

BOXSTER SPYDER

BREAKING FREE

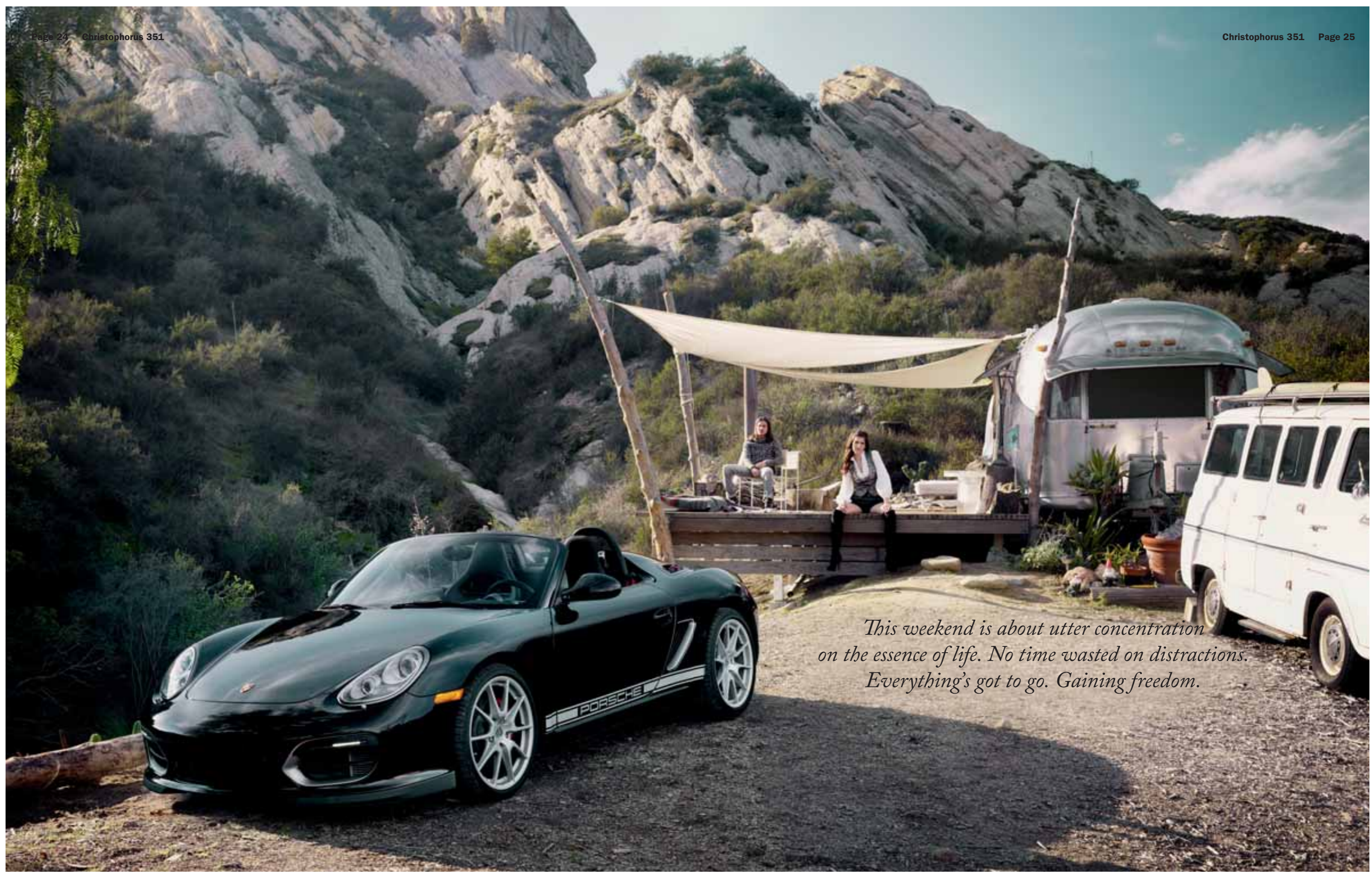
*Just 48 hours. It's your weekend. Your time. Your Spyder.
With 48 hours in California. To be filled with all manner of pleasure.*

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*Retrieving a love of life.
Getting the right drive. Time is passing.
But not passing away.*



*This weekend is about utter concentration
on the essence of life. No time wasted on distractions.
Everything's got to go. Gaining freedom.*



Everything is done. The day is over. The others have long since left. The aim of enjoying a free weekend is entirely dependent on having a free mind. And this in turn on having cleared one's desk, which at the moment is obscured by the beautiful Santa Monica Mountains—albeit in the form of piled-up manuscripts, lectures, and photos. Who actually thought up the phrase “Thank God it’s Friday”? Off we go. And out.

You already feel better in the elevator going down, and better yet when the movement sensor in the underground parking garage fails to activate the neon lighting. Those illuminated digits on the wrist

no longer play a numerical role. They are blurring into letters, which spell a free weekend! Only 48 hours. The time has started to run. The Boxster engine assembly understands that at once. The door rolls up. It's Spyder Man time. Throttle the stress, shift into forward propulsion. The promise is a weight-to-power ratio of just under four kilograms (8.8 lbs.) for each of the 320 horsepower (235 kW). A taut sports suspension, a lowered car body—the right ingredients for liberation mode. It's important to cut a good figure. One owes it to one's own ego and to that of the Porsche roadster. The optics are handled by the two well-formed arches that dominate the rear of the car like ridges of muscle. Sheer resolution can

By the bay:
A change in perspective can do a world of good; you've just got to want it

Stand up:
May a Spyder desire a moment of peace? Of course. A break at the Viceroy Hotel in Santa Monica

also take visible form. But above all it can be felt. Gaining freedom. Retrieving a love of life. Getting the right drive. For happiness is a journey. Even if it's only a short jaunt, let's just do it.

It's definitely a thrilling feeling to get away without any encumbrances. A quick stop at Swingers in West Hollywood for a dose of caffeine, for the cup holders in the Spyder might as well be “empty” indicators. A clear view, finally, following the mass of glaring reflections in the big city. With a vast open expanse above, it's a heavenly delight to roar along under the clouds. The sportiest Boxster model is by no means half a car, but rather twice the promise: absolute

driving pleasure coupled with abundant sportiness. It carries the unbridled energy of driving pleasure from its ancestry alone—reduced to the essentials of pure pleasure.

There's also the temptation to think a bit about James Dean and to dream of Steve McQueen. Get going! Leave your defenses behind and create a ruckus. The Pacific provides a tireless rumble for the backdrop, and the slogan of the Viceroy Hotel reflects the right philosophy: “Salt-Air-Kissed Sophistication.” Bring sun and wind into your life. At first it's hard to live up to the resolution of clearing one's mind and being ready for anything. The notion of EQ, recently thrown

Rock me, baby:
Warming up on the Pacific coast;
keeping everything in sight, but
staying entirely relaxed



Right of way:
The Spyder shifts
seamlessly from
touring to city mode

about at a meeting with the personnel director, has settled into the frontal lobe. The tachometer shivers a warning, but also injects life into a theoretical construct—if this doesn't yield a high emotional quotient, what would? It's time to profess one's unswerving faith in the Boxster Spyder.

To be open for anything, driver and vehicle, in this part of California that always means heading for the water. Into the big blue. In front of you and above you. The roof is open. There's no need for the electric top. Rapid-fire decision-making, that's the only thing that got you out of the daily grind and into the Spyder. And now the biggest change of perspective. When the Pacific merges with the shoulder of the road, then you've reached the meta-level of a 48-hour time-out. Place and peace enough for your own *dolce vita*, with

a West Coast flair. The motto at Porsche in Beverly Hills was a spot-on presentiment of how the weekend would progress: "Paradoxical but true—you feel the freest when something totally captivates you."

The curves on Highway 101 both demand and enhance awareness. Also awareness on the part of the rear-axle differential lock, PDK, and Launch Control. There's no CD player, a special option on this streamlined roadster. We are our own playlist on wheels. Bruno Mars, "The Lazy Song." The Eagles and "Hotel California," too beautiful and too fitting to be a cliché. Lou Reed sends his "Walk on the Wild Side" to Leo Carrillo Beach. A modern interpretation, amplified in rock form, is Jamiroquai's "White Knuckle Ride." This also suits the compact black vehicle with its 19-inch wheels.

Time passes, but it doesn't pass away. Fast forward: 12 hours have gone by, but that means he still has 36 left. As does she. As do the two of them. And the Boxster Spyder as well. Heading for Sycamore. Warming up on the coastal road and turning off into a rough landscape of cliffs. Keeping everything in sight, but staying entirely relaxed. That too sharpens one's character. Even if the trip doesn't quite extend to Big Sur, the California promise is fulfilled with a nod to John Steinbeck: "The afternoon came down as imperceptibly as age comes to a happy man. A little gold entered into the sunlight. The bay became bluer and dimpled with shore-wind ripples." Literature made for images of a classic car with a Porsche typology.

A roadster belongs on the road. Again, and yet again. To place yourself on the map. That's what it's like, the perfect weekend. At least for a latter-day Robinson, who refuses to view his desk as the only island. The flight ends beneath stars. The farewell from the open-

topped Porsche is a beginning. At least of the one promise. The watch assumes its function again. Only 120 hours of longing until it's possible to say once more, "Thank God it's Friday." The true meaning of which the Spyder helped us find. ●

BOXSTER SPYDER

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Engine: Six-cylinder boxer
Displacement: 3,436 cc
Power: 320 hp (235 kW)
Maximum torque: 370 Nm at 4,750 rpm
0-100 km/h: 5.1 (5.0*) sec.
with Sport Chrono Package 4.8 sec.
Top track speed:
267 (265*) km/h (166/165* mph)
CO₂ emissions: 228 (218*) g/km
Fuel consumption
- City: 14.2 (14.0*) l/100 km
- Highway: 7.1 (6.6*) l/100 km
- Combined: 9.7 (9.3*) l/100 km
* with Porsche double-clutch transmission (PDK)



Eat, drive, love:
Less time means more
intensive pleasure,
and more lasting impressions

