

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“Which side of the looking glass am I on?”

Alice

Given the evidence, which remains generally unknown and ignored by science, I do not believe that the several distinct races of humans share a common ancestor much more developed than the amoebae, if even that; they are, I believe, just one more example of parallel evolution, thousands of examples of which can be found in warm-blooded animals, reptiles and insects. And the fact that interbreeding leading to mixed-race offspring is possible is utterly irrelevant; I believe that you could produce living offspring by breeding humans with any of the three types of great apes, gorillas, chimpanzees or orang utans.

But that is impossible, isn't it? Their chromosomes don't match. So what? Two living offspring have already been produced by crossing a simang with a gibbon, two types of lesser apes, and their chromosome spread is greater than that between humans and any of the great apes. That was not supposed to be possible, either; but it happened, at least twice. I have also seen the offspring produced by cross breeding a rattlesnake with a cottonmouth moccasin, and that is also believed to be impossible.

Each one of several of the Galapagos islands have giant tortoises, and they are almost, but not quite, identical from one island to another; yet they are not related, did not spring from common ancestors. Instead, they evolved in the only way that was possible in order to meet the requirements for survival that were dictated by a particular environment.

Is it merely a coincidence that both types of great apes in Africa are black, and that some races of black African natives share other characteristics with the apes? And, if so, is it also a coincidence that the color of the only type of great ape found in the South Pacific, the orang utan, is very similar to that of many Oriental people? Or that a baby orang utan shows a marked resemblance to many Oriental infants?

The first time I ever looked at a globe of the world, at the age of about four, it was immediately apparent to me that the current large land masses of this planet were joined at one time; an observation on my part that brought me nothing but ridicule at the time, but that subsequently became obvious even to the idiots who are now in charge of the scientific community, since even they cannot continue to deny the self-evident truth forever. But they keep trying to.

We will probably never know just when the original large land mass broke up and the pieces started drifting apart in order to eventually produce the continents and islands that now exist; and we will certainly never know what kinds of animals or pre-humans existed at that time, if in fact there were any of either. Yet, eventually, at least tens-of-millions and perhaps hundreds-of-millions of years later, we find almost identical characteristics in highly developed animals that share no common ancestors much if anything above a single-celled form of life.

If this occurred in other animals, as it did, then just why would you expect anything different with people? Primarily, I believe, because it is now not politically correct to even consider the obvious differences in the various races of man. At one time it was against Federal law in this country to supply American Indians with alcohol, and that law was not passed because of prejudice; was passed because it was obvious that most Indians become violent when provided with alcohol. I have never heard that the law regarding Indians and alcohol was ever revoked, strongly suspect that it is still on the books; but, of course, it could not now be enforced even if it has never been revoked. In Australia, the Aborigines have been almost destroyed as a race of people by alcohol during a period of only about thirty years.

The value of alcohol for any race of humans is highly questionable, but some races simply cannot tolerate it.

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A common genetic problem with many blacks in this country is sickle-cell anemia, but at one time in the Congo region of Africa sickle-cell anemia was a requirement for life itself because it provided immunity to a very virulent strain of malaria; so a factor that provides only problems in one environment may be a requirement for life in a different environment.

As somebody once said . . . “There is only one way to build a wolf; because, if it does not look like a wolf, it cannot perform the functions of a wolf.” Which is true up to a certain point, but which can be clearly understood only if you define just what the functions of a wolf actually are. The skull and teeth of a Tasmanian Devil are almost identical to those of a wolf; yet the Tasmanian Devil not only is not a canine but is not even a usual mammal, is a marsupial. While the Duck-billed Platypus, another mammal, lays eggs in order to reproduce.

In the Congo region of Africa there is a highly-specialized type of crocodile called a *Cataphractus* Crocodile; and, halfway around the world, in northern Australia, there is an almost identical type of crocodile called the Johnson's River Crocodile. It is no coincidence that these unrelated types of crocodiles are almost identical, because the environments in which they evolved are also almost identical, and their functions are identical.

African elephants, and there are two distinct types of them, Asian elephants, mammoths and mastodons, and several other extinct races of elephant-like animals all share certain characteristics while also showing distinct differences; mammoths, far from being tropical animals, were sub-arctic animals, probably could not have survived in a warm climate, yet they were obviously a type of elephant.

Compare an Eskimo to an African Bushman, or an Australian Aborigine; all of them are human, but they are certainly different because they must be different in order to survive in different environments. You and I could probably not survive in the natural environment of an Eskimo or a Bushman, and neither have demonstrated much in the way of survival capabilities in our environment.

While it is now politically correct to consider IQ tests as being meaningless because, supposedly, they are culturally biased against the blacks; that theory was clearly shot down in flames by the fact that some Asiatics do better on IQ tests than whites do. The average IQ for whites is 100, but the average IQ for some Asiatic races is 117, while the average for blacks is only 85; and it should be noted that a score of 70 or below indicates a level of intelligence that is considered unteachable, so the average black is halfway between an average white and an unteachable level of intelligence.

If IQ tests were, in fact, biased by cultural differences, then any such bias would hurt the Asiatics more than it would the blacks, because the Asiatics established advanced civilizations long before the whites did, and thus do have a well-established culture, while no black race that ever existed produced anything that could be called an actually civilized society. Integration of the schools, rather than pulling the blacks up to the level of the whites, has had an exactly opposite result; the standards in our schools have now been lowered to such an extent that few, if any, students are now being provided with a meaningful education. And, yes, there are certainly exceptions; but do you really believe that Clarence Thomas was the best qualified man for his present position on the Supreme Court?

So-called Affirmative Action is nothing short of an outrage; supposedly intended to remove the effects of racial prejudice it is in fact a clear example of racial discrimination at its worst. For God's sake, open your eyes and look around you; smell the roses, or the shit; the liberal theories are based wholly upon wishful thinking and instead of making things better have invariably made them far worse.

Equal opportunity? Yes. Affirmative action? No. Equal freedom and rights? Yes; so long as it is clearly understood that both freedom and rights presuppose equal responsibility.

Jessie Jackson for President? Well, some years ago, in Brazil, none of the candidates for Mayor of a major city were at all popular with the voting public, so a hippopotamus that had arrived with a lot of publicity for the local zoo was elected Mayor by an overwhelming majority as a write-in candidate.

When the criminal justice system is perverted by racial considerations, or fear of riots and looting, as it has been twice recently in California, then you are sending the wrong signals to both the whites and the blacks. If the first man who heaved a brick through the window of a liquor store during the initial stage of the Watts riot in the 1960s had been

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shot dead on the spot, that would have been the end of the riot, and the riots that followed would never have occurred. Throughout history, rioting and looting has been a capital crime; you did not arrest them, you killed them on the spot. Reversing that policy was nothing short of a blueprint for disaster.

The blacks are not the first group of people who have suffered from racial discrimination in this country: the Irish, the Jews, the Italians, and even the Catholics of any race, were also victims of discrimination when they first came to this country; but instead of moaning and gnashing their teeth about their problems they yanked themselves up by their bootstraps, with nothing in the way of affirmative action. Until, and unless, the blacks do the same thing, our racial problems will continue to get worse rather than better. Don't tell me how capable you are; show me.

Somebody once remarked that the best form of government was a benevolent dictatorship; then added that the only problem with that was finding a benevolent dictator. If the actions of black Africans is an indicator of their opinions on the subject, then they must believe in dictatorships, because every black country in Africa apart from South Africa is a dictatorship that would make either Hitler or Stalin look very benevolent indeed; and the situation in South Africa will rapidly move in the same direction.

Our current problems in Haiti are only one more in a long list of problems with black governments; Papa Doc, for all his problems, did, at least, keep the situation under control for quite a long time. As somebody once said about him . . . "Anybody who keeps an electric chair in the basement of his house can't be all bad."

Chaka Zulu clearly understood what was required to maintain order; and did it.

Affirmative action for women, while it started a bit later than it did for blacks, is just as dangerous; trying to turn women into men, or vice versa, is worse than an exercise in futility, is another blueprint for disaster. And it is not a matter of being either better or worse, but simply the fact that women and men are different in many ways apart from the obvious differences in plumbing; their instincts are different, and thus their emotions and their actions in a given set of circumstances are different; they must be different for survival of the race.

But if we are to stick to a strict policy of political correctness in the near future, then our next President should be a female African American who is an avowed lesbian with AIDS and is also a converted Jew; and if she is the unwed mother of ten children and has been on welfare throughout her life that should give her a lot more votes. Hell, if we are going to take the first step in that direction, we should be willing to go all of the way, right?

I will be very surprised if Slick Willie does not decide to invade Haiti in the near future; primarily in an attempt to convince the Great Unwashed that he is not a wimp, as Bush did when he invaded Panama. But perhaps he is not aware of the fact that we occupied Haiti for quite a few years, or does not know what a disaster that turned out to be.

All of which, I am sure, will convince the liberals that I am a foaming-at-the-mouth racist; but, be advised, I never did anything in the way of hurting a black in my life. Quite the contrary, I have repeatedly gotten myself into deep shit by trying to help black people in situations where they obviously needed help and nobody else seemed to care. In 1949, in Alexandria, Louisiana, while visiting one of my customers who was operating a carnival snake show, when I left his tent late at night shortly after the carnival closed for the night, I heard a man moaning in obvious pain, investigated and found a black man who had been terribly injured by somebody who hit him on the head with a stake used for holding down a tent, a stake made from the axle of a car. He appeared to have a fractured skull, was bleeding badly and was utterly helpless. So I carried him on my back to a nearby hospital and got medical attention for him.

Then somebody called the police, and when they arrived they arrested me, acted initially like they intended to beat the shit out of me, called me a Nigger Lover and threw me into a cell for a couple of hours; then tried to force me to pay for the injured man's medical attention. Fortunately, I saw that one coming, so I had hidden my money in my sock and told them that I was broke, but that I could get the money if they would let me go back to the carnival. And they were dumb enough to go for that story, which provided me with an opportunity to get my ass out of town.

Years later, in Lake Helen, Florida, when a Negro woman and her children were thrown out of their home for nonpayment of rent, I stood up during a meeting of the City Council where the matter first came to my attention and offered to let the woman and her family move into a house that I was renting in what was an exclusively white section

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of town; which action earned me nothing apart from outraged objections from the City Council members and other people in the audience.

The woman was then afraid to move into that house, so I rented another house in the black section of town and let her live there rent free for as long as she wanted to.

During the war, one of my closest friends was a black young man from the south, and my association with him earned me nothing but ridicule and scorn. During the several years that I operated an exhibit in Slidell, Louisiana, one of the best employees that I had was a black man named Leroy Ducre, and he was one of the hardest working and most productive men I even met in my life. In 1971 I trained a Cuban Negro named Sergio Oliva and took him to the annual Mr. Universe contest in London, and have remained a friend ever since.

In Africa, in several different countries, I employed hundreds of black men, and never had the slightest problem with any of them; because I respected them, and they respected me.

Which is not intended to imply that I have never had any problems with black men: one of my employees in Lake Helen, Florida, wrote a note which he then claimed he found in his locker, a note that said . . . "We gonna run your ass away from here, nigger." He might as well have signed it, because a comparison of the handwriting on the note to that on his employment application made it immediately apparent who wrote it.

In another Nautilus plant, in Virginia, a black man applied for an executive position, and produced his graduation certificate from college indicating that he had a Masters Degree in Business Administration; but on his employment application he misspelled both 'business' and 'administration,' so when we failed to hire him, and when he filed a discrimination lawsuit with the Federal government, we simply produced his employment application and that was the end of that suit.

Another black employee came into my office in Lake Helen and made physical threats against female employees when I was out of the office; based upon what they told me later, if I had been there at the time I would probably have killed him. I don't take kindly to threats, and I have always tried to be an equal opportunity killer.

Fifty-odd years ago, I thought nothing about sleeping in Central Park, or going anywhere in greater New York City, day or night, but now it is not even safe to walk through Central Park in broad daylight, and you are putting your life in the hands of insane animals if you even drive through many areas of the city at any time of day or night. And just look at what has happened to the so-called projects there and elsewhere: nobody ever built such projects for the Irish, the Italians, the Polish or the Jewish immigrants, and they lived in even more crowded conditions without destroying the buildings they were living in. Did not shit in the halls, throw their garbage out the windows, steal the plumbing fixtures and sell them for scrap metal, or commit any of the other outrages that are now taken for granted in the black projects.

Lack of opportunity? Lack of jobs? Blacks have at least ten times as much in the way of opportunities in this country as they have anyplace else in the world; and there is no shortage of jobs if they are willing to work and if they do not insist upon starting at the top. Nobody alive in this country today ever had any worse jobs than I have had, or lower paying jobs either; but I never held my hand out for help to the government or anybody else, and would not have accepted it if it had been offered. Yes, I have borrowed money; but I always paid it back with interest in full. And have been in several situations where I desperately needed to borrow money but could not do so because I had nothing in the way of collateral. And I have started several successful businesses with literally zero in the way of starting capital or credit, and a few with less than zero assets.

So don't give me any bullshit on the subject of lack of opportunity; if anything, in this country at the moment, being black is an advantage rather than a disadvantage. If all else fails, go to Washington, D. C., and apply for a job with the Federal government; they will apparently hire anybody who is black, promote them into an executive position very quickly, never permit them to be fired regardless of what they do, and expect nothing in the way of work in return.

If that is not a definition of insanity, then I am confused on the subject.

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Far from being the great hero that he has been painted as being by the liberal press, Martin Luther King had all of the same shortcomings shown so vividly by all three of the Kennedy brothers; J. Edgar Hoover, in spite of whatever his sexual inclinations may have been, had the goods on King, and finally, after King made some rather insulting remarks in public about Hoover, he called King into his office and explained things to him, played the tapes for him and let him read the documents; after which, King had nothing more to say about Hoover.

I do not have an opinion on the subject of Colin Powell since I know almost nothing about him; but the question unavoidably arises in my mind . . . “Did he become Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff because he was black, or in spite of it?” But I did spend an entire afternoon about ten or twelve years ago in a private conversation in my office with a black Lieutenant (three star) General whose name I have now forgotten, and I was very favorably impressed by him; he started his military career during the Second World War as an enlisted man, a buck private, at a time when being black was certainly not an advantage, yet managed to rise to a very high rank in spite of two enormous disadvantages, being black and being an enlisted man; his career performance almost certainly had to be outstanding indeed, and he impressed me to such an extent that I considered him to be an outstanding individual.

I do not agree with the statement that got a very high government official fired a few years ago . . . “All the niggers want is loose shoes, tight pussy and a warm place to shit.” And I have known lots of white men who did have that attitude; but nevertheless I am also aware of the undeniable statistics from the Department of Justice. While representing about eleven percent of the overall population in this country, the blacks make up more than sixty percent of the prison population. Which the liberals tend to dismiss on the grounds that the police discriminate against the blacks; while, in fact, at the moment, the police are far more likely to discriminate in favor of the blacks, are frequently afraid to bring charges against a black in spite of the evidence.

There are at least seven distinct races of very primitive people now living on this planet: two in Africa, the Bushmen and the Pygmies, one in northern Japan, one in Malaya, the Australian Aborigines, the Eskimos and the race of people who lived, and are still living now if any of them have survived that long, on the extreme southern tip of South America, in the so-called Land of Fires. None of these people have ever adapted successfully to modern civilization, and they never will. All of these races evolved in the only way that provided them with the requirements for survival in a very specific environment; given their environments, they are superior people, but generally cannot cope if moved to a radically different environment and left to their own devices. Until and unless we begin to recognize and attempt to reasonably deal with these undeniable racial differences the situation will simply continue to get worse rather than better.

Continuing to deny these differences, or to blame their undeniable results on cultural factors, is nothing more nor less than turning our back on the truth.

The solution? I doubt that there is a reasonable solution; I believe that things have already gone much too far in the wrong direction to ever be reversed. But if any sort of reasonable solution even is possible, the first necessary step is to admit the existence of genetic racial differences and stop trying to blame the results on cultural factors. As they used to say on maps when most of the world was still unexplored . . . “Tierra Incognita: in that area there be dragons.”