

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“It’s true, you made me rich and famous yesterday; but what have you done for me lately?”

Anon.

When Fabian Garcia started working for me as a steward on my big jet planes, he was nineteen years old, with dreams about being a pilot someday; during the next few years I made it possible for all of his wildest dreams to become realities; I paid for and sent him to schools for professional pilots all over the country, provided him with the actual flying experience that he could not have obtained anywhere else for anything much short of a half million dollars, money that he did not have and never could have earned from his own efforts, so that he ended up in a relatively brief period, at a very young age, with an Airline Transport Pilot certificate together with a Flight Engineers certificate and type ratings for several kinds of airplanes. All of which put him squarely in the ranks of highly qualified professional pilots who did have a very good chance of moving on to a high-paying job working as a pilot for a major airline.

In return for which favors, which quickly turned a ‘nothing’ into a man with great opportunities for future success, he thanked me by becoming involved in an affair with my young wife Terri; which, of course, was concealed from me very successfully for quite a long time. As they say . . . “The husband is always the last to know.”

Terri took him on long trips all over the country, staying in luxury suites in expensive hotels in major resorts, bought him clothing and jewelry, a house, a new car, a motorcycle and any damned thing else he asked her for. While hiding all of this from me, and while she and her mother were both stealing as much from me as they possibly could. Terri went so far in the direction of stealing from me as to steal a credit card that I was not even aware I had, and then used this card to withdraw \$200.00 a day, the maximum amount allowed daily, from a private account that I never used personally; I became aware of this only after the account had been cleaned out by her daily thefts. But this was merely chicken feed compared to other amounts that she stole; in the meantime constantly telling me that she was not at all concerned about or interested in money. Sure.

Being about the last person in Florida to become aware of just what had been going on with Terri and Fabian for about two years, actions that they apparently did not even attempt to hide from anybody except me, when finally she did get around to confessing her ongoing affair with Fabian, I immediately fired him; I read him the long version of the riot act, telling him exactly what would happen if he ever even tried to talk to Terri again, I told him that I would do it myself and it would be done both very slowly and extremely painfully. But he recorded that conversation and then gave a copy to the local police; which is the only thing that saved his life, because otherwise I would have killed him personally and would have dragged it out over a period of several days.

As I have said earlier: some people need killing.

But even that did not slow Terri and Fabian down in the slightest; he immediately moved into a condo on the beach in Saint Petersburg that I had purchased and given free and clear to Terri, a very expensive condo which then gave her full ownership of three beautiful homes and a lot of real estate, in addition to several expensive cars and two airplanes, as well as half ownership of my big farm. Which was not enough, of course, she clearly wanted every cent I had; when I filed for a divorce she demanded support payments in the amount of \$17,000.00 a month, together with other huge cash payments in advance. And also accused me of a long list of utterly phony crimes against her and other people; and made these untrue charges in open court in front of a large number of reporters. The media, of course, loves such stories and quickly spread them all over the world; the truth be damned, the media could not care less about the truth of a story, would do everything possible to produce a sensational sounding story even if they were aware of the true facts, which they never are.

All of this at the very time when I was trying desperately to get the deserved recognition for our medical discoveries and developments from the scientific and medical communities; some of whom, at least, can read and all of whom do watch television, so Terri’s false allegations and wild stories became known by practically everybody in the world

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within a matter of days. The effect of this negative publicity was literally devastating on me; for years afterwards I would not even eat in a local restaurant because anywhere I went the other people there would always be staring at me and whispering about me. It was by far the most depressing situation in my life, and still is years later.

Terri had a private telephone in our bedroom and spent hours there every day with the door locked; later, when I checked the phone bills for her private line, it was immediately apparent that she had been away from home, for more than a year, on trips with Fabian, for more than two-thirds of the total period. And it was also obvious that she spent at least several hours each day while she was at home talking to Fabian over long distance, while running up phone bills of several thousand dollars a month for the time spent in our home. We called all of the numbers listed on those bills and learned that all of her hundreds of calls had been to Fabian, at places where he was staying at her expense while she paid to send him to expensive flying schools all over the country.

He milked her, and thus me, like a cow; and when I finally was given a tape that another employee had stolen from Fabian's telephone recording machine, it was instantly obvious that Fabian was treating Terri in nothing short of a brutal fashion; from some of their recorded conversations it appeared that he had been beating her, and he ordered her around like a slave with no slightest objection on her part. And she accused me of mistreating her? Maybe that's what she really wanted; after all she admitted to me later that she enjoyed it when her stepfather repeatedly raped her and forced her to suck his prick; so maybe she liked having Fabian beat her.

But apparently he knew how to control her, and I obviously did not.

During my earlier marriages I normally concealed a large part of my activities from my wives; but when I married Terri I decided to turn over a new leaf, promised myself that I would keep her fully advised about everything, that I would conceal nothing from her. And I did keep her fully informed about everything; particularly if it involved something that I believed might be disturbing to her in any way. When anything with a disturbing potential came to my attention I immediately provided her with all of the details. I did not want her to ever be able to later accuse me of having attempted to hide something from her. And I lived up to that self promise without single exception; while she was simultaneously hiding almost everything she did from me. The farther you bend, over the farther they shove it up your ass.

One of only two honest lawyers that I ever met in my life, Jim Daugherty of Miami, either knew about, or at least suspected, what Terri and Fabian were doing, and urged me to fire Fabian; but when I mentioned that to Terri she denied that she had ever even been interested in Fabian. In their efforts to hide things from me, Terri hired an older woman to live in a house of mine where Fabian was living rent free, in an attempt to convince me that this woman was Fabian's real girlfriend.

Then had this woman come on to me, which she tried to do without success because I had no slightest interest in her; later Terri accused me of having made sexual advances towards this other woman, when in fact the woman made such advances towards me. She came to the front door of my home one night when Terri was out of town, probably on a trip somewhere with Fabian, and tried to get me to take her out to a restaurant; when I refused to honor that request she tried to get me to let her come into my house, told me that we could order a pizza to eat. When I said no again and closed the door in her face, she finally left; but her intentions had been perfectly clear, and I am sure that she had been put up to it by Terri in an attempt to get some sort of proof of my sexual misconduct. Terri was always aware of all of my sexual misconduct, because she arranged all of it; suggested it and provided all of the other girls involved in any such escapades. I fucked other girls while living with Terri only because she wanted me to, and while I must admit that I enjoyed it there was never any sort of attempt on my part to arrange such things.

But, probably because she knew how guilty she was, she was almost constantly accusing me of being sexually involved with women that she did not know about. She found two beer bottles in a trash can one time after she returned from a trip to California where I am sure she fucked Johnny Carson, and knowing that I did not drink, she demanded to know just who had been drinking the beer; with the clear implication that it had been other girls that I took to the house while she was gone on the trip.

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I tried repeatedly to get Terri to take advantage of the fact that I then owned the largest and best equipped video-production facility in the world in order to produce television shows, which she claimed she wanted to do, but could never get her to make any move in that direction; later, during the court proceedings that occurred after I filed for a divorce, she claimed that her efforts had been the most important factor for producing the success of Nautilus. But, in fact, apart from using her pictures in a few ads she never did anything in the direction of helping Nautilus. I even wrote a series of articles under her name entitled 'Beauty Is More Than Skin Deep,' wherein she was supposedly writing answers to letters sent to her in care of the magazine asking for tips on exercise and related subjects. So I did the work while she took the credit.

But, what the Hell, that has been the usual pattern of my life with almost everybody I came into contact with; as they say . . . "A fool and his money are soon parted."

During the initial court proceedings that occurred shortly after I filed for a divorce from Terri, conducted in a court presided over by a judge named Sturgis, he demanded that all of the people in my party, including any of my witnesses, be searched for concealed weapons by the police before being admitted to the court house; he knew that I had a permit that allowed me to carry a concealed pistol anywhere in the state of Florida, as did Terri. This judge was himself charged twice with threatening lawyers in his courtroom with a pistol, and was also charged with continuing the practice of law after having become a judge, which is a felony. He was so obviously biased against me that we demanded that he recuse himself from the case, get off the case, and under the law he was required to honor that request; yet he continued to handle the case in spite of clear law on the subject.

He issued a court order that forbid me from even attempting to contact Terri; an order that I ignored because I knew that if I could not get Terri out of the clutches of her lawyer, a man named Cluster, that he would end up ruining both of us. I finally reached Terri through her grandmother and talked to her on the phone, and eventually got her to change lawyers; and she did, and then her second lawyer, who previously promised me that he could convince Terri to start acting in a reasonable fashion tried to get her to continue with a very hard line against me.

Eventually I managed to get her out of the clutches of both lawyers, and then we drew up a divorce agreement that was simply ridiculous, giving her almost everything while giving me very little; if you are dumb enough to believe that so-called no fault divorce is a reality then you may find yourself in for a terrible surprise. I took a young girl who had absolutely nothing apart from her looks at the start, treated her like a queen for years and ended up giving her most of my lifetime earnings; earnings that she contributed nothing towards.

The judge, Sturgis, ran for reelection shortly afterwards, and for the only time in my life I made a contribution towards the campaign for a politician running for office; and Sturgis lost the election to the man I supported, and then died shortly afterwards. Sturgis was a typical judge; arrogant, dishonest, biased, stupid and as crooked as a corkscrew; perhaps some judges are different, but you could not prove it by me.