

**1979** For the first time, Porsche markets engines designed to run on lead-free fuel for North America, with a controlled catalytic converter and an oxygen sensor.

**1981** The Porsche dual-clutch transmission developed in Weissach supports shifting without interruption of power and acceleration. The first trial use of this transmission is conducted in 1983 in the Type 956.

**1982** The 911 SC Cabriolet is the sensation of the Geneva Motor Show. The open sports car features a newly designed Cabrio roof based on the “three-hoop” principle.

**1982** Porsche scores big at Le Mans by winning not only the first through fifth places but also most class victories and special awards. The three top spots are captured by the new Type 956, the first Porsche racing car with a monocoque (unitized) chassis and ground effects.

**1984** The “TAG Turbo Made by Porsche” in the MP4/2 McLaren Formula One racer commences its triumphant advance. Victories in 12 out of 16 races earn Niki Lauda and Alain Prost the uncontested two top places in the Drivers' World Championship.

**1986** The Metrology Center for Aerodynamic Research and Testing provides the Weissach Development Center with one of the most powerful wind tunnels in the auto industry worldwide.

**1988** The 911 Carrera 4 with an all-wheel drive system kicks off the next generation of this successful model. Highlights include the new 3.6-liter engine as well as the aerodynamically optimized body and the automatically deploying rear spoiler.



# '88

## The Forester's Wife

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 1980s with the 911 SC Cabriolet.**

At half throttle in second gear she was a heroine, and in third at full throttle she was invincible: The forester's wife was no speed demon, but she loved the power and the sound of her Porsche 911 SC Cabriolet. She'd bought it used, and it was the same dark red as her hair, which would crackle whenever she shook it out. In the very first week after she bought the car she had removed its roof, and she was quite determined not to reinstall it. The roof and tonneau cover had been resting under some potato sacks ever since.

That also gave her a more unrestricted rear view: the forester's wife loved looking back. Not because some aggressive driver might be catching up to tailgate her. She just loved to watch the air currents behind her Porsche, tiny hurricanes and tight little dust devils that would whip up the sand and dirt, and in the fall also the dried leaves from the fields and forests. This SC was driven only without a top. But of course there were times when it wasn't driven at all: during winter the cabrio dwelled in the barn, under a light brown cashmere blanket she had been given by her husband, the head forester.

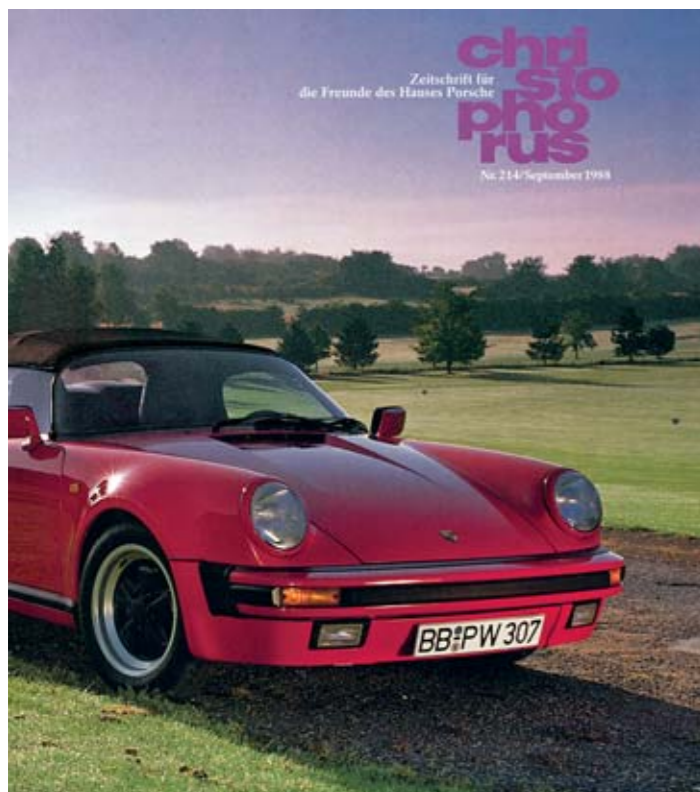
The blanket did nothing to keep out the mice that would have loved to nest in the cabrio. But they had to reckon with Mr. Karl, a black-and-white tomcat accustomed to bedding down in the Porsche, always on the alert, who kept the little rodents away. In

the early days of spring, the forester's wife would get the Porsche out of the barn, turn the key without ever doubting that the engine would comply, and open the barn doors. Brilliant bands of early light would penetrate the dark interior, and the clouds of dust shimmered so intensely that she thought she could grasp the brightness with her hands. Then she would head out into the sun.

The wind rustled in her long, flowing hair, and in her happiness she sang the songs of her childhood and shouted the names of all the men she had known into the wind. Those weren't many, and so, in the intoxicating sense of living with the elements, she swore at her former teachers, and then at the policemen in the small town, who had given her tickets for her fast and above all unconventional driving. And when she couldn't think of anyone else to scream at into the increasing wind blast, she lapsed into a peculiar singsong that she had brought back long ago from her guru in his ashram in Ahmedabad, India, which raised her vocal volume to an acoustic peak that blended marvelously with the jubilant crescendo of the machine as they entered the restricted service road with its high banks.

This roadway was open never to normal traffic but reserved for agricultural equipment. The local farmers enjoyed pattering on their tractors through this narrow passage as a shortcut to the Oberwirt Inn. But they always had to watch out for that Porsche of the forester's wife. The head forester was well attuned to his wife's passion, so as soon as the sound of the Porsche had receded he'd get on the phone and call all the farmers who might be affected by his wife's motoring eccentricities. They would listen wordlessly to his warning, nod, and rush to get their chickens out of the road.

But on this summer day of 1988, the open 911 SC drove through the service road only once. Then it parked at the Oberwirt, the engine crackling while it cooled down. There was a huge TV set at the inn, and on it the forester's wife watched her childhood friend, one Stefanie G., who on this very day had played so devastatingly well on a tennis court in faraway Korea that she was about to be awarded a gold medal. ◀



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