



Bitchin' Camaro

By Merritt Martin

In high school, I drove a red '75 Camaro. It had a 350 V8, and in it I won my first (and only) drag race...against a Chevy Nova down Garland Avenue, no less. Now, for a girl it's a little unusual to be totally stoked about an old Camaro, but Sweet Pea met cool criteria such as not being a Mustang and being built in the pre-hescher era. So what if I had to throw her into neutral at red lights if the A/C was on. So what if she guzzled gas as fast as the Bush administration. That car, and its white vinyl seats, reigned. Brooklyn artist Matthew Porter also seems to have a soft spot for the 1970s muscle car, as evidenced in his series ***Sun City***, currently on exhibit through Saturday (so, like, go now) at the Marty Walker Gallery, 2135 Farrington St. Porter's photographs feature said cars in precarious and stuntish positions...such as diving off of cliffs and performing Dukes of Hazzard-like stunts (which I never, ever fantasized about in my two-door legend, I swear). Call 214-749-0066 or visit www.martywalkergallery.com.