

The Heroic And Brave Mogambo (THABM)

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I woke up alone in the Mogambo Bad Mood Bunker (MBMB), drenched in sweat, exhausted from tossing and turning all night, tormented by the same horrific nightmare.

It's the age-old horror story where vast hordes of desperate, starving people cannot afford to buy food because prices are so high and rising so fast, all because their idiot central bankers are creating so much excess money that the economy gets twisted by odious mal-investments and ruinous inflation in prices into a cancerous economic grotesquerie, and then the people had nothing to eat except dead people, and then they ate the dead people, and then it turned them into zombies with the undead stumbling through the long, shadowy night seeking screaming victims so as to kill them and eat their brains.

And, in the middle of it all, there I am, The Heroic And Brave Mogambo (THABM), shooting the hell out of hordes of moaning zombies with twin .50 caliber machine guns, one in each hand, the rope-like sinews of my brawny, muscular arms standing out like taut cords as I mow down zombies with a hail of red-hot lead.

Many people, when I tell them that I have had that nightmare, cavalierly say "Who cares about you or your stupid dream? Quit stealing my French fries and breathing on my food!"

So, being the kind and grandfatherly kind of stranger who only wants to help people, I gently turn and politely inform their children that they, and their parents, are going to suffer a painful, prolonged economic death, probably ending up wallowing in the filth and dirt of the gutter, eating bugs and weeds and dead people to survive, and that they had better enjoy that burger and fries while they can.

In a kind of "out the mouths of babes" surprise, the kids are suddenly all ears, and they want to know what will happen next!

Well, "What will happen next" is a subject upon which I am somewhat of an expert since the same thing has always -- as in Every Freaking Time (EFT) in the last few thousands of years -- happened when any stupid government is so stupid as to get so stupidly indebted for one stupid reason or another, and it usually involves desperate people with nothing to lose making an angry mess of things.

In my particular nightmare, the new twist was the inclusion of a remark by Ben "Butthead" Bernanke, laughable chairman of the Federal Reserve. As he said in reality he says again in the nightmare, telling the frenzied mobs of zombies "Don't panic! Everything will be fine! Just do NOT try to buy food or energy with your money! Invest your money instead, and maybe you will earn a return that will offset the inflation in prices that I am causing!"

This is, surprisingly, not actually exactly what he said, as I have, of course, paraphrased his actual remarks so that it is insultingly skewed towards making him look like the arrogant, lowlife, ignorant bastard that he is, but the disgusting, treacherous gist is all in there, in spades.

To be fair, he is exactly like all neo-Keynesian econometric trash infesting universities across

this great land, land of the brave, home of the free, from sea to shining sea, who embarrass themselves by bleating on and on about the Consumption Function and how to manipulate it with algebra and calculus to say anything they want! To triple-digit decimal precision! Hahahaha! What buffoonery!

And I am likewise viciously scornful to anybody else who does not advocate for a stable money supply, as required by the Constitution of the United States, and as guaranteed by gold.

The more astute of you will notice that I am rude and disrespectful in a loud disdainful voice, full of contempt for anybody with a differing opinion, which is because I have heard the prattling of all those neo-Keynesian econometric opinions for decades, and thus I am completely sure that, as economists, they are all incompetent blowhards, which I prove by merely asking you to get up off of your fat butt and go over to the window to merely look out at the world ruined by the Federal Reserve creating so much, so damnably much, so idiotically much money and credit -- and dollar-for-dollar attendant debt! -- for the last half century, but especially in the last few decades, and most especially in the last two decades, and most especially, especially most, in the last three years as the evil Federal Reserve created enough money to buy an astounding \$5 trillion of US government debt!

Why worry? Because only with a stable money supply can aggregate prices not rise, and thus aggregate prices do not rise because there is no extra money with which to pay higher prices, and there is no extra money since the money supply could not grow.

To be fair, Bernanke actually said that inflation in prices was only a problem for people who buy things or stick their money under a mattress to save it, but that if people invested the money, then they would find that, hopefully, inflation in prices will be no problem.

Thus he has given himself and the Federal Reserve the "green light" to create as much monetary inflation and as much price inflation as he wants, as completely insane as that obviously is, as completely contrary to what was clearly intended by the Constitution of the United States as that obviously is, and as completely contrary to the mission of the Federal Reserve to maintain stable prices and a stable dollar as that obviously is.

And thus this should give you the "green light" to panic, frantically hop in your car, turn the radio up loud, and screech the tires as you burn out to buy as much gold, silver and oil as you possibly can as quickly as you possibly can.

And if you do not, then you will soon have an epiphany about the phrase We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)! Or end up as a zombie. We'll see.