

1991 Porsche is the first automaker to equip all production models with airbags for the driver and the front passenger. Another innovation is the introduction of environmentally compatible, water-based paints.

1992 CEO Arno Bohn retires on September 30. His successor is Dr. Wendelin Wiedeking, who is appointed CEO and President on October 1.

1993 At the North American International Auto Show in Detroit, Dr. Wendelin Wiedeking and Porsche Style Chief Harm Lagaay present the concept Boxster, which is reminiscent of the legendary 550 Spyder race car.

1994 The Tiptronic S, the automatic transmission with shift buttons on the steering wheel of the 911 Carrera, provides a new Porsche driving experience.

1997 The new 911 Carrera is presented at the IAA in Frankfurt. It is powered by a water-cooled, four-valve-per-cylinder, six-cylinder boxer engine.

1998 Professor Ferry Porsche dies in Zell am See at the age of 88. He is laid to rest in the burial chapel on the family's property.

1998 The Series 996 911 Cabriolet makes its first appearance at the Geneva Motor Show. It is the world's first convertible with side airbags.



'98

The Cook's Capers

By Wolfgang Peters

Men, machines, memories—through the decades, the passion for Porsche has been shaped by personal experiences. It was a wonderful time in the 1990s with the Boxster.

Maybe he should have bought a different car after all. Something with cargo space. A station wagon, perhaps. Or even a pickup. He'd go through this mental exercise every time he drove. But he shuddered at the idea of driving a car that looked like it was made for hauling freight. A pack mule. A beast of burden. A vehicle better suited to his work than this one. He shook his head and shifted into fifth gear, and his hand rubbed against the rough wood of a case of salsify.

It was a vegetable that had fallen somewhat into oblivion. This box was topped by a crate full of lamb's lettuce, then several bundles of fresh dill, next to a fish wrapped in wax paper. A nice, lean salmon, nearly boneless. First he'd wash the salmon. But only after he had unloaded the car and cleaned it up. To be able to use the car at all for his restaurant business he had made a few changes. First he had simply removed the passenger seat. Then he covered the seat rails to create a substantial cargo area. Then he insulated the rear luggage space. He practically converted it into a rolling refrigerator—a high-speed version, of course! The front luggage space also was more useful than he had expected. In late summer he'd use it to haul apples from the old hillside orchards.

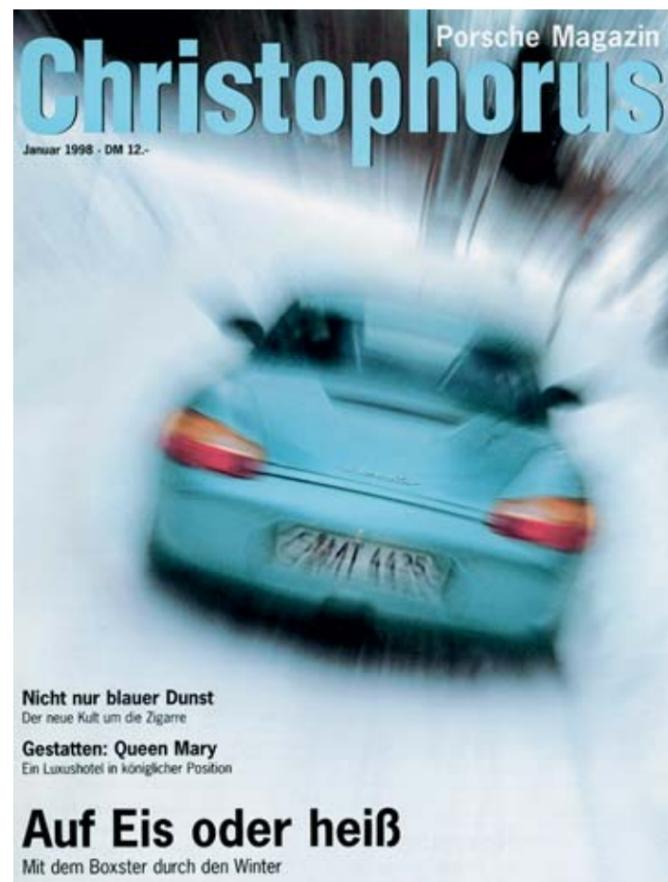
In the fall, the local roads were a pure delight to travel, and then there were the steep hills and the little forest, where the engine resounded like the Trumpets of Jericho. The memory made the man behind the wheel smile as he downshifted back into fourth. The

car tracked beautifully, and with the right amount of pressure on the pedal and a bit of oversteering he cornered the turn easily. He had picked up a whole young wild boar from the forester's, as well as new potatoes and scallops and parsley, and for the Christmas holidays there would be geese. Since his car always became as smelly as an old country store, he lowered the roof for the next load. Even in the middle of winter. That also allowed him to keep his chef's hat on, which he had secured against the airflow by a chinstrap.

They used to laugh at him for that at the wholesale market and on the farms, and also because he wouldn't buy another car. But he just loved his Porsche Boxster. Nowhere else could he concentrate on cooking like he could behind the wheel. While driving he explored continents of flavors. Seasonings were his forte. Salmon as the main course. He settled that in his mind while still on the road. The majesty of the gustatory experience was formulated way ahead of the actual cuisine.

And he also organized the preparation of the meal while driving. When he revved up the first-generation, 2.5-liter six-cylinder boxer engine with its very lively 204 horsepower, he could hear the shortening spatter in the frying pan and, in between, the boiling water for blanching the vegetables. Sometimes he'd recite recipes. His best ideas came to him between the kitchen and the wholesale market, while driving in his Porsche Boxster.

Those were the cook's capers. While shifting gears, in those fractions of a second while the engine was disconnected from the drivetrain, that's when he'd get those sudden ideas, which he would then, as if at full throttle, put into action among his pots and pans. He moved the gearshift lever like the knife he would use to filet the salmon or cut the dill. His feet, in narrow but comfortable shoes, danced on the pedals as if they were moving around between the stoves and ovens and cupboards. Nine more curves, and he was back at his kitchen. As he parked the Boxster, the car made a few soft popping sounds as it cooled and settled. The fresh salmon was waiting on its bed of ice. There was a smell of dill about. The cook straightened out his chef's hat. Now let the guests come. ◀



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