

Re-Animating a Debt Dog

By [The Mogambo Guru](#)

06/04/10 Tampa, Florida – I have discovered that I am never, ever too drunk not to be instantly angry at the mere mention of the neo-Keynesian halfwit morons who are, despite mountains of evidence proving its complete failure, still clinging to that same, silly meth-based economic theory which I originally meant to write as “same, silly math-based economic theory” but, due to a typo, came out as “same, silly meth-based economic theory.”

“Meth-based economic theory” is, of course, an accident of the keyboard, now that I think about it, but the horrors of methedrine addiction and overdoses are probably much more descriptive, and would have more impact, than the terrific editorial cartoon I had just drawn, where I had depicted an old, ugly dog, which was obviously a Frankenstein-monster that had been reanimated after being stitched together out of pieces of various other dogs, and it had bare electrical wires leading to its ugly, misshapen head, and they were making sputtering noises like “Zzzzt! Zzzzzzzzzzt” as sparks flew spectacularly through the air, which turned into equations to indicate that this hideous monster was, indeed, math-driven.

The “dog” in the cartoon was cleverly labeled “The Economy”, and it was precariously and ineffectually straddling a toilet seat, trying to take a crap in the toilet, but ended up getting it all over the bathroom and all over itself, instead.

The point of the cartoon was not, despite opinions to the contrary, about how I seem to be fixated on the lowest form of excrement-laden bathroom-humor that I defend as perfectly befitting my opinion about the Federal Reserve creating so much money that we will be destroyed by inflation in consumer prices, but about how, when you examine the cartoon itself, it shows all the neo-Keynesian quacks, like Ben Bernanke and Paul Krugman, standing around in the background celebrating their grand achievement, slapping each other on the back and shouting excitedly, “It craps all over everything!”

Of course, this fabulous pictorial allegory of mine brings up many, many questions, such as the popular, “What in the hell are you talking about?”

The answers to the questions are all the wrong answers, of course, as in some kind of Zen-like paradox, and just between us, there was nothing in the cartoon about accumulating as much gold, silver and oil as you can, which was an oversight on my part, a mistake made crystal clear by the remarkable swings in the stock markets, up and then down, then down and up, up then down, swooshing and sluicing around and around, which has a kind of rock-n-roll beat that belies its true, horrific nature, which is that these kinds of oscillations are ominous, and they remind me of how systems of flows, particularly ones being supplied with more and more energy like the Obama administration is adding more and more money to the economic system, often go chaotic and collapse in catastrophe soon after entering such periods of wild instability.

I notice such things because I happen to be an expert on instability, as I'm a guy whose Whole Freaking Life (WFL) is, in retrospect, one chaos after another, like being forced to give up my whole life and lifestyle, to go to work, to earn money, to support myself and my stupid family, who are doing nothing to help me by, you know, likewise going to work and earning some money, and then having the wife yell at me in loud exasperation, "They can't work! They're only children, and it is illegal to make them work, you heartless moron!"

And when I mention it to my own mother to, you know, get a second opinion, she sits there shaking her head in disbelief and saying, "I can't believe I raised such a monster!" I am trying to explain, "But look at the gain if it had paid off!" but to no avail.

And when you politely ask your wife why doesn't she get her fat butt into a nice job and maybe pull a little of the financial load around here, she rudely answers, "And who would take care of the children, you moron?" and then she looks at me, like I can think of somebody.

But I already thought of putting our money into gold, silver and oil to capitalize on the idiocy of government monstrously deficit spending and the insanity of the Federal Reserve creating the mountains of money to do so.

So I tell her, "I have saved us, and I will make us rich with my timely action to buy gold, silver and oil, and that should be enough to ask of me, and you should grovel at my feet instead of demanding I give you the remote control for the TV!" which, I quickly found out, was, in her opinion, not.

But I do, and either way, buying gold, silver and oil is so obvious, and are so fortuitously still ludicrously under-priced, that she'll soon change her tune, and she, too, will exclaim, "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"