



## **The Fallacy of Belief or Yes Virginia, There Is No Santa Claus**

**A Monday Morning Musing from Mickey the Mercenary Geologist**

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For as long as I can remember (and I have a very good memory), it started with Santa Claus and it will never end until the day I die: Someone somewhere in some position of authority is telling me to *believe* in this, that, or the other.

I hate the word “belief”. I cringe when someone says, “It is my belief”, or “I believe” or “I’m a believer in...”

Blah, blah, blah...yada, yada, yada.

My favorite American author, Mark Twain hated the concept, too. He said: “Faith is believin’ what you know ain’t so.”

I refuse to use both the verb and the noun in their various forms. They are not parts of my vocabulary.

The faith and belief mongers now drive me to write this diatribe.

What in American culture demands that our parents, our teachers, our politicians, and our elected leaders constantly and continuously invent mythical creatures and promulgate outright lies to us, their subordinates, underlings, and minions?

At one time or another, authority figures try to make us *believe* in the following:

Santa Claus; the Easter Bunny; the Tooth Fairy; a monotheistic God; the Russians are coming; we are winning the war that Obama is waging to make peace; gold is going to \$4000; and the big banks are too big to fail.

My rebellion against belief started at age five when I was eavesdropping from the bedroom hallway into the living room and overheard my mother tell her friend about hiding the candy that the “Easter Bunny” had brought for my brother and me.

By that time I had figured out that the “Tooth Fairy” who exchanged a baby tooth under your pillow for a shiny Mercury dime was bogus. I didn’t tell my mom because I still wanted to get that silver dime. I own 20,000 of them now (two bags of junk silver).

I didn’t really give a rat’s ass for a stuffed rabbit, baby chicks dyed bright yellow, hardboiled eggs colored with red dye #10, and little egg-shaped candies made of really bad chocolate.

But then I started thinking...If the Tooth Fairy and Easter Bunny were fakes made up by my parents then where did “Santa Claus” fit into my new world of make-believe?

Now all of a sudden we were talking about a really serious issue: The jolly old obese man zipping around the world on Xmas Eve in an airborne sled with flying reindeer, climbing down our six inch wide gas fireplace chimney complete with fake log, and eating the hot cookies and cold milk my brother and I left for him. He delivered plastic pearl handled cap guns, bows with rubber tipped arrows, a set of three inch tall green Army men complete with one armed with a bazooka, and bright red Schwinn bicycles.

Damnation! Was that my parents, too? Couldn’t I *believe* in Santa Claus anymore? Was the bounty of toys on Xmas mornings just going to go away?

Never one to beat around the bush, I asked directly and I was told directly: The Santa Claus who rode down Broadway in a red fire engine for the annual parade was really the big fat Buick dealer who lived a couple of miles away.

The religious thing took me a whole lot longer to ferret out.

I was quite a little evangelical Southern Baptist Christian from about age eight to eleven. I even conned Jesus into forgiving me for being a hyperactive little boy who got all A’s in school but bad marks for “does not work well with others”, “does not like to follow directions”, “talks back to his teachers”, or “daydreams in class”.

I got forgiven for all these shortcomings by getting myself “saved” or “born again” or some such silly nonsense. Then I got my head dunked underwater so I could be a ritualistic cannibal and eat the dry, flat crackers washed down with Welch’s grape juice (Baptists couldn’t drink wine, that was a really bad sin) blessed by the local preacher-man to become the flesh and blood of *Jesus Cristo*.

But by age 12, when they told me to believe that Jonah got swallowed up whole by a whale and then was puked up on the beach no worse for wear, I thought: “That’s ridiculous. That’s just another lie they expect me to buy.”

I didn’t dare say that out loud because I knew Mrs. Jones the Sunday school teacher would tell me I was going to burn in Hell for eternity. Of course that would only happen *after* I was already dead.

So because of some funky dude named Jonah, a really big fish that actually was not a fish but a giant mammal, and a Sunday school teacher who I despised, I immediately began shedding my religion.

From that day on I considered it a waste of valuable time to spend three hours in the morning of a precious two day break from school in this nonsensical endeavor. Unfortunately the parental units didn’t see it that way and I was forced to go to church. By age 16, Sunday mornings were spent sleeping off a

hangover in the church balcony. The saving grace was the cute little hotties who sat up there on the hems of their skimpy miniskirts and that helped ease the pain and boredom.

If you are a believer forgive me for not buying in. As a scientist, I cannot fathom blind faith in something that I cannot see, hear, taste, smell, or touch.

Many American believe their nightly prayers to George Carlin's "Invisible Man Who Lives in the Sky" will be answered.

And that's okay.

I say "each to his own accord" when it comes to religion. I am content to live, let live, and not *believe*.

Another big piece of the misguided belief of my childhood in the 1960's was "the Russians are coming." American Cold War leaders starting with Patton and McCarthy put an evil face on the soulless and godless bastards from the east. Khrushchev added to the worry with some very bad behavior when he pounded his shoe on the table and threatened, "We will bury you." At least that was the way it was translated and the bald-headed old fart certainly scared the be-jesus out of Middle America.

America's irrational fear of a game of dominoes led to a 14 year quagmire in the jungles of Southeast Asia and was the first war the USA lost since 1812. Our military, elected, and appointed leaders kept expecting us to believe, "We are winning the War" when all along what we were doing was killing and maiming local peasants and orphaning the children of those on the wrong side of an unwinnable civil war. I've written about this before so there is no need to elaborate.

One would think our New-Age Left President would study, understand, and realize mistakes of the past in the putrid jungle and not continue to repeat them 40 years later in the stinking deserts of Afghanistan and Iraq. One would think...

But like Bush before him, Obama is blinded by belief in a Boogie-Man named Osama.

As reported by Time Magazine in mid 2008 via a purportedly leaked CIA report, Osama Bin Laden suffered from chronic kidney disease in 2002 and probably is long deceased.

Whether Bin Laden is dead or alive, smoke or mirrors, of flesh and blood, or merely an apparition, the government continues to effectively engender belief in him as the Boogie-Man that Americans love to fear and hate.

The fear mongers continue to insist a unified world terrorist organization called al-Qaeda is led by a nephritic Osama bin Laden and he is alive and well and living in Waziristan. In actuality the fairy tale gives excuse for waging a never-ending unwinnable war and allows the socio-fascist government to gradually and covertly erode our Constitutionally-guaranteed individual rights and freedoms under the guise of "international and domestic security".

Because of this irrational belief, we Americans are permanently subjected to a terror alert of "orange", whatever the f\*\*k that means. Every time we try to board an airplane we must shed our shoes and walk in bare feet or socks on cold dirty floors, have our personal toiletries intensely inspected, and buy \$3 bottles of water from airport vendors instead of bringing a container of tap water from home.

Our lives are monitored by video cameras everywhere except inside the privacy of our own homes. Our passports and driver's licenses now are embedded with microchips that will allow the government to track us wherever we go. Big Brother is watching everything we do 25 years after the prescient Orwell predicted.

Barack Hussein Obama II, the 44<sup>th</sup> President of the United States, was in Oslo, Norway on December 10, 2009 to accept the Nobel Peace Prize. His speech was classic *1984* Newspeak. The President said "war" 44 times. The President said "peace" 31 times.

Like Orwell's first slogan of the Party displayed on the white facade of the Ministry of Truth, Obama has asked us to *believe*: "WAR IS PEACE".

In September 1979, now over 30 years ago, I bought my first gold. The price had been going up steadily that year and was about \$325 an ounce. I decided it was time to own gold so one day I walked into a rock shop in Santa Fe, New Mexico and bought eleven gold-quartz specimens for ten bucks apiece. It was quite a good deal because they likely had been smuggled out of a Colorado mine in a lunch pail and the owner wanted to move them quickly. I've continued to buy nuggets and bars over the years to maintain 10% of my net worth in physical gold.

By January 1980, the price of gold had spiked to \$850 an ounce. For a very brief period of time, the gold bugs ruled the financial world. Of course the price collapsed as fast as it had risen. Remember that when any financial market goes exponential it soon will be parabolic.

The gold market of late 1979 to early 1980 was simply a bubble driven by rampant speculation.

However, the collapse of the gold bubble did nothing to curb the irrational exuberance of the gold bugs. We were told to believe that gold soon was going to \$1000 an ounce. On December 6, 1982, a popular newsletter team predicted \$4000 gold by 1985-1986.

Imagine if you would have followed their advice that day 27 years ago when gold traded at \$445. They advised putting 25-50% of your net assets into gold bullion. You would have been better off opening a savings account at your local bank.

Gold is not a viable long term financial investment. It is only an insurance policy, safe haven, and hedge against financial calamity.

From its high of \$850 in January 1980, it took over 27 years for gold to get to back to that price, 28 years to touch \$1000, and 29+ years for it to finally stick at four figures.

How can anyone *believe* these buggy-brained newsletter writers' never-ending predictions that gold is going to \$1500, \$2000, or \$5000 an ounce in the immediate future? Have you considered that they might be "talking their own books"?

Recently our Bankster-run government bureaucracies have invented a new belief mantra for the masses: There are bankrupt American businesses that are "too big to fail" and they must be subsidized by the taxpaying citizenry.

Included in this list are a dwindling handful of major banks, two Detroit automakers, two pseudo-governmental mortgage agencies, and a giant financial insurance firm. Employing typical government

euphemisms, these former icons of capitalism are no longer said to be bankrupt and too big to fail; instead Bankster-Ben calls them “systemically critical institutions” while Obama prefers “Tier One Financial Holding Companies”.

As correctly pointed out by dissident FDIC chair Sheila Bair, financial institutions that are perceived as too big to fail will make increasingly risky investments and over-leverage themselves simply because there are no adverse consequences for bad gambling losses. Taxpayers will be compelled by the government to bail them out.

To his credit, avowed socialist Senator Bernie Sanders of Vermont has introduced a bill called “The Too Big to Fail, Too Big to Exist Act of 2009”. It would force the Obama’s Treasury Secretary to identify those financial entities publicly and break them up within a year.

But our elected Democratic majority has been bought by the big-bank lobbyists and therefore believes that we must mortgage our country’s future to rescue the bankrupt behemoths. This is accomplished by making massive bail-out loans, monetizing the debt by creating electronic dollars, and then paying for it by increasing taxes on the average citizen to square the bad bets.

Meanwhile Bernanke, Geither, and Obama et al continue their weekly marches up to the bully pulpit and tell us to *believe* their “too big to fail” sermons.

As an educated scientist I am a natural skeptic who requires evidence and proof. Show me the beef. Present me with solid and concrete facts if you want me to consider any thesis seriously.

Evidence, fact and proof are foreign concepts to belief, faith, doctrine, dogma, creed, and conviction.

All Americans have been lied to since we were small children: Cajoled, wheedled, coerced, intimidated, threatened, and forced into believing for longer than memory serves, from cradle to grave.

I freely choose to think, opine, reason, consider, theorize, and surmise. I’m from Missouri and you have to show me.

Personally I will never believe what they tell me to believe. I reject belief. *Belief* is a fallacy.

And that summarizes my goal and commitment to subscribers and readers. If you’ve read my musings, you know that I do my best to ferret out the truth and that I am not easily conned or convinced.

I don’t ask you to believe in me, but accept this musing as evidence that I will continue to bring you the best possible research, due diligence, and investigation of junior resource stocks, macroeconomics, and commodities.

*Prospero Ano Nuevo, Inversionistas!*

Ciao for now,

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The [Mercenary Geologist Michael S. “Mickey” Fulp](#) is a Certified Professional Geologist with a B.Sc. Earth Sciences with honor from the University of Tulsa, and M.Sc. Geology from the University of New Mexico. Mickey has 30 years experience as an exploration geologist searching for economic deposits of base and precious metals, industrial minerals, uranium, coal, oil and gas, and water in North and South America, Europe, and Asia.

Mickey has worked for junior explorers, major mining companies, private companies, and investors as a consulting economic geologist for the past 22 years, specializing in geological mapping, property evaluation, and business development. In addition to Mickey’s professional credentials and experience, he is high-altitude proficient, and is bilingual in English and Spanish. From 2003 to 2006, he made four outcrop ore discoveries in Peru, Nevada, Chile, and British Columbia.

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