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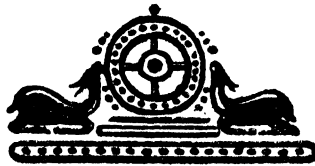
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HIMALAYAS
Abode of Light



HIMALAYAS ABODE OF LIGHT

BY
NICHOLAS ROERICH
With illustrations from his paintings



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PUBLISHERS NOTE

MYSTIC-DREAMER, master painter and world-citizen, Nicholas Roerich is one of the outstanding personalities of this or any other century.

Unquestionably one of the most interesting of living painters today, his large canvasses run to several thousands, and each one a masterpiece of daring composition, glowing colour harmony and massive effect. Himalayan is the word not only for his soul but for his art as well.

He is as daring a pioneer as mystic, poet, thinker and scientist and his output as a writer is as great and as voluminous. From his mountain home in Kulu, he keeps himself in touch with every progressive idea and movement in the outer world and often guides them with his wisdom and practical help.

His versatility is amazing and his capacity for work is prodigious. His interest in small things is as great as his interest in big things, and as enthusiastic. Whether he paints a gorgeous Himalayan landscape or writes a short message to a school magazine, he gives it the same attention and care, a trait of true greatness.

India has a special place in his affection, and to India he looks for the spiritual regeneration of the world. Hence his home and retreat in the land of the rishis. His great countrywoman and spiritual mentor, Madame Blavatsky, introduced him to India and Indian wisdom, as she did to the other great Russian, Scribani. One reveals the glories of the superhuman world through his pictures and the other put them into music through his immortal compositions.

“One of the greatest intuitive minds of the age”, was the tribute paid to Roerich by Gorky, himself another immortal. In this collection of essays, written about the Himalayan soul, his intuitive wisdom expresses itself as beautifully in words as in painting.

CONTENTS

1.	HIMALAYAS	13
2.	HEAVENLY GIFTS	15
3.	TREASURE OF THE SNOWS	19
4.	SACRED ASHRAMS	26
5.	ASCENDING THE HEIGHTS	31
6.	HIMALAYAN SONG	36
7.	FROM KAILAS	38
8.	URUSVATI	43
9.	LEGENDS	48
10.	IN HIS NAME	52
11.	MYSTERIES	58
12.	RISHIS	62
13.	HIMALAYAN PROPHECIES	64
14.	SHAMBHALA	71
15.	ABODE OF LIGHT	77
16.	KNOWLEDGE OF EXPERIENCE	83
17.	SHAMBHALE LAM	89
18.	SACRED LAND	102
19.	FRONTIERS OF SHAMBHALA	118
20.	SHAMBHALA—MONSALVAT	124
21.	TIBET	126
22.	LIGHT IN THE DESERT	130
23.	MAITREYA	156
24.	LEGENDS OF THE STONE	173

ILLUSTRATIONS

ABODE OF LIGHT Frontispiece in Colour.

1.	HIMALAYAS (in colour)	13
2.	STEEDS OF BENEVOLENCE	15
3.	KINCHINJUNGA	19
4.	MAULBECK MONASTERY	26
5.	SHE WHO LEADS	31
6.	COMPASSION	38
7.	SACRED THOUGHTS	43
8.	SNOW MAIDEN	48
9.	FROM BEYOND	52
10.	FIRE MAGIC	58
11.	SANTANA	62
12.	SACRED ARROW	64
13.	KALKI AVATARA	71
14.	THE BLESSED ONE	77
15.	COMMAND OF REGDEN JEYPO	83
16.	SAGA OF GESSAR	89
17.	VALMIKI	102
18.	MESSAGE OF SHAMBHALA	118
19.	SACRED CAVES	124
20.	TIBETAN STRONGHOLDS	126
21.	THE PASS	130
22.	MAITREYA	156
23.	LEGENDS	173

Abode of Light

A Himalayan Diary





HIMALAYAS

Himalayas! Here is the Abode of Rishis. Here resounded the sacred Flute of Krishna. Here thundered the Blessed Gautama Buddha. Here originated all Vedas. Here lived Pandavas. Here—Gessar Khan. Here—Aryavarta. Here is Shambhala. Himalayas—Jewel of India. Himalayas—Treasure of the World. Himalayas—the sacred Symbol of Ascent.

Oh, Bharata the Beautiful! let me send Thee my heartfelt admiration for all the greatness and inspiration which fill Thy ancient Wisdom, for glorious Cities and Temples, Thy Meadows, Thy Deobans, Thy sacred Rivers and Majestic Himalayas!



Steeds of Benevolence

HEAVENLY GIFTS

Joyfully we followed all the news and articles dedicated to the glorious celebrations of Sri Ramakrishna's centenary. How wonderful that here on our confused and disturbed earth such unanimous devotional reverence and admiration was possible. And this recognition of the Great Attainment came from various countries, from many entirely different people. All dedications to the Blessed Bhagavan were permeated with a profound love from the heart—it means that the Message of the Paramahansa deeply touched the very soul of humanity.

People should rejoice at every such unanimous manifesta-

tion, for in it is expressed the striving towards the Good and in this common bliss is already contained a real Heavenly Gift, which mankind should cherish above all ages and nations. And did not the Bhagavan himself, in his goodness, show the example of tolerance, of all-containment? If people would continuously evince more care and reverence for all heavenly sendings, which continuously illumine our dusky earthly life!

Heavenly gifts in human consciousness are always connected with lightning speed. Everything from the Highest, everything from Above naturally directs human imagination towards Light, towards sparkling, towards urgency. And so it is. The greatest realisations can come like lightning, instantaneously. But yet another condition has to be cognized in our earthly understanding. For in these high manifestations was revealed a heavenly language whereas ours is an earthly tongue. Ever for the highest conceptions we have but poor clumsy expressions.

If around the concept of Heavenly Gifts we shall gather all our conventional definitions, it will yet be but a weak and limited expression about the Ineffable.

Only the Heart will give life to such expressions as solemnity, greatness, ecstasy, tremour, joy. Without a transfiguration, through the heart all these best words will remain but dead sounds. Therefore it has been ordained since antiquity that the best gifts should be reverently accepted and dignifiedly introduced into the earthly life.

Love is like lightning, but it must be educated and affirmed in full consciousness, or even this heavenly feeling will be but the tremour of a mirage.

Many epics tell of the sending of Heavenly Gifts into earthly surroundings. By such legends the effort was made to warn human lightmindedness and to introduce into the consciousness a worthy understanding.

Heavenly Gifts, if not introduced lovingly and with care into earthly life, will be as torn off wings, which even despite their magnificent beauty will yet remain cut off. But by the Highest Will wings are given for blissful flights. Without a genuine ar-

dent striving towards spiritual flights man will forget about the wings, which will become dusty amidst the household rubbish. Tiny grey entities will creep out from dark corners to change the God-sent magnificence into morbid grey rugs.

Stuffed birds with motionless spread wings always arouse a sad thought that the symbol of movement and highest flights has been nailed down and is thus condemned as a worthless thing in the dust.

The culture of Heavenly Gifts in earthly conditions is a difficult science. Precisely difficult, for this realization is born in labour. And precisely is it a science, because many experiments, many tests had to take place until the Heavenly blossom unfolded itself unharmed in its entire predestined grandeur.

Not only the rare chosen ones are called to care for the blossoming of Heavenly Gifts on earth. In every home there should be a sacred garden, into which the Heavenly Gifts should be brought with greatest love and surrounded with the best offerings which only the human heart is capable to render.

At times people in despair imagine that Heavenly Gifts have ceased to be poured out. But they do not ponder whether their own eyes are vigilant enough to discern the Invisible Light amidst the glare of the sunshine. Do not people take refuge from blissful rain under an umbrella? And do not people flee into dungeons from purifying thunder storms and from majestic waves of Light?

Do not people try to make a small thing of the Greatest? And how sad it is when Heavenly Gifts—these generous beautiful treasures—are cast to derision or locked up in the safe of a miser!

These deniers will try to invent all imaginable excuses to shift on to anyone else their own ignorance and rudeness. Little physical effort is needed to tear off a beautiful flower. And in the same way is very little coarse force required to defile the highest Heavenly Gift. But if anyone will argue that this is already a commonplace, let us reply with the words of Vivekananda: "If you know what is good, then why don't you follow

the Ordainments?" In these significant words thunders a direct challenge to all who violate and abuse the Highest. And is this question nowadays not most imperative?

If anyone will tell you that it is unnecessary to repeat, answer him: "If something useful is not applied, one has to re-affirm it!" A discussion whether help should at all be rendered, would be immoral. Every one will agree that one should always help. This means that if somewhere something most precious is being neglected, then one should endlessly reiterate it as long as one's voice lasts. And if anyone sees that a humanitarian principle is violated by ignorance or malevolence it is his duty to point this out, if only he himself understands wherein are true values.

Heavenly Gifts are multifarious. Generously and magnificently are these beautiful helpers sent to assist humanity. The shower of Bliss is poured in benevolent generosity but only drops of this treasure reach. But every thought about Heavenly Gifts already strengthens the heart. Especially now when human hearts are in such confusion and deep pain, one should strive to the highest panacea---towards Heavenly Gifts.

Thy benevolence fills

My hands. In profusion it is pouring

Through my fingers. I cannot

Keep all. I am not able to distinguish

The glowing streams of richness. Thy

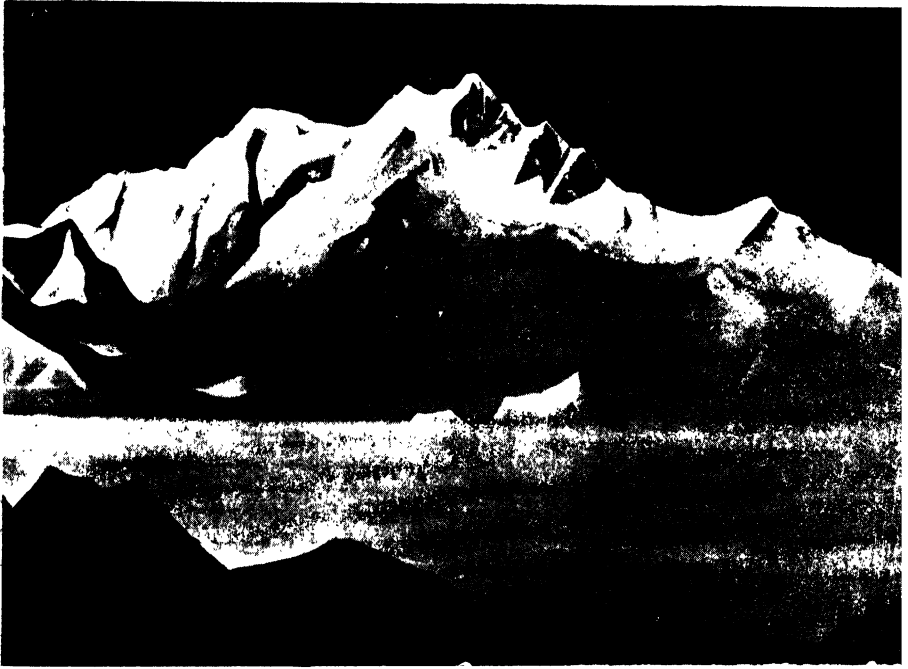
Benevolent wave pours through the hands

Upon earth. I do not see who will gather

The precious gems. The tiny sprays,

Upon whom will they fall? If only I could

Carry home the Heavenly Gift!



Kinchinjunga

TREASURE OF THE SNOWS

Throughout Sikkim again thunder the huge trumpets! For all it is a great, a solemn day. Let us go to the temple to see the Dances of the Great Day of Homage to Kinchinjunga.

From all parts of Sikkim many peoples gather in their strange and varied attires. Here are the Sikkimese, in their short red garments with their conical, feathered hats; here are the sober Bhutanese, startlingly like the Basques or Hungarians; here stand the red-turbaned people from Kham; you can see the small round caps of the valiant Nepalese Gurkhas; the people of Lhasa, in their Chinese-like long garments; the timid, quiet Lep-

chas, and many Sharpa people; all types of hill-men from all parts come to pay homage to the Five Treasures of Kinchinjunga, which points the way to the sacred city of Shambhala.

Trumpets are roaring. The drums beat. The crowd shouts and whistles. Enters the protector of Sikkim, in a huge red and gold mask, with a short spear in his hand. Around the fountain, from which the sacred water is drawn each morning, the impressive protector of Sikkim turns in a slow benevolent dance, completing his magic circles. In each monastery in Sikkim, at the same hour, the same sacred dance of the protector is being performed. Finishing his role, the protector joins the picturesque file of musicians.

Again sound the trumpets and the roar of the crowd. Then the protectress emerges from the temple. As a Kali or Dakini, with skulls adorning her head, in dark garment, the deity outlines the same circle; after performing her invocation, she also seats herself beside the protector.

Again the crowd shouts and cries. One by one the protectors of the Five Treasures of Kinchinjunga emerge. They are ready to fight for the holy mountain, because in its caves, all treasures are guarded for centuries. They are ready to guard the religion, which is supported by the hermits who send their benevolent blessings from mountain depths. Radiant are the streamers on the garments of these guardians. They glisten as snows glowing in the rays of the sun. They are ready to fight. They are armed with swords and protected with round shields. Begins the dance of the warriors—reminiscent of the dances of the Comanchis of Arizona; the swords are brandished in the air; guns are fired. The population of Sikkim may rejoice—beholding how the treasures of Kinchinjunga are guarded. They may be proud—never yet has the rocky summit of this white mountain been conquered! Only exalted keepers of the mysteries, high Devas, know the path to its summit. The guardians finish their dance; they divide into two parties. In slow tread they march, intoning a long song; they boast and bet. Each tells us of his prowess: 'I can catch the world without a horse'—'None

can resist my sword'—'My shield is strong.' And again follows the short dance of warriors. They pass into the temple. Both the protectors rise and again, after several encircling dances, enter the low door. The performance is over.

Now is the power of Kinchinjunga disclosed in another way. One sees bows and arrows in the hands of the people. The old joy of Sikkim—the ancient art of archery,—is to be demonstrated. Far off are the targets. But the hill-men still know the noble art and the arrows shall reach the hearts of Kinchinjunga's enemies. The festival is over. The long giant trumpets once again are carried into the temple; drums, gongs, clarionets, and cymbals are silent. The doors of the temple are closed. This is not Buddhism; this is a homage to Kinchinjunga.

And when we see the beautiful snowy peak, we understand the spirit of the festival, because veneration of beauty is the basis of this exalted feeling. The hill-people feel beauty. They feel a sincere pride in possessing these unrepeatable snowy peaks—the world giants, the clouds, the mist of the monsoon. Are these not only a superb curtain before the great mystery beyond Kinchinjunga? Many beautiful legends are connected with this mountain.

Beyond Kinchinjunga are old menhirs of the great sun cult. Beyond Kinchinjunga is the birth-place of the sacred Swastika, sign of fire. Now in the day of the Agni-yoga, the element of fire is again entering the spirit and all the treasures of earth are revered. For the legends of heroes are dedicated not so much to the plains as to the mountains! All teachers journeyed to the mountains. The highest knowledge, the most inspired songs, the most superb sounds and colours are created on the mountains. On the highest mountain there is the Supreme. The high mountains stand as witnesses of the great reality. The spirit of pre-historic man already enjoyed and understood the greatness of the mountains.

Whoever beholds the Himalayas recalls the great meaning of mountain Meru. The Blessed Buddha journeyed to the Himalayas for enlightenment. There, near the legendary sacred Stupa, in the presence of all the gods, the Blessed One received

his Illumination. In truth, everything connected with the Himalayas reveals the great symbol of mount Meru, standing at the centre of the world.

The ancient people of wise India discerned in the splendour of the Himalayas the smile of mighty Vishnu, who stands as a heroic, indefatigable warrior, armed with discus, mace, war-trumpet, and sword. All the ten Avataras of Vishnu were consummated near the Himavat. The most remote and the oldest of them is the Avatara Dagon, the man-fish, who saved the forefather of the earthly race, Manu. As far back as the time of the first cataclysm, the flood, Burma remembers Dagon, and claims that the Dagoba dedicated to him is more than three thousand years old. Then came the Tortoise,—the pillar of heaven—which in the depths of the ocean of space, assisted the great upheaval which endowed the earth with the radiant goddess Lakshmi. Then came the ponderous earthly Boar; then the unconquerable earthly Boar; then the unconquerable Nrisimha, the man-lion, who saved Prahlâda from the wrath of his sinning father. The fifth Avatara, Vâmana, the dwarf, triumphed over another king, Bali who like Prahalada's father tried to possess the throne of Vishnu. The sixth Avatara, bearing the name of Brahman, is the great warrior Parashurâma, said in ancient scriptures to have annihilated the race of Kshatriyas. The seventh Avatara appeared as Râma, the mighty beneficent king of India, extolled in the *Râmâyana*. The eighth Avatara is Krishna, the sacred shepherd, whose teaching is glorified in the all-embracing Bhagvad Gita. The ninth Avatara the blessed Buddha, is the great Avatara predicted by Vishnu as the triumph of wisdom and the destruction of demons and sinners by their own Karma. Vishnu's tenth Avatara, not yet manifest, is the future Maitreya. A great horseman, saviour of humanity, the Kalki Avatara, shall appear riding on a white horse; resplendent, with his triumphant sword in hand—he will restore the pure law of righteousness and wise rule on earth.

The advent of the resplendent day-goddess, Lakshmi, Vishnu's bride, has ever rejoiced the Indian heart, even as do the

Himalayan summits. Vishnu's second Avatara, the blue Tortoise aided in stirring up the great ocean of space, indicated in the *Mahâbhârata*, the *Ramayana*, and the *Vishnu-purana*. To restore to the three regions of earth, air, and heaven, their lost treasures, Vishnu commanded the Devas, sons of heaven, sons of fire, to join the dark demoniac Asuras in stirring the cosmic ocean in order to create the sea of milk, or Amrita, the heavenly nectar of life. The Devas, in glowing sheen, came to the edge of the sea which moved as the shining clouds of autumn. And with the help of the great One, they uprooted the holy mountain to serve as a churning-pole. The great serpent Ananta offered himself as a rope, and the mighty Vishnu, assuming the form of an immense Tortoise, made a pivot for the pole. The Devas held the tail of the serpent and the Asuras approached the head; and the great creative churning began. The first creation of this tumultuous labour was the divine cow, the fountain of milk shown in the Vedas as rain-cloud, which conquered the drought. Then was manifested Vâruni, Vishnu's crystallized radiance. Then came the Pârijâta, the source of all heavenly fruits. Afterwards rose the moon and was possessed by Shiva. At this moment conflagration, destructive fumes emitted by this process, engulfed the earth and threatened the whole universe. Then Brahmâ, the creator, arose and bid Shiva manifest his power. Shiva, for the sake of all existing beings, swallowed the poison self-sacrificingly and became Nilakantha, the blue-throated. Then appeared Dhanvantari bearing the precious cup of Amrita. Hark and rejoice! After him came Lakshmi the effulgent, herself. Radiant, surrounded by her celestial attendants, glowing as a lustrous chain of clouds! At the same time, the gray rain clouds, the powerful elephants of heaven, poured water over her from golden vessels. Amrita was manifested and the eternal battle over the treasure of the universe began. The Devas and Asuras clashed in battle but the Asuras were vanquished and driven to Pâtâla, the gloomy recesses of earth. Again came joy and happiness to the three worlds—the festival of gods and men.

* * *

As you ascend the peaks of the Himalayas and look out over the cosmic ocean of clouds below, you see the ramparts of endless rocky chains and the pearly strings of cloudlets. Behind them march the gray elephants of heaven, the heavy monsoon clouds. Is this not a cosmic picture which fills you with understanding of some great creative manifestation? The mighty serpent in endless coils sustains the Milky Way. The blue Tortoise of heaven and stars without number are as diamond treasures of a coming victory. You recall the huge 'Mendangs' in the Sikkimese range, with their stone seats used by the great hermits for meditation before sunrise; the great poet Milaraspa knew the strength of the hour before dawn, and in this awesome moment his spirit merged with the great spirit of the world, in conscious unity.

Before sunrise there comes a breeze, and the milky sea undulates. The shining Devas have approached the tail of the serpent and the great stirring has begun! The clouds collapse as the shattered walls of a prison. Verily, the luminous god approaches! But what has occurred? The snows are red as blood. But the clouds collect in an ominous mist and all that was erstwhile resplendent and beauteous becomes dense, dark, shrouding the gore of the battle. Asuras and Devas struggle; the poisonous fumes creep everywhere. Creation must perish. But Shiva, selfsacrificingly, has consumed the poison which threatened the world's destruction—he, the great blue-throated! Lakshmi arises from darkness, bearing the chalice of nectar. And before her radiant beauty all the evil spirits of night disperse. A new cosmic energy is manifest in the world!

Where can one have such a joy as when the sun is upon the Himalayas, when the blue is more intense than sapphires, when from the far distance the glaciers glitter as incomparable gems. All religions, all teachings, are synthesized in the Himalayas. The virgin of dawn, the Ushas of ancient Vedas, is possessed of the same lofty virtues as the joyful Lakshmi. There can be also distinguished the all-vanquishing power of Vishnu. Formerly He was Nârâyana, the cosmic being in the depths of creation. Finally He is seen as the god of the sun and at His smile, out of

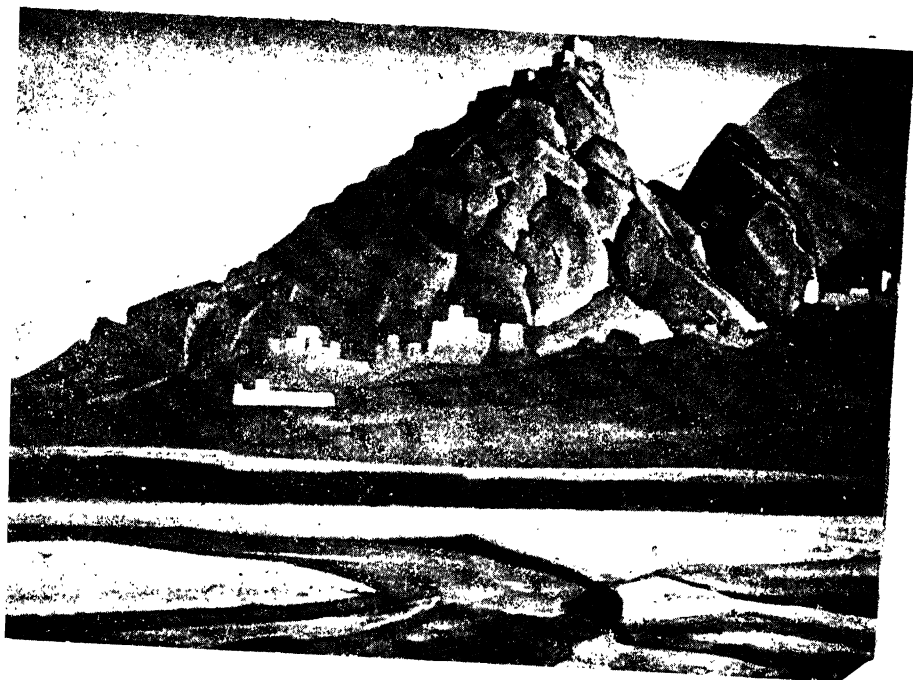
the darkness, arises the great goddess of happiness.

And may we not also notice this link between Lakshmi and Mâyâ, mother of Buddha? All great symbols, all heroes, seem to be brought close to the Himalayas as if to the highest altar, where the human spirit comes closest to divinity. Are the shining stars not nearer, when you are in the Himalayas? Are not the treasures of the earth evident in the Himalayas? A simple Sardâr in your caravan asks you, 'But what is hidden beneath the mighty mountains? Why are the greatest plateaux just in the Himalayas? Some treasures must be there!'

In the foot-hills of the Himalayas are many caves and it is said that from these caves, subterranean passages proceed far below Kinchinjunga. Some have even seen the stone door which has never been opened, because the date has not arrived. The deep passages proceed to the splendid valley. You can realize the origin and reality of such legends, when you are acquainted with the unsuspected formation in Himalayan nature, when you personally perceive how closely together are glaciers and rich vegetation. The homage to Kinchinjunga from the simple people does not surprise you, because in it you see not superstition, but a real page of poetic folk-lore. This folk-reverence of natural beauties has its counterpart in the lofty heart of the sensitive traveller who, enticed by the inexpressible beauties here, is ever ready to barter his city life for the mountain peaks. For him, this exalted feeling has much the same meaning as has the conquering dance of the guardian of the mountains, and the bevy of archers who stand vigilant, ready to guard the beauties of Kinchinjunga.

Hail to unconquered Kinchinjunga! Swami Vivekananda said: 'The artist is the witness who testifies to the beautiful. Art is the most unselfish form of happiness in the world.'

Indeed this is a splendid affirmation.



Maulbeck Monastery

SACRED ASHRAMS

Kailasa, Manasarowar, Badrinath, Kedarnath, Triloknath, Ravalsar—these glorious gems of the Highest always fill the heart with special blissful tremor. When we were within a day's journey from Manasarowar the entire caravan already became uplifted—thus far around does the aura of a holy ashram act.

Another vivid recollection arises from the path to Triloknath. A long line of Sadhus and Lamas stretches along this road—the old sanctuary, the site of pilgrimage and prayer. These pilgrims have met here from many different roads. Some already completing their spiritual journeyings, are walking alone with a tri-

dent; some carry bamboo staffs; others are without anything, even without clothing. And the snow of the Rotang Pass is no impediment for them.

The pilgrims proceed, knowing that the Rishis and the Pandavas dwelt here. Here is the Beas or Vyas; here is Vyasa-kund—the place of the fulfilment of all wishes. Here, Vyasa Rishi compiled the *Mahabharata*.

Not in legend alone, but in reality, did the great Rishis live here. Their presence breathes life into the cliffs which are crowned with glaciers, into the emerald pastures where the yaks graze and into the caves and the roaring torrents. From here were sent forth those spiritual calls of which humanity has heard through all ages. These calls are taught in schools; they have been translated into many languages—and this crystal of acquisitions has been stratified on the cliffs of the Himalayas.

“Where can one find words with which to praise the Creator, after seeing the incomparable beauty of the Himalayas?” sings the Hindu. Along the paths of Guru, along the peaks of the Rishi, along the mountain paths of the pilgrims of the spirit, lies that treasure, which no torrent of rain can wear away, nor any lightning turn to ashes. He who walks towards the Good is blessed on all paths. How touching are all the narratives which tell of the meeting of the righteous ones of various nations. The tops of the deodars in the forest touch each other in the wind. Thus, everything that is of the highest meets without injury and harm. Time was when quarrels were settled by single combat and decisions were reached by a conference of chiefs. So do the deodars discuss matters between themselves. What a meaningful word: deodar—the gift of God. And this significant name is not without reason; for the resin of the deodar has healing powers. Deodar, musk, valerian, roses and other similar substances comprise the beneficent medicines of the Rishis. Some have wanted to do away with these medicines by substituting an invasion of new discoveries; however, humanity again reverts to the foundations.

Here is a photograph of a man who walks through fire with-

out harming himself. This is not a fiction. Witnesses will tell you of the same trials by fire in Madras, Lucknow, Benares. And not only does the Sadhu walk harmlessly on the flaming coals, but he leads behind him those who desire to follow him and hold on to him.

In Benares a Sadhu sits in sacred posture upon the water of the Ganges. His crossed legs are covered by the brim of the water. The people flock to the banks, amaze at the holy man.

Still another Sadhu has been buried alive for many days; another swallows various poisons without any harm. Here is a Lama, who can levitate himself; another Lama by means of 'tumo' can generate his own heat, thus protecting himself against snow and mountain glaciers; there a Lama can give the death stroke with his 'deadly eye' to a mad dog. A venerated Lama from Bhutan relates, how during his stay in the Tzang district in Tibet, a Lama asked the ferry-man to take him across from Tzampo free of charge, but, the cunning man replied. "I will gladly take you over, if you can prove that you are a great Lama. A mad dog is running about here doing great harm—kill it". The Lama said nothing; but looking at the dog, he raised his hand and said a few words and the dog fell dead! The Bhutanese Lama saw this himself. One hears frequently in Tibet and in India of the same "deadly eye" and the "eye of Kapila". And on a map of the XVIIth century printed in Antwerp by authority of the Catholic clergy, is mentioned the name of the country, Shambhala.

If one can walk through fire, and another can sit on water, and a third remain suspended in the air, and a fourth repose on nails, and a fifth swallow poison and a sixth kill with a glance and a seventh lie buried without harm, then one may collect all those grains of knowledge in himself. And thus the obstacles of lower matter can be transmuted! Not in a remote age, but now, right here where Millikan's cosmic rays, Rhine's thought transference and the reality of finest psychic energy are also being studied and affirmed.

Every Rishi pronounced in his own language the sacred pledge for the construction of a revived, refined and beautiful

world!

For the sake of a single righteous being a whole City was saved. As beacons, lightning rods, and citadels of Good, stood the Rishis of various nations, of various creeds, of various ages yet one in the Spirit of salvation and ascension for all!

Whether the Rishi came upon fire, whether he arrived home upon a stone, whether he came upon the whirlwind—he always hastened for the general Good. Whether he prayed on mountain summits, or on a steep river-bank or in a hidden cave, he always sent out his prayers for the unknown, for the stranger, for the labourers, for the sick and the crippled.

Whether the Rishi sent out white horses to save the unknown pilgrims or whether he blessed unknown seafarers, or guarded a city by night, he always stood as a pillar of light for all, without condemnation and without extinguishing the flame.

Without condemnation, without mutual suspicion, without weakening each other, ever upwards, the Rishis ascended the eternal Mount Meru.

Before us is the road to Kailas. There rises one of the fifteen wonders described in Tibetan books: The Mount of the Bell! Along sharp ridges one climbs to its summit. It stands higher than the last junipers, higher than the last yellow and white mountain ranges. There Padma Sambhava once walked—this is recorded in the ancient monastery Gando—La. It is exactly here that the caves of Milaraspa are situated. And not one but many have been sanctified with the name of the hermit, who hearkened before dawn to the voices of the Devas. Here, also are the spiritual strongholds of Gautama Rishi. Not far away are also legends which surround Pahari Baba. Many Rishis walked here. And he who gave the mountain its enticing name “Mount of the Bell” also thought of the call of the Bell for all, of helping all, of the Universal Good!

Here Rishis lived for Universal Good!

When Rishis meet on the mountain paths they do not ask each other: “From where do you come?” Is it from the East,

or West, or South or North? This is quite apparent: that they come from the Good and go to the Good. An exalted refined flaming heart knows where is the Good and in what it can be found.

Some of the travellers in our caravan were once discussing the qualities of the various Rishis. But a gray-haired pilgrim, pointing to snowy peaks, effulgent in their complete beauty said:

“Are we to judge the qualities of these Summits? We can but bow in admiration before their unattainable splendour!

“Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram”



She Who Leads

ASCENDING THE HEIGHTS

Many expeditions are striving to conquer the gorgeous peaks of the Himalayas. Severely the unconquered giants meet the daring intruders. Again Everest refused to welcome the newcomers. And Nanga Parbat does not facilitate matters in the attempted conquest. And the Kinchinjunga peak is not even contested. Yet from all sides various nations aspire to reach the resplendent Himalayan summits. Such a procession turns into homage of pilgrims to the highest of the world.

The local *lamas* smile mysteriously when they hear that yet another attempt has been defeated. If they have confidence in

you they will tell you in whispers some ancient prophecies which assert that certain sacred summits will never be defiled. Not long ago a well-known *lama*, who is now dead, told us: "Curious people are the *pelings*, why do they undertake such dangers in the physical body, when we can visit these summits and do so in our subtle body?"

Indeed in every striving to the summits, in every ascent, is contained an untold joy. An inner impulse irresistibly calls people toward the heights.

If someone would begin to trace historically these aspirations, having the Himalayas as their goal, an unusually significant study would result. Truly if one could trace back the force of attraction of these heights for a thousand years one could readily see why the Himalayas have been called "Incomparable". Since times immemorial innumerable tokens of Divinity have been connected with this country of mountains. Even in the dark middle ages remote countries dreamt of beautiful India, which was epitomised in the mysterious sacred snowy giants. "Himalaya" means, in Sanskrit, "abode of snow."

Let us try mentally to compare all these beautiful legends, which could only be conceived in the Himalayas. First of all, we will be astonished at the amazing diversity of this heritage. It is true that this wealth of legends has originated in the accumulations of many tribes, becoming more bounteous through the grateful contributions of several millenniums, and are crowned by the achievements of great seekers after truth. All this is so. But for such supreme achievements, a magnificent environ is necessary, and what could be more majestic than the unconquered mountains with all their inexpressible radiance and all their exquisite variation of forms?

It would be a rather unfortunate and feeble effort to compare the Himalayas with any of the other splendid mountain ranges of the world. The Andes, the Caucasus, the Alps, the Altai—all the most beautiful heights will appear to be but single peaks when compared with the supreme mountain ranges of the Himalayas.

What does it not encompass, this multiform beauty? Tropical approaches, alpine slopes and, finally, all the incalculable glaciers, powdered with meteoric dust. No one describes the Himalayas as overwhelming; no one would dare to call them gloomy portals, nor mention the word monotony, in thinking of the Himalayas. Truly a great part of the human vocabulary must be forgotten when you enter the realm of the Himalayan snow—the part of one's vocabulary comprising its sinister and effete expressions.

The human spirit, seeking to overcome all obstacles, is filled with a yearning which irresistibly impels one onward towards the conquest of these summits. And the very difficulties which at times loom so dangerously, become only the most necessary and the most desired steps of ascent, overcoming earthly conventionality. All the dangerous bamboo bridges over the thundering mountain torrents; all the slippery steps on the age-old glaciers over perilous precipices, all the unavoidable inclines before each successive ascent; and the storms, thunder and cold and heat are surmounted, when the chalice of achievement is full.

Not the feelings of ambition nor boastfulness alone could inspire so many travellers and searchers to go to the Himalayas. Other difficult peaks could be found for competition and contests. But above all thoughts of competition and contests is a yearning towards these world-magnets, an ineffable holy aspiration, of which heroes are born.

The true magnets are not competitive laurels of contests nor the fleeting front pages of books and newspapers, but the attraction to this surpassing grandeur which sustains the spirit; and in such striving there can be no harm.

Why does one think of the Himalayas, why are we seemingly compelled to think of them, remember them and strive towards them?

Because even mental communion with their solemn grandeur provides one of the best of tonics. Everything is impelled towards the beautiful in its own way. Everyone thinks about beauty and he will feel an impulse to say something or other

about it. The thought of beauty is so powerful and moving that man cannot contain it silently within himself, but always tries to clothe it in words. Perhaps in song or in other expression of his being, man must manifest and record his thought of the beautiful.

From the tiniest flower, from the wing of the butterfly, from the glow of a crystal and on, further and higher, through beautiful human forms, through the mysterious sublime touch, man wants to fortify himself by the immutably Beautiful. Wherever on earth there have been beautiful creations of human hands, the pilgrim will come to them. He will find calm under their created vaults, and in the radiance of their frescoes and stained glass. And if the pilgrim is captivated by mirages of nature's far-off horizons, he will set out toward them. And if, at last, he becomes aware of these loftiest peaks shining far off, he will be drawn to them and in this very striving he will become stronger, purer and will be inspired to achievements for the good, for beauty and for ascent.

The pilgrim is always listened to with special attention near the campfire or at a gathering of men. And not only in ancient chronicles does one read of the respect accorded to those who came from afar. Even now, despite all the speedy ways of communication, when the world has already become small, when people strive into higher strata or down towards the center of the planet, even now, the narrative of the pilgrim still remains the high-light of every gathering.

"Are the Himalayas truly so beautiful?"

"Are they really incomparable?"

"Tell us something about the Himalayas and whether anything unusual is to be found there!"

People expect something unusual in every narrative of a pilgrim. Bad customs, habits, immovability due to attachments, depresses even the coarsest heart. Even a depressed spirit strives towards movement. After all, no one thinks of movement as directed downward only.

I recall the story that a traveller once related. Having begun

the descent of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, surrounded by most beautiful colors, he was oppressed by the very thought of such endless descent: "We descended lower and lower and this thought of descending even prevented our admiring the country."

Of course exaltation and transport is primarily connected with ascent. During ascent there is the urgent desire to look beyond the snow peaks that soar before you. But when you descend, each parting summit pronounces a sad "goodbye". Therefore it is so joyous not only to ascend a summit, but to follow the ways of ascent in thought. When we hear of new travellers to the Himalayas, we are thankful even for that, for they remind us of the summits of the call ever-beautiful, ever-necessary.

HIMALAYAN SONG

A Ladaki Song:

Through the gates of the East entered the Hindu Faith.
Say, did you pass by way of the sacred word?
The Persian kingdom erects the gates of the south.
Did you pass through them?
The celestial message of China opens to us the western gates.
How did you pass the way of the Chinese Sign?
And the gates of the north belong to Gessar Khan.
How did you pass the way of the sword stroke?
Did you pass the gates leading to Lhasa, where lies the way
of the seekers of truth?
The East—the gates of India. There, hallowing the sacred
word and custom, we rested.
The Persian kingdom possesses the gates of the south.
There we revered the border of the noble ones.
The celestial message of China opened to us the western
gates.
Affirming the dates it gave us happiness.
The gates to the warrior, Gessar, are on the north.
By the clash of swords we passed these nations.
And through the gates of Lhasa, seeking for truth.
We passed, testing in silence our spirit.

(The geographical oddities of the song evidently result from the accumulations of different races.)

Another beautiful Ladaki song:

One is visited by wisdom and one is only by onlooker.
Some can achieve wholly naught, therefore one must test
himself here.

But to him who already comes with wisdom, there is special
bliss.

Does the High One need the wisdom of nine signs?

And does the mediocre one need the same?

Are you coming as friend of high estate or do you only desire
a purse?

Did you come without threats?

Do you wish the covenant of friendship?

There are three kinds of enemies.

There are three kinds of friends.

Would you enumerate them?

There are three enemies:

An enemy who induces sickness,

An enemy who hates the spirit.

An enemy who avenges in bloodshed.

We did not come as enemies.

We are friend to you.

We name three friends:

Our Liberator Buddha,

The union of a harmonious family,

The union of love and blood.

Here are the three friends.

Verily, it is so.



Compassion

FROM KAILAS

In joy, in simplicity and in the unexpected many revelations resound. And by no other term can one call these sparks of knowledge, than revelation.

From Tibet comes a Lama. By appearance he is a simple pilgrim. His clothes are worn down to rags from his distant pilgrimage over the mountains, he became weak, thin and covered with a bronze sunburn from heat and cold. He came to the Himalayas shortly before our departure. He was asked what visions he had or what remarkable dreams. At first he denied: "No, I have none; I am a simple lama." A real lama will never

speak of his powers. He was asked again: "Should you see something, tell us." And the next morning the guest from the mountains came again and in a most quiet and simple voice he said: "I have seen." And further in the same simple manner, he described our whole contemplated journey, which could never have been known to any of the local inhabitants.

Of course the journey was narrated without names, figuratively. But his descriptions surprised by their accuracy and character. The trip by the sea and stay at Paris, then the tempest of a large sea, then America with the peculiarities of the country, where there is so much movement, fire and tall buildings. Then again the ocean, snow and a country with many temples and tame animals. Then followed distinct hints at the Hingan hills, at many people, good and bad. Then followed a description of another country with temples and a large image of Buddha, and then a country where people live in tents and yurtas, where there are many sheep and horses. Of course these characteristic hints were followed by a number of details, abounding with descriptive comparisons and gestures.

All this was narrated in an epically quiet and simple way. As if the pilgrim was telling of his own travels. Likewise were told the results of our trip which could never occur to anyone. In all these cases of clairvoyance, one is especially astonished at the special simplicity and directness. As if you were sitting in the depth of a room, and someone approaching the window, began telling you of what was taking place in the street.

And was it not with the same remarkable simplicity that one of our companions was told eight months ago of his departure? And again the same date was repeated in words, quickly uttered. I also remember how once before the departure of the train, a nearby standing gipsy hastily told the departing lady a correct and important indication. I do not intend to repeat a great many cases of such foresight having taken place in the East, as well as in the West, to which I was a witness. Much has been written about it and everyone knows that alongside with deliberate inventions there exists an entire world of wonderful reality.

I would especially like to point out that the most true manifestations are always connected with an unusual simplicity, directness and very often are as if impulsive. Thus often a man, who has seen something, speaks not when asked, nor at the time of questioning and at times not having been asked altogether. At the same time, what is being said, if even very urgent, will be communicated quietly, quickly and as if indistinctly. As if it was supposed that someone may be attentively watching, and that he, whom this news concerns, is already expecting it and will know how to accept it. Suddenness seems to answer vigilance. People amongst themselves when in clear accord, understand each other from half a word. Likewise in the bounds of clairvoyance, some sort of invisible string will sound and call attention. Blessed are those, who know how to preserve such careful vigilance. And this calls for preparedness. But the true readiness is formed not by some forced concentration, but precisely with that simplicity, which lies at the foundation of all significant actions and events.

One often happens to hear about the correctness of the first impression and of the falseness of the subsequent ones. Unquestionably the very first impressions come from the straight-knowledge of the heart and all the later impressions will already be darkened by conventional reasoning. This is so. But how to distinguish the dividing line of the first impression from the subsequent ones?

Very often you can hear that a man complains of the inaccuracy of the first impression, but actually he has in mind not the first, but the second and perhaps even the third impression. For the sparks of enlightenment shine forth outside of time. Within living space new combinations are incessantly following each other. Only the simplicity of a pure heart will faultlessly grasp the first sign and the first call. Such a heart will feel the sting of a lie and the coldness of concealed malice.

Therefore it is so joyful for all-embracing hearts to meet. To exchange a verbal and a silent talk and to respond mutually even at distance. And the simpler, straighter and the more

direct these contacts of the hearts' currents shall be, the greater will be the mutual understanding and usefulness will result. Light, hardly audible, are the touches of the wings of truth,—they are sent down for the good, for true benefit. Only malicious accumulations lead astray the doubting travellers, into the wilderness and abyss.

Some time back people were addressing each other with the significant greeting: "Rejoice!" In this command of joy was contained also a wish for the purification of the heart for a better assimilation. In the pure air of the morning, in a joyful pure heart are possible those great realizations, which droop after dusk in the fusion of the sunset.

Too much of the low—earthly covers the heart, burdens it and intoxicates it. Not in vain has it been repeated that the morning is wiser than the evening. Will not the expressions of true wisdom be the high and instantaneous realization of truth? And every such realization brings a wise joy—and the best joy will always preserve in itself the quality of simplicity. Joy does not originate from compli-contradictions. Joy lies within itself and has first of all the quality of directness, straightforwardness and a smile for everything. Precisely joy helps to bridge over all hostile obstacles. Joy is one of the best means for the overcoming of hostile attacks. Not to mention that joy is always the shortest path to exaltation.

Of course the old greeting: "Rejoice", even in those fragmentary records which have reached us, at times became conventional and lost its sense. But nevertheless the command of joy may be useful even with a sad message. In this will be contained Solomon's wisdom which affirmed: "And this also will pass!" He, who could realize in this short command: "and this also" how many things accumulate, penetrate and change,—had to know many facts of the intricacies of life.

In the changes of fleeting reflections are especially precious the sparks of enlightenment, when the distracted human consciousness can catch them. In the simplicity of straight-knowledge also far-away calls are received, more accurate and faster than

any radio waves.

The Lama hurries.

“Why are you hurrying”?

—“The Teacher calls; he is very ill, I must hasten”.—

“And where is thy Teacher?”

—“In a cave at Kailas”.—

“But when have you received the news,—Kailas is many hundred miles away?”

—“I got it this instant”.—

Thus in simplicity are pronounced words of a great significance. At that moment not the fact, that news had been received, which is confirmed but months later, was important—but it is important that one must hasten. Something quite usual has taken place, something that does not transcend the possibility of every day and in simplicity is pronounced the call of straight-knowledge. The same simple straight-knowledge will whisper once more the significant “Rejoice!”—the command which leads out of the twilight;—“Rejoice!”.



Sacred Thought

URUSVATI

Lama M. has started on visits to monasterics. Undoubtedly he will again collect much significant information both about old traditions and about all medicinal matters. It is very good that he goes. In this mobility is contained precisely that quality which I always recommend to our co-workers. The Tibetan physican D. T. also departs into the mountains. If he does not renew his supplies, if he puts off meeting with other doctor-Lamas, his store will be quickly impoverished. Also two other co-workers are setting forth—one into Lahore, the other beyond the ocean.

When we founded the Institute, we had in view first of all continuous mobility of labor. From the time of its foundation there have taken place each year expeditions and excursions. It would not be well to depart from this already established tradition. If all the co-workers and correspondents were bound together in one place, how many excellent but unexpected possibilities would be concealed. Of course people do not gather together in order that, seated in one room, they continually feed themselves with information sent to them. This would be only a half-way form of labor.

What is needed is that which the Hindus so heartily and significantly call the "ashram". This is the central point. But the mental nourishment of the "ashram" is procured in various places. Entirely unexpected wayfarers come to it, each with his experience. But also the co-workers of the "ashram" do not remain sitting there. At all new possibilities they go into different directions and augment their scientific supplies. Not without reason was it long ago told, how a prior of a monastery said, when the brethren went abroad: "Again our monastery is being broadened". It seemed that the brethren were scattering but the prior actually considered this circumstance an extension of the monastery. And so at present every exchange of scientific forces, all expeditions and journeys become an indispensable condition of all progress. In this, people learn and extend the limits of their own speciality. The traveller sees much. The wayfarer, if he be not blind, involuntarily perceives much that is remarkable. In the same manner, the single narrow profession, which once had such a hold upon humanity, is again replaced by a broad cognition.

Often even domains apparently far removed from each other become beneficial co-workers. And it must be thus, because the final strivings of humanity, based upon collaboration, upon co-operation, first of all learn synthesis. Still not so long ago people were very much afraid of this unifying concept. Let us recall how Anatole France and many other enlightened writers were subtly ironical about inordinate specialization. Actually in na-

ture all thus co-operates: everything is so blended and balanced that only the conscious collaboration of peoples responds to these basic laws of all that exists.

The usefulness of travel and manifold discernment have probably never before so occupied the minds of people as at present. The earthly globe will be quickly criss-crossed with traversed paths. But this nevertheless will be only a primary degree of realization. And on each of these paths it will be needful both to gaze loftily upwards and to penetrate deeply within, in order to appreciate the multiformity of possibilities which not long ago generally went unnoticed.

One thing is dangerous, that amid all the travelling there are being developed too many sporting trips and contests. In these purely external mechanical competitions much is lost which would be especially needful to compensate for in our day. All contents of strength, endurance and speed need to be turned into contests of quickness and depth of thinking, of discernment. Each one has a store of anecdotes of school misunderstandings, and peculiarities, we need not repeat them. But let us very steadfastly remember that one-sided technical education should not be striven for.

All limited conventional technical schools are already manifested as outmoded before the again imperatively uprising concept of synthesis. If the technical school somewhere relies on the robot, the deeply comprehended synthesis gives a new breadth of horizon. In founding sections of establishments in different countries, we had precisely in view that some time, and somehow there would result the closest communication of all co-workers. They enrich each other, they encourage each other, and they exchange with each other the most undefeably useful concepts. If then there is manifested in the establishments some possibility for new cognitions, expeditions, visits, then let not this possibility be thrown aside.

Let us continue the already formed tradition of mutual acquaintances. Let us look upon each new visit of places by our co-workers as a true development of instructive work. Yet for

this let us first of all develop true mobility.

When we speak about mobility, let us not forget that it is not near to many. Not a few people like to talk about mobility. Seated in easy chairs at the evening table they are ready very easily to dream, to rise up and depart, to create and labor, in new places. But as soon as the matter reaches the point of carrying out these musings, many will find ten reasons which prevent them. Each of us can call to mind, even in the recent past, instructive episodes of how those already entirely prepared to set out on a distant path feebly sink back, detained in their easy chair. The reasons for the retreat were of course numerous, and as it were worthy of vital consideration.

When a man wishes to justify himself for not doing something, you may be sure that he will find a great number of justifying causes. In this, immobility will be praised by very many. Yet mobility, that is, desire of new work, of new cognition, will be very easily censured. People will speak about empty dreaming, about unrealizable aspirations, about gullibility, few fail to show a resourceful ingenuity when they wish to avoid something whispered by the heart.

How many times have we read letters, full of aspiration at a distance, full of readiness for renewed work, but as soon as you ask the writer when he can set out on a new career, he falls into a very strange silence. Obviously all the dustiness of life has beset the tongue of the heart and reduced it to silence. All the horned doubts have crawled forth, all the absurd considerations have been listened to, and still another possibility has been lost. It is not only that it has been lost to the individual, but that it could oppress and injure a great number of people far and near.

For the sake of visionary help to a few, there has been forgotten co-operation and assistance in very great matters. The basic cause however has been proved to be immobility, attachment to one's easy chair. And too, beyond immobility rises up specter of fear before any novelty in general. This specter leads to decay and senility. When, then, such dissolution encroaches,

by no external means can it be helped. Yet so many times nothing else but some wretched things have made people immobile. We ourselves have seen absolutely deplorable examples when people, apparently intelligent, have doomed themselves to the saddest sort of existence due to attachment to things. Ah, these things again! These rough tags of a dusty way of life. Sometimes they begin to rule to such an extent that the voice of the heart sounds not only improbable but even as it were irrelevant.

I always rejoice when I see mobility in co-workers.



Snow Maiden

LEGENDS.

“When the blue sky came into being and below it came the dark earth, then appeared between them man.” Thus speaks an inscription of the eighth century, found on a stone near the river Orchon.

One feels in the shortness of this hieroglyph that the virgin steppes are as yet not tilled. The virgin taiga has not yet been desecrated. The depths of the earth are in tact. And in these untouched vastnesses in the entirety of a broad imagination, the great Mongolian, Kurultai, in the year 1206, proclaimed Chingiz Khan as the Emperor of the Universe.

This was possible. This was as natural as the flight of an

eagle of the steppes. Just as natural were the messages of Archpriest John to the emperors—rulers of Europe. These writings up till now are preserved in archives and are again diligently studied by searching scientists. It sounds like a fairy tale and at the same time the heart resounds to the past. To many people was ascribed the personality of Archpriest John and the description of his fairy-like country. At times it seems all is but a legend, but again on a shelf in the archives are preserved the messages, are safeguarded the documents of embassies, and somewhere is recorded the beautiful page of life.

Very likely, the true personality of Archpriest John will after all never be known—this leader of a great country, carrying on negotiations with emperors of the world. It does not matter in what way someone may solve this historic problem. One thing remains certain, that something beautiful occupied many minds. And the very subtlety beckoned the possibility of new developments.

Note, that while the saga of Ghessar-Khan, the way to Shambhala and the kingdom of Archpriest John remained within the bounds of legends, at the same time certain searching scientists attentively listened to these elusive calls of antiquity. And again some one, feeling exalted by them, exclaimed: “What joy! What life! What boundlessness!”

An old woman-healer tells the youth about ancient medical compounds. A silvery laughter and jokes interrupt her convinced talk. But the experience of ages has taught the healer calmness: “Laugh, laugh! But go and ask all those whom my herbs have helped.” From his early youth Saint Panteleimon commands recognition, as a healer. Over useful and good flowers and herbs the Ayurvedic physician bends down. Every grass of the steppes is full of ancient lore. Is this in a fairy tale? How can it be a fairy tale, when everything is of great benefit?

Likewise the beautiful voices of antiquity built the great saga of life and a valiant Gallahad, not afraid of fieriness, gathers sparks of fire into a design of Eternity. The searcher is not afraid that instead of kingly cities, before him lies only a hilly field. For

in every hillock there may be a casket with some message of the Archpriest John or with a ring of Chingiz Khan. When everything seems to have been read in this world, then from the depths of the earth appear complete, new, as yet unread, alphabets. From Harappa in India the attention of the scientist in futile searches directs itself to the Easter Islands and such unusual decisions begin to correspond to as yet undeciphered riddles.

Life with all the overtaxed and burdened contemporaneity again grows up to the simplified hieroglyph, if imagination is yet vivid. What vigilance, what subtlety of thinking, when it is alive with the searches of Truth!

In the great Rome, the stone head of the Statue of Truth, bit the hands of liars. Truth does not tolerate falsehood. The heart knows wherein lies falsehood. The Heart is the Gate of Truth!

Mr. F. S. Smythe in his book "Camp Six" (1937), being an account of the 1933 Mount Everest Expedition, says on page 105: . . . "chancing to glance upwards my attention was caught by a tiny silvery object in the sky, apparently very high, moving rapidly from west to east. A second or two later it disappeared behind a shoulder of the range running southwards to the North peak. Was it an aeroplane? If so, it must be a machine of the Houston Everest Flight. But this was impossible; the last mail had brought us the news of their successful flight over the mountain. Was it a bird? But what bird could gleam so brightly?"

In "Heart of Asia," (1928) in the chapter "Shambhala," we read: "A sunny, unclouded morning—the blue sky is brilliant. Over our camp flies a huge, dark vulture. Our Mongols and we watch it. Suddenly one of the Buriat lamas points into the blue sky: "What is that? A white balloon? An aeroplane?"—We notice something shiny, flying very high from the north-east to the south. We bring three powerful field glasses from the tents and watch the huge spheroid body shining against the sun, clearly visible against the blue sky and moving very fast. Afterwards we see that it sharply changes its direction from south to south-west and disappears behind the snow-peaked Humboldt Chain.

The whole camp follows the unusual apparition and the lamas whisper: 'The Sign of Shambhala.'

Travellers who came from Khotan have told that in 1927 they have seen over the Kuen-Lun range a bright object moving in the sky, which they regarded as an aeroplane; but at that time none could have been there.

One could mention about a similar fact witnessed in Ladakh by a botanical collector. Perhaps other similar testimonials could be gathered. Continuously one comes across in the press of many Himalayan phenomena. Thus in the same book is mentioned another most interesting occurrence:

"In Nimu, a small village before Leh, 11,000 feet high we had an experience which can under no circumstances be overlooked. It would be most interesting to hear of analogous cases. It was after a clear calm day. We camped in tents. At about 10 p.m. I was already asleep when Mrs. Roerich approached her bed to remove the woollen rug. But hardly had she touched the wool, when a big rose-violet flame of the colour of an intense electric discharge shot up, forming a seemingly whole bonfire, about a foot high. A shout of Mrs. Roerich, "Fire! Fire!" awoke me. Jumping up, I saw the dark silhouette of Mrs. Roerich and in front of her, a moving flame, clearly illuminating the tent. Mrs. Roerich tried to extinguish the flame with her hands, but the fire flashed through her fingers escaping her hands, and burst into several smaller fires. The effect of the touch was slightly warming, but there was no burning, nor sounding, no odour. Gradually the flames diminished and finally disappeared leaving no traces whatsoever on the bed cover. We had occasion to study many electric phenomena, but I must say that we never experienced one of such proportions."

Repeatedly in descriptions of Himalayan travellers one reads of the Himalayan glimmer and Himalayan lights, something similar to the '*aurora borealis*'. Perhaps these latter phenomena could also be elucidated by additional experiences. Such a colossal mountain region as the Himalayas indeed embraces many wonders.



From Beyond

IN HIS NAME

In the temple gigantic trumpets are roaring. The Lama asks:

“Do you know why the trumpets of our temples have so resonant a tone?”

And he explains: “The ruler of Tibet decided to summon from India from the places where dwelt the Blessed One a learned lama, in order to purify the fundamentals of teaching. How to meet the guest? The High Lama of Tibet, having a vision, gave the design of a new trumpet so that the guest should be received with unprecedented sound; and the meeting was a wonderful one

—not by the wealth of gold, but by the grandeur of sound!”

“And do you know why the gongs in the temple ring out with such great volume, and as silver resound the gongs and bells at dawn and evening, when the high currents are tense? Their sound reminds one of the beautiful legend of the Chinese emperor and the great lama. In order to test the knowledge and clairvoyance of the lama, the emperor made for him a seat from sacred books and covering them with fabrics, invited the guest to sit down. The lama made certain prayers and then sat down. The emperor demanded of him: “If your knowledge is so universal, how could you sit down on the sacred books?” “There are no sacred volumes”, answered the lama. And the astonished emperor instead of his sacred volumes found only empty paper. The emperor thereupon gave to the lama many gifts and bells of liquid chine. But the lama ordered them to be thrown into river, saying “I will not be able to carry these. If they are necessary to me the river will bring these gifts to my monastery”. And indeed the waters carried to him the bells, with their crystal chimes, clear as the waters of the river”.

And about the talismans the lama also explains:

“Sacred are held the talismans. A mother many times asked her son to bring to her a sacred relic of Buddha. But the youth forgot her request. She said: “Here I will die before your eyes, if you will not bring it to me now.” The son went to Lhasa and again forgot the mother’s request. A half day’s journey from his house, he recalled the promise, but where to find the sacred objects in the desert? There is nought. But the traveller espies the skull of a dog. He decides to take out a tooth and folding it in yellow silk, he brings it to the house. The old woman asks of him: “Have you forgotten again my last request, my son?” He then gives her the dog’s tooth wrapped in silk saying: “This is the tooth of Buddha”. And the mother puts the tooth into her shrine, and performs before it the most sacred rites, directing all her worship to her holy of holies. And the miracle is accomplished. The tooth begins to glow with a pure ray and many miracles occur from it”.

The neighbourhood of Kuchar is full of ancient Buddhist cave temples, which gave so many beautiful monuments of Central Asiatic art. This art has in full justice received a high place amongst monuments of ancient cultures. But despite the attention given to this art, it still seems to me that it has yet not been fully appreciated, namely from the point of view of artistic composition.

The place of the late cave monastery close to Kuchar makes an unforgettable impression. In a gorge, rows of different caves are situated like an amphitheatre, all decorated with wall paintings and showing traces of many statues, which must either have been destroyed or taken away. One can well imagine the solemnness of this place at the time, when the kingdom of the Uigurs was in full flourish. The wall paintings have partly remained. One often has reason to grudge at the European explorers, who have taken away to Museums whole pieces of architectural emblems. One thinks there would be no blame if separate objects are taken away, which have already lost their connection with any definite monument. But is it not unjust from the local point of view, to dissect by force a composition which still exists? Would it not be a pity to take to pieces Tuankhang, the best kept of the monuments of Central Asia? We do not cut into pieces Italian frescoes. But this consideration has also its justification. The majority of the Buddhist monuments in Moslem lands have been and are still exposed to iconoclastic fanaticism. For the destruction of images bonfires are created in the cave and wherever the hand can reach, the faces of the images have been scratched with knives. We have seen the traces of such destruction. The labour of such distinguished scholars as Sir Aurel Stein, Pelliot, Le Coq, Oldenburg have safeguarded many of the monuments, which otherwise were under the greatest danger of being destroyed, because of the carelessness of the late Chinese administration. The old Central Asiatic artist besides valuable iconographic details, showed a highly developed decorative feeling and such wealth of detail in harmony with a generous composition in solving large surfaces. You can well imagine how many im-

pressions are accumulated, when every day are made such or other observations, and when the generosity of ancient times and nature as well send inexhaustible artistic material.

A learned Lama, pointing down the hilly slopes of the mountain said:

“Down there near the stream is a remarkable cave, but the descent down is very difficult. In the cave Kandro Sampo, not far from Tashiding, near some hot spring, dwelt Padma Sambhava himself. A certain giant, thinking to penetrate across to Tibet, attempted to build a passage into the Sacred Land. The Blessed Teacher rose up and growing great in height struck the bold venturer. Thus was destroyed the giant. And now in the cave is the image of Padma Sambhava and behind it is a stone. It is known that behind this door the Teacher had hidden secret mysteries for the future. But the dates for their revelation have not yet come.”

At dusk a gelong told of the Lord Maitreya:

“A man searched for twelve years Maitreya Buddha. Nowhere did he find him and becoming angry he rejected his faith. As he walked along his way he beheld one who with a horse hair was sawing an iron rod, repeating to himself—“If the whole of life will not be enough, yet I will saw this through”. Confusion fell on the wanderer. “What mean my twelve years”, he said “in the face of such persistence. I shall return to my search”. Thereupon there appeared before the man Maitreya Buddha Himself and said: “Long already have I been with thee, but thou didst not see me, and thou repulsed me and spat upon me. I shall make a test. Go to the bazaar. I shall be upon thy shoulder”. The man went, aware that he carried Maitreya. But the men around him shrank from him, closing their noses and eyes. “Wherefore do you shrink from me, people?”—he asked. “What a fright you have on your shoulders—an ill-smelling dog full of boils”,—they replied. Again the people did not see Maitreya Buddha, for they beheld only what each one deserved to see.”

Between Maral Bashi and Kuchar our servant Suleiman

pointed at the mountain to the south-east and said:

“There, behind that mountain, live holy men. They left the world in order to save humanity through wisdom. Many tried to go into their land, but few ever reached it. They know that one has to go behind that mountain. But as soon as they cross the ridge, they lose their way”.

Karashakhr is not only a stronghold of the Karashakhr kalmycks but this city is the last abode of the Chalice of Buddha, as it is mentioned by the historiographs. The Chalice of the Blessed One was brought here from Peshawar and here it disappeared.

“The Chalice of Buddha will be found again, when the time of Shambhala will approach”.

Purushapura or Peshawar, for a long time, was the City of the Chalice of Buddha. The Chalice after the death of the Teacher was brought to Peshawar and was for a long time the object of deep reverence. At the time of the Chinese traveller Fahien, about 400 B.C., the Chalice was still at Peshawar, in a monastery specially built for it. It was a many coloured vessel. The lines of the edges of the four chalices of which it consisted, could be clearly seen.

At the time of another Chinese traveller, Huen-Tsang, about 630 A.D., the Chalice was no longer at Peshawar. It was in Persia or already in Karashakhr.

The Chalice of Buddha was wonder-working and inexhaustible—this is a true Chalice of Life.

Jataka tells of the origin of the Chalice of Buddha:

“Then from the four lands came four guardians of the world and offered chalices made of sapphire. But Buddha refused. Again they offered four chalices made of stone (muggavanna) and He, full of compassion to the four genii, accepted the four chalices.

He placed one into the other and ordained:

“Let there be one!”

And the edge of the four chalices became visible only as lines. All chalices formed one.

The Buddha accepted the food into the newly made Chalice

and having partaken of the food, he offered thanks”.

Lalita Vistara, telling of the sacraments of the Chalice of Buddha, attributes to the Blessed One the following significant address to the Kings who brought the chalices:

“Pay respect by the Chalice to Buddha and thou shalt be in the Chalice as in a vessel of knowledge”.

“If thou wilt offer the Chalice to our equals, thou wilt not

“Who offers the Chalice to Buddha, will not be forgotten be left, neither in memory nor by judgment”.
neither in memory nor by wisdom”.

This Chalice—the Ark of Life, the Chalice of Salvation, must be discovered soon again.”

Thus they know in the deserts.



Fire Magic

MYSTERIES

On the Karakorum Pass, at nineteen thousand five hundred feet—on this highway, the loftiest in the world, the groom, Goorban began to question me:

“What is it that has been secreted in these heights? It must be that a great treasure has been hidden hereabouts, surely the way to this place is arduous. Having traversed all the passes, one may chance upon a smooth vault. Something tinkles under the horses’ hoofs. It must be that here are great secrets, but the entry-way to them—we do not know. When will there be revealed writings in books, where and what has been secreted.”

All around this majestic Karakorum Pass the white peaks glistened dazzlingly. All around us without a break was uplifted a most brilliant scintillation. On the path itself, as if for a reminder, were a great quantity of whitened bones. Were not some of these wayfarers going for treasures? Indeed, countless caravans have crossed the Karakorum for riches.

Here I am reminded about another tradition concerning treasure. In Italy, at Orvieto, they related to me a remarkable legend about secreted artistic treasures. The story concerned either Duccio himself or one of his contemporaries. It was told in a lofty style which goes so well with the mellifluous Italian language.

“Just as it is nowadays, in olden times the best artists were not always understood. To the beclouded eye it has been difficult to evaluate forms, particularly lofty ones. People have demanded only the observance of old rules, but often beauty has not been accessible to them. Thus it happened with the great artist out whom we are speaking. His best pictures, instead of exaltingly touching the hearts of people, were subjected to condemnations and mockery. For a long time the artist endured this unjust attitude toward himself.

“In divine ecstasy he continued to create many masterpieces.

“Once he depicted a very marvellous Madonna, but the envious prevented the hanging of this image in its predestined place. And this happened not once or twice but several times. When the viper begins to creep in, it invades both palace and hovel.

“But the artist, made wiser and knowing the madness of the crowd, was not distressed. He said: ‘It has been given the bird to sing, and to me have been given forces for glorifying lofty forms. As long as the bird lives it fills God’s world with song. And so while I am alive, I shall also glorify it. Since the envious and the ignorant put obstacles in the way of my works, I shall not lead the evil into worse bitterness of heart. I shall collect the pictures rejected by them. I shall store them securely in oaken chests and, availing myself of the good-will of my friend

the abbot, I shall hide them in the deep cellars of the monastery. When the ordained day shall come, future generations will discover them. If, then, by the will of the Creator they must remain in secret—let it be so!

“No one knows in precisely what monastery, in what secret vaults the artist concealed his creations. True, in certain cloisters it has happened that old pictures have been found in crypts. But they have been found singly, they have not been purposefully deposited there and therefore could not belong to the treasure secreted by the great artist. Indeed in the underground vaults they continue to sing “Gloria in Excelsis”, but the searchers have not been lucky enough to find what was indicated by the artist himself.

“Certainly we have many monasteries and still more temples and castles which lie in ruins. Who knows, perhaps the tradition relates to one of these remains, already destroyed and razed by time.

“From this time on, people thought that the great artist had ceased painting. But, hearing these suppositions, he only smiled, because henceforth he was not laboring for the sake of the people’s joy but for a higher beauty. And so we do not know where this priceless treasure is preserved.”

“But have you been assured that this treasure is hidden within the boundaries of Italy?”—asked one of the listeners. “Of course already in remote times people were going to other countries. May it not be that these treasures have likewise been unexpectedly dispersed or rather, preserved in different countries?” Another present added: “It may be this story does not at all refer to a single master. Of course human practices are often repeated. Consequently we find in history continued seeming repetitions of human wanderings and ascents.”

The groom, Goorban, when we reached the middle of the Karakorum Pass, said to me: “Give me a couple of rupees. I will bury them here. Let us too add to the great treasure.”

I asked him: “Then do you think that treasures have been collected together there below?” He looked surprised, even

frightened. "But does the sahib not know? Even to us lowly people it is known that there, deep down, are extensive underground vaults. In them have been gathered treasures from the beginning of the world. There are also great guardians. Some have been lucky enough to see how from the hidden entry-ways have issued tall white men, who then again withdrew underground. Sometimes they appear with torches and many caravaneers know these fires. These subteranean folks do no evil. They even help people.

"I know for a fact that one local boy lost his caravan in a snow-storm and covered over his head in despair. Then it seemed to him that someone was rummaging around him. He looked round, in the murk there appeared no horse, no man—he saw nothing. Yet when he put his hand in his pocket, he found there a handful of gold pieces. Thus do the great dwellers of the mountains help miserable people in misfortune."

And again the stories recurred to my mind about the secret magnets established by the followers of the great philosopher and traveller Appolonius of Tyana. It was said that in definite places where it had been ordained that new states be built up or great cities erected, or where great discoveries and revelations should take place,—on all such sites were implanted portions of a giant meteor, sent from the distant luminaries.

There has even been a custom of testifying to the truth of statements by a reference to such ordained places. Deponents would say: "What I have said is as true as the fact that on a certain site has been placed such and such."

The groom Goorban again raised the question: "Why do you foreigners who know so much do not find the entry-way into the underground kingdom? You know how to do everything and boast of knowing everything and yet you do not enter into the secrets which are guarded by the great fire?"

"Man lives in mysteries,
and these are numberless!"



Sacred Arrow

HIMALAYAN PROPHECIES

Prophecies of Shambhala and Maitreya.

The Treasure is returning from the West. On the Mountains the fires of Jubilation are kindled.

There walk those who carry the Stone. Upon the Shrine are the signs of Maitreya. Out of the Secret Kingdom is given the date when the carpet of expectation may be spread. By the signs of the seven stars shall the Gates be opened.

By Fire shall I manifest My Messengers.

Gather the prophecies of your happiness.

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Thus are the prophecies of the ancestors fulfilled and the writing of the wise ones. Gather thy understanding to hail the Predestined.

When in the fifth Year the heralds of the warriors of Northern Shambhala shall appear, gather understanding to meet them. And receive the New Glory! I shall manifest My Sign of Lightning.

* * *

The Command of Ghessar-Khan.

I have many treasures but only upon the appointed day may I bestow them upon My People. When the legions of Northern Shambhala shall bring the Spear of Salvation, then shall I uncover the depths of the mountain and you will divide among the warriors and yourselves equally My Treasures, and live in justice.

The time shall soon come for that command of Mine to cross all deserts. When my gold was scattered by the winds, I ordained the day when the people of Northern Shambhala would come to gather My possessions. Then shall My people prepare their bags for the treasures. And to each shall I give a just share.

* * *

One may find sands of gold. One may find precious gems. But the true wealth shall come only with the People of Northern Shambhala. When the time is come to send them forth.

Thus is ordained.

* * *

It is predicted that the manifestation of Maitreya shall come after the wars. But the final war shall be for the True Teaching. But each one rising up against Shambhala, shall be stricken in all his works. And the waves shall wash away his dwellings.

And even a dog shall not answer to his call. Not clouds but lightning shall he see on the final night.

And the fiery messenger shall rise up on pillars of Light. The teaching indicates that each warrior of Shambhala shall be named the Invincible.

The Lord Himself hastens. And His Banner is already above the mountains.

* * *

Thy Pastures shall reach the Promised Land.

When thou tendest thy flocks, does thou not hear the voices of the stones? These are the toilers of Maitreya who make ready for thee the treasures.

When the wind murmurs through the reeds, dost thou understand that these are the arrows of Maitreya, flying in protection?

When lightning illumines your camps knowest that this is the light of the desired Maitreya?

To whom shall be entrusted the watch upon the first night—to thee. To whom shall My envoy be despatched—to thee. Who shall meet them—thou.

From the West, from the mountains, shall come My People. Who shall receive and safe-guard them—thou.

Beseech the Tarn to rest with thee. Will, to cleanse thy hearts until My Coming.

Each hearing My desire shall cover his fur-cap with a fiery cover and shall entwine the head-strap of his horse with a fiery cord.

Look sharply upon the rings of the coming ones. There where is My chalice—there is thy salvation. Upon the mountain fires are kindled.

Coming to the New Year. Who shall Out-slumber it? shall not again awaken. Northern Shambhala is come!

We know not fear. We know not depression. Dukkar, the many-eyed and many-armed, sends us pure thoughts. Ponder with pure thoughts. Ponder with thoughts of light.

* * *

One-two-three! I see three peoples.

One-two-three! I see three books. The first is of the Blessed One Himself. The second is given by Ashvaghosha. The third is given by Tzong-kha-pa.

One-two-three! I see three books of the coming of Maitreya. The first is written in the West. The second is written in the East. The third is written in the North.

One-two-three! I see three manifestations. The first is with sword. The second is with the law. The third is with the

light.

One-two-three! I see three hores. The first is black. The second is red. The third is white.

One-two-three! I see three ships. The first is on the waters. The second is under the waters. The third is above the earth.

One-two-three! I see three eagles. The first is perched upon the stone. The second is pecking his prey. The third is flying towards the sun.

One-two-three! I see the seekers of light. Red ray! Blue ray! Ray of silvery-white!

* * * * *

I affirm that the Teaching issued from Bodhi-Gaya and shall return there. When the procession carrying the Image of Shambhala shall pass through the lands of Buddha and return to the first source, then shall arrive the time of the pronounciation of the sacred word of Shambhala.

Solemnly I affirm: Shambhala the invincible!

Then shall one receive merit from the pronouncement of this name.

Then shall the thought of Shambhala provide sustenance. Then shall affirmation of Shambhala become the beginning of all works and gratitude to Shambhala their end. And great and small shall be filled with understanding of the Teaching.

Sacred Shambhala is pictured amidst the swords and spears, in impenetrable armor.

Fulfilled is the circle of the bearing of the Image! In the sites of Buddha; in the sites of Maitreya is brought the image. Pronounced is "Kalagiya".

As the banner of the Image unfurls.

What has been pronounced is as true as under the Stone of Ghum lies the Prophecy of Sacred Shambhala.

The Banner of Shambhala shall encircle the central lands of the Blessed Ones. Those who accept Him shall rejoice. And those who deny him shall tremble.

The Tashi Lama shall ask the Great Dalai Lama: "What is predestined for the last Dalai Lama?"

The Tashi-Lama shall be given over to justice and shall be forgotten. And the warriors shall march under the banner of Maitreya. And the city of Lhasa shall be obscured and deserted.

“Those rising against Shambhala shall be cast down. To the obscured ones the Banner of Maitreya shall flow as blood, over the lands of the new world. To those who have understood, as a red sun”.

The Tashi Lama shall find the Great Dalai Lama and the Great Dalai Lama shall this address him: “I will send thee the worthiest sign of my lightning. Go overtake Tibet. The ring shall protect thee”.

* * * * *

Let us also remember some Hindu traditions.

The Kalki Purana mentions the Kalki Avatara, that is yet to come:

“At your request I shall take birth in the abode Shambhala. . I shall again place the two rulers Maru and Devapi on earth. I shall create Satya-Yuga and restore the Dharma to its former condition, and after destroying the serpent Kali I shall return to my own abode” . . .

Vishnu Purana continues:

“Devapi and Maru . . . living in above Kalapa and endowed with great yogic powers, will, together guided by Vasudeva, at the end of Kali, establish Varna and Ashrama Dharma as before”.

Shrimad Bhagavata in book VI says:

“These Maharshis and other great Siddhas are moving about on the face of the earth unnoticed at their will for the purpose of providing spiritual enlightenment to those who follow worldly attractions like Me”.

Shankaracharya in his Viveka Chudamani says:

“Those Great Ones, who have attained peace and Themselves have finished swimming across the fearful ocean of births and deaths exist and move for the good of the people as does the Spring. They liberate mankind without any selfish motive”.

The Vishnu Purana speaks of the end of Kali-Yuga, when barbarians will be masters of the banks of the Indus:

“There will be contemporary monarchs, reigning over the earth, kings of churlish spirit, violent temper and ever addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They will inflict death on women, children and they will seize upon the property of their subjects. . . their lives will be short, their desires insatiable. . People of various countries will intermingle with them. . . Wealth will decrease, until the world will be wholly depraved.

Property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion. . . . Passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes. Falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation. Women will be objects merely of sensual gratification. A rich man will be reputed pure. Fine clothes will be dignity. . .

Thus in the Kali Age will decay constantly proceed. When at the close of the Kali Yuga the Kalki Avatara shall descend upon earth. He will reestablish righteousness. . . . When the Sun and Moon and Tishya and the planet Jupiter are in one mansion, the Satya Age will return the white age!”

The Agni Purana says the following:

“At the end of Kali yuga there will be mixed castes. And there will flourish robbers having no character. Under the cover of religion they will preach irreligion. And the Mlechhas in the guise of kings will devour men. Armed with a coat of mail and weapons Vishnuyasha’s son Kalki, will extirpate the Mlechhas, establish the order and dignity and lead the people to the path of truth. Then having renounced the form of Kalki Hari will return to heaven. Thereupon Kritayuga will come into existence as before.”

* * * * *

It is told in the prophecies how the New Era shall manifest itself: “First will begin an unprecedented war of all nations. Afterward brother shall rise against brother. Oceans of blood shall flow. And the people shall cease to understand one another. They shall forget the meaning of the word, the Teacher. But just then shall the Teacher appear and in all corners of the world shall be heard the true teaching. To this word of truth shall the people be drawn, but those who are filled with darkness and igno-

rance shall set obstacles.

As a diamond glows the light on the tower of the Lord of Shambhala. One Stone on His ring is worth more than all the world's treasure. Even those who by accident help the Teachings of Shambhala will receive in return a hundredfold.

Already many warriors of the teachings of truth are incarnated. Only a few years shall elapse before every one shall hear the mighty steps of the Lord of the New Era. And one can already perceive unusual manifestations and encounter unusual people. Already they open the gates of knowledge and ripened fruits are falling from the trees."



Kalki Avatara

SHAMBHALA

If I shall tell you the most sacred word of Asia—Shambhala—you will be silent. If I shall tell you the same name in Sanskrit—Kalapa—you will be silent. If I shall tell you the name of the mighty Ruler of Shambhala—Rigden Japo—even this thundering name of Asia will not move you. But it is not your fault. All indications about Shambhala are so scattered in literature and not one book has yet been written in any of the Western languages about this stronghold of Asia. But if you have in mind to be understood in Asia and to approach her as a welcome guest, you must meet the host with the most sacred words and show that

these conceptions are for you not mere empty sounds, but that you value them and can put them together with the highest evolution.

The Buriat scholar Baradin, in his latest book on Monasteries of Mongolia and Tibet, states, amidst various other information that lately there have been founded in China and Mongolia monasteries in honour of Shambhala, and that in already existing monasteries there have been instituted special *datsans* of Shambhala—Shabhalin-Datsans.

No doubt to the casual onlooker this information may sound somehow metaphysical and abstract, or unnecessary. To the superficial observer such news may appear as yet another grain of superstition and will certainly look void of reality, being drowned in political and commercial speculation of today.

But the attentive observer, who has himself traversed the depths of Asia, will feel entirely differently. For him this news will be full of reality, full of a deep meaning for the future. In this short communication, the person knowing all sources and waves of Asia will feel again how much alive are in Asia all so-called prophecies and legends, which come from the most ancient sources. The oldest *Vedas*, the still older *Puranas* and a whole literature, most varied in the quality of their sources, affirm the extraordinary meaning for Asia of the mysterious word Shambhala.

And in the large populated centres, where sacred conceptions are already pronounced with a careful look round and in the endless deserts of the Mongolian Gobi this word of the Great Shambhala or the mysterious Kalapa of the Hindus, sounds as the most real symbol of the great Future. In these words about Shambhala, in the narratives, legends, songs and folklore is contained what is perhaps the most important message of the East. He who yet knows nothing of Shambhala, has no right to state that he has studied the East and knows contemporary Asia.

Before starting to speak of Shambhala proper, let us remember the Messianic conceptions, which are to be found in the most different nations of Asia and which in their striving united the

great variety of people into one great expectation of the future.

The palestinian strivings towards a Messiah are well-known. The awaiting of a great incarnation near the border of the Bridge of the Worlds lives in broad masses. People know this white horse and the fiery sword like a comet and the radiant appearance of the Great Rider above the skies. The learned rabbis and connoisseurs of the *Kabbala* scattered all over Palestine, Syria, Iran, over the whole of Iran, will tell you many remarkable things on this subject.

The Moslems of Iran, Arabia, of Chinese Turkestan, sacredly guard the legend of Muntazaar, who in the near future will lay the foundation of a New Era. It is true many mullahs, when you speak to them of Muntazaar, will in the beginning sharply deny this, but if you continue to insist with sufficient assertion, and will show a sufficient knowledge, they will smile vaguely and will put away their negations, and they will often add many important details. And if you will continue and will tell them that in Isphagan there has already been saddled the white horse, which is destined to carry the Great Comer, the mullahs will look at each other and will add that in Mekka there has already been prepared for the Prophet of the Truth a Great Tomb.

The most learned Japanese, the best scholars, can speak highly of the expected Avatar, and the learned Brahmins, taking their knowledge from the *Vishnu Purana* and the *Devi Purana*, will quote beautiful lines of the Kalki Avatar on the white horse.

For the moment I shall not touch any inner signs accumulated now round the conception of Shambhala.

To give a more realistic impression I first want to tell you simply in what way and where we came in touch with people who know and who are devoted to the Great Conception of Asia. Perhaps we knew already about Shambhala. We read already the translation of Professor Gruenwedel of the Tibetan manuscript entitled *The Road to the Shambhala*, written by the Third Tashi Lama, who was one of the most esteemed high priests of Tibet.

Let us go through the wayside signs, which met us during our travels.

In Ghum monastery not far from the Nepalese frontier, you see in the temple instead of the usual central figure of Buddha, a huge image of the Buddha-Maitreya, the next coming Saviour and Ruler of Humanity. This image is made like the great image of Maitreya in Tashi-Lumpo, the seat of the spiritual ruler of Tibet, the Tashi-Lama near Shigatse. The Lord Maitreya is seated on his throne, and his feet are no more cross-legged as usual, but already lowered from the throne. This is a sign that the time of His Coming is near and that the Ruler is already preparing to descend from his throne. This monastery was built about forty years ago by a learned Mongolian lama, who came from far-away Mongolia to Tibet and crossed the Himalayas and Sikkim, where the red sect of Padmasambhava represents the official religion, to erect this new monastery and to proclaim the approaching advent of the Lord Maitreya.

In 1924 a learned lama, a faithful disciple of the founder of this monastery, who had received from him the profound Teaching and many prophecies for the future, told us in front of the impressive image: "Verily, the time of the great advent is nearing and according to our prophecies the epoch of Shambhala has already begun. Rigden Japo, the Ruler of Shambhala, is already preparing his unconquerable army for the last fight. All his assistants and officers are already incarnating.

Have you seen the *tanka*-banner of the ruler of Shambhala and of his fight against all evil forces?

"When our Tashi Lama had to flee from Tibet recently, he took with him only a few banners, but amongst them several banners about Shambhala. Many learned lamas fled from Tashi-Lumpo and just now there has arrived from Tibet a *geshe* (learned) painter, a *gelong* of Tashi-Lumpo. He knows how to paint the *tanka* of Shambhala. There are several variations of this subject, but you should have the one with the battle in the lower part of the painting, in your home."

Shortly after there was sitting on a rug in the white gallery of our home Lariva—the artist lama, and he was outlining on the white surface of the specially prepared canvas the complicated

composition. In the middle of it there was shown the Mighty Ruler of Shambhala in the glory of His majestic abode. And below there was the ferocious battle in which the enemies of the righteous Ruler were unmercifully destroyed. As a dedication the banner was adorned with the following inscription: "To the Illustrious Rigden, King of Northern Shambhala."

It was touching to observe with what respect and veneration the artist lama worked. And when he pronounced the name of the Ruler of Shambhala, he put his hands together as in prayer.

Just at the time of our arrival in Sikkim the Tashi Lama fled from Tashi Lumpo to China. Everybody was startled by the unprecedented action of the spiritual head of Tibet. The Lhasa government, in confusion, began searching everywhere, but rumours were already circulating that the Tashi Lama had passed through Calcutta in disguise.

Referring to this event a lama told us: "Verily the old prophecies are fulfilled. The time of Shambhala has come. For centuries and centuries it has been predicted that before the time of Shambhala will occur many wonderful events, many ferocious wars will devastate countries, many thrones will fall, many earthquakes will take place and Panchen Rimpoche will leave his abode in Tashi-Lumpo in Tibet. Verily the time of Shambhala has come. The great war devastated countries, many thrones perished, earthquakes destroyed old temples of Japan, and now our revered Ruler has left his country."

Following their spiritual ruler from Tibet arrived one of the most esteemed high priests Geshe Rimposhe from Chumbi, whom the Tibetans regard as an incarnation of Tzon-Kha-Pa. With several faithful lamas and lama artists, the high priest travelled through Sikkim, India, Nepal, Ladak everywhere erecting images of the Blessed Maitreya and teaching about Shambhala.

When the high priest with his numerous attendants visited Talai-Pho-Brang, our home in Darjeeling, he first of all paid attention to the image of Rigden Japo, the Ruler of Shambhala and said:

"I see you know that the time of Shambhala has approached.

The nearest path for attainment now is only through Rigden Japo. If you know the teaching of Shambhala—you know the future.”

During his subsequent visits to us, the High Priest spoke more than once of Kalachakra, giving to this teaching not only an ecclesiastic meaning, but applying it to life, as a real Yoga. In 1927 of our era one can for the first time meet the teaching of Kalachakra, spread by Attisha. This is the high Yoga of using high powers, hidden in the human body and connecting them with cosmic energies. From ancient times only in a few monasteries—in the more learned ones—have been established special schools of Shambhala. The chief place of the vital Yoga was always Tashi Lumpo, because Tashi-Lamas have been high protectors of Kalachakra and were closely linked with Shambhala. In Lhassa, as one of the most learned monastery practising Kalachakra is considered Moruling. In this monastery there are not many lamas, only about three hundred. It is said that from time to time the most learned of them go to a Mysterious retreat in the Himalayas.



The Blessed One

ABODE OF LIGHT

“Lama, tell me of Shambhala!”

“But you Westerners know nothing about Shambhala—you wish to know nothing. Probably you ask only out of curiosity; and you pronounce this sacred word in vain.”

“Lama, I do not ask about Shambhala aimlessly. Everywhere, people know of this great symbol under different names. Our scientists seek each spark concerning this remarkable realm. Csoma de Koros knew of Shambhala, when he made his prolonged visit to the Buddhist monasteries. Grunwedel translated the book of the famous Tashi Lama Pal-den ye-she, about “The Way

to Shambhala.” We sense how, under secret symbols, a great truth is concealed. Truly, the ardent scientist desires to know all about Kalachakra.”

“Can this be so, when some of your Western people desecrate our temples? They smoke within our holy sanctuaries; they neither understand nor wish to venerate our faith and our teaching. They mock and deride the symbols whose meaning they do not penetrate. Should we visit your temples, our conduct would be completely different because your great Bodhisatva, Issa, is varily an exalted one. And none of us would defame the teaching of mercy and righteousness.”

“Lama, only the very ignorant and stupid would ridicule your teaching. All the teachings of righteousness are as in one sacred place. And each one possessed of his senses, will not violate the sacred place. Lama, why do you think that the essential teaching of the Blessed One is unknown to the West? Why do you believe that in the West we do not know of Shambhala?

“Lama, upon my very table you may see the Kalachakra, the Teaching brought by the great Atticha from India. I know that if a high spirit, already prepared, hears a voice proclaiming *Kalagiya* it is the call to Shambhala. We know which Tashi Lama visited Shambhala. We know the book of the High Priest, T'aishan—“The Red Path to Shambhala”. We even know the Mongolian song about Shambhala. Who knows—perhaps we even know many things. We know that quite recently a young Mongolian lama issued a new book about Shambhala.”

The Lama studies us with his piercing glance. Then he says:

“Great Shambhala is far beyond the ocean. It is the mighty heavenly domain. It has nothing to do with our earth. How and why do you earthly people take interest in it? Only in some places, in the Far North, can you discern the resplendent rays of Shambhala.”

“Lama, we know the greatness of Shambhala. We know the reality of this indescribable realm. But we also know about the reality of the earthly Shambhala. We know how some high lamas went to Shambhala, how along their way they saw the cus-

tomary physical things. We know the stories of the Buryat lama, of how he was accompanied through a very narrow secret passage. We know how another visitor saw a caravan of hill-people with salt from the lakes, on the very borders of Shambhala. Moreover, we ourselves have seen a white frontier post of one of the three outposts of Shambhala. So, do not speak to me about the heaven Shambhala only, but also about the one on earth; because you know as well as I, that on earth Shambhala is connected with the heavenly one. And in this link, the two worlds are unified."

The Lama becomes silent. With eyes half concealed by the lids, he examines our faces. And in the evening dusk he commences his tale: "Verily, the time is coming when the Teaching of the Blessed One will once again come from the North to the South. The word of Truth, which started its great path from Bodhgaya, again shall return to the same sites. We must accept it simply, as it is: the fact that the true teaching shall leave Tibet, and shall again appear in the South. Really, great things are coming. You come from the West, yet you are bringing news of Shambhala. We must take it verily so. Probably the ray from the tower of Rigden-jyepo has reached all countries.

"Like a diamond glows the light on the Tower of Shambhala. He is there—Rigden-jyepo, indefatigable, ever vigilant in the cause of mankind. His eyes never close. And in His magic mirror He sees all events of earth. And the might of His thought penetrates into far off lands. Distance does not exist for Him; He can instantaneously bring assistance to worthy ones. His powerful light can destroy all darkness. His immeasurable riches are ready to aid all needy ones who offer to serve the cause of righteousness. He may even change the karma of human beings. . . ."

"Lama, it seems to me that you speak of Maitreya; is it not so?"

"We must not pronounce this mystery! There is much which may not be revealed. There is much which may not be crystallized into sound. In sound we reveal our thought. In

sound we project our thought into space and the greatest harm may follow. Because every thing divulged before the destined date, results in untold harm. Even the greatest catastrophies may be provoked by such light-minded acts. If Rigden-jyepo and the Blessed Maitreya are one and the same for you—let it be so. I have not so stated!

“Uncountable are the inhabitants of Shambhala. Numerous are the splendid new forces and achievements which are being prepared there for humanity. . . .”

“Lama, Ancient teachings tell us that very soon new energies shall be given to humanity. Is this true?”

“Innumerable are the great things predestined and prepared. Through the Holy Scriptures we know of the Teaching of the Blessed One about the inhabitants of the distant stars. From the same source we have heard of the flying steel bird. . . . about iron serpents which devour space with fire and smoke. Tathagata, the Blessed One, predicted all for the future.”

“Lama, if the great warriors are incarnated, will not the activities of Shambhala take place here on our earth?”

“Everywhere—here and in heaven. All benevolent forces shall come together to destroy the darkness. Each one who will help in this great task shall be rewarded a hundred-fold and upon this very earth, in this incarnation. All sinners against Shambhala will perish in this very incarnation, because they have exhausted mercy.”

“Lama, we certainly know that Pan-chen-rinpoche is greatly esteemed everywhere. In different countries we have heard how highly not only Buddhists, but the people of many nations, talk about His Holiness. It is even said that in his private apartments, long before his departure, the details of his coming travels were outlined in the frescoes. We know that Pan-chen-rinpoche follows the customs of all the great lamas. We have been told how during his flight he and his followers escaped many of the greatest dangers.

“We know how at one time his pursuers from Lhasa were already quite upon him, when a heavy snowfall cut off the pur-

suers' road. Another day, Pan-chen-rinpoche arrived at a lake in the mountains; a difficult problem confronted him. His enemies were close behind; but in order to escape, it would be necessary for him to make a long circuit around the lake. Thereupon, Pan-chen-rinpoche sat in deep meditation for sometime. Arousing himself, he gave orders, that despite the danger, the entire caravan would have to spend the night on the shores of the lake. Then the unusual happened. During the night, a heavy frost arose, which covered the lake with ice and snow. Before sunrise, while it was still dark, Tashi Lama gave orders to his people to move on speedily, and he, with his three hundred followers, crossed the lake over the ice by the shortest way, thus escaping danger. When the enemies arrived at the same spot, the sun was already high and its rays had melted the ice. There remained for them only the roundabout way. Was it not so?"

"Verily so it was. Pan-chen-rinpoche was helped by Holy Shambhala throughout his travels. He saw many wonderful signs when he crossed the uplands hastening to the North."

"Lama, not far from Ulan-Davan we saw a huge black vulture which flew low, close to our camp. He crossed the direction of something shining and beautiful, which was flying south over our camp, and which glistened in the rays of the sun."

The eyes of the Lama sparkled. Eagerly he asked:

"Did you also feel the perfumes of the temple-incenses in the desert?"

"Lama, you are quite right—in the stony desert, several days from any habitation, many of us became simultaneously aware of an exquisite breath of perfume. This happened several times. We never smelt such lovely perfume. It reminded me of certain incense which a friend of mine once gave me in India—from where he obtained it, I do not know."

"Ah—you are guarded by Shambhala. The huge black vulture is your enemy, who is eager to destroy your work, but the protecting force from Shambhala follows you in this Radiant form of Matter. This force is always near to you but you cannot always perceive it. Sometimes only, it is manifested for strength-

ening and directing you. Did you notice the direction in which this sphere moved? You must follow the same direction. You mentioned to me the sacred call—*Kalagiya!* When some one hears this imperative call, he must know that the way to Shambhala is open to him. He must remember the year when he was called, because from that time evermore, he is closely assisted by the Blessed Rigden-jyepo. Only you must know and realize the manner in which people are helped because often people repel the help which is sent.”



Command of Regden Jeypo

KNOWLEDGE OF EXPERIENCE

“Lama, tell me how are the simple people helped by Shambhala? We know of Rishis and of incarnate co-workers of Shambhala, but in what manner does the might of Shambhala manifest itself among the humble?”

“In untold and manifold ways. Each one who in previous incarnations followed the teaching of righteousness and was useful to the Common Cause, is helped by Shambhala. Not many years ago during the war and unrest, one man asked a lama if he should change his dwelling. The lama answered that he could remain in the same place for about six months longer, but that

afterwards he would be in great danger and would have to flee without delay. During the six months which followed, the man was most successful in his work; everything was peaceful and his possession multiplied. When the six months expired he thought, 'Why should I risk my property by leaving this quiet spot? Everything seems so prosperous for me and there is apparently no danger. Probably the lama was mistaken'.

"But the predestined danger suddenly arose. The troops of the enemies approached the place at full speed from both directions. And the man realized that his best opportunity had been lost and his way was now cut off. He hurried to the same lama and told him of what had happened.

"The lama told him that for certain reasons it was necessary that he be saved. 'But', he added, 'it is now more difficult to help you. The best opportunity is lost, but I still can do something for you. Tomorrow, take your family with you and ride towards the North. On the road you will meet your enemies. This is inevitable. When you see them coming, go away from the road and remain quiet. Even though they may approach you, even though they speak to you, remain quiet and unmoving until they pass.'"

"So it happened. The man, with his family and belongings set out early morning. Suddenly in the dusk of morning, they distinguished the outlines of soldiers rapidly approaching. They turned aside from the road and stood silent, tense."

"The soldiers hurriedly approached, and the poor man heard one of them shouting, 'Here they are. I see people here. Probably there is nice booty for us.'

"Another one laughing answered him, 'Friend, you probably slept poorly last night, since you cannot distinguish stones from humans. They are quite near us and you see that they are stones!'

"The first one insisted, 'But I even see a horse!' The other one laughed.

"'On such a stony horse, you will not ride far. Could you imagine that a horse, aware of all our horses, would remain im-

moveable?’

“The soldiers all laughed heartily and deriding the mistake of the first one, passed quite close to the immovable group. They then disappeared into the mist. Thus, even in the most difficult situation, the man was saved. For he had been useful to Shambhala just once.

“Shambhala knows all. But the secrets of Shambhala are well guarded.”

“Lama, how are the secrets of Shambhala guarded? It is said that many co-workers of Shambhala, many messengers, are speeding through the world. How can they preserve the secrets entrusted to them?”

“The great keepers of mysteries are watching closely all those to whom they have entrusted their work and given high missions. If an unexpected evil confronts them they are helped immediately. And the entrusted treasure shall be guarded. About forty years ago, a great secret was entrusted to a man living in the Great Mongolian Gobi. It was told to him that he could use this secret for a special purpose, but that when he felt his departure from this world approaching, he should find some one worthy to whom to entrust this treasure. Many years passed. Finally this man became ill and during his illness, an evil force approached him and he became unconscious. In such a state he could, of course, not find any one worthy to whom to entrust his treasure. But the Great Keepers are ever vigilant and alert. One of them from the high Ashram hurriedly started through the Gobi, remaining more than sixty hours without rest in the saddle. He reached the sick man in time to revive him and, though only for a short time, it permitted him to find some one to whom he might transmit the message.

“Lama, in Tourfan and in Turkestan they showed us caves with long, unexplored passages. Can one reach the Ashrams of Shambhala through these routes? They told us that on some occasions, strangers came out of these caves and went to the cities. They wished to pay for things with strange, ancient coins, which are now no longer used.”

“Verily, verily, the people of Shambhala at times emerge into the world. They meet the earthly co-workers of Shambhala. For the sake of humanity, they send out precious gifts, remarkable relics. I can tell you many stories of how wonderful gifts were received through space. Even Rigden-jyepo himself appears at times in human body. Suddenly he shows himself in holy places, in monasteries and at a time predestined, pronounces his prophecies.

“By night or at early morning before sunrise, the Ruler arrives in the Temple. He enters. All the lamps at once kindle themselves. Some already recognize the Great Stranger. In deep reverence the lamas gather. They listen with the greatest attention to the prophecies of the future.

“A great epoch approaches. The Ruler is ready to fight. Many things are being manifested. The cosmic fire is again approaching the earth. The stars are manifesting the new era. But many cataclysms will occur before the new era of prosperity. Again humanity will be tested, to see if the spirit has progressed sufficiently. The subterranean fire now seeks to find contact with the fiery element of the Akāsha; if all good forces do not combine their power, the greatest cataclysms are inevitable. It is related how the blessed Rigden-jyepo manifests himself, to give commands to his messengers; how on the black rock, on the way to Ladak, the mighty ruler appears. And from all directions, the messenger-riders approach in deep reverence to listen; and in full speed they rush to fulfil what is ordained by the great wisdom.”

“Lama, how does it happen that Shambhala on earth is still undiscovered by travellers? On maps you may see so many routes of expeditions. It appears that all heights are already marked and all valleys and rivers explored.”

“Verily, there is much gold in the earth; and many diamonds and rubies in the mountains, and every one is so eager to possess them! And so many people try to find them! But as yet these people have not found all things—so, let a man try to reach Shambhala without a call! You have heard about the poisonous streams which encircle the uplands. Perhaps you have even seen

people dying from these gases when they come near them. Perhaps you have seen how animals and people begin to tremble when they approach certain localities. Many people try to reach Shambhala, uncalled. Some of them have disappeared for ever. Only few of them reach the holy place, and if their karma is ready.”

“Lama, you speak of a holy place on earth. Is there a rich vegetation there? The mountain seems barren and the hurricanes and all-devastating frosts seem unusually severe.”

“In the midst of high mountains there are unsuspected enclosed valleys. Many hot springs nourish the rich vegetation. Many rare plants and medicinal herbs are able to flourish on this unusual volcanic soil. Perhaps you have noticed hot geysers on the uplands. Perhaps you have heard that only two days away from Nagchu where there is not a tree or plant to be seen, there is one valley with trees and grass and warm water. But who may know the labyrinths of these mountains? Upon stony surfaces it is impossible to distinguish human traces. One cannot understand the thoughts of people—and he who can, is silent! Perhaps you have met numerous travellers during your wanderings—strangers, simply attired, walking silently through the desert, in heat or cold, towards their unknown goals. Do not believe, because the garment is simple, that the stranger is insignificant! If his eyes are half closed, do not presume that his glance is not keen. It is impossible to discern from which direction power approaches. In vain are all warnings, in vain are all prophecies but only by the one path of Shambhala can you attain achievement. By addressing yourself directly to the Blessed Rigden-jyepo you can succeed.”

“Lama, you said that the enemies of Shambhala would perish. How will they perish?”

“Verily, they perish in due time. They are destroyed by their own nefarious ambitions. Rigden-jyepo is merciful. But the sinners are their own assailants. Who can say when the merited wage is given? Who can discern when help is truly needed? And what shall be the nature of that help? Many up-

heavals are necessary and have their purposes.

“How are sinners annihilated? One lama painter had the exalted gift of painting with incomparable beauty, the sacred images. Superbly he painted the images of Rigden-jyepo and the Blessed Buddha and Dukhar, the All-seeing. But another painter became jealous and in his wrath determined to harm the righteous one. And when he started to slander the lama-painter his house caught fire from some unknown cause. All his possessions were destroyed and the hands of the slanderer were seriously burnt so that for long he was unable to work.

“Another calumniator threatened to destroy all the labours of an honest man. And he himself was drowned shortly after, while crossing Tsampo. Another man, who performed many a beautiful deed for charity, was attacked by some one, who sought to destroy all the possessions which had been dedicated to the cause of humankind. But again the powerful ray of Rigden-jyepo reached the assailant and in a day his wealth was swept away and he became a beggar. Perhaps you may see him even now, begging at the Lhasa bazaar.

“In every city you may hear how those unworthy creatures who turned their venom against worthy ones, were punished. Only by the path of Shambhala may you walk safely. Each diversion from this road of glory will embroil you in the greatest dangers. Everything on earth may be searched and meted out. Not faith nor blind worship does the Blessed One ordain, but the knowledge of experience.”



Saga of Gessar

SHAMBHALE LAM

(White Waters)

“I can tell you how, from distant Altai, many Old Believers went to seek for the so-called ‘Belavodye’ (White waters) and never returned. I have heard the names of the mountains, rivers and lakes which lie on the way to the holy places. They are secret; some of the names are corrupted, but you discern their fundamental truth.

“I can tell you how a worthy student of this exalted teaching set out to reach Shambhala before the time ordained for him.

He was a pure and sincere spirit, but his karma had not been exhausted and his earthly task was still undone. It was premature for him, and one of the great Masters met him on horse-back in the mountains and personally spoke to this aspiring traveller. Mercifully and compassionately he sent him back to complete his unfinished labours. I can tell you of Ashrams beyond Shigatse. I can tell you how the Brothers of Shambhala appeared in various cities and how they prevented the greatest human calamities, when humanity worthily understood them. . . . Lama, have you met Azaras and Kuthumpas?"

"If you are familiar with so many incidents, you must be successful in your work. To know so much of Shambhala is in itself a stream of purification. Many of our people during their lives have encountered the Azaras and Kuthumpas and the snow people who serve them. Only recently have the Azaras ceased to be seen in cities. They are all gathered in the mountains. Very tall, with long hair and beards' they appear outwardly like Hindus. Once, walking along the Brahmaputra I saw an Azara. I strove to reach him, but swiftly he turned beyond the rocks and disappeared. Yet I found no cave or cavern there—all I saw was a small Stupa. Propably he did not care to be disturbed.

"The Kuthumpas are no longer seen now. Previously they appeared quite openly in the Tsang district and at Manasarowar, when the pilgrims went to holy Kailasa. Even the snow people are rarely seen now. The ordinary person, in his ignorance, mistakes them for apparitions. There are profound reasons why, just now, the Great Ones do not appear so openly. My old teacher told me much of the wisdom of the Azaras. We know several places where these Great Ones dwelt, but for the moment these places are deserted. Some great rason, great mystery!"

"Lama, then it is true that the Ashrams have been moved from the vicinity of Shigatse?"

"This mystery must not be uttered. I already said that the Azaras may no longer be found in Tsang."

"Lama, why your priests claim that Shambhala is far beyond the ocean, when the Shambhala of earth is far close? Csuma de

Koros even mentions, with justification, the place—the wondrous mountain-valley, where the initiation of Buddha was held.”

“I have heard that Csoma do Koros reaped misfortune in life. And Grunwedel, whom you mentioned, became insane; because they touched the great name of Shambhala out of curiosity without realizing its stupendous significance. It is dangerous to toy with fire—yet fire can be of the greatest use for humanity. You have probably heard how certain travellers attempted to penetrate into the forbidden territory and how guides refused to follow them. They said, ‘Better to kill us.’ Even these simple folk understood that such exalted matters may be touched only with utmost reverence.

“Do not outrage the laws! Await in ardent labour until the messenger of Shambhala shall come to you, amid constant achievement. Await until the Mighty-voiced shall utter, ‘Kala-giya’. Then you may safely proceed to expound this superb matter. Vain curiosity must be transformed into sincere learning, into application to the high principles of everyday life.”

“Lama, you are a wanderer. Where shall I find you once again?”

“I beg you, do not ask my name. Moreover, should you meet me in some city, or in any other inhabited place, do not recognize me. I shall approach you.”

“And if I should approach you, would you merely depart or would you some way hypnotize me?”

“Do not force me to utilize these natural forces. Among certain Red Sects, it is permitted to apply certain powers. But we may only utilize them in exceptional cases. We must not break the laws of nature. The essential teaching of our Blessed One bids us be cautious in revealing our inner possibilities.”

“Lama, tell me further, if you have personally seen Rigden-Jyepo.”

“No, I have not seen the Ruler in flesh. But I have heard His Voice. And during the winter, while the frost lay over the mountains, a rose—a flower from the far off valley—was His gift to me. You ask me so much that I see you are grounded in many

matters. What would you do, should I begin to examine you?"

"Lama, I should be silent."

"The Lama smiled: "So you do know much. Perhaps you even know how to use the forces of nature, and how in the West during the last few years, many signs were witnessed especially during the war, which you, or one of you, started."

"Lama, certainly such unprecedented slaughter of human beings must have precipitated an unexpected flow of reincarnations. So many people died before the predestined hour and through such occurrences, so much was distorted and upheaved."

Probably you did not know the prophecies by which these calamities were foretold long since. If only you would have known, you could never have begun this horrible holocaust.

"If you know of Shambhala, if you know how to utilize your latent natural forces, you also must know of Naming the Heavenly Letters. And you will know how to accept the prophecies of the future."

"Lama, we have heard that all the journeys of Tashi Lama and the Dalai Lama were foretold in the prophecies, long before they occurred."

"I repeat, that in the private apartments of the Tashi Lama, at his order, were painted all the events of his future travels. Often unknown strangers report these prophecies, and you can see and hear evident signs of approaching events.

"You know, that near to the entrance of the great temple of Gesar Khan, there are two horses—a white and a red one. And when Gesar Khan is approaching those horses neigh. Have you heard that recently this great sign occurred, and many people heard the neighing of the sacred horses?"

"Lama, you mentioned the third great name of Asia. . . ."

"Mystery, mystery you must not speak too much. Some time we shall speak to one very learned Geshe of Moruling. This monastery was founded by our Dalai Lama the Great, and the sound of the Great Name is part of the name of the monastery. It is said that before leaving Lhassa forever, the great Dalai Lama had a mysterious communion in this monastery. Verily,

from this monastery, several Lamas disappeared for great new tasks.

“There you could find something familiar to yourself.”

“Lama, can you tell me something of the three greatest monasteries near Lhasa—Sera, Ganden and Depung?”

The Lama smiled. “Oh, they are great official monasteries. At Sera, among the three thousand lamas, you can find many real fighters. Many lamas of foreign countries, such as Mongolia, are in Ganden. There is the chair of our Great Teacher, Tsongkha pa. No one can touch this great seat without trembling. Depung has also some learned Lamas.”

Lama, are there some hidden passages under the Patala? And is there a subterranean lake under the chief temple?

The Lama again smiled. “You know so many things that it seems to me you have been at Lhasa. I do not know when you have been there. It makes little difference if you were there now or in other garments. But if you have seen this subterranean lake, you must have been either a very great lama, or a servant bearing a torch. But as a servant you could not know the many things which you have told me. Probably you know also that in many places of Lhasa there are hot springs and in some houses, people use this water for their household.

“Lama, I have heard how some animals—deer and squirrels and jackals—approach the meditating lamas in the caves of the Himalayan forests; and apes and monkeys sometimes bring their food.”

“On my part, I shall ask you what is impossible? But one thing is evident that a deer would not approach a human being in a city because only rarely do you find well-intentioned people in these crowded places. Humanity does not know the significance and the definite effect of auras; they do not realize that not only human beings, but even inanimate objects, have their significant and effectual auras.”

“Lama, we know about it and we have even begun to photograph auras. And as for inanimate objects, Lama, we know also something about the Chair of the Master, and how this Chair

must not be touched by anyone. In this way the presence of the Great One is always near.”

“If you know the value of such a venerated armchair, then you know the meaning of Guruship. Guruship is the highest relation we can attain in our earthly garb. We are guarded by Guruship and we ascend to perfection in our esteem to the Guru. He who knows the essential meaning of the Guru will not speak against relics. In the West you have also some portraits of dear ones and you have great esteem for symbols and the objects used by your forefathers and great leaders. So do not take it as idolatry, but only as a deep veneration and remembrance of the work performed by some one great. And it is not alone this external veneration, but if you know something of psychical emanation from objects, then you also know about natural magic. What do you think of the magic sceptor which indicates the subterranean riches of earth?”

“Lama, we know many stories everywhere about the strange power of this moving stick, through which many mines, springs and wells are located.”

“And who do you think is working in these experiments, the stick or the man?”

“Lama, I think that the stick is a dead thing, whereas man is full of vibration and magnetic power. So that the stick is only as a pen in a hand.”

“Yes, in body everything is concentrated. Only know how to use it, and how not to misuse it. Do you in the West know something about the Great Stone in which magic powers are concentrated? And do you know from which planet came this stone? And who possessed this treasure?”

“Lama, about the Great Stone we have as many legends as you have images of Chintamani. From the old Druidic times many nations remember these legends of truth about the natural energies concealed in this strange visitor to our planet. Very often in such fallen stones are hidden diamonds but these are nothing in comparison with some other unknown metals and energies which are found every day in the stones and in the

numerous currents and rays.

“Lapis Exilis, thus is named the stone, which is mentioned by the old Meistersingers. One sees that the West and East are working together on many principles. We do not need to go to the deserts to hear of the Stone. In our cities, in our scientific laboratories, we have other legends and proofs. Would anyone have thought that the fairy tales regarding the flying man would ever be fulfilled? Yet now, each day’s mail, each day’s visitors, may come flying.”

“Certainly the Blessed One said long ago that steel birds would fly in mid-air. But at the same time, without the necessity of lifting such heavy masses we are able to soar in our subtler bodies. You Westerners always dream of ascending Mount Everest in heavy boots; but we reach the same heights and far higher summits without trouble. It is necessary only to think, to study, to remember and to know how to grasp consciously all one’s experiences in the finer bodies. Everything has been indicated in the Kalachakra, but only few had grasped it. You in the West, with your limited apparati, can hear sounds at long distances. You can catch even the cosmic sounds. But long ago Milaraspa, without any apparati could hear all the supreme voices.”

“Lama, it is true that Milaraspa in his young days was not a man of spirit? Somewhere we have read that he even killed the entire family of his uncle. How, then, can such a man become a spiritually developed being after such excesses of wrath and even murder?”

“You are right. In his youth, Milaraspa not only killed this family but probably committed many other heinous crimes. But the ways of the spirit are inexplicable. From one of your missionaries, we have heard of your Saint named Francis. Yet in his youth he also committed many offences, and his life was not so pure. Then how could he in one lifetime attain such perfection as to make him esteemed in the West as one of the most exalted of saints? From your missionaries, who visited Lhasa in former centuries, we have learned many tales; and some of

your books are in our libraries. It is said that books of your gospel may be found sealed in some of our Stupas. Perhaps we know better than yourselves how to venerate foreign religions."

"Lama, it is so difficult for us Westerners to venerate your religion, because many things are so confused, many things are corrupted. For instance, how could a stranger, on seeing two monasteries completely alike in exterior, understand that in one, Buddhism is preached, while the other is the bitterest enemy of Buddhism. Even if one enters these monasteries, one sees almost the same images superficially. Thus, for a stranger to distinguish whether a Swastika is turned in an inverse direction or not, is as difficult, as to understand why the same iconography can act for and against Buddha. It is difficult for an outsider to understand why people who are completely illiterate and given to drink are called by the same title of lama as yourself, who know many things and are so deeply cultured."

"You are right. Many lamas wear the lamaistic garment, but their inner life is far worse than that of a layman. Often among many thousands of lamas, you can only find a few isolated individuals with whom you can converse about exalted matters and expect a worthy response. But is it not thus in your own religion?"

"We have seen many missionaries—probably they speak of the One Christ, but they assail one another. Each one calls his teaching superior. It is my belief that Issa gave one teaching—then how can this great Symbol have divisions which declare themselves hostile to the other? Do not think that we are so ignorant. We have heard that rites celebrated by one sect of Christian priests are not recognized by another Christian priest. Therefore you must have many opposing Christs.

"In our deserts, many Christian crosses have been found. Once I asked a Christian missionary if these crosses were authentic, and he told me that they were spurious crosses; that during all ages false Christianity had penetrated Asia, and that we should not regard these crosses as exalted symbols. Then, tell me, how shall we distinguish the authentic cross from the false one? We

also have a cross in the Great Sign of Ak-Dorge. But with us, this is the great sign of life, of the fiery element—the eternal sign. Against this sign, none would speak.

“Lama, we know that only through the knowledge of spirit can we perceive what is authentic.”

“Again you show your knowledge of great things. Again you speak as though from our mighty Kalachakra. But how shall we develop our great understanding? Verily, we are wise in spirit; we know everything—but how shall we evoke this knowledge from the depths of our consciousness and transmit it to our minds? How shall one recognize the needed frontiers between the ascetic and the plain life? How shall we know for how long we may be hermits and how long we must work among men? How shall we know what knowledge can be revealed without harm, and what—perhaps the most exalted—may be divulged but to a few. This is the knowledge of Kalachakra.”

“Lama, the great Kalachakra is practically unknown, because its teaching is confused with low Tantrik teaching. Just as you have real Buddhists, and their opposites, Bon-Po, so you have also the lowest Tantra or sorcery and necromancy. And did not the Blessed One denounce sorcery? Tell me frankly, if a lama should be a sorcerer?”

“You are right, not only sorcery but an undue display of super-normal forces were forbidden by our great Teachers. But if one’s spirit is so advanced that he can perform many things and utilize any of his energies in a natural way and for the purpose of the Common Good, then this is no longer sorcery, but a great achievement, a great labour for humanity.

“By our symbols, by our images and tankas, you may see how the great Teachers functioned; among the many great Teachers you see only few in complete meditation. Usually they are performing an active part of the great labour. Either they teach the people or they tame the dark forces and elements; they do not fear to confront the most powerful forces and to ally themselves with them, if only it be for the common well-being. Sometimes you are able to see the Teachers in actual conflict. Dis-

persing the evil of spirit. Earthly war is not sanctioned by us, but Buddhists throughout all history, have been attacked; they have never been the aggressors. We have heard that during your recent Great War, the Christian priests on either side claimed that Issa and God were with them. If God is one, we must understand by this that he was in conflict with Himself. How can you explain a contradiction which was so inexplicable to all Buddhists?"

"Lama, this war is over. The most disastrous of mistakes may happen, but now all nations are thinking of how to abolish not only the idea but the veritable material and implements of war."

"And do you think that all guns and warships should be abolished? Let them rather be transformed into the implements of peace and of a loftier teaching. I would like to see the great warships become travelling schools of high learning. Is that possible? During my journey to China, I saw so many guns and warships that I thought, if only these ghastly creations might be the symbols of lofty teaching, rather than the symbols of murder, what a tremendous flow of cosmic energy the world would see!"

"Lama, the serpent stings, yet he is considered the symbol of wisdom."

"Probably you have heard the old parable of how the snake was cautioned not to bite, but only to hiss. Each one must be powerful—but which protection do you regard as the most powerful?"

"Lama, certainly it is the protection afforded by the power of the spirit. Because only in spirit are we fortified mentally, and physically. A man, spiritually concentrated, is as strong as a dozen of the brawniest athletes. The man who knows how to use his mental powers is stronger than the mob."

"Ah, now we once again approach our great Kalachakra. Who can exist without food? Who can exist without sleep? Who is immune against heat and cold? Who can heal wounds? Verily, only he who studies the Kalachakra.

"The great Azaras who know the Teachings of India, know

the origin of Kalachakra. They know vast things which, when they will be revealed to help humanity, will completely regenerate life! Many of the Teachings of Kalachakra are unknowingly used both in East and West, and even in such unconscious utilization, much that is wonderful results. It is therefore comprehensible how incomparably great would be the possibilities made manifest by a conscious achievement, and how wisely could be used the great eternal energy, this fine imponderable matter which is scattered everywhere and which is within our use at any moment. This Teaching of Kalachakra, this utilization of the primary energy has been called the Teaching of Fire. The Hindu people know the great Agni—ancient teaching though it be, it shall be the new teaching for the New Era. We must think of the future; and in the Teaching of Kalachakra we know there lies all the material which may be applied for the greatest use. Now there are so many teachers—so different and so hostile to each other. And yet so many of them speak of the one thing and this is expressed in the Kalachakra. One of your priests once asked me, 'Are not the Kabala and Shambhala parts of the one teaching?' He asked, 'Is not the great Moses an initiate of the same teaching and a follower of its very laws?' We may assert one thing only. Each Teaching of Truth each teaching of the high principle of life, issues from the one source. Many ancient Buddhist Stupas have been converted into Linga Temples and many mosques bear the walls and foundations of ancient Buddhist viharas. But what harm is there, if those buildings have been dedicated to the one lofty principle of life? Many Buddhist images upon the rocks find their origins in teachings which long antedated the Blessed one. Yet they also symbolize the same high Essence.

What is revealed in the Kalachakra? Are there any prohibitions? No, the lofty teaching sets forth only the constructive. So it is. The same high forces are proposed for humanity. And it is revealed most scientifically how the natural forces of the elements can be used by humanity. When you are told that the shortest way is through Shambhala, through Kalachakra it means

that achievement is not an unattainable ideal, but that it is something which may be attained through sincere and industrious inspiration here, upon this very earth and in this very incarnation. This is the Teaching of Shambhala. Verily, each one may attain it. Verily, each may hear the pronounciation of the word, Kalagiya!

“But to attain this, a man must dedicate himself entirely to creative labour. Those who work with Shambhala, the initiates and the messengers of Shambhala, do not sit in seclusion—they travel everywhere. Very often perform their works, not for themselves, but for the great Shambhala; and they are without possessions. Everything is for them but they take nothing for themselves. Thus, when you dedicate yourselves to Shambhala, everything is taken and everything is given to you. If you have regrets, you yourself become the loser; if you give joyously, you are enriched. Essentially the Teaching of Shambhala lies in this—that we do not speak of something distant and secreted. Therefore, if you know that everything may be achieved here on earth, then everything must be rewarded on earth. You have heard that the reward of Shambhala is verily here and that it is manifold in its returns. This is not because the Teaching of Shambhala is unique from others, but because the teaching of Shambhala is vital, is given for earthly incarnations and can be applied under all human conditions. In what way can we study how to work? How to be ready for all manner of attainments; how to be open and all-accepting? Only in the practical study of Shambhala. When you read many books about Shambhala, partially translated in other languages and partially veiled, do not be confused with the great symbols. Even in the West, when you speak of great discoveries, you use technical language, and the laymen does not understand them and takes the expressions literally, judging only on the surface. The same may be said of the great scriptures, and of scientific documents. Some take the great Puranas in their literal aspect. What conclusion may they draw? Only that which may be gathered from the surface of the language, from its philology, but not from the significance of the signs which are

used. The harmony of exterior and interior can be attained only through the study of the Kalachakra. Probably you have seen the signs of the Kalachakra on the rocks, in quite deserted places.

“Some unknown hand has set a design upon the stones or has chisled the letter of the Kalachakra upon the rocks. Verily, Verily, only through Shambhala, only through the teaching of Kalachakra can you attain the perfection of the shortest path.

“Kalagiya, Kalagiya; Kalagiya. Come to Shambhala!”

Then our conversation became still more beautiful and sacred. Therein entered that note which exalts all human strivings. We spoke of the mountain Kailasa, of the hermits which until now live in the caves of this wondrous mountain, filling the space with their evoking calls of righteousness.

And then we spoke of That Place which lies to the north of Kailasa.



Valmiki

SACRED LAND

The majestic grandeur of the Himalayas has furnished a mine of precious lore for all the nations. Every country speaks of them in its own way, as the Sacred Land or the Abode of Wisdom. And India, which is the motherland of the Blessed One, knows that the ancient Rishis strengthened their spirit amid these marvellous regions.

There can be found their stronghold as well as the cave of Milarepa, and there, among the snow passes, stand gigantic rock carvings of Maitreya. In the holy caves of Kailasa is the threshold of Miracle. The popular wisdom which attributes all

knowledge and high achievement to the influence of the Himalayas has given these heights the most sonorous and poetic titles. There is the "Kangchen-dzo-na" (The Five Treasures of the Great Snow); The "Jomo-kangkar" (The snow white queen), known as Everest; The "Jo-mo lha-ri" (The Divine Summit of the Queen); The "Kang Rin-po-che", (The Precious Snow) known as Kailasa; The "Nochin Kang zang", (The Blessed snow of Devas); The "Gon-po-ri" (The Summit of the Protector). It is the people in their enthusiasm for all that is heroic and beautiful that have given these sounding titles. From the Pamir to Lhasa, from the Kuenlun to the Brahmaputra are to be found the legends of the Himalayas. To the north of the Rotang pass there is a region leading to Tibet and Central Asia known as the Plateau of the Dead. A footpath has recently been made, and near to it and leading into the pass is a flight of immense stone steps. Close by is Vyasa Kund where the Rishi Vyasa is said to have composed the Mahabharata. Some people affirm that this gigantic staircase was constructed by Ghessar Khan, but others claim that it was built by Rigden Jyepo, the Ruler of Shambhala, when He defeated the enemies of the Sacred Land. To the south stand the ruins of the Palace of the Pandavas. To the west remnants of a castle with a water tank carefully laid out, can be seen on the mountain.

It is very strange, in the midst of the jungle, to come across a well-made tank or stone steps leading to where no one knows. According to ancient Chinese travellers there were, once upon a time, fourteen Buddhist monasteries in our Kulu Valley, not one of which has survived, and there are legends that Buddhist manuscripts have been buried near here which date from the time of Landharma. There are of course many legends.

Lamas often arrive here from Tashi Lumpo and since the flight of the Tashi Lama they have not returned to their native monastery. As the Tashi Lama himself reveres the legend of Shambhala, so do his followers praise this sacred conception. A lama once enquired of us "Have you seen the *tanka* banner of the Ruler of Shambhala which depicts His fight against the powers of evil? When our Tashi Lama fled from Tibet he took

only a few banners with him, but among these were several which related to Shambhala. Many learned Lamas fled from Tashi Lumpo, and a *geshe* or learned painter, a *gelong* of Tashi Lumpo, recently arrived from Tibet. He knows how to paint the *tanka* of Shambhala. There are several renderings of this subject, but you should have the one with the battle in the foreground."

The lama then took up a position on a rug in the white gallery of our home and began to outline his complicated composition on specially prepared canvas.

In the centre appeared the Mighty Ruler of Shambhala amidst the glory of His majestic abode. Beneath Him waged a tremendous battle in which the enemies of the righteous Ruler were unmercifully destroyed. The banner was dedicated to "The illustrious Rigden King of Northern Shambhala."

It was quite touching to note with what respect and veneration the lama set about his work, and every time he pronounced the name of the Ruler of Shambhala he clasped his hands as if in prayer. In watching his work I could not help noting how near it was to the Russian *ikon* painters, both in technique and proceedings. Not only from the Lamas do we hear of Shambhala but it is also to be found mentioned in the Kalachakra of Atisha of the year 1027. Traces are likewise to be found at the Kumbum monastery, the home of Tzong-Khapa, and in the Chinese monastery of Wu-tai-shan of which the head priest has written a remarkable book *The Red Path to Shambhala*, which has not yet been translated. In the Chumbi monastery there is an immense banner depicting the spiritual battle of Rigden Jyepo. Legions of faithful warriors from all parts of the world hasten to join in this great conflict for spiritual victory. Prjevalsky in his diaries hinted often at Shambhala, and similar allusions can be found in the writings of Czoma de Koros and Francke. Prof. Grunwedel's translation of that ancient book *The Path to Shambhala* written by the third Tashi Lama has aroused great interest in the West. Alexandra David-Neil who has been several times to Tibet mentions the myth of Ghessar Khan whose legendary personality stands alongside that of Rigden Jyepo, with whom he is closely

connected. In her article *The Coming Northern Hero* Mme David-Neil says: "Ghessar Khan is a hero whose next incarnation will take place in Northern Shambhala where he will unite with his associates and leaders who followed him in his previous life. They will reincarnate in Shambhala to which they will be attracted by the mysterious power of their Ruler or by those mysterious voices which are only heard by the initiate."

Ghessar Khan, the Ruler, is coming with an invincible army to destroy evil and establish justice and prosperity on all lands. In Tibet we were enabled to see how widespread such legends really are. We were told of the palace of Ghessar Khan in Kham, where the swords of his army are collected for the cross beams of his place. The arrow is the sign of Ghessar Khan and is said to be of lightning and the tips which are sometimes found in the fields are said to be crystallized thunderbolts. War is declared by the shooting of an arrow and we once saw a mobilization announced by the despatch of an arrow wrapped in red silk. In Leh, the capital of Ladak, which is the country of Ghessar Khan, there are many memories of him and of Shambhala and romantic songs and legends of the hero and his wife Bruguma are to be met with. High on the rocks you may notice a white spot and be told that this is a door leading to the castle of Ghessar Khan. In another rock we found the image of a great lion also connected with the same hero.

Many ancient *tanka* paintings are dedicated to Shambhala and before me, at the moment, are six paintings on this subject. The most esoteric of these is a *Mandala* of Shambhala in which one can recognize certain allusions. On the top is the *Yidam*, a sign of elemental force, and an image of the Tashi Lama, the author of *The Path to Shambhala*. In the middle are snow white peaks, arranged in a circle, and one can distinguish three white borders. In the centre is a valley with many buildings and one can discern two clefts which represent towers. On the tower is He Himself whose light will shine at the predestined hour. Below one can see Rigden Jyepo as the Commander of an immense army engaged in a victorious battle. This is a new version of the sub-

ject by the Geshe of Tashi Lumpo. On the lower part of another painting we also see the image of a victorious struggle. In the midst Rigden Jyepo Himself appears giving His Commands. In front of the Ruler appear all the lucky signs and treasures which are predestined to mankind. Behind the Ruler is a palace and on either side are His father and mother. Above is an image of the Buddha. This is a new version of the subject from Sikkhim. The third painting does not depict a battle but is triumphant with its golden decoration. In the centre is shown a large sized figure of Rigden Jyepo giving His blessing. Before Him glows in gold the *Akdorje* or the symbol of Lightning. Among the treasures below one can always distinguish the triune sign. On the top is the Lord Buddha and on the right and left the third and the last Tashi Lama. This picture is from Ghum. Another painting from Nagchu shows many warriors on horseback or on foot, commanders and councillors gathered around Rigden Jyepo. The fifth painting which is from Tashi Lumpo, shows Rigden Jyepo giving the commandments of wisdom to several *gurus*. This *tanka* belongs to a series of ancient banner paintings "The incarnations of the Tashi Lamas." The sixth painting which was brought from Tashi Lumpo by a lama refugee shows an image of Rigden Jyepo Himself in the centre. The back of the Ruler's throne has the aspect of blue wings surrounded by flowers. In His left hand He holds the Wheel of the Law and His right hand calls on the earth as a witness. Below, one can distinguish all the nations of Asia according to their dress—Hindus, Chinese, Moslems, Ladakhis, Kalmucks, Mongols, Buriats, and Tibetans. All of them bring treasures: one carries books, another arms, another flowers. In the midst can be seen the great Treasure. The battle is over and the nations have been called to peace and prosperity.

When one speaks of Tibetan art, people become sceptical and question if there really is such a thing. Many imagine it to be a copy of Chinese art, but this is not altogether exact and it would be better to define it as a fusion of Indian, Chinese and Iranian art together with other influences. It is just the variety of such

influences that gives it a unique quality. On all this Tibet has stamped the image of its wonderful mountain landscapes and its legendary lore and the result is unlike any other art.

Tibetans have a very vivid imagination. One has only to observe their strongholds built high up like eagles' eyries to see what a bold architectural genius they have.

Moreover they possess a remarkable sense of colour and wherever one observes a Tibetan sacred dance or procession, one is agreeably impressed by the gorgeous display of colour.

Tibetan songs are also colourful and their gigantic trumpets have a victorious sound.

All these elements are reflected in Tibetan art which possesses very high qualities. And if it is a matter of influences, then the ancient Buddhist frescoes from the cave temples of Turkestan ought to be considered as imitative, although their original character makes them one of the greatest styles in all art. In these frescoes we can trace the great art of Ajanta, the art of the Iranian miniature, and the rare qualities of Chinese art, but fused in a marvellous manner and lifted to a great style by the genius of inspired artists and Buddhists. It is really very difficult to go into this question of origins and one does not know at times what to decide. Dr. Georges Roerich even found traces of the Greek myth of Polyphemus among the legends of Tibet.

Geographical and ethnographical peculiarities have of course to be considered and it is very important to distinguish where the seeds of Truth may be hidden. In Mongolia, China, among the Buriats, the Kalmucks and the old believers of Siberia one can discover traces of Shamanism and other religions. Everywhere one meets with veiled allusions to the legend of Shambhala. In the streets of the Mongolian capital Ulan Bator, one can meet with detachments of Mongolian cavalry singing with great emotion a song of Shambhala. They will tell you that Sukhi-Bator, the national hero of Mongolia and a leader in the recent movement for freedom, composed this song of Shambhala which was sung in all the corners of Khalka. It is a song which begins thus:

“Chang Shambalin Dayin,
The war of Northern Shambhala!
Let us die in this war
To be reborn again
As knights of the Ruler of Shambhala.”

The latest movements in Mongolia, therefore, are connected with Shambhala.

When I presented my painting of Rigden Jyepo, the Ruler of Shambhala, to the Mongolian Government it was accepted with great emotion and a member of the Government told me that they wished to build a memorial hall in which the painting would occupy the centre.

One of the members of the Government said to me: “May I ask you how you come to know of the vision which one of our venerable lamas had several months ago? The lama saw a great crowd composed of many nations all gazing towards the West. In the sky appeared a giant rider on a fiery steed surrounded by flames, and bearing in his hand the banner of Shambhala. This was the Blessed Rigden Jyepo Himself and He bade the crowd turn from the West towards the East. In the lama’s description the majestic rider looked exactly as he does on your painting.”

Among the rocks near Mongolian monasteries you will often meet with the sign of the Three Treasures. Sometimes a steed will be seen bearing this sign, and the interpreters will whisper about the Kalachakra, about the great treasure and about Shambhala. There are countless legends to be met with on this subject. In the desert you may come across a lonely shepherd who is singing but, if you ask him to repeat the song, he will tell you that this song of Shambhala is only for the desert.

In Siberia, where there are Buddhist traditions of a northern type, you will find a peculiar interpretation of Shambhala and they will speak to you of Belovodiye—the Blessed Land. In the Altai mountains you may meet with a grey bearded old believer and should he become friendly he might tell you thus:

“From here you will proceed between the Irtysh and the Argun and after a hard journey, provided you do not lose your

way, you will come to the salt lakes. This is a very dangerous road and many people have already perished there. If you choose the right moment, however, you will be able to cross this dangerous region. Finally you will reach the Bogogorshi mountains and from there come to the road to Kokushi, which is even more dangerous. After this you must take the road over the Ergor itself and follow it until you reach the snowy land, and there amidst the highest mountains is Belovodiye, the sacred valley. If despite of all dangers your spirit is ready to reach this spot, the people of Belovodiye will greet you and, should they find that you are worthy, they may even permit you to remain with them. This rarely happens, however, and many people have tried to reach Belovodiye. Our grandfathers Atmanoff and Artomonoff went there, and after disappearing for three years managed to reach the sacred place. They were not allowed to stay there, however, and had to return. They told many wonderful things about this place and knew of many more of which they were not allowed to speak."

In the salt lakes mentioned in this itinerary one recognizes the lakes of Tsaidam and their dangerous passes. Bogogorshi or Bogogoriye is the Burkhan Buddha mountain range and Kokushi refers to the Kokushili range. Ergor is the cold upland region of Changtang close to the Trans-Himalayas and in sight of the eternal snows. In 1926 we came across some people who had started out for Shambhala and had sent letters from there.

Several Russian reviews have published articles on this subject in recent years.

The Journal of the Western Siberian Geographical Society in Omsk published an article in 1916 by Belosliudov—*To the History of Belovodiye* and the Journal of the Russian Geographical Society, St. Petersburg, published another article in 1903 by Korolenko entitled *The Journey of Ural Kossacks into the Belovodiye Kingdom*.

In these articles we are told that the old believers' legend about Belovodiye, that earthly paradise where there are no persecutions, still exists. It is a mythical land lying somewhere in

the East. Such legends arose towards the end of the 17th century, when the persecutions of the old believers began in Moscovia. These old believers made great efforts to find this fairy land, and for some time Altai came to be looked upon as Belovodiye, but gradually the legendary realm began to move in the direction of the Himalayas. The old believers also penetrated into India through Afghanistan.

Beloshinov wrote down the story of such a journey told by an old man named Zyrianov who was still living in 1914, to which had been sketched by the old man himself. In a newspaper of Perm of 1899 there is the story that somewhere in the East there exists a fairy land known as Belovodiye to which an expedition of Cossacks was despatched in 1898. Then followed a detailed description of their hardships, but one thing particularly interested them—an image of Maitreya, the future Buddha, who held His fingers in the same posture as that in the images of the old believers.

I have before me, at the moment, an image of St. Josaphat (Bodhisatva) painted by the Tibetan lama Chompel. How many wonderful associations it evokes and how many set out on distant pilgrimages once having heard of the glory of Buddhist strongholds. It was during the construction of a Buddhist temple in the Russian capital that I first heard of Shambhala. Being a member of the committee, I met with a very learned Buriat lama who was the first to pronounce the name Chang Shambhala. It will be known some day why this name pronounced under such circumstances had a great significance.

For the moment it is enough to say that the name was pronounced in a circle of very learned people since when I have always paid attention to it. I also remember our talks on this subject with our late friend Geshe Rinpoche of Chumbi. Not only did we meet him in Ghum and at our house in Darjeeling but also he came to visit us here at Urusvati in the Kulu Valley. This venerable priest spoke much of Kalachakra and Shambhala and also of the Venerable Devamitta Dhammapala and it was a great pleasure for me to note with what esteem and friendliness

the Tibetan spoke of the great Indian (Ceylonese) spiritual leader and I recollected the legend of Atisha and Milarepa. "Verily", said our old friend, "only through the teaching of the Kalachakra and Shambhala can you attain the perfection of the shortest path." Then we spoke of the sacred mountain Kailassa, of the hermits who lived in the caves there, filling space with their prayers for Good and Bliss. Twilight fell and the room took on a fresh significance. Above the head of Rimpoche hung the image of Chenrazi beautifully embroidered on fine silk, and it looked down at us significantly. Such images can no longer be found in Tibet. On either side was the image of Amitayus and the Lord Buddha ever steadfast with the *Dorje*, the invincible sign of lightning in His hand. From a shrine in the room the white Tara Dolma smiled on us.

A sense of freshed life emanated from a bunch of fuschias and violet dahlias, and the image of the Invincible Rigden Jyepo reminded us of that mysterious place to the north of Kailasa. In the corner of this banner were four significant images. Below was the successor of Rigden Jyepo with a Hindu pundit, one of the first exponents of the Kalachakra. At the top were two images of the Tashi Lamas, that on the left being the Third Tashi Lama Panchen Palden Ye-she, who alluded to Shambhala, and on the right the last Tashi Lama Panchen Cho-kyi nyi-ma ge-leg, nam-jyal pal-zang-po, who has issued several prayers to Shambhala. In the centre of the Banner was Rigden Jyepo Himself and from the foot of His throne radiated *Ak-ojir*, *Ak-dorje* the sign of Life.

Legions of people were gathered before the throne of Rigden. There was a Ladakhi with his black hat; Chinese in their round headgear tipped with a red ball; a Hindu in white garments and a Moslem in a white turban. There were also Kirghiz, Buriats, Kalmucks and Mongols in their characteristic attire. Each of them brought the best gifts of his land. No one forced them to do so, but they came voluntarily from all parts of Asia to surround the great leader and not as a conquered people. His hand pointed towards the earth with the majestic gesture of the great lion Sange, and upon the threshold of the earth He gave His oath to

build steadfastly.

Blue clouds of incense rose towards the image forming the characters of some mysterious language, but lest the great Truth should be desecrated by the ignorant, the sign soon blent together and vanished into space.

An old man leads us to a stony hill and solemnly says, pointing at the stone circles of ancient tombs:

“Here the Chuds went under the earth. When the White Tzar came to our Altai and when in our region the white birchwood began to bloom, the Chud did not wish to remain under the White Tzar. They went underground and closed the passage with mighty stones—there, can you see it? But the Chud did not go forever. When a new era will come, when the people from Belovodye will return and will give to the people a new knowledge, then the Chud will come back with all acquired treasures.”

In Mongolia we were not astonished to find many signs about Shambhala. In these countries psychic powers are rather developed.

When we approached Ulan Bator we had to stay for one night at Iro. In the dark evening, on the other side of the river, we remarked some fire. We asked what it was, and quite an unusual answer came:

“There is a big monastery and just now this monastery is the cause of some widespread rumours throughout Mongolia. Last year near this monastery was born a wonderful child. When it was one year old, it told in plain Mongolian, an important prophecy about the future, and afterwards it never spoke any more and was just the usual ordinary child.”

Again a message about the future!

When we entered Ulan Bator, near a temple we saw an open place surrounded by a palisade, so usual for Mongolian dwelling places.

“What is this?”

And again came a surprising reply:

“This is a place for temple of Shambhala, an unknown lama came and purchased this place for a future building”.

In Mongolia there are not only many learned lamas knowing about Shambhala, but even many laymen and members of the Government can tell most striking details of these questions.

When we showed some above-mentioned prophecies about Shambhala to a member of the Mongolian Government, he exclaimed in high surprise:

“But this is the prophecy which was told by the boy on the Iro river! Verily Great Time is coming!”

And he told us how quite recently a young Mongolian Lama in the region of Uliasutai has written a new book about Shambhala explaining the high meaning of Shambhala for the future, and speaking about the path to this wonderful place. Another highly intelligent Buriat, one of the Mongolian leaders, told us how a Buriat lama once after many difficulties, reached Shambhala and remained there, a short time. Among his unusual travels have been some striking realistic details. It is told that when this lama with his guide reached the very frontier of the sacred valley, they saw quite near a caravan of yacks with salt. They were regular Tibetan merchants and without knowing anything they passed quite near the wonderful place. Even the air round this place is so strongly psychologized, that the people cannot see, if something should not be seen.

Another detail was also striking. When this lama on his way home from Shambhala went through a very narrow subterranean passage he met two men carrying with great difficulties a thorough-bred sheep, which was needed for some scientific experiments, which are being made in this wonderful valley.

Many other wonderful things have been told by educated Buriats and Mongols. They spoke about a mysterious light above Buddha. Of the miraculous stone coming from a far star, which is appearing in different places before great advents. The Great Timur, it is said, temporarily possessed this stone. The stone is usually brought by quite unexpected unknown people. In the same way in due time it disappears to be again manifested some time after in quite another country. The chief body of this stone is lying in Shambhala, and a small piece of it is given out

and wanders all over the earth, keeping magnetic connection with the main stone.

Endless sayings are scattered about this stone. It had been mentioned that King Salomon and the Emperor Akbar also possessed it. Unwillingly these sagas remind us of the *Lapis Exilis*, sung by the famous Meistersinger Wolfram Von Eschenbach, who closed this song with the line:

“Und dieser Stein ist Gral genannt!”

(And this stone is called the Grail!)

Also in Ulan Bator we have heard from several sources about the visit of the Great Mahatma Himself, the Blessed Rigden-Japo, to two of the oldest Mongolian monasteries, one Erdeni-Dzo on the Orkhon river and the other Narabanchi.

About the visit of the Mahatma to Narabanchi we had already indications from literature. But we were glad to see that the same details were also told by the lamas in the remote Mongolia. It was told how once about midnight, a group of riders approached the gates of Narabanchi-Gampa. They came from the far. Their faces were covered with fur. The chief of them entered the Gampa and all lamps at once lit up. Then he ordered all gelongs and havarags should be called together. He approached the chief place of Bogdogen and opened his face. And everybody present recognized the Blessed One Himself. He told many prophecies about the future, then they all mounted their horses and left as quickly as they had come.

Another story also about the arrival of the Mahatma of the Himalayas to Mongolia was told to us by a member of the Mongolian scientific Committee. He told the following:

“As you know we have several lamas with great spiritual powers. Of course they do not live in cities or big monasteries, usually they live in remote Khutons in mountain retreats. About sixty or fifty years ago to one of these lamas was entrusted a mission which was to be carried out by him alone and before his death he should entrust it to a person of his own choice. You know that the greatest missions are given from Shambhala. But

on the earth they must be carried out by human hand under earthly conditions. You must also know that these missions are followed with great difficulties, which must be conquered by the strength of spiritual powers and devotion. It occurred that this lama partly carried out his mission but afterwards he became ill and lost consciousness and in this state he could not of course transfer the entrusted mission to a proper successor. The Great Mahatmas of the Himalayas knew of his difficulty. As the mission should under no circumstances be given up, one of the Mahatmas undertook in hurry the long journey from the Tibetan uplands to the Mongolian plains. The travel was of such a hurry that the Mahatma remained in the saddle for sixty hours and thus he came in time.

He cured the lama temporarily, so that he was then able to entrust his mission, in the proper way.

You see in what way the Mahatmas are helping humanity, what self-sacrifice and earthly difficulties they take upon themselves to save the Great Coming Cause.

In this hurried journey to Mongolia, in these sixty hours in the saddle, you can realize the same story, the beginning of which was told to us in India.

In Mongolia they titled the Mahatmas as Great Keepers and they did not know who of the Mahatma had undertaken this journey but in India they could not tell us with what purpose the journey had been undertaken.

Such are the ties of Asia. Who is bringing the news? From what secret passages are coming the unknown messengers? Facing the quite ordinary routine of every day life, being confronted with difficulties and rudeness and many unpleasant worries, in Asia you can never be sure that just at your door there is not already knocking someone with most important news.

Two lives are evident in Asia and for that don't be discouraged by the sight of everyday life. Easily you can be rewarded with the Great Truth, which will enwrap you for ever

Long journeys on camels.

In the air is ringing again the song of Shambhala. Stony

mountain passages and frozen uplands but never are you left without signs of Shambhala.

Our lamas bent over a stone slope. They had gathered on the neighbouring rock pieces of white quartz and now they were laying out carefully something from these white stones.

What do these complicated designs mean? No, it is not a design, it is the monogram of Kalachakra. From now on, from far away for all travellers this white inscription will be visible, calling to the Great Teaching.

A day of Shambhala. A Festival. Many Mongolian guests. In front of the tent of Shambhala the lamas are praying for the Blessed Rigden Japo. Before a painted image of the Ruler a polished mirror is put. From an ornamented vessel they pour water on the surface of the mirror. The streams of water flow over the surface of the mirror, and cover it with strange designs. The surface moves and is as if alive. This is a symbol of magic mirrors, where the future is revealed and where the runes of revelation are written.

A lama, the guide of the caravan, ties his mouth and nose with a scarf. Why? The day is not cold. He replies:

“Now already some precautions are needed. We are approaching the forbidden lands of Shambhala. We will soon meet “Sur”—the poisonous gas, by which the frontier of Shambhala is guarded.”

Our Tibetan, Kanchock, comes riding up to us, and says in a lowered voice:

“Not far from here, when the Dalai Lama, went from Tibet to Mongolia, all people and all animals of the caravan began to tremble. And the Dalai Lama explained that they should not be afraid, because they touched the forbidden zone of Shambhala and the aerial vibrations are uncommon to them.”

From the Kumbum monastery a high lama came to visit us, with his ornamented tent and colourful attendance. He is giving us the sign of Shambhala. He told us that some Chinese asked the Tashi Lama recently to give them passports to Shambhala. Only the Tashi Lama can do this. And just now the Tashi Lama

in China has published a new prayer, addressed to Shambhala. Now everything can be reached only through Shambhala.

Again barren rocks, the desert. . .

We are looking at one another in amazement. We all felt a strong perfume as from the best incenses of India. From where does it come, for we are surrounded by barren rocks. The Lama whispers:

“Do you feel the fragrance of Shambhala?”

On the heights of Sharagol, near to Ulan-Davan. On the place where the Mahatma rested on his way to Mongolia, there is being built a Suburgan of Shambhala. All our lamas and we ourselves are carrying stones and fortify them with clay and grass. The tope of the suburgan is made of wood and covered with tin from gasoline tins. My colors are used for decorating. From the Humboldt mountains lime is brought. The suburgan shines brightly in the purple of the desert. The Buriat lama paints in red, yellow and green many images and ornamentations. Local mongols bring “norbu rinpoche” their modest gifts: turquoise corals and beads for inlaying into the Suburgan. The high priest of Tsaidam himself comes to bless the consecration of the suburgan. The Mongols give the promise to guard this monument of Shambhala—if only the Chinese dungans or camels do not destroy it!



Message of Shambhala

FRONTIERS OF SHAMBHALA

On the blue background of the hilly desert something white is shining. What can it be? Is it a huge tent? Is it snow? But there can be no snow at this time in the desert. And this white spot is too big for a tent. And why is it so sharply distinct from its surroundings? We are approaching. Coming nearer, it appears still bigger than expected. It is a huge pyramid formed by the residue of a large geyser of glauber salt—a real fortune for the druggist. An icy cold salt spring flows from underneath this huge white mass. A lama whispered:

“This is the sign of the third frontier of Shambhala.”

Coming nearer to the Brahmaputra you can find still more indications and legends about Shambhala. Another thing gives to these places a still more realistic impression.

In these regions in the direction of Mount Everest lived the seer—hermit Milaraspa.

Near to Shigatze, on the picturesque banks of the Brahmaputra and further in the direction of the sacred lake Manasarovar even quite recently have existed several *ashrams*. When you know it, when you know the facts which surround these wonderful places, you are enwrapped by a special feeling.

Traversing the Trans-Himalayas you will discover not one mountain range but a whole mountain country with a peculiar complicated design of ranges, valleys and streams. At every step you will be convinced that the maps are only relatively correct. Because of their complexity these regions will remain not definitely explored. The hermit, hidden in a cave, the dwelling in a remote valley, can remain undisturbed.

Having personally wandered through these labyrinths, you realize the hidden places, inaccessible but to a happy "chance."

Old volcanoes, geysers, hot springs and radioactivity present here unexpected and pleasant finds. Often you can see next to a glacier range a rich vegetation in a neighbouring valley, apparently nourished by a hot spring. In the barren uplands of Dumbure we saw boiling springs and next to them a magnificent vegetation. Strawberry, hyacinth and many other flowers were in bloom. There are several such valleys in the Trans-Himalayas.

During our camping in Nagchu, local people told us that to the North of the Dangra-Yumzo lake, amongst the open stony upland, some sixteen thousand feet high, there is situated a fertile valley, giving regular crops. Near to Lhasa, in some court-yards hot springs may be found which supply the whole household.

Having passed through such unusual uplands of Tibet with peculiar magnetic currents and electric wonders, and having listened to witnesses and having ourselves witnessed, you know about Shambhala.

When we followed the stream of the Brahmaputra, we re-

membered how a Tibetan representative in Urga advised us to visit an unusual hermit of great age, who lived in some mountain retreat, as he called it, several days to the West from Lhasa. And the Tibetan insisted that the hermit was most extraordinary for he was not a Tibetan, but according to what he knew, he was a Westerner.

And we remembered again how a respectable inhabitant of Sikkim told us of a strange hermit to the North of Kinchenjunga.

All eyes are attracted to the majestic white summits rising beyond the clouds, as over an inferior world. From all sides the best hopes are directed to the Himalayas.

Kang-chen-zod-nga—Five Treasuries of Great Snow. And why is this gorgeous mountain so called? It is because it contains a store of the five most precious things in the world. What things?—gold, diamonds, and rubies? By no means. The old East values some other treasures. It is said: there will come a time when famine will overtake the whole world. In that day will appear a Man, who will unlock the giant gate of these vast treasures and will nourish all mankind. Certainly you understand that this Man will nourish humanity not with material, but with spiritual food.

In ascending the Himalayas you are greeted by the name of Shambhala, in descending the same great conception benefits you.

During our absence our friend Rinpoche of Chumbi has built two more monasteries and everywhere the images of Maitreya and Shambhala are on the place of honour.

Our Lama artist Lariva has painted a wall fresco, a *mandala*, of Shambhala, in which in a symbolically stylized way the secret valley surrounded with snowy peaks is shown and the Ruler, Rigden-Japo, is the central figure.

During these years Geshe Rinpoche has begun to speak more openly of the Shambhala. In a symbolical form he tells of the power of the epoch of Shambhala.

Rinpoche presented to us a book published quite recently, dedicated to Shambhala. In this book are collected the prayers to Shambhala, given out by Panchen-Rinpoche, the Tashi Lama,

during his last travels. From this collection you can see that the Spiritual Ruler in Tibet, gave out a special prayer to Shambhala in every place where he stayed on his way:

And then came the ring with the seal of Shambhala.

A grey revered Ghur from the Kulu Valley told us:

“In the Northern Land—in Utrakan—on the high uplands, there live the great Gurus. Ordinary people cannot reach this land. The Gurus Themselves do not leave the heights at present—They do not like the Kali Yuga. But in case of need They send Their pupils—Chelas—to warn the Rulers of nations”. Thus in the ancient sites of Kulu the knowledge of the Mahatmas is crystallized.

Now let us summarise these scattered indications about Shambhala. The Teaching of Shambhala is a Teaching of Life. As in Hindu Yogas, this Teaching shows how to use the finest energies, filling the macrocosmos, which energies can as mightily be manifested in our microcosmos.

Therefore the Azaras and Khuthumpas are related to Shambhala? Yes.

And the Great Mahatmas and Rishis? Yes.

And the Warriors of Rigden-Japo? Of course.

And the whole cycle of Ghessar-Khan? In certain parts.

And Kalachakra? Yes.

And Aryavarsha, from where the Kalki-Avatar is expected? Yes.

And the Ming-ste? And the Great Yarkhas? And the Great Holders of Mongolia? And the dwellers of Kalapa? And the Belovodye of Altai? And Shabistan? And the valley of Lao-Tsin? And the Black Stone and the Grail—Lapis Exilis? And the Tchud, the subterranean? And the White Island? And the underground passages of Tourfan? And the hidden cities of Cherchen? And the submerged Kitesh? And the Suburgan of Khotan? And the White Mountain? And the sacred valley of Buddha's Initiation? And Dedjung? And the book of Utai-shan? And the Place of the “Three Secrets”? And the White Burkhan?

Yes! Yes! Yes! All this has assembled round the Great Name of Shambhala in the conception of many nations and many ages, as well as the whole mass of separated facts and indications, deeply felt innerly, if even not completely outspoken.

Shambhala, or the White Island, is indicated to the West of Himavat. One can revere the carefulness with which the approximate locality of this remarkable sanctuary is given out.

Bhante-Ul and Dedjung are also synonyms for the White Island.

To the North of Kailasa, towards Kuen-Lun and Cherchen, there was the so-called Aryavarsha, from where the Kalki Avatar was expected.

“The Place of the Three Secrets”, “The Valley of the Initiation of Buddha”—all these indications bring the consciousness of the people to the same direction, beyond the white ranges of the Himalayas.

Shambhala itself is the Holy Place, where the earthly world links with the highest states of consciousness. In the East they know that there exist two Shambhalas—an earthly and an invisible one. Many speculations have been made about the location of the earthly Shambhala. Certain indications put this place in the extreme North, explaining that the rays of Aurora Borealis are the rays of the invisible Shambhala. This attribution to the North is easily understood—the ancient name of Shambhala is Chang-Shambhala, and this means the Northern Shambhala. The epithet of this name is explained as follows: The Teaching originally was manifested in India where everything coming from beyond the Himalayas is naturally called the North.

Several Indications, blended in symbols have put the position of Shambhala on the Pamir, in Turkestan or Central Gobi. Wessel in “Jesuit Travellers in Central Asia” refers to the Jesuit Casella, who died in 1650 in Shigatse. Casella who had unusually friendly relations with Tibetans, was proposed by somebody to visit the land of Shambhala.

This relativity and the many misconceptions of these geographical locations of Shambhala have quite natural reasons. In all

books on Shambhala, in all verbal legends, speaking of the same place, the location is described in most symbological language, almost undecipherable to the uninitiated.

For instance take the translation by Prof. Gruenwedel of "The Path to Shambhala", the famous book written by the Tashi-Lama the Third. You will be overwhelmed by the quantity of geographical indications, blended and mixed, so that only great knowledge of old Buddhist places and of local names can help you to disentangle somehow this complicated web.



Sacred Caves

SHAMBHALA—MONSALVAT

Lama Champel tells us that in Kalimpong there is an ancient Tibetan book of the 18th century, in which the name of "Prester John" is mentioned and in which it is said that Shambhala at that time was in Spain. The lama was astonished when George showed to him the snapshots of caverns with the designs of symbols of Graal, which were recently discovered not far from Moncerat.

In 1933 an Austrian scientist, while, studying ancient Persian manuscripts, stumbled upon the book of Parcifal Namak, probably of Manikhein origin. The Templers knew those oral traditions from Manikheins, with whom they met during the crusades. The

Albigoyans were in touch with the same sources. The legendry until now, Moncerat, Monsalvat, now-a-days became realistic in the recent investigations of a young Swiss scientist. The song of Wolfram won Eshenbach about Graal, this traveller-stone becomes scientifically significant. Here are some more extracts from Mongolian oral traditions.

“When Hushi-Khan, the leader of all the Olets, finished his fight with ‘Nimava’, he brought a magic black stone, which was given to the Dalai-Lama by the ‘Lord of the World’. Hushi-Khan wanted to build the main city of the yellow teaching in West Mongolia. But the Olets, who at that time fought with the czar of Manchurs for the Chinese throne, were completely routed. The last Khan of the Olets, Amursana, fled to Russia, but shortly before that he sent ‘the black stone’ to Urga.

“When the stone arrived in Urga and the ‘Living Buddha’ could bless the people with it, the Mongols and their cattle were saved from illness and misfortune. But a hundred years ago the stone was stolen. Buddhists searched for it all over the world, but in vain. From the moment of its loss the Mongolian people began to die out.”

It is remarkable how the most diverse people are interested in this legend. Although poor in its conception, “Shangrila” was successfully demonstrated in a film all over the world and even was translated into Chinese. Are not there some more documents in the Vatican? The letters of “Prester John” were kept there. Are all of them published? It is instructive to watch the movement and rise of the legends. Lately, the historical significance of legends and myths has been realized. Many valuable archaeological discoveries were based on the study of legends. Where is the border line between the tale and the narration? Where is the border line between the dream-moments and the facts?

The true, unprejudiced science will examine and will evaluate the truth.



Tibetan Strongholds

TIBET

“The grandeur of nature in Asia, revealing itself in endless forests and tundras of Siberia, or in the waterless deserts of an overwhelming grandeur in a wide flat upland which forms the southern half of the central part of this continent”. In such expressions Prjevalsky speaks of Tibet.

Everything that is said about Tibet is full of significance, whether it be by Plano Carpini, or Rubruquis or Marco Polo or Oodoric of Friuli or any of the many other travellers. They all saw some of the unusual in Tibet. And thus Tibet has remained as something unusual.

It is said that Lhasa will now have a radio. Automobile roads are being mentioned as well as airways. In other words some interesting mystery is being attacked from all sides. It is long since Waddell wanted to tell us about Tibet, but after all he did not say so very much. Mrs. David Neel said more but she primarily stressed the tantric side.

At present many countries are divided as if into two distinct existences. One mechanical, robot-like, technocratical—contained within these conventional bounds. And machines are climbing the mountains, and above the highest peaks hover airships, and various appliances, exact and not exact, calculate and measure. Precious metals are substituted by paper. In other words the old bazaar is ameliorated into a modern bazaar with all its "improvements". And yet in all these newly technocratized countries there remains also the old country with all its fundamental treasures, advantages, achievements and strivings.

In our days the demarcation lines of the world are very uneven. There was a day when one could speak of retrogrades and innovators. There was a time when the stone age was easily followed by the bronze age, but now everything has become much more complicated. The stone age has contacted the iron age. Retrogrades and innovators have now received new ranks. The retrogrades have absorbed the mechanical conventionality. True innovators have lovingly contacted the ancient wisdom. For this reason in technocratical countries it is but with difficulties that one can draw the line of demarcation.

Probably in Tibet on one side the radio will make its voice heard and the mountain air in many places will be polluted by the refuse from factories. And yet Tibet—the Unusual—will remain.

We have just mentioned of hidden things. There may be many kinds of things hidden. We have met visitors from most remarkable places, who have never noticed anything.

There once existed a game, in which the players unexpectedly asked each other: "what do you see". And the hurried answers were at times very strange. People managed to notice

such insignificant nonsense, that the simple game sometimes changed into an interesting psychological exercise.

If people would notice everything significant, then no doubt a great many more treasures would have been studied on earth. And yet we see that it is only now that the Roman Forum is being studied. Only now Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Iran open up their treasures. And what shall we say of other less frequented places? Even the kremlins are as yet unexplored. Known frescoes have as yet not been studied in detail. And how much unrecognized has been passed by, as yet without any notice!

Technocracy is especially strong at present. It has calculated everything on paper, but as soon as it contacts actual life, all its most exact formulae are drowned in the mist of nonapplicability. On the everyday plane the telephone rattles unbearably. The howling of jazz-music drills the brain. Loudly resound the slaps on the faces during prize-fights. All this common-place triviality of to-day does not affect that Unusual, extraordinary, to which the human heart is striving.

We have seen people, who were deeply disappointed not only by Tibet but also by India, Egypt and the entire East. Just as unlucky travellers cannot see on misty days the radiance of the mountains peaks, so also were these travellers not fortunate enough to contact the places and circumstances of importance. One can see the beautiful historical Paris, but one may also see it in a very repulsive modern aspect. You may see one New-York, but you may also get into most unattractive quarters.

These two, often mutually excluding, aspects remain everywhere. And therefore there is nothing to fear that the Tibetan uplands—unusual as they are—may become vulgar. Even now you do not see in some Tibetan bazaars anything extraordinary except colourful ethnography. How to penetrate beyond these boundaries? Of course the language is always needed. But the mere physical languages are in themselves not quite sufficient. One must possess an inner language. If it is found—much will become opened, but if it does not resound—then no concord will result.

It is said that especially in the Orient this language of the heart is so required. But no doubt it is necessary everywhere. No matter with what technocracy people may cover themselves, yet they will always come together and separate along other paths. And for these other paths all Tibetan uplands, all depths of the highest mountains will always remain unusual.

The statement of wise travellers, pronounced during many centuries, must certainly have a foundation. These self-sacrificing searches were experienced. Many of their deductions remain fully convincing. The diaries of these travellers are even now read with great attention, so correctly did they record that which they saw and experienced.

When Franke reported that beyond a certain place in the Himalayas the guides refused to go, stating that beyond those mountains there is something unusual—this serious scientist recorded this statement in full earnestness. And the same unusualness we find mentioned also by that remarkable man of the recent past—Prjevalsky.

The new Dalai-Lama has still not been found—an unusually long period. One remembers the great fifth Dalai Lama. No one knows of the last years of his life when he went away, whether he went? How unusually secret was his departure! This again forms part of the unusualness of Tibet.



The Pass

LIGHT IN THE DESERT

Sound in the great desert.

Rings out the conch shell. Do you hear it?

The long, lingering, wistful call vibrates, quivers, melts in the chasms.

Is there perhaps a monastery or a hermit?

Here we have reached the most deserted spot. Not within six days from here is there one dwelling. Where, in these desolate mountains is there one lama, thus sounding his evocation?

But it is not a lama. We are in the mountains of Dunbure, and from times beyond memory this signified: "The Call of the

Conch Shell."

Far off, the mountain call fades away. Is it reechoing among the rocks? Is it the call of the Memnon of Asia? Is it the wind furling through the corridorred crevices? Or is the mountain stream somewhere gurgling? Somewhere was born this enticing, lingering call. And he who named these mountains by their caressing title, "The Call of the Conch Shell," heard the summons of the sacred desert.

"White Chorten" is the name of our camp-site. Two mighty masses form great gates. Is not this one of the boundaries? White signs. White pillared drippings of the geysers. White stones. Known are these boundaries. Around us, from out the death mounds of avalanches, emerge the crags of rocks. It is evening.

Above us lies another mountain pass. One must examine this site. From here we heard the conch shell. A short ascent. Between two natural turrets, like cones, is an opening; and beyond, a small circular plain like a fortress, fortified on all sides by sharp rocks. There is abundant grass upon this square and under the rocks, silently gleams the ribbon of the rivulet. Here is the very place for a camp. One can hide long and securely within this natural castle.

"Look. . . something moves there. . . People," whispers our fellow-traveller and his eyes peer through the evening mist.

Through the curtain of fog it seems as if a spectacle of phantoms is passing. Or was it a sound that intrigued our imagination? Were these perhaps swift antelopes that were noiselessly leaping by? Gazelles and antelopes are almost unnoticeable against the mellow rocks. Perhaps someone, preceding us, coveted this unapproachable site. But all is serene. In the dusk the grass seems not to rustle. The sounds and whispers slumber for the night. The fires flash out in the camp. For whom shall they serve as a guiding star?

Again fires. The shadows dance. The tents merge into the darkness. People seem to have multiplied. The men and camels seem numberless. Heads of camels and horses appear. The

heat is ponderable. It is the time of rest. The arms are laid down and one forgets that this is the very site of the looting of caravans. Only one month ago a caravan bound for China was demolished here.

It is long since our men have seen trees. It is long since they felt the caress of the tall grass. Let the fires of peace glow.

A rifle shot sharply pierces the silence! Our rest is broken.

"Put out the fires! Guards—form a file! Watch the tents! Two men with rifles, to the horses! Konchok is sent to reconnoiter. If there is peace, he will sing the song of Shambhala! If there is danger—a shot!"

Once again a leap, a quiver, passes through the camp and all becomes still. The row of rifle-men take their places in the tall grass. Between the trunks of Karagach the tents disappear as though submerged. A whisper—"Perhaps the men of Ja-lama. His hands are still active. His head, impaled on a spear, was taken through all bazaars but his centurions wander the length of the Gobi. You—in the rear—listen! Is it the grass rustling?"

Suddenly out of the darkness sounds the song of Shambhala. Konchok is singing. Somewhere, far off, the voice is heard. It means there is no danger. But the guards still remain at their posts and the fires are not lit. The song comes nearer. Out of the rustling grass appears the dim figure of Konchok and laughs:

"Stupid Chinese. He became frightened at our bonfires. And he fired a shot in order to frighten us. He thought we were robbers. And he himself is riding a white horse."

A Chinese caravan was going from Kara-Khoto to Hami, with a hundred camels and but one rifle. The Chinese mistook our fires for the bonfires of Ja-lama and wished to frighten us. He himself was completely terrified. He constantly asked if we were peaceful people and pleaded that we stay away from his caravan by night. Then this caravan became noisy and merry little fires started to twinkle. Fire is the sign of confidence. Nevertheless, the watch increased. The password was given: "Shambhala" and the countersign: "Ruler, Rigden."

"Arangan" cries out lama Sange, as he reins in his horse.

Between two hills in the morning mist leap the outlines of galloping horsemen with a spear and long rifles.

Now they are surely here! There are the same fifty horsemen of whom we were warned by the unknown well-wisher who came galloping to us from the mountains. Our road is intercepted. The attack will begin from the hill. Our forces are divided. The Torguts—our best shots—are far behind. Konchok and Tsering are with the camels. There is also Tashi and the other Konchok from Koko-nur. But behind us is a hill, a high one. If we succeed in reaching it, we gain a commanding position over the entire site. And there we can gather our forces. The enemy in groups approaches the next hill but we waste no time. We reach the hill. We are prepared. Osher and Dorje ride out to meet the enemy and wave a hatik. Osher calls out and his Mongolian address is heard far around. He calls: "Beware of touching great people; if some one dares; he will feel the power of mighty arms which can demolish an entire city in ten minutes. "The panagis huddle together in a group. They listen to Osher and count our arms. Even our lama, Malonoff, has put a spade into his gun-case and threatens them. The counting of arms is in our favour. The Panagis do not dare an open battle. They lower their rifles. Only one long spear, as before, remains rising in mid-air.

"Can you sell this spear? I want to buy it." Our enemy smiles. "No, this spear is our friend. We cannot part with it." Afterwards I heard that this spear was a sign of war and that riders leave their yurtas only in case of hostile intentions. Our enemy, finally deciding to abandon hostilities begins to relate some long story about a lost white horse which they had gone to search. This story about a lost white horse is already familiar to us. In other parts of Asia suspicious strangers would also begin a story about a lost horse, thus hiding their original intentions.

When we spread our tents, we saw how the herds were being driven home, from the mountains to far-off yurtas. This also was a characteristic sign that battle had been resolved upon.

Strange riders went to the mountains, in different directions.

Did they ride to retrieve their hidden possession or to summon new allies?

One must be ready for unexpected events and one's arms must always be at hand.

Towards evening when the bonfires of peace were already lit, some of our "enemies" came to the camp. Their special interest concerned our firearms. With astonishment we learnt that this wild tribe knows such words as "mauser", "browning", "nogan", and were discussing very profoundly the quality of our rifles.

Again they went back and nobody knew what final decision they had taken. But they asked us, under various pretexts, to stay there one day more. Who knows! Perhaps expecting some help on their side.

In spite of the peaceful fires of the camp we took measure against a night attack. In two points, defending the camp from two sides, dugouts were made in the soft sandy ground. The watch was increased and a post was assigned to every one, which he had to occupy in case of alarm.

Before the dawn we discovered the loss of a few camels. After long searches they were found in a very strange place, between the rocks. Perhaps some one hoped that we would depart, disappointed at being unable to find our animals.

The sun was already setting when we moved towards the pass, with guards flanking both sides of our caravan.

Again, strange armed riders rode past us. They dismounted from their horses and stood with their long rifles. Some of our men also dismounted and paraded before them with their rifles ready.

Passing a stony way we came to the pass, and suddenly we heard two rifle shots in the far distance. Later, on the very edge of the mountains we saw our vanguard with his rifle over his head. This was a sign of warning. We again took position and two of our men with field glasses approached the danger zone. Several minutes passed, they examined something and then we saw a signal—"no danger."

When we came near, our vanguards were still looking

through the field glasses. One of them insisted that something had happened and that probably one of our Torguts and a horse were shot. But the other noticed that our mule detachment was proceeding without any obstacles and behind it was a black spot outlining several figures below the pass.

This must be something free from danger.

Descending from the pass, we saw in the distance huge herds of wild yaks—several hundred heads—so typical of the mountains of Marco Polo. By now it was apparent to us that the black mass below was a huge yak, which had been shot and was being skinned by our Torguts.

But the danger of an attack had not completely vanished. Our Mongols insisted that the Panagis would not attack us near their yurtas, fearing that, in case of defeat their yurtas would be set on fire. But that beyond the pass, in a far more isolated spot, there would be greater possibility of an attack. The Mongolian lama Sange was frightened to such an extent by these hypotheses, that he approached us with a white hatik in his hand and begged our leave that all Mongols depart and return at once to their homes. But we did not accept the hatik and this entirely unpleasant discussion remained hanging in the air.

Accidentally, another circumstance was already hurrying to our aid.

The local deities, in spite of September, had been spilling thunder for some time in the mountains and our Mongols whispered that the powerful god, Lo, was very angry at the Panagis for their evil motives. After the thunder and lightning, heavy snow began to fall, which was most unusual for that time of the year. The courage returned to our Mongols and they shouted: "You see the wrath of the gods! They are helping us! The Panagis never attack in snow, because we could persecute them, following their traces!"

But nevertheless our camp was a gloomy one. Through the blizzards the fires burned but dimly and the voices of the sentinels sounded faintly.

I recall another stop, also around bonfires, but other fires

are seen in the distance. These are the camps of the Golloks. The entire night they shout: "ki-ko-no!" and our horpas answer: "Hoyo hey!" By these distant calls the camps announce to each other that they are vigilant and ready to resist and fight. It means nothing that at sunset the men were still visiting each other for with the departure of the sun and the opposite luminary in sway, the mind may also change. And suddenly the fires of peace may be extinguished!

Again a snowfall. Huge sharp rocks surround the camp; gigantic shadows are throwing open their flat ridges. Around the fire sit some drooped figures. Even at a distance you see one of them lifting up his arms, and, against the red streams of fire you see his ten fingers. He is ardently recounting something. He counts the innumerable army of Shambhala. He speaks about the unconquerable weapons of these legions; how the great conqueror, the ruler of Shambhala himself, leads them. How no one knows whence they come, but they destroy all that is unjust. And behind them follows the happiness and prosperity of the countries. Messengers of the rule of Shambhala appear everywhere. And as an answer to this tale, on the opposite rock there appears a gigantic shadow! And some one, all golden in the rays of the fire, descends from the mountain. Everybody is ready for most exalted news. But he who comes is a yak driver. Nevertheless he brings good news; that the yaks for Sanju Pass are ready. Good news! But the charm of a fairy tale is gone. With disappointment they throw new tar roots into the fire.

And the fire hisses and sinks again. On a gilded yellow stone, surrounded by the violet mountains with snowy white peaks, under the dome of the blue sky, they sit closely. And on the long stone something in shiny bright colors is stretched out. In a yellow high hat, a lama is relating something to an attentive listener, while with a stick, he points to something illustrating his story. This bright-coloured picture is an image of Chung Shambhala. In the middle there is the ruler, the Blessed Rigdenjyepo and above him, Buddha. Many magnificent offerings and treasures are displayed before the Ruler, but His hands do not

touch them and His eyes do not seek them. On the palm of His hand, stretched out in blessing, you can see the sign of high distinction. He is blessing the humanity of the future. He is on His Watchtower helping the good and destroying the sinners. His thought is an eternal, victorious battle. He is the light destroying the darkness. The lower part of the picture shows the great battle under the guidance of the Ruler Himself. Hard is the fate of the enemies of Shambhala. A just wrath colors the purple blue clouds. The warriors of Rigden-jyepo, in splendid armour with swords and spears, are pursuing their terrified enemies. Many of them are already prostrated and their firearms, big hats and all their possessions are scattered upon the battlefield. Some of them are dying, destroyed by the just hand. Their leader is already smitten, and lies spread under the steed of the great warrior, the blessed Rigden. Behind the Ruler, on chariots, follow fearful cannons, which no walls can withstand. Some of the enemy, kneeling, beg for mercy, or attempt to escape their fate on the backs of the elephants. But the sword of justice overtakes defamers. Darkness must be annihilated. The point of the lama's stick follows the course of the battle.

In the silence of the desert evening, seated around a bonfire, the sacred history of the Victory of the Light is related. Ten fingers are not accounted sufficient to indicate the number of legions of Shambhala. No hyperboles are adequate to describe the might of the King of the World.

Amidst the all conquering frost, the bonfires appear meagre and without warmth. The short period from eleven to one seems somewhat warmer, but after one o'clock the frost is augmented by a sharp wind and the heaviest fur coat becomes no warmer than light silk. For the doctor there is a wonderful possibility to observe the extraordinary conditions of altitude. The pulse of E.I. reaches 145, or as the doctor says becomes as that of a bird. Instead of 64, which is my normal pulse I have a pulse of 130. The ear rings, as if all the cicadas of India were gathered together. We are attacked by snow blindness. Afterwards, it is followed by an extraordinary sensation: the eye sees everything double

and both reflections are equally strong! Two caravans, two flocks of ravens, a double silhouette of the mountains.

Our doctor prophesies that with such frosts, the heart, already exhausted by the altitude, will begin to get weaker and during the coldest nights a man may fall asleep forever.

The doctor writes another medical certificate: "Further detainment of the expedition will be considered as an organized attempt on the lives of the members of the expedition."

Early one morning, when the sun had just touched the highest summits, the doctor came in quite excited, but satisfied, exclaiming: "There you have the results of our situation! Even brandy is frozen! And so, all that lives may become frozen and quiet forever". He was told: "Certainly, if we desire to freeze, we shall be frozen. But there is a remarkable thing, like psychic energy, which is warmer than fire and more nourishing than bread. The chief thing in cases like this, is to preserve our calm, because irritation deprives us of our best psychic weapon."

Naturally, I do not blame the doctor for his pessimism; the usual medicines, in such unusual situations do not have good results. Moreover, the chief medicine of his supplies, strophanthus, is at its end. And of the other needed medicines—adonis vernalis—he could produce only an empty bottle.

Fuel is almost impossible to get. For a bag of argal the inhabitants of the black tents demand large sums of money. And each one prefers some special coins. One requires old imperial Chinese taels; another insists on coins with a figure—a dollar from Sinkiang; the third wants money with the head of Hun-Chang and with seven letters, and still another desires this same coin with six letters. One person will only sell for silver Indian rupees. But nobody accepts American or Mexican dollars, nor the Tibetan copper sho, despite the imposing description upon it: "The government Victorious in all directions."

But what gives their warmth to the modest bonfires? In spite of an indescribable cold, ten fingers are again uplifted. First they are lifted to count the frozen caravans and then to enumerate the numberless armies of sacred warriors, which shall descend

from the Holy Mountain to erase all criminal elements. And during these stories of fiery battles, of victory of righteousness over the dark forces, the bonfires begin to glow and the ten uplifted fingers apparently cease to feel the cold. Bonfires of the cold.

A black mass moves quickly up a very steep rock. Wild yak herds of no less than three hundred heads flee from the caravan. Our Mongolian shooters sit up, move their rifles and try to slow up and remain behind the caravan. But we know their tricks. Although they are Buddhists, and around their necks and even on their backs they have incense bags and small caskets containing sacred images, above all they are shooters, hunters, and great is their desire to send a sharp shot into the black mass of fleeing yaks. The hunters stop.

“Osher, Dorje, and Manji, listen, you must not shoot! You have food in abundance!”

But does a hunter shoot for food? Far away on the flintstone plains a black mass can be seen again. It is still larger and even more dense. There is something awe-inspiring in such a large herd of wild yaks. This time the Mongols themselves advise us to take a side path and go around the herd, for they estimate the herd at a thousand yaks. And there may be very old and fierce ones among them.

But as regards hunting kyangs, the Mongols are unrestrainable. Fines were levied in the camp for every unnecessary shot, and also for wilful absence from the camp. But what can one do when a hunter, despite this, disappears behind a neighbouring hill and returns, some two hours later, with the still bloody skin of a kyang thrown over the rump of the horse and with pieces of meat, hastily cut from the carcass, hung all around the saddle? They are just like the Hunn horsemen carrying their meat under their saddles. All smeared with blood, the hunter smiles. Whether you punish him or not his passion is satisfied. And the other Buddhists also watch you disapprovingly for your prohibition to kill animal. They all simply delight at the thought of having fresh meat of yaks or kyangs roasting over their evening fires.

An antelope, pursued by a wolf, runs right into the caravan. The riflers, under restraint, look covetously. But if people may be restrained, you cannot restrain a dog, and the poor antelope soon finds itself between two fires. However, the wolf is also frightened in the neighbourhood of the caravan, and turning aside takes off, jumping instead of leaping. But the antelope will escape the dogs. Even the mountain hen and small wild goats make fools of the Mongolian dogs, and lead them far away from their young ones.

And here are the bears! Dark brown with wide white collars. At night they come quite close to the camp and if it were not for the dogs, they would satisfy their curiosity calmly without any attempt at escape by day-time also. Now we move along the riverbed of the clear Burengol. Under the hoofs of the horses blue copper-oxides shine like the best of turquoises. Above us is a steep rock and at the very edge of it a huge bear keeps pace with our caravan, watching us curiously. Who will touch him, and for what?

But certain species of animals have become real enemies of the caravan. Those are the marmots, the tabagans and the shrew-mice. The whole district is undermined by their innumerable burrows. Despite the greatest care, the horses often slip, and at once they are up, to their knees in these underground cities. Not a day passes without a horse slipping into the treacherous excavations of these burrows.

On the evening the Tibetan Konchok brings two mountain pheasants up to the bonfires. How he caught them barehanded, remains a riddle. One need hardly guess who it is that wants to kill and eat them, but there are also voices for their release. We again turn towards the Buddhist covenants and after some bargaining, we exchange the birds for a Chinese tael. And a minute later both prisoners gaily flit away in the direction of the mountains.

The fox hunts mountain partridges; a kite watches a hare and the dogs zealously chase marmots. The animal kingdom lives its own law. The last case regarding the animal kingdom concerned

three hens. From Suchow we had taken with us a cock and two hens, and the latter dutifully presented us with eggs every day, notwithstanding the unpleasant stirring up they got during the daily voyage. However, when there was nothing more left with which to feed the fowl, we presented them to a Tibetan officer. . . . The eye of a searcher noticed the absence of the hens and he immediately reported it to the governor. A very lengthy correspondence was started regarding whether we had eaten the three fowls. In fact there were letters to Lhasa about it.

And again, by the light of the night bonfires, our shaggy Tibetans assembled and, blinking to each other, told the latest gossip from the neighbouring dzong, as usual, deriding their governor. And the same warming fire, which just before had been the scene of inspired narratives about Shambhala now illumined the faces that were condemning the officials of Lhasa.

The lamas consecrate a suburgan in the name of Shambhala. In front of the image of Rigden-jyepo they pour water on a magic mirror; the water runs over the surface of the mirror, the figures become blurred and resemble one of the ancient stories of magic mirrors. A procession walks round the suburgab with burning incense and the head lama holds a thread, connected with the top of the suburgan, wherein various objects of special significance have been previously deposited. There is an image of Buddha, there is a silver ring with a most significant inscription, there are prophecies for the future and there are the precious objects: "Norbu-rinpocbe." An old lama has come from the neighbouring yurtas and he brought a small quantity of "treasures"—a piece of mountain crystal, a small turquoise stone, two or three small beads and a shiny piece of mica. The old lama had taken part in the building of the suburgan and he brought these treasures with the insistent request to place them into the opened shrine. After a long service the white thread that connected the lama and the suburgan was cut and in the desert there remained the white suburgan, defended only by invisible powers. Many dangers threaten these shrines. When caravans stop for a rest, the camels spoil the edges of the base; curious deep jump upon the cornices

and try the strength of the picturesque images and ornaments with their horns. But the greatest danger comes from the Dungan-Moslems.

The Mongols have a saying: "If a suburgan can resist the Dungans, then it is safe for the ages." Round the bonfire, stories are told of the destruction of Buddhist sanctuaries by Dungans. It is said that the Dungans light bonfires in the old Buddhist caves, which are decorated with ancient murals, in order to burn and destroy these frescoes with smoke. The people, with terror in their eyes, tell how in the Labran province, Dungans demolished the statue of Maitreya himself. Not only did they persecute the Buddhists, but also the Chinese followers of Confucius. The Mongols say, that though it is difficult with the Chinese, the Dungans are still worse—they are absolutely impossible. They are regarded as inhuman, cruel and bloodthirsty. One remembers all manner of atrocities that took place during the Dungan uprising. One sees ruins on every hill and everywhere there are stones in formless heaps. In the mind of the people almost all these remnants are somehow associated with the name of Dungans. Here was a fort built by the Dungans; there were fortifications destroyed by the Dungans; here was a village burnt by the Dungans; and that gold mine became silent after the Dungans had passed through it; there again was a well which the Dungans had filled with sand in order to deprive the place of water.

A whole evening was devoted to these horrible stories.

And around the bonfire one could again see the ten raised fingers, and how they attested the cruelty of the Dungans.

The bells on the camels of the caravan are of different sizes and sound like a symphony. This is an essential melody of the desert. The heat during the day kills everything. Everything becomes still, dead. Everything creeps into the coolness of the shadow. The sun is the conqueror and is alone on the immense battlefield. Nothing can withstand it. Even the great river, even the Tarim himself, stops its flow. As claws in agony, are projected the burning stones, until the conqueror disappears behind the horizon, seeking new victories. Darkness does not care to re-

appear. Only a bluish mist covers the expanse, without end and without beginning. To this bluish symphony, what kind of a melody may be fittingly added?

The symphony of bells, soft as old brass and rhythmic as the movement of the ships of the desert. This alone can complete the symphony of the desert and as an antithesis to this mysterious procession of sounds, you have a song accompanied on the Zither by the untiring hands of the baksha—the travelling singer. He is singing about Sabistan, about fairies, which come from the highest planes down to the earth, to inspire the giants and heroes and the beautiful sons of the kings.

He sings about blessed Issa, the Prophet, who walked through these lands and how he resurrected the giant, who became a benevolent king of this country. He sings about the holy people behind this very mountain and how a holy man could hear their sacred chants, although they were six months' distance away from him. In the stillness of the desert, this baksha joins the bells of our caravan. Some holiday is held in the next village, and he is going there to present his sacred art and to relate many stories about all sorts of wonderful things which are not a fairy tale, but the real life of Asia.

The first camel of the caravan is adorned with colorful carpets and ribbons and a flag is placed high above his load. He is an esteemed camel, he is the first. He takes all the responsibility of filing the desert with his ringing and he steps proudly on. And his black eyes also seem to know many legends.

But instead of a baksha with holy songs, some rider overtakes us.

And high penetrating notes imperatively pierce the space.

This is a Chinese heroic song.

I doubt whether you can ever hear these heroic and sometimes Confucian chants in the European quarters of the harbour cities of China.

But in the desert the feeling of ancient China, of the Chinese conquerors of immense spaces even penetrates the heart of a contemporary amban (governor). The rhythm of the camel bells is

broken. The chimes of the horse of the amban are thundering. And the large red tassel is waving on the neck of a big Karashar horse, gray with stripes, like a zebra. And another tassel is hung on the breastplate of the horse. Under the saddle, there is a big Chinese sword. The points of the black velvet boots are curled upwards. The stirrups have gilded lions. Complicated is the adornment of the saddle. Several rugs soften the long ride. From Yarkend to Tun-haung, it is a two months journey to follow the ancient Chinese road where jade and silk and silver and gold were transported by the same riders, with the same songs, with the same bells and the same swords. Noisily the amban with his retinue joins us. The camels are behind and the horses are inspired by this noise and by the piercing sounds of the chants. This is something similar to a passage of the hordes of the grandsons of Chingiz-Khan.

A small city. Another amban comes out of his yamen, surrounded by fenced walls, to greet our Chinese travelling companion. Both potentates with great ceremony greet each other. It is like something from an old Chinese painting. They are so glad to see each other and they hold each other's hands and enter the big red gates. Two black silhouettes in the sandy-pearl mist, guarded by two armed warriors, are painted on both sides of the clay wall.

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Allah! Allah! Allah!—shout the Moslems, preparing for the Ramazan, when they fast during the day and can only eat at night time. And to avoid falling asleep they fill the air around the town with their shouts and songs.

But quite another shout is to be heard from the vicinity of a great tree. Two Ladakis of our caravan are singing some prayers dedicated to Maitreya. So the songs of all religions are gathered round one bonfire.

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On old stones, throughout the whole of Asia, are to be found peculiar crosses and names, written in Ulghur Chinese, Mongolian and other tongues. What a wonder! On a Mongolian coin is the same sign! In the same way Nestorians have tresspassed

the desert.

Moving sands. Like miserly guardians they defend the treasures which sometimes appear on the surface. Nobody shall dare to take them because they are guarded by hidden forces and can be given out only at a predestined time. From the earth are spreading some poisonous essences. Do not lean over the ground, do not try to raise from the ground that which does not belong to you. Otherwise you will fall dead, as falls the robber.

An experienced rider sends a dog before him, because the dog will first feel the influences of these earthly essences. Even an animal will not dare to enter the forbidden zone. No bonfires will attract you in these hidden places. Only some vultures will fly high over the mysterious land. Are they not also guardians? And to whom belong the bones, which glimmer so whitely on the sands? Who was this intruder, who dishonoured the predestined dates?

Again around the bonfire ten fingers are raised and a story, convincing in its simplicity and reality, will uplift the human heart. Now the story is about the famous black stone. In beautiful descriptive symbols the old traveller will tell to the awed audience how from times immemorial, from some other world fell down a miraculous stone—the Chintamani of the Hindus and Norbu-rinpoch of the Tibetans and Mongols. Now since these times, a part of the stone is travelling on earth, manifesting the new era and greatest world events. How some ruler possessed this stone and how the forces of darkness tried to steal the stone.

Your friend, listening to this legend, will whisper to you: “The stone is black, ‘vile’ and ‘fetid’ and it is called the origin of the world. And it springs up like germinating things. So dreamed Paracelsus. “And another of your companions smiles: “Lapis exilis, the Wandering stone of the Meistersinger.”

But the narrator of the fire continues his tale about miraculous powers of the stone, how, by all sorts of manifestations, this stone is indicating all kinds of events and the nature of existence.

“When the stone is not, when the stone quivers, when the

stone is cracking' when the stone changes its weight and colour—by these changes the stone predicts to its possessor the whole future and gives him the ability to know his enemies and hostile dangers as well as happy events."

One of the listeners asks: "Is not this stone on the tower of the Rigden-jyepo, whose rays penetrate all oceans and mountains for the benefit of humanity?"

And the narrator continues: "The black stone is wandering on the earth. We know that a Chinese Emperor and Tamerlane possessed this stone. And authoritative people say, that the great Suleiman and Akbar had it in their possession and through this stone their might was augmented. "Treasure of the world this stone is called."

The bonfires are burning like old fires of sacrifice.

You are entering your tent. All is calm and usual. In usual surroundings it is difficult to imagine something unreal and unrepeatable. It is dark in the tent. Then suddenly out of your fingers a flame leaps up and rushes through all the objects touched by you, not harming them. Again you come in contact with some inexpressible combination of currents. This occurs only on heights. The bonfires did not yet grow brighter, when a shot resounded in the twilight. Who is shooting?

Tashi has killed a snake. What a strange snake! with a sort of beard gray with black and gray shadings.

Around the fires long stories are told about snakes. One Mongol tells:

"If somebody does not fear the snake, he should grab them by their tail and should shake them very strongly. And the snake will become as hard as a stick, until you will shake it again."

My companion was bending down to me:

"You remember the Biblical staff of Moses, how he manifested a miracle, when the staff was transformed into a snake. Maybe he used a cataleptic snake and with a powerful gesture returned her to life."

Many Biblical signs are to be remembered in the desert. Look at these huge pillars of sand, which suddenly appear and move for a long time as dense masses. This miraculous pillar, which moved before Moses, is so clearly visioned by him who knows the desert wanderings—and again you remember the burning and unburnable bush of Moses. After seeing the unceasing flame in your tent such bush is for you no longer an impossible miracle but a reality that lives only in the desert. When you hear how the great Mahatma travelled on horseback for the fulfilment of undelayable high missions you also do not wonder, because you know of the existence of the Mahatmas. You know their great wisdom. Many things which absolutely cannot find a place in the life of the West—here in the East are becoming simple.

There are still more Biblical echoes. On the very summit of a mountain several stones can be seen. Some ruins, probably.

“This is the throne of Suleiman, “explains the leader of the caravan to you.

“But how does it happen that throughout Asia everywhere there are to be seen thrones of Solomon. We have seen them in Shrinagar, near Kashgar; there are several in Persia.”

But the caravaner does not give up his favourite idea. “Certainly there are many thrones of the great king Suleiman. He was wise and powerful. He had an apparatus to fly all over many lands. Stupid people, they think that he used a flying carpet, but learned men know that the King possessed an apparatus. Truly it could not fly very high, still it could move in the air.”

So again something of the way of the travelling is revealed, but the old flying carpet has been given up.

In the same way the stories of the conquests of Alexander the great are mixed up. On one side the great conqueror is linked with Geser Khan, in another version he is the Emperor of India. But Gesser Khan is attributed quite an elaborate myth. It tells about the birthplace of the beloved hero. In a romantic way are described his wife Bruguma, his castle and his

conquests, which were always for the benefit of humanity. Quite simply a Horpa will tell you about a palace of Geser Khan in the Kham province, where the swords of his innumerable warriors were used instead of beams. Singing and dancing in the honour of Geser Khan, Horpa offers to procure one of these unconquerable swords. Sands and stones are around, but still the idea of unconquerability is living.

In Europe when you hear about a city of a robber-conqueror you think that perhaps you have something of the old tales of Spain or Corsica. But here, in the desert, when you hear that your next stop shall be before the walls of the city of the famous Ja-lama, the bandit of Central Gobi, you are not a bit astonished. You only look over your arms and ask what kind of an attire is most suitable for this encounter; European, Mongolian or Sartian. During the night you hear dogs barking, and your men say calmly: "These are the dogs of the men of Ja-lama. Ja-lama himself has already been killed by the Mongols, but his band has not scattered as yet. During the night, in the red flames of bonfires you can again see the ten fingers. Some stories about the awe-inspiring Ja-lama and his cruel companions are being told. How he stopped big caravans, how he took many people as captives and how hundreds of these involuntary slaves worked upon the construction of the walls and towers of his city which gave life to the solitude of Central Gobi. It is told in what battles Ja-lama was victorious, what supernatural powers he possessed, how he could give most terrorizing orders and they were executed at once. How, following his orders, ears, noses, and hands of the disobedient ones were cut off, and the living witnesses of his terrible powers were set to go free.

In our caravan there are two, who knew personally Ja-lama. One is a Tsaidamese, who was fortunate enough to escape from captivity. The other is a Mongolian lama, an experienced smuggler, who knows all secret paths in the desert, paths unknown to any one else, and hidden streams and wells. Was he not at one time the co-worker of Ja-lama? He smiles:

"Not always was Ja-lama a bad man. I have heard how

generous he could be. Only you had to obey his great forces. He was a religious man. 'Yesterday you saw a big white suburgan on the hill. His prisoners were ordered to put these white stones together. And whoever was protected by him, could cross the desert quite safely.'

Yes, yes, probably this lama had something to do with this late illustrious bandit. But why should a simple bandit build a whole city in the desert?

In the first rays of the sun we saw a tower and part of a wall behind the next sandy hill. A party of us, with carabins ready, went to explore the place, because our caravaners insisted that some of the men of Ja-lama might be lurking behind that wall. We remained and looked through our field glasses, but after an hour George appeared on the top of the tower and this was the sign that the citadel was empty. We went to inspect this city and found that only the spirit of a great warrior could have outlined such a building plan. Around the citadel we saw many traces of yurtas, because the name of the Ja-lama attracted many Mongols, who came to be under his protection. But later they scattered, having seen, in the Mongolian bazaars, the gray head of their former leader on a spear.

Probably Ja-lama dreamt to live long in this place, because the towers and walls were solid and his house was spacious and well defended by a whole system of walls. In an open field of battle the Mongols could not conquer him. But a Mongolian officer came to his place, apparently for peaceful negotiations. And the old vulture, who always penetrated into all sorts of ruses, was this time blind. He accepted this mission and the bold Mongol came, carrying a large white hatak in his hands, but behind the hatak a Browning was ready. Thus he approached the ruler of the desert and while transmitting to him the honourable offering, shot him straight through the heart. Really, everything must have been dependent on the strong hypnotic power of Ja-lama, for, strange to say, when the old leader fell dead, all his followers were at once in great commotion, so that quite a small detachment of Mongols could occupy the citadel without a battle.

Behind the walls we could see two graves. Were they the graves of the victims of Ja-lama, or, laying to rest in one of them, was there the decapitated body of the leader himself?

I remember how in Urga I was told a long striking story about the speculations which arose regarding this head of Ja-lama. It was preserved in alcohol and so many wanted this peculiar relic, that after changing many hands the "relic" disappeared. Did it bring luck or sorrow to its possessor? Nobody knows the real psychology of Ja-lama, who was graduated in law in a Russian university and afterwards visited Tibet, being for some time in personal favour of Dalai-Lama. One thing is evident, and that is that his story will complete the legend of Gobi and for many years it will be magnified and adorned with the flowers of fantasy of Asia. For long times to come the ten fingers will be in the air in front of bonfires. The flames of the bonfires are glowing.

But there are moments when the fires of the desert become extinct.

They are extinguished by water, whirlwind and fire.

Studying the uplands of Asia one is astonished at the quantity of accumulated loess. The changeability of the surface gives the biggest surprises. Often a relic of great antiquity appears washed up almost to the surface. At the same time an object of considerably recent times appears covered up with heavy accumulated layers. During the study of Asia, one has especially to consider surprises. Where are those gigantic streams which carried on their way such quantities of stone and sand, completely filling ravines and changing the profile of the entire district. Maybe all these are only catastrophes of long ago.

The sky is covered with clouds. In the neighbouring mountains in the direction of Ulan-Davan, at night, a strange dull noise constantly fills the space. And not once, or twice, but for three whole nights, you awaken and hear this incomprehensible symphony of nature and you do not even know, is it friendly or hostile? But in these vibrations there is something attracting

and compelling you to listen attentively.

A gray day begins. Small rain. During the daily noises you do not discern this mysterious tremor of the night. People are busy with the customary talks. Their thoughts are directed towards the usual perspectives of the near future. They are ready to sit at their usual dinner on the shore of a tiny stream, around which live peaceful marmots.

But the wonders of Asia are coming suddenly. Through a broad chasm, from the mountain tops a current rushes onward. Suddenly it overflows the high banks of the stream. It is no longer a stream, but a gigantic stormy river. It attacks a big area. Yellow, foaming waves full of sand catch some of the tents and whirl them away like the wings of butterflies. From the depths of the waves the stones are leaping to your very feet. It is time to think of saving oneself. Horses and camels, sensing danger, themselves rush up the mountain. From the distant Mongolian yurtas that stand in the valley, cries are heard. The current fills and demolishes strongly made yurtas. What can withstand this power? The tents are destroyed, many things are carried away. The current rushes through, transforming all into a slimy swamp. Twilight and a cool unfriendly night and as cold a morning.

The sun lights up a new site. The stream has settled already in new banks. Before us there lay lifeless, sloping hills, newly created by the power of stream. Our things, during one night, became deeply imbedded in the new soil. Digging up some of them you imagine the formation of stratas of Asia. What surprises they present for an investigator, when really the prehistoric is mixed with the almost contemporary. The fires, extinguished by the streams, slowly begin to burn anew the dry branches and roots. Not only water extinguishes the fires, but the great fire itself destroys these peaceful milestones.

The steppe is burning. Local people hurry to depart. And you rush away from these dangerous parts. Horses feel the danger equally strongly and tense their ears, harkening to the whirling, rumbling noise. The yellow wall, covered with black

rings of smoke, is moving on. What an unheard-of noise and what leaps of flames!

Looking at the wall you recall how Mongolian Khans and other conquerors of Asia used to light up the steppe deciding thus the destiny of battles. But of course the fiery element sometimes turned against the creators of the fire themselves. Your fellow traveller measures the distance between the flames and you with calm Mongolian eyes and talks quietly, as of the most usual thing: "I think that we will succeed in departing in time. We have to reach that mountain"—and he points to a far-off hill.

The next morning you observe the burned steppe from the mountain top. All is black, all has changed. And again the layers of dust shall come and cover the black carpet. But you see smoke on the next mountain. What is it? A Mongol explains to you—there under the ground coal is burning and has burned for many months. Thus calmly speaks the Mongol of the destruction of his own treasures. Likewise the whirlwind extinguishes the bonfires. After midday a gale begins. The Mongols cry out: "Let us stop, otherwise we will be carried away by the wind". Sand and stones fly in the air. You are trying to hide behind the boxes of the caravan. In the morning it appears that you stand on the very shore of a lake.

Various are the miracles of the desert.

And other fires, not the bonfires, are glowing in a far distance. They are yellow and red. From these mysterious sparks complicated structures are created. Look, there are cities in red sparks, some are rising as palaces and walls. Is that not a gigantic sacred bull glowing in red violet light? Are they not, in the far distance, several windows sparkling and inviting the travellers? From the darkness near you big black holes are emerging, like an old cemetery some ancient flat stones surround you. Under the hoofs of horses something strong and firm rings out like glass.

The Tsaidam guide says severely: "Walk, all of you. One after another, without turning from the path. Caution!" But he does not explain the reason for caution and he does not want to go first. And the other Mongolian lama also does not wish to

walk in front.

Some danger is lurking near. One hundred and twenty miles we walk steadily without a halt. There is no water for the horses. In the early dawn we see that we are going over a rather thin crust. One could see through the holes in it the black bottomless salt water. These are not the slabs of the cemetery but sharp precipitants of the salt. Maybe they can also become tombstones for those who carelessly fall into the gaping black pit. What metamorphoses took place in these regions? Flaming castles disappeared in the rays of light. But when this peculiar seeming cemetery ended, we saw again around us yellow rosy sands.

Then came a story.

Once upon a time a big city stood on this site. The inhabitants of the city were prosperous and lived at ease surrounded by great wealth. But even silver gets dark when not used. So the accumulated treasures have not been used in a proper way. And good principles of life were forgotten. But there is justice, even on our earth and all nefarious things are to be destroyed, when the great patience is exhausted. With cries and screams, in fire this city suddenly plunged down and the sea filled this gigantic cavern. A great deal of time passed. And again the sea was covered with salt, but this site still remains uninhabited. All places, where some injustice has been manifested, will remain uninhabited. •

And the guide asks you with a mysterious look: "Perhaps during the night you have seen some strange lines in the darkness? One of our fellow travellers whispers: 'Is it not a story of Atlantic? Is not Poseidon revealed in this legend?' But the guide continues: "Some of the people of this city, the best ones, have been saved. An unknown shepherd came from the mountains and warned them of coming disaster. And they went to the caves. If you want, you may go once to these caves. I will show you a stone door which is tightly closed. But we do not know how to unlock it."

"Probably you also know some directions, where are the

sacred frontiers, which you dare never to cross?"

"Yes, only those who are called can enter these boundaries. There are some signs indicating these forbidden regions. But even without visible signs you can feel it, because every one who approaches, will feel a tremor in his whole body. A hunter was sufficiently strong to cross this boundary. He has seen there some miraculous wonderful things, but he was senseless and he tried to speak about the hidden matters, and therefore he became dumb. With sacred matters we must very careful. Everything revealed before the destined date involves a great calamity."

In the distance some shiny white peaks are emerging. There are the Himalayas! Not so high they seem to be because we ourselves are on heights. But how white they are! They are not mountains, but realms of snow. That is the Everest—says the guide.

Nobody as yet ever ascended this sacred treasury of snows. Several times "pellings" tried to overpower this mountain. And some of them perished in the effort. And another had many hardships. This mountain is predestined for the Mother of the World. Its summits must be pure, unviolated and virgin. Only She, the Mighty, She can be there. The silence guarding the world.

The bonfires are glowing. Best thoughts are accumulating round the flames. In the far desert thousands of pigeons are living about the sacred massar old tombs. As holy messengers they are flying far around and inviting the travellers under the hospitable roof.

Around the bonfires glimmer their white wings.

The light in the desert.

Near the stream, over the very precipice, the silhouette of a horse becomes faintly visible in the mist. And something so it seems, glitters strangely on the saddle. Perhaps this is a horse that has been lost by a caravan. Or may be this horse has thrown off its rider whilst jumping over an abyss. Or perhaps this is a horse left behind because he was weak and without strength, and he now looks for his master.

So speaks the mind, but the heart remembers other things. The heart remembers how from the great Shambhala, from the beautiful mountain heights at a destined hour, there will descend a lonely horse and on its saddle instead of the rider there will shine forth the jewel of the world: Nordu-rinpoche—Chintamani—the miraculous stone, preordained to save the world.

Has not the time come? Does not the lonely horse bring us the jewel of the world—TRI-RATNA!



Maitreya

MAITREYA

“Peace to all Beings”

On a piece of palm bark, with a sharp stilus, a friendly Bhiku is writing in Singalese. Does he molest anyone? Is he writing an appeal? No. With a smile he is sending a greeting to the far-off lands beyond the seas. A greeting to the good, benevolent people. And he does not expect a reply. It is simply a benevolent arrow into space.

In Kandy, in the ancient capital of Lanka-Ceylon, we are guided along the old traces of the past: The Temple of the Holy

Tooth, the Temple of Para-Nirvana, the wonderous treasury of sacred books in their hammered-silver binding-boards—"And what is there in the small closed temple?" . . . "That is the temple of Maitreya the Lord of the Future."—"May one enter?"—

The guide smiles and shakes his head benignly. "In this temple none may enter save the chief priest."

Thus, the effulgent future should not be contaminated! We know it lives. We know its symbol is Maitreya, Metteya, Maitri,—Love, Compassion. Upon this luminous sign of all-understanding, all embracingness, the great future is being built. It is pronounced with the most reverent solemnity. It must not be defiled or blasphemed by lightmindedness, curiosity, levity and doubt. The Vishnu Purana, and all other Puranas—that is, all the ancient covenants, speak in their highest expressions of the luminous future which humanity serves, each individual in his own way.

Messiah, Maitreya, Muntazar—and the entire glorious succession of names, which in such diversity has expressed this very same sacred and hearty striving of humanity. With especial exultation the prophets speak of the future. Read all the pages of the Bible, where the best hopes of the people are expressed. Read the Covenant of Buddha about Maitreya. See how gloriously the Moslems speak of the Prophet of the Future.

How beautifully India speaks of the end of the Black Age of Kali Yuga and the glorious beginning of the White Age of Satva Yuga. How majestic is the image of the Kalki Avatar upon the white steed! With equal heartiness the far-off Oirots await the White Burkhan. Our Old Believers who heroically go in quest of the "White Waters" in the Himalays, make this difficult journey only in the name of the future. In the very same name of the luminous future, the Lama, with tears, tells us of the treasures and the might of the Rigden Djyepo, who will annihilate evil and reestablish justice. Towards the future, led the conquests of Gessar Khan. Each New Year the Chinaman lights his candles and prays to the Lord of the Future. And in Ispahan, the white steed is kept saddled for the Great Coming. If you want to con-

tact the best cords of humanity, speak with the people of the future, of that to which the human mind aspires even in the far-off desert. Some especial heartiness and solemnity pervades these strivings towards the transfiguration of the world.

In these darkest times, in the suffocating void of thought, with especially evocative force, resounds the encouraging voice about the Great Advent, about the New Era, about the time when humanity will be able wisely and inspiringly to utilize all its predestined possibilities. Each person interprets this Radiant Age in his own way, but in one thing all are alike—precisely, that they interpret it, with the language of the heart. This is not a casual eclecticism. On the contrary, it is just the opposite: from all directions—to the one. Because in every human heart, in the entire human kingdom, exists one and the same striving to Bliss. And all are labouring to reunite, in their substance, these scattered spherules of Mercury, if they are not too heavy with oil and not too fluffy with dust. What an example there is in such a simple act as the outer soiling of the spherule of Mercury. One may still glimpse the trembling of the inner substance, but the surface is already besmirched. It has become grimy through outside depravity and has thus become isolated from the universal consciousness. The path to the universal body of all-unity is already intercepted. But if the surface is not yet soiled, with what impetuous striving these scattered drops fuse again with their primary source! And you can not identify them any longer, nor will you distinguish the small particle which was assimilated by the whole. But it lives: It, the entire, exists in It, the Great. The force of all-unity joined it and forged it to the universal concept. All teachings know this universal body under various names.

In the most unexpected manifestations we meet with these all-unifying signs. In the posthumous writings of the Elders of the desert were sometimes found unexpected indications about the Himalayas. These writings, Mandalas and other extraordinary signs arouse one's amazement and astonishment. But the Lama from the far-off mountain monastery, when asked about it,

smiles and says: "Above all divisions, there exists one great unity, accessible only to a few."

Thus are merged the trends of thought of the most seemingly distant human individualities. In these highest signs are being erased denial and condemnation—most hideous aspects which obscure the light of the heart. Often in our present day, we invent special expressions for the ancient understanding. We say pensively, "He understands psychology." This means in essence that he does not deny and does not condone his ignorance. We say, "He is practical and knows life," which means in essence that he does not condemn and thus does not set obstacles for himself. We say, "He knows the source"—which means he does not disparage because he knows how harmful is each disparagement.

In "The Resurrection in the Flesh," N. O. Lossky cites: "A worker who opposes his striving to the strivings of all other workers is in a state of isolation from them and dooms himself to utilize only his own creative force; hence, he is capable of producing only the most elementary actions, such as repulsion. The release from such impoverishment of life is reached by way of evolution which creates higher and higher steps of concrete One-ness."

"The members of the heavenly kingdom, not entering into a state of resistance, do not commit any acts of repulsion in space. Consequently, they do not have a material body; their transfigured body consists only of manifestations which are luminous, sonorous, warm, etc., but which do not exclude each other, are egoistically isolated, but are capable of mutual interpenetration. Having attained a concrete One-ness, which means having absorbed the strivings of each other, and the tasks of Divine Wisdom, they collectively create the Kingdom of perfect Beauty and all-manifesting Good. And they so create their bodies that, being mutually interpenetrating, they are not in possession of one personality, but serve all, complementing each other, and forming individual omni-entities, which are organs of the all-embracing wholeness of the Heavenly Kingdom. The free and loving unanimity of the members of the Heavenly Kingdom is so great

Origen, St. Francis of Assisi, Dante, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza and Archimedes. . . . Together with Dr. Fosdick who gave this testimony of his broad thinking, another representative of free thought, Dr. Holmes, has announced in a sermon that the temples of the future will represent the synthesis of all great religions of the world."

Similarly speak also the sermons of Dr. Guthrie, in one of the oldest churches of New York, St. Marks in-the-Bouwerie. All recollect his Buddha day and days devoted to other leaders of religious thought. The new temple of the Episcopalian Church on Park Avenue, under the leadership of the eminent minister Dr. Norwood, strives to the same blissful synthesis.

If a venerable Moslem affirms that the Tomb of Christ is in Shrinagar, and begins in the most devout manner to enumerate all the traditions and cures which have taken place near this Tomb, one cannot reprove him severely; for he speaks with the most benevolent intentions. Likewise, you will not interject objections when in Kashgar they speak with conviction about the tomb of the Holy Virgin being in the Miriam Mazar. Neither will you protest when they speak to you of Elijah, the Prophet in the upper Indus, for, first of all, you feel their benevolence, and secondly, in substance there is nothing to contradict. Let us altogether regard with care all these benevolent signs of unification.

Or will you in wrath speak against the throne of King Solomon in Shrinagar? On the contrary, you will rejoice that these thrones are many in Asia and according to the words of well-wishing, the wise King Solomon in his all-unifying force, flies even now above the vistas of Asia on his flying carpet. You will rejoice and remember the Amos Society in New York and its broad and benevolent aims.

There is special joy when you hear the great names of Messiah, Maitreya, Muntazar, united and pronounced in the same place with the same benevolent reverence and unifying signs.

Let us remember the touching Tibetan legend about the origin of many sanctuaries, and let us especially remember this now when these benevolent signs do not bind us with the fetters of the

past, but exultingly impel us towards the future.

And what is the invocation of the wise Apostle Paul when he writes to all ends of the world, to the Romans, the Hebrews, Corinthians, the Ephesians, and Galatians; "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that you may be a new lump."—"Therefore let us keep the feast not with the old leaven." "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." "For one believeth that he may eat all things; another, who is weak eateth herbs."

"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace and things wherewith one may edify another."

"Every man's work shall be revealed; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

"When they shall say 'Peace and Safety,' then sudden destruction cometh upon them."

"Quench not the Spirit."

"Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

"Reach love, be zealous of spiritual gifts."

"To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe."

"What is the command and prayer of spiritual reunion? For the future, the armour of light is needed. Isaiah also, not only deploring the past, but in zeal for the future, gave his forewarning with the ominous words: "Maher—Shelah—Ash—Baz."

Not for the past, but for the future traveller, did Akbar plant the young trees along the roads of India.

What can be worse than to remove something and to leave "the site empty?" Says Sloto Ust, "And when the soul diverts from love, then its mental gaze is clouded."

Verily multi-precious are the unifying signs! We do not forget the words of Vivekananda about Christ, "If I would have met Christ during my life I would have washed his feet with the blood of my heart." Are there many Christians who have in their hearts the same vital and uplifted feeling? And can one forget

the words of the same Vivekenanda, who asked the Chicago Congress of Religions: "If you consider your teaching so supreme, why then do you not follow its covenants?"

Can one forget the fact that once when a Christian church was in an impoverished condition and was threatened with being sold at auction, Jews voluntarily and spontaneously bought the Christian sanctuary and returned it to the bosom of the Metropolitane. The Metropolitane E. will affirm this.

Is it not in the name of bliss that the Rabbi Cabalist tells you: "You are also Israel if you search for light." And will you not smile benevolently at the *Namtar* narrated by the Central Asiatic Bakshi, concerning the miracles of the great Issa-Christ? And will you not listen after midnight in Kashmir to the glorification of Christ from the lips of the Moslem choir, accompanied by the Sitar and fantastic drums? Also I recollect all the reverential and deeply touching words of the Moslems of Sinkiang about Issa the Great and the Best.

Or if we take a book of the Reverend James Robson, "Christ in Islam," then instead of hostile signs whispered by ignorance, we will see innumerable examples of hearty understanding and benevolence. The Old Believer sings the verses about Buddha. In the suburgans among the sacred books is placed also the New Testament. The Dravidian reads Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." The Moslem in Central Asia speaks of the holy bells beyond the mountain which are heard at dawn by the Holy Ones. Why does the Moslem need bells? It is simply a need for the call of benevolence. To the universal White Waters are pilgrimaging the Siberian Old Believers.

Let us remember all the sayings of all ages and peoples about the Holy People.

The narrator does not even know about whom he speaks, whether of Christians, Buddhists, Moslems or Confucianists. He knows only of the benevolence of the achievements of these Holy Peoples. They, these Holy Ones, radiate an unearthly light; they fly; they hear at a distance of six months' journey; they cure, they self-sacrificingly share their last possession, they dispel darkness

and untiringly create bliss upon their paths. Likewise speak also the Old Believers and Mongols and Moslems and Jews and Persians and Hindus. . . . The Saints become pan-human, they belong to the whole world as steps of the true evolution of humanity. Everything contains light. The chalice of grail is above all bliss. The divine Sophia, the all-mightiest wisdom, soars above the whole world.

The curse leads only to darkness. Not by wrath, not by succumbing, but upon the blessed milestones one can cross the most tempestuous ocean.

Here are the words from the Koran:

“O peoples of the earth, throw off all ties whatsoever, if you desire to reach the Encampment, prepared for you by God.

“Maybe then it will be possible to force the people to run away from a condition of unconcern, in which their soul exists, towards the Nest of Unity and Knowledge; will force them to drink the water of eternal Guidance.” “That is the holy and eternal lot, the heritage of pure souls at the divine Table.”

Here is from Cabalah, from the great Shambatyon:

Eldad Ha-Dani describes the river Shambatyon which united the children of Moses, as stronghold of spiritual unification. The Moslem writers, Ibn-Fakich and Kasvini relate how once the Prophet asked the Archangel Gabriel to carry him over into the site of the “Children of Moses,” Banu Mussa, into the land of the righteous ones. Gelilot Herez Israel relates Shambatyon to the sacred river of India, which has healing properties. Healing unifications!

Let us not imagine that these ideas about all-understanding, about unity, are close only to innovators, who shame the dogmas.

The Orthodox Catholic and Roman Catholic churches constantly pray for the re-union of the churches, for time of peace. This hope for the most spiritual, the most heartfelt unification, is not only a dogma; it is the most life-creating, benevolent principle. And after this external reunion they hope for an era of peace. From the church pulpits we are carried into endless conferences for Peace which also, each in turn, with more or less success,

dream of peaceful times. Upon this spirit the inner hope of all mankind unites. Both the most remiss and the most yearning, regenerated ones are dreaming of the days of peace and of the most splendid reunion. In the depths of the heart we understand that persecution, revilement, curses, only lead to horror, to division, to pettiness. They lead us to subtle falsehood and vile hypocrisy.

Over the bridge will come the Messiah. The Cabalists know of this unifying symbol. Upon a white horse comes the Great Rider and the comet is as a sword of light in His hand. A distinguished Abyssinian says: "We have an ancient legend that when the Saviour of the World shall come He shall pass over a stone bridge. And seven know of His coming. And when they shall see the Light, they shall fall down to earth and shall bow before it."

Is it accidental that the coming of the Messiah takes place over a bridge? What symbol is more close to the thought of unity, of reunion? Already Maitreya is seated not in Eastern posture but in Western, with lowered feet, ready for the advent. . . "Verily never has the time been as short as ours." The time is intense." "The time is short." "The time is close," the peoples exclaim in varied tongues, trembling with expectancy, gathering the best symbols around their homes.

Why are these times of peace so necessary to mankind? Every heart knows, that an epoch of peace is necessary for cognizance and construction. Hostile periods have brought on the material and spiritual crash. This also the human heart knows. Periods of hostility have created the unrest of unemployment, through which the most worthy striving towards the betterment of quality has been lost. Periods of hostility have resulted in numerous conventionalities and in those atrocities which come from the absence of quality, in other words, in a spirit of savagery.

Very often Conferences for peace evoke a pitying smile for the hypocrisy of people gathering to do away with methods of destruction uncomfortable to them, in order to replace them with

more subtle and modern ones.

But even among those who gather, there are always some to whom the creative principle of peace is close. And these, not the bestial ones, like the spherules of pure Mercury, will still strive towards luminous unification, towards the great universal body. These striving ones can always find means of accord because by day and night their hearts pray for unification. If this voice prevails, one is able also to realize that indestructible ennobling of the spirit which is imparted through the realization of culture. Because each aspiring spirit, in search of culture, knows in his heart also the great sense of union and the time of peace. He needs this sense of union, he needs this time for peace, in order to open the gates of light. "Do not stand in the way." . . . "Do not obscure the sun," asked Diogenes, not because he desired to be a sluggard. He asked that light be not obscured, lest it give way to darkness.

Truly, the future does not tolerate sluggards. All has become dense. In the pressure of energies each moment of conscious labour is significant. Each banishment of egoism is significant. And the affirmation of cooperation is luminous.

The age of Maitreya was always indicated as the age of true cooperation. Natalie Rokotoff, in her remarkable book on Buddhism, according to the sources, thus characterizes the Age of Maitreya: "The Future Buddha-Maitreya, as His name indicates, is the Buddha of compassion and love. This Bodhisattva, according to the power of His qualities, is often named Ajita the Invincible.

"It is interesting to notice that the reverence of many Bodhisattvas was accepted and developed only in the school of Mahayana. Nevertheless the reverence of the one Bodhisattva-Maitreya, as a Successor chosen by Buddha Himself, is accepted also in Hinayana. Thus, the one Bodhisattva Maitreya embraces the complete scope, becoming the personification of all aspirations of Buddhism.

"What qualities must Bodhisattva possess? In the Teaching of Gautama Buddha and in the Teaching of Bodhisattva Maitreya, given by Him to Asanga according to tradition in the IVth century

(Mahayana-Sutralamkara), the maximum development of energy, courage, patience, constance of striving and fearlessness was first of all underlined. Energy is the basis of everything, as it alone contains all possibilities.

“Buddhas are eternally in action: immovability is unknown to them, like the eternal motion in space, the actions of the Sons of Conquerors manifest themselves in the worlds.

“Mighty, valiant, firm in His step, not rejecting the burden of an achievement for the General Good.

“There are three joys of Bodhisattvas; the joy of giving, the joy of helping and the joy of eternal perception. Patience always, in all and everywhere. The Sons of Buddhas, the Sons of Conquerors, Bodhisattvas in their active compassion are the Mothers to the All-existing.”

In giving the covenant of Shambhala, does not the East speak about the very same Light, which is heartily awaited in benevolence and unity? “The Universal Eye of Shambhala carries benevolence to mankind. The Universal Eye of Shambhala is like the light upon mankind’s path. The Universal Eye of Shambhala is that Star, which has directed all seekers.

“For some, Shambhala is the truth; for others Shambhala is an Utopia. For some, the Lord of Shambhala is a Sage; for others the Lord of Shambhala is the manifestation of abundance. For some, the Lord of Shambhala is an adorned idol; for others the Lord of Shambhala is the Guide of all planetary spirits. But We shall say—the Lord of Shambhala is a Fiery Mover of Life and of the Fire of the Mother of the World. His Breath glows with flame and His Heart burns with the fire of the Silvery Lotus. The Lord of Shambhala lives and breathes in the heart of the Sun!

“The Lord of Shambhala is the calling one and the called! The Lord of Shambhala is the transmitter of the arrow and the one who accepts all arrows! The Lord of Shambhala breathes with truth and affirms truth. The Lord of Shambhala is unvanquishable and transforms destruction into construction. The Lord of Shambhala is the peak of the banner and the summit of light.

“Accept the Lord of Shambhala as the sign of life. I shall say thrice—of life; because Shambhala is a pledge of mankind’s strivings. Our manifestation is the pledge of mankind’s perfection. Our manifestation is the affirmed path to Infinity.

“The Lord of Shambhala manifests three ordinances to humanity: The teaching manifested by Maitreya calls the human spirit into our creative world. The teaching of Maitreya points out Infinity in cosmos, in life, in achievements of the spirit! The teaching of Maitreya holds the knowledge of the cosmic fire, as the opening of the heart, which contains the manifestation of the universe.

“The ancient legend affirming that the manifestation of Maitreya will evoke a resurrection of the spirit is correct. We will add that the resurrection of the spirit can precede the manifestation of the Coming, as the conscious acceptance of the Teaching of Lord Maitreya is verily resurrection!”

Does not the East evoke the same spiritual strength, affirming the just necessity of the Hierarchy of Light?

“In the reconstruction of the world one may be sustained only by the affirmation of the New World. The establishing of a manifested decision can enter life only through the great understanding of the universal regeneration by the path of the great law of Hierarchy. Therefore those who seek the New World must strive towards the affirmation of the law of Hierarchy, which leads by the affirmed Hierarchy. Thus only may one establish balance in the world. Only a flaming, guiding Heart shall manifest salvation. Thus the world is in need of the affirmation of the law of Hierarchy.

“Therefore, according to the Law, Hierarchy is being affirmed in the shifting of countries and by the substitution by fire of everything which departs. Therefore it is so necessary to accept the law of Hierarchy, because without the chain one cannot build the great ladder of ascent. Thus it is necessary to accept flamingly the affirmation of the grandeur of the law of Hierarchy.

“It is necessary to reiterate about Hierarchy. It is correct, that the hierarchy of slavery is ended, nevertheless the manifesta-

tion of a conscious Hierarchy is accomplished by the suffering of humanity. There is too much slavery in the world and each flame of consciousness is oppressed too greatly. Slavery and conscious Hierarchy are as day and night. Therefore do not hesitate to repeat—Conscious Hierarchy, the Hierarchy of freedom, the Hierarchy of knowledge, the Hierarchy of light. Let those who do not know the conception of the New World ridicule because each understanding of the New World is terrifying to them. Is not Infinity horrible to them? Is not Hierarchy burdensome to them? Because being themselves ignorant despots, they do not understand the creativeness of Hierarchy. Being themselves cowards, they are terrified before Hierarchy. Thus, let us place in the balance the most needed understanding of the approaching Great Age—Infinity and Hierarchy.

“One must accept Hierarchy as an evolutionary system. For those spirits who have not outlived slavery, one may repeat that Hierarchy absolutely differs from despotism.

“What path then is the most affirming one? The most real way is the self-sacrifice of heroism. The most wondrous fire is the flame of the heart, imbued with love to the Hierarchy. The heroic action of such a heart is affirmed by service to the highest Hierarchy; therefore the self-sacrifice of a subtle heart is wondrous. The spirit-creativeness and independent activity of a sensitive servant imbues the space with fire. Thus, verily harmonize the visible and invisible; the present and the future; and the predestined shall be fulfilled. Thus the self-sacrifice of a subtle heart imbues the world with flame.

“According to the construction of strata the evolutionary spirit is being extended and the involutory is being contracted. One may observe this same fact not only with individuals but also with ideas. It is very instructive to discover how ideas are born and accomplish their cycle; often they seem to disappear completely. But if they are evolutionary, they reappear in a broader way. One may study the spiral of the roots of ideas for evolutionary thinking. The task of gradual containment of an idea can give the progression towards highest understanding.

“Labour, create benevolence, revere the Hierarchy of Light—this, Our Covenant, one may inscribe upon the hand even of a new born child. Thus simple is the cause which leads to Light. In order to accept it, it is necessary only to have a pure heart.

“Hierarchy is a plane-metric cooperation. If any one tries to explain it by the conventional understanding he will only prove that his brain is as yet not ready for cooperation.” Thus it is said.

Upon what, then, can we agree? On what basis may we forgive? Upon what shall we base our understanding? Upon what may we broaden ourselves? Upon what shall we avoid offence? Upon what may we move forward? Encircling all the spheres of Dante, we come to cooperation. Cooperation, compassion, are love itself. Ordained by all the hieroglyphs of the heart, love is the Mother of the World. Inexhaustible is creative love, which has conceived the Tribe of holy people, who know neither earth nor nation; who hasten upon wings of spirit to give succor, compassion, cooperation, who hasten in the name of bliss. Who carry the drops of all-understanding, all-embracing bliss.

The world is hastening towards reconstruction. Human hearts are tired of wrath. In tumultuous labours they remember again about culture and signs of Light, and they whisper to each other: “The future exists, that is why we have come here. Not for defamation, nor for terror, but we pass here for mutual labour, for knowledge, for enlightenment. Let us then take hold of this Universal Light; let us achieve the transfiguration of the world, the pre-ordained, the predestined.”

All peoples know that the site of the holy men is on the mountains, upon the peaks. From the peaks comes revelation. In caves and upon the summits lived the Rishis. There where the rivers find their sources, where the eternal ice has preserved the purity of whirlwinds, where the dust of meteorites carries a purifying armour from the distant worlds,—there is the rising glow. Thither is directed the striving of the human spirit. In their very difficulty the mountain paths attract one. There the unexpected occurs. There the people’s thought moves towards the Ultimate. There each pass promises an unprecedented novelty, gives pro-

mise of the hewing of new facets of tremendous outline.

Upon the difficult paths, upon the dangerous mountain passes stand the images of Lord Maitreya of the Resplendent future. Who made the effort to place them there? Whose was the labour? The traveller adds a little stone to the growing Mendang. Does one's heart ridicule this stone offered to the steps of the future? No. The difficult and dangerous path opens one's heart. One does not ridicule; but, smiling in benevolence, one adds his stone also to the laying of the step of the all-containing Light.

Long before dawn, under the stars, the entire neighbouring mountain beyond the river is studded with tremendous roseate fires. They glide along, gathering into garlands; breaking into fragments; flash out and disappear; or they are moving back and forward or unite into one powerful flame. In the cold November air, we admire this Himalayan marvel, which is familiar to all local inhabitants. In the morning you can ask the Gur about it and he, with sparkling eyes, speaks about the fires of *Devitta*; another whispers about the resplendent legion of Maitreya.

There are fires of earth. But here is the heavenly glow. Tibet knows "De-me" the fire of the deity and "Nam bumpa," a fiery glow.

Over the snowy peaks of the Himalayas burns a bright glow, brighter than stars and the fantastic flashes of lightning. Who has kindled those pillars of light, which march across the heavens? The polar and midnight regions are not near. The northern lights cannot glimmer in the Himalayas. Not from the Northern scintillations are these pillars of light. They come from Shambhala; from the Tower of the Great Coming One.

"Maitreya Comes."



Legends

LEGEND OF THE STONE.

Through the desert I come—I bring the Chalice covered with the Shield. Within it is a treasure—the Gift of Orion. O Thou, Flame-bearer, remember Lob-Nor and spread Thy tents. Kuku-Nor—the steed hastens.

And in the Temple of Judea the Flame-bearer tarried not. And barely did Passedvan save It; with him It left the ruins of China behind. Reach not for the stone, Lun; It will come of Itself if thou knowest to await It.

But by treason the servants of the temple usurped the Stone from the Ruler of India to glorify a foreign land. Let the Moun-

tain of Pride conceal for a while the Stone. Let the city of the Stone be glorified. But the path of the treasure is ordained. It is time for the Stone to return homewards.

When above the Chalice the flame shall coil in a ring then My time approaches.

On the Island of Lanka lieth the Stone hidden through the treachery of Ravana. It will depart beyond the sea. In its wake, as the tail of the comet, happiness is still ablaze; but not for long.

Let the hundred steps of China greet the Flame-bearer. But Passedvan bears away the Stone. And the sands transmit the Fire to the dauntless horseman, Timur. The great one approached the wall of amber and covered the field with his banners. "Let the Stone rest in the Temple until my return." But Life brought the miracle to the grandson. The way of the Stone turned westward.

Under the ground are assembled the religious fathers to analyze the nature of the Stone. "Why, when the Stone becomes dark, do the clouds gather? When the Stone feels heavy, blood is shed. When a star shines over the Stone, comes success. When the Stone creaks, the enemy approaches. When comes a dream of fire over the Stone, the world is convulsed. When the Stone is tranquil, walk courageously. But do not pour wine over the Stone. Burn over It only cedar-balsam. Carry the Stone in an ivory casket.

As one must be accustomed to heat and cold, so must one become accustomed to the radiance of the Stone. Each of the bearers of the Stone must abide with it tranquilly awhile. The intoxication from Its rays is unseen but Its inner heat is mightier than radium. Unseen flows the Myrrh but the Stone rests visible upon the web of Its native land.

Amidst the breath of the steppe and the crystal resonance of the mountains the spirit of the Stone marks the way of the banner. The miracle of Orion's rays is guiding the people.

To the tall Yutzakis and Karakorum Nor the Teacher will lead the steeds. The manifestation is awaited.

Priestly knowledge of all time prepared men for the worthy

reception of the Treasure. Long since have wisdom's laws revealed the day when a dual eclipse and the submersion of the sanctities would make the new advent of the Stone. Let us in prayer await our destiny.

Oh, Stone, start hence over the sea. Let the bird bring to the ear the tidings—the Stone cometh.

In the darkness of the night darkly attired, the messenger noiselessly approaches to perceive how they await. Around the bend of the corner lies in wait the tamed beast, sniffing, groping with his paw; he is sent by the enemy. Who stirs behind the casement? What flies are swarming the place? Whence blows this whirlwind? But I walk firmly and securely; I am holding the Stone.

I am learning the prayer: "Forsake me not, my Lord. I have gathered all strength. Forsake me not for I come into Thee.

On Mount Ararat lies the fiery Stone. A knight of Novgorod killed himself over the Stone because of unbelief. The great freedom of Novgorod proved the possession of the treasure but heresy diverted the fulfilment of the miracle.

The best relic of the power of the Stone is symbolized by the serpent's Stone—symbol of a wise possession.

The follower of night sought to regain possession of the Stone. But the Treasure was ever the token of Light. Not for long did sly rulers possess the Stone, being unaware that striving for right alone can rule the fire of the Stone.

Uroil Zena, Spirit of the air, bore to King Solomón the Stone. Proclaimed the Spirit into the receptive ear: "By the will of the Lord of Powers I entrust unto thee the treasure of the Lord of Powers. I entrust thee the treasure of the world.

"So be it", said the King and carried the Stone into the Temple.

But the thought possessed him to carry part of the treasure on his person. Then the King summoned Ephraim, the goldsmith of the tribe of Judah; he did him sever a part of the Stone and take pure silver and weld a ring and engrave upon the Stone the chalice of wisdom illumined with a flame. The King thought

never to part with the treasure. But the Spirit said: "Not wisely didst thou violate the supreme A-Substance. It shall be sorely difficult for the sons of men to possess the Stone. And only those who are with thee can direct the Stone to righteousness. By a constellation shall I designate the way of the Stone."

Departed is the envoy to Khan Tamerlane. Uneasily lies the Stone at Otakuye. A guard of three banners must be dispatched. Upon camels men are journeying. A pillar of sand obscures the sun. The elements conceal the travellers. Endlessly they wander. And the Kayuks turn their steeds homewards. At night, who shall safeguard the Stone?

The desert hid the strangers and with them the Stone went to the south. Reflect, Khan, how to overtake the Stone righteously? Came sorrow and disease; the steed even loses its footing. To the worthy horsemen came the manifested Spirit: "Search not. Time alone will reveal the way."

Each Ulus sings its own song about the Stone.

Father Sulpicius beheld a vision. A white pillar of clouds appeared to him. From it issued a Voice: "Keep the Stone in the shrine brought from Rothenburg. Upon it are four squares and in each the sign M. The manifestation will be revealed when I shall pronounce the March of the Four eastward. Naught shall lessen the commandment. Yield to the destined hour. I shall assemble the warriors of My star. Whosoever are ordained to recognize the appointed time; they shall gather. This I attest by this hour, that the Stone is shaped like a human heart and within it is enshrined a resplended crystal."

At these words the pillar dispersed into blue sparks, casting Father Sulpicius into incomparable tremour.

Herein is the greater wonder, that the Stone which came from the East has the shape of a flat fruit or heart, oblong in form. Upon the shrine were found the foretold letters. Unknown is their meaning.

The Ruler Kurnovoo, laden with gold, received from Tazlavoo the dark Stone containing the crystal of life. And over the gold the Ruler wore the Stone.

Out of the book of Tristan, called Lun:

“When the Son of the Sun descended upon earth to teach mankind, there fell from heaven a Shield which bore the power of the world. In the center of the Shield between the three distinct marks were signs of silver predicting events under the rays of the Sun. The sudden darkening of the Sun threw into despair the Son of the Sun and he dropped and shattered the Shield; for ominous was the constellation. But the power remained in the central fragment—there the ray of the Sun touched.

“It is said that King Solomon severed the central portion of the Stone for his ring. The legend of our priests also tells of the shattered shield of the Sun. It is a most grievous error to deny the Stone.

“Verily, I myself have seen this fragment of the world—I recall its shape—the length of my little finger—of grayish luster like a dried fruit. Even the signs I remember but did not understand them.

“Truly I myself have seen the Stone and I shall find It. It is said that the Stone comes of Itself; It cannot be taken. If so, I shall wait It. For Its sake I shall take myself to the desert, until the end of my days.”

Remember, Lun, you decided to await It.

When the Stone was lost from the Ruler of India, his wife said: “We find It again. The courageous one demandeth a bow, himself to mark down the bird.”

When the Emperor of China possessed the treasure of the sun, he erected for It a turquoise temple of the colour of the azure sky. When the little princes with the bride peered behind the door for a long time, the Emperor said: The fox is leading you. You feel the Joy of the world.

Remember the iron crown of the Longbards: that, too, is a trace of the Stone. Not long did the Stone rest near the Mountain of Pride. Many are the envoys from the East. The camels bring the Stone to Tibet. Across the desert they carry It and with It a new power. And Its last flight to the West lighted up an unheard-of kingdom of an unsuccessful union of western

nations.

In each ray of the East they already seek the Stone. The Time will come; the dates will be fulfilled. Designated is the ordained way when of Itself the Stone will come from the West.

We affirm to await and understand the way of the Stone. We affirm to understand the predestined carriers of the Stone who go homewards.

The ship is ready.

The New Country shall go forth to meet the seven stars under the sign of three stars which sent the Stone to the world. Prepared is the Treasure and the enemy shall not take the Shield covered with gold.

AWAIT THE STONE.

SACRED SIGNS

We do not know. But they know.
The stones know. Even trees
Know.
And they remember.
They remember who named the mountains
And rivers,
Who constructed the former
Cities.
Who gave the names
To the immemorial countries—
Words unknown to us—
They are filled with meaning!
Everything is filled with achievements.
Everywhere
Heroes passed “To know”—
Is a sweet word. “To remember”—
Is a terrible word. To know and
To remember, to remember and to know
Means—to have faith.
Airships were flying.
Came pouring a liquid fire. Came flashing
The spark of life and death.
By the might of spirit stony masses
Ascended.
A wondrous blade was forged.
Scriptures guarded wise secrets.
And again all is revealed.
All new.

Fairy tale—legend—
Have become life. And we live again.
And again we shall change.
And again
We shall touch the earth.
The great "Today" shall be dimmed
Tomorrow.
But sacred Signs
Will appear. Then
When needed.
They will be unperceived. Who knows?
But they will create
Life. And where are
The Sacred Signs?

(From Russian)

