

being 'explicitly a revision on the basis of A.V.' (*Tablet*), but several made comparisons with Knox: the new version has not the euphony (*Sunday Times*), elegance (*Spectator*), warmth (*New Statesman*) of Knox, whose text 'was full of his mannerisms—to the fury or delight, according to taste or temperament, of readers' (Fr Martindale in the *Month*), 'whetting the appetite for the pleasant task of re-reading him: perhaps there is something to be said, after all, for a version that is the work of one man' (Mgr Barton in the *Clergy Review*). Fr T. Corbishley was reported in the *Sunday Times* (19/3/61) as remarking that the idea of N.E.B. was very similar to that of Knox, and he thought there was an influence of Knox's version on N.E.B.

Lastly, what of Catholics and the N.E.B.? Mgr Barton in the *Clergy Review* said that 'it is not clear whether any invitations were ever sent to either Catholics or Jews', but Fr Corbishley was reported in the *Sunday Times* (*ibid.*) under a headline 'Catholics seek Bible-for-all' as saying that N.E.B. would almost certainly be discussed at the Council, but that a number of details would have to be modified if it were to be entirely acceptable to Catholics. And the fact remains that at the moment when the N.E.B. was being planned in 1946 Ronald Knox's N.T. was just out (1945), and as the N.E.B. was taking shape in 1948 Ronald Knox's O.T. was nearly ready (published 1949 and definitively 1955), so that the Catholics were at that time just taking possession of their second 'official version'. This may be part of the explanation of the somewhat sad little parenthesis on every blurb; but whether agreement on every point with the age-long Catholic tradition of the Word could have been reached or could be attempted is another question.

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A Canadian Notebook

The facts are unassailable. The second largest country in the world is only eight per cent inhabited, and three-quarters of its eighteen million population live within a hundred miles of the United States border. One third of its industry—three-quarters of its powerful petroleum interests—is owned by outside investors, the great majority of them American. Sprawled out in endless miles of forest and ice, Canada lies strategically between the unsleeping rivals. Whether Canadians like it or not, the facts of geography and economic necessity, and perhaps the very hope of survival, place the senior member of the British Commonwealth firmly at the mercy of her southern neighbour.

Of course there are the Canadian Guards and the endless singing of *God Save the Queen* (in Ontario, at least). Victoria Day is a holiday ('I expect you celebrate

it rather better in the Old Country', said a Toronto Scot, and was shocked to learn it was not a holiday at all). But the Americanization of Canadian life is as inevitable as baseball or the two hundred varieties of ice-cream. And the resentment against it is not always the disinterested reaction of a Commonwealth conscience. The Royal Commission which was appointed to enquire into the flooding of the Canadian market with American magazines had much to say about the vulgarization of taste. But it was the alarming flow of Canadian dollars into the advertising agents' pockets on Madison Avenue that mattered most. The economic argument is the decisive one in every issue, for Canadian nationalism is a luxury when unemployment rises and the inescapable fact of America emerges ever more clearly.

But economic co-operation, integration, call it what you will, need not mean cultural absorption, and there are many healthy signs that show this to be true. In university education—and particularly in the Catholic contribution to it—Canada is developing a pattern which makes the American system look increasingly insecure. The proliferation of Catholic colleges and universities in the United States is an astounding achievement, but it begins to be doubtful whether they can maintain their standards (especially in such costly fields as the natural sciences), much less improve them. The 'multilateral' pattern of such a university as Toronto, with its Catholic college firmly integrated into the general University system, and, even more striking, the experiment at Windsor, where a Catholic University (also conducted by the Basilian Fathers) has affiliated Anglican and non-denominational colleges, allow for concentration on academic excellence in areas of special concern to Catholics—and shared facilities for laboratories and libraries remove the extravagance of profitless competition. In the other Canadian Provinces the detailed arrangements vary, but everywhere the contribution of Catholics to university education is at a high level of intelligent co-operation.

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The Canadian writer has special problems to face. If he is English-speaking, his audience must necessarily be largely American, and his chance of a hearing will largely depend on American interest. (The case of Quebec is, of course, another matter: there a self-contained awareness of the Canadian 'thing' has a language to sustain it.)

Canada has produced in Morley Callaghan, for instance, a novelist of major importance, and one whose career is a baffling record of alternating recognition and neglect. (English readers are soon to have the opportunity of judging his achievement, for MacGibbon and Kee announce the publication in England of his two last novels and a collection of his short stories.) Born in Toronto and educated in its University, Mr Callaghan was in the late twenties part of the American literary group in Paris—a friend of Hemingway's and often compared with him. It was an unfortunate comparison, for thirty years of constant writing have only confirmed his originality and his absolute fidelity to his own tradition—which is that of a Canadian, Irish and Catholic in origin, English in

speech, who has felt no need to abandon his country or to cease to write about it. But was he neglected only because he lived in Toronto and had no place on the band-waggon of American literary fashion? Edmund Wilson, in a long and perceptive article in *The New Yorker* last year, made some impressive claims for him as a novelist and raised just that question. By any showing, *The Loved and the Lost*, and *The Many Colored Coat* are great novels. It would be as absurd to call them 'provincial' because they are about Montreal as it would be to dismiss Turgenyev (with whom Callaghan can properly be compared) because he wrote about people living in a remote Russian countryside.

The existence of a powerful neighbour, speaking the same language, itself must affect Canadian writing. There are bound to be many common interests, the same literary influences are at work. But at the same time Morley Callaghan's writing reflects, as any creative work must, an artist's awareness of his own world. If that happens to be less 'interesting' or 'sophisticated' than Paris or San Francisco, the question is one for the sociologist rather than the literary critic. After all, the American South—and English vicarages, for that matter—might seem far less likely a literary setting than a Canadian city, with all its verve and its mingled inheritance from a score of nations.

Canada can't be separated from America. It was Stephen Leacock who remarked that 'It's second nature, part of our lives, to be near them. Every Sunday morning we read the New York funny papers. All week we hear about politics in Alabama and Louisiana, and whether they caught the bandits who stole the vault of the National Bank—well, you know American news. There is no other like it'.

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One place of which Canada can justly be proud is its own Stratford. Here a magnificent theatre, set on the banks of the Avon (and the similarity is more than a name), presents each summer a Shakespeare festival of admirable scope and achievement. Each evening thousands flock in from all parts—the parked cars are an anthology of registration plates from almost every American state—and the intelligent attention of the audience puts a London one to shame. This year's most notable production has been *Coriolanus*, with Paul Scofield giving authority to the part and welding together a company that is enthusiastic if not always assured. The play, for some unexplained reason, is dressed in French Revolutionary costume, but after the first few minutes one ceases to be aware of the fact. And the revolutionary mood of the play is certainly well served by vigorous crowd scenes and battles, using to the full the wonderful flexibility of an apron stage with a simple, fixed set.

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