

Fascination

# Spanish Eyes

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**The best way to plan a fun trip is to forget everything you had intended to do. The new Porsche Cayman can be very helpful in this endeavor. All you need for a great vacation in Spain is a powerful boxer engine behind you and the steering wheel in front of you.**



The thermometer has been helpful in pointing out the direction of our escape route, which brought us here to Andalusia. Back home in Germany, winter has gotten off to a rough start: Stuttgart is trembling around the freezing point, and the snow is obstinately staying on the ground.

But here in the south of Spain, a good three-hour flight away, the dial indicates a pleasant 68 degrees Fahrenheit. The sun disperses the clouds, and reflective Ray-Ban shades expunge the last traces of the night before. The mind feels fresh and very much alive. You don't have to be the weatherman to make the forecast. And it's the perfect time to slither along twisting roads with reptilian precision.

"Spanish Eyes"—the two new halogen main headlights with their dual-bulb optics—stare at me challengingly. By the end of the day we'll have fallen in love, that's for sure. The Cayman is painted creamy-white right down to the wheel rims, and in the morning light the car shines like white gold. The tail end bears an unobtrusive, retrofitted spoiler from Porsche Tequipment. Just beneath it, the logo letter "S" promises even more power and excitement. In other words, just plain fun.

This fun-at-first-sight continues to grow once the body has made contact. The interior is covered with soft red leather throughout, including the dashboard. The centerpiece is the chronograph of the optional Sport-Chrono Package, a design feature that enables the driver to, among other things, choose between a comfortably sporty and a very sporty suspension adjustment with the push of a button. The shift lever of the new Porsche double-clutch transmission (PDK) gleams seductively on the center console.

**Sightseeing with horse power:**  
Tourists admire the sights of Seville from a buggy—while the Cayman seems to be attracted to the water



We'll have a lot to say to each other en route to Seville. The expectations for the day are high: a very special day trip, strolling through the city under palm trees, sitting in a café while watching the ladies doing their weekend shopping, taking in a soccer game in the evening, with some top teams of course. A full program—and such a full sound. There could hardly be a better start to our dialog, since that sound really is the finest music. Once you turn the key it comes from behind, fills the ample cargo space, and caresses your eardrums. Starting from a dead stop, the new Cayman demonstrates its enormous talent in the acceleration department. And its accompanying sound evokes a singular challenge: "Let's go!"

They've made "a few little changes," say the engineers at Porsche. They always make this modest claim when they lay hands on sports cars that have been out and about for a few years. Experts call the result "evolution." What it means to the driver is a trip full of new experiences, which are a joy to explore on the drive through Jerez to Seville. Much of the driving pleasure has to do with the new engine with direct fuel injection. Thanks to the optimized combustion process in each of the six cylinders, it significantly reduces fuel consumption and noticeably increases power.

But how much fun the boxer engine has in store for the driver doesn't become obvious until the foot gets friendly with the gas pedal. That doesn't take long. The landscape whizzes past. The driver also has more available choices in how to control the vehicle. If you like to shift gears the traditional way, you'll prefer the new six-speed manual transmission. If you lean toward innovations, you're more likely to go for the equally new Porsche double-clutch transmission (PDK). This successor of the familiar ▶





Tiptronic-S transmission is a real screamer—exciting to listen to when the PDK automatically blips the throttle while downshifting. The PDK has been successfully used in racing since the early 1980s, because it has the advantages of a manual transmission and lacks the disadvantages of an automatic.

At any given speed, the PDK selects the best of seven gears, which endows the Cayman with enormously confident handling in any situation. The drivetrain reacts smoothly to any motion of the gas pedal without annoying jerking or hesitation. If you're inclined to play around a little, you can also select the desired gear ratio manually by using switches on the steering wheel. And you'll have plenty of power to play with: the new 2.9-liter boxer engine delivers 265 hp and accelerates the sports car with PDK from zero to 62 mph (100 km/h) in 5.7 seconds. Its top track speed is over 160 mph (257 km/h). The Cayman S with its 3.4-liter engine hits the road with 320 hp. With PDK it takes only 5.1 seconds from zero to 62 mph (100 km/h). Depending on the transmission, its top track speed can reach up to 172 mph (277 km/h). Of course, everything else has been upgraded to accommodate the higher power: the brakes, the suspension—and the sound.

**Glorious colors:** In the Cayman's interior, red leather makes for an extraordinary ambiance; on the Avenida María Luísa, its exterior is resplendent in regal white



**Seville is impressive with its cool architecture on warm winter days. In the sunlight the Cayman shines like white gold. The tour will soon continue along the Río Guadalquivir toward the old city center with its little shops and crooked, narrow streets.**



It sounds impressive, and it is. The fun of driving a Cayman always runs at high revs. Even when we get caught up in Seville's weekend traffic. On the broad Paseo de Las Delicias, the Cayman enjoys a leisurely ride along the Río Guadalquivir, heading into the old inner city. Expo 1992 has brought Seville, among other things, several impressive bridges and many honors. Even now, tour buses still line up at the curbside before heading into the ancient core of the city. The Cayman has no trouble getting through. A good thing that it's so agile, here in these narrow streets with their small shops, crowds of people, and horse-drawn carriages for the visitors. A pleasant sight, and one that benefits from reciprocity. The white Cayman attracts attention, earning curious and admiring stares: "You and your Spanish Eyes will wait for me"—very tempting. But then, so is the Cayman.

We take the Palos de la Frontera past a small canal in front of the old tobacco factory to enjoy a little ride down the broad Agenda Menéndez Playa along the Gardens of the Alcázar. The day has more than kept its promise. Thanks to the weather, thanks to the sports car, and thanks to the colors that herald the evening's arrival. While having coffee at the Paseo de Cristóbal Colón, one enjoys a mesmerizing view of a fiery red sunset across the river. We have to move on, into the night—we've got to get back.

On the highway to Jerez traffic is light, and it gets easier to think clearly. How on earth could it happen? We totally forgot the soccer game! Was it just a lapse of memory or perhaps a bit of a premonition? The final score for Seville and Valencia was zero to zero. We didn't miss all that much of a game, apparently. Good thing we went for another ride. ◀