

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“First look at the results; but even then you must view them in context for any real understanding.”

Anon.

I was fourteen years old, on my way to Mexico, hitch-hiking in the rain at night, when a man picked me up in an oilfield truck and took me with him to a beer joint near Kilgore, Texas. He knew a girl who worked there and she introduced me to another girl, and later we rented two rooms in a local motel and spent the night with the girls. But the truck driver was pretty drunk by the time we went to the motel, so I took an old Spanish made, frontier style pistol that he was carrying away from him in an attempt to keep him out of any trouble; intending to give it back to him the next morning.

But when we got up the next morning both he and his girl were gone, and I never saw him again; so I kept the gun and went on towards Mexico. A day or so later, after dark, I visited a man named Otto Martin Locke, in New Braunsfels, Texas, a man who was operating a large plant nursery and who also was a dealer in animals and reptiles. I was looking for a very large indigo snake, the longest if not the heaviest type of snake found in this country, sometimes exceeding eight feet in length. They are not poisonous and seldom bite, so are popular with exotic dancers who use snakes on the stage; but when they do bite they can do a lot of mechanical damage, deliver a very painful bite.

Locke did not have an indigo snake as large as I wanted, and while showing me one it bit him rather badly on the hand; then, when I told him that I was not going to buy the snake, that it was too small, he became very irritated. Finally reached a point where he was going a bit too far, threatened to sic his dog on me, so I whipped out the truck driver's pistol and said . . . “All right, Mr. Locke, who first, you or your dog?”

Which was not a good start for our relationship, so I avoided Locke entirely for quite a few years afterwards; during which period I learned that he frequently had a violent temper for little or no apparent reason; ordered several potential customers off his property, made threats towards others and did sic his dog on a few. Bo Miller thought he was crazy and avoided him like the plague.

But, later, Locke and I became good friends; when I finally did get around to seeing him again, years after our first unfortunate encounter, he did not appear to remember me or the first incident and I never mentioned it to him. He was one of a very few totally honest men that I ever encountered in the animal business; only two spring readily to mind, Locke and Louis Goebel, among a long list of outright crooks. For a long time I believed that such a high percentage of crooks, phonies and fools was an exclusive characteristic of the animal business; but later learned that the same thing was true of people involved in aviation; then learned that it was also true in the film business, and in the exercise business. It is also true in the scientific community, and seems to be a requirement for anybody in government.

So where can you go for help? Lots of luck; or, as the Chinese say . . . “He who chooses to awaken a sleeping tiger should use a very long stick.” Or . . . “He who decides to ride a tiger must carefully determine in advance just how he intends to dismount.”

I have followed an almost unchanging pattern throughout most of my life: when I became interested in a particular subject, and I have been very interested in many subjects at one time or another, I would first read anything and everything that I could find related to the subject; secondly, I would try to determine just who the most respected expert in that field was; thirdly, having found this leader in his field, I would then cultivate him, starting with letters and phone calls I would eventually work my way up to the point where I was working closely with him, sometimes even living in their homes and traveling with them. Trying to learn from them; initially believing that they had a lot to teach me.

But, without single exception, I eventually realized that these supposed experts actually knew very little about their field of work; were either fools or phonies, usually both. I made that mistake repeatedly, evaluating their knowledge upon a basis of their apparent results; but, later, it having invariably turned out that what initially looked like a triumph

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was actually a disaster, I became a bit suspicious. An outcome that surprised me very much the first few times that it happened; but, now, I am even more surprised when it does not happen.

Repeatedly, throughout my life, I have given people all sorts of golden opportunities, put them in positions where they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by simply doing what they said they wanted to do and could do; and in general the results have usually been a disaster, a disaster for me at least. Bill Binnings, Herbert Prechtel, Owen Baker, Kit Beecher, Ian Player, Dr. Pienaar, Ralph Demers, Jack Hamm, Mike Tsalickis, Trudy Jerkins, Terri Brantner, Jim Key, Bill Hetrick, Travis Ward, Dan Baldwin, and a long list of other people provided me with vivid examples of this pattern of usual characteristics that I found in most people. I was very slow to learn from my mistakes with such people, and when I did learn it was almost always too late to save the situation.

If there is any lesson to be learned from my experiences it is this: hope for the best but always expect the worst. Don't keep repeating your mistakes as I have usually done, instead try to learn and profit from them.

Jeff Zurko, the computer expert who wrote the phony patent application for Gideon Ariel, has been as horny as a male lion throughout his life, with less in the way of a return for his efforts in the direction of seduction than anybody else I ever knew. Girls will go out on his boat with him for a week, then spend most of that time telling him in great detail about their sexual experiences with other men, but will not agree to fuck him. So after I observed this pattern of repeated failure for a few years, and after he told me about it in great detail, I told him . . . "Jeff, I do not know just how you go about trying to seduce a woman; but, whatever you are doing, it simply does not work. So try something else, anything else; that may not work either but if not then at least you will be aware of two ways that don't work, while now you know only one way that does not work. Eventually, if you try enough different ways, you may stumble onto something that does work, at least occasionally. So what do you have to lose by changing your tactics?"

Did he change tactics? Of course not; he still calls me every few months to tell me about his latest series of failures. Years ago, I hired a girl to fuck him in a motel room while Dan Baldwin and I were in the next room. Afterwards, Jeff said . . . "You can turn off the tape recorder now." But we did not tape him, I was trying to help him; I hoped that girl might be able to teach him something, but I doubt that she did. That was probably both the first and last sexual experience he ever had with a woman in his life; which is a rather low score at the age of forty plus for a man who has been desperately seeking sex all of his life.

Such patterns of irrational behavior are obviously stamped into our genes; why else would we so consistently fail to learn from our mistakes? People generally go through life as if they were a small cart with four flanged wheels running downhill along rails like a train; seldom knowing what to expect next, and unable to avoid it even if they do know. Like a train, they do not seem to be able to get off that track without a wreck; whatever lies ahead of them they seemingly cannot avoid, and as they used to say on old maps . . . "In this area there be dragons."

I have certainly met far more than my fair share of dragons, and usually could not avoid them even when I knew they were waiting just ahead.

"When you step out of your house at night into the deep snow, and when you see the giant tracks of a dragon in the snow that are clearly revealed by the bright moonlight, and when you see the glow from the burning village, and hear the screams of the ravaged virgins, then why are you always surprised when you turn a corner and find yourself face to face with a dragon? You should be surprised if you did not meet a dragon." A personal quote. One I should have paid more attention to myself.