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Hobo soul: Skipping town in a 928 Weissach

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Photo: Andy McCulley

There's a hobo in my soul that wants to skip town. He wakes me up just before dawn, before anybody, dragging me downstairs into the living room.

"Dontcha turn nuthin' on...jus' set down and look out dat winda facing east," he tells me.

There's no doubting him because he's never given me bum advice.

"See it?"

A miracle from behind the trees is burning the edges of violet crumbs in the sky pink, then orange. Within seconds, it leaves a residue of whites and pale blues.

"There you have it," he says, "a new day...now what'rya gonna do 'bout it?"

We sit down, open the map and put a finger down in the middle of New Jersey.

"Well, 'Bo, we can go north, we can go south or straight across to the left," I say.

"You bore me," he says. "'Stead of goin' in this, that or the other way, why not find out who's havin' some sort of festival, say like the celebration of San Juanito in San Juan de la Vega, Me-hee-co where their swingin' exploding sledgehammers? Ride on out there, see what kinda flavors they're servin', and hang 'round fer the day. When you've had yer fill, we kin saddle 'er up an' find some other fire to sit 'round. The only fuss you should be makin' is about what kinda machine yer takin'."

"Hell, that's easy," I say while opening the garage. "We'll take that Guards Red air-cooled honey with six pistons. She's got fire under her skirt, makes all the right noises and loves to hang her tail a bit when you crack the whi ..."

He puts a hand up, purses his stubbled lips and shakes his head back and forth.

"Uh-uh. Nope. Dontcha' ever learn nuthin' I teach ya? We take that thing and you may as well alert every policeman along the way we're blastin' through their highways in top gear with the hammer down. You'll be drawin' too much attention, maybe even the *wrong* kinda' attention ... git what I'm sayin', hawse?"

"Now, see that one waaay in the back? Not the '44S or the 968 Cab that makes ya feel like yer wearin' a helmet with blinders, the one behind it ... in that color that looks like the shimmering sunset o'er the sea."

"Ah, good choice, 'Bo, good choice. How could I have forgotten about her?"

The old hobo living in my soul is a gentleman of the road. He always knows which freight train to *catch out* on; the hotshot that sidetracks all the others. And this was it — the 928 Weissach.

205. That's how many Porsche had *claimed* to have made for this 1982 limited edition 928. Each one numbered with its own birthing order certificate and crest on the dash. The problem is there's a N° 217 and possibly a N° 219 rolling, possibly sitting, around somewhere.

They were all clothed in Hellbronze Metallic paint looking truly as 'Bo described, "like the shimmering sunset over the sea." Porsche labeled this option "M462 Special Model 82 Weissach." These were the goods:

- electric sliding roof

- Blaupunkt Bamberg QTS digital AM/FM stereo cassette radio
- amplifier system
- front and rear spoilers
- 7J x 16 forged alloy wheels
- 225/50 VR16 radial tires
- special light bronze metallic paint (Hellbronze Metallic)
- special (two-tone) medium brown leather interior
- Porsche leather luggage set (made by Seeger)

This is Porsche's Grande Dame. You don't walk toward it when you see one, you're pulled in. The closer you get, the more intense the magnetism. To call the color gold or champagne is provincial; this is a bronze that's been kissed by the setting sun. It's like a halo around her figure.

By the time you're close enough to peer inside, the hide's perfume seduces the senses. Two-toned leathers dyed in whiskies of tawny and old gold cover nearly everything in sight.

The seats, gear shift knob and boot, the package box between the rear seats, instrument pod and dash, center console, steering wheel, the pillars and adjoining liners, door panel sections, armrests, headliner, even the front and rear visors weren't spared. The Seeger three-piece luggage constructed of the same hides not only draws out the vagabond, it *dares* you to cross continents.

"This is the old girl you *need* to take," he urges in a hushed tone, "like riding the cushions from 'ere to Klamath Falls; you'll never feel tired and yer woman there in the passenger seat'll be gently rocked to sleep in a lullaby ... she'll be wonderin' how you got there so fast ... not that I'm not suggestin' a fast trip er anything.

"Besides, what better way to snake all over Amurica's mountains, valleys, coasts and deserts than with a five-speed V8 packing 231 hp and 265 lb/ft of torque?"

'Bo had a point. This was the most suitable Porsche in the stable to crisscross the country in. It was built for the sort of adventure I had in mind, and there was no doubting its capabilities.

The 928 was thrashed on the unpaved desert tracks of Algeria and personally tested by Dr. Ernst Fuhrmann through the snow and ice of the Turrach in Austria; a shot of him in a snowcap behind the wheel is unfiltered inspiration. With a robust set of tires and some snow chains in the boot, this old girl could go *anywhere*.

"Look 'ere," he continues, "I'm not suggestin' you do a *French leave* on the scene you've created here and never come back, jus' take a long trip somewheres and see if it's the thing for you. Got a business trip comin' up? Tell 'em you don't like flyin', you'll drive instead. This 928's got a bag for a suit, and one fer some play clothes.

"Sitting here collecting dust does neither it nor you any good. Porsche tailor made this '28 to see this country through the back door, like an open boxcar. Time is the new gold, and no one's figured out a way to make more or buy it back. The way I sees it, it's yer life to do whatever the hell you wanna do with ... so go on and do it!"

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About the Author



A dyed-in-the-wool, air-cooled 911 junkie, Pablo Deferrari doesn't discriminate against other Porsches. Want further proof? He's in love with Porsche's early water-cooled models and is dedicated to the celebration of the 924, 928, 944 and 968 series. Pablo is one car away from having all four of these models in his own collection: the 924.

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