

1-1  
Greg Hansen

At 3:30 p. m. on Tuesday, February 21, I seated myself at a desk in the far corner of the Nautilus Center in the Lovers Lane Racquetball Club. The room's equipment presented itself as an olio of leftover props from the movie "Star Wars," revivals from a medieval torture chamber in a rather daring but still comfortable attempt at lounge furnishings, and ~~as~~<sup>as</sup> an elaboration of the weight lifting equipment that I used in high school phys. ed. The dozen and a half Nautilus machines mixed bizzarely with the blue carpetting but especially with the pop music wafting from "KIX 104" by means of a very expensive stereo system.

When I arrived, a W. K. U. co-ed was in the middle of working out each of her long legs on the "Duosymmetric/Polycontractile Hip and Back Machine," something whose name I would not have known if it had not been explained in a nearby, framed, poster. While performing her one set of perhaps twelve repetitions, she grimaced, clenched her fists, and moved slowly. Her last rep. completed, she paused before unstrapping the belt that held her securely in place.

Another Western student, returning from a water break in the middle of his work-out, entered the room as she was rising from the machine. He came back towards the desk where I was sitting, and when I asked if this seat was taken, he replied, "No, I ought to make it my seat though--instead of doing this!"

Nevertheless, he found himself fastening the belt of the "Double Shoulder Machine" and began working out. The room's other exercising occupant moved to a new machine and also began a new set. He finished his reps. after about thirty seconds. She finished hers. He moved to a new machine. She moved on also. He started. She started. He finished, sweated, and proclaimed,

"That will kill you." I answered with, "I could believe it" by which time, the other exerciser had finished. The whole spector was beautifully choregraphed.

Another guy walked in with two women, one wearing a blazing red gymsuit and Nike sneakers, the other wearing a humble blue sweat shirt, gym shorts, and Pro-keds. "This is the Nautilus," he began. "Each machine is designed to work a certain part of the body."

"Wow."

"You said you only had fifteen minutes, so I'll give you a crash course."

They laughed and smiled as he started to explain a piece of equipment.

"The reason it's called 'Nautilus' is the cam looks like a Nautilus shell. Nautilus is designed to give you the same amount of resistance at all stages of the exercise."

They drifted to a machine nearby. I copied down some of the dialouge and took some photographs.

"Most ladies have to grip, but try not to."

I had to have a photo of that red sweatsuit, and luckily its wearer was the one to try the machine first.

After I took the second photo, she gasped out, "I hope he's done because I'm almost done!"

In about ten minutes, the tour was completed, and all three left.

I talked with one of the students, who was by this time ready to finish his workout. He uses the Nautilus about every other day, and it takes him about thirty minutes to hit every machine once. On some days it can get so crowded that it takes

two or three times as long to make the complete circle. The Center gave him a list of Nautilus basic principles, and he sticks close to these guidelines.

I watched him work on the last few machines. On each repetition, he inhaled on the exertion part and exhaled upon reaching apogee. All of his movements were smooth and slow. Each set lasted between twenty and thirty seconds, and he took a break between each exercise. He was also carrying a clipboard and checklist and penciled off each exercise upon completion. When he finished with everything, he filed his worksheet in a box on top of the table where I was sitting, tossed the clipboard and pencil in a drawer, and shook off his arms. This was the only type of warm-down stretching I saw all afternoon. At some time during my observation and jotting down, the <sup>first</sup> physical fitnesser had left, so after my stellar informant left, I was alone in the room for about fifteen minutes.

I used this time to take some photographs and copy a list of Nautilus basic principles and one of the worksheets before an official looking guy walked in.

I asked him if he was the instructor. He explained that he is "the guy who vegs out in here." I explained what I was doing there, and he mentioned that he had taken some courses in folklore at Western. The only prof. he had was Lynwood, but he thought Folk Medicine sounded interesting. He told me that Tuesdays can be busy although Mondays are busiest. "Monday is a good day to get things going again." The previous week was a little slow because a lot of people were outside enjoying the nice weather. It takes about two years to "bulk-up," but most people use the facilities to keep "definition" and to stay fit.

At this point, a six foot four or five Goliath walked in.

"Except for him, he wants to bulk-up and impress the cheer-

leaders." My suspicions were confirmed. I knew that the "guy who vegs out here" had a degree in physical education. He had explained that it gets busy in waves, so I was not surprised when seven people walked in.

I watched the Goliath. I could not help it. He moved through everything quickly. Immediately upon finishing at one machine, he moved to the next. He grunted and groaned while doing approximately twenty reps on each machine. In twenty minutes, he had hit each machine and strode out the door to the "guy who vegs out here's" parting of "See you later."

For an hour the place was hopping. A guy was working out with free weights for most of his work-out. Another wiry individual moved through things quickly and seriously. When he was on the leg machine that works the quadiceps, each rep revealed incredible definition in every leg muscle. A twenty-five year old, or so, woman began her first day in the Nautilus and worked with the chief "veg" for about an hour. She had neatly combed short brown hair, was wearing a red long sleeved turtle neck, a blue sweatshirt, blue sweat pants, nikes, a small thin necklace, a wristwatch, and a gold wedding band. By eavesdropping her conversation with the chief "veg," I discovered that she was an art education major at Western and had worked out on weightlifting equipment elsewhere. She had also recently attempted to give up smoking, but had failed.

The chief "veg" was an interesting sort. He greeted everyone who came into the room, sometimes carrying on three or four conversations at a time. He dug a small G. E. portable radio from the desk drawer and said he had some folklore for me: "A little all things considered." A little <sup>folklore</sup> He gave quiz questions about rock music, most were inspired by songs coming through the stereo.

He is a big Led Zeppelin fan, and we got to talking about the movie "The Song Remain the Same." It was interesting how he talked about the guitarist.

"Jimmy Page, he's so frail and skinny and has health problems. He's got a doctor that follows him around everywhere. And to hold that double-neck up! Those things are heavy. He just wails on that thing."

I was thinking about going for context, and he must have read my mind, for he told me to take a look around and encouraged me to watch the aerobics.

On my stroll around the club, I was hit with some surprises. There is a nursery for kids whose parents are tormenting themselves. One of the racquetball courts has a basketball hoop set up on the wall. But the most revealing information about the Nautilus came from comparing its participants with those doing aerobics. Compared to the women (doing exercises to the BFR, or "ghetto blaster," the people working out on Nautilus equipment were having a blast. The women, dressed in their dazzling leotards, color coordinated with leg warmers, were not having fun. The weight-lifters looked serious, but there was a substratum of interest beneath it all. Conjecturing, I think they were all fascinated by the technology of the new machines. The children watching "Bewitched" on the cable TV in the lobby also gave me a small revelation. They were precocious and not a bit shy. They asked me to take their pictures. This was interesting to compare with the adults' reactions to me. With the two exceptions of the first guy I talked with and the chief "veg," no one initiated any conversations with me. In fact, few people initiated conversations with anyone whom they did not already

know. People were aware and interested only in themselves and their bodies. It was understandable as the Nautilus is a gym not a party-scene.

I spent the last hour writing down impressions and generalizations.

People do come in in waves. At most there were twelve people working out at one time.

There are an equal number of men and women using the machines.

Women generally come in with other women.

Most people were in their early twenties.

At least seventy-five percent of the people were wearing Nikes.

About one fourth wear color coordinated, synthetic sweat suits. The rest wear some combination of sloganed t-shirts and gym shorts.

No one had long, loose hair.

The expressions are of relaxed concentration.

Most people adjusts the weights on the machines.

There is surprisingly little grunting and groaning; people remain silent for most of the time they are in there.

It would be difficult to stereotype people, but some could be labeled jocks, frat-boys, and phys. ed. majors. There were no people resembling sorority-bitches, punkers, dirt-balls, etc.

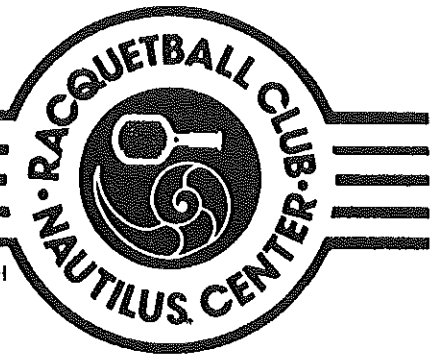
At about 6:00 I finally realized how sensual the place was. The smell of sweat, people aware of their own bodies, slow movements, and <sup>the</sup> facial expressions. I left before having anymore male chauvinist pig fantasies about women in tight, white sweat pants.

FOR THE ASSISTANTS  
IN THE PHYSICAL  
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES

MR. STARR

SEAT	EXERCISE	NO.
	Hip & Back	
	ADDUCTOR	
	ADDUCTOR	
	LEG	
	EXTENSION	
	LEG	
	CURL	
	FULL OVER	
	PULL DOWN	
	ARM CROSS	
	DECLINE	
	PRESSES	
	LATERAL	
	RAISE	
	OVERHEAD	
	PRESSES	
	BICEPS	
	TRICEPS	
	ABDOMINAL	

# LOVERS LANE



DENNIS G. SMITH  
GENERAL MGR.

ELIZABETH SMITH  
ASSISTANT MGR.

## BASIC NAUTILUS PRINCIPLES

1. From 2 to 3 weekly sessions are necessary for best results. NEVER MORE THAN THREE SESSIONS PER WEEK.
2. Only ONE complete cycle is necessary for best results.
3. Only ONE set on each machine is necessary for best results.
4. The first three repetitions of each movement should be slower than the rest.
5. On any machine where seat adjustments or body positioning can be varied, make certain that the rotational axis of the cam is directly parallel to the rotational axis (joint) of the body part that is being moved. Make sure seat adjustments corresponds with seat number on your program card.
6. Position your body in a straight manner. Avoid twisting or shifting your weight during the movement.
7. Never squeeze hand grips tightly, but maintain a loose, comfortable grip (a tight grip elevates blood pressure).
8. For full-range strength and flexibility, your range of movement on each machine should be as great as possible.
9. Breathe normally. Do not hold your breath while training.
10. Exercise the larger muscle groups first and proceed down to the smaller muscle groups.
11. For greatest strength increases, a point of failure should be reached on each exercise. Ideally on every workout you should progress in repetitions and/or resistance.
12. When possible, follow your routine as the exercises are numbered on your workout sheet; however, any time the machine you are to do next is being used, go to another exercise and then return to the machine that was in use. Moving from one machine to the next as quickly as possible prevents oxygen debt and increases strength faster.

1000000 ARCHIVES  
KENTUCKY BUILDING  
WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY  
BOWLING GREEN, KY 42101