

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“If you are walking through the desert, carrying a pick and shovel, and if you come upon an old man scrabbling away at the hard, rocky ground in an attempt to dig a hole, and if you show him your pick and shovel, tools that are new to him, and if you then demonstrate your ability to dig a larger hole in a few minutes, using your tools, than he has been able to do with his bare hands after years of continuous digging, you would then probably expect him to look upon you as his savior; but, in fact, you would probably be lucky to escape with your life, the old man almost certainly would try to beat you to death with your own tools.

“But if you did escape alive, leaving your tools behind, and returned to the same spot years later, you could reasonably expect to find the old man still there, still scrabbling away with his bare hands, while your tools remained in plain sight, ignored and rusting away. Such is human nature; so be it.”

Anon.

When we were performing the research at West Point, in 1975, Colonel Anderson, the head of the Physical Education Department, requested that Dr. Kenneth Cooper, of the famous Aerobics Institute, in Dallas, send some of his experts to West Point for the purpose of performing the ‘before’ and ‘after’ tests that would be used to evaluate the results of our research. Anderson told Cooper that his people could conduct any kind of tests that they wanted to and that the Military Academy would provide any sort of testing tools that they required.

All of which was done at my expense, but none of which involved me in any other respect. I did not know any of the people that Cooper sent to West Point, and totally avoided them while they were there conducting the tests. I wanted to avoid the possibility of any later accusations that I had somehow influenced the results of their tests. I did not even see the tests, was not aware of the testing procedures they used, and became aware of their results only after the fact when I was given a copy of their test results by Colonel Anderson.

Cooper’s experts were simply stunned by their own test results; would not previously have believed that such good results were even possible, but could not doubt their own results. But Cooper could; he simply refused to believe his own experts; when given their test results he read about half of the first page and then threw the entire report across the room, would not even read it.

We had produced far better results in six weeks than he could produce in ten years; thus, according to him, our results were impossible. Which is a typical response for a supposed expert; they won’t even bother to look at anything apart from their own ideas, refuse to believe even very simple things that have been clearly demonstrated beyond any shadow of a doubt. We will never know just how many very good ideas have been ignored and thus lost to society as a result of such attitudes by experts; but you can count on it, many of today’s problems could be rather easily solved if the experts would simply open their minds. But, remember: an open mind is not the same as an empty head.

For years Dr. Cooper told anybody who would listen, and a lot of people did listen to him, that running 100 miles every week was better than running only 50 miles a week; and many people simply ran themselves to death while millions of others ruined their knees in attempts to follow his advice. As a friend of mine remarked . . . “Dr. Cooper will probably go down in history as the man who destroyed America’s knees rather than as the man who saved our hearts.”

Cooper was also violently opposed to any form of strength training for many years, and published several violent attacks on me and my work; told people that I was a fool and a fraud. Well, he was at least half right about that: because I have certainly been very foolish, many times; but I have never been a fraud in any sense of the word; my mistakes, thousands of them, have all been honest mistakes. I may well hold the world record for mistakes; many having been

The Arthur Jones Collection

made repeatedly. This book is nothing more nor less than a list of only a few of my mistakes; a complete list would run to ten times the length of this book.

And what have I learned along the way? Apparently damned little; have, instead, merely formed thousands of opinions, most of which later proved to be wrong. But I have at least been somewhat different from most of the people I have known: when I become aware of a mistake I never attempt to hide it, instead go to great lengths in attempts to make it as widely known as possible.

Which is seldom appreciated by other people; instead is usually used in an attempt to discredit you. So it appears that you cannot win for losing. If I had my life to live over, and was aware of what I know now, I would probably shoot myself; because one thing that I would then clearly understand is that it would be impossible to avoid later problems even though I would be aware of them in advance. So my life would then simply be a more or less exact repetition of what it has been, and I could not stand it twice. Could not have stood it even once if I had been able to see into the future; so don't try to figure out what is coming, you don't want to know, couldn't stand it if you did.

Hiding out in a cave in the mountains might help you to avoid problems, but it would probably be damned boring; but hiding out for years in Mexican whorehouses, as both Sam Mutrux and Jerry Young did, might be an acceptable alternative if you had enough money to afford it.

From what little I have seen of them during the last fifteen years, the Mexican whorehouses seem to have gone straight to Hell; but for a long time many of them were very nice, relatively inexpensive, clean and provided at least a few very beautiful young girls, and I mean young girls. In 1955, Ray Olive and I went to Monterrey, Mexico, and I took Kit Beecher's wife with me, a six-foot-tall exotic dancer named Pat. Ray Olive did not have very good vision except in bright sunshine, so I always selected his girls for him since he could not see well in dim light; and in a whorehouse that we visited on that trip I pointed out a girl who was seated at the opposite end of the room from where we were sitting. Ray took her to a room and I did not see her up close until afterwards; but when Ray came back, he said . . . "You are not going to believe it; she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life; and she is only fourteen years old."

And she was beautiful. About two minutes after Ray returned to our table, she came marching down the entire length of that large room, stark naked with only a small towel draped over one shoulder. And in spite of her age she was certainly not a little girl, she was an unbelievably beautiful adult woman. Was tall for a Mexican girl, about five feet and seven inches, had long raven-dark hair, utterly flawless features and an unbelievable body; her teats were large, perfectly shaped, appeared to be as firm as a rock, and stuck both outwards and upwards from her rib cage, with no slightest sag. She would have been an undisputed winner of any beauty contest in the world.

Naturally I wanted to fuck her too after I saw what she really looked like; but she was insulted when I approached her, and afterwards would have nothing to do with me and would not even fuck Ray Olive again. The code of conduct then required that Mexican whores could not become involved with two or more men who were friends; either one, but not both.

Later, after I came back from the Caprivi strip in 1957, the owner of the California Alligator Farm and I stopped off in Piedras Negras, Mexico, to visit a whorehouse there; I picked out a beautiful girl who did not appear to be a Latin American girl, looked like an American girl but spoke no English. She was very attractive, but when I fucked her I had great difficulty reaching a climax; for the first time in my life I believed I was going to fail. Eventually I did come, but it took more than an hour of nonstop fucking to reach that point; afterwards I was somewhat worried, wondered if I was beginning to lose it.

But, later that same night, I picked out an even more beautiful girl named Marvel Sandoval, who was eighteen; took her to a room in a motel and spent the night with her, and fucked her three times that night with no problem about reaching a climax. Still don't know what was so off-putting about the other girl; perhaps she had an odor that I was not consciously aware of but that I had an instinctive reaction to, but that is pure speculation. But something had been wrong.

The Arthur Jones Collection

Marvel was so beautiful that I wanted to take her back to Louisiana and hide her out somewhere in an apartment, and she agreed to go with me; so I told her to wait until I got back from California, and she said that she would. But I was a few days later getting back than I had intended, and she had left for her home in the northern part of the state of Veracruz; but I got her address there and set off in pursuit, taking Graham Hall with me, driving a new Cadillac. On our way through Monterrey, on our way towards Tampico, I inquired about the beautiful girl that Ray Olive and I met about eighteen months earlier, her name was Flor Alvarado, and I got her current address, learned that she was then in Tampico. I did not know if she would have anything to do with me but wanted to find out.

When I did find Flor in Tampico she welcomed me like a long lost brother, with open arms and open legs; she took me to bed immediately and then took complete control of what followed. She rolled me onto my back, squatted down over me and said . . . “No se mueve.” Don’t move.

And I did not dare move. She had absolute control of the muscles around her vagina; did not move her body but simply milked me like a cow, and it was an unbelievable experience being fucked like that by such a beautiful girl.

To reach Marvel’s home we had to cross a bay on a ferry boat and then try to find her house since it was located in the woods outside a small village; we finally found a local child who knew where she lived and took me there. Then I almost got killed, because Marvel’s brother was hiding in a tree with a shotgun and intended to shoot me before I could reach their house by walking through a small clearing in the woods. It was well after dark and I could barely see in the clearing that was about fifty yards in front of her small house. Marvel heard me calling her name and came running up to me in the clearing and threw her arms around my neck. I wanted to fuck her there and then, in the dark woods, but she wouldn’t let me, and would not tell me why she refused. But she, of course, knew about her brother and his plans so was trying to protect me from him.

She returned to the house for all of her clothes after walking to my car with me, and told me to wait in the car while she returned for her things. I never saw her brother, learned about him only later when Marvel told me what actually had taken place.

So then I had two unbelievably beautiful young girls in the same town at the same time, and refused to share either of them with Graham Hall; but, a few weeks ago, when he visited me here in Florida from his home in Africa, he told me that he did fuck Flor on that trip, and maybe he did but if so I was unaware of it at the time.

I then wanted to take both girls to this country, but knew that I could not take both at the same time because neither would have agreed to that; so I spent several days in Tampico running back and forth from Flor to Marvel, and then left taking Marvel with me. I dared not take her to Louisiana until I could find some place to hide her, since she could not speak a word of English and would be a wet back, an illegal immigrant; and being as beautiful as she was I knew she would attract a lot of attention.

So I rented a room for her in a hotel in Nuevo Laredo and made arrangements for Raymond Johnson to look after her until I could make the arrangements needed in Louisiana. But something happened and she disappeared, and I did not see her again for more than ten years; when I did see her again I learned that she had been both married and divorced and had three children. She showed me a picture of her children and the oldest of her sons was obviously my child, had a very strong resemblance to my youngest son, Edgar. He would now be about thirty-six years old but I never met him and lost touch with his mother again. Even after three children she was still very beautiful.

Flor refused to join me in this country although I visited her in Tampico on several later trips. Was always more than willing to fuck me but would not move to this country with me.

I met many other beautiful girls in Mexico but those two were by far the best of the lot, both in respect to their looks and their sexual skills. Such girls are rare anyplace in the world, and if you are ever fortunate enough to find one you will do almost anything to try to hang on to them.

The Arthur Jones Collection

In his comic strip, Al Capp had a character that he called Stupefying McJones, who was so beautiful that men who saw her were instantly frozen into a statue on the spot. And I believe that I knew the girl that he based that character upon, a girl named Marma Jean Elgin that I met in California before the war while visiting my uncle Arthur who was then living in Beverly Hills. Marma Jean's father worked for my uncle and I heard a lot about just how beautiful she was long before I ever saw her, but was not interested because she was only thirteen years old.

But when I finally did meet her I was simply stunned, since she may well have been the most beautiful girl who ever lived; and men who saw her reacted exactly the same way that Al Capp's cartoon characters did.

I took Marma Jean to an outdoor ice-skating rink that was located right next to Wilshire Boulevard and when she went out onto the ice she quickly caused a traffic jam that extended for miles, all the way from the center of Los Angeles clear to the beach in Santa Monica. Men simply abandoned their cars in the middle of the street, walked as close as they could get to the skating rink and then stood there staring at Marma Jean with their mouths hanging open. When the police showed up to break up the traffic jam they made no efforts in that direction, just joined the huge crowd staring at Marma Jean.

I never fucked Marma Jean, but did take her out a few times during the war; and I still remember both her address and her telephone number more than fifty years later: 1951 West Veteran Avenue, West Los Angeles; Arizona 36083. Have driven by that address many times over the years but never was able to locate Marma Jean after the war.

I have fucked a lot of beautiful girls though, if perhaps not as many as I wanted to. And, as the man said . . . "I never went to bed with an ugly girl in my life, but I did wake up with a few."