

Hunkered Down In The Mogambo Hunka Hunka Bunker (MHHB)

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By: The Mogambo Guru

I was hunkered down in the Mogambo Hunka Hunka Bunker (MHHB) after having worked myself into another panic about the inescapable inflationary terror that will surely follow the monstrous amounts of money being created by the corrupt Federal Reserve and other central banks, including the horrid International Monetary Fund.

I was trying desperately to calm down, hoping to feel safe behind triply-locked doors, armed to the teeth and surrounded by microwave burritos, gold, silver, oil stocks. After awhile, and after a hastily-consumed burrito, I knew I was going to be "fine."

In fact, I will probably "a lot more than fine," with the wide sweep of possibilities ranging from the mundane "I'll be fine" to the classic "I'll be astronomically wealthy in terms of the sheer tonnage of neat stuff that I can buy, including enough money to pay off the wife and kids and finally shut them up about how I don't give them enough money to spend on their worthless trinkets, doodads, shoes, medical treatments and all that dental crap because I maniacally invest all our money in gold, silver and oil, demonstrating that I am smarter than all of them put together, entitling me to reap the rewards of a snazzy new car, maybe with some fancy mag wheels, in which to haul my worthless butt to the golf course, or just use the car to ride around looking for more things to buy, playing the radio and honking the horn at pretty girls walking down the street who are (as I am perfectly aware so I don't need to hear it again from you) young enough to be my granddaughters."

Finishing off a second burrito, mid-bite, out of the corner of my eye, I could see the Mogambo Monetary Seismographs (MMSs) going crazy, their inky needles wildly scritch and scratching frantically across the paper. I thought to myself "That's odd! How could such tinny sounds actually be the hoof beats of the Horsemen of the Apocalypse?"

Well, that was entirely too melodramatic, I admit, but that's the kind of crappy mood I was in, detached, as if in a dream, and not the good kind of dream where beautiful ladies run their fingers through my hair, breathing huskily and saying "Oh, Mighty Manly Mogambo (MMM)! I am thrilled by your raw, seething antipathy towards the evil Federal Reserve creating so much excess money and credit because it will destroy the dollar, destroy the economy and destroy us, and I am enthralled and entranced by your seething hatred of the corrupt, low-IQ Congress that lets them get away with, as you would charmingly call it, Monstrous Monetary Crap That Will Destroy Us All (MMCTWUA)."

Normally, I am eager to fall into such a dream state and resist anyone rousing me from it, especially saying something like "Wake up! You are going to be late for work!" or "Wake up! The boss wants to see you in her office right now!"

But no such luck. I was brought back to stark reality and the fullness of its ugliness by my eyes falling on the 5-Minute Forecast, written by Addison Wiggin.

"As of Monday, Oct. 1," he writes, "the national debt stands at \$16,159,487,013.300.35. This means the government racked up \$1,369,146,684,743.20 in new liabilities last year."

If you are intimidated by incomprehensibly large numbers, or your brain refuses to understand what it sees, or you are like me and just too slow-witted to immediately comprehend what the hell is going on, then permit me to simplify.

To wit: The usurper Obama and his horrid, neo-Marxist administration overspent the government's revenues by a whopping \$1.4 trillion dollars in the last twelve months!

How much is \$1.4 trillion? This is more than all the individual and corporate income taxes paid to the federal government, combined! In fact, it is more than half of the \$2.3 trillion total federal tax receipts, including Social Security and Medicare taxes!

The \$1.4 trillion deficit -- alone! -- is a gigantic 9% of the Whole Freaking Economy (WFE) of the USA! Choking on my outrage, I stammer out "Unbelievable! One out of eleven dollars of GDP is deficit-spent by the federal government!"

Of course, this always sets me off about the horrible Supreme Court, which made it all possible by ruling, over and over again, that the Constitution of the United States did not really, really, really mean it when it was stipulated that money "shall only" be silver and gold, which would have prevented any undue expansion of the money supply, and which would have prevented any of this bankruptcy crap from happening, and which was the whole purpose of the Founding Fathers writing into the Constitution the requirement that money be only gold and silver.

But it was the Congress that created the Federal Reserve, which is not federal and it has no reserves, yet it was given the power to completely control our money, despite it being owned and run by a large, shadowy bunch of greedy people, including foreigners.

So, who is to blame, Congress or the Federal Reserve?

Steve Saville of The Speculative Investor says that "We've speculated in TSI commentaries that unwavering devotion to bad economic theory (a type of stupidity) is the most likely reason for the Fed's introduction of a new inflation program at this time. There are other plausible explanations, but in general terms it boils down to this: the Fed is either stupid, or evil, or stupid and evil."

Later on, he admits "We'll go with evil and stupid."

And if the Federal Reserve is evil and stupid, and the Congress is corrupt and stupid, what is the smart thing to do?

I'm glad you asked! Buy gold, silver and oil! Gold and silver because that has always been the smart play for the last 4,500 years when governments behaved so despicably, and oil because it is now so completely vital, to so many people, that they must pay any price.

And with the insane overproduction of new money and credit by the filthy, foul Federal Reserve, the price of oil can go nowhere but up when the purchasing power of the dollar has nowhere to go but down.

And you need but look deep, deep into my bloodshot eyes to see the utter, utter sincerity there to believe me when I say, with the aforementioned utter, utter sincerity, that it doesn't get any easier, or smarter, than that.

That's why I say "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"