

The Evil Sock Monkey

By Anna Von Reitz



When I was a child, everyone had Sock Monkeys.

These were mostly homemade affairs, constructed with whatever stuffing came to hand and three pairs of workman's socks, marled gray, with bright orange-red heels and toes, twisted around to make a head and monkey face, long, skinny arms and legs, and if you felt like it, a tail.

Some Sock Monkeys are tail-less. My Mother shook her head and said they were a subspecies, still able to breed with the tailed kind.

Such Sock Monkeys were mostly loved by children and pets, especially dogs, who could always find something to do with them.

I thought they were creepy myself, not worthy of any terror, but creepy nonetheless. Like clowns.

When I grew up, and I had to describe the détente between the Federal Reserve and the International Monetary Fund, I said they were like the right and left hand of an Evil Sock Monkey, having no particular strength or will of their own.

The Federal Reserve is always righteous, eager to fulfill its obligations, keep its contracts, and ride herd like a cowboy on prime interest rates. Oh, yes, this, the right-hand of the Evil Sock Monkey, will promise remedy on every side. With steady and gleaming eyes, they will open their generous paws and say, "Amen!".

They know, however, that their partner in crime, the left-hand of the same Evil Sock Monkey, the International Monetary Fund, will deny access to any remedy the Federal Reserve provides by manipulating the so-called SWIFT System.

Thus, they have worked together, hand-in-glove, one hand sanctimoniously appearing to fulfill its legal and lawful obligations, while the other hand deftly denies any access to these remedies.

The net effect is that the Federal Reserve never pays the victims, but splits the difference with the IMF.

They have been working together in this fashion since 1937, and with one aim -- to make sure that the victims of this collusive financial atrocity never see a penny of remedy and never control their own assets --- not even their own credit.

When I observe that neither the assets nor the credit belong to the Federal Reserve nor the IMF nor the SWIFT System -- any of them -- and point out the fact they are colluding together to obstruct both justice and trade, they smirk and pull droll faces.

Just like a Sock Monkey. It really is enervating. It's clear that they think they're cute. And clever.

"You're one in a million," they croon, apparently unaware of the prophecy left to them by Colonel Mandell House --- himself a creepy advisor to Woodrow Wilson, who never saw any military service at all despite his honorific title.

I hum a snatch of "Gimme Shelter" by the Rollingstones, drink my coffee, stare at the toe of my high-heels. They slither around obligingly at my feet. The atmosphere turns solemn.

Rolling Stone is an adequate translation of the banking side of my family name.

I turn into the air conditioning draft so they get a good solid blast of the pear-scented 4711 Cologne I'm wearing.

"There's 300 of us, who consider ourselves Americans," I say lightly.

A faint tremor hits the room, like the highest note of a violin string hovering at the edge of audible sound.

A slack-jawed vacant look passes over their faces, as the thought comes home to them and they imagine Gideon's Army incarnate.

"And," I pause a moment, "we are not a Committee."

The Federal Reserve and the IMF have been playing this game for three generations, acting as the right and left hands of an Evil Sock Monkey, depriving their Creditors of any satisfaction.

And neither the assets, nor the credit, are theirs.

How's that for a fat lady's broken zipper?

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