Thomas Merton in Black and White: *Entre les Deux*

Marshall Soules

> *In one sense we are always travelling, and travelling as if we did not know where we were going. … In another sense we have already arrived.*
>
> Thomas Merton, *The Seven Storey Mountain*[1]

Harlem and the Baroness

Before he entered the Gethsemani monastery in 1941, Merton became associated with a Russian émigré, Baroness Catherine de Hueck Doherty, who had dedicated herself to the comfort and care of Black people in Harlem. Michael Higgins sketches out their attraction: 'She was formidable. Merton was drawn to her strength, holy resolve, radical poverty, and deep social conscience. … This social apostolate was an orthodox Catholic's answer to communism's panacea for social ills, the preaching of violent revolution.'[2] During his association with her, Merton came face to face with the deficiencies of American capitalism, its history of slavery, and the general inability of Christians to help alleviate the racism of American society. They were not paying attention to the suffering in their midst. Merton describes what he heard the Baroness say:

> For, she said, if Catholics were able to see Harlem, as they ought to see it, with the eyes of faith, they would not be able to stay away from such a place. Hundreds of priests and lay-people would give up everything to go there and try to do something to relieve the tremendous misery, the poverty, sickness, degradation, and dereliction of a race that was being crushed and perverted, morally and physically, under the burden of a colossal economic injustice.[3]

No wonder, the Baroness argued, that Blacks looked to the communists

for support. The communists were present, in the streets, to help materially. Merton, still waiting to enter the monastery, registered his deep indignation and compassion:

> Here in this huge, dark, steaming slum, hundreds of thousands of Negroes are herded together like cattle, most of them with nothing to eat and nothing to do. All the senses and imagination and sensibilities and emotions and sorrows and desires and hopes and ideas of a race with vivid feelings and deep emotional reactions are forced in upon themselves, bound inward by an iron ring of frustration: the prejudice that hems them in with its four insurmountable walls. In this huge cauldron, inestimable natural gifts, wisdom, love, music, science, poetry are stamped down and left to boil with the dregs of an elementally corrupted nature, and thousands upon thousands of souls are destroyed by vice and misery and degradation, obliterated, wiped out, washed from the register of the living, dehumanized.[4]

While perhaps melodramatic to contemporary readers, this passage was praised by Eldridge Cleaver in *Soul on Ice*, written while he was serving time in prison.[5] He felt that Merton had accurately captured the exuberant vitality of Black culture in Harlem. Merton looked for ways to identify himself with the injustices suffered by Black Americans and found comparisons with his own monastic experience somewhat akin to slavery. Five months before his death, Merton wrote to a young black opera singer:

> I happen to be able to understand something of the rejection and frustration of black people because I am first of all an orphan and second a Trappist. As an orphan, I went through the business of being passed around from family to family, and being a 'ward', an 'object of charitable concern', etc. etc. I know how inhuman and frustrating that can be — being treated as a thing and not as a person. And reacting against it with dreams that were sometimes shattered in a most inhumane way, through nobody's fault, just because they were dreams. As a Trappist, I can say that I lived for twenty-five years in an institution in which I had NO human and civil rights whatsoever.[6]

Singing his Trappist blues, Merton's empathy and compassion were

sincere expressions of his activist spirit. He needed courage to express these views so forcefully, and he was censored by church authorities for his out-spoken views on race relations and America's militarism.

While Norman Mailer's profile of the American Hipster, *The White Negro*, purports to identify a vibrant, underground beat sub-culture as reflected in Black charisma, coolness, style, and arts, especially jazz, his portrait captures only a shadow of Merton's anti-racist activism. Especially, Mailer's emphasis on masculine violence, drugs, and wayward behaviour to define the hipster, misses the mark with Merton.

> The unstated essence of Hip, its psychopathic brilliance, quivers with the knowledge that new kinds of victories increase one's power for new kinds of perception; and defeats, the wrong kind of defeats, attack the body and imprison one's energy until one is jailed in the prison air of other people's habits, other people's defeats, boredom, quiet desperation, and muted icy self-destroying rage.[7]

While Merton would surely dissent from Mailer's macho posturing, his writing reveals that he was deeply sympathetic with Black arts and culture, and Black struggles for identity, recognition, and security, difficult to find in mid-century America.

King & Baldwin

More sympatico in this context are Merton's relationships with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and James Baldwin. While Merton and King never met, Merton wrote frequently in letters and journals about Dr. King's civil rights activities. He was enthusiastic about King's 'Letter from a Birmingham Jail' and their shared understanding of non-violence direct action being based on redemptive suffering.

James Baldwin and Merton also did not meet in person but shared their ideas on race through the exchange of essays: for Merton, 'Letters to a White Liberal'; for Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*.[8] His dialogue with Baldwin reveals that he listened to, understood, and supported Baldwin's critique of race relations in the US. Christopher Fici describes their alignment over issues of race:

> Whiteness, to Merton and Baldwin, is the original sin of American history and identity, and no 'cheap grace' was available to transcend this sin. What was emerging instead was an eschatological reality of racial inferno, the 'fire next time' alluded to

> by Baldwin. To avert this course of certain social destruction, Merton and Baldwin, despite their different social and cultural heritages and contexts agreed and argued in common that the temptation of racial inferno could only be countered by seizing the immediate opportunity of the deeply painful yet urgently necessary healing of America's great gaping wound of race.[9]

Both Merton and Baldwin shared the insight that whiteness was an invention based on race idolatry with roots in the slave trade when racial distinctions were matters of life and death. Merton elaborates: 'At the heart of the matter then is man's contempt for truth, and the substitution of his "self" for reality. His image is his truth. He believes in his specter and sacrifices human beings to his specter. This is what we are doing, and this is not Christianity, or any genuine religion: it is barbarity.'[10]

Fire and Brimstone! Whiteness as a mask! Predictably, Merton was criticized by some of his colleagues. Religious scholar Martin Marty, for example, in his 1965 *New York Herald Tribune* review of *Seeds of Destruction,* argued that Merton was posing as a 'white Baldwin' hiding behind monastery walls.[11] On the other side of the racial divide, James H. Cone, an eminent Black theologian, considered Merton to be 'one of the few white American citizens ... who deeply understood and empathized with his fellow citizens of colour.'[12] For his part, Merton wrote to Baldwin: 'I am therefore not completely human until I have found myself in my African and Asian and Indonesian brother because he has the part of humanity which I lack.'[13] Again, Merton is willing to become the multitude in himself. The question remains: To what extent did Merton's monasticism and monk's robes disguise and protect him when expressing opinions challenging the racist character of American society? In the following section, I want to take us to Africa and the roots of the blues to gain some insight into Merton's *modus vivendi*.

Àshe and Flash of the Spirit:

In *Flash of the Spirit* (1985), the art historian Robert Farris Thompson provides a potent analogy for, and insight into, Merton's dilemma using the Yoruba concept of *àshe*:

> The Yoruba religion, the worship of various spirits under God, presents a limitless horizon of vivid moral beings, generous yet intimidating. They are messengers and embodiments of *àshe*, spiritual command, the power-to-make-things-happen, God's own enabling light rendered accessible to men and women.[14]

Believers must discover their true character, their voice, and their freedom by a kind of subterfuge, or deceptive performance. In the African diaspora, slaves needed to dissemble to worship their orishas (gods) or display their *àshe* through music and dance.

> To become possessed by the spirit of a Yoruba deity, which is a formal goal of the religion, is to 'make the god', to capture numinous flowing force within one's body. When this happens, the force of the devotee usually freezes into a mask, a mask often (but not always) held during the entire time of possession by the spirit.[15]

Thompson describes how the slaves taken from West Africa to the Americas were able to keep their spiritual beliefs, their orishas, their arts and culture vibrant and flashing under the constraints of slavery. Particularly in Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, the United States, West Africans used strategic interventions to cultivate a unique spiritual syncretism:

> New World Yoruba were introduced to the cult of Roman Catholic saints, learned their attributes, and worked out a series of parallelisms linking Christian figures and powers to the forces of their ancient deities. ... Thus the Virgin Mary was sometimes equated with the sweet and gentle aspect of the multifaceted goddess of the river, Oshun. Thus Shàngó, the Yoruba thunder god, in Cuba was frequently equated with Saint Barbara, whose killers were struck dead by God with lightning.[16]

In the early 1980s, an African dancer who practiced Santería in NYC disclosed to me another term for this religious syncretism: 'hiding under the skirts of Mary'. I was eventually able to discover another reference to this image. In *American Vodou: Journey into a Hidden World* (1998), Ron Davis comments on the American version of this religious syncretism:

> Hiding 'beneath Mary's skirts', a folk idiom for syncretisation, may have begun as camouflage, but in time the orisha showed their real faces. The resultant Afro-Christian hybrids known as Santería, candomble, obeah, macumbe, Shango Baptist and so on became strong evidence that, given the right socioeconomic conditions, voudou could not only cloak itself within Christianity, it could dominate it. At least in the Caribbean.[17]

The subterfuge was not always successful. Davis describes how, under the strict regimes of American plantations,

> African voudou was not syncretized, or hybridized, or even sanitized. It was eradicated. The smaller, more closely controlled plantations of the American Bible Belt never gave the orisha a chance to become saints or to create spirit world fusions like those in Cuba or Haiti. Yoruba slaves forced to worship in an icon-hating Baptist Church in Mississippi couldn't praise Oshun by calling her the Blessed Virgin.[18]

West Africa and Gethsemani

Readers of Merton will recognize the parallels between these West African spiritual practices and Merton's spiritual life at Gethsemani. To what extent did Merton the writer, the activist, use the trappings of the Catholic monk and the sanctuary of his monastery to help him reach a wide audience? He was an agent of change, and still is, through his writing. Did his monastic practices or his writing provide his best chances for fulfilling his deepest desires? Or perhaps he needed both paths to reach his destination. Merton was able to go both ways at the crossroads because he used writing as a form of contemplation, to play attention, to make the right moves, hit the right notes, duck the punches. As Thompson writes:

> *Àshe* is a privilege of righteous living, not a right, and it can be seriously diminished when someone has slighted a deity or an important person. This means that one must cultivate the art of recognizing significant communications, know what is truth and what is falsehood, or else the lessons of the crossroads — the point where doors open or close, where persons have to make decisions that may forever after affect their lives — will be lost.[19]

The Seven Storey Mountain is the story of how Merton found his *àshe.* Eshu-Elegbara is the Yoruba trickster god who carries the messages of humans to the gods and returns with riddles. Eshu confounds those who do not pay homage to chance, to uncertainty. There is a story about Eshu wearing a cap with black on one side and white (or red) on the other to confound two friends who each insisted that the stranger they saw walking down the road between their fields was wearing a cap of a single colour. They began a heated debate: 'It was black!' 'No, the cap was white!' When Eshu returns to confront the arguing friends, he reveals that he played this trick because they did not take chance into consideration and thus failed to honour Eshu, who was the stranger in

disguise. Eshu's lesson: We must view people and situations from all sides before making judgments.

Merton shares attributes of Eshu-Elegbara as trickster/messenger to the gods, as the improvising holy fool adept at wordplay, stationed at the crossroads, betwixt and between, in the rift, capable of doling out thunder and lightning as a sign of force. 'In Yoruba mythology, Esu is said to limp as he walks precisely because of his mediating function: his legs are of different lengths because he keeps one anchored in the realm of the gods while the other rests in this, our human world.'[20] Such was Merton who shared the strategies of many slaves who were required to dissemble to survive in a repressive institution. He frequently expresses his frustrations at the constraints of monastic life and the exploitation of his labour. He found himself in a parallel dilemma that, to find his personal freedom, he must first lose himself to the collective. If nothing else, he demonstrated deep empathy for Black struggles for equal rights, and clearly was attracted to Black music and culture. While Merton may have felt himself to be a 'guilty bystander', hiding behind monastery walls as a white liberal committed to the status quo, his years of contemplation deepened his desire for racial justice and his commitment to activism.

Merton and the blues

From his teenage days in France and England, Merton loved the jazz of Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and the Delta blues of Jimmy Smith and Muddy Waters. Houston Baker argues that Black culture is a 'complex, reflexive enterprise which finds its proper figuration in blues conceived of as a matrix ... a 'web of intersecting, crisscrossing impulses always in productive transit' and is figured in the railway crossing:

> The railway juncture is marked by transience. Its inhabitants are always travellers — a multifarious assembly in transit. ... Polymorphous and multi-directional, scene of arrivals and departures, place betwixt and between (ever *entre les deux*), the juncture is the way-station of the blues.[21]

For Baker, the singer of the blues never attempts to arrest transience. Instead, singer and song 'provide expressive equivalence for the juncture's ceaseless flux.' Blues musicians are 'translators' — they preserve 'something of value' by keeping it in motion.[22]

Baker describes the sound of the blues as an 'instrumental imitation of train-wheels-over-track-junctures', and despite their frequent themes

of absence and betrayal, the music of the blues seeks to affirm what could be: 'Even as they speak of paralysing absence and ineradicable desire, their instrumental rhythms suggest change, movement, action, continuance, unlimited and unending possibility. Like signification itself, blues are always nomadically wandering.'[23]

In his essay, 'The Ethos of the Blues', Larry Neal offers a different, if related, emphasis that perhaps brings the music more fully into Merton's sphere. Neal quotes Clarence Williams discussing the difference between blues and gospel music, both with their roots in slavery:

> It's the mood ... That's the carry-over from slavery — nothing but trouble in sight for everyone. There was no need to hitch your wagon to a star because there wasn't any stars. You got only what you fought for. Spirituals were the natural release — 'Times gonna git better in de promised land' — but many a stevedore knew only too well that his fate was definitely tied up in his own hands. If he was clever and strong, and didn't mind dying, he came through — the weak ones always died. A blue mood — since prayers often seemed futile the words were made to fit present situations that were much more real and certainly more urgent.[24]

Neal adds that the 'essential motive behind the best blues song is the acquisition of insight, wisdom. ... Now the spirituals and the gospels are obviously concerned with moral wisdom, but encounter here takes place against a symbolic text, i.e., the Bible and its attendant folklore, while, for the blues singer, the world is his text.' Any conflict between blues people and gospel people 'is ironic since both forms of music spring from the same aesthetic' and many blues singers served an 'apprenticeship in the church'.[25]

Interlude

Cassidy Hall's short film *Day of a Stranger* (2020) based around Merton's essay of the same name, includes a remarkable segment (17:00 to 19:36 minutes) that reveals Merton's affinity for Black music and culture, based around a recording he made on April 22, 1967.[26]

It starts with Merton's voice:

> Well, it's night. We're going to try an experimental meditation against the background of some jazz. I think in terms of what's going on in Louisville tonight maybe. There have been riots in Louisville for the last two or three days. The subject of the meditation is who you are identified with. Outside the moon is full. It's very quiet here. In other parts of the world people are being killed. Let's see what it sounds like.

We then see a needle move down onto a vinyl record and start to hear the song, 'Hoochie Coochie Man', by Jimmy Smith:

> The gypsy woman told my mother
> before I was born
> I got a boy child who's comin'
> gonna be a son of a gun
> He gonna make pretty women jump and shout
> And then the world wanna know what this is all about
>
> But you know I am, yeah, everybody knows I am
> Well you know I'm the hoochie coochie man
> Yeah, Everybody knows I am

As the song plays, against a backdrop of images of Black Power race riots, Civil Rights marches, armed police with dogs and a Black Lives Matter march, we hear Merton giving his own riffing commentary:

> That's Jimmy Smith … Black Power, man … yeah … I know who you are, Jimmy Smith … you said it bro … now listen to this organ now … this says something … this says something to me …I understand you man … I pray for your race man … no fooling, this means something … you understand what it means, you understand the future.

After the initial introduction to his 'experimental meditation', Merton's voice is animated, excited, grooving on the upbeat blues. He is clearly enjoying himself. Under the raunchy playfulness of the music, Merton's political message flashes and flares with deep conviction and personal investment. He catches us unarmed, defenseless, open, astonished. We've been seduced by the Hoochie Coochie Man.

Merton's Cruel Contradictions

Given Merton's attraction to Black music and culture, we might risk

considering his life and writing in terms of jazz performance. He would understand the parallels. In doing so, we are able to arrive at insights about his efforts to discover freedom within the constraints of monastic life, to discover his authentic character, to find his voice to speak truth to power. Ed Rice summarizes and comments on Merton's (unpublished) letter of December 26, 1941 to his friends concerning the Rule that monastic monks were meant to live by:

> An important kind of charity in the monastery is keeping the Rule as perfectly as one can, even when it seems silly, because it is the fact of everybody doing these things according to the Rule that stops arguments and opposition and fights and leads people to go about quiet and happy. As time went on he was to find out in a very difficult way that the letter of the Rule incorrectly applied was to cause the monks of Gethsemani tremendous suffering and conflict, and that the spirit should have been observed instead.[27]

In his description of jazz improvisation and character, Ralph Ellison identifies a 'cruel contradiction' that might equally apply to Merton:

> There is a cruel contradiction implicit in the art form itself. For true jazz is an art of individual assertion within and against the group. Each true jazz moment ... springs from a contest in which each artist challenges all the rest, each solo flight, or improvisation, represents (like the successive canvases of a painter) a definition of his identity: as individual, as member of the collectivity and as link in the chain of tradition. Thus, because jazz finds its very life in an endless improvisation upon traditional materials, the jazzman must lose his identity even as he finds it.[28]

In his description of Henry Minton's Jazz Club as a 'retreat' where a 'collectivity ... could find continuity and meaningful expression,' Ellison notes how the jam session was the jazz musician's 'true academy'. The jam or 'cutting session' was:

> a contest of improvisational skill and physical endurance between two or more musicians. ... It is here that he learns tradition, group techniques and style. ... Here it is more meaningful to speak, not of courses of study, of grades and degrees, but of apprenticeship, ordeals, initiation ceremonies, of rebirth. For after the jazzman has learned the fundamentals of his instrument and the traditional techniques of jazz ... he must then 'find himself', must be reborn, must

> find, as it were, his soul. ... He must achieve, in short, his self-determined identity.[29]

If we place Merton in his role of cloistered monk who needs to improvise his way to global attention as a writer, we see that he needed 'individual assertion within and against the group', the group of other monks, other followers of the faith. Each true spiritual moment, or improvisation, is a definition of identity 'as individual, as member of the collectivity and as link in the chain of tradition'. Because spiritual practise and writing about it 'finds its very life in an endless improvisation upon traditional materials,' contemplative writers like Merton must lose their identities even as they find it. 'I think we could say this about Merton: that he performed himself into a sense of authenticity — of authoring himself in his own voice, erasing some of the traces of his individuality within the ensemble of humanity.'[30]

Merton's welcoming voice

Think of a conversation in place of a musical performance: how delightful it is when people listen carefully to us; when they respond with sensitivity and insight; refrain from bragging, interrupting, blowing their own horn. Instead, there is dynamic interplay, sharing, understanding, remaining open to changes. How tonal dynamics are modulated resulting in that wonderful sense of musicality emerging from animated conversation. In my reading of Merton, many people comment on his skill as a conversationalist. J.S. Porter reads Merton for his voice. While Merton in person is no longer with us, 'What we have is his voice on the pages of his books. His voice is warm and inclusive. ... Merton generally seeks common ground and attains it by his welcoming voice. ... When I first read Merton, he seemed to speak from my centre, and, over time, he amplified the music of my inner voice.'[31] I have the same experience reading Merton — words, music, inclusivity. We are brought into communion.

The African musical aesthetic, with its balance of individual expression and communal participation, gives Black blues many of its characteristics. The development of jazz from the blues is the subject of many commentaries, and it is a story inextricably tied up with the history of a marginalized and oppressed people. In his polemical *Blues People*, Amiri Baraka examines 'the Negro experience in White America' using the 'slave citizen's' music as an analogy for the path that the slave took to 'citizenship'.[32] In a letter to Robert Lax, Merton expresses his deep

disavowal of white pretensions to superiority: 'I am trying to figure out some way I can get nationalized as a Negro as I am tired of belonging to the humiliating white race. One wants at times the comfort of belonging to a race that one can like and respect.'[33]

In his recorded talk 'Cargo Theology' (1968), Merton deconstructs the white racist 'myth-dream' by aligning it to 'superstitious cargo cults in which the adherents believe the white man has a special means of communicating with God, and that if the native learns this special secret, he too will be able to share in these blessings.' Rice explains on Merton's behalf how 'the natives realized that a white man needed only to send a message, a piece of paper ... to receive a ship or plane load in return, with food, equipment, medicines. These movements reached their peak after World War II, after the Americans and Australians had left the jungle islands of the South Pacific.' White people — secure in their own myth-dream of being scientific, logical, free of superstition, and enlightened — create a racial hierarchy by judging the natives to be pagan and uncivilized. Merton took it as his vocation to identify various myth-dreams — black, brown, white —and to become aware of a '*transcendent common myth-dream which is basic to the entire human race.*'[34] In 'Cargo Songs' in the East Canto of *The Geography of Lograire*, Merton uses anti-poetry to tell his version of racial chauvinism.[35] The Black Lives Matter movement reminds us we have a long way to go.

Why does Ellison claim that jazz musicians must negotiate a cruel contradiction? Because, for Black jazz players with the spectre of slavery and prejudice haunting their world, freedom with authenticity is the ultimate pursuit. But to experience that freedom, they must forgo personal freedom for collective freedom. There are analogies with the life of a monk who must sacrifice his personal freedom to enter into community. In Merton's case, he had to make such a sacrifice to bring into the light the bounties of his talent.

Notes

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2. Michael W. Higgins, *Heretic Blood: The Spiritual Geography of Thomas Merton* (Toronto: Stodart , 1998), p. 30.
3. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 341.
4. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 345.
5. Eldridge Cleaver, *Soul on Ice* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1968), p. 34.
6. Letter to Robert Lawrence Williams, 16 July 1968 in Thomas Merton, *The Hidden Ground of Love – Letters on Religious Experience and Social*

Concerns (London: Collins Flame, 1985), p. 605.

7. Norman Mailer's essay 'The White Negro' was first published in *Dissent, 1957*. It was reprinted in: Feldman, G. and Gartenberg, M. eds., *The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men* (Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, 1984), pp. 342-63.
8. Merton's essay is included in *Seeds of Destruction* first published in 1964. *The Fire Next Time* was first published in 1963.
9. C. Fici, '"Larger, Freer, and More Loving": Confronting and Healing the Infection of Whiteness with Thomas Merton and James Baldwin', *The Merton Annual* 30 (Louisville, Kentucky: Fons Vitae, 2017), pp. 171-183.
10. *Seeds of Destruction*, p. 305.
11. Quoted in Fici, *The Merton Annual* 30, p. 178.
12. Fici, p. 172
13. *Seeds of Destruction*, p. 305.
14. R. F. Thompson, *Flash of the Spirit: African and Afro-American Art and Philosophy* (New York: Vintage, 1984), p. 5.
15. *Flash of the Spirit*, p. 9.
16. *Flash of the Spirit*, pp. 17-18.
17. R Davis, *American Voudou: Journey into a Hidden World* (Denton, TX: University of North Texas Press, 1998), p. 134.
18. *American Voudou*, p. 134.
19. *Flashes of the Spirit*, p. 19.
20. H. L. Gates, *The Signifying Monkey: A Theory of African-American Literary Criticism* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1988), p. 6.
21. H. A. Baker, *Blues, Ideology, and Afro-American Literature: A Vernacular Theory* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), pp. 3, 7.
22. *Blues, Ideology and Afro-American Literature*, pp. 7, 206.
23. *Blues, Ideology and Afro-American Literature*, pp. 8.
24. L. Neal, 'The Ethos of the Blues' in *Black Scholar* 3.10 (Summer), 1972. Reprinted in *Sacred Music of the Secular City: From Blues to Rap*, ed. J. M. Spencer (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1992), p. 36.
25. *Sacred Music of the Secular City*, p. 37.
26. http://www.merton.org/Research/AV/av.aspx?id=2420
27. Edward Rice, *The Man in the Sycamore Tree* (New York: Doubleday & Company, 1970), p. 62.
28. Ralph Ellison, *Shadow and Act* (New York, NY: Random House, 1953), p. 234.
29. *Shadow and Act*, pp. 208-9.
30. J. S. Porter – personal email to the author, February 2022.
31. Susan McCaslin & J. S. Porter, *Superabundantly Alive* (Kelowna, BC: Woodlake Publishing, 2018), pp. 40-41.
32. A. Baraka, *Blues People: Negro Music in White America* (New York: William Morrow,1963), p. ix.
33. *When prophecy still had a voice: The Letters of Thomas Merton & Robert*

Lax, ed. Biddle (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 2001), p. 251. Letter dated Oct. 5, 1963.

34. *The man in the Sycamore Tree*, pp. 148-149. Rice is quoting from the original talk. An edited version of the talk in included in Thomas Merton, Love and Living, with the title 'Cargo Cults of the South Pacific'.
35. *The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton* (London: Sheldon Press, 1978), pp. 547-551.

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