

Lockdown Dream and the Tibetans

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by [Jon Rappoport](#), [No More Fake News](#)

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*A person I knew a long time ago
Or so it seemed
Came back to visit me
We were sitting in his car
On a busy street
A block away
A hundred thousand
Protestors
Were facing off with cops in military gear
My visitor said
"I'm selling vaccines now and I think you'd be
A great member of my team
We go door to door
And peddle a shot in the arm
To prevent the plague"—
Someone threw a grenade
It bounced twice outside the car and exploded
He and I were floating in space
He was a salesman on the road in the sky
Hawking his product
He had interplanetary ambitions
He wanted to spread segments of RNA
Across the Milky Way
He said, "Remember that night at school
I got drunk
And tried to burn down the dorm?"*

It all came back to me
He was the guy who was always
Sitting in class writing notes to himself
Making drawings
Talking about poetry
And now
This
A man on a narrow mission
To save the stars
We were in a spaceship
Speeding past
Forests filled with animals
And floating cities
People were shooting at us
"Suppose there's no place to land?" I said
"We'll find one," he said
His voice was big and confident
He was smiling
Happy
And I was The Witness
It was my job to document
A stretch of time
In which things had changed
He took out a syringe
And slapped in a vial
And shot himself in the arm
His face turned blue
And he went into spasms
Then he straightened up
And took a deep breath and let it out
"Nothing like it!" he said
"Puts a jolt into you to start the day!"
His blue face faded to a dull green
"I have to feed this to the natives," he said
I said to him, "You've gone interdimensional"
"That's what my whole life was leading to," he said. "A
different

Form of death. This is the big lesson."

"A lesson for who?"

"For everyone who's tired of the every-day grind, who wants Adventure. You realize how many people want to throw in The towel?"

We were sitting in an old dusty theater. The lights were on. A tall naked to the waist chieftain wearing a large headdress came down the aisle and stopped at our row. He ignored me And said, "Did you bring the shit, Bob?"

Bob looked down and pointed at Three suitcases.

"It's all in there," he said.

The chief broke out into a wide grin

It reminded me of Bill Gates' Howdy Doody smile

—AND THEN I SAW what the old Tibetans called the Great Void

everybody looks around and tries to figure out what to do because the long hustle of discovery is over and all the explorers have been paid off

There is nothing left

except a few magicians

living in cold mountains

punching holes in space-time at will

In Lhasa they were faced with that Nothing

and they turned to it

and finally saw universe

is a product

of mind

they sat in the holy rivers of energy

and took apart the river and the energy too

down to Nothing

sat in it for

indeterminate length of no-time

stopping all creating

because they could

and then emerged

those few
magicians in the cold wasted hills and
and said WELL
if all you folks want to elect a billion reincarnated
hopalong cassidys
as your presidents go ahead it doesn't matter
we're out here on the edge
inventing and destroying dimensions
—I chained my old college friend Bob to his seat in the
theater
I lit the suitcases on fire
And said to the chieftain
"Your connection just went null, pal
This is the new regime
Freedom
If you to try to grab it
And mold it
It burns"
I walked out of the theater
Busy street
And hailed a taxi
I rode over to a deli on 53rd St.
went inside, sat down, and ordered the brisket
Nobody was wearing a mask
A waitress who looked 80 years old
Brought over a plate and set it down
There was nothing on it
And I mean NOTHING
It was The Void
And she said
"You can have it if you want to"
And I said, "Not just now"
"It'll wait" she said
And winked at me
And it was all right
I floated through the deli
And back out into the street

*The night is long
The worm is turning
The cops are starting to realize they want to stand with the
anti-vax protestors
A cop cracked a man's skull
The man is in the ICU fighting for his life
The sadists know no bounds
But neither do we
I know the mountain where I once was
And the valley where I am now
And the sky in between
I'm looking at the line of cops in their military gear behind
their shields
And I can see they're terrified of the NOTHING
And now they're falling into that NOTHING
And screaming
Because they have no one to smash to prove they exist
And they keep falling
And falling
And hundreds of thousands of us walk through them
On our way to Grid Central to turn the lights back on*

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