



The Driver

RANDE GERBER

The Car

FERRARI F430 SPIDER

The Location

PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

In daylight, the tachometer of the Ferrari F430 Spider has no redline. In fact, the entire display is red. Not that Rande Gerber cares. The bar-and-restaurant magnate who spends every night in bed with Cindy Crawford (his wife) hasn't bothered to look down; he's getting all the information he needs from his ears. Gerber can't stop smiling as he powers up the Pacific Coast Highway, the convertible's motor roaring from the engine vents behind his head. It's a beautiful sound, like a jet engine at takeoff.

"You don't want to shift," Gerber says as the spectacular coastline passes in a blur. "You're not hearing exhaust; you're hearing engine. It's like they spent the same amount of time perfecting the sounds as they did the aesthetics."

And those visuals are astounding. Low-slung and bright red, the Ferrari screams style. "To me, a great car is a work of art," Gerber says. "A Ferrari like this is sculpture."

A self-professed speed freak, the 43-year-old Gerber has been considering an addition to his garage of toys. "I just haven't found the right one—until today," he says. Truth be told, he has a checkered past with sports cars. On his 40th birthday, Gerber arrived home to find his gift from Crawford in the driveway: a shiny new Porsche 911 Turbo. He drove it for 1 day, then told his wife, "If I keep this car, I'm going to end up dead or in jail." They returned it the next day. With two young kids and a massive Vegas casino complex in the works with partner George Clooney, Gerber says he's cautious these days. If he has a sports car, he reasons, he can't help but drive it fast, so why court risk?

But here on the PCH, you can see that rule starting to bend. "There's no better feeling than being in a Ferrari," he says. "To find something so quick and so beautiful—that's rare. You only find that in a Ferrari."

"When I'm building a new bar, I always tell the designer, 'I want it to be perfect, like a Ferrari.'"

He pulls into a gravel lot, kicks up stones, and points the car south, toward his 2-acre beachfront home. The sun glints off a plaque on the dash. It reads "Ferrari Formula One World Champion: 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004," a reminder of the F430's racing genealogy.

"When you're in a car like this," Gerber says, "how can you not wanna race? I feel like a little kid right now. I feel like my son does at Disney World." ■

HIS FIRST CAR "A BIG, RED '70S JEEP WAGONER WITH WOOD SIDE PANELING."
IN HIS GARAGE 2005 BENTLEY CONTINENTAL GT (FOR HIS WIFE) • 2005 CADILLAC ESCALADE SUV • 2005 FORD F150 PICKUP • 1999 CHEVROLET TAHOE SUV (WITH \$100,000 IN UPGRADES) • 1997 JAGUAR XJR • 2005 HARLEY-DAVIDSON ULTRAGLIDE • 2004 YAMAHA WR250 • 2003 DUCATI 999 • 1990 HARLEY-DAVIDSON CUSTOM LOW-RIDER FXR • HONDA 250 ATV

The Details

FERRARI F430 SPIDER

Price	\$204,867
Engine	400 hp, 4.3-liter DOHC V-8
Weight	3,351 pounds
Top Speed	193 mph
0-60 mph	4.1 seconds



The Driver

LYLE LOVETT

The Car

BMW M5

The so-called fastest car with four doors

The Location

SOUTH TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE

Lyle Lovett, whose family has raised cattle north of Houston for 160 years, knows exactly where to go to escape the suburban sprawl around his farm. He turns the maroon BMW onto an oak-shaded road and guns it. The car's throaty growl deepens. "I love this stretch," the singer says in his laconic Texas monotone. "These are some of the only roads around here that have turns"—turns gradual enough that he needn't ease off the throttle, the corset-tight suspension hunkering in as the 19-inch wheels grip the road. "What's the top speed in here?" In the high 100s, he's told. "Wow!" he answers and gives it a little more. The road winds past

farm after farm, then gives way to the towering pines of Sam Houston National Forest. "You can't tell how fast you're going."

That, my friend, is 500 horses of German engineering, a factory-tuned racing version of the 5-Series BMW. A new M5 comes along every 4 or 5 years, and this is the best yet: 10 cylinders producing enough thunder to get from zero to 60 in 4.5 seconds. Lovett is enamored.

"How fast are you going?" asks his girlfriend, April.

"I have no idea. I'm just running along in fourth gear and am nowhere close to the redline." He checks out the head-up display,

which projects the speed and tach on the windshield. "We're doing 90."

As a light rain begins to fall, he activates the wipers. "You know, it feels like we're driving on dry pavement." The warm rain transitions into a deluge, and April starts to tense. "Baby," she says, "you're freaking me out a little."

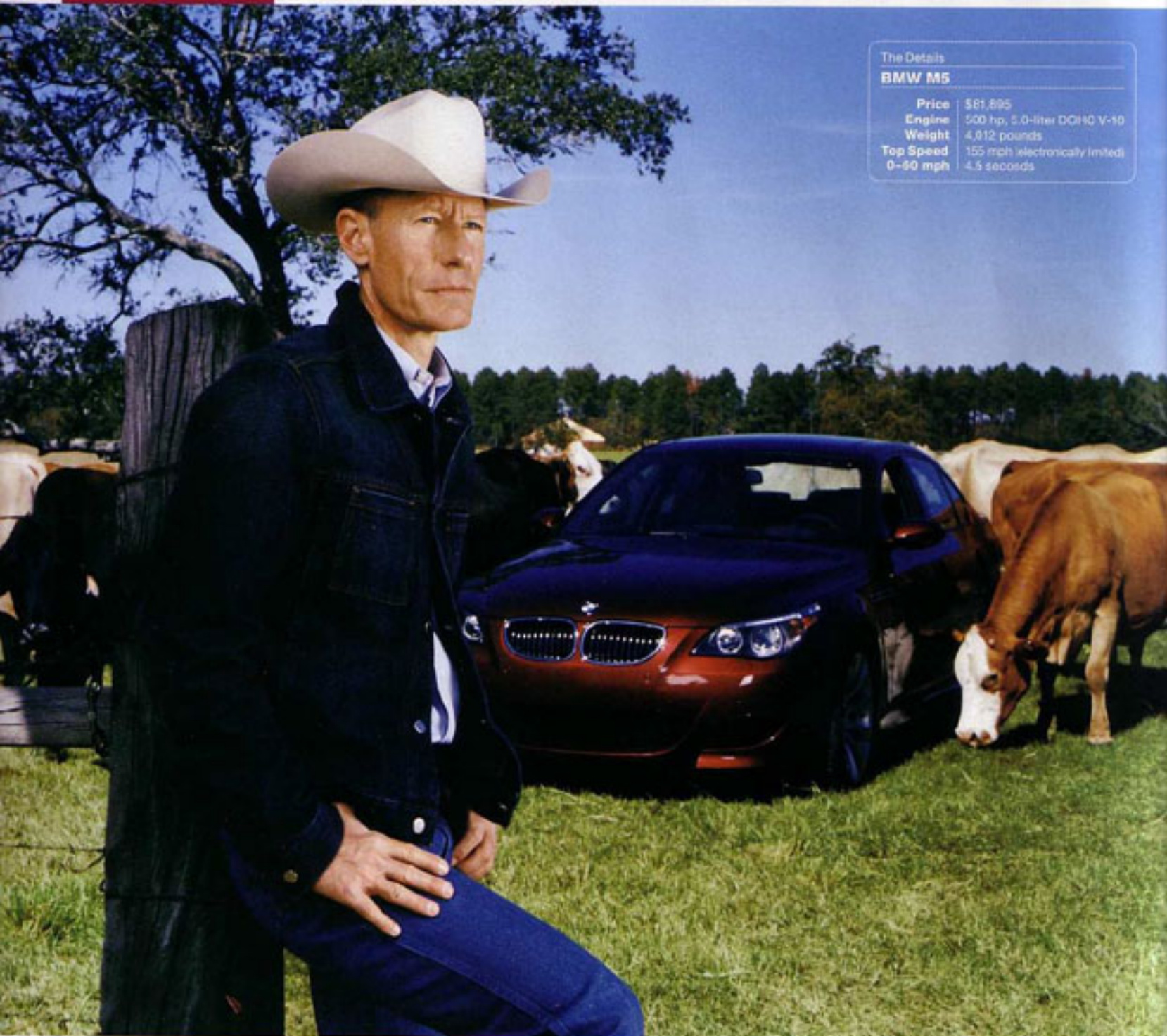
Lovett chuckles—"Think I'm going too fast?"—then slows. "Cars that are actually performance cars become associated as luxury cars," Lovett observes. "People lose sight of what cars like this are really about. There's something about driving a car like this that's just... exciting." >

HIS FIRST CAR 1959 MERCEDES 190B SEDAN **IN HIS GARAGE** 2004 FORD EXCURSION SUV • 2003 MERCEDES G-WAGON SUV (HIS GIRLFRIEND'S) • 2002 FORD F350 PICKUP • 1996 FORD F250 PICKUP • 1991 MERCEDES 350SD (HIS MOM'S) • 1972 MERCEDES 280SEL AND HIS ORIGINAL 1959 MERCEDES 190B • 2004 YAMAHA YZ250 DIRT BIKE • 2000 BMW GS STREET BIKE • 2000 DUCATI 996

The Details

BMW M5

Price	\$81,895
Engine	500 hp, 5.0-liter DOHC V-10
Weight	4,012 pounds
Top Speed	155 mph (electronically limited)
0-60 mph	4.5 seconds





The Details

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL FLYING SPUR

Price	\$164,990
Engine	552 hp, 6.0-liter, twin-turbocharged 12-cylinder
Weight	5,455 pounds
Top Speed	198 mph
0-60 mph	4.6 seconds

The Driver

ANTONIO "L.A." REID

The Car

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL FLYING SPUR

The Location

NEW YORK CITY

Island/Def Jam chairman L.A. Reid, a power player in the music industry, doesn't drive in New York City. Every morning and afternoon, Valone Brown, his longtime driver, maneuvers Reid's black Cadillac Escalade through the urban chaos as his boss taps at his BlackBerry in the back. Today, however, Reid's ride—a Bentley Continental Flying Spur, the new four-door, long-wheelbase version of the Continental GT supercar—commands his full attention. The Spur is the ultimate combination of performance and luxury: a twin-turbo, 552-horsepower sports touring car with massaging leather seats and a walnut dash sporting a

Breitling chronograph. Think of it as the love child of a Lamborghini and a limo.

Reid pushes a button on the side panel, and the window closes with a quiet whir. "That's beautiful," he says. "God, I love this car. It feels very personal—sporty, but also luxurious." He investigates the controls and runs his hand along the wood inlays. "Aesthetics absolutely matter. I want a car that looks great."

Reid says his friend and coworker Jay-Z, president of Island/Def Jam, has taught him much about cars. He thinks Jay would approve of the Spur. "Musicians like Bentleys. The brand is an industry favorite. It's regal. It looks

like 'I have arrived.' And now it's fast." Brown pulls into an open lane on Park Avenue and smiles. The light changes, Reid says, "Hit it!" and the Spur swallows a block in a flash. As quickly as he gasped, Brown is on the brakes, and deceleration is immediate and unwavering.

Brown pulls up to Reid's apartment building, and a white-gloved doorman opens his door. Reid steps out and takes a long look at the deep-purple car. "I really want to drive it; I just don't want to drive in the city." And then he's gone. Brown lingers, not yet ready to relinquish the keys. "The car's awesome, man. I mean, the speed, the rush. Unbelievable."

HIS FIRST CAR 1972 FORD GALAXIE 500, A HAND-ME-DOWN FROM HIS UNCLE. "THE FIRST CAR I BOUGHT WAS A MERCEDES 300SDL DIESEL IN 1986." **IN HIS GARAGE** 2002 CADILLAC ESCALADE SUV • 2000 MERCEDES S500 • 1996 PORSCHE 996



The Driver

GEOFFREY ZAKARIAN

The Car

JAGUAR XJ SUPER V8

The Location

NEW YORK CITY

"Should we go up the Palisades? That's a nice drive," says restaurateur Geoffrey Zakarian at the helm of an emerald-green Jaguar heading north on Manhattan's West Side Highway. His target is the pale-blue span of the George Washington Bridge, and across it the Palisades Interstate Parkway, which hugs the cliffs on the New Jersey side of the Hudson. Although the XJ Super V8 doing his bidding is Jaguar's top-of-the-line horsepower machine, Zakarian is content to take it easy and enjoy the Jag's more obvious selling points: comfort and luxury.

"This car feels great," he says, getting comfortable. Zakarian is a devoted urbanite and doesn't find himself behind the wheel very often. "I haven't had a car in 20 years. The last car I owned was a Volvo wagon. I'm a safety freak, a speed-limit kinda guy. My wife is always like, 'Hurry up; make the light!' and I'm like, 'What's the rush?'"

That said, this Jag's engine likes to be pushed. "Let's open it up a little," he says. And he does—sort of—surpassing 60 mph before slowing to join the noontime traffic. Zakarian appreciates the car's design, which harkens back to the '70s, when Jags were coveted for style—and notorious for service issues.

"It's a classic [body]," Zakarian says. "Why change it? The ride is so smooth because of the wide wheelbase. It's a great backseat car."

That's where Zakarian spends much of his time, working the phones and a PDA as he travels by car service between his Tribeca home and his two New York City restaurants, Town and Country. Soon, he'll add a third eatery, on Manhattan's Lower East Side, then a fourth, in Las Vegas at the Venetian hotel.

Over in Jersey, Zakarian points the car through the gates of his former country club, where he has long played golf with other famous foodies, such as Mesa Grill's Bobby Flay and Craft's Tom Colicchio. Though he's no longer a member, it hardly matters: When you're at the wheel of a \$91,995 Jaguar, you blend in easily with the leisure crowd.

On the way back to the city, Zakarian hits his stride. "This Jag is like the mom car in the suburbs that dads love," he says. "She loves it because it looks great; he loves it because it drives fast." >

HIS FIRST CAR "A 1969 BUICK LESABRE HAND-ME-DOWN FROM MY DAD. HE LIKED BIG FOUR-DOOR CARS THAT WERE AWFUL IN SNOW. YOU FISHTAILED ALL OVER THE PLACE. BUT I WAS HAPPY TO HAVE IT."

IN HIS GARAGE "I DON'T HAVE A CAR. MY WIFE HAS AN OLD, BEAT-UP INFINITI; I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT YEAR. I'D JUST SAY 'OLD.'"



The Details

JAGUAR XJ SUPER V8

Price	\$91,995
Engine	400 hp, 4.2-liter V-8
Weight	4,001 pounds
Top Speed	155 mph
	(electronically limited)
0-60 mph	5.0 seconds

like Jones', your perception of speed tends to get skewed.)

He muscled the steering wheel—like the ride and suspension, it is garter-belt tight—around a bend, and his eyes widened with the impressive performance. We were forewarned by Lotus that today's ride would be brief. As we head back, Jones' massive shoulders slump. "I want to take this out on the track," he says. "I'm gonna have to come back."

HIS FIRST CAR "A FOUR-DOOR LEXUS LS I BOUGHT IN 1997. IT'S AT MY PARENTS."
IN HIS GARAGE 2004 MERCEDES SLR
 MCLAREN • 2004 MERCEDES SL55
 • 2003 ASTON MARTIN VANQUISH
 • 1970 BUICK ELECTRA

The Details

LOTUS EXIGE

Price	\$50,990
Weight	2,015 pounds
Engine	100 hp DOHC inline-4
Top Speed	147 mph
0-60 mph	4.9 seconds



The Driver

ANDRUW JONES

The Car

LOTUS EXIGE

The Location

ATLANTA SUBURBS

It isn't hard to spot the professional athlete outside the office of Road Atlanta, a twisty racetrack about a sitcom's duration north of the city center. He is the huge man in the suit and shades, leaning out the window of a half-million-dollar sports car.

Andruw Jones, All-Star center fielder for the Atlanta Braves, is as comfortable at the wheel as he is at the plate; his impressive exotic-car collection has included a Ferrari, a Lamborghini, and a Mercedes SLR McLaren (the one he drove to Road Atlanta). But today the slugger, who led the majors with 51 home runs last year, is in for a real treat.

Jones is scheduled to test-drive a Lotus Exige, perhaps the purest expression of the term sports car available to mere mortals.

To wit, the British carmaker is urging buyers who purchase one of the 300 Exiges produced each year to drive it only on racetracks, the car's true home. Jones, however, is given clearance to take it on the rolling country roads that surround the racetrack grounds.

Jones discovers the Exige's verve early in his ride, sprinting over a crest to close in fast on a mom in her minivan; he whips into the left lane and is around her before she has time to choke on her Cheetos. The Exige revs to an insanely high 8,500 rpm, at which time a second cam fires up, activating an additional power band that is akin to chasing a pot of coffee with a pitcher of Red Bull.

"It's a peppy little car," Jones says. "It's not so fast at the start, but when it kicks in,

it really moves. It's nice to have a little car that drives like a big one." He smiles. "And you can park it anywhere."

With a superlight frame (the car weighs a mere 2,015 pounds); wide, nearly slick tires; a midengine design; and a large, gnarly looking spoiler that produces 100 pounds of downforce at speeds over 100 mph (most cars gain lift at those speeds), piloting the Exige feels as if you've assumed the wheel of a mini Indy car.

Jones keeps accelerating toward 100 mph. "I don't get tickets in fast cars, only slow ones," he says, looking over at his doubting passenger. "I get them in sedans, like my Mercedes SL—the 55." (It should be pointed out that the SL55 is most definitely not slow, nor is it a sedan. But when you have a garage

MASTERS OF THEIR TERRAIN

Six men who live the Best Life test-drive the hottest new cars of 2006

BY JOSH DEAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RAINER HOSCH

The Driver

JAMES CAMERON

The Car

CHEVROLET CORVETTE Z06

The Location

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

It is barely sunrise, and James Cameron is itching to tackle the rugged hills that wrap around his Malibu home. "This should be a good way to wake up," he says, starting the blue Corvette in his driveway. The *Titanic* director has been schooled in performance driving and very quickly puts those skills into play. One of his first moves is to deactivate the car's traction control. It is a lifesaving technology that helps the driver maintain control to avoid skids and spinouts, but Cameron has no interest in computer assistance. He wants to put the Z06—a 505-horsepower, higher-performance version of the standard Corvette—to the test.

"Is this car broken in? Can I push it?" he asks. He gets clearance and he's off, surging forward, then slowing to avoid some zebra-striped bumps in the road. "You have to be careful here because of all the stupid speed bumps. I believe they were put in because of me."

He navigates onto the sleepy streets of Los Angeles' most exclusive neighborhood. "We'll take the route I usually take when I go motorcycle riding with the governor." Of course he means Arnold Schwarzenegger, a friend since the *Terminator* days.

Cameron turns onto a secondary road that rises fast in a series of tight turns. His hands clenched tightly at 10 and 2, Cameron tears up the windy road, braking hard into corners and flooring the Vette as he exits the turns. Free of traction control, the back end skitters with each punch of the gas, eliciting a smile from Cameron as he corrects the skids.

He comes to a stop at an intersection and looks four ways to be sure he's alone. Then he turns the wheel and guns the throttle, riding the clutch just enough to spin the tires until the Corvette is pirouetting in a giant, smoke-spewing circle. A halo of skid marks decorates the road; a cloud of atomized rubber hangs in the air. He does a full rotation and then peels out down one of the streets, the car careening toward a guardrail as both driver and passenger let out a yelp. He quickly jerks the wheel into the skid, and the car settles.

"It's a little squirrely with the traction control off. It got away from me a little coming out of the doughnut," he confesses. "We'd better leave the scene of the crime." With that, he hits a straightaway, reaching 100 mph in a few seconds.

"This is a lot of car for 65 grand," he says, nodding. Cameron punches it one more time for posterity and turns to the passenger. "You've got some serious huevos," he declares. "It's hard when you have no idea what the driver's skills are like." >

The Details

CHEVROLET CORVETTE Z06

Price	\$65,800
Weight	3,132 pounds
Engine	505 hp, 7.0-liter OHV V-8
Top Speed	198 mph
0-60 mph	3.7 seconds

HIS FIRST CAR 1963 TRIUMPH SPITFIRE. "I TOWED IT HOME ON A ROPE AND COMPLETELY REBUILT IT." **IN HIS GARAGE** 2006 FORD GT • 2004 TOYOTA HIGHLANDER HYBRID • 2002 BMW M5 • 1999 PORSCHE 911 CARRERA • 1998 CHEVROLET TAHOE • 1996 CORVETTE ZR1 • 2003 HARLEY-DAVIDSON V-ROD • 1996 HARLEY-DAVIDSON FXLR • 1990 HARLEY-DAVIDSON FATBOY

MEN'S PASSIONS

