

ACROSS THE RIVER & INTO THE WOODS

Fleeing the City

*Small flights, big effects.
Leaving New York with the 911 Carrera S.
Turning the corner. In true style.*

By Elmar Brümmer **Photos by** Steffen Jahn

New York City's only
bridge that spans the
Hudson: the George
Washington Bridge



Matching the purism
of a landscape of lakes:
The elegant form of
the 911, with the wheel-
base lengthened
by 100 millimeters



The skyline of Manhattan has long since disappeared behind a grey veil. Thirty miles (about 50 kilometers) further on, deep into the Hudson Valley in the general direction of Bear Mountain, the clouds have not yet dissipated on this early Saturday morning. But the color of the sky is different, friendlier, almost glowing. If meteorologists used the color code from Porsche, they'd call it Platinum Silver Metallic.

It's the off-peak season in Harriman State Park. We've just embarked on a flight from the daily routine in a big city, which all urban dwellers seize on occasion, no matter the time of year. Everyone has a road they use for this purpose, their very own road. Ours is Seven Lakes Drive, and the name alone promises all you need to know. True, our favorite letter in the "Lakes" connotes curves: it is the "s," implying dynamism, and it is used in the insignia on the rear of our 911 Carrera.



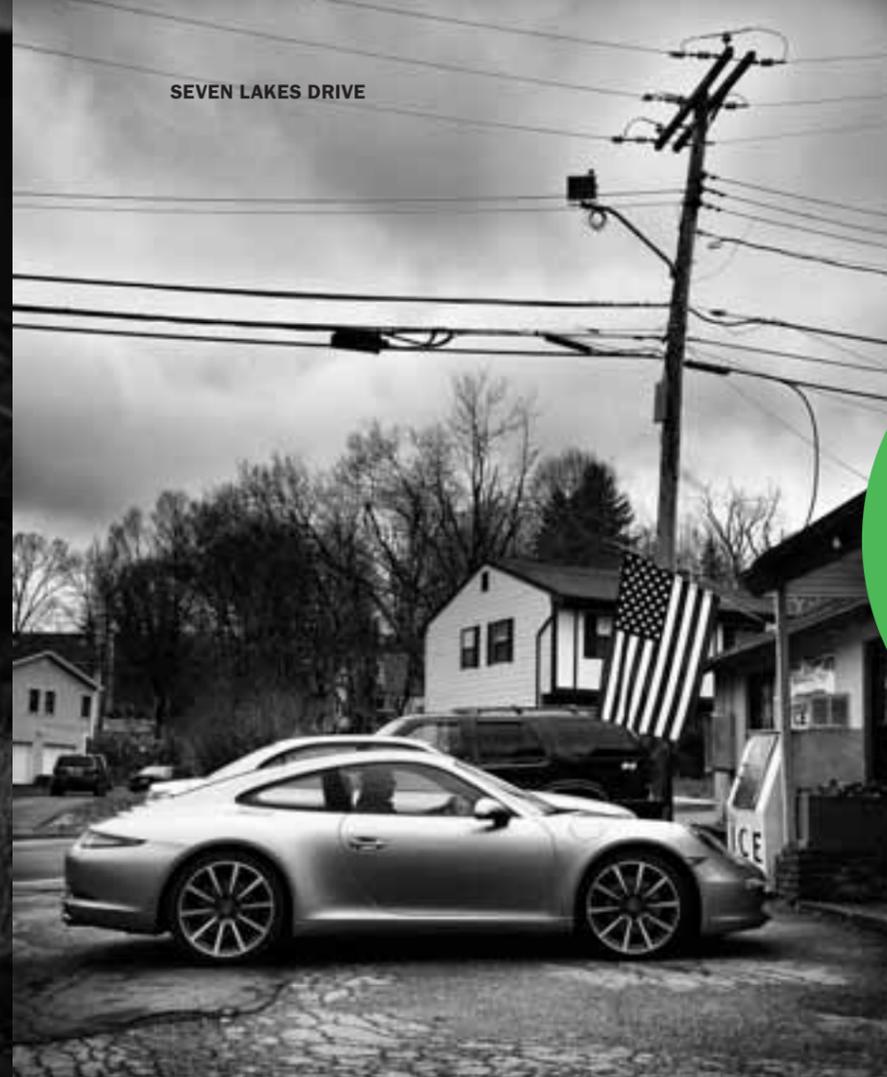
This morning can also be approached philosophically, along the lines of Henry David Thoreau and his classic work *Walden*: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." This wish dissolves into reality as we bear to the right and pass the town of Sloatsburg. We've chosen not to go straight for a few miles, to the town of Tuxedo Park, where American blue bloods cavorted from the 1880s to the 1920s, wearing a new style of evening dress which took its name from the town. That lifestyle and clothing were as far as could be from Thoreau's vision.



A system for stability in curves—that's Porsche Torque Vectoring



Flight from big-city life: It's that time of year again—time for city dwellers to escape to open countryside



FEEL THE ROAD

Escapism in the Hudson Valley: Start-stop is a feature not only of the 911

The promised scenic highway lies invitingly before us. With Thoreau's "Simplify! Simplify!" still in our thoughts, our driving forces are now the road itself and a six-cylinder rear engine eager for an excursion. We are living for the moment in which we drive. This journey is a very specific kind of modern romanticism, to find out whether dreams still exist on the roads. It's a question of character—that of the car. We try to address it on the basis of the dynamic engine mounting. You can easily come across these types of ideas on contemplative weekends such as this, as soon as the anonymity of the big city gives way to companionship with the sports car.



Seven Lakes Drive will turn one hundred years old in 2013. The chronology of its nearly 20 miles (30 kilometers), from south to north, consists of Lake Sebago, Lake Kanawauke, Lake Skannatati, Lake Askoti, Lake Tiorati, Silver Mine Lake, and Queensboro Lake. We need this structure, because once we get going the state park turns into a circuit with numerous turnoffs, about-faces, and reiterations. You can allow yourself to be surprised by the seasons most enjoyably here in the spring and the

Seven lakes and the seventh 911 series—might this be a sign that we've chosen the right drive?

fall. You can glimpse the next curve, but what you seek is the asphalted moment of surprise when it captures you. Then, in this moment, you're on the track of the Porsche engineers, who use a fluid with magnetic properties plus an electrically generated magnetic field to adapt the characteristics of the engine mounting—and thus a crucial factor in the 911's driving behavior—to the driving style and the road conditions. On the first part of Seven Lakes Drive, which once again could use a new layer of asphalt, the engine mounting minimizes vibrations and oscillations. Along the larger lakes, where the road surface and routing are gentler and the speeds in the curves are higher, the engine mounting is hard and thus optimally tuned in terms of driving dynamics. The perfectly controlled play between rigidity and damping generates truly fine spirits in the twists and turns, in the load shifts, and in the fast curves. Our desire for a balanced life has long been met by the engineers.

The memories of traffic in a major city are still vibrant in the mind of the driver, but they are fading. Space plays no role in this region of lakes; and as for time, you bring your own. Any cellular phone service that exists at all is weak. The touch screen for the Porsche Communication

Management soon shows only green and blue. With all the technology that resides in this evolutionary sports car, to drive a 911 engenders an analogous feeling—of being the master of yourself, of a car, of a road.

The landscape is soft, but the silvery sky sharpens the contrasts. Recollection of the past summer and anticipation of the one to come occupy one's thoughts to equal degrees, while the 911 efficiently "sails" on the last slightly descending slope through the countryside. In stepping off the gas pedal there's an imperceptible break in not only the fuel supply but also the decoupling of the drivetrain, and the Carrera S rolls for a long distance before demanding acceleration once again. It is a course of relaxation, so as not to lose sight of the beauty of the landscape. Full power resumes within milliseconds, should we want it. But there's no other vehicle here at the moment to overtake. We didn't even notice that, and also didn't miss it.



The only people whom we encounter tend to be indefatigable hikers or, concealed under rain hoods, patient fishermen and -women. In principle they're out in the same

Rolling roads, rolling home: The escape route for city dwellers runs close to 20 miles

way we are, seeking connection with an idyll. There's no longer a trace of the bustle at the campground, and the coffee at Rhodes North Tavern serves a function more of inner warmth than of keeping us awake. The latter has long since been taken over by the Sport Chrono button, when the road spreads out and the double line marks the ideal course of a curve pulled like a piece of chewing gum. The little dot on the G-force display shifts with the radius of the steering movement. This escapism is of a somewhat more forceful type. The wheelbase has been lengthened by 100 millimeters (3.9 inches), while the extra torque and Power Plus yield noticeable driving dynamism in winding through the curves with the usual precision. You can concentrate mile after mile and hour after hour on how the muscular elegance of the 991 series behaves on the extended curves of the state park. In the process, you become one with the car.

That, too, has something to do with identity, for the driver and the car alike. This short flight from daily routine is based on a clear principle—dreams can come true only if you drive in pursuit of them.

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911 CARRERA S (TYPE 991) Engine: Six-cylinder boxer, Displacement: 3,800 cc, Power: 400 hp (294 kW), Maximum torque: 440 Nm at 5,600 rpm, 0-100 km/h: 4.5 (4.3*) sec., Top track speed: 304 (302*) km/h (189/188* mph), CO₂ emissions: 224 (205*) g/km, Fuel consumption City: 13.8 (12.2*) l/100 km, Highway: 7.1 (6.7*) l/100 km, Combined: 9.5 (8.7*) l/100 km. * with Porsche double-clutch transmission (PDK)