

Everything Goes To Hell (EGTH)

6/16/12

I am dreading that it is now again time for me to make another of my stupid periodic reports to Zorggk The Exceedingly Great, who is the new Supreme Overlord of this barren outpost in this quadrant of the galaxy, and who isn't happy about it.

I mean, if he is so exceedingly great, what is he doing way out here, out across the tracks, in this backwater, low-rent, low-IQ section of the universe?

And his famously bad mood about his new position is only one of the things that make this reporting period so forbidding to me.

For one thing, he thinks that our beer tastes "funny" and that our pornography is weird, involving, as it does, a total absence of bare, glistening tentacles, particularly long, shapely tentacles heaving and breathing lustily in raw, feverish passion, twining and intertwining in a forbidden dance of love, and together (for Zorggk, anyway) they count as Strike One and Strike Two against this stupid planet, as seemingly unfair as that is.

Rumor has it that Zorggk is considering just eliminating our whole planet because we are 1) now sending our low-IQ, mutant spoor into space aboard probes (a term which he thinks is riotously funny, as in "Bend over, here come the probes!" Hahaha!), but which is bad because 2) he is seriously probe-o-phobic.

No, in rereading that last sentence, I now see that the "2)" is not right, although if you have ever pondered the many meanings of the word "probe", you will understand how anyone would think it was number 2! Get it? Hahaha!

Now that I am embarrassed to see that my little joke has fallen short, let me blithely go on as if nothing has happened, where I breezily announce that the REAL 2) reason to kill us all is because we Earthlings, whom my people call "Maize," are a really stupid bunch of lowlife boneheads such that we cannot even understand the all-important importance of zero inflation in consumer prices, as emphatically implied by a ridiculously redundant -- plus stupid-sounding at no extra cost! -- phrase, namely "all-important importance."

In my initial briefing with Zorggk, which I remember with a shudder to this day, I was to bring him up to speed about this planet you call Earth, which my people call "Maize."

Eagerly, like the cowardly servile little worm that I am, I unctuously agreed with him about how he deserved a better posting than this, and that it's all politics, especially that whole Andromeda crowd that thinks it's so hot, but are not, but they got the power, that's what.

The little rap tune broke the ice, and we soon shared a laugh about the stupidity of not having a stable money supply, as achieved with gold as money, and I was starting to tell him about the bizarre fascination on the planet Maize, which you call Earth, with, instead of a gold money, ridiculous paper currencies! Hahaha!

He laughed, but it was not mirthful. It was cold and heartless, as he, too, knew what this meant.

But he roared, or perhaps guffawed, we don't know which, when I described the insane levels of fractional-reserve banking, where the banks have a few lousy cents in deposits for every few THOUSANDS of dollars that they created, literally out of thin air, so that the banks could lend it out in some gigantic flood of new money, and new credit, and new debt, of which a staggering \$6.3 trillion was used to buy government debt so that the hopelessly embarrassing Obama administration could deficit-spend it -- the whole \$6.3 trillion! -- in basically Three Lousy Years (TLY)!

Doubling the entire national debt in less than 4 years! Insane and suicidal!

Even the Glorb people, a newly-discovered kind of invertebrate slug on the planet Glorb, which my people call "Maize" and which is even farther out in the barren hinterlands of the galaxy, understand this gold/money concept completely, despite not having any discernable brain, and have a monetary system is a gold standard!

Even though there is no actual gold on the planet!

I mean, how weird is that?

The lesson is that inflation in prices, as a result of such massive increases in the money supply by both the evil Federal Reserve and the other dirtbag central banks around the world because they are not constrained by gold, is going to have a profound effect.

"What kind of effect?" you ask with a quiver in your voice. Well, I am happy to say that we professional economists have a technical, very-precise term for what happened every time in the last 4,500 years that this kind of monetary insanity got out of control.

We call it Everything Goes To Hell (EGTH).

One of the more interesting details of studying the historical evidence of EGTH is that not quite everything goes to, you know, hell.

Gold and silver soar, soar, SOAR in price, and thus the Gigantic Mogambo Revelation (GMR), enlightenment perhaps not unlike that found by a young Buddha under a bodhi tree, which is that gold and silver will, this time, just like all the other times, soar in price.

And thus (follow my logic closely here) those who wisely bought gold and silver (and oil) will be an exclusive club, namely the "new rich," where "rich" is defined as "The sheer tonnage of cool stuff and tasty treats you bought and the additional tonnage of stuff you can still easily afford to buy."

Ah, but the delight of the prosperous few will be more than matched by the desperate, fearful outrage of the many, who are looking for scapegoats.

In that case, let me offer that it was all made possible by the evil Federal Reserve actually creating the fiat money, an evil Supreme Court that treacherously ruled that a fiat money was the same as a gold money despite what the Constitution said, a long series of corrupt, low-IQ Congresses that encouraged disastrous monetary profligacy so as to continually fund outrageous budget deficits, a woefully-ignorant and/or mentally-defective economics profession shot-through with the now-proven idiocies of Keynesian econometric economics, the one that actually links interest rates with spending and prescribes deficit-spending regardless of size, and a brain-dead population of voters that kept electing the same "Who else wants a free lunch?" weenies, time after time, all these years since the '60s.

A pox upon all their houses, of course, but the point is that, as they say, "It is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good."

In this case, it is the wise, intelligent, good-looking, cool people who bought gold, silver and oil stocks who will be blown some good.

And since physical gold and physical silver are still so amazingly cheap and so easy to buy, and the result being so obviously guaranteed by 4,500 years of history, what can one say except, gleefully, "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"?