

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“If you put a woman, and a bronze statue of a female gorilla, in the same house, they will fight.”

Anon.

Most men, if my observations on the subject have any validity, probably spend at least half of their time thinking about sex, and as Bo Miller told me . . . “If you bait a trap with pussy, you’ll catch a man every time.” Having fallen into such traps more times than I like to remember, I believe his comment was accurate.

Having been about as horny as a female cat in heat, than which nothing is hornier, for most of my life, I always tried to keep a readily available source of pussy close at hand, and was usually able to do so; but, unlike most of the men I have known, I tried to arrange things in such a way that very little of my time was devoted to pursuing women, was usually so busy trying to survive that I did not have any time to waste in such activity.

I married my daughter Joyce’s mother, Gladys, a few weeks before the end of the Second World War; she was a brilliant woman, undoubtedly a genius, but was also very religious and that led to trouble. When I married her she was only a few days past her sixteenth birthday, but had already graduated from highschool with a perfect scholastic record, had two years of college behind her, and had been teaching school for two full years. Our only child, Joyce, was born on the tenth of December, 1946, and the marriage was over about eight months later. Gladys left me when she found out that I had been married to another girl earlier, and she was violently opposed to divorce because of her religious convictions.

I saw Gladys and Joyce only once, very briefly, about a year after Gladys left me, but then had no contact of any kind with either of them for about sixteen years, no visits, no phone calls, no letters, no contact with mutual friends, no Christmas cards or gifts, nothing. So the way Joyce turned out later cannot be blamed on my influence on her during the first seventeen years of her life, but it certainly can be blamed on my genetic influence on her; by the age of about ten, Joyce was driving everybody who came in contact with her crazy by doing things that she could not have learned from me; things that, instead, she inherited from me. But she started doing such things much sooner than I did, was manipulating people, by the age of ten, in a manner that I first used at about the age of thirty.

Sometimes you find yourself in situations where the only way out seems to require killing somebody, but that is not always a possible, or safe, solution, so something else is required. So, when I was about thirty, then already having had a great deal of experience with wild animals, and people who were frequently even wilder, I started practicing something that I had learned from wild animals; or so I believed at the time. But something which, as I realized much later, I had also inherited. I called this The Number Three Routine. Then used it, when necessary, in order to remove a threat without having to kill somebody.

People seldom, if ever, act in a logical manner; instead, their actions are almost always a result of their emotions, and their emotions are a result of instincts that they are not even aware of. The supposed ‘experts’ have been trying to convince us throughout most of my life that we are born with only two instincts, the fear of loud noises and the fear of falling.

Bullshit. While I probably do not even suspect many such inherited instincts, I clearly understand quite a long list of them, and used this knowledge when putting the Number Three Routine into practice. And so did Joyce. With only one difference: I used this knowledge in an attempt to avoid having to kill somebody, while Joyce used it to destroy people.

As John Peters told me a few years later . . . “I don’t mind killing people, it’s filling out all those damned forms afterwards that pisses me off.” John was the man who put Mobutu into power in the Congo, and later offered to take him out; and Mobutu believed him when that offer was made, because he had the barrel of John’s pistol in his mouth at the time. After so-called ‘Mad Mike’ Hoare got through fucking around in the Congo to no good purpose, spending

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most of his time posing for newspaper photographers or giving interviews, he was replaced as commanding officer of the Congo Mercenaries by John Peters, and it did not take John long to sort things out in the Congo.

John was, in some ways, the most widely known terrorist in recent history, but in other ways remains one of the least known members of that rather exclusive group of people. After everybody else, including the United Nations troops, had failed to accomplish anything in the Congo, John brought the situation under control very quickly. Then, later, he won the war for the Nigerian Government in the so-called Biafran War.

Later, when I told him that he had fought on the wrong side in that war, he said . . . “There wasn’t any wrong side, it was just niggers killing niggers.”

Later yet, after the television program Sixty Minutes ran a film about the then current situation in the Congo, and mentioned that Mobutu had stolen eighty percent of everything given to or produced in the Congo since he came to power, I asked John what he thought about the program, and he said . . . “It just goes to prove what I have always said, a nigger can’t do a damned thing right; if he had kept me, we would have got it all, and twenty percent of several billion is a lot of money.”

For a period of several years, up until he died, John worked for me; but I did not employ him for the purpose of killing people, although he would have been more than willing to do anything along those lines that I suggested.

One night in New York, in the Waldorf Astoria hotel, John and I were sitting together at a table in a conference room filled with about two thousand people, having been invited there as guests of the Bally Health Club organization during their annual bash. Seated nearby, at another table, was a man named Gideon Ariel, a man that had given me a lot of problems, and while John had never met Gideon, he was aware of the problems I had experienced as a result of Gideon’s efforts to steal credit for my scientific discoveries.

So I pointed Gideon out to John, and then asked him a purely hypothetical question . . . “Would you be willing to kill several hundred people that you did not even know if it appeared to be necessary to do so in order to kill a target that you were actually after; when killing only the actual target would make it obvious who had done it?”

John looked at me a moment, stood up, leaned over towards me and said . . . “Wait, I’ll be right back.” Turned and left the room.

Then, when he returned a few minutes later, he said . . . “How much longer is this affair going to last? He can be here in about half an hour.”

He was perfectly willing to blow up the Waldorf Astoria hotel in order to kill Gideon, and would have done so if I hadn’t stopped him.

But I have never been willing to be involved in such random killing; have, instead, gone to great lengths in my attempts to try to avoid having to kill people: thus the Number Three Routine.

Wild animals, when faced with a threat, will invariably go through a series of actions that make it appear that they are following a script, and in a sense they are; an instinctive script. First, they will remain motionless, relying upon their camouflage; and we will never know how well this works, after all, how do you count the animals that you did not see? Second, once they are aware that they have been noticed, they will run, attempt to escape. Third, but if running does not appear to be working, they will then stop and attempt to bluff you. Hoping that if they can frighten you, you will leave them alone.

A rattlesnake does this by coiling up, inflating his body with air in order to make himself appear as large as possible, shaking his rattle so rapidly that it becomes a blur and sometimes making phony strikes in your direction even though you are well out of his striking range. A cobra does it by elevating the first third of his body into a vertical position, spreading his hood and making phony strikes. An elephant does it by spreading his ears out to the side, waving his trunk around, dragging his feet in order to raise clouds of dust, screaming as loud as possible, and making ‘mock charges’ which will never be carried to the point of contact with you. He has no intention of hurting you, he just wants to scare you away.

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Very few people have ever seen a real elephant charge, and most that were ever exposed to one did not survive the experience. If his intentions are serious, an elephant acts in an entirely different manner: comes at you from behind in complete silence, no flapping ears, no screaming, no dragging of his feet, with his head down instead of up as it would have been during a mock charge, and with his trunk rolled up under his mouth rather than being waved around wildly.

Many people who sincerely believe that they have saved their life by shooting an elephant during a mock charge have in fact never seen an actual charge. They were exposed, instead, to the elephant's version of the Number Three Routine.

On numerous occasions I have had wild elephants approach me to within a distance of only three or four feet, close enough that they could have easily hit me with their trunk, and then stand there right in my face and demonstrate like a nightmare out of Hell, but they would not touch me. When I then stood there and laughed, did not even raise my gun, people who saw this believed that I was utterly crazy; but I knew what I was doing, clearly understood that the elephant was not an actual threat to me. In practice, the Number Three Routine, whether performed by an animal or a person, consists of creating a situation that plays upon basic instincts, and thus produces emotions that will then produce the desired result.

Does it always work? No, but it usually does. However, you have to use a bit of discretion when it comes to selecting an appropriate target: if you tried the Number Three Routine on a backwoods deputy sheriff from Mississippi, he would probably shoot you. But applied to most Federal agents it works like a charm, they don't like having to fill out all of those forms either.

Napoleon said . . . "There are only two ways to motivate men, fear and self interest." He was right about there being only two ways, but then he got it wrong: because he did not name two ways, since fear is a form of self interest. Secondly, since most people have no slightest idea in regard to their actual self interest, and the few people who do are usually ashamed to admit what they really want, trying to appeal to self interest is usually an exercise in futility. But there are two ways: terror and greed. And because of the so-called Stockholm Syndrome, most terrorized people end up admiring the terrorists; they must, because otherwise they cannot justify their failure to act in the face of terror.

When I first started using the Number Three Routine, I believed that I had learned to understand the possibilities because of my previous experience with animals, but I was wrong as usual, because Joyce used that routine as if she was following a script written by me, and she had no experience with animals. Much later, I learned that other people in my family tree, usually at least one such person in every generation going back for a couple of hundred years, had used this routine in an apparently identical fashion.

To me, malice has always been the most unforgivable of all crimes, I never used the Number Three Routine except in self defense; but Joyce is utterly malicious, used that routine because she enjoyed destroying people. Like her mother, she is also brilliant almost beyond belief, has an I. Q. well above 200, and given that level of intelligence and her malicious nature would be able to destroy the planet if she ever decided to do so. The only saving grace in her case being a characteristic that would be a fault in almost anybody else: she is a coward, would like to do all sorts of terrible things, but usually does not because she is afraid of the consequences. Less than a year after that African trip, she sent all three of my other children to bed, made sure that they were soundly asleep, and then set fire to the house in an attempt to kill them in a manner that would appear to be an accident. Later yet, she sent a man to Africa for the purpose of killing me; but, fortunately, because of his stupidity, I became aware of that plot and was able to nip it in the bud.

But none of these things were even suspected by me at the start of that African trip; I knew that Joyce was difficult, but did not yet realize just how difficult, or dangerous she really was,

Neither Bill Binnings nor Herbert were ever malicious, their intentions were apparently always good, but, as they say . . . "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." So both of them also created major problems during that trip. My experiences during the following four months were certainly exciting, to say the least.

Years later, an employee of mine said, when I complained to him about a then ongoing outrage . . . "Yes, but you really like all of the excitement, don't you?"

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To which I replied . . . “You have just proven, by that statement, that you do not understand me at all. Rather than liking it, such situations keep my guts tied in knots. Because I know what to do in such situations, and am willing to do whatever is required, does not mean that I like it.”

And I liked very little of what happened during the next few months.

Or, as the Marshall who killed Billy the Kid said . . . “Shoot first and ask questions later.”

Along those lines, John Peters said . . . ”I have seldom been convinced that I was really communicating with people; the only times that I was sure they understood what I meant, and this was always a very brief understanding, was the period between the time that I stuck my pistol barrel in their mouth and then pulled the trigger. They get a look on their face that makes it obvious that they know what you mean. But, unless you know what you are doing, this can be dangerous; so you must always cover your eyes with your other hand just as you pull the trigger. Because, if not, you may get bone chips into your eyes when his head explodes.” John had an enormous amount of experience along those lines, was in combat almost continuously for nearly forty years, fought all over the world, was a member of the British SAS, probably the best troops in the world, for many years and then fought as a mercenary in several different countries.

In the Congo, the largely black United Nations troops were looting and raping on a massive scale, but these actions were being blamed on the mercenaries by the media. Finally, John got tired of that, called his men together and told them . . . “Alright, we have the name, so we might as well have the game.

“There will be no raping, and I will kill anybody that I catch doing it; but you can loot to your heart’s desire, if we don’t steal it, the United Nations troops will, and then we will get blamed for it.”

Shortly afterwards, an hour or so after first securing a town, John heard the sound of rifle fire coming from a short distance away and drove his Landrover in that direction in order to determine what was happening.

He found some of his men inside a bank unsuccessfully trying to shoot the locking device off of the door of a large safe. So he read them the riot act. Told them that it was an exercise in futility and that it was dangerous because of bullets bouncing off of the safe door. Then told them to wait, and went outside to his vehicle. When he returned inside the bank he handed the men there several things, and said . . . “Look, this is plastic explosive, attach it to the door; this is a detonator, stick it into the explosive; this is a wire, attach it to the detonator and then run it out the door, around the corner of the building, and touch it to the battery of your Landrover.” then he left.

Then, a few minutes later, upon hearing a violent explosion from the direction of the bank, he returned to see what had happened. The bank was almost destroyed, the vault door was open, and the floor was covered with money; but he also saw bits and pieces of a man scattered around the room, a hand here and a foot there. So he asked his men to tell him what had happened, and one of them said . . . “Well, you gave us the explosive, and you told us to attach it to the vault door, but you did not give us any tape to attach it with; so we had a nigger stand there and hold it in his hand.” Like John said, he had difficulty communicating with people.

Later, while moving down the Congo river on a large boat, in an attempt to communicate the fact that his men were not even allowed to look at his then current wife, John put eighteen prisoners on the fantail of the boat and then had his wife shoot all of them through the head and then shove their bodies off into the water to feed the crocodiles. His men read that loud and clear.

Another later friend of mine, Jim Lassiter, a man who lived about a quarter of a mile away from my farm near Ocala, Florida, was in charge of the B 26, medium bomber, squadron that supported John’s troops on the ground. During one of their coordinated attacks in the Congo, an attack directed against a truck convoy carrying large numbers of rebel troops, Lassiter’s planes were supposed to strafe the truck convoy in order to kill as many of the troops as possible and were also supposed to destroy all but one of the trucks; were supposed to leave one truck undamaged, so that John could use that truck in order to return to their base, a distance of three-hundred miles away. John’s job was supposed to be a mopping up operation intended to kill any troops left alive after the attack by the planes.

John had contact with Lassiter by radio as the strafing attacks started.

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The planes that Lassiter and his other pilots were flying were simply terrible weapons, had been modified in order to provide eighteen forward firing .50 caliber machine guns, could have sunk a destroyer in one pass. Lassiter himself, using the cover of being a full colonel in the U. S. Airforce, was in fact an agent of the C. I. A.; John was not, instead was what they called a contract agent in those days, but John was in overall command, Lassiter was supposed to be working for him, not vice versa.

But both John and Lassiter were practical jokers, and some of their jokes were very crude; on this occasion, Lassiter decided that it would be a good joke on John if he destroyed all of the trucks, thereby forcing John to travel on foot a distance of about three-hundred miles in order to return to their camp. So he did, and when John and his men realized his intentions they started shooting at the planes.

Lassiter told me later that he knew that John would be terribly pissed off, but figured that he would cool off by the time he got back to their base, and apparently he was right since John did not kill Lassiter. Finally laughed about it himself.

Later, when he was working for me in Florida, John had a daughter living with him who was about to reach the age of thirteen, and having heard me quote C. C. McClung on the subject of an acceptable age for women, "anything from a well-developed thirteen to a well-preserved sixteen," he started to become concerned about my intentions as his daughter approached the age of thirteen. Was very serious about it. Marched up to me as I was sitting at a table in a restaurant, and asked me . . . "Listen, you wouldn't fuck your friend's daughter, would you?"

To which question I replied . . . "Think about what you just said, John; you have no choice in the matter, because your enemies won't let you fuck their daughters." After which I never saw her again when she was not being carefully watched by John.

John told a missionary in Africa that they were in the same business, although, he said, different ends of the business, but that he did not believe that the missionary was holding up his end of the deal. When the missionary asked him what he meant, John said . . . "Well, it's your business to get them into heaven, isn't it?" And then when the missionary agreed that it was, John asked him how many people he actually had gotten into heaven; and when the missionary said he did not know, John said . . . "That's what I mean: what's the point of me sending them up there by the thousands if you can't get them in?"

When my daughter Joyce first came to live with me in Slidell, I was living with a girl named Eliza Steffee, who had by then been working with me in the production of television films for more than a year; but with two young women in the house at the same time, things immediately went to Hell. So Eliza did not travel with us in the plane from Geneva to Durban, instead went to Europe by commercial airline and stayed with her aunt in Germany awaiting word from me regarding where and when she should meet us in Africa. Word that was never sent, because by the time I needed Eliza I already had my hands more than full with Joyce and the others, and did not dare add Eliza to that mixture.

A day or so after we arrived in Durban, I learned from the manager of the hotel where we were staying that a man named John Geddes Page was staying in the hotel at the same time, and that he was the Director of the Natal Parks Board, and might be able to help me locate places to film wild animals. So a meeting with Page then produced a later meeting with Ian Player, the older brother of the famous golfer Gary Player, a man who was the Chief Conservator of the Zululand Section of the Natal Parks Board, in charge of several large game reserves.

Ivan Tors (the Hollywood producer mentioned earlier) had produced a feature film called Rhino in one of the Natal game reserves about a year earlier, and was then planning to return in order to film several television shows in the same location. Player told us that there were a lot filming opportunities in the Natal Parks under his control, and invited us to fly up in order to visit him in his headquarters in a game reserve called Hluhluwe Game Park. The closest landing strip to his headquarters was located near the village of Hluhluwe, which word is from the Zulu language and means the sound of the wind moving through trees, it is pronounced schlew-schlew-e; Player also agreed to have a Landrover waiting for us when we arrived at the landing strip in order to take us to his office. He initially seemed very friendly and utterly cooperative; an impression that did not last long.

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When we arrived at his office, we were kept waiting outside for about forty-five minutes, a wait carefully timed to make us clearly aware of just how unimportant we were, but not long enough to irritate us to the point that we would immediately leave; later, when I got to know Player much better, and asked him about that forced waiting period, he admitted that I had understood his intentions perfectly.

When we were finally admitted to Player's office, he was sitting in a high chair situated behind a huge desk, a set carefully designed to force his visitors to look up at him from a lower position; he had a very stern look on his face and looked a lot like a statue of the seated Buddha. One of his rangers, Jan Oelofse, was standing at rigid attention in front of Player. After staring at us for several minutes without saying anything, he finally looked at me with a very accusing gaze and said . . . "Jim Feeley is here." Whereupon, obviously, I was supposed to react by jumping out the window and running off across the Game Park

So I said . . . "And just who in the Hell is Jim Feeley? I never knew anybody by that name."

And Player said . . . "He was in the Luangwa valley at the same time you were there." A location in a country previously called Northern Rhodesia where I had produced a feature film and twelve television shows about four years earlier. Player's statement was intended to cause me to panic, but instead just pissed me off. So I said . . . "Well, if he was there at the time, I certainly did not meet him. But since you are obviously accusing me of some sort of misconduct based upon this man's statements about me, why don't you bring him around and let him repeat his accusations to my face; and if he has anything negative to say about me, I'll kick his ass all over this Game Park. And as far as I am concerned, Mr. Player, given your attitude, you can go fuck yourself for all I care."

Whereupon, Player's attitude switched instantly from black to white, he ordered chairs brought in so we could sit down, ordered tea and cookies, what they call 'biscuits' in British Africa, and told us that he would cooperate with us in any way possible. Then started to tell us in great detail about some of their ongoing operations that would provide almost infinite filming opportunities, a situation that appeared to be almost too good to be true for my purposes; and, of course, was too good to be true.

Jan Oelofse, the man who was standing in front of Player when we were finally admitted to his office, was the Chief Capture Officer for the Natal Parks and was then in the midst of finalizing preparations for the capture and relocation of thousands of wild animals of a great variety, an operation that would provide me with almost unlimited opportunities. They intended to capture and move several hundred rhinos, as well as several thousand other animals and had already started capturing rhinos. They had built a holding compound large enough to hold more than a thousand large wild animals at a time. Had also purchased several miles of huge nets to be used for capturing animals, had built several special 'capture vehicles,' and were in the process of training several hundred natives that would be required to help carry out these capture operations. It appeared that I had found the key to Fort Knox.

After talking to us for about two hours, Player sent me off with Jan so that he could show me around the place, and as soon as we were outside the building, Jan turned to me and said . . . "Damned, I almost shit my pants; you hit it right on the head; never before have I ever seen anybody put Player in his place like that. I thought he was going to kiss your ass; and I think he would have if you asked him to."

Two days later, we were filming in the Natal Parks, filming the capture of enormous White Rhinos, animals standing more than six feet at the shoulder and weighing more than ten thousand pounds. These animals look very dangerous but in fact are actually about as dangerous as a milk cow, you could probably run up to one of them and kick him in the ass in perfect safety; Black Rhinos, in contrast, are very dangerous, will attack without provocation. In fact, as we learned later, one of the rangers, a man named John Clark, was actually caught in the act of fucking a female White Rhino; and when Player told me about that, later, he said . . . "And that is pretty extreme conduct even in the Natal Parks; if the newspapers ever got hold of that story, they would laugh us out of Africa."

In an attempt to control that man, Player got him married off to a woman who appeared to be nearly as large as a rhino, and was far uglier than a rhino; within a few weeks, Clark had her knocked up, and then went back to fucking rhinos. Having seen both her and the rhinos, I don't blame him; I would have rather fucked a rhino than her.

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Putting it very mildly indeed, there were some very strange people working in the Natal Parks at that time. A few months before we arrived, Clark was driving a Landrover carrying Player and a visiting VIP, while they showed the important visitor around the parks; then, in pursuit of a herd of Buffalo, Clark drive the Landrover over a cliff and smashed into a big boulder at the bottom of the cliff. The Landrover was destroyed, Clark was rather badly injured and was knocked out, the visitor was hurled through the windshield and then hit his head against a big rock, Player was badly injured and thought for a while that he had broken his back. When Player crawled up to the injured visitor, he said . . . “Sir, you seem to have lost your false teeth.” Whereupon the visitor said . . . “But I don’t have false teeth.” But he did shortly afterwards.

Another ranger, who was following them on a horse, rode up, dismounted, tied his horse to a bush, walked over and started looking at the Landrover, then said . . . “Damned, the radiator is ruined, the front end is fucked up, the whole thing is gone for shit.” Then without a glance towards the injured men, he got back on his horse and rode off. Landrovers were in short supply, but they had lots of men.

The man directly beneath Player in the chain of command was a near midget named Nick Steel, who hated vehicles, rode a horse everywhere he went, did not like people, hated visitors to the park, and was married to a girl who was one of a pair of identical twins; his wife’s sister was married to a ranger who was an outright giant, nearly seven feet tall and heavily built. Given the contrast between the sizes of these two men, there was a lot of speculation about whether these girls ever made comparisons between their husbands.

The Director of the Natal Parks, John Geddes Page, later told me about an incident that occurred when he, Player and the giant were out in the bush looking at the animals. It was hot and they were very dirty, so when they came to a small stream they decided to go swimming; so all three men started removing their clothes, but the giant was stripped first, and when Page and Player saw what the giant looked like naked, they immediately put their clothes back on.

Later, out in the bush with the giant, and remembering Page’s story, I asked the giant to try to help me with something, and he agreed to try. So then I said . . . “I want you to answer a question for me, if you can; it’s something that I have been wondering about for years, something that I noticed a long time ago, something that surprised me when I first noticed it; but then I checked with several doctors, medical experts, and they told me that my observation was correct, but they could not explain it, did not know why it always occurred.” All of which was delivered with a perfectly straight face, and all of which the giant took very seriously although he did not yet know what I was talking about.

“What I want to know is this, and given your size I thought you might know, why is it that men of your size always have such small pricks?”

At first I thought he might start crying, he was shocked; then he looked at me like a little kid who was ashamed of himself, and said . . . “I can’t answer that, I didn’t even realize it before, my prick is nine and a half inches long and I did not know that was so small; my wife has never complained, but maybe I should get her to ask her sister.”

When we first started filming in the Natal Parks, it was early winter, the winter of 1965/66; and being south of the Equator, the seasons are reversed, so it was very hot. That is also the dry season in that part of Africa, so we were not bothered by rain; the skies were clear, the sun was bright, there was no smog, so conditions appeared to be ideal. Several months later, near the end of that winter, after the annual rains started, we did have some problems from both heavy rain and fog, and the temperature dropped below freezing some nights.

A century or so earlier there were probably hundreds of thousands of White Rhinos in that part of Africa, but they were usually harmless and very easy to kill so were almost wiped out early in this century; the Natal parks were established primarily in an attempt to save the White Rhinos, and by the time we got there Player was convinced that this had been accomplished to such a degree that they then had a surplus of rhinos, had more rhinos than the parks could support. He was also convinced that there were far too many other animals in the parks, that if the numbers were not greatly reduced the parks would be destroyed by overgrazing; when there are too many animals confined within a given area of land, all of the vegetation will eventually be eaten, and when that happens the land quickly becomes a desert that cannot support any animals.

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While preparations for the upcoming, large scale capture operation were still ongoing, Player believed that the surplus animals had already created a situation that had to be corrected immediately; so they were then killing 1,500 Impalas a month and were killing as many Wildebeests as they could find, shooting these animals at night so that visiting tourists would not be aware of this slaughter program. They had also been capturing rhinos and selling them to zoos all over the world, but had just about saturated that market and were finding it difficult to locate any more customers.

Player, together with his wife and children, lived in a large, very nice house near his headquarters, and after the first few days he started inviting me and my daughter to eat with his family almost every evening, and sometimes we stayed overnight; the result being many long conversations: Player was pumping me and I was pumping him, he was beginning to see me as some sort of a golden opportunity and I was certainly aware of the filming opportunities that appeared to exist in the Natal parks.

Like all government employees, Player believed that he was underpaid and that he was being forced to operate the parks on what he considered to be a 'shoestring' budget, never had enough money to carry out all of his plans, and he had very big plans indeed; so, a few months before our arrival, he almost literally extorted a relatively large sum of money from the government, and made no bones about it, told me in great detail exactly what he had done. Player knew that if the public became aware of the animal slaughter program that he was already conducting that there would be screams of outrage on a massive scale from people all over the country. So he used that knowledge to manipulate the government.

He went to the people at the top, told them about the surplus animal problem, and then told them that if they did not give him all of the money that he wanted to carry out the animal capture program, on a massive scale, he would be forced to take the story to the newspapers, and they knew what the results of that would be; so while they did not like it they also believed that they had no choice, so they gave him the money. He intended to capture and relocate a total of nearly a hundred thousand large animals, and told the government leaders that if he was denied the funds required for that operation he would have no alternative apart from killing all of those animals.

When he first told me about this situation I had no reason to doubt him; thus saw the situation as a golden opportunity for me, because if that planned operation was actually carried out I would be able to produce literally hundreds of films at very little expense. Normally, the highest cost in film production is a result of the fact that you have to create a situation to film, but in the Natal parks we would have no such expenses; the government would be funding the entire operation, thus creating hundreds of filming situations at no cost to me. All I would have to do is follow the rangers while the capture operations were being conducted and film what happened. Animal captures seldom go smoothly even under apparently ideal conditions, some people get hurt and a few people get killed and there is never a shortage of exciting things to film.

Player readily agreed that my people could take direct part in these operations and that Bill Binnings could be presented in the films as if he was directing the operations; I told Player about my problems with Bill and he seemed to understand the situation and was willing to help me solve those problems.

Player was obviously very jealous of his younger brother, Gary, and claimed that he had taught Gary to play golf; by that time in his golf career, Gary was both rich and famous, and Player felt that was unfair; after all, in his own mind, he believed that he was saving the country while being forced to exist on a low salary, while his brother was getting rich by playing a game that helped nobody. Player had also written and published a book about his exploits that led to the salvation of the White Rhinos; but the book, which he had believed would make him rich, did not produce much in the way of income.

According to Player, life was not fair, and he was feeling very sorry for himself.

But I quickly learned that the Chief Capture officer, Jan Oelofse, and most of the rangers in the park hated Player; he tried to run the parks as if they were part of a military operation and the rules of conduct were very strict and frequently were not fair. The rangers were never off duty, were expected to work at least sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, under rough living conditions and at a very low salary. I had always worked like that, but most people are neither willing nor able to continue long under such circumstances.

"...And God Laughs"

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But, in spite of the conditions, there were some very good men working in the parks; men who were willing to put up with almost anything because they loved their work so much. These were usually men who loved the bush and could not stand living in a town; men who clearly understood that what they were doing was dangerous as Hell, knew they would never get rich, and also knew that their chances of surviving such a life for much more than a few years were very slim. Some of the rangers were married and lived in small houses scattered all over the park, but most of the rangers were single. All of the rangers were white, but there were several hundred native blacks working in the parks as well, and their living conditions and salaries were much worse. Very few of the blacks spoke English, but all of the rangers were fluent in several native languages. Within a matter of a few weeks I was able to speak the most common of these native languages well enough to make myself understood by the natives. Somewhat later, after I moved to Africa, three of my children became rather fluent in the Zulu language. All of these children already spoke both English and Spanish and could get by rather well in both Portuguese and Italian, so they mastered the native languages rather quickly.

In South Africa, at the time, the native blacks were not encouraged to learn English, the British who were in control of South Africa for a long time believed that teaching the natives to speak English was a mistake; in contrast, in French Africa all of the natives were required to speak French, and all natives in German parts of Africa were forced to learn German. In fact, most black Africans are very good linguists, usually speak several languages fluently. And some of the native languages are very complex; in Zulu, for example, they have more than eleven thousand distinct terms to describe a cow, and the native children understand all of these terms by about the age of ten. Thus a young herd boy can be sent into a herd of more than eleven thousand cows and can then locate a particular cow, having been given only a one word description of that cow.

When the natives first meet a white man they study him very carefully, looking for distinguishing characteristics, and within a few days will come up with a native name for that man, a name that describes him so well that other natives who have heard of him, but have not met him before, will recognize him the first time they see him. Many of these native names are rather insulting, so it is not easy to find out just what your native name actually means.

Many of the sounds used in native languages are very difficult for an adult to learn, although most young children pick them up very quickly; some of these sounds are a series of clicks and whistles that are very difficult to pronounce properly. My age being what it was at the time, and in spite of the fact that I was fairly fluent in several European languages, I never did become truly fluent in the native languages.

The result being that most of the conversations that were conducted in the Natal parks consisted of a mixture of several languages, and even a trained linguist might find himself wondering just what language was being spoken.

There were, in some of the native languages, some words that were taboo, so you had to quickly learn just which words were forbidden; if not, it was easily possible to insult a native. The word muntu, which means people, was perfectly acceptable; but the singular form of that word, munt, which means person, was considered to be an insult, it was the native form of the word nigger.

The words used to describe distances and sizes were all based upon only one word, but differences in pronunciation of that word were used to express differences in distance or size. Difficulties in communicating with the natives were also a result of the fact that a native would seldom tell you the truth about anything; but this was not looked upon by the natives as a form of telling lies. So they would listen to your question, study you carefully in an attempt to try to figure out just what you wanted to hear, and then give you a reply that they believed would be pleasing to you. The facts be damned.

If you asked a native, for example, if there were any crocodiles in a particular lake, and if they believed that they detected a fear of crocodiles in your question, tone of voice or facial expression, then they would tell you, with a perfectly straight face, that the lake in question was famous all over Africa for the fact that there had never been any crocodiles there; and they would tell you this when there were dozens of crocodiles in plain sight on the banks of the lake.

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In line with John Peter's expressed opinion on the subject, I have also found that it is very difficult to communicate clearly with people under any circumstances; even when both parties are fluent in the same language most people hear and appear to understand what you are saying but do not in fact know what you mean; the impression you leave is usually not the impression that you intended to leave.

And communicating with people from a different culture is even more difficult, is frequently impossible. Many current world problems are direct results of such a failure to communicate; and, in spite of initial impressions to the contrary, I was not communicating with Player. In the end, far too late to even attempt to correct enormous problems, I eventually did understand Player very well; but he certainly never understood me.

Early in the morning of the first day of our filming in the parks I was introduced to a young American veterinarian named Joel Wallach who had been working there for more than a year as a scientific officer, his credentials being required because they were using one of the most dangerous drugs in the world, M 99, a drug that was produced by molecular manipulation of morphine but was 80,000 times as powerful as morphine. If the formula used for producing that drug ever leaked out to drug pushers, they could have produced literally millions of doses of the drug from only a few ounces of morphine, and then could have flooded the market with such drugs. Tiny doses of this drug were used to capture rhinos, a dose so small that it was almost invisible would knock a 10,000 pound rhino down within a matter of a few minutes. In addition to being very powerful, the drug was also very expensive, a kilo of that drug cost \$180,000.00. So the restrictions applied to the use of that drug were strictly enforced, it could be used only under the direct supervision of the American veterinarian; which, of course, also produced problems, because Player and his next in command, Nick Steel, believed that they should be in charge of the drug.

When I was introduced to the veterinarian by Steel, I asked him how he liked working in the Natal parks; and he then went to great lengths in an attempt to assure me that everything was perfect, that he had found a home. But he overdid it; it was obvious to me that he was talking for the benefit of Steel.

So, a few minutes later, as we drove away from Steel's office in the veterinarian's Landrover, I asked him . . . "Now that you don't have Steel for an audience, tell me what you really think of the place."

And again he overdid it; rather than liking the place, or the people, he told me that he was utterly terrorized; then went on to give me the details of just how the people in the parks had been persecuting both him and his family. All he wanted, he said, was a chance to get away from the Natal parks, but added that he did not have enough money to move his family back to this country; told me that he had even applied for a job as a mercenary in an attempt to get his hands on enough money to enable him to move his family back to America. Told me that taking the job in the Natal parks was by far the biggest mistake in his life.

Everything that he told me along those lines was perfectly true, but I did not believe him; his stories about life in the Natal parks were so extreme that I assumed it was a trap, initially believed that Player had put him up to it in an attempt to determine my true impressions of the place. I would have helped him if I had believed him, would have given him the money that he needed; but by the time that I did learn that all of his stories were true, it was too late for me to help him. Years later, back in this country, I learned that he was then the Director of the Jacksonville, Florida, Zoo; so I immediately contacted him by phone, went there to visit him, and the first thing I did was to give him a very sincere apology for my failure to help him in Africa. We have been friends ever since. He even went to New York for the purpose of confirming some of my stories that were being used in an upcoming article in Sports Illustrated magazine, an article that was published in the spring of 1975. Many of the things mentioned in that article were not true, but some of them were; the lies that were published in that article did not come from me, were based upon speculation on the part of the author of the article, Barry McDermott.

I had permitted McDermott to read a large part of an autobiography that I had written in Africa in 1968, but never published; the clear understanding being that nothing from that autobiography would be published without my knowledge and permission, and then only if it was quoted word for word.

"...And God Laughs"

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That article was published while I was conducting research at the United States Military Academy, West Point, using military cadets as the subjects of the research, and when I read the article I assumed that the shit would really hit the fan, that I might get thrown out of West Point on my ass. But as I have said several times before, things seldom turn out in the way that you expect: so, in fact, the publication of that article actually helped me in my work; all of the officers and most of the cadets read the article, but since both groups were largely made up of men who were 'hard cases,' they admired me as a result of the article rather than hating me.

I invited McDermott to come up to West Point to visit me after the article was published, and he came together with his girlfriend; then, about halfway into my long version of the riot act, his girlfriend said . . . "I'm leaving, I refuse to sit here and listen to him talk to you like that; and you will never see me again either, if you were a man you would get up and knock him on his ass." Both McDermott and his girlfriend were driven up to West Point by an associate of mine, Nick Orlando, and Nick later told me that not a word was spoken during the return trip to New York City.

Bea Prechtel, Herbert's wife, having heard me read the riot act to another man that I caught red handed in the act of trying to steal from me, later asked Herbert . . . "Why would a man just stand there and permit Arthur to talk to him like that?"

And Herbert said . . . "You would stand there and listen too, Bea, if you had the barrel of Arthur's pistol in your mouth." And while I did not offer to shoot McDermott, I certainly did try to push him to the point where he would attack me; thereby giving me the justification for beating the shit out of him. I do not care what is published about me, so long as it is true; but I strongly object to a long list of lies that have been published about me. I am not ashamed of a damned thing that I ever did, was frequently sorry that some things were necessary; would have been much more pleased if things had happened differently, but was never ashamed of what I did. But even many true stories, presented out of context, leave an impression that is utterly false; this book is an attempt on my part to put my life into context. Which is probably an impossible undertaking since many people who have not lived through experiences like those that I have been faced with will never be able to justify many of my actions in their own mind.

But, then, most people have never come into contact with people like my daughter Joyce, Bill Binnings, Herbert, Player or a long list of others. To say that such people are lunatics is a gross understatement, and trying to explain the actions of lunatics is impossible; it is frequently difficult to even believe what is happening when you see it happen, your mind tends to look for some sort of rational explanation which does not exist.