

## 1: The best American sports writing, ( edition) | Open Library

*Here's a powerful story from my pal Paul Solotaroff. It originally appeared in the Village Voice () and it is presented here with the author's permission. "The Power and the Gory".*

This is the story of Steve Michalik, a pro bodybuilder in the 70s. Not a short read, but it is worth it. He had a sixty inch chest, twenty three inch arms, and when the Anadrol and Bolasterone backed up in his bloodstream, his eyes went as red as the laser scope on an Uzi. He threw people through windows, and chased them madly down Hempstead Turnpike when they had the temerity to cut him off. Half out of his mind on androgens and horse steroids; he had this idea that being looked at robbed him of energy, energy that he needed to leg press two thousand pounds. I want to be Mr America and Mr Universe. Twenty yards out, Michalik suddenly seized the kid by his scalp and pushed him under a wave. The kid flailed punily, wriggling like a speared eel. A half minute, maybe forty five seconds, passed before Michalik let the kid up, sobbing out sea water. He gave the kid a breath, then shoved him down again, holding him under this time until the air bubbles stopped, whereupon he dragged him out by the hood and threw him gasping on the beach. And then, God help him, he wanted to die. Right there in front of everybody, with all the Flashbulbs popping, he wanted to drop dead huge and hard at the age of thirty nine. Ten years of shot gunning steroids had turned his joints into fish jelly, and spiked his blood pressure so high he had to pack his nose to stop the bleeding. And when he came home from the gym at night, his whole body was in spasm. His eight year old boy, Steve junior, had to pack his skull in ice, trying to take the top 10 percent off his perpetual migraine. It was only a question of which organ was going to explode on me first. Victor Faizowitz took so much shit that his brain exploded. The Aldactazone [a diuretic] sent his body temperature up to one hundred twelve degrees, and he literally melted to death. Another guy, an Egyptian bodybuilder training for the Mr Universe contest, went the same way, a massive hemorrhage from head to toe - died bleeding out of every orifice. And Tommy Sansone, a former Mr America who d been my very first mentor in the gym, blew out his immune system on Anadrol and D ball [Dianabol] and died of tumors all over his body. Please let me die hitting that last pose at the Beacon with the crowd on its feet a second standing O. Two weeks before the show, he woke up the house at four in the morning with an excruciating pain beneath his ribcage. His Wife Thomasma, long since practiced at such emergencies ran off to fetch some ice. Instead of cycling on and off of steroids, giving his body here and there a couple of months of recuperation, Michalik had been juicing pretty much constantly since , shooting himself with fourteen different drugs and swallowing coupes amounts of six or seven others. Then there was all the speed he was gulping - bennies, black beauties - to get through his seven-hour workouts, and the handful of downs at night to catch four hours of tortuous sleep. There, at any rate, Michalik was doubled over in bed at four in the morning, his right side screaming like a bomb had gone off in it. You have advanced liver cancer sir. That would leave a scar. He took a long look at the sonogram and announced that surgery was out of the question. They were something rarer by far but no less deadly: He ordered Michalik strapped down- the least movement now could perforate the cysts-and wheeled upstairs to intensive care. The next twenty four hours, he declared, would tell the tale. If, deprived of steroids, the cysts stopped growing, there was a small chance that Michalik might come out of this. Michalik knew it was the liver, of course. He might have been heedless, but he was hardly uniformed. In fact, he knew so much about steroids that he d written a manual on their use, and gone on the Today show to debate doctors about their efficacy. Like the steroid gurus of southern California, Michalik was self taught sorcerer whose laboratory was his body. He walked the streets of Brooklyn as a teenager, knocking on physicians doors, begging to be made enlightened about protein synthesis. According to Michalik, his father, a despotic drunk with enormous forearms, beat him with whatever was close to hand, and smashed his face, for fun, into a plate of mashed potatoes. Fearful and friendless throughout childhood - even his brother was leery of being seen with him - Michalik hid out in comic books and Steve Reeves movies, burning to become huge and invulnerable. At thirteen, he scrubbed toilets in a Vic Tanny spa just to be in the presence of that first generation of iron giants â€” Eddie Juliani and Leroy Colbert, among others. And so of course there were steroids. By the fifties the eastern bloc nations were feeding them to school kids, creating a

generation of bioengineered athletes. The dynamics of anabolic steroids have been pretty well understood for years. Synthetic variations of the male hormone testosterone, they enter the bloodstream as chemical messengers and attach themselves to muscle cells. Once attached to these cells they deliver their twofold message: Steroids accomplish the first task by increasing the synthesis of protein. In sufficient quantities they turn the body into a kind of fusion engine, converting everything, including fat, into mass and energy. A chemical bodybuilder can put on fifty pounds of muscle in six months because most of the 10 calories he eats a day are incorporated, not excreted. The second task - increasing endurance - is achieved by stimulating the synthesis of a molecule called creatine phosphate or CP. CP is essentially hydraulic fluid for muscles, allowing them to do more than just a few seconds work. The more CP you have in your tank, the more power you generate. Olympic weightlifters and defensive linemen have huge stockpiles of CP, some portion of which is undoubtedly genetic. The better part of it though probably comes out of a bottle of Anadrol, a popular oral steroid that makes you big, strong, and savage - and not necessarily in that order. Over the course of eleven years, Michalik had taken ungodly amounts of Anadrol. If his buddies were taking two 50mg tablets a day he took four. Six weeks later, when he started to plateau, he jacked the ante to eight. So too with Dianabol, another brutal oral steroid. Where once a single 5mg pill sufficed, inevitably he was gulping ten or twelve of them a day, in conjunction with the Anadrol. The obstacle here was his immune system, which was stubbornly going on about its business neutralizing these poisons with antibodies and shutting down receptor sites on the muscle cells. No matter, Michalik, upping the dosage, simply overwhelmed his immune system, and further added it by flooding his bloodstream with other drugs. All the while, of course, he was cognizant of the damage done. He knew, for instance, that Anadrol, like all oral steroids, was utter hell on the liver. An alkylated molecule with a short carbon chain, it had to be hydralrzed, or broken down within twenty-four hours. This put enormous stress on his liver, which had thousands of other chemical transactions to carry out every day, not the least of which was processing the waste from his fifty pounds of new muscle. The Physicians Desk Reference cautions that the smallest amounts of Anadrol may be toxic to the liver, even in patients taking it for only a couple of months for anemia: As lethal as it was, however, Anadrol was like a baby food compared to some of the other stuff Michalik was taking. On the bodybuilding black market, where extraordinary things are still available, Michalik and some of his buddies bought the skulls of dead monkeys. Cracking them open with their bare hands, they drank the hormone rich fluid that poured out of the hypothalamus gland. They filled enormous syringes with a French supplement called Triacana and, aiming for the elusive thyroid gland, shot it right into their necks. He stood in the passing lane of the Hempstead Turnpike, his feet spread shoulder width apart, bracing for the moment of Impact - and got run over like a dog by a Buick Skylark, both his legs and arms badly broken. Why, knowing what he knew about these poisons, did Michalik continue taking them? Because he, as well as his buddies and so many thousands of other bodybuilders and football players were fiercely and progressively addicted to steroids. The American medical community is currently divided about whether or not the stuff is addictive. These are the same people who declared after years of thorough study that steroids do not grow muscle. Bodybuilders are still splitting their sides over that howler. Michalik however is unamused. Oh now they're deadly? Shit that was like the FDA seal of approval for steroids. Maybe it was because I was on them for such a short stretch, and went relatively light on the stuff. Mostly all it amounted to was a shot in the ass once a week from a doctor in Roslyn. I never found out what was in that shot, but Jesus, did it make me crazy. Here I was, a church going, gentle Catholic and suddenly I was pulling people out of restaurant booths and threatening to kill them just because there were no other tables open. I picked up a three hundred pound railroad tie and caved in the side of some guy's truck with it because I thought he'd insulted my wife. I was a nut, a psycho, constantly out of control - and then, thank God, the contest came and I won it and got off the juice, and suddenly became human again. A couple of years later, however, something happened that sent him back to the juice, and this time there was no getting off it. I was worse than wiped out, my soul was ripped open. A physician and insider in the subculture, for two decades Dr X had been supplying bodybuilders with all manner of steroids in exchange for sexual favors. The two, however worked out a satisfactory compromise. Michalik, the champion bodybuilder who was constantly being consulted by young wannabes, directed some of them posthaste to the governance of Dr X. I checked it

out later and found out it was all true. Nor did care if he went crazy or got addicted to steroids. All I cared about was getting my body back. I was down to one hundred fifty pounds, which was my natural body weight, and no one in the gym even knew who I was. When did you get here? But what I hated much, much more was not getting to Dr X s office. They were so powerful you felt them immediately in your muscles, and tasted them for hours on your lips. I was throwing people out of my way, shoving em into poles, practically knocking the door down before we pulled into the station. I was an adult, I knew what I was doing, at least at the beginning, and when you add it all up, I deserve to have died from it.

### 2: The Power and the Gory | The Stacks Reader

*The Power and the Gory. Mar 13, | s, Features, Paul Solotaroff. Facebook. Twitter. By Paul Solotaroff The Village Voice, October 29, the more power you.*

He had a sixty inch chest, twenty three inch arms, and when the Anadrol and Bolasterone backed up in his bloodstream, his eyes went as red as the laser scope on an Uzi. He threw people through windows, and chased them madly down Hempstead Turnpike when they had the temerity to cut him off. Half out of his mind on androgens and horse steroids; he had this idea that being looked at robbed him of energy, energy that he needed to leg press two thousand pounds. I want to be Mr America and Mr Universe. Twenty yards out, Michalik suddenly seized the kid by his scalp and pushed him under a wave. The kid flailed punily, wriggling like a speared eel. A half minute, maybe forty five seconds, passed before Michalik let the kid up, sobbing out sea water. He gave the kid a breath, then shoved him down again, holding him under this time until the air bubbles stopped, whereupon he dragged him out by the hood and threw him gasping on the beach. And then, God help him, he wanted to die. Right there in front of everybody, with all the Flashbulbs popping, he wanted to drop dead huge and hard at the age of thirty nine. Ten years of shot gunning steroids had turned his joints into fish jelly, and spiked his blood pressure so high he had to pack his nose to stop the bleeding. And when he came home from the gym at night, his whole body was in spasm. His eight year old boy, Steve junior, had to pack his skull in ice, trying to take the top 10 percent off his perpetual migraine. It was only a question of which organ was going to explode on me first. Victor Faizowitz took so much shit that his brain exploded. The Aldactazone [a diuretic] sent his body temperature up to one hundred twelve degrees, and he literally melted to death. Another guy, an Egyptian bodybuilder training for the Mr Universe contest, went the same way, a massive hemorrhage from head to toe - died bleeding out of every orifice. And Tommy Sansone, a former Mr America who d been my very first mentor in the gym, blew out his immune system on Anadrol and D ball [Dianabol] and died of tumors all over his body. Please let me die hitting that last pose at the Beacon with the crowd on its feet a second standing O. Two weeks before the show, he woke up the house at four in the morning with an excruciating pain beneath his ribcage. His Wife Thomasma, long since practiced at such emergencies ran off to fetch some ice. Instead of cycling on and off of steroids, giving his body here and there a couple of months of recuperation, Michalik had been juicing pretty much constantly since , shooting himself with fourteen different drugs and swallowing coupes amounts of six or seven others. Then there was all the speed he was gulping - bennies, black beauties - to get through his seven-hour workouts, and the handful of downs at night to catch four hours of tortuous sleep. There, at any rate, Michalik was doubled over in bed at four in the morning, his right side screaming like a bomb had gone off in it. You have advanced liver cancer sir. That would leave a scar. He took a long look at the sonogram and announced that surgery was out of the question. They were something rarer by far but no less deadly: He ordered Michalik strapped down- the least movement now could perforate the cysts-and wheeled upstairs to intensive care. The next twenty four hours, he declared, would tell the tale. If, deprived of steroids, the cysts stopped growing, there was a small chance that Michalik might come out of this. Michalik knew it was the liver, of course. He might have been heedless, but he was hardly unformed. In fact, he knew so much about steroids that he d written a manual on their use, and gone on the Today show to debate doctors about their efficacy. Like the steroid gurus of southern California, Michalik was self taught sorcerer whose laboratory was his body. He walked the streets of Brooklyn as a teenager, knocking on physicians doors, begging to be made enlightened about protein synthesis. According to Michalik, his father, a despotic drunk with enormous forearms, beat him with whatever was close to hand, and smashed his face, for fun, into a plate of mashed potatoes. Fearful and friendless throughout childhood - even his brother was leery of being seen with him - Michalik hid out in comic books and Steve Reeves movies, burning to become huge and invulnerable. And so of course there were steroids. By the fifties the eastern bloc nations were feeding them to school kids, creating a generation of bioengineered athletes. The dynamics of anabolic steroids have been pretty well understood for years. Synthetic variations of the male hormone testosterone, they enter the bloodstream as chemical messengers and

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### 3: The Power and the Glory - Wikipedia

*This is the story of Steve Michalik, a pro bodybuilder in the 70s. Not a short read, but it is worth it. The Power and the Gory FROM THE VILLAGE VOICE - PAUL SOLOTAROFF ().*

There were no images of Wojtyla addressing crowds from a balcony in Santiago Chile, alongside General Augusto Pinochet. The most "or, perhaps, only" media-astute Pope had lived his pontificate in front of the cameras, and thus it was hardly surprising that public opinion of him worldwide "and not just amongst Catholics" was dominated by a handful of images. There was the young, sport-loving Pope who toured the world to greet the faithful; There was the religious leader who survived an assassination attempt thanks, according to his judgment, to divine intervention and went on to forgive his assassin; There was the moral leader who almost single-handedly brought down communism; and finally there was the lonely old man battling age and illness to carry out his duty. A handful of images to summarise a pontificate that lasted over twenty-five years. Yallop corrects the over-sweet portrait of Karol Wojtyla with an acerbic, angry, and at times far from charitable biography. His murder theory will no doubt put off many Catholics, presuming some kind of anti-Church bias. In particular issues relating to the handling of Vatican finances dominate the opening of the book, and colour many of the judgements thereafter. When Calvi was murdered in , found hanging from blackfriars bridge in London, his Banca Ambrosiano had rung up debts of up to 1. The charitable defence would suggest that John Paul II was more interested in spiritual matters than the financial transactions of the Vatican bank. Yallop paints the picture of a Pope convinced of his role, and aggressive in confronting those who would seek to advise his pontificate or, God forbid, question his judgement. For Yallop, though, John Paul II and his Church responded quickly and determinedly to the emerging crisis, in order to hide records written reports from various dioceses in America were ordered to be sent to the Papal Nuncio in Washington, putting them out of the jurisdiction of those investigating child abuse claims. Again, the charitable view is that John Paul II underestimated the scale of the problem and thus did little to combat it. Accused priests in countless cases were transferred to different parishes, as often as not to come into contact with new potential victims. John Paul II chose to be accompanied by Maciel on three separate Papal visits to Mexico, and went to his grave tacitly supporting the Mexican. The first is the appalling lack of footnotes. The chapter on clerical sex abuse contains one single footnote, which is more than can be said for chapters Indignation in the face of the first is perfectly understandable, given the facts Yallop brings to the table. One has the choice, at least since the enlightenment, as to whether one wishes to accept the harsh doctrines of the Roman Catholic church "the countless children raped by priests around the world, with the aid of Mother Church, had no such choice. Aside from anything, one of the interesting points that the book makes over and over again, as with other arguments on display , repetition being one of the most disappointing aspects of the book is that while John Paul II was without doubt the Pope that reached the largest worldwide audience in the history of the Church, it was an audience that focused primarily on those dominant images while on a large scale ignoring the doctrines he lectured on: Wojtyla, a man who prided himself on speaking many languages, listened in none of them. But then no Pope in 2, years has been listened to by more and heeded by fewer.

## 4: Power & the Glory - Saxon | Songs, Reviews, Credits | AllMusic

*If you haven't read Paul Solotaroff's Village Voice article about Steve, "The Power & the Gory," it is still cutting edge & hard to believe. The Power and the Gory FROM THE VILLAGE VOICE - PAUL SOLOTAROFF ().*

The overall situation is this: Catholicism is outlawed in Mexico. The story starts with the arrival of the main character in a small country town and then follows him on his trip through Tabasco, where he tries to minister to the people as best as he can. In doing so, he is faced by a lot of problems, not least of which is that Tabasco is also prohibitionist, with the unspoken prime objective to hinder the Sacrifice of the Mass, for which actual wine is an essential, from being celebrated. It is, hence, rather easy to get, say, whiskey, despite being forbidden, but very difficult to get wine. He is also haunted by his personal problems and past and present sins, especially by the fact that he fathered a child in his parish some years before; to which add that his use of whiskey may be bordering on addiction and certainly is beyond the limit of good measure in his own view. In one scene, both of these problems are mixed: The protagonist tries to procure a bottle of wine for Holy Mass, needing to go to very high officials to do so, with an additional bottle of whiskey for cover and also for his personal use; not being able to reveal himself, he is talked into emptying the wine on the spot and in vain tries to offer the whiskey instead. As for his daughter, he meets her, but is unable to feel repentant about what happened. Rather, he feels a deep love for the evil-looking and awkward little girl and decides to do everything in his power to save her from damnation. During his journey the priest also encounters a mestizo who later reveals himself to be a Judas figure. The chief antagonist, however, is the lieutenant, who is morally irreproachable, yet cold and inhumane. While he is supposedly "living for the people", he puts into practice a diabolic plan of taking hostages from villages and shooting them, if it proves that the priest has sojourned in a village but is not denounced. The lieutenant has also had bad experiences with the church in his youth, and as a result there is a personal element in his search for the whisky priest. The lieutenant thinks that all members of the clergy are fundamentally evil, and believes that the church is corrupt, and does nothing but provide delusion to the people. In his flight from the lieutenant and his posse, the priest escapes into a neighbouring province, only to re-connect with the mestizo, who persuades the priest to return to hear the confession of a dying man. Though the priest suspects that it is a trap, he feels compelled to fulfil his priestly duty. Although he finds the dying man, it is a trap and the lieutenant captures the priest. The lieutenant admits he has nothing against the priest as a man, but he must be shot "as a danger". The lieutenant is convinced that he has "cleared the province of priests". In the final scene, however, another priest arrives in the town. One faithful Catholic woman we had previously encountered telling lives of the saints in the underground has added the life of the protagonist to her repertoire, while forbidding her son to ever remember that this priest smelled strangely out of his mouth.

Composition[ edit ] Greene visited Mexico from January to May to research and write a nonfiction account of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico, that he had been planning since It forced the priests to marry and give up their traditional garb. In that generally hostile account of his visit he wrote "That, I think, was the day I began to hate the Mexicans" [10] and at another point described his "growing depression, almost pathological hatred The principal characters of The Power and the Glory all have antecedents in The Lawless Roads, mostly as people Greene encountered directly or, in the most important instance, a legendary character that people told him about, a certain "whisky priest", a fugitive who, as Greene writes in The Lawless Roads, "existed for ten years in the forest and swamps, venturing out only at night".

Characters[ edit ] The Priest: The unnamed main character in the novel, the priest is on the run from the authorities, who will kill him if they catch him. A "whisky priest," and not the finest example of his profession, he is an alcoholic who has also fathered a child. In his younger days he was smug and self-satisfied. Now as a fugitive, he feels guilt for his mistakes and sins. Nevertheless, he continues to perform his priestly functions often in great difficulty and sometimes reluctance and it is his determination to attend to the spiritual needs of a dying man that leads to his eventual capture and death. The lieutenant is the chief adversary of the priest. He hates the church because he thinks it is corrupt, and he pursues the priest ruthlessly. He takes hostages from the villages and kills them when he feels it is necessary. However, the lieutenant is

also idealistic, and believes in radical social reform that would end poverty and provide education for everyone. He is capable of acts of personal kindness, as when he gives the priest whom he believes to be a destitute drunkard money on leaving the jail. The mestizo is the half-Indian peasant who insists on guiding the priest to Carmen. The priest knows that the mestizo will at some point hand him over to the authorities. The mestizo encounters the priest again in the prison, but prefers to wait for the right moment to betray him, which he does when leading him to the dying American. She keeps brandy for the priest and helps him evade the police when they come to her village looking for him. Although she shows support when the "whisky priest" reappears, the narrative leaves the character of Maria incomplete. The young daughter of Maria and the priest. He is dominated by her and has lost both the respect of the town and his self-respect. He refuses to do any priestly duties, even when people beg him to, because he fears the authorities. Tench is a dissatisfied English dentist who longs to return from Mexico to England. He befriends the priest, whom he meets at the quayside, and later witnesses his death. The thirteen-year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. She befriends the priest and offers refuge to him for the future. Her fate at the end of the novel is not revealed. Her parents have promised each other not to talk about her again. A happy Englishman who works on a banana plantation who is displeased to find that the priest has taken refuge in his barn. The wife of Captain Fellows. She is neurotic and fearful and hates life in Mexico. The unnamed woman reads to her children the story of Juan and his martyrdom. The Catholic faith is important to her and she wants her children to take an interest in it. An American fugitive called James Calver, he is wanted for murder and bank robbery. The Chief of Police: Lehr, a widower, and his sister, Miss Lehr, are an elderly couple who allow the priest to stay with them after he crosses the state border. They are Lutherans, and have little sympathy for Catholicism, although they treat the priest with kindness. Juan is a character within a story that the unnamed woman reads to her family. Juan is a young Mexican man who enters the priesthood, lives a pious life and faces his death by firing squad with great courage. Adaptations[ edit ] In , the novel was freely adapted into a film, *The Fugitive* , directed by John Ford and starring Henry Fonda as the priest. The Archbishop of Westminster read me a letter from the Holy Office condemning my novel because it was "paradoxical" and "dealt with extraordinary circumstances. There was no public condemnation, and the affair was allowed to drop into that peaceful oblivion which the Church wisely reserves for unimportant issues. Greene, some aspects of your books are certain to offend some Catholics, but you should pay no attention to that. On its publication, William Golding claimed Greene had "captured the conscience of the twentieth century man like no other. *Nowhere to Run* , directed by Luke Scott. In this third of three prequels to *Blade Runner* , the character Sapper Morton inferred to as a replicant later in the film presents the novel as a gift to Ella, a young friend, exclaiming:

### 5: The Power and The Glory: Inside the Dark Heart of John Paul II's Vatican by David A. Yallop

*A hefty fine. Appearing in The Village Voice in , Paul Solotaroff's The Power and the Gory tells the story of bodybuilder Steve Michalik and his addiction to steroids. While this piece was.*

Of course, this was before Derek Jeter. Still, dig this trip down memory lane as we get ready for the season to begin tonight in Houston. It runs through Lou Gehrig, the first baseman built like a center field monument, and through Joe DiMaggio, the center fielder straight from central casting. What signified him to his age was his invincibility—he won everything in sight, and devastated teams doing it. His foot shots were like bombs over Nagasaki; whenever he hit one, the other side just collapsed. But the mythos of the Great Yankee has as much to do with heart as muscle. DiMaggio played on crippled heels; Gehrig, the last couple of years, could hardly bend to take grounders, so ravaged was he by ALS; Mantle hobbled through much of his career, his knee done in by a sprinkler head. Nonetheless, they endured like soldiers, Gehrig for 17 years, Joe D. No one, alas, stepped up for Mantle but his legacy of courage and pride survived, in trust, for his eventual heir. Beyond the monster home runs and memorable catches in center, though, what the One Great Yankee did was set absolute standards—Yankee standards. DiMaggio must have uttered all of 10 words his entire career, but his mute ferocity put the fear of God into his teammates. Nor was there any malingering permitted. If DiMaggio was going to go out there every day on splintered shins, then, believe it, everybody was going to play. One shudders to think what would have happened if Joe D. Mantle may have been the culmination of the line—no one has ever had his combination of lefty-righty power and speed—but he was not the last of the Great Yankees. Reggie, with his drink-stirring swagger, was as true a son of Ruth as any of them. Forget the fact that he was only there for five years. They were titanic years, full of glorious theater; no one since the Babe has so enlivened the franchise. And then, of course, there is Don Mattingly. All line drives and silence, he is the very incarnation of Gehrig: But this is where the lineage ends. When Mattingly goes, there will be no more like him. Rome is burning, the royal family disgraced. Soon, nothing will remain but the mad fiddler and his running slaves. The other players loll about, most of them still in street clothes, grazing on fruit or playing three-handed rummy, but Mattingly has already put in a fierce hour in the batting cage. His black bat propped beside him, he looks like he wants nothing so much as to go back there now, to the temple of his solemn devotions. In the batting cage, there is the pure release of hard work, and the pleasure of attacking one baseball after another. Plus, we had bad uniforms. Those teams won because they were star-laden, yes, but also because they were blood-and-knuckles competitive. Year in, year out, they played as tough as pirates, tromping on good teams of lesser wills. Not so these Yankees. They give up before the first shot rings out. I take it home every night, and some guys just leave it. That ticks me off, to see a guy laughing and joking around when we lose. Once the centerpiece of the gaudiest lineup in baseball, he is, for all intent and purposes, alone out there now. Now, he hits behind Roberto Kelly, who walks about as often as Mario Andretti, and Steve Sax, an opposite-field hitter whom American League pitchers seem to have figured out. In baseball, this is called protection, and without it you stand about as much chance as a stray blonde in a biker joint. And nobody in baseball had more RBI over that stretch; to date, he has 100. If this were any other kind of business, federal investigators would have been called in long ago and a conservator appointed. None of which is to exempt Mattingly from blame, or to suggest for a moment that he exempts himself. His recent castigation of the team was the first of its kind, an outburst after a disastrous sweep in Boston during which manager Bucky Dent got canned and the wheels came off this abysmal club. By nature, Mattingly is unceasingly upbeat read, deluded about his teammates, and brutally hard on himself. Never mind that all the talent has gone elsewhere—to his mind, the losing this season is somehow his fault, his particular responsibility. On a team batting. He is generally about as expressive as prairie grass, disclosing as little about himself as is humanly possible. Mantle was exactly the same. He goes back to the dugout, [Steve] Farr throws Donnie a curve that just does break over the plate, and he hits it back into the right field seats. The next day, the word goes out around the league: The great ones work smart, know themselves backwards and forwards. Other guys may realize their potential, but the Mattinglys exceed theirs. Like a guy with a vintage car, he always has it up on the blocks, sweating the

little things like the set of his shoulders, the tilt of his hips. But something has gone wrong with his swing this year that no amount of tinkering has fixed. Instead of taking what the league is giving him and lining the away pitch to left, he is contorting himself, trying to jerk it into the short porch in right. That is breaking faith with his one commandment to himself, to hit the ball hard, and never mind where it goes. It is an old, old storyâ€”Steinbrenner signing someone to a fat contract, then promptly and publicly impugning his manhoodâ€”but it is the last time we shall see it play out here. None but the lame Pascual Perez and desperate Dave LaPoint will take his money anymore, though the Mark Langstons will of course be happy to use him shamelessly to drive their price up elsewhere. Money is money, and every owner in baseball has it. What George has frittered away is the only capital that mattered: Now it is gone, squandered by the little man from Tampa, and New Yorkers are immeasurably poorer for it. They cling to Don Mattingly, cheering even his pop flies and groundouts, because he is the last Yankee, and he is all they have left. He had a sixty-inch chest, twenty-three-inch arms, and when the Anadrol and Bolasterone backed up in his bloodstream, his eyes went as red as the laser scope on an Uzi. He threw people through windows, and chased them madly down Hempstead Turnpike when they had the temerity to cut him off. And in the gym he owned in Farmingdale, the notorious Mr. Half out of his mind on androgens and horse steroids, he had this idea that being looked at robbed him of energy, energy that he needed to leg-press two thousand pounds. I want to be Mr. Twenty yards out, Michalik suddenly seized the kid by his scalp and pushed him under a wave. The kid flailed punily, wriggling like a speared eel. A half minute, maybe forty-five seconds, passed before Michalik let the kid up, sobbing out sea water. He gave the kid a breath, then shoved him down again, holding him under this time until the air bubbles stopped, whereupon he dragged him out by the hood and threw him, gasping, on the beach. And then, God help him, he wanted to die. Right there, in front of everybody, with all the flashbulbs popping, he wanted to drop dead huge and hard at the age of thirty-nine, and leave a spectacular corpse behind. The pain, you see, had become just unendurable. Ten years of shot-gunning steroids had turned his joints into fish jelly and spiked his blood pressure so high he had to pack his nose to stop the bleeding. And when he came home from the gym at night, his whole body was in spasm. His eight-year-old boy, Steve Junior, had to pack his skull in ice, trying to take the top 10 percent off his perpetual migraine. It was only a question of which organ was going to explode on me first. Victor Faizowitz took so much shit that his brain exploded. The Aldactazone [a diuretic] sent his body temperature up to one hundred twelve degrees, and he literally melted to death. Another guy, an Egyptian bodybuilder training for the Mr. Universe contest, went the same way, a massive hemorrhage from head to toeâ€”died bleeding out of every orifice. And Tommy Sansone, a former Mr. Please let me die hitting that last pose at the Beacon, with the crowd on its feet for a second standing O. Two weeks before the show, he woke up the house at four in the morning with an excruciating pain beneath his rib cage. His wife, Thomasina, long since practiced at such emergencies, ran off to fetch some ice. Arthur Ludwig, a prominent endocrinologist who had been treating Michalik on and off for a number of years, was saddened but unsurprised by the call. 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### 6: The Life of a bodybuilder - Fitness Diet Bodybuilding - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*The Power and the Gory. By Paul Solotaroff. [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) "Here's a powerful story from my pal Paul Solotaroff. It originally appeared in the Village Voice.*

He had a sixty-inch chest, twenty-three-inch arms, and when the Anadrol and Bolasterone backed up in his bloodstream, his eyes went as red as the laser scope on an Uzi. He threw people through windows, and chased them madly down Hempstead Turnpike when they had the temerity to cut him off. And in the gym he owned in Farmingdale, the notorious Mr. Half out of his mind on androgens and horse steroids, he had this idea that being looked at robbed him of energy, energy that he needed to leg-press two thousand pounds. I want to be Mr. Twenty yards out, Michalik suddenly seized the kid by his scalp and pushed him under a wave. The kid flailed punily, wriggling like a speared eel. A half minute, maybe forty-five seconds, passed before Michalik let the kid up, sobbing out sea water. He gave the kid a breath, then shoved him down again, holding him under this time until the air bubbles stopped, whereupon he dragged him out by the hood and threw him, gasping, on the beach. And then, God help him, he wanted to die. Right there, in front of everybody, with all the flashbulbs popping, he wanted to drop dead huge and hard at the age of thirty-nine, and leave a spectacular corpse behind. The pain, you see, had become just unendurable. Ten years of shotgunning steroids had turned his joints into fish jelly and spiked his blood pressure so high he had to pack his nose to stop the bleeding. And when he came home from the gym at night, his whole body was in spasm. His eight-year-old boy, Steve Junior, had to pack his skull in ice, trying to take the top 10 percent off his perpetual migraine. It was only a question of which organ was going to explode on me first. Victor Faizowitz took so much shit that his brain exploded. The Aldactazone [a diuretic] sent his body temperature up to one hundred twelve degrees, and he literally melted to death. Another guy, an Egyptian bodybuilder training for the Mr. Universe contest, went the same way, a massive hemorrhage from head to toe "died bleeding out of every orifice. And Tommy Sansone, a former Mr. Please let me die hitting that last pose at the Beacon, with the crowd on its feet for a second standing O. Two weeks before the show, he woke up the house at four in the morning with an excruciating pain beneath his rib cage. His wife, Thomasina, long since practiced at such emergencies, ran off to fetch some ice. Arthur Ludwig, a prominent endocrinologist who had been treating Michalik on and off for a number of years, was saddened but unsurprised by the call. That he certainly had. Then there was all the speed he was gulping "bennies, black beauties" to get through his seven-hour workouts, and the handful of downs at night to catch four hours of tortuous sleep. There, at any rate, Michalik was, doubled over in bed at four in the morning, his right side screaming like a bomb had gone off in it. You have advanced liver cancer, sir. That would leave a scar. He took a long look at the sonogram and announced that surgery was out of the question. They were something rarer by far but no less deadly: He ordered Michalik strapped down "the least movement now could perforate the cysts" and wheeled upstairs to intensive care. The next twenty-four hours, he declared, would tell the tale. If, deprived of steroids, the cysts stopped growing, there was a small chance that Michalik might come out of this. Michalik knew it was the liver, of course. He might have been heedless, but he was hardly uninformed. Like the steroid gurus of southern California, Michalik was a self-taught sorcerer whose laboratory was his body. According to Michalik, his father, a despotic drunk with enormous forearms, beat him with whatever was close to hand, and smashed his face, for fun, into a plate of mashed potatoes. At thirteen, he scrubbed toilets in a Vic Tanny spa just to be in the presence of that first generation of iron giants "Eddie Juliani and Leroy Colbert, among others. And so, of course, there were steroids. By the fifties, the eastern bloc nations were feeding them to school kids, creating a generation of bioengineered athletes. And in the late sixties, anabolics hit the beaches of California, as U. The dynamics of anabolic steroids have been pretty well understood for years. Synthetic variations of the male hormone testosterone, they enter the bloodstream as chemical messengers and attach themselves to muscle cells. Once attached to these cells, they deliver their twofold message: Steroids accomplish the first task by increasing the synthesis of protein. In sufficient quantities, they turn the body into a kind of fusion engine, converting everything, including fat, into mass and energy. A chemical bodybuilder can put on fifty pounds of muscle in

six months because most of the 6, to 10, calories he eats a day are incorporated, not excreted. The second taskâ€”increasing enduranceâ€”is achieved by stimulating the synthesis of a molecule called creatine phosphate, or CP. The more CP you have in your tank, the more power you generate. Olympic weightlifters and defensive linemen have huge stockpiles of CP, some portion of which is undoubtedly genetic. The better part of it, though, probably comes out of a bottle of Anadrol, a popular oral steroid that makes you big, strong, and savageâ€”and not necessarily in that order. Over the course of eleven years, Michalik had taken ungodly amounts of Anadrol. If his buddies were taking two 50 mg tablets a day, he took four. Six weeks later, when he started to plateau, he jacked the ante to eight. So, too, with Dianabol, another brutal oral steroid. Where once a single 5 mg pill sufficed, inevitably he was gulping ten or twelve of them a day, in conjunction with the Anadrol. The obstacle here was his immune system, which was stubbornly going on about its business, neutralizing these poisons with antibodies and shutting down receptor sites on the muscle cells. Michalik, upping the dosage, simply overwhelmed his immune system, and further addled it by flooding his bloodstream with other drugs. All the while, of course, he was cognizant of the damage done. He knew, for instance, that Anadrol, like all oral steroids, was utter hell on the liver. An alkylated molecule with a short carbon chain, it had to be hydrolyzed, or broken down, within twenty-four hours. This put enormous stress on his liver, which had thousands of other chemical transactions to carry out every day, not the least of which was processing the waste from his fifty pounds of new muscle. As lethal as it was, however, Anadrol was like a baby food compared to some of the other stuff Michalik was taking. On the bodybuilding black market, where extraordinary things are still available, Michalik and some of his buddies bought the skulls of dead monkeys. Cracking them open with their bare hands, they drank the hormone-rich fluid that poured out of the hypothalamus gland. They filled enormous syringes with a French supplement called Triacana and, aiming for the elusive thyroid gland, shot it right into their necks. Eastern USA, ran out of the gym convinced that he could stop a car with his bare hands. He stood in the passing lane of the Hempstead Turnpike, his feet spread shoulder-width apart, bracing for the moment of impactâ€”and got run over like a dog by a Buick Skylark, both his legs and arms badly broken. Why, knowing what he knew about these poisons, did Michalik continue taking them? Because he, as well as his buddies and so many thousands of other bodybuilders and football players, were fiercely and progressively addicted to steroids. The American medical community is currently divided about whether or not the stuff is addictive. These are the same people who declared, after years of thorough study, that steroids do not grow muscle. Bodybuilders are still splitting their sides over that howler. Michalik, however, is unamused. Shit, that was like the FDA seal of approval for steroids. Maybe it was because I was on them for such a short stretch, and went relatively light on the stuff. Mostly, all it amounted to was a shot in the ass once a week from a doctor in Roslyn. I never found out what was in that shot, but Jesus, did it make me crazy. Here I was, a churchgoing, gentle Catholic, and suddenly I was pulling people out of restaurant booths and threatening to kill them just because there were no other tables open. I was a nut, a psycho, constantly out of controlâ€”and then, thank God, the contest came, and I won it and got off the juice, and suddenly became human again. I was worse than wiped out, my soul was ripped open. It had taken me all those years to finally feel like I was a man, to get over all the things my father had done to me â€” and she cut my fucking heart out. A physician and insider in the subculture, for two decades Dr. X had been supplying bodybuilders with all manner of steroids in exchange for sexual favors. The two, however, worked out a satisfactory compromise. Michalik, the champion bodybuilder who was constantly being consulted by young wannabes, directed some of them posthaste to the tender governance of Dr. To get buried in something so deep that you think the only way out is to die. I checked it out later and found out it was all true. More pimps and whores than Hollywood. Nor did he care if he went crazy or got addicted to steroids. All I cared about was getting my body back. I was down to one hundred fifty pounds, which was my natural body weight, and no one in the gym even knew who I was. When did you get here? But what I hated much, much more was not getting to Dr. They were so powerful you felt them immediately in your muscles, and tasted them for hours on your lips. I was an adult, I knew what I was doing, at least at the beginning, and when you add it all up, I deserve to have died from it. It was always more drugs, and more side effects, and more drugs for the side effects.

### 7: Â» The Power and the Gory Bronx Banter

*Firstly I want to post a story from written by Paul Solotaroff for the "The Village Voice". I posted it on BodyPage directly and got many reactions. His many friends and inside bodybuilders found it exaggerated and have mixed opinions.*

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### 8: The glory of God " What is it?

*The Power and the Glory () is a novel by British author Graham www.enganchecubano.com title is an allusion to the doxology often recited at the end of the Lord's Prayer: "For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever, amen."*

### 9: » paul solotaroff Bronx Banter

*Stream The Power And The Glory by Paul Robeson and tens of millions of other songs on all your devices with Amazon Music Unlimited. Exclusive discount for Prime members. Exclusive discount for Prime members.*

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