LIBERAL RELIGION, THE RISEN WOMANSPIRIT AND THE QUEST FOR A SPIRITUALITY FOR MEN

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I want to begin my response, first by quoting from the Afro-American preacher and spiritual master, Howard Thurman, in his autobiography, *With Head and Heart*. I change the masculine nouns and pronouns and the specific Christian references I alter to the more generic term of our conference, religion or religious:

> A way [must] be found," Thurman writes, "by which a person's religious faith could keep a man or a woman related to the ground of his or her security as a person. Thus, to be religious, one would not be required to stretch oneself out of shape to conform to the demands of religious faith; rather, one's faith should make it possible to come to oneself whole, in an inclusive and integrated manner, one that would not be possible without this spiritual orientation.[a]

Let me paraphrase that in the first person, since I believe that communicates Thurman's insight better: A way must be found, by which my religious faith should keep me related to the ground of my security as a person. Thus, to be religious, I would not be required to stretch myself out of shape to conform to the demands of religious faith; rather, my faith should make it possible for me to come to myself whole, in an inclusive and integrated manner, one that would not be possible without this spiritual orientation.[1]

I quote a second Afro-American writer, Ishmael Reed, from *Flight to Canada*,[2] where, expressing his anger at Harriet Beecher Stowe for having "borrowed" Josiah Henson's story to make *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he writes (and I do not alter the masculine pronouns for reasons that will seem obvious):

> She'd read Josiah Henson's book. That Harriet was alert. *The Life of Josiah Henson, Formerly a Slave.* Seventy-seven pages long. It was short, but it was his. It was all he had. His story. A man's story is his gris-gris, you know. Taking his story is like taking his gris-gris. The thing that is himself. It's like robbing a man of his Etheric Double. People pine away. It baffles the doctors the way some people pine away for no reason. For no reason? Somebody has made off with their Etheric Double, has crept into the hideout of themselves and taken all they found

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[a]Reprinted with permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., from *With Head and Heart*, by Howard Thurman. Copyright 1979 by Howard Thurman.

there. Human hosts walk the streets of the cities, their eyes hollow, the spirit gone out of them. Somebody has taken their story.[b]

My assignment, to speak from a liberal Protestant perspective, I find to be a blessing and a curse. It is good, insofar as what I perceive to be the distinctive characteristics of liberal forms of modern religions harmonize with the origin and development of the field of religious studies over the last century. I think an interfaith conference needs to be in dialogue with that tradition of scholarship and reflection more located in the university than in the seminary. The assignment is problematic insofar as "liberal" conceptions as popularly understood in politics, economics and theology do not fare well in the waning years of this bloody, bloody century. The fact of the more than 100 million mass deaths since the rise of the 20th century makes the old liberal agenda seem quaint and impotent on a social scale.

I was trained as a historian, and would ordinarily have expected myself to address these issues from that discipline. To hearken back to the 19th century, I would be obliged to pay some attention to the religious movements which began using bisexual language to refer to deity.[3] I'd have to tell about women preachers who emerged in popular Protestantism--the Free Will Baptist, Salome Lincoln; the AME preacher-woman Jarena Lee and all her praying mothers and exhorting sisters; the Quaker women and the holy Shaker women; that Victorian eminence, Maggie Newton Van Cott, and before her Antoinette Brown (later Blackwell) and after her Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, emerging out of variant forms of my mother faith, Methodism.[4] Moving to the more obvious liberal expressions of American religion, I'd talk about the host of Universalist women of the cloth and their companions in the New Thought Movements of Christian, Divine and Religious Science and Theosophy.[5] I'd speak about the deaconesses and missionaries, teachers and nurses, Sunday School leaders and Bible scholars who turned up in the latter part of the last century in what has to be called now the first round of confrontation with the mainstream expressions of American religion for inclusiveness based on gender.[6] I have, at least over the last decade, been interested in all that, have tried to teach some of that in my classes, have insisted to my graduate students that they do inclusive history. But, to be honest, I have done most of my research and scholarly writing on another nature-based distinction humans make--race--which has some similar issues in terms of oppression and violence, exclusion and inclusion in religion, pain and struggle for transformation toward a fuller humanness. I have thus pondered the mystery of how most of us here came to be called "white"--given the enormous range of ethnic,

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[b]From Ishmael Reed, *Flight to Canada* (New York: Random House, 1976), p. 8; reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright 1976 by Ishmael Reed.

linguistic and cultural geneologies we represent. I have pondered that mystery longer than I have the mystery of becoming woman or becoming man, and of what consequences gender makes for religious experience, belief, social organization and ethic.

Instead of being the historian today, then, I want to address these issues, first as a student in the field of religious studies and then as a man who has tried to listen to and respond to my sisters (colleagues, wives in two marriages, a daughter, friends, students, writers). At the conclusion, I want to pose some questions about what might be involved in a masculine, as distinct from a patriarchal, identity and spirituality--having been convinced by Eugene Monick's book, *Phallus*, of the crucial importance of that distinction.[7]

To begin my task, let me delineate some liberal Protestant perspectives on our topic. I consider the dominant traits of liberalism in its 19th century heyday to be: (a) orientation to change--a comprehension that life is a process of inevitable change; (b) the value of experiential knowledge--a trust of the self that what is known from experience is valuable beyond the rational categories of apprehending reality, to touch feeling and evoke intuitive sources of knowing; (c) the necessary relevance to the personal quest for meaning and identity and to changing social and cultural circumstances; (d) a decided optimism and confidence in human ability to progress. In sum, the liberal spirit harmonizes with the positive features (and no one has to be reminded that there are negative features, costs or what Peter Berger calls, the calculus of suffering) in modernity.[8] For theology, it shifted the focus to human experience, so that one of the intellectual forerunners of feminism is liberal theology. Modernity has imposed on all traditions of religion the existential agenda to spell out theological meanings in human terms, to acknowledge the anthropocentric (not androcentric) starting point for religion. (The early advocates of liberal theology were unconsciously androcentric as well.)

From those assumptions, the field of the study of religion grew, so that religion became a descriptive category for the human impulse to find meaning and significance in the world, to project meaning and significance beyond the world, and to derive a sense of identity and place from that discovery and projection.

It is more often a category for academic analysis--the outsider's classification--than useful for the believer, but I am committed to the notion that self-consciousness or awareness about the phenomenon, the old, old quest in the human spirit for and experience of the sacred--self-consciousness about that quest is prerequisite to responsible spirituality and commitment. The religious is a category to describe human behaviors, not to be applied to God, gods or goddesses.

Being so primordial, religion is not a stage in the evolution of consciousness or of psychological development; it is a perennial datum of human being, larger than any one or the sum total of all the human traditions of religion.[9] In the modern era, the modes of religion are staggeringly diverse, not only among and between traditions but within them as well. The fact of pluralism is not new, but our awareness of the fact prevents any believers--even in the most traditional expressions of a religion--from ignoring it, from being dimly aware that the faith one has is in some sense chosen. We have all, to use Winfred Cantwell Smith's term, interiorized modernity.[10] The awareness of multiple sacred traditions expresses that interiorization. The choice to be conservative or traditional, to be loyal to certain old forms and beliefs, is made in that context. What has been found meaningful in the past cannot be assumed to continue to the present, but it must be willed, chosen, made vital, kept alive. Conversely, what has been assumed dead and buried (and traditions of the sacred have died) sometimes erupts and resurrects. And the shape of the resurrection more often than not disrobes the pretense of those who claim to represent the fundaments.

One of the great disruptions of patriarchal religious traditions has come in the last 150 years in the modern west with the social emergence of women into new roles, accompanied by a new consciousness and identity. The more obvious religious expressions of that movement, which had its parallels in politics, employment, formal education, changing family structures and new definitions of marriage and sexuality were: (a) access to leadership roles, from changes in the lay status to ordination; (b) new ways to read ancient texts which form the traditional canons of the great world religions with sensitivity to the language, to the symbolic structures of rituals which exclude women or include in certain but not other ways, and to the personal and social treatment of women; (c) an open expression of the spiritual energies of women, which have often been isolated or ignored in some separate sphere, organized around life-cycle rituals and stories related to the quest for wholeness in female experience. Professor Plaskow's anthology, *Womanspirit Rising*, illustrated the range of women's spirituality at a certain important moment a decade ago.

One of the consequences of that challenge to the patriarchal traditions has been to bring to awareness the fact that religious communities are sexual communities.[11] The revitalization of spiritual energies does not come separate from attention to the bodies within which the spirit dwells. Put more bluntly by Penelope Washbourn when she spoke in Denver in 1977, we need to be attentive to the ways our language for the sanctuary and our language for the bedroom are not totally divorced from each other.[12] Oh, the pastoral counselors among us already knew that

our religious communities were sexual communities, that behind our spiritual problems lay sexual issues, and behind sexual problems lay spiritual issues, but it was the women's movement of the last century and a half and the powerfilled women's spirituality of the last quarter century that convinced any others who cared to notice.[13]

Another consequence of the womanspirit challenge to patriarchy or androcentrism has been to announce the continuing (is it new? is it old? is it within trying to be expressed? is it precisely not where we expect it to be?) the continuing presence of the sacred. The historian is unable to account for such a thing. Most academics are unable to account for such a thing, so that I don't go to meetings of the scholarly societies expecting to experience the sacred, but occasionally the reality of religious experience, which is more often analyzed than made present, occurs even there. I believe, for instance, that the women and religion sections of the American Academy of Religion in recent years have been a place of such incarnation. I recall hearing Anne Driver speak in 1975 about her experience of visiting the ruins of a matriarchal temple in Turkey with such power that the numinous nature of the holy was there. I was grasped. Such an experience occurred for me in 1972 at Los Angeles, hearing the native American poet and novelist N. Scott Momaday describe his conversation with the old one-eyed woman, Kosahn, of the Kiowa peoples as she appeared from out of the text he was writing (*The Way to Rainy Mountain*) to speak with him in the deepest regions of his imagination and spirit.[14]

But the announcement from the rising womanspirit in feminist and womanist forms, testifying to the continuing presence of the sacred, has not only been in reaction to patriarchy; it has been a celebration in its own terms, for its own sake, of the power of the sacred in female experience.[15] That beginning with the human experience and that taking responsibility for the symbols and rituals, the meanings and the stories which make us more whole, which was the hallmark of the 19th century liberal religion, therefore, has birthed fresh perceptions and embodiments of the sacred as a gift.

It has seemed to me, from the first, besides being moved as a human being by the spiritual force of women's religion in the literature of our time, that the most appropriate male response would be to ask of ourselves as men, some of the same questions which women have posed for themselves. Trusting our own experience, where do we as males--not as the paradigmatic human or mankind, but as males--experience sacred reality? What do we find compelling and authoritative? What is our canon? What is in male experience a parallel, because human, but distinctive, because male, quest for wholeness?[16]

Of course, this requires that the male experience cease being considered the universal experience. It appears to me that the same universalizing tendency which has been challenged by feminists in the demand for inclusive language, for example, has also blocked truly masculine meanings--has deprived men of their own experience and stories too.

Where have these questions taken me? They press for a personal answer, though I make no pretensions to answering universally for men. First, I have been nourished by male writers, disproportionately Afro-American male writers, mostly of fiction, who, if one buys any of Lillian Smith's psychoanalytic paradigm of a generation ago for the South in *Killers of the Dream* or Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* replication in the sixties--have had a special struggle toward wholeness in the convergence of race and sex in the American psyche. So, Ernest Gaines (*The Gathering of Old Men*) and John Edgar Wideman (*Brothers and Keepers*) and David Bradley (*The Chaneysville Incident*) and (rest his soul) James Baldwin (his list is too long as his love was too deep for this people to deserve it) and Julius Lester (*All Is Well* and *Do Lord, Remember Me*) and our brother-colleague Vincent Harding (again the list is too long, but especially "The Gift of Blackness" in *Katallagete* in 1967 and *There Is a River*) have nourished me. And some "white"--as we say--southerners like Robert Penn Warren (*A Place To Come To* and *All the King's Men*), Harry Crews (*A Childhood: Biography of a Place*), Wendell Berry (*The Collected Poems*, *Standing By Words*, *Recollected Essays* and just recently, *Remembering*), Phillip Lee Williams (*The Heart of a Distant Forest*), Will Campbell (*Brother to a Dragon-Fly*, *The Glad River*, and *Forty Acres and a Goat*), Pat Conroy (*The Prince of Tides*), and Walker Percy have touched something sacred in me as a man. (Percy is especially challenging, descending into the shadow side of male jealousy and rage in *Lancelot*, to be followed by the eloquent *The Second Coming*, with its evocation of the necessity for men and women to find a new relational language--both novels following upon *Love in the Ruins*, which has issued in the current sequel *The Thanatos Syndrome*.) And some other writers outside my native region, like Jim Harrison (especially *Legends of the Fall*) and John Steinbeck (of which more later), have helped shape my male identity, as have colleagues in three men's support groups off and on over the past decade. And I have been taught much from Robert Bly, in his poetry, essays and workshops on fairy tales for men, reinforcing the necessity for men to achieve self-definition beyond what the women in their lives have prescribed, hence freeing women from the burden.[17]

Now, all this, appropriate to the freedom of the academic intellectual who stays on the border of institutions, roams far afield from received religious traditions

and sounds so private as to be solipsistic, all this risks falling into the path of Jefferson and Emerson and Thoreau and I become a church of myself, which sometimes can masquerade the ultimate expression of modern atomistic individualism. True, but for all of the risk, it is a starting place--a place to begin and then from which to test whether the path I see unfold before me will have any other brother-pilgrims on it to share the journey. It is certainly a new canon as much as what feminists have argued for. And it assumes that contemporary religious energies cannot be confined to the traditional forms for men any more than for women. The spiritual paths of the late 20th century--let us pray that we can discipline our rage into nonviolent channels as suggested by Erik Erikson in his book on Gandhi--the spiritual paths of the last 20th century must transform, remembering the text of Howard Thurman's with which we began, making us more whole and more integrated than we were before.[18] That is the testing ground of traditional or esoteric, conservative or innovative religion. Can our languages and rituals, our theologies and our ethics embrace these energies? Can men find under the umbrella of our classic faiths--Judaic, Roman Catholic, Protestant--a sacred reality that expresses rather than represses their positive masculine power? What would it mean for men to resacralize their sexuality, to reinterpret body and spirit in a male soul force? Can there be a male spirituality that is not dominating but empowering of others because of empowerment within?[19] I hope so. I pray so. I struggle toward such things.

To close, by way of suggestion of such paths and directions, let me read--if you will indulge me two more long quoted passages--two selections, the first, perhaps familiar to you from John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*,[20] suggestive of the spirituality of Alice Walker's *The Color Purple*, now expressed by a male character written by a male author. The Preacher--Casy--is asked to say grace for the Joad family:

> Casy ran his fingers through his hair nervously. "I got to tell you, I ain't a preacher no more. If me jus' bein' glad to be here an' bein' thankful for people that's kind and generous, if that's enough--why, I'll say that kinda grace. But I ain't a preacher no more."
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> "Say her," said Granma. "An' get in a word about us goin' to California." The preacher bowed his head and the others bowed their heads. Ma folded her hands over her stomach and bowed her head. Granma bowed so low that her nose was nearly in her plate of biscuit and gravy. Tom, leaning against the wall, a plate in his hand, bowed stiffly, and Grampa bowed his head sidewise, so that he could keep one mean and merry eye on the preacher. And on the preacher's face there was a look not of prayer, but of thought; and in his tone not supplication, but conjecture.
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> "I been thinkin'," he said. "I been in the hills thinkin', almost you might say like Jesus went into the wilderness to think His way out of a mess of troubles."

"Pu-raise Gawd!" Granma said, and the preacher glanced over at her in surprise.

"Seems like Jesus got all messed up with troubles, and He couldn't figure nothin' out, an' He got to feelin' what the hell good is it all, an' what's the use fightin' an' figurin'. Got tired, got good an' tired, an' His sperit all wore out. Jus' about come to the conclusion, the hell with it. An' so He went off into the wilderness."

"A-men," Granma bleated. So many years she had timed her responses to the pauses. And it was so many years since she had listened to or wondered at the words used.

"I ain't sayin' I'm like Jesus," the preacher went on. "But I got tired like Him, an' I got mixed up like Him, an' I went into the wilderness like Him, without no campin' stuff. Nighttime I'd lay on my back an' look up at the stars; morning I'd set an' watch the sun come up; midday I'd look out from a hill at the rollin' dry country; evenin' I'd foller the sun down. Sometimes I'd pray like I always done. On'y I couldn' figure what I was prayin' to or for. There was the hills, an' there was me, an' we wasn't separate no more. We was one thing. An' that one thing was holy."

"Hallelujah," said Grandma, and she rocked a little, back and forth, trying to catch hold of an ecstasy.

"An' I got thinkin', on'y it wasn't thinkin', it was deeper down than thinkin'. I got thinkin' how we was holy when we was one thing, an' mankin' was holy when it was one thing. An' it only got unholy when one mis'able little fella got the bit in his teeth an' run off his own way, kickin' an' draggin' an' fightin'. Fella like that bust the holiness. But when they're all workin' together, not one fella for another fella, but one fella kind of harnessed to the whole shebang--that's right, that's holy. An' then I got thinkin' I don't even know what I mean by holy." He paused, but the bowed heads stayed down, for they had been trained like dogs to rise at the "amen" signal. "I can't say no grace like I use' ta say. I'm glad of the holiness of breakfast. I'm glad there's love here. That's all." The heads stayed down. The preacher looked around. "I've got your breakfast cold," he said; and then he remembered. "Amen," he said, and all the heads rose up.

"A-men," said Granma, and she fell to her breakfast, and broke down the soggy biscuits with her hard old toothless gums. Tom ate quickly, and Pa crammed his mouth. There was no talk until the food was gone, the coffee drunk; only the crunch of chewed food and the slup of coffee cooled in transit to the tongue. Ma watched the preacher as he ate, and her eyes were questioning, probing and understanding. She watched him as though he were suddenly a spirit, not human any more, a voice out of the ground.[c]

The other passage, perhaps less familiar from the ex-children's story writer, Russell Hoban, in *Riddley Walker*,[21] a saga of post-nuclear catastrophe, narrated by young Riddley, whose father had just been killed trying to dig up relics from the muck of our civilization. The conversation in word after it had been in body is with Lorna Elswint, the "tel" woman:

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[c]Reprinted with arrangement with Viking Penquin, a division of Penquin Books USA, Inc., from *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck. Copyright 1939, renewed 1967, by John Steinbeck.

She wer the oldes in our crowd but her voyce wernt old. It made the res of her seam yung for a littl. It wer a col nite but we wer warm in that doss bag. Lissening to the dogs howling aftrwds and the wind wuthering and wearying and nattering in the oak leaves. Looking at the moon all col and wite and oansome. Lorna said to me, 'You know Riddley theres some thing in us it dont have no name.'

I said, 'What thing is that?'

She said, 'Its some kynd of thing it aint us but yet its in us. Its looking out thru our eye hoals. May be you dont take no noatis of it only some times. Say you get woak up suddn in the middl of the nite. 1 minim youre a sleap and the nex youre on your feet with a spear in your han. Wel it wernt you put that spear in your han it wer that other thing whats looking out thru your eye hoals. It aint you nor it dont even know your name. Its in us lorn and loan and sheltering how it can.'

I said, 'If its in every 1 of us theres moren 1 of it theres got to be a manying theres got to be a millying and mor.'

Lorna said, 'Wel there is a millying and mor.'

I said, 'Wel if theres such a manying of it whys it lorn then whys it loan?'

She said, 'Becaws the manying and the millying its all 1 thing it dont have nothing to gether with. You look at lykens on a stoan its all them tiny manyings of it and may be each part of it myt think its sepert only we can see its all 1 thing. Thats how it is with what we are its all 1 girt big thing and divvyt up amongst the many. Its all 1 girt thing bigger nor the worl and lorn and loan and oansome. Tremmering it is and feart. It puts us on like we put on our cloes. Some times we don't fit. Some times it cant fynd the arm hoals and it tears us a part. I dont think I took all that much noatis of it when I ben yung. Now Im old I noatis it mor. It dont realy like to put me on no mor. Every morning I can feal how its tiret of me and readying to throw me a way. Iwl tel you some thing Riddley and keap this is memberment. What ever it is we dont come naturel to it.'

I said, 'Lorna I dont know what you mean.'

She said, 'We aint a natural part of it. We dint begin when it begun we dint begin *where* it begun. It ben here befor us nor I dont know what we are to it. May be weare jus only sickness and a feaver to it or boyls on the arse of it I dont know. Now lissen what Im going to tel you Riddley. It thinks us but it dont think *like* us. It dont think the way we think. Plus like I said before its afeart.'

I said, 'Whats it afeart of?'

She said, 'Its afeart of being beartht.'

I said, 'How can that be? You said it ben here befor us. If it ben here all this time it musve ben beartht some time.'

She said, 'No it aint ben beartht it never does get beartht its all ways in the woom of things its all ways on the road.'

I said, 'All this what you jus been telling be that a tel for me?'

She larft then she said, 'Riddley there aint nothing what *aint* a tel for you. The wind in the nite the dus on the road even the leases stoan you kick a long in front of you. Even the shadder of that leases stone roaling on or stanning stil its all telling.'

Wel I cant say for cern no more if I had any of them things in my mynd befor she tol me but ever since then it seams like they all ways ben there. Seams like I ben all ways thinking on that thing in us what thinks us but it dont think like us. Our woal life is a idear we dint think of nor we dont know what it is. What a way to live.

Thats why I finely come to writing all this down. Thinking of what the idear of us myt be. Thinking on that thing whats in us lorn and loan and oansome.[d]

[d]Reprinted by permission of Washington Square Press, a division of Simon and Schuster, Inc., from *Riddley Walker*, by Russell Hoban. Copyright 1980 by Russell Hoban.

NOTES

1. *With Head and Heart. The Autobiography of Howard Thurman* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers, 1979), p. 120.

2. Ishmael Reed, *Flight to Canada* (New York: Random House, 1976), p. 8.

3. There is a huge literature on the best known of the movements, the Shakers. Two 19th century sources for other lesser known groups are Charles Nordhoff, *The Communistic Societies of the United States* (New York: Schocken Books, 1965, originally 1875) and John Humphrey Noyes, *Strange Cults and Utopias of 19th Century America* (New York: Dover Publications, 1966, originally 1870).

4. Almond H. Davis, *The Female Preacher; or, a Memoir of Salome Lincoln* (New York: Arno Press, 1972, reprint of 1843 edition); William L. Andrews, ed., *Sisters of the Spirit: Three Black Women's Autobiographies of the Nineteenth Century [Jarena Lee, Zilpha Elaw, Julia A. J. Foote]* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986); Jean M. Humez, ed., *Gifts of Power: The Writings of Rebecca Jackson, Black Visionary, Shaker Elderess* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1981); Jualynne Dodson, "19th Century A. M. E. Preaching Women: Cutting Edge of Inclusion in Church Polity," in Hilah F. Thomas and Rosemary Skinner Keller, eds., *Women in New Worlds* (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1981), I, pp. 276-89; Barbara M. Solomon, "Antoinette Brown Blackwell," and Eleanor Flexner, "Anna Howard Shaw," in Edward T. James, et al., eds. *Notable American Women* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1971, 1973), I, pp. 158-61, and III, pp. 274-77; John O. Foster, *Life and Labors of Mrs. Maggie Newton Van Cott* (Cincinnati: Hitchcock and Walden, 1872).

5. There is a large bibliography on Mary Baker Eddy and Madame Blavatsky, but initially one should begin with Sydney E. Ahlstrom and Paul S. Boyer, entries in *Notable American Women*, I, pp. 174-77, 551-61. On the New Thought movements and their women leaders, see J. Stillson Judah, *The History and Philosophy of the Metaphysical Movements in America* (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1967) and Charles S. Braden, *Spirits in Rebellion: The Rise and Development of New Thought* (Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1963). On one figure about which there is more to learn, see Ferne Anderson, "Emma Curtis Hopkins--Springboard to New Thought," Master's Thesis, University of Denver, 1981.

6. *The Original Feminist Attack on the Bible (The Woman's Bible)*, by Elizabeth Cady (introduction by Barbara Welter), originally published in 1895 and 1898 (New York: Arno Press, 1974). All traditions and denominations have participated in the effort of the last twenty-five years to recover women's history within their constituencies. For one mainstream Protestant effort, the United Methodist denomination, see Thomas and Keller, eds. *Women in New Worlds*, cited above, with volume II issued in 1982 co-edited with Louise L. Queen.

7. Eugene Monick, *Phallos: Sacred Image of the Masculine* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1987).

8. Peter Berger, *Pyramids of Sacrifice: Political Ethics and Social Change* (Garden City, NY: Anchor Books, 1976).

9. This observation, that religion is not a stage in the evolution of consciousness but a perennial datum, Charles Long attributed to the work of Mircea Eliade in remarks at the University of Colorado at Boulder, March, 1987.

10. Wilfred Cantwell Smith, "Traditional Religion and Modern Culture," in *Proceedings of the XIth International Congress of the International Association for the History of Religions* (Leiden: E. J. Brill, 1968), I, pp. 55-72.

11. James B. Nelson's work, *Embodiment: An Approach to Sexuality and Christian Theology* (Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House, 1978), makes this essential point. Since this paper was prepared, I have read and find very useful for an approach to the issues considered here Nelson's *The Intimate Connection: Male Sexuality, Masculine Spirituality* (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1988).

12. Penelope Washbourn, "Religion and Sexuality in Contemporary Perspective; Or, Listening Between the Bedposts," *The Iliff Review*, 35 (Spring 1978):65-76.

13. My formulation is derived from Carl Jung's dissent from Freudian theory. See his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World [1933 original edition], pp. 228-29. For another approach to the same issues, see Jacob Needleman, *Lost Christianity: A Journal of Rediscovery* (San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1980), especially p. 62 where he asks, "Has it ever occurred to anyone that the whole corruption of religion, and therefore of civilization, begins when the work of self-knowledge becomes subjectively less interesting than sexual fulfillment?"

14. N. Scott Momaday, "The Man Made of Words," did not appear with the other plenary addresses at the conference, but it was distributed on tape from which I made a transcription. *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, c. 1969, was issued by the University of New Mexico Press, 1976.

15. "Womanist" as distinct from "feminist" occurs in the literature of Afro-American women writers who inject explicit racial and class considérations into gender theory.

16. I am obviously drawing parallels to the kind of project for males which Penelope Washbourn undertook in *Becoming Woman: The Quest for Wholeness in Female Experience* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977).

17. Keith Thompson, ed., "A New Age Interview with Robert Bly: What Men Really Want," *New Age Magazine* (May 1982):30-37; 50-51.

18. Erik H. Erikson, *Gandhi's Truth: On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1969), Part 4.

19. Important reflections about power over, power with, and power within occur in an unpublished manuscript by LeRoy Moore, Jr., adjunct faculty member at the University of Colorado and activist-scholar with the Rocky Mountain

Peace Center in Boulder. It is tentatively entitled, "Peace and Power: Personal and Political Dimensions of Nonviolence."

20. John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath* (New York: Viking Press, paperback edition, 1967), pp. 109-11.

21. Russell Hoban, *Riddley Walker* (New York: Washington Square Press, 1980), pp. 5-7.