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The Tambolian Paradox

Book Four The Pillars of the Dawn

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 Terton 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 Pillars of the Dawn

“The Tops of the Pillars are the bottom of everything else.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

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Chapter 1

The Library at Applegarth

“You came from someplace; it is still there. The only question is - why did you leave?”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

What is at the beginning? It is one of the questions that Mystic Pilgrims have to answer before they get their Banner of Victory from the Gone-Ones, whom they meet at some point along a spiritual pilgrimage. Vitality, excitement, wonderment, ascending dreamscapes, and even satori are good answers, but loving-kindness is the answer that will get you through this insightful question. What is at the beginning is not the start, nor a foundation, nor even the objective. After the beginning, the rules change. Whatever the changes are, it is possibly the reason why so few people, including all sentient beings, even ideas, return there.

“Are you ready to go?” asked Galadreal, a very concerned mother. What they had to do and where they had to go was going to be quite a change from Tambolia, which has its own excellent range of strangeness.

“Yes, Mother,” Capella mumbled, snuggling into her long traveling cloak that she had been working on for the last several days. She was a bit skinny sort of a thing with large blue eyes and a long neck, though you could not help but notice her, even in Tambolia. Even though she was thirteen years old, she could have claimed to be ten or even eight, which would not have been disputed. When she was younger, she spoke in limericks and riddles, but eventually grew out of that and then said very little to people. When she looked at you, it was

evident that she saw something more profound than you might have noticed. It was often disconcerting for new travelers to Tambolia, but the locals eventually got used to it.

“You have been very careful transforming those old, dusty leopard skins you found in that ancient tomb into a soft and comfortable outfit. Though I don’t suppose that Ahmose the First from the eighteenth dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs will miss them much, and you think that is what they wear at the Pillars?”

“I don’t care what they wear at the Pillars, Mother. This is what I am going to wear; besides, the leopard is my totem, as you know. The Egyptologists won’t miss them either because they haven’t stumbled into that part of his tomb.”

“Yes, there are many things the Egyptologists haven’t figured out yet, including the vision quest solutions hidden in the hieroglyphs as well as the secret dances and postures that help with the dream vision of the Duat. I understand the importance of these visions. I had a vision, before you were born, of a woman giving you supernatural gifts of which you now have quite a collection. I might add that you figured out these practices quite independently of anything I have taught you or anyone I know of here in Tambolia.”

“Tambolia itself taught me, or, more specifically, the trees.” When Capella sat down in one of her sitting postures, Galadreal prepared for a story that Capella almost chanted, “I began the Terton practices (finding hidden treasures) by sitting under the trees. It takes about twenty minutes for a tree to notice that you are there and another hour or so for it to trust you. Then you hear the water, the earth, the air, and the sun mingling to make the tree, which the tree knows and always and constantly remembers. In a short time, you are not separate from the tree, and the mysteries are very close. One of the many things trees know how to do is protect you from the

natural elements. However, you must be very polite and still for the trees to protect you from the delusions, superstitions, and the frenzy of the human condition. Early hunter-gatherers built shelters and shrines as a form of honor and respect for the trees, and eventually, houses, towns, and cities. It didn't work in the way they had hoped, and now they are in trouble because they have forgotten why they built the structures in the first place."

"I suspect that Tambolia is a kind of very sophisticated tree all by itself," Galadreal mused, then added, "I also suspect that Tambolia was figured out by very early wise folks who did not forget the mysteries." Galadreal was also sitting, adjusting her outfit of shimmering diffraction threads that moved nicely with her body. Then she looked at her remarkable daughter and wondered what might happen, though hoping for the best. "Will you be taking some of the Tibetan artifacts with you?"

"I have the Trident and the Plurba from Padmasambhava's Maratika cave, where they were taken by Yeshe Tsogyal, as hidden Terma's, but they were put there at different times in the last twelve hundred years or so. I had to take these leopard skins from the Pharaoh's tomb because Yeshe took the Maratika leopard skins for herself."

"You were certainly able to retrieve them when no one else could find them or even expect that they might be there."

"I had been thinking about it for quite some time and had an insight of sorts; it was where people go to remember. It is a shimmering rainbow color sort of place, and you had to be willing to change into that shimmering rainbow presence and to be astonishingly quiet to be there or to learn what it might mean."

"I don't know how to do that," said Galadreal sadly. "Maybe I will figure that out at the Pillars."

"Yes, possibly, hopefully," said Capella, expecting that her

mother would figure it out, though she quietly wonders what she might have to face in the future trials that initiates had to pass to be at the Pillars. “Would you mind walking through Tambolia for a bit before we do Shiva’s Karana postures series that takes us to the Pillars?”

“Not at all,” said Galadriel thoughtfully, “I would rather not see any of the Bodhicariyan folks at this time if that is alright with you? Besides, Shiloh is with Yamentaka, and Roger is rooting around Nepal trying to figure out where the Tambolian map is,” added Galadreal, “so I suspect that we will be on our own for the time being.”

The journey from the Applegarth Library was unusual in many ways, being in Tambolia, and all of its convoluted inconsistencies were a delight to behold. Not only is this the place where dreams live and forgotten things go, but it is also much older than the Sun and Solar System we live in, located in a very early time in the universe’s history. Furthermore, it was caring. The locals referred to Tambolia as a Galactic Library, and Applegarth, where they lived, had many characteristics of contemporary libraries, but Tambolia was a library on a much vaster scale.

One of the more insightful academics noted that Applegarth only reveals to us what we can see and understand as humans, constrained by our human condition. There are only three dimensions of space, one of time augmented by thousands of years of superstition, belief, myth tales, and an astonishing dose of cultural delusions, gullibility, and selfishness. He emphasized that the Applegarth Library and Tambolia are much more than we can know and appreciate in many essential ways.

“You know that stepping out of your front door can be perilous,” whispered Galadreal with a humorous grin.

“You need to read J.R.R. Tolkien and less often,” cautioned

Capella with a grin of her own, “Though I suspect he might have had a trip to the Pillars of the Dawn in mind as a possible reason for saying such a thing.”

True, was both thought and unsaid.

What Galadreal and Capella saw upon leaving their apartment and the kitchen courtyard at Applegarth was a long, glacier-carved valley with waterfalls and a small creek flowing into a long, meandering river, sometimes gently and sometimes as a roaring cascade. Applegarth was a large, ambling estate created by ancient Zoroastrian mystics in 589 BC as a retreat and sanctuary, and has been used by numerous innovators ever since. They walked through this ancient landscape hand in hand, still wandering as children might, though they had been here for years. Mount Meru was a huge sight off to their right, dominating the horizon with its double ring of clouds and snowcapped slopes that resembled a giant tooth from a long-forgotten, mystical monster that could frighten the most hardened pilgrim, for excellent reasons. Along Applegarth’s Valley and wooded slopes were wandering paths that led to the best lookouts and ancient stone bridges that crossed the creeks and streams from time to time. They were not in a hurry because both expected this journey to change them in many different and unexpected ways.

It is hard to imagine there was an end to Tambolia and the Library at Applegarth, with its complex mapping topology, and it is challenging to find even when you are looking for one. Additionally, it is not an outcome that could be expected. It is not like coming to a desert from the mountains, where conditions change dramatically, or like arriving at a door that opens onto a different world, like Oz, Narnia, or Diagon Alley. It is much different from that. Imagine coming to the ocean, knowing that underneath the surface lies an entirely different universe where multiple dimensions are the norm, and up and

down are no different from right and left, forward and back. If something is heading toward you, it means it will eat you. In addition, anything that is different is going to be dangerous, life-threatening, and probably painful.

Now imagine going to a place before anything was figured out, before time meant anything, before there was anything! It was very hot, but since everything was at the same temperature, it didn't matter. What was there was chaos and possibilities, possibly every possibility. A Tambolian kind of person once said about this beginning place, "Everything that is not excluded is mandatory." They also pointed out that "almost everything is excluded." Long before this, before contemporary time, or entropy, or a speed limit on photons, and where time had multiple dimensions, and everything was mandatory, and nothing was excluded. This is where the Pillars of the Dawn are located. This is also where Tambolia ended, because Tambolia has conditions that are odd and mysterious, which are extremely convoluted and wrap around themselves in mysterious ways. The present time in which we live is specifically conditioned to cultivate consciousness, which humanity is one example, and a current outcome sometimes referred to as an example of evolution through natural selection, accumulated efficiencies, or possibly an unavoidable Zeitgeist.

Galadreal and Capella were on a journey to the Pillars of the Dawn, but were reluctant to get there. They were certainly not in a hurry, remembering that the Library at Applegarth had been wonderfully accommodating. The actual building containing the library consisted of five rooms; the center had four doors, titled Astronomy, Medicine, Philosophy, and Mathematics. It was also challenging to determine the size of these rooms. Someone said the rooms were as big as they had to be to do what they had to do. However, the Library had

many more features than just these five rooms. There was the kitchen, courtyard, and the estate that meandered through the valley, and the valley connected to the rest of Tambolia. What was more than these five rooms was everything else.

Shiloh, the Mystic Bodhicariyan, tells this story about Tambolia using the example of contemporary science. His criticism and anguish concern how the hundred or so Elementary Particles in physics, and a possible Unified Field Theory, agonized over by Einstein and others, including string theorists, are being managed. They are trying to figure out what a grand edifice of science might look like by looking at these elementary particles. These particles are like bricks piled in the yard. You cannot determine what the building looks like by examining the bricks - it is impossible to do so, and the building's appearance is irrelevant anyway. What they have entirely missed is that neither the building nor even the space that the building encompasses is essential; what is important is what happens inside the space within the building.

Additionally, only the information from those activities is critical. The necessary and accessible information is a very long way from the parts. What actually notices this is still further away.

If you get to the Pillars of the Dawn, you are very far away, not only from the parts but from the meaning of the parts as well; you are somewhere else. Galadreal and Capella were taking their time wandering through Tambolia's everything else, noticing the information that mingled and distorted the Applegarth Library and Tambolia itself.

"Tambolia is accommodating in a very nice way, isn't it?" asked Capella, sitting on a surprisingly comfortable stone bench looking over a spectacular view of Mt. Meru and the Applegarth valley.

"Loving kindness, I suppose," answered Galadreal, "it was

what I was missing before we came here. It is everywhere here and is not forgotten. Many people like to think that loving kindness was part of our contemporary modern life as well as our early history, possibly dating back to the Paleolithic era or the Garden of Eden, Elysium, Valhalla, or similar concepts. I think that has been only a fantasy, a legend, an expectation, or more likely, wishful thinking; something that we have never actually achieved. People are not ready for loving kindness on Earth. They have to make changes that they are reluctant to make. It is a sad thing.”

“I suspect that the conditions have to change first,” mused Capella, “and that might happen in the future. It’s possible, you know.”

“Yes, possible-possibly,” figured Galadreal doubtfully.

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Chapter 2

The First Original Place

“Bodhidharma, the mystic from Sarnath, India, who traveled to China and is often depicted as a gruff monk statue in Japan, proposed that everything is a reflection of some original place. You can reach that original place, but you don’t want to go there because it also contains your original self.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

The Pillars of the Dawn do not have a specific color in any ordinary sense. They were created before colors were possible, but they are not colorless. The colors we see, with our ordinary eyes, are a tiny part of the electromagnetic spectrum. Lightning bolts have significantly more frequencies associated with them, from long-wavelength sound waves to short-wavelength bright light flashes. Now imagine a column hundreds of miles long and round enough to cover a good-sized town that has all the possible frequencies, harmonics, and chords of those frequencies. Now, imagine it is possible to have all these frequencies cycling slowly through all those conditions in a provocative dance of possibilities. One of the Gone-Ones said it might be described as a never-ending Bach continuo augmented by every sunset.

It is debated whether the Pillars were the first things to be created, but it does not matter because they hold everything essential in place. Most people think that gravity is what keeps us together. This is true for elemental things, but not for ideas, dreams, and the cuteness of little babies. Scientists call initial conditions universal constants, which are currently thirty-four, depending on how you count. The number of Pillars is

also debated, but for the time being, there are four.

The Unknowable
Enduring Time
Galactic Library
Matriarchal Universe

The Pillars are explained in a manner that differs significantly from the universal constants, but the people at the Pillars expect scientists to resolve their inconsistencies with the Pillars eventually. Currently, cosmologists are proposing six Control Knobs, or conditions and information, that are essential at the beginning:

Leptons
Ferions
Bosons
Dark energy
With conditioned letters of:
Tau
Omega

The two additional conditions, designated by the Greek letters Tau and Omega, are currently in place, but depend on the initial conditions. The fringe physicists and particle scientists have already noticed that conditions and information are the only universal constants that help them solve problems. Being a scientist and visiting the Pillars of the Dawn probably shares some attitudes and values, and being a bit unconventional is beneficial.

You have to go to the end of Tambolia to get to the Pillars of the Dawn, and it is more fun that way. The edges make it fun. They are often ragged and bundled up in odd sorts of ways that defy untangling. Pay attention when you get to a Tambolian edge; falling off is only one of the possibilities.

Someone, such as Alan Turing, suggested that consciousness is a product of complexity, and the edges are the meeting places of these complexities. I do not expect that you, as a reader, really want to go to some place like a Tambolian edge, but hearing about such places from people who have been there is almost as good. To do this, imagine a place, in ordinary space and time, where you have to figure out the wetness in water, or if your shadow has a shadow. The difference between touching someone and touching someone you love, where the sky begins, where rainbows come from, where the wind blows, where babies actually come from, or where happiness resides.

Another is, *why is it dark at night?* It is not an easy question to answer. This question was first posed in the 1600s but was not fully explained until the 1930s.

There are many places similar to a Tambolian edge; figuring them out is the interesting part.

When Galadreal and Capella reached a Tambolian edge, they spent some time exploring its complexities. It's like visiting a unique zoo for spiritual people, mystics, and yogi pilgrims. There are no tests or correct answers that must be approved or discovered, just complexities intermingling with possibilities. A Tambolian edge is a secluded spot to meditate. A place to go to get away from the crowd, to take some time to wonder about things, to notice that whatever you might do will not matter all that much, even if you do everything right.

This was the first time at the edge for Capella, and Galadreal did not come here all that often, but always felt that this was a special place for the women. Men did not come here; they have other places to go. Galadreal wondered about this, but not for long. She expected that it might have something to do with the messiness of it all. Like giving birth or something, men do not like to be there at these times, and the edge was a place where unexpected things could happen. Coming to the

edge of Tambolia was not like coming to the edge of a cliff, or a beach, or a desert. It was not like a crack in the planet, window, or door. You just knew there was an edge there and what that might mean.

“One of the ways the edge can be experienced is to turn around, close your eyes, and back over it,” said Galadreal. “I discovered the idea several visits ago and expect it to help with our own expectations, doubts, and conceptual filters. Try it.”

Capella was good at trying new things, but sometimes got it a bit wrong. What she did was to stand at the edge, turn around, close her eyes, and then just fall backwards. Galadreal gasped, “Oh no!” And reached out to grab her, and only caught her by the slimmest of luck,

“That’s a trust exercise and not a good idea here. Trust is too dangerous an investment in conditions like a Tambolian edge.”

Capella was trembling, blue cold and steaming, when she was dragged back into Tambolia, and her eyes were turned up white as if she were in an epileptic trance.

Galadreal, with anguished concern for her daughter, set her on dry leaves under a shaded Cypress tree. It took some time for Capella to calm down enough to talk.

“Why did you do that?” asked Galadreal, growing more concerned with every passing minute, because Capella did not have just an out-of-this-world look; she had a how-could-the-impossible-have-happened look.

Capella began to chant obscure limericks as she used to do as a young child.

*Because we can see, we are blind
Because we can hear, we are deaf,
Because we can reason, we are irrational,
Because we can remember, we are small,*

*The truth is not what we think,
Humans make themselves small,
What is possible is vast,
Beyond thinking,
Beyond imagination,
Beyond the Universe,
This Universe is not the only verse.*

Exhausted, Capella collapsed and slept for two Tambolian days.

Galadreal did not send for anyone but kept watch instead. There were no physical threats in Tambolia, and being there was both consoling and comforting. What Capella knew was mostly a mystery, and Galadreal, her very concerned mother, would not leave her alone.

She came around slowly as if waking from a particularly wonderful dream. “That was a moment,” she said, smiling, and eventually began an explanation. “You know that this Universe we live in is very young. Thirteen billion years is just the beginning, not the actual age, but rather the limit we can currently access. Life and all its variations, including the lives of stars, solar systems, and galaxies, are just a questioning of possibilities. The outcome might be in the far distant, unexpected, and unimaginable future.”

“I don’t expect that we will have much influence on the fate of the universe and everything that might happen. We have our own little futures to worry about.”

“True and probably more fun as well,” added Capella.

“I think we had better do our current idea and get to the Pillars. Are you ready?”

“Yes, I’m ready,” Capella said, seemingly fully refreshed after such an ordeal, though noting,

“Apparently, a Tambolian edge is perilous for the initiate,

exhausting and ultimately invigorating, if you survive it!” She got up and walked about some, waking up after such a long, pleasant sleep. When she came back, they faced one another, about a foot apart, and began the Karan series of the mystical dance of Shiva and Shakti. These are the translated names of the beginning postures;

*The First Awaken Moment,
Greetings,
Duality,
Wonderment
Only this
Listening
This place
And on for 108 postures*

Many kinds of meditational practices involve postures and mudras, and the Karanas are among the oldest. Contemporary with Tai Chi, in China, the Indian Karana postures are somewhat different. Each Karana has at least three parts, beginning with an in-breath and then the visualization of the posture, followed by the initial movements of the posture. The Middle, at the top of your breath, is the completion and realization of the posture. The end is an unraveling of the posture, as the breath relaxes and exhales, the vision and the posture returning to their original place. If you learn even one of the Karana postures, you will live a wholesome life. Additionally, these postures can be utilized in various ways, and traveling is one of them. Both Galadreal and Capella wished to go to the Pillars of the Dawn, and the postures accommodated this journey.

Please remember that the Pillars of the Dawn are very old, likely the oldest things possible. They began during the Dark Ages of the universe, from approximately 300,000 years to 300 million years after the beginning or the breaking of

some original symmetry, possibly of the original segmented time continuity into three-dimensional fragments of time, as some, actually only a few fringe scientists and most mystics, have suggested. This is when the expanding universe was much different: smaller, opaque, and contrived in a way that is no longer possible. The initial temperature was extremely hot, but by this time, the ambient temperature of the entire universe had cooled to approximately 3,000 °C, and it was busy. Massive, immense stars formed toward the end of this period, which were thousands or even tens of thousands of times larger than our sun. However, they could not be seen; instead, they were felt gravitationally, and turbulence was present everywhere.

Our Chaos theorists explain that any chaos domain has attractors. You might imagine pulling your hand through calm water and watching eddies form, here and there, some lasting for quite some time, others not. These whirling attractors were the beginning of the Pillars. Initially, hundreds of pillars endured. When the stars began producing the elements, they were incorporated into the Pillars, creating an evolutionary regression that has continued to this day. Some of these attractor Pillars established initial conditions that are recognized. Some of the Pillars migrated into communities. One of these enduring attractor communities includes the Pillars of the Dawn that we can see and visit. Other attractors are different.

Once complex awareness evolved, the Pillars of the Dawn became the organizational architecture and the foundations for insight and enlightenment. A pilgrimage to the Pillars of the Dawn has become a prerequisite for Universal Consciousness and the doorway to the Star Maker, a truth that remains true today. There are many ways to get to the Pillars of the Dawn, but when you get there, the practices take on some particularly interesting conditions. However, once you get there, you are only half through; getting back is often much more difficult.

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Chapter 3

The Pillars

“What’s in a name?”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

As the Pillars of the Dawn evolved, they established an adaptable environment that would accommodate any self-conscious being, however contrived. Visitors’ elemental living bodies were managed by placing them in a state of Many Dimensional Inference, much like how electricity and magnetism are contrived at 90 degrees to one another. This physical condition persists throughout the duration of anyone’s stay, allowing their consciousness, mind, and visualized bodies to manage things slightly differently and to wander about to some extent, as suggested in Entanglement Physics and Bell’s inequality. However, there is a price: the body and mind undergo many changes, some quite noticeable, others less so. These subtle changes give the Gone-Ones their character, which is so inscrutable to the folks in Tambolia. To the people on Earth, the Gone-Ones seemed incomprehensible and elusive, even invisible, which was just fine to the Pillar folks; they did not come to Earth very often, for many good reasons.

The first experience of the Pillars is a bit humbling. The sky is black, blacker than anything perceivable today except in deep caves in faraway places, possibly because there is nothing to see and nothing to see the darkness with. There was not a single star seen, and there was not even dust, meteors, comets, or anything else. It was the blackness before the light, even before the possibility of light, as we see light today.

However, the Pillars were not black; they were contrived from the complexities of the early chaos attractors and could be seen or noticed more accurately through insight. The Pillars were a place set apart and durable. How the Pillars were perceived was as if there were slow-motion, rainbow-colored waterfalls over multi colored marble. Please take a deep breath and imagine several stained-glass windows, one behind the other, a few inches apart, with a glowing brightness behind them. As you walk past these gigantic windows, you will see ever-changing hues of different colors mingling together, changing and distorting any of the original colors until it is impossible to follow the changes. What was extraordinary was that within these mingling transitions of shades and hues was information hidden and obscured from traditional observation; possibly all the information that the Universe has or might perhaps ever have.

When Capella first saw the Pillars, she sat down and cried uncontrollably. She just stopped and cried her little heart out. Galadreal could readily appreciate Capella's feelings because she also felt she had finally come to some original home or sanctuary. Of course, vast and incomprehensible insights, as well as caring kindness, are possible ways to imagine the Pillars, but these words are inconsistent with the moment. The Pillars were different and astonishing.

Eventually, that is a segment of time at the Pillars, and a different kind of time for every traveler, which allowed their minds to be free. They could easily imagine a warm spring day, possibly coming to the crest of a pleasant country hill with vividly colorful grasses, and ancient oaks here and there in shaded, quiet glens. Then, suddenly, notice, at a very great distance, four Pillars rising beyond the distant horizon and extending into unimaginable heights. You could still see elaborate designs carved into every part of the Pillars, subtly

different yet clearly distinguished against a rippling marbled background. As you gaze, the Pillars rise into the starless, deep black far beyond your imagination, dissolving into amazement because the tops of the Pillars are the bottom of everything else.

Then imagine the Pillars at a distance, because there is both an inside and an outside at the same time, or possibly the Pillars are everywhere once you arrive. The first thing you must give up is the idea of the other, the separate, or the possibility of differences. The first moments at the Pillars are when you notice that humanity has a long way to go before it figures anything out.

“Did you know this?” asked Capella, recovering some from her overwhelming shock and amazement.

“It has been different every time,” gasped the bewildered Galadreal. “The few Gone Ones that have come to Tambolia never even hinted at this marvel. I suspect for good reason,”

“Is it possible to actually get here or even be here?” wondered Capella, even though she knew she was both here and how she got here.

Galadreal remembered Misha’s conditions for going to Tambolia when they were still at the little town of Palmer-by-Sea, San Juan Islands in Washington State - Wonderment is the first step, and you cannot lie to yourself. “This is a place that matters and might always matter. I thought Tambolia was important, but this is different, older, deeper, possibly forever.”

“Yes,” said Capella, sitting down, rolling over onto her stomach, and propping herself up on her elbows. Forever doesn’t seem to capture it all, but it’s close. And this is wonderful grass, though it looks more like fine fur,” squirming into it some.

Galadreal reaching down and fluffing it, some had to agree:

“ It’s almost ermine or mink. What a wonderful idea, and it seems to cover everything.”

“It will be nice to walk on, let’s get going,” Capella said, bouncing to her feet and heading out, feeling something like the Ode to Joy, from Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, flowing through her bones.

Galadreal followed gladly, and how long it took them to get there is that it took a while. A while, like eventually, is probably the shortest period of time it takes to do anything, but long enough for you to notice that something actually was done. At the Pillars, this span of time was quite different from what we might expect. I do not think we value the time that a-while takes, and maybe we have missed something. At the first Pillar, which seemed lined up slightly off a straight line, like the Egyptian pyramids, they rested, sort of!

“Well, now what do we do?” asked Capella, sitting down on the fur carpet and looking at the slowly changing cacophony of colors that seemed to mingle with themselves in fascinating ways.

“Do you remember the message written above the door of the Meditation Chamber of the Inner Garden Sanctuary in the heart of Tambolia?” asked Galadreal, sitting down as well.

“No, actually, but I suspect that you will tell me.”

“It was written a long time ago, as the Masters would say, a very long time ago, as ordinary people would say. It was not written in English or any other formal language. It was written before hieroglyphs and petroglyphs were devised. The message was conveyed through symbols that were translated into rainbow colors, sharing a message from mind to mind, if you were not too busy to listen. The message was - Meditation is not what you think...! I suspect that thinking will not work here either.”

She added, “I also remember a thirteenth-century

Benedictine Monk who said this about how long one should meditate - a half hour should be enough unless you are quite busy, then it takes an hour. I suspect that the Meditation Chamber in the Inner Garden Sanctuary in the heart of Tambolia is a frenzied madhouse compared to the Pillars.”

Galadreal had to laugh at this insight, knowing that the only person who had ever meditated in the Inner Garden was Misha, Shiloh’s grandfather, in all the time anyone had been to Tambolia. Capella also had to laugh once she thought about what she had said.

“So let us sit and not think,” said Galadreal.

And so, they did.

The meditation they used might have been considered very simple and one that most people learn early in their practice history. It is sometimes translated as “Fertile Ground” practices and is taught in all Theravada temples, including those for foreign travelers. It is designed to quiet your mind and uses breath-counting as a tool. The technique involves breathing in, relaxing, and waiting.

The traditional Western myth goes something like this: God breathed life into mankind. Our confusion about this myth is that this breath only happened once. The insight, to the practice, is that every breath is the breath of life. Most people have a little trouble at first when they breathe in and do not relax, allowing the air to come out by itself, and stop in the proper place. They often breathe out, which is not the appropriate way to practice. Once the breathing technique is mastered, the next effort is to count up to 100 without losing track. Galadreal and Capella knew how to do this practice and count to any number they set for themselves.

A more challenging application of this practice is not to count at all, but simply to breathe. Eventually, your mind just settles down to the fertile ground state and disappears. At this

time, you can listen quite easily and clearly. Other meditational skillful means are available to you if you are patient. Also, for new pilgrims, the fact that a practice is common and easily explained can mean several things; one is that it is an excellent practice; it has endured for possibly thousands of years, it works reliably, and has many more applications than anyone usually imagines, and you seldom die - sometimes a problem in other practices.

The inside of this Pillar is different than the outside, but figuring out the difference is deeply insightful. Neither was very good at understanding the difference.

For Capella, the meditation eventually evolved into a visualized riddle poem;

*Doorways
What is after life?
Before life,
Unreachable,
Hidden in hope,
Boundless,
And eternal?*

It was a bit of time before this poem was revealed and shared with Galadreal due to the conditions of returning from meditation. Many people think that meditational practices are challenging. Experienced people know that returning from meditation is the problematic part.

“I suspect that we have to answer this riddle to figure out what we have to figure out?” said Galadreal. “I also suspect that death is not the only thing that happens after life.”

“Shiloh once told me,” recalled Capella, “that three things happen to insightful people at death. Your body starts to decay, your memories go to the universe’s reservoir of experiences, and your consciousness can go to unconditioned.”

“Shiloh didn’t think that up. Misha discovered it while practicing the Bardo techniques in the Valley of Death. At Applegarth, we have been working on this idea for several years and have not found a compelling counterargument to it. However, we suspect that many people do not go to the unconditioned for personal or other reasons. Also, Shiloh had a funny story about life. He said that existence was an answer to a question. I asked him what question, and he said - *Existence is where people go when they have been stupid in non-existence?*”

“Ok, then what happens after life?” asked Capella, pondering deeply. “Are there any other possibilities?”

“Possibly,” proposed Galadreal, “we talk about the River of Life, which comes from the early Egyptians’ writings, as a metaphor, but what if it is a characterization that Life is actually like a river. What might happen if this River of Life, at some time in the distant future, flows into an Ocean of something else, made of the same things but under different conditions? That could be considerably more interesting than an ocean, but an ocean of something quite different, which might include an entirely different perspective on life, living, and awareness. What if life, as we know it, is simply a stepping stone to accumulating efficiencies to something more adaptable?”

“That is different, and I have no idea what that might be,” answered Capella.

“Neither did the people at Applegarth.”

“Maybe the next part of the riddle might help us; what is before Life?” asked Capella hopefully.

“There is an explanation from the Tambolian Book of Deeds that says, you came from someplace, and it is still there. I suspect it is the same question. Misha tells this story about the river Letha. The River Lethe is the ancient Greek River of

Forgetfulness, which is crossed when a person is born or dies; however, its source is also a place of meditation. Misha says that it is a truly wonderful place to meditate, and there is a message there, which says;

At first, we were all together, and then the Diaspora, but with the admonition that everything would remember what it was like at the beginning.

“I suspect a possible answer to what is before life might be the beginning,” posed Galadreal.

“I wonder if the beginning, in this insight, is actually the beginning of everything, space, time, and everything in it, and that every moment also includes the very beginning moment?” asked Capella.

“I don’t know,” answered Galadreal.

“What about the Unreachable? Do we know anything about that?” asked Capella.

“Again,” continued Galadreal, “There is a story in the Applegarth Library, about horizons as thresholds. During the Paleolithic period, the visual horizon was the limit of our experiences. Then we migrated to those horizons until we covered the entire earth. Then we conquered flight, the speed of sound, then space travel, sounding the ocean, and many other horizons that at one time seemed impossible but were not once we got there.”

“Certainly, those are examples of horizons we have reached, but what about the horizons we have not noticed? Tambolia is a good example. Tambolia’s existence might be a fantasy, but it was not even anticipated until Misha stumbled upon it, and we learned about others once we arrived. What about other unseen or unexpected horizons?”

“I can think of a few without working very hard,” added Galadreal, “like - a social model that is both sustainable and wholesome, or loving kindness independent of delusion

and superstition, or spirituality-based doctrines...to be unreachable, it has to be unknown but attainable at the same time.”

“That leaves what is unknown and unreachable? I don’t know what that might be.”

“We do not seem to be doing very well with the riddle, and we now have hidden in hope. What might that mean?” asked Galadreal, concerned, but continued, “I just thought of a funny story that someone talked about once. *We have Time so that everything does not happen at once.* Though there is another story, that Shiloh talks about Mara, the Buddhist deity of hindrances;

Mara the Unconjecturable

At first, everything was perfect. “We need something to do,” suggested one of the Gods.

“Why don’t we introduce an idea like imbalance—things slightly off center, a bit crooked, a little wobbly maybe, or things even vaguely wicked,” Mara suggested with an impish grin.

“Wow!” all the Gods raved. “That is incredible, miraculous, stunning. Look at the wonders and majesty, the diversity and vitality.”

“It won’t last,” Mara cautioned broodingly.

“Why won’t it last?” another God questioned.

“Someone included impermanence and death,” observed Mara, disheartened somewhat.

“Aren’t they important in this process?” another God asked.

“Probably,” concluded Mara, still despondent. “But it means that eventually everything will become perfect again.”

“So,” laughed Capella, “We are here because some god made things slightly wicked, off-center, and a bit wobbly, which created expectations that everything will eventually be perfect again. That is funny.”

“Well, it might be true. But we have Boundless and Eternal to figure out?”

“That’s an easy one,” said Capella right away. “It is just that the human mind has set these conditions as horizon limits. Once you get there, they disappear. There is no such thing as boundless and eternal, and no avoiding them either.”

“Then, do you have an answer to the riddle you proposed?” Galadreal asked with an idiosyncratic sort of smile.

“Easy, or at least one answer is that the riddle makes no sense, it is not true, these places are not separate places or conditions. People just made conditions up, like the gods. I suspect it is a warning that we should not believe everything we think, especially when it comes to the Pillars. Whatever happens must be true.”

“How about that once you figure this out, the human condition no longer constrains you,” added Galadreal.

“I like it, besides human awareness might be a kind of pimple on the nose of consciousness, anyway,” laughed Capella, hoping she might somehow avoid this distinction!

“Is this going to help us with this first Pillar?” Galadreal asked, looking up at the impossible height of it.

“Are we actually supposed to do anything?” wondered Capella aloud. “Maybe just being here is the idea.”

“Hum,” wondered Galadreal. “Since there are four of them, I suspect each has a different function, purpose, or influence. I wonder if we can figure out what that might be.”

“Maybe that is the whole point, like the Pyramids in Egypt. It took them a long time to figure out that they were not burial tombs but initiation puzzles. I suspect the Pillars are the same,

and maybe the very early Egyptians got the idea from the Pillars.”

“I don’t know, but did your limerick give me a clue about the Pillar puzzle?”

“Well, I suspect that the Pillars have little or nothing to do with the human condition. Though I also suspect that the human condition depends on the Pillars,” said Capella, looking up at the fantastic view.

“One of the Gone-Ones said that the top of the Pillars is the bottom of everything else,” recalled Galadreal. “It’s a bit humbling to think that as far as we can see, or even possibly imagine, is the bottom of everything else.”

“I wonder if something Misha told me might help,” remembered Galadreal, “he said that you need to sit very still and quietly for twenty minutes by a good tree for the tree to notice you and more than two hours for it to trust you. For trees, their lifetime moment is twenty minutes. I suspect the Pillar’s moment might be much longer.”

“Probably,” concluded Capella. “Let’s give it a go?”

It took much longer than twenty minutes for this Pillar to notice them, more like two months, and trust was not part of the connection. You might get some idea of what was next if you could answer this question: What is on the other side of the other side?