

BMW Baroque Angel

The first Baroque Angel I met was driven spiritedly by Wolf Zeuner, who lodged at a local castle owned by family friends. I heard him tell my father what a revelation it was to realise how spectacles helped his driving. "Now," he explained, "when overtaking I know whether the car coming the other way is an A35 or a Jaguar." It also made it less exciting for his wife in the passenger seat (on the right). My other encounter, cycling in Bavaria, was crashed with the mother and children sitting on the verge while the father lay twitching on the road.

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