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What Caused America to Fall in Love with Unreality?

When Obama developed trade agreements with *captains of industry* while keeping members of Congress sidelined, that seemed unreal. When Biden, during a time of war, didn't talk with Putin for 3 years, that was unreal. Now, Trump, attacking any world leader that gets in his way, and calling Iranians (who have abided by the MoU he signed), scum—that can't be real.

America's become unreal—how did we get here? Heading to work in the morning, I pass the college. Students cross the boulevard, many with blue hair and 50 pounds they don't need, glued to cellphones, on their way to be indoctrinated with blue-state ethos, oblivious to their incuriosity, and without a clue as to what's happened to the United States—to the republic.

What's caused our nation to fall in love with unreality such that we are no longer fully-present in our own lives? We can't put all the blame on lousy leadership that's just a consequence of whatever underlies this *sea change* in America—one that boggles the mind.

What is unreality? Whatever's taken us from being fully-present in the real world to a place where we inhabit a virtual world that bears little resemblance to the real world. What caused that, when did it happen—and can anything be done about it?

Consider how dangerous unreality is. Trump thinks he can take on Russia

and China, economically and militarily, at a time when he's losing wars in both Ukraine and Iran. And at a time when the US economy and military is but a shadow of what it once was.

What can we look to as causal in our flight into unreality. We can, of course, look to Nixon closing the gold window in 1971, which ended the reality of sound money (gold), traded for the inception of the fantasy of fiat (backed by nothing), which in turn caused the greatest surge in credit (another unreal fantasy)—in both human and American history.

Regarding the closing of the gold window (end of the gold standard), as a major detour from reality, what did that spawn, and set in motion to undo the America we knew? Taking it as a given that excess credit (without collateral to repay/service), belongs to unreality, the almost vertical rise in US credit beginning in 1971, gave way to 2 things—unrestricted government spending, and an unreal assessment of citizens—of the American dream.

In this unreal assessment, simple pleasures and hard work were abandoned, replaced with dreams of wealth and the *good life*. Young people around me now, have little connection to what made us happy in the past. They assume that basketball players ought to make \$100 million, and the prices of seats at a game ought to reflect that unreality.

They see it a normal that a motel on the coast costs more than \$400 a night, while, at the same time, roller rinks are all gone, along with 1/5th of its movie theaters/1/3rd of the bowling alleys. The historical fun is gone: 7000 bars have closed and 1000s of small family boats are a thing of the past. 2000 golf courses have closed. Golf is still big—but expensive.

What did the credit surge give rise to? The credit card—another foray into unreality. Now, credit cards fund unreality and lacking the knowledge of living within a budget, Americans floundering at the end of empire, charging

food to pay for later because they can't pay for it now. Even more ridiculous, buying a new car because they can't make a living without it—and they don't have the cash to repair the old car.

After the credit card came the cell phone—another marker on the path to unreality. Are Americans more isolated than we ever remember? The statistics say it's so. One poll indicates Americans communicate with friends and family—only 20% of what they used to. Could that be true? I can't find when the other 80% of communicating was present or when it was lost, but if the 20% statistic is close to true, it's devastating. More-so, it's inhuman.

Noticing a slowing response of reader comments for my articles, I go back and re-read to see if I've slipped a notch. I re-read yesterday's article, *It Ain't Over Til It's Over*, and I found it worth the read—fact-laden with a speculative overview of Trump's outcome worth considering. Because it critiqued Trump, it found no appreciation with his supporters—and maybe readers are burned-out on reading any perspective of Trump?

Maybe all of it is in play, but there's something else. I lived through 2 decades where the only retail communication was a black rotary dial phone attached to a short black cord. Many had shared party lines whose conversations you might hear when you picked up the receiver. When you called someone, they might not pick up. Then came the transitions, a long cord so mom could take the phone into her bedroom. Then no cord at all—with a message machine. And then Steve Jobs showed up.

What I remember about life before the cell phone is people—fully present. There were few distractions. Granted, some of us were never present, but that's always there. You could be bored, alone, and fully present—all at the same time. And boredom didn't last—the world came with endless possibilities—new adventures were everywhere.

What's the cell phone done? No time to be bored. If nothing else you can watch *puppy shorts* or tune into a hippo munching on a crocodile. Is the cell phone responsible for family/ and friendships fading into the background?

And what have cell phones done to our psyches? Has it caused us to identify daily with a virtual—not the real world. Has technology taken our ability to be fully present?

Generation X is the last group that existed in both worlds—with/without cell phones. What does that do to a person? What does it do to an oldster like myself? When I think back to my childhood, I'm not quite sure that it's not just a black and white movie I saw—at some time.

With split-screen inability to be fully-present and moronic leaders, we are left to fend for ourselves, at the end of empire and future economic collapse.

Where pundits, also out of touch with the real world, tell us that gold is in a healthy correction. That gold is taking a breather, without mentioning disastrous political and economic conditions across the globe—when there is nothing healthy about the West disregarding gold while the rest of the world accumulates whatever sound money we disregard.

Are Americans so stressed that they can't handle thinking about what's happening in the world outside of their credit card balance or what their feed has for them today? I don't have the answer, but I'll continue with my effort to understand —even if it means I'm writing, just for myself.

Get my articles sent to you by email, with a request: erik@neverhada-boss.com. Or make a comment. Maybe give me a shout out?

Thanks for your support.