

CREDO MUTWA

AFRICA'S HIDDEN HISTORY

THE REPTILIAN AGENDA



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Books:

A Woman of Four Paths – The Strange Story of a Black Woman in South Africa
2007

Indaba My Children:: African Folktales. Originally published 1964

Zulu Shaman: Dreams, Prophecies, Mysteries. 2003

Songs of the Stars: Lore of a Zulu Shaman

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Introduction

I was born in Zululand on the 21st July 1921 according to my father. When my father met my mother, he had just lost his wife and a number of children in a terrible influenza epidemic, which had spread through Southern Africa, killing thousands of people in the years 1918 and 1919. Thus my father was a widower with three surviving children.

When my parents met it was in the year 1920, and my father was a builder and a Christian, and my mother was a young Zulu girl who practiced the ancient religion of the Zulu people. I am told that my parents were deeply in love with each other and wanted to get married, but the white missionaries forbade my father from marrying my mother until she became a Christian.

My mother's father was a crusty old warrior who had taken part in the bitter wars that the Zulus had fought against the English, and he coldly refused to allow his daughter to come under the yoke of what he called the "religion of our enemies." I cannot allow my child to become a Christian," my grandfather was said to have said," These Christians are a race of thieves, of liars, and murderers, who stole our country from us at sword point and at gunpoint. I would rather die than see a Christ worshipping Christian within the stockade of my village. Never!"

Caught between catholic missionaries on one hand, and a stubborn old Zulu warrior on the other, my mother and father had no choice but to separate. Although my father already suspected that my mother was pregnant. A great scandal broke out in my grandfather's village when my mother's pregnancy was discovered. My grandfather chased my mother out of his homestead and she was taken by one of her aunts to her own village and there she gave birth to me, an illegitimate child, a child of shame. In those days there was no greater shame among the Zulus than for a girl to give birth out of wedlock. A great stigma was attached to this thing. After a time however, my grandfather allowed my mother - whom he loved dearly to return, back to his village and he insisted that she was not to see my father again.

It so happened that when I was about a year old, a younger brother of my fathers, who had heard about my birth come up from the Natal South Coast to my mothers village and asked my grandfathers permission to take me away, permission that my grandfather angrily granted. "Remove this disgrace from my home, Christian fellow!" he said to my fathers brother," And tell your brother that if I ever set eyes on him, I will make him suffer bitterly for what he did to my daughter. I will seize him and kill him very slowly indeed. Tell him that. I was taken to my father's home in the South of Natal, on the northern bank of the Umkumazi River, and there I grew up. And it was while growing up that it was discovered that I was something of a visionary and a prophet. A talent, which together with an artistic inclination, to draw and to sculpt, the woman who now brought me up, my fathers new wife, did her uttermost to suppress.

I did not attend school until I was well within my 14th year of life. And because my family now kept on travelling, as a result of my fathers building

profession, which took him from town to town, we became a family of travellers, who never stayed long in one place.

In 1935, my father found a job, a major building job, in the Transvaal and he brought us all from natal to join him where he was building. I attended school on and off in different schools, and then, in 1937 I went through great shock and trauma, when I was seized and sodomized by a gang of mineworkers outside a mine compound. This caused me to be ill for a long time.

And although I was taken to white doctors, I could find no help until my fathers brother, the same one who had taken me away from my maternal grandfather decided to take me back to my mothers village in the hope that I would find help there. And I did. My grandfather, a man whom my father despised as a heathen and a demon worshipper helped me and brought me back to health, where Christian doctors had failed. I, still a Christian and a confessing catholic, had not believed at all that my grandfather would be able to help me. And I was greatly surprised when he did, and I began to wonder were not the missionaries wrong when they called people such as my grandfather ungodly heathens. If my grandfather had been a stupid heathen savage, as white missionaries loved to call people like him, how is it that he had been able to help me?

It was here that I began to question many things that I never questioned before. Where our ancestors really the savages that quiet missionaries would have us believe they were? Were we Africans really a race of primitives who possessed no knowledge at all before the white man came to Africa? These and many, many other questions began to haunt my mind. And then one day when he was sure that I was fully returned to health, my grandfather told me that the illness that had been troubling me for so long, had actually been a sacred illness which required that I had to become a shaman, a healer. And when the old man said this to me, I readily agreed to undergo initiation at the hands of one of my grandfather's daughters, a young sangoma named Myrna.

When they heard that I had become a sangoma, both my father and my stepmother, told my maternal uncle that I was never to set foot in their home again. And so I found myself on my own, a youth without a home, without family and so I began travelling. First I went to Swaziland and then the land of the Basotho, and I developed a wanderlust that was to be with me until today. I was not travelling for enjoyment, however I was travelling for knowledge, in search of clarity of mind and in search of the truth about my people.

Sometimes I would find jobs for a few months and then move on. Sometimes I found myself travelling with missionaries, the very people in whom I no longer believed. Sometimes I found myself travelling with miners, returning home from the Johannesburg gold mines. I came into contact with men and women of countries that I had not known about before. I learned things that

I had not known about before. I experienced things, which only those that walk the path of the healer in Africa experience.

If a strange thing was happening in the place that I happened to be, I became one of those who were summoned to that place to help using Africa's ancient wisdom and knowledge in that situation. I found myself amongst amazing and strange people. I found myself amongst men and women, possessing knowledge that was already ancient when the man Jesus Christ was born. I heard stories from the lips of storytellers that went back to the remotest of the remote times. Stories that very few had ever heard before.

As the years past, I became filled with a fanatical obsession; I realized how rapidly Africa was changing. I realized to my shock and sorrow that the culture of my people, a culture that I had thought immortal, was actually dying. Very, very soon the Africa that I knew would become a forgotten thing. A thing of the past and I decided to try and preserve somehow, what I could of my people's culture. How was I to do that? Friends advised me to write books. One friend advised me to build living museums in which I would preserve the dying culture of my people, and I struggled very hard to bring these things about. I wrote books, and I tried to borrow money from banks and organizations supposedly established to help black people who wanted to establish businesses.

Again and again, I was disappointed until, after long years of struggle. In 1975 I succeeded in obtaining permission and funds to build the first living museum, for the preservation of my people's knowledge, religion and culture, in the centre of Soweto. Many black people misunderstood the purpose of my having built this living museum. They falsely accused me of cooperating with the apartheid regime and of quote-"glamorising the Soweto ghetto"

But I did not see myself as a politician, I saw myself as a healer, whose duty it was to preserve the greatness of his people, regardless of which government happened to be in power in South Africa. I saw myself as a healer whose purpose it was to create job opportunities for my starving people in Soweto, regardless of whether we were ruled by the apartheid regime or the A.N.C government. I believed firmly that knowledge was about politics and that a race that did not know its true greatness, will never obtain full freedom. And I was saddened by the fact that our people were making huge sacrifices, fighting for freedom when they did not know their full greatness. I said to my now late wife, Cecilia, and myself that if our people gain freedom under these circumstances, that freedom would be an illusion and a fraud.

Years of careful investigation had taught me the European powers that had colonized Africa had done more than just beat our people into submission with artillery and rifles. They had done more than simply sow confusion amongst our people by introducing many conflicting versions of the Christian religion amongst the people. They had deliberately so brain washed our people, that Africans had lost all self-knowledge, self-love, self-respect, self-pride and self-dependency. If you rob a people of all these things you

turn them into a race of robots, forever dependent upon you. And even if you stood up and walked away from these people, and said tot them that you were giving them back their freedom, they would stand up and follow you wherever you are going for their minds were still your slaves even though their bodies were now free of your chains.

I believed then as I believe now, that the African has never really gained freedom and independence. Which is why our people have not been able to achieve what nations such as India and the tiger Nations of South East Asia, which were once also colonized by the white people as we were, have today achieved. For example today India is a nuclear power feared and respected by all nations on earth. India is admired for its great culture and its ancient religious philosophies as well as its other philosophies. While Africa is a downtrodden casualty of history forever dependent like a whipped slave upon her former oppressors.

This breaks my heart as a black man, I who, over many years of travelling through my motherland, have discovered that there was a time when we, the black people now held in contempt by many races were once masters of the world. When we, now derided as a nation of savages incapable of ruling itself were once the tutors of the early world, I feel great bitterness, when I see how far we have been made to fall. We whose sons and daughters once walked tall in the Americas, not as slaves but rather as civilizes and rulers. I wept when I found out that we were once the founders of some of the world's oldest civilizations.

We were there in Sumeria, we were there in India, we founded great kingdoms in Cambodia, and the first man to be saluted as emperor of China was one of us, a son of Africa, a black man. Buddha was a black man from Africa, his earliest statues confirm this. Krishna was a black warrior. The goddess Kali, is depicted as an African woman. Even the bible states that Nimrod was a great man in the eyes of the Lord and he was the father of Cush, who founded the great cushite nation. I weep even now when I see Africans slaughter each other in the streets of South Africa, now supposedly a free nation. I weep even now when my people hunger and suffer in the veld in South Africa.

I weep even now when Euro centric education is being fed to our children. Fed in order to make them Afrofobes, creatures that hate and despise their motherland, which look down in contempt upon their own people, because this is what all European educated black people to do. They despise Africa and all she stands for. And they are in contempt of the culture of her people. They are still even now doing the colonialists dirty work for them, because if you want to destroy the culture of a nation, you must brainwash the youth of that nation and make them do your dirty work for you.

There is not a single university in Africa, even now which teaches our people the truth about themselves. There is not a single school in South Africa even now which teaches our people about what it means to be an African. Our children who will stone a Sangoma to death, who will burn an Inyanga to

death with a petrol soaked car tire even now, do not know, and were never taught that Africans were once kings of the Americas. They were founders of the amazing Olmec Civilization, whose breath taking relics craved in eternal stone still amaze visitors in museums to this day.

Our children who would gladly spit at the face of a sangoma, who hate the traditional dress of their people, would gladly put on a highland kilt, not knowing that amongst the founders of the Scottish nation were black men and woman and that the surnames of some of these Scotsmen, confirm this. Sholto-Douglas, what does this word mean? What does this Surname mean? Sholto-Douglas. It means Behold the black man. Black knights once fought for the kings of Scotland, and the Danish people who are fraudulently represented in the history books as blond and pink skinned Nordics, had large numbers of black men in their ranks. When Alfred slaughtered the Danes, in England so many years ago, amongst the warriors that he slew were dark skinned men, whose ancestors had come to Denmark from Africa thousands of years before. All these truths are hidden from our children.

Our political leaders, fail to create United Nations in Africa. Our political leaders live on a razors edge in Africa everywhere. They sit on shaky thrones from which they can get kicked off by any armed thug carrying the rank of colonel or general. Why? Because you can never build a viable nation on the cesspit of self-ignorance and self-despite. I have seen many African leaders at first sight, I have spoken to some of these men and all of them have one thing in common, they are simply white men in black skins. And this is why they fail again and again to create a peaceful, progressing and prosperous Africa. They are still slaves of their long departed colonial masters. Look at what is happening in South Africa now. Look at the confusion and the crime, the disunity and the epidemic political killings. What do all these things tell you? That our people lack self-pride and self-knowledge and therefore can never be politically united ever.

I have suffered in the cause of my battle against shadows. When you are fighting against ignorance you suffer just as much as you if you were on a battlefield under gun fire. I have lost people I love; I have lost a woman I love years ago in 1960 to the guns of the white man. To the guns of the oppressive regime In was falsely accused of being a supporter of. I lost a son, my first-born son, Innocent, to the knives of black activists, murdering people under the banner of the mass democratic movement.

I came close to losing another son to the spears of the Inkatha freedom party, God have mercy upon us! I have been cheated by whites who took advantage of my ignorance and stupidity and who robbed me of millions of rands of money I made out of my books. Even as I am talking to you now there is a white woman, who deceived me into signing away everything that I wrote, everything that I painted, and everything that I sculpted. I have suffered, and am still suffering. Even now there are white men that have set my own children, my sons against me. A born again Christian preacher of lies brain washed my daughters mind and stole her away from me, saying, you must not talk to your father , he is a devil worshipper.

I am not seeking anybodies sympathy when I am telling you this; I just want you all to know who and what Credo Mutwa is. I am one of the scums of this earth, a creature dejected and ridiculed by university professors. Professors who later came sneaking into my home seeking the very information that they ridiculed me for revealing. I am a black man who has every reason to be bitter and angry. But somehow I cannot get myself to be angry. You cannot be angry at the ignorant. You cannot but pity the self-destructive.

Many years ago I was fortunate enough to find a woman who loved me, a woman who became my wife and the mother of my seven children. This woman was a strong and godly woman whose quietness, hid a person of steel, this woman gave up drinking, gave up dependence on alcohol out of the love of her children, and of love of fool and the cretin that she married. Today I stand alone, a man rejected by the world. A widower who lost his wife a few months ago under extremely sinister circumstances. My wife went to hospital supposedly suffering from cancer of the uterus, while I was away, and x-rays showed a strange metal device inside her womb.

Nobody knows what this device was. Nobody knows how it had got into my wife's uterus, but before my wife passed away, I received a threatening letter warning me not to talk to a man named David Icke or else my wife would die. I did not take that warning seriously, and my wife died within two weeks after I had received it. I have every reason to be angry with the frot that is called western civilization. I have every reason to be angry with the various foreign religions that enslave our peoples minds and blinker their vision. I have every reason to be angry with education systems that rob our people of their true worth, of the truth about themselves. This is my friends is Credo Mutwa.

I am a sculptor, who has created large sculptures in various parts of south Africa. I am a painter who has painted pictures that were afterwards stolen from him, by exploiters. I am the writer of books, whose books fill the pockets of others with money, and not his own. That is Credo Mutwa. I have used the knowledge that I acquired over many years of investigation and travel, I have used that knowledge to create job opportunities for my starving people. The villages that I built in Soweto, and which were destroyed by misguided youths.

The villages that I built in Mafekeng, and the village and the statues that I built in the Eastern Cape, placed bread in the hands of my starving fellow South Africans. I made jobs where there are none. I made livings for my people where there had been none. I believe that a truly democratic country, is a country that uses the spiritual talents and the heritage of its people to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. But what has been my reward? I have been scorned; demonise lied about by conspirators, who delight in setting black against black, by gullible blacks that swallow any garbage white newspapers feed them. If you speak about the international conspires, that is the government behind many countries governments, people laugh at you

for a fourteen carrot lunatic, but there is such a thing and it is ruining my people even now.

The Aids epidemic which will soon wipe out great tribes, such as the Zulus, my people, is no accident, neither is the flood of drugs that is sweeping over this once beautiful country. The soaring crime wave is no accident. The epidemic of political killings which are almost a daily occurrence in some parts of South Africa is no accident either. All these things are planned by someone and carried out by someone on behalf of that someone.

They tell us that the high incidence of rape in South Africa is a macho thing. Rubbish! It is deliberate, it is planned, and most of the woman that is raped in South Africa is raped for black magical purposes. Children who disappear; where do they disappear to? In South Africa today, criminals have got more rights than law-abiding citizens. A criminal will kill your father, in the morning, be arrested in the afternoon and be released on bail on the following morning to come back and kill you who helped the police to put him behind bars. Today in South Africa, as in Prohibition era, America, the distinction between the police and the criminals is getting dimmer and dimmer by the day. And all this is no accident.



Africa My People

There are many shameful things that are being done to Africa and her people by Western nations these days. These shameful things are also being done to African people by Western researchers as well as ordinary writers, who deliberately by pass my Motherland, driving her into isolation, and treating her as though she was not part and parcel of humankind. These writers and these researchers deliberately over look many important facts about our people, and some time go out of their way to deliberately merely skim the surface of African knowledge, over looking the rest, and passing on to nations and races which they favour.

There was a time when I wondered, why this was being done? But now I know, too late, the cold blooded satanic purpose behind all this. The black man of South Africa must be denied his identity to make it easier for people with sinister agenda's to turn him into a puppet, spiritually and physically dependent on the west and its rapacious and exploitive ways. The black man must be made to look down upon himself and the other nations too, must be made to look down upon him in contempt. I know as a keeper of my peoples oldest traditions, that sometimes when an animal, be it a goat or an ox, is about to be sacrificed to the ancestral spirits, it must be driven into isolation, kept apart from the other animals, before it is slaughtered. And Africa today is being slaughtered.

The wars that are tearing her apart, the thing that is called Aids, that is raging like wild fire though the plains and valleys though my motherland, are all part of the arsenal of murder that is being employed by certain organizations and nations, in order to bring about Africa's destruction as a race. When I say this, I am not paranoid; I am a man who has studied a number of terrible facts that are to be seen in Africa for some years now. Africa is being destroyed. There are those in whose interests it is that this, the Mother Continent of humankind must be depopulated though war famine and disease and sent into oblivion along with the great knowledge that it's people possessed. I have taken an oath that even if Africa is ultimately destroyed, as the great prophets once for saw that it would be, the shiny fruits of its children's mind would not perish.

Hundreds of books and magazines have been written and published about Native American people and their undeniably great cultures that they once possessed. Hundreds of books have been written and published in the west about the Hindu people of India, their religion, their sciences and their great philosophies. But nobody ever wants to write anything worthwhile and in depth about Africa.

For example it is a well-known fact that Native American people in Central and South America possessed deep knowledge about the universe, about the constellations, about solar as well as lunar eclipses. It is also well known that these people possessed great calendars of great sophistication and great accuracy. But the fact that African people of various tribes of Eastern, Central, Western, and Southern Africa possess the same knowledge has

been overlooked. One particularly atrocious crime for which I cannot forgive people of Europe is that whenever they write about the people of Africa they deliberately separate them.

They treat the ones they talk about as if they were not part and parcel of the African continent at all. Nowhere is this more evident than when European scientists talk about Egypt. They deal with the Egyptians as if Egyptians were a totally separate race from the rest of Africa, and yet anyone that knows Africa well will tell you that Africa is interconnected. That the various people of our Mother land are inter connected as are the gears and flywheels of a clock, and to see the people of Egypt apart from the rest of Africa is a fraud, a delusion, a crime. The people of Egypt were an African people, not at all removed from those in Nubia, in Ethiopia and in those African regions far to the South of Egypt.

For example anyone that knows Africa well will tell you that the many half-human, and half-animal gods that the Egyptians worshipped had their origins deep in Central as well as Southern Africa and that these gods are still being worshipped by the people of Africa even now. Here is yet another example of how the western investigator deliberately distort facts about Africa. There are writer that write about the khoi San people in Southern Africa- the Bushman people. These writers deliberately view the Khoi san as if they were an entity completely isolated from the rest of the African people, and yet I can tell you, I who have Khoi san blood in me, that the cultures of many black nations in Southern Africa were intimately interconnected with the Khoi san cultures.

The same thing is done when writers write about people such as the pygmies in Central Africa, the Wat-wu. One writer even went as far as to say that the Wat-wa were not an African race and I ask myself, where the thundering hell this white fool thinks the Wat-wa comes from? On which far island does he find them? Anyone that knows the culture and the language of the Wat-wa will tell you that this culture and language are interconnected with the cultures of other people in that part of Africa, where the Wat-wa, or Twa are to be found. This deliberate separation of Africa, the creation of some of the separate races and tribes has resulted in great disaster for the people of Africa as a whole.

For example, for many years, the Belgium's committed the crime of dividing up the people of the Burundi and Rwanda into two separate races. The Watutsi were believed to belong to the Nileotics, and the Bahutu were seen to be Bantu. But anyone who knows the history of these people will tell you that the Watutsi and the Bahutu are not so separate a people, they are simply two divisions of exactly the same people, and these two divisions had lived in peace for hundreds of years until animosity was stirred up between them by the Belgium colonists to suit their own sinister agenda. Before Africa vanishes under the clouds of endemic civil wars, before my motherland disappears under the fog of Aids and other man made diseases, designed for the extermination of my people, I Credo Mutwa, want to correct these blatant injustices.

I Credo Mutwa want to expose these crimes, shameful crimes of the intellect. And as a first step towards correcting this injustice, I want to tell you that it was not only the Mayas, the Incas, the Aztecs and other people of Central and South America who possessed amazing knowledge about the mysteries of the Universe. It was not only these people that possessed knowledge about solar as well as lunar eclipses, as well as the Earth's movement though space. Our people of many tribes in Southern, Eastern and Central Africa possessed this knowledge. And they passed it on from generation to generation in various ways, but mostly orally.



The Zulu attack at the Battle of Kambula



A Zulu chief

Mysteries of Africa

Before human beings were created on this planet, there had existed a very wise race of people known as the **Imanyukela**. These people had come from the constellation known to white people as Orion, and they had inhabited our earth for thousands and thousands of years. And that before they had left our earth to return once more to the sacred Spider constellation, they made a great evacuation under the earth, beneath the Ruwensory Mountains- the Mountains of the Moon. and deep in the bowels of Mother Earth, the Imanyukela built a city of copper buildings.

A city with a wall of silver all around it. A city built at the huge mountain of pure crystal. The mountain of knowledge. The mountain from which all knowledge on earth comes. And a mountain to which all knowledge on earth ultimately returns. This old woman told me that her grandmother had told her this story while she was still a virgin of some fifteen years or so and under going initiation into the mysteries and the culture of the Bahutu people. The old woman went on to tell me that many generations ago, there came to the land of the Bahutu, a group of little yellow skinned men, who wore colourful robes and strange brightly coloured hats.

These men she said had come in search of the great city of knowledge which they had heard many, many years ago, stands in the earth under the Mountains of the Moon - the Ruwensory Mountains. This story remained in my mind and was one of the many, many strange stories that I had heard during my long, long travels through Africa. And then much to my amazement, in the year 1975 there arrived at my home in Soweto, a friendly bright priest from Tibet.

The priests name was **Akyong Rin Poche**, whom ever today I still regard as a great friend of mine, is a man who sparkles like a glass of precious champagne. He is a man, unlike most Tibetan monks whom I have met in my life, who looks at life through the mask of humour. He is a man who ever is smiling. A man whose ever word is perfumed with humour. A man who laughs readily. A lovely and lively fellow human being. I was honoured to talk to this man in one of the huts that formed the museum village that I had built in Soweto, and Akyong Rin Poche nearly knocked me over by asking me a question that caught me totally by surprise, and which brought back memories of bygone years in a green and half forgotten Central African country. "Do you know anything," he asked, " About the city of copper, which is said to be somewhere in Central Africa?" For a few moments I was stricken Dumb by astonishment.

And the I replied, " Yes, honourable Rin Poche. In the days I was travelling through the land of the Watutsi and the Bahutu, the land that was then known as Rwanda Urundi, I heard a story about this mysterious city, and I also heard that this city lies deep under ground - under the Mountains of the Moon." Akyong Rin Poche threw another surprise at my feet. He told me how in olden days a great Lama led a group of fellow monks on an expedition into Central Africa in search of this mysterious city, and that Lama and his

followers were never heard from again. I was stunned, here was an African story being confirmed by a man from Tibet.

I was totally flabbergasted, and I thanked God that many years ago I had set myself the task of recovering that I had learned through my long journeys through Africa. Today Rwanda and Burundi are countries in grip of death. Tens of thousands of people have been slaughtered. Scores of tribes have been decimated and scattered, never to be reformed again. And great quantities of knowledge have been lost forever. This is the agony of Africa. This is the shame of my motherland.



The Origins of the Gods

In many western countries, when an old person dies it is simply the death of an old human being who has gone through life and whose days on earth now come to an end. But in Africa, the death of an elder - an old man or an old woman, becomes a supreme disaster because in the mind of that elder often carries knowledge passed down from parent to child. Knowledge that is not only valuable to Africa and her children, but to human kind as a whole. No matter where you go in Africa, no matter how deep into the interior of the dark continent you tread, you will find very ancient stories which are incredibly similar.

You will find African tribes and races who will tell you that they are descendants from gods who came out of the skies thousands of years ago. Some however say that these gods came to them from the sea in magical boats made out of reeds or wood or copper or even gold. In some cases these gods and goddesses are described as beautiful human beings whose skins were either bright blue or green or even silver. But most of the time you will find it being said these great gods, especially the ones that came out of the sky were non human, scaly creatures, which lived most of the time in mud or in water. Creatures of an extremely frightening and hideously ugly appearance. Some say that these creatures were like crocodiles, with crocodile like teeth and jaws, but with very large round heads. Some say that these creatures are very tall beings with snake like heads, set on long thin necks, very long arms and very long legs. There are those that tell us that these gods who came from the skies travelled through the land in magical boats made of bright metal, silver, copper or gold. Boats which had the ability to sail over water or even to fly through the sky like birds.

It is further said that some of these sky gods carried their souls in little bags which hung from their belts. These souls being in the form spheres of crystals clear material. Spheres which could float about in the air, and which emitted a dazzling light. A light which could illuminate an entire village at night. We are told that some very brave African chiefs used to hold these great gods hostage simply by snatching their little shiny soul globes away from them and hiding them in holes deep in the ground.

Throughout Africa we are told that these mysterious beings taught human beings many things. They taught human beings how to have laws, knowledge of herbal medicine, knowledge of arts and knowledge of the mysteries of creation and the cosmos as a whole. We are told that some of these gods had the ability to change their shapes at will. They had the ability to assume the shape and the appearance of any creature that there is on earth whenever they had good reason to do so. A sky god could even turn itself into a rhinoceros and elephant or even a stork, a sky god could even turn turn itself into a rock or even a tree.

We are told that some of the gods used to travel through the sky in swings made out of brightly coloured lengths of rope. The Wutwa, people of the forests of the Congo, told me about one such god, who swung through the

sky on a swing whose ends were attached to the clouds in the sky and who could go anywhere, no matter how far away, and come back before sunset on his magical swing.

In Africa these mysterious gods are known by various names, in West Africa, in the land of the Bumbara people these amphibian or reptilian sky gods are known as **Zishwezi**. The word zishwezi means either the swimmers or the divers or the gliders. It was said that these sky gods could dive from above the clouds down to the top of a mountain whenever they felt like it, they could also take deep dives into the bottom of the ocean and from there fetch magical objects and then bring them to the shore, placing them at the feet of the astonished black people.

In West Africa again, these creatures are called the Asa, which means the mighty ones of magic. It is from this word asa, a word that speaks great magical power that comes the name Asanti, which means a king, but literally means, the child of asa and as you know Asanti gave birth to the word, Ashanti.

In the land of *the Dogon people* we find the famous *Nommo*, a race of reptilian or amphibian beings who were said to have come from the Sirius star to give knowledge and religion to the black people of Dogon. Incidentally, scientists have never explained the meaning of Dogon; it means God Almighty and the Dogon people know themselves as the children of the God Almighty.

There are tribes in various parts of Africa which regard themselves as God's chosen people. These tribes call themselves by a name which means god. In South Africa there is a tribe that calls itself the Tonga, and another very large group which calls itself the Tsonga. And in Zimbabwe there are two tribes, one of which is called the Batonga, and another that is called the Tongaila. The name Tonga, Tsonga or Donga means people of god and you will find these people living in some of the holiest and most spiritual places in Africa. For example, the Matonga people of Northern Zululand live in the area of the sacred St Lucia Lake which is believed by the Zulu people and other tribes in Natal to be the place where, hundreds of years ago, the great earth mother arrived in a boat of reeds, accompanied by her son and his two wives.

And she came to give laws, culture, religion as well as healing arts, and other mysteries to human beings. It is said that the great earth mother was a huge woman, very, very fat with bright green skin and so was her son and his two wives. There once existed in Zimbabwe a very sacred place called Kariba Gorge, which is now covered by a huge lake as a result of the damming of the Zambizi River at this place. In Kariba Gorge there lived two remarkable tribes, the Batonga, which means people of God, and the more remarkable tribe whose name is the Tongaila.

Tonga as you know means God, but the word Ila also means god, thus the Tongaila people are called the people of the God Ila- the wise old god, who

according to some stories created the earth and everything in it. The Tonga and the Tongaila used to tell me that not only are the chosen people sent by God to guard the Kariba Gorge, but they are also in yearly touch with the great gods who come from the stars, whom they call the Bananaila, the children of Ila. Now let us go to West Africa for a while, in the land of the Dogon, there, one is told that when the Nommo arrived from the sky in their fantastic sky ship, there were several of them, thirteen or fourteen of them.

And they created a lake around their sky ship and every morning they used to swim from their sky ship to the shores of the lake and there preach to the people who assembled in large numbers around the lake. It is said that before the Nommo departed, returning with a great noise back to their home star, they first chose one of their number, killed it and cut its body up into little pieces and then gave these pieces to the assembled people to eat in the first sacrificial ritual of its kind on earth. When the people had eaten the sacred flesh of the star creature and drunk its blood mixed with water, the Nommo took the lower jaw of their creature and by some incredible fact of magic brought the whole creature back to life again. We are told that this is the way that the Nommo taught our people that there is no death and that behind every death there shall be a resurrection.

And also that an individual must sometimes sacrifice himself or herself for the good of the community. It is the Nommo, we are told that taught the people of Africa about the mysteries of reincarnation, about the belief that, that which goes away, gone off on the wings of death, will always come back again on the fragrant wings of life. In the land of Nigeria, we hear of how the great mother goddess, Mawi gave birth to human beings after having created the world, and that after a number of centuries, people on earth became filled with selfishness and other forms of negative behaviour and the great mother who was now in the land of the gods, sent down her daughter, Gabato, to earth to once more place human beings upon the path of righteous.

It is said that Gabato arrived on earth in the mouth of a great serpent with all the colours of the rainbow, And this serpent, crawled all over the earth, and such was its size and so great was its weight that wherever it went it created gorges and valleys and canyons. What I found was very astonishing, was that in many countries of the world, amongst the aborigines of Australia, and amongst the native people of the Americas, as in Africa, you find belief in the rainbow serpent. And you also find belief in the feathered serpent.

In the Americas, in South and Central America mostly, the feathered serpent is called Quetzalcoatl, and amongst my people, the Zulus, we find belief in a serpent called Yndlondlo. The Yndlondlo is said to be a huge mamba or a huge python, whose neck is covered in greyish blue feathers, like the feathers of a blue crane, and at the top of the serpents head grow three feathers. One green one, one red one and a white one which look like huge ostrich tail feathers. The Yndlondlo, like the (South) American Quetzalcoatl, is associated with God the Son

The History of the Cross

A mystery that has fascinated African's for thousands of years. Seen in cross section, this rather dull looking crystal shows a cross like pattern in it. It shows a pattern of the kind that our people of olden days used to call the perfect cross, or the cross of the sun. Before I tell you more, I wish you to know that the thing known as a cross was not brought to Africa by missionaries, knowledge of the cross in its many forms, was here in South Africa from the remotest of remote times.

It was already known to the mystics of Africa long, long before the Christian religion was established in Europe, and further more, the various types of cross were used by African healers and mystics for either good purposes, or evil ones. Africans believed that the cross, either made of wood, ivory or metal was a powerful object, possessed of great magic, capable of unleashing powers of healing, or renewing or powers of destruction and killing.

There were three types of cross that Africans used for healing, there was the T-shaped cross known in Western mysticism as the tau cross, then there was the proper cross of the kind we are told Jesus was crucified upon. A cross with a long stem and short arms. Then there was the unsaid cross, known to white people as the Ankh, which many western thinkers wrongly assume to have been only known to the ancient Egyptians. This ankh was actually known by our people as the knot of eternity, or the knot of eternal life, and it was used even by Khoi San people, for purposes of healing.

The greatest users of the ankh, were the almost extinct Khoi Khoi or Hottentot people. The Khoi Khoi said that the unsaid cross represented their great sun god, Heitsie-Ibib. The zulus, Xhosas and the Swazis and other Ngoni speaking peoples of South Africa also believed in a sun god, who died each evening to be reborn again each morning. Who died each winter and was reborn again each spring.



They believed that this beautiful son of God the Father and God the Mother whom they knew by various names, had lost his left leg in a savage fight against a terrible dragon, some say a gigantic crocodile which walked on its hind legs, its rear legs much, much longer than its fore legs. The symbol of this handsome God of the sun, this hero God and bringer of peace, was also the unsaid cross, Which the Zulus called Mlenze-munye. The Swazis knew him as Mlente-munye. The name Mlenze-munye or Mlente-mmunye mean the on legged one. The one with one leg. And incidentally, when Africans saw the cross which missionaries often hung around their necks, they

immediately recognized it as the symbol of the eternal God with one leg who dies and is born again forever and ever. And they respected missionaries as messengers from this God. Which is why in some part of Africa missionaries were called a name which is also one of the many names of the African sun god, namely Muruti, which means the great teacher, a name by which Twana speaking, Owambo speaking and Sotho speaking people still call missionaries to this day.

Our people believed also in what they called the perfect cross, the most powerful cross of all. This was a cross that had all its four wings of exactly equal length. The cross of the kind that white people call the Celtic cross. A cross which is often imprisoned within a circle, with all its wings of exactly equal length, our people used this cross, drawing it in its many forms, healing some of the most horribly diseases to which the body is prone.



Before a person was treated for cancer, the herbs, the powdered herbs which were to be used in this treatment, were first laid out on a piece of clean springbok skin on the likeness of the perfect cross, then spoon after spoon, they were taken and poured into a clay pot which had been blessed several times. There were forms of the cross, which unlike these which I have briefly described which were used for healing, were used for extremely destructive purposes and one of these is what the white people call the Saint Andrews cross.

The X-shaped cross which even today we find teachers in mission schools using to mark a wrong answer written by a pupil in his or her exercise book. Africans believed that the X-shaped cross possessed great powers of evil, and they used it to put curses upon people. It may be of interest to you to learn that when a Xhosa person from the Eastern Cape, says that you are crazy, you are mad he says, "Uphameene."

And the literal meaning of this word is, "You have a cross put upon you," across which has made you cross witted, mad. In ancient times and even modern times, when a African artist, woodcarver or decorator of any kind draws a cross, he or she must take great care to only draw one of those crosses that heal and not to dare to draw, carve or render in beads, one of the evil crosses, because Africans say that the first person that gets affected by a negative engraving or a negative drawing is the artist himself. And the first person to be affected by a positive drawing or a positive engraving is the artist himself or herself.

Children of Mars

Africa is a land full of surprises, and they who travel through her forests and upon the banks of her great rivers, and over her eternal plains must always be prepared to meet surprises. One day I was travelling along the Zambezi river, when I came to a home stead which people in villages that I had passed had told me about. I had been told that in this small village I would find some of the wisest people in the land, people who claim ancestry from creatures who are said to have come from the red star know as Liitolafisi, the red star whose name means the eye of the brown hyena is the star, or rather the planet that white people call Mars.

I wanted to meet these wise people, and when I came to the home stead, a collection of grass and wooden huts, protected by a wooden fence, I saw a number of women and children standing inside the fence near the gate. These people were smiling at me and their smiles grew even wider as I drew near the gate, the woman standing nearest to the gate, moved slightly to her left, coming to stand right in the centre of the open gate. My eyes went to her feet, and all courage left me, and like the coward that I often am, I turned around and ran away, followed by loud peals of feminine laughter. I had dropped all my property, my bag and my walking stick upon the dusty path that led to the gate, and there I was running away like a fat ape seeking the safety of the green bush. The women laughed and laughed again, and when I threw a glance over my shoulder, I saw them come out and pick up my property and take it into the village. I had never seen anything like what I saw on that day, the thing that caused me to run away like an idiot fleeing a bush fire.

The woman who had stood in the centre of the gate facing me had only two large toes on either of her feet. It was as if I was staring at the feet of not a human being, but of a monstrous bird from the valleys of folklore and legend. Shame faced I walked towards a tree and stood under it trembling with fear and as I stood there a group of men came out of the village and walked laughing and smiling towards me. Nearly all of them had only two toes on each foot. They wore no shoes, and in the African dust their feet really looked frightening. They came around me and surrounded me and said, Do not be afraid of us, we are people just like you. What is it about us that frightens you? Unable to answer, my face hot with shame and embarrassment, I glanced toward their feet and then they roared with laughter. This is how I met a tribe of people know as the **Bantwana**, which means children. A tribe of people who claim that their remote ancestors were bird like people who came from the stars and who mated with earthly woman and produced these two toed human beings. The Bantwana people welcomed me into their small village and for three months at the feet of two of their elders, I learned about things that left me numb with amazement. The Bantwana are shy people who in ancient times suffered persecution at the hands of people of other tribes, but when they like you and trust you, and feel pity for you, they tell you things that fill you with great amazement. They tell you that there are twenty four inhabited planets within the area of space in ...

Holy Places in South Africa

Although South Africa possesses a huge, highly organized tourist industry, that tourist industry, however, has not scratched the surface let alone dented it of the colossal potential as a tourist Mecca and destination that our country possesses. South Africa could attract four or five times the number of tourists that she is at this moment attracting if only those, whose duty it is to attract those tourists, knew more about their country - about South Africa and knew just how huge is the potential that this country possesses as a Mecca for tourists.

It is one of the most shameful truths in our country that those who live within our country's borders know little or nothing about the country in which they live. There may be those who resent my words but this is a fact and I want to state again that the tourist potential of the Republic of South Africa is grossly under-utilized by those whose duty is to tap into it and to activate it for the benefit of the peoples of this land. If those in authority could know more about South Africa's tourist potential, unemployment in our country would be cut down by a large percent and we would find hundreds of black people, especially, successfully involved in the tourist industry of our country.

I speak as someone who has travelled to many parts of the world, when I say that in some countries you find thousands of people gainfully engaged in their particularly country's tourist industry whereas in South Africa only a small percentage of people are engaged in this. What is utterly shameful is that, in South Africa, tourism is mostly a white-owned and white-run business and black people, even now, are left out in the cold or if they are engaged in the tourist industry at all, they are engaged simply as employees and paid servants. I have been to countries such as Japan where that country's tourist industry involves thousands of people. I have been to countries such as South America, especially, where you find hundreds of native Americans gainfully involved in their country's huge tourist industry.

Furthermore, when tourists arrive in South Africa they are shown many things only from the perspective of the European people and not from the African perspective. For example, they are shown South Africa's wild life and they are shown this wild life from the viewpoint of white scientists only - from the viewpoint of white settlers only and they are denied the rich folklore that black people - Koi Koi and Koi San people - knew and still know about wild animals. Tourists are shown, for example the South African wildebeest but they are not told what Africans think about this animal and thought about it - that the wildebeest was one of the holiest animals in Africa.

It was believed by the various tribes to possess powers of expelling negative spirits and other evil influences from the land and the tail of the wildebeest is used even now by shamans and sangomas as an instrument for exorcising evil spirits from people and from places. Tourists are shown the zebra, they are told that this is a Burchells Zebra or whoever's zebra and then they are given the Latin name for this African animal.

They are never told that to African people the zebra was an animal sacred to the great Earth Mother, an animal whose spoor possessed a power to take away infertility and other female illnesses from black women. I can say, bluntly, that a tourist gets cheated in South Africa in that he or she is denied the great beauty of the fold-lore that our people held and still hold regarding animals. I believe that this gross injustice must be remedied and remedied at once. Zoologist and other scientists have been in Africa for just over four hundred years but Africans have lived side by side with wild animals, birds and insects for millennia and over the years they built mythologies around these creatures, mythologies that should not be denied to those who visit our country's shores.

There are even places in South Africa, places of great interest about which tourists know nothing because those who live within our country's shores know nothing and care to know nothing about those things. I say again that South Africa is a paradise, a potential paradise for overseas visitors if only those in authority could allow traditional Africans to have their say and to talk to overseas visitors openly just as trained tour-guides do. South Africa does not consist only of scientists. South Africa does not consist only of white settlers. She consists of ancient tribes and communities, which were here long before the first Portuguese ship sailed around the Cape of Good Hope.

I am going to talk to you about two places. Two places whose potential as tourist destinations we are going to unveil. The first of these two places is a piece of land called **Vulindaba**, whose name means open the story or start the story. Vulindaba is at the foot of a range of mountains of the *Megaliessberg Mountain system*. It lies along a road named Lazy River Road. Vulindaba is going to be opened as a wilderness trail to young people, overseas visitors as well as school children. Vulindaba is a piece of unspoilt countryside.

It is a piece of wild bush and grassland. It is a piece of snarling rocks and a steep mountain slope. It is a piece of land on which there still grow some of the ancient flora, which one finds or used to find in this place. There will be accommodation at Vulindaba for young people to spend the night under the South African stars, to listen to stories and to listen to dancing and drum beating - to be one with the spirit of the wilderness and to be one with the spirit of the ancient Mountains of Magadi. This was a land once ruled by matriarchs - a land of hard-working people who were engaged in trade with seafarers far to the east of South Africa. There are many stories in this land.

There are many songs, which one can still hear being sung by old men and old women in this area. It is here that one must, once more, reconnect oneself with the bygone days of this country. There is mystery among the Megaliessberg Mountains. There are ancient things that you find here which have never been written about in any tourist brochure. There are historical structures, which still stand on farms in this area. There are ancient mines, which go deep into the entrails of the mountains. Mines, which were dug by people we do not know.

People who were mining for something we do not know. There are places amongst the Megaliesberg Mountains, which have been regarded as sacred by black people for hundreds if not thousands of years. Let me tell you about one such place. There is a farm along the Lazy River Road and on the edge of this farm there is a spring of pure water. Water that bubbles out of the earth, travels for a few yards or so and then disappears back into the earth again.

Our people called this spring the Spring of Marutwani, who is said to have been a great female healer and prophetess who lived nearly two hundred years ago. For many generations now sick black people, as well as traditional healers, have been coming to the Spring of Marutwani to get its pure healing water and in these two or three decades most the people who have been coming to this place have been members of the powerful Zion Catholic Church, the most powerful free church in South Africa, who have been coming here with plastic containers to get the water of Marutwani's spring. Now let me show you a blatant injustice - an injustice born of ignorance.

There are in England a number of sacred wells and springs whose waters are said to possess healing powers and in my travels to the far away British Isles I came across several such sacred wells and springs and one of them is called Chalice Well. The rusty coloured water that comes out of Chalice Well has been believed by the English people to possess healing powers for thousands of years and the waters of this spring are bottled and exported to distant parts of the world by the English people. But here in South Africa we have got springs like the Spring of Marutwani about which the world knows nothing and the water of Marutwani has got just as powerful healing powers as Chalice Well, Lourdes and other famous places like that in Europe and in England possess.

Everybody knows about Chalice Well but nobody knows about the Sacred Spring of Marutwani and the powers - real powers of healing that it possesses. Another thing. In the same area that Vulindaba is, about a few miles away from it, there stands a little hill, a small mountain, which for thousands of years has been viewed by black people as a mountain just as sacred as Mount Zion is to the people of Israel. This mountain is called **Intaba kaNgwenya**. This mountain stands out above the landscape and is visible from almost anywhere.

Black people, especially the Mandebele people, have held the belief that gods from the stars descend upon this mountain on a regular basis and ascend up this mountain also on a regular basis for reasons that we human beings do not know. Hundreds of Ndebele men and women over the decades have claimed to have seen strange creatures whose skins are chalk-white. Creatures with the heads of crocodiles and the bodies of human beings, descending out of the sky and then returning back to the sky from the top of this mountain. Many years ago, when I was a sangoma novice, I heard stories about these strange crocodile gods near the cooking fires of wise men and wise women who had their homes around this amazing little mountain.

The farmers upon whose land this mountain stands do not realize what a sacred or an important thing it is and they do not realize how it can be used to attract visitors from far away across the wide belly of Mother Earth. We have got treasures that the gods gave us, but these treasures are unknown to us. This is the tragedy of South Africa. When people visit Vulindaba they shall hear about all this and much more.

Not far away from Vulindaba, across the tarred road that leads to Hartebeespoort, you shall find another place, another farm which, like Vulindaba sits at the feet of the mighty Megaliesberg Mountains, but this farm is unique in that there is a river, the mighty Crocodile River, which flows through the land at the foot of a huge mountain, which old people used to call Nkwe Mountain.

This mountain is a huge, massive thing and seen from a certain angle it looks like a gigantic, sleeping leopard with its head resting upon its paws and what is amazing is that there is a visible feature on the slope of this mountain which looks like the open, snarling mouth of the leopard. There are two semi-circular features, which look like the mouth of a beast. The Sleeping Leopard Mountain is joined by a smaller mountain with a sharp point which the old women who used to have their kraals in this place many years ago used to call the Iswele, the Woman's Breast Mountain, and between the Leopard Mountain and the Woman's Breast Mountain there is a gap and from behind this gap rises the sun and it goes over the farm to set in the West.

We are told that ancient tribal astrologers used to observe the sun and the moon rising from behind these two mountains and they could tell which season it was by which part of the gap between the two mountains was the sun rising at any given time. This farm that I am talking about is now owned by the London based, Women for Peace, the brave women who go into places such as Bosnia and Sarajevo to comfort traumatized refugees and to care for the injured and upon this farm it is our intention to create unique attractions, which visitors will see.

One of these attractions will be a healing village where actual healing of people will take place. Traditional healers will be available here to tend to those who require their skills. Also in this place there will be a place for visitors to spend nights and days and there will also be a Garden of Mysteries, with standing stones erected according to traditional African ways. There will also be statues of various African gods, which will be seen in this place. This place, which did not have a name before, has been given the beautiful African name Naledi that means a star or the giver of enlightenment. Here visitors will take part in traditional astronomy and astrology and here stories will be told and visitors will also be shown healing herbs grown in the Garden of Mysteries. They will be shown that and much, much more. Works of art and other beautiful traditional artifacts will be here for sale for those who wish to buy them. It will be a place of Life, a place of Light and a place of Beauty.

Alien Abductions and Reptilians

[by Rick Martin 9/30/99, THE SPECTRUM]

Martin: First of all, let me say it is an honor and a privilege to speak with you, and I would like to thank and acknowledge David Icke and Dr. Joubert, without whose help we would not be having this conversation today. Our readers are aware of the existence of the *shape-shifting reptilian extraterrestrials*, and what I would like to discuss with you concerns the specifics of their presence, their leadership, their agenda, and their methods of operation at this time. So, the first question I would like to ask you is: Can you confirm that *shape-shifting reptilian extraterrestrials* do, in fact, exist on our planet at this time? And if they do, if you can confirm this, will you please be specific about them. Where do they come from?

Credo Mutwa: Sir, can your newspaper send people to Africa?

Martin: I'm sorry, can you repeat that?

Credo Mutwa: Can your newspaper kindly send somebody to Africa in the near future?

Martin: We are financially not able to do that at this time, but that may change in the future.

Credo Mutwa: Because there are some things that I would, please, like your newspaper to check-out, independent of me. You have heard of the country called Rwanda, in Central Africa?

Martin: Yes.

Credo Mutwa: The people of Rwanda, the Hutu people, as well as the Watusi people, state, and they are not the only people in Africa who state this, that their very oldest ancestors were a race of beings whom they called the **Imanujela**, which means "*the Lords who have come*". And some tribes in West Africa, such as a Bambara people, also say the same thing. They say that they came from the sky, many, many generations ago, a race of highly advanced and fearsome creatures which looked like men, and they call them **Zishwezi**. The word Zishwezi means the *dival* or the *glidal-creatures* that can glide down from the sky or glide through water. Everybody, sir, has heard about the Dogon people in Western Africa who all say that they were given culture by the normal beings, but they are not the Dogon people are but ONE of many, many peoples in Africa who claim that their tribe or their king were first founded by the supernatural race of creatures that came from the sky.

Are you still with me, sir?

Martin: Oh yes, very much so. Please continue.

Credo Mutwa: Sir, I can go on and on, but let me bring you to my people, the *Zulu* people of South Africa.

Martin: Please.

Credo Mutwa: The Zulu people, who are famous as a warrior people, the people to whom King Shaka Zulu, of the last century, belonged. When you ask a South African White anthropologist what the name of *Zulu* means, he will say it means “*the sky*” (laughter), and therefore the Zulu call themselves “people of the sky”. That, sir, is non-sense. In the Zulu language, our name for the sky, the blue sky, is sibakabaka. Our name for *inter-planetary space*, however, is **izulu** and the weduzulu, which means “*inter-planetary space, the dark sky that you see with stars in it every night*”, also has to do with traveling, sir. The Zulu word for traveling at random, like a nomad or a gypsy, is izula.

Now, you can see that the Zulu people in South Africa were aware of the fact that you can travel through space-not through the sky like a bird - but you can travel through space, and the Zulus claim that many, many thousands of years ago there arrived, out of the skies, a race of people who were like lizards, people who could change shape at will. And people who married their daughters to a *walking* (extraterrestrial), and produced a power race of Kings and tribal Chiefs, there are hundreds of fairy-tales, sir, in which a lizard female assumes the identity of a human princess and poses as her, and gets married to a Zulu Prince.

Every school child in South Africa, sir, knows about the story of a princess called Khombecansini. Khombecansini was to have married a handsome Prince called Kakaka, a name which means “*the enlightened one*”. Now, one day while Khombecansini was gathering firewood in the bush, she met a creature called an **Imbulu**. And this *Imbulu* was a lizard which has the body and the limbs of a human being, but a long tail. And this lizard spoke to Princess Khombecansini, “Oh, how beautiful you are, girl, I wish I could be like you. I wish I could look like you. Can I come close to you?” said the Imbulu lizard woman to the princess.

And the princess said, “Yes, you can.”

And as the lizard, which was a taller one, came close to the girl, she spat into the girl’s eyes and she began to change. That is, the lizard suddenly changed into a human shape and this lizard began to look more and more and more and more like the girl, with the exception of her long, pointed tail. And then, with her sudden burst of violence, the lizard woman sealed the princess and removed all her bangles and her beads and her wedding skirt off her, and she put them on. Thus, *the lizard became the princess*.

Now there were two identical women in the bush, the shape-shifted lizard woman and the original woman. And the lizard woman said to the original woman, “Now you are my slave. Now you are going to accompany me to the marriage. I will be you and you will be my slave, come-on!” She took a stick

and started beating up the poor princess. And then she went, accompanied by other girls who were bride's maids, according to Zulu custom, and she arrived at Prince Kakaka's village. But, before they reached the village she had to do something about her tail, that is, the shape-shifting woman had, somehow, to hide the tail. So, she forced the princess to weave a net out of fiber and she tucked the tail in and she tied it tight to herself. She now looked like a Zulu woman with attractive, very big buttocks, when seen from outside.

And then, when she arrived and she became the wife of the prince, a strange thing started happening in the village. All of the milk started disappearing because each night the shape-shifting princess, the false princess, used to release her tail, which used to suck in all of the sour milk through a hole at the tip of the tail. And the mother-in-law said, "What is this? Why is the milk disappearing?" Then, she said, "No, I see, there is an Imbulu amongst us."

The mother-in-law, who was a clever old lady, said, "A hole must be dug in the front of the village and it must be filled with milk." And this was done. And then, all of the girls who had come with the false princess were told to jump over this hole. One after the other one, they jumped. And when the shape-shifter was forced, at spear-point, to jump as well, as she jumped her long tail burst out of the net under her skirt and started slurping the milk through the hole, and the warriors killed the shape-shifter. And thus, the real Princess Khombecansini became the wife of the king-of King Kakaka.

Now, sir, this story has got many versions in it. Throughout South Africa, amongst many tribes, you'll find stories of these amazing creatures who are capable of changing from reptile to human being, and from reptile to any other animal of their choice. And these creatures, sir, do really exist. No matter where you go throughout Southern, Eastern, Western, and Central Africa, you'll find that the description of these creatures is the same. Even amongst tribes which never, throughout their long history, had contact with each other at all.

So, there ARE such creatures. Where they come from, I will never claim to know, sir. But they are associated with certain stars in the sky, and one of these stars is a large group of stars which is part of the Milky Way, which our people call **Ingiyab**, which means "*The Great Serpent*". And there is a red star, a redish star, near the tip of this huge rim of stars which our people call Isonkanyamba.

Now, this star called *Isonkanyamba*, I managed to find its English name. It is the star called **Alpha Centauri**, in English. Now, this, sir, is something that is worth investigating. Why is it that well over 500 tribes in parts of Africa which I've visited in the last 40 or 50 years or so, all of them describe similar creatures?

It is said that these creatures feed on us human beings; that they, at one time, challenged *God* Himself to war, because they wanted full control of the

universe. And *God* fought a terrible battle against them and He defeated them, injured them, and forced them to hide in cities underground. They hide in deep cavities underground, because they are always feeling cold. In these cavities, we are told, there are huge fires which are kept going by slaves, human, zombie-like slaves. And, it is further said that these Zuswazi, these Imbulu, or whatever you choose to call them, are not capable of eating solid food. They either eat human blood, or they eat that power, the energy that is generated when human beings, on the surface of the Earth, are fighting and killing each other in large numbers. I met people who have fled from the early Masaki in Rwanda, from years ago, and these people were horrified by what was happening in their country. They said that the slaughter of the Hutus by the Watusi, and the Watusi by the Hutus, is actually feeding the **Imanujela**, monsters. Because the Imanujela like to inhale the energy that is generated by masses of people being terrified or being killed by other people.

Are you still with me, sir?

Martin: Yes, I'm completely with you.

Credo Mutwa: Now, let me point out an interesting thing, sir. If you study the languages of all African nations, you find within the languages of our people words which are similar to *Oriental*, *Middle-Eastern*, and even *Native American* words. And the word Imanujela means "*the Lord who came*". A word that anyone can discover in Rwanda, amongst the Rwandan Hutu and Watusi people, is very similar to the Hebrew word Immanuel, which means "*the Lord is with us*". **Imanujela**, "the ones who came, the Lords who are here". Our people believe, sir, that we, the people of this Earth, are not masters of our own lives, really, although we are made to think that we are. Our people say, that is, Black people of all tribes, all of the initiated ones, all of the shamans everywhere in Africa, when they get to trust you and share their deepest secrets with you, they say that [with] the Imanujela, there is Imbulu. And there is another name by which these creatures are known. This name is **Chitauli**.



Now, the word *Chitauli* means “the dictators, the ones who tell us the law”. In other words, “they who tell us, secretly, what we are to do”. Now, it is said that these Chitauli did a number of things to us when they came to this planet.

Please forgive me, but I must share this story with you. It is one of the strangest stories that you find everywhere in Africa in *shamanic secret societies* and other places where the remnant of our ancient knowledge and wisdom are still preserved. It is that, originally, the Earth was covered by a very thick blanket of fog or mist. That people could not actually see the Sun in the sky, except as a nimble of light. And they also saw the Moon at night as a gentle claw of light in the sky, because there was this heavy mist. And the rain was always falling in a steady drizzle. There was no thunder, however. There were no storms.

The world was thickly covered with great forests, great jungles, and people lived in peace on Earth at that time. People were happy and it is said, at that time, we human beings did not have the power of speech. We only made funny sounds like happy monkeys and baboons, but we did not have speech as we now have it. And in those centuries, people spoke to each other through their mind.

A man could call his wife thinking about her, thinking about the shape of her face, the smell of her body, and the feel of hair as a woman. That a hunter would go out into the bush and call out for animals to come, and the animals would select one of their number which was old and tired, and this animal would offer itself to the hunter so that he may kill it quickly and take it as meat to his cave.

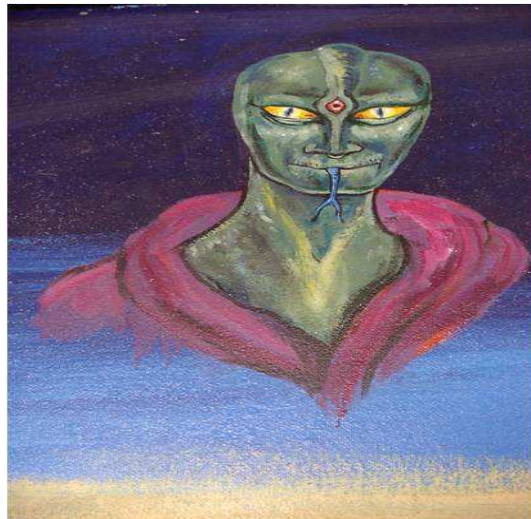
There was no violence against animals. There was no violence against Nature by human beings at that time. Man used to ask for food from Nature. He used to come to a tree and think about fruit, and the tree would allow some of its fruit to fall to the ground, and man would take it.

And then it is said, however, that when the **Chitauli** came to Earth, they arrived in terrible vessels which flew through the air, vessels which were shaped like great bowls and which made a terrible noise and a terrible fire in the sky. And the Chitauli told human beings, whom they gathered together by force with whips of lightning, that they were great gods from the sky and that from now on they would receive a number of great gifts from the god. These so-called *gods*, who were like human beings, but very tall, with a long tail, and with terrible burning eyes, some of them had two eyes-yellow, bright eyes-some had three eyes, the red, round eye being in the center of their forehead. These creatures then took away the great powers that human beings had:

- the power of speaking through the mind only
- the power of moving objects with their mind only
- the power of seeing into the future and into their past
- the power to travel, spiritually, to different worlds

All of these great powers the Chitauli took away from human beings and they gave human beings a new power, now, the power of speech. But, human beings found, to their horror, that the power of speech divided human beings, instead of uniting them, because the **Chitauli** cunningly created different languages, and they caused a great quarrel between people.

Also, the Chitauli did something which has never been done before: they gave human beings people to rule over them, and they said, “These are your kings, these are your chiefs. They have our blood in them. They are our children, and you must listen to these people because they will speak on our behalf. If you don’t, we are going to punish you very terribly.” Before the coming of the **Chitauli**, before the coming of the **Imbulu** creatures, human beings were spiritually one. But when the Chitauli came, human beings became divided, both spiritually as well as by language. And then, human beings were given strange new feelings by the Chitauli. Human beings started to feel unsafe, and so they started making villages with very strong fences of wood around them. Human beings started becoming country makers. In other words, they started creating tribes and tribe lands, which had borders, which they defended against any possible enemy. Human beings became ambitious and greedy and they wanted to acquire wealth in the form of cattle, and sea shells.



And, another thing the Chitauli forced human beings to do, they forced human beings to *mine into the Earth*. The Chitauli activated human women and made them to discover minerals and metals of certain types. Women discovered copper; women discovered gold; women discovered silver. And, eventually, they were guided by the **Chitauli** to alloy these metals and to create new metals which had never existed in Nature before, metals such as bronze and brass and others.

Now, the Chitauli, further, removed the sacred rain-bringing mist from the sky and for the first time since creation, human beings looked up and saw stars, and the Chitauli told human beings that they have been wrong in believing that *God* dwelt under the Earth. “From now on,” the **Chitauli** told people of this Earth, “the people of Earth must believe that *God* is in Heaven and they must do things here on Earth which would please this God who is in Heaven.”

You see, originally, human beings had believed that *God* was underground, that she was a very great mother who dwelt under the Earth because they saw all the green things growing from under the Earth-the grass came from below ground, the trees grew from below ground, and the people had believed, therefore, that the dead people who died go underground. But when the **Chitauli** turned humans' eyes towards the sky, people started believing, now, that *God* is in the sky and that those who die from this Earth don't go underground, but go up into the sky.

And to this day, sir, throughout Africa wherever you go as an investigator, you will find this amazing - these two amazing ideas which conflict with each other. Many African tribes believe in what is called Midzimu or Badimo. Now, the word *Midzimu* or *Badimo* means "them who are in the sky". But, in Zulu-land, amongst my people, you find this amazing schism going hand-in-hand. There are Zulus who believe that the dead ones are the Abapansi, which means "the ones who are below, who are under the Earth". Then there is another idea which says Abapezulu. The word *Abapezulu* means "those who are above", and the word *Abapansi*, which is the oldest name for the spirits of the dead, means "*they who are under the Earth*". So, even today, sir, all over Africa amongst hundreds of tribes, you find this strange double-belief that the dead go into the sky, and side-by-side with the belief that the dead die and go under the Earth. This belief that the dead die and go under the Earth is said to date to the days when our people believed that *God* was a woman, the great *Cosmic Mother*. And, it is contrasted by the Abapezulu belief that *God* is a man who dwells in the sky.

Now, sir, another thing that the **Chitauli** told our people, it is said, is that we human beings are here on Earth to change the Earth and to make it suitable for "*God*" to come down one day and dwell in it. And it is said that they who work to change this Earth and make it safe for the serpent god, the **Chitauli**, to come and dwell in it, will be rewarded with great power and with great wealth.



Sir, as I have watched over many years of study, over many years of initiation of the mysteries of African shamanism, wisdom, and knowledge, I have found myself wondering why we human beings are actually destroying the Earth on which we live. We are doing something which is only done by one other species of animal, namely, the African elephant, which utterly destroys every tree in the place in which it dwells.

We human beings are doing exactly this. And wherever you go in Africa, where once there were great ancient civilizations, you find desert. For example, there is the Kalahari desert in South Africa, and under the sands of that desert, I have found the *ruins of ancient cities*, which means that human beings turned this stretch of land, which was once green and fertile, into a desert. And, in days when I was with explorers and safari people in the Sahara regions of Africa, I also found evidence of *unbelievably ancient human habitation* in places where there is nothing now but angry rock and whispering sand.

In other words, the Sahara Desert was once a *fertile country* and was turned into a desert by human beings. Why? I must ask myself, again and again, why are human beings being driven by insecurity, greed, and lust of power to turn the Earth into a desert in which, ultimately, no human being would ever be able to live? Why?

Although we are all aware of the terrible dangers that this will bring about, why are we cutting huge areas of jungle in Africa? Why are we on Earth carrying out the instructions which the Chitauli programmed into us? Although my mind refuses to accept this, the answer is a terrible yes, yes, yes.

Amongst the many people of wisdom who honor me with their friendship, is a man of great knowledge who lives in Israel, *Dr. [Zecharia] Sitchin*. According to the ancient books which were written by the people of Sumeria, out of clay, gods came out of the sky and forced human beings to work for them, to mine gold for them. This story is confirmed by African legends throughout Africa, that gods came out of the sky and made us into their slaves, and they made us into slaves in such a way that we would never realize that we are slaves.

One other thing that our people say is that the **Chitauli** prey upon us like vultures. They raise some of us, they fill some of us with great anger and great ambition, and they make these people they've raised into great warriors who make terrible war. But, in the end, the Chitauli do not allow these great leaders, these great war chiefs and kings, to die peacefully. The warrior chief is used to make as much war as possible, to kill as many of his people, and those he calls enemies, as possible, and then, in the end, the warrior chief dies a terrible death, with his blood being spilled by others.

And this phenomenon I have seen in my people's history, again and again and again. Our great *King Shaka Zulu*, he fought over 200 great wars during the reign of some 30-something years. And then, he was slaughtered and he died a violent death. He died a broken man who, because of the death of his mother, had no longer the power to win any more battles.

And, before Shaka Zulu, there was another king who trained Shaka to become the great king that he was. That king's name was *Dingiswayo*. *Dingiswayo* had fought great wars trying to unite the Zulu people into one great tribe. He had seen the White people of the Cape and he thought that,

by uniting his people into one huge nation, he would be able to repel the threat to his people which the White people posed. But, what happened was, after winning many battles of uniting many tribes, King Dingiswayo suddenly became stricken by an eye disease which made him almost blind. And he hid this secret that he could no longer see. But, that terrible secret was discovered by a woman, a queen of another tribe, called *Ntombazi*. *Ntombazi* took a battle ax and beheaded Dingiswayo with one blow, after she had lured him into her hut and given him food and beer to drink.

There is also a similar phenomenon with great White leaders: Napoleon, in Europe, who died a miserable death on his lonely island in the Atlantic Ocean; Hitler, also in Europe, who died a terrible death by putting the gun in the mouth and killing himself, we are told; Attila the Hun, who was killed by a woman, and many other great leaders who came to a sticky end after giving as much death and misery to as many people as they could.

King Shaka was stabbed to death by his half-brother, who used on him the same type of spear that he had designed to kill people as quickly as possible. And, Julius Caesar also met a similar fate after he, like our Shaka Zulu, had conquered many nations.

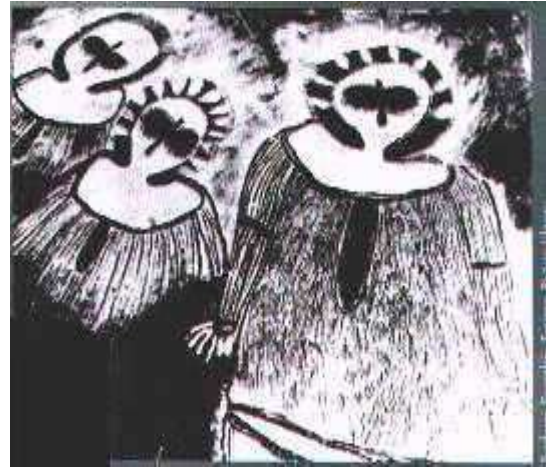
Always the warrior hero dies a death that he, really, should not die. King Arthur, in England, was killed by his own son, Mordred after a long and courageous reign. I could go on and on and on.

Now, all these things, if you bring them together, they show that whether people laugh at this or not, whether people scoff at this or not, there is a certain power that is guiding we human beings toward the dark river of self-destruction. And the sooner many of us become aware of this, the better, perhaps, we might be able to deal with it.

Martin: Do you believe that these beings are around the world equally, or are they primarily focused in Africa?

Credo Mutwa: Sir, I believe that these creatures are everywhere on Earth, and with respect, sir, although I hate talking about myself so much, I am a person who has traveled to many parts of the world. I have been to your country, the United States, sir. I have been to Australia. I have been to Japan, amongst other countries.

And no matter where I have gone, sir, I have found people telling me about creatures like this. For example, in 1997, I visited Australia, sir, and I traveled a lot to try and find the Black people of Australia, the Aborigine. And when I did find them, they told me a number of things that astonished me very, very much. The same things that I'd found in Japan, I found in Taiwan. Everywhere where there are still shaman and traditional healers, you find these amazing stories.



Now, let me tell you, sir, what I found in Australia alone. This, that the Australian Aborigine people, who call themselves *Coorie*, which means “our people”: The Coorie people of Australia believe in a great creating god called *Byamie*, sir. A Coorie shaman, in fact, several of them, drew me pictures of this **Byamie**, and one of them showed me a rock painting representing this strange creator god who came out of the stars. And when they placed their drawing in front of me, what they showed was a **Chitauli**. I recognized it from my African initiation. It had a large head. It had large eyes, which were stressed by the artist. It had no mouth, and it had long arms and incredibly long legs. Sir, this was a typical depiction of a Chitauli which I knew from my own people in Africa.

I asked myself “Why?” Here I am in a country many thousands of miles away from Africa, and here I am seeing a being known as the Biamai or Bimi, who is a creature with which I, the African, am familiar.

Amongst the Native American people, sir, I found, for example, amongst certain tribes in America, tribes such as the Hopi people, and those people who stay in those buildings called a pueblo, I found that these people-they have got what are called **Katchina** creatures, where people wear masks and disguise themselves as certain creatures. And some of these Katchinas are very, very tall, with a huge round head.

Exactly as we have in Africa, I found similar creatures in America. In Africa we call these creatures **Egwugwu**, or, we call them by another name, called **Chinyawu**. The Katchina of the Native American people, and the Chinyawu of our people, are identical beings. Now, why should this be? When were American Native people and Africans in contact? When? This is one of the greatest mysteries of all time, sir. It is one of many things that I found throughout the world which left me utterly amazed.

There ARE such creatures, and the sooner skeptics amongst us face up to this fact, the better it shall be. Why is human-kind not progressing? Why are we *running around in a great circle of self-destruction and mutual-destruction?*

People are basically good; I believe this. People don’t want to start wars. People don’t want to destroy the world in which they stay, but there are

creatures, or there is power that is driving we human beings toward self-annihilation. And the sooner we recognize this, the better.

Just now, I live in Africa. Here are my people. Here is my home. But I see Africa being destroyed in wars that make no sense whatsoever to me as an African. I look at India which, like Africa, suffered the scourge of colonialism by the French, the English, and other European powers. But India, through her independence as a country, has achieved the things which we, Africa, have failed to achieve. Why?

India has exploded the atomic bomb and is today one of the feared nations of this world. India has launched satellites into orbit. India, although she has the same problems as Africa has - a burgeoning population, religion as well as tribal strife - although India has got an incredibly poor section of her population, as well as an incredibly rich one, she has achieved things that Africa has failed to achieve.

Now, I ask myself "Why? Why?" Because India was established by people from Africa, and I don't think, sir, as the Black races about this. This is a fact that, thousands of years ago, people from Africa laid the foundation of the greatest civilization of India, as well as other countries in Southeast Asia. There is overwhelming archeological evidence of this. But, why is Africa drowning in war, in disease, and in hunger? Why?

Many times, sir, I sit in my hut and I cry when I see diseases like AIDS destroying us; when I see senseless wars destroying those countries in Africa which had thrived for thousands of years.

Say, Ethiopia is a country that has been free for thousands of years. Ethiopia was once the school of all of Africa. Nigeria was once a great country with a long tradition of self-government - long, long before the White man came to Africa. But today, all of these countries and many others are being destroyed.

Today, sir, there are parts of Africa which have been totally depopulated by war and by the disease called AIDS, a disease which shows every sign of being a man-made disease. I ask myself, "Who or what is destroying Africa, and why?"

Because there are tribes in those villages I lived in, who assisted my search for knowledge, before the Second World War and after. But today these tribes no longer exist anymore. They are gone, dispersed, totally exterminated in senseless wars that gain the Black people nothing.

I am in South Africa now. Here I was born, and here I was to die. But I see my country falling apart like a rotting mango. South Africa was once a powerful country. She had a powerful army. She had huge industries, which were producing everything from locomotives to little radios. But today my country has become a drug-sodden, crime-ridden piece of rubbish. Why? A

country doesn't get destroyed almost overnight, unless there are definite forces which are determined to obliterate it.

I recently saw, sir, the destruction of another country inside South Africa. The country is Lesotho. This country, Lesotho, is inhabited by some of the oldest and the wisest tribes in South Africa. Amongst them is a tribe called *the Bakwama*. The *Bakwama people* are so ancient that they actually describe to you a mysterious land of huge pointed mountains, a mysterious land ruled by a great god, who had the head of a human being and the body of the lion. [One immediately thinks of the Sphinx in Egypt.]

The **Bakwama** call this country *Ntswama-tfatfi*. This land that they name *Ntswama-tfatfi* means "the land of the Sun-hawk". The hawk is the bird of prey in Heaven-you know? Now, these Bakwama people did, in South Africa, know about the land of Egypt where they say their ancestors came from. And they call this mysterious land of the gods, "*the land of the Sun-hawk, or the Sun-eagle*", which is exactly how the Egyptians portrayed their country, sir. They portrayed it as "the land of Hor", the god *Horus* in Greece.

Now, when Princess Diana died, in 1997, I was one of the first Black people to suspect that Princess Diana had been murdered, and I will tell you why this thing happened, sir. Because, about a year or 8 months before Diana died, there died a king in Lesotho, King Moshoeshe II. King Moshoeshe II's death was detail-for-detail identical to Princess Diana's death.

Consider this please, all of you who might find my words incredible: Princess Diana died in a tunnel, but the king of Lesotho died in a ravine. He had gone far away to investigate a problem in his cattle ranch. It was found that he was overdue, and when the people went to search for him, they heard from various boys who were looking after the cattle in the Basotho-land mountains, that the boys had heard what sounded like a rifle shot, and when the men went to look where the rifle shot had sounded, they found the king's car off the road and deep in the ravine.

They went down their and they found that the king of Lesotho was in his car. He was strapped in a safety belt, but he had a terrible injury at the back of his head. And they found that the king's driver was dead at the steering wheel. But, the two men who were the king's bodyguards, who were riding in the king's vehicle in the seat directly behind the king, had escaped without a scratch. One of the men entered the car and pulled out the dying king. The king apologized to them for messing-up their hands with his blood, which was a tradition, that a dying king must thank the people who are trying to get him out of where he is. And he must apologize to them for putting them into trouble, because anyone who handles the sacred blood of the king is in spiritual trouble of some kind after that.

Then, when the king's car was brought out of the ravine, it was found that there was a hole, like a bullet hole, in one of the tires of the car. And that car's tire was mysteriously removed, afterwards, when the king's car was stored not in a safe place, but in a yard outside where anybody could get at

it. And, when an autopsy was conducted on the body of the driver of the king's car, it was found that the man had been so drunk as to not have been able to drive the car at all. And third, the man who had driven the king's car and who died at the wheel had not been the man who usually drives the king's car.

Now, sir, do you see this mystery now? The death of the Lesotho king matched that of Princess Diana, which was to follow it. In many other amazing details than I have detailed now, and so the nation of Lesotho was reduced to a wretch after the king's death, when rioting took place as a result of a general election which provisional party members prospected and controlled.

Today Lesotho is an economically moribund nation. And Lesotho is a country which was the place of a strange experiment - an experiment which consisted of the building of a huge dam, whose purpose was to supply South Africa, and not Lesotho, with large quantities of water. And we have recently heard ugly rumors emanating from that country, that somebody was bribed to facilitate the building of this huge dam where the water of a small nation is being used to supply, to supplement the water supplies of a highly industrialized nation.

There are many strange things, sir, which have taken place in South Africa, and are taking place, as well as in other parts of Africa, which make no sense to me as an African. There are wars which take place in Africa, where after an African country has gained its independence from the colonial power, then a force of rebels pick up weapons against that country's government, but instead of the rebels fighting the government to the bitter end, what happens again and again is that the rebel forces split into various groups which end up fighting not only the government in power, but also each other. And the result is that, in several African countries, the country is so destroyed that, no matter which party wins, the people lose. The United Nations are caused to be called in, in order to create some semblance of peace. In other words, Africans have now started fighting wars which bring about not victory, but the destruction of themselves, as well as their people.

I would like to draw your attention, sir, to the senseless tide which is still raging in the Sudan, as well as other parts of Africa. I would like to draw your attention, sir, to the longest and most terrible civil war which is destroying the southern parts of the Sudan. I would like to draw your attention, and that of your readers, sir, to the terrible war which is destroying Angola. And one part of the world, to the East of Southern Africa, has been so raped by many years of war that there are now places where you don't even hear a bird-thing. All living forms of life have been wiped-out in that place. Now, why?

And then, I have found that these countries that are being destroyed by senseless wars which are totally out of character for us Africans, and I speak as an African, are those countries which, had they been left alone, could have supplied the whole of Africa with food, with water, and with

valuable minerals. I am told, sir, that under the surface of Angola, under the plains of Angola, are deposits of coal which are without equal in this world. I am further told that in parts of Angola there are deposits of oil which are second only to those reserves of oil which are in the Middle East.

The Sudan is a country which I visited several times during, and even after, the Second World War. In the Sudan there was so much food that you received free food from the villagers, as you traveled through the Sudan. Today, southern Sudan is a starvation-torn, battle of rage hellhole where children die of diarrhea in the bush while the vultures and buzzards wait on the branches of trees to feast. Africa is being systematically and deliberately destroyed by a power of such relentlessness that it is continuing the destruction even now. But, this power is getting desperate.

Martin: Excuse me. Did you say there was coal in Angola or gold?

Credo Mutwa: Coal, sir, coal. There are diamonds in Angola, sir. And I have learned from reliable people that there is more oil under Angola, in certain places, than there is in certain parts of the Middle East.

Is this what Africa is being destroyed for? Is this what our nations are being slaughtered for - for coal under the surface, for diamonds? If so, who is this intelligence that is behind this? Are people less valuable than minerals? Are people less valuable than oil?

Because, sir, genocide, worse than anything that Hitler ever committed upon the Jewish people, is taking place in Africa NOW, and the people of America don't seem to care a damn. Why? We are the best friends that the United States has got. We are the best people. We buy American products. Our children want to look like American children. Our kids wear jeans, sir, and they even speak with American accents, because you American people are our role model. Why are you allowing us to be slaughtered? Why? Why?

Not only are we being killed by war, sir, we are being killed by drugs. There were no drugs in South Africa during the days of the apartheid government. Now, under our democratic government, our country has become one drug-sodden cess pit. Why?

Today, sir, and I speak as a traditional shaman, one of my purposes is to try and help people with a drug problem. Sir, I can help a young African who is abusing marijuana or hashish. I can help a young African who is dependent upon Dakwa. But, sir, I am useless, my skills are rubbish and I fail again - and so do many like me - to help young Black people who are addicted to a new type of drug which is called "*crack*". It is a hard-looking drug. It's like hardened chocolate when you see it, and this thing is so addictive that no shaman can help a young victim of this drug.

I am asking the people of the United States of America, I am asking my Black brothers and my Black sisters over there, why are you allowing the country which is your mother to be exterminated?

I don't care what skeptics say, sir. Please forgive me when I really get hot under the collar. I don't care what skeptics say, but there IS a force destroying Africa and I am not buying the nonsense that it is the bankers of the IMF and other big banks. You don't kill the goose that gives you the golden egg, so why would the bankers want to destroy Africa? There is another force behind these people, a terrible, *alien force*, which does things behind the scenes which - and the sooner we recognize this, the better - sir, it is very common for human beings who are in trouble to blame forces other than those inside themselves. But, I have studied the situation in Africa since the end of the Second World War, and before, and I have evidence that points to an alien force at work in Africa. What, who is wiping out Africa's oldest tribes? Please, sir, let me tell you a thing that cuts my soul. May I please?

Martin: Please, continue.

Credo Mutwa: Please, I'm sorry to talk so much. Please forgive me. I belong to the Zulu nation, a nation of warriors, a nation of wise people. My people, sir, have never been studied by White anthropologists thoroughly, but the Zulu people knew things that, if I were to share with your readers, they would be amazed.

Let me show you this. The Zulu people KNEW, amongst many things, that it is the Earth which moves around the Sun, and not the other way around. They said, to explain this thing to the initiated, that the Earth is a feminine creature and the Sun is a male creature, and, therefore, the Earth is the mobile one who dances around the Sun - the beautiful princess who dances around the fiery king who is the Sun. Our people knew that the Earth was a sphere. Our people knew about germs and their function. When the White man came to Africa, where did this incredible knowledge come from? I do not know. The people of America and the people of Europe say that it was Albert Einstein who came out with the idea that time and space are one and the same thing. My answer to that is, "No!"

My people, the Zulus, knew that space and time was one thing. In the language of the Zulu, one of the names for *space* is umkati. And the Zulu name for *time* is isikati. Now, our people knew that space and time were one and the same thing, hundreds of years before Einstein's birth.

And furthermore, our people believed, like the Dogon people, that there are 24 planets in our part of space which are inhabited by intelligent creatures of various states. And, this knowledge has never been recorded in any book, and I and my aunt are the only surviving high sanusi [*shaman*] in South Africa who are the keepers of this knowledge. My aunt is still alive. She is about 90-something years old, and I am now close to dead, suffering from diabetes - a terrible killer of African people nowadays.

And, what I am trying to tell you is that, although my people had this tremendous knowledge, which has never been written down in any book, the

Zulu people today, a huge percentage of them, are victims of HIV or outright AIDS. And it has been calculated, sir, in the next 50 years, fully three-fourths of the Zulu people in Natal are going to die. And I am the keeper of sacred objects which I inherited from my grandfather. I am, from my mother's side, a direct descendant of the last true Zulu king, Dingame. And, my duty should be to protect my people from anything that threatens their existence. Look, please, sir. Anyone who studies humanity with love, with understanding, and with care, recognizes the fact that there is a shining *God* which is struggling to be born within each and every one of us. We are trying to fight back, although many of us are not yet aware of this. We are developing an attitude of wanting to protect our planet, no matter who or what we are. There are chiefs in Africa who fine you very heavily if they see you destroying a tree unnecessarily. This thing was common in the past, but it disappeared with the coming of the White people; but now it has come back again. Man is becoming, is struggling to become a more advanced, more caring being, and the aliens are not going to take this lying down. They are going to cause us to kill each other, again. And I am worried about what is going to happen. Sir, I can show you many strange things that African people did to protect themselves against the Grey aliens. The things that our people did were not the result of superstition. They were the result of terrible personal experience. One day I hope to share with you, sir, the story of how I got "taken", we say. We believe, sir, that the *Mantindane* ("the tormentor"), the Greys, are really servants of the **Chitauli**. And that they, contrary to what White people think - White people think a wrong thing, sir, many - that the Mantindane are experimenting with us. They are NOT. *I repeat, they are not.* Anyone who has been through the hells of these beings will tell you that there is nothing experimental in what they do. There is a cold, cold, cold-blooded resolve, and they are not doing what they do to us for themselves, they are doing what they do to us for greater creatures than they are. Please, sir, can you give me a little time to share with you, briefly, what happened to me?



Martin: Oh yes, absolutely, please. We have all the time you need.

Credo Mutwa: Sir, it was an ordinary day, like any other day. It was a beautiful day in the eastern mountains of Zimbabwe, which are called Inyangani. These are mountains to the East of Zimbabwe.

Now, I had been instructed by my teacher to go and find a special herb which we were going to use in the healing of a certain initiate who was badly ill. And my teacher, a woman called Mrs. Moyo, was Ndebele, from Zimbabwe, once known as Rhodesia.

I was looking for this herb, and I was not thinking about anything, and I had no belief whatsoever in these creatures. I had never encountered them before, and although we African people believe in many things, I was mighty skeptical, even about certain entities that we believed in at that time, because I had never encountered anything like that before.

And all of a sudden, sir, I noticed that the temperature around me had dropped, although it was a very hot African day. I suddenly noticed that it was now cold and there was, what appeared to be, a bright blue mist swirling all around me, getting between me and the eastern landscape. I remember wondering, stupidly, what this thing meant, because I had just begun to dig one of the herbs I had found.

Suddenly, I found myself in a very strange place, a place that looked like a tunnel lined with metal. I had worked in mines before, and where I found myself appeared to be a mine tunnel which was lined with silver-greyish metal.

I was lying on what appeared to be a very heavy and very large working bench or a working table, sir. But yet, I was not chained to the table. I was just lying there and my trousers were missing, and so were the heavy boots that I always wore when I was out in the bush. And all of a sudden, in this strange, *tunnel-like room*, I saw what appeared to be dull, *heady-looking, grey, dull-like creatures* which were moving toward me.

There were lights in this place, but not lights as we know them. They seemed to be patches of glowing stuff. And there was something above the far entrance which looked like writing, that writing against the silver-grey surface, and these creatures were coming at me but I was hypnotized, just as if the witchcraft had been put upon my head.

But I watched the creatures as they were coming towards me. I didn't know what they were. I was frightened, but I couldn't move my arms or my legs. I just lay there like a goat on a sacrificial altar. And when the creatures came towards me, I felt fear inside me. They were short creatures, about the size of African Pigmy. They have very large heads, very thin arms, and very thin legs.

I noticed, sir, because I am an artist, a painter, that these creatures were built all wrong from an artist's point of view. Their limbs were too long for their body, and their necks were very thin, and their heads were almost as large as full-grown watermelons. They had strange eyes, which looked like goggles of some kind. They had no noses, as we have, only small holes on either side of the raised area between their eyes. Their mouth had no lips, only thin cuts as if made by a razor.

And while I was looking at these creatures, sir, in amazed fascination, I felt something close to my head, about my head. And when I looked up, there was another creature, a slightly bigger one than the other, and it was standing above my head and was looking down at me.

I looked up into its eyes and I was totally hypnotized, and you know, I was spellbound. I looked into the thing's eyes and I noticed that the creature wanted me to keep looking into his eyes. I looked and saw that, through these covers over their eyes, I could see the creature's real eyes behind this black, goggle-like cover. It's eyes were round, with straight pupils, like those of a cat. And the thing was not moving it's head. It was breathing; I could see that. I could see little nostrils moving, closing and shutting, but sir, if anybody says to me that I smelled like that creature, really, I would konk him one on the face.

Martin: (Laughter)

Credo Mutwa: The creature smelled like nobody's business. It had a strange smell, a throat-tightening, chemical smell, which smelled like rotten eggs, and also like hot copper [sulfur], a very strong smell.

And the creature saw me looking at it, and it looked down at me and, all of a sudden, I felt a terrible, awful pain on my left thigh, as if a sword had been driven into my left thigh. I screamed in pain, horrible, calling out for my mother, and the creature placed it's hand over my mouth. You know, sir, it was like-if you want to know how that felt, please sir, take the leg of a chicken, a live chicken, and place it against your lips. That was how the creature's hand felt upon my mouth.

It had thin, long fingers, which had more joints than my human fingers have. And the thumb was in the wrong place. Each one of the fingers ended in a black claw, almost like certain African birds. The thing was telling me to be quiet. And how long the pain went on, sir, I don't know. I screamed and I screamed and I screamed, again.

And then, all of a sudden, something was pulled out of my flesh, and I looked down and saw my thigh covered with blood, and I saw that one of the creatures - there were four of them, other than the one standing over my head - they wore tight fitting overalls, which were silvery-grey in color, and their flesh resembled the flesh of certain types of fish that we find in the sea off South Africa. And the creature standing above my head appeared to be a female. It was somehow different than the others. It was taller, bigger,

although it didn't have breasts like a woman, it appeared to be feminine. And the others appeared to be afraid of it, I don't know how I can describe this.

And then, while this terrible thing was going on, another of the creatures came up to me - it walked sideways, in a slightly jerking way, as if it was drunk - it walked up along the table, to my right side, and it stood next to the one standing above my head. And before I knew what was happening, this creature stuck something that was like a small, silver, ball-point pen with a cable at one end, it pushed this thing, coldly, into my right nostril.

Sir, the pain was out of this world. Blood splattered all over. I choked and tried to scream, but the blood got into my throat. It was a nightmare. Then, it pulled the thing out and I tried to fight and sit up.

The pain was terrible, but the other thing above my head placed its hand upon my forehead and kept me down with very little force. I was choking and trying to spit out the blood, and then I managed to turn my head to the right to spit out the blood, which I did, and then what the creatures did to me, sir, I don't know.

All I do know is that the pain went away, and in place of the pain, strange visions flooded my head, visions of cities, some of which I recognized from my travels - but, cities which were half-destroyed, the buildings having their tops blown away, with windows like empty eye-sockets in a human skull. I saw these visions again and again. All the buildings that I saw were half-drowned in a reddish, muddish water.

It was as if there had been a flood and the buildings were sticking up out of this great flood, partly destroyed by a disaster of some kind, and it was a terrible sight. And then, before I knew it, one of the creatures, the one standing next to my feet, drove something into my organ of manhood, but here there was no pain, just a violent irritation, as if I was making love to something or someone.

And then, when the creature withdrew the thing, which was like a small, black tube which it had forced into my organ of manhood, I did something which produced a strange result, and I did not do it intentionally. I think it was my bladder opened, and I urinated straight into the chest of the creature which had pulled the thing out of my organ.

And if I had shot the creature, it would never have reacted as it did. It jerked away and nearly fell, and then it recovered and staggered away like a drunken insect, and left the room. I don't know whether my urine did it; I don't know. But that is what happened.

Then, after a while, the other creatures went away, leaving me with a dull pain in my nostril, with blood on my thigh, and the table wet with urine. And the thing standing above my head had not moved. It just stood there with its right hand touching its left shoulder, in a strangely beautiful and

feminine way. It stood there looking at me. There was no expression in its face. I never saw any of the creatures talk or make any sound of any kind. All I do know is that they appeared to be mute.

And then, out of somewhere there arrived two other creatures, one of which was made entirely out of metal. Even in my worst nightmares, I still see this creature. It was tall. It was big. And the area in which we were was too small for it. It walked with a slight stoop, moving forward, and it was definitely not a living thing. It was a metal creature, a robot of some kind. And it came and it stood near my feet, its whole body clumsily bent, looking down at me. There was no mouth. There was no nose. There were just two bright eyes, which seemed to change color, and seemed to move somehow, like the crackling of an electrical device.

And then, behind this huge, bent creature, came a creature which surprised me. It was very, very, very, very swollen, sir, in appearance. It had pink skin. It had a blondish, very human body. It had very bright, blue, slanting eyes. It had hair which looked like nylon fiber of some kind. It had high cheekbones and an almost human mouth, with full lips and a small, pointed chin. The creature, sir, was definitely a female but like an artist and a painter, which I am, and also a sculptor, I noticed that the creature was totally out of proportion. It was wrong.

First, its breasts were thin and pointed, and set too high upon its chest, not where a normal woman's breasts would be. Its body was powerful, almost fat, but its legs were too short and its arms were too short in proportion to the rest of its body. And it came towards me, looked down at me, and before I knew what it was doing, somehow it mated with me. It was a horrible experience, sir, even worse than what had been done to me before. But even now, the trauma of that day had affected my life even now, exactly 40 years later.

And after that, when the creatures had gone, leaving only the one creature which had been standing about my head, the creature standing about my head shook me by the hair, it gripped me by the head and forced me to stand off the table and to get off the table. I did that, and such was the state that I was in, that I fell onto my knees and hands, onto the floor.

And I noticed that that floor was strange. It had moving patterns in it, which kept on changing and shifting-purple, red, and greenish patterns, on a metal-grey background. And the creature pulled me by the hair, again, forcing me to stand up, and it pushed me roughly and made me follow it.

Sir, it would take too long for me to describe what I saw in that strange place, as the creature pushed me, roughly, from room to room. Even now my mind can't grasp what it was that I saw. Amongst many things that I saw were huge cylindrical objects, made of what appeared to be glass of some kind. And in these object, cylinders, which reached from the roof to the floor of the place we were going through, was what appeared to be a sort of a greyish-pink liquid. And in this liquid I saw small editions of the alien

creatures floating round and round, like disgusting little frogs, inside this liquid.

I couldn't understand what it was that I was being shown. But then, in the last room I was led through, I saw people, and other strange creatures, which, even now, my mind can't make head or sense out of, lying on the table. And I passed a White man, a real White man, who smelled like a human being, was smelling of sweat, urine, excrement, and fear. This White man was lying on a table like the one I had been lying on, and I looked into his eyes and he looked into mine as I went by.

And then I found myself out in the bush. I found that my trousers were missing. There was a terrible pain in my left thigh. There was a pain in my penis which was starting to swell, and when I tried to pass water, the pain was excruciating. I took off my shirt and I used it as a loin-cloth and I walked through the bush.

I first met a group of young Rhodesian Black people who guided me to my teacher's village. And when I arrived outside that village, I smelled so horribly that every dog in the village came yapping and snarling to tear me to pieces. And it was only my teacher and her other students and the villagers who saved me on that day. My teacher and the villagers were not at all surprised by what I had to tell them. They accepted it, sir. They said to me that what had happened to me had happened to many other people before, and that I was lucky to return alive, because many people have disappeared in that part of the land, never to be seen again - White people, Black people, and so on.

Sir, I'm cutting a very long story short. In the year following, 1960, I was delivering parcels in the city of Johannesburg. You see, I was working in a curio shop, when a White man shouted at me to stop. I assumed that the White man was a secret policeman who wanted to look into my identity documents. And when I tried to produce the documents, he told me, angrily, that he didn't want to see my stinking documents. Sir, he asked me this question: "Listen, where the hell have I seen you before? Who are you?"

I said, "I am nobody, sir; I am just a working man."

He said, "Don't bullshit me, man; who the hell are you? Where did I see you before?"

And then I looked at him. I recognized him - his long, straggly, golden-brown hair, his ridiculous mustache and beard. I remembered him - his blue eyes blood-shot and naked-terror, shining upon his eyes, and his skin as pale as that of a goat.

I said, "Meneer", which is the African's way. "Meneer - I saw you in Rhodesia in a certain place underground." And if I had hit that White man with my fist, he wouldn't have reacted the way he did, sir. He turned away and

walked with a terrible expression, and he disappeared on the other side of the street.

Now, roughly, this is what happened to me, sir, but it is not a unique experience at all.

Since that time I met many, many, many people who have had the identical experience that I said, and most of them were traditional Black men and women who can neither read nor write. They were coming to me to seek my help as a shaman, but I was, myself, looking for somebody wiser than I to tell me what had happened to me, exactly.

Because, sir, when I get caught by the *Mantindane*, you become so traumatized, your life becomes so changed, you become so embarrassed and ashamed of yourself, you develop a self-hatred which you cannot understand, and there are subtle changes in your life which make no sense to you.

One: You develop a strange love for humankind. You want to shake everybody by the shoulders and say, "Hey, wake-up people; we are not alone. I know we are not alone!"

And, you develop a feeling that your life is no longer your own; and furthermore, you become compelled with a strange edge to move from place to place, to travel. You become worried about the future; you become worried about people.

And another thing, sir, which I hoped one day you would send people to me to see for their own self: you develop knowledge which doesn't belong to you. You develop an understanding of space, an understanding of time and creation which makes no sense to you as a human being - it is a state, after your terrible torture, after substances have been removed from you, some kind of exchange takes place where you suddenly know things that the *Mantindane* would know, which ordinary human beings do not know.

But, sir, I know that this sharing of *God* often happens even when for example, at one time, in 1966, in South Africa, sir, I was arrested and rather savagely interrogated by the security police. It was that time when every Black intellectual, no matter who he or she was, had a visit from these really nasty guys, who put you to torture, sometimes, who used to put electrical devices on you, and ask you questions, and so on.

Sometimes, when these "human beings" were torturing you, you often used to sense what they were thinking. Somehow, when you are being tortured by human beings, not by *Mantindane* only, there is a transference of thought. For example, when a particularly nasty secret policeman was coming to beat you, you KNEW what he was thinking, even before he burst into the room in which you were held. You knew that he was coming, and you knew exactly what he was thinking and what he intended to do to you.

So, this is why I say the strange things that flood my mind. And what flooded my mind on that day were visions from the mind of the **Mantindane**.



Since that time - I am a man of only very limited education - I found it hard to speak, let alone to write English. I take long to say things which people of better English would say in few words. But, my hands are capable of making things which nobody ever taught me.

I make engines, rocket engines that actually work. I make guns, of any type I wish, and all people who know me will tell you this and, Mr. *David Icke*, sir, might show you pictures of what I've done around my new home. I have made large robots out of scrap iron, and some of these robots are going to work. I don't know where I acquired this knowledge from. And since that terrible day, the visions I have seen since I was a child, and the ordinary impressions which I have as a shaman, have grown much more intense.

I don't know why, and I want to know the reason why. But I can tell you, sir, that these creatures, which people wrongly call aliens, are not aliens at all.

Over many years of looking into this thing, trying to understand it, I can tell you this: that the Mantindane, and the other kinds of alien beings that our people know about, are sexually compatible with human beings. The Mantindane are capable of impregnating African women.

And I have come across many cases of this during the last 30 years or so. For example, according to our culture, abortion is regarded as worse than murder. And if a tribal woman from a rural area in South Africa is found to be pregnant by some *unknown person*, and then her pregnancy disappears, that, sir, relative to that woman, accuses her of having committed abortion, and yet she denies this, of course.

And because of the fight that results between her and her relatives, the husband's relatives, then she challenges these people who are accusing her to take her to a sangoma; that is a person like myself. The sangoma will sometimes examine the woman and, if the sangoma finds that the woman had been pregnant, and had somehow had her fetus removed - a thing which, when it is done by the Mantindane, results in specific injuries to the

woman which anyone with experience can recognize - then, the sangoma knows that the woman is telling the truth.

Also, the smell which clings to people who have been through the hands of the Mantindane, that meticulous man which is unforgettable, always clings to all women who have been impregnated by the Mantindane, no matter how much perfume or powder they try to use.

So, that is why many such cases land on the doorstep of my life. Sangomas bring such people to me in large numbers, because they think I am the best one to help in such problems.

So, in the last 40 years or so, I have received many women who have actually been impregnated by the Mantindane and their pregnancies mysteriously terminated, leaving the woman feeling defiled, feeling guilty, and rejected by her family. It becomes my duty to convince the family of the woman's innocence, to try and heal the terrible spiritual and mental, as well as physical-trauma that the woman has undergone, and to otherwise help her and her members of the family, and forget what happened.

No, sir; if these aliens are from a far away planet, why are they able to impregnate women? And why did that strange creature, which was naked, with red pubic hair, which climbed over me on that working table, why did it have an organ which, though slightly different from that of a normal woman, was still a recognizable female organ?

The creature's organ was in the wrong place. It was slightly more in the front, where that of normal woman is between the legs. But it was recognizable, and it looked like a female organ. It had hair like a woman's organ.

So, sir, I believe that these so-called aliens don't come from far away at all. I believe that they are here with us, and I believe that they need substances from us, just as some of us human beings use certain things from wild animals, such as monkey glands, for certain selfish purposes of our own.

I believe, sir, that we should study this dangerous phenomenon very, very, clearly and with objective minds.

Far too many people fall into the temptation of looking upon these "aliens" as supernatural creatures. They are just solid creatures, sir. They are like us; and, furthermore, I'm going to make a statement here which will come as a surprise: the *Grey aliens*, sir, are edible. Surprised?

Martin: Please continue.

Credo Mutwa: I said, sir, the Grey aliens are edible.

Martin: Yes, I heard that and I'm anxious to...

Credo Mutwa: Their flesh is protein, just as animal flesh on Earth is, but, anyone who *ingests Grey alien flesh* comes very, very close to death. I nearly did. You see, in Lesotho there is a mountain called Laribe; it is called the Crying Stone mountain. On several occasions, in the last 50 years or so, alien craft have crashed against this mountain.

And one last incident was reported in the newspapers not so long ago. An African who believes that these creatures are *gods*, when they find the corpse of a dead Grey alien, they take it, put it in a bag, and drag it into the bush, where they dismember it and ritually eat it. But some of them die as a result of ingesting that thing.

About a year before I had the experience from the Inyangani Mountains, I had been given, by a friend of mine in Lesotho, flesh from what he called a sky god. I was skeptical.

He gave me a small lump of grey, rather dry stuff, which he said was the flesh. And he and I and his wife ritually ate this thing, one night. After we had eaten this thing, sir, on the following day, exactly, our bodies erupted into a rash which was like nothing I had experienced in my life before.

Our bodies were so full of the rash and urticaria, it was as if we had small pox. We itched, the itching was horrible, especially under the arm-pits and between the legs, and the buttocks. Our tongues began to swell. We could not breathe. And for a number of days, my friend, his wife and I were totally helpless, secretly attended by initiates who were studying under my friend, who was a shaman.

I came very close to death. There was bleeding from nearly every orifice in our body. We passed blood, much blood when we went to the toilet. We could barely walk, barely breathe. And after about 4 or 5 days, the rash subsided, then the peeling of the skin took its place now. Our skins began to peel, in scales like that of a snake shedding its skin.

Sir, it was one of the most terrible experiences I had undergone. In fact, when I began to feel better, I think that my being abducted by the **Mantindane** was the direct result of my having ingested flesh from one of these creatures. I had not believed that what my friend was giving me was flesh from a creature. I assumed it was some kind of root or herb or whatever. But, afterwards, I recalled the taste of the thing. It had a coppery taste, and had the same type of smell that I was to encounter in 1959.

And, after the rash went down - while I was still peeling and we were smeared from head to foot with coconut oil by the initiates, every day - a strange change came over us, sir, which I am asking all people of knowledge who would read this in your country to try and explain to me. We went crazy, sir, utterly crazy.

We started laughing like real loony tunes. It was ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, day after day-for the slightest things we started laughing our heads off, for hours, until you were nearly exhausted.

And then the laughing went away; and then a strange thing happened, a thing which my friend said was the goal which those who ate the flesh of a Mantindane wanted to achieve.

It was as if we had ingested a strange substance, a drug, a drug like no other on this Earth. Suddenly, our feelings were heightened.

When you drank water, it was as if you had drunk a wine of some kind. Water became as delicious as a man-made drink. Food began to taste amazingly. Every feeling was heightened, and it's indescribable - it was as if I was one with the very heart of the universe. I cannot describe it any other way.

And this feeling of amazing intensity of feeling lasted for over 2 months. When I listened to music, it was as if there was music behind the music, behind the music. When I painted pictures - which is what I do for a living - and when I was holding a particular color on the tip of my brush, it was as if there were other colors in that color. It was an indescribable thing, sir. Even now I cannot describe it. But let me now, sir, go to something else.

The **Mantindane** are not the only alien beings that we Africans have seen and know about, and have got stories to tell about.

Many, many, many centuries ago, before the first White-man came to Africa, we African people encountered a race of alien beings which looked exactly like the European White Man who were going to invade Africa in our future.

These alien creatures are tall. Some of them are rather well built, like athletes, and they have slightly slanting blue eyes and high cheek-bones. And they have got golden hair, and they look exactly like the Europeans of today, with one exception: their fingers are beautifully made, long and like those of musicians and artists.

Now, these creatures came to Africa out of the sky, in craft which looked like the boomerang of the Australian people. Now, when one of these craft comes down to land, it creates a whirlwind of dust, which makes a very large sound indeed, like that of a tornado. In the language of some African tribes, a whirlwind is *zungar-uzungo*.

Now, our people gave several names to these White-skinned aliens. They called them Wazungu, a word which loosely means "god" but literally means "*people of the dust-devil or the whirlwind*".

And, our people were familiar with these Wazungu from the start. They saw them, and they saw that some-in fact, many-of these Wazungu carry what appears to be a sphere made of crystal or glass, a sphere which they always

playfully bounce like a ball in their hands. And when a force of warriors tries to capture a Wazungu, the Wazungu throws this ball into the air, catches it in his hands, and then disappears.

But, some *Wazungu* were captured by Africans in the past and forcibly kept prisoner in the villages of chiefs, and in the caves of shamans. The person who had captured the Muzungu, as he is called in singular, had to make sure that he kept the glass-globe well-hidden from the Wazungu. So long as he kept the globe hostage, the Muzungu could not escape.

And when Africans saw the real Europeans, the White men from Europe, they transferred to them the name *Wazungu*. Before we met the people from Europe, we Africans, we had met White-skinned Wazungu, and we transferred the name *Wazungu* to the real Europeans, from the aliens.

Now, in the Zulu language, we call a White man Umlungu. Now, the word *Umlungu* means exactly the same as *Wazungu*, “a god or a creature which creates a big whirlwind underground”.

In Zaire, called now the *Democratic Republic of the Congo*, White people are called Watende or Walende. This, again, means “a god or a White creature”. And, the word Watende not only is used to refer to the pink-skinned alien, but is also used to refer to the field **Chitauli**. In Zaire, when shamans talk fearfully about the lords who control the Earth, they refer to them not as Chitauli, but they refer to them euphemistically as *Watende-wa-muinda* - that is, “the White creature which carries a light” because at night the Chitauli’s forehead eyes glow like red lights in the dense bush. They glow like the rear lights of an automobile in the dense bush. So, a *Watende-wa-muinda* “the White creature of the light”, that is what the **Chitauli** are called in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

There are over 24 other alien creatures, sir, that we Africans know about, but I will tell you briefly, now, about only two.

Sir, in the country called Zimbabwe, where I had my encounter in 1959, there is also another creature. This is the most amazing creature, and I saw it once, and so did several other people, some Black and some White, who were with me. This creature is a huge creature, and shaped exactly like a gorilla, but it is unlike a gorilla, which often walks on its feet, as well as on its knuckles. The creature I’m talking about, sir, stands about 8 feet or 9 feet high, and is built exactly like a gorilla, but its body is very powerful. Its shoulders are very wide, it’s neck is very thick. It is covered with thick, rough fur, like no other wild animal in Africa.

It is a humanoid creature, with thighs and legs and feet, as well as arms and hands which look exactly like those of a human being, only covered with a heavy mat of dark-brown fur. This creature, sir, is known as Ogo by the people of Zimbabwe. And schools of people have seen this creature, hundreds over the many generations. Some of these creatures have been seen right here in South Africa, in isolated bushy and mountainous places.

And these Ogo are, detail for detail, exactly like what the Native American people of the Northwestern United States call a Sasquatch or Bigfoot.

In fact, I say it is the same creature and we have it right here in southern Africa. It is also exactly the same creature, but with a totally different skin color, as the one that is seen by the people of Nepal on the slopes of the Himalaya mountains, the creature that is called a Yeti.

Now, then, the last creature, sir, a creature which is so well known in South Africa, and elsewhere in Africa, that if you mention its name, people smile. It is called a Tokoloshe. Every African knows what a *Tokoloshe* is. Some call it *Tikoloshe*.

It looks like a very nasty looking teddy-bear in appearance, in that it's head is like that of a teddy-bear, but it has got a thick, sharp, bony ridge on top of its head. The ridge goes from above its forehead to the back of its head, and with this ridge it can knock down an ox by butting it with its head.

This creature causes the Black people in certain places to raise their beds on bricks, one brick laid on top of the other one, about 3 feet above the ground. And you find this all over South Africa. This Tokoloshe likes to play with children, and has been seen hundreds of times by school children, in various parts of South Africa, even in recent times.

Sometimes it will terrorize children by scratching them as they sleep, leaving long, parallel scratches on a child's back and upon a child's thighs, scratches that become infected and itch terribly.

About two years ago, a creature like this terrorized a whole school of children in Soweto, near Johannesburg. And the school children called it pinky-pinky. Now, this creature is not only known in South Africa amongst Black people, it is also known, sir, amongst Polynesian people of Hawaii, and other islands in the Pacific. These people lift their huts, their grass houses, on stilts, to the height exactly that Africans lift their bed. When you ask a Polynesian, "Why do you built your huts like this?" The Polynesian will say, "We want to protect ourselves from Tiki."

Now, this is interesting, sir that a creature exactly like the one seen in South Africa is also seen on some Pacific islands, and the name by which it is known in the Pacific, *Tiki*, is very close to the African word *Tikiloshe*, or *Tokoloshe*.

One day I hope to share more of this information with your readers, but my appeal, again, is this: Please investigate! Please, let us investigate! Let us stop being too skeptical. Excessive skepticism is just as dangerous and as evil as gullibility.

Nobody can tell me that aliens don't exist. Let someone tell me, what is the meaning of this hole in my side? Let someone tell me, why is it that after I had been mated to that strange creature, in that strange place, my organ of manhood swelled horribly, and for many years after that I couldn't make

love to an ordinary woman, properly. Why? If that was a figment of my imagination, how can a figment of one's imagination leave you with scars and cracks on your male organ, some of which have not healed to this date? Let such people answer me that question.

We must investigate, sir, because there is every sign that the alien creatures sharing this planet with us are getting desperate. Why? Because, you see, there is a great fight shaping up, and anyone who thinks deeply about such things can see this fight coming.

What am I talking about? Sir, until 30 or 40 years ago, very few people cared about the environment. Very few people were concerned about the destruction of the rain forests in Africa and elsewhere. Very few people were concerned when White hunters, who, at that time were regarded as *heroes*, massacred Africa's animals in the thousands. Very few people were concerned when the great nations of the world, such as the United States, Russia, Britain, and France, openly tested nuclear weapons in many parts of the world.

Today there are people who would spit at a big-game hunter if he showed himself in a hotel and announced what he was. Today a big-game hunter is no longer looked upon as a *hero*, but rather as a murderer. Today there are men and women, Black and White, who are prepared to risk their lives to save trees, to save animals, and to stop the insanity of testing nuclear weapons.

Sir, what does this tell you? It tells you that, after many thousands of years of being dominated by alien creatures, human beings are starting to fight back. Human beings are starting to care about the world in which they live and in which they find themselves. But, the aliens, the Chitauli, the Mantindane - call them what you will - are not going to take that lying down. They are going to punish us, as they did centuries before.

The aliens once destroyed a nation whose name has come down to us Africans as the nation of Amariri. It is said that the kings of Amariri, this fabulous country which we believed lay beyond the setting of the Sun, were refusing to do what the *Chitauli* were telling them to do.

The kings, at that time, were refusing to sacrifice their children to the *Chitauli*. They were refusing to make war on fellow human-beings, in order to sustain the Chitauli, with their god's image.

It is said that the Chitauli brought down a fire from Heaven. They took fire from the Sun itself and they used it to burn that great civilization away. They caused earthquakes and tidal waves and destroyed the great civilization of the Red people of the long green hair, who are said to have been the first people ever to be created on this Earth. It is said that the Chitauli allowed only a few surviving people to escape the destruction of Amariri, and that they are prepared to do this again in the very near future.

I'm worried about what is going to happen in other countries in the world. All these earthquakes, which have caused the destruction of human life in the Middle East and in parts of Africa and India, why does my heart feel frightened when I read about all this? These earthquakes are happening with unnatural regularity now, in Egypt, in Armenia, and one of these earthquakes was so powerful, it went right through the planet Earth and caused a very sacred rock in Namibia, a rock known as the *Finger of God*, which has been standing for tens of thousands of years, to collapse in a heap of rubble. And when that rock collapsed, I received many worried letters from sangomas who believed that because this rock had fallen, then the end of the world was very, very near.

Is there a question, please?

Martin: I read your poem, your pledge. In your pledge you mention the name *Jabulon*. Can you explain who that is?

Credo Mutwa: Jabulon, sir, is a very strange god. He is supposed to be the leader of the Chitauli. He is a god, to my great surprise, which I find certain groups of White people, especially, worshipping. We have known about *Jabulon* for many, many centuries, we Black people. But I am surprised that there are White people who worship this god, and these people, amongst them are people whom many have blamed for all the things that have happened on this Earth, namely, the Freemason people. We believe that *Jabulon* is the leader of the Chitauli. He is the *Old One*. And one of his names, in the African language, sir, is Umbaba-Samahongo - "the lord king, the great father of the terrible eyes" - because we believe that *Jabulon* has got one eye which, if he opens it, you die if he looks at you.

It is said, sir, the Umbaba ran away from an eastern land during a power struggle with one of his sons, and he took refuge in Central Africa, where he hides in a cave, deep underground. And it is an amazing thing, sir, it is said that under the *Mountains of the Moon* in Zaire is this great city of copper, of many thousands of shining buildings. There dwells the god Umbaba or Jabulon. And this god is waiting for the day when the surface of the Earth will be cleared of human beings so that he, and his children, the Chitauli, can come out and enjoy the heat of the Sun.

And, one day, sir, I had a very unexpected visit while I was living in Soweto, near Johannesburg. I was visited by priests from Tibet.

One of these priests, I'm sure you have met him or you know of him. His name is Akyong Rinpoche. He is one of the leading Tibetan priests in England who was exiled with the Dalai Lama, and he visited me one day while I was in my medicinal village in Soweto. And one of the things that Akyong Rinpoche asked me was, "Do I know of a secret city which is somewhere in Africa, a city made of copper?"

I said, "But, Akyong, you are describing the city of Umbaba, the city of the unseen god, the god who hides underground. How do you know about this?"

And Akyong Rinpoche, who is a very serious investigator of strange phenomena, told me that at one time the great Lama left Tibet with a group of followers and came to Africa searching for this city. And the Lama, and his followers, were never seen again. They never returned back to Tibet.

Now, sir, we have got stories in central and southern Africa about little Yellow men who came to Africa looking for the city of Umbaba, the city from which you cannot return alive. What is amazing, sir - I don't know whether this falls within the orbit of your newspaper, but - there are very, very disturbing stories which I have followed-up here in South Africa, stories which make no sense to me.

(Break for a few minutes.)

Credo Mutwa: Hello.

Martin: Yes, Credo. May I just say that I am very appreciative of your taking this time to talk with me, and I realize it's difficult.

Credo Mutwa: I appreciate the honor that you are doing me, much more than you realize. And I know how White people often treat anyone who talks on the subject that I am talking about, as weird.

Sir, I really shouldn't be exposing myself to public ridicule, as I am, but, our people ARE DYING! Not only do we have problems with drugs in southern Africa, not only do we have problems with crime in my country, which is getting a thousand times more vicious than it ever was before, not only do we have problems with AIDS, sir, but we also have got weird problems which often come our way-problems which, when you study them together, show you that something unearthly is going on in southern Africa. Can I share this thing with you, sir?

Martin: Yes, please.

Credo Mutwa: Sir, according to my culture it is very rude for one man simply to talk to another man without giving that other man the chance to talk back to him. So, out of respect of your paper and of you, I would like to ask you, in your country, the United States, do you have strange stories about underground structures which are built-because we are having similar stories in South Africa, and with us they are having very strange results, indeed.

Martin: Yes, there are many stories of underground - we call them underground bases, actually, and, in fact, in the newspaper I was associated with earlier, we published an entire edition on exposing the locations of those underground bases. Not only that...

Credo Mutwa: There is exactly the same thing here in South Africa, and there has been for a number of years. I was able to confirm one to my own satisfaction, but I have failed to confirm others. You see, sir, a man like me, who walks two worlds - the African mystical world, as well as the modern,

down-to-Earth world - must be careful of what he says. But, about 5 years ago, I was living in the little town of Masikeng, a very historical town which was the site of a famous siege by the Boors, in the war of 1899-1902.

It was in this town, sir, that the Scout movement, the Boy Scout movement, was founded by *Captain Powell*. I'm sure you've heard about him. But, while I was living in Masinkeng, a number of people came to me, ordinary tribesmen and women, sir, some of them totally illiterate. These people complained to me that their relatives had mysteriously disappeared. They wanted me to divine where their relatives have gone to. And, I asked these people, all of whom did not know each other, where did your relatives disappear?

These people had told me an incredible story, and it was this: Not far from Masikeng there is a famous place which I'm sure you have heard about, a place which we call the *Las Vegas of South Africa*. This is the famous casino/hotel complex called Sun City.

Martin: Yes.

Credo Mutwa: I was told that under Sun City strange mining operations were in progress, deep underground, and that many of the Africans who worked in those mines disappeared and never returned home again, although their paychecks kept on being sent to their family. The men never returned home, as ordinary miners do.

Now, I looked into this phenomenon, sir, and, like a fool, I refused to believe it. And then more stories came my way, because when an African is in deep trouble, he or she always looks for a sangoma to find the reason behind the trouble.

Sir, the other story was this, and this one I found to be a shocking truth, that there was construction across the border from South Africa, in the land known as Botswana. There, the Americans were working with African labor, who had been sworn to secrecy. The Americans were building there a secret airport which can take modern jet fighters. Now, I couldn't believe this. Again, I was told that many had mysteriously disappeared there-ordinary tribesmen, sir, not even educated Black people; ordinary workers have gone missing. And when their relatives try to find out where they had gone, they are met with stone-cold silence.

Now, I wanted to have a look at this thing, and one thing that made me act was that a strange story swept through South Africa, that a South African jet aircraft, a jet fighter, had shot down a flying saucer. And the jet fighter had been scrambled from this secret base.

Now, sir, I decided to investigate because my credibility as a shaman and as a sangoma was at stake. I went to Botswana. It was very easy. You can still cross through the wire and get into that country. The borders are not as heavily sealed in certain places as many people would think.

I went there with some friends and I found that there was such a base in Botswana, not underground, but on the surface. It is an aircraft base, but Black people are afraid of even being seen near there because it is said that you will disappear if you get too close to the place, and the man who took us there didn't want to come near that place. I studied it from far away, and it does exist, and the man said if we got any nearer to the place, we would disappear. Which is a very odd thing, sir, because there are many military bases all over South Africa, and in Botswana, but this particular one fills the local people with deep terror. Why this would be so, I'm still struggling to find out, even now, because there are too many strange things going on in my country, and they are affecting the lives of many of our people very badly indeed.

Now, there is another thing, sir: It is that one of the things that the Chitauli like to do in their underground caves, where many fires are always kept ablaze, we are told, is that when a Chitauli gets sick and starts to lose a large area of skin on his body, it is said that there is a disease that the Chitauli suffer from which causes them to lose large areas of their skin, leaving only raw flesh.

When the *Chitauli* gets sick this way, a young girl, a virgin, is usually kidnapped by the servant of the *Chitauli* and is brought to the underground place. There the girl is bound, hand and foot, and wrapped in a golden blanket, and is forced to lie next to the *Chitauli*, the sick *Chitauli*, week after week, being well fed and well cared for, but kept bound hand and foot, and only released at certain times to relieve herself. It is said that after the sick *Chitauli* shows signs of getting better, then the human girl is manipulated into trying to escape. She is given a chance to escape, a chance which is really not a chance. Then, when the girl escapes, she runs, but she is pursued over a long distance underground by flying creatures which are made of metal, and she is recaptured when she *reaches the height of fear and exhaustion*.

Then she is laid on an altar, usually a rough rock, flat on top. Then, she is cruelly sacrificed, sir, and her blood is drunk by the sick *Chitauli*, which then recovers. But, the girl must not be sacrificed until she is very, very, very frightened, because if she is not frightened, it is said that her blood will not save the sick *Chitauli*. It must be the blood of a very frightened human being, indeed.

Now, this habit of chasing a victim was also practiced by ordinary African cannibals, sir. In Zulu-land, in the last century, there were cannibals who used to eat people, and their descendants, even today, will tell you, if they trust you, that the flesh of the human being who has been frightened and made to run over a great distance, while trying to escape, tastes far better than the flesh of someone who was simply killed.

Now, sir, some time ago here in South Africa - and it is still an ongoing process - 5 White girls disappeared. They were school-girls, sir. These school-girls were, every one of them, a highly talented child - either a child

who showed signs of developing spiritual power, or a child who was a leader of her class in one particular thought or subject of learning. Five such children disappeared in South Africa. It was a very big story in the newspaper and, at one time, White people came to me and persuaded me to try and trace these children.

And one day a White man brought to me a rubber toy belonging to a White child who had disappeared. And I took the rubber toy in my hands and I noticed that the creature's eyes appeared to move. It was as if the rubber toy, a toy dinosaur, was about to burst into tears. I felt very bad, as if I could stand up and run away.

And then I told this White man,
"Listen to me: The child who held this toy is dead. What are you trying to do to me? This child is dead. I feel it."

And the White man, who was a television producer, took the toy, the school books, and the jersey, and he went away. And, sure enough, the White school child was found dead, buried in a shallow grave next to a road.

Now, other people came to me asking for my help in finding their missing children. Are they dead? Are they alive? Before I could do anything, sir - at that time I still had a telephone in my home - my telephone started ringing and people with very angry voices, White people voices, shouted at me and told me to stop helping those people. They told me that if I don't stop, acid would be thrown into my wife's face, and that my children would be murdered, one after the other.

And, sure enough, sure enough, my youngest son was brutally stabbed, almost to death, one day, by mysterious people whom his friends later told me had been White-skinned people. And so, I stopped, sir.

I am told, reliably, that over 1,000 children disappear in South Africa, almost every month. And they disappear, never to be seen again. Many people, especially in the newspaper field, think that this is the result of child prostitution rackets. But I do not think so. The children - if you check the history of many of these children, they were not ordinary street children, sir. They are school children who stand out in their class, because of certain subjects at which they are good, or, who stand out in their class because of thoughts which they are good at.

Not only that, sir, but ordinary women have disappeared this way, in Masikeng, also, at more or less the same time that the 5 White children disappeared. In Masikeng, two Black school teachers, female school teachers, disappeared in their car and were never seen again. But I don't want to burden you, sir, with this terrible story.

But let me tell you one last thing: After the disappearance of the 5 White school children, the police arrested a priest, a reverend of the *White Reform Church*, Reverend Van Rooyen. It was said that it was Van Rooyen who was responsible for the disappearance of these poor White school kids. And, he had been assisted by his girlfriend, who hand-picked these children. Before

Van Rooyen could appear in court, a very strange thing happened. He and his girlfriend were shot in their little vehicle, a little 4x4 truck. And, after they had been shot, the truck managed to come to a stop - a thing that a moving truck never does - and I was told, afterwards, by a White woman who knew Van Rooyen, that Van Rooyen and his woman had not committed this crime as the police had said to the newspapers.

They had actually been murdered. Why? Because Van Rooyen was found with a gunshot wound in his right temple, and yet, all of the people who knew him knew that he had been a left-handed man. So, who murdered Van Rooyen and his woman? It is one of the biggest and the ugliest mysteries in South Africa to date.

There is more, much more along these lines, but I won't waste your time with it.

Martin: When we were talking about the Greys, you talked about the Chitauli. You had described them, the reptilians - now correct me if I'm wrong - were you describing them as tall, thin, large-headed, large-eyed beings?

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir. They are tall. They walk with a - you see, the Grey aliens walk with a jerking motion, sir, as if there is something wrong with their legs. But, the Chitauli walk very gracefully, like trees gently swaying in the wind.

They are tall. They have large heads. Some of them have got horns all around their heads. Now, let me express amazement, there exists - that in one of the films that recently appeared in South Africa, a *Star Wars* film, the latest one, shows a character EXACTLY like a *Chitauli*, exactly! It's got horns all around it's head. These are the warrior *Chitauli*.



The royal Chitauli have got no horns around their head, but have got a darker ridge reaching from above their forehead to their back. They are very graceful creatures, we are told, sir, but they have got - their little finger is a claw which is a very sharp, straight claw, which they use to punch into human noses, in order to drink human brains in one of their rituals.

Martin: Now, are they fair skinned?

Credo Mutwa: They are not pink skinned. They are white-skinned, like paper, almost like certain types of cardboard. Their skin is like that, it is the skin, definitely, of scaly, reptile-like creatures. Their foreheads are very large, bulging, and they look highly, highly intelligent.

Martin: Now, it's been said - I've heard that these beings are very controlling and they thrive on "divide and conquer".

Credo Mutwa: Yes, they do, sir. They set human being against human being. I could give you many amusing examples, using some African language, how the *Chitauli* are said to have divided human beings. They like - do you know who they like, sir? They like religious fanatics.

Martin: (Laughter)

Credo Mutwa: Ones who are burdened by too much religion are very popular with *the Chitauli*.

Martin: Well, now, I can't help but wonder if the *Chitauli* are prevalent in the United States because of the large number of underground bases. In the United States, alone, the numbers of missing children are so astronomically high that the White-slave trade does not answer those questions.

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir, I agree. But, I'm sorry, sir, I feel that it is in Africa that something very funny is designed to happen. Let me tell you what happened to me, recently, sir. We still have a little time. I won't be long, one minute or less.

Martin: No, no - that's fine.

Credo Mutwa: When I started talking to Mr. David Icke, and it was (when) Mr. Icke started speaking about me in Cape Town, I received a visit from 3 White people who pretended to be from South America. These people told me that something is going to happen on the 9th of this month, on 9-9-99. They said that this was going to happen in Lake Titicaca, a place which I once visited about 2 years ago.

Martin: A very special place.

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir. And then, these people told me, when we were speaking - these people, sir, speaking through an interpreter - told me that Africa is the country where something is going to happen soon which will decide the fate of all humankind.

And then, we parted on very friendly words, sir, but these people had left me a letter which I did not open until a few hours after they had left. And in this letter was written that I should not attend David Icke's talk, and that a strange person called *Alia Czar* was watching me. I don't know who *Alia Czar* is.

And they said to me - these people had said to me when we met - that they were under a great lord called Melchizedek. And, after I'd read this threatening letter, which threatened that if I talked, my wife, who is sick of cancer in hospital, is going to die if I talked. Then, I began to wonder. Who were these people?

Then, because I've been to South America before, I found that the Spanish language with which they were speaking was different from the language, the Spanish which is spoken in South America. These people were using *Spanish from Spain*, and not the slightly weakened Spanish from South America.

Even now, sir, that threat is still hanging over my head and, may I point out, sir, a strange thing which whoever you will send to me one day will see for themselves: my wife is sick of cancer in the hospital, which is the largest hospital in South Africa, sir. And in one of the x-rays taken of my wife's womb, a strange metal device was seen - of a kind which has puzzled doctors. I spoke to my wife. I asked her, "Who put this object, which the x-rays have seen, in her womb."

My wife said nobody had ever touched her, and nobody had ever inserted anything into her. But this artifact, sir, which is clearly marked in the x-ray, and is clearly indicated with an arrow, is first seen in one x-ray plate, disappears for the next 2 plates, and is seen on the 4th plate again. I've been wondering very, very much about this.

No matter what we may think, sir, there are strange things going on in this world and they require an agent, investigation, and explanation. What is this strange device, which the doctors cannot identify, doing inside the uterus of a 65-year-old woman? My wife is suffering, and I can lose her at any time now, because I can't even get her out of hospital. Who put this device in her uterus, and why? I will never know the answer, not in this world.

Martin: I'm very sorry to hear about your wife having cancer. I just lost my mother last year to cancer and I know that is a very painful struggle.

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir, it is.

Martin: So, I am very sorry that you are going through that.

Credo Mutwa: Through the training as a Zulu step-son warrior, we have got something like the Japanese Samuri which we call the Kaway, which is a *Sun warrior*. When a Sun warrior, who is trained like I am, undergoes a terrible experience, he must channel the pain caused by that experience into cold, battle anger, in order to overcome the grief he feels.

And, at this moment, sir, I am aggrieved about what is happening in my country; about what's happening to my people; about what's happening to my wife, who is also my half-sister. You see, ours is what was called a sacred marriage between a man, a sanusi, a shaman, and his half-sister.

And, the wife I'm about to lose is my half-sister. Our father is one man, although our mothers were different.

You know, sir, I feel a cold rage that Africa is being destroyed. I feel, sir, a cold rage that my people are being destroyed by forces which, when you study them, you find are totally alien. And, here, let me share with you, sir, one last thing, please, which will make your readers understand why I am feeling what I am feeling now.

As you know, sir, there is AIDS going like a silent fire through South Africa. And, last year, I found, to my horror, that one of my six children, my 21-year-old daughter, is HIV positive. Sir, I feel a cold rage in my heart that we are allowing an alien disease that came from we know not where, a disease which anyone, with any thought, realizes was manufactured somewhere in order to destroy large swaths of humankind. When I look into my daughter's eyes, sir, I feel a chill. I've got two daughters, grown-up, young women, and she is the last. The other one is short and dumpy, and a loving-a lovely African girl with a big backside and big breasts. But this girl, who is dying of this disease, is slender, dark-skinned like my mother, and she is very beautiful, even by European standards - and I cannot look into my child's eyes and see what I read there: a resignation, a why? Why?

If AIDS was a natural disease, sir, I would accept it, because man must live side-by-side with illness in this world. But a child, you spend years educating and bringing-up, suddenly being snuffed-out before your eyes, by a disease made by evil people, I want to tear somebody's eyes out for what I've seen happening. I'm sorry, sir.

Martin: I understand.

Credo Mutwa: We must look into this thing. Is there one last question you would like to ask?

Martin: Yes. I would like to go back to the copper city for a moment. It would seem that this *Jabulon* would be the equivalent of what, in the West, we call Satan. Would you say that?

Credo Mutwa: I think so, yes, sir. He is the chief of the *Chitauli*. And, like *Satan*, he lives in a house underground where great fires are always lighted, to keep him warm. Because, we are told, that after the great war they fought with *God*, they became cold in their blood and they cannot stand freezing weather, which is why they require human blood, and also they require fire always to be kept working where they are.

Martin: Well it's been said, in the recent video tape that David Icke has put out, that the shape-shifting reptilians, in order to maintain their façade, their cover, their human-like appearance, they must drink human blood. And there is something about the blond gene, apparently. Now, I don't know what...

Credo Mutwa: Yes. Mr. David Icke shared that a little with me, sir. He told me that, repeatedly, golden-haired people get sacrificed by the Chitauli, and then I told him, in my turn, what I know from Africa.

You see, sir, not all Africans have got black hair. There are Africans who are regarded as very holy, as very sacred. These are Africans who are born with natural red hair. These Africans are believed to be very spiritually powerful. Now, in Africa, such people, albeamers or red-headed Africans, were the most victims of sacrifice, especially when they were just entering maturity - whether they were males or females.

Martin: Now, when you were able to see the eyes beneath the Grey alien's exterior, would you say that those were reptilian beings underneath that cover?

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir, exactly. I will tell you why. There is a snake here in South Africa which is called a Mamba.

Martin: Yes, very deadly.

Credo Mutwa: It is one of the most poisonous snakes that you can find. It has got eyes EXACTLY like those of a Chitauli and of a Mantindane. And so has a Python, sir. A crocodile's eyes are very ET-looking, and they don't look as hypnotic and as piercing as those of a *Mamba* or a *Python*. If you can image, sir, the eye of a Python, magnified about 10 times, then you have got exactly what a Chitauli's eyes look like.

Martin: Well, it is said, and I believe this to be true, that there is a - for lack of a better way of putting it - there is a war between Light and Dark, Good and Evil, on this planet.

Credo Mutwa: Yes. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yes.

Martin: And there certainly is a *God* in His Universe, a *God* of Light and Justness.

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir.

Martin: How does your culture, how do you view the intervention of *God* through *His* Hosts, through *His* Representatives? In all things there must be a balance, and that includes on planet Earth - as above, so below. How do you see - for many readers, they can read about this all, and it sounds very frightening and very, almost, hopeless - and yet, there certainly is hope. So, I would like to end this interview on a message of hope.

Credo Mutwa: Yes. Please, sir, there IS hope! Look, first of all, there IS a *God* above us. And this *God* is more real than most of us believe. *God* is not a figment of someone's imagination. *God* is not something dreamt-up by old men and old women in prehistoric times. *God* exists, sir. But standing

between us and *God* are creatures who claim to be *gods*. And these creatures we must get rid of in order to get closer to *God*.

Sir, I have lived a long and very strange life, and I can tell you that there is a *God*, and *He* is intervening. However, we see *God's* intervening as slow, but wait: Who would have thought that less than 30 years ago, not one person cared about the environment. Who put this sudden *Godliness* within all of us?

Today, sir, people everywhere in the world are standing up and fighting for the rights of women and for the rights of children. Who has put these ideas into our minds? Not the Chitauli, not any demonic entity, it is *God* acting in the shadow and making us strong and able to resist these ugly creatures.

You see, sir, *God* seems to work slowly in our eyes, because *God* lives in a time-sphere totally different from our own. *God* is there. *God* is working. And it is *God*, sir, who, for the first time in our existence, is making us aware of these things, making us aware that on this world we are not alone, and that we must be soul-ly and solely responsible for our actions, and we must neutralize these alien beings who for years have led us around in circles.

Human beings have never known any real progress, sir, because there have been forces that have been stopping us from reaching our rightful position in the universe, and I mean the Chitauli, I mean the Mantindane, I mean the Midzimu. We must stop regarding these creatures as *super-human creatures*. They are just parasites who need us more than we need them. And only a fool will ever deny the fact that we are not the only intelligent species of being that this planet has produced.

All over Africa there is overwhelming evidence that once there were gigantic human beings who walked this planet, in the days of the dinosaur. There are footprints in granite, each one 6 foot long by 3 ½ wide, footprints of mature human beings, sir, which date back thousands of years, millions of years. Where did these giants go to? Who knows; the dinosaurs may have produced an intelligent race, a race which deceives us into thinking that it comes from the stars, when in fact it is part of this planet on which we live.

There is hope, and the hope is very bright. A *Christ-child* is being born in all of us, but like all deaths, the death of the Light-child (the death of the old-self prior to transformation into "*Christness*") is going to be attended by great danger, as the enemy is going to be driven into desperation. The enemy will make mistakes and we will conquer him in *God's* sacred name. That is what I believe, sir, and that is what I'm going to hold-on believing until my last breath.

Martin: And that is a perfect place to end this - on that thought, on that note. Now, let me just say, just for you, since 1974, I have seen many, many spaceships, close-up (though not inside nor by abduction). I have experienced-in the mountains of southern Oregon-I have come across Bigfoot footprints...

Credo Mutwa: Ah-hah!

Martin: ...by a river where I was camping. I have heard the Bigfoot in the mountains at night. I have heard their cries...

Credo Mutwa: Ya-ya! You see?

Martin: ...from one mountain to another. These are things I have experienced. I KNOW these things are real!

Credo Mutwa: Yes, sir. Then, I speak to a fellow warrior, and I say, "We shall overcome", as the American Marines used to sing during the Second World War.

Martin: Yes, and during the Vietnam War.

Credo Mutwa: We will overcome, we will overcome, but skeptics must stop laughing, and fools must stop calling these aliens, *god*. There is only ONE *God*, and He or She or It is the One who created us, and not some impostor who came from somewhere else to hide behind us and to drink our children's blood. Amen, sir.

Martin: Yes, absolutely right. Credo, please know that I deeply appreciate what you have done and the courage of just speaking frankly. It's past time to hold onto these things, and it's time to just speak The Truth. And for those who don't believe or even consider possibilities, well, it's just too bad.

Credo Mutwa: Exactly, and also to confront people with the fact that there is no reason to fear anything. If we go from a perspective of making information available that should be available to every single person on this blooming planet, why the hell are they trying to threaten you to keep quiet? If it's so ridiculous, let it be. Stop assassinating and ridiculing and destroying people by churning-up fear. This is the perspective I come from, and I'm sure David, as well, and obviously you, as well, do too. I don't have fear anymore.

It's time that we speak out and that we acquire a consciousness - a global, common consciousness - and get this thing to the front. Thank you, so much, I really appreciate it.

Martin: Absolutely right. Thank you.

Credo Mutwa in Plea to save Africa from Illuminati Genocide

[Rick Martin, May 2001, THE SPECTRUM]

RICK MARTIN: The weekend of April 28 you may have noticed that all the major prostituted print and broadcast media outlets announced yet another AIDS conference of "goodwill" had just ended in Africa. This latest public relations pageant (or pressure-relief valve) was orchestrated in Nigeria, a location of deep and protracted turmoil. All the usual array of participants (from politicians to pharmaceutical companies to medical "experts") promised, with special practiced earnestness for the cameras, to work hard to combat this illness. Meanwhile, *The Truth* of the matter is far different from the likes of this major propaganda event, broadcast far and wide "coincidentally" with our receiving and sharing of the following heart-wrenching communication. The deep pain and chronic suffering that is a daily experience for many *South Africans* has never been more vividly described than in my recent phone conversation with Credo Mutwa. Some of you will recall that we presented a remarkable front-page feature interview with Credo Mutwa back in our October 1999 edition of *The SPECTRUM*. Things have gotten quite a bit worse in South Africa since we last spoke, particularly as it relates to those infected with and dying from *AIDS*.

On the morning of April 23, I received a telephone call from David Icke's publicist for the United States, Royal Adams, relaying a request from Credo Mutwa to speak with me. I am grateful to both Royal Adams and David Icke for considering *The SPECTRUM* to be the appropriate conduit through which to share this great *Zulu shaman's* most impassioned message. I called Credo Mutwa that same morning, and he was as genuine and cordial as I remembered him to be-but with a very serious edge of urgency in his voice. Actually, words fall terribly short at times like these for their inability to convey the kind of intense emotional impact his voice so tangibly carried. It was as though Credo was speaking before the full assembly at the United Nations, delivering, in very measured wording, the most serious and important appeal imaginable. His plea is on behalf of humanity that the genocide (initiated covertly some years ago as part of the depopulation agenda of the dark, so-called "elite" global controllers) *MUST CEASE* in the land of Africa - which is rapidly becoming a graveyard populated by the walking dead. With that brief introduction to a subject of tremendous moral consequence, let me just move directly into the message Credo Mutwa wishes to be shared. Keep those Kleenex handy.

Credo Mutwa: My call, sir, has to do with the terrible disease which is killing my people, the disease which is called AIDS. My appeal is this, sir: I don't know who the people are who created this disease. But in the last 2 years or so, I have handled many cases. I have handled friends of mine who are dying of this disease. And I know now that this disease, sir, is a man-made one. I wish to appeal to those human beings who created this disease: *PLEASE STOP NOW!* You have done enough. You have killed enough of the children of Africa. Stop now! Stop! The death of Africa will be the death of the whole world. If it is correct for *Dr. Simon Wiesenthal* to pursue *Nazi* war criminals many years after the end of the Second World War, will it also not

be just and correct for future Africans to pursue these men and these women who have murdered Africa in this terrible way?

There are questions about *AIDS* which I want to be answered. *AIDS* is not just a disease. It is a spiritual disaster to our people. It destroys families, sir. It turns children against parents. It turns lovers against each other. It has turned our society upside-down.

But what chills my blood is the paralyzing that I see amongst our leaders. Men and women who suffered and died for the liberation of *South Africa* are paralyzed like little rabbits in front of a vicious fox when they have to turn around and face *AIDS*. I do not know what our leaders are afraid of, who they are afraid of. Are there, after all is said and done, humanoid shadows out there who scare our leaders witless?

And I say, sir, to the pharmaceutical organizations in *South Africa*: you have done enough! Your sham of a court case has been rebuked for what it is—an act of cheap advertisement for drugs which have been rejected in Europe, in America, and elsewhere.

On top of death, you are dumping more death on *Africa*. Why? I say, to every human being on this planet, *AIDS* is not a *God-made* disease! If it was, I would not be trying to fight it—half-educated, semi-literate, and stupid as I am. I say this disease was made BY people, and I am appealing to those people to stop, now! There are names which are being bandied about by frightened people in *South Africa*, people who talk in whispers. One of the names that is mentioned is the name of the man called [Dr. Robert] Gallo. I say to Mr. Gallo: Remember your common humanity. You have done enough. Stop now!

[Editor's note: See *Dr. Len Horowitz's* monumental book *Emerging Viruses: AIDS & Ebola: Nature, Accident Or Intentional?* for a wealth of documentation placing *Dr. Gallo*, longtime head of the *National Institute of Health (NIH)* and *National Cancer Institute's (NCI)* Section on Cellular Control Mechanisms, at center stage in the *AIDS* arena. Evidence suggests he created the *AIDS* virus about a decade before he received a lot of political accolades for having "*discovered*" it.]

I say to the pharmaceutical organizations: Sir, you are like octopuses. You have got tentacles sprawling all over the world. You play *Jehovah* [God] with the lives of our people.

But your tentacles can be lopped-off! You are driving African people into a situation where they will have to turn around and attack you with weapons. And if that happens, you will have only yourselves to blame. I am not threatening anyone. I am only articulating the anger that our people convey to me - as they lay dying, in empty shacks, skeletons wasted to nothing, with skins like brown wet paper.

I say: stop now, my brothers, in the name of our humanity! If your aim is to destroy *Africa*, say so. Let us fight, and at least die with honor. I say: four of my children are gripped by this terrible scourge. I cannot bear the prospect that I will have to bury my offspring before I die. It is unnatural and

obscene. I say, again, to those shadowy organizations in *America*, and in *England*, and *Canada*, and elsewhere: STOP!

You have done enough. Turn off the tap of murder. You have killed enough. STOP!

Or allow us the right of all threatened animals to retaliate, with weapons, for what is being done to us. If there are, out there, the *children of the serpent*, the *Chitauri*, the *walkers in darkness*, let them know this: that I, Credo Mutwa, am not a brave man. But when I see my children ravaged by *AIDS*, when I see my children turning their eyes, turning away from me, I feel the courage of any beast that watches its offspring being slaughtered by a predator. You have done enough. Conspirators, you have done enough! Do you know, sir, let me tell you one last thing before I stop. I, and a *White doctor*, are saving many of our people-not curing them, because we are not allowed to claim that we have a cure for this disease-but the herbal medicine that we use is making people, who have been condemned to go home and die, come back to life. And I am asking that the South African government and the United Nations, if they are not servants to *Dark Forces*, they must release this medicine and allow us to combat this scourge, until such a time as scientists can come up with a stronger medicine against *AIDS*.

I will not allow Africa to die! I am sorry, but I will not allow my people to perish! I am only doing my duty as a father and as a Black man, and as a human being, in a country which is being deliberately murdered. I cannot accept, and will not accept, the fact that in the United States, the *magazine* called *TIME*, states that there are only 920,000 people with *AIDS* in the *United States*. And yet, in sub-Saharan Africa, there are close to 44 million. This is illogical! And I want to know the reason behind it. I'm sorry, sir, but this is how I feel!

Martin: Please don't apologize.

Credo Mutwa: These conspirators, sir, these ugly entities have shown a dangerous over-confidence, and it is high time we confronted them. I cannot - you know, sir, what happens in *South Africa* is that a child who has got *AIDS* runs away from his family and hides himself. And if you, the desperate parent, try to go looking for your child, your child fights you and can hit you with stones and drive you away.

It happened to me, sir.

There are stories which newspapers never dare to print, which are happening in *South Africa*, centering around *AIDS*. And the newspapers in *South Africa*, which are directed by conspirators and liars, do not even try to stop the stigma, which they built-up, against *AIDS* and its victims. In fact, sir, they are making it worse, with the resolve that people who are suffering from this disease find that they are being rejected by their families. Men die alone, in shacks behind their homes. Women chase their husbands out of their homes. Men murder their wives, sir, because of the spread of *AIDS*.

I appeal to you, and the editor of *The SPECTRUM* - please, please, tell the world the hell in which we are living. Please! Like now, I am trying desperately to build clinics in *South Africa*, with the help of my initiate, *Virginia Rathele*, and others. But we are being blocked and frustrated at every turn. We are threatened.

My house has been broken into 3 times, and the seeds of the precious and endangered plant, which we use in helping our people, were stolen. But I was able to find more, and I intend to find a piece of land - God knows where and how - to plant them, so that this plant, which is on the brink of extinction, should come back and save our people, which it is doing. I appeal to the world, sir, and to all decent human beings, that the stranglehold that *the Chitauri*, the Reptile People, have over humanity, should be broken once and for all. The death of *Africa* will lead to the death of the entire human race.

People must be aware of that, please. Thank you, sir. But, please, can you please tell me, sir: What should a half-educated man like me do? You know, sir, I expected my kids to bury me when I die. But now it seems it is going to be the other way around. What father can see his children being slaughtered in this way? What parent can allow such an ugly thing? What should a parent legally do against these monsters who have unleashed *AIDS*?

Everything points to the fact, sir, that *AIDS* is a man-created disease. In fact, I was telling Mr. *David Icke*, only a few moments ago, that I have traveled widely through *Africa*, as you know, and I can tell you one thing that scientists who study *AIDS* cannot tell you: That people who die of *AIDS*, sir, immediately after death, show signs of people who have died of arrow poison-you know, as if they'd been shot with a poisoned arrow. They don't die, merely, of a disease, as would happen in the case of tuberculosis or cancer. Their lips are discolored in a way that I have seen happening with people who had been hit by poisoned arrows. What is it in *AIDS* that behaves like an arrow poison?

And, another thing, sir: It is said that *AIDS* began as a disease of homosexuals. But wait. In *Africa*, most homosexuals do not penetrate each other, sir, as they do in Europe. African homosexuals do the sex act between each other's thighs, not in each other's, you know, back passage. So, how does it come that these people get *AIDS*, when there is no physical contact with the body fluids between them?

Another thing: How does it happen, as I have seen now many times, that you find a family of four - a mother, a father, and two children. You find, sir, that the parents are healthy, but the little kids have got full-blown *AIDS*. Can someone, kindly, explain this to me, this phenomenon which I have seen in many parts of southern *Africa*?

Another thing: You find a man who has got full-blown *AIDS*, and a wife who is free from *AIDS*, and these people have got a child who is totally free from

AIDS. How can one - can anyone on the Earth who reads your paper, sir, kindly explain this amazing phenomenon to me?

What, other than sexual intercourse, what is another thing that is spreading *AIDS*? I suspect there is something else, but the doctors disagree with me when we talk at conferences. I suspect there is another way by which *AIDS* spreads through people. Is it an insect, as I suspect, or is it a what?

I don't know. Please, let wise people out there help me, because these conspirators and their running dogs, these people who work in shadows, are, literally, destroying Africa. And if Africa is destroyed, other races of humankind will follow - one of them being the *Black Americans* in America. They won't survive the destruction of Africa.

What is the idea behind Africa's depopulation? I read a chilling book not so long ago, a book written about the "*great*" [The word should definitely be contained within quote marks, to depict the actual, opposite meaning of "*respect*" for this very prolific, now deceased member of a very major family among the so-called "*elite*" controllers. Credo knows very well that about which he speaks so humbly!] White man, Bertrand Russell. Russell stated that, one day, the Western nations would have to decimate Black people, using war, famine, and disease. And this has happened.

I say, please, you Russell followers, please, you racists and *Malthusians*, you have done enough harm! Stop now! Stop! In the name of our common humanity, and in the name of the Intelligence that obviously exists behind the Cosmos, the Intelligence which human beings call by the cheap name, God, please stop now!

Stop, please! Stop!
Thank you very much, sir.



AIDS in South Africa

There was someone whose name, if I remember correctly, was Santana or Santanaya (George Santayana) - a person of great wisdom indeed. This Santana or Santanaya spoke the following words: "If people fail to learn from history they will always repeat history's mistakes."

Upon this planet all living entities - be they birds or animals or even human beings - are given an important ability by the Creator, which is to learn from experience and on learning, to survive the angry night and the roaring storms of existence upon this world. But many of us, supposedly civilized human beings, appear to be losing this very important God-given talent. We no longer appear to have the capacity to learn. We take it for granted that we are intelligent beings. We take it for granted that we know many things - but the fact is that we know nothing or next to nothing and that we seldom learn, we human beings, from experience.

When things happen we tend to forget them and because of our having forgotten them we tend to make mistakes - mistakes that cost us our lives mistakes that cost us our happiness, mistakes that even threaten the existence of the very earth, which has nurtured and cherished us for so many millions of years.

Today a hideous pandemic known as Aids is sweeping through South Africa today we are told that four million people, our brothers and sisters, our neighbours, our fellow tribesmen and tribeswomen are already contaminated by Aids and are living with it. Hundreds of people have died since Aids appeared in South Africa some 20 or 21 years ago. The bony hand of Aids has snuffed out hundreds of our brightest stars, our young intellectuals, our young leaders, and the number of deaths is increasing fast.

For some reason Aids, which was said to be a slow killer has become even more vicious than before and is killing our people with amazing speed. Today every person who dies of an illness is immediately suspected of having died of an Aids related illness. But that is not all. The name Aids carries with it a stigma a brand of shame so dark and terrible and intense I can only liken it to the kind of stigma that societies in Africa and in ancient Israel placed upon the shoulders of those unfortunate people that suffered from leprosy.

A lot of empty lip service is being paid in Sa today to the fact that everybody should fight to remove the stigma that is attached to Aids. But actually very little is being done to bring this about and the entities that caused this terrible stigma namely the newspapers and other news media are doing next to nothing to de-stigmatise Aids. They started it all and they should put it right. When Aids first appeared it was said to be a disease of drug-takers and homosexuals. People who are looked down upon by holier-than-thou sections of our society.

Suddenly we were told that Aids was a heterosexual disease, apart from being a homosexual one, and that it attacked even those people who thought

that they were leading clean and God-fearing lives. It is the news media that should correct this dreadful mistake for they were the instruments of it spreading when this disease first came to existence. It is spoken by our people in this proverb that he who has farted inside the chieftain's great house should find perfumed herbs to burn in the fireplace and take away the smell - and this proverb I throw at the feet of newspapers, not only in this South Africa, but in other parts of the world as well.

You started this rot, you farted in the chief's house - now please find perfumed herbs and burn them to take away your stench. I am an old man, closely approaching my eightieth year and over my head the angry years have passed like water over the wall of a dam. I have seen many things and I can tell you from my e as well. You started this rot, you farted in the chief's house - now please find perfumed herbs and burn them to take away your stench. I am an old man, closely approaching my eightieth year and over my head the angry years have passed like water over the wall of a dam. I have seen many things and I can tell you from my experience that what we are seeing in South Africa is really something new but rather a repetition of history brought about by people who have failed to learn history's lessons.

Today in South Africa we talk about the disease called Aids, which we are told there, is no cure for. We are further told about how expensive are the medicines for combating Aids are and lastly, we are told about Aids orphans - Oh, I have seen them - the pathetic little waifs, the scatterlings left upon the cruel road of history by a disease that knows no pity. I have seen children already marked by the claws of Aids -children who will not see their fifty years of life.

Children who will be torn away from the arms of our motherland by Aids and hurled into the dark night of death without every having known what life really is and what life is about. I have seen wasted little children, many of them hardly more than skeletons - children whose mothers and fathers have already died of Aids. I have seen this and much more. I have seen the horrible impact that Aids is having on our people's family life. I have seen how Aids is separating men from wives, child from parent. I have seen that and much, much more, but within my swollen heart bloated with old age a voice, a grave voice from yesterday keeps on saying to me. "Mutwa, you have seen all this before.

Your country and your people have gone through much of this before. Much of what we see happening in South Africa today is not new but has happened before and the people of our country failed miserably to learn from that."

What am I talking about? There was once a time in the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's when Tuberculosis was just as deadly a killer of our people as Aids is today - in those days Tuberculosis was known as Consumption and any black person who was told by doctors that he or she had Consumption reacted exactly as black people who are told that they have got Aids do today. The person knew in those days before streptomycin and other magic

anti-Tuberculosis drugs that a sentence of death had been passed by some angry god over him or her and that he or she must silently and with as much courage as possible await the dark Angel of Death's coming.

There was once a time in my country's history when diseases such as Gonorrhoea, Syphilis and other sexually transmitted diseases, which had been brought into Africa by people from Europe, were as deadly and incurable as Aids is today. If Aids today has created thousands of Aids orphans then, my friends, so did Gonorrhoea, Syphilis and Tuberculosis. Those people who are complaining about how expensive anti-Aids drugs are should listen to what I have to tell them now. In olden days there were crude medicines, which were used against Syphilis, Gonorrhoea and such like diseases. Most of these medicines were in the form of pills - ugly, round black coloured things, which were made of mercury. I remember them well.

These pills were priced right out of the lives of grass-route level Africans. I remember that some unscrupulous white doctors of those times used to demand two cows for a tinful of these mercury pills. Pills, which eventually drove the user mad - pills which tanned the teeth of those who used them over a time as black as those of goats. Very few of our people could afford these mercury tablets.

Even more expensive, were much later preparations created for the combating of venereal disease. I remember one such preparation known as 606 or Salvasan. These tablets were out of reach of our people and many, many people died horrible deaths, hideously disfigured by Syphilis, hideously mutilated by Gonorrhoea because they could not afford those silver bullets of those times. In those days, as is the case today, people were filled with a massive hysteria regarding diseases such as Tuberculosis and sexually transmitted diseases.

It is one of the most brutal facts of our country's history that in those days, if a farmer learned that one of his black labourers had contracted either Gonorrhoea, Syphilis or even Tuberculosis that while farmer became frightened that these diseases would, somehow be transmitted to members of his own family and he used to take the black man or woman away from his farm on the pretext of taking him or her to "a good doctor" in a nearby town and when the farmer and his worker reached an isolated spot the farmer used to order the worker to get off the wagon and to walk the rest of the distance - giving him a meaningless letter supposedly to be taken to the great doctor in the town and the farmer would stop his wagon and let the black person climb off and then he would wait for him or her to walk some distance away towards the imaginary source of help and when the person was still within rifle range the farmer used to draw his gun and shoot the worker dead, drag him or her into a clump of bushes and return home.

On so many occasions was this thing done almost all over South Africa, especially in Natal and in the Eastern Cape and the Northern Transvaal that our people began to develop a cold distrust of going to seek the help of doctors when they found themselves the victim of either Tuberculosis or

venereal disease. It became a tradition for our people to believe and, rightly so, that if he or she sought the help of a doctor, he or she would not return alive but would be finished off somewhere along the road.

Today, there are still thousands of Zulu people, Xhosa people and people of other tribes who firmly believe that if they go to a clinic or seek the help of a doctor when they have got either Tuberculosis or venereal disease that they will be finished off. I have met hundred of such people and this belief which is still as strong now as it was over sixty years ago or more is one of the things that are making our battle against Aids a hundred times more difficult than it otherwise would have been. In the olden days, there was something, which our people used to call ingane kaNodndwa, which means the child of a prostitute. This child of a prostitute was often the offspring of a woman who had suffered for years from Gonorrhoea and who then died after giving birth to this child. Usually such children were born blind, which was a strange characteristic I observed of children whose mothers suffered from this scourge.

The child was born weak in body and in mind and was sometimes covered with sores and when having reached the age of walking, unable to walk properly. In those days it was quite common for a woman, while walking along the street to be approached by a strange woman, a prostitute, and given a child wrapped in blankets, "here" would say the prostitute, "I give you this child, please bring it up in memory of me". In those days our people still believed very firmly in their sacred traditions and their belief in the traditional black religion had not yet been destroyed by the foreign creed known as Christianity. In those days our people regarded children as very sacred beings indeed - so much so that in no African tribe or community did you find an orphan.

All orphaned children were immediately adopted, handed over to relatives and brought up with dignity and love by people who still believed that the greatest duty of all human beings was to cherish, protect and nurture children. In those days things such as sexual abuse of children were totally unknown. In those days were believed that there was no greater luck that could befall a person but for that person to be given a living breathing child by a total stranger. I know many sangomas who, in their younger days, had been given children by prostitutes in Johannesburg and who brought up these children as their very own. One of the greatest sangomas, who once lived in Johannesburg, was a Sangoma known as Dorcas Danisa.

Dorcas Danisa was a true psychic like Mr. Uri Geller she could bend spoons and other metal objects and one day when she was still a young woman way back in the 1940's Dorcas had been approached by a destitute woman who had made a living out of selling her body and who was now riddled with syphilis and no longer able to earn a living. This woman approached Dorcas Danisa which a boy child who was deformed.

The boy was crippled, paralyzed from the waist down and Dorcas brought up this boy as her own child - saw to it that he had proper schooling and when

Dorcas died, this boy now grown into full manhood inherited Dorcas's estate. Very, very few people knew that he was not her natural son, but a son by adoption - given to Dorcas by a strange a woman well over thirty years before. When a child was born deformed, when a child was born blind, the offspring of a prostitute our people used to cherish that child, bring it up as their own, and see to it that it grew into a mature, happy and respected human being.

But today, with our traditions destroyed and our religion shattered, black people have become utterly cruel and selfish and vicious towards those they should be assisting. Today our people run away from those of their countrymen and women who have been traumatized by Aids and Tuberculosis.

Children orphaned by Aids are treated worse than beasts. In Westernized and Christianized communities of today children suffering from Aids, weakened by HIV are beaten, ostracized, ill treated and forced to scavenge for scraps of food in dirty dustbins. I have seen it many times and I have wondered why our people have changed so much within one man's lifetime. We have become a nation of extremely cruel people towards our own kith and kin and the reason for this is that we have thrown away our culture and our religion like so much rubbish and accepted falsehoods shouted at us from the pulpits of deceivers and the altars of liars.

Today, if you want to adopt a suffering child, you have got to go through a whole hell of bureaucracy - you got to answer a thousand questions - you have got to travel many miles from this office to than one. Things are not being made at all easy for us African people to do what we feel is our godly duty towards those of us who are suffering. Sometimes in the darkness of the night when I lie unsleeping, lost in thought, I despair for the future of the black people. I despair for he future of my country. But at the same time, man is a winged creature, a creature given spiritual wings by the gods and these wings have one name and that name is Hope.

No matter how dark the night or how angry the storm a human being must keep his wings of Hope unfurled and strong otherwise he shall fall out of the skies as id Icarus and perish upon the rocks far below. It is true that there is darkness over South Africa, it is true that there is despair in the land at this moment but what we are facing is a disease like any other - a disease made worse by the high rate of unemployment in our country. A disease made worse by the fact that our people are starving. You can never fight a deadly disease like Aids if you are torn apart by hunger - if you are torn apart by unemployment, but there is hope, a very faint hope for the people of South Africa.

We must believe in that Hope otherwise we are a nation of dead things. There is a Hope that Aids can be defeated - there is a hope that the economic situation of our country can get better. One of the most amazing things that I have found in my long and bitter life is this - that it appears as if God prepared this world for the coming of animals and human beings and for the

meeting of any emergency that may arise - that there isn't a disease on this planet that has a cure and man has but to look around carefully and find it. There is a plant growing in the veld in South Africa, especially in the Cape.

This is a plant with rather a strong smell - a beautiful plant that looks like a delicate fern - a plant with bright red, strange looking flowers, flowers that taste almost like honey when you eat them. This plants name is Sutherlandia Fructesence - a plant that was known for thousands of years for its healing powers by Bushmen, Koi San and Koi Koi, Hottentots as well as Bantu people. This medicine was one of seven medicines that our traditional healers called xxxxxxxx, the final medicines, medicines which must only be used when the entire nation is in danger as it is now. This medicine, Sutherlandia, is safe to take and has been used by our people for thousands of years.

Hope for South Africa. - No matter how dark the night may seem to be, No matter how angry the thunder storm, there is always a ray of light that can pierce those thunder clouds and that can make the night turn into day. No one can deny there is AIDS devouring our people like a dragon in this land. There are the people who say that AIDS does not exist and that it is not the fearful thing that we take it to be. I would like to ask these people most respectfully: what is that, what is killing our people out there in the countryside? I have held many AIDS victims in my arms some of them have died in my hands. I know that there is some thing out there killing our people. I know that this thing is as real as you and I. There is an African saying that says: the poor woman who refuses to see the rapist and who shut her eyes to his ugly presence will not however escape his presence - and we can not fight AIDS by saying it is not there. It is there. We cannot, we dare not, the reality of this disease, which has such a serious impact on our society, which has a disastrous impact on our families. Although this disease is so evil it can be defeated. Just as other diseases in the past was eventually defeated.

People should realize that what we are seeing is actually a repercussion of history. In my younger days diseases such as gonerea/syfeler and TB were as terrible and incurable as AIDS is today and they were eventually defeated. People today complain about anti-aids drugs and in the past I heard people complaining about anti-venereal diseases medicines in the 1930.

There was a time when an African with TB all had left to do, was to go home and die exactly as the case with AIDS today. But people must never forget that the greatest disease people have is their minds and that if we put our minds together we can defeat this ailment. In the darkness today that is South Africa, in the darkness, as death and misery there is however a faint green ray of Hope in a plant called Suterlandia Furtencens. This plant was known for hundred's of years by the Khoi-Khoi and Khoi Sun as well as African people. It was the plant in older days was the weapon against diseases such as cancer to TB and other diseases. It was also a sedative and a tonic amongst the untold story of Africa.

Credo Mutwa reveals AIDS treatment

[David Icke "Credo Mutwa Reveals AIDS Treatment", recorded April 29th 2001 in Johannesburg, South Africa.]

Credo: "I wish to appeal to the world. First, I am not a quack or a charlatan or a sensationalist. I am an old man who has seen much. I wish the world to know that there is a faint ray of hope that emanates from South Africa.

It is a plant which is almost on the point of extinction, a plant called '**Suderlandia Fructosate**'. This plant works miracles on people who have the terrible disease called Aids. And it is so miraculous that the miracles are seen within a week or a fortnight. A person, who was lying down on the point of death, when given this plant, rises and has much energy and is free of depression and has a good appetite. And I feel that as a nation as a matter of world emergency because the big scientists have not produced a viable safe treatment for aids. I say that this plant should be planted by all caring governments, by all caring organizations and that it should be given to human beings free of charge."

Steve: "Absolutely. You know what I think is important though Credo, that people understand what to do with the plant."

Credo: "They don't do nothing sir, you are going to laugh about this. You plant the plant okay, but then you take the little leaves from it and you put them in a tea cup and you pour much boiling water on it. And then you let the cup stand there, like tea you know, and you just drink, the patient just drinks."

Steve: "The leaves and the red flower?"

Credo: "Yah."

Steve: "Mix them together? Do you need to dry them first?"

Credo: "No you can take them straight from the garden, because if you dry them too much they somehow lose some of their *good spirit*. Now this is all you do. Now, there are good doctors I'm working with who are making pills out of this medicine. But you know sir, I feel we are faced with a national emergency, a world emergency.

You know sir, what I say is this. I can't cure the people of *Africa* without curing the people of the *Caribbean*, because *Aids* is running around the world. If I cure the people here and they get better, more *Aids* will come in and eat the same people whom I tried to cure. So the whole world must be cured. Look, can we say this? Nobody will arrest us or anything?"

Steve: "Well yes, I mean it's not against the law to say this, it's in our rights to speak."

Credo: Thank you sir. I will tell you why. Originally the plant of '*Suderlandia*' was all over *South Africa*. And I will tell you what used to

happen. There was a funny little *grayish brown bird*, which used to feed on 'Suderlandia's and this bird was very edible. And starving people used to hit it with *katties* (slingshots) and kill it. Now the bird is gone almost. And now... so the land here is difficult to cultivate.

Steve: The seeds are not being spread.

Credo: "Yah, yah. What is happening is you need to take a fine sandpaper and sandpaper each little seed. The seeds are very tiny, tinier than grape seeds. And you sandpaper each seed and you plant it in a small *blompot* (flower pot). And you allow it to grow until it is about maybe four inches, three inches high. Then you take it and you plant it in the big *veld* (grassland). You can make a big garden, maybe twenty acres or so and you plant there. They just grow. There are farmers who have already planted them but they are too few. This is a world emergency and we must not be selfish. In the last few years or so there has been many claims made by people about plants and herbs, which they say are beneficial in the fight against aids. Some of these claims have proven to be false and at best have proven to be exaggerations. But in *South Africa* there is plan, which is on the brink of extinction. This plant is called by white people in English 'Suderlandia Fructosate'. This plant is also called by the Afrikaans people 'kankerbos', which means *cancer bush* or 'kalkoenbos', which means *turkey bush*. Now this plant was known in *South Africa* and other parts of *Sub-Saharan Africa* for thousands of years. It was an anti-depressant, it was appetite booster, it was also and still is a dramatic booster of the human immune system. For many years African people and *Xhoi-xhoi* people and *Xhoi-san* people as well as *Bantu* people used this plant in the fight against cancer, and it was very effective there, and it still is. And they used it also in the fight against diseases like tuberculosis before there was *streptomycin* and other drugs to fight tuberculosis. In the old days when ordinary venereal disease like gonorrhoea, syphilis and others were as incurable as AIDS is today, our people used this plant to fight those diseases. If they had not had this plant, the black *people of Southern Africa* would have been destroyed just as the *Australian Aborigines* were destroyed, and other races of aboriginal people in other parts of the world were brought to extinction by diseases brought in from Europe. Now, we have found... me and a group of doctors, doctors like Dr Nigel Gerica , Dr Ben van Wyk, Dr Albright, Dr Mayeng. We looked at this plant and we found that it was having dramatic impact in creating a better quality of life. People with full-blown *aids*, people who had been sent home to die. Not only did we, the five of us, use the plant to help many people to a better quality of life within the space of a month or a fortnight. There is a lady in a hospital in *Zululand*, a white lady who has saved many, many people who have been condemned to die of *Aids* in this hospital. Then I also have my student, Virginia Ratele, who has saved many people who were condemned to die of *aids*. She has done this in her tribal village near the town of *Kuruman*. There is something very strange that is happening now. I and Virginia, who live amongst the mountains of the *Magaliesberg*, are being terrorized and threatened by white men who are very professional in the way they do this. They are able to neutralize the security lights and the alarms with which the house in

which we live are fitted. They are able to break in through the doors even though we put devices in the keyholes to stop people from doing so. These are not your run of the mill thieves; they are professional men who know exactly what they are doing. I feel that all of human kind is facing an emergency, and that all greed and selfishness should be swept away, and this plant should be made available to nations in the world. The way the plant grows, I know it can grow in *Nazareth*, in the *United States*, *India* and in *China* and in other places where *Aids* is rampant. I do not claim that this plant, dramatic as the results are is the cure for *Aids*. I say it is a stopgap, which must be used by all human kind in order to halt the disease of *Aids*. Until such a time as the pharmaceutical scientists can come up with a real cure, a cure which is not at all toxic. I say that this plant '*Suderlandia*' is not at all toxic. It was even used by men such as President Paul Kruger of the South African Republic of 1899 or thereabouts. And Paul Kruger who used this plant lived to be a very old man, and at one time Paul Kruger tried to send a consignment of '*Suderlandia*' to save the life of a German Prince who had cancer of the throat. But the ship that sailed from *Mozambique* was too slow and arrived too late to save the prince. I say this that the *United Nations* should take over the growing of this plant because we are faced with a world emergency. We are faced with a disease which devastates all of human kind without thinking. And we have got to stop *Aids* not only in *Africa* but in other parts of the world too. This disease has got to be stopped; it is not a natural disease. I have dealt with *Aids* now for the last five years and I now firmly believe, I Credo Mutwa, that *Aids* is a manmade disease. The way it behaves in the human body is like no God created ailment ever does. The disease shows a *Satanic intelligence* and I appeal to all people throughout the world, that here in *South Africa* is a faint ray of hope, which is however to be drowned by greed, by selfishness and cowardly secretiveness. I say that this plant belongs to all humankind. It belongs to the little children dying of *Aids*; it belongs to the men and women who are ravaged by this ailment. And I believe firmly that scientists will be able to create a cure for *Aids* out of this plant. And I am making this worldwide appeal because our government appears totally indifferent to this offer, which I am making freely for all humanity. Our government does not seem to be able to take the one step, to have this plant planted throughout *South Africa* as a matter of national emergency. One '*Suderlandia plant*' is capable of treating 10 people, and we need plantations of this plant. And I say that this plant should not be the plaything of greedy businessmen. It should not be the plaything of thieving pharmaceutical organizations that steal *Africa's* treasures and lock them up in computers and call them their intellectual property. I say this that this plant belongs to all the humankind, and that the greedy organizations leave it alone. We do not need a disease like *Aids* to reduce the population of the world. I am told that this disease was created specifically to destroy *Africa* and I now believe this. After more than five years of dealing with this disease. And I say this. I will not allow *Africa*, a misunderstood and misrepresented nation, a misunderstood and misrepresented continent, to perish, to suit the designs of conspirators. I say that *Africa* must live, I say that *India* must live, *China* must live, and even the *United States* must live. There is hope, a little ray of hope, a green ray of hope, emanating from

South Africa, and I call on all human fellow human beings to make it larger, to spread hope throughout the world. I beg to remind all that there was once a time malaria devastated whole communities throughout the middle east, throughout *Africa* and elsewhere. And out of *South America* there appeared a ray of hope, which grew, larger and larger. That ray of hope was called the bark of the *Cinchona tree*, *quinine*. And *quinine* saved thousands of lives, which would have otherwise been swept into oblivion. I say that people should not look upon me as a quack or a crank. I am a researcher, self-taught. I am a writer of books, which have sold worldwide. I am an inventor and a historian and a traditional healer. And I say please, those who don't believe me come to *South Africa* and look at this plant yourself. I say that no organization has the right to call this plant it's property, none. And I say let hope for humankind be lighted from the southern tip of *Africa* to overspread the whole planet. If AIDS were created to reduce the human population, then it is a self-defeating thing. The only way to make people breed less is to end war in the world. When there is war shaking continents people breed more. People breed out of fear. People breed out of insecurity. You, the hypocrites of the *United Nations*, you the liars within the walls of the *United Nations*, you, I challenge you to create a safer world and not a world rotten with disease.



The Living Lakes Conference

(*Living Lakes Conference*, October 2, 1999, US Forest Service Mono Lake Visitor's Center, Lee Vining, California, USA. The following text was transcribed from an audio recording. The speech includes Zulu words for people, places, and things that are spelled phonetically in italics.)

As we say in our country *Bash-on-e-payg* which is a completely asexual way to address those who we respect. I stand before you as a man who is stunned and shaken by what he has seen, what he has heard, and what he has experienced. First of all, did you know, you who live around Lake Mono, that your lake joins together Africa and the Native American people? Did you know that the most amazing word I heard when I arrived here was the word Inyo? Which is said to mean the dwelling place of the creator, or rather, the place of creation. Did you know that that word occurs in Africa as a reference to the sacred organ of a mother? Did you know that the word Mono is a name for something delicious and nutritious that you eat? Perhaps one day if I return this way I shall share more of these things with you.

Shumenitch-y means "the one," and no matter who we are, no matter in which part of the world we dwell, we are one. We are one with each other. We are one with the earth. We are one with the moon, the sun. We are one with the stars. Please, please remember that. It is useless to conserve entities such as water and trees if you have severed yourself away from those entities. You cannot conserve something which you do not feel within you. You cannot conserve something which is not part of you.

When I was initiated for the first time in 1937 into the mysteries and knowledge of Mother Africa I was ordered by my teacher, who was my aunt, to go outside and fill a small clay pot with water. Then she said to me, "Look into the water--what do you see?" I was caught in a trap because an initiate is not supposed to have an ego. An initiate is not supposed to refer to himself. I said, "Aunt, I see a person in this water." She said, "Who is that person?" I did not dare say it was me. I said, "It is the person I know who is the son of my mother, the only son." And she said, "Yes, you are in this water, and the water is in you. Until you know that, that you and the water are one, you must not even drink the water, you must not even think about it, because you have cut yourself off from it."

Respected ones, no matter where you go in Africa you will find African people referring to water by a very interesting name indeed. In the language of the Swahili people in Kenya, water is called *ma-gee*. In the language of my people the Zulu's, water is called *amanze*. And in the language of the *Besutu* people of *Esutu* in a small kingdom in South Africa, water is called *mazte*. And all of these words mean one thing no matter where you go: the fluid of creation, the thing that did something, the thing that caused something to be.

In olden days Africans used to risk their lives in protecting water. In olden days our people used to severely punish anyone they caught urinating into a stream or a river. There are some ants which you find in my country, they are called *ma-the-bella* ants. When you hold one in your hands it looks as fat as myself, and it fights like nobody's business. And if you were caught, wise

guy, making water into the water, one of those babies was taken, and made to bite you on your *thing*, closing the hole for several hours, and it will be the biggest lesson you will ever learn.

Africans used to say that no punishment is too severe for somebody who murders nature. There are trees in South Africa and in other parts of Africa which you are not allowed to cut. And sometimes this thing is carried to such extreme ends even now, that one day, I, Credo Mutwa, was brought before a chief and accused of murder. It was a really serious charge, and after a trial which lasted for three days. I was acquitted because I pleaded that I was guilty but insane. The holy person whom I had murdered had interfered with my dinner, which in the Credo Mutwa book is a mortal crime. Now, who was the holy person? It was a fly, an ordinary housefly. In South Africa, there is a tribe called the *Bahune-bamata* who even today will charge you with murder if they find you hurting a fly.

Honorable ones, our people believe many strange things regarding water. They believe that water is a living entity. That water has got a mind, that it remembers. The reason why a lake forms where it is, the reason why a river flows through where it flows, is not because it happens to be the right place for water to flow--no! It is because in that place where the river flows, there is an energy, an invisible spirit that moves like a snake, under the ground through the fine sand and which moves in the direction opposite to the one down which the river flows. If this great fire snake, as we call it, this unseen energy, if it dies, then the river dies too. We are told that lakes form where they form because there is an agreement between the water and certain types of rock.

In the language of my people, the Zulus, a lake is called *Icibi*. Now this word *icibi* gave birth to the verb *icibella* which means, "to patch." If there is a hole in a cloth and you put a patch on it, that patch is called *icibi*, and you, *icibella*. Now why do we say that a lake is a repairer? We believe that a lake controls the life forces of all living things around it. A lake controls the life forces of every bird, every fish, every tiny creature that you find in water, and it also controls and stimulates the life forces of bigger animals up to and including human beings that they are of the same. And each time there is an illness in the land, our kings used to prevail upon the tribespeople to go closer to lakes, to get into that field. There is an invisible field of power all around a lake. If you take off your clothes and moisten your skin slightly and walk into that field, you will feel a tingling. That is what we call the spirit of the water, the *icibi*, the repairer of life.

Our people believe that there is a music, a sort of communication that goes on between streams, and rivers, and lakes. If you destroy a lake, say about 20 miles away from another one, this music is cut off and the lake that you have destroyed dies, and so does another lake which has been in communication with it.

Ladies and gentleman, many, many times in Africa, when I started fighting to preserve what I thought was sacred, I was often snarled at, ridiculed, and

even beaten up as a superstitious heathen. But I was only preaching what my grandfathers had preached. I was only preaching what our mothers had taught us: that water is sacred. It is the life-blood of the great mother. It should not be dammed or in any way interfered with because if that is done, the water dies.

Our people say that water is the first thing that happens to you. It is also the thing that happens to you throughout your life. And it will be the last thing that will happen to you. When you are born, you are bathed, and thus, you are married to the spirit of water. When you leave, you take-in water and you become one with it. You drink, you wash, and you clean your clothes. You drink in the spirit of water whether you like it or not, or whether you believe in the spirit or not. Our people also believe that when you die, you are bathed with water, not to clean you up, because who needs to clean something that has kicked the bucket in the first place? But you do need to be bathed so you can quickly go into the village of judgment and advance to reincarnation. We say that a dead body which has not been bathed will not be able to reincarnate.

Our people further say that water has got ears. We have a proverb amongst my people that says: he who makes love to another man's wife on the bank of a river must be careful not to utter loud and stupid noises. Because why? Because water. If there is a fierce emotion near a stream, that stream somehow records it. And guess what will happen? What you did near the river will be heard by every person in the surrounding villages one day. And you will wonder how they got to hear about it.

In South Africa there is a range of mountains called the *Devaterbergh* Mountains. There are many springs and fountains of water, and there were many more in the past. And when you come to the water mountains and you sit alone in total solitude, you are going to hear clearly the sounds of ancient battles which were fought in that area. You will hear horses screaming, sabers clashing, and you will hear warriors shouting and people dying in pain. You will hear that because water has got ears.

Ladies and Gentlemen, there is much I could share with you. But our people say that he who talks too much makes people tired. I am not here to make you tired. I am here to tell you this: let us by all means conserve the beautiful song of nature. Let us regard each lake and each river. Not simply as an interesting stretch of water across whose expanse spoiled millionaires will zip around in their powerboats--no! Let us feel the water, let us hear the water, and let us be one with the water.

Accompanying me is my ritual wife, Nobella. Nobella is capable of finding water. Nobella is what is called a dowser. In Europe she would be honored and here in the United States, but because of rapid death of the black culture in South Africa a person like Nobella stands great chance of being burned to death as a witch. She can find water, and I sometimes play tricks upon her. I will sometimes lead her blindfolded to a place where I know there is a great sewage pipe that passes under the ground and she will find this,

and very angrily, and she is a *Mantebella* with a very fiery temper. She will be furious that the water under her feet is dead and is not sinking to her breasts. Now what does that mean? It means that sewage water is water that is now so overloaded with dead matter that it has died itself. It has died as a living entity. It only lives as a liquid entity that is taking this rubbish to wherever it is going to go.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please, let us bring back the earth. Let us accept one thing which our mothers accepted and our grandfathers knew: that the earth is a living entity where everything is joined to everything else in eternal marriage. And if you destroy something in one part of the world you create a chain of destruction that destroys things somewhere else.

Let me tell you two last things please. One, it is this, that I am told by the great storytellers of our tribes, that fresh water is not native to our earth. That at one time, many thousands of years ago a terrible star, or the kind called *Mu-sho-sho-no-no*, the star with a very long tail, descended very close upon our skies. It came so close that the earth turned upside down and what had become the sky became down, and what was the heavens became up. The whole world was turned upside down. The sun rose in the south and set in the north. Then came drops of burning black stuff, like molten tar, which burned every living thing on earth that could not escape. After that came a terrible deluge of water accompanied by winds so great that they blew whole mountaintops away. And after that came huge chunks of ice bigger than any mountain and the whole world was covered with ice for many generations. After that the surviving people saw an amazing sight. They saw rivers and streams of water that they could drink, and they saw that some of the fishes that escaped from the sea were now living in these rivers. That is the great story of our forefathers. And we are told that this thing is going to happen again very soon. Because the great star, which is the lava of our sun, is going to return on the day of the year of the red bull, which is the year 2012.

Well. I'm glad I won't be there to see the fun. My wish is this: that there may be blessing over everything that you have done, over everything that you are going to do. May whatever power there is beyond the stars strengthen your efforts, because each lake that you bring back to life is a whole world saved.

Thank you.

News for the Soul

(Source: www.newsforthesoul.com/icke-june25-2005.htm Radio show with the guests David Icke and Credo Mutwa)

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Credo: Who, however, are so afraid of our, our advance in certain fields of human being that they do everything in their power to suppress us. Just as the Western nations knew who the Africans really were, knew what the Africans had done, but they deliberately kept the knowledge away from the Africans. For example, far beyond England are islands far beyond the ...? and on those stone fragments, the people of those island say that those were erected by black men, but the English people arriving in Africa pretended not to acknowledge the effect. But to the North west of the country, islands that were once visited, the African was denied his own true identity, just like some alien entities are denying us the truth about ourselves and the importance of ourselves, pushing us into fear.

And they are actually blinding us. What am I saying, then? When we were young children, we were being forced to be vaccinated. We had to go to the local admission station where we were vaccinated, and our grandmothers protested against it, saying the children were being spiritually blinded. And it turned out to be true. Many Africans that were given these scaremongering vaccines became spiritually deaf and blind. They no longer saw nature's spirits. Only parents who protected us, who used to apply maze to cause blisters, so that when the officers saw them, they thought we had been vaccinated, so in fact, they did not give us vaccines. We were prevented from being spiritually blinded.

Host: What is in [the vaccines] that is cutting us off from our spiritual world

Credo: All I can say is that any disease vaccines, especially a thing called "Yellow fever" - which you can't travel to certain countries without being given - these people become spiritually affected. Another thing that affects these people is that when you want to a trading store, the shopkeeper used to give you what is called bonzeelsa. These are lumps of food that are given to children. They became addicted to this food, and these people became spiritually blind. I remember in the 1950s we were told not to buy it. We would accept it, and were told when we went out into the bushes to throw it away. This is sheer cold, ugly superstition. This is part of a strategy that is being pursued now by whatever powers that exist. It would be interesting for Icke to hear that today, out of anger, I went to a lawyer to seek advice over something that is happening to me, in terms of the AIDS pandemic. It should be known by all of humanity and not hidden under a blanket.

Icke: He is talking about vaccines making it much more difficult to get into a multidimensional level - this sugar, in our food and drink. What they must do to hold us in the five sense reality is to prevent us from moving out of this mode. We are being bombarded so we find it much harder to see who we are, so we look only into the physical world to see who we are.

Groups of countries are played off against each other is a common technique. We are desperate to survive on paying the mortgage and worrying about conflict so we do not challenge the system. Those who do fight need to realise that they are all facing the same problem: society being held in spiritual servitude. It's all about disconnecting us from the full magnitude as to who we are. We are only droplets of the ocean. Once we wake up to how the manipulators' power is falling. They are starting to panic - this chitahauri. The agenda for centralised global dictatorship - fundamental to this is closing us down spiritually - the next few years are going to be a very interesting time to be here. He predicted the Kennedy assassination and 9/11. Doing this is possible if we are unlocked spiritually.

Host: How do you do this, Credo?

Credo: I don't know. It's a gift. I don't like it. I am not proud of it. It has made a misery of my life. All I know is that everyone throughout my family - and other black people - have had this gift. But because the Christians do not like it, we hide it. We try to suppress it. In other words, we are helping the enemy to help enslave us out of fear. I have heard many white people boasting about their psychic power. They shouldn't. It is a horrendous responsibility. It is something all humans used to have. It is not an enjoyable experience, honourable lady. It only shows that this universe is more mysterious than we like to think. It is not really something that one ought to boast about. It is showing how the universe is falling. Once everybody could see into the future. Africa is full of prophets who made predictions. One black woman predicted that black men would rule south Africa again. Her predictions were so disturbing to the British empire that they ordered the arrest of this black woman. She was raped in a lunatic asylum and she died for this. They put her in an asylum. This wonderful woman even named Mandela before he came about. The obsessive fear about prophets haunted the British through their private consultations. I wish that you, honourable one, I wish that human beings would go back to what they used to be. We fell from a godly state to a slave state. We fled from people who once sailed the seas to people who are frightened of their own shadows today. We must go back to that time and understand man should fall no more. Man and woman should go back to the days of those human beings that raised great pyramids in Egypt and Peru. These were human beings that used their God given talents. We should go back to that. Africa needs to go back to that time and be an agent of peace on this planet.

Icke: I realise why Credo thinks his powers are a curse. When the British went into these societies - whether it be the Native Americans, Central America, South Africa, Australia - wherever they went, one of their key goals was to destroy the knowledge their. They killed the Shaman, which is why his knowledge went underground into a network of secret societies. They wanted to destroy that knowledge. They were terrified of it because it holds the knowledge that could set us free. We are not Credo Mutwa or David Icke. We are infinite conscious. They have to destroy our amazing infinite knowledge, as well as putting crap into the food and vaccines. If we did not have the potential to be that God-like entity then they would not have to

work so hard to suppress our infinite selves. I've used this analogy before: if you put the ball in the tank of water, just like we should be infinite. To keep the ball in the bottom of the tank, you have to hold it there. If you leave it, it will go to the bottom of the tank naturally. Over time we have been bombarded mentally, physically and spiritually to hold us at the bottom of the tank. Uncovering the methods of suppression should not be ignored. Every time I talk to Credo about the African experience, it is such a microcosm of how the humans have been held down. But I KNOW, that now is the time that we are in the true time of transformation.

Host: Do you have a recommended list of safe foods?

Icke: I do. I think we can cope with a certain amount. What happens when it gets overwhelmed - what I call the Norton Anti-Virus - the immune system, when overwhelmed, we get in a situation when we get in trouble. I eat non chemical food and eat purified water. I keep chemicals out of my body. When travelling around, I can cope with it - hard to ignore McDonalds. So it can cope, but then I make it healthy most of the time, when I'm at home. I saw my son, playing football, and the stuff in the coke was like a chemical formula, and they were all just washing it back like nothing. It is no wonder we are seeing increasing behaviour problems among children - because they're being poisoned. They are being chemically re-wired. So what do we do? We give them even worse drugs, so off we go in this downward spiral. The great problem is not juvenile delinquency, it's adult! Most of the delinquents are in government. We do this by not forcing stuff on them, but giving them the info they need. The parents pour this crap on them, and wonder why they behave like they do. I feel for these children, because there are some incredible children being born now, being able to retain this multidimensional state. They are targeting this children because they know they then have the adults that become. We need to protect them from what is being done.

Host: OK, let's talk about throwing the bones. Explain. You said that's important.

Icke: I believe in not imposing on other people. If you like something, keep doing it as long as you don't affect others. I think that's a good philosophy. They gave a great energy. Credo starting reading them. To him, it was a storybook. Credo, how does it work?

Credo: I don't know. But all one has to do is - I don't know the English word - we must go deep into a certain part of the human body where there is a broad tower residing in every part of the human. This is in all of us, where all fear is banished. When you are in this golden place - where you see up, down, future, present, where you see everything- where there is full love and you see all eternity. I can not describe it, only calling it the golden cave. You are one with everything. Then, you feel that when the things talk to you. Even now, there are Christian priests, even those of the Roman Church, tell the children not to listen to what we do. These, they say - certain things - not to even drink the medicines we drink, because these are the devil's... The

God knowledge in all of goes on even now. One The words that David Icke just said made me cry. Something is happening in Southern Africa that should be investigated by all human beings that care about humanity. South Africa has been brought a kind of GM (Genetically Modified) corn. This maize, mam, is highly poisonous. It makes human beings highly violent. It is the ingredient of junk food that our children are forced to eat. South African governments have rejected this. So, to get around the problem, it has been falsely labelled as (translation): "This is just normal maize". It came not from Africa, but from America. It was brought by the slave raiders to Africa. It made people huge, big massive, but dumb, weak-minded and extremely aggressive. Some of the most aggressive tribes in Africa- my own people, the Zulus – became very warlike, because they adopted this alien maize. But in this battle against AIDS – that the last true heroes of Africa are fighting – we say that you should not eat maize, but eat the ancient maize, most anciently known to Africa. By eating it, health increases dramatic. They increase in size and become not self-hating. This kind of human hating goes on still now. I am a painter of pictures and I am the only black person in all of South Africa that casts his own wax in metals. But did you know that I am not allowed to sell any of this, because I portray things – that I appear as if I portray things that certain powers do not want to see exist. There is a war against the ancient knowledge of humans, the winged mind. My aunt is gone – 104 years. My wife Cecilia – she died with a mysterious needle. And my sister is dead. I was told a falsehood that she had died in a car accident, but there was no car near where she died. Why? Mary protested against the crime of the Catholic Church, which discourages SAFE SEX BEING PRACTISED BY AFRICANS!! Why does the Catholic Church allow of this, she said. And she paid for it with her life. I wish that this wife could be exposed in all of its disgustingness. All these people are dying. I feel angry. How can people feel so blind to these hostile alien entities disguising themselves as alien invasions?

Host: David?

Icke: Wow, just hearing Credo talk there. Everything he says connects to the same subject of human knowledge. Me and Nicole [the host] talked about this silent cave, the golden cave, where you go to see beyond what most can see. What he was saying about GM food and maize was amazing. What I've been saying for years is that GM food is designed to genetically modify US! It PLAYS WITH OUR DNA! For some reason they are targeting the black people, for some reason, particularly in Africa. When you read PNAC, it is just like reading the last 5 years of the Bush administration. It talks about the need to invade Iraq, North Korea and Iran – known as the axis of evil. You follow this document and the course of what is going on now. It also talks about creating weapons that target specific genotypes. They are targeting them with AIDS. What is AIDS? You don't die of AIDS. You die of the immune related disease, as it break down your system. It is a concentrated attack against the African immune system. Instead of doing this, you should go along the lines of improving the immune system. You need to find the solution for this. Credo found a solution for this which proved to be incredibly successful. But this is difficult to implement, because the people

in power need to fight against this. We are faced with a series of coldly calculated actions. If we can remove the powers that create these things, they will go away. I must emphasise this: I'm tired of hearing people coming from the spiritual direction, that are in complete denial of what is going on in this planet which they do not think are very pleasant. The real reality is not running away from what we don't like. We need to remove what is denying and removing the spirituality of everyone else. We need to actually get involved in changing the world instead of allowing it. Just my opinion.

Host: And what would we go about changing?

Icke: Fighting is no good. What the matrix wants us to do is fight. It takes two to fight. As someone said in sixties, what if we had a war and no one turned up? It's about removing the source of it. As Ghandi said, it's about not co-operating with the system. If we would not touch the aspartame-ridden soft drinks and refused to touch GM food and refused to take part in wars of conquest – but are about further imprisoning – then there would be no war to conquest. George Bush and Tony Blair are not out fighting wars. They are in their office smoking cigarettes. There should be a law that anyone who declares war should have to go on the frontline. We are cooperating with our own imprisonment. This is why staying rural is so key. We need to stop buying their crap, and if we did, the corporations would have no one to sell it to. If we stop cooperating, the system would fall.

Host: I want to open up the floor for Credo. What is the most important message that you want to get out to the people?

Credo: I cannot and do not have the right to dictate to people what they have the right to do and not do. I say to all the world – my brothers and sisters – whether you are white or black or brown, we are in great danger. Too many people, as Icke said – these should be written into stone – we human beings are blinded. We refuse to see certain things and are conditioned not to see others. For example, the conspiracy is not simply a dream in the minds of deranged people. I never believed such a thing myself. I used to think that it is just white people talking. I am not a victim of my own ignorance. Look at the world. Look at India and look at Africa. India underwent the same form of spiritual undermining that Africa went through. However, India has today recovered its dignity as a people and a nation. And for some reason that I can't understand, India has been allowed – I SAY, ALLOWED – has been allowed to possess nuclear weapons. It has been allowed to possess huge iron wegs. There is even an Indian that I saw in a picture who works on steel in a large scale. However, Africa – whose mind is the same as India's – is entrenched in endless, engineered wars from outside. They gain no one anything. And today I see a new danger for Africa. There is now talk – emanating from the West – that terrorists have now entered terrorists. In other words, Africa is now the next country to fall victim to Western open neocolonisation, where Africa's people will be wiped off the face of the Earth. The Western nations will allow war, famine and disease to run rampant in Africa. What we are seeing now is that Africa is going to be sterilised, in wars in which Africans will carry the blame. Same with diseases. And yet these wars, famine and disease come from outside. We must understand that we

stand in danger from mortal danger. Among the people that talk to me, people say that there is more oil underground than there is in the entire Middle East. There is also a metal that carries in its hands the future of all the oil-producing nations of the Middle East. That metal is platinum, which Africa will be destroyed over. We have already lost my children. I weep tears which will be wiped off my eyes by no one. We are being destroyed. An enemy has declared war upon us. We are being killed by AIDS and by wars that I appeal. Please, look at the truth. Do not go into denial, by brothers and sisters. Nations are being dessimated in front of you. Open your eyes. Do not let the children of the reptile destroy us. We can win. Open your eyes.

Icke: Africa has been destroyed in terms of its history. Tony Blair, one of the great manipulators of the war in Iraq, and Afganistan and what have you, he has now said that his desire and passion is to save Africa. When he says something – you reverse it. So he means he wants to finish it off. He wants to destroy Africa. These guys want to destroy Africa’s knowledge and profit from its resources.

The solution is people waking up. It is also mentally waking up and seeing what is actually happening. It’s like a veil. A lot of that veil is denial. You just don’t want to look at it. It’s a version of “shut up, don’t want to hear it”. At the same time, knowledge is being destroyed to keep that ignorance perpetuated. We need to get information around the suppression of the mainstream media. We need to wake up from our hypnotic slumber state. We are trying to do this – me, you, Credo and others. I realise the challenge of this. Our own prison wardens will hand over the keys to us. We’re going to see some incredible changes. Some of them terrible and some of them incredibly inspirational.

Host: Thank you all for joining us on newsforthesoul. Perhaps we can do this again sometime.

Credo: Amen to that.

Icke: That was so powerful that interview, Nicole. I could feel it has an energy about it. I could feel it. This is why we’ve been brought together.

Host: Exactly.

...

The Theft of the Necklace of Mysteries

DAVID ICKE (DI): Hello. I'm at the home of Credo Mutwa, a fantastic man who it's been my privilege to know for a very, very long time. A Zulu Sanusi ... what some people know better as a shaman, but it's a high shaman. This man is a library on legs when it comes to African knowledge, and anyone that's read my books, or seen my talks, will see how much information this man has to share with the world. And one of the artifacts which has been highlighted many times in my books, because I think it's so significant, is something called the Necklace of the Mysteries. It's the one with all the symbols hanging from it, which tell the story of humanity and the story of Africa. The extraterrestrial figure and the human women figure, and the interbreeding between the two, all that story that I've told many times, thanks to Credo sharing it with me. Well, I have to tell you, this ... necklace, which is mentioned five hundred years ago in accounts and Credo says is a thousand years old or more, is now no longer with him. It was taken away from him, in Swaziland, by people who ... tortured him, in effect, pulling his fingernails off, or trying to, and some threatening to kill him. Well, Credo survived, thank goodness, but the necklace is still with these thugs, and whoever was behind and orchestrating these thugs. If you have any information about its whereabouts, would you please contact me at an email address, DavidIckeContact@aol.com, it's all one word, DavidIckeContact@aol.com, and let me know any information you may have about the whereabouts of this amazing, amazing artifact. And now, let's hear Credo tell the story of what happened, and how important this necklace is to him ... and indeed, the story of humanity in general. Credo, could you tell us the story of what happened, from when it all started. Tell us what happened, from the start, leading up to now.

CREDO MUTWA (CM): Yes sir. I was repeatedly phone called by a young man, who really was pestering the life out of me. This young man said he kept on having dreams about how I should take him to Swaziland. About how he had great ancestors, whom he wanted the help of. He phoned us every night until I got very angry. And then, he got himself friends who pestered me, on his behalf. And in the end, they said, it has been said by white people that I am a traitor, who takes black knowledge, and hands it to white enemies of the black people. I said, 'That's nonsense.' The insinuation even went on that I was not even a Zulu. And tribalism and racism is rife in South Africa today. People can be killed like dogs, if their lineage or tribe, or family are in doubt. I said to this young man, 'What do you really want with me? What do you want?' He said, 'I want to see you. I want you to give to us the necklace of secret knowledge.' I said, 'You are mad. I'm not going to part with that thing. I don't know who told you about it.' He said, 'But you are showing it to white people. We, who are black like you, you discriminate against.'

And that's how it started, sir. I decided to confront these people. It turned out that there were many. I decided to confront these people, and foolish quixotic donkey that I am, I took the Necklace of the Mysteries, and the Walking Stick of the Grandfathers with me.

DI: And you got on a train to Swaziland.

CM: Yes, sir, I went there. And they met me there. And they ... took me to their home. I did not know that I was going to face a mob, sir. I did not know that I was going to be put on trial like a criminal. That is where they started taking my nails from my hands away.

DI: They were pulling your nails off?

CM: Yes.

DI: What happened?

CM: You know sir, it was just sheer, bloody cruelty. They wanted to see. In fact, these people had been sent to kill me, by some white people. White people who had offered them a lot of money for this necklace. It was a nightmare. But circumstances saved me beyond the terrible pain I was going through.

DI: You were telling me someone sat on your hand, and then someone else was pulling...

CM: I was sitting...

DI: ...your fingernails off.

CM: ...I was sitting on the chair, sir, when this boy sat up on my arm. It was a, you know these wicker chairs.

DI: Yeah.

CM: And this one sat on my arm, and suddenly I felt a terrible pain. He was pulling my nail with a pliers. But he broke the nail in two places. I said, 'You want to kill me, don't you? That's what you brought me here for. But let me tell you that I am a Sanusi. I am a descendant of Ungoza. I'm a descendant of Sifele. I am a pure-blooded Zulu. And I am not afraid to die.' 'Let me tell you, that you, who are pulling my nail out of my fingers, you are sick. There is something sick about you. You are very, very close to death.' He started screaming, saying 'What?! What?!' I said, 'You are close to death.' I could see shadows in his eyes. I could see something else. I smelled a strange smell: the smell of a person who is on the last stage of AIDS. I said, 'Touch another nail in my finger, and you are going to die, shitting like a dog. Go on, do it.' Then there started an angry, an angry uproar. Some said I should be stabbed to death. I said, 'Stab me to death, within two hours, one of you will die, and that is you.' He started screaming, and he ran out of the house, and he ... it was just a uproar, sir. I wish you were there to see. People were quarreling with each other now. Some said, 'Let this man go. Can't you see he's got an evil spirit? How did he know that you, you are going to have such a stomach ache? How did he know that you have got caught AIDS?' I said, 'I can see. Kill me. I'm not afraid. I have no friends here. Go on.' They took the necklace. I was too weak to carry it out. They took the necklace and the

stick, and on the following morning, I was very, very sick. A group of the women escorted me to the station. I was put on the train, they tried to be nice to me, but I just was ... I was out of this world. I no longer knew what was happening, or what was happening.

DI: And they kept the Necklace of the Mysteries.

CM: Yes, sir.

DI: The necklace of the knowledge.



CM: Yes, sir.

DI: And you've never had any idea where it is since then?

CM: No. Because I have not left here since then, sir.

DI: What does that necklace mean to you?

CM: Sir, these necklaces ... are the Bible of the black people. These necklaces are ... we learned from them. Things that you don't learn in any school to ... to white people. These necklaces are alive, sir. They were made by women. That is why they consist of copper. Copper is a female metal. That is why they consist of the green stone, jadeite, which was also handled by women.

DI: And it's very old, isn't it?

CM: It is, sir. It is.

DI: I think you told me once you thought it was at least a thousand years old.

CM: Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yes.

DI: And what effect has it had on you? I mean, how has it made you feel, since ... because I know we've talked about this many times...

CM: I am broken. You know, Mr. David, my heart is broken, sir. I felt I did a stupid thing, and I should have paid for it with my own life. Imagine taking a thing like this into the hands of drunken swine.

DI: But you didn't know that, did you?

CM: No. I thought they were royal people. I thought they were good people. I thought they were adult people, Sangomas and Inyangas. But they were young hooligans.

DI: And what... You told me that there was a white person in the background. Are you...

CM: Yes, sir.

DI: What was that about?

CM: I don't know, Mr. David. But I can draw that white man.

DI: What was he doing? What was he...

CM: He was with them. They appeared to be having some kind of a drinking or whatever thing. But that white man, sir, he ... he wasn't just a white tote. He ... he had purpose behind him. And I noticed another thing: it was he who appeared to be crazy about the necklace. He seemed to be freaking out, if you know what I mean.

DI: And he seemed to be orchestrating it, did he?

CM: Yes, sir.

DI: And they, they didn't seem to like me, for some reason, you were telling me.

CM: Sir?

DI: They didn't like me, for some reason.

CM: Yes. They asked me, where are you. I say, 'I don't know. Angazi. [Zulu for 'I don't know.'] I don't know where Mr. David Icke is.' They said, 'But doesn't he write to you?' I said, 'You can search my post office. I don't even own a cell phone. I've only got a real phone.'

DI: And what was their problem with me, then?

CM: I don't know, sir. But somehow, the way they were afraid of you. That's very funny, Mr. David. I asked, 'Have you ever seen Mr. David Icke?' They said, 'No.' I said, 'Then why are you shit-scared of him for?' He didn't answer me.

DI: I was the 'White Satan,' wasn't I, according to them?

CM: Sir?

DI: The 'White Satan,' wasn't it, they called me?

CM: Yes, you white devil.

DI: The white devil.

CM: Mmh.

DI: Because, I guess, you're sharing information with me, and it's only supposed to be for one group of people instead of for the world.

CM: But sir, there's something that really, really worried me. I only thought about that afterwards. Mr. David, these people, the black people looked ordinary black people, sick looking. But that white man ... no, sir. Let me ... let me try and work out. He looked... he was smaller than you, and he looked not quite man-like. You know?

DI: How do you mean?

CM: He looked... what's the, what is the English word ... he looked like a fairy, Mr. David Icke.

DI: Mm-hm.

CM: He looked not normal [unclear, sounds like 'jigjig'] real man. He was something between a boy and a man. You know, he had protruding teeth. And when he spoke, he seemed to twist his mouth in a certain way. He was

not sexually normal. I'm not a judge of white people, but there was something very odd about that man.

DI: What would you say now, to the people that have the Necklace of the Mysteries? What would you say to them?

CM: I say, 'You have stolen something that comes from the old gods. You have taken something that even I have no right to. I was given this thing as a custodian of it. I swore ... you have taken this thing, like thieves in the night. Within a short while, something interesting is going to happen to all of you. I see one of you dead under a blue car. It is you, with the protruding teeth. You, who never spoke, who spoke with a hissing sound on his, on...' as if his teeth were a bit drunk.

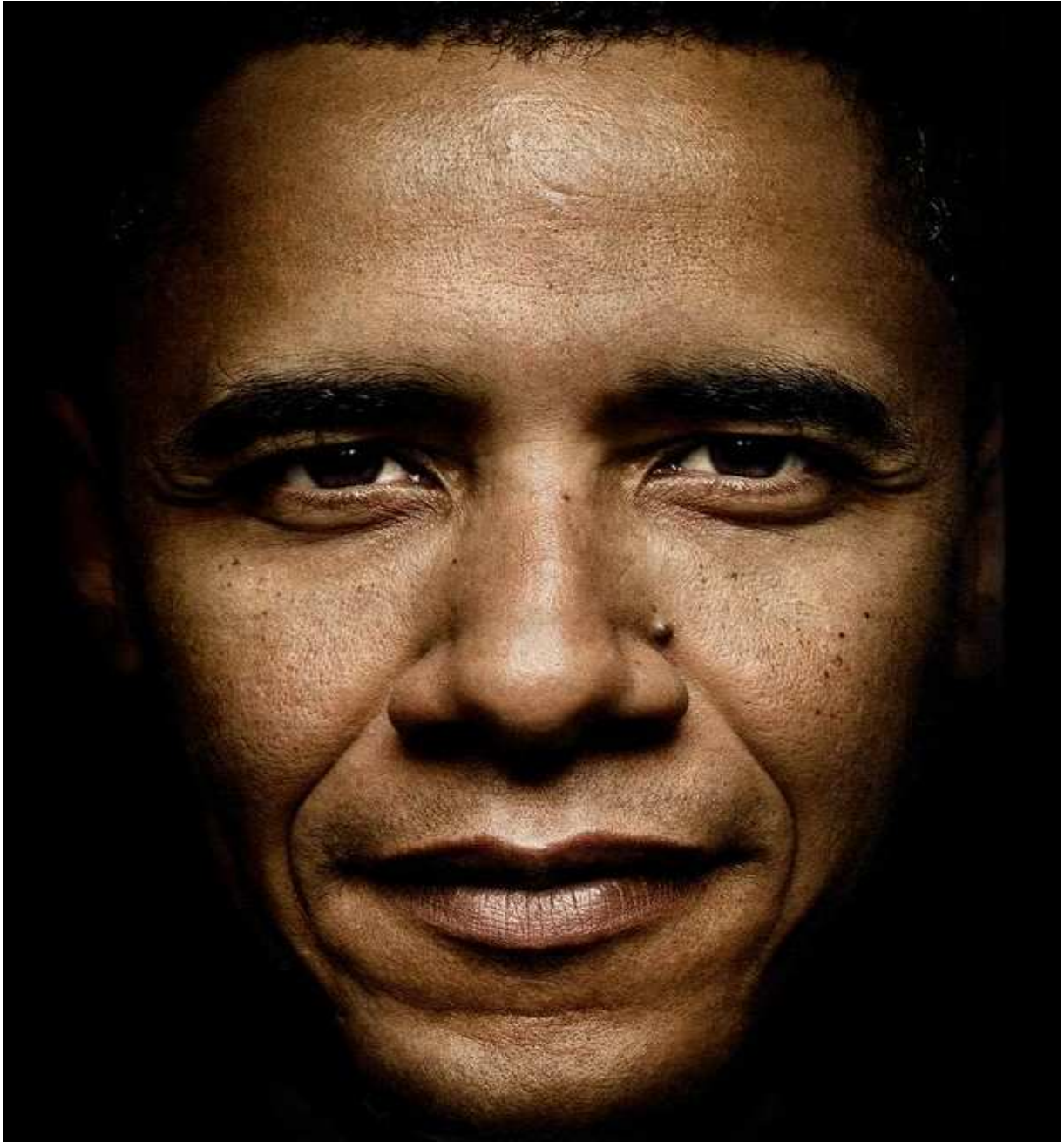
DI: And if they want to avoid that, they bring it back.

CM: They had better bring it back. They had better bring it back. This I swear by my mother's breasts. The Necklace of the Mysteries belongs to no one. Not even I, who am the keeper of it. 'Bring it back. You were sent to take it away. You were sent by someone. Who it is, I don't know, but I will dream about them, and I will know who they are. You called me a sellout, a traitor, who licks the backsides of white men. You are the traitors.'

If you know ANYTHING about the theft of this priceless, ancient artifact, of inestimable value to the story of Africa and the human race – but very likely now in the hands of white man who are only interested in money... please contact DavidIckeContact@aol.com in full confidence.



Baba Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa on Barack Obama



Zulu shaman, or sanusi, Credo Mutwa, has written a poem to express his thoughts on what he sees as the true nature of Barack Obama and the agenda for Africa and the world that he represents.

* * *

*An actor walks upon the floodlit stage of lifewearing a mask of an angel
beneath a demon's gown.*

*Pretence smiles upon the crowded hall of life holding out hope as bright as it is
false.*

*Son of a woman in whose veins flows the blood of ancient Ireland and dark
Africa's plains.*

*You are Obama, nick-named the standing king, You are Barack, oh, son born
to deceive*

*The suffering hoards of Africa look up to you, See a black saviour where
nought but a Judas strides.*

*An entrapper of nations, bringer of dismal war behind the robes and the nylon
wings of hope*

*Oh, may those who look upon you, see you as you are. May those who hope in
you behold you as you be*

A prince deceitful to bring down Africa's shrines

A siren who leads Africa's ships onto rocks of obliteration.

Your rule my lord will not be one of peace

Your reign my king will not be one of smiles

*Even as we speak in caves both dark and dank Enraged fanatics plot your
dark demise They will put around your head a bloodwet martyr's crown.*

*Oh black Kennedy following the one before. May God forgive thee and thy fiery
spouse*

*As you walk in silence from the stage of life. Barack Obama, blessed son, Oh
standing king.*

Vusamazulu Mutwa

* * *

Challenging Times Ahead

Credo Mutwa is a Prophet that foresaw the Twin Tower attack on 9/11. He predicted that President Thabo Mbeki would not see out his full term. A very good friend and colleague of Credo's - David Icke - says that he is a genius. As David has stated; an African man who is extremely knowledgeable and talented with Art, Poetry and amazing Sculptures. His stories of our true history and where we actually came from are astounding.

Credo mentioned that Southern Africa birthed Egypt, and not the other way around as has been stated. We come from the stars and South Africa has many ancient sacred sites which are long lost and forgotten that existed more than 100,000 years ago.

He said that Southern Africa will determine the outcome of humanity and that Africa holds the key to our salvation. He also mentioned that 2010 and 2012 will be very important years; it will bring great challenges to us human beings. How we respond and act towards these challenges will determine the outcome. Sadly, he feels that at the moment, we are not doing too well to overcome these challenges and stated that he would rather not be here to see this transformation, as this will be a time of great suffering for his people. Credo said that the present President of South Africa, Mr. Jacob Zuma will be the last black President of South Africa. If this is true, then something dramatic has to happen in South Africa for this to actually come to pass. Can it be changed? "Yes, but I cannot see it change by the way we are carrying on at the present moment".



Picture painted by Baba Credo Mutwa in 1999 predicting 9/11 in New York, see twin towers on the right hand side.



Prophecy of female presidents in Africa in this painting by Credo Mutwa



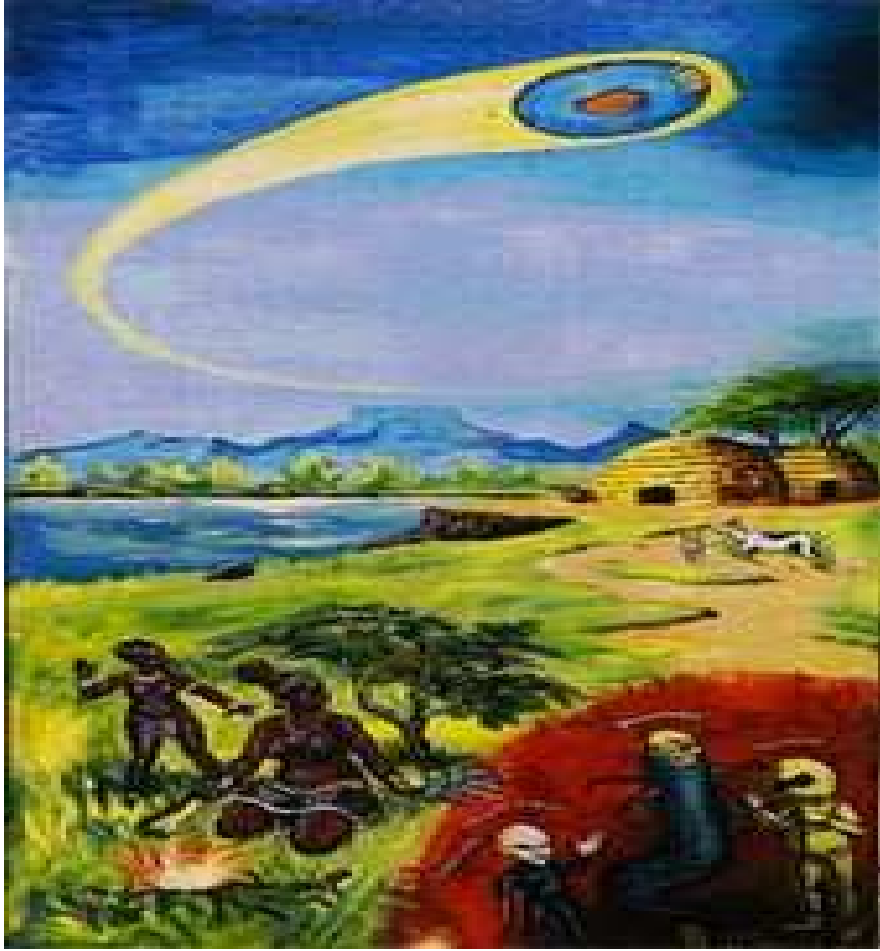
Credo Vuza Mazulu Mutwa - "The prophecy of Ntsikana"



Credo Vuza Mazulu Mutwa - "Kruger's Face"



Credo Vuza Mazulu Mutwa - "The prophecy of Pindamulili"



Credo Vuza Mazulu Mutwa - "African Beliefs Regarding UFOs"



Credo Mutwa: The Colonization of Africa



Credo Mutwa: A Vision from 1979 about the 9/11 Attacks



Credo Mutwa and the Alien Agenda: UFOs and Alien Abduction in the Eyes of a Zulu Shaman

© By LOUIS PROUD

The Zulu *sangoma* (a shaman or healer) and high *sanusi* (clairvoyant and lore-master) Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa is recognised by many as one of the most distinguished African traditional healers around today. He is, in fact, the spiritual leader of the *sanusis* and *sangomas* of South Africa.

As well as being a successful artist, author and historian, Mutwa is also an outspoken victim of alien abduction, having allegedly been in contact by entities his people call the *mantindane* ('the tormentors'), which are similar in nature to what we in the English speaking world call 'the grays'. Stories of UFOs and alien beings make up a big part of African tribal culture, he says.

AWAKENER OF THE ZULUS

Mutwa was born on July 21, 1921 in the South African province of Natal. The name Vusamazulu means 'awakener of the Zulus', and was appointed to Mutwa during his initiation as a *sangoma*. Mutwa means 'little bush man', and Credo means 'I believe'. Born out of wedlock, Mutwa was considered "an illegitimate child, a child of shame." Because his mother, who was descended from a long line of medicine men and women, refused to convert to Christianity, Mutwa's parents separated shortly after his birth. Thus he was primarily raised by his Roman Catholic father, who frequently travelled from place to place, working as a builder.

Mutwa claims that much of the knowledge he now possesses – of art, science, medicine, engineering and so on – can be attributed to the fact that, when he was child, he was taught by "strange companions." These "little people," he says, some of whom were blue in colour, used to make their presence known to other children as well. In fact, "all African children used to see such things." Thanks to the help of these beings, he says, he was often more knowledgeable than some of his teachers at school.

When, in 1937, Mutwa was brutally raped by a gang of mineworkers outside a mine compound, he experienced "a great shock and trauma," remaining ill for a very long time. He developed a feverish condition, accompanied by night-

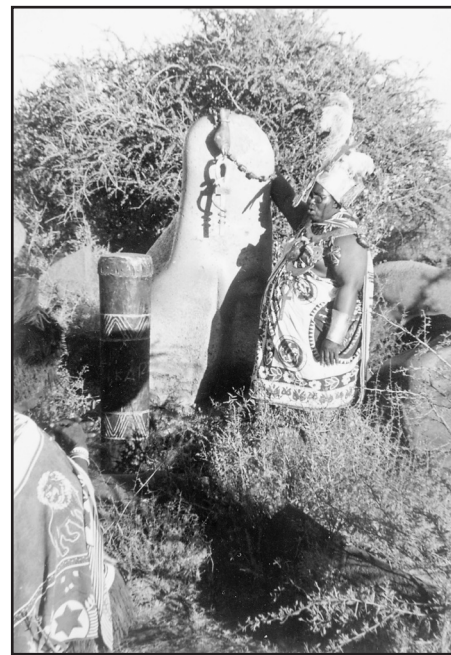


Image courtesy of Inner Traditions International

Credo Mutwa at ceremonial rock used for fertility magic.

mares and visions, which caused great pain and debilitation, and which, he says, almost killed him. It also caused him to become highly psychic, and he was sometimes able to read the minds of those around him, as well as perceive auras. The treatment he received from European doctors and Christian faith healers didn't help at all.

Shortly afterwards, Mutwa was brought to his mother's village in Zululand, where his grandfather, Ziko Shezi, a *sangoma* and warrior – "whom my father despised as a heathen and a demon worshipper" – brought him back to health using traditional African methods. Mutwa was told by his grandfather that the illness he had undergone "had actually been a sacred illness which required that I had to become a shaman, a healer." Mutwa agreed, and, having renounced Christianity, was initiated into the shamanic path by his aunt Myrna, a fully fledged *sangoma*. Mutwa's 'spiritual sickness' had been part of the initiatory process of becoming a shaman, and is a common aspect of shamanic traditions all over the world.



Credo Mutwa with Sangoma women.

Sadly, when his father and stepmother learned that he had become a 'heathen', they immediately disowned him, telling him "never to set foot in their home again." Virtually alone and homeless, Mutwa began to travel "for knowledge, in search of clarity of mind and in search of the truth about my people." He journeyed all over the country, meeting, and studying under, a number of traditional healers. His first destination was Swaziland. He then made his way to Mozambique, and later, Rhodesia (now called Zimbabwe). At the end of this not only physical, but spiritual, journey, he realised his life's purpose – to help preserve the culture of his people, and to help mend the problems in his country, of drugs, unemployment, crime, disease and poverty. Mutwa's first book, *Indaba, My Children: African Folk Tales*, was published in 1964, and is considered a classic. His other works include: *Africa Is My Witness* (1966), *My People* (1971), *Let Not My Country Die* (1986), and *Zulu Shaman: Dreams, Prophecies, and Mysteries* (1996).

Very much a cosmic thinker, Mutwa claims that many of humanity's difficulties can be explained by the negative influence of manipulative extraterrestrial beings, particularly the *mantindane*, who "share the Earth with us. They need us. They use us. They harvest things from us." It's about time, he says, that we acknowledged the alien presence on this planet. "We are being watched, we are being explored and investigated, and we are being controlled, and yet there are those among us who refuse to accept this fact," he explains in *Zulu Shaman*.

A WORLD RULER BY ALIENS

The late, great John E. Mack is among one of the first UFO researchers in the West to interview Mutwa. He has also been interviewed by the Australian UFO researcher Bill Chalker, the author and historian Zecharia Sitchin, as well as the controversial conspiracy theorist David Icke, who once called him "the most amazing and knowledgeable man it has been my privilege and honour to call a friend, a genius." Supposedly, many of Icke's speculations about 'shape-shifting reptilian aliens' – whom he believes to be the true rulers of this earth – have been confirmed by Mutwa. According to Mutwa, when he talks about extraterrestrials and other topics of this nature he often feels "caught between, on the one hand, Western thought,

including the Christian religion, and African thought, which accepts these things without question."

Mack first met Mutwa in 1994, during a short trip to South Africa, the main purpose of which was to investigate the Ariel School incident in Zimbabwe. "Credo seemed a noble, even regal figure with his colourful robes and heavy metal adornments of the *sangoma*, which seemed as if they ought to weigh him down," writes Mack in *Passport to the Cosmos*. During the interview, Mutwa spoke a great deal about his traumatic alien abduction experiences – experiences that Mack, a world-renowned expert on the subject, found difficult not to take seriously.

Mutwa views the world as a mysterious and frightening place, controlled by alien forces that possess far more knowledge than – and are intellectually and technologically superior to – humanity. Some of these beings, he says, are wise, benevolent and wish to help us. But the same cannot be said of the *mantindane*, who are just as selfish and power-hungry as humans. They preserve humanity, he says, in order to protect their own self-interests, because they are "obsessed with self-preservation... This wish to play God over lesser beings is with us and with them. Throughout the cosmos vice is the same."

Some of these beings, says Mutwa, have covertly and profoundly influenced all human cultures and civilisations for millennia. They have aided our evolution and helped us survive by providing us with knowledge – of science, farming, medicine and so on. "Throughout Africa we are told that these mysterious beings taught human beings many things," writes Mutwa. "They taught human beings how to have laws, knowledge of herbal medicine, knowledge of arts and knowledge of the mysteries of creation and the cosmos as a whole."

Some of them – the *mantindane* in particular – are "part of the Earth," and should not be considered foreign. "We and the *mantindane* are one and the same stupid race," says Mutwa. "Far from these creatures being aliens, they are our future descendants. I am sure of this." Out of all the different types of alien beings that have been in contact with humanity, the *mantindane* are apparently the most important to Africans, who fear them greatly. Mutwa described these entities to Mack as troublesome and "parasitic," claiming that they "instil superstition, sow discord, and may even cause disease."

A DIFFICULT LIFE

Given the fact that he has led such a difficult life, it is perhaps not surprising that Mutwa's world view is less than optimistic. Over the years, he's been a victim of violence on a number of occasions, and has lost many loved ones. In 1960, his fiancée was shot dead when South African police open fired on a crowd of people to which she belonged. In addition, his first-born son was knifed to death by a group of black activists, "murdering people under the banner of the mass democratic movement."

During the Soweto riots of June 16, 1976, Mutwa was attacked by a group of thugs who stabbed him repeatedly. "I could feel the knives going into my body," he says. "The thing that always helps me happened then. I split into two, and so

I escaped the pain.” Looking down, he saw his own body, a “bloodied mess that looked like me.” He was apparently pronounced clinically dead. On another occasion, Mutwa was almost burnt alive when a group of thugs doused him in gasoline. In Africa it’s widely believed that when a person is killed in this manner, their soul is destroyed along with their body, preventing them from reincarnating. Mutwa remembers this incident as one of the few times in his life when he felt genuinely terrified.

Unbelievably traumatic though these experiences must have been, nothing compares to Mutwa’s 1958 alien abduction episode – assuming it actually took place, of course. The incident has been detailed in a number of books, including *Passport to the Cosmos*, Bill Chalker’s *Hair of the Alien* (2005), and Mutwa’s semi-autobiographical *Zulu Shaman* (also known under the title *Song of the Stars*).

CAUGHT BY THE GOD OF THE MOUNTAINS

It all started in the bush, in the sacred Inyangani Mountains of Rhodesia, while Mutwa, at the time a *sangoma* apprentice, was busy searching for a particular type of herb, which he planned to use as medicine. All of a sudden the temperature dropped, says Mutwa, even though it was a very hot day. He was then engulfed by a bright blue mist, which, he says, “was swirling all around me, getting between me and the eastern landscape.” A moment later, he found himself in what looked like a mining tunnel lined with silver-greyish metal.

The next thing he knew, he was lying on a table of some sort. His boots and trousers were missing. He was approached by a group of grey-skinned creatures, with “very large heads, very thin arms, and very thin legs.” He wanted to flee, but could not move, as his arms and legs were paralysed. “I just lay there like a goat on a sacrificial altar.” On closer inspection, he noticed that the creatures were short, “about the size of African Pigmy.” They looked, he says, identical in appearance to the ‘gray aliens’ (or grays) commonly reported by abductees in America and other Western countries.

Mutwa noticed that what appeared to be the creatures’ eyes were actually black, goggle-like covers. Their ‘real’ eyes were “round, with straight pupils, like those of a cat.” At least one of the creatures – the one closest to him – had a potent and very unpleasant odour, “a throat-tightening chemical smell, which smelled like rotten eggs, and also like hot copper [sulphur].”

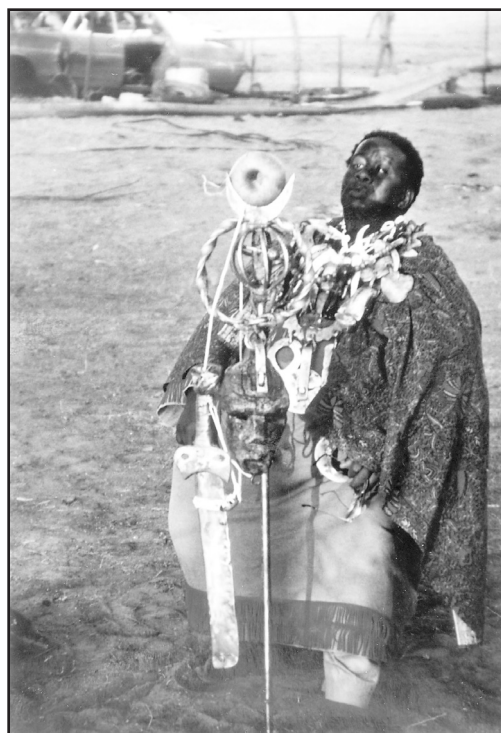


Image courtesy of Inner Traditions International

Credo Mutwa with bronze sacred ceremonial objects.

Mutwa was then subjected to some kind of operation on his left thigh, which caused him to scream out in agony. An abundance of blood flowed from the wound. Next, one of the creatures stuck a silver, pen-like object up his right nasal passage; then yanked it out. “The pain,” he says, “was out of this world.”

The pain subsided, however, when one of the creatures – who was bigger and taller than the others, and who possessed an air of authority – placed its hand on Mutwa’s forehead. Mutwa could ‘sense’ that the creature was female, despite the fact that ‘she’ lacked breasts and other feminine characteristics. Staring at Mutwa intently, it projected visions of destruction into his mind. He saw cities being destroyed by floods, fires and other natural disasters.

One of the creatures pushed a small, black tubular instrument into Mutwa’s penis. As soon as the instrument was withdrawn, Mutwa’s bladder opened, and he urinated straight into the creature’s chest. It then “staggered away like a drunken

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insect, and left the room.” A moment later, two other creatures entered the room, one of whom appeared to be a large, metallic robot. Its eyes were bright, seemed to move, and seemed to change colour. The other creature, which was naked, had pink skin, blue eyes, high cheek-bones and looked almost human, yet its body was swollen and strangely out of proportion. Something about it reminded Mutwa of a doll, for it looked and felt “totally unnatural.”

The creature mounted Mutwa “like a crazy Zulu girl,” and proceeded to have sex with him. But the experience was not at all pleasant – much the opposite, in fact. The creature’s body was cold, bony and lifeless, and Mutwa felt as if he were making love to a machine. To make matters worse, it attached something to his penis that made him ejaculate “too much.” It then left the room, leaving Mutwa alone with the tall, female creature. His penis “was burning as if I had put it in scalding water.”

Gripping him violently by the head, the creature forced Mutwa off the table he was laying on, and he fell to the floor, landing on his hands and knees. He was then led roughly from room to room. One of the things that most captured his interest, and which, he says, is still “haunting my dreams,” was a collection of huge cylindrical objects, filled with greyish-pink liquid. They contained “small editions of the alien creatures floating round and round, like disgusting little frogs.”

Mutwa witnessed other human beings being “tortured” by the aliens, one of whom was a white man, “smelling of sweat, urine, excrement and fear.” As Mutwa walked past him, they looked deeply into each others eyes. Incredibly, Mutwa claims

to have run into this very same man about two years later, while delivering parcels in the city of Johannesburg. He was working at a curio shop at the time. The man asked Mutwa where he had seen him before, to which he replied, “in Rhodesia, in a certain place underground.” As though the realisation was too much to bear, the man turned away and walked off quickly down the street.

The next thing he knew, Mutwa was once again in the bush. His mind was hazy, and it took him a moment to realise that something terribly wrong had occurred. He felt a pain in his left thigh, as well as his penis, which was starting to swell. He noticed, moreover, that his shorts and trousers were torn, and that his boots were missing. Clinging to his body was the god-awful stench of the place he had been earlier. Coating his skin was a fine, grey powder. He began to stagger home, making his way along a bush track.

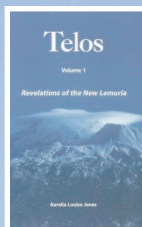
Mutwa eventually encountered a group of locals, who guided him back to the village, where his teacher, Mrs. Zamoya, informed him that he had been missing for three days. She believed his story straight away. She told him that he had been “caught by the God of the mountains,” and that many other people had similar experiences. He was lucky to have returned alive, she said, “because many people have disappeared in that part of the land, never to be seen again...”

While staying in the village to recover, Mutwa was bathed every day, so as to wash away the tiny droplets of blood that continued to ooze from the pores of his itchy skin. He found a scoop mark on his left thigh, about a half-inch in diameter, which remains there to this day. Most unpleasant of all, how-

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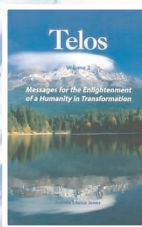
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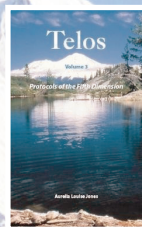
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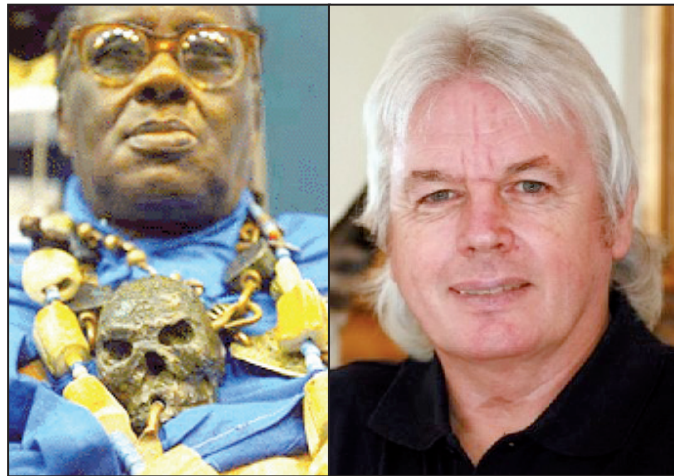
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ever, skin started to peel off his penis. It also developed sores. This condition did not go away completely, he says, which is one of the reasons his first wife left him. Mutwa was eventually taken to Mrs. Zamoya's 'Solace Mission' in western Rhodesia, where it took him several months to make a full recovery.

THE 'SKY GODS'

It would appear that the alien abduction phenomenon is alive and well in Mutwa's homeland, just as it is in many Western countries, for he claims to have met numerous abductees like himself. During his long career as a *sangoma*, Mutwa has been approached by countless African women who insist that they have been impregnated by the *mantindane* and other alien beings. In each case, the pregnancy has mysteriously terminated, as though the foetus has been stolen. Because, says Mutwa, many of these women have been accused of committing abortion – which, in Africa, is regarded as an act “worse than murder” – it has been his job to “convince the family of the woman's innocence, to try and heal the terrible spiritual and mental – as well as physi-



Many of controversial author David Icke's (right) speculations about 'shape-shifting reptilian aliens' – whom he believes to be the true rulers of this earth – have been confirmed by Credo Mutwa (left).

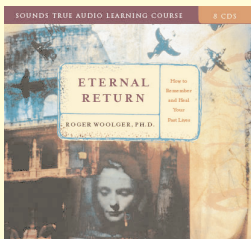
cal – trauma that the woman has undergone.”

According to Mack in *Passport to the Cosmos*, many African tribes believe that the *mantindane* and other alien beings harvest sperm and ova from unsuspecting human victims. The Masai warriors, for instance, fear that the *mantindane* are able to drain a man's semen, which is why they go into battle wearing codpieces to protect their genitals, whereas the women of the tribe wear certain ornaments to protect themselves from being sexually molested by these entities.

“Once a *mantindane* has dealt with you,” says Mutwa, “you become afraid of making love to a woman... These beings scar you for the rest of your life.” Flawed though the *mantindane* may be, Mutwa points out that they are “part of us, part of our lives,” and that “they are moved by a desperate need.” Mutwa calls the *mantindane* “solvers of great problems.” Their technology, he says, may be “several million years ahead of ours.”

Whether or not one accepts Mutwa's claim that the *mantindane* and other alien beings are sexually compatible with hu-

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man beings – or that such entities actually exist – it cannot be denied that these matters are a very big part of African tribal culture. The “sky people,” or “sky gods,” says Mutwa, have visited Earth for thousands of years, arriving from the heavens in “magic sky boats.” The Pygmies, the Kalahari Bushmen, the Ovahimba of Namibia, the tribes people of Zaire, and of course the Zulus – all of them accept the existence of extraterrestrials, and even believe that humanity is descended from such beings.

The stars are revered by Mutwa’s people, who consider them more important than even the sun or the moon. The word ‘Zulu’, in fact, means ‘people from the stars’. It is from the stars that much knowledge and wisdom has originated, they say. The people of Botswana, explains Mack, “call a star *naledi*, which means ‘light of the spirit’, and have carved in wood, painted on rocks, or even scratched on metal ‘the so-called UFOs,’ the ‘magic vehicles’ in which the *mantindane* and the star gods of the various tribes travelled.”

In addition to the somewhat sinister and repulsive *mantindane*, Mutwa speaks of another significant alien race – one that UFO enthusiasts and conspiracy theorists in the West call ‘the reptilians’. “Some say that these creatures were like crocodiles, with crocodile like teeth and jaws, but with very large round heads,” he says. Anyone who’s read Robert Temple’s impressive and scholarly *The Sirius Mystery* (1976) would be familiar with the enigma surrounding the Dogon people of Mali, west Africa, who possess advanced astronomical knowledge of the Sirius star system, and who claim that they gained this knowledge, many thousands of years ago, from the *Nommo*, a race of advanced reptilian or amphibian beings who hail from Sirius (more specifically, Sirius A). Throughout Africa, says Mutwa, these mysterious, reptilian gods are known by other names as well. “In West Africa, in the land of the Bumbara people, these amphibian or reptilian sky gods are known as Zishwezi... In West Africa again, these creatures are called the Asa, which means the mighty ones of magic...”

FACT OR FICTION?

What, then, are we to make of Mutwa’s claims? Was he really abducted by alien beings? Or was his story a fabrication – either completely or partially? And what about his people’s beliefs that we are “descendants from gods who came out of the skies thousands of years ago,” and that these beings “share the earth with us,” and exploit us? Should this information be interpreted literally?

According to Mack and Chalker, both of whom looked deeply into Mutwa’s story, these questions are difficult to answer with a simple yes or no. The truth may lie somewhere in the middle, they say. In *Passport to the Cosmos*, Mack points out that Mutwa and other indigenous people with whom he has discussed the UFO phenomenon and other related matters, do “not sharply distinguish material or literal reality from mythic truths.” He adds, moreover, that certain ideas of Mutwa’s, “like the dominant role of the *mantindane* and other extraterrestrial

or star beings in human cultural history, seem related to tribal myth and legend.” Chalker is of much the same opinion as Mack. “‘Oral material’ like Credo’s is very difficult to judge,” he says.

Given the kind of life he’s lead, it’s a miracle that Mutwa is still alive to this day. Now eighty-six or thereabouts and suffering from diabetes and asthma, his health is continuing to worsen at a rapid rate, and it’s fair to assume that he probably won’t be alive for very much longer. He claims that the ‘alien knowledge’ he has divulged in recent years, which he once pledged never to reveal, was supposed to be reserved for initiate *sangomas* like himself only. He decided to ‘break ranks’ and ‘reveal all’, however, because he lacks a successor onto whom he can pass his unique and sacred knowledge – knowledge he has earned during a lifetime of initiations. Plus, he insists, this information is too important to be withheld from humanity, and is needed in this time of great global crisis.

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This article was originally published, in a substantially different form, in the May 2008 issue of FATE (vol. 61, no.5, issue 697), under the title ‘Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa and the Alien Agenda’.

FURTHER READING

Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa’s book *Zulu Shaman: Dreams, Prophecies, and Mysteries* (256 pages, paperback), is available from New Dawn Books for \$37.95 + \$8 p&h. In this rare window into Zulu mysticism, Vusamazulu Credo Mutwa breaks the bonds of traditional silence to share his personal experiences as a *sangoma* – a Zulu shaman. Set against the backdrop of post-colonial South Africa, Zulu Shaman relays the first-person accounts of an African healer and reveals the cosmology of the Zulu. To order, use form on page 80.



LOUIS PROUD lives in Melbourne. An avid writer/researcher, whose interests include occultism, parapsychology, and ufology, he has written numerous articles on these and other unconventional topics. His work has appeared in *Fate* and *Mysteries* magazine. He is a regular contributor to *New Dawn*.