

Money, Value, and Time



By Anna Von Reitz

I have pointed out the actual problem many, many times----but still somehow people aren't listening and really hearing the message:

Money is an illusion. A Fakir's trick. An idol. Literally. It is unreal in the same sense that a photograph is unreal.

That gold coin you are holding in your hand is being used --- arbitrarily -- to represent other commodities and goods, but it really isn't the "same as" all those other commodities and goods, is it?

The promoters of this system of things have convinced you that gold (or paper or lead slugs or tulip bulbs or whatever else is being used as a "medium of exchange") has value apart from whatever value you give to it--- and it really doesn't.

Even the language of money is straight from a carnival sideshow. Think about it: "medium of exchange"? Like Madam Zorba, the famous Medium and Fortune Teller? Money, regardless of the form it takes, is phony by nature.

I have had people tell me that "gold is a store of value".

Okay, I said, show me a "charged" versus a "discharged" piece of gold? How can you tell when it is storing up value and when it isn't? Does a light go on?

The truth is that gold doesn't store value or anything else, unless you make it into a box to hold napkins.

And, it doesn't matter if you are using pieces of paper or digits in a ledger or gold coins or tiles of glass or wampum beads as money.

It's all fake. It all requires "suspension of belief" --- the same kind of willingness to be deceived that takes place when you go to a movie about flying cars and unicorns.

It truly does not matter what you use to represent value --- value itself remains obscure, a creature of imagination and circumstance.

Basically, value is your opinion of how much something is worth to you at any given moment. A glass of water is beyond price to a man dying of thirst. My red shoes may be valuable to me, but useless to a woman who wears Size 10 and hates red. Are you beginning to really think about all these things? Maybe for the first time?

The men who have been running this world for the past thousand years don't want you to think about how arbitrary and variable "value" is, because if you did, you might also realize that what we use to "represent value" is even more illusory.

Ever wonder why bankers are so sober and straight-laced in appearance? It's because they are playing poker. All the time.

Get these boys in a back room and they talk a million miles an hour. You cannot shut them up. They talk endlessly about the minute details of their personal lives, their families, their dogs, their cats, their religious beliefs, their secret fears, their most embarrassing moment----it all spills out in torrents.

In ten minutes, you will know more about Maury, the Banker, than you ever wanted to know. You will hear about how his Father abused him, that his Mother was a lush, that his Son-in-Law beats his daughter every time she gets pregnant. You will get acquainted with his cat, Felix, who weighs almost thirty pounds and has to eat a special restricted calorie diet..... then you will hear about his veterinarian, who charges \$300 dollars an hour to tell Maury he's feeding the cat too much.

Outside of Hollywood and the Strip in Vegas, there is not a stranger social arena in the world than a convention of bankers.

I stand around at these events and nod sagely and look deep into their eyes. They mostly look sad and guilty, like bad dogs who got caught sleeping on the couch. The endless chatter about nothing for nine out of ten hours is part of the anxiety: "Oh, God, Paula, what do I do now? They know. I mean, they really know!.....and they are going to kill me. I just know they are going to kill me...."

A couple weeks ago, these same people were talking about arbitrarily setting the value of gold at \$10,000 an ounce in an effort to "create value" in the asset-backed world sufficient to counterbalance all the credit and debt that has already been issued.

I laughed out loud.

Why don't we all get our flashlights and pitch our pup tents in the back yard? You go find your scary mask from last Halloween and I will get a campfire going. We will sit around and tell ghost stories until we believe them and spend all night quivering in our sleeping bags for fun.

That's the kind of thing that grown men and women are doing, because most of them, even the bankers, really, truly, have no concept of what money is ---- and isn't. And it is worse than simple ignorance. It's that they don't want to know.

They are afraid to give up their illusions. They desperately want to believe in flying cars and unicorns. It doesn't matter to them that what they are currently doing and also what they are proposing to do in the future, is not based on reality.

Nobody, it seems, can face the unreality of money.

Except a few Great-Grandmas who could give a damn, that is.

IF enough people would sit down and look at the paper in their wallets one afternoon and fully realize that it is just paper, or if they hauled out their stash of gold coins and realized that it is just some lumps of metal, the world would change. Immediately. Forever. For the better.

The willful mass delusion we have been living in could finally end.

Our time on Earth, our energy, our skills, our dreams, our will to do good, our loving relationships, the wealth of our planet's resources--- these are our most valuable treasures by far--- and we are being snookered into exchanging them for what?

Pieces of paper? Lumps of metal? Digits entered into a bank ledger? Really?

We can never count how many rich men have won the game and lost the battle.

They have come to their graves saying, "Oh, crap.... I wasted my time playing the stock market.....I should have married Ellen Henderson instead..... I hardly know my son.....What good is all my money now?"

The fact is that money is unreal, but the ill-effects of money, and especially of money monopolies, are tragic---and, until we face the fact that money is unreal, we can't even deal with the unreality of it in a sane way.

We just continue to wander around in a haze being deluded, valuing things that aren't valuable, and being cheated up, down, and sideways by charlatans who have cornered the market on this Grand Illusion.

I know that what we have proposed as the solution has caused no end of consternation --- both among those who know that money is an idol and those who remain True Believers--- but something practical has to be done and there must be some logical basis for doing it.

The carried-forward debt of the world has become a great burden to 99% of the people and an unusable resource for the other 1% who are, ironically enough, burdened down trying to manage and deploy the accumulated credit in a way that preserves the "perceived value"----- that is, scarcity, of money.

It's a crazy-making situation no matter which foot you stand on, either having far too little or far too much, with everyone fighting over who-owes-who what.

Wearily, I explain that the problem is that we actually have both too much credit and too much debt, and nobody is willing to do the bookkeeping.

What should happen is very simple and I have directed the Vatican Chancery Court (the bank for the Holy See) to do it. Issue the credit to cancel out the debt. Then issue more credit ear-marked for actual living people and their unincorporated small businesses, and another dollop of credit ear-marked for corporations.

What shall we base all this new credit on?

Well, since money is imaginary, we don't really need any basis for it, but if the gullible and plodding among us need a basis to issue credit here are some ideas:

1. Instead of arbitrarily valuing gold at \$10,000 per ounce, why don't we value each man's labor at \$50,000 per hour? It would make as much sense and cut down the debt five times faster.
2. Instead of secretly buying life insurance policies on strangers and betting on how soon they will die, why don't we openly buy old age insurance policies on friends and bet on how long they will live? That at least de-incentivizes corrupt medical practices, war-mongering, genocide, and development of man-made diseases.
3. Since the rats abused our delegated powers to charter all these corporations that are abusing the living people and enjoying all the ill-gotten gains of undeserved bankruptcy protection at our expense, why not base all the new credit on worldwide corporate assets? Let those who benefit from the scams and the bankruptcies pick up the tab for it.

I could probably come up with a hundred ways to quietly chisel away the "World Debt" and nobody would even feel the loss--- the problem is that the perpetrators responsible for this situation envision a world in which men are born into perpetual enslavement and debt, a world in which money is ever more scarce and so, imagined to be more valuable.

That's why everyone needs to wake up and smell the java now.

It's all flying jalopies.

The whole "Monetary Crisis" and the "National Debt" and the "Global Currency Reset" and the "Foreclosure Crisis" --- is all bogus, arbitrary, carnival sideshow illusion and fraud. It doesn't matter if it is gold, yen or glass shrinky dinks used to promote it--- the bottom line is that money of all kinds is an illusion and it always has been.

While it could be a good and useful tool, the greed and stupidity of men has allowed money to become a scourge and a tool misused to promote misery and enslavement instead.

It's time now to wake up from a very bad dream. Put away the concepts of childhood. End your own enslavement. Every country has abundant resources. Every man has labor to trade. There is no excuse for lack or for fear anywhere on Earth. All we really need is some hard-headed common sense.

What is that stuff in your wallet, but a gob of paper someone printed?

Do you work for the government or does the government work for you?

Get your Thinking Caps on, Campers. Set your Shinola Sensors on "High".

We all ride for the brand and its up to us to choose which brand we ride for.

Seems to me that I recall Jesus paying off all the debts of the world forever, two thousand years ago. So why is Satan still here with his hand out?

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