

PUBLISHED IN *DOENIT!*

THE BIGGEST SECRET

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I interviewed David Icke yesterday - you know, the former Green Party spokesperson in England who says that the Queen eats people and the World Wildlife Fund is a terrorist front - not to mention that Hillary Clinton is a drug-taking slave handler and George Bush a serial killer, and oh yes, the world is being run by a clique of reptiles who come from a distant planet. Its all there is his latest book, *The Biggest Secret* Just don't read it too close to bedtime.

Now most of the Brits adore the Royal Family and they think Icke is taking it a bit too far. But to people like us who have lived through apartheid, its pretty bland stuff. Remember, back in the age of the dinosaurs when Verwoerd and all those guys said the natives were perfectly happy and only the guilty had anything to fear - if you so much as hinted that the people at the top were a bunch of cold-hearted reptiles who belonged to a brotherhood in which they conspired to run the country for their own economic benefit they locked you up or sent you to an asylum. I was a kid then and kids know what is going on. I knew they were lizards but I couldn't tell anyone else that. Remember the outraged denials that torture was used by our police force. Well now the cat is out of the bag and all those who secretly thought that those self-proclaimed God-fearing Christians were really people-devouring reptiles can come out of the closet (or dungeon.)

They will find a big change. Instead of denying that there is a whole bunch of lizards out there, we can't wait for the morning paper to read about their latest antics. Breakfast without a few child killings and people ripped apart just does not seem to satisfy anymore. We need at least two litres of blood every morning to get off to a good start. So the thought occurs to me that maybe we have become the reptiles. But don't

worry. Its all illusion anyway. Somehow I chose to have a particularly bad one today and I've projected everything that's here - this paper, you, me, David Icke and his reptiles - into this holographic state that we call reality.

Icke says that our thoughts create our reality (and, I assume, any lizards that are in it) and I agree. Every event, person and object in my apparent life is a construction of my own consciousness which, on the conclusion of this article, I will take with me to the cushion in the centre of my room where I will cross my legs, stare straight ahead and then pull the plug on the whole circus.

Tell me when 20 minutes are up.