

It's That Time Again

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By: The Mogambo Guru

These are, indeed, times that try men's souls. To such a profound revelation, some would perhaps delightedly say "Indeed, Mogambo!" Perhaps you, too, are inclined to say "Well said, Mogambo! Thou art truly the greatest of writers, who can, with a mere fillip of prose or punctuation, turn a such simple phrase into immortal, graceful poetry, and anybody who criticizes you is an idiot and a jealous, loudmouth, know-nothing halfwit who wouldn't know true writing talent if it came up to them and took a whiz on their shoes!"

If so, I have to confess that I did not, alas, write it. But thanks, anyway.

That famous phrase is from, as it turns out, Thomas Paine, who used it in his "The American Crisis."

He actually wrote "These are the times that try men's souls," so you can see how I vastly improved upon this Paine guy by cleverly inserting the word "indeed," brilliantly using a couple of commas, and deftly removing the "the."

This, I am sorry to say, however novel and clever I hope it is, is sadly indicative of the woefully low level of personal creativity that I display these days, probably contributing to my appallingly "relaxed" attitude towards blatant, outright plagiarism.

In my own defense, please remember that what I admittedly lack in talent or professional ethics, I make up for with other, perhaps more endearing, qualities.

I mean, who can deny my sheer, screaming paranoia? And with that, I throw in -- for free! -- a howling, homicidal anger, and an incoherent, blubbering blood-thirst for awesome revenge against the treachery and betrayal of America by legions of greedy, smug morons for the last half century, ranging from the lowliest leftist voter thinking the government is there to "help people," up through the vast, expansive realms of "We're helping everyone, and borrowing ourselves into bankruptcy to do it" governments, and, perhaps most painful of all to see, up through the awful Supreme Courts.

All of these inexcusable dimwits are totally ignorant of the Constitution of the United States literally requiring that money shall be ONLY gold and silver specifically so that the money supply can't grow, thus preventing any inflation in the money supply, thus preventing the emergence of inflation in prices, and thus also preventing unsustainable, bankrupting bubbles in sectors like housing bubbles, stock market bubbles, bond market bubbles, size of government bubbles, size of debt bubbles, number of government dependents bubbles, and the entire, total tonnage of pure economic stupidity and simpleminded sophistry espoused by loathsome neo-Keynesian econometric halfwits like Alan Greenspan and Ben Bernanke and every other worthless butt-wipe who works, or ever worked, at the evil Federal Reserve, and the overwhelming proportion of the nation's

colleges and universities, all of whom I blithely brand as a clot of clownish, intellectually-impoverished, poseur dimwits who see NOTHING wrong with ANY of this monetary and fiscal absurdity, when it is perfectly, blazingly, blatantly obvious that there is absolutely nothing right about it, and that is why it is a total failure and has achieved such disastrous results, Decade after freaking decade! Dimwits all!

Whew! I pause to catch my breath, surprised at the raw anger pouring out of me, perhaps borne of fear that my wife will notice that I took a lousy twenty bucks from her purse when she, foolishly, was not keeping an eye on it, like I am personally to blame for her lack of responsibility and need to go to the bathroom.

Or perhaps I am upset about how the time is soon coming for rioting mobs of desperate people frantically flooding through the streets, their money inflated to worthlessness, ruined financially, economic zombies, looking for a handout and someone to blame for their plight, all because the evil Federal Reserve under the satanic Alan Greenspan, from 1987 to 2006, started the bank's treacherous trend of creating so incredibly much, so astonishingly much, so tragically too, too much money and credit, based on the sorry excuse of error-filled equations in worthless neo-Keynesian econometric lunacy.

And then these angry, desperate people, making the mistake of their lives, will think to themselves "Hey! That Irritating Mogambo Moron (IMM) was right! If we had invested in gold, silver and oil like he said to do, we would be rich, instead of being poor and wretched! Let's go over to his house, attack his stupid Mogambo Bunker Of Doom (MBOD), and if any of us survive the assault, we can split the gold and silver, and any leftover ammunition, we find inside!"

Through the periscope of the bunker I will, of course, see them coming. As they reach the perimeter that I have arbitrarily and secretly designated, I will give the klaxon a mighty, high-decibel blast, and the PA system will blare "Intruder alert! Intruder alert!", all of which has a very, very intimidating effect, as I found out the hard way when I came home one night, staggering from another alcohol-related incident, accidentally tripped the alarms and, just as accidentally, peed in my pants I was so startled and scared!

Well, it sure made a lasting impression on me! And on the family and neighbors, too, who came out to see what the fuss was about, and they saw me, and they laughed at me, mocking me, their insulting jeering and jabbering cutting through me like a Red Hot Knife Of Shame (RHKOS), yet they turn around the very next day and wonder why I hate them so much! Stupid or what, huh?

Anyway, through the Mogambo Communication Portal (MCP), I will ask them "What do you want, or shall I startle you once again?" They will say "We want you to give us some dry pants and some clean underwear; we peed all over ourselves here! And we want all your gold and silver, too, so that we can buy ourselves some food and get some nice clothes that haven't been slept in or peed in!"

I, of course, will say "No. But as true Democrats, you got the attitude down perfectly!"

After a lot of flustering and blustering, stumbling about in their confused stupidity, I will ask "Are you the same people who think that an idiocy like 'government deficit-spending to make up for lack of private spending because everybody is bankrupted under a massive load of debts, which is why they stopped spending' could possibly, possibly, ever in a million jillion years, work, when it never, ever has? Are you they? Is you them? Which or neither? Answer me! Now!"

Of course they will say "What? Uh, no, we are not those people, we don't think!" I will laugh at them, and reply with a twinkle of amused merriment in my voice, "Are you telling me that you instantly, intuitively understand, like normal people with even half a brain, that a constant freaking flood of new, government money disastrously distorts an already distorted, government-centric economy, making a normal recovery totally, completely impossible, as seemingly proved --proved! -- because nobody has ever, EVER heard of a case, in all these thousands of years of history, of robust private demand, despite cancerous over-indebtedness (and impending pandemic bankruptcy) somehow, perhaps magically, growing to replace the artificial demand created with massive government deficit-spending of new fiat money?"

Having accumulated a lot of experience over the years, educating a lot of people about the inflationary horrors of allowing the Federal Reserve to create so much excess money and credit, and how you would have to be an idiot not to be buying gold and silver, I recognize that this is when the average person says "Huh? What? I don't understand!", as does, obviously, Ben Bernanke.

Don't believe me? Then find out for yourself! Call the Federal Reserve in Washington, D.C., and when they answer the phone, say "I want to ask that big butthead Ben Bernanke if he has ever heard of a case of robust private demand, despite over-indebtedness, replacing the artificial demand of massive government deficit-spending? Now, put him on the line, and make it snappy, will ya? I ain't got all day!"

Go ahead! Call! I'm betting that, like when I called and asked them this same question, they put you on hold and never picked up the call, or you were mysteriously disconnected when you called them back, over and over, getting more angry each time to helpfully let their Customer Service Department know how angry I am about Bernanke ducking my calls, probably because Bernanke DOES think this stupid crap! Thus, it's proved, I tells ya! Proved! If he's innocent, why doesn't he come forward and deny it?

And that interesting-yet-terrifying tidbit of news is just another teensy, tiny clue to buy gold, silver and oil. All the other zillions of wonderful reasons to buy gold, silver and oil have 4,500 years of history backing them up.

And with evidence like that, against the foolish thinking of a guy who won't even answer the phone, what can one say except "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"?