

Ajax and the Caretakers

How near-death, treasures and downloads led to a new physics where consciousness is the fundamental force



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L: Electrons orbiting around a nucleus like planets orbiting the sun - I don't think so!

M: You are correct. The atomic structure is much simpler and more sophisticated than currently understood.

L: The Grand Canyon – that wasn't formed by the Colorado river...?!?

M: Very astute young man.

L: The Big Bang – I say it's the big bullshit!

M: It's a multi-verse, vastly more complex than we know today.

This was the beginning of a near all day discussion between myself, Louise, and Massau. I had been speaking with Louise for about 6 months, but this was our first actual meeting. I drove to her house in New Haven, CT on a nice Saturday morning, and quickly found myself engaged in the most fascinating discussion that changed the course of my life.

The lead-in to this life altering meeting was another that took place 14 years earlier.

Khempo and the Iron Bird

In 1999, friends of mine were making rumblings of this mysterious Buddhist monk from Tibet. They had recently met him, and were all mostly hanging out in California, and Boulder, CO. They simply referred to him as Khempo and began suggesting I meet him.

While I've always had a deep fascination and interest in the potential of consciousness and the esoteric, I've always been quite reluctant to identify myself with any particular belief system. I never much went for religious or spiritual groups, nor felt comfortable with the "student/teacher" concept, preferring to do it my way – allowing others to do it theirs.

The rumors of "small miracles" happening in the presence of Khempo kept spreading. I figured, how bad can this be? I've always wanted to visit CA; worst case, I'll see some cool sites. I made plans to head to Mt. Shasta, CA to meet this mystery man, reconnect with some friends, and visit some beautiful country.

There was a talk given by Khempo my friends had set up in the Mt. Shasta Resort. Perhaps 100, maybe 150 people showed up to hear Khempo speak. Due to flight delays, I arrived a little late. I was ushered into the back, grabbed a seat, and was instantly transported.

I clearly remember struggling to make out what this man was saying. First, his Tibetan accent was so thick and endearing, and his smile so consuming, I found myself thinking it really doesn't matter what he's saying; I'm feeling pretty good. Secondly, there was a gold light pervading throughout the room, growing denser by the minute, which captured my attention. The truth is, I have no idea what he talked about. I found myself transported to another place, a place of such purity where communication took place in ways beyond understanding, and where concepts could not take root.

After a time, the light was so thick it was like gold dust crystals. It wasn't exactly like air; more approaching a liquid with a lightness to it that implied efficiency. Quite simply, during that 1-ish hour talk, a different reality was presented to me that resonated with everything I believed in, but would always allude description.

The next thing I remember was this gleaming, bald-headed monk barreling his way through the crowd and putting his face directly in mine – our noses are practically touching each other, and he says, "Vat is your name?". I tell him, "Len". He says "Vedy auspicious meeting. Ve needing talk now." Khempo proceeded to grab my hand and guided me outside, and we connected. We picked up like we were long lost friends, and immediately started making plans.

Within about 30 minutes of talking with Khempo I knew I was in the presence of the most stable representation of the divine that I would ever encounter. Without hesitation, I aligned with him. It seemed then, and still does now, like the most natural thing to do. This was the beginning of a six-year relationship filled with richness and wonder. It was a joy watching rules being broken, concepts trampled on, and the creative experience continually unfolding; that was the norm in Khempo's presence. Endless projects, challenges and laughter dominated my time with this miracle maker. I was watching, listening and learning. I wanted to emulate that mastery of mind.

Rumors were circulating around that Khempo was the man the Dalai Lama went to for advisement and occasional healing. I was slowly learning more about the Tibetan Buddhist tradition and heritage. Tibetan Buddhism is vast, and is comprised of four main "schools". Three of those schools leaned in the exoteric direction, and one, Nyingma, was considered more esoteric in nature. This is where the real magic took place, apparently. From what I understood, the Dalai Lama was the leader of the exoteric Gelug school, which emphasizes deep study of scriptures. Khempo had great influence, and was part of, the esoteric Nyingma school. He was also the abbot of one of the Dalai Lama's monasteries, Zilnon Kagyeling.

In usual whirlwind fashion, I found myself in Miami in 2004. We were frantically preparing for the arrival of the Dalai Lama. Khempo's organization, Osel Dorje Nyingpo (ODN), was sponsoring the event. At one point Khempo grabbed my arm and I was ushered into a room. I wasn't sure what was happening – he didn't explain, I didn't ask. After a minute or two Khempo and the Dalai Lama walked in and closed the door behind them. There were quick introductions, and we all sat down. They launched into speaking Tibetan, so I had no way of knowing what they were saying. Occasionally Khempo would point at me, the Dalai Lama would look, they would chat a bit, then in no time began arguing.

I'm not one to go much for rumors or here say, always preferring action. I am certainly willing to recognize my bias here, but it was evident to me that while the Dalai Lama had a certain level of wisdom and influence, there was a vast void between the exo- and eso-teric. Without the magic, life was one-dimensional at best. At the end of the 20-minute somewhat heated meeting Khempo whispered in my ear, "He not understanding."

Khempo was old school when it came to honor and respect. He rarely talked of his own accomplishments, and never gave up information indiscriminately or unnecessarily. There was always a sense of reserve, deep restraint, a bank of merit that was continually accumulating due to protecting the truth. He was on a secret mission of utmost importance, always taking great care to protect it. This is the man I came to know, which explains my shock as a result of my last encounter with him.

There were countless, priceless stories of beauty and humor during my time with Khempo. Most of those will be reserved for another day. Our relationship was special, to say the least. Never had I known this type of intimacy. Never had I ever felt so secure that someone had my back – no matter what. I felt compelled to return the favor if ever given the chance. That chance came in January 2005.

For years Khempo had his eye on a chunk of land near Mt. Shasta, in Weed, CA. He wanted to purchase it, though the reasons were never clear. Rumors of some type of spiritual center, cultural center, construction of a symbol of enlightenment, and that sort of thing were floating around. I would gently

argue and push back, using my limited and logical perception, saying it was barren, “no man’s land”, maybe not the best location, etc. Khempo would just politely listen. We would talk options, exchange ideas, and shelve the idea for a time. A man named Bob owned this land; the nickname for this spiritual parcel became “Bob’s Land”.

I received a phone call from Khempo in January of 2005. I was working a software contract in Connecticut, in an intense meeting at the time, when the phone rang. Normally if I saw Khempo calling, I would pick up. It was an awkward moment, so I let it go to voicemail, figuring I would call back after the meeting. The phone kept ringing, one voicemail after another, probably a dozen or so. There was a determination coming through that I couldn’t ignore; I simply walked out of the meeting, taking the thirteenth call. No hello’s or greetings: “You needing come to Shasta now. You take my job soon. Everybody likes you better anyway. Ve needing buy Bob’s Land.”

I wasn’t sure what I had heard, and asked Khempo to repeat himself. Pretty much verbatim, he said it again. I asked him if he was going to die soon: total silence. I told him I would be on a plane the next morning. Before I knew it, I was met by Khempo at the airport in San Francisco. We made it to his place in San Rafael; in no time I was on the phone with Bob, setting up a meeting for the next day, and Khempo and I got ready to make the drive to Shasta.

I was watching my life sort of roll away from me as we drove to Shasta. I didn’t really mind. We were inwardly saying goodbye to each other, both of us ok with that. He was on a mission, I honored the man – therefore I was on a mission. We packed up with tons of junk food and no shortage of beef jerky, jumped in the little limo, and hit the road.

Every time I had made the drive from San Rafael to Shasta on I-5, I would always eyeball the Castle Crag. Just south of the mountain, maybe 20 miles or so, I would always look up as I drove by, fascinated by the rock protrusions. I don’t think Khempo spoke one word all the way between San Rafael and the Crag, but when he saw me looking at them as we drove past, he said “Ve going?”, pointing up towards the spiky peaks. I pulled off the highway and was a bit excited to check them out for the first time.

I knew he was doing this just for me, something I will always appreciate. We parked, and he immediately began a slow “trot” up the trail. I had never seen Khempo move like this – he was clearly excited, not rushing, ready to surprise me. Every once in a while he would turn, wave me on to follow, huge smile. We finally got to some clearing where we could see for miles – it was absolutely stunning. We stopped, panting a little, and he said “look”. Suddenly I became aware of circular rainbows. I didn’t know if they had always been there, or suddenly appeared; my brain did a funny little thing. But Khempo’s smile made it right. There were dozens of circular rainbows everywhere I looked. The silent acknowledgement I had was recognized by Khempo. He took my hand, and led me further up the path.

We came to another clearing, and this time the rainbows were pervasive. It was like it was raining rainbows, except they weren’t falling. Khempo simply said “the mountain is very happy to see us”. We enjoyed the scene for another few moments, then silently walked back to the car, off to meet with Bob.

In no time, I struck a deal with Bob. Khempo wouldn’t even talk to him - he stayed in the car the entire time. Bob and I made a deal, and thanks primarily to two of Khempo’s close students, Dana Schwartz and Jen Chisik, the land was purchased. The accomplishment in Khempo’s face was evident. For me, that’s all that mattered. Any obstacle or financial burden was somehow rendered obsolete. Common sense didn’t fit – hell, I had just been rained on by rainbows. The man was happy, that’s all I needed to know.

Before I knew it, we were somehow back in San Rafael. The whole dream-like affair was just beginning. Khempo grabbed my hand, ushered me upstairs into his private room, and began to unwrap what he was calling “treasures” and “relics”. He laid out a few of these ancient objects on his bed, both of us sitting there, and asked if I knew what they were. I said no. He briefly explained that they were special, powerful, ancient, some “not man-made”. It was quite the solemn moment. He picked up each item one-by-one and

would touch it to my forehead. Within minutes I felt a strange vibration directly in the center of my head, but thought nothing more of it.

Growing up I always had a fascination with mysticism, lineages and prophecies. One of the prophecies I was particularly interested in was one made by the Buddha. Just before his passing, the Buddha stated that he would be reborn in a land called Oddiyana, and introduce a radical form of esoteric mysticism. Padmasambhava, also referred to as Guru Rinpoche, born in Oddiyana, is widely recognized as the "second Buddha". The Nyingma tradition which Khempo was very influential in has a lineage that traces its origins back to Padmasambhava.

The story goes that Padmasambhava had 25 main disciples. These disciples would reincarnate, and in their future lives would reveal secrets that he had hidden for them to discover at later times, when the timing was right on the planet for them to be revealed to mankind. He created these termas (treasures), which he infused with knowledge and power. These termas were destined to be matched up with certain tertons (spiritual treasure-revealers - all reincarnations of these 25 disciples). At the appropriate time, termas would "find" the right terton, and the power of the treasure would be unlocked.

Nearing his own death, Padmasambhava prophesied that "when the iron bird flies and horses run on wheels, the Tibetan people will be scattered like ants across the world, and the Dharma will come to the Land of the Red Man." From my understanding, Khempo was Padmasambhava's right hand man. And the Khempo of this age had in his possession some of these treasures, or termas. It was with these termas that Khempo initiated me with.

The quick and fabulous trip was coming to an end. I had to think about getting back to the airport the next morning, back to work in Connecticut. It was around midnight when Khempo said to me "Ve needing rib-eye". I laughed, and we jumped in the car, headed to the local grocery store. Once in the parking lot, I started to get out of the car to go shopping. Khempo grabbed my arm, sat me back down, and started to unload.

I soon realized Khempo wanted some privacy with me. We weren't here to shop. He talked and talked all night long. Literally, all night. He started off telling me something was about to happen to me. He was tripping over his words, he was going so fast. I kept interrupting him, asking for clarification. I got the sense that all this was a little premature, something was being rushed...couldn't quite put my finger on it. Then Khempo started telling me very private details and specific "adjustments", so to speak, of the mind. It was like the combination of a car mechanic describing how to tune a motor, and a musician tuning an instrument. An attunement, or alignment, was being described. I was clearly being prepared for something, though I felt it was rushed. Like if you were going skydiving with your buddy, and suddenly there's engine trouble, and you find out there's only one chute. It was like Khempo was shoving me out of the plane as he handed me the chute, while he went down with the plane.

Hours passed, and I sort of went on autopilot. I knew I couldn't consciously retain everything Khempo was saying, so I just let my mind rest and trusted the information would be retained somehow. I just had to let him do his thing. Every so often words like "lineage, Buddha, Padmasambhava, the 25 disciples, treasures, Marpa/Milarepa, Christ..." would come out of his mouth. "Enlightenment come to the west iron bird flying ... technology...". I was trying to patch it all together, pretty much reeling the entire time.

It was about 7:00 am when I realized we had to start thinking about catching my morning flight to the East coast. I can only recall a small portion of what he said, but certainly got the gist. The reserved and restrained monk was gone. This was a beautiful swan song, a culmination of a life of honor and meaning, freedom. The man I always suspected that resided behind those robes and mysterious eyes was revealed. I was in awe, and completely unprepared for what lie ahead.

Just a couple hours later we said our goodbyes and I boarded the plane. I was distinctly aware of a new sensation incubating in the center of my brain. Some not so subtle process was initiated. I imagined preparing for something unknown, and felt out of place and in the dark. As I lay back in the seat of the

airliner, I fell into a strange limbo state of mind; neither here nor there – I was nowhere, unafraid. Two weeks later, Khempo was dead. Two weeks after that, I found myself in the midst of an 8-hour seizure like experience where all concepts were blown apart, and I was completely unequipped having survived it.

The Seagull

During my years with Khempo I was running two small businesses; I was a general contractor building high-end custom homes in Southern CT, while simultaneously running a small computer consulting firm. Both businesses were growing nicely, and the financial future was looking quite bright. In February of 2005 all of that changed.

There was a break between software gigs, and I got the bug to build my own home. My wife and I purchased a secluded 9-acre wooded lot, and I proceeded to single handedly build the smallest house in this high-end neighborhood; a 6,500-square foot French Country custom home. I took ten months off from the software business and began construction. Other than the mechanicals, I built the entire house on my own; from the foundation, framing, sheetrock, roofing, etc., this project increasingly dominated my attention. I felt I was being prepared for something I could not define, and simply immersed myself in long and exhausting days, focused on completion.

Every single day, almost as if on cue, Khempo would call. “Milarepa, vat doing?” he would always start the conversation. I was usually in some precarious position; on a scaffolding, or on the roof, or something. But I always kept my cell phone in my tool belt, waiting on his call. I was losing quite a bit of weight, working tremendously hard and long hours on this project. Other than short nights of sleep, building this house was quite literally all I did for the 10 months. I asked Khempo one day, “Am I overdoing it? I’m becoming obsessive, losing weight, exhausted, neglecting family and friends...is this...healthy?”. He simply said, “Even if you die, that’s ok. This is a dharma project. Work harder. You must accomplish.” All right then, back to work.

The house was a great success, and was the beginning of other high-end projects in the area. At the same time, the software consulting business continued to expand. I enjoyed approximately two years in the completed home, always aware of the sense of preparation for something unknown during the construction phase, as well as after. One day out of the blue I heard from a friend I hadn’t seen in years, Lisa. We made quick plans to reconnect and say hello. That was February 2005. Khempo had passed away just a few weeks prior.

I was simply sitting indoors, relaxed, catching up with Lisa, when I heard the clearest, most melodious sound of a seagull. It seemed to be coming from my left, though oddly, the sound seemed to originate inside my head. Or more accurately, I felt a distinct vibration outside of my left ear, and the vibration ended up sounding like a seagull, deep within my brain. It was a feeling more than a sound, and a most pleasant one. My physical ears and normal mode of hearing played no part here; this was something very different. I was confused and curious, asking Lisa whether she had heard the seagull. She thought I was joking, said no, and we proceeded with our conversation.

The thought occurred to me that I could experience that sensation again, the “sound” of the seagull. The instant I had the thought, there it was, that most pleasant sensation. This time the sound of the seagull went further. With no warning or specific intention on my part, I found myself transported, standing on a beach. There was a woman trying to communicate something to me, to my left. She had a long, rolled up leaf or something. It was cone shaped, maybe 3’ long; she was whispering into the larger open end, the apex was being raised to my left ear. I was gazing out at the ocean. It was perhaps the most peaceful feeling I had ever experienced, up to that point. I thought I had fallen asleep, or something; I found myself

looking at Lisa again, a bit confused, wondering what happened, trying to pick up the conversation after a what I thought was a ten second break.

Lisa was also confused, asking me what had happened. She said I was “out” for about fifteen minutes; not asleep, but certainly not awake either. Both of us now confused, I told her I had no idea what happened, but I thoroughly enjoyed my “vision”, and felt I could go right back to it. The instant I had that thought, sure enough I was again standing on the beach, in the same scene. This time I remained there for what seemed an eternity.

As I was enjoying this ocean scene, I became aware of a powerful force rising up in me, originating at the base of my spine. It is very difficult to describe the nature of this force. Electric might be the best one-word description, though not even close. There was a pulsing frequency to it, and an increasing intensity. It was immensely, surprisingly powerful, and excruciatingly painful. It was likely a five or ten-minute ordeal, feeling this energy rise in my body. I truly felt my body couldn't withstand this force any longer, and I felt I was about to lose my life. The instant I resigned to dying I was catapulted away from...everything. This world, my body, “me” was all gone in a flash and I was simply somewhere else. Some formless, limitless existence with vast potential, it felt like home. It was a state of such exalted consciousness, beauty and stability, I simply did not want anything else.

Any attempt to further describe this existence seems incorrect. Words undermine it, pictures miss the mark, religions a forgotten echo. The best description is action. One thing I will say, however, is the distinct knowledge of a direct correlation between effort and accessibility was the underlying theme. While the veil is thin between here and there, the veil is measured in light-years and lifetimes. Until we can hold the resonance, those are our measuring devices, and the distance seems insurmountable. I had the distinct feeling that every effort is measured and remembered, clearly accumulating in some formless database. Even though the distance seems out of reach, it is actually quite doable. The equation had such a simple solution: effort, persistence, stability...simply a matter of time. One step forward, one step forward – the light-years turn into blinks of an eye, and the veil is breached.

Knowing this, I found a new friend. There was a peace about this, like I didn't have to try to go somewhere else, or be someone else; it was all good here and now, whatever that meant. After some time, where time cannot gain a foothold, I began to reassemble. It almost felt like the “me” I was accustomed to, which extended beyond my physical body, really the totality of my being, was being sifted and separated through some screen, and converging. I lamented the feeling of having to leave this wonderful pure land, but knew it was beyond me to decide. I allowed the re-entry into the familiar body.

Once my awareness stabilized in my body, I tried to make sense of the experience. I was overwhelmed with the prospect of attempting to describe it. My mind was racing with opportunity, potential and confusion. I didn't have much time to languish. Within minutes the fierce electric-like energy took hold again. I was shaking, vibrating, moaning in pain, again taken to the edge and flipped into the other side.

I began to vacillate between the two states, between the physical and the superconscious. Maybe 10 or 15 minutes duration in each state, the physical state would ascend from moderate to extreme pain, the tremendous force taking me to the other side every time I was sure my body could not withstand it any longer. It appeared to be somewhat of a seizure like experience, and Lisa wanted to call 911. I somehow knew this would be a huge mistake, and was able to mutter “no” before I became incapacitated again. I knew I had to ride this out with abandon. While in the superconscious state I would experience knowledge and visions that transcend the intellect. I was so comfortable there, and would resist the inevitable draw back to the body again.

This experience of what seemed like traversing time and space, going back and forth between life and death, lasted approximately eight hours. I found myself lying on the floor, late into the night, somehow knowing it was over, thoroughly exhausted and confused. I was back in my body, alive, but light-years away from any means to accurately describe the experience. Never have I felt so at a loss as to how to

proceed. Extreme vulnerability and sensitivity pervaded me. This was essentially a second birth for me, and I felt alone.

Everything changed after this experience. I quite literally felt I was a ghost, walking the fine line between life and death for the months that followed. I had daily visions and “blocks of attention” that seemed to be flooding me, like downloading a file from the internet. The veil between here and there was available to me, and I viewed it with wonder and respect, and tremendous curiosity. For approximately seven months following the initial traumatic experience, my life seemed like a continuation of the blissful aspects. I was somehow awakened to new perceptive abilities, and had access to a seemingly limitless database of knowledge and awareness. I was unable to work or safely drive during this period. For the most part I lost the desire to care for myself; I barely ate, and forgot what it meant to be responsible. I walked the beach every day and vaguely wondered what I was to do for the rest of my life, trying to care. Then things went south.

The Torment

After months of enjoying experimenting with these new tools of perception and sensitivities, the torment began. It started with severe stabbing like pain coming from above my head. Very painful spikes of energy would pulse into me, the pain was unbearable. I noticed almost everywhere I went I would feel a sense of my nervous system being fried. Nightmares set in, and I began the most horrendous time of my life. The next 8+ years were spent exhausting every avenue my friends, family and I could think of to alleviate this nightmare.

I tried the Western medical route; neurologists, MD's, emergency room visits, chiropractors, psychiatrists. I explored the more esoteric Eastern medical world as well; physicians, dietitians, even shamans. The years began to roll past me and I was running out of options, and hope.

A friend of a friend heard about my situation, and recommended I speak with Louise Olivi, a psychic, or “intuitive”, from Connecticut. Normally I would shy away from this approach, but at this point I had no other options; I called Louise. She explained to me how she operates; she has the ability to connect with “beings”, “entities”, and “guides” – call them what you will – not only for guidance, but also for the purpose of transferring energy. She acted as a conduit. I told her I understood, and then proceeded to explain my situation. Louise promptly interrupted me and said I was very close to death, and asked my permission to allow her and her guides to “go to work” on me immediately. Without hesitation, I said yes.

Louise went silent, as did I. After about 60 seconds I began to feel an external source of energy, very active and alive, originating in the base of my spine. In much the same way I felt that extremely powerful energy rising up my spine in 2005, I felt the same again. This time, while it was visceral and powerful, it was extremely generative, somehow bright and healing as opposed to harsh and dangerous energy from years before. For the first time in over eight years I was relieved of the oppressive nasty pressure I had become so accustomed to. I began to sob. I wanted to believe I was finally on the road to recovery. I sensed I was, but knew it would be a process. I felt an immediate bond with Louise, and wondered what would come of all this.

After about 20 minutes, Louise finished her “work” with me. She again explained it was not her, per se, but her connection to the esoteric – “they” were essentially doing the work, she was facilitating it. Because I was receptive, energy could be transferred to me. Louise urged me to get off the phone, lay down, go to sleep. She told me I would sleep deeply, and dream. I simply did not believe her; I had not truly slept more than an hour or two at a time in years. And even then, I would experience terrible nightmares and pain. I would awaken soaked in sweat, and would have to change my clothes and sheets multiple times per night.

Louise was right – I slept. And I dreamed. It was amazing. I had almost forgotten what health and peace felt like. I was in no way instantly recovered, though I began to have hope I would make it out of this mess. I very much looked forward to my next call with Louise. A week later, we were on the phone again.

Once again, Louise went to work. The same visceral energy pumped through me. I was becoming fascinated by this force. In some ways, it actually had a physical sense to it. It was being manipulated and directed, engineered even. I allowed it to pervade my body again, so thirsty for it. Louise cautioned me we had to be careful, and proceed slowly. Too much too soon could end up causing much harm. She began to explain that the powerful experience I had in 2005 had essentially burned out my nervous system. I had crossed over dozens of times that day, and it was quite damaging to me. I had no energetic protection, and my nerve synapses were fried. She used the analogy of me being in the intensive care burn unit. It would be a process, but I was encouraged I would regain some semblance of health and balance again.

For the next six months or so my life was comprised of talking with Louise on a weekly basis, and following her recommendations for treatment to the letter. She told me I had an extremely high sensitivity to electromagnetic fields (EMF); I immersed myself in learning what I could, and finding proper protection. We experimented with diet, and addressed my various sensitivities. Over these months, I went through a transformation. At the beginning of my relationship with Louise I was barely able to drive, certainly not able to hold a job, and unable to read more than one or two pages of anything per day. A few months later my capacity to do just about everything increased substantially. My relationship with her was growing in trust and friendship.

I also began to feel a kinship forming with her unseen connections to the other side. I was always fascinated and curious about how this connection worked with Louise, who she was connecting to, and so on. Over time, she shared with me very personal details. Among them was a specific connection she had with Massau. Apparently, decades before, Louise was in southwestern United States, in “Hopi” territory. That was her introduction to Massau, the legendary American Indian Hopi leader, and the beginning of a life of intrigue and esoteric connections. While Louise had what seemed to me to be a team of nameless guides on call, Massau was her closest, most personal relation. For me, Massau was a formless version of what Khempo represented. While the two men were different on many levels, they were the same when it came to integrity. I had the utmost respect.

Massau and the Hopi’s became of great interest to me. I researched their traditions and culture, and read the Hopi bible. The Hopi’s talked of the four “worlds”, or ages, of the earth. They had a mineral, a color, and an animal to represent each age. From my understanding, the ages were mapped to Lemuria, Atlantis, post-Atlantis (Ancient Egypt), and now, this new age ushered in by the precession of the equinox in 2012. There was a rhythm to each age, an order. Apparently, Massau was one of the Earth’s caretakers throughout the ages.

At this point I was feeling substantially better, and finally well enough to drive. I felt it was time to make the two-hour drive to meet Louise, and properly thank her. A very warm and motherly Italian woman greeted me. There were cookies and sandwiches on the kitchen table, and no hint whatsoever of anything spiritual or new age. I kept thinking about that scene in the Matrix with Neo and the Oracle in the kitchen. We chatted for a while, she couldn’t resist checking in on Facebook every few minutes and bragging about how wonderful her cats were. In the same way I always felt this sense of foreboding and suspense as I built my house years earlier, I felt the same now in Louise’s kitchen. The mundane façade had cracks in it, I could almost smell it.

The Transition

Eventually the topic of conversation turned to my progress and health, and my continued sensitivities. Since that episode in 2005, I had developed all kinds of sensitivities, electronics and psychic topping the list. Often times I was able to feel someone's thoughts and emotions with no apparent effort or initiation on my part. It was something that caused great distress and discomfort for me. These were open windows into other people's lives and minds and I wanted them shut. I had a difficult enough time dealing with my own issues - much of the sensations I felt from others were less than positive. I was in a perpetual state of being overwhelmed and unable to discriminate between my own thoughts and feeling from others. I asked Louise if anyone had ever invented a device to measure people's emotions or intentions. I wanted to experiment with this device, if it existed, as a form of protection to help me navigate the rest of my life.

The answer that came back from Massau astounded me: "No, but you are going to invent one. You are going to invent a series of devices to do just this, and beyond. We would like to work with you to introduce a new physics. Starting with a new atomic structure and over-unity energy, and eventually delving into consciousness and more evolved forms of health and education, we would like to start downloading you information. Nikola Tesla is the technical oversoul of this project, and would like to take you on as his apprentice. Do you accept?"

I looked at Louise, wondering what I just heard. She also had the same look, staring back at me wide-eyed with her hand over her mouth. I knew it wasn't a joke, but I didn't know what to think. I asked her to repeat what she just said. Louise closed her eyes and tuned in, and after a few seconds of pin-drop silence teared up a bit, and pretty much repeated everything verbatim.

During that crazy 2005 experience my life flashed before my eyes dozens of times. Each time it was more compressed and seamless than the previous. I got the clear sensation that all of existence eventually gets summarized like this. It was like things were being put in order, loose ends getting tied up. Some sort of preparation. I knew now, sitting with Louise, it was for this moment. My mind was reeling, and suddenly I started pouring out questions and exclamations with a force and conviction that surprised me: "Electrons orbiting around a nucleus like planets orbiting the sun - I don't think so!"

"You are correct", Massau said. "The atomic structure is much simpler and more sophisticated than currently understood."

"The Grand Canyon - that wasn't formed by the Colorado river...?!?", I blurted out.

"Very astute, young man", Louise said, as if being Malkoviched.

"The big bang - I say it's the big bullshit!", I proclaimed.

"It's a multi-verse, vastly more complex than we know today," was the response from beyond.

I proceeded to hammer Louise with questions for hours. It was like a dam was released in me. I had no idea where this information was coming from. Somehow it was latent in me for years it seemed, bursting forth now. The topics ranged from black holes and the nature of gravity, to more evolved forms of education and government. We talked about language as a transducer and how to minimize loss of meaning and improve efficiency. I was all over the place, completely intrigued and absolutely astounded at the level of wisdom and stability of the answers coming from Louise. Massau was a bedrock of knowledge, the embodiment of consciousness reserved for the gods. The restraint, breadth and accuracy was piercing. I was reminded of the efficiency and directness of experience we have access to, provided the correct resonance, to pierce the thin veil.

Louise had been doing this type of work for approximately 30 years, though she said numerous times that day that she had never heard that tone and that type of information before. There was a sense of ancient

knowledge permeating and I was absolutely hooked. It felt like I was waiting my entire life for this level of information; nowhere else would I find it. Louise was nervous, delving into new territory with her once familiar friend and guide, now unmasked.

We had been going at it for nearly eight hours. Louise was exhausted, I was high as a kite. Both of us were reeling. It was getting late, and I knew it was time to think about heading home; I couldn't keep doing this to Louise. Before we said our goodbyes, she said Massau was guiding her again to ask me, "Do I accept?"

I said "I have no math, engineering or physics background. He knows that, right?"

"Yes, this is part of the plan. Conventional information and education would simply hinder this process."

"This is not a joke? They have the right guy?" – I asked. "No joke, right guy. You were chosen for this."

I had just endured such a difficult existence the previous few years, and thought I had lost the new dimension of perception I had gained in 2005. After the initial high of '05 nothing short of that exalted perception appealed to me in any way. I was lost, isolated, a stranger in a strange land. I saw this as giving my life meaning and purpose. Part of me knew this was a natural next step, regardless of how outlandish it seemed on the surface. There were very deep undercurrents at work here, and I would be remiss to not recognize the implications. I was absolutely over my head and way out of my league when I said with the sincerest conviction, "Hell yes, I accept. What now?"

Louise said I would begin receiving "downloads" at night, during sleep. Knowledge and information would quite literally be transferred from "them" to me, much like a transmitter and receiver in electronic equipment. I was asked to do very little, if any, external study. I immediately thought I had to enroll in college physics courses, or electrical engineering, purchase a bunch of physics books, or enroll in some type of certification program. "Absolutely not", was the response. Stay healthy, tuned in, relax, let us do the work – that was the message. I would receive information and periodically go to Louise for technical confirmation.

During my ride home my mind was buzzing. "Was this a joke? Was my life about to be in danger? How can I possibly even attempt to accomplish this? Why me? No...this has to be a joke, some kind of cruel prank." These were the bulk of my thoughts, though I must admit a non-minor chunk of time during that ride home was spent thoroughly lavishing in embracing this impossible challenge. I made a promise, and intended to follow through, though I had no idea what I was getting into.

Once home, I sat down and tried to take it all in. More or less successfully fending off doubts and questions, I simply tried to remain still and receptive. It was at that moment I was aware of a presence in the room. Three lights, like small stars, appeared near the ceiling. Massau was with me, right in the room; I could see a translucent outline, shimmering, the three lights above. I voiced my greetings, sealed the deal. It was truly a sacred experience. I was reminded of the thin veil of apparent separation, and its constant and immediate accessibility.

About an hour later, exhausted, I finally crawled into bed. There at the foot of the bed was another presence. Same but different, Nikola Tesla was also with me. The sense of determination and fierce commitment will never be forgotten. There was a feeling of timeless patience, yet unwavering immediacy and action that cut through time and space. These men were committed to truth and justice in a way I thought I would never encounter again; the same way my friend Khempo was. Never before had I looked so forward to going to sleep.

The Downloads

Some hours later I found myself in a state not unlike the superconscious states I had experienced years before. To call it sleep, meditation, waking, or a combination of these was not at all accurate. I was still in bed, and guessed it was nearing morning. It was a state of mind of such clarity and stability and conviction. Efficiency and integrity are good descriptors. It was such a direct and immediate connection to something of ultimate purity, force and potential. The “me” that is usually so accustomed to “perceiving” was somehow removed from the equation, which gave the connection a dimension I was unaccustomed to. The usual subject-object mode of perception was absent. This was void of any separativity, a vastly superior mode of perception and communication.

I was completely aware of receiving information; it was happening real time. Blocks of attention were being deposited into my mind somehow, where I knew it would incubate. There was a level of intimacy and connection that is difficult to describe. This was somehow part of me now, as opposed to data or information I had access to. The very nature of consciousness was being revealed, and I was coming to realize the complexity of the task before me.

I could feel myself easing back in normal, “separate” consciousness where my familiar identity lurked. It was a combination of falling asleep and waking, simultaneously. I was so convinced I was going to “wake up” and tell the world the good news: here’s how you build a free energy device. But when I did actually awaken, I was at a loss. The harder I tried to communicate this golden knowledge, the more it alluded the attempt. It soon became clear this would be a lifelong process of refinement and understanding.

This became the norm for the next few months. I would excitedly prepare for bed every night, notebook and recorder practically under my pillow. For the most part, every single night I would be thrown into these superconscious states of light, beauty, and no shortage of pain. During these experiences of receiving information I would multi-task, trying to figure out little triggers or indicators to somehow help me pull this information into my waking state. There was such a disconnect between the human intellect and this type of knowledge. I struggled to bridge this gap, searching for tools and props, as well as self-worth and capacity. Four months of this finally began to produce simple drawings and awkward questions I would prepare for Louise.

The first “formal” technical session I had with Louise was in the summer of 2012. I hesitate to call it formal, though I make the distinction between all the other conversations and sessions. Prior to this, the conversations with Louise were always health related, with no shortage of curious meanderings on my part. I always wanted to know everything about everything, usually in the most random fashion imaginable. This technical session was very different: I was on a very specific mission, and I wanted total dedication and focus on both our parts to begin the impossible task of unraveling and presenting this new physics. I had specific questions written down, and asked the same question in three or four variations till satisfied on a consistent answer. Vibration, harmonics and resonance became the theme of my life. Louise and I rolled up our sleeves and got to work.

While I continued to deal with sensitivities and the related health issues, this new focus seemed to lessen that severity. I continually overworked myself, throwing my fragile nervous system into shock. I was so concerned about the passage of time, aware of the enormity of the task before me, and had no illusions about what it took to get the seemingly simplest project completed in time and within budget...if luck was with you. This beast was a whole other deal, and my greatest challenge soon became pacing myself. The prospect of introducing a new physics was difficult enough, but tempering my drive and enthusiasm was equally challenging. I soon realized this must be addressed, and to this day monitor this very closely.

For two years Louise and I steadily progressed. I began to develop an understanding of a much more sophisticated view of the forces of nature as compared to conventional wisdom, and the little reading I allowed myself. Wikipedia became my primary educator. Interestingly, I spent more time in the “history”

section of any given topic. More than any technical understanding or breakthrough, it was how and why something came to be accepted that was extremely important. The prevailing thought of the day, the inclinations, personality and risks certain people took became the most important factor for me when I would decide to research some technical topic or theory, and decide for myself whether it was credible. That more than anything helped me understand the validity of a concept. The intuition factor is hidden there, and the strength of conviction coupled with the zeitgeist dictated the “laws” of physics that would prevail, waiting for the next outlaw.

The natural inclination for me was to look at the technologies and theories of the more esoteric figures. Nikola Tesla, Viktor Schauburger, Walter Russell, Edward Leedskalnin, among others – were some of the specific men I looked at. Their philosophies seemed ahead of their times, misunderstood. They all shared a common link to the mysterious subtle forces, looking beyond the known.

I soon came to realize that the bulk of science and physics was a series of incomplete concepts weakly networked together to appear stable. A house of cards propping up other houses of more precarious cards, the whole thing was some silently agreed upon sham, no one willing to point out the naked emperor. I remember first reading about how light bulbs worked: while designed to emit light, they are actually only 10% efficient; 90% of the energy for a light bulb ends up being heat – which of course is not utilized – and 10% of the energy ends up as light. I figured the bulk of physics and chemistry was about 90% inaccurate. That was in 2012 – I still feel the same today.

I also began to realize the deliberate attempts to suppress various technologies and specific individuals. The true and accurate pioneers were so often shut down, and the truth about nature would have to wait for another pioneer, while the establishment continued to disrespect resources. This more than anything fueled me to continue. Inefficiency pisses me off; injustice enrages me. I had to learn how to hunker down and make friends with skillful means if this impossible project had any chance of success. This had become my life's work.

It is a bit odd to find myself writing this, feeling secure about it while at the same time admitting no technical background, but I do believe the majority of today's understanding of nature – both from a science and physics perspective, as well as a philosophical or religious one – is quite primitive. So little of the esoteric is allowed, particularly with the sciences, which forces dogma and reputation to prevail. This ends up allowing a limited and inefficient description at best. Incomplete theories give rise to inadequate patches, and we end up with a system of subterfuge and suppression. I know I'm coming at it with a pure perspective, and with a whole bunch of help from my friends, it is a much more accurate model. The politics of it all are soon to become the real challenge, I fear.

The pieces of this impossible puzzle were slowly fitting together. The process was unfolding as natural as any process of nature. The more I let it unfold, the better. The more I intervened, not so much. I realized this was just as much a process of my own personal evolution as it was a physics project for humanity. This intrigued me very much, and I was able to use this to my advantage when the scientific concepts became insurmountable.

Louise was dying of cancer. Just a few months after we met, she told me about it. I began doing small construction projects around her house, watched her fight the good fight, and watched her decline. We both knew her days were numbered, though she did not want to discuss it in any detail. Early summer of 2014 she said she was being guided to tell me I should go to the Tesla Tech Conference in Albuquerque, NM. Despite the fact that I would simply be a spectator, I was a bit nervous. I felt completely out of my league. I felt unprepared on all levels to get into any potential technical discussion, but also felt a bit of a “coming out of the closet”, testing the waters type of thing. My brother Mike and I began making plans to drive from the East coast, camping along the way, seeing what we could see.

I had been working on a new periodic table of elements, very different from the common model based on Mendeleev's version most are all familiar with today. This was a multi-dimensional model based on the

symmetry of the Platonic solids. It is best thought of as a 3-dimensional set of nested platonics; on paper, it was a 2D set of concentric circles. At this point it was perhaps 20% complete. I carried my stack of notebooks with me everywhere I went, afraid to leave them out of sight. I had my bag of notebooks with me when I walked into the conference.

As expected, there was no shortage of techy, eccentric men. Lots of devices and paraphernalia on tables everywhere. There was one woman who stuck out, not only because of her gender, but because her setup was all about crystals. Our eyes met when I first walked in. As I made my way closer I felt drawn to her. I barely said hello when she quietly said, "You're working on something very important, aren't you?"

I asked her how she knew that. She said she was an intuitive messenger, that she worked with guides, and that her guides were screaming at her that we needed to talk. I felt quite comfortable with her, and without hesitation I reached into my bag, grabbed my notebook, and went right to the hand-drawn rendering of my work in progress periodic table. She exclaimed "That's it! That's it! That's the new model for the future!"

I immediately fell into a natural monologue of my story leading up to that point. The cards were falling into place, and Karen Kaufman was an ace. There was an immediate resonance between us, like we simply picked up from...some other time. I talked about my 2005 experience, and subsequent trials and errors over the years, meeting Louise and receiving downloads. I explained the condition Louise was in and my concerns as to how to continue with this project. Karen was clearly multi-tasking the entire time, tuning in to some unseen force much the same way Louise would. The next five days of the conference was a combination of further conversations with Karen, attending presentations, and having long and spontaneous conversations with strangers. Inwardly, I knew full well the implications of meeting Karen.

The conference was a huge success for me. I was astounded at the receptivity of so many of the science minded folks who had intimidated me just days before. I made quick friends, and surprised myself at my own comfort level in discussing esoteric as well as technical concepts. I was invited to speak at next year's conference, and instantly agreed. But the most important connection was Karen. We exchanged contact information and I headed back to Connecticut.

Horus

About a week passed, and I felt compelled to talk with Karen. I wanted to know if she could connect to Massau. I also wanted to know if this was appropriate; I certainly felt a loyalty to Louise, but I also had a commitment to the continuation of the project. Both Karen and I knew this was likely a very important "reassignment". She took it very seriously, told me she would get back to me shortly.

Maybe another week passed when Karen contacted me. She had a very different tone; she was excited, somber, trying to keep up with the breadth of what she was continually being shown. She said not only was it appropriate for me to be speaking with her now, but it was timely. We both knew what that meant. She then started excitedly telling me so much was being revealed to her – this was her life's work, this is why she took incarnation. Yes, she absolutely could connect with Massau, though he was reintroduced as Horus, of Ancient Egypt. The scope broadened in a major way for both of us. While Louise had access to specific information, Karen's access was magnified.

This all started making sense to me. I immediately thought of the all-nighter Khempo and I had in the car, just before he passed away. He kept mentioning "lineage, Buddha, Padmasambhava, the 25 disciples, treasures, Marpa/Milarepa, Christ, etc." All the dreams and visions I had post 2005 included all this, as well as many visions of Egypt, Atlantis, the great pyramids, among other things. And there was always a tall, thin man – we were quite close, obviously, a respected leader. This was Horus. Karen described him, and I knew exactly who she was referring to.

Horus began describing the players of this technical project. He described a pyramid type org chart, with him at the top, managing. Nikola Tesla and Viktor Schauburger were the next layer, then three nameless entities who have never taken incarnation. These were the players that comprised the technical committee, responsible for filtering and downloading me information. Tesla was also at times outside the org chart, so to speak, working on his own with me. Information was gathered, tweaked, tailored to my energy body and preparedness, then transmitted by Horus. This sometimes included Tesla, sometimes not.

The breadth and dimension of the project seemed immense, and the implications profound. The downloads took on a new level of intensity and specificity. I was constantly riding the edge of the wave, always falling into either euphoria or overload, struggling to find the balance, and the capacity.

The wheels turned, and as if on cue, sadly Louise passed away. For this project, her role was complete. What an interesting two years it was, knowing Louise. She saved my life, introduced me to my life's work, and I will always be grateful. The passing of Louise and introduction to Karen marked an important transition, which brought a new dimension of breadth, scope and intensity. Karen and I rapidly formed a bond, and a loose system of semi-regular technical sessions ensued. Me in Connecticut, Karen in Colorado, we would often spend six or more hours on the phone, sometimes weekly.

While the bulk of the conversations involved technical confirmation on specific aspects of my accelerating downloads, there was always time allocated to addressing my health issues, as well as my overzealous drive and insistence on measuring time in a linear fashion. I was determined to do my best with all of this, slowly learning that while hard work certainly had its place, wisdom and patience were becoming comrades. Working smart, knowing my limits and role, and resonating with the larger picture and players was key.

Karen's role of maintaining an impeccable connection to her sources, confirming in English words these deeply abstract concepts I presented to her, was important. The stability and level of accuracy was, and remains, paramount. Karen must maintain an unbiased view at all times, constantly checking her filters and intentions, holding a pure connection. Her ability to maintain the highest levels of performance is stellar. Another subtle though equally important role worth mentioning is that of psychological savior. While Louise saved my physical life, Karen saved my mind.

There were times in the beginning when I would think this would all fade away. Maybe it would be Louise revealing some mistake, or me caving in, or maybe the connections to the esoteric would be lost somehow. But the weeks and months marched on, and the information simply continued to pour in, at times beyond my capacity. It was stable, progressive, and truthfully made so much sense – most of the time. The rabbit hole was deep beyond imagination and I soon realized that if this ever went south, it would be me. I simply could not let that happen. What didn't make sense was how to protect and distribute this information, safely and accurately. My own credibility remained a real issue; I knew I would have to fight for that, not having the technical background. And then there's the bad guys, with less than selfless agendas.

Every few weeks I would essentially crash. A combination of my nervous system being overloaded on all levels – a physical, emotional and energetic overloading, I would be in severe pain and bedridden for days at a time, forced to shut down. I was withdrawing from the world, opting for isolation. Karen was vital in putting the brakes on this downward spiral, always reminding me balance was important. Delegate. Divine timing. I have help, and don't have to do this alone. These are lessons I will never forget.

The first two years of receiving this information was exciting, overwhelming, wonderful, confusing, and often quite painful. Looking back, I know it was preparation. "They" were working out the kinks of transmission and communication. I was being remade, and needed time to assimilate to this extremely intimate relationship, both physically as well as psychologically. The very nature of consciousness and personal identity was in question for me, and I was being given adjustment time.

During this phase, I was focused on how to communicate a very different model of the atomic structure. I could see it in my mind, but was at a loss for the language to share it. I was fumbling with a new multi-dimensional model of the periodic table, immersing myself in the world of Platonic solids, delving into the nature of vibration, gravity and light. My respect for nature and life, while always strong, took on a very immediate sense. Religion and even spirituality were somehow transcended, though I was at a complete loss as to what to offer as a replacement. I essentially went silent, and withdrew from the world. The entire time I struggled to keep my feet on the ground, trying to trust in the process, knowing the rubber would meet the road someday.

Ajax

The next two years were a time of energetic and technical refinement, coming to terms, and integration. The information began to come through with a much higher level of precision and clarity, and much less pain. I found myself simply knowing things, rather than looking for confirmation. Self-doubt began to fade. I felt I was beginning to allow the process to unfold a bit more, and enjoy the ride as much as possible. I was taking ownership, and preparing as best I could what that might entail. I was paying attention to my health like never before, and working hard at not working too hard. I settled in to a new lifestyle, welcoming new challenges.

Word was slowly getting around that I was working on a mysterious project. One day years before, while working on Louise's house, she had to run out for a bit to visit a friend. Within a few minutes my phone rang. Louise put her friend on the line, Sue McIntosh. Louise and Sue went way back. Sue was a retired physician, now helping Louise through her difficult time. Sue invited me over that night, wanting to hear all about this crazy project I was involved with. She listened very carefully, really not saying too much. That was the last I heard from her for two and a half years.

Fast forward a couple years. Louise had recently passed away. I was stressing out over how to get this project off the ground. I had no income, no job, but remained determined. Sue McIntosh called out of the blue, asked how the project was going, and wanted to meet the next day. When she pulled into my driveway, she handed me a brown paper grocery bag. I thought they were vegetables from her garden.

In the bag were stacks of \$10 bills, a total of \$25,000 – a gift. I was stunned. This gift enabled me to continue on with the project, particularly further developing a specific device I was working on called Magneto, to present it at the Tesla Tech conference a few months later.

Another important event was my visit to Colorado to see Karen. I was homing in on completing this new multi-dimensional periodic table of elements, but was stuck. Karen and I went over and over details on the phone, but thought an in-person visit was necessary. I was still a bit shaky, somewhat nervous about how I would do in crowds, airports and flying. I'd been so isolated for years, and hadn't flown since 2006. We decided I should make the trip. Travels went better than I expected, and Karen and I settled into earnest technical discussions in no time.

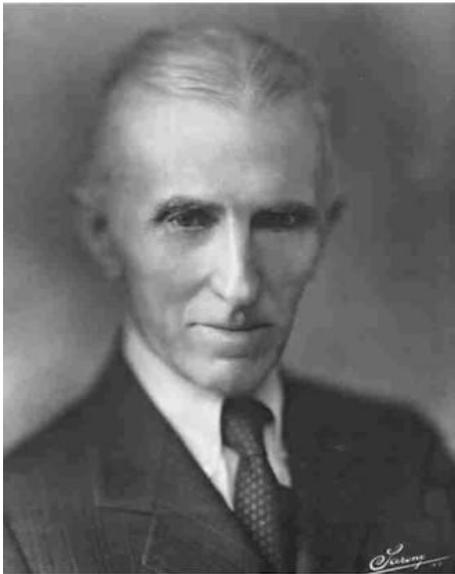
We had charts, notes, diagrams and images all over her table. It was an intense night, and was getting very late. Suddenly everything clicked. I knew the Platonic solid architecture was complete – the new periodic table was defined. It was an important moment. Being in each other's presence facilitated everything.

I suddenly realized we needed a name for this new periodic table. I was going to present this in a couple of months, and we had no website, no literature, and no name. We tossed around all kinds of suggestions, but nothing felt right. I then remembered something from my teenage years.

In my teens and early 20's, I had read extensively on Edgar Cayce, "America's Greatest Prophet" many called him. Cayce talked of Nikola Tesla on several occasions, the Tesla that we know of most recently,

as well as previous incarnations, particularly in Atlantis. Tesla actually visited Cayce nearly 500 times in the early 1900's. In some ways, they had a similar relationship to Karen and myself; Tesla went to Cayce for technical confirmation on esoteric information he was receiving. According to Cayce, Tesla was considered the main scientific driving force for cutting edge technology throughout Atlantis, and went by the name "Ajax". Just a few weeks prior I had received the financial gift from Sue McIntosh. It seemed fitting to name this periodic table the Ajax McIntosh Model.

The next morning I awoke, reeling from an exceptionally intense night of downloads and visions, knowing an important milestone was achieved. I began texting my sister Jen, summarizing the previous night's accomplishments. I was in the middle of composing the text message when the entire screen of my phone swirled and spiraled away from me somehow. I actually turned the phone over, thinking I would see a 3-dimensional vortex or drain. The text window spiraled away, and then another spiral began turning in the opposite direction, towards me. Within seconds, this image appeared on my screen:



For about 20 seconds Tesla and I looked at each other, the silent gesture acknowledged, then the image simply faded away. The half-written text message then reappeared. "Nikki", as Karen and I had begun calling him, was very happy.

Consciousness

The very next night, still at Karen's house, was her first introduction to Khempo. Up to this point, my relationship with Karen had been mainly focused on technical downloads, my health, and this slowly percolating hint of "consciousness". Neither of us were really clear what that meant. I would occasionally poke around and ask questions. For the most part all Horus would give up was "while new physics is important, it's only the tip of the iceberg."

Khempo's name had come up in passing a few times between Karen and I over the months. I was always so overwhelmed by both my health issues, as well as keeping up with these technical downloads. But over time, my "pre-2005" life was making its way into conversations. Karen was piece-by-piece getting the broader picture of circumstances preceding my '05 experience, and Khempo's role in my life. Up till that night, however, there was never any attempt on Karen's part to make a direct connection.

We were relaxing, earlier that morning having the text session with Nikki, when I felt that familiar golden presence. I knew it was Khempo. Karen suddenly exclaimed “Oh my god, who is that?”, and we both teared up instantly. Khempo and Karen began a very sweet exchange and became instant comrades. Clearly it was not their first meeting.

Khempo was like the man I had last seen in the car, parked in front of some California grocery store. The robes were off, the restraint was gone, he was open for business – no topic off limits. The same line of conversation was picked up from years before: “lineage, Buddha, Padmasambhava, the 25 disciples, treasures, Marpa/Milarepa, Christ...” – it just kept going. It was beginning to become clear; this project was growing tentacles. As overwhelming and outlandish as the introduction of a new physics seemed at times, the consciousness aspect dwarfed it in comparison. Really though, it was just a natural extension. Physics and consciousness cannot possibly be separated. This was simply all related, all one broad project, the introduction to it having a technical focus. The committee on the other side had grown, as did my challenges.

By 2015 I had developed a complete multi-dimensional periodic table, the Ajax McIntosh Model. I had a pretty good handle on an entirely new atomic structure, quite different from today’s model, and I was becoming confident with it. I was gaining a handle on the vibratory nature of all things, sympathetic resonance and harmonics dictated a natural order to all things. The subtle relationships between all matter and energy were being revealed, and I was beginning to understand how to talk about and maybe even manifest this.

The addition of the consciousness aspect made complete sense, but only if I didn’t think about it. Language, education, awareness, artificial intelligence, culture, atomic structure and etheric origins – all under the umbrella of consciousness. Somehow everything was intimately and interdependently related. All forces were just one, manifested as harmonics of each other. All time, space and dimensions existed simultaneously, and there was a way to engineer this – I knew this within the fibers of my being. But how to communicate this? I thought the physics challenge was difficult, which it certainly is. Now I had to find a way to tie consciousness in, to give even the simplest hydrogen atom its place on the perception chain. Gravity is a primitive form of electricity, electricity is a primitive form of consciousness, and our thoughts create the world. All religions, as well as sciences, are just temporary conceptual descriptions, moving targets of partial relevancy at best. No doubt, at this point, I had thoughts about going back and taking the blue pill.

The information being presented to me now is so abstract and profound, and I am gearing up for another important phase. The word is if all this were an iceberg, new physics would be the tip. The study of consciousness is the bulk of it. I prefer to view it now as an inverted iceberg, top-down; consciousness is the fundamental force giving rise to all others. Physics, toward the bottom, is a result of this understanding, a natural outcome.

Sustainability has become my mantra: for the earth with the use of energy, and the environment with the understanding of energy and matter interaction; education and the younger generation, sustainability is the hallmark of evolution. Currently, this is certainly not the case on this planet; we have no sustainable model, and many systems are corrupt. By embracing a more evolved model of nature where it is recognized that physics and consciousness cannot be separated, we can begin to allow our experience to mimic nature. By recognizing the inter-dependent connections with all things implies etheric origins of influence, we can begin to build true sustainability into every system, allowing a much more generative approach.

Obstacles often polarize and divide people. Solutions are often masked as suppression. The forces that shape any culture and collective concepts are complex, and just recently being recognized as having common origins. For centuries scientists have struggled to identify the unified theory, the one theory that unifies all the forces of nature. They intuit this truth, and its implications. For centuries the debate has reigned over the existence of alien life, and its attempts to make contact with us.

Imagine instead, if we did the exploring. Imagine if we had the technology to travel faster than the speed of light. Imagine if we identified this unified theory; there was only one force in the multi-verse, and consciousness was driving it all. Imagine the impact this knowledge would have on the collective psyche. Or the individual. What does this knowledge mean to you? How would it shape your world? How would you use this to expose inefficiencies and adopt more evolved practices? Lately, this has been my focus, and the topic of the downloads.

The following sections describe, in chronological order, the projects and associations made along the way, leading up to the present. It started when I was still in my limbo phase, struggling with the torment, a few years prior to meeting Louise.

The Farm

The torment phase – the years between the initial 2005 experience and meeting Louise in 2012 – were difficult on multiple levels. While I was experiencing all these difficulties, I was also experiencing strange and new insights. I remember sitting in my little lake side cottage apartment, looking out at the lake for hours. Sometimes in 12+ hour stretches, I would be lost in thought, having incredible insights about what I would normally call science or physics, but without the math or preconceived concepts. I was absorbed in exploring the true nature of all things, being remade. I felt like a ghost, gliding along in the breeze, being prepared for something I couldn't put my finger on at the time. Little did I know I was being prepared for the conscious recognition and acceptance of technical downloads, commencing with my meeting with Louise.

I began playing with magnets. I was completely amazed at the invisible force contained in these small pieces of metal. With childlike wonder I would simply delve into the magnets with my mind for hours. Light and sound became more fascinating than I ever imagined. Ideas were slowly percolating in my mind, and after a few years I began getting impatient. I had such an urge to become productive in some way, maybe try and put some of these concepts into action.

In 2009, 3 years before meeting Louise marking the beginning of the “formal” downloads, I bought a 30-acre farm in Canterbury, CT. Friends and family got together and we began transforming this place into an education facility with a strong emphasis on renewable energy.

Ethanol Environment

We started out by building our own thermal and photovoltaic solar panels, and got a few buildings off the grid. We then began experimenting with Ethanol. We obtained a federal permit to produce Ethanol, and soon had local schools getting involved, donating land to grow cellulose based crops for Ethanol production. An exchange program was set up where local landowners and farmers would pledge unused land for Ethanol based crop production. In turn we would provide them with organic food and Ethanol for use in their vehicles. Once we began regularly producing 192-proof Ethanol, we turned our attention to mass producing it and designing a sustainable environment.

We ended up designing SEE, a sustainable Ethanol environment that involved the use of Ethanol production and its by-products. A “T” shaped building would have a greenhouse as the southern exposure, being the leg of the “T”. The top part of the “T” is where Ethanol production would occur. The structure would be powered by solar thermal and PV, and had a water catchment system in place to handle all water consumption.

When Ethanol is produced, the feedstock needs to ferment. During fermentation, it emits CO₂ - this is like steroids for crops. Organic crops were to be grown in the greenhouse, having CO₂ pumped in. The liquid

output from the distillation process is the actual Ethanol. This would be processed for vehicle consumption (clean burning, no emissions). The solids left over is called distiller's grain. It turns out this is the perfect food for animals, fish and fertilizer. Distiller's grain would be fed to Tilapia fish in the indoor pool, in this "T" structure. It would also be used as fertilizer for the organic greenhouse.

We had contracts getting set up with local grocery stores to buy both organic crops and Tilapia fish. We had started developing an on-site garage where people could make the relatively simple conversion for their vehicles to accept a percentage of Ethanol into their fuel tanks safely. A business plan was developed where we would do a proof of concept of this sustainable structure on the Canterbury farm. If successful, other structures would be built elsewhere. A return on investment was expected after 2 year's production time.

The town got wind of this and encouraged us to zone the entire 30-acres commercially. They were interested in supporting not only the renewable energy efforts, but the educational aspect as well. We began designing a village like community setting, combining these renewable energy efforts with education programs.

Battery Exchange Program

Additionally, we began developing a battery exchange program. Fairly large solar arrays would be built on the farm, the sole purpose being to charge deep-cell batteries. These batteries would be available for local residences, to supplement powering their homes. A "bank" of batteries would be exchanged: when someone's batteries needed re-charging, we would deliver a freshly charged bank to their home, returning with their expended batteries to be re-charged at the farm. At their home, they would connect it to their electrical panel – simple "plug-and-play". In exchange, the homeowners would provide labor and materials to assist in our organic farming efforts.

I was astounded at the enthusiasm of the local community, and the receptivity of the town of Canterbury. I struggled so much with my health, and agonized over how to maintain the momentum. It was extremely disappointing for me to have to pull the plug on these efforts. Without my continued participation, these projects could not come to fruition. It was shortly after coming to the decision to shut things down that I met Louise, and began my road to recovery.

Magneto

The termination of the farm projects was a bitter disappointment to me, though I always felt it was temporary. Somehow my health would return, and we would get back on track. Once I met Louise, and the technical downloads began, renewable energy quickly took a back seat, while new physics continued to rise to the forefront.

The first "post download" project began in 2013. After approximately one year of receiving downloaded information, I was able to translate this into engineerable blueprints. It was a welcome respite to have a physical device to focus on. It took me away from the enormity and abstract nature of the overall project. I was able to focus on specific mechanical details, and it was a nice introduction to testing the waters regarding the credibility and validity of attempting to introduce a new physics.

While working with Louise, I had been introduced to the concept of energetic structures. Every atom has an energetic structure, the etheric predecessor to the element's physical crystal structure. These were essentially the hand-off between the form and the formless, the boundary between dimensions. There were five different energetic structure shapes, and the unique combination of shape, size and speed (rotation) gave rise to all 118 elements on the periodic table.

In 2013 I began work on the first device. This device is designed to make use of these energetic structures to model the atomic structure via cymatics. By utilizing a unique form of cymatics and high speed rotors as the vibrational source, this device is designed to reveal the new Platonic solid based atomic structure. Magneto would enable us to have a visual depiction of each element, and more importantly, assign atomic frequencies and develop harmonic algorithms for bonding and compounds. The high-speed rotors are designed according to strict proportions, modeled after these five energetic structure shapes. We began calling this device Magneto.

Friends and family pitched in financially, and we gathered up enough money to hire Dana Holman, a Connecticut based machinist, to begin construction on Magneto. Everything was custom, and it became a very creative and enjoyable project. Whenever there was another chunk of money available, we made a little more progress. Despite a shortage of funds, Magneto did become operational, thanks to the creativity and generosity of Dana. However, the rotor speeds required to show real results were beyond our budget. We needed to exceed the capabilities of the fastest electric motors available. It soon became apparent a new technology would be necessary. I began working on designs for a new motor to power the Magneto rotors, called the vortex motor. Magneto was shelved for the time being, and I began thinking about real investment money.

Expanding Support

Dr. Gerald Pollack

In 2015 I met Dr. Gerald Pollack of the University of Washington. Dr. Pollack discovered a very important property of water he calls the “exclusion zone”. I had recently read his book, “The Fourth Phase of Water”, and decided to contact him. I had again attended the Tesla Tech Conference in New Mexico, this time with Magneto on display. Shortly after the conference I contacted Dr. Pollack. He took a quick look at my website, and immediately invited me to his office in Seattle. I made the drive from Albuquerque to Seattle and found myself quickly immersed in a fascinating discussion.

We had an immediate resonance with each other, and I found myself sharing my 2005 experience with Dr. Pollack, and the subsequent technical aspects. We discussed his recent discoveries with water, and how these discoveries could dovetail with a vibrational model of the elements. Dr. Pollack’s discovery of this important interaction between light and water has profound implications, and is now a very significant direction for us.

Dr. Pollack asked me to help comment on his current book on levitation, and invited me to participate in his newly formed organization, The Institute for Venture Science (IVS). We continue to remain in touch, and I offer my continued support for his important work.

Ethan Pollack

Dr. Pollack introduced me to his son, Ethan. Ethan handles all the imagery and illustrations for his father’s books, as well as editing. Ethan and I began the painstaking task of attempting to pull the images residing in my mind out, getting them into some form. It was so apparent to me from the beginning that an accurate visual representation of this new atomic structure, vibration, and energy/matter interaction would be key in communicating and distributing this information.

Ethan very willingly and patiently would sit through marathon phone and skype calls, attempting to understand these abstract concepts, and put them into form. Initially these were 2D imagery, then soon 3D. The added dimension, although simply viewed through a computer screen, was extremely helpful –

not only for others, but for me. Seeing the complexity of the nested platronics helped me tremendously in continued development of the atomic structure.

I was always pushing to try and get this imagery into motion, some type of video. This was not Ethan's forte, but we gave it our best shot. But it was Ethan's ability to capture these difficult concepts and transform them to still images that brought everything to a completely new level, got me thinking of the real importance of how to best convey these concepts.

KO Boulder

It became apparent that this intellectual property needed protection. I was introduced to KO Boulder, a law firm out of Boulder, CO. Dunedain, LLC was formed in October of 2016. It is comprised of six members: Karen Kaufman, Walter Goodwin, Kristin Quinn, two of my siblings, Michael and Jennifer Murray, and myself, Len Murray. Mike, Jen and Walter have been with me from the beginning of the initial 2005 experience. I met Karen at the 2014 Tesla Tech conference, and Kristin right around the same time.

The partners mentioned here as part of the Dunedain, LLC are partners in every sense of the word. Their selfless commitment to these efforts deserves the highest respect, and their stable belief is the perfect template to be used as a model for everything we are attempting to accomplish. It is the perfect fellowship to introduce this special knowledge.

From the beginning, I have felt a very strong need to carefully protect this information. I was so reluctant to speak about it, outside the close circle of partners, for quite a while. But without some form of distribution, the greatest knowledge is never shared, which is a tragedy. Each step for Dunedain thus far has been proper. Timing and preparedness is so important, aligning with quality folks is key. Without overengineering these steps, we have been very deliberate and cautious.

This is how I feel with KO Boulder. I feel confident that the KO Boulder firm will do just that; they will first provide a protective mechanism around this intellectual property, which will then enable its proper distribution.

Ruth Kendall

In early 2016 I was introduced to Ruth Kendall. Ruth had heard about our efforts through locals in Connecticut, and wanted to learn more. We set up a meeting, and directly after the meeting went to the bank; Ruth became Dunedain's first and currently sole investor.

Considering the potential unknown expenditures in bringing Magneto to completion, I was faced with a decision. As mentioned above, we needed a method to spin the Magneto rotors faster than currently available electric motors. My machinist and I were exploring alternatives. Also in question were the bearings. We had constructed custom air bearings, though it seemed likely we needed to explore magnetic bearings, as well as a vacuum chamber. The possible costs were adding up quickly.

I have designed a new vortex motor, with the hope that it would provide the necessary rotor speeds. It was likely Ruth's contribution could be easily exceeded in developing this new technology, and we would be left with nothing to show. Magneto remained on the shelf for the time being, and I began exploring depicting this new atomic structure/new physics using video and motion.

Without Ruth's contribution, it is likely none of this would have gotten off the ground, and brought to the level we are today. Without hesitation, within just an hour or so of meeting me, she handed over money – no contracts, no talk of return on her investment, dates...nothing. She continues to be a stable force of belief and support - something I will forever appreciate.

Giant Astronaut

If a picture is worth a thousand words, a short video is worth at least a million. A friend introduced me to virtual reality, and I knew instantly where Ruth's investment money should go.

I contacted Giant Astronaut, a virtual reality and multi-media studio out of Portland, OR. Giant Astronaut and I went through the same marathon-type discussions that Ethan and I had gone through. The arduous task of first transferring this knowledge, then depicting it visually, is not minor. Like all the connections I've been making, the resonance with Giant Astronaut was very natural. This was the next perfect step; not only would they accurately depict this new physics, but I also had a means of potential income. Virtual reality modules could be sold, both as educational products as well as personal interest/entertainment. This could be one Dunedain subsidiary company, a product based company that may finance further research and development efforts.

Giant Astronaut has developed an extensive virtual reality presentation depicting the new atomic structure, the Ajax McIntosh Model, energy/matter interaction and an energy device. We are now discussing developing specific virtual reality modules, including incorporating BCI (brain computer interface), for educational purposes.

OpenFab PDX

Around the same time I began working with Giant Astronaut, I met David Perry of OpenFab PDX. David developed two versions of the Ajax McIntosh Model for 3D printing; one version is the 3-dimensional set of twelve nested platonics, the other an adjustable set of concentric circles, designed to hang on a wall. We are also working on developing individual elements for 3D printing.

These two versions of the Ajax McIntosh Model can be provided in various forms:

- 2D graphics
- 3D printed/fabricated
- 3D virtual reality

These can be used as additional education tools, as well as sold in conjunction with the above mentioned virtual reality modules.

Moving Forward

Since I began receiving formal downloads in 2012, the bulk of that information has been specific to new physics: a new model for the atomic structure, gravity and light based on vibration, resonance and harmonics. Etheric origins of influence imply an open system of interdependent relations where interactions between forces underlie everything.

The potential applications arising out of the acceptance of a new physics are numerous, and the impact unknown. The follow-up document to this one ("Dunedain Projects") describe some of these technologies and devices. It touches on a longer-term facility to address the possible implications; first, a research and development and education facility to launch these projects. Then, a legal and financial mechanism to protect and distribute them.

Considering the longer-term bulk of these Dunedain efforts are geared toward studying the nature of consciousness, and that this specific "downloaded" type of information has just begun, emphasis is now being placed on how to best prepare for this. These efforts are clearly leading toward a unified theory of forces, where consciousness is the fundamental force. The same theories of vibration, resonance and harmonics apply. It is the joining of the two hemispheres of the brain, uncovering the importance of the interaction between the two, not the individual components. While the applications that may arise out of this are important, the implications for society cannot be overlooked.

The members of Dunedain are now all poised to launch this venture in Oregon. I have begun researching commercial space and land availability, with the intention of establishing a business development center.

The timing for all this has been impeccable. I'm at a point with the technical information where I need specific expertise to further evolve these theories, and implement devices. Physicists, chemists, engineers, musicians; open-minded experts need to further evolve these theories. With my input, we can implement important new technologies.