

CHAOS AND PAIN'S

ISSUANCE OF INSANITY:

PART DEUX 2010- 2013



ALSO INCLUDING THE COMPLETE
SO AND SO GOT SO FUCKING JACKED AND
BADDEST MOTHERFUCKERS SERIES,
REVISITED AND RETOLD.

JAMIE LEWIS

Copyright © 2013 by Jamie Lewis

First Printing

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in a form by means, electronic, magical, mechanical, psychic, alchemical, photocopied, recorded, or otherwise without the prior consent of the publisher. This means you are a bad person, will arouse my ire, and will probably catch a beating that will leave you unrecognizable if I discover you've posted this on Scribd, Mediafire, RapidShare, or wherever else you decide you want to take money out of my pocket. This book's not expensive enough to warrant theft, so don't steal it.

The author and publisher disclaim any responsibility for any of your actions, injuries you incur misapplying the brilliant suggestions herein, or any other stupidity that might result in a lawsuit by the readers of this text. Though the words contained herein are awesome, you may not match it as such, and by turning the page the reader assumes all responsibility for their future actions. In the event of injury, embarrassment, or any other adverse effects resulting from the misapplication or ill-considered use of the information presented in this text and should simply find a nice quiet place to die rather than initiating a lawsuit, as the author and publisher wash their hands of you.

Copyeditor - Krishtha Spuglio
Cover Design- Krishtha Spuglio

ISBN Pending

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

Let's Break This Motherfucker Down.....	4
I Think This Is Officially Middle Aged- Random Shit I've Learned #2.....	4
Vindicating Vast Volumes	7
Efficiency And Elite Strength Are Asymmetric Goals	7
Crushing the Competition.....	13
RAW UNITY 5- The Whole Shitteree.....	13
RAW UNITY 5- Post-Weighin, Meet Day, and the Week After Diet	20
USPA Nationals After-Action Report And Raw504 Meet Prep	23
I Am Legend- Clash For Cash Results	28
Close Only Counts In Horseshoes And Hand Grenades- Jamie Lewis Goes 1615 At 168.5 lb.....	28
Programming For Preeminence.....	35
Pimpin Ain't Easy, But Overhead Pressing Is	35
Pimpin' Ain't Easy #2- Ain't No Half Steppin' When You're Overhead Pressin'	38
Pimpin' Ain't Easy #3- Lift Her Up Just Like A Pick Up Truck.....	41
Jim Bradford Routine	43
Ken Patera's Routine	44
Pimpin' Ain't Easy #4- Let's get Down to The Finish	47
Klokov All The Time	50
Behind The Neck Extravaganza	51
Mix It Up	51
It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells	52
It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #2	56
It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #3: Yoga, The Indian Way, Is Actually Fucking Badass	60
It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #4- And You Thought Sumo Wrestlers Had A Fucked Up Diet	64
It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #5- Training Like A Pehlwan	70
Exercises For Excellence	77
How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love the Zercher, #3- We Pick Shit Up And Put It Down	77
China	77
Switzerland	78
Tahiti	78
India.....	78

Finland	79
Germany.....	79
Cardiovascular Crapulence.....	80
Run And You'll Only Die Tired, The Logic Part 2	80
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever.....	83
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #1- Maxick	84
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #2- Mariusz Pudzianowski	88
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #3- Benny "I Live In a Fucking Cave" Podda.....	92
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #4- Marvin Eder	97
Baddest Workouts Ever- Zabo Koszewski	100
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #5- Arthur Saxon	102
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #6: Charles Bronson	107
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #7- Paul Anderson	111
Baddest Workouts Ever- Ed Corney	114
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #8- Milo of Croton	116
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #9- Jack "I Can't Die, It Will Wreck My Image" LaLanne	118
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #10- Chuck Sipes	122
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #11 -John "Intensity or Insanity" Defendis	127
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #12: John Grimek.....	130
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #13 - Hermann "I Rock A Hitler Mustache" Goerner.....	133
Baddest Workouts Ever- Jeff King	137
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #14- Bruce "I Dare You to Enter the Dragon, Motherfucker" Lee	139
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #15- Ricky Bruch	144
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #16- Bruno Sammartino.....	146
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #17- Vasily Alexeev.....	149
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #18- Ken "I Beat Up A Bunch Of Cops Once" Patera	154
Baddest Workouts Ever-Dana Linn Bailey	157
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #19- Pat Casey	160
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #20- Franco "I Just Banged Arnold's Girl" Columbu	163
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #21- Brian Oldfield	168
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #22- Captain Kirk Karwoski.....	172
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #23- Doug "The Motherfucking Clubfoot" Hepburn.....	177
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #24- Stan "The White Rhino" Efferding	184
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #25- For My Amusement: Danny "The Ginger Badass" Bonaduce	189

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #26- Steve Stanko	192
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #27- Donald Dinnie	196
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #28- Ivan "The Polish Hammer" Putski	203
Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #29: Bert "I Can Do A One Handed Handstand, Motherfucker" Assirati	208
Baddest Workouts Ever- Don "The Ripper" Ross	215
The Ever Popular "Dude, So And So Got So Fucking Jacked" Series	218
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie!	218
The So And So Got So Fucking Jacked Diet.....	220
The So And So Got So Fucking Jacked Workout.....	221
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Jason Statham.....	222
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Sylvester Stallone	231
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Tom Hardy	237
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Chris Hemsworth	247
Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Hugh Jackman	256
Bibliography	264

LET'S BREAK THIS MOTHERFUCKER DOWN

I Think This Is Officially Middle Aged- Random Shit I've Learned #2

I started this series last year on my birthday and might as well keep it up, as it seems to be an appropriate way to reflect upon shit I've learned in the previous year without any real structure or guide. This year was pretty crazy for me, considering it's still odd to think of myself as a powerlifter, never mind as a world record holding powerlifter. In any event, here are some things I've learned on the road to breakin' fools while their bitches drool.

1. **You can learn shit from bodybuilders.** They're much maligned (often for good reason), but they're not all retarded. One would think I'd have learned this already, what with the fact that I've cited examples like Marvin Eder and Chuck Sipes in the past, but it wasn't until I really tried to get my bench moving that it occurred to me that bodybuilders are the best proof of my contention that high frequency is critical for steady progress. After all, we've all seen countless "bodybuilders" with massive upper bodies and no legs, and we all know they train the same muscle groups two to four times a week. When I started examining the problems with my bench, it occurred to me that the "bodybuilders", not the strength athletes, are the by far and away the best benchers in any gym- Garrett Griffin's a great example of a current bodybuilder/bencher. If you want a decent bench, you're going to have to train the fuck out of your chest and arms just like the bodybuilders in your gym. If you don't, you're probably going to make an ass of yourself when you hit a meet. That's not to say that I'll be adopting a bodypart split (ever again), but if you've got a lagging bodypart, utilizing the techniques of a bodybuilder who's got that bodypart in spades might not be the worst idea you've ever had. If nothing else, it'll be better than deloading to the bar after getting terrible advice from redditors about your shitbox squat.
2. **More is generally better.** In line with the above, it seems the more frequently I train and the more frequently I train the powerlifts or permutations thereof, the better I get at them. At this point, I bottom position squat, jump squat, and partial squat at least once each per week, bench at least twice a week, and shrug twice a week. I've never been stronger, never looked better, and never felt better just walking around. There are pretty few exceptions to the rule "*he who rules does more*", and if you look at guys like Platz, Belaev, Young, and Gant, you see that doing more seems to be the way to go. Ronnie Coleman, the most successful bodybuilder of all time, trained 6 days a week for the majority of his adult life, and it paid the fuck off. Bust your ass in the gym and the gods will confer upon you greatness. Skimp and you'll suck harder than a crackhead in a gangbang.

3. **Sleep is easily as essential as training and dieting.** Every time I hear that my style of training "broke" someone, my response is always to ask how much sleep they get on a regular basis. The answer's always the same- it's all bullshit about how busy the person is, yadda yadda yadda. If you're not going to sleep, your training is going to suck. It's as simple as that. There is no way around it. I've blogged about sleep before and how to improve it- get at least eight hours of sleep and make sure it's quality. If you're not going to get eight hours of sleep or more on the regular, just accept you're going to suck.
4. **You're almost never not going to be injured or hurt.** This is perhaps the hardest thing for people to accept and understand, but they need to figure out, and in a fucking hurry. If you're training hard and heavy with the goal of lifting something awesome, something is always going to hurt. Whether it's your wrists, elbows, knees, hamstring, or even something ridiculous like a serratus muscle, one bodypart or another is always going to be giving you some kind of bullshit. The elite athletes train in spite of or around these injuries. Sometimes they get worse, sometimes they get better, and sometimes they just get supplanted by another recalcitrant bodypart. Any way you cut it, something's always going to be bothering you. Suck it the fuck up and keep going. If it's an intense pain or a chronic pain for weeks, treat it like you would any other injury and rest the area until the intensity of the pain is markedly diminished or until you're frustrated enough to risk a real injury to train through the pain. Bear in mind that minor injuries often precipitate major ones, however. Before Dorian Yates tore his bicep, he had a shitload of niggling pains in that arm for months. He trained through and tore the ever-loving shit out of that bicep as a result. Thus, it's up to you to decide if you're hurt or injured and either soldier on or take time off.
5. **Most of us should overhead press more often.** Because? Big shoulders look awesome, and bigger shoulders look awesomer. The bigger my traps and shoulders get, the more insane the comments I get about my physique, when the rest of it's more or less unchanged. Additionally, having a badass overhead press is probably more impressive than anything else. Igor Lakunin, Russian world champion, trains twice a day for 2 to 4 hours a session, and puts weight overhead during almost every session.
6. **Bottom position squats are key.** I credit these with the ease with which I get out of the hole, no matter what the weight is on the bar. Try them and see- they're brutal but worth it.
7. **Every single setback you encounter in your life will become a boon if you approach it aggressively and positively.** This runs the gamut from work to relationships to lifting, and it's always true. When I've found myself injured in the gym, I altered my technique and training to allow me to continue training hard, and my lifts have always improved as a result. Sitting around moping like Eeyore off his meds is going to result in nothing more than continued failure and misery. If you hit a wall in life, figure out a way to go over or through it without stopping to consider the wall's existence. You can figure out how it got there after you get past it. The important thing is to continue to progress, avoiding stalling altogether and then backsliding.

8. **Getting older sucks subjectively, but is pretty fucking awesome objectively.** As you get older, you should get better, not worse. I've personally never looked better, never been stronger, never fucked harder, or been more erudite and articulate than I am now. There's no reason you should give ground to age. For those of you who bitch when you get out of bed in the morning, you're fucking doing it wrong.

Grab life by the throat and fuck it into submission. Anything less is undignified.

VINDICATING VAST VOLUMES

Efficiency And Elite Strength Are Asymmetric Goals

To begin, this will likely be the most contentious piece of writing I've done thus far. My personal belief in regards to "efficient training" is not a widely held precept, but that is due to the fact that every single person who disagrees with me on this subject is unequivocally wrong. I'm not talking "mark that fucker down ten points on their SAT" wrong, either. The reason for this is that efficiency is not a path to excellence, but rather, the way to maximize production while minimizing cost. As such, efficiency in the minds of most is linear growth- slow and steady incremental progress. Becoming elite at anything, however, requires far more effort than that, and exponentially more effort than that which most modern Westerners will put into anything besides consumerism, sloth, and obesity.

Given that I attack lifting with the same ferocity that a fat person employs in the pursuit of type two diabetes in a Krispy Kreme, incremental progression wouldn't be my style in any event. Though my opinion might be skewed because it suits my style of lifting, I believe that a more aggressive, volume intensive, and unmodulated approach results in progression that is volatile, but will resemble a cubic progression rather than a linear progression if graphed over time. The problem most people have with my approach, however, is threefold- one, they lack the necessary motivation to attack the weights with the necessary vigor; two, they are either unwilling or unable to continually alter their training to maintain forward progression, and three, they're too busy listening to the astonishing amount of negativity coming from the weak-willed and -bodied peanut gallery to take this path in the first place.

Ultimately, I think the problem lies in large part with one man- Frederick Winslow Taylor. Before you start googling him, know this- he's got fuck-all to do with lifting. Instead, he is the evil mastermind behind one of the most insidious schemes in history, which sucked the soul out of the American working man and is currently grinding the lot of us to a bloody fucking nub: the plot to make the American workforce "efficient".

Even his mother would probably have told us, Frederick Taylor was an asshole. He went everywhere with a stopwatch and notepad, timing every worker as they did everything and constantly nitpicking, henpecking, and berating them about their form, style, and execution, all because he wanted them to operate like robots in a factory. Fucking Frederick Taylor, had he been capable of such a feat, was likely a blazingly fast and a probably unfelt affair consisting of a rapid series of pumps calibrated by stopwatch and in time with a metronome, after which he critiqued the woman for everything he could possibly think of, down to the grimace on her face. Though the man was utterly despised by the workers he oversaw, he was the darling of corporate management, and his worship of efficiency became sacrosanct within a century of its adoption.

If you're wondering why I think this fucked up most lifters, consider this- the core of Taylor's work was standardization. He studied things, averaged the results, and

used that to determine what would achieve acceptable results for everyone, rather than what would achieve optimal results for individuals. He promoted four essential principles:

- Replace rule-of-thumb work methods with methods based on a scientific study of the tasks.
- Scientifically select, train, and develop each employee rather than passively leaving them to train themselves.
- Provide "Detailed instruction and supervision of each worker in the performance of that worker's discrete task".
- Divide work nearly equally between managers and workers, so that the managers apply scientific management principles to planning the work and the workers actually perform the tasks.

This has since been applied to programming, which by my research (and being rather exhaustive), is a relatively new phenomenon- even in the early 20th Century when each lifter essentially created his own program. Now, however, most people dogmatically and rabidly adhere to programs they neither understand nor question which have been designed by people in a far away land for a very discrete group of people. That, or they do the same with a watered-down program designed to do exactly what Taylor sought to do- achieve acceptable goals for all, but not optimize anyone's output. Thus, no one trains himself or herself. Everyone receives "detailed instruction and supervision" in the "performance of their task", and lifters leave the management principles to strangers while they unthinkingly perform the tasks set out for them. In short, Taylor created an environment where society not only creates robots, but it creates robots that want to be even more robotic. This is how we've ended up with an internet full of discussions of the same three powerlifting or bodybuilding programs, of people who think that being fat somehow confers great physical strength, and of those endless fucking form check videos. As such, most people are as useless as the annoying black chick from Saved By The Bell on the best of gym visits, and at worst are more likely to resemble that skinny, whiny bitch from Ferris Bueller's Day Off.

"Efficient" programming seeks to provide the masses with the best results from the least effort every time they enter the gym. People, blindly following, confuse "best results from the least effort" with purely "best results", and this is how they've started championing Mark Rippetoe as the god of all things lifting. Because they think that "best results" also means maintaining a strength level that would get you laughed out of a market in Denmark when you threw your back out trying to lift one of their giant wheels of cheese, they think that anyone doing more work than them (and thereby easily surpassing their best lifts) in the gym is a mutant, obviously using steroids, and in danger of "burning themselves out" in short order. They'll heave excuses aloft like they're Russians blindly firing shit into space in an effort to beat the US at anything at all, and will achieve about the same amount of success as the Russians- there will be a lot of shit erased from their record books out of shame at night, and weeping will be about the only sound they hear as they go to bed. They will never push themselves to test their limits, force themselves to go beyond what they believe possible, or even attempt something slightly out of the ordinary, because they're content with leading dull, uninteresting lives bereft of excitement and devoid of conscious thought. They're robots, basking in the pallid glow of their own mediocrity.

Cursory examination of memorable and elite lifters throughout the ages will leave one with a definitive impression thereafter- there is no one best way for everyone to train. The very idea of such a thing is patently ridiculous, as the adoption of that theory involves a tacit admission that you're no better than anyone else- you're neither smarter, nor stronger, nor in any way better than the toothless, meth-addicted broad checking you out at Wal-Mart, nor are you better equipped to attack the weights than the special needs kid with a thyroid disorder who's eating crayons in isle 3. If you're comfortable with that idea, then I encourage you to adopt a cookie-cutter routine on the recommendation of a faceless stranger with a total that barely exceeds his bodyweight. If you realize that there's a chance that you might be able to rise above the level of "barely human", perhaps you should examine the routine you've been doing to see how it could best benefit you, as an individual.

Another takeaway from that examination is the fact that if you want to be great at something, lifting included, you're going to have to do more than just the bare minimum in the gym. To wit:

TOM PLATZ'S LEG ROUTINE (which he did twice in 8 days):

Squats: 8-12 x 5-20
Hack Squats: 5 x 10-15
Leg Extensions: 5 x -8 10-15
Lying Leg Curls: 6-10 x 10-15
Standing Calf Raises: 3-4 x 10-15
Seated Calf Raises: 3-4 x 10-15
Hack Machine Calf Raises: 3-4 x 10-15

Using this routine, Platz hit 500 for 23 reps and 635 for 8, at a bodyweight of around 220 and ripped to the fucking bone.

BOB PEOPLES' FULL BODY ROUTINE (done 4-5 times per week)

Deadlift: 1 x 15-20, 1 x 10, 1 x 8, 1 x 6, 6 x 1 (10 sets total)
Squat: 5 x 5
Press: 5 x 5

That's right- Peoples maxed out on the deadlift 4-5 times a week. Because he broke his fucking ass and wasn't a bleeding vagina, Peoples pulled a world record 725 at 181 lbs. Also contrary to convention, people pulled with all of the air expelled from his lungs, with a round back, and with a double overhand grip- form he determined to be best for himself after experimenting with almost everything

and then actually sitting down and studying what worked best for him. Can you imagine such a thing? The horror!

KONSTANTIN KONSTANTINOV'S FULL BODY ROUTINE (training every other day)

Workout 1

Light squat for a warm up.

Deadlift. I do a different variant every time I train: rack pulls - 7, 11, 15, 20, 23 cm from the knees (higher than that I never pull). I do either a set of 3 reps or 8-10 depending on how I feel.

Bench Press. I consider bench press as rest between heavy work. I bench either with touch and go with a medium grip, or with a close grip pausing at the bottom. I might do a single set of 10 reps with touch and go, or might max out pausing at the bottom. It all depends on how I feel and my mood.

2nd Deadlift. I pull either from a floor or from a deficit (about 9 cm). I do a single set of 2-3 reps pausing at the bottom. Then if I have enough energy, I might do another set of 6-8 reps.

Box squat. Heavy box squat as described above.

Workout 2 (in two days)

Medium Heavy Squat as described above.

Heavy Bench Press for a single set of 3 reps. Once in two weeks: negatives - 1-2 set for 1 rep. Then a single set of 8-10 reps with either close or medium grip depending on how I feel.

Cardio - 15-20 min.

Workout 3

Light Squat.

Medium Heavy Bench Press: a single set of 6-8 reps.

Speed Deadlift With Bands: 8x1. Bands increase weight by 130 kg at the top.

Pull Ups With Weight or Bands. ONLY explosively. Very important for my deadlift.

GHR, Hyperextensions, Very Heavy Abs Work (6 sets with emphasis on strength).

Workout 4

The same as workout 2.

In other words, the man who is the strength freak of our time and who hold the World Record in the raw deadlift at 242 and 275 and the total at 308 squats every fucking training session and deadlifts twice a week. Conventional wisdom can officially go fuck itself.

There are a myriad of other examples, and all of the Baddest Motherfuckers I've chronicled so far threw a metaphorical fuck you to the world every single time they entered the gym. That's because they knew, instinctively, that there is no one best

way for everyone to train- there's only the best way for you to train yourself. Just as the cookie cutter programs dominating the strength world today should arouse the ire of the lifters using them, as they're forced from what works into what usually works for most people, Fred Taylor's methods made him a fucking wanted man in factories the world around. Artisans and factory workers despised him because he took away their free will and individual expression and replaced it with robotic movements and communal behavior. Amusingly, the Soviets were some of his biggest proponents, in spite of the fact that Marx himself decried the dehumanization of the worker. Similarly, Christian existentialist Simone Weil proffered the following, which is a pretty excellent summary of modern society's mental state:

"However tied and bound a primitive man was to routine and blind gropings, he could at least try to think things out, to combine and innovate at his own risk, a liberty which is absolutely denied to a worker engaged in a production line.... Thus, in spite of progress, man has not emerged from the servile condition in which he found himself when he was handed over weak and naked to all the blind forces that make up the universe; it is merely that the power which keeps him on his knees has been as it were transferred from inert matter to the human society of which he is a member."

I find that particularly striking due to the fact that Christianity doesn't seem well suited to individual thought and expression, by and large. If they and the progenitor of one of the most disgusting and insidious political movements in the modern era could see the evil inherent in Taylorism, anyone on Earth should be able to do so.

But, you might be saying to yourself, those guys are fucking freaks, and while I'm not retarded and half-crippled and don't resemble a young Kuato from Total Recall, I'm hardly a strapping young KK. He's a genetic freak, and I'm not. Interestingly, science has addressed that theory, and they've told you to nut the fuck up. In a meta-analysis of thousands of elite performers across a variety of disciplines ranging from hockey to violin, researchers discovered that "Individual differences, even among elite performers, are closely related to assessed amounts of deliberate practice. Many characteristics once believed to reflect innate talent are actually the result of intense practice extended for a minimum of 10 years." (Ericsson et al. 363) I've mentioned my issues with Sir Francis Galton before, and he's the one who's got it in your mind that you simply lack the genetics to be elite (which is not surprising given that "Genetic influences are still incorrectly viewed as deterministic factors that lead to unmodifiable consequences determining the structure of the human body and its nervous system"[Ericksson et al 364]). Well, once again, you and Galton are about as correct as the 29% percent of American who couldn't identify the vice president of the United States (Daily Beast). Instead, what studies like that show "is that 10,000 hours of practice is required to achieve the level of mastery associated with being a world class expert" (Outliers 40). In studying these elite performers, they found that "the people at the very top don't work *just* harder or even much harder than everyone else. They work much, much harder." (Outliers 39)

They don't just work harder, either- they react, adapt and overcome, just as elite Special Forces units do as a matter of course. In a study in the late 19th century of

Morse code operators, it was discovered that even a tremendous amount of practice and experience did not inure Morse code operators from the dreaded plateau we all know from training. What they found was interesting for another reason, though, because it applies directly to my point- people who unthinkingly performed their tasks found themselves mired in bullshit, while those who approached their task thoughtfully and busted their asses did not- "with mere repetition, improvement of performance was often arrested at less than maximal levels, and further improvement required effortful reorganization of the skill. Even very experienced Morse Code operators could be encouraged to dramatically increase their performance through deliberate efforts when further improvements were required for promotions and external rewards" (Ericksson 365). Put simply- you have to react and adapt if you want to overcome obstacles in your path to greatness. You're not going to do that, however, if you're taking the easy way out, resting on your laurels, following some program designed by a person who's never met you and used (identically) by everyone you know, and never deviating from the path set out by that stranger. You've got to identify your strengths and weaknesses and motivate yourself to overcome them through the thoughtful application of sheer, unrelenting will and brute fucking force.

To sum up- if you do the same thing as everyone else, you will suck just as much as they do. "Remember, you never want to be in a fair fight if an unfair fight is an option" (Griffin), and by doing what they're doing, you're making every competition a fair fight. You can always push harder, lift heavier, and fight harder for what you want, and you're going to have to do it if you want to be better than everyone else. Claiming that your sessions are more efficient is simply another way to say you're a fucking corner-cutting slacker, and I'm going to laugh at you when I outlift you and your lifting partner combined at a meet.

Don't be a fucking pussy. Go do something epic.

Addendum:

I left this bit out because this post ran so long and covered so many things that I forgot to mention it explicitly, though I thought it would be more or less apparent:

Optimal training for an individual will not be "efficient" due to the fact that you will have to put more and more effort into lifting in order to transcend your previous bests. This coincides with the "Law of Diminishing Returns", which states "in all productive processes, adding more of one factor of production, while holding all others constant, will at some point yield lower per-unit returns." (Wiki) Those lower returns, however, are necessary if progress is to continue, and is the point I was attempting to make by citing the study of the Morse code operators.

Additionally, it appears, via the comments, that many people are confusing "optimal" and "efficient"- optimal training is training in which you're maximizing your maximizing your output. "Efficient" training, on the other hand, is achieving the best possible result from a minimum of effort. As such, it is rare that "efficient" training will yield optimal results, due to the fact that so much more effort will eventually be necessary to continue your progress, and because of the delicate balance of man's internal systems it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine what will achieve the greatest output as increased effort is required.

CRUSHING THE COMPETITION

RAW UNITY 5- The Whole Shitteree



So, after a brief hiatus, here is RAW Unity 5. Though I'd like to say the interlude was simply due to my waiting for the publishing of the photos and vids of the meet, it was due in very large part to me being a bit burned out and pissed off after the meet. Right after the meet ended, I had a startling revelation that I solemnly vow to never do again- I didn't listen to my own fucking advice. Let's roll it back to last year, when I wrote:

In a previous blog, I posted a quote from the seminal grindhouse film Planet Terror, in which a retardedly hot, pole-dancing, ass-kicking, peg-legged Rose McGowan stated that "goals become the thing you talk about, rather than the thing you do". That's a fairly accurate summation of my opinion of goals with regard to weightlifting (an life in general), and I thus view the myriad posted goals on Bodyspace and similar sites just as I do a wheezing, sweaty, pre-diabetic, allegedly human mass of fat cells with eyeballs purchasing a supersize meal at McDonalds with a Diet Coke- they're laughable and pathetic.

Were you to lack the experience I've had, you might be tempted to set those kinds of goals... especially when you're surrounded by monuments to

mediocrity erected by people entirely bereft of pride all over the internet. If you allow these idiots, who've posted their unbelievably embarrassing numbers online in a multitude of places, to program your subconscious into believing that those numbers are what you're likely to reach, you're fucked. Their Facebook updates and forum signatures are the internet equivalent of the Persian assault on the Greeks at Thermopylae. They're repetitive, toothless, and generally fucking sad, but the sheer weight of numbers can leave you well and truly fucked if you're unprepared to deal with them. Just as those hapless turbaned were driven onto the spear points of the Spartans by the swords of their officers and covered the Grecian landscape like locusts, so do the ambassadors of suck online. Thus, it's important that you look to more inspirational sources and leave those idiots to their discussion of which brand of sock/briefs/shoes/supplements might pus them to a 400 lb shitfest of a back squat. This is especially important at night, when the defenses your conscious mind erects to outside influence on your subconscious are at their weakest. (Van Fleet 54-55)"

What'd I fucking do? I told half the free world that I was going to break two world records. Not that I was going to attempt to do so, but that I was going to do it. As the meet drew closer, I started freaking the fuck out, realizing that anything I did that didn't involve breaking those records would be viewed, at least by me, as an abject failure. Three days out from the meet, I hit 585 for two to depth and decided that there was no way I was not going to do it. All I had to do was show up, make weight, and collect my money.



I was wrong.

I had my aims all muddled the fuck up- I started thinking about the destination, rather than the journey, and in doing so, I fucked up my motivations irrevocably. When doing something for material gain, you activate the nucleus accumbens in your brain. That's essentially the pleasure center in the brain, but it requires ever-increasing amounts of stimulation and is generally harder to activate than other parts. Doing something for fun, however, activates the posterior superior temporal sulcus, which is the part of the brain responsible for social interactions (also known as the altruism center), in addition to biological movement. They can't function at

the same time, so you basically have to pick activating one and sticking with it, and I picked incorrectly. (Brafman 140)

I ended up utterly disgusted with what I had done compared to the goals I had set. I walked away with three PRs (in the squat, bench, and total), and wasn't pleased with a not-too-fucking-embarrassing performance. Not only that, RUM 5 left me pissed for an entire week afterward, during which time I considered the entire effort wasted and briefly considered quitting competition entirely... which is fucking retarded.

The Meet Prep

My meet prep didn't really vary in any way from the previous meet, aside from the fact that I dropped incline reverse grips in favor of flat bench reverse grips. It worked like a charm, but I fucked the dog on the bench due to the same demon that plagued me throughout the meet- over-fucking-confidence. This, of course, shouldn't surprise anyone, given my philosophy of being a giant dick, going huge and strutting around like Little Lord Fauntleroy. Confidence is good, but overconfidence is the fucking devil.

I continue to believe that the path to greatness on squats is beginning each squatting workout (minus zerchers) with jump squats. It's helped my explosiveness out of the bottom, improved my flexibility, and is fun as hell. Additionally, bottom-position squats really help your explosiveness out of the hole, although I apparently needed to pile a couple more mats under the bar. I thought I was working from parallel, but I was evidently about an inch high.



Insanely easy 629, but was a little high.

The Diet

If you've read the unfinished Apex Predator Diet series, you know how I've been eating- meat on the bone, every day, and a shitload of protein shakes. The only thing that changed in the final few weeks was that I added a second daily meal of dry wings with salt and pepper about a month prior to the meet. Additionally, as I was losing my fucking mind about three weeks out from constant dieting, I had a second carb day on Saturdays. I started that day with biscuits and turkey sausage- 4 or 5 biscuits made with low-fat Bisquik and Jimmy Dean or Bob Evans (I prefer Bob Evans' but they're only just available in the South) Turkey Sausage patties, with I Can't Believe It's Not Butter Spray and dusted heavily with powdered red pepper. Thereafter, I'd eat Baked Ruffles, bowls from Chipotle consisting of naught but rice and double chicken. The rest of the time, it went like this:

8:30 AM: AM Workout

9AM: Shake 1- Muscle Infusion in water

11AM: Shake 2- Monster Milk in water

1 PM: Dry Wings- Liberally coat in salt and pepper

4 PM: Shake 3- Muscle Infusion in water

7 PM: Shake 4- Muscle Infusion in water

9:30-10:30PM: 2-3 lbs beef ribs with dry rub

11:30: Half a shake- Muscle Infusion in water

Overnight: Half a shake- Muscle Infusion in water



I was slightly lean at this meet.

Since I invariably get questions about it, here's how I prepare the ribs:

Dust one side with the following

Butt Rub- This stuff is a bit more savory, salty, and spicy than most other rubs.

Rib-It Rib Rub- I bought this stuff and like it, but it's a bit too mild. Mixed with the Butt Rub, it's awesome

Cumin

Chipotle Pepper

Garlic

Bake on 400 for 20 mins, turning once and dusting the upwards-facing side with the same blend.

Clearly, this diet is working- I'm hovering around 6% bodyfat and my lifts continue to rise. A note about that- I now believe that training without doing some sort of semi-strict dieting lends itself to diminished results, due to the fact that you're not as mindful about your lifestyle and are thus less focused in the gym. This might have to do with priming, as the stronger and better you look, the more primed you should be to perform up to your appearance. The opposite could also be true- if you look like a doughy pile of shit, you might be priming yourself to lift like one every time you look in the mirror. You'll act the way you're stereotype... it's science. Studies have shown that being positively stereotyped increases your performance, and being negatively stereotyped can result in poor health, loss of physical strength, cognition, eyesight, coordination, and can even shorten your life.(Langer 106-7, 166-168) Thus, you should look the way you want to fucking perform- awesome.

The Weigh-in

Making weight was considerably easier at this meet. I'd been walking around at around 196-7 at night, so when I started cutting salt and adding water, the weight shed right off. Additionally, because I'm so much leaner than I was, there's nothing but muscle glycogen and creatine holding onto my water. When I cut water, the weight dropped off precipitously. I used the same cutting protocol as in the last meet, although I used WAY more Krunker 2 and stopped eating 24 hours prior to weigh-in (I had 4 shakes before I stopped consuming anything). The label for Krunker 2 states you should use 1-2 3x a day- this time, I used 4 maybe 6 times on Friday, for a Saturday weigh-in. Thus, when I awoke on Saturday, I was only 4.5 lb over. I grabbed my sauna suit and headed to Gold's Gym to sit in their sauna. Though Ferriss and others recommend steam, a 180 degree sauna will do just fine, especially if you're wearing a sauna suit. I would sit in the sauna for ten minutes and then walk laps around the indoor pool, since it was hot as balls in there as well. 2 hours later, I was at 180.62, exhausted, overheated, and fucking starving.

Speaking of starving, I've been reading an interesting book called *Hunger: An Unnatural History*, which basically details the history of fasting and starvation. In it, the author lists Gandhi's rules for fasting. In case you're unaware, Gandhi was a diminutive Indian man who hated black people and was ironically the inspiration for the tactics used in the US civil rights movements. He was also instrumental in the formation of the current nations of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. He was a

celibate vegetarian, so his opinions should of course be questioned heavily, but he did engage in hundreds of fasts, many of which were limited to a single day, and used them as a political tool to blackmail British politicians. He often threatened to starve himself to death and nearly did so on a number of occasions, so I thought it might be interesting to examine his thoughts on the subject. In any event, here are his 9 Rules For Fasting along with my comments:

1. "Conserve your energy, both physically and mentally, from the beginning." This isn't a bad idea. Fasting fucking blows. If you're cutting weight, walking's about as intense as you should make your efforts, so you don't overwork yourself in a state to which you're unaccustomed and fuck yourself up.
2. "Cease to think of food while fasting." Impossible. ALL you think about while fasting is what your first meal is going to be. I had my meal planned within minutes of starting my fast. If you're used to eating 8 times a day, there's not fucking chance in hell you'll be able to resist thinking about food.
3. "Drink as much cold water as you can." Not an option when trying to make weight.
4. "Have a warm sponge bath daily." You know what sucks more than being hungry as shit? Being hot and hungry. Fuck all that.
5. "Take an enema regularly." I tried using a saline enema to make weight last time and found it did nothing more than make me hideously uncomfortable. Unless you're really into enemas, I wouldn't advise it.
6. "Sleep as much as possible in the open air." I assume he means "in a cool place". Cranking the AC feels good while sleeping.
7. "Bathe in the morning air." ... and get arrested.
8. "Think of anything else but the fast." Good luck with all of that. I buried myself in research and still found my mind wandering to the pit in my stomach. I found that driving took my mind off of fasting, so if you can, take a drive once you're on or close to your weight.
9. "No matter from what motive you are fasting, during this precious time think of your Maker and of your reliance on him and his other creations and you will make discoveries you never dreamed of." Frankly, I thought all about how awesome I was and was busy being impressed with my ability to endure discomfort. Different strokes, I guess. No one makes me awesome but me. If you think there's a magical force making you awesome, channel that shit. Whatever it takes to make weight...

(Russell 87)

The Clusterfuck That Was The Meet

I pretty much fucked the dog from the giddy-up. I went too light on my squat opener, PR'd on my second, and missed the third because of depth, though it was my best-looking lift. Frankly, I should have just gone heavier and sunk into it more, but I was being a bitch after grinding my 617.2. Thus, I went 574, 617.2, 629. On bench, my opener was a joke, so I laid down on the bench like I was going to take a fucking nap for my second and missed it, only to get it easily on my third. At this point, I'd already left at least 35 lbs on the platform, and was fucking PISSED. On bench I went 325, 369.2, 369.2. For deads, I opened light, hit a light 2nd, and got retardedly pumped for my third, which was 15 lbs lighter than I'd planned. I took a shit stance (due to overexcitement), and missed the pull just above my knees, which I didn't even think could happen. Thus, I ended with a disgraceful 585, 628.3, 661. Thus, I totalled 1614.7, which was a full 100 lbs lighter than I'd planned.

Never has a showing been so disappointing to its participant since the first person managed to pit Little Mac against Iron Mike Mike Tyson's Punchout- it was a goddamned disaster.

What I Learned

- Focus on the journey, not the destination. If you get your balls all full for a climax that doesn't happen, you live in pain until the swelling subsides, and that fucking sucks.
- If the judges are being strict on squat depth, PAY FUCKING ATTENTION TO THAT and go deeper than you think you need to. I completely ignored the fact that I'd seen hours of red-lighted squats after seeing Sam Byrd's second get three whites, and figured I just had to go out and represent. Well, I'm not Sam Byrd, apparently, and I can go fuck myself. Go deeper than you need to.
- Cutting water weight gets easier when you're super lean. Thus, you should shoot for 4 weeks out from a bodybuilding competition-type condition if you want to have a relatively easy water cut.
- Don't buy into your own bullshit. Confidence is good. Ridiculous overconfidence is stupid, no matter how beastly you've been in the gym. Treat every attempt like it's going to be the hardest of your life.
- Rehbands don't have the "bounce" of TK's. I switched because my TK's ripped, but I'll be getting another pair for my next meet. I vastly prefer them.
- Fuck it- get 'em next time. There's really no fucking point in crying over spilled milk, though that didn't fucking stop me last week. Hate makes you strong, so I'm just going to turn that shit into something else and hate my way to victory in the next meet.

The deeds we do shall be the stuff of legends.

RAW UNITY 5- Post-Weighin, Meet Day, and the Week After Diet

Apparently, my incredibly detailed run-down of my meet prep and meet were insufficient. As such, I'll expand upon them further. To be covered: my meet day diet, post-meet diet, the reasoning behind my use of reverse grip bench press, and why I eschew the use of a belt.



Sodium, carb, and glycerine loading leaves me looking like I haven't slept in 6 weeks, apparently, but big as shit- I weighed in at 180 and weighed 198 in this pic.

Diet

I began planning my post-weigh-in meal at about 1 PM the day before my meet. I arrived at the weigh-in with 3 one-liter Powerade Zeros and a G2, all of which had about 3 oz of glycerine in them. Within minutes of weighing in, I'd drunk 2 of those, then sat down to eat a 6oz burger and drink a Diet Coke. In the next 3 hours, I alternately napped and watched the girls and lightweights compete, and in process consumed half a box of Cinnamon Life and 4 packages of Trio-Plex cookies. Somewhere in there I drank the G2 and another liter of water. I then went to Sonic and got a large popcorn chicken and tater tots with a humongous Diet Coke, and shortly thereafter to Landry's for another burger, since I despise seafood. Interesting to note is the fact that I'd drunk well over a gallon of water by the time I got to dinner, but didn't actually piss until my fourth or fifth Diet Coke at dinner. Before going to bed, I ate half a large thin crust pizza topped with pepperoni and sausage and drank the last Powerade Zero.

Upon waking, I ate the other half of the pizza, had a Monster Milk shake, and went downstairs. During the meet I ate a few Titan protein cookies and a roast beef sandwich and fries. I was attempting to get as much in the way of calories, carbs,

and sodium into my system, all while keeping my protein higher than a fratboy at a Dave Matthews concert prior to his obligatory festival of date rape and douchebaggery.

Following the week of the meet, I took a sort of "regain my sanity week". I only lifted three times, ate whatever I wanted each day, and relaxed a lot. The only thing I ensured during the week, diet-wise, was that my protein stayed extremely high to ensure full recovery. Before you ask, that means above 300g a day, and within shouting distance of 400g. I've been dieting hard and training between 5 and 12 times per week nonstop since last May, so I felt it was time for a bit of a vacation. This week, I'm probably as lean as I was, having awesome dreams at night and sleeping like I got snuck with a sack of wet pennies. Additionally, my strength is good and I'm acting like a fucking animal in the gym again instead of doing the clock-watching I had been for the last couple of weeks prior to the meet.

The Reverse Grip

Initially, I started doing reverse grip bench presses because my left shoulder was bothering me. As it turned out, there was no real injury there- I simply had the most incredible knotting radiating from my armpit to my wrist that anyone's seen since the Incans tried to calculate the circumference of the Earth (google quipu if you want some more info). In any event, I found I progressed rapidly in the reverse grip and actually doubled 375 once a couple of weeks out from the meet, which I'd never come close to doing with regular grip. Additionally, I'm a bigger proponent of making a spectacle of myself than Caligula, so going reverse just kicks that up another couple of notches. Fuck, if fatassed Anthony Clark could succeed with it, I sure as fuck can.



The Belt Issue

A couple of years ago I had my belt stolen out of Mark Bartley's gym, SC Barbell. I rarely used the fucking thing for anything other than heavy partials, and quickly came to realize I didn't need a belt for them, either- I've gone over 1200 lbs for back squat lockouts without a belt, so I'm relatively confident that the only thing that could injure my lower back or abs is a low-yield tactical nuke. Given that one rarely encounters those in powerlifting meets (though perhaps in Russia), I felt that the use of one would be superfluous. Additionally, I found in a meet at SC Barbell (the first time I deadlifted over 600 in a competition or without straps) that I actually deadlifted less with a belt than without one. As such, fuck belts.



This guy.

One dude, Jason Manenkoff, with whom I chatted during the meet actually made a fairly witty comment with which I didn't totally agree, but thought was hilarious- he compared having my belt stolen to getting his track cleats stolen. To him, just saying "fuck it, I don't need it" was akin to him saying "fuck it, I'll just fucking run barefoot" at the NCAAs. In that scenario, though, I'm pretty much akin to a Kalenjin runner competing barefoot in the Olympics- they don't fucking need shoes.

There you have it. Simple enough, right? Eat a shitload, and fuck everybody.

USPA Nationals After-Action Report And Raw504 Meet Prep

Well, by now I'd imagine the lot of you have heard that I totalled 1630 at the USPA Nationals with a 633 squat, 336 bench, and a 661 deadlift. Since the internet buzz appears to be that my bench has fallen into the shitter, I figure I'll address that first- it hasn't. Though I don't have a video, 375 went up easy as pie on my third attempt, as did my ass. I didn't feel my ass leave the bench and flipped the fuck out when I was red-lighted, so you guys can settle the fuck down. 375 was an easy third- my problem is that I invariably fuck up my second attempt on bench- whether due to overexcitement, underexcitement, or what, I have no idea. I can tell you that in that meet, the weight drifted toward my face on my second attempt, so I decided to blast the fucker up on my third. Rather than any problem with strength, I got a little overenthusiastic with my press on my third and my form got loose. I seem to have figured out how to prevent that going forward, which I'll address later .

Karmic Beatdown For Generally Being An Asshole?

I have no idea what cosmic powers I pissed off before this meet, but they handed me an epic beatdown before this meet. I'd not attempted to cross multiple time zones for a meet before, and have never had a problem with jet lag, so doing a meet in San Francisco seemed like no biggie. From Birmingham, I had to fly to Atlanta and then San Francisco, then drive to San Jose. That would have put me into San Francisco just before midnight, so I would have been in bed by 1 AM, letting me get about 6 and a half hours of blissful sleep with the AC cranked to "Arctic Circle" before starting my cut at the gym. My flight was delayed three hours in Birmingham, however, and I then had to wait for another hour and a half (at 230 in the morning) for a rental car, so I didn't actually get into bed until 5AM. I then overslept (of course), and frantically searched for a Bally's which I never found (driving around a strange town while dehydrated and hungry is about on par with a three-pronged attack into Russia in the winter, as stupid ideas go).

As a general rule, you should always have a backup plan for making weight- having one saved my ass, sort of. The gym to which I went after frantically searching one-way streets for the Bally's I never found was actually my first choice for a gym, but it was further away than the Bally's. As such, I tried the Bally's first, in an effort to spare myself having to drive 20 minutes each way to another gym. I picked a gym with a dry sauna and brought a sauna suit and a towel to drape over my head to hold in heat, which worked well for my last meet. For some reason, this cut was far harder than my previous cuts, and I spent a hell of a lot of time out of the sauna rather than in it because I honestly felt like I was dying. I would venture to guess it was the sleep deprivation- that always fucks with my head and moods. In any event, I put Die Antwoord's "I Fink U Freaky" pretty much on repeat for three hours, which for whatever reason made the misery of being in

the sauna and sauna suit tolerable. I then spent 2.5 hours in the suit and the sauna and believed, according to the gym scale, I was underweight. I generally operate under the golden rule of never trusting a gym scale, so I thought being a shade under 181 would float me. It did not. Upon arriving at the venue, I discovered I was three tenths of a pound over. To give you an idea of how dehydrated I was at this point, my piss was cloudy and brown. To say I was pissed was an understatement, but I grabbed a cup for spitting and hit the bathtub. I spat into the cup and soaked in water so hot I could just barely stand to be in the tub for 45 minutes and soaked in a hot bath, which got my weight down to 179. I honestly have no idea how I dropped that much weight that quickly, but I can tell you that I will be picking a gym with a hot tub if at all possible for my next cut, as that seems like a far more pleasant way to drop weight than the sauna suit/sauna combo. The hot bath seems to do far more than a sauna, or is at least a good follow-up to a sauna. (Editor's note: We discovered at the SPF Myrtle Beach meet that a hot tub is not sufficiently hot to cut water fast. So, prime the bathtubs.)

Lesson: Be really careful about doing meets that require you to cross multiple time zones in places with which you're not familiar and in which you have little or no support structure.

Recomposition

This recomp was a bit haphazard, as I had a college buddy come visit from San Fran I hadn't seen in years. I basically spent the next 6 hours drinking as much liquid as I could and eating pizza, Cinnamon Life, and burgers at hourly intervals, attempting to get as much in the way of carbohydrates, salt, and water into my system as possible. I was too tired to really care that much, however, and was so full the entire time that I really didn't do all that I should have to recomp. I was in bed by 930PM and asleep within minutes, and slept so hard I really didn't continue to rehydrate overnight. As such, I was still really dehydrated in the morning. Additionally, I couldn't find shit for breakfast worth eating and had to travel 30 minutes to Walmart in search of deadlift socks (which I'd forgotten) an hour before the meet. Incidentally, soccer socks work perfectly as deadlifting socks, so if you find yourself without yours, they're cheap as hell and available wherever you can find sporting goods.

Lesson: Pretty much the same fucking thing as the previous bit.

The Meet

The meet went, by and large, about how I expected. My walkouts all felt shaky (which they were), so I went light on my third to avoid missing an attempt there. I set a PR with my second, but I figured I might as well split the difference on my third and put up an impressive number. The bench was a bit of a debacle, but I made up for it on the deadlift. I was so bored by the deadlift that I really had no

interest in lifting. I warmed up with 225, 405, and 545, and then pulled my first attempt. In my next meet, I'm hoping that ingesting enough stimulants to kill a small horse will reignite my flagging interest in the meet. When I say I was bored, I mean I left the venue after every flight because being there was driving me slowly insane. I actually missed the medal ceremony (where I was declared the Best lifter) because I was eating Mexican... mostly because I couldn't stand to watch any more lifting.

Lesson: Powerlifting meets are fucking boring. Ritalin would probably be a good idea for the deadlift.

Post-Meet

Prior to the meet, I thought I had strained a trap, which thought was odd. My upper back was killing me throughout the meet, particularly on and around my C7, which is the vertebra that sticks out the most in your upper back. As it happens, I'd incurred a clay-shoveler's fracture on that vertebra, which means that my traps were ripping chunks of bone off my spine every time I lifted. I laid off shrugging for a few weeks, as that seemed to be the culprit. It seems to be fully healed, and I shrugged 855 for 4x5 and then 1x8 the other day, so I'm stronger than ever. I am, however, amused at myself for putting up PRs with a fractured vertebra. Next time you're thinking about making excuses and pussying out, bear that in mind.

What I'm Doing To Prepare For The Clash For Cash

Basically, my training over the last year has been a long test to see how much punishment my body can take while determining my best form on the three lifts. It can take a tremendous beating, it seems, provided I don't do the few things that really annoy it. Thus, I have made the following changes to my workouts:

- Use a monkey/suicide grip on the squat. I ended up finding out that hooking my thumbs under the bar on the squat was both unnecessary and counter-productive. I was putting way too much pressure on my brachialis to hold the bar in place, as hooking my thumb under the bar transferred a great deal of the weight down my forearms and onto my elbows. As the brachialis is what rotates your lower arm at the elbow, that's what was taking all of the strain. Since I rolled out all of the knots and quit that shit, I'm pain free in my upper arms and able to train the squat far more. As such, I've been squatting between 3 and 5 times a week since.
- Get a liftoff for reverse grip benching. In addition to the knotting in my brachialis, I was getting huge, deep, Russian Nesting Doll-style knots in my biceps. I couldn't figure out what the problem was until I got them out, then tried to unrack 315 myself and felt them knot up immediately. Thus, I've only reverse gripped twice in the last two months, once from the bottom position off the pins, and the other with a spotter. In the latter, I got an easy single with 385 and a couple of very near misses with 405 after a hell of a lot of benching. Additionally, I've been close-grip benching two or three times a week and doing weighted dips once to strengthen my triceps further.

- Training more and heavier. I've come to the realization that the lighter, small workouts that I had been doing were better suited to morning workouts, and have been training twice a day almost every day, doing light shit in the morning and heavy shit in the evening, 6-7 days a week. As such, I'm leaner and stronger than ever. My only issue with this level of frequency is that it's mentally exhausting, but I just force myself through it and keep going. It has, however, caused me to scour the internet for ever more brutal music to get me through my lifts. Die Antwoord being the exception to that rule, obviously.

Since you guys are always asking for my workouts, I'll share what I've done thus far this week. Of late, I'm spending between one and a half and two and a half hours a day in the gym.

Saturday AM

20 minutes of arms, doing sets of 50-100. I was bored.

Saturday PM

Pendlay rows: 15x3x365, 3x2x385

Abs

Sunday AM

Klokov press: 5x10x135, 3x5x185

Sunday PM

Close Grip Bench Press(Paused): 1x3x135, 225, 315. 10x1x365

We did random other shit but I've forgotten what.

Monday AM

15 minutes with 60 lbs of weighted vests (I wear 2 of them at once) on the treadmill, walking and reading.

15 minutes pullups and dips

Monday PM

Bottom Position Squat, 2" above parallel

1x1x 315, 405, 495, 585, 8x1x675, 1x2x675

Standing Hamstring Curls 6 x 8-15

Standing Calf Raise with the stack (~600 lbs) 4x15

Tuesday AM

Same as Monday

Tuesday PM

Shrugs: 1x20x405, 495. 1x10x585, 675, 765. 4x5x855. 1x8x855.

Pullups: 6x5x90lbs. 4x15x unweighted

Pushdowns: 3x25

Abs

Wednesday AM

Weight vest on the treadmill 20 mins

Wednesday PM

An hour and 30 minutes of **Klokov Presses** with 135 for sets of 10, mostly.
20 minutes of **Standing Wrist Curls** with 135
(I didn't bother counting sets and reps)

Thursday AM

Weighted vests on treadmill 20 mins
Ab Wheel with weighted vests, 3x12

I Am Legend- Clash For Cash Results

As you may have already heard, I took part in the most epic powerlifting competition since powerlifting's heydays in the early 1980s. At the Raw504 Clash For Cash, my flight took the squat record for the 198s, tied the record in 181s, and broke the total records for 181 and 220. Dan Green took the total record at 220, Jesse Kellum broke Tony Fratto's 39 year old record in the squat, and I tied Bob McKee's 650 squat and broke his 1700 total with 1705. Shit just got real. My attempts were:

Squat: 605, 645 (high), 650

Bench: 365 (lifted my ass), 365, 385

Deadlift: 605, 670, 700

Total: 1705

Apparently, many butts were hurt over my choice of t-shirts, as I rocked a "Smile, Satan loves you" shirt for the squat and bench, but I was assured by a random nice guy that Jesus still loves me, which I'm sure you know comes as a relief. Southerners have no sense of humor at all.

Close Only Counts In Horseshoes And Hand Grenades- Jamie Lewis Goes 1615 At 168.5 lb

As the saying goes, "close only counts in horse shoes and hand grenades", and that adage has never held truer than this January, when I went 615-355-645 after failing to make 165 by three pounds. Had I been able to drop the last three, I would have smashed the shit out of both the squat record (600) and total record (1565) at 165. Unfortunately for me, however, I couldn't make weight in time and thus just posted another first ranked total at 181... after only training for a month and having dropped 15 LB with walking pneumonia. With that lead-in, you can't not be interested in the backstory, right?

The Backstory

At the beginning of December, I developed a minor fever that I thought I fought off within a weekend, though I was racked with tons of random cramping in my legs and back that left me unable to lift or fuck for a couple of days. That Sunday, I

had my first brutal sweat during the night, after which I thought I was done being sick, as that's usually the longest an illness will last in my life.

I was wrong.

Pro Tip: If you eat wings prepared by a 19 year old mother of two whose kids have pneumonia after doing a Crossfit workout, the virus that causes pneumonia will likely take up residence in your lungs and ruin your life.

Over the next three weeks I got progressively sicker, and when I finally went to the doctor I felt moderately better than I had, and discovered I had a fever of 103. That was the best I'd felt in days, and only went to the doctor because I was coughing so hard I'd vomit up anything I had in my stomach. As such, I'd not eaten anything in days, and had barely been able to hold down liquids. When I finally stopped being feverish and coughing my ass off, it was January 2nd, and I was 173 lbs. I had lifted only three times in the previous three weeks, and had spent every moment I wasn't at work in bed, sleeping 13-15 hours a day.

Getting back into the gym was a bitch. The only two decent workouts had in December were an overhead pressing workout in which I tied my PR at 355 in the behind the neck push press, and another in which I did jump squats with sets of 2 to 3 for about an hour with 455. In between sets, I'd poke my head out the back door and cough hysterically, puke a couple of times, then return to the squat rack. I'm not going to say I'm harder than Charlie Bronson for my efforts to stay in the gym while feverish to the point of delirium, but I would have felt like a badass if I hadn't felt like I was getting ready to dig my own grave. I started back with a back workout that left me so sore and tight I couldn't train the following day, and I realized I'd have to add back my volume gradually, which of course made me angrier than one of the member of the Westboro Baptist Church who got duped into attending a gay Satanist Convention in a gimp suit. Compounding matters was the fact that fatty foods, or foods high in calories made me feel awful, and I basically subsisted for two weeks on 93% lean hamburger patties in brown gravy and Quest protein bars. It was only in the last week before the meet that I actually had any decent workouts, wherein I doubled 335 on bench and 585 on squat. My upper back continued cramping horribly, so I only managed to get in about 18 workouts prior to the meet, which for me is nothing.

In spite of the fact that I was a cripple, half-starved, and barely trained (for me), I still managed to put on a considerable amount of weight. Carb-depleted and in the midst of my water load for the meet on Wednesday night prior to what was supposed to be a Sunday meet, I weighed in at a paltry 188. Thus, I would have to drop 23 pounds by the Saturday morning weigh-in... or so I thought. That night at about midnight I received a text telling me that they might move the competition a day earlier to Saturday, which was confirmed at about 6 AM. That killed my water load and had me start my water drop early, in addition to compressing my travel

timeline and removing an extra day of lifting, as I lift up to 48 hours from the meet. I had three protein shakes and some Powerade, then quit drinking and took a hot bath while waiting to pick up my girlfriend from the train station at 1:45 AM. Asleep by about 2:30 AM, I awoke at 6 AM and hit the road for Myrtle Beach. After 3 hours of blasting the heat, I arrived at the weigh in site at 178.

The Cut

Over the next 7 hours, I spent every waking moment in either the hot tub or the sauna, desperately trying to get to 165 without the aid of an actual hot bath. A hot tub, I discovered, is unsuited to the task of a real weight cut, because just as people can't stand hot wings that are actually hot, they can't abide a hot tub that is either. When I weighed in at 2:45 I was horrified to discover that I was still three pounds over... a weight I could have cut with a hot bath and another couple of hours, but I'd have risked dying in a fiery car accident from passing out on the drive to and from the hotel, and would have fucked my recomposition. Deciding discretion is the better form of valor and that my Wilks could not be fucked with, I threw in the towel on the cut and headed to a pizza place nearby to begin my recomp.



At 188 on Wednesday.



Right before weigh in at 2:45. Can't say I didn't try. I look like I'm fucking dying.



By 10 PM I was 180.



This is what I looked like the morning after the meet- fucking awesome at 190.

The Meet

The meet actually went slightly better than I expected but not as well as I had hoped. Had I made weight, I would have been a little more conservative on my third attempts in the deadlift and the bench, but as it stood I decided to go for PRs rather than a larger total. For those of you about to talk shit on my squat number, I only squatted heavy twice in the last two months and monolifts actually terrify me. Ridiculous, I know, but I'm used to squatting in squat racks that are bolted into the floor and don't jiggle and sway when I'm locking the bar into my back. When I start a squat in the monolift I always feel like I'm going to fall on my fucking face. Walking it out wouldn't help, either, since the fucking thing is still swaying in the breeze like the Haitian flag in a hurricane during another revolt.

For the squat, I had intended to go 585-615-635, and then take a fourth if I'd made weight. As I didn't make weight and my head was so fucked from the monolift, my form looked like shit on my second (which looks decent to me) and then I just retook 615 for my third. [Editor's note: Evidently, coughing your ass off for an entire month will be detrimental to your squat. Coughing as much as I did, my hips actually tilted forward (as my muscles tightened with continual stress), resulting in being unable to sit back in a squat. Luckily, a massage fixed all of that, and I recommend one the week before a competition.]

Bench went great on my first two attempts (325-355), so I decided to hit a PR (385) and got stapled on my third.

The deadlift is always a crapshoot, because I never train it, so I had no idea what to choose for my attempts. My upper and mid-back, which have been bothering me since I spent a month coughing on my deathbed, proved to be my undoing. I went 605-645-680 in an attempt to hit a PR and missed it.



I looked fucking ridiculous the day after that meet- glycogen supercompensation is the shit.

All in all, it certainly could have gone worse, but I wish it had gone better. There were some really exceptional lifters in that meet, as well, like a 22 year old college kid, Nate Davis, who totalled 1860 at 220, after only doing one warm up on squat. He only did a single warm up set because the meet promoters decided to put the pros in the first flight, which none of us anticipated. I got to the venue at 8 for an 8:30 start and was horrified to discover that I was in the first flight, because I suck at squatting early in the day and hadn't yet eaten breakfast. Violating my own rule of keeping warm ups to a bare minimum, I did five warm up singles in the rickiest rack I've ever used, which nearly tipped over on me on the last.

Mississippi actually did me one better- he awoke to a text at 8:15 telling him our flight started in 15 minutes, and got to the venue in time to do a single with 495

before walking out for a 660 opener. The kid's name is Nate Davis, and he's about to be the most insane 220 lber ever. His wrapped total at that meet puts him at 5th on the All-Time list for that weight class, which is sick considering he's 22. Fun fact- Nate squatted 365 the first time he ever tried the lift... at age 13. Might as well not even bother with that class if you're a 220 lber and your name's not Jay Nera or Dan Green.

I also hung out with Hannah Johnson-Hill, an EFS lifter who manages to be hot as hell while strong as shit. She's also hilarious, and the girlfriend and I really enjoyed hanging out with her at and after the meet- she probably cheered louder for every competitor than anyone else at that meet, which was awesome.

Additionally, I met Joe Ladnier, who was on the cover of the first Powerlifting USA I ever bought, and is the guy who really drove it home for me that you could be ripped and strong. He was an incredibly nice guy, if oddly shy, and it was cool as hell to meet him.

The meet ran well, the promoters were cool as shit, and I had a damn good time given my somewhat lackluster performance. Ah well- I can always fuck shit up at RUM 6.

PROGRAMMING FOR PREEMINENCE

Pimpin Ain't Easy, But Overhead Pressing Is

The B-I-G D-A-double D-Y K-A-N-E

One of my least favorite bodyparts to train, historically, has been my shoulders. Until the last couple of years, they've sucked, and I've almost always had training partners born with sick shoulders who rubbed that fact in my face every time we trained them. It started in college- my lifting partner and fellow wrestler had ridiculous shoulders in spite of a workout routine that began with lateral raises and ended with upright rows. As my traps have dominated my shoulders as long as I can remember. That type of routine did exactly fuck-all for me. Throw on top of that fact that I was as weak as Michael Jackson's drug infused corpse at putting weight overhead, and I had a recipe for disaster everytime I tried to do something useful in that regard. Thus, in spite of the fact that I was benching into the 300s, I struggled to get anything over 200 overhead with a push press of any kind, and jerking was out of the question due to shit flexibility and a lack of confidence that makes that squirrely kid from Superbad seem like the most interesting man in the world. *Stay thirsty, my friends.*

Clearly, I don't have this problem any more- if anything, my shoulders are one of my best bodyparts, and are headed in the direction of being some of my strongest as well. Thus, here is the story of how I got decent weights overhead and built semi-respectable shoulders in the process.

As I stated, my shoulder workouts early on consisted of naught but lateral raises and upright rows. Why? Because I listened to Joe Weider, whose advice is really only suited to twinks who have aspirations to gay porn. Hindsight's a bitch. Over the years I added more and more pressing movements and reduced my lateral raise work considerably, but I didn't really see any true improvement until I quit with that bullshit and began lifting weights over my head in earnest and with a vengeance.

The inimitable Maxick, a German maniac with the given name of Max Sick, was a huge fan of the standing military press, and hit a max of 230 lbs at a bodyweight of 145lbs. He believed that "an excellent performance in this lift would be one and a half times the lifter's body weight", a fact that has stuck with me since I first read it in 2005 (Maxick 41). Given that at the time I was hard pressed to even hit my bodyweight (then somewhere in the neighborhood of 175), I rarely even attempted the lift. As if I were a large, flightless bird native to Africa that closely resembles a dinosaur and is scary as all fucking hell up close, I stuck my head in the ground and ignored it. At the beginning of 2011, however, I was in the midst of my typical yearly burnout period, and decided that I might as well start working on the lift if, for no other reason, than it would be relatively easy on me. I soon discovered that I was as bad as I'd expected at it, and couldn't muster more than 5 reps with 155 starting out. I kept at it, though, throwing it in at the end of workouts and doing them on my "off" days with fair regularity, and the weights slowly started creeping up. I focused myself during the lift on maintaining full body rigidity, which is exceptionally hard when you're used to heaving weights around like you're Lattimer in The Program and some broad's been leading you on.

According to Maxick, the military press is done thusly: "the rules provide that the heels must be kept closed, the legs straight, and the body quite erect throughout the lift" (41). U.S. Olympic Weightlifting coach Mark Berry added the following:

"At present, we recognize two styles of performance, the International and the American, which has been adopted from the British. The two principal points of difference are the position of the feet and the starting position of the bell. In the International style the feet may be kept forty centimeters (about 16 inches) apart; in the American style, the heels are kept together. The American style permits holding the bell at chin level before making the press, where the International calls for the bar to be rested on the chest. Otherwise the actual lift is the same. Keeping the body rigidly erect, the knees locked, and the eyes pointed forward, the bell is pressed slowly overhead to full length of arms."

Though he's actually describing what we'd now call the strict press and the military press, respectively, that's a hell of a lot different than what you'll usually read in any physical culture publication when reading about the military press, which typically seems to involve a padded bench, spandex, bronzer, and a couple of sweaty towels.

Though I've not yet hit Maxick's suggested "elite" bodyweight percentage, I'm headed in the direction. Quite frankly, even the strongest people I know couldn't hit that weight for a single. Nevertheless, it's always in the back of my mind as a goal worth achieving. Like the military press, the strict press is another lift at which I've worked over the last 10 months, and have had reasonable success. It's performed more or less exactly like the military press, although in later years it became a weird back-bend lift that seems to be more of a trick lift version of the bench press than a proper shoulder exercise. According to Mark Berry:

"the complete lift consists of Cleaning the bell to the starting position, and after a pause of two seconds, pressing it overhead. By flexing the buttocks muscles and locking the hips and thighs, you may assist considerably in the successful completion of a heavy Military Press. Note that instead of encircling the bar with

the thumbs as well as the fingers, rest the bar on the thumbs. This grip is especially valuable in the Two Arm Press, as by releasing the thumbs the biceps are kept from exerting a downward pull."

According to one source, the reason for the devolution of this lift was that the Russians are evil. No one, Russians included, will dispute this, I'm sure, as the Russians have even managed to turn foxes into what they describe as "Dragons" and what any rational person would describe as "KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKING THING RIGHT NOW BEFORE IT EATS US ALL" (Kukekova). J.V. Askem explained in one article, "the rules [in the 1940s] did not allow for any back bend when performing a press. However, the Soviet lifters were encouraged by their officials and coaches to ignore this rule, and soon a new form of Press was introduced that became to be known as the "Russian style" Olympic press. This double lay back or back bending style soon crept into international competitions, and with uninformed crowds, thinking such lifts were good, many referees got intimidated into passing bad lifts."

Frankly, I've never tried that form, but it's done this way: "Lay back start with the knees locked. Thrust forward and upward. Then before the bar slows, lay back a second time as the bar passes through the sticking point. Push hard with the arms during the entire pressing movement. The double "lay back" is used to prevent the bar from slowing. A properly executed Olympic press is a fast lift. However, although not a strict military style press, the Olympic press is also NOT a jerk. It is a lift unique unto itself."(Askem)

So, you've got those two to tinker with, onto which you can throw the push press, behind the neck push press, the squat to press, Viking Press, and the overhead walk. I've covered these in the blogs before, in case you need a refresher on them, but I utilized all of these in my efforts to bring up my overhead press. Insofar as programming goes, I attempted to utilize at least three of these a week on non-consecutive days, and cannot recall a week other than the occasional deload in which I did fewer than two shoulder workouts. Even on days wherein I felt weak or mildly injured, I typically did Viking Presses on the leg press machine for extra overhead work. The keys, I feel, to increasing your overhead press are as follows:

Consistency and Frequency. As with just about everything I suggest, consistency and frequency are key. The more you practice the overhead press, the better you'll get at it.

Lockouts. In the past, I spent far more time focusing on the initial drive, and virtually none with the lockout. After I began doing overhead lockouts in the rack, I discovered that I enjoyed full-body effects that transcended simple overhead pressing movements. My stability increased, my bench increased, and my tricep strength increased. As such, the carryover effect for locking any weight overhead seems to be very, very high.

Variability. Ever the chaotic motherfucker, I've found that mixing it up on these lifts really seemed to improve all of them. Thus, I never did two lifts in a row, and always tried to do at least one strict and one explosive movement a week. That ensured I'd avoid staleness, not overload my shoulder girdle, and avoid injuring myself with shit form due to exhaustion. If I had to guess, I'd say that my improved military press had the greatest carryover to the other movements. As such, I definitely recommend doing it heavily and often.

You may now commence the pressing.

Pimpin' Ain't Easy #2- Ain't No Half Steppin' When You're Overhead Pressin'

Recently on Reddit, I was horrified to discover a discussion about Joe Defranco's comments regarding the overhead press. His the gist of his article, available here if you want to spend five minutes screaming "HORSESHIT!" at your computer, is as follows:

"Only one in fifty athletes I see can overhead press without risk, but they're the genetic outliers, born with more "room" in there than most of us have. And even for them, we'll only work in two-week cycles of light to moderate-weight push presses, Bradford presses, and neutral-grip strongman log presses."(Defranco)

Rather than dismissing this article as the fucking poppycock that it is, a multi-page paean to weakness was created wherein everyone on that site whined like a dog with his balls stuck underneath a pile of cinderblocks about how horribly their shoulders hurt after overhead pressing. They do this because they're not real strength athletes, and neither is Joe Defranco- they're idiots obsessed with bench pressing since they touched a barbell. As such, their shoulders are horribly pronated due to tight pecs and weak backs, and this ridiculous situation is exacerbated by the fact that the vast majority of them spend the bulk of their time sitting, slouched, and typing on a fucking keyboard all day long. Clearly, this goes on long after the workday's finished, as they have time to blather about weightlifting on internet forums rather than getting their max squat over 315. Thus, most people have biomechanically fucked themselves into a shitty physique and a lot of internet bitching. On top of that, you have the fact that most people rarely do any kind of overhead pressing. According to Greg Zulak, "Arthur Jones pointed out that the average untrained man can actually press much more than he can bench press, and the only reason powerlifters and bodybuilders bench more than they can press is that they practice benching more than pressing, and emphasize it more in their programs"(Zulak). As such, they've got no groove on the overhead lifts and they're fighting tight tendons, a weak back, and an unrelenting desire to sit or lay down on something padded every time they enter the gym.

So, how does one resolve this issue?

Start fucking overhead pressing. Do these while standing. You don't need to come out of the gates trying to hit the numbers I suggested in part one of this series- just start light. Learn the movement. I'm talking 25% of your bodyweight for very strict sets of 10 on military presses. As you get stronger and more comfortable, your range of motion will increase and those shoulder twinges you will have should be reduced. Do this at least twice a week, and preferably three times a week. You need to learn the movement, and the weight is going to be light enough that you shouldn't be too fatigued. At least initially, avoid push presses and focus on getting smooth, full-range repetitions on strict military press. That'll build tremendous strength in your triceps and shoulders and leave you in much better shape for explosive movements later on.

While you're doing this, start working heavy rows into your routine at least once a week. I'm talking heavy fucking Pendlay rows, from the floor, blasting yourself in the chest with the bar at the top of your pull. These will be the polar opposite of the rep speed and level of control you use on the military press, but you're in no danger of injuring yourself worse than a bruise with these, and you need to build back strength in a fucking hurry.

Once you've built a basic platform from which to press, namely a strong back and shoulders capable of pressing a weight overhead ("HORRORS!" says Joe DeFranco!), it's time to start training the overhead press seriously. We'll say the watershed for this is hitting 85% of your bodyweight for 3 sets of 5 strict reps. Once you're there, start upping the ante on the overheads. De-emphasize bench pressing for the first time in your life and start doing standing military press, push press, or behind the neck push press first in your workout.

And come to the startling realization that anyone with a brain has already had- Joe DeFranco is full of shit. His programs are shit, and he thinks you're a flaming fucking pussy with an ass crack full of whipped cream who wears a disposable party hat and matching anklets to bed every night. I know that makes no sense- he's the one who thinks it, not me. Take a look at his programs- they're as unoriginal as any I've ever seen, and low intensity to boot. They're about as likely to produce champions, as Ellen Degeneres is to produce erections- that shit's just not fucking happening. Check it out- for \$40 you get the workout every high school kid does without ever hearing DeFranco's name, in addition to warmups from track practice and conditioning from wrestling practice! Congratulations! You just paid a substantial amount of money to relive what was probably a miserable four years.

I realize that a great many of you might be considering a rush to DeFranco's defense. Before you utterly embarrass yourselves, however, let's look at a little thing I like to call "reality". Reality- that magical place wherein you and I live. In reality, there's a country called Bulgaria that has a population that numbers almost a million fewer people than New York City, yet has amassed 36 medals at the Olympics in weightlifting (12 gold, 16 silver, 8 bronze) in the last 100 years. By comparison, the US has 43 total medals, in spite of the fact that our population is comprised of roughly 300 million more people. Using the produce of DeFranco's genius, Bulgaria shouldn't even be able to field a weightlifting team, much less dominate the sport, and yet they do. Why?

Because they get weight overhead. Morning, noon, and night. Six days a week, they're putting heavy weights over their head and doing it with the sort of impetuosity and general contempt for gravity that you'd only expect out of a drunken midget shot out of a cannon. Most Olympic weightlifting teams, no matter their level of success, follow the Bulgarian prescription to some degree, and those teams with the most success lift the most often. Their shoulders haven't fallen off, blown up, or caught fire, and Olympic weightlifters routinely have some of the most developed shoulders on Earth- all from putting weights overhead daily.

Even powerlifters benefit from overhead pressing- recently deceased badass Doug Furnas did behind the neck presses religiously and was the first many to total 2400 lbs twice at 275 (Gallagher 53). Ed Coan joined him in this, doing 5x2-8 reps on the behind the neck press once a week (Gallagher 62). Former Olympic weightlifting phenoms and total assholes, Bob Bednarski and Norm Schemanski, both put weights overhead four times a week while working full-time, labor-intensive jobs (Gallagher 28). Jim Wendler recommends weekly overhead pressing for powerlifters (5/3/1 for Powerlifting). Paul Anderson pressed overhead, fucking HEAVY, three times a week (Gallagher 15). Fuck, even Paul Kelso recommends adding overhead pressing in his workouts, and he recommends you do virtually no lifting whatsoever. The only person of whom I can think of off the top of my head who might agree with Mighty Joe DeFranco is Bob Cicherillo, the bodybuilder famous for not winning a motherfucking thing while preaching the gospel of not doing any real lifting in favor of fucking about of machines all day long like you work at Jiffy Lube. His physique, as a result, is bizarre, unsettling, and generally god-awful, and again- he's never won a motherfucking thing.

Thus, Joe DeFranco's full of shit, most of the people who post on Reddit appear to be flaming vaginas, and you should be working overhead movements into your workouts at least twice a week. If you need tips on the form, go here. I'm not in the business of form critiques- just be fucking intelligent about it and utilize form that doesn't murder your shoulders. That means trying out different forms and finding what works for you, rather than debating with other idiots online whether you should pack or shrug your shoulders at the top of a movement- I found that shrugging my shoulders at the top of the lift completely fucked my shoulders to bits. I don't give a homeless guy's greasy balled shit which one you do- just figure out which works for you and fucking do it already. If you are horribly inflexible, however, I'd recommend against the shrug.

For those legions of you who've complained to me that you can't overhead press for shit and who've asked me for some panacea or quick fix, here it is- FUCKING OVERHEAD PRESS. The only way you'll get better at it is to do it. A lot. That's how the greats did it, and that's how you're going to do it. You're not genetically predisposed, physically, to sucking at the movement. It's your goddamned brain that makes you suck, not your shoulders or your genes.

Go put some weight overhead, fuckers, and stop paying attention to assholes who don't understand that there's no "best" way for everyone to lift weights and who

think that you're an even bigger pussy than you likely make yourself out to be on message boards. With that, however, I will reassert that the only reason you'd lift a kettlebell is because you're too fucking weak to lift a barbell, so let's keep this out of the realm of Dragon Door and in the realm of strength training, shall we?

Pimpin' Ain't Easy #3- Lift Her Up Just Like A Pick Up Truck

If there were ever a series of movements about which the bitching goes from interminable to all consuming and back, it is the overhead pressing family. In my previous two installments in this series, I covered the utility of the strict military press, the necessity of higher-frequency overhead work, and sundry other issues. Given that I'm still inundated with questions about overhead work, it seems my work here is not yet done. As such, I shall continue expounding upon the fact that doing frequent, heavy overhead work is more beneficial than a jumbo pack of condoms when dropping E with a gaggle of college sluts.

I'm Sure To Score, Endure For More Without A Flaw

I have found of late that the more frequently I train my shoulders, the better they look and the stronger they are. Over the last two years I've gone from once or twice a week to anywhere between 4 and 8 times a week and the only way my shoulders could get stronger, leaner, or more vascular would be if they morphed into my cock. Additionally, training Klovov Presses (snatch-grip, strict, behind-the-neck military presses for British assholes who like extraordinarily wordy exercise names) on a daily basis seems to have helped my pressing abilities overall, in addition to training my ability to grind out an exercise which I'm not used to doing. I'll get to grinding in a moment, but before I do, however, you should take note of the fact that the best pressers in the world, just like the best benchers and best deadlifters, practiced their lift of choice as often and aggressively as male bonobos masturbate, which is to say "pretty damn often".

As I realize that bitching about drugs is set to commence at any time and that half of you are already masturbating furiously, drooling on yourself, and screeching "STERIODS!!" like you're Bobcat Golphwait on a half pound of cocaine in the eleventh installment of the Police Academy series, I'll impart a bit of wisdom from the almighty Dezso Ban, who seems to be a fairly well-respected (if obscure) strength coach. For those of you who require more evidentiary information before accepting the advice of a long dead man with a bizarre name, he was the strength coach of a variety of exceptional lifters in the 60s and 70s, and was an accomplished lifter himself. According to Anthony Ditillo:

"At a bodyweight of around 190 lb. he clean and jerked close to 380. He power cleaned and pressed 285 for 3 sets of 5 repetitions; regularly did shrug pulls from the floor with close to 500 lbs.; stiff leg deadlifted 605 for three doubles, after a 50-set back workout and front squatted, Olympic style, 455 for 5 reps. He also did back squats, Olympic style, 445 for 5 sets of 5;

hyperextensions with 185 on his shoulders; once shrugged 940 lb. for a triple (I witnessed this myself); snatch grip shrugged 775 for sets and reps between 5 and 10 and he also power cleaned with thumbless grip and NO KNEE DIP WHATSOEVER, 335 lbs"(Ditillo).

Ban's opinions on training were not markedly unlike my own, proving once more that I was born on the wrong continent and in the wrong time period, what with my belief that human beings are capable of far more awesome in any given day than most strength coaches would allow in a week. In any event,

"Dezso believes in training six days per week. Three Squat days, three Pull days and Presses are done EVERY DAY that you train. The total number of sets of leg work goes to around 50 per workout, along with close to 30 sets of pressing. This is done three days per week. On alternate days he would do close to 50 sets pulls along with an additional 20 to 30 sets of pressing movements. We should also include the assistance work such as Roman Chair for the abdominals and Hyperextensions for the lower back. These were also done three times per week."(Ditillo)

In other words, Ban was recommending that natural lifters train shoulders 6 days a week for a minimum of 20 sets a day. Ban was incredibly old school, and developed his training methods prior to the advent of steroids. Given that his greatest pupil, Anthony Ditillo, could perform "a seated press to his forehead with 435 pounds for 3 reps"(Poliquin), Deszo seems to have known what the fuck he was talking about.

Given the fact that Ditillo resembled no one more than alleged strongman and obviously homeless Milo contributor Steve Justa, you might require further evidence. It's a bit of a pain in the ass to find information on great pressers at this point, given that pressing's no longer a competitive lift in any major sport. Certainly MHP is leading the way in the effort to bring the lift back by including it in their pro meets, but that's about the only place you're going to see pressing in competition outside of strongman. Thus, you either need to jump into the wayback machine to find old school oly lifters or look to our strongmen for inspiration. Thus, I've done just that for you guys. The following lifters are considered some of the best in their respective sports, and put more weight overhead than most of you have likely successfully squatted.

Rip Up The Whole Set, I'm About As Bad As You Can Get

Jim Bradford- Back before most of us were born, a beast of an Olympian named Jim Bradford shrugged off some of America's collective Olympic weightlifting shame with what has been described as a military press so pretty it made Marilyn Monroe look like the chick from the show Mike and Molly. According to US Olympic Weightlifting coach Jim Schmitz, "Bradford just stood straight and pressed 180 kg

with his arms and shoulders, using pure raw strength" while "everyone else was doing a little heave and layback." Bradford took two silvers in the Olympics, and posted his best numbers in the 1960 Tokyo games, in which he posted an 1129 3/4 total consisting of a 396.75 press, a 330.5 snatch, and a 402.25 clean and jerk at a bodyweight of 286 lbs.

Bradford's routine, according to John McCallum, is as follows. Oddly, it makes no mention of the Bradford Press, being its namesake. If you've not heard of it, it's likely not because you've never done it, but rather because you simply had no idea it actually had a name. It was one of the first overhead movements I ever learned, though, and has always been the Jermaine Jackson of my shoulder workouts- a nice accessory, but it's not the stuff on which one would hang one's hopes and dreams. In spite of the fact that I've been doing them for over 15 years, I only just discovered their name while researching Jim Bradford. In high school we called them front-to-backs, which is as apt a name as you'd find- the exercise consists of half presses from the back to the chest that go just high enough to graze the top of your head. Thus, the bar basically moves in a short arc over your head and keeps constant tension on the shoulders. If nothing else, it's a damn good warm-up. Irrespective of that omission, it's worth noting that Bradford put heavy weights overhead every single time he trained, either in a press or a snatch.

JIM BRADFORD ROUTINE

Monday/Thursday:

Barbell Shoulder Press: 5 sets of 3 reps

Barbell Curl: 5 sets of 3 reps

Squat: Sets of 3 reps -- adding 10 lbs every set -- keep going until you miss

Pullovers: 8-10 reps (light weight) after every set of squats

Tuesday/Friday:

Bench Press: 5 sets of 3 reps (using same weight on each set)

Hang Snatch: 5 sets of 3 reps

Hang Power Cleans: 5 sets of 3 reps

Deadlift: Sets of 2 reps until you miss (each set increase poundage by 20-30lbs)

Ken Patera- Another of America's greatest weightlifting products, Ken Patera had perhaps the sickest press of all time, pushing 500 overhead with no leg drive. Though his press wasn't quite the Mona Lisa that was Bradford's, Patera was still the first person to press 500 overhead. Patera's best relevant lifts were Clean and Press: 505.5, Press Behind Neck: 418, 405x2, Press off rack: 535, Overhead squat: 440-3/4, and a Steep incline press: 485. If you're in the mood to get dick-slapped by one of the strongest and craziest motherfuckers on Earth, check out his Baddest Motherfuckers entry later in this ebook. You'll leave feeling as though you might have completely failed at life. Like Bradford, Patera put heavy weights overhead every time he entered the gym, and trained at exceptionally high percentages of his one rep max. The workout below may or may not be entirely accurate- it was the only one I could find, and makes no mention of sets. Thus, take it for what it's worth- it's at least an example that you can train shoulders extremely heavily three times a week.

KEN PATERA'S ROUTINE

Monday

Overhead squats: 135x3, 203x3, 255x3, 295x2, 325x2

Front squats: 225x3, 315x3, 405x3, 455x2, 520x1

Snatch high pulls from blocks: 225x3, 315x3, 365x3, 405x3

Press Behind Neck: 135x3, 205x3, 255x3, 305x3, 345x1

Wednesday

Press off rack: 135x5, 225x3, 395x2, 355x2, 405x1, 440x1, 480x1, 325x5

Clean grip high pulls: 255x3, 305x2, 355x2, 405x2, 455x2, 505x2, 555x2

Hyperextensions: three sets of ten (no weight)

Friday

Snatch 135x3, 205x3, 255x2, 295x1, 315x1, 340x1, 360x1

Inclines: 225x5, 395x5, 345x3, 405x3, 430x1

Good Mornings: 135x5, 205x5, 255x5, 305x5

Confuse and Loose Abuse and Bruise the Crews

Before I continue with examples of badass pressers, I'll come back to something I mentioned in passing earlier- grinding. "Grinding" is part and parcel of powerlifting, but it's something Oly lifters never do, and is an extremely useful mental exercise as well as a physical one. In case you're unclear as to what grinding is, I'll explain- it's the point in a lift where the bar slows dramatically and you have to exponentially increase your effort for very little tangible forward progress. I'd imagine for most people it's miserable, but for masochistic sons-a-bitches like myself, it's the thing we anticipate most when lifting. If you're not grinding, you're not going heavy enough, in my book. Since he's expounded upon the benefits of grinding at great length, I figure there's no need to reinvent the wheel. Thus, here's top-ranked lifter but astonishingly dull writer Mike Tuscherer on the value of grinding:

"I've heard it suggested before that lifters should use Max Effort work to learn how to strain. The idea is that straining against a heavy weight will teach you further to strain during max attempts. For someone who can't grind, asking them to strain during Max Effort work is like asking them to lift a PR through sheer force of effort. It's not that they don't want to strain - it's that they can't. Granted, they may be able to strain during some lifts, but chances are those lifts don't target their weak area of the force curve and likely won't result in improved performance.

So what SHOULD they do? The first thing to realize is that the best way to fix this kind of problem is not by any particular exercise. If the above example was a bench press, then many people would no doubt try a very low board press or pin press to correct this problem. That's usually not going to work because even if you do get the board height correct, you won't be training the same kind of strength that will transfer well to the contest lift. A better approach is by doing more reps.

The Max Effort crowd does get at least one thing right - if you want to get better at grinding (and improve your force curve), then you have to practice. But how does someone practice doing something they can't do? In this case, it's by doing more

reps. Instead of doing max effort singles, do triples instead. Do rep work instead of speed work. How many reps really depends on where it fits in your training, but I would normally suggest 4 to 6 reps. Work up to a 5 rep max instead of doing speed work and see how that plays out in the next several weeks.

If you don't follow the Westside template, the trend is still fundamentally the same: more reps per set. A good friend of mine developed this problem while doing Sheiko-style training cycles. He did an 8-week cycle where he kept the volume and intensity the same, but he simply did more reps in each set. So instead of doing 5 sets of 3 at 80%, he did 4 sets of 4 at 80%. That's roughly the same number of reps and the same load, but more reps in each set. The end result was some nice PR's and an ability to grind that he had never experienced before" (Tuscherer).

Most of us are likely used to grinding on a great many exercises, ranging from hip thrusts to deadlifts, but never once gave a thought to grinding overhead lifts. This is likely why you fucking suck at them, if you do- you can't grind it out. Tuscherer gives his two cents above on the solution- more reps, while I have a slightly altered take- do reps on exercises that force you to grind. Two exercises immediately spring to mind when I think of grinding out overhead presses- the Klovov Press and the Savickas Press.

The Klovov Press

The Klovov Press, otherwise known by whiny bitches on the internet by its intensely unwieldy original moniker "strict, snatch-grip, behind-the-neck press", is a lift that has been recently popularized by a video of Russian Olympic Weightlifting phenom Dmitri Klovov, wherein he performs the lift with some absurd weight. The lift is just as its name would indicate- it's a strict, snatch-grip, behind-the-neck press. From what I've gathered, it's basically a warm-up for Olympic weightlifters, and it's a hell of a warm-up for anyone who a) wants to learn how to grind, b) wants more shoulder volume without overly taxing the rest of their body, and c) wants to get massive, ripped, supremely strong shoulders. There's not a great deal to this exercise other than a concentrated effort not to use one's legs to drive the bar, and an unrelenting desire to put the fucking weight overhead no matter the mental cost. This lift is fucking brutal, but it pays dividends. Since I began doing them, my behind the neck push press (BTNPP) jumped from a horribly stalled 315 to 345, and it continues to rise. I credit the Klovov Press more or less entirely with the improvement, as I've not trained the BTNPP much in recent months due to its horrifyingly complete exhaustion of every muscle group in your body. For these, I typically range in reps over the course of the week from 10 to 1, alternating heavy and light days and generally staying in the 3-5 rep range.

The Savickas Press

The Savickas Press is the brainchild of a strongman who should really need no introduction, but if you've not heard of him, he won the World's Strongest Man twice, the Arnold Strongman Classic six times, the IFSA Strongman World Championships twice, the Fortissimus, the 2008 Strongman Champions League overall title, and Europe's Strongest Man twice. As such, when he imparts training wisdom, you should get out your fucking notepad and start scribbling notes as furiously as a stenographer in a trial that has Twista and Tech N9ne as its chief witnesses. Savickas is considered to be the greatest strongman presser of all time, and holds the world record in a shitload of pressing events (Wiki):

Apollon's Axle Press for Max Weight - 215 kg (470 lb)
Apollon's Axle Press for Reps - 166 kg (370 lb) * 8
Log lift for Max Weight - 217.5 kg (480 lb) (
Giant Wooden Log lift for Max Weight - 210 kg (460 lb)
Apollon's Wheels Overhead for Reps - 155 kg (340 lb) * 8 reps
Metal Block press - 150 kg (330 lb)

Clearly, the motherfucker knows what he's doing. Savickas credits his overhead strength with his eponymous lift. The lift is done seated in a squat rack, with a regular BB, a fat bar, an axle or a log at shoulder height. With your legs straight out in front of you, flat on the floor (no bent knee), press the bar/log overhead. Savickas seems to favor a set/rep scheme of 6x3, so you'll probably want to stick with that.(Schmidt) To be honest, I lack the hamstring flexibility to do this, but have managed it sitting cross-legged. It's a bitch. One recommendation I've seen online is to have your spotter stand behind you with his knee in your back to catch you if you tip backwards, which seems like a reasonable enough suggestion provided you have a training partner.

In the last installment of this series, I'll cover training for beginners, Tommy Kono's workload, Mariusz's unique take on getting badass shoulders, and a couple of Crossfit chicks who can put more weight overhead than you guys.

If you have at least one arm and don't put start putting weight overhead on a daily or near-daily basis after reading this, it's only because you aren't concerned with the shame you're bringing upon your family name.

Go press.

Pimpin' Ain't Easy #4- Let's get Down to The Finish

Yuri Vlasov, badass overhead presser and progenitor of one of the greatest quotes of all time, said:

"The blood of your fathers has turned to water in your veins. Not your lot is it to be strong as they were. Having tasted neither life's sorrows nor its joy, like a sickling you look at life through a glass. Your skin will shrivel, your muscles grow weak, tedium will devour your flesh destroying desire. Thought will congeal in your skull and horror will stare at you from the mirror. Overcome yourself, overcome yourself. I tremble, I seethe, I clench, I seize the haul."

Time To Set It Straight

It was recently brought to my attention that I abandoned this series like a 16 year old's dumpster baby on prom night, so I thought it prudent to finish this motherfucker up posthaste. From what I've read online and in the comments in this series, people seem to have a hell of a time with overhead pressing, and they're all incredibly perplexed as to why they suck at putting weight overhead. The answer, however, is really fucking simple- you're not used to doing it, have never prioritized it, and definitely don't overhead press as much as you should. I covered some of the exercises you should be doing in the previous entry, so it stands to reason I should give you a place to start and a destination for which you should aim, lest you just mill about the gym randomly doing Savickas Presses and mumbling Big Daddy Kane lyrics to yourself.

Begin At The Beginning

If you suck at the military press, which is likely, because most people seem to regard it as the weightlifting version of Susan Boyle's vagina, you're going to need to start with baby steps. When I began really focusing on the overhead press, I did so by starting out with a weight I knew I could handle for 6-8 reps, and pounding the shit out of it at that weight every other day. In my case, that was 135 lbs on the strict military overhead press. Once I got to the point where I could reliably hit that for 10, I bumped up to 155, and restarted the process. I continued in that fashion to 185, where I got to the point where I could hit 5-8 without much of a problem, and then started going for doubles and singles. Former U.S. Olympic Weightlifting team coach Jim Schmitz had a slightly different approach. Given that I had already been training for 15 years when I got serious about overhead pressing, my experience was likely uncommon. Schmitz, on the other hand, likely has seen all manner of n00bs wander through his dusty gyms, and thus is a good resource to consult. According to the venerable Schmitz,

"For beginners-or if this is a new exercise for you-I recommend sets of 10 reps with a weight of about 25% of your bodyweight. If you weigh 150 lb., then start with about 35 to 40 lb. for 2 sets of 10 reps. If you are an experienced lifter, I recommend sets of 5 reps with a weight that you can do for only 5 reps. However, it would be a good idea to take a very light weight for 10 reps as a warm up. To make the military press more of a complete and

effective exercise, you can power clean and press each rep. Two important things to remember are to get set before you press and to hold the weight overhead for at least 1 second for each rep, and 3 seconds on the last rep of each set. Also, when you lower the barbell back to your clavicles and deltoids, you want to catch the bar with a little give in the legs so as not to beat up and bruise yourself or jar your spine. It's sort of like catching a baseball: you give with the barbell, and then get set for the next rep."

According to Schmitz, if you're a man in the prime of your life, you should be able to overhead press your bodyweight. Women, on the other hand, should be hitting 75% of their bodyweight, though from my experience I'd say more like 66%. That's not a knock on females, but rather a concession that even chicks who regularly put weight overhead generally don't have the upper body strength that comes with testosterone and a childhood of intense physical activity. For instance, my girlfriend is a former competitive Olympic weightlifter turned powerlifter, and she only strict presses 80 lbs at 135. Her jerk and her behind the neck push press are both more than double that, but that's likely due to the involvement of her lower body in driving the bar up. Given the role leg strength plays in women's upper body movements, focusing on strict pressing is likely a good idea for women, as it will translate nicely when they switch back to power movements. That said, everyone, irrespective of their gender, should have strict military pressing their bodyweight as a primary goal, if for no other reason than it's silly not to be able to do so.

Interestingly, an article on Critical Bench compounded my beliefs on this issue- doing strict, rather than power movements, should definitely have its place in your program. To wit, bench press specialist and drug free world record holder Rock Lewis pointed out that he does the majority of his bench pressing with his legs in the air. We've all seen the kid we consider to be functionally retarded benching 185 lbs with his legs up and crossed in the gym at some point, but there's actually merit to that method according to Rock- he's benched 620 in that fashion at 242. Additionally, Rock utilizes high volume to bring up his bench, hitting eight to ten sets of ten three days a week for much of the year, then drops to four sets of ten and six sets of five. That basically mirrors my method for getting my overhead press out of the toilet, so it might be worth trying.

Having elucidated my method for bringing up my overhead press and that of an esteemed US Olympic weightlifting coach, we might as well take a look at other methods. Tommy Kono is one of America's untarnished Olympic treasures- he was a badass in Olympic weightlifting and in bodybuilding, and had an overhead press of 347 at 198. As such, Kono's as much an authority on overhead pressing as Lindsey Lohan is on disgracing one's parents. Kono had some very specific theories on how people should train- namely, that less is more and more will fuck you up. In the event that you, like me, love training and think low volume programs are to be scorned and belittled, you might initially think Kono's program would be somewhat unfulfilling. That is, however, until you take into account the frequency with which he does each lift. Kono broke his program into two parts, the first of which he'd do for three to six weeks, and the second of which he'd do for two to

three. Both periods of the program consisted of two to three days of the same workout. In the first phase, Kono's overhead work consisted of putting weight overhead for between 16 and 24 sets. That, for the vast majority of us, is hardly low volume. In phase one, Kono did the following:

Overhead Press 5 x 5
Power Snatch 3 x 3

In the second phase, Kono stepped it up a notch and took a page out of Doug Hepburn's book, as he included the press off the rack. In this phase, Kono's overhead work consisted of:

Press off Rack 8 x 3
Power Snatch 3 x 3
Squat Snatch 2 x 3; 2 x 2; 3 x 1

When he wasn't training for a competition, Kono stuck with three days of overhead pressing, 8 sets of 3 for his press work. The interesting thing about Kono's training, in my opinion, is the fact that while his overhead work likely outstrips the average trainee's to a degree that it resembles the comparison of a nun's sex life with a back alley prostitute, Kono was a vociferous advocate of lower-volume training. According to Brian Carson, "Kono was very outspoken at the time against the bodybuilding and lifting magazines that advocated heavy volume training. Kono insisted that the body responds better to brief workouts performed 2-3 times per week with less not more exercises. Yes, people, Tommy Kono was/is a very smart man."

Another US Olympic pressing phenom and Mr. Universe was Bill March, a guy of whom you've likely never heard. March was built like a brick shithouse- 5'7", 200 lbs, and lean as hell. As I've mentioned previously, the strict press pretty much became a joke, which is one of the reasons it was dropped from Olympic competitions. March preceded the really extreme back-bending contortionist routines that led to the abandonment of the lift, and hit 353.1 at a bodyweight of 198 for the world record in 1963. His routine was vastly different than anything of which you've likely heard, and therefore requires some investigation. March did shoulder work twice a week, utilizing partials to bring up his overhead press. Dubbing it the "March Overload Power System", March overhead pressed Tuesday and Thursday, and then maxed out on the Olympic lifts on Saturday. He encouraged every lifter to find their own sticking points, which vary greatly between individuals, then break the lift into three sections according to those sticking points. For the purposes of his training, March referred to the three sections as low, middle, and high, which correspond to the shoulders to about six inches higher, eye level to just above the head, and then the lockout. Once you've identified where your sticking point is, like eye level to the top of the head, you should focus on that part of the lift like a Ritallin-addicted stripper on dollar bills. March recommended only doing one set of three, to complete failure, on that portion. Start with the portion of the lift giving you problems, then move on to the other two portions of the lift, doing one set of three with a 12 second static hold at the end of

the set. Unique and innovative, which is usually what you need to be if you're going to kick ass like Chuck Norris in a Sir Mix Alot video at anything in which you might compete.

That should resonate with you like the Kraken's "bloop" bouncing off the US Navy's hydrophones- you're not overhead pressing enough. Lest you think you Kono was full of shit, however, and think that once a week shoulder training is enough, there are a number of strongmen who'd disagree strongly enough to match the violence of response to stimuli that the obstreperous autistic kid who tried to buttfuck himself with an TV remote because his mom cancelled his WoW account exhibited. For instance, hall of fame strongman and occasionally impressive MMA fighter **Mariusz Pudzianowski** trained twice a day, six days a week when he was a strongman, rotating between three gym workouts and three event training workouts. As such, he does each of the three gym workouts twice a week. Day two of his workout consists of 6 x 5 on behind the neck push press, with crucifix holds in the evening.

Derek Poundstone, another epic strongman, discovered that the weak link in his overhead press was actually his triceps. As such, he added tons of heavy tricep work to his shoulder-heavy routine of strict overhead presses (standing and sitting on the floor), log clean and presses, and one arm overhead presses (Q&A). Poundstone focuses on shoulders and traps on Monday, then hits them again on Saturday with event training after pre-fatiguing his shoulders and triceps with chest and tricep training on Friday.

For those of you curious as to what I do for shoulders, it varies rather considerably. My favorite three workouts, however, are the following:

This workout just consists of Klov presses, which I detailed here, and often consumes the entirety of my workout. For some reason, I love these enough to just do them indefinitely. As such, I'll do one of two things. I'll either pick a weight and do it for an hour to an hour and a half with as little rest between sets as possible, or gradually ramp the weights up. Thus, I do this:

KLOKOV ALL THE TIME

1 Hour of sets of 8-12 reps with 135, which ends up being 20-40 sets
or

5 x 10 x 135
10 x 3-5 x 185
2-5 x 1-2 x 205
1-2 x 1 x 225

If that seems like a hell of a lot of volume, that's because it is. I could not love a human baby as much as I enjoy doing Klovovs, however, and it's my go to exercise when I feel like shit and don't want to train.

BEHIND THE NECK EXTRAVAGANZA

This is exactly what it sounds like. I usually work up to a max single on behind the neck push press, and recently tied my personal best while getting my ass kicked with walking pneumonia. This workout goes something like this:

1 x 1 x 135
1 x 1 x 225
5 x 1-3 x 275
1 x 1-2 x 305
5 x 1 x 315
3 x 1 x 325
2 x 1 x 355
1 x max x 315

MIX IT UP

For this one, I'll generally start with strict military presses, then go on to push presses.

Strict Press

1 x 10 x 135
1 x 10 x 155
1 x 5-8 x 185
1 x 3 x 205
3-10 x 1 x 225

Push Press

5-10 x max x 225

There's really no rhyme or reason to the manner in which I do these workouts- they go entirely by what I feel like doing, and then I do that. I generally have two days a week when I do shoulders, and the workouts range from the shit I just mentioned to a few sets of Klokov presses for max reps with 185. The more, the better, on shoulder work, and I'll just mix it in whenever everything else hurts or I just feel like pressing.

It should be clear, at this point, that you need to train more overhead press, and that failure to do so will only make you look silly when all is said and done. In the event that the point's not yet been made, here's an incomplete list of Crossfit chicks who manage to be hot while outlifting you on overhead work.

Becky Conzelman- Bizarrely Bible thumping, 40 year old Conzelman busted a 160lb thruster at a bodyweight of 123 in competition, and has hit a 180 lb clean and jerk (Green). She's gotten that overhead strength from a shitload of training, as

"She has been doing five CrossFit workouts, four weightlifting sessions, and one or two gymnastics sessions per week" (Green).

Jenny Davis- Alright, so they're not all burning hot, but this broad is fucking metal, as she literally just took a steaming shit on your IQ and your best overhead lift. Davis is a Yale graduate and has a 195 lb. clean and jerk and 145 lb. snatch at a bodyweight of 148. Her secret? "Her main emphasis has been volume, with shorter [workouts] taking a back seat. "I'm training five days a week, with a mixture of singles and doubles," Davis says. "I've been doing a lot of higher volume bodyweight movements and trying to incorporate some gymnastics play in there" (Schermerhorn).

Angie Pye- Angie Pye manages not only to be capable of a 190 lb. clean and jerk and 150 lb snatch at 148, but is so lean that you should be considering a 2 week fast after looking at that picture of her back. Pye trains 8 times a week, which is likely why she puts more weight overhead than most of you.

Mona Pretorius- Rocking a name that seems to have been pulled directly from a comic book, she's a six time world champion in karate, and she clean and jerks 231 lbs. Did I mention she weighs 132? Make sure you put plastic down before you blow your brains out, fellas- no need to leave a mess for the family to clean up. She trains twice a day with a mix of Olympic weightlifting and Crossfit, and does a metric shit ton of overhead work.

At this point, you should be reaching for your car keys to get your happy ass to the gym and overhead press. Either that, or a .44 Magnum. It's time we brought the lift back into prominence and stopped collectively sucking at it like a toothless hooker in a Thai brothel. Get at it, motherfuckers.

It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells

As a student of history, I've come to the realization that I shouldn't be surprised by anything I find in historical annals. In spite of that knowledge, I still find myself continually surprised by shit I thought I had locked down, when I in fact didn't know the half of the story. Most recently, I had this realization about India, a place with which I generally only associate stupid wars with Muslims over glaciers no one really wants and "food" at which even the least discerning scat porn actors would turn up their noses. Certainly, when I think about India, about the last thing of which I think are robust physiques and weightlifters. After doing a bit of research, I discovered that India has earned precisely one medal in Olympic Weightlifting, a bronze medal in the women's 69 kg class in the 2000 Olympics. That seems about right to me, because the Indians seem only capable at excelling at badminton and

perpetuating horrible diseases generally not found outside their country's borders than they do at strength sports.

But, you might argue, they also excel at driving taxis, owning convenience stores, and making god-awful 5 hour movies filled with interminable and inexplicable dance numbers. That's correct, but still fails to explain one thing- how is it possible that a nation of 1.2 billion could possibly produce fewer weightlifting medals in history than the tiny, poverty-stricken, land-locked nation of Moldova produced in the 2012 Olympics? Moldova's economy, as I understand it, is based almost entirely on moving cars from stolen all over Europe. If you think I'm joking, stolen car resale is so extensive in Moldova that the Moldovan Justice Minister was caught driving a stolen car in Austria (AP). Thus, a couple million car thieves managed to produce more medals in weightlifting this year than more than a billion Indians have in their entire history. The craziest part? Indians have a longer and more storied history in weightlifting than any group of people on Earth. That is where this story gets interesting.

Insofar as I know, most of us believe that ancient weightlifting pretty much began and ended with the Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans, and was pretty much a dead issue until the 17th Century when traveling strongmen resurrected it. Strength historian David Willoughby chronicled some strongmen who performed in the interregnum, but there appears to have not been any widespread strength training or physical culture in the West until the 18th century, and it didn't really pop off fully until the 19th Century. While that might have been the case in the West, it was not so in the East- Indians held strength training the fuck down the entire time, only quitting when some ill-tempered pasty-faced limeys robbed their country blind and left them so bereft of pride they make modern reality television stars seem downright noble in comparison.

As an aside, I realize it's unfair to paint India with such a broad brush, given the fact that they're so ethnolinguistically diverse they're essentially all of the Americas crammed into the state of Texas, but I like broad generalizations. India's actually a pretty fucking crazy place, even after they chopped it into three countries in 1949. When you think of India, you probably think of mocha-colored people speaking Hindi, rocking twig arms and legs and potbellies, always looking for a cow to worship. You'd not be all that far off, but there's all kinds of crazy shit going on in the fringes, like the Toda people of South India, who live in thatched huts shaped like barrels, are ethnically related to Greek Cypriots and have a sacred Milkman; the people of Kashi, who brawl so fucking hard at Thai-style kickboxing that people in the stands kill each other in fistfights; the Meitei who live on the Burmese border and speak a Sino-Tibetan language, basically treat chicks like men (which is not the case in the rest of India), and whose script is comprised of letters that all correspond with parts of the human body (the first letter means "head", for instance); and the overarching Hindustani culture, which has pretty much predominated since the Indo-Aryan invasions began out of Western Siberia around 2500 BC. It's really that culture to which I'll be referring, since it's the one about which there is the most information. Basically, I'll be treating India like most foreigners regard Americans- to them, we're all fat, white, barely literate

xenophobes who buy everything from Walmart, are aggressively ignorant of other cultures, and drape ourselves in American flags while hating homos and supporting wars of foreign aggression with no logical reasoning.

According to a number of sources I recently discovered, however, the Indians were the only group of people heavily into strength training in the Middle Ages. Strength training manuals in India have been discovered that date as far back as the 1100s, and recommended that people basically do what you see going on in pictures of third world gyms today- they lifted stone weights and sacks of sand (Sandow). By the 1500s, strength training was so widespread in India that it could be considered to have been what cricket is today- their national pastime. Since then, North Indian wrestlers have been held aloft as some best-conditioned athletes ever, and some authors have made entire careers out of regurgitating ancient Indian strength training "secrets" for a generation of people who think that walking and occasionally jogging a 5k is an impressive physical feat.

My interest in Indian strength training grew out of an article I recently read about former Mr. Universe winner Monohar Aich. As the swarthy little dwarf that he is, Aich won the 1952 Mr. Universe after pulling a full-on Charles Atlas transformation. Aich contracted one of India's famously bizarre diseases, black fever, and dragged his own ass from death's door to peak physical condition by doing 100 rep sets of one-legged squats, pushups, crunches, pull ups, and leg raises all day long. He got a bit of time off from wrecking shit in the Indian Air Force by getting invited to British prison for mouthing off to the Limeys for being thieving assholes, during which time he trained for twelve hours a day on bodyweight shit. After his release, Aich went on to become the Indian version of the Mighty Atom, repping out 660 lb squats, tearing 1500 page books, in spite of the fact that he was only 4'11" and didn't weigh more than 150 lbs (Tyrrell). The craziest shit about his story is that although he grew up so poor that George Jefferson's humble beginnings would have been moving way the hell on up for Aich, the dude not only still trains 90 minutes a day, but is still jacked at 100 years old. Not surprisingly, the Rigveda actually states that people should live to be over 100, and Aich isn't the only Indian bodybuilder to live into his triple digits. In a country where our jacked guys' hearts explode at age 55 even with highly advanced medicine and great material wealth (come the fuck on Michael Clarke Duncan. How the fuck do you die of a heart attack at 55?), Indians are pretty much making us look like their punk bitches.

Codified systems of exercise are actually about as old as what we think of India itself, as the Vedas made frequent allusions to systems of exercise, though they didn't detail them outright (Mujumdar 1). For those of you who are unaware, the Vedas have basically been a combination of Wikipedia, the Bible, and the Farmer's Almanac for Indians for the last 200 years. In the Rig Veda, it was suggested that one use digging, fist fighting, swimming, running, and archery to build physical strength (2). Interestingly, Mariusz Pudzianowski regularly includes the middle three in his training, and Steve Justa mentioned the value of digging in Rock, Iron, Steel. Though digging gets short shrift in comparison to the wood chop so frequently detailed in Men's Health and frequently performed in big box gyms around America, it's a hell of a workout. In the Vedas, the sage Agastya "desired

to develop his strength by digging with a hoe (Vide Rigveda I-179-6" and suggested others do the same (Ibid). Justa mentions that doing shovel lifts, in which he essentially mimicked the movement of shoveling with one of his wacky homemade implements, increased all of his other lifts after skipping other lifts for weighted shovels for two weeks. Frankly, any of you who's shoveled snow for a day know that shoveling kicks your ass inside out, and any of you who have seen an old image of a coal shoveler know they were ripped up in spite of the fact that their diets consisted of sausage and liquor.

In addition to the above, the Rigveda kicked shit off right, by recommending they take a variety of herbs to increase their strength, and to eat a diet heavy in fats. As I've covered before, fat-rich diets improve your hormonal profiles significantly, which will in turn confer greater strength upon you over time.

Indians still take stone lifting seriously- "only men who have been practising and know they can manage, take part because in this age of technology news travels fast. 'There is the insult factor,' said Abbasi. 'If someone takes part in a Karachi competition, and fails, news of it will be discussed in his village [up north] for days.'"(Sultan)

The Ramayana followed that with recommendations for stone lifting and throwing, which persists in the Karachi district in India as Gutti, was part of the ancient Greek Olympics, and is still popular in the Scottish Highland games and among the Basques, both of whom are renowned for their physical strength. It also promoted jumping, which is still a popular exercise among East Indian wrestlers (who contributed heavily to modern catch wrestling/mma grappling) (Willoughby 200). Additionally, "swinging" was promoted, which from the accounts I've found seems like a combination of Crossfit's pull up abortions mixed with random Olympic high-bar gymnastics done from tree branches. As anyone with eyeballs and a television knows, gymnasts have always been, and always will be, jacked as fuck. Finally, the last couple books in the Veda basically promote "games" that consisted of hopefully-not-fatal brawling with fists, maces, and any other blunt object they happened to find laying around. One look at the average mma fighter will give you an idea of what that does for the body- all good things. Thus, all of their recommendations in ancient times are better than most of the nonsense you'll read online today- and that shit basically just came from their Bible.

Once they got out of the Biblical age, shit got real in India for weightlifting. Up next- how Indians got to be some of the most jacked motherfuckers on Earth while Europeans were too busy burning each other at the stake and declaring the female orgasm to be the sole produce of sorcery.

It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #2

The ancient period of Indian history, as I've explained, was definitely an era in which developing physical strength was important, it didn't become institutionalized until the Rashtrakuta kingdom, which was extant from the 6th to 10th Centuries. During that period, India basically became a place that only exist in most of our wet dreams (except, of course, for the god-awful food), as every village under the control of the Rashtrakuta contained a gym called an Akhada. This could have been a carryover from the Grecian occupation, as all Greek towns contained an agora, wherein people would gather, lift weights, wrestle, and fuck. Given the fact that modern historians believe that most or all hard-style Asian martial arts are descended from pankration, which was introduced to the East by Alexander the Great through India, it would stand to reason that the martial arts themselves would bring with them Greek-esque gyms. Should you think I just took a Matrix-like leap from one metaphorical building roof to another, settle down Neo- the Akhada, like the Greek agora, were places where the men of the region developed their physical strength and martial skills simultaneously. Thus, they were similar enough that it's not that big a leap. In any event, by the time the Rashtrakuta were in power, club swinging and wrestling were the two most common forms of heavy exercise, and are credited with the development of "awe-inspiring" figures in a number of historical figures and the populace. It was at this point that the first accounts of Hulk Hogan-esque descriptions of historical figures began in Indian history. The physical culture craze really took off with the rise of Krishnadevraj to power in the Hindu empire. From 1509AD onward, the entire Indian populace (men and women alike) became obsessed with heavy club swinging, wrestling, and other "hard manly exercises" (Mujumdar 15). Thus, in a time when Europeans had completely forgotten we'd already discovered and mastered central heating, we were shivering in half-frozen stone buildings looking like sickly scarecrows and trying to pray away the plague, the Indians were busy getting jacked as fuck

For those of you who are unfamiliar with club swinging, it's a recently revived exercise with an extremely long history in India. The war club and heavy mace were two of the most prominently utilized weapons in ancient India, and as such were utilized heavily in training in the Akhada to ensure the bearers of those weapons wouldn't tire in combat. In the past, I've posted about how badass it was that English railway navies were able to handle sledges three times heavier than modern construction workers, but Indian mace and club swingers blow even those guys out of the water with the weights they handle. When you think of club bells, if you know about them at all, you think of some skinny, ambiguously homosexual karateka in the back of your gym swinging 5 lbs bells in the darkened back corner of your gym while screaming his ridiculous karate screams and throwing the occasional piss-poor punch at the mirror. If you've never had the pleasure of witnessing such a spectacle, you need to get out more, as there are few things funnier than American karetekas doing pretty much anything. In any event, Indians training in Akhadas still use heavy stone maces and clubs for training. They'd start with 5kg clubs and maces and then work up to 35 to 45 kg maces and 25 to 60lb clubs (that measured up to four and a half feet in length), getting so

good with them that they could swing them all day in training (Wikipedia, Pahlavani). For those of you who are unaware, it'd be hard for most people to raise a 77 to 99 lb club with both hands, because the majority of the weight is in the tip away from your hands. That sort of training should give you wrists and hands to rival freak of nature and unstoppable arm wrestler Denis Cyplenkov, in addition to badass shoulder strength. In short- club and mace training in India during India's strength training heyday was nothing whatsoever like the stupid shit you see bandied about on the internet these days- in their day, shit got real when the Indians busted out their clubs.

As time progressed, Indians became more and more obsessed with physical culture, stone throwing, wrestling, and weight lifting. By the establishment of the Maratha Empire, gymnasiums were incredibly widespread, and were associated heavily with the worship of Hanuman in Hinduism. This became so prevalent that the Indians began putting idols of Hanuman, the monkey god representing strength and valor, in every gym in the country. Though that seems about as reasonable as putting a statue of Samson in gyms throughout the American Southeast, it actually points to a really interesting facet of Indian physical culture. In the West, there exists in the minds of the populace what is termed the Cartesian formula, wherein the mind and body are two separate entities. In the Cartesian dynamic, the mind is the superior organ, and the body exists as its subordinate- the effeminate and adolescent Robin to a grizzled, hirsute, foul-mouthed Batman. There is no such distinction in the Hindu belief system, wherein the mind and body are much more like the Catholic Yahweh and Jesus, two components or equal parts of a larger whole, no more able to be separated than the elemental components of air with one's bare hands. Thus, a hulking, ripped, Herculean physique is incontrovertible evidence of a disciplined mind in India, whereas it is generally ascribed to heavy drug use or some other disordered behavior in the West.

"In American physical education and sport, strength is a purely physical phenomenon. It can be measured in objective terms: body mass, arm size, muscle-to-fat ratio, heart rate, weightlifting ability, and so forth. As such, strength is something that can be developed as purely somatic and as quantifiable and calibrated. While strength is also manifest as a physical attribute in India, it is, more significantly, linked to such ineffable cultural values as duty, devotion, and morality. It is neither purely somatic nor strictly quantifiable. A wrestler cannot be strong if he does not follow his guru's mandate. He cannot be strong and indulge in sensual pleasure. Strength is manifest not only in the size of his arm but also in the sparkle of his eye and the luster of his skin, symbols that indicate spirituality, devotion, and moral control" (Alter 4).

The closest thing to which I could compare this in the West is the "muscular Christianity" movement, which is without question one of the most preposterous movements in any religion, anywhere. The principle concept in muscular Christianity is to build one's body for the subjugation of the world that the Jewish god of the Old Testament gave to the Christians. This is, of course, fucking

retarded, since the New Testament is a paean to pacifism and basically being a chill bro. To emulate the Indians, muscular Christians would have to modify statues of Jesus to make him look like a mash-up of Buddy Jesus and Derek Poundstone, then start lifting and acting in such a way as to convey that they were attempting to achieve the ultimate in themselves rather than "glorify[ing] God in your body" (1 Corinthians 6:20), as Indians strove to emulate Hanuman's example and channel his spirit rather than worship him by making themselves more awesome. Given the abject failure of Muscular Christianity to gain a foothold in the minds and hearts of the West, and its failure to produce more than a handful of elite athletes, I would posit that the Indian method appears to be the BMW M5 to Christianity's Ford Fiesta in this case.

Instead of engaging in the mild retardation exhibited by muscular Christians, Indians have utilized a very holistic methodology for developing the mind, body, and spirit simultaneously. It's for that reason that statues of Hanuman were found in gyms. In the mind of Indians during this time, a strong, muscular body was a reflection of their strong mind, rather than evidence of their mind's ability to force the body to bend to its will. Additionally, unlike exercise as is generally practiced in the West, Indians specifically tailor their programs to the individual, and they feel their body expresses their individual personality. Thus, from an Indian's view, Westerners develop their bodies to exhibit "the lines of force of the generic human animal", whereas Indian training displays physically in the individual the "eccentricities his tastes and vices leave in his carnal substance" (Alter 5). Thus, you're not going to find in any old Indian training text a rigidly defined lifting or conditioning program, as they believed (rightly) that there is no single system that will suit multiple people, and this belief has persisted for over 1000 years.

"But", you might be thinking, "didn't you kick this fucker off by telling us that the Indian people are collectively worse at lifting than a tiny nation of car thieves?" I did indeed, but I was referring to modern Indians, who are basically a pale, sad shadow of their former selves after being systematically raped and robbed by the British. When the Brits raided the Indian national treasury and planted their boots on the throats of India, India pretty much gave up on lifting. They were, however, unmatched athletes in bygone eras.

In the early 20th century, the professional wrestlers of India could "on the average, perform in their training five series of 300 'dunds' (body-swaying [pushups]) and three series of 1000 'baiticks' ([squats] performed on their toes) (Willoughby 258). To put that in perspective, that means that there were literally thousands of men in India 100 years ago who could match or exceed Herschel Walker in his legendary workouts, in spite of the fact that they were vegetarians. East Indians took this training a step further and added jump squats performed like baithaks, only they jumped as high as possible at the top of every rep. They could do up to 700 of those in a row, which is a volume of work that would kill Crossfitters who consider a giant bowl of rhabdomyolysis part of a balanced breakfast (Willoughby 200).

- Rama Murti Naidu was a pro strongman from Madras [now Chennai] known as the Indian Hercules who could support a 7000 lb elephant on a plank at a bodyweight of 195 (Willoughby 177).
- The Great Gama, legendary professional wrestler of the early 20th Century, was still doing 200 dunds and 400 baithaks followed by a four mile walk/run and three hours of wrestling a day... at age 69 (Willoughby 370).
- Hamida Banu, daughter of a famous Indian wrestler named Nadir, fought 300 professional wrestling matches after turning 19 and only faced other women three times (Willoughby 579). This is probably because she was built like a brick shithouse at 5'3" 215lbs. She remained unmarried long past what was considered proper due to the fact that she'd only marry a guy who could beat her in a match, and hardly anyone could.
- The aforementioned Karnam Malleswari is India's badass modern lifter and the holder of India's sole medal in the Olympics. One girl coming out of nowhere to take the mantle from Malleswari is Chandrika Tarafdar, a tiny lifter who just pulled down a bronze at the Youth World Weightlifting Championships. The 15 year old 97 lber just busted a 121lb snatch and 162.8lb clean and jerk in competition. Time to bust out the razors and the rat poison, fellas.

Next, I'll cover how Indians trained and ate at the height of their dominance of the professional wrestling world, at which point you'll understand why I'm so impressed at their pushup and free squat abilities.

It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells

#3: Yoga, The Indian Way, Is Actually Fucking Badass

As I mentioned before, weightlifting was the preeminent sport in India from about the 15th century through the 17th century, and was a sport in which many people around the country participated far earlier than that. The reason for this, as I also mentioned, is that there exists in India no Cartesian duality-no separate mind-body relationship- in the minds of Indians, who rather believe that the one is a reflection of the other. Thus, they lifted weights because they literally thought they'd die if they didn't.

"Activity is life, while stagnation is death. Exercise brings healthful activity to every organ, gland, and cell of the body; it makes the entire body actively and radiantly alive with a feeling, energy, and well being that make one so buoyant and alert that you feel like running and jumping.

Exercise is the best insurance against disease or sickness. It builds a fund of resistance of healthy blood-corpuscles, which can attack and overcome any disease germs which come in contact with the body.

Lastly, exercise builds confidence; for there is no road to supreme confidence as sure as the knowledge of one's physical and mental ability. It cultivates power of will and determination; it gives you complete mastery over your physical and mental self; it promotes personal efficiency and all desirable mental characteristics" (Mujumdar xvii).

For the religious amongst you, this should speak fairly strongly to you, for it makes far more sense than most of the bullshit you hear out of "spiritual" people: "You were meant to have a fine looking strong and super healthy body. God cannot be pleased with the ugly, unhealthy, weak and flabby bodies. It is a sacrilege not to possess a fine, shapely, healthy body. It is a crime against oneself and against our country to be weak and ailing" (Ibid).

Though I am rarely so eloquent, that seems to echo my sentiments pretty much exactly, and should resonate with the lot of you as well. This is the type of shit Indians thought before the Brits clipped off their balls and sent them back to join the rest of the crown jewels- they were badasses because they thought they would drop dead on the fucking spot the second they gave up in the effort to become hard as titanium nails, and then they would burn in hell thereafter for pissing off their gods with their suckitude. The crazy thing here is that you'd never expect that sort of attitude out of the Indians these days- certainly, you could see a mustachioed, Rasputin-looking Russian Orthodox priest screaming fire and brimstone at Dmitri Klovov on Sundays, insisting that if he failed to snatch a world record the following week that Jesus would suck out his soul and shit it into the worst hell imaginable, but you can hardly imagine a potbellied Indian defending physical culture with the same vigor. They did, however, and with a vengeance for the better part of a millennium, becoming a nation of legendary wrestlers that were often emulated but never duplicated, like the Bulgarian weightlifting teams of the

1980s and 1990s. That, my friends, is how hard motherfuckers are made, and that's how Indians rose to prominence as the fittest, strongest people on Earth before Western technology fucked India harder than a six year old male swimsuit model at a NAMBLA convention.

Indian exercise methods can be broken down into two distinct types:

1. Gymnastics
2. Weightlifting

Gymnastics: Though Cracked recently blew the butt cheeks off of the concept of yoga as an ancient form of exercise, the magazine wasn't really 100% accurate. According to Cracked, "Yoga as we know it today - a set of postures (asanas) combined with breathing techniques - dates back to around the grand old year of 1960" (Coville). Hatha yoga has never, in India, been considered to be exercise. Instead, that shit was used by yogis who basically tried to remain still as they starved to death. Hatha yoga dates to the 15th Century and was apparently invented so monks could stand around and just breathe, and was later introduced to the West as a codified series of movements taught by people wearing pastel and speaking with a ridiculous, super-chill affectation in their voice in the mid-1900s. Western yoga is basically a combination of the standing around done by the ancient monks and their breathing exercises with a couple of traditional strength movements added in for fun, which is why people think it's "exercise", I suppose. The strength movements that form the basis of yoga have existed for about a thousand years and are considered to be both gymnastics (mallakhamb) and bodybuilding exercises. Most of the movements you see in a yoga class at your gym arise out of basic mallakhamb asanas (postures). Mallakhamb was used by wrestlers and the average people since about the 1100s as a means by which to develop and maintain physical strength without equipment. Over time, the movements expanded in scope and it flourished, and then fell from national prominence with as foreign powers took hold of India. There are two distinct types of mallakhamb in its current form, and neither of which is performed on the ground like modern yoga. What you think of as yoga, by the way, is about as much like traditional Indian gymnastics as Queen Fiona from Shrek is like Texas Alexis- nothing whatsofuckingevery. The postures you assume in yoga are essentially the first baby steps toward doing real mallakhamb asanas, which are postures for which you have to be equal parts high-wire artist, balance beam expert, and loincloth-clad pole dancer. Oh, that's right motherfuckers- they do all that shit on top of a nine-foot tall freestanding pole or hanging from a fucking rope.

Yogic movements as they were performed in India in the past are nothing whatsoever like the stupid bullshit your girlfriend does on Saturday mornings. Instead, yoga, as the Indians used to do it, was often performed atop a "pillar" which was more or less a vertical miniature telephone pole, or a gigantic club bell, based on your perspective. That's right, motherfuckers- according to the *Encyclopedia of Indian Physical Culture*, which predates the yoga movement in the West, "Yogik Body-Postures have been treated as health-giving exercises from ancient times in India. Breath-control (Pranayama) is the key to these exercises. These exercises should first be practiced and steadied out on the ground. When the performer has gained thorough control over these, he should try them on the top of the Pillar, with the help of an instructor. To practice these on top of the Pillar really requires remarkable skill and courage. The feats are greatly appreciated by

the spectators" (Mujumdar 359-360). If you're not thinking "of course they fucking were", consider this- there were people exerting just the right amount of force with their bodies to stay upright on an unsupported pole while swinging around like drunken monkeys and managing to not smash their face to fucking pieces all of the ground. Anyone who could see that and not appreciate it is either retarded or... really retarded. There's just no way you could not be impressed with that.

Quite frankly, it should come as no surprise to anyone who knows much about India to find that Indians traditionally did their "yoga" atop a nine foot high pole while onlookers screamed like they were in the front row of a Metallica concert circa 1987- these motherfuckers have not one, but two individual traditional sports in which they fought horny elephants. Satha-Mari is a "manly sport in which footmen irritate an intoxicated elephant. In this sport they try to save themselves by tricky moves from the excited elephant" (Mujumdar 296). The other "manly sport involving a horny elephant is Dag-Daree, in which dudes on horseback "try to irritate an intoxicated elephant and save themselves and their horse from the attack of the elephant" (Ibid). Let me repeat that- they fuck with an animal weighing between 4,000 and 11,000 lbs. by yanking on his tail repeatedly, while the animal is in heat, for sport. Try that with a golden retriever and see what happens- I cannot imagine the reaction from a Godzilla-sized stomping machine with massive tusks. If you think that sport is an anomaly in India, you can throw that on top of a pile of other "manly sports" like Vajra-Mushtee wrestling, which is mma with one hand clad in a weapon made of bone that looks suspiciously like brass knuckles; the Thai-style kickboxing in Benares I mentioned previously in which spectators routinely kill each other in hand to hand combat; Lathee fighting, which is basically unprotected stick fighting using a leather-wrapped billy club; Ban fighting, which is the most preposterous sport in this list- it's a massive bottle rocket battle between 100 people wrapped in wet canvas so they don't CATCH ON FIRE; and a whole shitload of armed combat sports with swords and garrotes. Shit was officially off the chain in India before the arrival of the British, so feel free to pee on a Brit if you see one. In any event, it should not surprise you that Indians think yoga's just as fucking stupid as the rest of us do in terms of exercising.

Getting to modern yoga, however, the most prominent of those exercises arose out of some of the oldest movements in traditional Indian exercise- the surya namaskar, or what your hippie friends refer to as the "sun salutation" during their yearly one-week detox from weed.

"Of all the exercises, Indian and foreign, intended to impart health, strength, and longevity, the Surya Namaskar Exercise is the first and foremost. The principal organs which keep the body fit are the brain, the spinal cord, the stomach, the heart, the lungs and the respiratory organs. All these organs and others as well are fully developed and strengthened by Surya Namaskars. If the Surya Namaskar Exercise is scientifically done daily and regularly with proper diet and rest by men and women, old and young, there will be no danger of any disease attacking them. They will enjoy superb health and strength throughout the span of their life. The Surya Namaskar

Exercise also makes a body beautiful and with Dands and Baithaks added to it makes it graceful" (Mujumdar xxiii).

The movement was actually invented with Indian cultural and national integrity in mind, as it combines traditional Indian gymnastics movements with meditation and stretching to basically make what the Indians considered the Superman of exercises. Though it seems like a fucking weird concept to modern Westerners, who believe our mind controls our bodies, the Indian lack of dichotomy between the mind and body led them to this conclusion: "In the beautiful and harmonized movements of surya namaskar, [the guy credited with popularizing the movement] clearly saw the harmonized body of a united Indian polity that would turn, collectively, away from the gross sensations of modern life-sex, drugs, power, pride, prosperity- and toward the pure experience of self-realization"(Alter 9-10). Thus, this hybrid movement, however maligned and embarrassing when viewed with modern eyes, was pretty much considered to be an exercise capable of resurrecting Indian pride when it was invented. It consists of ten individual movements, a couple of which are stages of the wacky Indian pushup known as dands. Frankly, I think they should have stuck with anything involving the pillar, as the pillar is the height of baddassitude. In any event, they went with the sun salutation, which goes a long way to explain why India's sucked at lifting ever since.

Even Indian saints are jacked- Samarth Ramdas is a saint in India and used to bust out 1200 surya namaskars per day, as did his disciples, one of whom got so jacked he subjugated the entire nation and founded the Maratha Empire.

Though it appears at first glance to be exactly the sort of silly bullshit you'd see in yoga, the surya namaskar is actually considered a mass bodybuilding exercise- in other words, it's intended to be performed in a large group with the express purpose of building muscle, such as in the military during calisthenics or kids in gym class, etc (Mujumdar 453). A national diet of namaskaras was actually prescribed to strengthen the Indian populace, with the daily regimen set at 25-50 namaskaras for kids aged 8-12, 50 to 100 per day for kids 12-16, 100-300 for people 16 and up. A cursory internet search showed that the maximum number recommended by yoga instructors in the US was 12, which really brings home exactly how far from actual Indian exercise "yoga" actually is. If they all weren't so hot in those black stretchy pants, I'd say any time is a good time to punch a yoga instructor in the face for besmirching a culture of elephant-taunting bottle-rocket battling MMA fighters.

Up next, I'm going to cover the weightlifting portion, then touch on the Indian hygienic ideals, diet, and whatever else I can wedge into this series. If you haven't caught on yet, an Indian from the 15th Century would have torn your face off and fed it to you while chanting a hymn to Hanuman, just because he didn't like the color of your shirt. These people are to be studied in depth, or we may well meet the same, sad, potbellied fate of modern India.

It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells #4- And You Thought Sumo Wrestlers Had A Fucked Up Diet

Before their jacked brown bodies were pulled into the cold, clammy bosom of the British Empire, Indians were hard as fucking nails. I've already expounded upon this pretty hard, detailing the wacky shit up to which they used to get, like "sports" that consisted of angering male elephants in heat and doing the world's most dangerous pole dancing, but it went further than that. Additionally, Indians were fucking jacked back in the day, though their physiques differed pretty markedly from that of what one would typically think of when they're thinking "jacked". Rather than looking like Ronnie "everybody wanna be big but don't nobody wanna lift no heavy-ass weight" Coleman, they looked quite a bit more like what we'd all picture Paul Bunyan to look like- thickly muscled, big-ass forearms, and a thick midsection with a hint of abs but no real definition. They actually pursued that look actively, for some reason, thinking that bodybuilders simply look like a bunch of weird bodyparts jammed together and held in place with the liberal application of staples and hot glue. I don't think, however, it was their training that created the different physiques so much as their diets, however, and the modern diet of the Pehlwans (which literally means "strong man", but essentially means "wrestler"), is pretty much as wild as you can imagine. If you thought sumo wrestlers got up to some dietary shenanigans, prepare to have your mind blown harder than a University of South Carolina running back's knees.

However before I dive into the diets of Indian strong men, it bears mentioning that Indian diets differ considerably from person to person, as they base their diet on your general personality profile and your activity level. Thus, if you're quick-tempered and wrestle and lift all day, you want to eat cool foods, but if you're lazy and stoic, you should probably be eating hot food. Additionally, Indian Ayurvedic medicine actually prescribes differing diets for each season. There's a bit of weird logic behind it into which I won't really go, but they recommend, for instance, that you eat fattier foods in the winter, lighter foods in the summer, and lean, protein rich, dry foods in the rainy season. Basically, you're eating to balance yourself out with the world around you. This is, I realize, a far fucking cry from what you were probably expecting, given my penchant for breaking down shit by their macronutrients and delving into the complex physiological unpinning of a given dietary choice, but the Indians don't give a single fuck about that shit. They're relying, it seems, on good old-fashioned alchemy, some guesswork, and possibly some brown magic for their diets. There are recommendations and prohibitions for flavor as well, which are too complex and numerous for me to detail but are as interesting as they are nonsensical and amusing to research if you find yourself bored on Wikipedia one day.

I still cannot quite dive into Indian lifters' diets yet, though, because I have to debunk a common myth. That myth is that Hindu Indians eschew any and all meat, with beef being foremost amongst their dietary taboos. This is, like most "common knowledge", total fucking horseshit. Though I would hardly call myself

an absolute authority on Indian history, I can state that there appears to be compelling evidence showing that vegetarianism in India is a remarkably modern phenomenon. It seems to have been imposed, over time, as an outgrowth of theocratic sentiment, rather than any religious prescription. Similar to the prohibition of meat eating on Fridays by the Catholic Church, there was a rather dark economic rationale behind the prohibition of beef consumption. Amusingly, the widespread prohibition of beef and other meat consumption occurred contiguous with India's precipitous fall from a position as a world power. That's not to say these dietary proscriptions were followed, however, but rather that the edicts themselves were issued.

In the distant past, Indians ate just about anything made of meat of which you could think- their highest castes considered consecrated meat consumption to actually be a form of worship. The Rigveda frequently refers to the cooking ox meat for offerings to the gods (Jha 29), offerings of 1, 100, and 300 buffalo were made to the god Indra (Ibid), and cattle sacrifice to the gods Mitra and Varuna (Jha 30). Compounding this are statements in the Taittiriya Brahmana that "unambiguously" refer to the sacrificial killing of cows, which are "verily food" (Jha 31), and multiple mentions of beef as the best kind of food in the Satapatha Brahmana (Jha 32). Clearly, the ancient Aryans were busy grilling steaks every night while subjugating the existing populations, but you might wonder if the indigenous non-Aryans sided with or against the Chik-Fil-A cows. The answer's exactly what any rational person would think- they were sidling right up to the grill for seconds.

The Harappan civilization was already established in India when the Aryans invaded, bringing with them the religion that would later become Hinduism. These people weren't just lowly hunter-gatherers, either- they had advanced constructions in which they lived that featured toilets with flowing water sewage systems, the most advanced measurement system in the ancient world, the first dentists (evidence of the first drilled molars were found in Harappan cities), and one of the oldest writing systems in the world. Despite all of that advancement, they were apparently shitty warriors and got the brakes beat off them by the Aryans, who conquered the Harappans and supplanted their existing culture with Aryan culture and religion. The produce of the Aryan religion was the Vedas, a series of brahminical texts written over time, not unlike the books of the Christian Bible. Similarly, these books often contradict each other, though the Vedas are fairly uniform in the stance on meat consumption- it's allowed. Most meat was allowed irrespective of the reason behind the animal's killing, though animals generally considered to be dirty were often avoided. Until the 19th century, Indian sages and Punjabi badasses alike reveled in their meat and ate the fuck out of it. It wasn't until Hindu temples laid down the law around the country to line their own pockets that meat really began to be eschewed on a wider scale, but cattle are still regularly slaughtered and eaten in rural areas of Eastern India, and the Indian Physical Culture Encyclopedia espoused the consumption of meat as well, particularly in the fall, which falls in line with the Ayurvedic dietary recommendations (685).

Jumping forward to the modern era, Pehlwans unfortunately aren't snacking on beef jerky all day as a fuck you to the assholes who want to keep them from eating delicious, delicious beef. Instead, they eat a daily caloric catastrophe that makes sumo wrestlers look positively pro-ana by comparison. The Pehlwan's specialized diet is referred to as khurak, and consists primarily of ghee, milk, and almonds. They're not as concerned with what they eat, however, as how much of it they eat. Not unlike the sumo of Japan, these motherfuckers put food away like their name was JM Blakely and they hated seeing abs more than a fat admirer at a BBW pickup bar. Thus, they "drink buckets of milk, eat kilograms of almonds, and devour large quantities of ghi per day" (Alter). Because they're constantly training, Pehlwans attempt to eat the coolest, most sattva foods. Though they don't always agree on what's most sattva, milk and ghee are considered to be paramount and are thus their two most important foods, and the foods around which they structure the rest of their diets. According to Joseph Alter, many Pehlwans still eat meat, however.

"While meat is regarded as rajas in nature, wrestlers who eat meat tend to rationalize this. They argue that one can eat meat and to some extent avoid the consequences. The trick is to neutralize the rajas nature of meat by some form of counteractivity. I was not able to determine what these counteractivities were. However, many wrestlers implied that meat would only aggravate one's passion if one were "naturally" predisposed towards excitability, anger, and hypertension. Thus anyone who ate meat could, and often did, argue that they were so sattva by nature that meat did not adversely affect them. Moreover, by virtue of their naturally aggressive "military" disposition, Rajputs are thought to thrive on meat (cf. Carstairs 1958; Minturn and Hitchcock 1966; Seesodia 1915; Steed 1955). Some Rajput wrestlers argue that meat is good for them because they should, in a sense, eat what they are" (Alter).

I'm just going to go on record and state that I think the vast majority of this shit is fully insane- for me, this is an entirely intellectual exercise. I'm sure there's something to be learned here, though, so it bears investigation. That investigation does not include ghee, however, as I fucking despise its taste and smell almost as much as yak butter, which smells like a sweaty old man's balls. It's fucking horrible. If smegma and dogshit fucked, their unholy spawn would smell like a mild peppermint candy scented candle compared to burning yak butter, and ghee doesn't smell much better than yak butter. Additionally, both of those horrid substances have scents that cling to your clothes through multiple washes, not unlike Animal Pak vitamins. Leave an Animal Pak in your pocket for a day and see how long it takes to get the smell out- this shit is the same way.

Before you start googling, here's the nutritional breakdown on ghee- it's comprised entirely of fat, and the majority of that is saturated. Ghee has 5 grams of fat per teaspoon, which will be an important metric when you see how much of it these maniacs consume daily. According to Indians, ghee is "good for nearly everything" and "serves as a perfect, natural health tonic" (Alter). They have a variety of ways to get what amounts to liquefied fat into their systems, and surprisingly none of them involve a caulking gun and an open wound. Among the preferred ways to get ghee into your diet, here are the highlights:

- After exercise, place as much ghi as you are accustomed to drinking in a pan. Cover this pan with a fine cloth and sprinkle ground-sugar candy on it. Then take some milk and pour it through the cloth into the pan with the ghi. Drink this mixture. There are a number of variations on this basic prescription. All entail the use of various specific, medicinal, tonic digestive powders referred to generically as churan. In all such prescriptions, churan, ground pepper, milk, ghi, and honey are mixed together in various proportions. Milk is always the final ingredient and is mixed in with the other items (Atreya 1984: 28).
- After exercise, take powdered black pepper and mix it in with as much ghi as you are accustomed to drinking. Heat the ghi to a point where it is compatible with your strength (the "heat" referred to here is not only the temperature of the ghi but its latent energy as well). Drink the ghi in its melted form.
- In its melted form ghi is also consumed with food. It may be drunk before the regular meal or mixed in with lentils and vegetables or poured on bread and rice.
- One of the best ways to take ghi in your diet is to mix it with dried, powdered nuts and grains. Basically anything which is dry in nature-dry in the sense of being non-unctuous-can be mixed with ghi in this way. Take whatever it is that you wish to mix-almonds, chana, (p. 122) dried peas, pistachios-and grind them into a fine powder. Put this powder into an iron skillet and brown it over a fire. Add some water and continue cooking the mixture until about 150 grams of water remains. Take the iron skillet off the fire and heat up as much ghi as you are accustomed to drinking. Once this is hot, remove it from the fire, take the powdered mixture and add it to the ghi so that it is lightly and quickly browned. Drink/eat this mixture after you have finished your exercise regimen.
- In the evening, take your usual quantity of milk and warm it. Add to this as much ghi as you are accustomed to drinking. Allow this mixture to form into yogurt through the addition of the correct culture. Drink this yogurt after your morning exercises. Be sure not to add any water.
- Grind almonds and black pepper together with some water. Heat up as much ghi as you wish to drink and then add the almond paste to the ghi. Add some sugar and drink this mixture.
- Mix together equal parts ghi, gur (hard molasses), and besan (chickpea) flour. Eat this mixture as a snack after exercise.
- Mix as much ghi as you wish to drink with as much warm milk as you are able to drink. Consume this after exercise. This is different from the other prescriptions in that no digestive tonics are mixed with the milk and ghi (Alter).

My abject hatred of ghee aside, there appears to be a little method to this madness. Ghee's rendered butter, which means it's almost entirely saturated fat. As such, it's incredibly anabolic. The Pehlwan's seem to like to add both high-glycemic carbs and protein to ghee post workout, making what would probably be the world's most disgusting but reasonably nutritious post-workout shake. Perhaps

slightly more reasonable are their post-workout milk drinking habits. Depending on the wrestler, they consume milk either raw or boiled, and then alter it for fat content to suit their needs. Based on their digestive abilities, wrestlers seem to either go high-carb/low fat, or moderate carb/stupidly high fat. For the former, they add sugar or molasses to low fat milk, and in the latter they add fruit and yogurt to full-fat milk to make a high-fat milkshake called lassi (Alter).

While they have a bit of nutritional logic on their side for the inclusion of ghee in their diets, the volume thereof is another matter entirely. These motherfuckers drink liquid butter in amounts that make me ill thinking about it, and I just finished eating four pounds of beef ribs. According (again) to Joseph Alter,

"Wrestlers tend to increase the volume of consumption in proportion to the number of exercises they do in their vyayam (p. 126) regimen. There is no simple equation for this but wrestlers who do 1,500 dands and 3,000 bethaks consume about half a liter of ghi and two liters of milk per day. Since the amount of milk, ghi, and almonds one can eat is a direct reflection of one's strength, wrestlers tend to eat increasingly larger quantities of these items. In many respects being able to eat and digest half a liter of ghi per day is regarded as a kind of exercise in its own right. One must work up to this volume gradually. It is said that Sadhiki Pahalwan, a great wrestler of the late nineteenth century, consumed a canister (five kilograms) of ghi per day."

FIVE FUCKING KILOGRAMS A DAY. Let's do the math, kids.

5 Kg = 5000g
5000 g ghee = 4995 g fat
4995 g fat = 44955 kcal from fat

That is, of course, impossible for a human being to consume or digest, but even if it was a tenth of that, it'd be a hell of a lot of fat. No matter what kind of silly-assed Herschel Walker workout nonsense you're doing, that's a ridiculous amount of fat, and an astonishing amount of calories for a single food source... a food source that is a fucking condiment. Even the half a liter a day number is ridiculous, however- a half liter of ghee a day yields 499.5 calories of fat, which is 4495 calories from fat. That's a preposterous amount of fat for a person to consume in a day.

As I mentioned, the third member of the pantheon of food that comprises the Pehlwan's dietary abomination is a shitton of almonds, which they believe improve their stamina and speed. Almonds are crazy expensive, however, so chickpeas are often consumed as a substitute. The almonds get mashed into a paste and then added to milk or ghee, whereas the chickpeas are left to sprout in water, then seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon. The water used in the sprouting process is then drunk to increase the Pehlwan's strength, apparently utilizing some metabolic pathway of which I am wholly unaware. They appear to eat the fuck out of chickpeas, however, as they're the cheapest protein source available to the average Indian.

Beyond the aforementioned, Pehlwan eat a variety of foods, ranging from in season fruits to green veggies to grains to meat. All of those, however, are simply considered supplements to the aforementioned 4 foods. There's actually more to the Indian dietary craziness, but it's too weird and too complex to go into right now- as a preview, it involves trying not to cum for as long as possible. If you cannot figure out what that has to do with eating, we're in the same boat, but I'll make an attempt to explain it going forward.

Did You Know?

- Not all Indians are Hindu. A mere 8 of 10 Indians are Hindu. My failure to mention this makes me a bad person, apparently. Although Indians invented Buddhism, no one in India appears to give a shit, since they're less than one percent of the population. Muslims and Christians make up the majority of the remainder, and are not vegetarian. Well, not as a general rule. Some of them might be. We can only hope they're not.
- It is not nice to make fun of ascetics, no matter how much they beg you to with their existence.
- Although I mentioned that certain regions of India eat meat, some of you missed that part. Vegetarianism is widespread in India, especially in major population centers, but is not universal.
- Chickpeas are also called garbanzo beans and might be magical. To get 150g of protein from them, you need only eat 10 cups of them, or a bit over a kilo and a half of them (about 3.6 lbs).
- Although I mentioned it's difficult to cover all of India given it's wacky diversity, I am a bad person for failing to mention every specific subset of Indian culture, am extraordinarily mean, and might be a communist. Oh, and I know nothing about India.

It's Time To Stop Mocking Indians For Their Clubbells

#5- Training Like A Pehlwan

Apparently, not all of India's excellence lies in the past, as some Indians play a game called Kabaddi, which seems to be a combination of kill the cow, wrestling, and Marco Polo. Quite frankly, the rules don't make much sense to me other than the fact you have to hold your breath if you have the ball and players kick the fuck out of each other. Think I'm joking? From Wikipedia: "Two teams occupy opposite halves of a small swimming pool / field and take turns sending a "raider" into the other half, in order to win points by tackling members of the opposing team; then the raider tries to return to his own half, holding his breath and chanting the word "Kabaddi" during the whole raid. The raider must not cross the lobby unless he touches any of his opponents. If he does so then he will be declared as "out". There is also a bonus line which ensure extra points for the raider if he manages to touch it and return to his side of the field successfully." As I understand it, most kabaddi players begin as Pehlwans, as wrestling is an integral part of the sport, and their strength training is similar. Thus, Indian strength training methods would seem to still produce some impressive results.

The jacked motherfucker you might see on a rugby pitch in India and appears to be the essence of all of the badass Indian gods rolled into one is Manga Mithapuria, a man who stands as living proof of the efficacy of Indian strength training methods. It stands to reason that these methods should produce results like those shown above- Indian wrestlers utilize training methods honed over nearly a thousand years of fanatical devotion to strength and muscularity. Thus, in spite of their current inability to compete on the international level in strength sports, their methods, exercise, and programming deserve far more investigation and respect than the Western world gives them. Frankly, as the West typically pays India and Indian athletes about as much respect as the typical Romanian pays an unwashed Gypsy, any amount of respect paid the Indian training methods would be an improvement.

Given what you've already learned about Indian weight lifting in this series, it should come as no surprise that the Indians get up to some Howard Hughes-esque weirdness with the rituals and traditions surrounding training, though they seem to refrain from collecting fecal samples and storing them in labeled jars. They are, however, concerned with a wide array of seeming trivialities that to the Indians are of paramount importance, and after delving into their odd predilections a bit deeper, they actually happen to make sense.

Kicking off the weirdness is the preoccupation with cleanliness. Before entering the gym, one must have taken a leak and a shit, taken a cold bath in the summer or a warm bath in the winter, and brushed their teeth. Amusingly, the first action on the list has special importance, as the Indians truly believe that they must urinate to relieve the body's inner heat before bathing, or risk "enrag[ing] the body and caus[ing] serious illness"(Alter) and that entering the gym without shitting could

destroy the purity of the gym, ostensibly guessing that you'll shit yourself in training and dirty up the place. As for the bathing, Indians have a laundry list of reasons why they should bathe (especially a cold bath) before lifting, but the list basically boils down to the fact that it wakes you the fuck up and sets your mind for doing work. As such, it makes sense to get all polar bear on the deal and freeze yourself in a cold bath before hitting the gym. Additionally, cold baths have been shown to increase testosterone levels, improve sleep, boost your immune system, reduce depression, increase fertility, increase energy, and reduce the effects and incidence of injury (McKay). Thus, the Indians are off to a good start, even if their rationalization for the bath is a little odd.

Past the bath, Indians have some other oddities that are worth examining if for no other reason than they might lend themselves, with modifications, to your daily routine. First, they always rub themselves down with the dirt from the wrestling pit to remove perspiration and keep their body warm post workout. This is done to prevent the "chill" that folk medicine tells us will bring on illness. Once they've cooled down, they bathe again, then rub themselves down with oil to facilitate self-massage and to keep their skin from drying out. As all of us know, self-massage is a pretty much essential part of recovery, so the Indian predilection for post-workout rubdown and dirt extravaganza makes sense.

Once the Indians have completed their sixth to eighth hour of training for the day and drunk their liter of ghee, it's time to hit the sack. Sleep is paramount for Indian lifters, as they consider it equally important to food, air, and water (Alter). They believe that it's essential for recuperation, helps with digestion, and allows lifters to get stronger. They attempt to sleep at the same time every day, keeping the body's natural rhythms in sync and optimizing hormone levels. According to the Indians, a "lack of sleep produces illness, emaciation, weakness, impotence, and the risk of premature death" (Alter), which while a bit extreme, generally falls in line with what modern science has shown us to be the case with rest and recovery.

To build on the recovery they get from sleep, the Indian strongmen also set aside Wednesdays for massage, foregoing training for full-body massages. This allows them to train with the level of frequency and intensity they do- pretty much anyone who's training six to eight hours a day, three of which is strength training, are going to need a massage on the regular. The wrestlers themselves give each other the massages, and many of them are highly knowledgeable in joint manipulation as well, so that they act as combination masseurs and chiropractors. The key, they feel, is to become as knowledgeable as possible in all aspects of maintaining and improving the health of themselves and others, to facilitate harder and heavier training and thus become incredible athletes. Frankly, this all seems like a fucking great idea, and I've been in gyms wherein knowledgeable members will throw out quick massages and adjustments for other lifters, but it seems we have far too much sexual taboo and repression in the West to really make full use of this method. As such, you might just want to utilize your Theracane and Rumble Rollers for a while once a week to avoid having to mumble "no homo" repeatedly while having your lifting partner try to grind out your trigger points himself.

The Meat And Potatoes... Finally

So much goes into Indian strength training, given the Indians' remarkably holistic approach, that at some point you wonder where the fuck lifting actually fits into their regime. As I've stated, they actually do a hell of a lot of lifting, clocking in a solid 18 hours over the course of a week. Strength training is referred to as Vyayam in India, and is intended to simultaneously develop strength, hypertrophy, and flexibility. Though I've sort of covered this in the introduction, there are twelve rules to vyayam to which strength trainers are supposed to adhere to get the most out of their training (Alter):

1. One should arise before dawn, defecate, bathe, oil oneself and go to the akhara.
2. At the akhara tie on a langot and join the company of other like-minded wrestlers who have focused themselves on the task at hand. Be sure that the place for exercise is clearly demarcated, for it is no less important to define a place for exercise and physical training than for spiritual contemplation.
3. Do not start off by over-exercising. Pace yourself so that you will not be exhausted.
4. Regulate your exercise regimen by either counting the number of repetitions, or timing the duration of your workout. Only in this way will your body develop at a regular and consistent pace.
5. Do not fall into the practice of exercising at irregular intervals. Exercise every day at the same time.
6. One should breathe deeply and steadily while exercising. Each exercise should be done to the rhythm of a single breath. Needless to say, one should breathe only through the nose.
7. Beware of sweat. Oil your body before exercising. The oil will fill the pores and prevent rapid cooling.
8. Focus your mind on each exercise. If your mind wanders you will not develop strength. Consider the laborer who works all day long. He is not as strong as the wrestler for he does not concentrate on his labor but thinks about other things.
9. Do not sit down after exercising. Walk around to keep warm and loose. If you exercise inside, walk around inside. If you exercise outside, walk around outside.
10. Get enough rest. Take one day off every week. Be asleep by eight in the evening.
11. Do not exercise on either a full or empty stomach. Also do not exercise if you have not evacuated your bowels. Do not smoke or chew tobacco.
12. Drink a glass of juice before exercising, and drink milk or some other tonic after exercising. This will help to focus your mind and relax your body.

A cursory glance at the list reveals that the Indians definitely know more about training than does, say, the Under Armor clad jackass on the preacher bench at your gym. With a couple of exceptions, everything on this list falls directly in line with the precepts set forth by modern sports science and common sense. In particular, I found number eight to be of interest, as I think the problem for most trainees is that they simply go through the motions without involving themselves fully in the exercise. We're all guilty of it from time to time, but true strength comes from focusing yourself completely on the exercise at hand- whether you train like Benny Podda, who used to psych himself up for a heavy lift by doing shit like

running through walls and headbutting wall-mounted telephones across the room, then training til he bled out of his nose; you train utilizing a method about which I read in the 1990s wherein you train in total silence, without mirrors, so you have to focus intently on the task at hand and the biofeedback your body provides; or you go Ricky Bruch style, smashing lights out of the ceiling in celebration after a super intense set of leg raises, just being in the moment can have a profound effect on your training.

Pehlwans, having had a thousand years over which to figure out what the fuck is up, do their strength training in the afternoon, seven hours after their morning workout of running and wrestling. This makes sense, as studies have shown that the best time of day to train for strength and hypertrophy is the evening (Guetta and Scheet). Other scientific studies have shown that morning workouts, particularly between 7AM and 9AM, are best for endurance workouts due to the fact that your body temperature is lower, and that your "body temperature, flexibility, physical strength, and speed all peak" between 3 and 7PM, when your respiration is best and pain tolerance is at its highest (Venton). Their evening strength training workouts typically take three hours, after which they eat again, then sleep. This falls perfectly in line with what science has told us is ideal, proving again that the Indians have a pretty good idea how to get strong and jacked.

The exercises that pehlwans utilize to develop their strength are far more varied than what most people think they'd be- our exposure to Indian strength training methods is generally limited to what Matt Furey has bandied about as "ancient, forgotten training methods"- namely, bodyweight exercises. though they certainly play a central role, there's more to Indian strength training than that. With that stated, let's check out what it is these fuckers are doing to pack on mass.

Surya Namaskar. I covered this exercise in the previous installment, but to refresh your memory, it's the unholy offspring produced when you combine a burpee and a dive-bomber pushup. Don't let the fact that yoga pussies do these- every epic motherfucker in India's history did these like they were a Thai ladyboy giving out \$5 blowjobs when the US Navy pulls into port. We're talking over a thousand a day if you want to be a hard motherfucker, which would suck worse than... getting a \$5 blowjob from a Thai ladyboy (provided you're not in the Navy, as they're alleged to enjoy that sort of thing).

Dand. The dand is one of the most commonly used exercises in the Indian pantheon. For those amongst you who've wrestled, you'll recognize the dand as the dive-bomber pushup, or as the thing you had to do in practice when your coach wanted to punish you horribly for something. In my experience, it was generally for insulting Jimmy Buffett, which happened more often than not, because Jimmy Buffett has produced more godawful music than any other "musician" this side of Michael Bolton. If Jimmy Buffett were a woman, he'd be Rosanne- fat, ugly as sin, and boasting a voice that makes you wish you were

deaf. For those of you who've never done one of these, we'll refer to Joseph Alter's description for proper performance:

"One starts a dand from a face-down, prone position with feet placed close together and palms flat on the ground directly below the shoulders about half a meter apart. To begin, one cocks the body back by lifting one's buttocks into the air while straightening both arms and legs (see figure 2). Bending at the elbows, one dives forward so that the chest glides between the palms close to the ground. One then arches up while straightening the arms and thrusting the pelvis down towards the ground. One then recocks the body to the starting position."

These should be done daily, in ridiculous volume, and should be performed non-stop. Once you've assumed the starting position, you should continue them until you're finished. Good wrestlers do over 2000 a day, and can do 1500 of them an hour, and the upper body specialists in India do over 5000 a day. That, my friends, is fucking craziness.

Bethak. Bethaks are what we all know as free squats. They're pretty easy to do, until you start to get into the type of volume for which the Indians are famous- we're talking two to three thousand bethaks a day. The fewest a pehlwan will do in a day is 500, which should tell you these guys are fucking serious about getting strong fucking legs. For those of you who read the initial portions of this series, it's not hard to imagine a guy like Monohar Aich getting a huge squat at a ridiculously low bodyweight after spending a couple of years in a British prison busting out thousands of free squats per day. I don't know that this will inspire me to start doing high rep squats as a supplement to my basic routine, but Aich and his Indian buddies are at least making me consider the possibility. If you're interested in doing these correctly, you rock them like this:

"One starts a bethak from a standing position with feet set at forty-five degree angles and heels about fifteen to twenty centimeters apart. While squatting down one should jump slightly forward onto the balls of one's feet while lifting the heels clear off the floor. In the process of standing back up, one should jump backwards to the position from which one started. One's arms should be relaxed. They should sway with the movement of the body in order to maintain balance. One's eyes should be fixed on a point about four meters forward on the ground, so that one's head will be stationary and balanced"(Alter).

Lest you think you can get away with just throwing on some Hatebreed and crushing shit, you apparently cannot- shit has to be fully spiritual. According to the oft-quoted Alter, "The most important feature of dands and bethaks is that they be done rhythmically and at a steady pace. The performance of thousands of these exercises produces a mental state not unlike that of a person who has gone into a trance through the rote recitation of a mantra or prayer. Thus, dands and bethaks transport the wrestler into an altered state of consciousness from which he derives psychic and spiritual purification. Vyayam is very much like meditation in this respect."

Joris and Gadas. Joris and gadas are weighted clubs and maces that Indians wrestlers and strength trainers swing to build upper body strength. These implements are likely the reason Indian wrestlers have been renowned for their grip, and the reason most Indian wrestlers you see have such wildly developed upper and lower arms. The difference between the two is that joris are swung in pairs, while gadas are swung individually. I was previously under the impression that jori were clubs and gadas were maces, but Joseph Alter, the only authority in the West I've been able to identify, has stated otherwise.

"At the beginning of the exercise, the joris are held in an inverted position. Each jori is swung alternately behind the back in a long arch. At the end of the arch each jori is lifted or flipped back onto the shoulder as the opposite jori begins its pendulum swing. Timing is an important part of this exercise. The balanced weight of one jori must facilitate the movement of the other. Jori swinging exercises the arms, shoulders, chest, thighs, and lower back. Wrestlers tend to swing fairly lightweight joris because they say that the heavier clubs cause the upper body to become rigid.

In contrast to the intricately carved silver and gold symbolic gadas (mace-like clubs) depicted in art and used as wrestling trophies, gadas used for everyday exercise are rather plain. An exercise gada is a heavy, round stone, weighing anywhere from ten to sixty kilograms, affixed to the end of a meter-long bamboo staff (see plate 4). The gada is swung in the same way as a jori except that only one gada is swung at a time. A gada may be swung with either hand or both hands at once."

I'm certainly no authority on how you utilize these implements. After watching a video of the Iron Sheik doing these, I attempted to emulate the Sheik and failed miserably, utilizing 15 lb clubs. If you want to do it right, "The swing begins with the gada balanced on one shoulder. It is then lifted and shrugged off of the shoulder and swung in a long pendulum arch behind the back until it is flipped and lifted back onto the opposite shoulder. The gada is held erect for a split second before it is swung back in the opposite direction and onto the other shoulder" (Alter). You count your reps in terms of the number of "hands" you can do, which are the full reps you complete with a given hand. These aren't done with the volume of dands and bethaks, but rather like you'd do a set of high-weight squats. In other words, you do relatively low volume and focus on the weight lifted, rather than the reps completed.

Dhakuli. This is a common practice in every form of wrestling in which I have participated, and I'd imagine it's endemic to all forms of wrestling due to their utility for wrestling- somersaults and flips. Before you roll your eyes and move on, consider this- those of you who rarely stretch and don't do any kind of sport involving flexibility would not enjoy a somersault at all. It'd wrench the fuck out of your neck, be a hard, jerky movement, and would possibly make you vomit like you're Linda Blair in the Exorcist. Somersaults are awesome, however, for stretching out your spine and neck, loosening you up, getting in some weird cardio, and inuring you to motion sickness. Pehlwanis have a wide variety of

these, and they all involve twisting rotations that mimic the rotations they use to break an opponent's grip.

Neck Work. In every masculine culture of which I've ever read, having a big neck is a sign of massive physical strength. Given the paucity of 18"+ necks one sees in the West these days, we've pretty much abandoned that concept, but less "advanced cultures" still seem to value it- I don't think I've ever seen a pencil-necked Maori, for instance. To build up their necks, pehlwani utilize two methods- the bridge and the shirshasan (headstand). They're both exactly what you'd think- a basic wrestler's bridge and your average headstand. The latter is done for an amusing reason, however- it's to increase the blood flow to one's head, so as to remove impure thoughts. Frankly, I would think that would just increase my depravity if I got more blood to my brain instead of my cock, but I'm also not Indian.

Nals. Nals are basically like Western free weights. They're large, cylindrical stones that are hollowed out and attached to a shaft of stone. The generally weigh 30 kg., lest you think they're some kind of bullshit baby weight, and they're designed to lift overhead in a smooth motion, like a porn star sliding a cock down her throat.

Gar Nals. These are circular stone rings used to increase the difficulty of dands and bethaks. Most times, the gar nal will hang around a wrestler's neck to add resistance for their exercises. It's said that only the most hard wrestlers utilize this method, not unlike the guys who utilize weighted vests to make the average workout awesome... not unlike myself. Thus, these are reserved for the hardest of the hardcore.

After reviewing their methods, there's little one can say to dispute their efficacy. Though they might not be necessarily as useful as some more modern techniques, the training systems honed by the Indians over the last thousand years are clearly design to bring results. I don't think I'd encourage anyone to drop modern weightlifting techniques in favor of what the Indians use, but the utilization of some of the techniques, and the adoption of some of their less esoteric techniques and exercises would probably yield benefits far beyond most cookie-cutter weightlifting programs, and would at the very least renew one's interest in training should they find it flagging. Will it make you into a goddamned sexual Tyrannosaurus? Likely not, especially given the Indians' hilarious fear of blowing a load (which is a gigantic Santa Claus bag of craziness I omitted for brevity's sake), but it might just be the little push you need to go from shit to suck, or suck to decent.

EXERCISES FOR EXCELLENCE

How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love the Zercher, #3- We Pick Shit Up And Put It Down

When I started this series over a year ago, I detailed some of the myriad methods by which lifters around the world have competed in stone lifting over the years. Stone lifting seems to be about as old as man, and is easily as old as human athletic competitions. Given its great age and ubiquity throughout human history, it seems pretty fucking retarded to omit it from your training. For those of you who have been hiding in your house doing nothing but blasting off motherfuckers' butt cheeks in first person shooters and have thus completely missed the unavoidable awesomeness of stone lifting, here's a little primer on stone lifting as it's existed around the world. Before you roll your eyes because you think you already know all there is to know about stone lifting, allow me to clue you in on the fact that you know jack shit about it- there are apparently more ways to lift a stone than there are ways for a sorority girl from LA to shame her parents on any given Thursday night. These motherfuckers might not be guzzling glasses of cum, but they're certainly coming up with some fascinating ways to lift rocks off the ground to shame their neighbors and unman their countrymen.

CHINA

Surprisingly, stone lifting exists in some of the oldest documentation China's produced, and records exist as far back as the Zhou dynasty (1046-256 BC) detailing Chinese stone lifting methods. I say it's surprising because there have been precisely two jacked Chinese people in the last 100 years, and I've never heard of Bruce Lee or Bolo Yeung lifting stones. In any event, the Chinese competed in a sport called Tuoshi under the rule of the assholeish Manchus, which was part of the Qing Wushu examinations with stones weighing 220, 275 and 330 lbs. To be considered proficient, a competitor had to lift each at least a foot off the ground. Stone lifting supplemented other traditional fight training, and was performed as stone lion lifting, stone block lifting, millstone lifting, stone discs lifting and stone lock lifting. Quite honestly, I couldn't find a motherfucking thing about stone lion lifting, but the name itself sounds fucking awesome, and I imagine tiny yellow people lifting massive stones carved in the shape of lions while jump kicking other little yellow people in the face. This would make for pretty much the greatest Jet Li movie of all time, and might have thus been the real secret to Bruce Lee's strength. According to the hideously written sole internet source I could find on the subject, stone lifting basically consisted of two types- barbells with stone plates, or stone block lifting like the aforementioned Tuoshi. For the former, "the shape of stone discs was much same to the barbells and there was a bar between the bells of oblates. In the center of the oblates, there were holes in order to stick the bar in. These oblates were made of different weights to adapt to different people and different purposes. There were two methods to lift stone discs, one was to lift it up and the other to brandish it. To lift it up means to lift it with one or two hands, but to brandish it means to wave it up in the air with various movements"(Cultural China). I cannot imagine waving a barbell around over my head- that sounds borderline reckless. In any event, the Chinese clearly gave zero fucks about their rotator cuffs and just got the fuck after it. According to

the same site, their stone blocks were "like an ancient lock, and its function and playing method were similar to the modern dumbbells" (Cultural China).

ANCIENT GREECE

The ancient Greek lifter Bybon, "had, using one hand only, 'thrown'" a "block of red sandstone weighing 315 pounds" over his head in the 6th century B.C. Given that it seems pretty unlikely that anyone scooped the stone above off the ground and threw it into the air with a single hand, historian David Willoughby assumes that the translation "thrown" is incorrect and that the first weight was simply lifted over the lifter's head (Willoughby). I suppose, however, that it's not entirely unlikely, given the fact that the 6th century B.C. was filled with fucking supermen. In that same century, a block of sandstone weighing a pretty much preposterous 1058 pounds was lifted off the ground by a Greek named Eumastas. That's probably not a full on deadlift, but bear in mind the heaviest stone used in Atlas stone competitions is 520 lbs, and was hoisted by Travis Ortmayer. To my knowledge, only one other strongman has ever loaded a stone over 500 lbs, and some random beast of a Greek doubled that weight over 2000 years ago.

SWITZERLAND

For the last 200 years, the Swiss have competed in the Unspunnen Festival, an outgrowth of traditional Swiss cowherd festivals. The festival is named for the Unspunnen Stone, a large, oval stone weighing 184 lbs that is lifted and thrown for distance. The festival is only held every 12 years and hosts thousands of competitors. The current record holder in the event is Sepp Anbauen, a jacked joiner who stands 5'8" 253. Anbauen chucked the rock 3.64 meters, setting a new festival record. His throw was beaten, however, by Ernst Frieden at the Swiss Wrestling Festival with a 3.93 meter toss (Jeck 56-60)

TAHITI

Though you've likely never heard of their sport, it should come as no shock that the massively muscled and generally terrifying Pacific Islanders participate in stone lifting competitions. Tahitians have traditionally participated in stonelifting competitions that now occur on Bastille Day. The stones, called the Heiva Stones, are cylindrical stones lifted to the shoulder for time, and weigh between 264 and 308 lbs. They lift the stones in a method similar to the Basques, standing them up vertically first and then shouldering it as quickly as possible. (Jeck 64) Scoring in this sport is far more complex in other stone lifting competitions, as judges apparently utilize a wide array of factors to determine the winner- "rapidity of execution, the candidate's appearance, the size and weight proportion between the stone and the athlete" (Tahiti Traveler) are all taken into account. Apparently, the Tahitians have something to say to the American powerlifters who justify the fact that "fatties gonna fat" with some nonsense about leverage.

INDIA

Indians have (any visual evidence of Indians to the contrary) traditionally competed in stone lifting, using round stones called gota and rectangular stones called budkar that weigh between 50 and 300 kilograms. Stone lifting in India consists of three events called Watee, Gutti, and Budkar arose out of "the centuries-old traditional rural area sports. In the past, someone from the bride's wedding procession would throw an 80kg stone and wait for anyone from the groom's side to take up the challenge of lifting it. If they failed to lift it, the

procession would be stalled for days” (Iqbal). The competitions in watee and budkar is somewhat different than other stone lifting competitions, as lifters have to lift the stone off the ground, press it, and drop it behind them after holding it at full extension. The stone in watee is round and lighter than the udkar stones, but lacks handholds of any kind. the budkar, by contrast, has handholds carved into it to facilitate the lifting of heavier weights. Yay for them, right? Nothing makes enduring the pain of a sharp edge digging into your face more bearable than a couple of rough-hewn handholds. Gutti, on the other hand, is actually a weighted situp competition with stone balls weighing between 80 and 120 kilograms, wherein the lifter has to pull the stone off the ground using only their palms (use of the thumbs is prohibited) and then do as many weighted situps with the stone as possible. Stone lifting has existed in India about as long as the nation itself, and great men throughout history were only considered so if they were accomplished stone lifters. For instance, the revered wrestler Gama became completely legendary “in 1902 when he lifted a stone weighing over 1,200 kilograms. World-renowned Gulaam Mohammed alias Great Gama Pehelwan had lifted the stone that was lying in Nazarbaug Palace near Mandvi” (Tere) Clearly, gama wasn’t throwing that thing behind him, but the two-and-a-half foot long stong is currently kept in a museum in India and is inscribed with text reading that the stone was lifted by Gulaam Mohommed on December 23, 1902 (Tere).

FINLAND

The Finns, being the logging motherfuckers that they are, prefer their stones loglike. Like the Basques, the Finns lift cylindrical stones that rest on a flat bottom. The Finns, however, prefer to lift their stones and carry them for distance. The heaviest stones in this event weigh 356 lbs (Jeck 54). I couldn’t find any pics of this or any other sources, so we’ll just have to take Steve Jeck’s word for it and move on to weirder shit.

GERMANY

Never to be outdone on any test of manliness, the Bavarians manage to outdo pretty much everyone on this list for the weirdness of their competitions save for the Indians and their weighted situps. As you can see from the video, the Bavarians start with a pull from a deadlift position and pull a rock attached to a handle as high as possible. The men compete in the following weight classes (-85 kg, -100 kg, -110 kg, +110 kg), though they all use the same 254 kg (558 lb) stone. Women, on the other hand, have two weight classes (-70 kg, +70 kg), and lift a 125 kg (275 lb) stone. If that wasn’t awesome enough, they have another open stone lifting competition in which they just keep adding 25 kgs to the stone until no one can lift it- the last man to successfully make a pull is the winner.

Like I mentioned at the outset, there are more ways to lift a stone than any of us ever imagined, and they all seem awesome. Up next, the most famous stone lifters in the world (the Scots and the Basques), the training methods of the best stone lifters, and in-the-gym approximations of all of the aforementioned to up your awesome to guitar-wailing, ninja-esque, fantastical proportions.

CARDIOVASCULAR CRAPULENCE

Run And You'll Only Die Tired, The Logic Part 2

I realize that for most of you, this issue was laid to rest a year ago, as it should have been. Runners, however, are a wilfully ignorant, backwards bunch, and things like science and anthropology mean about as much to them as they do to the average Midwestern "Christian". As such, I decided to give you a little more ammunition for the interminable arguments in which you're likely to at some point find yourself engaged with a runner by providing you with a little mathematical backup. Then, as I love research as much as North Korea's dictators love bad haircuts, Disney, and missiles, I decided to drop a bit more knowledge for you in regards to the hunting methods employed in the paleolithic era. If you'd like a refresher on the subject, please enjoy the following ridiculously heavily researched (yet still accused of being "broscience", ostensibly because I'm mean to testosterone-deficient runners) that will be found in the first volume of *IO!*:

Part 1: The Logic
Part 2: Evidence
Part 3: More Evidence
Part 4: Even More Evidence
Part 5: The Science

Here's how persistence hunts go down: a group of men run after a small animal for an extended period of time. Rather than use tools, to which hominids have had access for at least two million years, the animal is just run down until it drops dead from exhaustion. When this is done (extraordinarily infrequently) in the modern era, it's generally done as a ceremonial exercise by tribal Africans, who will chase a deerlike animal for two to five hours over a half marathon or marathon distance, as a general rule. The temperature at the time of the hunt is over 100 degrees Fahrenheit (really fucking hot to those of you who utilize centigrade measurements), which they utilize to hasten the beleaguered creature's demise in the hunt. These hunts, as you can well imagine, are generally unsuccessful, and even elite athletes with experience conducting these retarded hunts cannot come close to accomplishing such a ridiculous goal. One such effort was led by elite Kenyan marathoner Andrew Musuva, who's apparently killed a kudu with a softball-sized rock before. They clocked a 4 minute mile at one point in their day-long chase and never even got fucking close to the pronghorn they were pursuing- instead, the thing mocked them from afar like they were Wile E. Coyote's close personal friends and it was a wildly oversized blue roadrunner.

If you're incredulous that humans that had access to a bevy of tools in the last couple of million years would have utilized such a ridiculous method, you're not alone. On it's face, the persistence hunting method seems wildly inefficient as a method to obtaining calories, so I decided to run some numbers to confirm this. The following is a fairly quick breakdown of what I calculated as caloric expenditure from the hunt and the calories that would have been obtained with this method. I assumed, by the length of the hunt and the distance traveled in the sources I found on the subject that the hunters would be running between 5.5 and 13 miles an hour, which corresponds to about a 11 minute mile (barely faster than a walk) and a 4 and a half minute mile (basically, a sprint). Then, I assumed the average weight of our hunters to be 150 lb based on an anthropological estimate of paleolithic Europeans (Hermanussen). Though I realize that my scientifically based estimates aren't exactly perfect, they're certainly far better than the scanty evidence on which runners base their nearly religious belief that humans of the recent past were nearly criminally stupid when it came to hunting.

Interestingly, there was no mention in the sources I found about women participating in persistence hunts, but non-retarded sources show that women participated heavily in hunts of big game, as the paleolithic era was pretty progressive in terms of gender equality. Hopefully, this will inspire the hotties at Lift Big Eat Big to chase down and hang a beating on a runner, misogynistic fucks that they are, this week as a WOD.

Caloric expenditures during running for a 150 lb man (assuming they're carrying nothing whatsoever):
2 hours at 8mph= 1890 kcals burned
5 hours at 5mph= 2715kcals

Our allegedly mildly retarded ancestors reported utilized this method to pursue hooved creatures, as a genral rule, utilizing their superior long-distance speed to run down animals designed for sprinting. Thus, they would have hunted a creature like a deer, kudu, or antelope. In Kenya, male tribesmen hunt kudu utilizing this method for certain ceremonies, and male kudu weigh an average of 500 lbs. Clearly, a bunch of skinny dudes who just ran a marathon probably aren't going to have much left in the tank to haul the fruits of their ridiculousness home to the ball and chain. Thus, they'd butcher the animal and return with the edible parts. With cattle, a 400kg liveweight animal will yield about 140kg of edible meat. Using that as a basis for calculating edible meat, I determined that the aforementioned average kudu will yield about 175 lbs of meat.

Carrying the food back, a group of five men would have 35 lbs per person. Walking with hand and ankle weights at 4 miles an hour is akin to running at 5 miles per hour, so the caloric expenditure for carrying 35 lbs would be significant. In fact, "Gross energy cost per mile during weighted walking (120-158 kcal/mile) was comparable to and in some cases exceeded that of running which was independent of speed (120-130 kcal/mile)"(Miller), which means that they'd expend much more in the way of calories on the return than the run itself. According to a

study by army scientists, the energy cost of load carriage for a 15 kg load would be about 225 calories per hour. Walking 20 miles at 4 miles and hour would burn 2003 calories, plus the 1125 calories from the additional weight, bringing the return trip to 3125 calories. Thus, you're looking at an expenditure of 5000 to 6000 calories per person, at a minimum. Given the number of predator animals capable of taking the meat from small, comparatively weak humans, one would think that they would return more quickly than 4 miles per hour, meaning their caloric expenditure would likely rise another 1000 calories per person as they evaded wolves, lions, and other predatory creatures.

This means that a hunt consisting of five runners would require at least 25,000 calories to complete, and likely more along the lines of 30,000 calories. For obvious reasons, the USDA does not track caloric information on kudu, but it does on a close relative of the kudu, the deer. 175 lbs of raw deer meat will yield 95256 calories. This means that in a best case scenario, one quarter to one third of the calories acquired by this method of hunting would be expended in the hunt itself. Based on the available data on persistence hunts, only 50% of them are successful (Liebenberg), which means that one half to two thirds of the calories obtained by persistence hunting would be consumed in their acquisition. Due to the fact that one half to one third of the total calories obtained in this asinine form of hunting would be utilized obtaining the meat, it would stand to reason that this method of hunting could not have been the predominant method of hunting in the last 2 million years, or humanity would have fucking starved to death long ago.

Persistence Hunting Wrapup

Remarkably inefficient? Yes.

Stupid? Yes.

Preposterous? Yes.

BADDEST MOTHERFUCKERS EVER

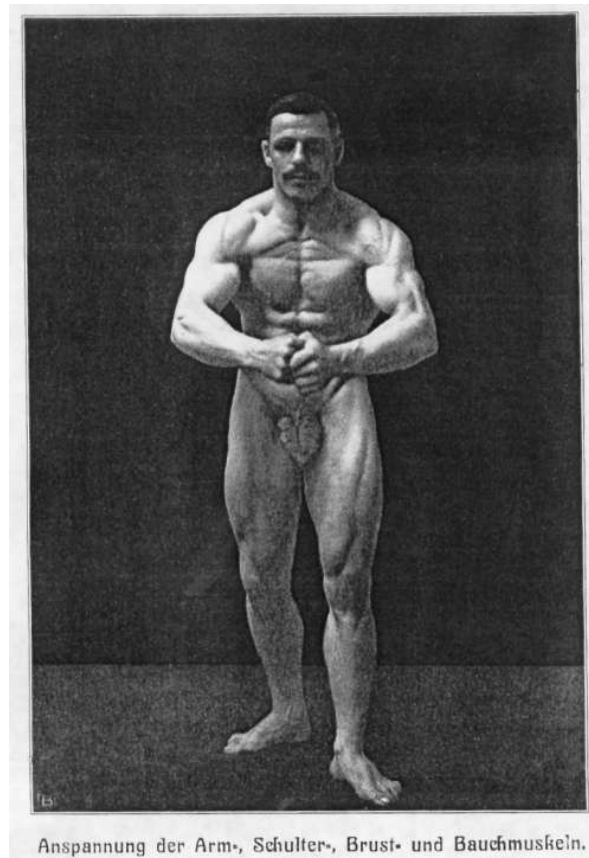
When I started the Baddest Motherfuckers Ever series, I did so because I wanted to educate my friends about some of the guys who inspired me to lift harder, heavier, and more often. As the series went on, I realized that the most compelling people

in strength training and strength sports were also at least half insane, that they all trained a ridiculous amount, and that much of their success came from a combination of those things, consistency, and a general contempt for the status quo. Thus, you'll find that there's a general transition from squeaky clean badasses of a bygone era to violent sociopaths who refuse to accept the rules and regulations of the world around them and utilize that individuality in the gym to propel themselves beyond anything the world had ever seen inside or outside of the gym.

As the blog expanded beyond a readership of just my circle of friends, I strove to find more esoteric individuals from a wide range of strength disciplines, while still maintaining the "compelling" aspect. This proved harder than you might think, as compelling strength athletes are about as rare as a highly religious crackhead prostitutes. Most of the elite strength athletes do little more than train, so finding anything interesting about them is harder than finding your destination using Apple Maps. Nevertheless, I keep plugging away.

For this book, you'll see I added a few new entries- they're the "Baddest Workouts Ever". Those guys are strong as hell and have interesting workouts, but their lives were about as interesting as the beige paint that decorates every inch of Michael Bolton's boring-ass mansion. Thus, I just gave you their workouts and dispensed with much character / life investigation. In any event, read on, and find out how the baddest of the bad got that way.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #1- Maxick



Height: 5'4"
Weight: 147
Neck: 17"
Chest Expanded: 45 1/2"
Upper Arm: 16"
Forearm: 13"
Thigh: 23 1/4"
Calf: 15"

Born Max Sick in Wurtemberg on 28th June 1882, Maxick was born just that- sick. Plagued by lung trouble, rickets and dropsy, the man who came to be known as one of the strongest and most muscular badasses to ever stomp through his competition like Godzilla through a Japanese seaside village had an incredibly unhealthy start in life. Not satisfied with all of the sucking he was doing with his chronic sickness, Maxick made a concrete dumbbell at age 10, which his dad promptly destroyed. Due to this setback, Maxick basically became a bodybuilding Green Beret and decided to react, adapt, and overcome. Instead of just hanging up his proverbial posing trunks, Maxick started flexing his ass off every night before going to bed, inadvertently creating the basis for his proprietary system of isometric and muscle control exercises that later comprised the Maxalding Technique. Part of this system was, and I am not bullshitting you, is flexing one side or individual rows of your abs at a time, which I'm sure is a feat most of us would think was impossible if it weren't for photographic evidence to the contrary dating to a time when Photoshop didn't exist. Additionally, Maxick was a bit of a philosopher,

making him the badass that Mike Mentzer might have been if he wasn't too busy ripping lines of speed of Ayn Rand books instead of reading the books and actually going to the gym.



Despite his diminutive size, Maxick set records in weightlifting that few heavyweights of his day could equal, and chump the vast majority of modern weightlifters at his weight.

What did he lift?

According to David Willoughby's *Super Athletes*, the following were done at a body weight that never exceeded 147 pounds:

- **Right Hand Military Press**- 112 pounds ("performed with considerable ease").
- **Right Hand Snatch**- 165 pounds. Right Hand Swing with Dumbbell, 150 pounds.
- **Right Hand Jerk** (shouldering the barbell with two hands)- 239 pounds in Munich and 240 pounds in Johannesburg.
- **Two Hands Military Press**- 230 pounds (made at a body weight of 145 pounds).
- **Two Hands Clean and Jerk**- 272 pounds.

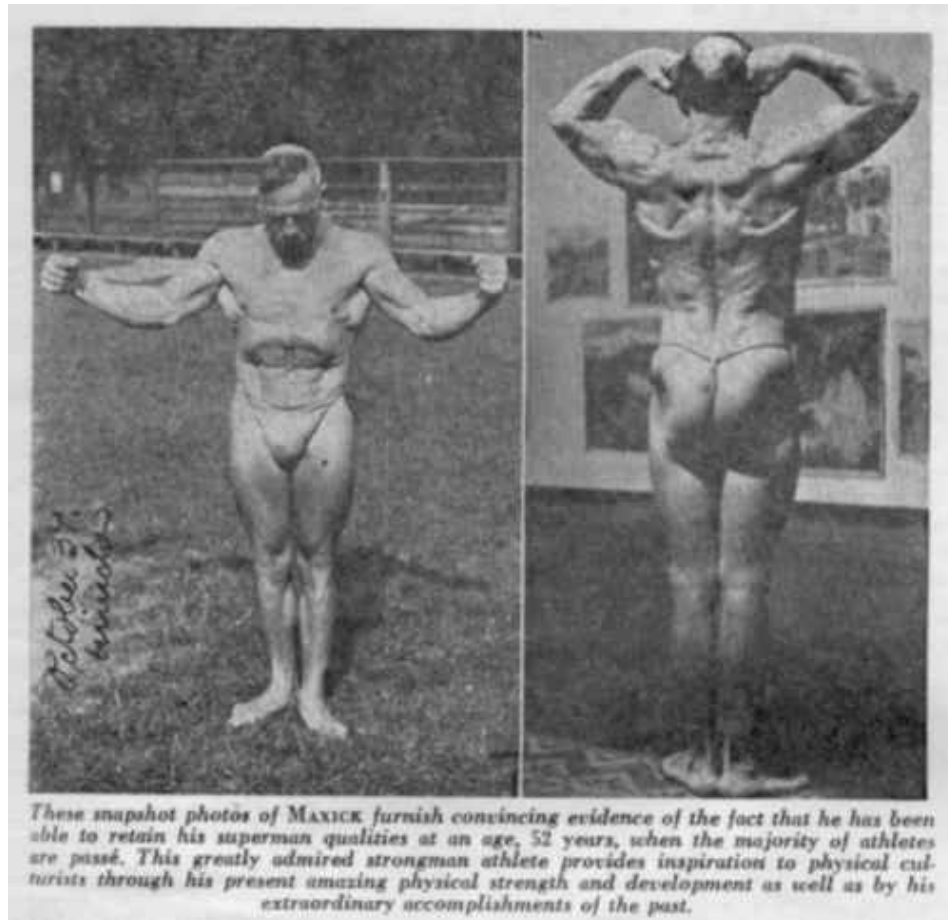
- **Two Hands Continental Jerk**- 322 1/2 pounds in London and 340 pounds in Johannesburg.

Utilizing some sort of sorcery, strength author David Willoughby determined that Maxick's two handed military press of 230 pounds is somewhat less than what he'd be able to lift with modern equipment. The lift, which he made in 1909, would be increased to 267 lb. with the equipment available in 1970 (rotating, plate-loaded bars), and would be equal to an Olympic Press (of the goofy, back-bridge variety), of 312 lbs. Compare that with 67.5 kg. Bulgarian beast Mladen Kuchev's record press of 346.5 set in 1972, and you see exactly how fucking strong Maxick was- he could have hung in with Bulgarian professional lifters of the steroid era at the Olympics. Maxick's clean was a bit less impressive, as his 272 lb lift would have only been equivalent to 320 lbs. in 1970, which would have put him considerably below the best of the 1970s, but clean form evolved considerably in the intervening 60 years between Maxick's peak and the Berlin Olympics. Despite that, however, Maxick's jerk would have demolished his swarthy, hirsute Bulgarian competitors- his best lift of 340 pounds would have been at least 400 lbs in 1970. That would have given Maxick the gold in 1972, and would make him very competitive with the modern 69 kg. lifters, in spite of the fact that he was only 66 kg.

On top of all that craziness, in 1913 Maxick:

- was unbeatable in finger pulling, which is a bizarre and unique drunken Bavarian strength competition in which two competitors sit across a table from one another, then place one finger each into a small leather ring and pull as hard as possible. At this, Maxick was "unbeatable," and could pull a 200-pound motherfucker clear across the table that separated them (Van Diggelen).
- pressed his manager, Tromp van Diggelen (185 pounds) overhead 16 times with his right arm... while holding a beer in his left hand, without spilling a drop.
- ran his crazy ass up and down two flights of stairs holding his manager overhead with one hand. Then, because fuck you, that's why, he ran the stairs in a handstand.
- karate-chopped three quarter full champagne bottles in half, holding the neck in his left hand and karate-chopping with his right.

Maxick was a fanatical trainer, and practiced flexing without resistance whenever he couldn't get into the gym. The system of flexing he developed became an incredibly popular mail order course, which he ran from the gyms he opened in Argentina (Maxick apparently hated America). When not teaching people how to be at least a quarter of the awesome that he was, he wandered around in the Amazon, killing shit and generally being a German Teddy Roosevelt.



Maxick dropped dead in Buenos Aires at the age of 80, after a full day of beating the shit out of 200 lb dudes 50 years his junior at arm wrestling and riding his bike all over hell and gone. He was found with a note at his feet that read- "My heart is beating rather slow, I feel extremely cold, I think it will be over soon. Remember the infinite is our inner freedom manifested through the consciousness." Evidently, his heart was beating so slowly that he forgot how to use adverbs.

"There was for me only one thought and one desire- to become strong- and everything else had to bow before this unconditional goal."

"Indeed, the essence of strength does not lie in the muscles, *but in thought*, just as the strength of a locomotive is found in the steam, rather than the wheels"

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #2- Mariusz Pudzianowski



Mariusz Pudzianowski ripped through his mother's stomach to spit on the puny humans populating the Earth in 1977. Since then, he has cured cancer, kicked the fuck out a vast array of Polish badasses, and dominated the World's Strongest Man competition, winning it a record five times. Perhaps the most terrifying man to ever have walked through the entrance of a prison, Pudz has tried his hand at pretty much everything of which one could think, ranging from petty strong-arm crime, amateur rugby, Kyokushin karate, powerlifting, mixed martial arts, professional karate and boxing, professional strongman, and pop music. Thus, with the exception of the last, Pudz has essentially participated in every single competitive outlet for badassery available to modern Westerners. Additionally, Pudz has a master's in Business, owns a successful bodyguard company, and dabbles in real estate. If he were any more successful, he'd be revered as a god... although I think it's likely there's a church of Pudzianowski somewhere in Poland at this point.

Pudz began lifting at age thirteen and began competing in professional strength sports at sixteen, when he won a professional bench press competition in Poland. Apparently discontented with merely being the baddest motherfucker in Poland, and set his sights on being the baddest motherfucker in the universe, and started competing in Kyokushin Karate (the world's hardest traditional style from a contact standpoint, founded by a man who demonstrated his fighting skill by beating the shit out of raging bulls barehanded), then switched to boxing, and finally decided to dominate the World's Strongest Man competition.

Though you'd think that, like most of the Baddest Motherfuckers I'll be profiling, Mariusz's physique would be a direct result of an incredibly restrictive and anal-retentive diet, but that's actually not the case. Mariusz has no set diet, and just eats whatever he wants, whenever he wants, in keeping with his status as a demigod. According to an interview he did with Flex magazine, Mariusz states that his diet looks like this:

"Breakfast is 10 eggs and two to three pounds of bacon. Between meals, I eat lots of candy. In the morning, it will be several 3 Musketeers and/or Snickers bars; I need them for energy.

Lunch, at 1 or 2 PM, is a double meal of a Polish pork chop, sauerkraut and potatoes. An hour later, I work out, then take lots of supplements: magnesium, creatine, amino acids, all that stuff, and more chocolate.

Dinner is whatever meat I can grab-steaks, pork chops, bacon-plus more sauerkraut and potatoes.

At 9 or 10 PM, I work out again. Afterward, I have a protein shake and more chocolate.

At 3 or 4 AM, I wake up and have more chocolate, then go back to sleep until morning"(Schmidt).

Frankly, I'm inclined to think at least some of that is nonsense, as my experience has shown me that there needs to be some sort of dietary restriction to maintain the level of leanness that Pudz displays. Perhaps, however, the fact that even the most extreme methamphetamine addicts couldn't keep pace with Mariusz in a give day through his myriad workouts allows him the dietary freedom to eat whatever he wants. Pudz trains 3-6 hours a day with a wild-eyed combination of lifting, swimming, and karate that would even exhaust Jack LaLanne, who is apparently unbeatable in a workout. Pudz's lifting routines mostly focus on the core lifts, deads, squats, military presses, and the strongman events, and he loves running around while carrying a 200 lb sandbag. Overtraining is his punk bitch, as training until his eyes bled has led to super leanness, 5 World's Strongest Man gold medals, 52 professional wins in strongman competitions, second place in the Polish version of Dancing with the Stars, a 5-2-1 record in professional mixed martial arts.



Like his diet, Pudz goes by the policy of "more is better, and a lot more is a hell of a lot better" for training, again utilizing more of a grab-bag method than any concrete plan. When author Steve Kirit trained with Mariusz, he was told that Pudz trains every day in the off-season. One day is set aside for squats, the next is deadlifts, then front squats, then squats again, with shoulders thrown in three times a week.

One Wednesday workout for the demigod consisted of:

Push Jerks- work up to 1 x 2 x 405 lbs.
High Bar Olympic Squats- work up to 2 x 3 x 585 lbs.
Seated Dumbbell Press- 5 x 10 x 130
Straight Bar Curls- 5 x 10 x 135
Abs- 20 minutes of various exercises

Very short rest periods were utilized throughout, and his training partners were apparently wheezing like 3 pack-a-day smokers who worked asbestos mines for their entire lives while living in Vladivostok (the most polluted city in history).

Thursday, then, looked like this:

Pullups- 10 x 7-10
Chinups- 5 x 10
Pulldowns- 5 x 10
Cable Rows- 5 x 6-10
Good Mornings- 5 x 10
Standing French Press (Barbell Tricep Extensions)- 5 x 10 x 155 lbs.
Tricep Pushdowns- 5 x 10
Deadlift- 5 sets, working up to 655 x 5

According to Kirit, Mariusz spazzed throughout the workout, screaming "Train! Train!" whenever anyone would stop to catch their breath... and this was just his "stay in shape on the road workout". What would nearly kill an average training is a tiny pile of weightlifting bullshit to Mariusz Pudzianowski. When he's home and has the time to train properly, Mariusz generally trains twice a day, five times a week. His workouts vary widely, but generally conform to the same sort of template. Here's a couple of sample workouts I discovered in my search for Mariusz goodness:

Monday

Morning

High-Bar Oly Back Squat- 8 warmup sets, pyramiding from 60 to 160kg, then a pyramid of 6 to 2 reps with 160 to 280 kg for work sets.
Leg Curl- 6 x 20
Leg Extension- 6 x 20
Pullup- 6 x 15
Chinup- 6 x 10
Behind-The-Neck Pulldowns- 4 sets of 15 reps
Barbell Rows- 4 sets of 15 reps
Abs- 6 x 30

Afternoon

Sandbag Carry- 3 x 170 meters with 130kg on back

Conan's Wheel- 3 x 2.5 revolutions with 290kg

Tire Flip- 3 x 10 flips

Tuesday

Morning

Front Squats- work up to 250 kg.

Calf Work- 6 x 15

Standing Military Press- 7 warmup sets, pyramiding 60 to 100kg, then 6 sets with 110, 120, 130, 140kg

Deadlifts- 6 warmup sets with 200kg, then work up to 300kg for work sets

Good Mornings- 8 x 10 x 100kg

Afternoon

Bushman's Walk- 3 x 15 meters x 300kg

Viking Press- 3 x 10 x 120kg

Parallel Crucifix- Hold 40kg weights for 30 seconds

Wednesday

Morning

Bench Press- 8 warmup sets pyramiding up to 180kg, then work up from 150kg to 220kg, pyramiding down from 8 to 2 reps

Standing French Press (Barbell Tricep Extensions)- work up to 80kg for 10 reps

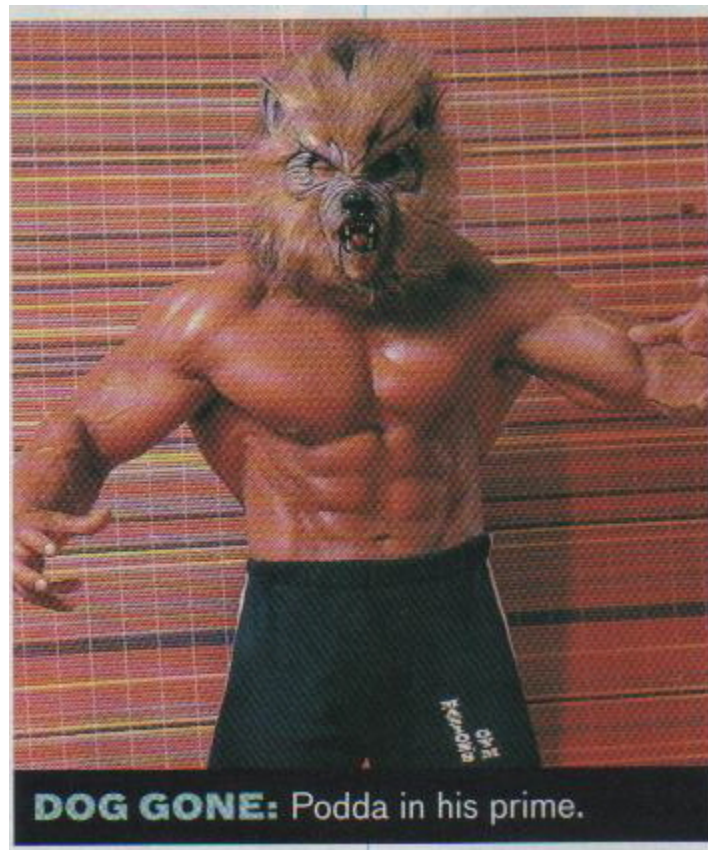
Afternoon

Same as Monday plus StairMill

Mariusz kicks off all of these insane workouts with fifteen minutes of rope jumping for a warm up, and concludes every session with abs, which would explain his incredibly detailed midsection. Finally, he still practices karate twice a week, even when training for strongman, and swims and runs for a couple of hours a day.

So, there you have it: **To be a bad motherfucker, you have to train like one.**

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #3- Benny "I Live In a Fucking Cave" Podda



Clearly, advocates of ChAoS & PAIN would be enamored of anyone considered to be a "Psycho Blaster", or a psycho anything, for that matter. I'll admit, I was a little late onto the Benny Podda bandwagon, but I guarantee you that I am currently driving that motherfucker, and you guys need to pile on, stat. For those of you who don't know, Podda was a lunatic bodybuilder in the heyday of outlandish and psychotic bodybuilders, the early 1980s through the early 90s. In a time that boasted nutjobs like Mike Quinn, Jimmy "The Iron Bull" Pellechia, and Rob Colacino (who championed a workout style called Psycho Burst, which consisted of one extremely slow rep of one set with a bunch of forced partials at the end), and Podda ruled the roost of the nuthouse even with that bunch.

In the event that you think I'm exaggerating, Podda is so eccentric that he's actually downgraded his living quarters from a tiny, windowless room that resembled a cave to an actual cave outside of Los Angeles. In spite of the fact that he's enjoyed a fair amount of success as a personal trainer and strength coach for professional athletes in extremely wealthy Southern California, Podda chose to move his few possessions, which are rumored to consist of a simple bedroll and a bunch of books, to a cave. He lives there, it's said, so that he can discard the socially and psychologically poisoned trappings of the modern world for a simple place wherein he can perform Taoist devotions in the open air, in an atmosphere devoid of distractions.

"To get to Benny's cave, you must first go to a remote waterfall to be purified. This is especially important for first-timers. You don't want the cave to reject you--when this happens, it induces terror. 'Your soul is rendered from your body in a spiritual tear,' Benny explains. 'So, you suffer the pain and indignities of purification. The water pours down on you with the shocking force of spiritual flagellation.'

The cave's climate is reminiscent of Podda's Pittsburgh: hotter than hell in the summer, freezing cold in the winter. The cave has been inhabited for thousands of years, Benny says, and it leads to an outdoor amphitheater with perfect acoustics that can only be reached via the cave. 'The opening is a vaginal orifice. In initiation ceremonies, the Cahuilla would pass through it one by one to be 'reborn' as warriors'"(O'Connell).

While we can all appreciate the sentiments behind his move to the wilderness, it would be a hard sell for most of us to make that move. Not so for Benny, however, who abandoned bodybuilding after winning the 1983 USAs as a light heavyweight and placing in the top five at a few national shows. Rather than capitalizing on his success, Podda abandoned bodybuilding for the life of a hermit. According to the man himself, "Whenever I start making money and getting popular and shit, right away I have to fuck it up and disappear"(O'Connell) Given the fact that Podda's behavior would be described by most people as psychotic, however, that move might have been for the best. If you think I'm bandying about the term "psychotic" a bit lightly and wish to challenge my lay diagnosis of severe mental health issues in Mr. Podda, consider this:

In a lunatic effort to explain his philosophy to a journalist who'd visited Podda's cave to interview him, Podda simply made himself look crazier.

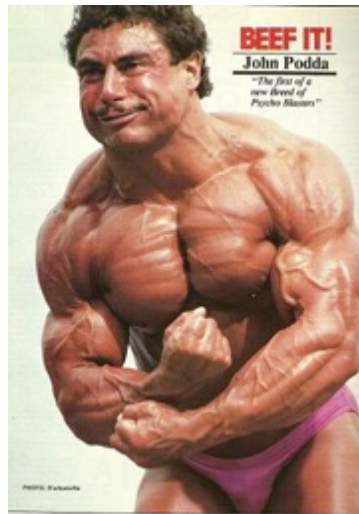
"Philosophically, Benny merges German Sturm und Drang, Eastern asceticism and a lot of other really weird shit. 'My physical training is based on the philosophies of Genghis Khan,' Benny says. 'He taught his troops the importance of exterior and interior training. His warriors learned how to turn themselves inside out so that they could project their inner power out like lightning.'

Benny grabs his flagellating rod and whips himself as hard as he can a dozen times, striking the acupuncture meridians of the body. The thick muscles of his flesh thud with each strike. 'You know that feeling when you're blowing your load?' he asks. 'Instead of letting that go out, you reverse the whole thing. It feels like your body is on fucking fire! I lift weights with that [energy] coursing through my body and my fucking testosterone a thousand times normal--'cause I just fucked myself.'

Then he stops and smiles calmly. 'See? That's why I can hang 220 pounds from my fuckin' nuts'"(Ibid).

If that's not knocking your socks off, here are a few more tidbits about Mr. Podda:

- He got shot while robbing a pharmacy for painkillers, armed not with a gun, like a normal crook, but with a bow and arrow.
- Podda's been shot on two other undisclosed occasions.
- He has a unique method for pumping himself up, which I neglected to list in my "What pumps you the fuck up?" blog- To psych himself up for a heavy lift, he once ran straight through a wall, Wile E. Coyote-style, emerging in the next room in a cloud of plaster and debris. Another time, Steeler lineman Steve Courson was using a pay phone when Benny charged and knocked him and the wall-mounted phone across the room--with his head.
- Podda hates sleeping, and will just meditate for hours instead.
- Benny got into meditation after being recommended a Taoist teacher while in solitary confinement from beating his jailhouse roommate unconscious with a food tray, his first day in jail.
- His fans used to scream "Bleed for us, Benny" during his posing routines, at which point he'd flex so hard he'd spray the front row with the blood shooting out of his nose.



Ever the innovator, like a modern day Nikola Tesla of bodybuilding, Podda developed a unique pharmacological and herbological regimen that led to shit like this:

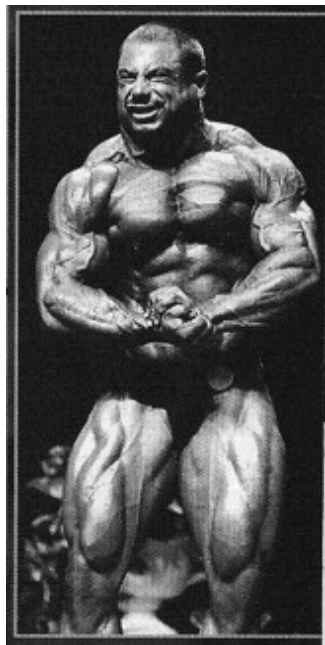
"Fueled by everything from the visualization techniques of Vipassana Buddhism to anabolic steroids and herbal concoctions that he drank from root-filled mayonnaise jars, Benny trained like a human wrecking ball. Manion recalls walking into his establishment one day and seeing Benny doing reps with his head wrapped in a blood-drenched towel, others scattered nearby. "The cable had snapped on a long cable-row machine and the handle had hit him on the head," recalls Manion. "He had to keep replacing the towels when they got soaked with blood. I made a guy take him to the hospital, and it took 12 stitches to close the open wound in his head"(O'Connell)

He transcends every possible conception of what is cool or "human", and shows just how fucking brutal people can be if they stop being pussies for ten minutes a day.

"I have seen Benny break bricks with magazines, crush coconuts with his bare hands, squirt blood out of his nose, and swing 225 pounds from his testicles. This is NOT Benny being crazy, this is him transferring energy and power to accomplish what he wants accomplished. He puts himself in a state of mind that defies any normal brain patterns you and I may have which gives him the ability to do these abnormal things, like take a 2x4 to the gut and smile while doing it. When Benny was doing his body building contests, he would invite a couple people from the audience to come up and hit him with 2x4's while he did his routine. Nothing is normal with Benny, normal is boring to him"(Castleton).

Lest you think Podda's a solitary hermit in a cave, he's not. He's friends with, and the former trainer of, the likes of Joe Montana, Bill Romanowski, Chuck Norris, and spectacular first round draft bust Todd Marinovich (though Podda put 50 lbs of muscle on him for the combine).

"'I didn't know who the fuck Chuck Norris was and didn't give a fuck,' says Benny. 'They took me up to his house and we hit it off because I pounded the fucking guy. I yelled at him, 'Kick me in the fucking chest as hard as you can!' He's like, 'No, I shouldn't.' So I berated the fucker until he did it--and I didn't budge when he did' (Benny's lone film credit would be his turn as Norris' trainer in 1988's Hero and the Terror.)"(Ibid)



Finally, Podda's insanity contributed to some amazing feats of strength that didn't involve him hanging weights from his balls. At 5'6" and 255 lbs., Podda was built like a brick shithouse, and he put that muscle to good use. Though he tragically never competed in powerlifting, Podda squatted 850 for a single, deadlifted 800,

and did 500 lbs. for reps on bent over rows. If that weren't enough, Podda heard about Tom Platz's habit of squatting 315 for 50, so Benny did it for five sets at the end of every workout. That, motherfuckers, is brutality distilled to its purest essence. Even if he were, that strong, he'd be amazing just for being the innovator and madman that he is. Podda is beyond a modern day Renaissance man- as a bodybuilder, a philosopher, a personal trainer, an author, a spiritual and physical healer, a strength coach, and generally all around insanely cool guy, Podda's something altogether different and for which we have no name, but should all strive to emulate.

"The world of tradition is dying." Benny laments. "When the last flame goes out, that's when you have apocalypse--like the great flood, the Black Plague, earthquakes and nuclear war. It'll make World War II and the dropping of the atom bombs look like nothing. But as long as one person keeps the flame alive, a complete cataclysm can be avoided"(Castleton)

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #4- Marvin Eder



If you've never heard of Marvin Eder, you haven't been paying attention. Marvin Eder was a proto-powerlifter in an era when powerlifting was still an unnamed sport in its nascence, and a successful bodybuilder who was famous for workouts that would have hospitalized less men. In an era when men were men and women were psychotic housecleaning drones on methamphetamine, Eder was Hercules on the island of Amazonian Nymphomaniacs. At 5'8" and 203 lbs., Eder would be a wildly competitive 198 lb powerlifter even now, though he didn't really train for the sport (as it didn't really exist). Eder's best lifts read like most strength athlete's wet dreams:

Squat- 675lbs

Bench Press- 515lbs

Deadlift- 665 (though he didn't really train it)

Total (Hypothetical): 1855, which means he would still hold the world record today if he'd had the opportunity to set it when he was in his prime.

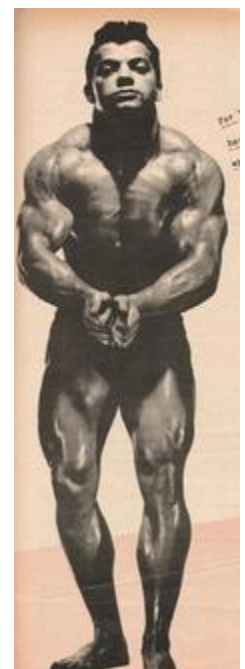
As if that wasn't enough, the dude was built like a tank, and was good looking enough to have had chicks draped over him like an ermine coat everywhere he went. Eder, in his prime, rocked matching neck and biceps measurements of 19 inches, a 34 inch waist, 15 inch forearms, 26 inch thighs, and 17 inch calves. Unsatisfied with simply making you cry yourself to sleep into your great big pillow every night over the fact that he could have beaten the breaks off everyone at 198 lbs in history, and most of the 220 lb powerlifters who have ever competed, Eder also boasted the following best lifts:

Clean and Press- 355lbs

Snatch- 285lbs

Clean and Jerk- 345lbs

Clean- 365lbs



Floor Press- 530lbs
Dips- 434lbs (with two men hanging from his legs)
Dips- 400x7
Chins- 250lbsxl, 200lbsx7
Strict Curl- 210lbs
DB Clean and Press- 120lbs for reps
Crucifix- 100lbs Db's
Straight Arm Pullover- 210lbs

Eder was a bad motherfucker who did everything heavy, and trained often enough that Mark Rippetoe would have fainted at the mere mention of Eder's training volume. Had Mike Mentzer heard of Eder's training methods, he would have cloistered himself in his closet with the better part of a pound of coke and a collection of Ayn Rand books, and then resolved not to train for a month in an effort to balance the cosmic training load. Eder usually trained 2 on one off, though he himself admitted that he had no set routine and would simply train what and when he felt like training. As one of the guys to officially bench 500+ lbs., it appears that one could describe his training methods as efficacious, no matter how much one might disagree with them.

According to David Gentle:

"Eder used many routines over the years. Enjoyed Olympic lifting best perhaps, the standing press now an exercise or lift rarely practiced, yet his favorite exercise. For bodybuilding he mainly trained on the split routine system of 2 days with 3rd day resting. Usually using 5 sets of 10 reps, always very heavy poundages e.g.

Day 1

Dumbbell Laterals- 5 x 10 x 120lbs
Dumbbell Curls- 5 x 10 x 120lbs
Bench Press- 5 x 10 x 120lbs
Overhead Tricep Extensions- 5 x 10 x 120lbs
Pulldowns- 5 x 10 x 350 lbs

Day 2

Weighted Ab Exercises- 5 x 15 ("He once completed 100 reps sit-ups with lbs. added")
Calf Raises- 5 x 50
Squats- 5 x 10 x 475lbs ("He could squat 10 x 8 x 475lbs. and make 3 reps with 520lbs or 50 repetitions with 300lbs on parallel squats!")

Eder's workouts were more unconventional because he "never took weight off the stand in the conventional way. I would clean the weight to my shoulders and then do the heavy presses. I worked up to repetition presses with 340 pounds. I bench pressed over 500 pounds, deep-knee bends for repetitions with 550 pounds and side laterals with 120-pound dumbbells. The laterals were not done with perfect form mind you."

Eder stayed strong well into his twilight years, and could still do 100 dips and 90 chin ups in a row at age 67. At that point, he was training three-times-a-week and doing five sets of chins for 50 reps, five sets of dips for 50 reps and 550 alternate jumping lunge squats, still at a bodyweight of 197 pounds.

For a guy so incredibly ripped in an era of fairly-smooth looking bodybuilders, you'd think he had some kind of diet secret, especially since he did no cardio. Nope. Eder must have trained himself lean, because in his word, he ate

"just normally. I would eat about three times a day. I could never eat as much as others. Oddly enough, I saw some of the old-time muscle men put away food that astounded me. I tried to do that one time when I was out in California when I entered one of the Mr. America shows.

Ed Yarick who had a gym at the time invited us to his home - there were several of us - and he made a huge amount of hamburgers and all this food and I could not match the other guys and how they ate. I forced myself to eat more. I turned green and went to the bathroom and vomited it all up. I could never eat as much as others could. Apparently my body didn't need it."

So, what'd we learn?

- Train what you want, when you want.
- Eat your fucking face off.
- Strict form is for the weak.
- If you're doing the same thing everyone else is, don't even bother going into the gym.

Go tear it up, fuckers, and make sure that weighted bodyweight exercises are in your routine- if they worked that well for Eder, they certainly couldn't hurt you.

Baddest Workouts Ever- Zabo Koszewski



Of all of the guys of whom you've likely never heard, Zabo Koszewski should rate pretty highly on your "Holy Shit"-ometer due to his freakish leanness in a time when most guys were just happy to see their abs. A fixture of Muscle Beach from 1951 to the end of his life, Koszewski pulled down more "Best Abdominal" awards than anyone in history, likely owing to the fact that he dieted and trained fanatically every day of his life after obtaining his first weight set at age 12 (Hise, "Fabulous"). Though Zabo was best known for his insane cuts and his amazing year-round condition, the dude trained so often and so hard that he was strong as shit as well-barefoot and in street clothes, he could squat snatch and squat clean and strict press 220 lbs, and follow that with a full clean and split jerk with 270. Though that's not Earth shattering, it is definitely impressive for a dude who was not an Olympic weightlifter, in pants and a button down shirt, and who weighed 170 lbs sopping wet.

The truly insane thing about Zabo was his monomaniacal adherence to his diet and training regimen, from which he almost never deviated for 70 years. Zabo ate only two meals a day, both of which consisted of fruits, vegetables, lean meat, and milk, and he trained six days a week without fail. According to the people who knew him best, Zabo rarely left Santa Monica, preferring to remain near the gym and beach at all times, after he abandoned his career as a professional wrestler. His workouts, which were ridiculously lengthy affairs of two to three and a half hours, generally looked like this:

Every Day

Situps- 1 x 500 (yup, one set of 500 reps)

Leg Raise- 1 x 500

Monday / Wednesday / Friday

Legs and Back

Squats **supersetted with Leg Curls-** 8 x 10

Hack Squats **supersetted with Leg Curls-** 2 x 20

Stiff Leg Dead Lift- 4 x 10

Power Cleans- 4 x 10

Chest

All exercises done as a giant set, which he repeated 7 times.

Decline Dumbbell Press- x 10

Cable Crossover- x 10

Dips- x 10

Push-Ups- x 25

Back

Chins- 7 x 10

Cable Rows- 7 x 10

Behind the Neck Pull Downs- 7 x 10

One Arm Reverse Cable Laterals- 7 x 10



Tuesday / Thursday

Shoulders

Alternating Seated Dumbbell Presses- 7 x 10

Dumbbell Laterals- 7 x 10

Seated Behind the Neck Press- 7 x 10

Upright Rows- 7 x 10

Arms

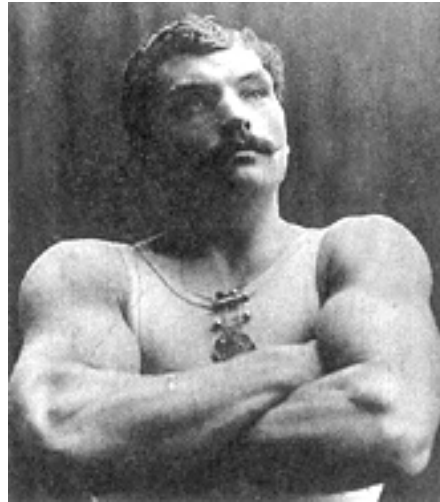
Incline Curls supersetted with Tricep Pushdowns- 20 x 10

Sunday

Goof Off Day. Generally, he'd head to the beach and swim, or play a sport.

Zabo's workout was clearly fucking insane, but it definitely. His ab workout was a legendary fixture in the Muscle Beach scene, and it's what he credited with his unreal abdominal development. That, combined with a diet that wouldn't be adopted by other bodybuilders for years made him a legend in the scene, and gave him a physique that allowed him to keep kicking ass and turning heads into old age. Once more, a lunatic training regimen leads to a badass physique.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #5- Arthur Saxon



Arthur Saxon. More of a man than everyone who's been in Flex magazine for the last year, combined.

Arthur Saxon (1878 - 1921), born Arthur Hennig and nicknamed "The Iron-Master", was a strongman and circus performer from the late 19th century into the early 20th century. Saxon is most well-known for the bent press, with which he set a world record of 370 lbs (although there are claims that he has done 385 lbs.) as well as the "two hands anyhow" lift of 448 lbs., beating all comers in competition like his name was iron Mike and their names were all Robin Givens (Wikipedia, Saxon). Like most popular strongmen of the era, Saxon looked the part he played onstage and was well built enough to win most modern regional bodybuilding competitions.

His essential stats (per the *Development of Physical Power*), were:

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 200 lbs.

Chest: 49"

Biceps: 17 1/8"

Forearm: 14 3/4"

Thigh: 24"

Calf: 16 3/4"

Bent Press: 371 lbs.

Two Hands Anyhow: 448 lbs.

Clean and Press: 342 lbs.

Saxon believed in training heavy, with fewer repetitions, rather than light, which he thought was pointless, thought frequent training was best. Yes, he was a bad motherfucker, and wanted everyone else to be just as bad a man as he was (Saxon 20). According to Thomas Inch (of the Inch dumbbell), "Even when appearing twice a night with this laborious and trying set of feats of strength they practiced for two or three hours in the morning and seemed tireless"(Inch). For the grip, back and leg muscles, they used to carry a pair of 119 pound ring-weights, at the hang, around the stage ten times. (Farmer's walking -- Koto) They also used to walk around the stage

carrying their heaviest barbell, a few times around, it weighed 192.5 kilos or 423 pounds. (Walking with weight, you basically get under the bar like you're squatting, pick it up, and take a walk with it.) The warm-up exercise was always the leg press with a heavy barbell; they used to do 20 repetitions (Leg presses back then involved them laying on their back and actually balancing a barbell on their feet and doing leg presses that way.) and then go up into a shoulder stand and while in this position the barbell was pressed a few times again and also balanced on one foot. From a standing position, the barbell was held at the back of the body, rolled up the back to the neck and jerked from there to arms' length. (Behind-the-neck presses, they also did these coming out of a squat like a clean and press but with it behind the neck.) Arthur's heavy one-handed bar was used for this exercise. A barbell that Arthur used for two arm pressing was cleaned and jerked to arms' length, passed over into one hand, and deep knee bends were performed while holding this weight at arm's length overhead. (One-handed barbell overhead squats, a bitch of an exercise) This is why they became so good at the one hand anyhow, although, while exercising, they did not practice picking up the kettlebell.

Every day, the one hand bent press was practiced" (Inch).



In essence, Saxon's methods could be summed up as "train the lifts at which you want to be best as often as possible". He thought that one should train the lifts at which he wanted to excel with light weights even on non-heavy training days, which helped him overcome his primary adversary in strongman competitions, Eugen Sandow. By training the bejeesus out of Sandow's pet lift, the bent press, Saxon whooped Sandow's ass in an impromptu weightlifting competition in front of an audience in Sheffield, England, in 1898. Sandow was never able to avenge this defeat. Training pet lift wasn't his only trick, either.

- **Saxon at least occasionally lifted bare-ass naked.** "At one time the so-called friends of the Saxons claimed that he had, in the early hours of the morning, and after discarding all clothing until he was quite naked, raised over 400 lbs. bent press after commencing with a very much higher weight" (Ibid).
- **Drank like a fucking fish.** 'Arthur, however, was certainly a heavy drinker and once when a Fulham crowd at the Red Lion endeavored for a joke to get him drunk so that he could not go through with his show, he drank some

50 glasses of beer and had the last laugh as he never performed so well as that night at the "Granville" (Ibid).

- **Died like a fucking man.** "At the height of his career Saxon met with a serious accident. Through no fault of his own a heavy wooden bridge loaded with a large motor car and a number of people fell on him whilst he was supporting it. He was in hospital a long time, iron bolts having been driven in at several places." (6) While in the hospital, he died of pneumonia. Other accounts, however, claim he died after being run over by a car, hammered drunk, and laying in the gutter.

As you can tell, Saxon was about as compelling a character as one could hope to find. I'm reposting part of an article entitled "The Saxon Trio: What They Ate, and How They Trained", as it's all about balls-to-the-wall living and training.

"For breakfast they ate 24 eggs and 3 pounds of smoked bacon; porridge with cream, honey, marmalade and tea with plenty of sugar. At three o'clock they had dinner: ten pounds of meat was consumed with vegetables (but not much potatoes); sweet fruits, raw or cooked, sweet cakes, salads, sweet puddings, cocoa and whipped cream and very sweet tea. Supper, after the show, they had cold meat, smoked fish, much butter, cheese and beer. Following this they had a chat and at one o'clock went to bed.

At nine o'clock in the morning they arose and always had a cold rub-down over the whole body; if possible they would have a shower bath and a massage. It was this way that Kurt learned massaging which helped him very much, in later years, when he became an instructor and masseur.

In their childhood, breakfast, for the Saxons, consisted of a thick soup made from white flour, rolls or white bread with butter or marmalade. On week-days dinner was at one o'clock; there was no soup, but instead, vegetables of all kinds, cooked or steamed, with fat on them, and some potatoes; after this, raw or cooked fruits. Other days they had green beans, white beans, peas and all kinds of food like this and rice cooked with milk and plenty of sugar. This was varied at other times by having salted herring that had been watered for 24 hours and eaten raw with boiled potatoes; there was also pickled cucumbers and raw onions with a little vinegar and plenty of oil; they had milk or sweet cream made by their mother. Salads and celery were also part of their meals, particularly in the summer when they had salads with plenty of oil on them. Dinner was usually followed with fruits or sweet cakes made from white flour and sometimes, berries on top of the cakes. They were very fond of these. There was also plenty of mushrooms eaten raw or fried with fat; their mother used to go out in the morning and pick about 10 to 12 pounds of these in the fields. She also used to make big cakes, 24" by 36", and spread with butter, or beaten egg whites, sugar and chocolate. That was often eaten with apples. At dinner time, there was usually nothing to drink but plain water. Other meals included soup, black German bread, butter or lard, cheese, smoked fish, raw cucumbers and radishes and onions. There was never any kind of meat on weekdays except for their father's meal; their mother did not care for it and it was only when they went to England, as professional performers, the Saxon brothers learned to eat meat every day; the meat in England was very good.

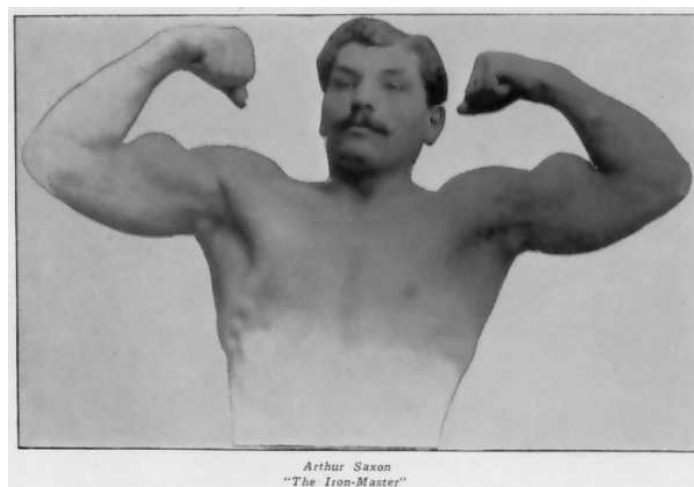
Although they had other foods, the things mentioned were their favorite foods. On Sundays they had a little meat, and for breakfast, real coffee.

Other mornings they had coffee made from burned corn. There was also a special kind of beer of which they were very fond -- this was made from wheat, was sweet and contained but very little alcohol.

Later, in England, as performers, Hermann and Kurt were partial to sweet foods and sugar. They tried very hard to gain weight but in spite of sweets and a terrific appetite, sometimes consuming one pound of butter between them, they failed to gain weight; sometimes only a few pounds which they could not hold. Arthur, the oldest, did not care for sweets and butter; even as a child he did not care for butter. Instead of butter he would use the lard from pork. Hermann and Kurt, in addition to other things, could make two pounds of marmalade and two quarts of very sweet cocoa disappear at one meal. Kurt was the heaviest eater of the three and for breakfast alone he could consume 24 eggs cooked in one-half pound of butter.

Their three o'clock dinner consisted mostly of roasted or fried meat, beef, pork or veal, not much potatoes, plenty of salads with oil just as in their childhood. Sometimes they had vegetables, but always lean meat. Every day they had pudding-yorkshire, rice, sago, etc., but very sweet. Then there was always raw or cooked fruits and nothing to drink. Sometimes, on one day during the week, they roasted poultry, goose, chicken, or turkey. "Many times I ate an 11 pound goose alone," Kurt informed me. One day during the week they had fried or boiled fish, plenty of butter and toast but no potatoes. At six o'clock they had "tea"-this was mostly raw minced meat with raw onions, German bread and plenty of butter; sometimes sweet cakes and coffee were substituted. Their late supper included herrings (when they could get them) and eaten in the same manner they had become accustomed to in childhood. The herrings were sometimes used in salad form; they made their own mayonnaise with raw whipped eggs and oil. There never was any whisky or brandy at home. Even as children they did not care for milk and as men they developed no taste for it. At "tea" time they very often had whipped cream. They did not care for boiled eggs, instead, they went big for poached eggs with plenty of butter.

After their three o'clock dinner they rested for a couple of hours, except Kurt who could not rest so long because he had to go out and do the shopping for the next day. Cooking for himself and his brothers was a hobby with him- he was also out of bed earlier than the others to prepare breakfast" (Gaudreau).



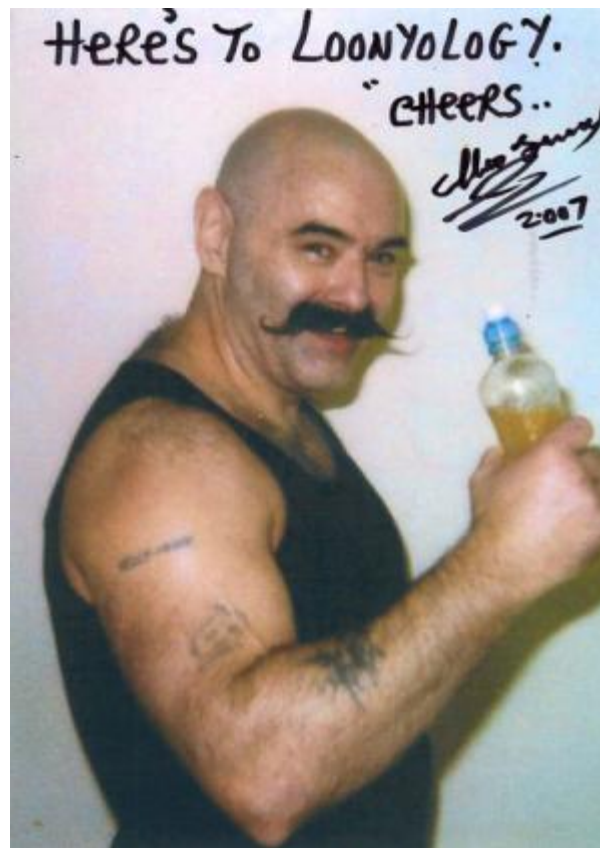
Arthur Saxon
"The Iron-Master"

What about workout shakes? Of course he drank them. The man was the pinnacle of human physical achievement. The formula, however, was unorthodox enough that we might have to incorporate it in C&P.

"The Saxons did have a "health drink" which I presume they concocted themselves. The ingredients were dark lager beer (or Dublin stout) mixed with Holland gin, the yolk of an egg and plenty of sugar. "It is a very good but strong drink" was the Saxon opinion, "but, if you are not used to it you will get dizzy very quickly." It seems to me that one would have to be a very strong man in the first place, in order to drink it" (Gaudreau).

Moral of the Arthur Saxon story: Be a fucking man. Then be manlier. You might, then, be a third as manly as Arthur Saxon.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #6: Charles Bronson



Looking at the picture above, you might be thinking to yourself, "That looks nothing like the guy from Death Wish." Indeed it doesn't, because as hard as the original Charles Bronson is, the man who adopted his namesake thereafter is so much harder he makes the original CB appear to have been a golem consisting made of cotton candy, happiness, and Troll doll hair by comparison. Meet the new and improved Charles Bronson, a man dubbed by the British press as "most violent prisoner in Britain." Though I'm sure Sir Sean Connery is perfectly happy with his title of nobility, none of us would turn down the opportunity to be dubbed "the most violent" anything by the pundits of an entire nation.

Bronson, born Michael Peterson, is a former circus strongman turned hilarious failure of a criminal, but he's insane, violent, and strong enough to snap multiple pairs of handcuffs at the same time, which makes him worthy of a Baddest Motherfuckers entry. No matter your opinion of criminality, anyone who requires a Hannibal Lecter-style conveyance in prison because no amount of hand and ankle cuffs will hold them is strong enough to be worth of some investigation. For some reason, it also seems that the crazier a person, the more philosophical they are. Benny Podda kicked this tradition off, and Charles Bronson picked up right

where Podda left off, penning missives capable of pumping up even the most testosterone-deficient, vegan, Phish-loving pacifists out there. To wit:

"I'm just a pawn on the chessboard of life. They move and push me into battle. You'll never see me back away from a battle. Fuck the consequences. I go forward with dignity. If it's a war worth fighting, then a man must give it his best and, believe me, this is a bloody war. How the fuck I'm still alive is beyond me. Sure I'm a lot older, but I'm also a lot wiser" (Bronson, *Looneyology*).

In spite of the fact that he's since become an artist and something of a philosopher, Bronson's still described as "a muscle bound hardman" (Radnedge). That would be due to Bronson's fanatical devotion to his physical fitness regime, which along with art is the thing he credits with maintaining his sanity over his 40 years of incarceration. It would also be the thing that allowed him his brief moments of freedom, as all ten of the riots Bronson has incited over the last 40 years seem to have begun with him breaking his steel restraints with his bare hands. There is not, for some reason, any information on Bronson's training regime prior to his extended stays in prison, but he has written a text detailing his training regime behind bars, which can be credited with at least the maintenance of his strength.

**"Nobody wants to die!
So why do people let themselves go?
Why kill yourself off?
Stop and think, get fit and strong!
Even a good shag will burn the calories off and pump your
heart!
There is no excuse-- you know it!" (Bronson, *Solitary*)**

Whatever your opinion of the man, no one can really take issue with the above statement, which seems to stand as Bronson's basic motto, with the caveat that riots seem to be his preferred method of getting cardio. Bronson is renown in Britain for doing between 2500 and 4000 pushups a day in his cell, making his fitness regime not unlike that of the pehlwani of India. Bronson holds a number of British prison records, including most pushups in a minute (118, and the unofficial world record is 138), pushups in an hour (1,127), sit ups with a medicine ball on his chest (1,790). Bronson's routine pretty much combines Charles Staley's idea of Escalating Density with the pehlwani method of training, so six days a week he attempts to beat his previous record for time in a variety of bodyweight exercises. The exercises he recommends are:

- Pushups
- Sit ups
- Squats
- Burpees
- Star Jumps
- Step Ups

In addition to the standard bodyweight fare, Bronson rips a page out of the book of embarrassing American history and recommends a bunch of Charles Atlas-style isometric exercises. Though that shit likely worked for no one in the US in the 1950s, Bronson must have found a way to make that nonsense work, as it takes three sets of handcuffs to keep him from stabbing other inmates and setting shit on fire.

Perhaps more interesting than Bronson's workout in his cell is the manner in which he gets his extra-cellular exercise- inciting riots. Crazy as a shithouse rat, but not without a sense of humor, Bronson, boasted: "I've had more hostages than Saddam Hussein."

- He was jailed for seven years in 1997 for taking hostage the three prisoners at top- security Belmarsh Prison, south London.
- During the incident in September 1996 Bronson, who was serving a 15-year sentence for possession of a firearm and hostage taking, tied up the prisoners and barricaded them in a cell with him for seven hours. He insisted his hostages call him "General" and told negotiators he would eat one of his victims unless his demands were met. At one stage, Bronson demanded one of the Iraqis hit him "very hard" over the head with a metal tray. Later, he threatened to eat one of them and demanded a helicopter to Cuba, two Uzi sub-machine guns, 5,000 rounds of ammunition, an axe, a cheese sandwich and ice cream. He later told staff: "I'm going to start snapping necks - I'm the number-one hostage taker", and in court said he was "as guilty as Adolf Hitler".
- First thrown in the penitentiary in 1974 for armed robbery, Bronson's strong and so crazy that he's managed to take hostages in ten prison sieges and beat down at least 20 officers, all while unarmed (Radnedge).
- In 1994, whilst holding a guard hostage at Woodhill Prison, he demanded an inflatable doll, a helicopter and a cup of tea as ransom.
- Bronson had been known to bend cell doors with his bare hands and has been described as "probably the most disruptive inmate in the country".
- In his latest siege, Bronson tied up prison teacher Phil Danielson with a rope and towed him round the jail for 44 hours.
- Armed with two knives, he twice tried to harm himself during the siege. He hit himself over the head with a bottle and tore a washing machine filled with water from its socket in an attempt to electrocute himself.

Though I wouldn't recommend any of the above as a methodology for staying fit, it certainly seems to work for Bronson. He's also managed to stay fairly lean and muscular throughout his four decade stay in prison, in spite of the carbohydrate and estrogen-laden foods he's been fed. His leanness, however, appears to be a result of his constant exercise and fast metabolism, as the man knows about as much about nutrition as a 4-packs-a-day podiatrist from the 1940s. Bronson's dietary recommendations reflect the fact he has been in prison for 40 years, as his information ranges from outdated to downright fucking retarded. From *Solitary Fitness*:

- Don't consume anything in a powder or pill form (this, in spite of the fact that he recommends Met-Rx products and multivitamins earlier in the book).
- Fat-loss supplements don't work.
- In a bizarre and circuitous manner, Bronson warns against the adoption of a low-carb diet, which he claims will slow your metabolism (213), but also recommends against adding carbs to your diet (214).
- Avoid processed foods and eat a mix of calorie-dense natural foods (his first reasonable advice on the subject)
- As an adorable anachronism and testament to how long the man has been locked in a cage, he trots out the tired old height-weight chart we all saw in our doctors' offices as children. Perhaps the only thinking individual left on the planet who pays attention to those charts, Bronson stands as a bulwark against progress... or perhaps it's just really hard to get a good nutrition textbook when you're locked in some ancient, dank cell that used to be a torture chamber somewhere in Middle Earth.
- Continuing his anachronisms, Bronson recommends we all avoid sodium, in spite of reams of evidence to the contrary that have surfaced in the last two decades.

Charles Bronson is, without question, one of the Baddest Motherfuckers on the planet, and perhaps one of the strongest humans to ever walk to Earth. Though he's probably about as good a role model as your average white trash, meth-addicted trailer park mother, he pretty much embodies the concept of "bad".



Good? Bad? I'm the guy with the gun.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #7- Paul Anderson



Have you ever felt like just digging a hole in your backyard, then building a squat stand over it and loading a thousand pounds on it, then standing in the hole and doing partials with it? Me neither. Paul Anderson, however, thought about a lot of crazy shit like that. Paul Anderson, if you don't know already, was an American Olympic weightlifter and strongman who was well known for his weird-ass training style and his penchant for shattering world records.

Paul's Stats:

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 330-360 lbs.

Paul's bests:

Standard Clean and Press- 402.5 lbs.

One Arm Overhead Press- 300 lbs.

Parallel Squat- 1,202 lb x two reps

Backlift- 6270 lbs. (weight raised slightly off trestles)

Hip Lift- 4100 lbs.

Bench Press- 627 lbs.

Two Hand Overhead Press- 400 lbs. x 7

Two Hand Overhead Press- 470 lbs.

Jerk-Press (not sure if it was from the front or the back): 560 lbs.

Additionally, Paul was reported by Tommy Kono to have done a set of ten full squats, with no warm up, with 700 lbs., "so rapidly that it was as if free squats were performed" (Gallagher 16), and shattered the world record in the strict press lifting IN THE RAIN, pressing 402 lbs in strict competition fashion over his head- 72 lbs

more than the previous record. Ten years later, he broke the record again with 420. A few years later, he showed up at a Russian-American match as a special attraction (he had recently started pro wrestling), and pressed 425 for two strict reps. Insofar as I know, that feat has never been duplicated, and it's hard to imagine that it ever happened, given how far from anything of which anyone today is capable.

Anderson could have cited his unique training methods as the key to his success, but being an evangelical Christian, he gave all the credit to a purportedly magical Jewish carpenter and his friendly ghost buddy. It's all well and good if you're religious, but if you're squatting 1200, chances are it was a combination of brutal fucking workouts, a little genetic luck, and a lot of eating, since the Catholic Church doesn't seem to be fielding the majority of the gold medalists in the Olympic Weightlifting.

Anderson's training methods were as unique or more so than the other BME's I've already profiled. He was one of the pioneers of partial rep training, and advocated for it heavily. As a proto-powerlifter like Marvin Eder, however, his theories likely got short shrift, as they were preparation for a sport that did not yet exist. Ever the innovator, however, he had two notable training methods that bear relating:

1. I've already suggested, one of his favorite training methods- squatting in a hole. He would occasionally put dirt back into the hole, and over time developed some badass squats, hitting 1200 deep.
2. Another wacky training method Anderson used was to set up two golf holes on his farm about 300 yards apart. He'd whack the ball down to the one hole, where he'd set up an outdoor rack with a bar loaded to 400. He'd do 3-5 reps in the overhead press with it, then whack the ball back to the other hole, where he'd set up a squat rack loaded to 800. He'd bang out 3-5 reps with that weight, then repeat, all afternoon. Yeah, that sounds pretty fucking awesome to me as well, save for the golfing. I'd rather do a set and get a bleach enema, then repeat. I truly despise golf.

Anderson's typical workouts were 6 days a week and took 3-4 hours to complete (Gallagher, 9-17).

Tuesday / Thursday / Saturday

Full squat

2 x 10 x 600 lbs.

1 x 2 x 825 lbs.

1 x 2 x 845 lbs.

1 x 2 x 900 lbs.

Half Squat

1 x 2 x 1200 lbs.

Quarter Squat

1 x 2 x 1800 lbs.

Deadlift

4 x 6-8 x 650 lbs.

Monday / Wednesday / Friday

Press Off Rack

1 x 6 x 300 lbs.

1 x 2 x 400 lbs.

1 x 2 x 390 lbs.

1 x 2 x 370 lbs.

Press Outs (from sticking point to lockout)

1 x 4 x 500 lbs.

Press From Shoulders To Top Of Head

1 x 4 x 500 lbs.

Push-Press off Rack

1 x 3 x 450 lbs.

Bench Press

1 x 6-8 x 400-450 lbs.

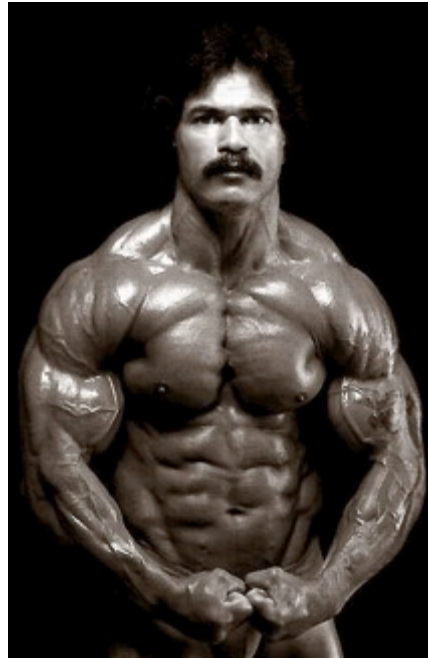
Anderson was also a big fan of day-long workouts, wherein he would rest up to 30 mins in between sets, sipping milk and bullshitting. He'd apparently drink a gallon or more of milk during the course of his workout.



So, there you have it. Another unconventional lifter in a world of bland, copycat bullshit. Guess who succeeds? It's not the douche doing bodypart workouts at your local Gold's- it's the guys who do weird shit, and a lot of it, who make a name for themselves.

Now, go do some reverse grip cleans and when some headband-rocking, heroin-chic, weak-as-you-little-sister-if-she-had-AIDS, personal trainer tells you you're doing cleans wrong, punch him in the mouth, roast him over an open fire, and invite anyone you know with a descended testicle to a barbecue.

Baddest Workouts Ever- Ed Corney



Most of the young bucks will have no fucking clue who Ed Corney is, aside from a brief mention in *Pumping Iron*. This is a damn shame, as Ed Corney is definitely one of the baddest motherfuckers to ever enter a gym- not for his insanity or his strength, but his longevity. Known as a living legend for his incredibly long career in the sport, Corney was competing at the beginning of Arnold's career and was still in bodybuilding magazines when I was in high school. Though not renown for being a terrifically strong dude, Corney trained with some of bodybuilding's strongest motherfuckers- namely Jusup Wilkosz, brutally built training partner of Arnold Schwarzenegger and perennial top three finisher in the Olympia. Like the two aforementioned men, and most of the guys who trained in the 1970s and 1980s, Corney trained with the intensity of a Krokodil-addicted Ukrainian with a turkey baster in a roomful of toxic chemicals. Even crazier than his workout, however, was the fact that Ed Corney trained so hard at the age he did- Corney was born in 1933 and didn't start bodybuilding until he was 30. If you're not all that good at counting, that means he was in his 40s when he first started competing against Arnold, and he was 50 in his last Mr. Olympia appearance. How many 170 lb. 50 year olds do you know who could hang with this shit?

Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays

Chest

Barbell Bench Press (Elbows are never allowed to lock out)- 5 x 8-10

Incline Bench Press- 5 x 8-10 x 225

Dumbbell Flies- 5 x 10

Cable Crossovers- 5 x 12

Shoulders

One Arm Lateral Raise- 5 x 10

Combination Shrug & Half Lateral Raise- Works up the rack, handling at maximum a pair of ninety pounders, 5 x 8
Dumbbell Presses- 5 x 8
Lying Lateral Raise- 5 sets, 10 reps.

Biceps

Barbell Curl (Strict)- 6 x 6-8
Concentration Curl- 6 x 10
Alternate Dumbbell Curl- 5 x 6-8
Close Grip Barbell Curl- 5 x 10

Calves

Standing Calf Raises- 6 x 10-12
Seated Calf Raise- 6 x 25

Abs (Performed as a giant set, six sets)

Leg raises
Twists
Crunches
Sit-ups

Tuesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays

Thighs

Parallel Squats- 6 x 10-12
Leg Extensions (tenses to full extension, holds for count of three before lowering weight)- 6 x 15-20
Leg Curls- 6 x 15-20

Back

Bent-over Barbell Row (standing on a bench)- 5 x 10
Giant Set
Wide Grip Pulldowns- 5 x 10
T-Bar Rows- 6 x 8
Chins- 5 sets, as many as possible.

Triceps

One Arm Dumbbell Extensions- 5 x 10 reps
Pushdowns- 5 x 10
Skullcrushers- 6 x 8
Close Grip Bench- 6 x 10

Calves were trained every day, alternating light and heavy days.

Though there weren't really any weights associated with the workout, one can assume that Corney trained pretty fucking heavy- Jusup Wilkosz wouldn't have allowed anything else after serving as Arnold's training partner as long as he did. As such, you have to respect the 180-200 reps of squats he did every week, as Jusup was known to be a fairly good squatter. Awesome for a young buck, but out of this world for a dude over 50.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #8- Milo of Croton



Paul Anderson was certainly an innovator, with his hole-in-the-ground-out-of-which-he-squatted-until-he-was-a-fucking-beast, but his innovation fully pales in comparison to that of Milo of Croton, who one day decided that he liked steak so much, he would carry around an ox calf on his back until it was big enough to be worth eating. So that's what he did. Every day for four years, he heaved a calf up onto his back and carried it around. Four years later, Milo walked around the stadium with the ox on his shoulders, then killed the thing, roasted up some steaks, and ate them right there in front of the throne of Zeus. I might hate progressive overload more than I hate AIDS, but that's some tough shit right there, especially given that a newborn calf weighs around a hundred lbs, and a mature bull weighs between one and four thousand pounds.

Do the math on that. We'll say, for the sake of argument, that the calf weighed 100 lbs when he threw it on his back, and it weighed 2000 lbs at the end. That means that over the course of four years, it gained 1900 lbs. There are 1460 days in four years, so it gained about 1.3 lbs a day. Not enough to be noticeable, for certain, but it probably started adding up when that fucker got to be 500 lbs. No matter to Milo, though, since he still picked the fucker up and walked around with it on his back as he went about his daily schedule of training, eating, and general ass-whipping.

Milo, who was born in Italy (Magna Graecia), was well known for his feats of prodigious strength and for his voracious appetite, in addition to the fact that the guy was, for all intents and purposes, a living embodiment of Hercules. He was reputed to have been able to burst a band about his brow by simply inflating the veins of his temples and hold a pomegranate without damaging it while challengers tried to pry his fingers from it, in addition to clean and pressing a full-grown bull. If that wasn't enough, he had a wrestling career that spanned 26 years (536-520 BC), during which time he won 6 Olympic crowns, 7 at the Pythian games, 10 at the Isthmean games, and nine at Nemean games. Even Kurt Angle seems like a pussy by comparison.

Aside from crushing ribcages and lives in wrestling, Milo led Croton warriors against neighboring Sybaris while dressed like Hercules, rocking his Olympic crowns, a lion skin, and carrying a giant fucking club. Outnumbered 3 to 1, the athletes from Croton crushed the Sybarites on the field of battle, led by Milo himself.

I don't know about you, but I DEFINITELY want to storm the field one day, slaying my enemies while brandishing a large club and wearing nothing but animal skins, with the knowledge that I am unstoppable and nearly invulnerable to any and all human violence. We can all take a page out of Milo's book, though, and come to the realization that a focused human male is physically and mentally unstoppable, and that we're as brutal as we fucking want to be.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #9- Jack "I Can't Die, It Will Wreck My Image" LaLanne



"Remember this: your body is your slave; it works for you."
- Jack LaLanne

Some of you might be questioning why I would sully the hallowed lines of this fine book with the likes of a "fitness" advocate like Jack LaLanne. This is likely due to the fact that you are fucking stupid, or wholly ignorant of the massive mountain of awesome that LaLanne represents. LaLanne is to exercise as Honey Boo Boo is to embarrassing America, as Hitler was to embarrassing facial hair, or as Mickey Rourke is to plastic surgery. That is to say, foremost in his field and the first thing of which you should think when you ponder the subject of fitness.

The Godfather of Fitness was born in 1914, just after the Golden Age of Physical Culture's peak, and grew up in an era wherein people thought that weightlifting would do any number of horrible things, from making a man "muscle bound," to turning you gay, ruining your sex drive, stunting your growth, and possibly causing cancer. Additionally, this was the era in which margarine was invented, ushering in the current environment of refined carbohydrates and other assorted dietary nonsense with which modern man is now plagued. In other words, the world fucking sucked.

As a kid, LaLanne was a fucking maniac, to the point where he once attacked his brother with an axe, and later set his family's house on fire. As he grew older and more introspective, he came to blame his early lunacy to the fact that he ate too much sugar. While, I personally don't buy the fact that table sugar will drive a person completely insane, he was a bad motherfucker, and swears to this day that his current "sanity", or at least the abandonment of his propensity for random acts of violence against his family members on the eating habits he acquired from nutritionist Paul Bragg's recommendations. You might remember seeing Bragg's

name on various products in health food stores, most notably, Apple Cider Vinegar. In any event, LaLanne then came to eliminate everything made with white flour or white sugar from his diet, and instead began eating almost nothing but fruits, vegetables, and fish, a diet he maintained for the remainder of his life. In the 1950s world of meat, potatoes, vodka, and methamphetamines, however, health foods were somewhat hard to come by. As such, LaLanne opened his own health food bakery. Three years later (1936), LaLanne opened his first gym in Oakland, CA. This gym grew into a chain, and by the time he had become the foremost authority on fitness in the US and owned one of the largest chains of gyms in the United States (which eventually became Bally's Total Fitness). After selling his gyms, LaLanne went into business with supplement guru and godfather, Rheo Blair, the man who single-handedly popularized the type of protein drink with which everyone is familiar today. Additionally, LaLanne invented a shitload of equipment that's now standard fare in gyms, including the pulley systems so popular amongst cable crossover aficionados, the Smith Machine, and leg extension machines. Thereafter, the Godfather of Fitness established the longest running (if most horribly designed and scored), fitness show in television history, *The Jack LaLanne Show*, which aired from 1951 to 1985.

So what, right? He invented some shit. So did Nikola Tesla, and no one's calling him one of the Baddest Motherfuckers ever. Well, fuckface, I'm glad you brought that up. LaLanne competed in Olympic Weightlifting and bodybuilding, and is renown for his badass birthday stunts. The following is a list I copied directly from his Wikipedia entry, and these are some fucking impressive stunts:

- **1954 (age 40):** swam the entire length of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, underwater, with 140 pounds of equipment, including two air tanks. A world record.
- **1955 (age 41):** swam from Alcatraz Island to Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco while handcuffed. When interviewed afterward he was quoted as saying that the worst thing about the ordeal was being handcuffed, which reduced his chance to Star Jump significantly.
- **1956 (age 42):** set a world record of 1,033 push-ups in 23 minutes on *You Asked For It*, a television program with Art Baker.
- **1957 (age 43):** swam the Golden Gate channel while towing a 2,500-pound cabin cruiser. The swift ocean currents turned this one-mile swim into a swimming distance of 6.5 miles.
- **1958 (age 44):** maneuvered a paddleboard nonstop from Farallon Islands to the San Francisco shore. The 30-mile trip took 9.5 hours.
- **1959 (age 45):** did 1,000 star jumps and 1,000 chin-ups in 1 hour, 22 minutes and *The Jack LaLanne Show* went nationwide.
- **1974 (age 60):** For the second time, he swam from Alcatraz Island to Fisherman's Wharf. Again, he was handcuffed, but this time he was also shackled and towed a 1,000-pound boat.
- **1975 (age 61):** Repeating his performance of 21 years earlier, he again swam the entire length of the Golden Gate Bridge, underwater and handcuffed, but this time he was shackled and towed a 1,000-pound boat.
- **1976 (age 62):** To commemorate the "Spirit of '76", United States Bicentennial, he swam one mile in Long Beach Harbor. He was handcuffed

and shackled, and he towed 13 boats (representing the 13 original colonies) containing 76 people.

- **1979 (age 65):** towed 65 boats in Lake Ashinoko, near Tokyo, Japan. He was handcuffed and shackled, and the boats were filled with 6,500 pounds of Louisiana Pacific wood pulp.[18]
- **1980 (age 66):** towed 10 boats in North Miami, Florida. The boats carried 77 people, and he towed them for over one mile in less than one hour.
- **1984 (age 70):** Once again handcuffed and shackled, he fought strong winds and currents as he swam 1.5 miles while towing 70 boats with 70 people from the Queensway Bay Bridge in the Long Beach Harbor to the Queen Mary.

That shit is officially insanely hardcore, but there's more. Through his 90s and until his death, the guy still trained two hours a day with 1.5 hours of lifting and a half hour of swimming a day. No one this side of Mariusz Pudzianowski has a regimen that matches LaLanne's, which would probably lead some people to call bullshit on the entire "myth" of LaLanne. I imagine that's what the Oak thought, too, when he took LaLanne up on his \$10k challenge, which put LaLanne's cash up against anyone who thought they could hang with LaLanne through one of his insane workouts.

"When Arnold Schwarzenegger came to America in 1968 and became an instant sensation on the Southern California muscle scene, LaLanne challenged the kid to a duel at Muscle Beach. The Austrian Oak was 21; the Oakland Oak was 54.

'I beat him in chin-ups and push-ups,' LaLanne says. 'He said, 'That Jack LaLanne's an animal! I was sore for four days. I couldn't lift my arms!''" (Ostler)

Yup. That fucking happened. A 54 year old LaLanne took out the inimitable Arnold Schwarzenegger out in the gym, when the Oak was in his prime and LaLanne was already an old man. On top of that, LaLanne was, like all manly men of his generation, a scrapper. According to LaLanne:

"[Every man should know] how to defend himself. I learned wrestling and boxing and all that when I was young. I've never lost a fight yet. One of the first ones I had I was in this restaurant in San Francisco. These college kids came in. They were athletes. They started saying, "Hey, muscles," and making fun of me. Finally one guy says, "You know, I would like to beat the hell out of you." And I said, "Okay, come on. Let's go outside." He followed me out with his friends, and I took this guy, I whacked him, knocked him out, threw him over the hood of my automobile. Then four or five other guys came at me, and I knocked them all on their asses. I went back in that restaurant, and I tell you, people treated me like I was king" (Thompson)



If you're interested, here's an exercise LaLanne loved:

Jack LaLanne Pushup

1. Place feet wider than shoulder width and extend arms all the way over head in line with shoulders. Arms should be straight. In the "up" position you'll have a slight bend (flexion) in your hips.
2. Lower body from three points--the hips, elbows, and shoulders. No one point will bend that much--just equal out the downward travel movement from all three points as you drop a few inches.
3. Push hard through hands and use core to lift body back into starting position (Ostler).

Did I mention that at age 90, LaLanne still claimed to have "an active sex life"? Yup. Even his fucking cock is unstoppable.

So, let's recap- LaLanne built a massive fucking fitness and nutrition empire, innovated heavily in supplementation and exercise equipment, trained like a fucking maniac, was apparently immortal (at least until he died), and whooped Arnold's ass in the gym, in addition to the fact that he is one of the first outspoken Paleo advocates ("If man makes it, I don't eat it!"), and he still gets laid on the regular into his 90s.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #10- Chuck Sipes



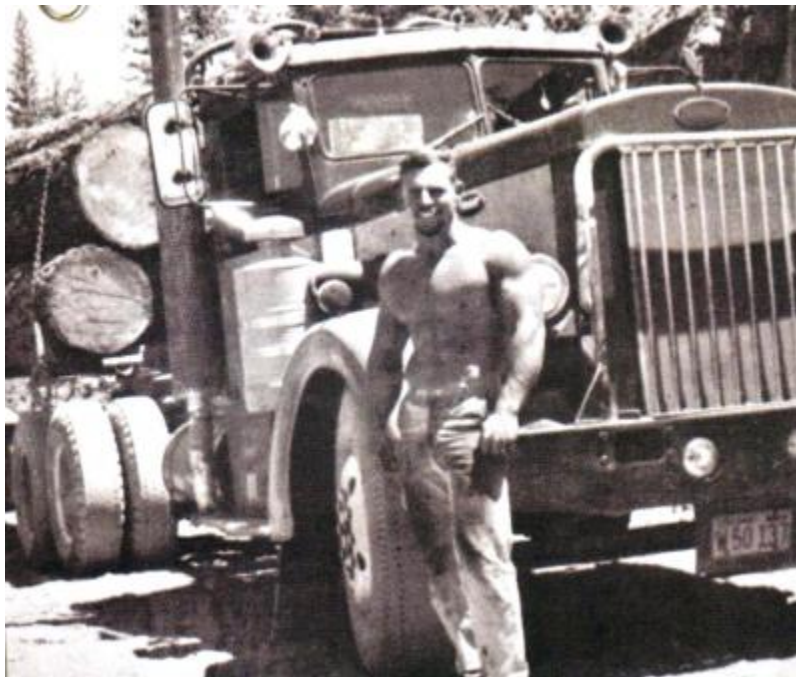
What the fuck is the world coming to? First, I post a blog about a felon, then a "fitness" guru, and now a full-blown bodybuilder. I must have lost my fucking mind, right? I'm crazier than a Kim Kardashian clone after being snubbed by a Paris Hilton clone and chased down the street by a Perez Hilton wannabe dressed in Liberace's finest!

Nope. This, fuckers, is all about taking what you need from those who can provide it and chucking the rest. It's a weightlifting paean to Bruce Lee's philosophy of amalgamating the most effective fighting styles into his own, and a nod to everyone who's ever thrown anything they could find in the fridge and cupboard into a pot and unwittingly produced the best fucking chili anyone ever ate. Additionally, it's not unlike the Paleo crossfitter who buys a burger and tosses the bun- there's something to be learned from just about everybody, and no one's above analyzing the greats from any sport to help propel themselves to a semblance of that greatness.

As intolerable as I find the term "power bodybuilder", since it smacks of oily, pastel-colored-spandex-clad musclemen lifting shit poundages while grimacing in Weider mags, Chuck Sipes could be considered as such. He could also, however, be likened to men like Sandow and Aston, who were simultaneously professional strongmen, competitive strength athletes, and bodybuilders. Inclusion in that list of venerable strength athletes is no small thing, and just as those individuals were no small men, neither was Sipes- he was a brutal beast of an individual, who in a bygone era would have been slaying dragons with the mystical leg bone of a

hunchback on his way to an orgy with some nubile, corseted, castle-tower-imprisoned virgins.

In spite of the fact that Sipes grew up to be manlier than any ten men combined whom you've ever met, he grew up a somewhat scrawny kid. As he wanted to play high school football like any other red-blooded American boy, he enlisted the aid of his neighbor, weightlifting equipment luminary Chuck Coker (who later founded Universal Equipment Company). Utilizing the techniques he learned from Coker, Sipes developed a brutal lifting regimen that eventually afforded him a 570 lb raw bench, and the ability to bend bars at will.



Did I mention the motherfucker was a full-on lumberjack, who worked 12-hour shifts cutting down trees during periods of contest prep? No? Well, he was. Chuck Sipes was officially tougher than anyone you've ever met.

Sipes didn't waste time with losing. He found it to be distasteful and to be avoided at all costs, and thus he amassed a brutal succession of victories that he wedged in between mentoring juvenile delinquents and lifting insane amounts of weight for no reason whatsoever.

Height: 5' 9

Weight: 220 lbs.

His measurements included

Arms: 19 "

Chest: 50"

Waist: 32"

Thighs: 25 "

Calves: 18"

Forearms: 18"

Lifts:

Bench Press- 570 lbs.

Squat- 600 lbs.

Standing Barbell Curl- 250 lb.

His Contest History (History)

1958 Mr. Northern California- 1st

1958 Jr. Mr. America- 3rd (Western section)

1958 Mr. America- 9th

1959 IFBB Mr. America- 1st

1960 IFBB Mr. Universe- 1st

1966 Mr. Olympia- 3rd (won by Larry Scott)

1967 Mr. Olympia- 2nd (won by Sergio Oliva)

1967 NABBA World Championships- 1st

1968 Mr. Northern California- 1st

1968 IFBB Mr. World- 1st (The Mr. Olympia was held the same day, and had also taken time to perform strongman stunts.)

1970 IFBB Mr. Universe- 2nd (medium class)(Arnold won 1st)

1974 Mr. Pacific Coast- 1st (over-40 class)

Faced with the horrifying prospect that life wasn't worth living without any competition of which to speak, Sipes decided to off himself in 1993, granting us lesser mortals the opportunity to finally achieve the pinnacle of badassness, since there wasn't a single motherfucker on Earth who could challenge Sipes in physique or strength at his age. While he was still drawing breath, however, Sipes was well-known for having unbelievably badass abs, especially for that era. Sipes espoused a style of ab training that definitely falls in line with that of a true ChAoS and Pain hooligan:

"I feel that SPEED OF MOVEMENT in abs training is the KEY to ZENITH development in the abdominal region. I always tried to CONCENTRATE on rapid, quick movements with continuous tension and flexing in the movements of waist work. I might mention that that I didn't sacrifice strictness of movement in the exercises. The speed of movement is obtained over a period of many months while on this SPECIAL program. The increased speed of movement per rep doesn't happen in the first month of training. From what I have observed from my many travels and training with many bodybuilders, most don't concentrate on this speed of movement in their abs programs."(Weis, Sipes)

To determine the proper exercises and his set and rep range, Sipes went by the feel and effect of the exercises in previous workouts and experimentation with different movements. Sipes believed that he could feel out a good workout, rather than following a set regime in which he followed a system of glacial, unrelentingly boring, counter-intuitive, artificial, incremental progression. Additionally, like any rational, thinking person with a belief in biology, the theory of specialized adaptation, and a general belief in the theory of evolution, Sipes said, "Whenever I specialize on a body part, my stamina and endurance improve remarkably. In this way, the

muscle ache and tightness I spoke of subsides quickly and in this way, there is less rest between sets" (Weis, Sipes).

He also believed in super-short rest periods, claiming that he rested "only momentarily, probably less than 10 seconds. On most regular type exercise schedules, my rest periods between sets are around 20 to 30 seconds and no more" (Weis, Sipes). Additionally, he followed a super-intense, C&P-worthy split, in which he trained, get ready for it, 15-20 minutes of abs 6 days a week, twice a day for the first 6 months, and the 6 days a week, 3 times a day, the second six months. There was no retarded Stuart McRobert-loving whining about how he had bad genetics, or a Mentzer-esque love for abstaining from the gym in deference to the library, wherein he would have spent countless hours misinterpreting an extremely simple subset of Russian philosophy, but rather a dedication to busting his ass on the exercise on which he wanted to get very, very good. Interestingly, his 15-20 minute block schedule is highly reminiscent of the Bulgarian methodology... and both are highly successful in creating champions. Coincidence? I think not.

Ah, but "what was the rest of his program like?" You may be wondering this. Just as fucking brutal. The man was a goddamn bulldozer, crushing weights all fucking day long, breaking hearts and spines all the live-long day. According to Dennis Weis, Sipes believed in training often, training heavy, and doing a shitload of supports and partials do build sick tendon and ligament strength (Wise, Power).

Bench Press Routine

Chuck would begin training at least 6 months before a meet. This is a five days per week routine which is very intense. There is much direct effort stimulating the ligaments and tendons.

Monday & Wednesday

Bench Press- Warm up Prone, regular grip - 2 sets x 10 reps; Work sets 2 x 6, 2 x 4, 2 x 2, 4 singles.

Tuesday & Thursday

Heavy Supports - 5 x 8 (100 lbs. over best press from way down to lockout).

Prone - Close to maximum poundage.

Heavy Supports - 150 lbs. over best press, holding with a slight elbow bend.

Prone - close to maximum poundage.

Friday

Incline Press- 4 x 6.

Dumbbell Incline Press- 4x6.

Pullovers, very light weight, deep breaths following 1 minute skipping - 2x20

Flat Flyes, very deep breaths - 4x8.

Squat Routine

Full Squat- 2 x 8, 2 x 6, 2 x 4, 2 x 2, 2 x 1

Quarter Squat- 6 x 10

Leg Press- 8 x 6

Deadlift Routine

Regular Deadlift- 2 sets of 8 reps, 2x6, 2x4, 2x2, 2x1.

Rack Deadlift (from below knees)- 6x4. Use the same position as for your regular deadlift at this height.

Deadlift Holds- 6 sets of 1 minute each.

Chuck mentioned that to deal with tender calluses, soak the hands in a tuff skin solution.

So, in summary:

- Chuck was a bad motherfucker
- He trained around the clock on lifts on which he wanted to improve.
- He was strong as a fucking bull moose and took no shit in competition.
- He was simultaneously ripped to fucking shreds and insanely strong.

Go to the gym and fucking Sipes yourself!

*by "Sipes yourself", I mean get strong as shit and lean as some Laura's Lean Beef, not auto-asphyxiate yourself while wearing bondage gear and woman's lingerie, David Carradine style.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #11 - John "Intensity or Insanity" Defendis



When people think old-school training, this is the guy they're thinking about. John Defendis came up in the 1970s, when training was all about crushing weights for endless sets, running around screaming like an asshole, and bitch-slapping anyone dumb enough to get in their fucking way. Contrary to the speculation of endless droves of weak-willed internet pussies, this was not a mindset created by drugs, and a workout only survived through the consumption of copious amounts of anabolics- this was the way everyone trained, because they didn't suck at life. Moreover, the few tabs of d-bol they were taking in those days were no more gear than anyone who's doubled the dose on a Superdrol knockoff has taken, so before any of you even get started down that path, I'll posit that you don't know what the fuck you're talking about and should perhaps keep your inane comments confined to your head.

Defendis began his epic bodybuilding career as a disciple of one of the meanest motherfuckers ever to enter a gym, Steve Michalik. If you've never heard of Michalik, think "pedophilic mustache and ripped abs" and conjure up any image you can from 1980s bodybuilding reading material. Still nothing? You suck. Michalik was a Mr. America and Mr. Universe winner, and he was also the progenitor of the Intensity or insanity regime that later made Defendis so popular, and the bearer of a mustache so awful that the motherfucker had to bring the pain

inside the gym, or risk constant accusations of diddling small boys and abducting little girls in his Big Red Van.

In any event, it was in Michalik's gym that he and Defendis put the finishing touches on what has since been regarded as the benchmark for weight room lunacy. This gym, I might add, boasted a sign at the front emblazoned with the phrase "Up Your Dose!", and the sign-in pen was a ballpoint filler inside of a syringe. These guys were not fucking around. Before you fuckers begin to swoon and cry "foul play" due to the obvious and blatant use of anabolics, I'll remind you that this was the late 70s- GH didn't exist, and a heavy steroid regimen was probably more akin to a jacked high schooler's supplementation program than a modern bodybuilder's.

That stated, here's a rough outline of what they did, because they had no set program:

- split the routine into two parts- legs and back the first day and chest, shoulders, and arms on the next day. Calves and abs are worked at every training session.
- train two days in a row and then rest the third day.
- repeat pattern of two on and one off indefinitely.

Sounds simple enough, right? No biggie, right? Fucking wrong. Michalik and Defendis became famous for ultra-heavy giant set training that involved 40, 50, and even 75 set-per-bodypart workouts. They would rope off their area in the gym, scream at anyone who came near, and wreak fucking havoc therein. They'd do shit like this:

"Michalik struts across the gym floor with a set of 60 pounders for incline flies. I know the routine. Three benches, three exercises, all sets to failure. Nonstop ass-kicking supersets. Steve begins with almost 300 pounds on the incline Smith machine. He then proceeds to the second bench to complete a set of incline flies, and finally, pullovers across the last bench with a 100 pound dumbbell" (Defendis).

and this:

"50 sets of heavy barbell curls? Been there. 30 sets of squats. 500 pound inclines. 100 pound dumbbell curls. 90 pound dumbbell laterals. 60 set back workouts" (Ibid).

and:

"Squatting 450 for 40 reps to the floor, warming up with 315 on the Incline press for 30 reps, doing 50 sets of barbell curls for biceps and 60 sets of heavy back work!" (Ibid).

and the fucking capper:

"We never did less than 40 sets for each body part and sometimes as much as 100 sets for a single area" (Ibid).

Between them, Michalik and Defendis sent more people to the hospital than AIDS and cancer combined. Defendis himself spent a weekend in the hospital after his first week of training with Michalik, and they felt that it was a measure of a true man to cowboy up and return to Michalik's den of pain for a second go at greatness after a quick trip to the ER with rhabdo. Shitting blood didn't stop these motherfuckers- they were hardcore to a level of extremity usually reserved for special operators and Crossfitters (the sarcasm should be obvious). The best part about it? They fucking laughed at the guys in the hospital and went around telling other gym members that the motherfucker they just hospitalized was mentally weak, and might as well take up badminton or croquet.

His Bio:

Born: 1958

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 225 lbs. (though he apparently weighs a lean 260 these days)

Titles Won:

- 1977 AAU Mr. New York City
- 1978 AAU Mr. Atlantic USA (Teen)
- 1983 NPC Western America Championships
- 1988 NPC USA Championships

Since retiring, Defendis has trained everyone from pro-baseball star Mike Piazza to politicians like Newt Gingrich, pro boxer Andrew "I will punch you dead in the nuts repeatedly" Golata, and even clothing designer Calvin Klein.

The fact that Michalik and Defendis lived through these projectile-vomit inducing workouts, much less thrived and grew on them is a testament to the human spirit and the ability of the human physical form to adapt to any and all stress and THRIVE. After reading about these workouts, I'm fucking embarrassed at the way I half-ass it through the gym, because I can do more. Defendis has shown us the way.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #12: John Grimek



Have you ever thought to yourself, "Maybe I should plan out my workouts? That shit might work better... after all, that's what everyone else does"? Well, here's a newsflash, fuckface- **everyone else sucks**. I know, you might think you know someone who doesn't suck. Consider this for a second: are they alive right now? If so, they likely suck. This includes me- I'm aware that I'm alive and have not yet attained the strength or muscularity of people of bygone eras (1), nor have I fucked my way through multi-thousands-broad harems (2), slain any dragons (3), or done any of the other insanely cool shit that used to occur.

The following measurements are from 1940/1941:

Height: 5'8 "
Weight: 195 lbs.
Neck: 17 inches
Arm: 17.5 inches
Forearm: 14 inches
Chest: 47 inches
Waist: 31 inches
Thigh: 25 inches
Calf: 17 inches
Wrist: 8 inches
Ankle: 9.8 inches

In other words, he was jacked to shit, pre-gear. Testosterone wasn't even synthesized until 1937, and steroids weren't even introduced in the Eastern bloc until the 40's, so it's fairly certain Grimek was drug free for most, if not all, of his career. His career included the following highlights:

1939 York Perfect Man
1940 Mr. America
1941 Mr. America
1946 Most Muscular Man In America

1948 Mr. Universe Short & Overall

1949 Mr. USA

Basically, this motherfucker was the shit. How'd he get there? Training way too fucking much, by any modern standard. What'd he do? This shit:

"I'd usually train about five days a week and sometimes six. How long? Sometimes when I felt ambitious and I wanted to do more, it would take four to five hours. Normally it would not last more than two hours at the most. I trained everything in every workout-I didn't do what they call split workouts and train legs and arms one day, back and other stuff the next day. No, the only way I ever isolated a group of muscles was when I was finished with my routine for the day and I still thought I needed more for my back or chest or legs or whatever. Then I threw in an additional two to three exercises and much heavier-you know, trying to maximize the thing. And that was it. What is called split training wasn't used then, although I had read somewhere that Hackenschmidt was using a method where he would isolate certain groups on certain days or else put more emphasis on a specific part while training the entire body on a given day. But I never had a yen for that. I was making progress all over, so there was no need for a concentration on a certain area. And I never found that training the whole body in each workout was too tiring. In fact, when I got through, I was feeling a helluva lot better and more ambitious and energetic than I did when I started" (Grimek).



In other words, he was, like everyone else we've thus far investigated, a man who trained what he wanted, when he wanted. He was a bad motherfucker who knew nothing of overtraining- he just trained his fucking ass off, and was a world champion as a result. As for programming:

"Instead of always taking an exercise and repeating it in sets four, five, six times, I often preferred, if I was working the arms, for example, to do five, six or seven exercises that were different. I felt that there were some deep-seated muscles that needed an extra jolt. And the only way to get that jolt was to either exercise it from another angle and see if you could make it function as fully as the other part of that muscle was working. And that's what I always tried to do. I did a lot of exercises for the same part of the

body. And it worked! At least it felt like it was working. That's why, when people ask me how I trained, I can't think back right now and say, "Oh, yeah, that was the one exercise I did which promoted everything." No, I cannot say that, because I did a variety of movements even for the same part of the body. And I would also do what I felt like doing on that day. That's the thing. If I felt I needed additional repetitions or additional exercises, I did it. But if I felt, "Oh, the hell with it! I've had enough of that," I would quit! See, there was no sense of a routine that was stringent in any way, something that I felt I had to do. The hell with it! I did what I wanted. If I started an exercise, and I found that I didn't like it or need it that day, I just bypassed it. In the beginning, of course, I followed a more formal system of training, like the kind you would get when you ordered a set of weights from a company like the Mb Barbell Company" (Grimek).

If that sort of thing were not enough, Grimek managed to train like this well into his twilight years. Unlike most of the people you've ever met over the age of 70, Grimek seemed to thrive on proving himself bigger, better, and tougher than any young bucks he saw.

"Well," says John. "I've done many possible stupid and strange things. One of which was squatting very heavy when I was between 74 and 75 (years of age) but I NEVER strained or fought going down, deep and struggling to raise up, never. In later years, say after the 30s (his age) when I squatted, I always did HIGH reps, and the last time was in my late 70s, I did squats, just simply because I wanted to do some training, but not the usual workout. One professional football player (Philadelphia Eagles) was visiting the gym and no one else wanted to train. He came up to see the guys train, but that I was the only one, none of the others wanted to do anything, but I needed a light workout, so I squatted."

"I began with 225 lb. and did about 28 consecutive reps. Then I added 90 lb more and did another 18 to 20 reps and continued in that fashion, adding weight, while cutting the reps and always working up to where I would do only one to three reps with 645 lb usually, but occasionally working up to 695 lb [when he was over 70 years of age, remember] and by then I already completed 75 to 80 reps. But as mentioned, I never struggled, for some reason I felt that was straining, avoiding that because I felt it did nothing for except cause pain. The visitor looked at me when I was finished doing 20 reps with the second set of 315 lb and asked, 'I thought you weren't in the mood to train hard?' I said I wasn't, but what the heck, squats are easy. He looked at me and said, 'I squat too, but on my best days I could never do that'" (Whelan).

Next person to brag about their squat gets punched in the fucking teeth, unless they're 70+ and squatting over 600. We are all a pack of pussies.

Get to squatting, motherfucker.

Footnotes for the preceding:

1. There's plenty of examples, but the Viking at Stamford Bridge single-handedly fought off an entire army of Saxons for an hour until being stabbed in the cock by a treacherous Englishman.
2. Khosrau II had a harem of 3000 wives, in addition to 12,000 other bitches. Epic.
3. This is more shitty than cool, but according to the Apocrypha of the Christian Bible, Daniel killed off the last dinosaur by poisoning it in a temple of Marduk, because he was a giant pussy. Should I ever meet one of his descendants, you'll see me piss on his corpse on YouTube. What kind of pussy poisons a dragon because it's an "abomination before god"? Moreover, who worships a god that hates dinosaurs? That's 11000 different kinds of fucking suck. (Bel and the Dragon, a book of the Apocrypha, http://wesley.nnu.edu/biblical_studies/noncanon/summaries/bel&dragon-notes.htm) Check out Ooparts for more evidence of man coexisting with dinosaurs.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #13 - Hermann "I Rock A Hitler Mustache" Goerner



How many people know a physical giant who easily lifts weights unknown outside of the gyms he frequents, who has fought in a brutal war and lost an eye therein, and then rocked the fuck out of the strength world thereafter? I only know of one- the guy who has held the record for the one hand deadlift for 90 years. Hermann Goerner.

Hermann Goerner leapt out his mother's womb, replete with Hitler mustache and an impressive set of guns, in Leipzig, Germany in 1891, a year before newly unified Germany adopted its national flag. I don't know if Goerner was just filled with the "we're going to crush everything in our paths and fuck its sister" nationalistic mindset of Imperial Germany, if he was just the shit all in and of himself, or if he embodied a combination of the two characteristics, but however he did it, he ended up one insanely strong, ripped, and mustachioed motherfucker. Many pundits and historians of the field of strength sports consider Goerner to be the single strongest human to have ever lived, after giving consideration to every kind of test one could preset to a strength athlete. Certainly, there are people who did and have since out-lifted him in a variety of events, but at least one of his lifts has not since been duplicated, in spite of the crazy advances in pharmacology, nutrition, and training science, and no one has been able to replicate his crazy, all-round strength.

To wit, here are some of Goerner's myriad strength feats:

- Goerner could bust out a two hands power clean & push jerk with a solid globe barbell weighing 330 lbs in street clothes, dead cold, with no warm-up, through his 20 year competitive career. Did I mention that the shaft of the non-revolving barbell happened to be 2 inches in diameter?
- In 1920, two decades before testosterone was isolated, Goerner pulled a one-handed deadlift of 727lbs, with a hook grip- no strap. Fucking sick.
- That same year, he also rocked a 595.5lb dead using just 2 fingers of each hand. Again, in 1920, he pulled 793.75 using a double overhand hook grip.
- He leg pressed 24 men, total weight 4123lb, on a plank with the soles of his feet, 1921. His best deadlift was pulled off in a weird manner, but his ripped up 830 using a 441 lb barbell, then had two men stand on either side. He locked it out and held it for a couple of seconds though... when he was 42 years old.
- He had a 275 lb power clean and strict press.
- He also accomplished a 363.5 clean and jerk. The best part about this is that his form apparently blew shit, and he just forced it up with retard strength and hate. George Jowett insisted that if Goerner had decent form, he could have put up 440 in that lift.
- He could also do an easy one hand swing of 220.5 lbs.
- He made a CROSSED-HAND snatch with 231.5. Give that a fucking shot sometime.
- Additionally, he managed a 430 lb two hands anyhow.
- And last, his best continental lift was 442.5.

As you can see from his pics, Goerner wasn't fat about it, either. He walked around in his prime at 6'1 and 264-293 in his prime. That's drug fucking free, bigger than most of the bodybuilders walking around today. Were he alive today, there'd be legions of slack-jawed pussies queued up online jabbering away about how he was juiced to the gills, that the shit he did was impossible for a natural lifter, that he was using fake plates, etc. You know- all of that good-natured, "here's why I

suck at lifting and at life" pontification that pervades the interwebs in our era bereft of both testicular fortitude and any discernible sense of pride or honor. The shit-talking would have begun at age 14 for him, by the way, as he was pulling off one arm swings with 110 lbs at that age.

In his prime, Goerner had:

Neck: 20" neck
Expanded Chest: 52.5"
Biceps: 18.75"
Forearm: 17"
Waist: 38"
Thighs: 27"

Goerner didn't get this physique and incredible strength by deloading and taking rest weeks and training four days a week, either. He trained 5 days a week at a gym that actually had a bar attached to it, and every lifter would place his personal beer stein on a shelf over the dumbbells so that he could go drinking after he finished. That's a fucking gym, right there.

His workout is as follows (Todd):

Monday

Two Hands Snatch- After loosening up with calisthenics he would work up in 8 or 10 sets of between 1 and 3 reps from around 125 to 300 lbs. on a good day.

Two Hands Clean & Jerk- Beginning with 220 lbs. he would work up slowly to near his limit, which was almost 400 lbs. It should be noted that he used a very shallow split style on both the snatch and the clean & jerk, barely dipping under the weight.

Two Hands Continental to the Shoulders- When he felt really well, he would put more weight on the bar after his heaviest clean & jerks and do several single continental lifts. He did them by taking the weight from the floor to his belt, then boosting it from there up to his shoulders. His best was around 450 lbs.

Two Hands Curl- Goerner usually did 4 or 5 sets of this, working up to a maximum super-strict rep or two with 220 lbs.

*If the weather permitted, he usually ended his sessions with either some slow running or some swimming.

Tuesday

Curl & Press with Kettlebells- Approximately 10 sets, going from 55 lbs. to 110 lbs. in 5 lb. jumps (2 kilo) jumps. These were done very strictly - usually only 1 or 2 reps with each arm, working up quickly to the 110 lb. bells.

Clean & Military Press- Approximately 8 sets of 3 to 5 reps, going from 198 to 264 in 22 lb. jumps, doing 2 sets with each weight.

One Hand Swing with Kettlebells- Approximately 8 sets (4 with each arm) beginning with 110 and sometimes going as high as 254 (using two kettlebells grasped in one hand).

Deadlift- Usually 6 to 8 sets, never exceeding 3 reps. He usually began with 440 lbs. (200 kilos) and worked up to almost 800 lbs. Often he would do his lighter sets without a hook, or with only three fingers on each hand, or two, or only one.

Wednesday

Rest

Thursday

Curl & Press with Kettlebells- Same as Tuesday.

One Hand Snatch- Usually, he would work up slowly in this lift, going from 110 to 220 with each hand.

One Hand Clean & Jerk- As in the snatch, he would do quite a few sets, always using low reps (usually just one), working up to a best of 265.

One Hand Deadlift- Alternating hands. Goerner would work up gradually in poundage from around 220 to over 700 lbs. on his good days, doing 10 to 12 sets.

Squats- During this period, he usually squatted once each week, never more, and he would begin with around 220 and work up to approximately 600. He never really concentrated on this lift. Again, he favored low reps, 3 to 5.

Friday

Clean & Press- Same as Tuesday.

One Hand Swing- Same as Tuesday.

Muscle-Outs with Kettlebells- He usually did these with "light" (up to 65 lbs. in each hand) weights and higher repetitions as a shoulder developer.

Grip Work- Often, Goerner would practice lifting heavy barbells and dumbbells with one, two or three fingers.

Saturday

Curl & Press with Kettlebells- Same as Tuesday.

Two Hands Snatch- Same as Monday.

Two Hands Clean & Jerk- Same as Monday.

Front Squat- From time to time he did these, going up to a best of over 500 lbs.

Two Hands Curl- Same as Monday.

Sunday

Rest.

Even after fighting in World War I and II, and being kept in a concentration camp during the Second World War, Goerner weighed 253 lbs and had an 18' upper arm at the age of 58.. That's what happens when you spend your whole life lifting brutal poundages, eating meat, and generally rocking peoples' fucking socks all day long.

Baddest Workouts Ever- Jeff King



We all probably wish we looked like we were photoshopped, but for most of us, that's merely a distant and ephemeral dream. Not so, however, for the biggest, baddest, freakiest motherfucker of whom you've never heard- Jeff King. Many reasons for this have been bandied about for why he abandoned bodybuilding, but King was, in his prime, considered to be an uncrowned Mr. Olympia even as an amateur. He had quads as big and detailed as Tom Platz with an upper body to match, and the biggest, most vascular neck anyone's ever seen. He apparently dropped out of bodybuilding due to the politics of the sport, and as such we never got to see the best of him. That's pretty horrifying, given the fact that Jeff King would likely have produced a physique that would never be replicated, and might have rivalled Ronnie Coleman for strength at his peak. In the picture above, for instance, King is only 22 years old and 230 lbs.- as such, he'd have another 20 years to pack on mass and gain muscle maturity if his career lasted as long as Ronnie Coleman. What he would have looked like at that point is mere fantasy, but that fantasy really could be considered a nightmare, since the sight of the man probably would have reduced the average passer-by to a pile of sobbing mush.

King's legs were perhaps his most impressive bodypart, as they were absolutely enormous, and comparisons of 1980s bodybuilders are often drawn between King and Tom Platz. His training regimen for legs was pretty unique, much like Platz's, and consisted of a three part cycle in which he'd do anywhere from four to ten reps per set and max out once every two weeks (King, Colescott). He trained each bodypart twice a week on a schedule that looked like this (King):

Day One- Chest, Back, Abs, and Neck

Day Two- Legs, Calves

Day Three- Shoulders, Biceps, Triceps, Abs, and Neck

Day Four- off

In the off-season, King's training differed somewhat from in-season, though he'd stick with the same basic exercises and just not push as hard. His two favorite leg routines, however, were these:

Off Season Leg Training

Front Squats- 3 x 8

Duck Leg Press (popular in the 80s, you'd place your feet so your heels were nearly touching and your toes pointed out at roughly 45 degrees)- 4 x 8

Hack Squats- 3 x 8

Leg Curls- 4 x 10

Standing Leg Curls- 2 x 10

Standing Calf Raise- 3-4 x 15-20

Calf Press- 3 x 12-15

"Powerlifting" Squat Routine

Back Squats- 135 x 12, 185 x 12, 225 x 10, 315 x 8, 405 x 6, 495 x 4, 495 x 4

Duck Leg Press- 400 x 10, 500 x 8, 600 x 6, 700 x 4

Leg Curls- 3 x 10

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #14- Bruce "I Dare You to Enter the Dragon, Motherfucker" Lee



Yet another Baddest Motherfuckers entry about a non-strength athlete!? Horrors! Not so, my friend. Bruce Lee was the motherfucking man, and there's something to be learned from his training. The Bulgarians have maintained for years that form follows function, and it's a philosophy with which both Bruce Lee and I agree. Bruce Lee trained for strength and power, from which he believed both speed and form would follow, and guess what? The motherfucker was correct.

"The impressive physique that Lee developed was a byproduct, or effect, of his primary concern. Leaping eight feet in the air to kick out a light bulb (as he did in the movies *Marlowe* and *The Way of the Dragon*) or landing a punch that was initiated from three feet away in five-hundredths of a second, were attributes of power and speed respectively, that Bruce Lee had worked long and hard in the diligent training of his body to obtain. The fact that he created an extraordinary suit of muscles as well was nice, but was never the primary objective behind his training" (Little 21).

Still unconvinced? Dr. Michael Yessis, Professor Emeritus at California State University Fullerton is considered to be the foremost expert on Russian weightlifting, and has stated that "world class weightlifters can out-do world class sprinters for the first 5-10 meters. Also, some had better absolute verticals but especially in relation to their size as for example Alexeev. This does not apply to all weightlifters, only the better ones" (Yessis), although this information is in dispute due to a lack of citation to back it. Based on his position as clinical advisor to the American Running Association and his close relationship with Yuri Verkhoshansky, I'm inclined to believe him, especially in that it supports most of my suppositions about training.

Lee's lifting credentials are somewhat sparse, though his incredible strength is evident in his incredible array of non-lifting physical feats. According to the man, myth, legend, and greatest human ever, Chuck Norris, Lee was "was pound for pound one of the strongest men in the world (Little, 22). According to Wikipedia, Lee was literally the love child of Superman and Godzilla, with the body of Brad

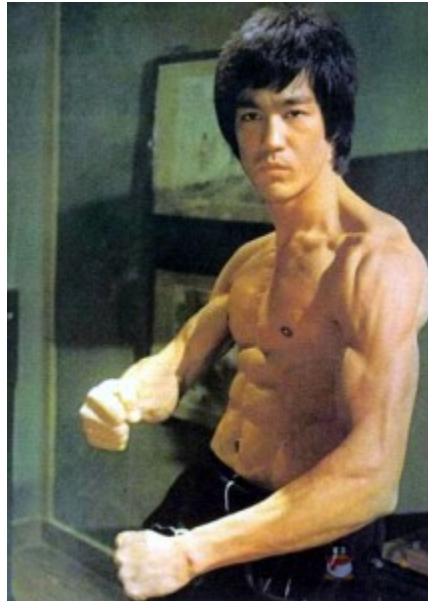
Pitt in Fight Club. There, they list the following, citing John Little's "Art", "How Did Bruce Lee Get Those Washboard Abs" by Jack Seal, "Bruce Lee: Two Finger Pushup" published by Maniac World, "Words of the Dragon: Interviews 1958-1973" by John Little, and "Lethal Physique" by John Little:

- Lee's striking speed from three feet with his hands down by his side reached five hundredths of a second.
- Lee could take in one arm a 75 lb barbell from a standing position with the barbell held flush against his chest and slowly stick his arms out locking them, holding the barbell there for 20 seconds
- Lee's combat movements were at times too fast to be captured on film for clear slow motion replay using the traditional 24 frames per second of that era, so many scenes were shot in 32 frames per second for better clarity.
- In a speed demonstration, Lee could snatch a dime off a person's open palm before they could close it, and leave a penny behind.
- Lee would hold an elevated v-sit position for 30 minutes or longer.
- Lee could throw grains of rice up into the air and then catch them in mid-flight using chopsticks.
- Lee could thrust his fingers through unopened cans of Coca-Cola. (This was when soft drinks cans were made of steel much thicker than today's aluminum cans).
- Lee performed one-hand push-ups using only the thumb and index finger.
- Lee performed 50 reps of one-arm chin-ups.
- Lee could break wooden boards 6 inches (15 cm) thick.
- Lee could cause a 200-lb (90.72 kg) bag to fly towards and thump the ceiling with a sidekick.
- Lee performed a sidekick while training with James Coburn and broke a 150 lb (68 kg) punching bag.
- In a move that has been dubbed "Dragon Flag", Lee could perform leg lifts with only his shoulder blades resting on the edge of a bench and suspend his legs and torso horizontal midair.

Clearly, the guy could do some impressive shit. In my mind, however, it was Lee's mindset that was the most brutal thing about him. Fuck kicking a huge guy across the room... the following is what he said to a friend:

"When running with a student who was much older than Lee at a 6.5 mile pace, the guy said he couldn't go any further than three miles, or he'd 'be liable to have a heart attack and die.' Bruce's reply? 'Then die.' Later, Bruce explained his response: 'if you always put limits on what you can do, physical or anything else, it'll spread over into the rest of your life. It'll spread into your work, into your morality, into your entire being. There are no limits. There are plateaus, but you must not stay there, you must go beyond them. If it kills you, it kills you. A man must constantly exceed his level'" (Little 23).

That, my friends, is what it's all a-fucking-bout. Fuck the hokey pokey. In the words of the great Ivan Drago, Lee pretty much fucking Russian-ed up and said, "if he dies, he dies." His lifting regimen was just as insane. The man is acknowledged for being an innovator and experimenter in fighting, as Jeet Kune Do makes a fairly good case for being the modern predecessor to MMA, and is likely integral in the formulation of MMA's training styles. He, however, didn't end his experimentation there, as he was extremely knowledgeable about exercise science and a variety of training methodologies, and he experimented wildly with them to find the ultimate weight training style. Lee believed that weight training was integral to the development of speed, as he saw speed as a byproduct of strength and power. Like his fighting style, he utilized aspects of a wide array of methodologies to find what worked for him, and his work remained unfinished at his death, we do know, however, that Lee trained "instinctively" (AOETHB, 22), which meant that he pretty much trained around the clock, be it lifting, running, kung fu, kickboxing, or grappling with the legendary badass Gene LeBell. He also incorporated some wacky old-school shit like the one arm clean and press, and used a wide variety of programs ranging from circuit training on free weights to the same on machine, to full body routines, to doing all sorts of crazy bullshit involving a weightlifting apparatus resembling a bow, called a Bull Worker.



According to Tom Bleeker, his experimentation didn't end there, as he stacked multiple steroids for long periods of time, cortisone for pain, and diuretics for definition. (Bleeker 45, 55, 95, 96) Additionally, used protein supplements, and used a TENS unit while he slept to get more muscular stimulus in while he slept.

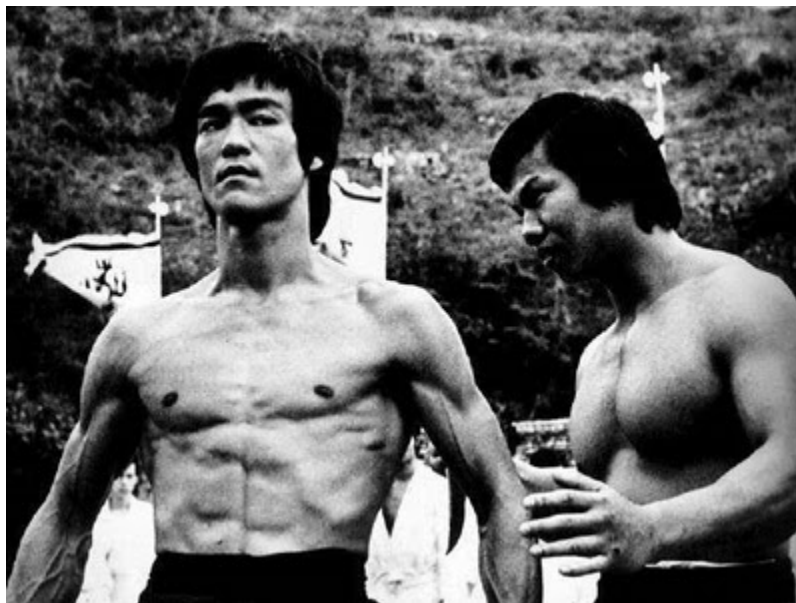
As for training, he might be most famous for his use of the precursor to circuit training, known as PHA. PHA (Peripheral Heart Action) consists of lifting in a circuit, whereby you alternate upper and lower body lifts. This system, "developed by Dr. Arthur Steinhaus, and popularized by bodybuilder Bob Gajda... [is] often confused with circuit training, [though] the goals are somewhat different. In PHA, trainees seek to keep the blood flowing strongly through the body, throughout the entire workout. The smaller muscles around the heart are worked on first, followed by the

larger muscles around the body's periphery. Although the basic structure of a PHA workout is similar to that used in Circuit Training, there is a key difference in approach. In PHA, exercises are selected that will enable the trainer to pump blood to the extreme ends of the body, aiding overall circulation and seeking to reduce a build-up of lactic acid.

For example, here is a 'typical' PHA workout. Note that the exercises alternate between focusing on upper and lower body muscle groups, with different areas being worked each time. These exercises would collectively comprise one cycle, with 5-6 cycles generally being performed. The resistance of each exercise is increased for each new cycle.

1. **Standing Overhead Press**
2. **Squat**
3. **Lat Pulldown**
4. **Standing Calf Raise**
5. **Push-up**
6. **Abdominal Crunch**

Each exercise is performed for 10-12 repetitions, with the trainee moving directly onto the next exercise at the culmination" (Bird).



He also trained on a Marcy Circuit Trainer while doing PHA. In December of 1972 he purchased "a nine station Marcy Circuit Trainer, which was shipped to him in Hong Kong and set up in the following month. This enabled Lee to take full advantage of the Circuit Training approach, with 30-60 sec bouts on each of the following stations" (Bird):

- **Bench press**
- **Lat pull-down**
- **Two high pulleys**
- **Two low pulleys**

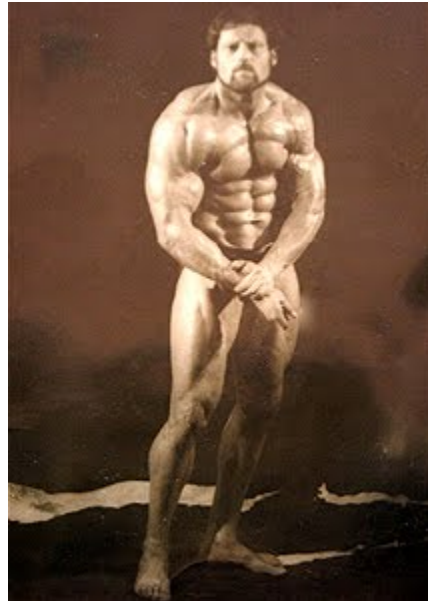
- **An isometric rack**
- **Roman chair**
- **Shoulder press**
- **Chinning bar**
- **Leg press**

Additionally, he did another full-body barbell workout John Little called the "Lethal Physique" Bodybuilding Program, which is odd because Lee trained for strength, speed, and power, not aesthetics, which is the goal of bodybuilding. That aside, this workout was the obvious byproduct of the fact that Lee read a lot of old-school physique culture books (it was reported that he owned a very dog-eared copy of Eugen Sandow's *Strength and How to Obtain It*) consisted of:

- **Clean & Press**
- **Squats**
- **Pullovers**
- **Bench Presses**
- **Good Mornings**
- **Barbell Curls**

Over the course of his career, Lee gained between 20 and 30 lbs. in spite of the fact that he was training literally around the fucking clock, on a tremendously small frame. According to the website Divine Wind, Lee weighed 155 in the scenes in *Game of Death* (1973), where he busted a pretty sick lat spread in the opening credits. Given that he started at a bodyweight around 125-130 in the mid-1960s, those are pretty fucking impressive gains. The moral of this story? Provided you are consistent, and you don't care if your training partners drop the fuck dead in the midst of a workout, gains will be had. Just stay away from hashish- that shit had Bruce looking like an old-school Michael Jackson right before he permanently fucked off.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #15- Ricky Bruch



So, I was thinking- today, I'm going to wrap my knees, do some weighted lying leg raises, then jump up screaming, smash a fucking light out of the ceiling, throw some random gym detritus across the weight room, and then run screaming out the room like I won the Olympics while getting a blowjob from Jenna Jameson. Alas, that shit is PLAYED, my friends, because Ricky Bruch, a madman who just might be Benny Podda's long lost twin, has already done it. On camera. I realize that such actions sound like the work of a champion of douchebaggery, but it's not so- it's the work of Swedes, and being that they descended from Vikings, produce the hottest fucking women on the planet, and they're famous for their meatballs, the can do whatever the fuck they want, whenever the fuck they want.

Ricky Bruch, for those of you who do not know, was an Olympic bronze medalist in the discus who still holds the Swedish NATIONAL record after he set it 20 years ago, and his record is still 8th in the world in 2010. He was also, as you can see from the above video, a fucking lunatic in the gym. He trained harder than anyone at the time, and this was the beginning of the lunatic 80s filled with Benny Poddas, Mike Quinns, and other maniacal, screaming assholes who spent 6 hours a day in the gym throwing weights around like they were children's toys.

A lot of accusations have flown around about steroids, etc, most of which are likely true. He did, though, allegedly take hundreds of vitamins a day after quitting gear. According to an interview I had to translate from Swedish (which is one odd fucking language), he "keep[s] on testing the herbal preparations as alternatives to the use of hormones. There are mixtures of herbal medicines used by primitive people the world over. [He] actually rang up soccer player Roger Milla, when [he] saw the well-grown players from Cameroon and Nigeria and it turned out that they all eat yohimbe bark. Systematically, [he has] since tried various mixtures [suggested by] elite athletes." His wacky herbal formulas include reindeer antler,

which he seemed to think improved his sperm count, as well as ultra-megadoses of vitamins and minerals (Ferm).



Other important feats:

- starred in a soft-core comedy-porn "Agent 69 Jensen i Skyttens tegn"
- fast curled 160 kg (at least by my estimation) from the hang. Video here.
- massive fan of the Behind the Neck Push Press, and fucking STRONG at it.
- was a big fan of high box squats with absurd amounts of weight.
- was an avid proponent of low reps.
- allegedly hijacked a small plane.
- appeared to double 220 kg in the bench (I'm estimating from pics)
- was apparently prevented from competing in the Olympics in the 80s, in spite of the fact that he had set an unofficial world record in the discus, for political reasons- he apparently slapped the Swedish track and field coach in the head... in public.

For those of you who care, this gigantic fucking neo-Viking stood 6'6" and weighed a svelte 309 in competition. He was clearly not a man with whom you'd fuck. According to Ricky, "Before major competitions, I was an artist who has the product ready in your head long in advance. I directed all I could do from the day of the race and back to the day that was - instead of vice versa! So when I threw 70.26 meters at the Stockholm Stadium, I knew in advance how much each and every cast would be, with some options, depending on winds. The Evening Post article had been completed the night before I threw!"

That, my friends, is seriously hardcore. After being denied the opportunity to compete in the '84 Olympics because of his Viking tendencies (although he would have apparently won by 5m with his Swedish championship throw), Ricky turned fully into Bennie Podda's twin, and moved way the hell away from everyone. Eschewing the public eye, which was impressive, given that in the 1970s he was half of Sweden's sports news, he turned to more rugged pursuits. In an interview, he stated that "I have also been one of the world's toughest survival courses because I want to see what I can do. It is well to do with how I always did my best at sports, who would be the best in the world need to cross borders that I didn't know I could handle!"

To recap, he's a modern day Viking who lifted weights until blood sprayed out of his face, banged a bunch of sluts, did porn, set a world record in the discus, wrote some poetry, directed some movies, hijacked a fucking plane to the middle of nowhere, lifted more weights, took several hundred pills a day, and then became a fucking mountain man after slapping the fuck out of his team coach, all while rocking a beard that would make Paul Bunyan look like Paul Reubens.

I know what you're thinking- "*another* fucking criminal lunatic as a baddest motherfucker?" Well, Hunter S. Thompson must've had it fucking right, then, when he wrote:

"I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me."

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #16- Bruno Sammartino



Back in the day, if a guy was a wrestler, he was a bona fide badass. The sport, which grew out of what were essentially MMA fights with less striking and more wrestling (catch style) was filled with bad motherfuckers who ate big, lifted big, and lived big. The Boy Scout who presided over what he perceived as wrestling's fall into the chemical years (of which Hulk Hogan is apparently the evil figurehead), was the great Bruno Sammartino, a man so beloved by Italians and wrestling fans that they stabbed one of his heel opponents, smashed his cars, and flipped over cabs he was in.

Bruno was an Italian immigrant who immigrated to the US due to WWII, landed on the shores of our nation without a fucking word of English in his vocabulary, and boasted a physique worthy of an Auschwitz beauty pageant. As such, a Jewish kid (of all the odd fucking things) dragged him to the YMCA to get him jacked so he'd

stop bleeding all over the kid's mom's carpet every time he went over to the house, since Sammartino was busy getting his ass kicked every five minutes. A couple of years of brutal fucking training later, Sammartino was a badass wrestler who received a scholarship offer for wrestling from the University of Pittsburgh, and then went on to win a bunch of lifting titles. In Sammartino's words, "I became, I thought, a pretty good wrestler. And I became a pretty strong guy to where I started competing in both Olympic lifting and power lifting. I stated setting some records, first city records, then state records. In 1959 I set some power-lifting record. That's when I did my 565-pound bench press. I did a 715-pound squat and a 690-pound dead lift. By now I'm a big guy, about 265 pounds, 270" (Benaka). Additionally, Bruno, who was apparently obsessed to the point of fucking distraction with the bench, bench pressed 315lbs for 38 reps in his prime. Not too fucking shabby, especially considering the fact that he was fanatically drug free, and he put up the 565 bench with a 2 second pause on his chest (Critical Bench). His workouts were fucking legendary, and weren't spurred by anything but Sammartino's imagination, his defiance against gravity, and his titanic brass balls.



He fueled his lengthy, brutal, and frequent workouts by eating his fucking ass off. At 5'11" and 270, Bruno had to have been a big eater, and according to interviews, he'd routinely put away 24 lamb chops or four pounds of steak at one sitting and eat breakfasts of 12 eggs, a loaf of bread, a whole box of cereal, and two quarts of milk (Post-Gazette). Rippetoe would have been proud of his total unwillingness to approach the dinner table with anything but contempt for food, and to stuff as much whole food down his gullet as humanly possible. Luckily, Sammartino wasn't overly concerned with showing up at competitions ripped to fucking shreds, and he was lifting 6 and wrestling 7 days a week, so he was training to a point where he'd likely have dropped dead of starvation eating any other way.

Think wrestlers don't get the fuck after it? Think again. Bruno, the hard-ass, Paul Bunyan motherfucker that he was, was always busy "doing amazing feats, such as picking up the 620-pound Haystacks Calhoun and dumping him so hard that the

center of the ring caved in. Or doing push-ups with two men on his back" (Post-Gazette). So, "what was his program?", you might be asking. From what I was able to glean from the spotty accounts online, and sifting through innumerable bullshit posts about his alleged routine, I determined that no one seems to know much, other than he trained a fucking lot. Larry Zbysko, Sammartino's protégé, still utilizes Sammartino's bench program with clients, which he did 2-3 times a week.

Bench Workout

Flat Bench

1 x 12 x 135

1 x 8 x 185

1 x 6 x 225

1 x 4 x 275

1 x 2 x 315

1 x 1 x 365

Then a constant increase in weight until reaching a max. Current Max: 485 lb

1 x 8-10 x 315

1 x 6-8 x 315

1 x 8-10 x 275

Incline Bench

3 x 8 x 245

Upright Rows on Cables

4 x 8-10

Biceps

Any Exercise

4 x 8-10 reps (one workout)

(Chasyn Rance)

Given that Sammartino himself stated that he benched 2 or three times a week, I think it's safe to say that that pantywaist bullshit you see floating around the internet masquerading as a Sammartino workout is a fucking sham. When he was 70, this was his workout, which he did 3 times a week, in addition to running 7 miles a day:

Lat Pulldowns: 5 sets of 15 reps: 130 lbs

Dumbbell Raises: 10 sets, 15 reps each arm, 40 lbs

Bench Press: 7 sets of 8 reps: 150-250 lbs

Dumbbell Bench Press: 5 sets of 10 reps: 100 lbs

Curl: 10 sets of 10 reps each arm: 40 lbs

Tricep Dumbbell Extensions: 4 sets of 15 reps: 40 lbs

Leg Extensions: 5 sets of 20 reps: 125-160 lbs

Crunches: 100

Leg Raises: 75

Leg Kickouts: 75

Alternating Leg Raises: 75

Bicycle Leg Exercises: 75

Vench Crunches: 100

(Vimeo)

So much for the frequent heavy workouts fucking up one's ability to lift when they're older, right? According to an interview with Sammartino on Youtube, this cave bear of a fucking man beat the shit out of several guys at once, with the Iron Sheik coming through with a key assist. When he was 51, he knocked out a former Steelers running back with one punch, and then proceeded to kick the shit out of 5 other guys with the help of the Iron Sheik. Apparently, Sammartino was backstage in an off-limits area and suggested the football player and his friends roll out. After the guy took a swing at Sammartino, Sammartino KTFO'd the guy and got jumped by the dude's friends, so the Sheik rolled in and they fucked up the lot of the pussies.

What'd we learn from this? Well, you can be a high moralist and still be Benny Podda-esque in your approach to training, you can out-eat any volume of training known to man, and lifting retardedly heavy and beating the shit out of your body every day will not necessarily lead to one being a fat, whiny, weakling, as many would assert. Time to put that assertion to the test, fuckers.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #17- Vasily Alexeev



Clearly, when I post about the baddest motherfuckers, I'm not simply out to find the strongest people ever, but rather colorful people about whom you might not know, and who had a rare combination of intellect, aggression, sense of humor, and brute fucking strength that very few people embody. I've gotten no shortage of comments and emails to the effect that various people of weak constitutions find my verbal shrines to such criminals and lunatics as Benny Podda and Charles Bronson objectionable, which is true. With that admission, I'll lay it out for you people in simple chapter and verse- if you're not offending anyone, you're living a sad, boring, trite life, you lack the ability or willingness to think for yourself, and you'll die completely forgotten. No one gives a shit about human robots who sleepwalk through life toeing every line that society puts in front of them, as those people are so pathetic that they don't even garner loathing- they live and die in utter obscurity, ignored by the world in which they refuse to actually live.

Thus, I present to you Vasily Alexeev, a man who was considered to be, hands down, the greatest super-heavyweight of all time, until that gigantic Iranian weightlifting machine Hossein Rezazadeh stepped onto the scene. Fuck HR- that man's so boring, I fell asleep twice reading his fucking Wikipedia profile. Allow me to introduce you to Alexeev, who was the Russian Mas Oyama of weightlifting, a general lunatic, and an innovator in training methodologies, the likes of which we'll likely never see again

As I stated above, Alexeev's considered to be considered the greatest, or one of the few greatest, super heavyweight weightlifters of all time, due primarily to the fact that he set 80 world records and 81 Soviet records in weightlifting during his career. Alexeev was considered a national hero in the Soviet Union during his career, and was even beloved by the neo-Stalinist Premier Leonid Brezhnev, who pretty much hated everybody. "Brezhnev loved Alexeev, considered him a symbol of Russian strength or, as it was said often, "the strongest man on the planet" (Iriston). Alexeev stood 6'1" and weighed around 350 lbs, and was a bona fide badass on the platform. His best lifts included:

Snatch: 418 lb (190.0 kg)

Clean and Press: 520.3 lb (236.5 kg)

Clean and Jerk: 563.2 lb (256.0 kg)

Total: 1419 lb (645.0 kg) (clean and press + snatch + clean and jerk)

Total: 979 lb (445.0 kg) (snatch + clean and jerk)

One Arm Snatch: 231 lbs. (105 kg) (Left Hand)

While your mind is reeling from those insanely gigantic numbers, consider this: he had no set training routine. At a time when everyone in Russia was forced to shit on a timer, and they were sent to the camps if their deuce was over or under the established Soviet limits for ass loafs, this guy was left way the fuck alone, and he got up to some crazy nonsense in the gym. "Vasily includes a great variety of exercises in his training", wrote Ivanov.

'Besides exercises in the snatch, jerk, or press, pull and squats, I have used many other exercises with the barbell and weights. Bends with the barbell on the shoulders; bends with the barbell on the shoulders while lying on the 'horse' bracing one's hips with the legs secured [back extensions - ed.]; jumps with the barbell on your shoulders; press on crossbars with weights; bending and unbending the arms in the elbow joints; squats on one leg; throwing the bar upward and behind; and other exercises. In addition, in the first year of the time span analyzed, these exercises consisted of, on the average, 360 lifts in the preparatory period and 158 lifts during the competition period. In the second year, correspondingly 841 and 506 lifts, and in the third 880 lifts a month'" (Ivanov).

Thus, his training variation was leaps and bounds beyond that of the Russians or the Bulgarians, both of whom restrict their training to the basics. Alexeev didn't stop with simple doing the occasional bench press or jump squat in the gym, either. He'd drag a shitload of kettlebells and loaded barbells down to a river, toss

the shit in the water, and lift in the middle of the river. He apparently believed that getting what amounted to a violent colonic with near-freezing water in the Volga was a bracing start to a snatch attempt. Due to a combination of factors, which were likely that everyone knew he was bat shit crazy, and the fact that Soviet guards likely would have shot anyone who stepped off the platform to attempt Alexeev's wacky routines, he trained alone. As he was left to like an ultra- old school Clubber Lang, Alexeev massively increased his training load, which according to Ivanov was regularly 40 tons per session. "The difference between my methodics [sic] and others is great," said Alexeev. "What is mainly different is that I train more often and I lift more weights than others. I never know when I will train. Sometimes deep in the night, sometimes in the morning. Sometimes several times a day, sometimes not at all. I never repeat myself. Only I understand what is right for me. I have never had a coach. I know my own possibilities bestly [sic]. No coach knows them. Coaches grow old and they have old ideas" (Ivanov).

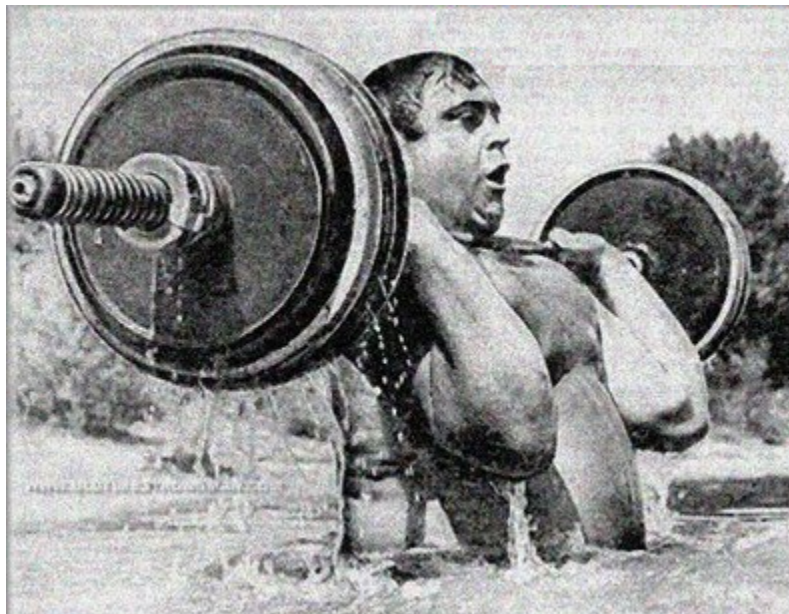
In other words, Alexeev knew that a cookie-cutter routine was not going to get him to the pinnacle of weightlifting achievements- instead, he said fuck you to everyone, trained around the clock, used crazy poundages, and did shit that's beyond explicable (like doing Olympic lifts in the Volga River) to increase his maxes. He even trained on his off days, calling them "vital days", and using them to do shit like cutting down trees. Though he lacked a beard, Alexeev apparently loved to play lumberjack when he wasn't in the gym (Sorin). In the spirit of never fully resting, Alexeev apparently invented the barbell complex- "Usually the athletes lift barbells and then immediately drop them. This takes several seconds. According to Alexeyev's method, the sportsman finds himself under the weight for a period of two or three minutes. The entire body must sustain this prolonged effort, as the athlete completes several consecutive exercises without letting go of the equipment" (Ivanov).

Though he looked like a massive wad of uncooked cookie dough, Alexeev was a bad motherfucker both in and out of the gym. I can find little more on his diet than he allegedly ate 36 egg omelets for breakfast, which he must've followed by loading a caulking gun with mayonnaise and injecting it directly into his femoral artery, because he was a fat motherfucker. We do know that the man liked to drink, and that he thought about as much about the traditional sports discipline of sleeping and refraining from getting hammered as he did about Russian training methodologies- they were a pile of horseshit. "When they were in the training hall sizing each other up Vasily was always gone only to return after hours. The other competitors slept in their beds like giant babes while "Uncle Vasily" ran up and down the halls drinking beer from the case held under his arm while throwing bottles and firecrackers in the other sleeping giant's rooms" (Sorin). It's not as though a 600 lb snatch is going to cure cancer, and Alexeev knew it- he was out to lift big weights, live big, and have a good fucking time. That said, he was apparently not above handing out an ass-whipping when one was warranted. Rudolf Plyukfelder, an East German who briefly coached Alexeev, said that Alexeev "already served time in jail for ruthless beating of a man. But they pulled him out from jail because he was a "pride of Soviet sport" (Malkin). You know you're a weightlifting badass when the cops let you out of jail so you can "represent yo' shit.

That's not to say the man was a drooling retard, either. He might have looked like a half-shaved and flabby gorilla, but Alexeev was an intellectual. He held a Master of Sport title and a degree in mining engineering, and spend a great deal of time pontificating about lifting. For instance, he often felt that improving a lift did not depend on improving one's technique, but rather on strengthening one's body to maximize one's strength with their existing technique. He said the following on that topic:

"What upsets me is that the method of training used by an overwhelming number of weightlifters, in spite of the amazing growth in records, is still at the same point it was in the fifties. For example, you want to improve your technique on the snatch - you practise the snatch; the jerk -- you practice the jerk. I tell them to correct their mistakes differently -- to strengthen separate groups of muscles. A simple example: an athlete is having trouble with the snatch. They advise him to start differently, to change his grip on the barbell -- wider or narrower. But it turns out that it's enough to build up a group of muscles which 'do the trick' with the maximum effort and he gets better results ..."

"We often see the effect but not the cause of what's lacking. If an athlete doesn't know how to jerk, he's not going to learn this only by jerking. But if he were to do some necessary exercises in order to strengthen a group of muscles (those necessary for the jerk) then he will get results. No one seems to understand that, even though an exercise does not 'lie' [functionally] right alongside the jerk, it influences, it gives you the jerk" (Ivanov).



Additionally, he encouraged people to think for themselves, rather than to blindly follow the recommendations for others. That's a sentiment that I currently echo, as I'm consistently horrified to find people who are willing to follow a stranger's recommendations about training and diet without thinking about the reasoning behind it. "Most important," Alexeev stated, "he must teach him to reason and make important decisions independently. Without thought there's no creation. And without creation, progress in our difficult work is impossible" (Ivanov). The ability to think for himself was one of the most important components of Alexeev's

competition preparation, and he credited it with handing him victories over far more physically impressive specimens, like Rigert and Reding.

"They say that the strongest wins. But the strongest in what way? I remember, at the time of the championships in Lima, that Reding in training lifted record weights. He had acquired a terrific strength and huge muscles, but he lost to me, even though he was physically stronger. Why? Serge and I had different ways of training. Others thought for him. He carried out the suggestions of his coach, Dupont. Roughly speaking, Reding took in 'the science of winning' through his ears. And this showed when he was on his own with the barbell. But, as for me, I thought for myself. Serge also lost because he wanted to beat me. That's all he thought about. He worried constantly and burned himself out before he even got to the platform" (Ivanov).

To Alexeev, and any man worth wearing a plaid shirt and carrying an axe, injuring oneself was merely a part of the learning process. On injuries, he said:

"It seems to me that some of the talented athletes lack one thing-- they haven't had an injury. That's right! An injury that will put them out of commission for a year during which time they'll have a chance to weigh everything. I, too, would not be where I am if I had not injured my back. I suffered for a year and a half thinking everything over ... After a misfortune, people pull through and become, if possible, great people -- and sportsmen, in particular. Those who are stronger find their way out and to the top" (Ivanov).

Although I am generally loathe to take advice from fat people, as their disgusting physique indicates to me a massive hole in their discipline and preparation, there's a great deal that can be taken from Alexeev's methodologies. Thinking for one's self and training in a manner that suits you, not some internet guru or allegedly renowned strength coach is the best path to success, provided that it's fueled by introspection and research, rather than half-assed idiocy. You're going to injure yourself at some point, and likely when it's most inconvenient, but that's simply an opportunity to better yourself. Most of all, being bat shit crazy and enjoying yourself is the linchpin to your entire life- no one gives a fuck about the guy whose favorite color is beige, and his favorite flavor is vanilla, and who listens to easy listening music while gently lifting light weights. Victory goes to the guy who will smash down the fucking walls like they're a modern day Kool-Aid man, and then fight, fuck, and think their way to winning.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #18- Ken "I Beat Up A Bunch Of Cops Once" Patera



Another douchey wrestler in tight pants? Yeah, and fuck you. For all of his bleach blond wigs and professional wrestling tomfoolery, Ken Patera was one of the baddest motherfuckers ever- strong enough to hang with Vasily Alexeev and crazy enough to be right at home with Benny Podda and Charles Bronson.

We might, at this point, have stumbled across the ultimate human being.

Pertinent Statistics, before we delve into the details of his awesome:

Height: 6'1.75"

Weight: 340 lb (at the 1972 Olympics)

Billed weight WWF: 256 lbs.

Best Lifts:

Power Clean: 501-1/2

Squat Clean: 515

Clean and Jerk: 505.5

Clean and Press: 505.5

Snatch: 387.5

Total: 1395

Press Behind Neck: 418, 405x2

Squat (belt only): 820

Front Squat: 650

Good Mornings: 573-3/4

Press off rack: 535

Overhead squat: 440-3/4

Steep incline press: 485

Bench press: 560 (a lift he never did and apparently put this up with ease)

Clean grip deadlift: 785x2

Snatch grip high pull: 440-3/4

Competitions

Set 84 National or higher level records

4 Gold Medals at the 1971 Pan Am games

Competed at 1972 Olympics

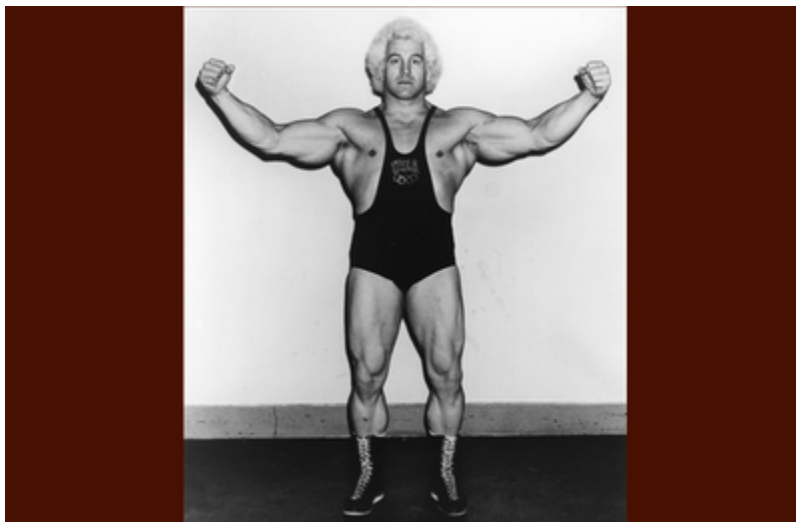
2nd in 1971 Worlds

3rd in the 1968 NCAA track meet (shot put)

3rd in the 1977 World's Strongest Man Contest (competed in only 5 of the 10 events)

Ken Patera was not born- he erupted from a singularity that was created when the world's first DVDA was consummated in 1942, coinciding nicely with our victory over the Krauts in World War II. Growing up in Portland, Oregon, Patera apparently took to the weights like a lesbian does vagina, and quickly became renown for being the strongest kid at his high school. To be fair, he was just about the only person there who lifted weights, as everyone else was afraid of becoming muscle bound, but little Kenny didn't give a fuck. Ken excelled in pretty much every athletic competition he entered, and was able to grab the rim from a standstill under a basketball net.

He was still able to do this years later, weighing 340 lbs., when he was training for the 1972 Munich Olympics. The 72 Olympics were a shit show for everyone involved, save for perhaps Vasily Alexeev. Patera was apparently favored to win, since no one could touch his strict press, but the asshole Palestinians decided to do the only thing they know how, and shot a bunch of civilian Israeli athletes the day Patera was supposed to compete. The competition was delayed indefinitely while the Krauts hunted down the terrorists and shot most of them, leaving the remainder for the Israelis. Patera took that time to attempt to fuck every broad in West Germany, and according Verne Gagne would have won the Olympics if he hadn't been out all night banging sluts the night before competition. As he was busy all night, and his hip flexors and extensors were likely completely exhausted from the beating they took in Patera's efforts to ease up in anything he could find in a dirndl, he bombed out on the snatch, crushing his Olympic hopes like the Hun vagina he had already dominated.



Patera became a "strongman" in professional wrestling in 1973, as a way to make money while training for another shot at Olympic gold. He dropped that dream when his best lift, the strict press, was dropped from Olympic weightlifting like a fat kid from an up-and-coming boy band. Wrestling, however, proved to provide him ample opportunity for success, and succeed he did. He was essentially an old-school Mark Henry in that they both blew ass at their Olympic efforts and they were both billed as the "World's Strongest Man"- a dubious claim, however entertaining. He kept that name even as his weight dropped to a bodybuilder-esque 250 lbs, as he competed in the 1977 World's Strongest Man and performed a variety of feats of strength on TV. Perhaps his greatest feat of strength was picking up Andre the Giant's fat ass, but his typical money moves were to stand against a wall and put his feet on the front bumper of an Econoline van, then have the driver gun the engine and spin the wheels, trying to crush him, in addition to your standard strongman fare, such as bending nails and iron bars, driving nails through boards, and blowing hot water balloons until they popped like a bad guy's head in Riki Oh.

I've no idea how reliable this is as a workout template, as it lacks any mention of sets, and it's pretty hard to believe that the guy did 15 lifts and then headed home for the next 48 hours, but he was a total genetic freak. This workout was in Milo, however, and at least give you an idea of the absurd poundages Patera was using while training for the Olympics.

Monday

Overhead Squats- 135x3, 203x3, 255x3, 295x2, 325x2

Front Squats- 225x3, 315x3, 405x3, 455x2, 520x1

Snatch High Pulls From Blocks- 225x3, 315x3, 365x3, 405x3

Press Behind Neck- 135x3, 205x3, 255x3, 305x3, 345x1

Wednesday

Press Off Rack- 135x5, 225x3, 395x2, 355x2, 405x1, 440x1, 480x1, 325x5

Clean Grip High Pulls- 255x3, 305x2, 355x2, 405x2, 455x2, 505x2, 555x2

Hyperextensions- three sets of ten (no weight)

Friday

Snatch- 135x3, 205x3, 255x2, 295x1, 315x1, 340x1, 360x1

Inclines- 225x5, 395x5, 345x3, 405x3, 430x1

Good Mornings- 135x5, 205x5, 255x5, 305x5

Patera, ever the caged maniac, was clearly bored with this lifestyle. As such, he found an appropriate outlet for his energies- grabbing his tag team partner, throwing a big-ass rock through the window of a McDonald's after hours, and then ambushing the cops when they came to arrest them. "The true tragedy began innocently enough. Late, on a snowy night, in Wakesha, Wisconsin, when a hungry Ken Patera went to a fast food restaurant after a grueling match. According to newspaper reports, Ken Patera was denied service, told the restaurant was closed for the night. It is alleged that Ken Patera and a co-defendant threw a rock through the restaurant window, resulting in a call to the police." In the ensuing melee, of which there were allegedly two, as Saito and the 43 year old Patera

utterly fucked up the first wave of cops, ignoring tasers and mace and breaking one of the cop's legs in the process, Patera earned his true status as a legend in strength sports. He then spent two years in prison, after which he returned to the ring for the second time. He continued wrestling on and off for another decade, proving to the world that it's not just Hulk Hogan and Rick Flair who can kick ass well into retirement age.

In summary, Ken Patera was an all-around badass who spent his days being stronger than everyone, one of the first WWF strongmen, an elite Olympic Weightlifter and powerlifter, the first American to lift over 500 pounds in both the military press and clean and jerk, the winner of four straight national championships in the shot put, and an avowed nemesis of both law enforcement and McDonalds.

Baddest Workouts Ever-Dana Linn Bailey

Every chick in powerlifting under 130 lbs should thank every god in every heaven that Dana Linn Bailey sticks to physique competitions, because this broad is beyond brutal. If you doubt me, consider this- she benches the 90 lb dumbbells for reps, knows the words to Blood for Blood's song "Maldito" (which is fucking awesome if you've not heard it), has the most insane set of abs on Earth, benches half her bodyweight for 128 reps, 220 for a triple at 128, front squats 135 for 7, and is so hot that if you looked right at her you'd go blind and insane. Making matters worse is the fact that she and her punk rock star / DJ / artist / jacked motherfucker husband both seem cool as shit, so we're all pretty well fucked if anyone ever draws a direct comparison. That aside, she trains with her husband and more like a guy than what you'd typically see in a female lifter, and busts her ass in the gym.



Her workouts are long as all hell, apparently so she doesn't have to do cardio to stay ridiculously lean. All upper body exercises are done for 4 sets of 6-15 reps and all lower body are done for 4 sets of 10-15 or 15-20 reps, as her legs are already pretty big and awesome from playing soccer through college (she played for West Chester University).

Monday

Incline Bench

Dumbbell Flat Bench

Pec Deck supersetted with **Pushups**

Incline Cable Flies

Decline Cable Flies

Tuesday

Wide Grip Pullups

T-Bar Row

Behind The Neck Lat Pulldowns

Seated Row

Pullups or **Pulldowns**

High Row supersetted with **Straight Arm Pulldowns**

Wednesday

Squats

Hack Squats (close stance)

Leg Extensions

Step Ups

Calf Raises

Thursday

Off

Friday

Seated Dumbbell Overhead Press

Lateral Raises supersetted with **Reverse Dumbbell Flies**

Front Raises supersetted with **Overhead Press**

Cable Lateral Raises

Rear Delt Spreader (on seated cable row)

Saturday

Sumo Squats supersetted with **Adductor Machine**

Lying Leg Curls

Dumbbell Stiff Leg Deads supersetted with **Standing Leg Curls**

Calf Raise

Sunday

Weighted Dips

Close Grip Bench Press

Straight Bar Curls

Reverse Cable Extensions

Cable Curls

If nothing else, you might want to take away from DLB's routine that if you break your ass in the gym for 9 hours a week, you can be as strong as a 128 lb chick... and if you're a chick and a powerlifter, pray this broad never jumps the line into our sport, or even the unstoppable juggernaut Jennifer Thompson is in trouble.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #19- Pat Casey



Nowadays, it's not uncommon to see a lot of guys weighing in the 200s benching 600+ lbs, so you'd think that a guy like Pat Casey would fall by the wayside in a discussion on big benchers. That, however, is because most people wouldn't take into account the fact that triple-ply bench shirts can double your bench, and equipped guys often can barely handle half their opener in a warm-up without their shirts or suits. Casey, however, was the first guy to ever bench 600, squat 800, or total 2000, and he did like a fucking beast in a t-shirt and shorts. How'd he do it? Sheer badassness, some sick genetics, schooling from the first guy to officially bench 400, and by never missing a scheduled workout. I'm not sure if you guys are seeing a pattern among these BME posts, but there's definitely a solid one at this point- consistency is the ultimate key. Through wind, through sleet, through rain or snow, bitch betta have my money, and I'm going to the mothafuckin' gym.

In regards to the second reason Casey was such a fucking beast- the strong cocksucker benched 420 at a bodyweight of about 215 when he was 17 years old. Hideously unfair, for sure, in the eyes on anyone who was, like me, pumped about a 285 bench when they were 17. Nor was this a big fucking deal for him- according to Bruce Wilhelm, "he did not have to check his biorhythm chart, or to be totally rested or to have his own equipment to do his best lifting on." Oh, and to add insult to injury, Casey competed only as a bodybuilder at the time, rather than a powerlifter.

That's not to say that Casey trained like a poofier- he trained in marathon sessions on a regular basis, doing 7-8 hour sessions of weighted dips. Once, at a bodyweight of 300, he did a single with 308 lbs hanging off him. Additionally, he'd occasionally bench with no spotter in a shed without electricity, by candlelight

(and nearly killed himself doing so on at least 2 occasions). This wasn't uncommon for him, as Casey trained by himself, reading magazines to motivate himself, and then just busting his ass for endless hours doing the most ridiculous shit of which he could think, like a neck bridge pullover and press with 405 lbs. According to the man himself, "At a bodyweight of 300 and using a 250 pound dumbbell I did 200 repetitions. I started with sets of 5, then 4, gradually descending all the way down to singles. I did this over a 7 hour period of time and I can readily attest to the fact that I was totally thrashed. I felt shot for the next two weeks. But for some reason at that time I felt that they helped. On several other occasions I did over a 100,000 pound workload dipping, working over a period of 8 hours."



Insane. Casey credited his massive benching power to his marathon dipping sessions, in addition to having done thousands of bench press lockouts in his homemade bench in the aforementioned shed. He mentioned that he got the guy from Marvin Eder, another bona fide badass who lifted insane poundages prior to the advent of lifting equipment or the prevalence of gear. Additionally, like Eder, his workouts were fucking beastly. Wilhelm lists the following as a typical week in the gym for Pat Casey:

Monday

Bench Press Lockouts- Singles from 4 inches off chest. 3 singles from 7 inches off chest. After lockouts, 2 sets of regular benches with 405 x 3.

Dumbbell Incline- 3 sets of 5 reps warm-up. 120 x 10, 200 x 3 sets of 5 reps. Best: 220 x 6 @ 285 bodyweight.

Lying Triceps Extension- 5-6 sets of 3-5 reps.

Chins- 2-3 sets of 8-10 reps.

Curls- 3 sets of 5 reps @ 100 pounds. I feel that I should have done more curling.

Tuesday

Squats- 135 x 5, 225 x 3, 315 x 2, 405 x 2, 585 x 2, 650 x 5 singles, 515 x 10.

Leg Extension- 3 x 20

Leg Curls- 2 x 12 reps.

Deadlifts From Below Knee- (working on sticking point) 315 x 5, 405 x 2, 515 x 1, 565 x 6 singles.

Wednesday and Thursday

Rest. I worked an 8 hour job during the day.

Friday

Bench Press- 135 x 20, 225 x 10, 315 x 5, 405 x 5, 515 x 1, 560/570 x 5 singles, 405 x 10, 315 x 20.

Seated Military Press- I had to turn my head to the side to get the barbell past my face. 135 x 10, 225 x 5, 315 x 3, 400 x 1, 315 x 5, 225 x 8.

Dips- Bodyweight x 3 sets of 5 reps, then 10 sets of 205 x 5 reps.

Saturday

Lockout Squats- above parallel, squat down and stop on pins. Dead stop. No bounce at the bottom. 135 x 10, 225 x 5, 315 x 3, 405 x 2, 515 x 1, 585 x 1, 650 x 1, 750 x 5 singles, finish with full squat - 405 x 5 with a pause at the bottom. These lockouts were mainly for the feel of handling heavy weight.

Leg Extensions- 3 x 20

Leg Curls- 2 x 12

He would also throw in some bodybuilding movements and neck work.

Monday

Wide Grip Seated Presses- Warm up with 10 repetitions and then do 10 sets of 5 reps. Finish with one set of 20.

Cheating One Arm Lateral Raises- Perform 5 sets of 5 repetitions and finish with one set of 20.

Cheating One Arm Front Raises- 5 x 5, 1 x 20.

Dips- With body leaning forward. 8 x 5, 1 x 20.

Wednesday

Handstand Presses Against Wall- With hands on boxes. 10 x 5. If you cannot do a complete press-up from the position do a half press until your strength increases enough to do full movements. You can add weight by tying a plate around your waist.

One Arm Lateral Raises- On incline bench. 5 x 8, 1 x 20.

Bent Forward Lateral Raises- 5 x 8, 1 x 20.

Dumbbell Shrugs- 10 x 10, 1 x 20.

Friday

Seated Press Behind Neck- 10 x 5, 1 x 20.

Dumbbell Shrugs- 5 x 10, 1 x 20.

One Arm Dumbbell Presses- 10 x 5, 1 x 20.

Strict Standing One Arm Lateral Raises- 6 x 10. Alternate arms without rest.

Workouts like those detailed above made Casey insanely, frighteningly strong- we're talking super-chimp on steroids and HGH strong. So fucking strong, in fact, that Casey once picked up a bench and moved it across the floor, failing to realize at the time that it had been bolted directly into the fucking concrete. Thus, the next time you think you've fucking torn it up in the gym, remember- there's always someone who's taken it a step further, so it's time to take two fucking steps forward and lay down your fucking marker on history.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #20- Franco "I Just Banged Arnold's Girl" Columbu

I highly doubt there's a single one of you who has not yet seen the seminal documentary on bodybuilding, Pumping Iron. Those of you who haven't are likely Crossfitters, so you are to be forgiven. You should, however, see that movie if you haven't already, as that movie has been shown in clinical studies to improve your bench press and raise testosterone levels simply from owning it.(1)



In any event, Franco Columbu hails from the land of pirates and pasta, none other than the tiny island of Sardinia. Columbu was conceived while his mom was on break from canning at a small Italian sardine factory, and the massive influx of Omega 3 fatty acids during his conception and gestation have been credited with the badass he later became. Tragically, Columbu never really grew, so this 5'5", 5'4", or 5'3" (depending on the source) motherfucker started boxing at an early age, as to defend himself from housecats, potted plants, and whatever else this diminutive wop considered threatening and freakishly large.

Columbu eventually became some sort of amateur boxing champion in his native land, but given the size of the island, the talent pool for competition was pretty small. Additionally, he's roundly considered to be a ridiculously nice guy, so I highly doubt he would have given Tyson a run for his money or anything of the sort. In any event, Columbu does show us through his achievements that one can be easy-going and insane, and not at all an asshole, and still achieve greatness. To wit, Columbu's myriad accomplishments:

Titles Won in Bodybuilding: (2)

1968: NABBA Mr. Universe (Most Muscular)

1969: IFBB Mr. Europe (Medium)

1969: NABBA Mr. Universe (Most Muscular)

1969: NABBA Mr. Universe (Short)

1969: IFBB Mr. Universe (Short)

1970: IFBB Mr. Europe (Short & Overall)

1970: AAU Mr. World (Pro Short)

1970: IFBB Mr. World (Short)

1970: IFBB Mr. Universe (Short & Overall)

1971: IFBB Mr. World (Short & Overall)

1974: Mr. Olympia (Lightweight)

1975: Mr. Olympia (Lightweight)

1976: Mr. Olympia (Lightweight & Overall)

1981: Mr. Olympia

Titles Won in Powerlifting:

Champion of Italy

Champion of Germany

Champion of Europe

World Champion

World Records in Powerlifting:

Bench Press 525 lbs.

Squat 655 lbs.

Deadlift 750 lbs.

Records in Weightlifting:

Olympic Press 325 lbs.

Snatch 270 lbs.

Clean and Jerk 400 lbs



Before you go around and claim that his powerlifting and Olympic weightlifting totals suck- he'd be ranked 1st in the US right now with that raw total at 198, and I've no idea what his weight class would have actually been, were he to compete in the sport today. At 181, he'd have given Ed Coan a run for his money in a completely raw meet. In the clean, he'd only have been 45 lbs off of the US record in the clean and jerk at 187lbs, so he was definitely no slouch at Olympic weightlifting, either. Finally, this troll doll-sized motherfucker set a record for having the greatest lung power ever by bursting a hot water bottle in 55 seconds, and was winning the 1977 World's Strongest Man competition until he decided to sprint in the refrigerator race and dislocated his knee when the 600 lb refrigerator fell on top of him. He still placed 5th out of 8, though he had to withdraw from the competition in the middle of it, and, despite the fact, he was by far and away the lightest man in the competition.

Genetic freak, you say? Maybe, but I'd bet money on the fact that it was his breakneck-paced, marathon, hyper-consistent training routine that was the source of all of his physical glory. Behold the insanity that unfolded on a fortnightly basis in the gym for Franco (3):

NOTE: Columbu trained abs in the morning on days 3, 5, 6, 9, 11 and 12, and in the afternoon on day 1.

POWER BODYBUILDING PROGRAM- These are Columbu's workouts leading up to his 1981 Mr. Olympia victory.

CHEST

EXERCISE	SETS	REPS	
Barbell bench presses	3 *	15, 10, 4	* For the first two supersets, Columbu pyramided up in weight (and down in reps) for bench presses and flyes, but he kept the weight the same for cable crossovers.
superset with			
Cable crossovers	3 *	20	
Flat-bench dumbbell	3 *	20, 15, 6	X Columbu performed these as a giant set, which is related to a superset, but with four exercises instead of two. Columbu used the same weight for all three sets of each movement.
flyes supersetted with			
Cable crossovers	3 *	20	
Barbell incline presses	3 X	15	
Barbell pullovers	3 X	15	
Parallel-bar dips	3 X	To failure	
Cable crossovers	3 X	25	

SHOULDERS

EXERCISE	SETS	REPS
Standing dumbbell lateral raises	4	10
Bent lateral raises	6	10
Behind-the-neck presses	4	10
Alternating dumbbell front raises	3	8
Cable lateral raises	3	10

BACK

EXERCISE	SETS	REPS
----------	------	------

Wide-grip pullups	6	10-15
T-bar rows	4	10
Seated cable rows	4	10
One-arm dumbbell rows	3	10
superset with		
Hammer-grip pullups *	3	10

* Use a parallel-grip cable attachment hanging from a pullup bar

ARMS

EXERCISE	SETS	REPS
----------	------	------

Cable pushdowns	4	8
superset with		
Standing dumbbell curls	4	8
Lying barbell triceps extensions	4	8
superset with		
Barbell preacher curls	4	8
Seated barbell extensions	4	8
superset with		
Dumbbell incline curls	4	8

THIGHS

EXERCISE	SETS	REPS
Barbell squats	7	20, 15, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2
Leg presses	4	50, 25, 15, 8
Leg extensions	6-7	20
Deadlifts X	6	5, 5, 5, 3, 1, 1

* Performed every other workout pre-contest

In summation, Franco did 9 workouts a week that consisted of 20-30 sets of 1-20 reps, going extremely heavy on the powerlifts and using the rest for (heavy) window dressing. This workout, which nearly anyone on Earth would assert would kill a normal human, was his bread and butter, as he usually trained with Arnold, whose marathon workouts are fucking legendary. They did this while sleeping 5 hours a night, partying their asses off, banging a bunch of broads, and generally ruling an entire decade between the early 1970s and 1980s.

Apparently, Arnold and Franco competed for the same chicks, and although Arnold generally came out on the winning side, the two of them would apparently swap chicks back and forth like a t-shirt until they were bored of her. One broad in particular with whom they did this was Kellie Everts, a sometime figure competitor in the 1980s, bodybuilding groupie slut, and a soapbox preacher. I couldn't make this shit up. (5)

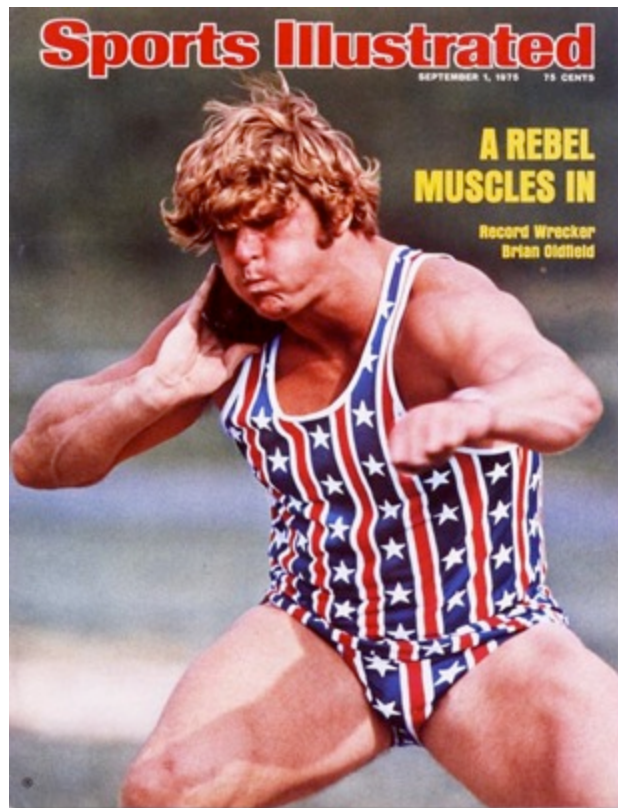
Though he's probably best remembered for being best friends with the most famous bodybuilder in history, Franco has a hell of a lot of accomplishments under his belt. Not surprisingly, Franco credits his success as a bodybuilder and a strongman with breaking his fucking ass inside out at it. Clearly, it worked. Like all of the other BMEs, Franco loved lifting, expressed his love by busting his ass, and had nothing but awesome to show for it.

A little bit of busting your ass goes a long fucking way.

Seeing a pattern yet?

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #21- Brian Oldfield

Let the pissing and moaning commence! Brian Oldfield is yet another asshole, and this guy would probably laugh right alongside me looking at pictures of people in death camps and various acts of genocide. Know why? He knows that people suck, and has made a living out of humiliating people and generally acting like the greatest thing since sliced fucking bread. Yeah, he was fucking awesome.



"When God invented man, He wanted him to look like me" - Brian Oldfield

Picture this- it's the early 1970s, some gigantic, jacked, tan, blond haired guy looking like a freakish amalgamation of Cali surfer and NFL defensive lineman rolls up to a local track and field meet, smoking a cigarette and smelling like stripper perfume. He changes, and 5 minutes later sets an unofficial world record in the shot put, using a technique later named after him because the man was not only freakishly strong and cocky as fuck, but an innovator.

Some pertinent facts about Brian Oldfield:

- He beat Lou Ferrigno in a weightlifting competition in a 1976 Superstars competition with a jerk of 310. Nothing monumental, but it was enough to chump the Incredible Hulk on national TV.

- He competed in the 1972 Olympics.
- He set three world records. Two unofficial (70' 10 1/2" in 1973) and (75 feet in 1975) and one official throw of 70+ at age 40, which still stands as a record for his age group.
- He set the American Record of 72' 9" in 1984 at the Bruce Jenner Invitational.

That's all well and good, but frankly, I could give a fuck about how far he could throw a stone ball. That shit really only matters to guys who played offensive line in high school and who now have sport goatees. As I'm neither, his shot put numbers mean about as much to me as the speed at which Oldfield types, though I'd imagine the motherfucker was even good at that in his prime. What makes Oldfield interesting, though, is the fact that he appears to have been awesome at everything: he was a strength athlete who was pretty fucking lean at 280+, and who was essentially the strength athlete cognate for Nikola Tesla, an innovator who left a badass legacy although he was fucked hard by circumstance and denied the respect he deserved at his prime.

From Sports Illustrated:

"Brian Oldfield put the shot 75-feet -inch in a meet at El Paso in May of 1975. That didn't break the existing world record, it obliterated it. Unfortunately, Brian was competing for something called the International Track Assn. at the time. It was, you should pardon the expression, a professional organization, it--come closer, you wouldn't want the kids to hear this--paid its athletes.

What the ITA did was charge admission to its track meets and distributed the proceeds among the competitors. If you can't see any difference between that and what TAC or the NCAA, for all of that, does, go to the head of the class. The difference is the ITA did it openly. They subtracted the hypocrisy. This, of course, was unforgivable to the reigning "amateur" associations.

Somebody had to pay. And Brian was as good a candidate as any. "Say," someone said at a federation meeting, "didn't he smoke on the field at the Olympics once?"

So, Brian's record throw, which was made under allowable conditions, scrupulously measured and calibrated, was not only disallowed, it was ignored. It never happened. Track and field, which falls all over itself certifying some mysterious mark set in the bowels of Siberia by a Soviet vaulter nobody ever heard of, before an audience of two KGB colonels and a guy in a fur hat, threw Oldfield's record as far as it would go. It was not quite far enough. It made the Guinness Book of Records, albeit in the--ha, ha--section right by the goldfish swallowing and the number of students who could pack into a Volkswagen.

In the weird half-life of amateur athletics, Brian was eligible domestically but not internationally. So, he dropped over to a meet in San Jose in 1983 and casually tossed a new American record of 72-feet 9 3/4-inches, only one inch short of the world record.

Brian Oldfield will be highly visible at the shot put ring at the ARCO Coliseum track meet next Saturday. He'll be the one smoking" (Kirkpatrick).



So, Oldfield got fucked in about every way he possibly could have been, despite the fact that he was, for all intents and purposes, the Chuck Norris of track and field. But how Chuck Norris-ey was he, you ask?

- He beat the shit out of a bear with his bare hands:
"The minute I got into the ring Little Smokey knew he was in trouble. He was looking over at the crowd thinking this would be easy meat, and here I came. Well, the bear threw me a forearm in the neck, which made me mad right away. I picked him up and threw him through the ropes. Now the bear wanted no part of me, but I jumped on him and beat him backward. I was going to wishbone the SOB and break his sternum in half, but his handlers must have realized my adrenaline was flowing. They came in and took the bear away" (Kirkpatrick).
- Oldfield was on the cover of SI and Playgirl in the same fucking year.
- He starred in a movie in the 1980s that rivals Troll 2 for utter shit show quality, in which he starred as some jacked guy who ran around and head-butted people to death while rocking a spiked helmet. If that's not enough awesomely cheesy suck for a film about some suburban broad who battles backwoods drug smugglers in a post-apocalyptic jungle, the tagline for the film is: "Born to shop, she learned to kill!"
- He outraced a top female sprinter in the 60-yard dash, and then threw her over his shoulder like a rag doll.
- He broke a guy's upper and lower jaw with one punch... with his left hand. (Oldfield was right-handed)
- Coined the phrase "I just had a throwgasm" on national TV.
- In another race against a chick sprinter, he smoked her for 70 yards, then turned and ran backwards for the last 30, mocking her gender the entire way.

- Missing his fucking calling in the NFL entirely, Oldfield high jumped 6' 6"; ran the 100M in 10.5; ran the 40 yard dash in 4.3 seconds. For the purposes of comparison, Dwight Freeney only runs a 4.5 40 at a paltry bodyweight of 268. (Oldfield was 6'5" 275)
- After receiving a royal fucking in track and field, Oldfield moved to Highland Games, which he apparently dominated like he was fucking Cobra Commander. Utilizing his eponymous shot put technique, Oldfield was able to set a record in the stone put that remains nearly 40 years after he set it- 63'2" in the light stone.
- Ever out to show he could hang with anyone, Oldfield went toe to toe with Muhammad "Fuck you cracka" Ali and rolled with ultra-mega-superstar wrestler Verne Gagne.
- He picked up a spare while bowling with a move where he chucked the ball one-handed between his legs... one more "fuck you" to the athletes of a sport who he could beat while acting like a total dick and demeaning their sport entirely.
- He **dunked** a 16 lb. shot put.

His workout's likely irrelevant, as the man was a born athlete and kicked ass all over the place without even trying. Despite that fact, here's some tips (in his words) on how he trained:

1. Lift twice a week, but do full body, explosive, heavy stuff
2. Train with overweight implements
3. Take your minerals
4. Sprint training or hills is very important
5. Become a true student of your event and try to think through every single aspect of what you do
6. Discover what foods you are allergic to
7. Complicate the movement with drills to simplify it in the ring
8. Enjoy yourself...have some fun!

...and here are some of his training weights:

(Pre-Olympics)

His best lifts were eventually:

Clean and Jerk- 365 lbs.

Front Squat- 600 lbs. x 10

Bench Press- 400 lbs.

Back Squat- 600 lbs. x 25

Front Squat- 465 lbs. x 3

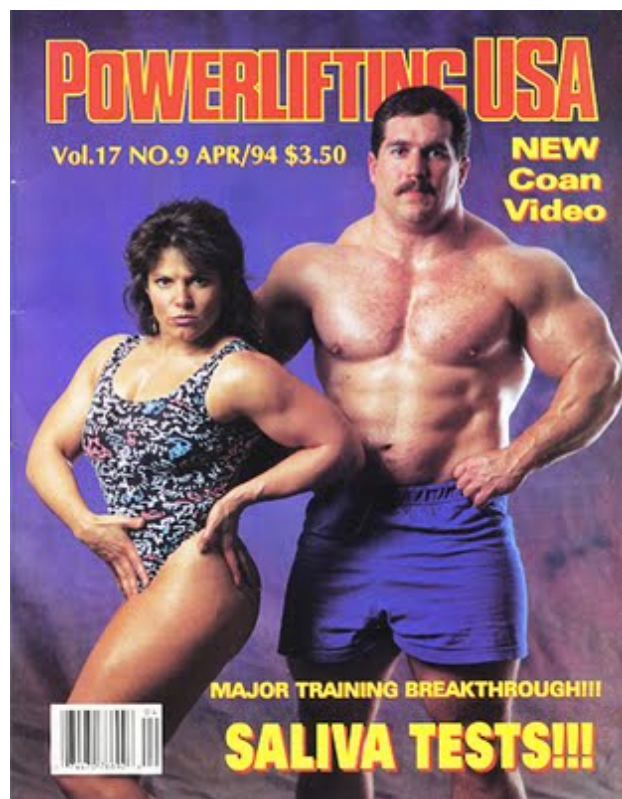
Push Press- 450 lbs. x 3

The key to Oldfield's success appears to have been massive self-confidence, the desire to fuck, fight, or generally own anything or anyone that crossed his path, and a disdain for the ordinary. Life lessons? You bet your ass.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #22- Captain Kirk Karwoski

It's rare that anyone finds him- or herself up on a pedestal with the alien-fucking and karate-chopping man with the hardest cock to ever hit the big screen- Mr. James T. Kirk. One powerlifter, however, rolled insanely fucking hard through every meet and happened to rock the same name as that esteemed space-faring Captain. Thus, that powerlifter had a moniker befitting his exalted status bestowed upon him- Captain Kirk Karwoski.

Karwoski dominated the squatting scene in the 1990s the way that Ron Jeremy dominated porn in the 1980s- big, mean, and ugly... only way fucking leaner, bereft of 1970s throwback porn mustache, and with a hell of a lot more yelling. As such, I suppose he doesn't share all that much in common with Ron Jeremy. Nevertheless, Karwoski likely banged a bunch of broads due to his massive success in the wildly popular mainstream sport of powerlifting, and thus shares that in common with Jeremy.



Bullshitting aside, Karwoski was the real fucking deal. He squatted so far ahead of his time in the 1990s that his record of 1003 lbs in the 275lb weight class stood for over 20 years. Over his career, Karwoski pulled down 3 teenage and 3 junior world titles in addition to 7 national and 6 straight world championships (Parillo). After all of that, Karwoski reentered competition for shits and giggles in 2005, ten years after he'd left the podium previously with the world record, and got himself ranked 19th All Time amongst unequipped squatters with an 826lb squat at 240 lbs (Powerliftingwatch). Best part of the whole bit? He did it while being lean as shit.

According to Marty Gallagher, Karwoski was one of the only lifters of his era who caused the "flee phenomenon", in which other lifters bail out of a particular class to avoid going toe to toe with the dominant lifter in that class. At his peak, Karwoski totaled 2306, a number which stood for over 10 years to beat, even though rapid advancements in gear started allowing people to damn near double their bench presses. Gear whores, relax- you can use a fucking pallet lift for all I fucking care. You just have to respect the bench pressers of bygone eras if for no other reason than the fact that they, unlike you, would not live through a T-Rex attack if wearing their old school bench shirts, which lacked the denim, kevlar, chain mail, elfin magic, hydraulics, and whatever else Inzer's managed to wedge into their wacky constructs lately.

... and how did this bad motherfucker get so ungodly good at squatting? By being bat-shit insane and breaking his ass in the fucking gym, of course. For instance, if he found someone in his rack on Monday night at 5:30, he'd throw the guy's shit on the floor in front of the rack, look at the guy, and yell "Five minutes!" at the top of his lungs. If the guy was still there in five minutes, Karwoski would strip the weights, throw them on the floor, grab the guy's shit, and throw it across the room, screaming at the dude that he "better never see that motherfucker in the gym again on a Monday night. Ever." Though dickish, it's hilarious, and it shows how deadly serious Karwoski was about his squat workouts- no one and nothing were going to keep him from squatting on Monday nights.



"Most power lifters share some common defects, as a whole for whatever reason, LOVE to punish, beat and torture ourselves beyond the limits of mind and body. It is our spirit that prevails. This defect of intelligence and sensibility pushes us onto the next level, makes us better and stronger. We all have lifted sick and badly hurt., When this subject comes up with normal people and other meatheads, we all have the prideful smile when we talk about lifting with a 100 degree temperature or a torn groin. Thank God that therapy doesn't work on us." - Captain Kirk

I have two versions of Karwoski's typical training week. The first comes from a Parrillo mag dating to 2005, and the second (pre-competition routine) comes from Marty Gallagher's Purposeful Primitive. They have the same structure, but different execution.

Monday- Squats and Legs.

Squat: 135x8 (reps) 255x5, 455x5, 655x3, 735x1, 825x1, 905x5 (with gear)

Leg press: work up to 1,500 for reps

Leg extensions: whole stack+

Calf raise: three sets to failure, whole stack plus 100's

Lying leg curls: three sets with whole stack+

Contest:

Squat- 7-10 x 2-8 (his last set would be a balls out, beltless, 80% IRM 8 rep set.

Leg curl- 2-3 x 5

Leg extensions 2-3 x 5

Tuesday- Close Grip Bench and Arms. Later in his career, Karwoski eschewed small, single-joint, high-risk exercises like skull crushers for bigger, lower-risk movements like the close grip bench. He credited this decision with his avoidance of most common joint injuries as he got older career. When younger, however, he did the following:

Biceps: E-Z curls, dumbbell curls (can do strict set of 8 with 100's)

Triceps: Nose breakers, Pushdowns

Contest:

Close grip bench, touch & go- 7-10 x 2-8

Dumbbell curls- 2-3 x 5

Triceps pushdowns- 2-3 x 5

Thursday- Deadlift and Back. Thursday's workout was interesting because Karwoski did an exercise he invented called grip shrugs, which he used to get his deadlift up to 800 in the gym. The exercise, "grip shrugs," was a hybrid upright row/shrug done with a thumbless grip and paused at the navel, and was designed to help Karwoski develop a grip that would enable him to pull big poundages. Unfortunately, he expended so much energy on the squat in competition that he was never able to pull 800+ in competition, but it improved his grip strength considerably (Steel).

Deadlift: 255x8, 465x3, 665xl, 755xl, 790x3

Barbell rows: 405 for reps

Lat pulldowns: entire stack+

Dumbbell shrugs: two sets to failure

Seated press: 225x8, 275x8, 315x5

Contest:

Deadlift- 7-10 x 2-8

Grip shrugs- 3 x 5

T-bar row- 3 x 5-8

Pulldowns- 2-3 x 5

Saturday- Bench, Chest and Shoulders.

Flat bench press: 135x12, 255x5, 345x3, 435xl, 495xl, 535x5 all paused

Wide-grip bench: work up to 485 for reps

Narrow grip bench press: work up to 455 for reps

Incline barbell press: 225x8, 315x3, 405x5

Lateral raises: 3-4 sets, 60s

Contest:

Bench Press (Competition grip)- 7-10 x 2-8

Wide Grip Bench with pause- 3 x 5

Incline Bench- 3 x 5

Front Raises- 2-3 x 5

Side Raises- 2-3 x 5

According to Karwoski, he usually did a primary movement and four assistance exercises each workout, a couple of which were mainstays (Critical Bench). He, like fellow superhuman Ed Coan, felt that sets of 5 on everything were the best way to get brutally fucking strong, so they focused most of their effort within that rep range (Gallagher). As such, Karwoski eventually built up to a 900 x 5 rep set in the squat, along with fellow mutants Ed Coan and Doug Furnas.



The key, then, to Karwoski's undying and face-crushingly brutal success seems not to have stemmed from massive training innovation or wild-eyed, train-til-you-bleed-from-your-pores training frequency, but rather from two things- animal intensity and consistency. Even in the ten years during which he didn't compete, Karwoski was in the gym every training day busting ass, and it clearly paid off. He was so wedded to the idea of consistency, in fact, that he might as well have brought a fucking accountant into the gym to record his workouts- according to Marty Gallagher, that motherfucker never missed a single predetermined rep in a 12 week training cycle prior to a major meet, after having planned out every workout 3 months in advance (Purposeful, 89). This sounds completely fucking ridiculous to me, but it apparently happened.

Will screaming at random gym-goers and doing double-entry bookkeeping in the gym bestow upon you a 1003 squat? Probably not... but it might be worth a try.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #23- Doug "The Motherfucking Clubfoot" Hepburn

In the times of ancient Rome, all law was said to descend from the right of the father to dispose of the life he created. This right hearkened back to the ancient Spartans, and probably even further back, and essentially boiled down to this- if a father deemed his child unfit in some way, whether that child be water-headed, crippled, suffering from phocomelia (in other words, resembling a penguin more than a person), or simply being fucking ugly, the father could smash the kid's head with a rock and call it a day. Due to the fact that I'm a wild-eyed, eugenics-loving asshole, I see no problem with this, but hippies, Christians, and sundry other bleeding hearts can rejoice in the fact that my horribly unfeeling position on the subject of the genetically unfit may have some holes. If everyone thought as I do, and not the people slaving with anticipation over the revelation I'm about to make, Doug Ivan Hepburn, one of the baddest motherfuckers of all time, might not have been able to ruin lives and rock balls in the strength community in the 20th Century.



Born Canadian, club-footed, scarred on the temples by a shitty forceps delivery, and cross-eyed to a long line of alcoholics, Hepburn did not appear to be in any way destined for greatness. His formative years didn't really indicate that his stars had changed much either, as his surgery to fuse his divinely fucked ankle was a total botch job, his parents were both apparently raging alcoholics who divorced when he was three, and according to Hepburn his entire childhood sucked, as he

was "the brunt of everyone's jokes. I was christened 'Gimp', 'Hopalong', 'Cross-eyes' and 'Wall-eyes'. Four letter expletives were also common, forcing me to spend my time friendless and alone" (Poliquin). In that light, I suppose it's terribly surprising that his hatred for his fellow man eventually fueled his Hulk-like strength into such pursuits as tearing license plates in half and breaking world records every time he turned around to wipe his ass. Like the comedic greats Mike Myers and John Candy, however, Hepburn was eventually able to overcome the fact that he was Canadian and become not just a human being but one of the strongest human beings of all time. Additionally, Hepburn is credited with popularizing the powerlifts (presumably because he was too crippled to be super-ultra-mega awesome at the Olympic lifts and had to simply settle for ultra-mega-awesome) and with taking the seldom-used bench press and making it a mark of manhood for years to come. [Put that way I suppose he sucked, because I fucking detest being asked by random assholes how much I bench almost as much as I hate people for asking me what supplements I take- I take a big glass of shut the fuck up in the morning and evening and squat everyday, motherfuckers.]

That aside, some Hepburn facts:

- he was the first person to officially bench press 500 lbs in 1953, two years after crushing the world record with a 420 bench.
- for anyone who cares, he put that 80 official pounds and an unofficial 160 lbs on his bench drug free.
- he strict pressed 381 (competition) and 450(gym), and push pressed 500 lbs (Willoughby III).
- he one arm military pressed 200 lbs, and could put up a 120 lb dumbbell 37 times (Poliquin).
- for whatever reason, Hepburn tested his single-finger strength, and was capable of hanging 90 lbs off his little finger, extend his arm fully, and hold it there for 10 seconds.
- Saxon-style, Hepburn could rock a 200 lbs crucifix, 120 lb one arm side hold-out, and one arm side press of 250 lbs (Willoughby III and Poliquin)
- he strict curled 260 lbs. at a body weight of 300 (Willoughby).
- he took Gold in Olympic weightlifting in the World Weightlifting Championship (1953) and the Commonwealth Games (1954). In the former, Hepburn defeated US weightlifting phenom John Davis, who had won the Olympics the previous year.
- the only time Hepburn was recorded as having deadlifted, he pulled 705 on his first attempt (Willoughby II2).

In the event that you jaded motherfuckers don't find this list to be all that impressive, allow me to remind you that Hepburn was club-footed, which meant that he won the world championships of weightlifting while he was essentially standing on one foot. Due to his horrible deformity, Hepburn had "no style to

speak of in the snatch and clean & jerk" (Smith), which all but killed his ability to completely crush his competition in either lift. According to Charles Smith, Hepburn's press record of 345.5 lbs was "well within his power", and that he vastly outperformed that number if you "put it into his shoulders or let him take it off the squat racks." Without question, pushing events were Hepburn's bread and butter and without question his greatest strength.

Hepburn's incredible ability to press weights away from his body came from a variety of (at the time) unique training methodologies he employed with great success. These methodologies were the employment of many very low rep sets, the utilization of dynamic lifts prior to static or grinding strength movements, and a conscientious effort to focus the bulk of his work overall power movements (in particular the squat and the deadlift) as the focus of his routine to ensure that he had enough overall power to make any lift his punk bitch. Amusingly, he was described by more than one source as being a notably shitty student and not particularly bright, but the man may well have been a Rainman-style idiot savant when it came to lifting, because everything the man said on the subject was solid fucking gold.



His first method for developing the type of strength that has caused many physical culture historians to regard him as the strongest man of all time was the utilization of low rep, high percentage of maximum sets. Typically, Hepburn focused his efforts on sets of singles or triples. In the case of the former, he would start with four sets of singles and add one rep per workout until he hit 10 (4-10 reps with 90%IRM) (Amped). As you would expect, Hepburn also applied this methodology to doubles, and utilized them in the following way:

"Now for my training poundages. In the press I always warm up with a weight about 40 pounds below my training poundage (training poundage being the weight I will use when doing the 8 sets of 2 reps). If I am using 8 sets of 2 with 320, I warm up to 280 x 2, then jump to my training weight . . . 320. On my next training day, about a week later, I try to add five to ten pounds to my training poundage with the same combination of sets and reps. I warm up to 298.5, then jump to 325. I have used this system in all my training exercises, including squats, deadlifts and bench presses. But I have to be careful with this routine because I drive myself very hard and can easily go stale on a month to six weeks of this work. When I feel myself getting a little stale I take a rest for a few days and perform light bodybuilding movements such as curls, dumbbell presses etc. During my actual training workouts I exercise for an hour with hardly any rest between the exercises and I put everything I have into each movement and repetition." (Smith)

Hepburn's second method for increasing strength was to combine dynamic lifts with power lifts. He would typically focus on two main lifts per workout, believing that a reliance on the bigger movements would have overwhelming strength-building effects that would bleed over into the smaller muscle groups. His utilization of speed work prior to hypertrophy work has been adopted by weightlifting programs the world around, and if you've been following the major bodybuilding magazines has finally been picked up by the less-than-intellectual pump and pose crowd as well. The belief here is that the nervous system is excited by the first exercise, which allows you to utilize a greater percentage of motor threshold units later on. Thus, Hepburn's workouts would often consist of something like sets of singles, doubles, and triples on power cleans, then followed by deficit deadlifts. Additionally, the method with which Hepburn would choose his training weights and increase weight followed an intuitive rather than programmed system. He would essentially pick a weight that would nearly kill him to get a prescribed number of sets and reps, for instance 8 sets of two. Then, he would stick with that weight, increasing a rep per set whenever possible, until he was able to get 8 sets of 3, at which point he'd raise the weight again (Poliquin).

Explosion was of primary concern to Hepburn, as he competed in Olympic weightlifting. In spite of what just about any powerlifter on the internet (read, guys who are weak as kittens and more likely to eat a gallon of ice cream than lifting anything that would inspire awe in anyone but the most detrained asshole off the street), Hepburn also believed that explosiveness was a primary concern in powerlifting as well. In Hepburn's words,

"I would say that it would be very difficult for a person to 'explode' if they didn't have a very fast reflex. Reflex is the cause of explosion. I think reflex has more to do with mental attitude than people think. To a certain stimulus you could probably make a person move faster than they normally would. Even a slow moving person could be forced to move faster if they, for example, used electrodes in the muscles of his arm. If he got a shock, his arm would jerk very quickly. Why then could he not make it jerk that quickly, or 'explode' when he lifts a weight? It's because there's something lacking in the transfer of that impulse to the muscle itself. Before you can 'explode', you have to comprehend what the word means. What I experience when I do a lift, if I was to 'explode',

and I've done it many times with a heavy press, is when I commence the lift, I don't know about anything until it's over my head. I'm unaware of what happens at the start. I go black. The concentration of my mind becomes so pinpointed that the sense of awareness of the outside environment disappears. This constitutes a complete 'direction' of power. Another thing I could do, which powerlifters can practice, is to sit in a chair, motionless, in front of the barbell that I was going to lift. I used to do the standing press and I'd take it off the racks and push out 400 pounds or whatever it was. I'd sit and look at this bar and not move a muscle and I could bring my pulse rate up to about 150. It was repetitive psyching and it became a conditioned response. I would say that the greatest force can only result from a state of complete relaxation. A man needs one fraction of time before he commences his all-out effort, when he should be under a state of complete relaxation. If the muscles are relaxed, you have a greater 'length' of contractual drive. If you get more speed from the start of the contraction and more distance to contract, you're going to have a greater speed at the point when you push the bar through the lift. I say don't get yourself tense when you start, but begin from a point of complete relaxation, mind and body, and then suddenly explode." (Smith)

Hepburn was allegedly into Eastern mysticism, which would fall in line with his belief that one would need "stillness" of mind that is commonly referred to by Japanese martial artists and samurai. As was common at the time amongst Americans (and faux-Americans, I suppose), Hepburn also experimented with psychoactive drugs in an effort to improve his mental power, and is apparently blasted all to hell in the strength community for having used LSD. While the response is unsurprising given the strength community's general lack of acceptance of outside views and total lack of ingenuity, it's sad commentary on the community nevertheless (Archibald).



As I mentioned previously, Hepburn spent the vast majority of his time in the gym focusing on the major lifts, utilizing his favorite sets/reps scheme of 6-8 sets of two reps (Smith/Hepburn). This is not to state, as many people are wont to assume, that Hepburn eschewed the use of assistance exercises. In Hepburn's words, "I do not mean that the trainee should discard the performance of assistance exercises, but what I do mean is that the said exercises must be regarded as secondary and that mental and physical effort should be directed mainly upon the actual lifts and that the assistance movements be regarded as secondary in the effort application" (Hepburn, Pulling).

Thus, to become fully badass, Hepburn typically used a one on, one off system that looked something like the following (Perryman)

Upper Body

Press from Stands (out of the rack, if you prefer)

Bench Press

Two-hands Curl

Lower Body

Squat

High-Pull

Deadlift

Another option is listed from The Hepburn Method

Monday/Thursday

Bench

Curl

Standing Press

Tuesday/Friday

Squat

Bent Row

Deadlift

As his workouts were brutal, Hepburn clearly spent a lot of time sleeping and eating, which he believed helped him avoid the dreaded demon overtraining, which he referred to as staleness like the Eastern Europeans. This semantic difference also changes the methodology for dealing with the condition somewhat, as the issue in staleness is generally considered to be more of a mental fatigue than a physical one. To combat this, Hepburn slept 10 hours a night, ate a ridiculous amount of protein, and would take a long rest from the gym if he felt himself going stale. During that rest period, Hepburn felt it was crucial to attain freedom not only from his "barbell routine, but he also needs freedom from ALL THOUGHTS of weightlifting. He must forget that such things as barbells exist. He must deliberately cultivate a light-hearted, cheerful attitude, rest as much as possible, get as much sleep as he can, at least nine hours a night, and get out into the fresh air as much as possible" (Smith, Staleness). In my opinion, this is some of Hepburn's most important advice, as I think far too many people of late spend a hell of a lot of time talking about lifting, watching other people lift, and reading insipid comments about those people lifting, and thereby waste a tremendous amount of mental energy that should be reserved for the gym on nonsense. As such, they're mentally tired of lifting before they even set foot in the gym, and their lifts suffer accordingly. One's worries about becoming stale are likely misplaced, however, as Hepburn believed that only 10% of lifters would actually suffer from pronounced staleness, since most people "simply lack the drive to train themselves into a condition of overwork." (Ibid.)

In short, Hepburn was a bad motherfucker who overcame a tremendous amount of adversity to become one of the strongest lifters in history. He did so by breaking his fucking ass in the gym, eating his motherfucking face off, and applying ingenuity to his methodology. If his crippled ass could do it, so can you.

Go get awesome.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #24- Stan "The White Rhino" Efferding

A couple of years ago a competition was arranged at the Arnold Expo to determine the World's Strongest bodybuilder. The competitors were Branch Warren's apparent BFF Johnnie Jackson and a guy of whom I'd never heard named Ben White. The results were fairly unspectacular, and it prompted a challenge from a third party dark horse who was only on your radar if you had it calibrated to identify threats who were about as freakish in nature as an echidna's dick- Stan "The White Rhino" Efferding.

[Echidnas have 4 heads to their penises, only two of which work at any given time. This is incontrovertible proof that if there was intelligent design, the gods were drunker than 1980's Nick Nolte when they designed the shit running around Australia.]

In 2010, The White Rhino got his opportunity to compete in the World's Strongest Bodybuilder versus the aforementioned Ben White and made like he was Godzilla in the old-school game Rampage- Ben White was his bitch, and he destroyed Johnnie Jackson's two-lift total by almost 100 lbs. After that, Efferding was even showing up on the Bhutanese Air Force's Gilligan's Island-style bamboo and chewing gum radars.



Amusingly, Efferding's sudden rise to fame would have been called the result of years of hard work, if it wasn't for the fact that he took 10 years off from competition to make a shitload of money. Although I cannot locate my source to properly cite it (it was a Muscular Development), Stan started out competing in bodybuilding and powerlifting in the early 1990s and continued until 1997, when he quit to start a telecom company. Going from memory, The White Rhino pulled a couple of moves that make Oskar Schindler seem like a shitty boss in comparison, buying a fleet of Hyundais and renting them to his lower-paid employees who lacked cars for \$100 a month or something ridiculous, and after a couple of years of living on ramen noodles and peanut butter sandwiches ended up rich as all hell. Since then, he's started a couple of other companies in a variety of industries and gotten even richer, to the point where he lists his Rolls Royce Phantom as his favorite automobile. HIS Rolls Royce, not THE Rolls Royce, mind you, which lists at Jesse Marunde-style heart exploding \$380k-\$450k according to Kelly Blue Book.

Discontented with merely flying in the face of established American tradition in the treatment of line workers as if they were mildly retarded and offensive-smelling Mexican day laborers, Efferding decided to jump back into the competitive waters and taking a steaming shit on convention there as well... "out of boredom", according to the man himself. At 38, he returned to the bodybuilding stage and won the Superheavyweight class in the 2006 Emerald Cup. Two years later, he won it again, pulling down the Heavyweight and Overall trophies. The following year, because he fucking felt like it, The White Rhino competed in the APA "All RAW" Northwest Regional Championships and totaled 2,070lbs at 275. He then switched back to bodybuilding and won his pro card at the Masters Nationals Bodybuilding Championships by winning the Superheavies, five months after his meet. Then, just fucking because, he competed in a SPF Sanctioned Raw Powerlifting meet less than two months after that show, crushing the holy fuck out of everything in his path and looking goddamned god while doing so. Less than two months after dieting like a motherfucker for a bodybuilding contest, he totaled 2,221lbs in 275lbs category. The next time you think about skipping a fucking workout, put that shit in your pipe and smoke the fuck out of your workout.

To recap, after taking ten years off from lifting hard to make millions of dollars and be, by all accounts, an awesome boss, the White Rhino is the #1 ranked raw powerlifter in the US and the #3 ranked raw powerlifter in the world with a 2,226lbs total. He's ranked #1 in the squat and bench, and 10th in the deadlift, and was the bad motherfucker who unseated Konstantin Konstantinov as the leanest and baddest 275 lb powerlifter to ever walk the Earth. Not only has he kicked ass in the world of powerlifting of late, but he also continued to body build as well, and pulled down his pro card in record time, nabbing it 3 years after he stepped back onto the platform. Compare that to NPC staples like Dave Palumbo, who attempted for nearly two decades to get his pro card before throwing in the towel-grabbing your pro card in three years is not an easy thing. Essentially, Efferding is

to life what Teddy Roosevelt was to the Presidency- he's a rich, good looking badass who bends over whatever he wants to do and fucks it till it loves him.

Powerlifting PRs

Raw Bench press: 606 lbs (US Record)

Raw Squat: 854 lbs (US Record)

Raw Deadlift: 793

Equipped Deadlift: 825lbs

Raw Total: 2,226 (US Record)

Bodybuilding History

2010 Europa Show of Champions

2010 Phoenix Pro

2009 Masters Nationals, Super Heavyweight and Overall Champion, Earned IFBB Pro Card

2008 Emerald Cup, Heavyweight and Overall Champion

2006 Emerald Cup, Super Heavyweight Champion

1997 Emerald Cup

1996 Emerald Cup

1992 Junior USA, Heavyweight, 6th

1991 Mr. Oregon Overall

Because he's richer than Scrooge McDuck and wanted to a place to train, he built a gym in Calicalled Super Training that appears to be affiliated with Mark Bell, and co-owns Flex Fitness in Dallas with Flex Wheeler, where he does all of his training now. To my understanding, he simply invested in the gym because Wheeler wanted a gym and The Rhino wanted a place to throw his monolift while managing a conveyor belt company or some such. This is how you roll when you're 43, weigh 275 lbs with 5% body fat, and are a multi-millionaire and world record holder.



Training Takeaways

According to Stan himself, he:

- Credits training with people stronger than him with his success in strength sports.
- Says "Cardio is the least effective tool you have to burn body fat" (Bell), though he does brief intense fasted cardio upon waking.
- Ices his shit every day for a couple of hours.
- Doesn't use cortisone or NSAIDs for any extended period of time because they weaken joints and prevent them from rebuilding themselves.
- Avoids exercises that hurt his joints.
- Lifts heavy 3x per week.
- Has one light and one heavy bench day per week, one squat day per week, and one deadlift workout every other week.
- Trains each bodypart once a week, 2-5 reps for powerlifting and 5-12 reps for bodybuilding, using one heavy basic and one assistance exercise for two hard growth sets per bodypart.
- Keeps his workouts to less than an hour a day.

Diet Takeaways

Additionally, Stan:

- Does progressive overload with dieting- he adds food incrementally to ensure digestion and assimilation.
- Recommends (in order to get lean) you "eat at least 5 meals a day, consume 50% of your calories from quality lean animal protein sources... then 20% of your calories come from complex carbohydrate sources eaten at breakfast and post-workout meals only. The remaining 30% of the calories are primarily from mono and polyunsaturated fats.
- Says that getting strong and lean is 90% nutrition- two grams of animal protein per pound of bodyweight, complex carbohydrates, and mono and polyunsaturated fats like coconut oil, macadamia nut oil, olive oil, or peanut butter
- Adds a meal and drops his carbs, getting up to 9 to 10 meals a day, in order to lean out himself.

Additionally, it helps to be richer than all fuck, so you can sleep in a hyperbaric chamber Michael Jason-style, get all of the best training aids, equipment, and supplements, and be able to set your own hours so you can train when you want. If that's not the best reason I've heard to make some fucking money, I don't know what is. The key, however, like all of the other Baddest Motherfuckers, is that you do shit your own way- if you do everything like everyone else, you'll suck just as fucking badly as they do.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #25- For My Amusement: Danny "The Ginger Badass" Bonaduce

How many people do you know who are former child mega-stars, bang Playboy models, have fought pro mma fighters and boxers, are best friends with A.C. Slater, has trained at the Incredible Hulk's house, wrestled professionally, is a restaurateur, gym owner, and radio disc jockey, and who smashed someone's face in at an awards show without getting arrested, all while being pretty well fucking jacked for no reason? Let me answer that for you- Danny "The Ginger Badass" Bonaduce.



I realize that half of you are about to shit your pants over the fact that Bonaduce's not a strength athlete, but that half of my audience can go ahead and fuck themselves, as Bonaduce is the real deal. In addition to being progressively more awesome as he gets older, I can virtually guarantee that not only does the Ginger Badass look better than you naked, he more than likely would whip your ass silly and then fuck it just for shits and giggles, because that's the kind of guy he is. Still need convincing?

For the uninitiated among you, the guy whom I keep referring to as the Ginger Badass is one of the most accomplished fictional bass players of all time, as Bonaduce was the bass player in the Partridge Family. After that show got canned (as it rightly should have), young Bonaduce went on a decades-long coke and crack bender, beat the living shit out of a transsexual prostitute, and landed himself in rehab. As is common, Bonaduce got fat after kicking his coke habit and becoming a morning show DJ. Unlike most morning show guys, Bonaduce was shamed into getting in shape after he was signed to work with none other than Mr. A.C. Slater of "Saved By the Bell" fame.

Soon after he resolved to get his ass in shape, Bonaduce went fucking bananas lifting twice a day. He dropped 50 lbs of bodyweight and got jacked at the same time, hitting the gym twice a day and doing a ridiculous amount of cardio. As Dr. Atkins once stated, to become fat as shit you've done "something 'unbalanced'". To get yourself back to sleek, lithe, firm and fantastic, you honestly can't do a balanced approach" (John). The Ginger Badass must've taken this shit to heart, because in his own words:

"I'm obsessed with lifting and getting more cut up. I have a gym at work, at home and here. [Bonaduce is part owner of Groove Fitness in Hollywood.] I train from 3:30-4:30 a.m. every day. Then I meet my trainer at 11 a.m. almost every morning. And I often run home from work, which is 8 miles." (M&F)

Tireless in his pursuit of getting ever more ripped, Bonaduce has tried every goddamned thing under the sun- he's lifted with Lou Ferrigno many times, trained with the aforementioned pretty boy Mario Lopez, sparred with Chuck Liddell and Sugar Ray Leonard, and even does "Wii Zumba, the Michael Jackson dance game, and Dance Dance Revolution for cardio" (BB.com). Amusingly, Bonaduce's been knocked out by the latter three people I mentioned in sparring, and had the shit kicked out of him on the radio by Tito Ortiz as a goof.

As if that shit wasn't enough, Bonaduce upped the insanity by fighting other celebs in charity boxing matches, and is undefeated in his ass-whippings of the Reverend Bob Levy, fellow child stars Donny Osmond and Barry Williams, and fought attorney Robert Shapiro and former baseball star Jose Canseco to draws. Thereafter he dipped his toe into the muddy puddle of pro wrestling, where he's 1-1 against former child star Christopher Knight and actual pro wrestler Eric Young (who has 6 inches and 75 lbs on the Ginger Badass). Awesome? I'd say so. He also benches over double his bodyweight (though he never trains legs), which is a feat few of the people who're undoubtedly going to talk shit on this blog can match.

Did I mention he's the grand world champion of assholes, smokes like a fucking chimney, holds three black belts, and has banged a chick so hot you'd probably suffer first degree burns if you stood next to her? Check this shit out:

Q Seems like you're also obsessed with smoking. Any plans to quit?

A No. I've quit so many other things! I have a stair-stepper at home with an ashtray welded to it, and my gym has a smoking section.

Q So it's safe to say you're not working out for your health?

A I have the desire to appear healthy. I want somebody to go, "Nice ass," not "Nice lungs." I have mirrors everywhere in my house, and I walk around with no shirt on constantly. I keep resistance bands in my car, and if I'm going into a situation in which I haven't met the people, I'll take the heaviest band out, lay my car seat back, put my feet up on the dashboard and curl until the veins pop up. If someone came out and saw it I'd explain, "I have this cool vein and I wanted all the secretaries to see it."

If you're curious as to how he pulled it off, Bonaduce trains six days a week, rotating through rep ranges and workout structures as he sees fit. "Some weeks it's push-pull, some weeks it's max reps, some weeks its max weight, and always cardio and abs" (BB.com). He's also a big fan of training opposing muscle groups together, and does cardio everyday, as he's obsessed with never getting fat again. Not a bad obsession, frankly. His diet's pretty standard fare (save for the power bar) and generally looks like this:

Breakfast:

Gold Standard Whey Protein drink

Snack:

Power Bar

Lunch:

Skinless Chicken Breast or Fish,
serving size no bigger than my hand

Another Healthy Snack

Dinner:

Lean Chicken or Tuna Steak and
once or twice a week, a big fat
juicy hunk of Red Meat



All meals supplemented with the appropriate amount of carbs/protein ratio, rice, Brussels sprouts, etc., in addition to amino acids and whatever thermogenics on which he can lay hands (BB.com).

In short, if a former crackhead child star can go from 43% body fat to 3%, bang a gang of hot bitches, and compete in a shitload of combat sports after the age of 45, anyone can do it. The key, it seems, is to be complete fucking insane.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #26- Steve Stanko

There have been times when the best among us hasn't felt like hitting the gym- whether it be the common cold, not enough sleep, or a stressful day, the urge to skip the gym will occasionally strike. Few people have been able to resist the siren call of the couch on a training day from time to time, but it's exactly those motherfuckers who rose to levels of greatness about which few modern men dream outside of the leader boards in Call Of Duty. One man, however, stands head and shoulders above the rest, due to the mere fact that after he hit 35, he could barely fucking stand- Steve Stanko.



For those of you unfamiliar with this former titan of strength, allow me to shit some knowledge on your proverbial chests. Prior to contracting phlebitis, which is a disease wherein your doctor simply shakes his head and explains, "God really fucking hates you, champ" when diagnosing you, Stanko held the following distinctions:

- he was the first person in the world to total 1000 lbs in the three Olympic lifts (press, snatch and clean and jerk). In doing so, he even chumped John Grimek, which would be more or less akin to Dmitri Klovov getting owned by a teammate who weighed ten pounds less than he did. In 1941, Stanko represented with a Press of 310.5 pounds, a Snatch of 310.5 pounds, and a Clean and Jerk of 381 pounds for a total of 1002 pounds in 1941 at a bodyweight of 220 (Willoughby 167).

- he could run 100m in 10.8 seconds in street clothes, at a time when the world record was 10.2. In other words, it'd be like an Olympic weightlifter who could more or less keep up with Usain Bolt without removing his club clothes after a night of fist pumping with the Jersey Shore kids at Neptune's (Roark, Wiki).
- he was the first Mr. Universe, a distinction later held by guys you might have heard of like Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sergio Oliva, Reg Park, John Grimek, Frank Zane, Brutal Bertil Fox, and a whole shitload of other notable bodybuilders.
- At the time Super Athletes was published, Stanko was one of the two most heavily muscled Mr. Americas (along with John Grimek) at 5'10", 223lbs, for a 3.119 height to weight ratio (Willoughby 167-168).
- Stanko was one of three men to do a snatch holding the largest plates at the end of the barbell, snatching 145 lbs in that fashion in 1945. Only Hermann Goerner out-lifted him with 165 lbs., though he outweighed Stanko by about 80 lbs (Willoughby 216).
- In one workout, Stanko cranked out ten single clean and jerks with 380.
- He could do 3 one arm chins at a bodyweight of 220, making him the 7th best chinner in history (according to David Willoughby).

Most of that shit was accomplished prior to the onset of phlebitis, which sounds like it sucks hard- it's a shitload of clotting in the legs. You can't massage them away, since they'll dislodge and get stuck in your lungs, heart, or brain. As such, you basically live in a shitload of pain. This had to suck extra-hard for Stanko, who was a goddamned superman prior to contracting the disease. He dropped from 223 to 178 after getting the disease, and was forced to walk around with crutches like a modern-day Tiny Tim. Unlike most people, however, Stanko didn't just sit on the couch getting fat and bemoaning his shit luck. Instead, he started lifting light and eventually got back up over 200 lbs in spite of the fact that he couldn't do any standing lifts. When pressed to do something while tottering around on his rebellious legs, rickety-assed Stanko busted a 190 lb strict curl standing, and that is the only record of a standing exercise I could find of Stanko's after contracting what amounts to AIDS of the legs. Not fucking bad for a cripple.

Prior to being smote by the angry Jewish god of the Old Testament, Stanko's workout was fucking hardcore. He trained five days a week, lifting massive amounts on the Olympic lifts daily.

Press

280

290

300 for 8 singles

260 for 5 sets of 5 reps

Snatch

280

290

300 for 8 singles

260 for 5 sets of 5 reps

Clean

360 for 5 sets of 3 reps

Clean and Jerk

370 for several singles

True to form in terms of being a cast-iron badass, Stanko didn't give a shit about warming up- he just did some old-school calisthenics and ate a shitload of baked beans (seriously) before starting to press (Fair 67). After he got done with the serious business of his workouts, Stanko would fuck around with weights at which his contemporaries shit their pants: (Murray)

- overhead dumbbell press-100lb dbs x 12-14 reps, 120lb dbs x 8-10 reps
- dumbbell swing- "in which he used a pair of 100's for six reps"
- squat- 380-400 for 10 reps
- high pulls to the chest with 350-400 pounds
- quarter squats held in the clean position- with 400 lbs for sets of 10
- continental 410 or 420 to the chest just to "get the feel of the weight"



After getting all crippled up, Stanko continued breaking his ass in the gym, but modified his movements because he had trouble standing. "Plenty of reps, with heavy weights - that's my system," Stanko once noted, which pretty much puts his philosophy in line with John Defendis. Eventually, Stanko worked up to 322 pounds on the pullover and press on bench, "never attempting to press more than he could pull over with bent arms. His bodybuilding routine often included 4 sets of 20 bench presses with 205." (Murray) While that might seem retarded to you or I, you've got to remember the bench press had only recently been invented, and they were jury-rigging bench stands. I can't imagine utilizing the retardedly dangerous tomfoolery they got up to when attempting to construct a bench on which to press, but it makes sense they wouldn't want to load up their hilariously rickety apparatuses with a bunch of weight.

While Stanko's lifts don't seem all that insane in retrospect, the takeaway here is that whatever excuse you think you might have to quit training or skip sessions, you fucking have no excuse at all. Steve Stanko was a bad motherfucker simply because he looked god directly in the eye and told him to go fuck himself, and then proceeded to be a horrifyingly bad motherfucker to the point that he won the most prestigious bodybuilding competition of his day while barely able to stand.

Stop making excuses and go crush shit.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #27- Donald Dinnie

"Had he lived in primitive times [Dinnie] would have been much like the old chief who on his death bed, when asked to forgive his enemies, said he had no enemies, he had killed them all."



In a time where men ate steak and potatoes and lifted heavy things to prove their mettle against their friends and neighbors, one man stood head and shoulders above the rest- Donald Dinnie. Dinnie was basically what a sexual union between Mariusz Pudzianowski and Jim Thorpe's corpse might have produced if fed a bunch of beer and thrown into a plaid skirt, and as such, competed in every possible professional sporting event he could, winning damn near all of them. So profound was his effect on the opposition that during the World War I heavy artillery shells were nicknamed 'Donald Dinnies' because he fucking obliterated his opposition.

At 6'1", 218 lbs, Dinnie was hardly the most jacked motherfucker to walk the Earth. Instead, he was basically the same size as former light heavyweight UFC champ Randy Couture at Randy's walking around weight. Though Couture is renowned for being in fantastic shape and an incredible athlete, he's not what anyone would refer to as a physical powerhouse. As such, it's even more surprising that the relatively slight Dinnie performed the feats he did and was so unbelievably dominant in strength sports as he was. In short, the man was a freak of fucking nature.



If you've never heard of Donald Dinnie, it should hardly come as a surprise- he was incredibly famous in sports about which no one really cares anymore and in those about which we care, but prior to the Olympic Games, so again we're back to not caring. In spite of all that, Dinnie was "the greatest all-around strong-man athlete ever produced in Scotland. He was born in 1837 and competed professionally from the age of 16 to the age of 63, a perhaps unique record of sustained athletic ability. During his long career as a Highland games athlete and as a touring professional wrestler he was the recipient of over 100 medals and won no fewer than 7500 cash prizes totaling over \$100,000! He was also the winner in more than 200 weightlifting contests" (Willoughby 541).

Some of his most famous feats include (Willoughby 542):

- jerk pressed a pair of 56 lb dumbbells for 52 reps
- carried the Dinnie stones (one was 445 lbs and the other 340 lbs) 10 yards
- put a 22lb stone 42'3", and 18lb stone 44'8" and a 14 lb stone 52'
- did a running high jump (scissors style) of 5'11"
- did a running broad jump of 20'1"
- did a hop, step and jump of 44'
- ran the hundred in 10.4
- 168 lb one arm snatch (Greatest)
- 252 lb two hands anyhow (Greatest)

- According to the inscriptions on a Championship Belt given to Dinnie for being the single greatest athlete ever to walk the Earth by "the Colonies", which I assume was a colonial authority ruling Scotland, Dinnie was:
- was the "winner of over 2,000 wrestling contests. In 1882 won the champion medal for mixed wrestling in New Jersey, USA. Won the all-round wrestling championship of the world at Melbourne Wrestling Tournament in 1885, and was champion of Scotland over a quarter of a century." (Greatest)
- "won over 2,000 contests for hammer-throwing. Best records on level, fair stand- By 4 feet, 2 inch still handle, 16 lbs., 132 feet. By 4 feet, 8 inch handle, 16 lbs., 138 feet, 8 inches. By 4 feet, 2 inch stiff handle, 22 lbs., 104.5 feet. By 4 feet, 2 inch stiff handle, 44 lbs., 46.5 feet." (Greatest)
- "won 300 contests for throwing 56 lb. weight. Fair stand- length of weight, including ring, 14 inches- distance 28 feet, 4 inches. By chain, fair stand, 40 feet, 6 inches. For height over bar, 13 feet, 11 inches." (Greatest)
- "won over 1,400 contests for tossing the caber. Unbeaten for over 40 years! Won championship of Australia at caber and wrestling at Goulburn, N.S.W., in 1891. Beat all comers in South Africa in 1898" (Greatest).

Much of Dinnie's strength, it can be surmised, likely stemmed from his background as a stonemason, and the fact that his father before him was one as well, in addition to a strongman (Zarnowski). As such, Dinnie had strong hands, a broad back, and the ability to endure a shitload of heavy manual labor while being berated by a drunken Scotsman yielding a hammer- certainly, this was the ideal background for a man involved in strength sports and Scottish cross-dressing. Dinnie allegedly spent all of his free time training for the Highland Games, which is even more impressive considering that he went from a drunken odd-lift profession into a drunken odd-lift leisure activity in the same day. From what I can see, the man's life consisted of naught but drinking and throwing oddly shaped objects hither and yon while everyone around him screamed unintelligible epithets at gophers and maintained golf courses.

Dinnie's main claim to fame was his lift and carry of the Dinnie Stones, two stones named after Dinnie after he moved them with an iron will and the grip strength of a chimp with a pronounced masturbation problem. As a baby-faced but likely mustachioed 23 year old, Dinnie carried two John Goodman and Rosanne Barr sized boulders across the width of the Potarch Bridge (located somewhere in Scotland). From what I could find, the bridge is 6 meters at its widest, so Dinnie likely carried the stones about 15 feet. Who gives a shit, right? Well, you should, because those things have a combined weight of 775-lbs, and he carried them both at once, grabbing them by the giant iron rings fitted to them in the 1830s so the stones could be used as anchors for scaffolding to be attached to the bridge. According to Steve Jeck in *Of Stones and Strength*, the method used was "to straddle both stones at the point where he had brought them in close together. He then took hold of the rings, one stone in front of him and the other behind. Not only did he lift both stones together, but he also carried them across the width of the bridge"(Jeck 29). That shit, however, was just a warm up for Dinnie, in spite of the fact that no lifter was able to duplicate that feat until 1972.

Perhaps in an effort to prove that Donald is not a moniker that will consign a person to the sewage treatment plant of history, Dinnie competed in over 11,000 athletic competitions in a 50-year span. Of these, Dinnie won over 2000 hammer throwing contests, over 2000 wrestling matches, 200 weightlifting meets, and around 500 running and hurdling events, and was the Bill Goldberg of the caber toss, going undefeated in 40 years of competition over thousands of contest. While Goldberg might have had Dinnie beat in trapezius development, Dinnie would have beat the fuck out of Goldberg in everything else, save for participation in shitty films, including product placement and promotion. Dinnie's drink of choice, and the one he was paid to promote, was then called Iron Brew and is still sold today under the name Iron Bru (Van Vleck).

Not only did Dinnie compete incessantly and invariably destroy his competition, but he did so around the world at a time when electricity was confined to lightning, a doctor's most oft-used instrument of "medicine" was a saw the likes of which one wouldn't normally see outside of Redwood National Park, and women in Ireland were mute punching bags. Though the latter is likely still true, travel is far easier now than it was then.

"After competing at all the important Highland gatherings in Scotland and England, Dinnie tramped the world displaying his strength and versatility. He started at Caledonian Games, which featured events native to Scotland, but just as frequently he wrestled in tournaments or simply gave dumbbell-lifting (and later Highland dancing) demonstrations at dance halls. He toured Canada and the U.S.A. on three occasions, then steamed off to Australia and New Zealand in the 1880s, and later touted South Africa. At one stretch he was away for sixteen years, returning to Scotland in 1898 at age sixty-one" (Zarnowski).

In any event, Dinnie competed more in a year than most do in a lifetime, and won more money as well- "On his 1870 tour he attempted seventy-five Caledonian throwing, running, and jumping events at annual club meetings. Remarkably, Dinnie won sixty-eight of them and placed (top three) in the remaining seven, collecting several thousand dollars in prize money" (Zarnowski).

Dinnie didn't restrict himself simply to the events popular in the land famous for getting its ass kicked in by the British, however- he is considered one of the greatest athletes of the 19th Century because he excelled at three entirely different sports- track and field, wrestling, and weightlifting. As such, he's sort of like Michael Jordan, if Michael Jordan hadn't sucked at baseball and was also a track star. Actually, I suppose they're nothing alike, as wrestling in the 19th Century resembled MMA far more than it does modern wrestling. From what I've found, Scottish Backhold wrestling (very similar to Cornwall wrestling) wasn't quite as violent as American catch wrestling (which evolved out of Lancashire Wrestling),

but given Donald Dinnie's constant search for large purses, it seems highly likely that he, unlike his countrymen, would have engaged in combat with the more violent wrestlers of the day. In case you're curious about the distinction, check this out (which I find to be a fascinating aside, and if you don't, fuck you):

"Traditionally wrestling has two main centers in England: in the West Country, where the Devonshire and Cornwall styles were developed, and in the Northern counties, the home of the Cumberland and Westmorland styles.

Abraham Cann in the early 19th century was backed against any man in England for £500. Cann was a wrestler of the Devonshire style. He and others from his county, such as Jordan, were often objected to for 'showing the toe' - kicking. This was an acknowledged method, quite within the rules, in Devon but not in Cornwall, and there were many Cornishmen who would not 'go in' against a Devon opponent. The Devonshire style exponents justified their somewhat brutal methods by explaining that their style was more classic and that the Greeks themselves used to kick in their bouts."

"Cornish style originates from the Celts and is always held in the open air, and in a ring. The umpires are known as sticklers and usually four or six of these officials are appointed.

The legs of the wrestlers are bare from the knees and they wear canvas jackets that may be used in the holds.

Traditionally the challenge takes a form of throwing a cap in the air, and whoever wants may pick it up.

The object is to throw one's opponent so that he lands with both hips and one shoulder, or two shoulders and one hip, squarely on the ground.

Illustrating Cornwall's close connection with wrestling was the banner of the Cornish troops in the Hundred Years War, which showed two wrestlers in action.

The other main division of traditional English wrestling is known as Cumberland and Westmorland style, a form of contest said to have been introduced by the Vikings.

"Kicking was a part of wrestling everywhere except in Cornwall. Shinning or Cutlegs was a recognized sport and even today schoolboys play a variation which is called stampers - as its name implies, it calls for stamping on each other's toes.

Lancashire style wrestling is a form of Catch as Catch Can, which allows considerable freedom of movement and is similar to the free style seen at the modern Olympics. It has a reputation of being particularly barbarous, although the rules specifically bar throttling or the breaking of limbs. There are few restrictions and wrestling continues when the contestants hit the ground.

The Badminton Library has a quote on the Lancashire style of wrestling which states:

A Lancashire wrestling match is an ugly sight: the fierce animal passions of the men which mark the struggles of maddened bulls, or wild beasts, the savage yelling of their partisans, the wrangling, and finally the clog business which settles all disputes and knotty points, are simply appalling" (Brief History).

According to one wrestling source, "Squabbling over rules (Greco-Roman versus collar-and-elbow versus Cumberland versus Lancashire, etc.) was often a pre-match hype." Dinnie did compete in mixed-rules matches, according to Zarnowski, but Cornish/Scottish wrestling definitely seems to have been his forte, as I'd imagine he was able to use his upper body strength to his advantage. It seems that rules in combat sports were only tightened in the late 19th-early 20th Century, so it's possible that backhold wrestling forms like Glima, Scottish Backhold, and Cornish Wrestling were a bit more violent in Dinnie's day, and the evidence seems to bear that out. In one match in Australia, Dinnie was pissed that the match was going to be called a draw, so he threw his opponent so hard the dude broke his leg. Additionally, given his travels throughout the world and the US in particular, it seems likely that Dinnie would have had to compete with catch wrestlers, as catch/Lancashire wrestling was insanely popular in the US and in England during Dinnie's life.

It's fair to say that Dinnie was likely a hard motherfucker in addition to being strong and fast. Adding to the evidence that Dinnie was tough as shit, he is reputed to have competed in (and won) 16 Highland Games events in a single day and won 58 of 77 events over 15 competitions in the US with his left arm in a sling due to a bad shoulder injury incurred during a vault (Zarnowski).

At this point, Dinnie's clearly starting to sound a hell of a lot like Paul Bunyan, but it actually gets crazier- Dinnie didn't just win when he competed- he fucking embarrassed his competition. According to Zarnowski, "the margins of Dinnie's victories were gaudy. He dominated his competition normally winning hammer competitions by twenty feet or more, and stone tosses by five feet. And margins could have been more.

Unconcerned about "records," Dinnie would take one toss or put which was good enough to win the other competitors would throw as often as the rules permitted while he went away to compete at some other event." Very few competitors in any sport are content with leaving records on the field, but Dinnie was so fucking good, he just didn't give a shit. In spite of the fact that no fucks were given in regards to setting records, Dinnie's "sixteen-pound shot put (stone toss) record was not surpassed for thirty-nine years" and it "took eight seasons to better his hammer mark and eight years to top his high jump best" (Zarnowski).

Like Paul Bunyan, Donald Dinnie's likeness is now found all over the place. Dinnie competed in the Caledonia Games in Lucknow in 1882, and has been an icon for the community since. They've erected a statue in his honor, and his likeness can be seen on signage for the village. While alive, Dinnie was used as the body model for a statue of William Wallace, and he's still used to sell the Irn Bru he endorsed while alive. For this reason, Dinnie is considered to be "the original superstar celebrity and Scotland's first true professional sportsman" (Mair) and is often compared with the likes of David Beckham in terms of pop culture status and Jim Thorpe in terms of sports prowess. In regards to the latter, most sports historians are of the opinion that Dinnie would have knocked the inimitable Thorpe to the ground and fucked him in his dirty mouth. For those of you who are unaware of Jim Thorpe, he's considered as much superhero as he is athlete, and was even described by the Associated Press as "the greatest American football player" and the "greatest overall male athlete" ever (Thorpe). Despite those titles, author Frank Zarnowski compared the two athletes in the five events they had in common and found that Dinnie would win the contest 3-2 based on their best performances. Thus, if Jim Thorpe is Superman, Donald Dinnie is Doomsday.



The next time you tell yourself you can't do something, or something's not possible, or that you're competing too much and need a break, slap yourself in your whorish mouth and do a shot in honor of Donald Dinnie- a man's man in a time when a metrosexual looked like John Fucking Wayne compared to the lot of us.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #28- Ivan "The Polish Hammer" Putski

Poland is an interesting place. Wedged in between the titans of Europe, the Germans and the Russians, the Poles pretty much fought a two front war against both groups for centuries, and finally had their shit handed to them in the 18th Century when the Russians and Prussians basically just walked in and started pointing at random shit and yelling "Mine!" like a couple of fat, retarded girls in an Pinkberry. Thereafter, both countries started what pretty much amounted to the least fair campaign of discrimination and disinformation of all time, shouting to the mountaintops about how the Poles were a pack of ugly, stupid pack animals that you'd like in your kitchen less than an unwashed, rotting donkey's ass. For those of you who've never been to Poland, Poles are actually pretty fucking awesome. In fact, you could throw a rock into a crowd in Poland and hit three chicks that are hot as hell.



There exists, however, a Pole who exists simply to disabuse you of the false notions you might hold about the Poles, and his name doesn't rhyme with "oodzianowski". Nope, before Marius could doff his fishnet tank to hand you a beating, another badass Pole would rip off your arms and beat you to death with them, were he to hear you spout off with some Polish jokes in his presence. That man is Ivan "The

Polish Hammer" Putski. Putski, born Josef Bednarski, was born in Poland and immigrated shortly thereafter. You'll hear a lot of bullshit about how his English sucked, but that seems purely a gimmick- in the interview to which I listened, the motherfucker sounded like he was speaking on the phone from horseback in West Texas with chaw in his mouth and bowl of bean-free chili in his lap.

For those of you who are unaware, Putski was a professional wrestler in the early years of the WWF, in a time when WWF wrestlers looked much more like superheroes than men's board shorts models. He was one of the massive motherfuckers in league with guys like the benching phenomenon Ted Arcidi, Olympic weightlifter and strongman Ken Patera, and overall beast and badass facial hair rocker "Superstar" Billy Graham. Throughout his career he mostly feuded with Billy Graham and the successor to Graham's original look, none other than Jesse "The Body" Ventura. At the time, because there were so many jacked-to-bits dudes dripping testosterone and chugging cans of whoop ass that they regularly had to dispense with the bullshit histrionics and just settle shit Over the Top style with arm wrestling matches. It was clearly a different time then, as the 180 lb oily goofballs predominating the modern WWE would have been eaten alive in Putski's era.

Putski stood a mere 5'6", but his weight as a wrestler and strongman vacillated between 225 and 300 pounds. Most of the latter part of his career, in which he was more or less a bodybuilder, he was a lean 250 lbs, which is the same billed weight as Triple H, who's considered huge by modern wrestling standard in spite of the fact that he's almost a full foot taller than Putski. If you haven't yet caught on, Putski is and was not to be fucked with. Throughout his life, Putski was a professional football player (in the fledgling Continental League), a strongman (he placed 8th in the 1978 World's Strongest Man), and Tag Team World Champion with Tito Santana. Thus, he did more awesome shit in an average day than most of us will likely do in our lives, and thought nothing of it.

I first read about Putski when researching Destroy the Opposition, and found him mentioned in a story about Doug Young. Young was one of the greatest benchers in history, and a fucking beast at 242. When Young was coming up in the scene, he happened to hit up the gym where Ivan Putski lifted. By any account I've been able to find, Putski gave exactly zero fucks about programming- he just went in the gym, found someone doing something epic, and attempted to best them at their pet lift in marathon workouts that left everyone covered in vomit while Putski happily munched on boiled eggs and patted them on the head like they were small, harmless children. According to Terry Todd, here's what happened when these two lunatics met on the iron battlefield:

"The word had gotten around to all the local horses, and so we had a big bunch at the T.A.C. when Doug began to train. No one, however, except Ivan Putski, the Polish pro-wrestler, seemed very interested in benching that day; and we suspect Putski didn't know, or care, what was on the bar. The rest of us, though, surely knew - and cared. Doug took 135 for 100 reps as a warm up and then went to singles with 225, 315, 405, 485, 505, and 520. He then dropped back to 405 for 8 repetitions and 315 for 15. Not bad, seeing as how he had just lost

weight down from 260 in an effort to stay somewhere near the 242-pound class limit" (Todd).

That, my friends, is how babies get made. Putski didn't give a shit that Doug Young was the greatest bencher in history at that point, that Young benched more in a week than most people do in a month, or that Young had benched 545 with three broken ribs in the past- he just said fuck it and matched him rep for rep on anything like the motherfucking beast that he was. From other anecdotal accounts about Putski, that seemed to be his M.O.- he'd just step up to keep his rep up, whether it was Ken Patera doing overhead presses or some goofball doing calf raises like he was training for the world championships of accessory movements. Lest you think I'm joking about the latter bit, I'm not. One account I found online was from a self-professed nobody who happened to work out at a World Gym frequented by a bunch of WWE wrestlers and a couple of East Coast bodybuilders, including Mike Katz of "Pumping Iron" fame. This guy recounted the following of Putski:

"I remember I was working out my strongest body part "calves" when Ivan politely asked me if he could work in on the standing calf machine with me. I was thrilled to be working out with the man who patented the "Polish Hammer" as a finisher. I remember Ivan eating a couple of dozen hardboiled eggs during his workout. He would do a set then eat a couple of eggs, do another set eat a couple more eggs etc. Ivan's English was very broken back then but when I was laughing at his eating so many eggs during his workout he simply said "Putski eat, Putski push." and push he did... an amazing powerhouse!

We eventually had the calf machine maxed out with all the weight that it could handle. 1400 lbs. to be exact, we had the entire weight stack pegged plus hung and placed 100 lb. dumbbells and plates anywhere on the machine that we could safely add to the resistance of that poor overloaded machine. We both did our last set with 1400 lbs. for several reps when Ivan downed a couple more eggs, then came over and patted me on the shoulder, gave me a thumbs up, and a wink, as he grabbed his gym bag off a nearby bench and headed to the locker room" (Massie).

It becomes fairly apparent from those accounts that Putski didn't really stick rigidly to a set program- he just fucking loved lifting. He did have a basic program he apparently stuck to rather loosely, just because he traveled so much for the WWE. According to the interview I heard with him, however, he still trained on the road, and ensured that he took the earliest flight possible so he could get in a morning lift and then wrestle in the evening (Guttman). His brutal workouts, however, all took place in the beginning of the week, when he wasn't traveling.

His main training days, then, were as follows:

Monday

Bench Press: 225 x 10; 325 x 10; 425 x 8; 425 x 7; 425 x 8; 425 x 8; 425 x 7; 425 x 7; 425 x 8; 425 x 6; 425 x 7; 425 x 7; 425 x 6; 425 x 5; 425 x 4. Each set was taken to failure, and he continued doing sets until he noticed a significant drop-off in bar speed and strength. He called it "train yourself til you strain yourself." Putski, incidentally, was reputed to have a 600+ pound bench.

Push Press: 225 x 10; 275 x 10; 325 x 10; 325 x 12; 325 x 11; 325 x 11; 325 x 10; 325 x 10; 325, x 10; 325 x 10; 325 x 10; 325 x 8; 325 x 8; 325 x 9; 325 x 6; 325 x 5

Tuesday

Box Squats (which he did to a high bench, actually): 300 x 10; 500 x 10; 15 x 10 x 650

Stadium Stairs: He would run the stairs of a local high school football stadium for a hour if the weather allowed.

Wednesday

Standing Barbell Curl or Seated Concentrated Curl: 15-20 x 10 x 200 or 100lbs, respectively.

Skullcrushers or Standing Tricep Extensions: 15-20 x 10 x 200lbs, going until his form gets sloppy.

(Marunde Muscle)

Another source had Putski busting out a pulling day on day three, though it provided no information on that (Furman). I would ascribe the discrepancy to the fact that Putski simply did a hell of a lot of whatever the fuck he felt like every time he entered the gym.



The rest of the week, he'd be traveling and wrestling at night, so he would get into the gym early and do smaller workouts. Frankly, the fact that he wasn't in a coma by Wednesday night is a testament to the type of beating you can put on your body and survive. By all accounts, Putski was the nicest fucking guy on Earth, and was constantly smiling. He was one of the few wrestlers to remain a babyface his entire career, because he was just too nice to play a heel. This, I suppose is proof that you needn't be a total cock to be a badass, which is somewhat disappointing, as I like to think that channeling my inner Tommy Conlon spurs me on to victory.

Instead of being fueled by hate, however, Putski was fueled by the produce of his massive appetite. Like most of the old school, Putski ate more in a sitting than most of us eat in a day. When Putski was first starting out, he lacked the money to eat anything expensive, "so a usual evening meal would consist of a quart or two of raw oysters, a pound of cheese, some Polish sausage, and fresh fruit. As he began learning about U. S. cooking, he developed a taste for fried chicken and it's not at all uncommon for him to eat 20 or 30 pieces after an evening bout" (Marunde Muscle). In case your math sucks, that's between two and a half and four WHOLE fried chickens in a single meal. As he gained prominence in wrestling and became a bigger earner, Putski started eating steak three times a day, in addition to what was reputedly an absurd amount of kielbasa. This then, lends a great deal more support to the credo of "eat big to get big", because Putski was a gigantic motherfucker.

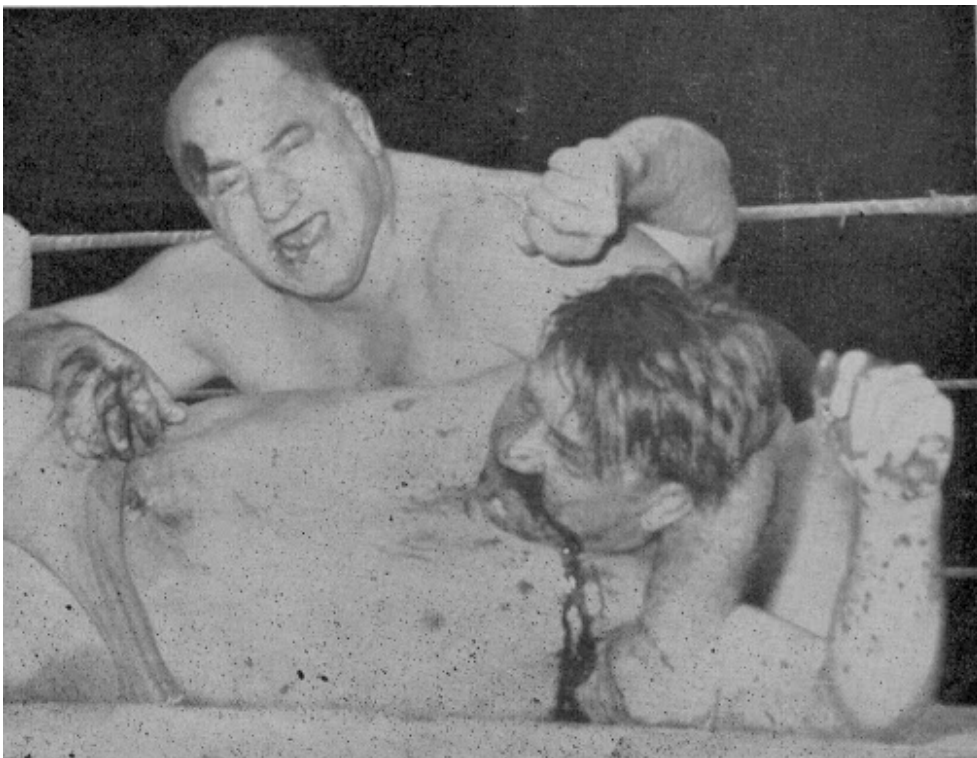
Thus, to bring it all home for you, the following can be gleaned from Putski's example:

- you can, and likely should, be doing far more volume than you are currently doing.
- you can pretty much eat whatever you want in whatever quantities you want if you train your ass off, provided that your diet is heavy as hell on proteins.
- you don't have to be an asshole to be a total badass.
- compared to Ivan Putski, we are all a bunch of pussies.

Go eat something already.

Baddest Motherfuckers Ever #29: Bert "I Can Do A One Handed Handstand, Motherfucker" Assirati

Once upon a time, there lived an impressively muscular but homely woman who was known throughout the lands for her physical prowess. After spending years toiling on her parents' farm, lifting hay bales over her head and throwing them at hecklers who mocked her for her frightful visage (from a distance, of course), she happened upon Beorn, the shape-shifting bear man from JR Tolkien's horribly written fairy tale about hirsute fat kids with giant feet. Surprised that he actually existed, she struck up a conversation with him while gently masturbating one of his many pet horses, as she was a horny broad and no one was brave or blind enough to bang her out. Finding him to be the only creature in the land who would slip her the dick, she ravaged him sexually for months until she was finally full with child, if you can really call a baby that's a quarter ursine and 100% ugly a child. That child's name was Bert Assirati, and he owns your fucking face.



Though I frankly prefer my story and explains far more about Bartolomeo "Bert" Assirati than any other backstory about him you might find, Assirati was actually born to a fitness-obsessed couple in the land of inedible food, bad teeth, and

worse weather (I, of course, am referring to England) in 1908. Growing up in a household filled with lifters prepared Bert for a life of unrelenting badassery, and he learned weightlifting at an early age by practicing lifts with his mom's flat iron and listening to his brother Joe, one of Britain's foremost bodybuilding experts at the time, pontificate about the merit of various movements. Assirati started lifting in earnest at age 12, and at age 14 was seen lifting the back end of his father's taxi on more than one occasion (Smith).

Discontented with just making the men of his neighborhood feel like eunuchs in the presence of a remarkably old-looking teenager, Assirati ventured forth into the world to embarrass the fuck out of proud men in front of large crowds. To that end, Bert and his father traveled to London on his 16th birthday to see Maxalding enthusiast Alan Mead perform a posing routine that would make Kai Green look like a uncoordinated hillbilly spastically dancing to Bluegrass onstage. The other performer at the event was a world champion strand puller who broke the world's record for opening a chest expander in front of a wholly unimpressed Bert Assirati. The champion, not realizing he had a quarter bear man in the crowd with a lineage stretching all the way back to The Hobbit, threw the expander down at the end of his record breaking performance and challenged the crowd to take a crack at it. Unfazed, Assirati popped off his shirt, jumped onstage, and proceeded to bust out 15 reps with what had just been a world record single. I presume he then handed the former world record holder a .44 Magnum to blow his fucking brains out and went home, where in five days he received a 225 lb weight set from a thoroughly impressed Alan Mead, who assured Assirati he'd be one of the strongest men in the world if he stuck with it.

Over the next 6 years, Assirati gained about 40 lbs of muscle and went to work in the circus as a hand balancer and gymnast. It was here that he learned how to do the things with which he later blew peoples' minds- back flips, which people hilariously used to refer to as "flip-flaps", one hand handstands, and a variety of tumbling moves. He kept lifting, however, and moved into wrestling at age 20 at the urging of the wacky circus folk with whom he hung out. It was then that Assirati really began to pack on mass, so much so that legendary lifter and wrestler George Hackenschmidt pulled him aside and told him to quit wrestling and focus on lifting so he could claim the title of World's Strongest Man. Assirati, however, gave exactly zero fucks about that and proceeded to become one of the most hated, most violent, and strongest wrestlers ever to hit the mat, content with blowing random lifters' minds in the gym rather than proving himself in competitions.



At his peak weight of 266 lbs, Assirati was not to be fucked with in the gym. Though his lifts are all unofficial, they were all witnessed by multiple people on multiple occasions. Most of the accounts come from noted strength writer Charles Smith, however, with whom Assirati staying in pretty constant contact. The 30 year old Assirati posted the following ridiculous numbers in the gym, causing many a sallow-complexioned, parents' basement-living, message board warrior non-lifter to call bullshit on his lifts. Nevertheless, the lifts were good enough for David Willoughby, and should thus be good enough for you. Bear in mind these were done by a 5'6", 266 lb 30 year old beast of a man- Assirati could do:

(Per Charles Smith)

- A one arm handstand, at any time.
- Three consecutive one arm chins
- Execute and hold an iron cross
- Right hand military press - 160 lbs.
- Left hand military press - 145.
- Lateral raise lying - 160 (two 80-lb. dumbbells).
- Two arm pullover with straight arms - 200 lbs. (This was a world record for some time)
- Two arm pullover with straight arms - 140 lbs. x 17 reps.

- Two arm curl - 180 lbs.
- Two arm curl, arms tied to sides - 160 lbs.
- Two hands continental jerk - 380 lbs.
- Two hands clean and jerk - 360 lbs., though in Tribute, Smith stated Assirati allegedly (and unofficially) broke the world record of El Said Noseir, the Egyptian heavyweight, who had hit 363 lbs. in competition.
- Strict military press - 285 lbs.
- Squat - 550 lbs. x 10 reps.
- Press on back, no bridge, - 400 lbs.
- Deadlift - 800 lbs., and he claimed that he could pull 700 lbs. at any time or day.

If that doesn't blow your fucking mind, nothing will.

(Per the Bert Assirati website)

- Squat - 800 lbs. x 1
- One Legged Barbell Squat - 200 lbs. x 1
- Squat - 235 lbs. for a half hour straight using a barbell previously owned and used by Eugen Sandow
- Back flip while holding a 56lb block weight in each hand
- Carry a piano a long distance on his back
- Carry a telegraph pole a long distance on his back.

Assirati was not just a hard motherfucker in the gym, either- he was so feared in the wrestling ring that it was difficult to find him opponents in the US, and most of his matches ended in win or loss by injury- either he'd break his opponents' bones or they'd dislocate something on him. Known as a "ripper" and a "pain freak" (which apparently means he was both a sadist and a masochist in the ring), Assirati was pretty much despised by his opponents who often ended up in the hospital (Online World). Amusingly, Assirati isn't remembered so much for his feats of strength as his is for his "penchant for hurting opponents and inflicting unnecessary pain". According to one wrestling site:

"Ray Hulm was big fan of Assirati, 'Just the sheer presence of the man.' Ray trained with those who knew and worked with Bert and they told him of a man capable of inflicting pain at will. David Schmida told us that in Rene Lasartesse's biography Assirati was described as really stiff and brutal; when his opponent didn't hit him hard enough he would get angry and provoke him to not fall asleep and start fighting. If his opponents hesitated he would start punishing them" (No Angel).

If that's not the very definition of a bad motherfucker, I don't know what is. Assirati can't be entirely blamed for his wrestling style, however, as he was a product of one of the hardest styles of wrestling ever developed- the Lancaster style of wrestling, which became catch wrestling in the gym where Assirati trained- the Snake Pit in Wigan, UK. The style originated with coal miners, who apparently really enjoyed blinding and maiming one another in their free time. The gym in which Assirati trained produced basically every awesome submission fighters the world has ever seen, including Antonio Inoki, the lantern-jawed Japanese dude who fought Mohammed Ali in one of the first major Western mixed martial arts fights. Catch wrestling contributed heavily to modern mma, and explains why Assirati was busy with breaking bones and relocating his opponents' duodenum every minute. In spite of the fact that Americans were pretty much piss-scared of Assirati and he never really had of a career here, he traveled all over the world wrestling the best of the best to test his skills. Throughout his life, Assirati snapped fibulas and crushed tracheas in Britain, Scotland, the United States, Germany, France, Belgium, Singapore, Malaysia, Ceylon, India, Pakistan and South Africa, all due to his ridiculous strength and general insanity, which drew crowds of 100,000 people in his matches in India and Pakistan (Feats).



Though I thought the press slam was basically invented by the Road Warriors, as they were the only motherfuckers strong enough to perform it, Assirati predated

their steroid-and-coke fueled insanity by 50 years, as that was one of his signature strength moves. He was also a huge fan of the inimitable Boston Crab, which we've all enjoyed utilizing to torture younger siblings and neighborhood kids in the past.

"Bert put the Boston Crab on [Chick Knight], and it was thought he had broken Chick's back; he did spend some time in hospital. Alan Garfield towered above Bert, but it did not stop Bert from lifting him up over his head and dropping him with all of his weight on Garfield's head. Afterwards Mr Garfield left with his head on one side twice the size of the other side, and with a big bandage around him"(No Angel).

Assirati had a fairly checkered wrestling past as a result of the violence with which he performed his moves, his steadfast refusal to adhere to the programs given to him by wrestling promoters (all of his matches were "shoots" rather than "works", as he was a man who would pretend he lost to someone who didn't actually beat his ass around the same time he'd pretend to be a pretty lady in a Thai brothel), the fact that he was less a showman than he was the harbinger of violent, bloody doom for joints, and the fact that he was suspended indefinitely by the Maryland Boxing Commission for beating the brakes off a referee during one of his matches (Wiki, Online World, No Angel, Yohe). As such, he found various ways to supplement his income, including proto-mma fights, being a leg breaker for local bookies, and being a bouncer in rough clubs- basically, Assirati lent his skills anywhere someone wanted someone to end up a bloody mess his mother wouldn't recognize in the morgue.

When he wasn't reducing people to blood-sodden, mushy, broken messes, Assirati was "up in the gym, workin' on his fitness" [Editor's note: Didn't see a Fergie quote coming, did you?] Though his primary focus was on strength training, he was still such a proponent of gymnastics and cardio that he might as well have worn a cheerleader's costume and brought pom-poms into the gym. Like the Indian wrestlers he eventually fought, Assirati thought strength without endurance was pointless, and once commented to Charles Smith, "Of what use is it to be able to press 250 or 280 or any other great poundage if you can't run a good mile or wrestle for an hour?" Echoing the same sentiments, he expressed an obsession with developing "supple" muscles, a concept I'm still not sure I understand, outside of the fact that early 20th Century lifters were absolutely overwhelmed with preoccupation with developing them. To enhance his suppleness, agility, and quickness, Assirati ensured that he always included gymnastics, springboard diving, cycling, and tumbling in his workouts (Drucker, Part I).

Once Assirati actually got down to the business of lifting, he brought the ruckus. Like most exceptional lifters of his era, Assirati didn't follow a strict program, preferring to change his program periodically by adding, subtracting, or substituting exercises, which he felt kept him progressing and prevented him from developing any muscular imbalances. The only exercise he didn't substitute or drop from his workout, however, was the squat, which he did with zealotry generally

reserved for Islamic suicide bombers or Christian fundamentalists at gay pride parades. His squat workouts were legendary, and he combined low and high reps to build some gigantic legs. Assirati had an 800 lb squat in an era wherein hardly anyone squatted, and no one could challenge him in that exercise. Every squat workout concluded with a death set of ten, on which he eventually hit 550 lbs. He was so intent on performing that set with that weight later in his career that when traveling started interfering with his training, he just dropped the squat altogether for cycling, as he figured that there was no fucking point to squatting if he couldn't go as heavy as possible.

Assirati enjoyed squatting so much, in fact, that he took to squatting Eugen Sandow's 235 lb. fixed barbell for time- at one point, he was squatting that thing for 30 minutes straight, without even stopping to take a deep breath (Drucker, Part 2). This sort of insanity seemed to fall right in line with the insanity Assirati utilized in the ring, leading me to believe that he might have been at least slightly unbalanced. As crazy makes for interesting people, however, Assirati is pretty fucking awesome. He kept the crazy at the forefront when he hit the gym, ripping it up with 800 lb deadlifts, and matching world records in various odd lifts as a matter of course. He loved doing one arm dumbbell presses, and hit huge numbers on those, in addition to floor presses, standing military presses, weighted back bridges, and was one of the first people in the United States to bench press utilizing the actual apparatus for which the exercise is named (Smith, Bench). Basically, if it was an exercise that could be considered a "man maker", Assirati went at it like a badger on a honeycomb and tore that shit up.

Due to his love for violence, his general insanity, and the fact that haters gonna hate, Bert Assirati is not remembered fondly in many circles. I'd chalk that up to jealousy and the fact that most people are so boring that beige is an acceptable color choice and black pepper's a bit too spicy for them. Whatever the reason, however, it's all bullshit- Bert Assirati is the very definition of a bad motherfucker, and certainly a man who lived and died to be fucking amazing at everything, even if that everything was simply doing one handed handstands and riding a bicycle ridiculously long distances while obese. If you take nothing else away from this entry, that should pretty much be the message- more craziness, more intensity, and more fearlessness will always lead to being more epic, and more epic is better than less.

Baddest Workouts Ever- Don "The Ripper" Ross



Don Ross was perhaps the most intense of this bunch- he was a vocal advocate of steroid use, trained so hard Steve Michalik would have been impressed, and died young but left a good-looking corpse. The Ripper was a wrestler, a writer, and a bodybuilder, making him yet another of the Renaissance men of the BMEs. The Ripper was also fanatical about staying in shape constantly, and represented physical culture in every way humanly possible. The dude literally sweated testosterone, and was still pulling chicks like a man 30 years younger right before his death. Ross had a pretty unique take on training, and trained as hard and as heavy as he could utilizing a four day schedule that trained every bodypart twice a week. His non in-season workout looked like this:

Monday / Thursday

Incline Press- 5 x 6

Pulley Crossovers- 5 x 8

Press Behind Neck- 5 x 6

Upright Row- 5 x 6

Cheat Curl (with slow negatives)- 5 x 6

Dumbbell Concentration Curl- 5 x 10

Triceps Pushdown- 5 x 10

Overhead Triceps Extensions (with a single dumbbell)- 5 x 6

Tuesday / Friday

Wide-Grip Chin Behind Neck- 5 x 6-10

Dumbbell Row- 5 x 8

Hack Squats- 5 x 6

Leg Extensions- 5 x 6

Leg Curl- 5 x 10

Heel Raises- 10 x 20

Crunches supersetted with **Leg Raises**- 4 x 50

Prone Hyper Extensions- 4 x 25

For most people, that routine in and of itself would be incredibly brutal. His in-season workout, however, stepped it up a notch.

When training for a competition, Ross did the following:

Monday / Wednesday / Friday

Incline Dumbbell Press- 6 x 6

Decline Flies- 6 x 8

Pectoral Machine- 3 x 15

Side Dumbbell Laterals- 10 x 6-8

Front Dumbbell Raises- 6 x 6

Bent-over Dumbbell Laterals- 6 x 6

Chin Behind Neck- 8 x 8

High Pulley Row- 6 x 6

Close-Grip Chins- 2 x 10

Wide-Grip Curl (against wall)- 5 x 6

Narrow Grip Curl (over vertical bench)- 5 x 6

Reverse Curl- 4 x 12

Pushdowns- 5 x 15

Triceps Pushdown- 5 x 10

Triceps Kick Back- 5 x 8

Wrist Curl- 5 x 20

Tuesday / Thursday / Saturday

Isokinetic Full Squats- 4 x 12

Leg Extension- 10 x 20

Leg Curl- 10 x 20

Heel Raise- 20 x 10-20

Tri-set

Crunch Sit-up

Leg Raise

Roll Ups- 3 x 100

Hyper Extensions- 8 x 10

Neck Bridge- 3 x 20

Neck Resistance- 3 x 20

Brutal by any standard- the man was a machine. The man had objectively terrible genetics, a bad shoulder to hip ratio, and was ugly as sin, but he made it work by breaking his ass inside out every time he entered the gym, even in the off-season.

THE EVER POPULAR "DUDE, SO AND SO GOT SO FUCKING JACKED" SERIES

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie!

Every time I hear someone say that an actor got jacked for a movie, I chuckle inwardly. They make it out as if that guy got HYOOOOGE for the film, when in fact, every single person who got "jacked" or "ripped" for a movie only did the following- built bigger shoulders and traps, and got leaner. That's it. It's not rocket science. The key to having a badass build is that simple- just bust your ass on shoulders, traps, and abs, and make sure your diet is tight as hell.

Ed Norton in American History X:



Shoulders and traps, and not a hell of a lot else.

Brad Pitt in Snatch, Fight Club and Troy:



Shoulders, abs, and traps.

Hugh Jackman in Wolverine:



Nothing but shoulders and traps.

I think my point is made, but you can look to Ryan Reynolds in Blade Trinity for more evidence, or even the astonishing shit show that is Brandon Rausch in Superman. Given that most of the guys in Hollywood are not and have never been athletes, and most are totally unused to the type and amount of effort necessary to get jacked, you should think long and hard about what you're doing wrong. Quite frankly, attaining the type of physique that these guys display onscreen isn't beyond your capabilities, and shouldn't be that difficult provided you expend the necessary effort.

THE SO AND SO GOT SO FUCKING JACKED DIET

This part is ultra simple. 5-day keto runs with a carb-up on the sixth day. Nothing spectacular. Just keep your carbs at or below 5% of your total calories for 5 days, and on the 6th day, eat 60% carbs, 30% protein, and 10% fat. If you want to, and you're feeling good about your fat loss, have a cheat window on that day as well. Keep it to three hours, on the dot, but enjoy. Many times, I will keep my carbs low all day, as well as my fat, and then have the cheat window, followed by a couple of shake-only meals. I've blogged about diets like these extensively, both in this IOI volume and in my blogs about my Apex Predator diet. Following a low carb diet might take a bit of effort in the transition, but it's the quickest and easiest way to get jacked. Alternatively, you can try following one of the celebrity diets to come, which will basically involve cycling your calories utilizing traditional bodybuilder foods. As I'd prefer to eat steak, wings, and ribs, I'm sticking with my method, which science supports as the more hormonally beneficial diet as well.

THE SO AND SO GOT SO FUCKING JACKED WORKOUT

Day 1

Behind the Neck Push Press: 10x3

Front Squats: 10x3

Weighted Pullups: 10x3

Keep the rest periods to 60 seconds, and use a 5 rep max weight for all sets.

Day 2

20 minutes of nonstop bodyweight exercises. I like ab wheel, pullups, and dips. Alternatively, you can load or shoulder a light stone for the same amount of time, non-stop.

Day 3

High Pulls: 6x5 (7RM weight, 60 sec rests)

Weighted Dips: 6x5

Back Squats: 1-2 sets of 3 minutes of straight squatting. I use 135lbs for this, usually.

Abs and calves

Day 4

Light arm supersets. I generally utilize overhead tricep extensions & reverse or hammer curls, followed by cables. I keep my rests to 15-30 seconds. Then, I go with more ab wheel.

Day 5

Back squats: 15x1 (3 RM weight, 45-60 sec rests)

Strict Military Presses: 4x8 (10 RM)

Shrugs: 8x3, 6x1 (5RM and 3RM respectively)

Day 6

Anything you want. Get in anything you think needs more work.

Day 7

Rest.

If you can work in an AM workout, do so. Your morning workouts should not consist of the exercises you plan on doing later that day, but should rather be any light exercises for bodyparts you want to bring up. The more volume you can do for lagging bodyparts, the better. Focus heavily on trap/neck, shoulder, arm, and ab work to maximize the effect your physique transformation will have.

After 6 weeks of this, you should be ready for the beach, given a reasonably decent starting point.

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Jason Statham



Few actors in Hollywood these days are as cool, or as fucking badass, as Jason Statham. Though not a fucking powerhouse, Statham's not got a pretty boy build, either. He's essentially 175 lbs of traps and abs, and he looks like he's going to bite someone at all times. I realize that many of you right now are standing up and screaming aloud that no one should ever blog about this guy, as he's under 200 lbs, isn't a strength athlete, and it's trendy to talk shit about anyone who looks better than you, but before you spazz have a nice big glass of shut the fuck up and chill out. You like his movies, you know he's a fucking badass, and you know people likely respect his physique far more than your sloppy man-tits. Therefore, check out the shit this guy's into, because it's not a half bad routine, and at the very least, you might incorporate bits and pieces of the workout one day when you're fucking about the gym while waiting to go drink your face off.

For those of you sad sacks who are still horrified that I might blog about this epic motherfucker, consider the following, Jason Statham:

- does his own stunts and hates wire work, making him a far angrier, jacked, and overall awesome Jackie Chan. Whenever possible, he speaks derisively of wire-fu, CGI, and any poofier who gets involved in that sort of nonsense.
- has most recently dated a Playboy model and a Victoria's Secret model.
- is not a natural martial artist or lifter. Lest you think he was raised in some sort of monastery wherein he was forced to subsist on chicken and steamed broccoli while spending his days doing naught but lifting, think again. Statham has only been practicing martial arts since he started doing fighting films, and only started lifting seriously at that time as well. Since becoming an action movie star, Statham's started practicing a wide variety of styles (including thai boxing, wing chun, and Shotokan karate), he's developed a deep and abiding love of MMA, so much so that is regularly

seen ringside at the UFC. Call him a mark if you want, but the guy's considered legit enough by those in the community to be friends with Bas Rutten.

- took 12th at the World Championships in diving. Ridiculous, I know, but it was off the high platform, which is pretty fucking metal.
- makes fucking awesome movies.
- wrote a pissed off letter to *Men's Health* when they posted an article that made him look like he trained like a bitch, so they posted a retraction and listed his entire program online.
- got his break in Guy Ritchie's films due to his experience in selling stolen goods. Yes, just like Danny Trejo. Statham managed to parlay felonious activity into a massive film career.
- stars in movies contain the following attributes of manliness, as listed by Maddox in the Bible: **Ass-Kicking** (all of them), **Boners** (*Crank* and *Crank 2*), **Copping a Feel** (*Crank 2*), **Enlightenment** (*London*, *Crank*, *Snatch*, *LS2SB*), **Female Wrestling** (*Crank 2*), **Gas** (*Crank 2*), **Irate** (all of them), **Knockers** (Jessica Biel's and Amy Smart's in *London* and the *Crank* films), **Metal** (all of them), **Quickie** (both *Cranks*), **Road Rage** (*Transporters*, *Death Race*, *Crank*), **Taunting** (*Transporters*, *Cranks*, *Death Race*, *London*), **Violence** (all of them), **Winner** (all of them), **XXX** (*Crank 2*'s porn star riot), **Yelling** (all of them). [Note: When I state "all of them, I'm not referring to the Uwe Boll abortion or the non-"*The One*" Jet Li collaborations.] This essentially makes him manlier than just about any motherfuckers to ever grace the television screen, as he only missed a few of the other available letters, and the inclusion of N (for Chuck Norris) would likely result in the creation of a singularity [Editor's Note: at the time of this article, *Expendables 2* had yet to be filmed. As such, Statham has, in fact, been in a movie that contained Chuck Norris. The world should end sometime soon.]. The destruction of the universe might result, especially if the scene including those two perhaps had one Mr. Leslie Nielsen engaging in a bit of his patented slapstick in the background.



Irate: man's default- and only- emotion.

Most of you, if you're like me, will pick up a *Men's Health* from time to time out of nothing more than boredom to see what's doing therein. That has to be a reason why they print the fucking thing, you think to yourself, and about ten page in

realize there is- it's for trendy yuppie pussies who want to look good when they take off their shirts so they can pull down dumbass, materialistic broads who will fuck them right up until the wedding night, and then only fuck them for procreative purposes until the dissolution of their unhappy, shallow union results in a costly, horrific divorce. Thereafter, the same guys consult that mag to get back in shape so they can bang some sluts before making the same mistake all over again.

In spite of that fact, the magazine will occasionally contain useful shit, Statham's workout (posted online) being foremost amongst it. You'll note that Dan John designed part of his workout, and that he's doing 5 sets of 5 of front squats with 175, making him stronger than 95% of the bitches who blabber endlessly online about training. Thus, his lengthy *Transporter 3* program, which I put into an Excel file in case you want to download it [Edit: And Mediafire subsequently deleted, because they apparently thought there was some sort of copyright infringement]. As I said, I took the workout from a Men's Health article, so I truncated it a bit in terms of explanation and added some of my favorite Statham quotes for good measure.



Day 1**Progression to 1RM**

The objective of this workout is to build pure strength in one of the most effective total-body lifts: the deadlift. To accomplish this, we have Jason work his way up to his one-repetition maximum (1RM) -- the heaviest weight he can lift one time. Before he begins, though, he completes a two-part warm-up session.

Warm-up (Part 1): Rowing.

For this, Jason completes 10 minutes on the Concept 2 rowing machine at a pace that's less than 20 strokes per minute (SPM). (Jason's distance on this day: 2,274 meters.)

Warm-up (Part 2): Pyramid Circuit.

Directions: Do these three exercises as a circuit, performing one set of each in succession without resting. Use a "pyramid repetition structure" to the workout. Here's how: In your first round through the circuit, do one repetition of each movement. In each subsequent round, perform an additional repetition. So you'll do two repetitions of each exercise in round 2, three repetitions in round 3, and so on. Once you've completed five rounds, continue on, but reduce the repetitions you complete each round by one. So you'll do four repetitions in round 6, three repetitions in round 7, and so on, until you've worked your way down to one repetition. At this point, your warm-up is complete.

JASON ZIAHAM'S TRANSFER 3 WORKOUT

1. Pushup
2. Ring Pullups

(These are classic pullups, but Jason uses gymnastic rings instead of the bar, and performs each repetition as quickly as possible while maintaining control and a full range of motion)

3. Bodyweight Squat

Workout:

This involves just one exercise, the deadlift. Jason starts with a light weight -- about 35 percent of the amount of his 1RM -- and then slowly starts adding weight and reducing repetitions.

Reps	Weight	Rest
10	135 pounds	1 min
5	185 pounds	2
3	235 pounds	3
2	285 pounds	3
1	325 pounds	3
1	340 pounds	3
1	350 pounds	3
1	360 pounds	3
1	365 pounds	

Cool-down: 10 minutes on the trampoline.

Day 2**Functional Circuit**

This workout is designed to be a metabolically demanding, training the entire body with exercises that work multiple muscle groups.

Warm-up (Part 1): Rowing.
(Same as Day 1)**Warm-up (Part 2): Static Hold Circuit.**

Directions: Do these four exercises as a circuit. For each exercise, you'll hold a specific position for 30 seconds, and then have 10 seconds to change stations, before starting the next exercises. Do a total of four rounds.

1. Ring Dip Hold

Hold yourself in the top position of a dip for the prescribed amount of time. Like the ring pullup, Jason performs this using gymnast rings instead of on a dip station that has parallel bars.

2. Kettlebell Farmer Hold**3. L-Sit on Parallettes or dips bars****4. Bodyweight Squat Hold**

DOES IT LOOK LIKE I GOT
CUNT WRITTEN ON MY HEAD?
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE
FUCKING WITH?

"Big Five 55 Workout" compliments of strength coach **Dan John.**

Here, Jason performs a circuit of 5 exercises, which he does a total of 10 times. There is no prescribed rest and ideally you move continuously from one exercise to the next while keeping the sets unbroken. Focus on going as fast as possible while maintaining form, full ROM, and control. The weights should be light enough to allow this.

You can run the stopwatch and race through this workout, but for better results and quality movement you should simply try to keep the momentum and flow through the exercises nonstop. He starts with 10 repetitions of each movement, and each time through, decreases the reps by 1. So he does 10 reps of all exercises in the first round, 9 in the second, 8 in the third, and so on, until he's doing just one repetition in each set. The result is that he completes a total of 55 repetitions of each exercise. Again, the weights below are the amount Jason used during this particular week.

1. Front Squat (95 pounds)
2. Pullups
3. Decline Parrallette Pushups

Directions: Hands on the parralletes, feet on a box so that they are approximately 1 foot higher than your hands. Do the prescribed number of pushups. Typically, because you're elevated on the parralletes you can go much deeper in the bottom position and really push the ROM, although this is dependent on shoulder flexibility.

4. Power Cleans
5. Knees to Elbows

Directions: Hanging from a pullup bar or from the rings at the half-cocked position (elbows at a right angle) raise your knees until they touch your elbows. Lower them back down in a controlled fashion so you don't swing.

Cool-down: 10 minutes on the trampoline.

Day 3

Interval Work

This session is performed on a Concept 2 rower.

Warm-up: Rowing. (Same as other days)

Workout: six intervals of 500 meters.

Between each 500 meter "sprint," engage in active rest for 3 minutes. For this, you can get off the rower and get a drink of water but you must continue moving. Walking around will suffice.

Here's a look at Jason's times for reference:

Sprint 1. 1:40.1
 Sprint 2. 1:39.7
 Sprint 3. 1:43.9
 Sprint 4. 1:41.6
 Sprint 5. 1:38.7
 Sprint 6. 1:50.3

Cool-down: farmer carry for 500 meters with two 70-pound kettlebells (Statham's weight, but you can choose your own).

There is no set or time structure. Just carry the weight for 500m, get it done as quickly as possible. This tends to be a grip issue so that dictates any rest that must be taken.

**LIFE'S TOO
 SHORT TO BE A
 PUSSY**

Day 4**Set Work - Front Squats**

Warm-up (Part 1): Rowing.

Warm-up (Part 2): 20 repetitions of bodyweight squats before moving on to the primary portion of the workout.

Workout: 5 sets of 5 repetitions of the front squat.
Jason's Front Squat Workout

Reps	Weight	Rest
5	175 pounds	90 seconds
5	175 pounds	90 seconds
5	175 pounds	90 seconds
5	175 pounds	90 seconds
5	175 pounds	

Cool-down: Jason does 200 repetitions of the pushup, using a "ladder" routine.

We do this as partnered ladders of 1-5. So 13 ladders plus an extra 5 reps at the end. I do a pushup, he does a pushup, I do 2, he does 2, I do 3, he does 3, I do 4, he does 4, I do 5, he does 5. We've now each done 15 pushups and we immediately repeat the process starting at 1 again.

We do these quickly with the only rest being the time it takes for each other to do his pushups. If you wanted to do this alone, you could do 1 pushup and count "1 one thousand", do 2 pushups and count "1 one thousand, 2 one thousand", etc. This approach allows you to do a large volume of quality work (with small sets there is no reason the pushups aren't perfect and done explosively) without much, if any, residual muscle soreness. We also use this approach with pull-ups and knees-to-elbows. Not many folks finish their workout with 200 perfect pull-ups but this approach makes it doable.

Day 5**Cumulative Movements**

This workout is designed to be a metabolically demanding, training the entire body with exercises that work multiple muscle groups. The Cumulative Movement workout consists of only one trip through as opposed to a circuit workout in which you repeatedly cycle back through the same movements.

Warm-up (Part 1): Rowing.

Warm-up (Part 1): The bear crawl and crab walk.

Alternate back and forth between the bear crawl for a distance of 15 meters and the crab walk for a distance of 15 meters. Repeat until you've done five 15-meter increments of each.

Workout: One round through a series of exercises. (timed)
Jason's Circuit Workout

Exercise	Reps	Weight	Body
7-meter Fat Rope Climbs		5	Body
Front Squats	5	185 pounds	
Ball Slams	5	30 pounds	
15-meter Rope Pulls		10	90 pounds
Bench Press	10	175 pounds	
Ball Slams	10	25 pounds	
Pullups	15	Body	
Dips	15	Body	
Ball Slams	15	20 pounds	
Resisted Fat Rope Pulls		20	
Smashes	20		

Jason's Time: 23:53

Day 6**Contextual Effort**

This can be any activity or sport that you enjoy doing. If this is of significant duration and intensity it should be considered as part of your training. In Jason's case the goal was to get outside and maintain an activity nonstop for over an hour to build some endurance (training the aerobic energy pathway).

Workout: 1 hour plus trail run in the mountains. Jason's time: 73 minutes.



**I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE
EUROPEAN WAY, DANGEROUS
AND HAIRY.**

That's hardly his only workout in print, however. When training for the *Expendables*, for instance, he used this workout:

Monday - Short Circuit (30 Minutes)

- 1) 10 minutes: **Rowing Machine**.
- 2) **Weighted-Down Rope Pull** (i.e. attached to a weighted sled): 20 meter bear crawl. Continue back and forth for 10 minutes.
- 3) 10 minutes: **Rowing Machine**.

Tuesday - Pushing Supersets (45-55 Minutes)

- 1) 5 minutes: **Rowing Machine**.
- 2) 5 minutes: Repeat **3 pull-ups, 5 push-ups, 7 squats** until time limit or exhaustion.
- 3) **Progressive snatch grip dead lift**: Four sets of five repetitions; increase weight after each set.
- 4) **Superset 1**: 4 sets of 10 repetitions with 90 seconds rest between sets: **Incline dumbbell press, standing military press, skullcrushers**
- 5) **Superset 2**: 4 sets of 10 repetitions with 90 seconds rest between sets: **Narrow grip push-ups, lateral raises, triceps extensions**.
- 6) **Abdominal rollouts**: 5 sets of 10.

Wednesday - Rest

Thursday - Pulling Supersets (45-55 Minutes)

- 1) 5 minutes: **Rowing Machine**.
- 2) 5 minutes: Repeat **3 pull-ups, 5 push-ups, 7 squats** until time limit or exhaustion.
- 3) **Progressive Bulgarian split squats**: Three sets of five repetitions; increase weight after each set.
- 4) **Superset 1**: 4 sets of 10 repetitions with 90 seconds rest between sets: **10 meter rope climb (no feet), 10 dumbbell shrugs, 10 Ex-bar curls**.
- 5) **Superset 2**: 4 sets of 10 repetitions with 90 seconds rest between sets: **10 pull-ups, 10 incline front raises, 10 hammer curls**.
- 6) **Hanging knee raises**: 5 sets of 10.

Friday - Interval Training (55-60 Minutes)

- 1) Warm-up: **Two 50 meter sprints**.
- 2) **Cardio complex** (Complete five rounds, rest period is half the time it takes to complete the round):
 - **Suicide run** (Run 10m then run back, 20m then run back, 30m then run back, 40m then run back, 50m then run back)
 - 80m kettlebell **farmer's walk**
 - 80m one-arm kettlebell **overhead carry** (switch arms at 40m)
 - 80m **tire drag** (SUV or small truck).

Weekend - Rest with some "Fun" Activities



Ever a spazz about finding a workout wherever he is, Statham's been known to make them up as he goes along. This is, presumably, how he stays pretty fucking lean year round in spite of the fact that his leisure activities appear to be ripping lines off models' asses and pounding beers, and a dietary regimen that can be summed up with this quote:

**"I never gave a fuck about a calorie," Statham says.
"An apple? It's good for me. I'd have five. Bananas?
Eat the bunch."**

His bodyweight routines apparently come from his MMA workouts, and his exercise choice reflects this:

A typical workout: "Shadow-boxing to warm up the back and shoulders," he says. Lunging and stretching for the legs. Next, five 3-minute rounds punching and kicking pads, then hitting the heavy bag for three rounds, and doing a session on the speed bag. He finishes with a circuit like the one described below.

Use Your Own Body Weight

For explosiveness and reflexes, Statham has always used plyometrics. A fast, hard circuit requires no equipment. "I'll jump rope, then do squat thrusts, burpees [squat thrusts in which you leap instead of standing up], star jumps [from a crouch, jump up and spread your arms and legs into a star, and come back down into a crouch], pushups, tuck jumps [jump, lift legs, tuck], step ups." The key is explosive execution: "If I'm doing a pushup, I go down slowly and, bang, push up."

Have a Portable Workout

Even if Statham has only 20 minutes, he pulls no-gear, no-cost workouts from the manual in his head. One favorite came from his friend Bas Rutten, the mixed-martial-arts champion. "He uses punching combinations," Statham

says. "He'll call out one' - a left. Then 'one, two' - a left, a right. Or three' - a left, a right, and a left hook. You can do that in a hotel room, anywhere." All you need is to bludgeon your excuses into a senseless heap. Just like Statham would (Yahoo).



For those of you interested in the diet he used to get into the ridiculous shape into which he always gets for films, it's actually pretty simple:

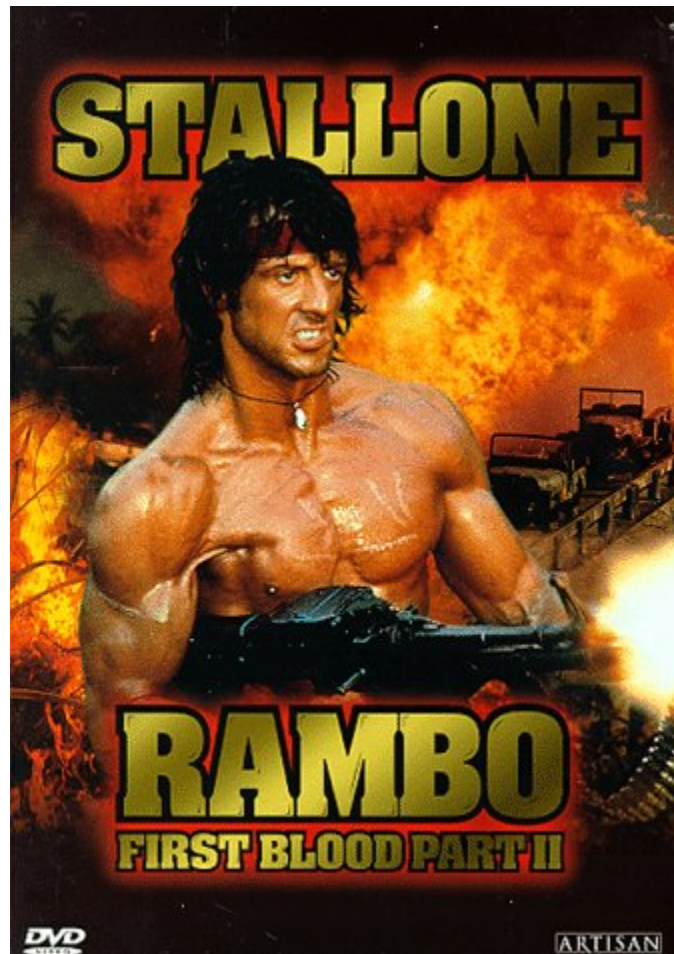
- he eats no more than 2,000 calories a day.
- he essentially eats paleo, as he never eats any refined flour or sugar, including fruit juice.
- he records anything he consumes to accurately track his caloric intake.
- he drinks a shitload of water.
- he eats 6 meals a day, all of which are (like I stated before) paleo- "egg whites, vegetables, lean meats, fish, nuts, and protein shakes" (Superlean).

[Upon rereading the article, I noticed this: "Statham jumps from one pullup bar to another above it; it's called "Dyno." But the traditional move still works your shoulders and back. Do 8 reps" (Jason Statham's Workout Routine). IF JASON STATHAM CAN DO LEGEND PULLUPS, SO CAN YOU. So get the fuck after them, already.]

... and there you have it. Workouts from a motherfucker so manly that his jeans have probably pillaged a village all by themselves while Statham was sleeping. The man smokes, drinks, parties his fucking ass off, looks better than just about anybody while doing it, can wreck fucking shop, and bangs models when he grows tired of the rest. I'm not saying if you do his workout you'll be able to pull off that sort of shit, but there's nothing wrong with cherry-picking shit out of a bad motherfucker's workout and seeing what it will do for you... because the shit is definitely working for him.

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Sylvester Stallone

Few figures are as iconic and meaningful to American males between the ages of 20 and 40 than Sylvester Stallone. He, along with Schwarzenegger, Van Damme, Seagal, and Willis, set the standard for manliness through their epic films featuring naught but death and destruction, delivered with witty quips for which we all waited with bated breath. Their films were the stuff from which UGLs since have distilled their testosterone suspensions, and on which future superheroes, lumberjacks and Forrest Griffins will be weaned. In other words, their films were the stuff of all that is awesome... like unicorns, if unicorns did nothing but gore small children and feast on their entrails while boasting rock hard cocks and carrying naked fitness models on their backs.



Of those three, the only one who's managed to stay in the type of shape we'd expect of them to be rocking is Sylvester Motherfucking Stallone. Though most would posit that it's because he's jacking shitloads of GH and test, they do so only because they're sloppy fucking ninnies with no conception of how hard it is to get to 4% body fat, much less while carrying serious muscular bodyweight and at THE AGE OF 62. In other words, anyone who talks shit on Stallone can get fucked, and

might as well donate their testicles to science so that someone can get a first-hand look at the devolution of the American male.

On that note, I shall delve into the workout routines that Stallone uses to get into the kind of shape to make half of the people reading this want to leave their shirts on when they're about to lay wood. Though they've varied over time, Stallone's go-to workout's remained basically unchanged since Franco Columbo designed it for him to get him ready for *Rambo: First Blood, Part II*. This was when Stallone first showed up onscreen in the condition to which poofers on Bodyspace refer as "peeled".



Brace yourselves, fuckers, as he did not, and I repeat, DID NOT, use 5/3/1 or Starting Strength to achieve that condition.[Note: As this comment has got peoples' panties in a bunch, this is to say that there are indeed, denizens of the internet, other workable programs on Earth. To those parties horribly offended by this statement, settle the fuck down.] Shocking, I know. Instead, he actually lifted

weights. A fucking lot of them. Very often. Instead of shriveling up into a condition that would preface the appearance of Smigel years later in the *LOTR* series, he showed up looking like his skin was replaced by orange saran wrap after receiving full-body lipo and having every muscle in his body replaced by a hyper-striated stone.



Rocky Balboa had the best training montage ever- nothing but mothafuckas liftin' heavy-ass weight, to channel my inner Ronnie Coleman.

The workout that got him there was a 6 day double split, broken down like this:

Monday/Wednesday/Friday

Morning:

Chest
Back
Abs

Afternoon:

Shoulders
Arms
Abs

Tuesday/Thursday/Saturday

Morning:

Calves
Thighs

Afternoon:

Rear Delts
Traps

Abs

He didn't have a specific set/rep scheme to which he adhered, but apparently stuck with the tried-and-true bodybuilder set and rep scheme of 6-12 reps for 3-4 sets of 3-4 exercises. Given that Franco trained him, I'm sure low reps also reared their head, as Franco was a big fan of low reps on the powerlifts. In addition to that craziness, Stallone did between 500 and 1000 reps of abs a day, giving him the six pack that will forever make the rest of us look like fat fucks, no matter what kind of condition we're in. According to Franco, he "trained four different ab and torso exercises: sit-ups, leg raises, side leg raises, and side bends. We did 50 reps of each, one exercise right after another, and five sets of this cycle. And wait until you see the results. Sly has great abs, intercostals, serratus, everything" (SylvesterStallone.com). With that batshit Sardinian midget nipping at his heels, Sly pretty much employed the bull-in-a-china-shop approach we all love so much. He went balls to the fucking wall, every workout, and added sets, reps, and exercises whenever humanly possible.



When he originally utilized that program to prep for Rambo II, "Sylvester gained just about 10 pounds in six and a half weeks," Franco says. "He has great structure, with a waist only about 29 inches. When we started, he had a 44-inch chest. At the end, his chest was almost 50 inches. And his arms went from 16 inches to 18 inches. He was bigger, harder and much more muscular. Wait until you see him in the movie. He's going to shock a lot of people by how good he looks" (Ibid).



When was the last time you broke your ass to add 10 lbs of rip in 6 weeks? I'm betting the 7th of never.

Of course, you're saying to yourself, he must have employed the GOMAD approach. He must've kept entire dairies in business all of his own accord, he was drinking so much milk. Not so much, fuckers. In fact, Stallone ate the way a sane person would if he wanted to get jacked and still be able to be proudly shirtless in public- he ate a shitload of lean meat and veggies, took all of the protein supplements on which he could lay hands, and brooked no fucking nonsense out of anyone.



"Sly is the most disciplined man that you'll ever meet in any walk of life," says his personal bodyguard Gary Compton. "He doesn't eat real late, he doesn't snack, and he doesn't eat much. Pasta? Yes, but not too often, and only when it's made with a special flour. Fish and brown rice are staples. He even eats fish for breakfast. He drinks little alcohol, but occasionally enjoys champagne. Quick energy? Would you believe oatmeal cookies? Of course, without processed sugar or preservatives."



Although he eventually decided the above was the best way to go, and utilized that program for *Rocky Balboa* and the *Expendables*, he wasn't above a bit of experimentation, in the most extreme fucking way possible. "When making *Rocky III*, Sly would begin the day with a two mile jog, then go straight into 18 rounds of sparring, 2 hours of weightlifting and jumping rope. After all this, he would take a nap in the afternoon, then go running again! He would finish the day with a swim." For whatever reason, Stallone decided to get lean first, and then put on a shitload of muscle thereafter for that film, so he dieted down to a ridiculous 155 on nothing but 10 egg whites and a piece of burnt toast a day, and then used a more or less paleo diet to get his bodyweight up to 175 for filming.

Utter fucking lunacy. Though he didn't go in for all of that ridiculous running to prep for Rambo, the sultan of shred decided to do something that sucks far, far more: "I have to live up to the last film. That makes it a little bit harder to get in shape. I have a machine like an escalator with the steps coming down, and I pile 40 to 50 pounds of weight on my back and start climbing those endless steps."

There you have it- all you need to do to get into 62 year old badass shape is to train 12 times a week on an essentially paleo diet ("I follow a high-protein diet: Anything with a face, that's what I eat, with something green next to it.") and throw in 1000 reps of abs and weights stair climbing into the mix. Easy as pie, right?

If a 62 year old man can do it, so can fucking you. Go lift something.

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Tom Hardy

If the blogosphere and message boards are any indication, there are a tremendous number of "straight" men masturbating furiously over Tom Hardy every night, then crying themselves to sleep wondering what it means to jack off thinking about another man's traps. Granted, it's not traditionally "straight" behavior, but given that most American men under the age of 30 are less manly than their grandmothers were at their age, you are to be forgiven if you've engaged in this sort of shamesturbation. In any event, Tom Hardy's transformation from a 130 lb crackhead model into *Batman's* Bane has been nothing short of awe-inspiring, and thus bears close inspection in a "my, what nice mitochondria you have" sort of way.

Tom Hardy over the last decade:

Pascal DuPont in *Deserter* (2002)



Handsome Bob in *RocknRolla* (2008)



Bronson in *Bronson* (2008)



Tommy Conlon in *Warrior* (2011)



Bane in *Batman* (2012)



Tragically, the internet seems to be even more stuffed with misinformation about Hardy's workout programs than most of you seem to wish his cock would stuff your asshole. Luckily for you, I'm a tenacious researcher and filled with disbelief when I read most shit online, so I've gone to great lengths to suss out the truth for you. First, should you be unaware, my pejorative statement above about Tom Hardy having been a crackhead was not a sly crack at how skinny he was. Nope, Tom Hardy was, in fact, a crackhead. As such, you might want to be concerned if you find yourself incapable of matching his physique, as you're essentially being out-trained and out-dieted by Pookie from *Menace to Society*. Next, Hardy's done an impressive amount of bulking over the years to get where he is, and eats his fucking face off when training. I'll get more into the diet aspect later, but it's worth mentioning right off the bat that if you want to get big, you have to fucking eat big.

To give you an idea of Hardy's starting point, let's take a look at him in the earliest screen appearance I can recall of Hardy, which was *Deserter* (above). In it, Hardy was 140 lbs soaking wet, but of note was the fact that 20 of those pounds appears to have been located solely in his traps. As such, his traps have just grown in proportion to his physique as he got bigger. Yes, fuckers- he has naturally huge traps, so you people can now cease your incessant whining about the lack of shrugs in his workouts. Want traps like Tom Hardy's? Smoke crack and then walk everywhere with your shoulders shrugged up like a peekaboo-style boxer for 30 years. Case closed.

The real driving force behind Hardy's success appears to be a somewhat doughy former spec ops operator or Marine (depending on the source, so maybe he was Force Recon, though I don't know if that's technically special operations) and mixed martial artist with a much more Viking-esque moniker than his genetics would seem to bely- Pnut. I guess due his background in spec ops, Pnut's a bit of a shadowy figure. All I can tell you for sure is that he appears to know what he's fucking doing, for one, and that he's endlessly amused by spreading disinformation about Hardy's training techniques, for another. His training has changed over the years as his roles have changed, but I can tell you two things unequivocally-

- 1) Hardy's training always includes the use of free weights, and
- 2) Hardy trains a fuck of a lot when he's in preproduction. (MotleyHealth)



For *Bronson*:

"As part of Tom's fitness regime, Pnut gets Tom to carry him as well as do more traditional weight training. Carrying another person in a fireman's lift is a classic martial arts fitness exercise and is an excellent way to build strength and stamina. Tom's role as Charles Bronson was very impressive. He managed to really bulk up for the part and looked like a real strongman. He put on 7 pounds a week while eating and lifting. Pnut had him doing volume training, working the muscles over and over to build bulk. His focus was on the upper body only, to build big arms, chest and a thick neck. His lower body was neglected, but this was intentional to look the part on screen. His transformation for the role, which he says only took a couple of months, is on par with DeNiro's *Raging Bull* and Christian Bale's *Batman*. The real Charles Bronson is certainly not a man to be messed with. He was a bare knuckle fighter for a while before being imprisoned for holding up a Post Office. While in prison, his violent nature developed further, and he was eventually moved to a maximum-security prison and has spent much of his time in isolation. However, the real Charles Bronson is a fitness fanatic and works out tirelessly in the most confined spaces" (MotleyHealth).

When prepping for *Bronson*, Hardy had to pack a shitload of mass onto his upper body, as that's what Charlie Bronson actually looks like. Thus, he and Pnut focused entirely on heavy compound movements for the upper body, and specifically targeted forearms, chest, and neck. "By the time I'd finished," Hardy said, "my legs looked like those of a stork in comparison to the top half of my body." (AskMen) Like he later did for *Warrior*, Pnut had Hardy training pretty much all day, though the diet differed markedly in that they were trying to pack on as much mass as possible without worrying about Hardy looking like Bruce Lee. Thus, Hardy ended up gaining about 7 lbs a week eating and training his fucking face off. Hardy ate chicken and rice, his staple foods throughout the day, and then apparently carb-backloaded at night, eating "a pizza, Haagen-Dazs and Coca-Cola" (AskMen). hilariously, Hardy described his training for *Bronson* thusly, "For *Bronson* I just ate chocolate and Pizza, lifted Pnut up and down the stairs, played Xbox, shaved my head and grew a moustache" (Telegraph).

That type of life appears to suit Hardy, as he basically just sits on the couch and watches TV in between movies, and his diet is almost unbelievably bad for a guy who's naturally pretty lean and muscular. According to Hardy, he'll get up, "have a sandwich.... loads of coffee (it used to be cigarettes) and then eat a big meal before going to sleep. Prior to filming Warrior, he'd never engaged in a sport competitively, and he'd not lifted prior to Bronson. As such, he's pretty much a genetic freak with some awesome fucking trainers and the ability to push himself to ridiculous lengths for no reason. Had he not gotten into crack and acting and grown up in Iowa, the dude would probably be the greatest wrestler in the history of the sport. As it stands, Hardy pulled his sloppy ass off the couch when he got the call for Warrior and started training harder than most people have ever considered in their lives.



So, by now you're likely dying to know what sort of shenanigans Hardy got up to for Warrior. Most of the shit you'll read about online in that regard is idiocy propagated by intellectually and physically lazy people. Forget the Men's Health bodyweight bullshit you've heard- you're likely never going to match Hardy's transformation, because what he actually did was fucking insane. To wit:

For ten weeks, Hardy and Joel Edgerton ate a tremendous amount of food and trained for 8 hours a day, two of which were lifting. During that time, both guys packed on about 20 lbs, though they were intended to actually gain more weight so they'd be able to play heavyweights. According to one source, the actors' training regimes were pretty different, as the actors needed different looks, and because the sum total of Hardy's fighting experience consisted of wrestling London's less desirable inhabitants for crack rocks. "The film's producers wanted Hardy to be more of a raging bull in the fights. So, Hardy focuses much more on heavy weightlifting with the goal of bulking up in sheer size" (Krumholtz). Hardy's days were structured thusly- "Two hours of boxing, followed by two hours of kickboxing and Muay Thai, followed by two hours of choreography, and finally two hours of lifting", in addition to two hours of heavy weightlifting (Keegan, Krumholtz). Edgerton, meanwhile, plays the underdog. With his smaller size, he relies on finesse, jiu-jitsu, and "slick maneuvers". Both actors had stunt doubles, but Hardy and Edgerton completed about 85% of the fight work"(Krumholtz).

Before we move on from this, I'd like to take the time to point out that in both instances, Hardy DID WHAT WAS NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE HIS GOAL. He didn't do some half-assed, cookie-cutter, 5x5 bullshit program and expect fucking miracles. Instead, these guys lived and breathed fighting and lifting for 10 weeks. According to Edgerton, "We got to Pittsburgh two months before [shooting began]. And literally from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon it was fighting all morning, eat a massive meal with the stunt guys and then come back to lift massive weights. I think at some point I was training seven days a week when I should really have been resting occasionally. But there's a need to get fit, get big, and learn the skills. Because at some point Tom and I knew we had to get our shirts off, stand in a cage, put our feet there and look like we belonged there" (Lambie).

That, fuckers, is how you get jacked in a hurry. Simply going through the motions of a workout everyone says is the tits is not sufficient to look and feel like a fucking badass- you have to get the right mindset and live a badass life. On top of the heavy training schedule, Pnut would follow Hardy everywhere he went and put him through small 20 minute workouts throughout the day just to keep him tight and focused. According to Pnut, this is called "signaling". "Throughout the day you need to send constant signals to your body, so that it adapts in the direction you point it in. It's better to do 10 press-ups every hour than 100 in a single burst. If you do things often enough, your body adapts for the task you set it, and you evolve" (Tom Hardy's Warrior Workout). That echoes my sentiments, especially in regards to getting good at bodyweight exercises, exactly. The more often you can get in the gym and do anything at all, no matter how short the workout, the better. I've found that over time, the cumulative effects of the small workouts you do on a whim as you're passing the gym far exceed the sum total of the volume you do. Pnut had Hardy doing four bodyweight workouts a day in addition to lifting, which both of them credit with a lot of Hardy's insane conditioning in the movie. Oh, and the fact that he carried his trainer around the set in a fireman's carry. Yeah, he really fucking did (Squiddoo).

In the event you're curious about Hardy's mini-workouts, they're what you've seen in *Men's Fitness*, and frankly are nothing terribly exciting. If you're curious, however, here they are:

The Circuit

Perform these 3 exercises back-to-back, in sets of 10 reps, then 7 reps, then 5 reps, then 3 reps, each with no recovery time between each movement.

Press-ups

Perform the first set with your hands shoulder-width apart. For the next set, do it with your forefingers and thumbs forming a 'diamond' shape below your chest. For the third set, have your hands wider than shoulder-width apart. And for the final set, ball your fists and rest on your knuckles.

Shoulder flies

Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart, holding an 8kg kettlebell (or dumb bell) in each hand, palms forward. Raise your arms through 180 degrees, maintaining your palm position, until your fists meet above your head. Lower to the start position. To increase difficulty, up the weight or stand on one leg.

Dips

Sit on the ground, legs straight in front of you, and grab the seat of a chair with your hands behind you (fingers pointing towards your body). Keep your back straight and push down on the chair to raise your backside off the floor until your arms are extended. Lower yourself until you are almost touching the floor. That's one rep.

The Bridge

Gain back flexibility, a powerful neck and massive core strength. Only move on to the next level when you are confident of your strength, or you risk a neck injury.

Stage 1:

Lie on a mat, with your feet on the ground, knees bent. Lift your hips off the mat. As you do this bring your hands to your ears, palms on the floor, fingers pointing to your feet. Do 10 reps, then 7 reps (counting 1 at the top), then 5 reps (counting to 3 at the top), then 3 reps (counting to 5 at the top).

Stage 2:

Push to the extended position from stage 1. Press through your hands, lift your shoulders off and allow your head to tilt back so the top of it rests on the floor. Push from your heels onto your toes. ALL your weight should go through your toes and hands, NOT your head. Follow the rep count as before.

Stage 3:

As your flexibility increases, rest 90% of your body-weight on your hands, and allow your head to carry 10%. Slowly increase this session by session until you can carry more weight on your head than your hands. Rep count as before. Warning: do not rush or you risk damaging your neck.

Stage 4:

When you are able to carry all your bodyweight through your head, raise into the bridge position without using your hands for support. Keep them close to the side of your head in case they are needed for stability, and perform the same set/ rep count as before.

Stage 5:

To be performed ONLY when stage 4 is easy. Assume the extended bridge from stage 3, holding a light barbell across your chest, or a 2kg dumbbell in each hand. Perform 5 bench-press movements (or 5 chest flies with the dumb-bells). As it gets easier, increase the weight.

Abdominal workout

This develops core strength and the size and power of your abs from the top to the bottom. Again, start with stage one and increase the difficulty as you get stronger.

Stage 1:

Lie on a mat, with your legs together, hands clasped behind your head. Lift your head and shoulders and hold. Then, tighten your abs and lift your legs. Lower to the start position. Do sets of 10 reps, then 7, then 5, then 3.

Stage 2:

Perform the movement from stage 1, then, at the top of the position, bend your knees and pull them in to touch your elbows. Then straighten your legs and lower back to the starting position, flat on the mat. Do set/reps as before.

Stage 3:

Perform the movement from stage 1, then, at the top, pull your knees in to touch your elbows - but, don't bend your legs. Much harder, right? Move your legs back to the start, then lower everything back to the mat. Do sets/reps as before.

Stage 4:

Take an 8kg kettle bell and push the tip of your left shoe through the handle. Wrap your right foot around to hold it in place, then perform the movement from stage 1 with the kettle bell weighing your legs down. Do sets/reps as before.

If you're thinking that they were overtraining for that movie, you might be interested to discover that on top of all of the other exercise they were doing, Hardy and Edgerton did still more work. Whenever they were caught just sitting around by the stuntmen, of whom there were apparently legion for Warrior, they would force Hardy and Edgerton through another workout (Warrior MMA Muscle Workout). That's right- those two motherfuckers were doing up to 6 strength training workouts a day on top of another 6 hours of intense physical activity, and they GAINED weight. A shitload of it, in fact.

The how on that fact is somewhat amusing. Hardy credits the vast majority of their weight gain on one food- pulled pork. Apparently, they'd break for lunch every day and the entire crew would head to Texas Longhorn or some such, then eat as much pulled pork as they possibly could. The stunt guys kept encouraging Edgerton and Hardy to eat more so they could fuel their workouts and keep making gains, which worked quite well. At least until the director made the following observation: "'We got fat,' [Hardy] said. And then they were like, 'Okay, so now, no more pulled pork. You are allowed to eat chicken and broccoli and that's it.' And we're like, 'You're having a laugh, right?' And they were like, 'No, and you're going to have to work a 16-hour day.' So we were all grumpy and cantankerous and belligerent'" (Heller). They kept eating that diet from that point throughout shooting, which was a long and arduous process, according to Hardy. Each round of fighting took two days to shoot, so they were still training and shooting on a low calorie diet, for 14-16 hours a day, for a fairly long period of time after the initial 10

week training period (Keegan, Snape). "Even in a sparring session in the gym you get pretty tired after 20 minutes of sparring, and we were maintaining that illusion of being fired up for two days... and just eating chicken and broccoli at the same time. It was weird" (Ibid). Supplementing that, of course, were copious protein shakes, which Hardy credited with keeping his energy up.

So, you have the techniques Hardy used to gain 40 lbs for Bronson, gain 18 lbs and get ripped to shreds for Warrior, and are likely dying to know how he gained an additional 10 lbs for Bane. Wait, you didn't know Hardy only weighed 191 when he played Bane? (Wilding) Disappointed? I sure as fuck was, especially since he was considerably fatter than he was in Warrior. The truth, here, is that Hardy hasn't told a single motherfucker what he did to gain the weight for Bane. He'd clearly slimmed down after Warrior, since he was pretty fucking svelte in This Means War, so it was likely necessary for him to get back to lifting and eating his face off for Bane. As for how he did it, I think it's pretty fucking clear- he lifted until his fucking eyes bled and ate enough food to choke a full-grown donkey.

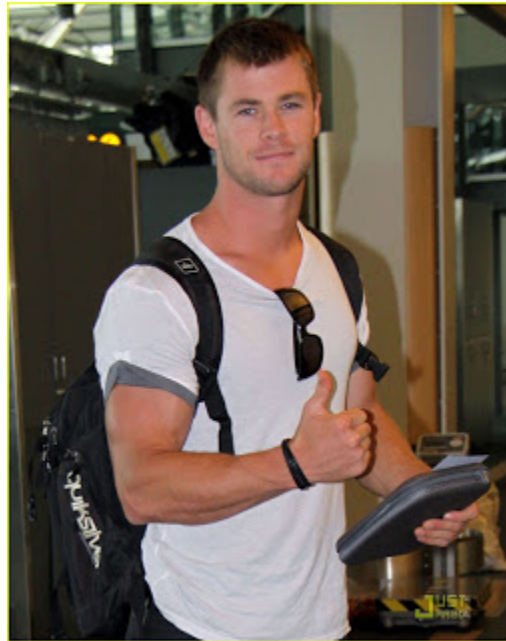
"A lot of why I wasn't into martial arts before was fear of dojos, of fighters' gyms, of that pack mentality, thinking 'That's a scary place, I'll never survive in it.' So I avoided that for many years, and I found drinking, found tattoos and other ways to avoid that and feel strong. But eventually you realize that being strong is participating, being prepared to be counted. You don't have to be good, the fact that you turn up is massively respected. Because they need bodies."
-Tom Hardy

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Chris Hemsworth



Eight years ago, I experienced a phenomenon in a movie theater that was unrepeatable until this past summer. As I know you're my audience, I know what you're thinking- that phenomenon was not a blowjob in a movie theater, which I get fortnightly from a Mexican prostitute named Guadalupe. I insist that she call me "El Comandante" and salute my penis when it's at full attention, and to never, ever look me in the eyes. The phenomenon to which I was actually referring was actually the call-and-response moaning coming from the women and men of the theater whenever Jessica Biel or Ryan Reynolds showed up onscreen in Blade Trinity, which was like bearing auditory witness to a massive, Calligula-style orgy replete with donkeys, midgets, golden, brown, and Roman showers, and just a hint of pederasty. I swear on my life I saw a chick masturbating in Reynolds' shirtless scene, and I'm pretty sure there were dudes jacking it into empty, upturned popcorn bags when Jessica Biel did pretty much anything in that film. Since then, I've not heard overwhelming appreciation from the audience of a theater in that sort of an overwhelming sexual manner until Chris Hemsworth and Scarlett Johansson mocked us with the fact that none of us will ever even engage in consensual hand holding with either of them for two hours during the Avengers.

Frankly, I'd never seen a movie with Johansson prior to the Avengers' movies, since I don't hate myself enough to sit through *The Nanny Diaries* or *A Love Song For Bobby Long*. Likewise, Hemsworth was a total unknown to me other than as "the guy who was in Star Trek" for five minutes. When I googled him to see who was going to play Thor, here's what I found:



It goes without saying that I was underwhelmed. I never really liked Thor all that much, and I sold the only comic I ever owned that featured him for \$50 bucks when I was in 8th grade (*The Incredible Hulk* 255, if you're curious). Insofar as the Germanic pantheon goes, I was always much more partial to Tyr, against whom Thor seems a childish warfare neophyte in comparison. As such, I had nothing more invested in the casting of Thor than disgust at the fact that an apparent yoga instructor played Conan in the reboot, and I'm sick of that bullshit. Hemsworth appeared to be just as fucking sick of it, though, as he packed on about 25 lbs to play Thor. He looked pretty good throughout the beginning of the movie, and I'm certain most of us were going with "he looks pretty big", until one scene near the middle of the film. Halfway through the flick, pretty much everyone in the theater said "holy shit" in unison, and half of the chicks in the theater had to get up to go to the bathroom and wring out their panties in the sink- right after the scene where Hemsworth popped off his shirt in front of a window.

While I realize that a dude who's 6'4" is pretty fucking skinny at 220, most of us should be pretty fucking happy to look that vaginal-lip-smacking good while "skinny". In any event, Hemsworth broke his ass in the gym to get this look, and ended up doing something similar to what Tom Hardy did for *Warrior* to get the cuts popping- he trained around the clock and ate his face off, then cut down and trained even harder to lean out right before shooting began.

Hemsworth's trained with three different guys- jacked-as-fuck kettle bell trainer and director of Michigan-based personal trainers Art of Strength Mike Knight, Aussie rugger Steve Walsh, and former Navy Seal Duffy Gaver. As such, you'll find a couple of different accounts of how Hemsworth trains, but if you look closely, you'll see they're all pretty similar. Hemsworth always trains at least five, and usually six days a week, twice a day. He lifts far heavier than you'd probably expect (rep wise, as there are no accounts of how much he can lift), which is a refreshing change of pace from the typical bullshit you see with actors.



Initially, Hemsworth focused on building mass, as he'd never really lifted before. He was a brawler growing up, and he and his brothers kept busy by beating the shit out of each other, throwing knives at each other, surfing, playing rugby, and doing their best *Ong Bak* impersonations by practicing thai boxing. There was likely a little bit of lifting involved in all of that, but when you and your brothers punch each other in the face instead of saying hello, bench pressing likely becomes a bit too dangerous to be performed without a crew of spotters. As such, Hemsworth's body was attuned to a lot of physical activity, but no real heavy lifting. Thus, he had to change his mindset entirely to pack on some mass, which he did in a hurry. To gain the mass, Hemsworth embarked on an eight week bulking plan, followed by a four week cutting phase.

Here's his eight week bulking plan:

Week 1: 4 sets of 4-6 reps

Week 2: 4 sets of 6-8 reps

Week 3: 4 sets of 8-12 reps

Week 4-8: 4 sets of 4-6 reps

For this he had 3 workouts performed twice each per week, with a break on Sunday.

Day 1

Chest and Back:

Bench press

Bent-over row

Weighted pull-up

Weighted dip

Day 2

Legs:

Squat

Deadlift

Hamstring curl

Day 3

Arms:

Weighted chin-up

Close-grip bench press

Nothing up to this point is particularly earth shattering, and it's likely a lot of you are thinking you've tried that shit and it hasn't worked. I can tell you why, very simply- you have nothing but your own motivation to get you through a workout, whereas Hemsworth has a crazy-ass paycheck and a trainer following him around with a garbage bag filled with food, screaming at him to eat, at all times. According to Mike Knight, "Chris needed to bulk up, so it was a matter of upping his calories so that he could gain up to two pound a week. Towards the end of training he was eating 6,000 calories a day but working out so much that he was burning them right off. His diet included huge quantities of grains, vegetables, lean protein and potatoes" (Smith). "Eat your fucking face off and you will grow", as the good book says. Apparently, it worked a little too well, as Hemsworth hit 235 lbs and had to drop to 220 to fit into his costume. To do so, he switched his workout and diet completely. His diet became paleo, and his workouts looked far more like Crossfit than the power bodybuilding routines he followed to gain weight (McGuinness and Warner).

The aforementioned plan was the one concocted by Hemsworth's Aussie trainer, and under Knight, Hemsworth changed things slightly. Rather than an eight week bulking phase, Hemsworth did "12 weeks of classic bodybuilder exercises" that included inclined presses, Turkish get-ups, windmills, squats and pull-ups. To add bulk, Knight integrated kettle bell weights, a great metabolic tool that builds up core strength. According to Knight, the heavier a kettle bell, the safer. "Never hold less than 50 pounds in each hand. Anything below that and you'll be tempted to use your arms to lift the weights. This is when you'll get hurt. When using kettle

bells, you need to use your hips to do the lift" (McGuinness). If your socks are knocked off by a recommendation that no one should touch anything under a 50 lb kettle bell or that anyone in the history of ever gained mass with kettle bells, you're not the only one. One look at Knight, however, and you start to think you might not know as much about kettle bells as you thought you did.

Some of his fat loss workouts looked like this:

Circuit 1

Tabata (20sec on/10sec off):

Double kettlebell squats - four rounds

Snatches - eight rounds

Circuit 2

Kettlebell swings - 30sec two-hand, 30sec right-hand-only swings, 30sec left-hand-only swings, 30sec alternate swings

Cleans - 5 right, 5 left, 4 right, 4 left, 3 right, 3 left, 2 right, 2 left, 1 right, 1 left, then back up to 5 each side for a total of 60 reps with no rest

Circuit 3

Turkish get-ups - 5min continuous

Windmill - 5 each side



His workouts varied from day to day, but were always complexes. Knight stated that Hemsworth did a "total-body circuit based around classic strongman moves, such as log presses, tire flips, sledgehammers and prowler sprints, as well as circuits with kettle bells of varying weights" (Warner). With Knight, he focused on a

combination of bodybuilding and mixed martial arts to lean out in addition to a "total-body circuit that included sledge hammers, "ropes gone wild," log presses, Prowler sprints and, once again, kettle bells" (McGuinness). Their mainstay was something Knight calls "ropes gone wild", which are pretty much Battle Ropes- with 55-foot ropes in each hand. spazz like you're having a fucking seizure. For more information on these, see any fat person in an unconventional gym who's studiously avoiding weightlifting or any self-proclaimed MMA practitioner.

As I stated above, Hemsworth's worked with a number of trainers, and thus has had a number of different protocols. Another one of his six day a week routines looked like this (Bullman):

Day 1: Chest/Shoulders/Boxing

Morning: *Chest and Shoulders*

Dumbbell Flies- 3 x 12, 10, 8 reps

Barbell Bench Press (Medium Grip)- 3 x 12, 10, 8

Bent-Over Lateral Raise- 3 x 15, 12, 12

Lateral Raise- 3 x 15, 12, 10

Arnold Press- 3 x 12, 10, 8

Evening: *Boxing and abs*

Bag: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds

Focus Pads: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds on

Skiping: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds

Ab Circuit, repeat three times

Prone Plank- 60 second holds

Lateral Plank- 60 second holds

Roman Chair Leg Raise- 20 reps

Cable Crunch- 20 reps

Oblique Crunches- 20 reps

Day 2: Back/Arms/Boxing/Abs

Morning: *Back & Arms*

Chin-Up- 3 x 15, 12, 10

Barbell Deadlift- 3 x 10, 8, 6

Superset:

{**Barbell Curl**- 3 x 10, 8, 6

{**French Press**- 3 x 10, 8, 6

Evening: *Boxing and abs*

Bag: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds

Focus Pads: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds on

Rope Skiping: 5 sets of 3-minute rounds

Same Ab circuit as before

Day 3: Surfing/Legs

Morning: *Surfing*

Since most of you don't have access to an ocean, 30 minutes of HIIT cardio will suffice.

Evening: *Legs*

Superset:

{**Leg Extensions**- 3 x 10, 8, 6 reps

{**Seated Leg Curl**- 3 x 10, 8, 6 reps

Barbell Full Squat- 3 x 10, 8, 6 reps

Day 4: Core/Cardio

Morning: *Abs*

Circuit listed above

There are, of course, as many ways to get big-ass arms and shoulders as there are dudes who do nothing but arms, chest, and shoulders in every gym, which is to say, a metric fuck-ton. There might be more ways to accomplish this goal than there are ways for college girls to debase themselves for free t-shirts during spring break, though statisticians are still comparing the data. Pantless statisticians with a lot of very sticky spreadsheets. For the Avengers, Hemsworth used another celebrity trainer, Duffy Gaver. Gaver's apparently trained everyone your girlfriend's ever quietly rubbed one out to in Hollywood, such as Channing Tatum, Ashton Kutcher (who knew that motherfucker lifted weights?), Brad Pitt, George Clooney, and Matt Damon. To give your girlfriend more fodder for her spank bank in the Avengers, Gaver had Hemsworth "lift big and eat bigger. Hemsworth downed huge amounts of chicken and red meat. For thickness, Gaver had Chris rock a variety of heavy rows - bent-over barbell, dumbbell, machine -- plus lat pull-downs, extra arm work, and shoulder moves" (Smith). Gaver claimed there really wasn't anything too esoteric or unique- in fact, Gaver stated explicitly that most of the muscle could be attributed to the "a ton of food" (Character Builder) he had Hemsworth eat for the film, most of which was the standard bodybuilder fare of chicken, broccoli, and brown rice. Likewise, Gaver had Hemsworth train like a bodybuilder, claiming that the routines used by guys like Arnold and Franco are the types of routines you should follow if you want to look like the bodybuilders of that era, which was their goal (Ibid). Thus, he had Hemsworth doing high volume workouts that consisted primarily of heavy shoulder, arm and back work. Once he gained more weight than he needed, he switched to Crossfit style workouts and cut his carbs to lean out (Chris Hemsworth).

Before you guys start screaming about Hemsworth being a genetic freak who should have pursued a young Austrian's dream and headed for the Olympia stage, slow your roll. More than one guy has achieved this exact transformation for the very same movies. That's right- not one, but three guys basically did the exact same thing and got the exact same physique, and none of them started out huge. The other two guys to whom I'm referring are Hemsworth's stunt doubles in the *Thor* movies and the Avengers. His stunt double in the Thor series is thrice-named British stuntman Billy Holland Hanton, who actually looks better than Hemsworth upon close inspection. Hanton, who's four inches shorter than Hemsworth at the same weight, bulked up to play Thor after specializing in free running and gymnastics his entire life. That's right- this guy is generally far smaller than Hemsworth's 220 lbs, and has served as a stunt double for Christian Bale in the *Dark Knight* (190lbs) and Daniel Craig in *Quantum Solace* (180 lbs). Because he usually walks around 30 to 40 lbs lighter (or rather, runs around like a goofball jumping off rooftops and doing flips all over the place like a ninja on absinthe), Hanton busted out two a days, six days a week, for 12 weeks to get in Thor shape (Holmes).

Because this article's gone on long enough and this broad's language is hilariously stilted, I'll just repost the original in its bizarrely formal form:

"Mr. Holland Hanton's first workout is around lunchtime. He begins with a light, 10-minute jog on a treadmill to warm up his muscles. Mr. Holland Hanton then goes into a training circuit, beginning with a 90-second sprint on the treadmill at a steep incline. He then does 12 underarm chin ups, 12 dips, 12 push ups with his feet raised on a bench, 30 squats and 25 calf raises on each leg. The circuit takes around two minutes. He repeats it four more times, for a total of five sets, with no rest in between.

Mr. Holland Hanton says he prefers exercises where he is lifting his own body weight, like squats and dips, rather than using free weights. "The old-school kind of training regime works for me," he says. "I need to be able to throw my body around however I'm asked to. I don't want to be too bulky."

Weights enter the equation at the end of the day-after rehearsals or shooting-when Mr. Holland Hanton returns to the gym to focus on whatever muscle group needs to appear most prominent for that job. For "Thor: The Dark World," he is now stunting for Mr. Hemsworth, who is particularly muscular with big arms. "Chris is in the most incredible shape I've ever seen anyone," Mr. Holland Hanton says.

So, between sprints, he focuses on exercises like bicep curls and tricep pull downs.

The circuit training approach works well for him, he says, because it shocks his system. He often changes the order or number of repetitions. "You never get used to what you are doing because it's different things in short spurts."

The Diet: Of all the things his job requires, Mr. Holland Hanton says the diet is the most difficult. "I didn't realize how hard it would be psychologically," he says.

As a teen, Mr. Holland Hanton says he ate whatever he wanted with no consequences. He continued that approach through his first couple of movies, often skipping breakfast or eating a candy bar for energy before a workout.

That began to change two years ago, when Mr. Holland Hanton wasn't getting as lean as he needed to be. Beginning with "Green Lantern," he began experimenting with diet restrictions. For his current film, he has placed himself on a diet with no white carbohydrates and dairy and small meals every two hours. He never eats until he is full, which he says helps keep his body from storing food.

Each morning, Mr. Holland Hanton eats within a half-hour of waking. Breakfast is protein-packed, including two boiled eggs with a chicken breast or tuna on a bed of spinach with avocado. He has small snacks at specific times all day long, ranging from nuts and blueberries to more chicken and tuna. He mixes in nonstarchy vegetables, such as broccoli and "good" carbohydrates, like brown rice or sweet potatoes. Once a week, he enjoys a "cheat day," with something like bread or chocolate"(Holmes).

Nothing shocking there, either- he eats a shitload of clean foods, trains twice a day, six days a week, and utilizes circuit training to get lean. Just like Hemsworth. Exactly like Hemsworth, in fact. The other stuntman who doubled Hemsworth, Matthew LeFevour, had pretty much the same thing to say- he was constantly lifting to get big. "I never get out of shape but, I have walked around at 195-200 lbs most of my adult life and I need to hit 220 and lean to double Chris. This time around I worked on 90% of the sets. That is a guess but, there were not too many that I missed" (DCMarvelFreshman).

So, it comes down to this:

- train six days a week, no exceptions.
- train twice a day if possible.
- use heavy compound movements to gain size, then circuits and complexes to refine it.
- eat big to get big, and eat paleo to get ripped.

Boom. You've now read the exact same fucking thing about three different actors (in addition to two stuntmen). Starting to get the message?

Eat more, lift more, bitch less. If you look like shit, it's not genetics holding you back- it's just that you suck at life.

Dude, So and So Got SO Fucking Jacked For That Movie: Hugh Jackman



In previous installments of this series, we've covered guys like Sylvester Stallone, Jason Statham, and Chris Hemsworth, who were all athletes prior to getting into acting. This gave them a base from which they could draw in order to pack on mass, since they were all reasonably well built guys to start. None of their pronounced weight gains were easy, of course, as it's about as easy to pack on 20 lbs of fat free mass in few months as it is for a Biggest Loser contestant to resist diving into a box of stale doughnuts they see in the trash. Their transformations were, however, likely far easier than they would be for, say, a musical theater actor who's been tasked with playing a fantastically muscular, pissed off, hirsute superhero that pretty much every guy who has ever read comics fucking loves. As I've stated before, I'm not all that happy with the fact that a 6'3", 210 lb actor is playing a role for a character who's noted for being a full foot shorter at the same weight, but there's really only been one guy in history who could have played him, and his heyday is long past. Franco Columbo would have been physically perfect for playing Wolverine, but he recently turned 71 and would have looked pretty fucking ridiculous playing a man who never ages, especially since Franco at 71 is a far cry from Franco at 40. Sylvester Stallone- Franco is unfortunately not- apparently only Dave Draper and Sly can look phenomenal into their twilight years.

Having failed to secure a time machine to snag Franco off the stage of the 1981 Olympia, the director of X-Men decided to do the next best thing- he'd have an Australian musical theater actor with no sports experience or visible musculature to play a jacked, shaggy, cantankerous dwarf from Canada. Though I cannot imagine how one would make that logical leap in their minds, director Bryan Singer decided to cast a skinny Aussie, rather than attempt to feed Tom Cruise steroids and GH for a year and chain him to a squat rack, which probably would

have been most directors' initial idea. Nevertheless, Singer pulled a reverse *Jack Reacher* (in which 5'6" Cruise plays a 6'5", 250 lb., blond haired, blue eyed terror of a former Army MP)

Shockingly, Jackman, whose background prior to *X-Men* pretty much consisted of the musical *Oklahoma*, managed to pull off playing Wolverine. When he first hit the screen as such, he weighed about 180 lbs, somewhat heavier than his natural bodyweight, but a far cry from the nearly 300 lbs of rip he probably should have weighed. He went on to get leaner and put on 30 more pounds, a transformation that might be described as Kafkaesque if you simply look at Jackman in *Oklahoma* and then his current incarnation in *The Wolverine*, but his physique is actually the product of over a decade of lifting. As such, if you're looking for a quick fix workout for how Jackman got big and lean, you're shit out of luck- it doesn't exist. Instead, this is a story of one man's journey from being a slightly built member of the musical theater to a growling, jacked badass who now gets considered for any and all action movie roles.

Although most of us would likely rather put the horrid X-Men movie series out of our minds, given that they basically took a massive steaming shit on our childhoods, Jackman initially started working out for his role as Wolverine in 1999, when he was initially cast as the superhero. Interestingly, all I could find in reference to Jackman's initial workout were mentions in *US Weekly* and *People* magazine of yoga as the source of Jackman's physique. This would explain why Jackman wore a leather costume throughout the X-Men rather than his trademark yellow and blue or brown and tan bodysuits, I suppose, but doesn't tell the entire story.

However much Jackman was hitting the gym for the first two *X-Men* movies, his physique wasn't really anything about which to write home about, and his workouts therefore wouldn't be all that interesting anyway. He apparently began with far less intense workouts than he currently uses, focusing just on gaining some bulk, as his physique prior to the *X-Men* series could only have been described as "fucking skinny". For those of you weeping and wailing like Honey Boo-Boo after she's been denied her fifth slice of cake for the day while lamenting your self-described status as a "hard gainer", get your fucking chin up. Jackman's personal trainer, who's been with him since Jackman initially entered Hollywood, said Jackman was so skinny when they first started training together that his nickname around the gym was "Chicken Legs", and that he considers Jackman's physique his greatest accomplishment if for no other reason than Jackman essentially started with no muscle and just keeps getting more jacked as he gets older (Get Ripped).

Here, you can see his progression from the first to the third installment in the series:



X-Men. He's looking like he's seen the inside of a gym and a chicken breast or two.



X2. Dialing it in a bit.



X3- Finally starting to look a little like Wolverine.

Jackman really started lifting when preparing for the Brett Ratner travesty that was X-Men: The Last Stand. Perhaps in an effort to undo the havoc that Ratner was preparing to wreck on the franchise, Jackman hit the gym extra hard for the film, packing on a considerable amount of mass, and it was at that point that he first benched 315 and leg pressed 1000 lbs. According to Jackman, he wasn't really mentally prepared to physically push himself like that and "pretty much shat [himself]" in the process of achieving the latter (Zimmerman). At that point, Jackman was lifting for an hour and a half a day (60 minutes of lifting preceded by a ten minute warm up and ended by 20 minutes of cardio), five days a week, listening to a lot of metal, and bumping up his calories by a thousand per day to get bigger. He hit 190 lbs, which is not terrifically huge for a guy who's 6'3", but seems pretty fucking big for Jackman, by alternating three week periods of heavy weights with longer rests, the a period of lighter weights with short rests, and then a period of fast, explosive lifting. By doing this, Jackman was able to stay lean and put on size incrementally. According to Jackman, pretty much all he did was free weights, and focused heavily on "bench-press variations, barbell lunges, light squats, and leg presses, among other staples" (Zimmerman).

Interestingly, Jackman achieved this physique with a mentality that runs entirely contrary to most of what you see on the internet and discussed in gyms- he never set any hard-and-fast goals. I've mentioned the utility of doing this before (that public goal-setting is a recipe for disaster), but it's always nice to see a person with a similar take on matters. Jackman saw performing certain actions, rather than hitting certain numbers, as the events that marked his success. As such, he saw the fact that he screamed at his spotter to get the fuck away from the bar, rather than asking for help when struggling with his 315 bench, as his real milestone.

"That's Jackman's primary driver: Instead of setting goals, seek defining moments. Those are the real tests, because you have to be willing to fail in a

pressure situation in front of other people. "That fear holds all of us back," Jackman says. "And that's the toughest thing about aging. With age, you see people fail more. You see yourself fail more. How do you keep that fearlessness of a kid? You keep going" (Zimmerman).

Jackman clearly has his shit together more than your average gym member, and is capable of pushing himself simply because he knows that if you're not progressing, you're regressing.

"I don't set goals in life," he says. "In this country, people are all about goal setting. And I concede, to a point, how it can help you get going. But we limit ourselves with goals. We have far more ability than we give ourselves credit for. You see that in people under pressure. How does someone run a 100-meter race at the Olympics? When it's once every 4 years, with everything they've done leading to that? It can't just be adrenaline." Then he nods and smiles. "Maybe it's just the mind getting out of the way" (Zimmerman)

By the time *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* rolled around in 2009, Jackman had already been hitting the gym for ten years. Granted, he'd been doing it with varying intensity, as *Kate* and *Leopold* didn't really require him to stomp around saddled with 20 lbs of extra muscle, but he knew his way around the gym at this point. According to one of his interviews, Jackman trains year round in preparation for future physical roles like *Wolverine*, but if he doesn't have to transform into the adamantium-boned mutant berserker, he lets his diet slip a little- as an Aussie, the man needs beer in his life or he'll wither away and die. Frankly, I think that's one of the most important things to bear in mind when you see him step onscreen this month- he's been getting paid to lift for 13 years and he's done it consistently over that period. Few people ever accomplish that sort of feat, and even fewer diet hard enough to make their consistency noticeable to the random passer by.

To ensure he wouldn't skip workouts due to his prolific movie-making schedule, Jackman's been dragging his happy ass out of bed at 4AM to train for years, making sure he gets his lift in prior to filming. That way, Jackman has no excuses- there are no skipped workouts, no gaps in his routine, and no justifications for failure- there's just a steady physical progression through a time of his life wherein most people cultivate a beer belly and lose whatever muscle mass they managed to accrue throughout their youth. It's this that has probably contributed most to his constant improvement, as you could hardly do anything but get bigger, stronger, and leaner if you've been training and dieting consistently for a decade. His physique didn't just appear in a few short weeks, and it wasn't the product of a single workout- it's the product of consistent and brutal workouts designed to make him fucking awesome.



By the time the above picture was taken, Jackman was benching 315 for reps, and he'd changed his workout again so that it was separated into two six-week periods over five months of intense training. Jackman kept this program for The Wolverine, getting even bigger and more ripped so that he's now 210 lbs. of shred.

No one said he was fucking huge, but the simpering bitches on message boards yammering on about the fact that he isn't that big are guaranteed to be less muscular, fatter, and likely weaker than Jackman.

In the first phase, Jackman just lifts as much weight as he can, maxing frequently and going bananas trying to hit bigger numbers. He generally hits an exercise with a pyramid rep scheme, going to failure on the last rep of each set (Jones, Wolverine). Additionally, Jackman superset compound exercises with an isolation exercise on every set in an effort to increase the total workload performed in a given period of time, and to get as lean and defined as possible. For instance, he superset bench press with flies, or deadlifts with pull ups, even when he's trying to set PRs (Get Ripped). His set/rep scheme looks like this in phase one:

Set 1: 8 reps (120 secs rest)
Set 2: 6 reps (120 secs rest)
Set 3: 4 reps (120 secs rest)
Bonus set: 1 rep max with a spotter

The second phase of Jackman's routine is a tempo phase, in which Jackman focuses on the negative portion of each movement. He performs a three or four second negative, then explodes into the concentric portion, which he completes as quickly as possible. This is a higher rep phase in which he drops his rest periods in an effort to burn off fat like he's a fireman burning a stack of encyclopedias in Fahrenheit 451 (Ibid). As before, Jackman superset big movements with isolation movements, jamming as much volume into every 60 minute workout as he can. His rep scheme, then, looked like this:

Set 1: 10-14 reps (60 sec rest)
Set 2: 10-14 reps (60 sec rest)
Set 3: 10-14 reps (60 sec rest)
Set 4: 10-14 reps (60 sec rest)

Just as he did for his previous films, Jackman trained five days a week for The Wolverine with a typical bodypart split, utilized very short, ultra intense interval training he described as "the worst 7 minutes of your life" (Jones, MH interviews) for cardio- which I assume means he does three seven minute bursts of intense cardio, as his cardio sessions last 20 minutes- and added a boot camp workout on Fridays to speed fat loss even more (Moore). Saturdays were reserved for a "fun" workout, in which he'd play tennis, box, or do whatever other physical activity he wanted (Ibid). That, coupled with the intensity he brought to the role and the gym, helped him attain a physique of which most only dream.

Jackman's diet for The Wolverine actually arose out of advice from Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson (Humphreys), a man who clearly knows how to dial in his diet. I suppose in an homage to The Rock's upcoming bodybuilding flick, the diet he recommended was pretty much standard bodybuilder rations- lean meats

(Jackman's killed "more chickens than [he] cares to count" (Ibid)), vegetables, and low glycemic carbs- every two to three hours. Though I thought it was simply the fare of pauper children in Dickens' novels, Jackman ate porridge in the mornings. As it turns out, however, porridge is just oatmeal- sadly making this seemingly exotic (to Americans) food just more standard bodybuilder food. During lunch he'd eat either brown rice or yams, and would cut out carbs after 3PM. According to Jackman, cutting out carbs by three will lead to a weight loss of 10 lbs in the first month, which seems incredibly ambitious to me but may include water weight (Jones, Nutrition). He varied his caloric range between 6,000 during the bulking phase and 3,500 during his cutting phase, but keeps his protein at a minimum of 1.3g per pound of bodyweight. Finally, he does his best to remain lean throughout both phases "so peak condition is a workout tweak, not a total overhaul. 'It's hard to build up from scratch,' says Jackman. 'Staying in the ballpark makes it a lot easier'" (Jones, Wolverine). That's advice worth following, because most people who go through distinct bulking and cutting phases seem to gradually get fatter over time, as they're unwilling to put in the work necessary to really lean out after their bulk phase.

Thus, we have the transformation of a musical theater actor whose nickname 20 years ago was "chicken legs" into a 43 year old, 210 lb, ripped and vascular dude who benches 315 for reps and about whom your girlfriend, wife, or boyfriend likely fantasizes frequently. Just as the other actors I've profiled, Jackman's routine is nothing particularly Earth-shattering, but it drives home the point for the umpteenth time that your routine is not nearly as important as the effort you put into it, provided your diet is tighter than a non-Catholic ten year old boy's asshole and your training volume is fairly high. The reason you don't look as good as Jackman isn't drugs, his schedule, or any of the other excuses you'd like to ascribe your failure to- it's because you're not trying hard enough.

Get after it, motherfuckers. Wolverine said so.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- "The Expendables" Workout: One Push is All You'll Need to Get Started. Free Muscle Building Tips. Web. 5 Feb 2013. <http://freemusclebuildingtips.com/jason-statham-expendables-workout/>
- 100m World Record Progression. Wikipedia. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Men's_100_metres_world_record_progression
- A Brief History of Wrestling in England. The Exiles - Company of Medieval Martial Artists. <http://www.the-exiles.org/Article%20Brief%20His%20of%20Eng%20Wrestling.htm>
- Alter, Joseph. *The Wrestler's Body: Identity and Ideology in North India*. California Scholarship Online. 12 May 1992.
- All WWE Westlers. The Wrestler Ivan Putski. All WWE Wrestlers. Web. 20 Sep 2012. http://www.allwewrestlers.com/ivan_putski.htm
- Andros, Sean. The Big Picture: The Stan Efferding File. Flex Magazine, May 2011. http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0KFY/is_3_29/ai_n57431667/pg_2/?tag=content;coll
- AP, Associated Press. Moldovan Justice Minister Comes to Austria in Stolen Car. The Associated Press. 8 May 1996. Web. 7 Sep 2012. <http://www.apnewsarchive.com/1996/Moldovan-Justice-Minister-Comes-to-Austria-in-Stolen-Car/id-5c33ec2f31e03cdc7e4ac03d48c25f0a>
- Arthur Saxon. Wikipedia. Web. 9 Feb 2013. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arthur_Saxon
- Askem, J.V. A Pressing Situation. <http://jva.ontariostrongman.ca/PRESS.htm>
- Askem, J.V. Deadlifting Part 2. <http://jva.ontariostrongman.ca/DL2.htm>
- AskMen. Tom Hardy: Becoming Bronson. AskMen. http://m.askmen.com/entertainment/special_feature_250/267_tom-hardy-becoming-charles-bronson.html
- Aston, Edward. Maxick the Superman. SandowPlus. Web. 9 Feb 2013.
- Barbell. State College: Penn State Press, 2008.
- Barker, Derek. Beginner Deadlift Considerations: Conventional or Sumo? http://www.elitefts.com/documents/con_sumo.htm
- Bass, Clarence. Bruce Wilhelm Chronicles Stories of Lifting Giants: Ken Patera and Pat Casey. Ripped. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.cbass.com/Wilhelm.htm>
- Bass, Clarence. Rickey Dale Crain. <http://www.cbass.com/RICKEY.HTM>
- Bathurst, Jim. The Big Guy's Guide to Holding the Handstand. Diesel Crew. 20 Apr 2010. Web. 31 Jan 2013. <http://www.dieselcrew.com/how-to-do-a-hand-stand>
- BBC. Bronson: 'Gentle boy' to terror inmate. BBC News. 17 Feb 2000. Web. 10 Feb 2013. http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/646857.stm
- Belfast Telegraph. Tom Hardy: Bronson diet took its toll. Belfast Telegraph. 9/22/11. <http://www.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/woman/fashion-beauty/tom-hardy-bronson-diet-took-its-toll-16053660.html>
- Bell, Mark. Interview with Stan "Rhino" Efferding. Power Magazine, Sept/Oct 2011, Vol 2 #5.
- Benaka, Lee. Bruno Sammartino. Death Valley Driver. Web. 10 Feb 2013. <http://www.deathvalleydriver.com/Benaka/Sammartino.html>
- Benedikt Magnusson's Deadlift Routine. <http://powerandbulk.com/phpBB2/viewtopic.php?t=5432>
- Berry, Mark. *Physical Training Simplified*. 1930.

Bert Assirati. Online World of Wrestling. Web. 31 Jan 2013.
<http://www.onlineworldofwrestling.com/bios/b/bert-assirati/>

Bethea, Charles. Fair Chase. Outdoor Magazine. 19 Apr 2011. Web. 4 Dec 2012.
<http://www.outsideonline.com/outdoor-adventure/nature/Fair-Chase.html?page=1>

Biography. Brian Oldfield. <http://www.brianoldfield.com/biography.htm>

Bird, Scott. A Brief History of Circuit Training and Peripheral Heart Action (PHA). Straight to the Bar. 17 Feb 2010. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
[http://straighttothebar.com/forums/entry.php?282-A-Brief-History-of-Circuit-Training-and-Peripheral-Heart-Action-\(PHA\)](http://straighttothebar.com/forums/entry.php?282-A-Brief-History-of-Circuit-Training-and-Peripheral-Heart-Action-(PHA))

Bleeker, Tom. Unsettled Matters: The Life and Death of Bruce Lee. Lompoc: Gilderoy Publications. 1996.

Body Of Work: An Interview With Danny Bonaduce. Bodybuilding.com.
<http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/body-of-work-interview-with-danny-bonaduce.html>

Brafman, Ori and Rom Brafman. *Sway: The Irresistible Pull of Irrational Behavior*. Doubletree: New York 2008.

Brian Oldfield. Wikipedia. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brian_Oldfield

Bronson, Charles; Richards, Stephen. *Solitary Fitness*. London: John Blake, 2007.

Bronson, Charles. *Loonyology: In My Own Words*. Clacton on Sea: Apex Publishing Ltd, 2008.

Bullman, Brian. Hugh Jackman Builds Mass. Bodybuilding.com. 20 Feb 2009. Web. 22 Jan 2013.
http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/hugh_jackman_6_day_workout.htm

Bullman, Brian. Thor's Thunderous Workout. Bodybuilding.com. Apr 2011. Web. 2 Dec 2012. <http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/learn-how-thor-packed-on-20-pounds-of-muscle.html>

Burrell, Ian. Special new unit for Britain's three most dangerous prisoners. The Independent. 25 Aug 1999. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/special-new-unit-for-britains-three-most-dangerous-prisoners-1114958.html>

Byrd, Sam. Sam Byrd's answer to question about raw squat progression. EliteFTS. <http://asp.elitefts.net/qa/default.asp?qid=170557&tid=>

Carson, Brian. Bob Peoples Deadlift Training. <http://ezinearticles.com/?Bob-Peoples-Deadlift-Training&id=1522211>

Carson, Brian. Tommy Kono Program. Tommy Kono Power Program-Part 1. Tommy Kono Power Program-Part 2. <http://workout-routines.net/index.php?s=tommy+kono>

Carson, Brian. Workout Routines: Marvin Eder Workout. Workout Routines. Jan 2007. Web. 19 Aug 2009. <http://workout-routines.blogspot.com/2007/01/marvin-eder-workout.html>

Carter, Paul. Interview with Konstantin Konstantinovs - Translated. Lift-Run-Bang. <http://www.lift-run-bang.com/2010/04/interview-with-konstantin-konstantinovs.html>

Celebrity Workouts. AskMen. Web 5 Feb 2013.
http://www.askmen.com/sports/bodybuilding/58_fitness_tip.html

Character Builder: Duffy Gaver "The Avengers" Interview. <http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/avengers-interview-personal-trainer-duffy-gaver.html>

Chasyn Rance's Workout Plan. Chasyn Rance. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
<http://www.chasynrance.com/fitness.htm>

Chris Hemsworth on his workout for Thor. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GKTz9xZYPRA>

Colescott, Steve. Jeff King's Animal Leg Training! RX Muscle. 5 Dec 2009. Web. 11 Feb 2013. <http://www.rxmuscle.com/articles/nutrition/1018-jeff-kings-animal-leg->

training.html#.URpW0x3WKqk

Colescott, Steve. Ode to the power king Ed Coan.

<http://www.rxmuscle.com/articles/latest-news/174-ode-to-the-power-king-ed-coan.html>

Corney, Ed. Ed Corney's Mr. Olympia Routine. Ed Corney.net. Web. 9 Feb 2013.

<http://www.edcorney.net/seminar6.html>

Coville, C. 7 'Ancient' Forms of Mysticism That Are Recent Inventions.

Cracked.com. 6 July 2011. Web. 6 Nov 2012.

http://www.cracked.com/article_19283_7-ancient-forms-mysticism-that-are-recent-inventions.html

Crain, Rickey Dale. Deadlift Xtreme Routine.

http://www.crain.ws/deadlift_xtreme_routine.html

Dana Linn Bailey Routine. Cut and Jacked.

PDF. <http://www.cutandjacked.com/Interview/with-Dana-Linn-Bailey>

Danny Bonaduce. Wikipedia.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Danny_Bonaduce#Boxing

DCMarvelFreshman. Chris Hemsworth's 'Thor' Stunt Double Matthew LeFevour

Dishes On THE AVENGERS. Comicbookmovie.com. 27 Feb 2012.

<http://www.comicbookmovie.com/fansites/MarvelFreshman/news/?a=55408#cyve3uJvPXILEiGz.99>

DeFendis, John. Intensity or Insanity Articles. John Defendis. 18 Feb 2010. Web. 10

Feb 2013. <http://www.defendis.com/flash/index.html>

DeMilia, Wayne. The History of Mr. Olympia.

IFBB. <http://www.ifbb.com/contestresults/mroylympia/1966mrOreport.html>

Detz, Jeanine. Little big guy. Muscle and Fitness. 9/2005.

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m080l/is_9_66/ai_n14922597/

Dinnie, Gordon. Donald Dinnie. BBC.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/scotland/sportscotland/asportingnation/article/0015/print.shtml>

Ditillo, Anthony. Strength Training Without Drugs. THE TIGHT TAN SLACKS OF DEZSO BAN. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/09/strenght-training-without-drugs-anthony.html>

Dresden, Archibald. DOUG HEPBURN AND PAUL ANDERSON: COMPARISON AND CONTRAST. http://chidlovski.net/liftup/a_anderson_n_hepburn.asp

Drucker, Rob. Bert Assirati- Part 1. Oldtime Lifting. 5 Sep 2012. Web. 31 Jan 2013.

<http://www.oldtimelifting.com/740/bert-assirati-part1/>

Drucker, Rob. Bert Assirati- Part 2. Oldtime Lifting. 9 Sep 2012. Web. 31 Jan 2013.

<http://www.oldtimelifting.com/743/bert-assirati-part-2/>

Drucker, Rob. Bert Assirati- Part 3. Oldtime Lifting. 13 Sep 2012. Web. 31 Jan 2013.

<http://www.oldtimelifting.com/745/bert-assirati-part-3/>

Dwarfism. CNN Health. <http://www.cnn.com/HEALTH/library/dwarfism/DS01012.html>

e-strengthsolutions Interview Questions for Brian Oldfield. Brian Oldfield.

[http://www.brianoldfield.com/Articles/e-strengthsolutions Interview Questions for Brian Oldfield May07.pdf](http://www.brianoldfield.com/Articles/e-strengthsolutions%20Interview%20Questions%20for%20Brian%20Oldfield%20May07.pdf)

Efferding, Stan. About. <http://stanefferding.com/about>

Ericksson KA, Krampe RT, Tesch-Roemer C. The Role of Deliberate Practice in the Acquisition of Expert Performance. 1993; 100(3) 363-406.

<http://projects.ict.usc.edu/itw/gel/EricssonDeliberatePracticePR93.pdf>

Ericksson KA, Krampe RT, Tesch-Roemer C. The Role of Deliberate Practice in the Acquisition of Expert Performance. 1993; 100(3) 363-406.

<http://projects.ict.usc.edu/itw/gel/EricssonDeliberatePracticePR93.pdf>

Escamilla RF, Francisco AC, Kayes AV, Speer KP, Moorman CT 3rd. An electromyographic analysis of sumo and conventional style deadlifts. *Med Sci Sports Exerc.* 2002 Apr;34(4):682-8.

Everson, Jeff. Strongest Man in History. <http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/planet28.htm>

Exclusive Hugh Jackman Wolverine Workout: Get Ripped like Hugh Jackman. *Men's Fitness.* Web. 23 Jan 2013. http://www.mensfitness.co.uk/exercise/celebrity_bodies/2112/exclusive_hugh_jackman_wolverine_workout.html

Factoids- Chuck Sipes. *Flex Magazine.* http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0KFY/is_5_20/ai_98539235/

Fair, John D. Muscletown USA: Bob Hoffman and the Manly Culture of York Feats of Strength. Bert Asserati. Web. 31 Jan 2013. <http://www.bertassirati.com/strengthfeats.htm>

Ferm, Tomas. Ricky Bruch - A Swedish Mohamed Ali. *Natverkstan.net.* 10 Feb 2013. http://www.natverkstan.net/presens/html/tidigarenr_html/ricky.html

Filer, Jaime. Rambo IV: Stallone's Blockbuster Workout. *Bodybuilding.com.* 24 Jan 2008. Web. 5 Feb 2013. <http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/jaimefiler2.htm>

Forum Post. Mariusz Pudzianowski's Sample Training Cycle. *Muscle Talk.* 28 Nov 2004. Web. 9 Nov 2013. <http://www.muscletalk.co.uk/Mariusz-Pudzianowskis-Training-Cycle-m248884.aspx>

Forum Post. Ivan Putsky's Training. *Marunde Muscle.* 26 Nov 2006. Web. 20 Sep 2012. <http://www.marunde-muscle.com/>

Frederick Winslow Taylor. *Wikipedia.* http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Winslow_Taylor

Frederick Winslow Taylor. *Wikipedia.* http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Winslow_Taylor

Freyr, Hakon. Interview with Benedikt Magnusson. <http://www.brotherhoodofiron.com/articles/interview-with-benedikt-magnussonworld-record-deadlift-holder>

Froneman, Amy. Mona Pretorius: dynamite in a small package. *Health24.* 29 Jul 2011. Web. 15 Jan 2013. <http://www.health24.com/fitness/General/16-4634,64364.asp>CNN.

Furman, Tom. POLISH POWER TEMPLATE. *Physical Strategies.* 22 Nov 2006. Web. 20 Sep 2012. <http://physicalstrategies.blogspot.com/2006/11/polish-power-template.html>

Gallagher, Marty. "Kirk Karwoski". *Parrillo Performance Press.* March 2007.

Gallagher, Marty. *The Purposeful Primitive.* St. Paul: Dragon Door Publications, 2008

Gaudreau, Leo. The Saxon Trio: What they ate & how they trained. *Muscle Power Magazine,* reprinted by Natural Strength. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.bobwhelan.com/history/saxontrio.html>

Gentle, David. Marvin Eder- Man of Might and Muscle. *Beyond Strong.* http://beyondstrong.typepad.com/my_weblog/2008/04/marvin-eder.html

Green, Meg. Mover and Shaker: Becky Conzelman. <http://games.crossfit.com/article/mover-and-shaker-becky-conzelman>

Guette, M., Gondin, J., Martin, A. (2005). Time-of-day effect on the torque and neuromuscular properties of dominant and non-dominant quadriceps femoris. *Chronobiology International,* 22 (3): 541-58

Guttman, James. Ivan Putsky Interview. *World Wrestling Insanity.* 23 Oct 2010. Audio.

Heller, Corinne. Tom Hardy say "Warrior" made him fat. *On The Red Carpet.* <http://www.ontheredcarpet.com/Tom-Hardy-says-Warrior-made-him-fat->

Video/8348895

Hepburn, Doug. Pulling Power's Contribution to the Three Olympic Lifts.

<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2010/05/pulling-power-doug-hepburn.html>

Hermanussen M. Stature of early Europeans. *Hormones (Athens)*. 2003 Jul-Sep;2(3):175-8.

Hildebrand, Bryan. Efferding's Two World Records.

<http://www.rxmuscled.com/strength-articles/3181-stan-efferdings-two-world-records.html>

Hise, Bob. Bob Peoples- Deadlifter. The Tight Tan Slacks of Dezso Ban.

<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2008/02/bob-peoples-deadlifter.html>

Hise, Bob. The Bob Peoples I Knew. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/01/bob-peoples-i-knew-bob-hise-ii.html>

Horton, Nick. Mariusz Pudzianowski's Diet and Workout Schedule. The Iron Samurai.

<http://www.theironsamurai.com/2010/01/30/mariusz-pudzianowskis-diet-and-workout-schedule/>

Hise, Bob. The Fabulous Zabo Koszewski. *Strength and Health*. Aug 1967. Web.

9 Feb 2013. <http://www.musclememory.com/showArticle.php?sh670820>

Holmes, Elizabeth. Building body for Bond, Batman, and more. *Wall Street Journal*. 13 Nov 2012. Web. 2 Dec 2012.

<http://online.wsj.com/article/SB10001424127887323894704578114922368500276.html>

Hood, Logan. The Complete Jason Statham Workout. *Men's Health*. 16 Oct 2007.

Web. 5 Feb 2013. <http://www.menshealth.com/fitness/workout-plan-9Jason>

Statham

How Dumb Are We? *The Daily Beast*.

<http://www.thedailybeast.com/newsweek/2011/03/20/how-dumb-are-we.html>

<http://www.sandowplus.co.uk/Competition/Aston/maxick-superman/m-s.htm>

<http://www.sfexaminer.com/entertainment/health/even-95-jack-lalanne-tough-he-ever-was>

Hugh Jackman: Actor. *People Magazine*. 14 May 2001. Web. 22 Jan 2013.

<http://www.people.com/people/archive/article/0..20134364.00.html>

Humphreys, David. Here's a 22-Minute-Long Q & A With Hugh Jackman and

Director James Mangold. *MovieTime*. 30 Oct 2012. Web. 23 Jan 2013.

<http://blogs.movietimetv.ca/heres-a-22-minute-long-q-a-with-hugh-jackman-and-director-james-mangold/>

Inch, Thomas. My Friendship With Arthur Saxon. The Tight Tan Slacks of Dezso

Ban. 7 Jan 2009. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/01/my-friendship-with-arthur-saxon-thomas.html>

Iqbal, Amjad. 'Stone lifters' out to save their dying sport. *Dawn.com Urdu Edition*.

8 May 2012. Web. 10 Oct 2012. <http://dawn.com/2012/05/08/weightlifters-out-to-save-their-dying-sport/>

Iron Dungeon. Ed Coan's Bench Press Routine. *Critical Bench*.

<http://www.criticalbench.com/ed-coan-bench-press.htm>

Ironmind Enterprises. 1996.

Ivanov, Dmitri. EFS Classic: The Science of Winning According to Vasili Alexeyev.

EliteFTS. 17 Nov 2009. Web. 10 Feb 2013.

http://www.elitefts.com/documents/science_of_winning.htm

Izquierdo M, Ibañez J, González-Badillo JJ, Häkkinen K, Ratamess NA, Kraemer WJ, French DN, Eslava J, Altadill A, Asiain X, Gorostiaga EM. Differential effects of strength training leading to failure versus not to failure on hormonal responses, strength, and muscle power gains. *J Appl Physiol* (2006)100: 1647-1656.

Jack La Lanne. *NNDB*. We. 10 Feb 2013. <http://www.nndb.com/people/697/000022631/>

Cut and Jacked Interview: Dana Linn Bailey. *Cut And Jacked*. 17 Feb

2011. [http://www.cutandjacked.com/Interview/with-Dana-Linn-Bailey-Jeck, Steve and Peter Martin. Of Stones And Strength.](http://www.cutandjacked.com/Interview/with-Dana-Linn-Bailey-Jeck,Steve-and-Peter-Martin-Of-Stones-And-Strength) Nevada City:

Jha, D.N. *Holy Cow: Beef In Indian Dietary Traditions*. New Delhi: Matrix Books, 2001.

Jim Thorpe: The World's Greatest Athlete.

<http://www.cmgww.com/sports/thorpe/bio/bio.html>

John Grimek: Insightful Look & Interview With Bodybuilder John Grimek. FitFlex. Web. 10 Feb 2013 <http://www.fitflex.com/johnggrimek.html>

John, Dan. An Overview of Bill March Materials. Dan John. Dec 2009. Web. 15 Jan 2013. <http://danjohn.net/2009/12/an-overview-of-bill-march-materials/>

John, Dan. 40 Years of Insight, Part I. http://www.t-nation.com/free_online_article/most_recent/40_years_of_insight_part_i

Jones, Dan. Hugh Jackman's Nutrition and Mentality Tips. Men's Health UK. 2012. Web. 23 Jan 2013. <http://www.menshealth.co.uk/food-nutrition/muscle-foods/hugh-jackman-nutrition>

Jones, Dan. Hugh Jackman's Wolverine Workout. Men's Health UK. 2012. Web. 23 Jan 2013. <http://www.menshealth.co.uk/building-muscle/get-big/hugh-jackman-wolverine-workout>

Jones, Dan. MH Interview: Hugh Jackman. Men's Health UK. 2012. Web. 23 Jan 2013. <http://www.menshealth.co.uk/living/men/hugh-jackman-interview>

Kasatov, Konstantin Dmitri. Interview with Konstantin Konstantinovs.

<http://www.lift-run-bang.com/2010/04/interview-with-konstantin-konstantinovs.html>

Kasatov, Konstantin Dmitri. Interview with Konstantin Konstantinovs.

<http://www.lift-run-bang.com/2010/04/interview-with-konstantin-konstantinovs.html>

Katterle, Sean. Doug Hepburn's Amazing Raw Strength.

<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/02/doug-hepburns-raw-strength-sean.html>

Keegan, Rebecca. 'Warrior's' Tom Hardy and Joel Edgerton roll with the punches. Los Angeles Times. 9/8/11.

<http://articles.latimes.com/2011/sep/08/entertainment/la-et-warrior-20110908>

Ken Lain. Texas Powerlifting Hall of Fame.

<http://www.texaspowerliftinghalloffame.com/Lain.html>

Ken Lain's "Matrix" Bench Press Program Overview. The WeighTrainer.

<http://www.weightrainer.net/spreadsheets/matrixnotes.html>

Ken Patera Workout Routine, reprinted from MILO, Vol 2, No. 2, 1994. Starting Strength. 10 May 2012. Web. 11 Feb 2013.

<http://startingstrength.com/resources/forum/archive/index.php/t-30905.html?s=ed356ebc3f83da675449246e402dd2>

Ken Patera. Wikipedia. Web. 11 Feb 2013. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ken_Patera

King, Jeff. How I Trained for the Mr America and Mr Universe (1984), reprinted in a Forum Post. Professional Muscle. 6 Mar 2011. Web. 11 Feb 2013

Kirit, Steve. Training with Mariusz Pudzianowski. Marunde Muscle.

<http://www.marunde-muscle.com/kirit.html>

Knapik J, Reynolds K. Loads carried by soldiers: historical, physiological, biomechanical and medical aspects. ARMY RESEARCH INST OF ENVIRONMENTAL MEDICINE NATICK MA. Jun 1989. <http://www.dtic.mil/cgi-bin/GetTRDoc?AD=ADA212050>

Koenig, John. Atlas Speaks: An Interview with Ed Coan. T-Nation. http://www.t-nation.com/free_online_article/sports_body_training_performance_interviews/atlas_speaks

peaks

Konstantins Konstantinovs Interview. Serious Powerlifting.

<http://www.seriouspowerlifting.com/3755/mens-interviews/konstantins-konstantinovs-interview>

- Krumboltz, Michael. How to Look Like a 'Warrior': Tom Hardy and Joel Edgerton's Brutal Training Regime. *Movie Talk*. <http://movies.yahoo.com/blogs/movie-talk/look-warrior-211519813.html>
- Kukekova AV, et al. Measurement of segregating behaviors in experimental silver fox pedigrees. *Behav Genet*. 2008 March; 38(2): 185-194. <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2374754/>
- Lain, Ken as told to Dennis B. Weis. *Secrets of Gaining Maximum Muscle Bulk & Power!* Lee Hayward's Total Fitness and Bodybuilding. http://www.leehayward.com/bulk_secrets.htm
- Lambie, Ryan. Joel Edgerton interview: training for Warrior, and fighting Tom Hardy. *Den of Geek*. <http://www.denofgeek.com/movies/18065/joel-edgerton-interview-training-for-warrior-and-fighting-tom-hardy>
- Langer, Ellen. *Counterclockwise: Mindful Health and the Power of Possibility*. New York: Ballantine, 2009.
- Lee, Janet. How The Stars Shape Up. *US Weekly*. 1 May 2001. Web. 22 Jan 2013. <http://www.geocities.com/hollywood/4616/us0501a.html>
- Leistner, Ken. History of Powerlifting, Weightlifting and Strength Training - Part Twelve. *Titan*. Web. 18 Nov 2012. http://www.titanstrengthandpower.com/history_of_powerlifting_part_12.html
- Liebenberg L. Liebenberg L. Persistence hunting by modern hunter-gatherers. *Current Anthropology* 2006;47(6):1017-25. http://www.mattmetzgar.com/wp-content/uploads/2007/08/persistence_hunting.pdf
- Little, John. *The Art of Expressing the Human Body*. Boston: Tuttle Publishing, 1998.
- Lund, Chris. 1970's Professional Bodybuilder Don Ross. *Eric's Gym*. Web. 11 Feb 2013. <http://bodybuilding.ericsgym.com/trainingarticles/donross/>
- Mace (club). *Wikipedia*. Web. 30 Sep 2012. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mace_\(club\)#Indian_Subcontinent](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mace_(club)#Indian_Subcontinent)
- Mair, George. Beck to the future. *The Sun*. 15 Mar 2012. <http://www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/showbiz/bizarre/celebs/davidbeckham/4168957/Donald-Dinnie-was-the-David-Beckham-of-the-19th-century.html>
- Malinowski, Erik. Wince-Inducing Wonder of Mallakhamb, India's Extreme Gymnastics. *Wired*. 20 Aug 2010. Web. 7 Nov 2012. <http://www.wired.com/playbook/2010/08/mallakhamb-extreme-gymnastics/>
- Malkin, Yevgeny. Maestro of the Iron Game. *Lift Up*. Web. 10 Feb 2013. http://chidlovski.net/liftup/a_interview_plukfelder_122302.asp
- March, Bill. The Overload Power System. *Tight Tan Slacks Of Dezso Ban*. 5 Jan 2011. Web. 15 Jan 2013. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/01/overload-power-system-bill-march.html>
- Massie, Roger. Memories from World Gym in Connecticut. *Online World Of Wrestling*. 5 Sep 2005. Web. 20 Sep 2012. <http://www.onlineworldofwrestling.com/columns/misc/rogermassie01.html>
- Maxick. *Great Strength Through Muscle Control*. 1913.
- Maxick. *Muscle Control*. London: Ewart, Seyword and Co, LTD., 1911.
- Maxick. You Are as Strong as You Wish to Be. *Maxalding*. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.maxalding.co.uk/maxick/youcan/youcan.htm>
- McCallum, John. Keys To Progress Training Routines. <http://www.strength-oldschool.com/topic/63-keys-to-progress-training-routines-by-john-mccallum/>
- McGuinness, Romina. The Thor workout: How 'Avengers' star Chris Hemsworth got his biceps! May 2012. Web. 2 Dec 2012. <http://www.metro.us/boston/life/article/1141924--the-thor-workout-how-avengers-star-chris-hemsworth-got-his-biceps>
- McKay, Brett and Kate. 7 Health Benefits of a Cold Shower. *Art of Manliness*. 18

Jan 2010. Web. 4Jan 2013. <http://artofmanliness.com/2010/01/18/the-james-bond-shower-a-shot-of-cold-water-for-health-and-vitality/>

Mendelson, Scott. Forum Post. <http://rawpowerlifting.proboards.com/index.cgi?board=training&action=display&thead=988>

Miller, JF, Stamford BA. Intensity and energy cost of weighted walking vs. running for men and women. *J Appl Physiol*. 1987 Apr;62(4):1497-501.

Moore, Rusty. Hugh Jackman's Wolverine Workout Plan. Squiddoo. Web. 22 Jan 2013. <http://www.squiddoo.com/hugh-jackman-workout>

Mujumdar, DC (ed.). *Encyclopedia of Indian Physical Culture*. 1950.

Murray, Jim. Steve Stanko's Training. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2008/05/steve-stankos-training-jim-murray.html>

Murray, Jim. "He Took His Best Shot but Saw It Go Up in Smoke." *Los Angeles Times* 02 06 1985 http://articles.latimes.com/1985-06-02/sports/sp-l5080_l_brian-oldfield

No Angel of Islington: The Story Of Bert Assirati. *Wrestling Heritage*. Web. 31 Jan 2013. <http://www.wrestlingheritage.co.uk/noangelofislington.htm>

Not It. *Itthing.com*. 10 Child Stars who Grew Up To Be Morons. <http://itthing.com/10-child-stars-who-grew-up-to-be-morons>

Nutrient data for 17164, Game meat, deer, raw. *Nutrient Data Library*. USDA. Web. 4 Dec 2012. http://ndb.nal.usda.gov/ndb/foods/show/5133?fg=&man=&facet=&count=&max=&qlookup=&offset=&sort=&format=Abridged&_action_show=Apply+Changes&Qv=1&Q9353=1.0&Q9354=175

O'Connell, Jeff; Stiefel, Steve. Benny's nuts! *Flex Magazine*. 1 Aug 2005. Reprinted by EliteFTS. EliteFTS. 24 Jun 2008. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://asp.elitefts.net/qa/default.asp?qid=76165>

Oliver, Greg. From the Olympics to the Pros. *Slam Sports*. Web. 11 Feb 2013.

Ostler, Scott. He exercised his personal demons. *SF Chronicle*. 8 Oct 2009. Web. 10 Feb 2013. http://articles.sfgate.com/2009-10-08/news/17183224_l_jack-lalanne-salad-dark-side-brain

Paul Edward Anderson. *Wikipedia*. Web. 10 Feb 2013. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Anderson_\(weightlifter\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Anderson_(weightlifter))

Penman, Leigh. Bev Francis. . . Pioneer of Power! 05 June 2009 Reprinted from *Strength Athlete Magazine*, 1987. *RXMuscle*. <http://www.rxmuscled.com/articles/bios-a-interviews/378-bev-francis-pioneer-of-power.html>

People, Bob. "The Training Methods of Bob Peoples". <http://pressingtostrongman.wordpress.com/2011/05/25/bob-peoples-speaks/>

Perryman, Matt. Doug Hepburn's Routines. <http://www.ampedtraining.com/workouts/doug-hepburns-routines>

physical loads. *Fiziol Cheloveka*. 1987 Sep-Oct; 13(5):811-8. Print.

Poliquin, Charles. A Simple Formula for Muscle Growth and Maximal Strength Gains. Charles Poliquin's Blog. <http://www.charlespoliquin.com/Blog/tabid/130/EntryId/377/A-Simple-Formula-for-Muscle-Growth-and-Maximal-Strength-Gains.aspx>

Poliquin, Charles. Understanding Russian Weightlifting Methods. <http://www.charlespoliquin.com/ArticlesMultimedia/Articles/Article/637/Understanding-Russian-Weightlifting-Methods.aspx>

Poliquin, Charles. Five Things I Learned from Doug Hepburn: Great advice from a strongman legend. http://www.charlespoliquin.com/ArticlesMultimedia/Articles/Article/110/Five_Things_I_Learned_from_Doug_Hepburn.aspx

Poltaev, Petr. The Russian Approach to Planning An Olympic Weightlifting Program. Strength and Conditioning. February 1995.
<http://physiqueconsultant.com/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/The-Russian-Approach-to-Planning-a-Weightlifting-Program.pdf>
Powerlifting USA. Lamar Gant's Deadlift Routine.
<http://www.powerliftingwatch.com/files/Lamar%20Gant's%20Deadlift%20Routine.pdf>
Powerliftinghub. Rick Weil. <http://powerliftinghub.com/Lifters.html>
Powerliftingwatch All Time Rankings.
<http://www.powerliftingwatch.com/files/Rankings-04-24-11.pdf>
PowerliftingWatch. Rickey Dale Crain on Raw Lifting.
<http://www.powerliftingwatch.com/node/5435>
Profile of Ken Patera on Famous Like Me. Famous Like Me. Web. 11 Feb 2013.
<http://www.famouslikeme.com/18454/article.html>
Q&A with Derek Poundstone. RX Muscle. 27 Mar 2009. Web. 15 Jan 2013.
<http://forums.rxmuscle.com/showthread.php?5069-Q-amp-A-with-ASC-Pro-Strongman-Derek-Poundstone>
Rader, Peary. Training on the Olympic Lifts. The Tight Tan Slacks of Dezso Ban.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/12/training-on-olympic-lifts-peary-rader.html>
Radnedge, Aidan. Charles Bronson transforms hardman image with anger management course. Metro. 3 Dec 2012. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
<http://metro.co.uk/2012/12/03/charles-bronson-transforms-hardman-image-with-anger-management-course-3247226/>
Reisman, Will. Even at 95, Jack LaLanne is as tough as he ever. SF Examiner. 12 Jan 2010. Web. 2013.
Rick Weil Bench Press Routine. <http://www.criticalbench.com/bench-press-routine.htm>
Robson, David. An Interview with the "Biceps From the Bronx" Marvin Eder. 13 Aug 2007. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/drobson304.htm>
Rouvalis, Critina. Wrestling with fame: Bruno Sammartino still a hero to fans. Post-Gazette. 28 Oct 1998. Web. 10 Feb 2013. <http://old.post-gazette.com/magazine/19981028brunol.asp>
Russell, Rob. Pinch grip training. Medieval Strength, Fitness, Athletics, and Heavy Training. <http://kettlebell-training-for-sport.blogspot.com/2011/08/pinch-grip-training.html>
Russell, Sharmen Apt. Hunger: An Unnatural History. New York: Basic Books, 2005.
Russo, Ric. What Ever Happened To . . . Ken Patera? Orlando Sentinel. 17 Dec 1999. Web. 11 Feb 2013. http://articles.orlandosentinel.com/1999-12-17/entertainment/9912160263_1_ken-patera-professional-wrestling-goulet
Scahill, Darren. Food Science/cow weight/cow meat ratio. AllExperts. 12 Nov 2003. Web. 4 Dec 2012. <http://en.allexperts.com/q/Food-Science-1425/cow-weight-cow-meat.htm>
Schatz, William Jackson. *Club Swinging for Physical Exercise and Recreation*. Boston: American Gymnasia Company, 1908.
Scheet, T. (2005). Effect of training time of day on body composition, muscular strength and endurance. National Strength and Conditioning Association Annual Meeting, Las Vegas.
Schermerhorn, Keka. Emphasizing Volume: JENNY DAVIS.
<http://games.crossfit.com/article/emphasizing-volume-jenny-davis>
Schmidt, Julian. Strongman secrets: how the world's mightiest men build their incredible strength and power. Flex Magazine.
http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0KFY/is_5_24/ai_n26903256/
Schmitz, Jim. The Manly Military Press. Ironmind. Web. 15 Jan 2013.

http://www.ironmind.com/ironmind/opencms/Lifts/Military_press.html
Scot Mendelson's Bench Press Workout. Strongest Man.
<http://strongestman.org/?p=207>
Selkäinaho, Sakari. Finnish Deadlift Secrets. ElitFTS.
<http://www.elitefts.com/documents/finnish-deadlift-secrets.htm>
Seno, Bill. Pushing for Power Part Three. The Tight Tan Slacks of Dezso Ban. Nov 2008. Web. 18 Nov 2012. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2008/11/pushing-for-power-part-three-bill-seno.html>
Smith, Cassie. Avengers Interview: Chris Hemsworth And Scarlett Johansson's Personal Trainer. Bodybuilding.com. 1 May 2012. Web. 2 Dec 2012.
<http://www.bodybuilding.com/fun/avengers-interview-personal-trainer-duffy-gaver.html>
Smith, Charles A. A Modern Hercules- Bert Asserati. Tight Tan Slacks Of Dezso Ban. 9 Apr 2009. Web. 31 Jan 2013. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/04/bert-assirati-charles-smith.html>
Smith, Charles A. New Approaches to Neck Specialization. Tight Tan Slacks Of Dezso Ban. 26 Jul 2011. Web. 31 Jan 2013.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/07/new-approaches-to-neck-specialization.html>
Smith, Charles A. The Bench Press. Tight Tan Slacks Of Dezso Ban. 4 Nov 2009. Web. 31 Jan 2013. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/11/bench-press-charles-smith.html>
Smith, Charles and Doug Hepburn. How Hepburn Avoids Staleness.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2008/08/how-hepburn-avoids-staleness-charles.html>
Smith, Charles and Doug Hepburn. The Press and Basic Body Power.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2010/03/press-and-basic-body-power-doug-hepburn.html>
Smith, Charles and Doug Hepburn. How I trained to Break the Press Record.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/07/how-i-trained-to-break-press-record.html>
Smith, Charles. Tribute to a Strength Athlete-BERT ASSIRATI. Iron Game History. Vol 1, 4-5.
Smith, Robert. Interview with Doug Hepburn.
<http://soloflexforever.com/forum/viewtopic.php?f=25&t=1522>
Snape, Joel. Hard Knock Life. Men's Fitness. October 2011.
<http://www.tomhardyparty.com/tom-hardy-when-i-train-everything-slows-down/>
Sorin, Richard. A brief history of sport's most recognized man. Sorinex. Web. 10 Feb 2013. <http://store.sorinex.com/Articles.asp?ID=253>
SPL. Jennifer Thompson Talks With Seriouspowerlifting.
<http://www.seriouspowerlifting.com/2927/womens-interviews/jennifer-thompson-talks-with-seriouspowerlifting>
Sport of Iriston. Interview with Aslanbek Yenaldiev. Lift Up. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
http://chidlovski.net/liftup/a_aslanbek_yenaldiev.asp
Steel, Jim. My Experiences In The Iron Game. Starting Strength.
http://startingstrength.com/articles/experiences_steel.pdf
Stewart, Brady. Mike Kuhns Powerlifting Program B4P.
<http://ironauthority.com/mike-kuhns-powerlifting-program-b4p/>
Stone Lifting. Cultural China. Web. 17 October 2012. <http://kaleidoscope.cultural-china.com/en/141Kaleidoscope3163.html>
Stone, Eric. Interview with Ernie Frantz. Chicago Powerlifting.
<http://www.chicagopowerlifting.com/ErnieFrantzInterview.html>
Sultan, Azhar. Hazara traditions: Big men prove brawn and bravery with balls of stone. Express Tribune. 28 Dec 2010. Web. 10 Sep 2012.
<http://tribune.com.pk/story/95636/hazara-traditions-big-men-prove-brawn-and-bravery-with-balls-of-stone/>

Sylvester Stallone Workout and Training Routines to be Hollywood's top action movie star. SylvesterStallone.net. Web. 5 Feb 2013.
<http://sylvesterstalloneworkout.net/>

Sylvester Stallone: Health and Fitness. Sylvester Stallone. Web. 5 Feb 2013.
<http://www.sylvesterstallone.com/health-fitness/>

Tahiti Traveler. Ma'ohi Sports. Tahiti Traveler. Web. 17 October 2012.
<http://www.thetahititraveler.com/general/socsports.asp>

Tatar, Ben. 132 Pounds of Power: A Critical Bench Exclusive Interview With World Record Holder Jennifer Thompson. Critical Bench.
<http://www.criticalbench.com/jenniferthompson.htm>

Tatar, Ben. Interview with awe-inspiring bench presser Rock Lewis. Critical Bench. Mar 2008. Web. 14 Jan 2013. <http://www.criticalbench.com/Rock-Lewis-Bench-Presser.htm>

Tatar, Ben. Interview with Bench Press Record Holder Jeremy Hoornstra. Critical Bench. 5/31/12. <http://www.criticalbench.com/Jeremy-Hoornstra.htm>

Tatar, Ben. Sport Stars & Celebrity Bench Press Rumors. Critical Bench. Web. 10 Feb 2013. <http://www.criticalbench.com/pro-athletes-bench-press.htm>

Ted Arcidi's Bench Press Routine. Reprinted from Powerlifting USA.
<http://www.angelfire.com/ab/bigmuscle2/arcidi.html>

Tere, Tushar. 1,200 kg stone lifted by Gama Pehelwan on display. The Times of India. 5 Aug 2010. Web. 10 Oct 2012.
http://articles.timesofindia.indiatimes.com/2010-08-05/vadodara/28318379_1_stone-baroda-museum-museum-authorities

The Mr. USA Story: Or How Steve Michalik Trained. Erics Gym.
<http://bodybuilding.ericsgym.com/trainingarticles/stevemichalik/index.htm>

The Roark Report. A history of the Mr. Universe and Mr. World Competitions Before 1950, Part One: Mr. Universe 1947. Iron Game History. Vol 3, Number 4

Thompson, Dacus. Survival Skills: Jack LaLanne. Men's Journal. 9 Apr 2009. Web. 10 Feb 2013. <http://www.mensjournal.com/jacklalanne>

Thompson, Jennifer. http://www.132poundsofpower.com/speed_heavy_workout.htm

Thorpe. USAWA. <http://www.usawa.com/donald-dinnie-scotlands-jim-thorpe/>

Thurber, John. Irvin 'Zabo' Koszewski dies at 84; bodybuilder renowned for his abs. LA Times. 2 May 2009. Web. 9 Feb 2013.
<http://www.latimes.com/news/obituaries/la-me-zabo-koszewski2-2009may02.0.4737189.story>

Todd, Terry; Smith, Charles. Goerner's Training. The Tight Tan Slacks Of Deszo Ban. 19 Nov 2009. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/11/goerners-training-terry-toddcharles.html>

Todd, Terry. He Bends But He Doesn't Break. Sports Illustrated. October 22, 1984.
<http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/vault/article/magazine/MAG1122739/1/index.htm>

Todd, Terry. Doug Young. The Tight Tan Slacks of Deszo Ban. 3 Sep 2011. Web. 20 Sep 2012. <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/09/doug-young-terry-todd.html>

Tom Hardy Workout Routine and Diet Plan. Squidoo.
<http://www.squidoo.com/tom-hardy-workout>

Tom Hardy's Warrior workout. Men's Health UK.
<http://www.menshealth.co.uk/building-muscle/fast/tom-hardys-warrior-workout>

Tom Hardy's Fitness Workouts and Diet. MotleyHealth.
<http://www.motleyhealth.com/celeb/tom-hardys-fitness-workouts-and-diet#ixzz2lpIOFLSQ>

Tom Hardy's Warrior MMA Muscle Workout And Diet Plan.
<http://muscle.iuhu.org/2011/12/tom-hardys-warrior-mma-muscle-workout-and-diet-plan/>

Tom Platz Leg Workout - The Man Who Became Famous For His Remarkable Leg

Development. SimplyShredded.com. <http://www.simplyshredded.com/tom-platz-bodybuilding.html>

Tommy Tamio Kono. Hall of Fame @ Liftup. Web. 15 Jan 2013. http://www.chidlovski.net/liftup/l_galleryResult.asp?a_id=274#records

Traditional Iranian Martial Arts (Varzesh-e Pahlavani). Pahlavani.com. Web. 30 Sep 2012. <http://www.pahlavani.com/ish/html/ph/new/meel.htm>

Training. Brian Oldfield. <http://www.brianoldfield.com/training.htm>

Tsatsouline, Pavel. *Power To The People*. St. Paul: Advanced Training Solutions, 1999.

Tyrrell, Ron. Monohar Aich- An Enduring and Endearing Ambassador for Physical Culture. Sandowplus- Indian Physical Culture. Web. 10 Sep 2012. <http://www.sandowplus.co.uk/India/Monohar/aich.htm>

Tyrrell, Russell. Marvelous Max- The Story of Maxick. Natural Strength. 10 Jun 2002. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.naturalstrength.com/2011/09/marvelous-max-story-of-maxick-by-ron.html>

Van Diggelen, Tromp. Maxick- A Superman! Maxalding. Web. 9 Feb 2013. <http://www.maxalding.co.uk/maxick/supermax/supermax1.htm>

Van Vleck, Thom. Donald Dinnie: Scotland's Jim

Various Images. N.d. Brian Oldfield. http://www.brianoldfield.com/Articles/SI_Oldfield_1975.pdf

Venton, Danielle. Do the right things at the right time. Wired. Oct 2012. Print.

Verkhoshanskii IuV, Biru AA. Patterns in the long-term body adaptation of the athlete to

Video Interview. Power Unlimited.

Vijayakar, Pradeep. Mallakhamb going places but not in India. Times of India. 23 Sep 2004. Web. 7 Nov 2012. http://articles.timesofindia.indiatimes.com/2004-09-23/mumbai/27168669_l_mallakhamb-jutta-schneider-yoga-forum

Warner, Joe. Hammer time. Men's Fitness UK. Apr 2011. Web. 2 Dec 2012. http://www.mensfitness.co.uk/exercise/celebrity_bodies/6766/official_chris_hemsworth_thor_workout.html

Warrior - Behind the Scene - Tom Hardy & Joel Edgerton Training. Youtube. Web. 31 Jan 2013. http://wrestlingclassics.com/cgi-bin/ubbcgi/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=print_topic:f=10:t=001035

Webster, David. *The Iron Game*. Scotland: Irvine, 1976.

Weil, Rick. Forum Post on Bodybuilding.com. <http://forum.bodybuilding.com/showthread.php?t=11378711&page=1>

Weis, Dennis. "Chuck Sipes: One Year of Abdominal Specialization." <http://www.trulyhuge.com/news/tips63gf.htm>

Weis, Dennis. "Chuck Sipes On Power Training- Dennis Weis." <http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2009/08/chuck-sipes-on-power-training-dennis.html>

Whelan, Bob. "John Grimek Talking About Squats." <http://www.bobwhelan.com/history/grimeksquats.htm>

Wikipedia. Ivan Putski. Wikipedia. Web. 20 Sep 2012. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ivan_Putski

Wilding, Josh. Tom Hardy discusses gaining muscle to play Bane and how he nearly missed out on TDKR! <http://www.comicbookmovie.com/fansites/joshw24/news/?a=46132>

Wilhelm, Bruce. "Ken Patera: Titan of Strength". *Milo*, July 1994.

William March. Top Olympic Lifters of the 20th Century. Liftup. Web. 15 Jan 2013. http://www.chidlovski.net/liftup/l_athleteResult.asp?a_id=484#wr

Willoughby, David. *The Super-Athletes*. New York: A.S. Barnes and Company, 1970.

Wuebben, Joe. Boost your bench. Muscle and Fitness.
http://staging.muscleandfitness.com/raw_traveling_supplements/training/60
Yessis, Michael. Forum Post. Elite Track. 18 Nov 2003. Web. 10 Feb 2013.
<http://www.elitetrack.com/forums/viewthread/7841/>
Yohe, Steve. Bert Assirati in Baltimore 1932. Wrestling Classics. 19 Mar 2002.
Zarnowski, Frank. The Amazing Donald Dinnie: The Nineteenth Century's
Greatest Athlete. Iron Game History.
<http://www.la84foundation.org/SportsLibrary/IGH/IGH0501/IGH0501c.pdf>
Zatsiorsky, Vladimir and William J. Kraemer. *Science and Practice of Strength
Training*. 2nd ed. Champaign: Human Kinetics, 1995.
Zimmerman, Mike. Hugh Jackman's Wolverine Workout. Men's Health. 16 May
2006. Web. 22 Jan 2013. [http://www.menshealth.com/fitness/hugh-jackmans-
workout-plan#ixzz2liq2Y29g](http://www.menshealth.com/fitness/hugh-jackmans-workout-plan#ixzz2liq2Y29g)
Zimmerman, Mike. Statham's Secretes of Super Lean. Men's Health. 7 June 2007.
Web. 5 Feb 2013. [http://www.menshealth.com/fitness/jason-stathams-weight-loss-
workout](http://www.menshealth.com/fitness/jason-stathams-weight-loss-workout)
Zimmerman, Mike. The Hugh Jackman Workout: The X-Factor. Men's Health.
2006. Web. 23 Jan 2013. [http://www.menshealth.com/celebrity-fitness/hugh-
jackman-workout](http://www.menshealth.com/celebrity-fitness/hugh-jackman-workout)
Zulak, Greg. The Press. 12 Dec 2011. Web. 31 Jan 2013.
<http://ditillo2.blogspot.com/2011/12/press-greg-zulak.html>
Žydrūnas Savickas. Wikipedia.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/%C5%BDydr%C5%ABnas_Savickas