

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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# 6

**“. . . the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.”**

**The Bible; Ecclesiastes, Chapter 9, Verse 11.**

*Or as Damon Runyon paraphrased the above Biblical quote . . . “The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that’s the way to bet.”*

**SLIDELL, LOUISIANA, MAY 14, 1966 . . .**

“. . . so he said, ‘She’s a perfectly normal, very attractive girl; with a highly developed understanding of her own sexual attractiveness, and a willingness to use it to her own advantage. Which, moral considerations aside, is very intelligent; in fact, the girl is extremely intelligent.’”

“So what does that mean?”

“Well, it sounds to me like she seduced the psychiatrist; which wouldn’t be the first time that’s happened, either. Nor vice versa.”

“Arthur, what did she actually tell them?”

“Liza, I don’t have a clue; or that’s all I do have, clues, guesswork. He wouldn’t tell me what she said.”

“Why didn’t you talk to the woman psychiatrist, too?”

“She refused to talk to me. That’s why I’m reasonably certain of what Joyce told them; so, if I’m right, if Joyce did tell them what I think she did, you can just imagine what she might tell people if I actually did take her to bed. No matter what the reason was.”

“I still think it might shock her enough to bring her to her senses; my father tried to fuck me, and even though he wasn’t successful, it damned sure got my attention. So I think you should do it; she obviously wants you to. She’s probably telling people that you’re fucking her now, apparently that’s what she told the two psychiatrists in South Africa if I understand what you told me about that situation; so what have you got to lose?”

“Maybe I’m just afraid. Maybe I’m afraid it’s a trap; if so, then I didn’t decide against it because of any moral compulsion, but simply out of fear. And that’s not a very pleasant thought either.”

“What’s there to be afraid of? Apparently you’ve already got the name, so you might as well have the game.”

“Maybe she wants to use it as a weapon against me; she’s capable of just that.”

“But why? Why should she want to hurt you? She’s your daughter.”

“Eliza, please don’t ask me to explain it; just how do you give logical explanations for unreasonable situations anyway? They exist, you recognize them, but you can’t explain them.”

“Well, if you feel that way about it, then why do you put up with it? Why don’t you just run her off?”

“That’s what she said about you, or words to that effect.”

“Arthur, you apparently feel you can’t help her, so there’s no point in letting her ruin you; that certainly won’t help anybody, least of all her.”

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“I’ve got to try, at least for a few more weeks, until I go back to Africa. If there’s no sign of improvement by then, she’ll just have to go her own way; then, at least, I can always feel like I tried. I’m moving to Africa, permanently, lock, stock and barrel, the studio equipment, the cars, the airplanes, everything. I’m even taking one of the bombers, if I can get it straightened out with the State Department; and if I can’t, I’ll probably take it anyway, and they can go fuck themselves.”

“What’s the State Department got to do with it?”

“Practically everything, they’ve got their noses in anything that goes on outside of this country. They’re in charge of military hardware, so-called ‘munitions of war,’ and the bombers come under that category, even though they’re privately owned. I can do anything I like as long as I don’t take them out of the country; or practically anything, although I imagine they’d get a bit pissed off if I bombed CIA Headquarters in Washington. But I have to get a State Department permit to take them out of the country, and that’s the problem.”

“What’s the problem? You took them to South America.”

“South America and South Africa are two different places, and two entirely different situations; they have a new revolution in Latin America about every fifteen minutes; so I guess they figure that one bomber more or less won’t make any difference. Or maybe they just don’t give a fuck about what happens in Latin America; which is the way things look if you think about the Cuban situation. But South Africa is on the ‘proscribed’ list, which means that you can’t ship anything in the way of arms or ammunition over there, not even sporting weapons.”

“You had all kinds of guns and ammunition on the last trip, even machineguns; what about them?”

“Yes, but we didn’t bother to tell the State Department about them, either. But a bomber is a bit difficult to hide; I can’t just stuff it in my shirt and hop on a jet.”

“So just get in it and go, they won’t know where you’re going; you never bothered to file flight plans on the South American trips.”

“With the bombers we did, we had to; if we wanted to come back, that is.”

“Won’t they give you a permit at all?”

“Well, they haven’t yet, but I’ve got one more ace up my sleeve; then, if that doesn’t work, I’ll just have to go without a permit, and to Hell with what they think. They won’t be able to do much about it anyway; not with me sitting in South Africa.”

“This is another one of your polite little gestures, I take it; what’ll you threaten them with this time?”

“Liza, I made a deal to catch a bunch of elephants in Kruger Park, and I’ve got to have the bomber to move them to the seaport in Laurence Marques, so I’ve got a legitimate need for the bomber. But that’s only the first part: besides the ones I catch, they plan to kill a lot of surplus elephants. So, if the State Department won’t let me take the bomber to Africa, then I’ll make the God damndest film on elephant slaughter that anybody ever saw, and blame the whole thing on them; and the more they try to deny it the guiltier they’ll look.

“Nobody really gives a shit about how many Vietnamese they kill; and in that case they may even be justified. But these will be elephants, and a lot of people do care about elephants, millions of people. So I’d like to see them try to justify that. They’ll never hear the end of it; they’ll probably get about twenty million fucking telegrams telling them how many different kinds of sons of bitches they are. They may not give me a permit for the bomber; but if they don’t, they’ll damned sure wish they had. And the next time I ask for something, they’ll give me the whole place, with a pink ribbon tied around it.”

“How can you blame it on them?”

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“Oh, that’s the easiest part: I’ll just say that they arbitrarily and capriciously denied me the right to take the bomber to South Africa, where it was needed to save the elephants; and, since I was denied the use of the bomber, which was their fault of course, there was no choice except to kill the elephants.”

“They’ll just deny it.”

“So much the better; the more they deny it the worse they’ll look. Nobody in their right mind believes anything they say anyway, and I’ll have the elephant slaughter film and the letter from them turning down my application for the permit.”

“Speaking of animals, how’s my cat?”

“He’s fine, but that’s another sore point with Joyce; your jaguarondi whips her ocelot about eight or ten times a day; and, naturally, that’s my fault too.”

“I can solve that easy enough; I’ll just take him home with me.”

“I want to use him in a film first, but I’ll ship him to you in Florida before I leave for Africa. He’s almost as big as the last one you had, and the Jaguar is so big you won’t believe it, he looks like a bloody horse.”

“Where have you got the cats?”

“I rented another house on the other side of town, and we’re living there until I go back to Africa. I’ve got the garage closed up and all three of the cats are in there; the jaguar’s in a big cage and the other two are running loose, but they spend about as much time in the house as they do in the garage.”

“What do you plan to do with the other two cats when you go to Africa?”

“That’s a good question; probably sell the ocelot and give the jaguar to somebody, if I can find somebody to take him. I could sell him in a minute, but it would have to be to a zoo; and I’d take him out in the woods and turn him loose before I’d do that.”

“No, don’t sell him to a zoo, he’d be miserable in a zoo. I don’t imagine he likes it in a cage either, but a zoo would be a lot worse.”

“You can be damned sure he doesn’t like it in a cage; but, at least, he’s got the other two cats to play with, and the kids still play with him a lot. Ya Ya gives him baths with a hose, and he loves that; but I imagine he misses the bathtub.”

“Arthur, you’ve stalled me as long as you’re going to; let’s go see Joyce. Even if she won’t talk to me, at least I can see the cats.”

“Well, I still think it’s a mistake, but let me call her first.”

*LATER, THAT SAME DAY. . .*

“. . . anyway, what’s she doing here? Trying to worm her way back in?”

“Joyce, the girl’s gone, forget it; she won’t be back.”

“Yeah, well that’s what you said before, and here she is. I don’t like it, she’s up to something, and so are you.”

“Joyce, there’s a limit to my patience, even with you.”

“You don’t intend to give her that cat, do you?”

“It’s her cat, and when I’m finished with it I’ll ship it to her; and I’ll be damned unhappy about it if anything happens to it in the meantime; if it should ‘accidentally’ get killed, or escape, or just anything.”

“I won’t be responsible for her cat. If you’re worried about it, then just get it to Hell out of here; but don’t try to blame me if something happens to it.”

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“The cat stays here as long as I say so; and you will be held responsible if something happens to it and it’s your fault. If you want to hurt Eliza, then jump on her, she hasn’t left town yet; but leave her cat out of it.”

“I won’t hurt her cat, but I’d like to scratch her eyes out.”

“You’ll have to quit biting your fingernails first; right now you couldn’t scratch the icing off of a cake; and you better plan on wearing a wig for a while, because she’ll yank you bald headed.”

“If you think so much of dear little Eliza, how come you ran her off instead of me?”

“Don’t press your luck, Joyce; I’m giving that some very serious consideration right now myself.”

“Arthur, how could you keep a girl like that around your own kids? Especially Ya Ya; don’t you know what kind of an influence she was on her? Or don’t you care?”

“Ya Ya and Eliza got along fine, regardless of what you think, and there was no bad influence at all, not any. But in your case, I’m not so sure.”

“She’s a slut, an outright whore, and you don’t call that a bad influence on a twelve-year-old girl?”

“She’s not a slut, and she’s not a whore, outright or otherwise; she’s a nice girl, whether you think so or not.”

“She’s a gold-digging little bitch.”

“Joyce, by direct comparison to you, she comes across like the virgin Mary; at least she hasn’t spent the last eleven months trying to seduce her own father, which is more than you can say.”

*PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS; ABOUT ELEVEN MONTHS EARLIER, JUNE 28, 1965 . . .*

“ . . . take me home, I can’t talk to you either.”

“Is that what you want, Joyce?”

“No, I want to talk to you, and you said you’d listen, and try to understand; but you’re just like Mama, you won’t even listen.”

“Joyce, I’ve been trying to get you to talk; but so far I’ve just been answering your questions.”

“What did Mama tell you about all this?”

“Very little, practically the same thing you told me on the phone; she said you had a fight with your husband, and . . . “

“The son of a bitch tried to kill me. But I’ll fix him, the . . . “

“Joyce, I want you to understand something right from the start; I’m not interested in your personal feuds, and I won’t get involved. Forget about him, and you’ll be a . . . “

“Do you want to hear about it? Do you want to know what he did?”

“I’m a lot more interested in your plans for the future.”

“I don’t have any plans, nothing definite anyway; I can’t stay with Mama, and I’m damned sure not going back to that son of a bitch, so I don’t know what I’ll do, go to work I guess.”

“How would you like to go to Louisiana to live with me?”

“Do you mean it?”

“What would your mother think of the idea?”

“I don’t know, but I don’t think she would agree.”

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“She might surprise you.”

“She might at that, she acted a lot different towards you this time than she did when you visited the first time a year ago. In case you didn’t notice.”

“I noticed.”

“What could I do in Louisiana? I don’t know anything about your business; I’m not even sure what business you’re in.”

“What business do you think I’m in?”

“I’d rather not say.”

“Why?”

“Oh, you know: the stories I’ve heard about you in the family. Most of your family are scared to death of you; just a lot of little things I heard while I was visiting your father, things like that.”

“Things like what?”

“I don’t really know; I’d tell you if I did.”

“You already have, Joyce; you made the point quite well.”

“What point? I don’t know what you mean.”

“Joyce, I’m in practically the same situation you are; people are afraid of me, but they don’t really know why. No matter what I do, right or wrong, it’s always wrong according to my family. I’ve been in that position ever since I was a kid, and I learned a long time ago that nothing I can do will ever change it; so I’ve quit trying.”

“Maybe, maybe I know what . . . “

“Just listen a minute, then you can talk. I married your mother when she was sixteen years old, and we were divorced when she was eighteen. She didn’t know me then and she knows even less about me now, but she thinks she does. I left home for good when I was fourteen, and wasn’t home very much before that, and I’ve been back very little since then. Before I left for good, I saw my father about ten minutes a week, if that; afterwards, I saw him even less. He never understood me either, but he thought he did.

“My mother went back to college when I was just a little kid, and after that went to medical school, then died shortly after she started practicing medicine with my father in Seminole, Oklahoma, so I doubt if I spent a total of two months with her after I was about four years old. My brother and two sisters are all older than I am, and, in any case, when we were kids I had about as much in common with them as a lion in a sheep paddock.

“I left Seminole before the war, and I’ve been gone nearly twenty-five years; yet, in spite of that, practically everybody in the whole damned town knows more about me than I do; or, at least, they think they do. If I had done even half of the things I have been accused of, or credited with, depending upon how you look at things, I’d have to be at least two-hundred years old.

“Now, don’t misunderstand me: I’ve done a lot of things that I wish I could change, but most of the things I’ve done I was never accused of; and I didn’t do most of the things that I have been accused of. But denying things, in case you haven’t learned it yet, is usually wasted effort. People believe what they want to believe; the real facts seldom enter into it.”

“I know exactly what you mean.”

“No, Joyce, you don’t. You think you do, but you don’t; maybe you never will, because it is not an easy thing to learn.”

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“Don’t underestimate me.”

“Joyce, before I came up here, I spent a great deal of time, and no small amount of money, finding out everything I could about you; I had a complete background investigation carried out on you, covering the last five years. I probably know things about you that you don’t even know yourself; and I damned sure know a lot more about you than your mother does.

“In spite of that investigation, perhaps because of it, I’m here talking to you now. I think I know what your problem’s been, and I think I can help you, if you’ll let me; but I can’t help you if you keep lying to me. And you have been lying to me; and you know it, and I know it, so why don’t we quit kidding each other?”

“Why the sudden interest? You didn’t care enough to send a postcard for over fifteen years; why the sudden change?”

“Joyce, when your mother first left, I thought I could patch things up with her, and I tried, I really tried; but it wasn’t possible, I had almost exactly the same problem that you have now, I just couldn’t be the sort of person your mother wanted. You know your mother, Joyce, and you know what she expects; you can’t live by her standards, and neither could I. It took me nearly two years after she left to realize that; eventually, however, I did understand it, and I quit trying to patch things up. I decided to break off completely.”

“Yet you claim you love me?”

“Joyce, let me put it this way: if you were faced with a choice, if it was necessary to abandon a child or kill it, then what would you do?”

“But that wasn’t the choice?”

“I’ve seen many cases, Joyce, where parents of young children separated when the kids were small, then spent years fighting over them; maybe it didn’t kill the kids, but it damned sure ruined them.”

“What you’re telling me then, if I understand you right, is that you stayed away for my own good. Is that right?”

“I don’t expect you to believe that; not yet, at least, and I’m certain you can’t understand it, but . . . “

“Maybe I do; maybe I do understand, and I do believe you.”

“In any case, Joyce, that part’s over; we’ve got the present problem to worry about now. Do you want to go to Louisiana with me?”

“You know I do, if you can fix it with Mama.”

*OLATER THAT NIGHT . . .*

“Joyce, we’re not here to discuss my sex life; it’s yours that seems to be causing the problem at the moment.”

“But I just can’t seem to say what I want to, not with you sitting there looking at me.”

“That’s why a psychiatrist uses a couch, so the patients don’t have to look at him while they’re talking; or so they claim, although, frankly, I think a lot of psychiatrist’s couches serve the same purpose as a film producer’s casting couch.”

“Do you seduce all the girls that work in your films?”

“I told you, Joyce, we’re not here to discuss my sex life, but since you mentioned it, I’ll tell you a story about that. Several years ago, in New Orleans, I was doing a live television show; I did one a week for nearly four years. Parts of these shows were on film, and parts of them were live studio interviews; a guy named Bill Wilson did the openings, and then he fed me questions during the interview portions; he was the so-called ‘straight man,’ if you know how a comedy team works.”

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“I didn’t know your shows were comedies.”

“They weren’t intended to be, but sometimes they turned out that way anyway; that’s what I’m trying to tell you about now. We had a real dramatic opening, an African mask, weird music, the whole bit; then Bill stepped in and introduced the show. He’d say something like, ‘Welcome to another exciting episode of Wild Cargo, in just a minute I’ll be back with Arthur Jones, world traveler, animal trapper, adventurer, pilot and cameraman, but first, this important message from our sponsor.’

“Then, after the opening, during the first commercial, he’d walk over and sit down with me; when the commercial was over, then the cameras came on us, and we’d start the show. During the commercial, however, we had a standard gag that we used almost every week; but this was strictly for the people in the studio, it damned sure wasn’t intended to go out over the air. When Bill finished the opening introduction, I’d say, ‘Bill, why do you keep leaving out the part about me liking young girls?’

“That always got a laugh out of the people in the studio, so we used the same gag over and over. Then Bill came to work drunk one night; he wasn’t staggering, falling-down drunk, but he was drunk enough not to really care what he said on the air. So, after the commercial, he turned to me, on the air, live, and said, ‘Tell me, Arthur, is it true, as I’ve heard, that you give a new Cadillac convertible and a free trip to Paris to all of the young girls that work in your films?’”

“So what happened? What did you say?”

“I didn’t say a damned thing, what could I say? I was stunned, I expected the sky to fall in. One of the cameramen said, ‘Well, that’s the end of Wild Cargo.’ And he said it loud enough for it to go out over the air. Then people started laughing, and since laughing is contagious, pretty soon we were all laughing, everybody in the whole damned studio. It probably sounded like a convention of hyenas to the people watching the show on television. Fortunately, the guy in the projection booth had enough self control left to start the film, but we laughed halfway through the first reel; the harder we tried to stop laughing, the harder we laughed.

“I couldn’t hear them in the studio, of course, but I could easily imagine the calls coming in on the switchboard; about nine thousand girls calling to find out when they could pick up their Cadillacs, and inquiring about the next free trip to Paris.”

“Have you used that many girls in films?”

“Joyce, I haven’t used even one percent of nine thousand girls in films; the whole thing was a gag, Bill just got drunk and carried it too far. Even the people watching the show on television realized it was a gag, but that didn’t stop them from going along with it, and that’s why so many girls called the studio that night. I doubt if I knew any of the girls that called, but they kept the switchboard tied up for the rest of the night.”

“I think you’re just avoiding my question; I asked you if you seduce all of the girls that work in your films.”

“Only the pretty ones.”

“Arthur, I’m serious.”

“So am I, I don’t like to seduce ugly girls.”

“That’s not what I mean.”

“Joyce, when girls first start working in films, they’ve all heard the same stories you have, and a lot of them believe those stories; so, if they do, then they do one of two things, they either come right and ask you, or they start hinting around about the same thing.

“If they come right out and ask me, then I tell them, ‘Hell no,’ and that usually ends the matter; but if they start hinting around, that irritates me; because, in that case, they’re probably willing to be seduced and they’re trying to let me know it, so I’ve got a standard gag for that too. I get a real shocked look on my face, take hold of their arm, look them right in the eye, and then say, ‘Where did you get an idea like that? That’s absolutely not true; you don’t have to



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sleep with me to be in films, you can be in somebody else's films.'

"And that usually ends the matter, especially when you deliver that line in front of the entire cast and crew."

"I think that's cruel, but it still doesn't answer my question."

"Joyce, people in the film business are just like people in any other business; some men will take advantage of anything they can. In my case, it just happens to irritate me for a girl to try to get something out of me by offering to sleep with me; in my opinion, that's the lowest form of prostitution."

*TWENTY MINUTES LATER . . .*

"Well, I enjoy sex, in most forms, so long as it's not overdone; but my husband, the son of a bitch, he just damned near killed me. He'd get me up against the headboard of the bed, where I couldn't get away from him, and he'd damned near pound me through it, and clear on out through the wall. When he shoved it in me, I could feel him clear up to my heart, sometimes I honestly felt like I was being choked. He just damned near fucked me to death; I just couldn't take it, and he wanted to screw all night, every night.

"I finally reached a point where I would never suck him off; I just couldn't stand the taste of it, and it's not just that, either. But I never could stand anything slimy in my mouth, you know, like raw eggs, or things like that. They just make me want to vomit. Maybe, if he could have shoved it back far enough in my throat, where I wouldn't have to taste it, then it might have been all right. He could have just come right on down my throat, if I could have swallowed it fast enough, but he sure comes a lot, a whole handful.

"But he's just too big, I never could force the end into my throat, no matter how hard I tried. The son of a bitch nearly drowned me once, he started coming, about a gallon, it felt like, just when I was trying to breath, and I just damned near drowned, really. I should've bit the bastard's prick off, it would've served him right, but I was choked-up and gagging so bad I couldn't do anything, and he wouldn't pull it out. He had me down so hard that I just couldn't breath; I was drowning, and the son of a bitch wouldn't stop coming, or even pull it out. It seemed like he kept coming for ten minutes; it was awful, really."

"So, what did you do?"

"There wasn't anything I could do. But I wouldn't let that bastard touch me again for a week; no matter how much he begged, and he begged all right. He'd stand there right in front of me and jerk off, and cry like a baby; but I wouldn't let him touch me, no matter what he did, the bastard. I never would let him put it in my mouth anymore, either; that last time was just too much. He almost killed me, really. But he sure liked to eat my pussy, and I smell something awful sometimes; but that didn't bother him a bit, I think he liked it better that way. But I wouldn't let him kiss me afterwards, not unless I was clean before he started."

"Joyce, do you know what your mother's reaction would be, if she heard this conversation?"

"It would kill her; it would just kill her, there's no doubt about that."

"What's my reaction supposed to be?"

"Well, you asked me to speak frankly, and you said I couldn't shock you."

"Are you trying to shock me, Joyce?"

"No, not especially. Why?"

"Well, there are only two possibilities; either you are trying to shock me, or you're not. So let's explore both of them. First, if you're trying to shock me, then there's a reason; it may not be a good reason, it may not make any sense at all, but . . . "

"Arthur, you asked me to speak frankly."

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“Joyce, I’m not criticizing you for speaking frankly; I’m just trying to find out what you really mean.”

“I meant just what I said; you asked me about my problems with my husband, and I tried to tell you.”

“No, Joyce, I didn’t ask you about your problems with your husband, you insisted on telling me. The only thing I’m interested in, on that subject, is the reason behind those problems.”

“But I told you; he’s a mean son of a bitch, he damned near killed me, he blacked my eyes, and . . . “

“Joyce, we’ve been over that point a dozen times, I know what he did; but I want to know why he did it, and you won’t tell me. You wouldn’t even tell your mother.”

“Arthur, I love my mother; but I can’t talk to her, and I never could. She thinks I’m just like you, she’s said so a thousand times, ‘Joyce, you’re just like your father.’ How do you think that makes me feel? She thinks you’re some kind of a monster, she’s said so often enough; so, if you’re a monster, and if I’m just like you, then I must be some kind of a monster, too.

“Maybe I am a monster, Arthur, I don’t really know; sometimes I feel like one. But I do know that I’ve got nothing in common with Mama; living with her, I felt like a goat in the pig pen. That’s why I wanted to talk to you tonight; maybe we do have something in common, Mama thinks so, anyway, and a lot of other people do too. Even Granny tells me I’m just like you. I’m not going back to that son of a bitch of a husband of mine, and I can’t stay with Mama and Jerrel; even if they’d let me, I just couldn’t stand it. So that’s why I wanted to talk to you.”

“Is that how you see me, Joyce, as another means to get away from home? You tried that once, when you got married, and now you see how that’s turned out.”

“Arthur, I don’t even know you; all I know about you is what people told me, and that’s damned little. The whole damned family acts like they’re scared to even talk about you, yet they all tell me I’m just like you. I want to get to know you, I want to find out for myself, that’s why I’m talking to you now, and I can already tell you’re not like people say you are.”

“That’s a damned rash conclusion, Joyce, and you’ve got absolutely nothing to base it on.”

“I do, too; if you were like people say you are, you wouldn’t even be here. You wouldn’t give a damn about me, you wouldn’t care what happened to me; which is exactly the way Mama feels, really. All she’s worried about is the scandal, all the embarrassment I’m causing her, and Jerrel’s worse.

“Granny cares what happens to me, and Grand-pop, too; but they’re getting old, I couldn’t stay with them very long, and, besides, there’s nothing for me to do on the farm. But I think you care too; you’re my father, and I don’t even know you, and you don’t know me. What’s wrong with talking to my own father?”

“Nothing, Joyce, not a thing; I do care, I care a great deal, you’re right about that, at least. I want to help you, if I can; but I’ve got to know the problems first, and, so far, all you’ve given me is a blow by blow account of your love life, and your fist fights, and I still don’t know what caused the problems in the first place.”

“I told you; he accused me of running around with a boy in school.”

“Well, were you running around?”

“He thought I was.”

“Joyce, he must have had a reason to think so.”

“Arthur, you don’t know my husband; he’s practically an idiot. I didn’t have a damned thing in common with him; I couldn’t even talk to him, all he wants to do is screw. And he’s just like Mama; the son of a bitch goes to church all day, then comes home and screws all night. He’s so God damned holy you’d think he was a saint, and his whole damned family’s that way. To hear him tell it, you’d think he was a virgin, but he’d fuck a goat if he got the chance.”

## **The Arthur Jones Collection**

“Well, you picked him in the first place, nobody forced him on you.”

“Arthur, I was desperate to get away from home; you just don’t know what it’s like to live with Mama and Jerrel. Mama goes through my things with a fine tooth comb, she even examines my panties looking for stains; I can’t go anyplace, I have to watch every word I say, I’m even afraid to dream, for fear she’ll be listening. And the worst part is church; she drags me off to that damned church about ten times a week, and I just can’t stand it. It’s enough to drive you crazy; a bunch of God damned hypocrites sitting around acting holy, it makes me want to vomit.

“Anyway, I would’ve married a chimpanzee to get away from home; and I almost did, that’s where the son of a bitch belongs, in a cage, in a zoo. He’s a God damned animal, his whole damned family are animals, every damned one of ‘em.”

“...And God Laughs”