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## Once Porsche passion grabs hold, it doesn't let go

**Pablo Deferrari**

Friday, January 03, 2014

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My wife and I were leaving our local Home Depot one morning in the 911 after an exhaustive hour looking for radiator pipe escutcheons (the little chrome, round thingy that covers the hole around the pipes of a heating radiator). Suddenly, something magical happened.



For Pablo Deferrari, Porsche passion began with the sight and sound of a Minerva Blue 911 Turbo.

As I fired up the beastly flat-6, a man with two little boys in tow was walking behind us.

Watching them in the rear-view mirror, I noticed one little boy had his neck craned 180 degrees as they walked away from us and closer to the store — he just wouldn't take his eyes off the car.

I nudge my wife and said, "Honey, look, look, look! See that little guy? That's how it all starts."

I've noticed this sort of thing a few times, more so when driving a vintage Porsche. It's something different, slightly out of place in the minds of young kids and adults alike. Far removed from the soulless rolling Clorox bottles on the road today looking like they've all come from the same manufacturer, vintage Porsches look and sound like no other. But there's more to it than that.

Something deep in the brain triggers certain individuals to engage in a life-long obsession that slowly builds momentum like a freight train right up to the point where it borders on insanity.

For me, it was somewhere between drawing my first breath in this world and acquiring a keen taste for eating glue that something magical happened. No, it wasn't the discovery of girls — that bit came later. It was the sight of my first Porsche.

Wait, let me rephrase that. It was the *sound* of my first Porsche as it approached me, followed by a blur of blue flanked with bulbous fenders and a tray-looking thing affixed to its rump. That was it. That was the moment that changed me forever.

I didn't know it yet, but that delicious mechanical cacophony accented by the unmistakable whine of that huge fan was a 911 Turbo — in Minerva Blue. That was all it took. I'm now plagued by an incurable disease that instantly makes me twitch and drool all over myself at the sight or sound of anything Porsche. At one point, I didn't really know how I could lead a productive life this way.

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For someone else, something as innocent as a toy or picture may have ignited this passion. Whether it's a pedal car, a Matchbox car or some magazine, it makes no difference; that facsimile of the real thing or image of one might have been the kiss that ignited your soul.

I used to think passionate people possessed some sort of character flaw, you know the sort. Be it Rimbaud or Dali, Jane Goodall or Ingrid Newkirk, they all seemed to have or have had the inability to care about nothing else but their craft, making them incredibly boring, intense, fearful people.

But now I completely understand this whole business of passion because it's caught me in its delicious web. You see, all along it's been building up momentum, maturing, waiting for the right moment to burst out, and then bam! You get it.

And hell, I've got it good. I've consumed everything ever written about every model. I know Porsche history more than any other history I've ever studied.

Every executive, designer, engineer, racer and factory worker has become a close acquaintance of mine in my own head. Dr. Ernst Fuhrmann, Jürgen Barth, Roland Kussmaul and Anatole Lapine are the original "Fantastic Four."

While cycling, running, or walking, I envision driving our Porsches on that pavement. I go out to the garage at night and just stare at every curve, from every angle. I run my hand down the flanks of our 928, then over to the 944; I save my last caress for the 911, her curves so seductive.

I lovingly clean every part during any repair, marveling at the engineering precision while I do. I sit in the cockpit and blip the throttle to hear the engine roar in tandem with the fluctuating tachometer, oil pressure and level gauges.

I practice my German just to read every sticker in the engine compartment. I sketch new build ideas keeping true to the original lines and how the factory would have done it.

I've begun my mission of collecting one of every model ever made starting with the slightly unloved ones first. Everyone in the parts department of our local Porsche dealer knows me by name and recognizes my voice over the phone.

I've collected every brochure of every model made since I could walk — and every Porsche periodical. I've even started my own magazine to share all of this information, the passions and visions I've amassed over my lifetime.

I could go on, but I won't.

Am I a social misfit? Sure, but so are the other passionate sorts I've met along the way, and it's cool because we all share the same secret to a meaningful life that just doesn't have enough hours in its days. If it gets you up in the morning eager to start your day and do what you love, what can be better?

That's Porsche passion.

I'll grow old, forget how to use the toilet and not realize that I need to wear trousers for a trip



Something as innocent as this 928 toy may have ignited your Porsche passion. Whether it's a pedal car, a Matchbox car or some magazine, it makes no difference; that facsimile of the real thing or image of one might have been the kiss that ignited your soul.

to the boozier to fetch a bottle of Night Train, but I'll never forget what I saw that day as a 10-year-old kid and how it changed my life. That memory will be forever burned deep inside the folds of my brain.


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### About the Author



A dyed-in-the wool, air-cooled 911 junkie, Pablo Deferrari doesn't discriminate against other Porsches. He is fascinated by the company, the people behind these great machines and how every model's existence had unmistakable DNA from the model before it. The stories behind each car and how they all in some way saved Porsche from the brink of extinction inspires him honor their place in its history by saving them one at a time.

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