

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“So I agreed to give the Arab kid a mattress cover if he would slip a girl through the fence and bring her to my tent that night, and he did; and then I started fucking her, standing up. But when I reached around her and gripped her by the cheeks of her ass, my fingers went about an inch into deep ulcerated sores that she had all over both cheeks of her ass. Shit, it scared me so bad that I was tempted for a moment to quit fucking her.”

Milton LeBlanc

Milton LeBlanc was a combat cinematographer in a B 25 medium bomber squadron flying out of north Africa during the war. His somewhat older partner during later years, Frank Richard (pronounced Ree-shard), was a cameraman for the old Pathe Newsreels that they used to show in theatres before the introduction of television news.

Right after the war, in 1945, they both went to work for a much older Jewish man who was trying to start a film laboratory in a slum in New Orleans; he located the lab in a small alley directly behind a tiny shoe shop, with a tin roof but no walls around it. Milton and Frank worked for him for several years, but seldom got much if any of the small salaries that they had been promised; the business was, the owner said, losing money, and they believed him.

Then one night, in the midst of a very heavy rainstorm, on the way east into Mississippi, a car carrying all three men skidded off the road, and then sank beneath the surface of the water in a deep canal that ran alongside the highway. All three ended up standing on top of the car with the water still coming up to about their knees.

Another driver stopped and asked them why they did not wade back to the highway, and Milton said . . . “Because we are standing on top of our car, and we cannot wade through water that is at least eight feet deep.”

And the owner of the business could not swim; so when Milton and Frank decided to swim to the edge of the highway, he asked Frank to take something with him, then removed a stuffed money belt from beneath his shirt and handed to Frank. It contained several thousand dollars in cash, and he had been telling them that he was broke. After that they started getting paid; but a year or so afterwards the owner died, and they ended up owning the business, which in fact was very profitable.

Over the next few years they gradually took over the shoe store in front of their original location; and when I first met them, in the 1950s, the place was filled so tightly with equipment that it was all but impossible to walk through the lab. They had more film making equipment than anybody else outside of Hollywood. Television had arrived on the scene and video tape had not yet been invented, so everything was shot on film, and they were not only the only game in town but were the only game throughout several large states. So they were doing a booming business, making money hand over foot.

After I produced my first film in the winter of 1956/57, I used that lab for the next ten years; they processed millions of feet of film for me, made work prints from all of my original film, did all of the sound work required for more than 300 of my films, made the release prints, the titles and everything else required apart from the actual filming, and sometimes helped with that. I gave them a lot of business over the years, and we became very close friends.

In later years they even entered into coproduction deals with me on a lot of films that were very successful and they earned large profits from that.

Milton loved to go to Las Vegas, to watch the shows and fuck the whores, but he did not gamble; so he figured out a scam that made it possible for him to make many trips to Veags at no cost to himself apart from the plane ticket. He would check into the fanciest suite of rooms in the largest casino in town, and then charge everything, including girls, to his room; and every day he would cash a check for several thousand dollars, checks that were as good as gold. But he never went near the gaming tables, instead took the cash up to his room and hid it in his suitcase. But, of course, the

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casino people all assumed that he was losing large sums every day at the tables, when in fact he lost nothing. So, when he was ready to leave, they always told him . . . “That’s all right, Mr. LeBlanc, your bill has already been paid, you owe us nothing; its on the house.”

And he got away with it for years.

And, yes, in those days you could charge whores to your room; now you can put them on your credit card, as Dick Butkus did in Hong Kong in 1976.

Years later, when I owned several jet airplanes, Milton made a number of trips to Vegas with me; we went there rather frequently in order to attend national conventions, many of which are always held in Vegas because it is one of the few cities with enough hotel rooms to hold all of the thousands of people who go to such conventions. They tried holding the annual Broadcasters Convention in Dallas one year, but the town was not big enough to handle all of the tens-of-thousands of visitors that poured in. You could not find a room within a hundred miles of Dallas during that convention. Afterwards they always held that convention in Vegas.

On one trip to Vegas with me, we found that rooms were hard to get even there, so had to put three men into one room together; I put Milton into a room with Herbert Prechtel and Stan Brock, an Englishman who at one time appeared on the Wild Kingdom show with Merlin Perkins. But about an hour after we checked in, Milton called my room and told me . . . “Get me the fuck out of here; you have put me in a room with two lunatics. Herbert is in one corner of the room trying to levitate, and the other guy is in another corner doing handstand pushups. They are both crazy.”

In those days it was highly illegal to produce totally nude films, and a very close watch was maintained on all film labs to make damned certain that such films were not being produced; and both Milton and Frank were constantly worried that some of their employees might be making such films without their knowledge; and that, if they were, and if they got caught, the two owners would probably be held responsible, might even go to jail.

I filmed a tight closeup shot of a girl’s naked breast, which was legal; got it processed without Milton or Frank knowing about it, but while purposefully acting in such a suspicious manner that they could not fail to notice that something was up. Then I went into an editing room with several of their employees who were in on the plot, closed the door, put the scene of the naked breast in a viewing machine so that it would be the first thing seen when the door was opened, and then started talking so loud that I knew Milton could hear what we were saying.

We then proceeded to discuss in great detail a stag movie that did not exist, all such conversation being for Milton’s benefit, knowing full well that he was lurking just outside the door listening to our conversation. Eventually, one of his employees said . . . “Yes, that part’s great, but I like the part where she’s giving Bill a blow job better.”

Which was far more than Milton could stand; so he immediately rushed into the room, and the first thing he saw was the scene of a bare breast, and that of course confirmed his worst fears. I thought for a minute or two that he was having a heart attack. Even when he later realized it was all merely a practical joke on him he did not seem to feel it was all that funny. But the rest of us did. We did not even become offended by all the names he called us.

Milton and the Englishman were with me on another trip when we filmed some very spectacular canyon flying scenes in west Texas, including scenes of flying under a railroad bridge. Filming which was done with the full advance knowledge of the local man in charge of the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA); all he said was . . . “Don’t run into the bridge.”

But, later, the guy running a flying operation on the Del Rio airport heard us talking about it, decided he could earn himself some Brownie Points by telling the FAA what we were doing and called the same man I had already talked to. Whereupon the FAA man started trying to deny that he had ever spoken to me about our plans. So I told him to go fuck himself, hung up on him and went back to the canyon for more flying and filming.

So, about an hour later, they had about fifty people out there trying to see what we were doing, and we were still doing it, with them watching. Then a couple of days later, that FAA man’s supervisor called me in Florida and asked me if I told Inspector So and So to go fuck himself, and I told him that I did, and that he could go fuck himself as well, that the Inspector was a liar.

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So then the supervisor told me that he could get my pilot's license suspended; and I told him . . . "You can? But you will have to take me to court to do that, won't you? Could I get you to do it twice? I couldn't get that much good publicity anywhere else for less than a million dollars; because I will have at least five thousand supporters packing the court room and filling the streets outside the courthouse for several blocks around it. And that will make the news all over the country. So suck my dick, kiss my ass, and go fuck yourself. Now do your worst, asshole, and then I will do mine." And then I hung up on him.

Having heard the conversation, or at least my end of it, Stan Brock, himself a pilot, was in a state of shock.

So, in due course, I got a letter from the FAA office in Saint Petersburg giving me three options: one, my license would be suspended for six months starting on a certain date; or, two, I could choose to start the suspension sooner; or, three, I could choose to hold a conference with a lawyer for the FAA. So I chose the third option, then waited; knowing they would fuck things up on their end, since they always do.

When I finally met with a lawyer for the FAA, several months later, he had a long list of charges against me; some of which were true, but most of which were false. So I told him . . . "Let's go over your list of charges one after another, but in no particular order. Look at charge number three first: you claim I was flying that day without a valid medical certificate, and I plead guilty to that." Whereupon he started to smile.

Then I said . . . "Yes, I am guilty of that charge, because you said a valid medical certificate, and that is singular, so I am guilty; because, in fact, I had two valid medical certificates that day, and here they both are, look at them yourself. This one went into effect three days before those flights, and this other one was good for about six months after those flights; but since two is plural, not singular, I plead guilty." At which point he stopped smiling.

"Now let's look at charge number eight; you accused me of making repeated attempts to fly under the highway bridge there. Well in fact I have films of me standing on that bridge filming the action while somebody else was flying the plane, and I have scenes showing me on the bridge and the plane in the air at the same time. How many films do you have that show me inside that plane and flying it? Your evidence isn't worth a shit; if you take this to court you will end up looking like a total fool and having to pay all my legal expenses; to say nothing of providing me with an enormous amount of very valuable free publicity. So now I will tell you what I told the Inspector and his supervisor: you can go fuck yourself, too."

And that was the end of it; I never heard from them again, and that was about sixteen years ago. But maybe they just work slowly like the rest of the government. Slowly if at all.

One of the two medical certificates was a phony, I filled it out myself; but they could never have proved that. And, besides, was it my fault that they had lost their copy of that certificate?

The only way anybody in the government will ever be able to convict you of anything is by framing you, but they are more than willing to do that. But, then, two can play at the same game. So far I have played better than they ever did.