SVEN HEDIN

AS ARTIST

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FOR THE CENTENARY OF SVEN HEDIN'S BIRTH

REVISED AND WITH SUPPLEMENT BY

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PREFACE

It is for the Sven Hedin Foundation most gratifying that the centenary of its founder's birth can be celebrated with the publication of this work.

In the year 1920, a year of widespread European distress, Sven Hedin arranged an exhibition of his drawings and water-colours for the benefit of the School for War Children opened in Stockholm. The pupils were undernourished child evacuees from Central Europe who were brought to Sweden for a period after the first World War. The proceeds from the exhibition seem not to have been remarkable, but one lasting result was the book *Sketches of a Life-time**, where for the first and only time the artist tells how with pencil and sketch-book in hand he rambled through his Asia.

Many years ago "the chief" and I were already discussing the possibility of a new edition of *Sketches of a Life-time*. It fell to my lot to shorten and in part revise the text. This did not, however, lead to any immediate result. It was perhaps as well. The time for passionate 'for and against' is now past, one may venture to hope; and even Sven Hedin's bitterest opponents can acknowledge his merits and his contribution for example as an artist.

The sketches have here for the first time been reproduced in a way that does justice to the originals. I am sure that it would for Sven Hedin have been a source of particular gratification that precisely the publishers of the Lithographic Institute of the General Staff should have offered to realize his dream. With this enterprise and its management, which had charge of, inter alia, the printing of his earlier very comprehensive scientific publications, he was closely connected with many ties. His Foundation concurs with me in expressing warm thanks. This book is included, as Part II, in the new "Sven Hedin — Life and Letters" series. For practical and economic reasons it has been necessary to print it in the same format as the scientific series "Reports from the Scientific Expedition to the North-Western Provinces of China under the Leadership of Dr. Sven Hedin".

GÖSTA MONTELL

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INTRODUCTION

From my earliest youth I found great pleasure in drawing. My father, who was a splendid draughtsman and painted delightful water-colours, encouraged me in this. After imperfectly digested lessons I covered uncounted pages with the depiction of the weirdest objects from the twin worlds of reality and saga. For F. W. Scholander and his illustrated fairy-tale books I felt an admiration as limitless as that inspired in me by one of his daughters. Doré then became my master, and I never tired of »copying» the gallery of types touched with his imagination.

At the age of 15 I considered myself ripe for imitations of Scholander, and at Christmastide I used to surprise the family with verse-sagas accompanied by fantastic drawings. A couple of these are still extant. One is from 1882 and is neatly texted on 32 pasteboard sheets and furnished with illustrations, some in blue chalk (1 and 2). The plot is divided into nine songs in blank verse, describing the fearful adventures and trials to which the hero, Arab-el-Cid, was exposed before he succeeded in saving the fair An-al-Saba, daughter of the Caliph of Baghdad, from the robber-clutches of the King of Hadramaut. With a vast army of horsemen and knights in armour and helmets, bearing shields and spears and mounted on fleet-footed dromedaries and noble stallions, the hero traversed the Arabian deserts (1). The scene of the first adventure was a country of which the only denizens were roaring lions that required a tribute of foot-soldiers before they would allow a passage. The second took place in Samum, a black and impenetrable land blocking all roads to Hadramaut, which only fresh blood-sacrifices could make amenable. In the third a gigantic sphinx appears on the scene, devouring hundreds of horsemen and dromedaries without leaving so much as a bone or a hair to tell the tale.

But at last the hero and his army reach Hadramaut and fight an unheard-of battle with the king's troops. The affair ends tragically. The hero falls and in her despair the princess thrusts his sword through her nobly rounded bosom. Here the narrative is so affecting that one gets tears in one's throat when reading it. The noble couple are stuffed into a marble sarcophagus, which is sunk in the midst of the desert sand. The last lines run as follows:

Then the warriors of Arab-el-Cid
Wandered weary through the desert's trials
Home to Baghdad and her swaying date-palms.

The tail-piece shows a host of Arabian riders with long lances. The sun is setting over an infinitely remote desert horizon, and long shadows glide over the ground (2).

Another Christmas Eve I presented for the delectation of the family a description of the Christmas celebrations in our home, with all the longing and suspense preceding *doppar-*

dagen[1], with dancing round the Christmas tree and the expectations of gift-packages and their contents. This masterpiece was declaimed with comic solemnity by Svante Hedin, first actor at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, who was among the regular guests at Christmas.

In a long series of eruptions of imagination I used to illustrate polar expeditions, the struggle with drift-ice, vessels crushed between icebergs, return journeys with dog-sleds over endless polar wastes. Jules Verne's books, especially *A Submarine Circumnavigation of the World*, also enticed me to indulge my bent for pictorial representation. One of these shows some divers with lamps working in a forest of strange algae (3). In another one sees a struggle on the sea-bed between three men and a shark (4). A third depicts a ship with an ugly leak in its hull and the anchor dangling on its chain, sinking through the gloomy depths and nearing its grave among algae. These pictures are from the year 1880.

Still earlier are three maps of France, Italy and Spain, the first bearing the date April 4th 1878. On their upper border is still seen the twine by which the pasteboard-backed maps could be hung on the wall—of the nursery.

It was not long before I became the prey of a complete megalomania about maps. In the year 1881, at the age of 16 years, I began drawing a world-atlas which after two years was complete in six huge volumes with several hundred maps. The most remarkable thing about this geographical atlas is that the whole edition is represented by a single specimen. The first volume is entitled *The Northern Firmament and the Solar System*, and contains drawings in white Indian ink on a black background of the chief constellations, the planets and their orbits and relative dimensions, eclipses and phases etc., as well as a number of Mercator's projections for the entire globe (5).

The second volume is titled *The North Polar Countries*, and presents, inter alia, circumpolar charts of the frequency of *aurora borealis*, ocean currents, ice-barriers, the north-west and north-east passages etc., together with maps of vegetation and fauna, the northern tree-line, the tundras, climate, tribes and so forth (6—8).

The History of North Pole Exploration is the modest title of the third volume. This was drawn during the school-holidays in the summer of 1882.

The fourth volume illustrates Sweden's geography from different standpoints and has a large number of maps not drawn from models but compiled on the basis of data from statistical hand-books. Here we find, amongst other things, a map for every mammal occurring in Sweden with an indication of its area of distribution. *The Rest of Europe* is the title of the fifth volume, while the last has a more heterogeneous content: the distribution of geological horizons on the earth, pictures of index fossils (9) and 204 smaller maps, each showing the area of distribution for a representative from the Swedish ornithological world. A series of maps of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany and Russia in this volume is dated March 1880, and was drawn before Vega came home and gave me the inspiration for the polar maps.

[1] Traditional Swedish Christmas custom, implying the dipping of bread in a "soup" resulting from the boiling of the Christmas ham.

TARTARS IN BALAKHANY

When in August 1885 I went to Baku to take up a position as tutor, the long railway journey afforded a first opportunity for my eager sketch-book. It was at this juncture that I really began to sketch from life.

The first sketch-book from this journey is of modest proportions; yet it contains a world of towns, buildings, landscapes and people from Finland, Russia and the Caucasus.

On the first page looms Åbo cathedral with its tower, and on the second one sees a Russian *isvoschtshik* still patiently waiting for customers. With fluttering pennants fore and aft a steamship is gliding under the lower bridge over the Aura river, and beyond this one sees the unloading of a vessel in Hangö. Between the rocky islets in the Finnish archipelago we approach Helsinki and make the acquaintance of its harbour, its Lutheran church and its imperial palace.

Of St. Petersburg there are no pictures — the noisy street-life of the city was too overwhelming for the leisure the artist needs to be able to use his pencil. But I did manage hasty sketches of the stations of Vishera, Faustovo and Novo Kolomna, and also from other places in the course of the journey. From my compartment window I made lightning sketches of peasants, gendarmes and station-hands, and of the mighty River Oka. The railway station in Ryazan (10) is also included in this collection, and an amusing group of peasants and country-women in the third-class waiting room at the Gryazi railway-station.

Soon we catch a glimpse of the Caucasian giants in the distance, and a Cherkess with beltful of *kinschals* has strayed onto one of my pages. A cart drawn by oxen has also enticed my pencil (11). After an hour or so we are listening to the rush of the Terek under the bridge in Vladikavkaz, the city which dominates the Caucasus. Here, in passing, I draw my first portrait—an Armenian boy (12).

In the winter of 1885—86 I conscientiously neglected my stewardship as tutor, preferring to make excursions on horseback and draw the Tartars in their bare villages (13 and 14). A short text to each picture betrays my realization of the importance of the label. Thus on one of these pictures one may read: "Hadji Farrado, 50 years, Tartar, Sabuntji, at the house of Astar Bek, November 18th 1885". With this diagnosis, as succinct as the label in a herbarium, one may now find one's way to the tombstone, in Sabuntji's burial ground, of the Mecca pilgrim, the Hadji. I should dearly have liked to ask him on some subsequent occasion whether he remembered how at the time he was serving in Astar Bek's house a European once asked him to pose for his portrait.

THROUGH PERSIA

With the return of spring, in the year 1886, when balmy winds swept over the Caspian Sea, I turned south to the land of the Shah.

On that trip through Persia and Mesopotamia I filled two small sketch-books with sketches of the landscape, towns, villages and prehistoric remains. When after my return home I was preparing my first travelogue I rejected from among the illustrations several of the drawings I had done on the journey and drew them again in Indian ink. This was a mistake, for the original drawings are both better and more valuable.

Among the redrawn subjects is a mosque in Resht, furnished with minaret, tiled roof and fretted windows, and a station building on the way to the Elburz mountains and Teheran. A mountainous landscape with cloud-covered sky is from Elburz heights, on whose southern side one reaches Kazvin, where a couple of mosques lift their parti-coloured faience-adorned cupolas over a medley of grey, desolate clay houses.

South of Teheran I went on to Kum, and two of the pictures show the famous burial mosque which there conceals Fatima's dust.

Via the strange village of Yezdikhast, whose airy houses are erected like swallows' nests on the crown of a detached rock, one reaches Takht i Suleiman, Solomon's throne. It is a sepulchre of marble which reposes on a stair-pyramid and is, rightly or wrongly, referred to by Europeans as Kyros' grave in Pasargadae.

The day, May 11th 1886, which in blazing sunshine I spent in the ruins of Persepolis was put to good use (16–21). At least a dozen fugitive sketches were then incorporated in my Persian gallery. I had no access to hand-book or chart of the old city, nor to any cicerone who might have explained the ruins. I made random drawings of the remains that seemed most attractive to me: a comprehensive view of the ruins on their platform of stone; further, the columns and propylaea in Xerxes' palace, the beautiful relief showing Darius fighting Ahriman, the genius of evil, and one of the royal graves in the necropolis.

The southern sun poured its burning rays over this proud city, which for more than 2300 years has slept its heavy sleep in the silent waste. Columns and sculptures had had plenty of time to cool since the day when Alexander, drunk with wine, set his incendiary torch to the draperies and carpets suspended in gilt rings from the massive beams of the ceilings!

Via the delightful little village of Shapur, with its beautiful situation, I turned farther south to Bushir on the coast of the Persian Gulf. Some days later I was steaming up the turbid waters of the Tigris on a river-boat, and during a brief stay drew Tak-i-Kesra or the castle-ruin of Ktesifon, half of which, together with the handsome arch over the audience-chamber, has since collapsed and been levelled with the ground (22).

From this place it is not far to Bagdad, city of the caliphs. In sweltering summer heat I

was not able to see in actual life the city of Harun al-Rashid and the Arabian Nights, of which I had dreamed several years previously during a Christmas in the North.

On this first journey I had only rambled about in the precincts of Asia, learned to admire its skies and its landscapes, to love its peoples and to long back to the endless routes with ancient caravanserais and tinkling caravan-bells. I dreamed of being able to extend my wanderings towards the interior of the vast continent, and perhaps sometime being in a position to contribute to the exploration of the unknown parts of East Turkestan and Tibet.

THE JOURNEY TO MESHHED

The longed-for opportunity came in the year 1890, when thanks to my "konwledge" of Persia I was summoned to take part in King Oscar's mission to Nasreddin Shah. When, the mission accomplished, I was freed from the constraints of ambassadorial life, I was allowed at the king's expense to continue through Khorosan and Turkestan, via Meshhed, Merv, Bokhara and Samarkand to Kokan and over the mountains of the Kirghiz to Kashgar.

The faience was burning in the morning sun when I rode out through Teheran's eastern gate. As I had been four years earlier, I was alone also on this occasion, without so much as a Persian youngster to answer for my light baggage. But a stableman always accompanies one in order to lead the horses back from the next caravanserai.

Far to the south rise the remains of the tower in Rages, with its curiously fluted wall. In the north the Elburz mountain-chain stands like a light-blue contour, over whose ridges and peaks shimmering snow-fields are enthroned on the crown of Demavend's extinct volcano.

We turn eastwards on the ancient route of the caravans and pilgrims to the holy city of Meshhed. Like a lighter band on the steppe at the foot of the hills and at the northern edge of the great salt-desert it winds league after league to its goal. Each day's march takes me a long step in towards the heart of Asia. I ride towards the rising sun, and towards evening my growing shadow is still pointing eastward, to the interior of the vast continent.

Profound and solemn spreads the silence around us. We hear only the scraping of the horses' hooves against the hard, dry ground, and occasionally the sound of bells from a camel-caravan that we meet or overtake.

The desolate mountains which raise their burnt and crumbled ridges in the north have for thousands of years looked down on a mysterious procession of passing shadows (34). Here Macedonians have filed past, and in a later era Harun al-Rashid, the devastating hordes of Mongols and the great Timur-lenk. One seems to hear voices from the past whispering in the night.

I feel convinced that I shall never again ride this 480-mile journey to Meshhed, and I therefore take care at every resting place to commit to the sketch-book as a memorial some of the pictures that are unfolded to my view in an endless series. In caravanserais and inns and in the towns of Damgan, Sabsevar or Nishapur I also prevail upon one or another wanderer to pose for a pencil portrait (23—26). Here is the old Khosro of the fire-worshippers' sect and Zoroastra's doctrine, here an old *mollah*, who wonders what I really have in mind with my bold regarding of his features, and whether it can be dangerous that they are transferred to a sheet of paper. Another follower of the prophet writes his name on his portrait and declares himself satisfied with the likeness.

MERV AND BOKHARA

On my first ramble in the old oasis of Merv I pass an open space where a market is being held, and a motley crowd of people and animals surges between the ruins of ancient mosques, fortresses and towers. Melons, grapes and vegetables from the gardens on the outskirts of the oasis are offered for sale under taut tent-roofs, and in an open space horses of Turkoman blood are being put through their paces by prospective purchasers disposed to buy (27).

Turkomans in tall sheepskin *papashes* are swarming about the groups—at a market the Oriental often forgets his inherited dignity at the clink of silver roubles. From the sketches done here it may easily be seen that they were dashed off in haste: here one misses the forelegs, there the hinder parts, of a horse that has rapidly borne its rider past the spot where with pencil aloft I have been standing eagerly on the look-out for suitable subjects.

Over the turbulent waters of the Amu Darya we have travelled a further stage eastwards, landing up in Bokhara-i-sherif, "The blessed Bokhara".

An artist wandering about the streets in Bokhara day after day is inevitably seized with a feeling of hopeless impotence at the sight of this inexhaustible wealth of glorious, picturesque motifs, delightful temple-façades in shimmering faience, winding streets in surprising perspectives with sunny and enticing motifs of clustering oriental houses, over whose grey walls and roofs the mosques raise their cupolas, which in the strong sunlight glitter with enamel in all colours (28—31).

The mosque Divan Begi has façades facing all the four points of the compass and has a flat cupola over its prayer-hall (30).

Mirsa Ullug Bek's *madrasa*[1] (28) immortalizes the name of one of Timur's grandsons, the astronomer, who vied with his grandfather in building zeal. The faiences glitter with the same fresh, gaudy splendour as they did centuries ago, but from large parts of the façade the beautiful facing has fallen away.

[1] Islamitic teaching premises, as a rule connected with a mosque.

SAMARKAND

The name Samarkand still rings strangely in our ears. Five hundred years ago this city was the focus in one of the mightiest realms of the earth. Here resided Timur-lenk, Timur the Lame, the conqueror whose sceptre waved over all the wealth of India and who was snatched away by death when about to undertake a new campaign—against China.

Samarkand surpasses Bokhara in beauty. Numberless tombs, mosques and *madrasas* lift their nobly rounded cupolas over this wonderful city. Words cannot convey the enchanting colour-effect produced by the blue and green cupolas silhouetted against the light turquoise-blue sky.

A group of such cupolas is reproduced in one of my sketches, lighter and more fugitive than the others. In the foreground on one of the roads outside Samarkand we see something of the swarm of wanderers, horsemen and carts. In another picture some lepers are sitting outside the city-walls, and a couple of these have placed their wooden alms-bowls on the ground before them.

Chirdar is one of the *madrasa* in Rigistan or the great market-place in Samarkand. One of the pictures shows its richly decorated façade, another the tall cupola in greater detail (32). A third is the burial mosque of Bibi Khanum, in whose interior rests Timur's favourite wife. It was erected under the personal superintendence of the ruler in the year 1385 (33).

These two pictures I have transferred to enamelled board from hasty sketches done on the spot. Here one sees clearly how a picture loses in value through revision at the writing desk. One learns this truth only with time and accumulated experience. At one's desk in one's home-country it is, certainly, possible to build up a mosque on a sheet of paper. But the result will be a building having no existence in reality. It may indeed bear an outward resemblance to the model but it will lack soul, because it has not been drawn in the light and in the colours that always leave their traces in sketches drawn on the spot, however simple they may be.

Madrasa-i-Hakim Ayem (41) is glimpsed as through a mist behind a row of booths, and on the terrace before Madrasa-i-Khan a little throng of turbaned men are listening to the words of a story-teller, while others have turned their attention to the artist.

TO KASHGAR

The Asiatic winter has clamped down on the earth, and the continental cold is snapping about the house-corners. The snow is almost blotting out the December day on which with a small light caravan I am making my way up towards the great mountains forming a link between Tien-shan and Pamir (43 and 44).

I had been warned against this winter trek over the snow-covered pass of Terekdavan. Scarcely a year passes without some tribute to the raging blizzards being exacted from one or another caravan. But I am dreaming helplessly of extending my rambles to Kashgar, the most important city under Chinese jurisdiction. I wanted to cross the frontier between the Czar's dominions and the endless expanse ruled by "The Son of Heaven".

On this journey my sketch-book was in pretty constant use. I concentrated especially on folk-types drawn in the snowed-up kibitkas of the Kirghiz (35). I had at that time perhaps not discovered to the full the imposing beauty of the mountain landscape. Perhaps, moreover, one must have been staying in high mountain regions for a longer period, have attempted to penetrate the secrets of the mountains, must have battled one's way in the inhospitable terrain of glacial "tongues" before one gains the respect for the mountain landscape without which one can never rightly apprehend its beauty.

Thus on this journey to Kashgar it was the Kirghiz themselves who chiefly attracted my pencil. They are Mohammedans, living for the most part on what they can get from their herds of sheep and goats, and clad, summer and winter alike, in skeepskin coats and caps.

Although I still preferred to draw my models in profile, an attentive observer will nevertheless find that the types I sketched on the way to Kashgar and from the Tien-shan mountains to the north of this city belong to one and the same tribe. The breadth of face and flatness of nose do not, it is true, appear in profile, but the common racial origin is none the less evidenced by the strongly developed cheek-bones, the slight elevation of the bridge of the nose, the fleshiness of the lips and the sharply defined slits of the eyes, ending in pointed wedges towards the ears.

One of the old fellows, wearing a turban, is presumably a holy man, a *mollah* (37). The women, too, wear a sort of turban, which is coiled endlessly round brow, crown of head, neck and chin, indeed, even hiding the lips.

A few days more with our faces turned eastward and we are in Kashgar. Here we pause, for example, in the open market before the caravanserai Majsud Baj and make a despairing attempt to eternalize with our pencil the medley of pedlars and customers milling round the open tables of the market-place, the wanderers, riders and small Chinese carts with roofs of blue cloth (42).

One may say what one will about the masterpieces of architecture or the constantly changing beauty of the landscape, but people are still always the most remarkable of all that is to be seen here on earth.

Also in Kashgar I found the multifarious population pleasanter than the houses. For in Kashgar one finds a practically inexhaustible variety of types belonging to the most widely different peoples and with roots in all the countries of Central Asia (38—40). Indeed, even China proper, India, Persia and West Turkestan have through trading intercourse and caravan connections contributed to the Babylonian confusion and blending prevailing in this the world's most continentally situated city, from which at all points of the compass the distance to the sea is unthinkably great.

PAMIR

In October 1893 I set off on a long journey winding capriciously in different directions and taking me from Orenburg through the Kirghiz steppe, Pamir, East Turkestan, the Lop-nor country, Tibet, Mongolia and northern China to Peking. This was thus a thorough crossing of the entire continent from west to east.

My stock of money was meagre, as was also my photographic equipment. To supply the lack of photographs I had to draw. And draw I did.

First it is a matter of Mus-tagh-ata, "Father of Ice-Mountains", the highest mountain in Pamir, which lifts its rounded peak 7,860 m above sea-level and over whose eternally shimmering snow-field rage all the winds of Asia. In all directions, but especially to westward, the mountain sends forth from its inexhaustible and constantly renewed stock of last year's snow a number of tongues of ice or valley-glaciers from whose ice-fronts in shifting hues of blue the crystal-clear waters of the melting streams seek their way down to the tributaries of the Tarim and Lop-nor.

I spent the whole summer of 1894 around the foot of this mountain. From all points of the compass and the most widely differing perspectives I drew Mus-tagh-ata, its black, precipitous rocky arms and rivers of ice hemmed in by surface moraines. Only with yaks is it possible to advance in this horrendous terrain of gravel, boulders and ice.

Allium angulosum, the *karga-pias* of the Kirghiz, flourishes here and there, contented and erect. This wild onion and wild rhubarb are the only edible plants I ever used in my rambles in the mountain tracts of the Asiatic plateau country.

Probably few people are aware of the geographical rôle played by the wild onion for thousands of years. An entire mountain-chain in north-eastern Tibet bears the name Piaslik-tagh, "Mountain of Wild Onions".

More remarkable, however, is that even in the oldest Chinese descriptions of Si-yü or the western lands Pamir is called "Karakorum" and western Tien-shan "Ts'ung-ling" or "The Onion Mountains". This modest little wild-onion plant, whose violet bloom sways in the wind on its straight, fine stem, has thus given its name to three of the earth's mightiest mountain systems, where there are peaks attaining an altitude of up to 8,620 m.

The Kirghiz received me with the greatest hospitality, and placed their dome-shaped felt tents at my disposal. Togda Baj Bek (47), the chief in Su-bashi's *aul*, became my best friend and procured for me whatever I wanted in the way of reliable servants, yaks and provisions. The songs of the Kirghiz and the sounds of their stringed instruments still echo in my ears when I think back to the time when we sat on the sheepskin in Togda Baj Bek's *kibitka* on rainy and stormy days.

When I sat in my tent drawing Khasa Gyll, a young Kirghiz wife of the Kara-teït tribe who was spinning yarn from sheep's wool, she moved not a muscle of her face and could not

be prevailed upon to utter a word. When I addressed her distinctly and clearly in her own language she did not reply. Her mother was present to see that the proper decorum was observed. On her head Khasa Gyll wore a huge white turban which covered the crown of her head like a cushion, though at my request the mother loosened the chin-part sufficiently to enable one to see the lower part of her face. Beautiful she was not, this young "daughter of the wilderness", but she was sweet and graceful in her movements and had remarkable poise. When the portrait was finished and she had received a silver coin she hurried out and disappeared among the boulders on the shores of Kara-kul.

In the gallery from Pamir one notes the portrait of the Chinese commandant in Tash-kurghan, "The Stone Fortress", celebrated since time immemorial in the chronicles of the Chinese and in their geographical accounts of the land to the west (48). The commandant, who has himself written his name and his titles beside the portrait, was one of those rigid, faithful slaves under "The Son of Heaven" who could not for all the gold in the world have been prevailed upon to allow a foreigner to take a forbidden route in his district. For me, all roads stood open, and I chose the one leading over the Kandahar pass. On a couple of occasions in the course of my rambles in eastern Pamir I travelled on paths that had never been used by Europeans and where only the pilgrim Hüen-tshuang had made his way in the 7th century. Once, negotiating the Tjitjeklik pass, I had only one predecessor, viz., the Portuguese Jesuit Benedikt Goës, who was there in the year 1603 and who died on his journey eastwards to China.

EAST TURKESTAN AND LOP-NOR

My first desert journey took place in April and May 1895 (49 and 50). In January 1896 I made a new crossing of Takla-makan farther east, from south to north. On this trek I was fortunate to discover the ruins of two ancient Buddhist towns, buried by the desert sand and unknown to all except a few prospectors for gold and adventurers in Khotan.

The number of drawings I have from the oases around the great desert is considerable. On all sides except in the east, East Turkestan or the Tarim Basin is surrounded by high mountains, in the north by Tien-shan, to the west by Pamir and in the south by Kven-lun, a concept covering the northern buffer-chains of the Tibetan plateau. From this ring or extended horse-shoe of mountains flow several great rivers, as well as a large number of smaller watercourses whose waters are directed through canals to the fields and gardens of the oases.

Guma is one of the larger villages in which water from the mountains coaxes forth crops from the fruitful clay soil. In all their modest simplicity some of the village streets are rather picturesque, especially as a broad and—at the time of my visit—ice-bound canal occupies their middle, while the sides are bordered by sidewalks shadowed by willows. Bridges of simple tree-trunks connect the banks, and the streets are flanked by low clay houses with narrow doors without windows.

The *amban* or governor of Khotan, who graciously consented to pose for me, has provided his portrait with an uncommonly ornamental signature. He was an amiable and honest man, who did everything to facilitate my journey and fulfil my wishes.

Just below Khotan on the way to the desert lies the village Tavek-kel, where I made a hasty sketch of the entrance to the bazaar and a little open-air mosque surrounded by willows and reminding one of a music pavilion. Far to the east, with the contours of the same mountain system in the north, we find the town of Karashahr, whose south gate, built in the Chinese style, was snatched for the sketch-book.

From Karashahr or "The Black City" I turned south to the shallow lake Karakoshun, whose classical name is Lop-nor and to whose flat basin all the massed waters of the Tarim system find their way. A series of my pictures affords some slight notion of the tribe of fish-eaters who build their light and airy reed-huts on the banks of the wandering rivers and lakes of the Lop country and place their nets of plant-fibres in the narrow waterways always kept open and navigable among the reeds for canoes (51 and 52). Generation after generation has for centuries had its dwellings on the fickle banks and shores.

Among the throng of guests collected in the sketch-book may be noted boys and girls lightly clad in garments woven from plant-fibres, women with headgear resembling ordinary fichus and occasionally weaving yarn on a short of spinning wheel called a *tjarkh*. There are also men of East Turkish origin, modest and kind, like all the fish-eating inhabitants of the Lop country (53 and 54, 56 and 57).

During the whole of the difficult journey to Lop-nor and back to Khotan, which took several months, I rode the magnificent Bactrian camel whose portrait is seen in the midst of the people in my gallery (55). He was a giant of his kind and had a splendid coat that he kept intact until well on in May, when he began to moult tufts and patches of hair. His beautiful brown eyes were quiet and friendly, and he was altogether free from the irascibility and evil temper commonly found in camels. It was with a feeling of comfort and security that I used to take my seat between his humps.

NORTHERN TIBET

So then at the end of June 1896 we turned north to unknown Tibet, always seeking new roads untried by any European.

Roads! There are no other paths there than those beaten out by wild yaks, wild asses and antelopes. We made, literally made, our way, while I charted the country and captured for the pages of my sketch-book as many views as possible of glorious mountain giants with snow-capped peaks and labyrinths of winding valleys. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the unknown, putting one mountain-chain after the other behind us. And from every pass a new landscape unfolded its wild, desolate vistas towards a new and mysterious horizon, a new outline of rounded or pyramidal snow-capped peaks.

Those who imagine that such a journey in vast solitude and desolation is tedious and trying are mistaken. No spectacle can be more sublime. Every day's march, every league brings discoveries of unimagined beauty. But clear, still days are rare and welcome. It is then that the sketch-book is most diligently used.

Now I was drawing chiefly in ink, occasionally intercalating a wash; and I expended more care on the drawings, more especially as I had no photographic equipment whatsoever.

Many of the drawings are from the shores of the salt lakes whose expanses of deep sea-blue extend between the sterile mountain-chains. I had a predilection for lake-side camping, as near the shores as possible. There one could observe the restless procession of clouds undisturbed and listen to the slapping of the waves.

Human beings cannot live in this desolate plateau country. One can advance through its mountains and valleys only with considerable loss of camels and horses. Here is the haunt of the wild yak. Time and again one sees this magnificent animal, the Tibetan grunting ox or yak, in larger or smaller herds, but also frequently alone or in couples. Where our caravan beasts die from lack of pasturage the yak will find moss and lichen which he licks from the stones with a tongue that is hard and spiky as a wire card. The yaks, too, sometimes served me as models for my sketch-book. But they had to be shot if they were to keep still. However, they were killed not merely for this reason, for we were often in need of their meat.

From different angles I drew a stately yak bull felled by Islam Baj's bullet. Shot through the heart, he fell in the most natural and rewarding position one could have desired. He lay with his high shoulder-hump and back straight up and rested on all four legs. The cloven hoof of the left foreleg is visible, as are also the bushy tail and the long fringes of hair hanging down from the lower parts of the flanks and forming a soft, warm blanket for the yak when he is lying down.

Time and again we ride past the bleaching skull and the weathered horns of a wild yak, seldom any other parts of the skeleton. The skull is evidently of stouter stuff and better able

to resist decay. But for how long the skulls we saw had lain and defied all weathers it would be hard to say. If they were so very resistant one would imagine that they ought to be more numerous than they are. Perhaps the head of our yak bull has already disintegrated and turned to dust?

TO PEKING

It was not without a certain pleasurable feeling that I left the dizzy peaks behind and in the remote east, we wound down through the valleys of the buffer-mountains to the land of the Tsaidam Mongols. Among these shepherds we spent happy days and were cared for with moving kindness.

One is wise to keep one's weapons at the ready when travelling through the mountain tracts of the Tangut. Our shrunken little caravan would have been easy prey for them, and a couple of times things looked threatening when they followed us on horseback through the nights and days. But we were left in peace —either because we looked too poor or because our shining rifles inspired a useful respect.

When we had reached the Mongolian pilgrims' highway to Lhasa we found for the first time a curious cairn where thin slate plates were set up against one another, forming walls and a kind of crib (58 and 59). The whole was furnished with a roof and was in form reminiscent of a chambered tumulus or grave-mound. Tibetan characters were hewn in the stone plates, all reproducing the sacred formula *om mani padme hum*—"O jewel of the lotus". The Mongols call such a votive cairn *obo*, the Tibetans *mani*. For me it had the charm of novelty, and I drew it from all angles. On subsequent journeys in southern Tibet and Ladak I was to have my fill of *mani*-walls and *mani*-chests.

Our road still trends eastwards, and we ride past Koko-nor, "Blue Lake", which is such an expanse of water that one scarcely discerns the yonder shore. With increasing excitement one then approaches tracts with settled population. My nearest goal was now the Kum-bum monastery, a name which thanks to the Abbé Huc has circled the globe on the wings of renown. This French Lazarite Father stayed here for a time in the year 1845 and tells, in his account of his travels, of a tree on whose leaves the sacred formula concerning the lotus grew forth of itself every year. I did, certainly, behold the wonderful tree, but it was winter and the leaves had fallen off.

Sining was the first considerable Chinese town we reached. Its wall is thick and massive and the town-gates, with picturesque towers on the crest, are noble and venerable. One of them, Tung-men or "The Eastern Gate", found its way into my sketch-book.

When visiting the temples, the shops, and the houses of the mandarins one had a distinct impression of having come from the desolate interior parts of Asia to a country with an old civilization. In Sining one could not look around one in a street without one's glance falling upon both living and dead objects of the most captivating nature, and one was sorely tempted to set up one's easel at every turn. The constant to and fro of trade and intercourse, the high-pitched voices of the Chinamen with their blue and black costumes and their long pigtails on their backs, caravans and horses and camels, riders and soldiers in motley uniforms, all these colourful and constantly shifting images must inevitably cast

their spell upon a traveller who, even if he could not draw, at least wished to do so. My eyes were delighted with an inexhaustible stream of original, genuine, unfalsified motifs at the town-gates and the massive walls, at the temples with their curving roofs and dragon-ornaments and in the apparently unmotivated gateways of red-lacquered beams with richly decorated tile-roof in delicately curving lines that here and there appear in the middle of a street.

Liangchou is an ancient town with venerable walls, gates and towers, not so impressive as those in Sining, but nonetheless picturesque and original (60 and 61). Here I drew a temple in a village outside the town, the interior of a Buddhist temple hall and a no less motley representation of the war god with long drooping moustaches and imperial and a tuft of hair coquettishly held between the fingers of the extended right hand. (62)

Not much was done on the rest of the journey to Peking. The last picture shows a *to-djo* or litter borne by two mules. It was swaying in one of these that I made my entry into noble old Peking.

THE DESERT, THE LAND OF THE WILD CAMELS

We now come to the journey in East Turkestan and Tibet in the years 1899—1902.

From this journey the harvest of drawings and sketches is less rich than from the preceding and subsequent trips. I now gave more careful attention to the map of my route and to the country through which I was passing, and as much time as possible was devoted to this. To save time I preferred to take out the camera rather than the sketch-book.

From Kashgar I marched with my own camels through waste lands and small oases to the village of Lajlik on the Yarkand-darya. Here I bought a ferry which for some months became my home.

From the time the sun rose until it sank below the horizon we drifted on towards our goal—Lop-nor. Every minute was therefore occupied with drawing the map of the river; and when in the evenings we moored at now the one, now the other bank it was already too dark to draw. Only occasionally did it strike me to take things quietly and make a sketch.

Over certain stretches we glided through magnificent wooded tracts, and might then occasionally make short excursions from the bank to have a closer look at the country.

Ancient and sturdy poplars, fishers in canoes, sterile sand dunes sloping down to the river and narrow fishing canals in the Lop lakes are included in my sketch-book. The very simply constructed wooden bridges over canals and tributaries always formed very enticing motifs—not least thanks to the reflection in the smooth water and the frame of reeds and tree-clumps.

Here, too, I felt marvellously at home in the deserts and made long journeys in the unwatered wastes to the north and east of Lop-nor.

Since the year 270 A.D., forgotten and abandoned, the town of Loulan had slumbered in the desert when destiny directed my steps to its ruins. I was fortunate enough to find 121 manuscripts in Loulan. Many of them are dated to the day, and all of them had then lain buried in the desert sand for about 1630 years.

Only with seasoned Bactrian camels is it possible to stay and work for a few days in the desert to the north of Lop-nor. At the foot of Kuruk-tagh, "The Dry Mountains", bordering this desert in the north, there is a salt spring referred to by native hunters as Altimish-bulak or "The 60 springs". In the course of the winter it forms large cakes of completely sweet ice. One loads some of the camels with sacks of ice and files south to the ruins of Loulan, where one buries the precious, congealed drink under a shady clay terrace.

Altimish-bulak and a few other springs farther east are well known to the wild camels. When one has wandered for days, indeed, even up to ten days without seeing a drop of water, and has had only the ice-blocks borne by the camels to quench one's thirst with, one is painfully on the alert to interpret the tracks of the wild camels. If the tracks become

more numerous one must keep one's eyes peeled. My caravan was once saved from the serious threat of dying of thirst through our seeing how the camel tracks converged from east, south and west and formed a trail in a little corridor-like furrow. A little way up this wee valley we found a spring.

Of all the wild animals I have had an opportunity of observing in God's unencroached Nature the camel is the most fascinating, and in its origin, its living conditions and habits the most mysterious (65). The Lop Desert, in whose interior the wild camels live, is morphologically quite different from Takla Makan. We found the last-mentioned desert filled with sand, with dunes that in the east attained a height of up to 90 m. In the Lop Desert, on the other hand, the dunes are small or rudimentary, and over large areas the clay is bare and absolutely sterile. The only variety that is offered is the bizarre yet in its way regular sculpture produced by the filing and eroding effect of the wind.

The desolation and the constant seeking for the conditions for the maintenance of life cause a never-resting tension. One knows that if one does not succeed in finding pasturage and water within a certain number of days, the camels will die. All signs are observed, one scrutinizes the shifting colours of the ground all the way to the horizon, one takes the absolute altitudes in the hope that the terrain will sink to depressions where the subsoil water can be reached by the spades. One sees no antelopes flying over the endless wastes of the desert as light as the wind, one hears no wolves howling at night. Here reigns a silence more profound than that filling a crypt whose iron door has been locked for ever.

The atmosphere of the desert grips the traveller with a resistless power. The slow, heavy, measured stride of the camels is in harmony with this, and the time is given by the clang of the copper bells that a couple of the beasts bear round their necks. In the desert it is always Sabbath. The trivial or everyday mood is completely alien to the caravan's perilous progression towards unknown destinies. Perhaps one is advancing towards doom and annihilation, and a funeral procession is always solemn.

More and more distinctly one apprehends the enticing music of the spirits of the desert extolled by Marco Polo. The old Venetian has described the mysterious desert atmosphere to a T. The farther one gets from the last pasturage and the water, the more powerful does the seductive spell become. One hears the voices of spirits and expects every moment that something extraordinary will happen. And in this state of suspense even the most trifling things appear exciting and interesting.

A terrace! Has it been excavated by the wind, is it the last trace of a vanished river-bed, or the shore of a lake that has been dried up for thousands of years?

The grey and porous trunk of a tree! How many centuries have passed since its last root-fibres lost contact with the subsoil water and cut off the tree from the first condition of life?

The skull of a fox! Does it testify that the owner once pursued a hare that sought refuge in the desert and prolonged the pursuit to a point from which the fox had not the stamina to return?

The feather of a wild goose! Again, imagination has free scope.

At night one lies awake and listens to the silence. One imagine one hears cries and voices, it is the beating of one's own heart. One listens to the slow sweep of oars from a lake, it is the measured breathing of the camels. One hears galleys sailing over a sea, it is

the flapping of the tent-cloth in a night-breeze. Herds of innumerable camels rush past outside—it is the wind sweeping over the desert.

In the mountain regions of Tibet one need never lack water, there is always snow and ice in sight. The eternal snow-capped peaks may appear solemn and royal, but they lack the mystery of the desert. In Karakorum and the Tibetan mountains one finally gets one's fill of the high-alpine magnificence, of narrow, shut-in valleys, of rarified air and damp, inhospitable cold. One never tires of the desert. One can never get too much of its uniformity.

No camp-fires are more beautiful than those burning in the desert. The last poplar trunk has been chopped up and is glowing before the tents. The stars glimmer through the smoke. It is a hundred leagues to the nearest human habitation. What is the freedom in the freest republic on earth to the independence reigning in our camp! No laws, no regulations, no strikes, no taxes, we travel through a whole winter without crossing a single frontier, without paying any customs dues.

The best of everything in the desert is the absence of people. One need not be on the alert against attack. It can never happen that some black dots in the distance gradually grow into a troop of armed riders who at the word of a chief order us to turn round. The only creatures sharing our dominion over the desert are the wild camels.

One of our scouts has discovered the fresh track of a wild camel at dusk. We follow it the next day, and finally find it leading to other spoor which at last converge upon the longed-for spring.

With one of my men I hasten to the little oasis on foot. In its yonder part we see some dark dots which the binoculars enlarge to camels. We creep stealthily towards them against the wind. We come quite close to them and take up a position in a thicket behind the tamarisks. From this point of vantage I can observe them for long, their graceful forms and quiet, dignified movements. Some are lying chewing the cud, others are moving about and grazing. They are surrounded by the deepest peace. Unfortunately, our supply of meat is at an end and we need fat. I could not for my life fire a bullet at them. They are the lords of the desert, we are like burglars. My native hunter fires the shot. Like lightning, the browsing animals lift their long necks, and the recumbent ones start up like steel springs. At the same moment the leader has given the signal, and in closed formation the herd hurries from the oasis, swift as the wind, hastily and mysteriously disappearing into the desert like the shadow of a cloud.

But on the spot where they were resting anon lies one of the camels unmoving, a dark, well-grown male.

On long journeys I traversed Tibet, criss-crossing the country with different caravans.

Here the fauna has other representatives than those found in the desert. We have already become acquainted with one of them, the wild yak. Let us now devote a few lines to the antelope bearing the Latin name *Panthalops Hodgsoni*. His beautifully transversely fluted lyre-shaped horns rise almost vertical in the air when he runs. When in the sixties the pundit Nain Sing saw a big herd of these antelopes for the first time he likened it to an army on the march with fixed bayonets.

Nothing can be more delightful than to see these lithe and elegant animals in full career. Their movements are elastic and incredibly swift, and they seem scarcely to touch the ground. Clouds of dust, as light as the finest smoke, nevertheless show that they are in contact with the earth, but they speed away from them, and we see them clearly until they have vanished from sight.

I was never weary of regarding them, and I used to wonder what they thought of us and our dying horses, which after a couple of months' trek already presented an emaciated and wretched sight. That the antelopes saw in us their own sworn enemies is sure, for they would otherwise not have been in such a hurry to disappear as we filed along over the sparse vegetation of their steppes between the mountains. When I saw them vanish into the distance I also wondered how far and for how long they would continue their swift flight before stopping and snuffing the air for danger.

LADAK

During the last stage of this journey I was seized in Ladak by an irresistible desire to draw. The reason was simply that I had come to the end of the supply of plates for the camera.

I will pass quickly over these drawings. They came into being in a tract well known to Europeans. The villages, monasteries, lamas and other inhabitants represented in this collection had been seen earlier by other travellers. For me, however, this world in western Tibet at the Kashmir frontier was altogether new.

Here a religious flag-pole lifts its slender form in the courtyard of the Hemi monastery before its main façade, called Rapsal, whose bay-window-like balconies enhance the impression and invest the white-washed walls with a captivating charm (67). Around the interior of the chief temple-hall runs a gallery supported by wooden columns and hung with parti-coloured draperies, and at dusk the monks sit under these and read their sacred texts. At the entrance gate stands a lama striking a gong, to proclaim that the hour for prayer has struck.

On the crest of a precipitous bouldered terrace Lama-juru's monks have erected their airy monastery, whose temples and dwellings hover like swallows' nests over the valley. And no less picturesque are the scenes unfolded before the gaze of the visitor when he has made the ascent and wanders across courtyards and cloisters bordered with stone walls, white houses and *tjorten*-pyramids shaped like bell-towers and enclosing the ashes of holy men.

There he stands before gigantic vertical prayer-wheels gaily coloured on the outside and containing the mystical words *om mani padme hum* written on thin strips of paper and wound in thousands about the spinning axle of the wheel.

He sees lamas beating the membrane of a round, flat drum with a drum-stick shaped like a swan's neck, at the same time as with a skilful movement of the hand they make cymbals clash and bells tinkle. Here are several items in this orchestra of holy men (69). Some are blowing enormous, 3-m long copper trumpets with brass-mounting, whose mouths are now resting on the ground but in processions are borne on the shoulders of novices (68).

The women in Ladak are clad in red furs and wear headgear richly set with turquoises and coral. Some of these captivating little beings are reproduced in my gallery. Here stands a dancer in her mantle, here a whole row of the completely respectable odalisques of the Tibetan highlands. I have even made a hasty attempt to capture the movement in one of the turns of the dance. Boys, too, dance, holding short sticks supposed to represent swords in their hands.

A *nurla* girl accompanies the tones from her father's flute on the drum (70). A simple citizen in Leh is swinging a prayer-wheel in his right hand. A peasant leads his draught-yak by a rope fastened to a ring through the ox's nose-cartilage.

BACTRIAN CAMELS

Once more we find ourselves in Persia's capital. Here, at the time, reigned Muzaffar ed-Din, the shadow of a king.

On January 1st 1906 I set off with a caravan of 15 Bactrian camels and a couple of dromedaries. Unforgettable was the gigantic shaggy camel that carried me the thousand odd miles through the deserts and oases of eastern Persia to the frontier of Baluchistan and became my especial friend. He was patient and silent, never gurgled and did not hiss when I went up to him and put my arms round his huge head. On the journey he would often twist his neck and, still striding along, thrust up his fleshy lips to me, throning it on his back, whereupon I understood that he wanted a bit of bread.

From the very first day he had been accustomed, a short time before breaking up camp in the morning, to receive a good-sized maize bun from my hand. He made the hour for this little extra feed earlier and earlier, and would finally not contain himself long enough for me to get my clothes on and open the tent. This last operation, for the rest, he managed himself. He would wake me up by sticking his muzzle under the lower tent-flap and pulling up the tent-peg with his head and then fill half the tent with his huge shaggy neck and his gigantic head. The bun was kept in readiness, for the familiar confidence he showed me was exclusively of an agreeable character.

The camel's movements are impressive. He never moves hastily or impetuously like a horse, he never loses his self-control. Neither does he strut or become restive like a spirited Arab stallion. Without any calculation his movements are naturally majestic and his dark, chestnut-brown eyes have a quietness reminiscent of the look of a safe old helmsman, who knows that without him the ship will be wrecked. The horse holds his head vertically, or at least stretched slanting forwards and downwards. The camel holds his horizontally. Only when grazing does its longitudinal line form an angle with the horizontal plane. When he moves his head from left to right and back the movement is always very slow and dignified. He scans the desert horizon with his calm commanding gaze.

His swinging heavy stride is beautiful. A cavalcade in full career is a glorious sight, but a camel caravan against the light background of the desert is still more impressive. The only movement of the camel's that is not graceful is that he makes when he changes from the standing to the recumbent position or vice versa.

For my own part I prefer journeying on camel-back to riding a horse. One has more freedom on a camel, who generally follows the caravan without one's needing to think of managing him. One can draw and write the whole time, and one can scan a wider compass thanks to the considerable height above the ground.

THROUGH THE DASHT-I-KAVIR DESERT

In the course of my journeying from January 1st to the middle of May 1906 I took several hundred photographs.

This time, however, I did not allow myself to be seduced into disloyalty to pencil and brush. My mapping activities and the regularly recurring observations did, certainly, take up a lot of time; but I did nevertheless save quite a large collection of panoramas of Persian and Baluchistani mountain landscapes, as well as types of men, women and children in old Iran.

On the route I chose from Teheran to the south-east the mountain-chains became lower and flatter the nearer to the outskirts of the great salt desert Dasht-i-Kavir. From Djandak I traversed this desert, nearly 80 miles in breadth, in a northerly direction with three hired camels and in company with a large trading caravan from Yezd. A hasty pencil sketch done in bad weather shows the caravan encamped at the southern edge of the salt desert, whose horizon presents itself to the eye with the same evenness one sees in that at sea on a calm day.

Seldom have I seen more fascinating light effects than on the journey across this desert. At the spot represented by the last-mentioned sketch, where we had the absolutely level horizon of the great desert in front of us to the north—a spot bearing the euphonious name of Haus-i-Hadji Ramasan and offering the boon of sweet water—we and the caravan from Yezd were encamped for days and nights, waiting for the sky to clear so that we could break camp and proceed to Sadfe and Torud on the yonder side of the desert.

It had rained incessantly. The salt clay of which the ground consists becomes literally as slippery as soap after rain. The camels lose their footing, slip and fall. They get up, but only to fall down again. And these are no slight falls. The long legs slither to the side, and the heavy body thumps to the clay with a thud. There are pleasanter situations than to find oneself on such occasions on the back of a tall camel. If one has dozed off one gets a rude awakening, if one has not actually broken one's neck.

If the rain keeps on, the clay becomes soft and the beasts sink down in it. They then get tired of making vain attempts to rise. If the rain does not stop, a caravan surprised by it in the middle of the desert is in a dangerous situation. The men may in the majority of cases be able to save themselves, but the animals and as a rule also the loads are lost. This was why we were waiting for better weather at Haus-i-Hadji Ramasan.

At last the sky cleared and the wind began its work of drying the surface of the desert. So we decided one evening to break camp early the following morning.

It was dark and clear. The stars twinkled like fairy lights. The men from Yezd hurried past like shadows as they proceeded with the job of fastening their bales of goods on the backs of the recumbent camels. Now and again one heard an enraged gurgling or the

sound of a clapper against a bell. When the burdens were adjusted the camels were allowed to rise. The first detachment descended slowly towards the desert. The others followed. I, my servants and our three camels drew up in the rear.

It is still dark. With difficulty I can make out the form of the nearest camel before me. But the clank of the camel-bells is heard, and it sounds like a carillon dying away towards the head of the procession.

One seems to feel a brightening in the east. Day is near. The long string of camels begins to emerge like a duskily winding band. It becomes lighter and lighter, and the stars gradually fade. Every detail in the long file is now clearly seen, but everything is still grey on grey.

There is a sudden blaze in the east, like a reddish yellow radiant fire—it is the upper edge of the sun lifting above the horizon. All at once it is quite light. Day has come. All colours appear fresh and clear—the brown, yellow or almost black camels, the red bales containing henna, the oriental dye, the blue or parti-coloured costumes of the men, tufts and plumes of gaily coloured yarn adorning the leading veterans in the long column of Bactrian ships of the desert. The caravan bells seem to resound with a more noble clangour since the sun in his majesty has turned their metal into gold.

The caravan advanced the whole day, to continue, after a rest, through the night. The sky once more became overcast. Only now and again the moon broke through, causing the most fantastic light effects over the camels, that only strode on and on to the monotonous clank of the bells.

Clouds heavy as lead came driving from the north and north-east. The whole firmament darkened. A wave of silent anxiety seemed to pass through the caravan. Even the camels quickened their steps of their own accord. The slippery ground had scarcely had time to dry sufficiently since the last rain for the camels to get a firm footing. And now the first drops of rain fell. The wind grew fresher. If it brought another downpour it would be a matter or life or death for us. The whole column quickened its pace. There is something uneasy about a caravan suddenly accelerating its advance. The wooden frames of the pack-saddles creak, froth drops from the camels' lips, and the bells' clangour is like a summons to arms, a fire-alarm or an execution.

Towards evening the general light effect was the most wonderful I can remember. It lasted for only some minutes. The whole sky was black with clouds, and one had the feeling of advancing under a leaden roof. Only low down in the west, where the sun had almost reached the horizon, was the sky free of clouds. Glowing like fire, the lord of the day cast a flood of intensive red light over the desert. It looked as if the doors of a gigantic furnace had been opened upon the dark, silent wilderness. The camels and the men were silhouetted brick-red against the black background to the north and east. A ghostly procession, a dream-image that could scarcely have a counterpart in reality.

When my riding camel slowly turned his head to the west his eyes blazed as red as rubies from the reflection. But the sun sank deeper and deeper, and night returned to the earth.

PERSIAN FOLK TYPES

When we had completed the return journey across Dasht-i-Kavir we reached the great oasis Tabas, which is famous for its hundreds of thousands of date palms and its magnificent gardens in the midst of the desert.

So we proceeded through desolate tracts via the oases Naibend, Ser-i-tjah and Neh to Seistan.

The Persians themselves enticed my pen in a far higher degree than the country and the human monuments from ancient and modern times. I caught the features of men, women and children of different ages and from different parts of eastern Persia. Here is a *ketkhoda* or oldest inhabitant at home in Kerin Kha at the edge of the desert (71). He is clad in a sort of caftan and wears a simple turban on his head. At his side sits Hussein Guli (72), a ten-year-old lad from Arusun in smart attire and with a tall *kullah* as headgear. From the same village comes also the forty-year-old Hassan Aga (73).

My travelling companions from the journey through Dasht-i-Kavir also figure in the gallery. Here we see the owner of the three desert-camels, Ali Murat from Djandak (74), with a corner of his turban tucked under his chin, and Aga Muhammed (75), the twenty-two-year-old leader of the great trade caravan we had followed through the desert. Ali Ekbar and Mirsa Ali were members of the caravan under his command (76 and 77).

In Torud at the northern border of the salt desert I was surrounded while drawing by about a hundred boisterous youngsters, whose boldness did not, however, assume any serious form. They followed my activities with the closest attention and roared with laughter when I afterwards showed them the results.

Three older men are from Djaffaru. One of them, Hussein Guli (78), has an enormous turban wound about his little felt cap and couple of coils of the turban round his neck. The white-bearded Gulam Hussein in a low *kullah* claimed to be 80 years old (79). Also in Khur I had a couple of long séances. Each model got a silver coin, and there were therefore many aspirants. Among them is the 54-year-old Abbas (80), a real Tennyson type, Faradj Ullah, a peasant lad with a simple face, and the twenty-year-old Taghi, a youth with regular features and beautiful hair parted in the middle of his forehead. From Khur are also some groups, a number of boys sitting or standing by a wall (82), and another bunch who have foregathered at an open gate, while in the background one glimpses some veiled women (81).

Several portraits are from Naibend. All were sketched in the open air. The model was as a rule got to sit in the sun, while I kept in the shade, either in the opening to my own tent, in a doorway or by a wall. In the worst case someone had to hold up a cloth to shade the paper, whose whiteness would otherwise have been dazzling.

An old man from Naibend who had had more of the sun than the others refused to tell his name. He was very suspicious and nearly spoiled the whole séance by spreading the

rumour that I was out looking for suitable recruits for the Shah's army. However, he finally calmed down and was even prevailed upon to expose his face for the eye of the European. As a rule the Persians believe that the evil eye is most dangerous for small children. But in Neh I was nevertheless able to sketch a little fellow who sat with his head on one side and with large wondering eyes peeping out from under his forelock.

To find female models is always combined with peculiar difficulties, in Persia more than in other countries. The women there are always veiled out-of-doors, to protect their features from impertinent male glances. In Teheran and other towns it is presumably as good as impossible to get hold of a female model. Even if there are beauties who would not object to letting themselves be admired from close quarters by a strange man, they would never venture to offer themselves from fear of the consequences.

Even in the country districts and in the outskirts of the settled parts of the country it is very difficult to get them to capitulate for some silver coins. In each of the oases Kerim Khan, Djaffaru, Khur, Naibend and Tabas I managed to get a female model. The first was the daughter of the oldest inhabitant (84). The lady from Djaffaru, Hamideh, was a matron of 40 years (83), at which age the Persian women are already wrinkled and past their prime. Even many twenty-five-year-old women had lost the bloom of youth. A young mother in Khur has just put her veil to one side with her right hand, but her expression betrays the uneasiness and wonderment animating her (85). Bibi Agha (86) was the eight-year-old daughter of an important citizen in Tabas. She was surrounded by the whole of her family as long as the sitting lasted, and when it was over she vanished as silently as a phantom to the hidden rooms of her father's *enderum* or harem.

In the village of Serichah the women proved more amenable than in any other tract of Persia. There I sat sketching in a little open space in the middle of the village, and when the courageous Soghra (88), a nine-year-old princess in rags, had been prevailed upon to sit still until her features had been transferred to a page of my sketch-book the others followed suit, shyly and timidly, taking the model's place with silent wonder.

Here is Rogieh (87), 12 years old and eligible for marriage, Määsum (89), the same age, who is leaning against the crest of a low wall, the lovely Banu, 13 years of age, to whose beauty I was not able to do justice, and another Banu (90), 15 years of age. Here, too, are Masumé and the young brooding widow Sekineh (91), while Fatimeh (92) has spent her life of 18 springs in Serichah.

They were all splendid as models and sat still as statues. But they could not be prevailed upon to utter a word, indeed, not even to indicate with a little nod that they understood what I said to them. When a portrait was finished and I asked the girl: "What is your name?" she did not move a muscle, her gaze remained fixed, her lips were motionless, she did not even lower her eyes or bend her head as a sign of modesty. She was as cold and unmoved as a marble statue.

There was something touching about these little beings, these fugitive and quickly fading guests of the ancient desert. They have no freedom, may not go their own ways, but only follow the will of the men. Under the latter they are doomed to eternal slavery. Mohammed, the old charmer, probably knew from experience what he was about when he shut up every harem with bolts and bars.

LADAK

Persia disappears behind us.

We ride through the wastes of Baluchistan on running dromedaries.

We are in India, listening to the soughing of balmy winds in the mango-trees. Our gaze falls upon mysterious figures of gods from the sides of the pagodas, and we see how the Brahmins greet the rising sun from Benares' quays. Hither come staggering old persons weighted down with years to die near the waves of the sacred Ganges. Here Buddha wandered. All Asia still resounds with his name.

We are in Rawalpindi and are taken on swift horses over the southern chains of the Himalayas to radiant Kashmir.

Astride splendid mountain horses we penetrate deeper and higher up towards the giddy passes of the Himalayas.

I had ridden this way twice before. And yet it is as if I saw it for the first time. I had seen these deep-cut valleys between overwhelming, often wooded masses of rock covered with snow, and had on perilous paths been exposed to the risk of being swept away by avalanches.

Now it was summer. Life was seething in the valleys. The air was filled with the fragrance of grasses, the wind rustled in deciduous trees and cedars. Turbulent and free, the rivers flowed over their stony beds, and foaming white, in the midst of the otherwise darkly malachite-green waters, the rapids rushed over their thresholds with an impatience that seemed an earnest of their longing away from the constriction of the narrow valleys in the Himalayas to the level, remote horizon of the Arabian Sea.

At every turn of the road a new scene unfolds. It would be banal to exclaim: "But this is the most beautiful of all." For at the next turn a new vista appears, seeming to outshine all the preceding ones in bold lines with jutting projections of rock like the side-scenes at the theatre, green woods surrounded by naked violet steeps, and in the middle of the valley the river, now dark and sluggish, now white and foaming over stones and boulders.

I was saving with my plates for the camera, making instead a number of pen-and-ink sketches. During the period of my stay in Leh, Ladak's capital, I also collected a number of sketches. It is remarkable how the inclination to draw and the pleasure one takes in this occupation can vary. Sometimes I felt an irresistible longing to sit on a stone by the side of a path and sketch the contours of a delightful landscape. On another occasion I had to overcome myself to take such an initiative. But it was always a delight to see a sketch completed and to know that it was incorporated with the collection of souvenirs from Asia.

In Leh I equipped the biggest caravan I ever owned. Here I bought horses and mules, here I took seasoned mountain-folk in my service and here I filled the provision chests. It was not always so easy to tear oneself away from this important work and go out to

draw the outlines of the stately castle of the Ladak kings (93 and 94), which is built in the Tibetan style and lifts its walls high over the simple houses and cabins in Leh.

One might draw innumerable pictures of this truly royal castle, a melancholy memorial to a past greatness at a time when Ladak was a free and independent realm. It would be an easy matter to fit in this old castle as the acme, so to speak, in a whole series of motifs. Glimpsed under poplars in the bazaar street, appearing between ridges of rock or picturesquely huddled houses, bathing in sunshine or glooming in the shades of evening or with the pyramids of lama-graves sharply silhouetted against the mighty walls, it would always seem just as stately and noble.

One might also concentrate on details of its different parts. Here is the main gateway with its ornamentally carved wooden roof, supported by two detached columns and two columns built into the wall, these too carved in wood (95).

And if one ascends to the flat roof one has under one as on a relief map the mighty Indus valley, where the immortal river flows slowly along the mountain-foot of the eastern side of the valley. The panorama that I sketched from here is a very tame imitation of the majestic reality, whose bold sculpture has been created by the erosion of incalculable millenia and by the atmospheric destruction of the hardest rock.

Also on this occasion I was captivated by the human beings. Here is Jankit (96), a twenty-year-old woman in Leh, wearing her square sheepskin cloak with the motley lining outward. She has a strange headgear with queer 'blinkers', and over the crown of her head a colourful riband reaching far down on her back and set with turquoises and coral in silver settings.

Among the men we may note first the Rajah of Stok (97), a man who would now have been King of Ladak and resided in the above-mentioned castle if Sorawar Sing had not conquered his country, inherited for generations from his fathers, and incorporated it with the dominions of the Maharaja of Kashmir. He looked haggard and sorrowful and was now accounted as of scarcely more importance than other men in this country, whose valleys might have resounded with his commands if fate had not treated him so cruelly and transformed him into a shadow.

He is followed by a series of lamas. One of them has half-Roman features, and might be a cousin of Pope Benedict (98). Another, Tsuldim (99), with 36 years on his back, presents an unhappy and discontented appearance.

Among the laymen in Ladak I will draw particular attention to decent old Gulam Hiraman (102), a seventy-year-old man who on the occasions of all my visits met me, helped me with divers practical matters and accompanied me for several days when I left. Here, too, are Kutus and Tubges (100), two of my faithful servants, and Mingu (101), a wanderer whom we once came across in southern Tibet and whose rather unprepossessing countenance happened to find its way onto one of the leaves of my sketch-book.

THE TASHILHUNPO MONASTERY

Now our caravan moves north to Tibet.

From every camp where fires burned between our tents, from every pass where our horses were caressed by the wind I sketched a panorama. On the long diagonal journey through the whole of Tibet I had no human beings or dwellings to draw. For three months we passed through uninhabited tracts and then through scintillating cold. Now the photographic equipment, too, was constantly in use. But Hladje Tsering, the Governor of Naktsang, I could not pass over (106). He looks like an old woman, smokes his pipe and is clad in the Chinese style. It was he who in the year 1901 compelled me to go back when I was trying to push on to Lhasa, but who now put no obstacles in my path on the way to the great monastery of Tashilhunpo, south of the upper Bramaputra or Tsangpo.

The year 1907 had passed before we reached this famous monastery, after Lhasa the finest in Tibet, and situated beside the country's other city, Shigatse (107—109). In Tashilhunpo resides Tashi Lama, the Pope of southern Tibet, in holiness higher than Dalai Lama, in temporal matters more powerful than he.

The monastery is situated at the amphitheatrically falling foot of a mountain arm and constitutes in itself an entire town of different houses. A picture in Indian ink, like all the others done on the spot, gives some notion of a part of this temple-town (110). Three of the five mortuary chapels are visible. In each of these rests a Tashi Lama under a roof built in the Chinese style and coated with a thick layer of real gold.

Another picture, where the colours are only hinted at, shows the façade of the finest temple-building, called Labrang. On the stone terraces before this and the other buildings a number of sepulchral pyramids are erected. At the foot of a couple of these characteristic monuments a crowd of monks and women have collected to observe my incomprehensible occupation (108).

From smaller courtyards wooden steps lead up to the veranda-like open vestibules from which one enters each of the five high-priestly mortuary chapels. These entrances are lacquered in extremely motley fashion, the predominating colour being intensive blood or cherry red. On the two side walls and on the wall-surfaces confronting the visitor on either side of the entrance-gate fantastic pictures are painted alfresco, representing the four spirit-kings who are the masters of all the evil flying about in the air and who keep guard at the entrance to the innermost sanctuary and chase away all the cruel spirits of the air.

The entrance is closed with two massive doors of old wood, which are painted with dark-red lacquer and have brass mountings and heavy rings in hemispherically curved shields.

When the lama, who had been charged by the high-priest himself to show me round

and point out all the glories of the temple, had got the doors to swing slowly on their hinges and open inwards to the sanctuary, I found myself facing a high altar — with a different design in each of the five chapels (113). In tall temple vessels of silver and gold, in form resembling goblets with stem, butter, rice and water are offered as sacrificial gifts to the images of the gods. And above them, as background to the altar, is a *cjorten* with mountings of thick silver plate studded with precious stones, in which a Tashi Lama sleeps the eternal sleep.

My cicerone led me back to a large temple hall with columns, sky-light in the ceiling and long benches and table at which novices sat bent over pages from the sacred texts (114—115). It was not easy to sketch this scene, as I kept in the shade behind the columns in order not to disturb the lesson. It was strange that they let me alone and did not object to my presence. But I was already a familiar figure on the premises and Tashi Lama's guest. They therefore went on reading in a sing-song rhythm after the introductory chant by an instructing lama.

One of my pictures shows the kitchen in Tashilhunpo (116). Tea-kettles of copper, as large as round bath-tubs, are inbuilt in a stone foundation, and their bottoms are licked by the flames of the furnace. At the top are seen a couple of cooks who with ladles the size of oars are stirring the Tibetans' national drink.

PEOPLE OF SHIGATSE

During my stay in Shigatse I had my tent set up in a garden on the outskirts of the city, and here were encamped the whole of my caravan and the few animals I had left. Our rest lasted for a month and a half, and a large part of my time was taken up with photography and sketching. I wandered freely around in the temple and took home with me a rich collection of illustrations therefrom. Besides the sketches of inanimate objects already referred to, I also drew lamas and lay-brothers performing various duties (117—127).

I will only draw attention to the young lama who is blowing a *tung* or conch, where the conch is silver-mounted in an unusually magnificent way (119).

Another picture shows two lay-brothers or serving lamas who in large brass-mounted copper pots are carrying tea to the monks, whether the latter are in their cells or sitting in a row in one of the courtyards (118).

From the remarkable dance of incantation I have also immortalized some amusing figures (123—127). They are wearing weird, frightening masks, intended to scare evil spirits.

To these pictures may be added a collection of portraits of townspeople, peasants, pilgrims and other wanderers who had come to the New Year's festival. The sixty-year-old Panjol was a droll type (129). He served as custodian in one of the temple-halls and always nodded in a friendly and comfortable way when I came prowling around with sketch-book or camera.

Here are also some countrymen and their womenfolk from Tengri-nor or Nam Tso (130 and 131), the great lake to the north of the eastern Transhimalayas, and an itinerant mendicant monk (128) and a sort of wandering nun, Mimar (132), who in a melancholy, monotonous song explains the meaning of the religious pictures painted on a canvas. She hangs up her canvas at a street corner, collects a small group of listeners and occasionally gets a coin.

The whole of this droll carneval trooped to our camp. Here danced boys beating shrill little drums (136), here sang mendicant monks, who are all their lives afoot on an endless pilgrimage, hither came couriers, travellers and occasionally a Chinese official, indeed, even the women in Shigatse honoured us with repeated visits.

Some further portraits of women give some idea of the strange arches with which especially the ladies of Shigatse adorn their heads (134). It cannot be denied that these often twelve-inch high contraptions with their rows of intensively blue turquoises are decorative. They are seen to excellent effect when during the festival days the women are assembled in thousands in the galleries and on the roofs of the temples.

THE TRANSHIMALAYAS

During the years 1907 and 1908 I crossed on eight lines the immense mountain system situated just north of and parallel to the Himalayas, being separated from this mountain range by the continuous valley of the upper Bramaputra and the upper Indus, in which also the sacred Lake Manasarowar has its dark-green expanse of water between two of Tibet's most celebrated mountains, Kailas, the most sacred of all, to the north and the mighty snow-capped cupola of Gurla Mandhata to the south.

To give here even a fugitive description of the several hundreds of panoramas I brought home with me from this journey would mean writing a new account of my travels.

Among the coloured pictures from this period I will mention here only the views over Lunpokangri, Kantjungkangri, Shakangsham and Kailas. These are followed by divers panoramas of snow-capped chains situated between those mentioned above or lifting their ridges from the plateau country in central and northern Tibet or Chang-tang, the northern plain, as these parts of the country are called by the nomads. A pencilled panorama done in greater detail shows the series of pyramid or prism shaped peaks belonging to the Himalayan chain Kubikangri, from whose glaciers spring the sources of the Bramaputra.

Let me also refer to some coloured panoramas of the salt lakes filling flat depressions in the Transhimalayan orographic system. Among those that may be specially noted one might mention Lake Terinam Tso, beautiful in point of colour, but otherwise extremely desolate and surrounded by dead landscape.

This sheet of water is a dazzling turquoise blue, as if the whole sky were mirrored in it. The Mediterranean itself pales by comparison. The mountains in the vicinity are shot with shades of brown and red, chains and peaks on the other side of the north shore have light pink and violet tints, becoming airier with increasing distance, and showing here and there eternal snow-fields on their ridges.

When one is on one of the high passes, with a view extending 60—90 miles in every direction, one becomes a prey to the illusion that one is gazing out over sea, on whose gigantic petrified waves the highest crests break in snow-white wreaths of foam. Along the shores of Terinam Tso one sees distinctly in different coloured belts the marks from the slow drying up of the lake.

Wild asses, wild sheep, antelopes and yaks roam on the shores of these salt lakes. Nomads, too, bend their steps in this direction if the pasturage there is tolerable. The more well-to-do mountain-dwellers transport their tents and belongings on yaks, the less well-to-do on sheep. It sometimes amused me to make rapid sketches of the animals while they walked or grazed—in order to try to catch their movements on the paper (139—143).

TIBETANS

From the camp-sites and valleys of the Transhimalaya (137 and 138) I have harvested the greater part of the collection of Tibetan folk-types in my cartons. The great majority are nomads in whose neighbourhood we had camped and who came to visit us from their own tents (144—151).

When I left Shigatse orders were issued from Lhasa that a special escort was to accompany me during the first weeks, to be relieved subsequently by new riders—all this so that the authorities might be assured that I really left their country.

In the different escorts, relieved at regular intervals, I found a rather amusing set of types in characteristic costumes and with a barbaric arsenal of swords and guns. I used as a rule to sketch these representatives for the rural militia in full-length portraits, in order to get down all the details, even to the comical, in actual life parti-coloured and decorative felt boots.

Most of them are bare-headed. Their thick, dense, teeming hair is a good substitute for headgear. Others have folded, cherry-red cloths wound like turbans round the crown of the head, while others again wear a ring-shaped cloth roll or pad threaded through some broad bone-rings like a crown on top of their heads. Occasionally one finds them in winter wearing cowl-like caps of fox-skin, covered on the outside with red cloth. The militia from the tracts round Terinam Tso wore picturesque hats of conical shape and with broad straight brims.

The characteristic way in which the Tibetans wear their sheepskins is seen from the drawings (149—151). They tie a belt round the waist and then pull up the sheepskin so that it hangs round the entire waist like a bulging bag. In this way they get a space that serves them instead of pockets, and is, moreover, stuffed with all sorts of small articles, amongst other things a supply of food and tobacco. The Tibetans also gain another advantage by drawing up their sheepskins in this fashion: the coats become so short that they scarcely reach to the knees, and thus do not hinder them when they walk.

A generally current usage in Tibet, especially in summer-time or at home in the tent, is to have the right arm and the right side of the trunk bare, exposing the beautifully bronze-brown and weather-bitten skin (150 and 151).

The chiefs are recognized at once by their more bedizened costume. They often wear red cloaks over their sheepskins or have the latter lined with red cloth. I have a chief here in the crowd, Tagla Tsering from Terinam Tso (144), who is wearing an extra belt over his sheepskin which is studded with *gaos* of silver and copper, all containing images of gods.

Finally, I will mention some female types from Kyangyang in the western part of the Transhimalayas. These I have coloured—not to produce anything that might deserve to be called a water-colour, but only to give some notion of the glaring colour characterizing

their costumes. Red predóminates, but also yellow and green and occasionally blue enter in the mosaic of patches and fields of which such a costume is composed. Not least gay is the headgear of inferior corals, silver coins and glass beads, forming as it were a net-like veil which leaves only the face free. From the crown of the head a broad roll of red cloth falls down the back, increasing in width towards the bottom and becoming multiple. It is covered with silver coins and lids of *gaos* and shells and reminds one of the head ornaments of the Ladak women.

TIBETAN TEMPLE MONASTERIES

A large group of drawings from Tibet are of a number of temple monasteries from the Tsangpo valley, the Transhimalayas, the sacred lake and the upper reaches of Sutlej (152–161).

Selipuk Gompa at the salt lake Nganglaring Tso is white-washed and its walls are painted red up near the roof. The monastery presents a festive sight, and as its innumerable streamers flutter in the wind it bears a certain resemblance to a ship decorated with flags. On each of them the sacred formula is written. The monks believe that when the prayer-streamers are smacking and slapping in the wind these mystic words fraught with blessing are borne over mountains and valleys to the ears of the gods.

How often did I not find the temple interiors completely irresistible with their droll effects of lighting and colour! From the sunlight outside and from the vestibule protected by the four spirit-kings one nearly always enters a room so dark that it takes quite a time for the eye to become accustomed to the meagre light.

But soon the details emerge. Through a square impluvium the daylight falls in over the images of gods on the altar table. Chief among them sits Buddha himself (157 and 158), unattained and smiling mysteriously, with dreaming eyes and long pendulous ears.

Along the walls one often sees other pictures, draped in silk mantles and each placed in a cabinet with gay, motley carvings (161).

On inbuilt book-shelves lie the parchment leaves of the sacred texts between two loose wooden covers wrapped around with leather bands (160). From the beading of the impluvium are suspended neatly painted *tankas*.

On special tables before the gods brass vessels are set out for sacrificial tributes, and oil wicks burn with smoky yellow flames which struggle vainly against the mystical twilight.

In the monasteries around Manasarowar one sees representations of the lake-god, sometimes in the form of a mask peeping forth between draperies, sacrificial cloths and drums.

The most beautiful light effects arise in the temple halls where the ceiling is supported by red-lacquered columns with originally carved capitals (156). Through the sky-light in the roof the daylight falls in over the columns and makes them stand out in bold relief against the compact darkness in the background. When sunlight finds its way into such a temple hall the columns gleam like glowing rubies, and one imagines oneself transported to a fairy grotto. In their red togas the lamas form silent and dignified groups.

An amusing type was Namgjal Dortje, an aristocratic lama from Tokchu, who during my stay in Selipuk left the monastery to complete his pilgrimage to the sacred lake. He was wearing a magnificent costume of yellow and red, had a rosary round his neck, a yellow wooden hat on his head, and on his nose a pair of Chinese spectacles which only made him appear the more comical.

The Tibetans were always friendly and willing when I asked them to pose for me. The sittings were generally arranged in such a way that I sat on a chest at the entrance to my tent while the model sat on another chest or sack of maize out in the sunshine. The onlookers sat down on the ground round about, observed my work and now and then made little remarks that aroused merriment.

For me it was always a pleasure and a profit to get a closer contact with the Tibetans in this way and get some insights into their life and modes of thought. Quite without intention this drawing of portraits turned out to be a way of gaining their confidence. Well might they wonder what I meant with this drawing, but they soon found that it was on the whole a rather harmless occupation.

In the meantime I got them to tell me what they knew about the country round about and its roads or paths, and also about their own peregrinations with herds and tent in different seasons. They could peep into my tent and see that I lay on the ground as they did themselves, and that the furniture was for the rest simpler than in their own airy dwellings. No images of gods, no burning lamps, a *peling*, a heathen, who did not believe in the transmigration of souls and who would never go to sleep in the Nirvana which lured their imagination.

BAGDAD

We come to the year 1916. The first three months are already past, and we are once more tramping Asia's classical soil. The magnificent houses confronting us with their façades and the ancient arched bazaars in whose labyrinthine tunnels we have every prospect in the world of getting lost are located in Aleppo.

My sketching activities did not have much of a chance here. I had too many other things to think of in connection with the projected journey to Bagdad.

In the midst of my preparations a German major appeared on the scene and offered me a place in his automobile column that should take me via Nisibin, Niniveh and Musol to Bagdad in as many days as I had imagined weeks. And at first we did indeed make very good speed! The great highway, the ancient army-route, was dry and smooth, the cars raised clouds of dust and the desert on either side rose in flat waves as far as the eye could reach.

However, the spirits of the air were maliciously disposed. Before we reached Nisibin it began to rain, at first with a light shower, which was soon succeeded by a regular downpour, and by the time we had got to the foot of the mountains which are the last spurs of the Armenian Taurus towards the desert wastes of Mesopotamia, belonging to the links between the chains of Asia Minor and the mountain systems of Persia, is was raining cats and dogs.

I had at least the wretched consolation that it was impossible to draw, for we were living in wet and soggy tents and watching the hours pass by with the hopeless longing that the pitiless rain should stop at last. But it got worse. We were bogged down by the rain on the outskirts of a wretched village, and the cars sank deeper and deeper into the mud.

We were stuck for over a week. This is the sort of thing that happens when one tries to enter "the Garden of Allah" by short cuts. Finally my patience was exhausted. The lightest car was ordered to face about and was dragged through the mud by Arabs. Little by little the rain ceased, and the road became drier the further away from the mountains we got.

At Djerablus, where the Bagdad railway crosses the Euphrates, I got rid of the treacherous car, bought a Turkish ferry, took three Ottomans into my service and let the great river, which was unusually swift from the melting of the snows and the rain, take care of my vessel, its crew and supplies.

Over a stretch of 624 miles, or down to Rasvanijeh, the point nearest to Bagdad, I drifted with the current in the innumerable, often fantastic bends formed by the river on its way to the Persian Gulf. Over its winding bed I drew a 15-m long map of 65 sheets. One had to make the most of the time at disposal, begin drifting at dawn and carry on until dusk was merging into dark.

Late in the evening of May 5th, in pitch dark and pouring rain, I made my entry into

the city of the caliphs. Thirty years, almost to a month, had elapsed since my first visit. Now I had more time at my disposal than I had in 1886, and I managed quite a number of sketches, as usual, for the most part portraits of representatives of different peoples (162—165).

Among them was the fat and jovial Abdurahman Gilani (162), *nakib* or high priest at the prominent mosque Abdel Kader in Bagdad. When he saw my pencil sketch of him he shook his head, puffed out his cheeks, made eloquent gestures before his enormous paunch and asked if he were really as fat as I had drawn him. And when I assured him that I had adhered strictly to the truth he expressed the hope that as few Europeans as possible should be permitted to see this horrible caricature.

The remaining portraits are of Chaldeans, Syrians, Arabs, Kurds, Armenians and Jews.

Of the portraits of women, all except a Kurdic dancer and a Jewish cigarette-roller are from the French Dominican convent, where an upstairs room with advantageous lighting became my studio.

Two chairs were placed at my disposal, one for the model and one for myself. One or two of the amiable sisters and several of their native protégées were always present during the sittings, and one of the latter was indefatigable in fanning me with a large palm leaf—a not unnecessary service in a room-temperature of 38°C.

The models were of the same nations as the men. Rather characteristic is the wrinkled old Arab woman Hellue Saba (163), who was a basket-weaver.

A whole world of summer heat and desert sun, of the solitude of silent paths and of the mystery of deep deserts glowed in the velvety black eyes of the Bedouin girl Muntehe, whose life-light had been ignited 15 years earlier at Subeid in the south, where the horsemen and shepherds of the Mufarridj tribe have their pastures. She was not beautiful but had a poise that might have been envied by royalty, and she was so silent she scarcely seemed to breathe, and her face, shining like polished copper, was wonderfully set off by her dark blue veil.

From the streets of Bagdad I brought home some fugitive motifs (166—169). The teeming oriental life provides a scene of picturesque and motley confusion. Swarms of merchants, burghers, Bedouin in magnificent costumes, learned *mullah* in green and white turbans, strangers from near and far, soldiers, officers and officials. Through the milling crowd little caravans make their way, loud-voiced pedlars balance on their heads baskets containing grapes, melons, vegetables or bread, and on stubborn, dripping little donkeys the water of the Tigris is carried about in leather sacks.

BABYLON AND MOSUL

From Babylon I brought back only a couple of hasty sketches (170—172). It was almost as much as one's life was worth, among these hot ruins and piles of rubble, to expose one's body and especially one's head to Mesopotamia's broiling sun. Only in the shade can one stand the heat, and shade is to be found only in deep shafts where the view is closed, or under the high walls of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, and it is of course only at a distance, from the sunlit heights, that they appear in all their impressive greatness.

The oldest ruins in Babylon have been excavated under the superintendence of Professor Koldewey and date back to about 2500 B. C., the time of the first Babylonian kings. In the temple Esagila the stone floors of the Assyrian monarchs and Sardanapal still lie in their original places, and there are still fragments of the great constructions of Sanherib, Sargon and Nabopolassar.

First Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt the whole of Babylon and its temples, and it was he who gave to the high walls of the Ishtar gateway the form in which they have now been exposed from the ground to the battlements.

During his life-time Alexander the Great, the King of the Macedonians, wanted to raise Babylon to its former glory and splendour, but he died in the ancient city before he had time to carry out his intention.

It was an unexampled pleasure for any lover of art to wander around under Koldewey's guidance among the different temples and palaces, to hear from his lips the explanation of the gigantic architecture of the Ishtar gate and slowly to pace the Street of the Processions on the same stone flags as had once resounded to the footsteps of Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel and which was lighted up by the glare from torches of mineral pitch borne before the chariot of Alexander the Great. "Behold!" exclaimed the monarch, according to Daniel, from the roof of his royal palace, "this is the great Babylon, which I have built up as a royal seat through my great might, in honour of my glory!"

One of my sketches gives a fleeting impression of the enormous masonry of the Ishtar gate (170), and another a specimen of the elegant and sculpturally artistic decoration of its surfaces (172). Here we see in rows the sacred bulls of Ramman the weather-god, as well as a couple of representations of the Dragon in Babel, "the walking serpent". On the wall surfaces so far excavated their number amounts to 152.

Finally, I also drew the "Lion in Babel" (171), this mighty colossus hewn from a dark block of basalt gazing out from its pedestal over ruins and walls in the city that has been sleeping for thousands of years, and been wakened from its slumbers in our own day thanks to the indefatigable work of the archaeologists.

But the day is drawing to a close. With a feeling of contentment one sees the sun, shot with blood red, approaching the western horizon and slowly sinking behind the palms on the right bank of the Euphrates.

The western sky burns red in the sunset, and from its slowly fading glow a reflection falls upon the hills of Babel. A shadow steals along the pedestal of the dark basalt lion. It is a jackal disappearing into a ruin, about to begin the plundering forays of the night.

A scarcely perceptible breeze passes over the desolate hills and there is a faint rustling among the leather-hard leaves of the nearest palms.

The red glow over the palms dies away, the purple lighting over the hills has been obliterated, the red city sleeps even more profoundly now the night has drawn its veil over the face of the town.

We now continue our journey along the Tigris up to Mosul. From the open veranda of a Turkish coffee-house (173) situated at a little market-place I made a hasty sketch of the circumambient houses, a couple of them provided with similar verandas, with roof borne on wooden columns and with tables and benches where the orientals partook of refreshments, smoked or played tric-trac. The picture shows an arched gateway through which the traffic passes and caravans come in with their goods, escorted by equestrians on Arab steeds.

Through this gateway anyone with good eyesight can discern the grey waters of the Tigris and on its yonder or left bank a medley of small hills. Our observer would not pay greater attention to them than did Xenophon when with his ten thousand men he filed over these hills, which even then, 2300 years ago, presented the appearance of heaps of rubble—if he did not happen to know that these are the ruins of Nineveh.

In Mosul, too, several orientals were eternalized.

A number of Arabs, most of them belonging to the tribe of Albu Segar and living on the banks of the Tigris between Bagdad and Mosul, are included (174—177). The Mesopotamian sun has burnt them copper-brown, and their colourful faces are thrown into sharp relief by the white head-cloth, which is held in place by one or two compactly twisted coils of wool, brown or black.

And here is Bahije (178), a nineteen-year-old Jewess from Tiberias with rather regular features and headgear reminiscent of that worn by the Kirghiz women. Without fuss she sits down on a stool before me and regards me fixedly throughout the whole sitting. She seemed a little dubious to begin with and modestly held her hands to her face. In making this gesture her fingers assumed such a coquettish and decorative position that I begged her to hold them in the same way the whole time. A hand always makes a portrait more alive than it would otherwise be. In several of the Persian and Tibetan portraits I have also drawn one or both hands of the models. It just as difficult to draw a hand as it is to do a face. A hand has expression, character, life, soul and action. For every human being has, strictly speaking, *only* one face, but the hands can be held in an infinite variety of ways. It is only up to a point that the deaf and dumb can make themselves understood to each other with facial miming. But with their hands they can say everything. It is thus obvious that a portrait must gain in life and reality if the hands are included.

JERUSALEM

The drawings here in question are from Syria, Palestine and the desert coast of the Mediterranean east of El Arish. The time is the summer of 1916.

I shall be brief, although several of these pictures unfold for the imagination endless perspectives into the past. What an atmosphere of festivity and fanfares of victory dying upon the air does not invest the crypt of which the first drawing gives a faint impression, and what splendour does not hover over the marble epitaph with motley stone-inlays that rises above the grave of Sultan Saladin (179).

And yet all this splendour pales to nothing by the side of the recently excavated synagogue in Capernaum (180). On this stone floor the Son of Man has paced. He has stood and preached between the columns of which now only the pedestals remain. The blocks of masonry on which we lay our hands have cast back the echo of His words about "the bread of life" and "the awakening on the Day of Judgement".

Here is Tiberias with its picturesque strand motifs and its fishing smacks, undoubtedly of the same kind as those used in the time of Christ (181, 182 and 201).

There were amusing types here. But it was too hot to draw, at least with any sign of verve. In the moist heat prevailing by the Sea of Galilee both energy and intelligence melted away. One becomes slack and apathetic, impossible to hold a pen when one's hand sticks to a damp and crumpled paper. I did manage a few old fellows. Ischak Ibn Ibrahim was the name of one of them. One hears the Jewish sound in the name, Isaac Abrahamson.

One night I saw Salome, a young Jewess from Damascus, dancing under the trees in the single little park in Tiberias. She was lighted from above by the light from paper lanterns suspended from the branches, and she danced with a grace and a charm that no words, no pen-strokes on the sheet can describe. I made a vain attempt to catch the contours of the slender, noble figure—the movement could not even be reproduced on a film, for the essence of the dance was the wonderful charm investing her self.

I spent one day in Nazareth, drawing several Arab and Syrian women, all Christians and living with the friendly German missionaries. One of these women, Sorijah Sibane (183), a sixteen-year-old of Arab descent, sits and cradles her first-born son.

Salem Abu Sherijas is an eighty-eight-year-old Nazarene of Arab descent, Christianized and with the staff of the wanderer in his hand (184).

Next come some pictures of fellaheen from Betania, Sur Baher and Jerusalem (185—192).

Still another day and the Holy City unfolds its panorama before us (193).

I have tried to describe the mighty impression made by this sight upon the stranger in my travel book *To Jerusalem*, and I will therefore not dwell on it here. The atmosphere must be flung onto the sheets of one's diary at the very spot and moment where one feels

it, at the sight of the city itself, its walls, cupolas and houses and with the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane to the east.

From the architectonically infinitely amusing and delightful streets with their arched tunnels lighted through sky-lights in the roof, their buttresses and bay-windows and their constantly changing aspect, I have only saved a couple of sample specimens (194). Here one might stay for years simply drawing without intermission. What a series of pictures might be made if step by step, from corner to corner, one reproduced the Via Dolorosa right up to the foot of the cross.

I have also told of my pleasant visit to the Dalecarlian farm outside the Holy City, where a room was fitted out as a studio to which the models were haled by my good fellow-countrymen from Dalecarlia.

Here is an old Negro from El Fashar in Africa (195), who was the concierge of the Dalecarlians, and here is another from Bornu, a night watchman, both Mohammedans.

And finally we find an élite group of Jews from Yemen, Kurdistan, Bokhara, Persia, Spain and Russia (196—199).

One portrait reproduces the high headgear of the women from Bethlehem and their modest yet beautiful national costume (192).

A drawing from Jaffa was done in the vicinity of Simon the Tanner's house (200). Anyone who lends an ear may hear the waves of the Mediterranean slapping among the boats at the shore.

The last portrait gives the features of one of the running dromedaries that I rode in the sandy desert between Port Said and El Arish (202). To this oasis, known from Buonaparte's campaign, bold sailors hugging the coast ventured to take provisions to the Turkish and German troops, unloading their goods in the midst of the foaming breakers.

Among the dunes raising their yellow ridges of sand along the coast there grows here and there a little clump of palms. They stand and sway in a fresh breeze from the north. The breakers thunder on the shore, and beyond their foaming surges the warm Mediterranean spreads its green fields of water past the edge of the horizon to the coasts of Europe and Asia Minor.

EPILOGUE

It would be false modesty to deny the pleasure and nostalgia with which I have browsed through the great collection. Every picture is a memory from a day in Asia and therefore a part of my life. Every drawing that I have weighed on the scales of rejection or approval reminds me not only of a certain episode from a journey, it is a link in a whole chain of events that is once more unfolded. A glance at a sketch is sufficient to give colour to a milieu and life and movement to persons and animals. I see how the caravan files away between the crests of the dunes, I hear the echo of the horses' hooves between the mountains.

When I regard the Tartar types from Apsheron, I hear the wild laments in Moharrem. When I turn the pages from Pamir there comes to me from an infinite distance the rush of ice-cold rivers from the glaciers' womb. When I turn up the Tibetan types I seem to perceive the murmuring of voices that have long fallen silent. And when I am once more confronted by the temple drawings from Tashilhunpo I am listening once more to the sound of the monks' trumpets and trombones, as from the roof of the monastery they call believers to the first matins of the New Year festival.

A sketch is a *point de repère* for the memory. I never forget a landscape that I have drawn, for I have sat and fixed unswerving attention upon it and recollect all the details from that moment—what season of the year it was, whether I was freezing or not, whether the general mood in the caravan was good or an occasion of uneasiness for us, whether we were short of provisions or had sufficient, whence we came and whither we were bound.

Many of the portraits reproduce the features of men who had been our companions for a longer or shorter time. How often do I not remember what they narrated, what we were speaking of and the paths on which they wanted to lead us. It is as if the words still lived upon their lips and as if only a moment had elapsed since they stopped speaking.

The sketches are a series of milestones between which I am once again wandering in Asia day after day through many and long years.

FROM LATER YEARS

BY GÖSTA MONTELL

Sven Hedin's life as an artist has, as we know, been described by himself up to the year 1920, and a wide selection has been made from this earlier production of his. During the years at home he did not have time to draw—he was kept strictly occupied by the scientific processing of the results from the great Tibetan expedition and, not least, political strife. It is possible that the everyday, in his eyes perhaps monotonous Swedish workaday life did not inspire him to seize his pencil. In the course of his journey round the world in 1923, however, he had an opportunity of making a thorough study of the Grand Canyon, this miracle of Nature, and he fixed his impressions in striking water-colours and carefully executed black-and-white sketches.

After long preparations and hard negotiations Sven Hedin was in 1927 able to realize what for many years he had fervently dreamed of—a new way of traversing Central Asia with a staff of scientific specialists. He wanted with modern aids and finer instruments to make a new contribution to the exploration of the continent. For the great Swedish and international circle of readers he has given in a whole series of books and account of the expedition's at times very dramatic vicissitudes.

I will therefore content myself with pointing out that the very ambitiously planned enterprise began in traditional style. With a huge camel caravan Mongolia and the Gobi desert were traversed despite the constant struggle with summer heat and icy winter storms. In Mongolia olden times still survived, with nomadic life, dominating monastery towns and princely courts, where the ceremonial of empire was still maintained as far as possible.

Sven Hedin's artistic zeal awakened to new life. Camp scenes and portraits, animals and landscapes jostle one another in his sketch-book (203—241). The stressful work of the caravan, the daily rhythm from the breaking of camp in the early morning, with the protests of reluctant, exhausted, sometimes starving camels, to the final peace of camping for the night is what he has tried to capture. In the morning camp is broken (212), the loads are fastened firmly on bellowing beasts of burden, at dusk a new camp-site, watering and feeding of the animals, night and rest (213).

As was earlier the case, it was chiefly the human beings that touched the artist's interest. He sinks, if the expression may be allowed, into the tired features of an old lama monk (205), into the grim and furrowed countenance of a caravan leader (203), into the softness of children and women (207 and 226).

For myself, who with one week's notice in 1929 was sent out to remote Mongolia without a notion of the country or the people, Sven Hedin's drawings from his caravan journey are a source of joy, for together with my assistant Georg Söderbom I came to follow the same route to Edsen-gol, where I was able to spend a couple of months with interesting

and inspiring work. In these drawings I meet with old friends, unforgettable personalities leavened with a frequently pretty hard life, but with sense of humour and unfailing hospitality and the will to understand the impertinent intrusion of the stranger. It is with pleasure that I remember the aquiline profile of Mären (203), with his plait of hair—he was our bulwark in difficult situations. Old Manega (206) was a fine woman, a real character. She knew every animal in the great herds, and she cared for her adoptive children with tender solicitude. Taragan Serdii and his somewhat grim wife (214) gave us the freedom of their camping site for many nights, and here we had the unusual experience of mingling with a small band of robbers, though this did not make us in the least uneasy.

In the year 1930 Sven Hedin, Söderbom and I made a journey to Jehol, the ancient summer city of the Manchu emperors, where the palace and the many temples still remained as silent evidence of a past era of greatness. The year before this I had had an opportunity of making the same journey, on which occasion I had chosen the temple which I suggested might be copied for the World Exhibition in Chicago. This time we stayed for a week, and were able to visit all the half or completely abandoned temples and monasteries. We rambled around in Potala, still impressive in its decay (222—225), an extremely free imitation of the Dalai Lama's palace in Lhasa, and in Panchen Lama's better preserved red temple with the golden dragons on the roof. Lohan T'ang, the great hall of the five hundred saints (arhats) with its five hundred gilt sculptures, An Yuan Miao with the walls covered with paintings, including motifs from Buddha's life (228) and several other temples afforded both photographer and artist full and enthusiastic occupation the whole time. One cannot help wondering—how much is left of all these glories?

Sven Hedin loved river trips, and at the end of this short visit in Jehol we were punted and rowed in an open plank boat down to the railway on the coast (231). The Governor of the Province gave us an escort of soldiers as protection against roving bandits, and we had an exciting trip down rushing rapids in narrow valleys between jagged mountains The chief mapped the river, and when we went ashore at intervals he took advantage of the opportunity to draw folk-types, surrounded the while by wondering onlookers (235—237). Finally, we passed the Great Wall and entered quieter waters, and the trip had come to an end.

In the year 1885 Sven Hedin went to Asia for the first time. Fifty years later he returned from his last journey through the deserts. Commissioned by the Chinese Government, he had led a motor-car expedition whose task was to investigate the possibilities of building a road from China proper to remote East Turkestan, the westernmost province of the realm. It was a period of great unrest, Mohammedan generals were leading insurrections and the expedition came between the fighting lines. That the members of the expedition escaped with their lives was due to the skilful diplomacy of the chief and Georg Söderbom. Despite all this, the journey yielded extraordinarily valuable scientific results and, naturally, a series of drawings by Sven Hedin. Some few of these have been included here.

THE ARTIST SVEN HEDIN

BY FOLKE HOLMÉR

Sven Hedin had an admirable old-fashioned versatility. He was, amongst other things, a good black-and-white artist, an accomplishment that is rather unusual among modern scientists, as the extreme specialization of our times demands precision instruments, and photography and the film, finally also colour-film, are now at the disposal of research. His artistic talent was for Sven Hedin of great use in his work and a source of pleasure to boot. He himself considered it chiefly from the standpoint of utility, amongst other things as an aid to memory. Purely artistic aspiration he never had, as he declared on several occasions, also in *A Life-time's Sketching*. In Hedin's production as black-and-white artist, however, later judges have often found a purely artistic expressiveness that might well vie with that of many real artists, and gave grounds for the suspicion that the otherwise so self-assured author underestimated his own talent in this respect. At the Sven Hedin Memorial Exhibition in Liljevalch's Art Gallery in 1954 was shown also a selection of his drawings. Comments were with few exceptions very positive. In Stockholms-Tidningen Gustaf Näsström wrote, inter alia: ". . . one is here confronted with the obvious fact that he was a very considerable artist in black and white... One admires the keenness of his observations of people, animals and landscapes, but also the swift elegance of his line and the frequently exquisite graphic effect of his balancing of the black of the Indian ink or pencil against the white paper. The observer in his desert-tent happened at the same time to be an artist." In Svenska Dagbladet Sten Selander also showed warm appreciation: "Although he himself by no means claimed anything of the sort, he was without the slightest doubt very much of an artist."

Sven Hedin emphasized the rôle of the drawings as *points de repère* for the memory. "The sketches are a series of milestones between which I once more wander from day to day through long years in Asia".

The notes in his journal often assume the character of strongly personal documents. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Sven Hedin's peculiar *naturel* should be reflected in his drawings, bearing as they do the stamp of spontaneous experiences and direct engagement. We find this strongly personal flavour not least in the artistic exercises of his youth.

As a researcher Hedin found himself straddling an older school aiming at the construction of universal systems, and the incredibly ramifying special sciences of a later epoch. Or rather—he was orientated in both directions, emotionally carried away by the great vistas and nexuses yet full of respect for the advances of empirical research in an ever more refined methodical direction. Not least does he stand out as the great mediator, the pioneer and organizer of the continued work of younger researchers: "Scientific investigation I left without regret to the specialists. For me it was enough to have made the important discovery

and to have conquered, in the depths of the desert, a new field for prehistoric research" — this is one of his many dicta concerning his pioneering achievement.

Sven Hedin's strong emphasizing of his path-finder and pioneer contribution "on unknown ways" made him a great popularizer. And in this connection also his drawings turned out to be an asset that can scarcely be overestimated. Even in their reduced form as reproductions, these pictures, intercalated in the pages of his books, constituted a complement of vivid life to the text and made it more stimulating for the imagination.

Hedin lived long enough to see the rapid development of the techniques of reproduction. The woodcut was predominant in the illustrative art of the 19th century. Bold xylographers achieved remarkable results when — often with incredible sureness — they processed drawings or washes, finally also photographs, for reproduction. It is not too much to say that many of these 19th century wood-engraved illustrations in botanical, zoological or geographical works, travel books and contemporary reportage excel, in suggestive power, many camera pictures with pretensions to modernity. One may well compare, for example, the old woodcuts in older issues of Brehm's *Djurens liv* (Animal Life) with the series of photographs in later issues of this classical work, and find that the older illustrations retain a special value. Perhaps not always in the interest of biological exactness, but as regards the difficultly definable expressiveness which was probably due chiefly to the interplay between keen observation and careful craftsmanship — it was the intensive endeavour of a living human being, not the perfection of a camera that produced the picture.

Sven Hedin often made reference to what the achievements of the old xylographers had meant to him personally. Gustav Doré's illustrations to the Bible, to Dante, to works by Rabelais, Balzac and others were multiplied by experienced xylographers. Doré fascinated Hedin, he became "my master, and I was never weary of 'copying' the gallery of types touched with his imagination". Another source of inspiration was provided by F. W. Scholander's illustrated fairy-tale books. Sven Hedin decorated one of his own youthful sagas with drawings that had a good deal of the atmosphere of the woodcuts adorning the Swedish translation in 1875 of the German edition of "The Arabian Nights" by the Heidelberg professor Gustav Weil. Long afterwards Sven Hedin himself belittled these — as he put it — "unusually unintelligent" attempts. But that he was at the time completely absorbed is sufficiently evidenced by the drawings that have been preserved. One desert picture in Sven Hedin's oriental saga forcibly reminds one of his much later caravan drawings, flung onto the drawing block in the course of his Asiatic journeys, when he sometimes drew direct from camel-back.

Among the surviving pictures by the young Hedin are here included a couple of illustrations to Jules Verne's *A Submarine Circumnavigation of the World.* A struggle on the bed of the sea between three men and a shark, divers among tangled algae and a sunken ship he has here drawn in a style not so very different from that characterizing the illustrated adventure books of the time or pictures in journals of the type "Ny Illustrerad Tidning". For Sven Hedin such fantasies implied something more palpable than the mere pictorial complementing of the literary description. From childhood he had been at once objectively and fanatically engaged in everything to do with discoveries and the exploration of unknown tracts. Some reflection of his youthful enthusiasm and fanaticism was traceable in all his

later work. The imaginary childhood countries of the great explorer seemed to contain surprisingly many indirect hints of coming, extremely real adventures in remote lands.

Parallel with the excursions in the world of the imagination, however, ran Hedin's at an early stage very purposeful and energetic advance as geographer and drawer of maps. As he himself says: "It was not long before I became the prey of a complete megalomania about maps. In the year 1881, at the age of 16 years, I began drawing a world-atlas which after two years was complete in six huge volumes with several hundred maps." This was a "single-handed job" of a fantastic kind. Besides the acquisition of knowledge, it implied prolonged training of the hand's ability to wield the pencil. Long before Hedin, newly matriculated, took part in a month's course in topography under Major Nils Selander he had acquired great manual skill in map-drawing. These diligent exercises with the pencil undoubtedly came to have great importance also for his studies in free-hand drawing.

It is typical of the continuity in Sven Hedin's development that at such a young age he should have combined objective curiosity and zeal for research with a strongly emotional capacity for the adventurously visionary. His spontaneous urge to reproduce in his own personal way direct visual impressions and convert them into syntheses complements his analytic activity. In his book *Sven Hedin. En äventyrsberättelse* (Sven Hedin. An Adventure Story), published in 1957, Sten Selander has in the chapter "The making of an explorer" dwelt on the happy combination of intuition and objectivity in Hedin's creative temperament. The latter's attempt, in the earliest travel-account of Persia, to reproduce in words and pictures the teeming impressions he received is summarized by Selander in these words: "One also feels how from the very first moment he was at home there. The water-carriers with their leather sacks, the mule drivers, the women with black veils before their faces, the starving, scruffy dogs, the noise of the coppersmiths' hammers from the bazaars, the money-changers in their booths and the begging dervishes at the street-corners, the black, long-horned buffaloes before creaking carts, the street-pedlars, the camel caravans—all this moved in an atmosphere of Bible and saga and prehistoric primitiveness, which he breathed in with a feeling of instinctive familiarity. Here he had suddenly come to his realm, to Asia."

This says something essential about Sven Hedin's relation to his motifs. His instinctively sure grip of the remote, of the vistas, of the desert terrain and of the directions and trends of mountain ranges is that of the cartographer, but also of the visionary and the dreamer. The mountain panoramas he studied with the eyes of the geographer and the geologist might also be seen and valued as artistic visions. Hedin never attempted with any form of expressive emphasis to over-stress the majestic might of what he beheld, it sufficed for him to give as clear and concise an account of what he saw as possible, but he nevertheless imparted to the picture a surplus of purely personal experience. In 1885 he made, inter alia, a view of the mountains in Kazbek in the Caucasus which shows a largeness in the representation of Nature reminiscent of the values of the Chinese artists. It is in such things one seems to recognize the lessons from Doré. In all their exactness some of Hedin's mountain views can remind one of Doré's majestic vistas for the Purgatory suite in Dante's Divinia Commedia!

But he was fascinated also by what was nearer and full of movement in folk life. On the

journey to Persia in 1885 he began almost at once to fill his sketch-book with lively annotations. The Russian railway platform in Rjasan was one of the motifs, followed up by a number of other sketches from the journey through Russia. In the little Caucasian town of Vladikavkaz he found fresh motifs, and in Balakhany he draw a resting camel. In the spring of the year 1886 there come a whole series of impressionistically vivid studies of folk life, street scenes and architecture in Persia. The pictures of ruins in Persepolis, including Xerxes' colonnade, the royal mosque in Isfahan and the views from Shiraz and Bagdad testify that on his first eastern journey he was certainly more industrious with the pen than most artists travelling abroad. The drawings bear the stamp of sensibility and soft, almost nervous mobility—he flings himself at all this wealth of experience with a kind of impatient voraciousness.

Among the drawings from the year 1886 we also find portrait studies. And in the year 1887 Hedin signs an exquisite pencil sketch of Aga Muhammed Hassan, a merchant of Kermanshah and a generous host and patron during Hedin's excursions to Kermanshah. This was not the last time Hedin was to try his skill as a portraitist. In the subsequent years he delineated a great number of his Asiatic friends, assistants and servants.

After some study-years in Sweden and Germany Sven Hedin returned to Persia in the year 1890. New sequences and drawings followed, including fine full-figure studies and portraits. A specimen is the beautiful drawing of the turbaned youth holding a tame raven on his outstretched hand. A number of drawings were done in Meshhed, and the ruin of the mosque of the 40 columns was sketched in Damgan.

Hedin's style of drawing still shows a tender, somewhat "cautious" execution with a wealth of detail. He himself is unsentimentally aware of this, which he evidently felt as a defect: "It should be noted that these portrait studies from 1890 are done with greater attention to detail and drawing than the samples in the collections from later years. The fine art lies precisely in extracting what is characteristic in a face with some few strong strokes of the pencil. In the older pictures here in question one misses the boldness required for this. "When executing them I was more concerned to get a good likeness and to use a careful and elegant technique. That I failed also in this intention is another matter." As has already been pointed out, Hedin was very self-critical as regards his earlier achievements. Posterity has found him unnecessarily modest on this count. The youthful sensibility in the early drawings from Asia makes up for what they may possibly lack in force.

It is interesting to note that about the year 1890 Sven Hedin begins to realize the importance of simplification, which was also observed by the painters in the Artists' Association at that time. When in 1890 he draws a caravan on the summer journey in the Elburz Mountains he tries out precisely the few and forceful strokes he thinks are missing in his art. And in the same year he signs a drawing from Demavend at an altitude of 4,000 meters which is simply monumental in its simplification of mass-effect and contour. The portrait studies of Ali and Kerbelai Tagi, his guides on Demavend, have the purity and sharpness of Indian portraiture.

In the years 1893—96 many of Sven Hedin's most fantastic drawings see the light. He is becoming increasingly sure in the rapid handling of the pencil. It was a matter of catching the flying moment. Hedin became more and more the impressionist seeking instantaneous

movement and instantaneous life. With forceful strokes he summarizes landscape structures, camp scenes and caravans. Drawings from Kashgar, from Pamir, from Khotan and Keriya show him as an observer of high artistic value. Pictures from plateau deserts, salt lakes and mountain rivers alternate with reproductions of wild yak, wild asses and philosophically meditating camels. The Mongol portraits sparkle with life and character. During the trying journey through the desert to Lop-nor in 1896 he was riding a Bactrian camel whose portrait is included in the collection of drawings. It was a scientist and explorer who gazed at the reality gliding past, but was it not also a *primitive*, a visionary from the caves of the first hunters? "I never wearied of regarding the wild asses with their slender forms and elegant movements, the antelopes with their lithe, elastic bounds and their swift flight. When they fled, they seemed scarcely to touch the ground with their feet"—thus writes Hedin in *Campaigns of Conquest in Tibet*, and a good many of the pictures in this splendidly youthful book are reminiscent of cave paintings and other hunter's art without any conscious "imitation" on Hedin's part.

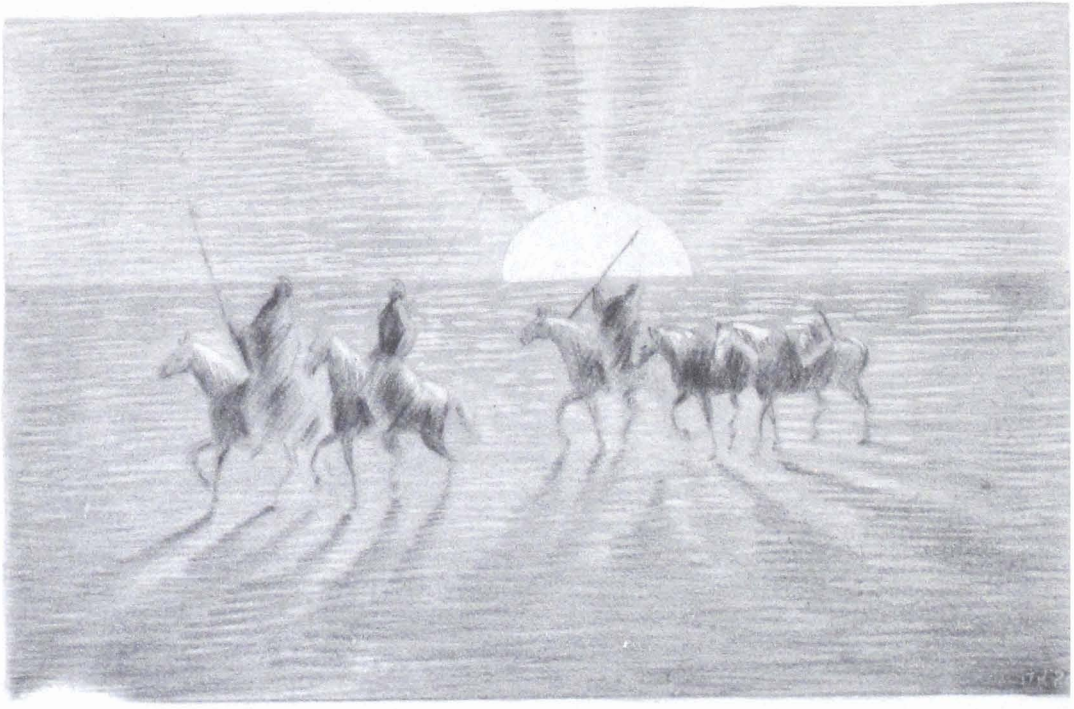
In the course of his second great journey through Asia in the years 1899—1902, as also during the next expedition in the years 1906—09 in central Tibet, Hedin further developed his swift, pulsing style of drawing. In the year 1906 he drew, inter alia, the royal castle in Leh, the capital of Ladak, the entire building, as well as details, but also the view, which captivated him. In 1907 he signed the fantastic drawings from Tashilhunpo, amongst others the pictures of temple buildings on stone terraces, of monastic courtyards and halls filled with altar tables, images of gods and other ritual objects. The numerous Tibetan folk-types he drew during the years 1907—08 give the impression of being caught in instantaneous studies—Hedin had now achieved the boldness of line he missed in earlier works.

Bagdad, Babylon, Jerusalem—in different towns and countries he finds thousands of new motifs in the subsequent years. Especially the drawings from the year 1916 with portrait studies of different oriental types are characterized by psychological penetration and artistic awareness —they sometimes remind one of Nils Dardel's studies of types in Mexico and Guatemala. He did not despise the possibilities of the camera, this gradually assumed importance for his research work, but he came closer to life with his pencil.

Finally, it is always the universal Hedin oriented towards the whole of mankind that throughout his life tells us of his adventures with youthful enthusiasm. And pen, pencil and paper become his obedient servants. "It is as if the sheet of paper itself, which was also in the distant country, retained something of its light and its air, and were a document of more genuineness than the sheet whose surface has never been illumined by the eastern sun, never been caressed by the shade in whose shelter the artist worked for a while."

DRAWINGS

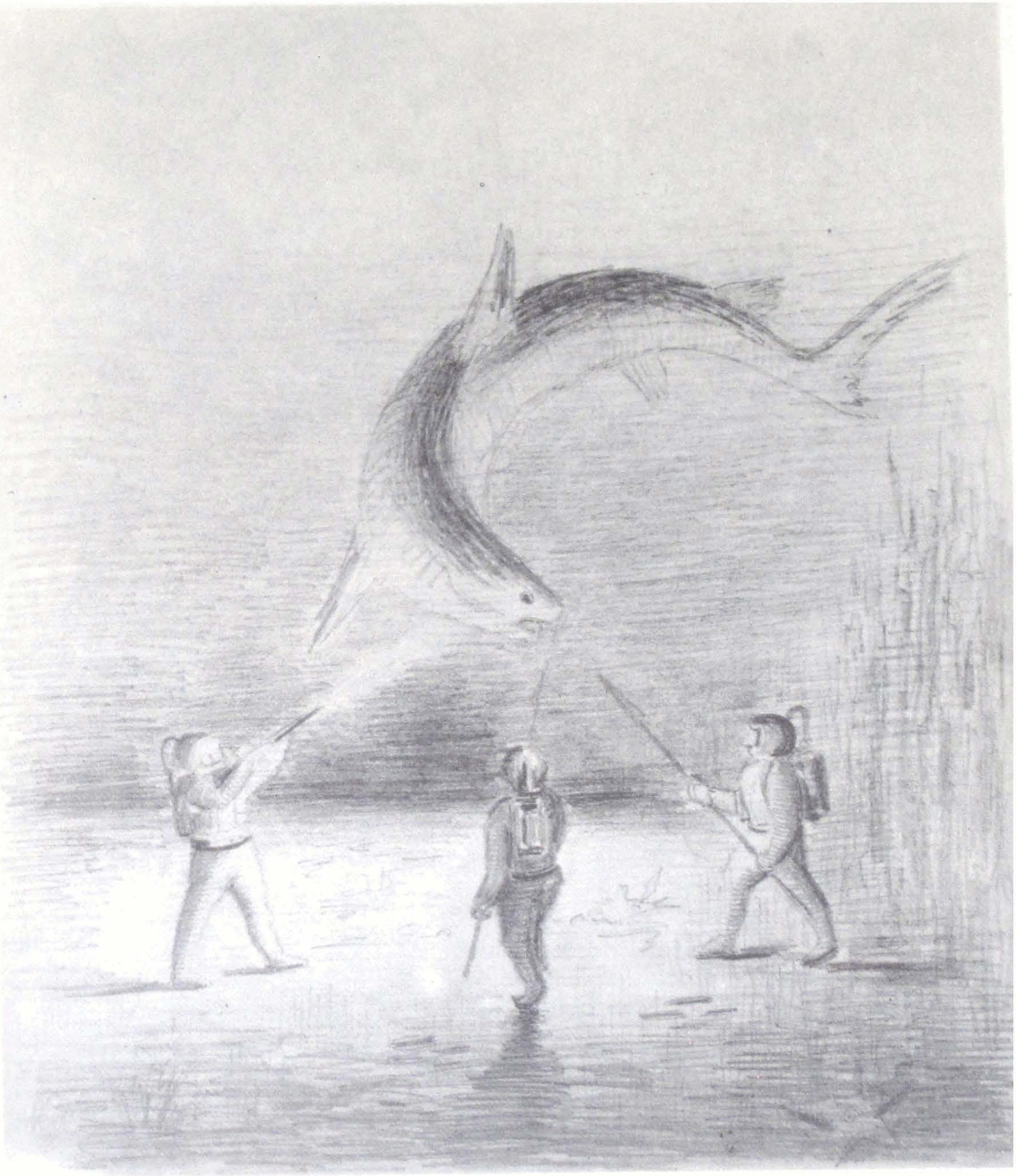
1



2

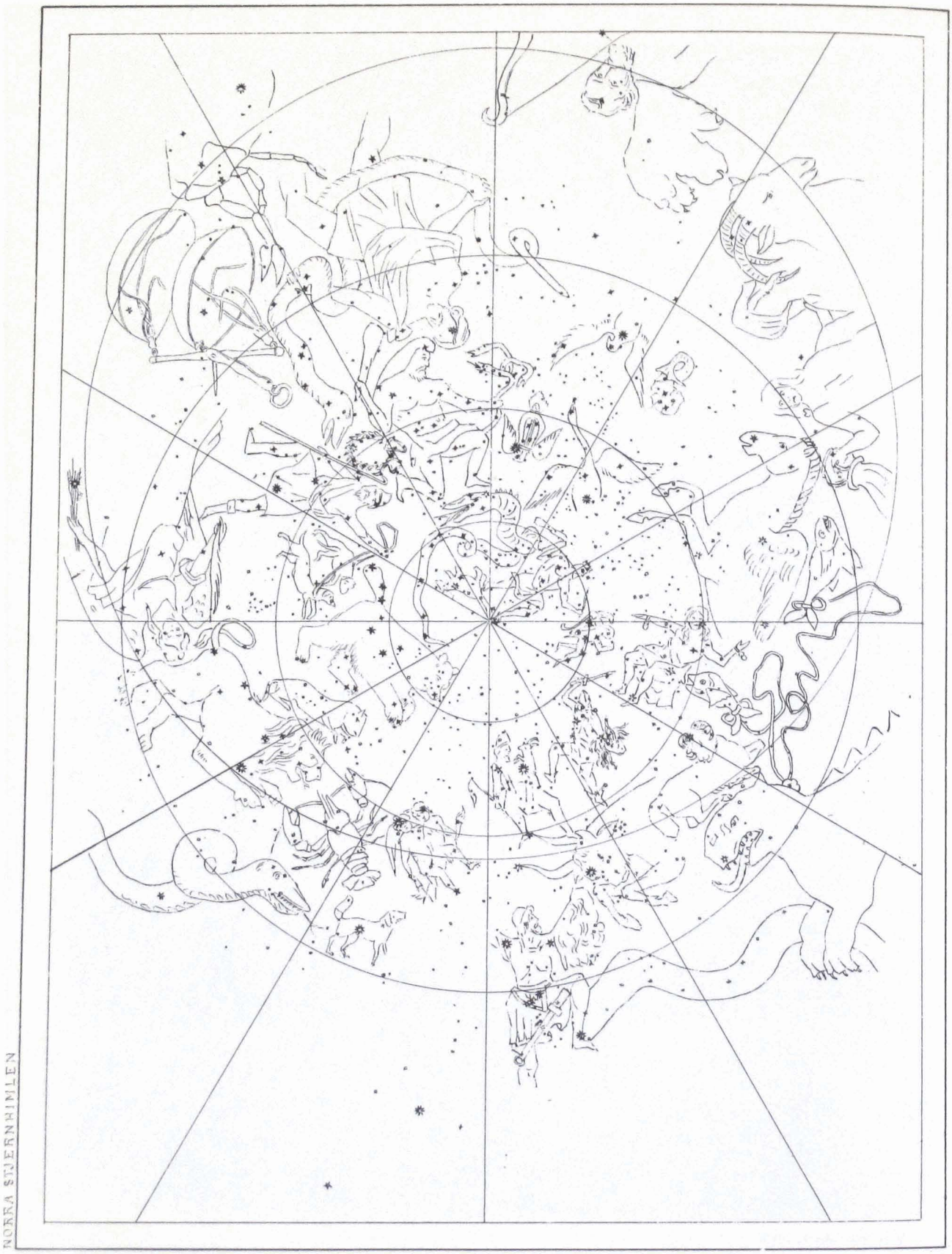
1 and 2. Head-piece and tail-piece to Arab-el-Cid. 1882.

3. Divers at work on sea-bed.



4

4. Man versus shark. 1880.



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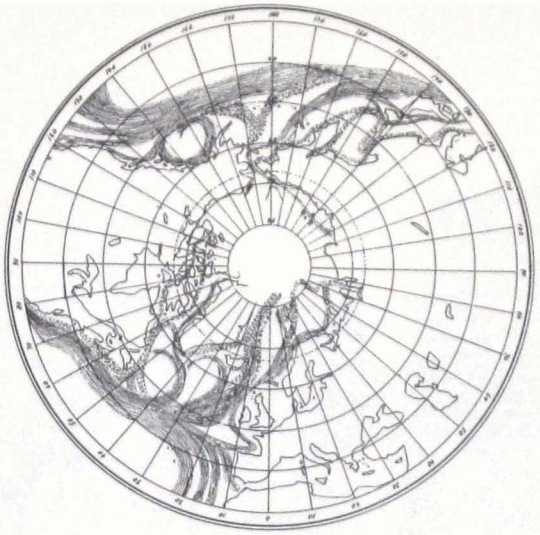
5. Sky in northern hemisphere. From Geographical Atlas I. 1881.



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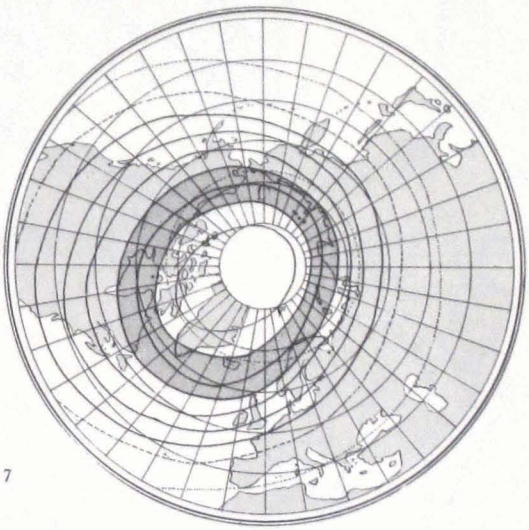
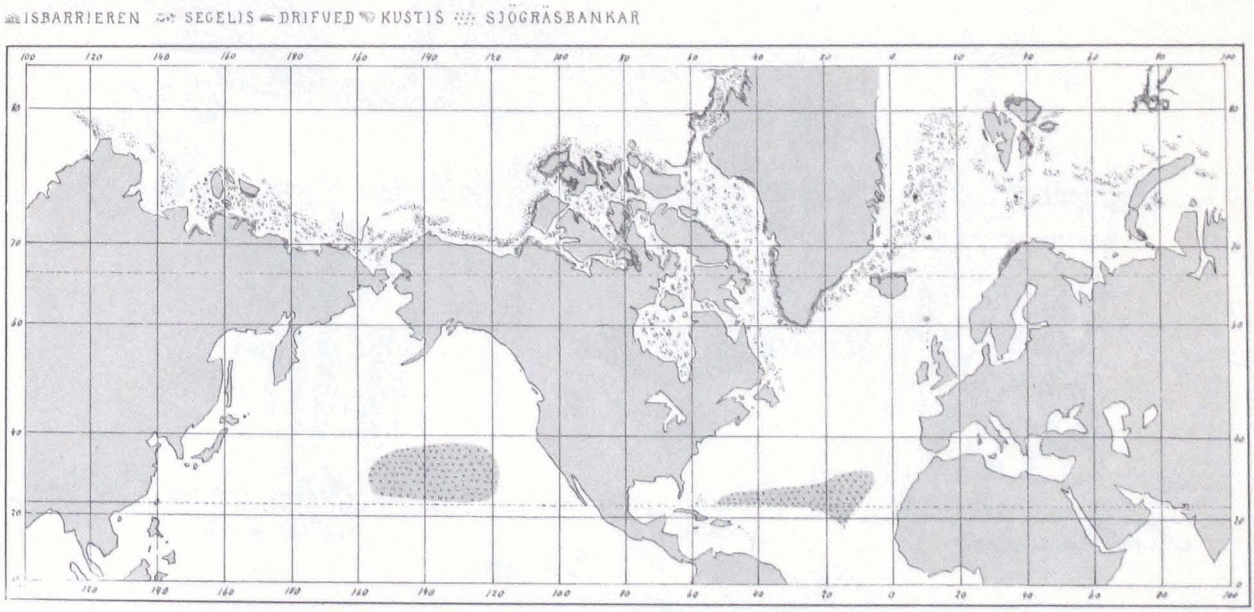
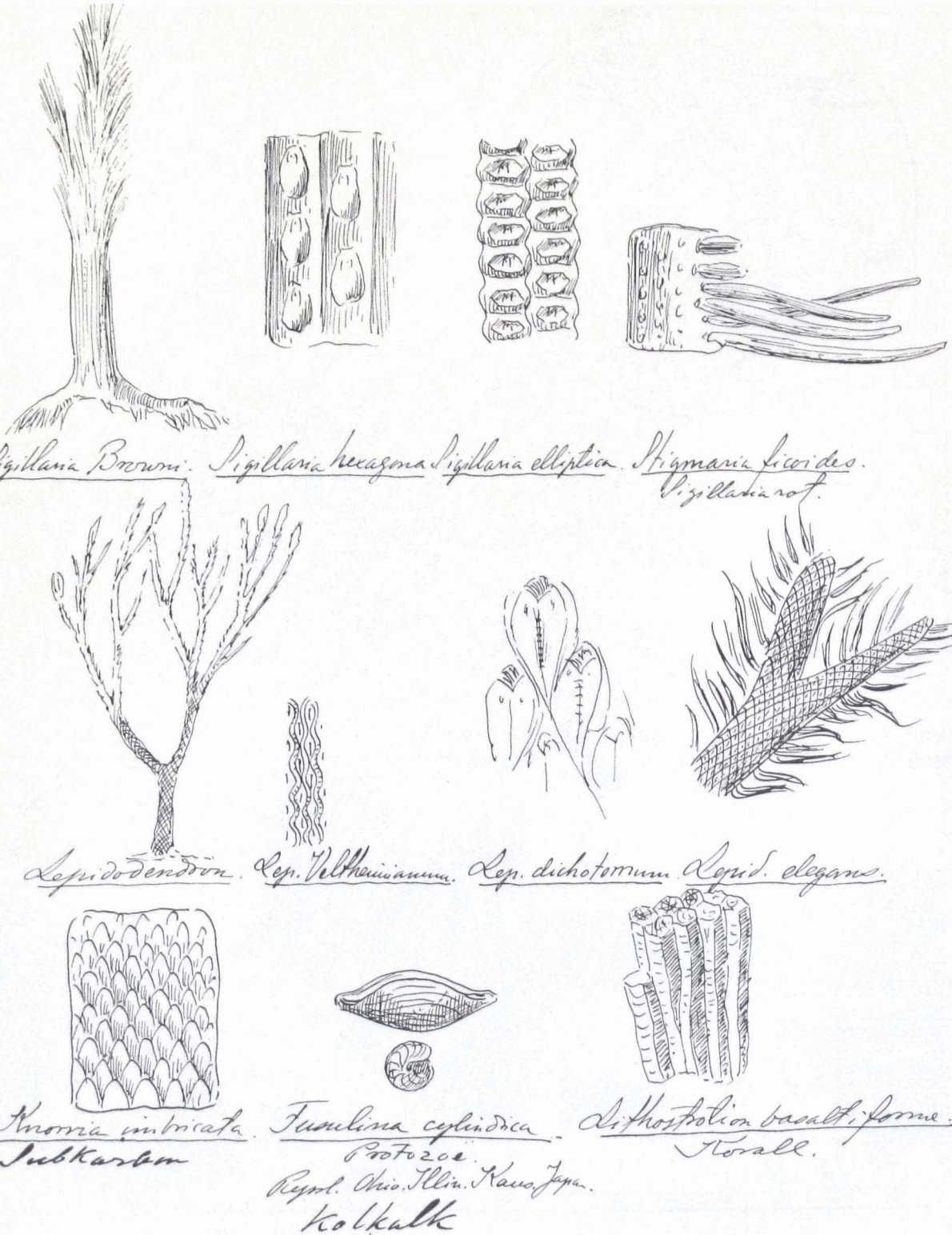


7



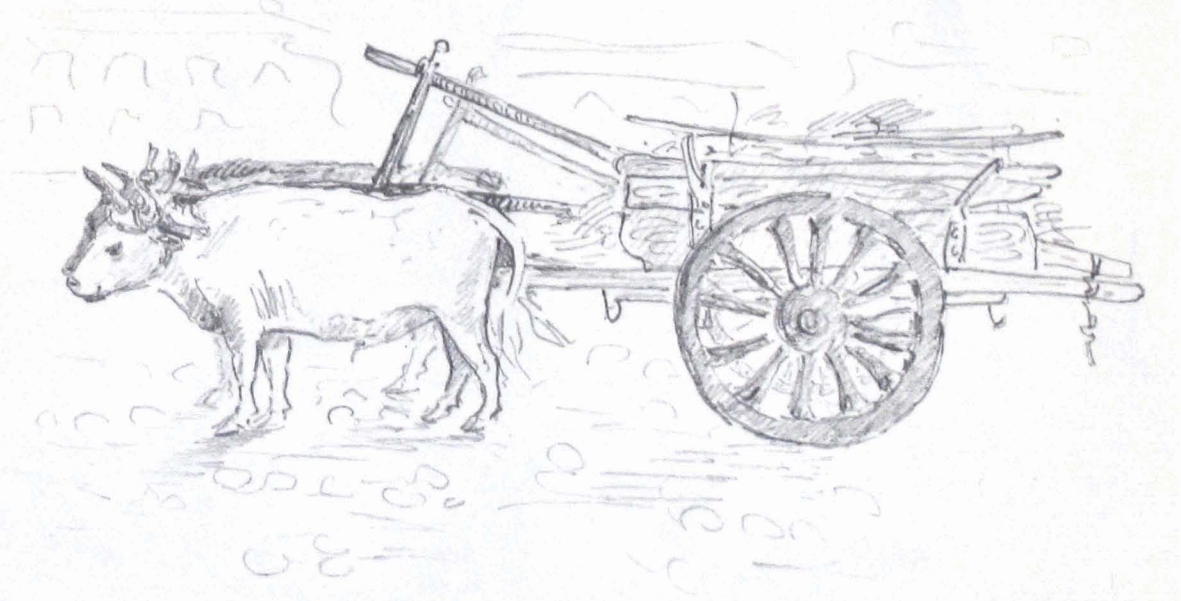
8

6—8. From Geographical Atlas II. 1881.



9. Index fossils. From Geographical Atlas VI. 1883.

10



11

10. Railway station in Ryazan. 1885.

11. Ox-waggon. Vladikaukas. 1885.

12

13

14

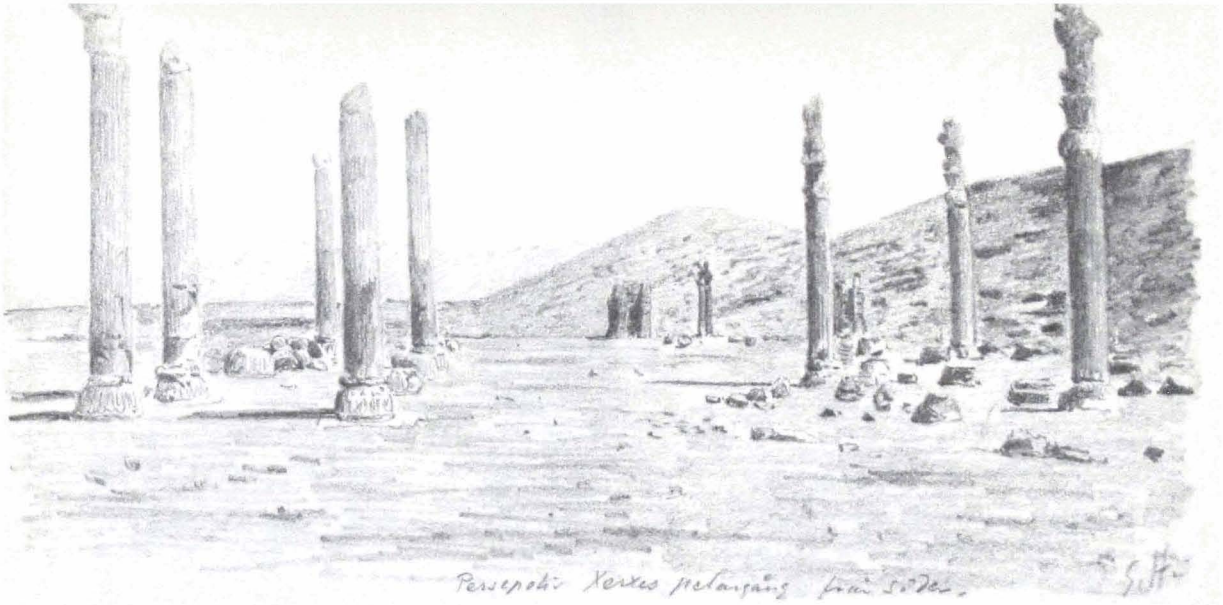
15

12. Armenian boy. Vladikaukas. 1885.

13. Siba Maschtase. Gipsy girl, 8 years old. 1885.

14. Bichir Buh. Gipsy boy, 6 years old. Balakani 1885.

15. Aga Hassan, rich Bagdad merchant. 1887.



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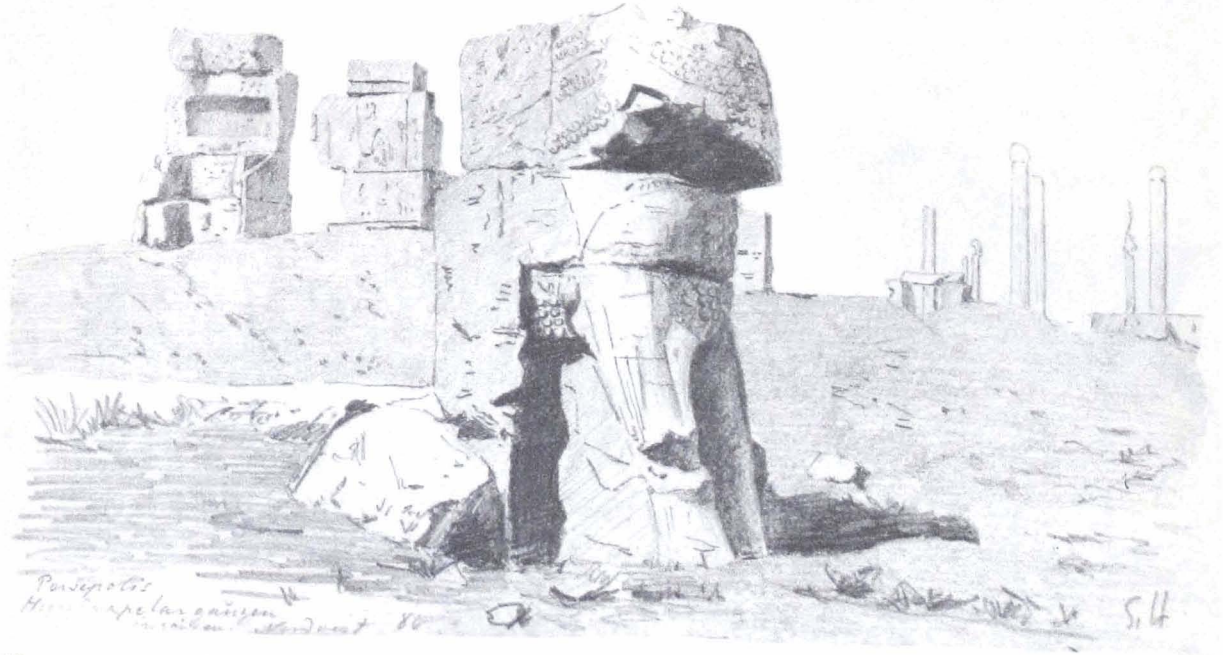
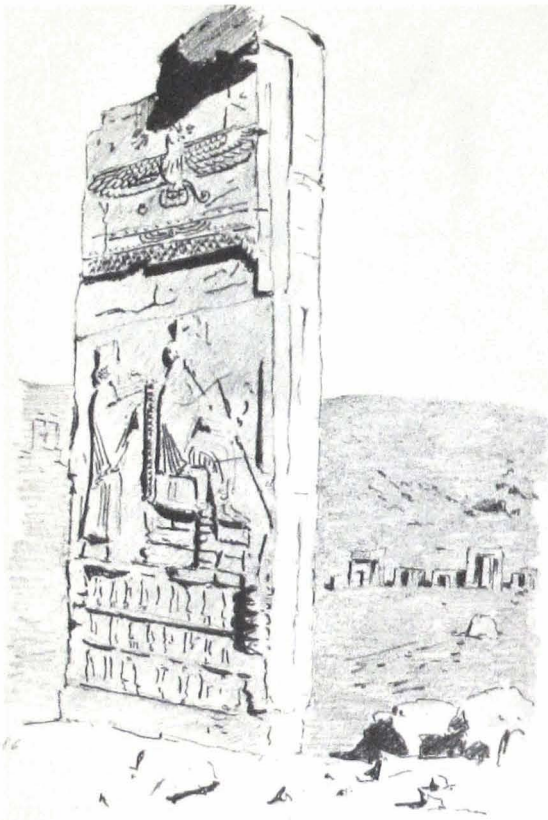


17

16. Xerxes' colonnade. Persepolis 1886.

17. Colonnade of the hundred pillars. Persepolis 1886.



18

19

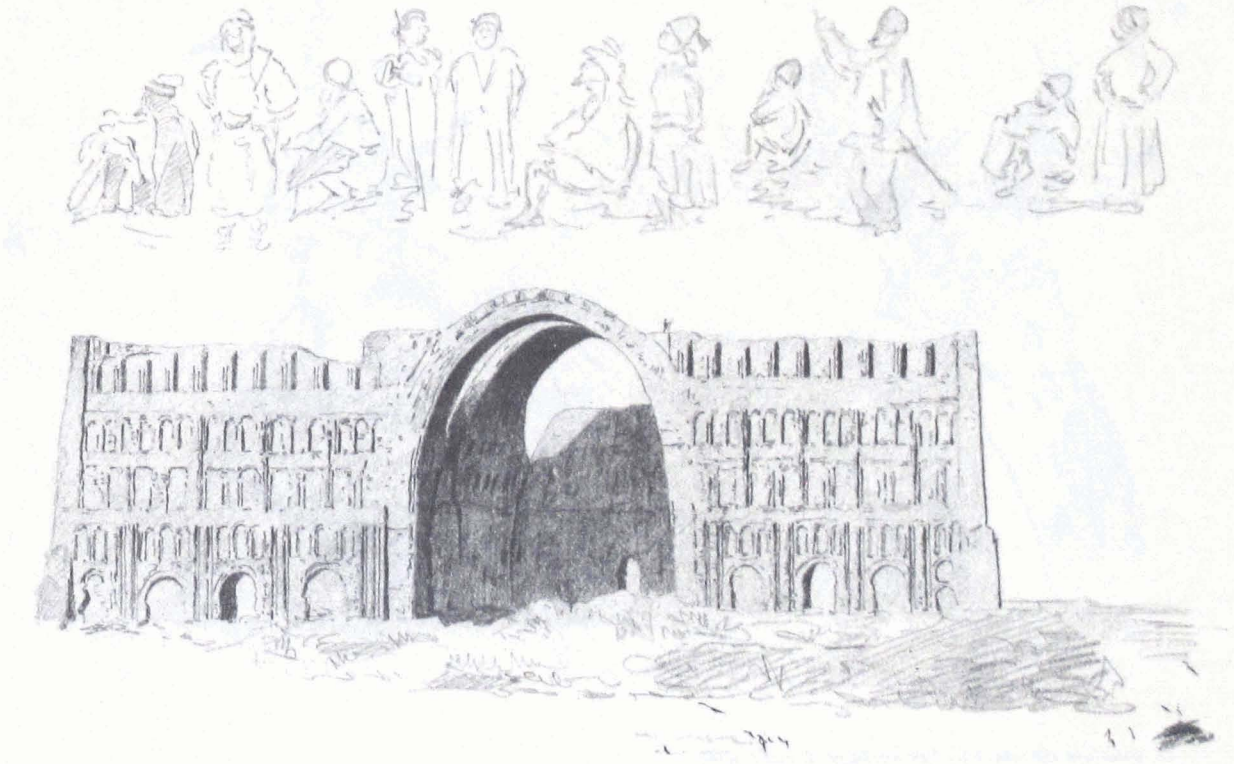
20

18. Part of the central building. Persepolis 1886.

19. Man killing a lion. Relief in Persepolis. 1886.

20. Palace of Artaxerxes III. Detail with cuneiform writing, horse and lion. Persepolis 1886.

21



22

21. Propylaea. Persepolis 1886.

22. Ktesifon's castle ruins and Persian folk-types.

23

24

25

26

23. Khosro of the sect of the fire-worshippers. Persia 1890.

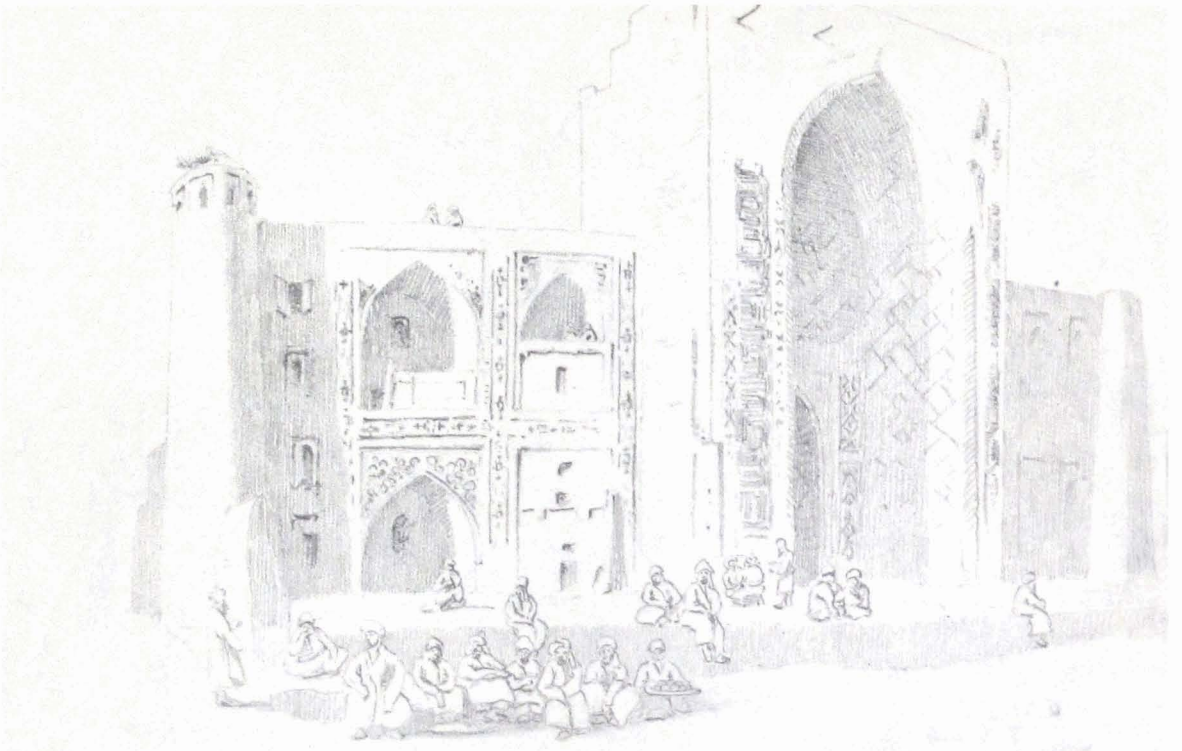
24. Ali Mamid, Tartar wrestler. Persia 1890.

25. Rausul, mollah. Sabsevar 1890.

26. Kirghiz woman and child. Persia 1890.

27

27. Turkoman market. Merv 1890.



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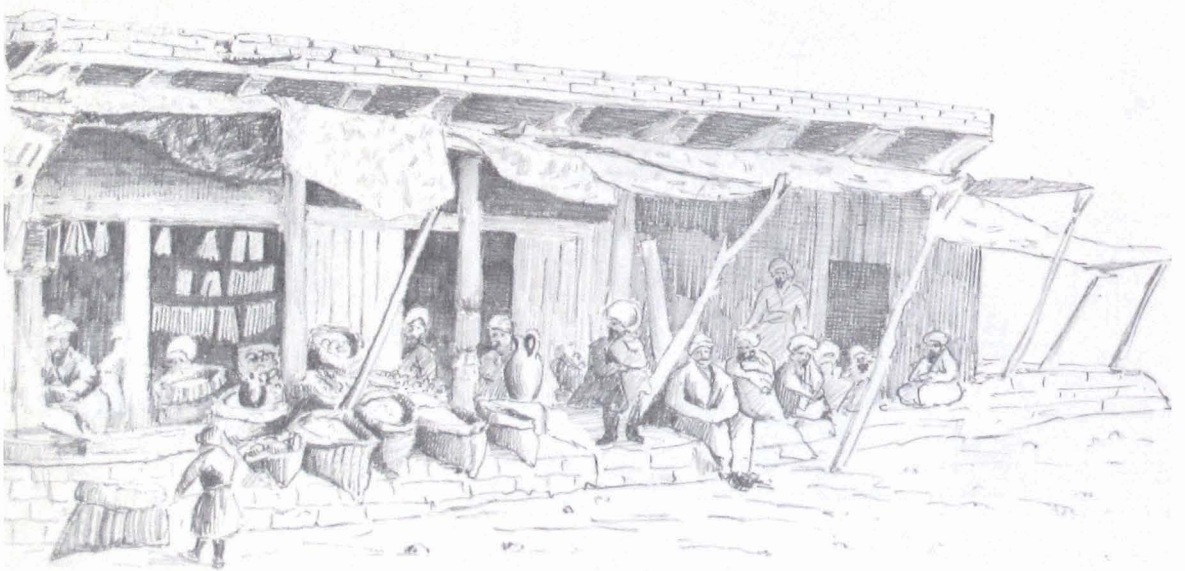
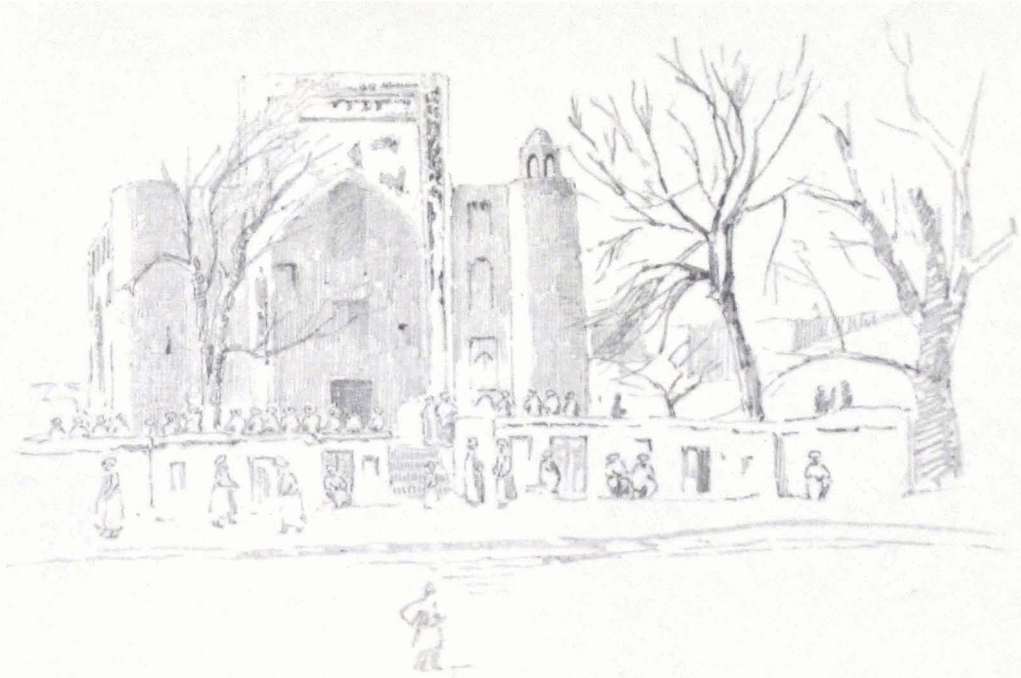


9

28. Mirsa Ullug Bek's madrasa. Bokhara 1890.

29. Bazaar. Bokhara 1890.

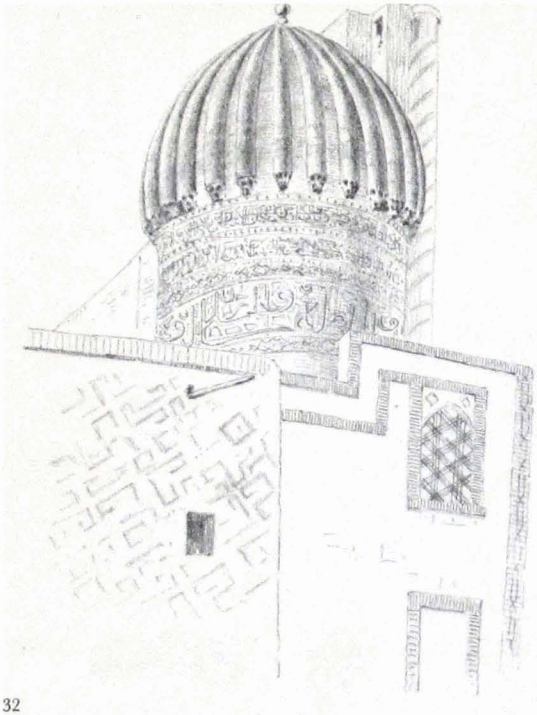


30

31

30. Façade of the Divan Begi mosque. Bokhara 1890.

31. Mosque of Chanekah-i-Kalan. Bokhara 1890.



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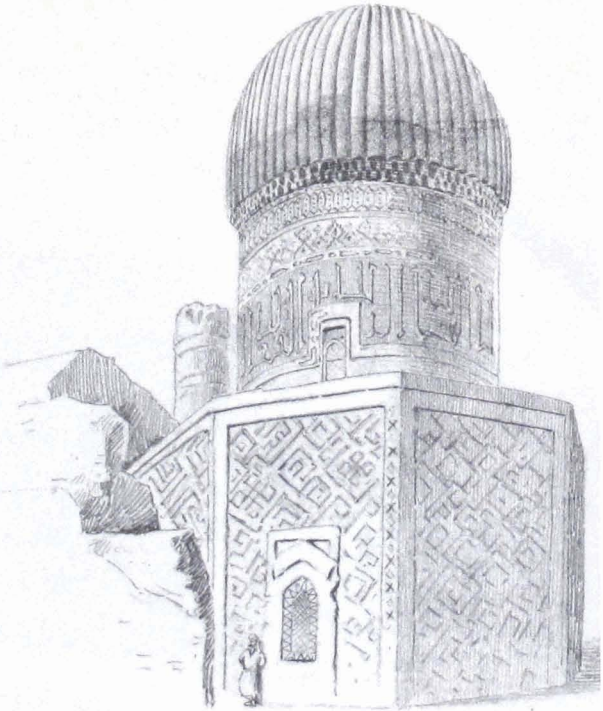
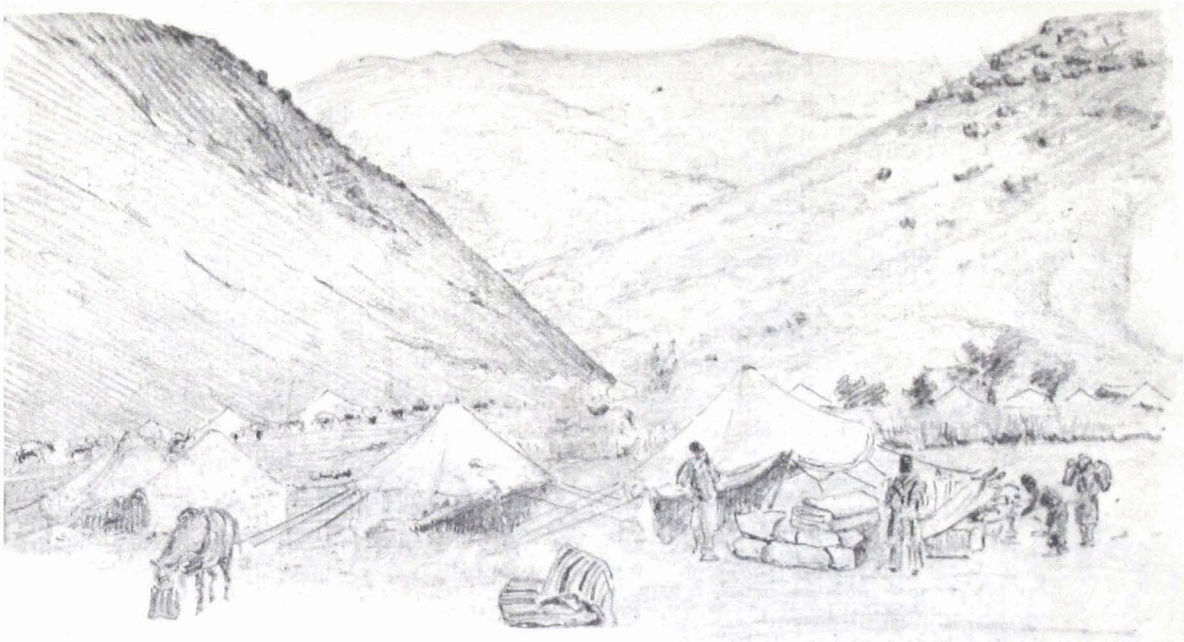


33

32. Tjirdar's madrasa. Samarkand.

33. Timur-lenk's burial mosque. Samarkand 1890.



34

35

34. Camp scene. Persia 1890.

35. Interior of Kirghiz tent. 1890.

36. Mollah Choat Bi, 85 years, and Taoka. Folk-types at the Black Sea. Askaleh 1890.

37

37. Mollah with hunting falcon, Kashgar 1890.

8

39

38. Commandant Fou Tjan, Manchu. Kashgar 1890.

39. Chinese soldier. Kashgar 1890.

40. Jewish woman. Afghanistan 1890.

41

41. Sultan Murad Baj. Kokan 1890.

42

42. The bazaar in Kokan. 1890.

43

44

43. Camel caravan. Karchi 1890.

44. Camel caravan. Kashgar 1890.

45

46

47

45. Boys. 1890.

46. Sleeping Kirghiz boy. 1891.

47. Tokda Baj Bek. Kirghiz chief, 44 years. Su-bashis aul 1894.

48. The Chinese commandant in Tash-Kurghan. Pamir 1895.

49

50

49. View towards Kandshat. Chunserab 1859.

50. Sand dunes. 1895.

51

52

51 and 52. Lop-nor 1896.

53

54

55

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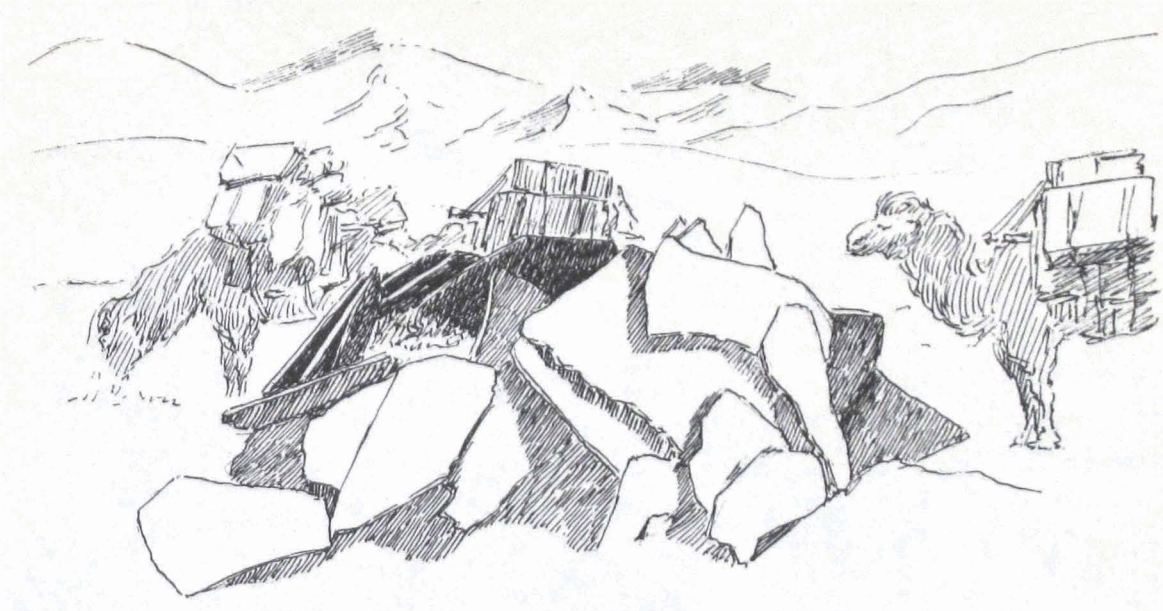
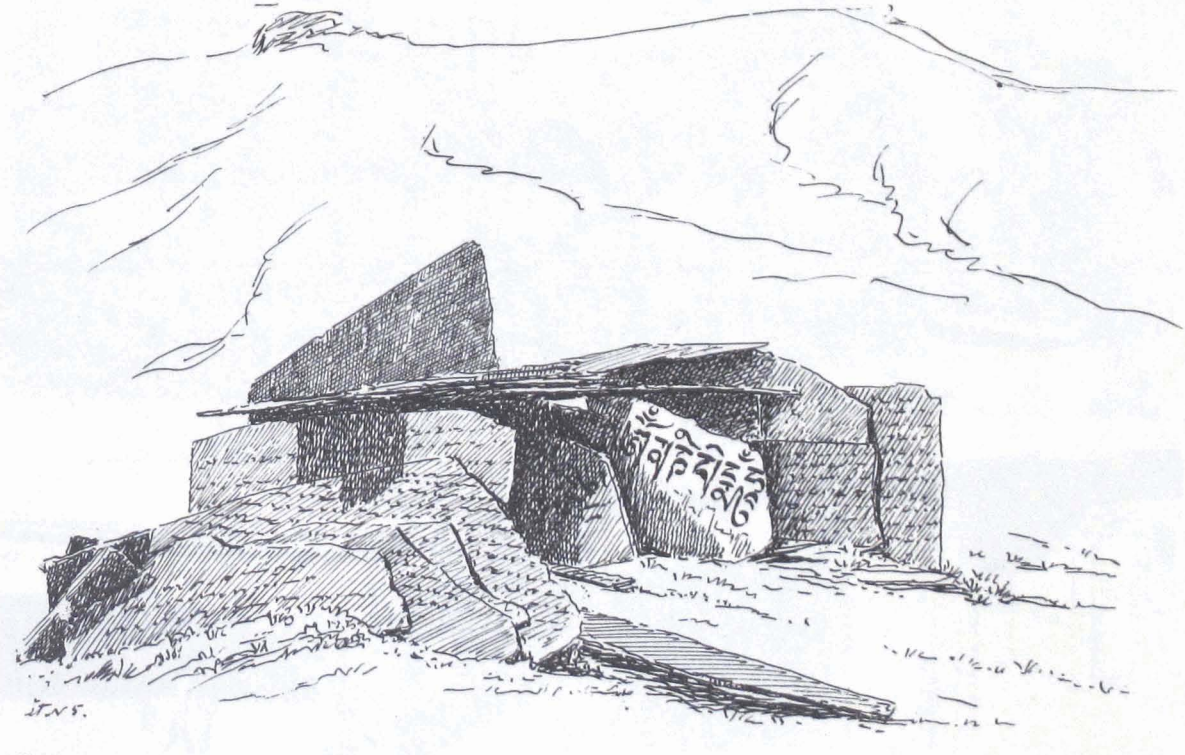
57

53 and 54, 56 and 57. Men from Lop-nor. 1896.

55. Head of camel. 1896.

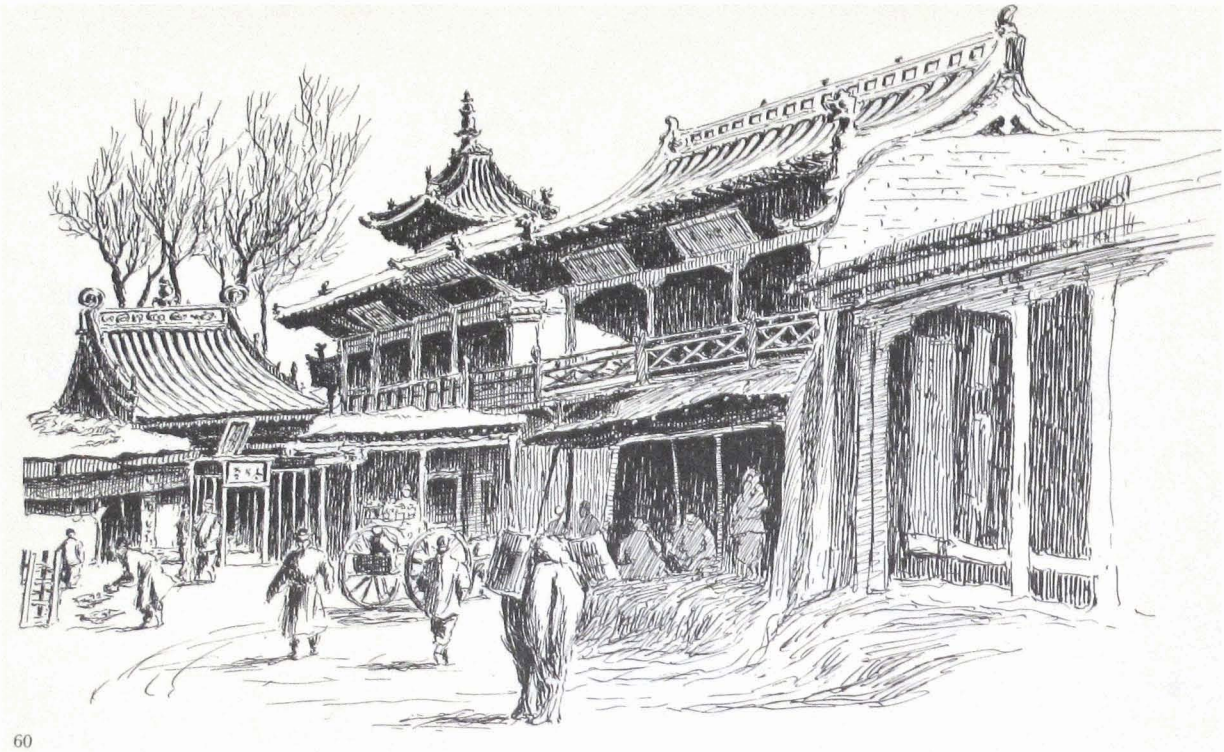


58

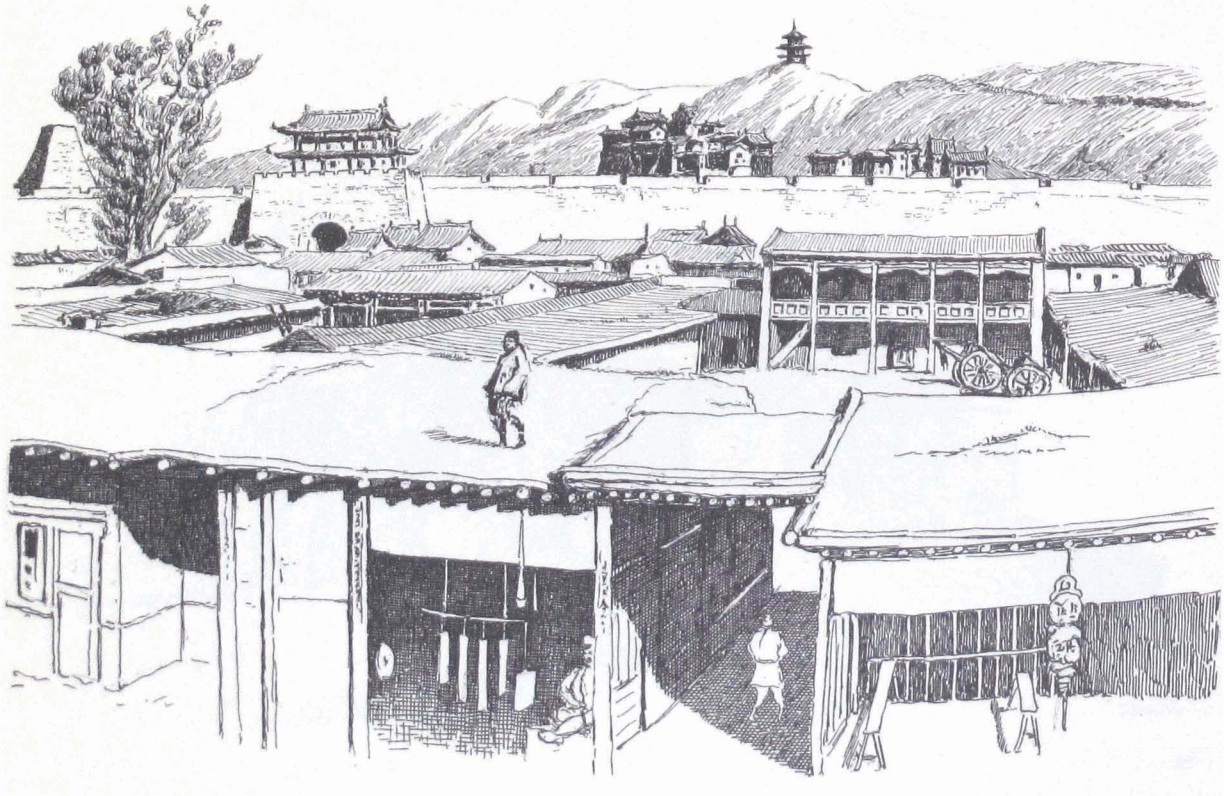


59

58 and 59. Cairns with mani stones. Northern Tibet 1896.



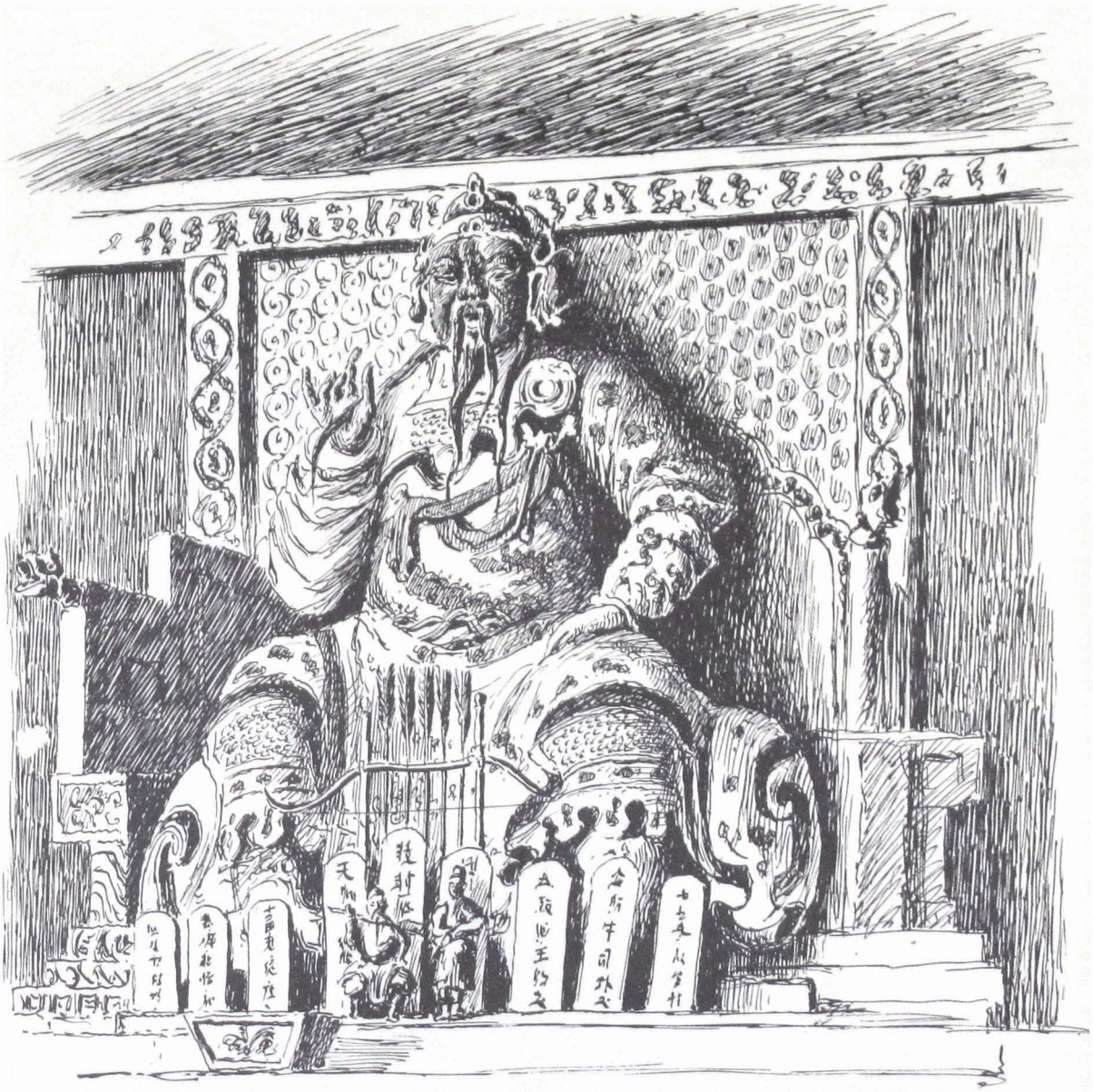
60



61

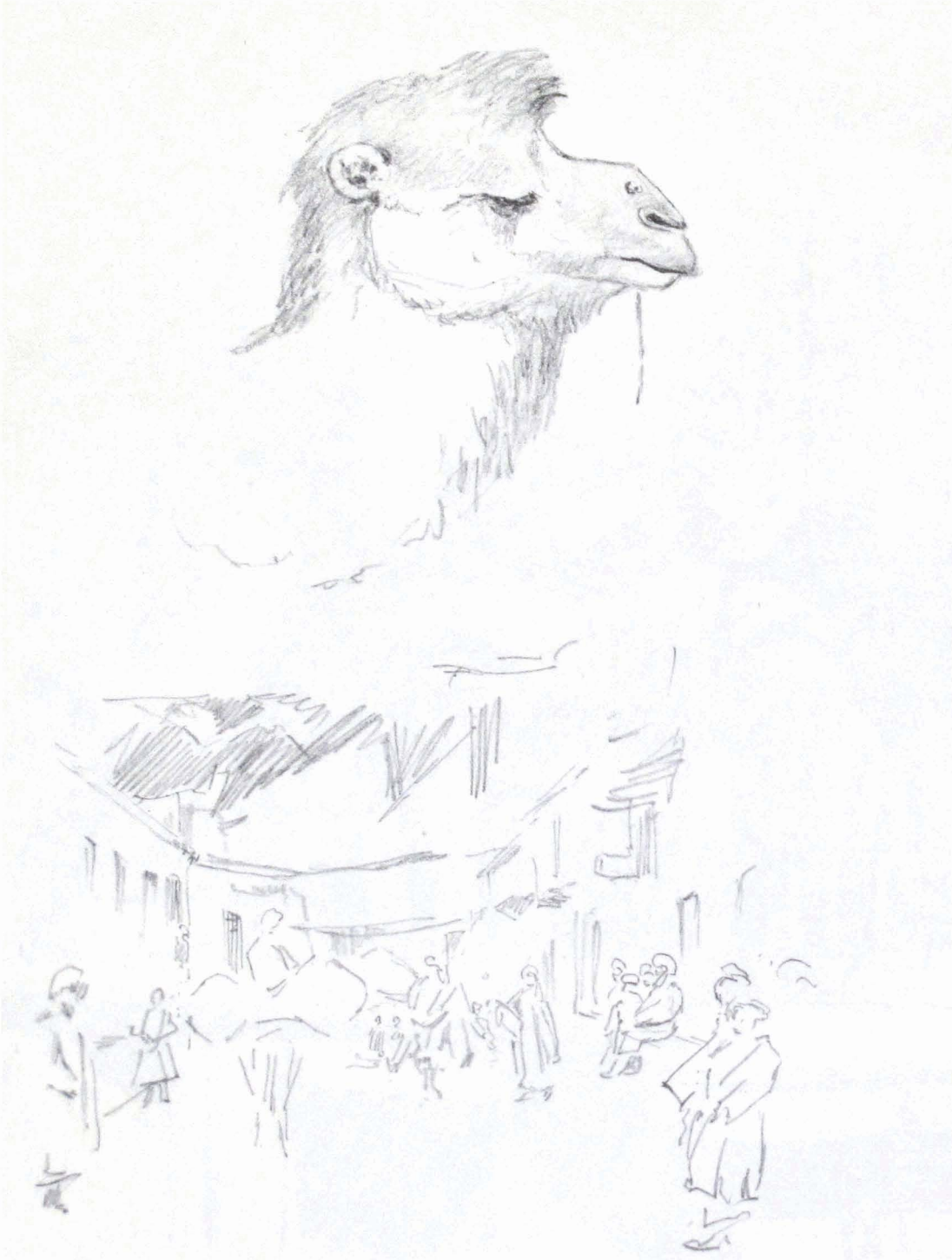
60. Temple outside Liang-chou-fu. 1897.

61. Temple of the god of hell. Ping-fan 1897.



62

62. War god. Liang-chou-fu 1897.



63

63. Head of camel and street scene. 1890.

64

65

66

64. Loaded camel.

65. Wild camel, female.

66. Loaded camel. Quick sketch 1890.

67. Hemi 1902.

68

69

70

68. Lamas blowing trombone. Hemi 1901.

69. Lamas blowing trumpet. Hemi 1901.

70. Flautists and female drummer. Ladak 1901.

71

72

73

74

71. Village elder in Kerin Khar. 1906.

72. Hussein Guli, 10 years. Arusun 1906.

73. Hassan Aga, 40 years. Arusun 1906.

74. Ali Murat, 35 years. Djandak 1906.

75

76

77

78

75. Aga Muhammed, 22 years. Ardekan 1906.

76. Ali Ekbar. Ardekan 1906.

77. Mirsa Ali, 26 years. Ardekan 1906.

78. Hussein Guli, 25 years. Djaffaru 1906.

79

80

81

79. Gulam Hussein, 80 years. Djaffaru 1906.

80. Abbas, 54 years. Khur 1906.

81. Street scene. Khur 1906.

82

83

84

82. Youngsters at wall. Khur 1906.

83. Hamideh, 40 years. Djaffaru 1906.

84. Daughter of the oldest villager. Kerim Khan 1906.

85

86

87

88

85. Young mother. Khur 1906.

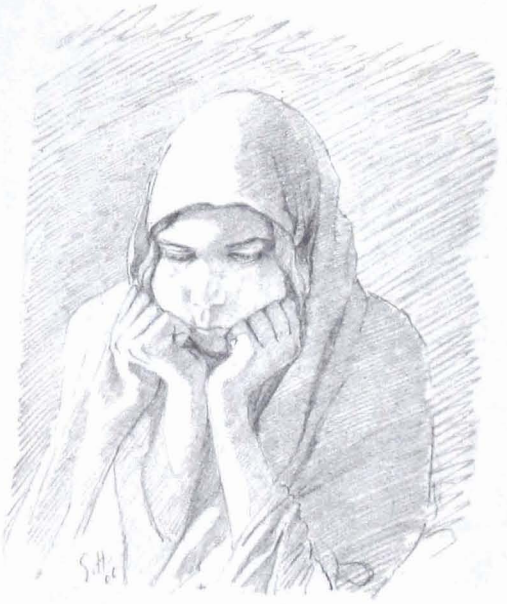
86. Bibi Agha, 8 years. Tabas 1906.

87. Rogiéh, 12 years. Sericha 1906.

88. Soghra, 9 years. Sericha 1906.

89

90



91

92

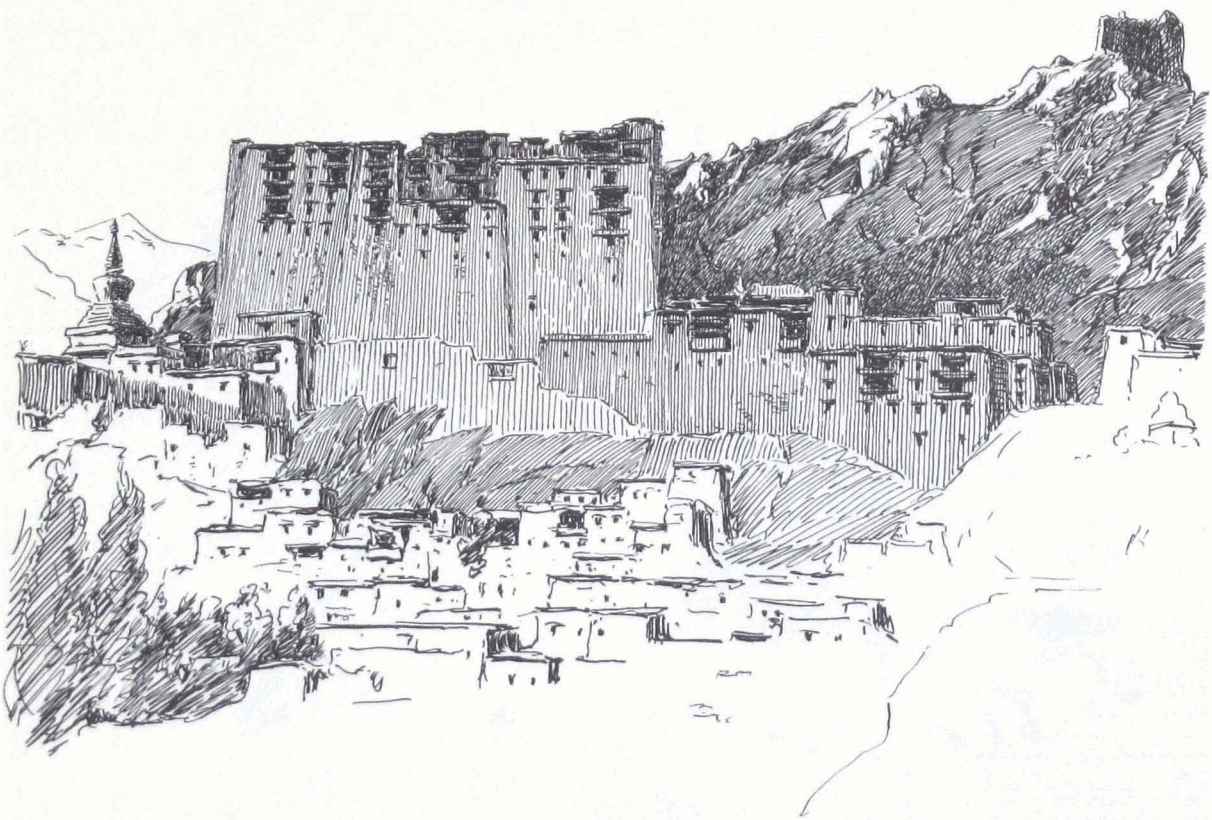
89. Määsum, 12 years. Sericha 1906.

90. Banu, 15 years. Sericha 1906.

91. Sekineh, young widow. Sericha 1906.

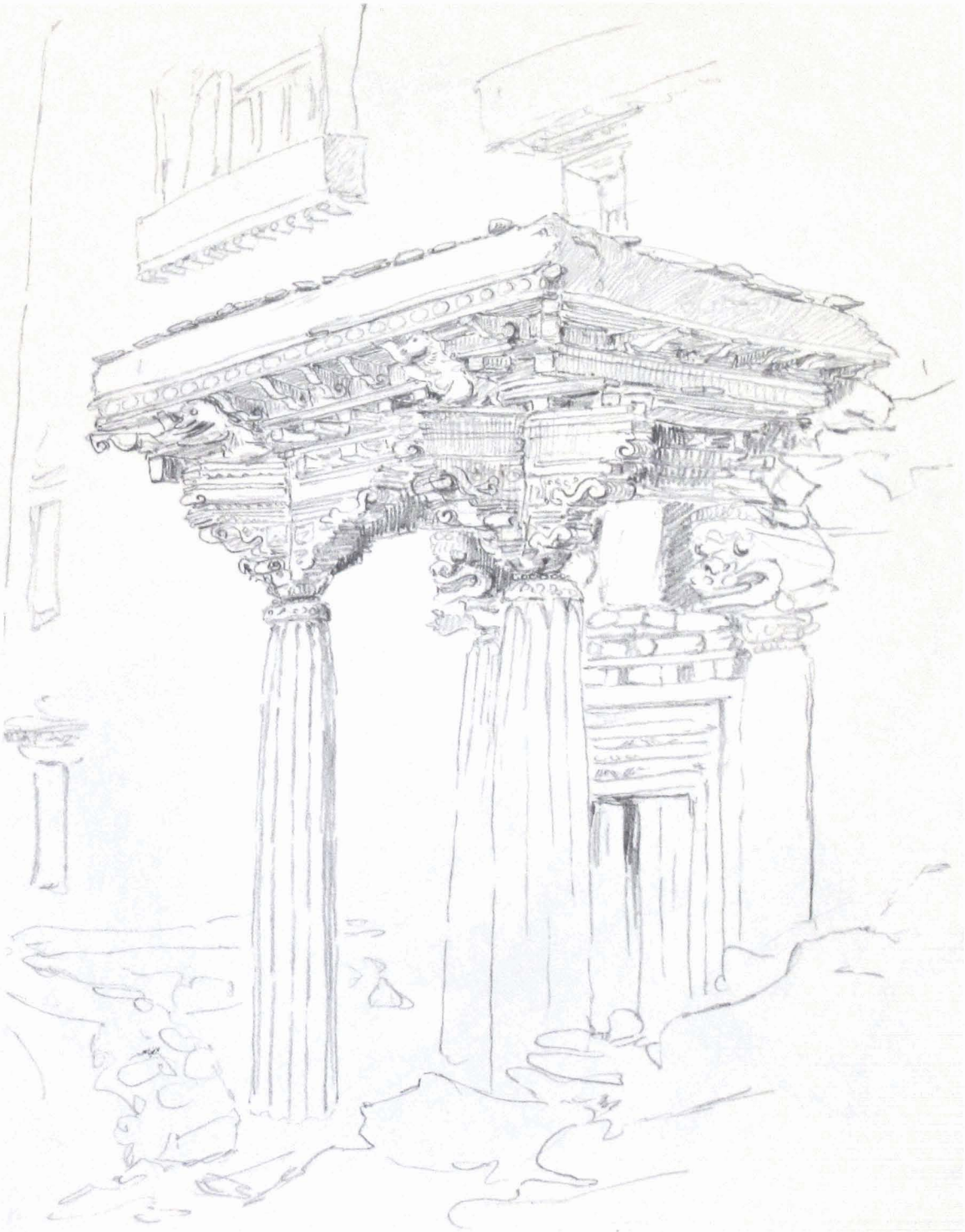
92. Fatimeh, 18 years. Sericha 1906.

93



94

93 and 94. Royal palace in Leh. Ladak 1906.



95

95. Main gateway in Leh. Ladak 1906.

96

96. Jankit, 20 years. Leh 1906.

97

97. Radjan of Stok. Leh 1906.

98

99

100

101

98 and 99. Lamas. Ladak 1906.

100. Tubges. Ladak 1908.

101. Mingur, a wanderer. Southern Tibet 1908.

102. Gulam Hiraman, 70 years. Ladak 1906.

103

104

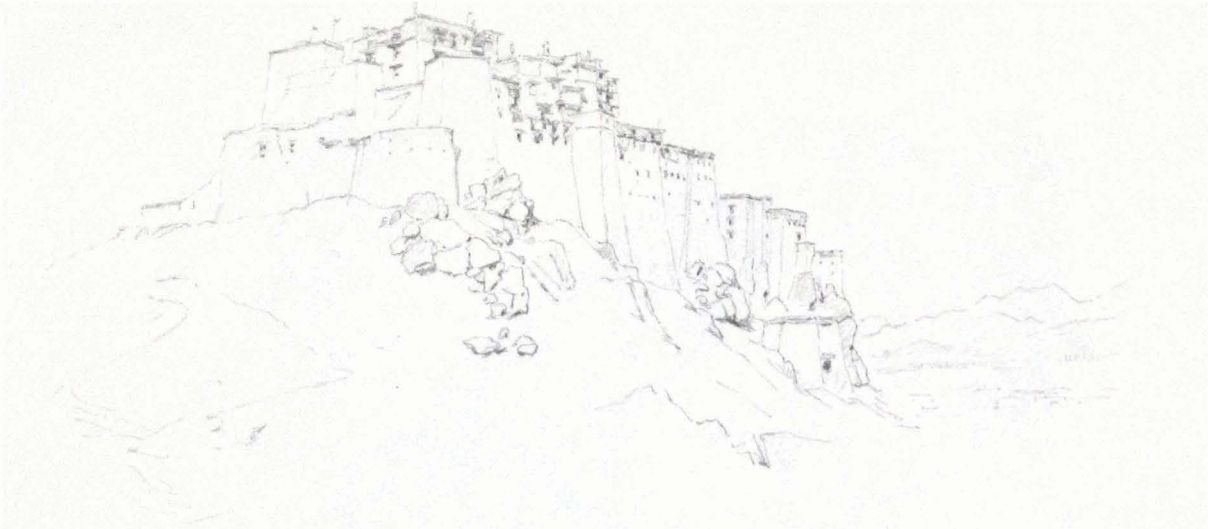
105

103 and 104. Rams' heads. 1907.

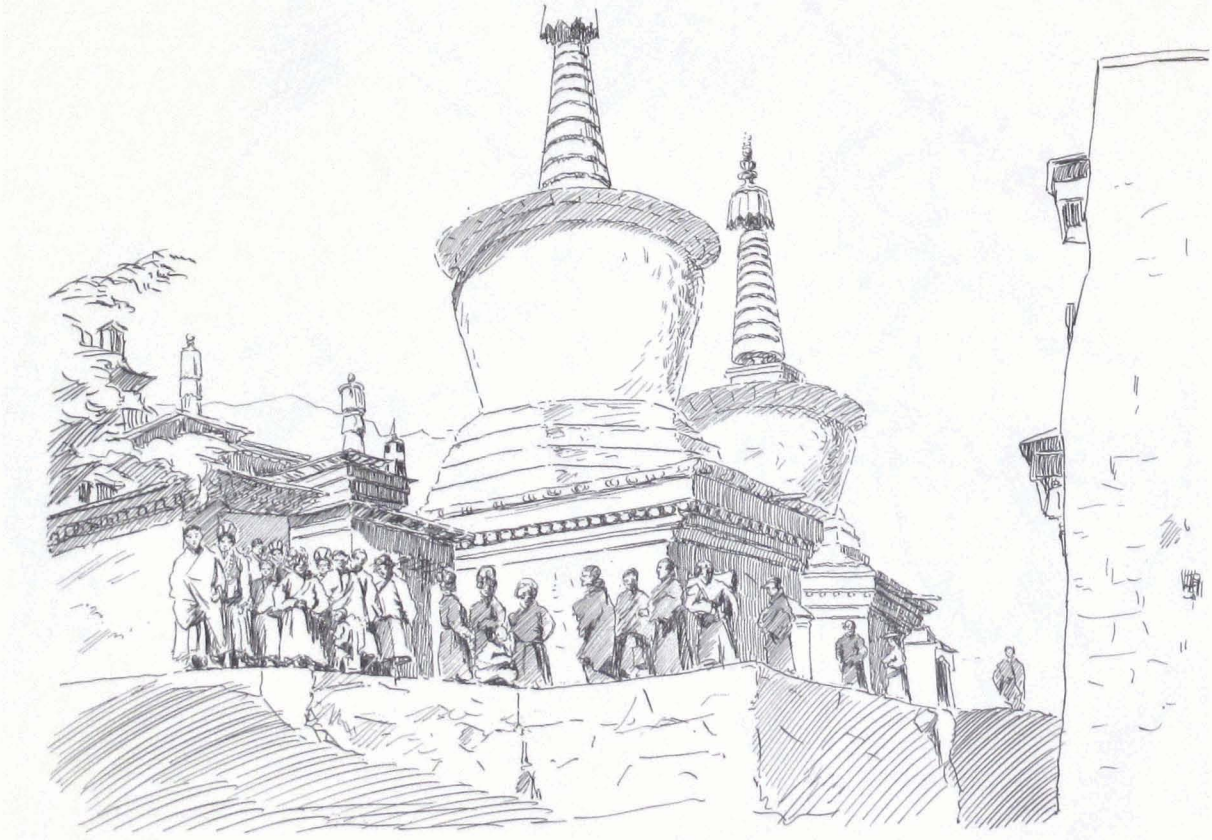
105. Loaded mules. 1907.

106

106. Hladje Tsering, Governor of Naktsang. 1906.



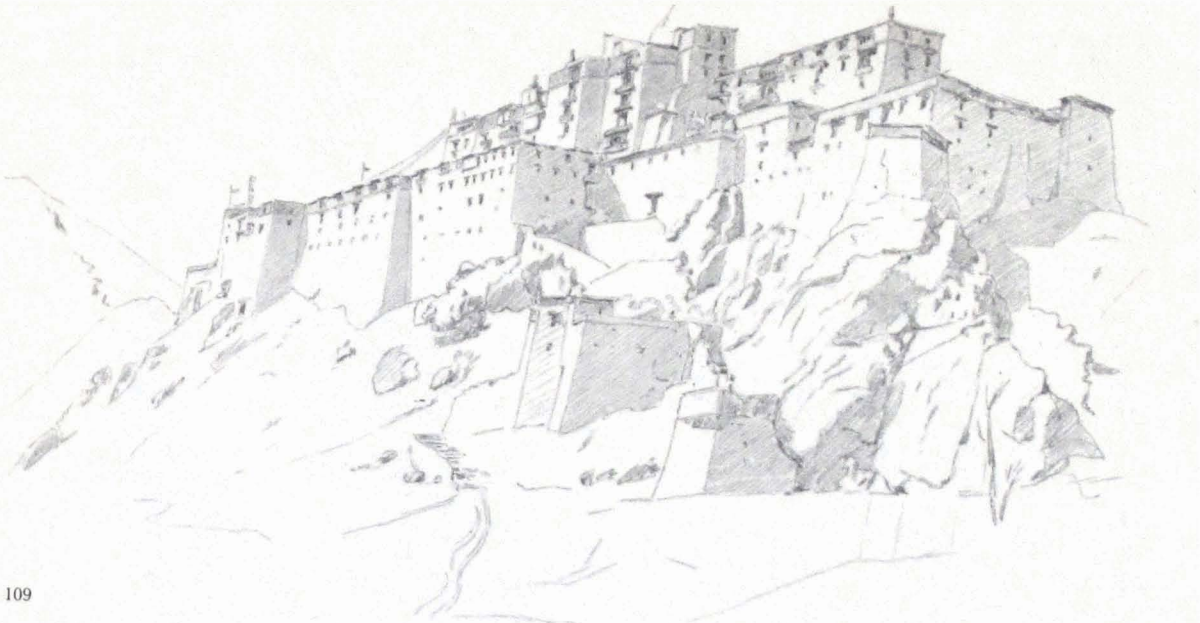
107



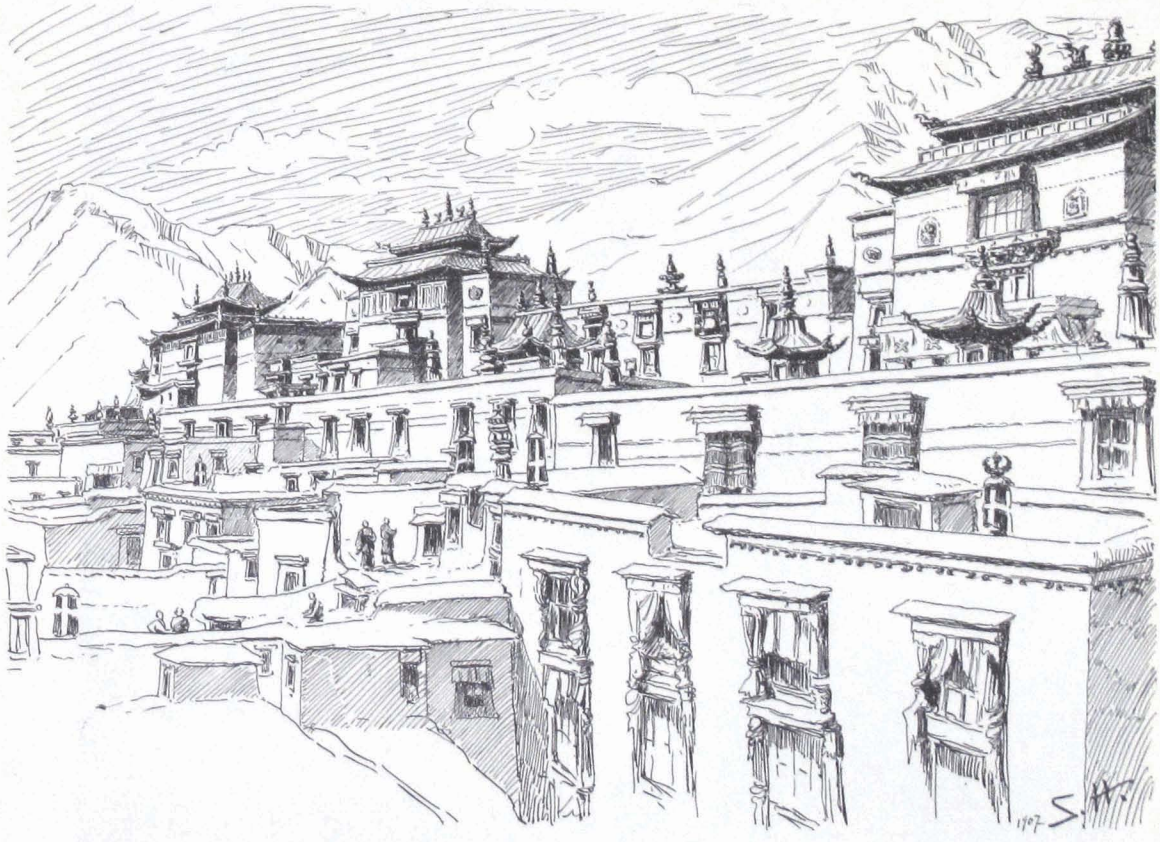
108

107. The castle in Shigatse. 1907.

108. Chorten in Shigatse. 1907.



109



110

109. Castle in Shigatse 1907.

110. Tashilhunpo 1907.

111

112

111. Group of deities with altar. Tashi Gembe 1907.

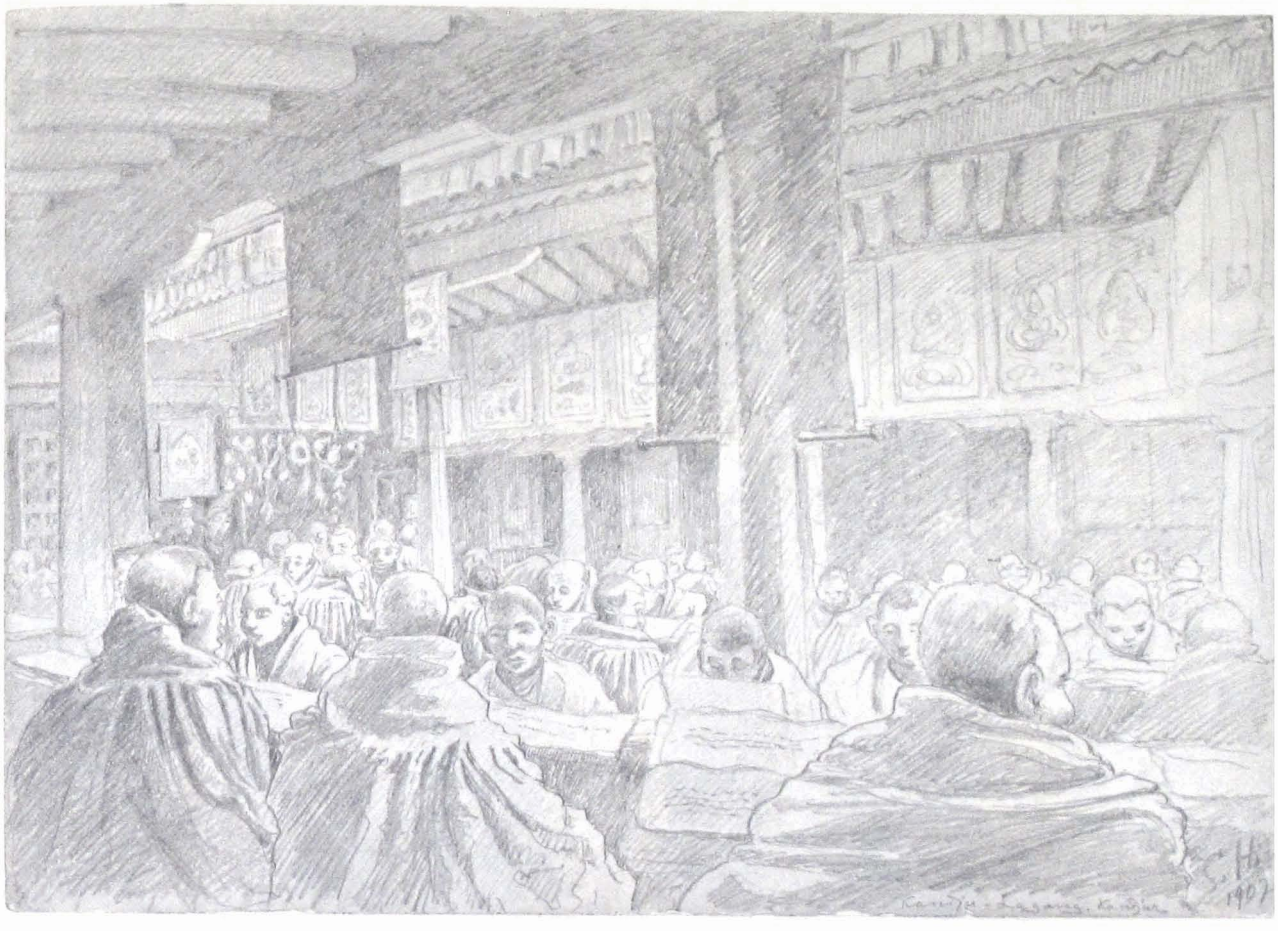
112. Tukdan Gompa 1907.

113

113. Atlar table, Crypt of the 5th Tashi Lama. 1907.

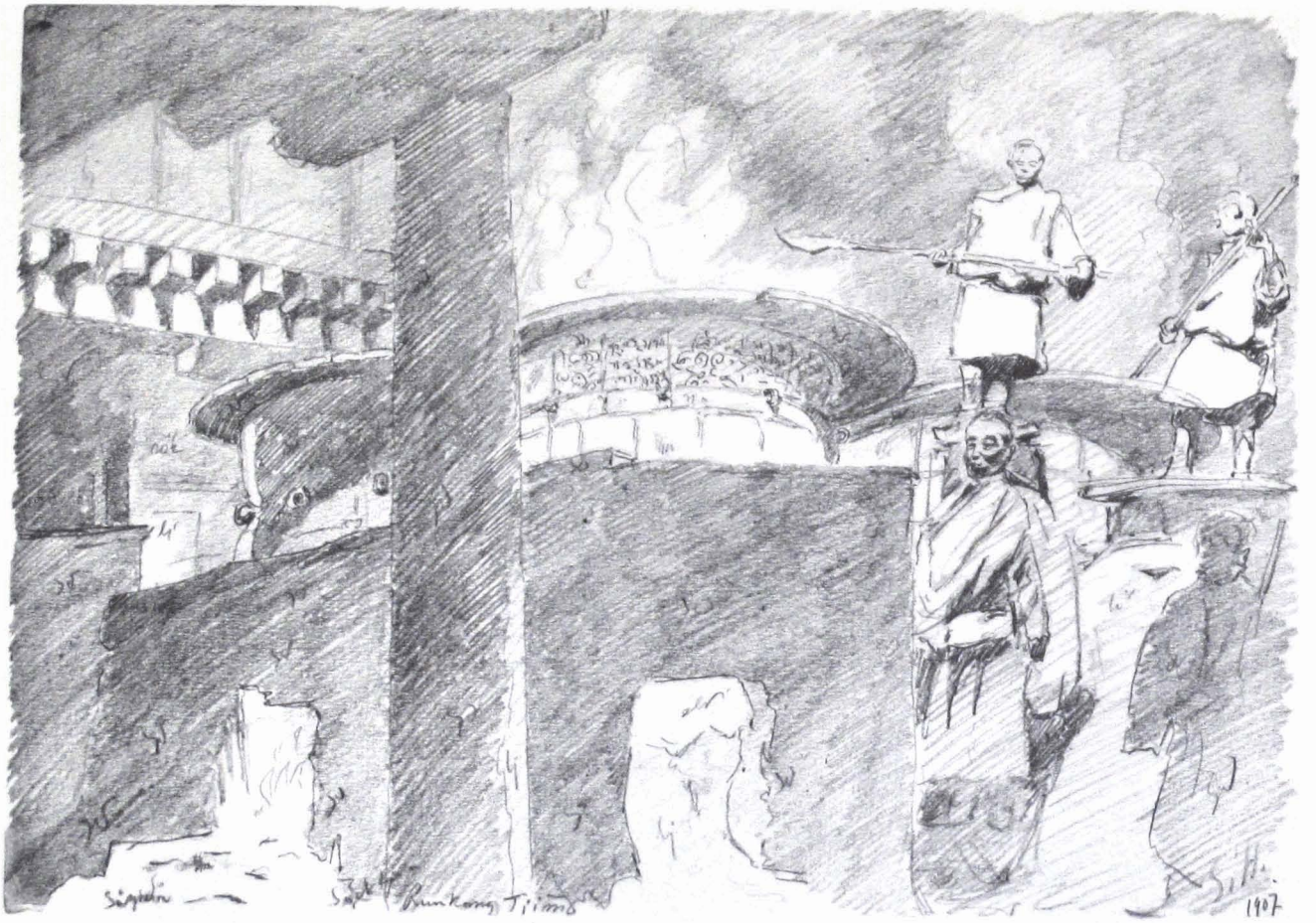
14

114. Novices in reading hall. Tashilhunpo 1907.



115

115. Novices in reading hall. Kandjur-lagang 1907.



116

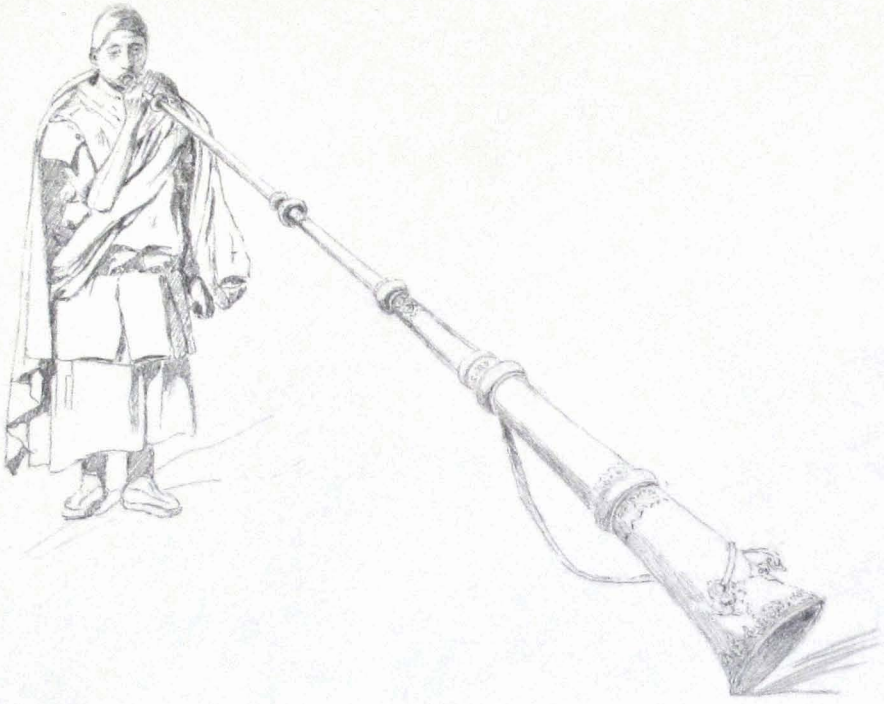
116. Kitchen for preparing tea. Shigatse 1907.

117

118

117. Lama filling sacrificial bowls with water. Tashilhunpo 1907.

118. Lamas with teapots. Tashilhunpo 1907.



119

120

121

119. Lama blowing trombone. Shigatse 1907.

120. Lama with drum. Shigatse 1907.

121. Lama with "thunderbolt" and bell. Shigatse 1907.

122

122. Lama with drum at reading of prayers. Shigatse 1907.

123

124

125

126

123—126. Dancing lamas with masks. Shigatse 1907.

127

127. Dancing lama with mask. Shigatse 1907.

128. Beggar. Tashi Gembe 1907.

129

129. Panjol, 60 years. Door-keeper at Tsonkapa temple. Shigatse 1907.

130

131

130. Women, pilgrims from Nam-tso 1907.

131. Men, pilgrims from Kamba-dsong. Shigatse 1907.

132

133

134

135

132. Mimar, wandering nun. Sedung 1907.

133. Tsurup Tensin from Lhasa. Shigatse 1907.

134. Burgher's wife. Shigatse 1907.

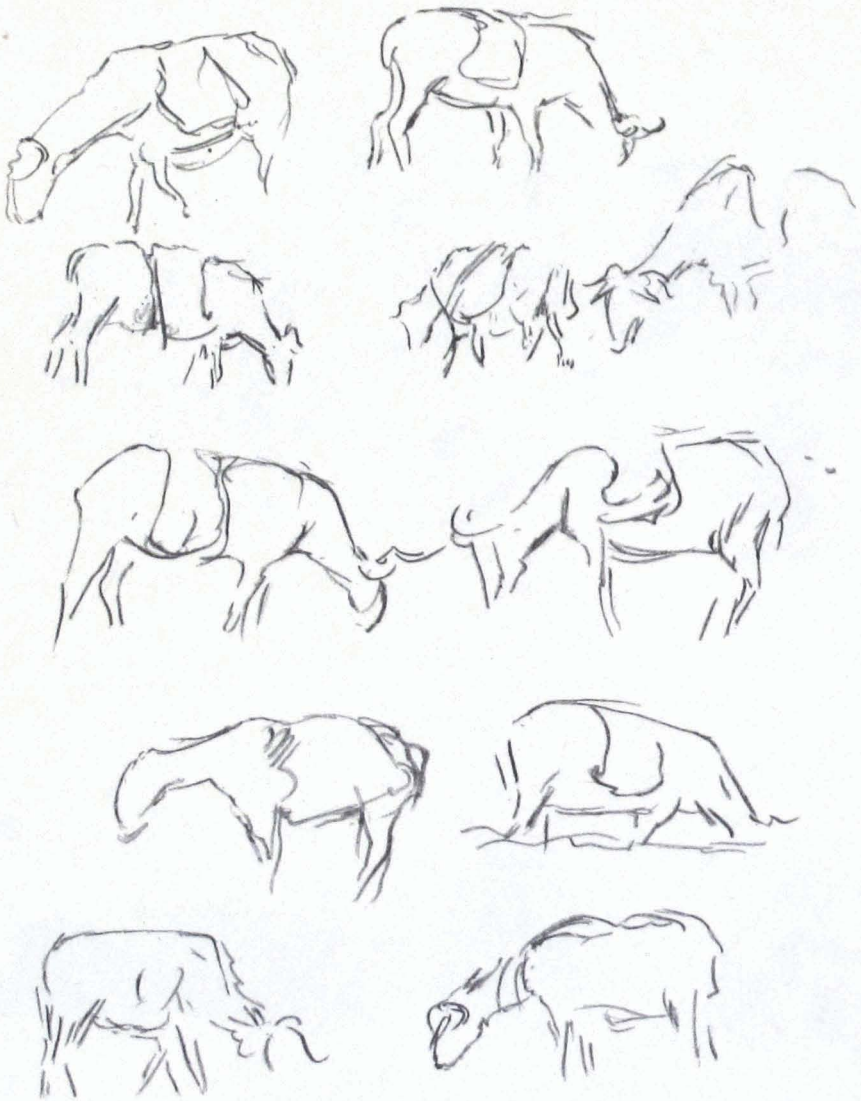
135. Aristocratic Tibetan. Shigatse 1907.

136. Boy-beggars dancing and playing. Shigatse 1907.

137

138

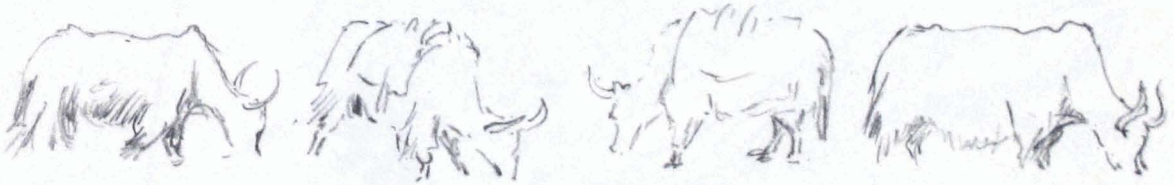
137 and 138. Camp scenes, and open-air kitchens.



139

139. Browsing yaks, Tibet 1908.

140



141

140. Herds of goats. Tibet 1908.

141. Browsing yak-oxen. Tibet 1908.

142

143

142 and 143. Yaks with riders. Tibet 1908.

144

144. Chief Togla Tsering. Terinam Tso 1908.

145

146

147

148

145. Tibetans. 1908.

146. Nima Tashi, 35 years. Tibet 1908.

147. Pantjor, 55 years. Tibet 1908.

148. Ovang Gjä. Tibet 1908.

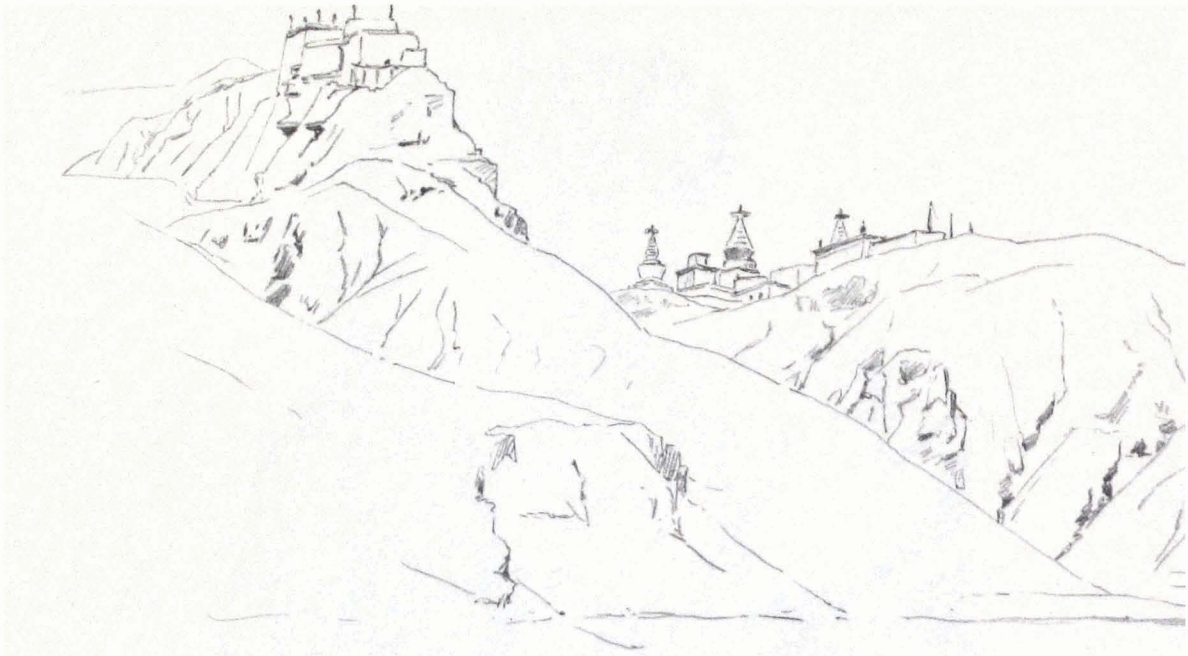
149

149. Tibetan boy greeting with tongue poked out. 1908.

150. Tsering Ugju, 20 years. Tibet 1907.

151

151. Migmar, 20 years. Tibet 1907.

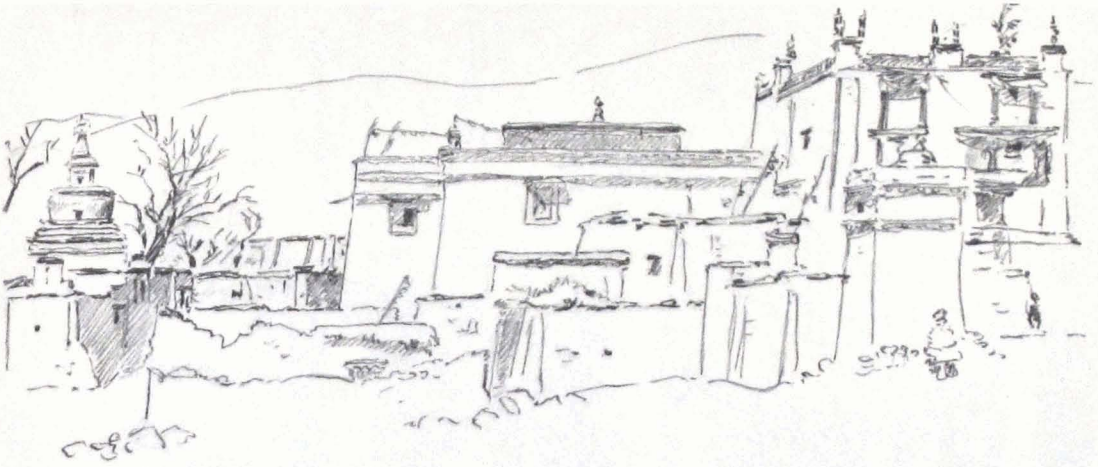


152

153

152. Rabgjaling Gompa's monastery. Tibet 1908.

153. Tashi Kang's monastery. Tibet 1908.

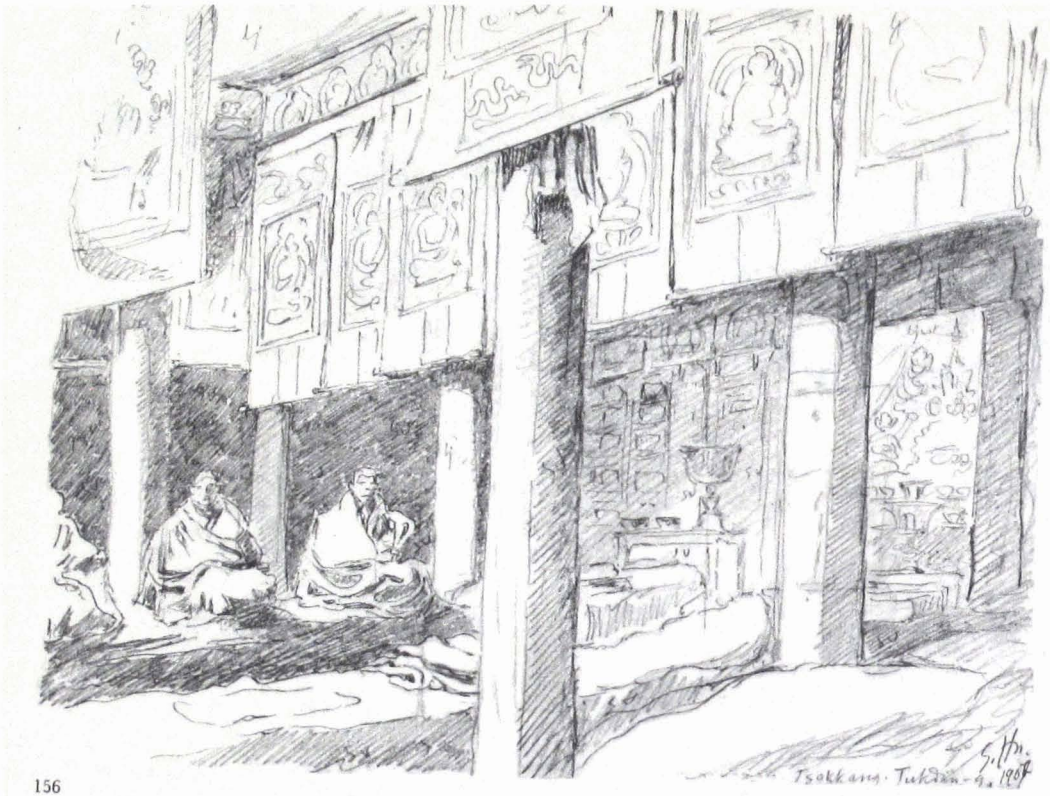


154

155

154. Tarting Gompa's monastery. Tibet 1907.

155. Tashi Kang's monastery. Tibet 1908.



156

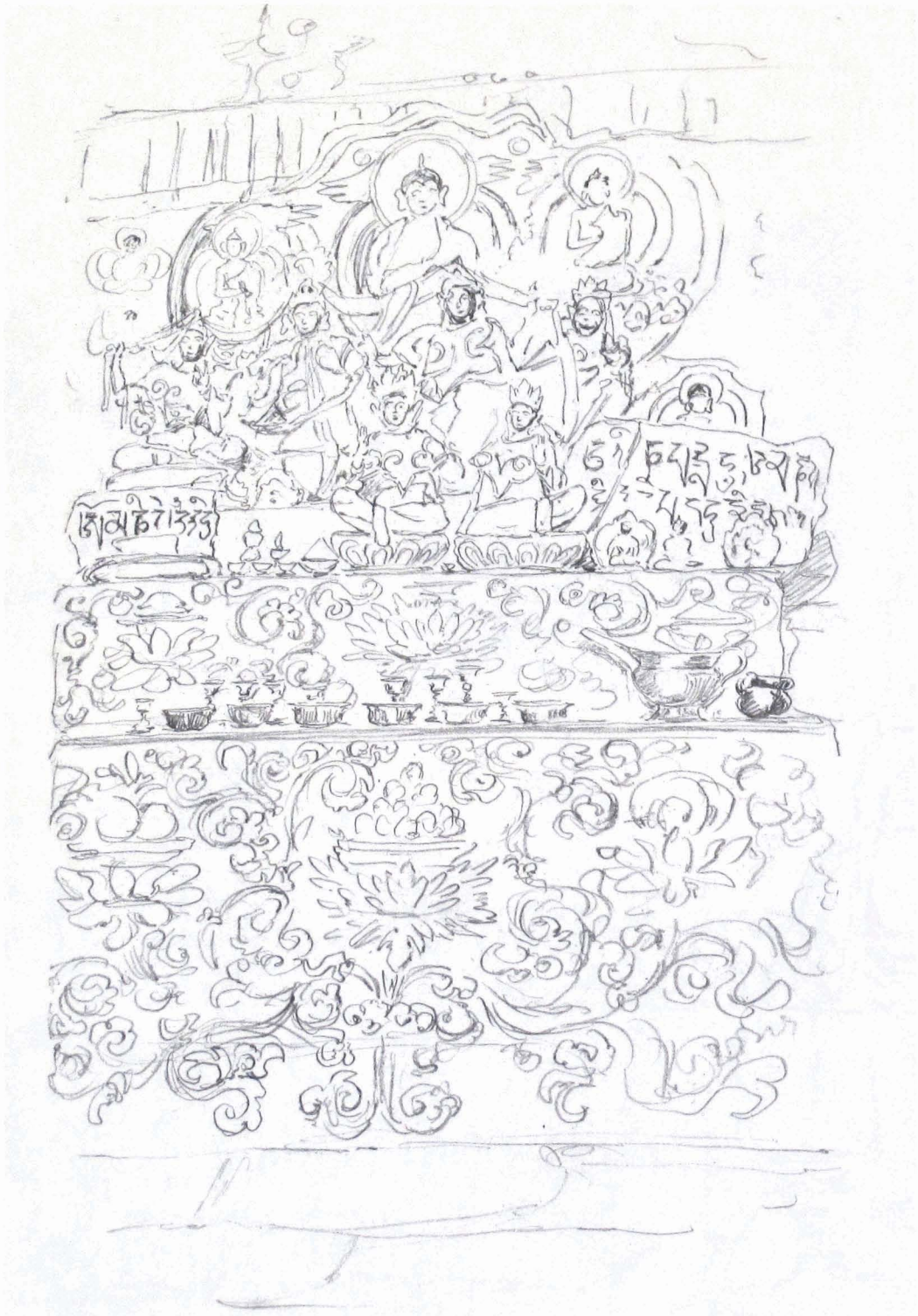
157

156. Interior of temple. Tibet 1907.

157. Interior of temple. Tibet 1907.

158

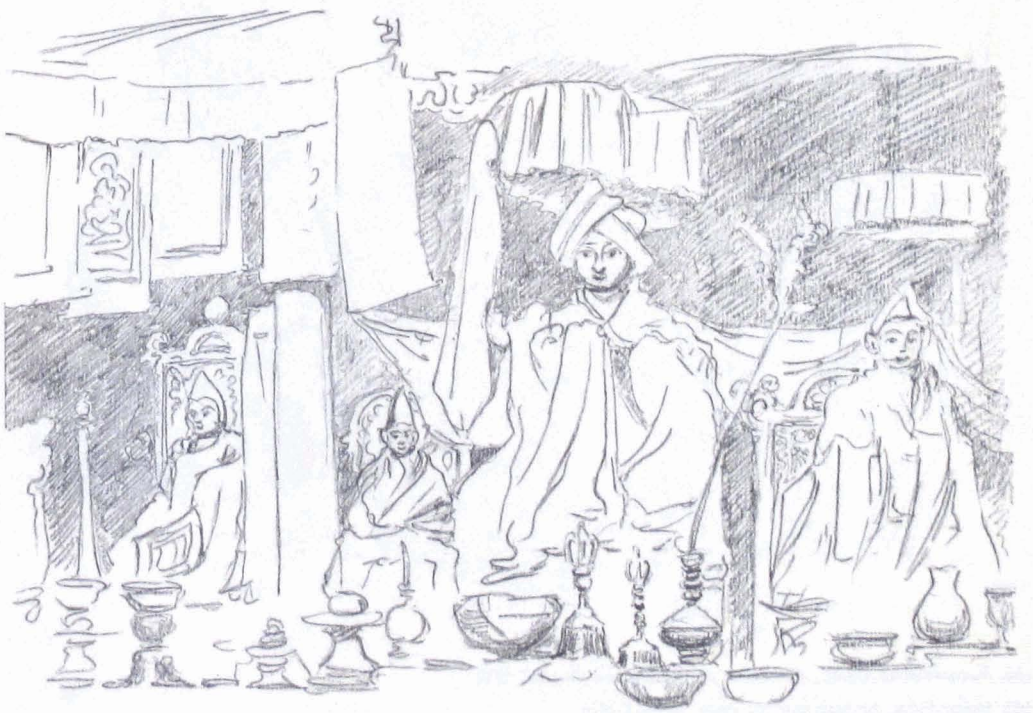
158. Altar group, Tarying Gompa. Tibet 1907.



159

159. Lagang (Lha-kan = "God's house") in Saka Dsong. Tibet 1907.

160



161

160. Interior of temple hall. Tibet 1908.

161. Interior of temple, Pampar Hlagan. Tibet 1907.

162

163

164

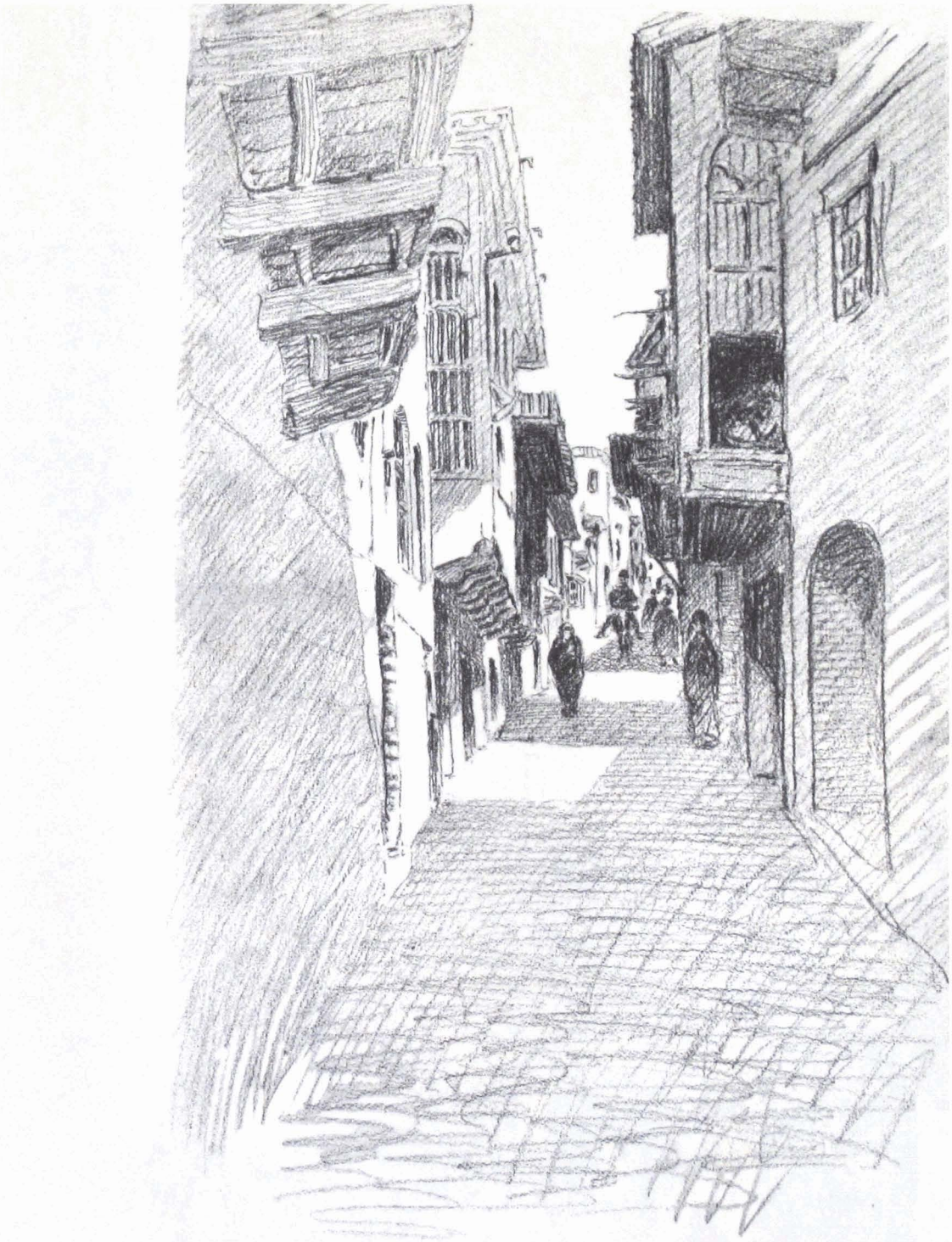
165

162. Abdurrahman Gilani, high priest at Abdel Kadir. Bagdad 1916.

163. Hellue Saba, Arabian basket-weaver. Bagdad 1916.

164. Arab of the tribe Albu Segar. 1916.

165. Mesko Chaldean woman of Tel-kief 1913.



166

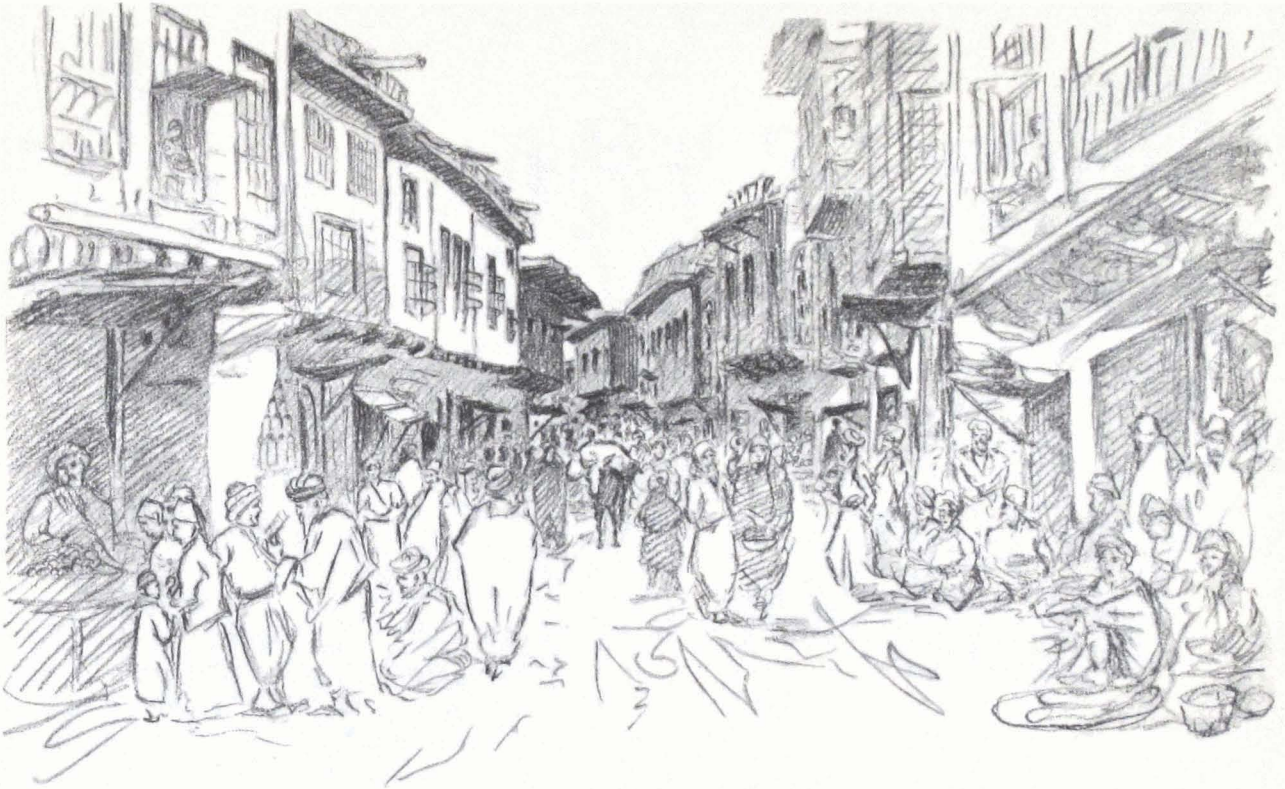
166. Street in Christian quarter in Bagdad. 1916.

167

168

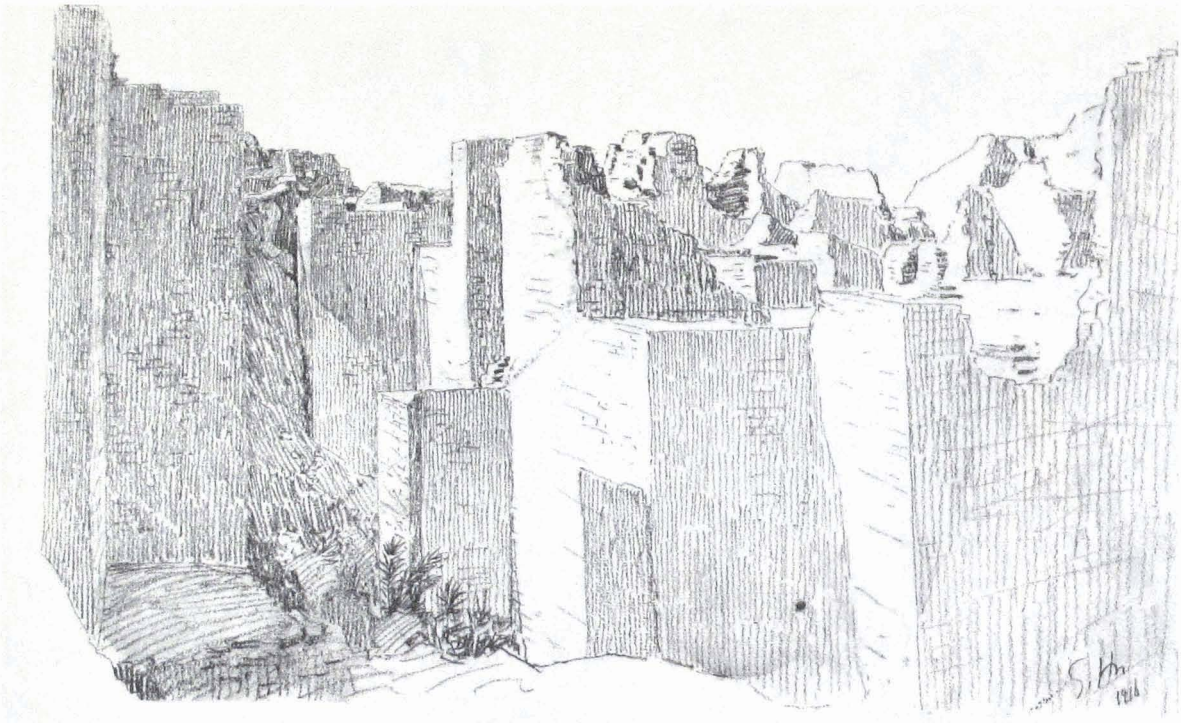
167. Street in the Jewish quarter. Bagdad 1916.

168. Ras el Karijeh. Bagdad 1916.



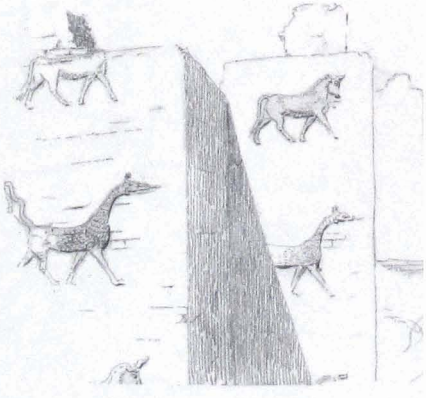
169

169. Main street in ghetto. Bagdad 1916.



170

171

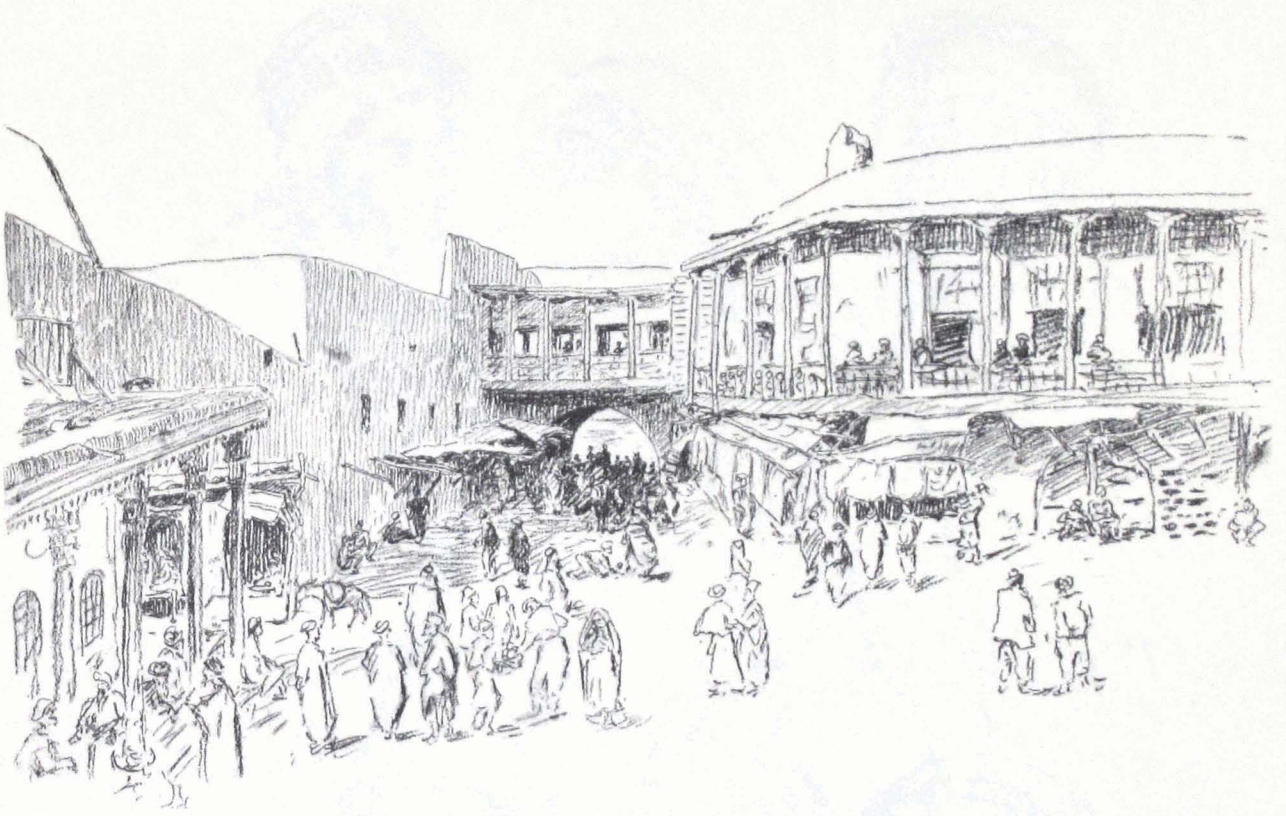


172

170. Masonry of the Ishtar gate. Babylon 1916.

171. The lion in Babel. Babylon 1916.

172. Pictures of animals on the Ishtar gate. Babylon 1916.



173

173. The gate Bab el-Djiser. Mosul 1916.

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174—177. Arabs of the Albu Segar tribe. Mosul 1916.

178

178. Bahije, Jewish girl. Tiberias 1916.

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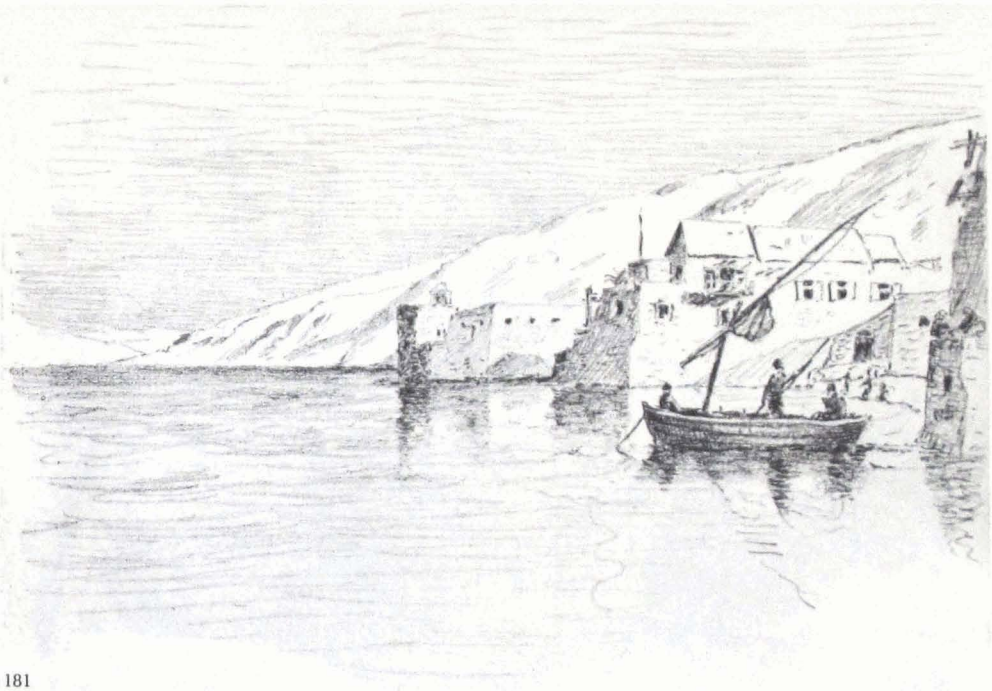
180

179. Saladin's grave. Damascus 1916.

180. Ruins of the synagogue in Capernaum. 1916.



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182

181. Sea of Gennesareth towards Tiberias. 1916.

182. Catch of fish on the shores of the Sea of Gennesareth. 1916.

183

183. Sorije Sibane, 16-year-old Arabian mother. Nasareth 1916.

184

184. Salem Abu Sherijes 88-year-old Arab. Nasareth 1916.

185

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188

185 and 186. Arabian women. 1916.

187. Hussein, 55 years. Arabian fellah. Sur Baher, Bethlehem 1916.

188. Abu Muhammed, 54 years. Arabian fellah. Betania 1916.

189

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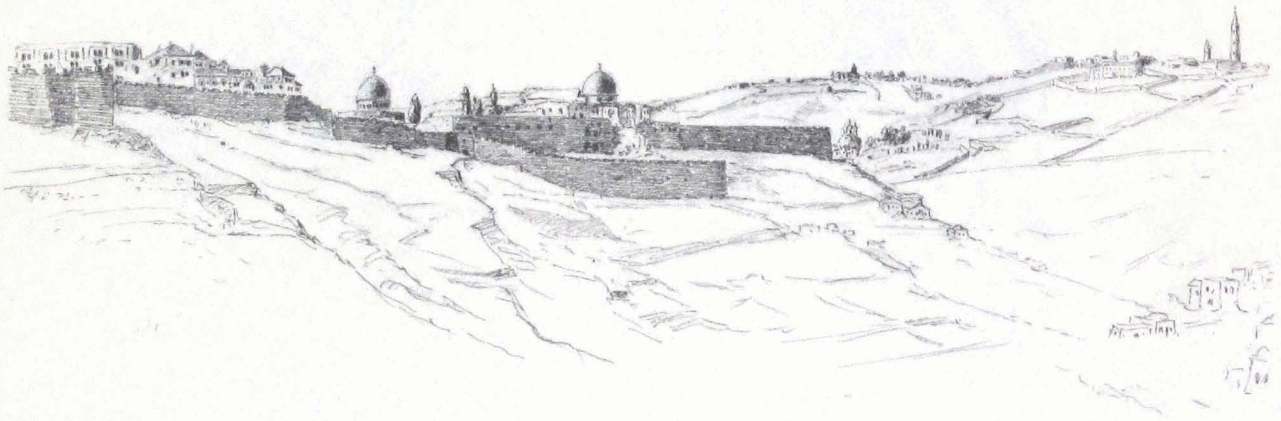
189. Markada, Spanish Jewess. Jerusalem 1916.

190. Jewish women from Yemen. Jerusalem 1916.

191. Hussein, Jewish boy. 1916.

192. Azize, woman from Bethlehem in national costume. 1916.



193

193. View towards Jerusalem. 1916. To the right Mount of Olives.

194

194. Street in Jerusalem. 1916.

195

195. Sheik Abdullah Said, 67 years. Negro from Africa. Jerusalem 1916.

196

196. Salem Harun Mansur, 65 years. Jew from Yemen. Jerusalem 1916.

197

197. Amran Ibn Ishak Kahen, 27-year old Samaritan. Jerusalem 1916.

198. Ishija Levi, 80 years old. Jew from Yemen. Jerusalem 1916.

199

199. Maische, Moses, Russian Jew. Jerusalem 1916.

200

201

200. Strand at Jaffa. 1916.

201. Sailing boat on the shore of the Sea of Gennesareth. 1916.

202

202. Dromedary. 1916.

203

203. The Mongol Mären with aquiline profile. 1927.

204

204. Young lama at Edsen-gol. 1927.

205

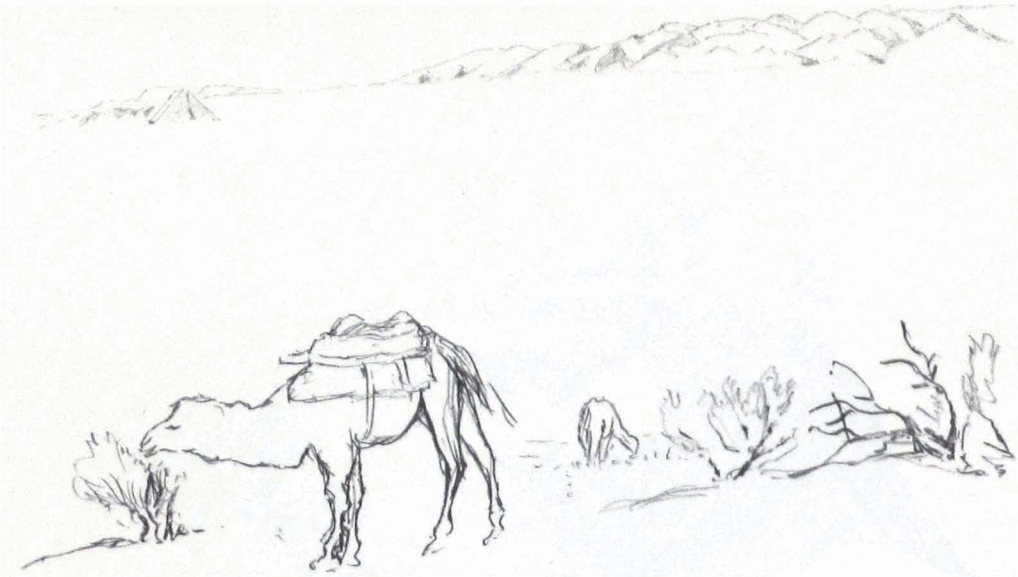
205. Lama priest at the prince's temple. Edsen-gol 1927.

206

206. Old Maniga, friend of Sven Hedin and all his men. 1927.

207

207. Young Mongol woman of doubtful reputation. 1927.



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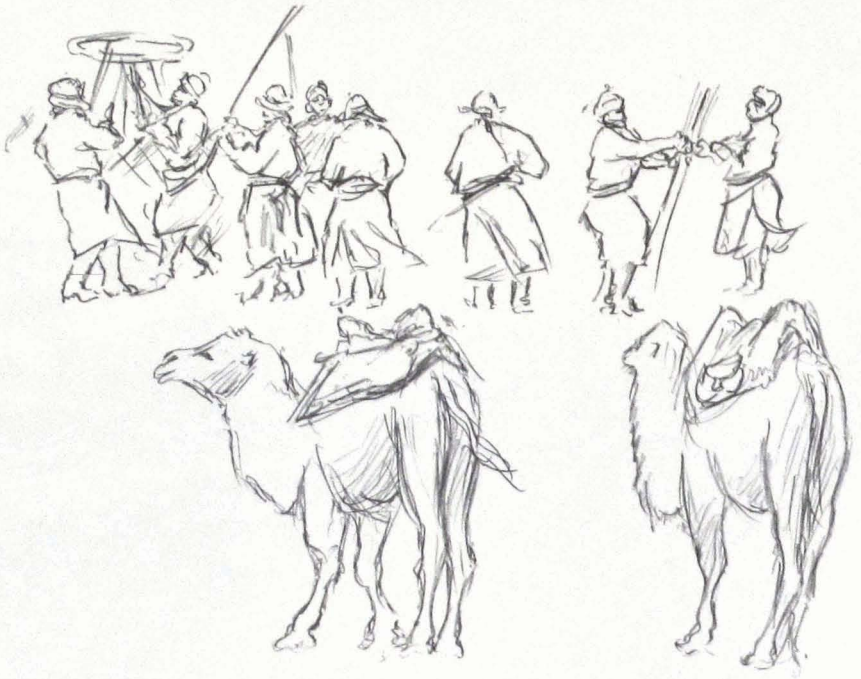
208. Camel studies. 1927.

209. Tamarisks at Edsen-gol. 1927.

210

211

210—211. Autumn pictures from Edsen-gol when the tributaries are filled with water. 1927.



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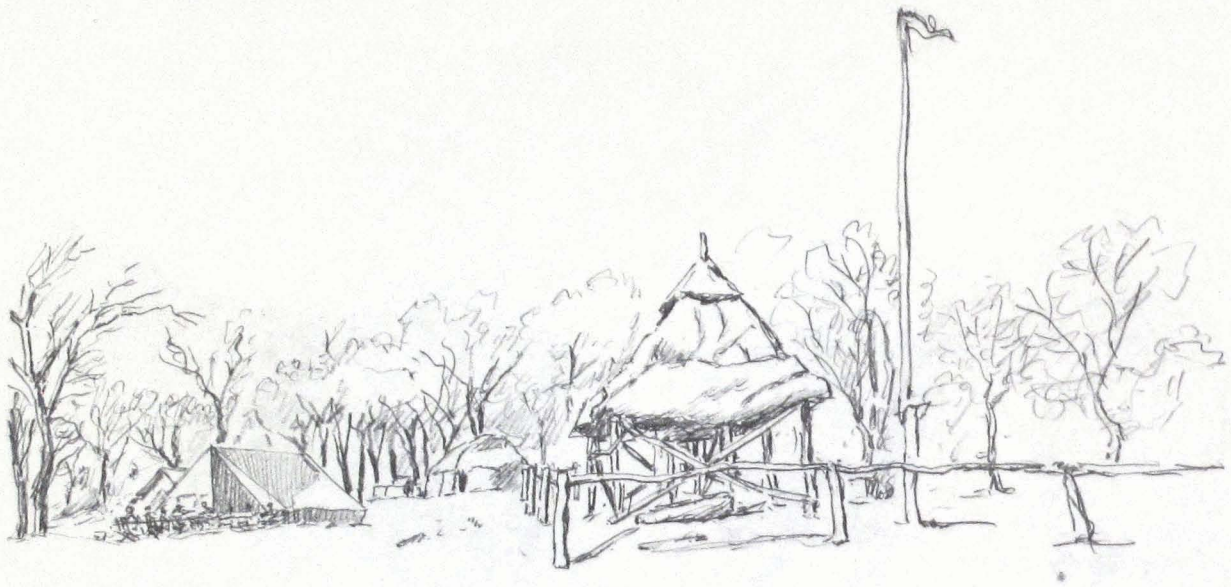
212. The roof-ring being lifted. 1927.

213. Skeleton of yurt almost ready. 1927.

214. Taragan Tserchi's wife. 1927.



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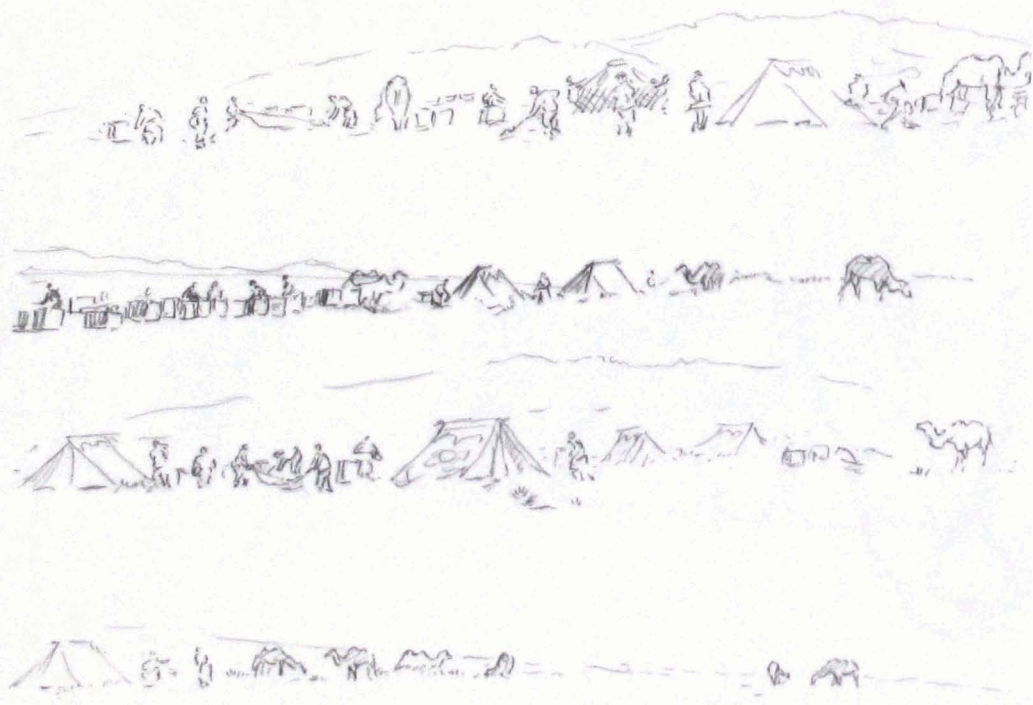
215. Meteorological station of the expedition, Edsen-gol, 1927.

216. Poplar wood near the river. 1927.

217

217. Studies of antelopes. 1927.

218



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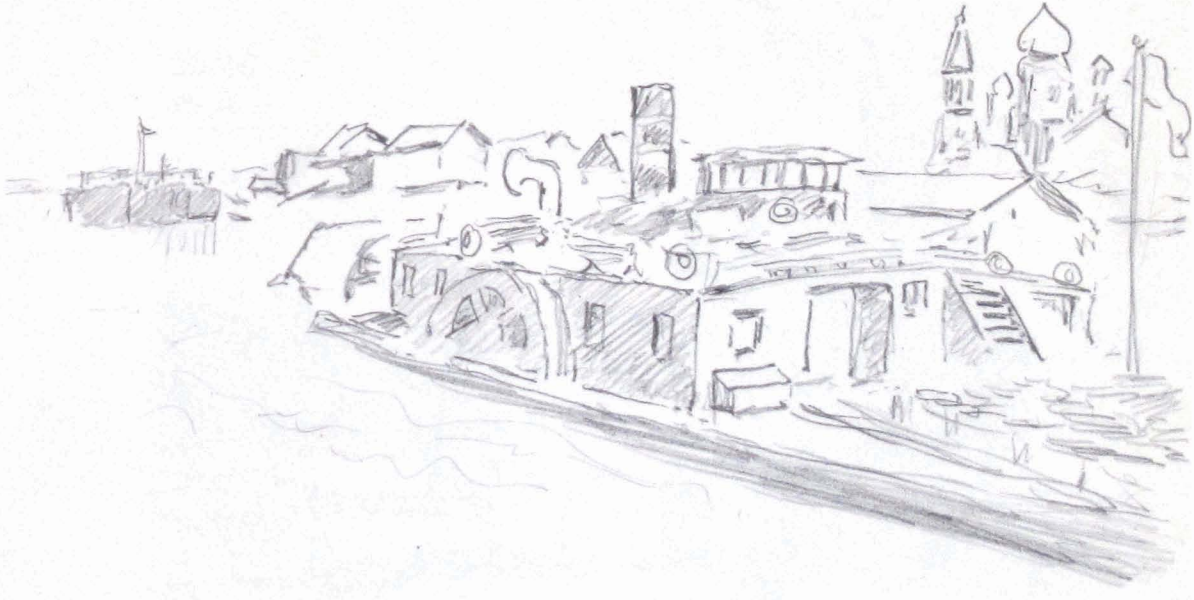
218. Camel stretcher for the sick head of the expedition. 1927.

219. Sketches of camp life. 1927.

220

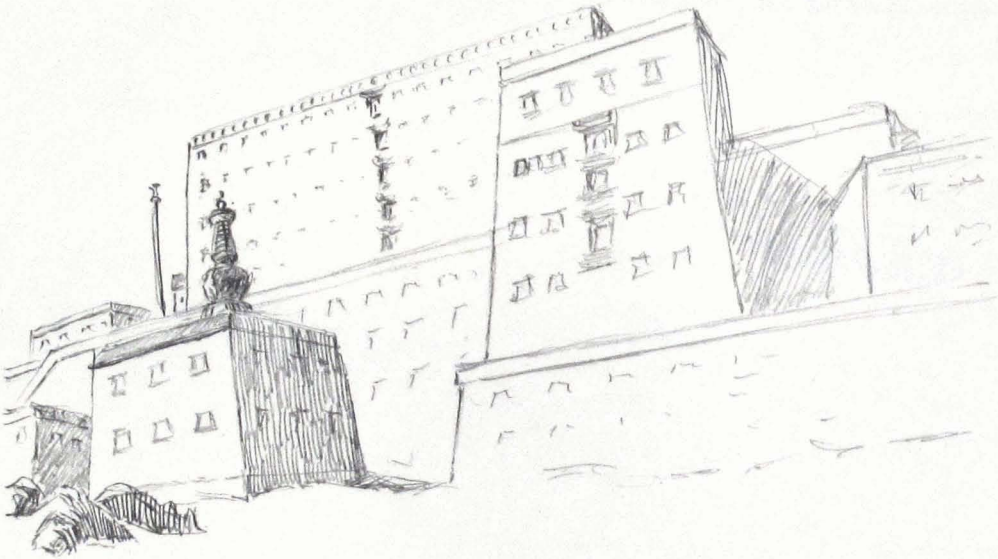


221

On the way home to Stockholm 1928:

220. Malo-krasnoyarsk on the River Irtish.

221. Paddle-steamer on the Irtish.



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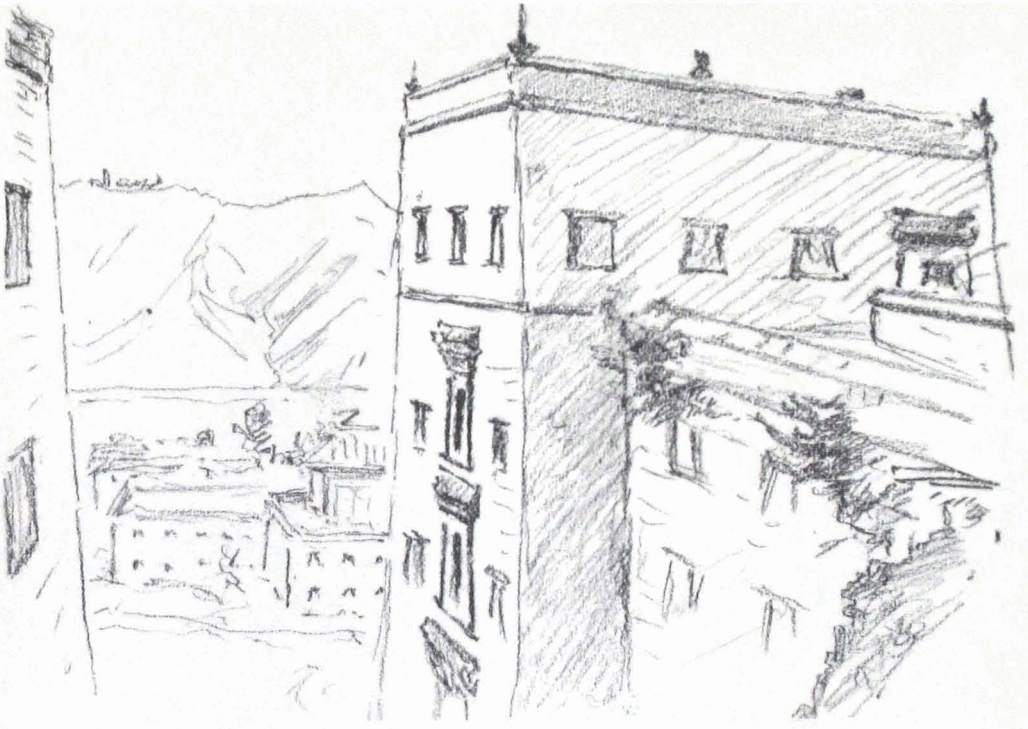
223

Potala, the biggest monastery in Jehol:

222. The mighty façade obscuring the Golden Hall. 1930.

223. Gateway in Tibetan style. 1930.



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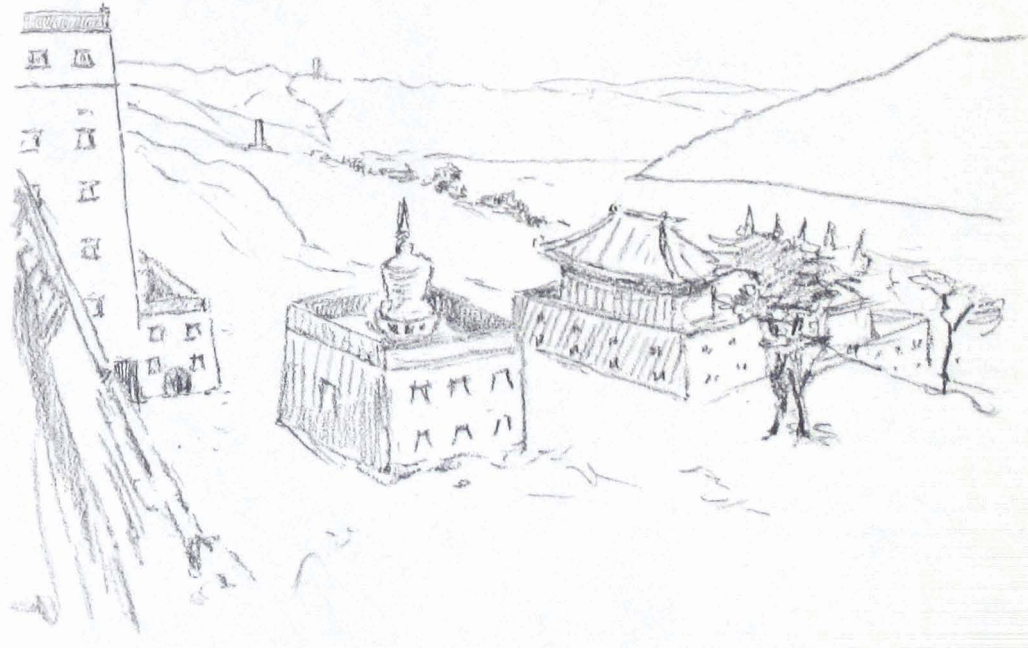

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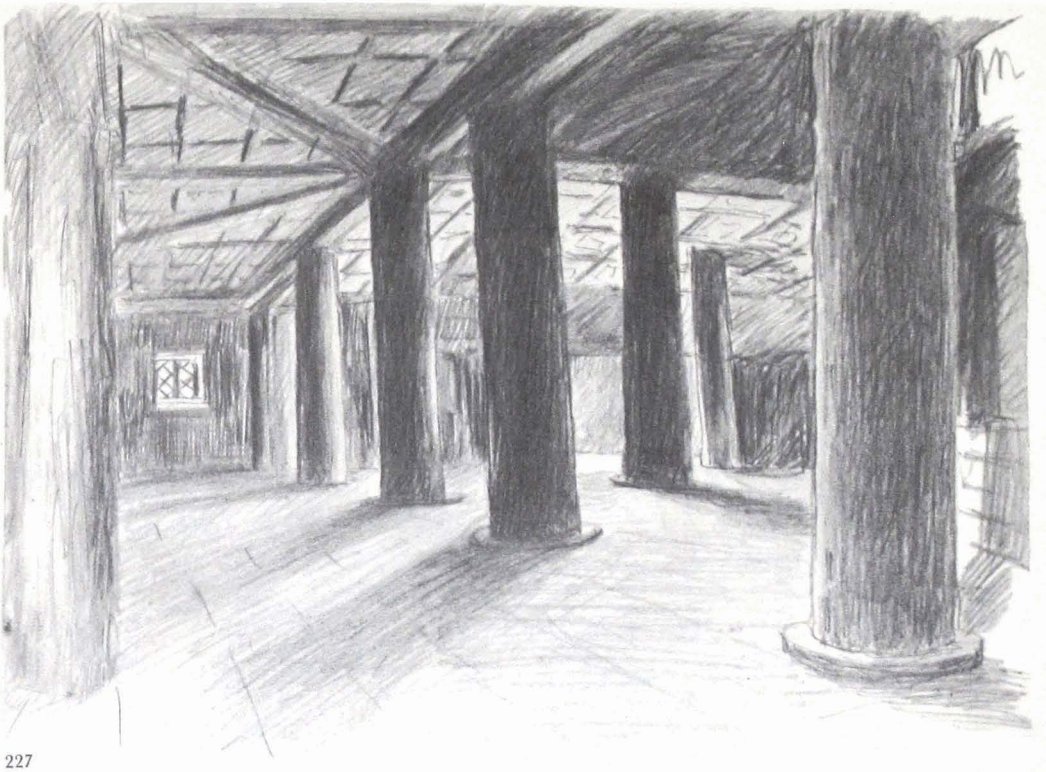
224. View towards the south from Potala. 1930.

225. From Potala towards the Valley of Lions. In the background the erosion pillar "Clothes Beater".

226. Mongol types drawn in Jehol. 1930.



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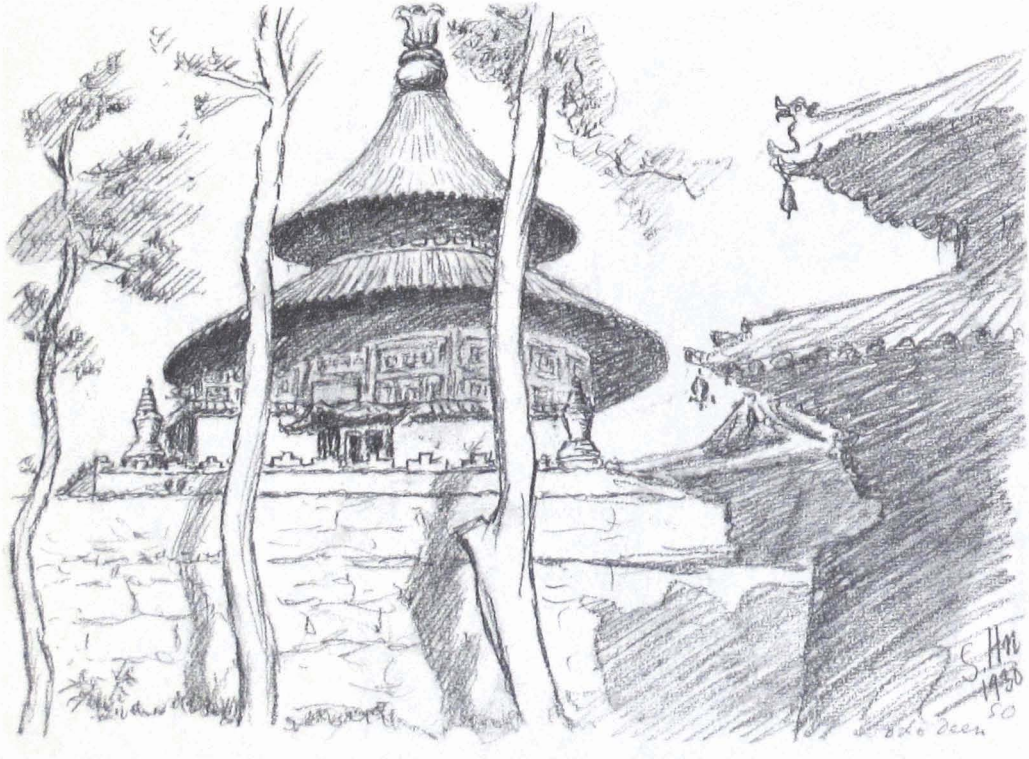
227. The great temple hall in Ili-miao. 1930.

228. The smiling Buddha in Shu Hsiang-ssu. 1930.

229



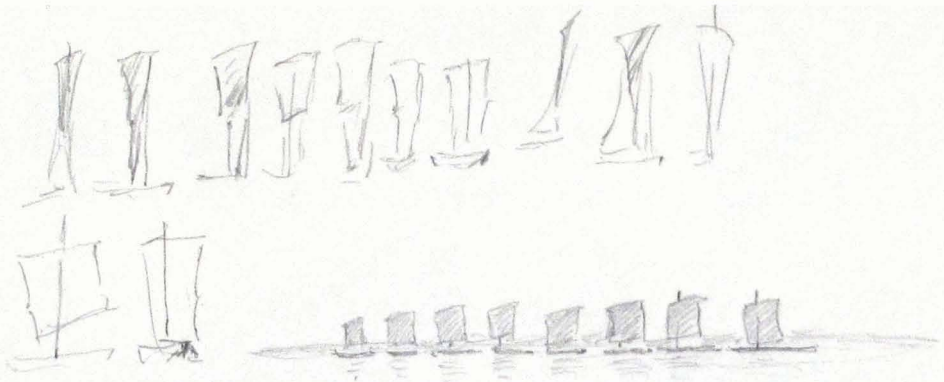
230

229. Some of the five hundred holy men in Lo-han-t'ang. 1930.

230. Pú-lo-tien, the round temple-pavilion. 1930.

231

231. From the river voyage on the Luan-ho. 1930.



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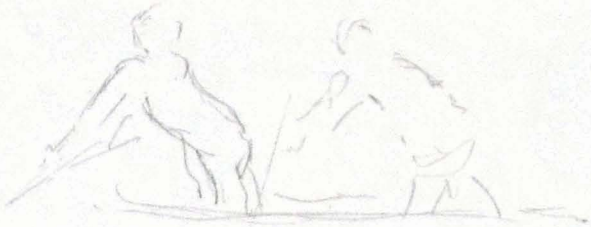
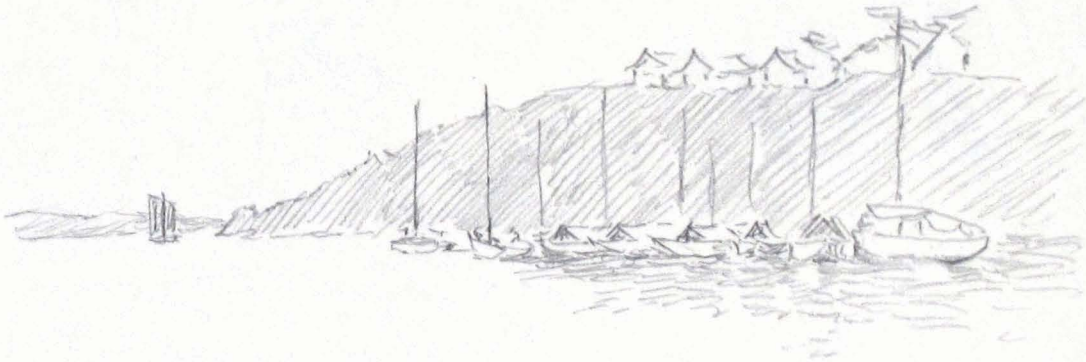
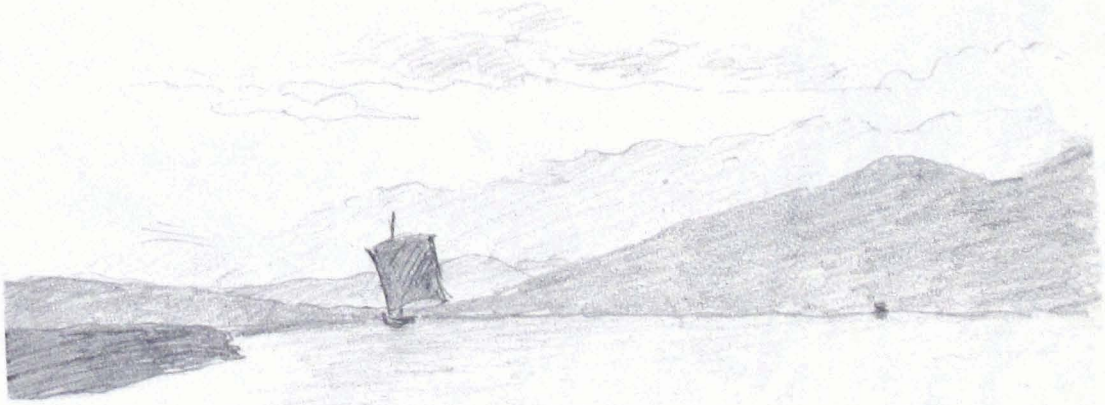
233

232. Boats loaded with grain being dragged along the Luan-ho. 1930.

233. Resting in quiet waters at Dragon Mountain. 1930.







234. As the river approaches the sea the force of the current slackens. 1930.

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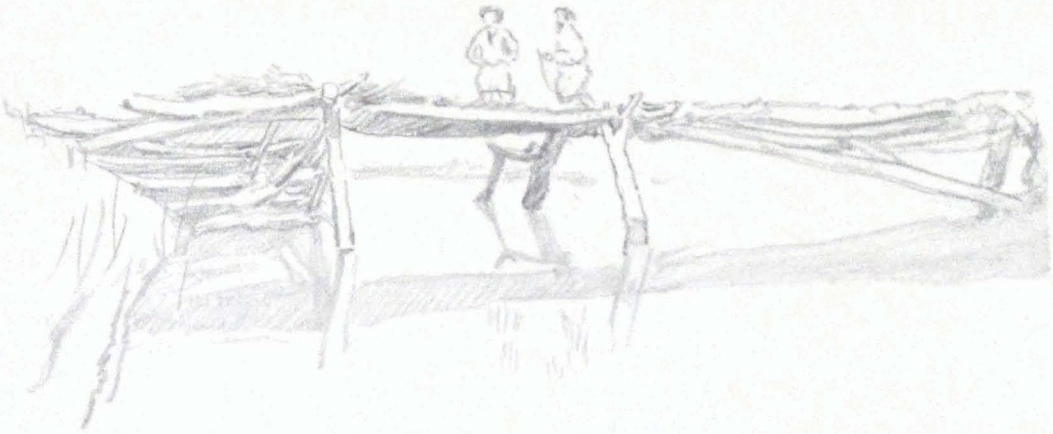
235. A Turk from Korla. 1934.

236. Khudai Qulu. 1934.

237. The guide Abdurahim. 1934.



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239

From the river voyage on the Konche-darya 1934:

238. Bridge at Gurgur.

239. The boats being loaded before the departure.

240

241

240—241. Camping sites in Sinkiang during the motor-car expedition 1934—1935.