

representatives of industry, finance, technology, and by bureaucracies in the paid service of these powerful groups—governed, not in the interests of the people as a whole, not even of all the people in any one country, and not even nowadays for personal profit, but primarily for the self-satisfying exercise of power.’

‘I despair when I think of John Ruskin, for he was a man endowed with sense and sensibility, energy and leisure, who throughout a long life-time fought with eloquence and passionate clarity for the values I have fought for, and in the end was utterly defeated. . . . The evils and wrongs he denounced have continued to flourish since he died more than sixty years ago, a sad and demented old man. Does it therefore serve any purpose, I have often said to myself (and others have said to me), to fight the same battle with my inferior weapons and without Ruskin’s security and leisure? . . . I know it is absurd to oppose the overwhelming forces of technology, usury, philistinism, all aspects of the rationalism that pervades every aspect of modern civilization. But though this is the common-sense and condemnatory view

of my life, I know that it could not have been otherwise, and that the battle which Ruskin engaged must be continually renewed—or we retreat into despair, silence, or some “Dirt-dump” like *Finnegans Wake*.’

‘I seem to avoid the final issue—perhaps have done so all my life. Buber believed in a personal relationship with “the spirit of God” . . . Jung was more ambiguous, but when asked whether he believed in God, answered, “I do not believe: I know.” . . . I cannot bear witness to the presence of God either in Buber’s sense or in Jung’s sense, and yet I am not a materialist. All my life I have found more sustenance in the work of those who bear witness to the reality of a living God than in the work of those who deny God—at least, the witness of the deniers, Stirner, Marx, Nietzsche, Freud, Shaw, Russell has been out-balanced by the witness of those who affirm God’s existence—George Herbert, Pascal, Traherne, Spinoza, Kierkegaard, Hopkins, Simone Weil. In that state of suspense, “waiting on God”, I still live and shall probably die.’

WALTER SHEWRING

**DROP OUT**, by Robin Farquharson. *Anthony Blond*, 1968. 104 pp. 25s.

In a way, it is already rather anachronistic to be reviewing this book, which was perhaps out of date even when it appeared (it was written in the winter of 1967-8), and is certainly so now. The author (previously an Oxbridge don, subsequently in a mental hospital, now happily managing a telephone for an ‘underground’ information and welfare service in London) and the whole drop-out scene have moved on considerably. And in any case, as Dr Farquharson (Robin) points out, his experience is not wholly typical, due to his age, on the one hand, which made him rather a ‘dirty old tramp’ than a hippy, and to his literary potentiality (few drop-outs have a D.Phil. and a research fellowship behind them), which earned him £2 a week from his publisher, thus saving him from the dole as well as from total dependence on Providence. (Yes, one can live on £2 a week income.)

Nevertheless, the book does suggest several topics of enduring relevance, not to say embarrassment, to Christians. ‘In the world you meet with persecution’ (John 16, 33), ‘and the apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonour for the Name’ (Acts 5, 41). Is it not a little like that, when Robin, after being beaten up by some children, goes into a nearby church to give

thanks? At last he is experientially identified with the victims of prejudice and hatred!

Of course, Christians are persecuted ‘for the Name’. But what is this name and what does it entail? Surely at least Love and Truth, too radical to compromise, too total and alien ever to be assimilable by ‘the world’. An opposition or protest movement can generally be assimilated and tamed into an establishment slot (witness the quite extraordinary outcome of 27th October last year), and little—not nothing, to be sure—is achieved. The only ultimate, finally unassimilable, challenge is one that takes its stand on principles utterly its own, that does not operate within ‘the world’s’ terms of reference. It is not an opposition movement, because it does not set out to oppose anything; it is totally positive, it believes only in Yes (cf. II Cor. 1.19). And that is the essence of dropping-out, that was the real strength of the hippies in their prime. And that, it seems to me, is the authentic model of Christian dissent. One *cannot* serve two masters. That is a statement of fact, not of ethics. Real protest, and real influence, are both secondary epiphenomena—witness the immense influence of the drop-outs of the Egyptian desert.

As the *I Ching* says, ‘A crane calling in the shade. Its young answers it.’ ‘The root of all

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