

The Bold And Beautiful Mogambo Days Of Our Lives

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By: The Mogambo Guru

It was at breakfast that I was explaining my new theory. It goes like this: Since behavior has now been shown to be a function of genetics, and therefore subject to evolutionary pressures, that explains how, when women get to be menopausal, women's genes notice that it's now obvious that their deadbeat husbands are not going to impregnate them anymore, and therefore wives ought to get rid of these losers and try, try again with some other guys to test her fertility.

Sometimes it works, and those women for whom it does will have more children on which to pass the last-chance-for-a-kid genes, thus increasing the breeding population with the gene, and those that don't, don't, and thus are gradually eliminated from the breeding population.

And the time-honored way, as evidenced by cave drawings of prehistoric men, to do that is to, Step One, drive the current husband away, or, failing that, kill him.

Step Two: Two to tango.

By this time I was pretty excited, imagining all the fame I will garner with my groundbreaking new Mogambo Shrewish-Wife Gene (MSWG), mentally glorying in all the honors I will win, and the rich emoluments in cash and benefits that I will command for a tour of sold-out speaking engagements. And maybe copyright it to, you know, maybe make a few bucks somehow!

And maybe – how wonderful! -- I could do a spot on the Tonight show! I could segue to a bit about how the horrid Federal Reserve is creating so much currency and credit that we are doomed to disastrous inflation in consumer prices, which will be ruinous, but most disastrous to the pathetic pitiable poor, who are going to be made even poorer, which is the crying shame of it all.

“Wow!” I was thinking to myself. “This is going to be great!”

In all the excitement, I momentarily I lost my head, and in a disastrously candid continuation, went on explaining to my wife my wonderful new MSWG theory with “And that is why wives about your age start being such shrill shrews! And it explains why we men are always wrong about everything, and now we have to clean the damned bathroom, being hounded to death about it, every day you sweetly asking ‘Will you please, please, please clean the bathroom today for me like you promised, pretty please?’ and I say ‘Okay, okay, okay’, and I mean it, but then I get busy doing something else, and accidentally forget about it, like forgetting is some kind of big crime around here or something, and how a baseball pitcher can scratch his crotch on TV and it's OK with everybody, but a guy can't even scratch his crotch around his own freaking house without somebody complaining ‘Dear, do you HAVE to do that at the dinner table in front of

guests?', when, of course, I don't obviously HAVE to scratch an itch at the dinner table, ya moron."

Well, things went downhill pretty fast after that, but I figured that she'd settle down when the money started rolling in from, you know, the MSWG thing once some researcher proves it and I am declared a gigantic visionary genius in the field of evolutionary biogenetics.

Soon I was alone in the kitchen, as she had abruptly left the room in a huff, probably to get a divorce attorney, a new boyfriend or a gun. I didn't know which, but as I waited to find out, I started reading a piece in the Wall Street Journal titled "Fed Policy Is A Drag On Recovery," which seemed, at first glance to be a criticism of the Federal Reserve, which I love to read because I hate the Fed so, so, so much for causing the ruination of the United States by creating so much excess currency and credit that it financed the decades-long creation of a bloated, debt-addled, bankrupted, government-centric economy that will end in a huge inflationary, bankrupted mess.

It suddenly occurred to that, firstly and contrary to the title, I don't think that the Fed has been a drag on the "recovery" at all!

In fact, the Fed has been wildly successful in keeping a monstrous, malignant moribund economy, and by extension the same silly crap all over the world in concert with most of the other central banks, from just disastrously imploding from the sheer, staggering, stupefying stupidity of creating So Freaking Much (SFM) currency and credit to finance a Frankenstein economy based on staggering consumer debt and massive government deficit-spending debt to support a vast welfare state, a monstrous military-industrial complex, and a massive, corrupt financial sector, which, taken together, IS the entire US economy.

Such absurdity means We're Freaking Doomed (WFD), as evidenced by the fact that thousands of governments through the last 2,500 years have tried this selfsame "something for nothing" idiocy, and something Very, Very Bad (VVB) happened to every one of them, not the least of which is that they were bankrupted and ruined in the process.

And so, why not again, this time, as it has happened every other time, no matter what they tried and no matter what we try? But at least Bernanke delayed the inevitable! That's his success!

Sadly, however, destruction will happen again this time because there is nothing new in the economic universe for the last few thousand years.

Economies have always been, and will always be, just a matter of a money supply, taxes and government spending, debt, and the interest rate, all determining (and this is the important point) how much things cost.

And WFD especially now that, in a harmony to the terrible, terrified chorus of all the tortured souls echoing down from out of the past who have endured the agony and horrors of higher prices thanks to a vastly increasing money supply and idiotic government, "So many more

people are becoming poor these days, and the poor are getting even poorer, and they are getting surly about it! And they will continue to get poorer and more surly!”

Anyway, the essay looked to be interesting, as it was by David Malpass, who was listed as “deputy assistant Treasury secretary and legislative manager for the 1986 Tax Reform Act,” and who thus seemed to have the credentials to understand how the Federal Reserve and the federal government are in some kind of corrupt cahoots, in that the former creates crazy, huge amounts of money for the latter to spend in pea-brained pursuits and helping its sleazy friends keep solvent and out of jail.

And he does seem to understand it, too, only with a really muted style, like he is reporting “just the facts, ma’am” because he really needs his job because he has a mortgage to pay, two cars to pay for, kids in school, and credit-card debt out the wazoo, which means that he, as a writer commenting on the Federal Reserve, can’t just joyously jump up and say “The Mogambo was right! We’re Freaking Doomed (WFD)! And so heed him when he says ‘Buy gold and silver, you morons, to richly benefit from the wisdom of the cosmos and the whole history of your own planet!’”

If this was a soap opera on TV, perhaps called “The Bold And Beautiful Mogambo Days Of Our Lives,” the plot would be that the lecherous, treacherous, profligate, spendthrift, backstabbing boss hires the desperate-to-please accountant, forcing him to commit accounting fraud to cover up the boss’s thieving shenanigans, while secretly stealing more for himself, too, so that he can hobnob with his sleazy accountant friends in Jackson Hole every year, all deathly afraid for their stinking jobs, too, desperately conniving to brazenly steal even more because things are going terribly awry and all are on the brink of utter disaster, and for which we will all pay a terrible price.

In the meantime, all the little accountants are dancing on our graves and living like kings! On vacation! In the mountains! Fresh air! Eating really good food! Room service! All you want, and all free! Free! Free!

So Mr. Walpass does not use any incendiary language like “The Federal Reserve is a corrupt bunch of computer-and-equations wankers who are the only ones that do not know that their econometric Keynesian nonsense about stimulus-spending is, to be perfectly frank, a whole lot of crap, and in reality we are almost bankrupted because of it.”

Nor does he go on “And a big deflation in assets, and a big inflation in consumer prices, are ahead of us, which is exactly what the Wonderful And Inestimable Mogambo (WAIM) has been screaming about for so long that his throat is hoarse and raw, actually spitting up blood in his righteous anger, his pudgy little stomach knotted in rage, an overwhelming anger reflected in his face, contorted by rage, and punctuated by specks of spittle flying out of his mouth as he bellows because he is so, so, so completely outraged.”

Instead, he calmly notes that “credit to the government grew 58%” between April 2008 and April 2012.

Up by 58 percent in 4 years! Up by more than half in 40 percent of a decade! This comes to an annual inflation rate in the size of government borrowing of 12.12 percent!

Alarming as that is, he notes that while there has been a big increase in government borrowing from the Federal Reserve over the years, there has “no creation of new money in the private sector”!

“What?!?” I bellowed in a state of disbelief and incredulousness, as the use of an interrobang as punctuation so richly indicates. “As soon as the government gets the avalanche of cash, it spends it, and all the currency flows right into the private economy! Nobody don’t need no mo’ stinking debt! There’s money coming from everywhere, dude!”

Sure enough, at FederalReserve.gov, they have a handy chart that says that the “Percent change at seasonally adjusted annual rate” for the M2 measure of the money supply in the last 12 months, April to April, was a hefty 7.1 percent (to a non-seasonally adjusted \$10.597 trillion, the highest ever), and M1 (currency) was up 12 percent to a likewise non-seasonally adjusted-yet-likewise new record of \$2.536 trillion! Yikes!

Now, I could go on and on about how so much cash is being created because it is necessary for a whole constellation of illegal activities like bribery, graft, drugs, prostitution and CIA black-ops, maybe like stoned prostitutes bribed to spy on me from invisible helicopters hovering over my house, but the point is that the money supply is expanding at a reckless clip, and if you are not buying gold and silver, then there is something very, very wrong with you.

Anyway, that is the way it has always – always! -- been in history, thus a 100% certitude, which explains my rudeness, scorn and complete disrespect for any idiot NOT buying gold and silver in the face of the aforementioned 100% certitude of success.

After all: It’s not for nothing that people who ARE buying gold and silver say, as they do, “Whee! This investing stuff is easy!”