



Fascination

# Driving Pleasure

## The Zen of Cylinders

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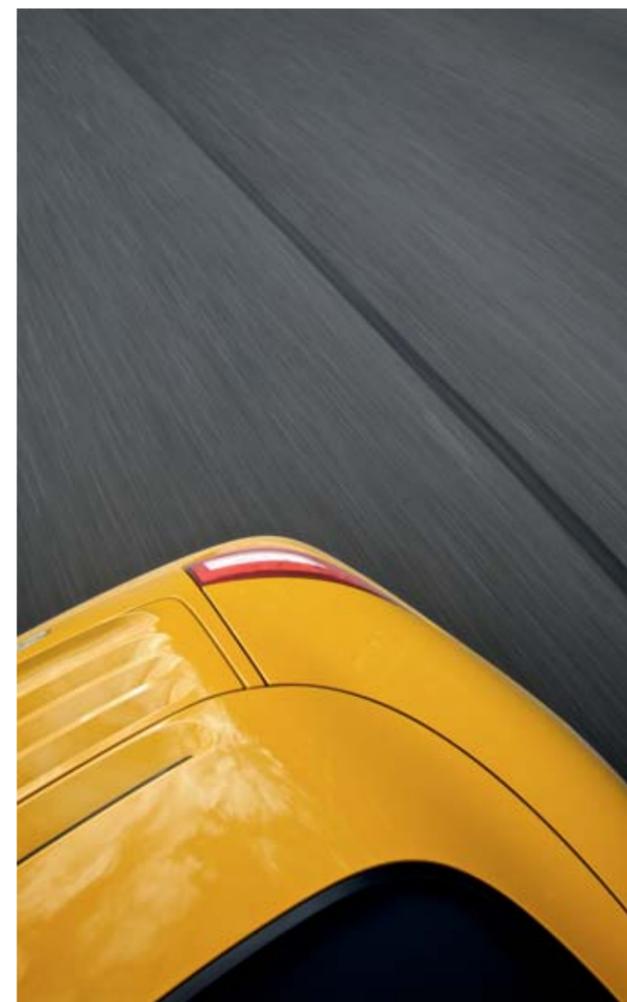
**Possibilities remain the greatest natural reserve that we as humans can draw upon. For example, it is possible to pursue a yearning for diversion onto a road that promises nothing beyond pure pleasure. What follows is something like a set of operating instructions for the joy of driving, which you are invited to follow.**



**We have no fear of never reaching that which is distant, and this confidence drives us further. As for the question of whether there's enough air for the engine up there: No, we are not designing this timeless cabriolet; we simply want to drive it. Or to experience it.** \_\_\_\_\_

**Yes, it exists**—the ideal world. And it can be viewed in a glass case that is set up at the start of each winter holiday season at Stuttgart's central train station. It's a model railroad landscape, a little dusty, but attractively decorated—with trees, people, and cars. The only moving parts are the trains themselves, but one of them transports cars. Right next to each other are a red 911 and a green VW Beetle on their way to a drive in the mountains. This panorama stems from a time of high expectations for mobility, yet a time that was also threatened by crisis, and during which the longing for diversion also manifested itself in the pure joy of driving.

Are such times truly a thing of the past? Why would that be? Small trips, escapes, that bring a large sense of freedom—it's a formula that proves itself in every crisis. Self-discovery is what takes each of us the furthest. Our drive today follows the deepening indigo of the night sky, while the mountains before us appear as powerful shadows behind the windshield. This time the scale is one to one, and our destination lies at an altitude of nearly 2,000 meters (6,600 feet). For a while we simply approach the mountains, and it occurs to us that the reassuring sound of forward locomotion, pulsating in rhythm—the forward movement surging up from the asphalt, then the calm purr from the rear—might make a good cell phone tone, one that wouldn't get on our nerves every day. A satisfied bass that sets the beat. It must be the zen of six cylinders.



We have no fear of never reaching that which is distant, and this confidence drives us further. As for the question of whether there's enough air for the engine up there: No, we are not designing this timeless cabriolet; we simply want to drive it. Or to experience it, if this word still falls in the permissible range of political correctness as an expression of perfect harmony between a human being and a machine. At some point we have to stop outsourcing our emotions. The marketing specialists at Porsche claim that the 911 is made for the largest target group in the world, namely, people with feelings. We would like to place ourselves in this group, for we still take—especially right now—considerable pleasure in belonging to the souls that can be moved. Possibilities remain the greatest natural reserves that we as humans can draw upon. Simply following our impulse. Is any more justification needed?

Road movies motivate us in the same way; they generate proverbial new horizons for the driver. An American philosophy holds that every trip represents an encounter with ourselves. And that's what we are facing. When we say that we are driving, we mean that we are steering, we are guiding, we are thinking. Not bad practice for other areas of life, namely, those outside the driver's seat. In the cockpit we have a number of assistants in the event of adverse conditions. But we must still concentrate on the road. Yet while we move, our thoughts travel as well, and are permitted to wander left and right beyond the edges of the road. It's unfortunate that no gauge has yet been invented to show the state of feelings. Then again, maybe that's a good thing. The 3-D navigation system is allowed to take a break at such moments, and our impressions of the drive become multidimensional. Ah, there is still a world outside! It wishes to be traversed, and not only via the most direct route. Those who understand driving not solely as a means to an end will speak of discovery and mastery. No, you needn't be ashamed of such thoughts. Take the opportunity to go beyond yourself. Why not? How many times on such a scenic drive do you quietly formulate an expression of love for the beauty and mystery of traveling? Driving has a lot to do with the soul, but also with outlook.

On the road that goes over the pass, in the middle of the night, the next day of the journey already begins. The small toll that we pay might be viewed as an entrance ticket to our road of happiness. At this time of night, the serpentine curves seem to belong to us alone, and with every additional meter of altitude the steering angle seems more responsive, more alive. The simple joys are still the most beautiful. Not to be pushed, but to allow yourself to be moved. Now would be a good time to turn the navigation system on and see it show how far we have progressed on the level of emotions. There are travel guides that show islands listed by their degree of solitude. We are alone with the car and the road in the mountains. But are we solitary? If we want, we can reach anything in the next hundred kilometers (60 miles) as long as we still have 9.8 liters (about 2.5 gallons) of fuel in the tank. "How far do we still have to go?" is not an expression of impatience here but rather something close to apprehension. Our driving pleasure could be over so quickly. In contrast to many other earthly pleasures, the pleasure from driving can hardly be quantified. But it can be valued. Emotions, and especially driving emotions, can be extremely valuable. A great saying of the German poet Fritz B. Busch, famous for his driving themes, is that "the meaning of a car is independence." ▶

This screenplay is none other than our own unique experience. How open is life? Even if it consisted of only this one evening drive, it sears us with the feeling of freedom once thought lost. Right now, while enjoying this feeling that has otherwise become so rare, we resonate with the expression “and yet something moves.” It would be even better if difficult times, crises, possessed their own forward-looking dynamic. One thing is certain—they still wouldn’t hum like our 911 at the end of its drive, on a high plateau of emotions. Things have become clearer here,

with every extended curve. An upturn, literally. And the road that seems to melt away under the Porsche Active Suspension Management inspires us to set off on our next journey.

If the notion of seeking new experiences were not so inflated and overused, it could become the magical formula for our travel log. So what remains here is a piece of advice that has accompanied us every bit of the way and has never let us down: Driving has always been a thing of the heart. ◀



**The screenplay for our own personal road movie is none other than our own unique experience. How open is life? Even if it consisted of only this one evening drive, it sears us with the feeling of freedom once thought lost. Things become clearer with every extended curve.** \_\_\_\_\_