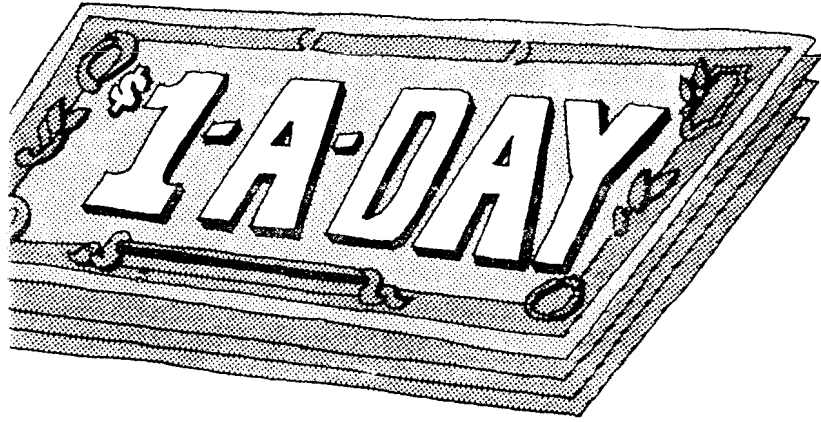


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LET'S GO II

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WOW,
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THE MONACO GRAND PRIX

Every young car driver worth his driving gloves has spent many a dreaming minute (perhaps waiting for a stop-light) picturing himself as a Fangio or a Moss, wedged into a red Ferrari, screaming around a hairy, slithery racecourse. Unfortunately, for most of us, screams on American roads are restricted by speed limits, and slithers are achieved only on icy driveways. But the call of the open road entices some to Europe, Alps, free-speed highways, and 80-cents-a-gallon gasoline. Those who don't manage to find suitable Ferraris can perhaps manage a Volkswagen or a Volvo. Equipped with a car and new Italian racing gloves (to replace the Sears gardening gloves that were, after all, enough for the old Ford back home), Michelin maps, mile/kilometer conversion tables, international license plates, and hopefully an exotic girl, you can challenge the European roadways and get down to the serious business of going to see *real* racing, European-style (not to be confused with such American classics as the San Diego Demolition Derby).

In the spring and summer there are races and rallies aplenty to see in Europe, but only a few are really worth *watching*. The 24 Hours at Le Mans, a contest not only between men or machines, but between factories, is too crowded with people; besides, one can't even *eat* well in Le Mans. The various races at Nürburgring in Germany are hard to see—all the seats are right by the pits, engaging mostly for mechanics and motor oil salesmen—and anyway, it always rains there. The countryside at such sports car prototype events as the Targa Florio in Sicily is fine; the people and the wine are doubtless infectious. But cars come by only about once every three hours, and no one would want to battle thousands of race-frenzied Italian drivers all the way back to Rome. There are good Grand Prix races in Holland and Belgium (though no one off a racecourse is safe in a car in Belgium where there are no driver's licenses: everyone drives at age fourteen). You will doubtless choose, as we did, the **Grand Prix Automobile de Monaco** which takes place in early May. Formula I races come the closest to epitomizing auto racing: cars meeting rigid specifications with regard to engine size and design—making them pure racing machines with no relation to Grandpa's DeSoto; and drivers of the most exclusive class (there are fewer than twenty men qualified to race Formula I) with virtually nothing to rely on but skill

and reflex. And the course at Monaco! The night before the race traffic flows through the streets. During the race the streets are blocked off to become the course itself, with the same torturous turns and hills.

My wife and I, students for a year in Sweden, took a long weekend to hop down from Stockholm to Monaco for the 25th Grand Prix, May 7, 1967. The drive took us down the autobahns to Switzerland, over the Alps, through a tunnel with our car on a train through St. Gothard's pass, still closed by snow in May. (This ride, for interested couples, is over thirty minutes in pitch dark.) Over for a pilgrimage to Turin, home of Fiat and Alfa, and thence through more mountains up and down to Nice. As we neared the Mediterranean everyone we saw on the road seemed to share a common temperament. All were couples; all drivers wore racing gloves; cars sprouted exhaust pipes and GT stripes or symbols (even ours: Volvo 123 GT, in silver and red letters). As we started up the last mountain from Italy to France we were passed by a fancy couple in a Mini Cooper S which, unlike an earlier Fiat Abarth, was worth chasing. We were in turn chased by an overloaded Alfa, and the three of us squealed and smoked up through the countryside, sharing the understanding that we were all off to the races. The parade was eventually broken by customs checks and money changing, but I saw the other cars off-and-on all the rest of the way.

We arrived in Nice in the late afternoon and parked on the would-be drag strip along the beach to let the Pirellis cool, plan our strategy for the next few days, and count our *francs*. One goes to Monaco to see the race and to see Monaco at race time. Monaco is always a rich place, but the richest people swarm back at race time. The car magnates bring their cars, and the Casino clogs. You see the most racing during the practice sessions the three days before the race itself, for during this time the crowds are thin, and you can move around to pick the best places to watch from. One visits Monaco by wandering in the town when no cars are on the track—steadfastly shunning shops selling anything but food and flowers—and by loitering on the Casino steps as the fancy women sparkle in (we were too young for real gambling) and by roaring around the course at night when it is open to regular traffic. We wanted all this and more: we wanted to spend no money. So we slept that night on a secluded road high up on the *corniche*, stretched out on the Volvo's reclining seats.

Saturday, the day before the race, there are time trials

both morning and afternoon which determine the starting positions of the drivers. There is also a baby Grand Prix with Formula 3 cars that whine along merrily with smaller engines and less god-like *pilotes*. This is the time to find out which places afford the best view of the racing. It's also the time to buy your Monaco souvenirs, get a food basket, wear comfortable shoes, and look around. We drove into the municipality early, racing the motor often. We disdained the public parking areas and toured around the back streets of Monaco looking for a spot close to the track. It was hopeless, as all Monaco residents park very firmly and do not touch their cars for the duration of the invasion. We finally parked behind a large warehouse near the stadium, on the water's edge, avoiding the pay parking areas. Brushing the sand out of our hair, we started out to see what we could see.

At Grand Prix time Monaco is dominated by the car. We soon grew ashamed of our humble Volvo and were glad we had left it hidden away on the outskirts. For in the city itself there are only two classes of cars: the monster cars, with fabulous prices and sizzling looks: Ferraris, Maseratis, Lamborghinis, and so on; and the aggressive, defiant junkheaps which sputter through the town blocking the otherwise exclusive traffic: Fiat 600's from Rome, stuffed with Ferrari fans, Renault Dauphines lost in Monte Carlo on their way back to the farms, VW's with VW salesmen. The middle-class cars, from Volvos to Jaguars, were just not welcome. Where but at the Monaco GP can one see three brand new Ferraris parked back to back on one street? Where but at the Monaco GP does a driver not honk his horn at the car blocking the road but only rev his engine and deafen the offender with the roar?

Time trials go on quite continuously from about noon on. We bought a program from a program vendor—a nice book with pictures of all the drivers . . . We passed by the fruit stands and at stores far from the casino bought enough fruit, yogurt, bread, wine, cheese, and *pâté* to fill our basket. To watch the race, there were three alternatives. One can choose reserved seats at some desirable place around the course and write ahead (to L'Automobile Club de Monaco, 23 Blvd. Albert-1^{er}, Monaco) to buy tickets, for both the Grand Prix itself and for the time trials and the Formula 3 race the day before. Or you can buy a "*circulaire*" which entitles you to walk around the course, and to stand at a number of relatively good spots to watch, above the two hairpins at Gasometer and the Railroad Station,

and near the pits. *Circulaire* cards are much cheaper than seats and offer more variety. The third alternative is to stand on the *pelouse* (grass areas near the casino and up on the "rock of Monaco" above the gasometer hairpin and overlooking the bay, *i.e.*, just below Rainier's window). Seats cost around 20 francs for the trials and around 60 francs for the race itself. *Circulaires* cost 8 francs for the trials and 20 francs for the Grand Prix. *Pelouses* cost 4 francs for the trials and 8 francs for the Grand Prix. We bought *cartes circulaires* for the time trials and circulated to all the spots as the cars made their practice runs. The best viewing was, for us, above the gasometer turn and at a little discovered spot overlooking the station hairpin, the access steps to the seating block at the station.

Late in the afternoon the big cars, the Formula I cars, appeared on the track, and the noise was overwhelming. The other cars we had seen were like go-karts in comparison. The sounds of the screaming twelve and 16-cylinder engines echoed through the streets and bounced out into the bay. Around the hairpin turns wheels were spinning so violently that cars swerved as if on ice, then regained traction and shot off like gigantic water-beetles. As we crossed one foot-bridge which goes right over the course, the sound of the cars whizzing by underneath was terrifying and completely shattering. After those sounds the race of Formula 3 cars was anticlimatic, like a bee swarm. During the travels we picked "our" spot: the wall overlooking the station hairpin, where cars come around a corner, zip down a hill, brake in front of your eyes, turn 180 degrees, and vanish.

After the trials, which finish at about 7 p.m., everyone retires to whatever one does the night before the race. Many rich folk doubtless retired to preparations for a night of gambling and parties. We joined the many dirty-faced poor car nuts who would have joined in the partying but weren't invited. We got in the car and raced back to Nice for a meal. Fed and presentable again we returned to Monaco for a look. We drove around and around, dazzled by the glitter. A blonde girl drove her Cadillac convertible away from the Casino and her parking space was immediately filled by two golden sports cars. Then we tried to speed around the Grand Prix course itself but were slowed and sobered when we saw immaculate Monaco policemen stop others similarly intentioned after but one squealing tire. Finally, we drove to the parking space by the water, put back the seats, and went to sleep. We wanted to be

close to the racecourse early the next morning to claim good viewing positions. We were not alone: four other Americans studying in France spent the night on the top floor of a new building being constructed in the center of the city. They slept on cement bags and watched the flashing lights all night. They could have watched the race from there but they missed the noise. And there were many English-looking campers with tents and back-packs hitching into Monaco the next day.

We were up at 7 the next morning, filled our food basket, and headed for our chosen place. We were not the first (some must have slept there), but we laid our things on the wall not eight feet (straight down) from the pavement. I could sit resting my feet on the sign marking the turn. People arrived constantly from then on, even before the track was closed. At about 10 the officials arrived and official cars began going around the course removing unofficial cars which had been left on the street overnight. We were surrounded mostly by Italians who draped themselves with Ferrari emblems, banners, photographs. The ticket seller arrived, and everyone made a fantastic rush on him, mostly to buy *circulaires* at 20 francs. Now, here's a trick: to sit above the station hairpin a *carte circulaire* is not necessary, for one can be admitted with an 8F card for the *pelouses* by the Casino. I realized this, ran off to buy the proper cards (at the Casino) and frantically sold my *circulaires* to some lost-looking Englishmen.

At 12:30 came a Formula-V race. (These are racy looking cars powered by modified Volkswagen engines.) At about 2:30 several new Lamborghinis strutted around the track, behind the Lancia pace car. The public address system had French, Italian and English, and at 3 p.m. the start was announced. The approach of cars was signalled on each lap by that indescribable roar and by the filming helicopter which soared over just in advance of the leader.

Enfin, the race itself was staggering and irrationally exciting. When it was over the crowds dispersed to a fantastic traffic jam, every man stepping just slightly harder than usual on the throttle and holding each gear a trifle too long. We went back to Stockholm and eventually back to Harvard but neither my Volvo nor I will ever be the same.

COLLECTING ART IN PARIS AND LONDON

Today, art collecting is no longer restricted to the very rich. You can start a worthwhile collection on a small budget if you know what to purchase and where to find the best values. Most people who would like to collect original works of art but think that the prices are beyond their means do not know the best buys or the dealers who have low or reasonably priced works. The art market follows the law of supply and demand, and at any given time there are fashionable artists and schools, which are overpriced. At the same time, there is a group of artists, or a period which is undervalued: and you can often acquire the unfashionable artists at bargain prices. For example, ten years ago a major painting of the English Pre-Raphaelite school sold for \$100, the price of its frame. Today it would be worth about \$10,000.

If you are interested and enterprising but you don't have much money you can probably fare best as a collector in Europe. All you need is a little cash, enthusiasm, patience, luck, and information. Many American dealers acquire their stock in Europe, especially original contemporary prints, old master drawings, watercolors, and engravings. They then sell them at home at a huge mark-up—ranging from 25% to 1000%. If you buy in Europe, you won't have to pay tribute to American dealers. Usually they purchase from their European counterparts. You can get there first. In Europe, the opportunities for those who know art are enormous, and even the occasional collector can save large amounts of money. And of course art collecting, or just looking at the galleries, is great fun. Don't forget that finds still are made!

Generally speaking, the best values are original, contemporary prints by young or unknown artists. You can buy these for as little as \$10. Lithographs and etchings by the great masters of modern and contemporary art, such as Picasso, Chagall, Miro, Matisse, Giacommetti, Dali, Braque, Leger, etc. are about 20% cheaper in Europe. The best places for acquiring works by these artists are in the Paris galleries and certain galleries in London. Not all of their prints are expensive. You can purchase a lithograph from a book or a very large edition for as little as \$8. These are