

YES, IT'S HERE: THE
NEW PORSCHE 911.
LET'S BRING LIGHT INTO
DARKNESS!

TURN



ROUND ARE THE
SIGNS THAT MAKE IT
UNMISTAKABLE:
IT'S A **911** — ONCE AGAIN,
COMPLETELY NEW.

ME



WHEELBASE: 10 CM (3.93 INCHES) LARGER; CHASSIS: 56 MM (2.2 INCHES) LONGER; OVERHANG FRONT AND REAR: SHORTENED; ROOF LINE: 7 MM FLATTER; TRACK: WIDER. **THE NEW 911.**

ON!



THE FRONT:
FURTHER DEVELOPED.
BROADER. NEW FRONT
LIGHTS. LARGER AIR
INLETS.



THE REAR: A TYPICAL 911, AND YET ENTIRELY NEW — FOR EXAMPLE, THE BROADER SPOILER UNDER THE AIR INLETS ON THE ENGINE COVER.





WHAT WHEELS!
 UP TO 20 INCHES FOR
 THE FIRST TIME. AND
 THE TIRES. LOWER
 ROLL RESISTANCE,
 LARGER ROLLING
 CIRCUMFERENCE.

Attempts to sound out the interior of this car extend far beyond surveying the naked technology. Placing the engine and drive system at the rear is the ultimate definition of a sports car. The basic concept has remained unchanged for decades, yet more modern than ever before.



THE INTERIOR:
RISING CENTER
CONSOLE.
NEW INSTRUMENT
PANEL. LARGER
TOUCH SCREEN.



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Its function is pure expression, and its form doesn't break, thin,
or blur anywhere from any perspective.*

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By Wolfgang Peters
Photos by Rafael Krötz

The task given to the engineers at Porsche's Weissach Development Center in 2006 was formulated in simple terms: "Make us another 911, a new one—you can change everything about it, but leave it the way it was." There are many reasons for this directive, which all have to do with the character and the unadulterated identity of the Porsche 911. An immortal car, it is designed for eternity and built for a very long life.

In the quest to understand the car's inner values, the first thing you encounter is its exterior appearance. Painted in the unspectacular dark gray-blue of a stormy summer sky, this 911 does not just stand around on its parking place—it exudes an inner peace. It concentrates on its inner life. It radiates an aura of contemplation. On approaching it, you might even think you hear its meditative breathing.

The first impression is of clear corporality. Its function is pure expression, and its form does not break, thin, or blur anywhere from any perspective; it is always contained and controlled. The car does not suggest even the slightest hint of formal distance. It is singularly cohesive, like a hand closed into a perfect fist, which, however,

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REAL APPRECIATION
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IN DRIVING THE 911.

does not threaten but rather signals friendly strength and commanding casualness. This in turn leads to a rather unique phenomenon. You don't just look at the 911. Instead, you meet it. If it were a person, a spontaneous shaking of hands and patting of shoulders would follow. No one is afraid of it, but everyone respects it, for its self-confidence forbids any type of ingratiating, although on occasion it might divulge an arrogant touch of playful superiority. But it doesn't give the impression of uncontrolled monstrous power. You don't look at it and see a car for unspecified adventure, but rather a superb companion for mastering the challenges of everyday life. The greatest achievement and thus perhaps the essential characteristic of the 911 is that it lacks a satanic allure—while it drives like the devil.

But this is not a matter of form alone. How can a car have the insolence to appear like a work of art? And at the same time, how can it—like a demon of audacity—awaken in its beholders a longing whose existence they hadn't even divined? They seem to succumb to a mellifluous might, and enter a state of transfiguring bewilderment which takes them by the hand and leads them to their true resolve, namely, to drive the 911. The expla-

nation for this initially disturbing process is strikingly simple. There is more to it than a masterful design of coiled power and balanced musculature. In exploring the 911 phenomenon, you find clues to the secret within the car itself.



Attempts to sound out the interior of this car extend far beyond surveying the naked technology. True, the 911 is a high-tech vehicle with an impressive cutting-edge inner life. But the earnest purity of its technology is only the medium for the message that elevates the car's character above the fray of fashion. Its basic concept has remained unchanged for decades, yet more modern than ever before. Placing the engine and drive system at the rear and exposing the passengers, as if in a space capsule, to the high-intensity acoustic explosions of this assembly is the ultimate definition of a sports car. Continuing the tradition of starting the engine from the left, you sense its unsurpassed degree of unbroken optimism even while idling—the impatience, in short, of an obedient hunting hound. And the tones that emerge, which sound like it has just broken into a cookie factory and is ravaging a

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THE DRIVE SYSTEM:
EVEN **MORE**
EFFICIENT. CARRERA:
LESS DISPLACEMENT,
MORE POWER.
CARRERA S: EVEN
MORE POWER.



The essence of the experience lies in the interplay of engine, chassis, and driver. In ideal moments of motion, this experience arises from the direct connection between driver and machine, including their respective reactions. The car can hardly wait to get moving.

THE SUNROOF:
ABOUT 30 PERCENT
LARGER. COVER
SLIDES OUTSIDE.
THE NEW 911.

911 CARRERA

Engine:
Six-cylinder boxer
Displacement:
3,436 cc
Power:
350 hp (257 kW)
Maximum torque:
390 Nm at 5,600 rpm
0-100 km/h:
4.8 (4.6*) sec.
Top track speed:
289 (287*) km/h
(180/178 mph)
CO₂ emissions:
212 (194*) g/km
Fuel consumption
City:
12.8 (11.2*) l/100 km
Highway:
6.8 (6.5*) l/100 km
Combined:
9.0 (8.2*) l/100 km
* with Porsche double-clutch transmission (PDK)

911 CARRERA S

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)

year’s worth of production, cause the hairs to rise on the necks of even the most unflappable among us. With the clutch pedal lying against the bulkhead and first gear in place, the idling rpm rests for a blink of an eye as your acutely sensitive foot on the accelerator initiates a well-dosed ascent of power. To start from a standstill in this car is to bid farewell to the “discovery of slowness.”



Until the first sharp curve, that is, when the brakes leap into action; and while the driver has long since downshifted in thought, the engine deals for a split second with the coupling load, the clutch engages whether manually or by means of the double-clutch transmission, and gas and power join in a fabulous fusion to propel the 911 onto the next straight stretch.



Pure power is not the point here. Of course, it is suitable in the new 911 and the resulting performance levels are far beyond standard. The essence of the experience, however, lies in the interplay of engine, chassis, and driver. In the ideal moments of 911 motion, this interplay becomes an empathetic part of a whole that can be experienced nowhere else, a sensory control system performing its task, which is actually a matter of pleasure. It arises above all from the direct connection between driver and machine, including their respective reactions. The overall technical system in the 911 seems to anticipate the driver’s intentions. The car might even be reading the driver’s thoughts—before the decision is made to put them into action. That is due to the directness of the car’s reactions, for it understands accelerator movements immediately as commands without thinking twice, and it transmits load

on its drive gears immediately to precision contact with the road, which on a non-skid surface means only enough slip as is truly necessary.

The 911 is (and remains) above all a sports car. That’s why it doesn’t have a “technoid” air but rather is beholden to function. This obligation becomes a promise as soon as you view the by no means excessive sumptuousness of the seats. The interior offers precisely that intimacy—either for a single driver or for two mutually enamored individuals—needed for a purist experience. A 911 doesn’t tolerate any trumpery on board. It has a horror of superfluity. Its agenda consists of reduction to the necessary (plus various small pleasures). Round instruments, analog displays of its vital signs, and gauges of its well-being generate an air of considered coolness. This serenity, which is underscored by the choice and processing of the materials, contributes to its long life. Driving precision is confirmed by every stitch of leather, and engineering precision shows in the exactness of the switches and buttons and operating controls. Expertise at your fingertips. Sensuality in the leather on the steering wheel. The joy of obvious quality in everyday life.



The appeal of the 911 also derives from properties that you cannot measure and cannot touch. Ultimately, the car lives in an ineffable tradition of pedigree, past, and unparalleled fixation on engineering. Racing activities have obviously contributed to the building blocks of its character, as has an untiring search for the best answers to every technical question. So once again a car has arrived that combines continuity with progress, and whose authenticity is marked by the character of the brand. And the brand by the 911. For at the Weissach think tank and design factory, everyone knows what binds and holds the innermost essence of Porsche. The 911 is the soul of Porsche, says August Achleitner. And he should know. As the director of the 911 series, maybe someone will tell him far off in the future that he did everything humanly possible to achieve the impossible—to produce a modern 911 which is once again so different. Even now, when Achleitner lays his highly imaginative rationality aside for a moment, he is known to enthuse that “the car fits like a tailored suit—like it was before.” ■