



by *Louis Haiman*

You may know the guy I'm talking about. You don't know one thing about him. His name. Where he lives. What he does. You can spot him though. You know his car. He's everywhere.

"Oh, there's the guy with the Impala...sweet."

"There's the El Camino guy."

"Oh, man, have seen that guy with the Charger?"

These guys are known only by the cars they drive. It speaks volumes about a guy that doesn't just jump off a cliff and buy your everyday reliable, SUV, Honda, Toyota or anyother "drone mobile". Nope, this is a marriage were talking about. Long term commitment. Priority number one.

I wanted to be "that" guy.

I had just gone through a major life shift: broke up with a girlfriend of 6 years, moved across the country, back to California. Prepared myself for a life of bachelorhood. Alone but never lonely.

Now, Chevy Novas aren't exactly unique. You see a few of them: oversized tires, raised back ends. Pretty much all muscled out, but this Nova was special: Only 28,000 original miles. Sitting in a garage for over 10 years. It's lines were much

more sleek and elegant than you typical pre 1975 model. This was a 1978 Nova Classic. Sleek and refined on the outside. All muscle under the hood. Very understated in it's juxtaposition of qualities. However by 1983, make no mistake. The Nova had become completely wimpified and stripped of any it's glory.

Oh man, and I got my Pops all jazzed up about having a project car in the family. It brought back memories of his own hot rodding days and we'd do an overhaul of the engine, new upholstery, new paint. The works. It'll be a one of a kind ride, and I did start getting some nice compliments as I cruised it around town.

"Oh, yeah man, I seen you around, that's a sweet looking ride."

I was becoming "that" guy. Like that '62 Nova guy that lived around the block from me. Now, his pony was all tricked out. Understated, great subdued paint job. Great tires. Real nice upholstery. I'd seen him out cruising, blaring heavy metal music. Easily a \$15,000 job.

Well, we got a lot of the work done under the hood, replaced lots of hoses, the alternator etc. Or, I should say my did all the work. You see, I'm a musician and I can't be making a wreck of my hands. Also, I had just landed a new job. Wore nice clothes. You know, that I couldn't get down and dirty with. Oh! and around that time I had met a great girl up in Los Angeles, so, weekend overhaulin' was out of the question, besides I needed a more reliable car to make the trips back and forth to Los Angeles every weekend to see her so, I got a Honda.

I think that Nova stuck around for awhile in overhaul limbo. Never got a new paint job. Never got the upholstery done. I think my Pops drove it for awhile until driving became too dangerous for him. After all it was the size of a tank and he could barely see over the steering wheel. It was eventually sold off and hopefully restored to it's rightful glory, by someone, somewhere.

You should've seen it.

80

71

9

1987

