

NIGEL ROEBUCK
DOUBLE POINTS? GOD HELP US...

F1 SEASON REVIEW

*“Extraordinary constants
and conflict-ridden contrasts”*

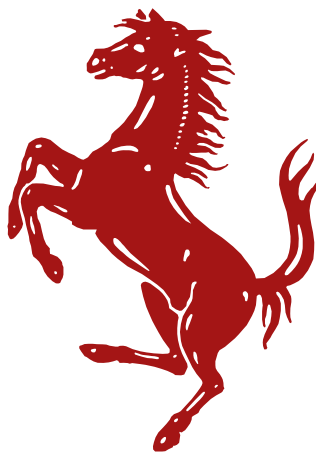
www.motorsportmagazine.com

MOTORSPORT

90TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

FERRARI'S

20



GREATEST F1 DRIVERS

*From Ascari to Alonso: heroes of the Prancing Horse
But who's our number 1?*

LOOK OUT, IT'S SUPERMAN!

Lunch with a cult legend of tin-tops

THE MAGIC OF MÁRQUEZ

Mat Oxley on MotoGP's amazing rookie champ

MERCEDES BACK IN BLACK

Discover the dark side of the ultimate SLS

FEBRUARY 2014 £4.99



9 770027 201186



88

76



36



116



123



61

CONTENTS

VOLUME 90 / NUMBER 2

FEATURES

52 REFLECTIONS WITH NIGEL ROEBUCK
Ludicrous gimmickry strikes F1, the gift of Juan Pablo Montoya and Merc faces life without Brawn

61 FERRARI'S 20 GREATEST F1 DRIVERS
Subjective, of course, but Simon Arron attempts to balance romance against artistry and achievement

76 ENZO: LIFE BEFORE FERRARI
Paul Fearnley looks back at the formative years of the Scuderia's founding father, when he ran a team of Alfa Romeos for the sport's great and good

84 RACING LIVES: GUY MOLL
The foremost Algerian racing driver, now as then

88 FORMULA 1: 2013 SEASON REVIEW
The *Motor Sport* team reflects on personal highlights from a lopsided campaign, plus Nigel Roebuck delivers his Top 10 verdict

99 IN THE SPOTLIGHT: KEVIN MAGNUSSEN

100 LUNCH WITH... STEVE SOPER
Tin-top star chats to Simon Taylor about winning, arguing with Tom Walkinshaw and more besides

110 INTERVIEW: SIMON HADFIELD
Gordon Cruickshank talks to a man who's as handy behind the wheel as he is restoring classic racers

116 PROFILE: MARC MÁRQUEZ
MotoGP's rookie champion through his own eyes... and those of rivals. Mat Oxley is your referee

REGULARS

10 MATTERS OF MOMENT	31 AUCTIONS
14 MONTH IN PICTURES	34 ROAD CAR NEWS
18 FORMULA 1 NEWS	36 ROAD TESTS
20 OBITUARIES	44 LETTERS
21 BOOK REVIEWS	48 YOU WERE THERE
22 INTERNATIONAL NEWS	50 SUBSCRIPTIONS
23 GORDON KIRBY	123 EVENTS OF THE MONTH
24 WEB SPIN	127 SIMON ARRON
26 MAT OXLEY	130 READER OFFER
28 HISTORIC NEWS	131 GORDON CRUICKSHANK
29 PRODUCT REVIEWS	135 DOUG NYE
30 CLASSIC CARS	138 PARTING SHOT

IT'S BECOME SOMETHING OF A running joke in these parts that editor-in-chief Nigel Roebuck doesn't 'do' social media, particularly since he wrote about his reservations on our website a few months ago.

Of course, by submitting that article he inadvertently made himself a talking point for a few hours, suitably enough, on Twitter. How exquisite.

Perhaps it's just as well for Nigel to avoid the 'twitterati'. After all, it can become addictive. For all the blather, there's usually something engaging to read and, since joining the masses, I dread to think how much of my time social media has taken up. It's now the fastest way to keep abreast of current affairs and, when a story breaks, such as the FIA's Strategy Group rulings in December, there's no better method of catching the global mood.

So that Monday night, on I logged: "I think I know what some of you might say to this question, but... what do you think of the FIA rulings today?" Within minutes, racing enthusiasts in large numbers had confirmed my suspicions. Thoughts on fixed car numbers for drivers and the introduction of a cost cap split opinion, in the latter's case because of justified doubts over policing team spend. But on the awarding of double points for next year's Abu Dhabi Grand Prix, they spoke as one.

Nigel gives his view (I'd describe it as 'withering') on page 52. Here, I thought I'd share some of the responses to my teed up question – in no more than 140 characters, of course.

"FIA rulings – very strange," said David Harbey. "Seems almost desperation. Is this the best they can come up with?"

Ben Dunnell added: "The double points proposal makes the BTCC look positively purist," while Steve Roy pointed out: "If we'd had double points at Interlagos last season the only difference would be Pérez not Hülkenberg in 10th in the champ."

Jonathan Layzell's view will chime with many long-time readers of this magazine: "Winning a Grand Prix used to mean everything. Diminished now by number of rounds and total focus on



DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR

Read all about it: for rapid-response news and feedback, Twitter leads the way (honestly, Nigel)

championship," while someone going by the name of Oily Rag Racing wrote: "New system devalues the whole championship. F1's full of gimmicks now. Backlash will be massive when the 'wrong' driver wins."

Perhaps the perfect summary was offered by Twitter F1 favourite, 'Fake Charlie Whiting': "I think it's the greatest idea to come out of the Strategy Working Group since glass helmets." I wonder if the real one would concur.

The anger spread over forums and website comment sections everywhere, including ours. F1 has tested the patience of its fans innumerable times before, of course, but I don't previously recall so many threatening to turn off from the sport we're struggling to still think of as 'Grand Prix motor racing'.

We're used to disdain for the diehard purists in F1, as Bernie Ecclestone and his employers at CVC Capital Partners chase the mass market. They're more than aware that F1's audience is aging, despite its size, and the pressure is on to attract new, younger fans. But they shouldn't confuse youth with stupidity. Such rule contrivances make a mockery of the sport to anyone, whatever their age or levels of dedication.

Plot well and truly lost? Some would argue it went missing years ago.



THE SIGNING OF KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN to join Fernando Alonso inspired this month's cover story on Ferrari's 20 greatest Formula 1 drivers.

For the first time since Giuseppe Farina and Alberto Ascari were forced to rub along together way back in 1953, the

Prancing Horse will have two crowned World Champions in its stable this year. It's a fascinating prospect.

Had wins and championships dictated our order, this task would have been easy (step forward M Schumacher). But of all teams, Ferrari is about so much more than cold, hard numbers. As you can read on page 61, Simon Arron's brief was tougher than that. Twenty is not many when you consider every Ferrari driver since the war, and there will be howls of protest at the lack of Jean Alesi, Gerhard Berger, Lodovico Scarfiotti, Michele Alboreto and others. But the most notable omission, given our reasons for starting this argument in the first place, is Räikkönen himself.

The Kimster is a Ferrari World Champion (unlike his new team-mate), but compared to his years at McLaren and Lotus Räikkönen's performances in red have largely been underwhelming to date, with notable exceptions – mostly at Spa. He still has work to do to become a bone fide Ferrari legend.

But will he have the grit and motivation to challenge hardman Alonso in the Spaniard's domain? We'll only truly find out if Ferrari can produce a competitive car to the new regulations. It's often been said F1 needs Ferrari to be at the sharp end to thrive. With this driver line-up, and in the wake of Sebastian Vettel's dominance, the notion has never been more true.



BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS WE have high hopes that at long last JS will now be know as SJS: Sir John Surtees. The great man doesn't need a knighthood to confirm his status within Britain and his sport, but even so the recognition is long overdue.

The timing would surely be perfect as we dive into 2014, not only the year of his big 8-0, but also of course the 50th anniversary of his F1 World Championship for Ferrari. With that in mind, I hope you'll join us at the NEC in Birmingham on January 9-12 to salute a genuine sporting giant.

John's career on two wheels and four will be marked at Autosport International, the racing car show that traditionally blows open the doors of the new racing



MATTERS OF MOMENT

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/dsmith

season. Among the cars on show will be his title-winning Ferrari 158, his maiden F1 car, the Lotus 18, and the MV Augusta on which he ended his astonishing bike racing career with a flourish in 1960.

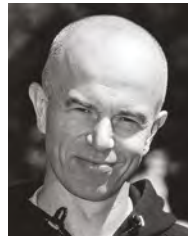
New World Endurance Champions Allan McNish and Tom Kristensen will also visit the show, along with Martin Brundle, Adrian Sutil, BTCC champ Andrew Jordan, Matt Neal, Gary Paffett and many more. There's also the intriguing prospect of a Lotus 79 and 49B running in the Live Action Arena. I've passed on the indoor spectacle in recent years, but this I've got to see...

Motor Sport will have an increased presence at the show this year, with two stands to make sure you really can't miss us. One will feature the Scalextric track that proved so popular last year,

so do come along and beat my time – just like the rest of Birmingham.

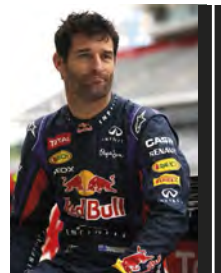


AWARDS SEASON PROVED A BUSY one this winter for *Motor Sport*, following nominations in two ceremonies for our superb digital products, available to read on iPad and Android. We were also delighted that our online assistant Alex Harmer received great recognition by winning the annual Renault MSA Young Journalist of the Year award, a trophy previously claimed by his website boss Ed Foster in 2008. You might have spotted Alex's name peppering pages in the magazine as well as on our website – he's been prolific in his first year on the staff. The award, in a highly competitive year, is fully deserved. ☑



CONTRIBUTORS

Too young to understand the concept of Enzo Ferrari (p76)? Not a bit. Once, when **Paul Fearnley** interviewed late legend Frank Gardner, the conversation ended with the Australian saying, "Blimey, you know more about me than I do." He's sharp on history, Paul. Slightly more of an antique, **Gordon Cruickshank** didn't believe his sat-nav when it dropped him outside Simon Hadfield's race preparation shop: 1-0 to modern technology and a splendid conversation ensued (p110). **Mat Oxley** knows how to extract the most from bikes and bikers, so is better placed than anyone to portray contemporary sensation Marc Márquez (p116). **Guy Allen's** latest subject is Guy Moll (p84), a name unknown to many. To sign off where we came in, Enzo Ferrari rated the Algerian more highly than all bar Nuvolari and Moss...



IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
Mark Webber: goodbye F1, hello Porsche
ON SALE JANUARY 28

MOTOR SPORT MAGAZINE

Incorporating Speed and The Brooklands Gazette
Founder Editor Bill Boddy MBE

38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ, UK
www.motorsportmagazine.com

EDITORIAL

Telephone 020 7349 8497 Fax 020 7349 8494
E-mail editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk
Editor-in-Chief Nigel Roebuck
Editor Damien Smith
Deputy Editor Gordon Cruickshank
Features Editor Simon Arran
Art Editor Damon Cogman
Online Editor Ed Foster
Digital Designer Zamir Walimohamed
Online Assistant Alex Harmer
Picture Editor Jeff Bloxham
Senior Contributing Writers Andrew Frankel, Rob Widdows
US Editor Gordon Kirby
Editor-at-Large Simon Taylor
Special Contributors Adam Cooper, Paul Fearnley, Richard Heseltine, Paul Lawrence, Doug Nye, Mat Oxley, Gary Watkins, Richard Williams
Picture Library LAT Photographic: 020 8267 3000

ADVERTISING

Telephone 020 7349 8496 Fax 020 7349 8494
E-mail sales@motorsportmagazine.co.uk
Commercial Director Sean Costa
Commercial Manager Mike O'Hare
Advertising Manager Faye Matthews
Senior Account Managers Peter De Vries, Max Mendelewitsch
Classified Sales Executive Peter Hirst

PUBLISHING

Managing Director Giovanna Latimer
Acting Publisher Vaughan Gordon
Publishing & Events Manager Jennifer Carruth
Marketing Manager James Bissett
Accounts Controller Collette Moolman
Head of Subscriptions Marketing Gerard O'Brien
Subscriptions Marketing Executive Robert Brooke
Customer Service Manager Sophie Williams

SUBSCRIPTIONS

UK & Overseas subscriptions +44 (0) 20 7349 8472
Motor Sport Magazine Limited, Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK. Motor Sport subscriptions: Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK. Subscription rates (12 issues): UK £49.99; USA \$85; rest of world £64. Postage is included. Motor Sport (ISSN No: 0027-2019) is published monthly by Motor Sport Magazine Ltd, GBR and is distributed in the USA by Asendia USA, 17B South Middlesex Avenue, Monroe NJ 08831 and additional mailing offices. Periodicals postage paid at New Brunswick NJ. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Motor Sport, 17B South Middlesex Avenue, Monroe NJ 08831. UK and rest of world address changes should be sent to Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK, or by e-mail to subscriptions@motorsportmagazine.co.uk. Subscription enquiries: subscriptions@motorsportmagazine.co.uk. Subscription orders: www.motorsportmagazine.com. Distribution: Marketforce, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. Colour origination: All Points Media. Printing: Precision Colour Printing, Telford, Shropshire, UK.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the Publisher. Copyright © 2013 Motor Sport Magazine Limited, all rights reserved. We take every care when compiling the contents of this magazine but can assume no responsibility for any effects arising therefrom. Manuscripts and photos submitted entirely at owners' risk. Advertisements are accepted by us in good faith as correct at the time of going to press. Motor Sport magazine is printed in England.

SUBSCRIBE!
See page 50
for more details



IN THE SPIRIT OF BOD AND JENKS

TABLET EDITION NOW
AVAILABLE ON ANDROID

Digital content expands beyond iPad
Fully interactive with extra photos and videos
Free to print subscribers for a limited time

Download from www.motorsportmagazine.com, iTunes store and Google Play

JOIN US ON
SOCIAL MEDIA

Facebook
www.motorsportmagazine.com/fb

Twitter
www.twitter.com/Motor_Sport

YAS Viceroy Hotel
YAS MARINA





THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH IN PICTURES

DECEMBER 13, 2013

Gulf 12 Hours

YAS MARINA, ABU DHABI

The new Bentley GT3 made a promising start to its racing career in mid-December, when Steven Kane, Guy Smith and Andy Meyrick drove it in the Gulf 12 Hours (comprising two six-hour heats either side of a short break). The car qualified fourth and raced competitively. A pity hardly anyone turned up to watch.

BENTLEY

DECEMBER 8, 2013

New R18 unveiled

INGOLSTADT, GERMANY

Audi revealed the first shots of its new LMP1 car – called the R18 e-tron quattro, just like the last one – ahead of a test outing at Sebring. The car ran in secret a few months beforehand.



AUDI



FIA

DECEMBER 6, 2013

FIA prize ceremony

PARIS, FRANCE

Champions Sebastian Vettel (above left), Loïc Duval, Tom Kristensen and Allan McNish (above) and Robert Kubica (left) receive gongs. Kubica steps up to the WRC in 2014, in an M-Sport Ford.





THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES

NOVEMBER 21-29, 2013

Safari Classic

MOMBASA, KENYA

Ian Duncan (Ford Capri V8 Perana) scored a last-gasp victory on the latest edition of the East African Safari Classic, which covered more than 1000 miles through national parks in Kenya and Tanzania. Hands up all those who think the World Rally Championship should still pay an annual visit...

MICKLEW



F1 teams face an ever tighter financial squeeze - and it doesn't just affect backmarkers

F1 seeks new entrants

Fresh interest sought as existing teams struggle | BY ADAM COOPER

THE FIA HAS LAID THE groundwork for new teams to enter the World Championship in 2015 by opening up a formal tender process.

The news came in the wake of plans for what the governing body calls a 'cost cap' to be introduced from the start of that season. A working group comprised of representatives of teams, the FIA and the commercial rights holder will be formed to discuss the rules, with a view to confirming them in June 2014.

Previous attempts to put a lid on spending have inevitably proved contentious, but the signs are that Jean Todt - recently elected unopposed for a second term as FIA president - is serious about attacking the cost issue. Many current teams, notably Lotus and Sauber, are heading into the new season facing an ever tighter financial squeeze, and the extra costs imposed by the



"Coming here (to Force India) was always my first choice and I'm really happy everything has now been confirmed."

Sergio Pérez on his new F1 team. First choice over staying at McLaren? We're not so sure...

change of regulations has made life even more difficult.

The rules have always left the door open for teams to enter, but with the prospect of one or more teams collapsing, the FIA has seemingly acted to ensure the best chance of finding potential replacements. It also opens the possibility of a new team rising from the ashes of one that has failed. Under Concorde rules, if a team goes into liquidation it loses its historical commercial rights, and has to restart as a new entity. Should Lotus or Sauber face that situation they could in theory emerge with new owners and/or identities, although if debts to key suppliers remain it might not be straightforward. In the case of Lotus, the key debtor is owner Genii.

If the cost cap can be made to work, it will at least make finding new entrants a more realistic possibility. However, the

FIA has not allowed prospective candidates much time, which suggests that one or more are already waiting in the wings. They have to register their interest by January 3, and submit a full application by February 10. A decision is anticipated shortly afterwards.

Meanwhile, the saga of the Lotus drive is a case study in how even those in a position to challenge for race wins have been struggling to make ends meet. The team indicated that Nico Hülkenberg was first choice to replace Kimi Räikkönen, but given that the German has no backing of his own, his signing was dependent on the arrival of funds from the Quantum Group, announced as an investor back in June.

That has still failed to materialise, and with his strong Venezuelan support Pastor Maldonado emerged as a prime candidate for a Lotus seat, while also pursuing the possibility of moving to Sauber. His sponsors were concerned about the debt situation in both camps, but ultimately they and the driver agreed Lotus was the way to go. He joins incumbent Romain Grosjean, who is himself supported by Total.

Hülkenberg signed a contract with Force India some months ago, although

until the end of the 2013 racing season he still had the option to withdraw, and take up a drive elsewhere. With the Lotus opportunity slipping away, he agreed to return to the team he represented in 2012, before heading to rival Sauber.

He is joined at Force India by Sergio Pérez, who brings funding from Mexico. After Pérez was dumped by McLaren, his mentor Carlos Slim stepped in and personally negotiated with team boss Vijay Mallya.

Adrian Sutil, who had an ongoing contract with Force India, was thus left to pursue a berth at Sauber. As *Motor Sport* closed for press, the Swiss outfit had yet to confirm any drivers for 2014, an indication of just how close to the edge the troubled team is as it tries to stitch a financial package together.

The Mexican sponsorship deals that were attached to Pérez and, latterly, Esteban Gutiérrez ran out at the end of the season. Meanwhile, the arrangement to run Russian teenager Sergey Sirotkin was put on hold when his finance failed to come through, and missing out on Maldonado was another major blow. The team has also talked to both Marussia owner Andrei Tsheglakov and the equally struggling Caterham about possible collaborations, although clearly any merger would see a team disappear from the grid.

Vettel joins F1 rule backlash

THE FIA CAUSED A STIR IN December by announcing that henceforth the final Grand Prix of the season will be worth double points in “in order to maximise focus on the championship until the end of the campaign”.



Hot seat: latest F1 rule changes were devised at FIA HQ in December

2014 F1 CALENDAR

Mar 16	Australia
Mar 30	Malaysia
Apr 6	Bahrain
Apr 20	China
May 11	Spain
May 25	Monaco
Jun 8	Canada
Jun 22	Austria
Jul 6	Great Britain
Jul 20	Germany
Jul 27	Hungary
Aug 24	Belgium
Sep 7	Italy
Sep 21	Singapore
Oct 5	Japan
Oct 12	Russia
Nov 2	United States
Nov 9	Brazil
Nov 23	Abu Dhabi



The plan, agreed by the teams through the F1 Strategy Group, brought an immediate negative reaction from fans on social media.

Speaking to German newspaper *Bild* Sebastian Vettel called the decision “absurd,” adding “I respect the old traditions in F1 and do not understand this new rule.”

A less contentious outcome of the Paris meeting is confirmation of a move to allow drivers to choose a race number between 2-99 that they can keep throughout their F1 careers. The World Champion will still have the option to run as number one, if he so wishes.

The furore caused by the double points rule overshadowed the announcement of greater significance, the cost cap introduction from January 2015.

Axed GPs delayed, not dead

NEW JERSEY AND MEXICO ARE both targeting spots on the 2015 F1 calendar after failing to be ready for next season.

The FIA has now formally confirmed that, as noted in *Motor Sport* last month, they have been dropped from the final 2014 schedule, along with Korea. Their absence leaves 19 GPs, with Russia and a return to Austria the two novelties.

The New Jersey organisers have insisted that their event is still a runner, and in a statement Bernie Ecclestone was quoted as saying: “New races can take many years to get started, but there is significant momentum and we are close to realising a New York City F1 race.” Meanwhile, Mexico is aiming for a

June date, assuming that work on rebuilding the track can commence early next year.

India is also due to return in 2015, which could potentially create a busy 22-race calendar.

Brawn bows out... for now

AN ERA WILL END WHEN ROSS Brawn leaves his job as Mercedes team principal on December 31, after some six years at the helm of the Brackley team.

Brawn (right, above, with Toto Wolff and Niki Lauda) joined in November 2007, when it was still owned by Honda. Just a year later he had to pick up the pieces when the Japanese manufacturer pulled out – and having found a way to keep it going under the Brawn GP name he led the team to a 2009 World Championship double. The subsequent sale to Mercedes netted him a huge personal fortune.

Brawn’s future had been in doubt since news of Paddy Lowe’s head-hunting by Mercedes broke early last year, which followed the arrival of Niki Lauda as chairman of the board. He was not willing to move sideways and relinquish full control, and preferred instead to cut his ties ahead of 2014’s major rule changes.

He will be replaced by a two-man ‘committee’. Toto Wolff will have the title of executive director (business), while former McLaren man Lowe will be executive director (technical).

Brawn’s name has been linked with new roles elsewhere, but he says that he has no immediate plans and intends to take some time off.

KEN GREGORY, who has died aged 87, had a huge effect on motor racing during the 1950 and '60s, and arguably beyond. Team manager, constructor, circuit director, club manager, race organiser – he inhabited all these titles, but it was as Stirling Moss's manager that he wielded most influence. Drivers had used managers before, but the symbiosis between Moss and Gregory grew to a new level, with Gregory lining up drive after drive for Stirling's insatiable ambition, while Moss left negotiations, car choice and travel arrangements to Gregory, making them arguably the first professional driver and manager. Gregory also created the first fully sponsored racing team, altering the sport's landscape.

Through helping an RAC friend look after the 1949 British GP, Gregory quickly became secretary of the 500 Club where he clicked with Moss and his father Alfred, taking on more and more of The Boy's affairs, arranging Kieft, HWM and Jaguar drives, then buying a Maserati 250F. It was Gregory who got Moss into the Mercedes and later Maserati and Vanwall teams, while also taking on Peter Collins, becoming a director of Brands Hatch, managing the BRSCC and running the Nassau Speed Week, not to mention two flying schools. With Alfred Moss he set up the British Racing Partnership in 1957, providing Cooper F2 and BRM F1 drives for Stirling and other drivers, Gregory doing the deal that for 1960 turned it into Yeoman Credit Racing and brought full sponsorship into Formula 1. He also relaunched an ailing magazine as *Cars & Car Conversions*, adding publishing to his portfolio, and with Moss Sr opened Britain's first hamburger joint, claiming invention of the word 'beefburger'. At the same time he wrote *Behind the Scenes of Motor Racing*, vividly describing his early years with Moss.

Overseeing his team, as it switched to UDT Laystall and back to BRP, helped Gregory to cope with the aftermath of Moss's career-ending accident in 1962;

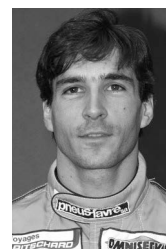


Ken Gregory

1926 - 2013

although there had been plenty of friction between them, the crash had immense personal impact, and it was Gregory who dealt with the huge press and public demands afterwards.

BRP built its own cars for 1963-64, plus an Indianapolis version, but after being refused FOCA membership it withered financially and Gregory turned to his parallel interest, aviation, building a major air charter service that transported the likes of Sinatra and The Beatles. After his fortune vanished in the 1970s banking crisis, he retired to Spain but retained his incisive mind to the end, updating his book in electronic form in 2012. *Gordon Cruickshank*



Philippe Favre

His name might not mean much to the wider world, but Philippe Favre was an immensely capable racing driver with a friendly, engaging manner. The Swiss died in a skiing accident on December 6, just short of his 52nd birthday. Favre came to Britain in 1985 and soon established himself as a Formula Ford front-runner, going on to finish second in the following season's RAC FF1600 series (and also finishing as runner-up in the Festival, after an epic duel with Roland Ratzenberger).

After two seasons (and one win) in British F3, he took pole position on his FIA F3000 debut at Silverstone in 1989 and finished the race in second place, behind Thomas Danielsson. Lack of sponsorship subsequently compromised his single-seater career, but he went on to race sports cars with distinction, representing Kremer Honda, Lister and Venturi, among others.



Bev Bond

As one of the leading drivers from the 1-litre Formula 3 era of the late 1960s, Bev Bond's life went full circle when he returned to racing at the age of 70 in the burgeoning 1-litre F3 revival series. Sadly, he died from cancer aged 75 while planning another season of racing in 2014.

The product of a speedway riding family, Bond was born in London and rose through Formula 3 to race for Gold Leaf Team Lotus in a Lotus 59 in 1970. He famously won the 1970 British Empire Trophy at Oulton Park after starting from the back of the grid and was third in the British F3 Championship in both 1969 and 1971.

By now in his early 30s, his racing career ended in the mid-70s after competing in Formula Atlantic with Harry Stiller.

After 35 years away the sport, Bond rekindled his interest as the rebirth of 1-litre F3 took off over the past four years and was fortunate enough to race his Gold Leaf Lotus 59, now owned by Jim Chapman. He also worked with the 1-litre Historic F3 Racing Association and first suggested the successful revival of the Nations' Cup race.

Grand Prix Zandvoort

Mark Koense

Some of the content will be familiar, following our extensive photographic preview in last November's issue, but the finished product is perhaps even better than we'd dared hope.

The book commences with some early circuit sketches and morphs via an entertaining letter from Sammy Davis (after conducting a track inspection, he urged the circuit developers to have no more than one 30mph corner every two miles, to avoid strain on braking systems... and low average lap speeds "that would not be a good advertisement") into a glorious pictorial history that reflects the highs and, occasionally, lows of Zandvoort's stint as a Grand Prix host between 1948 and 1985.

I attended a Zandvoort GP only once, when Niki Lauda scored his final world championship victory in '85, and walked away having no idea that F1 might not return. It was a privilege to experience the venue's distinctive atmosphere and this book rekindles several memories... and also makes me wish I'd been able to attend previously.

The best bit is perhaps saved until first. Attached to the front cover you'll find a DVD containing a documentary that traces Zandvoort's history via a series of films that are for the most part unfamiliar. Fronted by former racer and all-round good bloke Jan Lammers, it is slickly produced and a perfect complement to what follows. **SA**

Published by Tuvalu Media,
ISBN 978-90-820270-0-6, D89

World champion by a technical knockout

A racing season with Porsche

Helmut Zwickl

Veteran Austrian writer Zwickl raises a point in his introduction. When asked to consider a reissue of a book first published after the 1969 campaign, he reveals that, "My initial reaction was, 'Nobody will be interested these days'"

We suspect they might, not least because, as Zwickl acknowledges, "Despite having reported more than 560 Formula 1 Grands Prix, the long-distance races of the 1960s were the greatest and most exciting time."

In 1969, Porsche's Ferdinand Piëch permitted the author free access to the factory team's pit – and that formed the basis for a blow-by-blow account of the company's successful conquest of the International Championship for Makes (seven wins from 10 starts, although it was allowed to count only its best five results).

It's a textual and pictorial triumph. There is one particular shot, on pages 106-107, of Jo Siffert hammering around the Monza banking in a long-tail 908, with only a precariously positioned photographer, perched on the banking's top lip, for company.

That alone is almost enough to justify the cover price. **SA**

Published by Petrolpics,
ISBN 978-3-940306-26-5, D79

Inspired to Design

Nigel Bennett

With five Indy 500-winning cars to his credit Nigel Bennett sits high in the racing roster, but he got there from the less glamorous though crucial field of tyre engineering. Those years at Firestone (not to mention building the obligatory 750MC special) meant meeting all the crucial F1 figures, helping him progress to Hesketh, chief engineer at Lotus, then designer for Ensign, Theodore, Lola and finally Penske, where he garnered five championships. Latterly he aided the FIA overtaking project, and designed power boats too. Naturally the book majors on the technical with analysis of how and why each design was formed, but Bennett also offers personal insights – Chapman claiming credit for discovering ground effect, or learning that Tyrrell managed with only 35 people and overnight sacking 10. There are 'down-time' tales too – an ill-fated boat ride with Emerson Fittipaldi, getting lost in the snow with Al Unser – to add entertainment. Informative and frank – even over his own mistakes. **GC**

Published by Veloce,
ISBN 978-1-845845-36-0, £35

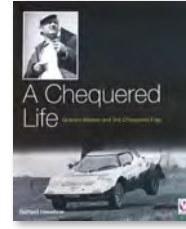
A Chequered Life

Richard Heseltine

Alan Mann, John Coombs, Col Ronnie Hoare, John Willment... the list of 1960s team patrons is long and illustrious. Among them, Graham Warner is often overlooked – unfairly so. This book, written by a regular contributor to *Motor Sport*, attempts to redress the balance.

Richard Heseltine was on the staff at this magazine when he wrote a feature story about The Chequered Flag, Warner's car dealership, race team and, later, top rally equipe. That contact led to a collaboration between author and subject and the publication of this book nearly 10 years later.

The Chequered Flag race team was established largely on the back of Warner's own (very respectable) exploits in a Lotus Elite – sporting what would become a trademark reg plate, LOV 1. Meanwhile his founding of



Formula Junior constructor Gemini put the name on the single-seater map, and in time the team, always smartly turned out in white and black, would run rising aces of the day: Jackie Stewart, Jacky Ickx, Piers Courage, Chris Irwin and more.

Warner dabbled (expensively) in the music business after quitting the sport, but burst back in the 1970s as a rally entrant of Fiat Abarth 131, glorious Lancia Stratos and Triumph TR7. The story concludes with a return to his first love, aviation, and the restoration of a Blenheim bomber.

Warner's has been a full life and the pages are dense with facts and anecdotes, plus wonderful B&W photos sourced from the man himself. The choice of font to ingest so many words could have been better, especially for the older enthusiasts to whom this book is likely to appeal... But to disciples of motor sport's '60s and '70s golden eras, the eye-strain will be worth it. **DS**

Published by Veloce,
ISBN 978-1-845844-13-4, £30

Cunningham

Richard Harman

If there's one thing we associate with Briggs Cunningham, it's Le Mans. In his constant quest to win it with an American car, the wealthy sportsman entered 29 different cars and raced there 10 times. Victory never came, but his white and blue machines were everyone's favourites, and the man himself universally popular. Author Harman says that of all the people he interviewed he heard not one bad word about Briggs, who despite immense wealth – his wedding present Mercedes SS was delivered by Caracciola – seems to have been a modest man and a genuine enthusiast.

Though a huge book – two big volumes in a slip case – Harman gets to the racing after just a few pages on Briggs' early life, and if there's a disappointment, it's here. Cunningham's racing, his team and his cars are described in immense detail, including lengthy histories for each car in his extensive historic collection, and it's an impressive research feat, packing in results tables, profiles of all Cunningham drivers, team paperwork and 1500 photos on top of race-by-race descriptions. Yet somehow there is little about the man and what drove him after success on track and on water in the America's Cup. It's definitely a racing history, not a biography. But it's a highly comprehensive history, and if you can handle the price it's certain to contain any information you need. **GC**

Published by Dalton Watson,
ISBN 978-1-85443-260-5, £225



Arturo Merzario and Carlos Pace finished second in Ferrari's last Le Mans, 1973

ALL IMAGES: LIT

Ferrari looks at Le Mans

First works attack for more than 40 years is 'possible' | BY GARY WATKINS

FERRARI IS EVALUATING THE 2014 LMP1 World Endurance Championship rulebook and has not ruled out its first full-factory prototype campaign since 1973.

The Italian manufacturer has confirmed speculation that it is undertaking a low-level investigation into the energy-based formula. Antonello Coletta, who runs Ferrari's non-Formula 1 motor sport programmes, explained that the evaluation was based on the idea of using its new F1 V6 turbo in sports car racing.

"It is normal that Ferrari should screen all opportunities, stand at the window and look in," Coletta said. "It is important for us to understand what is available in the future."

But Coletta stressed that it had no immediate plans to join Audi, Toyota and Porsche in the P1 category in the WEC or Le Mans 24 Hours.

"At the moment we are concentrated on F1, so it would not be possible to do something else," he added. "We cannot say Ferrari will be in LMP1, but we cannot say Ferrari will not be in LMP1. Also, we cannot say if our vision is for 2015, 2016 or beyond."

Coletta said Ferrari would not follow a route suggested by Renault, which has raised the prospect of its 1.6-litre V6 being used by its Alpine brand, which backed an LMP2 programme in 2013, or customers.

"Either we build a car or we do not come," he said.

A factory prototype campaign at some undetermined point in the future would end a Ferrari absence from frontline sports car racing stretching back 40 years. Its last factory prototype assault came in 1973 with the 312PB, a programme that was halted for 1974 by current Ferrari president Luca di Montezemolo when he took the reins of the racing team.

Its last prototype, the 333SP, made its debut in the US IMSA series in 1994 but was conceived as a customer car and never ran on a factory basis.

Ferrari's admission of an interest in the prototype division has raised parallels with its still-born IndyCar programme of the late 1980s. It built the 637 as a bargaining tool at a time when it was threatening to pull out of F1 over regulation changes.

Race the Titanic...

A TEAM INVOLVING HOLLYWOOD star Leonardo DiCaprio, one bearing the Virgin name and Indian industrial conglomerate Mahindra have taken the last three slots on the entry list for next winter's inaugural FIA Formula E Championship for electric vehicles.

DiCaprio, who is also an environmental activist, has entered into a joint venture with Monégasque manufacturer Venturi, which offers for sale a range of electric and solar-powered vehicles having started life building sports cars in the early 1990s. The team will race under the Venturi Grand Prix banner.

DiCaprio said: "The future of our planet depends on our ability to embrace fuel-efficient, clean-energy vehicles. Venturi Grand Prix has shown tremendous foresight in its decision to create an environmentally friendly racing team and I am happy to be a part of this effort."

Virgin Galactic vice-president Alex Tai put together the Virgin team, with the backing of brand founder Richard Branson.

Mahindra is expanding its racing activities, which already include competing in the Moto3 bike category on the MotoGP undercard.

Ligier back in the limelight

THE LIGIER NAME WILL RETURN to top-class motor sport next year, in endurance racing.

Ex-Formula 1 team owner Guy Ligier, whose family took over French racing car constructor Martini Automobiles in 2004, is joining forces with the French OAK Racing team and its car-building offshoot Onroak Automotive to offer a range of prototypes from entry level right up to LMP1. A new LMP2 coupé under development at Le Mans-based Onroak for next season will be badged as a Ligier and development of Ligier's Group CN JS53 Evo has been taken over by the company, too.

The deal is likely to encompass an Onroak car built to new LMP3 rules, which will be introduced into the European and Asian Le Mans series in little more than a year. It is also possible that the customer version of the OAK LMP1, due to race for the first time in next May's Spa round of the World



"The future of our planet depends on our ability to embrace fuel-efficient, clean-energy vehicles."
Leonardo DiCaprio

Endurance Championship, could be dubbed a Ligier.

Ligier, 83, built prototypes before entering F1. He said: "I have every confidence in Jacques Nicolet [boss of OAK and Onroak], with whom I have enjoyed a long friendship, to bring our name back to the endurance summit."

ORECA, which won the P2 class in six of the eight WEC rounds in 2013, has also confirmed plans to build a coupé to replace its existing open-top design for 2015.



Priaulx bound for the USA

ANDY PRIAULX, THREE-TIME World Touring Car champion with BMW, will swap from the German manufacturer's DTM line-up to its Rahal-run attack on the new United SportsCar Championship in North America.

Priaulx, who has raced in the DTM since BMW's return to the German-based series in 2012, will swap places with Maxime Martin. The Belgian raced one of the factory BMW Z4s in the 2013 American Le Mans Series as well as undertaking DTM test duties.

Priaulx, 40, said: "After more than two decades as a professional racing driver it is amazing to be given such an exciting new challenge. Not only will I be visiting new tracks and racing a new car, but this programme is giving my career even greater longevity."

Priaulx's recruitment is the only change in BMW's line-up, which includes Dirk Müller, Bill Auberlen and Joey Hand (when he is not on DTM duty).

Red Bull Formula 1 reserve Antonio Felix da Costa will also join the BMW DTM squad, although it has yet to be confirmed which teams he and Martin will represent.



■ Northern Irishman Kris Meeke has been confirmed as one of Citroën's World Rally Championship drivers for 2014. His team-mate will be Norwegian Mads Østberg. Meeke, 26, is a former protégé of the late Colin McRae. He is also the first British driver since McRae to have secured a full-time Citroën contract. The Scot drove for the team in 2003.

■ The idea of an end-of-season World Cup for GT3 machinery, similar to the touring car extravaganzas that took the same name in 1993-95, has been floated by the FIA. Under its plans, teams and drivers competing in FIA-labelled series would be eligible.



GORDON KIRBY

A DISTINGUISHED CAREER ENDS

FIVE WEEKS AFTER HIS TERRIBLE ACCIDENT in Houston last October, Dario Franchitti was compelled to make the difficult decision to retire from racing because of fears that any further concussions or back injuries would have grievous results. It was an unfortunate end to a superb career in which Franchitti established himself as the gold standard of Indycar racing.

A three-time Indy 500 winner and four-time IndyCar champion, Dario was a smooth, fast racer and remains a thoughtful, intelligent gentleman with an uncommon interest in every aspect of the sport's history. Unlike so many of today's professional drivers, Franchitti is a rare student of racing who loves historic events just as much as today's sport. He's a reader and collector of racing books and memorabilia and has a room at his Scottish home dedicated to his hero Jim Clark.

"I have a great appreciation for the people who came before me in this sport, whether they were F1, NASCAR, Indycar, or sports car drivers," Dario says. "I like to read about it. I like looking at pictures of old race cars. I love driving old race cars. I love talking to people about old race cars and to the drivers. It interests me a lot.

"I've always been a race fan and watch all kinds of racing on TV. I remember when I was growing up as a young kid, I loved the mid- to late-Seventies F1 cars and I still have a close bond with them, even the ugly ones. And I've got more into the cars from the Sixties and, of course, the pre-war Silver Arrows, that kind of stuff. I've been lucky enough to drive them too.

"One of the real privileges I've been allowed is that I've got to know Jackie Stewart, Mario Andretti and Dan Gurney. They're three of my heroes and I get to chat with them and catch up with them from time to time. That's great!"

Franchitti is very aware that the many improvements in safety over the past 30 years and the state of today's technology have changed the nature of the challenge. "I think at Indianapolis we obviously understand the danger of making a mistake, so we're probably more closely tied to some of those guys from the past," Dario says. "With a modern F1 car you can get away with a lot more on some of the tracks, because the safety is so good.

"There definitely was more risk before. I think those guys were a special breed, and the mechanical sympathy part cannot be overlooked. Engine failures are almost unheard of in F1 or Indycars these days and in F1 the semi-automatic transmissions pretty much guarantee you can't miss a shift or blow an engine. But in the old days, the drivers had to watch their gearboxes and nurse the car at the same time that they were going to the limit. There was no telemetry telling them the oil pressure's low. You had to look at the gauge."

All 31 of Franchitti's Indycar wins, including his three Indy 500 victories, were scored with Honda engines. He was also renowned as an excellent test driver for Honda and stands as the company's most successful Indycar racer.

He also loved to race sports cars. Franchitti ran the Daytona 24 Hours regularly with Ganassi's two-car team and won the long-distance classic in 2008. A few years ago Dario also did some ALMS sports car racing with Honda and Acura LMP1 and P2 cars, finishing second overall and first in the P2 class at Sebring in 2007.

Everyone wishes Dario the best in his reluctant retirement. Given his deep enthusiasm for the sport, we are sure to see him around the racetracks of the world for many years to come, in whatever capacity he might choose.

WEB SPIN

AN EXTRACT FROM THE FRANK WILLIAMS PODCAST

Rob Widdows: Frank, if you went over to the Williams museum would there be one or maybe two cars in there that would make you pause, smile and...

Frank Williams: Absolutely, the first FW07 and then the 1986 car – the FW11 because it pissed on everybody. Simple as that. It's human nature!



You can tell by the speed of my response that it's automatic.

RW: Yes, well, I thought you might say that.

FW: The good news is that we had an Australian and an Englishman in these cars, both with the same attitude – Alan Jones and Nigel Mansell.

RW: Talking of those cars that “pissed on everybody”, what's it been like the last few years for someone who is so focused on winning?

FW: That's the other side of the coin, isn't it?

What we're all talking about @ www.motorsportmagazine.com

AND ANOTHER THING

Our readers on the double-points finale in 2014

JOHN: F1 has increasingly lost the plot. Rather than address a problem head-on, it seems that adding fancy bells and whistles is the solution. **DARYL:** It's getting to the stage where I'll have two free hours of a Sunday to do something else. It's getting silly now. **CC:** I can put up with this one. The idea is a bit of a gimmick, but in the wider context of F1 – DRS, constant driver penalties, endless tyre nonsense, Tilkedromes, pay drivers – it's not the worst idea I've heard.

It's my turn to be pissed on! That's how it happens, isn't it?. Sort yourself out Frankie boy, that's the answer.

RW: And you are, we're sure.

FW: Well, we're plodding along... unless you can ban Adrian Newey. The thing I love about Adrian is that he's so unspoiled. He's got no conceit whatsoever.

RW: If he was down in the workshop here, you wouldn't want to ban him, would you?

FW: No, no, no...

Nigel Roebuck: He's worth more than any driver, isn't he?

FW: He's worth so much more.

ONLINE WITH OUR WRITERS

Gordon Kirby

Charge of the last brigade

It's probably happened before and since in motor racing somewhere around the world, but the most spectacular last-to-first performance I've ever witnessed took place on the Milwaukee Mile in June of 1981, when Mike Mosley drove All American Racers' unique Eagle-Chevy from the back of the grid to win.

Gordon Cruickshank

Ken Gregory and Stirling Moss

"SM was comfortable driving for British teams – not because he was patriotic but because he was comfortable with the British way of doing things," says Gregory. "But he would have taken the Ferrari drive offered in '51 except he had a commitment to HWM. He was strict about things like that"



Andrew Frankel

Martin Brundle on F1 in 2014

"From what I'm hearing, I think it could be complete chaos in the early part of the season," he replied. "I think we could have a situation where I'm sitting there in the commentary box, watching car after car retire saying, 'Will someone please win this race?'"

Paul Fearnley

F1's number conundrum

#5 for most people is red and belongs to Nigel Mansell. (A Fleet Streater charged with reporting every word and movement made by 'Our Nige' was uncharitably nicknamed 'Brown 5') For me, however, it is the digitised #5 on Nelson Piquet's Brabhams, although the golden #5 on Andretti's JPS Lotuses runs it close.

TOP TWEETS

@Damien_Smith Stuart Hicken and Eddie Roberts (motorcycle men) take over running of Mallory Park. Excellent news. Good luck to them. A big task ahead.

@Damien_Smith Ross Brawn to leave Merc. Their loss.

@AnotherEdFoster Schumacher may have had his hand in 14 #F1 world championships, but Ross Brawn tops that on 16 championships. #WhatareyoudoingMercedes?

@Andrew_Frankel Putting a roof on the F-type increases rigidity from 18,000Nm/deg to 33,000Nm/deg. 542bhp F-type R should be something else...

@AnotherEdFoster Looks like DiCaprio will be playing Catch Me If You Can in Formula E next year. It's a Titanic signing...



@Andrew_Frankel Why we should be taking Honda seriously again

@matoxley Márquez has had an op to improve nasal breathing. The others ain't gonna see which way he went in 2014.

@Damien_Smith Fittingly, the number of comments on our race number feature is... 27. Forza Gilles.

@matoxley Sad to hear of Rambo Romboni's passing. He was a sight to behold on a 125 and 250 and also on Aprilia's 400 twin in the 1990s.

@paulpunter Double points maybe, just maybe, for Spa or Monza or Monaco. But never for Abu Dhabi #F1playsthejoker #parpparpMrTodt

@AnotherEdFoster Double points final round? Has the world gone mad? Oh, no, it's just #F1.



MORTONS

MAT OXLEY

SMALL BUT PERFECTLY FORMED

THREE DECADES AGO, BIKE RACING'S teeniest motorcycle World Championship was consigned to the dustbin of history. The 50cc series survived for 22 seasons, during which time it remained resolutely unglamorous while providing some of the most fascinating engines ever seen on a Grand Prix grid.

The series enjoyed its heyday in the latter half of the 1960s, when Suzuki and Honda fought a frenzied two-stroke versus four-stroke duel for supremacy. By the time the FIM called time on this arms race in a toy box, the fastest 50s were generating 360 horsepower per litre, revving to 22,000rpm and using 14-speed gearboxes.

Suzuki's 32.5mm x 30mm twin was the most successful bike of the era and was about to be replaced by a 28 x 26.5mm triple when the FIM decided to end the madness by restricting the class to single-cylinder engines. The Suzuki's final derivation, the RK67, had 18 horsepower at 17,300rpm through a 14-speed gearbox. Honda's twin RC116 made 14bhp at 21,500rpm through a nine-speed gearbox. The bikes weighed about 50 kilos and ran two-inch tyres. Some used bicycle brakes.

The engines were wonderful things, with pistons like espresso cups and gearboxes like watches. Just as remarkable were the techniques used by riders to eke the best out of these machines.

"You never had more than 500 revs to play with, so you were constantly monitoring the revs, using the clutch, trying to find another hundred rpm – it was minimal stuff," says New Zealander Hugh Anderson, who won the 1965 and 1966 50cc world titles on Suzuki's twin.

"A little made a big difference. I enjoyed riding

them because you were mentally active in a different way – you had to work very kindly and very sensitively with the engine to allow it to do its best."

Riding a 50 was not unlike riding a bicycle: maintaining momentum was everything, never losing a single rev through the corners or on the straights.

"The most important thing was carrying speed, because losing any revs would lose you a lot of time," recalls Stuart Graham who won the 1967 50cc TT for Suzuki. "The twin had power between 17,000 and 17,500rpm, so you were literally playing a tune on the gearbox and keeping tucked in behind the screen to the bitter end."

Anderson was particularly good at contorting himself into an aerodynamic shape on these Lilliputian devices. "I was very flexible. A party piece of mine was getting one foot behind my head. I could get the second one there too, but then I couldn't breathe..."

Screwing yourself into a ball was also tricky on the track. "I had bloody great water blisters on my elbows because they were tucked in against the cylinder heads and my calves got burned on the expansion chamber shields," recalls Anderson, who made detailed circuit notes to help him get the maximum out of the angry little engines. "I wrote it all down: change down 12 gears for this corner, 10 for that corner and so on. You had to make the effort to get the best from the engine."

Some 50cc racers wore boots a size too small – to marginally improve aerodynamics – and most did whatever they could to keep their weight down. They were all jockey-sized anyway – they wouldn't even fit on the bikes

otherwise – but every ounce counts when you've got less than 20 horsepower beneath you. East German Ernst Degner, who won the inaugural 1962 50cc World Championship, kept himself on a permanent diet, took regular saunas and forbade friends from eating chocolate in his presence.

Anderson took his dedication to a whole new level of Zen. "It was important to have consistency and I needed a routine, so I didn't eat in restaurants and didn't sleep in hotels," he says. "I slept in my caravan and ate my wife Janny's food. I kept away from restaurants – all the talk, too much happening – and in hotels every bed is different. I'd park my van next to the pits so I could be with my bikes."

Many 50cc riders had engineering backgrounds, because the better you understood the intricacies of the engines, the faster you were likely to go. Although Anderson rode for the Suzuki factory, and therefore had Japanese mechanics working on his machines, he took a close personal interest in his engines, filing down the high spots on pistons to help prevent seizures, the dreaded downside of the super-quick two-stroke.

Honda only won the title once – to Suzuki's half-dozen successes – because at that time the company wasn't prepared to resort to two-stroke sorcery to achieve the all-important maximum peak power.

"Once Suzuki brought out its twin, we were hammered, we couldn't even slipstream the bugger," says Ralph Bryans, who won Honda's only 50cc title in 1966. "We were lucky because we had a wider power band than they did, but we still had to keep the thing absolutely on song the whole time – anything between 19,000 and 21,000rpm. If you were out of the powerband you weren't going anywhere. To get the thing off the line you used the clutch a lot – you got it up to 18,000, you feathered the clutch to find the grip and off you went."

Honda engineers tried everything and anything to close the gap on the two-strokes, including bicycle-style caliper brakes. "The big advantage was much less unsprung weight," adds Bryans, who won the title on Honda's bicycle-braked RC166. "It worked so well that Honda tried it on the 125 four, but the rim got so hot that it melted the tyre bead."

After their 1966 success, Honda knew the game was up and withdrew from the class. Then when the FIM restricted the category to singles, Suzuki also withdrew. The Japanese factories were replaced by smaller European concerns whose race shops were run by garage engineers who never received the respect they deserved, because the world's attention was always focused on the bigger, more glamorous classes.

"You never had more than 500 revs to play with, so you were constantly monitoring the revs, using the clutch, trying to find another hundred rpm – it was minimal stuff" Hugh Anderson



If all goes to plan, car racing will carry on at Mallory Park in 2014 and beyond

EFFORDHAM

Mallory Park rescued

New operator hands under-fire track a lifeline | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

THE NEW OPERATOR OF Mallory Park has pledged to maintain a strong element of four-wheeled activity in the circuit's programme for 2014 and beyond as they plan for the circuit's re-opening in March.

Stuart Hicken and Eddie Roberts, both well known in the motorcycle racing world, have formed a jointly owned company called Real Motorsport Limited to operate the Leicestershire track after taking on a lease from land owner Titan Properties.

The previous circuit operator, Mallory Park Motorsport Ltd, went into administration after a series of problems associated with the contravention of noise regulations. Many feared that the circuit would be lost to the sport, but the new owners are confident that the popular track has a long future.

"This is a great day for us," said Roberts. "We have grown up with Mallory Park, firstly as spectators, then as competitors and now running businesses associated with the sport. We realise that there is a lot of bridge-building to be done with the local community, but Mallory Park has been

here for a long time and we are hopeful that – with understanding all round – it will have a long and successful future."

Roberts said that plans for 2014 centre on a broadly similar programme of events and has enlisted the services of former circuit manager David Overend as a consultant. "We're aiming to have plenty of car action," said Roberts. "The first aim is to maintain what we have and improve the facilities. We'd like to improve the paddock area and the garages during the winter of 2014/15."

Roberts enjoyed a 20-year bike racing career, while Hicken is owner of the Buildbase BMW Motorrad British Superbike team. "We would like to thank circuit owner Chris Meek for giving us the opportunity to re-establish Mallory Park," said Roberts.

GpB joins F1 at Goodwood

DEMONSTRATIONS FOR F1 CARS of the turbo era and Le Mans cars of the 1970s and '80s will feature at the new Goodwood race meeting next spring – along with a timed competition for

about 20 Group B rally cars.

On March 30-31, the 72nd Members' Meeting will be restricted to members of the Goodwood Road Racing Club and, unlike the September Revival Meeting, will include cars built after the track initially closed in 1966.

The event's 12 races will be named in honour of noted British racers, including Stirling Moss (pre-62 GT cars), Peter Collins (pre-55 sports-racing cars) and John Surtees (pre-66 sports-racers).

Wartime Spitfire pilot and racing driver Tony Gaze, who first suggested the use of Goodwood for racing back in 1948, will have a race for pre-59 sports and GT cars in his memory. Gaze died in Australia last July, aged 93.

A one-make pre-war Bugatti race (The Grover-Williams Trophy) will mark 90 years of the Bugatti Type 35, while the late Gerry Marshall will be celebrated in a race for 1970s Group One Touring Cars. Star names are expected to share the cars in a two-driver race on Sunday.



Silverstone's Mustang tally

THE ORGANISERS OF THE Silverstone Classic are aiming for another record in July, when the event celebrates the 50th anniversary of the Ford Mustang. Two races for pre-66 V8 touring cars should attract a grid of more than 50 cars and the majority of them are likely to be Mustangs. The target is to set a record for the biggest number of Mustangs in one event.

The meeting will feature a birthday party for the Mustang, in conjunction with the Mustang Owners' Club, along with a parade of road-going cars.

"The Mustang has been in continuous production for 50 years and has become a global icon," said event director Nick Wigley. "We expect to have a record number of Mustangs racing."

Revised format for GTs

THERE WILL BE A NEW LOOK TO the *Autosport* three-hour race at Snetterton in June, with only pre-66 GT cars eligible. Since its revival by the HSCC the race has been dominated by Chevron B8s, but a new tie-up with the GT and Sports Car Cup means an exclusively GT grid for 2014.

The GTSCC cars will join the HSCC pre-66 GT field to create a 40-plus grid. Other GTSCC fixtures take place at Silverstone GP (May), Brands Hatch (June) and Portimão (October).

The sports cars will have a dedicated hour-long race at Snetterton. A new class will encourage pre-68 big-engined sports-racing cars to join the grid for this race and the Guards Trophy races at Thruxton (April), Silverstone GP (May) and Oulton Park (August). Early McLarens, Lolas and Ford GT40s will compete for a trophy named in memory of Bruce McLaren.

Britannia dates released

PROMOTER ALEC POOLE HAS revealed the dates for Tour and Mini Britannia in 2014. In a change of format, Mini Britannia will first run on Saturday May 10 from a base at Woodcote Park in Surrey.

The main Tour Britannia, Britain's only classic race and rally tour, will be based in Chester for three days from August 7-9. The route for Tour Britannia is expected to run into North Wales and take in races at Anglesey and Oulton Park. Entry forms for both events are at tourbritannia.com

Classic Fiat returns

THE FIAT 131 ABARTH WILL appear in historic rallying in Britain next year, as Yorkshire-based Rally Sport Developments concludes a two-year project to bring the car back into British rallying.

Markku Alén, Timo Salonen and Walter Röhrl won major rallies in the 131 Abarth in the late 1970s and RSD boss Kevin Theaker wants the car to compete against the Ford Escort Mk2s that set the standard in historic events.

"It has taken two years to find the cars and the bits," said Theaker. "You can find some of the bits, but they come at such a premium."



■ The 50th anniversary of Jim Clark's 1964 British Saloon Car Championship victory will be celebrated when the modern-day BTCC visits Knockhill, Fife, next August. Clark was the first of only three Scots to have won the title, with John Cleland (1989 and 1995) and Gordon Shedden (2012) following. The Jim Clark Trust will attend the event with a display of Clark's cars, memorabilia and trophies. "It's a natural fit in many ways," said Knockhill event director Stuart Gray. "Jim was born in Fife and we hope to have 15,000 fans at our 2014 event, because the circuit is also celebrating its 40th anniversary."



FERRARI 246 PRINT

By Yuriy Shevchuk,
14in x 8.75in \$78
www.fineartamerica.com

PRODUCTS



AMALGAM 1/8TH FERRARI 312T4 MODEL

£3950 (1 of 100)
www.amalgamcollection.com



FERRARI BY LOGIC3 T350-TAN HEADPHONES

£199.99
www.hughesdirect.co.uk

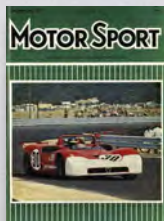


FERRARI MESSENGER BAG £39.99
www.grandprixlegends.com



THRUSTMASTER FERRARI F1 WHEEL AND PEDALS

(for PS3 and PC) €599
www.simw.com



WHEN THEY WERE NEW Ferrari Dino

An original road test taken from the *Motor Sport* archives, September 1971 | BY DENIS JENKINSON



Jenks admired the 246 Dino Ferrari as much for the way it looked as the way it went

EVER SINCE I EXPERIENCED THE 904 Porsche, with its mid-engine layout, I was convinced that this was the right formula for a sports car. Since then I have experienced so many mid-engined coupés that I am more than satisfied that my first impressions were correct. The highest point in my road-going mid-engine experience must still be the Ford GT40, but this was a pure racing car adapted for road use. Very high on the list was the experimental Rover BS6, based on road car parts, which Lord Stokes seems to have killed, thus depriving British industry of a chance to show that it can make cars as good as anyone.

In all my mid-engine experience there was one serious gap, and that was the Dino Ferrari. I watched Italian owners suffering the pangs of growth with the early models, in the days when it was the thing to do to sidle up to the owner of a Dino Ferrari and innocently enquire "How's the Dino?"

Nine times out of 10 he would spill his coffee as he snapped "Why?" Early Dino owners were very touchy about the fact that they had paid an awful lot of money for a car that was still having teething troubles.



Those days are long since past, and the Dino owner today cannot wait to tell you what a wonderful car it is, and at last this gap in my mid-engined experience has been filled. Without reservation it has gone down in my special list of the unbelievable, along with the GT40, the Rover BS6 and the Mercedes-Benz C111, but the outstanding thing is that the Dino Ferrari is a production car, even being available with right-hand steering for the insular English. Ferrari's little jewel is a very sleek and smooth two-seater coupé, the body being to the design of Pininfarina, and surely one of the best designs from that firm. It is built by



Scaglietti in Modena and mounted on a tube chassis frame, with independent suspension to all four wheels by wishbones and coil-spring/damper units. The V6 engine of 2418cc is mounted transversely just ahead of the rear wheels, the five-speed gearbox integral with the sump. This results in a remarkably compact power unit, so that there is a large luggage boot in the tail without unnecessary overhang.

The four overhead camshafts are driven by chains, and in the vee of the engine are three Weber 40DCF carburettors fed by an air duct just behind the left-side door. The V6 cylinder block is in cast iron, all other parts being in alloy, and a duct by the right-side door feeds cooling air onto the ignition system. The 2.4-litre engine revs to 7600rpm for a power output of 195hp. It will run to 8000rpm, and all the best journalistic road-testers seem to get 8000 in fifth gear, a theoretical 151mph. I found that the rpm instrument was so badly sited that the needle disappeared from view at about 7400rpm. Without doing a timed run through electric clocks you cannot really quote a true maximum for a car like the Dino, but it will no doubt do an honest 145mph under favourable conditions.

Unlike some mid-engined coupés the Dino Ferrari presents no problem of entry, the doors being wide and the opening unobstructed. The bucket seats look first-class, but are in fact about the only weak point of the car, for they tend to be too small for large drivers, which is a pity, for the fore and aft adjustment is so good that there is adequate room for all sizes. My main criticism is that it is not possible to alter the angle of the back of the seat, a very necessary adjustment on any car that is going to be used for serious motoring. Of the driving position itself there is no criticism at all, and the rear and rear-three-quarter views are excellent, thanks to a clever rear window that is curved at its ends to flow into the body sides. Not only does this look good but it is remarkably effective in providing all-round vision.

A disappointment was the very ineffectual layout of the instruments, as they appear to have been put in place by a stylist and not a motorist, for with an engine like the Dino V6 the rpm indicator is all-important, because it revs so freely and the car has such superb gear ratios that the needle rushes


FERRARI SPECIALISTS
DK Engineering
www.dkeng.com
Foskers
www.foskers.com
Moto Technique
www.mototechnique.com

up into the red sector incredibly easily. A car like this needs a large clear tachometer in the centre of the panel in front of the driver and other instruments should be secondary, as on a 911S Porsche; the Dino has matching speedo and rev-counter laid out to make things look pretty. The three-spoke dished steering wheel is nicely tucked away out of the line of vision and the long central gearlever operates in a functional and clear gate, the five forward ratios being beautifully spaced so that as you accelerate hard through all the gears the music of the V6 engine seems to remain constant at all times. Considering that the engine is just behind your head the noise level is very low indeed and you can converse quite normally at 100mph.

The shape of the Dino was evolved in the wind-tunnel at the Turin Polytechnic Institute and the results would appear to be very satisfactory on three counts, the low wind noise, the fact that a day of 100mph-plus motoring left very few dead flies on the nose, and the remarkable way the car maintains speed if you lift off and snick into neutral. The gear gate is typical Ferrari, leaving no doubt as to which gear you are in or where the next one is. The lever has quite a long and deliberate movement, not terribly quick, but a real joy to use, and even though the 2.4-litre engine pulls cleanly from tick-over right through the rev range, you tend to keep the engine revving for the sheer pleasure of listening to the dynamo-like music behind you.

Of all the mid-engined cars of which I have had experience the Dino stands head and shoulders above the rest, with the exception of the GT40 Ford, which was a pure racing car, and the BS6 Rover V8, which was an experimental one-off. After discussing the car at great length with a friend he remarked that if my only two criticisms were the position of the tachometer and the lack of an adjustment to the seat back, it must be a very impressive car. He was absolutely right, it is a very impressive car. If you have never driven a good mid-engined car then you cannot start to really appreciate the handling, the ride, the stability and the feel that such a car imparts, but once you have experienced it it makes all front-engined or rear-engined cars obsolete. As a production car selling in England for £5252 it must be the ultimate sports car.

FERRARI DINO 246 FACTFILE

Production: 1969-74
Power: 195bhp
0-60mph: 7.1sec
Max speed: 145mph

Purists insist it's not a Ferrari, but if Jenks called it one... Compact, pretty and wieldy; an enduring classic you can get a suitcase in for that special weekend. Based on 206GT, it needed only very minor changes during life, apart from wider rear track and five-bolt alloys from '71, GTS Targa option from '72.

Perfect spec: the one you bought before prices spiralled...

AUCTIONS



A summary of classic and racing auctions from around the world - in numbers | BY ALEX HARMER

RM Auctions/Sothebys

@ NEW YORK NOVEMBER 21

\$62.8m sold in 2 hours

16 of 31 lots achieved over \$1m
11 cars achieved world record prices

1964 Ferrari 250LM **\$14.3m**

1938 Talbot-Lago T150-C SS
'teardrop' cabriolet **\$7.2m**

1955 Maserati A6G/2000
spyder **\$4.5m**

Other cars of note:

1959 Ferrari 250GT SWB competition
berlinetta special **\$7m**

1936 Delahaye Type 135 competition
'teardrop' coupé **\$2.4m**

Bonhams

@ LONDON DECEMBER 1

Auction total

£16,861,630

The Ecurie Ecosse Collection

1952 Jaguar C-type **£2.9m**

1956 Jaguar D-type **£2.6m**

1960 Commer TS3 transporter **£1.8m**

The most valuable historic commercial vehicle ever sold at auction. All three went to the same US buyer

1964 Facel Vega

Bought new in 1964 by Ringo Starr **£337,000**

@ OXFORD DECEMBER 9

Sebastian Vettel
signed helmet

Worn for the 2013
German Grand Prix -
his first home win

£72,000

Mark Webber
signed helmet

Proceeds from both
went to **Wings for Life**

£17,500

James Hunt's helmet
worn during 1976 **£37,500**

@ PARIS FEBRUARY 6

1984 Ferrari 126C4

Driven by **Michele Alboreto** Certified by Ferrari
Classiche. One of the last Ferrari F1 cars that can
be run without the help of the company's Client
support. Estimate **€400,000 to €600,000**

RM Auctions

@ PARIS FEBRUARY 5

2008 Peugeot 908 HDi FAP

Chassis 05: 1st '09 Petit Le Mans (Montagny/Sarrazin)
2nd '08 Le Mans 24 Hours (Gené/Minassian/Villeneuve)

1955 Ferrari 750 Monza spyder

Chassis 0498M: Raced by Phil Hill in 1955,
winning four SCCA events

1953 Gordini Type 24S

Chassis 0036: Finished 2nd in the 1953 Tour de France

JANUARY AUCTION CALENDAR

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>9 BONHAMS Las Vegas Motorcycle Auction, Bally's Hotel & Casino, Las Vegas, Nevada</p> <p>9-11 MECUM Auctions Las Vegas Motorcycle Auction, Las Vegas, Nevada</p> <p>11 COYS Autosport International, NEC, Birmingham</p> <p>12-19 BARRETT-JACKSON Scottsdale Auction, Scottsdale, Arizona</p> <p>15-19 RUSSO AND STEELE Scottsdale '14, North Scottsdale, Scottsdale, Arizona</p> | <p>16 BONHAMS Scottsdale Auction, Scottsdale, Arizona</p> <p>16/17 RM AUCTIONS Arizona Sale, Phoenix, Arizona</p> <p>17/18 GOODING & COMPANY Scottsdale Auctions, Scottsdale, Arizona</p> <p>17-19 INTERCLASSICS AND TOPMOBIEL, Maastricht, Netherlands</p> <p>17-26 MECUM AUCTIONS Kissimmee Sale, Kissimmee, Florida</p> <p>24/25 AUCTIONS AMERICA Auburn Memorabilia Auction, Auburn, Indiana</p> |
|--|--|



Recovery position

The past 12 months have been largely positive for the automotive industry | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

SO HOW WAS IT FOR YOU?

Certainly for most car manufacturers, 2013 was the best year to be in the business since at least 2008. And while many have yet to see sales return to pre-crash levels, the trajectory is clear and, for premium brands at least, likely to remain so while the recovery in America is more than matched by the expansion in demand from Russia, India and, in particular, China.

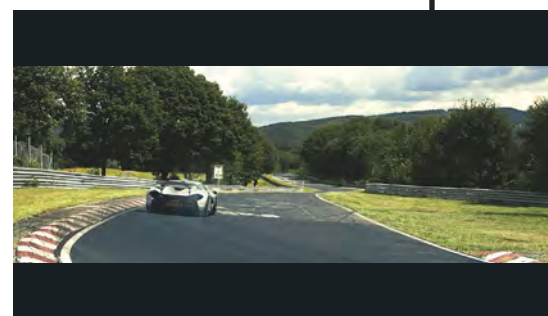
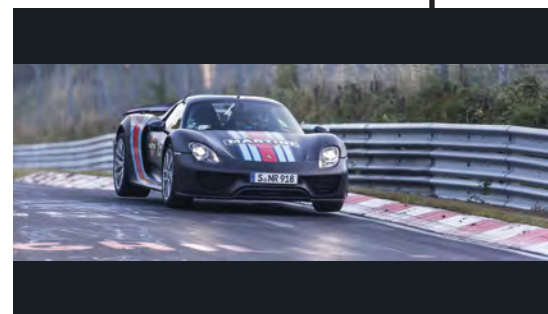
For Jaguar Land Rover, our largest indigenous car constructor, it's been the most successful year on record as its Indian proprietors continue to show the good sense to let its engineers and designers get on with what they do best. The **Land Rover** success story

continues to gather pace – and not on the back of slick marketing, but the rather more stable platform of world-class product. The Evoque, Range Rover and Range Rover Sport are all class-leading cars and for now the market is happy to pay royal money for the privilege of owning them. Yet its biggest challenge lies ahead, conceptually at least. JLR announced this year that the Defender was to die at the end of 2015 and filling those shoes with something both authentic and up to date will be a mammoth task.

Meanwhile **Jaguar** sales are at last on the rise, albeit from a very low base. By producing market-specific cars – four-wheel drive for snow-belt states in

the USA, small petrol engines for China and diesels for Europe, the company is releasing the potential its products always possessed. The next phase of adding further product has already begun: not only did the F-type go on sale in 2013 but Jaguar also showed a new SUV, code named C-X17. A small saloon to rival the BMW 3-series is known to be under development, too.

In the world of top-end supercars, sales of the **McLaren P1** (bottom), **Porsche 918** (below) and **Ferrari LaFerrari** began – and at once a battle started to brew over what appears to be the most important bragging right of all: exactly which one is the quickest around the Nürburgring. You and I might consider the measure an irrelevance, but clearly it's not to the companies concerned. Porsche blinked first and claimed a lap of 6min 57sec, the fastest ever by a standard production car, to



which McLaren replied somewhat enigmatically that its car had gone 'sub seven minutes'. As things stand, the twitterati have concluded this must mean the P1 is slower than the 918 or else McLaren would have said so, but I suspect something else: with Ferrari yet to declare, McLaren will be loathe to give its deadliest rival a clear target to aim at. Looking at the power, weight and downforce boasted by the McLaren, I think it at least possible that it's already gone faster than the Porsche but

that the company will only say so when it knows it's also faster than the Ferrari. On the sales front, the 499 LaFerraris sold out before it was launched, the reduced run of 375 McLarens has been snapped up and Porsche still has some way to go to find homes for its highly ambitious target of 918 918s.

Aston Martin had a better year, gaining widespread praise for the new Vantage V12S, canning the failed Cygnet city car project and attracting investment first from InvestIndustrial and later a joint venture with AMG that is sure to see some or more of the desperately needed next generation of Astons sitting on Mercedes architecture, using modified Mercedes engines and using Mercedes advanced telematics and hybrid technologies.

As for **Mercedes-Benz** itself, it can breathe again. The S-class is its most important car in terms of how the company has been perceived around the world and the latest version was launched to universal acclaim.

But it is its rival up the road in Munich that might yet have the last

laugh. In its i3 (below left) **BMW** has launched the first electric car you'd buy for reasons other than the fact it's electric. All powertrain issues aside, it's a genuinely desirable car and as merely the first in an entire family of electric and range-extender products, it has a clear head start on both Mercedes and even more bitter rival **Audi**, a company that in interesting product terms had its quietest year for a while. As you can read elsewhere, the RS6 estate is masterly, but the statistically similar RS7 something closer to a disappointment.

These are interesting times in Italy despite the fact that country's entire automotive output – which, mind, includes **Fiat** – is now less than that of **Nissan's** plant in Sunderland. **Alfa Romeo** wowed the world by producing a production version of the 4C that was damn near as gorgeous as the concept car and offered a driving experience that should inject credibility among the Alfisti. It's something the brand has been missing for at least 20 years.

Maserati confirmed its desire to play with the big boys by unveiling its attractive Ghibli mid-sized saloon. It might struggle to compete with the BMW 5-series on pure ability, but for class and image it offers a new dimension to executive car owners. It also confirmed the production of the forthcoming Levante SUV.

Lamborghini had a quieter year. We know the last Gallardo has now rolled off the line but, fuzzy scooped images aside, know little of its replacement, though it can be expected to maintain its mid-engined, V10, four-wheel drive all-aluminium configuration.

Smaller British companies enjoyed mixed fortunes: the newly profitable **Morgan** relieved its former MD Charles Morgan of his duties and ditched his ambitious plans for expansion into new territories with new models, but Gordon Murray's efforts to find a home for his revolutionary iStream production process have borne fruit, thanks to a deal with **Yamaha** that should lead to its innovative and attractive Motiv city car entering production by 2016. Meanwhile, **Lotus** is starting to show a few signs of lifting itself out of its current depression, with £100 million of investment announced by its Malaysian DRM Hicom parent and a recruitment drive for engineers.

Porsche stars, Golf coarse

AND FINALLY, THE LONG LIST FOR the 2014 Car of the Year award has been published. As ever, many of the cars in the running are not what you'd describe as core *Motor Sport* material, so while I ponder what to vote for in my role as a COTY juror, I thought I'd briefly come up with a car of the year from those I've driven for this title over the past 12 months.

From a list of nearly 40 cars, 30 exclude themselves fairly readily leaving a top 10 of the Alfa 4C, Aston Vantage V12S, BMW i3, Ford Fiesta ST, Jaguar F-type, Mercedes S-class, Porsches Cayman and 911 GT3, the Range Rover Sport and Radical RXC.

From there it gets damned difficult, but for variety's sake as much as anything, I'd name a top three of the Ford Fiesta ST, Porsche 911 GT3 and BMW i3. But to get from three down to one is simplicity itself: dull and predictable though the choice is, the best car I drove in 2013 was the Porsche 911 GT3.

And the worst? The VW Golf GTi missed the top 10 by a single spot, but the Golf R Cabriolet was on its own at the bottom of the pile. At the time of testing this 2-litre, four-cylinder structurally suspect cabriolet, based on a previous generation hatchback, cost more than the mid-engined, six-cylinder, state-of-the-art masterpiece that is the Porsche Boxster. By far the fastest Golf I'd driven in 25 years, it was also by a similar margin the least pleasant.

"The worst? The Golf R Cabriolet was on its own at the bottom of the pile. This 2-litre, four-cylinder structurally suspect cabriolet, based on a previous generation hatchback, cost more than the mid-engined, six-cylinder, state-of-the-art masterpiece that is the Porsche Boxster"



MERCEDES-BENZ SLS AMG BLACK SERIES

Does the world need a GTI version of a car this brisk? It's here anyway | BY ANDREW FRANKEL



FOR A COMPANY WITH such a usually sure touch, the calibre of Mercedes-Benz's 'Black Series' products has been wildly variable over time. You will recall that these cars are the fastest of the fast, the ultimate expression of in-house tuning company AMG's abilities.

All have two seats and fixed roofs. Although not limited in numbers, Black Series cars are never in production for long and never more than one model at a time. Naturally enough, given the real commercial purpose behind these cars, their timing is arranged for the model's run-out phase not just to score proper money for a small number of soon-to-be-discontinued cars, but also to sprinkle a little sunlight on their less muscular brethren as they do.

The first was the SLK 55 Black Series of 2006 – a misjudgement from Mercedes as rare as it was startling.

In the race track environment for which it was allegedly born, its handling veered sufficiently between incompetence and malevolence to make me want to get out. Even AMG engineers eventually admitted privately it had been rushed into production before it had been properly developed. But the next car, based on the CLK, was a masterpiece. So much so that if you can find one of just 31 imported into the UK, you'll still probably need to pay £70,000 or more for a six-year-old, left-hand-drive car. Despite a far more pugnacious appearance, on the track it was everything the SLK failed to be: fast, forgiving and for those versed in the art of oversteer, fabulously good fun.

I'm still wondering, then, how they failed to reach such standards with the next car, the SL65 AMG Black Series. It's not as if they didn't try hard: to create it Mercedes designed what remains even today its most powerful

FACTFILE

£229,935

ENGINE
6.2 litres, 8 cylinders

POWER
620bhp @ 7400rpm

TORQUE
468lb ft @ 5000rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed double
clutch, rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 3.6sec

TOP SPEED 196mph

ECONOMY 20.6mpg

CO₂ 321g/km

engine – a 6-litre twin turbo V12 with 670bhp – and made the first hard-top SL by engineering a carbon fibre roof as part of a diet that dropped the SL's weight by more than 250kg. The idea was sound and the visual execution magnificently menacing, but for all its colossal speed the car was slightly insipid relative to expectations. It still felt heavy, was out of its depth on track and wanted to understeer its way through every corner.

And so the see-saw fortunes of these cars continued. The most recent Black Series, based on last year's C-class, swiftly became my favourite road car for its combination of track-day thrills and surprising on-road civility.

But I guess all along Black Series fans were wondering what would happen to the SLS supercar if given the treatment. It's a car that's hitherto been denied to us because the SLS has remained in production. But now its time is limited

– sales will stop early next year to make way for a new, more affordable Porsche 911 rival – so Mercedes has produced what, on paper at least, should be the finest road car in its long and illustrious history, and in that I include all versions of the McLaren-built SLR.

Like all Black Series, the SLS is a lighter, stiffer, more track-focused version of the host car. Unlike its forebears however, it's based on an already light and stiff chassis, so AMG's scope in these directions was limited. Even so weight is down 70kg to 1550kg or, put another way, fully 80kg lighter than the more expensive Ferrari F12.

The engine is still a venerable 6.2-litre normally aspirated V8 and in this, it's final iteration, its output has been raised by 59bhp to 622bhp. More significant is substantially lower gearing, a new electronic limited-slip differential, a wider track (front and rear) and spring rates raised by an average of almost 50 per cent. And, of course, no Black Series offering would be complete without a plethora of wings and spoilers.



More power and less weight add up to a faster version of the lavishly appointed SLS, albeit one with a few too many flaws for the Frankel palate

I didn't like it much at first. There are some supercars – the Aston Vantage V12 S springs most readily to mind – in which you feel comfortable and confident from the off. On any road in any conditions, you can't turn the wheel without it reassuring you about whose side it is on. The SLS is not like this.

Truth is, all SLS road cars have been a little tricky to drive (unlike the GT3 race car, which is utterly vice-free), but I was still a little disappointed. In cold, dark, wet conditions I could feel the diff and see via flashing dash lights the safety systems working harder than they should to keep me pointing in the right direction. An F12 is far easier to drive.

But some cars reward time spent getting to know them and this is one of them. Thanks to the stiffness of its suspension and the compound of its Michelin Pilot Sport Cup 2 tyres, the SLS Black Series is a car that needs to be in its preferred surroundings – dry, open, quiet and fast roads with a ground temperature of at least 10deg C – before it starts to behave as you'd hoped it would all along.

When it does however, a mesmerising experience awaits. This is a car that will always keep you busy and that's just how I like it: one of my problems with a car like the Porsche 911 Turbo S, which is £90,000 cheaper and probably quicker both point to point and in a straight line, is that it wants you to sit back and relax while it does it all for you. I don't want to be a passenger in any car, let alone one like this. So in the SLS you have to work to manage its mass, keep it balanced and feel for the traction limit. This is a front-engined car that turns in like a mid-engined machine

and will never, ever understeer – but if you are presumptuous about how readily it will accept power after the apex, it will slither and slide like an old-school front-engined GT.

It is a strange skill set for a car to possess: it has the speed of the state-of-the-art supercar it is, yet the feel of something altogether older. It seems like the best of both worlds and, in the correct conditions, it comes close to achieving it. Indeed there were times when I wondered if there was anything on sale I'd rather be driving.

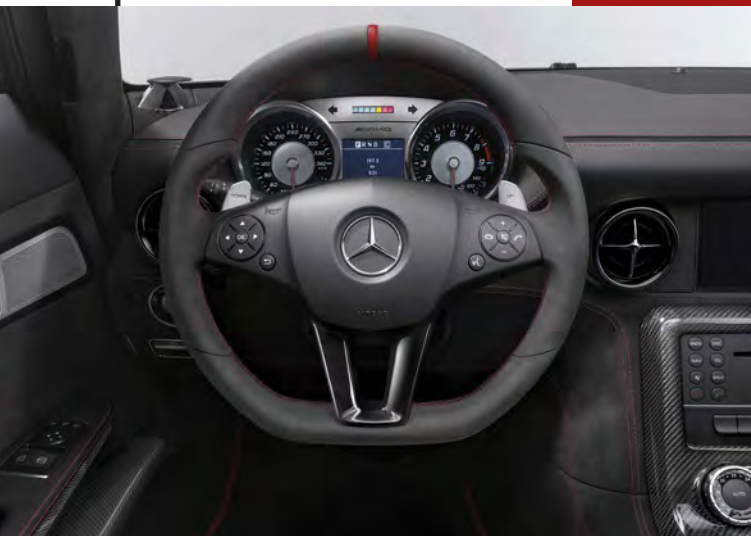
But there were also many more times when I'd have happily forsaken it and climbed instead aboard a diesel-powered C-class. In the right place and time the SLS Black Series is wondrous, otherwise it's better off parked.

For a more mainstream machine this would be a disastrous, terminal flaw. But for something as exotic and specialised as this, I think such a tight focus is forgivable. Anyone who has almost a quarter of a million pounds to spend also has a garage full of machinery more suited to the conditions in which the SLS struggles. It can therefore be saved for only those journeys to which it is inherently suited.

Of course this makes it a flawed and limited machine, but you can say exactly the same about the Ferrari F40, which remains my favourite road car of all time. Both remind me of Longfellow's little girl:

'When she was good,
She was very good indeed.
But when she was bad she was
horrid.'

I felt much the same way about the SLS Black Series. 





RADICAL RXC COUPÉ

Grip to make you gasp - and a price to match

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST Radical road car I have reviewed on these pages, but while the last was (and felt like) a race car somewhat hastily and inexactly converted to road going specification, the RXC coupé was designed for the road and track day market from the word go.

Like all Radicals it features an aluminium monocoque with glassfibre bodywork but, as even the least observant of you will have noticed, this one has a roof. It also has a twin turbo 3-litre Ford V6 running through a Quaife seven-speed sequential gearbox.

Within the realm of road-going cars, it is probably the most remarkable modern machine I've ever driven on the track. I tried the low-powered 350bhp version (there's a 380bhp engine with individual throttle bodies, too) and because the car weighs just 900kg and is a traction monster, it needs just 2.8sec to hit 60mph. But in less than a lap you're screaming for more power, ideally the 500bhp of the V8 version Radical is known to be developing. Truly, beyond the bounds of pure racing cars, I've never known such performance handled with this almost dismissive ease.

There are two reasons for this. First and most obviously, the RXC has

downforce. And by that I don't mean the kind of downforce quoted by other car makers that, when you do the maths, is merely a reduction in lift or a negligible amount of positive downward pressure. The RXC has proper drive-upside-down-through-a-tunnel levels of downforce, so your apex speeds through quick curves are enough to render entirely inadequate any other car that relies solely on mechanical grip generated by tyres. It'll make you laugh as easily as it'll make your passenger scream.

But that's what you get with LMP-style bodywork, careful underbody aero and a fully adjustable GT3-specification rear wing. What none of this provides is the user-friendliness to give you the confidence to explore the limits of what this phenomenal car will do. For that



FACTFILE

£97,000

ENGINE
3.0 litres, six cylinders,
turbocharged

POWER
350bhp @ 6750 rpm

TORQUE
320lb ft @ 4250 rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed sequential,
rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 2.8sec

TOP SPEED 175mph

ECONOMY n/a mpg

CO₂ n/a g/km



thank the Radical chassis engineers who've designed the car to be stiff enough to support its weight under full downforce yet sufficiently pliant to accept full throttle at the apex of a second-gear hairpin. It's a car that'll let you trail-brake all the way into the apex, yet if it does break loose at the back under power you don't need to lift and give up the corner, you just ride out the slide on the deliciously accurate electric power steering. There are no safety nets of any description from ABS to ESP, and nor does it need it.

As a road machine the RXC is limited by a lack of rearward visibility and the gearbox's dislike of stop-start traffic. But once you're under way, I imagine you'd have quite a pleasant run over to the 'Ring and a completely unforgettable time once you were there.

The low-volume British track day market has been dominated by Caterham and, latterly, Ariel, but for its ease of access coupled with its devastating pace the RXC is a new dimension. Happily for its rivals, however, so is its price: at £97,000 this is almost Porsche 911 GT3 money. Then again some will regard that as value when it buys a car that behaves in a way no other road car in my experience can. And I'd be inclined to agree with them. 📺

HONDA CIVIC TYPE-R

Good things come to those who wait - but not just yet



FAR AWAY ACROSS THE ASIAN continent, a beast is stirring. Honda has searched its soul, beaten its brow, wailed and gnashed its teeth with the best of them and has at last concluded that building interesting fast cars wasn't such a bad idea after all.

There was a time when it seemed almost a blasphemy. I remember writing about the sorrow I felt about Honda's decision to axe and (at the time) not replace its NSX supercar, get out of F1 and can both its Type-R performance sub-brand and S2000 sports car. And I remember better still those who were kind enough to take the time to write in and tell me how heartless and out of touch I was. The world was in recession, Honda had been hit hardest by the Japanese tsunami and there I was complaining that it had lost interest in fripperies like sports and racing cars.

Maybe my timing was poor but so, too, was Honda's: certainly in Europe, the self-imposed exile of this most engineering-led of Japanese car companies has done its image no favours at all. Its current line up of Jazz, Civic, CR-V and Accord is as bland as I can remember from the company that was and remains the first and only Japanese manufacturer to win in F1.

But Honda has a plea for those of us




who understand how deep its passion for great drivers' cars lies: sit out 2014, because come 2015, less than one year from now, we're going to be in for a treat. In F1 a Honda engine will be back powering a McLaren and, as anyone who remembers 1988 and the MP4/4 will tell you, over a season there's never been a more successful combination in F1. The new NSX will be launched and it appears to carry at least the potential to redefine the supercar, as did its predecessor a quarter of a century earlier. And probably most relevantly to you and me, there will also be a new Civic Type-R.

Britain loves the Civic Type-R and it always has: more have been sold here than anywhere else in the world. The new car looks outwardly similar to the last, albeit far lower, with steroidal body addenda. But while the last car made do with a normally aspirated 2-litre engine

producing 197bhp, that would never do today. The power race has hotted up to such an extent that Honda openly admits to 280bhp for its turbo 2-litre in the new car and privately concedes the number is actually 300bhp and climbing.

A few years ago that kind of power would have torn the front wheels off a hatchback like this, but today the car accelerates smoothly out onto Honda's Tochigi test track, albeit spinning its wheels all the way through first and second gear. It feels monstrously powerful for a small family hatchback. Interestingly in these days of increasing reliance on paddle power, the Civic changes gear by hand alone.

I'd like to relate the intricacies of its handling, but I can't: I was only allowed on the big track where a natural average lap speed for a car like this is about 130mph. What I can tell you is that it turns into steep banking at 120mph or so with total conviction and total stability all the way to the exit.

I was impressed by the Civic but, more relevantly, encouraged too. As it stands I'd rate it a match for what will be its big rival: the Ford Focus ST. But with a year's development still to go before market introduction, I think there's a good chance it will evolve into something truly great and once more worthy of the great name of Honda. 

FACTFILE

£tba

ENGINE
2.0 litres, four
cylinders, turbocharged

POWER
300bhp @ 6500rpm

TORQUE
n/a

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual,
front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 5.8sec (est)

TOP SPEED 155mph

ECONOMY n/a mpg

CO₂ n/a g/km



AUDI RS7

Prodigious power doesn't necessarily bring driver satisfaction

IT IS A WELL KNOWN MAXIM that Audi has never struggled to produce cars to appeal to the fashion conscious. But when it comes to making cars for those interested in the far simpler, less fickle business of driving, its products – mid-engined R8 aside – have been far less assured.

But surely that list of great Audis for drivers must now include this RS7? After all, at £83,495 it is now the most expensive Audi you can buy this side of an R8. On paper it's all there, including a version of Audi's 4-litre twin-turbo V8 motor far more powerful than any



variants of the same engine now utilised by Bentley. With a chassis tuned by the same people who did such sterling work on the R8, what could possibly go wrong?

Everything and nothing. The RS7 Sportback is a very fast, capable car that would doubtless prove an exceptionally easy accomplice day to day, so long as you didn't spend too much time spotting fuel bills on your bank statement. The interior is entirely predictable, inasmuch as it looks like Audi's architecture dolled up for a big night out, but it works well enough for someone who's only ever driven an A3 to feel right at home almost immediately.

The engine is excellent: its response to your right foot is not only immense but as immediate as you could expect any engine breathing through turbochargers to be. But as a thing to drive, it still left me cold. The days of truly incompetent Audi handling are mercifully gone, but there remains much work to be done before many are actively engaging to drive. There's huge grip but little balance, accurate steering but zero feel. If you wanted a big fast Audi, why not save yourself a few thousand, buy an RS6 Avant powered by the same engine and provide all the room in the world for your family and luggage? ☑

FACTFILE

£83,495

ENGINE
4.0 litres, 8 cylinders,
turbocharged

POWER
553bhp @ 5700rpm

TORQUE
516lb ft @ 1750rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed auto,
four-wheel drive

0-62MPH 3.9sec

TOP SPEED 155mph

ECONOMY 28.8mpg

CO₂ 229g/km



Memories of Henry Taylor

It's sad that Henry Taylor has died, but I have a good memory of him. In 1968, when the London-Sydney Marathon rally was announced, I was part of the Supersport rally team in Acton. We had an excellent relationship with the Ford Competition Department in Boreham, so I phoned Henry, then Ford's competition manager, and said "Any chance of a car?" Henry said, "If you get a good journalist as co-driver, we can let you have a Lotus Cortina."

I phoned Gerry Phillips of *Motoring News* and without hesitation he agreed. Three days later he called back. "Bad news: Wesley J Tee (owner of both *Motoring News* and *Motor Sport* at the time) says there is no place for sponsorship in motor sport and, as the London-Sydney is sponsored by the *Daily Express* and the *Sydney Telegraph*, if I go with you I'm out of a job."

I'd lost my works car, but hadn't been too happy about the Lotus Cortina idea anyway. The new Ford Escort seemed a much better bet, so I called again. "Henry, any chance of help if I take an Escort and my own co-driver?"

An hour later he called back "You can have a 'pilot-build' 1100cc Escort for nothing, and any bits you want. Just make a contribution to the fund for retired workers." Done!

We collected the Escort, sold the parts we didn't want, fitted a 1600 Capri engine and gearbox, put on various Ford Competition bits and finished the London-Sydney with co-drivers John Maclay and Martin Maudling (it was less expensive to share the bills between three rather than two).

By the time we reached Bombay our front struts were shot. Henry had uprated ones flown to await us in Perth, at no cost to us. It was this, more than anything else, that got us to the finish.

He might not have been well known to the world at large, but I for one will always remember Henry with enormous affection and gratitude.

Jim Gavin, Wisborough Green, West Sussex

Bitter-sweet symphony

So the Wales Rally GB returns to North Wales. This is a good thing, as confirmed by the huge spectator numbers and general good feeling among, well, just about everybody.

For the first time in 15 years I was tempted back to my homeland to camp out in a forest, wear a woolly hat and do what I used to do every November: watch Britain's greatest motor sport event.

And what a fantastic spectacle it was. The cars might all look a bit samey, the sounds are nothing like as exciting as Group B cars on full beans and the entrance fee was extortionate for the privilege of a two-mile walk to the stage, but all that was forgotten as Gartheiniog gave the crowds something to smile about.

One thing, though: can the Forestry Commission (or other landowners, come to that) be expected to allow this great event to continue given the amount of litter, beer cans and furniture – yes, furniture – left behind by the spectators? My pick? The discarded gazebo abandoned in the woods by irresponsible louts who just might ruin the event for us all, as well as harming the environment.

Owain Linford, Milton Keynes

Wing tips

I was a bit baffled by the whole blown diffuser idea, but a recent trip to the RAF Cosford museum explained all to me – albeit to generate lift rather than downforce.

The Hunting 126 was first flown in 1963 and used jet exhaust to generate lift at low speed. To quote the official description: "More than half of the exhaust from the jet engine was directed through a slot along the trailing edge of the wing and blown over the flaps and control surfaces to generate lift. Another 10 per cent of the exhaust gas was

Hunting 126 aircraft of 1963 used blown flaps for low-speed lift, presaging in reverse F1's blown diffusers



directed to small jets in the wing tips and tail to provide control at speeds as low as 32mph."

And here's me thinking that modern-day F1 designers invented the whole concept.

Ken Pugh, Penarth, Vale of Glamorgan

Bubble and speak

You are to be hugely congratulated for having the *cojones* for saying in print what so many of us think – that Bernie Ecclestone should go. I have long grown tired of the fawning copy most of the press devotes to Ecclestone.

I watched my first Grand Prix in 1971 and mourn the sport I loved, which has become a TV soap opera played out on joke circuits in joke countries in front of live audiences you can count on your hands. No Imola, no Zandvoort, no Anderstorp, no Clermont-Ferrand or Dijon, an emasculated Hockenheim and just about everywhere else apart from Monaco. An almost exclusively European fanbase is condemned to watch races from Korea, Malaysia and Bahrain.

Worse still, nearly all the cash in motor sport has moved to F1, leaving F3 and the like pathetic shadows of what they once were. And all this because some ex-barrister sold his mate a sport that some of us didn't realise was even saleable...

Many people in the F1 bubble speak in awed terms of Ecclestone's phenomenal intelligence, but I wonder about that. Sure, he can clinch a deal but I have never heard him say anything that wasn't almost embarrassingly gauche.

Well done for being brave enough to stick your head above the parapet. And the magazine is great – as good as it ever was, if not better.

John Aston, Thirsk, Yorks

Star trek

With regard to *Private View* in the January issue, I also made my way by coach to Oulton Park, for the 1968 Gold Cup. I was 17 years old and living in Carlisle. I had been reading *Motor Sport* since 1966 and was desperate to see an F1 race. From Carlisle it was quite a trek: 2am coach, change at Liverpool for Tarporley then hitch-hike to the circuit. Some kindly enthusiasts ☐

took pity on me and gave me a lift. My camera was a borrowed Instamatic, absolutely no telephoto lens. Undaunted, I took action shots from Lodge Corner as well as in the paddock. I still have the slides – remember those? The journey was something of an endurance test and I was exhausted but exhilarated. Sadly, I left my programme behind on one of the coaches having fallen asleep.

It was worth all the effort, though.
Don Craig, Abbeydale, Gloucester

Ticket to ride

What a joy to read Nigel Roebuck once again reflecting on his hero Jean Behra and the thrill he got seeing the Frenchman winning a non-championship BARC 200 aboard that glorious Ferrari Dino at Aintree in 1959. It happens that, like Nigel, I got my Dad to take me to the same race, although my hero was Masten Gregory.

As I recall, Masten led convincingly until something broke in his works Cooper-Climax, whereupon Stirling Moss took over for a while in Rob Walker's booming BRM-engined Cooper. That, in turn, failed when its Colotti gearbox wilted (and the car/engine pairing never raced again). Nigel, commendably starry-eyed, may need to be reminded that Behra and his team-mate Tony Brooks had been trailing somewhat until being gifted their 1-2 win. I suspect that Enzo Ferrari then finally realised that the game was up for front-engined cars, because in the summer the Scuderia failed to show at Aintree for the British GP, blaming a metal-workers' strike.

Many years later, while chatting in the Adelaide paddock with a racing chum called George Harrison (guitar player with a popular musical combo), I learned that he, too, had been at Aintree that day. "My dad drove me there in his new Hillman Minx," I told him, proudly.

"I got there for free," responded George. "My dad was collecting the fares and I was on the top deck."

Mike Doodson, Forest Row, Sussex

The sands of time

Andrew Frankel's foray with the slightly terrifying Blitzen Benz (December) was fascinating, but the Mason eyebrows

shot up at the words: "There (at Brooklands) Victor Hémery claimed the only Land Speed Record ever to be set on English soil".

That did not sound right. Surely he meant to add the words 'up to that time', or something similar. I was not thinking of the query about Charles Rolls, raised by Dale Wilkinson (Letters, January), but what about Hornsted, Guinness and Segrave? Recourse to Posthumus and Tremayne, in *Land Speed Record*, confirmed that my memory was on the money.

First, in 1914, LG 'Cupid' Hornsted set the first 'official' two-way record at Brooklands, in the mighty Benz, at 124.10mph. That was slower than Hémery's speed, and the slightly suspect efforts of Barney Oldfield and Bob Burman at Daytona, so could be dismissed as just a historical footnote, but it was certainly an official LSR.

Then in May 1922, Kenelm Lee Guinness achieved a pretty brave 133.75mph LSR within the tight confines of Brooklands, with the 350hp Sunbeam.

However, the last LSR to be achieved by a conventional racing car, capable of even road racing, was at 152.33mph, set by Henry Segrave on Southport sands on March 16, 1926, with the relatively modest but effective 4-litre Sunbeam 'Tiger'. English sand rather than English soil, if you want to be really picky, but it was certainly an official LSR, even if it stood only for a month or so.

I'm sure that Andrew Frankel knows all this and it was a slip of the keyboard, but younger readers might not be aware of these landmark speeds that were achieved in England.

Chris Mason, Riccall, York

Generation game

I'd like to see some semi-radical changes to F1, to reintroduce the primacy of the driver, which tends to be the main demand that us Generation-X folk demand. To me, there has been an over-intellectualisation of the changes needed. Sure, increasing the ratio of mechanical to aerodynamic grip is crucial, but more is needed.

Firstly, expunge automatic gearboxes and bring back the 'six on the floor' fully manual gearbox to increase the chance of driver error, and talent revealing itself (*vide* Senna stuck in gear

or James Garner at Monaco with Scott Stoddard chasing).

Second, bring the tyres back to ensure a two- to three-stop race, rather than six stops and 75 per cent pace.

Ditch the DRS and KERS gimmicks – it's not PlayStation – and, lastly, allow complete tyre and fuel choices over the weekend to defeat the painful conservatism that puts us in the Antipodes to sleep at a late hour on Saturday and Sunday nights.

Keep up the thoughtful analysis and useful dissent against the commercial interests that seemingly have little respect for the sport's proud traditions.
Jonathan Gouy, Canberra, Australia

Scot of the harsh antics

Doug Paterson's recent letter reminded me of another name missed off the list of Ecurie Ecosse drivers – Bill Stein, who had a bad crash at Brands Hatch in a Tojeiro-Buick. He seriously damaged his legs and these injuries obliged him not to race again.

I am honoured to know Bill, who is still alive and well (thanks to a medicinal wee dram every day) and living in Spain.

His views on various motor sport personalities have given me many a good laugh.


Chris Farr, Duquesa, Spain

Three 12s equals '76

Your January *Parting Shot* from 1976, showing the fab Ligier-Matra driven by Jacques Laffite, brought back so many memories for me. I saved for two years to attend my first Grand Prix – Monaco 1976. I was in the big grandstand after the chicane, where Ronnie Peterson crashed out.

In those days the cars really looked different, with six-wheelers and totally different-sounding engines – the Matra V12 was brilliant, the Ferrari flat-12 sublime, the Alfa flat-12 brutal. I was there and will never ever forget that experience – especially as my all-time hero Niki Lauda took a splendid victory for Ferrari.

I loved that Ligier-Matra because it was different. If you stripped the paint off the 2013 cars and lined them up randomly, only the designers would be able to tell the makes apart.

John Mackay, Currie, Midlothian 

CONTACT US

WRITE TO:
Motor Sport,
38 Chelsea Wharf,
15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ

OR E-MAIL:
editorial@
motorsport
magazine.co.uk

(Please include
your full name
and address)

YOU WERE THERE

www.motorsportmagazine.com/forum



1



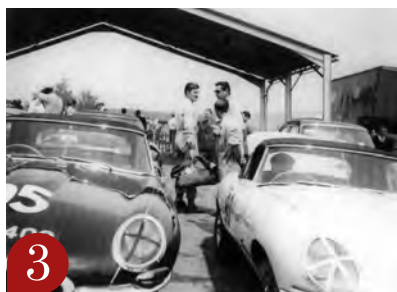
2

JEFF HOWARTH

These shots by the late Jeff Howarth were sent in by his friend Mike Lawlor, at the time (1960–61) busy running a Turner GT for John Miles

1 Thoughtful Dan Gurney in bare F2 Lotus 18 2 Jo Bonnier in confab with Stirling Moss 3 Graham Hill and Roy Salvadori between Coombs and Endeavour E-types 4 Tommy Sopwith with his Equipe Endeavour E

5 John Surtees prepares for action in Yeoman Credit Cooper T53



3



4



5

SEND US YOUR IMAGES

If you have any images that might be suitable for *You Were There*, please send them to:

Motor Sport,
38 Chelsea Wharf,
15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ

or e-mail them to:
editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk



Jim Clark Boost for new museum

Fans of Hall of Fame founder member Jim Clark will soon have a new place to revisit his career, with plans taking shape for a new museum in his home town of Duns, Berwickshire. The Jim Clark Trust has been awarded £500,000 by the Scottish Borders Council, and further plans will be announced at the Knockhill round of the 2014 BTCC, where the Trust will be displaying a selection of Clark's cars in celebration of the saloon car title he won 50 years ago.



Doug Niven, Clark's cousin, explained the scope of the upgrade to the memorial room: "The new museum will be about inspiring future generations with a modern and vibrant celebration of Jim Clark's incredible career. It will impact on motor sport around the world, with trophies, pictures, film footage and some of the cars in which he raced."

The Trust has announced a 2018 completion date for the new museum.

Log on to:
www.motorsportmagazine.com/halloffame
to explore the career of Jim Clark
PLUS videos and career photo galleries

MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Simply complete the order form, attach your payment and send it to:
 Freepost RSGT-RJLG-KGLX, *Motor Sport* magazine,
 Unit 38, Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London SW10 0QJ, UK
 (No stamp required if posted from the UK.)

- Yes, I would like to subscribe to *Motor Sport*
- I am an existing subscriber. Please renew my subscription with this offer

Bundle options	15 months		30 months		Print Options	15 months		30 months	
	<input type="checkbox"/> UK	£55.99	£95.99	<input type="checkbox"/> UK		£49.99	£89.99	<input type="checkbox"/> UK	£46 by Direct Debit
<input type="checkbox"/> Rest of World	£70	£126	<input type="checkbox"/> Rest of World	£64	£120	<input type="checkbox"/> USA	\$85	\$150	

Digital Options 15 months £49.99
 30 months £89.99

MY DETAILS

Title _____ Forename _____ Surname _____
 Address _____
 Postcode _____ Country _____
 Telephone _____
 E-mail _____

GIFT RECIPIENT

Title _____ Forename _____ Surname _____
 Address _____
 Postcode _____ Country _____
 Telephone _____
 E-mail _____

PAYMENT OPTIONS - 3 EASY WAYS TO PAY

1. I wish to pay by Direct Debit (UK only). Please complete the form below (or a copy) and send to the address above, or call our subscription hotline
Instruction to your Bank or Building Society to pay by Direct Debit

To the Bank Manager (Bank/Building Society) _____
 Address _____ Postcode _____
 Name of account holder _____
 Bank/Building Society account number _____
 Bank sort code _____
 Banks and Building Societies may not accept Direct Debit instructions for some types of account

Originator's identification number
 5 5 6 9 6 5

Please pay Motor Sport Magazine Ltd from the account detailed in this instruction subject to the safeguards assured by the Direct Debit Guarantee. I understand that this instruction may stay with Motor Sport and, if so, details will be passed electronically to my Bank/Building Society.

Signature _____
 Date _____

2. Please debit my: Visa Mastercard Amex Maestro

Card no: _____
 Expiry Date: _____
 Maestro: _____ Issue number: _____ Security number: _____
(Start date) (If applicable) (Last 3 digits on reverse of card)

Signature _____ Date _____

3. I enclose a cheque for _____ (payable to *Motor Sport*)

Terms & conditions: This offer is subject to availability. Offer closes on February 28, 2014. Subscriptions by Direct Debit will automatically renew upon expiry. Should the price increase thereafter you will be notified in advance. You can cancel any time and receive a full refund on any issues yet to be mailed, with no questions asked. This offer is available to new subscribers only. *Motor Sport* may send you details of our products and services which we think may be of interest to you. Please tick if you do not wish to receive such offers by post or telephone Please tick if you do not wish to receive such offers by e-mail Occasionally we may pass your details to selected companies. If you do not wish to receive their products or offers, please tick this box QUOTE CODE NY14

Available in...



SAVE 70%

Bundle

The total *Motor Sport* experience

Get monthly delivery of your print magazine, instant access to the interactive digital magazine, plus access to the soon-to-be-launched *Motor Sport* online archive for the full 90 years of content.

Print

Save on the high street price and receive issues direct to your door before they are in the shops.



SAVE 40%

Digital

Get instant access to the digital magazine, which contains fantastic interactive articles and videos. Also includes access to all our digital supplements such as Grand Prix reports.

Note: digital edition only available for iPad and Android tablets.



SAVE 40%



30 ISSUES
FOR THE PRICE OF 24 or
15 ISSUES
FOR THE PRICE OF 12

Receive up to 6 free issues

WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE
TO *MOTOR SPORT*

Subscribe to *Motor Sport* magazine today and you will receive 30 issues for the price of 24, or get 15 issues for the price of 12.

For the very best in our sport in all its forms, you need to read *Motor Sport* magazine. *Motor Sport* covers all aspects of the business every month, with exclusive interviews, industry insights, in-depth features, uncensored commentary on Formula 1, historic racing, Le Mans, rallying, US racing and much more.

Subscribing to *Motor Sport* offers you more than just the very best in motor racing

- Save money on every issue - wherever you are in the world, you'll save money when you subscribe.
- Money off entry to selected events
- FREE delivery direct to your door
- Get your issue before it appears in the shops

3 EASY WAYS TO SUBSCRIBE



Visit www.motorsportmagazine.com/NY14



Call 020 7349 8472
or USA Toll Free on 1-866-808-5828
and quote NY14



Complete and post the form on the opposite page



Nigel Roebuck

On the silliness of knee-jerk rule changes that fix non-existent problems, a Brawn-free future for Mercedes and Juan Pablo Montoya's return to the single-seater mainstream

AS THE FORMULA 1 STRATEGY Group – comprising six members from the FIA, six from the Formula One Group and six from the teams (Red Bull, Ferrari, McLaren, Mercedes, Lotus, Williams) – was announced, plenty of people, notably from teams not represented, were most unhappy, for this new ‘think tank’ effectively replaced the Technical and Sporting Working Groups (which had generally worked well), and apparently had the power to push through rule changes that

might not necessarily be for the common good.

On Monday, December 9, there was held in Paris a meeting of the F1 Strategy Group and the Formula One Commission, after which an FIA press release was issued detailing changes to the Formula 1 regulations, all but one of these to take immediate effect.

The first was not only welcome but vital, for it declared that the principle of a global cost cap had been adopted, as of January 2015. Not all voted in favour – I leave you to guess the teams opposed to it – but there is no doubt that such a thing had to happen if F1 were to continue in recognisable form, if the smaller teams were to stay in business. The cost cap itself has yet to be determined, but assuredly it will be way higher than the £40m proposed by Max Mosley four years ago. One cannot imagine the expense and complication of policing such a thing, but unquestionably it is needed.

There was common sense involved, too, in the F1 Commission's agreement – on safety grounds – to allow Pirelli an extra three-day test in Bahrain a week or so before Christmas, with six teams – the big four, plus Force India and Toro Rosso – accepting the invitation to attend, although McLaren and Force India later withdrew. Testing constraints put on the tyre supplier in recent times have been an absurdity.

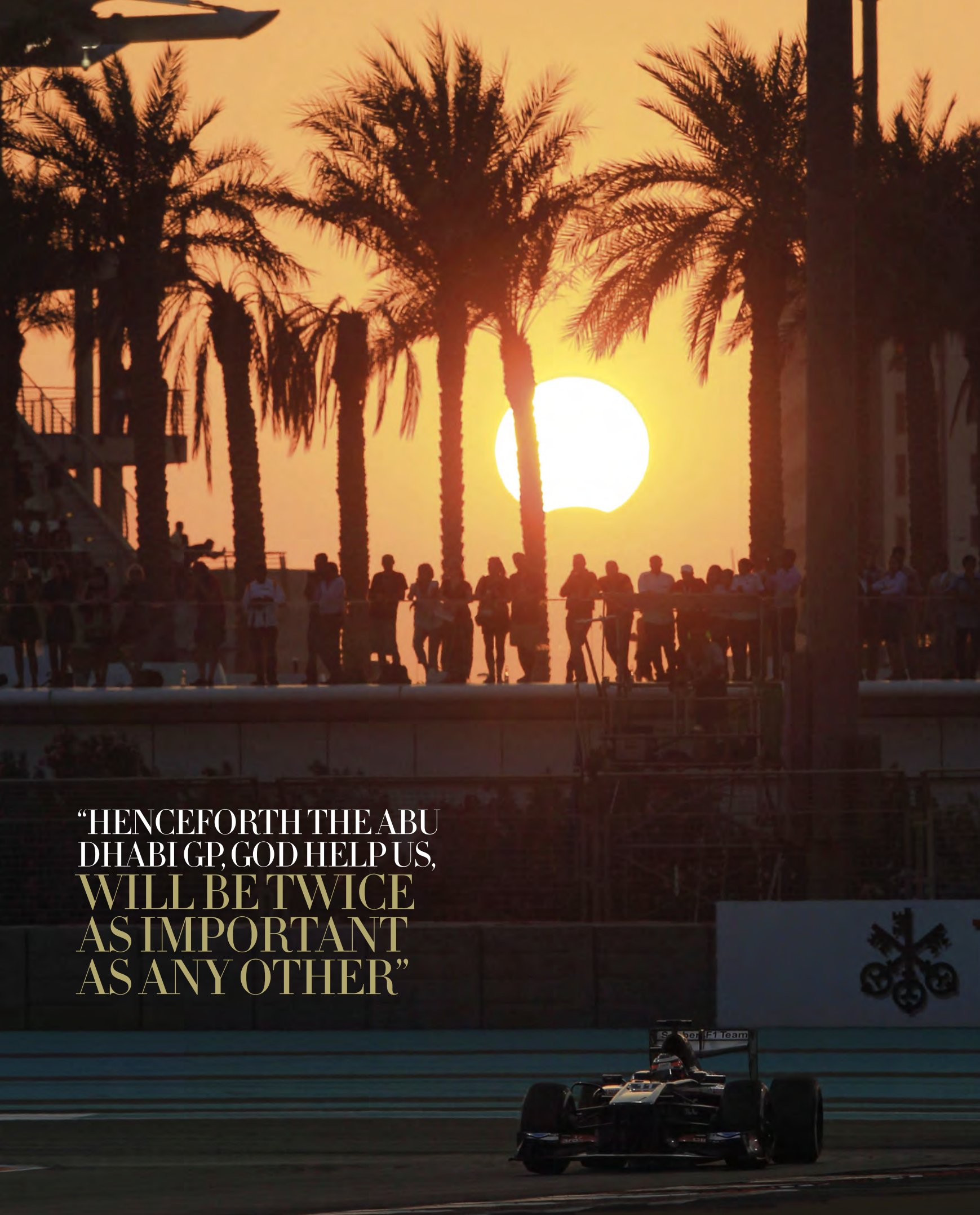
Next, driver numbers. In such as NASCAR (and MotoGP), it has long been the practice for a competitor to be associated with one race number for his entire career. This is considered to be of significant worth as a marketing tool, which is why it is being introduced. For spectators it may be initially confusing because no longer will, say, the two Saubers have consecutive numbers, but over time a driver and number will become synonymous, as with Richard Petty and 43, or Valentino Rossi and 46.

Ironic now to remember that, following the death of Gilles Villeneuve, representations to the FIA that the number 27 be ‘retired’ in perpetuity were met with stony silence. Perhaps, if numbers are suddenly so important, it would be wise for the FIA to stipulate they be of a size clearly visible to spectators.

Next, new penalties – as if there were not already too many. For ‘minor infringements’ (not defined in the document), it was agreed that a five-second penalty should be introduced. How this will be applied is not yet decided, but the mind boggles at the thought of its being instantly added to a driver's time during a race, so that what appears to be a wheel-to-wheel scrap is in fact between two cars five seconds – or more – apart.

The only solution would appear to be adding in the penalties at the end of the race, although then the true finishing order will not necessarily be the one spectators thought they had seen. The argument against drive-through penalties has always been that, once applied, it's too late for a change of stewards' opinion or an appeal, but at least spectators know where they are. On the face it, this new regulation looks like a recipe for protest.

The real sting in the press release, though, came appropriately in the tail, for the very last item revealed that henceforth double points – for both drivers and constructors – will be awarded at the final race of the season. This, it was explained, is ‘in order to maximise focus on the Championship until the end of the campaign’ – or, to put it another way, to maintain healthy viewing figures, so as to keep the TV companies and sponsors happy. ☐



“HENCEFORTH THE ABU
DHABI GP, GOD HELP US,
WILL BE TWICE
AS IMPORTANT
AS ANY OTHER”



I well understand the importance of TV figures, and appreciate that inevitably they're going to drop off when, say, one driver wins the last nine races, but short of a rule – as Frank Williams laughingly suggests in our recent podcast – forbidding Adrian Newey from designing any more racing cars, such a possibility will always exist. Sometimes the World Championship goes down to the wire, but more often it does not. This is called reality, and it should not be subject to manipulation.

To give the proposition an even more farcical aspect, the revised Grand Prix schedule for 2014 means, of course, that this 'double points' race will take place not at Interlagos (or, for that matter, any other great theatre of motor racing), but at Abu Dhabi, the blandest venue of all – and also probably the richest.

In the past Abu Dhabi twice staged the final race, of course, not least in 2010, when I remember walking down to the first corner half an hour before the start, and noting that the grandstands were at best half-full. Well, it was only a four-way World Championship decider between Vettel, Webber, Alonso and Hamilton...

Thereafter the final race reverted to Interlagos, scruffy but imbued with history and atmosphere, packed to the gunwales with passionate fans, the perfect venue at which to bring the season to a close. One wondered – briefly – why it had lost its prime position in the calendar for 2014, why Yas Marina had recouped it, but then swiftly concluded that a premium of some kind will have been paid. Whatever, I'm sure the gentlemen of CVC will be delighted and that, as we have come to understand, is all that matters.

Five hundred and fifty million pounds – you read that right – they stripped out of F1 in 2012: this comforts neither circuits devoid of government backing nor teams struggling to meet wage bills.

When I read of the new 'double points' rule, momentarily I wondered if this were a spoof, a spot of uncharacteristic Yuletide jesting from the governing body, but I'm afraid not. Henceforth the Abu Dhabi Grand Prix, God help us, will be twice as important as any other – or, to put it another way, worth as much as Spa and Suzuka put together, and if you don't find that laughable I have nothing to say to you.

"This is absurd," commented Sebastian Vettel, "and punishes those who have worked hard for a whole season."

Now, of course, one wonders what 'strategy' comes next in the continuing trivialisation of our sport. Weight penalties – ironically named 'Success Ballast' – as employed in the BTCC and elsewhere? Reversed grids? Speed bumps in the pits? Why, the possibilities are endless. One item on the table in Paris – and mercifully rejected on the grounds that it might damage the racing – was a proposal from Pirelli that at least two pitstops be made mandatory, together with a limit of the race using hard compound tyres, and 30 per cent using soft. How simple, apart from anything else, that would have been for TV commentators to keep track of...

Prior to the meeting, Ross Brawn, so often a quiet voice of sanity in Formula 1, said he hoped this particular rule change would not be adopted. "If you asked 'What's wrong with it?' I couldn't tell you," he said, "but intuitively I don't think it's right to have a regulated number of pitstops."

'Intuitive' is the *mot juste*, Ross. Some things you just *know* are a bad idea, and making one Grand Prix twice as important as any other is one of them, for it has the potential to make a mockery of a World Championship season.

Amazing now to remember the way F1 used to sneer at American motor racing, denigrating not least its use of pace cars and 'yellows', an obvious necessity in the event of an accident on an oval. 'Closes up the field artificially, wipes out the leader's advantage – can't be right' was the attitude, but eventually, although we chose to call it a safety car, the policy was adopted here. And much else besides. DRS, anyone?

Perhaps we should just stick with 'F1' from now on, or maybe 'Strictly Come Racing'. Somehow 'Grand Prix racing' seems less appropriate by the day.



Serial title winner – the last with Jenson Button in 2009, right – Ross Brawn has stepped away from Mercedes

AS THE YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE, REVELATIONS about the one to come break surface all the time, but – the deliberations of the F1 Strategy Group apart – there have been no great surprises. First and foremost, Ross Brawn announced soon after Interlagos, the final race of the season, that he was stepping down as team principal of Mercedes.

This had been in the wind for some time, for the team has become more than a little top-heavy with chiefs of one sort or another – Toto Wolff, Paddy Lowe, Niki Lauda – and that was never likely to suit one of Brawn's personality and achievement. As time went on, and his departure looked ever more likely, there arose speculation that he would move to McLaren, to Williams, even back to Ferrari.

For now, though, it seems certain that Ross will take a sabbatical, as he did in 2007 after leaving Ferrari. In the short term he appears to have little intention of joining another team, having not completely severed his ties with Mercedes, to whom he will remain available for consultation purposes.

In 2007 Brawn and his wife decided to spend the year travelling the world, their choices of destination heavily influenced by his passion for fishing. There were long spells in the Seychelles, in Argentina, in New

Zealand, and Ross savoured the break. “The great paradox of F1,” he told me at the time, “is that you’re travelling the world constantly, but never really have time to see anywhere. My sabbatical had several purposes, one of which was to put a full stop at the end of my Ferrari career. Another was that there were various types of fishing I’d never had the time to do, and I thought, ‘If I don’t do it now – in my early 50s – I might not be fit enough to do it when I next have a break...’”

Had Brawn been certain that this marked the end of life with Ferrari? “Not completely, no, but there was a feeling that it had been a fantastic period in my life, and going back might be like revisiting an old girlfriend – might be a

disappointment! I also wanted to reflect on what I wanted to do next, whether it was within motor racing, or somewhere else.

“At first I found watching a GP on TV, and not being involved, an absolutely surreal experience – I had terribly mixed emotions and I confess it took a little while for those feelings to subside.

“More and more, though, I really started to enjoy the sabbatical. Although I watched most of the races, depending on where we were, for at least six months I did actually turn my mind off, in terms of what I might do in the future.

“Then I did some talks for various organisations, including the MIA, and at one of them I sat next to a chap who wanted to talk to me about having a role in the British entry for the America’s Cup. And that started me thinking about what I was going to do.”

Brawn had promised Jean Todt, then still with Ferrari, that if he did decide on a return to F1 he would speak to him first, and this he did. There was no doubt that they wanted him back in Maranello, but none in Ross’s mind, either, that he would entertain it only as team principal. “The problem was that Stefano [Domenicali], as well as being a close friend of mine, had been a great servant to Ferrari, and I didn’t want to stand in the way of his being given that opportunity. There was some discussion about how we might share the role, and so on, but I didn’t see that as a workable solution.

“We found ourselves in a slightly awkward situation, in that Ferrari wanted me back, but they weren’t quite sure where to put me. In the end, I think we all reached a point where we thought, ‘We’ve had the discussion, and it hasn’t crystallised, so it’s better just to shake hands, part as friends, and do our own thing’.”

For all that, Brawn had concluded that he did indeed want to return to F1, and soon afterwards there came the offer from Honda. After a year that metamorphosed into Brawn GP (following the economic meltdown precipitating the Japanese company’s withdrawal), which brought a World Championship for Jenson Button in 2009, after which the outfit was bought by Mercedes. Now, four years on, Ross finds himself looking at a different horizon.

Looking back on that conversation with him, a striking difference between then and now is that he was at pains to stress how much support from FOTA (Formula One Teams Association, lest it has slipped your mind) he had received while building up Brawn GP in the

advent of Honda’s departure. “There seems to be a much stronger camaraderie among the teams than there used to be,” he said. “Something that definitely evolved from difficulties with the FIA was that in all my time in F1 I’ve never known the teams to be as united as they are now. FOTA, as a body, was crucial to our survival. It was formed in the first place to try to improve F1, not to get into confrontations all the time, and – despite great efforts by some to break it up – it’s lasted, too. So far, anyway...”

Ah, but that was then. In the intervening period FOTA has not exactly broken up, but its teeth have been removed by defecting teams,

encouraged in this direction by rewards of a fiscal nature. Vested interests against common? It’s never much of a contest in F1. Where briefly we had a strong FOTA, now we have... the F1 Strategy Group.

In pondering what Brawn might do next, some have suggested that he is the man who – in Bernie Ecclestone’s stead – should take over the running of F1, and one can see the sense in this, for none in the business is more savvy than this calmly authoritative man who has seen and done it all and enjoys universal respect in the paddock.

Perhaps more to the point is why the hell would Ross *want* to do it? At 59, he is a wealthy man

who can do what he wishes with the rest of his life. Why spend it in the minefield of F1 politics, particularly at a time of such destabilised uncertainty?

While Brawn takes his leave, temporary or otherwise, others necessarily focus on the coming season, not least Lotus, where continuing delays with the long-promised Quantum Motorsports money have put Pastor Maldonado, rather than Nico Hülkenberg, into the team for 2014.

Nico, methinks, must be getting a touch fed up with Pastor: three years ago, after a

sparkling debut season with Williams, he was regretfully pushed out of the team by a sizeable Venezuelan cheque, and now it has happened for a second time.

If you take the big four – Red Bull, Ferrari, Mercedes, McLaren – out of the equation, this, as we know, is a time of strict financial pragmatism in Formula 1, and for many teams a matter of survival. Although it was long ago evident that Hülkenberg was the man Lotus wanted to replace Räikkönen, I can’t blame Eric Boullier or anyone else for going with Maldonado. For all the big talk in Austin from Mansour Ijaz, there remain doubts that the Quantum backing will ever materialise and Boullier could sit on his hands no longer. Lotus needs cash *now* (as Kimi and others can tell you), and therefore the commitment to Maldonado was made.

Like a great many others, I was very sorry it came to this. When I sat down to work out my Top Ten for 2013, as ever I rated the drivers on the basis of ‘what they did with what they had’, and I placed Hülkenberg third, behind only Vettel and Alonso – and therefore ahead of such as Räikkönen, Hamilton, Rosberg and Grosjean. Why was Romain as low as seventh? Because for all his scintillating drives in the second half of the season, he didn’t much impress in the first. In terms



“BRAWN HAD
CONCLUDED THAT HE
DID INDEED
WANT TO
RETURN TO F1”

of results, the pattern of Nico's season was very similar – for a long time Sauber was nowhere near the pace – but the quality of his performances was apparent from the first race to the last.

When Hamilton left for Mercedes at the end of 2012, it amazed me that McLaren passed up Hülkenberg for Sergio Pérez, and I was similarly disappointed last autumn when Ferrari, seeking to replace Felipe Massa, opted for Räikkönen. As great a driver as Kimi still is, Nico's potential is boundless, and he could have been a Maranello man for the ages.

As it is, after a single season away, he goes back to Force India, where it must be said they loved him first time around as they did not love Paul di Resta. My hope is that this team, which traditionally does a lot with relatively little, makes some kind of breakthrough in 2014, enabling Hülkenberg to play the central role his talent deserves. Remember his last drive in a Force India – Interlagos in 2012 – where he led briefly?

OF LATE THE VEXED QUESTION OF COST-capping has been much to the fore again and, as we said earlier, the FIA has declared that such a strategy is to be introduced in January 2015. One hopes that by then all 11 teams will still be around to benefit.

Some, not all, have to pay for their engines, of course, and in 2014 that burden will be weightier by far than before, for now comes the arrival of the new-generation 1.6-litre V6 turbos, complete with 'hybrid' accoutrements, which – it is hoped – will bring horsepower up to the level of the discarded 2.4-litre V8s.

I greatly sympathise with the teams having to meet this additional financial outlay, but otherwise I have to say that, unlike some – and despite my misgivings about the ever-increasing focus on The Show – I can't wait for the new F1. Bernie Ecclestone has long gone on about the importance of the *sound* of a Grand Prix engine, and I take his point, but frankly I won't much miss those slightly hysterical V8s, which after a time blurred into deafening 'white noise'. If you remember the deep bark of a Ferrari V12, you'll know what I mean.

Come to that, I also rather cared for the sound of the last generation of turbocharged engines. Yes, the times were different, and the emphasis was on all-out horsepower, rather than cultivating a 'green' image for F1, but if the engine note was mellow, its potency was not disguised.

I welcome the new F1, too, because racing desperately needs a shake-up, and until – inevitably – engine specifications are 'frozen' (as with the V8s), there is just a chance that horsepower will have its own part to play. Some folk give the impression there is something not quite nice about a power advantage, as if the only acceptable superiority is in downforce – cornering speed rather than straightline pace – but anyone who remembers Jarama back in 1981, when Gilles Villeneuve's truck of a turbocharged Ferrari held off four much nimbler cars for 150 miles, will need no telling that this is baloney. I don't know about you, but I have become bored with the focus on aerodynamics to the exclusion of all else.

There is, too, a concern that the new cars will be ugly, but that doesn't worry me too much, for I didn't look upon the last generation – particularly those with a 'stepped nose' – as objects of great beauty. The fact is, whatever their appearance, whatever their sound, they will become the norm, and we will swiftly get used to them, as we always have in the past.

Think back to 1998, when the 'narrow track' cars (reduced in width from two metres to 1.8) were introduced. When first I laid eyes on one, I thought it looked *horrible*, its proportions all wrong, but within a race or two I had ceased to be aware of it and now, when I see footage of races from long ago – such as the 1989 Japanese Grand Prix, televised just the other day – the cars strike me as absurdly wide, as if

the format of the TV screen were in need of adjustment.

Yes, it will undoubtedly take a little time to adjust to the new cars, but adjust we will, as we did four years ago when major wing changes – narrower and higher at the rear, hugely bigger and more elaborate at the front – were introduced. And think of 2010, when refuelling was thankfully banned, so that for the first time in 16 years the cars went to the grid with a heavy fuel load, and there was some uncertainty about how to conduct a 200-mile race in these circumstances.

The opening race of that season was in Bahrain, and it was as dreary a Grand Prix as I can remember, for not surprisingly the teams took an ultra-conservative approach, and there was a remarkable absence of *racing*. As we hung around the airport, awaiting our flights in the early hours of Monday, the general mood was anything but light, some already saying that the refuelling ban was a disaster, that a Grand Prix had been turned into an endurance race, that we needed to return to the old format as soon as practicable. As things turned out, though, this was the year when four drivers went to the last race with a shot at the World Championship.

Over the last few years the reliability of Grand Prix cars, with their frozen engine specs and conservative rev limit, has been truly astonishing, to a degree unknown in any previous era, and while that has had its benefits – plenty of cars circulating at any given time – so it has also served to reduce unpredictability, always a vital ingredient in any sport. When Sebastian Vettel's Red Bull suddenly slowed at Silverstone last July, then parked in front of the new pit complex, I thought I was hallucinating.

Undoubtedly, at least for a while, the reliability of the new turbo V6s, together with their hybrid bits and pieces, will not be as we have taken for granted for so long, and I don't necessarily see that as a great negative, so long as the engine failures are spread through the pack, and not concentrated on a particular manufacturer. Unpredictability again. Raw power might initially struggle to equal that of the outgoing normally aspirated V8s, but torque will be four times greater, which creates potential headaches for Pirelli, of course, but just might permit us the long-forgotten sight of a car 'stepping out'...

One concern, of course, is that because fuel consumption is now limited to 100 litres a race, the drivers may – relatively – have to cruise some of the time, so as to be sure of making the finish. That was very much a phenomenon of the last turbo era, but the engineers suggest it will be far less of one this time around, and one trusts they are right.

For all the damn silly rules and gimmicks coming our way, I'm much looking forward to the start of something new. I just hope the World Championship is settled before Abu Dhabi.



WHILE IN TEXAS RECENTLY FOR THE US Grand Prix, I was hardly surprised by the amount of space and time given over, in newspapers and on TV, to John F Kennedy, for the 50th anniversary of his assassination in a Dallas street was fast approaching.

At Barnes & Noble I bought an excellent book, appropriately entitled *Where Were You?* So seminal a happening in world history was this that everyone, it seems, can remember where they were, what they were doing, when they heard about JFK. I was looking at the school notice board when my shocked housemaster broke the news.

In terms of earth-shattering events that have occurred in my lifetime, I suppose that on November 22, 1963 was matched only by the catastrophe in New York City on September 11, 2001. That day I was having lunch in a pub with my late friend Christopher Hilton, and taking no particular notice of the small wall-mounted TV, whose sound was off. Then I glanced up to find that the routine programme had been interrupted; it seemed like something from a horror movie, but wasn't.



Post 9/11, Ferrari opted for a discreet tribute livery in the 2001 Italian GP

Two days later I flew off to Milan for the Italian Grand Prix, which not surprisingly turned out to be as strange a weekend in a paddock as I can remember, and vividly came back to me the other day when Sky showed the race in its entirety.

Twelve years are light years when you're young, but yesterday when you're not, and I was stunned not only by the reminder of that weekend's events but also by how much *simpler* Formula 1 was back then. Tyres, for example, were as good as the companies – Michelin and Bridgestone – could make them, and that seems novel in this day and age.

By 2001 we were three years into the 'narrow track' era, and had grown accustomed to the 'pinched-in' cars we now take for granted, but still six years away from the rule change that called for very different wings, at both front and rear. Grooved tyres were unsightly to behold, but otherwise the cars looked clean and uncluttered.

They also had 3-litre V10 engines, which in part explains why Juan Pablo Montoya's 53 laps required 100 seconds fewer than Sebastian Vettel's 53 last September. (In 2005, indeed, when he won for McLaren, JPM lopped a further two and a half minutes from his race time, averaging a remarkable 153.538mph.)

Montoya's pole position lap at Monza in 2001 was 1min 22.216sec, compared with Vettel's 2013 time of 1min 23.795sec. No surprise, then,

“LIKE RALF, MICHAEL
SCHUMACHER
PLAINLY DIDN'T
WANT TO BE AT
MONZA”


that those who had experienced the V10 era found the 2.4-litre V8s anaemic. Anyone with experience of a mid-eighties turbo motor would have thought the handbrake was on.

If I remember the 2001 Italian Grand Prix as Montoya's first F1 victory, it is the atmosphere in the paddock that comes back most of all. The felling of the Twin Towers had shocked everyone to their roots, and when Ralf Schumacher showed up on Thursday afternoon he made clear he thought it wrong that the race was being run; even more than that, he said, the US Grand Prix at Indianapolis (next on the

schedule) should definitely be called off.

A little later his brother arrived in the press room for a conference. Over the years one had seen Michael jubilant, emotional to the point of tears, relaxed, angry, but now his face was blank, his voice barely audible. Like Ralf, he plainly didn't want to be at Monza, and there were even rumours that he had asked Ferrari to put test driver Luca Badoer in his car.

At the request of Marlboro, all sponsor identification was removed from the Ferraris, and starkly beautiful they looked in plain Italian Racing Red, save for black on the nose.

What said everything about the underlying mood of the weekend was that what would ordinarily have been a big story – Mika Häkkinen's decision not to race in 2002, and his replacement at McLaren by 

Kimi Räikkönen – was gone from the mind within minutes of its announcement.

The gloomy mood felt somehow all the greater in this setting, for ordinarily the paddock at Monza is exceptionally animated and good-humoured. This time around there was little chat, as unsmiling folk went about the routine business of preparing for a Grand Prix, wishing it to be over and done with.

Then it got worse by far. On Saturday afternoon, soon after the end of qualifying, news came in of Alex Zanardi's appalling accident at the Lausitzring, and the effect of this on an already melancholy place was profound, reviving thoughts of Imola in 1994, when the disasters seemed without end. There were widely expressed concerns about Schumacher's uncharacteristic behaviour, and suggestions that perhaps he would be wise not to drive.

For all his occasionally unattractive behaviour on the track, Michael we knew to be a fundamentally decent man, and none doubted the depth of his feelings for the victims of the Manhattan atrocity, and now for the plight of Zanardi. I, for one, would not have criticised him if he had withdrawn from the race, but instead he sought to persuade his fellow drivers to agree not to 'race' on the opening lap until after the second chicane.

No one needed reminding that the previous year a multiple accident at a chicane on the first lap had cost the life of a marshal, but still I thought Schumacher's idea ill-conceived, to say the least: jangled nerves seemed to have got the better of common sense.

I remember asking Bernie Ecclestone for his thoughts on the matter, and his reply was much to the point: "The two chicanes shouldn't be there in the first place – if they took them away, we wouldn't have this bloody problem every time we come here..."

An admirable response in itself, it seemed to me, but not one that addressed the immediate problem.

Quite apart from anything else, however was Michael's suggestion to be achieved? As and when the drivers, closely bunched, arrived at these two chicanes, who was to decide the order in which they should go through? To ask 22 Grand Prix drivers to put their instincts temporarily to one side was surely almost to guarantee an accident.

Perhaps cowed by the power of Schumacher, however, 21 of them agreed, with Jacques Villeneuve the lone dissenter. "We're race car drivers," he said. "We're all very happy to sign contracts at the beginning of the season, and to earn millions of dollars. We've known all year there was to be a race at Monza, and nobody complained – until Sunday morning, when the discussion started. What you have to



"I CAN'T HELP BUT LAMENT THE ABSENCE FROM F1 OF ONE OF THE GREATEST TALENTS I SAW"

nothing bad happened this afternoon."

Watching the race again, a dozen years on, I was reminded of just how *quick* Juan Pablo Montoya was, of how much we lost when he turned his back on F1 in 2006, and went off to waste – in my opinion – seven years of his career with a second-rate team in NASCAR.

I've talked to JPM many times about it since, and he has unfailingly – and vigorously – denied any regret of his decision, stressing how much he enjoyed the *racing* aspect of his new life, but still I find it difficult to comprehend how one who won at such as Monaco, Monza, Silverstone and Interlagos can have been other than frustrated in a midfield stock car.

Now, for 2014, Montoya is back in a single-seater again, with Roger Penske's Indycar team, and few doubt that he will be bang on the pace. I can't, though, help but lament the absence from F1 these many years of one of the greatest natural talents I ever saw. 📺

remember is that there are people in the grandstands who've saved their money for six months to see a race..."

The FIA stewards had no interest in giving their agreement to any 'no-overtaking' proposal, and once Villeneuve had made his attitude clear, the ringleaders, unable to realise unanimous support, reluctantly called off their ill-advised plan. As a consequence the first lap was considerably safer than an orchestrated one might have been – even if Michael began an overtaking move on his brother with two wheels on the grass...

Neither Schumacher, though, ever looked like winning this race. In the end they finished third and fourth, Ralf ahead, but the stars of the day were their team-mates, and Rubens Barrichello – on a two-stop strategy, to Montoya's one – would probably have won, had it not been for a refuelling rig problem that cost him several seconds.

Juan Pablo, meantime, was suffering with blistered Michelins, coping with increasingly lurid oversteer until his single stop, after which a front wing adjustment gave him too much understeer. In the closing laps Rubens was catching him, but the Colombian

had the situation well in hand and took the flag five seconds to the good.

The Italian Grand Prix was actually a hell of a good race, far more so than we had had any right to expect, and one felt sympathy for Montoya, who had won for the first time, yet could hardly celebrate in time-honoured style. His team-mate, face blank on the podium, declined even to shake his hand.

M Schumacher, fourth, wasn't there, of course, but was succinct in Ferrari's post-race press release: "I'm glad this weekend is over," he said. "The most important thing is that

FERRARI'S 20 GREATEST F1 DRIVERS

Ferrari will have two crowned champions at the helm when it wheels its cars to the grid for the 2014 Australian Grand Prix – a first in world championship terms since Italy 1953, when Alberto Ascari and Nino Farina formed part of a six-strong line-up at Monza. The team has hired many illustrious names before and since, but which 20 most capture the essence of Ferrari?

writer SIMON ARRON

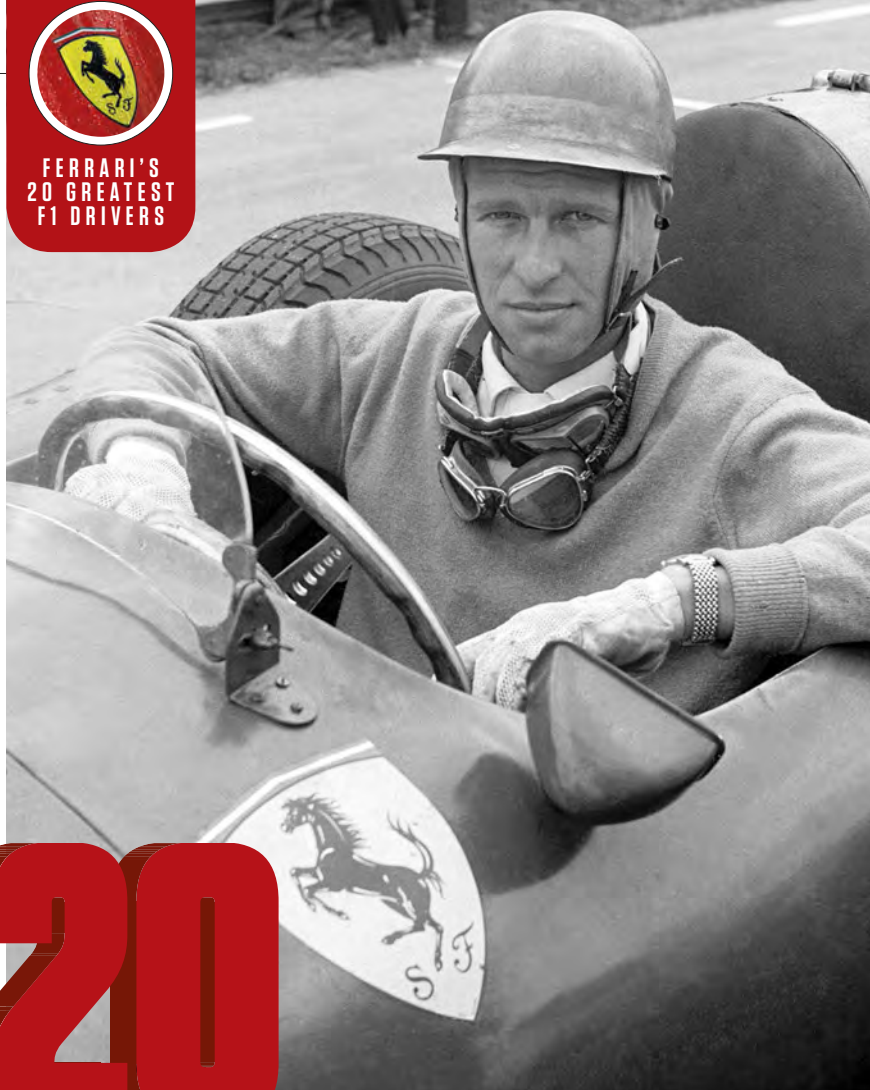
A curious term, greatness. Some like to measure it in statistical terms, but naked numbers tell only a partial story – and sometimes not even that. Common examples? Stirling Moss never claimed a world title, yet remains indisputably one of his craft's finest ever exponents. And Chris Amon should have a double-figure tally of championship Grand Prix victories to his name, but won none at all. Circumstance can be a fickle barometer. Our purpose here was not to produce a list of Ferrari Grand Prix drivers with impeccably shiny CVs, but to dissect the team's past and present racers and analyse what made them 'greats' in terms of influence, personality and, yes, achievements. It's subjective rather than definitive, but we'd like to think it reflects the spirit of F1's most celebrated institution.

You are, of course, welcome to disagree at
www.motorsportmagazine.com





FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS



20

PETER COLLINS

IT'S ETCHED IN LEGEND AS ONE OF F1'S MOST noble gestures – Peter Collins standing down during the 1956 Italian GP, to hand his car to Ferrari team-mate and title rival Juan Manuel Fangio – but the facts are a little more prosaic. Collins was trailing Fangio by eight points ahead of the race and required assorted miracles to occur to give him any chance of the title, but it was a fine slice of sportsmanship nonetheless.

It was also voluntary: Ferrari had tried to impose team orders on Luigi Musso, but he wasn't in the mood to relinquish a seat in his home Grand Prix and Collins filled the breach.

It was behaviour that sat well with Enzo Ferrari – certainly more so than another slice of Collins spontaneity, just a few months later. Ferrari had no objection to his drivers' sexual conquests, but preferred things to be casual. He regarded permanence as a potential distraction – one more reason to avert risk. When Collins married American actress Louise King early in 1957, it followed a whirlwind, seven-day courtship.

He remained part of the fold, although it

would be an indifferent campaign for Ferrari as Stirling Moss and Vanwall provided the main threat to the departed Fangio's Maserati. The new 246 Dino promised more for '58, although a string of early-season retirements dented Collins's title chances. At Silverstone, though, he proved untouchable. Perceived as the hare Ferrari required to break the fast but frequently fragile Vanwalls, Collins set off in front – and stayed there long after the engine of Moss's Vanwall had turned its last. Team-mate and chum Mike Hawthorn had a more realistic title shot, but he was a long way adrift in second and no attempt was made to slow the leader – a decision rendered more poignant with hindsight.

Two weeks later, at the Nürburgring, Collins was again a key cog as the Ferraris disputed the lead with Tony Brooks's fleet Vanwall. On the 11th of 15 laps, however, he ran slightly wide at Pflanzgarten and clipped a bank. The car flipped over, rolled over a hedge and Collins was thrown out.

He never regained consciousness, and the sport was stripped of a charismatic cavalier.

1956-58
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
20
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
3
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



19

PHIL HILL

IT REMAINS A QUIRKY STATISTIC THAT THREE MEN named Hill have started a world championship Grand Prix – and all have lifted the world title. And Phil, the first, is possibly the least celebrated.

Many regard him as a sports car specialist – and it's hard to brook argument with a CV that includes three victories apiece at both Le Mans and Sebring. Others certainly enjoyed sharing with him in endurance events, because he was both fast and tender, usually finishing stints with his car pretty much as it had been when he started. In a previous life he'd spanned cars for friends, so mechanical sympathy was perhaps second nature.

History records that he clinched his world title in the 1961 Italian GP, the race that claimed his team-mate Wolfgang von Trips, but their tussle had hitherto been close: the German had two wins, two seconds and a fourth to his name, Hill one victory, two seconds and two thirds. He trailed von Trips by four points prior to Monza – and the title's destiny was anything but certain with two races remaining. Fate then intervened, however, and Hill went on to become America's first F1 champion.

His GP career rather petered out in the slipstream of that success, but he continued to compete successfully in sports cars and had the distinction of winning his final race, sharing the victorious Chaparral 2F with Mike Spence in the 1967 BOAC 500Kms at Brands Hatch.

Hill had made his world championship GP debut at Reims in 1958, when his taut approach contrasted starkly with the casual joviality of such as Hawthorn and Collins. Images of Phil Hill seldom portray relaxation in a racing car, but rather someone who was tense, edgy and acutely aware of his profession's potential consequences. Someone, indeed, who looks as though he'd rather be almost anywhere else.

That, though, was never a barrier to speed.

1958-62
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
31
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
3
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



18

LORENZO BANDINI

IF YOU SCRIPTED A NAME FOR A FICTIONAL FERRARI driver, it would be difficult to conjure anything better...


Bandini started all but seven of his F1 world championship Grands Prix for Ferrari and the journey was rarely dull. Overlooked in 1961 when the team took a punt on Giancarlo Baghetti, he was finally hired the following season, then dropped to make way for Willy Mairesse... and finally re-signed in the summer of '63, after Mairesse was injured.

Through it all he remained calm – a conspicuous attribute in an age when Latin drivers were reputed to be anything but. He notched up his one and only points-scoring victory in the 1964 Austrian GP, his car holding together after the brutally rough Zeltweg airfield surface triggered suspension failures for erstwhile leaders Gurney and Surtees. His most

significant contribution that season, however, was saved until last, Bandini easing up during the final moments of the Mexican GP to hand teammate Surtees second place and the title.

He looked set to score another world championship victory at Reims in 1966, but a broken throttle cable put paid to that. Instead, his best results would be a brace of second places, both in Monaco, in 1965 and '66.

One year later he led briefly on the principality's streets and was running second, in simultaneous pursuit of his dreams and Denny Hulme's Brabham, when he clipped the chicane. His 312 overturned before igniting, it took rescue crews an age to extract him and Bandini suffered appalling injuries: three days

later, Italy lost a figure that had been almost as much a part of mid-60s Ferrari as the Prancing Horse. 

1962-67
YEARS AT
FERRARI
= 35
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
= 1
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS

17

JODY SCHECKTER

MOSPORT PARK, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1980: Jody Scheckter is 26th of 28 at the end of qualifying, 0.8sec behind team-mate Gilles Villeneuve, 4.3sec shy of Nelson Piquet's pole-winning Brabham and two places shy of making the cut – an ignominious detail prior to what should have been his penultimate Grand Prix start. Things weren't a great deal better one week later at Watkins Glen, where he started 23rd and crossed the line 11th, three laps in arrears and last of the classified runners.

Few careers have commenced with quite such a bang as Jody Scheckter's... nor ended with quite such a whimper.

He spent only two of his eight full F1 seasons with Ferrari – and in the first of those guided his 312 T4 (an example of which he still owns) to the world title, helped in part by Villeneuve's respect for the South African's official number one status. By that stage of his career 29-year-old Scheckter was a mature contrast to the firebrand of yore, a driver prepared to play the percentages and relying as much on intellect as reflex.

The following season's T5 proved to be woefully uncompetitive and Scheckter mustered just a couple of points, from fifth at Long Beach. His title, though, remained an unwanted landmark – at least for his team: the last won by a Ferrari driver until Michael Schumacher ended the drought... 21 years later.

1979-80
YEARS AT
FERRARI

28
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

3
FERRARI
WC GP WINS





16 JACKY ICKX

GROOMED BY KEN TYRRELL, QUICK ON two wheels and in almost anything on four, blessed by a wonderful touch in the wet... Hardly a surprise that he should have

featured on several shopping lists late in the 1960s.

The clues were there almost from the start, when he was promoted from tin-tops to F2 on the back of winning the Belgian saloon car title in 1965. Two

years later he set third-fastest qualifying time for the German GP... at the wheel of an F2 Matra. He wasn't permitted to start at the front, however, but had to line up with the other F2 cars, those that had been circulating at conventional speeds.

Less than 12 months later he was en route to his maiden F1 world championship success, in a Ferrari 312 at Rouen.

That initial Maranello alliance was brief – Gulf was so keen to keep Ickx in its sports cars, racing for them rather than against them in anything red, that it organised him a Brabham drive for 1969 – but he was back at Maranello the following season, when he emerged as

Jochen Rindt's closest title challenger. The highlight was an epic Hockenheim slipstreamer, which Rindt won by seven tenths, and the German eventually took the title – posthumously – by five points.

Ickx went on to score two more GP victories, the last of them at the 'Ring in 1972, but would never again come so close to the main prize. He was still winning at Le Mans a decade later, mind.

1968,
1970-73
YEARS AT
FERRARI

54
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

6
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



15 TONY BROOKS

UNDERSTATED, UNDERRATED... SUCH IS THE TONY Brooks way. His was only a fleeting partnership with Ferrari, racing the arrow-quick 246 against the new-fangled efficacy of Cooper's rear-engined T51, but seven world championship starts yielded five finishes, four of them on the podium. He began his title challenge with a worthy second place in Monaco, despite being physically sick at the wheel during the event's course, then won at both Reims and AVUS. Between those victories, there should have been another splendid opportunity in the British GP at Aintree, where earlier in the campaign Jean Behra (using a newer engine, worth about 15bhp) and Brooks had finished first and second for Ferrari in the non-championship BARC 200. In July, though, with Brooks trailing Jack Brabham by five points in the standings, Ferrari withdrew its entry, citing a metal workers' strike in Italy (an excuse proffered, allegedly, in the slipstream of disputes about starting money). In any event, Scuderia Centro Sud – also distinctly Italian –

managed to get there. Brooks was offered the use of a Vanwall, which dropped out with a misfire, and Brabham extended his points advantage.

Ferrari let Brooks down more conventionally in Italy, where the 246 suffered clutch failure at the start, and he went to the Sebring finale requiring victory and a slice of good fortune to wrest the title from Brabham. As things transpired he might have succeeded... but for a biff from team-mate von Trips and a precautionary stop. Brooks had previously suffered the injurious consequences of

several car failures and wasn't prepared to contemplate unnecessary risk. He lost half a lap, finished third and was classified a career-best second in the championship.

If he'd started only one Grand Prix for Ferrari, he'd probably still be on this list. ☐

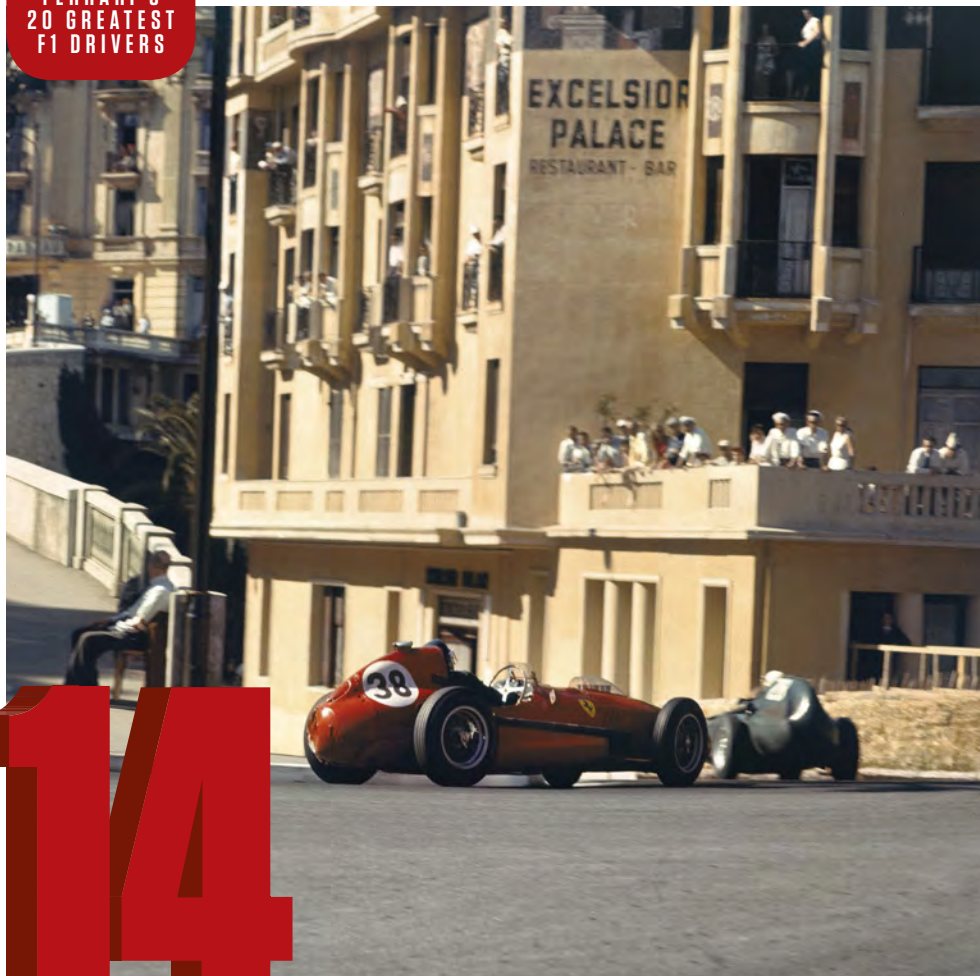
1959
YEARS AT
FERRARI

7
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

2
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS



14

MIKE HAWTHORN

BRITAIN HAS PRODUCED MORE MOTOR RACING world champions than any other nation – and the blond, charismatic, bow-tied Hawthorn has the indelible distinction of being the first.

The popular perception of 1958? Hawthorn won the championship through stealth, stocking up on podium finishes to support a solitary championship victory in France, while rivals Moss and Brooks scored seven victories between them but suffered as a result of their Vanwalls' frailties. True to a point, but hardly a reflection of Hawthorn's career trajectory.

He made his track debut in 1951... yet became a works Ferrari driver within two years, factory stalwart Luigi Villorosi having been alerted to the youngster's potential after Hawthorn's F2 Cooper-Bristol gave F1 opposition a hard time at a rain-affected Boreham meeting in August 1952. And that first Ferrari season yielded what was perhaps Hawthorn's day of days, the Englishman beating Fangio's Maserati by a second in the nip-and-tuck French GP at Reims (and, in the process, becoming the first Brit to score a championship victory). He finished every points-scoring race – and

failed to add to his tally only at Spa, sixth not being considered worthy of reward in those days. It was a hint of what lay ahead.

1953-55,
1957-58
YEARS AT
FERRARI -

35
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

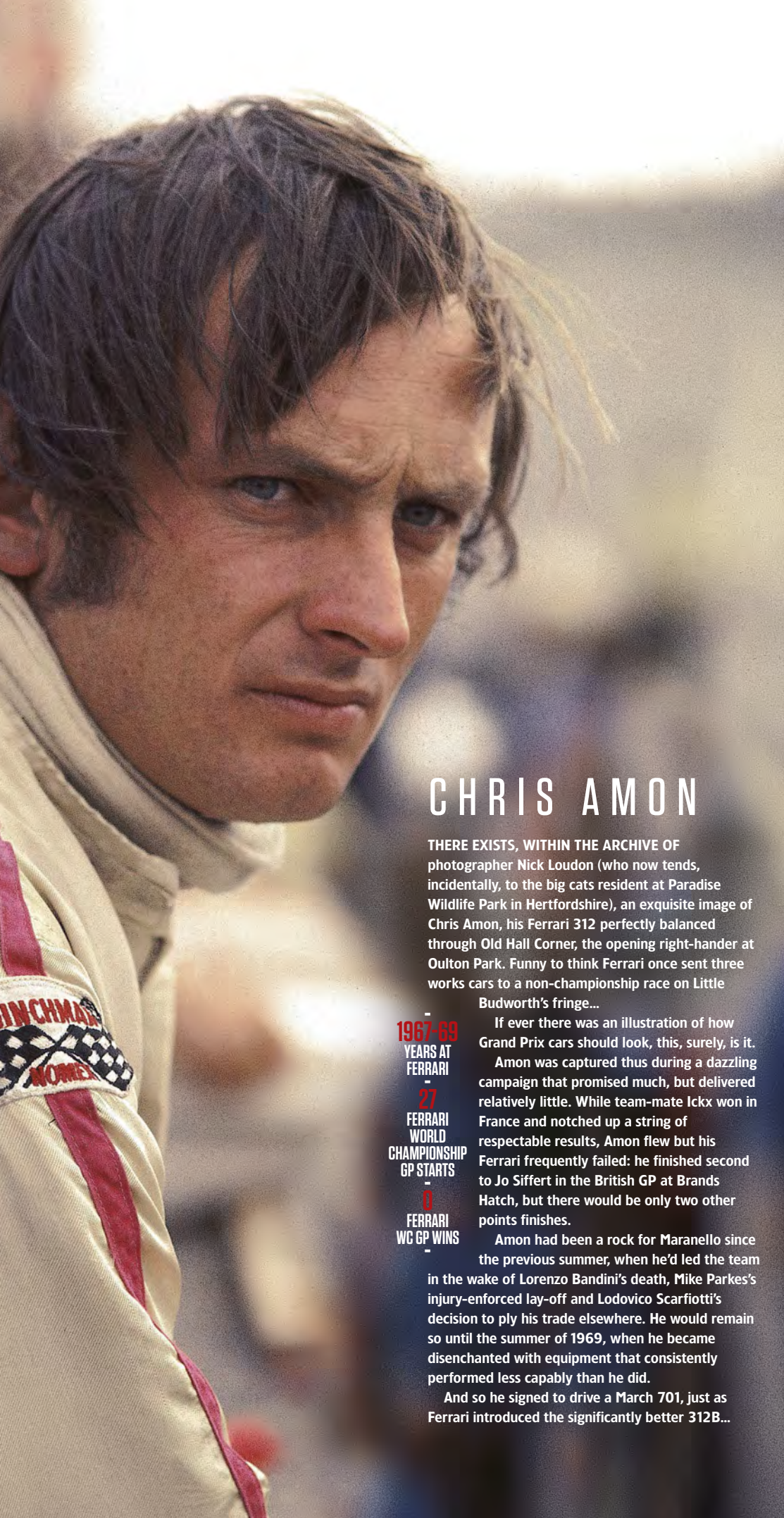
3
FERRARI
WC GP WINS

He left Ferrari at the end of 1954, signing off with victory in the Spanish GP at Pedralbes, in order to be closer to home to run the family garage business in Farnham (following the death in a road accident of his father Leslie). The next two F1 seasons were patchy, but he rejoined the Scuderia in 1957, racing alongside great mate Peter Collins. The '58 season, though, would blend triumph with tragedy. Team-mate Luigi Musso died in France, Collins perished during the German GP (Hawthorn, running just behind, was a forlorn witness) and Stuart Lewis-Evans succumbed to burns sustained during the Moroccan finale. By then Hawthorn had decided to retire at the campaign's end, but didn't have long to savour his success. On January 22, 1959,

almost four months before the new championship season commenced without him in Monaco, Hawthorn died in a road accident on the Guildford by-pass.

He had contributed far more to Ferrari than simple, jingoistic landmarks.

13



CHRIS AMON

THERE EXISTS, WITHIN THE ARCHIVE OF photographer Nick Loudon (who now tends, incidentally, to the big cats resident at Paradise Wildlife Park in Hertfordshire), an exquisite image of Chris Amon, his Ferrari 312 perfectly balanced through Old Hall Corner, the opening right-hander at Oulton Park. Funny to think Ferrari once sent three works cars to a non-championship race on Little Budworth's fringe...

1967-69
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
27
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
0
FERRARI
WC GP WINS

If ever there was an illustration of how Grand Prix cars should look, this, surely, is it. Amon was captured thus during a dazzling campaign that promised much, but delivered relatively little. While team-mate Ickx won in France and notched up a string of respectable results, Amon flew but his Ferrari frequently failed: he finished second to Jo Siffert in the British GP at Brands Hatch, but there would be only two other points finishes.

Amon had been a rock for Maranello since the previous summer, when he'd led the team in the wake of Lorenzo Bandini's death, Mike Parkes's injury-enforced lay-off and Lodovico Scarfiotti's decision to ply his trade elsewhere. He would remain so until the summer of 1969, when he became disenchanted with equipment that consistently performed less capably than he did.

And so he signed to drive a March 701, just as Ferrari introduced the significantly better 312B...



12

FELIPE MASSA

FELIPE MASSA? THE HOWLS OF PROTEST ARE almost audible from here. But tarry a moment...

Often portrayed as a humble, erratic punch bag, Massa spent eight full seasons as a Ferrari racer – and time before that as a development driver. Throughout that period he proved to be an almost perfect team player, spectacularly fast on his day and a paragon of subservience when required. Everybody mentions McLaren's failure to impose team orders as a key reason for its failure to win the 2007 world title, but the British

team would still have prevailed had Massa not backed off around the time of his second pitstop in Brazil, to allow team-mate Kimi Räikkönen free passage.

Räikkönen joined Ferrari with a reputation for peerless speed, but Massa had the upper hand during much of their three seasons together. Again, everybody recalls Lewis Hamilton's last-corner pass as the reason for Massa failing to take the crown in 2008, but there were silly mistakes on the Brazilian's part in the first two races, plus an engine failure in Hungary and a slapstick refuelling error in

Singapore. For much of that season Massa drove splendidly – and in defeat he responded with wonderful grace and dignity that have been his trademarks.

Ferrari insiders insist he hasn't been quite the same in the wake of a head injury, suffered during qualifying for the 2009 Hungarian GP (when a stray Brawn damper spring struck him on the helmet). He outqualified new team-mate Fernando Alonso on his comeback in Bahrain at the start of the following season, but has rarely been able to defeat the Spaniard in races. And now Ferrari has dispensed with his services in order to re-sign Räikkönen, the very driver Massa used to beat with such frequency.

Strange world.

2006-13
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
139
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
11
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS

NIGEL MANSSELL

TWO SEASONS, THREE WINS (ONE OF THEM on his 1989 Ferrari debut in Rio, another from 12th on the grid at the impossible-to-overtake Hungaroring), a one-race suspension and a premature retirement announcement... Mansell created more headlines during a relatively short Maranello sojourn than most drivers manage in a career.

Ferrari's initial offer was timely, after Mansell had spent 1988 wrestling a Williams-Judd following the team's split from Honda, but not too much was expected of John Barnard's 640 chassis, with its revolutionary semi-automatic transmission. The issue wasn't so much speed as reliability, but the car held together first time out in Brazil... and Mansell would not finish

1989-90
YEARS AT
FERRARI

31
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

3
FERRARI
WC GP WINS

again until France, in July. Whenever he lasted, though, as he did six times in 15 starts, he was on the podium.

His 641 was only a little more solid the following season, but incoming team-mate Prost swiftly got the upper hand, politically and competitively, with a run of four wins by mid-season. The last of those came at Silverstone, where Mansell retired with transmission failure before chucking his gloves into the crowd and announcing that he would quit at the season's end.

Utter nonsense, of course, but symbolic of the heart-on-sleeve mentality that endeared Mansell – *Il Leone* – to the tifosi, forging a bond that endures to this day.



JOSÉ FROILÁN GONZÁLEZ

NOWADAYS A SKELETON OF NICO Hülkenberg's height is said to be a marginal fit in terms of a contemporary Grand Prix cockpit, so it seems safe to assume Formula 1 will never again accommodate a man of González's stature...

Despite his bulky physique, the Argentine was something of a sporting all-rounder and his hand-to-eye gift translated to the wheel. Dispatched to Europe in 1950, as part of a scholarship programme, he earned an opportunity with Ferrari following success aboard a 166 while racing at home during the European winter.

He was lying second in the 1951 French GP when team-mate Ascari's 375 suffered gearbox failure – and González was duly asked to hand over to his team leader. Having complied, he suspected an identical fate lay in

store when exactly the same thing happened at Silverstone, but having been in contention from the start he was waved on his way after a final stop. Ascari was thus among the onlookers as González recorded Ferrari's maiden F1 world championship victory.

He won again for the Scuderia at Silverstone in 1954, but returned home at the year's end – and, facing family pressure to cut back on his racing following the death of compatriot Onofre Marimón during practice for the German GP – that's largely where he stayed. It didn't prevent him making guest appearances in his home Grand Prix – and he did so on several occasions up until 1960, most usually with Scuderia Ferrari.

He will forever be associated with that ground-breaking Silverstone success, but one glossy stat sells him woefully short.

1951, 1954

PLUS ONE-OFFS IN 1955, 1957 & 1960

YEARS AT FERRARI

15

FERRARI WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP GP STARTS

2

FERRARI WC GP WINS



9

JUAN MANUEL FANGIO

ONLY NINTH? HE'D BE SEVERAL PLACES HIGHER on any list of the all-time greats, but in Ferrari terms? No, frankly.

During the 1950s he captured five world titles with four manufacturers, and some perceive that as a sign of versatility while others regard it as a symbol of political aptitude – an ability to make sure he was in the right seat at the right time. For 1956, though, he had few options in the wake of Mercedes-Benz's withdrawal, and his marriage to Ferrari was largely one of convenience.

1956
YEARS AT FERRARI

7

FERRARI WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP GP STARTS

3

FERRARI WC GP WINS

Fangio didn't much care for the team, nor its patriarch (the feeling was mutual), so the path to a fourth world championship was rarely comfortable. In theory Ferrari had no official number one driver, despite the strength of Fangio's CV, yet he took over Luigi Musso's car to win in Argentina and annexed Peter Collins's D50 to finish second in both Monaco and, more famously, Italy (where the Englishman volunteered his car after Musso refused to stand down). In the midst of this

complexity, there were more normal afternoons in Britain and Germany, where victories helped underpin his title challenge. Even at Silverstone, though, Fangio's driving was conspicuously less silky than usual. He recovered from an early spin at Becketts, but made the front only after the BRMs and Moss's Maserati 250F hit trouble.

Fangio found a more natural home when he rejoined Maserati the following season. He would return to Modena as defending world champion, but it had been a less satisfying conquest than any that had gone before – or, indeed, the one that would follow. ☐

10





FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS



8

ALAIN PROST

DRIVEN FROM HIS ONCE COMFORTABLE McLAREN berth in the fractious slipstream of assorted spats with Ayrton Senna, he arrived in Nigel Mansell's lair – and promptly made it his own. It took the politically astute polyglot about five minutes...

Despite an encouraging start – victory second time out, in Brazil, and another four subsequently – the campaign would be remembered as much for its tetchiness as its triumphs. Towards the season's end, in Portugal, Mansell almost put the Frenchman in the pit wall after making a complete Horlicks of his start from pole. And two races later, with Prost on the back foot in the title fight at Suzuka, Senna took the law into his own hands. The Brazilian qualified on pole, which back then was on the dirtier part of the track, and urged the stewards to switch him to the other side for the sake of meritocracy. He had a point, as Prost illustrated by leading away from second, although he made it only as far as the first corner before his nemesis harpooned him and reduced both cars to rubble. Game, set and championship.

Prost's victory in Spain, one race earlier, proved to be his last for the Scuderia. The 1991 campaign – alongside Jean Alesi, who signed for about half the paddock before finally settling on Ferrari – was comparatively mediocre, with a string of podium finishes (but none on the top step). When the Frenchman mentioned that the 642 was more Foden than Ferrari, red car morphed into red card and Gianni Morbidelli was hired for the seasonal finale in Adelaide.

In its bright new future without Prost, the team recorded just two GP victories during the next four seasons. The Frenchman took a sabbatical, came back for a single year with Williams and won seven...

1990-91
YEARS AT
FERRARI

30
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

5
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



7

FERNANDO ALONSO

WIDELY TIPPED TO WIN THE WORLD TITLE IN 2010, when Ferrari recruited him to replace the somnolent Kimi Räikkönen, but the main prize awaits still.

That year began brightly, with victory in Bahrain, although he received a helping hand when a duff spark plug slowed Sebastian Vettel's Red Bull. Alonso was in the driving seat ahead of the seasonal finale in Abu Dhabi, however, when Ferrari took a catastrophic strategic punt and condemned its talisman to spend the evening chasing Vitaly Petrov's Renault. Vettel took advantage and has been champion ever since.

Alonso has been a strong title contender in two of his four seasons with the Scuderia, but also lost out at the last in Brazil 2012. It's not so much what

he has done when Ferrari is on form, however, as what he's done when it isn't. By general consensus the team had only the fourth-best chassis in 2013 – and countless development tweaks made precious little difference – but Alonso ended the campaign as Vettel's closest rival. The team was absolutely nowhere at the start of 2012, but its car worked better in cool conditions and Alonso vaulted from ninth on the grid to win in Malaysia – opportunism of the kind that kept him in contention. And then there have been cameos such as Spain 2011, where team principal Stefano Domenicali

felt the car might be good enough for row four... but Alonso put it fourth and led the race for longer than should have been possible (before slipping to fifth).

He might not be Hamilton- or Vettel-quick over a single lap, but he's only a smidgen adrift and performs at his peak through almost every turn. At a time of technical turmoil, he has continually flattered the equipment at his disposal – and that's ever a hallmark of class.

2010-PRESENT

YEARS AT FERRARI

77

FERRARI WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP GP STARTS

11

FERRARI WC GP WINS



6

CLAY REGAZZONI

POSSIBLY THE FASTEST NAME THIS SIDE OF Lorenzo Bandini – and it would be hard to sound any more Italian, even though he was Swiss.

Regazzoni was almost a polar opposite to Alonso in terms of consistency, but it's his symbolism that matters. After a topsy-turvy junior career, he joined the Ferrari F1 team in 1970 – while simultaneously en route to the European F2 title – and scored a useful fourth place on his debut in Holland. Better was to follow at Monza, his fifth race, when he scored a home win for the team at the end of an emotional weekend, scarred by the death during practice of championship leader Jochen Rindt. Such was Regazzoni's form during the campaign's second half that he finished third in the world championship, behind Rindt and Ferrari team-mate Jacky Ickx.

Race of Champions apart, he recorded no more F1 wins over the next two seasons and was quietly dropped, prior to being recalled again in 1974...

when he took but a single victory, at the Nürburgring, but proved sufficiently consistent to remain in the title fight until the Watkins Glen finale, where he lost out to Emerson Fittipaldi.

He remained for two more years – and added as many victories, most notably at Monza in 1975 – before being shown the door, not least because Ferrari had signed Carlos Reutemann for the following season, fearing Niki Lauda might not recover from injuries sustained at the Nürburgring. But Lauda was already back, and racing...

The Austrian originally came to Maranello on Regazzoni's recommendation, following a season together at BRM in 1973. This worked out quite well...

1970-72, 1974-76

YEARS AT FERRARI

73

FERRARI WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP GP STARTS

4

FERRARI WC GP WINS



FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS

JOHN SURTEES

MARCH 2015. SEBASTIAN VETTEL WINS THE Australian GP as he commences another title defence, but championship number six might be tougher to conquer than others. It takes a Ferrari pit fumble to prevent Marc Márquez – signed to replace the McLaren-bound Fernando Alonso – becoming the first driver since Giancarlo Baghetti to win on his F1 world championship debut. Couldn't happen? There is evidence to suggest otherwise...

John Surtees is forever tagged as the only man to have taken titles on two wheels and four, but it's easy to overlook the seamless

sparkle of his transition. Driving Ken Tyrrell's Cooper in a Formula Junior race at Goodwood in March 1960, he finished second to Jim Clark at the first car meeting he'd ever attended.

Surtees made his F1 world championship debut later that year and took pole third time out in Portugal, where he led before oil leaked onto his brake pedal and caused him to go off. Natural speed was one asset, but so was the strength of character

that led him to reject Colin Chapman's offer of a full-time job as Jim Clark's team-mate, following contractual complications.

With hindsight that was an error, but he accepted a Ferrari offer for 1963 (having previously rejected such a deal) and took his first F1 championship win in the best possible way, defeating Clark at the Nordschleife.

Surtees spent only three full seasons with Ferrari and, yes, that 1964 world title owed a little to last-lap complicity from team-mate Lorenzo Bandini, but Germany '63 was always there to underline his true mettle.

He won at the 'Ring and Monza in 1965 and bounced back from serious injuries (sustained in a Can-Am accident that September) to be fit for the following season. He retired in Monaco, but then triumphed in Belgium... which proved to be a final Ferrari flourish. When team manager Eugenio Dragoni informed Surtees that he wouldn't form part of the Le Mans line-up – information imparted at the track! – the Englishman tendered his resignation. That strength of character thing, once more...

Surtees isn't merely one of Ferrari's most distinguished drivers: he's one of the world's most significant sportsmen.

5



1963-66
YEARS AT
FERRARI

30
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS

4
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

THE NUMBERS ARE IMPRESSIVE – FIVE WORLD titles to add to the two acquired with Benetton, 72 Grand Prix wins to complement the previous 19 and a string of distinguished cameos – but it took time for the steamroller to hit its stride.

His first Ferrari, the F310, was mediocre on a good day, but he conjured three wins nonetheless. And then he played a pivotal role in securing the services of former Benetton allies Rory Byrne and Ross Brawn. He would be a title contender the following season – when he soured the Jerez decider by driving at rather than against Jacques Villeneuve, leading to a meaningless exclusion from the final points table (although all results stood). He was defeated by Mika Häkkinen in 1998 and a broken leg during the summer of '99 – but persistence paid in 2000 and the world championship remained his for the next five seasons. It helped that he had Brawn and Byrne on-side, that Jean Todt was there to issue “slow down” messages in the event of an

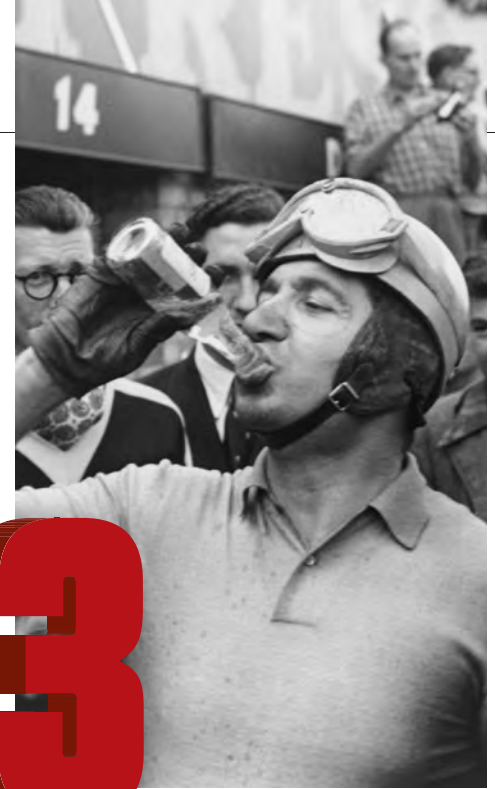
1996-2006
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
179
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
72
FERRARI
WC GP WINS

impudent number two (usually Rubens Barrichello) driving more quickly than he should, and that from 2001-04 Bridgestone tailored its tyres to suit the Ferrari, its best hope of repelling teams running the philosophically different

Michelins. The stars might have been correctly aligned, but for the most part he exploited such advantages brilliantly.

There was, though, too much questionable stuff – brutal defence that equated to a two-footed lunge with studs showing, or else the incident during qualifying for Monaco 2006, where he stopped on the racing line at Rascasse to scupper rivals' attempts to beat his lap time. There were howls of protest from Maranello when stewards moved him from the front of the grid to the back, but it was a slow right-hander he'd taken more than a thousand times: odd, then, that this time he should twice steer left in mid-corner.

His self-belief was never less than impressive, but in a sport that thrives on romance he was simply too cynical.



ALBERTO ASCARI


ALBERTO ASCARI – SON OF THE SIMILARLY alliterative Antonio – raced the first Ferrari ever built, the 815, in the 1940 Mille Miglia, but World War II (and a dalliance with Maserati) delayed the bond's full forging.

Ascari resumed racing in 1947 and, in tandem with team-mate Luigi Villorosi, switched from Maserati to Ferrari during 1949. Ferrari skipped the opening race of the following year's freshly instigated world championship, but Ascari took second on the team's maiden appearance in Monaco. The Indy 500 apart, Alfa Romeo won every world championship race prior to Silverstone 1951, where González triumphed for Ferrari, and Ascari followed up by winning in both Germany and Italy.

Alfa Romeo pulled out for 1952, when the world championship switched to F2 regulations, and Ascari might have had the distinction of winning every Grand Prix had he not skipped Switzerland to prepare for the Indy 500, as you do. Back in Europe, he won the remaining six races (plus a clutch of non-scoring GPs) to begin a streak of nine straight championship wins, a record

that endured until the season just past.

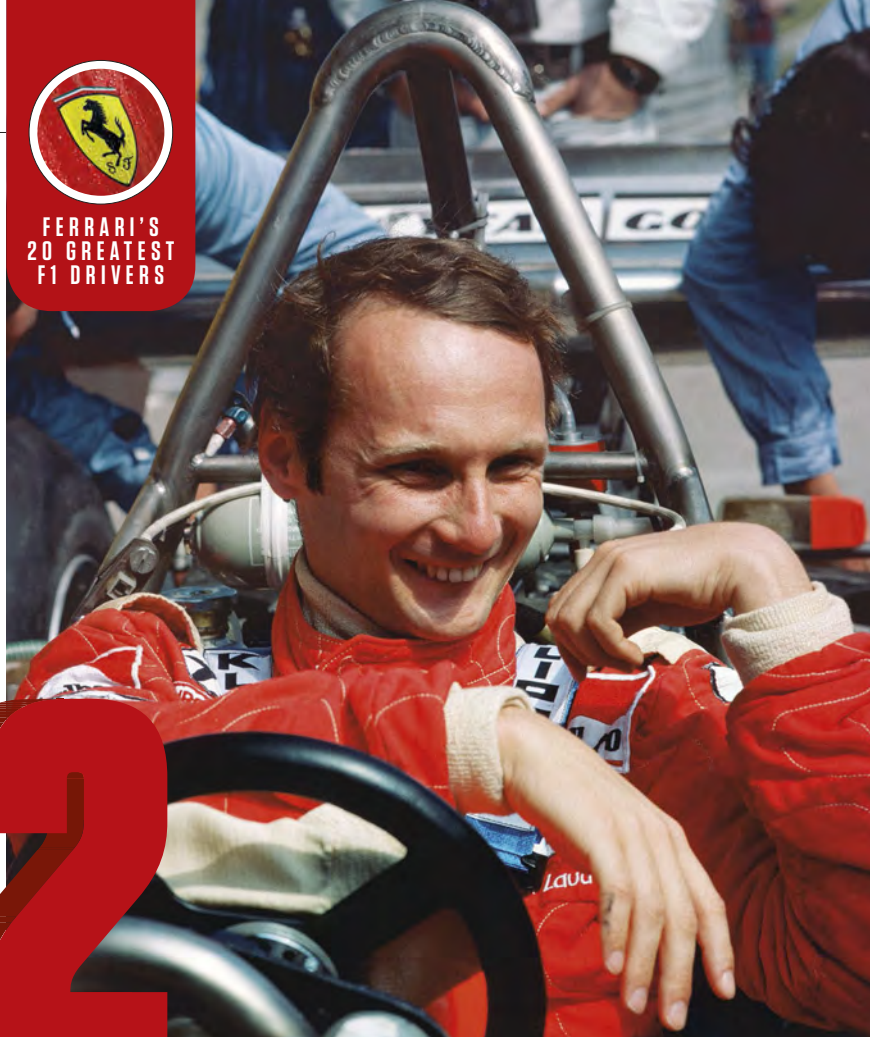
Victory in the 1953 Swiss GP would be his 13th and last, in championship terms. The following season's transfer to Lancia was hampered by the absence of a race-ready car (he subbed once in a Ferrari) and he retired from the opening two Grands Prix of 1955, famously plunging into the Monaco harbour during the second of them. He was ostensibly uninjured, but then crashed fatally just a few days later while testing one of first love Ferrari's sports cars at Monza.

It remains a curious statistic that Italian drivers won three of the first four FIA world championships... yet none has done so since Ascari. 

1950-53
PLUS ONE-OFF IN 1954
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
26
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
13
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



FERRARI'S
20 GREATEST
F1 DRIVERS



2

NIKI LAUDA

IT WAS MARCH 31 1972 WHEN FIRST I SAW HIM race, Lauda dominating a sodden second round of the John Player British F2 Championship at Oulton Park. He finished almost 50sec clear of Gerry Birrell's similar March and 11-year-old me was hugely impressed. Little did I realise that future colleagues were rather less enthused by the Austrian's simultaneous F1 performances in the dreadful March 721s, G and X.

The following season with BRM proved a little more encouraging – and in Canada, beneath a deluge, there he was again, running at the front. I experienced that only via the twin miracles of *Motor Sport* and *Motoring News*, but it was nice to know Oulton hadn't necessarily been a mirage.

Clay Regazzoni was impressed with his young team-mate, sufficiently so to put in a word as he prepared to return to a Ferrari team plotting its escape from the doldrums.

At the wheel of Mauro Forghieri's 312 B3, Lauda finished second first time out in Argentina and won three races later at Jarama – such were the fruits of a relentless test and development programme that he undertook with rare zeal. He led the standings after Brands Hatch (where he was classified fifth, despite being blocked in the pits by hangers-on after a late-race stop to change a punctured tyre), but failed to add to his points tally thereafter.

1974-77
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
57
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
15
FERRARI
WC GP WINS

He conjured a more complete season in '75, particularly once the new 312T came on stream, and took the title on the back of nine pole positions and five victories. He became the first Ferrari driver to win the championship since John Surtees in 1964. The 1976 campaign has been much revisited in the wake of *Rush's* release, but the real script was much better than anything that appeared in the movie. But for that fiery accident at the Nürburgring, the title would almost certainly have been his. As it was, he might still have been crowned had he not considered conditions in Japan too dangerous, recent events having given him a fresh perspective on life's value.

He wasn't happy that Ferrari signed Carlos Reutemann – a deal completed during the Austrian's convalescence – because it opened the exit door for friend Regazzoni... and also implied that Ferrari hadn't fully believed in Lauda's powers of recovery.

If anybody thought Lauda had lost his edge, 1977 provided the answer: three wins and dazzling consistency brought him title number two, after which he offered the team a time-honoured salute and walked away with two races to go. Job done.

Unwittingly he'd done the team another favour, because Gilles Villeneuve was kicking his heels...



GILLES VILLENEUVE

THE PROS AND CONS HAVE BEEN DEBATED ad infinitum, so let's deal with the negatives first.

And now, on with the good stuff.

Actually, period rival John Watson makes the valid point that, having demolished 1981 team-mate Didier Pironi in the difficult 126CK, Villeneuve should have continued in the same vein at the dawn of 1982, in the superior 126C2, although the gap between them came down. We'll never know, of course, how things might



have unravelled without fate's interception, for Villeneuve – seething at what he perceived as Pironi's duplicity during the San Marino GP – perished two weeks later in Belgium, while trying to beat the Frenchman's qualifying time.

But that's the essence of Villeneuve. He wasn't configured to win championships, but rather just to drag the maximum possible lap time from any car, on any day, and rely on preternatural reflexes to counter the consequences. And that commitment was every bit as absolute during non-championship races – doubters should check footage of his battle with Mario Andretti in the 1979 Race of Champions at Brands Hatch.

He has often been described as wild, but that's a gross simplification. He was incredibly raw when McLaren handed him his F1 debut at Silverstone in 1977 – and, despite a hugely impressive performance, which would have yielded a solid points finish but for a

stop triggered by a faulty gauge, he was still awaiting a second opportunity when Ferrari came calling.

Mistakes were inevitable during the early part of his F1 career, given the gulf that separated a full-time Grand Prix ride from his former comfort zone in North American Formula Atlantic, but unforced errors were pretty much exorcised by the summer of 1978. He was rarely more than a couple of corners from some unexpected drama, but the triggers were usually beyond his control.

Was it simply exuberance that pushed his equipment to the point of failure?

It was wonderful to behold, but the facts suggest a driver of rare delicacy and feel – one who invariably made tyres last longer than his team-mates were able to manage.

There were times when Michelin considered his compound preferences optimistic, but its engineers

came to trust his judgment – and with good cause.

And then there was his perfect defensive technique in Spain 1981... or that qualifying lap in Monaco soon afterwards, when he qualified what was effectively a Routemaster bus on the front row – almost 2.5sec quicker than team-mate Pironi – before taking an unlikely victory after Alan Jones's Williams developed fuel starvation. But he'd thought about that race, too, driving to a pace rather than trying to stick with a faster car.

Had he been a gibbon, neither of those results would have been possible.

And as well as the speed there was honour – adhering to his role as Jody Scheckter's number two in 1979, even on days when he was potentially brisker.

Fast and principled, he was a racer's racer and a poet on wheels. ☑

1977-82
YEARS AT
FERRARI
-
66
FERRARI
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
GP STARTS
-
6
FERRARI
WC GP WINS



The CORSE of true love...

...never did run smooth between *garagista* Enzo Ferrari and Alfa Romeo. Yet their turbulent partnership through the 1930s laid the bedrock of the Ferrari legend

writer PAUL FEARNLEY



Alfa owner Nicola Romeo takes centre stage in a 1923 team photo, with 25-year-old Enzo Ferrari perched to the right and engineer Giuseppe Morosi standing left



CHILL MARCH DAY YET HIS CAR IS naked: tubes, wires, rivets. He's road-tested bare chassis before. That, though, was a long time ago, and this is momentarily different.

In suit, shirt and tie, he, never the most agile, squeezes behind the large spoked steering wheel and pauses for dramatic effect before commanding the engine. The bubbly V12, ambitious in concept for such a small, nascent firm, and thus relatively simple in its construction, is all he had hoped for, its *dolce voce* amplified by the courtyard's walls and cobbles. Horsepower, for now, is secondary.

He breaks into a grin. His rueful staff, hands on hips or clasped behind backs, their fingers crossed, manage a wry response at best, which in turn fades to pursed expectation as cocked ears cling to the reverberating, hopeful note as it dissipates in the direction of Modena. Then silence. Nervous glances. Feet shuffled. Oaths muttered. Ears still cocked. ❏





Tazio Nuvolari poses with Enzo Ferrari after taking his Alfa Romeo P2 to victory in the 1930 Cuneo-Colle della Maddalena hillclimb, a round of the European championship



THERE WAS A POWERFUL, VERGING ON risible, element of *opera buffa* to Enzo Anselmo Ferrari's later life: artful and boastful; deceitful and disdainful; playful if not exactly joyful; skilful and successful. Through a mixture of luck, doggedness and inspiration, smoke and sunglasses, this son of an artisan became the 'Pope of the North'.

A global icon stamped with a world-famous emblem, he was a carefully choreographed character. His office was a moodily lit stage, a forbidding den fit for *Il Drake*. His libretto was scripted with a flourish in Purple Emperor ink. And his many arguments were overblown arias. Brooking no challenge until none came, he was able to brightly fade, bathed in the unquestioning, undying love of the distanced many.

His early life required fewer effects and embellishments. Gritty and full of challenges, not all of them overcome, it was punctuated by the deaths that understandably hardened his heart. Father Alfredo caught bronchitis and was sucked under by pneumonia mere days later. Elder brother Alfredo Jnr – the *fêted*, fated one – was spirited away by “an unspecified malady” that same year, 1916. And son Alfredo, wasted by Duchenne muscular

“ENZO, THE BROTHER WITH AIRY IDEAS OF BECOMING A SINGER, WOULD HAVE TO MAN UP”

dystrophy, showed much bravery and some promise before his unstoppable, agonising passing at just 24. (With beloved 'Dino', in 1956, went Enzo's hopes. Thereafter he was driven by needs and fears.)

In between these terrible times, Ferrari almost became an unglamorous WWI statistic himself. Pleurisy, contracted while shoeing mules for the Third Mountain Artillery, caused him two operations, a stay in a ramshackle hospital for supposed incurables and a long convalescence.

He would also, in cahoots with a muscular Argentinian, 'kill his mother' at Silverstone's British Grand Prix of July 1951.

The tears Ferrari shed after his rejection by Fiat in the winter of 1918 were genuine even though their backdrop – a snow-covered bench in Turin's Valentino Park – was theatrical. His family had been torn apart and its hard-won

metalwork business in Modena had folded in the space of months. Enzo, the drummed-in humdrum brother with the airy ideas of becoming an opera singer, a sports reporter, or, heaven forbid, a racing driver, would have to man up. And wise up, too.

The conduit for this 20-year process would be Alfa Romeo: Ferrari's 'mother'.

Milan's Anonima Lombarda Fabbrica Automobili, originally a division of French firm Darracq, was now in the hands of Nicola Romeo, a persuasive maths professor with two engineering degrees and a calculating ambition. Fiat was pre-eminent on road and track in the Italy of the immediate post-war period, but Alfa's Portello factory, belching smoke, had potential. Ferrari read the signals and joined in 1920, after brief spells in a Turin garage converting truck chassis to cars and another with *Costruzioni Meccaniche Nazionali*.

'Better known' as CMN – one of the many forgettable acronyms to fail its turbulent peacetime transition – the latter did at least provide him with a maiden competitive outing, a minor Appenines hillclimb, as well as his first great motor sporting experience and tale: the 1919 Targa Florio. Hounded by wolves in snow-capped mountains on his way to the event, once in Sicily he was, he claimed, prevented from finishing by a crowd gathered to hear the President of Italy.

Some of this might have been true. Some of it probably wasn't. Ferrari was inclined to darn his driving career. Though far from threadbare – he finished second in the 1920 Targa and beat Mercedes-Benz to win the Coppa Acerbo of '24, both for Alfa Corse – it did not live up to his expectations. To his credit, he knew his limits. It's just that he preferred not to air them.

He was much better at making himself useful. Whenever burgeoning Alfa overreached itself, it was his bulging contacts book, can-do attitude and persuasiveness that spanned the gaps.

Among others, he talked influential engineer/designers Luigi Bazzi and Vittorio Jano into switching sides from Fiat. The former came willingly and stayed gladly. The latter, a proud Piedmontese, would insist much later that he waited for an invite from the organ-grinder before relocating to Milan.

Ferrari the facilitator/adviser/driver – in that order – also became Alfa's distributor in the Emilia-Romagna and Marche regions. He returned to Modena and modelled himself on the great cavalier racer of the era, the first of Ferrari's beloved *garibaldini*. Smart rather than clever, knowledgeable rather than educated, Antonio Ascari was also Alfa's agent in Lombardy.

Ferrari fell painfully short in comparison. Rather than race Jano's first masterwork, the P2, alongside Ascari in the 1924 French GP at Lyon, he cited illness after practice and slunk home on the train. Yet his relationship with Alfa was sufficiently robust to survive any

shame and embarrassment. In fact it was strengthened, for although he raced on and off until the birth of his first son in 1932, it was clear now, even to him, where his strengths lay. That's why, when a wiry bike racer touted by him as a future star in cars crashed a P2 at Monza prior to the 1925 Italian Grand Prix, no mud stuck to Ferrari. Nor would he give up on the hasty Tazio Nuvolari.

Theirs was Ferrari's other crucial sporting relationship of this era. Successful but stormy, it was based on mutual respect leavened by recrimination. Nuvolari would gleefully goad Ferrari about his driving shortcomings – an eye-opening ride alongside Tazio had been a contributory factor to Enzo's racing retirement – while Ferrari would woundingly remind Nuvolari of the collapse of his eponymous equipe. They were only half-joking.



FERRARI'S EPONYMOUS EQUIPE WAS codified in December 1929. Alfa, the inaugural world champion of 1925, had reduced its racing activities to concentrate on road cars and dealerships. Not only did this bolster Ferrari's coffers, because Jano's superb aspirational designs were an easy sell to rich, adventurous young men, but also it provided him with a chink of opportunity. His response was a blueprint for motor sport's future: a small, concentrated but flexible team funded by private individuals and its key suppliers, capable of representing a major manufacturer.

Thus able to claim cheaply any success as its own while deflecting costly defeats onto Ferrari, Alfa was swayed. So, too, were Pirelli, Bosch, Shell, Champion and Memini (and later Weber) carburettors, which spotted the potential promotional benefits of an association. Though these provided only token amounts towards the initial cost, the support they promised and provided was the security Ferrari needed as he set up temporarily in an unprepossessing workshop on Modena's Via Emilia. Neither he nor Alfa, his dominant and slightly condescending partner, could have any hint of their future rivalry. Ferrari was only a *garagista*, after all.

His handful of mechanics prepared three Alfas and delivered them to Brescia for the 1930 Mille Miglia. Despite back-up from the team's hard-pressed Citroën van, all retired. A week later, Ferrari himself scored the team's maiden podium finish, a third in the Circuit of Alessandria, but it was the summer arrival of Nuvolari, in conjunction with a modified P2 from the works, that put it on the road to glory with a hat-trick of hillclimb victories.

Ferrari and Nuvolari had known each other since the latter's less powerful Chiribiri had hassled Enzo's victorious Alfa during the 1924 Circuit of Savio. Ferrari, ironically as he turned out, considered Nuvolari a closed book, but they were cordial verging on chummy while

they were winning. Nuvolari, fearless and relentless, and with a hint of a Napoleon complex at 5ft 3in, would tax Ferrari's patience and conciliatory skills to the maximum. No other driver would be allowed such leeway, although Stirling Moss might have been but for his 1962 Goodwood crash.

Ferrari had justifiable right to be satisfied with the team's eight victories in its first season. Increasingly confident, he secured a sizeable bank loan and moved the Scuderia and his soon-to-be pregnant wife Laura, who had until now played an active role in her husband's career, to new headquarters at 11 Viale Trento e Trieste. There could be no turning back: more cars, more staff, more races, and more and better drivers. Alfa, meanwhile, was sufficiently impressed – or self-serving – to entrust him with the debut of its 8C model: Nuvolari finished ninth in the 1931 Mille Miglia after tyre problems.

Matters were moving apace. Ferrari, however, had suffered enough hardship to know that success was hard to come by, and fickle. So this Enzo led by example rather than intimidation and intimation. He attended races, did not hide behind sunglasses, and communicated directly rather than trust to arch intermediaries. He treated his employees well. Though he would come to detest their militant

unions, he admired and promoted their Modenese craftsmanship – his father would have approved – and was proud to employ so many. He took very seriously his rising standing within the community but, although the team bore his name, it was a team first and foremost. Plus Ferrari wasn't in total charge.

Scuderia Ferrari was created as a joint-stock company and rich amateur racers owned its majority share. Enzo's initial stake was 50,000 lire, while the Caniato brothers, Alfredo (that name again!) and Augusto, textile merchants from Ferrara, and Bergamo banker Mario Tadini combined for 130,000. Ferrari, his name above the door, was in charge, but the stakes were raised when Count Carlo Felice Trossi, another millionaire racer with a banking lineage, bought out the initial backers during the winter of 1932.

Trossi was everything Ferrari was not: a sophisticated, *dégagé*, privileged polymath who lacked only the killer instinct. They might have clashed had not Ferrari held an affinity for drivers of his own era that only a very few of those who came later were accorded. Trossi and the ebullient Giuseppe Campari, another with operatic pretensions and dimensions, were considered to be and treated as genuine friends. The latter's death in the 1933 Monza GP at

BADGE ENGINEERING...

The story of Ferrari's *Cavallino Rampante* is typically Enzo: a rattling good yarn based on half-truths and surrounded still in mystery

HE OFFICIAL VERSION IS THAT it was 'awarded' by the aristocratic parents of Italy's greatest WWI

fighter ace, Francesco Baracca; Ferrari says he met them during celebrations for his 1923 Circuit of Savio victory.

If true, why then did he sit on the honour for nine years? For the horse, placed by Ferrari on a shield of gold – the official colour of Modena – did not bolt until the 1932 Spa 24 Hours, when it appeared on the Alfa 8Cs driven to a 1-2 by Antonio Brivio/Eugenio Siena and Piero Taruffi/Guido D'Ippolito.

One suggestion is that Ferrari was attempting to strengthen his team's identity as a buffer against an increasingly meddlesome Alfa Corse. Another is that he had only 'received' the badge a few months before its debut. What is sure is that Baracca carried the emblem on his Nieuport and SPAD planes. What is unsure is why.

One suggestion is that it was a trophy taken

from a German Albatross flown by a Stuttgart pilot displaying his city's coat of arms – a rearing black horse on a yellow background – and shot down by Baracca in November 1916. Another is that it

referred to Baracca's cavalry background.

Doubt surrounds other aspects of the story.

Some believe the emblem was not within the gift of the Baraccas and that it belonged to the famous 'Squadron of the Aces'. Others say Squadriglia 91a's official use of a black griffon confused matters.

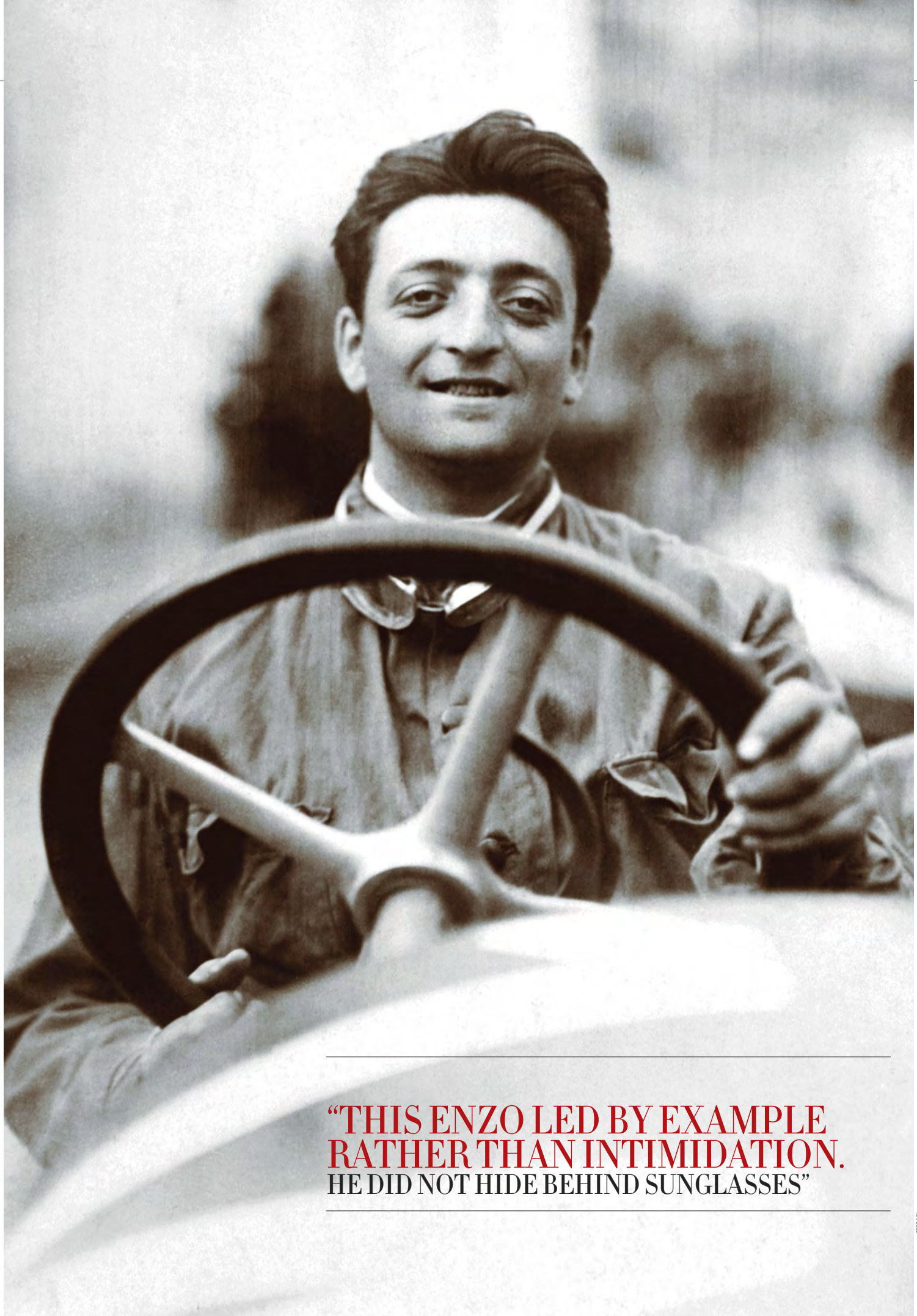
And the connection between Enzo's elder brother Alfredo Jnr and Baracca is perhaps not as strong as often portrayed. If he were part of

the hero's ground crew it can only have been for a short time – Alfredo died in the winter of 1916, before the creation of the 'Squadron of Aces'.

Baracca claimed his first kill on April 7, 1916, and took down 34 enemy aircraft before succumbing to rifle fire near Mount Montello on June 19, 1918.



BETTY



**“THIS ENZO LED BY EXAMPLE
RATHER THAN INTIMIDATION.
HE DID NOT HIDE BEHIND SUNGLASSES”**

the wheel of a Scuderia Ferrari-run Alfa was a line in the sand. Drivers, no matter how good, were held at an emotional arm's length thereafter. Ferrari needed Nuvolari; the others he could take or leave, and certainly money talked. False bonhomie had slipped down his agenda.

Little wonder. His ubiquitous team won dozens of races in 1932 and already possessed the capability, and the will, to be in two places at once. Yet that season it played a distant second fiddle to Alfa Corse's works superteam of Nuvolari, Rudolf Caracciola and Jano's P3, the first fully resolved monoposto GP car. As was Alfa's wont, of course, when a financial slowdown caused dictator Benito Mussolini to nationalise the company in 1933 and order it to concentrate on military contracts, it leaned heavily on Scuderia Ferrari once more.

Enzo, who knew better than to say no, took the strain. Indeed, his answer to the prevailing conditions had been to diversify. He bought a Duesenberg single-seater, ran (from 1932-34) a successful motorcycle team and instigated a first in-house design: Bazzi's Bimotore behemoths.



HE LOVED ALFA BUT WAS WARY OF being 100 per cent dependent on it. And rightly so. For instance, it refused initially to hand him the otherwise redundant P3s, and only did so after Nuvolari huffily jumped ship to Maserati and began winning in its new 8CM monoposto. Even when Scuderia Ferrari – without Nuvolari, still in a huff, and also without his replacement Luigi Fagioli, headhunted by Mercedes-Benz – made an excellent fist of battling Germany's technologically advanced Silver Arrows in 1934, praise from above was grudging. Alfa's new managing director Ugo Gobbato, a Mussolini acolyte – a stance that cost him his life in a post-war assassination – was a firm believer in strict structures, a legacy perhaps of his German education.

Jano had worked quickly and effectively in the past and Ferrari, increasingly used to making snap decisions and immediately acting on them, had high hopes of receiving a new weapon soon. Instead, the 8C-35, a synthesis of the supposed best from all departments of a large works, was a maddening time in gestation and, when finally it arrived at the end of 1935, looked old hat alongside the low-slung Germans. It handled better than its lofty appearance suggested and Nuvolari, reconciled with Ferrari in a deal insisted upon by Mussolini and brokered by Jano – but in truth triggered by rival Achille Varzi's opportunistic signing with Auto Union – was able to win with it on the twisty circuits. The 'Flying Mantuan' knew, however, that the "magic was ending". Amid a public outcry, Nuvolari drove an Auto Union at the 1937 Swiss GP.

These were darkening days for Ferrari. His relationship with Laura was becoming

increasingly perfunctory as Dino's illness became increasingly apparent. This strain at home, as well as at work – an increasingly politicised sport, the overwhelming superiority of the opposition and a horde of disaffected drivers as a result – was beginning to take its toll. No fan of omnipresent, self-important *fascisti*, though he knew when to smile for their and ultimately his own benefit, Ferrari was attending fewer races. For instance, he was absent from Nuvolari's sensational 1935 German GP victory. He preferred instead to rely on the decisions and debriefs of a new sporting director, Nello Ugolini, a successful football manager. Stretched chains of command would cause his team problems in future, but for now this was a sensible, interesting, almost inspired appointment that helped in trying times.

Even so, Ferrari was not overly disappointed when in March 1937 an uppity Alfa purchased 80 per cent of his team. Indeed, freed from some of the more irksome administrative worries, and more financially secure, he was able to think laterally again and channel the ideas of a bright new employee. Giaochino Colombo, tutored, frustrated and eventually sidelined by Jano at Alfa, arrived at Modena as part of the new deal. The plan they hatched – Ferrari typically claimed complete credit – was to bypass the Germans with a voiturette racer designed and built to GP principles and standards. Enthused, Colombo proposed a rear-engined machine. The essentially

"FERRARI WAS LESS HAPPY WHEN ALFA MARCHED IN AND BOUGHT HIM OUT"

conservative Ferrari countermanded his suggestion but otherwise allowed him free rein. The result was the divine 158 that would give Alfa its glorious GP swansong.

Ferrari was re-energised. His workshop, rather than gloomy and doom-ridden, was suddenly filled with purpose and buzzing technicians, several of whom had been temporarily freed from the Byzantine atmosphere of Portello. Which is why Ferrari was less happy when Alfa marched in and bought him out, lock, stock and barrel; staff, equipment and the unfinished Alfetta. Scuderia Ferrari ceased to exist on January 1 1938.

What the next season proved conclusively was that the reformed Alfa Corse did not know better than Scuderia Ferrari, and that Ferrari was pathologically unsuited to being an employee with clear-cut boundaries. His short spell as racing manager was unhappy and unfulfilled. He detested designer Wilfredo Ricart, the Spaniard charged with filling Jano's shoes – the cull had been comprehensive – and was astounded when Gobbato stood by 'the foreigner' in the teeth of his howling criticism. The rift unbridgeable; Ferrari was sacked in 1939.

His long, diverse association with Alfa had taught him everything about the business and the sport, and plenty about himself, as his ex-employer would soon discover. Closeted in his office – Enzo, take note! – Gobbato had no inkling of what the shop floor knew: Ferrari was the team's nervous system and best strategic mind. Gobbato knew enough to attempt to handcuff Enzo with a clause barring manufacture of a car under his own name, but did not anticipate Ferrari's irritation, chicanery and ambition: to beat Alfa. A monster of many parts had been created and released.

With 40 staff still loyal – his name remained a clarion call – and under the auspices of a new company, Auto Avio Costruzioni, Ferrari built two cars for the 1940 Mille Miglia. Based on Fiat running gear, they featured a straight-eight created from conjoined Fiat 'fours', plus a flowing, though not yet beautiful, body by Touring. Rush jobs, both 815s retired, albeit not before Alberto Ascari, 21-year-old son of Antonio, had briefly led his class.

The 158 had proved to Ferrari that he could create the conditions for home-brewed success; the lack of credit he received for it created his need to prove himself on his own terms. The parts-bin 815s went some way towards doing that. The tailor-made, pure prototype 125S, the first to carry his name, was the next, albeit hardly financially logical, step. Designed by Colombo during a suspension from Portello, for a Scuderia Ferrari revived and reconstituted as a one-man-one-vote private company, the new model also benefited from contributions by Bazzi, Aurelio Lampredi, Angelo Nasi, Luciano Fochi and Giuseppe Busso – to a man ex- or moonlighting Alfa personnel. This was personal.



HERE HE COMES! SAME NOTE – STILL reverberating, still hopeful – different direction. From Modena, he swings through the gates, brakes to a stop, blips and kills the ignition. He pushes back in the seat, catches the mood, taut with anticipation, and diffuses it with a smile.

He's only been as far as Formigine, three arrow-straight, tree-lined miles from one unremarkable village, Maranello, to the next, but it is far enough for him to know that he has begun the rest of his life. It's a chill day in March 1947 and Enzo Anselmo Ferrari is 49. ☐

ENZO FERRARI ON...

ACHILLE VARZI

Varzi the driver was no different from Varzi the man: intelligent, calculating, grim when necessary, ferocious in exploiting the first weakness, mistake or mishap of his adversaries. He could well be described as pitiless. It was not easy to follow his reasoning, especially when he was developing one of his cold and calculating arguments; he was a man, in fact, who sometimes managed to convince himself even of what was absurd. Anything he believed in, he would defend to the bitter end. He had a complicated emotional life... not the best thing for a racing driver's nervous system.

GIUSEPPE CAMPARI

I remember his extraordinary dexterity in changing gear: he was able, even as early as 1920, to change down flawlessly through the gears and, without grating, check the momentum of the enormous mass of the flywheel and also the huge gears. Of portly build, but endowed with great strength, he was black-haired, with a pinkish body that seemed always to be glistening with perspiration. There was something in his personality – the freshness, the sincerity and the unselfconscious simplicity – that was unfailingly endearing. Not only was he an exceptionally skilful driver, but an indomitable fighter too, a man who – for the sake of winning – would disregard danger.

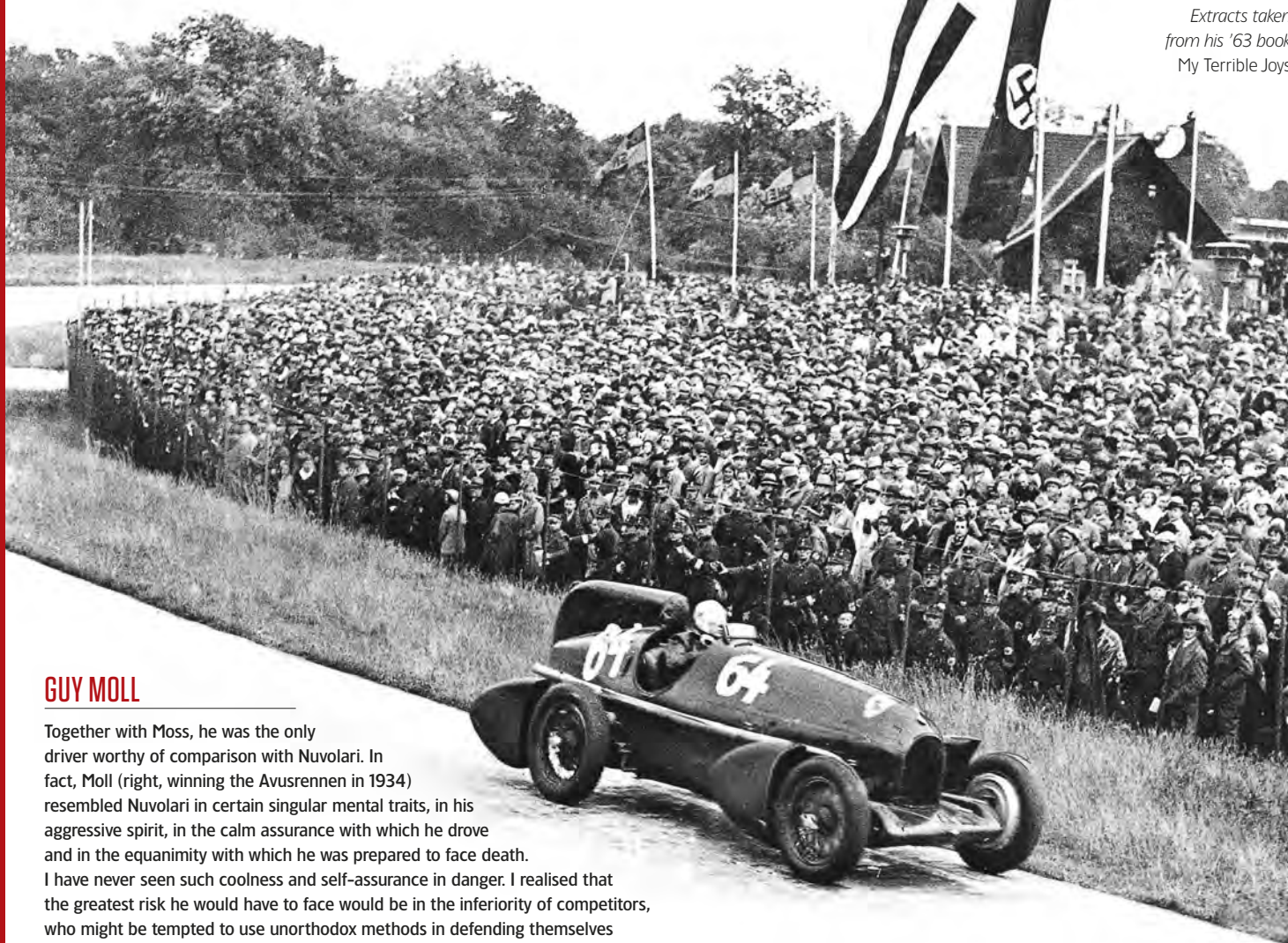
TAZIO NUVOLARI

His technique remained a supreme demonstration of skill carried to the very bounds of human achievement and the law of balance and momentum. I have seen it equalled by only one other driver, Stirling Moss. Nuvolari was a lonely man, embittered by the cruel way in which fate had struck at him through his deepest affections. Nevertheless, and I trust this does not sound uncharitable, he never ceased to be a shrewd actor. There were few who knew the crowd so well as he, who understood what the public wanted and, through it, knew how to lend stature to his own legend.

CARLO FELICE TROSSI

He would do things in everyday life and on the track that no one else would have thought of. He brought a curious note of detached gentility into the racing milieu. As a driver, he possessed exceptional gifts and characteristics: nonchalance, courage, a talent for improvisation and even humour. He never became a [sporting] tycoon because he had neither the patience nor perseverance – nor the wish. I am thus unable to define him as a man who really made his mark; all the same, in the memory of those who knew him he has continued to live as a unique and extraordinary personality. Surely that is enough!

Extracts taken from his '63 book My Terrible Joys



GUY MOLL

Together with Moss, he was the only driver worthy of comparison with Nuvolari. In fact, Moll (right, winning the Avusrennen in 1934) resembled Nuvolari in certain singular mental traits, in his aggressive spirit, in the calm assurance with which he drove and in the equanimity with which he was prepared to face death. I have never seen such coolness and self-assurance in danger. I realised that the greatest risk he would have to face would be in the inferiority of competitors, who might be tempted to use unorthodox methods in defending themselves against his greater skill and daring. And this was, indeed, probably the case.

Guy Moll

Algeria isn't well known as a hotbed of racing talent, but for all too short a time it had one of the world's fastest drivers



September 1932. Raymond Sommer wins the Marseille Grand Prix from Nuvolari. They are joined on the podium by...

Moll?
Anyone know anything about Guy Moll?

A little-known Algerian driver had taken the field by surprise on a sensational European debut.

North African events had become a fixture on the motor racing calendar during the inter-war years, but the spoils from Casablanca, Tripoli and Tunis were usually shared between visiting European stars.

The notable exception was Marcel Lehoux. Born in France, but raised in the French colony of Algeria, Lehoux ran a successful trading business. His wealth allowed him to compete on equal terms with rivals from across the Mediterranean.

By the early 1930s Lehoux was firmly established as the African continent's leading driver.

He combined appearances at major European races with a successful campaign on home soil.

It was at a small local event, early in 1932, that Lehoux spotted an unusually gifted youngster.

Guy Moll's performance in a Lorraine-Dietrich was all the more impressive given that this was his first race.

Moll was from a wealthy family and had only recently completed his education.

There she is!

Despite the youngster's limited experience, Lehoux was willing to trust him with one of his cars.

A matter of weeks after his first race, Moll entered the Grand Prix of Oran driving Lehoux's Bugatti 35C. He would be competing against some of the sport's biggest stars.

Moll took an early lead, putting in a remarkable performance until mechanical problems forced him out. He would produce another strong display in Casablanca, too. Lehoux was delighted with his charge. He had seen enough to propose the pair take a trip to Europe for Moll's introduction to 'continental' racing.

Moll's third-place finish at Miramas, trailing home the great Nuvolari, was an eye-opener for the establishment.

I heard he's only 22 - and he has an Alfa Monza on order for next year!

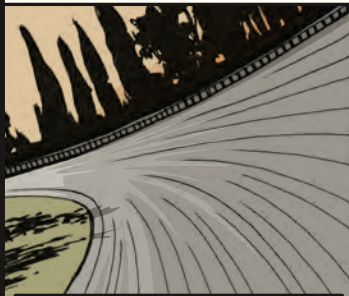
Delivery of his Alfa would take time. Moll was still dependent on Lehoux at the beginning of the new season.

In February the pair travelled to the inaugural Grand Prix de Pau. The night before the race a snow storm blanketed the city circuit. Cancellation looked likely.

But despite the atrocious weather the race went ahead. Moll's outdated Bugatti lined up alongside the more competitive Alfa Romeos of Wimille, Felix and Etancelin.

The Algerian quickly mastered the conditions. He slithered around in first place for 15 laps, before relinquishing the lead to his mentor. After three hours of intense concentration Moll finished second to Lehoux, only one minute adrift.

With his Alfa Monza available from mid-season, Moll finished 1933 with a string of impressive results.



His first international campaign concluded on a dark note, however. Three drivers lost their lives during the Italian GP, so Moll's fastest lap and second-place finish were largely irrelevant.

1934. Moll's prodigious talent had not gone unnoticed. He would start the new season as a Scuderia Ferrari driver, making his debut at Monaco.



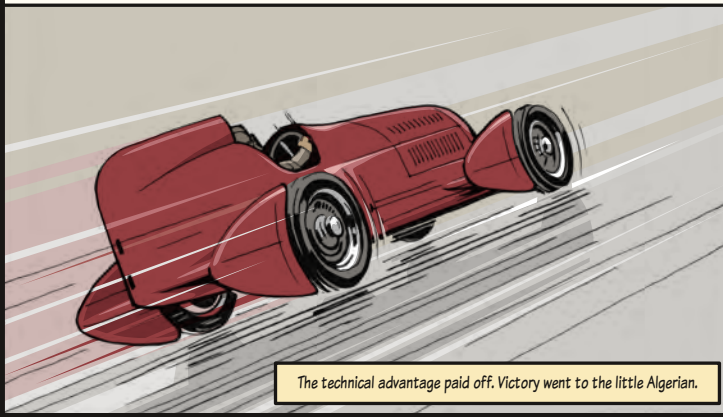
When local favourite Louis Chiron crashed out with two laps to go, Moll inherited the lead. He had won on his first appearance for his new employer and was lauded by Enzo Ferrari. Moll had displayed his 'champion style'.

The full compliment of Ferrari drivers - Varzi, Chiron, Trossi and Moll - would reconvene for the Tripoli Grand Prix.



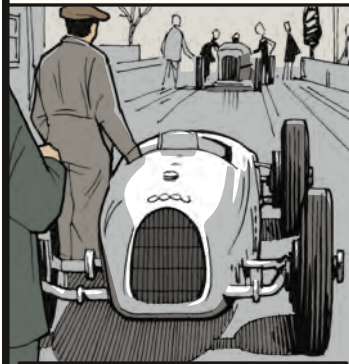
A contentious last-corner move by the wily Varzi was all that prevented Moll scoring another victory. There was a tense atmosphere on the podium, with the drivers' standing within the Ferrari team at stake.

Enzo Ferrari avoided comment, but his actions were clear. Maximum speed would be all important for the upcoming races at the fearsomely fast Avusrennen. The team had prepared an aerodynamically bodied P3 for the event. It would be driven by Moll.



The technical advantage paid off. Victory went to the little Algerian.

The rivalries within the team would continue throughout the summer...



...and the Ferrari drivers now faced the added competition posed by the emerging German teams.

Pescara, August 1934. Pitted against Mercedes, Auto Union and his team-mates, Moll knew a good run in the Coppa Acerbo was essential.



The track was wet and the odds were stacked against the Italian team.

Moll made a modest start, but was soon into his stride. As the race reached its final stages the Algerian had forced his way up to second.



The home crowd could sense an Alfa victory as Moll pushed ever harder to overhaul the Mercedes of Fagioli.

As Moll charged along one of Pescara's long, narrow straights, he came upon the Mercedes of Ernst Henne, one lap down on the leaders. Moll lost control while trying to pass and his Alfa came to rest against a wall, 400 metres farther on.



Moll was pronounced dead at the scene. His rise had been meteoric. At 24 he had spent less than two years at the top flight, but had left an indelible mark.

Enzo Ferrari, a great admirer of Moll's aggressive spirit, later stated that the Algerian was the only driver in the same category as Nuvolari and Stirling Moss.



NEXT MONTH
Mark Donohue



THE RACING LIVES POSTER COLLECTION

Celebrating the lives and accomplishments of the greatest racing drivers.

Featuring newly created artwork by Guy Allen.

Prints available from:
guyallen.co.uk

Guy Allen

Notes on... *the Grand Prix season*



F1 SEASON REVIEW 2013

The *Motor Sport* team shared responsibility for Formula 1 coverage last season. Here are some personal highlights of 19 Grands Prix won by five drivers on as many continents





NIGEL ROEBUCK

“When I think back to the 2013 season, I’ll remember primarily Vettel – and Pirelli.”

SEBASTIAN VETTEL recently said he was concerned that the new technical regulations for 2014 might have an adverse effect on the excitement factor essential to Grand Prix racing. It’s a fact that the changes, notably in relation to engines, are the most radical in 30 years, and no one quite knows how the new Formula 1 will be.

At the same time one can hardly say that the excitement factor was at any kind of high in 2013, the final year of the V8 screamers, for although the engines continued to make a lot of noise, one of them – the Renault in Vettel’s Red Bull RB9 – could quite often be heard in isolation. The excitement factor in F1 may be dissipated by many things, and one driver winning all but six of the 19 Grands Prix comes high on the list. Hardly the fault of Sebastian or Adrian Newey or anyone from Red Bull, who simply did the job better than their rivals, but unpredictability – in terms of who would win – rather went out of the window.



Rosberg leads away to take control in Monaco. Below right, Vettel and Newey spearhead Monza podium festivities

When I think back to the 2013 season, therefore, I’ll remember primarily Vettel – and Pirelli. It would be too tedious to go into detail again on the vexed question of ‘tyres in F1’, but suffice it to say that in the first half of the year those on offer were so delicate as to reduce a Grand Prix essentially to an economy run, so that you had Lewis Hamilton, in response to radio suggestions that he ‘watch his tyres’, yelling, “I can’t *drive* any slower!”

Farcical, to my mind, and a denigration of something calling itself ‘Grand Prix racing’.

Look at Rosberg’s victory in Monaco, which was as decisive as any we saw from Vettel, Nico having worked out precisely what was needed in the prevailing circumstances and delivering it to perfection.

Watching the opening laps of the race, though, one didn’t know whether to laugh or weep, for the leading Mercedes looked almost

as if on a warm-up lap. Into the swimming pool complex, traditionally a blink-and-you-miss-it left-right flick, the car’s pace seemed almost leisurely, and so it was: initially Nico was running *10 seconds* from his pole lap, a time that wouldn’t have qualified him in the top six for the Renault 3.5 race. After 15 laps he was down to times that would have given him a shot at the GP2 pole.

And the thing was, *nobody* was threatening him! How could they, when ‘tyre wear’ was the only thought in their heads?

Some people relished this phenomenon, suggesting it made for the unpredictability everyone craves; it seemed not to matter that it was wholly contrived.

In accordance with the increasing move towards F1 Lite, the powers-that-be had instructed Pirelli to go down this route, to create a Sunday afternoon cruise interrupted by



Rd. 1

Australian Grand Prix

- 1 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 2 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 3 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 27.407sec

Winner’s time: 1hr 30min 03.225sec

A dominant win for Räikkönen from seventh on the grid. The Lotus is much kinder to its tyres than any other car in the Melbourne heat, leaving pole-sitter Vettel 22.3sec behind at the flag.

Rd. 2

Malaysian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Lewis Hamilton (Mercedes)

Pole: Vettel 1min 49.674sec

Winner’s time: 1hr 38min 56.691sec

A controversial first win of the season for Vettel, disobeying team orders to overtake Webber during the final stint. Rosberg, in fourth, does as he is told and holds station behind the slower Hamilton.



a multiplicity of tyre stops. I could not but agree with Dietrich Mateschitz: “This has nothing to do with classic racing any more – this is a competition in tyre management. Under the given circumstances, we can neither get the best out of our cars nor our drivers...”

You could hardly blame him. Here he was, spending a fortune on his Red Bull team, which was effectively being penalised for building cars that were too good! As usual, they had more downforce than anything else, and that chewed swiftly through artificially tender tyres.

As owner of four cars on the grid, Mateschitz is a powerful figure in F1, and it was no surprise that the tyre policy was modified. If I found Montréal less riveting than usual – Vettel took the pole, and disappeared – it was at least a true reflection of reality, with the quickest car able to demonstrate its superiority.

At Silverstone there was further Pirelli controversy, however, and of a more fundamental kind. Following tyre disintegrations – they were nothing less – on the cars of Hamilton, Felipe Massa, Jean-Eric Vergne and Sergio Pérez, Charlie Whiting admitted that he gave thought to calling time

on the British Grand Prix, and indeed one felt that F1 dodged a bullet that day.

Thereafter Pirelli abandoned its steel-belt construction (introduced in 2013) and reverted to Kevlar, but the drivers were understandably jittery, and prior to the Nürburgring – just a few days later – issued a threat not to race, should there be any further signs of failure.

There were not, and for the balance of the year Pirelli followed a more conservative route – which undoubtedly had a quite profound effect on the results. Ferrari, in particular, fell away, complaining that it had built a car to be light on its tyres, and it wasn't fair that it should be penalised because others had been incapable of doing the same. Another way of putting it was that it hadn't had the downforce to hurt the Pirellis, whereas Red Bull had: Lotus, too, suffered initially with the change in Pirelli's policy, but – unlike Ferrari – adapted.

When I went to Spa following the summer break, I little suspected that Vettel's victory would be the first of nine on the trot – indeed that no one else would win again in 2013. As with Colin Chapman's revolutionary Lotus 78 back in 1977, Red Bull's only weakness had long been lack of straightline speed, but on the opening lap Vettel passed Hamilton's Mercedes up the hill to Les Combes, and with some ease.

At Monza, another ultra-quick circuit, Sebastian was again unopposed, and by now it was clear that Red Bull had moved into a zone of superiority unknown since the days of the 'active' Williams FW14B. As at Spa, Alonso was second for Ferrari, but that, as Martin Whitmarsh observed, was more Fernando than anything else. “When I think about drivers,” he told me, “I look at who's in the car scoring points that it shouldn't – and that's why Alonso's the best...”

Maybe so, but he needs a car that scores the points it should, and until he – or Hamilton or Hülkenberg or Grosjean – gets one, it's hard to see past Vettel, who has just such a thing, a car that's a match for his talent. As I walked out of the Austin paddock at dusk, the illuminated scoreboard was still showing the race order, a metaphor for the season: VET, then the rest. ▶



Rd. 3

Chinese Grand Prix

- 1 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Lewis Hamilton (Mercedes)

Pole: Hamilton 1min 34.484sec

Winner's time: 1hr 36min 26.945sec

A fighting win for Alonso, with strategy playing a big part for the top three. Vettel, on fresh tyres in fourth, is catching Hamilton at three seconds a lap by the end, but the Mercedes driver holds on.

Rd. 4

Bahrain Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Rosberg 1min 32.330sec

Winner's time: 1hr 26min 0.498sec

Vettel beats the surging Lotuses, Grosjean only taking third from an impressive Paul di Resta in the closing laps. Potential front-runner Alonso is hamstrung by a malfunctioning DRS flap.

Rd. 5

Spanish Grand Prix

- 1 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Felipe Massa (Ferrari)

Pole: Rosberg 1min 20.718sec

Winner's time: 1hr 39min 16.596sec

Alonso takes an emotional home win with Massa joining him on the podium. After the race, Mercedes sticks around for a secret test with Pirelli, stirring its rivals' ire once the cat slips from the bag... two weeks later.



SIMON ARRON

“Seasonal highlights included Mark Webber’s dignity – on and off the track.”

NOT SO MUCH A season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, 2013, as one of extraordinary constants and conflict-ridden contrasts. It’s hard to reconcile images of Kimi Räikkönen battling to put a champagne bottle to his lips, after a comfortable victory stroll in Australia, with the simplicity of his delivery in Singapore six months later. Formula 1 is famously reticent at times of controversy, but the Finn has no time for artifice. He was leaving Lotus to drive a potentially slower Ferrari, he confirmed, for the simple reason that he hadn’t been paid...

My own campaign began in Melbourne and ended at Suzuka, with intermediate stops at Sepang, Monte Carlo, Silverstone, the Nürburgring, Spa and Singapore.

In Australia, Räikkönen had been made to fight for his post-race drink because Sebastian Vettel was busily attacking him with a volley of fizz. Vettel had taken pole in a qualifying

session that finished on Sunday, following heavy rain, and was expected to win, but Räikkönen was able to two-stop the light-footed Lotus – a pivotal advantage on the day – and Vettel slipped to third, behind Fernando Alonso’s Ferrari.

“We always planned things that way,” said Lotus team principal Eric Boullier, “but it was only at the end of Kimi’s second stint that we felt certain it was possible.” He added that higher track temperatures might suit Lotus even better the following weekend, in Malaysia, but there would be no further victories.

“It’s ironic, really,” said his Red Bull counterpart, Christian Horner. “Last year we struggled here in qualifying but raced very well, and now it’s completely the opposite. At least we know we have a fast car, though.”

The extent of that understatement was apparent the following Sunday, when Red Bull scored its first one-two of the season – a feat no other team would accomplish. The result, though, remains less memorable than the manner of its execution, Vettel almost brushing the pit wall as he ignored an order to hold station behind team-mate Mark Webber. The two came close again before the German finally made his move stick a couple of corners later.

“From a team perspective,” Horner said, “we just wanted to bag 43 points and weren’t bothered which way around the two cars finished. It didn’t make sense to have one following the other too closely, given the potentially detrimental effect on tyres...”

Thus were two of the season’s flash points encapsulated in one short sound bite. It’s true that Vettel won more races than anybody else during the first half of the season, when Pirelli’s purposely brittle new compounds triggered endless debate, but at that stage Red Bull’s true performance was masked by necessary caution. Monaco and Silverstone, races won by Nico Rosberg’s Mercedes, would share the dishonour of seasonal nadir, for very different reasons.

In the principality, the German capitalised on a solid pole lap to lead all the way... but during the opening stages he lapped at what was essentially GP2 pace, just to keep his tyres alive.



Astute race management is a precious ally – and winning as slowly as possible a popular tactic of yore – but this was a backwards step too far, extreme precision instruments rendered relatively ordinary.

The British Grand Prix provided a dramatic contrast, with several tyre failures – one of them incurred by Rosberg, although his coincided with the safety car’s dispatch and he was able to drive fairly gently back to the pits before continuing unimpeded.

Pirelli turned up with 2012 tyres in Germany, where cars were suddenly restored to something like full potential. Vettel scored his maiden home victory and the balance of power wasn’t so much altered as confirmed. He would triumph in all but one of the remaining 10 races and commenced a record-equalling nine-race winning sequence at Spa.

Rd. 6

Monaco Grand Prix

- 1 Nico Rosberg (Mercedes)
- 2 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)

Pole: Rosberg 1min 13.876sec

Winner’s time: 2hr 17min 52.056sec

Rosberg scores Mercedes’ first win of the year with the tyre test at the forefront of paddock talk. Pirelli also comes under fire for the GP2-like speed of the opening stages, with drivers unable to push.

Rd. 7

Canadian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 3 Lewis Hamilton (Mercedes)

Pole: Vettel 1min 25.425sec

Winner’s time: 1hr 32min 9.143sec

Valtteri Bottas qualifies his Williams an impressive third, but it is business as usual in the race. Vettel cruises home while his rivals scrap and McLaren’s awful run continues, neither driver reaching Q3.

Rd. 8

British Grand Prix

- 1 Nico Rosberg (Mercedes)
- 2 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)

Pole: Hamilton 1min 29.607sec

Winner’s time: 1hr 32min 59.456sec

Rosberg’s second win of the year, but again tyres are the subject of the day after several spectacular delaminations, including one for leader Hamilton while the race is still young.



Grosjean leads Vettel in Japan. Left, fizz off target for Kimi in Oz. Below, Seb has a little explaining to do following his Malaysian mischief



Does it reduce the sport's appeal when you spend 15 hours in the air to watch a foregone conclusion? Some might feel that way, but to me the fascination lies in identifying a nascent challenge. Not that there were too many apparent by mid-October as I rattled along the Kintetsu Line, gateway from Suzuka to Osaka and thence home.

Seasonal highlights included Mark Webber's dignity – on and off the track. I quit full-time F1 coverage at the end of 2012, mainly to avoid lengthy absences while my wife recovered from serious illness. Whenever I bumped into the Australian, his first question was always the same: "How's the bride?" He's a class act with an eye for the bigger picture and F1's loss is the World Endurance Championship's gain.

Romain Grosjean's opening burst in Japan was uplifting, too. One year beforehand he'd

been a nervous wreck, in the slipstream of a one-race ban that hadn't diluted his capacity for accidental mischief. In 2012 Webber talked about "the first-lap nutcase" following some Franco-Swiss GBH at Suzuka, but this time Grosjean made one of the year's most explosive starts to pass the Red Bulls and hold an authoritative lead. That led Horner to split his drivers' strategies, a tactic that paid off as Lotus tried to half-cover both: Grosjean went on to finish a close third, just behind Webber, but it had been a fine drive.

Oh, and Nico Hülkenberg is, was and always has been a top-liner, a detail that seems obvious

to all bar those handling contractual negotiations for the top five teams.

Disappointments included McLaren (which was present, despite evidence to the contrary) and Lewis Hamilton's attitude. It was no surprise that the 2008 champion was second-best to Rosberg when drivers were required to tiptoe their way through races, but sometimes the German was more effective on durable tyres, too. He was also much more measured on Radio Mercedes: Ross Brawn's understated authority might in future be missed, whenever Hamilton's occasionally wayward energies require redirecting.

Japan remains the finest event of the year – unparalleled in terms of venue and atmosphere – while Germany was probably the cheapest (about £140 for four nights in a campsite hut, including a self-catering Lidl cocktail of chicken curry – prepared by colleague Mark Hughes – and Merlot).

Away from the paddock and its peripheral bustle, I discovered that Singapore Zoo is even better than Melbourne's, but both should be an essential part of any F1 tourist's itinerary.

From Red Bulls, then, to white tigers... ☐

Rd. 9

German Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Hamilton 1min 29.398sec

Winner's time: 1hr 41min 14.711sec

Vettel achieves one of the few things left on his checklist, taking a home win in front of an appreciative crowd. Lotus is again the best of the rest, Räikkönen only a second behind at the end.

Rd. 10

Hungarian Grand Prix

- 1 Lewis Hamilton (Mercedes)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)

Pole: Hamilton 1min 19.388sec

Winner's time: 1hr 42min 29.445sec

Hamilton finally converts his strong pace to a win for his new team, with Räikkönen defending hard to take second. Talk starts of a potential challenge to Vettel's lead in the standings.

Rd. 11

Belgian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 3 Lewis Hamilton (Mercedes)

Pole: Hamilton 2min 1.012sec

Winner's time: 1hr 23min 42.196sec

Yet another pole for Hamilton, but an ominous performance from Vettel heralds another win. Spectators are met with the odd sight of Greenpeace protesters on the grandstand and above the podium.



ED FOSTER

“Talk in the paddock now surrounded the dominance of Red Bull and Vettel”

BACON, TOAST, ORANGE juice, milk, coffee, chicken feet, gruel. On the F1 trail you are exposed to various local delicacies and there are none more strange to us Brits than the breakfast menu in China. While chicken feet at 8am might be odd for many, so too, it seems, is F1 to China’s vast population. More than 23 million people live in Shanghai yet, come race day, only 0.2 per cent made the 21-mile journey to the circuit.

Those that did probably left somewhat bewildered after many ‘racing’ drivers were told to let other people past during the Grand Prix. It was a race of differing tyre strategies: there was plenty of overtaking, but quite a lot of it wasn’t very meaningful.

The start of 2012 – when seven drivers won as many races – was still fresh in the minds of many and Pirelli’s purposely fragile rubber was in the spotlight once again. It prompted one onlooker to comment, “We might as well have filmed a chess match and aired that.” Alonso,

who won the race from Räikkönen and Hamilton, wasn’t complaining.

By the time we flew from Shanghai to Bahrain, I had agreed to meet Pirelli’s motor sport director Paul Hembrey.

It was lucky I actually made the meeting after getting impressively lost between Manama airport and the hotel in Juffair (a hotel, it turned out, whose guests often choose to employ the services of women whose business hours run from 9pm to 3am).

With rumours of violent protests surrounding the Grand Prix, it was with some trepidation that I asked for directions from locals in downtown Manama. They couldn’t have been more helpful or welcoming, though.

I digress... “All it meant,” said Hembrey, discussing the five-lap soft tyre in China, “was that it was a qualifying compound. The race tyre was good and we only had three stops. There weren’t four, five or six. A lot of it depends on how it’s reported.” In answer to the point that F1 cars weren’t going flat out, he commented, “It’s not true they aren’t going flat out – they are within the limitations of the package. It’s been like that from day one in F1.”

Whether you agree with Hembrey or not, talk of tyres peaked at the British GP and then cooled thanks to revised compounds.

No smoke without tyres: Vettel burns rubber after sealing the title in India and, below, gets the jump on Webber and the Mercs in Abu Dhabi



Rd. 12

Italian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 3 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 23.755sec

Winner's time: 1hr 18min 33.352sec

Pole position and another Monza victory for Vettel, although the fans are unsurprisingly more interested in the man in the Ferrari. Webber could have annexed second if not for gearbox worries.

Rd. 13

Singapore Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)
- 3 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 42.841sec

Winner's time: 1hr 59min 13.132sec

Vettel takes another win to increase his grip. Alonso and Webber cause a post-race stir when the Australian cadges a lift on the former’s sidepod: both earn a reprimand as rivals have to swerve to avoid the Ferrari.

Rd. 14

Korean Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 37.202sec

Winner's time: 1hr 43min 13.701sec

Vettel again, with Räikkönen and Grosjean following him home. Nico Hülkenberg finishes an impressive fourth for Sauber after withstanding fierce, enduring pressure from Hamilton’s Mercedes.



It was figuratively and physically a different world that greeted us in India for the Grand Prix in October. Talk in the paddock now surrounded the dominance of Red Bull and Vettel – the tyres were, like so many things in the world of F1, a thing of the past – and the sights (or lack thereof, due to the smog) and sounds of India made the Bahraini heat seem very far away.

By now the development race had stopped and Red Bull was up to a second a lap faster than the other cars – a Vettel victory and world title was as good as guaranteed. That's not to take away from how brilliantly the four-time world champion drove in 2013. You don't secure as many F1 crowns as Alain Prost without being one of the all-time greats.

When he wrapped up the title in India he delighted fans with donuts on the pit straight and then by throwing his gloves into the grandstands. He was slightly shell-shocked in the press conference afterwards, despite the fact that he surely knew he would seal the title in India, but was amusing and quick-witted. The boos he'd experienced elsewhere seemed more undeserving than ever.

The achievement of a fourth title was not lost on him. "To join people like Prost, Fangio, Schumacher..." he said after the Indian GP. "I'm too young to understand it. Maybe when I am 60 I will, but then no one will care! It's something that no one can ever take away from you, though."

By the time teams reached the searing heat of Abu Dhabi, the air of resignation that had been prevalent the weekend before had finally lifted. The titles gone, the focus was now on second, third and fourth in the championship for constructors and, at the back, the fight between Marussia and Caterham, one that the former would eventually win.

The Indian and Abu Dhabi GPs were only a week apart, but the two races couldn't be more different. The former is chaotic, characterful, dirty in places and, much of the time, completely terrifying. The latter is ordered, bland, squeaky clean and oozes money.

I know which I preferred. ☑

DRIVERS Final championship standings

1 Sebastian Vettel	397	9 Jenson Button	73	17 Valtteri Bottas	4
2 Fernando Alonso	242	10 Nico Hülkenberg	51	18 Pastor Maldonado	1
3 Mark Webber	199	11 Sergio Pérez	49	19 Jules Bianchi	0
4 Lewis Hamilton	189	12 Paul di Resta	48	20 Charles Pic	0
5 Kimi Räikkönen	183	13 Adrian Sutil	29	21 Heikki Kovalainen	0
6 Nico Rosberg	171	14 Daniel Ricciardo	20	22 Giedo van der Garde	0
7 Romain Grosjean	132	15 Jean-Eric Vergne	13	23 Max Chilton	0
8 Felipe Massa	112	16 Esteban Gutiérrez	6		

CONSTRUCTORS Final championship standings

1 Red Bull Racing-Renault	596	5 McLaren-Mercedes	122	9 Williams-Renault	5
2 Mercedes	360	6 Force India-Mercedes	77	10 Marussia-Cosworth	0
3 Ferrari	354	7 Sauber-Ferrari	57	11 Caterham-Renault	0
4 Lotus-Renault	315	8 Toro Rosso-Ferrari	33		

Rd.
15

Japanese Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Webber 1min 30.915sec

Winner's time: 1hr 26min 49.301sec

A different Red Bull on pole this time, but the result is the same. Vettel is made to work hard for victory, though. Romain Grosjean leads initially, only for Lotus to be undone by Red Bull's split strategies.

Rd.
16

Indian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Nico Rosberg (Mercedes)
- 3 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 24.119sec

Winner's time: 1hr 31min 12.187sec

Rosberg puts up the only challenge to Vettel during the race, but not a very strong one as the Red Bull driver clinches the title. Grosjean makes it to the podium again, this time from 17th on the grid.

Rd.
17

Abu Dhabi Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Nico Rosberg (Mercedes)

Pole: Webber 1min 39.957sec

Winner's time: 1hr 38min 6.106sec

Vettel's seventh in a row, equalling Michael Schumacher's record for consecutive wins in a season. Rosberg has another strong showing in third, albeit 33 seconds down the road from his compatriot.



DAMIEN SMITH

“As ever, opinion was divided, but from where I was sitting the Spanish GP was a farce.”

SOMEHOW I CONTRIVED TO report on Formula 1 Grands Prix that Sebastian Vettel didn't win in 2013. Even the race I watched from a grandstand with my son yielded a Nico Rosberg victory. Perhaps I should have travelled to more races!

In a season of dominance for a single driver and team, I still can't bring myself to describe Formula 1 as boring, but I must admit my enthusiasm waned in the Barcelona paddock back in May – and it had nothing to do with Vettel or Red Bull.

A week earlier, I'd been at Spa watching a six-hour World Endurance Championship race from which I couldn't tear my eyes, such was the competitive ferocity and pace. Now I'd just witnessed a motor race in which most drivers stopped four times to complete 190 miles, and even then they'd been forced to trail around far from the limit to save their Pirellis. As ever, opinion was divided, but from where I was sitting the Spanish GP was a farce.

Ferrari and Lotus could be forgiven for



Fleeting highlights:
Hamilton takes his first Merc win in Budapest and, below, Alonso revels in a home victory



disagreeing. They'd both built cars to suit the fragile rubber and, indeed, Kimi Räikkönen had stopped 'only' thrice. Meanwhile, Fernando Alonso basked in the glory of a home win, his second in three races – and what would turn out to be his last of 2013. I wouldn't have predicted that at the time.

Alonso's trademark fast starts allowed him to match or improve his finishes from grid positions in 14 of the season's 19 races. In those GPs his average gain was more than three places as he outperformed his team once again.

In Barcelona, he'd used KERS to catapult past Vettel, Räikkönen and Lewis Hamilton in

the opening moments, and Rosberg's pole-winning Mercedes had no answer either as predictions about the silver cars being one-lap wonders proved all too accurate.

The same was expected in July at the Hungaroring, when a glum Hamilton told us after scoring the fourth of five pole positions: "It's great, but it doesn't really mean a lot. It's going to be tough tomorrow."

But the next day, he surprised himself by winning – aided, admittedly, by Vettel's struggles to clear Jenson Button's McLaren. The "miracle" he said he'd needed seemed to have been delivered, in the form of the tyre construction changes forced on Pirelli by those Silverstone failures. His form, and that of Mercedes in searing heat, looked promising. Little did I know, as I drove back to Vienna airport on Monday morning (it's cheaper than Budapest and only an hour and half up the road), that Lewis would be the last man to beat Vettel. After the summer break, Seb's amazing Ascari-matching feat would begin – and I didn't predict that, either.

For both Alonso and Hamilton, 2013 delivered more frustrations than highlights and the patience of both would crack, in Hamilton's case seemingly at least once a weekend in the second half of the season. The putting bottom lip does him a disservice, but in Hungary I felt privileged to see the best of the man in a race where tyre degradation hadn't been the story – thank goodness.

Three months is an age in Grand Prix racing, and so it proved between May and July. For two of F1's finest performers, those wins must seem even more distant in the memory. A winter off the road will surely be welcome, but the ache of Vettel's trouncing will be nagging away right now. For these two, the 2014 season surely can't come soon enough.

Rd. 18

United States Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Romain Grosjean (Lotus-Renault)
- 3 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)

Pole: Vettel 1min 36.338sec

Winner's time: 1hr 39min 17.148sec

The train keeps on rolling: eight wins in a row, another seasonal record broken. Räikkönen quits Lotus early to have back surgery, giving Heikki Kovalainen the chance to reprise his F1 race career. He fails to score.

Rd. 19

Brazilian Grand Prix

- 1 Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)
- 2 Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)
- 3 Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)

Pole: Vettel 1min 26.479sec

Winner's time: 1hr 32min 36.300sec

Vettel equals Ascari's record for consecutive wins, Webber bows out with a feisty second place and a few teams say goodbye to the V8 era with a bang... by revving their engines to destruction.

NIGEL ROEBUCK'S TOP 10 DRIVERS

SEBASTIAN VETTEL

This was not domination as much as annihilation: after July 28 none but Vettel won a Grand Prix in 2013. Yes, again Red Bull fielded a demonstrably superior car – which only improved as the year wore on – but Sebastian went with it every step of the way, and the opposition could only look on. Much of the time he was utterly imperious, as nine-on-the-trot suggests, his season marred only by the stolen victory in Malaysia, which demonstrated contempt for both team-mate and team. That apart, fault was hard to find.



FERNANDO ALONSO

After four years of routinely outperforming his cars, Alonso had yet another season go by without a title, and on occasion in 2013 he finally allowed his frustration to break surface, which led to internal friction. Ferrari started well, but if Pirelli's mid-season switch to more conservative tyres did the team no favours, so the team's own development programme stalled. Fernando sometimes fell short in qualifying, but his starts remain a thing of wonder and he maintained his reputation as the racer's racer.



NICO HÜLKENBERG

Only 10th in the standings, but in terms of what he did with what he had, none performed better in 2013 than Hülkenberg, whose talent screams out – apparently to deaf ears – for a top drive. Sauber began poorly but progressed well, aided by Pirelli's change of philosophy. In the season's final third – along with Grosjean and the inevitable Vettel – he was a true star, quite brilliant at such as Monza and Yeongam. One of those who can think and drive at the same time, Hülkenberg is a champion in the making. Anyone listening out there?



KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN

In so many ways, Räikkönen was more content with Lotus than ever we saw at McLaren or Ferrari. Had the team managed to pay him for his work, it is doubtful he would have moved on. Perhaps that ultimate edge is gone, but Kimi outqualified team-mate Grosjean more often than not, won in Melbourne and was usually a serious contender, back pain or not. Returning to Maranello guarantees Räikkönen financial comfort, but assuredly there will be times when he thinks wistfully of the less demanding ambience he has left behind.



LEWIS HAMILTON

Smiles were thin on the ground in 2013, but if all the heart-on-sleeve stuff can get a little tiresome for those who work with him, Hamilton's season undeniably had its moments, notably the victory at the Hungaroring and the electrifying pole at Silverstone, where Lewis would have won had Pirelli been able to keep up with him and his Mercedes. Sometimes he starred, as expected, but he was mighty hard on himself when he didn't, as if mystified by his form. As with Alonso, the years without titles are passing by.



NICO ROSBERG

Many expected Rosberg to be seen off by his new team-mate, but Ross Brawn wasn't one of them – and he was right. Sometimes Hamilton's raw pace was too much, but on other occasions Rosberg's smoother style and more cerebral approach reaped their reward: at Monte Carlo he was untouchable and eight times he outqualified the man widely considered the quickest of all. Almost unnaturally calm, in and out of the car, Nico remains a somewhat enigmatic figure, but his rivals know better than to underestimate him.

ROMAIN GROSJEAN

If Grosjean had driven the first half of the year as he did the second, he would be way higher than seventh, but it wasn't until mid-season that he began properly to deliver. Monaco, for example, looked like more of 2012: blazingly quick – when he wasn't in the wall. From Silverstone on, though, there wasn't a dud in the box, as Romain shed the silly mistakes and invariably outpaced Räikkönen. It was no surprise to see him lead convincingly at Suzuka and hold off Webber's Red Bull at Austin. The revelation of the year, without a doubt.

MARK WEBBER

Had Vettel not reneged on team policy at Sepang, Webber would have won a GP in his final F1 season, but that wasn't the way it went and he never came so close again. In ultra-quick corners he remained at least a match for his team-mate, but elsewhere Sebastian's technique in getting the most from the 'blown floor' put him out of reach. Webber often raced superbly, but poor starts often left him with too much to do – and, as ever, whenever a Red Bull broke, it seemed to be his. He leaves F1 at the right time, on his own terms.

JENSON BUTTON

Strangely, for this last season of V8 F1, McLaren opted to 'go radical' rather than develop the car that finished 2012 as the one to beat, and the decision proved disastrous: not a single podium. Button, now team leader, drove some fine races – Sepang, Shanghai, Budapest, Interlagos – but the car's lack of pace got him down, and his presence often went unnoticed – Sergio Pérez outqualified him 10-9. Given a car that suits him, Jenson will be a factor again in 2014 – as, with Kevin Magnussen alongside, he will need to be.

PAUL DI RESTA

At the time of writing, it seems unlikely that di Resta will remain in F1: such is the way these days, when personal sponsorship often stamps on talent – and perhaps Paul's downbeat personality doesn't help. In three seasons with Force India, he often showed great natural speed, but if he had some exceptional drives in 2013 – notably at Bahrain and Suzuka – so he fell very short at such as Monza and Yeongam, and he should have shown better against Sutil. Deserves an F1 seat, but that doesn't guarantee he'll get one. ☒



Kevin Magnussen

Father Jan didn't quite crack F1, but his son might do just that after a meteoric rise. Next stop, McLaren...

IN DECEMBER 1995 A CHEEKY KART RACER named Lewis Hamilton introduced himself to Ron Dennis at the *Autosport* Awards, setting in motion a chain of events that led the mercurial youngster to make his F1 debut with McLaren in 2007.

Seven years on the team is again fast-tracking a promising protégé into a race seat. By coincidence, Kevin Magnussen's path to the top started at about the same time as it did for Hamilton – when he was a toddler.

“When my dad was a test driver for McLaren,” he says, “Ron Dennis gave me a birthday present... and a letter saying I should call if I ever became as good as my dad.”

Many years later he made that call, and remarkably it paid off. Now the Dane has the opportunity to do what father Jan couldn't, by fulfilling the potential he showed on his way up through the ranks.

Born in October 1992, Kevin was still only five years old when the older Magnussen's F1 career fizzled out with Stewart GP in the middle of '98. He had his first karting experience at the age of two and started racing when he was eight. The move to cars came in a low-key way in domestic Formula Ford in 2008.

“It was just for fun,” he says, “because we sort of gave up on my career as there was no money. The drive was for free, because my dad could only afford to pay for my karting, and after that we didn't have any opportunity to move on from there. My dad is not a great businessman...”

Fortune intervened when a sponsor approached Kevin and backed a season in Formula Renault in 2009. At the end of the year he remembered that promise from Ron Dennis. “I had a lady helping me, a friend of the family who is now my manager. I showed her the letter and she immediately called Ron. That was the time when Ron was stepping down from the race team, so we had a meeting

with Martin Whitmarsh and I became a member of the Young Driver programme.


“It was amazing. The previous year I thought I was not going to be a racing driver and had started welding in a factory, working with metals. It was a very big change in my life, coming from being a normal guy working in a factory to suddenly doing what I loved. So I have a lot of appreciation for what I do.”

The McLaren link helped to open doors and, after impressing in German and British F3, he moved into Formula Renault 3.5 in 2012, finishing seventh in his first season. Already experienced in the Woking simulator, he also made his mark with a stunning Formula 1 test debut in Abu Dhabi that November.

With key McLaren insiders fully convinced of his potential, the momentum began to build. A second F1 test at Silverstone in July provided further evidence of his talent, and then in October he was confirmed as 2013 Renault 3.5 champion, having beaten a strong field in some style. When plans to place him in another F1 team came to nothing, Whitmarsh took the bold decision to dump Sergio Pérez and create a vacancy.

Eyes will be on the 21-year-old in 2014, and perhaps the most fascinating aspect is that his father is arguably the textbook example of a driver who failed to deliver on his early promise. The fiercely

determined Kevin is very much his own man.

“Up until now I've been happy that he has not been a great part of my career,” he says. “He still has his own career going on [racing for Corvette in US sports car racing]. Of course I've always been very interested to know what he did, and he's told me stories of his life and career in motor sport. I know what happened. He was a great talent, but maybe he wasn't prepared for the pressure you get in F1.” *Adam Cooper* 



CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 5/10/1992, Roskilde, Denmark
2008: Danish Formula Ford, champion; Formula Masters **2009:** Formula Renault, 2nd in NEC **2010:** German F3, 3rd **2011:** British F3, 2nd **2012:** Formula Renault 3.5, 7th **2013:** FR 3.5, champion



{ LUNCH WITH }

STEVE SOPER

This serial race winner and straight talker remained a factory driver for almost 20 years. No shortage of anecdotes here, then...

writer SIMON TAYLOR | photographer JAMES MITCHELL




MOST OF THE BEST drivers who earn their living in sports or touring cars have at least cut their teeth in the single-seater formulae. Steve Soper is different. This man racked up a fine career over more than 20 years, yet never raced an open-wheeler. And he was into his 30s before anyone ever paid him to drive. Until then he had to earn enough folding from kerbside car trading to pay for his weekend fun.

Yet he went on to works drives for BMW, Ford and Rover, endurance classics with a front-running McLaren and victories in Britain, Europe, North America and the Far East. The championship titles somehow never seemed to go his way, and his only British crown was taken away months later on a technicality. But when *Motor Sport* cast votes among pundits for their greatest ever touring car driver back in 2005, he was the clear winner. Obviously Steve is a man eminently worth taking to lunch.

His choice is Langan's Brasserie in London's Mayfair, a favourite watering-hole for the

unofficial Brit brat-pack, of which Steve has long been a member along with Damon Hill, Johnny Herbert, Mark Blundell, Julian Bailey and Perry McCarthy. Crab and avocado salad, excellent grilled Dover sole and old-fashioned apple pie and ice cream help things along.

Steve's father ran a small tyre shop in Kenton, Middlesex, and did sprints and slaloms with the Harrow Car Club. When Steve was 14 he borrowed his dad's competition licence and did an autotest event on grass in his mother's Hillman Imp. "I could barely see over the steering wheel, but the HCC turned a blind eye: they'd seen a licence and a signature, so if anything went wrong they could say it wasn't their fault. Things were different in the 1960s. I'd already crashed my father's Jaguar 3.4 driving it into his little workshop. In a panic I stamped on the accelerator instead of the brake, lit up the rear tyres and went straight through the back wall. All he said was, through gritted teeth, 'Just go away and let me cool down'. My parents were great.

"I didn't get on well at school. When the teacher went around the class, pupil by pupil, my technique was to misbehave and get sent 

out before he got to me. When I left at 15 I still couldn't read. I taught myself to read much later, spelling out what the weekly comics said about my races." Steve now owns and runs a highly profitable business with two BMW dealerships, a staff of 200 and an annual turnover of £100 million. Clearly his difficulties at school were no guide to his intelligence.

"As soon as I was old enough I had scooters and motorbikes, and an Isetta bubble car: that fell over the first day I had it. Then I got a well-used Ford Escort GT and, of course, I wanted to race it. My dad would never give me any money for that, but he helped me in every other way, mending the engine when it broke or fitting a limited-slip diff. I worked for him for seven years, but it got a bit fiery because he was a trained toolmaker, always doing everything the correct way, and I was young and impatient, wanting to cut corners and do it all quick and cheap. But we'd work together on my car late into the night, and he kept me grounded. He'd say: 'You can't have a nice road car, and a racing car, and a girlfriend. You've got to pick one. And only go racing to enjoy yourself. Don't think you can make a living at it'. It took me a long time to prove him wrong on that.



"MY FIRST RACE WAS THE SILVERSTONE Eight Clubs. I'd put big arches on the Escort – I'd taught myself to panel-beat and paint – so it looked good, but it still had the little 1300 pushrod engine. The flag falls, off we go into Copse with me trying to pass as many cars as possible, and I collide with a Jaguar XK. The Escort falls over and lands upside down in the middle of the track. I've got no seat belts and no roll-over bar, and the roof is flattened down to the bonnet. I crawl out in a daze and instead of going towards the nearest verge I wander off towards the other side, and the rest of the grid's still coming. So, having nearly killed myself going upside down, I almost get myself run over.

"Next I got a stripped Mini-Cooper, very light, all ally, beam rear axle. Back to Silverstone, first outing, first lap of practice, I get as far as Maggotts and I'm in the barriers. Have to drag the wreck home. I was getting a bit disheartened now. Then I got an 850 Imp off a friend and took it to Thruxton. It was pouring, I'm driving my heart out nearly going off at every corner and I was lapped almost at once. Very depressing. But I lowered the suspension, put more camber on the front, bought some cast-off F3 slicks and put them on narrower rims. Then I borrowed £200 off my dad, scrounged another £200 from somewhere, and bought a George Bevan-prepared engine. Suddenly I found out how it felt to fight for the lead. I had five wins in that car.

"But Special Saloons was getting very competitive – people putting Ford blocks into



STEVE SOPER CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: September 27 1952, Greenford, Middx
1976-79: Minis **1980:** Ford Fiesta champion, modsports class winner in Fiat X1/9 **1981:** Metro Challenge winner
1982: British Saloon Car Championship, MG Metro
1983: BSCC winner, Rover SD1 (title later lost on a technicality); Le Mans, Mazda **1984-2001:** worldwide touring car programmes, All-Japan champion in '95
1996-99: Le Mans, BMW **2013:** racing comeback

Minis, that kind of thing – and I realised one-make racing was more affordable. In 1976 I got a Mini 1275GT and Richard Longman did me an engine. In 1977 I won the class, in 1978 I had a couple of good accidents and then in 1979 I won the Leyland Challenge outright. The prize was a brand-new 1275GT road car, which I sold immediately to fund the next season.

"I was now car trading full-time to support my racing. Showrooms always had part-exchanges to unload, other dealers hadn't got time to go around sourcing stock, and if I got them a car clean and ready to sell I could usually make a profit of £150 a car. In a good week I'd clean up and move six cars. Hard work, but then I could clear off on Friday afternoon and go racing. I didn't always get it right: sometimes I'd lose money on a car. But it really taught me how much a pound was worth.

"The Ford Fiesta series was being launched and I found somebody to lend me a car if I supplied the engine. I got Minister to do that because they were winning in Formula Ford. Then I met John and Geoff Anstead, who ran Radbourne Racing, the Abarth people. They had a very standard Fiat X1/9 and I was quite competitive in that, so they got Dallara to build them a lovely little full-race X1/9 to STP modsports regs. In 1980 we won our class in the STP, and we won the Fiesta Challenge too, even though I had to miss some rounds because of clashes with the STP. For 1981 someone else offered me a car for the Metro Challenge. No financial input from me, I just had to turn up. So I won that, which brought me another prize car to sell, and with the X1/9 I won my class in the Donington GT series. One Sunday, because of clashes between the two championships, I hired a helicopter to get me between circuits. It cost £350, a lot of money then, and people thought I had a rich mum and dad who were bank-rolling me. But it was all done with trading, ducking and diving.

"By now John Davenport, director of Austin Rover Motorsport, was taking a bit of notice. In the 1982 British Saloon Championship ARM was running two Richard Longman MG Metros sponsored by Datapost, Esso and Hepolite, and I heard John say he thought they looked like Christmas trees with all that sponsorship. So I went to work on Hepolite. I got a shell and some engines out of Davenport, Hepolite came over to me, and we built up a Group 1 Metro. In 11 rounds I won five, Longman in the works car won five. I was unlucky not to win the class and I was third in the series overall. Suddenly things started to happen. Hepolite wanted to move up to the big cars for 1983 and Davenport told them, 'We'll put a Rover out there in your own livery, and Soper can drive it'."

The Hepolite Rover was run by Tom Walkinshaw alongside his two Sanyo-backed Rovers for Peter Lovett and Jeff Allam, and Steve raised a lot of eyebrows by winning the



1 Mini 1275GT at Silverstone in '77 – he won the Leyland Challenge outright two years later 2 In Radbourne's Fiat X1/9, fighting Rob Cox-Allison's 'Black Brick' Caterham in '81 3 En route to the 1980 Fiesta title 4 Soper was initially crowned BSCC champion in '83, but his TWR Rover was later excluded for technical reasons



5 Le Mans 1983... and the Mazda that refused to break, despite its drivers' best efforts 6 Controversial clash with John Cleland in the 1992 BTCC showdown at Silverstone 7 Eggenberger Sierra RS500 pictured at Thruxton in 1988 8 Despite pledging that he'd avoid the Le Mans 24 Hours after his Mazda experience, Soper returned when he became an endurance regular in the mid 1990s. Here, his McLaren F1 GTR is pictured at Mugello

5 Le Mans 1983... and the Mazda that refused to break, despite its drivers' best efforts 6 Controversial clash with John Cleland in the 1992 BTCC showdown at Silverstone 7 Eggenberger Sierra RS500 pictured at Thruxton in 1988 8 Despite pledging that he'd avoid the Le Mans 24 Hours after his Mazda experience, Soper returned when he became an endurance regular in the mid 1990s. Here, his McLaren F1 GTR is pictured at Mugello

5 Le Mans 1983... and the Mazda that refused to break, despite its drivers' best efforts 6 Controversial clash with John Cleland in the 1992 BTCC showdown at Silverstone 7 Eggenberger Sierra RS500 pictured at Thruxton in 1988 8 Despite pledging that he'd avoid the Le Mans 24 Hours after his Mazda experience, Soper returned when he became an endurance regular in the mid 1990s. Here, his McLaren F1 GTR is pictured at Mugello



first round from pole, in streaming wet conditions, then winning four more – and taking the British Saloon Car Championship outright. “It was the first time I’d raced a car with lots of horsepower. After all these little one-make things, when every overtaking manoeuvre needed several laps of forward planning, I couldn’t believe how easy it was. It was a big, heavy car and you just slid it around.

“Not so easy was working with Tom. He gave me a beautifully prepared, highly competitive car. But I hadn’t come up through his ranks. I wasn’t a Win Percy and we didn’t understand each other. I admired how he built great racing cars, I admired the business he’d built, but I struggled to respect some of how he did it.

“We also did some European Touring Car races, but Tom was running the Jaguar XJ-Ss as well, so he controlled what we were and were not allowed to do. It was the first time I’d been exposed to politics in motor racing, and I didn’t get it. But I went to the Nürburgring for the first time, tried to learn the circuit going around and around in a Maestro, and in the race I was running third behind Tom’s Jaguar and Manfred Winkelhock’s BMW. I lined myself up for a move to pass Manfred going into a fourth-gear corner that turned out to be a third-gear corner, and I went off. Just lack of circuit knowledge. I got the car back to the pits but we had to retire.” More pleasing was the Tourist Trophy: Steve qualified 0.01sec off Tom’s XJ-S pole and, sharing with René Metge in the 315-mile race, he scored a brilliant win.



ALSO IN 1983 STEVE HAD HIS FIRST major sports car drive, in the Le Mans 24 Hours. “Mazda had a two-car works entry. One car had three Japanese in it, and the other had James Weaver, Jeff Allam and me. During practice we found the car wandered about all over the road. On the Mulsanne at 200mph, with no chicanes then, you needed a lot of lock to stay on the road. James is like me, self-taught, and says what he thinks. We wanted to put some toe-in on the front, we wanted to make up a front splitter, but the Japanese engineers said nothing could be changed, the car had to stay exactly as it was. They’d designed and built this car, we just had to drive it. It was so bad, none of us wanted to get in it. I out-qualified the other Mazda, but James, Jeff and I reckoned it was dangerous, and we agreed we should try to retire it as soon as possible.

“So we turned the rev-limiter switch to the qualifying setting to blow it up as soon as possible, we mullered the gearbox, we hit every kerb we could. And that bloody thing just kept going. We would have won the class if Jeff hadn’t had to do a whole lap with a deflated



Steve's 20-year professional career was ended by injury, but he is now racing again in historics

“TOM WALKINSHAW WAS VERY CLEVER AT BUILDING HIS CARS TO EXPLOIT THE RULES TO THEIR UTMOST”

tyre, which smashed up the bodywork. As it was we finished second. But going around in the middle of the night, looking in the mirror for the Porsche 956s and trying to stay on the road, I promised myself, ‘If I survive this weekend I will never do this race again.’”

After a Grovewood commendation for his efforts in 1981, Steve’s British saloon title earned him a full Grovewood Award for his 1983 season. His ETC performances, particularly against Hans Stuck’s BMW 635, had been noted in Munich, and Stuck himself advised BMW racing boss Dieter Stappert to take a look at this Englishman. “So for 1984 BMW came after me with a works contract as team-mate to Stuck, Quester and Winkelhock,

offering me twice what I was earning with Tom. Just over a year before I’d been pissing about in Metros, so it all seemed very exciting. But I still had a strong relationship with John Davenport, and he trumped BMW with a three-year deal, so I decided to stay.

“Then, well into the 1984 season, I lost my 1983 British title over a protest about the Rover’s legality. Tom was very clever at building his cars to exploit the rules to their utmost, but he upset quite a few people along the way. Whenever Frank Sytner and BMW protested our cars we always survived, but finally we were thrown out because Tom had modified the hydraulic tappets – no performance advantage, but for maintenance, so they could be more

quickly adjusted. But it wasn't in the rules, so we were out. At that point Austin-Rover withdrew in a huff, so I had nothing to drive in the championship I'd won the year before. In the European series we didn't have much joy, either.

"At the end of that terrible year John Davenport asked me to jot down what I thought had gone wrong and suggest how things could be improved – just a confidential note, he said, for him alone. So muggins, the naïve racing driver, covers three sheets of paper and sends it to John. Two days later, Tom's on the phone: 'I need a wee chat wi' you, Soper'. I thought he had some nice new racing car for me to try, but as soon as I got through the door I realised Davenport had sent my document straight to Tom. He said, 'I don't care who employs you or how long your contract is. It's my team, my cars and my people. If you keep your mouth shut and your nose clean, I might let you do a race next September'. Now I was into the real politics of it all.

"So, apart from doing some of the development testing on the Metro 6R4 for John, I spent most of 1985 sitting at home. Eventually I was allowed to go to Donington for an ETC round, and in practice I got my foot trapped under the brake pedal at Redgate and went straight on. Destroyed the car. Some of the team thought I'd done it on purpose because I felt I'd been let down. As if I'd drive head-on into an earth bank at 100mph and nearly kill myself, just to prove a point! I did do a couple more races, but at the end of the season I faxed John and Tom saying I wanted to be released from my contract – before they had time to fax me saying they were releasing me.

"I called BMW, where Peter Flohr was now competitions boss. He made polite noises, but there was a little bit of 'We did offer you a drive two years ago, and you turned us down.' Then Peter Ashcroft came on from Ford about their Sierra programme. I had a meeting with Ford's big boss Stuart Turner, and got on well with him, and he sent me to Germany to see Lothar Pinsky in Cologne and then Eggenberger. And that was the start of three good years with Ford.

"Klaus Ludwig was the big star at Eggenberger, and he taught me a lot. He was clever, technically and politically, and he was very good at getting the team behind him. By now I'd learned to keep my mouth shut, go away and think about what to say rather than saying straight out what I thought. Rudi Eggenberger was strict: he didn't expect you to scratch or over-rev his cars. Once, when we all turned up for a test, none of the cars had gearknobs. Rudi said, 'The knobs will stay in the truck, and after the test I'm going to look at everybody's hands, and the driver with the worst marks is the bastard who's damaging my gearboxes.' From previous experience I wasn't going to be the one to threaten the team owner, but Ludwig said, 'In that case I'm going to get

changed. You can explain to Ford why I'm not driving'. At once we got our knobs back.

"Eggenberger built very reliable, robust cars. The engine I used to win Bathurst in 1987 (although that resulted in another disqualification, after a silly row about plastic wheel arch extensions) had already done two European touring car rounds before doing the full 1000kms distance. Rudi found that as soon as you gave it more than 1.2 bar on the turbo it blew the engine, and we could win at lower bar.

"In the races I was a match for Klaus, I could usually pass him and beat him. And in free practice I'd be quicker. But I could never outqualify him, even at Silverstone, which annoyed the hell out of me. Then at the Nürburgring round, just before qualifying, the team's having lunch in the motorhome, the mechanics are out the back and the cars are sitting ready on their air jacks in the empty pit. I walk up, quite innocently, and there's Klaus, doing something in the boot of his car. He sees me, jumps out of his skin and looks guilty. He has to come clean, so he says: 'Don't tell anyone, but if you just take the earth lead off the battery for a couple of seconds, the Bosch Motronic loses its memory, and it takes about three laps to teach itself again. When you first go out it overboosts itself before it brings itself back to its previous parameters.' So I did it too, and I outqualified him.

"By 1988 we had the RS500 Sierra Cosworth properly homologated, and I won six of the 11 rounds of the European Touring Car Championship. But when I didn't win I didn't finish, whereas Roberto Ravaglia in the BMW M3 finished every round, so he got the title on points. We got the RS500 handling very well, and it had more than 500bhp, but it had a lot of turbo lag. In a slow corner you'd plant your foot and count to three before it came alive. The M3 was a lot more agile.



"WITH THE DEMISE OF THE EUROPEAN Championship at the end of 1988 and Ford swinging their budget into rallying, I called BMW again. There was a new guy there from marketing who didn't know much about the racing programme yet, but he hired me to do the DTM [the German Touring Car Championship]. That was Karl-Heinz Kalbfell. He was brilliant, and went on to run BMW Motorsport for more than 15 years. Sadly he died racing his classic bike at Brands last August.

"There were three teams running BMWs, so eight or nine cars out there. I did 1989 with Zakspeed, had two podiums in my first three races, won a couple, finished fifth in the series. Then I persuaded Kalbfell to bring the Bigazzi team on board. I'd seen Gabriele Rafanelli and Aldo Bigazzi operating, and their whole attitude

was the way Italians go racing: have the best cars and equipment you can, but have fun too. I drove for Bigazzi for three seasons.

"Lots of good stories from that period. One of the best was the 1992 Spa 24 Hours, when I was in a Bigazzi M3 with Christian Danner and Jean-Michel Martin. My wife Louise was pregnant, and on Friday evening, after we've qualified on the front row, she phones. 'I've gone into labour. Are you going to come back?' I say to Gabs Rafanelli, 'I'd better go, I'll miss the warm-up tomorrow morning, but I'll be back for the race.' Drive to Brussels, fly to London, rush to the hospital, but the baby hasn't arrived. About midnight I say, 'Look, I'm not staying here indefinitely, I've got a 24-hour race to do'. So Louise says to the nurse, 'My husband says I've got to have this baby. Can you help it along?' Within an hour we have a daughter. It's tagged up and washed and I walk around with it a bit, then I have a freshen-up, head back to Heathrow, catch the first plane back to Brussels and drive back to Spa to face my second night without sleep.

"The race was really between us and the Schnitzer car of Winkelhock/Heger/van de Poele. On Sunday morning I fell foul of a backmarker in the Bus Stop and we had to fix a bit of bent suspension. That put us a lap down on the Schnitzer guys, so we were going to be a safe second. I did my last stint, got showered, changed and packed up, and told Gabs I was off. But at Bigazzi they always think they can win every race. It doesn't matter if there's a rod poking out of the block, they still think they can do it. And Gabs reckoned that either Schnitzer was a pitstop adrift, or they'd have to start preserving fuel. Although Danner was lined up for the last stint in our car, Gabs wanted me back in. I wasn't happy about it, but I crawl back into my filthy sweaty overalls and out I go, doing qualifying laps every lap, working through the traffic, headlights blazing."

With an hour to go Steve was back on the same lap as van de Poele. With 15 minutes left he was still 50sec adrift, but van de Poele was being given '7500rpm' pit signals to preserve fuel. "Finally I could see him, I could smell the blood. I switched off my headlights to give him less warning, and with a lap to go I caught him at the Bus Stop. We went down to La Source side by side, and I went ahead." Steve's winning margin at the flag was less than half a second, making it one of the closest 24-hour races of all time. "Then I went home to see my daughter. I'm pleased to say we resisted the temptation to call her Frankie, short for Francorchamps.

"When my European races didn't clash I was also doing some BTCC rounds for BMW, and I was driving for Vic Lee in 1992 when he got arrested for smuggling drugs. He was an intelligent guy, ran an excellent race team, so it was a dreadful shock. BMW went ballistic and said the cars had to be destroyed, burned to



Soper in full flight at Knockhill, during the 1994 BTCC campaign

“A LOT OF HEADLINES MADE ME THE BAD GUY, BUT IF I’D WANTED TO SPIN HIM OFF I COULD HAVE MADE IT LOOK ACCIDENTAL”

nothing. We go to the next race, without Vic of course, and on Friday morning we’re sitting in the transporter waiting for the word from BMW GB: do we unload and run, or do we go home? Finally the call came: we could run. We finished the season, with everybody mucking in to keep it going. Going into the final round at Silverstone, the championship was between Tim Harvey for BMW and John Cleland for Vauxhall. People were there from Munich, there was a lot of pressure. Tim had to finish ahead of John to win it, and my job was to help him.

“On lap one I try to pull a move on David Leslie’s Vauxhall and he’s having none of it, and he spins me out. So I’m now stone-cold last. I manage to get back up the field, and with two laps to go I’m fifth, Tim’s ahead of me, Cleland’s behind me. Then John leans on me hard, hard enough to lose his door mirror, and puts me on the grass. He thought that was the end of me, he turned in thinking I wasn’t there any more, but I was there, we collided and we both went off. As I kicked my bent door open

to get out he came for me, but the marshals pulled him off me. A lot of the headlines made me the bad guy in all this, but if I’d wanted to spin him off I could have done it without taking myself off and made it look accidental.

“So Tim was champion, but the talk about it went on and on. Finally, six months later, there was an RAC tribunal. John and I hadn’t spoken since, but just before the tribunal he phones me and says, ‘I think you were to blame, you think I was to blame. But they want to make an example and take somebody’s licence, and if they don’t get you they’ll get me. We’ve both got to go into the tribunal and say it was a racing incident’. So we went in separately and said that, and there was nothing more they could do.

“As for Vic Lee, he got 12 years, and served six. I went to see him before it came to court, and he said, ‘I had no choice. I borrowed money from the wrong people, it was either do this or get murdered’. Anything to do with drugs is very hard to forgive, especially if

you’ve got kids. Even so I believe everybody deserves a second chance, and in 2004, when I was out of racing and running my first dealership, BMW wanted their dealers to get involved with Formula BMW. Vic had set up again on the back of a lot of work from Peugeot, and we thrashed out a deal: I bought two cars, he bought the running gear, spare body panels, gear ratios. Year one with a guy called Philip Glew we nearly won the championship. We’re getting ready for year two and, clonk, Vic’s arrested. Drugs again. His 28 staff are all out of work. He’s free again now, but I’ll have nothing to do with him. I think I’m a good judge of character, but I got him completely wrong. Out of all the great people I’ve dealt with in 30 years of racing, Vic Lee is the one black mark.



“I WAS DISAPPOINTED BY THE following year’s BTCC, with Schnitzer. I was expected to win it – the team said, ‘It’s your country, it should be your championship’. And I expected to win it, I knew all the circuits, they were new to Jo [Winkelhock]. But being honest, and having had a couple of unlucky races, Jo just beat me. I can’t moan at anyone. At Schnitzer Jo was in his family, they were all behind him, he could do no wrong and that made him very difficult to beat. ▣

Special USA subscription offer

SAVE UP TO \$105 WHEN YOU
SUBSCRIBE TODAY

Subscribe now and receive 24 issues
for just \$135 or 12 issues for \$70.



YOUR FANTASTIC MOTOR SPORT OFFER

Subscribing to *Motor Sport*
offers you more than just the
very best in motor racing

- + Save money on every issue
- + FREE delivery direct to your door
- + Get your issue before it appears
in the shops

IN EVERY ISSUE

- Uncensored commentary on
Formula 1, Can-Am, NASCAR,
IndyCar, historic racing, Le Mans
and much more
- Exclusive interviews with drivers
past and present
- Insight from the people who
shape motor racing
- Simon Taylor's 'Lunch with' series

3 EASY WAYS TO SUBSCRIBE



Visit www.motorsportmagazine.com/USF14



Call USA Toll Free on
1-866-808-5828 and quote US14



Complete and post
the subscription form

MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Simply complete the order form, attach
your payment and send it to:

Motor Sport magazine,
Unit 38, Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ, UK

Please tick to indicate your choice

Yes, I would like to subscribe
to *Motor Sport*

6 issues \$44

12 issues \$70

24 issues \$135

MY DETAILS

Title Forename

Last name

Address

State Zip code

Telephone

E-mail

GIFT RECIPIENT

Title Forename

Last name

Address

State Zip code

Telephone

E-mail

PAYMENT OPTIONS - 2 EASY WAYS TO PAY

1. Please debit my: Visa Mastercard
 Amex Maestro

Card no:

Expiry Date:

Maestro: Issue no:
(Start date) (if applicable)

Security number:
(Last 3 digits on reverse of card)

Signature

Date

2. I enclose a check for _____
(payable to *Motor Sport*)

Terms & conditions: Offer closes 2 months after issue date. This offer is available to new subscribers only. *Motor Sport* may send you details of our products and services which we think may be of interest to you. Please tick if you do not wish to receive such offers by post or telephone Please tick if you do not wish to receive such offers by e-mail Occasionally we may pass your details to selected companies. If you do not wish to receive their products or offers, please tick this box QUOTE CODE US14



“In 1994/95, as well as everything else, I raced for BMW in Japan. I think I did 37 trips there and back. I was a working driver and I loved it, even if I didn’t always realise I loved it. Before long I didn’t get jet lag because my brain was so confused, I just went to sleep when I felt tired. I also won the Spa 24 Hours again in 1995 with Jo Winkelhock and Peter Kox, and we went to Macau both those years. It was competitive in Japan – I was up against people like Tom Kristensen and Anthony Reid – but in the first year I very nearly won the championship. BMW said if I went back for 1995, I could choose my programme for ’96. So I went back, and in the second year won the All-Japan Series. Great circuits, nice people, the drivers hard but fair. If you got pushed off and it was the other guy’s mistake, he’d apologise. Very different from what I was used to.

“In 1996 BMW decided to do the BTCC with Schnitzer again. For me that’d be more Croft, Pembrey, Snetterton, circuits I’d driven all my racing life. So I told Bigazzi I’d do the German series with them. One night at home my phone rings, and it’s Karl-Heinz. ‘What’s this about not wanting to race in your home country?’ I say, ‘You told me to race in Japan, I raced in Japan. You and I had a deal that I could choose my ’96 programme. You’re my boss, if you now tell me to race BTCC, I’ll race BTCC. If you tell me to go to Australia I’ll go to Australia. But I’d like to race this season in Germany.’ He says, ‘You shit Englishman,’ and hangs up. That was his way of saying, OK.

“All season we were going to win that German series. Then I’m leading the penultimate round at AVUS and my team-mate is limping back to the pits after banging into somebody. He’s giving me room to go through and at the last moment he turns across me and wipes me out. That was that title gone.



“I’D HAD LE MANS OFFERS AND ALWAYS stuck to my vow and said no. But for 1996 BMW said, ‘We’re going to do this race until we win it,’ and I thought, I’d better do this. They started with a McLaren F1 run by Bigazzi, which I shared with Nelson Piquet at the Silverstone round as a shakedown. I put it on pole, and in the race we were miles in front, but our guys got their sums wrong, and we ran out of bloody fuel. I spluttered into the pits on tickover, and we finished fourth. Nelson was great: full of mischief and a great practical joker. At Le Mans I was with Jacques Lafitte and Marc Duez, and I was fastest qualifier of the seven McLarens, but we were delayed by a gearbox problem.”

The 1997 GTR McLaren had more power and more downforce, and BMW paired Steve with JJ Lehto in a Schnitzer car, up against the works



“A VERTEBRA WAS ALMOST TOUCHING MY SPINAL CORD. THAT WAS IT FOR RACING”

AMG Mercedes CLKs. With fine victories at Hockenheim, Helsinki, Spa and Mugello, they led the FIA Championship until problems in the last two rounds. “More than all the F1 drivers I’ve had as team-mates – Piquet, Brundle, Nannini, Boutsen – JJ was incredible over a single lap. If you watched his in-car footage it was perfectly smooth, with no excessive steering wheel movement. At first I was driving the GTR too much like a touring car, upsetting it with the throttle, but JJ taught me a lot.”

The 1998 Williams-built BMW V12 was the first open car Steve had ever raced. In the 24 Hours, with Tom Kristensen and Hans Stuck, he was out early with a wheel bearing problem. He did a lot of the development work on the much-improved ’99 car, but now Kalbfell had ceded the running of BMW’s race programme to Gerhard Berger. At Le Mans in ’99 Steve was bitterly disappointed when, despite his proven speed, Berger demoted him to the Dave Price-run ’98 cars. The new car won Le Mans,

while Steve, with Tomas Bscher and Bill Auberlen, was fifth behind the surviving Toyota and the Audis. “But Gerhard did put JJ and me in the ’99 car for five ALMS races, and we won three of them. That was the best car I ever raced: everything about it was right.

“I was as quick as I’d ever been, and I was winning on circuits I’d never seen, like Las Vegas and Sears Point. But Gerhard, having retired from F1 when he was 38, didn’t understand why he was paying a 48-year-old to drive. I did some ALMS rounds in 2000 with Jean-Marc Gounon, who’d come from F1, and he set up the car so hard it bounced around Road Atlanta like a football. After Petit Le Mans I said to Louise, ‘I’ve never driven so hard and worn myself out so much to come fourth.’ I could still dig deep, I could still do it, but it didn’t come naturally any more. I decided to stop.

“Then Peugeot asked me to drive a 406 Coupé in the 2001 BTCC. I didn’t want to start another relationship but it was a good deal, all I had to do was turn up and drive. Finally they convinced me. But it was too big and heavy, and you could get either power or torque out of it, but not both. We finally led a race at Oulton by getting our strategy and our pitstops dead right – it was my 100th BTCC start that day – and then a con-rod let go. In the last round at Brands, coming down the hill from Druids, I got helped off by Phil Bennett and went into the barriers. I cracked my helmet and was concussed, but it didn’t seem like a huge accident. Later a brain scan uncovered a serious neck injury. A vertebra was almost touching my spinal cord and it was too dangerous to operate. I consulted three specialists and they all said the same: you’ve got to change your lifestyle. So that was it for racing.

“Back in ’99 I’d taken over a struggling BMW dealership in Lincoln. We turned it around, and it’s now doing well. Later, with Tony Partridge, I invested in another dealership in Hampshire. Then in 2012 I started losing strength in my left arm. A scan showed the spinal thing was now serious, and just a stumble could paralyse or kill me. They had to operate. They went in through the front of the neck, removed three vertebrae and put two carbon cages in. Now my neck’s as strong as a 21-year-old’s. So at last summer’s Silverstone Classic David Cuff put me in his GT40. Then we went to Goodwood. My racecraft was rusty, but there was nothing wrong with my speed – I’d expected it to be the other way around – and I led for a few laps. Now David’s talking about doing Spa.

“Fans still write to me, as many from Germany as from the UK, and they often ask what I think was my greatest race, or my greatest achievement. My answer is always the same: staying employed as a works driver for nearly 20 years, without a year off. That was my achievement, and also my privilege.”

**MOTORSPORT
INSURANCE**

www.motorsportmagazineinsurance.com

EXCLUSIVE READER OFFER



**FOR ALL YOUR CARS,
YOU NEED ONLY ONE
INSURANCE PROVIDER**



We've fine-tuned our motor policies to keep the wheels of your life turning efficiently

Motor Sport Insurance

For a 10% discount and free legal cover

Call now on 0844 557 9214

And for all your other insurance needs, call **0844 576 0765**



65-BOLA

P. R. R.

E

28

Masters HISTORIC RACING

The past master

Renowned for his expertise as both racing car restorer and driver, former F1 mechanic Simon Hadfield lives at the heart of Europe's historic motor racing boom

writer GORDON CRUICKSHANK
photographer HOWARD SIMMONS



I HADN'T SEEN THE ROOF of an articulated transporter over the hedge I'd swear I was in the wrong place. I'm looking for Simon Hadfield Racing, preparers of race cars for meetings all over Europe. It must be in a huge industrial facility, yet I've driven into a small, tidy farmyard framed by Victorian buildings, all tiled roofs and ivy. But there's an

Airstream caravan opposite, and body panels from a Lola T70. Maybe the sat-nav was right.

Simon's arrival confirms it: this is the base for the very successful prep company headed by a very successful racer, Hadfield himself. We're still talking about his sensational victory in the Goodwood TT last September.

This is the family home, where his father ran an antique clocks business, with Simon later on operating from one corner. Now he employs 10 people servicing dozens of cars, yet the yard looks broadly unchanged, with several small workshops holding three or four chassis. From here you can't see the transporter and it's only later that Simon tells me about a 30-car unit a short distance away. But this is the shopfront, and it couldn't be more rustic.

Some folk can't wait to get away from the office, but not only does Simon's home form one corner of the yard, he has just built a conservatory onto the Aga-stoked farmhouse kitchen with big windows overlooking the space, so he can't avoid seeing what's going on. It makes a comfortable place to entertain customers – and passing journalists. We settle there to find out how he became a racer.

Those windows work both ways, of course: the guys in the shop can see what their boss is doing too. But there's no big division: Hadfield may be the owner, the admin chief worrying about income and expenditure, but he can and does wield welding torch as well as steering wheel. From school he "bounced around a bit" but always in racing outfits, including a Formula Atlantic team and working for Adrian Reynard, who taught him much about engineering and preparation. Squirrelling his way into F1 as a mechanic, he spent two stints as a fabricator in the ATS team, either side of a diversion to Merzario. "My only claim to fame – I substantially built the ATS that Jan Lammers qualified fourth at Long Beach in 1980!" There too he worked with some inspiring people – designer Gustav Brunner, future McLaren linchpin Jo Ramirez, the young Keke Rosberg. "If you work with good people it can't not have an effect on you," he says. In his last year there he was preparing an Elan to race – "but you can't race while you're in racing. It's too emotionally intense". Ostensibly he joined his dad's clocks business, but soon friends were asking him to do car jobs for them, and then

their friends... The outcome we see around us.

Racing began in '81 with that Elan, in HSCC Post-Historics. "I was working for Eddie Jordan Racing in F3, and back then there were no historic meetings, just an odd HSCC race tacked onto an F3 meeting. I was intrigued about racing these old cars and immediately joined the HSCC."

He had no instruction, though as a boy Dad gave him a Ford 100E to explore oversteer in the fields. "So I just followed the good guys round!

"I had no money but I was fortunate to have been around racing for years, and my father raced a Lotus 11, so knew how it all worked. What I didn't know was whether I had any talent, until Ian Titchmarsh told me, 'Stick at it – you could be good'."



AS WE TALK IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT Hadfield has some notion of racing karma – that helping people rewards you, too. That could be because his career was much boosted by what in the theatre business you'd call 'angels'. Seeing him show promise in a Lotus 47, several supporters provided cars: a Taydec sports car for '83, then in '84 a Brabham BT28 that yielded a first victory. But it was in John Upton's Valour Chevron B8 the following year that Hadfield took off: three races, three wins.

"Suddenly I was in there with the big boys – Can-Am campaigners like Mike Wheatley, John Foulston and Ted Williams." It brought attention – and fresh customers. They've never stopped knocking.

"My only misstep," he says, "was trying to race John's Sparton in British F3 when I was so

enthusiast, and his efforts started a lot of series. He also inflated my race budget – before I prepared his cars I was happy to race on old tyres, but not Frank. 'Throw them away!' That sort of thing curves your head."

You can't get round the words 'natural talent' but Simon seems to have maximised his through the theory. It's a big thing in his world view: accessing the potential, maximising what you've got. He's fulsome in praise of Jackie Stewart's book *Racing* – "best thing I've read about competition driving". In it JYS stresses attention to detail and thorough preparation, themes I can hear in Hadfield's talk, and above all silky-smooth car control.

That level of finesse impresses Simon; he describes watching in-car footage of the famously delicate Jenson Button as "gorgeous". And maybe something of that was what let him stroke what should have been an uncompetitive car to that utterly unexpected Goodwood win, when pouring rain neutralised the Cobras, E-types and Ferraris, letting Simon extract 100 per cent from the lower power and narrower tyres of Project 212 Aston Martin, a car that hasn't had the benefits of a radical makeover. Taking over from owner Wolfgang Friedrich in 14th place, he tunnelled his way through dense spray – without wipers as he couldn't find the switch – to snatch an upset victory, the first for Aston in the prime Goodwood Revival event.

"If it hadn't been for the rain I'd have been extremely pleased to come 10th in that car. But in all that water, in a car with lower limits I could explore them more fully," he says, with a shrug. Accessing the potential...

Time for a tour of the shop. Or shops, plural

"I JUST FOLLOWED THE GOOD GUYS ROUND. I DIDN'T KNOW IF I HAD ANY TALENT UNTIL IAN TITCHMARSH TOLD ME STICK AT IT, YOU COULD BE GOOD"

short of money Marcus Pye had to fill the tank for me. I was massively out of my depth, so I stepped back and stuck to historics. I've subsequently beaten many of the same guys!"

Since 1984 the Hadfield name has populated results lists across Europe, often in Chevron sports cars but just as often in F1, GT and saloons. Customers have become friends and team-mates – like Michael Schryver. Sharing Schryver's various cars the two make one of the most successful partnerships on the track. Then there's Frank Sytner. "I know he's controversial, but we love Frank to bits here. He's a massive

– hidden corners and outbuildings add up to quite a space, each crammed with cars. Everything bar engine building is done in-house – chassis, suspension, panels. But no road car restorations. "Every car here is raced," says Simon. Chevron F2, Gp5 De Tomaso Pantera, F5000 Lola with silencers like naval guns, the semi-lightweight E Bruce McLaren drove through 1961, Joaquin Folch's Maserati 250F, with rollbar. "Doesn't affect it all that much," says Simon. "Old cars are much more forgiving." He's full of the history, knows each car's biography, bubbles with the story of a



1



2



3



4



5

1 Sensational victory in 2013 Goodwood RAC TT
 2 Heading Spa 6Hrs with Leo Voyazides' GT40
 3 Aboard Chevron BT42 doing battle with Martin Stretton at Silverstone Classic
 4 Hadfield is at home in any era of machine
 5 Yet another garland...
 6 Swallowing kerbs in Voyazides' Ford Falcon



6

Schnitzer BMW engine from a March, of the Laystall F2 car in the next shop. "Hewland's first gearbox, you know..."

All this variety requires a lot of research. Luckily Simon is keen on what he calls the archaeology of racing, identifying layers of modification and picking a spec to follow. "Taking something decrepit and making it live again – that's a delight. Of course," he goes on wryly, "we could make more money if we specialised, but I like variety." He points to a Cannon. "We've discovered trialling is fun!"

Over rather good leek and potato soup made by Simon's wife Mandy (an active part of the firm and a racer herself), Simon is vociferous over what he calls the staircase of development in historic motor sport. He may be a constant winner, but he professes a wider desire, an almost utopian wish that everyone would play more nicely.

"If you can buy an extra 10 or 12 horsepower, what's the point of all that work on setting the car up? It should be about accessing every scrap of potential already in the car, not modifying it. And if everyone is developing to keep up then it's no longer historic motor sport. Once you take that step you're on that staircase, and this development spiral erodes the sport. If everyone stayed where they were, more people would race and there would be more business for everyone."

Provable or no, Simon accepts the realities: "I'm in a difficult position as someone who takes money to prepare cars. I cannot ever bring an illegal car to a race for a customer. I have to trust my engine builders." To build reliable engines? "Not to add in the latest non-period mod!"

He talks eloquently, even passionately about this, clutching his coffee mug tightly in his hand, and maybe it has more heft coming from a winner than it would from an also-ran. He is also trying to do something about it – he serves on the FIA historic racing working group. Next we get on to safety and the divergence between current and historic racing – how survivability has increased astoundingly in F1, yet drivers are still strapping themselves into – or sitting unbelted in – cars with almost zero protection.

"I've raced a Lotus 78 – there's nothing in front of you. You hope you're taking an informed risk for yourself, but you have to allow for others. There are certain people I will race within inches, but at Goodwood there are some people who are way out of their zone, using too many of their faculties simply driving the car. The Räikkönens of this world are using five per cent of their brain to drive the car and 95 per cent on the racing. In historic we're more likely to be the other way round." As ever, he's being polite here: "we" means "some people". It's hard to believe that the much-garlanded Hadfield is devoting inadequate brain-power to what's going on around him. □

REDFERNSHIRE/LAT

“IF SOMEONE HAD SAID YOU’LL RACE A BT49 I’D HAVE SAID YOU’RE SMOKING SOMETHING WACKY”



Of course Hadfield is running a business, not a sport. What if a customer is, shall we say, not utilising the car's full capabilities, falling short of Hadfield's benchmark in the same machine? "We want everyone to operate in their skill zone. If they say 'I can't match your times,' we're happy they're being straight and we'll do our best for them. If they come back with a list of problems we're not quite so bothered..."

Some customers he loves. His outfit prepares cars for prolific racer Leo Voyazides. "Leo has been a revelation – he's doing it superbly at all levels, and he can drive. It's so satisfying when you're allowed to do the job well." Meaning sometimes you're not? "Some people want you to keep costs down by fitting standard parts, but it's much better if we can make our own. Otherwise it becomes generic – a car is only the sum of its parts."

Starting as a fabricator it's easy for Simon to see a car this way, from the nuts out, and he's in

tune with a certain breed of engineer-driver. We talk about Jim Hall, Colin Chapman, Bruce McLaren. "If you brought Ross Brawn and Rory Byrne to this workshop," Simon muses, "they could build you a car – but they're about the last generation of designers who could."

"Have you read this?" Simon slaps a copy of Mark Donohue's *The Unfair Advantage* on the table. (I hadn't. Two days later a copy drops on my desk, courtesy of Simon.) Along with his team owner Roger Penske the talented American used the philosophy of incremental development through repeated testing, the scientific approach, and outlined it in print.

"He published this almost 40 years ago, yet they're all things we still need to be doing today!" Simon says. He's animated on the relationship between the self-effacing racer-engineer and the powerful Penske, whose deep pockets, and trust in Donohue, enabled him to back his driver with the facilities he needed.

Ironic, as one of the things Hadfield's outfit is big on is set-up, optimised by repeated testing at the convenient Mallory Park – which has just gone into administration. What will they do?

"Get up earlier and go to Silverstone," he grins. Testing is something you don't skimp on – not if you want to win.



HE'S BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO DRIVE some of the greatest machinery from racing's past. "That's been the biggest thrill. Once you've shown you'll be safe and sensible, and can bring the car back in better shape than when you took it, people invite you to try their stuff. I've driven almost all the cars that were on my bedroom wall! When I was at Merzario and [Nelson] Piquet pulled into the pits in his BT49, if someone had said to me 'you'll race one of those in a few years' I'd have said 'you're really smoking something wacky'." He doesn't say that it was Bernie Ecclestone's BT49C, and he won a Thoroughbred GP round in it.

In all this, Hadfield is aware just how fortunate he's been to rise with the tide of historic racing. "I had the benefit of arriving at a golden time, when you could buy a Lotus 47 for a few hundred quid, when historics were peripheral. The first time the HSCC ran a pure historic meet it was a massive thing. Now we're a world of our own, quite introverted."

Not entirely, though. "I'm really concerned for young drivers today. There's too much racing. It's hard to be the tallest poppy in the field. If they make it through Formula Ford they'll need to find a good couple of million before they get even to Formula Renault. And grids are packed with guys who find this money from one place or another. There's a tsunami of money and talent coming in – there are 20 good young Russian drivers in karts right now."

These aren't empty words: sitting with us is Hadfield's protégé Ben Mitchell, who was proving pretty rapid in historic FF1600 when his car was written off. Hadfield offered him a Merlyn and engine for the season, "And it came back in better shape than it left, which was a good sign." Currently, in return for his efforts in the workshop, including tutoring Simon's son James in his racing, Simon provides an engine for Ben to race in Kent FF, and runs the car.

"It's the only place a privateer can race against the big teams. He's fantastic, so I try to lend a hand," Simon explains. "I'm not a saint, but I had so much help in my time that I want to put something back." That karma thing.

"And it's brought a new dimension to us, finding how modern cars work. A different way of thinking that feeds back to what we do. We can't re-invent a car, but we can finesse. And it's fantastic fun to see Ben making progress. It's inspiring. No, that's not the right way to put it, that sounds soppy. It's motor racing! Is that a better way?"

Stunning images from the archives



Celebrating 90 years of *Motor Sport*

Motor Sport came into being when Antonio Ascari and Henry Segrave were in their pomp, the Le Mans 24 Hours was still a new race, and Enzo Ferrari was a top-line driver. To mark our 90th anniversary, the 2014 *Motor Sport* calendar features sumptuous images from the past nine decades, selected from the world-renowned LAT Photographic archive. The photographs, which are also suitable for framing, are printed on 250gsm fine art paper. The calendar measures 594x420mm and is a limited-edition run of 1200 copies.

ONLY
£29.95
+P&P

ORDER YOUR 2014 MOTOR SPORT CALENDAR NOW 3 EASY WAYS TO ORDER



Online www.motorsportmagazine.com/CAL14



Call 020 7349 8472
and quote CAL14



Complete and post the form to:
Motor Sport Calendar, 38 Chelsea Wharf,
15 Lots Road, London SW10 0QJ

Please send me copies of the Motor Sport Calendar 2014 at £29.95 plus postage and packing:
UK add £8.50 per calendar; rest of the world add £15. For USA: \$49.95 plus \$22 postage and packing per calendar.

Name

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... payable to *Motor Sport*
Please debit my credit card the sum of £.....

Address

Visa Debit Visa Credit Mastercard American Express Maestro

.....

Card number

..... Postcode

Expiry date SEC Maestro only - Issue no.
(last 3 digits on reverse)

Country Tel. no

E-mail address

Signature



YOU ARE AT THE CIRCUS TO WITNESS the world's greatest high-wire artists do their thing. You can barely see the wire, one hundred feet above you, and there's no safety net. The lights go down and the spotlights pick out a tiny figure, hovering at one end of the wire. The reigning tightrope champ steps gently forward and teeters above the abyss, tensed muscles reacting to every quiver of the wire until he finally reaches the platform at the other end. The crowd roars its appreciation. The next artist appears, stoops low, pulls back on his heels and sprints across the rope which twangs wildly, sending the figure dancing this way and that, his arms and legs searching for equilibrium. It seems certain he will fall, but his superhuman sense of balance takes him to the other side with ease. A huge grin spreads across his face. The crowd cannot believe what it's just seen. ▣





All arms & elbows

Marc Márquez rewrote the rules of MotoGP technique last season and, in so doing, became the youngest premier-class champ in the sport's history. What drives Spain's latest bike-racing phenomenon?

writer MAT OXLEY



THIS, THEN, IS MARC MÁRQUEZ:

a controversial young apprentice of prodigious talent who has revolutionised a sport and become its youngest-ever champion. Whatever you call him – Marc the Magnificent or Marc the Maniac – the 20-year-old changed MotoGP during 2013, ushering in a new kind of aggression and a spectacular riding technique that had you wondering if someone had changed the laws of physics.

“Marc rides always at the limit – it seems like he’s crashing all the time but he’s not crashing,” says his Repsol Honda team-mate Dani Pedrosa.

“Marc is like a bomb that’s come into MotoGP and exploded,” adds German MotoGP rider Stefan Bradl.

Outgoing World Champion Jorge Lorenzo isn’t a fan, but even he has to admit that his nemesis has forced riders to up their game like never before. “Márquez is making us better, faster and stronger riders,” says the man who

“LORENZO HAS TO ADMIT THAT HIS NEMESIS FORCED RIDERS TO UP THEIR GAME”

looked likely to enjoy several years of domination until his young compatriot appeared on the scene.

Wherever you watch Márquez he is breathtaking to behold and does things no one else does. He is so aggressive on the brakes that he has his RC213V fishtailing, the rear tyre an inch or two in the air. Other riders also do this, but they don’t then yank the handlebars towards opposite lock to tip the bike into the turn while the rear end is still kicked out sideways.

At this point, it looks like the former 125 and Moto2 World Champion will surely crash, but his talent, reflexes and sheer physicality keep him on the right side of oblivion. Most of the time. Then he scrapes an elbow slider across the tarmac, yanks the bike upright and he’s gone, in a screaming cacophony of RCV exhaust noise.

“Marc has a unique talent – he has the ability to push beyond,” says Freddie Spencer, the youngest premier-class champion before Márquez. “He is able to feel the edge of the limit even where there’s a lot of movement from the bike and he can control that. He has an incredible feel and is able to anticipate what’s

going to happen next, which gives him a real advantage. He is extremely intuitive. He’s come into MotoGP and raised the level, whereas most new guys come in and conform to what the other guys are doing.”

Márquez’s sense of balance is never less than amazing. “Marc is like a cat that always lands on his feet,” says British rival Cal Crutchlow. “He locks the rear into every corner at nearly full lean and you think, ‘How can he get away with that?’ But he does it at every corner! I followed him at Catalunya and I thought, this guy ain’t finishing this race. His shoulder was on the kerbs, not his elbow or his arm, his whole shoulder next to his helmet was on the kerbs. I was thinking, ‘No chance of him finishing’.”

Márquez did finish that race and went on to win the championship in his rookie year, the first time anyone has done that since American Kenny Roberts in 1978.

Márquez stays on when others fall because he’s got a superhuman sense of balance while his mind and body have spent the last 15 years or so learning how to ride a motorcycle at the brink of disaster. As a child he rode a lot on dirt tracks, acclimatising to riding with the front tyre tucked and the rear tyre slewing sideways. That’s how former greats like Roberts, Wayne Rainey and Mick Doohan learned to ride.

He’s also developed his own techniques, like using his elbows as outriggers to save a crash, as other riders use their knees. “Sometimes you can save a crash with your knee,” he says, laughing. “But if you have your knee and an elbow, you can do it more easily!”

Márquez scrapes his elbows at nearly every corner, so while other riders use plastic elbow sliders, he has specially made magnesium sliders that just about last one race. “When I tried plastic sliders they were finished in five laps!” he says, still laughing.

His favourite corner is Turn Five of the Indianapolis MotoGP circuit: a fast, bumpy, left-hander – just like a dirt-track curve – but with a hard surface. Riding through that corner he’s got the bike jumping around, front and rear tyres leaving smears of rubber on the Tarmac, like a Morse code SOS. Meanwhile he is perched on top, muscles tensing and relaxing as he counteracts the forces by adjusting pressure through hands, feet and backside, all the while twitching his upper body this way and that to transfer load from one tyre to the other. It’s a delicate yet vicious show – Márquez is somewhere between ballet dancer and wrestler.



MÁRQUEZ LIKES TO RIDE LOOSELY, SO he’s been able to revive an old riding technique that was presumed lost. During the last decade, the development of electronic rider aids and Bridgestone slicks turned the emphasis towards wide lines and high cornering speeds, which means no sliding. And then Márquez arrived,



The laws of physics take another hammering as Márquez attacks Sepang, Malaysia. Below, the Spaniard celebrates his title success after the Valencia season finale

using the throttle like the former dirt trackers who ruled Grand Prix racing throughout the 1980s and 1990s. “If you slide, sure you destroy the tyres more, but if you can manage that, then you can control the bike better,” he says. “And by sliding to stay on the inside line you can stop other guys from attacking.”

The way he manhandles his RC213V and leans off so far that he grinds his elbows comes from two seasons in Moto2. These are heavy, unwieldy race bikes with zero aids that must be bent to a rider’s will.

Their lack of any electronic engine-braking control has the rear tyre skittering into corners, a negative that Márquez turned into a positive and then brought with him into MotoGP.

“When you slide the rear into corners you take weight off the front tyre so maybe you can brake a little later,” he says.

His greatest rivals Lorenzo and Pedrosa had very different upbringings. They spent their formative years on Tarmac and both won the 250 World Championship (replaced by Moto2 in 2010) before graduating to MotoGP. The



250s were light, responsive two-strokes that encouraged a smooth, inch-perfect riding technique, so that's how Lorenzo and Pedrosa ride in MotoGP, which strengthened the shift towards wheels-in-line riding.

Roberts, who dominated American dirt track racing before conquering Europe, is delighted that Márquez has brought back the technique he introduced to GP racing in the 1970s.


"These past few years, people keep telling me that although Wayne [Rainey], Kevin [Schwartz] and I used to steer with the rear wheel, you don't need to do that any more," says Roberts, who won the premier-class title in 1978, 1979 and 1980. "Oh, really? Well, guess what? That's how Márquez does it. If you can let the bike drift, spin and go sideways, then point it where you want it, it's much easier than trying to do it by using lean angle and depending on the front tyre."

Whatever the reason for his speed, there's no doubt that Márquez does things other riders struggle to do. In recent years MotoGP races have become too often processional, because



riders find it difficult to overtake. They say that carbon brakes have shortened stopping distances, making it impossible to out-brake a rival in normal circumstances. And they say that traction control allows every rider to exit corners at maximum speed, so neither is it possible to gain an advantage there.

Márquez doesn't seem subject to the same rules – he can pass on the brakes because he's happy riding out of control all the way to the apex. "It's more like he's riding with motocross handlebars, not like a road racer," says Pedrosa, who suffered the ignominy of being outshone by his rookie team-mate during 2013. "Marc's corner entry comes from Moto2 – he falls the bike into corners."

No wonder Márquez sometimes falls off. Last season he was the second most frequent crasher in MotoGP – he tumbled 15 times in 18 race weekends – but it's significant that all but one of those falls came in practice. In other words, Márquez uses practice to try new ideas and push the boundaries, and sometimes those experiments go wrong. Hardly surprising 



Márquez leads main rivals Jorge Lorenzo and Dani Pedrosa at Indianapolis

“MOST FANS ADORE RIDERS WHO LOOK SPECTACULAR, WHO AREN'T AFRAID TO TREAD DEEP INTO THE DANGER ZONE”

considering that he had only just graduated from a 125bhp Moto2 bike to a 250bhp, 215mph MotoGP bike.

He is certainly lucky – so far – that he bounces well. Márquez escaped serious injury in all those accidents, including a record-breaking 209.9mph tumble at Mugello. During the year he broke a few minor bones, dislocated a shoulder and felt a lot of pain. Lorenzo, on the other hand, crashed only three times but twice broke a collarbone.



IF MÁRQUEZ'S ANTICS HAVE THE ENTIRE MotoGP paddock in awe, they haven't won him universal respect. The man has a dark side, and some rivals accuse him of riding dangerously.

“Sometimes Marc's actions are too hard,” says Lorenzo, his most vocal critic. “He takes risks for himself but also for the rest of us...”

Opinion in MotoGP is split between riders like Lorenzo and Pedrosa, who enjoy racing for the speed and not for the fight, and riders like Valentino Rossi and Crutchlow, who believe in a more robust style of racing. “Marc rides very hot,” says Crutchlow, “but some riders make controversy because they're annoyed they're getting beaten – simple as that.”

In fact, there's nothing new about Márquez's aggression. Older racers – who remember an era when rubbin' was racin' and no one seemed

to give a damn unless someone got hurt – can't believe all the fuss.

“Wayne [Rainey] and I had some of the best fights there have ever been on a racetrack,” recalls 1993 500cc champion Schwantz. “We traded paint, we leaned on each other, touched leathers and handlebars. It was hard fighting. We don't need guys complaining about how others are riding. They need to grow up, quit crying, respect each other, go out and race.”

Whenever Márquez was penalised during 2013 – he received more penalty points than anyone else – he admitted his mistake, insisted he wouldn't change his style of racing and smiled sweetly for the cameras. Of course, most people know that's no smile – it's an assassin's grin.

The sport's youngest champion has committed numerous crimes during his career, some plain stupid, others the kind of dirty, sneaky little moves to which most racers resort when they feel like it. Most famously, there was his final-corner collision with Lorenzo at Jerez. He avoided sanction because it was ruled a normal racing incident – two riders arguing over the same piece of Tarmac. Indeed, video footage from the rear shows Márquez clearly ahead when the pair made contact. Yes, it was an aggressive move, but no more so than that inflicted on a rival by a teenage Lorenzo at the same corner and no more so than that inflicted by Rossi upon Sete Gibernau in 2005.

There is no doubt that Márquez is a merciless assassin on the racetrack, but what about when he's out of his leathers? Could it be that he's just another petulant racing prodigy who's never had a proper job and believes that the world revolves around him?

Obviously it's hard to know the real man. All you can do is go with what information you've got. A colleague recalls seeing Márquez a few days before the 2012 British GP, as team artics crept into the Silverstone paddock. Several Moto2 teams arrived late and were in a hurry to get their trucks unloaded and their garages set up. In the hubbub of mechanics carrying crates and equipment, there was only one rider doing anything to help. It was Márquez, and he was laughing and joking with his crew.

Apart from that mad racetrack streak, the kid from Cervera (a small town, 60 miles inland from Barcelona) seems maddeningly perfect. His speed, boyish good looks and demeanor are sponsorship gold. He's a great interviewee: engaged, illuminating, smiling and entirely unafraid to speak his mind. His mental agility reminds me of interviewing Rossi for the first time a decade and a half ago.

True, he may not have Rossi's rock and roll swagger, but as his star rises and Rossi's falls, it won't be long before he is the most popular bike racer on earth.

Most racing fans adore riders who look spectacular, who aren't afraid to tread deep into the danger zone in pursuit of their dreams and who make it known to the world that they relish what they do. That's why they love Márquez, because he brightens their Sunday afternoons, just like Rossi used to.

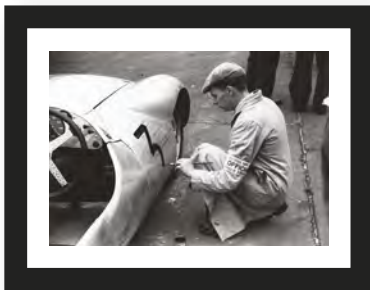
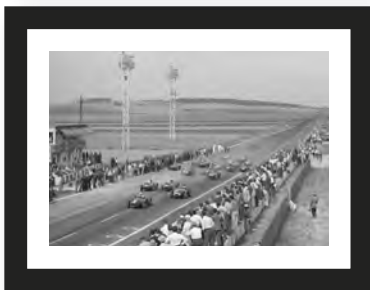
He is the kid with a smile for everyone who all the while is utterly focused on where he's going. He has that one-in-a-billion ability to live life at two speeds, combining zoom-lens focus on the details with perfect peripheral vision, fully seeing and understanding everything that's going on around him.

You can witness this ability every afternoon at the back of his pit garage, where there's always a crowd of cute teenage girls, the next generation of Valentineeboppers. They linger by the door, phones in hand, hoping for a photo of the angelic face that hides a devilish determination to win. While having his photo taken with star-struck fans, you just know that he's working out where to commit his next pass. Will he do Lorenzo at Turn Six or Turn 11?

There is no doubt that Márquez isn't always as in control as he should be, but he is already smoothing off the rough edges. Will he then become perfect and go on to become the greatest rider in history, surpassing the genius of Rossi, Mike Hailwood and Giacomo Agostini? It would seem there is every possibility of that: when Rossi joined the premier class in 2000, even he didn't raise the game as Márquez did last season. ☐

Create the perfect gift

at the online *Motor Sport* photo store



Browse a wide selection of stunning images that have been carefully researched and chosen by the *Motor Sport* team. We've worked with the world-renowned LAT Photographic to source images covering everything from pre-war racing to the current day, including Formula 1, rallying, sports cars and other categories. Available in a variety of formats, from large/small canvasses, high-quality framed prints, jigsaws and mugs to T-shirts, this makes Christmas shopping easier for you, your friends and family.



To own images of your favourite racers visit:

photos.motorsportmagazine.com

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

FIA GT SERIES ❖ EAST AFRICAN SAFARI CLASSIC RALLY

Oil-rich Azerbaijan has many attributes that might one day make it a suitable destination for F1



JOHN BROOKS

**FIA
GT Series
Baku, Azerbaijan**

“IT WAS NOT THE EASIEST OF WEEKENDS,” HE CONFIDED while boarding the flight home. Stéphane Ratel is not only the master of his GT racing universe, but also a master of understatement. The inaugural Baku World Challenge certainly had its challenges. The FIA GT Series championship finale would be fought out around a new street circuit on the waterfront of Azerbaijan’s capital city. It was never going to be easy, for organisers or drivers. Street tracks have their own special problems, especially in a country with precious little experience of motor sport.

“Baku is the new Dubai,” an oil company executive told me. “The Azeris have come a long way in a short time, but there is much more in the pipeline.” He was referring, of course, to the vast amounts of oil and gas in the Caspian Sea, the income from which is being used to put the former Soviet state very firmly on the international map. There was a street race in Baku during autumn 2012, but the World Challenge was ❑

EVENTS

OF THE MONTH

something altogether more ambitious: more cars, a new circuit and demo laps by some historic Grand Prix cars, plus the GT Series championship decider. The scene was set for a dramatic weekend but nobody could have predicted just how spectacular this new event would be.

The Baku World Challenge was a joint venture between the Stéphane Ratel Organisation, promoter Jean-François Chaumont from Spa-Francorchamps, the FIA and the Azerbaijan government, with marshals drafted in from the Hungaroring. By the end of a rollercoaster weekend most folk agreed that this new event has enormous potential, speculating that Mr Ecclestone will be keeping an eye on the 'City of Lights' – so called due to its sparkling modern architecture.

It's true that the circuit is still in need of some tweaks before it can be considered for a Grand Prix, but the layout along the waterfront is challenging and fast. The FIA was not happy with one of the chicanes, but that was sorted before the GT cars went out in anger. More bizarrely, the Tarmac was washed early on race day, forcing the FIA to declare a wet race on a beautiful sunny morning. These, though, are the teething troubles with a new circuit in a far-off land with no racing heritage and the Azeris are as keen as anyone to learn from these glitches. They have the wealth, the enthusiasm and the commitment. All they need to do now is immerse themselves in the inner workings of the sport.

The Audi R8s were clear favourites to take the title, and the vastly experienced Stéphane Ortelli was expected to be crowned champion by the close of Sunday afternoon. Into the first chicane they funnelled and Ortelli, in his Team WRT Audi, got the break he wanted when a messy multiple collision left poleman Niki Mayr's Audi and Rob Bell's McLaren limping back to the pits for repairs.

Ortelli and Alon Day (Charouz Mercedes) initially held sway and, during the mandatory pitstops, Laurens Vanthoor took over the Audi and passed Day to assert himself at the front. Kevin Estre took over from Bell in the Hexis McLaren and so began a mesmerising drive through the field from eighth position, the Frenchman aggressively forcing his way to the front. Minutes from the end he passed both Alvaro Parente (Loeb McLaren) and Day at the first hairpin and chased after the leading



Audi. There weren't enough laps left for Estre, however, so the race and the 2013 championship went, as predicted, to Ortelli and Vanthoor. Almost two hours after the race, the stewards penalised Estre and Day for avoidable contact at the hairpin. This elevated the Parente/Loeb McLaren to second and put the Bell/Estre McLaren down to third, with Day/Maximilian Buhk back in fourth.

It was unfair on the Azeri fans, drawn in by posters urging them to 'Come Feel The Power!', that such a thrilling climax to the season ended in the stewards' room long after they had left their seats. Still carrying their national flags, handed out free at the gates, they'd got back in their cars and driven home through the traffic as if they were on the last lap of a title decider.

Baku in rush hour, we learnt, is a street race all its own.

None of this mattered to Ortelli and Vanthoor who picked up a cheque for €100,000, the 2013 FIA GT Series title and a fine race win in the inaugural Baku World Challenge. This was a fifth major GT title for the man from



The winning Ortelli/Vanthoor Audi gets the jump at the start, top. The Hassid/Beltoise BMW took 10th overall, third in class, above. Podium frolics and a decent pay-day, below



Monaco, making him one of the most successful GT drivers of recent times.

"I could not have done this today without the speed and talent of Laurens," he said, "so thank you to him. I really can't believe that we've won this race and it feels so good to do it with Audi. I am so happy, I am almost speechless."

As the sun slipped down behind the skyscrapers, happy fans and weary officials made their way back to homes and hotels after a memorable weekend's racing. Those of us who watched the Baku World Challenge win its way through some growing pains will say "we were there" and hope to return. Despite all the hiccoughs, GT ringmaster Ratel remains optimistic.

"The concept is good," he said. "We brought a grid of 28 cars and had a very competitive race – that is good at the end of the season. The city is beautiful, it has some great history and the location is excellent, not too far away, just between Europe and Asia. This could become an absolute classic, like Macau, no doubt about that. There is great potential here, for sure. Yes, there are some things to resolve, the tight chicanes – especially the first one – for example, but we must remember a street track is a street track. There is never enough space. I wouldn't be surprised if one day F1 comes here."

"D'you remember? We were racing in China at Zhuhai in 1994, and a few years later F1 went to Shanghai. I don't know, we will see."

For now, many lessons have been taken on board and another title has been decided. A great many Europeans came away enthralled by the city of Baku, capital of a country that is going places as quickly as oil pours from the Caspian Sea. *Rob Widdows*



Ian Duncan/Amar Slatch won after a tight battle with Stig Blomqvist/Staffan Parmander



Aziz Tejpar/Andy Nagi took their Escort to 16th overall, second in class, above. A helping push for the Kobus Coetzee/Ramon Hayde Escort, right. Below, Björn and Mathias Waldegård later crashed out



East African Safari Classic Rally

ON A TOUGH RALLY IN AFRICA RUN OVER nine days and more than 1000 miles of competitive sections, one would never have imagined such a ding-dong lead battle. Mere seconds separated the leading drivers in the 2013 East African Safari Classic, held for cars built before 1979.

At the start of the final day, Ian Duncan/Amar Slatch (Ford Capri V8 Perana) led Stig Blomqvist/Staffan Parmander (Porsche 911) by nine seconds. Two competitive sections later, having tied for fastest time on the first, Blomqvist had taken a 38sec lead. What could go wrong for the Tuthill-prepared Porsche?

Both drivers threw caution to the wind through the final 50 miles and, though Duncan finished the section with a damaged tyre that looked as if it should have deflated, it was Blomqvist who got a puncture, losing his lead and the rally.

Earlier, there had been dramas when Björn Waldegård, multiple winner of the original Safari, crashed out at the start of the third day after taking a Tanzanian concrete river crossing too quickly and rolling his Porsche 911. The Swede and co-driver son Mathias were unhurt. Deliberately choosing to take a softly-softly

approach to this hard, dusty rally, Paris-Dakar veteran Gérard Marcy and co-driver Stéphane Prévot drove the entire rally at what they described as "90 per cent". They suffered only a fraction of the troubles affecting faster cars and were rewarded with third place, 12min behind Blomqvist. Among those 'faster cars' were the BMA Porsche 911s of Bernard Munster/Johan Gitsels and Grégoire de Mévius/Alain Guehenec. Munster was new to the event and took it gently at first, but sped up after the Ford Escort RS1800 of John Lloyd/Gavin Laurence caught him on the first section. After getting into his stride and setting fastest time, punctures and broken brake calipers put him back down the field. His team-mate de Mévius led the rally at one point, but was sidelined by a broken driveshaft on the first stage back in Kenya.

With time allowed every evening for service and sweeper cars towing stricken crews out of sections, the number of competitors did not drop significantly and 54 of the 60 starters qualified as finishers.

Within the top 10, there were seven Porsche 911s with only Duncan's Capri, Lloyd's Escort and the Datsun 260Z of Steve Perez/John Millington breaking the monotony.

Perez had an excellent run on this event battling through problems with punctures and damaged suspension to finish fourth overall. Over the last two days he had had to fight off the attentions of Kenya's new rally champion Baldev Chager, who had swapped his modern four-wheel-drive rally car for a Tuthill-prepared Porsche 911.

Perez's team-mates Geoff Bell/Tim Challen were going well with their 260Z until an axle broke on the penultimate day, after which they dropped from contention completely following a roll. *John Davenport* 📷

ON THE ROAD WITH

SIMON ARRON



Possibly the only man with both F1 and Mallory Park media passes. Next stop...?

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/simonarron/



The clocks went back in the WRC stars' slipstream: Dylan Davies and Llion Williams tackle Clocaenog

FOREST GUMPTION

Wales Rally GB, November 15-17: annual showpiece returns to its roots (and routes)

LAST MONTH'S event report touched on the Wales Rally GB's resurgent popularity, but skimmed on some of the detail – a by-product of tight deadlines. So... Saturday morning, Dyfi. There is apparently space to accommodate only four more cars when I reach the parking area, but I'm one of a fortunate quartet. How far is it to the stage? "About two miles," a marshal tells me, "probably two and a half..." It's significantly uphill, too, and I'm



lugging two camera bodies plus assorted lenses. Approximately mid-trudge, I hear a couple of vehicles approaching from behind. For the first time since 1978, while trekking around north-west France,

I stick out a thumb. It's more reflex and hope than expectation, but a Range Rover pulls up. I've no idea how the driver talked his way past the bloke on the gate and don't much care: he and his mate are present to support Irishman Eamonn Boland's Subaru Impreza

SIMON ARRON

and are happy to transport me to the summit. Result.

It's as packed by the stage's edge as car park numbers imply, and marshals have their work cut out to control the crowd – or, more critically, keep them away from the firing line. I ask the post commander which areas he'd like me to avoid and he indicates several perceived danger spots. "If you're towards the inside," he says, "anywhere near that pile of rocks, you'll be out of harm's way." As he points, Ukrainian Mini driver Oleksii Kikireshko looms into view, spins and reverses onto the very same rocks. I receive a shrug of acknowledgement and position myself elsewhere.

It doesn't much matter whether the approaching car is Sébastien Ogier's VW Polo or a standard-looking Renault Twingo, the audience response is similarly enthusiastic and the sense of anticipation never wavers.

At one stage, a knot of spectators gathers in a prohibited area and a marshal asks them to step back behind the security tapes. "I'm not moving," says a fat bloke in a bright yellow jacket. "Fair enough," the marshal replies, politely, "but there are several hundred people in the correct place, just over there. Would you mind explaining to them why we're going to have to cancel the stage?" Fat bloke moves and the action continues – a triumph for calm governance.

Afterwards I ponder a trip to the Chirk Castle stage, but traffic, the need



for a cheese sandwich and diminishing light persuade me to repair instead to the service area. It transpires that I've by-passed automotive bedlam: popularity and pandemonium are common bedfellows.

Sunday morning, Clocaenog. Not wishing to leave anything to chance, I arrive more than two hours before the first car is due... and the overflow car park is already overflowing. The walk is shorter and flatter this time, the route occasionally infused with the scent of barbecued sausage. I ask one of the marshals if he can recommend a decent vantage point and his descriptive precision is such that he might well be a co-driver in his spare time. "The first car arrives at 11.06," he says, "but the proper ones don't get here until 12.41..."

He means the rear-drive Ford Escorts.

"The event has recaptured some of its original spirit," another marshal tells me. "I know it's still regional, rather than national, but this is classic Rally GB terrain and it hasn't passed through here for years – that's what caught the public's imagination. We've also attracted marshals from other rally hot-spots, such as the North-East. It would have taken them seven hours to get to the event when it was based in South Wales, so they didn't bother. They can get here in about three, though, and have turned out in droves."

The crowd is as boisterous and passionate as it had been the previous day and many stay until the last of the stragglers has passed through. As I squelch back towards the car, about five hours after parking, many a barbecued sausage is still being gently tweaked.

The Wales Rally GB needs that, too, but 2013 provided a positive step.

The Lorenzo Bertelli/Mitia Dotta Fiesta, top. Robert Barrable's 21st-placed Fiesta gets a Saturday evening service, above. Crowd lingers to watch the Simon Tysoe/Cliffy Williams RS1800, below



ALL IMAGES SIMON ARRON

GAME, SET AND MATHS

Brands Hatch, November 10: if you thought the F1 rulebook was confusing...

THE FORMULA VEE FESTIVAL'S REMIT IS plain enough, but there's half a chance you won't be familiar with the concept of the Victor Meldrew Trophy. A brief explanation follows, although it might not make things terribly clear.

Created in 2007, the Meldrew shared top billing with a brisk (but slender) Vee field at one of Brands Hatch's later 2013 clubbies. As its name implies, the race is aimed at older drivers, although a free bus pass is not mandatory. It is open to a wide range of saloon cars, which this time embraced everything from a Toyota Starlet to a Jaguar XJ-S via a horde of 3-series BMWs and a couple of charismatic (ie Mk1/Mk2) Ford Escorts.

It's a handicap event, the result determined by a staggered start, various credit laps and "a complex system for awarding points". This is calculated as follows: "The difference between a driver's best and average lap time, subtracted from three, will be multiplied by half the driver's age (birth certificate proof required for the over 65s) and half the driver's weight in kilos. The resulting figure will be added to length of marriage (multiple certificates accepted) and distance travelled to the venue (in miles for home-based competitors, kilometres for those who live south of Calais)." There are also, apparently, a few other criteria.

Metro driver Neal Gardiner lost a wheel before he'd set a practice time, retired early from the first race (in which Kristian Dean and Warren Gazzard recorded a BMW one-two) and was declared winner of the second, even though he seemed to be running somewhere in midfield. Later, once the abacus had been pressed into service, the obvious conclusion was that BMW M3 racer Mike Collins (fifth and 14th on the day) was the overall 2013 Meldrew champion. The bottom line, though, is that everybody enjoyed it – on both sides of the debris fencing.

The Vee contest had fewer cars but greater formality – and for the most part was a lot more straightforward. Adam Macauley dominated qualifying and the first of three races, but retired from the main event after damaging his nose – the result of contact during a splendid lead battle in which five cars were covered by no more than a sneeze. The group eventually splintered and Peter Belsey (Spyder) went on to beat race two winner Ben Miloudi (Ray) by a couple of seconds. By that time it was pretty much dark, competitive sunlight having ebbed shortly after 3pm.

Winter clubbies might have lost some of their lustre in the 30 years since the BBC sent cameras to Brands Hatch to cover packed Formula Ford 2000 fields, but they remain a precious throwback and merit support.



Matthew Skelton's XJ-S faces stiff competition and a low sun. Above, Vee winner Peter Belsey leads the way



FOREVER AUTUMN

Oulton Park, November 23: rallying bathes in mellow fruitfulness

SINGLE-VENUE RALLYING IS NOTHING new at Oulton Park, but it's a relatively rare custom. The first such event I attended was the Ian Harwood Stages in February 1980, when a Hillman Imp chased me across the frozen Cheshire tundra. When I mentioned this incident in print, more than 30 years later, I received an apologetic email from one Paul Rogerson, who felt sure that he'd been the guilty party...

I missed a string of similar events during the balance of the 1980s, but was present again in 2012 when Bolton-Le-Moors Car Club staged its Neil Howard Memorial Stages at Oulton for the first time – a November initiative that added a hint of bright, autumnal splendour to a traditionally leafy backdrop.

Conditions were equally sunny when the event returned, one year on. The entry list was oversubscribed with everything from the

Mike Taylor/
Peter Grant
tackle Lodge the
conventional
way, above,
while Richard
Sutton/Chris
Reynolds take
the same corner
in reverse, right



customarily banzai WRC warriors to Richard Sutton's V8-engined Triumph Dolomite – club motor sport at its most beguilingly diverse. Some of the more potent four-wheel-drive entries had almost too much traction for tighter parts of the course, an amusing contrast to the Ford Escort armada's gymnastics, but the newer kit eventually prevailed. Graham Coffey/Victoria Myers (Subaru Impreza) beat John Stone/Ian Jones (Skoda Fabia) by just 2sec after eight stages, the last of those in twilight.

The only thing missing is loose-surface mileage (although some drivers devised their own). It's oft forgotten that Oulton Park hosted rallycross events during the 1980s, so the time for creative renaissance is perhaps ripe. 📺

Join *Motor Sport* at the 2014 Le Mans Classic

Sign up to *Motor Sport's* fantastic 2014 Le Mans Classic packages and take part in an event that celebrates the best in historic motor racing, from July 3-7

Motor Sport has teamed up with Speed Chills, the UK's largest private camping provider at Le Mans, to offer readers two excellent package trips to the biennial event at La Sarthe. The packages include channel crossing, a weekend admission ticket, access to the *Motor Sport* clubhouse and a choice of either camping or hotel accommodation just minutes from the circuit.

We can tailor your trip according to the days you're travelling, your selected arrival port, your party size and your accommodation preferences. We can ensure you'll have a weekend to remember!

Also included in the price is the *Motor Sport* 90th anniversary cavalcade and picnic for our readers and their cars to travel down to the circuit on Thursday July 3. So if you have a classic car that needs its legs stretched – or even a modern machine – and you want to be part of a very memorable event, then get your friends and family involved and sign up today.

CAMPING PACKAGE

Prices start from £321pp based on four people in a car, with a 40m² camping pitch at the Speed Chills Bleu Sud Private Camping site (close by the start/finish straight)

HOTEL PACKAGE

Prices start from £794pp based on two people in a car and sharing a twin or double room at a hotel five minutes from the circuit.

In addition to your accommodation, packages include the following:

- Eurotunnel crossing
- Access to the *Motor Sport* clubhouse
- Meet the *Motor Sport* team
- General admission tickets
- Travel pack with rally plate and vinyl stickers for your car
- Brit Assist specialist breakdown cover and recovery service
- Breakfast and picnic for the journey down (if you take part in the cavalcade on July 3, 2014)

For more information and alternative booking options go to:

www.motorsportmagazine.com

or you can book at www.speedchills.com/le-mans-classic/motor-sport-magazine

Tel: **0845 652 8824** (24 hours)
or **01252 717871** (office hours)



**SPEED
CHILLS**

ERIC SAWYER

HISTORIC SCENE WITH

GORDON CRUICKSHANK



One wheel in the past: searching out what's new in the old car world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/gordon-cruickshank



Star's 1905 Gordon Bennett contender in the famous mews

BRIEF FLASH OF HOPE

Star by name but not in the event; this powerful machine didn't live up to its maker's expectations

IT'S A WHILE SINCE I squeezed between the gleaming pillars that mark the mouth of Queens Gate Place Mews – a shame as this quiet corner of Kensington regularly sees some glorious road and racing cars trundling over the cobblestones in and out of various dealers. This area has been the home of many famous names over the years – Dan Margulies, Coys, Frank Dale – ever since the days when a mews was just a cheap place to rent a garage.

And even now, as property rockets and petrol engines become *machinae*

non grata in town, a few firms are sticking it out: Hall & Bradfield and Hexagon are nearby, but I've come to Fiskens to admire an ancient warrior it has on its books. Once the very modest garage doors are folded back we squeeze past a 959, Chevron B8 and a DB35 to our goal – a 1905 Wolverhampton-built Star, devised for the prestigious Gordon Bennett Trophy. Long, low and well proportioned, this thumping 10.2-litre four-cylinder looks a generation ahead of a veteran car – amazing to think it's virtually eligible for the London-Brighton. But a glance beneath the bonnet at the twin paired cylinders, ☐

GORDON CRUICKSHANK

exposed push-rods and rockers, and brass and copper plumbing whips you right back to those experimental days. It's a thing of visual contrast – massive flywheel, slender chassis rails, delicate dumb irons, axle forgings as thick as a man's ankle.

Star built two cars for the 1905 GB races in France, entering them for the British elimination runs on the Isle of Man, where despite the sophistication of overhead inlet valves and twin ignition they proved underpowered and neither made the cut. So this impressive chain-driver, car 2, is a racer that didn't.

It looks like one of the big Mercedes of the time, the 60 or 90hp, which may account for the tale that this monster was rescued from dereliction in the



Pilot Harry Goodwin at the wheel of one of the 70hp Stars before the elimination trials

collection of an Indian Maharaja in 1971 by someone who believed it was a 60hp Mercedes – and to be fair the 70hp racer is a pretty fair parallel of the big German. Star also boasted a star badge – its six-pointed emblem predates the German firm's three-spiker and in 1902 the Wolverhampton outfit successfully sued for infringement – so it's easy to imagine hasty descriptions being faxed back from Rajasthan. I saw photos of the recovered chassis, sad but broadly complete, and that would have been my first guess too.

Still, this maroon Midlands leviathan is even rarer than a Stuttgart 60, and after a costly rebuild by Paul Grist it's in thumpingly good shape. "I was staggered at the performance," Paul tells me. "It was doing about 70 at tickover!" That was after he'd made new 5½in-bore pistons for it – the ones it arrived with were too shallow and had an inch slab of aluminium on top to reach compression.

Built once the *système Panhard* had crystallised car layouts, it's also, barring chain drive, surprisingly conventional: semi-elliptics all round, right-foot throttle, four-speed gearbox with gate change (a Daimler patent, incidentally). But make sure you look well ahead – the drums and transmission brake slow only the rear wheels.

I didn't hear it run – it takes 10 minutes to fire up and Kensington isn't the ideal milieu – but I'm told it's surprisingly easy to pilot.

Star was another of those British marques that made perfectly decent cars at too little profit, fading away by the Thirties, but this one, unsuccessful as it may have been, is one impressive relic to have left behind.



CLASSIC SHOWTIME

There is always something to investigate at the annual NEC old car gathering

CAN'T SAY I FOUND A SHOW-STOPPING item at the NEC Classic Car Show this time, barring a concept car that won't be built, but it's good to see clubs have fun with their stands. In its centenary year Morris made a splash, with the oldest Bullnose and a bus built to carry the works band around – including gramophone and one of their 78s. I drooled for a while at a magnificent 1898 Rover meteor bicycle, which luckily wasn't for sale, recoiled from a Honda Gold Wing trike awash with chrome and glitz, then had my taste buds reset by the 1958 TD prototype that bumped Alvis from demure, unadventurous TC models to the rakish and self-confident TD. Alvis pretty well stuck to the clean, simple lines Swiss coachbuilder Graber had inspired, and it carried the twin-headlamp update perfectly. I raise my metaphorical cap when I watch a convertible TE cruise by.

I'm more furtive about my regard for the late-Seventies Matra-Simca Rancho, though.



Foskers
Ferrari F430

It's hardly a classic yet, but as the latest refinement of Ferrari's 'junior' line, the 430 is the sort of car you might keep for ever and ever, and love every journey you make in it.

£69,995, www.foskers.com

DREAM GARAGE

What we'd blow the budget on this month



Old Racing Car Co
Lister-Jaguar 'Knobbly'

First of only three 'Sanction' cars built by Lister in 1990, this example competed in the Carrera Panamericana in 1991. FIA papers and road-registered – what a combination!

£POA, www.olderacingcar.co.uk



Spellbound Cars
Porsche 356B

In our Classic Test last month WB greatly admired the 356s he drove in the 1960s, and time hasn't dulled the appeal. With its twin Dellortos this 1600 should be a blast.

£34,750, www.spellboundcars.com

Cut-price copy, cheap-jack lookalike, supersoft-roader – I've heard all the jibes, but I remain secretly impressed how inventively Matra dressed up a Simca pick-up with glass-fibre off-road flim-flam to tag on to the Range Rover cult before anyone invented SUVs. I had to admire the gleaming example here, because the effort and cost of restoration must hugely outweigh any innate value. Which is what's wonderful about enthusiasts.

The Bugatti OC and Trust brandished Bugs from Veyron to Brescia, but it was an elegant, curvaceous T51A that hooked me. After several different lives it emerged with this attractive faired-wing body, but nobody knows who built it. Seems to have happened in Denmark; if this was the work of a small local outfit – well, any famous *carrozeria* would have been proud. Joy Rainey showed me over it, and told me about her remarkable trans-America drive – 31 days and 3000 miles in a 1904 curved-dash Oldsmobile. Very few problems, too. The Olds had to be modified for Joy's short stature – by putting blocks on the pedals. Still, this was a short run compared to when she did the 10,000-mile London-Sydney.

Left: wonderfully patinated Bullnose Morris in same family ownership since 1913. Below: one of Jaguar's five CX-75 show cars



Nearby I met some Allards – both people and cars. Alan A, son of founder Sydney, and Lloyd A, grandson, still operate an engineering firm and showed a rare Palm Beach model they've just restored. Knowing WB was close friends with Sydney it was good to make the connection and learn that they have started a new firm, Allard Sportscars Ltd, for restoration work. And, says Lloyd, they're considering building new ones too.

Passing by a Mercedes 600 (even now far more stately than the misguided Maybach), I finally saw a Jaguar CX-75. (I missed the launch and so did its talented designer Ian Callum, because I'd inveigled him to Scotland to drive a Ferrari instead.) They won't be selling any, but the firm has built five running cars for display using a turbo- and supercharged four instead of the gas-turbine boost of the concept. In the flesh it's easy to see visual genes shared with the new F-type, especially the slit rear lights. A shame it won't hit the streets, but these things soak up development costs to little profit beyond image. A bit like Star's Gordon Bennett racer.



Carrera and Riley Imp to the fore at neighbourhood 'show and tell'


CARS ON SHOW – AND ON SALE

Lunchtime gathering uncovers an investment opportunity

ANYONE WANT TO BUY A CAR collection from the Spanish government? I was asked this across the table at this year's Wimbledon classic car lunch, when some of us wheel out our old machinery and convene at the golf club. (No golf involved, thankfully.)

I'd been talking with Richard Lemmer, founder of Barwell Motorsport who came in his lovely powder-blue 911RS, about the team's season (nearly grabbing the British GT title with its BMW Z4) when he threw in his left-field question. It seems the collection's owner got into trouble with the Spanish tax authorities, and the cars have been padlocked away in their private museum until a buyer

steps up. It's an odd mix: Sixties British sports cars from Spitfire to DB5, Model Ts, Rolls-Royce Wraiths and a gang of inter-war Yankee saloons.

But there are plums: a wonderful wicker-sided 1911 Panhard-Levassor Torpedo, a 1906 Delaunay-Belleville Phaeton and an imposing twin-screen sedanca Hispano-Suiza H6B. It's easy to find buyers for these prime cuts, says Richard, who is negotiating the extraction, but the Spanish authorities want the collection sold as one, for £1.2m, and if you're in the Hispano market you're hardly going to get excited over an MGB or an Overland 4. So – anyone want to buy a car collection? 



Prime choices from the imprisoned collection: above left, a 1906 Delaunay-Belleville. Above right, the wicker flanks of the Panhard-Levassor, and below an impressive dual-screen Hispano-Suiza H6B



FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious

Ken Gregory (in sunglasses) joins Moss after his maiden win in the Kieft at Goodwood in 1951




GATHERING MOSS

Thoughts on the career of the late Ken Gregory, one of post-war British racing's unsung heroes

EARLY IN 1951 STIRLING Moss was eagerly awaiting completion of a frontier-technology 500cc Formula 3 car that was being tailor-made for him by a rather eccentric but evidently capable fabricator named Ray Martin. With mutual friend – and fellow jazz fan – John A Cooper – Technical Editor of *The Autocar* (an ex-BRM project engineer, not to be confused with John N Cooper of Cooper Cars) – the trio had spent long hours together discussing how a 500cc Norton motorcycle engine could propel Stirling around a race

circuit faster than anyone else. Dean Delamont of the RAC joined this design think tank, but the problem was how to finance such a car.

Enter Cyril Kieft, who offered all kinds of inducements for Stirling to drive for him in 1951, including a directorship of his embryo car company. Moss commented, regretfully, that he did not consider the existing Kieft quite good enough but that he knew somebody who could build a really good car that he would be willing to drive. Kieft had apparently never heard of Martin but now took Stirling's recommendation, and agreed to 

finance Martin to build a prototype Kieft, with a royalty on all subsequent cars made to that design.

Dean Delamont did the drawings with input from J A Cooper, and Ray Martin began building the new car. At that time, the new Secretary of the Half-Litre Club was a slight young ex-Army glider pilot who had been racing an original-type Kieft. His name was Ken Gregory. He and Stirling got on well, they became flat-mates in London and Ken became Moss's business manager, handling his affairs and organising his time and travelling over the next decade.

In his personal diary entry for March 21, 1951, Stirling wrote: "Went to Martin's and saw the elektron castings. After dinner with Dad went back to flat and chatted with Ken Gregory about women and my licence..." They had much in common.

The new Ray Martin Kieft was ready in time for Whit Monday Goodwood. Moss had tested it briefly at Brands Hatch on May 9, noting "Car exceptionally fast but very dicey, back kept coming round." Four days later he drove a terrific race for HWM in the Monza Autodrome GP, finishing third after a tremendous dice with 'Gigi' Villoresi's Ferrari 500, then had to return home overnight for Goodwood.

In his absence Ken Gregory had practised the new Kieft that Saturday, and after post-race dinner in Milan Stirling had boarded the night train to Zurich, to catch a flight to London. Any chance of sleeping on the train vanished when Fausto Coppi – superstar Italian racing cyclist – chose the same compartment with a group of voluble fellow *ciclisti*. Coppi recognised Moss, whose diary entry next day began "Can't say I got up, because I never went to bed."

In Zurich at 6.30am, his flight then landed in England at 11 and he ran straight to a waiting Percival Proctor chartered by his father. They landed in Shoreham-by-Sea at 11.45 and arrived at Goodwood at 12.30 – barely half an hour before the 500cc heat was due to start. Ray Martin and Ken Gregory were wheeling the new Kieft onto the startline as Stirling rushed up. "What's it like, Ken?" – "Fantastic!".

But that debut race was a flop. Stirling started with a soft warm-up spark plug still fitted, forgotten in the rush. And then the throttle cable stretched – and Moss finished eighth. But with both faults corrected for the final, Moss left the entire field for dead,

and lapped Goodwood 4mph faster than Reg Parnell's winning speed there in 1948 with the Maserati 4CLT Grand Prix car. The new Kieft cornered so well that Stirling passed Eric Brandon around the outside at Madgwick, pointing down at his mount and mouthing "You'll have to buy one of these!" That win paid £200 – great money in '51.

Later that year at Rouen the French Championship Formula 2 race was run by some of the most officious organisers the circus had ever encountered. Giannino Marzotto won in a 2-litre V12 Ferrari, but at the prize-giving Robert Manzon's second place for Gordini received a bigger award than Marzotto's. All the Italians instantly walked out in protest, with Moss and Gregory accompanying them "to wind up the French".

The young Englishmen shared good times and bad, and when Ken and 'Pa' Moss raided The Boy's bank account to buy him a brand-new Maserati 250F for 1954, Moss's final vault towards the pinnacle of his profession became assured. But Ken used to enjoy recounting how in 1952 Equipe Moss had not fared quite so well.

In the 500cc Brussels GP, Lex Beels spun in front of the pack and triggered an enormous multiple collision. Moss rammed the straw bales in avoidance and rolled the Kieft. It was badly damaged and dispatched to London



Ken Gregory, Stirling Moss's former manager died in November. Below, Gregory (in glasses) defies the rules at Goodwood

while Stirling spent next day recuperating in Brussels. Ken then set off in their gleaming two-tone, green-and-cream, Jaguar XK120 coupé with Moss – never a good passenger – beside him.

To save on the cost of living while abroad, Stirling had also bought a caravan, admitting "Caravan firms lost interest when I said I wanted a caravan that would tow at 60mph" but they had acquired one that they had fitted out carefully to their own requirements.

But now, heading downhill outside Namur, the towing pin sheared. "I glanced in the mirror and there was our caravan trying to overtake!" Ken dodged right and sure enough the caravan careered past them, veered off the road, snapped off signposts and a kilometre stone and disintegrated into a tangled heap of shattered wreckage. "We'd lost our car, and now we'd lost our hotel too!"

It's not easy near the top...

Ken Gregory died in November – perhaps better remembered now for his management skills, his entrepreneurship, his stewardship of the British Racing Partnership (sometime UDT-Laystall) racing teams, and various aviation and publishing ventures. But as a youthful enthusiast in the frontline of the British rise to motor sporting dominance through the 1950s, what a significant figure he really was. Rest easy.





Fagioli in the 16-cylinder V5 Maserati would be a key player in the 1932 Monza Grand Prix

SPITLEY

ONE HUNDRED AND SWEET SIXTEEN

Maserati's century of life has created some magnificent cars, notably the 16-cylinders

ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED OF all great Maserati designs is the *Sedici Cilindri* – the 16-cylinder – campaigned by the always tiny Bologna factory from 1929 to 1934. It's not the type's fantastic success that has left it with legendary lustre – it's more the sheer 'WOW!' factor of such a complicated box of tricks, producing so much horsepower and thunderous performance in such a whiplay compliant chassis. This monster combined two of the proven 2-litre straight-eight blocks at a vee angle of 22.5 degrees upon a common crankcase in which each bank drove an individual crankshaft, geared together.

The original *Sedici Cilindri* V4 model of 1929-31 was a 4-litre, offering about 280-300bhp while the later 1932-34 V5 was a 5-litre, producing 330-360bhp. Two complete V4s are thought to have been built, but just one V5. Driving these beasts in competition was no sinecure – only the bold

need apply. Step forward Alfieri and Ernesto Maserati, 'Baconin' Borzacchini, Luigi Fagioli and – lastly – Piero Taruffi.

It was Fagioli and V5 that starred in the 1932 Monza Grand Prix. This event – a Formule Libre classic not to be confused with the Italian Grand Prix – was run at the Autodrome on September 11 that year. It comprised three 10-lap (62-mile) heats plus a five-lap (31-mile) sprint *repêchage*, the best four finishers in each heat then qualifying for the 20-lap (124-mile) final, and the organisers ensured that Alfa Romeo, Bugatti and Maserati confronted one another in every race. There was no easy route to the final.

The prize fund was interesting: 12,000 lire for the winner of each heat, 6000 lire to the *repêchage* winner and 40,000 lire to the winner of the final – mesmerising figures that produced some ferocious motor racing.

The entry was headed by Alfa Romeo's factory team of four gleaming Tipo B Monoposto cars – the so-called 'P3s' – for Nuvolari, Campari, Caracciola and Borzacchini. Scuderia Ferrari-entered Alfa Monzas were to be driven by Brivio and Taruffi, while Bugatti fielded 5-litre Type 54s for Varzi and Chiron. The nine assorted Maseratis were headed by Luigi Fagioli in V5, which started from pole in heat two. He and Nuvolari in the factory Alfa Monoposto ripped into combat from the starter's flag. On lap six Nuvolari thrust inside

Fagioli into the Vialone bend only for 'The Abruzzi Robber' to move across on his normal racing line, either oblivious to the Alfa's move or to cover it. To avoid a really high-speed collision, Nuvolari clouted the kerb and had to pit with a buckled front wheel and axle. Fagioli thundered on to win the heat with Nuvolari a distant second – and personally steaming.

While the third heat and *repêchage* were run, Nuvolari and the Alfa team management lodged a bitter protest against Fagioli's driving, demanding his disqualification and threatening to withdraw their team.

Stewards Count Vincenzo Florio (President of the RACI Sporting Commission), Renzo Castagneto (racing director) and Marquis Pietro Parisio pondered the problem, finally informing Alfa Romeo that while the appeal was upheld, they were postponing any sanction until after the racing.

Scheduled start time for the final was 3.45 that afternoon. The qualified cars were lined-up on the starting grid... without any works Alfa *Monoposti*. The huge Milanese crowd – estimated at 100,000 – began to whistle and jeer. Where were their local favourites? The Maserati lads around Fagioli didn't flinch – this could be Bologna's day. Inter-city and inter-province rivalries within Italy remain intense even today.

Down in the Monza paddock, former Fascist Party secretary Roberto Farinacci intervened with angry Alfa Romeo managing director Gianferrari. Alfa was state-owned – non-participation would spoil this great day of racing, colour public opinion against Alfa and its backers, unacceptably rock the regime's boat. Gianferrari backed down, Nuvolari – though disgusted – was brought to heel and he, Caracciola and Borzacchini appeared on the grid. Campari did not start. His Alfa's front axle had been fitted to repair Nuvolari's. The Alfa Romeo team cars were wheeled out to a terrific reception – and Fagioli and Nuvolari persuaded to hug publicly in reconciliation. Both were hard men, and my guess is that Farinacci had offered them both a bonus payment to stir no further trouble... and probably Campari as well. Those guys were professionals to the core. They wouldn't have missed a money-making trick.

At the end of that long day, Nuvolari and Caracciola had swapped the lead of the final between them while Fagioli struggled with the big, squalling Maserati 16-cylinder jammed in gear. Nuvolari's Monoposto then began to falter with a blocked fuel feed, a pitstop dropped him to third behind Fagioli's Maserati, and Alfa's German star was left to win unchallenged – to an indifferent reception from the already thinning Milanese crowd. Bologna's finest had been beaten – but the wrong Alfa driver had finished first. *La Maserati* would fight another day... ☑



CIBIE

ANDERSSON
HERTZ

A4
0+

EAST AFRICAN AIRWAYS

26

ENTRANT MA

PARTING SHOT



MARCH 27-31
1975

SAFARI RALLY, NAIROBI, KENYA

Back to the days when world championship rallies lasted almost forever... Ove Andersson and Arne Hertz took their Peugeot 504 to victory, 38 minutes clear of Sandro Munari/Lofty Drews, whose Lancia Stratos probably wasn't best suited to deep puddles. Björn Waldegård/Hans Thorszelius were third in another Stratos, almost two hours behind the winners.



To buy this photo or other classic racing shots, visit photos.motorsportmagazine.co.uk