

anyone want a lift to Melbourne?

I say yes . . . Dixo says OK . . . Fifty fifty for petrol . . .

460 there cross country . . . 600 back round the coast . . .

we inspect our transport . . . a 500cc BSA . . . registration S A 66-596 . . .

Dixo's saddle is a triangular leather hammock on three spiral springs . . .

nine is a small Sorbo block on the rear mudguard . . .

we test the seating arrangements round and round the hut

we set off . . . out towards Tailem Bend . . . in a heatwave . . .

the road an illusion of wet glass . . . mile after mile . . . straight as a die . . .

the tarmac running away into grit . . . into bleached grasses . . .

into soot black scrub . . .

here and there the tall white limbs of eucalyptus . . . stuck on the sky . . .

with their thin canopies of pale cardboard leaves . . .

mile after mile . . . straight as a die . . . driving into one point perspective . . .

heading for the vanishing point . . .

the bend comes suddenly . . . Dixo leans over . . . I don't . . .

we're on the grit . . . spinning up dust . . . Dixo brakes . . . comes to a stop . . .

we look around . . . walk as far as the wrecked cars . . .

where other drivers imagined the road to be . . .

driving straight as a die into one point perspectives . . .

heading for the vanishing point . . .

we turn round . . . look behind us . . . to the other side of the bend . . .

at the wrecked cars . . .