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- 1 - Draper here... Egor, Bring Your Pick. What's Under This Rock?

It's been suggested I write more about my experiences from the past; that is, memories of occurrences while pursuing early musclehood. I understand the appeal of reminiscences – everyone enjoys a good story -- and gave the idea a shot. I must confess all the exercise succeeded in producing was wrenching cringes, chills of embarrassment and guilt. Does this happen to all of us upon recollection? My past is something best left to the past, undisturbed and unrecalled.

For every right thing I did, ten wrong things popped up or got in the way. Some were intentional, some accidental and others seemed like a clever idea at the time. I unearthed one example when Joe Roark asked on our bulletin board what I recalled of a guest appearance I made at a bodybuilding competition in Michigan in the '70s. I went through a series of contortions as my mind was bombarded by grotesque flashbacks, scenes from a Friday night movie. This was the best I could come up with:

Michigan in 1976 is as clear as the muddy Mississippi after the spring floods. I was merrily wandering in random circles in those days, certain I was traveling in a straight line. Getting your act together sometimes requires it to fall entirely apart first. I was in the process of both when, "Hello, Detroit."

I remember a small motel room on the wrong side of town. It was dark and hot and I was restless; a run in my shorts through the streets seemed like a good idea before tomorrow's promotion of a local physique contest. In those days I diluted my water with anything alcoholic and why, in a mean town where they build trucks and breed gangsters, should I suddenly change my habits. I fully hydrated, or whatever you'd call it, and was off like a dart. Near-naked!

I picked up a tail immediately. Two cops in one car stayed half-a-block behind me as I ran my heart out. Any fear of the neighborhood vanished with the addition of armed bodyguards to my late-night training regimen. I ignored them -- ignorance was one of my specialties 25 years ago -- and sped around crooked side streets careful not to break any laws. Running under the influence, RUI, I suspected would not hold up in court. Just past the 15-minute mark I made it back to the motel, dashed across an adjacent pitch-black storage lot attached to a foundry, weaved between two dozen cars and hopped into my unlit, ground-floor room through an open window. I felt swell; sneaky but swell.

I watched from the shadows as the patrol car cruised the grounds of the motel, the necks of the officers craning to locate the mysterious bulky, exposed whack who vanished in the night. I felt a kinship to my buddies and decided to say hi when they made their next look-see pass. I guess they found more important things to do... never saw them again.

The show came and went and it would probably have been better if I didn't go at all. There are times when one should not leave his cage.

Now you see what I mean. How do my recollections add to your muscle-building present? They undermine the tottering respect I've been able to restore behind the image of a guy gone straight, continues to train like a fanatic and eats tuna from a can with his bare hands.

Then there was the time in Madrid when traveling with Serge Nubret.

Serge, a vintage European, invited me to visit him and attend a variety of bodybuilding events from Paris to Venice, Italy. He knew I had a pleasing physique in the late '60s, but failed to consider I was an East Coast runaway who hadn't yet remodeled his less-than-slick New Jersey ways. I arrived on time with my passport in hand, eager to see the sights and train wherever there were weights. I was ready to go, better at resistance exercise than carrying on a conversation.

On a number of occasions I found myself out of my territory, among a chatty set of distinguished friends of the charming and handsome French Islander actor-strongman. Smiling, nodding and a good handshake were my forte, but the small talk needed work... lots of work. Language barriers -- French, Spanish and Italian -- worked wonders to conceal my clumsy insecurities and failure to communicate. I faked it at private parties and celebrations, winning no prizes for eloquence or personal magnetism. Better than being shown out the back door for vagrancy, party crashing or failing to clear the dishes promptly from the guest-tables to make room for the dessert. You're fired, insolent American.

Near the end of the two-week tour, we took a jaunt to Madrid to visit Paco, a rich and famous Spanish personality and dear friend of Serge. Paco's house was elegantly nestled on a hillside overlooking the calm distant spread of the city. There were guards, and a Rolls Royce rested coolly under a flowered lattice archway. Friends, family and acquaintances of all description gathered on an upper terrace, sitting in the shade of grand umbrellas or working their way around tables of delectable food and smoky barbecue pits. It was hot and the big pool in the center of wet slate looked gloriously attractive.

Sparkling in the water was an assortment of kids and young guys and gals having good old fashioned fun -- spontaneous laughter, gleeful excitement and splashing-wet frolic. How cool. I sat with some folks who mined diamonds in Africa and loved the French Champaign-punch. "Secaucus, New Jersey? I say, Brenda, where on earth is..." I was yet unaccustomed to the wild effects of the bubbly stuff, but that didn't mean I was a stick-in-the-mud clod from the landfill of the Garden State. Not me, especially after four or five or six glasses of the fruity mix that flowed like the rivers in Tanzania. I borrowed a pair of funny oversized shorts from Paco and jumped in the gloriously attractive pool. The kids scattered like guppies.

Two bodybuilders from Munich joined in the fun. Their version of fun was doing lapse like the pool was a training ground and it was time for serious aerobics. I instead stood on the diving board and, encouraged by the generous fruity, bibby wibby wubby bubbly wine consumption, decided to do a forward one-and-a-half somersault. There's a first time for everything. This is Spain, everyone's a blurry mass of hilarity, the kids have retuned to their aquatic habitat in full force and I am ready to fly.

Up on my toes, arms and hands elegantly extended from my sides, three long strides, one huge bounce and I was airborne -- a 230-pound ball of flesh rotating furiously, gyrating desperately and plummeting uncontrollably. You really don't have a lot of time in the air to think and do what you need to do. I didn't go high enough, I never opened up fully or stopped revolving, but I

went long. My entry would never be described as graceful, but it was dramatic. Had I been sober I might have been embarrassed.

It seems the rapid rotation and forward flying motion of the balled up object -- moi -- combined with its volume made an incredible splash upon impact. The water mass went high and long and was accompanied by a magnificent splat. No one was hurt; one barbecue pit was extinguished completely, a bright red king-size umbrella was hit just right and sent sailing toward the tennis court and the occupants seated beneath it were flooded. "The playful American almost emptied the pool," said a lady with a peculiar accent while fussing with a dripping, drooping straw hat. Her prim chaperone had removed his tasseled loafers and was emptying them of water, "No harm done, Sally." He stood in an impressive puddle in stocking feet. "I saw it coming -- colossal, it was -- but I simply couldn't move."

I fell asleep in the afternoon sun and was beet red when I woke up. No one mentioned my giant cannonball or invited me to visit them at their villa next time I was in the neighborhood. What is it about Americans, anyway?

"Draper! You're back. How was Europe; how was Serge Nubret?"

"Far out. Missed a few workouts, but my bodyweight's the same. How you doin, man?"

It's a bomber's world, bombers. Keep bombing.... The Bomber

2 - Laree here, taking over with Draper News...

Dave got a reprieve from the Harry Benson photo shoot in Columbus. You remember, the one when Dave showed up with the blotchy face? Turns out there were other problems, so the powers that be decided to send Harry around the country to re-shoot the guys. Dave's shoot is scheduled for Friday; as of today, his face is clear of spots and we're hopeful he'll get through another day accident-free. I'll let you know when and where the photo appears, most likely Muscle and Fitness later this summer.

3 - IronOnline Bash News

New York City, September 24, 25, 26, 2004

Friday evening workout, followed by dinner at the Roxy Deli on Broadway

Saturday seminar, 11-ish, with Dave and Dr. Ken Leistner, Mid-City Gym

Saturday buffet lunch, 2-ish, Planet Hollywood, Times Square

Sunday brunch

In the center of Manhattan on Times Square at 1605 Broadway, as our host hotel we chose the Crowne Plaza for its spectacular location, as well as its onsite 29,000-square-foot New York Sports Club that's free to hotel guests during non-peak hours. It's pricey in terms of our local hotels, but discounted for Times Square: regularly \$269 per night, our group rate is \$179.

They've blocked off 50 rooms for us, and when those are gone they may not be able to accommodate us, so if you're planning to go, make your reservations now by calling 800-243-6969 and requesting the IronOnline room rate. If you make a reservation, it's important that you drop me a note to let us know you're coming -- ldraper@davedraper.com.

We need to know your coming even if you'll be staying elsewhere, by the way. We have both space and food limitations, so please drop an email.

<http://davedraper.com/IOL-Bash04-invitation.html>

4 - What's New at davedraper.com

In the forum you'll find an expanded nutrition science report from Dennis Weis, Jon Benson's article on Cardiovascular health vs cardio training, long answers by Jon B. and Jerry Brainum to readers' questions about current heart health science and possible supplementation, book excerpts from Nelson Montana's *The Bodybuilding Truth*, Stuart McRobert's *Beyond Brawn*, Super Squats by Randy Strossen, and John McCallum's *The Complete Keys to Progress*, Ken B's amino acid cost spreadsheet, plus our community of members and photos, photos, photos!

There are 998 members reviewing 310 different topics blanketing a range to suit all levels of weight training enthusiasts... that is to say, you. Join us by visiting the link below.

<http://www.davedraper.com/forum/ubbthreads.php>

May 5... Dave's weekly article "Summertime and the Livin' is Easy" is up if you missed last week's email, and there's your link to the NY Bash plans if you need the reminder.

April 26... Train until you drop hits the website today, along with a current photo of Dave in what was still "our" gym not long ago.

In the new products department, we love the new ibuprofen a transdermal cream and roll-on lotion. Look in the new products section of the online store for details.

All of this new stuff can be found at the What's New link below.

<http://davedraper.com/iron-online-whats-new.html>

5 - Trailing thoughts...

This morning I changed the forum bulletin board settings to open it to non-registered viewers. This means visitors to the davedraper.com website or readers of today's newsletter can read and learn from our posts, articles and links, and can invite friends to check it out even if they don't want to register for whatever reason.

The non-registered version is leaner; some of the functions are disabled or missing entirely. For instance, guests can't start or reply to posts, there's have no access to the shout box or user list, the individual member photo galleries, the birthday list or the thread overviews (such as Current Threads or Top 5). Still, it's a nice way for the timid to look around and to learn from our archived material, which is expansive.

More functions are forthcoming, including a chat-based question-and-answer session with Dave and others. (I've promised to type as old Two-fingers Draper speaks so that more than one person can get a question answered in the allotted time.) Meanwhile, let me know if you have any questions, comments or concerns. And invite your gym-rat friends over to the forum for a visit, why dontcha?

<http://www.davedraper.com/forum/ubbthreads.php>

Laree

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<http://davedraper.com>

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Quick links to support IronOnline

Dave's new Top Squat

<http://davedraper.com/top-squat.html>

IronOnline bookstore, including the new West Coast Bodybuilding Scene and the sale on Your Body Revival

<http://www.davedraper.com/go4x.mv?ID=Books>

Dave's Bomber Blend whey protein powder

<http://www.davedraper.com/go4x.mv?ID=Bomber>

Super Spectrim, Anabol Naturals, Beverly International, Ageless Growth & Body Ammo

<http://www.davedraper.com/go4x.mv?ID=Supplements>

PS: If you know people who might want to receive this weekly newsletter, forward them this copy and have them send a blank email to this address.

join-davedraper@dd.lyrishosting.com

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