

25 Leaders
For The
Future

How Cisco Got Routed • America's Worst Boards

FORTUNE

DISPLAY UNTIL MAY 21, 2001

Morgan Stanley
Internet Analyst
Mary Meeker

can we ever

TRUST

wall street again?

aol keyword: fortune



www.fortune.com

- Where Mary went wrong
- Inside the IPO racket
- Hying Winstar to death

PLUS: You're right—blame the media too

Put a Little War In Your Wardrobe



MANHATTAN PORTAGE
messenger bag, \$38.
At Urban Outfitters; urbn.com

BDG
unisex belt, \$10.
At Urban Outfitters; urbn.com



Like some sort of dark daffodil, camouflage is popping up all over. But even when coming from a chichi fashion house—and many have surrendered to the trend—it gives off a welcome whiff of insurgency.



BURBERRY bikini, \$115.
At Burberry in New York City (212-371-5010) and Neiman Marcus



JOHN BARTLETT
men's shirt, \$255.
At Hirshleifer's, Manhasset, N.Y. (516-627-3566)

CHRISTIAN DIOR shoes, \$325.
At Christian Dior boutiques in Beverly Hills and New York City (212-931-2950)



JOHN CHASSINON

Flying Low

"I love the smell of jet fuel in the morning," exults Ted McIntyre, owner of Marine Turbine Technologies of Franklin, La. His company's main product is jet propulsion for racing boats, but it has also built a jet-powered pickup truck and—most shocking of all—three jet motorcycles.

To make the Y2K Superbike, MTT takes a Rolls-Royce Allison C-18 turbine—retired from its first career powering a helicopter—and stuffs it into a stout chassis. The first one (above) was a single-speed prototype. The second, which has a two-speed transmission that helps it

Marine Turbine Technologies
337-924-0298
marineturbine.com

very quickly achieve velocities in excess of 200 mph, belongs to prominent motorhead Jay Leno. The third, also a two-speeder, is what I'll be test-driving.

Even if you're too scared to actually ride the thing—and it is street legal—its crowd-pleasing startup routine more than justifies the \$150,000 price tag. Just turn on the ignition key, push a button on the right handgrip to put the transmission in neutral, and hold down the adjacent starter switch. An eerie, ascending whine emerges as an electric motor spins the turbine's compressor up to about 26,000 rpm. Then an ignitor automatically "lights off" the fuel, and the bike settles into a roaring, shrieking idle.

Ultrahot piston-engined motorcycles now on the market have about 150 horsepower and weigh about 450 pounds (full of gas). The Superbike's 320 horses need to move only 560 pounds of bike, and twisting open the throttle even a teensy bit uncorks what feels like a personal Hoover Dam. I stay on the throttle a couple of times until 35,000 rpm, and then I chicken out (full blast would be 55,000 rpm; your car probably redlines at 6,000 rpm).

After several miles my knees stop shaking, and I begin enjoying the color video rear-view display. But when I return the bike to its keepers, my hands are still a quiver. "Everybody shakes like that the first time they ride it," explains one of the Cajun crewmen. Clad in shorts, he likes to show off his smooth legs; the hairs got toasted off from standing too near the bike's huge exhaust outlets. — **STUART F. BROWN**

JAMES MORRELL (3)