

Your Big Financial Butt (BFB)

August 14, 2013

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At this point in quantitative easing, my nerves are shot, and in my palsied panic I am fixated on looking out of the Mogambo Big Bang Bunker (MBBB) through the periscope, hands shaking as I grab the handles in my steely grasp, swirling like a dervish as I swivel to survey the perimeter, nervously trying to locate threats, ranging from the seemingly-innocuous Low Level Mogambo Threat (LLMT) such as “Come outta there and give me back the weed whacker you borrowed, you worthless Mogambo creep!”, to the dangerous High Level Mogambo Threat (HLMT) like gigantic hordes of crazed zombies swarming towards me, arms outstretched, mindlessly chanting “We want to eat your brain! And steal your gold and silver, too!”

Beyond demonstrating a new need for lots more firepower, this also, obviously, proves that even the undead -- the undead! -- know it's important to own gold and silver when the evil Federal Reserve is creating so much excess currency and credit!

“I mean, DEAD people know this stuff! Dead people! So how much more freaking obvious can it BE, for Pete's sake?” I think to myself disdainfully.

Confronted with such apparent willful stupidity on the part of most living humans who are manifestly NOT buying gold and silver, I am also nervously monitoring news and financial channels, expecting the worst. And pretty much getting it, as far as I am concerned.

I know that bad things are going to happen, YOU know that bad things are going to happen, the Austrian school of economics knows bad things are going to happen, the entire freaking corpus of the world's recorded economic HISTORY shows that bad things are going to happen, and that guy in the parking lot yesterday, who shyly looked away as he passed by me, knows, too.

He knows because I told him! I told him as part of my job description duties to “Provide education to the primitive peoples of the planet called Earth.”

So I said to him, my loud-yet-irritating voice piercing the air, “That's right! Look away, miserable Earthling! Look away lest thee wither before my scornful gaze, which I call Mogambo Gaze Of Scorn (MGOS), because by thy fearful and pitiful visage, I see your desperation at rising prices and disappearing jobs, and a dreaded panic at a catastrophic future equaling total loss that is looming like the dreaded Kraken from the sea, to which I laugh the similar-sounding, but completely different, Mogambo Laugh Of Scorn (MLOS), as if to ask ‘What in the hell did you think would happen with constantly-rising debt financed by a constantly-rising money supply, moron? Hahahaha! Release the Kraken!’”

I know what you are thinking. You are snottily saying to yourself “That is what you ALWAYS say, you jerk, but with the addition of the Kraken reference, which is new for you, but hardly

original!", and you are darkly wondering if I will ever come up with anything new or even vaguely original.

Me, too, frankly, I am sorry to say.

But, for starters, I don't usually tell you that interest rates are up by more than 60 percent in the last couple of months, and that means that, mathematically, umpteen trillions of dollars' worth of bonds, and umpteen more trillions in foreign bonds, have lost about 60 percent of their unbelievably sky-high value as a result.

Interestingly, from a mathematical-oddity viewpoint, a 60 percent loss of umpteen trillions of dollars still equals, believe it or not, umpteen trillions of dollars!

This puzzling paradox apparently has something to do with space actually folding back onto itself, warped by the sheer intellectual vacuum of allowing such disastrously preposterous amounts of currency and credit to be created by the foul Federal Reserve, proving, in the process, that half of preposterous is still preposterous, sort of like a variable having an exponent of infinity.

Then, to make matters worse, there's angry agitation for an increase in the minimum wage, rounded to a neat, tidy doubling of the current wage.

If the newspaper headlines were "Rents Double!", or "Taxes Double!", or "Interest Rates Double!", the whole stinking place would be in a frightened frenzy at the inevitability of higher prices and huge, ugly economic dislocations to offset the higher costs.

This kind of angry desperation of "I need more money!" is on the increase, too, and it's hard to argue against it, especially considering how much prices have gone up since the minimum wage was \$3.35 in 1988.

But not according to the Bureau of Labor Standards at BLS.gov!

This handy little government-run inflation calculator shows that prices have almost exactly doubled since 1988, when the minimum wage was \$3.35.

So by the government's own calculations, a current minimum wage of \$7.25 means that minimum-wage earners are a bunch of whining, over-paid, narcissistic, gimme-gimme gluttons and ingrates who are already OVERPAID by a whopping 55 cents an hour from more than a doubling of the minimum wage since 1988, when prices have only doubled!

In short, according to the government, wage increases have outpaced price inflation, if you believe the government's statistics, which nobody does, except to believe that the reality is actually much worse, and, ergo, demands for higher wages and yet-higher prices.

To all of you who want to argue with me, insisting that I am a crazy, irresponsible, low-IQ, gold-bug, gun-nut, Constitution-hugging, lowlife, nitwitted, worthless husband and substandard father, then okay, it's point well taken.

But if you think that any price-inflation above zero is not a horrific calamity, then you are truly an idiot, and I scornfully laugh in your face -- ha! -- and make cruel sport of you, even, perhaps, following the enlightened lead of Monty Python and the Holy Grail, fart in your general direction.

But one good thing that will come out of this whole quantitative easing/Keynesian insanity is that you doubters of gold will soon see, with a keen, crystal clarity, that you got exactly the misery you deserve, and thus your children and grandchildren, and great-great-great-grandchildren yet unborn centuries hence, will learn a valuable lesson, too, about the unbelievable inflationary horrors that happen when you expand the money supply by so impossibly much, for so long as was humanly possible.

The other good thing that will come out of this aforementioned "whole quantitative easing insanity" is that people who wisely heeded history, and who bought gold and silver when the currency was being debased like this, always did very, very well, when everyone else did, in a word, not, as was hinted at in the previous paragraph, a fact not lost on Junior Mogambo Rangers (JMRs), whose keen eyes and justified paranoid outrage at the indefensible excesses of the Keynesian economic theory, that is leading us into the rat hole, make them ever-alert -- ever alert! -- to such subtle signs of, as Ludwig von Mises prophesied, "the final collapse of the monetary system" if monetary excesses are not "abandoned."

This strangely proves that zombies, Junior Mogambo Rangers (JMRs), gold bugs, and the brilliant economist of the Austrian school of economics have a lot in common!

It's something to think about, anyway, while standing idly in line to buy gold and silver, rather than fixating your dire dread on pondering how We're Freaking Doomed (WFD), except to then proceed to the front of the line, and then the wonderful opportunity of buying gold and silver at such bargain prices to save your Big Financial Butt (BFB) that is sure to Pay Off Big (POB)!
Whee!