Report
Explorers Club Flag Expedition #74
In Search of Traditional Shamans

Expedition to Inner Mongolia, China, to Meet with Daur Shamans

Expedition to the Taiga of Mongolia, to Find the Tsaatan Reindeer People

June 23 – July 20, 2011
By
John Lawrence, PhD & Susan Ross Grimaldi, M.Ed.
John R. Lawrence Jr., PhD, FN 2010

Susan Ross Grimaldi, M.Ed. FN 2011

Coordinates of our Locations

Hailar, Inner Mongolia, China, Latitude 49.137887 North,
Longitude 119.75314 East

Tsaatan Encampment – Sayan Mountains, Hovsgol Aymag, Mongolia

Latitude 51.742297 North,
Longitude 99.298102 East
Altitude 2,107m

*See Route Map on Page 28
Mission

Our flag expedition was really comprised of two separate missions and destinations. What linked these together was our focus on the shamans and their ceremonies. The first segment brought us to Inner Mongolia, China, where we met with members of the Daur ethnicity. The second destination was in the most remote area of northern Mongolia where we hoped to locate the Tsaastan Reindeer People and meet with a shaman. We were successful in meeting several shamans, conducting interviews, videotaping and witnessing their healing approaches and ceremonies. We documented the interviews and shaman ceremonies with digital video/audio and digital still photography. As a result of this Flag Expedition we have completed three documentary films and one digitally recorded CD of Chants as listed below:

Accomplishments Resulting from Flag Expedition #74

- **DVD**  “Shaman Ceremonies of the Tsaatan Reindeer Herders”
- **DVD**  “Siqingua: Daur Shaman of Inner Mongolia, China”
- **DVD**  “Daur Shaman Initiatory Ceremony, with Wo Jufen”
- **DVD**  “Explorers Club Flag Report, Tsaatan Reindeer Herders”
- **DVD**  “Explorers Club Flag Report, Daur Shaman Ceremony”
- **CD**  “Siqingua Shaman Ceremonial Chanting”

Publication, “IN SEARCH OF TRADITIONAL SHAMANS: Daur of Inner Mongolia, China, and the Tsaatan Reindeer People of Mongolia”

Archival Manuscript accepted by, The Shamanic Knowledge Conservatory, “In Search of Traditional Shamans: Expedition to Inner Mongolia, and China to meet
Presentations for EC Flag Expedition #74

Pacific NW Chapter of Explorers Club, Seattle, WA, Sept. 2011

8th Annual Salt Spring Island Symposium, British Columbia, Canada, Oct. 2011


Jaquith Public Library, Marshfield, VT, Feb. 2012

Cameras and Equipment

Nikon Digital SLR D700 w/ Geomet’r GNC-38, GPS

Nikon SB – 900 Autofocus Speedlight

Sony Digital SLR Alpha 700

Sony Digital Video DCR TRV70

Sony Digital Video DCR TRV900

Rode Video Mic N3594

Inverter 12 VDC -120 VAC (for Battery Charging)

Fujifilm Instax MINI 25 Instant Film Camera

Nikon Coolpix L3

Sony ICF-SW760CG (World Band Receiver)
Background – Prior Relevant Expeditions

1994, John Lawrence and Susan Ross Grimaldi, were team members of the Foundation for Shamanic Studies Expedition, to Northeast China and Inner Mongolia.

2003, John Lawrence, Videographer/Photographer on the “Final Expedition of 10 year Endeavor to assist the Tuvans (at their request) to Re-integrate Shamanism into contemporary culture.”

2003, John Lawrence and Susan Ross Grimaldi, Amazon Expedition up the Rio Negro, north of Manaus, Brazil. Video project with focus on traditional healers, community ceremonies, and village life, “Cultural Preservation for Riverine Tribal Peoples”.

2006, Susan Ross Grimaldi returned to China, by invitation of Changchun University, to present to academicians and government official on how to reintegrate shamanism back into contemporary Chinese society.

Topography and History of Northern Inner Mongolia

Vast grasslands and herds of sheep, goats, horses, and cattle distinguish this area. During the Zhou Dynasty, central and western Inner Mongolia (the Hetao region and surrounding areas) were inhabited by nomadic peoples such as the Loufan, Linhu, and Dí, while eastern Inner Mongolia was inhabited by the Donghu. After Genghis Khan unified the Mongol tribes in 1206 and founded the Mongol Empire, the Tangut Western Xia empire was ultimately conquered in 1227, and the Jurchen Jin Dynasty fell in 1234. In 1271, Genghis grandson Khubilai established the Yuan Dynasty.
Geology and History of Northern Mongolia

This region is mountainous with rolling plateaus and a high degree of relief. We were exploring a region west of one of Asia’s largest freshwater lakes, called Lake Khovsgol. Lake Baikal in Russia, and Lake Khovsgol in Mongolia lie along a common geological fault line crossing the Russian Mongolian Frontier in the area of our exploration. This is a seismically active zone.

As we drove through the Khovsgol Aimag we observed many parallel sets of ancient beach marks high up on the surrounding mountainsides, which are remnants of huge ancient lakes or inland seas that once covered thousands of square kilometers.

We saw caves that we did not have time to explore. We believe these caves could possibly contain pictographs from the Paleolithic age. We are hoping to return to this region on another expedition next year and explore these caves looking for rock art.

Historically, the ancestors of these nomadic reindeer herders were known as Tannu Uriankhai or Tuvan, and they lived in Tuva, a part of Siberia. During the beginning of the Soviet Era, Stalin ordered the execution of all shamans and their families including those of the reindeer herders, who were living in Tuva. Many families fled Tuva and crossed the border with their reindeer herds into Mongolia seeking safety. It was this band, now called the Tsaatan or Dukha, who were descendents of these Tuvan peoples that we were seeking.

Journey in Inner Mongolia, China

We began our journey in the northern regions of Inner Mongolia, China, in the cities of Morin Dawa and in a hamlet near Hailar. Our main objective was to meet with
Daur shaman, Siqingua. We had been informed that she keeps written case histories of her healing sessions and we hoped to see these records and notebooks, and witness her conducting healings during her daily morning clinics. We did attend her healing sessions for several mornings. We learned about her healing techniques and practices, and also obtained an understanding of the types of the conditions she treats. We met with several of her apprentices and filmed five Daur shaman ceremonies.

The first shaman we were to meet was Wo Jufen. To reach her we were driven through a labyrinth of alleyways to a beautiful compound. She had been one of the many apprentices of the Daur shaman, Siqingua, and had become a full-fledged shaman and been officially elevated in her status by the Daur community. When we arrived she was preparing to conduct, a coming of age, ceremony for a 16-year old male. Wo Jufen put on her costume and the young man sat in a straight-backed chair in the middle of a large room. Several of her helpers began hand spinning loose raffia to make a 50’ rope for the ceremony. Wo Jufen tied this handmade rope around the young man’s feet and circled the rope up around his neck and hands, which he had placed together in a prayer-like gesture. Preparation was done in a very particular and careful way. Finally both the ends of the raffia rope were twisted by Wo Jufen into one rope, making it actually one big circle which was wrapped around the young man several times. Then five or six overhand, knots, were tied in the combined larger strand. Wo Jufen then sprayed a fine mist of alcohol from her mouth onto a previously prepared, scissor cut sheet of paper which she placed this over his face. She then removed the paper from his face, folded it and dropped it into a large pan of liquid that was placed at his feet. This pan was filled with a mixture of water, vodka distilled from mare’s milk, milk and herbs. She played her drum,
and then changed drums, looking for one with a better sound. She had a brush made of twigs that she used as a broom to fling the liquid from the pan and sweep her client’s back and front, slapping it against him on occasion. She played her drum and chanted, then carefully cut the handmade rope near his face. The raffia rope was then placed in the tub and all was taken out into the courtyard and ceremoniously emptied. We were informed that this was an initiation ceremony, which prepared him for growing up into manhood. It served to sever him from his youth, and cleared away obstacles from his past.

The next day we traveled further north in Inner Mongolia to a town on the outskirts of Hailar, where we were invited to the shaman, Siqingua’s clinic and home. On her desk in her office, Siqingua had a dozen glass jars containing herbs, roots and sticks. She described to us which one would be good for arthritis, which for high blood pressure and also mentioned one that is helpful for healing broken bones and for bone cancer treatment. The last jar contained citron pepper that she recommends for menopausal symptoms.
We watched the shaman, Siqingua, do divinations with her string of beads and we heard about the problems people brought to her. She wrapped the beads around her fist holding them taut. They stood straight up in the air for a period of time, due to the friction between the beads, before falling. The way the beads fell instructed her in how to proceed.
One female patient was suffering with heart troubles. She was told never to eat wild meat and not to argue with her husband anymore. A male client had recently lost both parents. She told him that the disturbance he was feeling was because his parents were not buried together and that he needed to move their bodies together by July 14\textsuperscript{th}.

The next patient was a 9-year-old boy. He had suffered with a chronic ear infection for five years. At some point, he had spent three months in the hospital receiving medical treatments, which had failed to help him. His parents gave Siqingua the child’s name, age, and a brief medical history, which she wrote in her notebook in her native language of Daur. She asked them several questions as she wrote. Then she examined the boy’s ear as she leaned across her desk. She wrote more information in her notebook, and then she used her beads to do a divination. (She said many things that were not translated).

She lit some incense and then approached the boy as he sat in his chair. She used smoke from the incense and cleaned around his head and ears. She wrapped her string of beads around a small, black wooden “sword” that she used to press against and around the
infected ear as she chanted.

She then began to prepare a bottle of mare’s milk vodka by blowing into the open mouth of the bottle. She repeatedly mouth-sprayed a fine mist of this alcohol over the child’s ears and head. Every time she sprayed him he would cringe and draw back. She repeatedly sprayed him with the vodka and used the wooden sword, continuing to press it around his ear as she chanted. She then collected several powdered herbs from her pharmacy and poured some of each onto a piece of paper, which she folded and blew upon, then she passed this around her waist to empower the herbs, then she gave this medicine to the parents with instructions (not translated). She also gave them the bottle of mare’s milk alcohol that had been made sacred, infused by the shaman’s breath, and she instructed them how to sprinkle it on the earth as an offering to the spirits.

All of a sudden, in the middle of her scheduled clinic time, Siqingua jumped up from her chair and her husband, Bateer, indicated to us that she was going to be possessed by spirit. She left the room, coming back dressed in white silk, playing her drum and singing her spirit song. A few minutes later Siqingua went back into her inner room. This time when she returned, she was dressed in full shamanic regalia. Her costume was a full length, all leather, robe, with colorful embroidery, brass mirrors, bells and cowrie shells. There was a riding crop hanging from under her arms at each side. Her leather boots were traditional, having a gathering at the toe with a little open place near the toe on top of each boot. Her body was bolting and jerking and she had to be held up by her husband as her helping spirits entered her. She was bucking like a wild horse. Her assistants got her seated on her wooden stool and her adult son kneeled at her feet. As she played the drum, he ducked his head back and forth, beneath her swinging, sounding
drum. With great difficulty we were able to obtain a translation of some of the ceremonial chanting as the songs are in Daur (with some Mongolian) and they had to be translated into Mandarin and then into English.

Chant of Summoning the Spirit for Help and Protection
By Siqingua

“My white lining robe, please increase my ability;

The buttons, with the same color as hada, on the lining robe, please accompany and help me forever;

The front of my lining robe which buttons on the right, just like a piece of well-cut leaf, please melt gradually into the shaman’s body of this generation (Siqingua’s body);

The collar, which is like a Zhame flower, please penetrate slowly into the shaman’s body of this generation (Siqingua’s body);

The portion of my lining robe that is below the back waist, please enter into my skin and muscles;

The portion of my lining robe that is below the front waist, please melt gradually into my body, the body of a heiror (Siqingua) who succeeded the tradition passed down from one generation to another;

My only bronze mirror as a breastplate, please help protect my heart and breastbone;

My shaman costume, which was made of a pair of elk hide and descended from my great grandfather who now becomes the highest spirit, please give me power and protect me;

Thirty bronze mirrors on the front and right side of my shaman costume, please remove all that bad;

The big bronze mirror on my back, please help protect my life;

The four small bronze mirrors (which are around the big one and represent the four main directions) on my back, please remove the barriers from the four directions;

My twenty-four ribbons, please accompany me forever and summon spirits for me.
My sixty bronze bells, please send my message and voice to the spirits that far away;

My vest with 360 colorful shells, which are just like treasures, please guide the succeeding shaman of this generation (Siqingua);

My headdress with magic deer horns and made of gold and brass, please help protect my life and artery;

My red waistband, please increase my power and ability.”

**Banquet**

During our stay, Siqingua’s community organized an impressive, gala banquet in our honor. There were huge banners reading in English and Mandarin, “Daur and American Indian Shamanic Cultural Exchange” and “Welcome to our foreign friends to Ewenki Grasslands.” A TV station was covering this event, and all of these proceedings were being professionally documented. We video taped and took photographs of this celebration.

There were over 100 people attending this lavish sit down banquet. Many of the guests were dressed in their finest Daur costumes – beautiful silk deels in several distinct ethnic styles – and many of the guests wore traditional hats and had brightly colored sashes tied tightly around their waists. Many of the men wore broad, tooled, leather belts adorned with large fancy embossed shiny metal buckles. It was quite a display. We recognized the importance of establishing good will and felt gratitude for all the wonderful gifts we had been given, but above all, we were grateful for their friendship, and for feeling welcomed and accepted by the Daur people.

We discovered that there is a committee comprised of many Daur people, who are currently working to have Daur shamanism and Siqingua placed on the official Chinese
Government’s endorsed historic shamanic registry. This committee had already gone through two levels of application and the next step is to get permission from the “prefecture.” Evidently we were being brought into their plan. By the fact that we traveled so far to meet with the most famous shaman of the Daur people, it implied that they are important and worthy of our great effort and expense. Our visit lent them status and served as an endorsement of significance. We told them we would help by publishing more articles and producing a video that could be used to help obtain historic cultural recognition.

**Journey in Mongolia**

Next we traveled from Inner Mongolia, to Beijing where we boarded a train bound for Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia, crossing the Gobi desert. From there we flew on MIAT (Mongolian Air Lines) to the northernmost airstrip in Mongolia, to the town of Moron. Moron airport GPS Latitude 49.657605 N, Longitude 100.10553 E.

The second objective of our expedition was to try to locate a small band of nomadic reindeer herders called the Tsaatan, also known as the Dukha, and we hoped we could meet with a shaman among them. From Moron we would head to one of the most remote and hard to reach areas of Mongolia. We would need to travel by four-wheel drive vehicle hundreds of kilometers north over un-graded terrains. After the Moron Airport there would be no more roads, only rough meandering tracks, created by use. We would then need to ride horseback, leading pack horses, to elevations over 7,600 feet. This proved to be a very difficult and arduous undertaking.
After deplaning, all passengers at the Moron Airport waited for their luggage in a small windowless room filled with lots of construction debris, lumber, wires, sheetrock dust, and steel barrels with sharp edges. Our translator, Puje, and our driver, No Name, awaited us outside and led us to our robust sturdy four-wheel drive vehicle manufactured in Belarus. She was equipped with extra gas tanks, new tires, and had very high clearance. There was plenty of room inside our vehicle and overall it appeared to be rugged. We were going to drive over very rough terrain and ford many rivers and streams bumping over boulders, and braving huge potholes. We loaded up all of our equipment, food and water, and then, after taking some photos of our EC flag #74, we set off.

It was essential for us to get a special Mongolian police, Russian border permit, before leaving Moron. If a person doesn’t have a valid License for Entering Border Line Area they could be arrested, and fined and these fines can be enormous. When traveling in the Tsagaan Nuur area and visiting the taiga, a border permit is required by law. Our translator, Puji, was able to obtain our permits from the local police, which we had previously arranged. (See copies of some of these documents attached on pages 26 and 27.)

We started driving at 6AM. The track was REALLY rough, but it got so much worse, as we progressed. We were slamming up and down, so hard that we sometimes hit our heads on the ceiling of our van. There wasn’t much to hold onto. Our driver was constantly shifting gears up and down, rarely getting out of second gear, which meant our groundspeed was very slow, averaging about 10 miles an hour. We traveled like this until 8:30PM, making the journey 14 ½ hours. Finally we arrived in the Tsagaan Nuur, (White
Lake Valley) and could see the lake and lots of horses being driven by horsemen across the grassland.

There was no absolute assurance that we would be able to find this particular (or any other) band of nomadic reindeer herders and their shaman in a country of millions of square miles. That evening upon our arrival in Tsagaan Nuur, we spent considerable time conferring with local informants planning and deciding where we would head the next morning on our quest to find a Tsaatan shaman. As these people are true nomads and often move their village to better pastures for their reindeer herd, we would need help knowing where to look.
The next morning we spent considerable time sorting through equipment and packing. Our particular horse wranglers and the outfitter were ill equipped and unfamiliar with taking visitors into the backcountry. We were packing only what was essential. Safely packing the photographic equipment proved difficult. Panniers were not provided, and we were trying to pack all of our gear and equipment into used livestock feedbags. We would not have any source of electricity once we left Tsagaan Nuur. We were careful to check and charge all of our camera and flashlight batteries, before leaving our charging equipment behind. The horsemen were inexperienced at helping travelers, but they knew the trails and the rhythms of the region. They knew how to get to where we wanted to go, but they were not at all prepared to take care of our needs or our equipment. Their first thought was for their horses, expedition members came second.

John had gone out early on and looked over the horses. He had grown up on a horse farm and had lots of experience with horses, and riding, having owned his first horse at age six. Our translator Puje had never ridden on a horse before and she was scared and nervous.

Susan mounted her horse, a white gelding, and immediately had to ask that her reigns be lengthened. All of the horse tack was a jumble of worn out synthetic string and straps. The saddles were actually homemade wooden pack frames with a bit of thin padding secured on top. These “saddles” were short in length; with the stirrup straps attached far back on the frame, throwing off the rider’s balance. The stirrup “leathers” were sun bleached, knotted, synthetic strapping. We were in discomfort within two hours on the first, of our 10-hour days on horseback.
Two hours after starting out, while Susan was walking her horse, it simply dropped down under her. No one had ever seen this happen before. The horse was in motion and then it just collapsed straight down onto its underbelly. Susan kicked off the stirrups and jumped off the horse. She was not sure what had provoked the horse to drop down like that. The horsemen made the horse get right back up and looked it over and decreed that there hadn’t been enough padding under the saddle and that the horse was in pain.

We rode for three to four-hour stretches without a break. It was hot, with clouds of flies swarming around our pack train. Later our horses trudged and struggled through miles of mud, we were aware that with each step there was a real chance that a horse would slip, flounder and get completely bogged down. The horses were sinking up to their knees already. Because our luggage was not secured properly, due largely to the lack of pack equipment and straps, some of it fell off on several occasions and we had to watch out for fallen bags, making sure they got picked up, as we were bringing up rear of our eleven horse pack train.

Even though the travel was strenuous and difficult, the mountainous country that we were riding through was incredibly beautiful, with a hundred varieties of wildflowers. The sun was very hot at lower elevations but at higher altitudes the temperature dropped dramatically. The views of the rugged mountain ranges were spectacular. We were eventually climbing to over 7,500 feet, where we passed large patches of snow still lingering in the July heat which added to the large amounts of melt water running down the trail and feeding the boggy swamp-like sections we were slogging through.
Before lunch, on the second day of riding, while we were making our way through a long patch of bog that was filled with tangled roots, Puje, our translator, was thrown from her horse. One of the packhorses, a young gelding and a troublemaker, had spooked Puje’s horse causing it to throw her over its head. She landed, hitting her head on a rock and she was bleeding. John went back to help her. He applied a compression bandage to stop the bleeding using his bandana, and reassured her. He also checked her pupil dilation with his flashlight and checked her pulse. She had cuts, bruises and scrapes. She was shaken, but okay. She remounted her horse (an act of courage for sure).

Later we pondered what we would have done had she been seriously injured, and we realized how intimately linked we all were with each other, and how the success of our whole expedition was resting on the safety of each one us.

In the Sayan Mountains of the Eastern Taiga, we eventually did succeed in finding the Tsaatan, reindeer herders just 20 kilometers from the Siberian border.

Latitude 51.742297 North,
Longitude 99.298102 East

Altitude 2,107m
The Tsaatan live in teepees called Ortz. Their reindeer are ridden and used as pack animals during nomadic moves, but they are seldom, if ever, used for meat. Reindeer are milked daily and this milk provides the main component of the Tsaatan diet. After the morning milking at 4:30AM, the fresh milk is boiled for making milk tea. They also make a dried yogurt cheese, and distilled high proof vodka from the fermented reindeer milk.

This band’s shaman welcomed us warmly the day after our arrival. Her name is Saintsetseg, which means Good Flower. We videotaped interviews with her discussing her work and belief systems. She also performed a shamanic healing ritual on our behalf, and several other rituals, which we also videotaped.

In this band of Tsaatan they call themselves, Balagch. There are around 100 members, comprised of 14 or 15 families, having 13 or 14 children among them. There are around 400 Tsaatan in total, roaming as true nomads in the eastern and western taiga.

Saintsetseg the shaman, agreed to perform a ceremony. After dark we walked to her Ortz (teepee). She began by mending and sewing some fabric additions to her shamanic costume. She then prepared her altar and placed our offerings upon it. She had the gifts we have given to her. She took up the little elk hide drum that Susan had made for her as a gift, and began to play it. One by one, villagers began gathering in the Ortz, some were children, there were two young men and other village members. The shaman’s eldest sister was there, too. One of the little village girls helped by burning a branch of juniper, making smoke to cleanse the costume, the drum and ritual space. We observed this girl over the days of our visit and sensed that someday she may follow in her Aunt’s footsteps and become a shaman and healer of her people. This young girl
helped the shaman put on her blue silk, shaman costume, with its long strips of plaited, white cloth hanging off in clusters. The girl then tied it together in the front. Attached on the back of this blue silk robe was a patch of reindeer skin with metal medallions. As has the shaman swayed her body back and forth, we could hear clanging and ringing of the many metal bells that were attached to her costume. There were colorful cloth strips hanging down in front and back. Finally her headdress was seated upon her head. It had the likeness of a face with eyes and mouth embroidered onto the front of the headdress that covered her forehead. The headdress had a fringe across the front edge that hung down like a curtain over her eyes. Lastly, the shaman’s boots were placed upon her feet.

Once she was properly adorned and prepared to begin her spiritual journey, on a quest for healing, she bowed forward and chanted. The drum covered her face as she swung her whipping fringes. She was chanting in a quiet, muttering way. Her head shook back and forth.

She then took up her big reindeer drum. It too was cleaned and purified with more clouds of juniper smoke. There were metal clangors, about 2 ½ inches in length, hanging from rings inside the drum rim, which accentuated the steady drumbeat. Inside the open back of the large frame drum, there was a blue scarf tied to the back crosspiece. As the
ceremony progressed, her elder sister flicked reindeer milk from a bowl onto the shaman as an offering and a sacrifice. As she beat the big drum, the energy in the Ortz escalated. She was moving faster and the drumming was more intense. Occasionally she would stop and pause, and then start drumming again. She jumped up three times and continued to drum and swing from side to side while chanting and shaking her head and bowing.

She told the patient, “Now I am going to heal your sickness, the one you had been asking for. This is what this healing is for. Sit down here. Kneel down.” Her patient did as asked. She held a braided cluster of colorful, cloth whips, which represented snakes, and had jangles attached. She began to whip him gently on his back and waved this bundle around his body and flicked off the intrusive energy. She waved her hand over his lower abdomen, as she seemed to be absorbing something and dropping this out of her hand, off to his side and down onto the earth. She blew on her hand after releasing the invisible energy. Then she took a bowl and drank some vodka then she told him that she took all bad things from him. This ended the healing ceremony and we all ate candy from the alter and some of us drank reindeer vodka.

The days were very hot, around 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The reindeer suffered greatly from the heat and clouds of small black colored flies. Mosquitoes were troublesome to us in the evenings. The nights in our Ortz were quite cold, close to freezing. We tried various strategies for making the fire last longer hoping to keep the teepee warm longer. We found that if we stoked up the stove by putting larger chunks of wood in and placed a large, massive stone on the top of the stove, we would stay warm till dawn. The large rock would get quite hot and radiate the warmth long after the fire had died out. The stoves were not airtight. They were constructed of thin sheet metal with
a door in front and a stovepipe extending out through the top of the teepee. We slept in sleeping bags wearing our hats, long underwear, sweaters and vests.

Being awarded Explorers Club Flag #74 for this expedition to Inner Mongolia, China, and Mongolia, has been a great honor and we would consider it a true privilege to carry it again on a future expedition to Mongolia and beyond.

**Resources Used for Flag Expedition #74**

**Maps**

Operational Navigation Chart, Map E-7 of China, Mongolia, Soviet Union. Prepared and Published by Defense Mapping Agency Aerospace Center, St. Louis, MO. Compiled 1974. (no longer being made available to public).

Mongolia 1:2 000 000 Gizi Map Budapest Hungary

China Country Map 1:8,000,000 Periplust travel Maps Singapore 534167

**Audio and Visual, DVD’s and CD’s**

Grimaldi, Susan

1997    *Drums of the Ancestors: Manchu and Mongol Shamanism* (documentary DVD producer).

1998    *Healing Rituals of the Tuvan Shamans*, (documentary DVD Producer)

1999    *Tuvan Shamanic Healing*, (CD Producer)

**Articles**

Grimaldi, Susan


Grimaldi, Susan and Kun Shi

Humphrey, Caroline and Urgunge Onon

Lawrence, John

Lü, Ping and Shiyu Qiu

Natal’ in, Boris A.

Noll, Richard and Shi, Kun

Shi, Kun


Wang, Lüxiang and Huiying Meng (hosts)
LICENSE FOR ENTERING BORDER LINE AREA

Jun 29, 2011        No. 525        Ulaanbaatar city

Gankhuyag, B, Employee of “New Milestone” company, and American citizens Susan Lee Grimaldi, John Richard Lawrence JR are granted a permission to enter the border line area when they go on a 12 days of travel, between July 9-20, to the are near Baruun taiga, Ulaantaiga, Hankh of Tsagaannuur sum, Huvsgul province. The permission only covers the area specified by the border watch.

Border division Director
Colonel  /signed/  DAMDINSUREN.KH

/Seal affixed/

Translator: BAYANDEIGKHM

TRANSLATOR AND VERIFIED BY THE TRANSLATION BUREAU “E-UNIVERSE”
Add: “E-UNIVERSE” Centre 4, District Center, Ulaanbaatar city, MGL.
2011 оны 05 дугаар сарын 29-ны егер

Дугаар 526
Улаанбаатар хсг

“Нью Майлстен” ХХК-ий ажилтан Б.Ганхүүг, АНУ-ын иргээ Susan Lee Grimaldi, John Richard Lawrence JR-ч Хөөрөн аймгийн Улаан-Уул, Чингээнхүүр суудын Бөрийн тээвэр, Улаан-Уул, Хонк орнын 2011 оны 07 дугаар сарын 09-ны өдөрүнд 12 жил эхэлж эхэлсэн 24-ны дугаарын 07 дугаарын 29-ны нэгдүгээр аяллах зарлигосор явуу тул Хилийн Буц, зурваас Нэгтээрээ зөвлөлдөө Хилийн зурагын Арга уг төгснөөс төгснөөс төгсөх зүйлд ажиллагаа явуулах зөвшөөрөл олссоно

ХИЛИЙН АЛБАНЫ ХЭЛТСИЙН ДАРГА
ХУРАН-ДАА Х.ДАМДИНСУРГЭН

Анхдаараг зүйлс:

• Энэ зөвшөөрөлдөө тухайн Хилийн хасат байрлаж буй ортод заавал үйлдрилгээ танихуулуу, тодорхой өгсөн зааварчлалын дагуу үйл зөвлөлдөөгээ явуулаа.
• Хилийн эрчимтэй холбогдсон багт болонгийлөө сэжигтэй шинж тэмдэг үйлдлийн талаар ойр Байрлаж Хилийн ам, салбарт мэдээлэн.
• Хилийн буцаа зурваас зарлигосор иргээний үзэвтэйж эхлэхийг эхэлсэн 24-ны байна бириж ачаан явна.
• Хилийн тавсан шаргалдлын биеэрлэн.
• Хилийн булан хилчлэн хүндам зөрчөл холбогдох хүлээн, тогтоомжийн дагуу хариуцлага хүлээнэ.