

*Franz Hartmann on
the Harmonical Society*




A profound theosophical fable

Continued and concluded by H.P. Blavatsky¹

First published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. VII, No. 78, March 1886, pp. 390-91.
Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (A THEOSOPHICAL FABLE) VII pp. 53-54.
Frontispiece: Christmas Serenade, by Joseph Stella.

[In *The Letters of H.P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett*, p. 158, this “Fable” is attributed to Dr. Franz Hartmann. See Boris de Zirkoff’s Note at end of this article.]

 **NCE UPON A TIME**, in a country far across the Indian ocean, there was a society of people who wanted to hear and investigate the music of the spheres. They called their society “Harmony,” but there was very little harmony among them; on the contrary, they quarrelled a great deal amongst each other, for, their society was made up of men and women of different nationalities, different characters and different opinions. But to make up for this deficiency, they had in their possession a musical instrument, upon which — if it was properly tuned — the music of the spheres could be heard. This instrument however was almost constantly out of tune, and the winds from the four corners of the earth would then blow into it and it would give forth on such occasions very discordant sounds. To attune it, it was necessary that a great Genius from the upper spheres should descend and put it in order, so that the music of the spheres could be heard.

It was indeed a very queer instrument, and what is still more remarkable about it, is the fact, which will hardly be believed by *sensible* people, that if a person whose mind was very inharmonious, would come near it, it would begin to make a very disagreeable noise.

The safe-keeping of that instrument was entrusted to the president of that society, and that president was so proud of its mysterious qualities, that he wanted to show it to everybody, and asked everybody to come and listen to the harmony of the spheres.

Now there was a society of non-musical but learned men in a country not far from here, and the president of the harmonial society went to them and told them about his mysterious instrument. They however did not believe him and said that there was no such thing as a “music of the spheres.” The intrepid president however insisted that there was, and he promised, that if they would send someone to look at that in-

¹ See Note by Boris de Zirkoff on page 4, and “Attuning to the Music of the Spheres: A forlorn hope?” on page 6.

strument, he would show them how it was constructed, and he would ask the great Genius of the upper spheres to come and play a tune — for their instruction and edification.

Consequently the learned men of the West put their heads together and consulted with each other, and the result was that they selected a smart boy and asked him to go across the big water to look at the great Genius from the upper spheres, and to report the result of his observations to those whose heads had grown to be grey in the acquisition of scientific opinions.

The smart boy went and looked at the instrument, but when he came there it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it, and the more he worked with it, the more discordant did it become. The president then took out his book of incantations and tried all kinds of conjurations to force the Genius from the upper spheres to come and play a tune for the smart boy, but the Genius would not come.

So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home again and told his fathers in learning, that he did not see the great Genius and did not hear the music of the spheres, and the learned men stuck their heads together a second time and consulted with each other, and the result was that they said the smart boy was wise and that the president of the harmonial society was — mistaken.

Now, when the members of the harmonial society heard that important decision, they became very much distressed and they went and destroyed the instrument, because they said that if they could not have an instrument upon which the music of the spheres could be heard at all times, they would rather have no instrument at all. Consequently the society dissolved and the members went their way, some of them attempted to attune their own souls to the harmony of the spheres, others believed that the great Genius had never existed; but the keeper of the instrument sat down and wept bitterly.

FRANZ HARTMANN



Note by Boris de Zirkoff

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (A THEOSOPHICAL FABLE) VII pp. 54a-3c.

[In *The Letters of H.P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett*, in Letter No. LXII, p. 158, H.P. Blavatsky wrote: “You will read Hartmann’s ‘Theosophical Fable’ and *our* answer to it sent to you with a few more explanations.”

Hartmann’s article, it would seem, is an allegorical description of the situation in the Theosophical Society in 1885-86, called forth by various false accusations against Blavatsky

The MS. of H.P. Blavatsky’s “answer” is a fragment in her own handwriting, now in the Archives of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. It was originally published in *The Theosophist* of May, 1962. Blavatsky’s words are not only a comment but a continuation and conclusion of the “Fable,” giving a vivid picture of the problems of the Society as seen by its “Broken Instrument.” This is what she says:]

. . . “the keeper of the instrument sat down and wept bitterly. . . ” So would the “Instrument” were it not so broken as to be unfit to emit even a sound. . . .

The fable is deeply significant and very profound. It is to the very point and the author of it *was inspired* — the mangled remains of the “Instrument” answer for it, though *its* endorsements are now of little, if any use. The “Theosophical Fable” ought to be published in the *Theosophist*; and if it is not it will only speak the more against the obduracy of the ex-“keeper” of the “instrument,” and his unwillingness to confess publicly his great sin — for believing in human justice, in human benevolence, fairness and the gentlemanly feelings of “a Society of non-musical but learned men.” And the “fable” ought to be read by every Theosophist, every member of the *never* “Harmonical Society” and meditated upon. For, besides the individual Karma of every member and the collective Karma of the “Harmonical Society” whose practice differed so widely from its rules and purposes — there is the great sin of its leading members and chiefs. They have *desecrated* the name (and names) of the “Genius of the Spheres,” and the Genii descend no more. The present trouble has arisen in consequence of such desecration. The Mahā-Chohan of the Genii has foretold it four years ago. The chief President was warned repeatedly in the beginning by the voice of his “instrument”; it protested in vain, and finally it was swept along itself with the current of enthusiasm, and added its own voice to proclaiming things holy in public, and throwing pearls before swine, and casting that which was sacred to the dogs: the swine are now treading upon the pearls and the dogs are rending the givers. The light that shone in the Darkness which comprehended it not — is now out: Darkness has put its heavy extinguisher upon it.

This would have never happened had the light been sacredly preserved in its own birth-place and sphere — India. But the veneration of her sons for that light was laughed down to scorn; it was called “hero-worship,” mocked and finally represented as a screen to hide unholy practices. The names of the Genii are now dragged into publicity and figure in full in the *Report*. None of the *Presidents* would listen to the sage advice to keep their knowledge of the Genii secret; and the holy names were prostituted publicly by every scoffer. KARMA.

There now remains but one thing to be done, if the “Harmonical” Society would be kept alive.

Let its President do as the ex-Corresponding Secretary *has* done: depose himself before he is deposed by others — and the Society will die a week later. But let the Society — now dishonoured because there never was real harmony in it but rather per-

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A PROFOUND THEOSOPHICAL FABLE

sonal and individual selfishness — unite together at last and wait patiently and prepare thro' *active* work for the advent of a *Paraclete* who may yet be drawn to, and sent to them before the end of the cycle in (1897).

The present “instrument” could never have been destroyed by any “learned” Society. It is the *unlearned* in things occult and spiritual, among the members of the Harmonical Society, who are now breaking it to atoms themselves; those for whom the old instrument has played itself to death, and that was the first to draw their attention and open their ears to the “music of the spheres” however poorly it may have rendered the heavenly melody itself. And now it lies broken into fragments shattered more every day by the kicks of those for whom it sang and laboured. . . .

But the “Genius of the Spheres” means to pick up the mangled pieces of the instrument once more and glue them together *as He alone can*. No violin is played better upon, none emits more musical sounds than that one which was broken and mended. The Paganini of the broken *Stradivarius* is still alive and He will play upon it again but only for those few who will “attune their souls indeed to the music of the Spheres.” The instrument will belong to these and have no “Keeper.” How many such few will remain? Time will soon tell.

[The following is H.P. Blavatsky’s note to A.P. Sinnett, at the bottom of page 2 of the original MS.]

(Had no time to copy. Send this answer but better to H. His dear sister writes such a loving good letter swearing she “will attune her soul to the music of the Spheres.” If I were you: I *would* publish his fable in the *Theosophist*.)



Attuning to the Music of the Spheres

A forlorn hope?

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. II, No. II, July 1888, pp. 341-46.
Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (FORLORN HOPE) X pp. 1-11.

Should a wise man utter vain knowledge,
and fill his belly with the east wind?

— ELIPHAZ, in *Job* xv, 2

JN DAYS OF FAR, far away Antiquity, namely, in 1886, a suggestive Theosophical Fable went the round of our circles, and found room in the March number of *The Theosophist* for that year. Its subject was a Society named “Harmony,” born to investigate the music of the Spheres, and established in the far East. It had, ran the fable, a queer “instrument,” to attune which a great genius descended occasionally from the upper realms and made the instrument repeat the music of the spheres. It possessed also a president, who, in the great honesty and innocence of his heart, had been imprudent enough to boast of his possession, and had made the instrument sing to whomsoever came within the range of his vision: so much so, that finally the instrument was made quite cheap.

Then the *fabula* showed how the learned men of the West — who believed in neither genius, spheres nor the instrument — put their wise heads together, and finding that even if the instrument was no fiction, yet, as it was not built on any rules of the modern science of acoustics *known to them*, it had, therefore, no right to existence. Forthwith they concluded not to permit the music of the spheres to be played, least of all, believed in. So, goes on the fable, they “selected a smart boy, gave him a penny and asked him to go across the big water” and report upon what he would see in the “Harmonial Society.”

The smart boy went and looked at the instrument, but when he came there it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it. . . . The president then took out his book of incantations and tried all kinds of conjurations to force the Genius of the upper spheres to come and play a tune for the smart boy, but the genius would not come.

So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home again and told his fathers in learning, that he did not see the great Genius and did not hear the music of the spheres, and the learned men stuck their heads together a second time. . . . and the result was that they said the smart boy was wise and that the president of the Harmonial Society was — mistaken.

Or, in less polite, but still more untruthful words, the president, his society, and his “instrument” especially, were all either fools, frauds or both. The charge of “humbug and imposture” against the “Harmonial” Society was thus proven, and became *un fait accompli*. Henceforth that idea was photographed in the shallow drums that public opinion mistakes for the heads of its leaders, and it became indelible.

From that time forward adjectives such as “fraud, deception and imbecility” became attached to the “Harmonial” Society and followed it everywhere, like a tail follows its comet. The theory struck deep roots in the hearts and minds of many non-theosophists and became at last part of the very being of the British public. This proverbially “fair minded” body had heard one side of the question and — felt satisfied. Its pioneer-gossips, full of Christian charity and 5 o’clock tea, had ransacked the contents of the “smart boy’s” travelling bag. Having greedily fed themselves upon the adulterated food which was like heavenly manna for their insatiate stomachs, they differentiated, and then shared it with all who were hungry and thirsty for such celestial nourishment. Thus, Grundy’s¹ cackle-twaddle was kept up in loud and authoritative tones for some three years, until gradually it succeeded in making “Theosophy” a byword synonymous with every kind of iniquity. Theosophy was set up as a target for daily slander, verbal and printed; it was proclaimed a fallen idol whose feet of clay had at last given way, and it was hourly advertised dead as a door nail and buried for ever. But, lo and behold! a dark shadow has suddenly fallen across the face of this sweet and secure hope. . . .

It is quite touching to read certain jeremiads in the daily papers, to learn the pathetic regrets expressed with regard to the suspected instability of public opinion. The attitude of certain social circles is visibly changing, and something will have to be done once more to bring Theosophy into disrepute, if we would not see it resurrect like Lazarus out of his tomb. For, as time goes on, more than one enemy begins to express grave doubts. Some suspect that the theosophical Jezebel may, after all, have been merely a victim: Job, visited by permission of KARMA — or if so preferred, by that of the enthroned Almighty, granting to his Son-Satan full liberty to test the endurance of his “uprighteous servant” of the land of Ug.² Others perceived that though Satan-Grundy, using the venomous tongues of the multitudes, had covered “Job” with sore boils, yet the patient had never collapsed. Theosophy was neither knocked off its feet by the mighty wave of calumny and defamation, nor did it show any signs of agony. It was as firm on its legs as ever. *Mirabile dictu*³ and acme of impudence! — cried its enemies. Why here it is again, and it begins to raise its voice louder than ever! What does the creature say? Listen. . . .

Aye, right honourable, as well as right dishonourable opponents and enemies.
Your Mrs. Grundy has filled me with *wrinkles* as Satan filled Job, but these are

¹ [A figurative name for an extremely conventional or priggish person, a personification of the tyranny of conventional propriety. A tendency to be overly fearful of what the respectable might think is also referred to as Grundyism. Although she began life as a minor character in Thomas Morton's play *Speed the Plough* (1798), Mrs. Grundy was eventually so well established in the public imagination that Samuel Butler, in his novel *Erewhon*, could refer to her in the form of an anagram (as the goddess Ydgrun). As a figure of speech she can be found throughout European literature. — Wikipedia]

² *Job* ii, 1-8

³ [Wonderful to tell.]

witness only against herself. “He teareth me in his wrath, who hateth me” — but I hate no one and only pity my blind slanderers. “He gnasheth upon me with his teeth” — and I only smile back. “Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me,” and I offer to lend him mine to allow him to see clearer. “They have gaped upon me with their mouth wide open”; and, like Jonas swallowed by the whale, I have found no uncomfortable quarters for philosophical meditation inside my enemy, and have come out of his voracious stomach as sound as ever! What will you do next? Will you smite me “upon the cheek reproachfully”? I shall not turn to you the other, lest you should hurt your hand and make it smart and burn still worse: but I shall tell you a story, and show you a panoramic view, to amuse you. . . .

See how the enemies of the Theosophical Society and its leaders look disconcerted! Hear how in the bitterness of their heart, for sweet hopes frustrated, they writhe and have not even the decency to conceal their bad humour at what they foolishly regard as the *triumph of theosophy*. Truly has the east wind filled their — brains, and vain knowledge has disagreed most decidedly with the learned men of the West! For what do *they* do? Listen once more.

Fearing lest their appetite for devouring and assimilating the carrion food snatched from the beaks of the Bombay ravens by the “smart boy” should slacken, the wise men of learning have devised, it appears, a fresh little plan to strangle Theosophy. If one can believe the *Birmingham Post* (the very sincere *daily* which lets out the secret), the big-wigs of the very Christian “Victoria Institute” have not forgotten the fable of the “monkey and the cat.” The “monkeys” of science, had selected for some time past the paws of their ablest cat to draw the chestnuts for them out of the theosophical fires, and had hoped thereby to extinguish the hated light for ever. Read and judge for yourself the bit of interesting information contained in the above mentioned daily for June 15th of the present year of grace. Says the loquacious writer:

Even Science herself, generally so steadfast in her progress, so logical in her conclusions, so firm in her pursuit of a sure result, has been made to tremble on her lofty perch by the shock given her by the discourse of Sir Monier-Williams at the Victoria Institute, last Monday. Sir Monier-Williams is Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, and regarded as the first Sanskrit scholar in the world. The announcement of the choice made by the learned professor of the subject of his discourse as being that of “Mystical Buddhism in Connection with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindoos,” had created an immense degree of interest amongst the learned portion of the society of London. It was firmly believed that Sir Monier-Williams had chosen the subject for the express purpose of demolishing the errors and superstitions of a creed which has crept in upon us by degrees from the intrigues of sundry impostors who have worked upon the love of the marvellous so inherent to human¹ nature to establish themselves as prophets of a new doctrine. This was the opinion of all learned men in general, and they had been watching with great eagerness for a refutation from the pen of Sir Monier-Williams of all the “sleight-of-

¹ The writer in his grief seems to have forgotten his commas. The subject, also, to produce the desired effect should have been handled in more grammatical English. [*H.P. Blavatsky.*]

hand principles,” as the experiments of the Theosophists were called. This refutation in writing had never come, and therefore it was with redoubled interest that the speech which would demolish the audacious pretensions of the conjuring philosophers was waited for. What, then, was the surprise of the assembly of wise men when Sir Monier-Williams, instead of denying, almost confirmed the truth of the assertions made by the Theosophists, and actually admitted that, although the science of modern Theosophy was imperfect, yet there are grounds for belief which, instead of being neglected as they have been by students of philosophy, ought to be examined with the greatest care.

A wise man, for once in his generation, this newly-knighted lecturer! The greater the pity that this “first Sanskrit scholar in the world” (Professors Max Müller, Whitney, Weber and the *tutti quanti*, hide your diminished heads!) knows so little of Buddhism as to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Perchance, there was a *raison d’être* for making them. Both his lectures, at any rate those about which some fuss has been made, and one of which was noticed in the 8th number of LUCIFER — both these lectures were delivered before very Christian audiences at Edinburgh and before the “Philosophical Society of Great Britain,” whose members *have to be Christians*. Nevertheless, one fails to see why a little more correct information about the difference between *Rāja-Yoga* and *Hatha-Yoga* should not have been offered to that audience? Or why again it should be told that, in the days of Gautama Buddha, Buddhism “set its face against all solitary asceticism,” and “had no occult, no esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men” — both of which statements are historically untrue. Worse still. For, having just mentioned at the opening of his lecture, that Gautama had been “reborn as Buddha, the enlightened,” that he had reached *Parinibbāna* or the great, *highest Nirvana*; that he had passed through the highest states of *Samadhi*, the practice of which confers the “six transcendent faculties,” *i.e.*, clairvoyance, or “the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world,” “knowledge of the thoughts of others, recollection of former existences. . . . and finally the supernatural powers called *Iddhi*,” the professor coolly asserted that it was never stated “that Gautama ever attained to the highest . . . Yoga of Indian philosophy — union with the Supreme Spirit”! Such a statement may flatter the preconceptions of a few bigots among a Christian audience, but we question whether it is not one entirely unworthy of a true scholar, whose first duty is to be impartial in his statements, lest he should mislead his hearers.

While Theosophists should feel deeply thankful to Sir Monier-Williams for the excellent advertisement their society and philosophy have received at his hands, the Editors of *Lucifer* would fail in their duty were they to leave unnoticed several self-contradictions made in this lecture by “the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world.” What kind of definite idea can an audience have on Buddhism when it hears the two following statements, which directly contradict each other:

“He [Buddha] was ever careful to lay down a precept that the acquisition of transcendent human faculties was restricted to the perfected Saints, called Arhats.” This, after just stating that Buddha had never himself “attained to the highest yoga,” that

he was no Spiritualist, no Spiritist,¹ but “a downright *Agnostic*” — he, the “Buddha,” or the Enlightened!!!

The outcome of this extraordinary lecture is that Gautama Buddha had never reached even the powers of a simple modern Yogi. For such transcendent powers are allowed by the lecturer even in our present day to some Hindus. We quote again from the *Birmingham Post*:

The word Yoga, according to Sir Monier-Williams, literally means union, and the proper aim of every man who practises Yoga is the mystic union of his own spirit with the one eternal soul or spirit of the universe, and the acquisition of divine knowledge by that means. This was the higher Yoga. But the lower practice seeks to abstract the soul from the body and the mind, and isolate it in its own essence. So may be acquired the inner ear, or clairaudience, by which sounds and voices may be heard, however distant; the inner eye, or clairvoyance, the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world, and a knowledge of the thoughts of others. These acquirements have become developed into demonology² and various spiritual phenomena connected with that esoteric Buddhism which every schoolgirl is studying in secret nowadays. Long and persevering study of the great science will lead to the practice of twisting the limbs, and of suppressing the breath, which latter faculty leads to the prolongation of existence under water or buried beneath the earth. Many Hindu ascetics have submitted to interment under this influence. Colonel Meadows Taylor once assisted at the burial of a man who professed to be able to remain nine days beneath the earth without drawing breath during that time. Colonel Taylor, determined that no deception should be used, was present during the ceremony of interment, and, after seeing the man duly covered with earth, sowed seed upon the grave, which, being duly watered, sprang up with luxuriance long before the expiration of the nine days’³ probation. More than this, the grave was watched day and night by two English sentinels, so that there really appears no reason to suppose that any deception could possibly be practised, the more so that Colonel Taylor himself had chosen the place of burial, which circumstance precludes all idea of subterranean passages, which had been suggested in other cases of the like nature. At the end of the nine days the grave was opened with all due solemnity. The buried man was found in the same position in which he had laid down, and when he opened his eyes his first enquiry was for his bowl of rice, adding that he felt hungry, and that he would be glad to eat. Professor Monier-Williams did not quote this example — he dwelt more lengthily upon the absorption of the mental faculties rather than on that

¹ Let us fondly hope so; and that Allan Kardec will not be placed by Sir Monier-Williams one day on a higher level than Buddha.

² This is *entirely false*. Anyone who would like to acquire the proofs that this statement is a gratuitous calumny has only to read theosophical literature, and even the last numbers of *Lucifer*. The methods described belong to *Hatha Yoga*, and are very injurious and dangerous; still, even this is no *demonology*, but simply a lower form of Yoga. The Theosophical Society has fought from the beginning against these methods. Its teachers went dead against it, and even against some forms of mediumship, such as sitting for materialisation — the necromancy of the Bengal Tātrikas!

³ We have always believed the period to have been 40 days, and this is borne out by the planting of the seed. Surely for seed to sprout and grow “with luxuriance” in *nine* days would be almost as great a “nine days’ wonder” as the interment of the Yogi?

of the physical powers. He went on to explain how internal self-concentration may lead to the acquisition of supernatural gifts, and enable a man to become invisible at will, to appear at any spot however apparently distant, to gain absolute power over himself and others, to bring the elements into subjection, and to suppress all desires. A Yogi, when thus befitted, can float in the air, fly through space, visit the planets and stars, create storms and earthquakes, understand the language of animals, ascertain what occurs in every part of the earth, and even enter into another man's body and make it his own. The Professor then related how a powerful Yogi had once entered into the dead body of a king, and had governed the country for three whole weeks. It is still believed that certain of the Eastern sages can eject the ethereal body through the pores of the skin, and render this phantasmal form visible in distant places. The effect produced by the Professor's discourse may readily be imagined. Here was justification in full of the theories, hitherto so scorned and abused, of Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky. Here was almost an avowal of belief in the possibility of the truth, if not in the truth itself, of the realisation of that recognition of the powers of darkness from which all Christian souls are taught to shrink with horror and dismay. The Professor seemed so well aware of the impression produced by his discourse that, as if feeling himself compelled to add a few words by way of excuse for the extreme lengths to which he had been led, he added by way of conclusion that he was induced to doubt whether the practices assumed to be possible to the Theosophists would stand the light of European science. "But nevertheless the subject must not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. It furnishes," said Sir Monier-Williams in conclusion, "a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called Spiritualism, neo-Buddhism, and Theosophy of the present day. The practices of magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, *etc.*, have their counterparts in the Yoga system of the Hindoos prevalent in India more than two thousand years ago." At the end of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by the Bishop of Dunedin, who undertook, as it were, the apology of the doctrine expounded (scarcely to the satisfaction of all present), and who thought it his duty to point out the distinction between Christianity and Buddhism — the former reliant upon God's mercy, the latter on the efforts of man to work out his self-deliverance from evil. I have dwelt thus long upon the subject of the great professor's discourse because the world of thought — of scientific research — having found at last a footing in London society, these things are talked of and examined with reflection, and without detriment to the flow of small-talk which used formerly to occupy the whole attention of the world of fashion.

Thus ends the plaint of the Birmingham Jeremiah. It speaks for itself, and we thank the writer for letting, so naïvely, the cat out of the bag. The real "cat," however, the one on which the "monkey" of the "Victoria Institute" and other scientific establishments had placed such optimistic hopes, has played its colleagues false. It has turned tail at the last moment, and has evidently declined the loan of its paw to draw from the fire the too hot chestnuts for the benefit of the scientific "researchers" of the day. Like Balaam, whom the King of Midian would willingly have bribed to curse the Israelites, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Boden Professor of San-

skrit at the University of Oxford (where, “for reasons of ill-health,” he can no longer lecture, but lectures for our benefit elsewhere) — has not cursed the Theosophists and their teachings — but has blessed them. Alas! Alas!

“Compelled to praise!” It cannot be
By prophet or by priest;
Balaam is dead? . . . yet don’t we see
And hear, perchance — his beast? . . .

[The “Theosophical Fable” mentioned above by H.P. Blavatsky was written by Dr. Franz Hartmann, as appears from *The Letters of H.P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett*, p. 158, wherein Blavatsky tells Sinnett: “You will read Hartmann’s ‘Theosophical Fable’ and our answer to it sent to you with a few more explanations.”¹ The MS. of H.P. Blavatsky’s “our answer” published below has been recently discovered in the Adyar Archives, and is a fragment in her own handwriting. It is both a comment on Hartmann’s allegorical description of the situation in the T.S. in 1885-86, and a continuation and conclusion of the Fable, embodying some important statements about the T.S. On page 2 of the MS. Blavatsky appended this note: “Had no time to copy. Send this answer but better to H. His dear sister writes such a loving good letter swearing she ‘will attune her soul to the music of the Spheres.’ If I were you: I would publish his fable in the *Theosophist*.” The approximate date of this MS. is January, 1886.]

. . . “the keeper of the instrument sat down and wept bitterly . . .” So would the “Instrument” were it not so broken as to be unfit to emit even a sound . . .

The fable is deeply significant and very profound. It is to the very point and the author of it *was inspired* — the mangled remains of the “Instrument” answer for it, though *its* endorsements are now of little, if any use. The “Theosophical Fable” ought to be published in the *Theosophist*; and if it is not it will only speak the more against the obduracy of the ex-“keeper” of the “instrument,” and his unwillingness to confess publicly his great sin — for believing in human justice, in human benevolence, fairness and the gentlemanly feelings of “a Society of non-musical but learned men.” And the “fable” ought to be read by every Theosophist, every member of the *never* “Harmonical Society” and meditated upon. For, besides the individual Karma of every member and the collective Karma of the “Harmonical Society” whose practice differed so widely from its rules and purposes — there is the great sin of its leading members and chiefs. They have *desecrated* the name (and names) of the “Genius of the Spheres,” and the Genii descend no more. The present trouble has arisen in consequence of such desecration. The Mahā-Chohan of the Genii has foretold it four years ago. The chief President was warned repeatedly in the beginning by the voice of his “instrument”; it protested in vain, and finally it was swept along itself with the current of enthusiasm, and added its own voice to proclaiming things holy in public, and throwing pearls before swine, and casting that which was sacred to the dogs: the swine are now treading upon the pearls and the dogs rending the givers. The light that shone in the Darkness which comprehended it not — is now out: Darkness has put its heavy extinguisher upon it.

This would have never happened had the light been sacredly preserved in its own birth-place and sphere — India. But the veneration of her sons for that light was laughed down to scorn; it was called “hero-worship,” mocked and finally represented as a screen to hide unholy practices. The names of the Genii are now dragged into publicity and figure in full in the *Report*. None of the *Presidents* would listen to the

¹ [See “A profound theosophical fable,” in Part 1 of study. — ED. PHIL.]

ATTUNING TO THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
A FORLORN HOPE?

sage advice to keep their knowledge of the Genii secret; and the holy names were prostituted publicly by every scoffer. KARMA.

There now remains but one thing to be done, if the “Harmonical” Society would be kept alive.

Let its President do as the ex-Corresponding Secretary *has* done: depose himself before he is deposed by others — and the Society will die a week later. But let the Society — now dishonoured because there never was real harmony in it but rather personal and individual selfishness — unite together at last and wait patiently and prepare thro’ *active* work for the advent of a *Paraclete* who may yet be drawn to, and sent to them before the end of the cycle in (1897).

The present “instrument” could never have been destroyed by any “learned” Society. It is the *unlearned* in things occult and spiritual, among the members of the Harmonical Society, who are now breaking it to atoms themselves; those for whom the old instrument has played itself to death, and that was the first to draw their attention and open their ears to the “music of the spheres” however poorly it may have rendered the heavenly melody itself. And now it lies broken into fragments shattered more every day by the kicks of those for whom it sang and laboured. . . .

But the “Genius of the Spheres” means to pick up the mangled pieces of the instrument once more and glue them together *as He alone can*. No violin is played better upon, none emits more musical sounds than that one which was broken and mended. The Paganini of the broken *Stradivarius* is still alive and He will play upon it again but only for those few who will “attune their souls indeed to the music of the Spheres.” The instrument will belong to these and have no “Keeper.” How many such few will remain? Time will soon tell.

H.P. BLAVATSKY

