

Sportec SPR 1

A Mean Monster

A day like any other? Not quite when you have the chance to get behind the wheel of a Sportec SPR 1, as **Stefan Goldschmidt**, found out. Photos by **Dirk Lohrbach**

I am in Marbella, the world-famous hotspot at the Costa del Sol in the south of Spain, sitting on my yacht and thinking about my life ... in general, from a philosophical point of view.

Materially speaking, I own and have tried most everything that most human beings admire and worship. But somehow, after all these years, I feel that I am missing something very important in my life. Sometimes, I thinking that it was a long time ago that I really did something very

satisfying and rewarding for myself.

It was on that Thursday, in April 2007 that I saw a car, which at a first glance, looked like the current Porsche 997, entering the parking area of the harbour.

I immediately noticed that it sounded different from a normal Porsche and that its whole appearance was different as well. At a first glance, I noticed the highly elegant and sporty, unique forged wheels and an impressive high-

performance braking system. And the dimensions of the body were different as well...

The differences I had spotted immediately resulted in curiosity.

Coincidentally, the driver parked the car directly in front of my yacht, the engine running at idle for a few minutes before it was turned off.

I decided to allow my curiosity to lead me to inspect the car up close.

As I walked towards it, my eyes were riveted. I know the standard Porsche range inside out, and I realised that the car in front of me was something really special. It was not just another Porsche with different wheels and a huge, high-efficiency brake system.

As I still curiously inspected the details, the door suddenly opened and the driver stood beside me. He introduced himself to me (his name was Wolfgang) and told me that he immediately spotted "that look" in my eyes that only certain people have.

After he introduced himself in that way, I knew that he was a genuine connoisseur.

I first asked him about the dry weight, his answer was: "1.345Kg", then "four-wheel drive or rear wheel drive", and he answered, with a big smile in his face: "rear-wheel drive", and before I was able to ask another question, he knew what my next enquiries were.

He offered: "802hp at 8,200rpm., 880Nm at 4.800rpm., weight-to-power ratio 1,68Kg/hp".

And without hesitation I continued: "0-300km/h?"

His smile got even bigger and he replied: "18.9 sec.", and added: "It's the first time I meet someone who directly asks me about 'that' figure instead of the standard 0-100."

"0-200km/h?" I asked and he replied: "8.6 sec."

By then both of us were just smiling at each other, knowing that we have become soul mates.

"I ordered this unique car from Sportec in Switzerland around two years ago. It was specially conceived and engineered, by its technical and design department, and tailored to my personal preferences. Something not existing in the market at all," Wolfgang said.

"It is a pleasure for me to have met someone like you, especially on my first long drive with my dream that became reality", Wolfgang said.

I asked: "May I take a look at the engine compartment?"

"Yes, sure", he said.

It is like an exceptional meal prepared by a star chef. The art of choosing the perfect ingredients, the preparation, the surrounding ambience... all the effort only for this moment, the moment your tastebuds get the first taste.

"How was your journey", I asked.

Wolfgang did not answer that question, he opened the door on the driver's side and asked: "Do you have anything on right now?"

"No, I am free today", I said.

"So for what are we waiting here, get in and we'll have some fun", Wolfgang said.

Two adult businessmen, sitting together in a EUR 400,000-plus supercar on a trip back to their childhood.

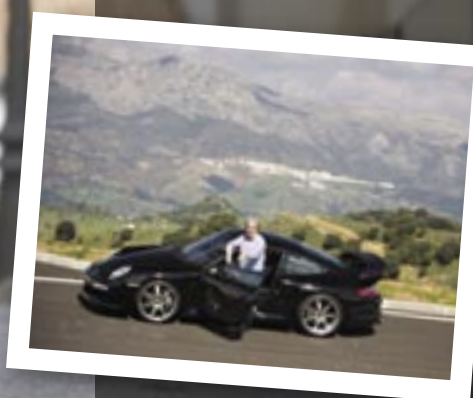
"When did you get infected?" I asked.

He burst out laughing and said: "When I was a very small boy, maybe at the age of two or three."

To this day, Wolfgang is the only enthusiast I have met who caught the bug as early as myself.

"I just filled up the tank, checked the engine oil level and the tyre pressure, just in case that I would meet someone like you", Wolfgang said and turned the key. The 802 horses responded immediately.

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MOTORING

He engaged the first gear, released the clutch and we started moving towards the exit of the harbour.

Our conversation became minimal, we spoke only about really important matters, the rest was mutual understanding.

“Where shall we go”, he asked. “Round town or towards the motorway?”

I took a look at the beautiful scenery surrounding Marbella.

Instinctively, I replied: “To the mountains, if you don’t mind.”

“Great choice”, Wolfgang said. No further discussion was needed.

Wolfgang handled the car with the skills of a professional, showing no emotions, but enjoying every metre of the drive. He looked very fresh and happy as he was playing with the wheel, the throttle, the gearbox and the clutch.

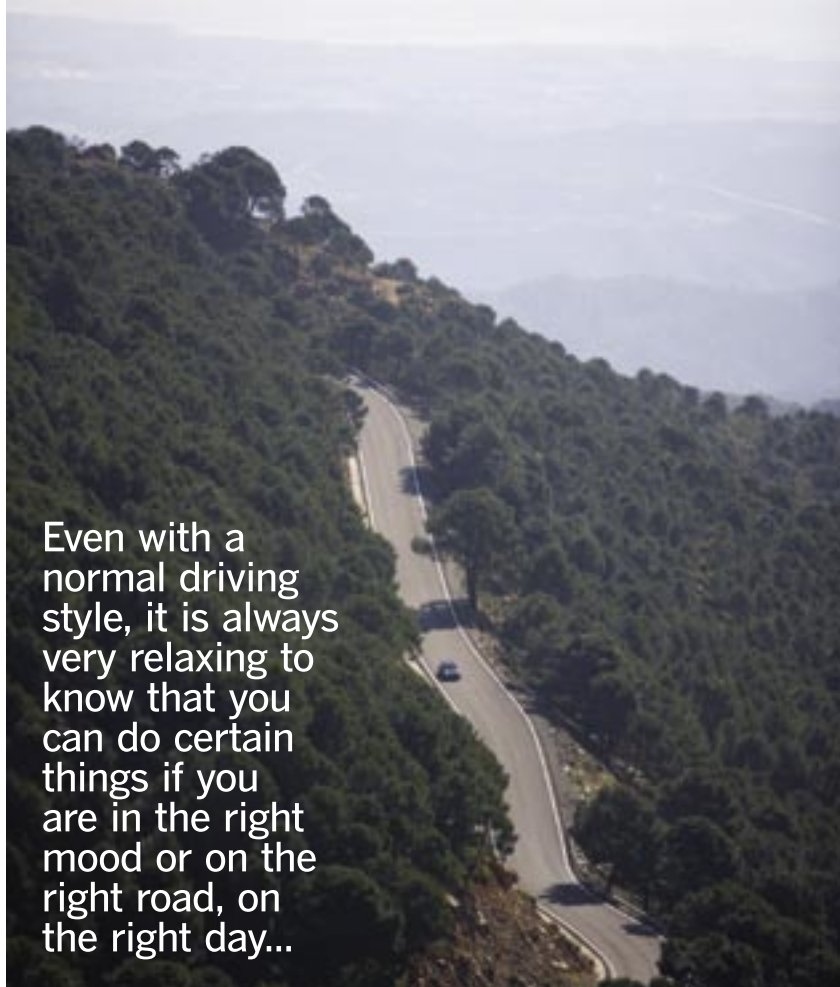
“Thank you for choosing the mountains”, Wolfgang said. Shortly after, he became a different person. He turned from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. And the car transformed too ...

Gearchanges were made close to 8,500rpm. I got nailed to my backrest, flying towards a corner. Hard braking, downshifting, entering the corner at optimum speed and leaving it with a serious powerslide, thanks to the 880Nm... the next straight, and again..., and again..., and again!!!

That really made my day. First I was afraid that he would not show me the full potential of his machine, but now I was really high and thinking of the ignorant people who will ask the necessity of having more than 800bhp.

No one really needs all that, but it is very nice to enjoy 800hp, which is always better than 600, especially when you want to fully exploit the luxury of power and torque. Even with a normal driving style, it is always very relaxing to know that you can do certain things if you are in the right mood or on the right road, on the right day...

Wolfgang stopped the car on the roadside and asked: “You want to give it a try?”



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“Sure”, I said, and quickly added: “Thank you very much for making my day.”

We switched places. I made myself comfortable and said: “I hope you don’t mind if I make myself comfortable with the car and to see how it feels and how it reacts.”

I engaged the first gear, slowly released the Sportec high-performance clutch (up to 1,200Nm), revved up to 4,000rpm, changed to second, third, and so on. My first impression was that the car’s handling was ultra precise, power delivery was continuous and smooth at any rpm, and the response from the steering wheel and the suspension was in a class of its own. On the straights, in the corners, changes of road surface, the car just communicated with me like it was a part of my own body. So far, it is definitely one of the best supercars I have ever driven, and it gave me enough confidence to go for more.

Again, Wolfgang had the same thoughts: “Please, enjoy yourself and try it out. I don’t mind as I see how you handle the car,” he said, smiling again.

With his permission, I pushed the

revs to hit 8,500 for the first time. The acceleration was linear and smooth, but at the same time very brutal and the gearchanges were very fast. No time to think, only precise and fast acting was required. But the rewards were overwhelming. For the first time in my life, I covered serpentine in that manner, the car was just breathtaking!

My thoughts were ‘I’ll have to hand it over to Wolfgang again very soon, and then it just will be gone, out of my reach’.

I didn’t realise that we were driving for quite some time, and the fuel tank indicator only showed a quarter of the tank of petrol was left.

Wolfgang said: “We’ll better go back to Marbella to get some fuel for the car and food and drinks for us.”

I wanted to hand over the car to him, but he insisted that I drive back all the way as he really enjoyed how I got high on his car. Upon arrival, we re-fuelled and we inspected the tyres. “Good job”, Wolfgang said. “That’s how they should look like after a drive like that.”

“I’ll take the long way home,” Wolfgang said. “I really envy you,” I responded. ■