influence lies in one's own inner being . . . the effect is but the reflection of something that emanates from one's own heart. Any deliberate intention of an effect would only destroy the possibility of producing it. Confucius says of this line: "The superior man abides in his room. . . . Deeds are born close at hand and become visible far away'" (from the edition of R. Wilhelm).

Dropping-out, then, is not primarily a technique of social protest, it is a fundamental attitude of positive non-conformity to the world (cf. Romans 12, 2). 'It means doing your thing' (Robin), and as Christians we must ask ourselves whether 'our thing' is really as respectable and 'square' as we tend to assume. (I met a man who thought it was a sign of spiritual progress for a boy to get his hair cut short!) With our Concordats and what not, we appear to regard official co-operation between Church and State as somehow normative. Is it? (e.g. Matt. 10, 18, etc).

(Actually, I think the drop-out idea is important even economically. There would appear to be a certain amount of doublethink involved in legislating against people who refuse to work, while at the same time complaining of an unemployment problem! The real social problem is surely going to be people's total unreadiness for leisure. Highly instructive is the sad story of the American farmer who was penalized for working too hard. Perhaps the Romans were wiser than we, in calling business simply un-leisure, *neg-otium*.)

Drop Out, and the phenomenon it springs from, are not just a theoretical challenge to the Church. There are people actually *living* by the values of Matt. 6, 24-33, the gospel drop-out manifesto. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries just such people were more or less driven out of the Church (see Gordon Leff's *Heresy in the Later Middle Ages*). Here they are again, outside the Church altogether now, but sometimes looking to us for a context. Will we be able and willing to provide it? (A hippy in San Francisco, so the story goes, went into a Catholic Church and prostrated himself before the High Altar. The parish priest sent for the police.)

None of these topics is actually discussed in *Drop Out*; the book is mainly a sort of diary, with interspersed reflections (including one 'from the Greek of J. Christ'). It is far too expensive at 25s, but it does, as I have suggested, raise important issues, many of which I have not been able to mention in the course of a brief review (e.g. the connexions between LSD, madness, and mysticism, a very interesting topic from every point of view, social, religious, and psychiatric). SIMON TUGWELL, O.P.

THE WORLD OF MARC CHAGALL, photographed by Izis, text by Roy McMullen. ***Aldus Books*, London, 1968. 267 pp. 8 gns.**

In this book we are given Chagall the colourist in reproductions which are among the best I have yet seen. Not confined to easel paintings, the plates illustrate the artist at work on the mural for the Lincoln centre, and the circular canvas painted for the ceiling of the Paris Opera House, as well as the better-known stained glass windows for Metz and Jerusalem. There is also Chagall the print maker, the potter, the theatre designer—the magician in other words.

The photographs by Izis, covering the years from 1956 on, are not too intrusive, although I did find it difficult to see the point of a deep focus view of the back of Chagall's head, spread across two pages. We see Chagall sketching children playing in the narrow streets of Vence, at work in his studio, or in the pottery at Vallauris, or dreaming at a café table. It all adds up to an alarming price.

To write a critical appraisal of Chagall, a painter so far removed in origin from the Western European tradition, presents obvious difficulties, and the author of the text has made good use of the artist's own comments in putting together a reasonable account of Chagall's life and work. Personally I would have welcomed more emphasis on the biography of the painter. As it is, details are gathered in a chronological list, leaving Chagall suspended in the text, in a timeless, unhistorical way which worried me slightly, as if he were something more than human, when the point is that he is just that.

When he first visited Paris in 1910, Chagall was soon caught up in the experiments of the young painters who were beginning to collect there. In 1922, he returned for good, and the city became over the years his second home. There he began to respond to the light and colour, involving Paris with the home he had left in Russia. Vitebsk was never very far away, though, and the fiddler on the roof, the clocks and cockerels, the flowers and fishes, echoes from his early years in the Hassidic ghetto community, gradually became his personal

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iconography. Memories of music and dancing at the religious festivals, of his family—there were eight children, and innumerable relatives—of his mother's shop where she sold spices, and herring, these have stayed with Chagall all his life. There he married Bella, the young bride who would bring flowers to decorate his studio, and there as a young man he absorbed the tradition of the Hassidim who, less concerned about their past sins, thought it more important to build up a happy harmony with one another and with God. As a sect they were opposed to the scholarly tradition of Judaism, refusing to accept the Talmudic teaching that an ignorant man could not be a pious man. Perhaps it was this that saved Chagall from becoming a scholar, and allowed him the freedom to become a painter.

The Hassidim saw the natural world as a continuation of the divine, and in his turn, Chagall came to see painting as continuous with nature, 'art picks up where nature ends'. Chagall stands closer in many ways to Paul Klee, who sought to make the invisible visible, than to the cubists of Paris in the nineteen twenties. Chagall looked into an inner world, more real to him than appearances. 'To call everything that seems to be illogical', he wrote, 'a fantasy or a fairy tale, is to admit that one does not understand nature.' Having become so familiar with the paintings we fail, perhaps, to grasp the strangeness of it all. This is religious painting, totally unlike anything attempted in Europe before. Chagall glorifies the inner world using the symbols of Vitebsk, Paris, the young lovers, the flowers, the light and colour of the world of nature. His message is in part about the hidden things of human life, and in part about the obvious visual splendour of it all. The divine sparks ascend from his brush, as everything he touches is made to reveal its inner truth. He has now largely abandoned the faith of his youth, reading as much French poetry as the Bible itself, but the Hassidic values have remained. Everything is made holy by man's proper use.

The temptation of course is to interpret everything in Hassidic terms. Fortunately, the author manages to avoid both the danger of doing this and of running into the same difficulties with psychology, warned, perhaps, by Chagall's own remark that he has always managed to sleep perfectly well without Freud.

The expatriate, the lover separated from Bella by her death late in 1944, Chagall has much to say about separation and reunion. This is the point of Roy McMullen's text, and it comes across despite a certain prolixity. In the end the message is that we are only healed by being loved.

Chagall's modernity lies less in his stylistic innovations, these remain inimitable, but more in his awareness, through personal experience, of estrangement, and—one cannot avoid the word—alienation in our society. Chagall is all about putting everything together again.

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