

Gospel Of The Mogambo (GOTM)

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By: The Mogambo Guru

I noticed that I don't laugh as much as I used to, but I curse a lot more. I figure it's because things economic are so serious and insistently suicidal lately.

I still laugh at funny jokes, however, like the classic "Knock knock. Who's there? Mogambo Guru. Mogambo Guru who? That's what everybody says!" Hahahaha!

Well, I am embarrassed to see that you are not laughing at what, I admit, is kind of an "inside joke", referring, as it does, to the fact that I am so unknown, despite having delivered the best investment advice (which is to buy gold, silver and oil) for the last 20 Years In A Row (YIAR), and I remain unknown despite being the most paranoid, angry, cynical, suspicious, trigger-happy, gold-bug, Democrat-hating and completely wonderful guy that I (or anyone else) have ever known.

And to tell you the truth, I am not sure the joke is actually funny at all, but I really get a kick out of the stupid looks on people's faces when I tell them that stupid joke.

Then, after waiting for them to ask "Who is this Mogambo Guru, obviously a fellow of intelligence, education and wit, of whom you speak?" I take a deep, sweeping bow as I proudly say "I am The Mogambo Guru!"

Then I raise my head to give them a raised-eyebrow look, like I am waiting for them to finally -- finally! -- recognize who I am, and realize that they should know me, and love me, and stop calling me "annoying pinhead", because I am famous or something.

If they at least fake some insincere reply, perhaps something along the lines of at least smiling kindly to the crazy old man calling himself Mogambo Guru standing in line at the supermarket, then I will gently say to them "Yes, I am The Mogambo Guru! Live, and in person! Yes, The Mogambo, sent to Earth from a planet far, far away to tirelessly yammer, yammer, yammer his big, fat mouth to Earthlings such as yourself about the Gospel Of The Mogambo (GOTM), which specifically dictates the buying of gold, silver and oil when the money supply is being increased rapidly, and to build elaborate underground fortresses as a defense against the raging and looting by hordes of desperate, zombie-like leftist morons who think that 'There is such a thing as a free lunch if the government borrows and spends enough money to fund enough government programs,' and who are thus deservedly bankrupted and destroyed by inflation in prices, suffering mightily in the general destruction of the whole stinking, stupid, bloated, cancerously mal-invested economy, based, as it is, on massive government deficit-spending to force American will down the throats of the rest of the world, and to require universal equality of outcomes, per the completely-discredited Marxist idiocy by leftist morons who believe such ridiculous

commie crap, and all financed by the foul Federal Reserve blithely creating the outrageously huge amounts money and credit out of, literally, thin air."

Usually at this point, for reasons that I don't fully understand, they are not in the mood for conversation, being too busy gathering up their children and herding their precious tots around behind them, like protective barnyard chickens, their pleading eyes searching wildly for somebody to protect them or (with a little gratuitous disrespect) maybe score a nice, juicy worm to eat.

Being distracted like they are, this is when I cleverly add the caveats that always surface sooner or later. "And yes," I say to them, "I have noticed that the Gospel Of The Mogambo (GOTM) is a direct rip-off of my vague-yet-superficial understanding of the Austrian School of Economics, which I do purely in my quest for higher efficiency and efficacy, and which has nothing to do with my not being very bright and hence cannot come up with anything even vaguely original of my own, even though I have tried and failed so many times that I don't even like to think about it anymore, and I am certainly not going to admit to it to some dumb-ass like you in the check-out line at some damned grocery store!"

By this time, someone is usually crying and bleating "Please don't hurt me or my kids, mister!" and the cashier, who has usually completely misunderstood the whole situation, is repeatedly pressing some stupid "panic button" to summon the manager, or somebody has called 9-1-1, or something. It's always something.

The point is that I know, by experience, that my time to help these people is growing short.

So I quickly finish up by adding "And the indelible lesson of history is to buy gold, silver and oil, today, and every day, as much as you can, and for as long as you can when so much money and credit is being created! And then you, too, will happily say 'Whee! This investing stuff is easy!', as all else around you is going to hell!"

But if they are NOT -- at least! -- polite to me, then I simply tell them "Go to hell, moron! You are obviously too stupid to understand the importance of buying gold, silver and oil when your own stupid government is allowing the evil Federal Reserve to create so insanely much money that We're Freaking Doomed (WFD) to be destroyed by inflation in prices and total bankruptcy when interest rates rise! Go to hell! To hell with thee, I say, and thy Fruit Loops, too! HELL!"

You have probably noticed two distinctly different references to hell. The reason for that is, of course, simplicity itself: Once the inflationary depression caused by all this new money being created by central banks really starts hitting, it will be truly hellish for everybody who does not own gold, silver and oil.

For those who do own them, however, life will be much, much more pleasant. So much so, in fact, that they will be known to periodically smile enigmatically and softly say, for no particular reason, "Whee!"