

The car has an air of omnipotence. Say the word Ferrari a few times. There is the power of wealth. Individuality. Potency for the male and female alike. There is refinement, and there is leisure. The actual driving experience is a hypnosis, it's an assembly of armaments. The battlefield of attention is crowded by a single presence.

It's a curious feeling. It's not the same feeling you get when you handle an old Gibson or hold a Purdey shotgun; they demand virtuosity of the user. But anyone with a license can get behind the wheel of a Ferrari 365 GT 2+2 and feel almighty. Driving the car is the acquisition of a seventh sense. It extends the experience of the automobile into a whole new area. It is a rare car, one which has some things to show you.

A cursory examination of the machine itself, as much as Enzo Ferrari ever builds a new car, the 365 is new. If the last 30 models somehow seem to blend together in your mind's eye into nothing more distinctive than a symbol of the good life, it's because Pininfarina's styling mastery achieves an uninterrupted overall effect, as hard to describe as exquisite taste and totally opposed to the shock tactics of detail-design gimmickery with its built-in dating factor, relied on by Detroit.

The 365 is based on the 330 GTC. With an extra 10 inches of wheelbase amidships, it achieves a curious and unique elongated look, but it still resembles a stretched 330. The 365 has the same sweeping front fender line, broken mildly by the headlamp fairings. From the top of the rear window the fastback tail has the same graceful sweep.

Even with the larger transmission tunnel between the front seats which will eventually house an automatic transmission there is ample room to operate. There is even adequate room for backseat passengers.

The overall effect is one of a very real and serious, ultra-luxurious, high-speed touring machine.

This is the first Ferrari made to comply with the Federal Emission Control specifications, which means that the natural symmetry of the V-12 is cluttered up with hoses and pumps,

and a spark plug change, which will cost you \$36 anyway, may become more expensive still.

The smog device uses a Saginaw air pump run by a belt off the crankshaft. About every part on the system is interchangeable with GM pieces, except a small electric clutch that automatically cuts off the pump when the engine revs over 3200 rpm—after that the engine breathes cleanly enough to comply with current standards. The main difference between the GM and Ferrari systems is the target of flatulation: the GM technique is to inject air into the exhaust manifold. On the Ferrari, air is injected directly into the head just behind the exhaust valve, so that a second combustion takes place in the head and manifold.

Anyway, the 60³ V-12 (4.3-liters or 267.8 cu. in.) shrieks away shrilly to 7000 rpm, and at 6600 rpm is reportedly putting out 320 hp, which may or may not be. Who knows what the figures really mean? Isn't it enough that when you've written your check and the car is yours, you drive away knowing the car feels *right*? After all, what do *you* know? Only that when the pleasure palls, this week, next month or in a year, the question of whether it's because there wasn't enough power isn't going to matter. It's simply time for something new.

The first man to buy a 365 GT 2+2 in the U.S. was an oilman from Oklahoma. He traded in a GTB he'd bought six months before. It had exactly 400 miles on the odometer.

Maybe the lure of Ferrari for the oilman had something to do with its invisible quality of handling. If the Ferrari 365 GT 2+2 is the best car in the whole world, by purist definition, 60% of its persuasiveness is handling. When you aim it somewhere it *all* goes there at once. There's none of the sequential wheels turning, body rolling, and sometime after that, hood observed changing direction and everybody's falling down, down, down, into the front left-hand corner feeling. It's ZAP, ZAP, ZAP, all the way. That's how people who buy Ferraris are too. Everybody who ever bought a Ferrari is exactly like that. ZAP.

There's little point in confounding the customers with

VIEWPOINT: CHARLES FOX



THE FERRARI 365 GT 2+2



It's not the same feeling you get when you handle an old Gibson or a Purdey shotgun; they demand virtuosity of the user. But anyone with a license can get behind the wheel of a Ferrari 365 GT 2+2 and feel almighty. Driving the car is the acquisition of a seventh sense.

such trivia, but for the majority, the handling has something to do with the independent suspension system. Something, because a lot of cars have independent suspension systems, but they come out wanting. At the rear there's an aluminum housing containing the axle and differential. This is bolted to the chassis. The double U-jointed driveshafts are located by upper and lower A-arms. A standard Koni shock-and-coil-spring unit is mounted on the forward end of the hub-carrier. On the rear is the Koni "hydropneumatic" shock, a 5-in diameter device which is self-levelling, or, in other words, gives the car this incredible flat footed feeling no matter how you're driving it. The front end is suitably complimentary, with unequal-length A-arms and concentric coil springs and shock absorbers. And the whole sensation of stability is rounded out by Michelin 205/70 VR 15 radials, on 7.5-in rims.

After 50 years in the car business, Enzo Ferrari has finally quit playing with those masochistic dilettantes who have been offering him exorbitant sums for the bare bones of a perfect automobile. Goaded by Iso, Monteverdi, Maserati and Lamborghini and even (though perhaps unwittingly) by the United States Government, he has put flesh on the skeleton at last. Ferrari 365 GT 2+2. He has moved ahead of his rivals and tormentors once more. The warm winds of change are issuing from the old engineer's stronghold at Modena. Even up there in Fairfield County, Connecticut, where the nation's capitalist aristocracy, surrounded by the carefully preserved memorabilia of the War of Independence and insulated by a lather of wealth, would like you to think they're insensible to change, the new Ferraris are upsetting the order of things.

Old man Luigi Chinetti, who has controlled the distribution and sales of Ferrari in the United States for years with all the chrome moly whims of a true despot and the discrimination of a *Who's Who* editor, has found himself suddenly caught in a crossfire. The hard core of crustacean buyers he has built up over the years—50% or more of his new car

customers have already owned one or more Ferraris—is being assailed by a host of eager young would-be acolytes. Beneficiaries of the Great Society, seeking only a symbol for their new status. The Ferrari has established itself even with the incognizant Midwestern housewife—the Neighbor Woman (as Steve Smith would say) of Dove commercial fame—as a byword for opulence, in spite of the fact that not more than 250 new Ferraris have entered onto our highways in any one year.

"Most of our customers," according to Coco Chinetti, the old man's son, "were over 40." He makes it sound like a middle-age fetish. "They were nit-picking, exacting 'wind-in-the-face' drivers from the old school. Old Italians, old Aston Martin buyers. Men we've had as customers since we first started business.

"But suddenly it's all changing. We're getting a steady flow of young people with money getting turned on with these cars, and buying.

"Of course," he reflected, "maybe we're treating these people a little better than we used to. I mean we're not turning them away." He is serious. "We used to be pretty nasty to people we didn't recognize. The old school tie thing. But we've changed all that now." The glaucoma is cured. Glory be.

Coco told about the kind of people they have been turning off in terms of who is making up the new wave of customers.

"There was this very lovely young blonde came in two weeks ago. She'd just turned 21. Her family holds some patents on a margarine process. She said she would like to buy a Ferrari, but she couldn't use a stick shift. She asked if we had an automatic. I told her about the 365 (the car will be fitted with a GM 3-speed TurboHydramatic, the T-500, probably by May), but she wanted a car right away. She was driving a VW with the Automatic Stick-Shift, so I told her to go out and practice shifting for two or three days.

"She came back and we went out in a GTB. By the end of the day she was shifting it perfectly. When we got back to the shop she wrote me a check for the car and left.

"Two days later she came

back in and said she had a problem. She wanted to buy an identical car for her new husband. It was his birthday. I told her it would be no problem." Coco said. He smiled. "They both came in a few days later and they're talking about a 275LM, just to have something different. A little more sporting. I'm expecting a deposit shortly."

Nobody knows what Chinetti pays for his Ferraris, not Bill Harrah—who now has a deal with Chinetti, and Ferrari itself, to import cars directly from Italy to the West Coast, nor Harry Woodnorth, a thin, nervous car trader who deals for the Midwest out of Chicago. Chinetti quite properly regards the matter of price as irrelevant. It is a studied attitude. But it is also totally compatible with the attitude of his customers, most especially the new wave customers.

"In the last 90 days," Coco continued, "four of these new buyers have walked in here and ordered two cars apiece. We sold two 365s in that batch alone. There was a young Armenian lawyer from New Jersey. There was another young couple who bought a Dino, and after we'd completed the sale, the man turned to his wife and told her to consider that as her Christmas present (and) 'I'll come back for an L.M.'"

It is a strange world that young Coco lives in, and at this moment in time it centers around the 365 GT 2+2, prototypical of the new Ferraris, where everything fits and falls together accurately, as needs must if Ferrari is to survive in the U.S. market, which is daily being subjected to increasingly tighter control and regimentation by an over-reacting Federal Government.

Still supposing that the automobile is in great measure responsible for the culture of this country, and a mirror of it, if everyone could own a 365 GT 2+2, 20th Century America would undergo a massive cultural revolution.

At \$18,900 about 8.9% of C/D readers can afford to own one.

That isn't much, but it is a beginning.

The rest of us should start saving. ●



Even up there in Greenwich, Conn. where the nation's capitalist aristocracy would like you to think they're insensible to change, the new Ferraris led by the 365 are upsetting the order of things.