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CANADA

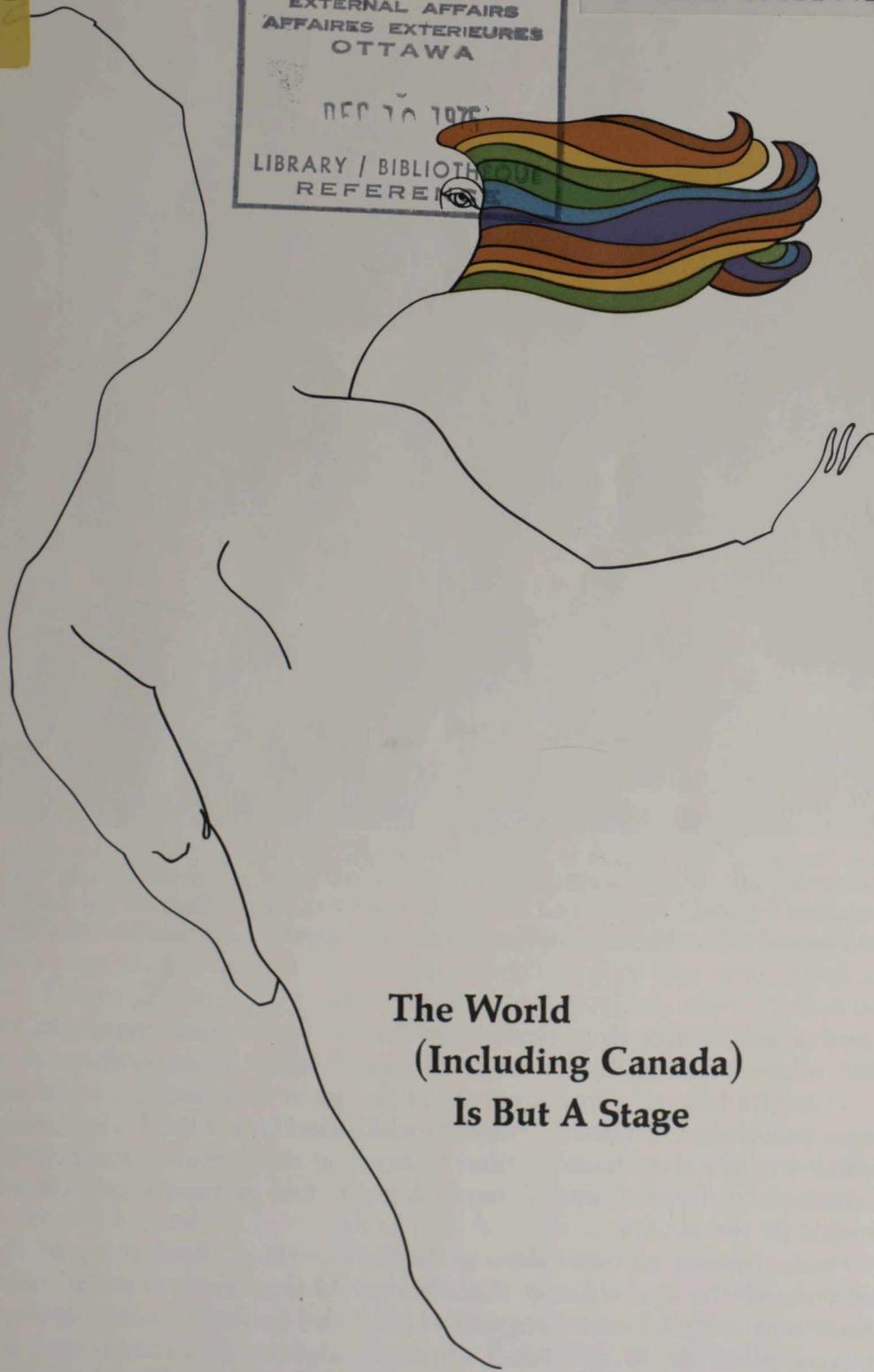
TODAY / D'AUJOURD'HUI

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~~LATEST ISSUE~~

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**The World
(Including Canada)
Is But A Stage**



Alan Scarfe is Dick Dudgeon in *The Devil's Disciple*, the Shaw Festival's production at the Kennedy Center. The play is about a dashing young man in the American Revolution who is sentenced to be hanged as a traitor. In the original version, he shouted "Long live the devil and damn King George," but the line "Amen! My life for the world's future," was later substituted to mollify British audiences.

CANADA will dance, sing, perform and make music next month in Washington, DC, celebrating the Bicentennial of United States Independence.

This gift tells us something about the giver — there has been a performing arts renaissance in Canada since World War II, and the Bicentennial activities, which include the Shaw Festival Company, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and a rich display of opera, symphony and individual performances, offer a fair cross section of the results.

Festival goers will see Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* as a ballet, and the opera *Louis Riel*. Mavor Moore wrote the *Riel* libretto in collaboration with Jacques Languirand, and the ballet is based on George Ryga's seminal play. Mr. Moore, Mr. Languirand and Mr. Ryga are part of a flourishing list of current Canadian playwrights, which include David Freeman, Michel

Tremblay, William Fruet, Gratien Gélinas, James Reaney, Françoise Loranger, Marcel Dubé and Michael Cook.

The renaissance began in Montréal in the forties, but national development was slow, and in 1951 a Royal Commission under Vincent Massey, surveying culture in Canada, could report sadly that "professional theatre is moribund" and that the "writing of plays has lagged far behind the other literary arts." The basic reason was clear — play production is the most expensive form of literary expression. Novelists require only publishers; playwrights need theatres, casts, props, costumes, and stage crews. At the time of the Massey Report, Canadian productions in English were usually foreign, old and, except for touring companies, confined to Toronto. But things were stirring.

The Stratford Festival, created in 1953 by Sir Tyrone Guthrie, and some friends with the vigorous support of the town fathers, was the first clear sign of better times ahead. Although its main focus has never been on native bards, its impact on Canada has been enormous. The late Nathan Cohen, one of Canada's most significant critics, noted that "suddenly Canada had a theatre. Suddenly major cities across the country were producing the classic plays . . . with professional companies. Actors were being developed, designers were appearing, and newspapers began hiring full-time theatre critics. . . ."

The second great leap was in 1957 when, as a result of the Massey Report, the Canada Council was established "to foster and promote the study and enjoyment of and the production of works in the arts." In its first year the Council distributed some \$2.6 million to individuals and companies, and it soon produced a spectacular increase in the number of theatres. (In 1973-74, it distributed \$4,572,000 of its annual \$18,258,000 arts budget to theatre projects.)

In time, the rush of theatres produced a rush of playwrights. There had been some good ones, Brian Doherty and Patricia Joudrey for example, but their plays (such as *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *Teach Me How to Cry*) were produced abroad. In November 1967 (Canada's centennial year) George Ryga's *Ecstasy of Rita Joe* was produced at the Vancouver Playhouse. Stratford's short-lived experimental Canadian Place Theatre offered *Occasional Seasoning* by Larry Kardish (who would later write his fine play *Brussels Sprouts*), *The Dance* by Terry Cox, and *Memories for My Brother, Part One* by John Palmer.

Several theatres devoted to Canadian plays opened in Toronto. The Factory Theatre Lab had the first great success in 1971 with *Creeps* by David Freeman. The producer, William Glassco, then moved around the corner and opened the Tarragon with another production of *Creeps*. Later, the play was performed at Washington's Folger Theatre and in New York. The Tarragon, after a series of lesser plays ("all Canadian, all new, all awful," according to critic Don Rubin), returned to triumph with *Leaving Home* by David French and became the informal clearinghouse for new scripts.

Though Toronto is likely to remain the centre of Canada's English-language theatre, as Montréal is of the French, there has also been great activity on new stages in Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Halifax and Charlottetown.

Canadian theatre has moved from a dead past to a lively present, but its future is more difficult to discern. In this issue of CANADA TODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI, we will consider some of today's and tomorrow's playwrights and a few of their plays, take a look at the Stratford Festival's recent season and at its new artistic director, and consider some observations on the Royal Winnipeg Ballet by the United States' distinguished lady of the dance, Agnes de Mille.

One Robin Has Made A Spring

THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL began in 1952 with a six-week summer season. Its two plays, *Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well*, were an immediate success. Today the Festival performs in Stratford, Ontario from June to October and often goes on tour during the winter months. The town has three theatres: the original, refurbished Festival, the Avon in the centre of downtown, and the Third Stage which is more experimental than the others. The Stratford Festival has a budget of over \$3 million and, most recently, has acquired a new Artistic Director, Robin Phillips.

O. B. Hardison, a distinguished scholar and the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, reviews Mr. Phillips' first season.

Stratford's summer Shakespeare Festival is, according to Clive Barnes of the *New York*

Brian Bedford played Angelo and Martha Henry was Isabella at the Stratford Festival's Measure for Measure last summer.

Times, "the best resident theatre company in North America," and Canadians and other Festival visitors have been awaiting the inaugural season of the Festival's new Artistic Director, Robin Phillips, with anticipation and anxiety. Phillips, an Englishman, is a product of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and he compounded these outrages by announcing his intention to shake up the company and refurbish the stage. To followers of the founder, Sir Tyrone Guthrie, this was a little like announcing plans to refurbish Niagara Falls.

Robin Phillips emerged a winner. For anyone interested in Shakespeare and the theatre, this summer Stratford, Ontario was the centre of North America.

Reviews abounded with words like "shimmering," "stunning," "a delight," "wizardsy" and



"absorbing." In the last few years, the Festival had shown signs of middle age. The acting and directing were uninspired — sometimes plain bad — and at times the costume department seemed to have had a higher priority than the performers. It was the blurring of priorities that Phillips promised to correct. The result was a dazzling leap from the fifties to the seventies. To judge from the cheers and sustained applause following *Twelfth Night* and *Measure for Measure*, Stratford's new look was as popular with audiences as with critics.

As Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* and Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, Brian Bedford made the difficult transition from theatrical prominence to true stardom. During the letter scene in *Twelfth Night*, he made what is usually ten minutes' traffic on stage into a virtuoso lesson in how to extract the hidden comic nuances from Shakespeare's lines. For once Malvolio was a human character rather than a caricature of hypocrisy.

The question after the opening of *Twelfth Night* was what the Festival could do to sustain the pace. *Measure for Measure* was the answer. It is a difficult play. The mood is grim, and the plot creaks with the strain of having to end happily.

This was Phillips' play from start to finish. (*Twelfth Night* was directed by David Jones.) It was, quite simply, the finest production of *Measure for Measure* in a decade — possibly since the closing of the English theatres by the

Puritans in 1642. The explanation is as simple as it is hard to put into practice. As Henry James remarked to a young man who asked him the secret of writing a good novel, "the secret is to be very intelligent." Phillips and Bedford take the play seriously. Not as a collection of archaic conventions punctuated with fine moments of poetry, but as an in-depth study of strong personalities disintegrating under stress. Bedford's Angelo is a senior public official, so assured that he never raises his voice. In Bedford's delivery, Angelo's psychology came through with perfect clarity.

It is a tribute to Martha Henry that her Isabella was, for the most part, a match for Bedford's Angelo. Her emotions tended to be generalized — anger, compassion or grief, for example — rather than expressions of a unique personality, but the general level of her performance was excellent. In the final scene, when Isabella must renounce the convent in order to marry the Duke of Vienna, we fully share her anguish as she turns from the certainties of a life consecrated to God, to the compromises and imperfections of marriage.

Robin Phillips' decision to give top priority to acting and directing has produced a welcome dividend. This summer the Festival mounted a total of fourteen plays compared to nine last summer.

It was a season to remember.

Après l'Equipe le déluge

CANADA'S THEATRE began with Marc Lescarbot's Théâtre de Neptune at Champlain's settlement at Port Royal in 1606, and its modern renaissance occurred in Québec ten or twenty years before it began in Toronto.

French-Canadian theatres and, most particularly, French-Canadian playwrights had (and have) advantages over their English-speaking peers; the Québec audience is not diverted by the products of New York since it enjoys its own distinctive culture.

Further the Québécois playwright has a constantly available dramatic backdrop — a country divided by language, and a province whose wealth and industry have been dominated, to a degree, by the English-speaking population.

Theatre has always played a vital role in the culture of Québec. The modern theatre began with the creation of Compagnons by Father Le-gault in 1938. Pierre Dagenais founded l'Equipe in 1943 and in the explosive fifties, le Théâtre

du Nouveau Monde arrived, followed by Theatre Club, Théâtre du Rideau Vert, Théâtre de poche Anjou, La Poudrière, la Comédie canadienne, les Apprentis-sorciers and l'Egrégore.

The post-World War II playwrights focused on the society of ordinary people; the protagonist was no longer a hero — instead he was the pathetic central figure of Gratien Gélinas' *Tit-Coq*, produced in 1948, or the dishonest trade union official in Claude Jasmin's *Tuez le veau gras*, produced in 1964.

Michel Tremblay, 33, is perhaps Québec's foremost playwright and one of the few whose works have been translated into English and produced in Toronto and on Broadway. He writes in *joual*, the street language of French Canada, and the society he depicts and attacks is a shocking society, closely observed. His *Hosanna* has been produced in Montréal, Paris, Toronto and Ottawa and at the Bijou Theater on Broadway.

Hosanna

HOSANNA is not just a study of transvestites (although it is certainly that) but of social pretenses. It has the mark of a great playwright, one difficult to describe but easy to perceive. Michel Tremblay's power is not simply in his style, his choice of *joual*, his fascination with the bizarre or his daring. His daring is mainly cerebral; in an age when sexual activities are frequently graphically described on TV talk shows, his actors usually keep most of their clothes on and use relatively few obscenities. He has impact because his plays pulse with life's flow. *Hosanna* is the story of a disastrous night in the life of a young man named Claude who calls himself Hosanna and who lives with a man named Cuirette, a motorcycle greaser gone to seed. Hosanna has been tricked by his friends, other transvestites, into dressing up for a costume ball as Cleopatra. He believes that each of his peers will be costumed as a different great lady of history, but in a planned humiliation, they all dress up as Cleopatra. After the ball Hosanna recalls his foolish preparations:

“. . . just a little bit like something that might

vaguely resemble, from a distance, Elizabeth Taylor in Cleopatra. . . . Then the wig, which, by the way, took me two weeks to talk a client into loaning me [he is a hairdresser], I put on the wig. . . . and I looked exactly the way I look right now . . . minus what got washed off in the flood, of course. I put on the sequins, one by one . . . it's the only way to do it, hein? . . . I redid my beauty spot ninety-three-and-a-half times and I moved it twenty-six times because where Elizabeth Taylor's got hers doesn't look good on me. . . . but of course I wound up putting it in the same place. . . . For once Cuirette didn't laugh. . . . He watched me very seriously. . . . Chriss, if I'd known, if I'd even suspected, I'd have taken my nail file and shiskebobbed his two eyeballs. . . . Anyway by six o'clock I was ready for my dress, but the party wasn't until midnight. So I sat myself down, turned on the TV, and from six 'til eleven-thirty I didn't budge. For five-and-a-half hours I watched the CBC Nellies do their numbers, right to the bitter end of *Appelez-moi Lise!*"

In the end Hosanna decides to stop the pretenses and be himself.

Indians and Ecstasies

GEORGE RYGA's plays have been called "peasant tragedies" and his two major ones, *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* and *Grass and Wild Strawberries*, combine ballads and dialogues, film projections and recorded voices. Ryga is Canada's playwright of social protest but his plays are not simply agitation-propaganda dramas.

His questions have no obvious answers — his audiences are more likely to feel that they are waiting for Godot than for Lefty.

Ecstasy, which critic Brian Parker considers the most moving play that Canada has produced, is more than the story of the destruction of an Indian girl. In Ryga's words it is ". . . a story of people in conflict struggling at a disadvantage. . . . People who are forgotten are not forgetting."

In *Indian*, an earlier work, this confrontation between the despised natural man and the exalted artificial man (bland, colourless, conforming and frightened) is depicted most directly:

AGENT: No. I walked back to camp . . . My friend an' I had supper and we drove home that night . . .

INDIAN: Forget all about moose you hurt?

AGENT: No. I did worry about what happened to him!

INDIAN: You dream about him that night? . . . Runnin', bawling with pain?

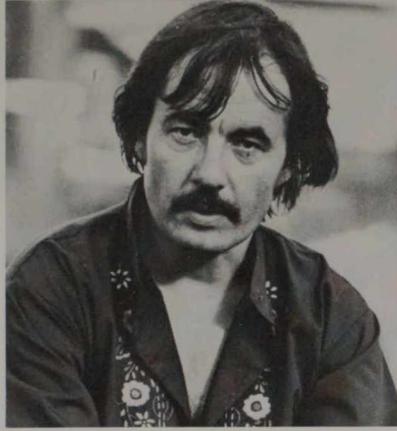
AGENT: What the hell . . . dream about a moose? There's more important things to worry about, I'm telling you.

INDIAN: Then you not worry at all. You forget as soon as you can. Moose not run away from you — you run away from moose!

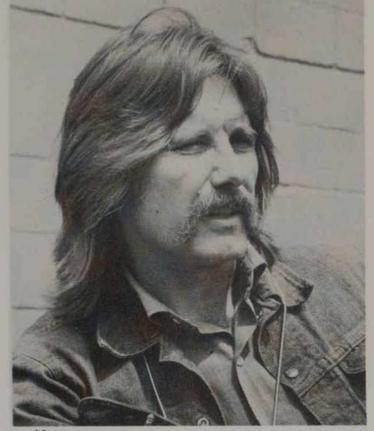
AGENT: I didn't . . . hey, you're crazy! (*Moves toward car offstage, but Indian jumps forward and stops him.*) Here! You leave me alone, I'm telling you . . . You got a lot of wild talk in your head, but you can't push your weight around with me . . . I'm getting out of here . . . Hey!



Michel Tremblay



George Ryga



Bill Fruet

(Indian catches him by arm and rolls him to fall face down in the dust. Indian pounces on him.)

INDIAN: What you call man who has lost his soul?

AGENT: I don't know. Let go of me!

INDIAN: We have name for man like that! You know the name?

AGENT: No, I don't. You're breaking my arm!

INDIAN: We call man like that sementos. Remember that name . . . for you are sementos!

AGENT: Please, fella — leave me alone! I never hurt you that I know of . . .

INDIAN: Sure.

(Releases Agent, who rises to his feet, dusty and dishevelled.)

AGENT: I want to tell you something . . . I want you to get this straight, because every man has to make up his mind about some things, and I've made mine up now! This has gone far enough. If this is a joke, then you've had your laughs. One way or another, I'm going to get away from you. And when I do, I'm turning you in to the police. You belong in jail!

INDIAN: (Laughs) Mebbe you are man. We been in jail a long time now, sementos . . .

Wedding In White

WILLIAM FRUET, born in Lethbridge, Alberta, was an actor in Canada and in Hollywood before he began writing. His play *Wedding in White*, first produced in Toronto, became, in critic Judith Crist's opinion, one of the ten best films of the year. It will be part of the American Film Institute's Canadian Film Festival at Washington's Kennedy Center two-week Bicentennial Celebration.

The play's special quality is its realism — a realism both Canadian and universal. It depicts the vulnerability of the poor with unsentimental accuracy. There is much to be despised in the lives portrayed but only the shallow-minded would despise the people. It was inspired by life as observed by the playwright when he was ten years old.

"This young girl was wheeling a baby buggy down the street and this very old man was with her. I knew it was not her father or grandfather. I knew it was her husband just by the way he walked with her and I knew there was a tremendous imbalance. Years later I brought it up

to my mother and she revealed the whole story to me." The story was that a girl who had been raped by a soldier was forced into a marriage with an old man, a friend of the family, to preserve the family's reputation.

The father clings to an imaginary respectability as if it were a fig leaf and he a naked virgin. The son and the son's Army pal — the rapist — are worthless not because they refuse to achieve something of value but because there is nothing of value which they could realistically achieve.

The scene in which the father and the 60-year-old bridegroom arrange the marriage gives the flavour of the play:

SANDY: Maybe you can find her a husband somewhere . . . aye that's what you gotta do Jimmie.

JIM: Bahhh! Who the hell would want her now?

SANDY: If I was younger I sure as hell would! She's a fine looking girl. (Snaps his fingers.) I'd marry her like that!



(left) Arnold Spohr Artistic Director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. (middle) Maureen Forrester, contralto. (right) Neil Munro stars in *The Collected Works of Billy The Kid*, which will be produced by the Neptune Theatre of Halifax, NS in Brooklyn, NY and Philadelphia as part of the extended Canada Festival. It runs at the Brooklyn Academy of Music October 12 to 24 and at the Walnut Street Theatre October 28 to November 1.

(Loud raptures of laughter from Jim.)

SANDY: I would, I would! A wee wife and little ones, something I've always wanted. But it's never been found to happen that way for me.

JIM: (Being serious.) Aye man but you'd no take one who'd fallen?

SANDY: Ahh, that's where you're wrong Jim. There's no finer girl. Cause she was taken advantage of, don't change the fact that she's bred from good stock. Don't I know it! An that's what counts. She strayed, ayeee. But I could straighten her out fast!

JIM: (Studying him.) Oh it's with kindness you speak now . . .

SANDY: Jeanie's a lovely . . . any man would be honoured . . . I've said. But the lass has a mind of her own. She'd never want the likes of an old man like me. She's young . . . aye young and soft. (Jim stands and paces in thought for a while. He keeps stopping as though studying Sandy, who continues contentedly on his drink. A smile comes to Jim's face and he chuckles to himself, having reached a decision. He fills the glasses once more.)

JIM: (Toasting) . . . to our friendship.

One Hundred and Fifty Dollars Away from Anything

Agnes de Mille, the USA's great lady of the dance, recently published an appreciation of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in the *Ballet's* magazine, *Ballet-Hoo*. Below are excerpts from the article which capture flashes of her footwork. The facilities have improved remarkably since Miss de Mille's first visit. Winnipeg is considerably more than forty-five minutes from Broadway, but its Centennial Concert Hall is a theatre of distinction with, among other things, splendid rehearsal facilities.

In October 1963, I received a letter from an unknown writer in an unknown place called Winnipeg, Manitoba. The letter asked me to do a ballet for their local company which flourished the sobriquet "Royal." I did not say "no." I had learned in a long and checkered career that say-

ing "no" hastily can be nearly as unwise as saying "yes" hastily. . . .

When I arrived . . . I stepped out of the plane into a whirling white glare which was rather more intense than any weather I had hitherto encountered. A committee thick with furs trudged over the squeaking snow to take our bags, and puffed out visible welcomes in breaths which hung before their mouths like the speech balloons in comic strips. . . .

The dancers were waiting for me in the overheated lounge of a cabaret, the uncleared tables and dirty linen pushed to the sides. They were waiting, having had a two-hour class given by their director, Arnold Spohr; they were warmed up, waiting, disciplined and ready. . . .

I was very apprehensive about leaving them



The Winnipeg Ballet dancers in Rondo, Part II of John Neumeier's trilogy Pictures.

under the coaching of a local teacher. We would be gone a month and return only a few days before opening. Who were they anyway and who was Spohr? I'd not heard of one of them. A company that has to practice in a dirty restaurant!

I relaxed a little when I saw that the rehearsal discipline never lessened, but rather intensified over the week, when I noticed that they practiced between rehearsals and improved themselves, and when at regular intervals strong cups of grand British tea and digestive biscuits were slipped to me. . . .

Winnipeg is absolutely self-contained. Very little seems to happen. . . . Yet this provincial cut-off town boasts a good symphony, a fine ballet company, and one of the three best repertory theatres on the North American continent. No middle-western city in the United States, with the exception of Chicago, had until ten years ago comparable cultural organizations. Even our capital, Washington, DC, did not. The Manitobans, however, did.

"How is this possible?" I asked a flour miller, one of the patrons.

"Well, you see," he explained, "we live one hundred and fifty dollars away from anything, and so we figured we'd just have to do these things ourselves."

So they did. . . .

Male recruits were given twenty-five dollars a week to live on, free tuition but no salary. Females who lived at home were paid nothing; in fact, they were charged for the privilege of rehearsing. . . . One of the boys, Arnold Spohr, was a six-foot-three-inch Winnipegger. . . . Spohr is the son of a Lutheran minister and naturally

he had never seen any dancing. He loved music and his broad-minded father permitted him to train very thoroughly in this field. But he was also an athlete and able on the baseball and basketball fields. . . .

They started with one performance a year at the Playhouse Theatre, an excellent old vaudeville house, but with a stage too small for dancing. They now have four annual tours in Canada and the United States, and regular tours off the North American continent. . . . They started with a few clamorous and faithful mothers as audience. They now have a subscription list of 8,000 and usually sell out.

They began with one piano. Today they use the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. . . .

Spohr is a conscientious, not to say finicky, rehearsaler. Never mind if the group is only going to have one performance in Saskatoon or Moose Jaw, the dancers are rehearsed as though it were for Covent Garden, and in those deserts of time and space this requires fortitude. . . .

The Canada Council and the provincial government help them in many ways but so does their city.

"Why are you so interested?" I asked Sol Kanee. "You're not interested in the young girls; you're not interested in the boys; you haven't composed some bad music you want used; you have no daughter to foist on the company. Why do you work night and day for them?"

"Who could help it?" he replied.

And there it is. The citizens of Winnipeg support the company because it is fine and because the citizens are neither surfeited nor corrupted. They still take joy in beautiful things. . . .



(left) Mario Bernardi conducts the National Arts Centre Orchestra. (right) Raxolana Roslak as Marguerite Riel in the opera *Louis Riel*.

Bicentennial Festival At The John F. Kennedy Center

SOME OF CANADA'S best performing artists and companies are appearing from October 13 through October 26 at the Kennedy Center and at the National Theatre in Washington, DC.

The performing companies are the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the National Arts Centre Orchestra conducted by Mario Bernardi, the Mendelssohn Choir conducted by Elmer Iseler with Festival Singers and Canadian Brass, the Shaw Festival Company, the National Arts Centre Opera and the Canadian Opera Company.

The combined performances are the most comprehensive program in the performing arts ever presented in the United States capital by artists

from another land.

In addition to the October activities, there will be other performances by Canadian groups throughout the United States during the Bicentennial year.

These companies will probably include the Montréal, Toronto and National Arts Centre symphony orchestras, the Festival Singers of Canada, le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, the Vancouver Playhouse, the Stratford Festival Company, the National Ballet, the Codco Theatre Company from Newfoundland and the Charlottetown Festival.

"We believe this to be the beginning of a new era for established Canadian arts organizations and institutions. Certainly there can be no doubt that the arts are playing an increasingly important role in the development of our country. . . ."

THOMAS B. BURROWS, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE SHAW FESTIVAL.

Shaw's Disciples

THE SHAW FESTIVAL was founded in 1962 by playwright Brian Doherty, author of *Father Malachy's Miracle*, and a few friends. It began with a company of amateurs doing *Don Juan in Hell* and *Candida* in an old court house in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

It is today a festival in truth as well as title, with a remarkable company of talented performers, a splendid new theatre designed by Ron

Thom, the refurbished Court House Theatre, and a program of year-round activities including dance, opera, music and drama, as well as the celebrated Shaw Seminar. It is concerned with the works of George Bernard Shaw and with the works of Shaw's contemporaries, from Henrik Ibsen to Brandon Thomas, the author of *Charley's Aunt*.

The Festival is more than two-thirds self-

Picture Credits: Royal Winnipeg Ballet, front cover; Robert C. Ragsdale, p. 2, 4, 8 (right); *Globe and Mail*, Toronto, p. 7; Washington Performing Arts Society, p. 8 (middle); Royal Winnipeg Ballet, p. 9; Peter Garrick, Royal Winnipeg Ballet, p. 9; Karsh, Ottawa, National Arts Centre Orchestra, p. 10; Alex Gray, Canadian Opera Co., p. 10; Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, p. 11; Libby Joy, p. 11.



The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir with conductor Elmer Isler front left.

supporting, an extraordinary achievement in terms of its public commitments and its varied programs. It has received grant aid from the Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council, the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ronson Products of Canada Limited and York University.

It tours extensively, inside Canada and abroad, and its presentation of *The Devil's Disciple* in October is its third production at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC. It was there in 1972 with *Misalliance* and in 1973 with *The Philanderer*.

The New Ambassador

Jack Hamilton Warren, Canada's new Ambassador, comes to Washington from London, where he served for over three years as Canada's High Commissioner (Ambassador) to Great Britain. He is hardly the typical diplomat, having served in the Canadian Ministries of Finance, Industry and Trade, as well as in the Department of External Affairs.

Mr. Warren was born in 1921 on a tobacco farm in southwestern Ontario. The family left the farm when he was four, but he remembers "helping to bring in the cows." The Ambassador, who was brought up in Ottawa, hastened his graduation from Queen's University to join the Royal Canadian Navy in 1941. He was one of two officers who survived the sinking of HMCS *Valleyfield* in 1944. He entered Canada's foreign service at the end of hostilities, was posted to London in 1948 and saw Britain slowly emerge from the darkness and austerity of the postwar period.

His work in the economic field has taken him to conferences and negotiations throughout the world. For a number of years, in the early sixties, he was Chairman of the Contracting Parties to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. He played a leading role for Canada in the Dillon



and Kennedy rounds of trade and tariff negotiations.

The Ambassador was appointed Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce in 1964 and Deputy Minister of the combined Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce in 1968.

An admirer of artistic talent, whether creative or performing, Mr. Warren was a founding member of Canada's National Design Council. He is delighted that his arrival in the Capital coincides so closely with Canada's Festival contribution to the Bicentennial Celebrations.

"Jake" and Joan Warren are happy to be back in the United States. They were here from 1954 to 1957 when he was Alternate Executive Director for Canada of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank as well as Counsellor (Finance) at the Embassy.

Mrs. Warren and the Ambassador play golf together when they have the opportunity and, he says, he wins occasionally. Mrs. Warren was a varsity athlete at Oxford where she honoured in mathematics. The Warrens' eldest son Martin was born in Washington, and he and the other three children will visit their parents here when school and work holidays permit.

CANADA BICENTENNIAL FESTIVAL / FESTIVE DU BICENTENAIRE:
 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS, WASHINGTON, DC., OCTOBER 13-26, 1975

Date in October:	Kennedy Center Concert Hall	Kennedy Center Opera House	National Theatre
Mon. 13			Shaw Festival Co.
Tues. 14		Royal Winnipeg Ballet	Shaw Festival Co.
Wed. 15		Royal Winnipeg Ballet	Shaw Festival Co.
Thurs. 16		Royal Winnipeg Ballet	Shaw Festival Co. (Matinee & Eve.)
Fri. 17	Monique Leyrac	Royal Winnipeg Ballet	Shaw Festival Co.
Sat. 18		Royal Winnipeg Ballet (Matinee & Eve.)	Shaw Festival Co. (Matinee & Eve.)
Sun. 19	Maureen Forrester (Matinee recital)	Royal Winnipeg Ballet (Matinee only)	
Mon. 20			Shaw Festival Co.
Tues. 21			Shaw Festival Co.
Wed. 22		<i>La Belle Helene</i> (NAC Opera)	Shaw Festival Co. (Matinee & Eve.)
Thurs. 23		<i>Louis Riel</i> (Canadian Opera Co.)	Shaw Festival Co.
Fri. 24		<i>La Belle Helene</i>	Shaw Festival Co.
Sat. 25	Mendelssohn Choir with Canadian Brass (Festival Singers)	<i>La Belle Helene</i>	Shaw Festival Co. (Matinee & Eve.)
Sun. 26	National Arts Centre Orchestra (Matinee) with Louis Quilico		

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CANADA

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