

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“No, I cannot tell you what to do. No matter how hard I tried, I was never able to figure out just what the right thing to do was. But I can sure as Hell give you a long list of things not to do.”

Bo Miller

Over a period of twenty-eight years, from 1956 until 1984, I made a total of ten hunting and filming trips to Africa, which required about thirty trips back and forth between this country and different parts of Africa. My second trip to Africa started in the late summer of 1957, only a few month after the end of the trip to the Caprive strip. Three of us made that trip, a young man from New Orleans named Pete Casano went with me and we met Ken Momson in Africa for a planned trip up the Congo river in a boat constructed by us from two native dugout canoes of huge size; these canoes were more than forty feet long and about five feet wide.

We cut notches in the sides of both canoes and then bolted heavy boards into these notches in order to construct a sort of catamaran, with a clear space between the two canoes; then built a heavy platform on top of the boards that held the canoes together; the result being a very large but also a very clumsy boat that was capable of carrying several tons of equipment. The biggest mistake that we made was attaching an outboard motor between the two canoes; the river was full of clumps of water hyacinths that were floating downstream in the current, and the design of our boat caused these floating plants to become caught in the propeller of our motor, so we had to spend a lot of time lifting the motor in order to clear the prop.

Later we finally had sense enough to move the motor to the outside of one canoe and that solved most of the problem; but the boat still moved upriver against the current very slowly. Which became obvious when a native canoe using a small sail passed us; so we then added a sail that we made from a blanket and that increased our speed considerably.

The river was the border between the Belgium Congo and the country of French Equatorial Africa, and we could not legally work in the Congo so had to restrict our activities to one side of the river. We intended to kill crocodiles for their hides and elephants for their ivory and also planned to capture both gorillas and chimpanzees as well as a few other types of animals. But it turned out that most of the crocodiles in the river had already been killed for their hides by hunters who got there earlier, so we ended the trip with only one crocodile skin; a crocodile that Ken Momson shot through the head with a rifle at a very long range and while it was running down a sand bank at great speed; it was a very impressive shot. I would not have even attempted such a difficult shot, but he was probably a much better shot with a rifle than I ever was.

Later, in an unsuccessful attempt to capture a crocodile of a different type, I accidentally killed a world record sized animal; I shot next to its head with a powerful pistol, believing that the impact of the heavy bullet next to its head would knock it out and make it possible for us to catch it, but instead the impact of the bullet hitting the water so close to its head killed the croc. Which made me feel sick after we measured the animal and realized just how big it actually was; unfortunately, the skins of this type of crocodile were worthless because of so-called ‘buttons’ that they have. But, alive, it would have been worth several thousand dollars. This croc was more than a foot and a half longer than the then existing world record for such crocs.

The maps that we had of the river were something worse than utterly worthless so we had a difficult time trying to figure out just where we actually were at any given moment, and thus could not meaningfully determine our actual speed upriver against the strong current; the Congo river is huge, drains most of central Africa, and was more than a mile wide in most places, with a very strong current. The plants floating in the river that gave us so much trouble were introduced into African rivers by a Catholic priest who brought them there from China, and they have created a real disaster; many of the smaller rivers feeding into the Congo were totally blocked by these plants and could not be used by anybody, and since the rivers of the Congo region were the only paths leading into the interior this created enormous problems. The introduction of other plants and animals into places where they were not previously found has resulted

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in great damage in many countries; rabbits introduced into Australia bred so rapidly that they became a major pest and have cost the government there an enormous amount of money. Rabbits had no natural enemies in Australia so increased their numbers like wild fire. Such fucking with nature has created a number of similar problems around the world. Not the least of which has been the introduction of races of people into places where they simply do not fit, places where they cannot properly deal with the changed environment. Thus the current worldwide racial problems which will probably never be solved.

Trying to civilize the indigenous Australian people, the so-called Aborigines, has resulted in utterly destroying them; rather than helping them the huge sum of money that has been given to them by the government has simply ruined them. Like almost all other animals, people evolved in a manner that was required for their survival in a particular environment; and when placed in a different environment simply do not have the ability required to survive there as a result of their own efforts. Believe differently if you are dumb enough to do so, but that will never solve the problems. Different races of people are just that, different; have different requirements, different abilities, think differently, and will never change meaningfully; literally cannot change.

As Kipling said . . . “East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.” So stop trying to figure out the Japanese or the Chinese, because you will never be able to do so. You can never change them and they can never change you, so no real understanding is even possible. Trying to deny that simple fact is what has been responsible for many of our current problems. But not to worry, the problem will be solved eventually; because the Chinese are very pragmatic people, and eventually they will solve the problems in the only way possible, by killing all other races of people then existing on this planet, not even keeping one specimen alive in a zoo.

Sooner or later the Chinese will kill every black person then living on the African continent, if AIDS does not beat them to it.

I won't be here to see it, but maybe you will be; just don't be surprised when it happens. Not if, but when. And don't be surprised when we have a terrible race war in this country, because that is coming also. And the government of this country will not be able to prevent it, will in fact be responsible for causing it. One Federal judge in Florida recently forced the U. S. military to release about 180 black Haitians with AIDS, brought them to this country and turned them loose. Just what we needed, more people running around spreading AIDS, while being supported at public expense. But Carter permitted Castro to clean out his prisons and insane asylums and send all of those people here, so I will not be surprised by anything the government does in the direction of destroying this country.

I do not 'hate' other races of people, but I do believe that I understand them a lot better than anybody in the government appears to, or anybody in the media or academia either. Without exception, every attempt on the part of the government to help such people has hurt them much more than it has helped them. But, then, it appears to be impossible for either politicians or bureaucrats to ever learn from their mistakes.

That trip to the Congo river in 1957 was conducted as a preparation for a later trip to a part of Africa that had then never been explored, up one branch of the Nile river into the unexplored interior of Ethiopia; where we believed that there were millions of crocodiles that we could kill for their hides. And we were correct in that belief, but never made that later trip; but eventually somebody else did, and came out with hides worth millions of dollars.

We ran into so many problems on the Congo river trip that eventually Ken Momson quit and went back to Northern Rhodesia, and Pete Casano and I returned to this country. The trip was not a total failure, we did get a few live crocodiles, several chimpanzees and two gorillas, but did not get the hides that we intended to sell in order to finance the later trip to Ethiopia, or enough ivory for that trip either.

At one point we were trying to reach a place called Mokotimpoko, but could not find it; finally turned up into a smaller river in the middle of a terrible storm looking for a place to camp for the night. But the banks of the smaller river were high and very steep, and the ground above the river was thickly overgrown with very high reeds; so it was damned near impossible to get up onto the ground above the river, and we ended up spending one of the worst nights of my life, being eaten alive by millions of mosquitoes that we tried to avoid without much success by rolling up inside a heavy piece of canvas, which did more in the way of smothering us than it did in the way of keeping the mosquitoes away.

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Then, early the next morning, we went around a curve in the big river only to discover that we had spent that miserable night less than half a mile short of the village we had been looking for. A place where we could have spent a relatively comfortable and safe night, totally protected from the mosquitoes.

The only white person there was a crazy French woman who could not speak or understand a word of English, and none of us could speak French; she had been living there alone except for a few natives for more than ten years, and was still expecting her husband to return at any moment. The two of them operated a fuel station there in order to provide wood for the steamboats that went up and down the river; but after the war the boats quit using wood for fuel, switched to diesel powered engines, and had no use for wood. So when that happened, her husband went into the city in an attempt to get the government to switch back to the use of wood for fuel; when he failed in that attempt he never returned for his wife, probably just packed up and went home to France. In any case, she never saw or heard from him again, but was still waiting, and was still piling up huge stacks of wood that nobody would buy.

There were about thirty huge piles of wood along the bank of the river; one pile that was still being added to, another next to it that had obviously been there much longer, and then more piles leading to a last one that had been utterly destroyed by insects, had obviously been stacked up there many years earlier. But she was still having the natives bring in more wood. She had a rather nice home and we stayed there for a few days in an attempt to recover from a very hard trip required to reach that spot; we killed a hippo in a huge swamp a few miles back away from the river and that provided some of the best meat that I ever ate in my life, on the first day, when it was fresh, but when we tried to eat cold meat that had been cooked a day earlier it was terrible, tasted utterly different.

She had a native houseboy who did all of the cooking, washed our clothes, made up our beds and served our meals; and the French woman insisted upon telling us something about him that we could not at first understand; but, eventually, by using a combination of Spanish and German I was able to communicate with her to some extent, and finally learned what she had been trying to tell us. She claimed that she had discovered a cure for leprosy, and eventually had the houseboy pull up his pants leg so that we could see the proof of her cure. And, of course, he had not been cured, had by far the worst case of leprosy that I have ever seen. So we immediately got to Hell away from there, hoping that he had not infected any of us, which apparently he did not.

A few days later we spent the night in the home of an American missionary and his wife, and she fed us a lavish meal; her home baked bread was so good that each of us ate a whole loaf, and when we left the next morning she gave us several fresh loaves; but then we discovered that the black spots that we believed to be raisins were actually small beetles cooked into the bread. Previously we had been eating parrots and cormorants, or diving ducks, and both of these were terrible, tasted like stale shit.

We had a double-barreled, 12-gauge shotgun and had shells for it in a small metal box intended to protect the shells from the rain; and one day Ken asked me to hand him the gun, had to shout this request because our motor was so loud. So I picked up the gun, opened its breech far enough to make sure that it was loaded, which it was, and then handed it to him. Then shouted at him to inform him that I did not know where the box of shells were. Which gave him the impression that the gun was not loaded.

So, as an intended joke, he raised the gun up and pointed it directly towards a fat and stark naked woman who was washing clothes on the bank of the river with several chickens pecking around on the ground in front of her. He pulled both triggers and shot one of the chickens to pieces, the air was filled with feathers, and the native woman screamed, raised her arms over her head, turned and raced off up the bank into the jungle. I don't know if he hit her or not, since she did not stay around long enough for us to find out. Nor did I know just who was surprised the most, Ken, the woman, the chicken, Pete or me. About a year earlier Ken shot another native woman in the foot with a rifle, accidentally; he shot a goose on a sand bank and the bullet then bounced upwards from the sand and ended up going through the door of a native hut and hitting a woman in the foot. Ken was a sort of unofficial policeman in that area and was given the job of investigating that shooting, immediately realized that he was the guilty party so never did manage to solve that case.

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Several of us were playing poker one night on the porch of Ken's house when I noticed that a native man had walked up close to the porch and then squatted down on the ground; but when I mentioned him to Ken he said to just ignore him, that he would speak to us when he was ready to, and not before, and that if we spoke to him first he would run away.

And eventually he did speak to us, after waiting nearly an hour; then spent another hour talking about everything except his real reason for being there; talked about the weather, his crops, his children and anything else he could think of. Finally got around to his real reason: his wife had been badly mauled by a lion several days earlier and he wanted somebody to go to his village in order to help her. Then when I asked him why he did not go for help sooner, he said he had been too busy, had to work on his crops and do several other things before he could waste any time seeking help for his injured wife. But, what the Hell, he probably had several other wives and figured one more or less would not really matter.

Shortly before I went to the Caprivi they made a practice of sending a condemned native on foot to South Africa so he could be executed by hanging; sent him by himself, and he would go knowing full well what was waiting for him when he arrived. Went because he had no place else to go, could not stay in his own village and would not be permitted by other natives to stay in any of their villages.

The attitudes of the natives towards life and death were quite different from ours, to say the least. While I was in the Caprivi strip a white policeman in a nearby country killed himself over money; when he was being replaced by another policeman, and when they examined his safe they found that the amount of money in it was wrong. Not too little money, too much money; he had been poaching elephants and selling their ivory, and then put his own money in the safe with the government funds assigned to his care. Then could not, or would not, explain the source of the extra money so killed himself.

Another local white policeman got caught fucking a native woman, which was strictly forbidden; so he quit and left the country.

But, overall, there was very little in the way of law enforcement in the area, and absolutely none in the Caprivi strip; nor was there any along the Congo river on the later trip; so you could do anything you were big enough to do, knowing damned well that nobody would ever hear about it, or care if they did hear about it. Three years later, in the same area, some witch doctor convinced many of the natives that they were bullet proof if given his blessing, so a group calling themselves the Simbas, or lions, was formed and they started killing people by the thousands, both whites and blacks, and were brought under control only after the Congo mercenaries were placed under the command of John Peters.

A similar situation arose in Northern Rhodesia, in the Luangwa valley, a few weeks after we finished filming there; this also being trouble stirred up by a witch doctor, a woman in that case. And this was brought under control only after thousands of people were killed; was eventually stamped out by government troops, most of whom were blacks of another tribe. They solved the problem in the only way possible, by wiping out an entire race of people.

Today, in black Africa, it is possible to survive in power in only two ways: by killing tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of people with no publicity, or by killing fewer people but with as much publicity as possible. Nothing else works.

Most people assumed that Idi Amin was insane, but in fact he knew exactly what he was doing; he chose the second alternative, killed fewer people but did so in a very flamboyant manner in order to get as much publicity as possible. Having eventually been forced to leave Uganda he is now living in Saudi Arabia as an honored guest of the king, with several of his wives and with literally anything he wants. And you are going to change such people by educating them, right? Sure.

We eventually reached a point about two thousand miles up the Congo river, having seen very little in the way of wildlife along the way; did get a few snakes, two young gorillas, several young chimpanzees and some crocs, but not enough of anything to make the trip a real success. The area had largely been shot out before we got there. So we ended

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up more or less where we started; neither made nor lost much money, simply wasted our time apart from some film that I was later able to sell for national television. We should have gone to Ethiopia first, but did not know that until it was much too late to do so; somebody later beat us to that location also and made millions from crocodile hides.

Having gone upriver as far as we wanted to, spending several weeks enroute, moving slowly against the current, we discarded one big canoe, modified the remaining canoe to make it much faster, then went back down the river with the current then helping us rather than hindering us; a current that almost got us killed by wedging the canoe so solidly on a sunken sandbank in the middle of the river that it was all but impossible to get the canoe back off of the hidden sandbank.

On the way back down the river I noticed a large white spot on the bottom of one of my feet, cut it open with a razor blade and squeezed out a large handful of eggs; some sort of insect had planted her eggs under the skin of my foot and they were growing there. But I had no more trouble with them after I cleaned out the large hole left in my foot.

We arrived back in the City of Brazzaville on a Sunday afternoon, pulled our canoe up onto a beach occupied by very proper looking men and women dressed in their best clothes, stepped out of the canoe looking like three desperate pirates, with matted hair, long beards, filthy clothes and with ammunition belts crossing our chests. None of which aroused any comment from the people on the beach; instead, they greeted us politely and offered us something to eat or drink. I guess they were accustomed to pirates.

We were forced to do without pussy on that trip up and back down the river, so I was horny as Hell when we finally got back to town; but, fortunately, I had been fucking the young and very attractive female assistant to the Director of the Game Department while we built the catamaran, a man who knew what I was doing since he was fucking her also, but did not care since I had smuggled a powerful pistol into the country and given it to him as a bribe. So she was waiting for me when I got back and we immediately got together again.

We cleaned up, got something decent to eat for a change, tried to get some real rest for the first time in months, and started packing up all of our animals for shipment to this country. I was forced to pay the government \$2,000.00 for a permit to export each of our two gorillas and \$100.00 for each of our chimpanzees, and this later almost caused an international scandal.

We did not get anywhere near as much film as I had planned to as a result of a fuck up on Pete Casano's part; he failed to follow clear instructions sent to him by me in a cable, thought he had a better idea and tried to do me a favor which cost me a lot of money. I went to Africa a few days earlier than Pete did, and during a stop in Ireland learned that I could buy film in a duty free shop there much cheaper than it could be purchased in this country; could buy 100-foot rolls of film there for \$7.00, which cost included later processing of the film. In the States, with processing, it cost \$9.00 a roll. But Pete learned that he could buy it for only \$5.00 a roll without processing, and assumed that was cheaper than the film available in Ireland, when in fact it was higher.

So he ignored my instructions about buying film in Ireland, instead bought it in the States; which created a second fuck up, because then he had to pay very expensive airfreight charges for shipping it to Africa. Whereas, if purchased in Ireland, he could have carried it as personal baggage at no charge.

Thirdly, as baggage there was no import duty on film; but if shipped as freight there was a high rate of import duty; and, additionally, it was very difficult to get it out of Customs even if you agreed to pay the duty. The final result being that we never did get the film I needed; and since similar film was not available locally I had to try to make do with what film I had taken with me, which wasn't much.

People have been doing me such favors throughout my life, always with similar results.

Then Pete and I got stranded in London, almost out of money, because all of the flights out of there to New York were solidly booked for weeks in advance; but we raised so much Hell that eventually they found seats for us.

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When I got to New York the man who cleared me through Customs and Immigration looked at me as if he remembered my face from a wanted poster; but then remembered where he had seen me earlier; a few days earlier he had seen my first national television program, the one I filmed in the Caprivi strip, so then he suddenly became very friendly.

When the gorillas and chimpanzees arrived a few days later, they damaged both of the gorillas by opening their crates in order to have an excuse for charging me a big fee for cleaning the crates; scared the larger, male gorilla so badly that he afterwards refused to eat and eventually starved to death in spite of all of our efforts to save him; chopped off one of the smaller, female gorilla's fingers by slamming a crate door down on it and thus reduced her value. All in an attempt to justify a cage cleaning charge for cleaning a cage that was totally unnecessary.

Then, later, U. S. Customs in New Orleans started making threats against me on the grounds that I had cheated them by understating the real value of the two gorillas, which was a bullshit charge.

So, a few days later I went to the office of the Director of Customs in New Orleans, and told him . . . "Alright, asshole, this is going to be what happens, and you can do nothing to prevent it. In about an hour they are going to conduct a big parade down the middle of Canal street, with General Charles DeGaulle as the honored guest; but I am going to turn that parade into a fucking big international scandal, because I am going to slap a citizen's arrest on the general's ass, accusing him of being a conspirator along with me in the smuggling of gorillas. It takes two to conspire, and you have accused me of conspiracy, so since I paid the French government for those two fucking gorillas, and since he is the head of the French government, he must be in on the conspiracy.

"Now I know, asshole, that I will never get close enough to him to actually arrest him, but I will get close enough to create a scandal in the media; and I am going to blame the whole fucking mess on you. So if you want to prevent that, then we are going to destroy all of your records about the case against me, here and now, immediately. And if not, then be damned sure to watch the television news tonight and read the papers tomorrow; because your name will be very prominent in both places."

So we destroyed the records, and I never heard about it again. He certainly did not like me, but he knew me well enough to know that I would do exactly what I said I would.