

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“You guys are wasting your time doing all those hard exercises; I never did any exercise in my life, and yet I’m far stronger at sixty years than I was at twenty. When I was twenty I couldn’t bend my prick with both hands; but now that I’m sixty I can bend it with one finger.”

Houston Perry

My next African trip started less than two years after the trip up the Congo river, as part of a round-the-world trip that I took with Bill Carpenter as we hunted, filmed and fucked our way around the globe. Bill knew nothing about film making, but loved to hunt and loved to fuck attractive young girls, and we discovered a race of people in the Far East that produced many of the most beautiful girls in the world. Girls so beautiful that they are sought as wife material throughout most of Asia; one Japanese businessman married twelve of them a few years later. Without single exception, all of his twelve wives were world class beauties, and very young; he later got into some kind of trouble unrelated to his wives, and that led to the publication of his picture together with his wives in newspapers and magazines all over the world, and I saw that picture in either TIME or NEWS WEEK.

We did not get any pussy until we reached Australia, but a friend there arranged blind dates for us with two girls that he assured us would be very ‘cooperative,’ and they were. But in an attempt to avoid any kind of hard feelings resulting from the fact that one of these girls would probably be more attractive than the other one, I suggested to Bill that we reach an agreement in advance, and we did: having met the first girl, and not having yet seen the second girl, I would ask him what time it was. If he wanted that girl, then he was to tell me the time; but if, instead, he wanted to take his chances on the other girl, he would tell me that he had forgotten to wear his watch.

The first girl was very attractive, so Bill decided to take her and told me the time; but then the second girl turned out to be far more attractive, whereupon Bill turned to me and said . . . “I’m going to throw that fucking watch away and never wear one again.”

That was in Sydney; but later, in Darwin, after two very attractive young nurses had already agreed to fuck us, Bill got into an argument with one of them on the subject of Aborigines and she got so pissed off at him that neither of us got any pussy.

Next stop was Singapore, and the place was running over with young attractive girls; we stayed in the famous old Raffles hotel there and spent most of our time sneaking a long line of girls into and out of our rooms, since it was then not considered to be a ‘proper’ thing to do to take an unmarried girl to your room. From there we went to Bangkok, and stumbled across the beautiful girls that I mentioned above; but these girls did not come from the area around Bangkok, came from a place far to the north around the city of Chiang Mai, in the middle of the so-called Golden Triangle where most of the world’s opium is produced. These girls all came from a distinct race of people almost entirely different from other races of people in the country of Thailand; so at that time all of the girls in the whorehouses in Bangkok were recruited from upcountry, the local girls simply could not compete with them.

At the time I wondered just why such beautiful girls could be seen only in the whorehouses, were never seen on the streets of Bangkok or in the stores. But did not learn the answer to that question until several years later.

But, later yet, during the Vietnam War, when hundreds of thousands of U. S. troops visited Bangkok for rest and recreation leaves, many more girls were needed to service them, and that relatively small area upcountry could not supply the number of girls that were required; so then, but only then, was it possible for a local girl to find employment in a whorehouse.

But prior to reaching Bangkok, or even Singapore, we hunted and filmed in a place about a hundred and fifty miles east of Darwin, stayed at an abandoned logging camp that we reached by air; a camp that had exported its logs by ship since there were no roads in the area.

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But there were hundreds of thousands of huge Asiatic buffaloes that grew to enormous size; all of these were the later offspring of a few buffaloes that were shipped to Darwin from India about 1820 as a source of meat for British troops. When shipped they were tame, but some escaped and went wild; then later, since they had as much as they wanted to eat and since there were no predators there to prey upon them, they increased in both size and numbers. The ones then in Australia were about twice the size of those in India, and were very wild.

Shortly before we arrived the government decided that they were a pest, and then hired people to try to wipe them out; wanted to kill them all, but thirty-five years later have still not been able to do so, although literally millions of them have been killed.

Flying over the area in a light airplane I also learned that there were large numbers of very big crocodiles; crocs even larger than the biggest ones I caught in the Caprivi strip, and crocs that were located in places where it would have been very easy to catch them, far easier than it had been in the Caprivi strip. Many of the smaller crocs had been killed by hide hunters, but the hunters seldom shot a big croc because they were far too heavy for two white men to load into a boat, and because there was no available source of native labor to help the white hide hunters; it was then illegal to hire or even associate with the Aborigines, the government wanted to leave them undisturbed. Which, as things turned out later, was a very wise decision; because, later, when the laws were changed the Aborigines were quickly destroyed as a race of people, still survive but exist in a pitiful state.

We filmed some of these people, but were not even supposed to do that; we filmed one totally naked woman catching snakes in fairly deep water by feeling for them on the bottom with her feet, then reaching down and grabbing them with her hand and then biting their heads off in her mouth. These were so-called File snakes, that have a very loose skin and hard scales that produce one of the best sources of snake skin leather. And they bite like Hell, so the woman had to be very quick in order to bite the snake before it could bite her.

One day, looking for a man that we believed might be able to guide us into an area that we had not been able to reach, we drove up outside his small hut in the bush; whereupon he ran out the door almost naked and raced off into the bush. So we left him a note saying . . . “We are not the police, but want to hire you as a guide; so will be back at the same time tomorrow.”

The next day he was there again, but did not run off, instead acted very sheepish, and said . . . “Sorry about that yesterday, I just got out from the inside (prison) for fucking an Abbie woman, and since I’m doing it again, I did not want to go back so soon.”

Personally, having seen some of these women, I would have liked fucking a buffalo a lot more. Or, like John Clark in Natal, even a rhino.

It was not their color that bothered me, they were just downright ugly, so dirty that it appeared you could never get one clean again and smelled so bad that it was difficult to stand near one of them. I think that the only time they went near water, apart from drinking it, was when they were hunting File snakes, and that water was filthy.

Apart from buffalo and crocs there were no other large animals in the area, but there were literally millions of geese; I filmed one scene that ran for eleven minutes during which time the sky was dark with geese; and they were still flying over in huge numbers long after I ran out of film.

We also killed some huge fish by shooting into the water alongside them with a powerful rifle, and of course killed large numbers of buffaloes since we were encouraged to do so by the government. Most of the hunters hired to kill these animals hunted from horseback; would sometimes shoot several hundred in a single day and then leave them to rot; used neither the skin nor the meat, although both were perfectly usable. Instead of such a senseless slaughter they should have been hunted for both hides and meat. Leather from their hides is very high quality and the meat is delicious. But they simply wasted a few square miles of leather and thousands of tons of good meat.

But, then, what would you expect from a government?

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We did not stay there long, because there was no local source of acceptable pussy, and when we got back to Darwin where there was some Bill fucked that up. But Singapore and Bangkok solved that problem very satisfactorily, thank you. I later had a Chinese girlfriend in Singapore named Shirly Ng, a simply beautiful girl who weighed only seventy-two pounds; a weight I did not believe when she first told me her weight, but that I confirmed by weighing her myself. On that same trip I met a very attractive and quite wealthy woman from New Orleans and her beautiful young daughter, and fucked both of them for about a week. They had been watching my television shows in New Orleans and recognized me when I walked through a tea room in Raffles hotel; were on a trip seeking adventure in the Far East as a result of my television shows, so one thing rather naturally led to another. I suspected at the time that the mother was hoping that I might marry the daughter; and she was certainly tempting, but unfortunately I already had a wife and family in Louisiana and I suspected they might object to another family living that close. Have known a lot of bigamists, including my maternal grandfather, but so far have had only one wife at a time. Mistresses and girl friends do not count, of course.

As Dick Butkus said later . . . “I can’t fool around with girls, because I’m already married and going steady.” And besides, his wife Helen might have cut his balls off, and he knew it.

Or, as General Chuck Yeager said when he asked my wife if she had read his book . . . “It would have been a lot better if my wife couldn’t read.”

Or as Dr. Jim Key’s wife said to him as they were leaving New Orleans to move to Dallas, when she noticed a worried look on his face . . . “Not to worry, Jim, there are lots of whores in Dallas also.”

A few days after I turned fifty years old, I picked up a very intense young man named Kim Wood at the airport in Daytona Beach and drove him to my office, and on the way I started telling him a story that I dragged out for more than two hours without ever getting around to telling him just what I was talking about. I would lead right up to the punch line and then go off on another tangent, and repeated this so often that I was about to drive him crazy since he believed everything I had been telling him, although he still had no slightest idea in regard to just what I was talking about.

I told him that I had maintained meticulous and very detailed records in regard to my activities throughout my life, and that part at least was true, and he knew that since he had seen some of these records; also told him that having reached the age of fifty, that being a nice round number, I had decided that it was time to add up all of the totals of my activities; and that, when I did so, I encountered something that could only be a coincidence, but it was such a stunning coincidence that I could hardly bring myself to believe it even though I knew it was true.

Told him that, among many other things, I had maintained detailed records of all of my sexual activities throughout my life; and that the coincidence was this: during the first fifty years of my life I had an erection exactly half of the time, fifty percent of the time, no more and no less.

Then I paused, but could literally read his mind . . . “Gee, I’m only twenty-five, and I don’t have a hard on half of the time.”

Then I told him . . . “Yes, exactly half of my first fifty years of life; I had a hard on continuously up to the age of twenty-five and have not had one since.”

I pulled that same gag on a bunch of bodybuilders the next day, and they all laughed when I delivered the punch line; but then one of them asked me . . . “Do you mean actual intercourse, Mr. Jones, or merely a hard on?” But, then, most bodybuilders are not very smart; generally smarter than scientists, but that usually brings them up to about the level of a retarded gorilla.

And, all joking aside, you might be surprised to learn just how smart some gorillas actually are; that young female gorilla that I brought back from the Congo in 1957 was obviously smarter than any of my three children, and they were all older than she was. It was rather easy to fool or confuse my kids at that age, but you could do neither with her. And all of my kids were far smarter than average; average for people, I mean.

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A couple of years prior to that trip around the world with Bill Carpenter, Kenny Earnest and I spent a year in Colombia, and we worked out a system for finding and connecting with beautiful girls that worked like a charm. Barranquilla, the city where we lived when not out in the jungles, was a large city with a downtown area that was about a mile square, with streets running both north/south and east/west; so we made a detailed map of every street in the center of the city, an area filled with stores of all kinds.

Then we conducted a tour of the city that took us down both sides of every street in that area; we went into every store on each street, remained there only for a brief moment, only long enough to determine if there were any attractive girls working there, then immediately left. If there was an attractive girl employed there, we made an X mark on the location of that store, and if there was a very attractive girl made two X marks; and, if a drop dead in the aisle looking girl worked there, we made three X marks.

Having covered every store in the center of town, hundreds of stores, we then knew exactly where the most attractive girls worked. Then we discarded all of these except those rated as a three X girl, beautiful; and afterwards returned only to those stores. But then made no attempt to talk to them, did not even make eye contact, stayed only long enough to make sure that they noticed us.

After three or four such visits, we would approach them; and by that time, having seen us several times before, they seemed to feel like they knew us and were no longer bothered when we approached them. After which we had far more readily available pussy than we knew what to do with; all of it being provided by girls that were downright beautiful. I learned that little trick from capturing wild animals: they are far easier to approach after they get over their initial fears. If you go about it right you can closely approach most wild animals, but it does take a little time; time enough for them to grow accustomed to seeing you when such earlier contacts had no bad results of any kind. Approached in that manner, many wild animals will permit you to touch them, or even pick them up. And, after all, if beautiful girls are not wild animals, then I do not know how to classify them; they have certainly hurt me more than all of the other animals I ever encountered. And cost me a Hell of a lot more money, too. And left far longer lasting scars.

But I guess it's our own damned fault; remember what the Indian said . . . "Before the white man came here, the women did all of the work while the men were sleeping or playing around; then the white men came and believed that they could improve that situation. And you can now see what that led to."

For a period of several years, until my brother, a doctor, chopped them out, I had one of the worst cases of the piles in medical history; it sometimes appeared that my guts were going to fall out of my ass onto the floor, and that was sometimes very painful; on that trip in 1959, when Bill and I reached Ethiopia, I had a terrible attack of the piles and ended up briefly in a hospital. Which condition did very little in the way of making me enjoy the trip during that period; but, later, when we reached Kenya, the situation improved; I was still in pain, but not a level of pain that I could not live with.

Besides, it was a level of pain that I had then been living with almost continuously for about fifteen years, so I was at least used to it.

In Kenya we hunted and filmed a wide variety of animals, everything from snakes to elephants and rhinos; got directly involved in the then ongoing war with the black terrorists; and then I made a film about the use of dogs for hunting men. Most of which could not be shown on television even then, but part of which I was able to include in one episode of that series of shows.

Upon returning to Slidell, Louisiana, I discovered just what an enormous disaster had been produced by Ray Olive and Pete Sargent while I was gone, and that was also when I met Herbert Prechtel for the first time.

In spite of the time devoted to that trip, and the relatively large number of places we visited, that was one of the least successful of my ten filming trips to Africa; but we did get a lot of young pussy.