examples, and/or reducing African religion to a set of doctrines. But, alas, Ray indulges in precisely the procedure for which he criticizes others. He fills out his book with generalizations, to which he adds elaborate illustrations, mainly from the works of other scholars. This is akin to methodological suicide.

The rest of the book deals with such topics as Myth and History, Divinity and Man, Religious Authorities, Man and Ethics, “Religion and Rebellion,” Islam and Christianity. These are in fact the same themes found in the systematic treatments of African religion of which Professor Ray is otherwise so critical. He introduces each chapter or subsection with a number of brief generalities, following up with case studies to supply depth and variety. But his claim that he tries to “provide an obvious structure and some sense of historical whole” is not convincing. The historical aspect especially is very limited. It is regrettable that in some cases the illustrations are “retold” instead of quoted directly from their original sources. The illustrations make it more or less a book of “readings in African religion”—but they are selected with an anthropological bias.

Nowhere does Professor Ray give even a working definition of the term “African religions.” He uses it largely to refer to the traditional religious life of African peoples. But in the final two chapters he speaks about “African Islam” and “Independent Christianity.” There is no transition from one usage to the other.

The book attempts to cover much more than it can handle. Consequently, many serious issues are either left out altogether or treated very superficially. This is perhaps characteristic of religious tourism. For example, the notion of God is more or less dismissed with a few references to the question of “monotheism, polytheism, and pantheism.” The author assumes the age-old (and incorrect) statement that “there are two fundamentally different types of divinity in African religions: the one creator god [sic], who is usually remote from daily religious life, and the many lesser gods and spirits which are constantly involved in everyday religious experience.” He produces not one fragment of evidence to support this assumption. As a matter of fact, God is not removed from daily life, as evidenced by, inter alia, the very large proportion of prayers addressed to Him concerning all matters of daily life. Professor Ray does not say one word about marriage; he devotes only two pages to the question of “evil”; he mentions and cites a few prayers in passing, and yet they are the most central point of contact between the people and the spiritual realities. The book claims to speak about “community” in its title, but hardly anything is said directly about African community.

It is extremely disappointing to see the treatment of Islam only in terms of “reformation” and “brotherhoods,” and of Christianity only in terms of “Independent Christianity.” These are distorted presentations of two highly important religious systems in Africa, whose adherents account for more than 80 per cent of the continent’s population. There is surely much more to Islam and Christianity in Africa than what Professor Ray gives in two brief chapters of his book, and he makes only superficial links between them and African religion.

African Religions: Symbol, Ritual, and Community is a very readable book. It is a “popular” recasting of familiar ground, with patches of interpretive comment. Its frequent comparison of African religious life with that of the West is boring and monotonous. Surely African religion should be described and interpreted without this constant recourse to comparison with the West, as if the West were the canon by which to measure and judge the affairs of other parts of the world. The book will no doubt be read with interest in American circles, and one hopes it will at least whet the appetite of the potentially serious student.

The Social History of the Machine Gun
by John Ellis

(Pantheon; 186 pp.; $12.95/$4.95)

Martin Green

We need more books like this. One notable imaginative weakness in our men of conscience—part of the general weakness Trilling ascribed to the liberal imagination—is that we make so little contact with armies and with war. Such contact as we do make is partial and rhetorical, organized in the name of indignation, which is not the way to learn to understand. War, as Tolstoy tried to teach us, is as habitual a fact as peace. For us to relegate it to the status of a nightmare interlude is to blind ourselves.

Not that armies and war are the same thing. From Mr. Ellis’s point of view they are near-opposites. The machine gun completely changed the character of war, and yet, because the armies of Europe did not want it, the gun did not effectively reach the battlefield till 1914, fifty years after its invention. The Gatling was used, its powers demonstrated, in the American Civil War and the Russo-Japanese War, but the officers of Europe, most strikingly the English officers, still put their faith in the horse and the sabre and the cavalry charge. Even after the endless trench stalemate of 1914-18, which happened because no bravery or numbers, in infantry or cavalry, could advance across an open space commanded by machine guns, Field Marshal Lord Haig could say, “Aeroplanes and tanks are only accessories to the man and the horse—the well-bred horse.” The armies were of course the preserve of the European aristocracies, and dominated by a feudal romanticism elsewhere laughed to scorn—a romanticism in which horse-worship played a considerable part. It is significant that America, where neither aristocracy nor guild craftsmen counted for much, should be the country to develop the machine gun. (Give both words equal emphasis.)

Before 1914 such guns were used in America against industrial unrest, in Africa against restive tribes. The British first sent Gatlings into action against the Ashanti, in 1874, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. The Times wrote: "...if by any lucky chance Sir Garnet Wolseley manages to catch a good mob of savages in the open, and at a moderate distance,
he cannot do any better than treat them to a little Gatling music....Altogether we cannot wish the Ashantees worse luck than to get in the way of a Gatling well served.” In 1879 Lord Chelmsford used four Gatlings against Cetewayo at Ulundi. After the battle 473 Zulu bodies were found in a radius of five hundred yards, mowed down in groups of fourteen to thirty. At the battle of Omdurman, where Winston Churchill fought, six Maxims were used, and 11,000 Dervishes were killed, as against 28 British and 20 others on their side. These guns were always fired by British officers—for they were too prudent to let natives learn how to operate them. Partly for that reason, and because of the posture of the man sitting behind and below the gun to aim it, the natives sometimes believed that the gun was a giant penis, ejaculating a stream of bullets. When they rebelled, it was sometimes because their priests had assured them that this time the white man’s bullets would turn to water against them.

But though the Empire, at least in Africa, could be ruled only by means of machine guns, the generals still believed that in a battlefield war between European powers such guns would be merely accessory to the rifle, the bayonet, and the cavalry charge. In some ways one feels grateful to them for delaying the onset of mechanized warfare, and for their devotion to chivalric ideals. But one remembers that their romanticism drove hundreds of thousands to death on the Somme in 1916. Lloyd George calculated that 80 per cent of the deaths in that war were inflicted by machine guns. He knew the politicians and the poets and even the royal family knew; the generals did not.

This book fills in many gaps in one’s knowledge, though of course one did not know before that the gaps were there. For instance, in 1890 William Browning demonstrated his gun at the Colt Factory at Hartford and reported the experience thus: “...before anybody had time to say much, we had the gun on its mount, hanging away into one of the firing tunnels....I ran the 200 rounds through so fast nobody could think....When the last empty shell spangled on the floor, with not a hitch in 200, Hall and his men were too bug-eyed to see the hammer-marks on the gun. They didn’t look so deep to me for that matter. You know how it is in a circus when a clown stumbles over everything and then suddenly turns into the star acrobat of the show....The changed expression of Hall and his men put a pound of fat on my ribs.” Where have you heard that voice before? Mark Twain published The Connecticut Yankee in 1889; its hero had been a foreman at the Colt Factory; he ended his reign as Boss of Arthurian England by killing all the knights with a battery of thirteen Gatling guns.

But of course the main impact of the book—made by some fine illustrations as well as by the text—must be appalling rather than interesting. I end with two quotations. One is from Gatling himself, who produced the first crank-operated gun that fired two hundred rounds a minute. He said his gun “bears the same relation to other fire-arms that McCormack’s Reaper does to the sickle, or the sewing machine to the common needle.” The second is from the memorial to the Machine Gun Corps at Hyde Park Corner in London; there is a statue of the Boy David, and underneath is written: “Saul hath slain his thousands/But David his tens of thousands.”

CONTRIBUTORS

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Briefly Noted

Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years by J. Anthony Lucas
(Viking: 626 pp.: $15.00)

J. Anthony Lucas, a Pulitzer Prize journalist, has written a book that places us all in his debt. His anatomy of the underbelly of the Nixon Administration is a profound, magisterial work dealing in exhaustive detail with the wide variety of criminal actions that characterized the Presidency of that archvocate of Law and Order, Richard M. Nixon. This is sure to be a respected source book on the subject of “Watergate” for many years. Lucas’s research, both his own discoveries and the information culled from the voluminous investigations of the Special Prosecutor’s Office, the Justice Department, the House Judiciary Committee, the Senate Select (Ervin) Committee, and others, conclusively demonstrates the enormous menace to our republican system of government that existed during the Nixon years, and it suggests how much of this menace still remains to be dealt with.

There are so many excellent aspects to this study that it is hard to single them out for special mention. Lucas himself is especially proud of the work he did in five critical areas of investigation: the Saturday Night Massacre, in which Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox was fired; the role of the so-called “Fragile Coalition” of moderate Democrats and Republicans on the House Judiciary Committee debating the President’s possible impeachment; and the 1969-71 wiretappings, in which Henry Kissinger had so much responsibility (as even more recent evidence has underscored). Perhaps even more important, Lucas demonstrates the important role of Robert Bennett (simultaneously at work for Howard Hughes, Chuck Colson, and the CIA) and the relationship of Howard Hughes to Watergate. The public still knows precious little about these matters, and Lucas says he intends to continue the investigation. This book can scarcely be recommended too highly; it is a superlative piece of writing by a master journalist.

—Jeffrey L. Lant

The Churches and the Chaplaincy by Richard G. Hutcheson
John Knox; 223 pp.: $6.95)

Only a few years ago there seemed to be widespread agreement that major changes were required in the military chaplaincy systems. Considerable sentiment built in favor of “civilianizing” the chaplaincy, thus relieving the al-
The Catholic Cult of the Paraclete by Joseph Fichter (Sheed & Ward; 183 pp.; $6.95)

A New Pentecost? by Leon Joseph Cardinal Suenens (Seabury; 239 pp.; $7.95)

Talk about religious renewal in contemporary society inevitably gets around to what is called the charismatic movement. Some view the movement as escapist deviance, others as the world’s hope for a future. Whatever it is, it has captured the enthusiastic loyalty of hundreds of thousands of Christians in the “mainstream” churches. Belgium’s Cardinal Suenens, himself a charismatic, as they say, offers a sympathetic and perhaps idealized picture of what this new outpouring of the Spirit can mean for Church and society. Sociologist Fichter offers his more critical findings from a study of 155 charismatic communities in the United States. While not insensitive to ecumenical implications, both authors focus on the movement within Roman Catholicism, a tradition singularly adept at comprehending new directions within one institutionalized community. Fichter’s conclusion that the movement is marked by a withdrawal from social engagement because of its emphasis upon personal salvation and the imminent return of Christ is especially important. Suenens argues such withdrawal need not and should not be the case, and one hopes he is right, since the separation of intense religious piety from the search for social justice has in the past worked to the severe detriment of both.

The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps by Terrence Des Pres (Oxford; 218 pp.; $10.00)

A brilliant argument seriously flawed by its conclusions. Des Pres, who teaches English at Colgate, has surveyed in comprehensive and sympathetic fashion the literature by and about survivors of Hitler’s and Stalin’s death camps. He argues against a solidly established school, mainly psychoanalytic in bias, that describes the survivor in terms of guilt and the concentration camp experience in terms of the destruction of personality. The survivor is above all a witness, says Des Pres, and he witnesses to the discovery and maintenance of human dignity under testings that are at the edge of our ability to imagine. It is frequently said that talk about freedom and dignity is today negated by everything represented by Auschwitz. Des Pres contends that the evidence from Auschwitz is in fact supportive of belief in freedom and dignity. On the face of it, this may seem grotesque, but it begins to make sense as the author demonstrates the ways in which apparently small phenomena—acts of sharing, mutual help, self-enforcement of rules of survival—come together in a pattern of humanization that defies surrounding death. The last part of the book seems curiously disconnected from what goes before; it is a kind of Nietzschean manifesto declaring our “kinship with the gods” to be over; our total reliance is now upon “simple care” that is “biologically inspired and made active through mutual need.” In agree-

St. Patrick’s Day
With Mayor Daley:
And Other Things
Too Good to Miss
by Eugene Kennedy
(Seabury; 238 pp.; $8.95)

Little sketches, often delightful although sometimes overwritten, of people and places that have caught the fancy of Father Kennedy. Daley, Jimmy Breslin, Cesar Chavez, Philip Berrigan, and others are clearly good guys, and no effort is made to address what is in some cases their undoubtedly less flattering opinions of one another. The chief human virtue in the eye of the vignettist is that his subject possess the color that suggests character, and all the author’s subjects meet that measure. Of more substantive interest is the author’s positive appreciation of Paul VI and why, Kennedy thinks, he will be judged more favorably in the future than he is now. A foreword by Norman Mailer hails the book as something of an event in the pilgrimage of Catholicism toward literary significance. Which says something about Mr. Mailer’s limited understanding of Catholicism and of contemporary literature.
The Old Country
by Abraham Shulman
(Scribners; 210 pp.; $6.95 [paper])

Subtitled "The Lost World of East European Jews," this handsomely printed collection of hundreds of photographs of the street, taken between 1860 and 1920, might be better described as a rediscovery. Most of the photos are from the files of The Jewish Daily Forward, and the illuminating commentary by Shulman, for many years a writer for The Forward, is marked by loving care. (A brief and banal foreword by Isaac Bashevis Singer again raises the minor ethical question about artificially attaching big names to works that stand quite well on their own.) The last section of the book is entitled "A Family Album," but that appropriately describes the whole of it for millions of Ashkenazi Jews and, in truth, for the whole of the human family that identifies with the humility, suffering, and grandeur portrayed in this collection. One waits at the end for a concluding photograph from Auschwitz or Treblinka. It is not there. It is on every page. Shulman notes that in Yiddish "Poland" was "Polen," composed of two Hebrew words, po and lin—"here shall we spend the night."

Correspondence (from p. 2)

envy his prestige, and fear his power, I also and more genuinely love him as an academic son in whom I am so well pleased that though he slay me, I will not be separated from him. "But I will maintain mine own ways before him." That, I think, is my job.

One of the penalties even of a mythological academic parenthood is the necessity to live through the "no" phase of a child's painful progress toward adult being. In this context the quality and degree of animosity and explosiveness exhibited in this review suggest a slow burn too long repressed by a super ego domesticated by the amenities of polite academic society.* An old-fashioned amateur Freudian might see in this a long-standing Oedipus complex now finally surfaced and consuming the son. I should have anticipated this outburst that awaited me in the righteous empire of the "no set."

Indeed Dr. Marty has set the stage for a jolly dialogue when, as he says, "our jets and his automobile meet" (wherein I sense his unconscious wish that this be on a runway). I would like it to be a time

"To talk of many things: Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—

Of cabbages—and kings—

And why the sea is boiling hot—

And whether pigs have wings,": and other such innocuous subjects as often characterize a meeting of professors.

But perhaps it will be more therapeutic for this antiprogical son to tell me face-to-face about my "misrepresentation," my changes "since the mid-fifties,"** my "polenical tone," my "random" and "repetitious" essays, my "fundamentalist conversion," my "sneer," my "snide tones," my "Charges...that...are not true," my "misreading," and the ex cathedra bull, "Mead is a Monist." "Tis said that confession is good for the soul, and, as the voice of experience, I recommend it to all impetuous reviewers of books. So perhaps Dr. Marty and I ought to meet in the true church, where, perhaps, I might receive forgiveness for all the sins he has rightly confessed for me.

For as Montaigne said of his essays, "...it seems to me that to anyone who wants to abuse me fairly I give plenty to bite on in my known and avowed imperfections." And thirteen years ago I expressed my conviction that a scholar "may owe more to one who has etched his faults with acid than to the ninety-and-nine who have merely said, 'I enjoyed your article.'" I appreciate the fact that Dr. Marty has tried to do just that. But somehow his acid is too weak to burn (it only irritates the skin), and there is a lacuna in his etching that leaves me, with fatherly affliction, asking the question posed by Emerson's soothing "external nature"—"So hot? my little Sir." Why?

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Response:
Given the opportunity to respond, Mr. Marty simply invited Worldview readers to compare his review and Mead's response with Mead's book. For the rest, he mumbled in badly broken French a line of Talleyrand: "Si nous nous expliquions nous cesserions de nous entendre" (if we go on explaining we shall cease to understand one another).***

Apologies
...to Janice Stapleton, for failing to identify her as the artist who provided the fine line drawings accompanying "Hunger and Christian Duty" in the May issue.