Mr. M. Weiss

Dear Friend: Our mutual friend, the gentle Sol Montlack, gave me a book from you.

Thank you. The big words frighten me, but I shall read them all, one in small to get a review even if I were capable of reviewing such a work. But I shall try. I knew Mr. W. 30 years ago. yours, J. Warneck
you are busy. Do not expect a reply to this, and will perfectly understand if you do not answer.

F. M. W. — I've read most of your "Pathways into Space" and have found it much simpler in expression than I feared it WOULD be. My son James is reading it with great interest. "I'd like to meet that man," he said. James is one of the impossibly. I did not intend to send you the poems on Rogers. I meant to send THEM to another party that had asked for them. Instead, I sent her YOUR letter — the one inclosed. She returned it to me, and I hope THIS time it reaches you! I guess I'm "slipping!" — but what matter?

Sincerely

James W. Wemisch
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Merrell-Wolff

Dear Friends.—(May I say "Brother and Sister?") Thank you for your good letter. I hope my son and I may be able to visit you some time. I wrote a brief paragraph or two for the Times Book Reviewer, asking him to print it on his Sunday page. If I see it I will tell you, or you may see it in the Sunday Times. The inclosed I wrote for the joy of writing it. You are welcome to use it, or any part of it, in any way you wish.

James Warneck
Since getting acquainted with M.W. over a quarter of a century ago I have known several men who seem to have gone a "long way". They kept ON going. Many of them still are in the flesh, yet free men. Doubtless M.W. knows them also. I knew Goddard and wrote a brief review of his Buddhist Bible. Recently I am meeting many wonderful souls, among them Alexander Markey, a disciple (I suppose you'd call him) and interpreter of Baba Mehta. I have had the happy privilege of writing briefly about some of these men. "Pathways" is far too big a book (in many ways) for me to "handle" in a review, but I may be able to persuade our Book Editor to run a few lines for me. Did you send HIL a book—Paul Jordan Smith of The Times? He seldom reviews such books, I think, but perhaps has reviewed "Pathways", or do so. Sometimes he permits me to write brief reviews of such books, but they are so brief that they don't mean much.
Worthy of attention on the part of any student of occultism is the book "Pathways Through to Space" by Franklin Merrell-Wolff.

When I first met Mr. Wolff, about twenty-five years ago, he appealed to me as being almost a pure intellectualist. Now I know that he was more than that, and that today he is much more than that. True, he approached the "Unknown" mostly from an intellectual standpoint, but he possessed those rare qualities never found in the "pure" intellectualist: humility and devotion.

Without those qualities, a thinker and student may go far in the acquisition of "subject-object" knowledge, and may even attain much practical wisdom, but I doubt if history records one person who reached the heights of "insight" through the mind alone.

In so far as one who lives (for the most part) an ordinary, "hum-drum" life, is capable of looking into the deeps of a soul like that of Mr. Wolff, I feel safe in saying that the author of "Pathways Through to Space" has reached a consciousness sought by many but apparently attained by few persons. In his book, he attempts to impart something of that insight and consciousness to his readers. He admits that his expression is inadequate. He admits that, as do all poets, artists, musicians, philosophers, and mystics who have attempted the same thing. It is possible that every wonderful, beautiful thing in heaven and earth also tend to express something of the "Ineffable Mystery", and that while each phenomena does express a portion of no one nor all of them can fully express It. In fact, if they could do so, then the expression would be equal to That which is expressed, bringing It into the realm of the subjective-objective, into the mentally knowable and realizable. It is the glory of the "Absolute" that it contains and constantly suggests the eternally "Beyond." That is why a perfectly adequate expression or exposition of the Absolute probably forever will remain impossible.
However, Mr. 'Wolff, in his marvelous work, has given to students certain hints that should urge them to continue the search for "Truth," and many suggestions that should encourage a faith in its existence.

It is a book that must be read in its entirety if the reader would glean the gold from its pages. A brief excerpt from one chapter, on "The Grand Adventure," gives a key to the remarkable volume. Here it is:

"I have a sense of a Grand Adventure, the most glorious of all. A veritable World looms before my inner gaze, unfolding hour by hour and day by day... Within the Grand Abstraction which is the one Concrete Reality, there is a silent communion — wordless, thoughtless, formless; yet within it I discern, like the dim paling that heralds a new dawn, the Silent Voices of others, far separated here by space and time. There are more satisfying Companionships than are possible within the veil of gross matter. The Silence is full and pregnant, and out of it flows the streams of all formations, in endless variety."

In my opinion, Mr. Wolff's book will become known as one of the outstanding contributions to mystic literature.