

FULL COURT PRESS

LEFT: Racing exec Max Mosley meets the media; British tabloids made the most of his fetish session with five prostitutes—all caught on tape.

WHIPPING BOY

Which was most painful for the motor sport mogul? Getting spanked by a gang of Nazi-costumed hookers? Reading about it in the tabloids? Or reminding everyone about his family's Hitler-loving past? By Phoebe Eaton

WORLD
ALBUM AND
HOOKERS
FOR EVERY
READER!

F1 BOSS HAS
SICK NAZI
ORGY WITH
HOOKERS

NEWS OF THE WORLD, March 10, 2008

He's the multi-millionaire king of Grand Prix racing. In public he rejects father's evil past, but secretly he plays Nazi sex games

EXCLUSIVE
NEVILLE THURLBECK
NAZI Formula One chief Max Mosley is today captured taking a sick orgy with five hookers

FASTEST SLAP
SO SICK
IN CHAINS
TAKE ZATI!

SINISTER

Evil father w
Hitter wann

Shadow

NEWS OF THE WORLD
 April 6, 2008
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Mucca strips bare
THE UNSEEN PICTURES
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EXCLUSIVE: MOSLEY HOOKER TELLS ALL

MY NAZI ORGY WITH F1 BOSS

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 Terms and conditions apply

KIDNAP: Shannon, 9
Shannon's dad fights for custody
EXCLUSIVE
 Victim Shannon

Sick games WERE like death camps
 REALITY: Concentration camps

Disturbing

SINISTER

Evil father w
Hitter wann

Shadow

BY NEVILLE THURLBECK
ONE of five hookers at Formula 1 boss Max Mosley's infamous Nazi-style orgy has revealed all about the scandal that this week rocked the world of motor racing.
 The vice girl told how Mosley, 67-son of Britain's notorious wartime fascist leader Sir Oswald, ordered her to dress up in German military uniform and bark orders at him as he was flogged till he bled. He also bellowed orders in German and spoke English in a bizarre five-hour S & M orgy in a London dungeon.
 She told us: "He filmed the whole thing on video camera to enjoy again later. And it's not the first time he's hired us to satisfy his kinky lust."
 ● FULL STORY: Pages 4, 5, 6 & 7

S&M tapes expose his lies

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Max Mosley took Friday afternoon off. The postcard stretch of redbrick apartment houses along London's Chelsea Embankment, with their vestigial porter

bells, was a mere five minutes' ramble from his home, and he paid no attention to street numbers as he unlatched the country-village gate and rustled down a spiral staircase to the basement apartment. From the minute-and-a-half-long video documenting the occasion, a viral Internet phenomenon now viewed by millions, one instinctively concludes that Mosley had been to Flat B before.

"A gentleman lives downstairs," says the man in Flat 1 over the intercom. There is potting soil on his balcony, anticipating spring daffodils, hyacinths. In Flat 1 lives a man who cares how things look to the

black book >22

NEWS OF THE WORLD, April 6, 2008

PERVERSIONS OF F1 SUPREMACY

CAMP LUST

LIES

LIAM GOODMAN

HO

MAX DEATH

The so-called Nazi element is pure invention.

neighbors. Told what had recently transpired below decks, where the curtains are still fully drawn and spent cigarettes slowly degrade in a jar on a ledge outside, there is genuine surprise. No one was paying attention to the goings-on in Flat B, and therein was Flat B's charm.

Days before, Flat B had made the front page of the world's best-selling English-language newspaper. FI BOSS HAS SICK NAZI ORGY WITH 5 HOOKERS read the honking-horn headline on the cover of the *News of the World*, aka, the *News of the Screws*,

a tabloid historically celebrated for its sting operations, especially those involving *screws*—prostitutes—and public figures. The headline was immediately inaccurate: Though he began his career as consigliere to Formula One Racing overlord Bernie Ecclestone, one of the richest men in England, Max Mosley is actually head of the Paris-based Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA), which polices all motor sports down to trucks and rally cars. It is Mosley who comes up with the rules and renders judgments and penalties. And it is Mosley who on this spring day, spent five hours being punished and dispensing punishment in the Flat B "sex dungeon."

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o those who know Mosley—the younger son of Sir Oswald Mosley and Lady Diana Mosley, Britain's most notorious wartime Nazi sympathizers—the 68-year-old projected a granite-gray probity, a Doric-pillared stateliness. But in his Flat B fantasy life, Max Mosley was going to prison—as he had numerous times before. Understand: Max Mosley *enjoyed* going to prison, and paid good money—£2,500—for the privilege. Upon arrival in Flat B, he was immediately ordered to undress by the barking middle-class voices of stewardess-beautiful women.

"You are going to be punished, to be shown how we treat prisoners in our facility," Mosley's mock-interrogation began. He submitted to a lice check. His bottom was shaved. He was variously shackled and manacled and trussed in chains. His tormentor, leggy, expensively blonde, and ready to go to work in a muscle tee and stiletto boots—a dominatrix

PLAYING WITH FIRE

Spanking entrepreneur—and Mosley intimate—Leia-Ann Woods.

At one point, Mosley broke into Colonel Klink German: "Zey need more of ze punishment, I think."

force jacket. He whipped three damsels in Halloween-costume prison stripes whom the *News* described as Mosley's "concentration-camp inmates." One was subjected to the tawse, a fray-tailed Scottish belt with a certain underground following. *Umdrehen*, Mosley said softly. "Turn around."

One girl complained she couldn't follow the story line. Mosley broke into Colonel Klink German: "Zey need more of ze punishment, I think." When he whacked one participant, the *News of the World* giddily reported, he counted off the strokes: "Eins! Zwei! Dreil..." Mosley thus aroused, sex begat more sex, according to the paper, and then some "unnatural acts." And finally: a nice mug of tea.

Now the world's whipping boy, Mosley, who refused to be interviewed, is suing the *News of the World*, claiming invasion of privacy and asking unlimited damages. He calls the *News*'s Nazification of events "completely untrue." The *News* is now calling for Mosley's head, thundering that this "grotesque sexual deviant" needs to step down in the public interest and citing Article 27, Section E (5) of the FIA's statutes, which essentially says that people who "have inflicted moral injury" by their "words, deeds, and writings" can be booted from the FIA's ranks. It is Max Mosley's job to enforce this very rule. Still Mosley is hanging on, after a June ruling from the FIA's board allowed him to continue until his term is up in October 2009.

"We will be defending these proceedings *robustly*," says the newspaper's lawyer, Tom Crone. A camera concealed in one woman's bra is believed to have yielded the two hours of footage. Crone refuses to address whether the girl was paid for her story. (A former *News* editor ventures that she probably earned only about £10,000.)

HITTING BOTTOM

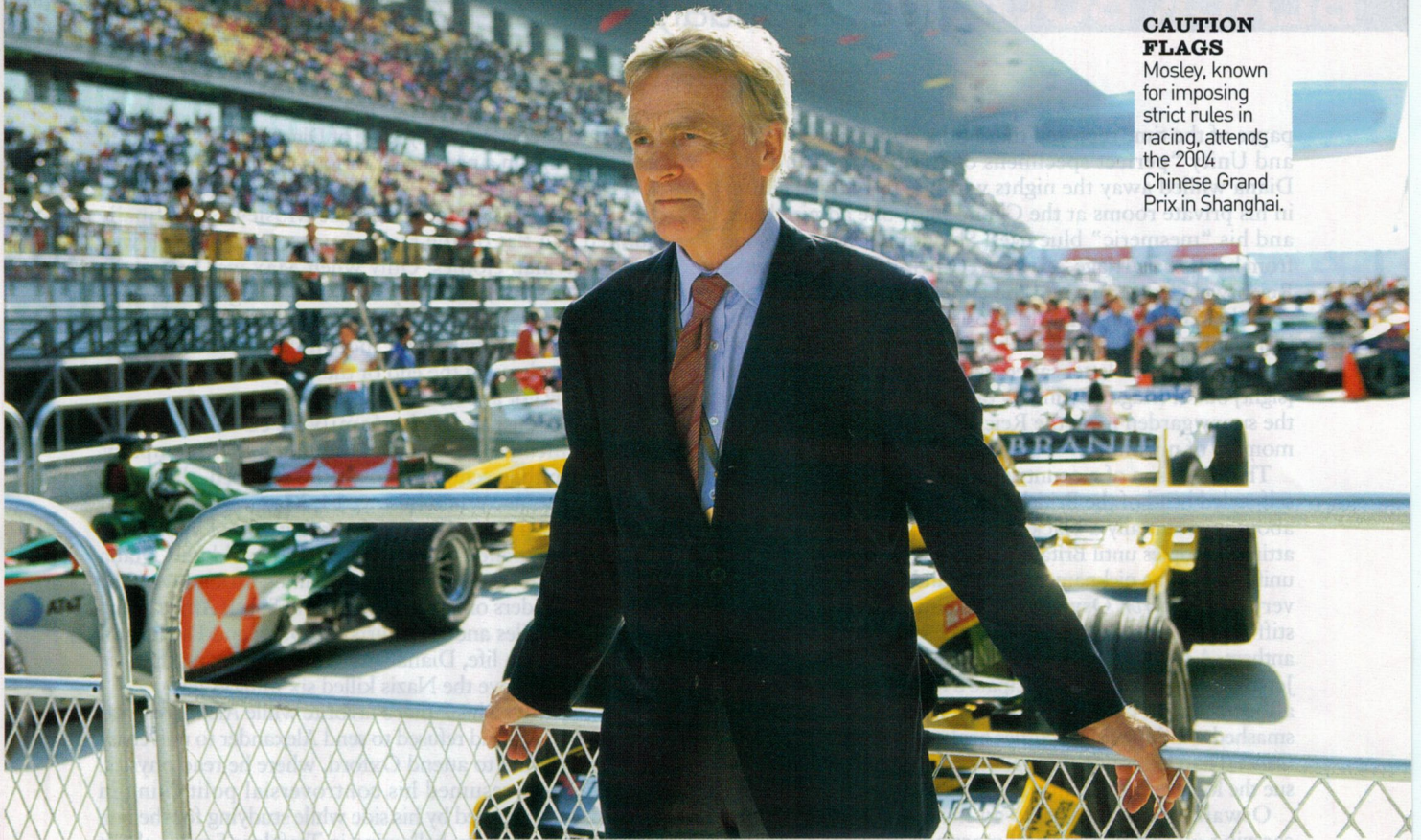
LEFT TO RIGHT: Mosley enters Flat B for his afternoon of kink; he looks on as a "prisoner" is punished; the press savored the details.



Clockwise from top: Billy Allan/Monkeywizzle Photography; LIAM GOODMAN (3)

CAUTION FLAGS

Mosley, known for imposing strict rules in racing, attends the 2004 Chinese Grand Prix in Shanghai.



At an engagement party at the Earl of So-and-So's London digs, as in many of England's drawing rooms, they are still sniggering about Max Mosley's "Nazi party": "Five tarts? Well that's just greedy, isn't it?" one whiskey drinker blusters. "The whole family's a bit barking, really," another mumbles. A few here are friendly with Jonathan Guinness, one of Mosley's four elder half-brothers, a man of "very exotic political views," in one typical assessment. (Guinness was famously quoted suggesting to the press that murderers in prison should be left a razor blade in their cells so they could "do the decent thing." He later claimed that he was only encouraging them to shave.)

Max Mosley's family—above all his hatted-and-pearled wife of 48 years, Jean, and their two grown sons, Alexander and Patrick—are understandably mortified. "We never see him, so we won't be talking about it," says Verity Mosley, the wife of Max's half-brother Nicholas. "We want the least publicity possible."

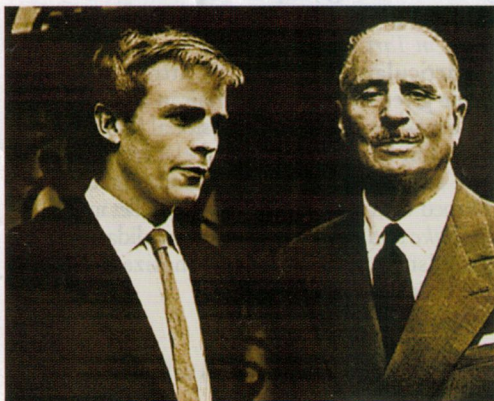
Years ago one might have seen Max Mosley at the nightclub Annabel's, or at the upstairs gambling den the Clermont Club. He was so fastidious, so well attired, such the quintessential English gentleman that, in truth, some men in this drawing room wondered whether he might be gay.

(They were so wrong.) Not that Nazis aren't droll fellows in the right context: Hadn't decorator Nicky Haslam once showed up at a charity premiere dressed like a Nazi storm trooper? Hadn't Prince Harry reported to a friend's "fancy dress" birthday bash wearing a makeshift Nazi uniform with a swastika armband?

It turns out, for this crowd, it isn't so much the Luftwaffe jackets or the hookers but the spectacle of the beatings that singes the eyelashes. There are men here, wrapped and beribboned products of the British public school system, who'd been traumatically flogged and flogged again. But Max Mosley had never shuffled through Britain's better public schools. He'd been refused admission—because of his parents.

Max's mother, Diana, was the most beautiful of the six writerly Mitford sisters. She was also a Germanophile, as so many still were before World War II—a Hitler groupie. Hitler was viewed as the man who'd hobbled the German Communist Party, who'd done away with the labor unions strangling the country.

"Do you really think the Führer might come here? I thirst only for a glimpse of him," she wrote her little sister Unity in 1937, dateline Berlin. A British *black book* >24



SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mosley with his father, Oswald, former head of the British Union of Fascists, in 1962; his mother, Diana Mitford, in 1933, and with her sister Unity, with whom she shared an affection for Adolf Hitler.

paper of the time reported that Hitler had declared Diana and Unity “perfect specimens of Aryan womanhood.” Diana whiled away the nights with the insomniac Führer in his private rooms at the Chancellery. She admired him and his “mesmeric” blue eyes. She bought her two sons from her first marriage—to brewery heir Bryan Guinness—Reichswehr uniforms, and the Führer was there when she secretly married Sir Oswald Mosley, her second husband, in Joseph and Magda Goebbels’s living room. The next day she wrote in a letter salted with German that “the *blick* [sight] out of Magda’s window of the Führer walking across the sunny garden from the Reichskanzlei was the happiest moment of my life.”

The eldest son of a country baronet, Sir Oswald was the self-styled head of the British Union of Fascists, peacocking about in essentially a black fencing costume with similarly attired groupies until Britain passed a law banning political uniforms. Diana nicknamed her husband “The Leader”—her very own *Führer*. Oswald’s Blackshirts shared the same stiff-armed salute with the Nazis, the same melody as their anthem. A neighborhood visited by the Blackshirts—often the Jewish East End—could anticipate a teatime blast of rhetoric about “Jewish corruption” from loud-speakered vans, smashed windows, and scuffles broken up with truncheons. Oswald had his critics, throughout his life never hesitating to sue the local papers for libel. It was a matter of principle.

Oswald Mosley was also an incorrigible womanizer, carrying on through his first marriage with the daughter of Lord Curzon, the former viceroy of India and Britain’s foreign secretary, at his Chelsea *garçonnière*, not a five minutes’ walk from Flat B. “I may vote Labor, but I sleep Tory,” he liked to say. He dallied not only with both of his first wife’s sisters but with their stepmother as well. After Oswald married Diana, son Alexander arrived in 1938, and Maximilian in 1940. Once the war began, Max’s parents were jailed, with Diana labeled “an extremely dangerous and sinister young woman.” Max was just 11 weeks old in June 1940 when his mother entered Holloway prison on the outskirts of London. He hadn’t yet been weaned.

Diana sometimes spoke of her traumatic reception, of being stowed in a four-by-four cell for several hours before being fingerprinted and subjected to a humiliating delousing bath and an inspection for venereal disease, head lice, and scabies (as one imagines her husband was, too). She was outfitted in a blue-and-white-striped prison uniform, according to her biographer Anne de Courcy, and spent her first night in a basement cell, its window entirely blotted out by sandbags.

Max and Alexander went to live with their Mitford aunt Pamela, under a nanny’s supervision. When the children first visited their mother in January 1941,

Max stared at her solemnly. One of Diana’s sisters described Max as being “in a permanent furious rage.”

In December, thanks to Winston Churchill’s interventions citing Oswald’s failing health, the Mosleys were finally reunited in a flat on the Holloway grounds and allowed to wear civilian clothes. Only when Max was two and a half were the children finally allowed overnight visits—just a single weekend each month. Oswald and Diana were released in November 1943, though they remained under house arrest through the end of the war; forbidden the use of a car, they got about on bicycles.

From here on out, the family lived in a state of excommunication. Old friends shunned their company, and when public schools refused the children, they were tutored at home. When he was 14, Max was enrolled at Schloss Stein, a lesser German boarding school in Bavaria, but he was expelled after two years. Oswald and Diana lived mainly abroad, unrepentant, palling around with the right-wing leaders of France, Spain, and South Africa along with fellow exiles and Nazi flirts the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Late in life, Diana was quoted as saying that she didn’t really believe the Nazis killed six million Jews.

Max came to be his father’s favorite while Alexander was his mother’s. Oswald refused to send Alexander to university but allowed Max to attend Oxford, where he read physics. When Oswald resumed his controversial politicking in London, Max worked by his side while studying for the bar. Max’s father was now bellowing in Trafalgar Square about black immigration, being pelted with oranges. In 1960, Max married Jean Taylor, whom he’d met at a gathering for the Union Movement, as his father’s party was now called. In 1961, he was fined for his part in a counter-demonstration against an anti-apartheid protest, and the following year, was arrested and acquitted for coming to the aid of his father during a mob riot.

After attending his first auto race while still at Oxford, Max started racing his own cars. Following a mixed career of scattered wins and a couple of crashes, he retired from Formula Two racing in 1969 to build cars, went to work for Formula One’s Bernie Ecclestone in the late seventies. The endorphin highs were to be found elsewhere.

Lia-Ann Woods calls herself a “spanking model.” She too is addicted to the flashes of white light, the endorphin highs that come from a good flogging. She was there with Max Mosley in Flat B. Four of the five women seen on the video are members of a club called Northern Spanking, which organizes themed “spanking parties” around England and Scotland for “dominant gentlemen.” Northern Spanking is also a mini movie studio, producing mind-numbingly repetitive shorts with titles like *A Schoolgirl’s Private Diary* and *Putting the Tart in Tartan*.

An articulate and elegantly attractive brunette given to wearing her hair in a bun, Woods was trained as a professional ballet dancer. On her own blog and elsewhere on the Internet, Woods reveals she once performed with the English National Ballet in *Swan Lake* and is now a doctoral candidate in chemistry working to “synthesize an asymmetric lipid membrane.”



LIFE PARTNERS

LEFT: Mosley marries Jean Taylor in 1960. RIGHT: Mosley and his billionaire patron, Bernie Ecclestone, in white, in 1973.





CHARLOTS
OF TIRE
Lewis
Hamilton's
McLaren
races
through
the streets
of Monaco

DRIVER'S SEAT

ABOVE: Mosley greets admirers at a 2005 race in Barcelona. RIGHT: McLaren Mercedes owner Ron Dennis celebrates his 2008 victory in the Australian Grand Prix.

With Britain in war mode, Mosley's parents were jailed, his mother labeled "an extremely dangerous and sinister young woman."

It is Woods who is the product of the storied English public schools. As a child, she was on summer vacation when she was handed a stack of Enid Blyton shrieking-schoolgirl books—the Malory Towers and St. Clare's series. The spanking scenes turned her on. She badgered Mum to send her to boarding school. Boarding schools, she tells her fans, have so much in common with prison.

Woods is also the founder of Bars and Stripes, a female prison-themed spanking Web site. For \$29.95 a month, one can watch inmates in red jumpsuits being interrogated and having their cavities searched. In Flat B, Woods joined forces with a dominatrix with cliff-drop cheekbones and legs as far as the eye can see. Known as Mistress Abi, the Swedishly dishy ex-model reported for duty wearing a Luftwaffe jacket.

It wasn't always a Nazi scenario with Max, Mistress Abi apparently told the *News*, referencing sessions three to four times a year: "Sometimes it was judicial, with Max as the prisoner being beaten." But the day the *News* swooped in for the kill, she insisted, "it was a Nazi theme he requested."

"Nazi fantasies are very common," says Toronto S & M expert Trevor Jacques. But consider Max Mosley, in plain pants and a shirt, when he administers the whippings. Nazi obsessives tend to do a bit better in the wardrobe department. Jacques traces sexual fetishism to when a child first becomes aware of his or her environment at age one or two. That Mosley likes to give and receive a good walloping only tells him that Max is "a switch," as are many on the scene. Jacques adds that he has presented papers in academic forums arguing that S & M players tend to be well adjusted and less likely to present a mental disorder than the population at large. The *News* describes Max's interrogator's clipboard as "an SS-style inspection sheet," but there is nothing Third Reich about any of his answers, visible in one photograph.

Woods, whom Mosley flogged in Flat B, identifies as a submissive; an old saw in S & M is that the "bottom" is really in charge. A month before the incident, she announced on the Internet that her greatest fantasy was to be "captured and interrogated by a foreign entity."

Mistress Abi was apparently an acquaintance of just a few months, whereas Mosley had known the rest of the women for some time. In an otherwise unelucidating interview Mosley gave the *Sunday Telegraph*, he addresses his feelings of betrayal and his empathy for the rest of his merry improv troupe: "You have to understand that all these women are into this, it's not as though they were sort of off the street and asked to do something unpleasant in return for money. You don't betray your friends and people you do things with." He makes it clear that he will be taking his case all

the way—as a matter of principle.

Team backers BMW, Mercedes-Benz, Honda, and Toyota were all baying for Mosley's resignation, but in June the FIA's board decided Max Mosley was entitled to stay on. "I'm sure because of the subservient nature of the other FIA board members, Max rang around and put the pressure on," one aristocrat on the racing scene says.

"People will never look at him the same way," a top-seeded Grand Prix-circuit driver notes. "He had a good reputation up to this point." Because of Mosley, the cars are safer, the drivers coddled in a reinforced shell that can withstand being hit by a tank. There are more fire marshals and more ambulances on-site at races.

Who would have perhaps most enjoyed seeing Max Mosley kicked to the curb? Former garage mechanic Ron Dennis, who heads up the McLaren Mercedes racing team. Last year Mosley fined him \$100 million, a sports-history record, for the theft of a nearly 800-page dossier on technology being developed by McLaren Mercedes's chief rival, Ferrari.

Mosley's critics always felt he was in too tight with Ferrari. "All the FIA guys are pretty insignificant small people who almost to a man support Ferrari because they like the glamour," explains one businessman who's worked the racing scene for years. "Ferrari means beautiful women, high fashion, the South of France, St. Moritz." Dennis categorically denies that he or anyone connected with his team had anything to do with the *News of the World* investigation.

When Mosley started out as a driver, he once explained, "I've found a world where they don't know about Oswald Mosley." People assumed he must be related to Alf Moseley, a well-known bus builder. Bernie Ecclestone would not be worth \$4.8 billion today if it hadn't been for Max Mosley's decades of donkey work before his enthronement at the FIA. They were an odd pair: Ecclestone, the five-foot-three gorbliney negotiator who never left anything on the table, and Mosley, his handsome foot-taller patrician-tactician.

A few weeks before Max Mosley's misadventure, Bernie Ecclestone was asked what was wrong with Formula One racing. "There aren't enough sex scandals," he said.

What began as an amateur basement skit about crime and punishment will culminate in a real judicial proceeding this summer. But even if Mosley wins his case, he will, for the remainder of his days, be serving a kind of life sentence. For crimes committed before. □