OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CLASSIC CAR CLUB MANHATTAN

CCC MAGAZINE

THE Cookery ISSUE

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a word

FROM THE DIRECTORS

CAR CULTURE IS one-dimensional. The same can be said for any other culture—be it dance, music, fitness, bourbon or whatever you're into. Staying within the confines of that particular culture becomes an exercise in traveling through ever-tightening concentric waypoints.

At Classic Car Club, the danger of slipping into an automotive collector wormhole is always present. But we don't suffer concern about whether our taillights are round or square. Classic Car Club is less about the particular, and more about transcending the cars themselves to focus on what we do with them. Having the keys to an extraordinary car in your hand is a very rare and special kind of freedom. And so, our version of car culture is to share our automotive existence with other cultures—be it music, as seen in our collaborations with the renowned Soul Assassins; design, as noted by the numerous art collaborations and installations we've assembled; or sport—catch us on the grid any weekend.

In this issue, we're diving into what might just be our favorite contiguous culture: food. Food and cars go hand in hand. American highways gave birth to the fast-food industry. Early mobile restaurants fueled the workers that built American infrastructure, drive-in restaurants swapped the banquette for the front seat of a sedan, and what good is a road trip if it's not based on discovering regional, famed restaurants?

In this issue, CCC explores the culture of food and how motoring culture collides with it, and, in the process, further connects our restaurant to our driving membership.

Don't get crumbs on the seats.

Phil, Michael, Zac
CCC

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New Jersey has more diners than any other state.

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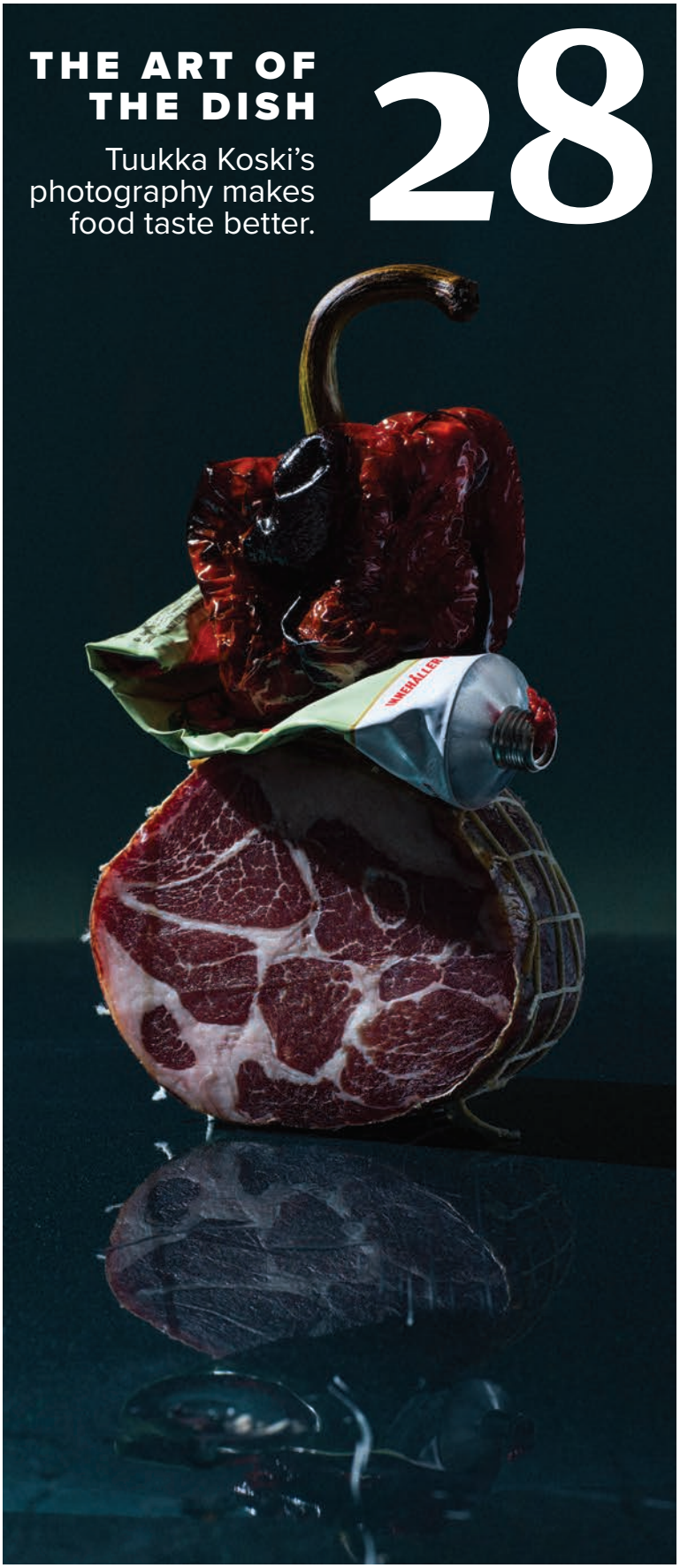

THE ART OF THE DISH

Tuukka Koski's photography makes food taste better.

PETROLEUM SMOKER

The connection between Texas barbecue and auto culture.

SIX-SHOT REVOLVER

CCC partners with Revolution Race Cars.

CCC MAGAZINE

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> **Classic Car Club is less about the particular, and more about transcending the cars themselves to focus on what we do with them. Having the keys to an extraordinary car in your hand is a very rare and special kind of freedom.**

Food Gear

TAILGATING: THE AMERICAN PASTIME FOR THOSE OF US WHO DIDN'T BUY TICKETS FOR THE ACTUAL PASTIME. WHY WATCH GROWN ADULTS RUN WITH A BALL WHEN YOU CAN HANG WITH YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR TRUCKS AND A MEAL MADE IN A PARKING LOT? HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO TAILGATE PROPERLY.

NOMAD GRILL & SMOKER

The weakest link in a tailgate is the flimsy portable grill you picked up at Walmart. It's small, unstable, and in danger of falling apart at any moment. Upgrade to a NOMAD. This suitcase-shaped aluminum grill allows for three square feet of grilling, searing and smoking space.

$599

JEALOUS DEVIL ALL-NATURAL HARDWOOD LUMP CHARCOAL

Not all coal is created equal. And cooking in a parking lot has special requirements. You want a coal that will burn hot for a long time, so you're not hauling more than 20 pounds of it, and you want it to burn clean, with little ash; and hot, as you're probably on a grill that is a bit smaller than the one in your yard. Jealous Devil coal, made from Quebracho Blanco wood, does all this, and adds a terrific smoke to taste, as well.

$34 for a 20-pound bag

PAT LAFRIEDA 30-DAY DRY-AGED PORTERHOUSE STEAKS

Pat's Black Angus steaks are natural and delicious; age them for 45 days, and they acquire a complex, earthy taste, too. Don't tailgate like an amateur. Bring a proper steak along.

$83 for a 24-ounce cut

OXO GOOD GRIPS GRILLING TONGS AND TURNER
You don't need a 30-piece utensil kit for tailgating. You need a spatula and a set of tongs—nothing more, nothing less. OXO calls its set "tongs and turner," and we like that it sounds like a British electronic music duo almost as much as we like the integrated bottle opener and the simple design and ergonomics.
$20.95

SONOS MOVE WIFI SPEAKER
The Move speaker lets you stream your favorite anthems with a wide audio spectrum. The Move is weather- and drop-resistant, and the battery sustains the sound for 10 hours.
$399

GROWLERWERKS UKEG GO 64
If you're a draft-only kind of beer aficionado, tailgating can challenge your standards of living. Luckily, GrowlerWerks has a solution. Fill up the growler, add some pressure and you'll be pouring 64 ounces of draft deliciousness. Toss the keys to a friend and go tap per touchdown.
$99

RTIC 52 QT ULTRA-LIGHT COOLER
With three inches of sidewall, your ice will stay icy for days, and the cavernous interior will hold your steaks, sides and Torch & Crown X CCC Accelerator Saison beer.
$199

ROADSIDE RELIGION

WORDS AND IMAGES BY TED GUSHUE

My friends and I have a running joke on WhatsApp: every time one of us has the fortune to make a pit stop at an Autogrill, we call it "Going to Church." There's a reason that I get a little thrill of excitement down my spine every single time I see one of those red and white "A" logos on a road sign while cruising the Italian Autostrade. I'm not alone in this, either—my girlfriend, Matilde, who was raised in Italy, feels largely the same way.

Founded in 1947, Autogrill has come to symbolize the epitome of Italian quality and care for hungry drivers and their passengers. Today, the travel caterer is controlled through a majority shareholding by the Benetton family (yes, *that* Benetton), which has driven its growth throughout Italy and beyond in pursuit of democratized quality at a fair price, complemented by fast and efficient service.

Now, Autogrill is clearly not the only name in the game when it comes to road-food options in Italy, but it is absolutely the only one to deliver premium-quality ingredients at such scale, charging €7 or thereabouts for a level of sandwich that in Manhattan might cost you more than US$20. This tradition is not unique to the Autogrill chain; it represents a universal belief in Italian culture that everyone should have access to decent quality at a fair price that reflects the average income of an Italian family. This is also evident in the price you will pay for

OTHER CROWD FAVORITES AT AN AVERAGE AUTOGRILL INCLUDE:

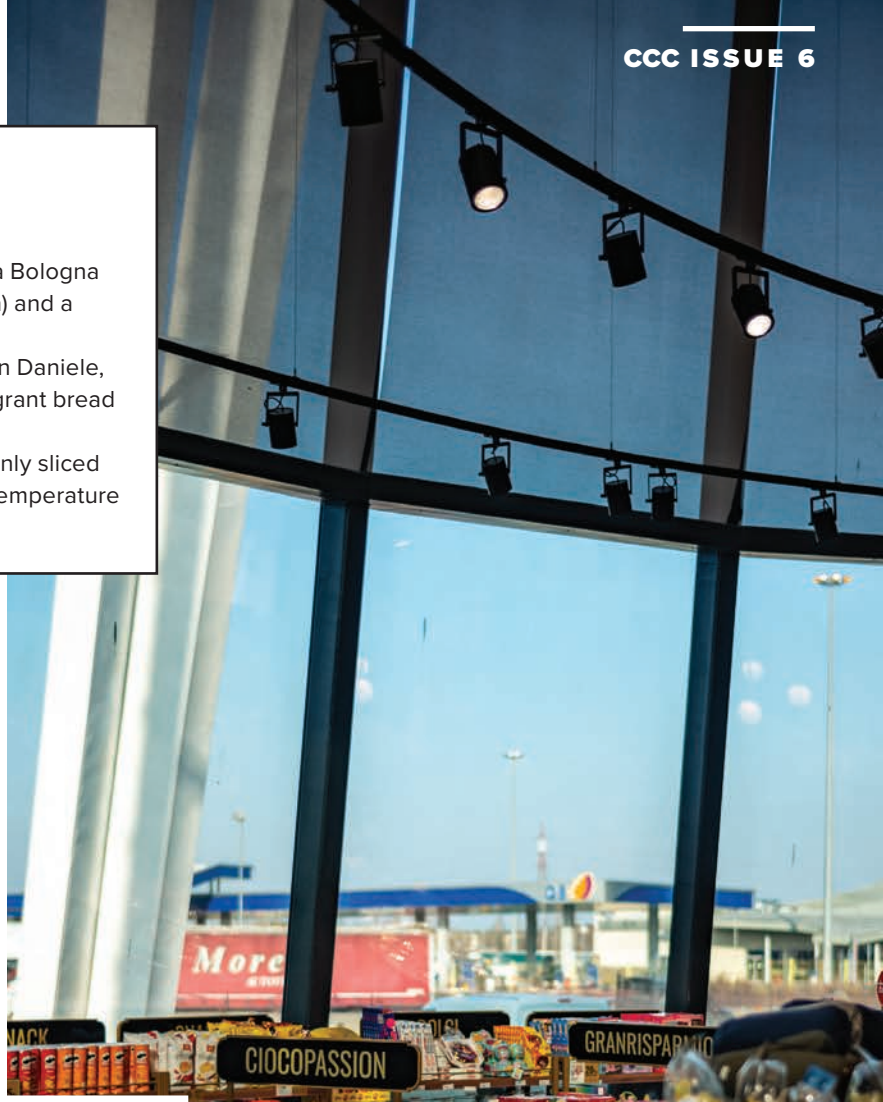
THE REGINELLA: Fresh rosemary focaccia, Mortadella Bologna PGI, stracciatella di burrata (the stuff inside the burrata) and a sprinkling of pistachio.
THE BUFALINO: Mozzarella di bufala, prosciutto di San Daniele, a dash of olive oil and fresh basil, served on super-fragrant bread and warmed up on a panini press.
THE RUSTICHELLA: Half-moon-shaped thin bread, thinly sliced bacon and a smoky provolone cheese warmed up to temperature on the grill.

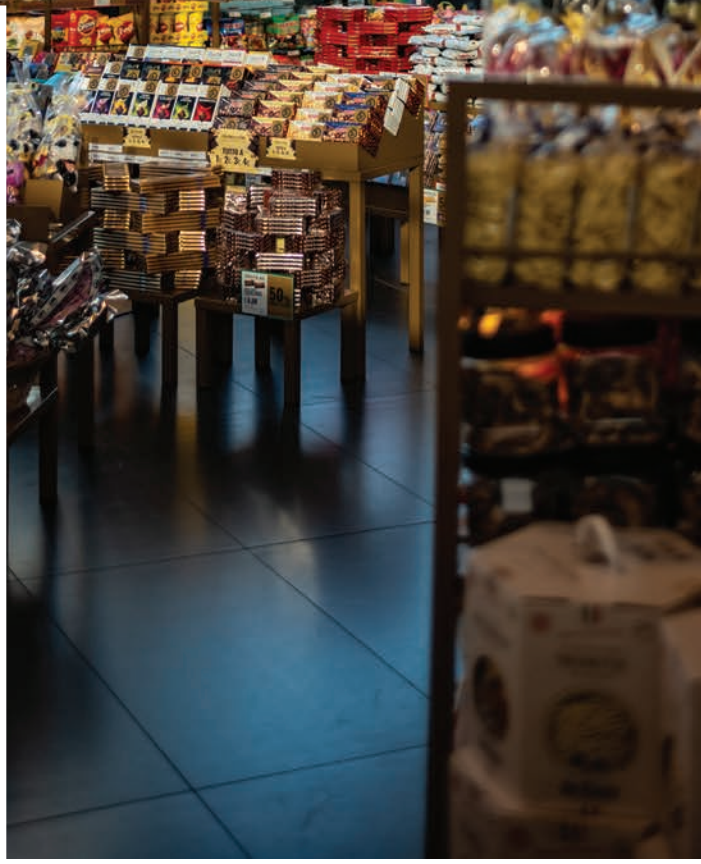
what will arguably be one of the best espressos of your life: roughly €1.20.

Can you imagine stopping at a McDonalds in the United States and being served a panini the size of your head spilling over with freshly sliced prosciutto di San Daniele, mozzarella di bufala, ripe tomatoes and organic mayo, all encased in fresh-out-of-the-oven bread? This is what you get at an Autogrill for the cost of a Big Mac, and they call it the Re Rustico (Rustic King). See the breakout above for more superb sandwiches that keep Italian drivers satisfied. **ccc**

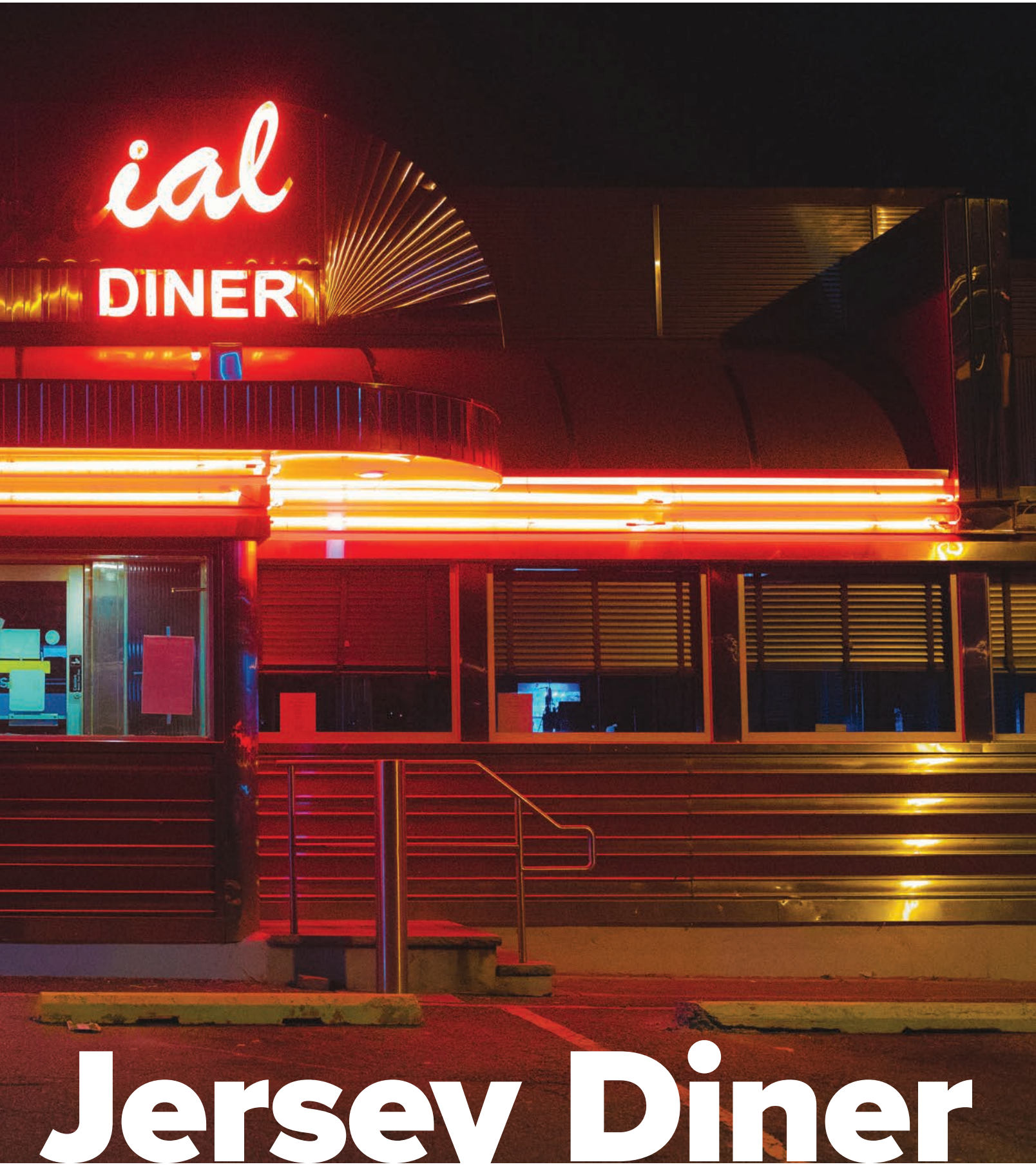
RIGHT
Roadside snack selections that put Trader Joe's to shame.

BELOW
The architectural beacon of excellent coffee.





The New



Jersey Diner

BY BRETT BERK
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

When you drive across the border from one state to another, Google Maps displays a little "Welcome To" alert. Alongside the name of the state you're entering is an illustrated icon depicting something prominently associated with the locality. New York is represented by the Statue of Liberty and some apples; Maine by a lobster; Michigan, a Motown singer.

In New Jersey, it's a diner waitress in a pink dress with white trim carrying a tray laden with a hamburger and strawberry milkshake. This is because New Jersey is the diner capital of the world.

"New Jersey has more diners than any other state—between 500 and 550," says Michael Gabriele, author of two books on the New Jersey diner—*The History of Diners in New Jersey* (The History Press, 2013) and *Stories from New Jersey Diners* (The History Press, 2018)—and a diner aficionado and lecturer on the topic.

Despite its ubiquity there, the diner didn't originate in New Jersey. Its origins can be traced to another northeastern state: Rhode Island. Here, in Providence in the 1870s, an enterprising businessman opened a mobile food wagon, with an onsite kitchen and seats, to serve food to tradespeople after 8 p.m., when restaurants closed. This after-hours seating came to be known as the "Night Lunch" business, and it didn't arrive in New Jersey until the early 1890s, when a man named Peter Curtin purchased such a wagon to work the streets of Trenton from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m.

These lunch wagons grew in popularity and scale in the Garden State, until they reached a point where mobility was no longer an option. Night-lunch pioneer Jerry O'Mahony had come to operate a series of wagons. But, like Levi Strauss and other outfitters during the San Francisco gold rush, he came to a key entrepreneurial conclusion: he had to get on the supply side. "O'Mahony soon realized that the money in the business was to be made building lunch wagons," says Gabriele. "So he and his brother, and a master carpenter, started constructing them in Bayonne."

O'Mahony sold his first prefabricated dining establishment in 1912, initiating something of an empire. The O'Mahony Diner Company eventually produced more than 2,000 such structures for local use and export—mainly within the Northeast. Because many of the folks who purchased his buildings had little to no experience in the food service business, O'Mahony also provided consulting services on things like menu offerings, suppliers, staff training, and kitchen management.

This was around the time when New Jersey diners started developing their signature streamlined style. This capital-M Modern look was inspired by the availability of common mass-produced industrial materials like glass bricks, stainless steel, terrazzo flooring, Bakelite and vinyl, but it provided the diners with a compelling sense of motion. These flourishes imparted a stripped-down and aerodynamically inspired iteration of the more ornate Art Deco movement—one that was perfect for the age of the machine and the automobile. "Diners took on this architectural philosophy, trying to capture speed in a design, using horizontal lines, rounded corners and glistening steel," Gabriele says.

Witnessing O'Mahony's success, a number of other New Jersey companies entered the diner manufacturing business, building prefab diners in a similar style. These included Kullman in Avenel, Fodero in Bloomfield and Silk City in Paterson. Together, they produced thousands of diners in the years between the end of World War I and the middle of the 20th century.

But the Garden State's diner dominance wasn't just founded on local manufacturing capabilities. Population density also helped, supporting a plethora of local restaurants.

Yet, it was the benefit of geography, and construction techniques, that truly elevated these establishments to regional prominence. "New Jersey was the corridor state, linking Philly and New York, among other places, and, as such, became renowned in the automobile age for its superior infrastructure," Gabriele says. These quality roads, bridges and tunnels became, according to Gabriele,

"a pipeline to deliver customers—motorists—to diners."

Of course, not all motorists were welcome in New Jersey's signature eateries. Lunch wagons prohibited the serving of unescorted women through at least the early 1920s, and African American travelers were frequently discriminated against for years after this, routinely being refused service. James Baldwin attests to this in his autobiographical work *Notes of a Native Son*. He describes being repeatedly ignored by restaurant personnel, and told, "We don't serve Negroes here," during visits to New Jersey diners while working at a defense plant in Belle Mead during World War II.

This behavior was used intentionally to make localities inhospitable to Black motorists, and was just one of a suite of tactics of officially sanctioned harassment utilized in so-called Sundown Towns, where African Americans were not welcome after dark—not to visit or stay overnight, and certainly not to live. "New Jersey did, and still does, have a fair number of Sundown Towns," says Mia Bay, University of Pennsylvania history professor and author of the landmark book *Traveling Black: A Story of Race and Resistance*, which traces the way in which the history of American transportation is intertwined with segregation, racism, and white supremacy.

"The famous *Green Book* started in New York in 1936, and its early editions were about New York and New Jersey," Bay says, referring to a guide to safe roadside eateries and accommodations for Black motorists and travelers published from 1936–1966. The implication was that anything that *wasn't* listed in this pamphlet-sized book was likely covertly or overtly hostile. "And there was a CORE [Congress of Racial Equality] campaign to desegregate business along Route 40, which goes from DC to New York," Bay says. "Most of what I've read about it talks about segregation in the Delaware and Maryland sections, but I've never heard that the Jersey section was exempt."

New Jersey's diners have certainly diversified in recent years, with immigrants from Asia, South America, Central America, and elsewhere purchasing and running these eateries. Just as previous generations of owners brought aspects of their home culture into their establishments, these new proprietors often integrate elements of their country of origin into the menu.

"I know a diner in Shamong, owned by a gentleman from India. He serves classic diner stuff, as well as Indian food," Gabriele says. "Last time I was there, I asked, 'Do people like Indian food in the Pine Barrens?' And he said, 'They love it. They don't have any other Indian restaurants.'" **ccc**

ABOVE
The buzz from Tick-Tock's neon lights can be heard from the edges of the parking lot.

RIGHT
Garish. Glorious.

Trippin' For Key Lime Pie

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO AND MEYHEM LAUREN

IMAGES BY STOCKROLL

US Route 1 is an impressive ribbon of tarmac. Up north, it originates in the frigid yet dulcet hamlet of Fort Kent, Maine, and then stretches 2,370 miles to terminate in Key West, Florida. It's the longest longitudinal road in North America. If one were to road-trip it, the culinary expression of Eastern America would unfold from the driver's seat. Maine's famous lobster rolls kick off the journey, and as the miles unravel, New England clam chowder in sourdough bread bowls comes into focus, followed by Philly Cheesesteaks, the Dungeness crabs of Baltimore, pimento cheese dips in Virginia, and vinegar-based barbecue in South Carolina.

Then there's Florida. The Keys, specifically. This tail end of Highway 1—about 100 miles of it—skips across the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean on bridge and land, like a stone across a flat lake. It's fitting that the finale of this epic motorway serves up one of America's favorite desserts: key lime pie.

The key lime itself is a curious little thing. It's native to the Florida Keys and, compared to its run-of-the-mill Persian lime relatives, the key lime is smaller and packs more acidity, and its hue is a pleasing soft, mid-century yellow. Key lime pie is ubiquitous in the Florida Keys. Hand-painted roadside signs litter US 1 in attempts to lure tourists into one confectionery trap or another. To uncover which are the best key lime pie provocateurs to roll up on, Classic Car Club sent its in-house MC and gastronomic journeyman, Meyhem Lauren, to Miami to dig into the key lime crates and cut some samples from the city's most notorious pies.

WHISK

Tucked away in South Miami, Whisk serves up Low Country–inspired favorites.

"Whisk has an A1 filling with a perfectly textured graham cracker crust," says Meyhem. This was Mey's first stop on the award tour, so he held off on the high praise until he ran through the competition; but after sampling all of the options, he gives this one a 10 out of 10. "Unmatched" is the adjective used.

ABOVE
Mey samples the fire at Fireman Derek's.

OPPOSITE
Meyhem Lauren, equally gifted on mics and in kitchens. The Deion Sanders of a generation.

FIREMAN DEREK'S BAKE SHOP

Fireman Derek's, owned by former firefighter and football player Derek Kaplan, has been rated the best bakery in Miami, and Kaplan's pies have grown past his Wynwood and Coconut Grove locations to occupy cake racks across the state. What does Meyhem say? "The key lime pie was good, a seven out of 10, but the Nutella red velvet cake is a nine point five." Thank goodness for Meyhem's willingness to go off-script for the betterment of Classic Car Club. He also notes that Derek's wins for a super-relaxed and cool vibe. Get some pie and chill out.

KUSH

Kush has become a Miami fixture, with locations dotting the city. Mey dipped into the Kush Coconut Grove for research purposes. "Kush has an amazing filling with a perfect balance of lime and sweet. The acid and the sugar come together in glorious harmony," says Mey. Official Lauren Rating? Eight point five. Mayhem points out that it's best not to limit yourself to Kush's pie, noting, "I also tried some alligator tacos when I was there, and I suggest that you do the same."

DBAKERS SWEET STUDIO

Two blocks from the ocean, dbakers is set up in a pink stucco building that looks as frilly and festooned as the cakes the business churns out. Mack Truck Meyhem in a dainty cake shop makes for masterful tastings. "dbakers had a pretty good crust and filling, and unlike the other pies it was topped with meringue, which gave this slice a bit more body and mouthfeel. Meringue should be on more key lime pies—it feels '50s and correct." Topping aside, the official word is that the zing from the lime didn't come though as Mey had hoped, so this pie receives an eight. Mey did point out that service matters most. "I also accidently dropped my first slice on the floor, and they were kind enough to give me a replacement slice on the house—that was greatly appreciated."

ICEBOX CAFE

Icebox has been a Miami Beach fixture for more than 20 years. Recently, Icebox set up a second shop in neighboring Hallandale Beach. Of the lot, Icebox Cafe is the swankiest choice, with chic dining rooms and decor. But the key lime pie? Meyhem says, "Icebox's pie was a close-to-perfect slice. It was slightly richer and creamier than the other pies. It had a strong presence of lime that meshed well with the other flavors, and almost had the texture of a cheesecake." So, the pie matches the drapes. **ccc**

ABOVE
Post-alligator-taco pie.

INSET
Anchors and pie away.

WHILE ESCAPING THE bitter winds of wintry New York, Meyhem had the pleasure of eating at a bunch of other spectacular places in Miami and South Florida. Here's a list of what's what according to Mey, in no particular order.

- **UCHI:** Probably my favorite sushi in Miami. In all honesty, you shouldn't eat for two days before you come here—walk in starving and eat as much as you possibly can. No matter how much fish you order, don't dare skip the trumpet mushroom sushi or chicken karaage.
- **COYO TACO:** Great non-traditional tacos in a spot with a secret bar located in the back. The quesadillas and agua frescas are amazing.
- **1-800-LUCKY:** An Asian food court with a wide variety of choices, as well as a full bar and outdoor area with a live DJ that inspires dance moves of all sorts, from the running man to erotic pelvic thrusts.
- **PRIME ITALIAN:** Classic Italian American cuisine with the best chicken parmigiana on the planet—and that's coming from a Queens native.
- **THE RUSTIC INN CRABHOUSE:** Great seafood. They claim to have created "garlic crabs," and I believe them.
- **BELLINI:** Upscale Italian located in the Mr. C Hotel in Coconut Grove. If the Dover sole special is an option, order it twice and try to eat both.
- **CHEF CREOLE:** Haitian food. Order a whole snapper with conch fritters and eat it off the hood of the car.
- **GREEK ISLANDS:** Best Greek food in south Florida. These are the best Lamb chops, hummus, octopus and tzatziki sauce you've ever had in your life... word to Mommy.
- **CHOTTO MATTE:** Japanese/Peruvian fusion. How could this not be amazing? The black cod and yellowtail crispy rice are my favorite items on the menu, and the roof peels off to make inside outside.
- **LA CAMARONERA:** This is a hidden gem in Little Havana. The snapper sandwich, fried shrimp and ceviche were extraordinary
- **CASA FRIDA:** Best Mexican food I've ever had in Florida—I almost felt like I was back in LA.
- **EL TIESTO:** Dominican sushi, hookah and the best DJs that the Latin community has to offer. I honestly felt like I was back in New York at a lounge on Dyckman Street.
- **NOODLES PANINI:** Probably the best eggplant rollatini in the history of eggplant rollatinis. There isn't a bad item on this menu—classic Italian in Fort Lauderdale.
- **BRUNCH AT THE BILTMORE:** Every Sunday at the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables there is a feast fit for a king. If you want a table, book weeks in advance. **ccc**

STREET FOOD

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

On a Monday, when our kitchen was closed, we cooked off the engine of our 1967 R/S Camaro.

This is outlandish, of course, but only at first glance. In our time-compressed society, the ability to multitask is a gift. Also, if we're being honest, this five-liter engine isn't saving the polar bears, so why not put it on double duty? Get us to our destination and make dinner for the family as well? That's efficiency, surely.

The roadgoing dish was roasted halibut with a side of spring vegetables. Here's how to make it for yourself.

Procure a '67 Camaro. If your local grocer doesn't stock them, any muscle car will do, as will classics with a lot of space in the engine compartment. If you can easily burn your hand on the exhaust manifold, you're in business.

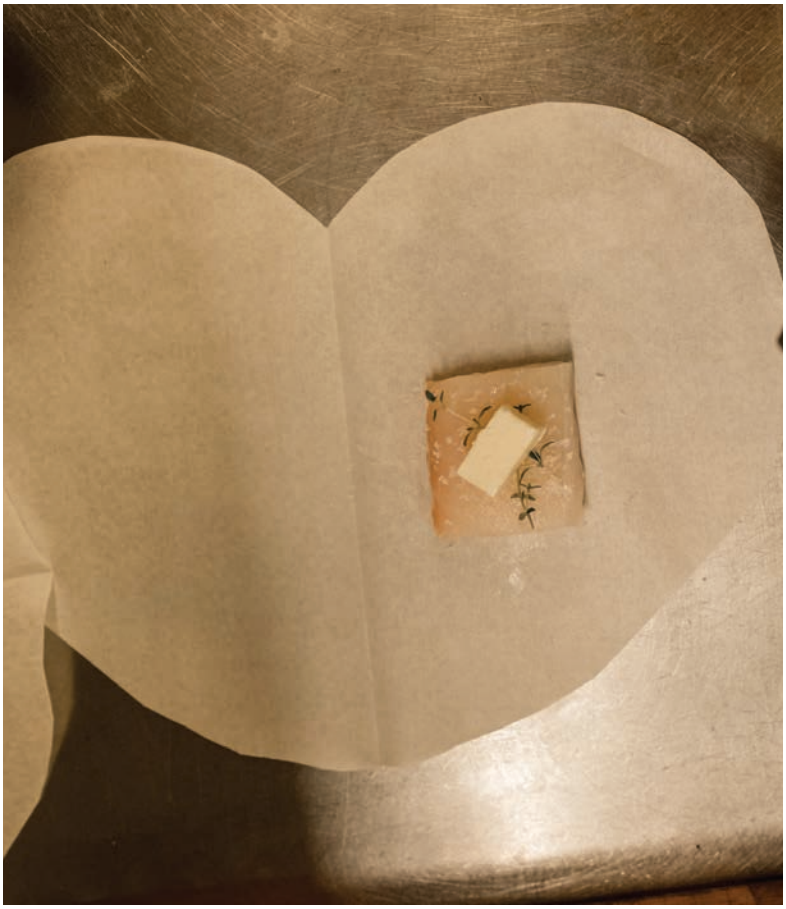
ABOVE
The 1967 R/S Camaro. A 50-year-old food cart.

With the heat source sorted, let's move to the protein. Halibut is an excellent choice, as it's a tender, white fish—cod or tile can work well, too. Whatever.

Take a piece of parchment paper, fold it in half and cut it into the shape of a heart, like you did in elementary school on Valentine's Day. Open the heart, lay it flat and put a two-inch-by-two-inch cube of halibut steak near the seam. It's best to keep your portions small enough to ensure that they cook, but thick enough that they don't burn up.

To the halibut, we added a pad of butter, a sprig of sea beans (adds a welcomed, briny quality), salt, pepper, oregano, white wine and thinly sliced fennel.

Once lovingly stacked, we folded the left ventricle of our paper heart over and then crimped the edges



together as if it were an empanada. Then, we took the puffy package and wrapped it in two layers of tinfoil and sealed the edges the same way, careful to ensure that the seals wouldn't leak and there was an envelope of air inside. The French call this "en papillote." We call it "Camaro dumplings."

We then carried out the same procedure, but filled this package with vine-ripe tomatoes and thinly cut asparagus spears, seasoned with salt, pepper, white wine, garlic, salt and pepper.

Once your papillote Camaro dumplings are assembled, head to the garage and find safety wire and safety wire pliers if you're a racer, or regular pliers and a snipper if you're not. Pop the hood of your muscular oven and find the exhaust headers or any hot, flat surface, like the top of the radiator. Direct heat is the name of the game here. Take your packs and safety wire to the headers, making sure to avoid any moving parts. Flying fish inside your engine compartment would be quite a culinary failure.

Once the meal is fully fastened, start the engine up, and let things get up to temperature. Temperature achieved, put it in drive and head to where you are going. Try to keep your journey to 30 minutes for fish (two hours for a strip steak) and choose a route that avoids highways. Too much air running through the engine bay will hinder the convection effect you want to create under the hood. At the same time, you don't want to overheat in traffic, either, as muscle cars are prone to do. Drive through town, wave to the neighbors. This is the kind of cooking you want to do.

ABOVE
Small portions are key.

ABOVE, RIGHT
Hot-rod Hot Pockets.

RIGHT
High-quality ingredients. High-octane cooking fuel.

At around the 20-minute mark, you should be able to smell a beautiful medley of flavors mingling together from within the car. Continue to drive to make sure everything is fully cooked. When you get to your destination, park up, lift the hood and cut your Camaro dumplings free without burning your hands on the hot bits.

Tear open the package, let the steam escape, plate and eat off the hood. Voila! **ccc**


CARROLL SHELBY'S
ORIGINAL TEXAS BRAND
CHILI
KIT
FIX IT HOT OR MILD

Carroll Shelby Taught Me How To Make Chili

REVISITING THE TEXAN'S MEAL-IN-A-BOX KIT THAT GOT ME HOOKED.

BY MIKE SPINELLI
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

Chili cooks have a lot in common with racing drivers. They're ruthlessly competitive, particularly with themselves. Technique is important, but they're always looking for an edge: another spice mix, another pepper variety, another strain of Mexican oregano or cumin seed.

Other car-obsessive types, I've found, are just as fanatical in the kitchen as they are in the garage. They're always fixing and tweaking and customizing; nothing's ever done. For them, chili is the ideal culinary medium.

I'm no racing driver, but I've been working on my chili recipe since college, and I've never made the same one twice. Sometimes it's a triumph, where the bowl practically sings; other times it's a bust—bitter tomatillos, funky cumin powder, an overabundance of habaneros—and I'll have to face down the failure, push past the self-doubt, and get back at it.

Maybe there's something to the chili-is-motorsports metaphor, considering that it was Carroll Shelby who got me started in the chili game. Turns out, being a sports car–racing badass and nurturing big-block-powered British roadsters weren't Shelby's only contributions to the culture. For decades, Carroll Shelby's Original Texas Brand Chili Kit has led noob cooks like me with zero Texas roots into a life of steamy, red perdition.

Basic chili is not rocket science. The kit comprises three cellophane packets of different sizes: a large packet

OPPOSITE
Drippy, oozy, delicious.

of spice mix—essentially chili powder; a medium-sized packet of masa harina—a cornmeal used in making tortillas; and a small packet of cayenne, for heat. You brown some chopped meat, throw in an eight-ounce can of tomato sauce and some water, stir in the spice mix and cayenne, and let it simmer for 15 minutes. If it's not thick enough, you mix up a slurry of masa and water, stir that in, and cook it for five more minutes. That's it.

Except that's not really it. There's a good chance that, now hooked, you'll be tweaking that recipe, adding a sofrito of onions, garlic, fresh peppers, and tomatoes (or tomatillos); soaking dried chiles to create a smoky, peppery broth in place of water; roasting and crushing your own cumin seeds instead of using flinty, store-bought powders; and generally trying to find your own version of chili-cook nirvana. Imagine what you'd be doing if you were a weekend track rat with a VTEC Honda Civic. It's that, only with food.

Chili, in one form or another, has been on the books since the 19th century, although proto-chili is way older than that. Prehistoric hunter-gatherers, who tracked game deep into the southwest, were said to have made a version with deer, chile peppers, and meal ground from wild corn. Historians say Aztec cooks had 20 or so different varieties of peppers, which they stewed with wild tomatoes and fresh meat (turkey, dog, and, according to *National Geographic*, sometimes even Spanish conquistador).

ABOVE
The mystery pack. Shelby-approved.

Like Carroll Shelby himself, modern chili traces back to the Lone Star State. As cattle ranching took hold along the Rio Grande in the 1700s, rangeland cocineros were grinding up chiles and dicing whatever meat they had on their chuckwagons (bison, venison, horse) a century before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which gave Texas its independence from Mexico in 1848.

From there evolved the glorious chili con carne, which was a phenomenon at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, where Texans served it up as a dish native to San Antonio. Author and Texas journalist Frank X. Tolbert—who wrote the definitive book on Texas chili, *A Bowl of Red*, in 1953—helped raise chili's profile again during the 20th century. He founded the Chili Appreciation Society International (CASI), which was led during the late '60s by Shelby's main chili kit competitor, Wick Fowler.

Wick Fowler's Texas Style 2 Alarm Chili Kit beat Shelby's own kit to market by almost a decade, but Shelby and Fowler ran in the same Texas chili circles, and there's little doubt that Shelby, always a fierce competitor and serial business-starter, wanted to win the kit wars. As it goes in racing, so it goes in supermarket chili kits.

It's no secret that when it comes to chili, Texas makes the rules. For example, Texas chili is beanless to its core. Putting beans in chili is, to a Texan, like jamming a red-hot poker in Sam Houston's eye. The no-bean rule carries little weight anywhere else, however, and even some Texas chili cooks will add a pod-borne seed or two into their pots. Other chili cooks have "messed with Texas" even more radically, loading in kale, beets, cashews, and mango to a chili base of turkey, pork, or even pumpkin.

The point is, despite what Texans say, chili has become as much a platform for innovation as a food, which is another thing it has in common with motorsports. Chili is the very definition of do-or-die cuisine, feeding lots with a little and using whatever's on hand creatively. On the Texas range, that meant freshly killed meat and dried peppers, which traveled splendidly in a dusty pack, but now we've got a fridge full of leftovers and an internet's worth of exotic ingredients on two-day delivery.

Also, much like auto racing, chili has made huge leaps forward in the fiery cauldron of competition. That is, the chili cook-off—a Texas institution that's gone worldwide.

Terlingua, Texas, is a tiny, heat-soaked town 300 miles southeast of El Paso. Legend has it that the town's name was bastardized by local cowboys from the term "tres linguas," or "three tongues," representing native American tribes—the Apaches, the Comanches and the Kiowa—that met up here as a last water stop before raiding into Mexico.

Despite its isolation, Terlingua is well known to fans of both motor racing and chili cook-offs. During the '60s, Shelby and his own sort of Elvis-style wrecking crew started buying property and raising hell in these badlands. They'd load up a DC-3 airplane in Los Angeles with dirt bikes, guns, and beer and fly to Terlingua, where they'd make pots of chili and party for days on end.

As the social scene grew, and whiskey-and-chili talk turned to other creative pursuits, automotive artist Bill Neale worked up a logo for Shelby's "Terlingua Racing Team," a sort of heraldry comprising three feathers and a jackrabbit with its paw up as if to say, "Hold the peppers." That logo, which signified the humor with which Shelby and company approached their Terlingua adventures, would later find its way onto Shelby Mustangs raced by Ken Miles and Jerry Titus, and in the late '00s adorned Shelby American's Terlingua Mustang tuning package.

By the late '60s, Shelby decided that it was time to cash out (It's "120,000 acres of rocks," he once told photographer Jerry Heasley about his ranch land). Ford press agent Tom Tierney, who was among Shelby's crew, came up with the idea of a chili competition as a media junket. That led to the first-ever championship chili cook-off in Terlingua, organized with Tolbert's CASI in 1967.

The cook-off featured a battle between Wick "2 Alarm" Fowler and New York humorist H. Allen Smith, which *Sports Illustrated* covered as if it were the 24 Hours of Le Mans. The competition ended in a draw, but Tierney's gambit worked. Terlingua became home base for the most high-profile of all chili cook-offs. Winning innovations like multiple "spice dumps" added throughout the cooking process, and "seasoning" the judging cup with boiled cumin seeds before spooning in the chili, have emerged from the heat of the tournament.

Shelby later co-founded the International Chili Society, a splinter group based in California. During the '70s, the CASI split in two, and these various chili organizations have held competing cook-offs in Terlingua on the same day each November ever since. It's like the old CART versus IRL rivalry in open-wheel racing, only with meat and peppers. As a side note, Shelby later invested in, and helped launch, the first of the now-successful chain of Chili's restaurants in Dallas, Texas, founded by his then son-in-law, Larry Levine.

That's the story. On a cold, wet February day, I break out Shelby's chili kit for the first time in decades. My plan is to follow the instructions to the letter, with no tweaking. Since I'm in it for the long haul—a full-day chili cook—I'll use a chuck roast I picked up the day before instead of two pounds of the faster-cooking ground stuff. At 10 a.m. I start trimming, removing the largest seams of fat from the roast with a cleaver. Then I cut the chuck into rectangular cuboids, brown them, drain the rendered fat, add the tomato sauce, and so on. I put it on a simmer for nearly six hours, until the meat has transformed from cubes into sumptuous, stewy strands, before opening the dutch oven for a taste.

It's shockingly bland. I add some smoked paprika and a few shakes of Frank's Red Hot, then roast up some cumin seeds to crush and mix in. Then I find some ground guajillo chile in the cupboard and add about a tablespoon's worth and let it cook some more. I can't help myself. Once you set off on your own chili-customizing journey, you can never go back to stock.

Oh, and there's one thing about chili that's not at all like motorsports: it's always better the day after. **ccc**

ABOVE, LEFT
CCC recommends cast iron on an open fire for extra flavor.

ABOVE, RIGHT
Layers.

PETRO-LEUM SMOKER

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY WYATT MCSPADDEN, COURTESY OF FRANKLIN BARBECUE PIT

SINCE THE CONSTRUCTION of Circuit of The Americas, I've made an annual pilgrimage to Austin to watch MotoGP race bikes reach speeds of more than 200 mph before they reach the the incredibly tight turn 12, which forces the riders to scrub off about 160 miles per hour in a very short distance to remain competitive. While my sights in Texas are fixed on motorbikes, my wife Kelli's tractor beam is set on smoked brisket. We both have our reasons for making the journey, and we're both a bit religious about our fixation.

Beef isn't part of my repertoire, so outside of watching races, my job in Texas is to drive to far-flung barbecue locations, and then tell Kelli that the turkey is dry as she dives into finding the best brisket Texas has to offer. So far, the consensus is Louie Mueller in Taylor, Texas, and Franklin Barbecue, right in Austin.

It turns out that Texas barbecue has a deeper connection to auto culture than it does to a motorcycle race. Any drive through Central Texas makes it plain—Texas is energy country. Recently, that energy has come in the form of turbines; but in between the spinning blades, countless pumpjacks can be seen, nodding up and down, slurping crude from below the Earth's surface. And with oil comes the barrels in which it's stored. Working on the oil fields is laborious work that builds up an appetite, so, over the years, oil workers began cutting the barrels up and making their own smokers to pass the time and feed the oilmen on-site.

My intention here was to tell you, step by step, how to build your own smoker out of oil barrels, but I was exhausted by the typing required to tell you how to do it. And I'm a guy who lives in Brooklyn—what the hell do I know about how to do it? But I did learn that Aaron Franklin of Franklin Barbecue has become the Svengali of making smokers, and he actually sells them. The wait list for a Franklin smoker is about as long as the line outside the restaurant, which begins to build in the wee hours of the morning every day. But, like the brisket, the smoker is worth waiting on, too. I have an order in for one for CCC.

Each Franklin Barbecue Pit, as they are called, is handmade in Austin, and the fit and finish is beautiful. At $2,950, the price is equally luxurious. Pick one up, or make your own smoker and follow these steps from the CCC kitchen to make your own Texas-style smoked brisket worth sharing. **ccc**

ABOVE
Aaron Franklin, heavy smoker.

SMOKING YOUR BRISKET

1. Start off with a prime piece of meat. A prime cut will have more fat, which means more juiciness and tenderness. Also, ask the butcher to leave the point and flat muscle attached. We want it all. The meat will have to be trimmed. You want to cut the fat cap back to about one-third to half an inch.

2. Seasoning. Pure Texas style is simply salt and pepper. Just like the meat, it's all about the quality with your Kosher salt and chunky cracked black pepper. We like to add a little garlic powder, too. Give the brisket a thorough coating, wrap it in plastic wrap, and let it sit in the fridge overnight.

3. Start the fire in your smoker. Since the smoke creates a lot of flavor, we want to make sure we're using the correct wood. Use an oak wood as your base, and then give it some sweetness with a bit of cherry wood. Feel free to experiment with wood blends. Peach, apple and other species will present a different smoke, and with it a different taste. While you're getting the smoker ready, take the brisket out of the fridge and let it come to room temperature.

4. You want the smoker's temperature to be at 230 degrees, and the smoke to be a thin blue color and texture. Place a disposable tin dish filled with water in the smoker to create the required humidity. Place the brisket in the smoker, fat side up. Place a wireless or long-cord thermometer into the brisket—make sure it's in the meat, not the fat. Close the lid and let the meat cook for at least three hours without disturbing it, making sure that the temperature goes low and slow, and that the smoke continues to cycle through the smoker.

5. After three hours, check the meat every half hour to make sure that the signature black bark is forming on the outside of the brisket. If it looks a little dry, use a spray bottle with a mix of two-thirds water, one-third white vinegar and give it a spray.

6. When the internal temperature of the brisket hits 175 degrees and the bark looks mature, wrap the beef in unfinished butcher's paper, then place it back in the smoker.

7. Now you've entered the stall. This is when the meat stays at a constant internal temperature, or even drops a bit. This is part of the process, when the fat liquefies and can cool the meat, and it lasts for hours. Keep your eye on the temperature of the smoker to make sure it stays consistent, and settle in and have a beer. This is a waiting game that cannot be sped up.

8. After the stall, the temperature will increase much faster. When the internal temperature reaches about 205 degrees, you've won. The brisket should be done. A proper brisket will jiggle like Jell-O when it's ready.

9. Keep the brisket wrapped and let it sit for about 90 minutes, or until the internal temperature drops to 145 degrees.

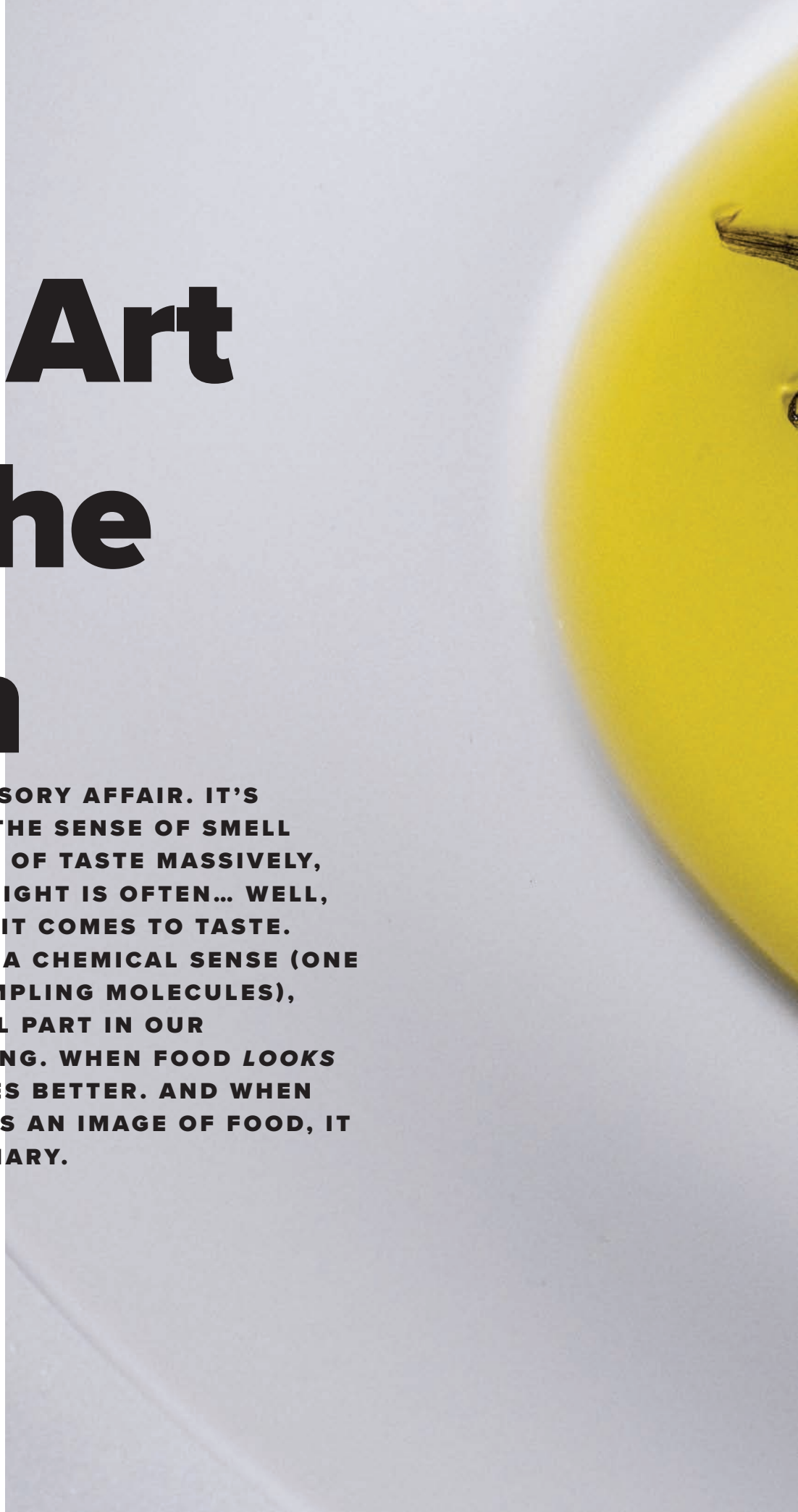
10. Slice it against the grain, share it with your friends, and bask in their adulation. **ccc**

ABOVE
I'm a Louie Mueller Barbecue repeat offender.

The Art of The Dish

FOOD IS A FULL SENSORY AFFAIR. IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT THE SENSE OF SMELL INFORMS THE SENSE OF TASTE MASSIVELY, BUT THE SENSE OF SIGHT IS OFTEN… WELL, OVERLOOKED WHEN IT COMES TO TASTE. ALTHOUGH IT'S NOT A CHEMICAL SENSE (ONE THAT WORKS BY SAMPLING MOLECULES), SIGHT PLAYS A VITAL PART IN OUR ENJOYMENT OF EATING. WHEN FOOD *LOOKS* DELICIOUS, IT TASTES BETTER. AND WHEN TUUKKA KOSKI TAKES AN IMAGE OF FOOD, IT TASTES EXTRAORDINARY.

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY TUUKKA KOSKI



Tuukka Koski is one of two principals to have founded Koski Syväri, a Helsinki-based art house that produces masterful images and films for global brands including Pirelli, Mercedes-Benz, Prisma, Coca-Cola and, like all good artists, Classic Car Club. But it's his work with food, restaurants and chefs for which Koski is most celebrated. Be it films for global restaurants like Maaemo or photos for restaurants like Boulevard in Helsinki, Koski's visual interpretation breaks down complex meals into their raw elements in an artfully hypnotic way. We spent a few minutes speaking to Koski about his approach to making food taste better through imagery, and his connection to cars.

CLASSIC CAR CLUB: BEFORE YOU WERE A PHOTOGRAPHER, YOU WERE A CHEF. CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT THAT TRANSITION?

TUUKKA KOSKI: I got really interested in food and restaurants when I was around 14–15 years old. My mom was bummed when I said (at age 16) that I wanted to go to culinary school instead of high school or college, but, as stubborn as I am, I chose the culinary school. There was something so tempting about cooking and serving customers. Almost immediately after I started at the school, I wanted to learn more, so I started washing pots and pans at a local restaurant called Palace, which was located at the finest hotel in town at the time.

I'd say that was the real beginning of my culinary career, as I got to know the real badass chefs—the ones telling dirty jokes, boozing and, of course, cooking great food. I guess I did something right, as they took me in as a part of their gang. After my three years at culinary school, I did my mandatory military service, which is required in Finland. After the two-month basic training, I got signed up as a private chef for the highest-ranking Navy officers. That was a good time. I got so many privileges and holidays just by cooking delicious food for the admirals and their guests.

During my time in the army, I already knew that I wanted to reach the very top of level in cooking, so I sent a resume to the only one Michelin Star restaurant (at that time, in 2002) in Finland: Chez Dominique. I was invited to participate in a test shift, and I ended up working there for four years. After the first year, we got our second star; that restaurant is still the only place to ever reach two stars in Finland.

Around that time, famous international chefs started to release visually stunning cookbooks with great photographers. As I admired those books, lightning struck. Hard. That is what I really wanted to do—be involved in the industry, see the world, work with top-level chefs, and shoot their photographs. There was only one problem: I wasn't a photographer. I didn't know anything about it. So, I had to get a camera somehow.

After saving money from my small salary, I got a hold of a crappy DSLR and started shooting food at work, and styling dishes and ingredients on my days off. That got me started, and the story goes on. In 2007, I got hired

to shoot my first cookbook in Italy and, after signing the contract, I quit my job as a chef.

CCC: THE IMAGES YOU CREATE FOR CLIENTS IN THE DINING INDUSTRY ARE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT'S NORMALLY PRESENTED IN THAT WORLD. CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT HOW YOU APPROACH A NEW PROJECT?

TK: Back in the day, food and culinary photography was very conservative. It was just documenting the food. I think that the chefs wanted to present the food as it was plated for customers at the restaurants, and the photographers didn't dare do anything more artistic—probably out of respect for the chefs. But as I was both a chef and a photographer, I just started fooling around and testing stuff with food. It was also easier for me as a photographer, as I was "one of the guys," and the chefs trusted me because of our mutual background. The way I see it, there are no limits to how you can approach shooting jewelry, watches or fragrances, so why should there be such strict rules for how to shoot food? I was used to touching food—I knew how the ingredients reacted to things. I had so much know-how from my previous career.

ABOVE
Composition, right on time.

I think that challenging myself, the client and the brief is still the first thing that comes to my mind when I start a new project.

CCC: PIZZA IS A DISH CLOSE TO ANY NEW YORKER'S HEART. YOU RECENTLY RELEASED WORK FOR SITKO PIZZA & BAR IN TAMPERE, FINLAND. THE IMAGES WERE NOT REALLY ABOUT PIZZA, BUT SOMETHING BIGGER. CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE INSPIRATION BEHIND YOUR PHOTOS?

TK: There are already quite a lot of pictures about that glorious food of the gods. Just by myself, I think that I've done my share of producing pictures of pizza. And there's absolutely nothing wrong with that—pizza is pizza.

But I wanted to take a completely different approach this time. The name of the brand, "Sitko," means the toughness and viscosity that gluten creates in dough when fermented or mechanically kneaded. I asked the client if he thought his dough could handle [being manipulated in various ways] in photos. His response was a confident "Fuck yes." So, we did it. I wanted to keep the images simple and graphic, and the props as bold and surprising as possible.

CCC: FOOD IS SO IMPORTANT TO KOSKI SYVÄRI THAT YOU ACTUALLY OPERATE A RESTAURANT OUT OF THE STUDIO. CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT WHAT YOU SERVE THERE?

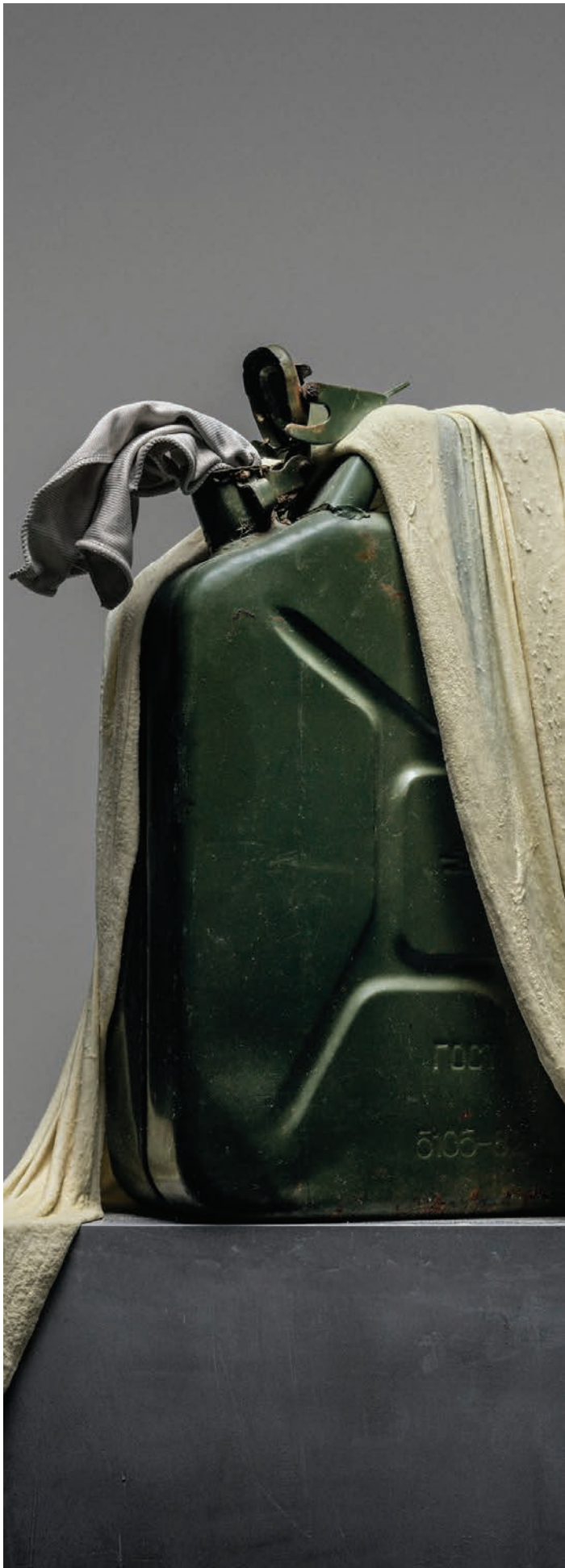
TK: The food and beverage and restaurant industry is such a big part of KS's field of work and pleasure that we decided to build our own restaurant and bar. Our executive chef, Mr Iikka Johansson, runs the operations there, and coordinates all the food styling needs. We are also able to organize pop-up restaurants for different chefs, and other kinds of fun collaborations. Of course, COVID has now restricted these kinds of happenings a lot, but there's a lot of fun stuff planned for the future.

CCC: SHIFTING TO CARS, YOU HAVE A BIT OF A FOCUSED AND FANTASTIC COLLECTION OF YOUR OWN. WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE GARAGE THESE DAYS?

TK: At the moment, I have three Defenders: the all-new one as a daily driver, a 2009 "110" Puma, and a 1984 "90" safari top. I like to sit up high and rule from above. Also, they're great when moving mountain bikes around almost daily the entire year. I'm also still dreaming of a Porsche 964 RS. In that, I wouldn't mind sitting lower for once.

CCC: IS THERE A SIMILARITY BETWEEN SHOOTING CARS AND FOOD—TWO THINGS YOU DO EQUALLY WELL?

TK: The only similarity I can think of is maybe the number of details. And, of course, the control of light. They're both delicate. But then again, you shouldn't worry too much about the delicacy; just do with you like. Be "harsh." The biggest similarity, for me, is what has led me to shoot both of these things: my pure love for the subject. It shows in your work if you do something that really means a lot to you, and you want to make the best out of it. Simple. **ccc**



ABOVE AND RIGHT
Koski's images for Sitko Pizza are otherworldly and unexpected.


INNEHÅLLER

Time For an Oil Change?

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

In the CCC garage, Patrick and the tech team are famous for bolting all manner of aftermarket performance parts to the club's fleet of sports cars. Tubi exhaust systems sound great and add horsepower to our Ferraris; uprated aluminum radiators keep things running cool; and Bilstein suspension systems keep the rubber on the road. But Pat and co know that if you're not running the proper engine oil at the proper levels, it's all for naught. That motor is going to bang.

What's true for the garage is true for the kitchen. The freshest tomatoes and aromatic basil don't mean a thing if you're using a bottle of low-rent olive oil.

Oil is the basis of all things. It is the lubricant that keeps the pistons firing and the base that brightens all the other flavors. Like wine, each region of Italy produces oil with a unique profile determined by the terroir—or the combination of soil profile, terrain, climate and tradition.

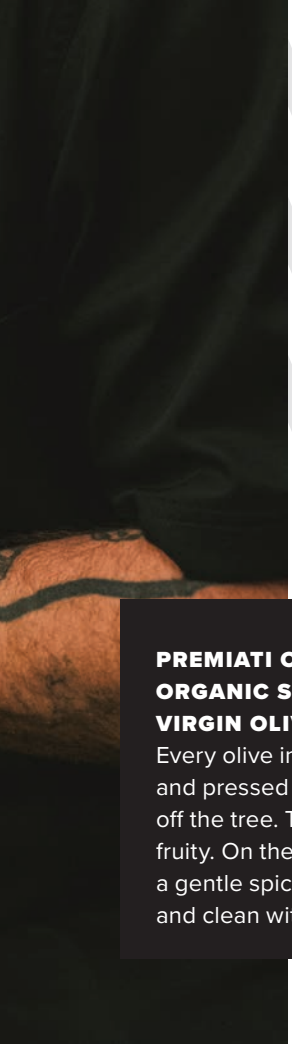
So, before you grab that 20-gallon jug of entry-level oil that you've had in the cabinet for six years, elevate your game and try some of CCC's favorite olive oils from Italy. **ccc**

46° PARALLELO (TRENTINO)
Once you crack the seal on a bottle of 46° Parallelo, you're greeted with the smell of fresh fruit and almonds. The color is bright yellow with bright-green highlights. This oil comes from the extreme north of Italy, in the higher, cooler climate. The taste is overall balanced and fresh with a sharp, spicy finish.

VR46 MOTOR RANCH OIL (PESARO AND URBINO)
Valentino Rossi is a few things: the greatest motorcycle racer of all time, a fan of eating well, and a resident of Tavullia—a small town where he grew up on the east coast of Italy. Today, Rossi employs most of the town at his pizza restaurant, his race headquarters or his VR46 Motor Ranch. He even puts the local farmers to work, producing this exquisite olive oil. Like the best Pesaro and Urbino oils, Rossi's lubricant has a bright yellow color, tinted with a bit of green. The taste is fruity, the olive comes through brilliantly, and it ends with a sharp bitterness that almost comes off as spicy.

GONNELLI PIAZZA DEL PALIO (TUSCANY)
This oil is a blend of four varieties of olives to produce a classic Tuscan taste. The color is bright yellow, and the taste is clean, fresh, and grassy with an acerbic finish.

LUNGAROTTI D.O.P. UMBRIA COLLI MARTANI (UMBRIA)
This oil is bright green in presentation and tastes of grass, artichoke and other earthy notes. It also has a bitter taste that's more pleasing than it is sharp.



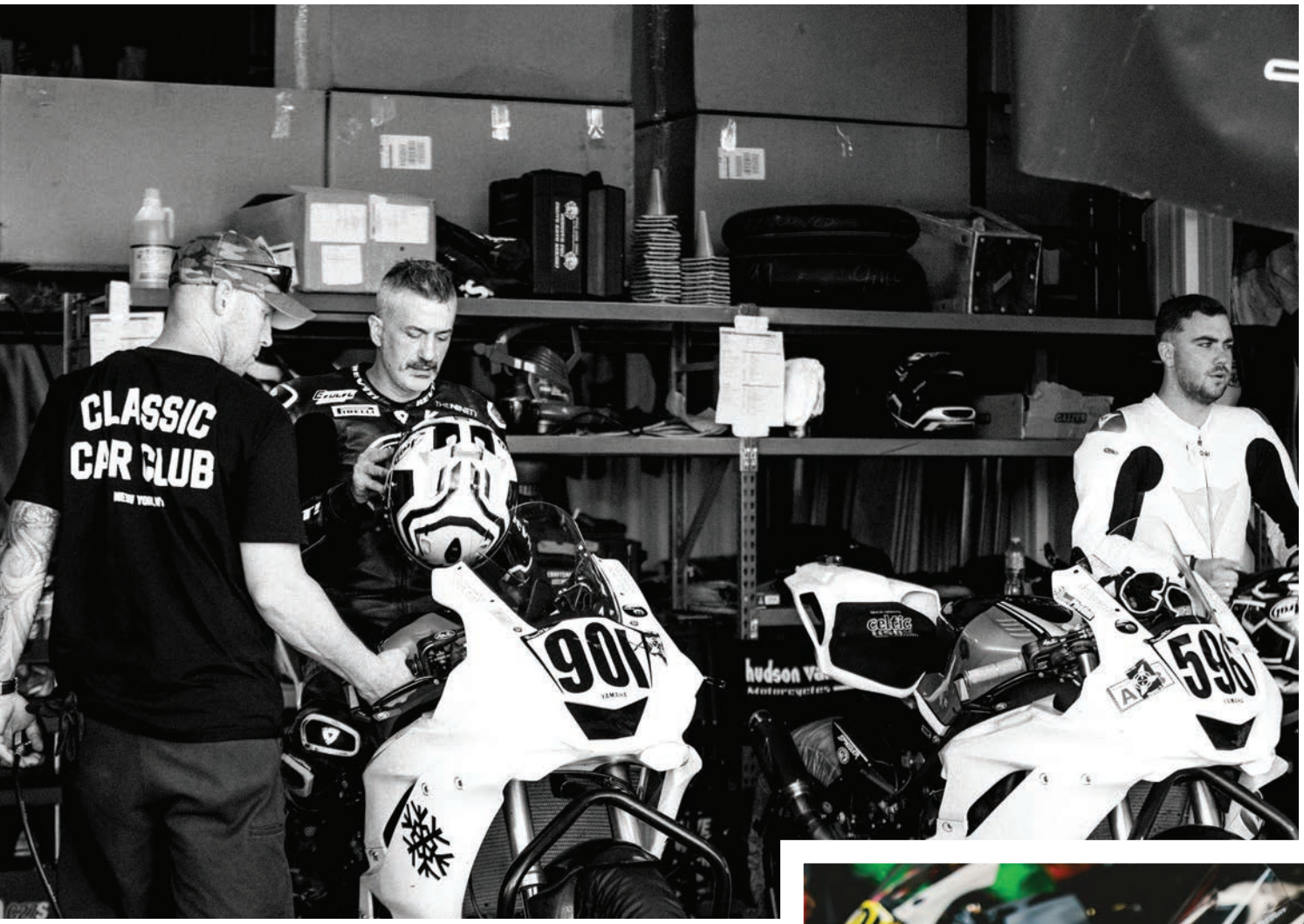
PREMIATI OLEIFICI BARBERA ORGANIC SICILIA IGP EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL (SICILY)
Every olive in this bottle is hand-picked and pressed within 24 hours of coming off the tree. The oil is aromatic and fruity. On the palate, this oil presents a gentle spiciness, and finishes sweet and clean with a bit of nuttiness.


596

From Chuckwalla to Champions

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

LEFT
Phelim. A fleeting desert mirage.



If you were to set coordinates to 33.7 longitude and 115.3 latitude, you would find a massive expanse of desert and hardly any signs of civilization. But burning ambition and hard work don't register on any map. Carved into the sandy facade of California's Mojave Desert lies Chuckwalla Valley Raceway, a 2.68-mile road-racing circuit comprising 17 corners and a configuration that can run in either direction. Chuckwalla is home to America's most ambitious motorcycle racers. When snow covers most of the racing tracks across America, the scream of inline-four engines at 16,000 rpm can be heard echoing through the void that surrounds this track—the sun is always shining, and the tarmac is always warm enough for Pirelli racing slicks to find purchase and speed.

On any given weekend from October to May, the parking lot at Chuckwalla is home to several MotoAmerica 18-wheelers—rolling homes to the fastest racers in the United States. Flanking the bitumen field is a row of race garages. In garage eight is the Western outcamp of Hudson Valley Motorcycles (HVMC), Classic Car Club's motorcycle racing team and a group of five other two-wheeled East-Coast transplants who refer to their trackside steel structure at Chuckwalla as "The Ocho."

ABOVE
Bryan Moffatt, Michael Prichinello and Phelim Kavanagh put in the hard graft.

RIGHT
Bryan ensures that CCC's bikes deliver ultra speed, safely.

LEFT
Kavanagh's ambition burns...

RIGHT
...and it takes storefront-sized shades to hide it from the competition.

Since 1966, HVMC has not only been selling Ducatis, Kawasakis and other bikes to dedicated customers in the Northeast, but they've also been building race bikes and breeding motorcycle racers. HVMC's founder, Richard Alexander, opened shop in 1966 to sell lawnmowers after his service in the US Military; but Kawasaki mowers soon turned into Kawasaki motorcycles. Richie and Duane Alexander, sons of Richard senior, were both motocross racers, with Richie very handy aboard a road-racing motorcycle, as well. As a professional racer, he won the 1998 AMA 750cc Supersport Championship against many famed riders, including the likes of Nicky Hayden. Fast-forward a generation, and Corey Alexander, Richie's nephew, has kept the racing lineage alive as a professional MotoAmerica Stock 1000 racer with a host of impressive credentials, including an AMA Pro SuperSport East Championship and a stint in World Supersport with Honda.

CCC's own race ambitions have been burning brightly over the last handful of years. Where motorcycles were at first mere interlopers at track days, there is now a fully formed racing team that supports CCC's Phelim Kavanagh and Michael Prichinello in SuperSport competition in the Championship Cup Series, as well as British Moto3 champion and double Daytona 200 winner Brandon Paasch, and five-time World Enduro Champion David Knight. The team has also purchased Revolution Race Cars—full downforce track machines that will be unleashed in a handful of endurance races in 2022.

In preparation for the 2022 season, Prichinello, Kavanagh and CCC racing engineer Bryan Moffatt clocked more than 3,200 miles at race pace around Chuckwalla this winter, all under the tutelage of Corey Alexander, fellow MotoAmerica pro James Rispoli, and legendary racing coach Jason Pridmore and his JP43 Training academy. While they were already handy on two wheels, the CCC boys re-engineered their riding style thanks to Alexander, Rispoli and Pridmore's dedication to their riding. Lap times have tumbled, speed has increased, and they've built a relationship with their fully kitted Yamaha R6 race machines.

The payoff? In two race weekends in California, Prichinello and Kavanagh racked up a combined eight podiums, including multiple wins by Kavanagh, and, back on the East Coast, three dozen podiums in five race weekends. Three more race weekends are scheduled for the season. The boys are focused on earning more silverware for the clubhouse. **ccc**

ABOVE
Prichinello manages the gap to the finish line.

RIGHT
MotoAmerica racer and friend Corey Alexander shares some speed secrets.

CHUCKWALLA TRACK NOTES—COUNTERCLOCKWISE

CHUCKWALLA IS A UNIQUE TRACK. It's fast and flowing, with corners that run into each other. As Corey Alexander puts it, to be fast here, one must paint lines with flowing brush strokes. Here are Classic Car Club's notes for a fast lap, running counterclockwise.

The Straight is short but important. Keep to the left of the track to set up a beneficial entry into the first corner—turn 17. Since we're going counterclockwise, the corner numbers go from 17 to 1.

Turn 17 is a kink right. Start bending into it early to keep the bike as upright as possible. Just brush the brakes on entry.

Turn 16: bend it left and this is where you want to get most of your braking done off the straight. It's best to head straight for the curbs on the left, and let the motorcycle run to the outside of the corner in second gear. This left-hander requires patience. After you slow it, use neutral throttle to come back to the curbing on exit, and then full gas to the outside of the track on corner exit.

Turn 15 requires commitment. Get the bike all the way to the left side of the track, brush the brakes to turn in, and then quickly back on the throttle through the corner and run it out to the curbing on exit.

On exit, you just stand the motorcycle up for a second, then commit back to turn 14. Keep it close to the apex to give yourself plenty of racetrack on exit to get full throttle. Run it all the way out for that sweet, free speed.

Turn 13 is "the bowl." You can fly into here and just brush the brakes, as the banking will help scrub off a lot of speed. This is a great passing zone, too.

Run all the way to the edge of the track on exit for more free speed, and then get left for a proper setup into 12.

Turn 12 is uphill, so the front forks will compress a lot, giving great traction and steering with less braking required.

Once you're powering up 12, flick it left and aim for the tall cone there. This is turn 11. It's important to power through this corner on the gas and get a good drive to 10. This is the back straight, so you want to cover as much ground as you can in the shortest amount of time possible.

The entry to turn 10 is one of the harder-braking areas. Get your braking done, grab second and power it up the hill. Best to open it up full throttle for a quick blip and run straight to the curbs of 9 and slow the bike down.

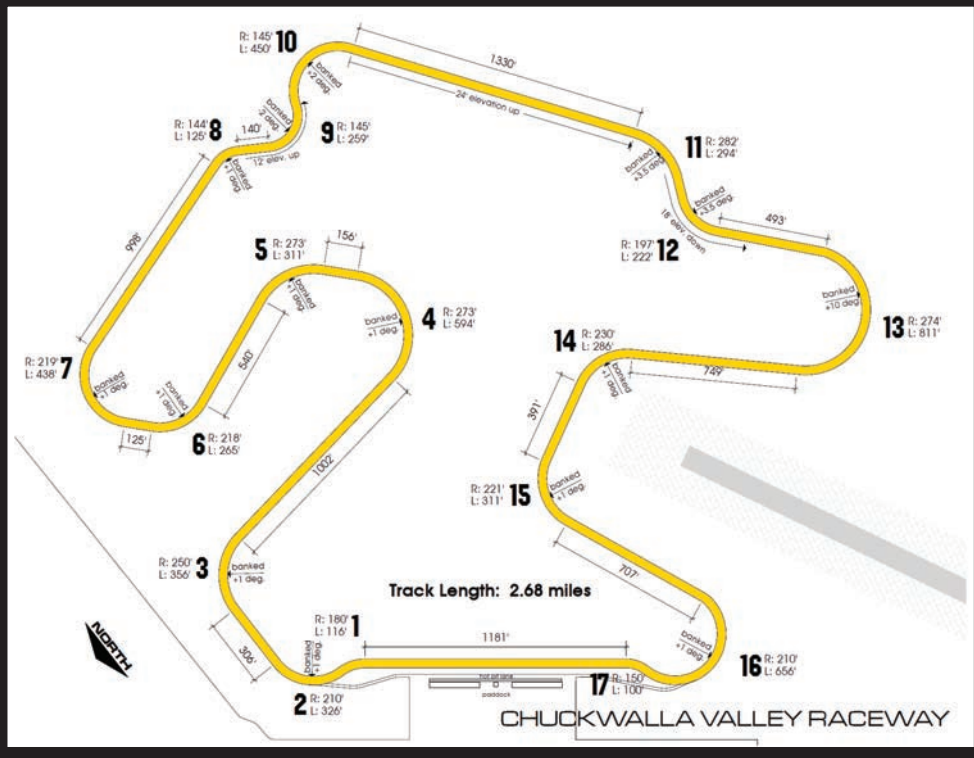
Turn 9 is slow. It's off camber and it's on top of a hill, and then falls away. Hug the curbs, be patient and exit it early, on the gas straight to the curbing of 8, on the gas.

Exit 8 and use all the track. Flick it into third and get full gas on the run to 7.

The left-hander 7 connects to 6—treat it like a double apex. Slow it for 7; carry a big, lean angle; and let the motorcycle run all the way to the curbing before you roll off to tuck it back in to make 6. You don't need to be right on the apex for 6. It's more important to get on the gas hard for the drag into 5.

Turn 5 is another one that you don't have to get right on the curbing; but commit to it, get on the gas and let the bike run wide, then roll off the throttle for a beat to let it turn back in and connect it straight to the exit of turn 4. Once you have direction, hit the gas hard again for the drag to 3.

Turn 3 is straightforward. Turn it, get on the gas once you've committed to the corner, lift the bike and run it to the curbing on exit. You're still going to be leaned over, but get on the brakes and slow it down for 2. Turn 2 is a kink—get it on the curb and run it to 1 full on the gas to get a strong drive on the straight to finish the lap. **ccc**



SIX-SHOT REVOLVER

BY MICHAEL PRICHINELLO
IMAGES BY AJ JAGGIE

The Alcantara on the wheel is grippy, and that's a good thing, because when you wrap your hands around it for the first time, your pulse quickens. Sweat forms on your brow. Between your hands is an array of toggle switches and buttons, flanked by two carbon triggers ready to turn the racket emanating from the 500 horses produced by the motor just behind your head into forward motion. Locked and loaded. One click, and bang. The Revolution race car is in flight. Five more pulls of the trigger and you've spent your ammo, just to click back down the gears for a corner, reload and unleash the power and speed once more.

How did we get here? Hurtling ourselves down racing circuits at more than 160 miles an hour with our asses in a carbon fiber bucket mere millimeters from the tarmac?

It started back in 1996. Back in the nineties, Classic Car Club was just a toddler in London, and Phil and Dave Kavanagh, its founding brothers, were tossing Lotus Cortinas around England's racing circuits in a vintage racing series. While the Cortina is a lovely thing, the sensation of speed gripped the brothers, and classic race cars evolved into the most modern prototype racer of that moment: the Radical Racecar.

The Radical is a formidable bit of motorsport kit. It's essentially powered by two inline-four motorcycle engines welded together and wrapped in a tube chassis. It corners like a devil and has kicked off the career of many a pro racer. We have one hanging on the wall of CCC Manhattan. But motorsport safety has outpaced the Radical, and an unsettling sense of exposure gnaws at you when you're pushing at the edge of cohesion. "What if?"

In 2018, one of Radical's cofounders, Phil Abbott, thought "What if?" too. What if we could go faster? What if aerodynamics played a bigger role in performance? What if the quotient of danger was reduced at the same time? What if Mr. Abbott moved on, acquired a new steel shed, and hung a new sign?

What would happen is the introduction of Revolution Race Cars and its formidable creation: the A-One 500SC. It's a race car capable of LMP3 lap times on a GT4 budget. At the heart of the matter is a full carbon tub that provides both extreme rigidity and protection for the driver. Wrapping the cockpit is a Formula 1–style halo to ensure further safety for the pilot within. The engine is a six-cylinder, 3.7-liter block lifted from a Ford Transit van that gets its rotating assembly and pistons fiddled with and equipped with a supercharger to create 500 horsepower and LMP-levels of tech and performance with equal doses

ABOVE
Push, click, boom.

of reliability. Rebuilds come only after 10,000 kilometers of track time.

The body of the A-One 500SC is a bacchanalia of sharp angles and fluid surfaces. Every millimeter of the car's skin is optimized to allow the air to smash it into the ground to produce more grip and higher performance. When race cars aren't going fast around corners, they're spinning themselves off into the scenery. To ensure that the Revolution is as cost-friendly to run as possible, clever engineering has been deployed to make parts like rockers, uprights and other parts interchangeable. This eliminates the need to stock excess spares and helps get a battered car back on track as fast as possible.

Classic Car Club has picked up a pair of Revolution A-One 500SC cars and, with them, the East Coast import and distribution, as well.

"Car culture expresses itself in many ways," says Phil Kavanagh. "Some dive into assembling collections, others like to modify their cars. At Classic Car Club, our personal narrative has always been driving and evolving into motorsport, and Revolution Race Cars is the latest chapter in that story."

Six weeks after partnering with Revolution, Classic Car Club has already sold seven cars. In 2022, CCC is racing its Revolutions in SCCA race weekends. In 2023, the club intends to launch its own nationwide Revolution spec race series, and supply support and transport for 20 cars and racers in the series. **ccc**

Interested in your own Revolution? Contact Classic Car Club.

ABOVE
Zac Moseley displaying acrobatics and a sweet CCC skid lid.

RIGHT
The most-seen on-track view of the A-One 500SC.

TIMEPIECE ROUNDUP

FEATHERWEIGHT SECONDS

TIME HAS A way of weighing us down. Always ticking away, counting the hours, minutes and seconds until something is due, or something is up. It's no wonder that modern timepieces have taken on a physical weight that matches the proverbial heft of hours gone by. But not all horology is weighty. A movement is afoot—one that barters traditional timepiece metals for composites and unique lightweight materials. Here are three of our favorite fine, lightweight timepieces that make the moments less weighty.

CHOPARD MILLE MIGLIA LAB ONE CONCEPT WATCH

The Mille Miglia Lab One Concept is steeped in automotive reference. At first glance, one will note the futuristic form paired with historic motoring references, such as the wire-mesh grille—reminiscent of a racing-car grille—and the V8 valve cover motif. Dig deeper and the tech starts to surface. That cushion-shaped case, a first for Chopard, is machined from super-lightweight titanium that undergoes a black DLC treatment. Under the hood, the Lab One Concept features a stop-tourbillon mechanism—a heady piece of engineering that essentially counters the effect of gravity on the wheel and spring to ensure accurate time. Not only is the case skeletal, but most any part on the Lab One has also been cut and hollowed to lighten the load and pay proper homage to the lightweight cars that have inspired it. Only 20 of these timepieces were produced by Chopard.

$129,000

RICHARD MILLE RM 65-01
Never one for subdued design, Richard Mille does it again with the RM 65-01—a watch as flamboyant as the superfast cars that inspired it. The featherlight titanium baseplate is skeletonized to further reduce weight, and the Carbon TPT case—a process of carbon production that layers parallel carbon filament—further commits to the watch's minimal weight. Inside is a very complicated automatic winding movement with hours, minutes, seconds, date and split-second mechanisms. The materials used to make this timepiece lightweight also make it very durable, meaning that the 65-01 is as indestructible as its colorful dial is playful.
$310,000

GRAHAM CHRONOFIGHTER SUPERLIGHT CARBON STRIP SKELETON
The Chronofighter Superlight is a colossal watch—its case measures in at a substantial 47 millimeters, and that doesn't include the considerable fast-action start-stop trigger that is mounted, unconventionally, on the left side of the case. Yet, despite all this heft, the Chronofighter is refreshingly airy. This svelteness is thanks to an epoxy resin case (infused with colored dye for a modern, sporting look), with equally light 3K carbon used to form the trigger and bezel. Further weight is reduced by the artful, skeletal work of the dial, which reveals the chronograph workings below.

On the wrist, the Graham fits quite comfortably, as the angled lugs follow the roll of the wrist, and the left-mounted crown and trigger suddenly makes sense—your right thumb falls on it effortlessly when counting lap times. In all, this colorful, superlight timepiece is oversized, but at less than 100 grams, it tips no scales.
$13,950

ALPINE EAGLE

With its pure and sophisticated lines, Alpine Eagle offers a contemporary reinterpretation of one of our iconic creations. Its 41 mm case houses an automatic, chronometer-certified movement, the Chopard 01.01-C. Forged in Lucent Steel A223, an exclusive ultra-resistant metal resulting from four years of research and development, this exceptional timepiece, proudly developed and handcrafted by our artisans, showcases the full range of watchmaking skills cultivated within our Manufacture.

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