

**THE TELEPATHIC DOMINION OF THE KOSMOCRATS:
PAUL'S LETTER TO THE EPHESIANS ON SPIRITUAL WARFARE
IN MODERN CONTEXT**

by
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PAUL ON SPIRITUAL WARFARE

Finally, my brethren, be Strong in the Lord, and in the Power of his Might. Put on the Whole Armor of God, that ye may be able to Stand against the Wiles of the Devil.

For we Wrestle Not against Flesh and Blood, but against the Archons, against the Powers, against the Kosmocrats of the Darkness of this Aion, against Spiritual Wickedness in Heavenly Places.

Wherefore take unto you the Whole Armor of God, that ye may be able to Withstand in the Evil Day, and having done all, to Stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with Truth, and having on the Breastplate of Righteousness; and your feet Shod with the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace;

Above all, taking the Shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to Quench all the Fiery Darts of the Wicked. And take the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God:

Praying always with all Prayer and Supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all Perseverance and Supplication for all Saints [Believers]; and for me, that Utterance may be Given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make Known the Mystery of the Gospel. – Ephesians 6:10-19

PAUL'S FURTHER ELABORATION

For though we walk in the Flesh, we do not War after the Flesh: (For the Weapons of our Warfare are not Carnal, but Mighty through God, to the Pulling Down of Strong Holds;) Casting Down Imaginations, and every High Thing that Exalteth itself against the Knowledge of God, and bringing into Captivity Every Thought to the Obedience of Christ. – II Corinthians 10:3-5

Beware lest any man Spoil you through Philosophy and Vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, after the Rudiments [Stoichea] of the World, and not after Christ. For in him Dwelleth all the Fulness of the Godhead Bodily, and ye are Complete in him, which is the Head of all Archon and Power....

And you being Dead in your Sins and the Uncircumcision of your Flesh, hath he Quickened Together with him, having Forgiven you All Trespases, Blotting Out the Handwriting of Ordinances [Indictments under the Law of Moses] that was against us, which was Contrary to us, and Took it Out of the Way, Nailing it to his Cross;

And having Spoiled Archons and Powers, he made a Show of them Openly, Triumphant over them in it. – Colossians 2:8-10, 13-15

Grace be to you and Peace from God the Father, and from Our Lord Jesus Christ, who Gave himself for our Sins, that he might Deliver us from this Present Evil Aion, according to the Will of God and our Father: to whom be Glory Forever and Ever, Amen.

I Marvel that ye are so soon Removed from him that Called you into the Grace of Christ unto another gospel; which is not another; but there be some that Trouble you, and would Pervert the Gospel of Christ.

But though we, or an Angel from Heaven [the Angel of the Book of Revelation], Preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have Preached unto you, let him be Accursed.

As we said before, so say I now again, If any man Preach any other gospel to you than that ye have Received, let him be Accursed....

O Foolish Galatians, who hath Bewitched you, that ye should not Obey the Truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been Evidently Set Forth, Crucified among you?

This only would I learn of you, Received ye the Spirit by the Works of the Law, or the Hearing of Faith? Are ye so Foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made Perfect by the Flesh? Have ye Suffered so many things in Vain? if it be yet in Vain.

He therefore that Ministereth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by the Works of the Law, or by the Hearing of Faith? Even as Abraham Believed God, and it was Accounted to him for Righteousness. Know ye therefore that they which are of Faith, the same are the Children of Abraham.

And the Scripture, Foreseeing that God would Justify the Heathen [Gentiles] through Faith, Preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall All Nations be Blessed. So then they which be of Faith are Blessed with Faithful Abraham.

For as many as are the Works of the Law are Under the Curse: for it is Written, Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are Written in the Book of the Law to do them,

But that no man is Justified by the Law in the Sight of God, it is Evident: for the Just shall Live by Faith. And the Law is not of Faith: but the man that doeth them shall live in them.

Christ hath Redeemed us from the Curse of the Law, being made a Curse for us: for it is Written, Cursed is every man that hangeth on a tree: that the Blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might Receive the Promise of the Spirit through Faith....

But the Scripture hath Concluded All under Sin that the Promise by [the] Faith of Jesus Christ might be Given unto them that Believe.

But before Faith came, we were kept under the Law, Shut Up unto the Faith which should afterwards be Revealed. Wherefore the Law was our Schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be Justified by Faith.

But after that Faith is come, we are no longer under a Schoolmaster, for ye are All the Children of God by Faith in Jesus Christ. For as Many of you as have been Baptized into Christ, have Put On Christ.

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither Bond nor Free, there is neither Male nor Female: for ye are All One in Christ. And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's Seed, and Heirs according to the Promise....

Stand Fast therefore in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us Free, and be not Entangled again in the Yoke of Bondage....For, brethren, ye have been Called unto Liberty; only use not Liberty for an occasion for the Flesh, but by Love Serve one another; for All the Law is Fulfilled in one Word, even in this, Thou shalt Love thy Neighbor as thyself....

But if ye be Led by the Spirit, ye are Not Under the Law....If we Live in the Spirit, let us also Walk in the Spirit. – Galatians 1:3-9; 3:1-14, 22-29; 5:1, 13-14, 18, 25

INTRODUCTION

There are High Forces at work in God's Creation of Good and Evil. Contrary to the Platonic dichotomy of Spirit = Good, and Matter = Evil, Paul preached a Cosmos that was both Good and Evil on Earth and in Heavenly Places, in Matter and in Spirit. In this context, Paul preached a Cosmic Savior in the Death and Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, a Freedom from the Power of Evil inherent in the Creation.

As sentient humans we exist in two worlds: the material/scientific world, and the mental/psychic/spiritual world, which not only deals with the sensory world of matter, but also deals with mental states of consciousness. The latter includes the world of dreams, visions, psychic phenomena, and the imagination, which may appear to some as crazy, but to the experienced, a World of Magic. Both worlds are real in the sense that we experience them. The Material World through our body senses, and the Magical World through our extrasensory perception (ESP) of it.

In his Letter to the Ephesians (or Laodiceans), Paul outlined the struggle against these High Forces of Evil for the Believers. A lot of the terms Paul uses may seem Magical, but that's because almost every one in the Ancient World believed in some sort of Magic and Witchcraft prior to the Scientific Enlightenment of the 17th century. Even Jesus practiced Sympathetic Magic (see, e.g. Mark 7:32-36), and this kind of ritual and practice was more than common in Ephesus. (Acts 19:13-19.)

In other words, our struggles are not only against the Powers in the Material World, they are also against the Spiritual Wickedness in Heavenly Places. As Divine Children of God possessing the Holy Spirit, we both at the same time exist in the Material World, but we also co-exist in the Heavenly Places at the Right Hand of God. (Ephesians 1:15 – 2:6.)

Paul begins his Letter to the Ephesians with a Realized Eschatology of the Divine Sons and Daughters of God Seated Presently with Christ at the Right Hand of God in the Heavenly Places (Galatians 3:26 – 4:7; Romans 8:1-39); where also dwell the Powers of Evil:

Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath Blessed us with All Spiritual Blessings in Heavenly Places in Christ...

The Eyes of your Understanding being Enlightened; that ye may Know what is the Hope of his Calling, and what the Riches of the Glory of his Inheritance in the Saints [Believers], and what is the Exceeding Greatness of his Power to usward who Believe, according to the Working of his Mighty Power, which he Wrought in Christ,

When he Raised him from the Dead, and Set him at his own Right Hand in the Heavenly Places,

Far Above all Archons, Authority, and Power and Lordship, and Every Name that is Named, not only in this Aion, but also in that which is to Come;

And hath put All Things under his Feet, and Gave him to be the Head over All Things to the Church, which is his Body, the Fulness of him that Filleth All in All....

But God, who is Rich in Mercy, for his Great Love wherewith he Loved us, even when we were Dead in Sins, hath Quickened us Together with Christ, (by Grace ye are Saved;) and hath Raised us Up Together, and made us Sit Together in Heavenly Places in Christ Jesus. – Ephesians 1:3, 18-23; 2:4-6

What exactly does this mean? Paul wrote this letter likely during his ministry in the Asian city of Ephesus, so its likely destination was Laodicea and the Churches in the Lycus River Valley: Colossae and Hieropolis. All three were well-to-do cities in the Roman Province of Asia, the Seat of which was in Pergamum.

It is also likely that Pergamum was where Nicolas of Antioch resided at this time. Nicolas was an Apostle of the Antioch Fellowship (Antioch was the Capital of Syria, which included Galilee and Judea), and was also one of the alleged 7 Deacons of the Jerusalem Church (Acts 6:5), as well as the Leader of the Nicolaitanes, the Spirit-Filled Believers (the Spiritualists or Pneumatics), including Women Prophets (like Lydia of Thyatira), who attended the 7 Churches in Asia. (Revelation 2:1 – 3:22.)

Shortly after his incarceration in Asia because of a riot of the Metalworkers, Paul came into full opposition with the Jerusalem Church, which was fully entrenched there with the 7

Churches John Zebedee had established and wrote about in his 7 Letters to the Asian Churches in his Book of Revelation (originally written around 40 A.D., and revised under the Emperor Nero).

By the time of his Second Letter to the Corinthians and his Letter to the Galatians (both written from Macedonia just prior to the Collection for the Poor Saints in Jerusalem), the knives were fully out. This is amply demonstrated in his mockery and contempt for John's Revelation to the Seven Churches in Asia, which he labeled as Satan Appearing as an Angel of Light, preaching "another gospel" of Works and Faith, which Paul Cursed as a false gospel from an "Angel from Heaven". (II Corinthians 11:14; Galatians 1:8.) Paul also mocked John's revelation of the 7 Thunders in II Corinthians 12:1-5 (the Thunders were Censored, so it was actually a non-prophecy-revelation).

Moreover, these 7 Churches only possessed the Baptism of John (Water Baptism), and not the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. (Acts 19:1-7; where at that time Paul also delivered his Gospel to John's disciples in Ephesus [note there are 12 of them, allegorically standing for the 12 Apostles of the Jerusalem Church]).

In other words, in Paul's struggle against the Jerusalem Church he fought not only against humans but also with the Great Powers of Wickedness in Heavenly Places, which prey on fear and superstition. After all, the Kosmocrats (Kosmos = Universe, Crats = Rulers, ergo Rulers of the Cosmos) are no pushovers. This why Paul tells us to put on the Whole Armor of God in our Spiritual Warfare.

This all takes a certain amount of Magical Thinking to fully understand. As Paul puts it in his First and Second Letter to the Corinthians, as well as in his Letter to the Romans (these verses make up what scholars call "the Roman Road," because they take you down the Way of Salvation, or, what I call, "Paul's Yellow Brick Road of Salvation"), and in his Letters to the Galatians and Colossians:

And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in Demonstration of the Spirit and of Power: that your Faith should not Stand in the wisdom of men, but in the Power of God.

Howbeit we speak Wisdom among them which are Perfect [the Divine Children of God]; yet not the Wisdom of this Aion, nor of the Archons of this Aion, that come to nought;

But we speak the Wisdom of God in a Mystery, even the Hidden Wisdom, which God Ordained before the Aions for our Glory; which none of the Archons of this Aion knew; for had they known it, they would not have Crucified the Lord of Glory.

But as it is Written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the Things which God hath Prepared for them that Love him. But God hath Revealed Them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit Searcheth All Things, yea, the Deep Things of God [cf. Revelation 2:18, with "the Depths of Satan" teaching of the Spirit-Filled Nicolas of Antioch Believers].

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the Things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have Received, not the Spirit of the Aion, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might Know the Things that are Freely Given to us of God.

Which Things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost Teacheth; comparing Spiritual Things with Spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the Things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them.

But he that is Spiritual Judgeth All Things, yet he himself is Judged of no man. For who hath Known the Mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the Mind of Christ. – I Corinthians 2: 3-16

Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty. But we all, with Open Face Beholding as in a Glass the Glory of the Lord, are Changed into the Same Image from Glory to Glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord....

But if our Gospel be Hid, it is Hid to them that are Lost; in Whom the God of this Aion hath Blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the Light of the Glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should Shine unto them....

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a New Creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are Become New. And All Things are of God, who hath Reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath Given to us the Ministry of Reconciliation;

To wit, that God was in Christ Reconciling the World to himself; not Imputing their Trespasses unto them; and hath Committed unto us the Word of Reconciliation.

Now then we are Ambassadors for Christ, as though God did Beseech you by us; we Pray you in Christ's Stead, be ye Reconciled to God, for he hath Made him to be Sin for us, who knew no Sin, that we might be Made the Righteousness of God in him. – II Corinthians 3:17-18; 4:3-4; 5:17-21

PAUL'S YELLOW BRICK ROAD OF SALVATION

Therefore by the Deeds of the Law shall no Flesh be Justified in his Sight: for by the Law is the Knowledge of Sin.

But Now the Righteousness of God Without the Law is Manifested, being Witnessed by the Law and the Prophets; even the Righteousness of God which is by [the] Faith of Jesus Christ unto All and upon All them that Believe, for there is No Difference; for All have Sinned and Come Short of the Glory of God;

Being Justified Freely by his Grace through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath Set Forth to be a Propitiation through Faith in his Blood, to Declare his Righteousness for the Remission of Sins...through the Forebearance of God;

To Declare I say, at this time his Righteousness: that he might be Just and the Justifier of him which Believeth in Jesus.

Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what Law? of Works? Nay: but by the Law of Faith.

Therefore we Conclude that a man is Justified by Faith Without the Deeds of the Law.

Is he the God of the Jews only? is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also: seeing it is One God, which shall Justify the Circumcision by Faith, and the Uncircumcision through Faith.

Do we then make Void the Law through Faith? God forbid, we Establish the Law....

Therefore being Justified by Faith, we have Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom we also have Access by Faith unto this Grace wherein we Stand, and Rejoice in Hope of the Glory of God.

And not only so, but we Glory in Tribulations also: Knowing that Tribulation Worketh Patience; and Patience Experience; and Experience, Hope; and Hope maketh not Ashamed; because the Love of God is Shed Abroad in our Hearts by the Holy Ghost which is Given unto us.

For when we were yet without Strength, in Due Time Christ Died for the Ungodly. For scarcely for a Righteous man will one die: yet, peradventure for a Good man some would even dare to die.

But God Commendeth his Love toward us, in that, while we were yet Sinners, Christ Died for us.

Much more then, being Now Justified by his Blood, we shall be Saved from Wrath through him. For if when we were Enemies, we were Reconciled to God by the Death of his Son, much more, being Reconciled, we shall be Saved by his Life.

And not only so, but we also Joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have Now Received the Atonement.

Wherefore, as by One Man Sin entered into the World, and Death by Sin: and so Death passed upon All Men, for that All have Sinned; (For until the Law Sin was in the World; but Sin is Not Imputed when there is no Law.

Nevertheless, Death Reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not Sinned after the Similitude of Adam's Transgression, who is the Figure of him that was to Come.

But not as the Offence, so also is the Free Gift. For if through the Offence of One Many be Dead, much more the Grace of God, and the Gift by Grace, which is by One Man, Jesus Christ, hath Abounded unto Many.

And not as it was by One that Sinned, so is the Gift; for the Judgment was by One to Condemnation, but the Free Gift is of Many Offences unto Justification.

For if by One Man's Offence Death Reign'd by One; much more they which Receive Abundance of Grace and of the Gift of Righteousness shall Reign in Life by One, Jesus Christ.)

Therefore by the Offense of One Judgment came upon All Men to Condemnation; even so by the Righteousness of One the Free Gift came upon All Men unto Justification of Life.

For if by One Man's Disobedience Many were made Sinners, so by the Obedience of One shall Many be made Righteous.

Moreover the Law entered, that the Offence might Abound. But where Sin Abounded, Grace did much more Abound:

That as Sin hath Reign'd unto Death, even so may Grace Reign through Righteousness unto Eternal Life by Jesus Christ Our Lord....

There is therefore Now No Condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who Walk not after the Flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me Free of the Law of Sin and Death.

For what the Law could not do, in that it was Weak through the Flesh, God Sending his own Son in the Likeness of Sinful Flesh, and for Sin, Condemned Sin in the Flesh; that the Righteousness of the Law might be Fulfilled in us, who Walk not after the Flesh, but after the Spirit.

For they that are after the Flesh do mind the Things of the Flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the Things of the Spirit.

For to be Carnally Minded is Death; but to be Spiritually Minded is Life and Peace. Because the Carnal Mind is Enmity against God; for it is not Subject to the Law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the Flesh cannot Please God.

But ye are not in the Flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God Dwell in you. Now if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

And if Christ be in you, the Body is Dead because of Sin; but the Spirit is Life because of Righteousness. But if the Spirit of him that Raised Up Jesus from the Dead Dwell in you, he that Raised Up Christ from the Dead shall also Quicken your Mortal Bodies by his Spirit that Dwelleth in you.

Therefore, brethren, we are Debtors, not to the Flesh, to Live after the Flesh. For if we Live after the Flesh, ye shall Die; but if ye through the Spirit do Mortify the Deeds of the Body, ye shall Live.

For as Many are Led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons [and Daughters] of God.

For ye have not Received the Spirit of Bondage again to Fear; but ye have Received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit itself Beareth Witness with our spirit, that we are the Children of God: and if Children, then Heirs, and Joint-Heirs with Christ; if so be that we Suffer with him, that we may be also Glorified Together.

For I reckon that the Sufferings of this Present Time are not worthy to be compared with the Glory which shall be Revealed in us. For the Earnest Expectation of the Creation waiteth for the Manifestation of the Sons [and Daughters] of God....

What shall we then say to these Things? If God be For us, who can be Against us?

He that Spared Not his own Son, but Delivered him Up for us, how shall he not with him also Freely Give us All Things.

Who shall Lay anything to the Charge of God's Elect? It is God that Justifieth.

Who is he that Condemneth? It is Christ who Died, yea rather, that is Risen Again, who is even at the Right Hand of God, who also Maketh Intercession for us....

Be not Overcome of Evil, but Overcome Evil with Good. – Romans 3:20-31 (I have omitted “that are past” from 3:25, because I believe it is a later addition by a cult scribe, which would make only Sins “that are past” Forgiven in Christ. However, the Blood of Christ is All Sufficient for All Sins for All Time); 5:1-21 [for clarification, see my: “The All and the Many”]; 8:1-5, 9-11, 14-19, 31-34; 12:21

DIVINE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GOD

Now I say, That the Heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a Servant, though he be Lord of All; but is under Tutors and Governors until the Time Appointed of the Father. Even so we, when we were children, were in Bondage under the Elements [Stoichea] of the World; but when the Fulness of the Time was Come, God Sent Forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to Redeem them that were under the Law, that we might Receive the Adoption of Sons [and Daughters].

And because ye are Sons [and Daughters], God hath Sent Forth the Spirit of his Son into your Hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

Wherefore thou art no more a Servant, but a Son [or Daughter]; and if a Son [or Daughter], then an Heir of God through Christ. – Galatians 4:1-7

Whereof I [Paul] am made a Minister, according to the Dispensation of God which is Given to me for you, to Fulfill the Word of God; even the Mystery which hath been Hid for Aions and from Generations, but Now is made Manifest to his Saints:

To whom God would make Known what is the Riches of the Glory of this Mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ In You, the Hope of Glory. – Colossians 2:25-27

THE MIND OF CHRIST

This Mystery can only be Discerned by those who possess the Holy Spirit, the Mind of Christ, for he is Christ in us, the Hope of Glory. I first heard, “For we have the Mind of Christ,” when I was in exile in Canada in the summer of 1970, living in a halfway house, having to trek for free meals to various missions across the city of Toronto, before I became a Believer. I heard it at the conclusion of a sermon that was preached for our attention which was the payment for the food. Something clicked inside my head. What could this mean?

I only discovered later when I came into the possession of the Holy Spirit during a free rock concert held in a baseball diamond on the back of a flatbed truck in the CNE park during an LSD trip. My mind had been telepathically seized by a Superior Intelligence that was ordering me to surrender and let it have complete control of my mind and it was torturing me to force me to submit to it. It was an attempted demonic possession but I like to think of it as an attempted Telepathic Incarnation. Whatever, it brought me to repentance as I struggled for control of my mind, during which the Spirit of God told me that Christ died for my sins.

I was in such dire straits that I had no trouble surrendering to the Holy Spirit as he immediately cast the Evil Spirit from my body while I was having a seizure. When he subsequently entered my body it felt like a cool breeze inside from head to toe.

Afterwards, he told me two things in clear speech, and he has never spoken to me again as clearly as that warm summer night in June. Because I thought I had died from a drug overdose and gone to Hell, the Spirit told me that I had not been in Hell, but I had been in Limbo.

Then he told me that everything I needed to know about my experience that night I could find in the Bible. He didn't say it was the Inerrant Word of God, that Satanic Teaching I would only come across later that year when I started communicating with Christian groups. But, based on what I had been told clearly by the Holy Spirit, I made it my priority to study the Bible, discovering in the process that I had been told the Truth. The Bible did it explain it quite clearly.

THE INTERGALACTIC CONSPIRACY

Yet across the gulf of space, minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. – H.G. Wells, The War of the Worlds

My experience with the Superior Intelligence began on a beach in Isla Vista, California, next to the University of California at Santa Barbara. It was May 7, 1969, on the birthday of my good friend Tom Smiley, who had been killed in Vietnam a year earlier. I had scored some first

class Owsley Orange Sunshine acid which came onto me so smoothly I didn't know that I was high and tripping until I was deep into the trip.

I then had a strong desire – call it a compulsion – to go down to the beach even though it was a dismal overcast day. When I arrived I was the only soul there except for a German shepherd frolicking in the surf to my south. I watched him play for a minute then decided to sit down on a spot free from seaweed and the chunks of tar that had accumulated on the beach due to a horrible oil spill a few months earlier.

Suddenly, after I sat down, the dog noticed where I had sat and ran full blast toward my position, nudging me aside when he reached me. He dug for a second and grabbed a shiny rock with his teeth, then ran off helter skelter as if I were chasing him. What the hell? I thought. Out of the million spots I could have picked to sit down what were the odds it would be exactly over the spot where the dog had buried his prize rock? It blew my mind.

Then I noticed the hundreds of sand flies that were buzzing all over me. The thought of them repulsed me and I thought out loud, “Be gone!” and there was a noise like a loud slap and they bounced off me in all directions and there was like an invisible protective dome that kept them off me. Wow! I thought, if I could learn how to do that at will, I could become really powerful.

This was the second time I had experienced extra-sensory perception (ESP) in the past few months. My first time was the morning I had dropped some Owsley White Lightning with a friend after the Americans won the gold medal final in basketball at the 1968 Summer Olympics. It had been a long night with mostly purple zig-zagging lightning bolts racing across the sky with buzzing sounds, but what was really different was the telepathy I experienced with my friend. He was very intelligent and I felt him inside my head trying to take over my mind.

At first it was beyond belief, but I have a strong will and I fought him off and went home to get some sleep because I'd been up all night. I found out that it takes a long time to go to sleep

when you're on LSD. I finally put the covers over my head to block out the morning light and slowly drifted off. Then I heard heavy breathing to the left of my bed above my closet doors, which was kind of creepy.

Without hesitation, I threw back the covers and I must have bilocated because I wasn't staring at my closet doors but I was up in the corner of the room looking at my body in the bed just throwing back the covers. My face was as white as a ghost because I had just seen a ghost: my astral self!

There was a noticeable snap! and I was back in my body looking at the corner in the wall above my closet doors. It scared the hell out of me. I jumped out of bed and began pacing the floor. What the hell? Did that really happen? And if it did, did it mean that you leave your body when you are asleep?

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

I remembered an ad by the Rosicrucians I saw in some popular magazines at the time. It depicted a man laying on his back upon a slab with a cone of light coming out of his head and beaming into outer space. It was titled, "Cosmic Consciousness," and I wondered if I had just experienced it.

And now on the beach in Isla Vista I had just experienced what I would later discover is called telekineses, where my mind had manipulated the sand flies and created an invisible protective dome over me. Then I heard organ music coming down from the sky.

I looked up and just then a hole in the cloud cover broke open and a shaft of bright sunlight shone down on the white-capped ocean waves below. I felt like I was in a Cecil B. DeMille religious epic. It was melodrama on steroids. That's when the Superior Intelligence first contacted me.

He never gave me his Name. I actually thought he might be God. He called himself a Superior Intelligence from another Galaxy that had been sent to our Galaxy as a Guardian and it

was now time for me to start my predestined mission in earnest, which was in part to be in place to prevent a future nuclear war. I had been drafted and was facing induction in a couple of weeks and had taken the acid to see if I should go into the Army or go to Mexico to escape.

The Superior Intelligence told me that I was originally from another planet in our Galaxy and had been sent to Earth to be reincarnated as a human to be a Deep Plant Agent. For the sake of convenience, I will call the Superior Intelligence, "Xenon," because that was the first name that popped into my head when I first thought I should give it a name fifty years later.

Xenon immediately got to the heart of the matter, telling me I should allow myself to be inducted for I was to become a war hero in Vietnam, which would prepare me for a life in politics, where, when the time was right I would be in a position to stop a nuclear war. It was a long term mission that required absolute secrecy because there were intergalactic forces set to prevent such a mission and others that had been sent before me had been discovered and terminated.

I then spent at least an hour asking it questions about history and he told me that Jesus Christ and Lenin had both been previous agents of the Guardians of the Universe and had been found out by these Evil Forces and had been subsequently terminated with extreme prejudice. Thus I was to understand that it was a terribly dangerous mission.

He told me that in the future he would contact me only at key times when I needed new information. In the meantime I was to be patient because the mission was long term in duration. I worried how my opposition to the war in Vietnam would affect the mission, but I kept that to myself. To tell the truth, I thought it would be great if it all were true, but I was having a hard time believing it.

I never thought to question whether Xenon was Good or Evil, I just went along with it even though I had a hard time believing in it. I was inducted into the Army at the end of May

and stationed at Ford Ord for my Basic and Advanced Infantry Training. My Dad, a retired Lt. Colonel in the Army Infantry, told me he knew a woman in the Pentagon who handled the orders issued to graduates of Artillery Officer Candidates School (OCS) and she would make sure I got orders for Germany rather than Vietnam if I were to get into the school. I took all of the tests and passed and got almost two thirds of the way through OCS before two things stopped me.

A WAR OF IMPERIALISM

When I arrived at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, for Artillery Officer Candidates School (OCS), the first thing of concern to me was that there was a rumor that our whole class was going to Vietnam for a Relief Force, whatever that was. I took this for just another rumor in the Army, since most of them were paranoid fantasies.

The first that stopped me was a class taught by Army Ranger officers in counter-guerilla insurgency and they started the class by asking us if we knew why we were in Vietnam. I had majored in political science before flunking out, but had taken classes in American and Russian Foreign Policy. My studies had made clear the argument that Vietnam was a war of Imperialism because of old French colonial interests, even though the current buzz theory was that it was to prevent what they called a domino theory of other nations succumbing to the Communists if we pulled out.

The Major teaching the class told us not to have any delusions about the war because this is what it was all about. At the beginning of the war the Army had trapped a whole regiment of the North Vietnam Regular Army (NVA) inside a rubber plantation owned by B.F. Goodrich. They had them almost surrounded and they had the enemy where they could easily destroy them....except for one thing:

Many trees would be destroyed in the conflict!

The Army spent three days negotiating with B.F. Goodrich on the price of every tree destroyed and by that time the enemy had evaded the trap and escaped. "You see, that's what it's

all about!” the Major joked. I saw nothing funny about it. I wasn’t about to die for B.F. Goodrich or count their damn dead trees. So it was time to forget Xenon’s long term plan to prevent a nuclear war and get the hell out of Dodge.

And yet, no matter what I did afterwards, Xenon was always in the back of my mind like a haunting ghost.

A GHOST STORY

Which brings us to the second thing. I had a dream shortly thereafter. In the dream I was in charge of an infantry platoon in Vietnam, even though we were wearing WWII uniforms in the dream. Suddenly we were ambushed and instead of charging where the most fire was coming from like we had been taught in Advanced Infantry Training (AIT), we all hit the dirt, which in a well-planned ambush would allow the enemy to pick us off one by one.

I and two others hid behind a large fallen tree trunk which a machine gun was slowly whittling away. And then I recalled what Xenon had told me, that I was to become a war hero in Vietnam and pulled out a grenade. I raised my head to take aim with the grenade and was immediately struck by a bullet right between my eyes, blowing my brains out. I could actually feel the air fill the hole at the back of my head. I was killed instantly and I blacked out.

When I came to I was standing in a green meadow that ran in all directions as far as the eye could see. Since I couldn’t tell directions because the sun was directly overhead, I started walking randomly wondering where in the hell I was. I walked for a long time and finally up ahead I could make out wooden bleachers around a baseball diamond. I slowly went around the bleachers noticing a young man seated in the bleachers behind home plate. I walked to the pitcher’s mound and waited for the man to reveal himself. He finally raised his head and said, “Hi, Woody, what took you so long to get here?”

It was Tom Smiley!

I woke in my bunk in a cold sweat. What did it mean? Was it a warning, a change of plans for my mission? I still believed Xenon was a Good Superior Intelligence, so it was very confusing. Regardless, my resolve not to go to Vietnam was bolstered. It was time to plan my escape.

I had read a recent article in Parade magazine about American deserters who had gone to Sweden via Montreal. The article said nothing about the fact that you could remain safely in Canada because there were no extradition laws that were relevant. The article turned out to be total scare propaganda. I was also ignorant of the fact that there was a legal difference between going AWOL, where one intended to return, and desertion, where one didn't intend to return.

But I didn't learn this until much later. For the present it was time to take stock and plan my escape.

The Plan: (1) Get to Montreal and then to Sweden. (2) Don't get caught!

THE LEGEND

This could easily become a long-winded story so I will stick to events that only show the working of the Intergalactic Conspiracy in my everyday life. I was a big fan of spy fiction by authors such as Ian Fleming, Len Deighton, and John LeCarre, and knew I had to create a Legend, that is, a story that would be believable and help me escape.

I started to think it out. The current style of hair among males was long and I had a shaved head. If I wore civilian clothes I would stand out like a sore thumb. Thus, I would escape wearing my uniform. I walked across the street and had a fake name tag made so it wouldn't be easy for the Feds to trace my escape route.

I wrote a letter to my brother to send me a box of civilian clothes and it took a couple of weeks before they arrived. I didn't want to wear my uniform once I made my escape. There was a map of America on the wall and I plotted the place where I would cross the border, my finger stopping at Niagara Falls. I always wanted to see the Falls so that was a good place to cross.

I then started joking on the bus every morning that I was going to desert and go to Miami and be a gigolo on the beach and then go to Rio de Janeiro for the Carnival. I even wrote a song and got people to sing it with me on the bus. It was called, "I'll Meet You in Rio, Baby!"

And then it was February 14, and time to go. I put on my dress uniform, grabbed my box of civilian clothes, waited until every one in the barracks was sound asleep, then I called a cab and it was time to say, "Goodbye, America. Happy Valentine's Day!"

It was after midnight when I took the cab to the Lawton Greyhound bus station and bought a ticket to Will Rogers International Airport in Oklahoma City. I spent most of the night in the airport and in the morning I caught a flight to JFK in New York. I was unable to see any of this from my seat in the plane because the air was so thick with smog, with black particles in it, that it totally obscured the view. From the JFK Pan Am building, I took a puddle jumper to Buffalo, since that was the city with the closest airport to Niagara Falls.

A good looking guy approached me on the plane and asked if I could help him get the telephone numbers of a couple of cute college girls a few rows ahead of us. I was glad to oblige and it didn't take long before we were well engaged with the girls. I told them I was playing a surprise visit on an old school friend that was going to university in Buffalo, to which they said, "Which one?"

It turned out that there were two of them: The University of Buffalo, and Buffalo State University. That caused a brief moment of doubt, but I was quick on my feet and said, "My friend is always complaining about the SDS on campus because he thinks they are a bunch of communists." They all looked at each other knowingly and told me that that would be the one at Buffalo State University. Whew! I thought. That was a close one.

My luck was still running strong. The guy was so pleased to get the phone numbers of the girls that he offered to give me a ride to a motel across the street from the university. So far, so good.

Before going into the motel office, I replaced my fake name tag with my real one, because I would have to write a check under my real name for the room since I didn't have enough cash on me. I would have had more money on hand but the people at the Will Rogers airport wouldn't let me fly for half price because I had no orders, so that took a big chunk out of my spending cash.

THE LINES OF FATE AND DESTINY

YHWH is the Portion of mine Inheritance and of my Cup: thou Maintainest my Lot.

The Lines are Fallen unto me in Pleasant Places; yea, I have a Goodly Heritage.

I will Bless YHWH, who hath Given me Counsel: my Reins also Instruct me in the Night Seasons. – Psalm 16:5-7

For thou hast Possessed my Reins: thou hast Covered me in my Mother's Womb. I will Praise thee; for I am Fearfully and Wonderfully Made; Marvelous are thy Works; and that my Soul Knoweth Right Well.

My Substance was not Hid from thee, when I was Made in Secret, and Curiously Wrought in the Lowest Parts of the Earth.

Thine Eyes did See my Substance, yet being Unperfect; and in thy Book all my Members were Written, which in continuance were Fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. – Psalm 139:13-16 (King David was Predestined.)

Before I Formed thee in the Belly I Knew thee; and before thou Camest Forth out of the Womb I Sanctified thee, and I Ordained thee a Prophet to the Nations [Gentiles]. – Jeremiah 1:5 (the Prophet Jeremiah was Predestined.)

I Saw in the Night Visions, and, Behold, One like the Son of Man [the Planet Jupiter] came with the Clouds of Heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days [the Planet Saturn], and they brought him near before him [a Conjunction].

And there was Given him Dominion, and Glory, and a Kingdom, that All People, Nations, and Languages, should Serve him: his Dominion is an Everlasting Dominion, which shall Not Pass Away, and his Kingdom that which shall Not Be Destroyed. – Daniel 7:13-14 (this Prophecy predicted the Birth of Jesus [the Star of Bethlehem: The Wise Men were Magi, Astrologer Disciples of Daniel, the Jewish Master Magician of Babylon: Daniel 2:48 – see my "Holy Blood, Holy Birth," and The Star of Bethlehem: The Legacy of the Magi, by Michael R. Molnar (Rutgers University Press: 2013)], as well as predicting the Ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ after his Death and Resurrection; thus, Jesus Christ was Predestined.)

But when it Pleas'd God, who Separated me from my Mother's Womb, and Called me by his Grace, to Reveal his Son in me, that I might Preach him among the Heathen [Gentiles]: immediately I conferred not with Flesh and Blood. – Galatians 1:15-16 (the Apostle Paul was Predestined.)

I need to stop here and express how extraordinary this all was to me. Everything was falling into place. It was as though I was following a script where everything was written in advance. I was in total wonder because I wasn't sure if this Destiny was the Plan of Xenon or something else. It was, though, becoming easier to believe that it was really happening.

At the time it was all Pleasant Places and I was enjoying every minute of it. The quote from the Psalm above is about the Lines of Fate vis-a-vis the Planetary Influences in the Ancient Chaldean Science of Astrology, the Language of the Stars, the Powers of the Cosmos:

And God said, Let there be Lights in the Firmament of the Heaven to Divide the Day from the Night; and let them be for Signs, and for Seasons, and for Days, and Years. – Genesis 1:14

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God; and the Firmament Showeth his Handywork. Day unto Day Uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night Showeth Knowledge.

There is no Speech nor Language, where their Voice is not Heard. Their Line is Gone Out through All the Earth, and their Words to the End of the World. In them [the Zodiac] hath he Set a Tabernacle for the Sun. – Psalm 19:1-4

Canst thou Bind the Sweet Influences of Pleiades, or Loose the Bands of Orion? Canst thou Bring Forth Mazzaroth [the Zodiac] in his Season? or canst thou Guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the Ordinances of Heaven? canst thou Set the Dominion thereof in the Earth? – Job 38:31-33

In the morning I slept in and then trudged through the snow to the second floor of the Campbell Student Union building where the SDS had an office. The underground railroad was working like fine machinery. They set me up with the local anti-draft leader who contacted the Deserter's Organization in Toronto to be expecting me, and on February 18, I crossed the border at Niagara Falls in a family station wagon with the wife of a history teacher in Syracuse. On the Canadian side I revelled in the power and majesty of the Falls, all covered in ice. Then I took the bus to Toronto, arriving with about \$3.75 to my name.

THE SEVENTY WEEKS OF DANIEL

They were waiting for me in their office at the end of Yonge Street. They set me up with Roy and Kay Richardson, a young Canadian couple from Edmonton, Alberta. They lived in a

nice area of the city on the bottom floor of a three story house. Roy was an accountant in a big firm in one of the fifty story buildings downtown. Kay was an Elementary School teacher and they were all against the war in Vietnam. They had a very spirited Siamese cat named Suzie and I was fascinated watching her calculate heights and distances before jumping.

Roy and Kay had an eclectic library and I spent many hours reading their books, like Robert Ardrey's African Genesis; Robert Heinlein's Stranger In a Strange Land; Aldous Huxley's The Doors of Perception, and several plays by Shakespeare. Stranger in a Strange Land was about a man that was born on Mars and had ESP on Earth that caused him to be alternately worshipped and persecuted. It was a main read in the Haight-Ashbury Hippie scene, with the term "grok" – meaning total comprehension – becoming popular for a time.

Born on another planet. Sounded familiar.

I had lots of time on hand because Canada was experiencing one of their Postal Workers' Strikes and it took me a couple of months before I could get the necessary paperwork I needed to become a landed immigrant and work legally in Canada. Several events that took place while I was living with the Richardsons are important to note because they led me to realize that my mission was becoming more spiritual in nature.

The first one happened after I woke up one morning cranky with a nicotine Jones. I needed a cigarette so bad, I was unable to read or even watch television. I didn't have a red cent to buy another pack. Desperately I went upstairs to the middle floor where two pretty Seventh Day Adventist nurses lived.

I knocked on their door and asked them if there was anything they needed to be done because of my situation. They smiled and asked if I could wash the outside of their windows because they were on the second floor and were too scared to do it themselves. I too was afraid of heights but I had to rappel a two hundred foot cliff on Medicine Bluffs at Fort Sill and knew that the fear could be overcome.

I tied a rope around my waist, attached the other end to a radiator, leaned outside, and washed the windows clean. It actually was a lot of fun because they were treating me like a hero.

Afterwards they invited me to lunch and over sandwiches I asked them what their church taught about the end of the world. I had just read an article in Ramparts magazine about the doomed Rolling Stone tour that ended at Altamont Speedway titled, “A Play in the Apocalypse.” The words “apocalypse” and “apocalyptic” were being used more and more to describe what was happening in the world. I knew it meant something about the end of the world in the Book of Revelation, but other than that, I was totally ignorant.

The girls got out their Bibles and opened them to the Book of Daniel. I had had to read parts of Daniel as part of a reading assignment in my World History Class at Fresno City College when we had studied the Babylonian Empire. The nurses directed my attention to the chapters that dealt with the Angel Gabriel having to fight the Guardian Angel of Persia in order to deliver the 70 Weeks Prophecy to the Prophet Daniel in Babylon. It made me think of Alexander the Great and Darius of Persia.

I noted that the Angels were described as men who could fly like super-heroes. Other than that, it was heady stuff, a time table where weeks represented years, ending with the Coming of the Messiah, while some Tyrant, portrayed as some kind of Beast with a Horn, would slay the Messiah, and persecute the Holy City. It reminded me of Rosemary's Baby, which was about an ancient coven of witches in present day New York, bringing about the birth of the Antichrist.

The nurses assured me that there were a lot of things that had to happen first, but a lot of the members of their church believed that we were living in those times, at the end of the world. It was more than I wanted to know. I thanked them and headed for the store to get a pack of store bought cigarettes. These were known on the street as “Tailor Mades,” in contrast to the ones you had to roll yourself, called “Rollies.” I lit a cigarette and took of long drag off it. I could finally think clearly again.

On March 10, I watched a TV movie called “The Love War,” starring Lloyd Bridges and Angie Dickenson. It was about a war between two planets that fought their battles on Earth according to certain rules that they both obeyed. The battle was over the fate of the Earth. One side wanted to save the planet while the other wished to destroy it. Both sides had secret soldiers that had to detect the other side before they could kill them.

Angie Dickenson was sent by the Bad Guys to seduce Bridges who did not identify her as an enemy because the enemy were cheating. Bridges fell in love with Dickenson and then she killed him, dooming our planet. It reminded me in many ways of Xenon’s Intergalactic Conspiracy.

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION

If the Doors of Perception were cleansed, then Men would See the World as it is, Infinite. – William Blake, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

On Easter Sunday the Richardson’s were visiting friends in Montreal and I was home alone with a bottle of wine. It made me think of Jesus and I was feeling kind of spiritual so I decided to read something spiritual. I searched the book case and found Kahil Gibran’s The Prophet, but I had read it so many times it bored me and I looked again.

I had also been given a book by a female acid head, who said the main character reminded her of me. It was Siddhartha, by Hermann Hesse, a story about the search for enlightenment. It was a kind of spooky read after my out of body experience (OBE) on the Owsley White Lightning acid. It seemed to me that I was on a quest for spiritual enlightenment so I got why she thought it reminded her of me.

I found Kay’s grandmother’s old King James leather family Bible on the bottom shelf with a couple of other books stacked on top of it. There were glossy pages at the center which turned out to be an illustrated Sermon on the Mount. Yes, wasn’t Jesus supposed to be a Prophet?

I sat down and read it. A lot of it was familiar to me because of movies and TV shows, like “judge not lest ye be judged,” but other parts of it touched something inside that I found to be a spiritual longing. Even though some of the sayings rang true, others seemed to be rather harsh, especially the ending which threatened the reader with destruction if he built his house on the wrong foundation.

I was still very confused about my mission. Was it off? Did Xenon send me that dream because of a change of plans? I needed to establish communication with him to find out and the only sure way of doing that would be with my mind on LSD.

Aldous Huxley was inspired by the quote above to write his famous book on psychedelics, The Doors of Perception. It was also was the inspiration for Jim Morrison and his bandmates to name themselves The Doors. I believed that LSD was a cleansing agent that opened my senses up to a lot of the data I was actually experiencing but was being filtered by means of brain chemistry, because without the chemical censorship my brain would be sensory overloaded with incoming data and I would have a seizure.

I hadn't reached this stage yet, but I was experienced enough to know what was delusion and hallucination and what was not, no matter how incredible it was to me. I mean, I never thought I was losing my mind, but it did sound really crazy.

At the end of April I finally discovered why my whole class in OCS was going to be sent to Vietnam as a Relief Force. Nixon invaded Cambodia!

The whole world had been on edge as the Apollo 13 crew struggled to get home in their disastrous voyage to the Moon. The world cheered when they made it home successfully. Then, in the worst timing ever, Nixon invaded the neutral country of Cambodia.

After that, the world went nuts!

It was almost beyond belief. My real reality of sensory consciousness was becoming more crazy than my private mental world where telepathic communication with Superior

Intelligences was not only possible, but almost believable. Never a dull moment when the Doors of Perception are cleansed.

And then it was May 2, my 23rd birthday. I had received some money from my mother and had bought some acid for the occasion. I dropped just before dawn so that I could see the sun rise on this special day. I stayed outside for an hour after sunrise but the sun was obscured and remained that way the whole day with overcast.

I went inside a little bummed and then remembered that I was on acid and needed to get in contact with Xenon. I had started to worry that he was just a figment of my imagination like a child's imaginary friend and I was so desperate, I got down on my knees in front of my bed and started praying, not knowing who I was praying to. I only started calling him Xenon fifty years later. But I still entertained the possibility that he could be God. I only prayed for about ten minutes, and then he was there inside my head.

“You are the One! You are the One! You are the One!”

He said this over and over, endlessly, like a broken record. What the hell was he talking about? What did he mean that I was the One? What was I the One for?

It made me think of Jesus again. Wasn't he supposed to be the One? He was said to be the Savior, but hadn't he also failed in his mission. I mean, from my new point of view, he had been exposed and crucified. That could hardly be considered a success.

I didn't know for sure because I hardly knew anything about the Bible, other than what I had learned from Sunday School lessons. I knew a little, for I had been interested in a verse from the Rolling Stones song, “Sympathy For The Devil”: “Made damn sure the Pilate, Washed his hands, Sealed his Fate.” Didn't that happen in the trial of Jesus?

While in Basic Training, I had searched for and found the accounts of the trial of Jesus in the Gideon's Pocket New Testament issued to me by the U.S. Army. The trial was in all Four Gospels, but Pilate washed his hands only in the Gospel of Matthew. In the Gospel of John,

Pilate asked Jesus if he was the King of the Jews. Jesus said he had been sent to Earth to Testify to the Truth, to which Pilate asked, “What is truth?”

Exactly!

I had also been intrigued by a verse from the Bible quoted by Burt Lancaster at the end of the movie, Elmer Gantry: “When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” He quoted the book, chapter, and verse: I Corinthians 13:11.

I took out Kay’s grandmother’s King James Bible again and found the verse, but it was in a letter the Apostle Paul had written to the Corinthians and I had no idea what he was talking about outside of this verse. But that verse had bothered me greatly. I mean, I was now 23: Was I still involved in childish things? Had I really become a man?

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Kay subscribed to the hardback magazine Horizon and in their Spring issue there was an article called “The Mad World of Hieronymous Bosch,” focusing on his famous triptych, “The Garden of Earthly Delights.” In the far left panel was a depiction of Adam and Even in the Garden of Eden, including their Temptation and Fall; in the middle panel, a depiction of the Post-Fall World of foolish, meaningless human activity; and in the right panel, a depiction of the sufferings in Eternal Hell of those same people, painted with glee. Bosch was a member of a secret society antithetical to the Roman Catholic Church, but any fears of facing an Inquisition vanished with his depiction of Hell and its sufferings. The Catholic Church really dug depictions like this.

I was drawn to a particular image in the last panel. It depicted a lover of music impaled on the strings of a harp. Instead of playing a harp on the Clouds of Heaven, this man was doomed whenever the harp was played in Hell. I loved music, especially rock and roll, the Devil’s Music. Was this my fate?

I was thinking about this at the same time the underground FM station started playing a cut by Pink Floyd off the Zabriskie Point soundtrack called, “Come In, Number 51, Your Time Is Up.” It was an eerie song with a heavy bass beat, building up to a crescendo of screaming madness. It was a perfect song for the time.

I thought of myself as Number 51 and wondered when my time would be up.

Another eerie song that they were playing a lot was the original slow Joni Mitchell version of the song, “Woodstock.” Ahh, The Woodstock Nation....Bombers turning into Butterflies above our nation....what a dream!

THE BUS TO WINDSOR

Roy subscribed to Rolling Stone and The Financial Times, which both covered the free concert John Lennon and Yoko Ono had promised Canadians during a visit to Toronto a short time before I arrived. I had first noticed their billboard announcing the “Year One of Peace,” on first arriving in the city. The newspaper and magazine followed Lennon as he strove over and over to rent a farm – like Yazger’s Farm in Woodstock – where he could hold a free concert. But he struck out time and again till he and Yoko abandoned the project.

Thor Eaton, of the Eaton Department Store fortune, saw what he considered a golden opportunity to make money out of Lennon’s debacle. The Financial Times covered this quest in almost every edition. He envisioned a two day concert as the second stop in the Festival Express, a train that would take the bands from Montreal to Vancouver.

And surprise, surprise, it would no longer be free but cost \$14.00 for the two day event, to be held on June 27-28. Of course, the price was never advertised and most of the Americans who showed up still believed it was going to be free.

While all of this was happening I finally managed to gather all of the paperwork I would need to submit to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police station on the Windsor side of the Detroit River. The Deserter’s League arranged for me to cross the border into the USA through the

tunnel that went under the river and then back again over the Ambassador Bridge, so that it would appear as if I was coming from America into Canada.

But first I had to get there so after being provided the necessary funds, I took a bus to Windsor to stay overnight with a Canadian couple that drew cartoons for newspapers. On the way I pulled out the latest Playboy magazine to read the William F. Buckley interview, being careful not to flash any naked women so the women on board wouldn't be offended. Most women in Canada weren't as uptight about sexual matters as puritanical America women, so I had no fear of offending anyone and I really wanted to read the article since a lot of it had to do with the war in Vietnam.

However, the young man seated across the aisle from me protested on behalf of the women on board and told me that I could be offending them just by having the magazine on the same bus as them. I shrugged my shoulders and ignored him until we stopped for lunch at a restaurant on the way.

The man then offered to buy me lunch and since I was broke I gladly accepted. He told me that he had recently become a Christian evangelist and told me about his experiences with the Holy Ghost. This intrigued me since I had stopped going to church at the age of 14 after graduating from Sunday School because no one could tell me who the Holy Ghost was, even though the Doxology always ended with, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

I got the idea of God and his Son, but the idea of a ghost being part of God did not make any sense to me. I hadn't really thought about the Holy Ghost since then. But here the young man was telling me about miracles that he performed with the Power of Jesus, and then he told me what I had to do in order to repent of my sins, to get down on my knees and pray for forgiveness, and then accept Christ as my Savior.

However, I didn't think of myself as a sinner who needed forgiveness and, finally, I got frustrated and revealed to him my miraculous experience on the beach in Isla Vista, and by

experiences with ESP. I knew I was taking the risk of exposing myself to the bad guys in the Intergalactic Conspiracy, but I hated Christianity so much I wanted to offer my view of the spiritual world in opposition.

I asked him how his experience was really any different than mine and he left me alone after that. We finally arrived in Windsor and I crossed the border with some college students from Detroit the next morning. I successfully submitted my paperwork to become a landed immigrant at the RCMP station on the other side of the Ambassador Bridge and returned triumphantly to Toronto.

A PLAY IN THE APOCALYPSE

Roy and I had agreed that I would seek shelter elsewhere at the end of May but until then I still had time to find a place. I started hanging out at the office/home of the Deserter's League to get to know the others who had not been as lucky as I was when I first arrived. They had rented a booth at a Spring Event held a few days after May 4th at the Nathan Phillips Square in front of City Hall and I had given them a book of poetry I had written as a peace offering to the Canadian people.

Late in the afternoon some people, mostly from the May Fourth Movement, a group of anarchists and Maoists who organized after the Kent State massacre to protest the war in Vietnam, were leading a conga line to the American Consulate to let them know how they felt about it.

I was on LSD and was having a jolly time joining in the march down the sidewalk across the street from the Consulate, having an idea in my head of flipping the bird to them when I got in front of the building. But I never got there.

The Toronto Metro Police had just received new riot gear the week before and couldn't wait to try it out. But it was the mounted police that set things off. An old lady just in front of me was forced by the crowd off the sidewalk into the street, where she got trampled by a horse.

This sent the crowd into a frenzy and before I knew it I was in the middle of a violent riot...on LSD! I couldn't believe all of the negative vibrations in the air. Madness was now in control.

In the melee, I bumped into the guy who was in charge of the American Deserter's organization booth and asked him if he had sold any of my poetry. He was holding a sign like he was going to strike someone with it and was forcing himself through the crowd current to get in front.

He looked at me with a wild look in his eyes and said, "Not enough blood! Not enough blood!" And as he passed another person and myself lifted the sign out of his hands as the momentum of the crowd pulled him forward. Then it dawned on me. You are not watching this on television. You are stoned out of your mind in the middle of a violent street riot! You can be deported for this.

There was an eight foot wall opposite the Consulate on the other side of the street and I climbed on top and had a ringside seat. I helped up a couple of pretty girls and we watched the police slowly corral the protesters in the direction they wanted. The young man who lived above the Adventist nurses on the third floor of Roy and Kay's house was an editor of a Christian magazine, and, as he passed me by, he looked up and said:

"Did you see how they pulled that off?" I nodded my head. "It was a classic pinzer movement," he continued.

He was right because just a few months earlier I had been trained in the very same tactics at OCS, when we went over civilian crowd control. Meanwhile, the crowd was directed towards Yonge Street and a lot of the radical protesters broke store windows as they passed.

When I turned my head back the girls were gone. Damn, I had wanted to invite them over for beers because Roy and Kay were out of town for the weekend and I had the place to myself. I jumped down off the wall and started walking toward the subway station on Yonge

Street, and as I passed a long driveway to some buildings across from the Consulate, I saw a group of young men burning an American flag on the ground.

This made me very angry. I loved America and the flag. I would get a tear in my eye every night at the fort when they played “Colors,” as they lowered the flag.

Keep cool, I thought. You could be deported just for being present. Don’t push it.

I bought a six pack of ale and when I got back to Roy and Kay’s, I turned on the TV to see how the local news would handle the riot. The police blamed everything on the radical protesters and that was that. I had been an eyewitness at the beginning of it all and knew better, but this was really none of my business.

I thought again of that Ramparts article on the Stones, “A Play in the Apocalypse,” and it jarred something in my memory. I knew that the Apocalypse was another word for the Book of Revelation, which I had never read. Once again I pulled Kay’s grandmother’s Bible from the shelf and turned to the last book. The King James Version said it was written by St. John the Divine.

St. John had been on the island of Patmos off the west coast of Turkey and was contacted by an Angel from Heaven who gave him the revelation. Hmm, sounded a lot like how Xenon had contacted me.

The nurses had told me that many in their church felt like we were living in the last days and after I was done, I figured that we were at the time just before the 6th Seal was opened. It seemed that the Angel who blew the Fifth Trumpet was initiating the opening of the Bottomless Pit where the Angel Abaddon was leading an Invasion of a Locust Army, which sounded a lot to me like an Invasion from Outer Space.

There was also a War in Heaven that sounded like some kind of conflict in Outer Space between the Archangel Michael, whom I had been introduced to in the 70 Weeks Vision, and Satan and his Angels. This sounded like a war between extraterrestrial beings, to wit:

“The Intergalactic Conspiracy.”

A shiver of fear ran down my spine. That’s right! I was supposed to be careful not to give myself away. Had they been watching me on the bus to Windsor? Was I Number 51? Was my time up?

THE MAY FOURTH MOVEMENT

Sometimes in the evenings I would hang out in the all night cafeteria of Rochdale College, an 18-story experimental free college of the University of Toronto on Bloor Street, which had become the grand depository of illegal drugs in the city. Some members of the May Fourth Movement would also hang out there and I learned first hand how they were going to change Thor Eaton’s Festival Express into a free concert like it was being advertised in the States.

Not only had it become a hub for the underground drug trade, it was also filled with Crowleyites and Wicca Covens. One night while purchasing some acid I visited the room of the seller, who was also into Aleister Crowley, the infamous British Occultist who had died a few months after I was born. They were learning how to cast spells and had put one on a young kitten who was howling as it hung desperately from the window curtains by its claws.

This totally amused them and they were thoroughly enjoying the show. But their glee turned to silent contempt when I removed the kitten from the curtains and cuddled it in my arms. In no time it had is motor going.

“How did you do that?” asked the seller.

I didn’t know but I told them that it was the Power of Love. I left them wondering as I exited the room quickly and left them with their spells. They were weird people with no empathy for that poor little kitty.

I moved out of Roy and Kay’s at the end of May and moved into a deserter’s half way house on Dundas Street, in Chinatown, across the street from the Art Museum where a life size

bronze statue called “Adam” by Auguste Rodin, was standing out front. The statue depicted a man being raised from the earth, his right forefinger pointing down. I had a feeling of foreshadowing that came out of nowhere, as I studied the bronze masterpiece one day on LSD.

THE CONE OF POWER

Most of the days during June were spent walking from mission to mission where free food was dished out, usually with a Christian sermon. Nights were spent around a dinner table where we swapped stories and smoked Rollies, with the underground radio station playing music, mostly album cuts, in the background. One of inhabitants named Steve was a draft dodger and astrologer from Wisconsin, and he entertained us with stories about Jeane Dixon and Edgar Cayce. I wasn't sure whether I believed in astrology but Steve was very convincing.

He told us that Jeane Dixon had predicted the return of Jesus to earth and ventured that he could be found in India where he had allegedly reincarnated. This excited most of us and we were eager to find a way to meet him. Steve told us not to get too excited because India was only a guess. He could have reincarnated anywhere.

He also told us about Edgar Cayce's prediction about the return of Atlantis had been confirmed in the Caribbean off the coast of one of the islands in 1968. The ancient Atlanteans were also supposed to reincarnate at this time, leaving us to wonder if any of us had been them.

During the last week of the month a Crowleyite from Rochdale was interviewed by the DJ of the underground FM station. He stated that certain Signs in the Heaven indicated that the Stars would be rightly positioned for the Star Magic conjuring of spirits from another dimension by means of what he called the Cone of Power.

This involved the creation of a Magic Circle from whence the Cone would create a Vortex that would open a Portal in the sky by which spirits would enter the material world. Music was also to be involved, and they planned on forming the Magic Circle at the Festival Express. It was really trippy and amusing, but hardly believed by anyone.

Steve was an amazing astrologer with a full set of Ephemerises. He would spend hours constructing natal charts which would reveal deep personal secrets. When asked to do a horoscope on where we could find Jesus, the chart revealed that we would find out on a mountain top in Jasper National Park in Alberta. I have no idea how he got that information but we all decided that we would hitchhike to Jasper after the Festival Express.

Our resolve was further strengthened when the head of the organization, the one who had been holding the sign at the riot, decided that we would help train the French Liberation of Quebec (FLQ) members in the handling and tactics of small arms. Most of us strongly believed that the FLQ was a communist front and we weren't going to have any part in this. This might sound strange at first, for although we opposed the war in Vietnam, we were still patriotic Americans who hated World Communism. Thus, our determination to hitchhike to Jasper was stronger than ever.

And then it was Saturday, June 27, 1970: the first day of the Festival Express.

THE FESTIVAL EXPRESS

Eaton and his partners had to change the schedule for the Festival Express because Montreal and Vancouver had copped out. Thus, the show was going to premiere in Toronto and the May Fourth Movement had other plans for it. They detailed their resistance on the FM station and we couldn't wait to see what would happen.

All of the pieces were present. A large American contingent had set up camp in a wooded area and were royally pissed off to discover that the concert was not free, as it had been advertised.

A few of us arrived at about noon after a little sweat two mile hike. We entered through a big white gate with an angel on top and headed for the stadium where the concert was being held. The first thing we noticed was an ambulance leaving the scene. The buildings opposite the stadium were full of people on the rooftops and there were two huge crowds at either end of the

stadium entrance where people were storming the gates to get inside for free. It looked like the May Fourth Movement was true to their word.

I spent more than an hour on one side or the other but I was always just a little too late to have an opportunity of getting past the police, who were out in force. There was a lot of violence. May Fourth was using traditional tactics. They would build up a large force at one end and the police would respond by calling over cops from the other gate to stop the flow, and at the same time the protesters would crash the less fortified gate. Many people were getting injured but some were getting inside.

Finally, Inspector Walter Magahay of the Toronto Metro Police, against the will of Eaton and his backers, arranged with Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead to provide a free concert with several headlining groups in Coronation Park, a nearby baseball diamond, after they played in the stadium for money. Besides, several local groups were more than willing to play because of the publicity.

For the stage a flatbed truck was used and as they were preparing everything we decided to go home for the supper the United Church was serving us in late afternoon. We arrived just in time to have a Thanksgiving like dinner: roasted turkey, mash potatoes and gravy, the whole works and it was delicious. After weeks of living off mission food, we were very grateful.

A popular deserter regular showed up just then with some grass from Vietnam. We rolled a big joint and all partook. It was very strong stuff and we were virtually paralyzed in our seats we were so stoned. I think the grass had been dipped in Opium because it was unlike any I had ever smoked before. It didn't look like we would ever get the motivation needed for a two mile trek.

That's when I got the big "idea."

"Wouldn't it be great to drop acid and listen to the Grateful Dead for free?" I asked. A few agreed and with great struggle we managed to get to our feet. I looked at the stuff the United

Church had donated. The booty included a small portable AF/FM battery radio and an electric wall clock. I turned on the radio to see if it worked and it did, but was very low on batteries. I plugged in the clock and it worked too.

ALL OF THEM WITCHES

In the movie Rosemary's Baby, Rosemary received a book near the end titled All Of Them Witches, which revealed that the old couple upstairs were hundreds of years old and the heads of a coven of witches whose goal was to birth the Antichrist. Rosemary was gradually losing it and was amused at the idea of almost everyone she knew being a witch. I would soon find out that All of Them Witches were still up to no good.

Back at the halfway house, I grabbed the AM/FM radio and wall clock and told my friends that I was going to barter them for some acid and joints. We all agreed that it was a great idea and started off on our stoned slow motion march to the free concert. Three people dropped out after a mile. Steve and another guy whose name eludes me, stuck it out with me all the way.

The crowd had amassed from a few score to about five thousand by the time we got there. It was dusk and after asking around, we were directed to a tent in the American encampment where I managed to barter the radio for two tabs of acid and at another place two joints for the clock. And then it was time for take-off. We decided that I would take a whole tab, since I was the most experienced, and Steve and the other guy would split the other one.

We moved to an area close to the stage where a bunch had gathered with beer and joints and sat down next to them. The idea was that we would pass our joints to them as we smoked them and then they would hopefully reciprocate, which they did, even giving us beers to drink. We were ready to groove to the music.

A small fire had been burning in front of the stage for most of the day but no one seemed to mind. I really didn't see the need for it since it was warm that evening, but I was in no mood to complain. A cop on horseback stayed his distance in the background monitoring the fire. The

deal had been that they would have a hands-off policy regarding the free concert and so far they were keeping their end of the bargain.

Then, nearly an hour later, after listening to some local acts like the violent revolutionary band, Luke and the Apostles, two things occurred almost simultaneously. The first was that the acid started coming on like gang busters and the second was “All of Them Witches.”

A coven from Rochdale heaped a lot of wood on the fire and as the MC took the mike and told them to douse the fire, he was kicked off the stage by a band that come from Ohio. They were called January and they played heavy metal in the early days of the genre. People in the crowd started yelling, “Heavy! Heavy!” which caused the bass player to take the mike:

“We’re a band from Ohio called January and you don’t know what heavy means until you listen to our music. This is a special time and we were destined to play tonight. So hold on to your minds and dig it!”

Then they started playing the heaviest music I’d ever heard at the same time the acid was rushing through my brain. The coven was led by a High Priestess of Wicca whom I recognized from Rochdale and she seemed to be in league with the band for they started chanting and snake dancing round the fire. The Priestess was a black-haired beauty and she moved her head to the music, her long black hair mesmerizing me in my spot.

Then a force stronger than gravity started pulling me down and I had to struggle real hard as if I was on the planet Jupiter. And I was sure that the High Priestess was looking directly at me as she directed her coven. I could feel her inside my head, pulling me to the fire, but I resisted, confident in my power of will in past experience. But her power was greater because she harnessed her whole coven into a telepathic Coven Mind that almost defeated me.

Put some distance between her and you, a voice said inside my head. With all of my will power I managed to stand to my feet and walk to the far end of the crowd. A group of Crowleyites from Rochdale were circling the crowd, drawing from a spool of string, forming a

circle and then a pentagram through the crowd. They were making a Magic Circle! Good God! I was in some kind of witches' sabbath!

They were all chanting, "We can do anything! We can do anything!" over and over. I tried to break free of the circle but there was like an invisible force field that I was unable to penetrate. I put my hands against it and it felt like glass. I had this uncanny feeling that if I stepped outside of the circle I would die. The whole time there was a dank stench of burning sulfur in the air. Something Wicked this way comes, I thought, battling the force of gravity.

And then I remembered the guy from Rochdale who had declared that this was a special night when the stars would be rightly aligned for a Cone of Power. Is that what they were doing – creating a Cone of Power?

I was now right at the edge of the crowd and for a few seconds was able to get my bearings since the band had finished their first song. In the space of silence between numbers, the bikers started revving their motors in appreciation to the new heavy music, creating a spooky atmosphere. I looked over at the Ryder van the band had rented and the driver stared at me with a sinister smile.

THE INVASION OF THE LOCUST ARMY

And then I heard sirens in the sky and looking up, I saw many searchlights sweeping through the crowd, as if looking for some one. Oh, no, I thought. Am I Number 51? Had I blown my mission? Are they looking for me? Hopelessly, I turned and faced the crowd. What I witnessed took my breath away.

The music had started again, relentlessly, and the snake dance around the fire was even more crazy. The witches had opened a window in the sky from which beings dressed in skintight black body suits from head to toe, with only their faces showing, were descending upon the crowd. They had a fiery red "S" scrawled over their left breasts and they were entering and disappearing into the people in the crowd.

It reminded me of the Invasion from Outer Space of the Locust Army led by the Angel Abaddon in the Book of Revelation. Was this the end of the world?

A few people, male and female, were running and screaming in panic through the audience. It was total bedlam, but I was glad that I wasn't the only one having a bad trip. The witches were still chanting the same thing and a few males started to approach me with the same sinister smiles as the Ryder truck driver. I put up my fists to give a good account of myself but my mind started slipping away and then I totally lost consciousness, falling to the ground. What the hell was happening?

Then I rose into the air and saw my body on the ground with some people gathered around it. Had I just died? I wasn't sure, but I felt enormous guilt over what would my poor mother think when she heard that I had died from a drug overdose? And then my life flashed in front of me and then I blacked out.

MONSTERS FROM THE ID

When I was nine years old my mother took us to see the sci-fi movie, Forbidden Planet. The movie blew my mind with its futuristic society called the Krill who built a machine that boosted their brain power to the extent that they could materialize their dreams. Unfortunately, their dreams had a dark side and all of their brain power caused the Monsters from their Ids to kill each other.

A mad scientist who didn't want to be rescued had boosted his brain and when he slept he unleashed a really scary monster, a giant fiery sloth, on the spaceship crew who had been sent to rescue him. A scientist crew member boosted his brain to the extent that he was slowly dying from the input. In his last breath, he warned the captain, Leslie Nielson, that the Monsters From the Id had killed the Krill and were now killing them as well.

And that is what I thought of as my Monsters From the Id began attacking me.

I regained consciousness in an old parking lot with cracked and broken asphalt as a group of bikers kicked the shit out of me while others revved their motors. And surprise, surprise, Xenon was now back in full force. Was he the Angel Abaddon?

At first I was glad to hear his voice, but this didn't last long because he was trying to take over my mind. I resisted as much as I was able. "Just give in and the pain will stop," he ordered, and I thought, What pain? Then a biker kicked me in the head.

Oh!, that pain, I thought.

"Listen," Xenon continued, "you've been waiting for months for this night! If you let me in you will become one of the most powerful Wizards on the planet. This is the completion of your mission! Why are you resisting?"

"I will not surrender!" I shouted telepathically inside my mind.

"Very well, then," he said angrily. A biker grabbed my head and smashed it face down on the asphalt, then raised his foot and brought it down on the back of my head. My face broke like splintered glass and I blacked out again.

When I came to I was naked inside a coffin with people standing around dressed in black hoods and burning smelly black candles and chanting something in another language. What was this supposed to be? a human sacrifice! It reminded me of witchcraft movies I had seen but when they stopped chanting Xenon came through again loud and clear inside my head.

"Are you ready to give in?" he said in a threatening voice. Why did I ever believe in him? I thought. He wants to make me his puppet.

"You can have my body but you can't have my soul!" I shouted mentally, remembering that from somewhere.

"Very well," he said again and the witches set fire to my feet. I started screaming because the pain was so intense and I remember the foul stench of burning hair and flesh before I lost consciousness once again.

When I came to again, I knew that what was happening to me wasn't real. I was on the stage with the bass player's guitar strings impaling me like the music lover had been impaled on a harp in the Garden of Earthly Delights. This was impossible but I started screaming when the player struck the strings. It was like electric shock vibrating through my body and I went into a seizure screaming to bloody hell.

Once again I went back and forth with Xenon and then it seemed like he gave up on me because I was now soaring into the night sky, higher and higher, faster and faster, speeding through one galaxy after another until the whole universe resembled the inside of a rifle barrel with parallel lines twisting to a white hole at the end of the tunnel. And then I entered the tunnel and was ripped inside out.

I felt like my existence was coming to end and I cried out, "Oh God, please save me!"

BACK TO THE GARDEN

I came to in my real body. I was back in time. People around me appeared shocked that I stood up and took sense of my surroundings. Had they thought I that I was dead? The band was still playing the same song when I had left this world and I wondered how long I'd actually been gone. I slowly surveyed the scene.

My nameless friend came up to me and said, "Let's go to the First Aid tent and get some Thorazine!" I could see that he was concerned for me. Some people were still running around and screaming. The newspaper said the next day that over 650 people were treated for bad trips that night.

I started to follow him but I stopped when I observed a young man sitting against the right front wheel of his VW bus playing a twelve string guitar as if he were in a peaceful forest scene. This struck me as very odd considering the mayhem all around. He looked up at me and saw that I was in distress. I must have been putting off very heavy vibrations, but for some unknown reason, I felt less fear around him.

“Sit down,” he said, “and I’ll play you your favorite songs.”

Wait, I thought: Could this be Jesus? How does he know my favorite songs? I sat down and he played the Jimi Hendrix version of “Hey, Joe,” which happened to be at the time my favorite song. But instead of it bringing me joy, I remembered the time I had borrowed a .38 Smith and Wesson Police Special from a friend, hoping another supposed friend would try to harm me so I could blow his head off. A wave of guilt washed over me.

How come I was feeling guilty, as if I had killed someone when I hadn’t? The more of my favorite songs he played the more guilty I became. I can’t recall how many songs he played for me but the last one, Joni Mitchell’s slow version of “Woodstock,” made a deep impression. Then he came to the last verses:

“We are Stardust,
Billion Year Old Carbon,
We are Golden,
Caught in the Devil’s Bargain,
And we’ve got to get ourselves
Back to the Garden.”

I stopped him just then and asked, “What is the Devil’s Bargain?”

He smiled and waved his hand at the crowd with all of its screaming and panic. I thought understood what he meant. Then I asked him, “How do we get back to the Garden of Eden?”

He unbuttoned the top of his shirt and displayed a big wooden crucifix hanging around his neck. At first I thought that he was telling me that he was a Catholic, but just then the Holy Spirit said loud and clear, “Jesus Christ Died for your Sins!”

Don’t ask me how I knew it was the Holy Spirit, I just did. I sure knew it wasn’t the voice of Xenon. I was still wondering if the young man playing me my favorite songs was Jesus and got down on my knees in front of him. I grabbed hold of his cowboy boots, and with the strong smell of leather in my nostrils, started praying to God.

I remembered what the evangelist on the bus to Windsor had told me, that I had to repent of my sins and ask for forgiveness before I could be saved. I did all that and more in a state of

total desperation but nothing was happening. I had a vision of myself in midair, with invisible hands pulling me down as I reached for help above. But the harder I reached the more I was pulled down. Why isn't this working? I thought.

“Stop struggling,” the Holy Spirit said. “Just let go.” And I did.

And then Xenon was cast from my body. He came out violently. It felt like my insides were being ripped out and I shook as if I were having a seizure, but Xenon came out in a blood-curdling scream! He was immediately replaced by the Holy Spirit, who entered me like a cool breeze.

MY VISION OF HEAVEN ON EARTH AND JESUS CHRIST

I felt so free. And the sense of reality I felt was so real, normal reality was like a dream in comparison. But when I stood to my feet, everyone was gone. No one was in sight except for a small group of young men playing Frisbee by the Angel Gate.

Except for everyone being gone, it all looked the same. I started to walk towards the young men at the same time they saw me, and then they ran to meet me. “Congratulations,” they shouted gladly, slapping me on the back and shoulders. “You made it! You made it!”

“Is this Heaven?” I asked.

“Yes,” their leader said. Oh, my God, I thought, is this Jesus?

I pointed to a flashing “Tip Top Tailors” billboard on top of one of the buildings. “But this is just like Toronto.”

“Exactly,” the man I thought was Jesus said. And then I had no more doubts.

“Was I the only one who made it?” It seemed preposterous that this was so.

“I’m afraid so,” Jesus said. “You were the only one.”

“Where did they go?” I asked, feeling survivor’s guilt.

He waved his hand and everyone reappeared in a long line being escorted by the beings in the black skintight body suits. They were marching the crowd into total darkness. As they

passed me the Locust Army spit and hissed at me, calling me all sorts of names, but the one that left a lasting impression was the taunt that I was a traitor, as if I had been one of them at one time.

“This doesn’t seem fair,” I said. “They were ignorant, like me. They don’t know the truth. Is there any way I can go back in time to warn them?”

Jesus smiled. “Yes, but don’t you know what that will mean?”

“Sure,” I answered, thinking that he meant I would have to die again. But, as I was to learn later, he meant that I would have to suffer many things.

He waved his hand again and a wishing well mysteriously appeared. This in no way seemed that odd to me.

“That’s the way back,” he said. “Go and warn them.”

BORN AGAIN AS A DIVINE CHILD OF GOD

Without thinking twice, I dove into the wishing well head first. As I fell I turned into water, then rain, then the fertile earth, then I became a tree, and then an orange hanging from a limb, and then a man came by and plucked me off the tree and ate me, and then I was inside a woman’s womb passing through the birth canal. It was a slow and painful process as I was slowly squeezed toward a light at the end of a tunnel.

Oh, no, I thought, I’m coming back as a baby and will have to relearn everything; what a bummer! And then I was out and on my feet with everyone back at the concert. I was in a state of wonder. I raised my arms and I shouted, “I’ve been born again!”

At first I was still terrified and clung to the young man. He told me he was from San Jose, California, and I asked if I could stay with him wherever he went. He let me stay for awhile and we walked to a booth where beverages were being sold. After I calmed down for a bit, he said, “Look, man, you are okay now and can go back to your friends.”

That’s when I noticed that I was glowing.

I glowed for a long time and stayed stoned on the acid for three days. As I approached the area where it had all started I passed several of the Rochdale witches and they all turned their heads as if shielding themselves against my light.

That's when my life of Spiritual Warfare with the Kosmocrats really began. (For a more detailed account of my life, see, "My Confession," in The 22 Christ Kings of Zion.)

If a man Die, shall he Live again? all the Days of my Appointed Time will I Wait, till my Change Comes.

Thou shalt Call, and I will Answer thee: thou wilt have a Desire to the Work of thine Hands. – Job 14:14-15

For I Know that my Redeemer Liveth, and that he shall Stand at the Latter Day upon the Earth:

And though after my Skin worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I See God:

Whom I shall See for myself, and mine Eyes shall Behold, and not another; though my Reins be Consumed within me. – Job 19:25-27

WHO WAS XENON IN PAUL'S COSMOLOGY?

Paul's Cosmology was more sophisticated than the Old Testament World View. In the Old Testament the World/Cosmos was created by Elohim, a name both male (YHWH) and female (Asherah), and the Nations were ruled by their 70 Sons (with names given to them by the Nations), in a Heavenly Council of the Gods. These Sons were Angels, Divine Beings, both Good and Evil. (Job 1-2; Psalm 82.) The Dominion of the Stars in some sort of Astral Fatalism was also included in this scheme.

However, the Old Testament view of the Cosmos had been broadened greatly after the conquests of Alexander the Great and the introduction of Hellenism into the Ancient Near East. According to a Hellenistic/Platonic analysis, the World was made of Matter which was inherently Evil. Thus, since God was a Spirit and the Spiritual World was inherently Good, the true God could not have possibly and logically created the Material World. Plato called this lesser creator god the Demiurgos.

The Gnostics called him Yaldabaoth. (See, e.g., The Apocryphon of John.)

The author of the Gospel of John called him the Logos (the Word), and we are unsure if he accepted the Platonic necessity of a lesser God because of the Evil in the World. Whereas Paul did not see the necessity, because to him God is known by the things he had made and he made all things both Good and Evil and Declared it All Very Good. (Romans 1:19-20; the Great Dead Sea Isaiah Scroll: Isaiah 45:7; Genesis 1:31.)

To Paul, vis-a-vis the Letter to the Ephesians, this present Age or Aion was Evil and ruled by the God of this World, Satan. He contrasted this present Evil Aion with the one to come under the Dominion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Satan's Minions were the Archons, Powers, and Authorities of this present Aion of Darkness, which rule all things, from the basic Elements (the Stoichea) to the Highest Archons, the Kosmocrats of Spiritual Wickedness in Heavenly Places.

This also fits in with the modern Scientific World View where the Earth is a small Planet in a small Solar System in a far Arm of one of the Spokes of the Milky Way Spiral Galaxy, with a massive Black Hole in its center, and it is All over 15 billion years old. It may even be more than twice as old. That's called Deep Time.

Xenon told me he was from another Galaxy and I was from another Planet in our Galaxy and was a Deep Plant Agent. If he were telling me the truth, this suggests some sort of Intergalactic Federation or system of law and order being enforced. It also suggests some sort of conflict or war among forces opposed to each other, to wit, The Intergalactic Conspiracy.

So, in this scheme of things, who was Xenon?

I'm not the only one who has been telepathically contacted by alien beings. A famous case is the genius inventor Nikola Tesla. He believed that he was in communication with Minds from the Planet Mars. I do not wish to make the same error as those who believe they are the reincarnations of past famous people for I have never been in a position of power other than in a courtroom or when I was in the Army. I believe my contact was part of what I call the Roy Neery Effect.

Neery was an Indiana lineman in Steven Spielberg's Close Encounters of the Third Kind, who was contacted and given a vision by a UFO. At first it appeared as if Neery was a special person to receive such a vision, but at the end it turned out that there were hundreds that had been contacted. This is the category I believe I was in.

I do believe, however, that Xenon was likely in high management in this Evil Aion, maybe even an Archon. He may even have been the Leader of the Locust Army in my Vision.

First, let me specify why I believe this.

In the Bible there are Good and Evil Spirits/Gods/Angels, both lesser and greater. The lesser of the Spirits are the Ghosts of the Nephilim, hybrid beings of Angels and Human Women, the Giants of Renown, still haunting mankind in their spirit form. Jesus exorcised many of these as a Son of David battling the spiritual Goliaths.

Then there are the Higher Powers of the Spirit World. As Paul in his Letter to the Ephesians puts it, they are the Archons, Powers, and Authorities: the Kosmocrats of this Dark Aion, Ruling from the Heavenly Places. I believe Xenon was an Archon because of the story he told me in order to Dominate my mind.

The Nephilim Ghosts are mainly hostile and openly harm people, whereas Xenon was much more subtle in his approach. I can't tell you why I was chosen to have these Visions but I believe there is much we can learn from them. I believe the Stars are Powers in the Cosmos and have a Telepathic Influence over our thoughts. I believe the Bible makes this clear.

But the Bible also makes it clear that Christ's Victory was over all Archons, Powers, Authorities, and Stoichea in the World, both Materially and Spiritually, and we are more than Conquerors in him. But because we have minds most of the Spiritual Warfare we are engaged in takes place mainly in our Mental Worlds.

That is why we are told to keep our Thoughts in Obedience to the Gospel.

THE UFO PHENOMENON

Can these Kosmocrats be related to the UFO phenomenon? In the mid-1970's, I worked with the Spiritual Counterfeits Project in Berkeley, California, and in one of our journals we dealt with the UFO phenomenon and the influence of science fiction on modern American culture. Our conclusion was that the Angels in the Bible were related to the phenomenon and likely extraterrestrial in origin. As H.G. Wells put it, "Their minds are to our minds as ours are to the beasts that perish."

Without the Mind of Christ in us, we wouldn't stand a chance.

Jesus gave me a Mission which was to tell the Truth about him and the Bible which is why I oppose all false teachings, the worst being the Satanic Doctrine that the Bible is inerrant without error or contradiction. That can be materially proven false in the first two chapters alone.

You are not doing God a favor by clinging to Strong Delusion. God loves Truth, not Lies. The Inerrancy of Scripture is a Platonic Doctrine of Demons!

So is the Teaching that the Law has a place in one's Sanctification; for, I ask: "What part of being 'Sanctified Freely by his Grace,' don't you understand? (Romans 3:24.) The Law has absolutely nothing to do with any part of Salvation regardless of how many categories false teachers can invent. The Divine Sons and Daughters of God are Led by the Holy Spirit, and where the Spirit is there is no Law, only Liberty. Praise God.

Back at Coronation Park, the Holy Spirit told me that everything I needed to know about my Vision was in the Bible. He told me the Truth, which is why Jesus called him the Spirit of Truth in the Gospel of John. (John 14:16-17.) Everything I Preach is Biblical. If you have read and followed this article then I have succeeded in my Mission as a faithful and true Evangelist: You have been warned!

There is a True God and he/she Loves us in Grace because of the Faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May God Bless you and your loved ones. Amen.

AFTERWORD

My second to last acid trip was very weird and may be of some relevancy to our subject. I was staying in a military barracks in Edmonton, Alberta, that had been converted into a hostel by the Canadian government, one of many set up across the country because thousands of Canadian youth took to the roads that summer like none before.

It was late afternoon and two guys were getting into an argument which was turning violent. I was rushing on the acid and the vibes were very angry and bumming my trip. I went into the latrine to get away and closed a door behind me in one of the stalls. Taking my seat on the toilet I witnessed a strange scene.

A window opened on the stall door and I could see two aliens facing each other conversing in a corridor in what I assumed was a flying saucer. They were little guys with big heads and big black eyes, reminding of the Star Child at the end of 2001: A Space Odyssey. I can't recall whether they were wearing any clothes, but every now and then one would look over his shoulder at me and then look back.

As for me I was frozen in my seat, barely able to breathe. At first I thought if I remain still they may not realize I was there, but when they started looking over their shoulders at me, I knew I was the topic of their conversation.

Then the one on my right turned and walked down the corridor to the window that separated us. He put his hands against the glass and looked me squarely in the eyes. He had a slit for a mouth but his lips didn't move as he spoke telepathically inside my head, "We're coming to get you in February."

Then he turned around and started back down the corridor as the window slowly disappeared. Wow, I thought. What the hell did that mean? It's almost a joking matter but I have had a February countdown every year since then. And if it's going to happen, I hope it is in a Leap Year for that extra day of life.

If I die in February maybe there was something to the message, but until then it was just a weird trip which I am reluctant to share because it sounds so foolish.

I took my 119th acid trip at the end of August, 1970 – my last one – a couple of days later, the night before traveling to Vancouver to meet my Destiny. It was not of significance and I have no desire to ever take LSD again. I am proud to be a Divine Son of God and I Praise Our Lord Jesus Christ for making this possible.

Wherefore God also hath Highly Exalted him, and Given him a Name which is Above Every Name:

That at the Name of Jesus Every Knee shall Bow, of Things in Heaven, and Things in Earth, and Things under the Earth;

And that Every Tongue should Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father. – Philippians 2:9-11