

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“Werner von Braun? Well, at the moment he’s studying Chinese; he doesn’t care where the bombs come down.”

Anon.

The Russians launched the first Earth satellite, Sputnik . . . and, of course, everybody in Washington immediately went into a panic; then started pissing money away on a scale that nobody had previously believed was even possible. And it wasn’t possible, which is what got us into the condition we’re in now; so far in debt that we will never be able to restore a rational economy. If you now believe that you have already lived through some hard times, just wait until you see what is coming in the way of an encore.

I started becoming concerned when the famous Kraut scientist, Dr. von Braun, who gave Hitler the V-2 rockets and other goodies that he needed to destroy London with, started building his latest toys practically in my lap. I kept expecting a guy with a Russian accent to come around and offer to paint the roof of my house free, with a big X on it; because I was surrounded by von Braun’s projects.

On one side of where I was living, in Slidell, Louisiana, they reopened a long abandoned war production plant that was built during the Second World War and started building huge rockets there; on another side of me they built an enormous computer center that was needed to provide them with the solutions to many of their problems; on a third side they started digging the largest hole in history, then filled it with millions of tons of concrete to provide an anchor for testing the most powerful engines ever built.

And, since von Braun did not like mosquitoes, the U. S. Airforce started spraying a large part of two states, Louisiana and Mississippi, with DDT, which was already prohibited everywhere else in the world, in an attempt to get rid of all of the mosquitoes. The result? What would you expect? They killed practically everything in the area except the mosquitoes; the places they sprayed will probably remain a wet desert for the next million years, inhabited only by mosquitoes.

Years earlier, shortly after the war, the U. S. government sprayed almost every house or other building in Latin America with DDT in a well intentioned attempt to control insects that probably killed more people than it did insects. You can still see the letters DDT and a number painted on many of the houses that were sprayed there.

The Agent Orange sprayed on southeast Asia was not the first use of chemical warfare that our government has been involved with, and probably won’t be the last. “Trust me, I’m from the government; I’m here to help you.” Sure.

Having then been producing films for several years, I knew everybody in the film industry in that part of the country, and quite a few people in both Hollywood and New York; did not know all of the starlets, but did know a lot of them. I knew who was competent and who was not. So when von Braun got started I knew exactly what he was doing, and how badly it was all fucked up.

NASA wanted to make a filmed record of everything they did, in great detail; so in that direction they started off by hiring anybody and everybody who even claimed to have experience in the film industry; but since all of the worthwhile people were already employed, all they could find were the deadbeats, drunks, dopers, and utterly incompetent fools. So they hired all of them, and paid them about four times as much as anybody else in the industry was earning.

There are several ways that you can make a copy of an original 16mm color film: you can make a black and white negative copy for four cents a foot; or a black and white positive copy for twice as much, eight cents a foot; or a color copy for twelve cents a foot. But, of course, none of these were good enough for von Braun. He insisted upon using an optical printer in order to produce a so-called optical master print, at a cost of eighty-four cents a foot. But nobody in that part of the country even had an optical printer; nor could you then buy one, you had to lease them at a very high rate.

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So when von Braun asked Pan American Films, in New Orleans, to submit a bid for making millions of feet of optical master prints of NASA films, they asked me to help them work out all of the costs that would be involved; and I did, and they then submitted their bid at the lowest price that would provide at least some profit. But they did not get the job; instead, the job was given to a different company in another state.

So when he learned who got the job, and since he knew the people who owned the other film company, Milton LeBlanc phoned and asked them which model of an optical printer they planned to lease for the NASA job. And was told . . . “Oh, we are not going to waste any money leasing an optical printer; we will just shoot it through the base, and they will never know the difference. That way we can save more than seventy cents a foot on millions of feet of film.”

And they did, and NASA did not know the difference; although they should have; because, instead of getting the best film prints possible, they got the worst prints possible, all of which were out of focus because of the way they were made.

But Pan American Films did get the job of processing all of the original color film used by NASA, millions of feet of it; most of which film had no image on it, showed only empty sky. When Milton asked one of the NASA cameramen why they were filming an empty sky, he said . . . “Well, we have to use up all of the film called for on our budget; if we don’t use it they might reduce our budget next year. So near the end of our fiscal year we just aim all of our cameras up into the air and then shoot all of the film that we have left.”

And every foot of that utterly wasted film was then duplicated seven times at a cost of more than eighty cents a foot for millions of feet of film. They were wasting money by the ton; and I seriously doubt that anybody else ever even bothered to look at any of that film. But I did, and there was nothing on it.

I was then keeping my airplanes on the Picayune, Mississippi, airport, and von Braun used that as his local base, flew in and out of there very frequently. So I saw him several times, but never talked to him.

I also saw his then new, very young, and very attractive wife; who was about a third of his age, if that. Perhaps that’s why he died at a relatively young age. I later learned just what girls like that can, and usually will, do to you.

Shortly afterwards, about the time they launched the first of von Braun’s moon rockets, a man named Perrine invented a machine that was supposed to provide an improved form of exercise; but which machine, instead, took a very bad form of exercise and made it far worse. Which did not stop the Lumex Corporation from buying the patent rights to the machine; and they put it on the market as a so-called Cybex Machine, utilizing what they called an Isokinetic form of resistance for the exercise.

Since then Isokinetics has literally become a religion; and like all other religions it is based upon pure bullshit. Such machines are capable of doing something less than nothing, and do that in a very dangerous manner. Are widely believed to provide the best possible treatment for an injured knee; but in fact are about as helpful as hitting yourself on an already injured knee with a sledge hammer.

Which was worse than outright fraud when these machines were first introduced; but, later, they stepped across the line into the area of criminal malpractice when they started using such machines on people with spinal injuries.

In one of their advertisements a few years ago, Lumex claimed that more than 700 scientific research programs had already been performed using Cybex machines for testing purposes or for exercise; thereby proving, they said, the validity of their machines. Well, in fact, the only thing they actually proved was the utter stupidity of the people who conducted all of that research. Who, but an idiot, would conduct research using a tool that provides none of the basic requirements for performing any of its intended functions?

More than twenty years ago I published several articles in national journals that clearly spelled out the many problems with such machines; explained and illustrated these problems in such a simple manner that an average goat should have been able to understand the problems. And probably could; but apparently the average scientist is not as smart as a goat.

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Shortly after my articles on that subject were published, a medical journal published an article authored by Tom Pipes and Jack Wilmore; an article that supposedly reported the results of research conducted by the two authors which clearly proved that Isokinetics provided the best possible form of exercise; far superior to anything else, they claimed.

Well, in fact, that supposed research was never conducted; the article was an outright fraud. Years later, when that article was finally exposed as a fraud, one of its authors, Jack Wilmore, suddenly remembered that he had been out of the state at the time the research was supposed to have occurred. Well, if so, then why was his name on it as one of the authors?

Yet that phony article is still quoted as proof of the superiority of Isokinetic testing and exercise, is still accepted as fact by hundreds of thousands of medical professionals all over the world; but, far worse, the procedures provided by such machines are being used to treat millions of injured people, to no good purpose.

When I started Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries, Inc., in 1970, we initially had only two competitors, a company called Universal Athletic Sales and the Marcy Company, a company operated by a man named Walter Marcyan that I first met in 1947. He was a gentleman and never attempted to attack us in any way; but the people running the other company were not gentlemen, they were liars and thieves. Somewhat later, Cybex also started competing with us; at first selling only their utterly worthless and dangerous Isokinetic machines, but later selling machines that were very poor copies of my Nautilus machines. Now, in 1994, there are more than fifty companies selling poor copies of machines that I invented twenty-four years ago.

When you try to market a copy of something invented by somebody else, you are almost forced to change it; because, otherwise, just how can you claim that your product is better than the original one if it is identical? But if the original machine is designed properly, and if you change it, then it will be wrong; so such copies are never as good as the original machines were.

When I first pointed out the requirement for a variable form of resistance for exercise, Universal tried to ridicule my statements while Cybex claimed that they were already providing the best form of variable resistance. But when Universal started losing sales to Nautilus they hired a man named Gideon Ariel, a Ph.D. from Israel who was then going to school at the University of Massachusetts, but who claimed falsely to be a professor there. He then became the scientific advisor for Universal, and was the inventor of what they called Dynamic Variable Resistance exercise machines. Which, of course, according to their claims, were far superior to Nautilus machines.

At first they said that variable resistance was not required, that it was not natural, that it was bad and dangerous; then a bit later they not only admitted that variable resistance was a requirement for proper exercise but also claimed to have invented the best source of variable resistance.

In fact, they fucked it up: varied the resistance in the wrong direction; when the resistance should have been getting heavier, as you moved into a stronger position and thus needed more resistance, their resistance went down rather than up, and vice versa. More than twenty years later they are still selling the utterly bassakwards machines. Whatever I invented they tried to copy, but always copied my machines incorrectly; made them worse, not better.

Gideon Ariel, in company with a man named Ed Burke, the National Sales Manager for Universal, told the commanding general at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, that I was a member of the Mafia, a heroin smuggler, a professional killer, and a long list of similar things. But these stories backfired on them; the general was so intrigued by their stories that he decided he wanted to meet me, then invited me to speak at West Point.

Which I did, and while I was speaking for about two hours the general sat in the first row of seats, listening very carefully to what I had to say; he was obviously already late for another appointment, because a junior officer tried repeatedly to get his attention while pointing at his watch, but the general just ignored him.

Then, after my talk, the general invited me to come to West Point for the purpose of conducting research, using military cadets as research subjects; said that the Army would cooperate with me in every way possible, and they did. When the people running Universal heard about that, they insisted that they should be permitted to conduct similar

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research at West Point, using their equipment; but they were told that they would not be permitted to use any of the West Point facilities.

Then somebody from Universal told a West Point officer that they were coming anyway, with or without permission; said that since West Point was a public institution, and since I could use it, they also had a right to use it. But they were told not to come; were told . . . “Mr. Jones was invited here, but you were not; and if you come anyway then we will throw you out on your ass, and we are certainly capable of doing just that.” So Universal did not go to West Point; but I did.

The results of our research at West Point were so outstanding that they sent shock waves throughout the scientific community; most scientists simply refused to believe that our results were even possible. Results that were determined and evaluated on a basis of tests that were not conducted by me or any of my people; we conducted the research, trained the cadet subjects, but the results that were produced were measured by other people who had no relationship of any kind with me, people I did not even know. The before and after testing was done by outside experts picked by the staff of West Point, and the published reports of that research were written by Dr. James Peterson, who was a captain in the Army and was on the West Point teaching staff in the Department of Physical Education.

But nearly a year before we conducted that research at West Point, having already had more than enough of the bullshit being put out by Universal people, I published a six-page advertisement in the form of an article in the Athletic Journal, and called it ‘Criminal Fraud, or Unbelievable Stupidity?’ I said that if Universal believed their own claims then they were unbelievably stupid, because their claims tried to deny simple laws of basic physics; but if, instead, they did not believe their claims then they were guilty of criminal fraud. I named names and spelled everything out in very simple terms.

Which outraged the people at Universal, of course; but it was perfectly all right, according to them, for them to publish a long and totally false tirade against me in the same issue of that journal. Alright for them but not alright for me. So then they tried to sue me; but I was more than prepared for that, had been gathering evidence for more than a year, literally had them by the balls.

When we took a deposition from Ed Burke, Universal’s sales manager, he perjured himself, which was a Federal felony; and three days later we proved that to Universal’s own lawyers, which left them in a state of outright shock. After Universal’s lawyers had compared Burke’s statements to documents that proved his perjury, I told them . . . “In about a minute I am going to walk out of that door over there, and will close the door behind me. Then I am going to wait outside this room for exactly three minutes; and then I am going to knock on the door. Then you will have a choice; either invite me to come back in or do not invite me to return, but you decide what you want to do. But if you do not invite me back then be damned sure you watch the news on television tonight, and read the headlines in the newspapers tomorrow. Because I am going to get Ed Burke’s ass thrown into Federal prison; and I am going to put Universal out of business; and I am going to take every penny they earn for the rest of their lives.

“But if, on the other hand, you do invite me to return, then you will do so with the clear understanding that we are going to settle this matter here and now, today. And we are going to settle it in accord with any terms that I demand; but you will not know just what those terms are until after you have already agreed, in writing, to accept them. Take it or leave it, I don’t really care; I think Burke belongs in jail.”

And I walked out; then waited three minutes and knocked on the door. And they said . . . “Yes, yes, Mr. Jones, come in, come in, please come in.”

Then I made a terrible mistake: instead of yanking their balls out by the roots, which I could have done, I let them off the hook. Told them I wanted nothing from Universal; simply wanted all of their previous bullshit to come to an instant stop. So, there and then, the Universal lawyers typed and signed a very clear agreement; dropped their law suit with prejudice, which means it can never be filed again under any circumstances; agreed that they would not support anybody associated with Universal in the event that any of them tried to sue me individually or collectively, and that they would hold me harmless from any effects from such law suits.

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Later, Gideon Ariel told people that I was forced to pay him millions of dollars because I had been convicted of having libeled him; we have a sound tape of him making that statement to two of my associates, and I have other tapes of Gideon where he admits everything just short of killing Abraham Lincoln. Tapes that he says he was not aware that I was recording; which is irrelevant, because such a tape is legal in a Federal case so long as even one person is aware of the taping, and I certainly knew about it.

An FBI agent, having just heard the first hour of the tapes of Gideon that I recorded, then said . . . “Never before, in all of my years in law enforcement, have I ever heard anybody hang themselves so completely with their own shoe laces.”

Having had his legs chopped off at the knees when his law suit backfired on him, Gideon afterwards avoided me like the plague; but while the research was ongoing at West Point, in the spring of 1975, I made a quick trip to New Orleans to see the Nautilus exhibit at an annual scientific convention being held there by the American College of Sports Medicine. We were showing our then new machines for the muscles of the neck for the first time in public; machines that we were using in the research at West Point. Machines that were unique, and greatly in demand because of the frequency of neck injuries in several sports, particularly football. Nearly a hundred percent of the people who play football end up with at least some kind of a neck injury, and a few are killed by such injuries every year. Gideon, being clearly aware of the value of my new neck machines, and being at the convention in New Orleans, walked past our exhibit repeatedly; obviously wanting to see the neck machines, but also obviously being afraid to approach me. I should have left things as they were; but, instead, made another bad mistake.

I had no desire to hurt Gideon, but he didn't know that, and was scared to death of me, would not even make eye contact with me; nor did I even hate him yet, that came later, I just wanted him to stop telling lies about me. So, rather than being disturbed by Gideon's actions, I was amused; and finally, as he was walking by our exhibit for about the tenth time, I stepped up to him and said . . . “Look, Gideon, nobody is going to hurt you, and I can see that you are interested in our neck machines; so come over to the exhibit and look at them for yourself.” And he did.

Then, later, he wanted to talk; so then I made an even bigger mistake, I agreed to talk to him. But doing so removed his fears of me, and that made him dangerous again. I should have known that removing such fears, once they have been established in the mind of an enemy, is always a mistake. If they are afraid of you then they won't attempt to fuck with you, even if they believe that doing so is to their advantage; they would rather keep their life than to try to steal your money.

Would I have killed Gideon? Then, no; but now, yes, with no slightest hesitation if I could manage to get him into a situation where I could legally kill him, in self defense for example. Which situation will never arise, because now Gideon is afraid of me again. If I had ever wanted him dead, Gideon would have been dead years ago; John Peters would have killed him that night in the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York if I hadn't stopped him from doing so.

I never killed anybody unless I was forced to, and did not always do so even then; my mistake was always one of killing too few people rather than too many. Very few people who ever lived have come in contact with as much violence as I have, but I always tried to avoid it rather than trying to create it; which, in itself, sometimes produces a result that is exactly opposite to the intended result. If you appear to be afraid, or hesitant, some people will then be encouraged in the direction of instigating violence. The people who initiate most violent occurrences are almost always cowards themselves, and will usually back down if you show no fear, but will be encouraged if they believe that they detect signs of fear on your part. As I said in an earlier chapter, the sheep always recognize a tiger when they meet one. But they can also recognize the odor of fear, and if you have such an odor you cannot conceal it.

Do I intend to imply that I have never been afraid? No, I have been scared almost shitless many times; but never by a person. I saved Joyce's life in South Africa when a rhino charged her, by pushing her aside and confronting the rhino with my bare hands; and that scared me, but I did it without hesitation, and my lack of hesitation caused the rhino to back off. He was then as much afraid of me as I was of him.

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I am even irritated by the motto than one trailer leasing company uses . . . Adventures In Moving. As Percy Cunningham once remarked . . . “When you look out the window and see an engine burning off of the wing, you have had all of the fucking adventures in moving that you want, and maybe more than you can survive.” So don’t look for adventure, it will probably find you, and you may not like it if it does find you. I seldom did.

Having talked with Gideon at rather great length, I then got one of the worst ideas of my life: I decided to sign him up to an exclusive contract with Nautilus, believing that doing so would protect me from any of his later attempts to steal credit for my inventions. I did not want any help from him, clearly understood that he was not capable of providing anything in the way of help; I also knew that he was a liar and that he had faked some research, and had tried to take credit for the work of several other people apart from me. In fact, according to him, Gideon had invented or discovered just about everything from sex to fire; but the machine he did invent for Universal was a firm step backwards and he never discovered anything in his life.

So I typed up a contract with Gideon that was probably the most demanding contract in history: it clearly spelled out the details of all of my inventions, and stated that Gideon first learned anything about my inventions from me, and where and when he learned about them, and who the witnesses were who were there when he first learned about my inventions; then went on to say exactly what he could do, and could not do, in the future. In effect, he was practically required to get my written permission in advance before he could even take a shit. He read it carefully, having watched as I typed it, then signed it on every page; signed it in front of several witnesses who also signed it. The contract provided for a small salary to be paid weekly by Nautilus to Gideon, and the terms of the contract extended to the end of time, forever.

He signed that contract in the lobby of a large hotel in Ohio, with at least a hundred people in the room at the time; but, later, on the witness stand in Federal court, he said that I held a gun to his head and forced him to sign the contract. Sure. Then, I suppose, I followed him around for months and forced him to cash all of the weekly pay checks that I later sent him.

But rather than slowing Gideon down, that contract, if anything, speeded him up; because as soon as he got home he went to see a computer expert, Jeff Zirco, presented my ideas to this other man as his, Gideon’s, ideas and asked him to prepare a patent application for him; he intended to apply for a patent on my ideas.

About two weeks after he signed that contract, Dick Butkus and I flew up to see him in Massachusetts, called him on the phone and arranged a meeting in the restaurant of a motel where we were staying. When Gideon arrived, with his live-in girlfriend, Ann, arriving about two hours late as usual, he walked up to our table with a smirk on his face, handed me a document, and said . . . “There is more than one God.”

The document he handed me was the patent application that the computer expert, Jeff Zirco, had prepared for him; but I assumed that it was an article that Gideon had written and intended to publish, an article giving him full credit for all of my inventions, in great detail, with no mention of me. When I read it I almost went through the ceiling.

I told Gideon that the article was in direct violation of our contract, that it was a lie from beginning to end, and demanded to know why he had written it. So then he tried to back down, said . . . “But I did not publish it; I gave it to you. I did not intend to publish it.”

Whereupon I said . . . “Then why did you write it, Gideon? I don’t write articles that I don’t intend to publish; I never heard of anybody who did.”

He had intended to attempt to convince me that my ideas were not new to him, that he had actually made the discoveries revealed to him by me a year earlier than I told him about them. But he backed away from that, started apologizing and desperately seeking some seemingly rational explanation for the article.

About a year later, when I first met Jeff Zirco, when he visited me in Florida, I told him about that stunt that Gideon tried to pull in the restaurant; then I got up, walked over to my desk, picked up the document that Gideon had handed me and gave it to Zirco to read. But when he saw it he said . . . “Jesus Christ, Gideon didn’t write that, I wrote that for him; he wanted to apply for a patent. That wasn’t intended to be an article, it was a patent application. I wrote

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that on my sister's typewriter while I was staying in her apartment for a short time while she was out of town on a vacation; which was the only time or place I ever used her typewriter, so I can prove beyond any shadow of a doubt just when and where that was written. He did not even bother to retype it; I can see some of the mistakes that her typewriter always makes, and we can get that typewriter from her, and a comparison of its type to this document will prove that it was typed on her machine." And we did get her typewriter.

Somewhat later I learned from Ed Burke, the Universal sales manager, that Gideon also had an exclusive employment contract with them as well as with me, was then trying to develop new machines for them. Eventually I discovered that he had exclusive contracts with three different competing companies in the same field, exercise; and that he was in the act of conspiring with some of Universal's distributors to form yet another company. He had been busy as Hell.

So then I had him by the balls, or so I believed; so I called him on the phone and told him to come to Florida immediately by commercial airline, and he agreed to come. But called back later to say that no flights were available that day; so I told him to meet me at the Hartford airport, that I would pick him up there in a small jet of mine, and told him to get there on time for a change. And he did get there on time for once; and we started for Florida, but had a flat tire when we landed for fuel in Savannah, Georgia, so had to spend the first night in a motel there since I could not get a new tire until the following morning. I refused to discuss anything with him either in the airplane or in the motel; told him I wanted to talk to him privately, not in front of anybody else, He was as nervous as a whore in church, knew that he was caught, but did not know just how badly he was caught; was desperate to find out just what I knew about.

About noon the next day I sat him down in a sound studio and taped our conversation for nearly seven hours, with a professional tape machine capable of producing theatrical quality sound recordings; the tapes are crystal clear in spite of Gideon's rather strong accent.

On those tapes Gideon confessed to everything that I even suspected, as well as several things that I had not suspected. He cried, he begged, told me that he had told Ann, his girlfriend, that he knew that I was going to catch him, and that when I did catch him I would feel that he had betrayed me, and admitted that he had.

The best way to get people to tell you the truth while they are confessing is to pretend a lack of interest; if they say something of interest, try to change the subject as if you have no interest in what they are saying; then, almost invariably, they will insist on telling you about it in great detail; whereas, if you show interest, then they will change the subject. Following that long taped conversation, I sent Gideon back home on the airline; told him that we were through, done, finito, and that he would be well advised not to try fucking with me any more.

Then, a couple of weeks later, I heard that a Jewish doctor from New York, Dr. Irving Dardic, had been appointed to the USOC, the United States Olympic Committee, and that he was trying to get Gideon on to the same committee. Secondly, I also learned that Dardic planned to visit me a few days later, that he had discovered something of great value that he wanted to tell me about.

What he told me was that he and I were going to share the Nobel Prize in medicine that year; because, he said, he had discovered that diabetes could be cured by training with Nautilus machines, that insulin was no longer going to be required. Which statement convinced me that he was crazy. Immediately afterwards I told all of my employees that they were never to use the word diabetes again, that if they even mentioned it I would fire them; I did not want my name to ever be associated with any such stupid claim. While exercise sometimes does appear to help people with diabetes it damned sure won't cure it.

But I spent one entire night telling Dardic about Gideon's true history and character, let him listen to a total of more than ten hours of taped conversations with Gideon and some other men, let him read a large number of letters and documents that clearly proved my allegations about Gideon. Having heard and read everything, Dardic thanked me in an apparently sincere manner; told me that I had helped him avoid a grave error, that he certainly would not ever associate with Gideon again.

Then went straight home and told Gideon all about it; he had already been able to get Gideon an appointment to the USOC, and was already conspiring with Gideon and several others to try to steal credit for my developments, and

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intended to use their connections with the USOC to do so, believing that the USOC would give them credibility with the scientific community. A very wealthy, and very crooked, man who was also on the USOC, William Simon, who was then Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, was also involved with them in this conspiracy. Later, when retired FBI agents then working for me followed Simon's car, ran it off the road and served him with a subpoena, he agreed to provide us with more than 700 documents that clearly spelled out the details of the conspiracy if in return we would drop his name out of either civil or criminal legal proceedings; I agreed to that and he provided us with the promised documents.

Colonel Don Miller, the Director of the USOC, was also involved in the conspiracy, and when I presented all of my evidence to him in his office in New York he tried to buy me off, offered to buy large numbers of Nautilus machines if I would not proceed against any of them; an offer I refused.

He was scared to death that I was taping my conversation with him, but I did not do so; although, later, I wished that I had taped him.

Dardic and Gideon then started showing up at medical meetings both in this country and in Canada, using a large banner showing both the logo and the name of the USOC and telling people that their claims were fully supported by the USOC; all of which was illegal as Hell, no such attempted commercial utilization of their connections with the USOC was permitted, doing so was in direct violation of Federal law. Which did not slow them down a bit.

Then, in the spring of 1978, at the annual convention of the American College of Sports Medicine, which was held in Washington, D. C., that year, and where we were exhibiting Nautilus machines, I was approached by Tom Pipes, the principal author of the phony research article about Cybex machines; he said he wanted to talk to me, and we talked for several hours in a restaurant close to where my exhibit was. Having heard the full story about Gideon, Dardic, Simon and Miller, he then made me an offer that I accepted, but accepted only under certain conditions to be imposed by me.

I told him . . . "Tom, you now know the facts about these people, but you have no proof of any of it apart from my unsupported word, and that is not good enough. So before I will act upon your offer I must insist that you hear all of the tapes, read all of the documents, literally hundreds of documents, and after you have done that I will ask you two questions; I will ask you if you are then convinced, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that my story about these men is true. And if you are convinced of the truth of my story, then I will ask you a second question; will ask you if you are also convinced that I can prove the truth of my story. If you are convinced on both points, truth and proof, then I will act upon your offer. But if you are not convinced of either or both points, then I will not act.

"But I do not have that proof here with me, so will have to fly to Florida and cannot be back here with it until about six tomorrow evening; then you will have to spend the entire night going over all of the evidence; so if you agree with both of those terms then I will go and get the evidence."

He agreed, and I went to Florida, and was back the following evening; and while he went over all of my evidence, which took all night, I prepared a carefully worded, taped statement that I intended to play about noon the next day for an audience of about 300 scientists who would then have just heard a phony scientific presentation given by Gideon; a talk in which he gave himself full credit for my work, and a talk that made simply stupid claims.

When I returned to Washington I took Dick Butkus, Jim Flanagan, a giant black former professional football player named Fouts Lee, the center from the Tampa Bay Bucs professional team, and one man who was smaller than the others, all of whom were giants, but was also a berserker, a man who loved violence and was constantly seeking it. These men were instructed to do nothing, or say nothing, unless we were attacked; but, I told them . . . "If we are attacked, I want everybody in that room to end up in the emergency ward; don't kill anybody, but hurt them all. I don't want them to be able to sweep this under the rug; I want to see it in headlines all over the world."

Tom Pipes agreed with both of my points, truth and proof, so I then told him I would accept his offer. He had offered to let me respond to Gideon as soon as Gideon finished his phony presentation; Tom was the chairman of that meeting so could make the offer that he did. I did not ask for the chance to respond to Gideon, had planned to leave

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Washington a day before that meeting was scheduled to be held; I was aware of the scheduled meeting, knew more or less what Gideon planned to say, but did not plan to be there to hear him.

Dick Butkus had flipped his Corvette over into a ditch full of water a few days earlier, had been knocked out and would have drowned if somebody had not pulled him out from beneath his wrecked car, so he looked worse than the Frankenstein monster; he had two black eyes, cuts all over his head and face with the stitches required to close them in plain sight, had several bald spots on his head where they had shaved his head in order to treat cuts, and in general did not look like somebody that you would be tempted to fuck with. Two of the other men with me were even larger than Dick; so altogether we were a very intimidating looking group of men.

We said nothing along lines that could be interpreted as a threat, but all of the people there clearly understood the implications, so nobody offered us any trouble. Afterwards, Fouts Lee said . . . “Damned, I wanted to hurt somebody.” So did I, but I needed an excuse.

The tape that I played into the microphone that was situated in an aisle between the rows of seats clearly spelled out the whole story, naming names and giving details of a long list of criminal activities; near the end of the tape it said that . . . “Given the facts about these men, I cannot understand why any of them should be allowed to associate with anybody in the scientific community, and I intend to do whatever I can to get them convicted of their crimes and sent to prison.”

The riot that I had been expecting, even wanting, did not occur, so we left in peace. In addition to the very large men mentioned above, I had with me a lawyer from Miami, Percy Cunningham, the retired airline captain, and Barry McDermott, the writer for Sports Illustrated magazine; Barry and I were speaking again and I wanted him to write a story for his magazine about the highjinks going on in the USOC, and he said that he would; so he went to Florida with me and then spent several days carefully going over all of my evidence. Eventually reached the conclusion from some of the evidence that my phones had been tapped, took all of my phones apart searching for bugs but did not find any. Promised just before he left that he would write a story that would bring the USOC crashing down in a major scandal; but never wrote such a story, avoided me for years and refused my phone calls. When I later ran into him he told me that the story was never written because of his consideration for me; said he did not want to embarrass me. Sure.

About three months later Gideon and Dardic filed a civil law suit against me alleging libel, and I then filed a countersuit against them; but they could never find a lawyer who was willing to conduct their suit after having seen my evidence, so they went through a long line of lawyers. Finally, their suit was dropped, with prejudice; could then never be refiled. And again Gideon started telling people, and is still telling people, that I was forced to pay him millions of dollars. The only thing that I paid anybody in connection with that suit was what my lawyer charged me, but that was bad enough; he dragged a no lose case out for years and charged me more than two million dollars in spite of the fact that he gave me a written guarantee in advance that the suit would cost less than \$50,000.00, and would not closely approach that figure unless it went as far as an appeal. Like most lawyers, he was a thief.

Shortly after the confrontation in Washington, a Jewish young man from New Jersey came to see me bringing a massive amount of additional evidence against both Gideon and Dardic; he had worked for both of them, and when he finally realized that they were engaging themselves in outright criminal activity he decided to bring me all of the evidence that he had accumulated; and being a kleptomaniac he had gotten his hands on a great deal of such evidence.

I refused to tell him anything about my evidence until after he gave me a several hour long videotaped statement covering everything that he knew about the situation; did so because I did not want to bias or influence his statement in any way. But having heard his statement it was obvious that he was also guilty of several crimes, and when I mentioned that to him he said . . . “Well, I did it, and if I have to go to jail for it then so be it. I’m guilty and I won’t try to deny it.”

His name was David Liskin, and I hired him; but learned later that in addition to being a thief he was a compulsive liar; practically everything he told me later turned out to be a lie, so perhaps it was fortunate that he was never called upon as a witness against Gideon and Dardic.

Tom Pipes, who wrote the infamous Cybex article and initiated my response to Gideon in Washington, also worked for me briefly; and he too turned out to be a compulsive liar. Then several years after I fired him he gave me a

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three-hour taped statement telling the full story about the phony Cybex study, stating clearly that the study was never performed. Somewhat later he stole another man's diploma, took a picture of it after putting his name on it, framed it and hung it on his wall, and then started practicing medicine with no training of any kind. He almost went to jail for that stunt, but was still calling himself 'doctor' the last time I heard.

Before David Liskin left he came up to me during the course of an ongoing beauty pageant and said . . . "I have just met God, and she is a woman."

A year or so later a reporter published an article about Terri Brantner called 'Stunning Sex Appeal, With An Air Of Innocence.' Stunning she was, innocent she was not. She had, at seventeen years of age, been sucking her stepfather's prick since the age of ten, by which age she already looked like a beautiful adult woman, and he had been fucking her and eating her pussy for the same length of time. He finally knocked her up when she was fifteen, but she convinced her boyfriend that it was his fault and got him to pay for an abortion.

So then I made the two biggest mistakes of my life: first I hired her, and then when she was eighteen I married her, and then my problems really started. What happened afterwards made everything that happened earlier look like child's play.

During the final months of 1979 and the first few weeks of 1980, I produced a taped presentation for RCA Corporation, then the owners of NBC, called VIDEO 80; this videotape starred Terri when she was still only seventeen, and we shot it all over the world, in Switzerland, flying across the Atlantic aboard the supersonic Concorde, flying a fifty-year-old Trimotor Ford airplane down inside the Grand Canyon, in Yellowstone Park and in a number of other locations. It was a very good tape and RCA used it as part of their very expensive exhibit at the National Broadcasting Convention that was held in Las Vegas that year.

During that convention I took Terri to see the show in the largest auditorium in the hotel where we were staying; we were a few moments late, and as she walked into the big room the men who were already there started to turn and look at her since all of them had already seen her in VIDEO 80, then they started to stand up, and eventually every one of more than two thousand men stood up and gave her spontaneous applause, while turning their backs on about fifty almost stark naked showgirls on the stage.

I started teaching her to fly jets when she was seventeen, and she went on to earn both an Airline Transport Pilot certificate and a captain's rating in a Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet at the youngest age in history. We planned to have her set a round-the-world speed record in a Boeing 747SP that we were going to lease from United Airlines, but they stole my idea and did it themselves.

Having given her, and spent on her, millions of dollars, both she and her mother then stole most of what I had left; and when I filed for a divorce she made the worst charges against me that anybody ever did, accused me of forcing her to have sex with some of my employees so that I could use that as a weapon against them for the purposes of extorting them into going along with some of my wild ideas. Which, of course, was pure bullshit. But that did not stop the media from jumping on to it with both feet and spreading it all over the world.

Terri later claimed that making those phony charges was not her idea, said it was her lawyers idea; but her idea or not she went along with that story long enough to cause me enormous damage.

She also stated in court that she had seen me threaten several people with a gun, and that was another lie; I always carried a pistol, and so did Terri, but she never saw me use it or even threaten to use it. Her mother was arrested on the Miami airport because she borrowed a purse from Terri that had her pistol in it and tried to carry it through a metal detector.

The worst thing I ever did to anybody in my life was chopping down that old woman's tree in south Texas in 1951, but the worst things ever done to me were all done by Terri. Nobody else in the history of the world was ever treated as well as I treated Terri; and nobody was ever treated worse in return.

Far from me wanting Terri to fuck other men, she liked to watch me fuck other girls; she was closely involved with beauty pageants for several years, and this brought her into direct contact with many beautiful young girls, and

"...And God Laughs"

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most of these girls would do almost anything that Terri asked them to do, probably believing that doing so would improve their chances of winning the beauty pageant.

So Terri frequently asked these girls to fuck me, and most of them agreed to do so. But Terri's mother, Pat, did fuck many of my employees, even tried to get me to fuck her, and Terri wanted me to fuck her mother, wanted to watch me do it. And I have fucked three other mother/daughter combinations, but was not attracted to Pat.

According to Terri, her mother did not like to suck pricks; but all of the men that I knew who fucked her, quite a long list of men, told me that Pat loved to suck pricks, insisted upon doing it, and always swallowed their semen, saying that she loved the taste of it. I never asked Terri to suck my prick, but she initiated such a practice soon after the first time I fucked her; at first she would not swallow my semen, but eventually started doing so and said that she liked it.

She reached an orgasm twice during the first time I ever fucked her, and always did so afterwards for a period of several years; but I learned much later that she was simultaneously conducting affairs with other men all over the country. She denies it but I believe that she fucked Johnny Carson, and she admits that she fucked the man who owns the Revlon Corporation.

She also made a trip with a dope smuggler who was later convicted and sent to prison, and did so while being clearly aware of my opinions regarding such people.

A true history of my life makes it apparent that I was usually very slow about learning from my mistakes, took a long time to educate myself; but Terri certainly provided me with some clear lessons, taught me many things I would rather have remained ignorant of.

Having divorced Jim Brantner shortly after Terri started to work for me in 1979, Terri's mother Pat married a man who was several years younger than she was in the latter part of 1984; they were married in a very elaborate ceremony that was conducted in the large auditorium that I built on my farm north of Ocala, and one of the Maids of Honor for the ceremony was a baby African elephant that we called Shupa, which means 'nuisance,' a name given this animal because she apparently did not believe that she was an elephant, refused to associate with any of the other elephants and insisted upon any possible contact with humans.

For the wedding ceremony Shupa was provided with a huge, bright pink ribbon around her neck, and her toenails were painted bright pink; when brought into the auditorium she slowly walked down the center aisle between the rows of seated guests and lightly touched each person that she passed with her trunk, then stood quietly next to Pat while the ceremony was being performed.

A few days later, I took a visitor through one of the elephant barns and he asked me how to tell the difference between an African and an Indian elephant; so I told him . . . "Well, there are several differences; African elephants are larger, have much bigger ears and tusks, a different shape to both the body and the head, a different number of toes, and other differences that are less obvious. But the easiest way to tell the difference is by the color of their toenails; as I am sure you know, Indian elephants have green toenails, but the toenails of African elephants are pink. Come over here and look at the toenails of this one." Then I took him to the enclosure where Shupa was being held by herself, and showed him her still pink toenails. And he believed it.

In addition to Terri, Pat had two other children, both boys; the youngest of her sons was retarded and the other was a borderline idiot who could seemingly not keep a job of any kind for more than a few days. The retarded boy was the son of Jim Brantner, but both Terri and the oldest boy were fathered by another man who was dead long before I first met Terri; a man that I have never been able to learn much about. Apparently he and Pat were never married, and he was in prison when Terri was born; later, after he got out of prison and fathered the second child by Pat, he was supposedly tortured to death in California by fire by some dopers when they learned that he was a snitch for the FBI. There were relatives who could probably have given Terri the details of her father's life and death, but she seemed to be afraid to learn the truth; and, over the years, Pat told me about a dozen different versions of the story, so I still don't know what happened.

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Pat's mother, Terri's grandmother, was still married to a very old man who was supposedly very sick when I met Terri, but was living with another man who was several years younger than she was; they called her Maw Maw, and she was another classic example of a Take-over Broad, believed that she knew everything while actually knowing almost nothing. She bragged about the fact that no two of her children were fathered by the same man; she would, she said, seek out an appropriate man to impregnate her when she decided to have another child. Which may have been a bit difficult to do, because she was about as attractive as a pig, and much more irritating to be around.

To say that Terri's entire family was dysfunctional would be a gross understatement: in addition to the retarded son that Jim Brantner had with Pat, he had two daughters and a son from an earlier marriage. One of these daughters, who was about Terri's age, went to rather great lengths in her attempts to seduce me even after Terri and I were married; and did so in a very obvious manner in front of Terri. All of which I simply ignored.

Just how much the other members of the family knew about Jim Brantner's sexual relationship with Terri I could never determine, although a few hints were provided by remarks made by Terri's oldest brother; the subject was never discussed with either Pat or Jim, and Terri provided me with at least a dozen different versions of just what happened between her and Jim. So I was never quite sure about just when it started, how long it lasted, how often it happened, or the clear details of her relationship with Jim. Was Jim also fucking his own daughters? I don't know, but based upon what I saw and heard it appeared to be at least a possibility.

His treatment of his retarded son was frequently nothing less than cruel; he repeatedly tried to get the boy to do things that were obviously beyond his capabilities, and would punish the boy harshly when he failed to live up to the impossible demands that were being forced upon him. Terri, to her credit, always went to great lengths in her attempts to help the retarded boy, and was very kind to him; Pat simply ignored him after her divorce from Jim, spent all of her time running all over the country with any man that appeared to have money and that was attracted to her, and stole anything that she could get her hands on. After she was divorced from Jim, she ran up several thousand dollars in charges on one of his credit cards that she had stolen from him; and he probably could have had her arrested and convicted for theft, but never made any attempt to do so. He was, perhaps, afraid to make any charges against Pat; probably assumed that doing so might bring his sexual relationship with Terri out into the open and get him arrested for incest or statutory rape.

When Jim and Pat were divorced, she was given clear title to a large home near Tampa that had been condemned because the town had built a garbage dump too near it, and she was paid more than \$100,000.00 for that home by the city; but was broke within a matter of only a few months, went through money like it was going out of style. To that extent, at least, Terri and her mother were very much alike. Shortly afterwards, while staying briefly with us, Pat stole more than \$4,000.00 in cash that I had been keeping in our bedroom, together with several valuable pieces of Terri's jewelry. Just how much money Terri gave her mother in addition to what she stole I was never able to determine, but suspect that it was quite a lot. In addition to what Terri gave her mother, she also gave her grandmother two new cars, a very large house trailer, quite a bit of land and an unknown amount of money. The whole family seemed to know just what to do with any of my money that they could get by hook or crook; all of which was carefully concealed from me by Terri at the time it was going on. As they say . . . "The fucking you get for the fucking you got."

But that is not a subject that I will ever write much if anything more about. Some things are simply too painful to even think about.