

Fabulous Mogambo Essay

5/3/2012

I recently had a revelation of sorts, distilled from my merely noticing what happens when passing by my neighbors, out on their stupid lawns, playing with their stupid kids, or washing their stupid cars, or just doing something stupid.

I am sure that you wonder how I can tell that they are stupid. Easy. I've been telling them to buy gold, silver and oil, for so long, and to such little effect, even in the face of such enormous gains accruing to those who followed such Fabulous Mogambo Advice (FMA), that one can only conclude that they are stupid or deaf.

And I know they are not deaf because when I helpfully say to them "Hey, you drooling moron! Buy gold, silver and oil stocks or kiss your stupid, ugly butt goodbye!", where by "ugly" I mean "big", they always reply, all huffy, "Who are you calling a drooling moron, you moron?", thus proving that they can, indeed, hear.

Anyway, being the friendly, peach-of-a-helpful guy that I am, as I pass by them in my snazzy Mogambo-Mobile, I always honk the horn several times to get their attention, and then we exchange the usual pleasantries, usually along the lines of them saying to me "Shut up that stupid horn, you dumb Mogambo bastard!", with me responding by cheerfully reminding them of their many, many errors, delivered along the lines of "I told you that your economic hell was going to happen, you lowlife cretin of a moron, because the Federal Reserve is creating so much excess money and credit!"

If I don't think that they are near enough to actually hit my car with anything, I can go slow enough to manage to throw in a little free history lesson for them, too, as in "And if you had bought gold, silver and oil when I told you to, then maybe you would be wealthy by this time, instead of just being older, uglier, fatter and (as far as I can tell) even stupider now than you were when you were too damned stupid to buy gold, silver and oil like I told you to, way back when, which was, QED, pretty damned stupid of you, and a complete waste of my Precious Mogambo Time (PMT)!"

They, of course, voice their displeasure at my reminding them of what imbeciles they are, mostly by engaging in making crude gestures, shouting rude profanities and flinging pet excrement at me, all of which are low-class behaviors that you would naturally expect from morons that are so, as previously postulated, stupid.

To be accurate, and just to set the record straight, my idiot neighbors only act hateful and cruel because they foolishly think that I am NOT carrying some kind of weapon that might "accidentally" fire, usually in the direction of somebody being hateful and/or cruel to me, and who is, obviously, asking to have their middle finger shot clean off.

But as to stupidity, if you want a frustrating afternoon, trying explaining the simple idea that the continual creation of a larger money supply leads to price inflation, even though Milton Friedman famously said -- long enough ago that they should have heard of it by now! -- that "Price inflation is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon."

So, I honk my horn at these boneheads, and I disdainfully huff in my haughty condescension that they deserve what they get for ignoring Friedman, and ignoring the enormous increases in the money supply created by the evil Federal Reserve, a lot of which was used to buy the \$5 trillion of new Treasury debt issued by the evil Obama spendthrift administration in the last 3 years!.

So, I mean, you would think that some, or at least one, of these proletariat halfwit neighbors of mine would have been impressed with Friedman's profound economic truism, especially considering the fact that nobody has disproved it yet!

Nor has anyone even found any time in history where such increases in the money supply did NOT produce inflation in prices, which of course hurts the poor by making things cost more.

As to the economy today, in case you are wondering on the edge of your seat what will happen, pull your chair up here closer to me so that you can look deep, deep into my eyes, and thus be impressed by my Awesome Mogambo Sincerity (AMS).

Perhaps then you will understand the terrible enormity of what is happening because the evil Federal Reserve created, and is still creating, so much excess money and credit for the last 25 years, and maybe that explains why the soundtrack to this Fabulous Mogambo Essay (FME) sounds so spooky and foreboding, a sonic mishmash with crashing, clashing horns making your skin crawl at the horrible dissonance, but not quite able to disguise the sound of ravenous wolves and government-employees unions approaching, one to eat you, and the other to eat your wallet. If you don't hear the soundtrack on your computers, it is bad news for those of us who are both paranoid and have no idea how computers or soundtracks work. I figure that it means that the government is censoring me, crushing me under its hob-nailed boot heel, to keep me from giving you the vital, VITAL advice to buy gold, silver and oil as protection (and enormous wealth-generation!) against the raging price inflation that will rain down upon us because of the foul Federal Reserve.

In fact, the vital, VITAL information to buy gold, silver and oil, distilled, as it is, from thousands of years of history, is so important (as indicated by the repeated use of the word "vital" over and over, which I use to make myself feel important) that I expect secret government agents to take action against the spread of this Immortal Mogambo Message (IMM) at any second.