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GMA Information

GMA Committee Members

David Ginn:	Chairman davidginn@btinternet.com
Sean Wales:	Membership Secretary and Financial Officer seanlwales@gmail.com
David Purvis:	Administrator davidpurvismotorart@btinternet.com
David Marsh:	Webmaster opus@opusdesign.uk.com
John Napper:	Redline Editor john.redline@yahoo.co.uk

Website

The **Guild of Motoring Artists'** current website is:
<https://www.motoringartists.com>

Thanks to David Marsh for keeping this updated. E-mail opus@opusdesign.uk.com to submit photos and new or updated information about yourself and your work.

Facebook

The **Guild of Motoring Artists** has a new Facebook Page to which members are welcome to contribute. It is linked to the **GMA** Instagram page so a post on one will appear on the other.

GMA members on Facebook, please visit:
<https://www.facebook.com/Guild-Of-Motoring-Artists-112345913727808/>

Thanks to Sean Wales for setting this up.

Instagram

The **Guild of Motoring Artists** has an Instagram page to which members are welcome to contribute.

GMA members on Instagram, please visit:
<https://www.instagram.com/motoringartists/>

Thanks to Sean Wales for setting this up. To be included, please submit 2 jpegs to Sean. Hashtags are also required for each picture. E-mail seanlwales@gmail.com to submit contributions or for more information.

ArtyFACTS

- 1 Who was the first Welsh rally driver to win a World Rally Championship round?
- 2 What is DAS in Formula 1?
- 3 Which British artist recently won the Erasmus Prize awarded 'for an exceptional contribution to the humanities, the social sciences and the arts'?
- 4 Who upset his mum and dad with a portrait he painted of them and then redeemed himself?
- 5 Which motoring artist sometimes goes under the pseudonym of De Brueyne?
- 6 What is the name of the Ferrari test track?
- 7 What is Eadweard Muybridge famous for?
- 8 Who illustrated 'Alices Adventures in Wonderland'?
- 9 Which great British driver won a race by switching off his cars engine through the corners to prevent low oil-pressure blowing the engine?
- 10 Which great artist's self-portrait was at last, recently declared to be all his own work?

The quarterly ArtyFacts quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter

Welcome to the Spring edition of **Redline**. it is the biggest ever issue and I hope you think it's worth working your way through.

Our Featured Artist this issue is **Paul Bennett** who has a fascinating story to tell and some very interesting work to show us. I'm sure that this must be the first issue of **Redline** to feature paper sculptures, certainly since I became involved with producing it 10 years ago!

After that we have another 'Star Photo' from **David Purvis**. Personally I like this slot which gives our members a chance to show their artistic talent in another medium. However, only 3 of us have so far contributed and I have had zero feedback so can't really tell if anybody else thinks it is a good idea or perhaps a waste of space. Do please let me know what you think, even if you are not a member but just browsing the **GMA** website. If I'm bombarded with e-mails saying it should be dropped then it will go.

We have a couple of new members who have already contributed to **Redline**. Thanks guys. Much appreciated. **Paul Gold** has supplied the first of a series of articles relating to his travels which is a review of a museum in Tokyo which is actually part of a car dealership! Amazing!

After that we come to the latest installment of **Rick Herron's** semi-autobiographical saga which I'm sure you agree is fascinating and there is more to come in future issues which I am looking forward to.

Finally we once again have a packed Gallery with several artists' works being held over for future issues due to pressure of space, but all who have contributed are represented. For the time being I have decided on a maximum of 3 pages per artist for the Gallery in order for this issue to not get out of control. I am worried that **Redline** could get too large.

As for this issue, the Gallery includes some excellent artworks from several members including our first ever Russian member, **Ilya Avakov**. There will be more from him next issue.

Finally, I have been enjoying Rio de Janeiro Carnival as usual. Thankfully the Covid-19 virus did not arrive a month earlier as it would have been awful to have cancelled this event which is not just a time for partying. It provides a lot of work for many people as well as being a massive tourist attraction so it really is vital to the city's economy as well as being a great show. One of the sambodromo parades included a bus while another had a number of cars incorporated. Here are a couple of photos.

If you have never been to Carnival (Portuguese for carnival, and pronounced car-na-val) in Rio de Janeiro, you have seriously missed out! It's billed as 'O maior show na Terra', The greatest show on Earth, and I would not disagree. You do have to go to the Sambodromo

though. Watching on TV gives you nice close-ups but really doesn't do it justice and you can't appreciate just how enormous the floats are. No other carnival in the world comes close although I'm told that São Paulo's is getting nearer. And that's just the icing on the cake. There are actually 4 days of parades in the Sambodromo although Friday and Saturday are 'second division', known as Serie A, with a promotion and relegation system linked to the Sunday and Monday 'Grupo Especial' which is the premier league of Carnival. It's not just a show, it's a competition and taken very seriously. In Rio you not only have to support a football team, you have to support a samba school.

And that's not just all. There are hundreds of street parades known as blocos over a period of about a month as well as balls and other events. Carnival isn't the main reason I chose to retire to Rio, but it's certainly a brilliant bonus!



That's it for now. Take care to avoid the Covid-19 coronavirus. At least, if you need to self-isolate, you can spend some time reading **Redline** and painting or sculpting, assuming you are not laid too low.

Regards,

John Napper



Paint It Black – The Rolling Stones

Paul Bennett

A 'Baby Boomer' born in Bury, but brought up for the first 35 years of life in Gorse Hill, Stretford under the shadow of Manchester United's football ground, though back then it was nowhere near the size that it is today. Gorse Hill was hit particularly hard after the Munich Air Disaster as a great many of its Busby Babes lived locally in digs amongst the narrow terraced streets surrounding the ground. It was the only time I ever saw my dad cry.

It was soon obvious to my parents that I was not going to break any intellectual barriers down or be admitted into Oxford. An instant failure in the 11+ exams that used to take place in the '50s/'60s proved that very point. And so it was off to 'big' school for Bennett and a life at Greatstone Road Secondary Modern School for Boys that had for it's first rule, 'if it moves... cane it.' In those good old days of corporal punishment it was considered a 'good day' if you had only been caned the once.

Fortunately for me I was lucky enough to have been born with the God given gift of being able to draw a bit; I didn't ask for it; I didn't necessarily deserve it, it was just a free gift that was dropped into my lap at birth. I

sometimes wished I'd been given other gifts such as singing, as opposed to being tone deaf, but alas, no; this was the only one I was granted, so I have tried to make the very best use of it as I could, wringing out every single last drop when necessity dictated so. Fortunately it has stood me in good stead and I have been able to embark on a career as a supposed professional artist spanning over 50 years and counting.

I well remember the Career Opportunities lady visiting in my final year of corporal punishment and telling her I wanted to be an artist. I was given the advise that to be one of those you had to be very good at it, very few people can do it, and I'd be far better off employed getting a job at the local Woolworth's store who at that time were recruiting for youngsters to serve on their popular 'pick and mix' counter. It didn't really hold that much of an appeal, so I declined her very kind offer of employment and went ahead with my own thing!

The art master at school however, did encourage me, as did my parents, and having finally left school with two very sore hands and the grand sum of 3 GCE's, (one being art), I enrolled at Salford School of Art.

I plumped to study Art & Design at Salford rather than the Fine Arts as I thought there was more scope in it, and also it was only 4 years rather than 5.

I do vividly remember taking the green 58 Salford City Transport bus every day over the Manchester Ship Canal and into Salford, past the thriving docks with its ocean going liners and row upon row of beautifully cared for terraced houses all exactly like Coronation Street.

At the end of my 4 years those houses had all disappeared, bulldozed to the ground to make way for a road widening scheme and high rise concrete flats.

Likewise too with the docks, slowly dying as the container revolution overtook it's Victorian ideas and practices; many years and millions of £££'s later it now thrives as the TV Media City complex complete with it's trendy bars and expensive

apartment blocks. Ironically, sat right in the middle of it all is The Lowry Centre featuring the largest collection of original Lowrys in the world. It makes me smile to

imagine what the old man would have made of it all. I can hazard a pretty good guess!

Did I learn anything at art school... NO, not really!

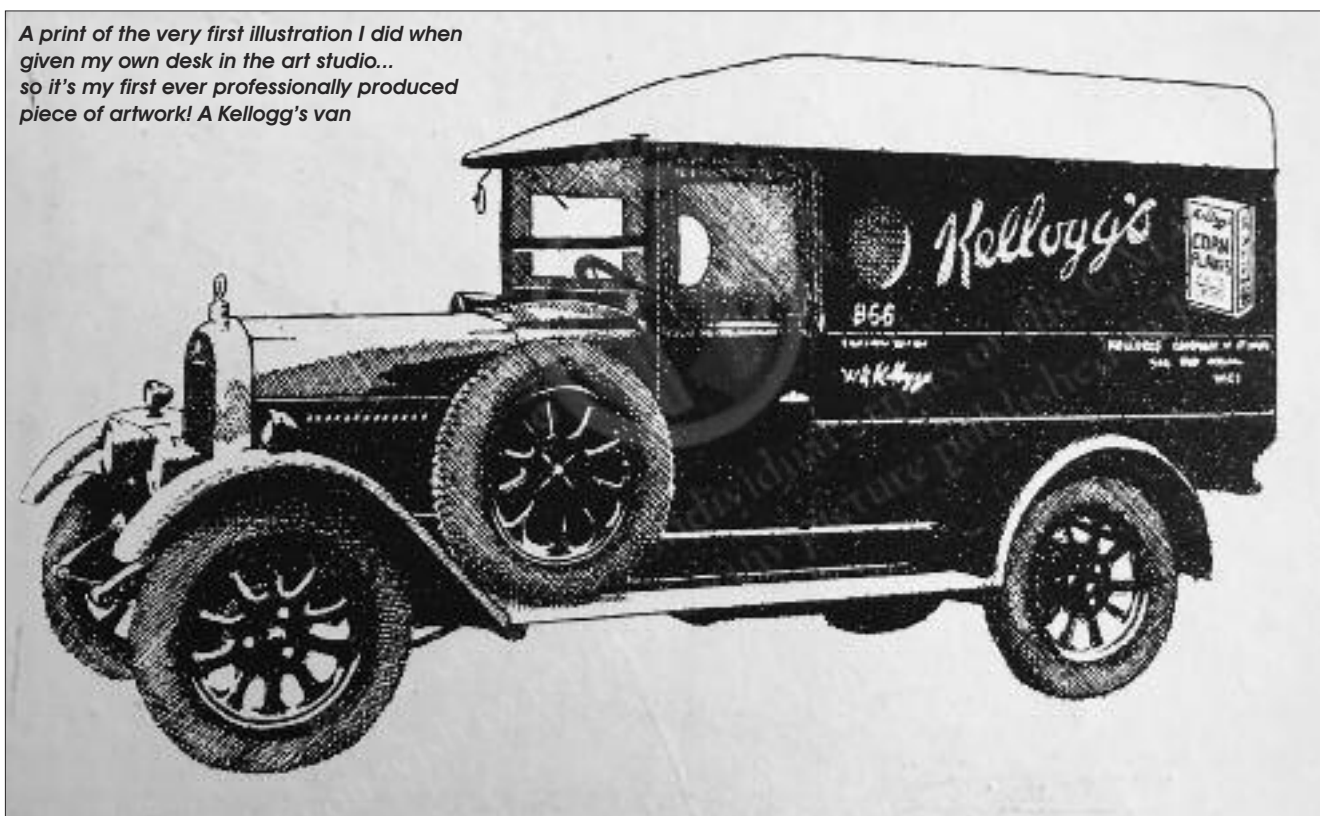
You live in a make-believe world of unreality far removed from the real world 'outside'. But it was the 'swinging '60s... and it was an art school!

One part of those years I do remember was going to the Salford Art Gallery to see an exhibition of New Contemporary Artists. As I was wondering round with a friend clutching our sales catalogues we noticed an old man with short cropped hair as white as snow and a

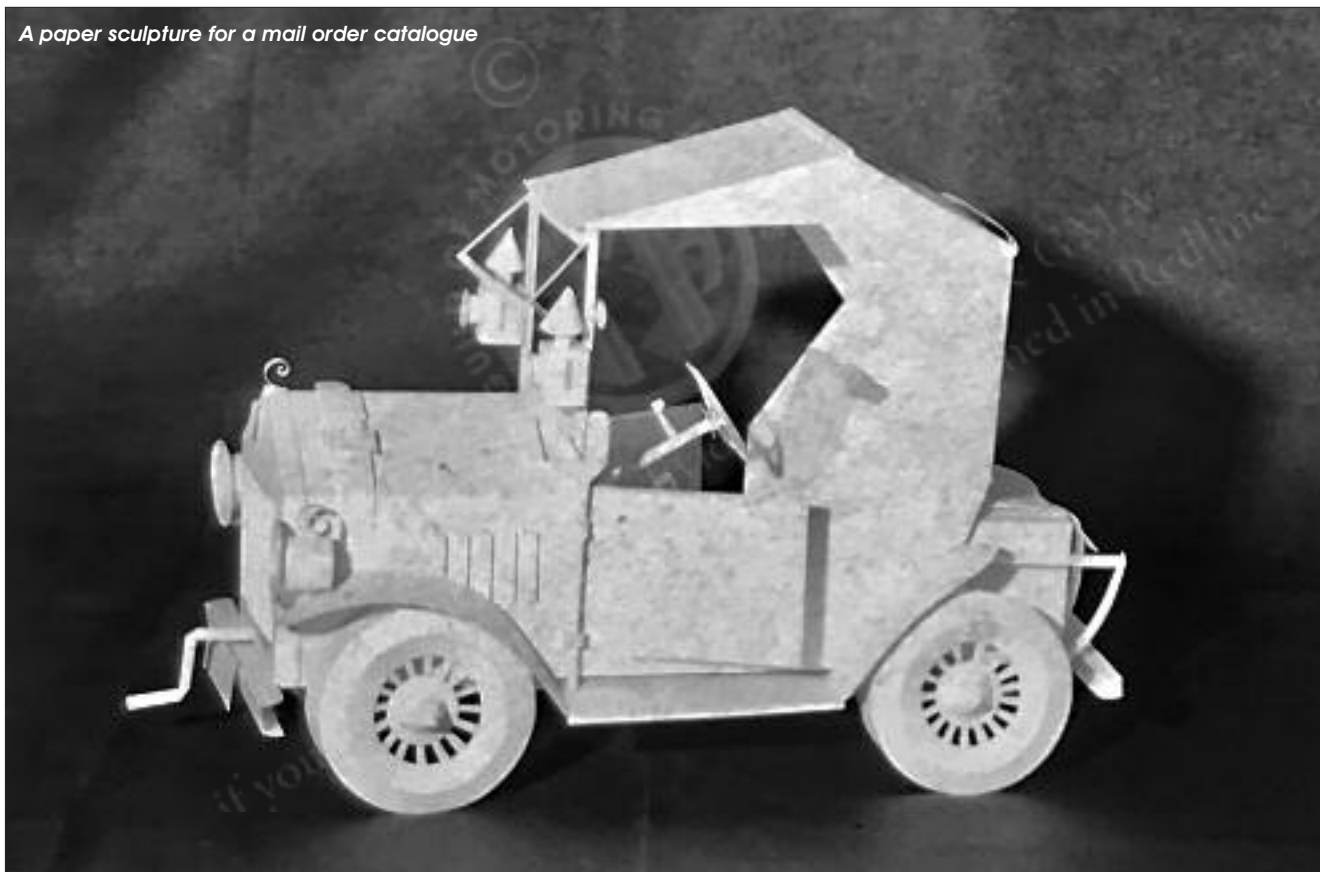
rather large nose. This could only be one person we guessed, and finding a pen from somewhere we

"I found myself the 'go to' person in Manchester if you required any kind of weird model making!"

A print of the very first illustration I did when given my own desk in the art studio... so it's my first ever professionally produced piece of artwork! A Kellogg's van



A paper sculpture for a mail order catalogue



invited this old chap to sign the front of our catalogues for us. He could I suppose have been a very embarrassed person and signed his name as Bill Smith; but he wasn't a Mr Smith, and signed in as the one and

only L. S. Lowry. Amazing! Chatted to him for a few minutes and managed to tell him the most stupid thing that's possible to tell any great artist.... 'my mum loves your work'. ...I still treasure that autograph to this very day.

3 Queens



Paper sculpture for an advert
for a trucking company



After leaving college I was so lucky to find myself a position in a Manchester advertising agency for £3.50 per week making the tea, emptying the bins, going for dinners, letraset and any other menial tasks required. The other art students told me I was a complete stump taking it; but at least I had a job within the advertising industry, they didn't, and most never did as it turned out.

It gave me the chance to stand around with a brush in my hand and watch real professional artists at work. I soon realised that projects I was given a month to produce in college had to be turned round in 24 hours in the real world... it was a real eye opener!

I was finally given my own desk after about 12 months when one of the other artists (a certain John Mayall

going off to form a rock band) left, and another junior was brought in... and I was now on £5 a week!!

I spent the next few years moving around from studio to studio in city centre Manchester as you never stayed long in one place; whole creative studios were always being 'fired' whenever an agency lost a client, and it was always the artists who were to blame! But it was easy peasy to find another post as you just took the place of someone else who had been fired from another agency.

Finally managed to work my way up through different design establishments to become the studio manager or creative director as they're called these days. Was it great? Well there I was with the full weight of an advertising studio on my shoulders and all for the princely

sum of £25 a week. I was handing out overflow work to freelance artists who were charging me £30 for work required back next day. I knew full well I could do all this stuff myself with time to spare.... so it was a no brainer!

Thus started a self employed life of drawing what anyone required of me as long as they paid, be it a bowl of frozen peas, a nuclear submarine, or someone hanging washing out on the line. Agencies would invite you in and say 'is it possible to do this in this style and have it back in time for tomorrow?' You replied 'YES, not a problem', and only later thought about the consequences once back in the comforting surroundings of your city centre studio. Long hours and grafting paid off, I was finally in a position to get married and start a family.

As well as illustration it's always nice to add other strings to your bow so to speak, so I found myself saying 'yes' when agencies asked if I could make models for photographic shots. It started with small things such as drinks being poured from a bottle but frozen in time (you crafted them out of plastic), to in the end making gigantic mousetraps that computers could be placed on to replace the cheese. In the late '70s I found myself the 'go to' person in Manchester if you required any kind of weird model making! Certainly got the little grey cells working overtime.

Come the '80s and I had a growing family with the whole range covered; one of each.

I loved playing the usual board games with them, but again found myself thinking, 'I could do that'. So in my spare time (ha-ha) I started designing children's board games I could play with them. Some they liked, some hit the buffers, but within a few years I had a portfolio of great games they loved to play.

A friend saw us playing them and suggested I should show them to the games manufacturers. 'No' I said, 'who in their right mind would be interested in these?' Well it turned out they were very interested and eventually had fourteen of them displayed on the toy shop shelves including The Snowman Game, Mirror Mirror, which won ITV's 'This Morning's' design a board game competition and The Key to the Kingdom that was in the Top Ten

board games in the early '90s. It's a big cult game over in the US these days and about to be rereleased.

Whilst all this was happening I'd decided to draw some of my favourite classic cars being a bit of a petrolhead, (still am) so started with an MGTD which for me was the British classic of all classics. This got a bit out of hand and I found myself with well over 100 drawn; this in turn led me to buying a gazebo and going to Classic Car shows around the North selling prints. First thing you learn about selling outside is that in Northern England in mid Summer rain is guaranteed by the bucket load, and everyone will simply use your facilities as a large umbrella for shelter. I had times when I must have had in excess of thirty folk crammed like sardines under my little tarpaulin.... and not a single sale.

It was during this time that I heard about **The Guild of Motoring Artists** and wondered if my work would be good enough to be accepted by the powers that be in the **Guild**.

So one particular weekend I rocked up at the Gaydon Museum in sunny Warwickshire with specimens of my car pictures tucked under my arm; laid them out on the floor for consideration and went to look



A wedding car paper sculpture for a mail order catalogue

*This is a photo of a diorama I made for Unipart...
not exactly cars, but for a car accessory catalogue*



*This MG TD was the very first classic car drawing I ever did.
Little did I know this would be the first of
thousands and so became the first
Classic Memories picture...*



One of a series of
black and white prints
which are sold with
personalised
registration plates...

205 GTi



TVR S3



Jaguar Mk.II



round all the historic BMC cars on display whilst I was being judged.

I was completely amazed upon returning to find I'd been accepted into the **Guild**, and to this very day consider it as a great honour as there are so many really great artists far and away better than me who are associated with it.

The years just whistled by and whilst the classic cars were great to draw, once you have the core of them illustrated, where do you go from there? Well, you move on to modern cars don't you; and sell them on the internet complete with people's own personalised registrations on the plate. Unbelievably now fast approaching the magical milestone of around 100,000 prints sold to date; so modern technology does work, and you can teach an old dog new tricks!

So... the family grows up, and we now move into the grandchildren era whilst retirement looms large over the horizon for Bennett; my son in law takes over the Classic Memories car print business. Question is, should an artist ever retire?

Well in 2015 I went with friends to witness the three Cunard Queens sail up the Mersey, and their size and

majesty simply blew me away... I had to paint them. Then a few months later I'm stood in a field with one of my granddaughters watching the final flight of the last remaining Vulcan bomber thundering it's way over our Cheshire village...once again I had to paint it.

All of this rekindled my love of painting simply for the joy it gave me. I wasn't doing it to sell or to someone's order... it was just for me! It was a great feeling, so I had to do more.

I was hooked!

I started to draw our local beauty spots as everyone does, but it didn't 'do it' for me, I needed something else. So I turned full circle to the time when my art was starting to blossom; back to my art school days, back to Salford during the '60s and the meeting with old Mr. Lowry. The sights and the sounds of those Lowry-esque days long gone somehow attracted me; the days when the old Northern towns were being torn piecemeal to shreds to be replaced by tower blocks in the name of progress, and all set to that magnificent soundtrack of the 'Swinging Sixties' pop music revolution.

This was the starting point of my new black and white 'popart' period; taking the favourite sounds of my youth

3 Queens



MGB



Aston Martin Vanquish

and putting them into a picture format. If they'd done arty pop videos back in the '60s, it was as though someone had taken a snapshot of one of the sequences and frozen it. It was a whole new world to be explored, hundreds upon hundreds of amazing titles to go at... more than I would ever need. Plus the '70s, and into my own children's '80s/'90s. All done for my own simple pleasure, for that sheer love of drawing.

Like all things however, times move forward... and in a short space of time my pictures are being recognised and bought at local art fairs, and before I know it they're in gallery windows in London and dotted around Cheshire. Unbelievably, November 2018 saw my first ever solo exhibition; 'Northern Soul', and now a further one is pencilled in for the end of 2020.

Finally it's admission time... I might be wrong, but I guess there could well be plenty of fellow artists out there who perhaps feel a little like I do and wonder if they will ever be found out; will someone coming along to tap you on the shoulder saying... "Ahhh.. we've finally sussed you out mate, masquerading

yourself as an artist all these years!" I'd have to throw my hands up in the air and say, "Yep, it's a fair cop, you've caught me I admit it. But I did give you all a damn good run for your money before you realised I've been conning you for so long!"

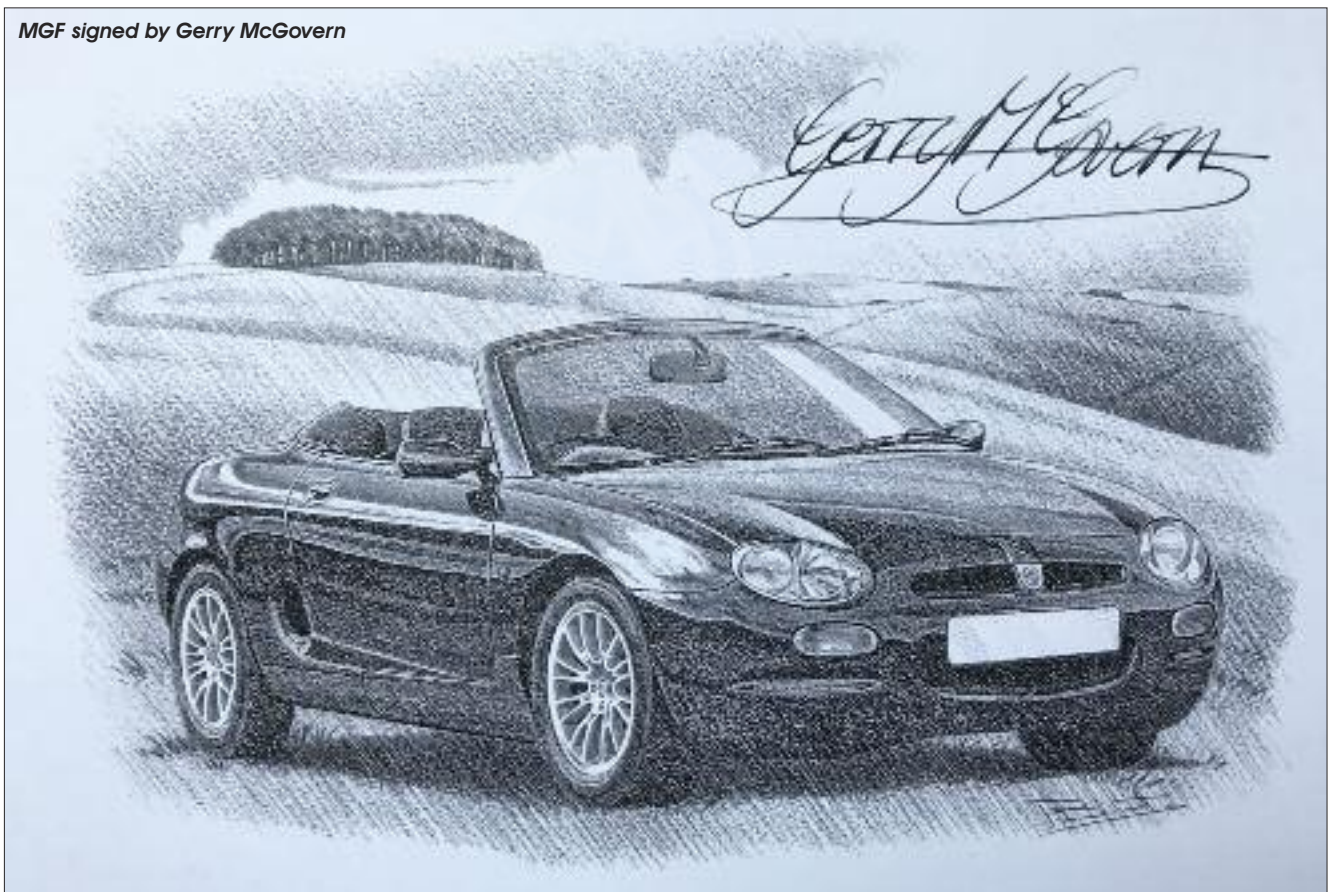
But I still love my cars, I still love drawing pictures.

The question still remains.. do so-called artists ever truly retire?... I doubt it!

Austin Mini



MGF signed by Gerry McGovern



Girls Just Wanna Have Fun – Cyndi Lauper



*Time to say goodbye
– Andrea Bocelli &
Sarah Brightman*





Dancing in the Dark – Bruce Springsteen



Catch Us If You Can – The Dave Clark Five

Star Photo No.7



1958 Buick Special

This photo was taken at the Bicester Scramble.

The camera was my Nikon D5300, using a shutter speed of 1/125 at an aperture of F5.6

David Purvis

Museum Review

On My Travels – Japan part 1: Mega Web Toyota City Showcase

I am lucky enough to travel regularly to pursue my photography and drawing hobbies, combining both with my passion for all things automotive. A recent trip to Japan, a place I have longed to visit for many years, gave me the opportunity to see how passionate the Japanese are about their vehicles.

So, Japan, it conjures up Drifting, Boso-zoku (look it up if you aren't familiar with this one – it's insane), Scoobys, Evos and Skylines, this couldn't be further from the truth. Japan is overcrowded, cars are a luxury and space at a premium, road tolls are excessive and parking in cities hard to find, so Kei cars are the norm. Having a fantastic public transport system, local, regional and national, including the 'Bullet' train makes moving around easy, but still the Japanese car market is huge.

I managed to visit a dealership, a Toyota dealership with a difference. Called the Mega Web Toyota City Showcase, it is billed as a Theme Park for all things Toyota, and it did not disappoint. Located in Tokyo's waterfront district of Odaiba and easily accessible by local subway it is free to enter and contains historic vehicles, race cars and all the current range of vehicles for sale, with a test drive area for potential buyers along with a display of technical/futuristic development including a range of hands-on exhibits. Many of the current models on sale are domestic market only so will only ever show up as grey imports in the UK, if at all.

The areas are split into three distinct types, the Showcase has new models including tuned special editions, the History Garage where not just Toyota vehicles are displayed but rather a mix of important and historic vehicles from all over the world, and finally the Global Discovery Zone which houses current and next generation technologies with prototype vehicles and tech boards explaining many things (subtitled in English). There is also a cafe which has a Gazoo Racing themed area with racecars past and present.

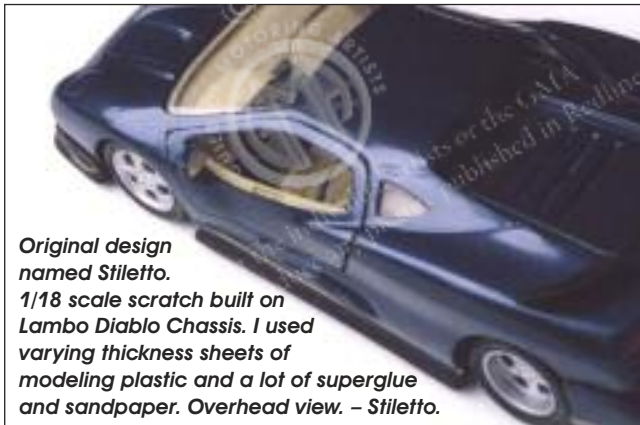
I spent over 5 hours here on my visit, photography is easy in most areas due to spacing but some of the lighting isn't too good. The staff and other visitors were very friendly and helpful and if you ever visit Tokyo it is a place not to be missed. I'll let the photographs speak for themselves

Paul Gold





What makes a car run, Vehicle Dynamics, Suspension, Balance, Drifting and the Rally Car

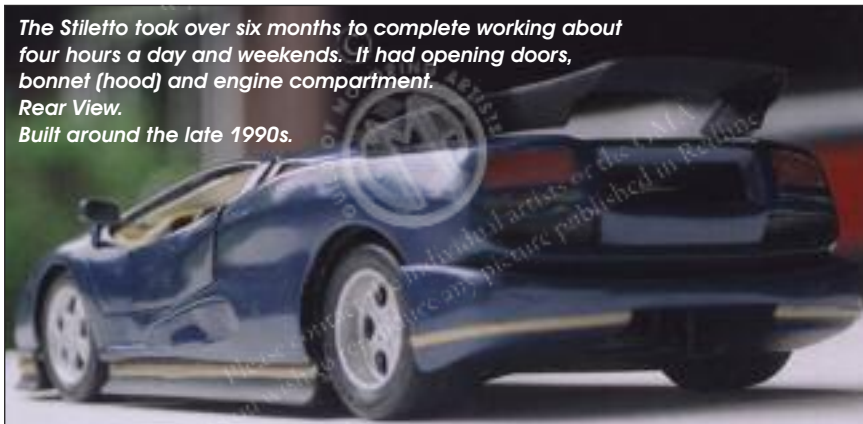


Original design named Stiletto. 1/18 scale scratch built on Lambo Diablo Chassis. I used varying thickness sheets of modeling plastic and a lot of superglue and sandpaper. Overhead view. – Stiletto.

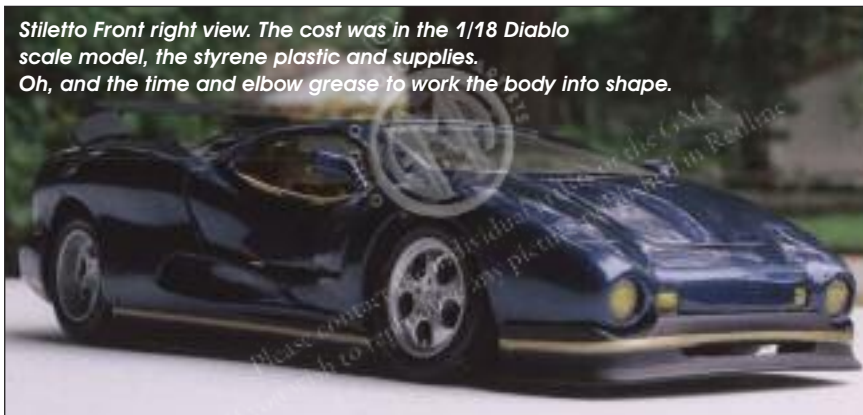
The model won first place in the scratch built category at the Fairfax Modeler's show and when I lent it to a hobby shop it drew enough attention the owner was reluctant to return it.



The Stiletto took over six months to complete working about four hours a day and weekends. It had opening doors, bonnet (hood) and engine compartment. Rear View. Built around the late 1990s.



Stiletto Front right view. The cost was in the 1/18 Diablo scale model, the styrene plastic and supplies. Oh, and the time and elbow grease to work the body into shape.



Brute horsepower was still on the American mind. Improved controllability would have to wait.

We had moved from Puerto La Cruz to a stucco house near the Country Club section of Caracas, where I began a third oil painting of the mountain overlooking the city. It included the yard, trees and bushes as well as the mountain. It was the third in a set of three paintings using the oil paints my mom had given me in Puerto La Cruz. Was it to keep me from being idle or because she thought I had promise I am not sure. I never finished it and sold it to my sister

Kathryn with the other two. She still has it. It was rather crude and the second one of the interior of the living room of the house in Puerto La Cruz was a bit better but still rather unrefined. Perspective wise they were fine. The residence in the Country Club had a view of the mountain that overlooked the city of Caracas and one had to cross over it to get to the beaches and the port and airport of La Guaira; the gateway to the capital city. It took a good hour to get down to the coast via the four lane highway through the pass.

One summer day my mom handed me a box of modeling clay. Perhaps she thought I needed something to keep busy with. More probably it was given to her by a spouse of an embassy employee who had gotten it from another spouse like some old fruit cake during Christmas season. Never mind, I eagerly mixed it and soon had formed a crude sculpture about the size of a small shoe. Not a Greek statue or a bust of a famous person's head she might have expected, but it had kept me occupied.

It resembled the form of a front engine sports car with a long scalloped hood and a curved front end. There was no air intake or openings anywhere being that it was made of clay. Where the opening should have been was

painted black and represented the form of a concave grille curved inward and low. The back window was sloped and the rear fender haunches curved over the rear tires. I could not find wheels among my models that would fit the size of the car as it had turned out. So, it sat with tires that were hardly the right size and awkward looking. The windows were black forms flush without delineation. It was one of two sculptures I made in Caracas the last year I was there, and left much to be desired. I had sanded the clay after it had dried and either it left large sand grains sticking out in places or small pit-marks where they had been scraped loose. I could never get the surface smooth enough and sanding made it worse. I didn't know that the clays they used in an auto design studio were different or that the techniques and other applications were not the same.

With these far from stellar results, I tired of doing clays until I learned more about the process. Instead, the next attempt would be to build to a standard scale where the interior, engine bay and boot (trunk) could be revealed and to first scale my drawings to accommodate parts to plastic model kits especially wheels. I would wait till I got to the U.S to think of a better method.

I got rid of the clay models before I left after graduation, a friend asked for the first one amazed that it looked like the recently released '68 Corvette Stingray. The second one probably ended in the trash heap.

My family had already left for home leave and I had stayed at the house in Caracas to attend graduation, which I never did. In the summer of 1968, alone, I flew into JFK Airport from Caracas. I had some explaining to do when I arrived in Arlington, VA. I told my parents what I had done, and immediately I was told to write a letter of apology to the principal of the high school. Which I did, reluctantly. A maverick, angry at my

Zeta, An original digital 3d sculpture in contrast with the plastic model of the Stiletto. It was created around 2012 after I learned how to use Solid Thinking and had already done a few automobiles concepts for ERRR Inc.



The side view of the Zeta. It is a two-seat sports car 4 wheel drive with a mid-engine mounted behind the driver.



Note the short bonnet and the side intakes for the engine and brakes. Solid Thinking is a great design program for those who cannot afford Autodesk. There are also CAD programs for creating blueprints but for styling they may be too constraining and rigid with their snap to functions. It is a question of whether you want a modeling program or a drafting program.

circumstances I had bitten my nose to spite my face. Did I feel justified, I guess so. I had no say in the classes I had to take even though I had completed my graduation requirements the year before. I was piled on with courses, without consultation, and felt I should at least have had a choice. No one had asked. I failed most of these but had the credits to graduate anyway. It was a large chip I had on my shoulders and it had been weighing me down for over a year. I had just broken up a one-sided 'relationship', or rather she had broken up with me. And now, I would have to leave a new romantic interest, a Swedish girl I had met outside of school and was falling in love with. I just couldn't get my footing having to move all the time and I never once considered if my sisters and brother had been equally affected. In a Foreign Service family we all had to make sacrifices for the Good Ole' USA. The pressure to be on one's best behavior certainly had been there.

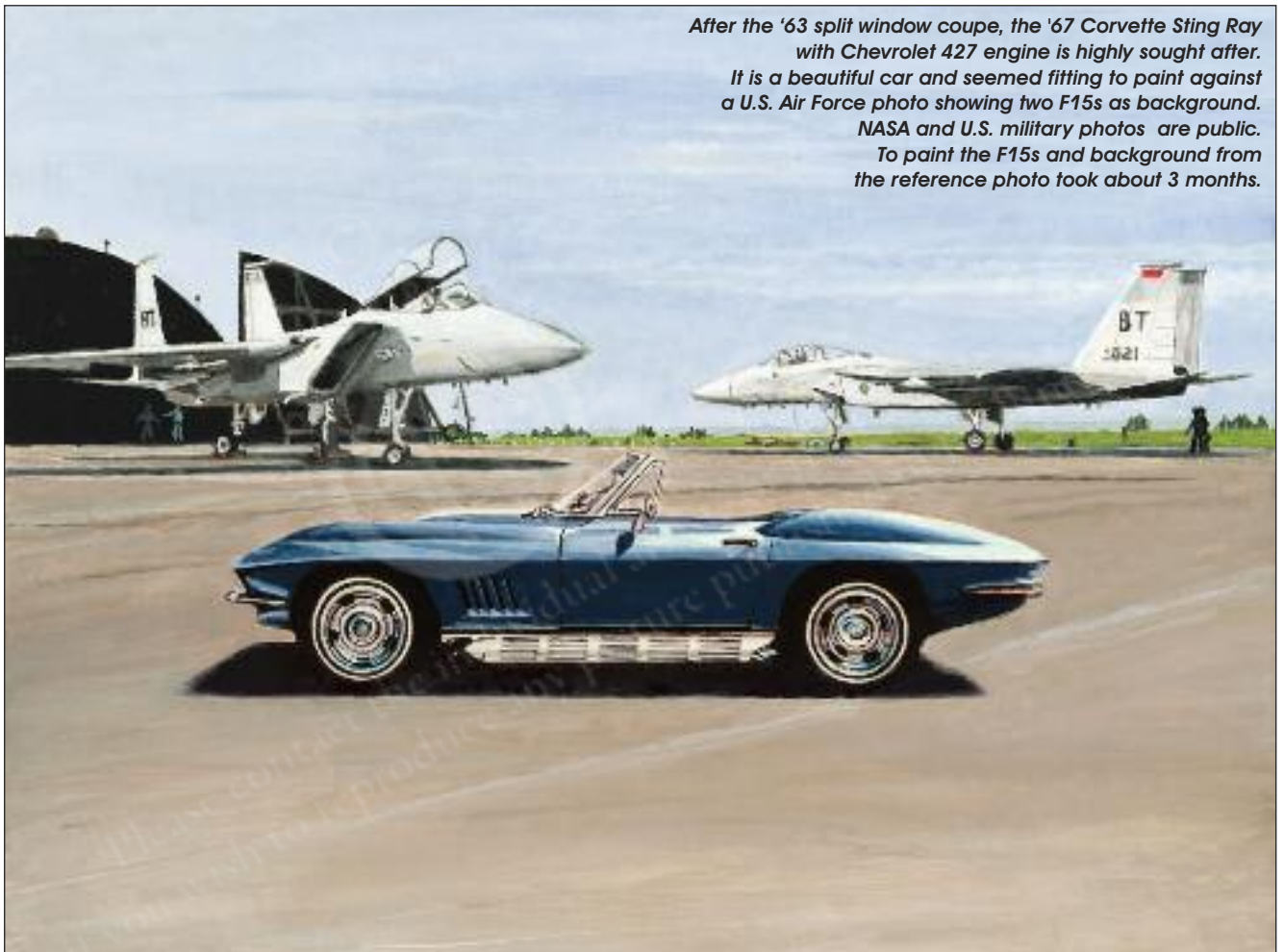
Living and visiting South America was a perk, of course, and there was the future ahead. There was excitement about the Apollo program and there certainly were advantages being an American abroad. The U.S. would soon land on the moon. More unbelievable back then than it seems today. But it had taken all of history to get there.

I joined my parents and siblings at a rented squat brick duplex in Arlington, VA and started looking for a job. Neither Northern Virginia nor Washington DC could ever

be called centers of the automotive world. Even the car shows they did have were half hearted efforts at best. On the streets, there was practically nothing around to excite, only sedans and station wagons. Occasionally one could get a glimpse of a new vehicle advertised on TV or a peek at future and inaccessible models pictured in the magazines.

My parents, younger sisters and brother went back to Caracas as this was only home leave for them and I was put up in an apartment. Since I didn't like the idea of being a secretary working for some bureaucratic office in Washington, DC, I decided I would walk down to the Amoco gas station and take my chance with a motley crew of country boys turned grease monkeys. I was hired as a service attendant even though I didn't have a driver's license. I had not understood that the owner, Mr. Eudy had a career plan set out for me. I would learn quite a bit from him about automobiles and about life from the never shy mechanics who would run out to the gas pumps when a real pretty girl's car needed servicing.

Dick Eudy was a great boss and a fair man. He gave everyone a chance; it didn't matter their color or age. I was grateful to him for hiring me when I knew nothing about the internal workings of an automobile. My first days at the service station I realized that anyone who worked around cars had better learn to drive them. We were there to repair and service cars; what good would



After the '63 split window coupe, the '67 Corvette Sting Ray with Chevrolet 427 engine is highly sought after. It is a beautiful car and seemed fitting to paint against a U.S. Air Force photo showing two F15s as background. NASA and U.S. military photos are public. To paint the F15s and background from the reference photo took about 3 months.

Circa '64 Corvette Sting Ray. – Not certain of the year. It was one of my first line drawings, which I later uploaded and added color to. When the '68 Stingray came out the public went wild over its resemblance to the Mako Shark II styling and lost interest in the previous models. Oh to have a warehouse and some cash back in those days, and last year's race cars could be had for a song.



I be without a license. I shrugged from getting one, intimidated by the prospect of having to drive a wrecker truck; they looked too big to handle for an 18 year old. I thought I could slide into learning about them and eventually, maybe in a few months, actually learn to operate one. All I cared about was the looks of the cars, their shape and how to service them. I could talk the talk is all but Mr. Eudy's patience was incredible when dealing with employees and customers. Soft spoken as he was, with a West Virginia drawl, it was hard to refuse any of his requests. Soon he would ask me to get a driver's license but I stalled as long as I could.

I remember when I first saw a 1968 Stingray pull up for gas. It was being driven by a kid no older than I was. I asked him if it was his. He said it was and looked at me wryly as if I were some kind of munchkin and cautioned me to be careful, not to spill gas on the car. All I could do was wonder, irritated, but I nodded yes politely having learned to put my grease rag around the nozzle to cover the fiberglass body after I snapped the gas cap open. It rested of all places in the center rear deck of the car. I was shown how to check all the fluid levels in the 427 engine of this new Corvette Stingray and was enthralled by it.

It was the hottest thing around unless one counted an old Alfa sitting in the back lot always needing repairs or an occasional old sports car that would pull in for gas, like a Jaguar XK150, or a Lamborghini 350 GT, a very early model and a strange looking car in anyone's book.

I learned not to open a radiator cap until the car cooled down and how to top off the oil and transmission fluids and clean the windows. It is no fun to be scalded and smell like ethylene glycol all day, the smell of gasoline was not so bad.

Occasionally something exotic turned up which I would have some tactile or sensual experience of. There was a Lotus Europa that had come in for repairs. It was the closest thing to a miniature Ford GT40 this side of the Atlantic, at the time. "Get inside Red!" I was told as the mechanics were getting ready to push it across Mt. Vernon Avenue to the bays. I ran across to it, opened the door of the very low car, and crouched inside. The door closed, I sat in it looking out the narrow windshield at the road. The bonnet was not visible. I steered it across the four-lane, past the pumps and onto the rack to be worked on. It had a Renault engine. That was the only disappointing thing about it, and had come in because of engine trouble.

The shop also worked on a Morgan, and it was something else. The three wheelers were legendary but the four wheelers could be truly said to ride on rails. I had to take it to pick up the psychiatrist who owned it and to drop him off numerous times. The interior of the body was made of wood and springing was rudimentary to say the least. To get the most out of every gear, I had to rev the engine to its max before shifting, the Morgan's owner said. He had me drive it when I dropped him off and allowed me to wind the car to its max on the way home, downshifting to break

the car to lower speed. I later used this technique when I owned a number of Ford Escorts in the '90s and was able to chirp the tires at 50mph when downshifting from fourth to third to pass more powerful vehicles on the freeway. But, once driven, a Morgan cannot be got out of one's memory. There is nothing like it.

Eudy's American was the foreign car service place in town after Alexandria Fiat went out of business. There were no foreign car service and repair experts at the time. In fact there were few, if any Japanese cars in the late 60s on the East Coast; there were only the big marques such as Mercedes and Jaguar.

I soon learned the differences between $\frac{1}{4}$ " and $\frac{1}{2}$ " drive ratchets and which was preferred. As an aspiring artist, I did what I was told but was always careful where I put my fingers. I did not want to be a mechanic per se for that reason. I had seen too many who had lost a finger including a good friend of mine, a retired DC Cop. One day he had all ten the next he was minus one. He lost it when doing some shade tree repairs on a friend's car. I had a near miss when flushing a power steering unit. I had put my finger too close to the fan blade and drew a little blood.

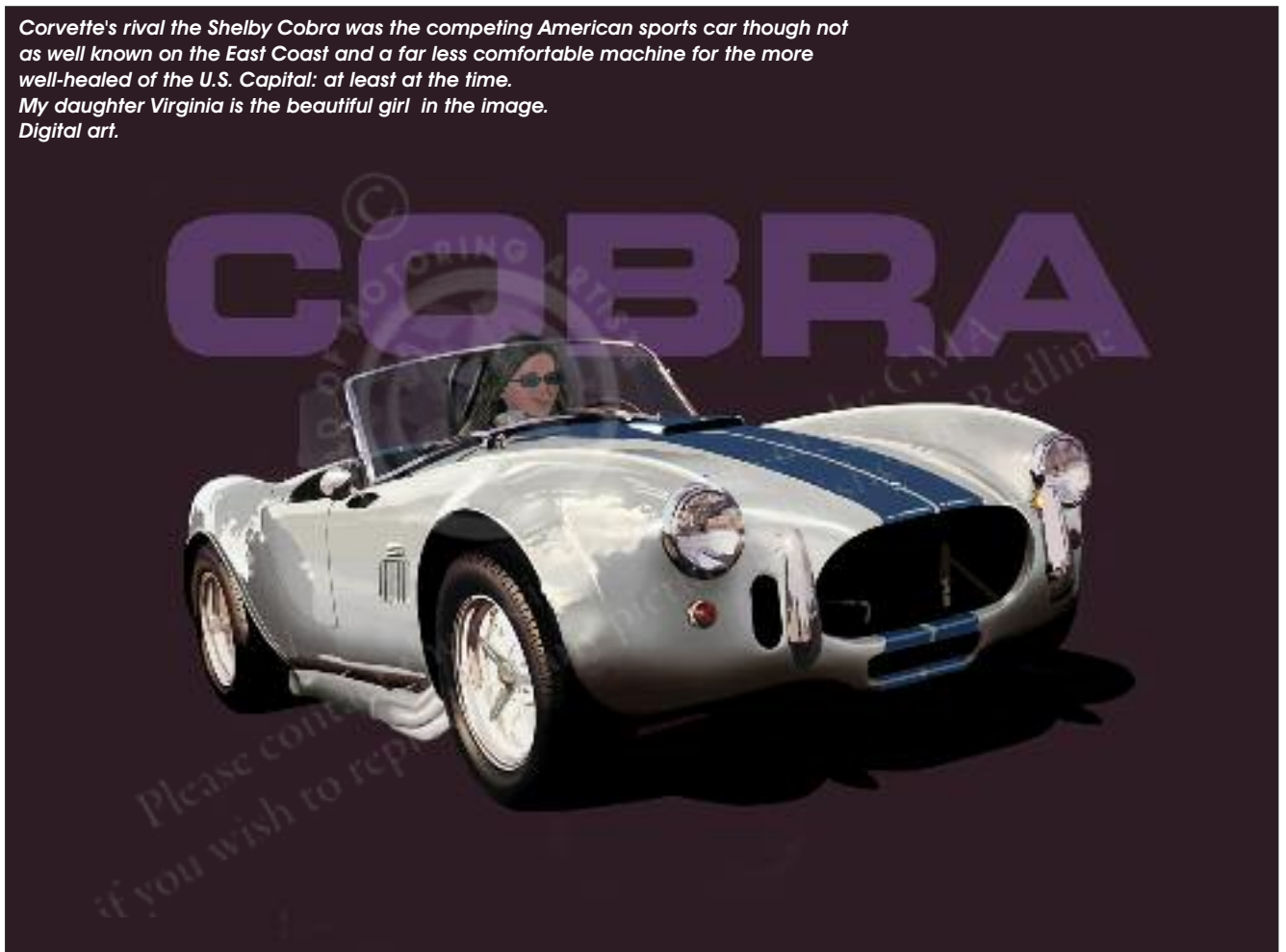
When I first started I knew little about how a car handled. I was clueless as to what every teenage American boy knew at a very early age, how to get a driver's license. The old saying you can't get there from here applied. I had no car to get me to the DMV and

had no idea where or how to get one. I was the antithesis of the youth depicted in the movie American Graffiti, but Mr. Eudy was insistent that I get one immediately. He was always in need of drivers to pick up parts or take customers home and sundry driving duties. It was Thursday, which was my day off of a seventy-two hour workweek. I got a knock on my apartment door, opened it to find a man standing there and was told Mr. Eudy sent him to teach me how to drive. I had tooled around in the Caracas Embassy parking lot but had never driven on a road. I felt I was getting the hand of it when my instructor kept telling me to slow down, from the start the boy racer was showing itself. I got my license in a week.

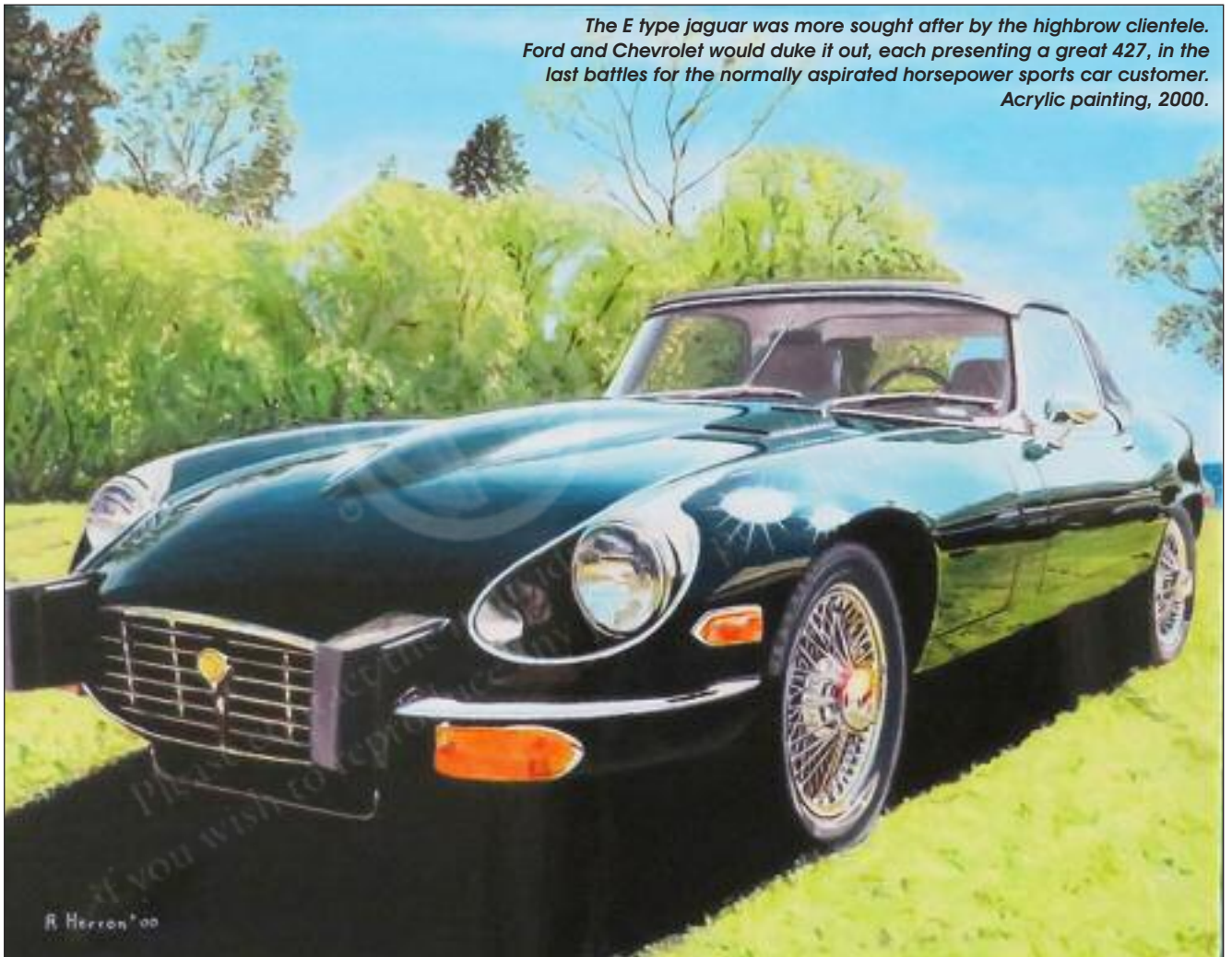
One morning I was told to get my tow truck drivers license. I went in one of the old beat up wreckers parked in the back lot. I drove down to the Virginia Division of Motor Vehicles to answer a few questions. Primarily if I had driven a three or more axle vehicle 500 miles. I had said yes but kept to myself that maybe I had driven it about 30 miles total, jump-starting stranded vehicles. What else could I say, But to be three or more axles it had to be towing a car, which I had yet to do. I was given the license without having to demonstrate I could tow anything. One could hardly expect those applying to bring the vehicles such as wrecker trucks and tractor trailers to demonstrate. It would have been inconvenient in the parking lot full of common sedans.

Corvette's rival the Shelby Cobra was the competing American sports car though not as well known on the East Coast and a far less comfortable machine for the more well-heeled of the U.S. Capital: at least at the time.

My daughter Virginia is the beautiful girl in the image. Digital art.



The E type jaguar was more sought after by the highbrow clientele. Ford and Chevrolet would duke it out, each presenting a great 427, in the last battles for the normally aspirated horsepower sports car customer. Acrylic painting, 2000.



I returned to the station where Mr. Eudy handed me the keys to the Ford F250, it had either a Holmes 440 or 480 duel boom on it. He certainly didn't give a newbie any time to think over what they had gotten into. I towed my first car and many others followed. Then I used the cable to pull a car out of the mud. This was not the automated wreckers of today. To hook up I made sure the emergency brake was on and the car was in park, backed up the truck with the cradle down, and when I felt the rocking motion of the parked car resisting from rolling backward I knew the cradle was under the bumper and frame. To not allow the chassis to flex, especially on plastic-bodied Corvettes, a long 6" by 6" by 8' wood block was placed between the cradle and the chassis. Chains were wrapped around the lower control arm, and secured before the car was lifted using the power take-off lever.

That year I became one of two of Eudy's full time wrecker drivers and soon became a crackerjack on the machine. I learned how to sometimes get cars started or to diagnose a problem when aiding stranded motorists. I did minor mechanical work and learned how the engine and other systems worked. I learned about the internals of the combustion engine and got to road test many vehicles. I would take them down to the clover leaf onto the Interstate to determine what the problem was which I would then relay to the mechanic. One day I was asked to take a young lady's

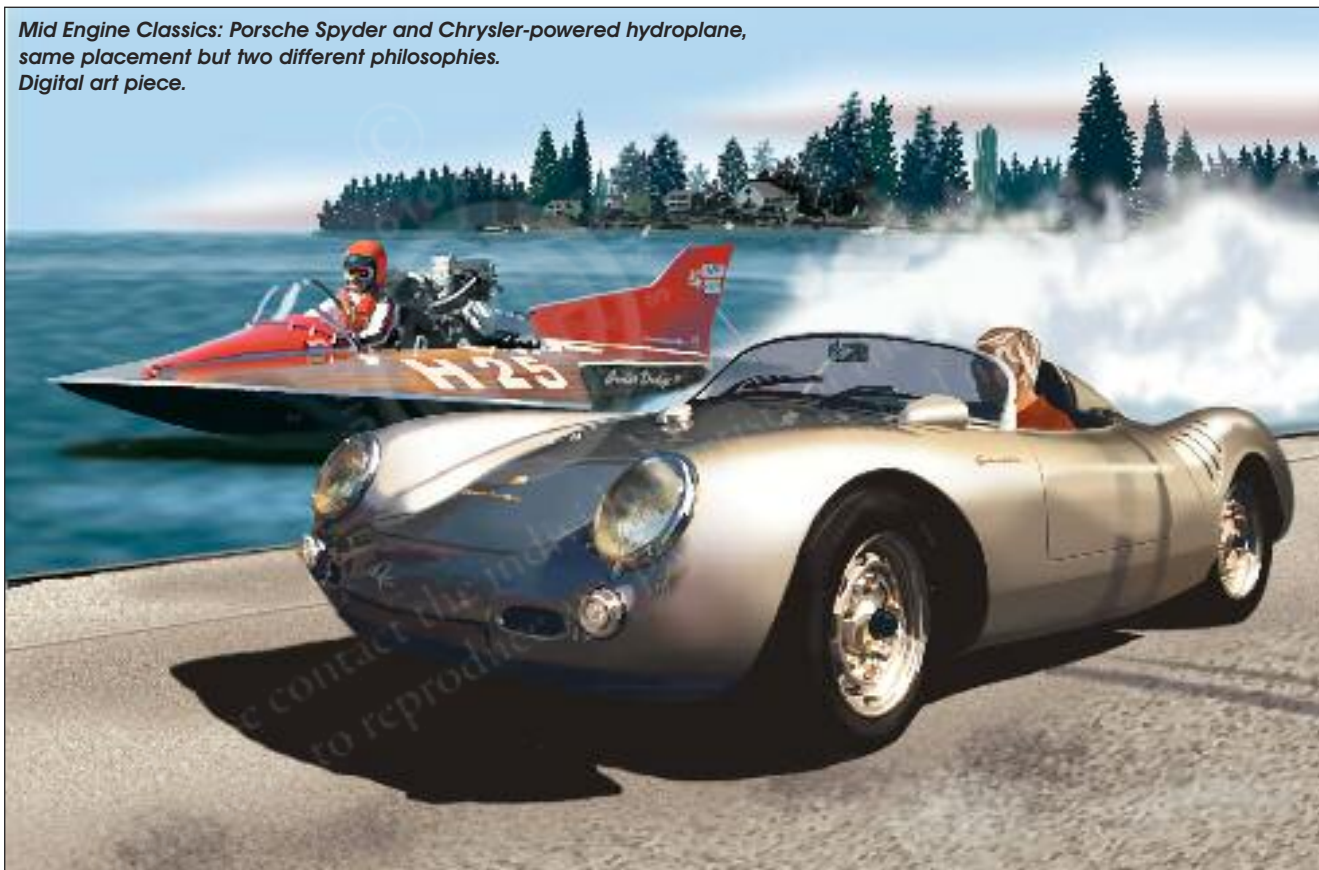
Alfa Spider down route 195. She had asked for me specifically. The entrance onto the Interstate narrowed from three to two lanes to clear the underpass I had just gotten off. I nearly got wiped out by a third car that didn't yield the right of way. For a time there were three of us occupying two lanes. I backed off, it scared me to death being in a customer's car on a road I had traveled every day and nearly totaling her car and myself to boot.

While I drove for Eudy's we won best towing service from AAA Road Service. It was the second time that Eudy's had won the award ever.

Soon I bought a used Mercury Monterey from a Gipsy whose sister was a fortune teller. It was a snazzy but very ugly car with a 390 police interceptor engine able to beat most everything on the road. At night, after work, I used to wind it out on a then country lane named Telegraph Road. One of the mechanics, an ex-paratrooper, who didn't like long hair hippies, my hair was long, put a curse on the car. I paid it no mind at the time, not being superstitious. But that was all in the future. Years later we became good friends.

My dad always shunned working with machines, preferring analytical pursuits, so Mr. Eudy became like a second dad to my brother and me on things mechanical. My brother had joined me when he returned from Venezuela to finish high school, and

Mid Engine Classics: Porsche Spyder and Chrysler-powered hydroplane, same placement but two different philosophies. Digital art piece.



worked weekends and summers. Only later did I understand the stresses our boss had taken on. He owned two stations, an Amoco and a Texaco with at least 50 employees and later purchased a supermarket building and turned it into a parts store.

I suppose we all put plenty of stress on the man. On one occasion I was told to move his son's '67 Mustang GT 289 Hi Po convertible to the side apron. I was a bit wary of high performance Detroit muscle and more used to the clutch in the long stroke 352 CID's in the trucks. I got into the Mustang, depressed the clutch, popped it into reverse, and accidentally released the clutch too quickly. His daughter Sharon, sitting in the passenger seat, looked at me with worry on her brow as we shot backwards. We whipped around toward the car Mr. Eudy had just gotten into and were backing straight at it. It took a moment just to travel the few feet. I looked in my rear view mirror and knew we were going to hit. I saw a look of shock on his face. His hands went to cover his eyes from shattering windshield glass. "He's going to hit the boss", one mechanic shouted. A gasp went up from the other mechanics watching. My reflexes must have been in top shape that morning as I stopped the Mustang inches from the parked car, shifted out of reverse into first and parked the car with Sharon in it on the side apron of the station. Got out and as if everything was normal went about my other duties. I thanked my lucky stars.

The '67 Ford Mustang GT was every bit as powerful as the Shelby Mustang, engine for engine no less the 289 high performance. But the idea of what the initials of a GT meant began to change. From luxury front engine

Grand Tourers like the Jaguars or Jensen Interceptors to a limited production race car in its purest sense, immortalized by the Bentley driven by James Bond in Flemming's books or the later Aston Martins. Names and meanings changed as the bar was raised. Today a 250 Ferrari race car has less power than a common sedan. This would change with the Le Mans LMP and thankfully it is now back to a more sensible prototype class vehicle like in the Ford GT era with the hyper-cars debuting in 2020. Will super electrics one day dominate? Formula 1 already has some of the most efficient vehicles ever created but still a problem with transporting them, the cars, engines, support personnel and viewing public around the world.

Feeling overwhelmed by the super cars from Italy and Germany and the big blocks from Ford, Jaguar had to do something to stay in the game. Their glory days of Le Mans wins had faded away. Last of the E-type Jaguar was the V12 Series III circa 1968. It was a GT but no longer the lithe sports car that had stunned the world in 1961 or in '49 with the XK120 and later XK150. That would change in the years to come. Jaguar would win again at Le Mans but their road cars had become Grand Tourers in the '30s type classic sense.

By 1968 Fords racing at Le Mans had been taken over by the newly developed John Wyer Gulf Mirage and Ford GT40s, winning two years in a row with the old design. Henry Ford II had lost interest after having proved his point, and Porsches would now dominate the race for quite some time with their 917s, 936s, 956s and 962s. The age of unlimited prototypes, the LMPs was on us.

Rules, Regulations and Technology, Advantage or Conformity

A show for the public or test bed for the future

In America racing also changed as speeds increased and technology improved. But whether race cars were built to sell cars or to foster advancements of technology was another thing. At Indianapolis throughout the fifties and into the early '60s front engine Offenhausers were ubiquitous in cars built by independent builders. In 1965 Ford, Jim Clark, a British driver, then won with a Lotus midship engine vehicle. It was a change from the old front engine specials built by private American racing teams that were now on their way out to factory dominated racing. In drag racing, after a few mishaps and teething problems most teams began to experiment with the engine placed behind the driver, and that became standard. The same was true of hydroplanes that dominated high-speed boat racing across the U.S. Engines behind the driver became the norm. And racing became more international.

During the mid sixties Henry Ford the Second and Carroll Shelby not only dominated Le Mans for those four years, but Ford with Cosworth and racing teams like Lotus, and McLaren began to win F1 races after the successes at Indianapolis. For a time Europe and the U.S. were sharing technologies and would soon face an Asian team, Honda, following its marketing ascendancy in the U.S. Ford had long had a presence in England and the British were instrumental in helping to develop the vehicle that would win the 24 hours of Le Mans after Carroll Shelby came on board. Today we see many of the technological developments which happened in England where many of the fabrication processes used in international racing were introduced. If I am not mistaken, today, most F1 car teams are based in England.

But the American psyche still clung to the need for horsepower and a front engine car capable of blistering straight-line acceleration

and achieving zero to 60 in less than 4 seconds. I too got caught up in the enthusiasm. Stock cars on oval tracks were able to run to 200 miles per hour long before a European exotic car could do the same. In the salt flats of Utah they were running jet cars. Trying to achieve ever higher century marks in miles per hour they finally came up against the land speed record barrier of all time, the speed of sound. I do not know why Americans love straight on acceleration. Perhaps it was breaking the sound barrier by Chuck Yeager that captured America's enthusiasm for record setting at

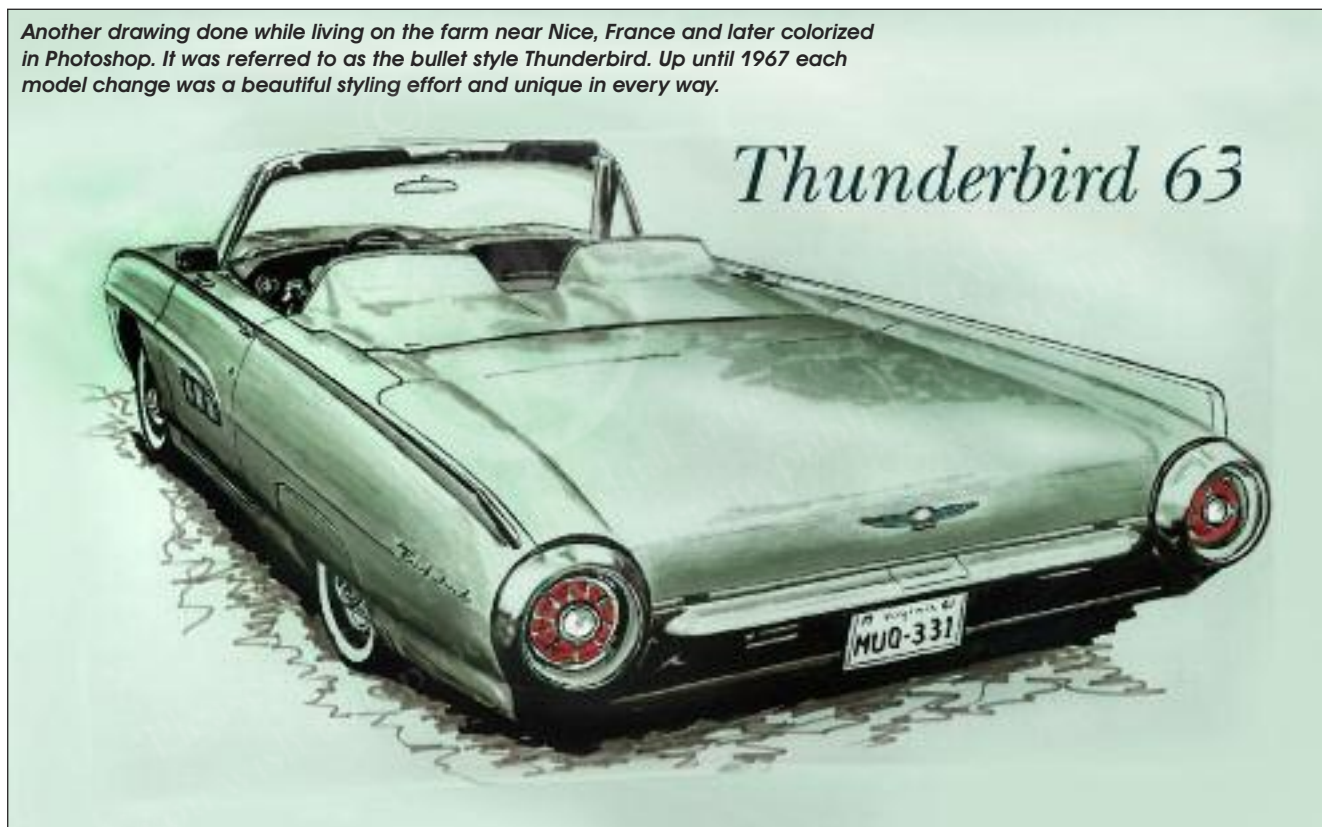
My interpretation of a third iteration of the 2 seat T Bird that came out in 2002, around the same time I used Photoshop to create a digital art piece I thought might use cues from both the 2 seat and four seat T Birds.



It uses the Mustang components with the sculpted lines of a 66 T Bird Landau; independent beefed up suspension, and two seats.



Another drawing done while living on the farm near Nice, France and later colorized in Photoshop. It was referred to as the bullet style Thunderbird. Up until 1967 each model change was a beautiful styling effort and unique in every way.



these compressive limits. Needing more powerful machines, one only had to keep the vehicle on a straight course or so it seemed. It didn't ease things that in the decade that followed bigger rocket designs were going into larger and larger machines to break the force of gravity, friction and compressibility. The British, not unexpectedly, broke the sound barrier on land decades later. They had been working on this for a long time with Malcolm Campbell setting land speed records in the '30s.

On the American side of the Atlantic, handling the vehicle was incidental as long as the goal of top end was achieved. Aside from Sebring and Daytona, Can-Am and some sports car races around the country, Stock Car racing took hold in the U.S. like gangbusters and held the public's imagination with a vengeance since. The 200 mile an hour speeds were irresistible even if they had the same excitement as a roller derby on wooden planks.

For a while I followed the styling of the Ford Torinos, Dodge Daytonas, and Chargers and all my friends lusted after a Pony car or some used muscle car they could afford. Chrysler understood and produced less expensive Plymouth Sebrings, and Chevrolet came out with engine modification parts for that ragged out pillared Chevelle or Biscayne. If you wanted to wow your date then there were plenty of powerful, though much less quick, used personal luxury cars. For me I had to look back ten years for anything I could afford. Ten years was a lifetime back then.

The only fully American series I was interested in was the SCCA as the vehicles were much the same as the European GT and sports car class which also ran in

these events. Indianapolis caught my attention until they diverged from the Formula 1 type vehicles. But it was at a time when European and American race car drivers competed on both sides of the Atlantic in the same cars and were getting national press coverage with drivers like Phil Hill, A. J. Foyt, Ken Miles and Carroll Shelby. I too was entranced with the new Porsches but since there were no American race teams in the game I lost interest. I then fell for the horsepower wars and big cars made in the U.S. and wanted the biggest engine of the day or at least for that model. Like LA today, every streetlight saw a drag race and I couldn't help myself either, first with the Mercury Monterey 390 police special engine and later some other fast cars. If they were not fast then they had to have something that caught the eye in styling or as a potential classic like the four seat personal luxury cars. I always had an eye for a Thunderbird and hoped they would make a two seater again but would have been satisfied with a four-passenger or earlier Square-bird.

I was now fully on my own. Though I had been accepted at Clinch Valley College in the coal-mining region of Virginia, I was reluctant to go so far into the mountains, instead opting to attend Northern Virginia Community College. Before that I applied to The Art Center College of LA, as it was called then, and though I had an interview with an alumnus I was not accepted. I just hadn't had the opportunity to take art courses as none had been offered in Venezuela, and there were few if any classes to be had in Northern Virginia. Instead, I had gotten in with a rough but great crew at Eudy's. I drove 20 thousand miles in a matter of six months and learned all about the workings of American automobiles and the new technology

coming from Europe such as rack and pinion steering, fuel injection, independent suspension and disk brakes; but overhead valves had yet to take hold as did halogen lights and radial tires. That was the education that was available.

We worked 72 hours a week and my day off was on Thursday. Partly out of intrigue, partly because I only had a high school education I was itching to move on, somewhere, anywhere. I liked the crew but it was getting old in the hat. To improve my prospects, even back then, required at least a four-year bachelor's degree and my high school grades at the time were atrocious. On a whim I quit Eudy's and began taking courses at Northern Virginia Community College.

I moved out of the rental in Alexandria, VA and ended up sleeping in the car until I moved in with a friend whose parents were both Doctors. I hadn't noticed my friend was of Indian descent. It seemed that Ricky and Jerry whose mother was a psychiatrist and whose father reminded me of a modern day Don Quixote or maybe a Hindu philosopher allowed Ricky to bring anyone over to stay at the house. There were plenty of misfits and strays but I was able to stay in the basement apartment with a little privacy. Bikers often occupied the large living room: some from the local gang, the Pagans, and once a Hell's Angel. Many itinerant hippies Ricky befriended in Georgetown stayed over for a short while. Georgetown had yet to be yuppified and was a haven for the peace nicks and flower children from Maryland and Washington D.C. There is some good in everyone even a biker with a rough demeanor.

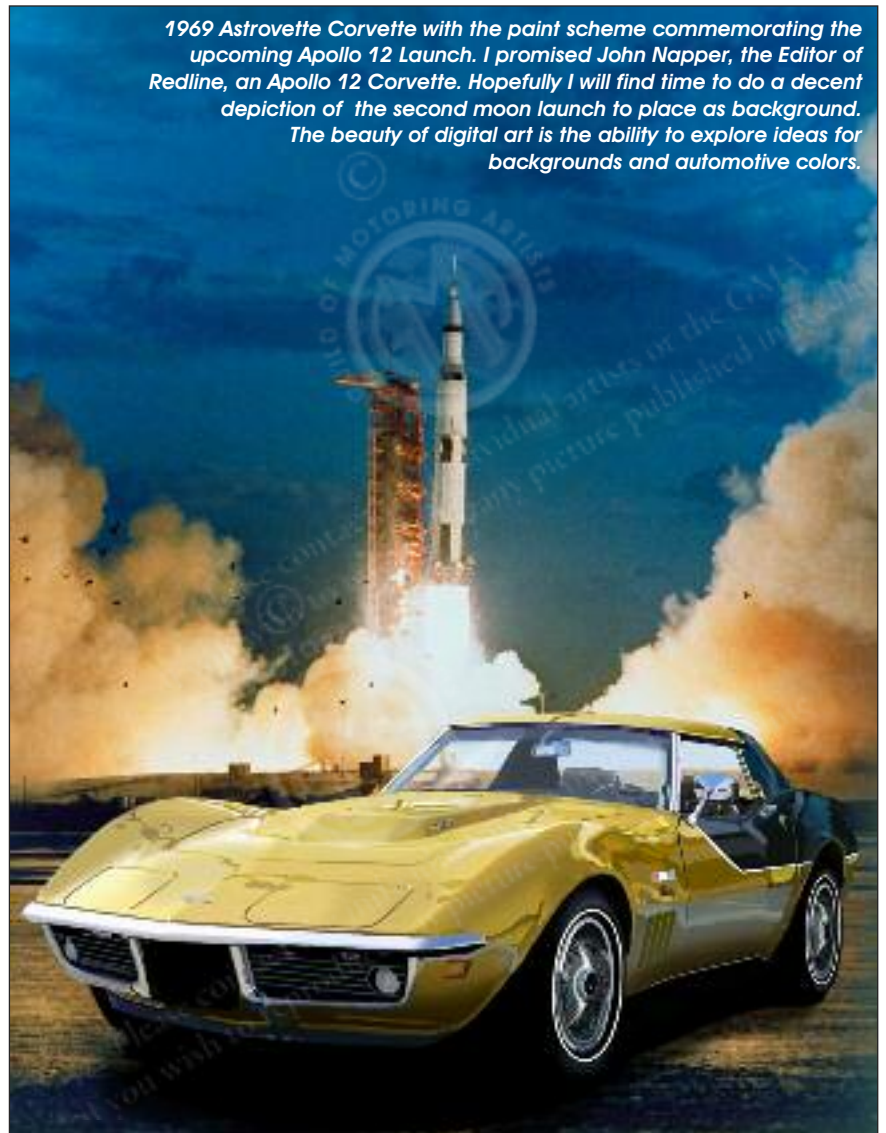
The good doctor, Ricky's father, had a 356 in the garage and I did get to look it over. Rickie couldn't wait to work on it even though he only knew of the car's main layout but had no knowledge of how to rebuild a carb or engine. Carefully, while it sat in the garage we must have restored it a number of times in our minds while looking at it and contemplating what was to be done. I also got to understand a little about Triumph and Harley motorcycles and why the Harley Sportster was preferred as the basis of a chopper with extended forks and sissy bar. Another friend I got to know was nicknamed Duke. His real name I do not recall. In any case now I was hanging out with bikers and high schoolers, a strange combination. Duke was a big guy but dependable and loyal. Though he was not always around, one could trust him.

Another friend from the neighborhood, a very troubled soul, would hang out at Rickie's with his girlfriend. He would burglarize neighborhood homes.

One evening he was riding with me when I stopped to see my girlfriend Cathy in the apartment building she lived in. I left the engine running at the entrance to the lobby and went in. She came down and I was talking with her when my friend took off with the car. Whether he was on something or not I do not know. I excused myself from my girlfriend and ran out. Though I couldn't see anything, in the distance I could hear police sirens blaring, tires squealing, and engines being throttled. I ran in to the desk and reported the car stolen. I was picked up by a squad car and had to convince them I was not driving the car when they found it abandoned. He had outraced a couple of Arlington police cruisers, and destroyed the motor mounts going down a trail through the woods. The next day I spent all day locating the car at the impounding lot and getting it released.

At Eudy's I was given a pair of wheels and tires by a mechanic friend to replace the flats and bent rims on the front. I was unaware that the motor mounts were broken, live and learn. One evening a few days later I took the car around a curve while passing another car full of teenagers. The engine reared up and the linkage

1969 Astrovette Corvette with the paint scheme commemorating the upcoming Apollo 12 Launch. I promised John Napper, the Editor of Redline, an Apollo 12 Corvette. Hopefully I will find time to do a decent depiction of the second moon launch to place as background. The beauty of digital art is the ability to explore ideas for backgrounds and automotive colors.



pushed the carburetor into full throttle. Warren, another friend, was in the passenger seat and Duke in the back seat when at over 70 miles per hour we slammed through two telephone poles and three sign posts. All the while, a State Trooper was waiting at the traffic light and watched the whole thing. He later told the judge we were approaching at an incredible rate of speed. He could do nothing and watched the whole accident from the other side of the intersection.

It was a hard lesson to learn. I was OK but still have a scar where I broke my nose. The friend who had caused the broken motor mounts, was caught burglarizing a home and later had to enlist with the Army paratroopers and go to Vietnam or face jail time. That is another story. What a choice. Me, without a job or a car and no way to attend classes which required a twelve-mile trip into Fairfax and no bus service; I had no prospects at all.

I took all my money out of the savings I had when I started a bank account before going to Venezuela, paid my fine, and with Duke, in an old dull green '61 Chevy 4 door Biscayne, headed to Florida on a whim. His mom had moved there and lived in Hollywood near Miami Beach.

I started my short but eventful grand tour. It turned out not to be so grand. It ended up in Hollywood, Florida with mishaps and misadventures for lack of a better word till the rents went up to accommodate the winter crowd and we headed back North in a dying Triumph TR3, Lucas electrics and all that.

Florida On the Mind, Daytona Stock Cars, and Drag Racing

Before Duke and I left Arlington in 1969, we sat down with Ricky and his brother in front of the television set. It was also the first color TV I had ever looked at, not that it would do any good that night, to watch the moon landing of Apollo 11 transmitted in black and white. Ricky's mother worked late in Georgetown and his father was doing some tinkering while developing an inexpensive laser in the basement, for the common man I suppose, very science fiction back then. Bikers were afraid to go into the basement where he was doing his experiments. We then knew Florida was the place for us. It was where everything was happening especially in the early 70s, on the east coast anyway. A state so flat even the Florida Highway Police jacked up the rear of their cruisers.

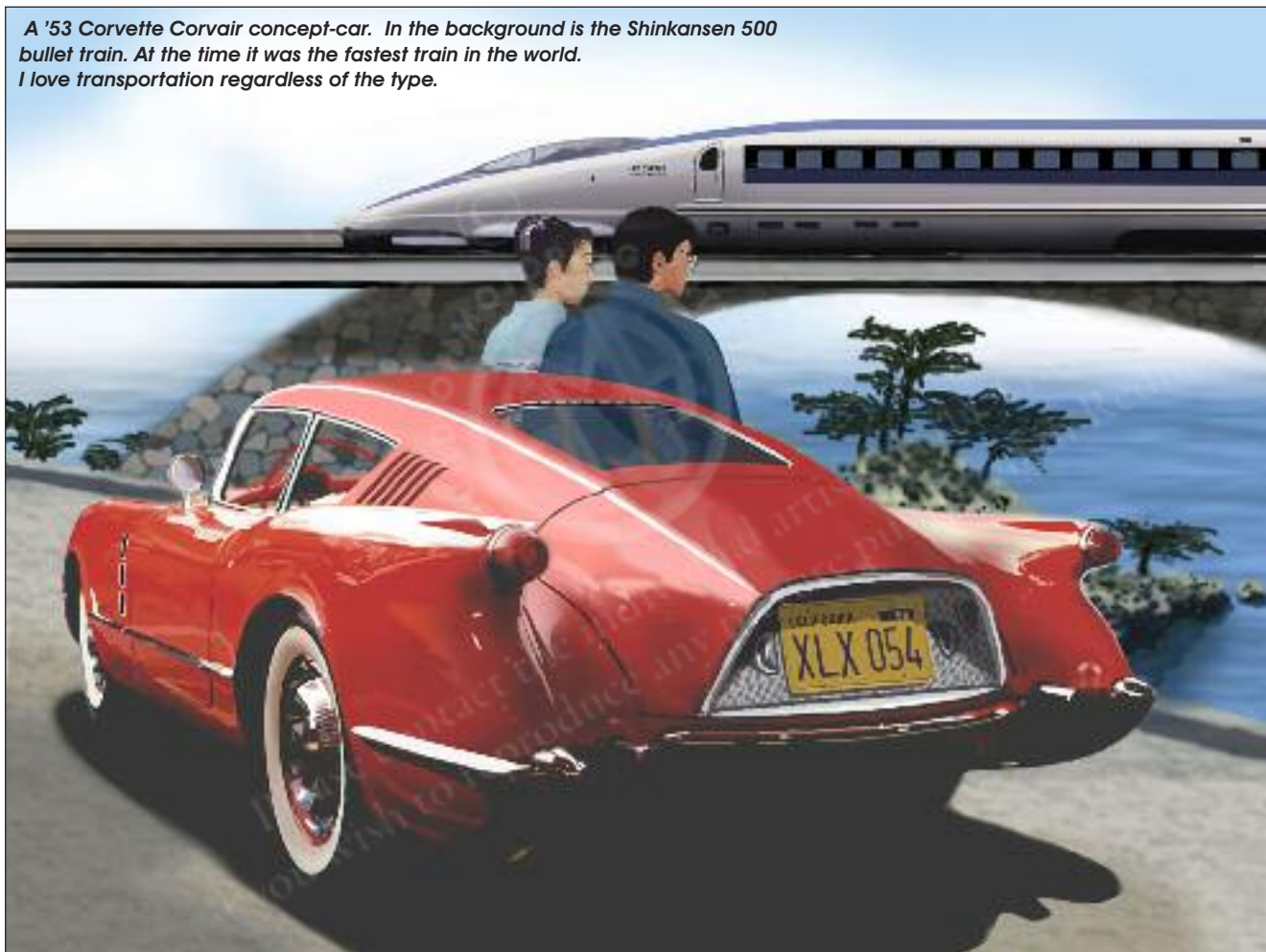
We packed up our meager belongings into the Biscayne and took off one morning. Traffic down I-95 was un-congested in the late sixties. I intended to stop at Daytona and Cape Canaveral but we never found the time as Duke was eager to see his mom. I was a three month coming of age party.

Florida was GM country and Apollo was the biggest deal ever. This need for top end speed was ingrained into the American consciousness. Its aircraft were in constant competition with the Soviet Union for speed records as well as space firsts. In the air it had pushed hard to break the sound barrier and up until the Vietnam war believed that transonic fighter aircraft were the answer to winning the next war and of course the only



Not the 60 but the subsequent three year model from the front view. A 63 convertible pen and ink drawing with color added later in Photoshop. If cars could talk my square-bird would certainly tell some stories.

A '53 Corvette Corvair concept-car. In the background is the Shinkansen 500 bullet train. At the time it was the fastest train in the world. I love transportation regardless of the type.



way to leave earth's gravity was by reaching orbital speed of 18,000mph and to reach escape velocity of at least 25,000mph. But other nations were also in the fray especially when it came to high speed trains.

In Florida it made sense to give a souped-up car all she had. It may be that souped-up comes from the French word soupape which is the word for hydraulic valve. The cutouts on the top of the bonnet on hot rods are said to be louered and the headlights are depressed into their nacelles or Frenched. I don't know why French became the design idiom of customizers on the west coast. Camaro drivers loved to increase the horsepower of their cars for straight-line acceleration. On drag race tracks it was one of the favorites of local boys everywhere.

It cost little to improve acceleration in a 327 or later a 350. After market parts were everywhere. Or better yet, if one's dad had the money to purchase a new Corvette with a 427 engine then that car would do well also, though most times it was reserved for sports car tracks. I will not argue which was the best of the two big blocks, Ford or Chevy, as that competition had been going on for some time, ever since the Chevy 409 and Ford 406 cubic inch wars and earlier. Chrysler competed with the 426 but had a smaller fan base. It would be hard to choose either of the 427s, my favorite of course being the Ford Holman Moody aluminum alloy. It was the Sting Ray, as far as two seat sports cars were concerned, that had gotten everyone's attention.

It was impossible to purchase an old Ford GT40 or even one that was developed in England or later in South Africa. GM had given or sold the astronauts new Corvettes to allow it to remain in the American consciousness, and any red blooded American boy would lust after any '60s Corvette. Believe me.

GM had to do something as Ford had won at Indianapolis and dominated GT racing at Sebring and Daytona and the most prestigious races in Europe. But, that glory was fading and I must say, the '63 to '67 Corvettes were beautiful and inspiring. Initially the '68s were a great encore rebadged as Stingrays without the space in between the words Sting Ray but the styling continued for a decade or more and got a bit stale. To be fair, the U.S. had imposed strict pollution controls on their cars and in the 70s cars became anemic, safety took precedence after the issues of controllability on rear drive vehicles such as the Corvair were publicized.

Later cars with mandated heavy 5mph bumpers and side impact protection made all cars difficult to handle, slow and acting like a fulcrum when spun. Spending much of the budget on this, the designs were either left as they were with the added safety features or became stunted, square and ugly to put it lightly. European and Japanese models could absorb the changes into new designs for export after the kinks had been worked out in America, as they had made their money on other models in other world markets.

Nonetheless, GM and Chevrolet worked hard to improve their international status in road racing and open wheel racing with less success. For a while, Zora Arkus Duntov, gave a good try with Corvettes but the bean counters at GM soon lost interest. The private entry Chaparral comes to mind but it continued to have aerodynamic teething problems as well as conflict with the racing bodies because of its expeller fans. GM did eventually come to the forefront with wins at Le Mans in Cadillacs and Corvettes, but decades later. Today the effectiveness of the under-pan of these automobiles and attention to air dams, and later diffuser design, allowed the air to help suck the car onto the road. It was theoretically possible to keep a car going over 200 miles per hour even while running upside down on the ceiling. So I've heard. Today many years later the monocoque bodies as well as the regulation of air over the upper bodies are something to behold especially in Formula 1 racing.

This was yet to come, but it was 1969 and I was headed to the beach and to a state I had only read about. Duke and I, without incident, drove down through the Southern states of the eastern seaboard in the 61 four door Chevy. Poor as we were, we were able to buy a loaf of wonder bread and peanut butter and jelly. What I remember to this day is how fatiguing it was to drive down the roads and highways of Florida looking as far as the eye could see into the distance. The roads seemed endless. There were no hills or mountains and not a bend in sight. It was plumb flat and featureless. Even the Highway Police seemed bored with their lot and gave us a passing glance as we drove by. Their vehicles jacked up in the back and having spacers on the springs to stiffen them, they looked at us with

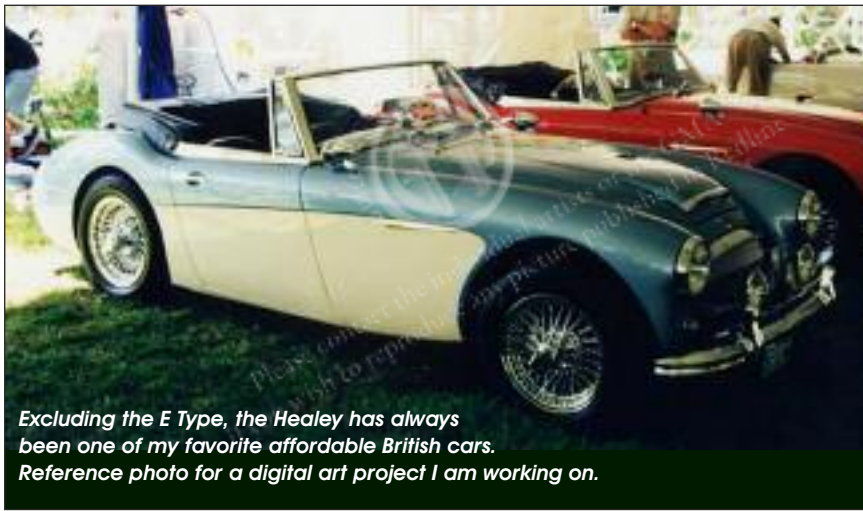
apathetic eyes. They were a different breed than those in the Carolinas or Georgia. Not the same good ole' boys seen in Dodge commercials of the time, nor in movies such as 'Smokey and the Bandit'. We arrived unannounced at Duke's mom's house in Hollywood after the two-day trip of about 1,000 miles.

For about three days we looked for work. We had cut our hair, but not short enough, so it was rather difficult. It was a very conservative community, no mustache, no beard. Duke found work as a foreman at a roofing company though he didn't know a thing about roofing. He was a big guy and must have had command presence, as he was hired on the spot. He learned quickly. I, on the other hand, became a tire changer at a tire-recapping place and did all right. The most disturbing thing I was asked to do was changing all four tires on what I was told was the Chrysler Imperial belonging to the head of the Mafia in Miami and I was told that there had better be no mistakes.

Evenings and weekends were ours though. I had always loved old Thunderbirds and a 1960 hardtop had caught my eye. Duke had his eye on either an MGA or a TR3. A big guy, he took up the whole seat of either car but that was his choice. I finally bought the last version of the original square bird with a 430 Lincoln engine in it, probably the biggest long stroke engine of its day. I would have purchased any year had there been one available. I was entranced. It was sold one night and I was downtrodden, then a few days later the "For Sale" sign went up again and I had the money to purchase it this time.

Duke and I began to do as normal red-blooded American boys did at the time, see how fast our cars





Excluding the E Type, the Healey has always been one of my favorite affordable British cars. Reference photo for a digital art project I am working on.

were capable of going. Even though the Monterey had been fast it wasn't as classy as the T bird and didn't have the top end. I was not fully aware how acceleration also depended on the stroke as well as the rear end. When the dual exhaust started to leak, where the dual exhaust manifolds connected to the H pipes, some of the back pressure designed to give the 430 optimum performance was lost, but it didn't matter. There was a long stretch to the beach from where we worked in Hollywood and our apartment two blocks from the ocean. It was wetland that had not been built on, partly filled with scrub brush and marsh. So, one evening Duke took over the wheel and as it got dark we took off down the long straight. The T-bird was loud and burbled and took forever but Duke kept his foot on the pedal as the big old engine sucked up the cheap gasoline. Soon a throaty bark was emanating from the engine bay as the leaking dual exhaust filled the night air and scared any birds that might have been nesting nearby into flight. We passed the only lit place, a crowded club where Johnny Winter and other bands would be playing on the weekend. Lucky for us the road was deserted. Not sure what Hollywood or this part of southern Florida looks like fifty years later, but at this time there were no red lights or even crossroads. We reached 150 on the speedo and Duke announced it with glee. We had gone faster than the 120mph I had once 'clocked' on the Merc and he had buried the speedometer needle. It was probably faster, top end, than the later Corvettes that would be produced in the '70s.

It was winter, the rents went up, and we had to leave Florida, but not before we visited Miami Beach on a Friday night. We couldn't get into the night clubs as the cost of admittance for us po' boys was too rich so we went down to a beach where all the Hippies were listening to Wayne Cochran's band playing. It was a public beach. We stood there like some dummies as everyone seemed to be high on weed and were in a different state than us beer drinking blue-collar workers. Two Miami Beach police cars backed up to the railing to watch the partiers from their rear view mirrors. They were intent on seeing if there were any drug deals going down or maybe just to keep the crowd in one

place and away from the paying customers on Highway 1 and the nightclubs. You needed a coat and tie to get in back then, and no one around us was wearing one. Some didn't even have a shirt. This wasn't the place to be Duke and I realized. We walked past the police cruisers, got into the T bird and decided to drive back up to Hollywood, buy some beer, and call it a Night.

We worked our way up the crowded avenue in the Square-bird. Everywhere, people were milling

about moving from bar to bar or looking for something to eat. Two glamorous young ladies in evening dresses with their hair done up in the fashion of the day were hitching to get back north to Fort Lauderdale or Hollywood. It was late and I was driving and I didn't need any coaching to stop to give them a ride. I put on the brakes. The drum brakes on the old T Bird, probably way past due for new brake shoes and the drums to be turned, squealed to high heaven. Slowly the car came to a stop as I pulled over to the curb. We ended by the sidewalk at least fifty feet from where the girls in evening dress stood as Duke opened the door. He looked up to see two different young ladies, 'Plain-Janes' wearing jeans and old blouses eager to get in. "Thanks guys!" they said. I could see on Dukes frown how disappointed he was but realized that we were now committed, as honorable dudes we had to give them a ride. Actually there was nothing else we could do.

Nothing happened except the small talk we made as we drove to Hollywood and let them off. Duke was pissed that I hadn't been able to stop sooner to pick up the first two young ladies. I suppose the working girls, for a better term, knew what they were doing and had decided to hitch a few feet up the road from the first two and probably had practiced this often before with great result. I take my hats off to them.

A few weeks later we decided to go north. The T bird sprung a leak that morning, the heater core fogging up the windshield with coolant and we had to take the TR3, not a good decision either as it would never make the trip. We had to drive through Good Ole' boy country again. The taillights didn't work and the top would not stay up. Duke had to let me know when we were going to stop and the two bare wires rigged from the auxiliary truck lights we had mounted on the rear fenders would light when I connected the wires.

We got to North Carolina, on the outskirts of Charlotte, when the battery indicated it needed a charge. Stopping at a local service station we decided to spring for a new tire. The bad news was there was no knock off hub in the trunk. It had been pilfered the last time Duke had some work done on the Triumph and worse news followed. The generator was



Since the deal fell through with Ferrari, and Ford had won his fight, he still needed a Corvette fighter. He found the De Tomaso Mangusta, made a deal with the company, and purchased it under the Ford banner. The original Mangusta was designed by Giugiaro and had a backbone chassis like those found on Lotus vehicles. It was powered by a HiPo 289 and later a 302 Ford Engine. The design was changed to facilitate production and the backbone was replaced by a monocoque. Instead of a 289 engine the 351 Cleveland, also a small block, was used and the car sold as the Pantera. In the opinion of many enthusiasts the Mangusta was a much prettier design than the Tjarda designed Pantera but one has to realize limited production exotics did not have to face the cost considerations of volume production and Federal safety and emissions regulations now facing American manufacturers. The De Tomaso was to be an attention getter for Ford showrooms. When you see a Mangusta on the road it's beauty will take your breath away.



As an anecdote, I must say we waited and waited for the mid engine Corvette, though promised, it never materialized. In 2020 the new model would be released as a mid engine. Ford too was unable to market a Detroit built mid engine sports car other than the Pantera. I never got to drive one, and I'm not sure how fast it was capable of going though it could stop and handle better than most American cars of the time. Ford did not market a mid engine exotic until the new Ford GT second generation was launched in 2004.

shot and we had been running on the battery only. We had to go for broke, rain pouring outside and got back on Rt. 95 North. I did my best to keep the top above our heads and with holes in the floorboard and no side curtains it was a very miserable night. The engine shut down a few miles out from Fredericksburg, VA and we were lucky to catch a ride all the way to Arlington VA. We then had to hoof it up 23rd street where my oldest sister and her husband Mike had moved back into the family home on Oakcrest Rd. We were let in with welcoming arms. I have never been back to Miami since. Duke returned and I signed over the T Bird to him. It probably ended in a scrap heap anyway.

I was soon to be introduced to French culture and to the changes in engine placement, efficient drivetrain, and body development the French brought to the table. I also got to ride in the TGV (*Train à Grande Vitesse*) from Marseilles and back. A new reality was setting in around the world and in Europe, America and Japan. Competition would begin to fall on an equal footing. The world was getting smaller; electrics would begin to dominate.

Next Part 5:

Clinch Valley College, A French Girl and Rallying.

Rick Herron

Correction -

On page 35 of the Winter, 2019 edition of Redline the caption under the image of the Cisitalia should read:

"This is one of the famed Cisitalia designs like the one on display at MoMA, the Museum of Modern Art in New York City."

It was brought to my attention by my sister Maggie now retired from the Smithsonian Museum. She was responsible for raising funding for the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington D.C. And we owe her a lot of gratitude for that work.

Gallery

Redline gallery is an opportunity for GMA members to display their latest works to fellow members. We can't all get to GMA exhibitions to view the originals, but it's always good to see new works.

Please e-mail the editor to submit your work for inclusion in the Gallery at any time. Any additional information about the painting, drawing, sculpture etc, is always welcome, but not compulsory. Supply as much or as little as you think appropriate.

Please note that your e-mail address will be included under your name unless you specifically request it to be omitted.

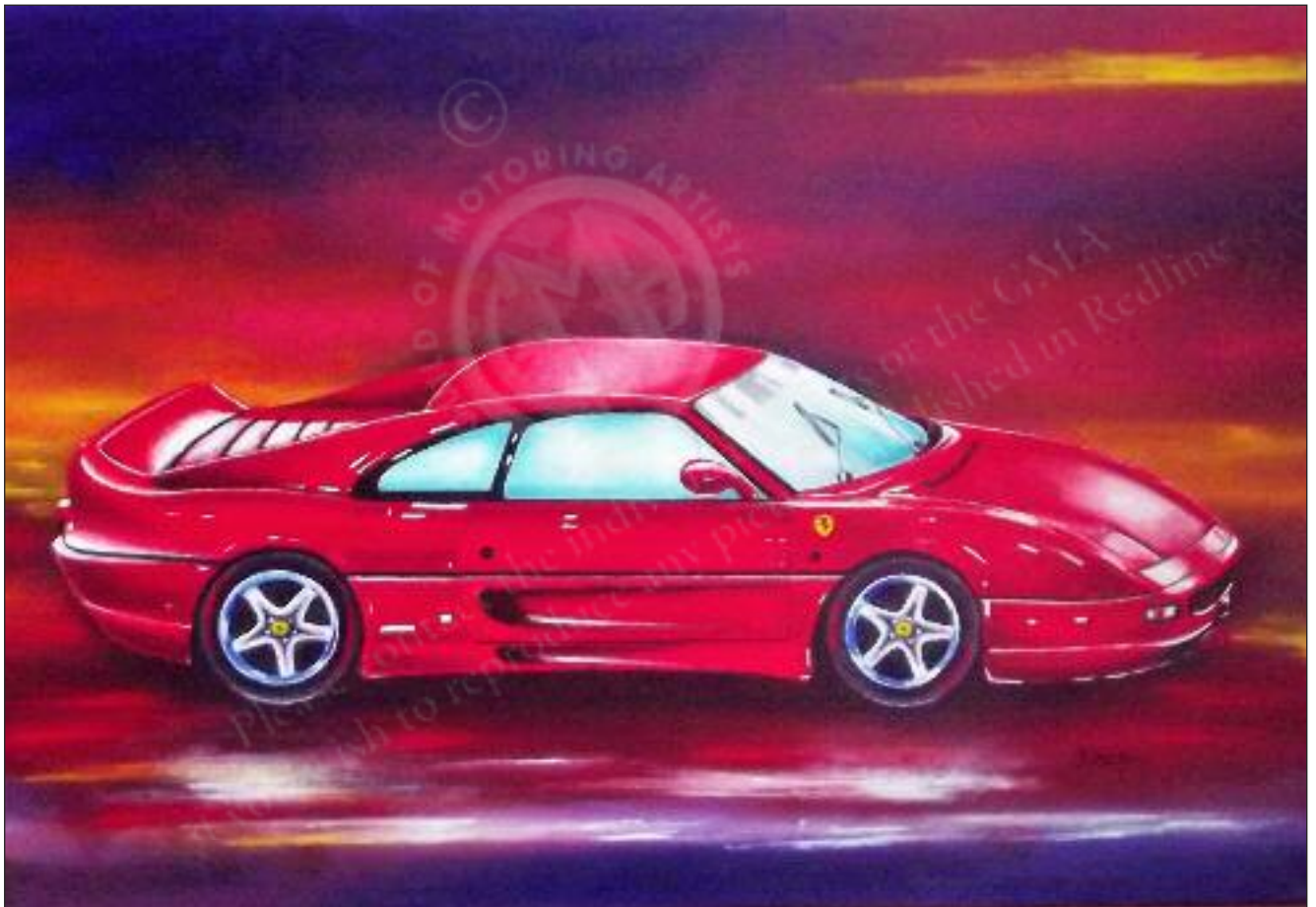
This issue features contributions from: Anne D'Alton, Ilya Avakov, Adrian Bradbury, David Briggs, 'Mike', Phil Lightman, David Purvis & Richard Wheatland.

The committee has decided that only full members of the **GMA** can be considered for the Featured Artist spot at the front of **Redline**, but friends and honorary members are welcome to submit contributions to the Gallery pages. The website version of **Redline** uses watermarks for your protection but members receive clear photos in the full version of **Redline**. I hope you enjoy it.

John Napper

Anne D'Alton

art2cherish@orange.fr



Ferrari F355

Oil on canvas size 70cm x 50cm.

It is a F355 that in fact I actually raced on a circuit - in the pouring rain - not the nicest of experiences, but an experience non the less.

Anne D'Alton



Alfa Romeo Giulia GT Sprint Veloce



Mad Max car. (mobster track car from movie)



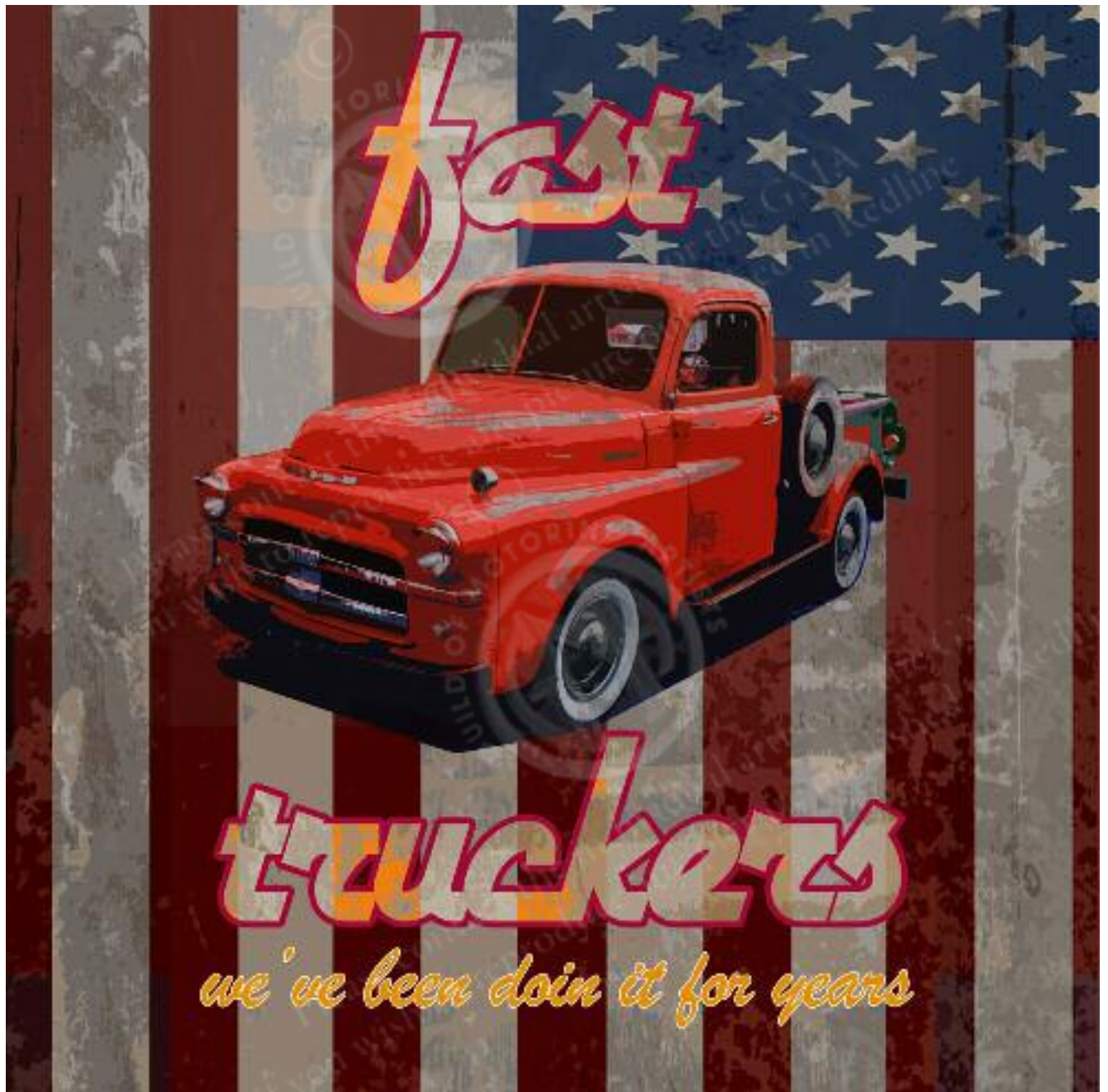
Formula Ferrari, Michael Schumacher



Brabham BT45



Bentley 4.5 Litre Blower

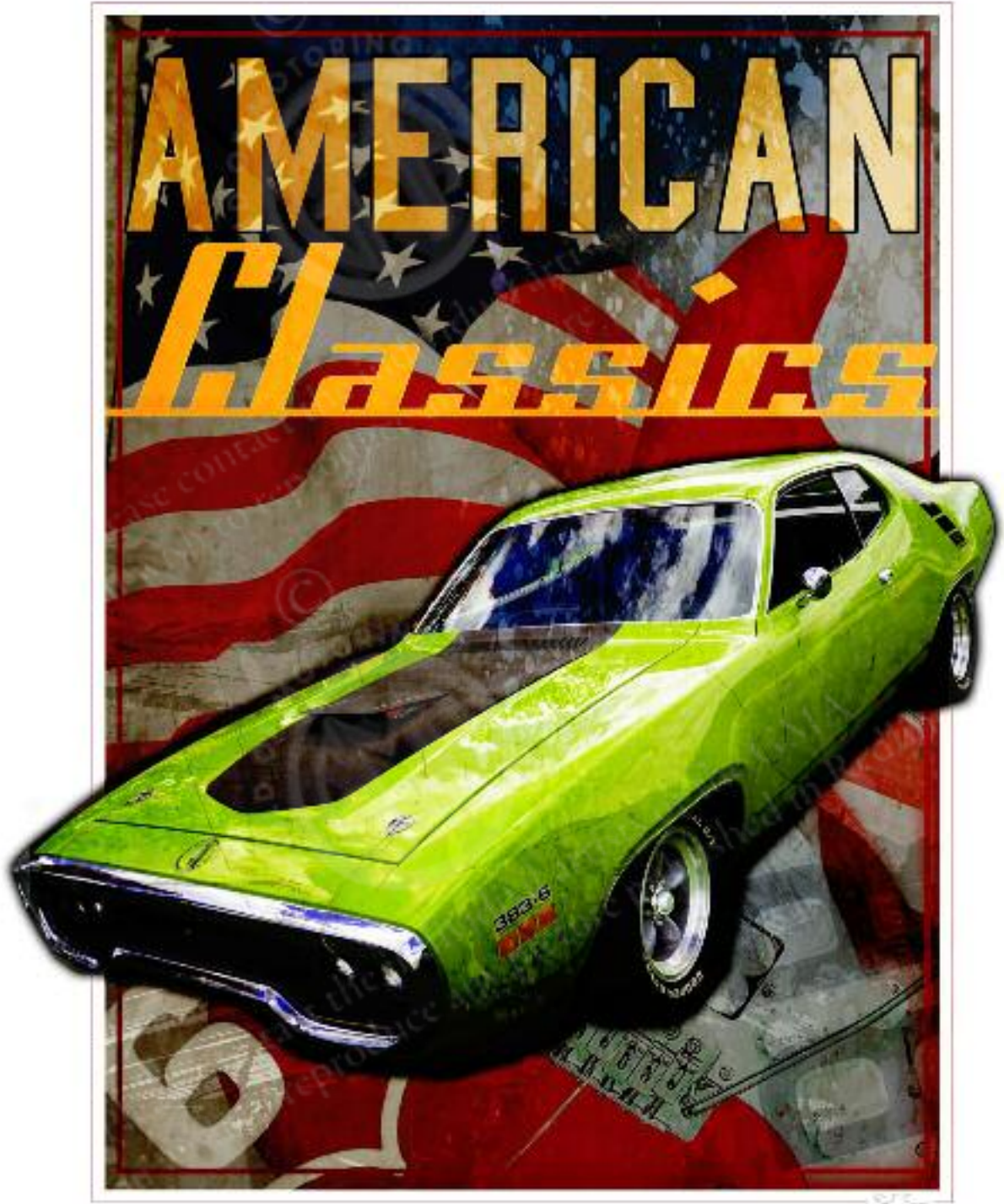


Fast Trucks

This was part of a whole series I did for an American company a few years back, which didn't materialise unfortunately due to a strategy change by them.

The brief had been – slightly tongue in cheek copy lines throughout and thinking 'man cave' + t-shirts, mugs etc.

Adrian Bradbury

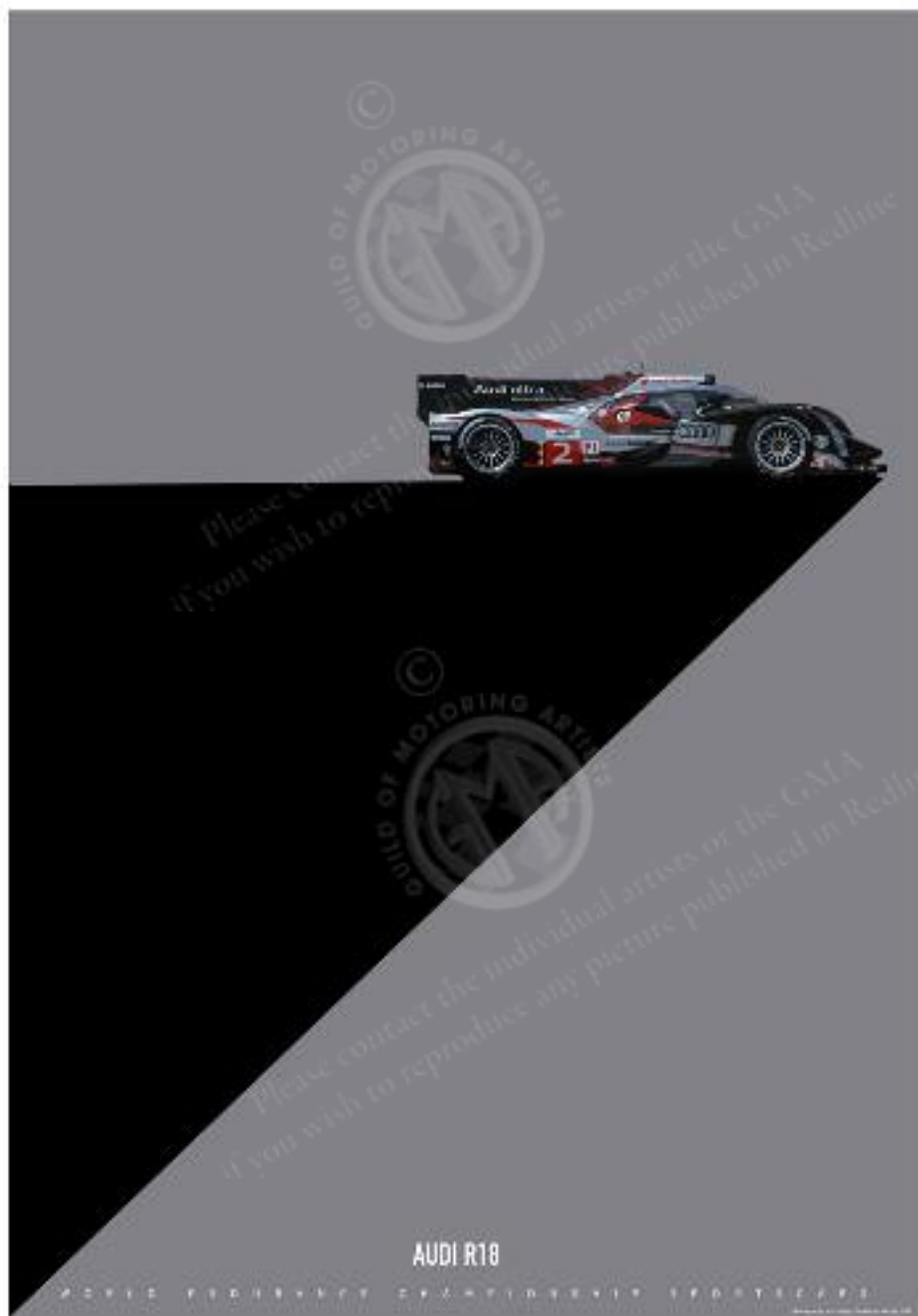


American Classics – Dodge

Based on my love of American muscle cars of the 60-70's and original part of the same brief as Fast Trucks but using Tin Plate style of illustration.

I like the way the car is presented as coming outside the frame of the background.

Adrian Bradbury



Audi R18

Part of a self generated series of prints based on the World Endurance Championship Sportscars which has long also been a passion of mine.

I wanted to create something that had a sense of drama and graphic quality the colour of the background in each print in the series comes from part of the car itself with the contrast of the black, of course representing the track.

my website is: <http://www.motorsportprints.co.uk> to see more.

Adrian Bradbury

Mike

Full name and e-mail withheld at artist's request



Ford Pickup

Pictured in front of the General store and Post Office, Luckenbach Texas, the location of the famous concert, as featured in the song by Waylon Jennings.

The distressed truck has a bleached out Waylon Jennings logo on the door.

Mike



Cord 810 Beverley sedan

Auburn 851 Boat Tail Speedster

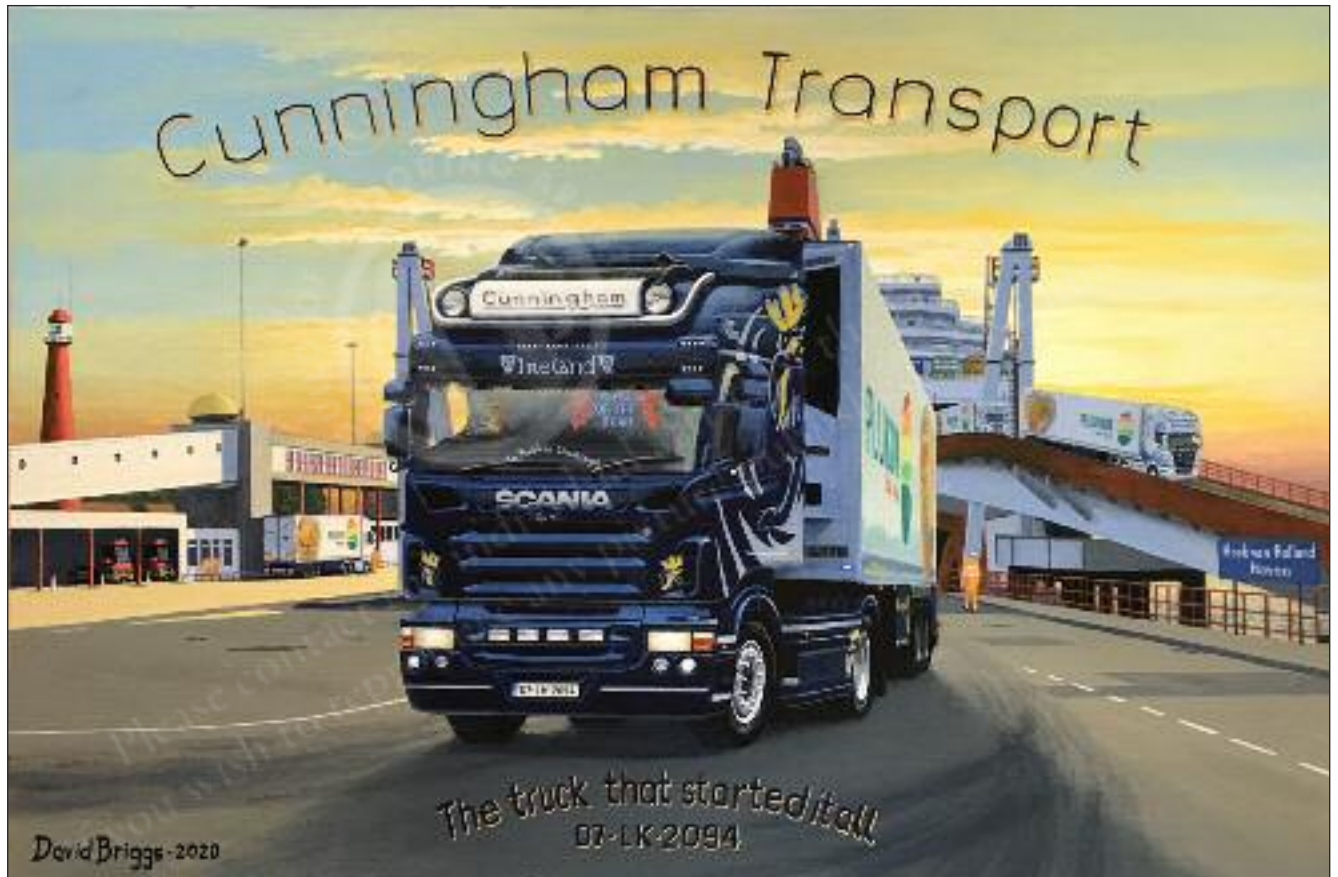




Ferrari Dino

Duesenberg II SJ Dual Cowl Phaeton





Arrival at the Hook

The Cunningham's Scania R420 Highline was the first truck owned by this company from Limerick Ireland. They now have 18 units, so the MD wanted something featuring the truck entering Holland off the Harwich ferry on its first continental run.

Unusually he wanted the painting signwritten which I was dubious about but the customer is always right (even when they're wrong). lol ..

David Briggs



The brothers

So titled because the two drivers depicted both drove for the same company. The one on the right has passed on, The other brother wanted something to remember the good days by. Strangely there is hardly a photo of Stannards vehicles so I constructed it from a verbal description of what he wanted.

He was in tears when he saw it, said it was just perfect, can't get better than that. He drove the twin steer (the other one is a conventional two axle unit) powered by a 220 Cummins apparently good for 80 mph all day long!

David Briggs



So you want to be a bus driver

This 1976 Leyland Leopard Y type (Alexander Falkirk bodywork) was new to Western Scottish before coming to Ulsterbus in 1989 as the chief driving instructors vehicle until 1999.

Ulsterbus had one of the largest and longest lasting Leyland Leopard fleets in the UK. The scene is the Duncrue works and Ulsterbus headquarters in Belfast where bus, lorry and railway carriage bodies have been built for many years although it is now due for demolition, new premises having been built nearby. The bus in the background is a Bristol LH also with Alexander bodywork.

David Briggs



MG TA K3/Q-Type Replica

This is a replica built in 2010 and named Dolly in memory of the lady who inspired it. It is locally owned in the town where I work.

Only just completed, so as yet not handed over. Done in gouache and fineliners on A3-sized 300 g/m hot-pressed paper,

Phil Lightman



Jaguar E-type Series 1 roadster

A commissioned portrait of a superbly restored car. I initially discussed the possibility of a commission with the owner some 2-3 years previously, then confirmed when I mentioned it at a show last summer.

I will now be portraying the owner's 2 Aston Martins, with the DB6 already underway.

Phil Lightman

Jensen Interceptor R supercharged

The well-known Jensen Interceptor, but with a modern twist courtesy of Jensen International Automotive. The starting point is a thorough restoration of an original bodyshell, re-engineered with numerous up-to-date upgrades and improvements.

I portrayed this car for the company to be used as their Christmas Card last year and the original painting now hangs in their sales office. The company are due to create a promotional car in this colour.

Phil Lightman



Ford Escort Mk.II RS2000

This was commissioned by a work colleague as a surprise present for a significant birthday; I had previously portrayed a Jeep for him some 10 years previously!

I have known the owner vaguely for many years, back to the days when we both owned 1600Es. I happened to see him at a car show where he said it was about time he had a painting of this one. Little did he know he would be getting one, just a few weeks later, when it was handed over at his party!

Phil Lightman



Chevrolet Belair '56

This painting was commissioned in the summer as a surprise Christmas present for the owner.

One of a couple of paintings finished on the morning of Christmas Eve and handed over later that day.

Phil Lightman



Newport Nobby

The quirkily named old local train at long gone Newport Pagnell railway station.

Created for a local 2021 calendar.

David Purvis

Brescia Bugatti

A true classic, the Type 13 is considered the first true Bugatti and gained it's nickname after taking the first 4 places in the 1921 Brescia Grand Prix.

This painting is based on reference photos taken at the 2020 Stony Stratford New Year's Day Classic Car Show.

David Purvis



Police Wolseley 6/80

Wolseley 6/80 police car leaving Newport Pagnell Police Station (building still stands)

Created for another local 2021 calendar

David Purvis



Game-Changer

A watercolour and gouache on Langton Watercolour board, 16" x 11". The subject a 1963 Lotus 25 Climax in the paddock at the 2019 Goodwood Revival.

This has gone well, I put it on the 'Jim Clark automobilia' Facebook site and it has nearly 300 likes and 38 favourable comments. The original sold in a few hours to a previous customer in the US.

Richard Wheatland



Small Team on a Big Stage

A watercolour and gouache of Jim Clark in the Border Reivers team Aston Martin DBR1 at Le Mans in 1960 where he finished third partnered by Roy Salvadori.

This Aston martin painting is part of the Jim Clark exhibition at the Duns museum.

Richard Wheatland



Wings over Brooklands

A Vickers Vildebeest MkIII torpedo bomber flying over Brooklands Race track and Vickers aircraft factory in the early 1930s.

Richard Wheatland

ArtyFACTS

- 1 Elfyn (son of Gwyndaf) Evans won the 2017 Rally GB to join previous British winners, Roger Clark, Colin McRae, Richard Burns and Chris Meeke..
- 2 Dual Axis Steering has been introduced on the 2020 Mercedes F1 car. It's purpose is to allow the driver to vary the front wheel toe-in at will. Search for 'How does DAS work' by Ted Kravitz on U-tube for an explanation.
- 3 Grayson Perry has become the first British visual artist to win the Dutch version of the Nobel Prize since Henry Moore in 1968. The Prize will be presented by King Willem Alexander of the Netherlands in November as well as a cash prize of €150,000.
- 4 David Hockney gave up on his painting 'My Parents and myself' after his parents had sat for it both in Paris and at his house in Notting Hill in the '70s. This caused a period of falling out and he eventually did another version in 1977 called 'My Parents' which healed the rift nicely. It is being displayed at The National Portrait Gallery as part of 'David Hockney: Drawing from Life' from February 27th to June 28th 2020.
- 5 Dexter Brown.
- 6 Fiorano.
- 7 Yes that is the correct spelling for his first name. He was an English photographer who studied animal and human movement in the 1870s with multiple cameras to understand and prove how it worked.
- 8 Sir John Tenniel (1820-1914) a Londoner, trained at the Royal Academy who was a political cartoonist and worked for Punch magazine.
- 9 The incomparable Jim Clark won the 1965 British Grand Prix at Silverstone by a few seconds from Graham Hill. To quote Max Boyce 'I knows cos I was there!'
- 10 Amazingly a painting called 'Self Portrait' completed in 1889, which has been in Norway's national collection in Oslo since 1910 was authenticated by the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam in January 2020. It is a yellow and gloomy picture of the artist who it is thought

The quarterly ArtyFacts quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter

Redline Summer 2020

Copy deadline for next issue is Sunday **May 31**

Please e-mail any Redline contributions to:

john.redline@yahoo.co.uk

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