

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“Birds of a feather; you can judge them best by their associates.”

Anon.

I have not met them all, but I have met quite a few of the current, and recent, hosts of television talk shows: Johnny Carson, Phil Donahue, Tom Snyder, David Letterman and several others did have me on their shows, and both Barbara Walters and Tom Brokaw, among others, have hosted or narrated television shows about me. Brazilian, Japanese, German and Australian television producers have filmed, or taped, television shows about some of my activities. So I have had more than enough experience with such people to read the handwriting on the wall; and it is frightening, to say the least. That such people have become celebrities and have been paid simply ridiculous sums of money is clear proof of the insanity of our current society.

Just what, if anything, of value have any of those people ever produced? As they say . . . “Them as can, does; them as can’t, teach; and them as can do neither criticize.”

Near the end of the Roman Empire they had bread and circuses for the masses; now, more than a thousand years later, we have almost exactly the same thing: the media and welfare.

“The mothers of Rome told their sons to come home with their shields, or upon them; and when that custom died, so died Rome.”

So just who is actually running this country at the moment? The politicians? The bureaucrats? The lawyers? Academia? The media? And who should be in charge? Certainly not the people who are running things now; but that is a negative, tells us who we need to get rid of, but does not tell us who to replace them with, does not provide a positive.

My opinion? I don’t have an opinion on the subject; realizing that you are sick, while it is a necessary first step in the right direction, does not provide a cure. Some conditions are inevitably fatal regardless of what you do. As they say . . . “The only thing we can be sure of is that none of us will get out alive.”

If I have learned anything of value in my life, which is certainly questionable, it is this: very little turns out the way you expect it to; and, secondly, everything fails in the end. Our schools have certainly failed miserably, the government has failed, the legal system has failed, and perhaps the media has been the biggest failure of all. Yet, at the moment, the people who are pulling us all down, and pulling themselves down with us even if they are too stupid to realize it, are being lionized and rewarded for their efforts.

But please don’t ask me to provide a solution; I have seldom been able to solve my own problems.

I seldom watch any of the current talk shows on television, because they have become the modern equivalent of a carnival geek show: a bunch of awed rubes looking at a Wild Woman from Borneo, living in a pit full of snakes and biting the heads off of rats and chickens. Yes, but they are politically correct, right? Sure; in a booby hatch, perhaps.

Based upon his own statements, Tyson is something less than an utterly insane wild animal, but he was sent to prison for a crime that he did not commit; was sent to prison because it was the politically correct thing to do. Both the Thomas and Kennedy-Smith cases were settled in favor of a man in spite of the evidence, so when Tyson was charged with rape it was then time for a verdict in favor of a woman. After all, turn about is fair play, right? Sure.

If anybody ever deserved to go to prison more than Ted Kennedy did after the Chappaquidick outrage, it has not come to my attention; yet there he sits in the Senate, passing judgment on other people. Or do you really believe that you could get the court to seal the records of your case for fifty years? Kennedy’s father founded the family fortune by bootlegging during the time of prohibition, was pro-Nazi and hated the English; yet Roosevelt sent him to England as the American Ambassador.

The Arthur Jones Collection

If Jack Kennedy had been anybody else he would have gone to prison following the PT 109 escapade, but instead he and LBJ stole the election by padding the ballot boxes in Illinois and Texas; helped along by Kennedy's father's money. And while they were clearly aware of it at the time, nobody in the media ever bothered to mention that JFK was fucking Marilyn Monroe in the White House, or that he was sharing a mistress with a member of the Mafia.

Sometime in the mid-1950s I read something in the newspapers that shocked me; did not shock me because it was mentioned, but shocked me because it was not in headlines. Master Sergeant Woods, the chief executioner of the Army, was accidentally killed while he was adjusting an electric chair.

So? An unavoidable risk of the job, right? Perhaps, and I am not suggesting that his death was anything more than an accident. But the location is an entirely different matter: he was killed on the island of Bikini, in the South Pacific, where they were conducting the H Bomb tests; an area that was probably the most restricted and carefully guarded region in the world. So just what in the Hell were they doing with an electric chair and the Army's chief executioner at such a time in such a place?

Rather than being reported in a single column of about two inches in length, it should have rated two-inch headlines and most of the front page of every paper in the country. Where were the vaunted guardians of the media then?

I canceled my subscription to Time magazine following their publication of an article entitled 'To Hell, and Not Quite Back;' a report of the death of Audie Murphy, the most highly decorated American hero in the Second World War; the title of that article being a parody of Murphy's book, 'To Hell and Back.' The article said, or words to that effect . . . "Well, Audie Murphy is dead, but it's just as well; perhaps there was a need for such people at one time, but Murphy simply did not fit into modern society."

Without people like Audie Murphy, there would be no media in this country to hire people like the man who wrote that utterly insulting article; people like that are not worthy to kiss the ass of a man like Audie Murphy, and damned sure would never have dared to publish any such statements while he was still alive.