

Roll out keg for Arena Space, our "Old Vat," which got that nickname because its 500 seats are in what once was the hospitality hall (or beer-tasting center) of the Heurich Brewing Co. The new Potomac Bridge will demolish this, but we'll always be grateful to the Heurich family for giving a continuing base to the proud company which next fall will have its new home in our town's newest-oldest area, the southwest redevelopment section.

A sprig of holly too, for our town's most elegant, exclusive theater, the Acadamia. Never heard of it? It's got 75 seats, was opened by President Truman and is at 1600 I Street NW., headquarters of the Motion Picture Association of America, popularly the Eric Johnson office. Under Bob Crisp's tireless direction, this works morning, noon, afternoon, and night, for special groups which reflect, as no other audiences do, the infinite variety of American life.

In its invited audiences you find children and Supreme Court Justices, club ladies, and the minute group which proves that in miniature the U.N. can work: the town's professional moviegoers—whose greatest pleasure and a shock to those exposed to them for the first time, is a good sharp fight—the Messrs. Carmady O'Neill, MacArthur, Sullivan, Donnelly, and Coe, whose viewpoints converge only on the point that each of the others is crazy as a bedbug, loony as a bin, squirrely—yet nice. Especially mornings. Particularly Christmas mornings.

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THE CANADA COUNCIL

(By Eric McLean)

Not long ago a number of Canadian painters, musicians, and writers met in Toronto to discuss their problems under the rather grand title of the Canadian Conference of the Arts. Each paid his own way, but there are always organizational expenses in such matters. In this case, they amounted to \$10,000. The writers and others couldn't afford the expense, but somebody picked up the tab.

During the summer months, visitors from the United States and many parts of Canada will converge on Stratford, Ontario, for its ninth annual Shakespearean festival. For a good many more in Canada, where distances are vast and the small population is scattered, Stratford is as remote as Tristan da Cunha. But during July a trainload of 150 high school students chosen by school boards in various locations will descend on Stratford for a few days of concentrated listening and looking. Cost—\$21,000.

On the west coast, Vancouver has been trying to crash the international festival market since 1958, but while there has been bold talk of deficit financing, the costs of the project have been heavier than expected, and the response from the public, especially in the neighboring areas of Seattle and Portland, has been disappointing. Nevertheless, this summer the festival will present the first North American performances of Benjamin Britten's version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In every case it is the Canada Council that has extended a helping hand, not alone in encouragement, but also in cash underwriting. By comparison with the grants from foundations and funds in the United States, such sums (even the basic \$35,000 for the Vancouver festival, plus a bonus of \$10,000 for the Britten project) are small. What gives them importance, however, is this: the Council is the creation of the Canadian Government—which inclines some people to feel that it represents a sinister shift toward a socialistic Ministry of Culture. However, even the staunchest Tories have come to realize that the existence of the country is dependent on Government subsidies of one sort and another—rail and air communications, radio, etc.

Even more important, the existence of Canadians as individuals with a culture of their own may be just as dependent on the Council's mission. One of its main purposes is to explain the difference between a Canadian and an American, although it would never be described officially in that way. A large part of its time and efforts has been devoted to the search for a Canadian image, not in the spirit of an information service and not with the purpose of clarifying things for Americans or Europeans, but rather to help the Canadian understand himself a little better.