

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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51

**“Show me a man who does not jack off his dog, or eat his girlfriend’s pussy,
and I will take both of them away from him.”**

Bo Miller

During my lifetime the sexual mores in this country, and my attitudes on the subject, have changed to such an extent that I can hardly believe it. Oral sex, apart from some women, very few women, giving men blow jobs was almost unheard of forty years ago; until the mid 1950s no man I ever met would admit that he ate pussy, but now almost every man I know not only admits it but usually brags about it. Most of the men that I knew before I was about thirty claimed that they would never marry a woman who was not a virgin, and would throw her out afterwards if they discovered that she had not been a virgin when they married her. In some countries today it is legal for a husband to kill his wife if he finds that she was not virginal when married.

Based upon my recent observations, I was a very slow starter in the oral sex department; during my first two marriages, in 1943 to Gwendolyn Robinson and in 1945 to Gladys Gray, I never even considered oral sex of any kind; I initiated it with my third wife, Eva Saenz, rather hesitantly only after we had been married several years, when I was about thirty. She gave me the impression that she was shocked by my first approaches in that direction, but later accepted both forms, man on woman and woman on man; just how much she ever learned to enjoy it I can’t say, but eventually I started liking it both ways.

My last two wives, Eliza Steffee and Terri Brantner, initiated oral sex with no urging on my part and both enjoyed it very much. But I learned long after I married her that Terri had been involved in oral sex with her stepfather since she was ten years old; told me that he had forced it upon her but that she enjoyed it even though she felt guilty about it, said she felt that her body had betrayed her. Shortly after we were married, she introduced me to what I then started calling The Most Beautiful View In The World; flat on my back in bed, with no movement on my part, Terri would sit upright on my face while I performed oral sex on her, and with a second beautiful young girl either performing oral sex on me simultaneously or sitting above my lower body and fucking me. From that position my view of Terri’s large and very firm breasts and her beautiful face was simply breathtaking; and the dual sexual activities added all that was required to produce the most memorable sex of my life. The second girls were always beauty pageant contestants provided by Terri.

Throughout the 1970s and most of the 1980s I always had quite a few women working for me and I was sexually involved with most of these women; but it was never a case of sexual harassment on my part, if my interest was not honestly reciprocated I never exerted pressure of any kind; and the terms of their employment were not effected by their relationships with me; even many years later I am still on good terms with all of these women, and a few of them still come to visit me from time to time.

Two of my wives, Gladys and Eva, were virgins when I married them, but the other three wives were not and at least two of them, Eliza and Terri, were very experienced sexually before I even met them.

When I was in school in Seminole, Oklahoma, the boys all separated the girls into two distinct categories: the ‘good’ girls, who would not do it, and the ‘bad’ girls who did. And all of us were convinced that we knew just which group a particular girl belonged to. A pair of identical twins, Roberta and Alberta West, represented both groups: Roberta did but Alberta did not, or so everybody in school believed, although you could not prove it by me. Another girl, Frankie Dennis, was generally considered to be the school whore, and I used to fuck her on the floor of the balcony in a theater behind the last row of seats while a movie was being shown. I did not pay her for sex and believe she did it primarily in an attempt to be popular; I ran into her and her later husband in 1952 and she then had several children and appeared to be happily married. Although her husband gave me a few strange looks which indicated that he was at least suspicious about my earlier involvement with his wife.

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The West twins moved away from Seminole before the war, and I never saw either of them again; but, during the war, while in the hospital on the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Florida, a man showed me a picture of his current girlfriend, and it was one of the West sisters. So I asked him which one it was, Alberta or Roberta, and told him that I had known both girls. But, about a week later, he came back and told me that I was a liar, that he had written his girlfriend and that she denied ever having known me; so it was probably Roberta, and perhaps she was afraid that I might tell him about some of the rumors that I had heard about her. And the fact that I knew both girls names, and knew that they were identical twins, would not convince him that I was telling the truth; people usually believe what they want to believe. In fact, I said nothing about either girl apart from the fact that I knew them. But maybe he knew more about her than I did, and was afraid that I might know what he did, and was also afraid that I might tell somebody else about it.

I met a girl in Seminole in 1947 who had been thrown through the windshield of a car in a wreck and who had several large scars on her face; but these scars did not detract from her appearance, if anything made her somehow more attractive. This girl could not be talked into sex, but if you ever touched her then you had better be prepared to fuck her there and then, regardless of where you were; immediately after a mere touch on her hand she would literally start to rape you. I fucked her in a car parked only a few feet in front of the porch of her house while her current boyfriend was seated less than thirty feet away, a boy she was engaged to. She got into the front seat alongside me and when I touched her she immediately started ripping at my clothes, acted like a female housecat in heat.

A Hollywood film that I saw as a child had a sequence that clearly indicated that even married people did not have sex until they wanted a child; the young husband in this film went to a doctor in order to ask him just how to go about asking his wife to have a baby, giving the clear impression that they had never previously had sex. That was a fairly common attitude among men up into the mid 1940s; and when Masters and Johnson published their monumental study on sexual practices they were still arguing about whether women actually could experience a sexual climax, talked a lot about a so-called vaginal climax.

For many years most men were convinced that a nonexistent venereal disease that was called Blue Balls was a terrible risk; supposedly this condition caused your testicles to swell up to an enormous size and turn bright blue. Practically every man I knew for many years would tell me horror stories about some friend who had a terrible case of Blue Balls, but in fact it was a myth.

Years later, after the start of AIDS, I was discussing the subject on the phone with an old friend from Oklahoma named Bob Jenni, a man who was also aware of the myth of Blue Balls. So I told him . . . “Bob, they are now claiming several things about AIDS: one, that it originated in an African monkey that you are well acquainted with; two, that it can be transmitted in only one of three ways, sexually, by transfusion or by sharing dirty needles for injecting drugs. But if those claims are true, then it raises some interesting questions: just who fucked a monkey, or got a transfusion of monkey blood, or shared a needle with a monkey?”

The type of monkey blamed for AIDS is strikingly unusual in appearance: has enormous testicles all out of proportion to the overall size of the animal, and the balls are colored bright blue, giving the impression that they would glow in the dark. Knowing this, Bob replied . . . “You know, the first time I seen one of them bastards, with those bright blue balls, I knowed there was something wrong with them.” He was joking, of course, but those monkeys do have a very striking appearance.

One of the largest of the African baboons, the so-called Mandrill, has to be seen to be believed; their faces are enormous and appear to be a sick joke perpetrated by Andy Warhol, are colored in an utterly bazaar and striking fashion with several bright colors. And their teeth are at least three times as long as the teeth of an adult African lion, so they are very dangerous animals and easily capable of killing a man.

African chimpanzees have a very small penis but huge balls; one male chimp that I had weighed more than 200 pounds and had balls the size of a large peach. And most captive male chimps love to masturbate in front of an audience, and will then throw their semen in the faces of the audience if given the chance; which is why most chimp cages in zoos have glass walls instead of bars.

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A friend of mine from Bastrop, Louisiana, a pilot named Houston Perry, had a girlfriend named Katy; and one day while I was there in the 1950s Houston took Katy up in one of his small airplanes to give her a flying lesson while I took another girl up in a different small airplane. When Houston and his girl returned to the airport an hour or so later I stepped up to their plane and asked Houston . . . “What were you doing parked down in that pasture?” I was joking, had not seen them while I was flying.

But instantly Katy turned to Houston and said . . . “I told you, you son of a bitch, I knew somebody would see what we were doing.”

One of my employees, Kit Beecher, married his first wife, Pat, when she was nearly nine months pregnant with somebody else's bastard twins. Pat was six feet tall in her stocking feet and was an exotic dancer; afterwards she came on to me and I took her with me on one trip to Mexico, then later moved her and her two young children to Miami in a bus that I owned that was big enough to haul all of her furniture. She had been living in a French Quarter apartment in New Orleans with her two children and with another exotic dancer. An apartment that had to be seen to be believed: the living room was stacked almost to the ceiling with rotten garbage and the two small children were running loose like wild animals, eating the garbage and utterly filthy. They were feral children, showed no signs of ever having been given human attention of any kind. When I told Pat that they looked and sounded like wild animals, she said . . . “Yes, that's what the doctor told me too.” Both women were then dancing nude in bars and whoring on the side, while the children were simply abandoned inside the apartment.

Pat had escaped from a reform school for girls in Ocala, Florida, when somewhat younger; she kicked out a window in the middle of the night and ran away, and was never recaptured, so apparently she did not get much parental attention as a child either; obviously had no slightest idea about how to care for children.

Kit's second wife, Mildred, had several children and did not treat them much better than Pat treated her children. Somebody eventually took charge of Pat's two kids when they were about three years old, but I imagine it was much too late by then; I don't know how they turned out but they got a terrible start.

Over the years, Kit married a total of four women; recently, about sixty and married to a much younger woman, he had another child. His latest wife is the daughter of a retired Airforce officer who went to high school with Kit in the late 1940s. Throughout his life Kit has been a very strange man, and in spite of the fact that I tried repeatedly to help him he usually returned my favors by stabbing me in the back, both literally and figuratively.

In 1962 I found him in an apartment in Philadelphia attempting to commit suicide by starving himself to death, and he was very close to being dead when I located him; his wife had left him, taking their children, he had been fired from his job, had lost his car and was about to be kicked out of his apartment for nonpayment of the rent. So I fed him, gave him money, got him a car, talked his wife Mildred into returning to him, and got him a job as the director of the zoo I was then building for the city of Monroe, Louisiana. For those favors he thanked me by smearing me to the mayor of Monroe; the result being that I lost two big promised contracts for additions to the Monroe zoo.

Maybe he resented the fact that I had fucked both of his first two wives; but since he was clearly aware that both of them were fucking practically all of the other men in whatever town they happened to be living in I did not believe that my involvement with them gave him any real cause for concern. I never mentioned it to him and he never said anything about it to me, but maybe the girls told him.

While Kit was out of town for several days in order to pick up some large animals for the Monroe zoo that I was then building, he asked me and Roy Hurst to stay in his house with his wife and children while he was gone; and it was then that Mildred first came on to me and I started fucking her; she came into my room in the middle of the night naked and crawled into bed with me and immediately started giving me a blow job, without a word ever being spoken. She knew what she wanted, and I merely accepted what was freely offered.

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I have learned over the years that a failure to come on to a woman is frequently the best route for seduction. Apparently most women are accustomed to being sexually approached by almost every man that they meet, and thus look upon it as a challenge when you do not approach them sexually; then seem to feel like they have to seduce you in order to convince themselves that they are still attractive to men. It doesn't always work out that way but it usually does; this apparently being yet another example of the fact that most people usually act in response to emotions that are produced by instincts that they are not even aware of.

Pull the right strings or press the right buttons and you will usually get the right response; it works with all wild animals and it works with most people, probably to at least some extent with all people. The trick is learning just which strings and buttons you need to activate.

A man named Carl Cooper operated an animal exhibit owned by the Miller Brothers in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in the summer of 1950, and before I went there to deliver a bunch of rattlesnakes Bo Miller warned me to avoid Carl's wife, said that she would certainly come on to me but that any involvement would produce trouble with Carl. And she did come on to me. She finally said, after I had been ignoring her attempts to seduce me for a few days . . . "What in the hell is the matter with you? Are you a man, or not?"

That same summer I was fucking the woman owner of the hotel where I was living in Oklahoma City, another woman who came on to me, as well as the wife of a man from near Tulsa who went to Colima, Mexico, with me on my first trip there, and she also came on to me. All of these women were primarily motivated by the fact that I never made any sort of sexual approach to them; so they had to reassure themselves by getting me to fuck them.

Many women are strange beasties indeed, and usually far more dangerous than any kind of wild animal I ever encountered. But, as they say . . . "You can't live with them, and you can't live without them."