

The Hamptons Concours

This is a chance for people to treat cars like poodles or race horses. It all happened on Maria and Ken Fishel's estate in Bridgehampton, the polo grounds on August 10 and 11. The prize ponies in this case are Porsche and Ferrari super cars, none of them newer than 14 years old, all maintained (or restored) with loving care.



Except for a few other luxury cars that Bradford Rand and his team orchestrated: new Ferraris, Porsches, Aston Martins, McLarens, and Rolls-Royces. Altogether it was, Rand announced, an assembled group of automobiles worth more than \$100 million. The event combined the concours (a car beauty competition), lots of high-end sponsors (free drinks, a company eager to show off custom-built \$20-million personal helicopters) a brunch, and women dressed in every kind of outfit imaginable, from short shorts to nap dresses to cocktail dresses to something dresses worthy of the Kentucky Derby.



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Bradford Rand hands out a “best in class” on August 10, the first day of the Conco
 PMC / Michael Ostuni)

Some 20 percent of ticket sales went to the Southampton Animal Shelter. Not on
 the animal shelter had a major presence at the Concours. Four dogs were there (w
 to encourage people to adopt them.



Jordan Lippner, chair of the board of directors of the Southampton Animal Shelter Foundation
(Photo PMC / Michael Ostuni)

Nearly 2,000 Ferraris and Porches were accepted into the various Concours categories. Applications required a \$395 deposit, paperwork and photographs. Cars were accepted based on their age, unique qualities, paint and interiors. At the highest level, these cars are not family cars. They are pampered pets, never driven. Or rarely ever driven.

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Once accepted, which granted owners two VIP tickets to the open bar and luxury brunch, the cars are submitted to a microscopic examination. There were several judges, each with specific areas of expertise, under the chief judge Glenn Simon, known for his winning Ferraris in various Concours around the country.

Want to know what goes into a win? It is excruciatingly technical. Simon says he looks for “The originality of the car. Is it a matching numbers car? Does it have all its tools and books? Are all parts correct?”



Ruth Miller, Louise Braver, Maria Fishel, Carolyn B. Maloney, former U.S. Representative, Katlean de Monchy, Representative Rebecca Seawright; at rear, Ken Fishel and Jane Rothchild.

This is like the old rules for hunter classes for the snootiest horse shows, which used to require a watercress or white-meat turkey sandwich with crusts cut off, cut diagonally, wrapped in a linen napkin, in a sandwich case attached to the saddle, to qualify for proper “attire.”

But that’s what it takes to have a winning car in a certain classes in the concours. For everyone one else, it’s a day to ooh and ah at a shiny new Rolls Royce, sit in a \$400,000 car, drink a Remy Martin, smoke a Cohiba, look at jewelry, and spend a day gossiping with friends.

For once women had no trouble convincing the guys in the house to go to an event that was not a football game.

The event sold out far in advance.