



The Sinking Money

(excerpt: 2-2025)

“No one traveling on a business trip would be missed if he failed to arrive.” – Thorstein Veblen, real economist

Life is too precious and incomparable to money. Life isn't born to be bargained, negotiated, or to be bought and sold... that's unless a fool who lives in a monetary culture tries to fool others who don't know what money is. Suppose, for example, a rich man's private jet crashes in the jungle and he survives the emergency landing. His tons of money are scattered around the crash site. Since his entire cultural upbringing has been shaped by *how* to “earn” more money and how *not* to lose any of it, he immediately starts picking up the

scattered money before nature and climate start to take care of it. Hallucinations about protecting his money are polluting his mentality, because he knows that if he loses them, his human value will plummet down. He is worrying that someone may run up to the money and steal them, or even his expected rescuers may pickpocket some too. So he rushes to collect the scattered money all around the crash site and to secure them as close to him as possible.... However, his monetary wealth is absolutely worthless in the middle of a jungle that is thousands of miles away from where money can be used and exchanged for living necessities. Due to his entire life being circumnavigated by absorbing himself into *only* profiteering, this man has zero knowledge on how to live without money, and how to acquire his living necessities *without* paying money for them. He has spent hours of collecting all the scattered money and securing them into one pile, but the darkness is creeping up, he is hungry, his exhaustion is amplified by the mosquitoes that care about his *blood* wealth, not about his monetary wealth that he's sat his ass onto protecting; and forget about all the jungle mosquitoes that immediately detect their meal and want to suck it dry to the max, because he actually now has to worry about protecting his own *life* for overnight when the jungle animals seek *meat* wealth! He has no knowledge of how to start a fire, warm himself up, or gather food and water, because in a monetary culture somebody always did that for him.... It's now total darkness, and this is not like darkness in the light-polluted city that he's lived his entire life: This is pitch-black darkness! With no distant hint of street lights he can't even see his own fingers if he were to put them in front of his eyes.... Suddenly some terrifying noise in the nearby bushes petrifies him to death; a crying roar fades away and the noise dies out. Thinking that *this* will be the *end* of his life he swallows in fear. Protecting his money is so deeply embedded in his head, that that he naturally starts to clinch and squeeze the pile of money beneath his ass, as if he is protecting his money instead of himself.... Suddenly, a bunch of fire flames light up to shine the surrounding jungle.... Have his rescuers arrived? His culture-bred arrogance shines too, and without seeing any faces he is tempted to complain immediately: “What took you so long?” But no response.... He now hears many people's footsteps approaching and starts to recognize the silhouettes; these are no rescuers, but an entire tribe of jungle inhabitants. He also recognizes that they have speared to death the wild animal that was going to attack and eat him. He is puzzled because they have saved his life, yet they are *not* his rescuers that he expected. They have no vehicles or helicopters to get him out of the jungle. In a monetary culture, being a rich mogul means that he

naturally gravitates to exploit his own working wage slaves as much as possible by paying them as little as possible, but his gratitude that these folks saved his life is so high, that he is compelled to pull one of those paper bills beneath his ass – imprinted with many zeroes – and hand it to them for saving his life. He wishes that the monetary value of at least one of those paper bills was way lower than the millions it's worth, but unfortunately he is a rich mogul and in his private jet he carries only the highest value of paper money. In a monetary culture, each of those bills have incredibly high value; in fact so high, that if those tribe's people who saved his life, were to move and live in the so called “civilized” world, they would actually be able to live *without* having to wage slave for their entire lives. So, should he do that and hand them one of the bills? He is having second thoughts about it because he doesn't want to lower his own monetary wealth value.... He decides he *will* do, because he expects them to now bring him water and food too. So, from the pile of money beneath his ass he pulls one piece of paper money which is “worth” millions according to the numbers printed on it, and he hands it to them. They take it.... But suddenly, his jaw drops open in confusion when they smell it, taste it, wrinkle it and throw it in the fire pit where it immediately inflames the fire brighter for just few seconds till the fuel is exhausted. Alarmed with shivering liveliness and shook to the bone from what he just witnessed, in a fraction of a second he jumps and tries to rescue his paper money... but in another fraction of a second his mind registers that the paper money is now reduced to ashes and it's too late; so, he quickly pulls back his hand away from the fire.... Regardless of the rejected “payment,” the “primitive” people *give* food and water to that pale-frozen face that still hasn't got over the shock of witnessing his paper money burn to ashes.... It's about time to end the story here. Enough said: money's “worth” has *zero* value in a cultural way of living that works *without* money. So, the monetary way of living that we've been living for several hundred generations is *artificially* created through our culture; and how our culture occurs is arbitrary and directionless moment of time in human cultural evolution.

“We agree to be led by self-serving sociopaths who wouldn't survive a day in the forest, and wonder why our societies are wretched and our self-esteem low.” – Charles Foster, author

In *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*, Buckminster Fuller provides another example: “Now, I'm going to have a man in a shipwreck. He's rated as a very rich man, worth” billions “by all of society's accredited conceptions of real wealth. He has taken with him on his voyage all his stocks and bonds, all his property deeds, all his checkbooks, and, to play it safe, has brought along a lot of diamonds and gold bullion. The ship burns and sinks, and there are no lifeboats, for they, too, have burned. If our billionaire holds on to his gold, he's going to sink a little faster than the others. So I would say he hadn't much left either of now or tomorrow in which to articulate his wealth, and since wealth cannot work backwardly his kind of wealth is vitally powerless. It is really a worthless pile of chips of an arbitrary game which we are playing and does not correspond to the accounting processes of our real universe's evolutionary transactions. Obviously the catastrophied billionaire's kind of wealth has no control over either yesterday, now, or tomorrow. He can't extend his life with that kind of wealth unless he can persuade the one passenger who has a life-jacket to yield that only means of extending one life in exchange for one crazy moment's sense of possession of all the billionaire's sovereign-power-backed legal tender, all of which the catastrophey-disillusioned and only moments earlier 'powerfully rich' and now desperately helpless man would thankfully trade for the physical

means of extending the years of his life; or of his wife.”... First, if such a circumstance is to occur, the life-jacket situation would be the other way around: the *rich* man would have it, not the poor. But let's assume, it *was* the poor who had the life-jacket, and let's take that a step further. When the rich person needs the *real* necessity – the life-jacket – he is ready to pay higher price for it, and in his case he was ready to pay his entire life savings to the poor person who had the survival-assuring life-jacket. So, according to “free market” theory of “voluntary exchange,” the wealthy man's payment offer occurs as if there are no coercive triggers for him to seek something very vital that he needs which will keep him alive; to the “free market,” handing out money in order to obtain goods and services – is a non-coercive “voluntary” participation between buyers and sellers who want to be doing what they're doing. What the “free market” theory omits however is that the money-exchange-for-necessities offer is a voluntary self-forced and self-coerced offer – for the benefit of his own survival and at the expense of the other person who is being lured to give away his life jacket. The voluntary offer of money for products and services may seem non-coercive to the “free market” because the man with money lifts his hand first and offers money, but that is an *effect* of what has *coerced* him to get to that point: his need to remain alive. He knows his life is in *danger*, so he coerces *himself* – what appears “voluntarily” – to offer all of his valuable monetary life-savings which in this case are worthless despite that they are *money*. He now knows that money has *zero* value in a shipwreck, while a life-jacket is a *real* life saver.

It is also a classic delusion to assume that in the “free market,” people's voluntary actions can make them opt out of continuing to exchange, yet because of the fact that they don't opt out then the assumption is that they are *voluntarily* continuing to participate in the monetary culture. No, it's rather self-coercive *cause* and *effect* of participation in monetary-exchange-for-necessities. Both, rich *haves* and poor *have-nots* don't want to pay *any* price for anything because they want everything as free as possible – which again shows that deep down in us *nobody* really likes participating in a monetary culture, because the *always* not enough money never provides sufficient goods and services that are never supposed to be not enough. So, in a monetary culture, in order to *preserve* their lives, people are *forced* to pay any price that they can afford to pay for a living necessity. Ironically, while it is a rarity that a rich person is desperate and offers his entire wealth for the life-jacket, every second of the day a poor person offers his entire monetary wealth to buy the next needed meal; and again, it is the *lack* of their living necessities that *coerces* them into the payment-for-living, and that is not to be assumed as freely *volunteering* to participate in the exchanging fad. No, just like the rich *haves* don't want to participate in monetary exchange and monetary exchange is not freely voluntary for them, likewise the poor *have-nots* too: they *don't* want to participate in the monetary exchange as well. If the necessities are provided in abundance, then money cannot exist because money requires the necessities to be scarce in order to be sought for purchase by the buyers who haven't been given plan B: a non-monetary way of living. But in a life without this monetary fad, they wouldn't be handing out any money and they would just *access* their living necessities – that they have engineered and constructed for themselves without charging themselves money; and if two people are on a sinking boat with only one life-jacket, the absence of a monetary culture will not make a difference... but the absence of heavy suitcases full of paper money and of hard pieces of scarce heavy metal money, may make a difference.... What a “great” progress for our humanity to keep remaining alive by sustaining the monetary way of living.