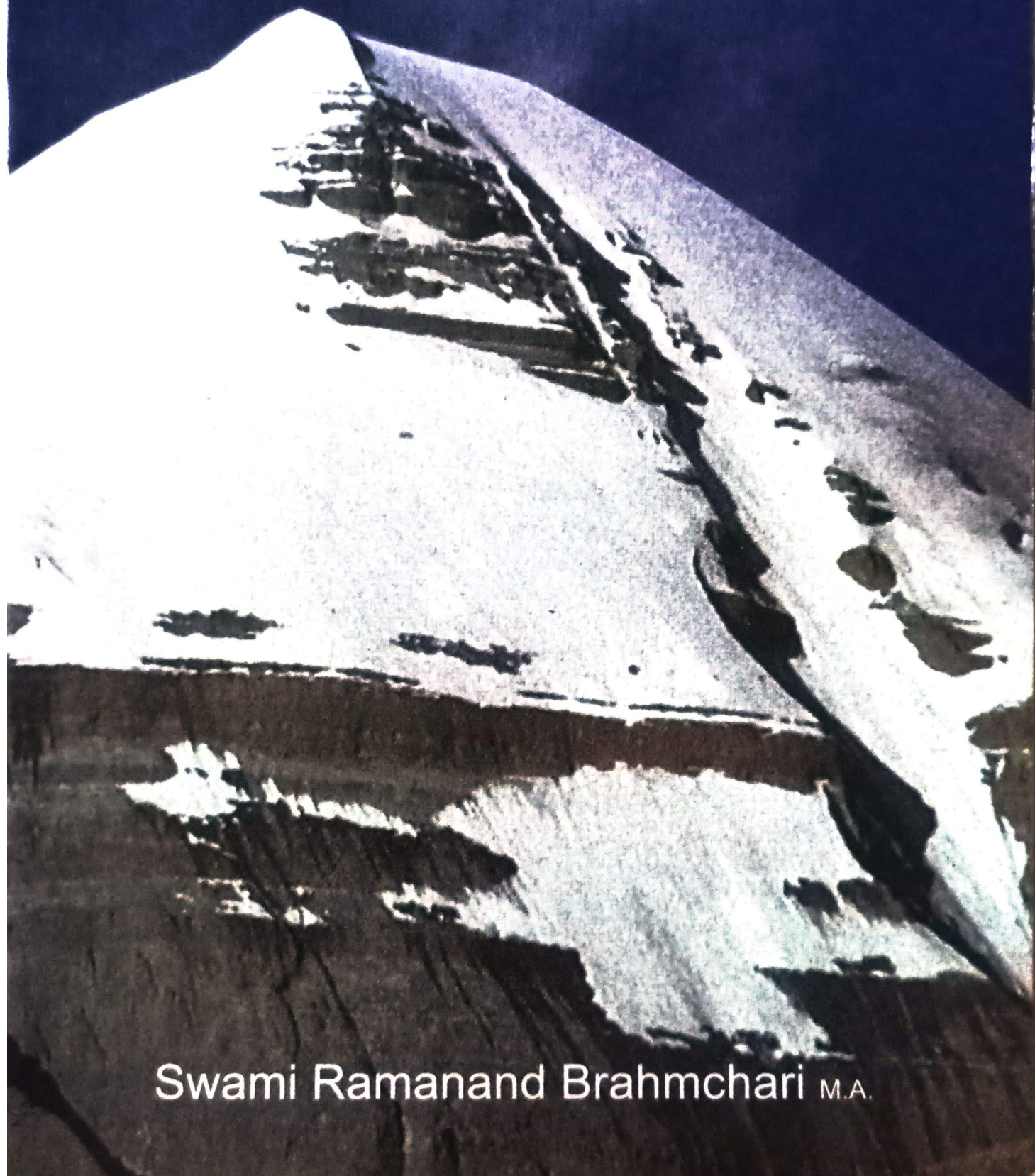


My Pilgrimage to

KAILASH



Swami Ramanand Brahmchari M.A.

Ram

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to

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Swami Ramanand Brahmchari
M.A.

Price : Rs. 30/-

Compiled and Edited by :
Purushottam Bhatnagar

FOREWORD

After editing the second edition of the Hindi book Kailash Darshan, written by Sri Swamiji, it flashed in my mind that those not quite conversant with Hindi may not be able to derive full benefit out of it. While reading 'Kailash Darshan' a Sadhak feels as if he is not only accompanying Sri Swamiji, but his consciousness is also soaring high, which established itself at a higher level thereafter.

Our English readers may also enjoy the company of Sri Swamiji and achieve what they can. I have, in the following pages, reproduced a brief account of the journey, which, Sri Swamiji has himself written and wanted to name it 'My Pilgrimage to Kailash'.

Nothing is mine in this account, which has been culled and compiled from his diaries which he penned down during the pilgrimage

In Kailash Darshan, in the Chapter of 'भीतर की झाँकी' (A view of self within) Sri Swamiji questioned himself 'After all why am I going to Kailash'? The answer to this question also came to him from within. 'Shankara is calling me: Nag, he himself is taking me to Kailash!

At the same time Sri Swamiji was also reminded of a very important happening course of which tended to completely change life. For the readers' benefit, I am tempted to give it in brief here:

After taking Sanyas when Sri Swamiji for the first time entered the hilly region of Almora, which was running towards Someshwar, he realised that a formless higher consciousness welcomed him to these hills and assured him of the success of his spiritual mission to be one with the Devine. There after he continued to feel the protective and the blessed hand of the higher consciousness even on his head. In due course of time, Sri Swamiji not only identified the super consciousness, but had its clear realisation also. It was none else than the consciousness of Adi Guru, the Shankara which began to take the possession of Sri Swamiji's entire consciousness, which also began to submerge in it. It was this background which led him on the path to Kailash.

Another incident, not fully covered by the pages of the diaries, but narrated in the 'कैलाश-दर्शन' (Kailash Darshan) will be of much interest to the readers. On July 31, 1946, Sri Swamiji moved from Darphi, the second Gumph, early in the morning at 5.30 A.M. He was not quite well so he moved on a Chanwar (Yak). On way to Gaurikunda the murmur of a stream fell on his ears. Its effect was so magical and strange that Sri Swamiji's heart began to sink and the head reel. It was Jawan Singh, the grade, who saved him otherwise he would have fallen unconscious from the Chanvar. He laid prostrate for a while on the ground at the feet of the Mount Kailash and felt that he had been lifted by the divine consciousness residing in Kailash in its lap. Sri Swamiji's all consciousness was off for a while and during this state he felt a divine satisfaction. This all happened at a height of 18000 feet and Swamiji realised the supreme glory of the Mount Kailash during those moments of unconsciousness. This realisation demanded a manifestation while poetry was ringing his ears but neither it was possible there nor Sri Swamiji had the energy and opportunity for it.

About a week after this incident Sri Swamiji was on Indian soil, nearly 130 miles off Almora, on the banks of Koli rivers. During night, when every body was asleep, he again found himself one with the same Divine Consciousness of Shankara, the Adi guru, which again demanded a manifestation. This time he could not refrain himself and wrote a few verses in English titled 'To Kailash' which are reproduced in the first pages of this booklet. However a few lines are reproduced below-

What seek I

Only to be His and in fullness

Ever to abide in Him

To abide in a union where duality is not,

Where I am in Shiva and Shiva in me.

We are one in Twain and two in one.

Nay, closer still where Shiva is

And I am not as it were.

Lucknow:

February 12, 1997 Purushottm Bhatnagar

(Basant Panchmi)

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MY PILGRIMAGE TO KAILASH

(From Sri Swamiji's Diaries)

To Kailash

(Swami Ramananda Brahmchari, M.A.)

Thou Rock of ages!
O Stillness incarnate!
Speaking the love of Infinite Divinity, You stand
Kailash ! O Mount Divine!

The beloved abode
Of Shiva-the Consciousness Divine
Which loves and lifts
Through ages and ages!
Kailash ! O Mount Divine!

Without a Sight of Thee,
None could know
What pristine purity is and what
Sublime beauty-The fullness of splendour
That awakens dreams, and hunts
The seer over years and years.

Thy sight sends a thrill
Through my entire being,
And transports me as naught else has done
It fascinates—nay, bewitches,
And I am lost unconscious
To all that surrounds
And even my very self.

You stand there—The Sentinel
Of ages past and of ages to come,
Drawing to Thee pilgrims
From distant lands, across
The Himalayan ranges,
The snows and winds whispering
Death into their ears—
Yet as under a spell they draw on to Thee
Through the ages.
Kailash! O Mount Divine!

That nature in her love has consecrated to the Lord

All majestic and dominating all that is surveyed,
At once lovely and dreadful in thy Supreme grandeur
 Silvery dome of the Shivite Temple
 To thee, I bow,
 Kailash ! O Mount Divine !

Words fail to express my heart.
There is a quaintness and sublimity which eludes the pen.
Kailash is inexpressible like the Shiva—the Infinite Divine!
 Kailash is Shiva embodied !

The unseen Deity receives the pilgrims obeisance
And mutely blesses, showering His graces bounteously,
 Only a few sensitive hearts fell,
 The presence and also the touch
 That lifts and deifies, more than
The philosopher's stones, For it bestows the gift of life,

 My Love to Him and all reverence !
 My Life to Him and all activity !
My heart flees to the mount Divine and its Deity-
 The Shamakara—All peace and love—the
 Mount of knowledge which lifts and perfects.
 My all at the feet of the Lord Divine.

 What Seek I?
 Only to be His and in fullness
 Ever to abide in Him—
To abide in a union where duality is not,
Where I am in Shiva, and Shiva in me.
We are one in twain and two in one.
 Nay, closer still where Shiva is
 And I am not, as it were.

Shiva, my Loard ! I sing to thee
 Out of the fullness of heart
 That out flows in loveful glee
And in reverence bends to thee.

The Pilgrimage Begins

Chitai (Almora) 30.6.46

I am leaving for Kailash this year. There is not the least excitement of any thing. Things must go all well.

I look forward to the experiences of a different order in the Tibetan Plateau. I go to Kailash-Shankara. The father is calling me to his lap. Intense preparation for it is going on within.

Shiama Dhara (8.7.46)

So we are here today. This place has previous association as well. I had wandered to this instead of following the road to Loharkhot. This time too it was not without its surprises. The first one came when we passed by the road that we had to take soon. We came back. It meant a mile and a half both ways. The second surprise was when we missed the way in the dense forest and took the road to Berinag. We returned, coming about two miles and a half additional. Now such incidents leave me without the least excitement. They rather afford a little fun. I am sorry that I cannot take these incidents seriously and they leave no moral on me. I can very gladly repeat such experiences. I take life so lightly. I cannot but to do so.

There is much that I appreciate. Narendra, I like his keen intelligence, and also his fine taste. But I notice an impatience which shakes him through and through and cause out bursts.

Girgaon (11.7.46)

I am going to Shankara the Adiguru. The consciousness which has led me on and leads me on in my spiritual task, for which I have been made an instrument. I have even felt an instinctive leaning towards that aspect. It was, I recollect the consciousness which welcome me into these hills and promised a fulfilment. Ever since and even before the Lord has mothered me and I have felt as a child in his lap.

But cannot connect mythology as is usually done with him. To me he is an aspect of Purushottam. His knowledge aspect predominating in him. He is a mighty Deva- the master of masters, for the spiritual evolution of this solar system, may be for the whole universe. I cannot take him literally in the human form as he is generally accepted. His form is more symbolic to me than a permanent limitation of Him.

I look within and find no emotional uprush - The so called bhakti for Him. I recognise, realise him, now as a part and parcel of my conscious. Nothing far off which inspires awe and reverence by virtue of its distance or grandeur.

Kailash is the spiritual centre which radiates its consciousness for the physical plane. But Kailash alone is not such a centre; there are others as well. Chidamberam is another, and a great one indeed! They vary in their intensity and quality.

What takes me to Kailash? Is it a mere self-satisfaction which directs me? It would have been so, if I had gone in any previous year. It is a command from within, command from Him which drives me there.

What do I expect? I expect nothing; but I am open for all types of experiences. I seem to for foresee that a herd of new

forces will be let loose upon me, which will mean a leap in my evolution and also in those who are linked with me. More than this general perception, I have no other distinct premonition. I go open - open as a child is - when he approaches his parents, and I am approaching Him; more through the working out his bidding or rather His working out his designs, through me, rather than any other factor. For near him, I ever am.

Shankara, as I have already written is an aspect of His consciousness. He is no other. He is my Rama. He is my mother. He is Shankara through death and destruction as well. One cannot understand Him well, cannot realise Him thoroughly till besides His benign aspect one realises this truth in Him. He destroys to recreate, to remould into ever better vessels of consciousness. How can we love Him until we know this secret. My salutations to Him.

“नमः शिवाय शान्ताय, आदि गुरु वे परमात्मने।
आशुतोषाय मीदुषे ॥”

We are here at Girgaon today. The torrents ever sing thunderous songs, day and night, down below in the distance; and the hill stream goes gingling by the coolie-shed we occupy. There is a silence despite the sound. The paddy fields are mute, it seems, adding to the general stillness of the atmosphere. The clouds calmly settle and resettle in hills and dales, ever weaving anew their numberless patterns. There are rocky mountains that we are amidst; and green grass dresses them up in ever fresh drapery, as it were. Here and are patches of darker shades which break the monotony.

We are here on the hill-side The District Board road has taken a steady and steep ascent of five miles. We are hardly half way up. It is pleasant walk, up in this cool bruggy atmosphere.

We are remoter and remoter from the world of today. Man is nearer the nature in so far as he understands much less of polish and complications and human needs than do man of places nearer to plains. He utilises not a little of the rugged monstrosity of the huge mountains and seems to care little for others. Stout he is, stout to carry burdens across these mighty mounts and he scrambles here, where the feet and hands of others stagger.

They grow paddy. Replantation is the usual practice. How fine it looks after the replantation. In order and to size - all plants are marshalled and they are yellowish for the replantation.

A calm is pervading within the outer and the inner are perfectly in tune. Sounds of nature merely enhance that staleness, bringing it into relief.

I have passed through the Kulu valley. The walk up to Manali from Kulu is grand along the Beas river (in its valley). But here the grandeur of mountains is grander still. The nature is all so alive, so green, throbbing with the very spirit of life - numerous incarnate. How I love the streams that rush forth in their white fury down and between the mountains! What a strength, what a beauty and what purity is there in the water. There is force which pounds the rocks and a might which shakes the hill sides with their resonance. They awaken the consciousness of strength - of powers in me. They no longer cause a heart-quake, but an uprush of a might-consciousness. They are children of these mighty mounts and worthy ones indeed!

There are falls - numerous and of various types. There was one of a great magnitude, a mile this side of Quential was at once put in mind of the courtalam falls of the South. They are much bigger indeed. Here a mighty stream was let

down into the hill stream below, it seemed. It was all so white.

The sun here is unsteady. How lovable is the sunshine here! In the plains we hate it these days. The sun too comes out bathed, as if in and through the hovering clouds.

Rains in the hills are troublesome, indeed, but they are joyful. The price that is demanded, for seeing nature at its best, in the young delight of freshness, is not too much.

Shamsa, with its waywardness, which loomed so large a day before, is now sinking back. Time places things in the right place and dispenses aright. We look ahead into the future. The past sinks back, the present comes out all important born to share the fate of the past. We look again—we ever look into the future. So judge the present soberly, judge it in the setting of past and future or else you are apt to lose your bearings.

And in our dealings, we cannot withdraw from ourselves totally or else we will realize our oneness with others and will also thereby understand, what our works and feelings mean to others. Spiritual growth should produce this capacity. In the setting of others, we also see our sharp corners; without that they grow in fixity and cannot be rounded.

Are we an odd combination we who go together as a party? I deem not. We have greater hope of expansion in various dimensions by contrast. But that will be when we take interest in others, besides our individual interests - when we wish to realize in others the manifestation of the divine, and see others in the light of what they are to be to realise, to sense, to see the divine in others is to set oneself in tune with the Divine. It is to open the way to realize stem in oneself. To shut this door is to shut the door of realization.

Uniformity is a sign of death. Difference means life, so long as the unity of life governs it, organises it. So in our dealings difference contributes to growth, so long as higher life interest—a love which is much longer than the individual—governs our relationship. It should not be skin deep. It should not be casual. It should be genuine and steady—it should be real love and accepted as an integral essentiality of over every being and hence of spiritual growth. Then human life and association is worthy. It is fine path of evolution. There Lord lives through men indeed.

Language when not understood properly, mutually, comes in as a great obstruction. How I used to feel for force mental association in my South Indian tour. The same I have to begin to feel here. There is such a difference in pronunciations. Every word is so much stressed that the language becomes almost unintelligible, and so is our to them. It links like deaf calling out to the deaf. Patience is needed a lot.

Dak Bunglow Mungsiari (12.7.46)

The morning walk, up the Kalamuni mountain has been very delightful. The mist that enveloped the hill side and valley across; bathed in almost mystic light, the onlooker and the onlooked alike; the rows of Swain trees that stand so mutely and stately in the dim moon light and luxuriant undergrowth, with torrents that run rapid on and across the road—all confused to present a bewitching scene. Nature was so green, fresh and lovely, which can only be felt and not described.

We are nearer the Himalayas—the perpetual abodes of snow. Vibrations are much intenser here and the calm deeper. It seems to penetrate deeper within. The river Gori is roaring below at the foot of this hills. In the lofty mountains across

there are patches of snow in the deeps near the tops. This place is colder than its height on account of the proximity of the snow range.

Woman is made of such a texture that love and tenderness have permeated her through and through. Not all feel to the same degree but a few man I have met with, have these to the same degree. Even strangers would touch the soft chords of her heart and we find her ministering angel, self sacrificing to the limit of utter self abnegation. Ah God! You have made woman to evolve your spirit of sacrifice, the Yajna principle. I appreciated this so much. I am moved by this so intensely that time and again I have to check to hold the balance, to present injury to the doer-the harm that may come inadvertently by such a tenderness, to the doer herself.

There is Didi (Prem Ballabh's sister) who looks upon me in so many lights but ever with a tenderness and love, which some mothers may not even bestow upon their children. She touches the softest chords in my being. How we help one another in evolution! And others those accompany us has each her own characteristics. Some are mute. Their feelings hardly find self-expression. The female characteristics must be thoroughly integrated with manly characteristics, then results a harmony, a beauty and a joy.

Divine Mother! You care for your children. The love in a mother is your love, the tenderness yours and the self abnegations too is yours. Becoming many you tend your children in these numerous forms. Mother, I see you there, tending the new born babe and hugging this new live treasure to your breasts with a feeling which conceals care, love and high attachment all at once. And there I see you hugging to your breast your child bathed in dust and pouring forth a fountain of love and bathing him through and through. Mother Divine! in the lap of yours am I. Thy Grace is ever upon my,

so I realize. Thou art **Parvati**, dwelling in the mighty of heights of consciousness in the mountains. Thou art one with **Shiva** - the very expression of him. My obeisances at thy feet. Thou it is you who holdest me over.

Munsiari (13.7.46)

The heart is willing-forth in love today. It is going out in romance to all the higher beings which are connected with the loftier regions. I am reminded of Lord Buddha, of the Masters, and of so many others. My obsolescence to them all.

I am a little child. Mother keep me ever in your lap, close to thy very being, so that I can feel your life throb in me and feel myself living in thee. How true it is the child (foetus) lives in mother and the mother lives in the child. On leaving the womb the relationship is not banished, it is merely extended. The child yet lives in the mother, physically, mentally and spiritually (by means of love) and the mother lives in the child. But there is a higher oneness above, a lively realisation which forms the basis of the mental organisation in external relationship in duality - two in one and one in two.

Burphu (14.7.46)

It is **Vyas - Purnema** today, I am told. My heart goes out in reverence and love to Shri Swamiji Maharaj. It is his grace so bounteously showered and his love so unseasoned bestowed upon me that has made me what I am, a source of peace and fulfilment into myself and a sense of inspiration into many friends.

I have ever accepted Shri Swamiji as guide given me by the Lord. The credit of having listened to him (being unusually I was) does not go to me, it does to him and to him some

how, as I look back it seems like a miracle - the good has been delivered. I stand firm. I live in the Infinite that is all Power, Bliss and Glory.

Mother Divine, I invoke thee today; I invoke thee out, of the fullness of my heart; I invoke thee to possess me still more fully so that not an iota remains that is not wholly yours and I become a field of thy free **Lila**. In this perfect-possession by thee, do I find my self realization. Mother you are all love. I feel the very touch of thy loving breath on me, and feel I have got all. I am your mother, I am your indeed!

What a stillness pervades this place. It is so intense, deep and promotive. These are marvellous places indeed. The very look of the mountains - the rocks grounded into dust and pebbles and burned by heavy snows, here and there, rugged with patches of grass and shrubs here and there, the mighty rugged mountains with a peak here and a peak there, glittering with snow in the sun, the running streams - all present a spectacle of destruction and might alone and awaken the Shiva consciousness, grim, grand and mighty.

Burphu (16.7.46)

I am styled as a doctor here. Mrs. Durga Singh Rawat had introduced me as such and so I have such a run of patients. Not a house is without its sick inmate- one, two and sometimes even three. Tea is taken in large quantities by ladies and so there is stomach trouble in abundance. This cold climate gives colour to the skin, but that does not mean good health.

Milam (18.7.46)

We have had an akhand Japa today at this place. Now we are on the way to. Unta Dhara, the gate way of the

Himalyan wall opening upon Tibet.

The heart goes forth in love - it goes forth in reverence to the world- mother. Intensely do I want to be lifted up- as I have never been till now.

I am living a life. Wherein no restraint is visible to me as perhaps to other. Like a child I feel myself. Set in almost in all surroundings. I feel a rhythm in existence, which is a joy in itself.

Chirchin (20.7.46)

We left Milam on the 19th instant and herewith begin the romance of the Kailash yatra. That my company will mean all well and no difficulty is there in some minds, but my mind works quite differently. There should be difficulties and they should be overcome. Difficulties of quite an intense type provide Sadhakas with opportunities to learn the lessons of balance.

We left Milam at about one in the afternoon. It was all well till 3.3. P.M. and then came rains. We went upto Dunga and sought shelter in an Udiyar the cave. This night was the first experience of its type. What would the weather mean to us tomorrow? That was the foremost thought in so many minds, but not in mine. We shall welcome whatever comes.

The Udiyar was by the river side and so it was colder there than elsewhere on account of the breeze which the river sent up to us. It was chilly in the morning. We could start by 7.00 A.M. and the mules, carrying the luggage, more than half-an-hour later.

The Unta-Dhura and the other passes were looming large in own imagination. The ascent become gradual and began

well, our female companions leading the party. We were fourteen at that time. The snow views in the distance, we gradually approached. There are numerous optical illusions, especially at the dizzy heights. Distance shrivels up as it were; a place a mile off appears but a furlong distance; and similar is the case with heights and lengths. Added to is are the greater difficulties on account of the rarification of the air. Each step counts and the more so when one is ascending.

Gradually as we crossed the hill-sides, snow views of marvellous beauty opened up to our vision. The views. Glaciers, of miles in length, the snow on the mountains peaks and sides glittering in vast expanses, enormous sheets of the which extend into those rivers of ice, we call glaciers-making. Their mild appearance, gradually expanding, as we ascended and receded (on account of expansion of field of vision), and in the end bursted forth in their enormous grandeur upon the onlooker. The gurgling streams, with their murmur, reverberated into a thousand musical notes on account of the steep rocky hills that stood on the sides of the valley. One is reminded of the Jain temples with their tapering peaks and sometimes of the South Indian temples. There was an ample amount of rocks of red stone. It is not red exactly, but reddish. The snow pounds down the mighty rocks into small pieces and hill-slopes are covered with them, and there is nothing besides. From a distance it looks so well. I can imagine ringing sound coming from under the ice and hence near the glaciers we can hear it always.

We halted near a hill-stream. A bridge across the stream led the path towards the Unta-ascent proper. I presume we were at a height of about 17,000 feet. The views snows in the distance with its glibber grandeur and unruliness, a glacier lying in front of miles in extension, the whole expansion of stones - covered slopes, the streams, the stillness and the

sublime purity of the atmosphere - all lifted me as I have never been lifted before. I sang full throated to that stillness, to the mighty tapering rocks, to the snows and streams and also to my sound that re-echoed from the rocks. I sang to the lord who was breathing through it all. I was almost mad. I sang as Kamala's cousin, who had lost his mental balance sang. I sang out of ecstasy. I cried rather, and every limb of this body, the spirit behind, danced in tune with the grandeur of the Lord without. I could not restrain myself. I wandered away towards the base of the hill that stood to our right as we faced the Unta.

And now came the ascent. I had already premonition that I was to play gehovah part. All went well till the final ascent of the Unta. The pass seems quite at hand but it seems to recede with the advancing steps of the travellers. The trouble began with some of us. A dizzy recling head, loss of breath and strength of legs, and a tendency to vomit, all these are the normal troubles with those heights. My part was to encourage, as best as I could. The Unta pass crossed, we descended the slopes of a new valley, with a new view- a lake in the centre and sheets of snow, covering the hills-slopes. We halted at the base, rear a stream, and all at once a female companion fell unconsciousness. This was the opening signal for the troubles ahead. All help seemed to fail for a while and the person seemed sinking, some of us actually imagined that she will have to be left as a corpse. But spirit-Ammonia helped as nothing else and she gradually regained consciousness. On a horse she was brought to Ganga - Pani where we had our simple fare. All members, excepting two, seemed enervated - almost sick - not feeling like eating. Somehow a courage was forced and we stood up to face the Jayanti pass. It is not a big ascent but a long receding aspect. The greater part of the party was taken sick. With staggering steps, we moved on and on and it was also crossed without any further incident.

The rest is a woeful experience. Not I but others who have undergone the toil, can recount it so well. I was almost well but not quite well. I was well to inspire, to lend a helping hand, and to see that all was going well. Breath panting, legs staggering, head reaching and a steep ascent of a mile and half of more than, 70° , striking terror into the hearts. The day is flying past, the cold icy clouds are blowing fiercely into the skin with no possibility of a shelter before some five miles. Above all the fear of a snow fall which mean a finish up for so many, in such helpless tracks made me to egg on them and sometimes actually drag (and they were the vast majority) who would tend to sink down at every few steps. Such half corpses have ascended the Kungri-Bingri ascent-almost crying were some - and it all looks like a miracle as I look back this very next day. The Pass towers more than 18,000 feet above sea-level.

This was not the end. Chhirchim is supposed to be about four miles from the pass and we moved on gradually in the hope of being housed in pitched tent soon. We left the Pass at 6.30 P.M. and were ascending to our computations to reach Chhirchim a little before night. We moved on and on and there was no sign of Chhirchim. The glacier - miles in length- to our left, large patches of snow in the hill - side beyond and rugged snowless peaks near the head of the glacier, all accompanied us, till we were lost in the dusk on that ever widening and ever long thing way as it was. Our guide came and per chance he had a lantern. It was lit and we marched through that falling darkness, stopping at almost every hundred steps to give rest to the spent up companions. We moved and moved and there was no sign of our destination. Not a light nor a voice, we were moving through the jungle (a treeless one). The lamp goes out and it starts raining. Narendra torch helps us. The guide appears to have lost his way.

Patiently I walk on, now showing the lantern, not the least puzzled, amused rather at the experience. We spot the place. Bhotras dog gives the signal. We find pitched tent, no doubt, but without comfort A chilly breeze blows into our heads, the night through. We were too tired to eat. In the morning we wake up in Tibet. We are still at a height of some 16,000 feet. The hills are there; the glacier also is not far distant, and the reverberated jungle of a distant stream is audible. We are all so tired and some are sick with yesterday's experiences.

The hills are clipped clean of vegetation. A moss grows here and there and a short turf-it looks so. An Udiyar is near our tents. A few clouds shades the seen. We are in Tibet and nearer Kailash and Mansarovar. This rings in my mind.

Vibrations are intense. A calm prevails. We move tomorrow not today.

Dhuansamba (23.7.46)

There was only a nominal move yesterday. The arrangement that had been made for the yaks fell through. It was known at about five in the evening. We were left in lurch of Chhurchin. We were all alone and arrangement were practically impossible, had we stayed on at the same place. I had to go along with Jivan Sangh, our guide, to arrange for our further passage through Thakur Kalyan Saingh of Milam. That night Kalyan Singh had a talk with his Tibetan friends and our move to Tapku was made possible.

By the evening arrangements were completed by good chance, and this morning we made a move with six Chanwars and a companion Huna. The Chanwar, the yak, is a strong and wieldy animal.

In Tibet nature wear a grim aspect. There are not very big mountains occurring, but when compared with those at lower attitudes, their measure are all enormous. Heights, lengths and breaths all seem to have been measured out with a mighty scale.

There is very little vegetation not to speak of animal life. To meet a man in this cold desert of Tibeid would be a pleasure indeed.

There are shrubs of a few varieties which seldom raise their heads beyond a few inches above the ground. And so sometimes they so regularly cover the slopes that they look like tea plantation. I have called Tibet a cold desert. Indeed so. There is very little of rain and hence the mountains are dry. The travellers yearns for grassy spots in the hope of getting water and is led on by the same hope from the place to another after suffering disappointment. The ground is all stony, and at times it is loose snow beaten earth which has gone dark brown. What lovely shades of hues do the hill slopes present. Here and there are greenish patches. There is mills into a yellowish and there into brownish. There is illusion of green grass, but sure enough it is a mere illusion. The hills, in so many cases, are topped by rocks which look like citadels or the ruins of houses. The melting snow has drained away every single particle of earth.

The weather in Tibet is very interesting. In a movement a cloud blows past the hills-side, it becomes dark, rain drops come on here but there it ends. The temperature falls at once and we would like to be wearing gloves and an overcoat to keep out the chill that the accompanying wind sends through the body. Shortly after the sun shines bright. The stony ground becomes wet and one would like to be without woollen clothing. This attraction goes on. The high peaks show snow patches at places.

There is stillness over the plateau - a stillness which is lifelessness. The vast expanses that stretch out between the hill-ranges, the quiet that prevails in the absence of lips the distant view of the hills that stretches out in the distance on a plain the light and shade so nicely variegating it- all this makes for a strange consciousness. A grim calm erases within. The head does not so much dance out-out of love and devotion, but a reverence arises within - the Shanta - Bhava so to say.

There is a spontaneity of feeling which arises out beyond this nature - setting. One can sing out of devotion and love, the greatest of the great.

We are here tonight on the bank of a hill - stream. They call it shib. It is gurgling past its endless music. The vibrations. send one soaring high in the regions of brilliance. The air levelled, undertone, almost maiden hills, where even the feet of sheep and goats have not ventured, he around us all. The way to Trithapuri is ahead

Khimling (25.7.46)

Yesterday we were at Likshipu. There is scarcity of water in these regions and it is not unoften that one has to drink water which is muddy.

Optical illusions have become very common and one judges distances cautiously.

We are at Khemling today. There is a fine combination of the work of nature and man which has produced caves and which are good habitations. It is fine sight to look at. Satlaj river is flowing nearly majestically - the Satlaj which takes such wild turns and which has strange associations in my mind. The regions of Tibet that we are crossing look

monotonous to me. It is not pleasant to trudge these self-same slopes, and the bald hills. The leg muscles refuse to get used to this sort of walking and the more so, when it is forcedly slow (for the fear of losing one way in the absence of a path when going ahead all alone).

There is incessant variety in the ever changing weather. Now it is cloudy, in a short while it drizzles, then a light shower may come, and still again you may have the sun brightly showing over head.

Even an extend silence seems to be drawing on me now at intervals and for pretty long duration. That is the way how physical can be kept wholly relaxed and walking made perfectly automotive there is almost nothing to look without mostly, and so one can keep his consciousness above the physical level - most of it and go on actively above in the higher planes.

We rarely see our own mistakes (myself included) but when awaking comes we begin to sense them. If we refuse to see them it can only mean that yet the doorway of active Sadhna is far off. One has get to be as quick to understand and adopt as possible.

The higher a sadhak, the greater his understanding and the power of adoptability. Quick as a heightening he sees-see even which is far from the perception of the common man and without effort he adjusts within himself. This capacity always keeps him at peace with himself and the world. Enertia he has over come.

यस्पन्नो दिजते लोके, लोकान्नो दिजते व यह।

Punjab has a standard of hospitality which reflects a high stage of inner development if it is genuine. A guest is always treated better than even the eldest in the house hold

by those incharge of the kitchen. I have never seen an instance (to my memory) which goes against this rule. The case is different with those who are considered much lower in standard. I have seen cases in which the members of the family are barred from partaking of certain dishes so as to serve the guest well.

In the hills I find very few instances of it. The contrary I have noticed so many times. What is behind that behaviour cannot be said definitely. May be a lack of correct understanding may be smallness of heart, may be sense of poverty which has gone deeper down, in the people In giving have I rejoiced. Giving is sharing in the widest sense of the word. It is sharing with the existence of others and through it one can realize his oneness with those to whom one gives. It is a pleasure to give; only genuine giver knows the joys. It puts one above the self.

Gurgyam (26.7.46)

There is such a scarcity of foodgrains over here that local inhabitants every where beg for food. They crowd and press for some eatable. Dressed in skin, dirty and without any sense of nicety, they simply hover about with curiosity and in the hope of getting something to eat.

Gurgyam has a monastery. We had a strange interview with the lama. He seems to have been scared by the camera.

Tirthpuri (27.7.46)

We were here this morning. We had a round of the monastery after doing the washing etc. There is not much to note.

Life is growing rather inactive-dull. There is not much intellectual activity, no even spiritual and there are no social contacts. We live a small social unit and have very few problems. There is activity on the physical plane, which is not always unpleasant. Often it is walking in the plains with those bald hills round about, a few clouds hovering in the sky, and a little change of weather from sultry heat to hailstorm, which does not provide any interest generally. It is trudging the even way. The uphill tracks are tedious for the lightness of air on account of altitude, the down hills have no interest except a momentary relief. The sheep, the Chanwars and the Humans are all familiar by now. Vegetation is scarce and so is animal life. What a contrast between the fullness of lower altitudes. It is the urge to visit the Holy Kailash and Mansarovar that leads me on and the impulse to have it done. The spiritual vibrations, of which so much is talked, are not a great rarity. I have dwelt in the hills for so long and have visited some of the best places in south and central India so far I find nothing to exceed them. Moreover much frowning does not let one have the fullest advantage. However the best is yet to come; I shall try to be most open-minded and receptive to sense the extraordinary factors.

The heart is normal, there are no vibrations of any special intensity.

There are hot water springs over here and the dust is mostly fine sulphur - probably calcium sulphate. The Sutlaj is running much soberly by our side. The water is turned, cool and so tasteful. The bath was very enjoyable. The sun was up brightly then.

We want to run on, at the top pace, now-finishing up the journey as quickly as possible. Let me see it this attitude is attired by an experience of some great moment.

We enter tomorrow regions when there is fear of dacoits. I go without any fear. We shall see what comes.

FIRST VIEW OF KAILASH AND RETURN

Silchak (28-7-46)

We are today in perceptible vibrations of the Kailash and its presiding deity. There has begun an ascent of an intense type. Just now we have had our first view of the Kailash mountain. It was so clear, all covered with spotless snow. There has been fresh snowfall in the Kailsash just now, it seems. My heart goes out to the Lord in love and reverence.

To day we had an incident. I am sorry that Swamiji (Narain Swami) has felt seriously offended with me and those who place themselves near to their hearts. He has burst into unbecoming language. I have not able to gauge properly how much I have wilfully or unconsciously tried to offend him. Looking within I can not find a trace of any such intention in my heart.

But how it has come about is not difficult to understand. There has been only one strong reaction within me that it should be so arranged that he should feel at ease and should have no more occasions to be offended.

Love is a positive force. What we sow, so we reap. If we know to love and forgive none can offend us for we are not prepared for such an unworthy experience. Resentment can beget resentment. I have never seen it actually mend things. Only a large heart which is ready to forgive and yet love and serve can create an atmosphere of love and joy.

I have seen Kailash. The sight has sent through me a wave which transformed me and I was lost to myself and my surroundings for a pretty long time. The pilgrimage is fruitful. I was already linked with that high consciousness Adegura, and the link has grown much stronger. The growing unity will

reach its climax before I reach this region. I will become a dynamo of much greater capacity to radiate the grace and will be so close to him so much in him. There seems nothing to write, the pen fails to give expressionist what has passed within.

Nandi Gumpha (30.7.46)

The intensity of vibrations and a few other factors upset the inner physical balance and I was taken up with fever I had to ride the Chanawar.

This is almost a plain valley and the view of Kailash in the whole valley is so enchanting. The very sight sends a thrill through the body. What a chilliness here. The stream runs through the valley and its sound is so strange, muffled as it were, and has strange effect on the higher centres. I am reminded of the Pindari Glaciers when I was about to fall unconscious had I not suited myself in him.

The physical is much more balanced today than it was yesterday.

Dirphu (30.7.46)

We moved to this place this morning the movement here is very slow. All seems to sleep here. All animal life, all sensibility, and even the instantaneous nature - all seems to have gone to sleep in these splendous high regions. Kailash is just in front and the place commands a glorious view.

Darchin (31.7.46)

The day has been splendid indeed. We moved from Dirphu, the second Gurpha early in the morning at 5.30 A.M. I had been running temperature the previous day and

moved only on chanawar. This morning too I had temperature and could walk a furlong as so and then had to take to the chanawar. The Kailash was all glowing as the morning says lit it lip all bright as silver and so pure clean and charming. Gradually the view shifted as we moved towards Gaurikund side. We were almost midway when the murmur of a stream fell on my ears. The effect was so strange that my heart began to sink and the head reel. It was only just in time that Jiwan Singh came or else I would have fallen unconscious from the Chanawar. I lay prostrate for a while on the ground at the feet of the Mount Kailash. All consciousness was off for a while.

Gradually I came to senses and with the help of our guide reached where the rest of the party was running. Fear left me but extreme weakness seemed to overpower. Almonds and resins helped a lot.

This experience transported me in the unearthly surroundings. Poetry seemed to ring in my ears. Gradually we moved in to Gauri Kunda. It was marvellous - a lake of crystal clear water in the midst of those snowy regions and sheets of ice. By the evening we were here.

Those was an urge to write the reactions of the journey after completing it.

Mansarovar Bank (north) 1.8.46

We reached here at 5.00 P.M. It was a glorious view with water ducks swimming splendidly and the enormous water expanse, all dark blue with clouds over - hanging the take and the surrounding heights as in the case of sea-shore all. Smiling with ripples the vibrations and the setting is all quite over-powering and enlightening. I had a bath and a prayer. I centres my thought to and called down his grace

upon all who care for me in any way. Feeling better, yet weak.

Mansarovar Lake (2.8.46)

This morning was spent at Mansarovar Kailash and Mansarovar and symbolically the pyramid and the urge. The Mansarovar denotes the expansion of consciousness while the Kailash typically stands for steep arduous ascent. Mansarovar is the human consciousness in its fullness while Kailash is the upsurge of its into the Divine - the transcended. At Mansarovar no extra influence (that is due to any extra conscious being) is perceptible. The place is remarkable for its natural vibrations due to such a vast expanse of water at this attitude and being surrounded by still higher mountains on most of the sides. There is an urge at expansion of consciousness and tendency of ascent as well, the situation being what is. The Kailash vibrations are quite distinct. Their effect mainly lies on the super centre much above those which are touched by the ordinary consciousness and unless one is trained to well at those dizzy and deluging heights, one is apt to go blank, feel no effect except a sense of stillness, vague and not pressing. But if the higher centres are already active and the whole being is awake within you can ridged the glory of the holy Kailash. There is tremendous ascent and it goes higher and higher. There is descent as well and very strong (but ascent predominates) Beyond and through the two regions a stillness which is stunning and overpowering prevails. It is a calm which takes possession of entire consciousness and one is incapable of stirring. The very sight shoots through one vibration (not every where, but in those regions) that make the shakti very very active and especially in higher centres. Lower emotions and thoughts vanish becoming an impossibility altogether. The Mansarovar has not so tremendous an influence. The influence of the Mansarovar

is leisurely and human. It does not shake one off ones bearing's. Pleasantly the consciousness spreads and takes strides upwards only measuredly.

This morning I was at Mansarovar, the place which is connected with the Siddhas of various types. Guru Nanak is said to have visited it and so Kabir and so also some Jain Tirthankars. It was a splendid view with that vast expanse of blue waters stretching far into the distance, the dark blue hills indistinct in the distance, only underrating that the take is not endless, right and left bigger looking mountains vaguely closing the picture. There I sat after my dip in the Mansarovar on the bank wrapping up in a punkah. The mind feels in turn to the dear ones. They turned up one by one and I sent my love and blessing from that Holy bank and than the host came and I poured myself forth.

Out of devotion I sang a song of my favourite couplets and the song 'मैं तेरा माँ, मैं तेरा माँ' the voice seemed to fly with the wind and expand to the farthest end of lake I performed a little homa as well.

There was in incident with Swami Narain during the day. He has made himself unpopular with almost everyone, (I cannot say about Govind Ballabh and Narendra but of the rest it is a fact). He puts his own meaning upon words and takes ill and causes unpleasantness. The Lord means surely to teach a lot through him, positively or negatively or else why he was placed with us.

We reach Rakchhas Tal about three in the evening. It was a pleasant walk with slight ups and downs.

This place commands a grand view of Kailash enveloped in clouds. There is a temple in the heaven beyond the other end of Rakchhas Tal.

The vibrations are more ruffled here though quite intense.

Rakchhas Tal (2.8.46 9 A.M.)

I have left writing letters partly because there is an uneasiness in my right shoulder blade which stands in the way of smooth writing and partly because of the processing urge to write a series of letters to kumthekar dealing with the experiences of this pouring - कैलाश के पथ परँ, (On the Road to kailash) Thus it would be useless to write letters now.

I have prayed only for perfect dedication and its acceptance so that I be wholly His and Mother's. There remains nothing to ask. What is wanted must come. Child does not know his wants, the mothers does and fulfills. So am I a child (and so have I been) in Mother's lap. I am not ready to forego the position for any previous of the most previous material things that may be offered.

Rakchhas Tal (2.8.46)

Love I worship Love do I buy to live in life and to do fullness do I aspire - a fullness that would convert the our best heart - even a precious animal to a loving creature by mere presence. Even striking an animal out of necessity I wish it no ill, but should I cease to strike at all? The greater love can work even without this odd, ugly stick. Love more intensely and unselfishly then this must come about. With Gautama, the Buddha, it was a fact. Love infinite and it, can certainly be realized in the infinitude. The potency of love also is infinite. Aspire higher and higher. May the Mother give me the light in the matter and lead me on.

Rengurg (3.8.46)

We are here at Rengurg on the bank of a gurgling riverlet in a Khad on the way to Taklakot.

A fierce wind blew us into the fare for more than four miles in the afternoon. It makes the journey very tedious, indeed.

The day has been eventless but for the fact that the journey caused very great exhaustion to me and almost the entire body was aching when we halted. I have taken shitoptadi and glucose D today. Calcuim deficiency seemed to be at the root of the extreme weakness and resulting exhaustion.

The Kailash we have left behind, so also the Mansarovar and the Rakchhas Tal. Rakchhas Tal may have any uranie story associated with it but it cannot be denied that the place is lovely. The waves break on the shore every moment as in the case of sea-shore, and the water is so clear that you may count the stone underneath. It was a sheet of deep blue as we departed at 6.00 in the morning and cast our last glance from the nearby heights.

There is generally a strong wind on the Rakchhas Tal but the vibrations on the bank are of decidedly great value. There is not such an expansion as in the Manasarovar vibrations but there is a distance speciality in ascent in the case of the Rakchhas Tal - a lovely ascent !

Taklakot (4.8.46)

After all we are here at Taklakot today. We reached here at spend 1200 noon. The sun was shining splendidly and an hours basking and bath in the Karnali seems to have set the

system right. The aching in the leg that I had to bear on two consecutive days has now disappeared.

We are on our way back. The splendours and the glories seems to have been left behind for ever. Those rugged hills stones and earth loosely put together meet one on all sides. A few miles that side of Taklakot green fields meet the eyes. It is early and sweet peas. The look quite refreshing after so many days. There was a tree as well an unusual sight in Tibet. It was the first three that we saw after leaving milam, some seventeen days back.

It is demanded of the leader of a party that we should be as considerate of the pleasures and pains of others (if not more) as of his own and should be ready to make every sacrifice for the sake of others. He should love in oneness with every one of the party - then alone is all this possible. There are very, few persons who are qualified for leadership spiritually growth of an high order alone can make one fit for. The responsible job, and it is no wonder that many fall far short of it.

