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Printable pdf version of this newsletter:

<http://davedraper.com/pdfs/irononline431.pdf>

You'll also find Dave's column online at the link below.

<http://davedraper.com/url/column.php>

1 - Draper here... Lower the Anchor, Don't Drop the Iron

The neatest thing about being cheap, selfish and poor is you don't worry much about Christmas shopping, just enough to keep you out of serious trouble. I've got it down to one present, something both Laree and I can enjoy, like a new toilet bowl to replace the cracked one. Or installing a hot-water heater... hanging a back door with hinges and a lock... removing the tarpaulin and patching the roof.

Laree's on the same wavelength. Last year the little stinker gave me a cord of firewood -- madrone and oak mixed. Just in time, too, before the freeze. And we both love surprises, which adds to the festivity of giving. "Wow! It's dry, and you stacked it. Wow!"

I joke, of course; we've had hot water since the Christmas of '99 and a back door since Laree's last birthday.

Money! Like the opposite sex, especially the female version, you can't live without it. Grrr...

Did you ever wonder what the rich do with all their dough? I'm talking about the overpaid politicians and Hollywood stars and sport-world champions and corporate CEOs and old-money rich and stoned drug lords and greedy, sneaky politicians. We have a little house and a big mortgage, a little car and big gas tank, little mouths and big food bills and shop at Wal-Mart once a year for underwear, socks and jeans. I'm not complaining; I'm rich like you're rich. But there's money collecting in off-shore bank accounts like garbage in landfills, and floating in the air like lost energy, as good people work and dream, grope and plod, starve, and die. Too weird. I'm just sayin'...

Give us a sturdy bench and some dumbbells, a stack of sets and a heap of reps and we're as happy as pigs in sh... er... sheep grazing on a lush and sunny hillside amid wildflowers and songbirds in the early spring. That doesn't make us simple and dumb. I was thinking more like thrilled and thankful... healthy and wise. I'd go on, but I don't want to drive you crazy. You'll grab a big stick and commence swinging, "Stop it, Draper, we don't want to hear another word about discipline and commitment, persistence and self-assurance. Take that, and that... I'll give you patience and satisfaction!" Smack, whack, bam!

All right, already. I get the message. How about huge and ripped?

Speaking of huge and ripped, when was the last time either of the adorable qualities seriously crossed your mind? I know. The holidays kinda sink those ships, or, at least, anchor them

offshore till the turbulent season has passed -- the waters have calmed and the winds have subsided. Get's rough out there. Staying afloat is enough.

But that shouldn't discourage us from throwing a life raft over the side and paddling about the less choppy waters near the hull. There's a lot to be learned and accomplished when you're loose and adrift. Floating is restful and sufficiently stimulating. You can look and see, observe and feel.

You can lower the anchor, but don't drop the iron.

Short and frisky workouts can be delightful, if you'll allow yourself the treat (my workouts are seldom what one would call treats). The all-or-nothing attitude is admirable, but can prevent you from entering the gym until the seas have calmed, and heaven knows when that may be. Sometimes it's spring before you get the ole' tub afloat and -- glub, glub -- on its way. Come on in, the water's fine.

If you dare paddle hard and far, you can view what kind of craft you are. Are you a cruise ship or a battleship, a destroyer or a sport fishing vessel? Maybe you see a barge. Is that you, a barge carrying garbage down the river to a distant landfill, seagulls flying in squawking rages about your hull? Self-image needs work. Think tugboat.

Mixing metaphors, I see myself as an aircraft carrier, its decks trimmed with bombers and other stout-winged craft. I don't fly... I float. No more wars for me... more like a monument, though I still do some dive-bombing. Beats being a tanker... cargo ships cower... I'm imposing alongside ferryboats... I can take the Queen Mary... not as cute as a yacht, but taller. I miss being a B-29. Where's my hangar?

Let's stop for a moment. (Stop? When are ya gonna start?) I'm concerned about the barges plodding the waterways these remaining days of the year. Often a barge is not a barge, but an exaggerated impression of oneself. We all feel like barges after a few days of eating like barbarians. Real or perceived, the only prevention of the disaster is to stop it before it occurs. Will power and, ironically, guts are the resources we must call upon -- now and not tomorrow.

That was quick; my computer quivered and smoked. I no sooner mentioned will power and everyone but you and me pressed the delete key and commenced surfing Youtube. They'll be back mid-January with weak limbs, long stories and looming shadows. And I was about to save them from the sorrowful blues of holiday indulgence and winter indolence, puffy twins in deed and performance.

What are the forces so strong within that compel a person to compromise his health and wellbeing for a shot of pleasure, a slug of enjoyment or a slice of delight? How weak is our constitution? Of what crumbly material are we made? Shame on us, we who are in control of our acts and actions -- and we are.

"No, not me." Who said that? "I want more; another one, and I'll take two for the road. Wait. It's a long road, make that five. I'll pack 'em in my gym bag... shove the wraps and belt aside, toss the towel, won't need the liniment, get rid of the water bottle... You want a couple of cans of tuna? Got extras."

I'll take the tuna, thanks. Skip training? Drop the iron? No way! I refuse to pay the price. I pay too much at the pump, cringe too much before the mirror, lose too much on the benchpress, bear too much guilt during the layoff -- the lost time -- and suffer too much pain after the return. I lose

direction without my workouts, the gym, the iron; I accumulate stress, I drool, I pout. Who can stand it? Give me the liberty of training before the death of its suspension.

Remember The Gap?

<http://www.davedraper.com/url/the-gap.php>

It's as real and deadly as the devil, the boogie man and that pale, mottled guy with the chainsaw. Don't let it get a foothold, prevent its first breath, beat it down with a kettlebell, a slumbuster or the surge of your IOL Year End Challenge.

"It's only time," you say. "Less than five weeks we'll be on the other side of 2007, standing in 2008. Let 'er slide... time's just perception, an airless, spatial passing with nomenclature. Chill! Be Merry."

No, it's more substantial than that. It's a brick, a building block, as sound as concrete or hardened earth. It's either set with mortar and sweat and design, or it's misplaced, absent integrity, purpose and cohesion. Upon such a foundation no structure will rise, no building will stand, no authentic bomber reside.

You can regroup, repair the damage, regain lost ground, restore abandoned resources, revive stalled energy and replace stolen and mislaid personal remnants. It's not too late, it's never too late. From a distance no one will know the difference. Only you. I won't say a word, not another word.

In the morning, at the crack of dawn, when the runway is clear and you're still restless from a night of lost sleep, listen to the hum of the engine, the whir of the propeller and the sound of your heart beat. As soon as you get the signal, the urge, the call from the tower, get that pulsing beast off the ground and in the air.

Go... Wind beneath your wings... God's speed... Dave

2 – Dave's Q&A blog

This week's updates in Dave's Q&A blog:

- [Diet and training, 1960s vs today](#)
- [Exercise limitations from low back injury](#)
- [Squatting with raised heels](#)
- [Upper thighs too muscular](#)
- [Poor workout recovery](#)
- [All-out HIT workout effort](#)

... where you'll find tidbits from Dave's email outbox, a one-liner to clarify something that's been nagging at you.

<http://www.davedraper.com/dd/index.php>

2 - Laree, taking over with IronOnline news

This was our week of upgrades and modifications in the forum, mostly subtle, but some not so hidden. For instance, we can now use YouTube video clips direct on the board, a truly

outstanding new feature. In fact, next week we'll line up a string of our favorite lifting videos, stuff you probably haven't seen unless you're a YouTube regular. There are some radical lifting clips floating around, jaw-dropping stuff.

I didn't think of that earlier, probably because the broken code from the upgrade about slay me, and then because the forum tweaks took most of the past week and are only now closing in on successful.

We did get one thing going for you, though. Regular forum members share a lot of tips on training tools, equipment, dvds, books and such, and there are plenty of unusual items you may not know of or may have forgotten. These are not things your friends or family members will think of as gifts without your guidance, nor would they have a clue where to find them. If you want something other than a pair of argyles, here's our IOL gift guide to send you out on the net to build your Iron Treasures wish-list.

<http://www.davedraper.com/url/gift-guide.php>

Have fun with your "windows" shopping.

Laree

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<http://davedraper.com/>

IronOnline forum:

<http://www.davedraper.com/url/iol.php>

Dave's Q&A Blog:

<http://davedraper.com/dd/>

IronOnline blog:

<http://davedraper.com/blog/>

IOL One-on-One Personal Training:

<http://www.davedraper.com/url/trainers.php>

IronOnline health and fitness database:

<http://healthandfitnesswiki.com/>

Dave's Bomber Blend whey protein powder:

<http://davedraper.com/url/blend.php>

Pearl/Draper seminar dvd:

<http://davedraper.com/url/seminar-dvd.php>

Easy access to our online store:

[http://davedraper.com/fitness\\_products/](http://davedraper.com/fitness_products/)

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