MARQUE INTELLIGENCE
OWNER'S INTELLIGENCE - PAPER NO. 05

MARANELLO FIELD NOTES

05

One guest badge, one sealed phone, three hours inside the factory: notes from the Ferrari tour of 5 October 2026, written from memory because that is all they let you keep.

05.10.26
Booked months ahead through an official Ferrari dealership: 9:30 start, a guest badge

3 HOURS
On your feet from the engine shop to Fiorano: good shoes, no shorts, one espresso if you are quick

€300+
The price of admission, and some of the easiest money this passion has ever spent

0 PHOTOS
Phones sealed at the door: everything inside survives only in memory, and in this paper

OCTOBER 2026 PUBLIC SOURCES ONLY NOT INVESTMENT ADVICE

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01 WHY YOU GO

This is not a paper about a car. It is a paper about the place where the cars come from, and about what three hours inside it do to an owner.

Let me take the verdict out of the suspense, the way the tour itself never did: it was singular. If you own a Ferrari and you are registered with your dealership, do this. Take the effort, take the time, spend the money. I organised mine months in advance through my dealer, Ferrari Ulrich in Frankfurt, who were kind enough to book it; the ticket costs a little over 300 euros, and it is worth every cent, with one honest condition attached. This tour is for people who have the passion, who carry Ferrari or at least the supercar world somewhere in the bloodstream. For everyone else it is, truthfully, a factory. A spectacular one, a silent one, an unreasonably clean one, but a factory. The tour does not perform for you. It simply lets you stand inside the machine that builds the myth, and what you bring to it decides what you take home.



The old gate on a Monday morning, 5 October 2026: the most famous factory entrance in the world, and not a single sign telling you where to park.

02 THE ROAD IN

Up at five in Como, on the road at six, and the navigation system slowly eating my margin all the way past Milan.

The logistics were the usual compromise between passion and profession: a trade fair in Milan, the Sunday flight with Wizz Air into Malpensa on a perfect late-summer day, a hotel in Como because it is half an hour from the fair and you come in from the east without the jams. Monday was mine. Up at five, away at six, a little over two and a half hours to Maranello if the ring around Milan behaves. It did not, quite: no standstill, no accident, just the sheer morning mass of it, and the arrival time crept from comfortable to 9:21 against a 9:30 start. You do the arithmetic every driver knows: registration, parking, finding the door, and suddenly a nine-minute buffer is nothing. Then, just past Milan, the traffic dissolved as causelessly as it had formed, the rest ran clean, and I rolled into Maranello at a quarter past nine with the pulse already up for better reasons.

A word about the town, because it surprised me. You come off the autostrada expecting the overture: Hometown of Ferrari, a groomed approach, some sense that the most iconic manufacturer on earth lives here. Instead you drive through ordinary, tidy, unspectacular industrial streets, and the first emotion is a quiet: oh, okay. I do not understand the town fathers here, truly. If that company sat in my town, the surroundings would look like it. Either the understanding is missing or the money is; whichever it is, Maranello undersells itself. And then you turn onto the street where you know the old works entrance is coming, and none of it matters anymore.



Maranello or Modena: the brown signs do the only scene-setting the town bothers with.





Left: the works boundary from the street, a modest gatehouse and one yellow shield doing all the talking. Right: the approach road on tour morning, ordinary parked cars in front of the least ordinary factory in the world.

03 THE GATE, THE CRUTCHES & THE CHECK-IN

Twenty-five people in a loose cluster, one elderly gentleman on crutches in the middle of the entrance, and an email that told me the address but not the plan.

The booking email names the meeting point: the works entrance, on the day, 9:30. What it does not contain is a map, a parking instruction, or any hint of what to actually do on arrival, and so I did what any logical person does: I drove into the works entrance, Avis rental and all, assuming visitor parking inside. The elderly gentleman on crutches holding the middle of the gateway looked at me with magnificent indignation, for which I cannot blame him; I stayed calm, he yielded, I nodded my thanks, parked at the barrier and asked. Factory tour? The car park is a few hundred metres on, turn right, show your email. They let me turn in the courtyard, which is an experience in itself, and sent me back out. At the car park: a man in a black suit, a woman in a high-vis vest, and in front of me an Austrian couple making exactly the same wrong turn I had, in a 512 BBi they had driven over the Alps. A beautiful example. He was my height, a metre ninety or so, and anyone who folds that frame into a 512 BBi for that distance has my respect and my sympathy in equal measure. I was too wound up to photograph it, which tells you something about the morning.





Left: the morning cluster at the meeting point, exactly as organised as it looks. Right: the old gate doing what it has done for seventy years, one red car at a time.





The boutique opposite the works, where the day actually begins: Ferrari lettering, a lawn, and the old building with its tower keeping watch behind.

The check-in continued the theme: into the Ferrari boutique opposite the works, hostesses in friendly, decorative chaos, no central reception, names called out across the gallery until mine was among them. For a moment I honestly wondered whether I had landed in the bus-tour version by mistake. I had not. The group sorted itself into clusters of eight to ten, each with its hostess, and mine was Silvia: younger, warm, South Tyrol by my guess, because she ran the entire tour in charming Italian-coloured German, which I had not dared expect. Earpieces were handed out, and then the ritual that defines everything after it: the camera lenses of every phone sealed with stickers. No quick draw from the wrist, not for anyone, not once. Whatever I saw from here on, I would have to carry out in my head, which is why this paper exists.





Left: the gallery during the name-calling phase, friendly, decorative chaos in its natural habitat. Right: the model wall, every car you cannot afford in a scale you can.





The boutique in its quieter corners: red walls, display cases, and the last calm minutes before the earpieces went in.



The author, outside the e-building, before the stickers went on. The last photograph of the day that was allowed to happen.

One stop remained before the factory: across the road, above the restaurant, a space they called a design studio, which in truth is a very fine lounge. Drinks appeared on the same organisational principle as the registration, which is to say every man for himself; I secured an espresso macchiato with the determination the situation required, and I needed it. Then a short, genuinely good briefing on how the tour would run, and from that moment on, as if a switch had been flipped, everything was orderly. My criticism, and I wrote it into their survey afterwards, fits in one sentence: one small map in one email would dissolve every complication of that first hour, and I do not understand why it does not exist. It changes nothing about what followed.

04 ENGINES FIRST

Electric buses, a blue F80 in delivery film, a camouflaged prototype, and then the quietest loud place I have ever stood in.

The tour moves by electric bus, and the campus itself is the first exhibit. An F80 came toward us in what I took to be Blu Pozzi, still wearing its protective film, off to its test loop as casually as a delivery van. A fully camouflaged mid-engined prototype crossed behind it, to my eye the successor of the 296. Bodies in white stood in rows, finished cars idled at kerbs as if they were nothing, and the whole site, it must be said, is handsome: green, orderly, well kept, but still honestly a factory, not a theme park. At the far end sits the wind tunnel, the Renzo Piano building, and Silvia gave us its numbers as we passed, which I have since verified below, because that is what this register does even to its own holidays.





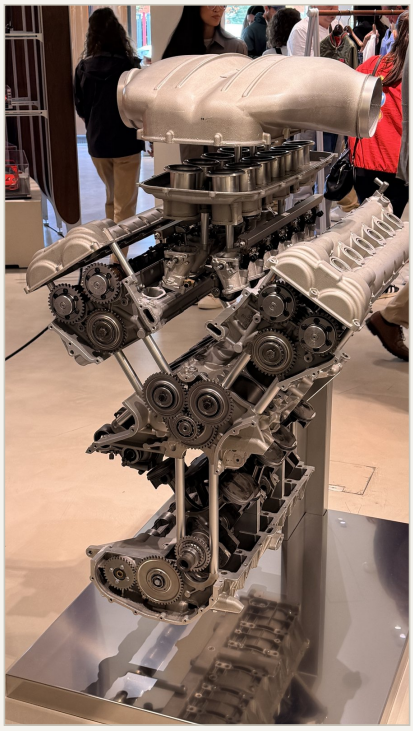
The e-building from the street, before the cameras were sealed: the red and black band is the newest face of the campus, and the only part of the factory the public is allowed to keep.

Side note, verified: the wind tunnel

Silvia's figure holds. Ferrari's wind tunnel in Maranello, designed by Renzo Piano and opened in 1997, runs a fan of more than five metres in diameter at a rated power above 2,000 kW, with the test chamber climate held to half a degree and models tested up to 65 percent scale alongside full-size cars. It was the first building of the Formula Uomo programme, the campus philosophy you then watch at work in every hall that follows.

Then the engine shop, and the first surprise is acoustic. There is a working hum, CNC machining centres and handling modules doing their patient business, but most people on the floor wear no ear protection, and nobody raises a voice. No stress, no shouting, no hurry, anywhere, at any point, and the floors are clean enough to shame most showrooms. Per the tour's own telling, Ferrari is the last manufacturer of its kind still running its own foundry, so the castings arrive in-house, are machined in-house, and flow into the first assembly wave in-house: sixes, eights and twelves, clearly zoned, short block to long block. You walk a marked path, you keep to it, you trade the occasional thumbs-up with the people at the benches in their red overalls, and now and then one smiles back, and I believe they genuinely like seeing someone to whom this is not a Tuesday.

The sequence builds the way the engines do. Raw blocks in one bay; the first red crinkle cam covers appearing two bays later like a pulse of colour; looms and lines dressing the long blocks; and then the finishing area where every engine stands on its own cradle wearing its own tag, because every engine here is already spoken for. No one picks a V12 off a shelf for whatever needs one; each unit is born assigned to one specific car, which is where matching numbers begin, decades before anyone writes the words into an auction catalogue. From the gallery above the hall, with the whole flow visible at once and green plants standing between the machines, I counted, loosely, forty or fifty finished engines waiting in the buffer for their marriage: sixes to twelves, every colour of intake plumbing, a standing army of the thing this whole company is actually about. I stored the image the only way permitted: by staring at it.



The only engine of the day a camera was allowed to meet: a display unit in the boutique across the road, intake trumpets up, standing in for the hundreds being born behind the fence.

05 THE LINE

One line that builds everything, a red container that follows every car, and timers that count down twenty to thirty minutes of total calm.

The assembly halls hold the second surprise: there is no Purosangue line, no 849 line, no Amalfi line. There is one line, flexible and modular, and everything passes down it in whatever order the schedule wills: an 849 Testarossa behind a Purosangue behind an Amalfi, left-hand drive behind right-hand drive, a US car with its side markers giving itself away mid-sequence, colours for every market. Each car travels with its own large red container on rollers, carrying every part of that car's specification, so confusion is structurally impossible. The chassis ride automated carriers that bring the car to the people, never the people to the car; nobody lifts anything heavy unassisted; each station runs a visible timer, twenty to thirty minutes by the station's workload, and when it runs out, the line breathes one step forward. Small mixed teams, men and women, chatting quietly, visibly at ease. Acoustic panels everywhere, plants everywhere, pale clean floors, rest corners with machines for a coffee or an ice cream inside the halls themselves. I have stood in many factories. I have never stood in one this calm.

The newest hall belongs to the electric era, built out before the Luce went into production, and it is the brightest and most generous space of the day: module and pack assembly for the batteries, the cooling layers, the whole EV grammar you recognise from the industry, and the Luce itself riding its carriers toward the marriage stations. The chassis remain aluminium, Ferrari tradition, no carbon monocoque in sight, and you could look straight into the structure as the bodies rolled past. What I think of the Luce as a car does not belong in this paper and changes nothing about this hall, which also keeps deliberate free space for flexibility and for events: one Luce stood on a presentation platform with a film crew testing lights around it for an upcoming evening. The marriage itself, drivetrain rising into body, happens here for everything, and beyond it the cars hang in those great rotating cradles that let a person reach every face of the underbody, floating overhead like the most expensive mobiles on earth.

And then a small, quietly wonderful thing. Ferrari photographs every car three times as it is built: the body in primer, the body in paint, and the finished car, automatically, at fixed points in the production. Every owner registered with a dealership receives those three photographs of their own chassis through the app, new or used, it does not matter. I have mine. And on this tour I stood at the exact spot where they are taken, watched the cars pass through it, and closed a small loop I did not know was open. At the end of the line every car gets its film, every car goes out onto the road, town and country, and to my knowledge a few kilometres of Fiorano as well, before anyone calls it finished.

> **Side note, verified: how long does a Ferrari take?**
>
> The tour's figure was about three months from entering production to the finished car, Tailor Made and Atelier excluded, and I doubted it on the spot: the stations are too tightly timed for that to be line time. The documented reporting from inside this factory supports the doubt. Earlier published accounts of the Maranello line describe roughly three weeks for the whole build process, with final assembly itself around three working days, stations running about thirty minutes per V8 and closer to an hour per V12, at ten to twelve cars a day. The three months, plausibly, is the honest span from specification and parts sourcing to the gate, not the line. Figures from documented reporting of earlier model years; the order of magnitude, not the decimals, is the point.

06 THE CLASSICHE WORKSHOP

The stop I almost forgot to write down, and the one I should have written first: a crowded, silent workshop where the inheritance itself stands in work clothes.

Before Fiorano came the stop that has kept rearranging itself in my memory ever since: the Classiche department, right on the works site, and nothing like the factory we had just left. This is a workshop in the old, honest sense of the word: glazed offices along the right-hand wall, lifts, hand tools, no robots, and in the corner by the entrance the archive, the room where Ferrari keeps the documentation of everything it has ever built, which means they can, in principle, build any of them again. I stood there hoping out loud to myself that it never meets a fire. In one of the offices two gentlemen sat with a Ferrari man, clearly walking through a car's coming restoration. The first thing you see on the floor is a freshly painted bare shell of a 250 Lusso in the most beautiful green, just back from paint, nothing else of the car anywhere near it, and perfect. And over everything, again, that same impossible calm: no hurry, no noise, just full. Properly full: you move along yellow lines on the floor that you do not cross, because what stands on every side of them is not the kind of thing you brush against.

What stood there, as far as we were told and as far as my eyes go: Lewis Hamilton's F40 on the right, the only car whose owner was named all day, parked next to an Enzo as if that were normal; a 365 Daytona; another 250 Lusso; on a lift around the corner an open 250 in Le Mans dress, to my eye; and in the far corner, behind the line nobody crossed, a covered shape on a lift whose silhouette read as a P4. Every number plate was covered or off, every owner anonymous, which is as it should be; I care about the cars more than the names anyway. Beside each car stood a small cart of parts, window cranks and little cavallini lying there like relics in an open church; a worse person could have pocketed a souvenir, and I did not dare touch anything at all, because the values in that room start high and go upward from there. I knew this room before I entered it, from Harry Metcalfe's films about a Classiche restoration, the yellow Dino; standing in the middle of it myself was not something I had ever put on a list, because I had not dared to. This room is the heritage. This is the inheritance that makes the whole brand possible, being maintained by hand, in silence, twenty metres from the line that builds the future.

Side note, verified: Classiche, counted

The tour's figure, as I remember it, was around 25 restorations a year. The published record is more modest and more telling: Classiche was founded in 2006, fewer than 150 cars have passed through a full restoration since, and a complete car takes around fourteen months, which averages far below the tour's number. Both figures are recorded here, and the gap is left standing. Verified alongside: the archive holds the build file of every Ferrari since the second car ever made, its digitisation is under way, which answers the fire question I asked myself on the spot, and the workshop sits in one of the original 1947 buildings of the factory. The past is kept in the oldest room on the site. Of course it is.

07 THE FORMULA 1 BUILDING, FROM THE BRIDGE

A Schumacher-era car you can almost touch, a covered car you cannot, and a view from above into the room where the grand prix machines are born.

Between Classiche and Fiorano came the stop my memory filed last and should not have: the Formula 1 department, the building where the race cars are actually assembled. It is a multi-storey affair, and the tour goes up first, onto what I can only call a landing with ambitions: a proper gallery, six or seven metres wide and a good fifteen long, stairs down to the left, a lift besides. And on that landing, close enough to study at leisure, stood a Formula 1 car from the Schumacher era. No rope of ceremony around it, no secrecy; whatever needed protecting in that car stopped needing it years ago. Next to the memory of the current cars in the holy hall it looked distinctly small, almost delicate, and no less impressive for it. You stand there recalibrating two decades of television against three metres of actual car.

From the gallery you look down to the left into the assembly floor itself, and it is exactly what the rumours promise: clinical. Bays ringed by tool cabinets with workbench tops, everything closed, nothing lying about, a cleanliness that makes the road-car line look almost relaxed. In one bay stood a Formula 1 car under covers, a few staff at quiet work around the floor, and that was all there was to see, which is itself the information: mid-season, the racing teams are out in the world, and the building holds its breath. In the breaks, between seasons, over the winter, this is where the cars are built and rebuilt, and I assume, without having seen it, that an engine test area lives somewhere in the complex too; recorded here strictly as the author’s assumption. On the other side of the gallery, behind glass walls, the other half of modern racing: offices, meeting rooms, and laboratory-like workstations with large monitors, where materials are tested, telemetry is analysed, results are taken apart. The people there wear no red overalls; they wear white coats with the Ferrari emblem, and the quiet down both sides of the building was the same quiet as everywhere else on this campus, with the same green courtyards around it. They do not let you downstairs, and of course they do not. A look from the bridge is precisely as much Formula 1 as a visitor has any business getting.

08 FIORANO & THE HOLY HALL

The last stop is the one you cannot walk into: two rows of Formula 1 cars, and a respectful distance that hurts.

The tour ends across the road at Fiorano, at the F1 Clienti and XX programme building, and here the leash shortens: no photographs, limited range, look but do not approach. The hall stores customer cars, because the XX machines and the retired Formula 1 cars are not road cars and most of them live here between outings; only a very few owners, I understand, keep them at home. Two years after their season, the Formula 1 cars may be sold, to the top of the collector world, the David Lee tier, and the hall holds the results: a double row of grand prix Ferraris down a central aisle, decades of them, a sight for the gods that we were allowed to see and not enter. Leclerc's car of two seasons ago stood near Niki Lauda's, and the comparison rearranges you: the modern car is a monster, a spaceship on four wheels, vastly more imposing in the metal than any broadcast suggests. Fiorano itself stayed off limits, of course. You stand at the edge of the holy of holies, you are not invited in, and honestly, that is as it should be. It gives you a reason.

09 THE BRAND, SEEN FROM INSIDE

Strip away the engines and the heritage for one moment, and what is left is still the best-run brand this author has ever studied.

Here is the sober observation under all the goosebumps: what Ferrari performs in Maranello is the perfect marketing of a brand, from A to Z, and I say that as someone whose trade for decades has been exactly this field. Brand building, brand care, customer binding, every textbook chapter is executed here at a level the textbooks themselves do not reach. You are a guest for three hours and you feel like royalty; you are a customer for years and the feeling never wears off; and the masterstroke is that Ferrari makes you grateful to pay for it. The waiting lists, the allocation politics, the app that hands every owner three photographs of their own car being born, the badge that opens doors, the survey that asks your honest opinion as if the company of Enzo Ferrari needed it from you: none of this is an accident. It is a system, polished for decades, and walking through the factory you watch the system and the substance hold each other up. The cars justify the theatre, and the theatre ennobles the cars.





Brand care in its rawest form: the shield on a bare concrete pillar, the black horse on a red wall. Nothing in Maranello is unbranded, and none of it feels like advertising.

Even the storm around the Luce shows the machine working. The first electric Ferrari drew the predictable uproar, and the company absorbed it the way it absorbs everything, calmly, on its own timetable, with the certainty of a house that has survived every supposed heresy from the first customer car onwards. For the record, and strictly as this author's personal view of the design and nothing else: to my eye the Luce looks like the new Nissan Leaf, launched in almost the same green, and that is not a compliment at the price. The electric attempt itself I have no quarrel with; a company that builds its own batteries twenty metres from a V12 line has earned the right to try. My objection is design, full stop, and it is one owner's taste, worth exactly that. What no taste can argue away is the gap to everyone else: Lamborghini does not come close to this brand performance, not even approximately, and Porsche and Mercedes, for all their engineering weight, do not either. There is one Ferrari, and after three hours inside it you understand that the sentence is not a slogan, it is a description.





Left: a single small cavallino on an archway wall, confidence measured in restraint. Right: the e-building wearing the shield at full size, the same language at both volumes.

And then the closing thought, which belongs in a personal paper: these are only cars. Against the things in life that actually matter, health, family, the people you love, none of this carries any real weight, and a register like this one should say so out loud at least once. But passion does not need weight to be real. It is pure passion, nothing more and nothing less, and Maranello is the place where you are allowed to feel it at full volume for three hours without apologising to anyone.

10 WHAT IT DOES TO YOU

A confession in the interest of full disclosure: for a moment, this tour made a disciplined pre-owned buyer think about ordering a new car.

A warning for anyone with my temperament: this tour works on you. My own doctrine, held for years and written into half this register, is to stay away from new orders because of the depreciation, and the arithmetic has not changed. These are cars, not investments; that must never be forgotten, least of all here. Order an Amalfi, as beautiful as it is, and by my own rough reckoning you hand back 40,000 or 50,000 euros in the first year, against perhaps 10,000 or 15,000 on an ordinary 70,000 euro premium EV; different world, different numbers, same direction. My money is hard-earned, I love the hobby, and I have no interest in burning serious sums for it, which is why my path has always been certified pre-owned: the first one a 2013 FF, found at Ferrari Budapest and imported on my own steam, an adventure that will stay with me forever; then the GTC4Lusso T from my own dealer, bought with open eyes about what it would cost me to have wanted it; now the 488 GTB. All of them certified, all with warranty, all clean, all without drama.

And then you spend three hours inside the machine, you watch an engine being born that already belongs to someone, you remember that the app would photograph your own chassis three times on its way down that one calm line, and the doctrine wobbles. For a moment, walking out past the boutique, the thought was simply there: perhaps, at some point, one built for me. That is what the place does, and it does it without a single word of selling. The discipline survived the drive home, for the record. But it was not a fair fight, and Maranello knows it.

11 THE VERDICT

A red folder, an Enzo print, a survey answered honestly, and legs that had earned their espresso.

Back at the boutique there was a farewell gift: a red folder with a black and white art print of Enzo Ferrari at the wheel, and the guest badge you were allowed to keep. There was a survey, and I answered it the way this register answers everything: with gratitude for the substance and precision about the flaws, the arrival chaos, the missing map, the scrum for coffee. None of it touches the tour itself. Three hours, nearly all of it standing and walking: wear proper shoes, dress casually but properly, no shorts, they do not want to see them, expect one bio-break and water on the move rather than a pause. I skipped the museum afterwards, a few steps away; after what I had seen it could only have been a downgrade, and I was done in the best sense of the word.

For completeness, what the tour does not show, so nobody arrives expecting it: the Tailor Made studio, which I would have loved to see and entirely understand not seeing, because customers are in there speccing their cars and no one wants a visitor group standing over that; the great lounge at Fiorano, with its view straight onto the track, in constant use for clients and events; the paint shop; and the dedicated work on the Icona and Special Series cars, no special-version 296 line, no XX programme assembly. I cannot tell you in every case why, but I can tell you it does not matter, because every one of those stops would add its half hour, the day already runs close to three hours, and somewhere in there you quietly reach your limit anyway. It sounds absurd for a day spent walking and looking, but the intake is enormous, and without a camera you are trying to absorb all of it in real time. If photographs were allowed, the memories would archive differently; you would also, perhaps, listen worse. Both versions have their price, and I was, in the end, completely at peace with the one they chose.

The honest arithmetic, since this register does arithmetic even on its holidays: the ticket is 300 euros and something. The trip around it, flights, rental car, the day itself, lands somewhere between 500 and 1,000 euros without a hotel, depending on how you fly; stay the night and you should simply budget a thousand and up, before the fan shops have taken their share, and they will. Count it coldly and it is a significant sum for three hours of walking; count it the way anyone on that tour counts it and you will find no one who regrets a cent, which is section 09 of this paper working exactly as described, on its own author. I will do it again: May, on flights to Linate I still have to use, two days for Maranello alone this time, the shops, the museum with fresh eyes and lowered expectations, tickets once more through my dealer, and perhaps a second tour. The first one you spend absorbing. Only the second one lets you observe.



The farewell: a red folder, an Enzo art print inside, and the guest badge that spent three hours opening every door that mattered.



The print itself: Enzo Ferrari at the wheel, pencil-drawn and signed, with the folder and the GUEST lanyard it came home with. The best 300 euros this passion has spent, and they give you art on the way out.

BOTTOM LINE

For the enthusiast, the Maranello factory tour is a pilgrimage disguised as a ticket: three hours inside the calmest, cleanest, most self-assured factory this author has ever entered, where every engine is born already belonging to its car and the myth turns out to be a process, beautifully run. For anyone without the passion it is a factory, and they should give their place to someone who will spend the whole three hours storing images they are not allowed to take. Book it through your dealership, take the early slot, wear good shoes, forgive the arrival chaos, and go. Once as an owner, twice if you can. And know what you are walking into: the most perfectly run brand in the business, a house that makes you feel like royalty and makes you grateful to pay for the privilege, with the substance behind the curtain to deserve every bit of it.

SOURCES

A personal account of the official Ferrari factory tour of 5 October 2026, booked through an official Ferrari dealership; photography inside the factory is prohibited and all photographs in this paper were taken by the author outside the restricted areas. Verified side notes from public sources: the Maranello wind tunnel (Renzo Piano, opened 1997, fan above five metres and 2,000 kW, first Formula Uomo building); assembly timing per documented factory reporting of earlier model years (ca. three weeks overall, ca. three working days of final assembly, ca. 30 minutes per station for V8 and about an hour for V12 cars, 10-12 cars per day); the Ferrari Luce identified per public launch data (previewed October 2025, unveiled May 2026, production from 2026); Ferrari Classiche per published record (department founded 2006, housed in one of the original 1947 buildings, archive holding the build documentation of every road Ferrari since the second car ever made with digitisation under way, fewer than 150 complete restorations since founding at roughly fourteen months per car; the tour figure of ca. 25 cars per year is carried as remembered and the gap is left standing). Observations of prototypes and specific cars on the campus are the author’s own impressions of the day and are recorded as exactly that.

Author. Uwe Riemeyer, Marque Intelligence (an IMP InterMediaPartners venture, est. 1976). Disclosed bias, worn openly for once: the author owns and regularly drives a Ferrari 488 GTB, owns a Ferrari GTC4Lusso T, has previously owned a Ferrari FF, and spent this entire tour as exactly the enthusiast it was built for. A personal field paper, not investment advice, and for once, not an inspection of anything except a dream held up to daylight.