

Conversation With a Foreign Cabbie



Steven Yates

In my admittedly limited experience, cabbies in foreign capitals tend to be surprisingly well-informed, much more so than general populations. But then again, there's no telling who they've had in their cabs, especially at night when liquor has lubricated loose lips and there's no telling what's been disclosed in moments of indiscretion.

And when a gringo such as myself lets the cabbie know he doesn't go along with the stupid policies "his" government has concocted over the years, the guy is more likely to open up.

This scruffy-appearing guy (born sometime around '71 or '72, I reckon) told me, speaking halting English that often lapsed into Spanish, "Your President Bill Clinton was *un disastre*, you know."

"He wasn't *my* 'President Bill Clinton,'" I replied with a chuckle and left it at that, since I don't think he was up for hearing how the Clinton Team Presidency became the first politically correct White House where it was clear: no white male had a chance of becoming Attorney General. On the third try, we got Janet Reno, and not long after, the Waco holocaust.

"Still, he was President in *Los Estados Unidos*," the fellow said, glancing my way meaningfully, and there was no denying his being "the first in the office after the Soviet Union

collapsed. Your country had a chance at real world leadership, and you blew it.”

I couldn't argue.

Apparently motivated to talk since he could see I was the listening type, he continued. “Clinton and NATO almost wrecked the former Yugoslavia. My cousin Ricardo was there – he was a cab driver, too, in Belgrade – and saw that whole thing. The unprovoked attack on Serbia. When the Kosovo War ended, we predicted that something would happen on U.S. soil within three years, and it did.”

“You mean 9/11,” I said.

“Of course, I mean your 9/11. We have our own 9/11, you know.”

“*El Golpe*,” I said, using the phrase Chileans use for the military coup that brought down the Allende government in 1973. “I know about it. You think the Muslims did ‘our’ 9/11?”

“Oh, I'm sure they were involved, but not the Muslims most gringos think did it. Not that bin Laden fellow.” He lowered his voice. We had come to a stoplight so he looked over at me, making purposeful eye contact. “Nothing I say leaves this cab, okay?”

“I am the soul of discretion,” I told him. Fortunately I'm writing this in English.

The light changed. He returned to his driving and said, “A coalition of Saudis, Israelis, and Zionist types in your own intelligence community and in your White House did 9/11.”

“You know this?”

“Well, who can prove anything like that?” he retorted. “These people don't leave paper trails. But my cousin Ricardo had gone to the U.S. and was there when it happened and told me that was the talk in his circles. He talked about the dancing

Israelis and other things your media ignored, probably because of who owns them.”

I knew who he referred to, so I said nothing.

“What amazes me, *mi amigo*, is that *anyone* still believes the official story, when you had a third building go down the same day, the same way, without any plane hitting it and where the, uh, *dueno* actually said, ‘Pull it.’” *Dueno* is Spanish for owner. “And the fall of that building was reported on TV before it happened! Some *idiota* got the time zone wrong, I figure.” I think we get the Spanish on that one. “*Un chiste.*” A joke. “I think anyone with a brain can see, something’s wrong with your official story.”

I shrugged. “I think most of us gringos gave up on our media a long time ago.”

“I get it,” he said. “But now your country is in a lot more trouble. As is ours. As is the whole world, I think. This COVID thing.”

“I’m listening,” I told him.

He paused, then said, “It’s not what it seems.”

Surprise, surprise.

“‘*El pandemia*’ *no es un pandemia real.*”

I invited him to elaborate.

“There’s a much bigger picture in play. *Endgame*, I’ve heard it called in your language. I’ve also heard *Great Reset.*”

I turned the words around on my lips and tongue.

“You know the World Economic Forum, right?”

“Of course,” I said.

“They, your former *dueno de* Microsoft, this Dr. Fauci your people fawn over, that whole crowd, they want a microchipped population. [Digital IDs](#). That’s Endgame. They want it here as well as there. They want it everywhere. They want our chips integrated with their global, cashless money system where every exchange is recorded. They want a Chinese-type social credit system and the same mass conformity now forcing everyone to wear *amascarilla* to get inside any business. Eventually it’ll go from *mascarillas* to *vacunas*. That’s how the bad guys will get everyone chipped.” *Mascarilla*= face mask. *Vacuna* = vaccine. He’d pronounced ‘chipped’ *cheeped* since Spanish does not have our short ‘i.’

“How do you think it’ll play out?” I asked.

“They’ll tell us we’re getting [vacunas for COVID](#). They’ll be on our skin, not injected like in the past. New technique they’re working on. They’ll plant a chip that way. It’ll be prepared for you and have your digital ID embedded in it, just like your passport and credit cards have RFID chips in them now.”

I’d known my passport had *something* in it. Everyone’s did.

“Before you board a plane, enter a bank, maybe even get a new job, there will be some machine to scan your chip. I think you have something like this in the States already, *verdad?*”
True?

“Real ID,” I said with a nod.

“*Sí*. I’d forgotten what you call it.”

“It’s not an absolute requirement,” I told him. “Several states have non-Real-ID drivers licenses. I’m from South Carolina. I have a non-compliant driver’s license.”

“But your state also has compliant licenses, *verdad?*”

“Yes,” I had to admit. Because not everybody in the state has

a U.S. passport which counts as federal identification, and they might have business in a federal building or a need to fly.

“So you were still forced into compliance. That’s what governments do. And with the chip that’s coming, you’ll be far more a slave. An enslaved population is why the bad guys engineered COVID.”

“You think it was made in the Wuhan lab?”

We’d come to another stoplight, and he looked over me as if to ask, *Are you that much of a dolt?* “Of course it was made,” he said. “If not there, then in your country and brought to China and released in Wuhan. I don’t know that, but COVID provides a cover for everything they’re doing. The disease isn’t that big of a deal. A bad flu. My neighbor caught it. He got over it. An *amigo* of mine said he tested positive and the government forced him into *cuarentina*. He never had any symptoms but lost his job. Lots of people are out of work because of this thing. It’s on purpose, you know. The bad guys want to destroy what little independence we have.” He glanced over at me again. “It’s the same in your country, *verdad?* Some 50 million people *sin trabajo?*” Out of work.

“Something like that,” I said. “More, I think.”

“It’s all scare tactics,” he went on. “Let’s the government shut down businesses they call— What’s your word?”

“Inessential,” I filled him in.

“Inessential,” he repeated. “And close schools and gyms and restaurants and more.”

“I’m not sure closing schools is such a bad thing,” I mused, “if it encourages more homeschooling and less identity politics.”

He frowned. “‘Identity politics’? What’s that?”

I gave him a *Cliff Notes* version. When I finished he said,

¡Maldición! Sounds like your people want a race war on top of their other problems.”

“Some do, I think. But very little surprises me anymore.”

“Anyway, COVID,” he continued. “Why a *pandemia falsa*? Because there’s *waaay* too much resistance to the bad guys, the *globalistas*. Your Donald Trump, who’s really— I’m not sure how to say this in English.”

“Monkey-wrenched their plans, big time?” I offered.

“I don’t know ‘monkey-wrenched,’ but it sounds good,” he said with a barked laugh. “And there’s a bunch of other *populistas*. Bolsonaro in Brazil. Orbán in Hungary. Modi in India. Others. I’d even say Putin is kind of a *populista*, or maybe *nacionalista* is a better word, because he puts Russia ahead of the whole planet.”

I thought fleetingly of Zbigniew Brzezinski’s *Between Two Ages*, with its three-stages progression from nationalism through Marxism to globalism, a word Brzezinski had actually used back in 1970. I wondered if the book had been translated into Spanish.

“And in your country,” my cabbie was saying, “there are those people refusing to wear masks. Who say openly they’ve never take the *vacuna*. Never give up their guns. People gave up their guns in Australia and New Zealand, and now look!”

So he knew about the police state conditions in those places. My cabbie did keep his ear to the ground.

“*Las globalistas* are supporting your *izquierda*.” He said. *Izquierda* = the left.

“George Soros.” The name was on my lips.

“Among others, sending money to Black Lives Matter and other groups.”

“Like Antifa,” I said.

“Them too. Mostly Anglo guys, I hear.”

“That’s right,” I said. “What about here?” I asked him. “I was told that communists were trying to overthrow the government here last year?”

“Sí, there were *comunistas* involved, but who do you think was giving them money and support? *Lasglobalistas* hate liberty movements and liberty people. Isn’t one of your fellow gringos in prison right now because he tried to defend himself from a bunch of, uh, peaceful protesters?”

I sighed. “[John Cobin](#),” I said. “I know him. I’ve known him for years. Former university professor with half a dozen books to his credit. He despises communists.”

“Yeah, in prison for defending himself from a mob that was attacking his truck. What I don’t think he knew was how filled with *comunistas* the legal system in Chile is. They want to put him away for a lot of years, is what I hear.”

“Seventeen,” I said.

“Sad,” he said. “And I hear you have people in prison up there in *los Estados Unidos* for defending themselves, like this [Rittenhouse fellow](#). Is that the name?”

“Yes. Unlike John he killed a couple of people, though.”

“In self-defense!” my cabbie said emphatically. “What I heard was that the guys attacking him were known felons, and that one of them was trying to hit him over the head with a skateboard!”

“True,” I said. “He’ll plead self-defense and probably get

off. John should be found innocent, too. He's accused of attempted murder. I don't know how the law works here with self-defense, but I do know, one of the bullets he fired ricocheted off another vehicle before it struck the injured guy. He wasn't shooting at anybody. That should get rid of the attempted murder charge."

"In a reasonable court, yes," the cabbie agreed, "but you're not dealing with reasonable people. *Comunistas* are not reasonable people."

"People that have lost out in the marketplace of ideas never are," I said drily.

"How about *lasglobalistas*?" he asked. "Have they lost out in the marketplace of ideas?" he asked. "One of the things last year's riots did was pit Chilean against Chilean, and you've got bigger divisions in your homeland with this election coming up. Some of you are throwing out history's symbols of national government so the bad guys can prepare for the *globalista* governing system they plan if they oust Trump."

"The riots are a distraction," he said. "If they cause fear and disruption, they serve their purpose. If COVID causes fear and disruption, it's served its purpose. Those have always been great motivators."

I couldn't argue.

"May I ... ask you a question?"

"Sure," I told him, refraining from my favorite one-liner *I think you just did*. I was no longer in the mood.

"Why did you *estadounidenses* come here? To Chile, I mean?" That Spanish word means *U.S. citizen*.

I hesitated.

"In a lot of cases, to get out of the U.S., *verdad*?" he

answered himself. "Because you thought things would come apart up there in a few years."

"Are they not coming apart?" I asked.

"They're coming apart here, too," he said. "The economy is terrible because of the riots and now the *cuarentinas*. But if the U.S. falls, the whole developed world falls, and we fall with it."

I said nothing. What could I say?

"There's no place to run and hide," he said. "Not here, not anywhere. You have gringos in New Zealand – *ha!* – and Mexico and Panama and Ecuador and other places. All went through the same shutdowns or maybe worse than here, and they're all tied into the banks run by the bad boys. Sooner or later, if you want to be free you're going to have to get organized and draw a line in the sand where you are and say, '*No more.*' And be prepared to back it up with deadly force if that's what it takes. Do you own a gun?"

"No," I admitted.

"Why not?"

"Never grew up with them. Never learned to use one safely. Never thought we'd all be in this mess."

"You grew up too comfortable, it sounds like," my cabbie said. "Some suburb, probably. Too many of you gringos grew up comfortable."

I didn't deny it, ignoring the grammar mistake.

"*Bienvenido al mundo real,*" he said bitterly. *Welcome to the real world.*

We'd come to my destination. I'd almost forgotten about it. As he pulled to the curb, he looked to see what I owed him. I

paid and gave him a generous tip.

"¡Muchas gracias!" he enthused. Then he turned somber again.

"There's no middle ground, *amigo*. After Endgame, we are free or we are slaves. Your people need to take a stand, and we do, too. Because the bad guys are coming for you and they're coming for me. Don't think you can go off to some small town and hide, or just live on some farm, because they'll get to those places sooner or later. Don't think you can run to yet another country, because they'll get there, too, and it'll be too late. *Las globalistas* want mandatory *vacunas* for everybody, because they want mandatory digital IDs for everybody. [Bill Gates says this himself](#). Smartphones won't do because you can lose a smartphone or decide not to take it with you. The only way to get you totally in the surveillance grid is put a chip in your body. Dissent, and they'll turn your chip off so you can't buy food."

"What do you recommend?"

He pursed his lips. "Nothing ever changed anything in this world except money and guns," he said after a moment, "sad as that sounds. It's too late for my cousin and me. We'll always be cabbies and we'll end up doing what we have to because we got families to feed. That's how the bad guys nail you. You, you've got smarts and you've got time."

"I'm not as young as I look," I told him.

"You've got time," he repeated. "Just don't waste it. Get financially independent if you're not, fast as you can. Then tell others. Support freedom in this world with your money. Remember, *las globalistas* are going to steal it anyway, so there's no reason to hoard it. Support those fighting the bad guys before they bankrupt us all. Everything they're doing right now is to cause fear and hardship, so when the time comes, we'll give in and *beg* them to give us back our lives. The New World Order will be here."

Eventually I got out into a cool breeze and stood on the curb. I looked down the silent street of a largely quarantined city under a gloomy gray sky. Lines were queued up outside a couple of grocery stores in the distance. A longer line ran from the doors of a nearby bank, where a pair of security guards checked people's documentation before allowing them in. Most of those waiting were glued to their phones, oblivious.

My cabbie had leaned over and stuck his head out the passenger window. *"Remember, amigo!"* he exclaimed. *"[Freedom or slavery!](#) There's not going to be any in-between!"*

He drove off, turned right at the next corner, and disappeared. Seeing no alternative I got in line, in a place that had grown a lot more ominous of late...

Steven Yates's next book, *What Should Philosophy Do? A Theory*, will be published early next year by Wipf and Stock Publishers.

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