

got warm again, following the perfection of nature.

Thus beautifully speak these remote Arts, glorifying the standards of Arts.

Remember the sense of the Beautiful. Keep your enthusiasm, and develop creative thought—such thought is the chief thing, that of thought is the real possibility and it is most practical advice to have pure thoughts.

Lovingly does Asia guard the traditions about the perfection of quality, which resounds with the Cosmos.

Amidst the vast uplands of the Gobi we heard an uplifting song. A lonely bard—a Mongol—sitting on a hillock, callingly addressed himself to the dawn. When we came nearer, the Mongol became silent. We asked him to repeat his beautiful tune. But he refused: "only to the desert is this Song of Shambhala sounded."

Ne ti, ne ti, says the Hindu of the Unutterable-Ineffable. And will he ever tell you the name of his Guru? The unspeakable sounds in the heart.

In the sacred fires of the heart will the Music of the Spheres resound, as the highest inspiration.

HOLY GUARDIANS

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Thus said the Mongolian Lama :

"The Holy Keepers visited also our *yurtas*. Nobody knows when They shall appear. It is not known whence They come and whither They go, but they are usually in haste. It is told that They lay foundations for monasteries, where these are necessary. Sometimes the place of Their visitation is being marked by *suburgans* or by ordinary *obos*. When the news of Their approach passes through the desert, then people rejoice in all *yurtas*. It is said there are no illnesses in those places. And all plans and deeds are successful."

We asked: "Perhaps such success is due to mental suggestion. Such beneficial thoughts and ordainments are known."

"We know of this force, and we ourselves believe that success is sent. Once the Holy Keeper was asked: It is true that according to His thought many benevolent deeds are done, and how does He suggest them? 'It is said that', He replied, 'this happens in many ways, but the main thing is that you act as is 'necessary.' And They hasten in order to give to the people more good thoughts, in order that people everywhere can do the best within the needed time."

We asked: "Are They at once recognized by the people?"

"To say the truth, only a few recognize Them. And the others become aware, only after Their departure. And then they again begin to wait. Stupid people! when something is given, they do not agree; and when it is taken away they again begin to wait for it."

We asked: "And when They come, where do They stay?"

Sometimes in their tents, but usually They go away somewhere, and no one knows properly, from beyond what mountains They come and where Their path lies. But wise people expect Them, and expect Them very much, especially for the day of the Blessed One. And when the news of Their arrival comes joy radiates everywhere. From *yurta* to *yurta* messengers gallop at full speed. And hardly have the people time to gather, when They have already left. People of course say that They use some subterranean passages, but no one knows anything definite about these. When They suddenly appear amidst the desert, people wonder how such a long waterless path was accomplished. We ponder whether somewhere there are hidden roads. Even very deep and endless caves were found and no one knows whether they lead. And in the darkness of these caverns no one was able to find his way."



We asked: "Do you narrate this about the ancient past, or does it happen now?"

"It was, and is, and shall be. They guard the people. They keep justice. They send new thoughts. And not long ago, and may be even now, there may appear a rider. Either alone, but sometimes two, and no one knows Their ways."

We asked: "And are there any signs of Their coming?"

"No, never, None! Everything great and wonderful comes unexpected. So sudden that human thought cannot anticipate. But the heart perhaps may feel. When the time of Their approach comes, the heart longs and strives and flies to meet Them. Sometimes, the heart flutters as a bird, and perhaps at that moment They pass nearby. How often does the steed neigh no one knows why; perhaps it sensed Their steeds. Very often dogs appear watchful apparently without reason, but never will a dog bark at Them. Sometimes it happens in a caravan, during night-camping. It seems as if someone rides past, and when they listen—there is nothing to be heard. Sometimes a wonderful fragrance, as if from the best flowers, arises over the desert. It is said that this is due to Their approach. Some have seen an unusual white dog, like a Borosi. Old people say that this was Their dog. And the dog runs alone, but as if with some purpose and does not respond to calls: no doubt it hastens. Others have seen in the desert white birds—like doves, and believe that these

were Their messengers. There are many inexplicable signs in our desert. Sometimes we find most remarkable stones. No doubt someone has placed them there. They are carved, sometimes with unknown inscriptions, sometimes round like eggs."

We said: "There, you see many signs in the desert, but for foreigners the desert appears boring and dead."

"That is because they do not know the language of the desert. The foreigners cannot judge the wind, nor do they smell the fragrance, and even should they meet Them, they will not recognize Their greatness."

We said: "What are They like? Some people must have seen Them."

"As circumstances require, in order not to attract the people's attention unnecessarily. I was told that in one camp They were taken for traders, in another as shepherds and yet in another as warriors, everyone judges by himself. But They are not offended at our remarks. One, who recognized Them, tried to find what he should do. And He replied: "You will do as is necessary, don't worry about it, but always do good deeds, everywhere and in everything. They always teach to do good."

Again we asked: "And has no one any signs or token, from Them?"

"Perhaps some have. No doubt they have. But only, if any one receives them, he will never say so."

We questioned: "And does any one know Their names?"

"They can assume different names, but again, if any one was lucky to hear Their name, he will never repeat it to any one else. No one will transgress this law."

Our friend became silent and piercingly followed with his eyes a moving point on the far-off sandy hills. Perhaps he pondered whether his luck had come. In his eyes glimmered the long waited for expectation. We felt that he knows, has heard and seen much more. But much longer must one sit at the bonfire, until the heart opens up. Even if the heart would be ready to reveal, the will knows how far these gates can be opened towards foreigners. To passers-by many mysteries of the desert remain closed. The desert can only entrust them to their own. Only to him who it can fully trust; to him who thinks quietly about the past and the future; who is content with the little which is incalculable for contemporary luxury.

The desert has assumed that aspect, in which it appears to the passer-by, in order not to show its significance and magnificence. The heart of Asia is hidden with all its wealth, with all deeply buried signs, and the sons of Asia know how to guard the ordained, they guard the Teaching of the Blessed One. *boog*

Perhaps tomorrow the Lama will tell us about Shambhala.

I remember how in Kuchar in Central Asia, somebody told us a beautiful tale about the perfection of Art. In the sands, that hide the buried city of Kuchar, we were

amazed to hear such a living tradition, which uplifts art:

A certain artist was once in need of money and took his painting to a money-lender. The latter was not at home and only a boy was there. This boy gave the artist a very large sum for the painting.

When the money-lender returned home, he was furious and shouted to the boy: "Fool, for these butterflies, fruits and vegetables you gave such an enormous sum," and discharged the boy.

When the term was due, the artist returned to the money-lender's surprise with the money and demanded his painting back. When the money-lender gave him the painting, the artist exclaimed, "This is not my painting; where are the butterflies?" The money-lender was horrified to see that the butterflies had disappeared and only the fruit and the vegetables remained on the painting. The artist then told the money-lender: "You discharged the boy and insulted him, but only he can help you in your plight. Call him back at once, "The money-lender had no other way out but to search for the boy and when the latter came he said: "Now it is winter and the butterflies come only in the summer time. Place the painting near the fire, and we shall see the butterflies return." And so it was. It appeared that the paint was put on the canvas with such skill and special knowledge of colours, that during cold weather these colours disappeared and became visible only when it