

## Porsche article

by Evan Loeffler

Anyone who has known me for more than a few minutes will have discovered the only two interesting things about me. First, I am a lawyer, which should not be any great surprise to readers of this publication; and, second, I drive a Porsche.

There are, of course, other Washington attorneys who own fancy sports cars. Some of these attorneys may even meet the strict requirements of membership in the Young Lawyers Division. This article, however, is not written by others, so I am not going to discuss them.

I bought my Porsche a year ago after my former vehicle, a trusty Volkswagen that had served me well throughout college and law school, had been transformed into a giant steel cabbage by a driver who believed that a red light was more of a suggestion than a command. When I began my search for a suitable replacement vehicle my criteria were simple: I wanted a car I could afford that would not embarrass me. I duly looked at a variety of Hondas, Toyotas, Mazdas and Volkswagens but did not find anything that met my requirements. One friend suggested that, since I am a Spokane resident, I should get a pickup truck to fit in with everyone else. I rejected this advice on the grounds that it would take a lot more than my choice of vehicle to convince anyone that I am normal.

I had always wanted a Porsche. A Porsche, I felt, would convey the message I wanted to get across: "I am a cool bachelor and can afford dinner for two." After locating such a vehicle, and determining that I could afford it, I discussed the wisdom of such a purchase with my financial counselor, Dad.

"Don't you *dare* buy such a car!" my father suggested. Dad is a car aficionado and ace mechanic. I am not. My mechanical ability consists of being able to recognize that the car doesn't run. Dad, on the other hand, once whittled a new engine for his car out of a fallen tree.

"But Dad," I protested.

"Absolutely not," he said. "You couldn't fix it if anything went wrong."

"I can't fix *anything* if something goes wrong!"

"Well, you've never had to pay for fixing something on a Porsche. Don't buy it. If anything, think of the shame you would cause me. It's bad enough that you're a lawyer. It just wouldn't look right for you to be driving a car that's nicer than mine."

This had never occurred to me. It clinched my decision to buy the car.

While I truly enjoy driving my car, the Porsche—which I affectionately named "E.P." for "Evan's Porsche"—has gotten me in trouble on more than one occasion. Police stop sports cars on principle. Also, my clients are never pleased to learn their lawyer drives around in such a vehicle. They invariably protest that they are paying me far too much. I used to point out that since I am a public defender, and they are indigent, that they aren't paying anything for my services, but this never made the client any happier.

I had hoped that the Porsche would be, for lack a less sexist term, a "babe magnet." It isn't. Not one woman has been even remotely impressed when they learn I drive a sports car. In fact, the most frequent comment about the vehicle is how uncomfortable it is. Also, E.P. is a jealous mistress. It has made a habit of only breaking down when I have people in the car I particularly want to impress. It runs beautifully at all other times.

I have to admit that my father was correct about the repair bills. They are frequent and typically characterized by many zeroes. Dad, however, remains unsympathetic and unforgiving.