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The Tambolian Paradox

Book Two

The Map

An Original Manuscript

by

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Acknowledgement

The insight tests and other meditational practices are based on personal experience and lineage traditions. The scientific details are contemporary, though the applications can be controversial. The Tambolian Paradox is not AI-generated.

Dedication

Maria Moskina
To those who know and know they know
A Tamboilan Map Master
Pilgrim Wanderers
Teacher Friends
Mystic Hermits
and
Shaman Healers

Odd Bits of Stuff

Most people wonder if Tambolia exists. It might be better to think, given all the time the universe has had to establish something like a Galactic Library, why wouldn't it exist? Of course, access is the key and the most challenging part. The Galactic Library has two initial conditions: one is the Mark of Emptiness; the other is Self-Secret. Once you understand these conditions, you can enter this library.

The science

The science and scientific ideas in the Tambolian Paradox are contemporary, though clearly fringe and controversial, and sometimes prove to be true. All the yoga and meditational practices described are authentic and have lineage from traditional Buddhist Masters. Applying these practices is also conventional, although there are numerous ways to utilize them, some of which are more controversial than others. You will be mostly disappointed if you think you can be taught these practices at contemporary meditation centers. If you think you can do these practices without getting into at least as much trouble as the people in this book, good luck!

All the people portrayed in this narrative are mythical, as we all are to some extent. Some of the information in this narrative makes consummate good sense. Also, speaking mind to mind is mentioned. The Lamas called this upstairs telephone. It is easy to do, and, mysteriously enough, once you figure it out, it becomes a challenge to avoid. What you figure out first is what you are, and then anything extra is someone else's busy noise mind. Roger Sorenson (a mystical character) has often been quoted as saying, "Reading minds is a problem of stupidity management."

Discovering the content-rich information in ancient,

symbolic, and even megalithic structures was neither apparent nor straightforward. Temples, Mandalas, Yantras, Stupas, Statues, Celestial Mansions, Lineage visualizations, the hidden lines of Tibetan Cosmology, and other esoteric artifacts. According to Dr. Solt from Harvard University's School of Japanese Studies, this could only have been done under these specific conditions. First, one needs a technical background in physics and mathematics to understand the mathematical arrangement of the various ancient symbolic components. Second, have lineage access to these ancient esoteric pictographs and meditation techniques.

Esoteric and Symbolic Architectures have endured for thousands of years, establishing their durability and confidence in their sustainability. Noting that the information is content-rich, accessible, and culturally neutral is convenient. Deciding that all this information is obvious is not obvious and has been overlooked in contemporary times for obscure reasons. If the symbolism seems ambiguous, you might appreciate our ancient ancestors' ingenuity in the original allegorical organization and Mapping Strategies for Sustainable Decision-Making.

The Silent Hand

There is no time, place, or culture that does not have a story about the Silent Hand. Martial Arts may be the most apparent contemporary application of the Silent Hand. The Silent Hand tells us the truth – relentlessly, especially when we least expect it.

The Greek letter Ψ

The Greek letter Psi was added to the Phoenician alphabet by about 800 BC, but we intend to use it symbolically as a pictogram. It includes an (I) in an invested emotional sense

and a shadowed (I) as a ‘one’ that represents the unity of awareness, a (Y) as an acronym for the question of why, and a chalice that represents the feminine quality of partnership equanimity, our only hope to save humanity from itself, and finally a stylized trident, a Tantric symbol for mystical insight. The Bodhicariyans wear this symbol somewhere on their body, not as a talisman but possibly as a provocative visualization.

The Bodhicariyan Dilemma

The Sanskrit words Bodhi, meaning enlightened wisdom, and Cariya, meaning reasonable action, are used as criteria to encourage people who have decided to become Bodhicariyan to remember that women and children are not the problem. In times of absolute despotism, those who have the ability to act must also bear the responsibility to act, regardless of the consequences. Unfortunately, the patriarchal delusions we currently suffer from mandate that men kill anyone who criticizes or disagrees with them. So, how do you explain to delusional men that they are delusional, without being martyred, a serious problem?

The Tambolian Book of Deeds

At the beginning of each chapter, there is a quote from the Tambolian Book of Deeds. Yamantaka, the enigmatic guardian of Tambolia, proposed them, saying this was a very naughty thing to do. When asked to explain, he said, “In journalism, it is said that if two people know something, it is not a secret. In mystical traditions, it is said that if one person knows something, it is not a secret. What the Tambolian Book of Deeds explains is that everything essential to the human condition is still secret.

The Story Tellers

The Paleolithic period was before writing and the pyramids, before hieroglyphs and petroglyphs, before settlements and politics; it was a time when storytellers and secret dances wondered about what we were and what we knew. The campfire was the stage, the ceiling of stars, the theater. The old and ancient ones were trusted and believed because they were the custodians of the memories. There were many memories about being here. How to be safe? How to be a good person? The strangest and most magical memory was ‘How to get to where you need to be.’ This memory was called the Map, which has had many names throughout the centuries, and has traveled far, perhaps to every possible place.

When we settled into agricultural villages, the storytellers became the Map Masters, Shaman-Healers, the Mystic-Hermits, the Pilgrim-Wanders, the Teacher-Friend, and the memory of the Map persisted. The appeal included masks, tattoos, and secret movements, as well as hand gestures, the rhythm and cadence of the story, spectacle, and drama. Storytime was a time of enchantment and wonder when the children were quiet, the dogs were quiet, the fire was warm, and everyone could hear. There was a mystery, and the mystery was the Map itself.

The most recent version of the Map is still 2500 years old and was hidden in the Mandalas and visualizations of Tibetan Vajrayana practices. It was not translated, nor even appreciated, until 1971, when it was discovered hidden under an altar in an ancient monastery. At that time, an unrecognized, strange, and hidden Mystic Tertion stumbled across these ancient teachings and was fascinated. Forty years later, the Map was complete again. The journey was made fresh by adventurous pilgrims searching for the next place, the place they needed to go, a place where the solutions to problems were found, a place not hidden but deeply unnoticed - Tambolia.

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The Map

“Most people live their lives in a dark room. An epiphany is when someone turns a light on in that room. The Tambolian Map is a map of your mind with all the lights turned on.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

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Chapter 1

The Other-there

“Noticing is the hard part.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

Roger Sorenson sat by the little creek that ran near the Applegarth Library almost every day for several months. None of the other Bodhicariyans (Sanskrit - wisdom-action) seemed concerned by his behavior since the creek was quite pleasant, and Roger looked very much at home sitting by a creek. This creek, like all other things in Tambolia, was unusual. This creek did not have a name in any ordinary sense, although locals later referred to it as Rogers Creek. Roger sat by the creek, as others had done, to meditate and learn what the water was saying to them. Eventually, he discovered a great deal about what water is and what it means to sensitive people on mystical journeys. The water in this creek was known as the Water of Acumen and was regarded as one of the Veins of the Universe by the Ancient Ones, the Gone-Ones, and others who could sit there long enough. Roger looked into the water and listened to its sound until he learned the names of the Veins of the Universe and what they represented.

For those of you who do not sit by creeks, especially mystical creeks in a galactic depository like Tambolia, one of the conditions of the Veins of the Universe is the *Other-There*, and when you learn about the *Other-Theres*, you can go there; there are lots of them.

One quiet afternoon, after visiting the creek, Roger wandered back to his apartment at Applegarth, the library complex in Tambolia, which he had shared with Galadreal

and her daughter, Capella, for the last ten years. He sat in his favorite chair and looked over the balcony onto the garden court, full of excellent colors and lavish smells mingling around the place like friendly shadows. Capella, who was almost twelve now and getting too big for this sort of thing, crawled into his lap and snuggled under his arm. If she were a cat, she would have been purring.

“Where’s your mom?” he asked her softly.

“Moms are Moms wherever they are, sometimes near, sometimes far,” she answered with a little singsong voice with a lisp you would have thought she would have outgrown by now.

“Where about do you suppose she is?” he asked patiently.

“Out and about, but within a shout,” she answered in her usual dreamy, far-away voice she had used since she began to talk. When new people and visitors came to Applegarth, it always took them some time to get used to the rampant, dreamy rhyming coming from such a little person. After a while, you learned to ask questions that got the shortest limerick, although the short ones were not necessarily easier to figure out.

Roger did not shout for Galadreal but sat there nestled up with this little, wonderfully strange person. Capella seemed to have captured the essence of Tambolia better than any other Bodhicariyan, not only in her speaking but by just being there. She laughed and danced when she walked, but not when she ate. She ate with the intensity of a Wagoner Opera; everything seemed so very important, fraught with meaning, as if she wasn’t sure that eating carrots was quite the proper thing to do in the cosmic order of things.

When Galadreal returned, she came into the room carrying a large bundle of flowers, which she arranged in a vase and set on the table near the balcony’s double doors. Her every

move was being watched by her little wonder, still nestled in Roger's arm, as if, at any moment, a marvelous surprise might come, zooming out of the vase or from under her sleeve. This was not as unusual in Tambolia as it usually is on Earth, but a surprise is still a surprise.

Capella whispered softly into Rogers's ear. "She's a naughty girl with a colorful swirl, tricking Roger with a pearl taken from that wisdom room, where secrets come with a certain gloom."

"If a naughty girl is in this room, it's you." Roger spoke to her in a friendly, happy way and then, more concerned, asked Galadreal, "How did the meeting go?"

She came over, sat on the floor, leaned on his legs, cuddled Capella gently, and said, "Just as you thought, the others think you should search for the map, and most think it is on the Earth somewhere."

"You know I don't want to go, even if you and the other Bodhicariyan seem to think it best, I don't." He was pensive for a bit, then added, "I don't think I'm up to it."

"What do you mean – not up to it?"

"Well, I suppose I should have gone to the meeting or listened in and argued my own case, but once you think about it, I'm really just an ordinary fellow from some tiny island town of Friday Harbor, and by some bizarre circumstances just happened to stumble into Tambolia and into a relationship and family that only Lewis Carroll could think up. I love you and not-so-little Capella more than I can say or adequately understand, and I do not want to leave you. Also, I can't imagine being qualified for such a quest."

"Taut as a tight rope teetering in the middle, and the middle is a muddle like a puzzle in a puddle," added the sleepy Capella.

"And I suppose you wouldn't miss me?" asked Roger,

teasingly nudging Capella.

“Seems like near, but far is as close as we can get,” she prattled off.

“Yes, we will miss you,” added Galadreal with a wisp of nostalgia and a bit of longing that long-term caring always brings with separation. “But you have to go, for all of us.”

I cannot see why the others think I am capable of doing this. I’m really a pretty boring fellow,” continued Roger. “There are others who must be more qualified and well,” he stammered, “confident,”

“I think I can settle this with one question,” said Galadreal, “What does the water in the creek say?”

“That is not fair,” protested Roger. “Besides, how did you know?”

“It’s a woman’s thing,” added Galadreal with a slight inward smile only a woman could do at these times.

“That is not fair and not true either. Shiloh told you, didn’t he?”

“Only because I forced him to,” she admitted, smiling slightly. “He was rather reluctant to do so; besides, he owed me a favor, and I caught him off guard; he was playing with Capella. Now, answer the question.”

“The answer to your question is an answer to a question I asked the waiter about whether or not there was a Tambolian Map?”

“What did it say?”

“Well, *don’t think little mind!*” he said, absentmindedly as well as accusingly.

“Fine,” answered Galadreal. “But what did the water say?”

“Don’t think little mind!” repeated Roger, oddly impatient. “That *is* the answer to the question I asked about whether or not there was a Tambolian Map.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” asked Galadreal, more

concerned.

“I haven’t the remotest idea, and I have been working on it for weeks,” answered Roger, getting up and wandering about the room. Capella repositioned herself in the chair like a disturbed cat awakened from a nap. “At first, I thought it might mean that I was just a bit stupid, but that didn’t seem completely right. Then I thought I wasn’t being imaginative enough, which might also be true. Then I thought that I was overthinking. Then I relaxed and decided I could figure it out by letting go of it, but that didn’t work either. Why don’t you put your woman’s wits to work on it and go to that reservoir of answerers woman seems to have stashed away in some mystical place?”

“Hum,” meandered about her mind for a bit and slipped out somehow as she got up and wandered about the room as well. After a while, Galadreal concluded, “My mind is as blank as the other side of time, if you want to know - but might that be a clue?”

“The other side of time is a clue to not *think little mind*?” asked Roger, as confused as ever when he turned to Capella. “Alright, little one, come clean. You can answer this one,” he accused her, standing akimbo and looking at her. Capella looked up with faraway eyes that looked like nothing even remotely normal and said,

*“Looking in or looking out,
Both and neither often matter.
Find your mind; it’s in a rut,
Your journey ends before you’re out?”*

There was an agonizing pause of silence.

“Where *is* your mind? I suspect the question,” translated Galadreal.

“In my head, my brain, I suspect,” answered Roger

optimistically, suspecting he wasn't even close.

"Where is it when you're hungry?" asked Galadreal.

"In my stomach, I suppose."

What about when you're thinking about the past or the future, or worried about something? The most obvious one is when we're making love."

"Hum, well, I suspect that my mind might be somewhere else under those conditions," he said, then jumping to a conclusion: "If my mind can be anywhere, that is quite big."

"That might be big, but I think we know more about it than that," concluded Galadreal, "What is anywhere? Or what is everywhere might be a better question?"

They both wandered around a bit while Capella took a nap. "Space or space/time, as Einstein described it, is everywhere," Roger offered.

"I think *time* is the answer," concluded Galadreal. "But the present might be better. Your mind is located in the present."

"You mean the present moment, the now, in this room. I suspect it would be difficult to imagine everything in this room. Somehow, that doesn't seem very big to me."

"Maybe having a small mind is the same as having a small present, a small now; what if your mind wasn't just in this room but your mind included all of Tambolia?"

"That would be big," concluded Roger, "But I can't do that."

"Maybe you haven't tried, I suspect," added Galadreal, "and that must include the Earth eventually."

"Oh, please, let's not go there. Trying to figure out that my mind is located in the present is strange enough without having to go through that ball of absurd contradictions, drama, politics, and every other kind of silliness."

"Then you have decided." Galadreal finished contentedly.

"Decided?" came from the bewildered Roger as it has from

countless men in the face of feminine logic. “What have I decided?”

“That your mind is located in the present, and to make it bigger, you have to make your present bigger.”

“If you say so, but how do I do that?” asked Roger, slipping off the edge of bewilderment into something even less comprehensible.

“I don’t know how you are going to do it, but I suspect Shiloh does, and if not him, Yamentaka, and they’re in the Valley of Death doing Bardo practices.”

“You mean I have to go to the Valley of Death to figure out how to be present, not think little mind, and find out if there is a Map of Tambolia and if it might be on Earth?” asked Roger incredulously.

“Probably,” concluded Galadreal with a subtler grin that Roger ignored, but the dreaming Capella did not.

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Chapter 2

The Deepest Darkness

“Compared to Death, all life is shot.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

The Valley of Death was surely foreboding enough; grim might explain it as well. The doorway to the Valley of Death is also an unusual type of door that reflects each observer’s expectations, which vary from person to person. It has been said that no one has seen the real doorway because it doesn’t exist, or more accurately, only resides in non-existence, which is only a word that represents some place we don’t understand, but nevertheless is there - somehow?

“Hello,” mumbled Roger, expecting that he must be in the right place. Roger was not interested in passing through the doorway to the Valley of Death per se; he decided he would have to figure that out some other time. What he needed was to find Shiloh, and sure enough, he saw him at a distance, from just around the doorway, sitting on a vast outcropping of rock overlooking the immense Valley of Death, having a cup of tea with Yamentaka. Roger expected that they were waiting for him, which was true enough. When he reached the tip of the rock outcropping, he noticed a third cup ready for tea and a small plate of cinnamon rolls, his favorite.

“Good day, everyone,” he said, hoping to put a good face on things. However, as his courage and confidence were straining a bit, he was somehow excited by the prospect of a new adventure. “I suspect Galadreal told you I would be coming?”

“It was the other way around,” said Shiloh with his

straightforward way of speaking and steady gaze of a man whose wisdom far exceeds his young man's appearance. "What do you think, Yamentaka? Should we throw him off the cliff and let him figure it out on the way down, or give him tea and let him take the long way around?"

Yamentaka, laughing, added before Roger could even gasp, "Give him tea, of course, and the long way around should be much more fun!"

Roger suppressed a double gasp because he knew that Yamentaka's idea of fun was very odd indeed. "The long way around, please, but you can leave out the fun if you don't mind."

"Roger, you are such a bore," smiled Yamentaka, liking Roger as much as ever. And how are Galadreal and that marvelous, strange one, Capella?" he asked with his regular "I already know the answer" expression.

Answering Yamentaka's questions is always a challenge, as you might imagine, by having any enlightened immortal person wander into one's life. "I suspect they are vaguely the same as they have always been," he answered, hoping he had not gotten himself or them into too much trouble.

"Vaguely the same?" smiled Yamentaka. "I suspect we will have to do something about that. What do you think, Shiloh?"

"I suspect they will start their journey to the *Pillars of the Dawn* sometime after Roger leaves for the Earth," replied Shiloh premonitionally.

"The *Pillars of the Dawn*?" asked Roger, surprised. What is that all about?"

"It's a woman's thing," Shiloh answered with a wry grin, which closed further discussion on the topic to the satisfaction of everyone present.

"Well then," started Roger again, "is there a Tambolian Map?" looking around hopefully.

Yamentaka spoke up a bit accusingly: “Tambolia doesn’t have a map of itself, doesn’t need a map of itself, couldn’t use a map of itself, and couldn’t read or understand a map even if there was one. “ He was also smiling, hardly containing his mirth.

“I suspect that is true once you are here,” suggested Shiloh, “but from the outside, from an Earth person’s point of view, a pictographic visualization, or a map, of their experience here might be helpful.”

“Shiloh,” Roger implored, “Please, you must know something?”

“You have been discussing the possibility of a Map for several years without a conclusion. Why are you convinced there is a specific Tambolian Map?” asked Shiloh, looking serene and attentive at the same time.

Roger had to take a deep breath before he began because this was an argument where he had to be convincing. “There have been twelve events for a Tambolian Map-like argument throughout recorded history that we have been able to document. We know, of course, that many more people have discovered Tambolia, but only a few have tried to document their experiences or explain it to others. This implies that many more efforts have not been published in the literature or have been lost or destroyed. All of the recorded events follow a similar pattern. Someone stumbles upon Tambolia or the idea of the existence of Tambolia, writes a story about it, or actually draws a map, then is killed or disappears along with the map and all or most of their followers.”

“Is that the limit of your research?” asked Yamentaka, anxious to unravel the argument as soon as possible.

“Actually, no,” continued Roger. “There is a reasonably popular but compelling myth that there are passageways and chambers between the Sphinx and the pyramids, in Egypt,

called by some the *Rooms of Records*, where documents from ten thousand years or more ago still survive, which includes a complete Map of the Duet, which might also be the Map, or visualization, of Tambolia. Additionally, the chamber has a terrible guardian residing within it. We, of course, know that this room actually does exist, and that room is here in Tambolia, not far from Applegarth. The guardian is a Tambolian Hole, known as the Hole of *Descending Dementia*, and it is an astoundingly terrible and frightening hole; I don't need to add. No one we know has entered that room or seen any Map. We also do not want that hole or room to be found, and we have corrupted the Egyptologists in charge of hindering exploration to their chagrin. I need to add significant ridicule from within the academic community, which is hard for some of them to bear.

The search for evidence of a Tambolian Map is both a problem and a virtue for us, because not everyone is content with the current state of the human condition. People are the only animals capable of creating sustainable illusions, and Einstein was quoted as saying, 'This all might be an illusion, but it is compelling.' Other Asian thinkers have expressed similar sentiments, albeit using the term 'Dukkha' or a similar concept instead of 'illusions'.

Plato discussed the illusions people have about reality in many of his parables, but the early Egyptians and other ancient cultures were also aware of these conditions. Contemporarily, people think that ancient cultures and hunter-gatherer societies were dirty, stupid, and violent. This was true in many cases and is still true today with absurd nation-states and psychotic political despots. However, not everyone was ridiculous then or now, and there have always been places of great learning and wisdom. The early Egyptians were the best at making monolithic structures that preserved their own enlightening

insights, but they were not the only ones.”

The *Duat* is clearly explained in the earliest Egyptian Hieroglyphs and Hieratic writings. It is an obvious extension of a preexisting oral tradition, as well as of a literary tradition that dates back countless years. It is an argument that, *as above, so below*, is essential for conceptual awareness and escape from the illusion (or Death in this case) and its inherent conditions. The netherworld is above in the celestial sphere centered on the three stars in Orion’s belt (Alnitak, Alnilan, and Mintaka), with the *Duat* horizon extending to Sirius (Alpha Canis Major, the brightest star in the sky). This is represented by their mythical deities of Isis and Osiris. The counterparts below are the three pyramids at Giza, representing the exact orientation of the three stars in the belt of Orion, which anchor the *Duat* to the Earth and human awareness. This philosophy’s unspoken and secret application is that there is an additional third counterpart in every person’s body, as seen at the Luxor temple complex.

We have not yet fully understood this concept in Western academia, but yogis from the East and many indigenous cultures, including the Hopis and Navajo from Arizona, the Yaquis from northern Mexico, and others, have organized this journey in recognizable and similar ways. The duration for which we have had these oral traditions is currently being debated and investigated. Still, twenty, thirty, and possibly fifty thousand years is not impossible and is quite likely. This argument is predicated upon the similarities in their myths, sand paintings, and general values.

The opinion of these early cultures is that contemporary Western civilization, since the monotheistic god of the Jews, the Christian version of that tradition, and ultimately, Muhammad and the application of the same god, Allah of Islam, is behind in its philosophical and spiritual awareness.

This does not mean there were not enlightened Western people who tried to change conditions, but it did mean that the stupid, superstitious, and delusional people were in charge and still are.

One of our subsequent questions was - is it possible that humanity has spiraled hopelessly into a vast pit of absurd delusions and deceptions about itself since the advent of patriarchal dominance and their psychotic, sex-oppressed God? It isn't a difficult question to answer. We have decided that the Bodhicaryavatara's mandate of overcoming the ignorance of ignorance is an adaptation of this realization. If it isn't, we can stop looking there.

Fortunately, a slightly better experience has been the yogis, who have existed throughout Asia and have a symbiotic relationship with both Hinduism and Buddhism. Aspects of Buddhism have been gradually accepted by cultures from Egypt to Japan throughout recorded history. Because of our library here at Applegarth, we know that the yogis, Sadhus, and Mystics are much older than any existing tradition or contemporary culture.

The psychic channel of the seven chakras, investigated separately and each with its own virtues and problems, describes a Yogi's personal Duat. These are similar to the Egyptian chronicles found in the Book of the Dead, the Book of Gates, the Book of Two Ways, and the Book of What is in the Duat, as well as other books available here at the Applegarth Library.

Unfortunately, men seem to be the principal cartographers. There does not seem to be a single woman who felt compelled to create a map or an argument for a map, although numerous women explorers, especially at the beginning, were present here. It seems odd that women who were aware of these types of places did not seem obliged to write about them. Although

we have compelling evidence that women invented writing, grammar, syntax, and literary dialogue.”

Yamentaka added, “I concur with you on the invention of writing. You don’t have to think about it much to realize that men, principally as the hunters in a hunter-gatherer community, never had a reason to organize their information into grammar. Still, maps and cartography are, and have been, important to men.”

“A map is a man thing. Not because women can’t understand maps, but they get from where they are to where they want to be in a different way than men do,” postulated Shiloh. “I suspect this because women are rarely interested in what men are doing or where they are doing it. Even if men and women are standing right next to one another, they are rarely in the same place, going in the same direction, or have the same reason for being there. Women are very odd as far as men are concerned. Men need maps; women just need to get there.”

“Maybe Roger should give us an example of a Tambolian Map Story he has discovered?” asked Yamentaka kindly, from his omniscient perspective, with the gravest expression on his face that fooled no one and alarmed Roger down to his toes.

“Sure, why not! There is a typical story, of which I have brought a translation from ancient Greek, that is quite well known and only slightly out of context, and that is Plato’s (423 BC to 347 BC) *The Allegory of the Cave*,” answered Roger hopefully, bringing out and reading a typical translation. “In this dialog, Socrates is explaining a strategy that organizes the entire extent of the human mind and conditions, and goes like this:

The Allegory of the Cave

“I want you to go on to picture the confusion of our human conditions somewhat as follows. Imagine an underground chamber, like a cave with an entrance open to the daylight and running a long way underground. In this chamber are people who have been prisoners there since they were children, their legs and necks being so fastened that they can only look straight ahead of them and cannot turn their heads. Behind them and above them, a fire is burning, and between the fire and the prisoners runs a road, in front of which a wall has been built,” proposed Socrates.

“I can imagine such a place,” responded Glaucon.

“Now imagine further there are people carrying all sorts of gear along behind the wall, including figures of people and animals made of wood and stone and other materials, and that some of these people, as is natural, are talking and some not.”

“An odd picture and an odd sort of prisoner,” added Glaucon.

“They are drawn from experience,” Socrates replied. “So, tell me, do you think our prisoners could see anything of themselves or their fellows except the shadows thrown by the fire on the wall of the cave opposite them?”

“How could they see anything else if they were prevented from moving their heads all their lives?”

“And would they see anything more of the

objects carried along the road?”

“Of course not,” concluded Glaucon.

“Then, if they were able to talk to each other, would they not assume that the shadows they saw were real things?”

“Inevitably,” Glaucon decided.

“And if the wall of their prison opposite them reflected sound, don’t you think that they would suppose, whenever one of the passers-by on the road spoke, that the voice belonged to the shadow passing before them?”

“They would be bound to think so.”

“And so, they would believe that the shadows of the objects we mentioned were in all respects real.”

“Yes, inevitably,” Glaucon concluded.

“Then think what would naturally happen to them if they were released from their bonds and cured of their delusions. Suppose one of them broke their fetters and was suddenly compelled to stand up and turn his head and look and walk towards the fire; all these actions would be painful, and he would be too dazzled to see properly the objects of which he used to see the shadows. So, if he was told that what he used to see was a mere illusion and that he was now nearer reality and seeing more correctly because he was turned towards objects that were more real and if, on top of that, he were compelled to say what each of the passing objects was when it was pointed out to him, don’t you think he would be at a loss and think that what he used to see was more real than the objects now being pointed out to him?”

“Much more real,” replied Glaucon.

“And if he were made to look directly at the light of the fire, it would hurt his eyes and he would turn back and take refuge in the things which he could see, which he would think really far clearer than the things being shown him.”

“That is possible.”

“What if he were forcibly dragged up the steep and rocky ascent and not let go until he had been dragged out into the sunlight? This process would be a painful one, to which he would much object. When he emerged into the light, his eyes would be so overwhelmed by the brightness of it that he wouldn’t be able to see a single one of the things he was now told were real.”

“Certainly, but not at first,” offered Glaucon.

“Because he would need to grow accustomed to the light before he could see things in the world outside the cave. First, he would find it easiest to look at shadows, next at the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and later on at the objects themselves. After that, he would find it easier to observe the heavenly bodies and the sky at night than by day and to look at the light of the moon and stars rather than at the sun and its light. Because he would need to grow accustomed to the light before he could see things in the world outside the cave.”

“One might think so,” puzzled Glaucon.

“The thing he would be able to do last would be to look directly at the sun and observe its nature without using reflections in water or any other medium, but just as it is.”

“That must come last.”

“Later on, he would come to the conclusion that it is the sun that produces the changing seasons and years and controls everything in the visible world and is, in a sense, responsible for everything that he and his fellow prisoners used to see.”

“That is the conclusion which he would obviously reach.”

“Now imagine returning to the cave and sitting down in his former seat. Would he not be confused and blinded by the dark? Would he not be disoriented and babbling about his experiences?”

“It might seem so.”

“Would not the other prisoners be confused by his disorientation and explanation and think that he had lost his mind and was now crazed?”

“I believe that would be possible,” decided Glaucon.

“Wouldn’t the prisoners of that condition dispute his experiences with their own arguments and criticize him because he had no proof?”

“He would have no proof.”

“Would it be possible that the prisoners of the cave might kill him for disturbing the youth and troubling the gullible of the society?”

“I have known that to be so.”

“Might it be dangerous to see the truth?” concluded Socrates, chagrined.

“In this instance, very dangerous,” said Glaucon, still very confused.

“It’s a very nice story and generally describes a journey of sorts, but there are numerous gaps in the details,” offered Yamentaka. Additionally, we are aware that Socrates spent many years here and was well-versed in his subject matter. He was an odd sort of fellow; he had a challenging problem with flatulence, as I remember.”

“I’m not sure I needed to know that,” said Roger drolly. “We needed to put this dialogue into the context of the time, as we had to do with all of the material. The Greeks at the time had a sophisticated mystical realm that was not unlike the actual Tambolia. What Socrates tried to establish was that Tambolia, which might be represented as the Sun behind the mountains, and the inner garden, as the journey to the Sun, were specifically real yet different in cultural terms and accessible to the ordinary person. His society ultimately killed him, and it seems inevitable that if any person is able to break their bonds and face the possibility of death if they try to enlighten the general public.”

“A difficult problem,” added Shiloh. “I don’t think the human condition has changed all that much since the early Greek period. Einstein said there were two infinite things, the Universe and stupidity, and he wasn’t sure about the Universe.”

“Actually,” added Roger, “Plato’s allegory was true only in the West or the former Roman, Arabic, and Persian empires. Asian cultures were much more tolerant of such things, to the point that every story was believed, eulogized, adopted into doctrine, told, and modified until there was an ocean of beliefs. All of these have helpful clues and endless nonsense. This, of course, made any reliable argument suspect, placed in the categories of belief, myth, and superstition by academia, and hopelessly bewildering to the layperson. Wading through all this documentation of social and cultural fantasies has taken quite some time, but we have established some conditions.

If you talk about Tambolia, or the human condition, or enlightenment, you will be one or all of the following: completely ignored, misunderstood, or killed.”

“Another point you seem to have overlooked,” added Yamentaka rather kindly. “You seem to be under the delusion that Tambolia is exclusively human in nature. As a species of myopic opinion, Tambolia reflects the range and limitations of the human condition, including its enlightenment and absurdities. What you can see, use, and understand is limited by your four senses, which are three-dimensional and time-dependent, with severe limitations, I might add. Though Tambolia offers an extraordinary reflection of that human condition, few can appreciate it.”

“Thank you, Yamentaka,” said Roger with enthusiasm. “That is exactly my next point and the exact reason why people have probably created a pictograph in the form of a map or visualization to help them appreciate the extent, range, and magnitude of the human condition. Tambolia, without the veils, as Galadreal has pointed out, is a mirror of sorts or possibly a room with all the lights turned on or something.”

“My dear boy, you are keeping up,” laughed Yamentaka, “I suppose you have proof of this argument?”

“Possibly, though more of an informed conjecture; the Tibetans managed to figure this out without killing themselves, though we expect others.”

“The Tibetans?” asked Yamentaka incredulously. “Those Yak herding nomads with their appalling tea?”

“The same.”

“These Creation Myths of the Cephalopods have been continuous for over ninety million years. The entire Galactic telepathic community waits anxiously for this event. Humans know nothing of this. The Creation Myths of the Cephalopods might be translated as a Bach cantata and fugue using color

texture.

Crows, otters, and dolphins come in and out of Tambolia as if there were no doorways at all. However, you take the prize. Not many folks can poke me in the eye, so to speak, and get a laugh!”

“And the early pictographs?” asked Roger hopefully.

“The first human travelers came with what you are calling pictographs, rather sophisticated, I might add, and they did not make them here but followed them to get here.”

‘Really?’

“True,” I remember them well; they were all woman, and some of them had babies here. Some of those babies became *Gone-Ones* and are still here-somewhere?”

“Really,” managed Roger, wholly bewildered that his conclusions were correct and yet much different from what he expected.

“They stay at the Pillars of the Dawn,” added Shiloh insightfully.

“I suspect you are right in this,” concluded Yamentaka. “Never been there myself; dodgy sort of place from what I can tell.”

“I thought you were the director of Tambolia, or potentate, or something?” asked Roger, surprised.

“Good grief, no,” answered Yamentaka with a gasp, waving his hands defensively. “What an absolutely impossible idea. We definitely have to throw him off the cliff for that idea or possibly just dangle him over the edge for a month or two.”

“Then what are you?” asked Roger defensively.

“Not an easy question to answer, but *Gate Guard* will do for now.”

“And you haven’t been to the Pillars?” asked Shiloh this time.

“They aren’t located in Tambolia.”

“Oh!” mumbled both Shiloh and Roger.

“But you can see them from here.”

“Is there a Map there, possibly?” wondered Roger, still not giving up.

“I think we have decided that a Map is not here in Tambolia. Tambolia is a Map itself. The Pillars of the Dawn are a woman’s thing, and probably no Map. It’s the Earth and people that need a Map, and if there is one, it will probably be there, possibly with the Tibetans,” summarized Shiloh. “I suspect you had better go there. The important point is that enlightened men are the likely beneficiaries of the Tambolian Map, but it will probably be the woman who will explain it to them.”

“I should go back and tell Galadreal - what the...?” Roger managed to garble incoherently somehow. Then, Yamentaka grabbed him and tossed him over the cliff into the Valley of Death.

“I thought he was going to go the long way around?” asked Shiloh, oddly serene.

“That is the long way around,” answered Yamentaka. “And he might solve the - *don’t think little mind*, problem, which he hadn’t mentioned - naughty boy.”

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Chapter 3

Somewhere Different

“Nothing isn’t anything like best isn’t better.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

Don and Doris Porter might have expected to react differently to something that sounded like a meteor crashing through their house. Still, they had been to Tambolia many times, and odd sorts of things happening were as normal as sunrises. They’re not so little girl, Cap came running out of her room so excited at the possibility of visitors from Tambolia that she hadn’t turned off the record player blaring out the new 1972 Rolling Stones album, *Exile on Main Street*.

“Who is it?” she shouted over the echo of the still crashing Roger, who had bounced into the air off the couch and landed on the coffee table, groaning and still steaming a bit, though he did not know if the steam was from being too hot or too cold, having endured both.

“Oh, it’s Roger,” she squealed with delight, running over to him and helping him to his feet just as Don and Doris arrived from the kitchen.

“Just in time for dinner. You’re a naughty boy, and I might have expected it. It looks like Galadreal has been starving you again. Come along and stop looking so glum,” chatted Doris, wiping her hands on her ever-present towel and turning toward the kitchen.

Roger just stood there disoriented, confused, disheveled, and crumpled. “Hello, Cap,” he managed to stammer, finally hugging her. “You’re growing so fast and quite a good-looking young lady, I see.”

“She is certainly a looker,” added Don, laughing like a proud and concerned father. “I’m not so sure about the lady part (being conceived in Tambolia can have some odd consequences). She is the captain of the Karate Club, the vice president of the National Honor Society, a Supper-Mensa, and a terror to every boy who looks in her direction. She has already passed her college entrance exams and SATs and been accepted to Stanford or any other school she might want to attend.”

“I can attend classes, but they want me to have a chaperone; it makes things complicated. I’ll figure out something, but I’m interested in boys now, although they are quite stupid,” added Cap with a knowing grin, “But men are so much different; like you, you’re so cute,” giving him a much different hug and a very personal kiss on the lips.

Don turned for the kitchen, muttering, “Puberty is a pothole of grief on fatherhood. Come along, both of you; carbohydrates are wonderful for managing stress, especially for fathers.” Roger noticed that Don had put on some weight recently, which was probably justifiable.

Walking toward the kitchen, still hugging Cap, “You’re going to have to turn down the heat or you’re going to melt something.” Conscience probably thought, Roger, wonderfully warmed by the boundless passions of young femininity.

“If I don’t practice on you or somebody, how am I supposed to figure out this relationship business?” she smiled impishly.

“Your parents are possibly the best example of loving kindness there is,” added Roger thoughtfully.

“Probably,” mumbled Cap, “but I want to figure out the other part first. And they’re not talking.”

“Hum!” sighed Roger, chagrined, walking into a brightly colored kitchen full of wonderful cooking smells and warmth. “Your new house is very nice, “ he said appreciatively.

“It’s all Doris; she has become a celebrity, of sorts, and in the archiving of ancient oddities department, and of course, Cap has been fascinating researchers for half a dozen years and has been included in articles in the *Scientific American* as well as *Science* and *Psychology Today*. Quite a problem for them trying to figure out how she can do the things she does. The government is paying her a rather large stipend to encourage her to stay out of trouble. She likes trouble like bees like flowers,” stammered Don mechanically for the hundredth or possibly thousandth time.

“Trouble?” leaked out of Roger, looking at Cap and remembering the recent passionate kiss.

“Well,” smiled Cap, looking up with a coy grin, “I keep pointing out the hypocrisies, lies, and fear-mongering the establishment and PARENTS love to popularize to their opposition, critics, and rivals, who seem delighted to use my material with alacrity,” she then smiled conspiratorially.

“Hum, a problem. She has been keeping you on your toes, I see.”

“More like being thrown into a hurricane, more accurately,” said the resigned Don.

“Wonderful beyond wondering,” commented Doris, smiling at Cap with complete confidence and encouragement that only real experience with Tambolia and Tambolian pranks can give a person. (The girls actually went to Tambolia to do Tambolian pranks for vacations, without Don, of course).

“I occasionally wonder what happened to the original Doris that I married before we went to Tambolia,”

“Stop, you’re grouching. You would be bored to tears without us, wouldn’t you, dear?” Doris chided with amusement, stirring a savory Portobello mushroom sauce.

“Hum, boredom?” mumbled Don with more than a hint of nostalgia.

Roger, having lived in Tambolia for so long, was accustomed to interacting with small, brilliant individuals who were both well-informed and inexperienced at the same time. This condition was a significant problem for most educators who did not share this trait themselves. Traditional education and special schools were unable to meet the needs of these gifted children, and even universities struggled to accommodate them. Therefore, Cap was schooled and privately tutored by mystics, yogis, and other unconventional adults at Applegarth. All this to the chagrin of her contemporaries and close relatives, who thought that Don and Doris Porter were too strange to talk to, which was true enough, and stayed away, refusing to invite them to any family gatherings, which didn't bother them very much and was not much of a surprise either.

"Well," said Roger, still nestled around Cap, who did not want to let go, "What are you working on now?"

"A Fulbright Grant," responded Cap nonchalantly.

"And what might that be?" expecting he had opened a gate to an avalanche of enthusiasm, which was true enough.

Cap perked up as if she had just been invited to Earth orbit (which happened fifteen years later). "Since I have access to the library at Applegarth and countless historical documents no one else has, it would be unfair to use the material to take advantage of my less informed academics. So, that's exactly what I'm going to do. However, I have to be sharp, or someone might catch on. Those folks at Stanford are quite clever."

"She goes to public symposiums and seminars, and for traditional education, she's auditing some courses, thereby tape recording, but has to go there for tests," added Don. "She is still a bit awkward for them, but audited courses will be added to her records when she becomes a full-time student."

"How are you doing on the test?"

"A's, mostly, but I must read the material, or I don't do well."

Also, I look older than I am,” smiled Cap conspiratorially, “mostly subtle makeup and strategic toilet paper; we *were just actors*, as Shakespeare pointed out.”

“Yeah, ten years old going on eighteen, as they say,” contributed Don, getting no support from anyone. “I think her childhood fell on a weekend I was working.”

“And how have you decided to be clever on the Fulbright grant?” was an easily encouraging response from Roger.

“I’m going to investigate how Neolithic people *made decisions* or how they *managed outcomes*, and I’m not sure which. No one has a clue how that happened. The Indus Valley society, a huge and sophisticated egalitarian culture of Western India, discovered it. It was discovered during excavations of the two cities, Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, in the 19th century, which are now located in Pakistan. They are reported to be at least three thousand years old, but we know they are more than eight thousand years old, forgotten and ignored, of course.”

“Of course,” added Roger unnecessarily. “And you are going to plagiarize the material as your own?”

“Well - I might, but that wouldn’t be much fun. I thought I would hide some of these paleography symbols in an obscure place and have a native find them and buy them off the black market. Then, translate them using the matrix coding they are written in, which I have already figured out - fun, eh! Since I already have them, I might just put them on the black market myself and have a mother by them.”

“So, you’re stealing ancient codices from the Applegarth Library?”

“Something like that,” she ended musingly.

“Why didn’t you just make copies?” asked Roger, somewhat concerned for himself.

“Then they wouldn’t carbon date as ancient documents and

would be disputed,” she smiled back at him, and moved him a bit closer to the category of being a stupid boy.

“But you are leaving copies in the library?” asked Don, wondering if he might be liable for thefts, or extinction, or something. She just looked at him in what had become a lifelong suffering expression of about four years or so.

“We already have a network of ancient document restoration that consists of over thirty scholars from all over the world,” added Doris.

“Some governments, especially European governments and private funders, are paying for it with grants and scholarships; a fair amount of money, surprisingly,” added Don, trying unsuccessfully to stay in the conversation.

“Really,” answered Roger, “anything from Tibet?”

During this time, Don and Doris, with the occasional help from Cap, who had let go of Roger and begun to assist, managed to set the table for another marvelous meal and sat down, the conversation hardly missing a beat.

“Well, actually, since the Chinese took over Tibet officially twenty years ago, there has been an avalanche of documents, religious objects, and tankas - Tibetan art and other things of that sort- available in Kathmandu, Nepal, as well as in Gangtok, Sikkim, and Darjeeling, India. We expect the Russians, through Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, and Ukraine, to receive a fair share of materials, but we cannot achieve this at this time. We have a man buying everything he can get. He is a good fellow, but has somewhat suspicious reliability.

“Doris is good at rooting around mysterious places and finding dusty doodads and musty manuscripts, mostly with the help of Cap and the Applegarth people,” said Don, giving her a nod and being quite proud of her and his spectacular daughter. “We also have retail stores in Berkeley, California, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, near MIT, selling duplicates

and contemporary Asian artifacts.”

“Busy, busy, busy, by the way, where is Peter?” asked Roger, looking around as if he might be hiding in the closet or something. “I still can’t believe you had the nerve to name your second child Peter P. Porter.”

“You, as his godfather, know the P is for Paul; he has a choice,” said Doris defensively, completely missing the point. “He’s visiting some relatives in St. Louis, which is also his choice. He is a very good boy, quite normal in every way, but a bit overwhelmed by his strange family; he seems to feel more at home with his aunt and uncle on the farm. He plays in Little League and enjoys working with his hands. He sweats a lot and sees that something is done during the day. They say he is an experiential learner and quite good at it.

“By the way, why the dramatic entrance?” asked Cap. “You normally use the Dream Maker Tambolian hole and knock on the door rather than blowing the living room to bits, though it still looks the same.”

“Yes, well,” stammered Roger, “It was Yamentaka and his idea of fun. He tossed me off the cliff into the Valley of Death, suspecting that the long way around was also in that direction,” stumbling to a pregnant stop.

“Well,” demanded Doris and Cap in harmony, “what happened?”

“Can’t say that I would recommend that path to any place, but since I had no choice, I resorted to the age-old adage: *first have fun; if that doesn’t work, at least learn something.*”

“There is a variation to that adage,” interrupted Cap gleefully, “be a good example, and, if that doesn’t work, be a good-bad example,” smiling.

“Thank you for that,” endured Roger, “I went into a *Samadhi* meditation traditionally described as unconditioned!”

“Unconditioned” was both said and unsaid by everyone

with expressions of unconditioned credulity.

“The Buddhist Prajna Paramita Hrdaya Sutra (The Heart Sutra) says it rather clearly; no eyes, no ears, no nose, no tongue, no body, no mind, no old age and death, and no extinction of them...etc. It goes on for a short bit.”

“I thought Samadhi meditations were difficult to do and the pinnacle of Buddhist practices, right beside Enlightenment and Para-Nirvana,” Don thought thoughtfully.

“I suspect that being thrown off a cliff into the Valley of Death by an immortal Gate Guard to Tambolia with the idea that it was fun might have been an incentive - Hum, let me think,” he mumbled and was quiet for a while. “What I have done for practices in the last ten years or so was to do traditional meditations of counting my breath, slow walking, and visualizing conditions, all designed to calm my busy mind, including prostrations, the easy ones, not the full body prostrations, mainly used as merit accumulation.

What happened when Yamentaka tossed me off the cliff was that my mind went into a catatonic state, but my emotions exploded, blowing my mind completely away. What was left was boundlessly unconditioned. It now seems clear that excluding one’s feelings is a significant limitation in traditional practices, or possibly a test to appreciate the role of emotions in enlightenment. Besides, why would you think that Samadhi practices would be more difficult than being stupid or culturally normal or something? Criticism concerning the cost of education or insightful knowledge is often compared to the cost of stupidity and ignorance. I have never understood why people enjoy turning something simple into something difficult or impossible to do. The Buddha Gautama discouraged that practice. Oddly, discovering Samadhi is much easier than coming out of Samadhi; that is the hard part. As has been pointed out numerous times - getting in is easy; getting back,

or being back, is the tricky part.”

“And what was the difficult part?” Cap asked excitedly.

“Being enlightened or being around enlightened people is easy. It is the stupid people or possibly people who are suffering for no reason at all that are the difficult parts.”

“So, the loud crashing sound was you smacking into stupidity?”

“I suspect it was not here in this house, specifically, but the Earth in general,” Roger concluded lamely, appeasing Cap’s accusatory glance.

“Well, aren’t we, Shiloh, you and the other Bodhicariya all trying to do something about the ignorance of ignorance, or something like that?” asked Don, being almost ignored again.

“Yes, dear,” chuckled Doris, serving up mushrooms with zinfandel wine sauce and fettuccini noodles, “and you decided to stop here on your way to find the Tambolian Map. We were at the meeting, using remote viewing, by the way,”

“Stanford Research Institute coined the word recently,” added Cap, “Though we have been using the technique for years and call it *upstairs telephone*.”

“Thank you for that,” smiled Roger and continued, “I suspect it was Yamentaka’s idea since I didn’t actually have a plan when I was ruddily dismissed from the tea we were having, although I do have an odd feeling that the Samadhi practices are going to be important,” recalling the creek’s admonition to, *not think little mind*.

“I think the Tibetans have some tankas that depict the Samadhi practices through their Tantric,” said Doris, with Cap perking up noticeably.

“Hum, I’m not sure I want to go that way; besides, I would need a teacher. What might Galadreal say about that?”

“Well, according to our Tibetan buyer, who argues there are three kinds of tantric practice tanks: Hindu, Buddhist, and

Yoga Tantra, but they all look the same to me. However, the Lama assured him that they are all quite different and have nothing to do with one another historically, meditatively, or any other way.”

“What do you think?” Roger asked Doris.

“They all look the same to me, but I haven’t done the practices either. They all portray a man and a woman sitting in a sexual yoga posture doing something,” continued Doris.

“Probably having sex,” added Cap, unable to control herself, glued to the conversation.

“And what would you know about it?” asked the very concerned Don.

“Nothing, obviously,” pouted Cap.

“Good, and make sure it stays that way,” added Don with finality, with Doris looking amused.

“I suspect it is more complicated than that,” concluded Roger, “as we have found in almost all of our investigations of pictographic or mandala-like visualizations that have been passed down through the ages. Once you figure out the symbolism, they are normally quite obvious, full of important detail, and not actually meant to be secret, or hidden, at all.”

“I suspect that you had better be off to meet our buyer in Kathmandu. No! You can’t go,” said Don before Cap could open her mouth.

We’ll think of something; the girls smiled mind-to-mind, which Don thankfully missed completely.

to be continued...