



WAITING

RICHARD KELLEY

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René Arnoux at the limit as he drifts his Ferrari 126 C2B on the cold rain-soaked streets

FOREWORD

BY JARNO TRULLI

My life in racing began the moment my father first let me try to drive; he bought me a go-kart soon after. That event released a passion I had inside. It was more than enjoyment – it immediately became the fuel for my life and was the fundamental base for my future F1 career.

While I saw other kids enjoying racing, for them it was like playing at any other sport; I was living for it. I couldn't see or feel anything else outside of racing. I remember that while my childhood rivals would play around during free time at the track, I was always around my go-kart: cleaning it, setting it up, and checking every single bolt. I was never too tired to drive nor ever too tired to work. No wake-up call was ever too early to make me turn down a testing day. I approached every day with the same excitement as if it was that first day on the track.

For a driver, competition is everything. You compete first against yourself, then against everyone else and everything else. It's a constant fight, a constant challenge, day after day, lap after lap. What is life without competition or challenge? Nothing. For me, being human is all about challenge. No challenge... no life!

I see motorsport as a way of learning about life – a vast experience based on personal relationships with different people from different countries, different religions and different cultures. It's something that can hardly be experienced in any other endeavour in life. Motorsport is not just about racing, it teaches you how to talk, communicate and live with everyone else around you.

I personally believe motor racing contributed very much to my personal character; it made me grow up very quickly and learn to acknowledge personal responsibility. Then of course, it also enabled me to grow technically and as a driver. As in life, technology always pushes you to the limit. To keep up with it, you need to push yourself to and beyond those limits. It's

an unbelievable way to live; I can't imagine it being reproduced in any other environment. When I joined F1, it was a real dream coming true, but as a driver I still understood that my first year was the starting point of my career, and the hardest times were still to come. I was very happy and proud to be there, but I knew that I still had everything to prove, and to do that I needed to commit as much as I could to be successful. I quickly understood that me reaching for the pinnacle never ended; that once I reached the top of the mountain I saw, there was always another, higher peak just behind that demanded that I climb it as well. My "mountains" to climb were inspired by the greatest drivers doing the greatest things behind the wheel. This is all that ever mattered; money and glory were never factors in my life.

Looking back during my life in F1, I set and hit some goals, and I missed some others, but you learn in life that we cannot reach every target and we cannot always win all our battles; sometimes we lose and we have to accept it by learning and getting stronger. Despite being honoured with what I achieved, I believe that I ultimately failed to reach my target. It's sad, but this is life. F1 has always been incredibly complicated and full of unexpected bumps. Just like my heroes, I could only race what I was given. When I measure up my career, I am proud that I was never second to my teammates, nor did any of my teammates finish better than me with the same cars. None of my teammates won more than me with the same car, nor did any teammate become champion with the same car.

F1 is the pinnacle of technology, so it's natural to expect things within the sport to change rapidly. The increased acceleration of this principle was especially true during the time Richard took these photographs. F1 is a sport played partly by humans, and partly by the racing machine. The human impact on the racing machine is clearly the driver; as soon as the machine starts to drive the human, the human input has less impact on total performance.

This passage of control from driver to machine started just as Richard began this F1 documentary and it's this tremendous change in focus that I personally experienced through my years in F1. Technology controls the driver, who now is more and more busy setting up and pressing the steering wheel buttons than actually driving the car to the limit. It was frustrating during my last years in F1 to see this happening, as technology has now become the biggest determinative of total performance. If only we could put the car back into the driver's hands.

I learned to race the same as these men Richard intimately presents here: Hill, Andretti or Hulme. Both they and I grew up racing by relying solely on our personal driving skills and transmitting our impressions to our mechanics who listened and helped us to go faster. When F1 telemetry arrived, it was a huge step for a driver and I personally found it very interesting. But while I understood that telemetry was a fantastic tool for both driver and engineers, it's a tool which relies on correct driver feedback and experience. Unfortunately I saw more and more engineers trusting their data too much, with drivers losing the skill to report the exact feedback and car feeling. As a result, today, telemetry is encouraging a sort of robotic driving style.

Nowadays, drivers are taught to drive and set up a car by a simulator, but no simulation can give the feeling and results of the race track experience. In the '70s and '80s, a real driver knew exactly what the car was doing and what it needed. Telemetry can only give you an idea, a number, a calculation; there's was nothing better than hearing Niki Lauda ask for a change determined through his feel and racing experience, and then watching him immediately go quicker.

Just as my heroes did in the '70s and '80s, I learned to build my speed by developing the skills to trim out hundredths of a second in braking, and then carrying that speed from the centre out to the exit of corners in order to gain a tenth of a second at the end of the

lap. It was gained bit-by-bit through my touch and feel and experience, and each of those hundredths were scratched out on the tarmac and not on a video screen. These kinds of skills – that made F1 drivers so special – are disappearing with today's near total dependence on technology over driver feedback.

This realization eventually brought me to believe that, maybe, F1 had changed too much, and maybe it wasn't for me anymore. Those feelings of challenge and passion that had carried my career forward were gone.

Today's F1 is one of the biggest challenges on this planet. The intensity of competition and technology has reached unbelievable levels which few teams can meet, financially and structurally. Only the most well-funded teams can afford to compete. There is no longer room for mistakes. During the decade of Richard's documentary, F1 was more of a gamble than a precise calculation. Success was earned from engineers (without so much technology) expressing their personal genius and drivers competing exclusively with their unique skills.

Now, success is governed by how much money a team spends to gather as much information, technology and wind tunnel data as can be acquired, while supported by as many engineers as can fit the budget. Only a few teams can reach that level, and while mistakes can still be made, only the biggest teams have the resources to catch up. There is virtually no chance for private and less-funded teams. A Tyrrell, a Wolf, and especially a Hesketh, all exciting small teams in the '70s that each brought forward future World Champion drivers and engineers, could never dream of making the grid today.

In my opinion, F1 is promoting incredibly expensive technology of which today's fans aren't at all interested. From the beginning, F1 was built on spectacle, noise and uncertainty. Fans wanted to see the best drivers in the world fighting wheel-to-wheel around the track. They didn't care what devices a driver might have or

which technology made their favourite driver quicker. They just wanted to see real no-holds-barred racing, not technology. It's my personal opinion that F1 should come a step back from where it is now, and for the good of the sport, put an F1 car back in the hands of its driver.

I have a photograph of myself as a young boy, sitting on the side pod of Niki Lauda's Brabham BT46. Niki became my idol. He wrote much of the history of his generation's era in F1 and for so long has since become a major force in the sport I love. I can't express the feelings of having this same man, one of my idols, watching me compete years later as I tried to write new history for my generation. The ability to really see your idols and inspirational cars up close is part of the romance of Formula One that needs to be emphasized more. I think Richard realized that many years ago.

The photographs that Richard reveals here take me back to the times and those drivers who inspired me. I can see on their faces all the familiar signs of men who had that same passion and devotion to the sport that I discovered and lived for all those years ago. I see the ease between drivers and the camaraderie that was rapidly disappearing when I arrived on the F1 scene in 1997. I also recognize the sharp tension in their eyes, brought about because of the ever present danger they faced, which thankfully was massively reduced before my first season.

What strikes me the most is the intimacy of the images. These photographs would be impossible for anyone to achieve today, including the few FIA accredited photographers allowed in the pit lane. What's more, I see the humanity and the personal side of the sport that I enjoyed so much. With all conversations now kept from earshot behind team enclosures, nothing of this seems to reach today's F1 fan. And, to be sure, the days when young boys were allowed to sit on their heroes' F1 car for a photograph are gone forever.

Richard's documentary photographs are part of the visual history of F1 and offer us a chance to go back to see what it was like during that treasured Grand Prix era, just before it began to change so rapidly. These images will provide fans with a rare unscripted look into the hearts and the minds of the men who raced with such skill, determination and bravery against such terrible odds.

Hopefully, through Richard's work, you will also begin to sense some of the same passion that brought me into this sport as a young boy. That passion, thankfully, allowed me to experience F1 for 15 years, and to learn incredible lessons that will guide me for the rest of my life.

INTRODUCTION

When I was a 19-year-old freshman journalism student at Indiana University, I picked up a copy of *Road & Track* one autumn afternoon, read Rob Walker's account of the 1971 British Grand Prix, and decided on the spot that I had to be a part of that life.

I transitioned to photojournalism, found a way to cover the Indianapolis 500 as a stringer for the Associated Press, and in lieu of payment received a letter of recommendation to shoot the 1972 United States Grand Prix, 12 hours' driving time away in upstate Watkins Glen, New York.

I took what little funds I had, arrived and pitched my ragtag tent in pitch-black midnight darkness on the cold circuit grounds, and waited.

At first light, I retrieved my pit lane photography pass, crossed the paddock, and walked into a photographic heaven.

I had been looking for a unique story; something to make my heart beat faster. The stories of the lives of the men I found in the Grand Prix pit lane over the next decade did more than that... they changed my life forever.

Who were they?

They were the sons of garage owners, and millionaires. They began as mechanical engineers, or Olympic marksmen or concert pianists. Some craved the limelight; others hid from it.

Yet every driver's common goal was to prove they were the best, whatever the cost. They saw the best life as one lived flat out... spent alongside a "band of brothers" who travelled together, partied together and all too often,

cried together. Their comradeship was real and fostered trust as they battled just inches apart. They all intimately understood the unwritten rules of avoiding contact and accepting responsibility for their actions. And after a race, some partied the night away, while others quietly gave thanks to have just survived.

Going forward from that morning in 1972, the F1 I witnessed was the best of times and the worst of times; those men faced a decade of unrelenting technical advancement that produced more changes over a shorter period than at any other time in Grand Prix history. Some of those developments brought unforgettable technological spectacle. But with some of those spectacles came unbearable pain and catastrophe.

Jo Bonnier had been killed that summer racing a sports car at Le Mans; Jo Siffert and Pedro Rodriguez had been lost a year earlier, and the sickening shock of losing Bruce McLaren, Piers Courage and Jochen Rindt in 1970 had in no way subsided. Death seemed to be waiting to strike each lap, each race.

Tragically, it would get much worse.

As the '70s continued, technical advancements began to exponentially increase the mental demands and physical stakes on Grand Prix drivers trying to go quicker in spite of the yearly flood of new technology, the pressures to always control more power, and the exploding cost of keeping one's seat and one's life.

From my first morning at Watkins Glen, I found I could sit down with the drivers or team managers and talk. I could easily circulate as drivers returned to the pits, asked for changes and rushed back on track, all the while listening to Ermanno Cuoghi, Alastair Caldwell or

Jo Ramirez talk to their crew, their drivers, and others. It was relaxed, cordial and by most comparisons, fairly open.

I had near total access and could hear, smell, react, shoot and ask questions while totally embedded in the atmosphere. The teams treated me like a member of their extended family. They saw me as someone who was doing a job that I loved as much as they loved their racing. A wink, a nod, and I was good to go.

Being this close to the very human side of F1 opened my eyes as to what was really happening. I wasn't covering simple sport; I was in the midst of incredibly serious business, practised by talented men risking their lives each second. One mistake usually was their last. Whatever images I was able to capture had to be more coherent and honest so those telling moments could be portrayed as clearly and truthfully as possible.

Realizing the opportunity I had, it was a simple decision on how to go forward. I would try to tell the story of the emotional roller coaster Grand Prix drivers were experiencing from a different point of view rather than merely illustrating a weekend sports headline. I would spend just as much time with the defeated as the victors. And I would do it invisibly.

From then on, I was "a fly on the wall".

I consciously backed away and didn't go looking for moments; I just waited to let those moments compel me to make an image. I stayed silent and observant, allowing the emotion and power of the moment to find my eye. Sometimes, I would see things develop and produce a series; other times I would go for minutes on end and be lucky for one frame. But I put everything into making

it a powerful frame. There were constantly paths that started and then evaporated. I stayed patient and never forced the results, and that's the reason I don't have thousands of frames. My portfolio contains less than 350 images.

However, just a little more than a decade later, technological advances and data gathering had completely transformed the F1 I was documenting. The power, the cornering speeds, and the grip of the cars was such that it seemed as though a new F1 had suddenly arrived from another planet. Nevertheless, the cars remained fragile and the human carnage continued to be just part of the life of Formula One. Catastrophe was always just an instant away.

As the cars advanced, photographic access evaporated.

By 1984 access had become extremely limited, compared to 1972. Photojournalists' permits were no longer controlled by news bureaus, but by FOCA, the FIA, and deep layers of event organization. You had to first declare who you were shooting for and exactly how the art would be distributed; if those stories or outlets were not in favour or large enough, you were refused media access.

Then, if you gained admittance, you found drivers weren't visible out of the pits; and when they were physically on-site, it was to get in the car, period. Debriefings were carried out in private (today it's 1000% tighter than 1984).

Technology and the need for money and marketing to fund it had engulfed the atmosphere, and participants were very hesitant to say anything about their struggles, never mind a new part, a new tyre construction, or team politics.

So, in 1984, it made sense to step away. The F1 I loved had reached the end of the era that allowed personal photographic work that was free from strict access controls. The intimate face of Formula One was rapidly disappearing.

More importantly, I had seen too many great men lost over 12 years and I began to not want to look too many more of them in the eye.

After a while it just hurt too much.

Waiting finds its title from the fleeting moments of men ready to put everything on the line, in an F1 pit lane long gone.

This photographic collection represents those instants when you were still allowed to see a driver looking for speed; mentally "racing" the track, searching for an unconscious impression that might unlock their car's full potential; those silent struggles with their managers, engineers and team politics; those moments when drivers of an insanely dangerous Formula One era found ways to commit themselves to their dreams and remain alive, lap after lap, in spite of fragile machines and against overwhelming odds.

It was my attempt to preserve lasting images of these men in all their humanity and complexity who, surrounded by their "brothers", searched for the adulation and the immortality of being called World Champion, captured during their quiet moments of waiting...

Today, Formula One is immensely safer, but completely shielded from reportage. The types of photographs I captured then are impossible to make now.

I often shut my eyes and can remember each of their faces as they were then; how I studied their eyes and expressions and listened, and how the images I recorded taught me so much about the fragility of life all those years ago.

I reflect on how much richer Formula One would be now if they and so many other of these great gentlemen had survived those dangerous years.

The stories, the jokes, the brotherhood; their personal tales would have added so much to today's racing heritage and we would all be the richer for it.

I believe that's the humanity I was trying to preserve back then; all the laughs, the luck, and the laments with images that tell their stories.

It was an immense privilege to have had that chance.

CHAPTER ONE

1972-1974

The way I found it, 1972. Barry Sullivan and Peter Davis standing guard over Denny Hulme's race-ready Yardley Team McLaren-Ford M19C.

One lone mechanic with Denny Hulme's race-ready Yardley Team McLaren-Ford M19C. One journalist. One photographer.

Forty years ago, looking at the starting grid for the 1972 United States Grand Prix, no one could have dreamed of the changes that would occur to this team, to this sport, and to the drivers and their machines by the end of the decade, not to mention the world-wide business spectacle of Formula One today.

Nothing will ever be both this simple and this profound again.





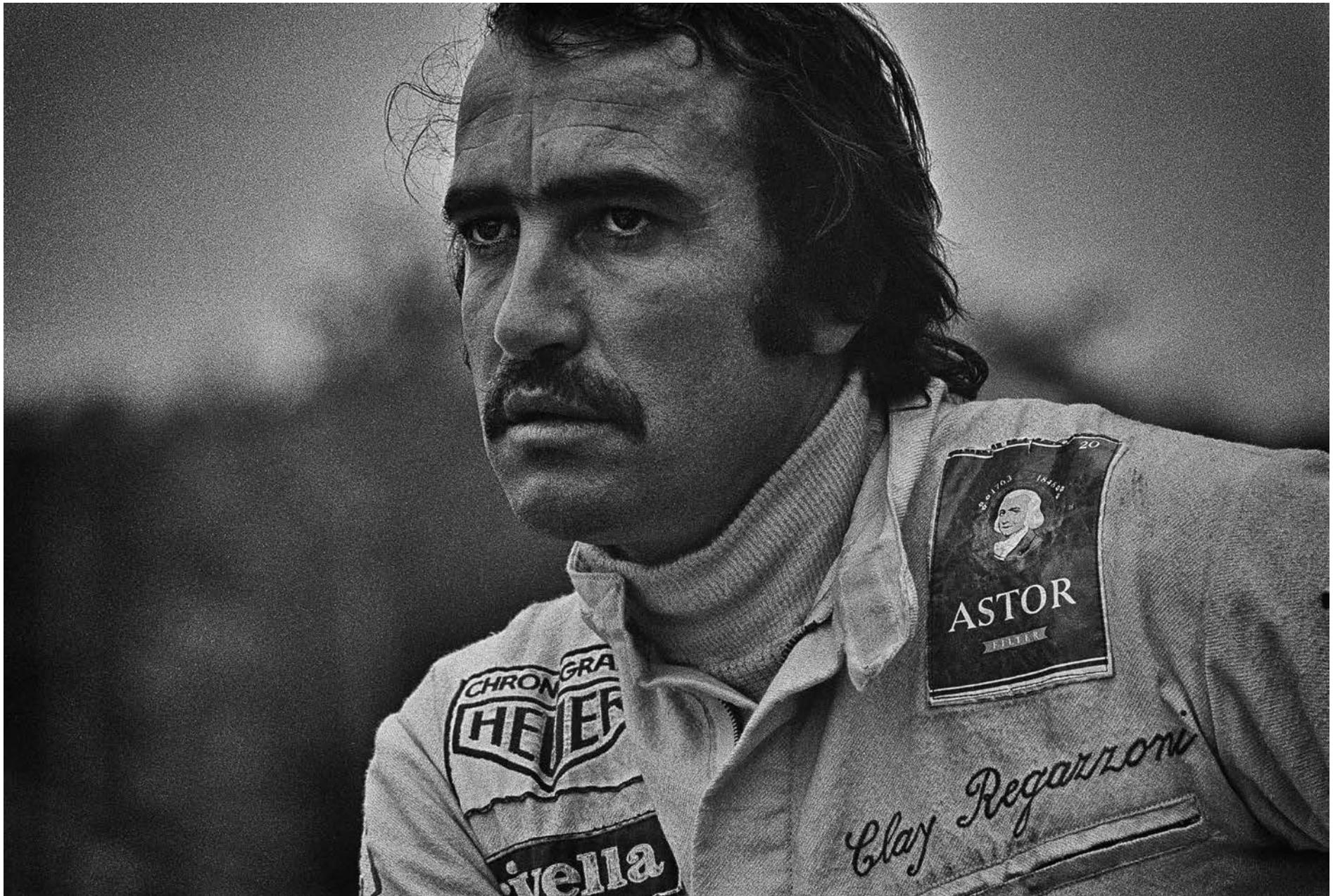
Mario Andretti circles his Ferrari 312 B2 like a prize fighter looking for a weakness during practice for the 1972 US Grand Prix in Watkins Glen, NY. He would finish sixth. Andretti was consumed with making the Ferrari faster despite having to use Firestone tyres that were made for warmer temperatures and provided no grip in the cold weather. He had been keenly interested in expanding his career into Formula One since 1968, when he put Colin Chapman's Team Lotus 49 on pole for his debut at the United States Grand Prix.

He continued his search for the right combination of team and car in Formula One over the next four years with occasional races with Lotus, March, and Ferrari, while focusing his racing career efforts on his USAC, NASCAR and sports car commitments in the United States. Significantly, on his debut for Ferrari at the 1971 South African Grand Prix, he won his first Grand Prix matching that with a second victory three weeks later, at the non-championship Questor Grand Prix in the US.

He would deliver on all of his promise when he re-teamed with Colin Chapman and Lotus in 1976, and using all of his incredible tuning abilities, went on to win the Formula One World Championship in 1978 in the groundbreaking Lotus 79.







Scuderia Ferrari placed relentless pressure on their drivers to outperform each other. With one Grand Prix remaining, Clay Regazzoni's face displays his weariness with Ferrari politics at the end of the tumultuous 1972 Formula One season that gave him only one podium finish.

He would leave Scuderia Ferrari for Marlboro BRM in 1973, but return to the team in 1974, bringing along Marlboro driver sponsorship and a young Niki Lauda for his teammate. This time it would be different; Regga would finish second in the World Drivers' Championship.



Watching Great Britain's two-time World Champion Graham Hill preparing for practice for the 1972 United States Grand Prix, I immediately felt his gravitas. He had been racing for Formula One for 13 years and was one of the most well-known and well-loved racing drivers in the world. His pencil-thin moustache, jet-black hair and wry sense of humour made him the embodiment of everyone's dashing and urbane Grand Prix Champion.

Earlier that summer, he had won the 24 Hours of Le Mans, becoming the only driver to win the career trifecta: Le Mans (1972), the Indianapolis 500 (1966) and the Grand Prix of Monaco (five-times). His massive determination to stay at the top was palpable, but throughout that season, his pace had fallen off driving for Brabham. At Watkins Glen that Autumn, his considerable force of will was ebbing and he began to think about walking away.