

АЛОЕ ПЛАМЯ

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Предисловие

Привет тебе, в твоём новом воплощении! Когда то ты была танцовщицей и жрицей священного Алого Пламени.

Пришел благословенный момент и милостью Най-высшего Иерарха тебе предстоит узнать давнишнее твоё прошлое. Да послужит тебе это уроком, и да поможет тебе снова вернуться на путь священного Красного Пламени!

Слушай правдивую, странную историю. Культ Красного Агни первый раз был установлен тысячи лет до Христианской Эры. В Великой Тибетской Долине, к югу от Снежных Вершин, ты жила в монастыре, где ты была священной танцовщицей. Долина, в которой ты жила, называлась тогда Кара-тин. Было это много тысяч лет тому назад, и в те примитивные времена, монастыри представляли собой весьма неприглядное зрелище, и были скорее похожи на подземные туннели, нежели на современные здания. Жили там целые семьи: согласно древним законам того времени дамы женились и целые семьи посвящали себя служению Богу.

В твоей семье были двенадцать человек: четыре женщины и восемь мужчин. Семья была очень благочестивая

Отец был высший священный служитель. Эвали его Нохи-кан. Мать твоя была жрицей, по имени Тенитас. Когда ты родилась, тебе было дано имя Нан-ти-ган. Тебя посвятили, подобно прочим - Богу.

С самых младенческих лет ты пела странные мелодии и необыкновенно легко и ловко танцевала. Тебя послали в соседнюю часовню и там обучили тебя религиозным обрядом и танцам. Тело твое было нежно, красиво и очень выразительно в движениях. Своими движениями ты передавала славу Воевышнему... С течением времени ламы вполне оценили твой большой талант и назначили тебя служить подле Высшего Жемчужной Ламы. Кроме твоей удивительной ловкости и прелести в танцах ты еще была провидицей в будущее. Ты могла видеть отдаленные события через клише астрального мира, и будущее тебе было так же ясно как настоящее. Когда тебе исполнилось тридцать лет - великое событие совершилось в твоей жизни: ты встретила с великой жрицей Алого Пламени, которая со временем стала твоим лучшим другом.

Я буду диктовать через медиума, в состоянии тибетского пхо-ба, о твоей жизни. Пусть снова воскреснет в твоей душе образ прелестной жрицы-танцовщицы так свято и оскровенно отдавшей свой талант, силу и красоту на служение Святого Огня... Пусть в душе твоей развучит твоя верная струна - струна любви - а пусть отзвучит на Великую Любовь (верно) пылающего Великого Сердца, Сердца Создателя в Огненном Храме Любви Вечной!...

Да поможет тебе "Бог Тибета", Бог Древнего Бод-Юла, которому когда то ты так трогательно служила! Да откроются твои духовные глаза и да будет мир и благодать с тобой.

Привет тебе в форме, которая когда то была

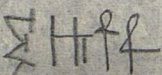
тебе так близка: "Кале-мо-и, Нан-ти-ган, кале-мо-и!...-

Повторяй эти слова перед отходом ко сну и
завеса твоей тайны преподымается.

1.

Рождение Алого Пламени

Много тысяч лет тому назад, задолго до воплощения на земле сына Божьего, началась история Алого Пламени. Было это в Большой Долине Древнего Бод'яла, то что теперь известно под именем Тибета.

В старом монастыре волновался Тхимискат, священно-служитель.  так писалось его имя в давно-минувшие дни... Трудно было Тхимискату. Он мучился за свою паству: жрецы погрязли в мирских интересах, предавались чревоугодию, и не думали о молитве. Сам Тхимискат молился дено и нощно и страстно просил помощи у Бога, дабы спастись от гибели, ибо он знал, что уход от Духа грозит уничтожением. Он знал об участи Атлантиды, которая погибла только благодаря нечестивой жизни водителей. Старый жрец мечтал возродить религию и сделать ее насущной потребностью народа. Но он отлично сознавал, что одному ему немислимо достигнуть успешных результатов. Он обратился к старшей жрице с просьбой осветить и предсказать будущее. Старуха не могла проникнуться должным вдохновением и осталась бессильной: ясновидение покинуло ее. Враждебная аура и нечестивые флюиды монастыря парализовали ее силу. В прежнее

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время иерархическая религия Бод-юла крепко об'единяла людей и всех членов монастыря, но теперь произошел разлад.

- Высохла душа, - жаловалась жрица. - Нет у меня ярких проблесков духа... Нужна нам новая сила...

- Ты знаешь, что сила нас покинула - печально вздохнул Тхимискат. Я знаю это тоже. Но что мне делать? С нами только несколько избранных, остальные погразли в материи. Если помощь свыше не придет к нам я не смогу бороться с злыми влияниями.

- Правда, Тхимискат... Многочисленны враги твои. Под маской священнослужителей к нам ворвались самые мирские, самые низменные люди. И сколько их жаждет твоей смерти! Я бы так хотела проникнуть в будущее и заручиться каким либо знанием... Но я стара. Моменты ясновиденья все реже и реже приходят ко мне. Я пошлю к тебе мою молодую помощницу Нир-эрт. Быть может она сможет и помочь тебе мочь тебе...

Сурова была зима когда молодая жрица прибыла в Главный Монастырь. Было так холодно что трудно было дышать, дыхание замерзало в воздухе... К концу этой морозной ночи произошло чудо. Целый дождь огненных искр посыпался с небесного свода и образовал радугу тончайших цветов и тонов. Весь горизонт поверх гор как бы пылал; из середины этого ^{пылающего} ^{св}свода сыпались свет огненный и ^тосежил также и монастырь, и каждый угол был освещен чудесными светящимися узорами, всех цветов радуги.

- Хаб-геб!!... - восторженно прошептал Тхимискат. - Благодать Божия снизошла на землю!...

Не все души откликнулись на чудесное знамение. Многие остались равнодушными и продолжали и ^{не}преисполнились вдохновением.

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У старого Тхимискава были двое помощников: пожилой священник, который умел удивительно хорошо рисовать иконы, и жрица обладавшая художественным вкусом и имевшая склонность к произведениям искусства. Жрица регулярно посещала храм и раздувала священное Пламя. Пепел оставшийся от Пламени обладал чудесным свойством, и впоследствии со всех сторон обращались немощные люди в Монастырь за чудесным пеплом.

В этот год, когда благословение небес снизошло на Старый Тибет, много чудес произошло там. Все это было несколько тысячелетий спустя после гибели Атлантиды.

Чудесное Пламя никогда не угасало. Слухи об Алом Пламени, сошедшем с неба и возгоревшемся на алтаре Бод-юльского монастыря - распространялись по всем окрестностям.

Со всех сторон стекался народ для исцеления или для обретения душевного мира, ибо самая близость к Пламени вселяла в сердце мир и благодать. Пламя иногда едва теплилось, но порой возгоралось до огромных размеров... Однажды, когда жрицы и жрецы собрались для большого общего богослужения, произошло еще одно чудо. Из середины Алого Пламени ясно выступила человеческая фигура, и в свете пылающего алого огня народ увидел лицо давно усопшего старого жреца-водителя Бод-юла. Совсем нормальным, живым голосом видение заговорило о необыкновенной милости снизошедшей на Бод-юла. Затем усопший рассказал, что когда то он был жрецом

и магом в Атлантиде... " Придет время - сказал усопший - когда мир достигнет опять расцвета человеческого развития, как в погибшей Атлантиде, и погрязнет подобно Атлантиде в материи. И тогда снова снизойдет священное Пламя и очистит от скверны падшее человечество..."

" Священное Пламя называлось ~~Агни~~ ~~ххх~~ ~~называет~~ называется Агни" - произнес голос последнюю фразу и видение исчезло.

С тех пор на протяжении веков сохранилось понятие Агни- животворящего. Что же до видения, окруженного р горящим огнем - то простой народ построил на этом легенду и из поколения в поколение передавалось что сам Бог посетил в огненном пламени старый Тибет!

С этого времени снова возродилась религия в Бод-юме. Множество новых монастырей выстроилось на скалах и на вершинах гор. А в главном старом Монастыре жизнь стройно установилась и сгармонизировалась. Обитатели монастыря разделились по возрасту. Молодое поколение вело жизнь активную и очень продуктивную на физическом плане; тогда как в другой половине монастыря поселились старцы, жизнь которых протекала на ментальном плане. В деятельность молодежи старики не вмешивались, и все свое время посещали молитве, медитации и в поклонении священному Агни.

Но возвратимся к старому художнику-ламе, помощнику Тхимиската.

(Продолжение в сл. главе.)

2.

Тхиноктес

Велик и учен был старый художник. Жизнь он вел благочестивую и пользовался заслуженным почетом. Наружность его вполне гармонизировала с его характером. Ясно и безоблачно было его прекрасное лицо, и высокий лоб отражал его чистые мысли.

Странный огонь горел в его черных глазах и придавал его взгляду особую силу. Эта магнетическая сила была присуща ему не только во время транса и концентрации, но постоянно светилась в его взгляде. Дивны были ^{эти} его глаза. Во всем дано ему было видеть божественную природу. Он в духе осознал, что искра Божия светится во всем бытии: от человека до насекомого, и от звезд до камней. Высок строен и силен был лама. Его руки были также необычны как и его глаза. Длинные, сухие, гибкие пальцы облагали удивительной ловкостью и нежнейшими, легчайшими движениями. Великим художником и скульптором был лама. Острая наблюдательность помогала ему запоминать всевозможные образы, которые впоследствии он одухотворял в состоянии транса.

Обычай того времени предписывал ламам заботиться о своих могилах задолго до их смерти. Целые склепы были вы-

сечены в скалистых гротах. Каждый ^и лама имел свой склеп, который при жизни служил ему кельей для медитации и молитвы, а по ^и смерти становился его могилой.

Темной ночью отправился Тхиноктес к своей могиле. Всегда приходил он сюда когда дух его искал успокоения. Здесь он пресаживал часами и украшал каменные стены гробницы чудесными рисунками. Тончайшие детали высекал на камне и вырисовывал Тхимискат. Мастерству и терпению его не было границ. Темой для его рисунков всегда служили его личные воспоминания. Он запечатывал ^{лебад} в рисунках священные моменты из своей деятельности. В постоянном ^б напряженном труде проводил свое время старый Тхиноктес.

В эту ночь особенно хотелось ему молиться и работать. Задумчиво подошел он к своему склепу и тихо приоткрыл дверь. В страшном смятении, почти в ужасе отскочил лама от дверей: целые снопы Алого Пламени вырвались из склепа, вся гробница светилась от яркого огня. К величайшему изумлению, Тхимискат заметил, что огонь его ничуть не опалил, и подойдя ближе, он убедился, что огонь лишь ярко светится, но ничуть не опалает. В великом волнении Тхимискат зашел в самую середину пламени. Удивлению его не было границ, когда он увидел огромную ^и книгу всю светящуюся в языках пламени, которое не сжигало! Подойдя ^и ближе, он прочел первую строку в раскрытой книге:

" Ты будешь служить мне отныне и до века."

Дальше было написано:

" Все что ты видишь теперь - отражение сверху. КАК ВВЕРХУ, ТАК И ВНИЗУ. Ничему не удивляйся. Молчи о виденном. Но когда придет час, оповести человечество..."

Возвратясь к себе в келью, старый художник предался глубокому размышлению. Всегда, когда что было ему

неясно и трудно, он молился. В молитве его осеняло дивное откровение. И сейчас, дыхание его сделалось ровным, взгляд остановился. Биение своего сердца слышал лама. И с каждым биением сердца лама как бы прозревал будущее.

Тихо и властно слагались чудесные фразы в его сердце. Ритмично, в такт с сердцем слышал он голос: "Алое пламя не сгорит^я. Все больше последователей будет у Агни. Много будет подвижников и ^иногов добровольно отдающих себя на служение Алому Пламени. Много будет и врагов яро сражающихся против б^жг^иа Животворящего. Материализм будет чудовищен в течении долгих столетий; но под конец цикла снова восстанет свет. И с Востока пойдет свет к прог^рязшему в грехе Западу..."

Так слышалось и чудилось Тхиноктес.

The Great Dance began. The many dancers and dancing priestesses already felt the intoxicating odor of the incense smoke rising from the altar. The very air became heavy and stifling over the small clearing of the valley. Yet people felt all this only until the moment Nan-ti-gan, the 'divine priestess' as they called her, began her dance. This priestess was the pupil of a famous convent - and she had to come here in order to gain a high distinction of which she never even dreamed...

The crowd ~~sate~~ squatted on the lawn and began murmuring the holy prayer. And Nan-ti-gan, throwing off her cloak, began her wonderful dance in her veils. The smoke of the sacrificial altar rose uncommonly high and ~~again~~ again the stunning perfume of the burning incense herbs filled the air. The other dancers stood rigid, like so many statues, as though with their immobility they wanted to pay tribute to their master-dancer. She began her dance in the middle of the circular clearing - the most favorite ~~dance~~ holy dance of that period. It was the same dance - yet she performed it with never-seen, strange movements. With bent neck and downcast eyes she tiptoed on in a great half-circle, meanwhile stretching her arms backwards with closed and rigid fingers. Then, after each seventh step, she leaped up in the air, from tiptoes - the ground seemed to vanish under her feet and it appeared as though she were swimming in the air...She made more and more such bounds as she danced on, and, with the fire-lit mountainside as a background, she was like a white fairy, the spirit of the snow-clad mountains, hovering before the eyes of the awe-struck multitude...By the time she had thus leaped ~~around~~ and tiptoed around the circular clearing, the other dancers, too, came to their senses and began their usual, well-trained ~~dance~~ temple dances.

Every~~x~~ movement of the famous dancer betrayed extraordinary ^{skill and} strength. And every one present suspected that he was not only witnessing an unusual scene, but that he was going to witness some miraculous event...

During the group-dance the sky grew redder and redder, and the flames that shot out of the high mountain tomb began to grow more and more, so that they instilled fright in the people... And old Thinoktes - who had made that tomb vault for himself for the time his spirit would abandon its earth hull for good - suddenly stood up from the row of the prostrate priests and with slow, dragging steps began to walk up the path that led to the summit. He wanted to see what was going on there. His mind was seized with an unusual, strange feeling as he walked uphill, and every now and then he stood still to take a look back at the valley. He had an urge to go on and felt that this way meant an important change to him. He again came to a halt on a protruding rock and looked down upon the clearing, his eyes searching for his priestess whom he had loved so dearly for so many years. As he walked on, strange emotions filled his soul. He already suspected what was going to happen to him.

Even if his spiri^t~~ed~~ excelled by far over the men of that period, yet he was an earthly man and his body was subject to the laws of Earth. He stopped anew and scanned the motley crowd moving below. When he reached the summit, before the shrubs that bordered the precipice shut off his view, he raised his arm and bid farewell to the people below who participated in the Great Ceremony... At this moment, despite the great distance, he recognized his priestess, the double of his soul. She was just rising from her sitting posture in front of the large altar and ~~raising~~ lifting up her hands recited the Prayer for Miracles... The eyes of Thinoktes were wet with hot tears and even through the great distance she felt the warm, affectionate look of the Priestess.

She also felt that she had to lift up her eyes because someone was waiting for her to look up. The old priest waved his arm in farewell the very moment her true consort looked up at him... And Thinoktes knew that the hour for their separation, for this earth life, had come. ~~Hex~~ There he stood with outstretched arms, looking before him rigidly. ~~Therexxxx~~ He saw no one in the crowd save his eternal consort, the double of his soul, who loved him so fondly and whom he ~~wxxx~~ must now leave. The first tear-drops were followed by others, and presently they trickled down his haggard face harrowed by the furrows of so many years of containment, hard will, and abdication. He heaved a sigh and made his heart strong. He turned round on his heels and continued to walk towards his tomb. Meanwhile he felt his mind blank, no thoughts passed through his mind, with his mental eyes he still held the picture of his priestess looking up at him. It needed a wonderful mental force to tear himself away from his mate of his own accord - but the priests of Old Tibet had this superhuman ~~fx~~ strength. As he was nearing the peak of the mountain, human ~~fraxikexx~~ weakness again overcame him... But the Holy Wisdom, the ancient God of Bod-Yul - who was the same as He is now - did not forsake him and fortified his heart.

When he had caught sight of the high stone slab of his vault, he heard ~~axfainex~~ the faint call of a woman behind him...- and suddenly the sweet scent of the incensed smoke coiling in the valley struck his nose. He turned round and stood still with amazement. The young priestess who not so long ago had performed, down below, that wonderful dance which must have pleased the Most High, was swimming towards him in the air, with outstretched arms, as the impetus of her high leap took her. Thinoktes knew that a miracle had happened and that it was the strength of God that filled Nan-ti-gan so that she was rapt and could fly through the air. The force of the Scarlet

Flame ~~hadxxxx~~ must have attracted her like a lodestone, and now she was hurrying towards him along the narrow mountain path...

She was a wonderful, fairylike apparition. When she was near him, she spoke:

" Be not afraid, O Father...Be brave - and come with me. Please!...Do not be sad. A great and extraordinary experience is ahead of you. Earth is but a burden for you, and now you are going to receive your due reward..."

Thinoktes, still under the effect of the miracle, hurried on and reached the stone slab of his grave which he had carved with his own hands at the time. He suddenly remembered that he had been here scarcely a few days before, and then it did not take him so much pain to come up here, nor to open the slab.... Now he felt so weak that he was scarcely able to ~~to~~ move a leg. Seeing this, the priestess hurried after him and took him by the arm. She looked at him with so much affection and so encouragingly, that Thinoktes forgot his grief. She led him by the arm - and the ~~waxxxx~~ manner in which they thus proceeded was also strange, for they glided ~~along thexxxx~~, as it were, their feet scarcely touching the ground.

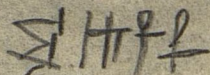
Before the entrance to the tomb they stood still and looked about. The old lama looked wistfully at the shrubs and the objects carved by his own hands in the interior of the grave. The slab was now open and he could see all. Then he rested his tired eyes on his favorite and cherished flowers. He would have liked to go down as far as the ledge to take another look at the valley, but he knew there was not enough strength left in him to do so. Once again human weakness overcame him, and tears sprang to his eyes when he thought of his Priestess...Then, without speaking a word, he sank down on the small stone bench in front of the grave. His faithful escort looked on mutely: she held Thinoktes' sufferings and weakness in respect.

Silence reigned up here, only the low hissing of the non-burning flames could be heard - the flames ~~whisx~~ whose unearthly flicker melted into the fire that lit up the whole summit. For a long time did the old lama sit like that, mutely and motionless - he felt that he was a man only as long as he did not enter the dismal, mournful walls of his tomb. He felt that his heart would feel and throb only as long as he does not ~~lie~~ lie on his stone bier, in order to hand over his tired body to the elements. All the beautiful and dearful moments of his youth passed through his mind at this moment... He remembered their first meeting, the first conversation... and the ~~evening~~ ^{evening} ~~evening~~ ^{evening} walks, after sunset, which meant so much to both of them. And then he felt comforted for it occurred to him that he was not going to live the double of his soul for ever.... He stood up, slowly, and looked at the stone bier. He prepared himself for the last ritual in which he himself would be the offering. And before he entered ~~the~~ through the door, he bowed his head to the holy Genius of Death who, he knew, was invisibly standing by his side...

I

The Birth of the Scarlet Flame

Long, long ago, many thousands of years before the incarnation on earth of the Son of God, the story of the Scarlet Flame began. In the Great Valley of Ancient Bod-Yul, your Tibet of today, the Cradle of Mankind, lay an age-old monastery and temple.

 : Thimiskat, this is how the name of its High-Priest sounded and thus it was written with the ancient, now forgotten characters of that long-past age. Now, old Thimiskat worried a great deal: his heart was sore grieved at the thought that many of his priests were bent on worldly matters and their main care was to eat and drink well before turning to God in prayer. He himself prayed during many a night in his rock-hewn cell and entreated the Godhead to work some miracle because the ancient creed of the godly priests of Attalan, the Lost World, who survived the great Destruction and handed down their faith to posterity, again began to decline. Attalan, he knew, ~~perishxxxxperish~~ had perished because its ^{bad} priests had forgotten their true vocation. He wanted to reform the ancient religion and restore its rigorous rites, but he realized all the time that he alone would

would be incapable of doing so if no help came from above... One day he was struck by an idea and told the old Priestess of the convent that he would like her to foretell the future in a deep religious rapture in which the priestesses were well versed at the time. However, the old Priestess could not fulfil his request because of the viciated fluids and the unpriestly life of the members of the monastery. The hierarchic Bod-Yul religion of old seemed to collapse. Before they had formed one huge family, but now the ~~equix~~ soul equilibrium between them was disturbed.

" My soul is dry," she told him with a sigh, " I can no longer go on space flights, Thimiskat. Our creed must be renewed and more strength should be applied...."

" You know that it cannot be," ~~xxthex~~ my sister, " the aged High-Priest said in a sad voice. "I have tried my best, but all in vain. Only a chosen few of our flock keep with us...If the Powers above do not come to our help, I shall be helpless against the evil influences..."

" Aye, you have many enemies," the Priestess said. "Many a son of the Underworld in a priest's cloak, who wish you were dead...I too would like to foresee the future and to find some guidance. But my powers fail me...I am too old...and my moments of rapture are few and far between...But I will give you one of my best young priestesses, Ni-hro-hert by name....She will stand by you and help you in your noble endeavor...."

It was a very severe winter night when the young priestess moved to the ~~monx~~ Chief Monastery. It was so cold in the deep Valley surrounded by heaven-storming mountain giants that a man's breath froze in the air. At ~~the~~ dead of night when the stars sparkled brightest -behold! the miracle happened. A veritable rain of fiery sparkles flitted down from the night sky ~~like~~ and soon they melted into scintillating rays

of fire that sparkled in all the colors of the rainbow. The horizon above the mountain tops seemed to be all aflame, a reddish halo surrounded the sky and from its middle came shooting down the trembling shafts of red-burning flames. The fire descended upon the temple, too, and it pervaded every corner and danced along the rocky walls. There was no man in Old Bod-Yul that night who did not see this wonder of the skies.

"~~Habgebxxx~~ Hab-geb!... old Thimiskat whispered in exultation when he saw it. "Grace... Grace has descended upon earth...."

Nevertheless, there were monasteries whose dwellers, though they witnessed this divine sight, ~~would~~ shut their hearts to what it portended and preferred to lead on their sinful life. They realized that this was a miracle, yet they were too weak to mend their ways and accept the phenomenon as a warning of the Powers above... But divine grace which so visibly descended upon Earth filled the old High-Priest with uncommon power and energy. That wonderful night filled the hearts of many an errant soul with awe and repentance, and the straying lamas got converted in flocks; they came up to the Monastery that old Thimiskat should bless them and pardon their sins. They made a vow never to forsake him and the ancient creed, and to be henceforth obedient priests. Thimiskat's power and authority soon rose, and he issued the order that all lamas who sinned against the ancient Bod-Yul creed be killed. This was a very strict measure and it seemed rather cruel, but it was necessary - for men seemed to have forgotten the cataclysm of Atlantis which still was so near to them in time.

The High-Priest Thimiskat had two great helpers. An elderly priest who could paint very beautiful holy images,

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and a Priestess ~~who~~ ^{she} was fond of collecting precious objects ~~of~~ ^{of} art. Now this Priestess had the inspiration to go to the Temple and fanning up the Sacred Flame to collect the ashes that it left behind. These ashes proved to be of a great healing power, indeed they were later sent even to the surrounding countries, such was the demand for them abroad. Miraculous cures took place; whoever spread the ashes on his wounds, or took it in water, was instantly cured... That year, when Grace descended from Heavens on Old Tibet was a great year of grace indeed. All this happened only a few thousand years after the destruction of the Atlantean World...

The tidings of the Scarlet Flame ran abroad, and people of every kind and rank flocked to Bod-Yul, to get cured or to be near the healing Flame in whose very vicinity they felt happy and imbued with noble emotions. For the Flame kept on flickering in the Temple, it never waned. Occasionally it died down to tiny spluttering flames, but now and then ~~they~~ it grew into huge red flames which ~~radiated an unearthly~~ emitted an unearthly radiation. On a night like this ~~when~~ when all the priests and priestesses were gathered in the Temple round the Flame, and were ~~a~~ engrossed in deep meditation, lo! the shape of a man began to form itself from the ~~innumerable~~ fluttering Flame. When they stared at it in utter amazement they saw that the apparition was nothing but the head of an aged and long-deceased ~~Xi~~ High-Priest of Bod-Yul. The head then spoke to them, with the resounding voice of a living man, and reminded them of the divine mercy that was bestowed on ~~the nation~~ the nation with the birth of the Scarlet Flame. ~~Then~~ He also told the dumbfounded gathering that he had once been, prior to being a High-Priest in Bod-Yul, a priest and ~~magus~~ Magus in Atlantis... A time would come, he said, when people in the world, highly developed as they will be in their civilization

or religion, will break away from the ancient and one faith - and then the Scarlet Flame will covert them again...Before he bid farewell to them, he told them that the name of the Sacred Flame was Agnis....Henceforward this name survived even after thousands of years, but ~~at~~ the lips of the people and the simple folk who handed down the story of what once happened in the Temple distorted the story and made a god-head of the ~~person of the~~ spirit of the aged ~~Tibetan~~ Atlantean priest who appeared in the Flame....

From this time onwards religious life again revived in Bod-Yul; monasteries were not built only in caves, but outside, too, at mountain tops and walls, like bird's nests. Indeed, the Chief Monastery itself changed so that at the ~~top~~ summit of the huge cliff on which it was built lay the upper story, where dwelt the younger priests, and at the foot of the cliff the monastery of the aged lamas. These above were yet full of strength and action and a will to live; while the old lamas was to be alone, to meditate and to die...But they all lived in great harmony together and they all revered the Scarlet Flame as the visible manifestation of God's grace upon Earth...

But now we must go back to the aged lama who could paint so beautifully on smooth walls and pieces of rock, and who was one of the helpmates of the High-Priest Thimiskat.

One dark night, some time after the world-wide storm that gave birth to the Sacred Flame, old Thinoktes - for this was his name - left his rocky cell ~~in order~~ to go to the neighbouring mountainland and to visit his tomb. The lamas always prepared their own vaults ~~whix~~ in their lives. Several hundreds of such square vaults were carved into the rocks, but no ~~1~~

one lama knew of the whereabouts of the other's grave. Everything was carved of stone in these tombs, and the carvings were of wonderful workmanship. The lamas who came to visit their chosen place of repose ^{were} before it was all made, immersed in deep and long meditations, meanwhile working with ~~infix~~ diminutive ~~knives~~ ~~and chisels~~ hammers and chisels on the huge boulders. It was almost unbelievable that a man with so tiny instruments could in time carve out the whole interior of his vault - yet it was so. Time did not count here, and besides, the deadly silence, the solitude and spiritual immersion in ~~the~~ eternal infinity soothed both the soul and the body of the ~~praying~~ meditating priest. In the meantime he gently kept on rubbing and polishing the slabs and thus day passed by day until, after many years, the tomb was ready. The priests came here every now and then in order to pray, meditate and try to find communion with the Godhead. This they achieved by a sort of rapture when their meditation lapsed into a semi-conscious, somnolent state and the spirit temporarily left the body. The impressions they gained from the Subtle World on such occasions filled them with more faith and divine inspiration, ~~it was allowed~~ The lamas were allowed to ~~come~~ visit their tomb-vaults every now and then - for complete meditation was possible only here - but special rites prescribed how they were to approach the premises. They could come here only in silence, on tiptoe, ~~with naked feet~~ bare-footed, and ~~without~~ naked. They had to leave their cloaks behind in the vestibules of the vaults. These vestibules or anterooms were not covered; they were only closed precincts, surrounded with boulders, as Nature formed the entrance to them, or as the lamas themselves had shaped them.

To one of the vaults in the neighbouring rocky country, which was his own, went also old Thinoktes upon that dark night - to find peace and solitude for his soul. When he ~~opened~~

opened the door of his vault, he stood stockstill with surprise and almost flinched. Huge flames shot out of the tomb, flames as red as hot iron. But strange to say - just as he was about to flee - he felt no heat, and soon found out that the flames did not burn... Now, this was something unexpected and entirely out of the ordinary, but at the same time uncanny and awe-inspiring. Timidly he entered the tomb and approached the big table where he used to keep his simple food and where he used to pray or make notes in his prayer scroll. He stared at the low stone table ~~which~~ around which the harmless flames were still dancing. For behold! there ~~was a~~ a huge book on it, a scroll-book which he never saw before and which was open.

He tiptoed there and read this passage in the book:

"Thou shalt serve me from this day onwards..."

Now, what was this, the old lama wondered. He did not realize that this was a command from above; maybe he thought that some of his fellow-priests had entered his cell against the law, and had left this book on the table. So he mastered himself and made for the low stone bed to lay himself down and to carry out his original purpose why he came - to place himself in a trance and displace his consciousness... When he was about to lie down, he chanced to look back at the flames. What he saw made him stand rigid. The Book, surrounded with small flames, was now hovering in mid-air. Yes, it rose high and hovered in the air like a piece of cloud - and the flames did not burn it! That was a miracle by all means, the aged lama thought to himself while he gazed at the strange phenomenon. The book was burning - and yet it did not burn to cinders. Thinoktes was so astonished that ~~he~~ in his embarrassment and deep awe he took ~~down~~ off his small cap - and anon his cap turned red! The old lama looked at it all ~~and~~ agape...

He did not know what it was all about. Never before had he witnessed such a series of miracles in quick succession... Now he glanced at the book and saw, to his utter amazement, that it again lay on the table. He stepped up to it and read half aloud:

" Everything which you see here below is ~~as it is~~ ~~is a~~ ~~reflection~~ a reflection of things on high. And everything that is here below is as it is above... ~~Thou~~ Henceforward ~~thou~~ shalt serve me. I ~~order~~ ~~you~~ command you not to tell a living soul about what you have witnessed here today. Thou shalt copy down all that which you find recorded in this book..."

Thinoktes did not know what to do. He had no writing materials on him, and he made up his mind to lay down on his bed and fulfil his purpose before going home. But he did not succeed in doing so, for high flames shot out of his bed. There was nothing for him but to go back to the Monastery. That night when he went to sleep in his ~~cell~~ rock cell, he decided to displace his spirit in deep rapture, before falling asleep. Maybe the spirits would tell him more ~~about~~ in his trance state about the meaning of his unusual ~~vision~~ experience in the vault...

The first visions his spirit saw when it was freed from the shackles of its earth hull, were not unusual: he had known about these things. The mountain-top, which was honeycombed with passages and tombs bored into the rocks was a forbidding and forbidden place where no one went except the lamas when they wanted to meditate. Yet for the last few days the summit of the mountain had been all aflame. The huge outburst of flames seemed to shoot up from the foot of the mountain and went so high that they lighted the air many feet above the summit....

When Thinoktes woke up on the morrow, the Priestess, the High-Priest's other helpmate, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ who used to collect the healing ashes, came to see him all in a flurry.

"Come, Father, come...- she whispered in great excitement. "Come to witness the sight ~~that~~ that the eye of man never saw before in Bod-Yul....The whole mountain is aflame, and --"

She could speak no more for sheer emotion, and the two ~~now~~ of them now hurried out to the steep terrace.

"Look..." said the Priestess. "Look!..."

There to their ast^{eyes} onished ~~sight~~ unfolded itself a most unusual sight. The heaven-storming ridge of the Snowy Queen was all enwrapped in scarlet flames and the shape of the dancing flames formed writings signs which according to the primitive writing of the period meant ~~xxxSacredxxxx~~ could be deciphered as "Holy Mountain"....

The phenomenon lasted for ten days and ten days. ~~The population~~ Everybody saw it, not only the monastery-dwellers. The population almost ~~grew panicky~~ grew panicky, particularly those who had something on their conscience, and they all flocked to the foot of the mountain and asked the priests what it all meant. There was not one man or woman without faith or incredulous ~~during~~ in these days, for they all sensed this was a sign from above and portended something good or something evil.....

That night when old Thinoktes retired to his cell, he began again to ponder upon the visions he had the night before. He distinctly remembered that during his rapture he saw first the flaming mountain and the agitated population,...But his ~~xxx~~ displaced spirit had also seen far into the future ... He saw the Flame spread and grow bigger and bigger. It ran like

willfire among the peoples and every one talked of it. The Scarlet Flame had more and more followers. He saw that emblems were made of the Flame and placed on the monastery walls, or were worn by lamas, and worldly people too, on their clothes. He saw through the veil of the future how many will die, sacrificing themselves of their own accord, for furthering the spread of the ~~Firexxx~~ Fiery Flame. He saw great battles waged on each other by lamas, priestesses and worldly men. He saw the bitter jealousy, the hatred, and the tremendous lust for revenge in which the opposers would drown the spread of the Flame...

Yes, he saw all this, and more. He saw, to his distress, that the antagonists will succeed in ~~stiflinxxx~~ putting out the ~~flamexforxxxperiodxxxx~~ Red Flame for a long period - but in the end, in the last period of the world, it will again rise from its ashes and continue its way of conquest. He saw books of ~~axxxxxxxx~~ strange shape, not like their own scrolls, appear in large numbers - all of them ~~proxxx~~ speaking of the Flame and paving the way to the great conversion of men....~~Hax~~ Indeed, he saw himself in a future incarnation as a great propagator of the Idea - not as a priest, but as a worldly man who still devotes his heart and soul to start the great work - the resuscitation of the Sacred Flame...He saw that the ~~workx~~ great and strenuous work started by him will be carried on by a Priestess of his own age - a Priestess dear to his heart, ~~whoxwillix~~ whose writings will carry on the torch of the Scarlet Flame. His own ideas and those of the Priestess - expounded in fragmentary writings - will later be scientifically substantiated by one of their dependants...All this happens in the East, in Bod-Yul...But the Scarlet Flame will also reach the West... Yes, Thinoktes saw also the time when the West will entirely collapse and will be devoid of solace. He saw

the time when the Spirit will be dwarfed by ~~the~~ Matter, for only matter will count then. He saw that the West would be engaged for a long period in breaking the Spirit and bringing these trends towards the East.... The ~~Firexxx~~ material ~~trendxxxwixxx~~ stream of the decaying West will reach the borders of Tibet where his widow would be living then, continuing his life-work... And when the Priestess - the widow in that distant future - will depart following the call ~~of~~ from above, then the Fire ~~wixxxx~~ shall again be visible on Earth. The East will flame and the despondent West will watch out eastward. The soul and the spirit shall reign supreme... And the sons of the ruined West will kneel down, turning their faces to the East and beseeching the help of the Great Flame....

II

Thinoktes

On the following morning when he woke up the old lama caught sight of his small round cap on the table - the cap that turned red in the fire... He stared at it for a long time, for he did not yet understand what it all meant.

A great and learned lama was old Thinoktes, one who led a saintly life and was highly esteemed by all. He was tall of stature, with well-proportioned, sturdy limbs. In his high forehead many a great association of high spiritual ideas turned up during his hours of ~~concentration~~ meditation. A strange fire was always burning in his eyes, a fire which lit up his black eyes and made his look penetrating. He beheld his visions most keenly even if he ~~was~~ was not in a trance like state, when he only looked before him fixedly in contemplation. His were not simple eyes indeed. He had the great gift of seeing all things from a divine aspect, and he eternized with his mental eyes everything he saw.

His hands and fingers were lean and thin, though his fleshy body was otherwise big enough. His long, thin, but knotty fingers endowed him with great manual dexterity. He was a great hand in painting and sculpture. His keen eyes observed all things most minutely, and his mind was so con-

centrated that he was able to guard for a long time the visions he saw in the trance state. He had a calm and sedate nature and was fond of turning his mind inside upon itself, but he could never be without some activity. His favourite place was his tomb-vault which he often frequented. Here he came, on many an occasion, in order to paint on thin stone slabs or papyri. The vault indeed was adorned both inside and outside with his paintings and drawings. His skilful hands knew no fatigue. He was persevering, and when he painted, he did so with bringing out the most minute details. The themes which he ~~printed~~ had painted until that strange phenomenon he experienced some time before, had always been connected with initiation ceremonies and rites in which he himself had participated. That is to say he perpetuated those sacred moments which were memorable to him as a priest. All this he completed with what he had seen in his visions or ~~in~~ during space flights - as the displacement ~~on~~ of one's soul was called since time immemorial.

Yes, old Thinoktes passed his days in perpetual and strenuous work. Some time before, he had received a new command for painting and sculpturing, and what this meant will be seen later. His gait was ~~agile~~ straight, his movements agile in spite of his age. He walked noiselessly, he glided along the ground, as it were. Indeed, he exercised perfect self-control even in walking. He breathed in the fresh air regularly and systematically every morning: he was never lazy to miss any of his ~~breathing exercises~~ morning breathing exercises. Every morning until his dying day he climbed up the big mountain and had a dip in the crystal clear water of the mountain lake. The water was icy, but he did not feel the cold: his body was permeated with spiritual fire which kept him warm and elated.

People were happy to see him because his face ~~r~~, smiling and somehow yet serious, radiated placidity, calm, and wise deliberation. There was no one in the monastery but saw him ever in an agitated state of mind. Also, he fulfilled the command of every man, be he an old or a young lama. He was humble, but his lowliness was wisdom. He always watched intently anybody who spoke to him and never interrupted his interlocutor.

He had time for everything: he settled all his affairs and work with composure and unlimited ~~ex~~ devotion. Yet he was never overburdened: he performed his work ~~and~~ most conscientiously, and the everyday burdens and tasks imposed on him fell ~~from his shoulders~~, accomplished, from his shoulders ~~like the sand specks~~ one by one like the ~~sand~~ specks of sand in a sand ~~block~~ glass. His thick lips, his broad chin, showed the eternal man and the strength of a fighter for truth on Earth. His teeth were flashing white and when he gently smiled at people, they knew that no unkind word could ever leave those lips. Yes, Thinoktes was a true servant of his Lord, the Great Holy ~~Wisdom~~ Wisdom to whom he unselfishly devoted all his life.

Thinoktes spoke openly, sincerely and kindly to everybody. Never could the veins be seen swollen on his neck; never did a single word choke in his throat from emotion or anger. He loved ~~/~~ justice and truth, and he fought for them. However, he was no coward, for he could face any difficulty. He could defend himself from both man and beast. It happened on ~~several~~ several occasions that while he silently prayed before his vault, ferocious beasts ~~fell upon~~ attacked him. The huge brutes pawed at him with their ~~un~~ big claws, but Thinoktes contrived to curb them. His fixed look, his fiery eyes simply paralyzed the wild animals. With his strong arms he seized the beasts, but instead of harming them, ^{he} only turned them round and sent them back ~~where they~~ to

where they came from, lest they disturb the peace of one who is praying to the Great Wisdom. He talked gently to them and soon they went their own way. Yet they wild animals always waited first for him to take hold of their heads and turn them in the direction of their ~~lair~~ distant lairs. And when they withdrew they looked back gratefully at the great and holy lama, who understood their language and their looks. This was no tale indeed, for the other lamas often were eye-witnesses to such scenes, and when they saw the wild beasts pass, they shut themselves up in their vaults with chattering teeth

To his personality belonged also ~~the~~ a great love of flowers, which always goes with the mentality of such men. There was a veritable bower of flowers ~~in~~ in front of his ~~very~~ tomb. Quite instinctively the old lama had chosen ~~these~~ such flowers as would later grow into big, tall plants. There were all kinds of flowers in the garden of the vault. But a great miracle happened to them, too, during this period of ~~the~~ downpouring heavenly flames. They were untouched by the flames, but they all turned red and scarlet, indeed they displayed the greatest variety of red, with all its ~~many~~ delicate shades ~~right down to purple~~, from the color of blood to ~~the~~ most gorgeous purple. When wind blew down from the mountain tops, the mountain seemed to be aflame because the wind ~~was~~ rhythmically swayed the red ~~flow~~ sea of flowers to and fro.

It would be a great mistake to believe that there were no roses in Bod-Yul at the time. In this particular corner of the Great Valley, surrounded by giant mountains, the climate was ~~such that~~ so mild and full of warm ~~vapours that~~ evaporation that it created a summer weather. Another interesting feature of these flowers was that they never withered and re-

mained ~~always~~ fresh, irrespective of the weather in the valley. Indeed, this place above the valley - a huge plateau sheltered by the rocks, where stood the monastery and the tombs - had an exceptional ~~climate~~ and inexplicable climate.

Thus the old lama lived here, covering every day a stretch of road ^{to} in his realm when he was free from the monastic duties. The way from the Monastery to his grave was always clean trodden, it never was covered with weeds - as it often happened to the paths the other lamas followed. These, indeed, often made up their minds to choose and open the grave of some other lama, deceased long ago, and asked to be permitted to frequent this new vault instead of their abandoned ones, and to have them buried by the side of that illustrious lama. However, old Thinoktes was not like that. He never coveted anybody else's tomb because of the fine stone carvings on its walls. He never wished to wear borrowed plumes, to pride himself in other people's work. He himself did everything in his grave, and elsewhere, too. ~~He~~ carved and chiselled fine statues out of stone and wood. His masterpiece, the ~~statue of the~~ image of the Holy Wisdom ~~xxxxx~~ had been set up in the Temple, together with some other wonderful statues made by him. These statues were life-like, they seemed to be full of life and movement, so much so that some lamas complained that the statues could talk and they were afraid of them. Every lama who had this strange experience said the same thing - that the Image urged him to more and more work. Yes, the Image talked aloud and asked for more activity, for strenuous and relentless work. He said that contemplative life was not sufficient, for He too is always active, so He demanded more diligent work and more co-operation.

For these reasons the statues were later set up in the working-places so that they could inspire the ~~working~~ lamas ~~at work~~.

Thinoktes was a punctual man; he was never late in attending the common prayers and gatherings. He was not too much addicted to anything, or anybody - he loved all men like his brethren. The life he lived with his Priestess was very harmonious. He knew from his many contacts with the Spirit World that she was the double of his soul and that their path was the same. He loved her dearly, but ~~hex~~ at the same time the respect he felt for her as a Priestess was very great. He never did anything without asking her first. Every day before the Sun set and dark clouds overcast the sky, he walked out to a solitary rock not far distant from the Monastery, and waited for the coming of the great Priestess. When she came, they caught hold of each other's hands and looked up at the sky. The eternal starlit sky was their witness that their path was common, as was their Fate; that they would not abide on Earth for long, for each day ~~wasxxxxxxprexxxxx~~ brought them nearer to the ultimate end of the great journey when they would at last arrive at their true abode. Silently and speechless they sat at each other's side, in fact their very breathing was scarcely perceptible. Theirs was indeed a most perfect case of harmony on earth. Through their interlaced hands they understood each other completely - they understood what other people must tell by words of mouth. Yes, they understood this silent speech as common people the words. Thus they told each other about their worries, or gained force for more struggles to come.

Nevertheless, the Evil One, the Spirit of Destruction, ~~wa~~ hovered above them, too, and often tried to mar their perfect harmony. He had no great power over these two perfect beings, but this he tried, that he inspired the Priestess to prolong the time of their sweet, silent ~~meetingsxx~~ contemplation.

She wanted to stay with him longer than the time fixed for their meeting. On such occasions the lama stood up and mutely ~~he~~ bowed his head before her. Then the Priestess crossed her hands ~~the~~ of her mate ~~arm~~ behind her neck and looking up at the sky looked for their own star. This was a symbol - a great symbol of the Good conquering the Evil... Thus she held her hands for some time behind the neck of Thinoktes who meanwhile stood ~~there~~ with bent head, fixing the ground. And when the Priestess ~~had~~ had breathed her prayer and had taken off her ~~hands~~ arms from his shoulders, they both crossed their hands upon their chests and bowed to each other deeply.

What they ~~felt~~ must have felt ~~on~~ at such exalted moments ~~was~~ they alone knew. This scene took place between them since many many years. Then they parted and returned, each, to ~~their~~ his or her separate cell. They walked at each other's side silently, while the clouds covered the moon and ~~en~~wrapped the whole landscape in ~~the~~ darkness. From the distance they heard the deep ~~thunder~~ rolling of the prayer-drums in the Monastery which called ^{on} the lamas to retire..

This much I had to tell you about the character and the firm soul ~~of~~ old Thinoktes, so that you can ~~understand~~ better understand the story of the Scarlet Flame...

III

The Temple Dancers

When Thinoktes and ~~her~~ ^{the} Priestess retired to their separate cells, they both began to meditate and ponder upon ~~theirxxactionsxxxx~~ day spent. They always felt that they had not done enough for God - a feeling which at all times inspires ~~thexgreatxx~~ those who are great in the spirit. Also, they had to part when the night fell. They thought of the one-time dwellers of their cells whose bleak, grey walls must have been witnesses to similar meditations of those long dead. They thought of the body which ~~always~~ hampers the soaring of the soul. Often they were so deeply touched by the thought that they cannot always be together~~xxthatxx~~, and that some~~thx~~ unexpected event or disease ~~mayx~~ might separate them for ever, that tears trickled down their cheeks. But after the moments of sorrow came the promptings of consolation from their inmost hearts - they realized that an eternal union waits for them above which never ends. The heart longs for the dual whome Fate or the hard rules of monastic life, separate from one, yet the thought of the eternal aim gives strength and consolation for the future.

Thus their night hours ~~werexxspentxx~~ passed by in

blissful remembrance of the time spent together - then as though they had been set to the sand-~~glass~~clock, they took off their cloaks ~~at the same minute~~ and laid down their tired bodies at the same minute... Thus ~~their days~~ they spent their days from morning to night - until that memorable day came on which the Flame appeared...

This strange phenomenon completely changed the life of the Monastery: indeed, it opened up a new Age in Bod-Yul. The news of the Scarlet Flame, which was redder than the fires kindled by the hand of man, spread like wildfire. The priests and ~~the~~ the valley-dwellers were frightened: they did not know ~~why~~ what it all meant and what would be happening to their monasteries. The sacrosanct of the Monastery began to lose its magic power of attraction and the tomb of Thinktes, where burnt the undying fire, became the center of attraction.

The priests of many far distant monasteries came on a pilgrimage to this holy place. First they ~~came~~ had come ~~for~~ because they had heard about the appearance of the dancing Flame over Bod-Yul's mountain giants. Then they came in larger and larger flocks, to witness the miracle of a Thinktes' grave. Every monastery brought along its customs and habits. There were, in addition to the various ceremonies and rituals, each of them followed, one whose main task was the training of temple dancers. It was ~~from~~ this monastery which furnished the dancing priests and ~~girls~~ priestesses when at some greater temple ceremony dancers were needed for the delectation of the Most Hight.

That was how ~~you, Nan-ti-gan~~ a young dancing girl named Nan-ti-gan ~~had~~, too, arrived to

the place from the Yaung-toi monastery. Large groups of all kinds of lamas and priestesses performed their ceremonies every day before the alter of the Great Monastery. These ceremonies were also accompanied by ritual dances.

Namely, it was written in the predictions of the Chief Monastery that the mystery of the Scarlet Flame will be solved only when a certain ceremony will be performed before it. Very few could understand this ~~text~~ unintelligible text: all that they knew for sure was that during the various ceremonies something must happen to the Flame. What exactly ought to happen to it, this they ignored. That was the reason why the ~~Chief Priest~~ High-Priest ~~ordered~~ had ordered that all monasteries should send ~~it~~ their very best priests and priestesses to this place, in order to perform their own special rituals and offerings. That is how Nan-ti-gan, too, had chanced to arrive here.

The ~~Great~~ Ceremony proper was arranged like this. The Altar was placed in a small ~~clearing~~ clearing of the woods on front of Thinoktes' grave. ~~neighbouring the Great Temple~~. For it was prescribed that it should be situated in a place ~~where foliage~~ abounding with trees and foliage. The religious groups belonging to the various monasteries had to line up so that their insignia faced the flaming Altar. ~~For there were~~ monasteries ~~who~~ which for example would carve the most ornamented prayer-wheels had a huge prayer-wheel for an emblem. Those who trained dancers, carried a flag-pole with a dancing girl's light veil and colored ribbons attached to it...The ~~He~~ High-Priest himself had to prepare for the most sacred offering. When on some high occasion specially sacred offerings were made, the snake grass was used for this purpose. This "snake grass" was a ~~kind of~~ grass-like plant ~~which~~ grew very

high, four feet or so, ~~and might~~ so that it might pass for a tree. Its leaves were as broad as a hand, and thick. It derived its name from the snakes and serpents which liked to rest and hide at their roots. The plant was a rare one and greatly appreciated. One of its leaves was as a rule offered on the altar, but before it was placed there, the High-Priest had imbued it with ~~other~~ different substances.

When the ^{leaf} ~~leave~~ was now placed on the Altar, the dancers - six men and three maids - lined up before it. When the High-Priest had placed the leaf in the ember-filled urn it could already be observed that the Scarlet Flame wavered and flickered, as though moved by the wind. Before, the Flame seemed to be standing in one place, scarcely trembling now and then, and was transparent. Now, as if it were blown by a great wind, it danced and broke up in parts....

People were already dispersing in the valley when old Thinoktes stood up with a sigh. The dancing girl caught him by the hand and led him into his vault...It was cold inside, the four walls of the tomb were of natural rock, carven and polished by old Thinoktes' hand throughout many years. The many carvings, the blotted colored writing signs on them, all spoke of the long dead lamas who had chosen this place ~~for~~ of repose long. long ago.

When they were inside, Thinoktes closed the door behind them, and the heavy stone slab banged to like a coffin lid, darkening the interior of the tomb. However, it was not quite dark inside because the Scarlet Flame enveloped the tomb in a reddish glare. Neither of the two was suprised at this; ~~thexx~~ calmly they stepped up to the stone bier, which was a piece of natural rock rising from the ground and once moulded into a bier by Thinoktes himself. They sat down mutely at each other's side and pressed close to each other. For a while they stared before them rigidly, watching the dancing flames. Their faces were now grave, now smiling. They both felt exetremely happy, yet some strange force in their hearts prevented them from speaking.

At long last, the old priest spoke, as though he were talking to himself:

" You unknown little dancing girl, hear the strange story that I am going to tell you now. I ~~shat~~ will tell you about what I learned when I first came across this rock and made up my mind to chose it for my resting plave when I should die..."

Nan-ti-gan turned to him with glittering eyes and put her hand upon hks ~~hx~~ shoulder:

" Speak, Father..."

" Many, many years ago, when I was still a young lama, I liked to roam in this region. I walked across the hole ridge

for this stern, forbidding country had a strange influence on me. Some strange force indeed would not let me get away from this rocky ~~xxxx~~ ridge and, without giving it more thought, I abandoned myself to this compelling force. Little by little my longing for the summit became a passion. Nevertheless, I did not muse much over it, nor had I time to do so, for it happened on one occasion that I had a vision in the monastery, I was a young, twelve-year-old lama then, in fact I had come to the monastery a little time before ~~that vision happened~~. I saw the vision. The old priests were very fond of me, they educated me with great care and took me along everywhere the old lamas went... Thus I entered also that room of the Monastery where the Priestess trained the lamas in the art of seeing, what we called the Great Space Flight, or the Displacement of the Spirit. Of the whole process which I witnessed with the eyes of a child I distinctly remember one thing: the lamas were also taught to distinguish between the symptoms of death and those of mere exteriorization of consciousness, or space flight. The the Priestess said that death ~~goes~~ provokes the same sensations as space flight, with this exception that at the moment of death the lama loses all thought, becomes unconscious, and is unable to hold the concentrated thought as in an exteriorized state... That is how I feel now. I feel that I am facing some great experience, maybe my last space flight... I am weak and I can hardly concentrate my thoughts... However, it is not this I want to tell you about, my daughter... I was speaking of the Priestess... Now, as the Priestess uttered those words ~~and~~, while I stared at her glittering transparent ~~at~~ gown, I suddenly caught sight of a sparkling point in the middle of ~~his~~ her breast - a point that ~~grew~~ shone more and more and began to emit larger and larger circles ~~like~~ as does the smooth surface of a lake when hit by a piece of stone. The spinning discs of light grew ~~more~~

larger and larger until they covered the Priestess. In the end I saw nothing but a huge source of radiation, an unearthly shower of dazzling light. I was stunned, I lost consciousness, and ~~knew~~ no more. That is how, for the first time in my life, I sank into a deathlike state of spirit displacement - a ~~state~~ sensation that will, I ~~am sure~~ am sure, seize me even now... Indeed, the lamas and the Priestess must have been scared when they saw a twelve-year-old child suddenly lapse into the deepest phase of space flight, which already verged on death...

In my torpor I had a vision. I saw this rock cave, and - strangest of all - the Scarlet Flame was hovering over it. I saw the Flame grow and I saw many people wandering to the mountain to extinguish the fire.. And then from the fire in the ~~cave~~ ~~young maiden like you~~ emerged a young maiden like you and commanded me not to be afraid and that I should strew on the fire the leafy twigs of a small shrub that grew in the neighbourhood... However, I dared not move, ~~for I was afraid that~~ for I was convinced that to approach the flames would be equal to quick death. But the girl who was like a vision ~~did not leave me~~ gave me no peace; she seized my hand, as you did some time ago, and dragged me here. 'Look here,' she said when we were quite near to the Fire. 'Look at me...' With these words she took off her clothes and her veils and flung them into the Fire, while she herself sprang into the midst of the flames. 'Behold, I am not burning...' she exclaimed. 'Fear not, come nearer, stand by me...' I was quite astonished to see that her clothes were again on her as though some unknown force had dressed her ... And with uncertain steps I began to stumble towards her. Then she caught hold of my hand and drew me to her side. 'And now', she said, 'command the fire to go out and disturb you no more, until you have finished your great work...' I found all this very mysterious and in-

explicable, for I had no special work to do, indeed what great task could a twelve-year-old child possible have? What great work was I supposed to finish? Then the strange girl continued to speak: 'Search in this place, go and search everywhere...Command the Fire that it should go out and should not disturb your clear sight...' 'But what am I to do?' I cried helplessly. 'What shall I say?' The girl said: 'It is enough if you but think that it should go out...'

~~During~~ While Thinoktes spoke Nan-ti-gan opened her greenish eyes wider and wider, as if she were seeking among the pictures of the remote past. Then she looked up at him exultantly and said:

" Speak on...What happened then?"

" I did as I was told...and the Fire went out all right, and I found myself standing on top of this rock cave, At that time it was covered by wild ivies and weeds in abundance, though ~~thex~~ elsewhere on the ridge plants in that ancient period were very scarce...So I obeyed ~~to~~ the little girl and sallied forth to examine the ~~neigh~~ surroundings. I looked hard and searched everywhere to find something out of the ordinary. Meanwhile ~~thexx~~ she lay down in this place and went ~~asleep~~ to sleep. I continued my search on the ridge, and soon found myself standing among strange huge boulders. These big rocks resembled human limbs, giant skulls and teeth. I also found ~~axsmoothxslabxxxx~~ ~~thexxgraxxx~~ big slabs of a regular shape, lying or standing in the grass, which made me infer that this ~~placexxxxxxhaxxxxx~~ region, for all its desolateness, must have been inhabited. Under ~~maxthexrockygroundxx~~ my feet the rocky ground sounded hollow. I made up my mind to have a look and see ~~whatmayxexthexreasonxxx~~ what may be the reason for this, so I took a small sharp stone and began to dig with all my force. This noise awakened ~~thexxx~~ my little fairy. She ~~xx~~ rose and watched my work with great attention. Soon I came across a stone slabwhich I succeeded in

removing...A dark deep hollow was gaping in its place...My companion called on me at once to enter..The hole was very dark and deep, and I imagined to hear something move down below...As if many people were talking, the ~~distant noise of~~ humming noise of farawa human talk ~~came to~~ struck my ears. But the gikr proved much braver than I was, for she jumped right in and seizing my hand dragged me down the rough-hewn stone stairs...

" I was not mistaken...there were many people below. I was so scared that speech failed me - those ~~people~~ men were so different from what we are on earth! The underground ~~cave~~ cavern was simple but very clean. There were many people in it, men and women alike. They sat at a low stone table and took note of my entry with consternation...Yet they did not look hostile, they watched me rather with an amicable look. Then these mysterious ~~for~~ people suddenly stood up and were about to withdraw. But my companion ~~instantly~~ stood upon the large table and talked to them not to go away. Then she took me by the hand and took me round, presenting me to the cave-dwellers. They were silent, but they looked at me ~~with meaning~~ meaningly as if they had discovered in my humble person a strange and extraordinary phenomenon. It was very hard for me to bear their look...

" Thereupon a very old man with a grey beard ~~and~~, who looked like a priest, ~~stood~~ rose and spoke to me. I could not understand ~~what he~~ his words; it was my companion who told me that he was welcoming me now. A very old man he was, his hair ~~was shaggy~~ and beard were long and shaggy, only his voice was gentle and melodious. Despite his age, his gait was tall and erect. Soon I, too, was sitting at the table, talking with the strange company. The greybeard asked me whether I knew where I was, and in whose company? When I ~~shook~~ shook my head - for how on earth ~~could~~ could I have known it - he told me that thousands of years ago there ~~was~~ stood a monastery in this place. They were the

were the forebears of the tribe and since that time many came to this grave to sleep with their fathers. But most of them were but common mortals who had to return to a new incarnation. However they, the forefathers and priests, had ~~fix~~ decided never to part with one another. They made up their minds, while yet alive, to have themselves buried in this place, and wait for the coming of the others...And so it happened indeed. 'And now look at us, young fellow-priest,' the aged man said. 'Here we are, all the seven of us, as of yore. Be not astonished that you see here women, too, for they are our Priestesses of old, the doubles of our souls...You can see here seven priestesses and seven infants. The infants mean our progeny who will come after us. You also belong to them. So now you know who we are. And why we are here? That again it would be hard for you to guess. ~~Probably~~ Surely we are here because we are waiting for someone to ~~tom~~ open our tomb and let us out to the sunshine, so that we can live and continue our great work in ~~the~~ our progeny. It is our wish that a monastery should again stand in this place, as it did long ago, at ~~our~~ time. We want the new monastery-dwellers to live according to the ancient rules. For we are different from you all, my child. You live according to the rites of another monastery and you judge the world quite ~~fixxx~~ differently. However, in you case, this is not enough...Now that you have made our acquaintance, you must tell your chiefs of everything you saw here below...We have a strange sign, a common sign by which we want to call attention to ourselves. This is the Scarlet Flame which you also have seen. This is our sign. It also attracted you to this place. And now hearken to my words. The maiden who ~~brn~~ brought you here and encouraged you not to be a coward, is a priestess whom you ~~will~~ shall meet again when you have finished this earth life in this grave. You shall then see the Scarlet flame in a most miraculous way... And this girl will escort you and help you as she did now...Fear not...by the time this sacred moment comes, you will have be-

come resigned to the idea of bidding eternal farewell to the world. Now you are still young, you have scarcely begun your priestly life. But we - for I am speaking to you in the name of the twenty-one of us - we ~~want~~ wish that our ideas should reach the upper world through you and that you should be the instrument of our will... We want you to write down everything you saw ~~here~~ and heard here, before you die, and to have this writing confirmed by trustworthy witnesses, so that the priesthood may have palpable proof of the necessity of erecting a new monastery... This is our wish. We are those old forefathers who prepare the rules of life for the future monastery-dwellers. So lend your ear to our wishes and assist us in everything. Help us realize the great work, God willing. There are many things yet which you ~~do~~ not know... For we want to ask you to have yourself buried in this place when the hour of your death will come... Look here, my child,... At this moment I saw a bearded old man coming ~~to~~ up to me from the depth of the cave. His back was bent, and he walked with a stick. He smiled at me in a ~~strange~~ way... 'Look at this venerable old priest,' said the ancient. 'Do you know who he is?... It is ~~you yourself, my son~~ your old self, my son, in ~~an~~ a long-past incarnation... You know how it can be? Your body is now lying in the Priestess' cell. Since you failed to come to consciousness, ~~she had you taken~~ for three days, she had you taken up to her cell to watch over you. Your spirit on the other hand is here with us in this cave, and upon its influence your earth body of old revived for a while. ...Aye, a few thousand years ago ~~you~~ yourself were this old man. You lived here in this place, and here was your grave, too... Here is your bier... a hard stone table... jutting out from the ground. A fine place to rest on to all eternity!... Mark yourself the ~~furniture of this~~ interior, ~~the objects~~ of this vault and the objects you see in it, so that you can recognize it when the time comes. Have a look at your grave, my son. It gives you a strange, comforting feeling.. you are not afraid. And why? Because it is imbued with the fluids of your long-past life. Once you ~~knew~~ ~~all these~~ ~~things~~ you know all these priests. You are at home in this grave, this place...'

" I looked around in astonishment so as to obey his order. I scanned the wonderful carvings and the paintings on the ~~cave~~ walls. They all appealed to me, but I did not know why, at that time. It was the voice of the Ancient that awakened me from my contemplation. 'Think not, my child, that it was without reason that you fell asleep before your Priestess. For your body lies still there, only your ~~prish~~ spirit is present...Hearken to me, for I shall tell you important things. You must remember everything you saw here. Now that you have ~~seen~~ this underground vault ~~and~~ you ~~also~~ know its interior and its surroundings, you will also know its whereabouts. Come here, after you have waken from your deep un~~consciousness~~ - and you will find on this ridge everything as you have seen^U in your dream... You will also find the big stone slab which closes the hole. Also, in the interior of the cavern every object will be in its place. To very few has the grace been given that ~~they~~ should be allowed to follow in the footsteps of ~~the~~ ancestors and seek life among their mouldering bones, indeed to shape ~~his~~ ^{the} life to come in a tomb. Speak to no one about all this, my son. Let ~~this~~ be your secret. Only on the day of your death may you divulge the secret to the person who will be beside you then..."

So spoke Thinoktes, who was preparing for his death, to the fairylike dancing girl ~~by his side~~ who looked up at him with deep awe.

" And no^W you understand, don't you, my daughter, why I told you all this. I feel my end drawing near, and now that I am about to pass the gates of death, you happen to be at my side, my little unknown dancing maid...However, I did not tell you ~~everything~~ yet about the command of the old priest... For he spoke to me ~~thus~~ in these words: ' You shall turn this cavern into your tomb vault. This ~~will~~ shall be the place in

which you can work strenuously throughout your life and meditate in ~~the~~ deepk silence. Let this be the resting-place of your soul, let it wait here for the glorious resurrection... This is a great secret, my child, be not afraid of this. For truly the time will come when the body will also ~~resurrect~~ rise from the dead so that the spirit may be judged in the body in which it lived on earth. You are still young and cannot understand these words. ~~xxxxxx~~ Except for the great experiences of initiation you are yet unable to~~g~~ comprehend all things divine. But these exalted secrets shall one day rise with great vehemence and spread on ~~the~~ earth like wildfire... You only keep on frequenting this place, your future tomb, spend here much time and retire within yourself. Never lose heart and ~~be~~ never^{be} of little faith. After a long, long time you will have a mate, a consort, a priestess, who will ~~train~~ everything make up for the deficiencies of your soul. Love her fondly and be very patient towards her. She will be no common mortal woman, but the double of your soul whom we shall send ~~you down~~ to you. You shall learn about all this in due course of time, but until then you must develop the sensitivity of your soul so that you can always receive our inspirations~~t~~ and follow the way of the soul. This tomb, as I said, will be the place for your ~~xxx~~ earth hull to rest... Continue to carve the walls all your life - and ~~hide~~ our remains under the large stone slab which you have seen. But dare not descend down there, as^{you} did now. Lift up the slab and throw everything in the cavern. Great secrets ~~xxxx~~ hide in the womb of this mountain... After your death another priest will take over this tomb-chamber from you, and furnish it for himself. ~~Again, after xxxxxx death~~ Then your bones, too, will be thrown into the crypt. And newer and newer lamas will yet come to die here, and our numbers here below will grow. Be not afraid of

this place, for it is not a place of the dead but of the quick. For know, oh child, that we are not dead people, we are spirits!...Learn to converse with us in your solitude whenever you come here. You will always find us here to help you...This ~~was~~^{is} my command. Not my wish, mind you, but my command. If you have fear, if you are a coward, there is still time for retracing your steps. Go home then and put off your priest's cloak...And let our God, the Great Wisdom, guide you on your way even so. However, the mortal man who once visited us, cannot possibly go back. With this dream of yours begins your veritable priestly activity. This is not only your ^uease, but of many people, for many will yet follow you...Of all that ^uwhich I ~~have~~ told you speak to none until you feel your death nearing. Then and only then are you allowed to divulge the secret faithfully kept for many years.. When this time comes, the world will be turning in the 10th zodiacal sign, and new men will be everywhere in the monasteries. Your task will be to transform ~~these~~ people - but to attain this end, miracles must also happen. So do not be afraid if about the time of your death you will see big fires ~~xxx~~ in the mountains, for that ~~xxx~~ will be a period of miracles. From these miracles the new initiated will see that a new life, a new creed began^s, which is based on the old and send^s down its roots to the old faith. You ~~will~~^{live to see} shall not ~~come to live~~ that day on earth. But you will be active in the spirit world and will inspire, from there, your priestess and mate. It will be your task to spread the holy Idea, which is necessary until the new religion can shape itself. This is my command for you in the name of all forefathers and ~~the~~ long-deceased^s high-priests. So have no fear...But I have not yet finished. You must make everything disappear ~~here~~^{from the rock}. These objects are already ~~absolutely~~ out of date...

Look at this rough-hewn stone bier...which is to be your resting place some day. You may change everything in this vault save this one. Let this stone bier be a holy and un-touchable for you. Look at all these carvings when you will come here in the flesh. Meditate over them and think of the hands of the ancestors who worked on them so strenuously... Think not, my son, that this is a dream - no, it is stark reality. So look around and mark all objects, so that when you come here in the next few days, you should remember everything. But even ~~this stone table~~ yonder stone table upon which you see a shrunken skull will remind you of what ~~had~~ happened to you here. Be not afraid of ~~this~~ that skull, make friends with it, request it to give you enlightenment and wisdom....But now you must hurry for your time is up. Your heart and your veins are beginning to run down...So hasten back to the room of the Priestess and recover your consciousness!...And some days after you have woken up, come out to the mountains and seek the ~~xxx~~ path that led you here....'

Thinoktes stopped short for a while, then he spoke on slowly:

" Well, that was the vision I saw on my first space flight, my daughter. Later on, after a long time, ~~the~~ it emerged from my inner self more vividly and ever since it lived on in me as clearly as the shining sun. Little by little ~~I~~ I got acquainted with the ~~my~~ spiritual symbols as well...I will not talk about ^{the fact that} everything ~~having~~ happened exactly as I saw it in my dream, and that my whole life, too, ran accordingly. As time passed ~~my~~ the vision of my childhood days grew clearer and yet clearer. This is a very important circumstance, which I must stress, for thus and thus alone can ^{be} it possible that today

I stand here beside you, my daughter and ~~remember you too~~
~~recognize also~~ you as the vision of that youthful dream of
mine. Ever since that moment an inner voice led me ^{on} and prompted
in my ear which was the right path. Therefore I led my life
so that I may deserve the acknowledgment of ~~my~~ the ancestors.
This then was my first important vision, my daughter, the one
that led ~~to~~ me to the gates of the mysteries... So the time has
come, and it is now, when before dying I am absolved from ~~the~~
keeping the secret any longer and may ~~tell you~~ divulge to
you everything that I know of ^{it} ~~them~~. These are not any fantastic
or unreal mysteries, but facts...

" Look at ~~this~~ rock," the old lama went on, " out
of which this vault is carved. It is hard and forbidding... not
because of the effect it has on us, but because the stone, this
primeval element, always ~~has~~ such an influence over the ob-
server. This vault hides so many secrets and mysteries that
the mind of ~~man~~ would never ^{even} dream about their existence. When
I look at these objects more and more memories come to my mind...
I think of the hours in which I carved ~~these~~ stones that were
imbued with the fluid of the ancestors who also worked here
so ^{hard} ~~strenuously~~. The feelings I had while working were inspired
by the great Teachers in the other world who laid the eternal
ideas down, through me, in stone. People will be astonished
to learn at a later period that these objects are so ancient....
In vain you look at at our statues, our inscriptions, you will
not understand their meaning. Our pictures are writing charac-
ters, our statues talk to those who understand them, our in-
scriptions hide figures, num-bers and forms... Great and eternal
are these forms. The very rock upon which we stand is triangul-
ar and forms a tetragram. All forces and effects are bound to
the ground lines of the sides of this triangle...

" Before I continue to talk to you about these secrets,"
Thinoktes~~x~~ said, " I must tell you, my daughter, that I al-
ways felt at home in this tomb vault. I also felt that those
who ^{would} come to~~xxx~~ dwell here after me ~~wild~~ stay here with great
pleasure for they, too, ~~wild~~ experience the beneficial in-
fluence of the ~~xxx~~ hidden ~~xxxxxx~~ forces that are active in
these rocks. ~~Atx~~ He who enters this tomb ~~will~~ surely be in-
spired and feel an urge to remain here for ever. Everybody
who enters here ~~willx~~ be strengthened in his faith...A long
long time have I spent here meditt~~x~~ating and carving my stones.
It was here that I got acquainted with the spirits of the great
initiates...Nobody know~~x~~ in the valley why he has to keep on
looking at the summit, ~~to~~ this rock with the fiery halo~~x~~ above
it. ~~But he has to look~~ People somehow feel that they have to
look up to it because it gives them a good sensation to do so.
Even the monastery dwellers squat in the courtyard with their
faces to the Rock. But it does not even occur to them to climb
up here. They consider the heaven-storming peak of the mountain
sacred....The Rock ~~to~~ ^{ow} ~~xxxx~~ even above the peak ~~in~~ at giddy
heights, yet I came here almost daily even at my ripe old age.
For great spiritual forces hover above this place and attract
those who responds to them...At that time, when I had my first
vision in my youthful days, the summit glittered in the same
way it does now, but not with a reddish glare. Then it radiated
white rays all around. I well remember the times when as a
young lama I gazed at the peak from the monastery window. It
appeared to smoke, for huge, rocklike, whitish ~~clouds~~ columns
of cloud rose from it toward the sky. Yes, at ~~the~~ time it all
looked dazzling white. I knew then that the white radiation
marked the beginning of a new era. ~~Atxxxxxxx~~ The Scarlet Flame
also marks the beginning of a new Age. The change will take
place, in the first place, in the life of the priesthodd, then
the peoples of the world will feel ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ beneficial effect, ~~of~~

The old world of pomp and worldly glory has declined, to give place ~~to give place~~ to the scorching Fire - War, which will strike the living with its huge sword. An omen of this is the appearance of the Scarlet Flame... All that I am telling you now is imparted to me by the high celestial guides through inspiration. They call on you, through me, to record everything you have heard after your return to the monastery. Write it down in your cell in secret. And when power will be in your hands transform, according to the records put down, not only the life of the monasteries, but that of mankind, too. Be not afraid of this great task, for it will not be impossible ^{for} you. True, some priests and priestesses will be against you, but you will rule ^{over} them. You will gain the necessary strength, from ^{on high,} ~~above,~~ for carrying out all your work in success ~~while~~ during your rulership. Be only patient and choose well your helping-mates. Choose two priestesses who are ~~suitable~~ ^{fit} for keeping ~~a~~ a strict discipline. Give them leather thongs and scourges. Let them be led by ruthless rigor and not by leniency. You at the same time be a model of love and gentleness. Let the small statue that you see here at the entrance always hover before your mental eyes. As you ~~can~~ see, it represents a priestess. Her beautiful, kind face radiates love, and her hands seem to be ~~beckoning~~ calling you. Her ~~feet~~ legs betray the weaker sex, but her straight trunk shows inflexibility. On her head you see a wreath woven of motley flowers. This statue is your symbol, you must one day be like it. On both sides you can see smaller priestesses with ~~scourges~~ ^{whips} in their hands. Before them there kneel trembling figures, mostly lamas - and very few worldly men.... ~~Remember,~~ You yourself can experience that the statue is able to talk to those who understand its words. On the other side you see lamas with a rigid gait; part of them lift up their hands to the sky, the others hide them under their cloaks. I will not go

into further explanation concerning this scene, for you already know these symbols...However, look about you and continue to watch. Do not look at the door now, but look before you....Everywhere on the walls and the stones you can see carvings, drawings, or small statues ^{placed} on shelves. Those are not just simple carvings or statues, for they all have a deep symbol. They ~~xxx~~ show the past, present, and future..."

Nan-ti-gan ~~walked~~ ^{leapt} after the old lama on tiptoes, and her frail shape looked fairylike in the reddish glare of the Holy Fire.

"It will be your task - Thinoktes went on - to take up my ~~abandoned~~ interrupted work. But you will be able to do so only if you are acquainted with the significance of the various pictures and symbols...Do not be impatient, and do not think that ~~xxxx~~ my words and instructions will grow dim in your memory after I have passed out of earthly ken...You will get help from above - you ~~willxxxxxxx~~ too will be able to hear the ~~spirit~~ spirits' inspirations. Frequent this place, come here as often as possible, and view the figures and symbols separately. You can see here not only the statues of lamas, but all their knowledge hoarded up from time immemorial up to the present day. Watch the wreaths and loops which connect the individual figures. This represents the mystery of life eternal...This is also the key to the descent of mankind...There is only one thing you must never forget, my daughter...Whenever you come here and you are all alone, always bow deep before the ~~Circles~~ ^{that} you see engraved in the end of the stone table, then walk round ~~the~~ seven times. At the same time repeat in your heart the wish, or question, ~~xxxxxxx~~ that takes up your mind.

You will hear voices from the cavern, from the grave under our feet. And if you prove yourself worthy of it, you will hear intelligible replies from the depths - replies which will throw a light on all your problems... That ^{happened to me as well} ~~was also the case~~ with me, ~~thank Heavens~~ thanks be to the Great Wisdom. You, too, shall experience ~~this~~ this, and so will your successors ~~for~~ for all time. But you must strictly observe my instructions. Be punctual and precise in ~~every~~ all things and ~~must~~ meditate over your visions and inspirations. Never be excited, let alone irritated, and let no curiosity lead you in your researches. Never wish to know ^{that, which} ~~what the~~ Fate wants to hide from you. You must proceed little by little, step by step, then you will be able to continue my work... You will ~~be able to~~ discover ~~many latent forces~~ in yourself many latent forces and will be able to sense the forces of other people... And you will be truly happy when the day will come on which you pass on the great secret to your successor.... My time ~~has~~ is at hand, I have been ~~dissolved~~ ^{able} from ~~the~~ keeping the secret any longer. Henceforward you shall be its ~~custodian~~ keeper.

Let the attacks of your fellow-priests and priestesses not worry you. Be strong as the rock, then you will be victorious and no evil influence, no ~~illness~~ disease ~~can~~ can ever prevail over you. Do you promise ~~to keep~~ ^{ancient} truly to keep the secret of the ~~other world~~?"

"I do, Father," said Nantigan, scarcely perceptibly, and her eyes shone with exultation.

"Look at this stone table. Remove that book from it, ~~remove~~ take off everything that stands on it... And now put out the lamp of the tomb - the sacred ~~Fire~~ Fire that shines through it."

"How shall I put it out? I know not what to do," the dancing girl exclaimed in excitement.

"With your faith, my daughter. By your will. Will it and you wish shall be fulfilled. Behold, what I am capable of even at this old age!...

The aged lama raised his arms, while he fixed his eyes on a point in the ceiling. Then he lowered his arms ~~as long~~ ^{until} ~~as~~ they were stretched towards the fire.

" Oh take care!...You will burn yourself!" Nantigan ~~shook his head~~ exclaimed.

" ~~Do~~ Worry not! Nothing will happen to my hands. Just watch how the flames are shrinking. ¹. Loke, they are scarcely bigger than the ~~flames of~~ light of a candle...And now ~~the~~ stifle ~~the flame~~ ^{that} little flame. Fear not..."

" How shall I do it, Father?"

" Take ~~off~~ ^{off} that circle ~~which~~ which is formed of a ring at the farther end of the table."

Nantigan reached out ~~her~~ ^{his} hand hesitatingly and removed the ring. The flame then danced round the ring and finally disappeared.

Down in the valley people saw all this. The rock above became transparent like crystal.

" And now look at the table ~~now~~," Thinoktesw went on, " There you can see the Hog, together with the other zodiacal signs...This stone table is full of such magic signs and magic forces, you must only know how to use them. You can find here the keys to the great mysteries, ~~carven~~ ^{carved} in stone, from the ancient ~~forms~~ ^{down} symbols to our days. Take with you, mentally, one symbol whenever you come here and teach the others the great truths it will prompt you. Spread these truths all over the world....Behold, you can see here seven Circles carven in stone. This is the first circle:

Nantigan gazed for a long time at the circle which showed mysterious symbols, then looked at the old lama:

" This circle symbolizes the ~~secret~~ secrets of Earth," old Thinoktes spoke in an awed voice. " It shows you how Matter is placed in earth and upon earth for the use of Man. This circle has always been an important part of the secret doctrine of our forbears, for this is the key to the proper exploitation of ~~matter~~ the ~~various~~ various ~~shapes~~ forms of matter for man... Now I will tell you, my daughter, what this circle symbolizes. Harken to my words with attention... Now, the circumference of this design, as you see, is a circle. Upon the top of the circle you can see two serpents lying, which stick out their tongues at each other. This indicates that there are two kinds of evil upon Earth - material welfare and desire. From time immemorial have these two been fighting for the possession of the human soul: promising it success, comfort, desire, ~~lust~~ lust, the whole world. The closed circle itself symbolizes the ^{neutral} area within which the initiate alone can operate. Within this circle, then, are hidden the secrets of Earth which the initiate alone can solve. Between the mouths of the two serpents on top you can see a narrow gap. Through this the spirit of Man can penetrate into the Universe. In other words, the forces of Earth, which are bound within the circle, can leave it only through this small gap. Within the circle you see two large squares, ^{or quadrangles,} One of them signifies a whole, the other only a half. That is to say, the bigger square which stands in a straight, perpendicular position, as compared with the smaller one, signifies Earth, ~~a~~ course matter, the elements. The smaller square again, which stands upon its edge, means the processed matter, form, or area in the material world. That, which Man can conquer for himself from the course material world is so little indeed. The remaining part perishes unexploited. The large

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square is cut by a ~~max~~ big blue triangle whose apex is on top. This shows ~~that~~ human evolution, and that is has been accorded to Man to break through the big quadrangle, in which he is allowed to be active and to ~~rule~~... This sign should always serve the happiness of man because it symbolizes the human will with which he can rule over all things on earth... Now ~~look~~ take a close look at the design, my daughter, and you will notice another triangle which stands in a reversed position. That means that human will is able to use the forces of Earth also for ~~the~~ evil purposes... Within the big ~~quadrangle~~ quadrangle you will see another circle, that of the inveterate, ~~stare~~ headstrong men who ^{are} earth-bound, who cannot get rid of it and ~~this is~~ ^{it is} unable to rise. ^{They} cannot make up ^{their} minds, ^{do not} know ~~not~~ what to believe, what not, so ~~no~~ ^{they} stagnate in the quagmire of ~~the~~ ^{their} own helplessness. Within the second circle you can already see things relating to Man, that is, things which influence him. The two horizontal ~~apices of the~~ angles of the small quadrangle are ~~connected~~ by the ~~straight body of a~~ ^{long} outstretched body of a serpent lying flat. It has two heads, at both ends. The ~~two~~ heads are a warning to the mortals: 'Beware! I can see to the right and to the left!' At the same time it divides the quadrangle into a higher area of the superior man, and into the lower realm of the evil. This already hints at the fall of Man. The godly man who keeps the Law, infallibly belongs to the area of the higher semi-circle, and follows its symbols in all things. You must also observe that the smaller quadrangle cut in two by the serpent forms two opposed triangles whose common base is the serpent itself. In the higher ~~half~~ triangle the radiating Sun is the ruler. Its smiling human face casts its beams to all sides. The lower triangle is just the opposite of this. Here you see a decaying death's head with two crossed shinbones underneath, the very bones that once served as crutches for the trunk to walk.

~~Do you~~ Are you following me, my daughter?..."

" I am, Father. Those are wonderful and clear symbols indeed."

" Above the Sun, at the apex of the triangle, you can see a tiny blue triangle - the sign of spiritual superiority. In it the the two eyes signify Knowledge, Wisdom, which is not from this circle because it passes beyond all limits. This is also indicated by the semi-circular pair of lines curving downward. They bind the outward forces and stick them, as it were, to the inner quadrangle, so that they may have at least some kind of contact with those. Were it not so, there would be ^a gulf between Man and Cosmos and he would not be able to rule its elements, his knowledge and power extending only as far as the inner area of the circle. But even the outward triangle is in connection with all this, for ~~center~~ its centre radiates material forces towards Earth - forces which are caught up by the downward turned pair of semicircular lines. If you look closer, you will notice three small lines in the jaw of the semi-circular lines, three on the left, three on the right. Those on the right indicate ~~active~~ practical human activity, those on the left abstract human life. So, in both the physical and the abstract word the signs of Fire, Water and Air can be found. Never forget this because these signs already belong to ~~the~~ High Magic. The radiating, shining Sun symbolizes the guidance of Earth. The Sun wedges itself, as it were, between the Universe and small Earth...Look closer at that Sun and tell me what strikes your eye as unusual? It has teeth and a broad mouth. The flashing teeth indicate genuine mirth, good humour; and so do the horizontal eyes. Such eyes, even in a man's face, mean that he does not like to force things, he gives free course to other people's efforts and desires. The head is smooth, instead of hair, rays stream forth from it in every direction...But look at the ~~skx~~ death's head under it! On both

sides the ancient inscriptions : DENITIRONNIT, that is Annihilation, and VADIMITOC - ~~DES~~ Destruction. In the middle a dead man's decomposing head with disheveled hair. Its eyes bulge and are wry from exertion. The ~~mouth~~^{mouth} tight and yet distorted mouth speaks of wrath, despair and utter embitterment. From his eyes two ~~small~~^{small} streams of tears flow down upon his crossed shin-bones...That was the meaning of the interior of the smaller square...Outside it you see ~~another~~ a circle, the smaller circle of the whole design. In the ~~left~~^{upper} ~~upper~~ left ~~right~~^{lower} and lower right corner there is a crescent, each. The Moon is the eye-witness in the Universe, the eternal Escort, the eternal Mischief-maker. She is a force ~~then~~ that stands outside the being of Man. She watches mankind in silence, good and evil deeds alike. She watches the superior man, the godly and spiritual men, and she watches the wicked, the followers of evil, the ~~perished~~^{doomed} ones..."

" Are they watched by two separate Moons?", Nantigan asked softly as though she scarcely dared to interrupt the old lama.

" Yes, by two, my little daughter...It is strange, but so it is, nevertheless. For when the Sun sets beyond our high mountains and leaves us for a while, the moon rises anon. Then the Sun ~~appears~~ re-appears in the sky, the Sun, whom meanwhile made a big journey. Not so the Moon. She is only escorting us, following us. All this means that, in the lower circle, the Moon has a bad influence because she unleashes ~~in~~ the inferior instincts of the wicked men and the ~~wicked~~ evil spirits that roam about in the lower spheres. . That is why the superior man conquers his instincts , ~~his world~~ checks his ~~world~~ emotional world, and receives only the good influence of the Moon...In ~~this~~ sense, then, can we say that two moons of a different Character are watching mankind, even if essentially they are but one. The Moon faces herself every day - the good Moon

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her evil image - just as the good Sun in the square is butx mirrored down below as a death's head...~~But~~ Now let us step outside the circle and examine these areas. In the upper left corner ~~stands the~~ is written the name of the ~~ancient~~ Lord of the ancient great universe: ICHITIKAT ~~and opposite his name,~~ on the opposite side read the name of his ~~father~~ companion in rulership, his supplementing half: NOBIABAN. These two rule over everything that is ~~in~~ within ~~the circle~~ this quadrangle. On both sides the ancient inscriptions: SAVE US! and HELP US!... Below, in both corners of the square, you can see the ~~eternal~~ flames of the eternal Fire, which the Ruler has prepared for the Day of Revenge, ^{when} ~~so that~~ the secrets of Earth ~~do~~ will perish in the all-consuming flames, together with Man.... That was the interior of the big quadrangle.... Between the big circle and the big quadrangle there are the following inscriptions, on both sides of the tiny triangle: 19432 and 56873... What this signifies you should know: every being, every ~~thing~~ thing that is good has a number, the wicked have only names. The numbers here indicate the relative planet and its tutelary spirit... The ~~ancient~~ inscriptions below denote the power of the Evil One: POMP and GLORY... As you see, there is a small, reserved area for the ~~few~~ good men ~~who~~ escaping from the cataclysm. A tiny triangle at the upper apex of the big triangle. There are two small eyes underneath. The triangle means the true knowledge, understanding, wisdom, and the right orientation. From this you yourself can judge, my daughter, ~~how important~~ the utmost importance of this reserved area, this safe corner. The two ~~feet~~ legs below, on the other hand, are the signs of escape: RUN! FLEE!... The inscription outside the large quadrangle on the left is LORD OF THE WORLD, and on the right: ~~DECLARATION~~ OR GLORIFIER OF MAN!... This, then, my daughter, was the significance of the first circle..

Silence fell between them and for a long time they both watched the distant shining peak that ~~could be seen from~~

" The Second Circle shows the evolution and destination of Man. With this circle you can prove, my daughter, that Man is a being of a higher order. This knowledge will give you strength in the struggles of daily life. Look for that section, that area of the circle which is yours, to which you belong. Place yourself there in the spirit, touch it with your finger and concentrate. You will feel ~~that~~ a strange power, a strange strength fill all your being...As you see, in that ancient Age a big cross symbolized human evolution. The primitive origin of this is a higher variety of the triangle... There will come an Age in which ~~this~~ cross will be the symbol of God incarnate on Earth, and mankind will think that that is the origin of the cross. However, this is not so. The cross is an ancient symbol....You see before you a circle which is the same as the ~~first~~ first one, but it is much more embossed, and also the figures are ~~stronger~~ more powerful...The circle is surrounded by small jags, tiny semi-circles carven round the circumference, so that they should protect the circle from ~~breaking~~ injuries. This is important not only from the point of view of ~~those who~~ the lamas who come here ~~to meditate~~, as we do now, to pass our ^{heads} over the lines, but also because of the ~~evil~~ earthbound, unclean spirits who are always hovering about these sacred symbols. ~~With this~~ These crescents around the circle ~~only~~ enhance its ~~power~~ protective power. For know, my daughter, that the Evil One is afraid of every circle, of every closed circular line, since ~~he~~ he knows that ~~this~~ it is forbidden territory to him...And now let us examine the interior of the circle. Its whole area is ruled by a huge cross...As a matter of fact, it is not a cross, but so it will be named by ~~the~~ posterity...Today, in our world, it is a ~~hammer~~ double hammer provided with a ^{handle} ~~half~~ ~~holve~~. We take this twice, as a symbol, for so it has greater force. Our "cross" then is made of two such hammerlike

tools, devoid of their ^{handles} ~~handles~~..."

" But still," Nantigan asked, "where does this tool of a peculiar shape come from? ² What may be its origin?"

" I shall tell you, my daughter, though I did not want to speak of it ^{as} ~~because~~ it does not belong to the Circle proper. But because I see that you are interested in it, hear the story...Long , long ago when the people of Attalan the Lost World perished in the waves, only two monasteries remained on earth. The handful of survivors, the dwellers of these monasteries, set out to see what happened in the outside world, and whether there still remained others like them who survived the ~~cataclysm~~ Great Upheaval...There was no longer a high-priest among them , nothing ever distinguished from one another the handful of survivors, and they instinctively followed the eldest of their clan. On the night before they started on the way, a wedge-shaped piece of stone fell, as though from the sky, into the stone chamber of this ancient. It ~~very much~~ was just like one of the helves of our hammer:  . When the old man found it ~~in the~~ on the morrow, he could not solve the riddle of the stone 's appearance. Soon he gave up ~~think~~ racking his brains about it and because he found the stone was of a beautiful shape, very strong, and what was more, very light, he carried it on himself and used it for different purposes. The stone became a tool in his hands. Strange forces dwelt in this piece of stone. The old chieftain could even cause water to spring forth from a rock when he flung his tone at it. Meanwhile he breathed a prayer for water and lo! it immediately gushed forth from the rock, to the utter amazement of the tribe...If a wild beast approached them , the old man simply flung his stone at it and the hard stone cleft its skull in two. If fuel was wanted and he wanted to fell a tree, he just cut his stone into it and the tree crashed down with a thud...The others, on seeing these ~~miracles~~

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miracles, decided to stay with their chieftain and not to scatter. He willingly ~~gave them~~ handed over to them his curious tool, but it was of no avail because the others did not succeed in using it for any purpose... If they tried to dash it against a tree, or a rock, it simply dropped to the ground. Yet, because the stone had such a useful shape, they made for themselves many similar tools, though they were never able to use them as the odd chieftain did.... By this time they used it as we do the hatchet, and though they could work no miracle with ^{it} ~~them~~, they soon found that these ^{to} ~~hatchets~~ ^{axes} ~~were very much~~ proved very useful... Many centuries later when mankind multiplied, and ore and metals were discovered, people made their tools of metal and threw away the stone ~~hatchets~~ axe. There was not one among them who would have remembered the origin of this ancient tool. After a long time the priests had visions in which they saw ~~their~~, in the ~~hands~~ hands of the spirits of the other world, stone axes that were very much like their metal ones. When they asked the spirits, they told them about the origin of the ~~the~~ metal tools, and told ~~them~~ also the story of the first wedge-shaped stone. It was thus that the priests learned about the supernatural power of the stone. And since they could not possibly use it in its primitive form, they changed its form, so that they bound to the haft three more stone hatchets. They ~~had known~~ already knew that a closed circle, a closed wheel, is the storehouse of magical forces, so first they bound two stones into one, then four. That is how this thick ~~cross-shaped~~ cross-shaped figure that so much resembles a turning wheel was created. This they placed in ~~the circle~~ their magic circle so as to enhance its efficacy and to neutralize it from evil influences... That, ~~was~~ my daughter, ^{is} ~~was~~ the story of the cross..."

" Go on please! " Nantigan exclaimed. " I wish to hear the explanation of the symbols of the second circle ... "

" The ancient drew a ~~man~~ ^M in the middle of the cross. ^{it means}
The type of man who suffers so much from the Evil One because he cannot exempt himself from his ~~affection~~ influence... That is the reason why you see a flaming fire burning beneath him. The man who is burnt by the flames is a common mortal... Above him you can see a lama who represents us, priests, my daughter, who are above the average man. The flame of the Evil One ~~can~~ can no longer reach us. This coarse, primitive, wild fire can harm us no longer - but we are threatened by a much finer fire, ~~which~~ ~~also~~ whose source is also the big, coarse fire of the Evil One, a fire which approaches us in a wily way. It can catch even the priests unawares and may ~~drag them~~ engulf them. Against this then you will have to fight with all your strength, and to this you must call the attention of your fellow-priests... This ~~is~~ is the fire of the senses... "

" I see, Father," said Nantigan, lowering her eyes.

" And now look above the head of the lama.. You see there a ~~large eye. This eye~~ huge eye. This Eye watches us and warns us. It sees all, it cares for us, ~~surely~~ we can always feel its presence. However, you yourself know ~~about this~~ enough of this, for you are a priestess ~~who have~~ who have learned a great deal. It was to please the Supreme Eye that you performed your temple dance ~~in the valley~~ before the altar. Indeed, you came to the monastery in order to ~~perform~~ perform the most scared dance of your soul before the eye of our Highest Guide.. Meanwhile you sank into a rapture and were transported here through the air to the mountain top. I knew of this, the spirits had told me ~~that~~ what would happen.... But let us continue to examine the picture... Above the Eye, in the right corner, you see this inscription: THOU WILL CONQUER! On the opposite side: STRIVE ON! Under the Eye there are two symbolic signs.

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The sign on the right is the sign of victory of the ancient priesthood. The sign on the left is your seal. It was I who carved this sign in the circle. If you look close at the ~~the~~ figures on the design, you will notice a great symmetry, the rights on the left and the right ~~correspond~~ are corresponding. This was the only place from which ~~the sign was missing~~ the corresponding counter-sign was missing. ~~I~~ I had received ^{an} inspiration and a vision concerning this: I was told by higher powers to carve the sign in stone in its proper place. It is a rod, straight as an arrow, up which a spirit ~~shape~~ shape winds itself. This is the sign of your rapture, your transportation. Your ~~spirit clothes wound itself like a fluidic dress~~ veil-like fluidic dress, your spirit clothes, wound itself like that when you flew up here. You see I had known ~~a~~ of all this before, that is why I was not surprised when you suddenly appeared behind me on the path. I received strict orders to hand over to you, in a symbolic way, this sign, because it will be ~~your~~ the sign, the badge that you shall wear as a Priestess. It will protect you from all evil. You must have it prepared of precious metal and ~~wear it always~~ always wear it. It should be thick, and most carved, like a relief - as you see it here on the table. This will accompany you as far as your grave - even then it will be round your neck. By this sign your good friends shall know you when you will pass over the narrow bridge - which I myself am about to pass now. And when you die, too, I shall recognize you ~~from this badge from afar~~ by this badge from afar, and all of us who will come to meet you ~~will then ask~~ ~~you~~ and support you, will then ask you to go with us. Yes, this sign will have a great power. It will protect you from all evil, ~~if only you believe~~ but you, too, must believe in its ~~magic~~ power. The magnetism of your High-Priest will confirm it, his hand will give it that magic magnetism ~~that~~ which will always urge you to a gentle and never fluctuating love and to saving

your fellow-men...You need not hide your sign from other people, but you must not ~~to~~ lend it to strangers, not even give it in their hands, or else it would lose its magic power..."

Nantigan stared at the strange sign with fascination: she could not take her eyes off it.

" After a long long time, " continued Thinoktes in a prophetic voice, "you will ~~in~~ yet ~~meet~~ with this sign, in the year~~xxx~~ that marks the beginning of the second half of man's life-span, in a far distant incarnation of yours. Then, too, it will ~~entirely~~ ~~wonder~~ arouse wonderful sensations from your inmost soul and will give you strength ~~to~~ follow the sober path. Yes, this is you own sign, Nantigan, and you will yet understand many things ~~in~~ as time passes...But now let us ~~examine~~ the two ~~ther~~ ~~er~~ other arms of the cross. On the right you see a ship, under which ~~there~~ is an inscription with unknown characters: FLEE! That ~~ke~~ is to say flee to the sea from the Evil on land, flee even if the sea of life itself is a huge wave of sin. You must cling to the ship when you are on board, lest ~~it~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~ix~~ ~~g~~ ~~o~~ ~~x~~ ~~u~~ ~~n~~ ~~d~~ ~~e~~ ~~r~~ ~~x~~ you sink in the ~~xxx~~ sea. And steer not the ship landward, but to the open sea. The land ~~genders~~ only desires and new plans in the soul. But the sea and the ship ~~for~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ restricts you ~~to~~ a narrow ~~xxx~~ place where you can tear yourself away from material life and from the ~~major~~ earthly pleasures...On the opposite side, in the right arm of the cross, towards which the ships glides, you can see ~~xxx~~ giant forbidding mountains. That is to say your voyage leads you to a bleak, barren, rocky land. Do you understand its deep symbol? Man or woman, having ~~got~~ ~~xxx~~ grown tired of bodily pleasures and the sufferings that go with them, is mending his or her way in the solitude of the ~~xxx~~ sea voyage, and will now be capable of a spiritual concentration of a higher order, of a more earnest retirement. The new land is a barren, rocky coastline, not a fine shore with soft sand and patches of cool ~~xxx~~ grass behind, which the ship left behind.

hind...This picture symbolizes our present country, Bod-Yul, among whose giant rocks we live. And this place where we now contemplate these great secrets in my rocky tomb is a small cleft in ~~the~~ Bod-Yul's huge cliffs....On the summit you can see this inscription profound in meaning: PEACE... Here then dwells Peace Eternal, which the soul of every man on earth must attain while ~~he~~ yet on earth. Peace means quietude, and quietude means a passive attitude..."

"But when is human attitude passive, o Father?" asked Nantigan.

"When the soul is able to leave the body ~~in~~ at will and ~~contempx~~ to contemplate ~~the~~ life in the high spheres. Bod-Yul, this rocky country is the only place in the whole world where the priests are capable of this. We prepare our graves while we ~~it~~ are living on earth; here we come daily to pray and meditate. Our cemetery then is the place of our utmost passiveness. Here we find peace and rest, here is our second monastery, here we attain the Great Peace already on earth. To live and die like that in Bod-Yul is a great distinction indeed, for he whom this has been granted can duly prepare himself also for the reception of Peace Eternal... However, let us go on. On top, in the left corner of the circle, you will see sphere and the sign of Attalan, the Lost World. Opposite it, in the right corner, there is Bod-Yul again, ancient Bod-Yul with its rocks and hermits. There you can see the hermits ~~in~~ of old in their rocky caves. One of them is ~~coming~~ descending the cliffs along a narrow path hewn with his own hands in the rock. He comes down to the edge of the water fed by a spring. This spring, according to the age-old laws, ~~means~~ represents the Water of Life. On this he has to draw incessantly in order to still the spiritual thirst of mankind..."

" I do not understand the ~~deep~~ ~~mean~~ profound meaning of your words, Father..." said Nantigan. "Pray, explain..."

" That means, my daughter, that mankind must ~~atx~~ from time to time go on a pilgrimage to Bod-Yul, which will some time be named Tibet by the Occident, in order to draw on the eternal well of the lamas, Here mankind will find new ideas, new thoughts and spiritual truths and will then better understand the deeper symbols of ~~thex~~ its own religions...From this water that flows here in Bod-Yul every ~~man~~~~must~~~~drin~~~~xx~~ just man must drink once, for this alone can save thirsting mankind... In the left corner below you can see ~~a~~ a flying contrivance, In such machines will men travel through the air in a distant Age when machine will be their god. The Bod-Yul people of that period will pronounce the name of the most characteristic continent of that age as Philing. You can see this name engraved in this place in the Bod-Yul ~~char~~ writing signs of that period, and underneath it, in large letters, a name ~~stulixixxix~~ as yet unknown ~~it~~ to us, as that big continent will be called by its own ~~peop~~ inhabitants....After that Age, in the melting pot of the fire flaming at the foot of the Cross, a new and happy ~~war~~ world will shape itself, when men will at last live in peace and bliss, and when there will be no wars...The name of this distant Age you will find in the right corner, written in the uniform ~~language~~ world language of future mankind...It will be in that Age that Man will at last reconcile himself with his Creator, and understand the true aim of earth life. But that Age is still very far. Here on our stone table you can find ~~the~~ the past, present and future...If you place your finger on a certain line and move it along, as I already have taught you, you can ~~obtain~~ receive inspirations as to the life of the ~~now~~ corresponding Ages..."

Vali here is the confirmation of the handwriting. I have just received your letter per air mail. Write me if you received it. No. 62 - the author's planthination - which you asked for more copies (concerning Mountain Peak) it is not necessary because it is the custom for the author (author) to keep it and only hand it to the publisher when the manuscript has been purchased. No need to send it in.

"The Third Circle," Thinoktes went on saying, "is the Circle of Sciences and of the forces related to them. To it belong all things which the most erudite lamas know. It is this Circle that they use for the solution of all problems connected with human life and human evolution. However, you must not confound this circle with the Great Mystic Circle which follows after it... The Circle of Sciences, as you can see, is surrounded with tiny triangles. These clear-cut sharp little triangles seem to radiate all that can be found within the Circle, that is the knowledge and wisdom of Ages past, present and to come. Inside the Circle you see three big regular oak-leaves. You are well aware that the holy Oak-tree can be found in all our religious ceremonies. The oak-tree has always been a great and important symbol of all sciences. In this carved design the three leaves, contrary to the laws of Nature, grow out of an unnatural stem - the mouth of a twisted snake, or rather serpent because it is a large species. The body of the serpent takes the shape of a jar, but you cannot see its tail as it bends it back into the centre of its body. It symbolizes that, however it may twist itself in coils, the serpent always looks for a stable basis. At the same time it is so cunning that it does not lay either its tail or head upon the ground, lest contact with the earth should sap its strength. The knowledge of the serpent is - craft, slyness. And strange as it may sound, mark you this, Daughter, that even the highest wisdom is based on artfulness. A crafty and cunning man must at the same time be very clever, he must have the ability to prevaricate until, using analogies, syntheses, and consequences or deductions, he can find the truth. This, indeed, is ~~also~~ the serpent's artfulness, taken in a nobler sense. Out of the mouth of the serpent grow three leaves, each of which shows the chief branch of science of a certain Age. The leaf in the middle is the most important. It was written in our ancient language and its literal significance is this: GREAT AND ALMIGHTY WISDOM, GIVE ME STRENGTH AND SAGACITY TO FATHOM THE DEPTH OF THY KNOWLEDGE. GRANT ME PERSEVERENCE AND A RICH MIND. MAY I MASTER EVERYTHING THAT IS CONNECTED WITH KNOWLEDGE... The inscription on the leaf on the right was written in a mixed language - in ancient Bod-Yul's tongue and the language of a later Age, so as to symbolize the common idea it expresses: MAY KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE PROTECT ME FROM EVIL WHICH IS MOST DANGEROUS ON EARTH, AND MAY THEY LIGHT UP MY SPIRIT. The third leaf on the left was written in the characters of the highly civilized nation of a later Age, partly in the language of that people, partly in ancient Bod-Yul's tongue and in that of a people which once will carve Law Manifested into stone. Its ~~sixxx~~ meaning is: I WANT TO BE IN ALL THINGS WHAT I WANT TO BE. I COMMAND, AND WANT TO BE MASTER OF MY KNOWLEDGE WHICH IS INEXHAUSTIBLE. Between the leaves you can see two large and entirely unknown pictures. Concerning these I may offer you no explanation because they are reserved for the men of a coming Age and they mean a force which will descend upon Earth in times to come and will revolutionize medical science. The time will surely come when these two symbols will be clear even to a child... Under the letters, on both sides, you will find more texts. These inscriptions are made up of the writing signes and words of ancient languages and of languages yet to be born. Or, to put it more clearly, these two inscriptions, prompted by the spirits above, mirror a composition of the tongues of the ancient, present, and future generations of the greatest peoples of the world. Thus this stone slab, while the world stands, will at all times have a clear meaning to the initiates, but will be unintelligible to the masses. Its real significance will be known only to those that are destined to be initiated into the secrets of the Seven Circles..."

Nantigan looked at him ~~and~~ in awe. She dared not breathe a word.

"The significance of the inscription on the right," old Thinoktes went on saying, ~~showix~~ pointing at the slab, "is connected with the Devil, the Evil One: MAY THE EVIL ONE GET HIMSELF HENCE AND NEVER DISTURB OUR LIFE-CIRCLE. LET OUR SCIENCES BE FREE FROM ALL EVIL... The inscription on the right is MAHASOFOS, meaning MAY THE

GREAT WISDOM GRANT US HELP AND PERSEVERENCE IN OUR FIGHT FOR MASTERING THE TRUE SCIENCES. It is therefore clear from what I have said that the initiates, while they stared at these Circles, were granted extraordinary visions and inspirations for a reply to every question that worried them. Underneath the inscriptions you can see a Jackal-headed Man with his mouth open, because he would howl - but he cannot since the Scales before him restrain him... These stones, you can see with your own eyes, were carved by my ancestors with great care and patience so that they could withstand the storms of thousands of years... The picture of the howling Jackal Man was no child's play. He who placed his hand on this figure, was possessed with a knowledge which no one had mastered in his time. First an almost insupportable wave of heat ran through his hand, the blood seemed to boil in his veins and his skin grew tight to bursting point... At the highest degree of this heat the initiate had to think of him whose evil knowledge he wanted to paralyze. Never indeed remained this procedure without effect. The jackal howls and roars before it attacks. No one, on whom we concentrate our thoughts during this procedure, can ever defend himself against us because he is incapable of fighting against the hidden forces that assert themselves at this experiment. The head of the Jackal Man is angular and pointed, he has a bull-like sharp snout. All this, according to the doctrine of the ancient mysticism, means: he is able to radiate forth forces to a large extent - that is the forces of that group of spirits which his magic symbol represents. But it is the human will, the power of concentration, that can evoke this strange magic force. From this radiating will power all conscious or unconscious resistance bounces off... We must concentrate on and put our fingers on that limb of the Jackal Man's body which we wish to influence, the while murmuring with deep confidence and trust the aim we want to attain..."

"There is an inscription, too, above the Jackal Man..." said Nantigan in a whisper.

"Yes, it is an ancient inscription, yet it resembles the language of a later Age. Let this not intrigue the researchers of Ages to come not be intrigued by this. Its meaning is not what grammatically, or judging by the compositions of the words, it seems to be. For this also holds good what I have said concerning the magical composition of the great languages of the world; only their essence is represented in these ~~adage~~ spells. Around the inscription and on its left part you can see narrow lines spiralling in contrary directions, symbolizing Life Eternal and Eternal Progress... The significance of these spiralling lines is not simple. They indicate the starting point of a great universal numerical system. The segments of the infinite spirals symbolize the series of numbers written one after the other - ad infinitum. I have to remark at this juncture that the zodiac of the Water-carrier and its sign or symbol - which in this form is the bequest of Attalan the Lost World - is the concomitant accessory of every number and numerical system. Our people, too, will symbolize it with this sign, after the silly appellation of Monkey during an intermediary period... A combination of the Water-carrier and the Number always marks the beginning of some new, unexpected and nobler development... Happy indeed were my forebears if they succeeded in adding so much as an inch's length to the design when the time came. You can see for yourself, my Daughter, that I, too, have contributed with my humble abilities to the evolution of sciences, I, too, had a part in it. For thus this design was carved, step by step, inch by inch. This manifestation of our lives and the knowledge that, so far as in us lay, we too have contributed to the design of this spirals - the knowledge that we did not live in vain - fills us with sublime sensation of satisfaction and comfort. Strive, my Daughter, to draw your own circle when your time comes..."

Thinoktes grew silent for a while and heaved a deep breathy sigh. The silence that reigned over the rocky summit, the spell of the neighbouring snowy peaks enthralled them, so that for a while they both stared before them. Nantigan came to her senses only when the aged lama began to speak:

" In the semi-circle off the right corner you can see writing signs standing upside down. Although they resemble the characters of an Age to come, yet they are not characters but ancient symbols. For these five ~~symbol~~ signs are the symbol of universal knowledge:

I V B O L

this is how they look, and their significance is the following. The sign I, this simple line, represents the first Man incarnate. The wedge-shaped sign V symbolizes separation or cleavage, when man's spirit is no longer capable of keeping its unity, its independence, incapable of remaining one whole entity. At the base it parts and bifurcates, thrusting one ~~line~~ branch in an underhand way to the side of B. This symbolizes ~~that~~ the effort of the cleft human soul, of the male and female principle, to secure unlawfully the love of other people and to demand a share of all pleasures that would otherwise serve other people. V then is the symbol of cleavage, separation... B is the closed middle around which all things revolve. It is a symbol of the ancient D, the sign of Man. The smaller upper D (D) means Woman, the larger lower D, Man. As an aspiration to regain unity a straight line unites the two, symbolizing the bond of earthly marriage and family... The next sign is not a circle, but an ellipse which in our days, and in times of old, had a greater meaning than it will have in the future. This sign expresses the symbol of the closed, incarcerated forces. This fixes the forces emanating from our fingers when we place them upon the design. Finally, the last sign L, which resembles a leg, means the starting of action, the execution of action. Just as the leg drives on Man, lifting him from his immobility, so the initiate must at this stage begin to carry out his action. When therefore your finger touches this symbolical sign, then you must infallibly make an effort ~~to~~ to move in one direction or other. Without this effort you would be unable to draw your finger on along the design. The semi-circle that closes down the whole series of signs protects the design from the bound and troubling forces, so that they cannot enter there..."

Nantigan stared at the design spell-bound, as though she felt that the secret of the Seven Circles would yet play a great part in her life. Gently placing her hand upon the heart closed in the middle of the serpent's picture, she asked:

" And what does this human heart here signify, O Father?"

" As you see, the trunk of the serpent here forms a small gap. In it there is a burning human heart with a sword beneath it. When the lama reaches this spot with his finger, he is wholly ruled by his heart - in a sense according as he has proceeded on the Path. On such occasions often a tempting thought haunts him, a sensual thought, which is a trial for him. He feels that his knowledge is already so great as to be able to influence all his fellow-men. Yet since the heart is the seat of the emotions in all human mortals, here he feels that his knowledge is finite, and that the wishes and sentiments of the heart may no longer be fulfilled for him. It is the serpent that encircles and ~~seals~~ seals up all this. The flames of the burning heart symbolize the lama's self-sacrificing life, for only through conquering ~~his passions~~ and incinerating his passions and by the sacrifice of his ~~life~~ carnal life can his predestined fate be fulfilled. Since the heart is the ~~most~~ noblest part in Man, the heart he must sacrifice as an offering. This in another sense means that he must devote all his time, all his efforts, to the fulfilment of his priestly calling..."

" And what does the sword mean in this place, O Thinker?" she asked.

" The sword, the symbol of the ancient human and animal sacrifices, means in this place that the Most High finds no pleasure in bloody sacrifices, for without blood Man on earth is capable of still greater sacrifices. Thus the sword remains only a transitory symbol, one which reminds the initiate of his duty to sharpen his will for the fight against the Evil One and to use it as a sword against all attacks coming from the underworld... Right below the sword you see a six-pointed star, known to all magi, though they know

not its proper use. The star of the magi is also like this, only the signs in it are different. In the upper and lower parts rings and ~~crosses~~ squares can be seen in reversed order, the signs of the equalizing forces, as well as a cross and a horizontal line, + and -, the symbols of activity and passivity... On this particular design you must always make sure whether or not the two small circles and squares are facing each other. If you wish something good, if you want to employ your will towards a person in a good sense and to help him, then you must start out from the circle. However, if you want to stem an evil influence, to neutralize or destroy it, then let the small square be your starting point. In the same sense you have to proceed with the signs of activity and passivity, always depending on whether you wish to help some one or harm him. One is the symbol of assertion, the other that of negation at the same time... But now let us see the star. As you see, the big star is turned with its apex upward, but when following its lines with your finger, you must start out from its lower part, never in a reverse direction. Always begin at the points of the outer squares. Then raise your finger cautiously, so that you can find at once the line of the other hexagon. Then you bend your finger and hold it rigid in its centre, meanwhile concentrating on your aim. And since this is the Circle of Sciences, you must primarily think of such subjects... Now the evil spirits will fall upon you, but they will never be able to break through the magic circle of the ~~hexagram~~ pentacle... Above the Star you see a clouds like waves. They are not clouds, but smoke. If you look round in this tomb you can see innumerable censers. Each of them is ~~made~~ made of different material, and in two copies: a newer and an older type. This is for the first time that you see smoke figure on the picture. Namely, the many inferior spirits first attack this circle of sciences. It is science that they want to keep under their control, as by the infinite force of science all mankind can be held together. Smoking, or incensing is necessary for keeping the Evil One at a distance. You must indeed make smoke and incense the whole vault so that the smoke ~~envelops~~ envelop the whole design. The priests have at all times liked incensing because they found out its great importance and left this process as a tradition to posterity. The censers have always been made of shining, glittering metal, as were those of my ancestors.. In the clouds of smoke must you, my daughter, bend over the design and beseech the Mighty Wisdom, the Eternal Knowledge to bestow His knowledge and the great secrets of the Universe upon you. All beginning is difficult and a hundred times so the deciphering of the secrets of the Seven Circles, let alone their employment. So mind nothing in these days to come but to master the secret of the Circles, to learn their forms and the significance of the symbols. Here in this tomb you can always be alone and work undisturbed. Do not forget that only here will you feel the ~~nearest~~ vicinity of the Holy Wisdom. All these universal laws which I am teaching you now, you must hand down to posterity..., in fact to develop them..."

Thinoktes left off speaking, and for a moment they two of them feasted their eyes on the landscape. Then the old lama started as though awakening from a dream.

"I must hurry," he said, "my time is up... Here, my daughter is the FOURTH CIRCLE. This is the Circle of Nations, ~~the~~ which judges and enlivens all peoples on earth. My ancestors who are responsible for this Circle, filled in a small angle, each, according to the Ages in which they lived... This Circle shows a ~~pentagon~~ design consisting of two regular pentagrams, placed on each other reversely: the apex of one is above, that of the other below. Being a double design it could rather be named a decahedron. The ten angles represent ten nations. Five of these had lived in the Lost World of Attalan, five of them will live in in the new world when the new Age will have closed at the end of Attalan's returning cycle... So understand me well, my Daughter, and hand down to posterity everything so that it may be comprehensible to them. It is not the point that there were once five great peoples, and there shall be five again, but that since the world exists, there have always been five Continents. There were five Continents in Attalan, there will be five again... The two pentacles are placed in such a way that their apices be confronting each other because

they signify the five past and the five following, that is the present, ~~erax~~ Continents and nations. The era in which we now live is shown by the pentagon standing with its apex upward, the past five continents by the pentagon with its apex downward. The starting-point where you must place your fingers is the tiny circle in the middle of the upper ~~angle~~ of apex of ~~stand~~ the standing pentagon, with a dot in it. This dot indicates that this is the beginning of the present eon. When this eon ends, the lama inspired to do so, will place another in an angle of the pentagon and will tell his disciples that this will be the beginning of the key to the new chronology. That is to say, my daughter, you yourself can check how many eons ~~has~~ this picture has served already. You can find a figure, each, on all its angles, which means that this is the last eon..."

"And what is this sign here which resembles ~~asup?~~ a cup?" Nantigan asked.

"You see it well, for it is none other than a cup. So the cup was the symbol or sign of the past eon. You can also see that the present eon takes its beginning right from the start: now this tiny circle with the dot in it is the first sign that is above the old one. For know that everything repeats itself on Earth and the Ages return in cycles... Have a close look at the picture: nowhere can you see another such figure carved ~~above~~ ~~the~~ another... Now let us examine the other parts of the design. The cup ~~stands~~ stands on a small table which has grated, grilled sides. This grilles, not unlike the significance of grilles in palmistry, mean obstacles, that is the difficulties of the new eon. Underneath you can see the ancient sign of the Fishes, as it was written in ancient times, and not in a way it will be written by posterity... The sign of the Fishes - the sign of the Hen in Bod-Yul at a later period - then again shows the old cup. That means that an Age will come when the cup will again be the symbol. The grilles surrounding the Cup are at the same time writing signs, meaning VICTORY, or YE SHALL WIN. This motto holds good for the whole eon. Millions will die for it, sacrificing their lives. This then stands in the upper angle, and as I said ~~it is~~ it is still ahead of us. The other signs belong to the past, they are out of date. However, in the eternal cycles of the world, everything repeats itself - the events that now are below, will turn up again with another motto, another symbol, or the same symbol in a new shape. That is to say, the signs of the past have not passed away for good, they are at present in a latent state..."

"And what is that blue horizontal line beneath the upper design?" Nantigan asked, pointing at the stone table.

"Your inspiration was right. I was just coming to this point. This blue horizontal line separates the past from the present, for this is the base of the pentagon of the past. The pentacle of the Present, on the other hand, ends in an apex, symbolizing the fight, the striving for the future. But let us go on and see what is beneath it. In the upper left angle you see a hand and opposite ~~it~~ it a leg. These signs indicate two past and opposite eons. The hand symbolizes the world age in which men created and built with the strenuous work of their hands. This was followed by the Age of Destruction when they destroyed and trampled upon everything. The strong, muscular ~~hand~~, ~~but~~ almost deformed, ~~thick~~ with callousness, worked in the Age of ~~wild~~ ~~ferocious~~ savage untamed forces when Man had to tame Nature's wild forces and conquer the elements. This was the period of building. Then followed, as I said, the period of destruction when Man trod all things under foot. Be not astonished at this, my Daughter, all this was Man's will, God had no word in it, He abandoned them to their own free will... However, let us continue. Under the Hand, in our ancient writing signs, is the inscription: WE WANT TO SERVE THE GREAT WISDOM. WE WANT TO CREATE GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS. And opposite, also in our ancient characters: WE WISH FOR A NEW AGE. LET THE OLD ONE PERISH! WE SHALL SHOW THAT OUR KNOWLEDGE IS THE RIGHT ONE. LET THE NEW AGE COME! From these two mottoes you can draw the conclusion that the fight between Good and Evil had already begun. Thus the combat between Good and Evil, Creation and Destruction was the fundamental idea and watchword of that eon. ...But now we have come to a very interesting little design, the hexagon between the inscriptions mentioned. This hexagon is not known to

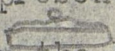
any magus in this composition. The circle in the middle with the dot in it signifies the Sun, the Light, the Universe, the Holy Wisdom. Round it, with the signs of planet of a later age - so that they might be understood - you can see the chief planets then called Jupiter, Saturnus and Mars which are fed by the ~~xx~~ primeval Sun. From this huge center of power and radiation Jupiter extracts only the vibrations of Good, of Truth, and pure morals. When this has come to pass on Earth, comes the fight, the War. For that the Good may assert itself and may remain permanent, perseverance is necessary, and perseverance can manifest itself only in fights. That is the reason why Mars stands on the left - The Planet of War, which extracts from the Sun the forces necessary for fight and resistance and accumulates them for the fight of Man. Once this fight has come to a triumphant end, Earth comes under the influence and radiation of Saturn, which means a Golden Age, the Spiritual Man, the Reward. It is the wish of every one of us to reach some day Saturn and to live there through time untold... And now let us penetrate into the ~~mid~~ interior of the design where you will see the ancient symbol of human spirit. It is a human face which tells of great sufferings. It has no front, that is, it does not think perfectly, but it has two large eyes because it is curious and wants to see all things so as to assert itself as best it can. Its dense eyebrows express a great will. Its ~~mouth~~ big mouth, open in the middle, indicates that it swallows up everything greedily. The jutting big nose means that the human spirit can sense what is good for it and what not. This means that the human spirit must ~~sense~~ feel with its fine inherent senses what is it that it should absorb, whether or not it should choose good or evil knowledge! Have a look at the mouth and the mouth-shaped crescent above it. You will then see that the mouth is none other than a ship whose sail is the nose. The nose, that is the sail, takes such a position that the wind blows into it from the West and takes the ship ~~to~~ eastward. It means that the ship symbolizes the progress and development of the human spirit. What exactly does this mean? No less a thing than that the Moon, the Ship of Progress, starts from the West, for there in a far distant period the only and unchangeable law of true thinking, of morals and religion, will be forged into a perfect whole, and will take the Light from West to East... The two eyes above indicate the two ruling planets of ~~East and West~~ West and East..."

"But I can see a boat also under the Moon what represents the mouth..." Nantigan said. What is this, Father?"

"Indeed, you can see a shapely but abandoned ship under the mouth, with anchors ready for casting on her side. This is the ship of mankind, which roams the vast seas of Life, waiting for a safe haven where she can put up at last... This is a great symbol, one which will never wane. At the same time it is the symbol of primitive matter, simultaneously reminding us putting us in mind of the great spiritual forces that rule matter. There has always been and will be some great spiritual idea, or watchword to lead on erring humanity... Now follows the space below the ship where in a triangle a fish can be seen swimming. This, too, is a great symbol of mysteries. Although today it is not yet a palpable proof to all, tomorrow it will be so to every man. For many people will bear the sign of the Fish on their front, and many will be the warriors of this sign. The Fish is a great symbol, a great arcanum! It has a separate, yet almost the same, meaning as the signs of the Sun, ~~the~~ Jupiter ~~and~~, Mars and Saturn that can be seen round the hexagon of the upper triangle..."

"It is hard for me to grasp these, O Father..." Nantigan interrupted him, bowing her head.

"I know, Daughter. These signs are partly new to you and seem fantastic. But the time will come when they will be clear to every one. And even if thousands of the mixed generations will disappear and be reborn until these signs become clear, yet this time is not far distant. It may be far, humanly speaking, but not to me who am on the threshold of the other world, ~~that~~ of the door that will lead me to the primeval fount of all the great mysteries... You are still subjected to counting years and months because you measure Time with standards. But my soul has already expanded far beyond time, indeed it encompasses the past, present and future. I feel strong and young again as I did when first I entered this vault as a young lama... However, let us proceed. Look at the carvings beside the left eye of

the large human face. You can see here a human shape with a strangely shaped cap on his head, as he dips his hand in the bowl before him. The human shape represents a priest. On his head he wears a priest's cap in this shape: . He is a priest of the coming generations. He dips his hand in the bowl before him, filled with water, in order to wash off the filth of the day before he turns to the Great Wisdom. He is a priest with clean hands and a pure spirit, who acts in the interest of mankind. This picture shows not only the washing of the hands, but also the fact that the water in the bowl serves the purpose of washing away the sins. Men will get cleansed by the water into which he dips his hand. If you take a close look, you will see that he holds tiny men in his hand and bathes them in water. This religious ceremony bathing will ~~be~~ play a major role in the lives of peoples to come. ~~The bathing water~~ Under the bathing bowl you can see another symbolic sign. It is such a powerful sign as to make water not a liquid substance, but a firm pillar for the mankind of those days. ~~On both sides~~ On the side you see two characters which mean the fall of man. When dealing with the next Circle, I shall explain it in detail. Suffice it to say now that the two characters signify the Angel and the Devil, or Good and Evil... Let us now see the field opposite this picture... Here you can see a two-faced godhead. In this part of the design quite new concepts and new kinds of men appear. Great mysteries unfold themselves - mysteries which must ~~have~~ be personified. This two-faced godhead is such a personifying concept. This is the first sign which is unintelligible to you and will remain so. I myself, I must admit, cannot understand this personification of the concept of God, though I am standing at the threshold of the ultimate secrets... All I know that this is the conception of the godhead of a future mankind, their God playing the same part as does the Holy Wisdom with us... How this concept will shape itself is indicated by the Scales, in one scale of which sits the two-faced godhead, while in the other there is a big weight. All these signs and symbols are still unknown to us, for they belong to the world of ideas of the last mankind. Therefore, I just mention this to you so that you may give an idea of them to your immediate progeny. However, even then it will remain a secret to be understood only by the initiates..."



"I ~~understand~~ see, Father," the little dancing girl nodded. "What I do not know yet is how am I to use this Circle? Do I have to put my finger in some place if I want to receive inspirations?"

"Yes, my daughter, you can take the small dotted circle for a starting-point if you wish to foresee the future. However, you can proceed in a more simple way by sitting before the Circle and concentrating your thoughts upon the Age that you wish to know... Sit here by my side, quite close to me, and disconnect your thoughts after having concentrated for a fleeting instant on the nation which worshipped the two-headed God... So... that is it. And now tell me what you see..."

Nantigan stared before her for some time, then she spoke in a dreamlike voice:

"I see tall warriors wearing helmets and glittering armour... I do not understand their strange language... Their women wear a white cloak and carry urns on their shoulders... They call their dress toga... I see and hear them point at each other's cloak and praise how nice this or that toga is... I see many people suffer in this country... they are chained and driven like slaves... They are almost naked and they sweat and toil. I also see wonderful houses with flat roofs - their furniture, their dimensions speak of pomp and power... I see big houses with colonnades and large white squares in a big city... Now the picture changes... A huge cloud of smoke... Big chariots are rumbling on the field of battle against the soldiers who wear glittering armour... They draw close to one another, then fall prostrate and cover their backs with their ~~long~~ oblong shields... The enemy's chariots rush over them thunderingly... A wonderful stratagem indeed! These must be warlike people, who fight most of the time... They have shining short swords in their hands..."

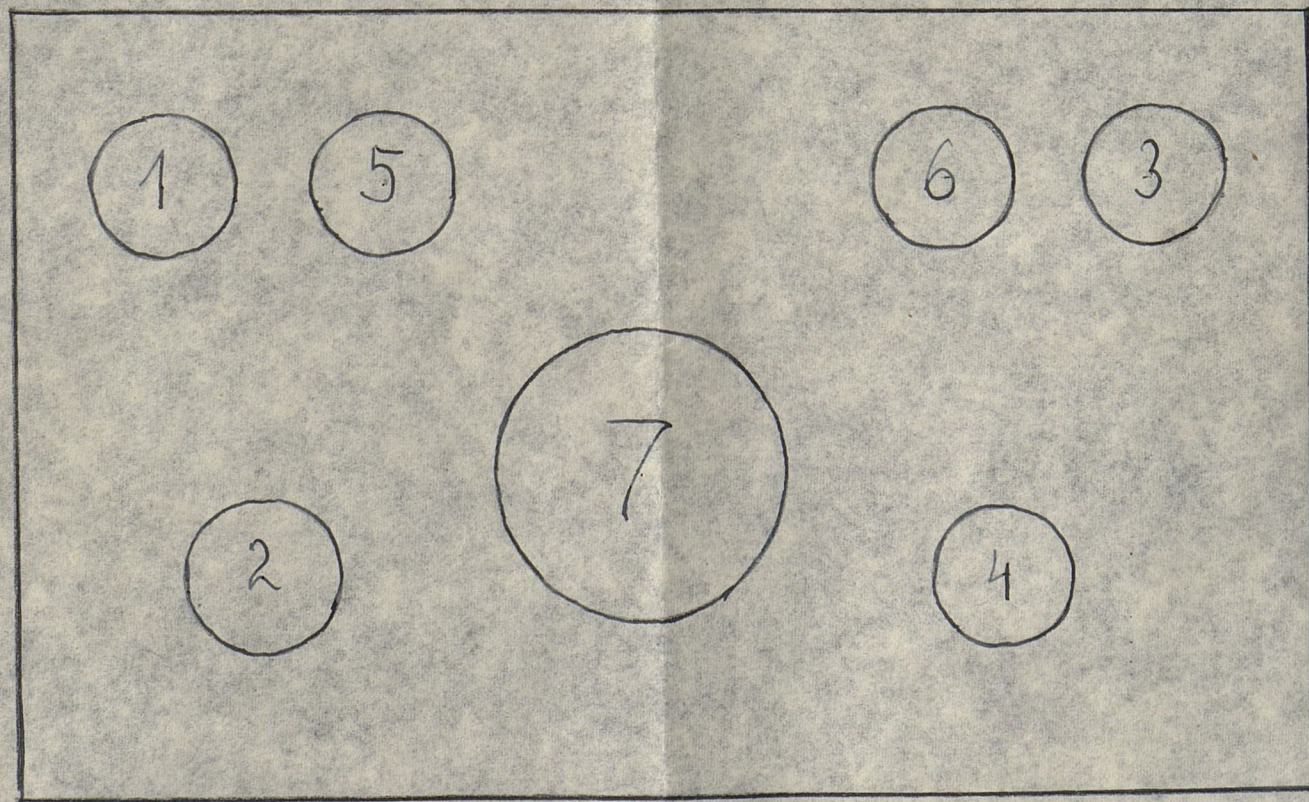
"Awake, my daughter, awake! Enough of this... Now let us go on examining the Circle because my time is up... I feel that I must soon enter through the Gate of death beyond which the eternal bliss of the Great Wisdom awaits me... In the field left of the triangle of the capped priest you again see the shining Sun...."

Below it men are playing and merry-making like children on a seesaw. It resembles the previous scene with the Scales, but it is not the same. It represents a more refined, a more peaceful Age, that is, after the great period of war seen by you a merry and peaceful Age will come in which men enjoy Nature and the Sun and everything that the Sun means to them. It is a peaceful, balanced Age when there will be no continuous wars. One thing alone worries the people of this eon - death. That which we now hail as the greatest joy - passing away in bliss - causes untold worry and pain to them. So a new idea ~~is beginning~~ will be born in the souls of those men: they will turn towards the things invisible, and yet they will ~~feel~~ be inspired with ~~fear and awe~~ awesome fear. They will be seeking a solution to the riddle of life, but will find none...The solution is represented on the following picture: here mankind finds peace at last...Here you can see those signs which symbolize the immortality of man...They have a great sign for this, a turning wheel resembling a spinning wind-mill with blades - the symbol of eternity, eternal life. Under the sign you can see a coffin, the ~~burial~~ mode of burial of that period. After the closed grave, ~~and death~~ after cheerless death, the comforting thought ~~of immortality~~ and sign of immortality will again appear on Earth. For now it disappears for a certain time from the life of mankind, now it reappears...Below it you can see a dead man rising from the grave - a dead man who is not dead for he lives and he wants the earth-dwellers to see that he is living! Under the symbolic sign of immortality, there is this word written in our own writing: RELIGION AND FAITH...But let us go on. Left of the crescent-shaped mouth of the human face in the middle you will see writing signs closed in a triangle. The word RELIGION has already appeared, now begins symbolized writing which expresses magic spells: COME HERE WHERE DWELLS ETERNAL WISDOM. On the other side in the same place: OUR KNOWLEDGE BE WITH YOU! WE WILL HELP YOU, WE SHALL NOT FORSAKE YOU. GREAT IS OUR POWER!...This is the meaning of the text, though one such writing sign expresses many words of a similar meaning. That is to say it is not a writing system of characters, but rather a system of ideograms of varied significance and meaning. The great mysteries required that the profane shall not understand the magic sayings. For in those times to come these small tablets and carvings will be known to men and they will try to solve them. I give you the key now lest those who sound these secrets in the future should interpret it in the wrong way...I know and I feel that there will be many disputes about these carvings, some fragments of which will be subjected to the scrutiny of future scientists who will try to interpret them separately...However, let us go on. The writing under the ideograms on the left already covers a coherent text: LOVE SHALL WELD YOU TOGETHER, IN LOVE YE SHALL UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. On the opposite side: THOU ART MIGHTY, O MAN! THOU KNOWEST ALL, THY KNOWLEDGE IS INFINITE, THOU ART ACQUAINTED WITH THE LIVES OF THINE ANCESTORS, WITH THEIR CUSTOMS. SO BE INDEPENDENT AND CREATE! CHALLENGE NATURE TO COMPETITION AND SHOW THAT THOU CANST CHANGE HER LAWS...This inscription again shows the fight between Good and Evil. One of the texts want ~~to~~ Man to follow the right path, the other paves the way and exhorts to evil. Follows the lower angle, whose time is still far away from the earth-dwellers. It will come only when this will be the sign of Earth: . In a later Age Earth will carry upon itself but one cross:  this will be the sign of Earth in the latter days. But when ~~it~~ its sign will carry a double cross, then harness for the last fight and for the end of the eon. However, both these periods are still far ~~off~~, as I said...The simple cross will be used after the incarnation of ~~God~~ the Son of God on Earth, the double cross will take its beginning from the birth on Earth of the Adversary...We in our Age do not understand ~~all~~ this, these things will come to pass after a long, long time...I have explained to you these two symbols only for the guidance of generations to come... So the end, which ~~weeps~~ away ~~every~~ all things from Earth will come again. For the time will come when this world ends...Behold, my daughter, we have reached the end of the Circle, and now you can put

me the question: what then? I know not. The Holy Wisdom has hidden this from the eyes of Man, eye, even from the eyes of the initiates. For a new mankind will then be born, a mankind which will surpass us in knowledge and in the wisdom of the mysteries. All this lies deeply hidden in the womb of Time, and only the coming mankind of the newly-born world can prove whether or not it will be able to come up to its sublime calling... And now, my daughter, let us pass over to the following Circle whose peculiarities I will now explain to you..."

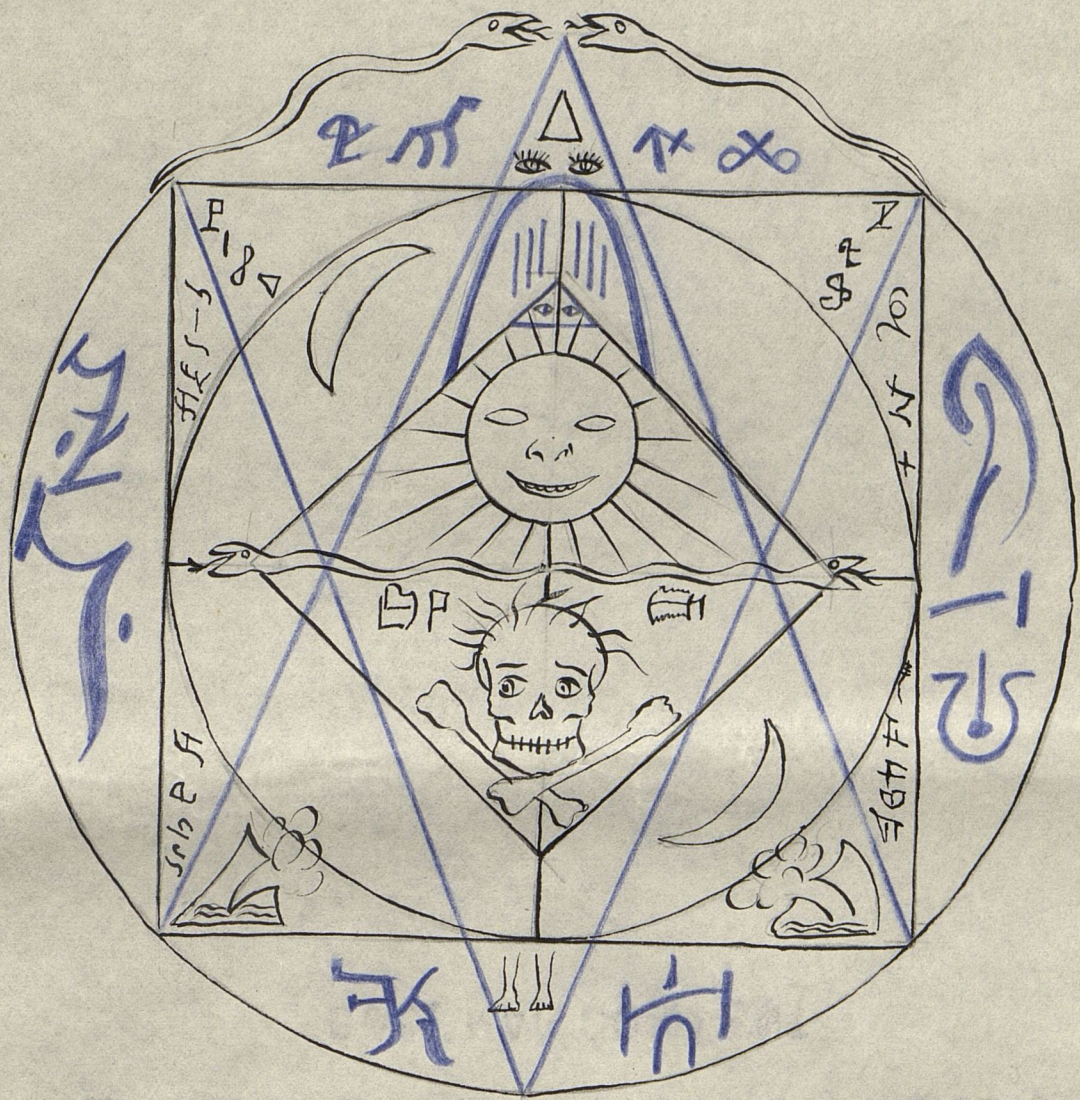
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The Position of the Seven Circles
on the Stone Table



1.

45
80



The Second Circle



The Third Circle



4

The Fourth Circle

83



" The FIFTH CIRCLE, my daughter ", Thinoktes went on, " signifies the Age of the Spirit. It corresponds to the Middle Ages of the Great World Year. As you can see, the drawings carved are much weaker on this circle than they were on the others. This means that here our human ~~strength and mind~~ mind has reached its limit; the man of the Future is destined to solve the deep symbolic of this Circle. There are numbers in the Circle...numbers which are unlike our numerical figures. They are so different from ours that the majority of our lamas do not understand them. Only the initiated comprehend the ~~mysteries of the future~~ number mysteries of the future... The sequence of the numbers, as they are placed within the Circle, ~~is~~ is most important. It shows that all things on earth are based on the law of numbers, and that events on earth return in cycles...More clearly, I would interpret the signs of this Circle in this way, that the horizontally lying parallelogram contains the human spirit moving along the earth plane, as it is mirrored by its form of appearance on earth - the human mind. The numbers in it are earthly numbers, that is they refer to man on earth. Upon this you can see a vertically standing parallelogram with heavenly, or spherical numbers on it... These numbers and their order, their sequence are today unknown conceptions to us...Do you follow me, daughter?

" I have been able to follow you thus far, Father, but I have also realized that as the number of the Circles grows, so their interpretation grows more and more difficult to comprehend.

" So listen to me very attentively, for you must understand this Circle. Why I say so, you shall learn in the end...Now ~~xx~~ you can see from the crossing of the earth and heavenly planes how the ~~xx~~ numbers are divided in the life of the future Man. This numerical division will be the basis of all their lives. These ~~x~~ 9, that is 8 numbers contain the history of the humanity that will develop after ours. They will have to be careful, and watch their steps, for all the ~~development~~ developments of their life will be based on the grouping of the numbers. This will be the development of a great generation, which will mean much in the history of mankind...If you watch the diagram closely you will see numbers which are outside the Circle. These are the signs of the Spheres and of the spirits that are in some way ~~connect~~ connected with the Earth. That is, these are inspired numbers...And now pay attention, daughter! If you multiply the numbers in the individual squares* and you read the result from the right to the left, the ~~pistas~~ ^{phases} of the distant Future will unfold themselves to your eyes and you will have obtained the years of war on earth. If you read it from left to right, you will ~~xx~~ obtain the greatest peace years of the humanity after us. That is how the periodical year cycles, or 'annual rings', ~~shape~~ are formed. Besides, on the basis of the pentagrams and tetragrams of the previous Circles you will be able to state how long the certain periods, which Man later will call 'eons', will last. All ~~this~~ these symbols are great mysteries. The man of the Future will comprehend them and, meditating on the age-old secrets, will seek here the key to his future.

" And now let us examine the figures on the Circle...You can see that in the part with drawings free hand is given, as it were, to human imagination. Or at least, so it appears to you. The thin capillary-like veins and lines show how the numbers should be inserted in the drawings, and how in the drawings you ~~will~~ can little by little see a picture which corresponds to the position of the numbers in space...

" Take for example 1 and 9 in the two outside squares. The man of the Future will yet solve the meaning of the number 1 and the holy 9 and will build his fate, his whole life upon them. These two numbers will play a major role in the history and rise of Man. ~~It~~ is the beginning, the basis, as it stands in the upper third of the parallelogram. Opposite it can be seen the figure 9. That is, the beginning and the end...In between 7, the jealously guarded holy number which we never touch..The figures in this Circle differ from the others already in size, too. And since you see not one shape clearly defined or carved, you involuntarily think that



this may have some secret reason. And so it has, daughter. And the secretsx which these designs of a curious shape hide in themselves - is the Moon. The Moon has at all times symbolized great changes, fluctuations of mood, temptations, hardships. The Moon is the great Scales of humanity in which it has to be weighed so that its spirit may be found light and may rid itself from the magic circle of the earth... But here the Moon does not only signify the heavenly body, but ~~also~~ is at the same time the symbol of spiritual apotheosis, of the overcoming of difficultiesx and hardships. The human soul reaches this state of beatitude when it has already fulfilled the greater part of its arva. Therefore we always represent the Moon as a crescent, as if it were the ~~scales of balance~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ dish of scales, but the dish is turned upside down. This symbolizes that nothing that is heavy must be put in the dish for otherwise it falls out of it. In other words, the soul gets weighed after the many vicissitudes and sufferings, after the fulfilment of much arva, in the Moon dish of the Scales, and if it is as ~~heavy~~ light as a feather, it will remain in the upturned downturned dish. Every man must live through this spiritual evolution in the course of long series of reincarnations. The Moon, then, will represent in the life of future mankind the symbol of the harmonic ascent of the soul. Happy shall all those be whose souls will find refuge in the stars symbolically placed around the Moon, that is in the Moon's direction, for it means that they had got rid of the attraction of the earth and were reborn on a higher planet... The designs on the outside square of the Moon refers to our present country...

" This Circle then shows the mysterious future. The lines and designs are vague, but ~~if~~ they were traced so on purpose. Thus the higher Powers wish to hide from us, men of this Age, what is going to happen to our progeny. For mankind would be scared to learn what it will have to face. A whole series of transformations and changes can be seen on this Circle. The design is not chaotic at all, but it betrays many things to come, in fact it contains the future...

" The man of the future will find in this picture the date of Earth's first world war, which then will be expressed with the numbers 1914, but the conditions of 1945 and 1942 will also be ~~revealed~~ revealed by the future generations from this design. How and when remains to be seen; there will be persons destined to solve the riddle of this design. Indeed, they will have no difficulty in doing so because there will be dates and events in their lifetime, inferring from which, they can find out periods which ~~will play~~ are to play a great part in their lives. Such will be the year marked 1952 and later the year 1956...

" The many fantastic ~~designs~~ drawings represent not only men but also what seem to be caterpillars... You know what a caterpillar is, don't you, daughter? Now, these caterpillars will play an important and dreadful role in wars to come... Everyone who fixesx these drawings with a blank mind and a concentrated state will see pictures reminding him of what he was in his previous incarnations. A peculiar drawing like this - showing ~~individually~~ every one an individual picture, does not have its like in the world. This drawing, too, can be solved only by the chief priests when they are in a rapt state...

" And now listen to me, daughter. In ^{vain} mankind will have suffered, in vain various groups of people ~~and~~ will sacrifice their lives for various ideals... there shall always be wars and revolutions... For every one can save his soul only

individually -



this is the lesson taught by this ~~drxx~~ Circle. Under~~xxx~~ the three great human races you can see a symbolical bowl which swallows the torrent of blood flowing after ~~eachxgreatxchange~~ the sufferings that follow upon each great change. This Bowl collects everything that flows down from the upper parts, and does not let it trickle down to the weedy ~~earth~~ soils of the earth...What does this signify? It means that no matter how many people will sacrifice their heart's blood for a future thought by them better, the floods of their blood and their suffering will not fertilize the soil of this globe. For to do this has from the beginning been destined for God the Man, ~~whose~~ one drop of whose blood will better fertilize the soil than the torrents of all the blood collected in the sacrificial Bowl...The Moon, which weighs things with her Scales, will shine ~~just~~ just as it does today, my daughter...But the priests who do not fulfil the Eternal Precepts ~~willxneverx~~ and will be unfaithful shepherds of their flock, will never understand the drawing on this Circle. In vain their languishing faithful will have entreated them, in their thirst for a true redemption, those priests will give them only empty words...

" When future mankind will have come over here to the Subtle World, only then will it see that the ~~new~~ Age in which it lived was, despite its ungodly faithlessness, ~~axxxentix~~ an age of science and building. For we cannot call it either passive or barren, even if appears to be such. Great architectural monuments and creations will survive, and the feverish tempo of ~~buildix~~construction after destruction will affect also things spiritual.

" The designs in squares 4 and 5 show a fantastical building, that is only the peak of this building. What this is will be guessed by the researchers of the new Age: it is the Past whose roof reaches over to their life. A sunken monument of a great Building Age will suddenly reappear from the depths at the beginning of the second great Building Age. The strange drawing in square 4 shows two horn-like forms with a stirruplike formation in the middle: this shows the characteristics of the building art of that sunken Age...Above square 4 the number 9 over square 9 resembles a finger whose nail is the loop of figure 9, with tiny red lines all around. This points to the East, for the East will make the life of future mankind troublesome and disquieting. This handlike picture is a warning sign...one that has a cross in its middle at that. Strictly speaking, the cross is not in the middle proper, but rather in the fleshy part of the hand. Since a cross even in palmistry on this Mount of the palm means 'a grave punishment because of sensuality', this symbol signifies that the great crushing and devastating blow of the East will be inflicted on the mankind of that Age because of its material welfare and materialist sensuality. However, the same symbol betrays that after the great punitive calamities, the ~~souls~~ human soul will find no more interest in the world of the senses...

" When the Cross first appears in the life of ~~manx~~ the humans, we also see the palms and the leaves. In square 9 you can also see a small palmtree with a huge leaved attached to its trunk. It is a great symbolical sign, but not yet clear to us. All we know is that it points to some happy period of rest.

" Squares 7 and 9 intersect a peculiar human head. The part that falls in square 9 shows the part of an unclean, hairy and sad-looking face. Our priests to come will solve also this riddle...

" But know my time is up. I know you would have me to explain also the two remaining Circles...but I cannot do so now, ~~my~~

daughter. You yourself will have to solve it when your knowledge will be developed. I am facing a long journey...I have to cross the threshold of death very soon. You do not know yet what a serious thing death is: but never forget, it is not annihilation, but life..."

"As to the two last Circles," Thinoktes went on after being silent for some time, "pay good attention, Daughter, and impress the signs they contain on your mind because they represent the symbolical thoughts of the men of Tomorrow and will guide their fate....On top you can see lightnings on both sides. Above the clouds the Celestial High Priest sits judgment, because he will again appear in the world. In the left lower corner you can see a cross, upon which a serpent coils itself...On the right side there can be seen the sitting posture of a world teacher to come who will be called Sakya-muni, or Sangyé by us...In the middle there is an object like a big turning wheel - the ~~sym~~ ancient symbol of Grand Magic. There is a ~~pl~~antree on the left. In the middle - flames and fire...A double tongue, opened fork-like, and bridged over by a pan which resembles a pair of scales...Underneath are written the first and last letters of an Age to come, but conversely... This drawing, oh Daughter, will have to be solved by you, as I said. You will be reborn on Earth again and again, for the purpose of once solving this seventh Circle..."

Nantigan looked before her as though in a trance. She could not speak, she started up ~~only~~ from her ~~xxx~~ reverie only when the Head Priest continued:

"And here is the Seventh Circle, the largest in the middle of the Stone Table...It is surrounded by a Serpent. You can see diverse inscriptions and designs on it. On the left side there ~~is xxxxxx~~ are two books, opened: the two sacred Books of a coming Age - the Old and the New Tidings. In the middle an oak-leave...The glory and the resurrection of God's Son, and the Eternal Lord's Day are also there. On top you can see the ancient symbol of the Eye of God. Below - a fumber from the Sacred Book - the figure 8. This last Circle contains the Last Secrets, with the dates of the end of the ~~xxxx~~ Eon and of the Great Cataclysm...These secrets were known only to one lama ~~xxx~~, to him who carved these two Circles here, because he was in a rapt state and the powers above imparted to him the solution..."

Thinoktes left off speaking and silently took ~~at~~ a seat at the side of the girl.

"And so we have come to the last of the Circles," he said. "Now you can see, Daughter, that your coming here was not been in vain. It was not in vain that you were transported here, from among the multitude, through divine agency. ~~It~~ Nor was it in vain that I, an aged lama, happened to be your guide, for I am already approaching the threshold of death. Great ~~xxx~~ are these secrets and deep, oh my daughter, and you will have to get immersed in them. You must not slip over them superficially, for then you will miss their meaning. Place one of the Circles before you when you sit alone in your cell in years to come and follow with your mind's eye the lines of the Circle, ~~xxxxxxx~~ imagining that you are the chief protagonist. In this manner you can live through and experience ~~xxx~~ all the joys beauty and the sufferings of the Ages to come. So you need not stir up here in this vault when you ~~xxx~~ meditate, for you can do so also in the solitude of your convent cell. But you shall do well to make copies of the Circles on scrolls, so that ~~every~~ the inspired lamas of ~~the xxxxxx coming Ages xxx~~, your followers, may meditate over them, ~~xxxx~~ It will not be hard work for you, so you must copy everything carefully. Every one will see ~~diff~~ and experience different things when contemplating these Circles, and interpret them individually, according

8.8.8.

(1952-17-8,
8 = August
8 or 17 or 26
= 8.)

to his or her spiritual abilities and assets..."

Thinoktes arose and began to proceed in the vault.

"Come with me, let us walk on. Here on the wall you can see the sign of one of our ancestors: ~~Handwritten symbol~~ he was the one who founded this monastery. And now, as I said, let us proceed in this ~~kingdom~~ kingdom of the dead... This great man also came here on his own legs when he felt his last hour ~~was~~ drawing near. Give me your hand and fear not. My last hour is also drawing near... Come, Daughter... I will now lay down my last piece of garment on this threshold, and put on the sacred gown in which alone I can appear before my ancestors. I will take this gown from under the head-prop of my ancestor, the Head Priest Zereth ~~Handwritten symbol~~ which had been blessed by Ellion ~~Handwritten symbol~~ when he bestowed his blessings on all those who once were to be his followers... And as to me, I will leave this earth and will bid farewell to the sinful world... Often in your coming reincarnations will you hear this unflattering epithet, and I myself know that it is not fair to express such an opinion on our Mother Earth who feeds us... but this is the Truth. And we must never act against the Truth..."

While he removed the holy gown from under the head of the Head Priest's mummy, he kept silent, only his heavy breathing could be heard.

"What hurts me," he said after a while, "is that I must leave my Priestess, whom I so dearly love, on the earth plane. At this very moment I can visualize her looking up in our direction and following us with her mind's eyes as we ~~proceed~~ walk downstairs on these steps. I know it all means an ineffable pain to her, and she will be sore afflicted when she learns that I am no more... She will go for our accustomed walk, but I shall be there no longer... And when she will have waited for a long time, The Holy Wisdom will fluster in her ear that I had already left the Earth... That is how my ancestors left the earth plane in their time... They came down ~~to the depths of these rocks~~ here to the depths of these rocks in the mountain's bowels, and lay in their graves. In a few hundred centuries, the parts of our body will merge with the elements of the rocks... This is not without reason either... although all this is still a mystery to you..."

He stopped short and turned to face Nantigan.

"Up to now you have encouraged me, Daughter, but now I must support you. This kingdom of the dead is much nearer to me than Earth... Here I already feel at home..."

"I go with you, Father," Nantigan whispered in an undertone, half-timidly, while she reached out a hand to the aged Lama.

"Come then and have a look round. Here we rest, all of us, as you can see. There is a small stone tablet at the head of every lying figure, telling us which of his incarnations his last life was. Do you see the empty place in the left corner of the cave? It is my place. Let us go there and see who my predecessor was in this grave? Here you can see his name engraved:

~~Handwritten symbol~~
a Grand Lama of the name of Ho-Titi. ~~Handwritten symbol~~ All you can see here is a few petrified bones and you think they could never have belonged to some one's mortal remains. And do you see this stone tablet ~~with~~ above it ~~with~~, showing the date of today? and my name? This stone tablet has been here for a long time. My name is there, with a strange and unknown sign underneath, which marks my new name in the other world. I shall learn this great secret soon. For soon, I tell you, will I go - to awaken. My real birth begins only now. How it will continue and what it ultimately will develop into, this I shall know only in the Subtle World. But now I will collect these small pebbles and take them with me to the other cave room, you shall soon learn why. Come then with me, and be not frightened if the door is banged to behind us. For that door slab works automatically and will ~~shut~~ isolate us from the outside world... But because you are here in an ~~exteriorized~~ exteriorized state since you first appeared to me on this mountain, this will be no obstacle to you, as you will be able to walk through it on your way back.

He waved a hand at the vault.

" It is not such an uncouth and repellent place as you might think. The petrified mouldering bones of the lamas of old can be seen everywhere...~~Now~~ Where they touched the rock wall they merged with it. That will be our own fate as well...Everything passes away one day in this world. But now we must proceed because our time is running out. Look about you attentively for you shall learn great secrets in this place. Do you know where we are?

" On the summit of the mountain, in the rock grave..." Nantigan replied.

" No, Daughter. We are beneath the mountain monastery church, at a depth of ~~eighty feet~~ ninety feet. You did not notice that this narrow and ~~dark~~ semi-dark church is connected with this secret graveyard under ground...But let us walk on, for we must reach the passage of Initiations. It reminds me of ~~that~~ my own initiation when I was a young priest for then, too, I had to walk along it, with my companions. Then we did not know why this passage exerted such a mysterious and forbidding influence on us. Now, at the close of my life, I can see all distinctly. At every ~~ini~~ ceremony of initiation the spirits of these long mouldering bones appeared here and took part in the great mysteries. In this way they continued their creative work on the earth plane, helping their fellow-priests, and inspiring them, ~~with~~ and instilling new strength in them during the hard initiation trials...I also shall live on up there and will continue my great work, to help, you, Daughter, throughout the centuries when you will have been reborn on earth. Our spirit is strong and imperishable. We ~~of~~ ancient Bod-Yul are omnipresent, as it were. We not only work here in this tomb vault, but we ~~go~~ and shall go in future centuries as well, everywhere ~~abroad~~ in the world where there will be one of us reincarnated in the flesh. You, too, shall ~~go~~ travel round the world, Nantigan, and shall help the progeny of our people...."

Thinoktes stopped short and looked through the dark Passage of ~~the~~ Initiation.

" Oh how many of my ancestors," he said, "had to walk twice along this passage! I also trod it ~~for~~ first when I was a young novice, and ~~on~~ ~~there~~ for the second time ~~when~~ now when ~~my~~ the hour of my death is drawing near...Now that I walk at your side, I cannot help thinking of my faithful Priestess and how I used to go for a walk ~~with~~ in her company every day...She does not know yet the awesome secret which now, at the close of my life, inspired ~~my~~ soul....And still I feel human feelings overwhelm me...I regret to abandon all those whom I learned to love during so many years...But the Depth and the Height call me...I hear the voice of the great spirits. I feel my legs tremble as they did when first I had to walk through this passage...My heart misgives me. The man in me fights with the ancient strength of the spirits. Which of ~~them~~ two will prevail? I must conquer the earth man within my soul...Then, I know, I shall ~~win~~ be victorious, and my will will be identical with that of my spiritual guide. No, I will not ~~shrink~~ wince and recoil from my last step.... Come, Daughter, let us penetrate deeper into this passage..."

Holding each other by ~~their~~ hand, they cautiously started to walk forward in the ~~passage~~ dark passage.

" Let us walk ~~slowly~~ gently, Nantigan...The great ceremony below will soon have ended....Also, the holy flame is almost dying down...and soon the priests will ~~come~~ up here...For the other part of the ritual ceremony is to take place in ~~these~~ vaults. So take this torch which you see burning in that ring in the wall and proceed along the other ~~star~~ flight of stairs which lead upward, so that you can also take part in the ~~ceremony~~ end stage of the ceremony...Farewell, Nantigan...be happy and remember me now and again..."

The dancing girl fell on her knees before the old priest who now reached a thin hand toward her, and anon she pressed her forehead on this hand. Then she stood up and bowed to him three times.

" Let the Holy Wisdom guide you in the last hour of your life, O Father," she ~~said~~ whispered..."And when you reach the other shore...forget not your faithful handmaiden..."

When the veil-clad figure of the little dancing girl disappeared, the old Lama ~~looked after her~~ stared after her for a long time. Then he turned on his heels and began walking, all alone, through the passage. He inspected all the favorite haunts of his youthful days and all the secret places he ~~had~~ knew of...

Meanwhile Nantigan - who was still in an exteriorized state, but visible to men - walked back among the other priests and took her seat. She took part in the finishing stage of the ceremony until the gazing crystal ball was lowered from the ceiling by the Priest of the Ceremonies. During this hour of the 'holy rapture' the ~~Grand~~ High Priest and the aged lamas continued to fix the ball, while the others walked by it in single file, each of them looking into the ~~crystal~~ shining ball in his turn... When Nantigan also looked into it, she saw old Thinoktes return to his own vault after having made a tour of the passages....

Nantigan was seized with a sudden fright. She jumped up and ran out of the temple... Meanwhile the Grand Lama and the aged lamas saw in the gazing ball how Nantigan disappeared again. Now they must have found out about her first disappearance as well. But since it was the general rule that any lama or priestess could go wherever she or he wanted when his or her hour of death was drawing near, no one asked her where she was running. They saw old Thinoktes sitting at the Stone Table and resting his forehead on his hands. They saw the young dancing girl ~~entering the vault~~ in her white fluttering gown flying to him through the air. They saw the climbing plant growing at the entrance bow down and make way for her ~~to~~ enter. But these scenes lasted only for seconds in the crystal ball and changed very quickly. But no one was allowed to disturb the ceremony with questions: so the leading priests ~~all~~ pretended not to know anything about the happenings - though in truth they already understood all.

When the old Priestess looked into the ~~ball~~ crystal ball sphere and caught sight of her consort, she immediately knew ~~that~~ the meaning of that scene... It meant that she was to be torn apart from her beloved companion, from the double of her soul, and that henceforward she would have to lead a solitary, hard life full of sufferings. A thousand dear memories surged from her oppressed bosom and her heart misgave her. The Master of the Ceremonies ~~w~~, out of tact, did not remove her from before the gazing crystal, but to help her in her plight, he strewed ~~in~~ dry leaves of spearmint on the altar fire the smokes of which rose high and obscured the surface of the sphere and its visions...

Meanwhile Nantigan again arrived at Thinoktes' ~~great~~ vault and found the aged lama just in the act of praying. Before him in a half circle were standing the spirits of ~~his~~ his ancestors who had long gone to sleep with their fathers. It was a painful scene: the moment of freeing the spirit from matter... The seven High Priests whose ~~fingers~~ were wonderful seal-rings, stepped up on their thrones which stood in the background. Their servants, carrying silk banners with mantras written on them, followed in their footsteps. A great and significant ceremony began in the narrow vault.

The eldest High Priest, who first was buried here, turned to old Thinoktes:

"Why dost thou disturb us?" he said.

"Because I had an inspiration," the Lama said. "And inspiration which prompted me that I can attain my eternal rest only with your approval. You alone can receive me here and assure me a worthy place. That is the reason why I dare disturb your peace. I trust that my successor will ~~will~~ fulfil all the duties which I imposed upon her."

So saying he ~~waited~~ waited at Nantigan who ~~suddenly~~ suddenly, as though by magic, suddenly appeared in the circle. One of the High Priests waved a hand at her, indicating to withdraw and wait in silence in a corner.

No sooner had the old Lama uttered these words than a new hard question was put to him:

"And will thy heart not hurt beneath the knife which the great Siliati will thrust into thee, so as to put out the flame of

thy life? Wilt thou not pine after the pomp and glory of Earth and ~~add~~ thy abandoned companions? "

"No," said Thinoktes loudly.

Upon this the Executioner Priest thrust his ~~knifx~~ long knife into old Thinoktes' heart, but he did not fall, he kept on standing in front of the High Priests...Then these commanded him to lie down on the stone table. Now Thinoktes' knees began to tremble, yet he obeyed. Another High Priest now slit him up, threw out his bowels, and taking out his heart threw it before Nantigan who miraculously caught it in her hands, as though she had expected that this would happen. Now the mortal remains of the aged Lama were sewn together in no time, so that not even the place of the cut could be seen on his body. Old Thinoktes now looked as a mummy many hundred years old. He was exactly like one of the other parched mummies.

After a brief funeral speech the Seven High Priests reached out their hands toward Thinoktes, who now rose slowly, mechanically, and walked to the stone sarcophagus, which he had ~~pickedx~~ chosen for himself while alive. There he lay down and stretched himself. That was the last moment of his life.

And Nantigan who witnessed all this, held the trembling heart of old Thinoktes in ~~herx~~ her hands...The priests in the temple below saw the whole scene in the gazing crystal...Then Nantigan suddenly appeared in the temple again, where the High Priest took from her the heart and handed it over to the preparating lamas. And the old Priestess who was worried since the rising smokes obscured her side of the crystal sphere, so that she did not know what happened, now ran to Nantigan and entreated her to speak. But in vain she did so for the dancing girl suddenly trembled all over and with a start and a deep sigh awakened from her trance. She remembered nothing.

The Feast of the Scarlet Flame

It was an age-old habit in the ancient lama monasteries of Old Bod-Yul for the priests to assemble every fiftieth year and to commemorate those who died before them in the same monasteries.

On such occasions the rock vaults where the remains of the ancestors rested were opened and great festivities were arranged. In the beginning these festivities took place in rather modest circumstances: the High Priest called the lamas together to the big temple for an elevating ceremony. Every lama had a role during ~~thexceremonyx~~ this ceremony of commemoration: each of them was clad in the garbs ~~ofxperx~~ representing the various periods and ceremonies. Only the novices were excepted who had not yet gone through their initiation. At a later period the use of masks, death masks and death garbs was introduced. Masked processions and festivities in today's Bod-Yul and the East in general hark back to the afore-mentioned rite.

In the period of the Scarlet Flame a substantial change occurred in the lives of the priests of Bod-Yul. In addition to the funeral feasts held every fiftieth year a new and great ceremony, the commemoration festival of the birth of the Scarlet Flame was introduced.

One year after Thinoktes' death an extraordinary event happened: the triennial feast of the ~~Re~~ Scarlet Flame coincided with the Fifty Year Festival of the Dead. The High Priest called ~~on~~ the priests and the people to the temple ~~xxandx~~ so that they hold the ~~feastxofxthe~~ first triennial feast of the Scarlet Flame in a worthy fashion.

Since Thinoktes' death, his Priestess became melancholy and ~~couldx~~ gre very restless. She was always looking forward to the day on which she can meet the spirit of her beloved ~~consort~~ mate either in ~~thexspiritxorxix~~ vision or ~~xxxxxxx~~ in a materialized form. Time passed quickly, but it did not bring her peace of mind.

Her only consolation was that wonderful young priestess-dancer who had accompanied her beloved consort, in an exteriorized state, on his last journey. Ever since the old Priestess called her ~~her~~ 'daughter', indeed she was the only soothing balm for her great affliction. She asked her a hundred, nay a thousand times what exactly had happened in the grotto, what ~~her consort's~~ the last words of her consort had been - and she was satisfied even with the vague description Nantigan could give of the scene, for she could remember it only as a dream...

The High Priest himself did not know what he was doing when he assembled the congregation. He did not know what he had to do for he acted under sheer inspiration. What he felt with unshakable certainty was that he had to make a great speech. When they were all together and watched the flame flickering on the alter of the temple, the High Priest suddenly rose and began to speak:

" My brethren - he said in a ringing voice. -You who, together with me, listened most eagerly ~~to~~ some time ago to High Priest Thinoktes' ~~wonderful~~ account of his wonderful experiences in the Subtle World, are now here and you do not know why. Neither do I, to tell you the truth. All I can say is that I simply had to call this congregation under some sudden impulse...It is three years today that good old Thinoktes passed out of earthly ken. His faithful escort who is present in our midst has ever since been weaving her ~~garb~~ *pall* for she feels she will meet him soon. Together they always walked the paths of this earth as the two parts of a cleft soul...but all of a sudden the High Priest departed and was no longer seen walking at her side...The Priestess was just taking part in the temple ceremonies when she suddenly saw her Thinoktes walk towards the mountain. Her heart misgave her, but anon she caught sight of the strange dancer priestess who floated after him in mid-air in a transported state...Our Priestess felt sure that the ~~the~~ soul of her faithful consort in the spirit was about to leave the body. She felt that the double of her soul was soon leaving the earth plane, and that the invisible gates of the other world were already thrown open to him... Soon after we ~~ourselves~~ could see for ourselves that the Rock was lit up by the suddenly upshooting flames of the Scarlet Flame... It is this flaming Rock that I now see with my mental eyes as you did at the time, O my brethren! And you who are the salt of this ~~rocky~~ rocky soil in Bod-Yul must feed this flame with the fire of your hearts..."

He stopped short and his look was searching for Nantigan. When he found her, he continued:

" You, O young priestess, who then were a dancer among the priestly castes and thus made sacrifice~~s~~ to the Holy Wisdom with your art, show us your sacred art even now! This indeed is the message which our high Guides convey to you now through me... Step up to the gazing crystal, look into the fire, and read the secret of the future. I feel in my bones that this day will for ever be memorable in the history of the lamas, for great things are going to happen today...But I will not speak more...I beg of all of you to take part in the crystal-gazing ceremony..."

Having finished his speech, the High Priest threw down his gown and looked into the fire which was burning with flickering flames. Then he kindled the sacrificial fire, too, with his own hands. All those present felt that these were awesome moments indeed. Soft ~~wailing~~ wailing tones but at the same time stifled cries of joy and rapture could be heard in the low murmuring of the ~~crowd~~ congregation. All lamas began to stare into the fire which was burning more and more shiningly, And the temple itself began to get obscures, its atmosphere vibrating as a mirage.

The young priestess rose, stood on tiptoe, then began to flit through the air, as she did before the old lama's death.

However, now she did not fly up to the mountain, but ~~flaw~~ hovered ~~ranx~~ in mid-air in the temple. Her figure grew more and more vague ~~anx~~ until it gradually waned in the air, so that finally only her head was visible... Then, as if by magic, ~~her head appeared~~ the interior of the mountain cave and the big stone table with the Seven Circles carved in it appeared before the crystal-gazing lamas. The hovering head of the Dancing Priestess halted above the table and began explaining the Circles in a loud voice.

"Let every living ~~anx~~ spirit, and every spirit present, hear my voice! May the Great ~~Wisdom~~ Knowledge unite with the Holy Wisdom and enlighten my mind!..."

Thus she began her speech, then she talked of the great secret which the High Priest had imparted to her. During the three years that elapsed since, many things prophesied by Thinoktes had come true, so that Nantigan's present message startled them. The priests and the priestesses had already begun to live a rather one-sided life, and though but a few years had ~~at~~ gone by since the death of old Thinoktes, both discipline and morals grew rather lax in the monastery. The appearance of the Scarlet Flame behind the Stone Table and the Head hovering above it now gave back their faith and ~~endurance~~ perseverance.

"Know, my earthly brethren", said the Head, "he alone can be truly wise and clever who considers his fellow-man to be just one ~~degree~~ grade above him. This indeed is the very basis of the solution of the Circles. Namely, because no one else save Thinoktes was able to give a better explanation of their symbols, we must accept ~~the~~ the interpretation handed down by him... This also means that we must consider other people's work better than ours, for we can never tell whether or not it was done under inspiration..."

Then the dancing girl called the double soul of old Thinoktes by name and ~~inform~~ told her to get ready for the long journey. Her last days were drawing near and her place in the spheres had been prepared.

"Be strong, my Priestess," she told her in a dreamlike voice, "Your coming stay in the Subtle World will not yet bring tranquillity for you two. You have a great mission, and after a long, long time, you shall again meet here on earth... In the same place where you once lived... While ~~being~~ in the Subtle World, you will have to prepare for this future life of yours, so that the memories ~~burst~~ burst forth from the depth of your soul then and that you may have patience to delve deep into your past life. The interest of humanity will require you to do this. One of the Circles points to this hard time: where you find the number 8... as marking cataclysmic times. Old friends from your past incarnations ~~remind~~ will remind you of this great date of mankind, which will ~~mark~~ mark also a turning-point in your life: ADD UP ALL THREE NUMBERS CROSSWISE AND WHEN YOU FIND THAT EACH OF THEM SHOWS EIGHT, THAT WILL BE THE DATE OF THE SEPARATING JUDGMENT!... After a first ~~attempt~~ futile attempt, you will again try to ~~escape~~ escape from Bod-Yul before the Scarlet Flame flares up again and a miracle makes the snowclad mountains of Bod-Yul tremble. You will be in a mortal danger during this trip - alone, for your faithful consort will have left you long before, as he did now. And I, the Hovering Head, who now speak to you, shall be far from you in space in that coming incarnation of ours, but I shall help you then, too, as I do now... All this will happen one thousand nine hundred and fifty odd years after the incarnation of God on earth. You will be on the way, and so shall I. The distance will be smaller between us. Maybe ~~even~~ I also will have to ~~fly~~ flee... I sense some great sorrow in my family life... And then... then we shall meet at last again after more than a thousand years, and in the purifying fire of suffering my face will shine as at this moment... And you, my Priestess, will see only this Hovering Head from all my body, and you will then recognize the Nantigan of old!..."

While the Head spoke, its outlines became clearer and clearer

against the ~~background~~ reddish background above the Stone table and its traits changed into those of a woman of strange beauty - who resembled Nantigan, and yet differed from her. As though that head belonged to a sister of Nantigan. That was how the High Guides made the watching lamas sense the future, and how they tried to convey to them the meaning of the prophecy which concerned the latter days of mankind. The head of the Nantigan who ~~will~~ is to live in those days appeared before the old Priestess, so that it may rest impressed on her memory, and she should recognize her when they meet in the distant future...

This strange and elevating ceremony lasted so long that the men of the valley villages and the scattered shepherds, the dogpa-folk, came to the spot in flocks because they saw huge tongues of flame shoot high from the neighborhood of the Monastery. The light of the rising sun promised a serene unclouded day. The wind had stopped, a balmy ~~air~~ current of air swept down the mountains. It was winter, so it ought to have been very cold, yet every one felt the atmosphere so warm that he threw off his clothes and prepared, in a mere loin cloth, for the dance of the great funeral feast.

After the great Crystal-gazing Ceremony the mask-painting lamas arrived and painted over the naked bodies of the dancers the ancient costumes of previous periods which ~~embodied~~ the most various religious customs. All this was very painful - let alone the 'hooping' of the dancers' foreheads, or binding their waists tight with scarfs and veils - but none seemed to mind the pain for the miracles that happened during the previous Ceremony still impressed them, and they felt elated and happy... Only in the end did some of the novices get frightened when the High Priest commanded the Flame to ~~scorch~~ scorch the ground around them and burn those who had ~~wicked~~ sinful thoughts while standing in the middle of the sanctuary.

Several lamas, on whose stripped skin the various costumes ~~were~~ had been painted, now suffered dreadful ~~burns~~ brand wounds. They moaned and wailed while the others were overjoyed and sent prayers of thanks ~~towards~~ heavenward. Every one felt that real life had again started among the mountains of Bod-Yul and that the people of the monasteries were again enjoying the grace and the guidance of the Great Wisdom... And the miracles continued to happen during the funeral feast as well. The spirits of lamas long dead appeared ~~before~~ to them in the flesh, looking for their dependants, their ~~previous~~ priestesses, or friends.

On this ~~scared~~ day the disbelievers were converted to the full, and the faith of the lamas became as strong again as the rocks...

Time ~~went by~~ passed, and the number of lamas grew among Bod-Yul's mountains. But even after many centuries the birth of the Scarlet Flame was handed down to them as a holy legend and tradition. It lived vividly in their memory also because the anniversaries marked great festivities. But the people themselves demanded that the memory of the Flame be revered. The priesthood developed finely, and the lamas had a great ~~way~~ sway. There were many believers among the population.

The wheel of Time rolled on, quicker and yet quicker, until the events of the birth of the Scarlet Flame fell into oblivion...

Today mankind records the year 1950 after the incarnation of the Godhead on earth. A long period has elapsed since, but finally the cyclical anniversary of the Scarlet Flame ~~is~~ is here again, when it is necessary that people should remember it and that the secret of its birth be revealed. Aye, the time of the Scarlet Flame has come again, and if not all mankind, yet some of the initiates who at ~~at~~ that time lived amount the snow-clad mountains of Tibet, ought to learn about this...

It is not a chance that this work was written in the 1950th year of the divine Incarnation. Nor is it a chance that the persons who then lived are again living on earth, even if Fate has scattered them afar. All this is the 'timetable' of the periodic

cycle of the Scarlet Flame, and even the incarnations have been set in accordance with it. Great things are happening in this year in a Tibetan lama monastery. The ~~great lamas~~ grand lamas are seeking the will of God, ~~in~~ with their spirits displaced...

A grave danger threatens the ancient mountains of Tibet. But in vain - Tibet was, is and will be for ever until this world stands. It is the cradle of humanity, the country of the Great Initiates, and it will not perish because it cannot ever perish. There is no human power which could destroy Tibet.

In these hard times when its borders are again threatened, the Scarlet Flame ~~has~~ reappeared. A tremendous earthquake ~~has~~ shaken the range of the Snowy White Queen, volcanic forces raised Mount Everest higher - yes, the mountains of Tibet are in upheaval and are surrounded with a reddish halo. In these hard times the Scarlet Flame ~~has~~ reappeared, and the Evil One and his followers escape running from under the flaming rocks. The Rock itself above which the Scarlet Flame appeared lies on Tibet's ancient border-line. Many curious people were here since September this year, and they returned with valuable experiences. ~~Not only those~~ But only those who came with good intentions. Those who came here with any wicked or evil thought, which cannot be reconciled with the eternal Idea, perished among the mountains and their bones froze stiff in the passes. So it was in the past and so it will be in the future as long as this world stands.

It was a great experience for all ~~the~~ explorers, throughout the Ages, to see the Rock Flame. They did not not what caused it ~~some~~ thought it was a natural phenomenon, but none could ever solve its riddle. This Rock has at all times been the guide of the good and ~~and~~ the fate of the evil.

Today the Scarlet Flame flared up again. The forbidding sight scared ~~people~~ everyone. In vain people watch the Flame die down, it burns with the same force as if some unquenchable source fed it in the bowels of the earth. This frontier Rock cannot be assailed - the attacking army is bound to withdraw from its neighborhood. In the nearby monastery the lamas lie in a trance state, and stalk the neighborhood with the Great Gliding ~~Path~~ Pace, they skip over the passes and watch out. They uncover the schemes hatched by the ungodly and thwart them. Day after day some fit of raving seizes the ~~assail~~ besiegers when the flame shooting out of the Rock dazzles them.

All this ~~happening~~ ^{will} is happening ^{like} in the year 1950. The civilian population living in Tibet and on its frontier is escaping. They ~~go~~ flee wherever they can. They move out, remaining unfaithful to the ancient country.

But then, as we know, the Scarlet Flame is Tibet's eternal Guard which never ~~as~~ forsakes those who believe in it. Many a just lama trusts and believes in it even today. The air is quite different in the surroundings of the Scarlet Flame. The prana it ~~contains~~ radiates fills him who breathes it in without fear, in good trust, with a treble physical and spiritual power. The great teachers of the Ancient East came every quarter of a year to this place on a pilgrimage, and even if they could not see the Flame, they ~~breath~~ inhaled the life-giving prana of the mountain's ~~evaporations~~ mysterious evaporations.

And now hear at last the secret of the Scarlet Flame. It is nothing ~~else~~ than the fluidic, shining emanations of Tibetan lamas of old, nay of Atlantean high priests, who once lived in the monastery of this Country of Priests. The burning of this spirit fluid, this aura becomes visible whenever Tibet and mankind are in danger... Today, in 1950, this fluidic vibration acts with a tremendous force. The Scarlet Flame demands sacrifices, not only from among the priests, also from the people. The great lamas and great spirits of the coming Age are beginning to be born on earth. The fluttering of the Scarlet Flame marks the beginning of a New Period, a New Eon. Tibet's huge mountain is afire, it gets warmer and warmer. And the gazers among the lamas fall from one trance into another. And in the Great Temple of the Monastery of the Flame, the high priests ~~line up~~ have gathered and they line up to conjure up, in a trance state, the memories of past lives.

Yes, the Scarlet Flame has resuscitated, but this time not only as a flame, as the ~~mirrored light~~ reflected light of spiritual vibrations, but also as a physical symbol. Those who were present at its birth are again here on earth today. Nantigan, too, turned up, Nantigan the ~~temple dancer~~ great temple dancer. She cannot find her place, nor her peace. The ancient rock monastery of Tibet calls her. She cannot find her place, she is restless, deep in her heart of hearts she feels she must ~~go back~~ return there one day...

The loyal Priestess wanted to fly, but she thought better. No wonder, Fate keeps her hand above her, and she must yet ~~return~~ re urn to the great Tibetan monastery. Day after day the spirits of the lamas of old gather, in the due sequence of their ~~death~~ dates of death. Here they attract the spirits of those too who now live in the flesh, and who once belonged to them. Nantigan, and Thinoktes' old Priestess are also among these. But there shall be more and more of them, whom you do not know.

The Great Himalayas will receive all ~~its~~ it dwellers of old. The great exteriorization trances are going on now in the monasteries for the purpose of collecting all the former and present inmates of the Monastery, because the time is at hand. The end ~~is~~ is near. One by one the Tibetans of old arrive and await their mission.

~~Oh, Bod-Yul!~~ "Oh, Bod-Yul! You cradle of mankind," says the Grand Lama in the ~~chang~~ whose air is incense-laden. "Let Ye-Shes give ~~you back~~ thee back thy ancient power and creed, so that we may spread it all over the world, forging it together into a new religion with the teachings of God Incarnate...."

The Return of the Scarlet Flame

The great lamas of old recorded their predictions also for the present Age. For the present Age in which the hearts of men stick out so barrenly toward the ~~he~~ sky as do the ravaged ~~chorten~~ roofs among the ancient monastery ruins of Tibet.

Where are the times when the lamas possessed such mystical knowledge? Among the mountains of Tibet of today stand modern lama monasteries which look like a European villas. They are fitted with running water and up -to-date heating devices. As to the ancient Tibetan people, they have grown lazy and ~~insipid~~ listless. They have reached the last stage of the decay of the Atlanti~~an~~ priests before them: ~~everything~~ all for comfort and nothing for fatigue...The Red Cap Lamas and the priests of many other sects would like to learn everything about the ancient secrets, but in vain they exert themselves, they cannot achieve any results.

Their remnants of the ancient monasteries lie still there; their ruins are scattered on the slopes of the mountains. They have become the lair of wild ~~bharals~~, of snakes and worms. The underground passages of old, the scenes of one-time mysteries, form now the banks of a mountain rivulet. There ~~is~~ earth and dirt among the ruins. The ancient lama graves are overgrown with weed; the old ~~chortens~~ have tumbled in.

And the lamas of the modern ~~lamaserais~~ in vain meditate on the Great Knowledge. If they forget to wind up their modern ~~clocks~~ clockworks, they cannot read the time for a week at least until they get the right time from the neighboring monastery. The ancient sun dials and water-clocks, or ~~pebble~~ pebble clocks needed no winding up, and they always showed the time most precisely...The Tibetans of today cannot ~~fix~~ fix the age of their monuments: some of the master pieces lying about in the rock caves may have been the life-work of a lama of old, while now it is but a piece of despised stone kicked aside with nonchalance. How much pain and suffering may have stuck to that piece of stone which the Tibetan or European explorer picks up and examines in his hand, only to throw it away in boredom! He does not know how often the Priestess may have flogged the poor lama because the carving of ~~the stone~~ that stone did not

appeal to her and she did not consider it worthy of being one of the pavement stones of the temple. How often that poor lama may not have lain prostrate, in the form of a cross with his arms outstretched and suffer ~~his~~ his limbs being ~~torn and~~ tortured ~~and~~ by command of the Priestess! Yes, this is what the stray stones of Tibet tell the casual wayfarer or explorer who picks them up... Nearly all Tibetan caves or hollow rocks were inhabited in times of old, in this or that period of the country's ancient history. And these caves and dens are still haunted by the spirits of their one-time dwellers. It would be dangerous to conjure up those spirits, because of their large number, and induce them to speak of the past. That is the reason why there are but a few ~~true~~ genuine and true spirit manifestations coming through in Tibet at present - although there are many in the ~~land~~ ~~land~~ who would like to find access to the earth plane and speak through apt channels...

But even if there are a few true and ~~an~~ amazing spirit manifestations in the Tibet of today, and supposing they could reach the West, ~~what~~ of what avail would they be at the close of the 20th century? Today when the level of "science" is so high that it ~~g~~ ~~smashes~~ the atoms and when it gives a "natural" answer to all phenomena, the large masses would not understand these manifestations, anyway. All men engaged in Tibetan folklore and the like ought to know this.

Tibet is the ancient country of mankind. What does this mean? It means that no one can avoid this place. In whatever form, every ~~man~~ being had once something to do with Tibet, in the course of his serial reincarnations on earth...

The Grand Lamas who once ~~man~~ created their eternal monuments and objects ~~of art~~ with an art rivalling that of Nature, lie dead with mouldering bones in the rocky depths. A petrified bone found in some of the monasteries may have been the bone of a Grand Lama of old...

Everything passes away in this world, only the spirit ~~man~~ is eternal. Nor did the Spirit of Tibet die: there it hovers over the giant mountains Ti-Se, Gangri, Kancheng Dzo-Na and Jomo-Kankar, covering the far rolling mountain ~~range~~ ranges with his protective pall. People know of this in Tibet, and many are those who can actually see the Tutelary Spirit of Bod-Yul. How can they see him and how do they know that it is he? This cannot be expressed in human language. In the dead silence of the virgin mountains whose atmosphere is filled with the high-vibrating air of the snow-capped peaks, and with the aura emanated by the Ancient of Tibet, exert an influence on the sensitive minds of the lamas. Many are called to be in touch with Him, but few are the chosen...

Yes, the ancient Spirit of Tibet lives up here over the mountains. He comprises, has amalgamated in himself, all the spirits who once lived here. You shall one day understand this great secret. Many thousand, nay tens of thousands of ancient spirits in one glorified amalgamation - this is the Tutelary Spirit of Tibet, and yet one individuality! He is not invisible for often he appears to the population, or lets his force be felt by them, whenever great events are going to happen in Tibet or in the world. He notifies all those, in the gentle manner of the Subtle World, who have a mission in connection with Tibet, and he prepares them for it. Thus it happens also in the present. There lives the one-time consort of Thinoktes, the ~~Great~~ Grand Priestess, who has received the message of Tibet a Great Master and Tutelary Spirit, and passed it on to the Tibetan brothers here or abroad. You also know her. She will try to leave the ancient soil of Bod-Yul, but soon she will return there. For she receives a warning, a message from the Father of the Great Tibetan Spirit Family, who warns his children. She, the Priestess of old, is destined to prepare part of the great work which must start soon. It heralds the beginning of a new age. There are but a few of you, who belong to the spirit family of Ancient Tibet, down here in this world, scattered here and there. Those of you who live in Tibet today as great initiated lamas, are sitting even today high up in the mountains with crossed legs, and contemplate the failure of mankind in a trance state. They see how millions of men fall and perish of

those who try to fight against the Evil One and his hordes. But they also know that their spirit is indestructible and eternal. They see that the Time of the End is at hand, and that ancient Tibet is in danger.

They can look down from the high snow-bound summits to the passes of the far distant valleys, to the earthquake-damaged rocky passes where the ungodly hordes gather. But not even the flying-machines of modern science get over these high snow-bound peaks to pry into the dens of the ~~xxx~~ grand lamas hidden in seclusion. In vain the warlords of the Evil One keep on threatening; the endurance of the Chosen Few only increases.

The Message has reached you as well. There is great trouble in Tibet now, on the 15th of October 1950, as I dictate these lines to you. The danger is greater than you think.

There are two graves here in Bod-Yul. Two graves the lie of which Man always wanted to ~~know~~ find out. During many centuries ~~xxx~~ mankind did mankind try to locate this ~~grave~~ double grave. There are still many secrets among the ruins of ancient Tibet, and such a secret is also this double grave... For in Bod-Yul did the first human couple meet first, ZHUBAM and ESVA, and here are their graves ever since. It was here that the Eternal and Holy Wisdom made these two representatives of Adamic Mankind the educators of humanity. The name of the Man became Adam later ~~xxx~~ as tradition handed it down, and that of the Woman Eva. Their grave is now imperilled in Bod-Yul.

The site of the double Grave is under the ruins of the one-time Monastery of Tampo-Bo-Ri, or Tampo-Lub-Ri. A huge rock stands in the middle of a grass-covered plateau. Under it rests the first Human Couple, the first Teachers. Lamas had been living in this place for five hundred years already ~~when~~, long ago in Antiquity, when they found out that this must be a mysterious ~~place~~ place for strange emanations burst forth from under the soil. Two lamas of old grazed their flock here when they suddenly noticed that the big Rock had moved aside a good five hundred feet or so... They immediately ran there to inspect his miracle. Greatly to their surprise and consternation the ground began to sink beneath them as though they had tread on a boggy country. They slipped down and down, and in vain they kicked about and cried, no one heard their shouts...

High up in the Monastery the Priestess happened to be in an exteriorized trance state and she saw everything that happened. She at once instructed the first aid service of the lamas and told them where to go. When these arrived on the spot, the first of them fell into a trance immediately and sank... As soon as the ground ~~xxx~~ swallowed him up, his spirit sought contact with that of the Priestess who again saw in the spirit what had happened. ~~Then~~ The place was not boggy, it was covered with quicksand. The two disappeared lamas would have died long ago had they not known that their brothers living in the spheres would come to their aid. Often indeed had they already been in such quandaries when only a quick displacement of their spirits, falling into a quick trance and going on a ~~api~~ space flight, could save them. So, even if they ~~xxx~~ were covered by the sands, the ~~xxx~~ lack of air did not kill them because they were in a kataleptic state. Little by little they slid down, through the layers of sand, into a passage-like ~~xxx~~ pit where they woke up from their stupor. The first aid lama got down following their trace, after the Priestess' instructions... The Priestess was ~~fix~~ giving continual instructions to the first aid lamas in the trance state because she saw everything clearly. In the spirit she led them to the way-out from the large rock cavern in the bowels of the mountain, in which some rockslide ~~had taken place~~ must have taken place. A narrow passage led there from the big pit, through which the three lamas now ran and butted out in daylight at the other end... They came out of the mountain slope on the other side, when the first aid lamas were waiting for them in prayers at this side, at the edge of the quicksand area. When the Priestess questioned the two lamas, thus they told her ~~about~~ of their ~~xxx~~ strange adventure:

"We saw two very young faces in the big cavern. One of the ~~xxx~~

two had very long hair, it reached down to her knees. It covered all her body, only her face was visible...The other was a ~~but a~~ handsome ~~young~~ man, stalwart and unbearded. His parted hair dangled down to his shoulders and in front it reached down to his forehead...Both lay on a fine flowery bed. As we inspected it at close quarters we saw that their bier was covered with petrified flowers. We saw many petrified flowers, huge petals and high stalks, as well as ~~stony animals~~ small stony animals in the cavern. But we never saw such plants. At the entrance we saw a huge leaf which was at least four feet high and rested on an arm-thick stalk. This was also of stone, as were the many plants and creepers in the cavern which made on us the impression of being a vast hall richly decked with flowers...."

This is what the lamas said to the Priestess who thought the whole matter suspicious and wanted to find out all about it. In due course she received the message of her spirit guide who justified that her lamas had ~~t~~ of a truth seen the grave of the first two great Teachers of mankind...That was indeed the double grave of the first Human Couple.

Today, in the year 1950, when Bod-Yul is in danger, mad armed men broke into the plateau and found the entrance to the Big Rock while searching for one of their comrades who had sunk in the quicksand. They found the cave, and ~~ran~~ they looted the double grave, carrying away the two sacred bodies, only to cast their story dust to the four winds. But the great lamas of Tibet learned about this ravaging. God will punish the culprits for this with a dreadful punishment! ~~MA~~ mad greed, and the lust for more territories made ~~many~~ certain people wicked and savage. In vain the ancient Spirit of Bod-Yul warned, using their own words: "Hands off Tibet!" The Big Rock took fire and is still smoking. The earth has also moved under Tibet's mountains and the highest peak of one of its mountains will be even higher soon. The Evil One nested himself in this holy ground for a big ~~campaign~~ campaign, but the rock has moved and will yet move, and they shall be covered up...

It is this message that the Priestess of old has received some time ago. That is why she started to escape - but she ~~thought~~ will yet think better. The Ancient of Tibet has declared war on the Evil One and his retinue. ~~Hex~~ The Ancient Spirit ~~is~~ of Tibet will protect ~~the~~ his old country and will sweep away all rebels. And how could the ~~hexes of the Evil One~~ men of the Evil One stay there encamped for good when it is the great spirits of Bod-Yul who have now waged war on them. Three springs...THREE SPRINGS...and Bod-Yul will be free...and when ~~the~~ Bod-Yul is free, the whole world is free again!.. The henchmen of the Evil One disturbed and robbed the grave of the First Man and the First Woman! ~~They~~ With their unhallowed hands they ravaged the resting place which the Holy Wisdom destined for them. They threw out the petrified old ~~is~~ bones and their dusty remains upon the sand...

This was the beginning of the Great Fight, which has not yet come to an end, in fact it is just beginning. But it was necessary that the Ancient of Bod-Yul notify all members of the Tibetan Spirit Family who still live on this earth. ~~Then~~ Nantigan the Dancer has also received her messages, and she will yet receive some more, for the time has come when she will have to ~~dance her dance, she will have to~~ perform her famous Dance of the Veils above the mountains of Tibet. Yes, she will have to ~~do so~~, but this time it will be the Dance of Victory. She shall dance it high up in the spheres before the happy sphere-dwellers - and then the whole dance will be reflected down on earth together with the other events whose astral mould is first shaped in the Subtle World..

Bod-Yul was, is, and shall always be. No human force will be able to tear down what has been built by God and by the handiwork of thousands of lamas of old.

The time is at hand. After a temporary and ~~symbolical~~ partly symbolical subjugation Bod-Yul shall again be great! Yes, Bod-Yul will be great and the very stones of the old monastery ruins will be highly appraised. There shall be new people, new customs introduced: ~~with~~ they will be the pioneers of the new world who will carry on the development of their people and will assure the masses a high standard of living. For an old world with old protagonists can never give new...

Great is the spiritual force that protects Bod-Yul...
The great Lamas of old never abandon the territory where they once
lived. They always long back and their spirits prefer to dwell
there of all ~~places~~ places. It is no longer the body but the ~~spirits~~
~~which~~ soul which takes back the spirit to the memories of old.
The spirit which once languished in the shackles of the body, does
not forget. The immortal spirit, after its purification, favors to
haunt its country of old and is grieved by all past commissions ~~in~~
~~not~~ to fulfill its duty. When I dictate these lines, I am speaking
of the Grand Lamas of old who never sought individual interests and
glory, but fulfilled the commands of the Lord and worked for the ben-
efit of humanity... For they once lived on earth only for the purpose
of doing good, help their fellow-men and give guidance to those who
came to seek their advice.

The spirits of these great lamas haunt Tibet even today. Even today they are the guards of Old Bod-Yul. In truth, they help, guide and act even from the other bank. They High in the spiritual sphere of Tibet they work for their old country and for the welfare of mankind.. Behold! the Scarlet Flame again flared up in Tibet. To-

The Scarlet Flame has flared up in Bod-Yul. Three times it did so, in 1942, in 1945 and now in 1950... It appeared exactly on the spot which we described in our story.

The mystic lamas of the present Age live on the same old monastery mountain. Yet these priests of Bod-Yul are not the same as they were in times of old. Culture and civilization have brought their fruit also there. On the ground of modern researches ~~complex with~~, associating modern science and the ancient

But ~~the~~ they have achieved such results that it is perfectly easy for them to espy a man approaching their ~~monastery~~ monastery at a distance of 10 to 15 miles - all this through scientific clairvoyance. They no longer live in rock-hewn caverns, but in hidden, modernly furnished monasteries equipped with bathrooms and central heating.

But ~~that~~ then this is not the point. The foreign intruders can never see these priests and they consider them to be their hidden enemies. They can at best guess their unearthly power of these lamas, that is the reason why the foreigners still regard the ~~Top~~ Roof of the World as a mysterious country.

However, mankind in these latter days has ~~not~~ fallen so far of its original calling, it lives in such a triumphal intoxication in its great materialism that it has at last provoked God himself. That is the case with Bod-Yul as well. The intruders are beginning to force open the ancient vaults, in fact the one which guards the secret ~~of~~ of the Seven Circles. The ancient trap-doors, the old initiation chambers are being forced open. All this for sheer curiosity and rancor. In vain they see the sign of a hand engraved above the entrance, in vain they decipher the inscriptions which request the stranger not to disturb the peace of these hallowed place. The horde ~~has~~ is rolling on as an avalanche.

There they stand now on top of the mountain where once upon a time Thinoktes, the Great High Priest bid farewell to his beloved Priestess and looked back on her as she was taking part in the ceremony. At that time a narrow path led ~~up~~ there, along a tortuous ravine. The path was hemmed in by stone tables carved ~~by~~ by the lamas, or they marked the edge of the path with stones. Today a ~~road~~ broad concrete road with stone margins leads up there. Until quite recently, the landscape looked barren and forbidding: today plants begin to grow there exuberantly. The monastery dwellers see a miracle in all ~~this~~ this - but not so the unbelievers ~~to~~ to whom this is only an unexpected natural process...

Pack animals and trucks keep on climbing up hill in dense rows. The rock thunders under their hoofs, or the wheels of the trucks, giving a hollow sound now and then. Here and there one of the soldiers tumbles down, but none seems to mind as he is sure to disappear into the crevice for good. They march on without a halt, but they cannot reach their goal for there is no goal. They have long missed the right direction. They have thrown the stone doors and the stone relics out of the caves and dens where they try to find shelter, in order to be able to make some sort of a bunk for themselves. They want to erect fortresses on the surrounding mountain passes, so as to establish themselves in this place. But they notice with surprise that the cement does not bind, water does not mix with it and that it ~~gets~~ gets powdery, in the crevices of the rocks. Nevertheless, the intruders persevere on the mountain tops. They endeavor to ~~make~~ up for their failure, making themselves believe that it all happened so because they had forgotten some important factor. They cannot even guess that nothing, nothing in the world happens without a reason in Bod-Yul.

More and more soldiers climb up the pass... More and more officers among them. They try to ~~make~~ trade with the population ~~and~~ and pretend to be kind to ~~them~~ it, but yet quarrels break out time and again. The yaks had long been driven by the ~~mountain-dwellers~~ mountain-dwellers into the ~~hills~~ mountains lest they fall into the hands of the soldiers. Trouble and chaos grow ~~among~~ among the intruders. Some of the soldiers begin to hate others, a slow enmity rises in them, without their knowing why. There are special detachments among the troops whose task it is to make physical observations. Their instruments break down at such altitudes and

weather conditions.

The stone tables and the Circles have long been found. Archeologists and bunglers try to unravel the meaning of the tablets - in vain. They have tried a hundred solutions, but not the right one. They left the Soul out of consideration - though you cannot even breathe freely in Bod-Yul without thinking of the power of the Mind and the Soul. No, the unspiritual man cannot walk in Tibet ~~xxx~~, nor can he die, for the earth simply does not receive the ungodly in its womb. The stone tablets are dragged here and there, the Stone Table is used for coffee-drinking, and the soldiers make fun of the strange drawings on ~~them~~ it....The fun, incidentally, lasted only until ~~last month when~~ the day when, ~~some~~ some time ago an incredible event happened to one of the ~~xxx~~ disbelieving commanders. When he entered the cave, he wanted to assure a seat for himself and started pommeling the Stone Slab with his rifle butt...He did not succeed in doing so, for all he could do to it was some superficial damage - how could he have guessed that ~~on~~ side it was inlaid with heavy silverwork? The commander complained of terrible belly ache that night. His subalterns thought it was an appendicitis so they had him carried to the field-hospital where he was operated on. When the surgeons opened his stomach, they found, greatly to their surprise, the diminutive replica of the Stone Table in his belly, with the exact copy of the drawings on it. The event caused general consternation, and the surgeons were quite flabbergasted.. All this happened in the summer of ~~195x~~ the year 1950, 800 kilometers from Siliguri where the Priestess of old lives in her present incarnation, but it happened in the high mountains, not in the valley...

The high mountains of Tibet are undergoing a great change. The eternal laws of Nature and the primeval force of the lamas' spirits can move mountains. The high a man steps, the nearer he is to his Lord, the purer atmosphere he reaches. The etheric raditations are quite different on top of the mountains from what they are in the plains. The frame of mind ~~xxx~~, the mentality of ~~these~~ a plainsman is ~~also~~ different from that of a mountaineer.

From the rock windows of their hidden monasteries high up in the mountains the lamas of today are watching through their telescopes how ~~the~~ pack mules, yaks, modern tanks and ~~xxxx~~ armored trucks are taking the soldiers high up the passes, in their march against Bod-Yul whose sacred frontiers they want to cross...

But all this had been written in the Book of Fate.

The Red Cap, the gelong lamas of a lower order, or trapas, as they are called, attempted to solve the riddle of the stone operated from the belly of the sick commander. The Red Caps prophesied that this drawing represents the strategic road to be followed towards ~~the~~ Tibet's interior. Indeed, the profane military commanders of that ~~company~~ battalion were already inclined to believe this fantastic prediction. They were all one in stating that the stone was taken from the belly of the ~~operated~~ patient operated on in a miraculous way and that, in all probability, the drawing on it shows the direction to be followed to reach the place of birth of the Scarlet Flame, where great treasures are likely to wait for them...Four hundred and ninety three men started out on ~~patrol~~ patrol next morning to find the mysterious place, but they died in the mountains, all of them.. Meanwhile the patient got cured, and today he lives among the lamas of Bod-Yul. He reads the ancient holy books and legends. His mind is half deranged: he can no longer remember what happened to him, that not so long ago he was the commander of a battalion of soldiers. There he lives now among the plain lamas and he looks quite happy...

Yes, this is Bod-Yul! Bod-Yul where ~~even~~ today miracles happen even today! Everybody who has ever studied the history of Tibet must be astonished at the intruders' foolhardiness to attempt the climbing of those mountains. The mountain giants which no man could so much as approach before, are now resounding from the explosions of shells, bombs and grenades. That is how people ~~xxx~~ in the world see the situation...

But the ~~great~~ true lamas and ancient spirits of Bod-Yul see it differently.

The time has come when the Evil One has strained the chords to the last. He touched that upon which he must not have raised a hand. The cup is full.

Every good Tibetan - whether belonging to Bod-Yul actually or only in the spirit, in a past incarnation - has received a message, ~~in~~ in vision or dream. The Great Ancient of Bod-Yul called on them to concentrate their will power and radiate it towards the enemy. This invisible host of lamas shall scorch and burn the enemy with the fire of their souls. Yes, every one who belongs to Tibet has received a message to this effect. They cannot - they must not escape! They must protect the ancient ~~hatched~~ country of the Spirit whence all ~~the~~ good came. This world of today will pass away, but the ancient world of Bod-Yul ~~will~~ shall stand as long as the Earth revolves!...

Those of little faith ~~have~~ are escaping from Tibet. They flee because they dare not stand up for their faith... But others climb even higher into the mountains, so that the pure air of the altitudes strengthen their ~~tune~~ and they may step so high as ~~the~~ almost the beginning of the lowest sphere. That high virgin refuge of the hidden mountains is where the Priestess of today, too, wanted to get to. But the journey of ~~the~~ the onetime consort of old Thinoktes the Grand Lama, was ~~still~~ too early. But she shall receive a strong inspiration from her dead husband - to stay on, for she has still much to do in Bod-Yul. Then and ~~and~~ then alone will she be on the same spiritual level with ~~her~~ the double of her soul, after ~~her~~ she will have accomplished what she still has to accomplish in Tibet.

The Dancing Girl has also fled far. Fate ~~drifted~~ drove her far from the ancient native country, and now she is pondering on the message she received - COME BACK! COME BACK TO BOD-YUL, NANTIGAN!... For Bod-Yul is the place where she will have to land for ever. Even now her ~~mind~~ mind is in Bod-Yul. Every day when she ~~day~~ dozes off and at night in her dreams her soul flies to Bod-Yul. There her figure in the colored veils of Nantigan the Dancing Priestess ~~hovers~~ hovers above the Great Mountain like an Elfin Princess who with her charms and her wonderful dance, like a treacherous mirage, entices ~~the~~ her victims - the enemy soldiers - towards the Scarlet Flame, towards their doom. Yes, with her fairy dance she lures after her the heavily panting troops as painstakingly they climb higher along the paths, until they fall asleep for good on the snowy fields...

And the Great Warlord of the East will never attain his purpose. The huge armies will shrink back from the heaven-storming rocks ~~and~~ and Bod-Yul will never be taken by the ~~sword~~ sword, only by ruse. There will never be big enemy armies in Bod-Yul; the temporary victory of the enemy will be only symbolical. It will be a great sensation one day when the world learns how the big armies had to halt after penetrating into Tibet. The newspapers will put the inconceivable event down to some magnetic disturbances at high altitudes. And all the time it is due to nothing else than the dance of an ancient temple dancer on the mountain summit - a dance that was wonderful then, as it is now...

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In vain the ~~iron~~ iron works havoc on the frontier of Bod-Yul - in vain it conquers! ~~Yes~~ It is possible to conquer and gain territories, it is possible to subjugate peoples and tribes, but it is impossible to conquer and occupy the heart of Bod-Yul.

The ancient spirits of Tibet have risen and are ~~stalking~~ stalking haunting the neighboring countries. Already they are performing such acts as remind one of the handiwork of ancient and great spirit princes. The Great Snowy Queen caught fire ~~and~~ and the Scarlet Flame is fluttering on ~~its~~ her summit. The Great Snowy Queen will move along and rise - though it was believed that mountains cannot walk. O what a cataclysm! Mysterious hovering radiations, phantoms dazzle the intruding soldiers like mirages. All these phenomena were ~~were~~ warnings to mankind not to touch that which it must not touch. For this is indeed prohibited by ancient rites in connection with the cult

of the dead ~~and~~ as well as by the force of the ancient great guiding spirits of Bod-Yul....

Some time in the near future the grave of Budten-Tan-Iku ~~is~~ will open. He is a High Priest who displaced his spirit and had himself buried one and a half year ago, in April 1949. He will soon step out of his death chamber. He will be the one to lead the Resistance movement. It was he who received, in an exteriorized state, the command from on High what to do. He is destined ~~to~~ physically to protect Bod-Yul. Together with him will fight the men of Raji and the knights of ~~Maitreya~~ Maitreya: the invisible forces against the visible and palpable enemy. This will be a great and fierce battle, and a short. First you will believe that Bod-Yul has ceased to exist. But you will be mistaken, for this battle will mark the advent of the utter defeat of the East. The ~~great~~ big mountains of Bod-Yul will swallow everything, and the great unearthly silence that follows this ~~battle~~ fight will cover all with the veil of oblivion.

Things will change first in Bod-Yul of all places, in them East, where the wicked, wrathful and murderous Evil East will face the calm and phlegmatic world of the Good East.

The ~~mirage~~ of the Dancing Virgin has appeared above Tibet's mountains. The priestess whose task has always been the preparation of the ~~victim~~ offerings for the altar, is preparing her present victims, the large masses of the foreign intruders, for the great hecatomb... Meanwhile the priests of Bod-Yul are preparing, according to the ~~rites~~ ancient rite, for the great ceremony in the course of which a whole multitude ~~will~~ shall die on the altar of Tibet.

The huge army will get wedged in between the rocks, and there shall be no way out for it. Here the great offering of the East will be presented on the small plateau where at that time the High Priest took leave of his beloved before he shut himself in with the stone slab that covered him for a thousand years...

Now, as I said, the grave of Budten-Tan Iku will open, together with other graves, for the Day of the Great Judgment when the East faces the West. And the true East, the good East will ~~help~~ help the West ~~conquer~~ defeat the Tyrant of the East. And then the East shall hand over the true IDEA to the West. With this the East will have accomplished its mission, ~~and will leave~~ The last but ~~world-famous~~ worldwide ~~mission~~ mission of the True East will be to reconcile the East with the West and to restore order and silence in the world with the help of God, ~~Old Tibet's~~ Old Tibet's Holy Wisdom.

Will it be possible? you ask. Is this not a dream, an imagination? No, every word of what we ~~wrote~~ dictate here is true, and so is the story of the Scarlet Flame, and why it became so important in the history of mankind now of all Ages...

Great has the culture of Bod-Yul been at all times, and great will it be. There is no human power capable of destroying it. Mankind will yet be very happy and contented.

Now that I finish the story of the Scarlet Flame, I must remember the Woman who now lives in Bod-Yul and who finds it so difficult to fulfil her calling. First she will feel that she must go away because she has not the necessary strength to face all - after a great devastation. But she must stay there and face all dangers, for there in Bod-Yul must she ~~wait~~ await the advent of ~~the~~ Victory. Then, after the Great Victory, she will ~~leave~~ pass ~~from~~ out of earthly ken as gloriously as did her consort, the High Priest at the time... Yes, she may leave Bod-Yul, but only after the Victory. There she must stay in order to be able to comfort the needy. She must yet give much, work much. For the West expects and expects much. The spirit of the East is great and is divisible. There is much treasure in the East which the West has not yet received. These treasures shall be divided. This is the mission of the woman who now lives at the foot of ~~the~~ Bod-Yul's Snowy White Queen; she is destined to make the cult of the Scarlet Flame great and to spread it in the world...

As to the dancing ~~priestess~~ girl whom romantically danced through her present earthly incarnation in a playful way, let

her take back her ancient abilities to the foot of Bod Yul's mountains; let her place before the tomb vault of the great High Priest even her last veil in which she wore when performing the Dance of the Veils. Let her keep measure, curb herself and be pure and wise for cooperating with the spirits of Great Bod-Yul alone can her soul work her way upward.

And now - while those who once played important parts in the Bod-Yul of old are still on the earth plane here below - I finish this work of mine. Turn its pages carefully and diligently for on them you read no tale, but the truth - the truth which showed to you the mixture of the past with the present and your periodic life events.

Many are those who are deeply interested in this story, but even more will be the number of those who will learn to respect Bod-Yul only in the future. Bod-Yul is the ancient country of mankind! Bod-Yul is the true country of all spirits, and she will be the savior of the world as well. And Bod-Yul will yet be the center of the world - not openly and ostentatiously, but in secret and enwrapped in the veil of its mysteries. ~~But~~ Yet Bod Yul will not ~~mix~~ take from anybody's spiritual inheritance, nor ~~will~~ from his glory. She will be, by herself, what she is and what she has always been - ~~the home of the~~ a Spiritland. Bod-Yul shall live and be strong. And you who live down below, think of your ancient ~~home~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ home, where you will have to get once, for there ~~live~~ live the spirits of the Great Unity and the Great Brotherhood. God, the Holy Wisdom be with you: this is the message that the ~~High~~ present High Priest of Bod-Yul's Subtle Shamballa now sends to you...

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Great and dark forces are assailing the rocks of Old Bod-Yul. For ~~xxx~~ ~~THREE SPRINGS~~ ~~shall~~ ~~Bod Yul~~ For ~~THREE SPRINGS~~ shall she be in afflicted and pressed sore - that is what the Circles of the Stone Tablets ~~prophecy~~ prophecy as well. But the events which will shape a new Bod Yul people are already in the making. The Scarlet Flame is the warning sign of Tibet. Even in times of old ~~great~~ fierce struggles were going on when the Flame appeared twice already. Then too the people of Bod Yul had to gather force and draw ~~and~~ on the ancient source of its strength. Today an Eastern Power ~~is~~ is out to play the role of the Scarlet Flame in order to hoist a giant red star on top of the Mount Everest. At that time the danger was of a different nature, but then, too, a question of religion was the cause underlying the attack, as it is now. ~~Yes~~ For, deep at the room of the problem, we see that the reason why wars break out is essentially questions of religion...

In the future, when the Great Storm will have passed, more and more people will come to Tibet to seek the solitude and the mysteries of ~~the~~ its great rocks. But only those will find these who are not prompted and led by curiosity, but by ~~the~~ the spirit and by their deep devotion. Then a period will arrive ~~again~~ when the Scarlet Flame again shoots high in Bod Yul and large troops of men will again march towards Bod-Yul. But this will happen only after many decades. The Scarlet Flame ~~will~~ shall be a sign of danger even then. But then the Dancing Girl, and her foster-mother, the old Priestess of today will already be in the spheres - from there they will look down at the reappearance of the Scarlet Flame. It will not burn, in that future period, in the place where it can now be seen, but on the more massive side of the Great Mountain. Large-scale rock slides and underground landslides will take place even then in the layers of the ancient rocks. Many people will then die from the mere sight of the Scarlet Flame, and with that a great Age of mankind will have closed. A populous spirit family - the present race of men, - will leave the earth for good: they will disappear, and ~~after~~ after the Day of Judgment new generations will be incarnated on earth.

And the Earth will continue to revolve and proceed on her predestined orbit. However, prior to the Day of Judgment, the valley of Josaphat will be filled with the armies of the peoples waiting for judgment. Adam's grave will be transferred to the spheres. Thus the 3d Adamic Age will come to an end. A new cycle begins, with a new mankind, which will be interested only in the mysteries of the Universe... New myths, new interpretations of the faith will be born. Religion will remain the same, but it will be interpreted differently: it will be more filled with a richer meaning and with ancient mysticism.

Bod-Yul fulfils its ancient mission at present. Its mountains which have been hiding many ~~xxx~~ mysteries, will open and will cast to the surface amidst great upheavals and thunderings a number of secrets which the archeologists will solve.

The mentality of old will also disappear. ~~No more will xxx~~ Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and their like will not be so much as mentioned any longer. The new "unspiritual" philosophers will also disappear as did the great philosophers of ~~the~~ Antiquity. The memory of the outstanding spiritual leaders of the various historical periods will pass into oblivion, and Life will ~~roll on xxxxx~~ rush forward like a tidal wave...

One thing alone remains for ever - Rome, to which Bod-Yul will hand over its snowy wreath. Yes, Rome, the future seat of the new researchers and philosophers, will remain. From there they will go out into the world, ~~in~~ clad in black robes, and will preach the eternal Word. And now listen to me attentively and hear my last manifestation:

1950 is the year of the great transformations and revolutions.

1952 is the year of renewed mankind; it marks the beginning of the period of Rest after the fierce Fights.

1960 is the year of utter Harmony, the year of the Perfect World. You shall live to see this year.

Bod-Yul, the ancient country, will change and ~~mark the~~ will herald the advent of a new and happy future for mankind. The initiated among the lamas have always become wary and attentive when the Scarlet Flame appeared, for they know what it marks.

When the reader takes this small book in hand, he does not know where to place it. Shall he take it for a fairy tale, for a novel, or for a true story? For the end of it comprises even the problems of ~~our day~~ this Age... The story of the Scarlet Flame and the Seven Circles is a true story, and it shows the way to the future transformation of the world. This story has a hidden purpose and all those who read it will benefit by it. And not every reader can know what those who have copied this story do know, namely that this description of the true legend of the Scarlet Flame started two years before the Scarlet Flame actually shot high in Tibet...

The protagonists, with the exception of old Thinoktes, are living persons. But even the High Priest Thinoktes had an incarnation with them down below, only that he died some years ago. Soon some of the others, too, will be over here in the spheres, and will continue the dictation of this work, in 1952, from beyond.

Oh! the Christmas of the year 1952! How ~~inex~~ significant it will be ~~both~~ in Bod-Yul and elsewhere! The things that are going to happen then will not be ~~for~~ chance events, nor will they be natural. For 1952 marks the time of ~~the~~ great events - the transformation of nations, and of many things on earth. Even the gates of the spheres will be thrown open during that year!

And now I bid farewell to the Reader and wish him a happy and contented 1952! And I request him never to forget Bod-Yul, the Ancient Country...

THE END.

glittered through the narrow window of the tomb-chamber.

" Tell me, O Father - the girl spoke at last. "Why have I to know all this? And why shall I keep these secrets for posterity? Those are exalted symbols indeed, but often the worldly men, nay even the priests, are not satisfied with symbolic speech..How shall I convert all this into teaching? How can I adapt the symbols of the circle in ~~my~~ daily life?"

" You put the question right, my daughter. I will tell you what it all means in practice. Whenever an initiate wants to know something concerning the secrets of Earth, and has some question in this connection, he must contemplate this magic circle. To begin with, you must touch and draw your finger along that line ~~in~~ the design which has a bearing on your question. Through the ~~touch~~ sense of touch will the enlightening inspiration penetrate your soul. When you have done so, you must move your finger so deftly that it does not hurt the other lines and you can get out between the heads of the two serpents. If you are able to do this, you have attained your ~~per~~ end. However, you must go about it carefully, ~~other~~ or else you might come to grief. This is the method to use also at the great exercises of exteriorization of consciousness, when the soul wants to get rid of the body. I learned this at this stone table, at which also my forbears ~~have~~ gained their initiation. As time passed, I realized the great import of the seven circles. But let us see the second circle, which is called the Circle of Human Evolution..."