

RETROMOTIVE

IX



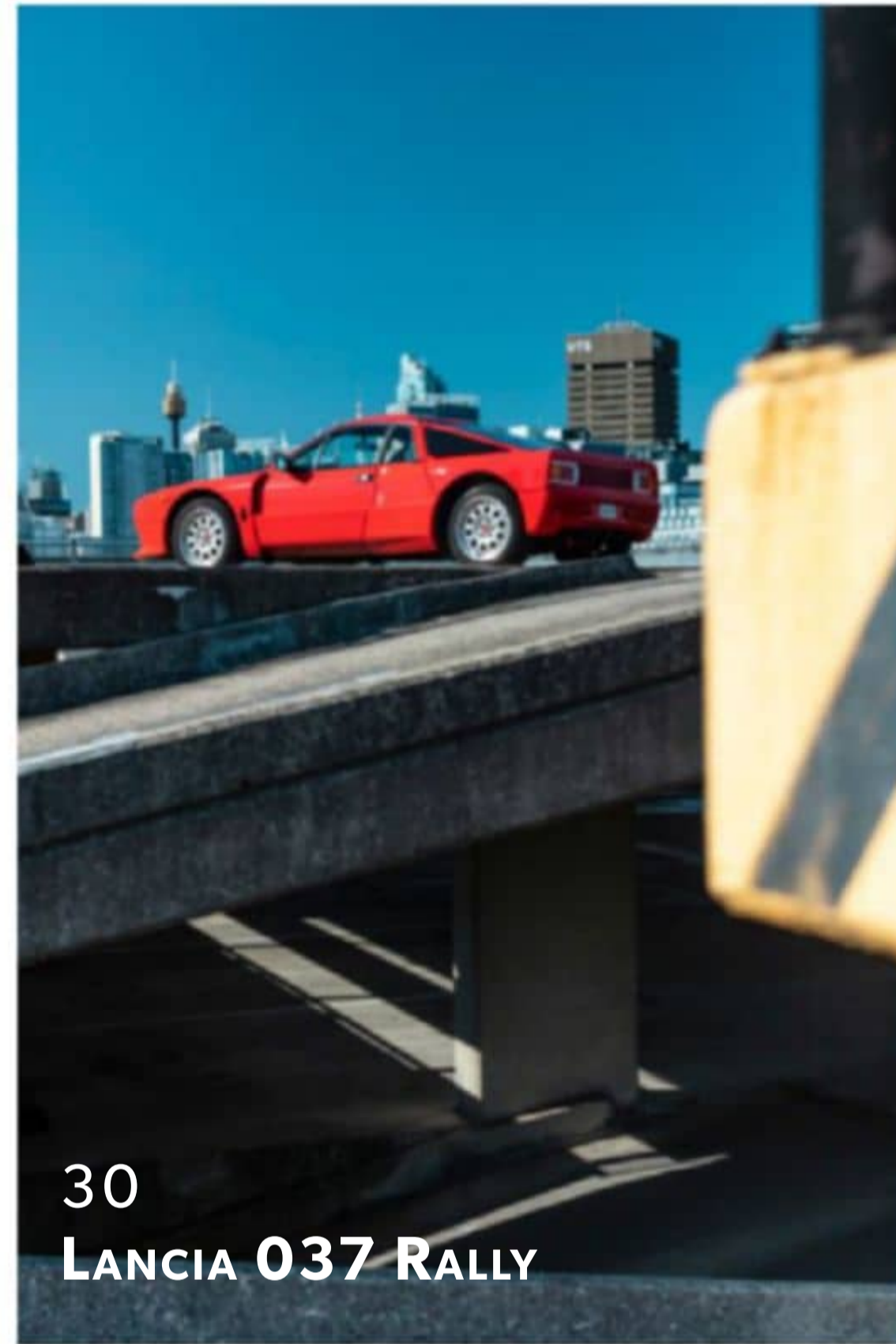
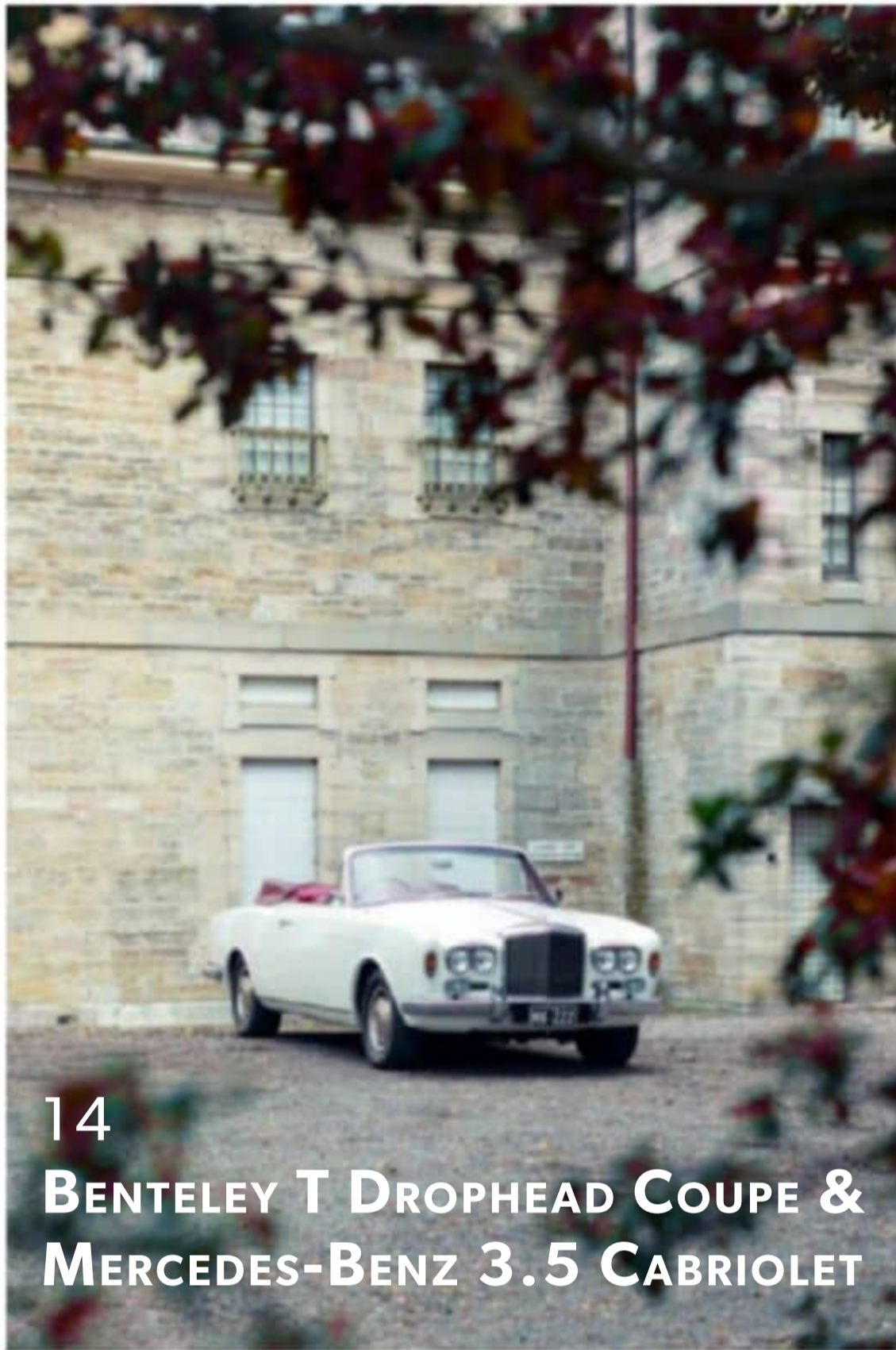
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RETROMOTIVE

IX

FEATURES



FEATURES



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FRONT END

NATHAN DUFF

2020 will go down as one of the more difficult years in recent memory and we're only halfway through. We have had our own challenges during this period putting the magazine together; had travel restrictions not come into effect during the pre-production of this magazine, you'd be reading a bunch of very different features in the following pages.

Families and individuals have experienced a significant impact on their lives and the last thing you'll catch me doing is moaning about how I couldn't go to the US to shoot cars because of travel restrictions. Improvise, adapt, overcome – I think it's a military saying but I first saw it on an empty toilet roll in a public men's room – seems you can apply it to any situation and to say I'm super proud of this issue of Retromotive would be an understatement.

During lockdown I spoke with UK-based photographer Amy Shore about the sense of freedom isolation can give you. The context, however, was not imposed confinement within four walls, but rather how taking a road trip can be a truly freeing experience – one where isolation can reset your internal well-being rather than safeguarding the health of those vulnerable in our society. That starts on page 106.

Historian Patrick Harlow remembers Bruce McLaren with this year marking 50 years since the New Zealand champion's untimely death at Goodwood. Patrick retraces his history, speaks with his daughter Amanda and we take a look at what might have been the very first McLaren road car – the M6GT. You'll find that and the stunning photographs from a personal hero of mine Greg Pajo on page 60.

With any luck, by the time this reaches you the ad on the opposite side of the page should have some relevance. Our revamped website, on-line magazine companion and new subscription offers should be live! Open the camera app on your phone and hold it over the bar-code thingy at the top of the page and it should take you straight there.

Along with providing a digital version of the magazine, which will be updated with new content

weekly, the Retromotive site will aim to be a source of information and stories of all things relating to classic cars and the world they inhabit. A destination for you to explore not only people's stories and their journey with the automobile, but also discovering and embracing how people and companies of all sizes are implementing the learnings of evolving technologies and applying it to restoration, preservation and development.

We will be expanding the scope of the articles on the website to include events – both local and international and branching out to include the club scene (not the doof-doof type) to create a community and information hub where passionate people can gain and share knowledge.

We will cover news and information on current model cars that celebrates their design ethos and have a significant link to their heritage...You will not, however, necessarily find reviews on the latest Kia or Hyundai.

Retromotive is embracing future technologies that wear the skins of the classic we love, for example electric conversions and bespoke cars that take a modern approach to old engineering.

We will continue to celebrate the historical content and expand further into race heritage within Australia, rally and F1.

If it sounds like a lot of work – well, you're damn right! So, for those of you who have a story to tell or would like to contribute to the website or magazine in some capacity – please get in touch!

If you're an expert on old car advertising, have taken a road trip and would like to share your experience with the Retromotive community – I'd love to hear from you. If you have a collection of dusty old Matchbox cars or a project car that you'd thought you would never finish – I'd love to hear from you. If you have a rash that just won't go away...just keep that to yourself.

As always, thanks for your support.

Cheers, Nathan. 21-06-2020



When he is not out shooting or putting the magazine together, Nathan likes to pretend that he'll actually finish the series 3 Land Rover that sits in his garage gathering dust. Follow Nathan on Instagram @retromotive_editor

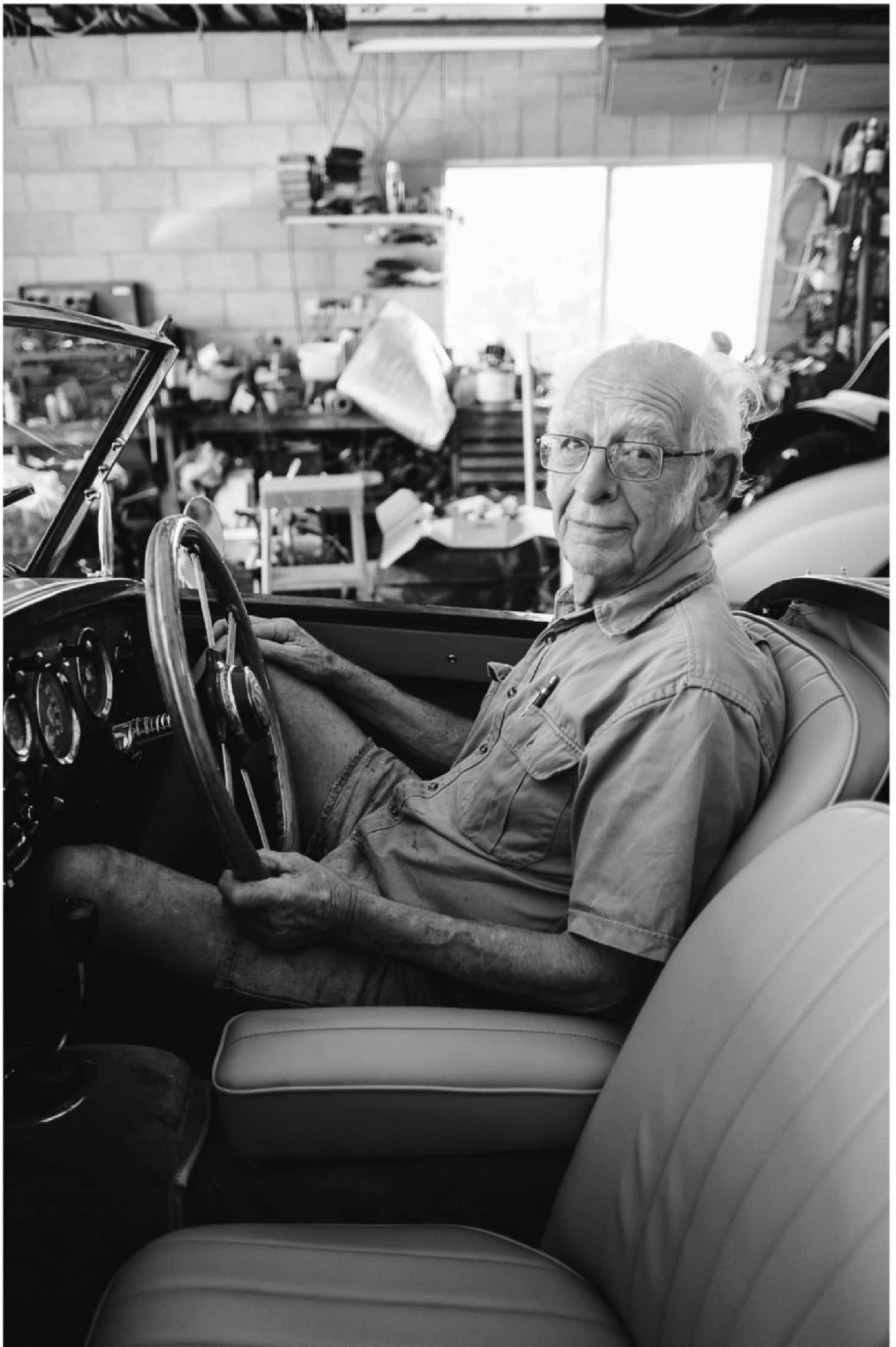


Photo: ©Shaun Maluga

IT ALL STARTED WHEN...

SHAUN MALUGA

Gary cannot remember where or when it exactly originated, but he feels like he has always been fixated with cars. His family did not have a car growing up; just a single pushbike. Then, in the first six years that Gary had his licence, he thinks he must have gone through just as many cars.

Gary learnt to drive around 14 or 15 years of age. He admits that hesitantly, as if he may still get reprimanded for doing so, but it was a different time. Bosses at his worksites would have him driving around the Gold Coast on errands before he was even old enough to get a licence. One boss pulled up with a cop in an old '57 or '58 Holden, threw Gary the keys and said 'Drive this bloke back to town.' That is how he got his licence before he turned 17.

Gary is a carpenter by trade and to him cars are a distraction; something different from his daily work. His carpentry skills often make their way into his restorations. In the case of this 1960 MGA, he crafted a full wooden dash fascia and wooden trim to seat the fiberglass hardtop.

Overall, the MGA was a bit of a challenge. Looking at the photos before the restoration began, there was barely the shell of a car. The frame and panels were all rotten with rust, having sat under a tree since the early '70s. 'A lot of people told me I was nuts. They were probably right.' Four, 8x8 sheets of new metal were used in the resurrection of the body and three quarters of another sheet welded into the chassis. 'It worked out all right,' he says humbly, downplaying the massive transformation he accomplished.

Gary always had a thing for 'Pommy cars' or at least 'something he couldn't afford'. One of his favourite restorations was a 1972 E-Type Jaguar that, when

finished, he and his wife took on an eight-and-a-half-week journey from Central Queensland down to the Great Ocean Road in Victoria.

Almost all the work on Gary's cars is done by him, skills he learnt over a lifetime of car ownership and by making 'a lot of mistakes' as he went. 'You learn pretty quick when you give them a hard time.' He admits that sometimes things might take him three or four goes, like the aluminium boot skin on the MGA that took him three attempts to get right.

Some of the other cars he recalls owning include a '50s Ford Thames panel van, a '54 Plymouth, a Mark I Ford Zephyr and a '36 Ford Coupe that he bought for 10 pounds. The Ford had been sitting on blocks for years and driving it back from Brisbane to the Gold Coast he worked out why. It had no brakes and would jump out of third gear. 'It went through four gallons of fuel and 16 gallons of water. It was an interesting drive, but I got it there,' he says proudly. Another oddity he has owned and restored was an old 1926 Dennis fire truck he had for about 14 years. It was Gladstone's first purpose-built fire engine. It had been retired to an island off the coast of Gladstone where it sat, needing work. Gary bought it in the early '70s for \$200 and restored it to original condition, complete with fire ladder and pump. The ride was rough and slow going. He drove from Gladstone to Rockhampton a few times in it, a trip that any modern car would complete in under an hour and a half, but it would take him three and a quarter in the Dennis.

His next project, a 1964 Mark 2 Jaguar, he only picked up as it was too cheap to knock back. 'It's the last car I'm going to do,' he says.

'I've heard that before,' his wife Ros retorts.



Shaun Maluga is an Australian born, New York City based photographer with a penchant for automotive photography. When not shooting cars, he is happy photographing everything from the streets of NYC to portraits, weddings, events and travel. Follow his work on instagram @shaunmaluga @fujifimxpro2



Photo: © Isamu Sawa

THE ANALOGUE WRIST

ISAMU SAWA

As a (humble) self-proclaimed watch collector; I own a dozen or so 'curated' watches - mostly of the vintage kind with historical significance. On deep reflection (during COVID-19 lockdown), I realised recently that 'most' of them are just superficial. Cool in their own right from a historical horological perspective but without the real, meaningful connection to me on a deeply personal level. There is one watch I (secretly) wish I own, but it belongs to someone else far more deserving...

As the 'watch guy' of the family, with my guidance, we purchased a new Hamilton Khaki Field Auto for my father's birthday in 2015 as a replacement for his old wristwatch. Sadly, a year later, he was diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma Cancer and passed away in late September 2017.

Two weeks later and three days after dad's funeral, my second oldest brother 'Noz' (Nozomu) was about to embark on the most significant mental and physical challenge of his life with an epic trip to Nepal and Everest Base Camp.

"I remember 'acquiring' the watch in October 2017 during a family get together for my big send-off for my trip. I asked myself while doing a gear check, whether my Casio G-Shock would 'make it' on my trek. My brother Issey told me that I needed a mechanical watch. That's when he suggested that I should take dad's Hamilton (with mum's blessing)".

A Swiss manufacturer of wristwatches, The Hamilton Company, originated in America and produced its first watch in 1893. Today the brand is one of more than twenty watch brands belonging to the Swatch Group, the world's largest (Swiss) watch manufacturer. According to the company, the Khaki Field collection dates back to 1910 – a time in which the watchmaker began to equip the American Army with precise mechanical watches.

"To be honest, I didn't know anything about the Hamilton brand or this particular watch," says Noz. "Normally, when I'm making any purchase; I meticulously research the item. Compare all the best models, read lots of reviews and shop for the best deal before I make the ultimate purchase. In this case, the watch found me. I like the

small case size and slim profile which suits my wrist and the simple utilitarian look. Aside from the Hamilton branding and the "Khaki Automatic" text, everything on the dial has a reason for being".

The gruelling trek to Everest Base Camp (5,364m) took my brother and his colleagues twelve days. During the trip, he nearly lost his (now) precious timepiece. "There was one day during the trek, I was taking off my gloves to take photos. As I brought the camera up, I saw my watch almost fall off my wrist. One of the spring bars had popped off. The band had come off, and it felt like the only thing that was holding it onto my wrist was that the leather band had moulded and stuck itself on my skin."

"During the trek, I guess I didn't know what the watch meant to me as it was only given to me a week before my departure for Nepal, but I felt that dad was always there with me. I also wore a beanie hand-knitted by my sister-in-law and dad's handkerchief on my wrist with everyone's handwritten messages. I also carried with me a 35mm film canister with dad's ashes".

"This watch means everything to me. It's my connection to dad. It's my connection to Issey. I have never been a watch guy, even though I've owned various watches throughout my life. What this watch has done is to highlight (to me) that the story behind the object means everything. I work for a company that sells high-end finishes with high profile clients. They arrive in their expensive cars, dressed immaculately, some of them with expensive watches on their wrists. When I tell them that the watch belonged to my dad and the journey it has gone through, they are stunned".

"I have worn this watch every single day since I acquired it. My morning routine is to check that I have my phone, my keys, my wallet and that the watch is on my wrist. Without it, I don't feel like I'm 'protected'. When I have the watch on, I genuinely feel that (dad) is guiding me through life and looking out for me. I don't feel complete without it..."

As I write this story, I am wearing my brother's (dad's) watch on my wrist. I feel a wave of emotion as tears roll down my face...



Born in Japan and raised in Australia, Isamu Sawa, or Issey to his friends, is a commercial photographer and a watch collector. He enjoys connecting with other like-minded enthusiasts (read "obsessives") sharing their passion and watch stories.. Follow his work on Instagram @analogwrist



IDLE TORQUE

BRUCE MCMAHON

Australian motoring's Goggfather, Mr Bill Buckle, knows a good car from a bag of bolts and he's particularly taken with his Model 3 Tesla.... Except, he says, for those shitty-coloured wheels.

Bill bought a Model S Tesla five years back, never spent a penny on it thanks to 'complete reliability', no service costs plus solar panels on the house roof. 'Now I've bought a Model 3, a beautiful car and it's smaller, which is very important in bloody ridiculous Sydney traffic. I must say I'm terribly impressed,' says the man who – among other motoring exploits – built the Euro-thrashing Buckle Coupe in the 1950s and added the famed Dart convertible to the German-designed Goggomobil fleet of mini cars.

'I got a Performance, long range model which used to come with beautiful silver 20-inch wheels. All of a sudden, no, they're a dark grey, almost black. I told Tesla I don't want them and they said "that's the way they come, take it or leave it." So I took it.

Bill chuckles. He's gone halves with his daughter in this car and threatens to add silver wheels to one side of the sedan. The 93-year old has style, polished over some six decades in the car business.

His father was a motor dealer in William Street, Sydney, from the late 1920s, first with Triumph and Talbot. Triumph, says Bill, was a very successful and clever little car back then. His father added Armstrong Siddeley and De Soto to the showroom but sent young Bill off to learn a trade before he'd be considered for the family business.

'So I went and got an engineering apprenticeship, went to tech college. Then dad died (in 1947). I got out of the engineering game and into Buckle Motors, learned about the whole business. We took on Borgward, Citroën, those sort of cars.'

Bill took off for a European sojourn, became friends with the likes of Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn and recalls that a sporty-looking fibreglass-bodied car, an AC Ace, caught his eye at the 1952 Earls Court Motor Show. That shape, and the use of fibreglass on some 'ordinary' cars there, stuck with Bill.

Then a call from Melbourne. Laurie Whitehead wanted to have a crack at the first Redex Trial in a Citroën Light 15. Bill allows that Whitehead was a good driver but says he was ruthless with the overloaded car. Then Bill ran the second Redex, tore out suspension on an unseen rock before a swag of successes rallying and racing a Light 15. 'The only thing that beat it around Bathurst was the six-cylinder Citroën. It was quicker than the Holdens, not up the hill but down the hill. An amazing motor car.'

Bill's motorsport, engineering and European experiences led to the Buckle Coupe of 1955. 'We built a prototype first. Nobody knew much about fibreglass in Australia at the time. We built a chassis and then got Ron Tauranac to refine that. Ron knew how to make cars handle well and changed the front suspension. We

used Ford Zephyr parts because Holden wouldn't sell us parts. Took the 2.5-litre six-cylinder out to 2.7 litres. Then we built the coupe body but it wasn't a commercial success and we only built 20.

'But not much could stay with it in those days. It ate Healeys and TR2s for breakfast... XK 120s, too. C-Type Jaguars were a bit harder. The thing was lightweight with a three-speed with Laycock overdrive, which were beautiful ratios. I've still got probably the best one in the world downstairs in the rumpus room. It's still not a bad looking thing and a pretty good drive.'

Into the late 1950s Bill realised Buckle Motors needed a small car to balance out their expensive franchises. He went to Bavaria to meet Hans Glas and convince him that he could copy Goggomobil steel bodies in fibreglass if Glas supplied the mechanicals.

Another memory cues a laugh: 'I bought a Goggo sedan and drove though Germany in the middle of winter which was pretty exciting. Such little wheels, if you tried to pass a truck you couldn't get it out of the tracks in the snow because the wheels were so small. Still, pretty amazing little cars.'

Buckle Motors built more than 3000 Goggomobils here and it was a viable proposition with the government encouraging local car assembly; the sedans and coupes were supplemented by the Bill-designed open-top Dart roadster and a handful of his vans, the Carry-All.

But Goggomobil's turn toward bigger, and monocoque, cars plus the arrival of the Mini-Minor saw that franchise fade.

Bill then, after converting a 1963 Corvette Stingray, built another business in left-hand to right-hand drive conversions and around this time saw a Toyota Crown at the motor show. 'I said this mob will lead the world in ten years. I wasn't quite right but I was right in 20 years.'

In 1964 Bill took on Toyota in Sydney's northern beaches and, while he recalls a couple of ugly little buggers, was the first to deliver 150 Toyotas. Subaru and Audi, then Volkswagen became part of the Bill Buckle Group before it was sold to AP Eagers in 2008 and Bill's glad to be out of today's game.

He thinks the Goggomobil cult, in particular the folklore of the two-seater Dart, was largely sparked by advertisements with actor Tommy Dysart – one for Yellow Pages...G. O. G. G. O. No, no, not the Dart and the second for Shannons Insurance... she's got a whopping great two-stroke engine under that gorgeous aerodynamic body.

Many collectors have been smitten by the lightweight, two-cylinder Goggomobils. Nutters, laughs Bill. 'They call me the Goggfather. I said if you're going to call me that you're all Goggonutters.'



Bruce McMahon's first car was a 1949 Riley Roadster before Volkswagens, a Porsche 911, Range Rovers, Fiats, Alfas, utes and more. He was a regular spectator at Formula 5000 races at Lakeside and Surfers Paradise and regarded Formula Pacific as some of the best of open-wheeler racing.



BENTLEY T DROPHEAD COUPE



WORDS & IMAGES NATHAN DUFF



MERCEDES-BENZ 3.5 CABRIOLET

Martin and Marguerite grew up around cars in a separate manner. Martin's father owned a Mercedes-Benz workshop and Marguerite's father, Laurie O'Neil, was a prominent car collector. Their shared passion has endured since their early teens and shows no signs of abating any time soon.

Marguerite's 1968 Bentley T Mulliner, Park Ward Drophead Coupe came into the family as part of Laurie's collection in 1987. 'My father saw the Bentley advertised in Hemmings motor magazine back in the '80s (the bible for cars world-wide at the time.) It appealed to him because it was one of only 24 right-hand-drive models produced and he purchased it sight unseen over the phone.'

The Bentley T-Series was produced from 1965 to 1980 and was essentially a Bentley-badged version of the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. At this time, the Bentley suffered from not being significantly distinctive from the Silver Shadow thus making any T-Series a much rarer car.

The Bentley T was initially available only as a four-door saloon. A two-door saloon and drophead coupé, with coachwork by Mulliner Park Ward came later. Some of the front panels were shared with the four-door saloon, but otherwise the new bodyshells were unique with a dipping upper wing line with a parallel crease and a more rounded rear section.

Marguerite's parents were based in San Francisco at the time and decided to drive to L.A. to collect the car which the owner had left for them to collect from Zsa Zsa Gabor's house in Beverly Hills.

'I was flying into L.A. from Sydney for a visit and Mum and Dad rolled up in the Bentley they had just picked

up. I thought we would stay in L.A., but no – it was straight back to San Francisco on highway 5. That's about a five-hour trip. I had no idea if the old Bentley would make it the whole way. Don't get me wrong, it was safe, but it was shaky and rattled a bit.'

'One of my most memorable experiences in the Bentley was driving with the top down at night through the winding roads to Alice's restaurant along Skyline Boulevard. It was a beautiful drive and not too far from my parent's house in San Francisco, we'd jump on Highway 1 and make our way back down to the Bay Area. We'd do that trip quite often in the Bentley'

Laurie sold the house in San Francisco in the late '80s and brought the car collection back to Sydney. The Bentley was sent to Panel One for restoration in 1990. Laurie had a significant collection of cars, so the Bentley didn't get a great deal of use after the restoration. It was rolled out occasionally for family weddings but largely went unused. 'We were hoping it would have been ready for our own wedding, but it just didn't happen in time.'

Some years later, I got a call out of the blue from Dad saying he wanted to give me something.' Laurie was in the process of downsizing his collection and that something turned out to be the 1968 Bentley. 'I think he chose that one for me because of my history with it and he knows how much I love cars. Plus, I don't think any of my siblings have the same passion or know how to maintain a car like that.'

There were some minor cosmetic and mechanical issues to resolve, but once Marguerite had the car restored, she took her Dad out for a drive. 'He doesn't have that many cars these days. He really finds enjoyment from us driving the cars and seeing them used.'

RIGHT
This Bentley T Drophead coupe has been in the family for many years and will continue to be passed down through the generations..

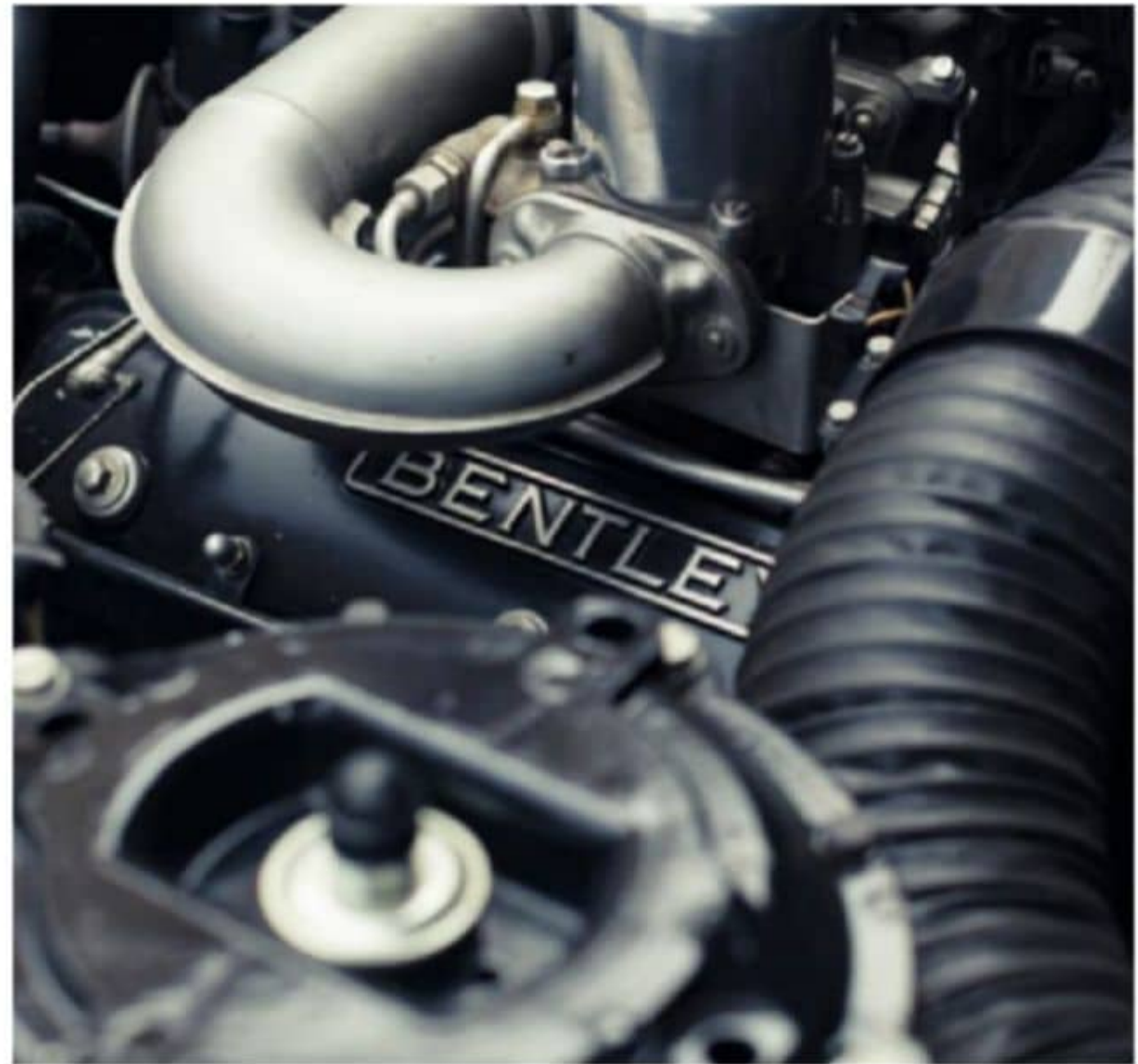








RIGHT CLOCKWISE
Original touring parts kit for travelling. Bentley 6230
c V8 engine. Dash was re-trimmed in red leather
during restoration. Marguerite at the wheel.



‘I’m not a showy person – I love it for what it is and the memories it holds for me. I choose my times to take it out, but do so as frequently as possible – mornings and evenings with the roof down. If you don’t use it, that’s when you get problems, rust for one. It’s a usable classic and such a pleasure to drive. There is power steering and factory air. Most of all though, my Bentley is a work of art.

‘The kids don’t get it yet – they wouldn’t be caught dead in it! It’s too showy for them and they duck down when they have to ride in it. “Don’t you dare pick me up in the Bentley!” I

can understand – I’m the same, I just want to blend in. But this doesn’t stop me from driving the car as often as I can!

Marguerite and Martin would like their daughters to use the cars at their weddings and eventually they’ll be passed on to them to look after. ‘A legacy for the family. I want them to treasure the Bentley and use it the same way we have.’

‘I’ve got a real love of Mercedes-Benz, there’s no doubt about that,’ says Martin.

His father had a Mercedes-Benz workshop when he was young. ‘I spent a lot of time there





TO MARTIN, THE 3.5 CABRIOLET IS THE HOLY GRAIL WHEN IT COMES TO MERCEDES-BENZ

detailing and working on them – all through school. I would be back there on weekends helping out even when I was at university.’

To Martin, the 3.5 Cabriolet is the holy grail when it comes to Mercedes-Benz. There are about six of the total 68 right-hand-drives in Australia. He has owned three of them at different stages throughout his life.

‘I’d see one occasionally come into the workshop. I’ll never forget the smell of that car. That 3.5 Cabriolet is actually owned by Marguerite’s cousin now. Geoff Dutton had purchased it for his wife and then it was on sold to Dennis O’Neil who has had it for 25 years.’ ‘The first 3.5 Cabriolet I owned I really couldn’t afford to keep, plus it didn’t have air-conditioning, so it was a little easier to part with. The second one, I got an offer I couldn’t refuse and then instantly regretted selling it. But this one I have now is by far the best of the three.’

Martin has a keen eye for spotting a Mercedes-Benz. ‘He can smell them a mile off,’ laughs Marguerite. Martin travels to Germany every three years to tour the classic car scene. On one such trip in 2005, he spotted what looked like a right-hand-drive 3.5 Cabriolet in a German magazine for sale. ‘I wasn’t sure if they had transposed the negative, but it appeared to be right-hand-drive which is very usual to find in Germany. I had to find out how it had ended up there.’

Martin called the number every day of his trip but to no avail. ‘I tried one last time when I was sitting

in the airport ready to come home and he answered.’ The owner rushed to the airport and Martin went back out through customs to meet with the seller in the concourse area to inspect the car.

‘It took a number of months to strike a deal. He was going through a divorce and constantly changing his mind. One minute he was selling and the next he’s abusing me for wanting to buy his car!’

In the end, a friend of a friend managed to cash a bank cheque for the seller in Germany and the 3.5 Cabriolet was rolled off the trailer and sent to Australia before he could change his mind again. Martin is determined to hold on to this one for good. The 3.5 Cabriolet was indeed a genuine right-hand-driver. It was originally owned by the president of Nigeria, General Yakubu Gowon. ‘I managed to track him down to his residence in London and spoke with him over the phone about the car. He clearly remembers the car being used in parades and other official functions. The reason why this one stuck in his mind was that they couldn’t service the car there in Nigeria. It had to be put in a plane and sent back to Germany to be serviced.’

The 3.5 Cabriolet is fitted with just about every luxury option imaginable and is ideal for Prime Ministerial duties. A unique feature is the blue fabric roof, ordered for the car when new, which is a little unusual as most were black.

‘There is still a little dust from Nigeria down some of the channels and there are some stone chips, but that patina is special. Those chips and marks are a

RIGHT
A ride fit for
Presidential duties









RIGHT CLOCKWISE
Martin and Marguerite. Shifting gears.
Interior with the top down.



record of its history, and a lot of them I know how they happened or where I did them.’

Martin doesn’t baby the car and like Marguerite, drives it whenever possible. ‘Every time I drive it – it’s driven like any other car.’

‘I went through it once and reconditioned it properly, so only routine maintenance is required. Both the 3.5 Cabriolet and the Bentley are ready to roll – you could jump in either one of them now and drive to Melbourne.’

Martin and Marguerite have been married 30

years in October and still to this day, if they have nothing better to do, they’ll jump in a car and go for a drive together. ‘When I first met Marguerite, she was riding a 500cc turbo Honda motorbike – she has always just been a motorhead.’

‘The first thing we both thought of for our 30th anniversary was a road trip through Europe,’ says Marguerite. ‘Switzerland, Italy and Austria – all the back roads through the villages. No motorways or highways, thanks!’

R

LANCIA

RALLY 037

✦ WORDS & IMAGES NATHAN DUFF







The 1983 Lancia 037 Group B would be the last rear-wheel-drive car to win the World Rally Championship. It was an important stopgap for the company and allowed it to claim another world championship and prepare for the transition to the four-wheel-drive era.

In 1979, the FIA announced sweeping changes to the racing car classification system and the newly conceived Group B was scheduled to begin with the 1982 season. This left manufacturers with barely any time to develop a new machine for competition under the new regulations.

As the Stratos had no successor, this would be the first time in 10 years that Lancia had developed a purpose-built rally car.

Even though homologation would only require 200 examples allowing car companies to be a little more adventurous with design, Lancia determined that there would not be enough time to start its new rally car entirely from scratch.

Sergio Limone, a young development engineer in charge of the Abarth Rally technical department, was tasked with overseeing development without knowing what marque it would eventually be – Fiat, Lancia or Abarth.

Various initial concepts were conceived but abandoned due to time constraints. Key among these were a Ferrari-powered Lancia Delta with a rear transaxle and tubular chassis code named 036. This would later be developed into the Lancia Delta S4.

The new rally car, codenamed Abarth project SE037, would be based on the central monocoque of the production Lancia Montecarlo, but would use no other panels or components from it. The new car's official model name reflected its one purpose: Rally.

The 037 is classed as a silhouette race car which means it has a superficial resemblance to a production model but differs mechanically in fundamental ways.

Pininfarina was tasked with design duties but







AESTHETICS ASIDE, THE 037 IS A PURPOSE-BUILT RACE CAR THAT YOU CAN REGISTER AND DRIVE ON THE ROAD.

Limone grew restless with the time it was taking to complete the prototype and enlisted the help of Dallara to work one up using the last group 5 Montecarlo chassis. Limone went on to work up design sketches drawing on inspiration from the Ferrari 308. The final version was refined by Enrico Fumia at Pininfarina. It took under six months to go from Limone's sketches to real world testing.

The 037 is powered by a 1995cc DOHC, in-line four-cylinder engine mounted longitudinally, paired with a five-speed ZF transmission and fitted with a Roots-type Volumex supercharger for a more instant throttle response. In road trim the 037 put out 205bhp (152 kW) with a top speed of around 142 miles per hour.

Only 207 copies were produced so they are a rare sight in the metal. It took time and patience and a little luck for William Zuccon to acquire his 037.

'It's been Italian sports cars since I was very young, and I've been fortunate enough to buy the cars that I have always been fond of. It's never

been easy, but it's always been worth it.'

William derives as much, if not more, pleasure from the design and aesthetics of cars as he does from driving them. 'The '60s, '70s and even the '80s have been my primary period of interest.'

It's not only the 037 William is referring to, his 037 shares space with a Lamborghini Miura S, Lamborghini Countach LP400 and a Lancia Stratos. 'These cars are design icons and I'd be happy just to have those cars as non-runners. They are works of art.'

'To push the boundaries in ergonomics and packaging and achieve that shape and presence of these cars is an extraordinary achievement.'

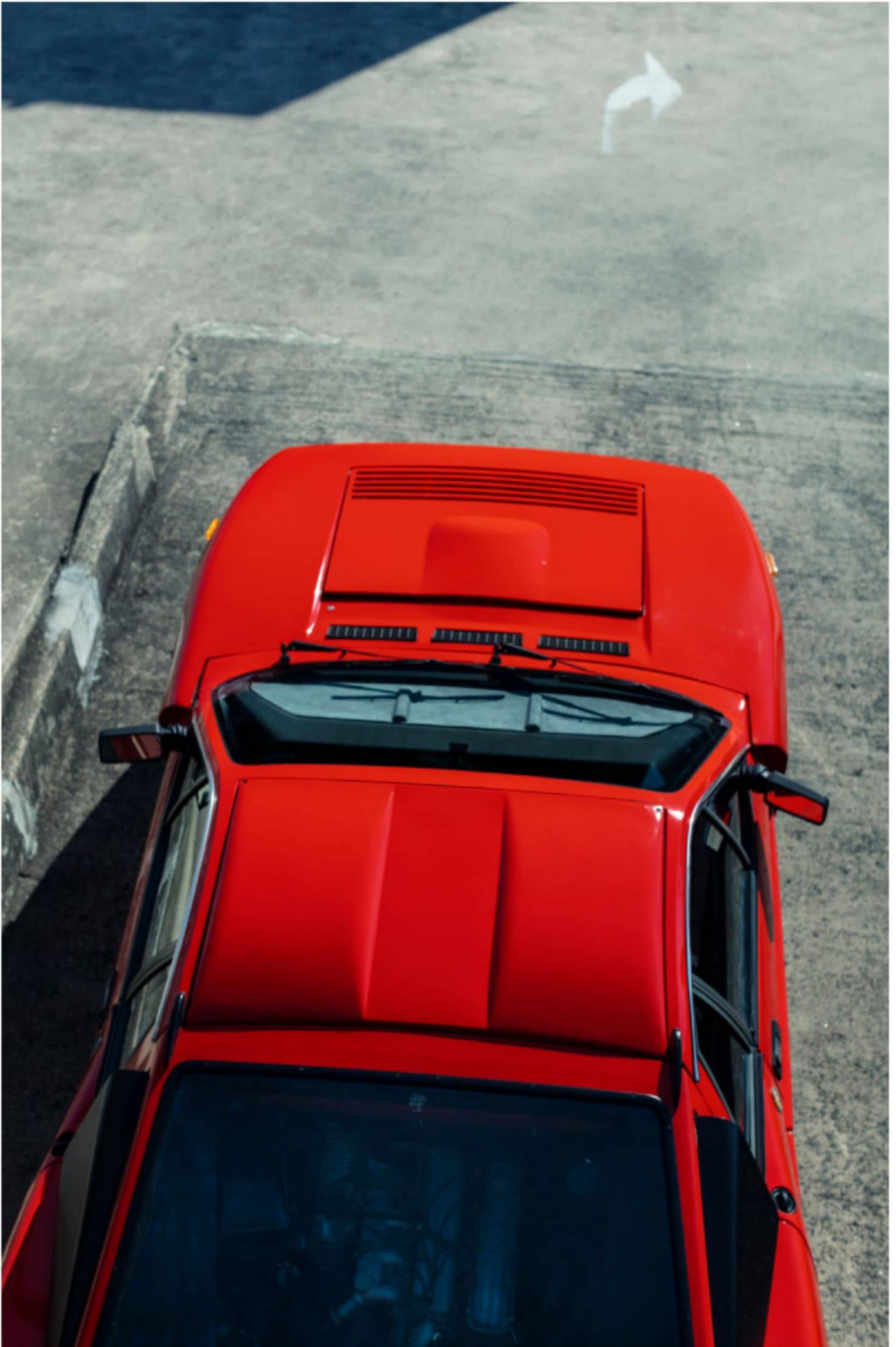
William has just recently finished restoring his Lamborghini Miura S that's been with him for more than 20 years. 'It was a little rough and ready, but it was driven – and I'd had my fun with it.'

'I like my cars mechanically sound and sorted and the outside looking like a shabby old sports car. But once they get to be pristine – you never feel the same about them.'

LEFT
Stradales were painted in Red and some came with a red rear wing, while others came with no wing at all to increase rearward visibility.







*IN ROAD TRIM THE 037 PUT OUT
205BHP (152 KW) WITH A TOP SPEED OF
AROUND 142 MILES PER HOUR*

William bought his first Lancia, a Montecarlo, back in 1986. 'The 037 was about at the time, but they were almost all sold immediately into private collections. They were about 35,000 pounds, but the Australian dollar was only buying 33p. So, landed here in Australia the price would have been upwards of \$100K. It may as well have been 350K – there was just no way I would have been able to afford that as a 25-year-old.'

Over the years William continued to keep a look out for a 037, but they were thin on the ground. As classic cars in general have become more of a commodity, rare models are surfacing as they change hands more frequently. 'I'm often surprised at how many truly rare cars come up for sale these days through auction houses.' Nevertheless, a number of factors had to come into alignment for William to purchase his 037. This happened 12 years ago when an opportunity to purchase an 037 out of the States came up. The currency was strong, and the price seemed right... 'It was a bit of a guess because at the time not many were changing hands, so the price was

a bit of a mystery.'

The 037 was owned by Alfred Cosentino, an eccentric character and owner of a small tuning shop called FAZA (Fiat Abarth Zagato Allemano). Cosentino claimed a personal connection with Carlo Abarth himself and his tuning shop was synonymous with extracting huge amounts of power from small Fiat engines.

Cosentino also produced FAZA publications which were idiosyncratic in nature but a font of very useful information if you could work your way through the mish-mash to find it.

The 037 was originally owned by American-Armenian Toly Arutunoff. He was somewhat the playboy gentleman racer. His father had set up Ferrari dealerships throughout America, so they were a well-heeled family. Young Toly had access to fast machinery and he campaigned Ferraris as well as a Stratos for a while – he was a terrific raconteur and published his autobiography *One Off* full of his racing exploits and cars.

Arutunoff bought the 037 new from the factory and flew to Italy and accompanied the car back

LEFT
The bubble roof provided additional room
inside the cabin when wearing a helmet







*A GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS WERE
RESPONSIBLE FOR A CAR LIKE THIS,
NOT COMMITTEES AND CORPORATIONS
– IT’S A WORLD THAT HAS GONE NOW*

to the States on the ship. ‘I’ve got his ticket and the car’s ticket back to the states. There are also a few letters in there from the factory chasing him up to make his last payments.’

From the information William has, Toly didn’t campaign the car and it was kept in Stradale form. About 5 years - from ’83 to ’88.

Cosentino acquired the 037 from Toly in 1988 but unfortunately after many years of happy ownership became ill and subsequently, a large parcel of cars and parts were sold off. This 037 was part of that sale. ‘It didn’t come with the original wheel – it was part of the literally millions of spare parts Cosentino had amassed throughout the years. There were hundreds of wheels and thousands of exhaust systems and so on – it was lost in there somewhere.’ The steering wheel was eventually found hanging up on a mezzanine

level near a tin roof. ‘The Californian sun had been baking it up in there for years.’

In keeping with his automotive ethos, the 037 has remained largely unchanged since William acquired it 12 years ago. ‘I cleaned up the bladder fuel tanks and repaired the sloppy steering rack – but apart from that it’s just been routine maintenance.’

‘A group of individuals were responsible for a car like this, not committees and corporations – it’s a world that has gone now.’

Aesthetics aside, the 037 is a purpose-built race car that you can register and drive on the road. ‘Even though they’re tuned down for the road, the flavour of what it was built for is still largely there. It’s seen more than gentle use in my time with it.’

‘Plus, it’s a very attractive road car.’

LEFT
Along with the Lancia badge - the 037 also
displayed an Abarth and Pininfarina badge



R

1954 MUNTZ

JET

◦ IMAGES **NATHAN DUFF**

◦ WORDS **JAMES NICHOLLS**







The Muntz Car Company was based in Glendale, California, and then Evanston, Illinois between 1950 and 1954.

In 1949 business entrepreneur, Earl 'Madman' Muntz (1914-1987), purchased a custom-bodied Buick from Frank Kurtis who is perhaps best known for his exceptional Indianapolis roadsters and Championship cars. When he saw the Kurtis sports car that Kurtis had been building in small numbers (just 38, with sleek rounded lines) with Ford flathead V8 power, Muntz, who had made a fortune selling new and used cars and television sets, liked it so much that he bought the project and started building a re-designed version which he called the Muntz Jet.

Muntz changed the Kurtis sports car, stretching it into a four-seater by extending the wheelbase to 113 inches, with first Cadillac, and then Lincoln V8 (as is our example) engines and quickly moved the factory from Los Angeles in California to Illinois. In 1951 Muntz switched from using aluminium to steel body panels. The weight had thus increased substantially from the initial lightweight Kurtis design – even so, the Muntz Jet was still no slouch by the standards of Detroit of the day, capable of an estimated 108 mph (174 km/h) with 0-60 mph in approximately 12.4 seconds. The metal roof was detachable from the two-door body, thereby turning the car into a convertible Jet, but no soft top was offered. At \$5500 the Jet was far too expensive but even so 'Madman' Muntz lost money (as much as \$1000) on every car. Production ceased in 1954 with fewer than 400 of these striking looking machines sold. Indeed, the





Muntz Registry, tabulated by Victor Munsen of Woodinville WA, puts the number of cars built at a much lower figure, having deduced that fewer than 200 cars were completed by the time the operation wound up in 1954.

The Muntz Jet was however a stylish and luxurious automobile with sleek lines and, for an American car of the period, remarkably reserved. Its sophisticated looks, belying the fact that it was in reality a hodgepodge of differing components; the clean exterior design meant that it had a certain social cachet and counted many celebrities amongst its owners.

Celebrity owners of Muntz Jets included Mickey Rooney; diminutive actress and singer Gloria DeHaven; big band and popular singer Vic Damone; sex symbol and 'It' girl Clara Bow; Grace Kelly; Josephine Dillon, as a gift to his first wife from her husband, Clark Gable; comic radio actor Ed Gardner; NBC television news reporter and commentator Alex Dreier; Western movie star Alfred 'Lash' LaRue who taught Harrison Ford how to use a bullwhip for his role as Indiana Jones; seven-times married actress Lana Turner's second husband Stephen Crane whom she remarried a month after their marriage was annulled and who was the father of her only child also drove a Muntz; as did saxophonist and bandleader Freddy Martin, aka 'Mr Silvertone'. A Muntz Jet can even be seen racing a pretty two-tone Jaguar XK 120 in Carmel, approximately 56 minutes into the 1953 movie *The Caddy* starring comedy duo Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. The film is also noted for Dino, (dubbed 'The King of Cool' before Steve McQueen), singing the hit 'That's Amore' for the first time – nominated for an Oscar











FEWER THAN 200 CARS WERE COMPLETED BY THE TIME THE OPERATION WOUND UP IN 1954

for Best Original Song, it lost out to 'Secret Love' from Calamity Jane sung by Doris Day.

Credited with turning Earl Muntz from a Los Angeles used car dealer into the sales sensation and radio and TV personality Madman Muntz, was the West Coast advertising genius Mike Shore. The advertising campaign created by Shore introduced Earl 'Madman' Muntz, dressed up like Napoleon and shouting 'I want to give them away, but Mrs. Muntz won't let me ... She's CRAAAZY! ... I buy 'em retail, sell 'em wholesale – it's more fun that way.' Not surprisingly, over the years there was a total of seven Mrs Muntzes. Neither is it surprising that Earl eventually went broke selling cars. As well as creating Madman, Mike Shore was also instrumental in helping to create the aura surrounding Frank Sinatra. Indeed it was Shore who wrote every word, question and answer, of the singer's famous full length 1962 Playboy interview, much of which is still quoted to this day.

After making and losing his fortune because of cars including the Jet, Muntz made another fortune selling simple, low-cost TVs of his own design and is credited with inventing the abbreviation 'TV'; even apparently naming his daughter Tee Vee. He made yet another fortune when he invented the stereo four-track tape

player that was the basis of Bill Lear's (of Lear Jet fame) eight-track cartridge which then became the new standard and was installed from as early as 1965 in Ford cars.

The Muntz Jets were, like their sponsor, nothing if not flamboyant. In addition to the bright colours (Boy Blue; Elephant Pink; metallic Plum; Coral!), Muntz touted fantastic options – most of them never seen in one of the cars – like a wire-recorder in the radio and a cooled liquor cabinet in the compartment under the back-seat armrests. Advanced features in the Jets did, however, include a console between the front seats and seatbelts. 'Madman' felt that any car called a 'Jet' had to have seatbelts, although they were attached to the seat frames, not the floors, and were more for show than go – or should that be stop?

The restoration of the bodywork for this particular Muntz was carried out by none other than Justin Hills of Taree (whose multi award-winning Jaguar XK120 reinterpretation was featured in *Retromotive* #7). The gleaming coachwork of this jet-black Jet is nothing short of stunning, all lines and panel gaps are absolutely perfect, whilst the unblemished interior is very original and credited with being the best of all the (few) extant Muntz cars. As Justin says,

LEFT CLOCKWISE

The padded dash was one of the safety features. Muntz struck a deal with Cadillac to supply its 331-cubic-inch, 160-horsepower V-8. Full leather trim in keeping with luxury appointments.



MUNTZ MADE ANOTHER FORTUNE SELLING SIMPLE, LOW-COST TVs OF HIS OWN DESIGN AND IS CREDITED WITH INVENTING THE ABBREVIATION 'TV'

'The only thing inside the car that could not be saved was the carpet. This was replicated from the pattern from the remains of the original carpet with Muntz Jet embroidered into the carpet on the tunnel as per when it was new.'

During its sympathetic restoration as many original parts as possible were kept. 'One of the things that was quite hard to carry out on the Muntz was not to overdo things and lose its originality,' continues Justin, 'But some of the factory welding was very average indeed. We went through it all at this point and found that some of the welds hadn't even penetrated, so this was all rectified and strengthened. The body panel fit also left a lot to be desired with limited adjustment available. I worked on all the panels to achieve nice even gaps and a little bit more adjustability. We also took a bit of time to get the bumpers fitting the body nicely. Even though they are a very close fitting bumper the gaps were shocking, but now there are nice tight gaps that look just right.'

Our featured car from 1953 is powered by a 160hp Lincoln V8 336 cu in (5.5 litre) engine with GM Hydra-Matic automatic transmission, though earlier cars had the 160hp Cadillac V8, whilst optional manual three-speed Borg Warner transmission models were also apparently available. Fitted with independent front

suspension, live rear axle with leaf springs, power steering, hydraulic brakes on all four wheels, dual coil ignition and dual exhausts, our car has dual spotlights and although the hubcaps are not of the usual sort may well be original equipment.

Previous owners include June Trager and her family from Twin Lakes Park in Wisconsin who kept it for over 50 years, possibly from new, until 2010, and then Bob Fox of Santa Barbara in California for 12 months before the car came to Australia (where it is believed to be the only one) in 2011. Offered for sale by auction by Gooding & Co on 20 August 2006 at Pebble Beach, this car was described as requiring restoration work and failed to meet its pre-sale estimate of US\$70,000 – 110,000.

The Muntz Jet was a rich person's self-driven modern, elegant and desirable automobile. At the 2020 AXA Sydney Harbour Concours d'Elegance held from 5 -7 March 2020 in the magnificent gardens of Swifts, the 1875 mansion in Darling Point, this Muntz Jet, an incredible and rare piece of Hollywood glamour, unsurprisingly came first in class.

As Justin Hills concludes, 'It was really fantastic to get this great piece of American automotive history back together and back out there on the road.'

LEFT

Earl 'Madman' Muntz, dressed up like Napoleon and shouting 'I want to give them away, but Mrs. Muntz won't let me ... She's CRAAAZY! ... I buy 'em retail, sell 'em wholesale – it's more fun that way.'

R

MCLAREN

M6GT

★ WORDS **PATRICK HARLOW**

★ IMAGES **GREG PAJO**









It is now 50 years since Bruce McLaren died on 2 June 1970, leaving the motor racing world in shock. At that time, Bruce and Bruce McLaren (Motor Racing) Ltd was one of the most famous racing teams in the world, dominating racetracks in Europe and the US.

Although the team took a real hit when its founder, technical genius and star driver died, McLaren carried on — and how! It is now the second oldest team in Formula 1 next to Ferrari, and these days is not only well known for its racing success but also for its production supercars.

Most believe that the supercar dynasty started with the McLaren F1. However, at the time of Bruce's death, testing was already underway on what could have been McLaren's first production supercar. Just a year earlier, in 1969, work had begun on converting the very successful M6A Can-Am car into a road car. The purpose of this exercise was twofold: first, to prove that McLaren was more than just a race car manufacturer, and second to homologate the McLaren M6GT for racing at Le Mans in the group 4 series. Bruce believed they could build a car to challenge the GT40s, Lola T70s and Ferraris that were making headlines back then.

The body was designed by former British Leyland stylist Jim Clarke in 1969 and produced in fibreglass by Specialised Mouldings. Trojan, a small UK automobile manufacturing company that built about 200 McLaren racing cars, was going to build the M6GTs in its factory in Croydon, South London. To

race these cars in group 4, Bruce needed 50 finished specimens, so early in 1969 somewhere between 23 and 50 fibreglass bodies were shipped to the Trojan factory to get production underway. With this number of cars 'under construction', Bruce and Denny Hulme were hoping it would be sufficient to receive FIA homologation, and that they could race a car that March at Brands Hatch. Unfortunately, the FIA was unconvinced that Trojan could build so many cars in such a short time, or that Bruce had buyers for these cars, so did not grant the desperately needed homologation for the M6GT.

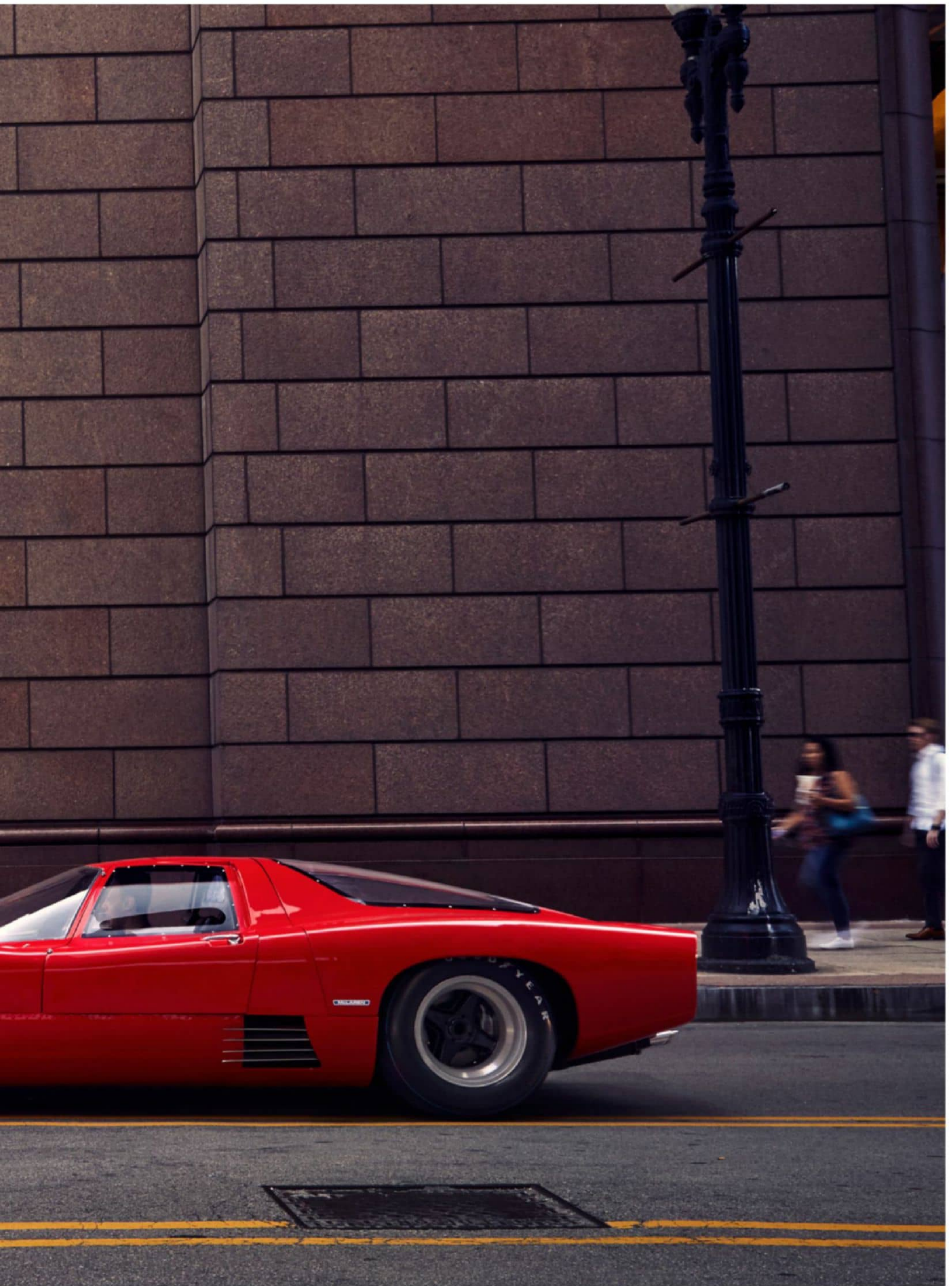
This was only a minor setback; Bruce then turned his attention to manufacturing and selling the M6GT as the quickest road-legal sports car in the world. The fledgling company soon had a prototype that was road legal and a further two cars under construction. Early in 1970, Phil Kerr, a McLaren director and good friend of Bruce, was talking to a range of companies, including Jensen, about what was needed to get a much more sophisticated and user-friendly version of the M6GT into production. It was envisioned that they would produce 250 road-ready cars.

In true McLaren form, the prototype, despite being built from the ground up, was virtually a road-legal race car that boasted very few frills. Eoin Young, journalist and friend of Bruce, described the car as being 'noisy, harsh, uncomfortable, and it was baking hot in the tight confines of the two-seater cockpit.'

Phil Kerr remembers the car as being surprisingly good on the road, given that it was based on a Can-Am racing

LEFT
The M6GT on the streets of Chicago — on original tyres no less







SADLY, BRUCE'S DEATH AT GOODWOOD WAS ALSO THE DEATH OF ANY HOPE OF GETTING A ROAD-LEGAL McLAREN SUPERCAR INTO PRODUCTION

machine. 'There was some noise from the suspension, but other mechanical noise was acceptable, he said. 'Eoin was right in terms of the heat and cold because there were no air ducts or opening windows. Fitting air-conditioning would have been a problem with the lack of room in the engine compartment. All of these factors were more than compensated for by the sheer performance of the car, even though it had a relatively mild LT1 Chev small block 350ci (5.7-litre) engine, and four-barrel Holley carburettor, probably producing about 400bhp (300kW).'

McLaren's chief designer Gordon Coppuck was less impressed. 'When Bruce let me use it for a weekend, I needed a pair of earmuffs permanently affixed by the Saturday night,' he said, noting that, 'it seemed as if there was a hurricane howling at full strength, with the terrific roar coming up over the windscreen.'

As Phil Kerr said, the prototype had no opening windows or airducts. It was quite rough and ready with little sound insulation. Another quirk was the manually operated headlights that were raised and lowered by pulling on the finger holes in the leading edge of the pods. However, the car kept a smile on Bruce and Phil's faces because it not only had plenty of performance, but this 5.7-litre V8, 725kg/266km/h car handled like no other on the road in the UK at the time.

Naturally, Bruce was very aware of the M6GT's

shortcomings. Team designer Jo Marquart and Bruce had prepared drawings for a Mark 2 M6GT that was going to have a far more habitable interior and cooling ducts to improve the driver's experience.

Sadly, Bruce's death at Goodwood was also the death of any hope of getting a road-legal McLaren supercar into production. Only three cars emerged from the Trojan factory as the new McLaren manager Teddy Mayer immediately decided that without Bruce they were not going to take on the risk of producing a road car. The remaining bodies were destroyed.

Although it was reported in 1975 in the New Zealand Automotive magazine that one of the McLaren M6GTs had been destroyed practising at Le Mans, I could find no evidence to support this. I believe that all three McLarens have survived to this day and reside in the USA. All of them are being carefully looked after by their owners who are aware of the history and that they are an appreciating asset.

Of the three cars built by Trojan, the prototype was the only car that was road-legal straight out of the factory. This was owned and driven by Bruce as his daily driver in 1969 and early 1970, putting more than 3000 kilometres on the clock.

After Bruce's death, Teddy Mayer took over the job of managing McLaren Motor Racing. He had no interest in producing road cars, and elected to sell the prototype to a client in the US. Phil Kerr was not







ABOVE
Just a quick run down to the
shop for some bread and milk



ABOVE
Amanda McLaren inspects her father's daily ride.
Bruce and Patty McLaren look on

*OF THE THREE CARS BUILT BY TROJAN,
THE PROTOTYPE WAS THE ONLY ONE
THAT WAS ROAD-LEGAL STRAIGHT
OUT OF THE FACTORY*

happy about this, believing the car should be retained in New Zealand as a tribute to Bruce. Phil and Denny Hulme, along with Bruce McLaren's widow Pat, purchased the car in 1971 and shipped it to New Zealand the following year where it was parked in the garage of Bruce's father Les. Les trailered the M6GT around on a tour of New Zealand during the mid-'70s which culminated with the car spending some time at the Queenstown motor museum. After many outings, it was lent to the Museum of Transport and Technology (MOTAT) in Auckland, which is where I first saw it. Here the car would sit until Phil Kerr returned home to New Zealand. He retrieved the M6GT and between 1986 and 1988 it underwent a mild restoration. I would see it again in pride of place in the foyer entrance at Southwards Motor Museum in Paraparaumu. By this time, I was building my first homebuilt car and was very aware of what had been accomplished by Bruce McLaren and could only wonder what would have happened if he had not died in such tragic circumstances.

In 1990 the prototype would leave New Zealand for the final time when it was sold to Steve Dymand, a Kiwi expat based in California. The expectation was that it would be shipped back to New Zealand for historic motoring events and Denny Hulme would drive it. Sadly, with Denny's death at Bathurst in 1992 this never happened.

In 1998 the car was sold to Harry Matthews of Denver who kept it until 2013, at which point the prototype

was sold to John Stafford in Chicago where it now resides.

In recent years Bruce McLaren's daughter Amanda has been able to renew contact with a couple of these original cars. The first was in 2014, when the officials of Road America racetrack in Wisconsin heard that Amanda was at the track. They asked her if she would be a passenger in car number two as it took a demonstration lap around the track. Unfortunately, when she was sitting in the car waiting to go, the event was cancelled due to timing conflicts. Amanda, who was just five years old when her father died, was not overly disappointed, as she said that it was easy to imagine her father driving the car.

The following year when Amanda was at the Goodwood Festival of Speed, she was given the opportunity, not just to be a passenger but to actually drive her father's prototype M6GT around the Goodwood track.

Amanda recalls, 'It was not easy, as I could not reach the pedals and had to be wedged forward with multiple pillows and cushions. Disengaging the clutch was like bench-pressing 100kg, and so I set off in second gear and never changed up. It was not only one of the most terrifying things I had done, as the car is still on the original brakes and tyres and is a Can-Am car with a roof, but also one of the most exciting. It was an honour to be asked to drive it and something very special.'

I am sure her father would have been proud.









FERRARI



250 LUSO

✦ WORDS VINCENT DE ROSSI & JOHN WRIGHT

✦ PHOTOGRAPHY NATHAN DUFF



There are times in life when you stand in front of something and instantly recognise its intrinsic beauty. Whether you're at a museum, an art gallery, or watching a film, these brief moments of awareness can take your breath away. Taking in the sensual beauty of a Ferrari 250 GT Lusso will likely be such a moment: the lines, curves, and proportions blend together into a medley of beauty and emotion. Considered by many to be the most elegant Ferrari ever made, the Lusso isn't to be taken lightly and has a specific set of rituals that one must complete in order to unleash the fury of the V12 under the hood. Michael Feny prefers to release that fury in the quiet stillness of the morning when traffic is light and the sun is slowly rising to its magic hour. With few distractions, the empty morning streets of Williamstown amplify the 240 prancing horses that lie in wait for the mash of the throttle. The Lusso may have been designed as a grand tourer but don't let this designation fool you: the sound screams otherwise.

The Ferrari 250 GT/L Berlinetta Lusso made its public debut at the Paris Salon in October 1962.

This was the last Ferrari to be equipped with the legendary 2953cc Colombo V12. With triple Weber 36 DCS carburettors it made a cool 250 horsepower. Some cars were given three more of these to produce around 300. In standard guise, the Lusso could reach 60 miles per hour (97km/h) in eight seconds flat and 100 (161) in 19.5. The standing quarter-mile took 16.1 seconds.

In a sense it was the last of the traditional two-seater Ferrari GTs, still with semi-elliptic rear springs, although there were four-wheel disc brakes behind the magnificent Borrani wire wheels. The cars were produced by Carrozzeria Scaglietti from Pininfarina's design. The bonnet, doors and boot were alloy. There was a gorgeous Nardi woodrim wheel, lovely gauges and a quilted rear luggage seat with retention straps.

On 20 March this year a beautiful example (chassis 5183) with one-family ownership for 48 years was auctioned by RM Sotheby's at Amelia Island for \$1.6 million. The same company sold one of the world's best examples back in August 2016 at Monterey for \$2.09 million and another for 2,016,000 Euros in May 2015 at Villa Erba (on the public showing of the Concorso D'Eleganza







THE LINES, CURVES, AND PROPORTIONS BLEND TOGETHER INTO A MEDLEY OF BEAUTY AND EMOTION

Villa D'Este).

The most famous example (chassis 4891) was owned for about 10 years by Steve McQueen. It left the factory in Marrone Metallizzato but the actor had it repainted dark brown – at least it wasn't 'Ferrari' red! This one was sold by Christie's in the Monterey Jet Centre on 16 August 2007 for a then staggering \$2.31 million: the McQueen premium was probably upwards of a million!

Sad but true, many Lussos found themselves reimagined in Rosso, but they left the factory in a variety of striking and original hues, including Verde Scuro (dark green) and Grigio Ferro (iron grey). Nevertheless, for many buyers of used Ferraris, even until quite recently there seemed to be something inauthentic about any other colour than scarlet for a Ferrari.

Enzo Ferrari himself usually preferred to be driven to work in a Fiat 1100 and bought a number of Peugeots. But very few Ferraris featured his name on the original registration documents. One was a 1962 400 Superamerica. Il Commendatore's choice of colour was almost at the opposite end of the spectrum from scarlet – Verde Dora, a very beautiful light metallic green. The upholstery was beige leather with corduroy inserts.

Michael Feny's car has experienced several colour changes in its life. 'I can't remember its original colour (the identification tags will tell). I do remember stripping the paint away and finding layers of green and blue, but not which one came first.

Michael acquired his Lusso in England in 1968. Having graduated from the University of Melbourne, he went to England to work. He says it was what people did in those days.

'I saw a picture of the prototype Lusso in a women's magazine with a delicious Italian girl draped all over it. I thought, I like that car, I like the way it looks. I've always been keen on cars and of course I'd heard of Ferrari but this car was just so pretty that when my wife Pam and I moved to England I immediately started to look for one but soon came to the realisation that they were too expensive. Maranello Concessionaires offered to sell me a Ferrari 250 SWB for 2000 pounds, which was exactly the amount of money we still had. But that was a lot back then, a new Jaguar E-Type cost about the same. I was just so keen on buying it plus there was an 8-track stereo in it. Pam said, "no, you should hang out for the pretty one," which is what I did and in 1968 I purchased this Lusso. It wasn't the best financial

LEFT

Strap yourself in. The unconventional orientation of the speedometer. Shifting gears. The original tool roll. To think people used to smoke in a Ferrari.







AT THE TIME IT WAS OUR ONLY MODE OF TRANSPORT. WE DROVE IT IN THE WINTER MONTHS ON SALTY ROADS

decision I've ever made but I did end up with the pretty one.'

This car was in Turin and had Italian plates, naturally enough. But Michael took it back to England. The rules back then were that if you wanted to avoid paying punitive duties and taxes on cars you brought back to Australia, you had to have the car registered in your name in the UK for 12 months and you had to ship it out to Australia within 15 months.

'Everybody cheated. My contemporaries all bought out 911 Porsches and 105-Series Alfa Romeos.'

'At the time it was our only mode of transport. We drove it in the winter months on salty roads. The demisting in the Lusso is terrible and the English winter months are atrocious so you really need it to work and it didn't, so we bought a Morris Minor convertible for a hundred quid. It did leak, but was still better than the Lusso, at the very least we could see where we were going and who was following us.

'We lived in Wembley in a tiny flat with the Lusso parked outside on the street curb, it was parked there that long that one day the police came around to check the car to make sure it wasn't stolen and dumped. We came back to Australia

with the car in 1970, then returned to England in 1984.' Sadly, Pam died and Michael Feny returned to Australia in 2013.

The Lusso had a restoration here in Australia before its return to England. 'John Dixon who owned a panel and paint shop helped in the restoration, But I never really had the funds to fully restore the car like I wanted to and, sure enough, the paint bubbled up in England. Pam hated the dark red colour. She had come into a small inheritance and offered to pay for the respray, if she could choose the colour. She chose this evocative silver.

Michael recently had the engine fully rebuilt by Black Stallion. Paul Rankin resprayed the car. The front bumper was re-chromed and all the other brightwork was cleaned and polished.

'The Borrani spoked wheels – originally they came with mild steel spokes and they corrode very quickly especially if you're driving on roads that have had salt thrown on them to melt the snow – so I found a guy who restores old motorcycle wheels who replaced the spokes with stainless steel ones.

'I get a lot of satisfaction driving this car.

'I keep getting offers on the car but it's not for sale. It even has the original tool roll!'

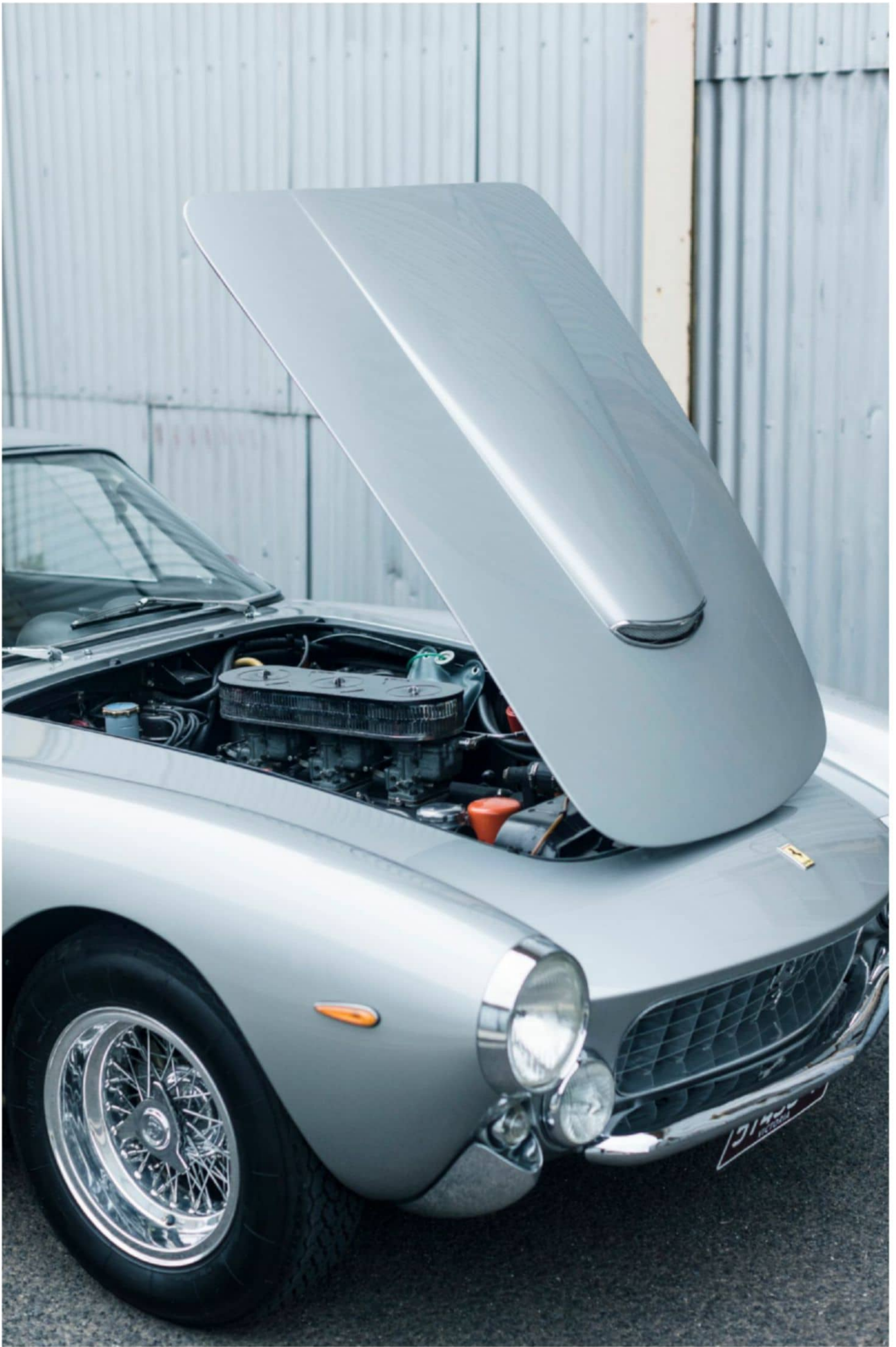
LEFT

The Ferrari has had a full restoration since retuning home to Australia

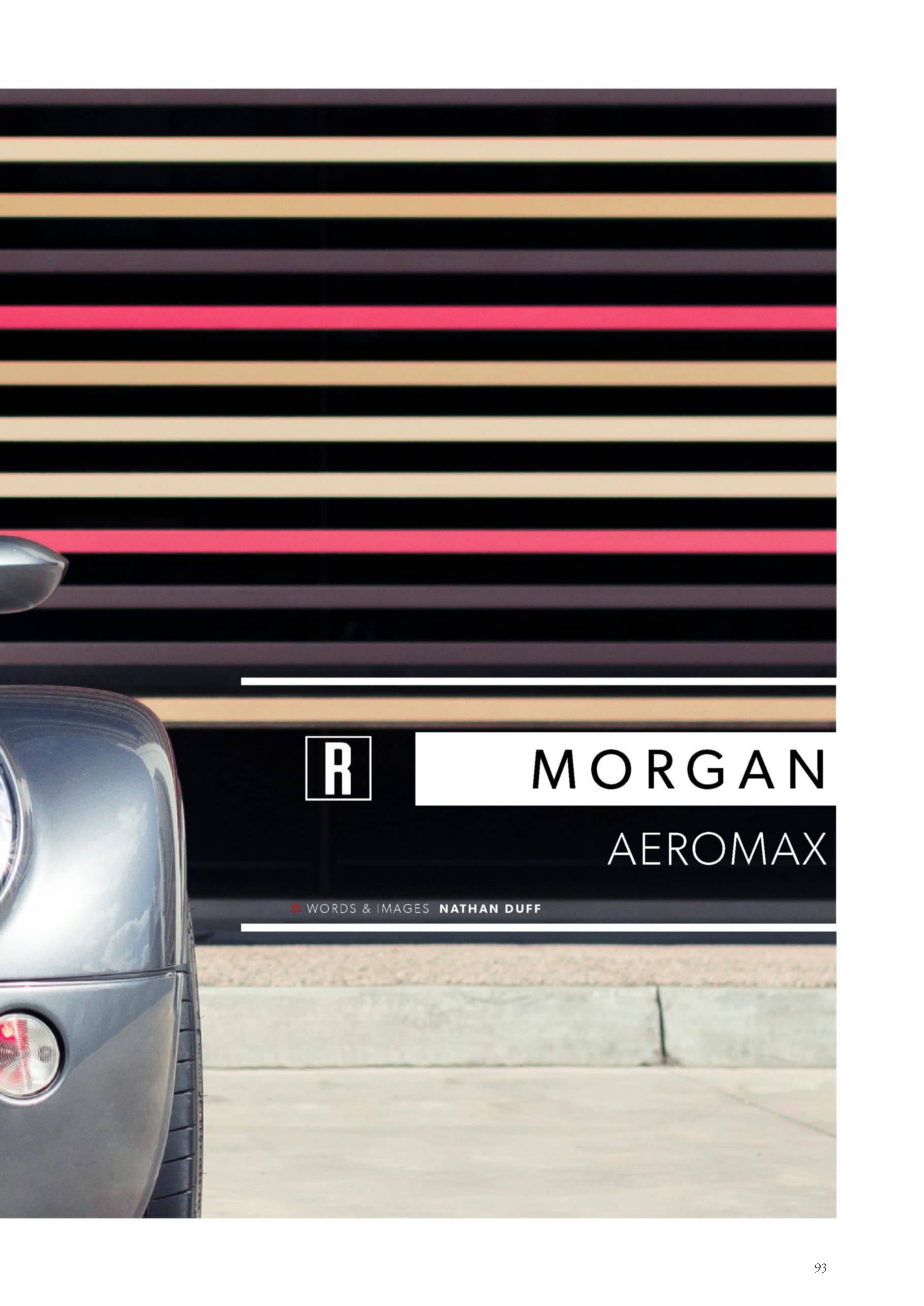












MORGAN

AEROMAX

WORDS & IMAGES NATHAN DUFF



The Morgan Aeromax is a futuristic car with a retro inspired design – built in 2008 yet looking like something teleported from a science-fiction film of the 1950s. ‘Non-car people have an amazing reaction to it,’ says Philip. ‘People who don’t know a Porsche from a pram are in awe of it.’

Originally built and sold to Richard Hammond of Top Gear fame, this Aeromax slipped through Philip’s fingers not once but twice, and believe me when I say that you will have to pry it from his cold dead hands if you want to get your mitts on it...but more about that later.

Philip is the first person to make a second appearance in Retromotive. He is nothing but entertaining to talk to and I generally spend more time laughing than taking photos. I was a little hesitant at first because I thought what more could I possibly write about Philip that I didn’t cover off with the Lancia Stratos (Volume 3) Turns out...a lot.

Philip hands me a personalised leather-bound photo album produced by Morgan. ‘This didn’t come with the car when I got it, Richard Hammond had kept his copy. The guys at Morgan made another one for me.’ The entire build process is documented in images from the chassis right through to the finished product. It’s part of the meticulous records Philip keeps on all of his cars.

‘I met Richard Hammond by chance in LA three years

ago. My wife Elizabeth and I were staying at the Sunset Marquis (a hotel frequented by rock stars since its opening in the ’60s). While we were having breakfast, I thought I recognised his voice from the corner of the room. I walked over to him and he and his wife were doing their best not to look at me – they could see I had a determined walk on – ‘oh, God not another troll.’

‘Richard, my name’s Philip and every day I sit where you once sat.’ That was the first thing I said and they both look at me... ‘oh, he’s a nutter as well.’

Phillip pulled out his phone and showed Richard Hammond a photo of his old Aeromax. ‘But I didn’t get the reaction I was expecting.’

‘He stood up and slumped a little “It’s the one car I regret selling – I should never have sold that car.”

In Philip’s meticulously organised documents there are several articles from Top Gear about Hammond and his Aeromax – but his reason for selling isn’t known and Philip thought it rude to ask.

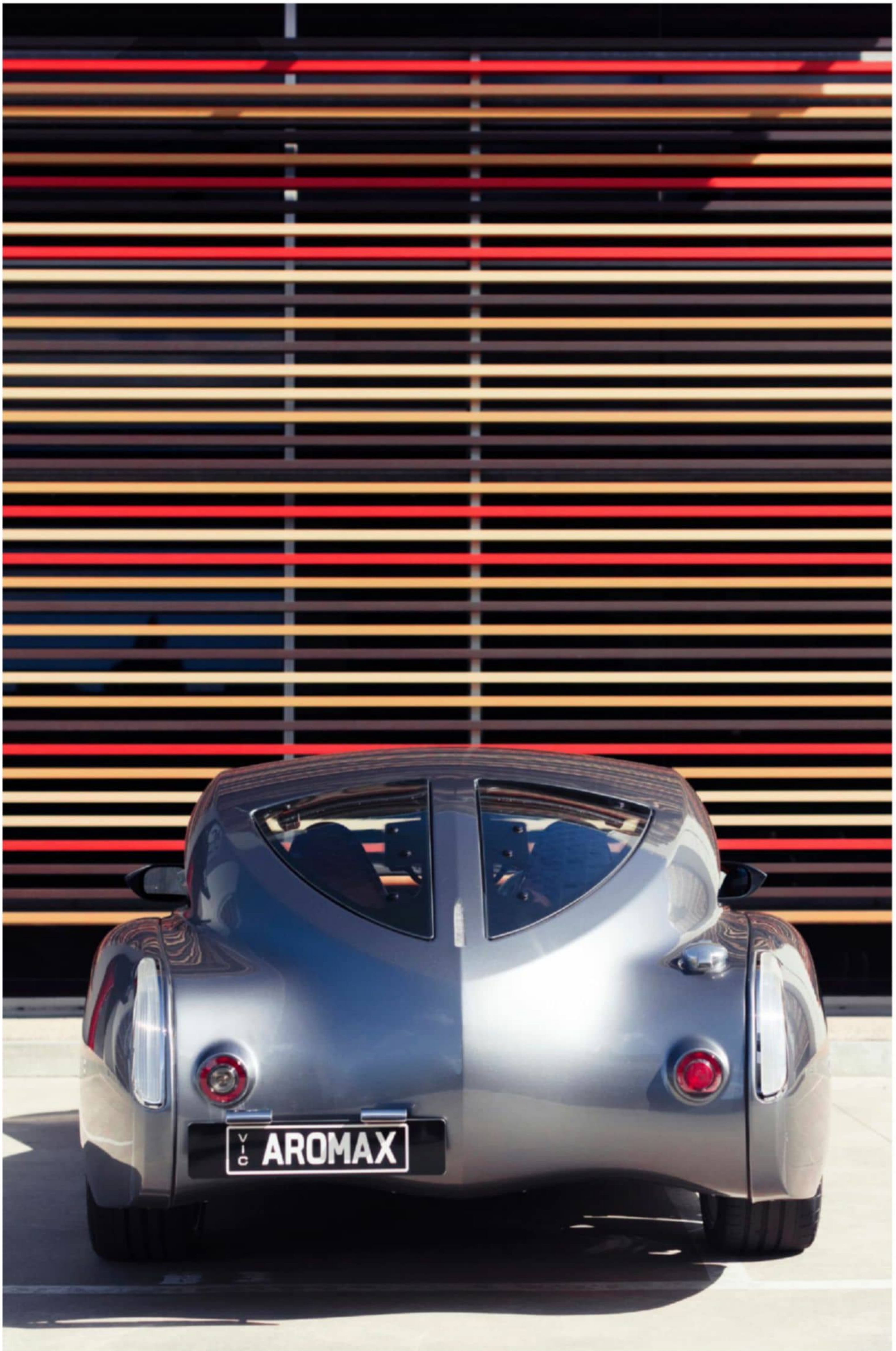
‘He and I exchange emails occasionally.’ Phillip and Elizabeth regularly take the Aeromax away on road trips and he will fire off an image to Hammond. The Great Ocean Road, vineyards, the rolling green Victorian countryside...wish you were here.

Only 100 in total were built and if it wasn’t for a Swiss banker, that number would be zero.

Car collector Prince Eric Sturdza (said Swiss banker) fell in love with the marque after seeing the Aero 8 at the launch in Geneva in 2000. He proceeded to







ORIGINALLY BUILT AND SOLD TO RICHARD HAMMOND OF TOP GEAR FAME, THIS AEROMAX SLIPPED THROUGH PHILIP'S FINGERS NOT ONCE BUT TWICE

furnish his household with Morgans: an Aero 8 for him, a Roadster for her, and a 4/4 for his daughter. He became a great supporter of the marque and is also known largely to fund Morgan's sporadic race endeavours. Over time he became close friends with Morgan CEO Charles Morgan and approached him about building a bespoke coupe based on the Aero 8. Charles Morgan had already received some design sketches of a coupe based on an Aero 8 and was toying with the idea of building an eye-catching concept car to draw interest to his brand for the 2005 Geneva Salon. Sturdza offered £100,000 to fund the project which kicked off almost immediately.

Matthew Humphries, a 21-year-old car design student from Coventry University, had sent Charles Morgan the aforementioned design sketches of a coupe based on the Aero 8. It wasn't unusual for Charles Morgan to receive unsolicited design concepts, but Morgan recognised the young designer's talent and little more than a month later, Humphries and Morgan had made plans to build the bespoke coupe based on his sketches.

The Aeromax project was conducted in secret in a separate shed at the Morgan facility. Only a handful of key personnel knew about it. The finished coupe was

unveiled to thunderous applause by the entire Morgan workforce before it was shipped off to Geneva.

The Aeromax was a complete surprise and an overwhelming success – people lost their minds. It was only intended to be a show car, but the level of interest and enquiries they were receiving forced the Morgan executives to think very seriously about putting it into production. Morgan spoke with Prince Sturdza and they agreed to a limited run of 100 units in celebration of Morgan's centenary. Prince Sturdza was happy for this to happen, 'as long as they don't look exactly like mine'.

The Aeromax picked up where the Aero 8 left off. It was also the first time since the Plus 4 that Morgan had added a coupe to their catalogue. Richard Hammond ordered his Aeromax with the BMW 4.8-litre V8 engine paired with a short-shift ZF gearbox – good for 385bhp. Very few were fitted with the manual box, most being specified with a six-speed ZF automatic.

Underpinning the Aeromax is a state of the art bonded aluminium monocoque chassis. A common misconception is that Morgans have a wooden chassis. This has never been the case.

The frames are made from ash which supports the bodywork. In the Aeromax's case, the sweeping

LEFT
Gullwing rear windows provide access
to the limited storage compartment







THE MORGAN AEROMAX IS A FUTURISTIC CAR WITH A RETRO INSPIRED DESIGN LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING TELEPORTED FROM A SCIENCE-FICTION FILM OF THE 1950s

uninterrupted lines are a result of Superforming which is when aluminium is heated to an almost molten state and then poured into a frame or mould. That, in turn, is sealed into a chamber and the air is sucked out – the ideal process for forming complex shapes.

‘I happened to be at the 2005 Geneva show and saw the Aeromax prototype.’ The production models differ slightly from the prototype – the lines running along the bonnet to the A-pillar are more defined and the rear tail section was lifted slightly. ‘I’m not a one-marque man – I worship at a broad church because it all comes down to design. I collect icons of design. I am someone who appreciates automotive art and the first time I saw the Morgan Aeromax, I knew it was a rolling sculpture.’

‘There was nothing firm to say the car would be going into production at that point, but I left my details and didn’t hear about it again until 2008. I contacted them again, but they wouldn’t sell me a car. (Who do they think they are, Ferrari?) Philip wasn’t a friend of the firm and he wasn’t a celebrity – the Aeromax was essentially sold out before the general car-minded public knew it was going into production.

Not satisfied with the outcome, Philip went to all the Morgan dealers in the UK and left his details. ‘I said “When one of the 28 right-hand-drive cars and one of the three of those 28 in manual becomes available, give me a call.” They all laughed at me. It was a collector’s car – an instant classic.’

Three years later, Mole Valley Morgan got in touch with Philip to let him know one was available.

Unbelievably, he missed out again, but the car was always meant to find its way to Philip.

Chris Vermuelen, a champion motorcycle racer, became the second owner and used the car extensively while living aboard in the UK. He shipped the Morgan back with him when he relocated to Australia and it appeared on carsales not long after he was settled. The rest is history.

Philip has made only a few cosmetic changes since finally obtaining his rolling sculpture. ‘They’re a handmade car so they’re not air- or water-tight.’ The leather section that lines the boot space under the gullwing doors was water-stained and subsequently was replaced with bespoke wooden inserts produced at the Morgan factory.

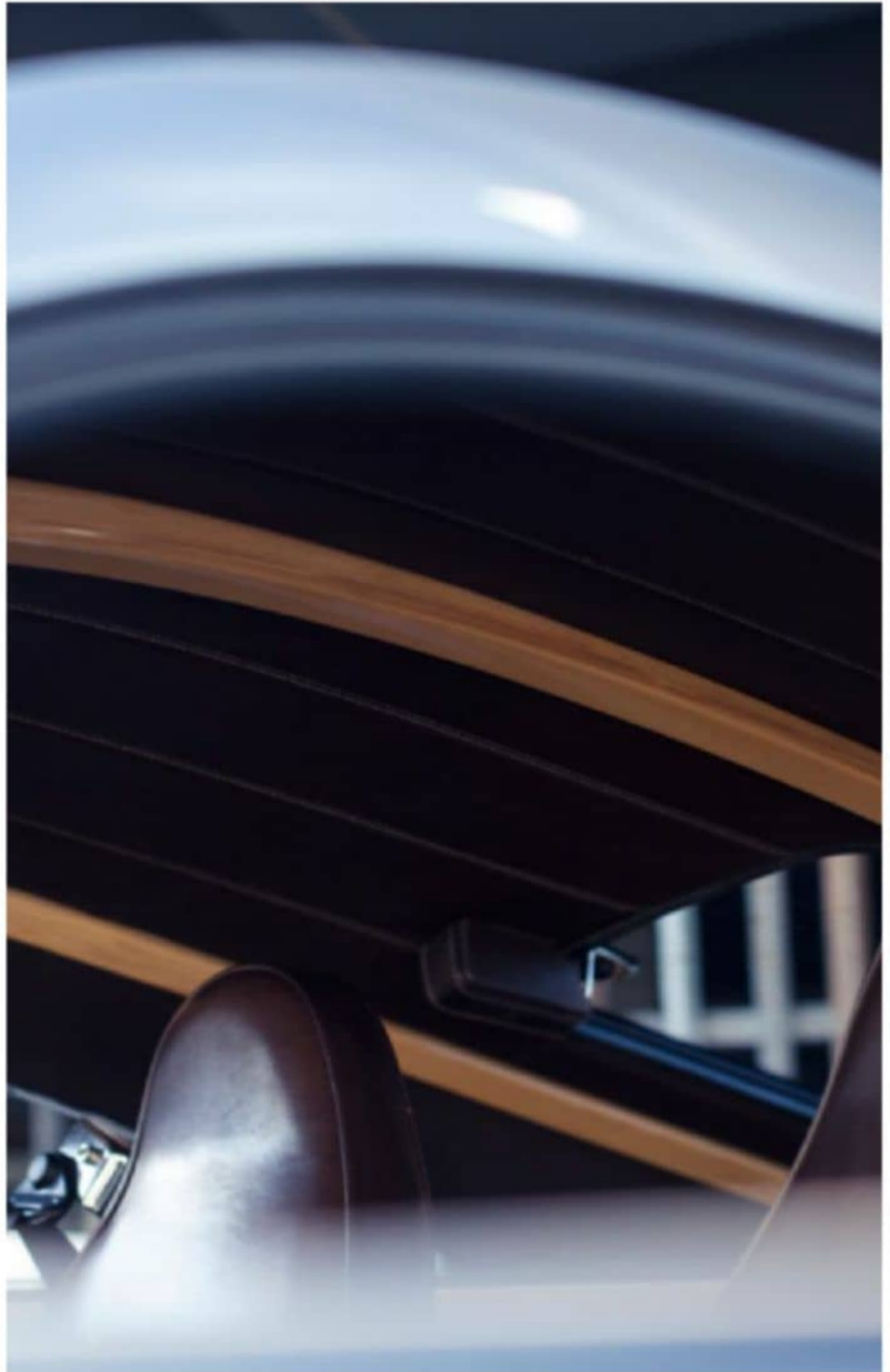
‘Look, I don’t take myself too seriously, I’m here for a fun time and I love this car so much I’ve already made plans to be get buried in it. It’ll cost about \$75K!

‘The plan is this...The car will be pushed into a 20ft container, which I’ve already purchased, and put on jacks because I don’t want the tyres to go flat. The container will be welded up so it’s air- and water-tight. We dig a hole and bury it and put a concrete slab over the top to seal it off. I’ll be partly mummified and dressed in my crocodile skin jacket, pants and boots. One hand on the steering wheel the other holding a cigar and a smile.’

‘It’ll be facing east because at the Second Coming, when Gabriel blows his horn I ain’t walking nowhere – I’ll be driving like a bat out of hell!’ Seventy-five grand well spent, Sir.



RIGHT CLOCKWISE
Gullwing windows. Interior hood lining
detail. Matthew Humphries designed
watch. Go fast gauge.







ROAD TRIP

THE NORTH COAST 500

AMY SHORE | 1985 MINI

★ WORDS **AMY SHORE & NATHAN DUFF**

★ PHOTOGRAPHY **AMY SHORE**



Looking at Amy Shore's photography one thing strikes me above anything else. Authenticity. Amy manages a genuine engagement with the subject matter whether it has four wheels or two legs. Her photos connect you with the story and pull you into the atmosphere of the moment.

Amy's style and aesthetic is obvious even in her very early work. It's something she has refined over time but it's very rare for someone to have a distinguishable and identifiable style so early on in any artistic medium.

'I guess I see things a little differently to the average car nut.' Amy has always been open about the fact that she loves capturing images of cars more so than the cars themselves.

'I love the road trips, the freedom it represents and people's stories.'

'I've always been surrounded by cameras. Dad is an artist and he has always loved photography. He has always looked at light in a different way and it's he who I base my skill on.' Amy pauses and laughs. 'He won't take offence, but he is not an amazing photographer, but he is an amazing artist and really knows how to see light.'

'I think I was 14 when Dad got his first Nikon DSLR and that would have been the first camera I got my hands on. That sparked the love. I kind of feel guilty that I never got into film photography – but it has given me an immense appreciation for those who used film.'

Amy bought her own Nikon DSLR at age 16 but didn't start shooting professionally until graduating from university. Amy began shootings weddings with her Dad. 'I slowly took it over from Dad over time.' Automotive photography wasn't even a blip on the radar at that point.

Amy's Dad not only influenced her creative direction, but also inadvertently played a huge role in her career trajectory, too.

'Dad has been into classic cars for as long as I can remember. He worked for team Lotus Formula one for a while and then he went into classic sports car restorations in the early '90s. He's a spray man – really good at car body work.'

'He insisted that even though I may not be that into cars I'd love the atmosphere of the Goodwood Revival and he was totally right. It was the first car-related thing

I fell in love with. It represented an era that I would go on to photograph predominantly. I walked away from that thinking, yeah, cars can be cool.'

'If you look at the shape of a classic car and really feel the beauty of it – I find a real sense of adventure with it – particularly in the designs of the '50s and '60s.'

'The first ever shoot I did of a classic car was a replica Ferrari P4. Dad was actually asked to photograph it but asked me to do it instead because I had a better camera. I'd never shot a car, but I thought – yeah, why not?'

The Ferrari P4 shoot was shared multiple times over various social media forums and formats essentially 'going viral' and caused Amy to pause and think. 'Hmm, maybe I'm all right at this?'

Two years later and Amy's career is going strong and her work and style is in demand, but it's around this time the urge to get away from it all starts nagging. 'I can't remember any one reason that made me want do a road trip in my 1985 Mini at the time. I think I just wanted to do it because up until that point in my life, I'd never done one.'

'My boyfriend at the time thought it'd be a bit boring and wasn't that interested. I thought – screw you! I really got it my head that I wanted to do it on my own.'

'I was a little worried my Mini would break down and I wouldn't be able to complete the trip. Plus, I didn't want to be that girl stranded somewhere with a classic car on the side of the road. But this is why we love classic cars isn't it? It's a bit of adventure – will we get there or will we not.'

'The evening I started my trip was dark, cold and raining – I just wanted to cry. "Why was I doing this?"'

'The motorways were the worst part of the trip, but the minute I got off the M6 and into the foothills of the Scottish Highlands – that was the point where I relaxed and thought – yeah, this is cool.'

It was dark most of the time with the sun rarely making an appearance which increased the sense of isolation. 'There was very little phone signal and every now and then it would pop up and I thought I really should call my parents. Other than that, I was totally on my own and I really enjoyed the sense of freedom the road trip enabled me to have.'

The following is an excerpt from Amy's travel blog of her trip through the North Coast 500.

LEFT

An Ipad with a click wheel is considered old school - feeling old?





Day 1

I arrived home from an amazing wedding I shot at the weekend and began to unpack and repack my gear and clothes, adding a number of thick socks and jumpers into the mix. My amazing folks knew I was strapped for time so had already prepped my car with full fuel cans, basic tools and replacement parts ready for me to head straight off. An update of iPod songs and my hotel postcode at the ready, I set off up the M1. Singing loudly with great enthusiasm (but poor results), the short couple of hours to Preston passed in no time. I needed to make a start this evening as I figured out during my planning that six days was simply not going to be enough and I needed to squeeze a little more time from somewhere.

*I FOUND MYSELF
FREEZING WHILST
TRYING TO SEE THE
ROAD IN FRONT
THROUGH THE
BUILDING LAYER OF
MUDDY ROAD SPRAY*

Day 2

The early start from Preston this morning now seems like a week ago. I set off after my delightful continental breakfast and up the M6, right after scraping the ice off my car and strapping my cans of fuel back onto my roof. I was passed a number of times by grinning OAPs, in big coats inside small cars, waving at me as they passed (I obviously waved back with great excitement) and soon hit the Scottish border. It was almost like a climate switch as I passed that blue and white signpost – the heavens opened up and rain and sleet began to fall heavier the further north I travelled.

What added to the interest of my journey was my intermittent heater and screen wash. Due to a slightly loose connection, 40 miles into Day 2 I found myself freezing whilst trying to see the road in front through the building layer of muddy road spray. Twenty miles later – a little ‘Hurrah!’ as the dodgy connection seemed to fix itself and warmth and a clean screen returned. Until another 40 miles later. Scarf was once again donned. Twenty miles later, another ‘Hurrah!’. Luckily, the connection made up its mind after this point and played ball for the rest of the day.

The hours slid by with ease as I attempted to absorb everything, I saw around me whilst still trying to keep my eyes on the road. I managed to get to Glencoe with a couple of hours before sunset but due to the continued cloud and rain, the sun was a mere promise somewhere behind the grey ceiling and the top of the hills around me only making shy appearances every now and then.

By the time I headed off again, I was sodden. Happy, but sodden. The red duffle coat had never experienced such a battering and I must have used half a roll of kitchen paper just by continually wiping raindrops from my lens.





Day 3

When joining the queue for the 8.30 ferry this morning, I was politely informed by a burly Scottish ferry man in a fluorescent coat that I wasn't meant to take fuel in cans, currently strapped to my roof rack, on the ferry. I asked if he was able to pretend he hadn't seen them and if I hid them in my boot, would I be allowed to board to which, thankfully, he gave me a hesitant nod. In the queue waiting to board, I carefully highlighted my route of the day on my road map. Being in a total signal black spot, I knew I'd be map reading the whole day. There was a knock at my window as the burly Scotsman informed me I needed to begin driving on, bidding me farewell with a playful, 'Go on, yer wee fuel smuggler.'

The crossing was smooth and uneventful, and actually rather beautiful with the sun rising through the curtains of rain. Once I reached the Isle of Skye, I stopped at a nearby shop and bought a little keepsake of my journey – a little wooden sheep – which now hangs proudly from my rear-view mirror.

The drive up to The Quiraing was breathtaking and resulted in many, many driving shots and lay-by stops. Oh, and my failed attempt at an epic shot. Definitely the most fun I've had driving my car so far.

I then headed into the little town of Plockton for some grub only to find that everywhere was either shut (well, it is November) or had stopped serving. This concluded in me going to the open corner shop and purchasing a couple of pieces of fruit and a packet of crisps, washed down with a mug of my own pre-planned thermos of tea.

GO ON, YER WEE FUEL SMUGGLER.

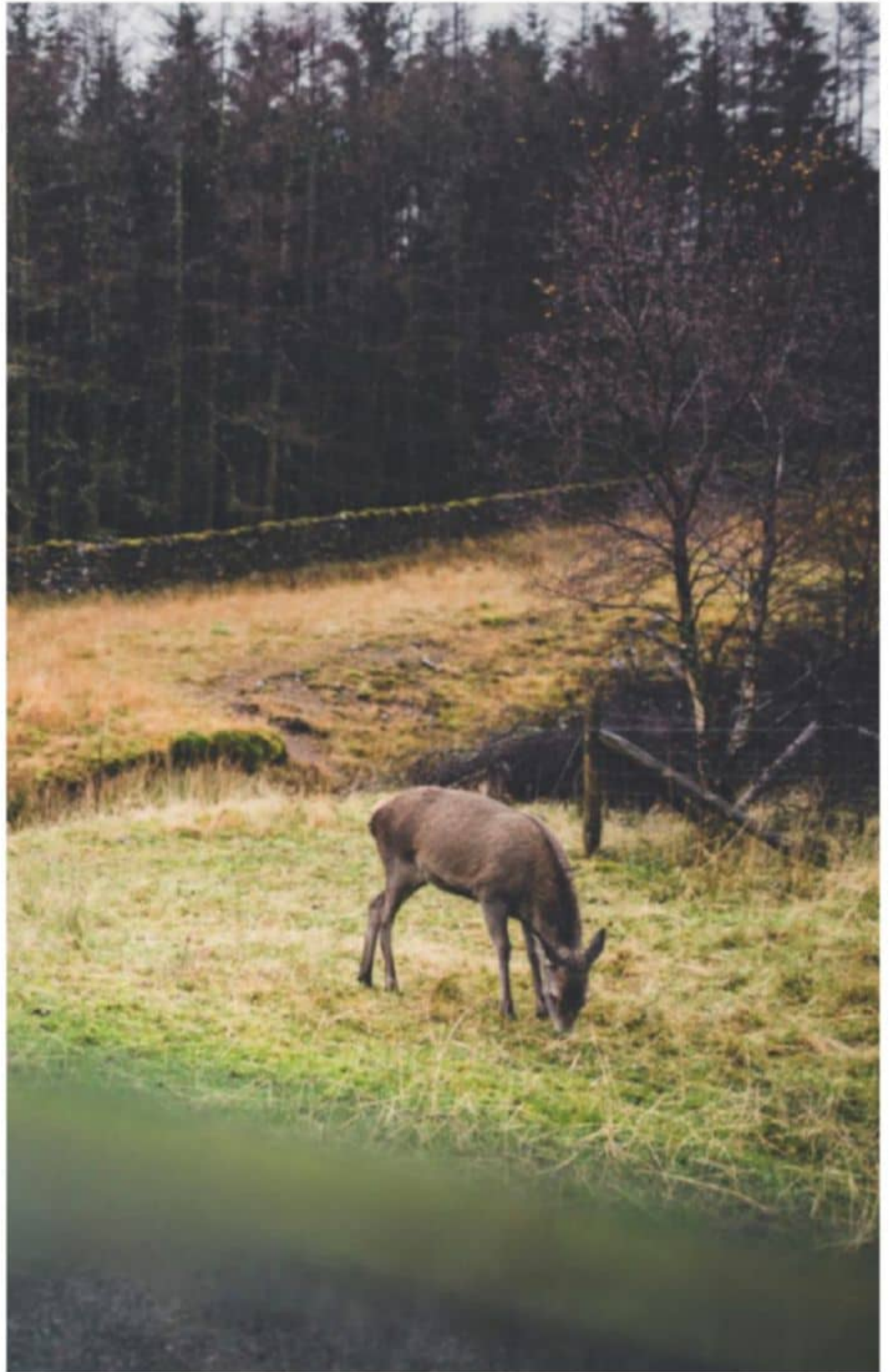
Day 4

Bucket lists usually include experiences such as skydiving, see the Northern Lights, learn another language. Well, one that I now think that absolutely everyone needs to do is drive the Applecross Pass, followed by driving the A896 to Ullapool. These roads were moulded from the dreams of a man who loved the thrill of seeing a long, winding road before him and wanting to descend on two or four wheels with pure joy spread across his face. My face resembled that of Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat as the Mini and I whizzed down the pass in pure merriment. I got to the bottom and immediately wanted to go again but alas, November light was not on my side, even if the weather was.

Now, when it comes to fixing the Mini, I'm no mechanic but I like to think I've got a fairly good grasp of how to fix things. I've enough spare parts in my side pockets and boot to stock a small garage so felt pretty prepared for any mechanical failures. Where my knowledge lapses, however, is with the electrical side of things.

So, as I was journeying along the A896 this afternoon, the sun was just starting to get low when I look down at my dash and realise my dash wasn't lit. 'Uh oh,' I thought. This had happened in the past and I knew that this also meant my rear lights wouldn't be working either. I stop and open up the bonnet and try waggling the wires around the fuse box a bit. Still no luck. I'd like to say I tried a couple of other tricks up my sleeve but to be totally honest, that's all I had. Wagging. I hop back into my car (it's now beginning to get pretty dark) and pull out from the rear side pocket The Bible. I'm not talking about the bible, but the Haynes Mini Manual. Flicking through the worn, oil-smudged pages, I reached the section about fuses (still pure white). I located the problematic wires and fuse and after changing the fuse and a clean of the wire connections, I sat back in my seat and pressed my light switch. The dash glowed its beautiful yellow light back at me. The cheer I released next was far too joyous for such a trivial moment, but it was a glorious moment all the same.





Day 5

This evening marks the first day back into civilisation which was made apparent pretty quickly with the sudden appearance of street lighting and the impatient Subaru up my arse for most of the A9. Still, when I walked into my hotel room and saw a bath, I may have cheered a little bit.

The journey from Ullapool to Inverness via Tongue today was an incredibly wet and windy one. I did venture out into the horizontal rain for a couple of shots, but I decided a couple of shots was all I needed. Driving along, I found it childishly amusing to have my wheels kiss the edge of puddles to see how big a splash I could make. However, every now and then I'd misjudge the puddle, resulting in my windscreen receiving some of the action. The colours around me as I snaked between lochs and pools were of such beauty and vibrancy, I had to keep rolling down my window to check my slightly tinted windows weren't creating a saturating effect.

I soon reached the most northern point of my trip – Durness. My intention was to drive straight through and onwards to Tongue, but I noticed a sign just in time for a very important detour. I slammed on my brakes and headed towards my new destination, just one mile up the road. 'Cocoa Mountain Chocolatier'. I quickly arrived at Balnakiel Craft Village where I was greeted with signs for glass makers, woodworkers and a gallery. It was quite obviously a post-hippy colony of pure, quirky delights. I stopped for an incredible hot chocolate and had a peek through the window of the glass maker's. To be totally honest, it looked a little creepy, so I didn't venture in.

Day 6

Today I actually interacted with humans again who weren't hotel staff or waitresses. I spent the majority of my morning and a good chunk of the afternoon on a very wet A9, attempting to soothe my struggling car drenched by the harsh, bullying spray from the lorries in front. My vision was primarily directly in front and to the right of me, simply as they were the only places I could reach to wipe the dripping condensation from glass. I'm not going to lie, it was pretty damn boring. The highlight of the journey was the point at which I found my front left tyre still with air in it after hitting a pothole the size of a swimming pool as I began driving out from fuelling up.

*I FOUND IT CHILDISHLY
AMUSING TO HAVE MY
WHEELS KISS THE EDGE
OF PUDDLES*



Day 7

I experienced some rather spectacular moments today; the moment I was driving along and for the first time in my life, saw a great murmuration of starlings above me; the slightly surreal moment that I receive a picture message of myself whizzing around a corner in Edinburgh from a photographer friend of mine; the moment I shot up the hill of the Angel of the North to capture a photograph I definitely shouldn't have been taking. But the most spectacular moment of today was the moment I pulled up to refuel and found the petrol was priced at under £1 a litre. Mind blown.

My final stop of the day was the Angel of the North. Now, I knew the shot I had in my head was going to have to be one of speed and agility due to the ever-so-slightly frowned upon nature of driving across pedestrian walkways to get it. I arrived knowing that I was almost out of daylight and if I was going to successfully accomplish the mission, I'd have to act quickly. The car park was pretty busy so I decided to grab my camera and do a sneaky reconnaissance of the area, figuring out whether the grass was too wet and slippery for me to make a quick getaway if anyone challenged me and if there were any bollards that I'd have to navigate around. After figuring out my plan of action, I waited for a couple of minutes for the fine line of time between tourists leaving the top of the monument and new tourists arriving. I revved the Mini and off I went, up onto the pedestrian walkway. A hard right around the information board took me to my path up the hill to the foot of the angel. Engine still running, I grabbed my camera and ran down the hill, past a couple of confused tourists, and proceeded to snatch a couple of shots before running back up the hill (grabbing another couple of shots) and reversing back down the hill completing a 180 degree manoeuvre (via 4 points...come on, I'm not Bond), skimming back past the information board (two tourists reading it smiled and waved) and off onto the main road and out of sight. Mission complete. For something that really wasn't all that ballsy, it felt pretty exciting.

Day 8

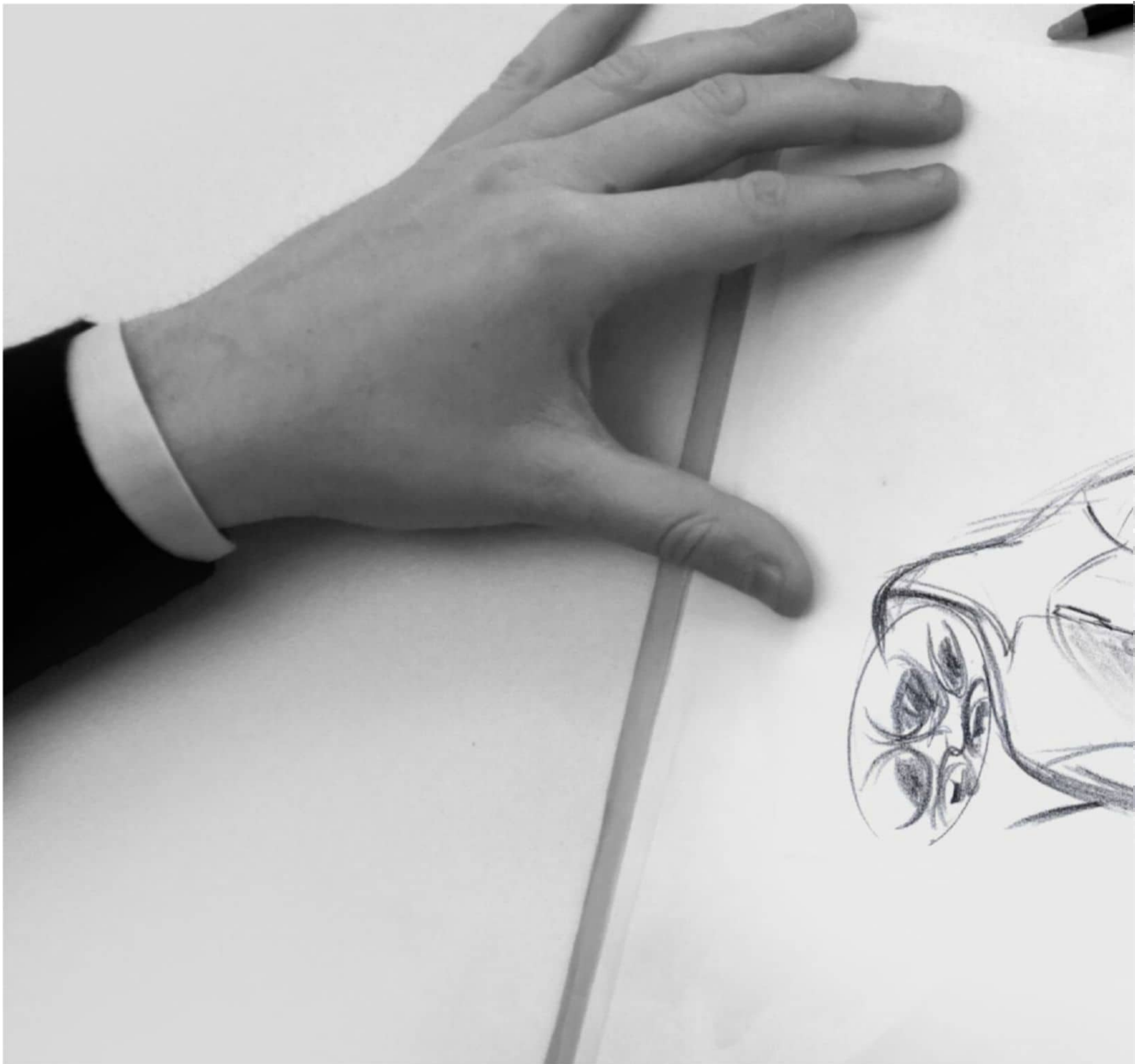
This past week has been one of the happiest and most fun of my life. I can't even begin to express how much good it's done me and how much I've appreciated every moment with my little car. I'm so grateful for all of the lovely comments and stories that have been sent to me and I truly hope that I've inspired someone out there to complete their own road trip of wonders.

Amy is now preparing for another road trip later this year to celebrate 10 years with her Mini. Amy still has the same iPod loaded with her road tripping tunes. It'll be keeping her company again. 'The plan is to drive from the most populated place in the UK to the most remote place I can get to with my car which is North Shetland Island in Scotland.'

'The feeling like you can just disappear and be totally on your own is something we struggle to do in this day and age – but it's so freeing. No-one knows where you are, and no one can find you which also a little scary but it's a small cost to pay for feeling free.'

*THIS PAST WEEK HAS
BEEN ONE OF THE
HAPPIEST AND MOST
FUN OF MY LIFE*



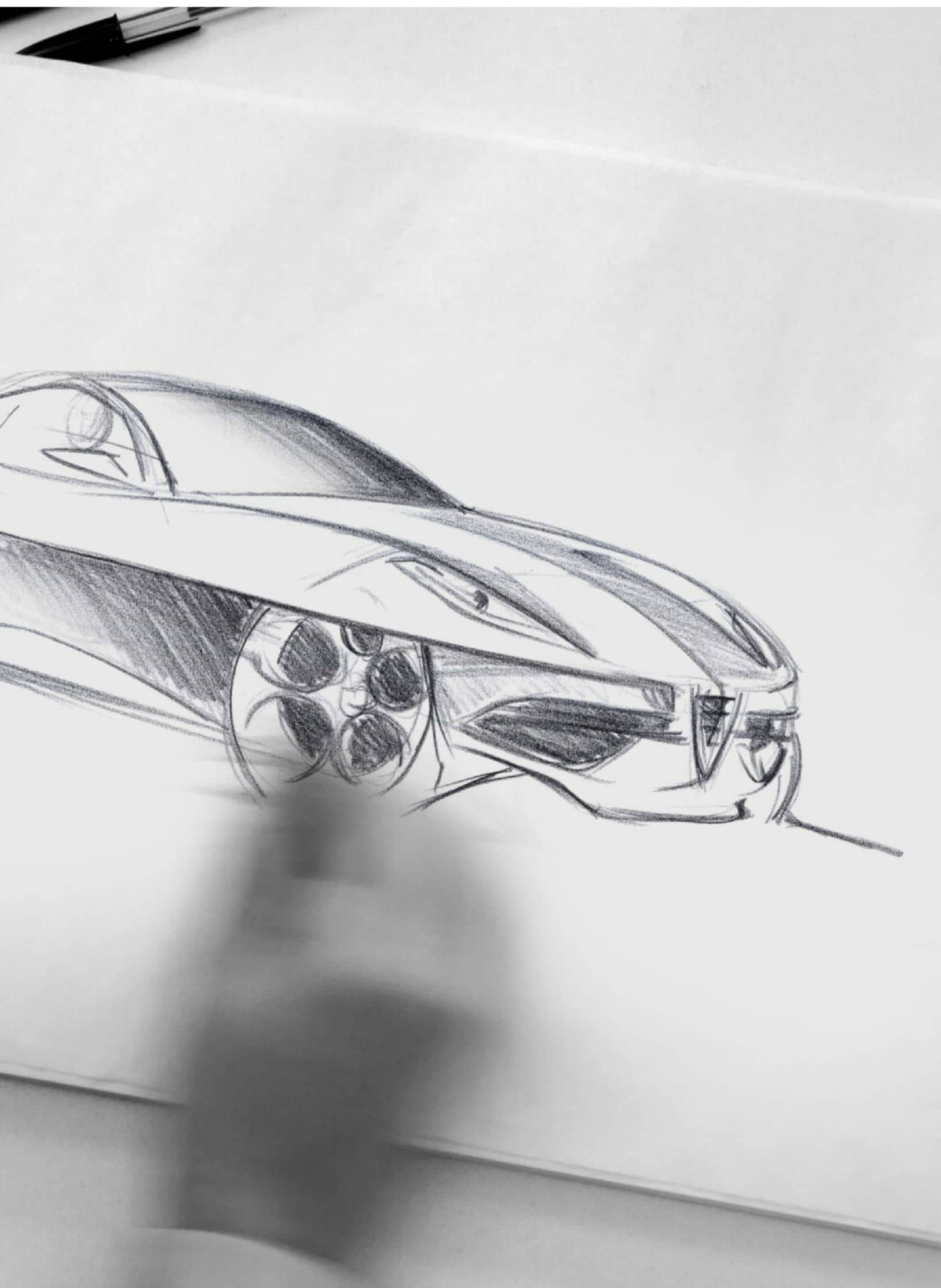


DESIGN

LOUIS DE-FABRIBECKERS

TOURING SUPERLEGGERA

★ WORDS **JAMES NICHOLLS**









Many aspects of my job at Touring Superleggera are incredibly exciting. Foremost for me is creating cars which are not mass-produced with a limited life, but hand-crafted automobiles which will be the collectibles of tomorrow and pass from generation to generation. In our office in Milan we have a timeline, with all the cars we have created from 1926 to the present day. It is quite something to know that I contribute to this huge history. Our heritage has existed for more than 95 years, so it has to be considered with respect. This doesn't mean that we are only focused on the past, but it is our legacy that we build on the actual company's values, and as Head of Design, I take care to have a design strategy which is in line with our foundations. In the end, our creations have to live by themselves, without an obvious reference to the past. But for those who know our heritage very well and our past creations, they will always recognise a common flavour, through the purity of surfaces, and the correctness of the proportions.

As is the case with many designers, I do not really compare my designs to see which is the best. I am looking at them with a father's eye, approaching each project with the same level of passion and indeed I endeavour to put even more passion into the next one. But there is another aspect which you must consider when regarding a design – it is the journey that represents the design and construction process. Creating a car is quite a long process (from the very first sketch to the

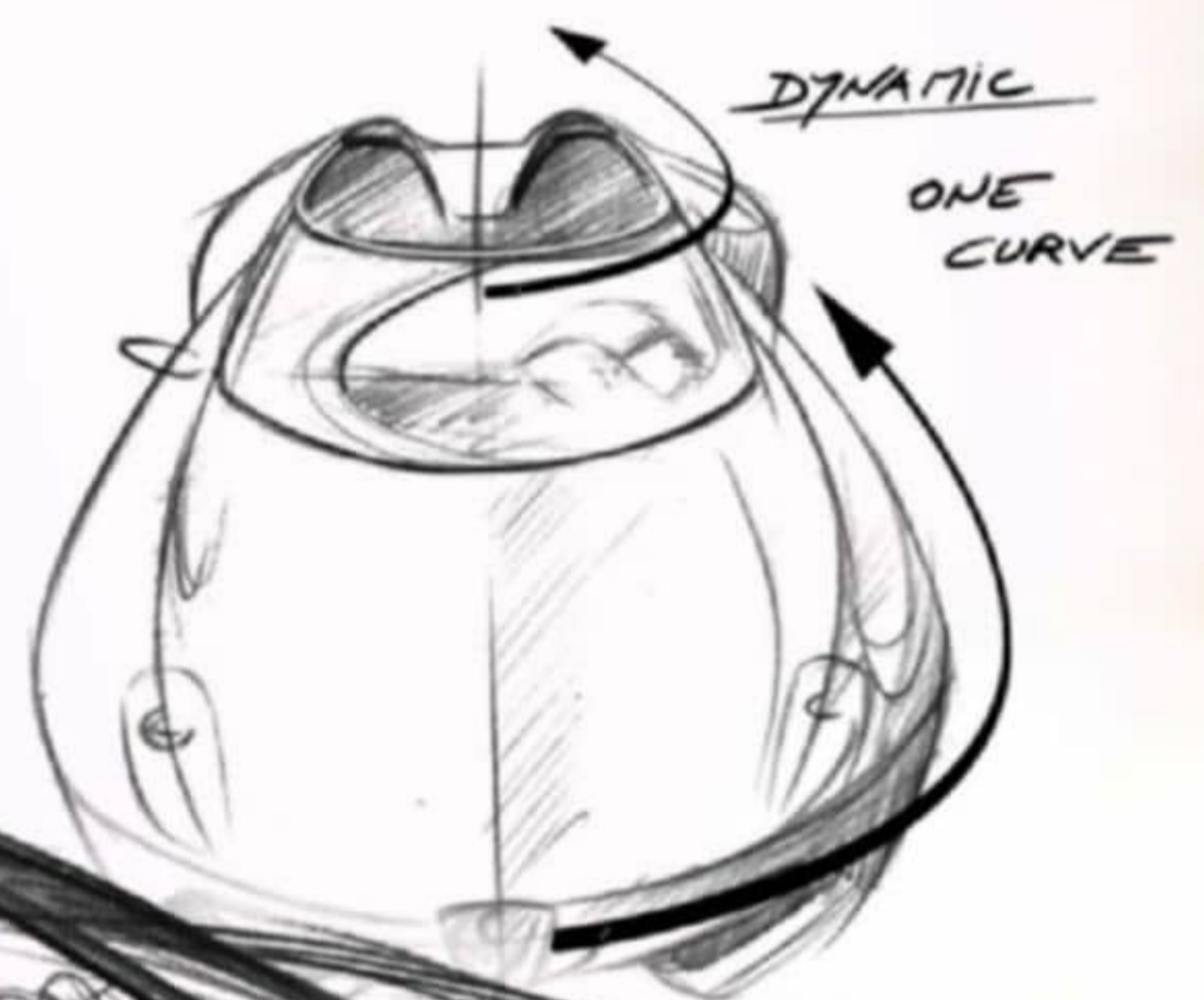
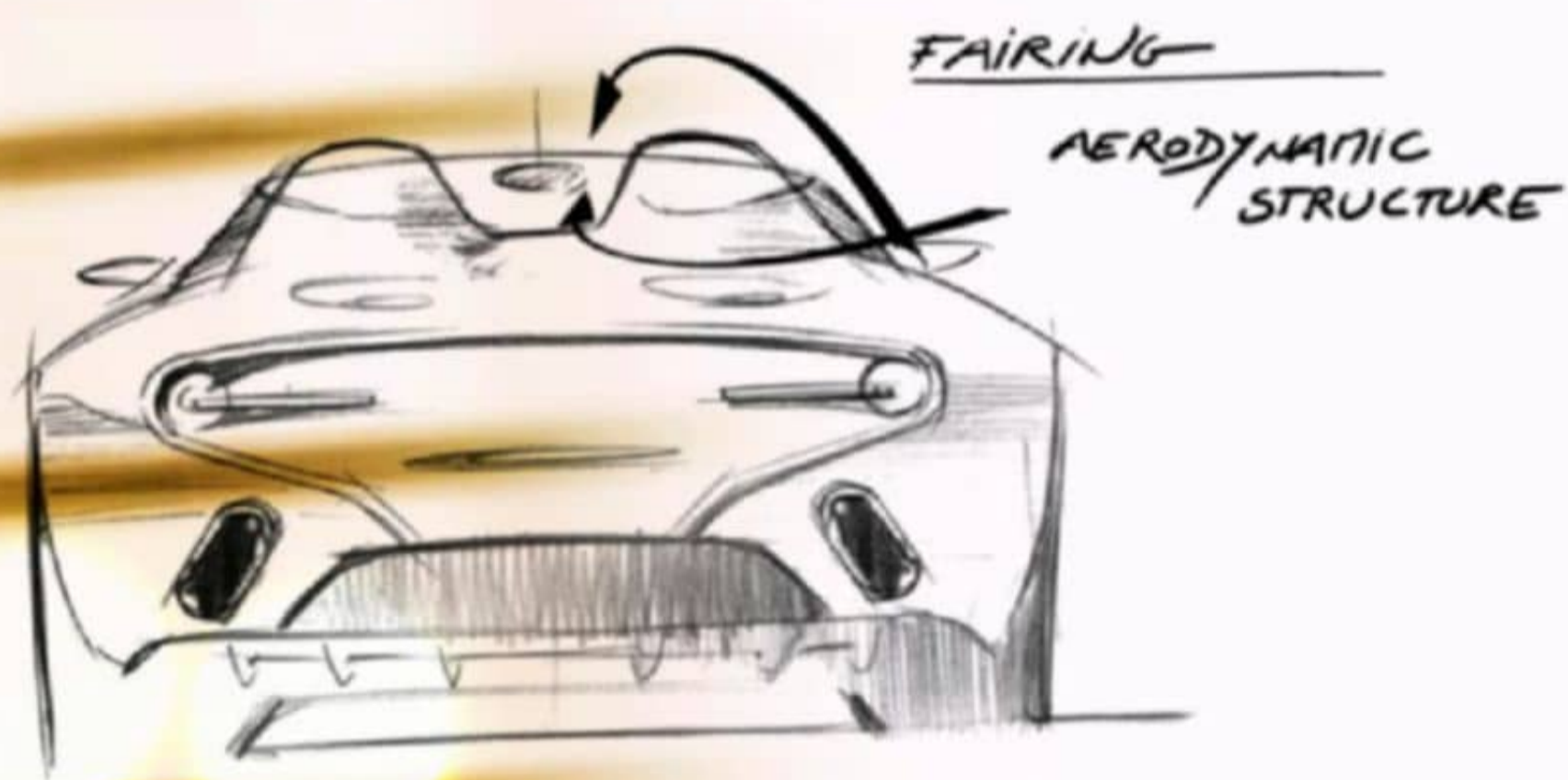
final car, it lasts on average between a year and eighteen months), so it is a real human experience: finding new ideas, resolving problems, failing, trying again and again and fighting to get there, sharing the passion and finally celebrating the result.

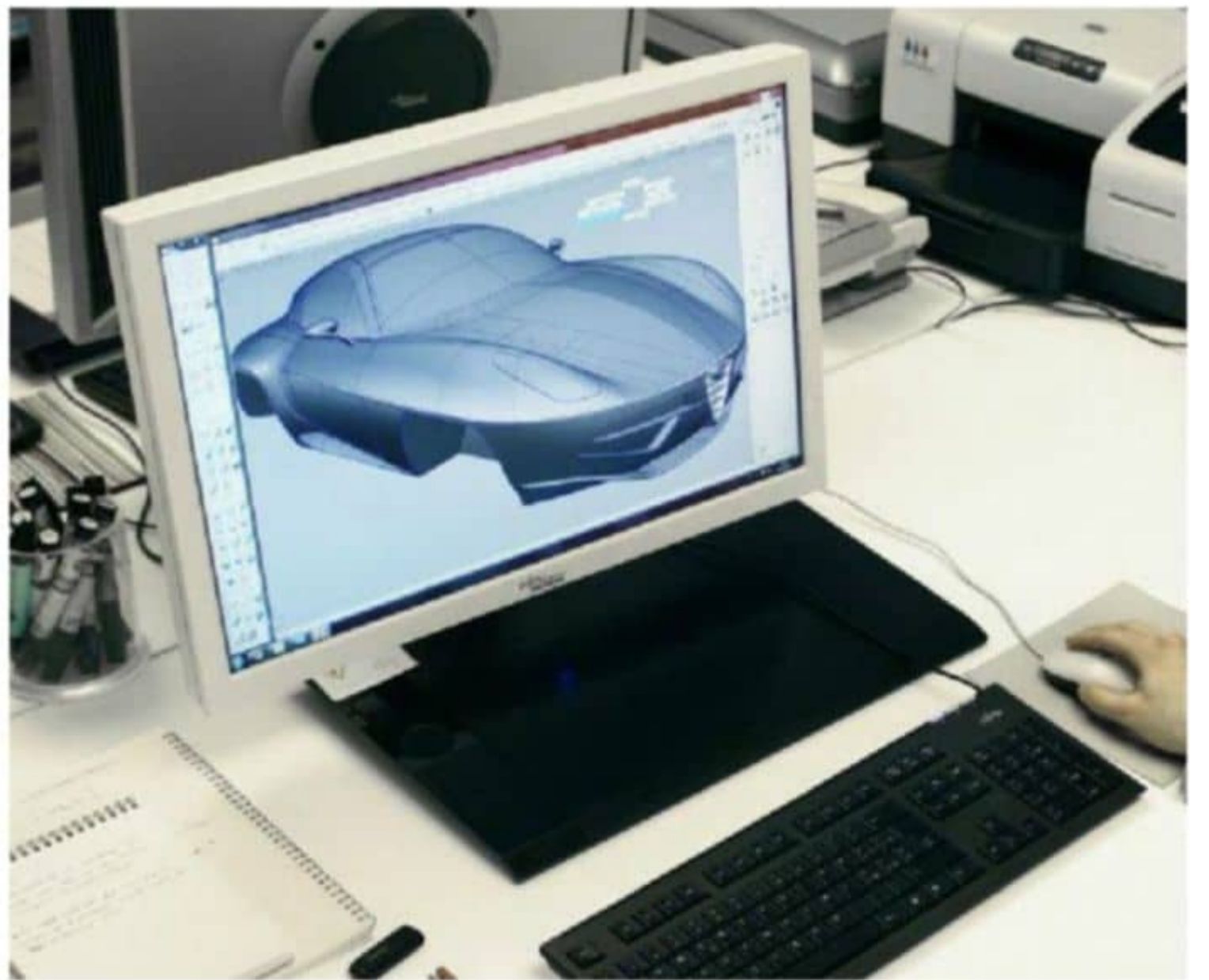
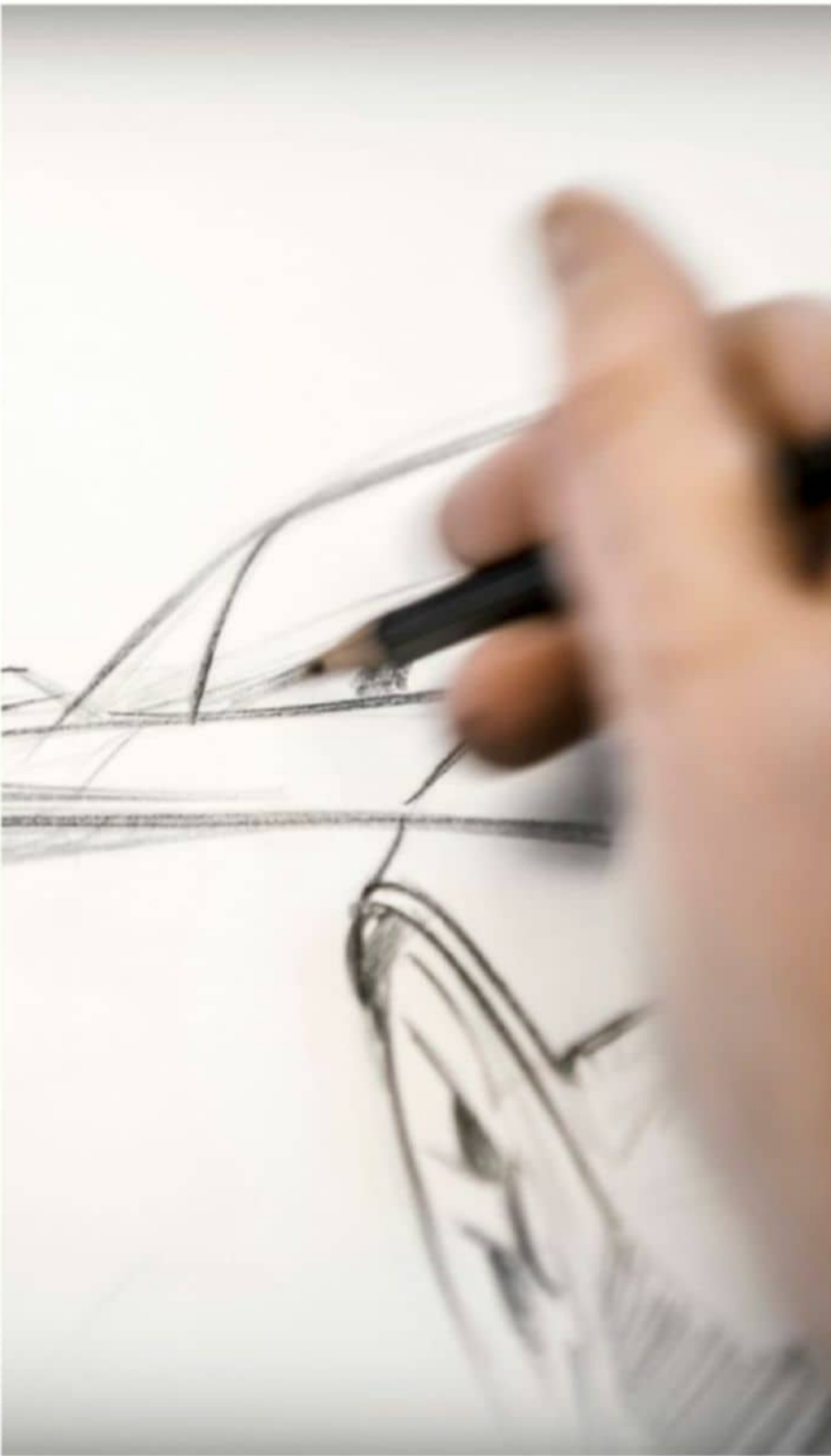
For example, with the 2014 Mini Superleggera Vision, it was a fantastic human experience; both team Mini and Touring Superleggera were extremely motivated, and the atmosphere was wonderfully positive. Every time I look at that car, into my mind come all those wonderful moments we had.

I know I have a privileged place amongst car designers, combining many enriching and pleasant aspects: working for an emblematic company that has greatly contributed to the success of big brands like Aston Martin, Ferrari or Lamborghini is really something. I am envious of no other designer past or present, though of course I have a great deal of respect for those who have gone before me. Added to this is a great freedom of creation, a talented and friendly team, meeting passionate people coming from all over the world, and finally having 'la dolce vita' in Italy. A 'bad day in the office' is always a good day in every respect.

If I had to pick one car that I prefer above all others, it would depend a lot on the season and the mood. Like everyone I am deeply impressed by the Citroën DS. This aerodynamic and futuristic style is spectacular, but more than that is the fact that it wasn't applied on a coupé or a race car, but on an ordinary four door sedan! It's







*IF I WAS NOT A CAR DESIGNER, I
THINK I WOULD HAVE BEEN A SKI
INSTRUCTOR. OR AT LEAST I WOULD
HAVE TRIED TO BE ONE*

real tour de force.

In another angle of my heart, you will find the Figoni Falaschi creations. These are the cars that come closest to works of art. With this kind of car, you check twice if your three-piece suit, hat, and two-tone shoes are in perfect symbiosis with your car. It makes your ride a real odyssey

If I was not a car designer, I think I would have been a ski instructor. Or at least I would have tried to be one. Skiing provides me with the opportunity to let my spirit escape. It is also a fantastic way to discover untouched places: when it has just snowed, I leave with the snowshoes, my skis on my back, to arrive at a point where the snow is virgin, the mountain looks as pure as it is. This is where there is a feeling of humility in front of so much beauty and immensity. It is a magic moment. But in the end I am always pleased to be back at my drawing table!

The interior design of jets is also very exciting, as it has to respond to the following enigma: how to give a feeling of wellness in a confined space? An interesting challenge akin to some of the challenges I also face as a designer.

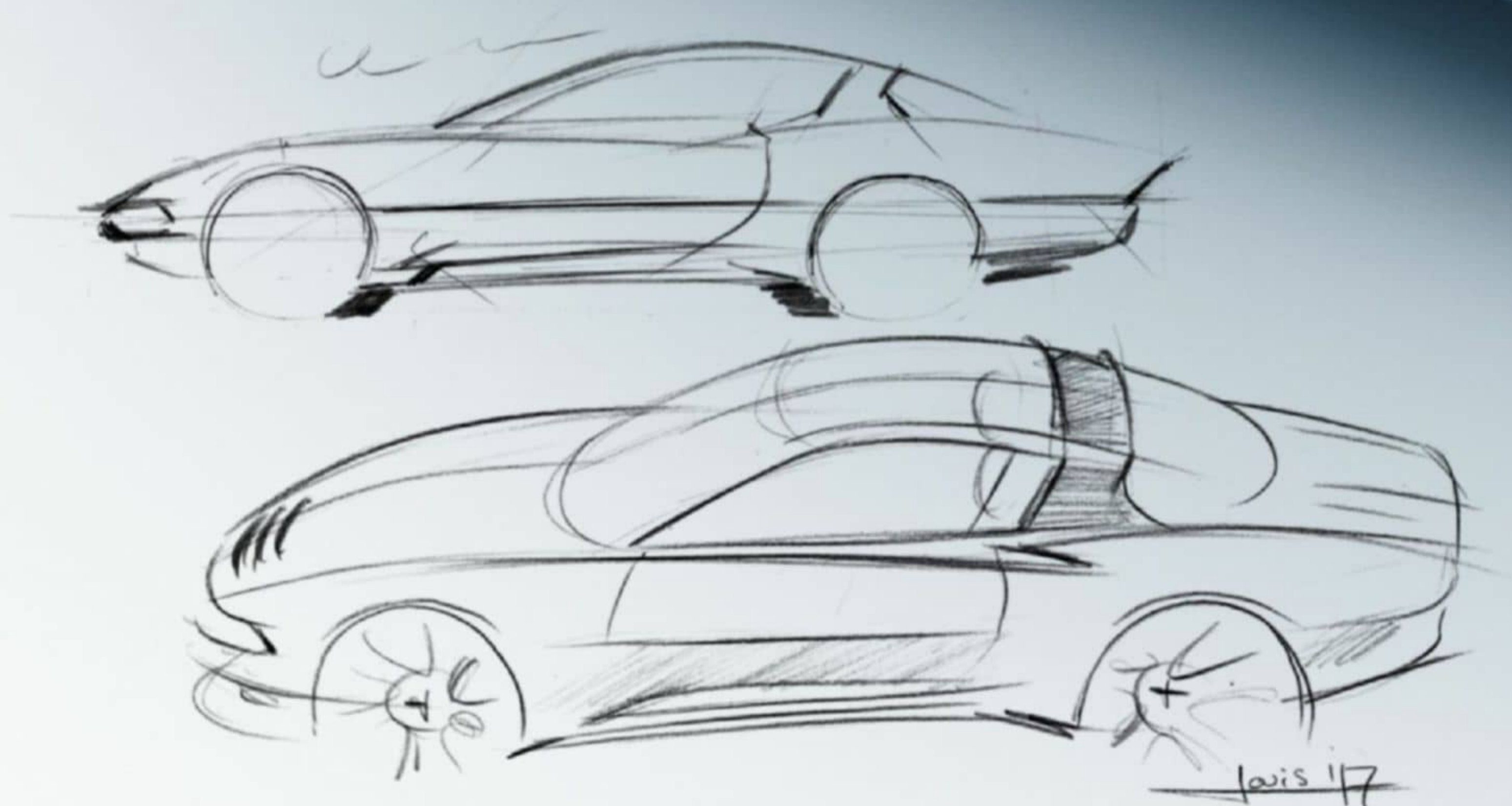
Externally, private jets are usually fantastic shapes.

Streamlined design with beautiful proportions, they are close to sculpture. It is one of the best shapes to express speed, lightness and beauty. Breathtaking shapes. It makes me think about Barbara Bach in the 1977 James Bond movie *The Spy Who Loved Me!*

I have a particular attraction for the great outdoors. It is undoubtedly the feeling of space, of infinity, and therefore of appeasement. The mountain obviously meets these criteria, the American West, Africa, Northern Europe... if on top there are beautiful roads where I can drive a classic car, then that is paradise! That is maybe a reason why I am completely in love with Tuscany: breathtaking scenery, exceptional wine, marvellous food, and wonderful driving roads! Time however is my greatest challenge! The worst thing in the creative process is the planned outcome. Since it is not an arithmetical process, you do not really know when, and if, you will find the right idea. It depends a great deal on one's inspiration. Fortunately, there are many different ways to stimulate your imagination, so in the end we are always able to stay more or less to a dedicated timeline.

LEFT CLOCKWISE

Louis de-Fabribeckers warms his hands on a scale model. At home in the design studio. Computer modeling of the Disco Volante. Sketching our the Disco Volante design by hand.







Touring Superleggera is recognized worldwide as one of the iconic names in Italian car design and coachbuilding. Founded by Felice Bianchi Anderloni and Gaetano Ponzoni in 1926, the company started to produce custom built automotive bodywork with two distinctive features from the very beginning: sporting elegance and lightness.

Early customers were reputed car makers as Isotta Fraschini and Alfa Romeo. It was the start of a flamboyant period, culminating in the “Flying Star” era that gave birth to several spectacular spider coachworks.

Touring Superleggera also gradually researched the streamlining science. The marriage between aerodynamic study and their Superleggera construction system, using aluminium body panels over a light but rigid tubular steel frame, resulted in masterpieces such as the 1938 Alfa Romeo 8C2900 Touring, which today have become icons of automotive design.

In 1945 the excellent Carlo Felice Bianchi Anderloni joined his father at the company, which soon started to receive its first orders from Enzo Ferrari. The Ferrari 166 MM Touring Barchetta of 1948 was a new milestone for light, elegant and effective design on a competition chassis.

Under Carlo Felice, Touring saw its industrial customer basis grow in the mainstream of the expanding automotive industry in Europe and overseas. A number of specialty models were designed and built on Alfa Romeo 1900, Lancia Flaminia and Maserati 3500. Another new inspired car manufacturer from the Bologna area relied on Touring's skills: Lamborghini, that commissioned its first GT, the 350. In the same period Touring created another iconic

automobile: the Aston Martin DB4, followed by the DB5 and 6, manufactured in Newport Pagnell under license for the Superleggera bodywork system.

Since 2008, Carrozzeria Touring is an all-round supplier of automotive design, engineering and body manufacturing.

The manufacturing department provides style models, show cars, rolling concepts, street legal one-offs and limited production series. Recent models include the Bellagio Fastback based on Maserati Quattroporte and the concept two-seater A8GCS Berlinetta winner of the “Best Supercar of the Year” award in 2009.

They were followed by the acclaimed Bentley Continental Flying Star (2010), manufactured in limited run with the endorsement of Bentley Motors, and the Gumpert Tornante by Touring (2011), a superfast Grand Tourer commissioned by the German sports car manufacturer.

In 2012 Touring celebrated a masterpiece from its rich heritage, taking inspiration from the Alfa C52 Disco Volante of sixty years before. The innovative, breathtaking Alfa Romeo Disco Volante, built by hand in a limited run of up to eight units, won the coveted Design Award at Concorso d'Eleganza Villa d'Este 2013.

In 2014 in collaboration with MINI, Touring Superleggera designed and built an elaborately crafted, unique concept car to explore new design languages for the iconic British brand. Exhibited at Villa d'Este as the BMW Group's annual design statement, the MINI Superleggera™ Vision blends the tradition of classic coachwork construction with MINI's authentic British styling to create timeless aesthetic appeal.

www.touringsuperleggera.eu

LEFT
Disco Volante Spyder
construction process

HONDA V-TEC

This article is about the VTEC technology as originally developed and perfected by Honda in the late 80's, so if engines that rev past 8000 rpm, sound amazing and have super cool (well 80's cool) technology aren't your thing, this article is probably not for you!

So what is VTEC? Sounds complex. why bother? Can't I just put in a bigger motor or just catch the bus? All good questions...

However the driving force for Japan's car manufacturers to produce more efficient, smaller and higher horsepower engines comes down to their high taxes levied on engine displacement.

In the past, these same taxes promoted development and adaptation of the Rotary engine, Miller cycle engine as well as turbo and super charging.

Ok, so we the sports car buying public want a high performance engine with high power developed at super high revs, but not one that subsequently has a lumpy idle, uses more fuel than a Chevy Suburban and coughs black smoke at the already depleted ozone layer.

In race cars, one way to gain more power is by changing out the camshaft to a high lift (high lift referring to the cam lobe shape that determines the height and duration of the valve opening) cam thereby optimising the timing and burn efficiency of the air/fuel mixture at higher revs - typically more revs means more power, so worth the trouble. However, the same high lift cam upgrade to a road car is not going to be too practical. Road car camshafts are a compromise between liveability and power, top end power being reduced due to cam timing that is fuel efficient and smooth at idle. So, you would be thinking, why not have an engine with multiple camshafts with different cam profiles creating different valve opening patterns, one for low speed driving around town and 1 for revving out when we want to get quickly to the speed limit... Enter VTEC, well sort of but the clever Japanese engineers put multiple cam profiles on one camshaft, not two.

VTEC stands for 'Variable Valve Timing & lift electronic control' and was developed, in a more basic form, for use on their road bike CBR400 in 1983, but further developed for and first installed into the 1989 Honda Integra XSi and later the same year released in the Honda Civic and CRX. The VTEC technology was then adapted to their 6 cylinder engine and released in the Honda's Flagship NSX in 1990.

So how does VTEC work? Imagine a standard camshaft from a DOHC engine, It has 2 cam lobes physically lifting, via rocker arms, the 2 valves per cylinder. The VTEC adds, to both the Intake and exhaust camshafts, an additional lobe and rocker arm that for the most part gets a free ride, doing nothing at low to medium revs. When the revs rise, typically over 5000 rpm, a solenoid opens allowing engine oil pressure to push oil through to a pin that moves and locks the additional rocker arm to

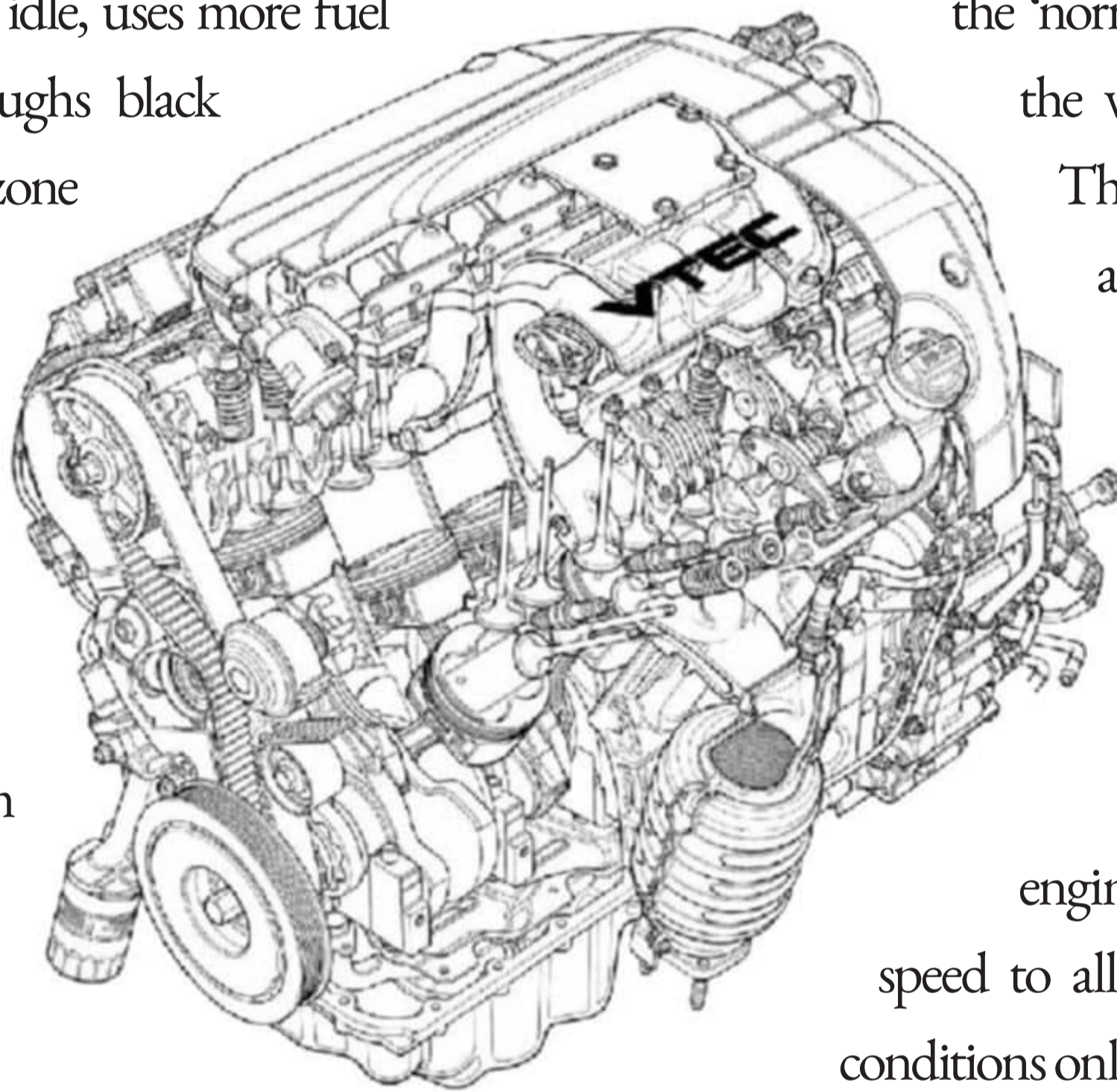
the 'normal' rocker arm therefore activating the valves via the additional cam lobe.

This 'high-lift' cam lobe has a far more aggressive timing profile optimised for high revs and more top end power.

Technically the VTEC system is hydraulically activated but is under electronic control via the solenoid, so in addition to revs the engine ECU takes into account engine temperature, oil pressure, and road speed to allow VTEC operation in optimum conditions only.

VTEC systems differ from more modern VVT (Variable valve timing systems) from other manufactures as VVT systems vary the timing of an engine by physically altering the relationship between the camshaft and the engine and usually performing this function inside the cam pulley itself. However, only the Honda VTEC technology gives the 'on cam' effect that can be felt by the seat of your pants.

Typically an 8000 rpm plus redline is the norm with Honda's performance VTEC engines, and in vehicles such as the S2000, with its small 2 litre engine, it extends to a stratospheric 9250 rpm. - on a road car, that you can drive to the shops, every day.... now who wants to catch the bus?







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