

Now You See It...

Written by Alex Baer

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It has taken some time, but most of us *think* we have come to understand the near-total economic collapse rigged by greed-heads, the most recent collapse, that is, the one we all hope has passed. Or, we all *feel* that we understand -- same thing, for many people.

Which kind of scary to address? *Oh, hell -- let's try to do both.*

After endless examples and conversational models involving *tranches* and other roulette bets, we more or less get it: We were boarded by Wall Street pirates running on high-seas casinos, stashing their loot in friendly, duty-free ports of call, on lovely green islands, all stashed inside -- apparently -- one simple, 2-bedroom bungalow with a mailing address, home port, for 5,319 corporations, give or take a few thousand.

Safe at home in this here haven, aye -- safe haven to be sure!

More difficult to fathom than gauging the depths of the pirates' greed, and tougher than guessing at the deep holds in their treasure ships -- just from checking high-water marks on the sides and on the currency -- is understanding what the world economic and money system has become.

Good luck with that keelhauling task, even with salty guides fresh from the decks of this huge fleet of ships all stenciled, "*Filthy Lucre And More.*" If you're not already seasick, and want more lore of these tides, check out today's stories of HSBC's mysterious 15 trillion in booty, magically washed right up onto their shores.

Most of us are still creaking around in the ponds of our understanding, bogged down in transit, puttering around with working models of tree-fired, wooden paddle-wheeled boats, not streaking through space on time-folding and continuum-skipping furies of ships as all these supranational banking pirates wheel themselves around in.

We know, most of us, we haven't a prayer of understanding this stuff: Just a whiff brings on a migraine, makes us want to go into a dark room, mumble and mutter ourselves to sleep. How much worse for those on the supposed side of We the People, against these epic raiders and

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lawless privateers?

Agencies are canon-blinded, fail to look into such things, or, if they try, are cannon-blown right out of the water, outgunned in both firepower and funds. Pirates have all the time -- and lawyers -- in the world. They can afford to play out the clock waiting for sideline forces to muster any call against them. Why not? The funds-bombs are still ticking, the interest's compounding, the fortune's redoubling every second on these misbegotten mountains of gold.

And we wonder why no-one's walked the plank yet in *Financial Services Bingo Jackpot Land*. How silly of us. We forgot how cheap are buttons and thread to these filthy jackanapes, so danged inexpensive to buy us off, sew us all up, leave us adrift, all nice and tight.

You want examples? Check out the current administration, you want to see insider foxes with front-row seats to the horror-show heists of our homey henhouses, here and afar. They plundered away, we gave 'em the keys to the joint -- lock, stock, and million-BTU barbecues: *Cooks nine-thousand, full-size chickens, or homeowners, in just eight seconds flat!*

Hell, while we're at it, let's lob in a pro-U.S. Jobs Czar, one from a warmongering firm, a CEO famous for booting American jobs and technology off shore! Makes sense, far as we see, all out to sea!

We are still way behind the 8-ball, still trying to bend our brains around this one, testing its veracity: If bank bailout funds had gone to Americans with home mortgages instead, those homeowners could have paid off mortgage debt to the banks, *with money left over.*

Just think: Republicans' minds would have locked up and fused, completely melted down into radioactive pools. Apparently, that's too many victories at once for this old universe to take: Homeowners win. Banks get paid off and told off, told to go pound sand up a rope. All while Republicans implode, red with faked outrage over such insanely sensible plans.

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More reading? □ See "Up the Organization," by Charles Townsend, former Avis CEO, who wrote about 5,000 predatory elitists control the U.S. economy, and that they "regard this country as their own whore house and they treat each president as their private towel boy." The book was first published more than 30 years ago, in 1981.