

Great Zulu Shaman and Elder
CREDO MUTWA
On Alien Abduction & Reptilians
A Rare, Astonishing Conversation
9/30/99 by Rick Martin

It has often been said that the Native Elders of any given tribe hold the keys to knowledge. This statement has never been more clearly confirmed than in the recent interview I had the great privilege to conduct with Zulu "Sanusi" (Shaman) Credo Mutwa, now nearing eighty years of age.

Through the efforts and assistance of David Icke, I was able to establish contact with Dr. Johan Joubert, who graciously coordinated with Credo Mutwa, thus allowing the interview to take place by telephone, literally half-way around the world in South Africa. We at *The SPECTRUM* would like to convey our deepest appreciation to both David Icke and to Dr. Joubert for their selfless efforts at getting this man's Truth out to the world.

I first heard about Credo Mutwa five years ago, only at that time it didn't seem possible to speak with him directly by telephone, as he lives in a somewhat remote area with no phone. When I heard from David Icke that he had spent time with Credo Mutwa and that he would be willing to speak with *The SPECTRUM*, well, that's all it took. Through the wonder of the international telephone lines, on August 13 we had what turned out to be a 4-hour session! And no, we are not about to pare it down to "sound bite" size. The words he has spoken will appear completely and in full context, as is our usual policy—a matter of respect for the speaker as well as simply being good, honest journalism!

Credo Mutwa is a man whom David Icke describes as: "The most amazing and knowledgeable man it has been my privilege and honor to call a friend, a genius." After speaking with Credo Mutwa, I couldn't agree more.

I would like to comment that Credo Mutwa, while not a man of formal education, was kind enough and conscientious enough to spell all of the Zulu or African words, proper names, etc. for this article. Those of you who may be African scholars will find this level of accuracy more advantageous to your research than will the average reader, however such care taken by Credo is yet another facet of his honesty and precision.

If you feel that you have read some material lately that stretches your thinking and challenges some belief systems, this interview will take you *one step beyond*. As always, Truth is stranger than fiction. As well, Truth-or pieces of Truth revealed to any one of us-are part of a larger mosaic, and thus it is up to each of us to arrive at our own conclusions concerning the Truth that others have to share with us.

We are honored to have this opportunity to present Credo Mutwa's experiences and knowledge with you. It is a most rare and much appreciated opportunity.

The astonishing information presented by Credo Mutwa is certainly thought provoking and far-reaching in both implications and scope. Once you read this information you will more readily understand why there have been attempts to silence him. Similarly, you will more deeply appreciate Credo's courage for coming forth and speaking truth, no matter the consequences to self.

So, without further introductory commentary, let the interview begin.

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 Isonenkanyamba.

Now, this star called Isonenkanyamba, 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, and 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. Sitchin. [*Editor's note: This reference is to Dr. Zecharia Sitchin, author of many provocative books about the interaction of extraterrestrial peoples with Earth humans in very ancient times.*] 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 there 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 retch 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 it's 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 cheek-bones 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 it's 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.

Great Zulu Shaman and Elder
CREDO MUTWA
On Alien Abduction & Reptilians
A Rare, Astonishing Conversation
9/30/99 by Rick Martin

PART 2

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.

[Editor's note: Rick Martin may be reached directly at the email address rickm@tminet.com or by writing to: Rick Martin c/o The SPECTRUM Newspaper, 9101 West Sahara Ave., PMB 158, Las Vegas, NV 89117.]

Great Zulu Shaman and Elder
CREDO MUTWA
On Alien Abduction & Reptilians
A Rare, Astonishing Conversation
9/30/99 by Rick Martin

It has often been said that the Native Elders of any given tribe hold the keys to knowledge. This statement has never been more clearly confirmed than in the recent interview I had the great privilege to conduct with Zulu "Sanusi" (Shaman) Credo Mutwa, now nearing eighty years of age.

Through the efforts and assistance of David Icke, I was able to establish contact with Dr. Johan Joubert, who graciously coordinated with Credo Mutwa, thus allowing the interview to take place by telephone, literally half-way around the world in South Africa. We at *The SPECTRUM* would like to convey our deepest appreciation to both David Icke and to Dr. Joubert for their selfless efforts at getting this man's Truth out to the world.

I first heard about Credo Mutwa five years ago, only at that time it didn't seem possible to speak with him directly by telephone, as he lives in a somewhat remote area with no phone. When I heard from David Icke that he had spent time with Credo Mutwa and that he would be willing to speak with *The SPECTRUM*, well, that's all it took. Through the wonder of the international telephone lines, on August 13 we had what turned out to be a 4-hour session! And no, we are not about to pare it down to "sound bite" size. The words he has spoken will appear completely and in full context, as is our usual policy—a matter of respect for the speaker as well as simply being good, honest journalism!

Credo Mutwa is a man whom David Icke describes as: "The most amazing and knowledgeable man it has been my privilege and honor to call a friend, a genius." After speaking with Credo Mutwa, I couldn't agree more.

I would like to comment that Credo Mutwa, while not a man of formal education, was kind enough and conscientious enough to spell all of the Zulu or African words, proper names, etc. for this article. Those of you who may be African scholars will find this level of accuracy more advantageous to your research than will the average reader, however such care taken by Credo is yet another facet of his honesty and precision.

If you feel that you have read some material lately that stretches your thinking and challenges some belief systems, this interview will take you *one step beyond*. As always, Truth is stranger than fiction. As well, Truth-or pieces of Truth revealed to any one of us-are part of a larger mosaic, and thus it is up to each of us to arrive at our own conclusions concerning the Truth that others have to share with us.

We are honored to have this opportunity to present Credo Mutwa's experiences and knowledge with you. It is a most rare and much appreciated opportunity.

The astonishing information presented by Credo Mutwa is certainly thought provoking and far-reaching in both implications and scope. Once you read this information you will more readily understand why there have been attempts to silence him. Similarly, you will more deeply appreciate Credo's courage for coming forth and speaking truth, no matter the consequences to self.

So, without further introductory commentary, let the interview begin.

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 Isonenkanyamba.

Now, this star called Isonenkanyamba, 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, and 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. Sitchin. [*Editor's note: This reference is to Dr. Zecharia Sitchin, author of many provocative books about the interaction of extraterrestrial peoples with Earth humans in very ancient times.*] 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 there 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 retch 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 it's 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 cheek-bones 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 it's 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.