

CHRISTOPHORUS
EDITION

Porsche Garages



DELIUS KLASING

it is karma

Rajendra Kumar Jain

Mit einem Lächeln
auf den Lippen taucht Raj
wieder in der Menge



**His home and his garage are separated by a distance of 4,469 miles.
Rajendra Kumar Jain lives and works in London.
But his Porsche 356 SC with license plate number MH 01 P 626 lives in
Mumbai — a long-distance love affair.**

Text: Srinivas Krishnan
Fotos: Bengt Stiller



Mit einem Lächeln auf den Lippen taucht Raj wieder auf den Lippen taucht Raj wieder

M

Mumbai — a throbbing powerhouse of a city, the epicenter of a world in which opportunities are no longer defined by geography. The city's high rises soar skyward, as do the dreams, aspirations, ambitions, and hopes of its twelve million inhabitants. Like all metropolises, Mumbai never sleeps. Yet every once in a while, and entirely unexpectedly, it can pause for a moment. Or at least for a second.

This is one of those moments. Fingers point. Eyes widen. Mouths open. Heads turn. Pedestrians stop in their tracks. Camera phones go into action. A fluid shape is approaching with that unmistakable engine sound emerging from the rear. It has a low-slung body and compact dimensions. In the sea of Maruti Suzuki vehicles on this street, it seems like a flying saucer from an alien civilization.

Everyone who sees this white Porsche stops what they are doing. The gesticulating traffic cop. The jaded driver of a black-and-yellow taxi. The harried housewife. The stressed-out executive. Even the busload of noisy schoolchildren falls silent.

In this hurly-burly city, few things surprise. There's very little that its people have not seen or heard. But this moment is an exception, and this car is something completely different: one of a kind and probably the only 356 SC still to be found in India. True, the country has an incredible number of classic cars. Private collections house exquisite examples of automotive coachwork built to the specifications of fabulously wealthy maharajas. But this 1965 Porsche with a boxer engine has no royal Indian provenance. It got here because its current owner, Rajendra Kumar Jain, who goes by the name Raj, once lost his way.

An objet d'art on wheels

Raj Jain actually lives and works in London. In keeping with India's love for abbreviations, he is an OCI cardholder. OCI stands for Overseas Citizenship of India, an official status for Indians residing outside the country. One of them is Raj, who holds a British passport and travels the world on business.

A dealer of art, antiques, collector's watches, and valuable curios with a shop on Bond Street in London's upscale Mayfair neighborhood, Raj Jain is no stranger to rare and beautiful objects. A classic Porsche feels as much at home in his garage as the copy of Antiques Trade Gazette does in his spacious southern Mumbai apartment with an impressive view of the sea.

Raj was not looking for a 356. The car found him. "It was karma," he says in his clipped British accent. It was meant to be. Sometime back in the early 1990s he was wandering through the halls of Christie's, the famous auction house. He happened to walk into the wrong room. "And I saw this beautiful, immaculate car." It was on auction for no reserve, meaning no minimum bid. "I instinctively raised my hand." There were other bidders, but none with real drive. Raj promptly bought the car, and for under a thousand pounds. A bargain, even then.

Instead of parking the car near his home in South Kensington, he shipped it to Mumbai. He usually goes there twice a year on business and to visit his family—and now to visit the Porsche too. This 356 is not the first of its type in India. The Maharaja of Sawantwadi is reported to have brought a rare pre-series model of the 356 A to the



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The antique dealer keeps the Porsche for his own pleasure. As he says, » This car was meant for me.«

country decades ago. Old photographs clearly show the car—but in the meantime it seems to have disappeared, so Raj considers himself the owner of the country's only known working 356. Like any exotic bird that thrives on attention, the car throws the odd tantrum. But mostly it runs smoothly.

To keep the Porsche in good working order, Raj used to have it thoroughly checked every two years by Barry Curtis, a renowned British specialist in 356s. Curtis would stay in Raj's home and work on the car in his well-equipped garage.

"Barry used to overhaul the engine, strip every part, every nut and bolt, and rebuild it," says Jain. "I installed an air conditioner in the garage so he could work even when it was extremely hot outside." Then, about two years ago, Barry passed away. The car still seems to miss him. Sometimes it refuses to start, on occasion it misfires, and it generally seems a bit sullen these days. As the keeper of the car's soul, Barry is memorialized on the cover of its engine fan in the form of his calling card. Made of extremely thin metal and embossed with his name, it adds a very individual touch.

With a smile on his lips, Raj dives right into the organized chaos of traffic in Mumbai. For anyone new to this melting pot of religions, languages, and cultures, the city can seem bizarre and bewildering. But its magic takes hold as soon as you meet Mumbai's residents and discover their gift for making just about anything possible.

Raj guides the car and its 95 horsepower through the slalom course of lanes with evident pleasure, while attracting no little attention in the process. He leaves the noisy main streets and enters a series of tree-lined lanes with small, ornate tea shops. Only when darkness falls do heads stop turning, and shortly thereafter the Porsche 356 SC returns to its garage. Raj gazes at it for a long time, takes a seat in front of the open garage door, and remarks, "This car was meant for me." •



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Back to Basics

Achim Anscheidt

Mit einem Lächeln
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Bugatti's design director Achim Anscheidt works in Wolfsburg. On weekdays he travels by bicycle, train, or Golf GTI. But on weekends he drives his 911.

Text: Srinivas Krishnan
Fotos: Bengt Stiller



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T

The silver Porsche rolls across the sidewalk and into a car lift with bright green lighting at the base of the building. A soft click, a hum, and the car starts ascending to the fifth floor. Here in the Berlin district of Kreuzberg, that would be enough to give it an excellent view of the city. Up on the car loft, Achim Anscheidt parks his Porsche on the loggia and turns to his other baby—a vintage vehicle that he has been restoring for ten years now. It is a Bugatti, a Type 35 from the 1920s. Anscheidt has been tracking down the original parts and fitting them together like a puzzle. It started with the ignition, wheels, and lights. He's now at 60 percent—the drivetrain is still missing, for instance. He is a well-known figure in the exclusive DIY community, and people keep an eye out for what is still needed to put the former thoroughbred racing car from Molsheim back into action. His second project is a Porsche 911 SC from 1981 that he restored together with car body maker Willi Thom in a northern neighborhood of Berlin. He stripped it and reduced it right down to the essentials. The car has no back seat, heating system, radio, or paneling. Fabric straps have replaced the door handles. Simple toggle switches operate the lights and wipers.

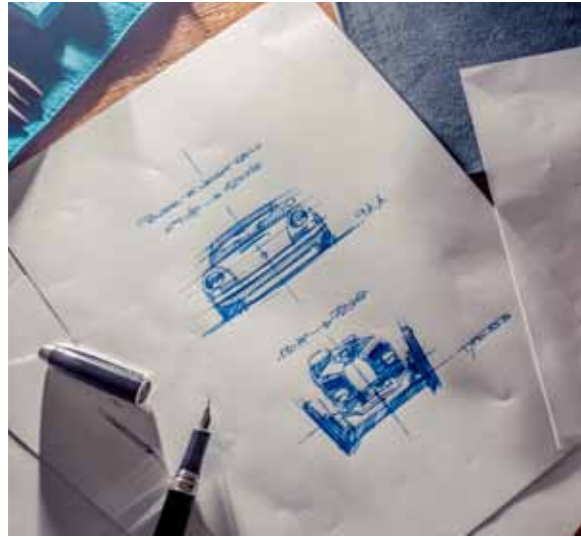
What Anscheidt finds especially appealing about his 911 is the reduction in form. "It's been fascinating to dismantle this car a number of times, and to use only the quintessential parts in putting it back together. At some point I also grasped how you can work in targeted ways with lightweight materials to achieve an interesting performance-to-weight ratio," he remarks. While shaping the Chiron—the fastest, most powerful, and most luxurious series-produced super sports car in the world—as the head of design at Bugatti, he was pursuing a completely different vision with his Porsche 911, which he describes

as "back to the basics." "My idea was to eliminate everything that is superfluous to the dynamics in order to attain an intriguing power-to-weight ratio. In stylistic terms the result is minimalist, and at 1,807 pounds it's as light as my personal framework would allow. As far as the driving dynamics are concerned, it's like a go-kart." Anscheidt's voice is calm, with a lightly rolling "r" that betrays his roots in the Swabian region of Germany although he spent long periods abroad and has lived for the last twelve years in Berlin's Mitte district.

On this Wednesday, Anscheidt is wearing Red Wing boots, jeans with the cuffs turned up, a discretely patterned shirt, vest, and a freestyle bowtie. It's the day of the week when he works with his team in Berlin instead of commuting to Wolfsburg on the Intercity-Express. Frenchman Etienne Salomé, the 30-something head of interior design at Bugatti, attests that his boss has a motivational leadership style, an extraordinary feel for the brand, and a "meticulous eye for detail"—which applies to his personal style as well.

Anscheidt produces a royal blue fountain pen and quickly sketches frontal views of his Type 35 and his 911 for his visitors. "Ettore Bugatti and Ferdinand Porsche were technical perfectionists. They were pioneers in seeking superior power-to-weight ratios, and in finding the sophisticated solutions to match."

Anscheidt takes a long view of design, which is essential in this particular field of work. At 53, he has been at Bugatti for twelve years. In addition to working on versions of the Veyron, he has spent ten years on what could be a second super car for Bugatti. For a while it wasn't clear when or even if the Chiron would come onto the market. "You have



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»If the 911 doesn't see enough action, it gets testy.«

to have confidence in the Group and a clear vision of the valuable substance and potential perspectives for our brand. But in contrast to mass-produced cars, a Bugatti has to be an icon of automotive engineering and still be perceived as authentic in 20, 30, or 50 years," he says. Ansheidt had worked for Volkswagen in Spain for eight years, near Barcelona in the beautiful coastal town of Sitges, before assuming new responsibilities at the Volkswagen Advanced Design Center in Potsdam. Two of his daughters live in Spain, and the youngest is in Berlin.

The Chiron—which is the most valuable and powerful street-legal super sports car and which can accelerate to 300 km/h (approximately 185 mph) in 13 seconds—celebrated its premiere this past spring at the Geneva Motor Show. "These days, even we designers only rarely get a chance to test the prototype. Which is too bad, because its accelerative power is an incomparable experience even for real sports car enthusiasts." For the Chiron, Ansheidt employed a different type of reduction program, including interpreting the old design adage of "form follows function" somewhat more strictly as "form follows performance." As he describes it, "The major design features of the Chiron are born of technical necessity and reflect the enormous increase in power over its predecessor. This focused approach distills the sculpture of a Chiron to an authentic design statement."

When Ansheidt drives his Porsche out of the garage in Berlin and onto the cobblestone streets toward Warsaw Bridge, you quickly understand what he loves about his 911. The car handles very directly, is incredibly agile, and conveys its character to the driver. "Unfortunately it spends too much time in the garage, because I only rarely get a chance to drive it during the week. And if it doesn't see enough action, it can get a little testy," Ansheidt sighs, as we drive past the Kater Blau Club, which now occupies the site of the legendary Bar25.

Ansheidt's love of his reductionist Porsche is related to a passion he pursued before becoming an automotive designer, namely, motorcycle trials.

A talent for motorcycle driving clearly runs in the family; Achim Ansheidt's father Hans Georg made a name for himself winning three world championship titles in the 1960s as a factory driver for the Suzuki company. With his father's support, Achim started entering trials at the age of 12—and ended up winning a German junior championship title. After completing high school, he went on to display his acrobatic prowess at ever more major events, traveling throughout Europe to do so. You can get an idea of that period of his life from a 10-minute YouTube clip entitled Early Achim Ansheidt. "At first, my father was not exactly thrilled with the idea of sacrificing studies in mechanical engineering to what was essentially a circus life, but he came around once he saw the enthusiastic response to these feats." At about the same time, Ansheidt discovered his love of design and of freehand drawing. As a result, he began studying automotive design in Pforzheim.

And what inspired him to change careers? "It was very clear to me that you can't drive motorcycles on into old age. In my fifth semester I met Harm Lagaaij, who was the head of the Porsche design department at the time. He encouraged my endeavors, and made it possible for me to get a scholarship to the ArtCenter College of Design in Pasadena. Afterwards, I was able to start working as a designer at the Style Center in Weissach in 1994. I learned from the great designers of the time—an incredible experience, for which I will always be grateful to Harm."

That, of course, makes it all the more understandable why Ansheidt drives a Porsche in his private life.



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The big wave

Robby Naish

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He's ridden them all. The small, the big, and the biggest of all. Robby Naish is the king of the waves in Hawaii. But outside his element, he's shy.

Text: **Helene Laube**
Fotos: **Marc Urbano**



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R

Robby Naish stands bare-chested in the water. His element. Or so one might think. Yet it is not the lukewarm waters of the beach in Maui that slosh around his legs. As we arrive, the windsurfing legend and 24-time world champion is standing in his flooded garage and looking a bit peeved. A defective water pump had caused the well to overflow the night before. Again.

Such is life off the grid amid the lush green of the North Shore of Maui. The king of the reef is on squeegee duty now, and he'll have to arrange to have thousands of gallons of water trucked in until the well is fixed too. But when you live on a 74-acre patch of land with an unadulterated view of the Pacific, coconut palms, and trees abounding in bananas, papayas, lemons, and limes, you roll with the punches. Naish and his wife Katie moved to their wind- and water-dominated paradise some eleven years ago. "I wanted to buy a piece of Hawaii," says Naish. "Before it's all gone."

Naish's garage—a barn made of green corrugated metal—is a microcosm of his passions: surfing and cars. Lined up against the walls, alongside sails and wishbone booms, are dozens of surfboards. Historic boards from Quiksilver—a few with Porsche decals—Mistral, and, of course, Naish, his company, which the windsurfing pioneer has turned into one of the biggest manufacturers of material for windsurfing, kiteboarding, surfing, and paddleboarding. Naish began windsurfing at the age of eleven, after his family moved from California to Hawaii when he was four years old. At age thirteen he became the youngest windsurfing world champion in history. No one has ever dominated the sport the way he did; later he went on to have an impact on kitesurfing and was involved in the development of numerous technical innovations. Today, at 52, he still rides

towering waves and sails through the air as often as he can. Occasionally he even takes to the waves in competitions.

Notwithstanding the surfing gear, a tractor, a go-kart, and two four-wheelers, the barn still has plenty of space for Naish's other passion. Exhibit A is the 2012 Silver Grey 911 Carrera S with the Sport Chrono package. "When it comes to the feeling of driving combined with the power, Porsche is in a class of its own," gushes Naish. "I love the design integrity that Porsche has maintained down through the decades and that you can drive them in races without having to change a thing. Every manufacturer does races, but the amount of work they have to do with their cars before they're ready to go..."

Exhibit B is the 1977 911 S. The Iris Blue body sparkles with an exuberance to match the Pacific and the sky above. Naish bought it in California in 1987 and has been modifying it ever since. "The car's a bastard, nothing's original." Among other things, he outfitted the 911 with a "wide body" slantnose, a 3.0-liter, 230-hp (169-kW) big-bore engine, a Weber dual carburetor, a racing clutch, and Simmons racing wheels. That the 38-year-old body of the 911 looks like new is due in part to its well-protected shelter in the garage, but also to the fact that Robby cares for it like one of his boards. He starts the engine and does a mini-lap in front of the barn. A startled pheasant bolts out of the bushes and disappears in the tall grass. Naish hasn't driven more than 3,900 miles in the car. Sell it? Never. "Even if it didn't have an engine, I would still sit down in front of it every day and just look at it."

Alas, Naish can't really take his sports car out for a proper spin. It's the curse of Maui, the most beautiful of the eight main Hawaiian islands. At 727 square miles, Maui is just



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» You feel the connection, you become one. Always in search of the ideal line — I love that feeling.«

under half the size of Rhode Island and has few roads suitable for speedsters. There are no freeways, and the only racetrack was shut down ten years ago. You can't drive faster than 55 mph anywhere anyway. In most places, the speed limit is 35 mph or lower. The few highways, the roads hugging the breathtaking coastline, and the numerous winding mountain roads are heavily traveled, both by the locals and the leisurely throngs of tourists. "You can never drive fast for an hour here. But you might be able to drive for an hour and have a few brief exciting moments here and there, when you have the chance to take two or three corners in a row without disturbance." Naish, whose eldest daughter Nani has made him a grandfather, especially recommends Route 37, which wends its way up to the crater of the 10,000-foot volcano Haleakalā. "I drive up there probably once a year," says Naish, squinting as he looks up at the volcano.

The hassle with the well has stoked Naish's hunger. He wants to grab a bite to eat, but first he wants to show us his second garage. We drive along behind him and his 911 Carrera S through a series of potholes up to Hāna Highway, where the pace picks up on our way to Haiku. This unassuming town is the home of the Naish company, as well as a small house owned by Naish. The driveway is dominated by a Ford F-650, a five-ton colossus that Naish used to drive around every day. "I like trucks, but at some point it just got ridiculous to drive that thing around all the time." Whenever he goes surfing, he packs his boards and sails into his inconspicuous Chevy Sonic, which looks like a toy car next to his monster truck.

The car in the second garage is the polar opposite of inconspicuous: a bright yellow Evans Series One from 1991. A street-legal race car from John Evans, a small-volume manufacturer in Scottdale, Georgia. Only two were made. But he concedes that he very rarely drives it, because—and here is the great contradiction with this world-famous windsurfing star who has been photographed and filmed hundreds of thousands of times: "I'm shy and introverted,

not very social, and I honestly don't really enjoy having people around me. But looking at my cars, anyone would think I was some totally idiotic show-off." He just loves cars, he says simply. His favorite time to drive around the island is at three in the morning, when the roads are empty and no one sees him.

For all that, Robby Naish is anything but standoffish, as we find confirmed once again when we get to Haiku. The man with sun-bleached locks and deep blue eyes, buff bod in shorts and flip-flops—the very epitome of a surfer—greet the locals cheerily. He wants to eat at the modest fast-food restaurant in town, a Chinese place with the air of a McDonald's, where everything is served in Styrofoam. No one cranes their necks to get a look at him here. Naish downs his double cheeseburger and fries and soon we're off to Ho'okipa, arguably the most renowned windsurfing beach in the world.

Low-hanging clouds cast a gloomy pall on the sky, combining with the turbulent water to create a beautifully wild palette of grey, blue, and green. A few wave-riders are bobbing about on the boards far off shore, but otherwise there's no one around. Naish parks his 911 on the shoulder, gets out of the car, and scans the Pacific. "Yesterday I kitesurfed here for a couple hours completely alone; there was no one else on the water—it was awesome. The weather was really bad: clouds, gusts, big surf—the waves were three times as high as they are now." Ideal conditions for a master. It starts to sprinkle. "Liquid sunshine," says Naish with a grin before taking his leave with a warm Aloha. He climbs into his 911 and waits patiently until he can slot into a spot in the dense traffic on Hāna Highway.



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