is almost certain that more people are hurt by such surgery than are helped. At the moment, such surgery is being performed in this country at a rate that is four times as high as it is in England, and the outcome results are very similar, generally poor.

If you go to a doctor in this country today, complaining about lower-back pain, the first thing he will probably tell you is that surgery is required in only about three percent of such cases; but if it turns out that you can afford such surgery, at a total cost of about \$30,000.00, then it will usually turn out that your case falls within that three percent of all cases that do require surgery. Which, in my opinion, is nothing short of murder for money; because some victims of such surgical malpractice are going to die as a result of it, and the fact that the surgeon does not know which patients will die is utterly irrelevant, because he does know that at least some of them will.

Which, to me, is almost equal to shooting at random into a crowded theater in order to test your ammunition. But there are, at least, a few exceptions; I know quite a large number of board certified surgeons who simply quit performing spinal surgery, gave up in disgust after having spent a large part of their life getting the training required to perform such surgery. But these are the exceptions, not the rule.

When so-called protruding spinal disks were first noticed, in the 1930s, it was assumed that the solution to spinal pain had been discovered; all that was required, they believed, was the surgical removal of part of the disc, and that would stop the pain.

But later it was discovered that nearly half of the adult people in this country have protruding discs, and yet most have no spinal pain. Nevertheless, about 400,000 surgical procedures are conducted in this country every year in order to correct this supposed problem, at a total cost running into the billions of dollars. Far more such surgery is performed in this country than on the entire rest of the planet.

Surgery has saved my life, several times, and I have saved the lives of several people by performing emergency surgery when no medical assistance was available, so I am not opposed to surgery, but I am opposed to the overuse of surgery that is now so common in this country.

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I still read several thousand scientific articles every year, usually at least ten or twelve every day, and have done so for many years; but have reached a point where I now do so more in the way of looking for something amusing rather than hoping to learn something of value. Most of them, damned near all of them, are utterly stupid. I have managed to find only two such articles, from among tens-of-thousands of them, that were even true.

Having read most of these articles, you then seldom have any idea of just what the author was trying to say; most of their statements are simply qualified to death; they may say up and then give you fifty examples of why it should have been down. Apparently these people are afraid to make anything approaching a clear statement about anything; perhaps are afraid that they may end up being proven wrong. Most of them cannot even write a simple sentence, usually cannot spell worth a damn, cannot punctuate properly and cannot understand very simply arithmetic.

So the current situation in the field of medicine is certainly badly fucked up, but if the government ever gets control of healthcare in this country you will quickly see a situation that will make our present problems look like blessings. Count on it.