

RETROMOTIVE

VOLUME ONE



PORSCHE 356A



RETROMOTIVE

VOLUME I



VOLUME I

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MERCEDES-BENZ

230 SL

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **PAUL NELSON**





It can be hard to encapsulate the distinct elements that define a timeless design. The Mercedes Benz W113 however, is surely one of those designs – elegant and graceful when manufactured; age has only magnified these qualities over the decades.

This car emerged from an era renowned for beautiful cars, yet it has become symbolic of Teutonic elegance. The 1960s produced cars that were faster, that handled better and were even more expensive. But, there's something beyond just monetary value or performance with this car. For Paul Nelson it's the aesthetic.

Lines, shape, form. The curl of surf crashing over a reef, a surfboard slicing through water, a sleek projectile rounded yet sharp. A collision between the organic and manufactured. The curve of steel, chrome and aluminium reflecting flowing lines.

Paul Nelson's taste in cars is diverse, where some identify with a brand or heritage, Paul follows a different path, it's not about muscle or speed, or even a family heritage. As a keen surfer and as a former mechanical engineer Paul has a fascination with mechanical beauty, quality, lines, shape and form.

'I love old aircraft like the P51 Mustang, for me it's all about the looks and shape, they're purely mechanical.

I'd buy an E-Type Jag if I could'.

In this case it's the classic lines of the Paul Bracq and Bela Barenzy designed W113 Mercedes Benz that have captivated Paul. 'These cars are like a work of art'.

In recent years, this Gold Coast garage has been home to an unlikely procession of cars, a 1959 Cadillac, a 1965 Mustang GT350 and a '66 Corvette. A journey from Detroit

THE PAGODA BENZ HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH CLASSIC LINES AND UNDERSTATED STYLE

fin, to pony car muscle, to smooth European curves.

Paul's 1964 230SL Mercedes-Benz almost shimmers like a jewel in the afternoon sun. Crisp white paint defines the sculpted shapes of the coupe. The Pagoda Benz has become synonymous with classic lines and understated style.

Later models were more powerful and possibly even better to drive. However, there's a purity to the 230 with its graceful gooseneck mirrors and its slightly larger wheel arch flares, which Paul says are unique to the 230.



PAUL'S 1964 230SL MERCEDES-BENZ
ALMOST SHIMMERS LIKE A JEWEL
IN THE AFTERNOON SUN





Today, these cars are rare enough in left hand drive form, this first iteration of the timeless SL shape however, is a factory right hand drive build and was delivered new to the UK. The owner then moved to Spain where it spent a couple of decades before being sold to again to a German resident who then immigrated to the US.

While this car has been restored since Paul has owned it, a life in the dry climates of Spain and California have helped preserve the Benz's precious Stuttgart sheet metal from corrosion.

Paul bought the car in the US and imported it in early 2015. He painstakingly disassembled what he could in his garage, cataloguing the trim and nuts and bolts. Mechanical and panel work was out sourced yet when talking to Paul it becomes clear that there's something about this involvement that speaks to his admiration for mechanical form. It's a tactile experience.

There's also a precision to the way that Paul speaks, as if recalling a process. It's almost at odds with the legacy of salt and sun, the years living in Thailand running a charter boat business and chasing waves on South-East Asian beaches.







THIS CAR EMERGED FROM AN ERA RENOWNED FOR BEAUTIFUL CARS, YET IT HAS BECOME SYMBOLIC OF TEUTONIC ELEGANCE.







Looking back over the years Paul's car aesthetic becomes clearer. In his youth classic Alfa Romeos caught his attention, a succession of elegant Alfas passed through his possession, a 1750 GTV, a 1968 1600 Giulia Sprint, a '67 Giulia Sprint and even an early 2-Litre GTV. 'I think it's the shape that grabs you straight away'.

Chasing surf breaks both in Australia and overseas saw Paul opt for more practical transport. 'I had a couple of early Range Rovers', he says, and still the element of design played a part. 'They were well-engineered cars, I loved them'.

'I've never owned a new car'.

In the carport outside another evocative design sits in a state of disassembly, this one a Karmann bodied BMW E9 coupe. 'Again it's the form that grabs me, it almost looks Italian. The BMW is more of a performance car though'.

The 2.3-Litre six coughs into life quickly, as the engine warms, the idle smooths out. 'The feel, the drive and the sound are what I enjoy most about this car, there's a solidity to it on the road', Paul says. 'Even cruising on the highway there's no noise, just the exhaust note'.





THIS 230SL EXUDES QUALITY,
A CHARACTERISTIC TYPIFIED
BY BENZES OF THE ERA

'The view from the driver's seat is panoramic, I just love looking out over the bulge in the bonnet'.

Paul's earlier aircraft analogy is an interesting one, the W113 itself features a lot of aluminium, stainless steel and alloy in its construction not unlike post war aircraft.

As the coupe rolls down the beachside boulevards in the afternoon sun it's hard not to admire its form in motion. Its proportions are exactly how they should be.

Robert Persig's cult classic, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* comes to mind

THE FEEL, THE DRIVE AND THE SOUND ARE WHAT I ENJOY MOST ABOUT THIS CAR

as I admire the Benz in motion.

Paul's tactile approach to rebuilding his cars in many ways mirrors the classic narrative in the story, yet when we talk about the experience of driving it there's clearly a romantic element.

This 230SL exudes quality, a characteristic typified by Benzs of the era. It has a solidity to its form and function yet with a seamlessly engineered elegance. Paul's relationship with his cars is driven by these qualities and an admiration for the design elements, even down to screws, fasteners, mirrors and wiper arms.

As for it's future? It's clear when talking to Paul that owning this car was the achievement of a long-term goal. 'I've always wanted one of these,' he says, 'it's a keeper'.



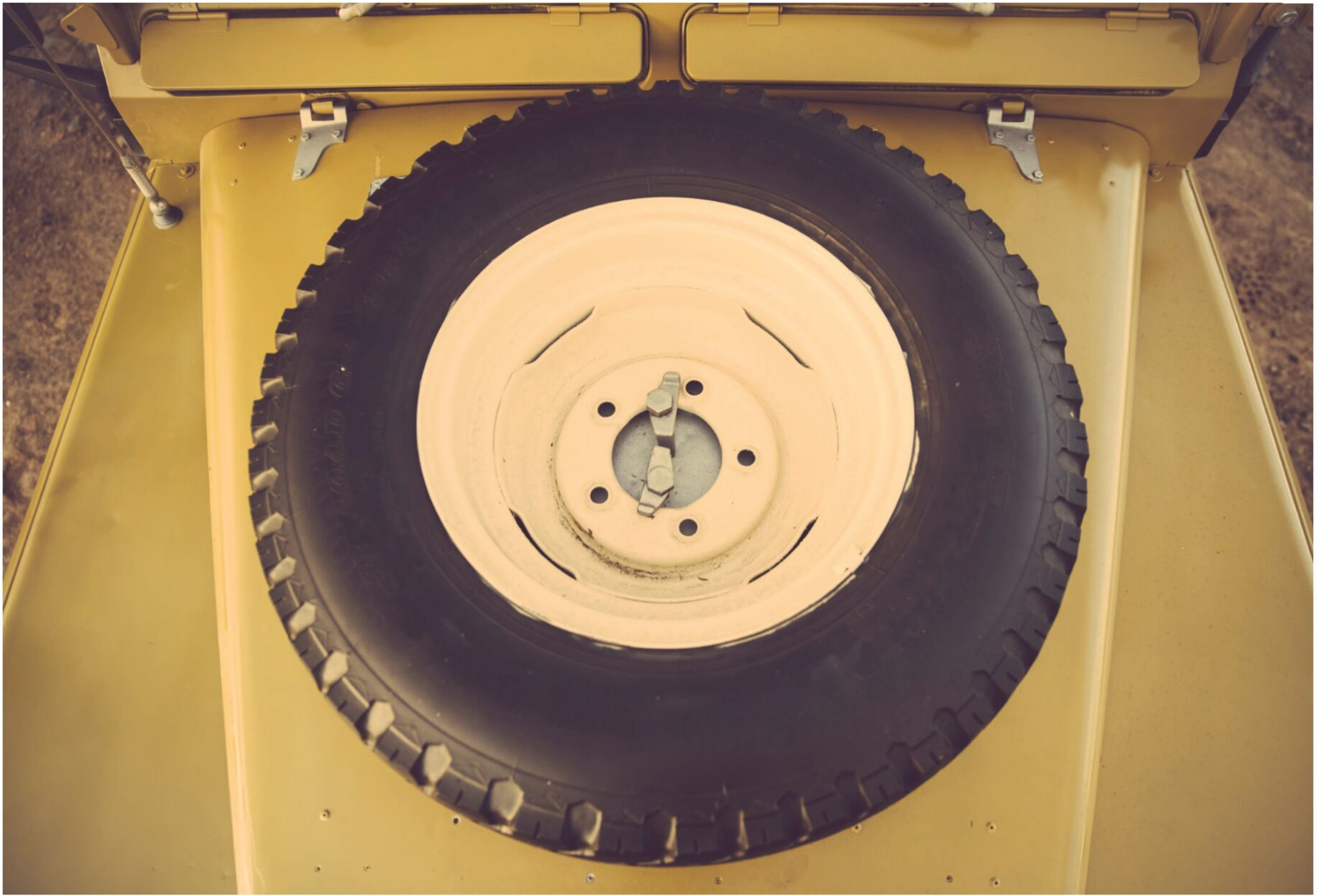




LAND ROVER

SERIES III

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **JOEL RICHARDS**



It seems an unlikely formula for attraction. A utilitarian mix of slab sided aluminium body panels, flat glass and minimal creature comforts. Yet there's something undeniably evocative about old Land Rovers.

That signature boxy Land Rover profile has trundled across deserts and through jungles for more than six decades and that enduring image can't help but evoke dreams of adventure.

Joel Richards is the first to admit that he's never really been a car guy. However as a child growing up in his native England he does concede that the Land Rover has always held an attraction.

**SEEING AN OLD LAND ROVER ON
THE ROAD THESE DAYS CAN'T
HELP BUT ELICIT A GRIN**

Joel's almond yellow Series 3 wagon evokes much of that Land Rover mystique. It looks ready for adventure, even parked in a suburban driveway.

'I grew up in relatively rural Guildford just outside of London. Lots of people were driving around the lanes in Land Rovers and I just always liked the look of them', Joel says. 'I just like the utility feel of them really, even in those days I also thought the Range Rover Classics were really cool'.

'Just growing up around people who had them and seeing them in the countryside left a mark I suppose', he continues, 'It was always in the back of my mind to get an old Land Rover'.

'But when I bought it I didn't even really know the basic parts of an engine,' he says with a chuckle, 'It's all just been a learning curve really'.

The decision to buy an old Land Rover happened very quickly. 'I'd been talking to a friend who'd been encouraging me to just buy one. He found this one while I was on holidays and sent me the link'.

The young web developer ended up jumping into the deep end. 'When I went to test drive it I drove it in the city, during rush hour,' he recalls. 'I hadn't even driven a manual in years'.

'I thought, I'm making a really big mistake, this really is a terrible car to drive. Obviously I ended up buying it anyway'.

'I didn't realise until then that even though I'd always loved Series Land Rovers and Defenders, I'd never even been in one'.

This Series 3 is now a tidy unit and very representative of the era. Even down to the 186 Holden engine and Fairey overdrive unit, which while not factory fitted were popular Australian modifications back in the 1970s. However it was pretty rough when Joel brought it home for the first time.

'But it was fixable and had no major problems'.

After the initial reservations about Land Rover ownership the bug has well and truly bitten. So much so that he has also bought a 1962 SWB Series 2 which he is restoring under a portable gazebo on his front lawn.





THAT SIGNATURE BOXY LAND ROVER PROFILE
HAS TRUNDLED ACROSS DESERTS
AND THROUGH JUNGLES FOR
MORE THAN SIX DECADES







The Series 2 is currently sitting on axle stands as Joel painstakingly rebuilds the brakes. 'I just sit out here on a milk crate and work at it'. There's an understated note of determination as he speaks. 'It's just so completely unrelated to anything else I do', he says. 'One of the reasons I was so keen to get an early Series 2a is the lights in the middle, It's just that much more of a classic look I guess'.

'Obviously I haven't driven it yet, but people are just so interested in it, everybody has their own story about one'.

I THOUGHT, I'M MAKING A REALLY BIG MISTAKE, THIS REALLY IS A TERRIBLE CAR TO DRIVE

The Series 3 is Joel's only mode of transport at this point in time so it gets used on a weekly basis. 'It's a fun car to drive, you really feel like you're driving'.

'People love it and it gets a lot of looks'.

Joel is the first to admit that his lack of mechanical knowledge was a challenge. However, this hasn't stopped him from getting his hands dirty. 'Youtube and Land Rover forums on the net were a big help'.

'Initially it was all about tidying it up

a bit and just keeping it running, the longer I owned it the more I realized that much of it is quite easy'.

'And that's when I started looking around for a project as well'.

'I get a real sense of achievement from working on these things, but I also find it quite relaxing. I could be sitting inside watching TV but I actually enjoy being out here working on these things'.

Joel's Series 3 has a certain majesty on the road as it rolls north out of the city. A Defender passes in the opposite direction, the driver's arm waves out the window.

Like many older cars, time takes its toll on numbers. What was once a familiar sight on the roads eventually becomes a rarity. Seeing an old Land Rover on the road these days can't help but elicit a grin, other Land Rover owners and even kids wave in acknowledgement as the wagon passes.

'There's a real sense of community around the brand', he says, recalling offers of help from other enthusiasts during his rebuilds.

'I haven't really done much true off-roading in it', he says, referring to the Series 3. 'Just trips up the coast and fire trails'.

'I wouldn't mind turning it into a camper', he says. 'It was originally set up for camping when I got it'.



LIKE MANY OLDER CARS, TIME TAKES ITS
TOLL ON NUMBERS. WHAT WAS ONCE
A FAMILIAR SIGHT ON THE ROADS
EVENTUALLY BECOMES A RARITY.











Pine trees march past the windows as we swing off the road and onto a logging track. The Series 3 clammers up the rutted trail with ease. The 186 drones away under the bonnet as Joel deftly steers it toward a clearing.

And it's here against a backdrop of mountains with a setting sun that this old Land Rover looks most at home. As I speak to Joel he glances at it watching the dying light play over its boxy frame.

Where some will admire the sculpted curves of a classic roadster I can see why this car has such a following. Even when parked there's a sense of adventure beckoning from this old wagon. Camel Trophy river crossings and open savannah. In my mind I can almost hear the crackling of a campfire. Standing beside Joel I find myself admiring the Series 3 as well; this bug must be contagious.

Joel confesses that there's even room in his life for another.

'I'm looking at a Range Rover Classic tomorrow so you could say that this hobby is really gaining some momentum', he says, a sheepish grin slowly emerging on his face.

I spoke to Joel a few days later and asked about the Range Rover he was going to look at, 'Ah yeah that,' he laughs, 'I bought it'.



GIOCATTOLO

GROUP B

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **JASON OVERLAND**







IT'S CLEARLY BEEN A LABOUR OF LOVE.
A HIGH SCHOOL CRUSH CONSUMMATED
AFTER DECADES OF YEARNING, YOU CAN
TELL JUST FROM THE WAY HE LOOKS AT IT.





I'm standing outside the weathered roller doors of a closed factory as a gleaming cobalt blue Giocattolo Group B rumbles quietly up the driveway, gravel clings then drops from it's sticky rubber.

Harsh Australian sunlight plays over the sculpted curves, vents and flares. The colour mirrors the Queensland sky, reflected clouds distort as they trace the flanks. The car's profile is at once familiar yet alien, the throaty engine sound is at odds with its diminutive stature. It's low slung yet compact.

The colour and the styling are so very 1980s, a dab of excess with loud graphics trumpeting its identity to the world.

TO BUILD AN ENTIRE CAR FROM THE GROUND UP WAS GOING TO BE A NIGHTMARE

It's a unique collision of Italian silhouette, interpreted styling and racecar pragmatism. The understated V8 growl from the rear mutters at passers by as it rolls to a stop.

Some may even call it crass, but there's function in its form.

The 1980's saw fortunes being made and lost as brash entrepreneurs and property magnates gambled and spent. And nowhere in Australia was this more so than in the state of Queensland, a place of sun drenched beaches and rapidly growing high-rise towers.

Time-shares and barely paid for Porsches and Ferraris' rubbed shoulders on the shiny new promenades, along with Ray Ban sunglasses, peroxide,

skinny ties and pointy shoes.

Think of it as Florida with less Zimmer frames. An antipodean episode of *Miami Vice*, that is if you're old enough to remember who Don Johnson is.

Australia's soon to be closed car industry has a heritage of screwing together high-performance vehicles. Usually locally manufactured four door compact sedans with big horsepower and relatively unsophisticated drive trains.

In-your-face V8 adaptations of family haulers featured bolt on body kits that resembled a Storm Trooper's lunch box and paid homage to a homegrown touring car racing series that worshipped at the altar of burning rubber. DTM it was not.

As space shuttles soared overhead and the mortar holding the Berlin Wall together fatigued, a couple of guys figured that Australia needed a world-class super car. Something more than a massively overpowered chassis from either GM or Ford. A driver's car to flaunt on the world stage.

Entrepreneur Paul Halstead rode the early wave of computer technology through the 1970s. But away from the black screens and blinking green cursors he steadfastly remained a fan of high performance cars and motor racing.

Back then Halstead's Sydney based Toy Store imported CKD Detomaso Pantera's as well as retailing Porsche, Ferrari and Chopard bling for the nouveau riche. The Italian connection remained as Halstead's engineering business also built and exported Cleveland engines back to Italy to power the De Tomaso brand.

Race Engineer, Barry Lock was

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THE COLOUR AND THE STYLING ARE SO VERY
1980S, A DAB OF EXCESS WITH LOUD
GRAPHICS TRUMPETING ITS
IDENTITY TO THE WORLD.



already working with Halstead on engineering his GT series dominating Pantera racecar when the idea to build a home grown world class super car took root.

Lock cut his race engineering teeth with the McLaren Formula 1 team; fettling cars for the likes of James Hunt in the devil may care F1 racing days of the 1970s.

'To build an entire car from the ground up was going to be a nightmare', says Lock. 'Every door handle and lock has to pass design rules to be legal, so the decision was made to use an existing car as a platform'.

That platform was the Alfa Romeo Alfasud Sprint. The germ of the idea stemmed from a one-off lightweight Group B homologation special built by Alfa in the early 80s. This car used Alfa's 2.5 litre V6 nestled in the rear hatch.

Lock set to work using the Alfa V6 and the Alfasud Sprint the basis, along with a ZF 5-speed transaxle to turn the rear rubber.

Underneath, Lock re-engineered the Sprint, equipping it with a new strong, yet lightweight rear sub frame. The frame and body of the car, soon to be dubbed 'Giocattolo' (Italian for Toy), made extensive use of carbon fibre and kevlar. Materials almost unheard of in a time when a mobile phone was the size of a beer cooler.

The Australian arm of Alfa Romeo wasn't exactly enamoured with the notion of a business remanufacturing its cars at the time and sourcing the V6 engines was proving to be an issue. 'We couldn't buy bare shells or engines for the cars, we had to buy complete brand

new Alfas and strip them down,' says Lock.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, given the team's penchant for Italian lookers with a Detroit heart, the Giocattolo found power in the form of a pushrod V8, though not of the Ford variety. GM's Australian brand, Holden had a 5 litre (305ci) fuel injected V8 on offer, but not without some significant modifications. British touring car veteran Tom Walkinshaw had set up shop in Australia and was breathing life into factory high performance Group A specials as well as Holden's touring car race team.

The Giocattolo Group B uses a Walkinshaw manipulated Holden V8, however, Lock's team also added a custom plenum and a proprietary twin throttle body set up to make that cast iron powerplant breathe. GM even allowed testing at its test track.

ALFA ROMEO WASN'T EXACTLY ENAMOURED WITH THE NOTION OF A BUSINESS REMANUFACTURING ITS CARS

In 1988 the car saw the light of day. The result was a 2-seat mid-engined 220kW (300hp) supercar with a leather interior and Recaro seats that, despite being equipped with little luxuries like air conditioning and a premium sound system, tipped the scales at a mere 1085kg.

Top speed is a claimed 260km/h. Which according to anyone who's driven a Giocattolo fast is an attention getting experience, mainly due to its claimed tendency to lift its front wheels off the ground.

Caloundra, on Queensland's







Sunshine Coast was home to the rather bespoke little Giocattolo factory. It's humbly tucked away in amongst some other old industrial units.

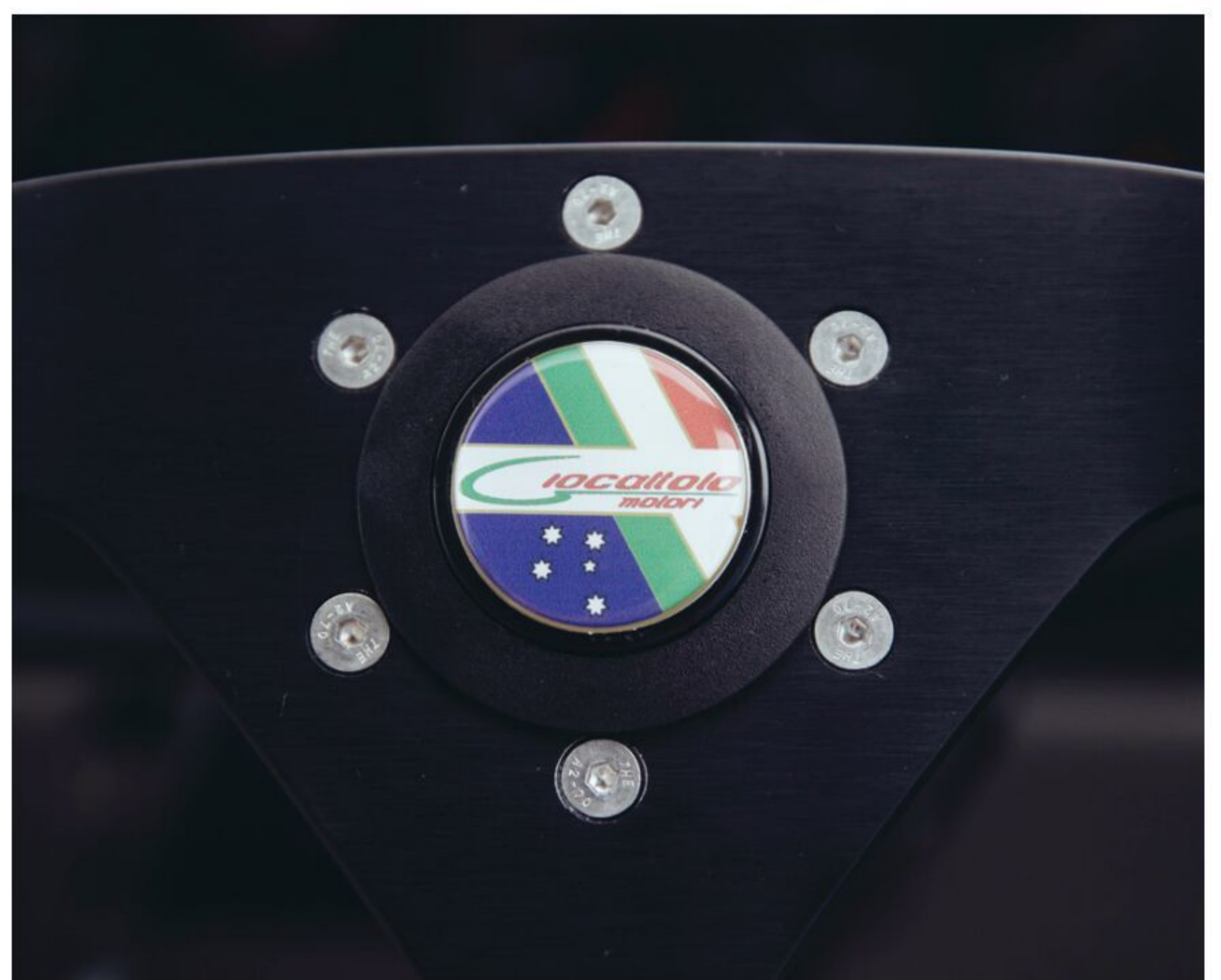
This car is production number three, only 15 Giocattolos were ever made. Government funding for a low volume-manufacturing scheme was pulled in 1989 and Halstead was forced to close the doors on his vision of an Australian supercar.

Fourteen examples are still in existence, one having been involved in a fatal high speed racing accident.

Jason Overland owns this example. As a born and bred Caloundra kid and as a car nut, Overland grew up with a fascination for the Group B that was being built in his home town. 'We'd ride around on our bikes as kids just trying to spot one', he says. 'We'd hear rumours of where they were going to be'.

Overland admits it was a stretch to find one of his own, and grins sheepishly when I ask him how much he's spent on getting this example back to its current gleaming condition. However, it's also the expression of a man smitten, after a stream of lesser vehicles passing through his possession he has found 'The One.'

It's clearly been a labour of love. A high school crush consummated after decades of yearning, you can tell just from the way he looks at it.







DODGE

CHARGER R/T

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **PETER INGERSOLE**





Faded newspaper clippings hang framed on the garage wall, dusty model cars sit on top of cabinets, behind them, autographed pictures of touring car icon, Peter Brock, hang slightly askew. It's a scene that would be familiar to many in suburban Australia, a garage and a quiet understated shrine dedicated to past horsepower glories. A now faded youth spent trying to shave a couple of tenths of a second off a lap or to squeeze a couple more horsepower out of an engine.

Peter Ingersole has indeed lived a life of cars and motorsport. But beneath the memorabilia is a passion that's harder to define.

Peter isn't a wealthy collector, he doesn't own a number of cars, there are no engine stands or parts boxes scattered around this space. However, smothered under a layer of blankets and tarpaulins however is a prized possession, a 1968 R/T Dodge Charger.

Its elegant, big-hipped form emerges as its protective layers are peeled back. It is perhaps the ultimate expression of late '60s coke bottle styling, unsophisticated yet evocative; raw mechanical beauty.

What comes to light from under its shroud isn't a raging black-on-black example of what is arguably one of the most attractive cars of the muscle era.

Instead a more understated white-on-beige beast comes to light. Along with its dark green upholstery it provides a more unconventional interpretation of a









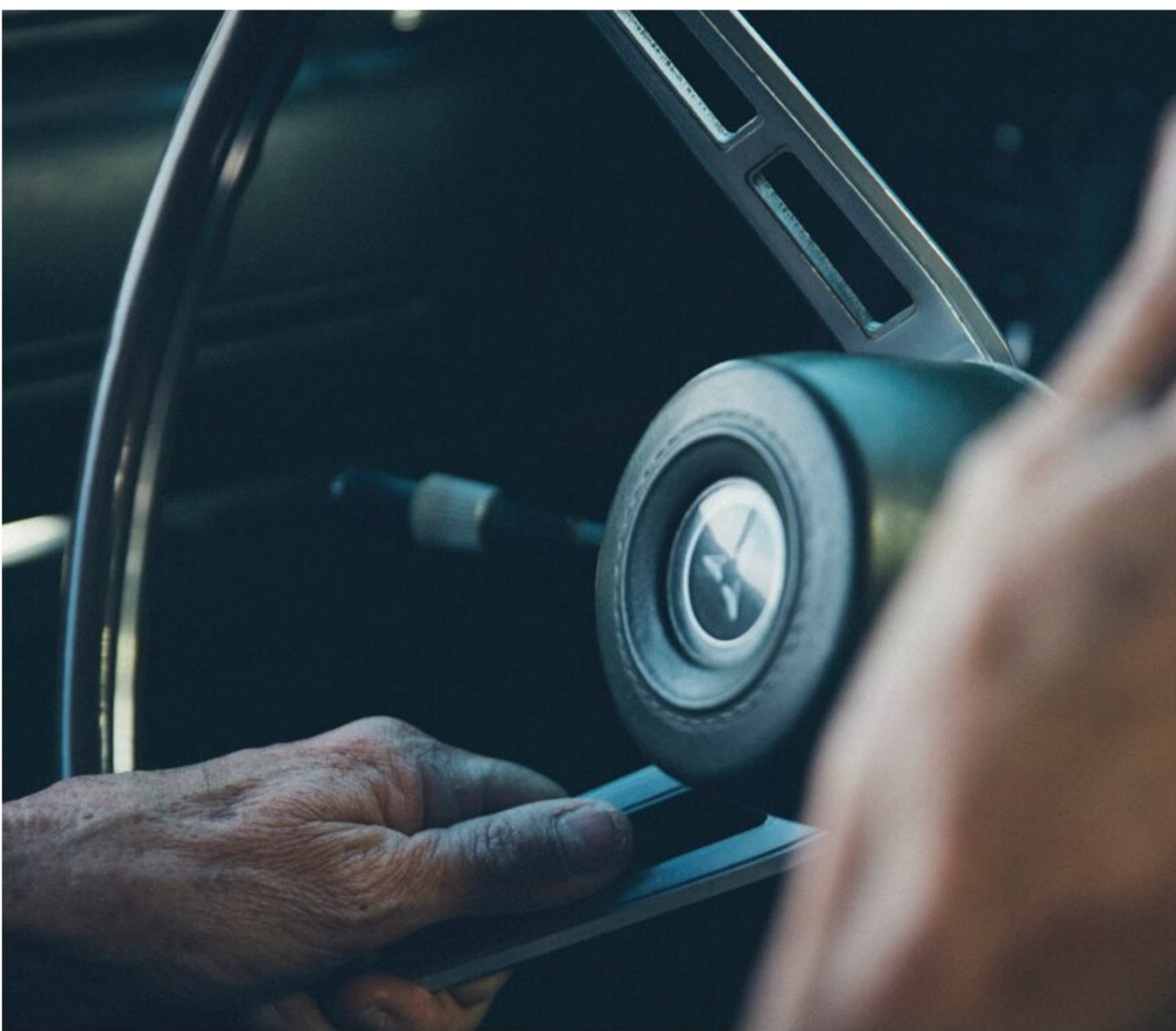
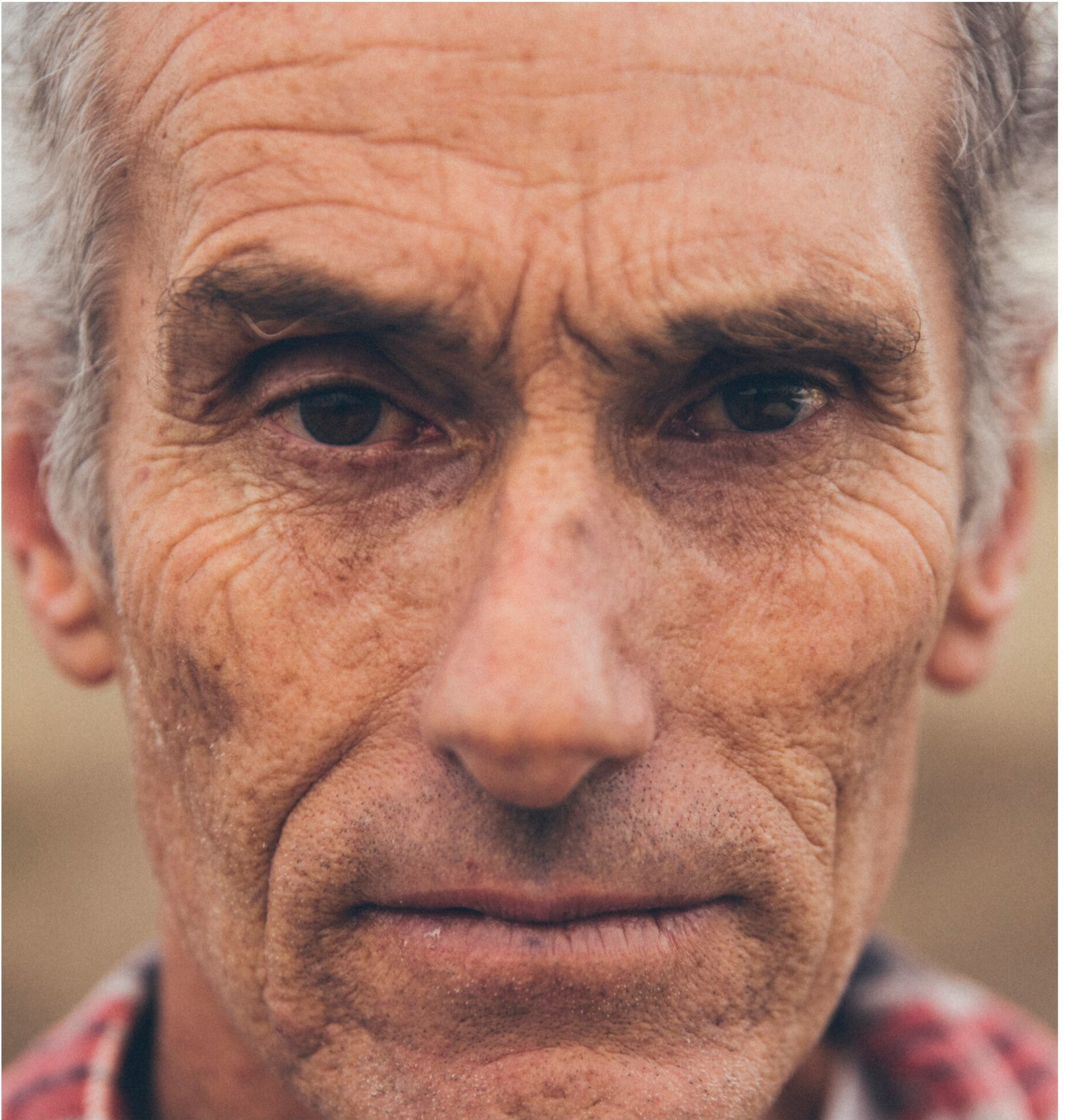
time when horsepower and form was the modus operandi of the big three on their home turf.

Peter knows the entire history of the car, believed to be the only R/T made in this combination of subdued hues. 'The original owner must've had a few dollars, but not wanted to stand out too much', says Peter. 'This was a 3,500 dollar car back in 1968, but with all the options this one would've been closer to a 4,800 dollar car'.

He's clearly proud of this slightly oddball time warp as he shows me around it. 'The 8-track player alone was a 200 dollar option, that's a couple of weeks wages back then'.

Peter isn't a 'Mopar guy' as such; in fact his automotive passions are multi-branded. This driveway has been home to Holden Toranas, Mustangs and, of course, this Charger. There's no obsessive commitment to a badge or one-eyed allegiance. For Peter it's about the form and feel as well as the sensation of pistons cranking power to the road.

'I would've been about 10 or 12 I suppose', says Peter. 'My brother took me to see the movie *Bullit*. I was just in awe of the Charger in that movie, I just loved it and it stuck with me'.



An energy comes into Peter's slight frame as he gestures and talks. Ill health has retired Peter early, however, his face comes alive as he talks about the cars he's had in his life and his flirtation with street sedan racing back in the 1980s. There's an intensity that emerges that's not immediately apparent on meeting him.

**UNSOPHISTICATED YET EVOCATIVE;
RAW MECHANICAL BEAUTY.**

His father owned a panel beating business. 'I was always going to be a part of that', he says. 'I really wanted to be a spray painter, it's more artistic than mechanical. But they reckoned I was colour blind'.

A momentary shadow flickers across his face before he continues. 'So I became a panel beater instead. But it's a hard job on the body as you get older'.

The opportunity to go racing back in the 1980s however, came out of the blue. Peter's daily driver back then was a Holden Torana GTR XU-1. 'It had a

roll cage and everything and I used to park it out the front of the panel shop'.

'Then one day this guy came into the shop to ask who owned the car. He told me that they were starting a new class of racing called street sedans and wanted to know if I'd be a part of it.' 'Of course I said yes'.

The aura of high-powered touring cars blasting around race circuits had been seeping into Peter's psyche over a number of years. 'I remember watching Allan Moffat racing his Mustang, the sight and sound of it was unbelievable', he shakes his head at the memory.

'I remember the battles between Brock and Moffat, the GTHO against the Torana, the Holden diving under the Falcon while under brakes. That was racing, not just following each other around the track'.

Into the early 1990s Peter was quite successful, with one Torana and then another, but teams with more money to spend were raising the stakes. 'When you race cars you find you don't do the normal stuff that everyone else is doing. You don't take the family out for pizza, because you just can't afford to'.



THE SOUND OF A 375HP BIG-BLOCK 440 MAGNUM
COUGHING TO LIFE, SNORTING THROUGH ITS
FOUR-BARREL CARB AND SMOOTHING TO A
MUTTERING IDLE IS VISCERAL



The highlight of Peter's racing career was a third place in the championship one season. 'I just loved the mental focus of racing, you may not be the fastest down the straight but you were thinking about where to brake and the line through the corners'.

'Everything you do is for that one particular purpose.'

The sound of a 375hp big-block 440 Magnum coughing to life, snorting through its four-barrel carb and smoothing to a muttering idle is visceral. At idle it's both muted and muscular, a syncopated beat ticking to an analogue metronome.

The sight of the car in motion highlights its brawny, yet fluid lines. It's a design that has aged gracefully. It's lost the vulgarity and brashness of youth and become both a pop culture icon and a fluid exhibition of raw muscle.

Peter doesn't baby the Charger either, while it does go for a cruise regularly it also still gets pushed around a racetrack on muscle car cruise days. 'It doesn't really do anything well other than go in a straight line, the brakes and steering are terrible'.

The car itself is very original; it was bought from California back in 2006. There was some panel damage,

which Peter has repaired himself, but there are no big dollar mods, this R/T is basically stock. There's been no rotisserie resto or bare metal respray.

It does, however, wear its provenance with pride. You can see it in the weathered bumblebee stripe that wraps itself around the rear quarter guards and across the bootlid. It's an offbeat Scat Pack car yet it has a certain presence. The year after this car was built Chrysler pushed the boundaries, some might say of taste, with bright, wild colour scheme options. Which gives this B-body Mopar a completely different sort of individuality.

Again, Peter's face lights up as he

THE SIGHT OF THE CAR IN MOTION HIGHLIGHTS ITS BRAWNY, YET FLUID LINES.

reflects on the styling. 'It's a stunning looking car, there's not a bad line on it'. Tellingly as he says this he is looking over my shoulder at the car in question.

'Sometimes I just come out to the garage and sit and look at it', he says. 'I'll just crack a beer and admire it'.







'SOMETIMES I JUST COME OUT TO THE GARAGE
AND SIT AND LOOK AT IT', HE SAYS.
'I'LL JUST CRACK A BEER
AND ADMIRE IT'.







FORD GALAXIE

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **CLINT BOUGHEN**





Clint Boughen has grown up with horsepower and fast cars as a constant companion. High octane and the pursuit of speed has become a way of life for Clint and his siblings, growing up against a backdrop of grass roots motorsport.

His father Alan 'Cusso' Boughen has been racing cars for most of his life, from speedway to circuit racing as well as drag racing. Cusso's children, without exception have grown up with the desire to pit themselves against circuits, speedway tracks and the drag strips around the country.

'We did try ball sports as kids, but nothing stuck', he says, grinning at the memory.

The fettling of performance engines, and the pursuit of power and speed has been a constant for Clint's entire life, as has been a doggedly passionate following of the Ford brand. For Clint there's never really been any other option than some form of racing.

An industrial strength expression of power, speed and skill.

'The real story is my Dad, he's been racing for years', Clint says, self-effacing when he speaks, not wanting to sound as if he's talking himself up.

However, a childhood spent on the sidelines has left its mark. 'I've always been there you know,' he says. 'The first to be on the sidelines'.

His formative years were spent in the pits of one race circuit or another.

Crackling celluloid films flicker with early Nascar images, big-bodied American iron howling in the dirt. Cars that were designed to reflect the jet age and an aspiration to reach for the stars with rocket-fuelled fury are punished, raging as they

THE RAW, RACE INSPIRED ETHOS OF THIS CAR IS OBVIOUS IN ALL ASPECTS

slew sideways around backwater oval tracks. Pummelled into a role they weren't designed to fulfill, this was the birthplace of the American NASCAR religion.

Away from the motorsport pretensions of suspension geometry and tyre technology, speedway initially evolved away from the eyes of talent scouts and sponsors. A sport that





A photograph of a classic car, likely a 1960s Ford Mustang, parked in a large, dark industrial space, possibly a garage or workshop. The car is positioned in the lower-left foreground, showing its front grille, headlights, and a license plate that reads "22FRY". The background is filled with vertical metal support beams and a complex network of cables, creating a sense of depth and industrial scale. A small, square sign with a vertical bar is attached to one of the beams. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the car's body and deep shadows in the surrounding structure.

THE FETTLING OF PERFORMANCE ENGINES, AND
THE PURSUIT OF POWER AND SPEED HAS BEEN
A CONSTANT FOR CLINT'S ENTIRE LIFE

sprang from back road moonshine runs across US state lines.

A car with a big boot, enough horsepower to evade the law and the back road driving skills to back it up.

To some these cars may seem ungainly, ugly even. To Clint however, there's an undeniable attraction to the early years of NASCAR and speedway.

'I just love seeing these big-bodied cars racing, I'm not really an open wheeler fan', he muses, 'and I just love that door to door racing'.

Nowhere is this more evident than with Clint's 1964 Ford Galaxie fastback. The stripped back and horsepower driven approach to this build speaks volumes of the man who built it. It's a grass roots aesthetic that is both raw yet compelling.

'This car was inspired by my Dad', he says. 'He now races a 64 Mercury Comet in TCM (Touring Car Masters), I wouldn't be doing any of this if it wasn't for him'.

The raw, race inspired ethos of this car is obvious in all aspects. A naturally aspirated 440cu small-block feeds power to the 9-inch diff via a 6-speed Tremec manual transmission. It makes 810hp at the rear wheels.

'It could do with a full restoration, but I





THE CREASES AND LINES OF THE GALAXIE COUPE
SPEAK MORE OF SUPERSONIC TRAVEL AND
JET AGE ASPIRATION THAN OPPOSITE
LOCK DIRT TRACK MUSCLE.









reckon it suits the period the way it looks now'.

The creases and lines of the Galaxie coupe speak more of supersonic travel and jet age aspiration than opposite lock dirt track muscle. The deliberately aged faux race livery is homage to a relatively unsophisticated motorsport era. And in many ways it's both a wheeled tribute to an era as well as a family history. A branch on an automotive family tree.

Some of Clint's most significant memories stem from the days when his father raced in the HQ Holden series. 'I didn't even have my licence back then, but we were pulling Holden motors out of the car, getting them ready for the next race'. He grins as the memories resurface. 'They were good times, and a real learning curve'.

Unsurprisingly, given the theme of the Galaxie, it becomes apparent that speedway racing is the motorsport closest to Clint's heart. 'I'd go back to it in a heart beat', he says. 'That's why I love that whole stock car, NASCAR, speedway thing you know'?

His first race was at a speedway meet. 'Dad snuck me behind the wheel one

night in the Stock Standard class', he recalls. 'I was 14 when the legal age was 16'.

Coming from a privateer motorsport family has clearly ingrained a hands-on approach to all aspects of Clint's approach to cars.

'I like the challenge of taking a big car and making it do anything that a small car can do'.

This family racing pedigree has had a massive influence on his streetcars. 'We don't tend to go for run of the mill stuff when it comes to our cars, we like to keep it different'. The self-effacing grin resurfaces and he gestures towards the car. 'As you can see'.

A procession of Ford vehicles has passed through Clint's ownership, all with a muscle car bent. Though as the conversation goes on it becomes clear that there's something special about this car. 'This car has only been on the road for five minutes so I'll see where it goes'.

'I don't intend to stop here with this car, I'd like to take it to a circuit track'.

With the bi-modal exhaust system switched to track mode the Galaxie thunders, even at idle. The note not

unlike a dirt track sprint car. The visceral punch of metal aspiration, the combustion cycle cranking in the stuttering lop-sided idle. There is nothing subtle about this Ford.

'My family has always had '50s and '60s cars since day dot', he says. 'You get a thing in your head of how you want the car to look'. In fact, his father's nickname, Cusso, came from his early

THE DELIBERATELY AGED FAUX RACE LIVERY IS HOMAGE TO A RELATIVELY UNSOPHISTICATED MOTORSPORT ERA

love of the Ford Customline.

'It's the style and the shape of the cars, they've got attitude without even moving'.

The stark outlines of the Galaxie are reflected starkly on the lenses of Clint's sunglasses, the afternoon sun dipping towards the horizon as he turns towards the car.

'This car is just me'.









VW FARM

BILL & MICHAEL FLOCKE

WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF**







Work hardened hands gesticulate, hands that have spent decades grasping spanners, pistons and panels, fingerprint whorls traced by oil and grease. They never cease moving, punctuating conversation, chopping for emphasis.

The enthusiasm Bill Flocke has for his work is immediately apparent. As a renowned VW specialist there would be few who could claim the amount of Kombi experience that Bill has accrued over the decades.

Amongst the trees of this secluded property, discarded VW carcasses are being slowly reclaimed by the earth. Here a Beetle lies under a layer of moss and fern, there a misshapen Kombi sinks into the undergrowth; the burden of time pushing it downwards.

VOLKSWAGEN HAS BECOME A WAY OF LIFE FOR ME

In the sheds and garages of this hidden bush block however, lies the real treasure. As the bush absorbs the skeletons of Wolfsburg relics, inside these sheds revival and revitalisation takes place; the painstaking resurrection of Volkswagen sheet metal and hardware.

This business doesn't advertise,

it doesn't need to. Word of mouth amongst Volkswagen devotees keeps Bill and his son Michael busy.

Bill arrived in Australia in the late 1960s. In his native Germany Bill already had more than a working knowledge of the humble Kombi van, he worked as a courier in his own split window panel van.

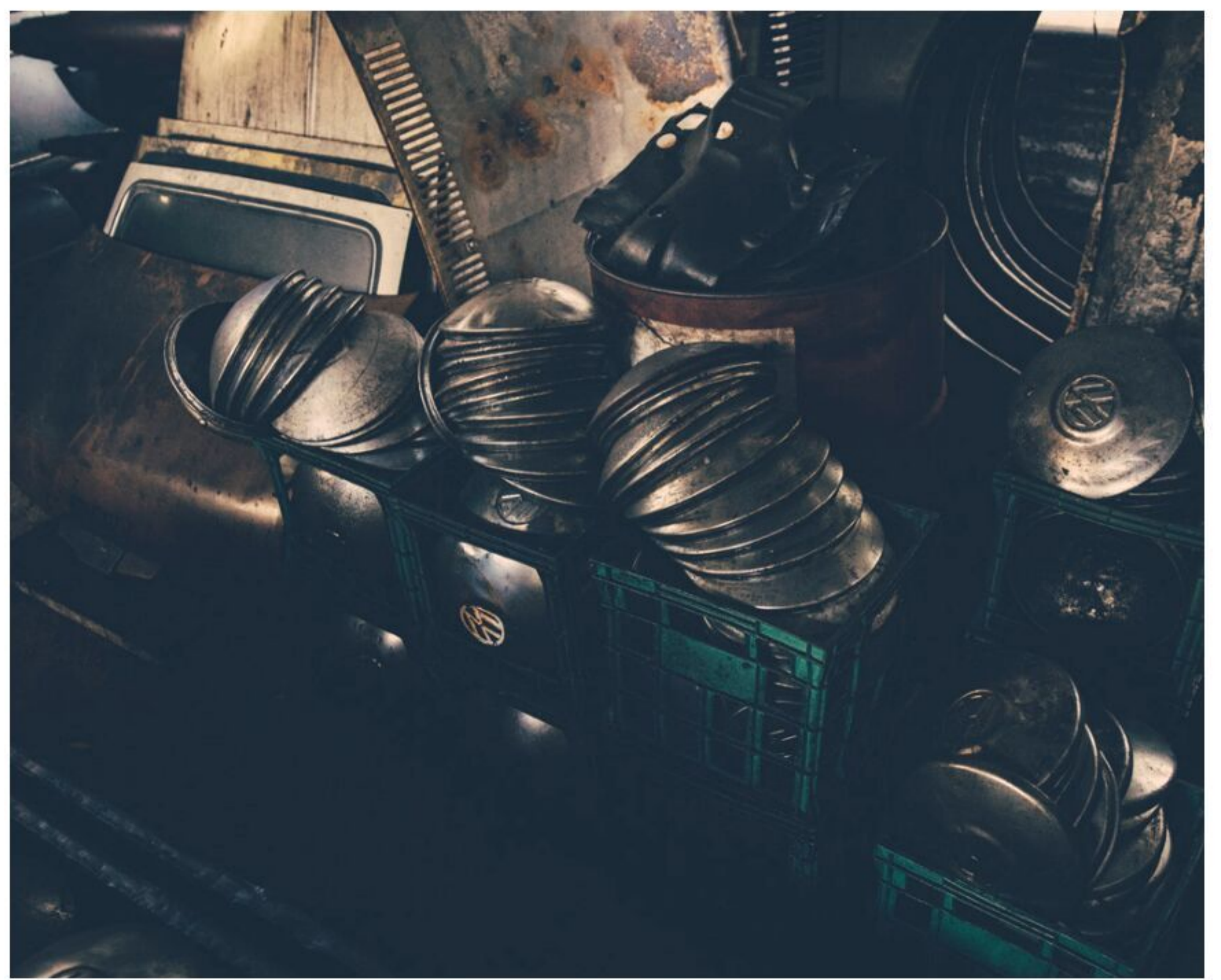
'I had a bus (kombi panelvan) in Germany, that I used to deliver milk from about 2 o'clock in the morning, and then after 10 o'clock in the morning I used to deliver parcels all over Germany'.

'And that's where I learnt to fix my own car'. Michael echoes his father as we talk. 'That's where it all started'.

'I did a type of engineering course at school, but it wasn't really what I wanted, you know, the office and all that,' the hands wave dismissively, Bill continues. 'I never did any official VW apprenticeship or anything like that'.

The Flockes were living on the Sunshine Coast by 1977. Three blocks at Moffat Beach were bought and construction started on a workshop.

Michael picks up his father's story again. 'He was the only Volkswagen guy on this part of the coast in the 1980s. Back then these were all still daily drivers, but they were all getting to that 10 year old mark where they needed engine reconditioning and stuff like that. They just started

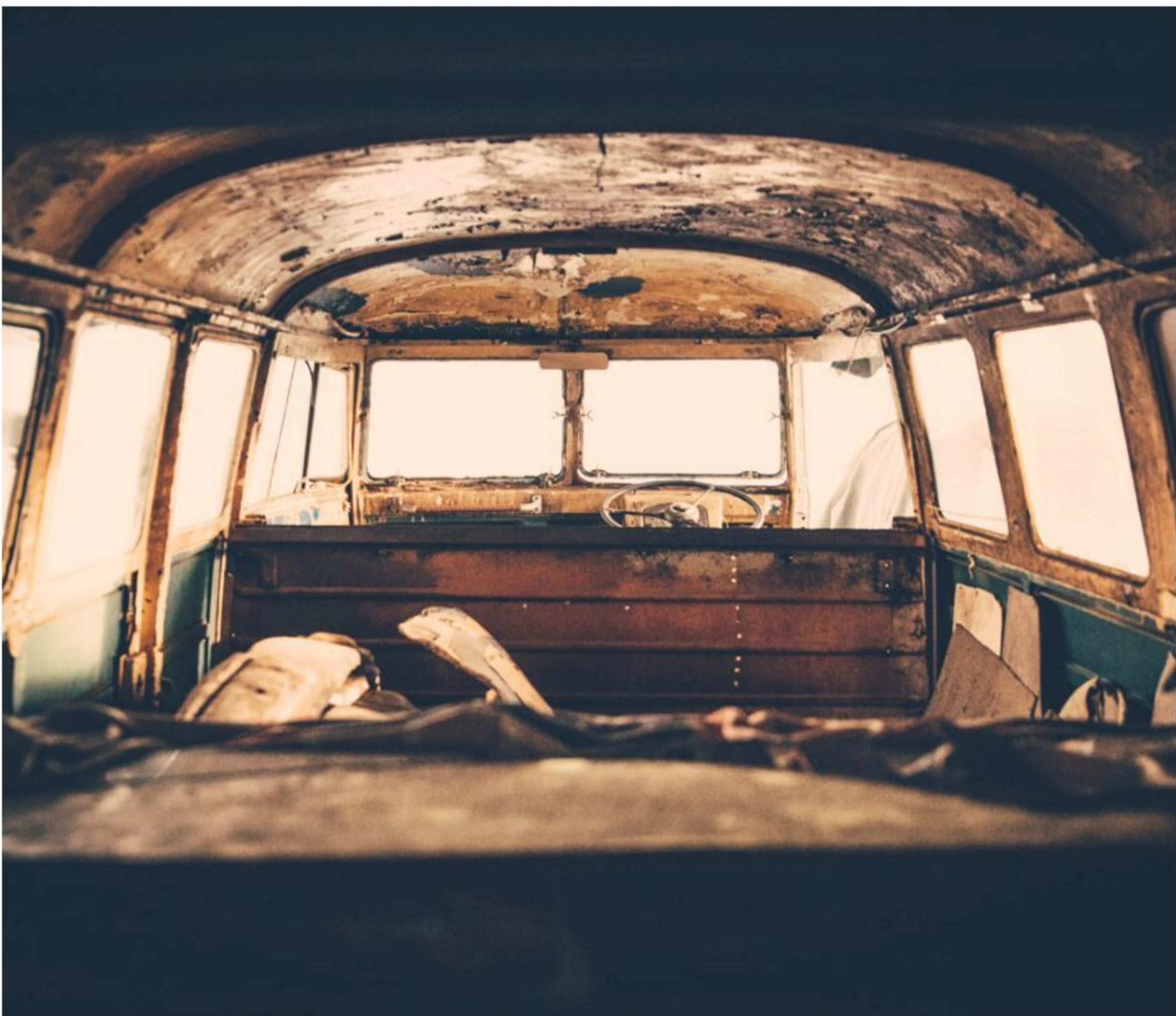








AMONGST THE TREES OF THIS SECLUDED
PROPERTY, DISCARDED VW CARCASSES
ARE BEING SLOWLY RECLAIMED
BY THE EARTH



coming in, and that's when the boom was -1980s and into the early 90s'.

The cycle of plummeting market value and life near the coast was taking its toll on the local VW population by the mid-1990s. 'The era of the air-cooled Volkswagen was ending', Michael affirms.

With an ageing clientele of vehicles, Bill and Michael started buying old Volkswagens and began stockpiling them on the family property on the Sunshine Coast Hinterland. 'You could buy these things for just a few hundred dollars', says Michael, pointing at a half stripped Kombi.

IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS, WORKING SURROUNDED BY NATURE, THE SILENCE AND THE BIRDS

Values of Kombi vans have climbed to stratospheric heights in recent years, however according to Michael at that time it was the Beetles and Karmann Ghias that were the most desirable.

The Flockes didn't discriminate however, as the collection grew. 'The Kombis actually made good sheds, we'd store parts in them to keep them out of the weather'.

We walk around the sheds. While the cars outside may indicate neglect, inside are stockpiles of engines,

transmissions and body panels. One shed is even home to a Karmann Ghia section.

'At one stage we had 60 split window Kombis, just on this property alone'.

'A lot of these vans just limped into the workshop', says Michael. 'The owners couldn't afford to fix them so we'd buy them'.

Bill's animated descriptions of various vans, cars and parts around him recall stories and circumstance. He stands beside a Kombi pickup that has clearly been deconstructing in the bush over a long period and tells me of its history, where the owner lived, where it was used.

Michael works with his father bringing these vehicles back to life, however the brand has also been a backdrop to his childhood as well as his adult working life.

I find myself wondering about genetic memory, there's a certainty about this family heritage that Michael just seems to have accrued. There's no arrogance to it. It's an assumed knowledge that seems to have just been absorbed by osmosis.

'I just grew into it I suppose, I literally grew up in the workshop, there's not a nut and bolt of these things I haven't seen', blonde surfer locks flick in the sunlight as he shakes his head in emphasis.

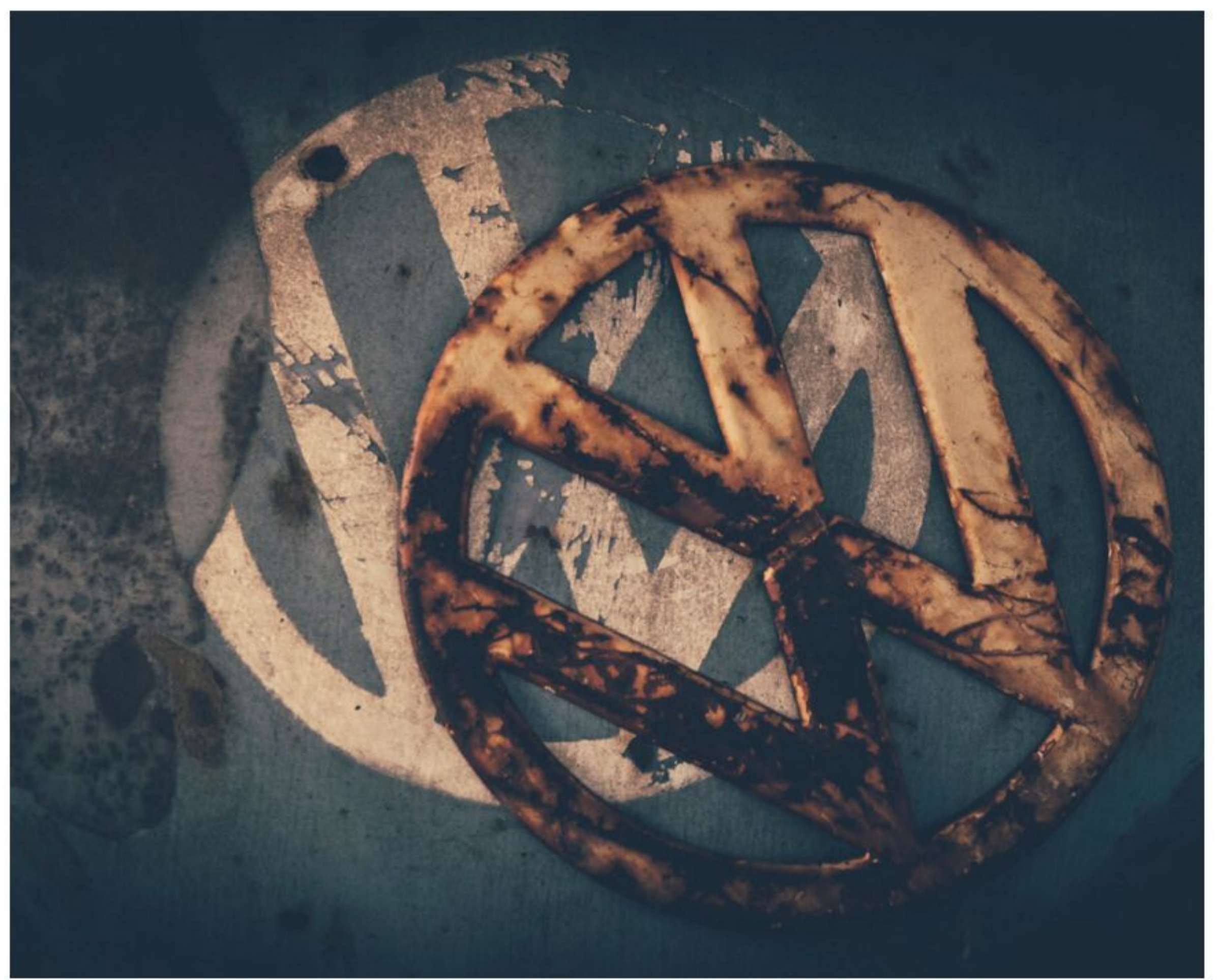
'Back in the '90s I'd get up on a





INSIDE ARE STOCKPILES OF ENGINES,
TRANSMISSIONS AND BODY PANELS.
ONE SHED IS EVEN HOME TO A
KARMANN GHIA SECTION





Saturday morning and get the paper and there'd be columns and columns of splitties for sale'.

'We'd hook up a trailer and go for the closest cheapest ones'.

'It really was great fun'.

These days father and son concentrate on restorations for customers. 'We did our first resto in 1995, a Kombi for a mate of mine', Michael laughs. 'We charged him \$7000, you wouldn't even get a rusty shell for that now'.

The Flockes continued to gradually restore Kombis and sell them. At first just a couple per year as well as dealing in parts. 'We've got parts that nobody else has got'. Michael has also started a Kombi based hire car business.

Michael may have grown into the Volkswagen business but Bill is still the 'Kombi Man.'

'I am still as enthusiastic about them as when I started', says Bill. 'They are the best van! In the 1950s nothing came close'.

'Through the ages you tell me one vehicle that comes close? Hippie times, house on wheels, van, the way they are put together'.

Bill points to a bay window Kombi currently being restored. 'This is the last of the real VW Kombis, those new ones, crap'. The hands flick dismissively.

Foliage snaps underfoot as we trudge towards another shed, the family jewel is tucked away in here, an unrestored 1954 barn door Kombi one of the first batch delivered to Australia. Michael is clearly proud of this specimen. 'This is my ultimate Volkswagen'.

This van is indeed impressive; it's in need of restoration but it's the Kombi ethos represented in its most basic form.

These days Bill spends his time up here in the hill. The workshop is hidden away in a valley, curious tyre kickers would never find it.

I AM STILL AS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THEM AS WHEN I STARTED

'What is better than this?' he says pointing to the trees and the surrounding hills.

'It doesn't get any better than this, working surrounded by nature, the silence and the birds'.

Talk of the future comes up as Bill chats. 'I'll keep doing this for as long as I can', he says, there's both pride and defiance in his voice, almost challenging old age to make its move.

'Volkswagen has become a way of life for me'.







P O R S C H E

356A

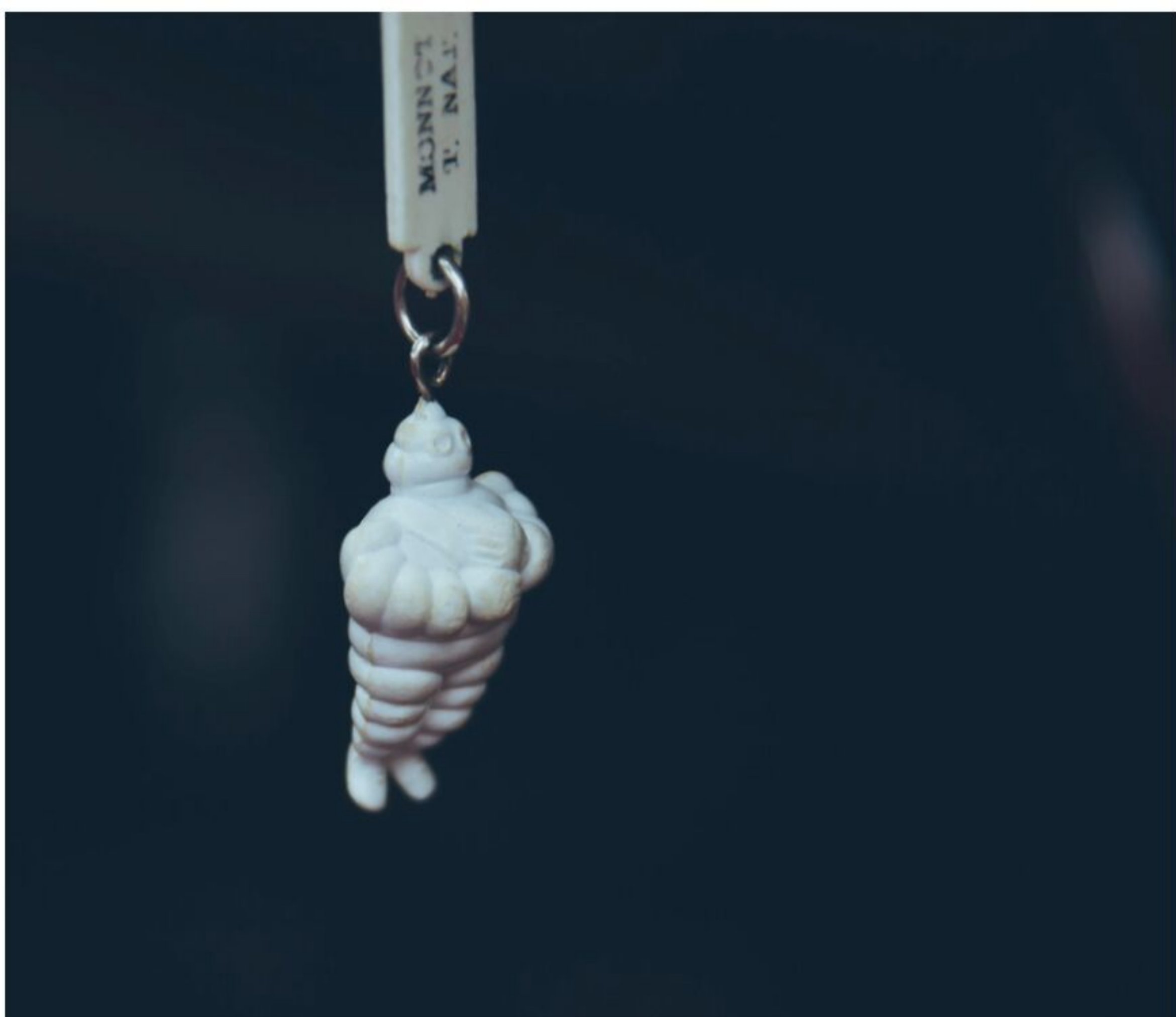
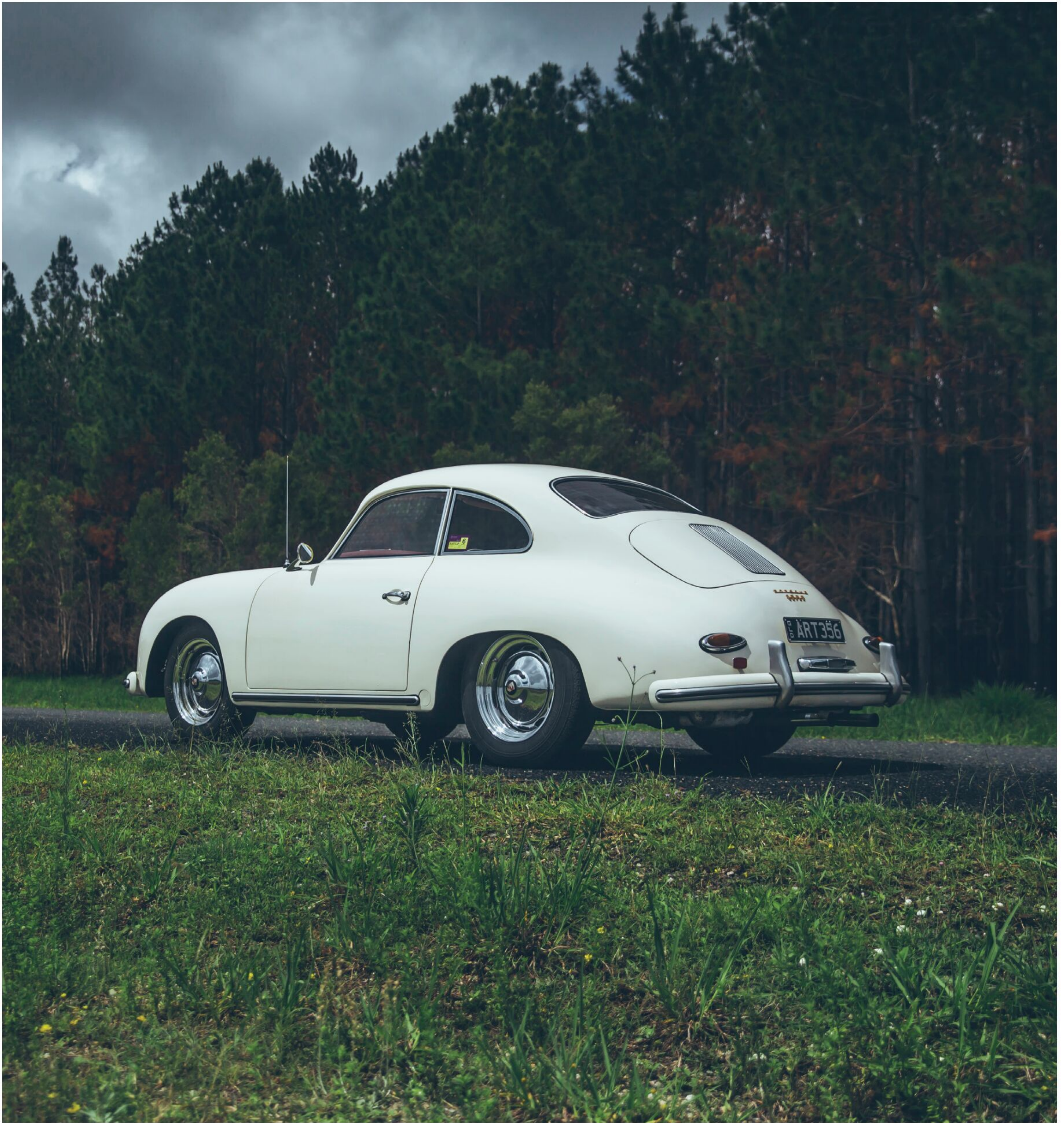
WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **JAMES CORBETT**



JAMES USES FOUND OBJECTS TO CREATE
HIS WORK; CAR PARTS ARE THE
PREFERRED MEDIUM







The workshop is crammed and dark, I carefully pick my way through the clutter, car parts, some recognisable others of indeterminate origin hang from the shed walls and are scattered in piles around this space.

It's here that sculptor James Corbett painstakingly stitches together his work, breathing life into the inanimate and discarded.

I LIKE TO CREATE THE ILLUSION OF MOVEMENT, THE LIMIT OF ADHESION. TO ANIMATE IT

I was expecting a stereotype, a dishevelled creative prone to meandering conversations on form. Instead I found a quietly spoken, disarmingly grounded and direct car nut. James and I chat about what inspires and drives his work, it's soon very clear however, that there will be no arty waffle. 'You often get asked for these artist statements', he laughs good naturedly. 'They are usually so much bullshit'.

James uses found objects to create his work; car parts are the preferred medium. Discarded spark plugs, radiator grilles and engine parts are all reimagined to reflect living creatures or become motoring works of art.

'One of the things I like to think is that the end result is like a solved

puzzle that in years to come will be like a time capsule from the age of the motor car'.

There's always been something of the visual in James's life. 'I was a signwriter back when we used to use brushes and paint'. He didn't however do a traditional apprenticeship, instead while working in the screen-printing section of a signwriting business he taught himself. 'You have to remember back then around here art wasn't even a subject at school', he pauses. 'In fact, if I'd been asked what I really wanted to do back then I would have said I wanted to be an automotive designer'. With a laugh he continues. 'At that time I may as well have said that I wanted to be an astronaut'.

The advent of computer-generated signage gave James pause to consider a change in career. He could see how the future was going to pan out for sign writing.

He bought a business specialising in dismantling French cars. 'It was just a business that was there', he says. 'I'd had a couple of Renaults before that time, I just liked that it was a cash business so I wouldn't have to chase people to get paid. Though I was always something of a car nut'.

The journey from car wrecker to renowned sculptor may seem like a disjointed one, though to James there seemed a certain kind of logic to it. 'It was borne of frustration, I once saw in





the back of a shot on TV a cat made from an exhaust manifold, it was pretty simple, just basic. But it was in my head and I remember thinking I could do better than that'.

'So one Saturday when it was raining I just sat down and thought I'd give it a go'. Those early pieces were displayed on the counter at the wrecking business. His inspiration appears quite diverse as well. 'Sometimes I see an object and think it would good to use in a sculpture, sometimes I see something, a dog or a car I want to make a sculpture of'.

'Sometimes you have to let things go instinctively and see where it will take you. Then you refine it and imagine it along the way, the best pieces though you have a pretty good idea in your head of what you want to end up with'.

'I like to create the illusion of life and movement out of this stuff', he says gesturing around the shed. 'I like to see children come up to something I've made, like a dog and pat it like its alive. Whereas the car stuff I like to create the illusion of movement, the limit of adhesion. To animate it'.

Using car parts as a medium wasn't so much borne from some sort of philosophical intent, so much as convenience at the time. 'They were there,' he shrugs with a faint smile.

Though he does admit to thinking about the elements that make up his pieces.

'Sometimes I look at a piece that may have say two or three hundred parts and think I'd like to know the history of each piece. The person in the factory that made them, who was the first owner, where did it go with that person'?

'How did it end up here? That would be a fantastic story'.

JAMES IS CLEARLY BOTH AN ARTIST AND AN ENTHUSIAST WITH A DIFFERENCE

'The history of that mundane car is there, but at the same time it isn't there'.

There's an open wheeler ethos to his automotive tastes. 'They're very mechanical. I like mechanical innovations'. However there's no tribe to James's tastes, he has dabbled in off-road racing, hot rodding and what most would describe as classic sports cars.

'If you asked me generally whether I have I have a set thing in cars I'd have to say I don't. Though for me the ideal would be a Bugatti Type 35'.

'I like cars that look nice and handle well', he then adds wryly. 'And those don't always go hand in hand. On the same token, I like cars that are pigs but that go fast'.

'I've owned about 20 or 25 cars over the years', he recalls. 'Not all of them





AN ICONIC CAR DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A FAST
CAR, BUT IT HAS TO BE AN ENDEARING ONE.





very collectible'. To emphasise this he points to an ED XR6 Ford Falcon that the family has owned for years.

There's more than one shed in this conversation, there's the cramped workshop and then there's the light and bright space that houses one of James's jewels, a 1959 Porsche 356A. A formula Ford racecar sits resplendent as if waiting for another race meet and in an adjoining shed a gorgeous 1974 Citroen DS23 Safari wagon sits waiting for the next dab of attentive

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO LET THINGS GO INSTINCTIVELY AND SEE WHERE IT WILL TAKE YOU.

restoration. We sidle through the clutter, a flathead Mercury powered T-Model Ford sits in a back corner. It's a home built replica of a 1930s dirt track racer.

Continuing the Porsche ownership theme is a Cayman R and a 1985 911 Carrera 3.2.

James is clearly both an artist and an enthusiast with a difference. Although motor racing has been a constant part of his life. 'I've always been racing something of some description, be it motor bikes, off-road cars or historic cars since I was about 18 or 19', he says. 'Even when I was 12 I was always out at Lakeside watching a race even though none in my family was into it'.

James continues to race Formula Ford and in the past even raced a Renault R8 in the off-road sedan class.

However, James unsurprisingly has a clear interest in the iconic when it comes to vehicle design. The DS wagon for example is a reflection of an iconic design. 'It was as if they said that this is the best way we know how to build a car'.

With a chattering whir the 1600cc Porsche engine spins to life as James reaches for the driver's door and closes it behind him. I follow it down the road as other homogenous vehicles flash by almost unnoticed. It's not hard to be entranced by that simple iconic shape.

In motion the antique white Porsche is something to behold. I reflect on our conversation back at the shed and the history of automotive design.

'An iconic car doesn't have to be a fast car, but it has to be an endearing one'.

'The most fun cars around don't have to be the fastest', James said, gesturing at the 356. 'This car isn't that fast but it's a lot of fun'.

Watching James at the wheel of the Porsche I sense that I can see a glimmer of that engagement in James's automotive sculpture. The mechanical made bare. 'When I do a sculpture of a car I'm imagining that I'm the one driving that car'.

'It's just an instinctive thing in me to do it'.





THIS CAR ISN'T THAT
FAST BUT IT'S A LOT OF FUN

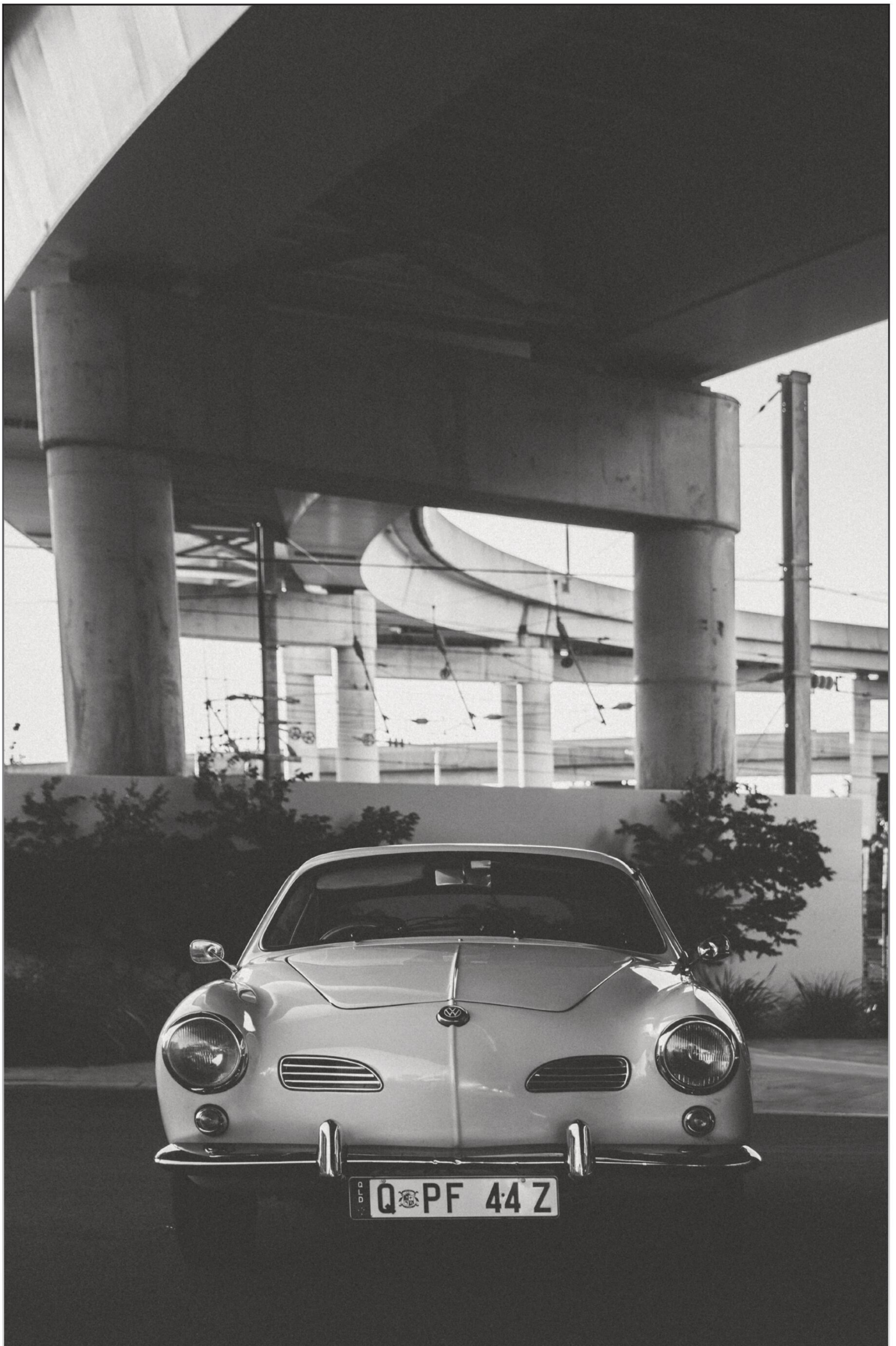


VOLKSWAGEN

KARMANN GHIA

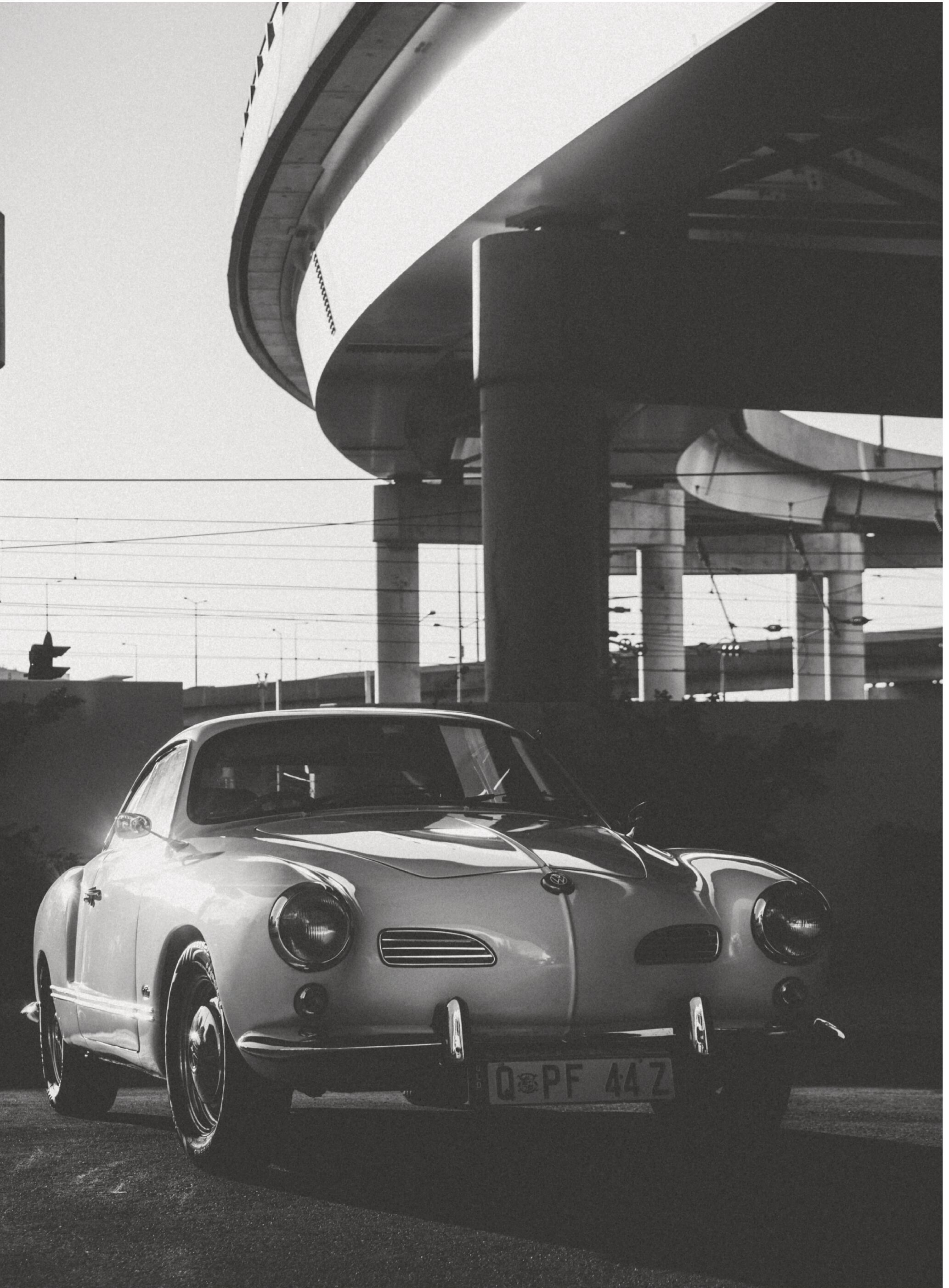
WORDS **MATT WOOD** ★ PHOTOGRAPHY **NATHAN DUFF** ★ OWNER **PEETER FLETCHER**

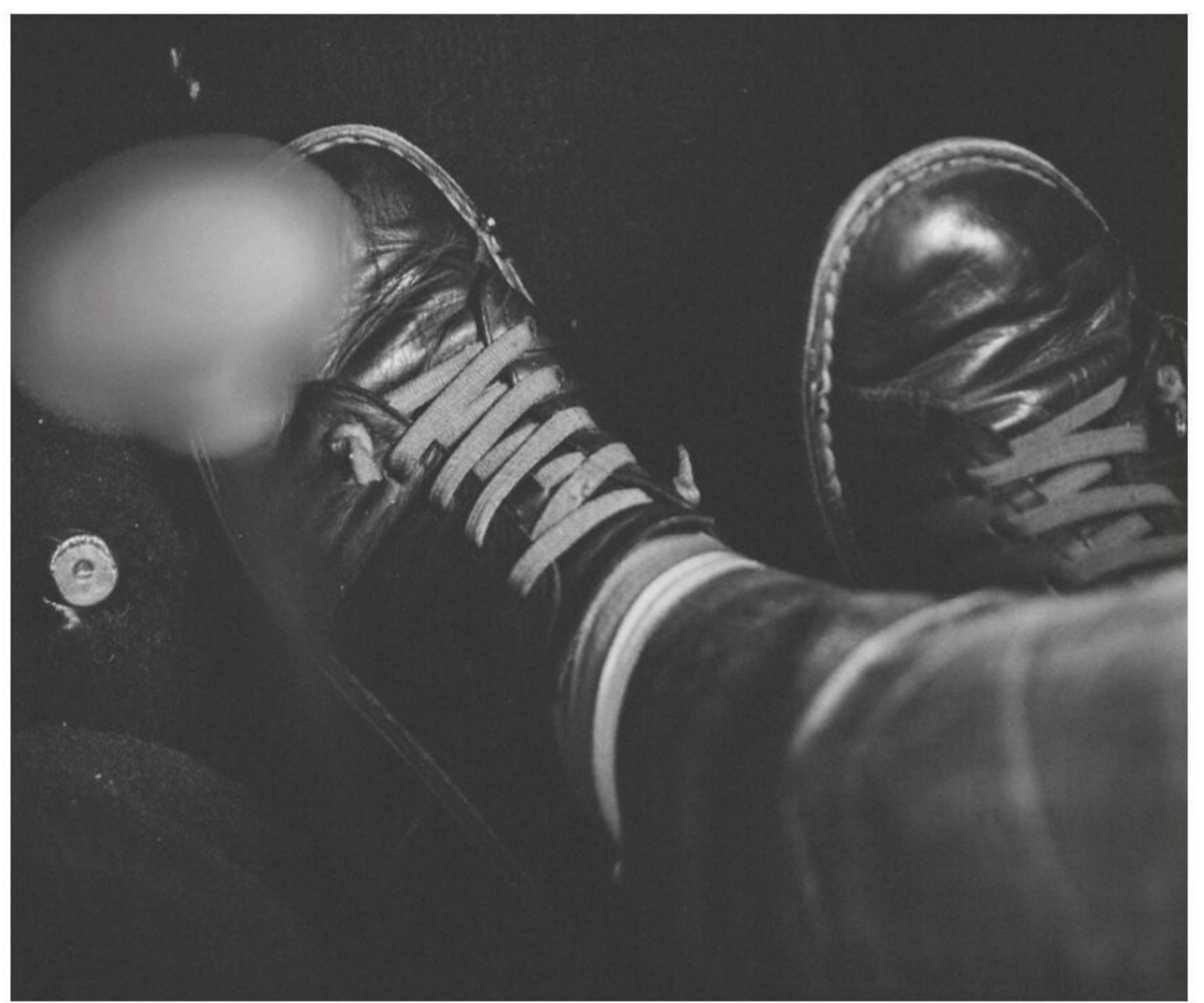
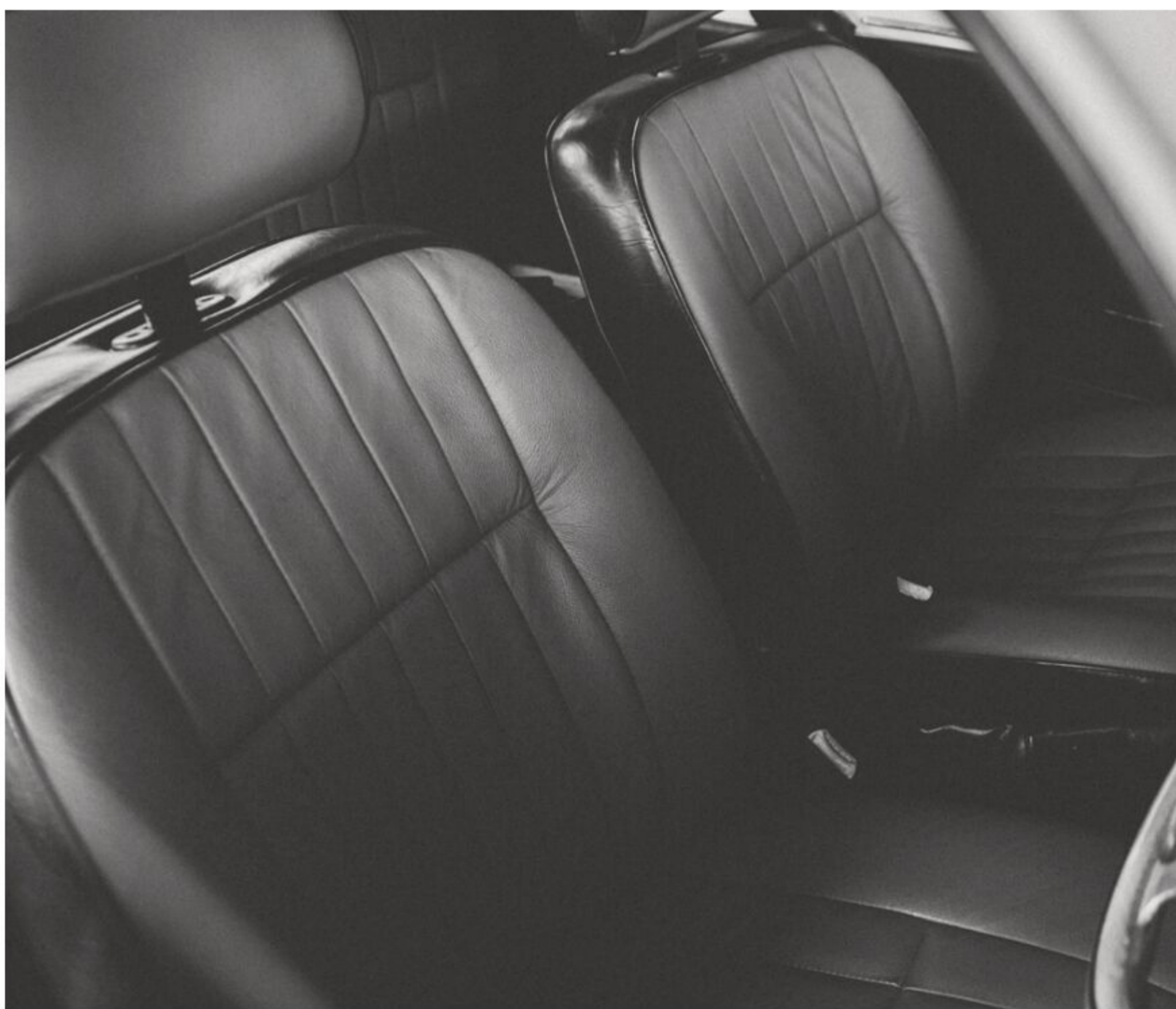






TYPE 1 KARMANN GHIA, PERHAPS THE MOST
STYLISH DESIGN TO ADORN THE
BEETLE PLATFORM.





PETER Fletcher grew up car-obsessed during the 1950s, where a car was a symbol of freedom and a ticket to adventure.

A burgeoning middle class was soon to discover affordable mobility; the car was to become a symbol of success as ordinary Australians were increasingly able to explore the world beyond their own postcodes.

Like much of the Western world, post-war Australia was a time of rapid social and economic change. Through the 1950s this country was riding on the sheep's back while at the same time a local automotive industry was flourishing.

PETER HAS SPENT MUCH OF HIS PROFESSIONAL LIFE CREATING SPACES FROM THE STYLISTIC TO THE FUNCTIONAL

'I grew up in the inner suburbs of Sydney, in Mascot, the GM plant at Pagewood was just down the road'.

'As kids we'd sit on the side of Port Botany Road and car spot, if we saw one we liked we'd try and bags it before anyone else'.

There's a wry amusement in Peter's voice as he talks looking back over the decades at his pre-adolescent self.

The tasteful lines of the living room

around us mirror our conversation as Peter Fletcher talks. As an architect Peter has spent much of his professional life creating spaces from the stylistic to the functional. This space, which he shares with his artist wife Kaz, reflects the design aesthetic, it's clearly a creative environment.

Here form, function and harmony have importance.

The more we talk, the more it becomes clear that this clean cut space is a universe away from an inner city Sydney childhood at the wrong end of Port Botany Rd.

'You'd get a glimpse of another world'.

Real estate and architectural renderings from those times portray a lifestyle that shows the inextricable link between the home and the automobile. House plans from drafting tables bathed in watercolour pastels, the crisp inked lines of cars parked in concrete driveways hinted at future successes. An airbrushed Australian dream of curved lines and glinting chrome.

A suburban dream of space and freedom and Antipodean aspiration.

These days Peter's garage is home to a 1961 Volkswagen Karmann Ghia. Its flowing lines sit well with the conversation and it's surrounds as we talk about 1950's Australia and the indelible mark left by automotive enthusiasm and Peter's career as an architect.



IT'S THE DESIGN; THE LOOK IS IMPORTANT BUT IT'S THE INTEGRATION OF ALL OF THE ELEMENTS OF DESIGN AND HOW THEY WORK TOGETHER.



'I drove my father's old Ford Consul when I first got my licence, but when I was 19 I bought a new Volkswagen Beetle. The Beetle was a lot of fun, it was simple and rear engined'.

'I just love the way they drive'.

Cars have been a consistent yet understated passion for Peter over the years, though this passion isn't about speed and high speed cornering. An architect's ethos soon surfaces as we talk.

'It's the design; the look is important but it's the integration of all of the elements of design and how they work together', he says. 'I'm not just interested in the way things look, it's also about how they function'.

'I've probably owned about 25 cars over the years, mostly new', he says. 'But I've had some interesting ones'.

'I did have an Austin Healey Sprite, it was a lovely car, I used it as a daily driver'.

'As far as Volkswagens go I've owned a Passat TS and a Jetta'.

More recently this garage was home to an Audi TT. 'The shape is not that much different from the Karmann really', he jokes.

Unsurprisingly given his childhood love of cars, it's the shapes and lines of the 50's and 60's that grab his eye these days.

'I actually wanted a Studebaker Champion but they're too big to fit in the garage', he says smiling.

He settled on a Type 1 Karmann Ghia, perhaps the most stylish design to adorn the Beetle platform.

'I love the look', he says. 'They look like they're moving when they're standing still. There's a theme that runs through every little fitting'.

However, there's more to Peter's admiration of the low slung Volkswagen than just style.

'I like the idea of oil leaks', he deadpans before breaking into a smile.

'Actually, I like the simplicity of an air cooled engine, they're mechanically quite simple'.

'And they're becoming increasingly rare'.

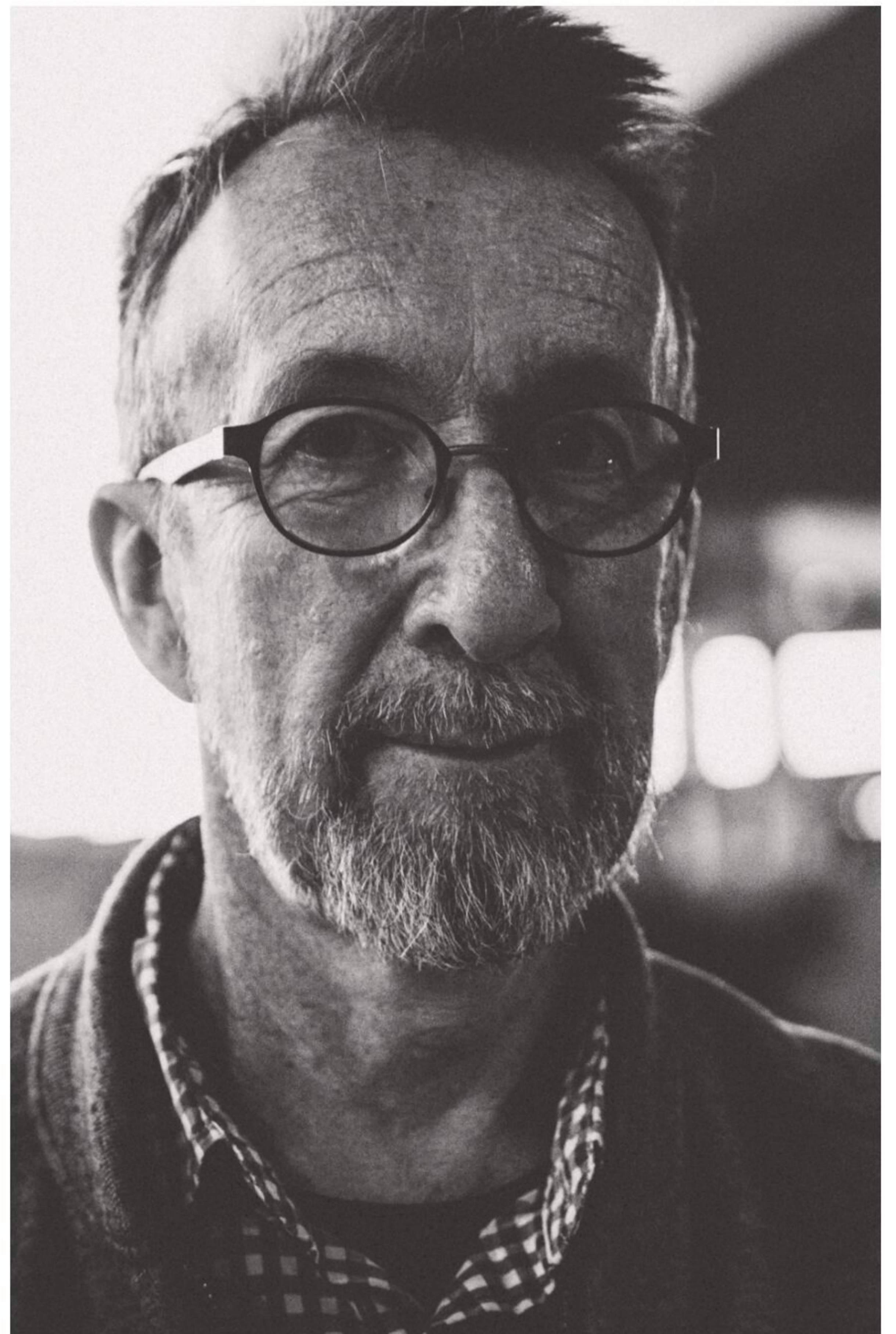
The engine fires into life, the throaty burble of the flat four giving away that this is no stock standard 1200cc engine.

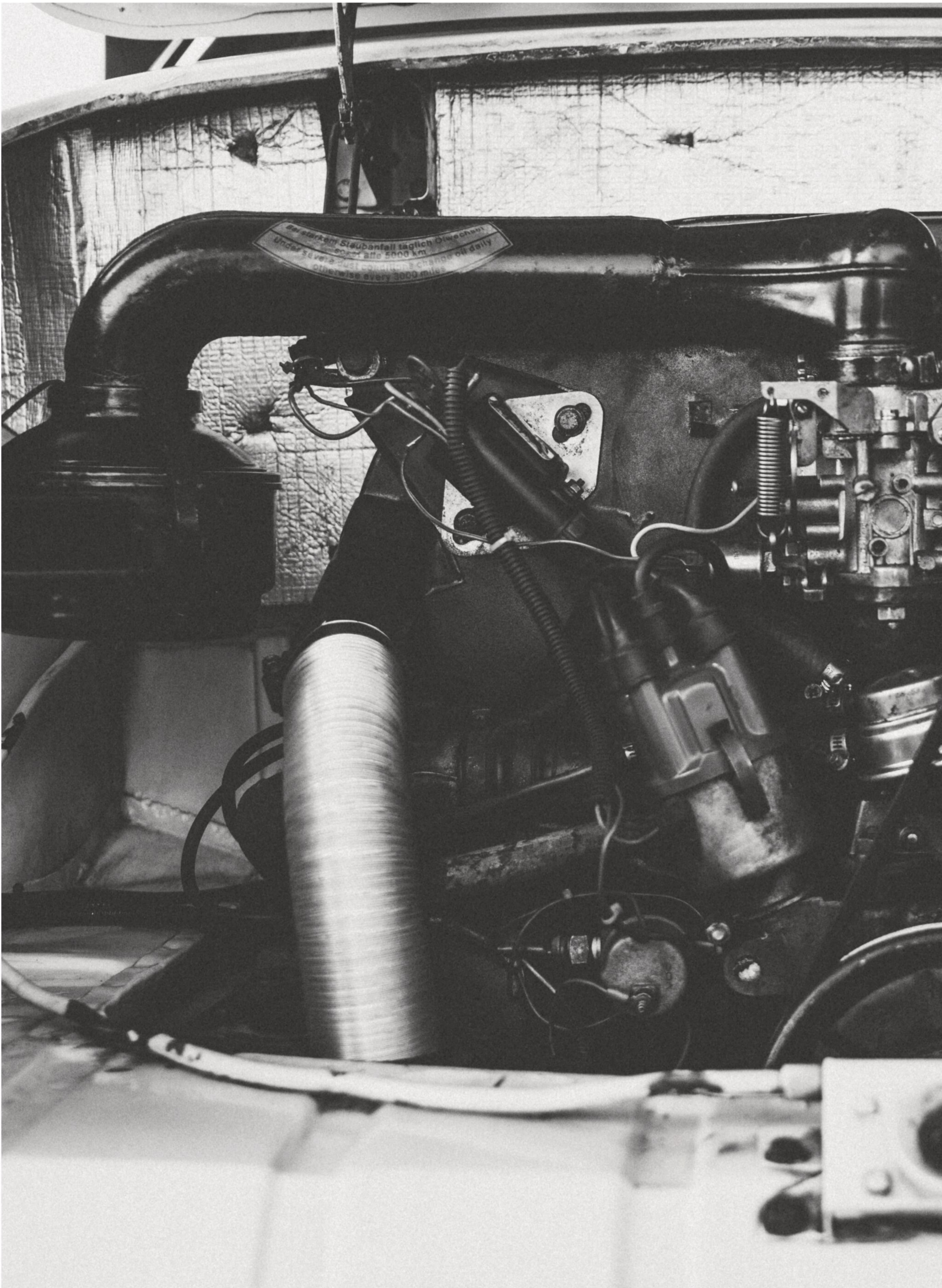
'The engine was replaced with a 1600 and it has a mild cam in it, nothing too silly'.

FOR ME AS A KID, THE CAR WAS WHAT TRANSPORTED YOU TO ANOTHER WORLD.

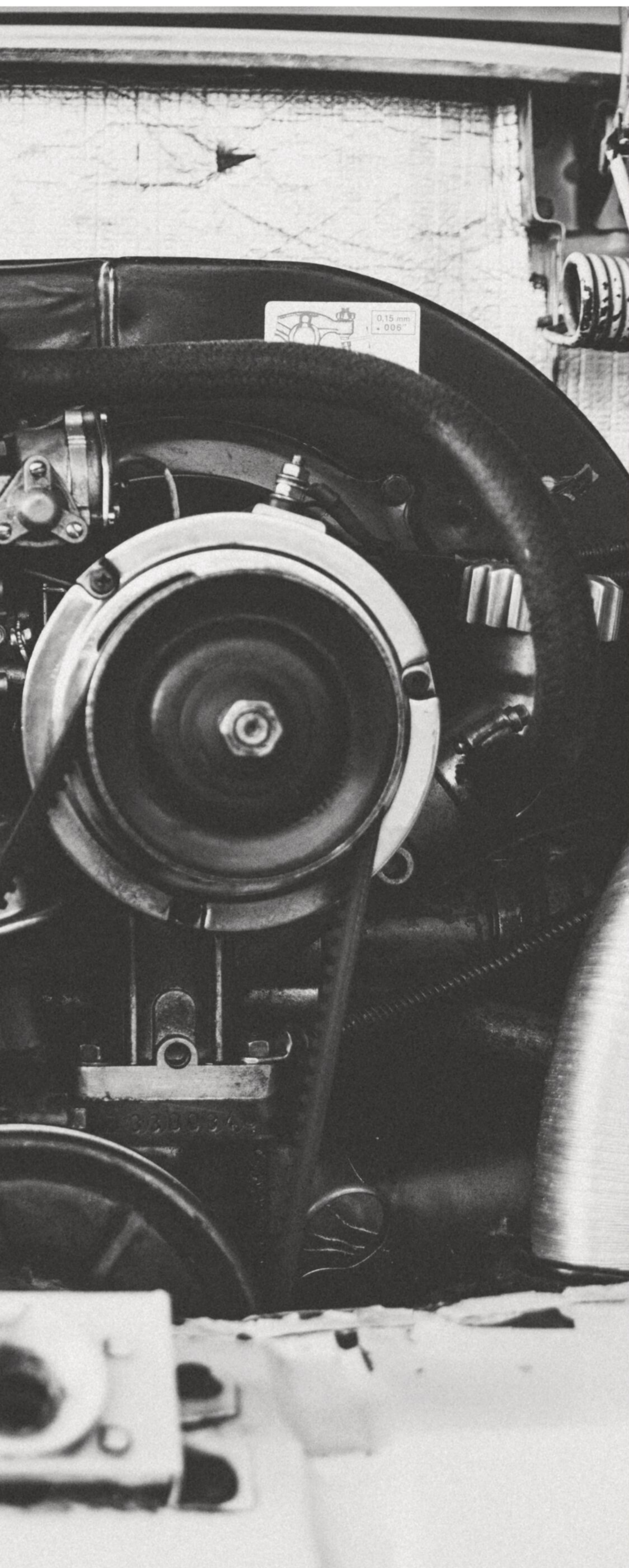
The aftermarket exhaust system gives the note a more meaningful pitch that complements the smooth lines and stance of the Karmann.

As the Volkswagen rumbles through the streets with Peter behind the wheel, the reflected landscape distorts





Bei starkem Staubanfall täglich Ölwechseln
sonst alle 5000 km
Under severe dust conditions change oil daily
otherwise every 3000 miles



and flows over the curves and seams of the bodywork. This car has an understated presence that undoubtedly reflects the personality of its owner. Peter agrees. 'The car is an expression of yourself, your personality'.

Provenance is also important to Peter, not just this particular car but of the design itself. 'I'm interested in the history of the car and its design'.

'A design is always attributed to the factory that made it rather than the personality that designed it'.

He points to an old Kreisher radio on a nearby shelf to emphasise the point.

'In Australia you never see the name of the architect on the building they designed, in America you do but here in Australia you have to dig around to find it'.

Peter refers to a debate on who actually penned the original Karmann Ghia design. 'Some claim it was originally a Virgil Exner design that was sold to Karmann! Who knows?'

Looking back at his formative years during the 1950s, Peter agrees that the rise of the car played a huge part in the changing fabric of Australian society and indeed on his own life.

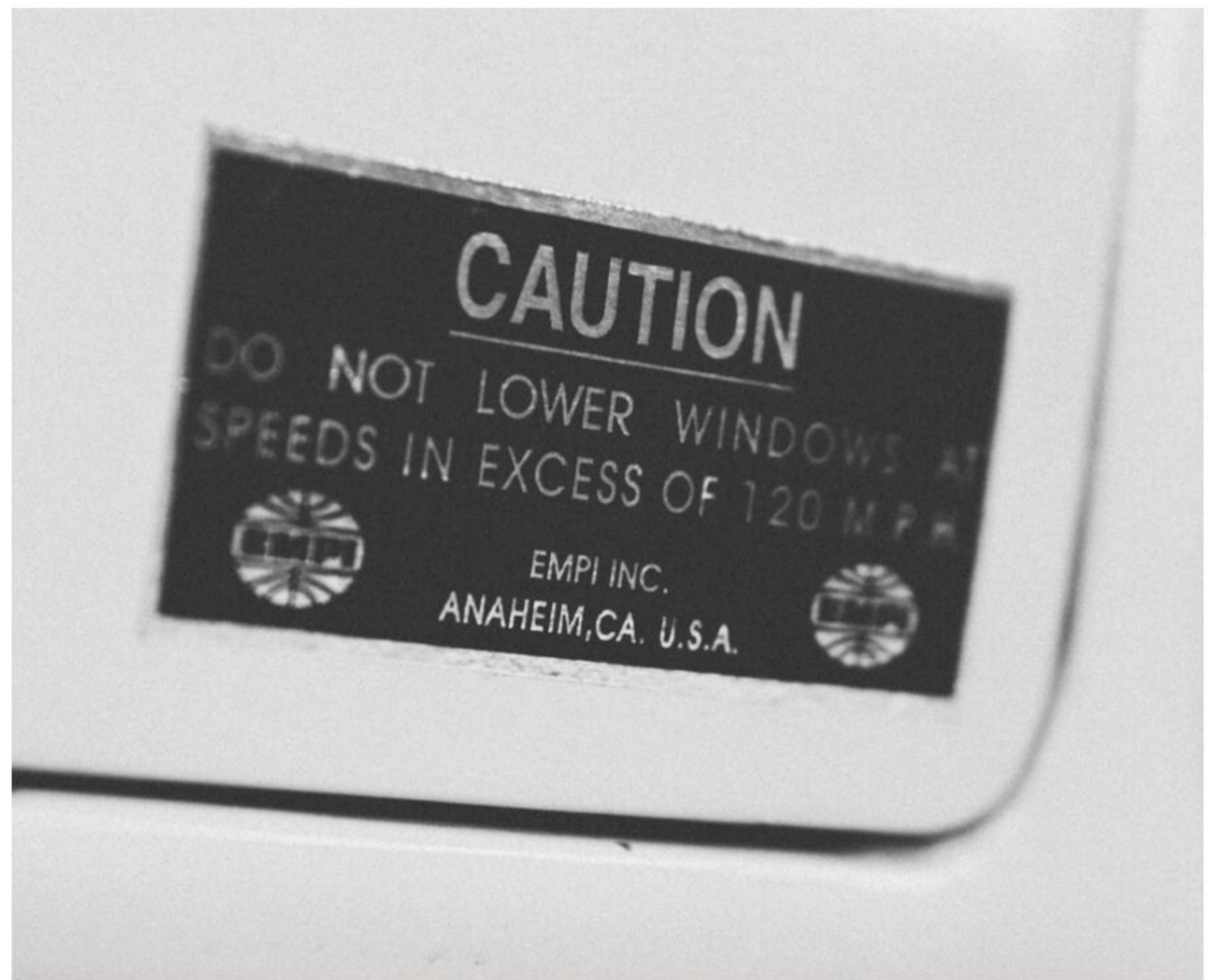
'I can remember growing up as a child in this working class suburb of Sydney, everybody knew everybody. It was like a small town unto itself'.

'The enthusiasm I have for cars stems from that time'.

'The only way out of that suburb was by tram', he continues. 'You didn't know anything about other places'.

'The car gave people the freedom to travel, to see other worlds, it was a huge change'.

'For me as a kid, the car was what transported you to another world'.







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