

## Introduction

Delving into the life of Arthur James Williams is like walking through Alice's looking glass and in the end became an eight-year odyssey through a labyrinthine underground world I believe no journalist has ever before traveled end to end. It proved to be a meticulously filigreed web of conduits, passages, arteries within which hums and clatters a multimillion-dollar market of drugs, cops and highly paid informants.

Never did I feel secure for it was reported in 1984 that one of the high-profile lawyers involved was about to publish a book on the subject, but it went deathly quiet with no token of explanation.

It was suggested by one of those who were at the epicentre of all that happened that the story of Art Williams was merely the prologue for the real story. In his opinion the real story involved a world of diplomats, elected officials, global politics and crime that reached far beyond the foundation of Art's world. He stated that politicians, cops and entire governments were being bought for cash on Monday and traded for favours on Tuesday.

I was cautioned to stay clear of the primary characters for they had more reasons not to see such a book go to print than I did for wanting to invest the time. I knew if I climbed up through the Labyrinth of Art Williams' life too quickly I would touch the sensitive chord of someone wishing to remain in the shadows and with that a solitary phone call would direct an ugly tattoo to my door and in effect pull the rug out from under my efforts. Anxious not to jeopardize the outcome, I began my research in all the benign places and slowly worked my way into the lives of those who had the least to lose.

As I made my way up the ladder, I was reminded that those on the higher rungs could never feel pardoned from all the possible counts under a Statute of Limitations. That if I were careless in what I recorded, those same people could still stand trial today for issues now thirty years forgotten. Trust eventually overcame caution and out of the hundreds of players, only one refused me access into the catechisms of her secret life.

Herein lies the tale of one man's empire, surrounded by trusted patriots, clothed in mystery and forgotten in a myriad of unanswered questions.