

The Alternative Line

by Joe Holzer for CNY-PCA Redline Report Copyright 2010 <http://www.holzerent.com>

If JFK owned a Porsche – Apologies to his Inaugural

We observe today not a victory of partying but a celebration of freedom - symbolizing an end as well as a beginning - signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Dr. Porsche the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed since the first class win at Le Mans nearly a half century ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms SUV and all forms of human transport. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe - the belief that the rights of drivers come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of Engineers and the laws of physics.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Porschephiles - children born of the Baby Boomers, tempered by Carter, Clinton & Claybook, disciplined by a hard and bitter double-nickel, proud of our ancient heritage - and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those velocities to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every marque know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any shmoe, to assure the survival and the success of velocity. This much we pledge - and more. To those old 356's whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of cooperative ventures, despite more cylinders and wierd wet coolant. Divided, there is little we can do - for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder, save to toss our cookies at the thought of a Porsche SUV.

To those new drivers whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of lateral control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more dilavar tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our line. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom - and to remember that in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the faster cars often ended up being passed by those with "the knowledge".

To those peoples in the handed down Porsches struggling to break the bonds of limited torque, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required - not because the Bimmers may be doing it, not because we seek their accolades, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are slow, it cannot save the few who are fast.

To our sister regions surrounding our border, we offer a special pledge - to convert our good kids into good drivers - in a new alliance for progress - to assist young men and women in casting off the chains of mediocrity. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of overtaking. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggressive behavior anywhere on the track. And let every other driver know that this pilote's offspring intends to remain the master of her own lateral g's.

To that world assembly of car crazies, the Porsche Club of America, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of driving have far outpaced the instruments of drivers, we renew our pledge of support - to prevent it from becoming merely a place to do cell calls - to strengthen its use as an instrument for personal transport - and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those drivers who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for a passing signal, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction, or we blow your doors off.

We dare not tempt them with bluster. For only when our ponies are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be tested.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of drivers take comfort from our present course - both sides overburdened by the cost of modern vehicles, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly left-lane bandit, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final lap.

So let us begin anew - remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring these problems which divide us. Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms, and control arms - and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations. Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths, and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah - to "undo the heavy burdens [and] let the oppressed go free", ie to keep right except to pass, and "pass" is an active verb.

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved, and passing signals are presented and adhered to in a timely fashion.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its automotive loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again - not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need - not as a call to battle, though embattled we are - but as a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation" - a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease, and war itself, along with undue speed enforcement instead of lane and attentiveness discipline.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West,, city street and autobahn, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility - I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it - and the glow from that fire can truly light the world, even more than our litronics and halogens.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your cars can do for you - ask what you can do for your cars.

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the universal symbol of the freedom of man; the freedom to be wherever you are not at that moment.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking Dr. Porsche's blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own, remembering that the phones in heaven from Weissach are a local call.

