

Oasis in Manhattan

Part Two

Excerpts from an Account of the "Golden Years" of Bodybuilding

Tom Minichiello

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In the early 1960s the world of bodybuilding as we had known it in previous days was starting to undergo a dramatic change. The reason? The use of anabolic steroids. I myself wasn't aware of this until almost the end of the sixties, and I believe that any member in my own club who might have been on the steroids would have said nothing to me about it. I knew we were making advances in the nutrition field but I was starting to see gains in some members that were puzzling. Even at my own show, competitors I hadn't seen in several months were now making the gains that normally would have taken a much longer period of time. I knew machines that were now being used had nothing to do with this phenomenon. In spite of what the manufacturers said about their new equipment, it was only another way to perform the movement. But then I learned about this new drug many were taking. It seemed to me that bodybuilding was going in a very different direction, and from what I understood about drugs, the wrong direction. I thought about all the wonderful articles I had read in all of the magazines (*Physical Culture, Your Physique, Iron Man, Strength & Health*) What would their great writers think? Good food, sleep, exercise, a healthy lifestyle was their formula for good health and a strong body. It must be done by natural means.

But something else was also happening; bodybuilding would soon reach more people than ever before. One reason was that Charles Gaines and George Butler were putting together a book, *Pumping Iron*. They were a great team, Gaines with his writing and Butler with his outstanding photography. The book was a winner from the very beginning. But it was only the start. It was after the release of the semi-documentary film based on the book that bodybuilding really took off. Looking back, it was Gaines and Butler who started the ball rolling by bringing the world of bodybuilding into the mainstream. But there was a young man on a quest for stardom--Arnold Schwarzenegger--who starred in both the book and the film and went on to revolutionize bodybuilding. Arnold possessed the energy, forcefulness of character, and personality that was needed to educate the public about bodybuilding. As far as the market was concerned, bodybuilding made a complete turnaround. More people took up the activity, and manufacturers of equipment flocked to the business. Soon, there was an overwhelming amount of health food products just for the new bodybuilders. And the ingredient that had been missing, the one component that all sports need to get out into that larger marketplace was beginning to come to bodybuilding. MONEY. Many of the manufacturers began to sponsor shows, and the prize money started to take off. However, because of the big money that was now involved, the bodybuilders not only trained harder, they would now do anything to get bigger and better. This attitude led to the taking of steroids as a central part of their training.

In 1970, Ben Weider's International Federation of Bodybuilders applied for membership in the prestigious General Assembly of International Sports, the international coordinating body for many sports. The IFBB really had no national affiliation within the United States at that time. Until then, all of their competitions in the U.S. were under the IFBB banner. At that time, the AAU (Amateur Athletic Union) was the older and, because of its scope, the more credible of the two. However, the Physique Committee of the AAU was then part of the Weightlifting Committee, which was under the control of Bob Hoffman's York organization, a competitor of Joe and Ben Weider. For years, these two groups were the Hatfields and McCoys of bodybuilding, although once in a while a punch came from Dan Lurie, another manufacturer of barbells.

During this period Ben Weider called me from the IFBB headquarters in Montreal. He told me that he'd been communicating with a Ralph Johnson in Philadelphia. It seems that Johnson was a fan of bodybuilding, and he suggested to Ben that he could form an American affiliate for the IFBB. What made this appealing, I'm sure, to Ben was that Ralph Johnson was influential in the world of politics (at least in Philadelphia), and that he was friendly with Jack Kelly, (Grace Kelly's brother), the current chairman of the AAU.

The AAU governed bodybuilding and weightlifting, and both sports were controlled inside the AAU by the York organization. The AAU, for instance, had total ownership of the "Mr. America" title. Through his longtime financial influence in weightlifting, Bob Hoffman had developed firm control over the Mr. America competition. It's clear that Ben Weider realized the tremendous worldwide exposure of all AAU sports. He also realized that if the AAU divided weightlifting and bodybuilding, and if the AAU Physique Committee became the American affiliate for the IFBB, it would certainly give the IFBB what it needed to forge ahead to Ben's ultimate goal, Olympic recognition. The AAU would give the IFBB instant credibility. And the genius of Joe Weider would put the rings of the Olympic logo throughout his many publications. In any event, Ralph Johnson arranged a dinner in Philadelphia. Jack Kelly was invited, along with Ben Weider and myself.

The dinner was to take place in a tavern which was in the district that Ralph Johnson represented. I was early, so I took a seat in a booth where I could see everyone coming in. When the waiter came over to me, I told him I was with the party that was having the dinner with Ralph Johnson. The waiter introduced himself to me, saying, "I'm Ralph Johnson." Unfortunately, Johnson seemed to be well on his way to being intoxicated, and for the next few years, this was the way he would always present himself.

It was not what I had expected, and I'm sure it was a total disappointment to Ben Weider. Being the great diplomat that he is, however, Ben certainly made the best of things. After dinner, he presented the IFBB's "Award of Merit" to Jack Kelly, and just as soon as Kelly accepted the plaque from Ben, flashbulbs went off. In the next issue of the Weider magazine, there was Ben, the IFBB Presi-

dent, awarding this plaque to the Chairman of the AAU. It was great public relations for the IFBB. Ben knew how to make the best use of a situation. That was one of the reasons he was able to organize over one hundred countries into the IFBB.

Unfortunately, there was to be no AAU affiliation with the IFBB. With Ralph Johnson running the American affiliate, things got really impossible. After Ralph resigned, Ben asked me to form an American Federation for the IFBB. This new federation, of course, would be the IFBB affiliate here in the U.S. Ben said that many U.S. bodybuilders were joining the IFBB and sending in their three dollar fee, and that this money would now go to the new federation to help in the cost of the administration.

I gave it some thought, and agreed to start the new amateur bodybuilding organization. I have always been very fortunate in having good people willing to give me a hand. My close friend, Ed Jubinville, became my right-hand man and was the director for the New England area for our newly formed American Federation of Amateur Bodybuilders (A.F.A.B.). Until this day, in many of the older photographs of competitions held in the United States, you'll see the AFAB logo in the background. In producing the competitions in New York for many years, I had become friendly with other promoters and gym owners throughout the country. So in time the AFAB started to build a network of state directors. And this, of course, looked good for the IFBB. They now had their own legitimate affiliate within the United States.

Dick Tyler had been for some time the Vice President of North America for the IFBB. He also wrote articles in Joe's magazine for a number of years. A child movie star, he had become a doctor of chiropractic and he was building quite a successful practice in Los Angeles, having as one of his patients Burt Reynolds. Dick wrote to me saying that his own practice was now all he could handle, and that he had recommended to Ben Weider that I fill his position as Vice President. Again Ben was on the phone to me from Montreal. "Well, Tom, will you be my next Vice President?" I told him that this was one step I'd have to give a lot of thought to. Every year the IFBB held its congress in a different country, and this position would really throw me into the politics of International Sports. I really didn't know if I was ready for this, or indeed if I wanted it. Up to that point, I had enjoyed myself in the iron game. I had a good gym membership, was getting great exposure in the magazines and on local TV with the wrestlers, and still had some time to myself. I thought then that I had everything.

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When I finally told Ben I would be his next vice president, he said, "Mr. Minichiello, you will not regret it, I assure you."

I immediately started receiving all kinds of paperwork from the Montreal office of the IFBB. Among them, the "Report To All National Federations." It consisted of about sixteen pages and had news of the coming congress that was going to be held in Baghdad, Iraq. The very first congress had been held in Belgrade, Yugoslavia in 1970; in 1971 it was in Paris, France. The one item that stood out about the report was that Ben's picture was on almost every page, and sometimes three and four times on the same page. What the hell, I thought, it's his game and I guess it's also his rules.

I was excited about my coming trip to Baghdad. All I thought of was flying carpets. My own national championships were held in September, and the three winners would represent the United States and come with me to Baghdad to compete in the Mr. Universe competitions, which were being held in conjunction with the IFBB Congress.

Ken Waller, Mike Katz, and Ed Corney made up the American team that would accompany me to Baghdad in November. Unfortunately, Waller pulled a muscle and had to drop out at the last moment. It was just too late to replace him, but with the likes of Cor-

ney and Katz, I felt the U.S. still had a very strong team.

At that time Professor Lawrence Golding from Kent State University was Chairman of the IFBB Medical Committee. Ben had arranged for us to all rendezvous, fly over together, and meet several other nations in Geneva. Golding was doing research on the effects of anabolic steroids, and would give an outline of his progress at the congress. Needless to say, my flight over to Geneva with him was very enlightening indeed. We would be staying in Geneva for three days waiting for other nations to join us. The Iraqi government would be sending their own jet to Geneva for everyone.

On the jet plane headed for Baghdad, Serge Jacobs (Mr. Belgium) was sitting right behind Mike Katz and said, very loudly, "You know, in Iraq they shoot you if you are Jewish." Well, Mike just slumped down and seemed to disappear in his seat. Actually, the people of Baghdad had the greatest respect for both Mike Katz and Ben Weider, who is also Jewish. Once we were there, Big Mike was interviewed on local television, and followed all over the city by the press and bodybuilding fans. During our stay, Ben was presented with an honorary degree in Physical Education. There is no question about it, Ben Weider is a master at foreign relations; he would make a great Secretary of State. When it came time for him to open the ceremonies before the competitions started, he gave his opening statement in Arabic. The audience went wild, and this made him an instant hero in Baghdad. They kept on cheering for him. The event was carried on television throughout Iraq.

Charles Gaines and George Butler were also on the plane (This was pre-*Pumping Iron*), there to cover the events for *Life Magazine*. Larry Kramer, a screen writer and author, came along and was my roommate for those seven days.

When we arrived at the Baghdad airport we were greeted by many of the government officials. They certainly gave us a VIP reception. They didn't check any of our passports and there was no customs examination. Every nation had its own car and driver, with the flag of that particular nation. Thirty IFBB nations made the trip to Baghdad. This being only the third IFBB Congress, I thought the turnout was exceptional. The Iraqi federation took us on a tour of the ancient civilization of Babylon. The Iraqi government really went way out for this special occasion. They authorized the printing of the first two bodybuilding stamps ever issued. The name of the federation was also printed on the stamps. As for Ben Weider, he had a guard of military men near him at all times during his travels in Iraq.

One night Katz and some other bodybuilders and I went to a local nightclub. All of a sudden there was a big commotion in the club. Military men came in and cleared people out of an area. It looked like they were making room for some "big shot." Military guards were stationed around this one table that had been cleared, and in walked Ben Weider, followed by more military men. He walked over to the table, looked around the hall like he was looking over his own personal domain, and sat down. With him was Najim Al-Sahrawardei, the dean of the University of Baghdad. I was impressed at the caution the government had taken.

The next day I received a message from Ben. It was an extremely important matter to be discussed immediately, and to please come to his room. I couldn't imagine what this was all about. It seemed to me that everything was going smoothly and all the various committees had been getting along just great. With all thirty different countries taking part in setting down rules and regulations, we were having no problems. When I went into Ben's room, he immediately said, "Ed Corney has been taking some whore into his hotel room. This is showing total disrespect for this country and it must stop. You, Mr. Minichiello, are the captain for the American team. It's your problem. Take care of it, NOW!" I wanted to burst out laughing at him, but he was dead serious. Anything to do with his IFBB was sacred to him, as it should have been.

Although I certainly would be the last person in the world to tell a man who he can take into his bedroom, I told Ed Corney just what Ben had said. Ed laughed and told me not to worry about anything, that he would be cool. This same thing happened again the following year when we had our congress in Geneva. One of the American athletes went wild over some female delegate from Italy, and this time Ben was hotter than ever. "Well, Mr. Minichiello, the Americans are up to it again, however this time your athlete is married and carrying on with another married person. It's your problem. Settle it now!" If he had only known that I was waiting for one of the women from the Swiss federation to come to my room, he would have had kittens.

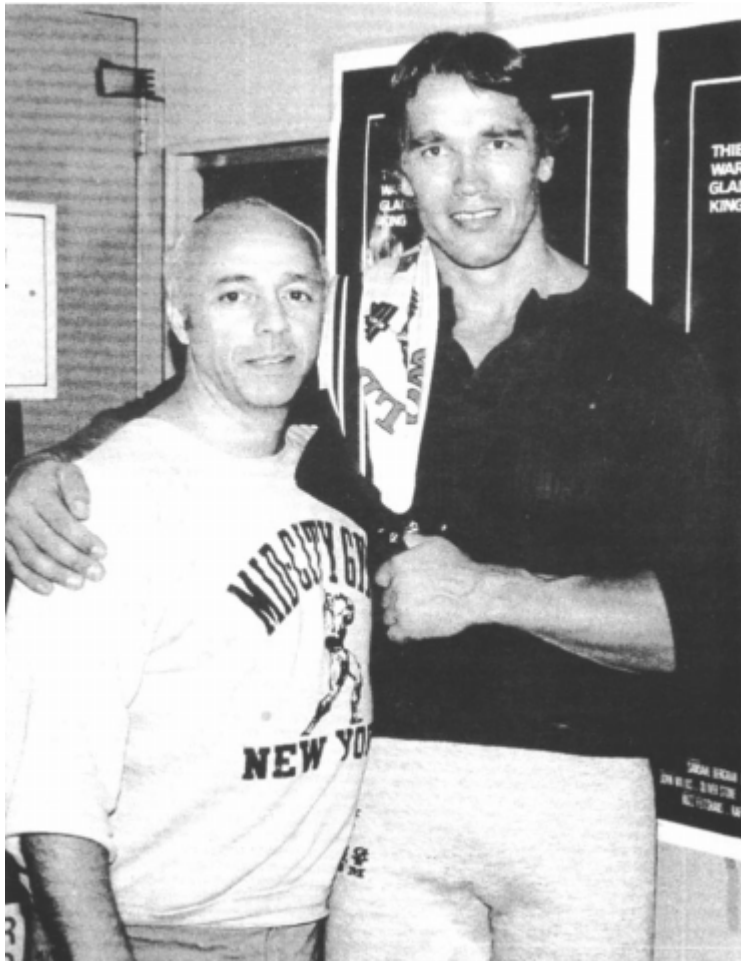
It was in Baghdad that I met Serge Nubret and his wife, Jackie. They were from Paris and came with their friend Paco Arce. Paco was one of the wealthiest men in Spain. He was bald, heavy-set, and had a very pleasant personality. He was very friendly, and very gay. Whenever I had shows in New York, it was Paco who paid all the expenses for both the French and Spanish teams.

He really spent his money and enjoyed himself. He had an apartment in Monaco, a place in the Canary Islands, and a mansion in Madrid..

I read about Serge Nubret for years in the magazines, and there was no question about it, he was one of the best built men ever. He had a very pleasing physique. His wife, Jackie, was a coporate lawyer in Paris, and also did bodybuilding and had won many titles, including Ms. Europe.

Finally, the congress in Baghdad was over and we had completed all the work in the various committee meetings. All went along extremely well. Now it was the night of the Mr. Universe competitions. When I entered the theater, I saw that it was packed. There were, I'm sure, three thousand people in that audience. For the first time in Baghdad, I saw something that made me feel very uncomfortable. There was a banner on the side of the wall of the theater, about 150 feet long, and it read, "Americans—Leave Arab Oil With The Arabs." I took my seat just under the American flag, in our section looked around and felt a bit uneasy. However, the audience just wanted to see the show start. The Iraqi federation gave us boxes of dates and I received three small crafted palm trees, about six inches high, cut out of sterling silver.

Ed Corney won the title of Mr. Universe, Mike Katz was second, and in third place was Kenichi Suemitsue from Japan. And because the American team had the most points, as team captain I was awarded the team trophy. The trophy was all brass, cone-shaped



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER TAKES A SECOND TO POSE WITH HIS FRIEND, TOM MINICHIELLO, FOLLOWING A WORKOUT AT TOM'S MID-CITY GYM.

—PHOTO COURTESY TOM MINICHIELLO

and all handcrafted. It was almost five feet tall. It was a work of art. I was lucky, as the Swiss Air flight from Geneva was almost empty.

The Baghdad trip was over and I sat on the plane thinking of the past ten days, the people I had met and places I had been. Ben Weider was right; I didn't regret being part of the IFBB.

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I had been so impressed with the hospitality shown to us by the Iraqi bodybuilding federation that I had a plaque made up for them. I inscribed all the names of the American team on it. Several months later, in a phone conversation with Ben, he told me that many of the officials we had met in Baghdad had disagreements with the government and had been executed. I found it hard to believe, but it happened. This was later confirmed in an article in the *New York Times* about the multiple executions.

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By that time, Joe Weider had moved his headquarters from New Jersey to California. When he lived in an apartment down near Sutton Place, he said to me, "Tommy, when I open the window here in the city, I can't breathe, I'm going to the coast."

Every year after that, Joe always came back for my big show and brought with him four or five of the top bodybuilders from the coast. Like his brother Ben, Joe was very serious in his business.

Joe was also very serious when he told me one day, "It's not what you put out, but what comes back to you that counts." He then pulled out some papers from his briefcase. "Look, I spent \$150,000 advertising this item, but I got orders for over \$500,000! If you get a better location, where there are no whores, junkies and bums around, pay a higher rent, you'll get more traffic and more enrollments; your business will do better. Remember, it's not what you pay out, but what comes in."

Joe meant what he said, and I know he was sincerely concerned that I do well with my club. What he said stayed in my mind and after thinking about the fact that a lot of younger boys were afraid to come to the club because of the elements on the street, I made up my mind I wouldn't renew my lease. Joe was right; if I'd stayed up on that third floor, my gym would have died there.

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One of my friends from those days, Gene Dubuque, was a "Mr. New York City" winner in the forties, but he had moved to California. One day he came by for a visit and told me life was going great for him. He had made good money wrestling and had

purchased several rental units in Santa Monica; they were doing very well. He had also recently signed with a new agent on the coast and was being sent out for more auditions on film work. While he and I were sitting in my office, he was telling me all the news from World's Gym, where he trained. He put in a call to his agent and when he hung up, he looked over at me and smiled.

"Well, I got a part in a documentary, something to do about primal man. I'll be playing the part of an ape." "Yeah," I said, "they won't have to do any makeup on you" Soon Gene had to leave for Los Angeles. He really wanted to make it in films. He called me and told me he had been signed for two movies—feature films, good parts. He was overjoyed. This was what he wanted.

One morning Mark Tendler came into the gym. He looked at me and said, "Tom, I have to talk to you." He had this terrible expression on his face. I knew something awful had happened, and then he told me, "Gene was killed yesterday. He was in the mountains filming the documentary. They finished and the entire crew took off to come back to Los Angeles. The plane crashed into the side of the mountain Everyone was killed, I think 28 in all."

I remember putting my head down. I couldn't bear to look directly at Mark. Gene's life had just turned in the direction he wanted, and now this. I couldn't bear it. To know him was to love him, and we did. Sometime later his mom sent me a plaque that the Japanese Wrestling Federation had given him. She said Gene would have wanted me to have it. It hangs in my den, and will always be with me.

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When the gym moved to a new location, many friends came down to wish me well, one of whom was Tom Sansone. Tom had won the AAU Mr. America competition in 1958, and after that he started working for the Vic Tanny chain. Harry Schwartz first sent him to the Vic Tanny gym in White Plains, where I was managing at the time. We became good friends. We had seen each other when we both trained at the American Health Studio on Sixth Avenue, but had never really gotten to know one another. Sansone really projected a healthy appearance. We worked well together. We had very similar personalities. Neither of us was overly aggressive. Maybe that was why Schwartz soon transferred Sansone to a new location in Manhattan. Schwartz always tried to have opposites working with one another. The theory was that each would push the other. He also had one or two stoolies at every gym to report to him.

The next time I saw Tom Sansone was when I had been transferred to a hot new location we had just opened on Nassau Street in Lower Manhattan. There were three managers there already, and I was the fourth. The wrestler, Buddy Rogers, was training there and the ex-wrestler Walter Podalak, known on the mat as the "Golden Superman," was one of the instructors. Interestingly enough, I met Joe Weider's first wife, Diane, training there. In talking with her, she impressed me as being one fine lady. She came from a very wealthy family, owners of Ross Jewelry in New Jersey.

Now, some fifteen years later, Tony and I recalled those days at Nassau Street and had a good laugh. Sansone had become the general manager for the Jack LaLanne gyms in New York, which were owned by Harry Schwartz at the time. Sansone was then a chain smoker and obviously a bundle of nerves. He told me he was salaried at \$50,000 a year and had to push like hell for Schwartz. It didn't seem that long ago we were working at the Nassau Gym, but that was in 1960, and this was 1974.

Sansone had changed completely from the person I knew. From the time he came into my gym, I saw that he was uneasy. As we talked, he was jittery as could be. I knew that in the big gym chains, the pressure was great, and no one applied it better than Schwartz.

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My new gym had a lot of the selectorized equipment that had become so popular. Unlike what I had at the three previous locations, the gym floor was carpeted. However, the really outstanding feature—one that was totally new to the members—was the central air conditioning unit. We had gone 15 years without it. Times were changing and we were now attracting more and more of the office workers who just wanted to shape up. Many of them came in on their lunch hour. Going from an air conditioned work place to a hot gym, working out, then going back to work, wasn't such a great attraction. Most of the really hardcore bodybuilders complained about the air conditioning, but in time, they accepted it.

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"Tommy, what the fuck is this? I spend this much every week just on vitamins." It was Saturday night, September 8, 1973, on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Arnold had just won the Mr. Olympia competition, the highest title in professional bodybuilding. I handed Arnold a check for \$1,000. And that was what he said to me with one of his patented grins.

And he was absolutely right: for all the work that goes into training and the dedication that's required, and to be voted the best in your sport, the money was a joke. However, it was 1973, and the tide had not yet turned. We couldn't get any big sponsors. The prize money came from the sale of tickets. The top ticket was \$10. Today it's \$100 or \$150, and there are many sponsors.

Actually, on our poster we advertised the first place money to be \$750, second place, \$500, and \$250 for third place, but tickets went well and we increased the first place to \$1,000. Financially, in the previous seventy years bodybuilding had gone nowhere.

In January of 1904, on the stage of Madison Square Garden in New York, Al Treloar won the title of "The Most Perfectly Developed Man in the World," a competition staged by Bernard MacFadden and his magazine. The prize—\$1,000.

In talking with Arnold later, he said, "We've got to get money into bodybuilding." I saw the seriousness in his eyes and facial expression. For seconds it was almost frightening. But then he came back to Arnold, the fun-loving person we knew, always ribbing someone.

I had met Arnold a few years before. It was just prior to one of the Mr. Olympia competitions and he and Franco Columbo came to New York. They both came to the gym to say hello. I said hello to Franco, and Arnold introduced himself to me. He gave me this look, the one eye almost closed and the other eyebrow stretched so high it almost met his hairline. That eye looked like it was ready to explode. I think I saw George Sanders do that in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

He said, theatrically, "Yes, I'm Arnold." He seemed to be constantly on stage. One time I heard him talking in our locker room before going in for a workout. "Watch what I'm going to make these guys do." After he had been in the gym for a few minutes, I heard this tremendous roar . . . "AH, AH, AH, AH, AH" . . . just as loud as could be. Every time he did repetitions, he would roar like a lion. When he left the workout area, he and Ed Corney headed for the showers. In a few minutes from the workout area came the roars, "AH, AH, AH, AH" . . . Hearing the groans from the gym, Arnold laughed and said, "See how my children follow me."

Gene DuBueque and Arnold were the only people I have ever known who could do the things they did and get away with them, and even be admired for them. No one ever seemed to be offended by their talk or actions. I believe Arnold's accent was in his favor. I think it attracted people to him, along with his tremendous physique. He was certainly different. He was determined to get more. He would

focus on his target, and damn the torpedoes straight ahead!

When Arnold said he would bring big money into bodybuilding he meant it...and he did it. After winning the 1975 Olympia in South Africa, he announced his retirement from competition. He then won the bid from the IFBB to produce the Olympia in 1976. He had chosen Columbus, Ohio, for the event, and was kind enough to send me an invitation to his show. For the very first time, I saw the big change that was coming into our sport. He held the contest in the Veterans Auditorium. I would guess it held close to 4,000 spectators. Arnold had sold out the auditorium for both the pre-judging show (which took place in the late morning to early afternoon), and the finals at night. Immediately after the pre-judging was over, he had various concessions in the lobby of the auditorium. There were garments, photos, vitamins, banners, key chains and hundreds of other items. Arnold circulated through the crowd, entertaining everyone with his remarks, flexing his pecs, and pulling that one eyebrow up to his hairline. When it was all over, all that remained were empty boxes. It was a total success.

The night show was presented professionally, not a second of dead time, which was unusual for a bodybuilding competition. Arnold was able to get local merchants to sponsor awards for the competition. He appeared on local TV, plugging the coming event, and Joe had given him full-page ads in the Weider Publications. That night \$50,000 was to be distributed to ten finalists, and half of it to the overall winner. It was the beginning of the big money.

Arnold became the spokesman for our sport on television programs and through his movie roles. Bodybuilding was now gaining in popularity. There was no question about it, Arnold was the catalyst for this movement. Yes, he has become a mega-millionaire himself, but in doing this, he opened the door for thousands of others. Anyone connected with bodybuilding and the fitness community, in my opinion, is indebted to Arnold. At his most recent show in Ohio, he distributed several hundred thousand dollars to the winners!

Arnold's career was going great guns. Having won the Olympia for the sixth time, he turned to much more lucrative work in the movies. "Stay Hungry" was released in 1976, and he received a Golden Globe Award. But the major turning point for Arnold was the release of "Pumping Iron" the following year. Before its release, Arnold had called me and told me he would pick me up that night and take me to a private screening of the film. Magna Sound, the studio where the screening was to take place, was only a few blocks from the gym. We sat in the front row. As I recall, the studio sat 50 or 60 at most.

I felt as though I was 14 again, making fun in the movie. All through the showing, Arnold kept coming out with remarks: "Look at poor Louie (referring to Lou Ferrigno), he looks tiny. Now he has to eat more spaghetti and meatballs to beat me." His remarks had me and everyone else there laughing. He was very fast with his remarks, and very funny. The movie, I thought, was great. Arnold just played himself. It had to be a winner.

About a week before the 1980 Mr. Olympia competition, which was being held in Sydney, Australia, friends of mine from Europe told me they heard that Arnold was going to compete. This didn't sound right; he had retired from competition about five years before and had been doing a lot of film work, although he never stopped training. For most men, competing in the Olympia involved months of hard training and, of course, getting help from the best doctors for the best drugs. I called a friend of mine in Los Angeles. He said all he knew was that Arnold went to Australia to see the competition. But Arnold was something else. I knew that. So just a few days before the Olympia, I placed a notice on our bulletin board "If Arnold competes this weekend at the Olympia competition, *he will*

be the winner! This is my prediction. —Tom"

All the members were asking me, "Come on, you know something!" "All I know," I insisted, "is if he competes, he *has to be the winner*. And, I might add, *no matter what shape he's in, he'll win*. Listen, in the movie "Pumping Iron" he was the winner, and he retired a winner. He's got a TV movie coming out soon. In a few months, he's starting on a big movie—'Conan.' Don't you see, he's got to be a winner; *he can't be a loser*. Arnold would not compete if he didn't know he was going to *win*."

The day after the competition in Australia, I called the Weider office in Los Angeles for the results. Arnold had entered and was the *winner!* Never in the previous 15 years of Mr. Olympia competition had there been such an uproar of disappointment from all of the competitors, and the audience as well.

Arnold always had tickets sent down to our gym for the opening of all his films, and even if he wasn't training at our club, he always came in to say hello and have a protein drink mixed up by the late "ZaZu." It was a pleasure and a delight when one day he came down and introduced me to Maria Shriver. I thought she was very attractive and personable. Her green eyes seemed to have lights in them. This time, I said to myself, "Arnold, you've really outdone yourself." They both did a little training and I saw her two or three times after that.

Their wedding took place in 1986. I thought at the time that the only obstacle keeping Arnold from winning the White House was his place of birth.

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All of the changes in bodybuilding were not for the better. Competition was drastically changing. Most all of the competitors were using drugs in their training. It was a sad day when from my own locker room I heard a young member say, "I don't care about health. I want to get big, really huge." I have always believed in live and let live, but whenever I heard the young member talking like that, I tried to change his direction.

One such member left my gym to train at a downtown club, where I knew the owner was actually selling some of the growth drugs to his members. About two years later, this same member paid me a visit, I didn't recognize him. He had to tell me who he was. He had to have gained at least 50 pounds. His body looked like a balloon. What was astounding to me was that his head had changed. The bones of his skull, just above his eyes, were now pronounced. He was a good looking boy, who now appeared to me as a monster.

After decades of being involved in bodybuilding, I was now seeing and hearing about young men in their twenties having massive heart attacks, kidney and liver problems. *Folks, this isn't bodybuilding; it's madness*. It's madness that will keep competitive bodybuilding as a relatively unimportant sport, forever out of the Olympics. It's not easy for me to make a statement like that. Bodybuilding, for me, has been a way of life these many years—a healthy way of life. Nonetheless, look at the growth of most other sports. It's been phenomenal. Bodybuilding, in comparison, has made little progress. Mind you, I'm speaking of "competitive" bodybuilding. The growth of bodybuilding as a way to build health or to enhance an athlete for a particular sport has been tremendous. The sale of fitness equipment is now a multi-billion dollar business, and bodybuilding has really been the seed for this growth industry. But competitive bodybuilding has not reaped its just rewards because it is headed down a dead-end street.

Fortunately, the natural bodybuilding movement is alive and well. I believe that in the very near future, more and more bodybuilding competitions should and will be drug tested.