

The Seven Wonders of

As you drive into Monterey, you are struck by the sinking feeling that the weekend is getting too popular. There's too much to do. Certainly too many people.

Your inner voice questions your making this annual pilgrimage; it's a trip too easily marred by traffic jams and crowds that block even the smallest view of this year's star Isotta.

How can we put up with this?

How can we not?

Only gluttons try to inhale the whole Monterey Weekend. The real secret to enjoying it is to be selective. Monterey's biggest rewards come in its smallest moments. Here are our favorites.

Where Concoors is King

Suppose you are the first child in the world to watch the first circus parade into town.

Suppose you are an impressionist art student who stumbles on the movers setting up a new collection of Monets in the Musee d'Orsay in Paris.

Suppose you are crowned king of England, and have the right to examine the field at Ascot before the races are run.

That's what it's like to be among a small cast of characters who rouse themselves at dawn to stand in the mist and the cold of golf's most famous hole and watch each entrant in the Pebble Beach Concoors d'Elegance parade onto the grounds under its own power. It amounts to a private and very complete show. Later in the day, only the winners will be driven across the green ramp fronting of The Lodge.

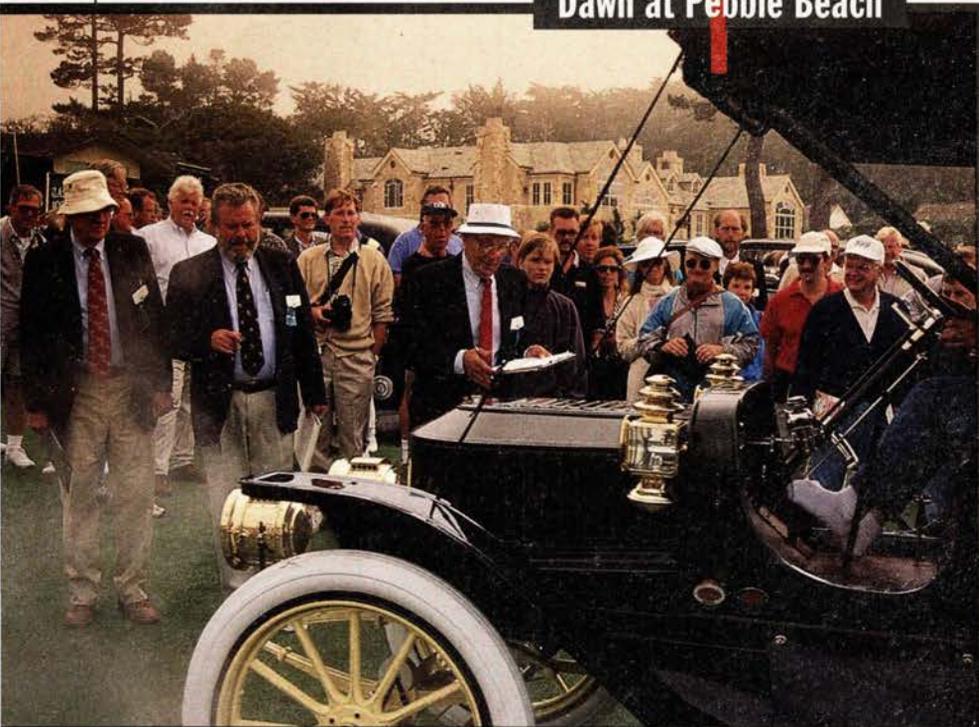
This annual ritual is a communion. And what is shared is an appreciation for fine automobiles. Everyone contributes something, be it a snippet of history on a car or a piece of gossip about the owner. Observations are shared, but nothing very judgmental. That's a job for others, later.

At the end of the day, there is only enough gold for a few.

But if that last light is golden, then the first light is platinum. The dew on the grass blends with the mist in the air and reflection from the glassy water of the ocean, creating an ambience evoking the precious metal. And the cars are literally precious metal, even as they gently puff smoke, gliding forth into position on the damp fairway.

At daybreak on the virgin field, each car

Dawn at Pebble Beach



Judges (above) ensure that an entrant is in running order. Post-war open-wheel race cars ranged from Rodger Ward's Kurtis Indy roadster to a Stanguellini Formula Junior. Isotta Fraschini, sharing honored marque status with Rolls-Royce, was well-represented by this '33 Tipo 8A SS Castagna Special Sports Tourer.



Monterey



is still a contender for best in show, and will be until it is over. During first light there are no crowds, just the high priests, priestesses and shamans, admiring a Lotus 23 that had been run hard at Laguna Seca the previous day—admiring it no less than they do W.K. Haines' 1931 Isotta Fraschini Tipo 8B that would later be judged Best of Show. In reverent near-whispers, they compare the clean styling of Arturo Keller's '38 8C 2900 Alfa Stabilimenti Farina Spider to the rivet-finned '38 Delage De Villars Cabriolet of Emily and Sam Mann.

On the upper field, just outside the entrance to the elegant Pebble Beach Lodge, there are modern concept cars; the Audi Avus, Ford GT90 and Bugatti EB 112 share space with the Chrysler Elegante and GM Phantom. What was Bill Mitchell thinking when he drew the Phantom, a concept car that spawned the Pontiac Grand Am and the boattail Riviera?

The daybreak ritual ends as the cars are assembled and the crowds begin to swell. By 10 a.m., the Yogi Berra principle holds: It's so crowded, nobody goes there anymore. Pebble Beach is the world's greatest concours. You just have to know when to strike.

—Matt DeLorenzo



Crowds hem in a '38 Bugatti Atalante (above) that took most elegant closed car honors. Judges Phil Hill and Don Runkle (above left) compare notes. Since no one knows exactly when the judges will come calling, detailing is a constant activity on the lawn. Orange isn't a color usually associated with a Mercedes 540K (below).



The art exhibit offered respite from the crowded fairway. Here, artist Phyllis Krim relaxes with her husband and her work.

The Art Show 2 Island of Art

By late morning, it is merely a small island in the roiling sea of people that is the 18th fairway at Pebble Beach. But it can be a crowded island, this tent where the Automotive Fine Arts Society displays its work. Just rubbing elbows here can mean escape and serenity. It is in the paintings and in the sculpture that is on display.

If you had the powers of that woman in the Aurora commercial, you could teleport yourself into a Nicola Wood

painting and find yourself next to James Dean and his Porsche 550 Spyder.

Do you like impressionism? Peter Hearsey lets you pretend you're a rail-bird watching Gilles Villeneuve in his Ferrari coming right at you. Artists such as Ken Dallison, Ken Eberts, William Motta, Dennis Hoyt are here. Better still, they're offering their work for sale.

This year, Lincoln-Mercury took over the exhibit sponsorship from Infiniti, and brought a work of its own to display—the handsome L2K roadster concept car. We hope it's one original that goes into a limited edition series.

—Matt DeLorenzo

BOB PUFFER PHOTO

The Meaning of Monterey

You can put it all into one word, but it's a weird one. Voisin. Try it again: *vwah-zah*. Yes, it's a car. A car even more peculiar than its name, with a diverting spraddle-legged stance, slab-sided yet tapering bodywork that looks like a chunk of Ford Tri-Motor wing, and a darling little toy propeller spinning merrily up front.

That may read like a cartoon, but it describes a real race car, one built in 1923 in France (where else?) by early birdman Gabriel Voisin. Okay, so the one chugging around Laguna Seca in 1995 is a reproduction, but it is splendidly done, and it brilliantly beamed California sunshine into an otherwise obscure corner of motorsports.



A replica of a '23 Voisin delighted the crowd as much as Marshall Teague's 1951 Hudson Hornet (far left). Lotuses, from Cortinas to Sevens (below) were profligate, while the appearance of Ayrton Senna's F1 mount triggered bittersweet emotions.



CHARLIE RATHBUN PHOTOS

The Concours Italiana

The Concours Italiana Is Molto Fun

Our favorite guy at the Concours Italiana was Gordon Bass of Sonora, Calif. In addition to being a dead ringer for Elvis, he owns a black 1982 Maserati Quattroporte stretch limo. That's right, stretch limo.

"Can you believe this?" Bass asked. "It was advertised for \$12,000 at a drug seizure auction in Modesto."

That was *with* the "GD FAHTR" personalized plate and the TV antennas in the back. Bass was not miffed that the Pebble Beach Concours search committee had overlooked his car. He was having a great time, just like everyone else on the lawn at the Quail Lodge this day. They had all found a place to fit in and be celebrated.

Where else could the lady with the bright orange fingernails wear her shocking green spandex and leather bustier? If the Pebble Beach Concours is Pomp and Circumstance, the Concours Italiana is Louie, Louie.

Specifically, Louie Lombardo, who,

with wife Coleen Peters, every year turns his 1974 Lamborghini Espada into "Luigi's Lamborghini Cafe," with hors d'oeuvres served on the engine block and desserts under the rear glass.

"Our car was kind of ugly," said Peters. "There wasn't too much we could do with it, so we ended up with this. Would you like some wine?" he asked.

Sure.

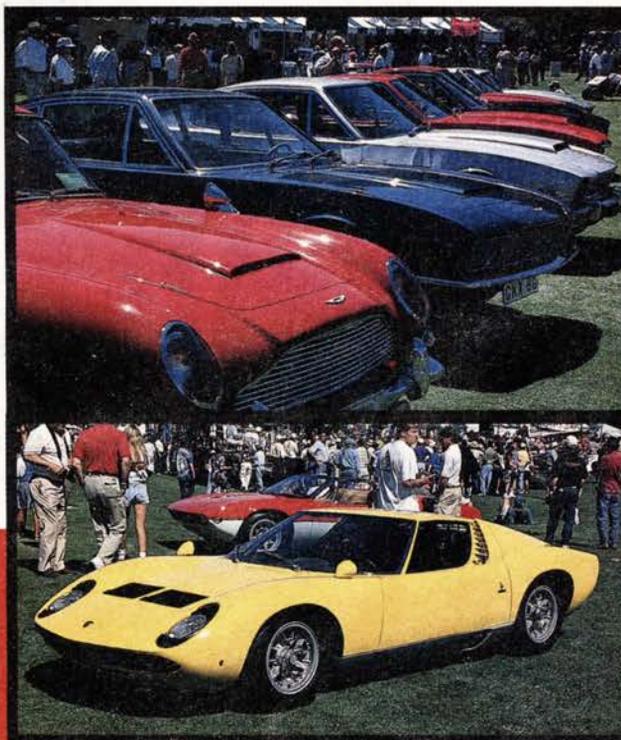
And Giorgio Giugiaro, this year's honored guest, was having a splendid time. His life's work was displayed along Valley Greens Drive, everything from the 1960 Ferrari 250 GT prototype to his own, inner-ribbed pasta design. ("Holds more sauce that way," we're told.) When they rolled up the Giugiaro-designed Maserati Boomerang to the display area, someone asked the great

designer if he could fit in the car. He climbed in, said it fit just fine, then fired up the engine as if to drive it away.

"Oh mama, whoooah," is what the translator said.

— Mark Vaughn

Concours Italiana is not just for Italians anymore, as this row of Aston Martins (above right) attests. Still, cars like the Lamborghini Miura (right) are the real crowd pleasers.





And this is what Steve Earle's Monterey Historic Races, now presented by Chrysler, is all about. You'll hear the occasional

grumble in vintage circles about the strict codes governing this invitational event, but it has been going for 22 years now, and is still growing like a puppy. Its success has even taken on a negative side, as crawling traffic—much of it generated by unconnected but parallel old car events springing up on the peninsula—becomes more irksome every year.

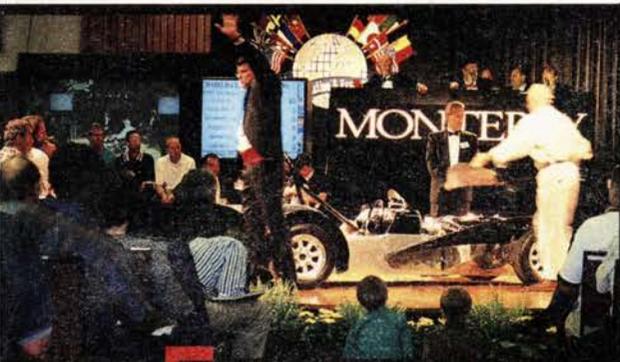
But for the vintage racing enthusiast with patience (or a reliable alarm clock, to beat the rush hour), this is a show you just won't see anywhere else.

Along with the prop-job Voisin was another effort in early streamlining, a

Bugatti "Tank." Not a pretty sight, but a whole track, full of truly beautiful Bugs, more than compensates for it. To the aesthetic ear, listening to the 22 F1 cars from the 1970s and '80s, every engine unmuffled, is like standing at the focal point of an orchestra's brass section. Intellectuals, of course, believe that the climax of the weekend was the incredible turnout of the late Colin Chapman's exquisite Lotus racers.

Then there was Stirling Moss, the legendary master, giving driving lessons at the hairpin. Said one onlooker: "I have goose bumps!" It can't be helped.

—by Pete Lyons



Though the setup is nearly the same at the World Classic Auction (far left) and Christie's (below), it's how the sale is conducted that makes the difference. And the prices—the Count Rimoldi Alfa (left) went for more than \$1.6 million.

The Auctions

A New York Minute on the Auction Block

'P'ebble Beach is our star sale, our most significant event," said David Gooding, head of Christie's International Motor Car Department. Don Williams at World Classic also knows the importance of the peninsula. "There's much to putting on a successful event, but you need a prime location and setting, and that's what Monterey has. Monterey wasn't created in a day or a year, it's evolved with a tradition."

This rich tradition draws buyers from all over the world, and the incredible swirl of events stimulates a mood to buy. Auctions, of course, can't feed off ambience alone. The events need a great selection of cars, strong and well-focused promotion, hard work and luck. Auctions are live performances in which the audiences participate, and that makes them unpredictable.

Many buyers attend both auctions, but World Classic and Christie's are different affairs. Christie's sells far fewer cars from a tent-pavilion adjacent to The Lodge at Pebble Beach. In general, these are high-luster traditional classics, and have dominated



"Best of Show" at Pebble Beach for years. This year's star was "The Rimoldi" '33 Alfa Romeo 8C 2300 Corto Spyder, with Touring coachwork. Owned for 50 years by Giulio Rimoldi, an Italian ice merchant, it is superbly original and unrestored.

Numbering 500 or 600 people, the Christie's crowd is much smaller than the World Classic gatherings. The audience appears older, dressier, more conservative and international—at ease. Still, such generalizations are slippery in a world so obscenely appearance-conscious. Who knows what resources might lurk under a T-shirt and tattoos these days?

Christie's and World Classic differ in auction style, too. In Christie's English manner, things happen fast. The auctioneer has a clear and spare delivery, making direct eye-to-eye contact with bidders in the room or agents who handle the tele-

phones at the side. Players should know their intentions when the bidding starts because there's no time for agonizing decisions. Meanwhile, over at World Classic, the show's the thing. There's the familiar melodic auctioneer's chanting, ring men working the crowd to raise bids and reticent owners to lower reserves. The cajoling, clever voice-overs and friendly banter from the podium give the sale a festive air.

The contrast is stark over at Pebble Beach. The Rimoldi Alfa goes up. The auctioneer, Dermot Chichester, begins the bidding at \$750,000, and price advances quickly from there: \$800,000—\$850—one million—\$1.1—\$1.2—\$1.3—\$1.4—\$1.5—\$1.6—\$1.650—Any further advances? —Fair warning now—Bang/sold! Brief, polite applause follows. "The Rimoldi" sells in a New York Minute.

—by Phil Schilling

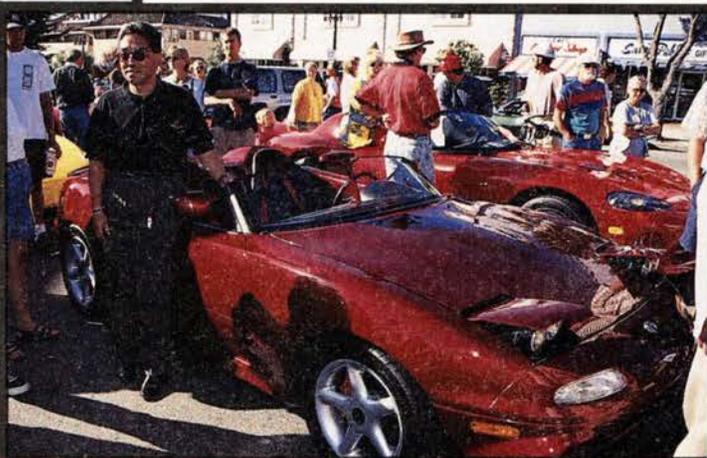
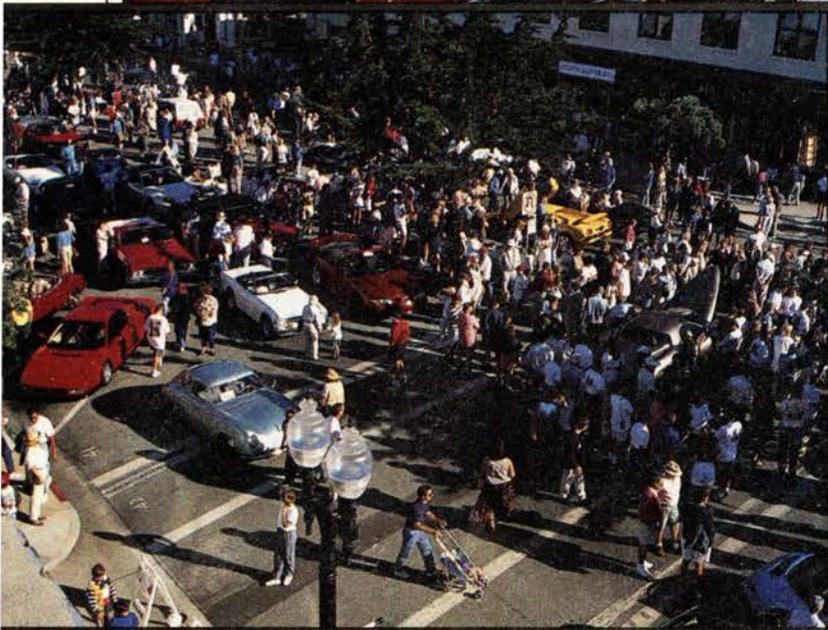
The AutoWeek **6** Rolling Concours



Come One, Come All—Bugs and Snakes Alike

In hindsight, we wonder how we could have doubted. There is a truism that makes the first annual AutoWeek Rolling Concours a shoo-in success: Everybody loves a parade.

And that's what it was. A run-what-you-



Grand marshal Carroll Shelby (top) commanded the 262 drivers to start their engines. Shelby's progeny, a 427 Cobra (top left) was a popular attraction. The public responded in droves, crowding downtown Pacific Grove (left). Mazda's Miata Speedster with designer Tom Matano (above) led the concept car contingent.

The Street **7** Scene

The Best Show Is Free

They first appear on the drive up, cars that would draw a crowd back home but almost blend in at Monterey. One by one, they appear in our rearview mirror as we buzz up Interstate 5 in a convertible with the top up. Because the plastic rear window distorts the images, we perceive the first few to be coupes, squeezed into the form of exotics; as the cars get closer though, their shapes don't change. They stay low and sleek, until supercars fill our mirror. Howling in a glorious and verifying roar of V12, they shoot toward the horizon. For hours, Ferraris, Lambos, Cobras, Panteras—pedals down, exhausts wailing, radar detectors at full

alert—pass by, enroute to Monterey.

Even if you didn't have a ticket to the Concours or the historic races at Laguna Seca or Concours Italiana, you could hang around the streets of the Monterey area and take in enough glorious cars to last an entire year. Two Lotus 7s raced by us in Carmel, and we strolled past a Ferrari 250 GT, sitting unattended in a parking lot. The one

and only Rivolta Varedo trundled by, on the flatbed of a truck. These and other special cars were there for the looking. In almost every instance, owners were eager to share their enthusiasm for their cars. These conversations are one of the best parts of Monterey, in that they are telling of what brings everyone here in the first place.

—Mark Vaughn

No ticket is needed to see the rolling stock that floods the public roadways.



brung (but please, make it special) tour of 262 great cars through the great streets of Pacific Grove, Carmel and Monterey. The elements were all there: the cars, the towns, the weather, the people—both participants and spectators. The idea was populism—accessibility for all.

The accessibility came by way of a \$25 entry fee (\$20 of which went to a town program called Pacific Grove Youth) and free admission, whether on Lighthouse Road, where the cars staged and were displayed for 90 minutes before the start, or along the route, where thousands of people lined the streets to wave and grin and even cheer.

Kids, of course. Car guys, obviously. But little old ladies in wheelchairs wrapped in Scotch plaid blankets? You should have seen them beam.

What did we do to deserve this wonderful reception? Just invite regular people to become part of the Monterey weekend, which had become a party for the rich. "Real cars, real people," our publisher and the event's host exalted from the podium on the flatbed truck. A rally cry is born. Next year it should be on the posters.

Most of the cars were beautiful, and those that weren't were lovable. None of the people were Beautiful, but we think they were all beautiful.

"Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines," announced Carroll Shelby, our Grand Marshal, and 262 engines fired at once. Old and new, from Avanti to Zagato, Volkswagen (the mayor, in her own Beetle convertible) to Rolls. Of course there were Vipers, Vettes and Cobras galore. Tons of Lotuses, since this was their year. Alfas, Triumphs, Healeys, Jags and MGs, naturally. And a variety of Italian cars. Then there were the weird ones: the Mini-Moke and the Dolphin, so-named because it is shaped like one. It had once been a Jaguar XK 120, but it got mated with a 250-year-old redwood tree that was felled in a windstorm.

They all rolled out about 90 minutes before sunset on Friday, and followed the winding road along the undeveloped beach. Occasionally, the activities became part of the Rolling Concours; one surfer, whose rusty Rabbit carried on its roof a sleek triple-finned board, slipped out from a stop sign and found a comfortable slot between the Callaway Corvette and the supercharged Miata Speedster. The surfmobile fit nicely into the picture, metaphorically; visually, the scene was appropriately eclectic.

The sea lions honked and clapped at that one. They were watching from the lineup just outside the lightly crashing waves.

On second thought, make that next year's poster.

— Sam Moses

Moss^{on} Lotus

Stirling Moss closed his great career in the first of Colin Chapman's great cars. At Monterey, he takes a look back

'Colin was a pretty good driver, a brilliant engineer, and a difficult man to deal with. I mean, he was not difficult like Ferrari, but he was difficult from our point of view because he wouldn't sell the latest equipment. And he was difficult because I think he built his cars lighter than they should be.

"I didn't realize it at the time, but every race I went into [my team] was buying new stub axles because they were very prone to breaking. I didn't know that, it was kept quiet from me.

"He had a good sense of humor—in some things. He didn't have a sense of humor against himself. I remember when I won the American Grand Prix in a Lotus, it happened to be my birthday, and they gave me a cake with a Lotus on the top. I cut the wheel off and said, 'Go give this to Colin.' He didn't see the funny side of it at all!

"I never did business with him myself, because he'd look down a corkscrew and say it was straight. Ah, well, that's not really fair. I don't think he was dishonest, but I think that he would use every opportunity that he could.

"But having said that, I think his cars were terrific. He was brilliant because he found ways 'round things that other people hadn't managed to deal with. He had flair, he was intuitive, and he would take more risks—not risks, but he'd try things out more. If another designer thought,

'Well, that may be carrying it a bit too far,' Colin would say, 'Well, let's see if it is.'

"Lotuses were never the easiest to drive, [but] they were the best. A Cooper was something sort of built up by a glorified blacksmith, really. The Lotuses were delicate, they were a precision job, and if you had the precision and were very skillful you certainly could do better in them than in any other car. But if you hadn't [the skill], or wanted to enjoy it, you were better off with a Cooper, because you could throw a Cooper around and you were nearly as fast, and a lot safer.

"Now later on, as Colin matured, I think that his designs were very much more pleasurable. But when I was driving them, the difference basically is that a Cooper was more adaptable to being abused. In other words, you'd come into a corner and you could throw it into a slide. A Lotus, you'd come into a corner and you would take it up to a slide and you'd have to hold it on the edge of sliding. It didn't like it once it got out of shape, you had an enormous job to get it back. If a Cooper got out of shape, you just corrected it. It was therefore more fun to drive a Cooper, but less rewarding, because driving is fun and winning is better."

— Pete Lyons

Stirling Moss, who won the American Grand Prix in a Lotus, raced his Lotus 23B at the Monterey Historics.



CHARLIE RATHBUN PHOTOS