

# In Arthur's Shadow

## Daily Musings on Exercise: A Tribute to Arthur Jones\*

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# GHBOOST

## Growth Hormone Enhancer



GHboost stacks a number of different growth hormone releasing compounds that maximize natural GH secretion. Many of these compounds increase GH secretion by different methods (for example the mechanisms by which L-dopa and arginine stimulate GH secretion are different) and in some cases act synergistically (for example, arginine pyroglutamate and lysine have been shown to work synergistically to release growth hormone), resulting in an increased GH secretion. Stacking a number of these compounds also allows smaller doses to be used with a decrease in any potential side effects.

GHboost effectively suppresses somatostatin the hormone that inhibits GH secretion, while at the same time increasing GH secretion through various direct and indirect pathways including the stimulation of growth hormone releasing hormone (GHRH).

But that's not all as GHboost also increases IGF-I and insulin sensitivity, decreases cortisol and helps maintain thyroid function, all of which are necessary to maximize body composition and exercise performance, as well as maintaining energy levels, health and feelings of well being.

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\* The contents of this paper are an extract from a 600-page book of the same title, currently available through [www.arthurjonesimpact.com](http://www.arthurjonesimpact.com)

# I Miss the Education

I must have asked the wrong question. He edged forward with a deep-furrowed brow, eyes locked on mine. My collar shrunk as my heart thumped on a nearby rib. I was no match as he drew near, his resolution unwavering. A sudden waft of after-shave and nicotine merged with a stream of air from his upturned nostrils and warned that my fate was sealed. Arthur was in my face.

His gentle whisper turned to stone - louder, faster. He snatched my arm and stared me down the way Moby Dick must have Ahab before the final plunge. Five bone-deep fingers tried to raise me off the floor, but I was glued. Two more penetrated my temple as a gruff voice etched its message, “. . . and if I were to put a gun to your head and fire . . .” Knowing that he always carried a pistol, it felt like he had just used it.

After he made his point, he withdrew in the same calculated manner. Slowly, the scent, the breath, the grip, the voice, the heat, everything but my elevated physiology and those piercing eyes receded. At a comfortable distance he resumed a whisper, “Now, do you understand?”

Nautilus® inventor Arthur Jones was passionate about everything he did. He thrived on challenge, conflict and controversy, all of which he flew to his home on a daily basis in the form of people who “knew nothing about exercise” - doctors, therapists and anyone interested. His purpose was education, a bold undertaking for a man who quit school in the fourth grade, and who looked more like a janitor than a teacher.

A beady-eyed 5’8”, his rounded shoulders generally sported a long-sleeve dress shirt while his belly buoyed a pair of Sansabelt® slacks always tight at the calf. The toes of his black-leather shoes turned up and splayed out like Charlie Chaplin. When he wasn’t lecturing, he could be found curling the stub of an unfiltered Camel® in the palm of a discolored hand behind his back - vintage 1940.

In the spotlight, things were different.

Jones was a non-stop barrage of facts, people, numbers and stories aimed at reversing ignorance in the field of exercise. Every word, soft or emphatic, was delivered as if from a master script. Endless facts, intense opinions and ruthless insults flavored with an Oklahoma twang bellowed from the side of his mouth and continued through the five-star lunch he provided. With more facts spewing out than food going in, his genius commanded attention. His eye contact took no break.

Off-stage, the intensity continued. Delighting in the role of tutor, Arthur often sat the inquirer aside and drew a solution using his favorite props, a searched-for pen and napkin. He remained until it was certain you understood, no matter *who* you were.

Arthur's eccentric lifestyle was one of control and contrast. One moment, he towered over a crowd; the next, he was dwarfed by a hoard of exotic creatures (snakes, elephants, crocodiles, rhinos, gorillas), a fleet of commercial planes and a trail of wives. He made all the decisions, yet found time to write extensive, penetrating articles.

So, it came as a bit of a surprise to hear that he recently sold controlling interest in the company he created (MedX®) and sold off most of his animals. He then announced in the December (1997) issue of *Ironman* magazine, “. . . this is the last article I will ever write on the subject (of exercise).” Arthur had had enough.

His followers will miss his brilliance, passion for knowledge and brutal honesty. It's what made him loved, hated and special . . . even if you did ask the wrong question.

## Faster Airplanes, Bigger Crocodiles and Younger Women

Only the Bank that stood before the right turn leading to the heart of town looked familiar. Only the Bank had the sense to distance itself from the unkempt shacks, spooky mansions and craggy trees that smothered the landscape in Spanish moss, like something from a movie.

Amid the chaos stood an item common to every tract - a mailbox that flaunted the name and vocation of its resident. From clairvoyant and palm-reader to psychic and fortune-teller, Lake Helen, Florida could have laid claim to “Witch Capital of the World” - even after the arrival of its newest inhabitant.

Despite a growing national presence, Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries® blended in without raising a brow. It began with a dilapidated sign on the main building at the end of the street - “*Nautilus Time Machines*” - and ended with two sturdy pens, each home to a large crocodile, 20 feet from the reception desk. There was not a magazine in sight.

Things were different inside.

Steps beyond the reptilian gates was a spacious foyer featuring a three-story photo of the inventor's wife and the entrance to “The World's Largest Television Studio,” its corridors lined with massive cameras. The studio boasted a capacity larger than that of ABC®, NBC® and CBS® combined - and there were eight more in progress. In another section, a pitch-black room housed five salt-water aquariums of chambered Nautilus crustaceans brought in from the coast of Japan. The adjacent room was the future site of the “Crocodile Lounge,” a glassed-in parlor that would electronically lower into a man-made lake full of crocodiles and provide the setting for debates with ‘experts’ in the field of exercise.

Once the tour was complete, I crossed the street to the refuge of the company's medical facility. But it wasn't long before a man sporting a long-sleeve shirt and sunk in a posh chair behind a desk appeared on the wide-screen TV in the waiting room. His message was loud and clear: "There are only three things of value in life: faster airplanes, bigger crocodiles and younger women."

It was my first glimpse of Nautilus inventor, Arthur Jones.

Years later, I visited his getaway - "JumboLair" - on the outskirts of Ocala, Florida. Horse country was now home to more than 100 African elephants, an African lowland gorilla, three white rhinoceroses, the world's largest collection of poisonous snakes and 1,400 crocodiles (all 24 species, including a 17½-foot Australian brute).

Jones didn't fool around with airplanes either. On the largest private jetport in the world, he showcased a Boeing® 747, three 707's and 14 other planes he used to fly medical doctors to his home to educate a group that "knew nothing about exercise, rehabilitation or nutrition."

In addition, he rented a Concord® so that his fifth wife could assault the around-the-world speed record. Jones had a penchant for youth but didn't snatch all of his wives from the womb and divorce them at 21, as reported. "The age of a woman is irrelevant," he said, "as long as she falls somewhere between a mature 13 and a well-preserved 16."

Someone once said, "You never get a second chance to make a first impression." Arthur didn't give a damn about either. The most brilliant mind in the field of exercise lived on his terms and his terms only.

Perhaps that's all anyone can ask of life.

## The Reverse Bungee

One blustery day, Mike Sanchez stepped out of an airplane that hadn't stopped flying. The bad news was yet to come.

Mike, a skydiver with 150 jumps under his belt, was among a dozen peers that shuffled toward the open door and the ultimate thrill that day. Out he went in the wind, performing a series of flips and turns before releasing his chute. Life was good.

But things were not down below.

One man's parachute failed to open; his auxiliary, the same - dead. Another had his second chute tangle in the first when it partially opened. Mike swooped in to assist but couldn't get near - dead. Mike crafted a turn for the final descent when a sudden gust of wind collapsed his chute. Down he shot, pulling hard with his arms to brake - near dead.

Mike broke both femurs upon impact and underwent several surgical interventions. Thanks to MedX® orthopedic representative, Dr. Michael Fulton, he walked away with no apparent aftermath.

I've often wondered what it would be like to jump off a bridge with both legs tied to a bungee chord. With my luck, it would be the only time the chord snapped. I've also wondered what it would be like to jump off a bridge with no attachments.

Well, exercise, under the guise of performance, takes it one step beyond. It attaches the bungee to the bottom of the canyon to ensure, like a slingshot, a faster result. As ridiculous as it sounds, I see the same when athletes attach themselves to rubber chords and jump from platforms in so-called 'sports performance' programs.

According to physical therapist, Alvin Ponce de Leon, "It's only for the young."

But while the young may better tolerate impact, it's still no excuse. "Most of the millions of people who are now interested in exercise," commented MedX inventor Arthur Jones in 1993, "are too young to even be aware of the true history of this field, do not know who to believe or what to believe, remain unaware of the many outrages that have occurred during the past 50 years or so in this field, many of which outrages are still occurring. Outrages? You're damned right: isokinetics, plyometrics, power cleans, any sudden movement against resistance, jump squats and a long list of other things that provide no benefits whatsoever and are dangerous as hell."

Add to the naivete of youth - proud parents with the means to pay, a warped notion that athletes require 'special' training, and the endorsement of 'star' athletes - and you have what you have, an explosive and lucrative situation.

In the early 1970's, Jones listened as Gideon Ariel addressed an audience about the high and dangerous levels of impact force associated with jogging. Twenty minutes later, the speaker recommended jump squats as a safe and productive exercise. Jones jumped. "The level of impact force involved in jogging," he said, "is usually about three times as high as the subject's bodyweight, but with jump squats it may be 50 times as high as bodyweight. So, if jogging is dangerous, how in the hell can jump squats be safe?"

According to Jones, you can run faster and jump higher in a *safe* way, as follows:

- Strengthen the involved muscles by isolated, slow, controlled, intense work.
- Improve the body's muscle/fat ratio (fat creates friction during movement).
- Refine the efficiency of the movement itself by proper skill training.

When athletes leap to their final destination, bungee in place, they may find that their performance *has* improved. Instead of six feet under, they'll be six and a half.