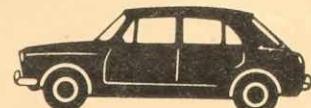


Wheelin' around



by Charlie Moore

At the end of 1972, Chrysler Corp. ceased importing British built automobiles for the North American market. The Plymouth Cricket, which has up to now been a slightly modified version of Chrysler/Great Britain's Hillman Avenger, will now be made by Mitsubishi Corporation of Japan.

Mitsubishi (which is an af-

filiate of Chrysler) also builds the Colt Galant which is marketed in North America as the Dodge Colt. The Cricket and the Colt will be essentially similar with minor trim differences.

From an economic point of view, Chrysler's move makes good sense as the Japanese car has a wider range of body styles and options and a larger engine

for approximately the same price as the English offering. I am sorry, however, to see another British automobile removed from the North American market. This leaves only the Ford Cortina, the British Leyland range and of course Rolls-Royce from the wide selection of English automobiles once sold on this continent.

Indeed, it was the English which started the trend towards smaller cars in North America back in the early 1950's. Their demise on this market in recent years can probably be attributed to a period of poor quality control during the labour problems in Great Britain during the mid and late sixties, and maybe more important, the seeming inability of the British manufacturers to build an automobile which was capable of satisfying the general bad taste of the average North American car buyer. True, there have been a couple of really bad English cars in recent years, notably the Vauxhall Viva, Epic, Firenza series, and Austin America, but by and large, English cars have been as good as, or better than,

the competition.

Where they really failed was in not offering the super-dooper-macho-ego builder-muscle car image which the Japanese have copied so successfully from the American manufacturers. English cars were good automobiles, but failed as status symbols.

I, for one, am sorry to see them go. I have owned a number of British cars and loved every one of them. They all had a Personality, an ingredient which I found missing in most other foreign cars. While sometimes temperamental, they always got me where I was going and back again, and most important of all, they were never boring. You just can't say that about a Chevy or a Datsun. Keep Wheelin'.

WISE WORDS

To the Gazette:

The President of Nicaragua has called upon CARE to assist in providing urgently needed food for 120,000 men, women, and children of the stricken city of Managua.

CARE personnel are already on the job under the direction of CARE/Nicaragua's resident director and supplies are being trucked in from warehouses in neighbouring Honduras and Costa Rica.

Medical personnel from the

CARE/Medico team stationed in Choluteca Honduras have moved into the hospital in Chinandega to care for the injured and Medico doctors and nurses are ready to receive injured evacuees in Choluteca and Santo Domingo.

Because of the congestion at Managua airport which has already reached serious proportions, Nicaraguan authorities have asked that no more supplies be sent in by

air. CARE is not therefore accepting donations of food, clothing, blankets, etc. However, funds are urgently needed for feeding and sheltering the homeless victims and caring for the injured.

Contributions should be sent as soon as possible to the CARE Nicaraguan Earthquake Fund, at 63 Sparks Street, Ottawa K1P 5A6.

Thomas Kines,
National Director

Pier 1 presents . . .

On Wednesday, January 17, two new one-act plays by Nova Scotian Arvo McMillan will be premiered at Pier 1 Theatre.

In keeping with Pier 1's eclectic approach to contemporary live theatre styles, these plays are innovative in scope and nature. Both plays

might best be described as nostalgic mood pieces. The first play — MAURRY'S LUNCH — lightly touches several aspects of war and post-war fervour, while OLGA VISITING GRAHAM, the second play, defies all description beyond "the visit of an aging spinster to

the grave site of her late husband."

Arvo McMillan has written many other plays — in a very distinctive personal style — that have never been professionally produced. We hope that the Canadian premiere of these two one-act plays will spark interest in his work and perhaps insure future productions of his scripts.

For an interesting evening of live theatre, come to Pier 1 and see these plays yourself. They opened January 17 and run until January 28. Phone 423-7720 for reservations or information.

OutReach Tutoring needs tutors.

Graduate Students General Meeting

Are you satisfied/dissatisfied with the Graduate Students' Association? Do you want to benefit more from your membership fee? Come to the General Meeting, Friday, January 26. 7:30-9:00 p.m., Grad House

Party afterwards.

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GAZETTE staff meetings

Monday at noon

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quant à l'appréciation de ce monde si sensuel.

"Ne me touchez pas." Combien d'entre nous errons partout dans une atmosphère glaciale: "Ne me touchez pas?" — l'oeil craignant de voir quelque chose de vif, l'oreille sourd à tout son inattendu, le nez bouché de quelque parfum niaiseux et la main frissonnant de peur qu'elle ne touche à une chaleur ou à une texture insolite. Voilà l'Anglais, dit-on, tout enveloppé de son brouillard moralisateur...

Mais pas seulement l'Anglais, pourrais-je ajouter vivement—mais Français, maint Italien, et trop de Canadiens gardent une froideur aussi étrange qu'elle ne l'est du tout naturelle. On me répondra aussitôt: "Mais les peuples latins autour de la Méditerranée ne sont-ils pas beaucoup plus ardents?" Eh bien, je reprends assez allégrement ce vieux mythe encore tellement alléchant et utile pour les disciples de Casanova et Arétin. Depuis l'ère romaine on crut à un lien entre le climat et la physionomie. Les Physiocrates tels Quesnay et Montesquieu avaient chacun leur système pour expliquer des liens entre les pays froids et les âmes gélées... (Exemple préféré, l'Angleterre sans doute!) Même aussi récemment qu'en 1965, Irving Layton, poète sensualiste par excellence, put écrire dans une préface à "Love Where the Nights are Long," anthologie de poésie canadienne, de ces "quelques arpents de neige" voltarien (le Canada) que c'était grâce à notre climat tellement froid que l'art de l'amour n'était guère apprécié.

Rompons les entraves de ce mythe. Peut-être les Anglais ont-ils été plus restreints à cause des vestiges d'une religion tout aussi pénible qu'elle fut puritaire... une religion qui ne permit guère de plaisir ici-bas sous prétexte d'assurer un meilleur monde à venir. En tout cas il est plutôt question de l'éducation qu'on reçoit que d'un quelconque mystérieux cadeau de tempérament don de cette marraine fée, la patrie. La nationalité pas plus que l'anatomie ne dirige ou plutôt ne doit en rien diriger le destin

Le sexe autant que la religion joue traditionnellement son rôle dans l'affaire—on nous apprend tous à cacher nos sentiments—mais comme il est difficile pour un homme de révéler le moindre sentiment sous l'oeil critique des siècles de héros dits "masculins". Seules les femmes peuvent se montrer émues. Cette bifurcation des moyens d'expression selon une invariable règle des rôles des sexes reste une complication superflue à la vie, un empêchement à jeter dès que possible. A ce sujet Joan Baez dit justement "Si nous arrivons à apprendre aux hommes de pleurer, ce sera dans le sac."

Mais si, par hasard, on arrive à s'échapper à tout ce qui enlève à une personne son naturel, notre société interprétera certes tout mal ces tentatives de se faire comprendre, surtout si cette personne tente de toucher quelqu'un d'autre. Quant à notre société encore si traditionnaliste, tout attachement implique la sexualité. Malgré les protestations de Masters et Johnson depuis longtemps nous ne sommes pas encore arrivés à apprendre que le toucher est la chose la plus naturelle du monde pour exprimer soit l'amitié soit l'amour entre les personnes, un rapport exempt de toute sexualité, une relation qui garde cette bonne chaleur venue de l'âme.

Donc il ne faut plus craindre le monde sensuel: ne plus nous enfermer dans de petites boîtes vidées de tout stimulus sensuel. Ouvrons les fenêtres de notre cœur à ce monde si beau qui nous entoure de belles sensations. Soyons naturels—soyons humains!