



START



GOLDEN MILES



GOLDEN miles

SEX, SPEED AND THE AUSTRALIAN MUSCLE CAR

CLINTON WALKER



Wakefield
Press

Wakefield Press
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Kent Town
South Australia 5067
www.wakefieldpress.com.au

First published 2005 , this revised and updated edition published 2009.
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National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry

Author: Walker, Clinton.
Title: Golden miles: sex, speed and the Australian
muscle car/Clinton Walker.
Edition: Rev. ed.
ISBN: 978 1 86254 854 1 (pbk.).
Notes: Includes index.
Bibliography.
Subjects: Automobile ownership--Australia.
Automobiles--Social aspects--Australia.
Automobiles--Australia--History.
Automobiles--Australia--Design.
Dewey Number: 629.2220994

Cover & book layout by DJS Paton & CJS Walker
Photo restoration: DJS Paton
Printed in China at Everbest Printing Co. Ltd





**IN THE SUBURB, ONE MIGHT
LIVE AND DIE WITHOUT
MARRING THE IMAGE OF AN
INNOCENT WORLD ... THE
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PRESERVATION OF
ILLUSION**

– LEWIS MUMFORD,
The City in History

**HISTORY IS BUNK.
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TINKER'S DAMN IS
THE HISTORY WE
MAKE TODAY**

– HENRY FORD

**WHEN YOU TURN
THE KEY ON A CAR
BUILT FOR SPEED,
WHEN YOU HEAR
THAT CAR RUMBLE
LIKE AN APPROACHING
STORM AND FEEL THE
STEERING WHEEL
TREMBLE IN YOUR HANDS
FROM ALL THAT POWER
BARELY UNDER CONTROL,
YOU FEEL LIKE YOU CAN RUN
AWAY FROM ANYTHING, LIKE
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LIFE INTO AN INSIGNIFICANT
SPECK IN THE REARVIEW
MIRROR**

– RICK BRAGG, *Redbirds*



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INTRODUCTION

HAVE LOVE, WILL TRAVEL

IN 1968, WHEN HOLDEN LAUNCHED A WILD NEW TWO-DOOR CALLED THE MONARO, Australia was still a flickering black-and-white world of men in shorts and walk socks. Tapping into the excitement of the emerging ‘youth market’, the Monaro was an instant hit. The original Australian muscle car, the Monaro was a mark of a young country becoming both more confident and consumerist, and it became one of our great suburban icons.

Thirty years later, in 1998, when Holden unveiled a prototype two-door version of its flagship Commodore sedan, everyone except Holden was calling it ‘the new Monaro’. And why wouldn’t you? Monaro was a brand name that Holden could capitalise on, a speeding avatar of eternal youth whose allure had only continued to grow since it was initially discontinued in 1977.

The head of the new Monaro’s design team, Mike Simcoe, always said he would have preferred that the car was called something else – it was important to look forward, he said, not back – but sure enough, when the car went into limited production in 2002, it was badged ‘Monaro’. Mythology, as the marketeers obviously finally recognised, is something they can’t buy but can try and sell.

A quarter of a century after it supposedly died off like the dinosaurs, the Australian muscle car has been born again. In part related to the world-wide trend to ‘retro-futurism’ (cars like the new Beetle and the new Mini), the new Monaro is a symptom of people’s dissatisfaction with the functionalist-utilitarian bland-out that characterised so much popular design of the 80s and 90s. (The dangerous rise of the SUV is another reaction against the same malaise.)

Exactly or even loosely what it is people think they’re getting when they buy a new Monaro – the myth they’re buying a piece of – is a large part of what this book is about.

Golden Miles is an aesthetic history of the Australian muscle car, a sort of biographical field guide. It’s not a technical book; there’s plenty of those if you want one. Nor is it partisan. It’s a book about how these cars - not only the Monaro but also the Falcon GT and Super Bird hardtops, the Valiant Charger, Holden Sandman and others - came about the way they did, and why Australians responded so strongly to them that they resonate still.

In a risk-averse society where our every human transaction seems to be monitored and regulated, people want to break out a bit. Muscle mettle cuts straight to the (car) chase with a sense of danger and desire that’s precisely what neo-wowserism’s killing.

As one 19-year-old enthusiast put it on the web: “I have been screaming out for some form of identity in this the age of over-protection, behaviour-repression and litigation. Some parts have been bought and the game of bashing, swearing, frustration and hopefully success will begin. I hope that in my modifications I will get to relive the days of free lifestyles and careless/ignorant societies.

“Or maybe build my own.”

THIS BOOK BEGAN GROWING IN MY MIND as far back as, well, probably 1968, when I was eleven years old and I forced my father to take me to the Melbourne Motor Show to see that first Monaro.

To me, it was as if all the exoticism and potency of a far-off future world had landed just around the corner. That sense of possibility has never left these beautiful and unique Australian cars for me, and I suppose that’s really why this book came about – because the cars still stirred in me some unanswered longing.

Once decried as ‘the decade taste forgot’, the 70s are currently undergoing re-evaluation and revival. The rise and fall of the muscle car is less a metaphor for the period than one of its actual narratives. Charging out a brief window of opportunity between the end of colonialism and the beginning of globalism, Australian muscle cars were killed off by that encroaching globalism (including Japanese imports) plus the oil crisis and tightening road safety and environmental controls. Yet for a few short years between the late 60s and mid-70s, they captured an essence of a strapping young Australia surviving a turbulent rite of passage.

The muscle car was a noisy, over-powered, under-braked, unsafe, gas-guzzling, fire-breathing beautiful monster. It was an American invention of course, born in the early 60s when Detroit, looking for something to sell to the exploding baby boomer market, stuffed a big powerful engine in a modest compact model, slapped on a few



stickers and mag wheels, and priced it cheap enough for anyone to afford. When Australia's Holden, Falcon and Valiant got hold of this idea and ran with it, they created our most significant contribution to car design next to the ute.

Giving the forks to prim old Anglophilia and Protestant wowsery in the first place, the muscle car was a product of archetypal Australian suburbia, a fusion of the larrikin spirit and the sexual revolution of the 60s, the Me Generation in overdrive – spunk in-car-nate.

Roland Barthes, the Dean of Deconstruction, wrote in his seminal 1957 book *Mythologies*, “I think that cars today are almost the exact equivalent of the great Gothic cathedrals: I mean the supreme creation of an era, conceived with passion by unknown artists, and consumed in image if not in usage ... a purely magical object.” Now, while I'd like to assure you that that's the last quote from a post-modern professor you're likely to read in this book, I also have to ask you to accept the central veracity of it. Because that's the premise I've worked off: that these cars, the Australian muscle car, was a confluence of art, technology and culture/spirituality that tells us as much as any great painting or novel or any other true story of the same period.

Cars in the 50s, with their sprouting fins, aspired to an idea of the space age that quickly became quaint. A decade-plus later when men were routinely walking on the moon, the muscle car was less about technology than sexuality and power, youth and independence, its classic curvaceous 'Coke bottle' shape a seamless fusion of feminine and macho, the automotive equivalent of a layer cut, clinging body shirt, flares and stack heels in a range of clashing candy colours.

Of course, the muscle car never really went away. The cult was always there. Before it became the coolest prop any fashion shoot could call for, before teenage girls were wearing Von Dutch T-shirts, there were the enthusiasts and collectors who kept the cars alive, even if it was always easy to rubbish a bunch of middle-



aged blokes for whom, as Bruce Elliot put it in *Retrohell*, an “era ended with the federal safety laws of 1972, the oil crisis of 1974, or their first marriage”. And even if they were younger, well, they were nothing but hoons and yobbos and rev heads anyway, suburban boys and girls who but epitomise the underclass's lack of couth. As the new Monaro approached production, the real reason for Holden's reluctance to use the old name leaked out - they didn't want any unseemly 'Westie' connotations on what was now a premium product.

But like *Kath & Kim* and the US launch of the uggh boot, the current muscle car revival is part of a broader, belated acceptance of our rich suburban heritage, an

overcoming of the cultural cringe. In the early 90s, the late, great Australian painter Howard Arkley found beauty where there was only supposed to be banality when he had an epiphany looking at a patterned flyscreen door. Today, his airbrushed still lifes of suburban bungalows and interiors are as emblematic of modern Australia as Jeffrey Smart's eerily empty streets or William Robinson's cosmic bushscapes.

In today's global-corporate world, local culture might be all we're left with. The vernacular connects us to the history we made in our own backyard yesterday. And now, moreover, post-modern irony, for example, allows young women to appropriate the supposedly ultimate chick magnet, the Valiant Charger, and like a star DJ, remix its meaning: and so every time you see a nice car on the street these days – and that's the thing about this history, it's still alive out there on the streets – it could be anyone behind the wheel, sending out their own individual message.

People and their cars are a bit like people and their dogs, they start to resemble each other.

IN *No Logo*, NAOMI WOLF IDENTIFIES THE 'BRANDS, not products' ethic that drives global corporatism today. The muscle car is of a time before this sort of sophistication/cynicism, and so *Golden Miles* is more the life story of a product, and how that product became a part of the Australian landscape.

That's why this book is less about the shopfloor or the boardroom than the design studio and the street scene. Because it's in the way a car takes shape, is sold and is used that gets closer to the heart of our relationship with them, and our aspirations. Even as the Australian muscle car encapsulates certain limitations and modesties, it also has an irresistible gameness about it, an openness, a willingness to take anything on. It might



even talk back. To many of us, these cars have become almost sentient beings, and in a way that's how I've treated them in *Golden Miles*; the cars themselves constitute a cast of characters that plays out the central drama.

Flaunting its independence, resourcefulness and wry sense of humour, the muscle car is a reminder of a time when Australia, the world, could be a wilder, freer place. This was a time before globalisation and all its economic rationalisms, before industry and social regulation and the death hand of market research. It was the supernova of old consumerism, when the lunatics took over the asylum; when neither the bean counters nor public watchdogs called the shots but rather a genuine dialogue took place between designers, dream-weavers and drivers.

The *Golden Miles* narrative is like a dynastic saga. Each of the Big 3 automakers (General Motors/ Holden, Ford and Chrysler) is like a giant family tree, an analogy that works two ways: both in the sense of the car companies as business entities with tentacles spreading out from Detroit all over the world, and in the sense of all the different makes and models overlapping as tributaries of the larger design delta. Cars are so often called each other's cousin, or uncle or grandmother because it makes sense, you can see it in them.

Where these cars have lodged themselves in common memory, our popular culture, provided me with a starting point from which to draw out their characters. That's why music and movies are given as much weight as motor sport and the street scene.





Because as the currently vogue term goes, the synergy between cars and pop culture has always been enormous. It's a measure of both the reach of this synergy and the car companies' present-day disconnection that in 2003, Chevrolet was reported to be talking to "leading recording artists" about product placement in their songs. It used to happen for free. As a spokesman for parent company General Motors said, "We didn't put Chevrolet in those songs, our culture did." So, music and movies serve *Golden Miles* not only as an implied soundtrack/back projection but also as a sort of Greek chorus that at once comments on and anticipates the action.

As the world economy started to shrink in the mid-70s for the first time since the Second World War, the muscle car began its protracted death throes. By the end of the decade, even the Sandman – the missing link between the muscle car and today's dreaded SUV – was a beach bum dream living on borrowed time.

No doubt the lifespan of these cars coincides with a period in my own life which was a certain coming of age, and certainly for me there is an undeniable element of nostalgia about this book. But it is much less a personal history than a national one.

No industry, it seems, illustrates as explicitly as the auto industry the inner logic and workings of the consumerism that's all but superseded religion in our lives – and no other industry illustrates so explicitly the love/hate relationship, the game of push and pull between Australia and our big brother the US, the world's original car culture.

It was only as I began writing in earnest that the rebirth of the Monaro began. And so if I already had a pretty classical structure (get born; have conflict; all die in the end), this phoenix-like resurrection bought me full circle. When it was further announced that the new Monaro would be shipped back to America, where GM would rebadge it as a new, reborn Pontiac GTO (the granddaddy of all muscle cars), well, that was just the last spur to my belief in this story and it helped get me through the inevitable darkness before the dawn of finally finishing the manuscript. Ultimately though, for me, it was a great, fun trip, and I hope you the reader find the same.





PONTIAC

ROCK
N'
ROLL

HIGHWAY TO HELL

1/ DOWN FROM CLOUDLAND

YOU'D SEE IT EVERY WEEKEND, IF YOU WENT INTO TOWN, this amazing cream FX Holden weighed down with all the full aftermarket kit: spats, whitewalls, foxtails, sun visors, fuzzy dice, wind shields, venetian blinds, bonnet-ornament-cum-heart-shaped-plastic-insect-deflector, even a personalised front numberplate proclaiming, Rock'n'Roll! – the lot! The car would just prowl the city streets every weekend like a phantom. This was Rock'n'Roll George. When I was teenager growing up in Brisbane in the 1970s, there wasn't anyone who didn't know Rock'n'Roll George. This is true folk history.

Rock'n'Roll George became a celebrity even as he avoided the spotlight, and he played an important part not only in giving his city a soul but also in canonising the Holden.

Rock'n'Roll George was this guy who used to cruise the city streets, an old bodgie it was always presumed, as if descended from Cloudland, the beautiful old sprung-floor ballroom on the hill that hosted everyone from Buddy Holly to the Clash. Every weekend, George was there, or at least would be sighted by someone somewhere, gliding Flying Dutchman-like through an intersection, as if in some eternal yet futile search for the party to end all parties, or, rather, like some sort of guardian angel watching out for all the kids on the street who were still young enough to believe a party like that could be going on somewhere but were otherwise only attracting the attention of Joh Bjelke-Petersen's blueshirts.

But no, Rock'n'Roll George never came to the last-minute rescue of anyone I knew, never saved anyone from copping a hiding from the pigs. There is no record of any events Rock'n'Roll George was involved in, and only a couple of urban myths. Some believed he was Aboriginal. Who could tell? He wore a flat-top and preppy button-downs and, on the rare occasions he ever actually got out of the car, you could see hipster stovepipes. It was no doubt apocryphal when Frank Robson wrote of George

in *Dare to be Different*: “On a night just after he acquired the Holden he spotted a curvaceous angel by the roadside, smiling. He spun around the block, casually cruising back. But she had gone. The street was tragically bare ...”

The first Holden, the FX/FJ series of 1949 to '56 – the old Humpy – is one of the great Australian icons. But the car Rock'n'Roll George drove into immortality down Adelaide Street represented something quite different to the car's original image. In its realtime in the mid-50s, when rock'n'roll was just hitting Australia, the FJ was the antithesis of all that. Back then it was your father's car – square, utilitarian transport that no self-respecting young bodgie would be seen dead in, even if he could afford it.

But the FJ changed over the ensuing years – or rather the way we saw it changed. Holden or any other manufacturer has no control over the life their products take on in a dialogue with the people who live with them on the streets. In the same way people have long been able to customise their cars with aftermarket add-ons, the mythology of the FJ has been modified and, by the time someone like Rock'n'Roll George steered around the bend, it had already been transformed into something much more exotic, romantic and exciting.

It was the same stirring in the loins of a culture that created a car like the Monaro, the tearaway grand-nephew of the FJ, a car that was sexy and rebellious straight off the showroom floor.

Rock'n'Roll George and his car faded from the streets conspicuously around the same time, the mid-80s, when the hillbilly dictator tore down Cloudland in the night. Where they've gone is the same place they came from – nobody knows.

But some say their spirit has been reborn. Recently, some have spotted a metalflake midnight blue Monaro prowling the city streets. Like quicksilver, it darts off at the first sign of recognition.

2/ CAR OPERA

AT FIRST, THERE IS NOTHING. The dead heart. *Terra nullius*. And then the emptiness is pierced by a pioneer, who drags behind him a road. And then a speeding car appears on the road, an FJ of course, as if spray-painted with red dust, trailing behind it a cloud that diffuses into the vast blue sky.

The car is barrelling along this rough track when it hits a snag or pothole or something and flips into a spectacular roll. First it climbs, like an Australian Rules footballer flying in slow motion for a high mark, and then it hangs in the air for a beat before it starts spinning to the ground, and then it rolls end over end, finally thumping to rest in a heap. A hiss sounds against the groaning of twisted steel, and a thin black smokestack rises. The driver stumbles out of this deathroll holding his head, wondering what hit him. He collapses into the mulga.

Why does this image seem familiar? Is it a dream of the Australian collective unconscious?

Sunday Too Far Away isn't a road movie, but this opening scene is one of cinema's great car crashes. It's only fitting that Australian film has given the world some of its most powerful auto imagery, from the scene above to, say, the menacing black custom Ford Interceptor that upstages Mel Gibson in *Mad Max*. Because Australia, like America, is a car country.

Australia, like America, is a young country of the new world whose history and development has been greatly influenced by distance. We've also been greatly influenced by America itself.

The road is a recurring and resonant motif in the Australian cultural landscape, just as it beribbons the continent itself, just as it does in America too. What are Aboriginal dot paintings, after all, if not roadmaps for the Dreaming's journeys of the soul? We are told now that happiness is not a destination but the journey. The road's allure remains strong. No country stood to gain as much from the way the world has become smaller as Australia.

At the dawn of the last century, with new technology like electricity, the telephone, the car and the aeroplane, the world took on time and space itself. "The world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty, the beauty of speed," Marinetti wrote in the Futurist manifesto of 1909. "A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath – a roaring car that seems to run on grapeshot – is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace." These Futurists were hot for it. Boccioni wrote: "There is no such thing as rest, only motion."

The speed of life has continued to accelerate ever since.

In the half-century before the inception of commercial jet aircraft services and satellite communications in the 1960s, it was the car that opened Australia up. It was the car that created suburbia – the car, the Australian Dream and a fair bit of the American Dream too.

Australia, like the rest of the world, fell in love with Hollywood in the 1930s. No-one understood the definitive American movie genre, the Western, better than us. The horse opera was the American creation myth that interlocked with our own. We have both come from the same place, after all, and gone into similar frontier territory. When the Western died in the 1960s and was superseded by, or rather morphed into the road movie – the 'car opera' – that made perfect sense to us too. By the 1960s, Australia had shifted from a predominantly rural society to an urban – or rather suburban – one, and we had started to build our own cars. Our connection to these cars grew with the country itself. If the car made suburbia possible in the first place, it also promised escape when suburbia started to seem like a tightening straitjacket.



And no car did that more aggressively – or more beautifully or poignantly – than the muscle car.

It's significant that the American muscle car and the Hollywood road movie both peaked out at around the same time, in the early 70s. All roads led, it seemed, to 1979's *Mad Max*. The penultimate post-apocalyptic Spaghetti Western on wheels, *Mad Max* was the first Australian movie to really travel overseas. It made a star of Mel Gibson and it made a star of his car too.

Max's supercharged Interceptor was a proto-cyberpunk de-evolution of one of the prime Australian muscle cars, the 70s' Falcon hardtop. In its day, the Super Bird was a promise of flight and free love; the road was renewal itself. By *Mad Max*, it had become merely a rocket on some highway to hell. By now, thanx to Max, the Super Bird is belatedly acclaimed around the world as a classic.

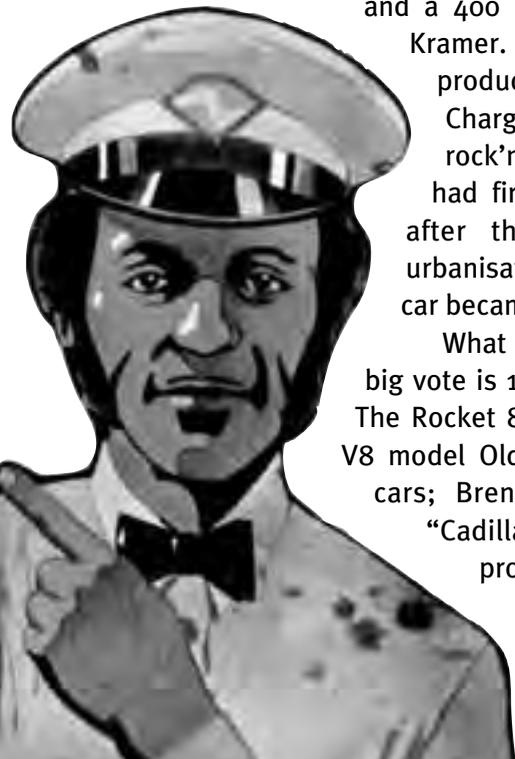
3/ "I'M STILL ALIVE"

IF, AS THEY SAY, THE BLUES HAD A BABY and they called it rock'n'roll, it could also be said that that newborn was delivered in the back seat of a hot rod roadster. And you could even say it almost died behind the wheel too.

Rock'n'roll became the chief vehicle by which the fast car was lionised, one of its prime spruikers, a sort of oracle that established the car as an object of desire in a whole new aesthetic order – and it's uncanny the way rock's own development traced a line similar to that of the muscle car.

"There seemed to be a parallel between a loud electric guitar and a 400 horsepower hot rod car," says MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer. The infamous Motor City Five were as archetypal a product of Detroit as a Mustang Ford or a Corvette or Dodge Charger. "It's the same thing," Kramer says, "Hot rods, rock'n'roll – it all fits together." Country music and the blues had first romanticised the railway with the train song, but after the Second World War, with growing affluence, urbanisation and the emergence of the cult of the individual, the car became the central motif in rock'n'roll.

What was the first rock'n'roll record? One that always gets a big vote is 1951's "Rocket 88", by Jackie Brenston and Ike Turner. The Rocket 88 was a muscle car precursor, a hot new lightweight V8 model Oldsmobile introduced in 1949's first wave of post-war cars; Brenston updated a Jimmy Liggins jump blues tune, "Cadillac Boogie", to pay tribute to the new Olds. With producer Ike Turner's pounding of the piano's 88 keys driving the recording, it became a huge R&B hit.



Oldsmobile adopted it as a jingle and gave Brenston a car. *V8 motor and a smart design*, Brenston sang, *Convertible top and the gals don't mind*.

Rock'n'roll was one of the prime symptoms of a discontent with the whitebread world of cold-war America that was rapidly growing (up). James Dean in 1955's *Rebel Without a Cause* embodied the frustrations of the newly identified 'teenager'. The climactic showdown in the film is a game of chicken with Dean at the wheel of a 1949 Mercury, another muscle car precursor, the original lead sled. Rock'n'roll captured the same feeling of primal urgency and acceleration – *release* – as the high-octane adrenalin rush of a drag race.

Rock'n'roll's self-image was measured against cars. As soon as Elvis could afford it, he bought a Cadillac and sat at his hotel-room window all night long just looking at it parked out on the street. Like, it was as good as a stag movie.

Chuck Berry was the poet laureate of rock'n'roll; the many cars in his tunes were like characters in a cartoon. The car chase had been a standard device in movies since the Keystone Cops; Chuck Berry turned it into a virtual song genre in its own right. His 1955 debut single "Maybelline" saw him in pursuit of a babe in a Cadillac Coupe de Ville. "You Can't Catch Me" turned the tables, as Chuck fled the law. "County Line" pitched a racing Jaguar and Thunderbird against the local sheriff, who caught his quarry – just as they crossed that county line. Detroit spent millions on advertising, but you can't buy myth-making like this.

The Beat poets were born of similar frustrations as rock'n'roll, and when Jack Kerouac published his seminal novel *On the Road* in 1957, it too seemed to be saying there was something more out there if you just wanted to look for it. As the book's protagonists Sal Paradise and Dean Moriarty embark on a cross-country drive in a hot Straight 6 step-down Hudson Hornet (another muscle car precursor), Kerouac wrote: "Everything is fine, God exists without qualms. As we roll along this way I am positive beyond doubt that everything will be taken care of for us – that even you, as you drive, fearful of the wheel ... the thing will go along of itself and you won't go off the road."

WHICH, OF COURSE, WAS BULLSHIT, naïve optimism even then on a crash course with the wall.

The car accident was to the 1950s what the drug overdose became to the flower children. Hank Williams died in the back seat of his Cadillac on the way to a gig in 1953: *Just another guy*, as he sang, *on the lost highway ...* It was Hank and James Dean who established the 'Live Fast, Die Young, Leave a Good-Looking Corpse' ethic that rock'n'roll picked up on. Dean was killed in his Porsche Spyder in 1955, even before *Rebel Without a Cause* was released.*

* Dean's 550 Porsche could have been cursed. One of his co-stars in *Rebel Without a Cause*, Beverly Long, said of driving with him, "I had the feeling I was sitting in a coffin." George Barris, the LA kustom king who inscribed the name 'Little Bastard' on the car for Dean – and got bad vibes off it even then – bought the wreck for scrap, and its ill fate continued. A worker had both legs crushed when it fell off a transporter; the man who bought the engine was killed in a crash, and another man using the old drive train was seriously hurt in an accident. When the wreck was finally put on display as part of a road safety campaign, it fell off its stand and injured a boy.



Many of rock'n'roll's first generation were cruelly cut down in their prime. In 1958, Elvis was drafted into the army. In '59, 23-year-old Buddy Holly died in a plane crash. In 1960, 21-year-old Eddie Cochran was killed in a car accident. His passenger, Gene Vincent, compounded leg injuries he'd previously sustained in a motorcycle accident. Chuck Berry's "County Line" became

prescient when Chuck was jailed for driving a minor across state lines for immoral purposes. Albert Camus was killed in a crash, as were Jackson Pollock (in a Rocket 88) and more than a couple of jazz musicians.

In Australia too, rock'n'roll, the car and danger were inextricably bound up. First, Lonnie Lee narrowly escaped serious injury in a crash. Then, both Digby Richards and Rob E.G. had to put their careers on hold due to injuries sustained in accidents. Most tragically, Delltones lead singer Noel Widerberg was killed in a smash at Brighton-le-Sands in Sydney in 1962.

The most fabled of all Australian rock'n'roll car accidents was, of course, Johnny O'Keefe's. O'Keefe always had a taste for fast cars, yet he was a notoriously terrible driver. It might have been an ill omen when he went to New Zealand in 1959 and was presented with a brand new Ford Zephyr to use on his tour – and the car was a write-off within 24 hours.

In 1960, with his career on the slide, O'Keefe put himself in hock to buy "the biggest, flashiest red Plymouth Belvedere I could find", and went out on the road in it. His touring party, which included support acts Lonnie Lee and Barry Stanton, travelled in a three-car convoy and often covered up to 400 miles a day. No-one would drive with O'Keefe, he was so reckless. The tour wound to a conclusion with a big gig at the Beachcomber at Surfers Paradise. Everyone was exhausted after the show and after a few wind-down drinks and joints, but O'Keefe was anxious to get home and at 2am he decided to set off. Sax player John Greenan (co-writer of "The Wild One") had his pregnant wife, Jan, with him, and they were keen to get home too, so they reluctantly accepted a ride with the boss.

O'Keefe took the first shift. Greenan could see that O'Keefe, who didn't like anyone else driving his car, was fading fast, and convinced him to hand over the wheel. After admonishing Greenan for crunching the gears, O'Keefe dozed. Just before dawn, just south of Kempsey on the Pacific Highway, Greenan started to feel