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The life of H. P. Blavatsky is one shrouded in mystery—mystery at many levels—and one can no more divest her of that element than one could strip innovation from Steve Jobs, or distill grandeur and gravitas from the music of Richard Wagner.

In the preface to his book *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*, William Kingsland observes: “The personality of H. P. Blavatsky was a very remarkable and complex one. It was in fact a perpetual enigma even to those who knew her most intimately.” This is echoed by G. de Purucker in his book *H. P. Blavatsky, The Mystery*: “[She] was a great psychological mystery to the world of average men. She was a great psychological mystery even to her followers . . . even to those who thought that they knew her best.”

Hebert Burrows, a good friend of Blavatsky and eyewitness to the writing of *The Voice of the Silence*, wrote: “Of the real H.P.B. we only caught occasional glimpses . . . Of her vast and profound knowledge . . . how could one speak? Only its ripples ever reached us, but these would make no ordinary ocean.” The penchant of Theosophists to refer to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky simply as H.P.B. is more than a moniker of efficiency whereby one reduces nine syllables and twenty-three letters to a mere three. Even the title page of the original edition of *The Voice* reads “translated and annotated by H.P.B.” But why not spell out her entire name as most authors would have done? Another curiosity is the autograph in her personal copy of *The Voice*, which begins, *H.P.B. to H. P. Blavatsky*. A first-time reader must surely wonder if these are two separate entities. In an illuminating article entitled “H. P. Blavatsky: The Mystery,” found in the May 1969 issue of *The American Theosophist*, L. Gordon Plummer says: “And here psychology must give way to pneumatology if we are going to understand the difference between H. P. Blavatsky the woman and ‘HPB’ the teacher.” *Pneumatology* is the study of spiritual beings and phenomena.

One last question is raised by the second half of the aforementioned autograph, which reads in full: *H.P.B. to H. P. Blavatsky with no kind regards*. With no kind regards? How strange. Why the apparent show of ingratitude? Fortunately, this is a puzzle with an answer, not a mystery that forever remains impenetrable. In the 1944 edition of *The Voice*, Arya Asanga explains it as “expressing the regret of one who is conscious how the spoken word falls short of the Silent Voice.”

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