

# influx

CARS • BIKES • PEOPLE • CULTURE









# influx

is not a traditional car magazine. Influx is not a traditional motorbike magazine. Influx doesn't claim to be a repository of journalistic truth or even-handed objectivity.

If these things ever existed in the mainstream motoring media we don't pretend they can exist here.

Since the beginning of 2009 we have played around online with the idea of cars and bikes and movement and the idea of speed and freedom and utility and beauty as it applies to moving through the landscape, through the city and through our imaginations.

What you hold in your hands is a manifestation in print of our very subjective reasoning: that cars and bikes are nothing if not ways into the world, ways of defining oneself in relation to the world; things in and of themselves that at best represent the heights of design, technology and human imagination.

It's a planet-gobbling reality that the things we have drawn on are finite – and that we must find new ways to be moved if we want to move forever. We're resolved to enjoy this current reality while it's still here – and to share stories of the unfolding passion encapsulated on four wheels and two.

**Michael Fordham**

*Cover by  
Laurent Nivalle*

# UTILITY

GO ANYWHERE. DO ANYTHING. IF IT BREAKS,  
TAKE IT APART AND BOLT IT BACK TOGETHER.

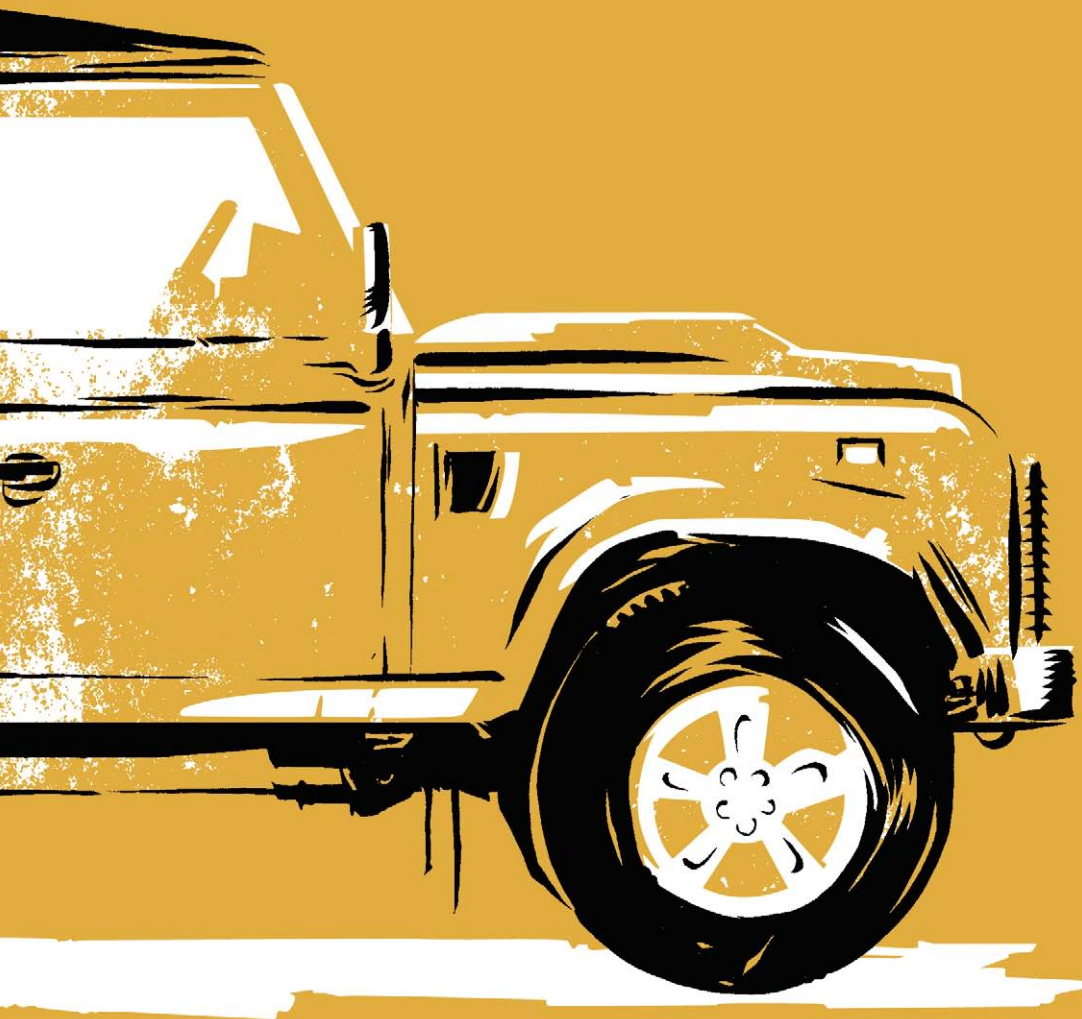
**Y**ou can take the sculpted lines dreamt up by the *carrozzeria*. You can have the colour-coordinated alcantara trim and the cutting edge ICE. You're welcome to the self-dimming mirrors, the intelligent suspension systems and the electronic engine management. Take these and other indulgences away and what have you got? You've got a chassis and an engine and somewhere to sit and a place to stash your gear. You've got a Land Rover Defender.

Landies may not be the sort of cars that inspire lusty passion in everyone. They might not be the top-trump winning, heart-stoppingly beautiful objects that have you dreaming of another life, another way of being. But who cares? There is a spanner and spark-plug simplicity to them that appeals to the grown up man inside you – that straightforward, stand-up fella for whom life is all about doing stuff and being there. For the Landy lover it's all about what you do, rather than what you say.

It's not that Land Rovers aren't incredible feats of engineering, despite their stripped-down simplicity. I have seen Land Rovers being driven along dry riverbeds, negotiating rocks the size of Barratt homes. I have seen Land Rovers fording rivers too muddy to swim through. I have seen Land Rovers beat inclines that only crampon and carabiner have the right to master. Eschewing the now ubiquitous monocoque for an old-fashioned ladder frame chassis, the Defender platform can twist and shuffle and dip and shimmy. You can break it down to its bare frame using only hand tools.

The place inside you to which the Land Rover appeals is somewhere deep in the grounded, practical side of yourself. But it's also the bit of you that believes adventure is just around the corner. It's the bit of you that believes that along with the responsibilities of adulthood – the load- and kid-hauling, the yard clearance, the holiday packing – that there is value in being able to disappear at a moment's notice – without the benefit of tarmac – and head for those eternal hills **1**

*Illustration by Matt Taylor*





Thanks to Dom Romney.

# SPEED

A PERSONAL RUBICON IS REACHED WHEN  
YOU FEEL THE BREATH OF THE GRIM REAPER.

It was around Five AM in the late summer, and the sun rising ahead of me defined each centimetre of the road ahead. The autobahn emerged from a narrow cut at the top of the Saxon hill through some wooded glades. It then opened up to three lanes and dropped away deep into the foot of a valley, a beautifully clear ribbon of tarmac shining in the dawn.

Flicking the left paddle down to third, I buried my right foot and the throaty V12 sounded and the pressure in the small of my back increased. We had eased from ton-up cruise through to 130 before I flicked the index finger of my right hand to engage fourth. Here the engine note changed again. Back down to five thousand revs now and 48 valves throttled open. Within a second or two I had breached my personal speed record. Now 160 flickered through my consciousness. Still in fourth gear, the

engine was a symphony of sensation. The nose ate up the tarmac and white lines scrolled through my peripheral vision at a cartoonish rate.

An on-ramp appeared somewhere up to my right and I watched as a truck edged onto the carriageway. I hesitated for a moment and eased off the throttle. A slight oscillation in engine note and the road was clear again. Into fifth now and I glimpsed at the dial. 175 MPH. I could feel the flush of fear and dopamine and the heart-racing sensation of machinery at tempestuous tilt. It was then that I started to feel the hot breath of the Grim Reaper in the back of my neck. Everything was happening too quickly. I lifted my right foot and placed it gently on the brake and with sublime control we slowed to 100. My heart rate ebbed. The flush in my face cooled. I had reached my limit. Nowhere close to that of the car ❶

*Illustration by Matt Taylor*

# BEAUTY

LASTING AUTOMOTIVE BEAUTY IS THE RESULT OF THE  
COMBINATION OF AESTHETIC FORM AND PURPOSEFUL FUNCTION

**E**nzo Ferrari has been quoted as saying that the most beautiful car is the car that wins. But he is also quoted as saying that aerodynamics is for people who can't build engines. In the middle of that conundrum is a zennish riddle that encapsulates the debate about beauty and cars. And it's nothing to do with the fact that beauty, as goes the cliché, may merely be in the eye of the beholder.

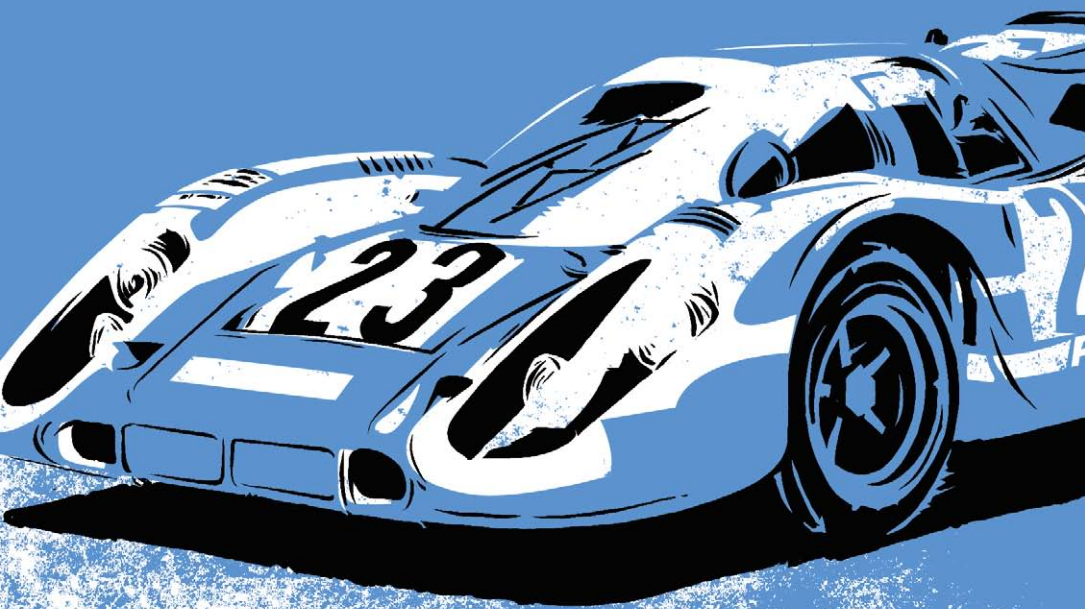
As the creator of some of the most beautiful automotive machinery in automotive history, Enzo may have known a thing or two about what puts a car into the realms of the sublime. But the Ferrari *commendatore* was essentially a brilliant, race-focused engineer rather than an aesthete. He aimed to make sure that the purposeful parts of his cars: the engines, the running gear and

the way these things articulated, were put together with the kind of supreme attention to detail that would ensure the best results. He contracted out the bodywork of course, to various coachbuilders who with a passion and flair of their own would clothe the skeletons of these functional racing beasts. True automotive beauty can never be merely skin deep.

This is why the brutally angular Porsche 917 endurance racer is as beautiful as a car can be. Eternally powerful and purposeful, in 1971 it could make over 240 MPH on the Mulsanne straight and was victorious for a huge proportion of its time on any given grid. Its low-slung profile remains emblematic of racing function and will always be remembered for invoking perfectly the aesthetic heart at the centre of racing ❶

*Illustration by Matt Taylor*







Thanks to Scott Pommier.

# FREEDOM

A BIKE DRIVEN BY INTERNAL COMBUSTION  
WILL ALWAYS BE ESSENTIALLY UNRULY

It's hardly surprising that the most powerful and enduring symbol of freedom in the movies has always been motorbikes. But it's not just the attitude of leather clad fifties iconoclasts in films like *The Wild One* – or countless other bikesploitation flicks that have littered popular culture since World War Two – that have created two driven wheels as this resonant totem of personal liberty.

Ever since the first engines were bolted onto the frames of the first pedal-driven 'safety bicycles' at the turn of the nineteenth century when simultaneous technological evolutions emerged all over the world in response to increasing need for mobility, there's been a natural association in the mind with getting on a bike and escaping. That sudden access to the far horizon of the highway – a place that was once the preserve of the cowboy of the American West was quickly co-opted by motorcyclists.

And a century later the same things that struck a chord with the earliest pioneers make us see motorbikes as objects of desire. There's still something, too, about the relative affordability of a motorbike crossed with their inherent mechanical simplicity that has made them the first stop of youth when indulging in the freedom principle. And when youth and freedom collide, then you're usually in for glorious, riotous, life-threatening trouble.

This is the reason, no matter how far, wide and wizened the motorcycling demographic becomes, the rump of bike culture will always be more or less untameable. No matter how many safety campaigns are announced, and how many government initiatives seek to neuter the motorcycling impulse with bans, enforcement and other technocratic techniques of control, bike culture will always be out there exploring the margins, and testing the outer limits. And long may it be so 🏍️

*Illustration by Matt Taylor*

# THE EIGHT PRINCIPLES OF THE [ CLASSIC ]



## **'OF THE HIGHEST CLASS':**

### **THE ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM COUPÉ**

Synonymous with the highest possible ideals of motoring perfection, many believe that Rolls Royce has reached new heights with the latest range of models. Combining, as it does, superlative performance with bespoke tailoring, could the Phantom Coupé be the most classic Rolls ever?



## **'SERVING AS A STANDARD MODEL OF ITS KIND': THE HONDA CIVIC TYPE R**

In its many and various manifestations the Civic Type R has set the standard by which all hot hatches are measured. They are engineered with the perfect balance of fun-focused emotion and workaday reliability – and that's what Hot Hatches – the icon of the everyman petrolhead – are all about.



## **'ADHERING TO AN ESTABLISHED SET OF PRINCIPLES': THE MORGAN PLUS FOUR**

Sticking with a formula of hand-wrought production values in a self-consciously retrospective style, a Morgan is instantly recognisable. Though that self-conscious styling plays on deep-lying popular ideas of what constitutes a classic (falling perhaps into cliché), it achieves its aim every time.



## **'CHARACTERISED BY SIMPLICITY, BALANCE, REGULARITY OR PURITY OF FORM': HARLEY DAVIDSON SPORTSTER**

Love them or hate them, the perennial popularity of the simple but burly V-Twin form is the core of one of the strongest brands mankind has ever known. As such, the consistently pure idea that is the Harley will continue to rumble into legend.



**"Surely a classic has to have age and soul. It has to have pushed boundaries, redefined definitions and stirred the emotions."**

GEOFF FRY, INFLUX.CO.UK  
COMMENT. 15/07/2009

**"Classics are cars that most people aspire to and were ground-breaking at their time."**

RICHARD DREW, INFLUX.CO.UK  
COMMENT. 16/07/2009

**Classic** (*adj*) (as defined by Collins Dictionary 1991)

**THERE'S A LOT OF MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT THE WORD 'CLASSIC'. AND FOR SUCH A CONTROVERSIAL WORD, PETROLHEADS AND GENERAL LOVERS OF CARS AND BIKES USE THE WORD PERHAPS MORE THAN ANY OTHER. WE THOUGHT WE'D CONSULT THE GOOD BOOK IN A BID TO FIND EXAMPLES OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD THAT EXEMPLIFY THE VARIOUS DEFINITIONS OF THE 'C' WORD.**



**'OF LASTING SIGNIFICANCE OR INTEREST':**

**MCLAREN F1**

In 1998 the McLaren F1, setting a still rarely matched top speed of 243 MPH, almost single-handedly ushered in the era of the road going hypercar. Representing the boomtime economics of GP road car crossover it remains a totemically significant classic—even in a world where the Bugatti Veyron exists.



**'OF THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE':**

**THE LAND ROVER DISCOVERY 3**

With its ability to range deep into the most inhospitable terrain imaginable as well as being the perfect luxury long-distance ride for a family of six (or a handful of outdoor adventurers), the Disco 3 is the apogee of a much maligned form.



**'CONTINUOUSLY IN FASHION BECAUSE OF A SIMPLICITY OF STYLE': THE MINI**

Alec Issigonis's Mini never really went out of fashion. Devastatingly simple, accessible and fun, the design will be forever associated with a time and a place in which Britain was at the centre of style. The new Mini is an ongoing exemplar of the British thing. Its sales figures are testament to the brand's ongoing appeal.



**'REGARDED AS DEFINITIVE':**

**THE LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH LP400**

If you were a man-child of the seventies or early eighties, the Countach will always be the definitive dream car. The Gandini designed shell, the scissor doors and its hooligan chic remains unsurpassed. Hats off to Bertone ❶

INFLUX.CO.UK/CLASSIC

# CLASSIC ENDURANCE

*Photography by  
Laurent Nivalle*

While the spectacle of F1 goes stratospheric with each new season, increasingly complex regulations and the superstar status of the main protagonists make the sport less and less accessible to the everyman. With this in mind it's not surprising that historic racing has become so popular. With open-access paddocks and pit lanes, fans can truly get to experience the grease and leather of real racing at first hand. French photographer Laurent Nivalle's beautifully desaturated take on this year's Le Mans Classic evokes in the subtlest style the spirit of the sport.





*Historic racing is a roots-and-culture affair with a stripped down aesthetic.*







# IS CAR ART

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*Words Ben Oliver*

*Photography Lamborghini*

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**L**ook at your car. Ignore the kerbed alloy and the parking dent and the fact that you didn't get around to cleaning it last weekend. Look beyond all that. Look at its forms, its details, its edges and curves. How does it make you feel when you really look at it? If it leaves you cold, it's a crime. There's no excuse for lazy, passionless car design; you have been cheated. If—even when it's parked—the looks suggest speed and freedom and all the other things you love about driving your car, the designer has done his job. The very best-looking cars are simply beautiful. If you own a DS or a Miura or an Alfa 8C, just looking at it might be enough.

But is it art? You might get the same instinctive, irrational, love it-loathe it reaction to a car as you do to a painting or a sculpture, but can it qualify as a work of art? I'm going to argue that it doesn't, but it does get very close. Perhaps a car magazine shouldn't be attempting to answer such big questions—but one definition of art is that it exists purely for its own sake. The shape ►

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of your car does not. The designer has had to package an engine in a given position and a given number of seats and doors, and wrap it all in a shape that slips efficiently through the air and won't try to take off once the dial reaches 100.

This constrained creativity is, of course, design rather than art. The car industry has, however, produced some of the most emotive design of the last century. The French philosopher Roland Barthes wrote when the Citroen DS was launched in 1955 that the car was now the "exact equivalent of the great Gothic cathedrals: I mean the supreme creation of an era, conceived with passion by unknown artists, and consumed in image if not in usage by a whole population which appropriates them as a purely magical object."

The comparison between architecture and car design is a good one. Buildings and cars each have a function beyond their physical appearance. We ought to care how they look – and too often we are let down. The comparison of cars with cathedrals is even better. One is a place of worship, the other an object of worship. It's hard to separate how they look

from what they represent. Believers look at a great church and see divinity in its beauty and the fact that it was built at all. Our reaction to great cars is perhaps a little more prosaic, but the same thing happens. We look at a Ferrari 250 and can't dissociate its looks from the knowledge that it is fast and rare and expensive and sensationally exciting to drive.

We've wanted our cars to look good since Edwardian times. As soon as we cracked getting them to drive at more than a few miles per hour and for more than a few miles without breaking down, we wanted them to look more than purely functional. Those ungainly, upright things with bicycle mudguards and their guts on public display soon gave way to styled, streamlined sheet metal.

Despite a much shorter history, great car designs, like great art, form movements, grouped around a certain place or time. Europe in the mid-thirties gave us the first real rush of beauty with the 1935 Alfa Romeo 8C and the 1937 Bugatti Atlantic. Fifties America was another locus; the cars weren't always beautiful but, like pop art, they were an incredibly self-confident reflection of an

## **"THE CATHEDRAL IS A PLACE OF WORSHIP, THE CAR AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP."**

**"For a car to be a masterpiece, it must also be judged on the way it handles sounds, and runs."**

SCOUTMANN, INFLUX.CO.UK COMMENT, 19/05/2009

**"A beautiful car moving is like art in motion, a statement of design flair."**

PAUL BROUGHTON, INFLUX.CO.UK COMMENT, 18/05/2009

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incredibly self-confident society which the car itself had helped create. Back to Italy for the sixties, where designers with names like Old Masters created first bewitching, almost unobtainable coupés and roadsters for Ferrari and others, before producing the Miura: the first supercar, and arguably the most beautiful car ever drawn.

And just like in the art world, attribution is everything in the world of car design. Despite being penned 43 years ago, a pedantic but amusing row still simmers between Gandini and Giugiaro – now old men – over who really created the Miura.

But how many truly beautiful cars have there been since then? Car designers have always had to work around the constraints imposed on them by the engineers and aerodynamicists. There's an argument that the constraints are now too tight for designers to create anything beautiful. Add the legal requirements of all the countries where the car sells and, according to Jaguar design chief Ian Callum, skinning a car becomes a 'join-the-dots exercise'. Callum knows good design. One critic wrote that his Aston Martin DB7 has 'the sort of beauty the car world is lucky to see once in a generation'. His seductive XK coupe and XF saloon have re-established Jaguar's reputation as a maker of the world's best-looking cars, anchored by the '49 XK120, the '61 E-type and the '68 XJ, but he isn't sure he could do

something as unfettered as the DB7 again.

It isn't Callum's work, but the Bugatti Veyron exemplifies his thinking. At €1.2m, hand built in tiny numbers and with no purpose other than to delight its owners, it ought to be a visual masterpiece, as thirties Bugattis were. But the Veyron's styling is its least-discussed attribute. The demands of packaging its monstrous mechanicals, cooling its 1001 horsepower engine and preventing it from taking flight at 253 MPH mean that when you first encounter it, you're surprised by its unthreatening, unremarkable egg-like shape.

But we are still making great looking cars, if not cars that border on art. Look at the new Alfa 8C, or even the Fiat 500, cars whose visual appeal is so strong that discerning car people are prepared to ignore the fact that they're not that great to drive. Patrick le Quement, about to retire after 43 years as a car designer and 22 as the head of Renault design, is more sanguine than Callum. "Yes, we're all suffering a little bit, and the European pedestrian protection rules mean the noses of our cars look a little bit like Le Mans-ready Porsche 911s, but ingenious engineers will always find us a little more flexibility," he says, "In actual fact I think we could be entering a new golden era of car design." **1**

**INFLUX.CO.UK/ART**

**"Those who 'feel' a fine car should be art probably confuse the way it tingles all the senses; it moves them metaphorically and literally. They assume it must be art."**

GARRY, INFLUX.CO.UK COMMENT. 13/05/2009

FUTURE CLASSIC

# FERRARI F430 SCUDERIA

*Words and photography by Michael Fordham*





For many the F430 Ferrari was the epitome of the modern supercar. At the time of its release in 2004, it was blisteringly quick and beautiful to behold – a quantum leap from the 360 Modena that it replaced.

Its electronic brain and mechanical brawn was woven with the DNA that had gained the *Scuderia Ferrari* sixteen F1 constructors' championships. The wheel-mounted paddles produced lightning-fast gear changes and the E-Diff and *manettino* settings made this a truly workable Ferrari – whether you were blessed with the technical driving exactitude


of Michael Schumacher or the hamfisted bravado of a teenage premiership prodigy.

Its design contained a gallery of nods to Ferrari's heritage. There were the darkly flared air intakes in the nose referencing Phil Hill's all-conquering F1 156 of 1961. There were the rear lights that evoked those of the Enzo Ferrari. There was perhaps the most perfectly balanced and reliable V8 engine that the company had ever produced. This was, in short, a Ferrari that pleased the purists and one that would crystallise forever the clear water between Maranello and the Teutonic competition.

Then, late in 2007 when rumours of the 430's successor had begun

to circulate amongst motoring hack and amateur observer alike, Ferrari released the F430 Scuderia. Unbelievably, this stripped down, lightweight edition with even faster gear shifts, aerodynamic upgrades and a power premium, surpassed the heights that the game-changing 430 had reached.

To spend time with the F430 Scuderia is to learn something about the essence of the prancing horse. Shorn of all adornments except those that enhance the driving experience, it is a purer, even more purposeful machine than its more abundantly trimmed elder. It is tauter, stiffer and more dynamic – but retains the flexible manageability that made its name.

To cap it all the F430 Scuderia is as quick around the Fiorano test track as the Enzo Ferrari: the legendary hypercar that was priced way beyond the means of even the average *clienti*. It would take something special to eclipse the Scuderia's legend. But Ferrari would soon step up to the challenge 

*True beauty  
deepens with age.*

*Francesca Frame and  
the Scuderia styled by  
Sally-Anne Argyle.*



# SCOTT COMMIEP





**T**oronto based photographer Scott Pommier began his photographic career pointing his lens at skateboarders. But more recently the biker culture of North America has found a pleasing home in his viewfinder. Scott's biker pictures document the new generation of hipster-ish revhead that's stalking the continent on stripped-down custom machines. In look and feel the lines appear blurred between the realms of straight-ahead documentary and the cool aesthetic of fashion. The bikes take centre stage meanwhile, as totems of American freedom.

#### WHY PHOTOGRAPHY?

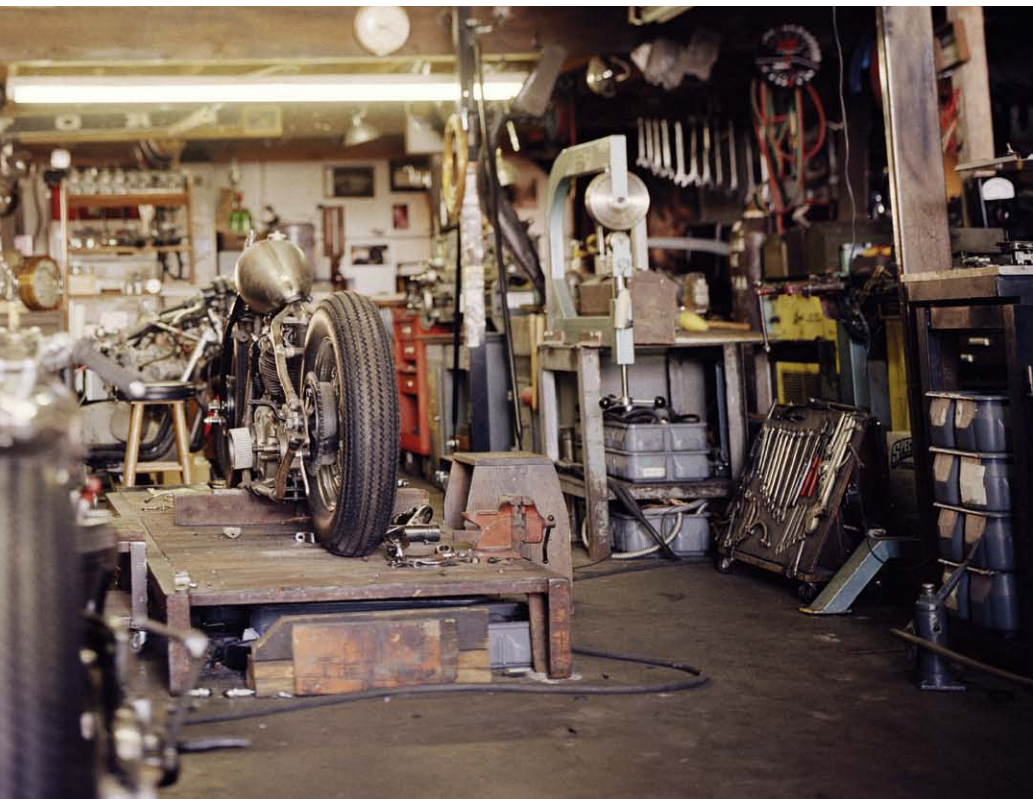
It sprang from my love of skateboarding. I used to flip through skateboard magazines endlessly. I didn't really read them, I just looked at the pictures. Pretty early on I decided that if I couldn't make it as a professional skateboarder, being the photographer would be pretty cool too. I think I may have wanted that to be my retirement plan after skateboarding. I never quite got good enough to crack the pro ranks, so I got started on my retirement plan early.

#### WHY MOTORCYCLES?

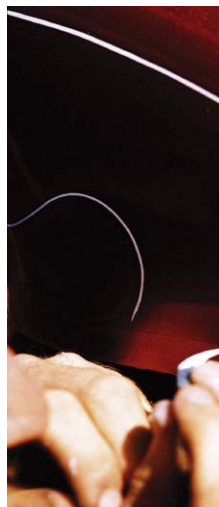
You know, it's actually the one part of my life I try not to really scrutinise or question. They don't make any sense. I just wanted one. I remember visiting Vancouver when I lived in Toronto, and some friends I had out there had bikes. We were at the skatepark just getting ready to leave and they jumped on their bikes and I had to follow in my car. I felt like I was really missing something. That was when the seed was really planted. ►













## WHY HARLEY DAVIDSON?

I didn't start off looking to get a Harley. I just wanted a bike. I didn't have anyone to ask about bikes so I just flipped through a Cycle Trader, and I'd just look through, and think, no...no...no, oh, that one I like, what's that one? It was always the Sportsters. That was all I could afford, but they also just looked like a plain motorcycle. I liked that. There were also lots of them around. It was big enough to take on the freeway, but it looked manageable. When I moved to Vancouver, all my café racer riding friends sorta rolled their eyes when I showed up with a Harley.

## V-TWIN OR V8?

As much as I like juice that tastes like Campbell's Soup, nothing quite sounds like the rumble of a knucklehead.



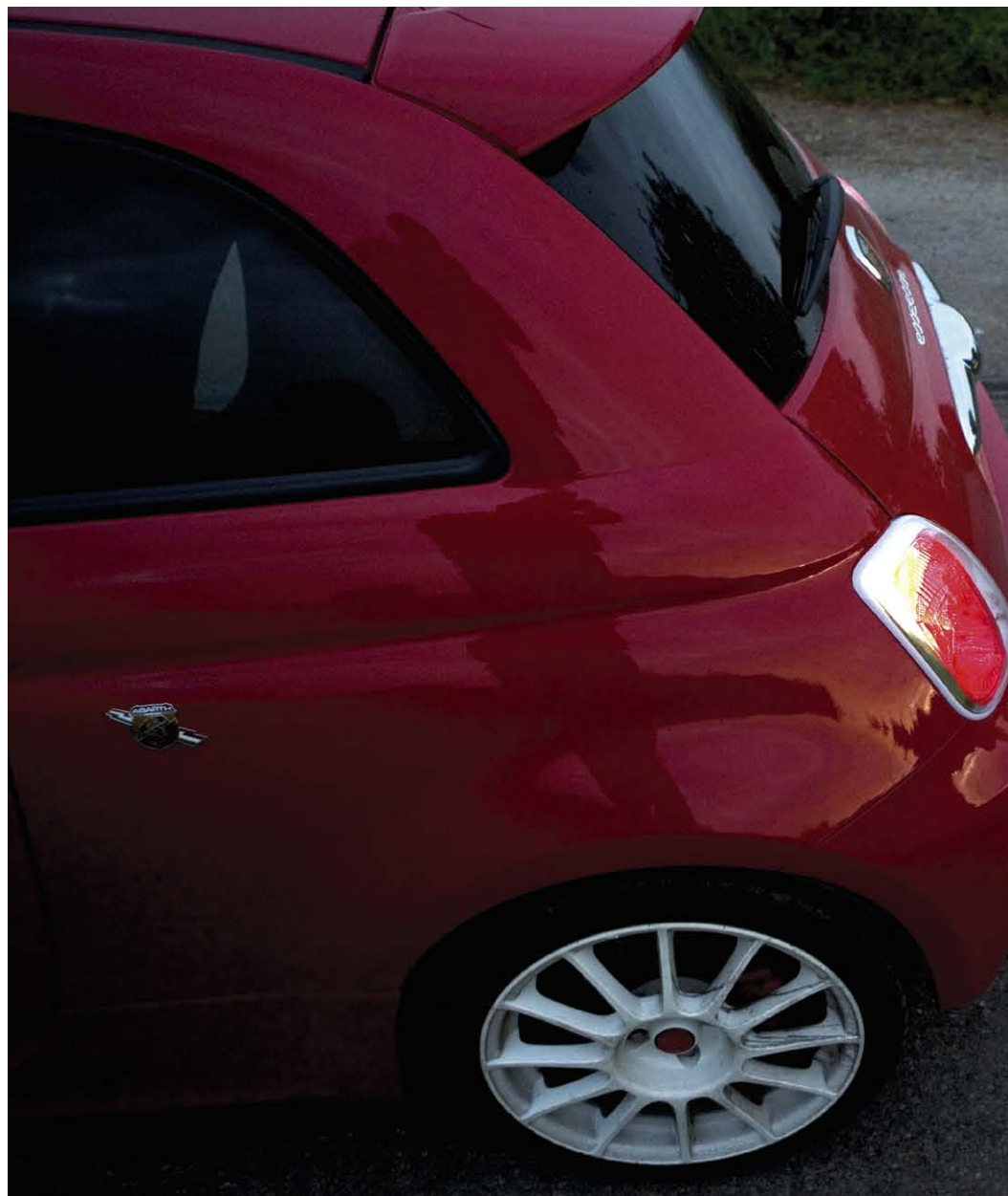
## CANADA OR AMERICA?

I have a great fondness for each. Canada is home but America is home to a lot of my favourite things.

## FILM OR DIGI?

Film, by a mile. Shooting with a digital camera is a concession that I make when it's necessary, when film is really not an option, but everything that I shoot for myself is on film. A lot of people have discussed and debated the pros and cons. There's nothing I can really add to the conversation. But I know what's right for the pictures that I want to take 📷

[INFLUX.CO.UK/POMMIER](http://INFLUX.CO.UK/POMMIER)





FUTURE CLASSIC

# FIAT ABARTH 500 ESSEESSE

*Words and photography by Liz Seabrook*

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The brand created by Austrian racer Karl Abarth has a long history of producing mentalist versions of workaday cars. It was only a matter of time until the magic was brought to bear on Fiat's pint-sized prodigy.

The Fiat 500 has, of course, been universally acclaimed and has sold brilliantly. Along the way the model has assumed the status of heroic icon within the ever-expanding Fiat empire. The upgrade that comes with the esseesse badge, however, just might see it reach the standard of certified classic.

This is how it works: you purchase your standard Abarth 500. Then, you've got 20,000 KM or two years (whichever comes first) to choose to go for the esseesse upgrade, which will cost you about two and a half grand.

For your money you get an overhaul of the electronic engine management system as well as brake and suspension upgrades. You get a fresh air filter from BMC and, of course, a new set of badges. The whole package comes in a lovely little timber crate that you get to keep.

When the engineers have finished bolting on the necessary add-ons and messing with the computers, your characterful little car is transformed into a pint-sized but full-blooded Latin hooligan that punches with the power of 160 *cavalli*.

This little car begs to be revved. It demands to be pushed. It will have you smiling all the way to wherever you want to go. This car represents purely passionate motoring that every driver should be able to exploit **!**



# THE DAY OF RECKONING

**W**hen the court usher said, 'I'd just like to make you aware you face disqualification today,' I could feel the blood drain from my face like gin from an optic. I had been caught by an unmarked police motorcycle, while riding a brand-new KTM Super Duke 990 at 80.01 MPH in a rural 50 MPH zone that had previously been a 60 MPH zone. If it had been clocked at 79.99 MPH I'd have been dealt with at the roadside, given three points and a £60 fine. As it was, I was in court, as the accused, for the first time in my life. I'd been thrown into a fight for my licence and livelihood – and I had no legal representative.

Fortunately, I had prepared. I didn't know the court was going to view my indiscretion so dimly – but I managed to leave the courtroom with six points and a £380 fine. I don't think I got away lightly, by any means – but it was a better result than expected. What follows are six points that will help you evade banishment from the roads. If you're still not confident, a specialist lawyer will cost about £500. Good luck. You need a bit of that too.

## **BRAIN TRAINING**

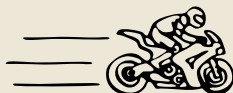
As soon as I was caught, I rang up a very reputable rider training organisation, which was staffed by serving and former police officers. I made sure they gave written reports and signed up for the next available course. As I suspected, my report was pretty good. It wasn't faultless, but it was good. During the day, in the company of a Class 1 motorcycle instructor on his day off, we rode at over 100 MPH in a 60, highlighting the complete hypocrisy of the system. Still, I had official paperwork showing that I wasn't a numptie and it demonstrated that I took my skill levels and rider training seriously. The idea was to show I had at least half a brain.

## **THE FIELD TRIP**

I visited the court I was due to appear in. Anyone can. If you get caught miles from home, make time to visit your local magistrate court to get a feel for the place. This will ensure you're not a rabbit in the headlights come the big day. Once there, you'll see the sorts of individuals that magistrates deal with on a daily basis. This gave me confidence. I assumed if I represented a different genus of human being than the knuckle draggers, I'd stand a chance.



## GARY INMAN LETS US IN ON SIX TECHNIQUES TO INVOKE YOUR VIRTUAL HALO AT THE GATES OF MAGISTRATE HELL



### THE LETTER OF THE LAW

Almost everyone tries getting a letter from their employer as evidence that they should not lose their licence. But you may as well give it a go. It helps if you rely on your licence to earn a living. It also helps if you use your licence to do benevolent community acts like taking old people to the doctors, taking kids to football or deliver shopping to the infirm. If you are a habitual speeder, it might be worth doing a few of these things just to get them in the bank to refer to later. And it's a neighbourly thing to do anyway and should be encouraged at all times. It'll give you a warm glow. No, really.

### MITIGATION STATION

Unless you're absolutely 100 per cent sure you've been wrongly accused, when it comes to speeding it's always better to 'fess up and take the punishment. Don't try the old 'Are you sure the speed gun was calibrated?' shtick. Fighting and losing is bad news. So plead guilty but ask to appear in court to state your case. This is where you present your mitigation. It's not making excuses, it's saying, honestly, anything that makes the offence sound not

quite so bad. Things like: your vehicle was recently serviced and tested; you've never been caught for speeding before; you regularly attend advanced driving courses; the weather and conditions were very good. Anything.

### CLOTHES MAKETH THE MAN

Only wear a suit if you look good in it. Don't think any old cheap whistle will make a good impression. It won't – especially if you're uncomfortable in it. I live in the sticks, so I dressed like a local in brown cords, brown brogues, smart shirt, tie and tweed jacket. I had a haircut too. The previous defendant was in a tracksuit top, baggy jeans and had self-dyed his hair. He was sent down.

### MANNERS COST NOTHING

Facing a magistrate is not the time to think you're James Dean. So eat humble pie. Apologise. Be contrite. Admit (however hard it might be) that you're very, very sorry. No begging though. Unless you're facing the electric chair ❶



# IMPREZA: AN ICON FOR ALL SEASONS

*Words by Michael Drake*

*Photography by Paul O'Connor*



Every petrolhead under the age of forty must have, at some time in their life, thought about purchasing a Subaru Impreza WRX. The genius of the Scooby brand-within-a-brand is that at almost every stage in the life of man (or woman, for that matter), buying into the 'Preza thing, could be seen as a sensible option. At time of writing, Subaru is reported to be reintroducing a classic four door saloon version of the WRX STI, which will quell calls for the return of the three-boxed legend.

Like a pop star who manages to reinvent himself every few years (and we're thinking David Bowie, here, rather than Kylie), there is an Impreza for every season.

There are, of course, purists out there who sneer at the car's current evolution – the hatchbacked concession to the realities of the global market, which has eschewed the classic configuration that secured the legend. Thanks to the rally successes of Colin McRae and the dissemination of its image via game consoles, the quaint, somewhat old-fashioned profile was always bound to emanate a powerful afterglow for its seasoned enthusiasts.

But even in its current manifestation the Impreza remains an enticing proposition, especially for a family man who loves to drive but need an accessible retail price, healthy residuals and sterling reliability.

If you do accept, though the current orthodoxy that the latest Imprezas have swapped the dynamicism and edginess of their older cousins for broader appeal, a quick blast in the 2009 WRX STi dispels the myth.

It takes five seconds on the pullaway. It has a top speed of over 150. The flat four beats out the rhythm of around 330 PS and each driven corner sticks to the road like a ninja to his prey.

So whether your preference is for four doors or five: hats off to an ever-evolving icon of the orient 🇯🇵

# ART FITZPATRICK:

ART FITZPATRICK, IN HIS WORK FOR THE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS OF AMERICAN CAR COMPANIES, CREATED SOME OF THE KEY IMAGES OF THE CHROME-CLAD DREAM OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE.



**Influx Magazine:** How conscious were you when you were creating the work that you were selling the American Dream?

**Art Fitzpatrick:** I can't remember when the "American Dream" became a capitalised term, but I don't recall it ever being used in any business meeting that I attended. But what we were doing was just that, selling it. I was always conscious of it. I'm a born firm believer that image is the primary factor in the purchase of an automobile, and every piece of evidence; research, anecdotal, or historical, reinforces my conviction. You'll never see smoking tires in my ads!

**IM:** How tight a brief did you receive from the manufacturers?

**AF:** None, other than to be technically correct, although I understood that, knowing my work would be reviewed after completion for technical accuracy, like having the proper number of headlights, or "streamline the keyhole cover". I forgot, the brief from S.E. "Bunkie" Knudsen at Pontiac was basically to transform their image from that of a "3rd grade school teacher's car" to one that was "socially acceptable". It went from 7th place in sales to 3rd place in less than two years.

# CHROME MADMAN

**IM:** Did you exaggerate the dimensions of the cars you were drawing?

**AF:** I prefer to use the term “enhanced”. I once wrote a piece for GM (when “Truth in Advertising” became a concern of the U.S. Senate) on this subject. I photographed a car. Same position/view with three different lenses, 35, 50, and 120mm. Photographers, for reasons that continue to escape me, were using long lenses, which shorten a car, making the rear wheel look bigger than the front ones. I always used a 35mm lens (wide angle). I made a pencil line drawing of an exact tracing of 35mm photo, and on another sheet over that did my “enhancing”. Every one it was tested on thought my “exaggerated” drawing looked more like the car than the exact tracing, and way more so than the 120mm lens photo.

**IM:** Did you visit respective locations you used with the cars and create the work from life?

**AF:** It's pretty hard to get a car parked in front of a café in Venice! That's true of most of our pictures. We shot all the locations then I shot all of the car photos on a turntable from a “cherry picker” bucket at the GM Tech Centre, or in my own driveway. I had company cars, most

of the time three of them. I only bought (at dealers' price) four cars in my 20 years with GM.

**IM:** How would you characterise the changes in the work between the late forties and the seventies?

**AF:** I'm not sure whether you are asking about my work, or car advertising in general. Mine improved as demand for my services increased my control of the choices of colour, including the cars, the car views, and the subject matter, from no background to complex illustrations. Doing as many as 5 different car ad campaigns at the same time pushed my creativity to make subtle differences in style and technique in how I painted cars.

**IM:** Do you think there will ever be room again for glamour in the selling of the motorcar?

**AF:** The title to one of my talks is “What Happened to the Pizzazz?” I deal with the starkly visible difference between what we were doing in 1973 and generally in auto advertising since then. I'm no longer privy to today's readership research results, but I'd sure like to know what it's saying, because it has all looked so much alike since then. One of the main reasons for that is the computer, both in the design of the

cars, and illustrating them for ads. The photographers put the artists out of business, and the computer put them out of business. The cars all look very much alike on the road, and the ads all look the same on the web, on TV, or in a magazine or newspaper. The ad look is the result of being able to take a car designed on a computer, rotate it to any view desired, and cover it with a grey (read “silver”) skin. Recent research says 47% of car shoppers say #1 reason for selection is image, prestige ... still by far the largest group, and as for brand loyalty, about that same percentage will leave a dealership and switch to another make if they can't find the colour they want! About 15 years ago when Toyota was contemplating a luxury car line they did a tremendous amount of research before picking up a pencil to create a car. They used Mercedes as their benchmark, dissecting both the car and its customers. #1 reason by far for buying ... image, prestige ... #4 was performance. Their history book for what became Lexus doesn't bother stating what #2 and #3 reasons were. The fact that they didn't bother to mention them is as interesting as their identity and rank. So unless we are all reduced (for whatever reasons) to driving Smart cars, yes, there has to be room for glamour ❶

[INFLUX.CO.UK/FITZ](http://INFLUX.CO.UK/FITZ)



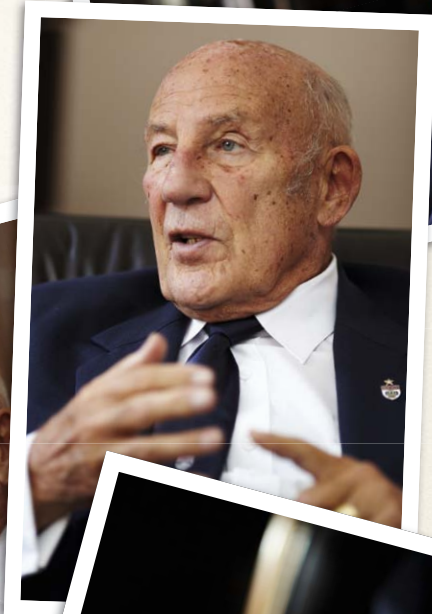
# INFLUX

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FROM GLOBAL LEGENDS TO LOCAL HEROES, WE MEET  
PEOPLE WITH PASSION FOR TWO WHEELS AND FOUR.

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# PEOPLE



**Sir Stirling Moss,  
Mayfair 2009.  
“Serenity is movement”**

PORTRAIT BY PAUL O'CONNOR



**Tony Williams, DS  
Somerset 2009.**  
“One thing about these  
Citroëns is that they  
are a great ride.”

PORTRAIT BY MICHAEL FORDHAM



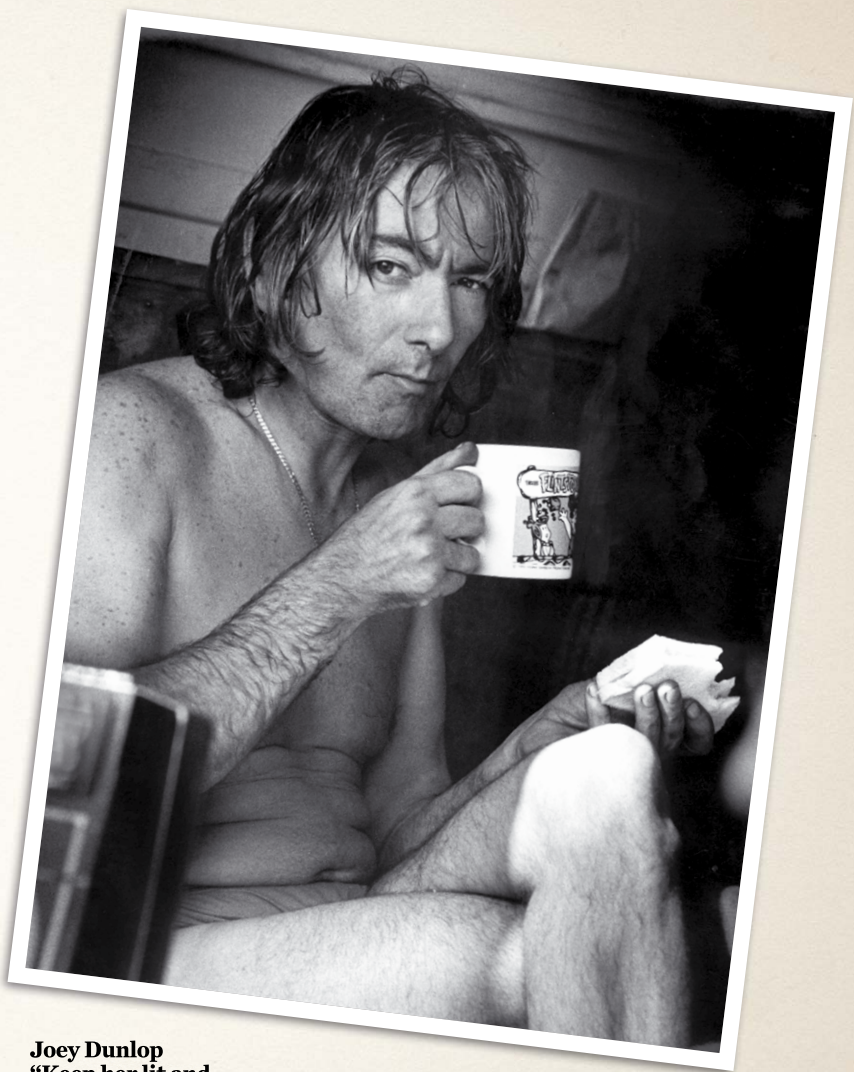
**Chris Ryan,  
Cornwall, 2010.**  
“My buggy isn’t a shiny  
gadget: it’s a bit nasty.”

PORTRAIT BY LIZ SEABROOK

**Mickey ‘Boy’ G,  
Suffolk, 2009.**  
“Never trust  
a hippy.”

PORTRAIT BY MICHAEL FORDHAM





**Joey Dunlop**  
**"Keep her lit and  
between the hedges."**

PORTRAIT BY STEPHEN DAVISON



**Mini Alex,  
Bath, 2009.  
“Minis will  
always be classic.”**

PORTRAIT BY MICHAEL FORDHAM



**Wayne Allman,  
Mental Breakdown,  
Shakespeare  
County 2009.  
“It’s a bit daft,  
but that’s the  
whole point.”**

PORTRAIT BY PAUL O’CONNOR





**Jaques Morley,  
Norfolk, 2010.**  
“I want to be as good  
as Jenson Button.”

PORTRAIT BY PAUL O'CONNOR



**Elsie Pinniger,  
Cornwall, 2010.**  
“My Marina Estate  
is perfect for hauling  
my surfboards”

PORTRAIT BY LIZ SEABROOK

FUTURE CLASSIC

# CAT POWER

*Words and photography by Michael Fordham*

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Unless you've been living under a rock in a particularly obscure corner of limbo these last five years, you will have noticed that Jaguar have been in the throes of something of a renaissance.

Designer Ian Callum has largely been at the helm of the noble brand's resurgence as a maker of well-bred, exciting yet practical vehicles. Callum's triumph is one of passion and vision. He has created the brand anew and the future for Jaguar is looking bright.

The XFR is shot through with the blend of edginess and refinement that has until now been the sole preserve of BMW's M5. It represents new heights of achievement for New Jag.

At the helm of this princely piece of English-bred iron you can not only rapidly waft a family of five the length of the country in supreme comfort, but also drop the kids off before scaring yourself senseless – all the while feeling kind of James Bond-ish

Turn off the driver aids, paddle shift with your twitching fingertips and feel the back end step out in dignified style with the slightest encouragement. The XFR is like a football hooligan clothed in the elegant garb of a Guards Officer.

It's this combination of English national archetypes that is sure to make this Jag an enduring classic ❶

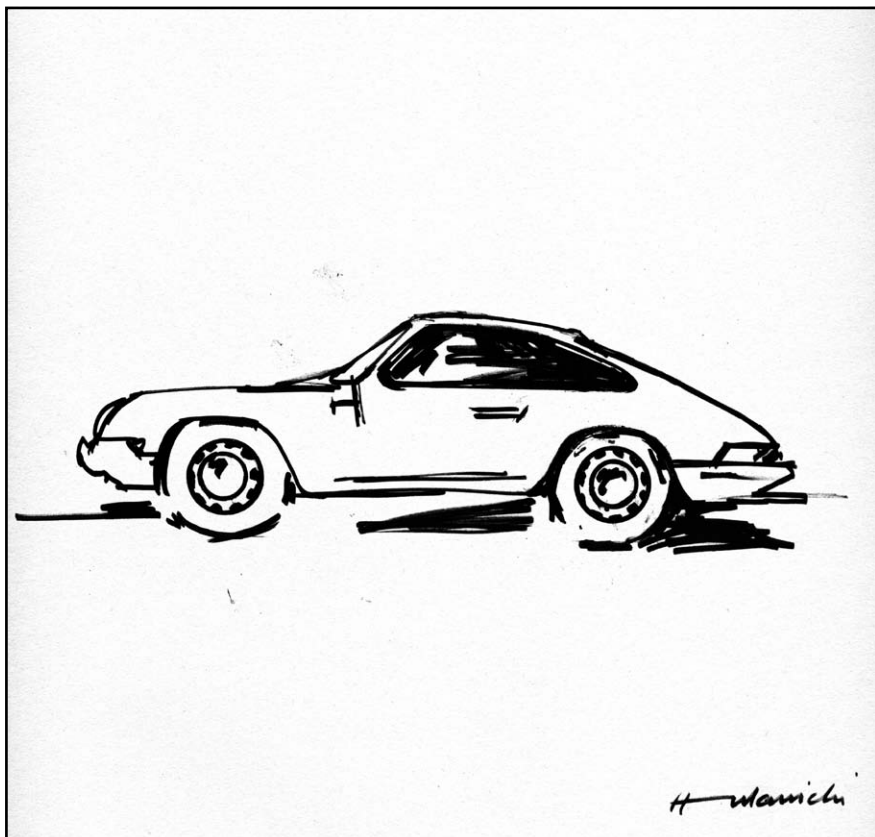




# EVOLUTION

THE PORSCHE 911 HAS RETAINED ITS ICONIC STATUS OVER FIVE DECADES - EVOKING ITS ERA LIKE FEW OTHER PRODUCTS. INFLUX COMMISSIONED FIVE ARTISTS TO RE-CREATE A 911 FOR ITS TIME.

*Words by Michael Drake*

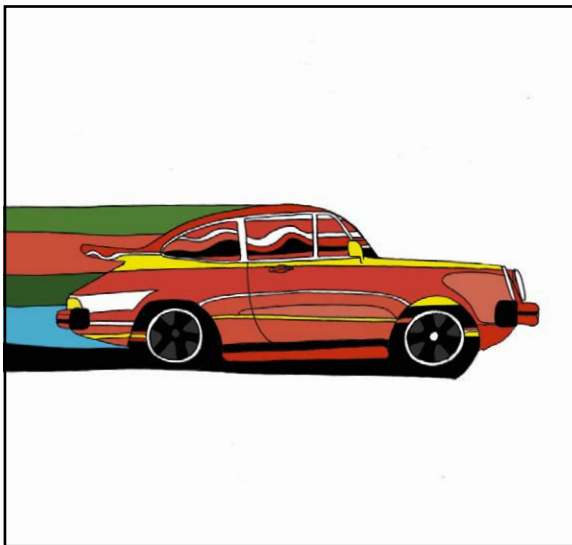


## 1963 911

*by Barbara Hulanicki*

When the 911 first appeared at the Frankfurt show in the autumn of 1963, it was slated as simply a better handling, sportier replacement of the 356. Little did anyone realise that the 911 would become a symbol of all the good things about postwar Germany – and an enduring totem of discerning automotive design. From the sixties to the nefarious noughties the 911 has continued to swing with its distinctive profile and a rear-mounted, flat six engine. ►





## 1974 911

*by Celyn Brazier*

1974. Mankind had had enough of landing on the moon, Patchouli oil eased the come down from years of psychedelic abuse. Glam rock was littering the airwaves and Britain had been plunged into the darkness of the three-day week. The hair and flared music might have meant to cheer us up, but Porsche meanwhile upped the 911 ante with the introduction of the RS. The more race - oriented aspect was an aesthetic development, but it was bolstered by extra power and reduced weight with a thinner-gauge steel and spartan interior. This car was fast, glamorous and almost absent from Britain's down-at-heel streets.

## 1979 911 TURBO (930)

*by Craig Robinson*

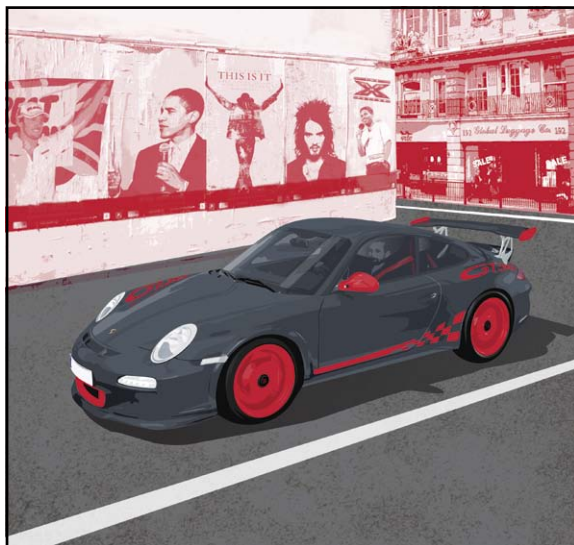
1979 was an epoch-making year. The decade to come would see some of the most tumultuous cultural fractures of the century, but at the end of the seventies the tectonic plates were starting to stir. In California a very young Bill Gates was negotiating his deal to sell Microsoft to IBM and Porsche introduced the first workable production turbocharger. Generations of young boys have since lusted after a Porsche Turbo, and every manufacturer has since attempted to ram the engines of its cars full of wheezy power. Porsche did it first, and, arguably, did it best.



## 1987 911 (959)

*By Arno*

In the mid eighties, greed was good and everything seemed possible. Gordon Gecko would have dug Group B Rally. And so did Porsche. So, the boys from Stuttgart began to develop a composite-shelled hypercar with twin turbos and trick suspension. It would have a dynamic design straight out of Battlestar Galactica. When it was finally released in 1987 the 959 retailed at around a quarter of a million US dollars, but the company still made a huge loss on each unit. Yes, this was the Veyron of its day. It remains an incredibly fast and typically outrageous child of its excessive times.



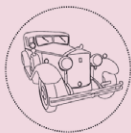
## 2010 911 GT3 RS

*by Jane Anderson*

2010. For many city folk the credit crunch never really materialised. Many escaped redundancy by switching from local derivative trading to a hedge fund management firm. Bonus back in place, they have decided to invest in the purest, meanest, most definitive Porsche 911 ever to have been produced. The GT3 RS brings together all the threads of the last forty-five years. There is purity of purpose in the latest 911. There is simplicity of design and exactitude of engineering. What's more, it's faster and more lairy than nearly all of the 911s that went before. Welcome to the future ❶

# • ROMAN •

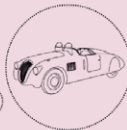
Words by John Coltrane



## THE FOUNDING FATHER

CARLO CASTAGNA. 1840 - UNKNOWN

Castagna started out as an apprentice at the prestigious Mainetta and Orseniga workshops in Milan, which was one of the main producers of coaches to European Royalty. When the patron of the company retired in 1849 Castagna took over the company, renaming it C. Castagna and C. Castagna's promenade carriages (the nineteenth century equivalent of open-top sports cars) were ostentatiously appointed, passionately conceived and meticulously constructed. Towards the end of the 1800s Ottolini and Ricordi, importers of Benz Quadricycles for Italy, commissioned the first motorised carriages from the master. Castagna set the benchmark that all other European *carrozzeria* aspired to, and therefore set the tone for Italian motoring for the entire twentieth century.



## THE AUTODIDACT

UGO ZAGATO. 1890 - 1968

Ugo Zagato's legacy is to have created a distinctive, instantly recognisable aesthetic based on lightweight, aeronautical-style bodies. Throughout the twentieth century the 'Z' appellation gave client cars a sleek, aerodynamic remix of the base design. Designs like the Alfa RL SS Torpedo through to the 1938 Lancia Aprilia Sport were shot through with the flowing lines of the modernist movement, and later models, like the Aston Vantage Zagato of the mid-eighties remain classics of uncompromised penmanship. Though the Zagato look will never be to everyone's taste, it remains unconventional and classic.

# • EMPERORS •

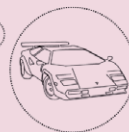
*Illustration by Jane Anderson*



## THE POPULIST

GIOVANNI MICHELOTTI. 1921 - 1980

In the fifties and sixties Michelotti was one of the most prolific Italian designers – having as many as thirty cars on display on various different stands at the Turin Motor Show of 1960. Whilst working for Vignale he designed the BMW 700 and 1500 Coupés which raised his and BMW's profiles greatly. Michelotti's innovation and foresight meant that he was the first western car designer to be hired by a Japanese company (he designed a car called the Contessa for the Hino company in 1959). He also worked extensively for Triumph, creating the '2000' series and developments like the Stag. Michelotti may not have had Gandini's flair for the jaw-dropping stylistic flourish, but was more responsible for disseminating the Milanese aesthetic than any other Italian designer of the century.



## THE GENIUS

MARCELLO GANDINI. 1938 - PRESENT

There was obviously something in the water in Turin during the summer of 1938. Gandini was Born on August 26, just nineteen days after his legendary collaborator and rival Giorgetto Giugiaro. Both pensmen would come to represent the apotheosis of twentieth century car design. When Giugiaro left *carrozzeria* Bertone in 1965 Gandini was offered his job. Controversy still rages as to which of the pair was ultimately responsible for the epoch-making Lamborghini Miura of 1968, but Gandini's early, bold statement was the introduction of the scissor door on the Alfa 33 Carabo concept, which was first shown at the Paris Motor Show at the time of the Miura launch. This, of course was one of the most distinctive elements of the Lamborghini Countach, Gandini's outrageous masterpiece 🏎️

# influx

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