MOTOR SPORT

UPDATED FOR 2020

FROM THE EDITORS OF MOTOR SPORT MAGAZINE

PORSCHE

COLLECTORS' EDITION – FROM RACE TO ROAD

LEGENDARY CARS AND DRIVERS •
DONOHUE'S 917/30 • LE MANS GREATS •
RSK BY JENKS • PINK PIG FLIES AGAIN

ARCHIVE CONTENT FROM THE MOTOR SPORT VAULT

5 059464 050002 01 £9.99

THE PRINCESS R35

EXPERIENCE THE EXCEPTIONAL®





PRINCESSYACHTS.COM

PRINCESS
CRAFTED IN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

Racers wear Omologato

THE DEREK BELL 500 CHRONOGRAPH

OMOLOGATOWATCHES.COM

T +44 1753 622555

OMOLOGATO



WELCOME TO PORSCHE

FROM RACE TO ROAD

Motor Sport magazine has been following the Porsche story for as long as both names have been around. The German company was founded in 1931, at around the same time as we were celebrating our seventh birthday, although our paths only truly crossed with the first car bearing the famous name, which came along a little later.

Over the years we have witnessed the company evolve from underdog in the postwar era to becoming a racing thoroughbred and ruler of all it surveyed during the 1970s, and then transform into the most profitable sports car maker in the world and one of the largest race car manufacturers. Indeed, its appeal on the road is inextricably linked with its achievements on track. And it is that symbiotic relationship that we celebrate in this issue.

This is a second edition of our Porsche special, which we first published two years ago - it is back by popular demand. Like the first, it takes its content from *Motor Sport*'s unique archive of wonderful pictures and brilliant writing, affording readers a glimpse back in time, as well as some new content that brings it up to date with the latest machinery from Stuttgart. Enjoy this feast of Zuffenhausen glories.

Contents

6	Driving the 917/30	**80**	1973 Sebring winner
17	Can-Am killer	**88**	Pink Pig
20	Hurley Haywood	**100**	One-make cups
33	Rennsport reunion	**108**	961 and 718/2 racers
38	911 Turbo S test	**120**	Porsche's best drivers
42	Porsche race shop, 1958	**130**	Cayman GT4
50	Breaking Bellof's record	**134**	Downforce tech
59	Le Mans 1970	**144**	Ice Grand Prix
64	917 track test	**150**	Misunderstood 914/6
74	Richard Attwood's worst	**156**	Auction heroes

To read more about Porsche's illustrious history, its countless wins and the drivers that have helped forge a legend, visit:

motorsportmagazine.com

Produced by *Motor Sport*, 18-20 Rosemont Road, London NW3 6NE.
Tel: 020 7349 8497. email: editorial@motorsportmagazine.com
Editor Joe Dunn **Art Editor** Owen Norris **Designer** Neal Earp **Chief Sub-Editor** Lee Gale
Commercial Director Sean Costa **Advertising** Mike O'Hare
Images by Getty Images unless otherwise stated.
Printed by Precision Colour Printing, Shropshire.

© Motor Sport 2020. motorsportmagazine.com

Best of the best

The Porsche 917 took many forms across its successful journey into the hearts of racing fans. But one version stands above the others. **Andrew Frankel** got behind the wheel of its greatest evolution, the Can-Am 917/30

PHOTOGRAPHY **MARC RICCIONI, JASON FONG & LYNDON McNEIL** | TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2019**





THEY WERE ALL JUST STORIES. They had to be. Of course a Porsche 917/30 would not actually spin its rear wheels at over 120mph. I mean, have you seen those wheels? Or the acres of fresh Avon racing rubber that cover them? And it's not as if there is a lot of car in need of propelling: dry of all liquids, just 850kg all told. Lighter than the smallest, lightest Smart car.

And then there was the power. In period the actual horsepower of this 5.4-litre, twin-turbo flat 12, in standard racing output, was a little in excess of 1100bhp. But then again Porsche wouldn't let me out with that under my right foot, surely? Not for a demo at Goodwood, and not in this of all its cars.

The only person ever to win a Can-Am tie in a Porsche 917/30 was Mark Donohue, and he only raced two of these cars. One is in captivity in the US and this is the other. This car has only ever been raced by Mark, and it has never been out of Porsche's hands. This car, 917/30-002, was the first 917/30 to win a Can-Am race. The idea that I would be released in it unfettered seemed rather fanciful at best.

But I was wrong. Here's a snapshot of a telephone call between the Franchitti brothers. Dario has been watching the live feed of my run at Goodwood, sees something on the screen and feels an urgent need to call Marino: "Tell me that was clutch slip," he says to his little brother. "No mate," says Marino, "that was wheel spin. Wheel spin."

It seems odd to be responsible for such a moment, but what the four-time IndyCar champion and triple Indy 500 winner is asking about is a moment I'll be remembering for a good while yet.

I've encountered wheel spin plenty of times on the Goodwood pit straight, because you enter it via a rather slow chicane and tend to bury the throttle on the way out. True, this wheel spin was on the pit straight too, but at the other end of it. At the fast end. The end where you should be thinking about losing speed, not gaining. But there it was, just at that moment I thought it finally safe to leave my foot on the floor. Before I had time to react, the tell-tale on the tachometer had flicked from 6000rpm to 7200rpm. This was the top end of third gear: it only has four gears and fourth is geared to do 220mph. So you tell me how fast it was travelling when it tried to incinerate its Avons...

When it was all over, I asked a question the answer to which I should probably have found out before we even started. Exactly how much power did the car have today, right here and right now?

The engineer shrugged apologetically. "I am sorry but we do not know exactly. More than 1100 horsepower for sure, but maybe not much."

What I had just driven was the best of the best. The fastest, most highly developed and just plain greatest version of the car that readers of this magazine voted the greatest racing car of all time. It can never, could never, get better than this.

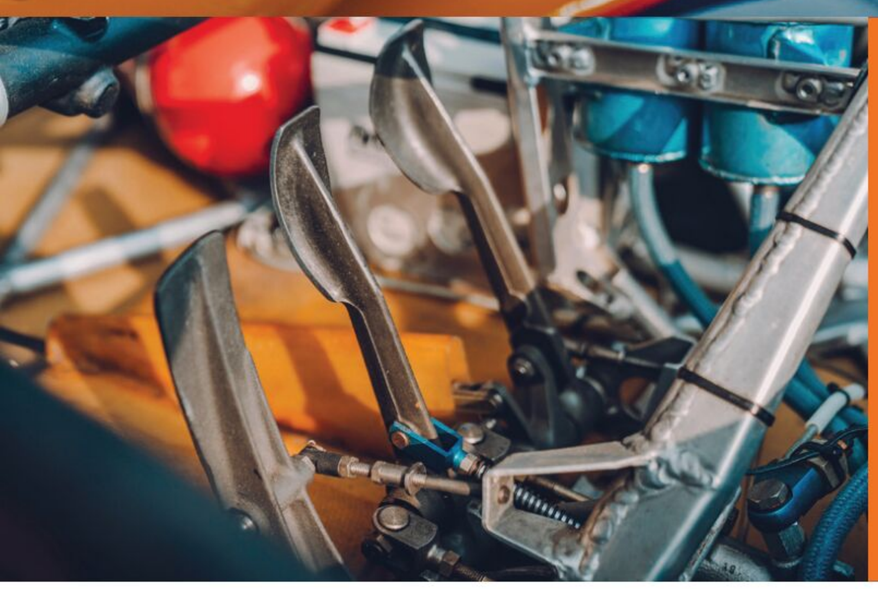


"This is the ultimate version of the car readers of this magazine voted to be the greatest of all time"

PORSCHE'S ULTIMATE WEAPON









HERE'S A QUESTION. IN THE space between the 917/30 firing up for the first time on November 10, 1972 and the end of the 1973 season, whereafter Can-Am racing was made to run to a fuel-consumption formula, which effectively killed the series and certainly the 917/30's competitiveness in it, how many people won any kind of race in a Porsche 917/30 - any Porsche 917/30?

The answer is two. Mark Donohue is, of course, best known for driving the car. He raced chassis 002 and 003 to six wins in eight races in the 1973 Can-Am championship. Sadly, he died during practice for the 1975 Austrian Grand Prix. The other is Victor Henry Elford.

This is because the original test car, chassis 001, never left Europe and was instead campaigned in the Interserie championship, a somewhat less prestigious series, but one that nevertheless ran to the same Group 7 regulations as Can-Am.

Elford came out of semi-retirement to do one race at Hockenheim. And despite the fact he'd never driven it before and the small matter of it having close to double the power of any other car he'd raced, Vic put the 917/30 on pole, then won the race by three minutes, leading home a Porsche parade that filled the first nine places. "It was such a lovely car," mused Vic over dinner the evening before I tested it. "Twice the power of the 917 that I first drove in 1969 and none of its vices."

I asked him what it was really like to race. "I can't really tell you I'm afraid. It was never in the plan to actually race it. The plan was to start in front and stay in front. No racing required. And that's exactly what we did.

"What I remember most clearly was when it came out of the old Ostkurve and I changed from third to fourth at 150mph, it could still leave thick black lines behind it. I did find that quite impressive..."

Less than 24 hours later, I had some first-hand experience of what he said.

Of Donohue's thoughts on the car, we have only the written word, though these are unequivocal. After his dominant 1973 season he said: "At this time, there is nothing in the world any quicker, any better handling, any more advanced technically and any more fun to drive." And he's not just talking within the world of Can-Am cars. His fastest lap of the race that he won at Watkins Glen was over two seconds quicker than any F1 car would go on the same track later that year in the US Grand Prix.

In popular imagination the 917 Can-Am story starts at the end of 1971 when Porsche stormed out of the World Sports Car Championship (when the 917 was effectively banned) sailed across the Atlantic and steam-rollered Can-Am, first with the 917/10 in 1972, then with the 917/30 the next year. But while the Porsche factory team did indeed make its Can-Am debut with the 917, it was with a very different 917 to that seen here, and in a different decade. It was

"I changed gear at 150mph and it left thick black lines behind it"



Simple in design yet brutally effective, the 917/30 was built on years of development of Porsche's other 917 variants

August 1969, just over three months after the 917 had raced for the very first time in Europe. The car was called the PA Spyder and surrounded by McLarens, Lolas, the odd Chaparral and Ferrari, Jo Siffert brought it home a creditable fourth overall. But the car was basically a 908 Spyder chassis complete with the early 4.5-litre normally aspirated engine.

What is sad about Porsche's tentative early steps into the Can-Am field is that Siffert was the driving force behind it, yet did not live to see the project through. It is poignant to wonder what he would have made of the 917/30.

Although few noticed them, Siffert's efforts in Can-Am in 1971 had been extraordinary. Using a new car called the 917/10 and entered under his own name (albeit with a car designed and engineered by Porsche) he scored a string of impressive results: third on the debut at Watkins Glen, second at Mid-Ohio, second at Road America and so on, and all with a car hopelessly down on power relative to those of the full works McLaren team with its enormous 'big banger' Chevy V8s. If the missing horsepower could somehow be located, the implications were clear.

The Porsche 917 through the ages

What has become one of Porsche's most iconic models never stayed the same for long. Over its five-year lifespan, the 917 took many forms



1969 917

The original from which all others would be spawned, even if it was the least successful. Developed off the back of the successful 908, the 4.5-litre 12-cylinder 917 was first run at Spa and the Nürburgring before heading to Le Mans. It suffered significant handling difficulties, mostly attributed to aerodynamic lift. The problem was so bad that all of the originals were modified, so none existed in their true configuration until Porsche restored chassis 001 (above) for its 50th anniversary.

1969 917PA Spyder

With the PA standing for Porsche + Audi as part of a marketing exercise, the roof was chopped from the chassis to create an open sports-prototype developed solely for use within the North American Can-Am championship. It featured a signature upwards flick of the rear bodywork to aid aero stability over the coupé. Jo Siffert was the driver of note, scoring a podium finish after switching to the new car mid-season.

1970 917KH

Upset by the original 917's wandering at high speeds, Porsche's technical department conducted several days of testing with British engineer and team owner John Wyer at the Osterreichring, where the original design and the open-topped PA ran back-to-back. The cure was the upwards sweeping rear bodywork, known as the Kurzheck, or short-tail. The improvement was obvious from the start and the Kurzheck became the design of choice for all races barring Le Mans, even though Richard Attwood and Hans Herrmann ironically delivered the 917's (and Porsche's) first win at La Sarthe in short-tail format.

PORSCHE'S ULTIMATE WEAPON

Perhaps surprisingly to us reading this almost 50 years later, it was not immediately obvious where the source of that power might lie. Ferdinand Piëch favoured adding a cylinder to each corner of the extant flat-12 motor to create a 16-cylinder monster. It was evaluated at various capacities, built and even run in the back of the long-suffering PA Spyder: in 7.2-litre guise it had 880bhp, which was probably enough to put Porsche on a par with McLaren. But the engine was complex, heavy and, most importantly, required an extension in wheelbase that ruined the car's handling.

So it was decided to turbocharge the existing motor, a move that liberated even more power and did so at a fraction of the cost and with no need to redesign the chassis to accommodate it. Turbocharging was hardly in its infancy even in 1971: pole position for the 1952 Indy 500 had been won by a car using a Cummins turbo-diesel engine while GM had even sold turbocharged road cars in the early 1960s, but these were short-lived projects and the technology was far from perfected.

Porsche turned to Roger Penske to run its Can-Am programme in America as it had John Wyer for the World Sports Car Championship, and at first Mark Donohue found the engine all but undriveable. Despite all Porsche's development efforts through the latter part of 1971 with both Siffert and Willi Kauhsen driving, smoothing out the engine's wild power delivery remained at best a work in progress.

To begin with, the car was so difficult to drive that it was no quicker than with the normally aspirated engine. But working with both the factory and Bosch over the winter, a fuel injection pump was created that provided a torque curve that was at least manageable. It became known as the 'happy pump'. And it was the happy pump as much as the additional power that turned the 917 into a competitive Can-Am car. The engine was reliable, driveable and had 900bhp with the boost turned down. Once they had it, all other competitors were toast.

By 1972 then, the 917/10 was the class of the field. It won six out of nine rounds despite Donohue having to sit out most of the season through injury incurred in a massive testing accident at Road Atlanta. George Follmer, who'd never so much as sat in a Can-Am car, proved a superb deputy and eventual champion.

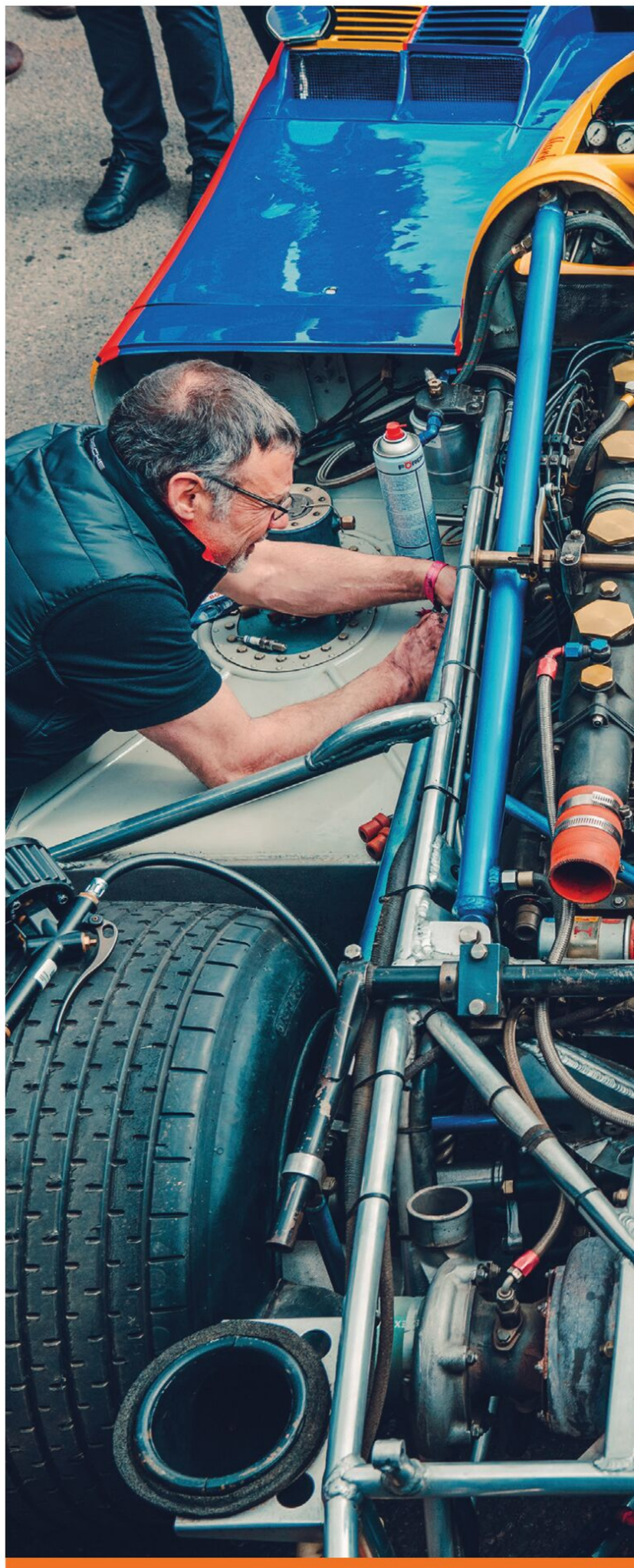
But the real concern for everyone else was that, quite obviously, the 917/10 was Porsche's practice car. It had come to a new formula with fresh technology and blown the establishment to bits. What, then, might a perfected car do?

The 917/30 was that car. Most notably its engine had expanded from five litres to 5.4, resulting in both more power and better response across a wider rev range. On the bench blowing two atmospheres of boost pressure it really did develop 1500bhp, but there was nothing whatsoever to be gained from trying to race it like that, so 1.3bar and 1100bhp was usual for racing.

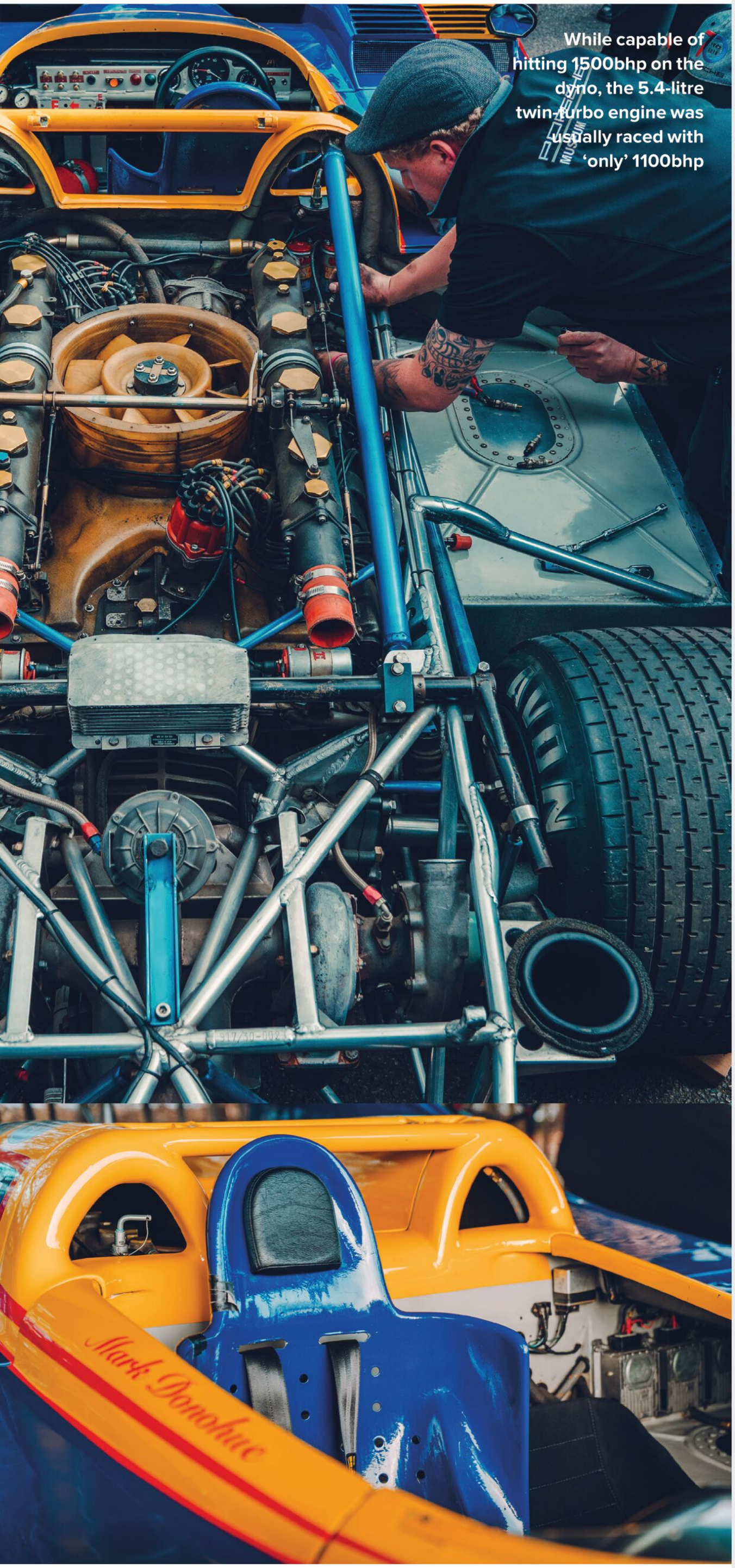
But power without control is nothing; the truth is the 917/10 had always been a rather unruly beast and nothing less than a total rethink in all areas was required. Most urgent and fundamental was an extension in the wheelbase which would serve not only to provide a more stable platform, but also to increase the size of the fuel tanks (they'd carry a barely believable 400 litres) and optimise their location, important when you consider a fully brimmed 917/30 was over a third heavier than when dry. The suspension, brakes and entire aero package were also revised and upgraded.

The result? Six victories in eight rounds. Donohue lost one of the two by running off the road and pitting for repairs and the other because a fuel valve burst, drenching him in high-octane petrol and he had to pit to have a bucket of water thrown over him. A fairer estimation of the car's performance is that it took both pole position and fastest lap in every single race it entered. On only two occasions was he less than a second clear of the next-quickest car in qualifying (always either George Follmer or Jody Scheckter, both in 917/10s) and at the wondrous Road America he was fully three seconds quicker than anyone else out there. No wonder Donohue wrote such warm words about it.

THIS IS NOT ROAD AMERICA 1973, this is Goodwood, and Porsche 917/30-002 is not behaving. In a demo of five 917s, four have fired up just fine and are sitting in the assembly area, but Donohue's car has so far resisted every external battery pack and exotic liquid squirted down its inlet trumpets. Time is running out. There is one last chance: an old Goodwood Land Rover is commandeered and the priceless old Can-Am Porsche is towed through the paddock, crowd parting like the Red Sea before it. The mechanic drops the clutch, which elicits a deafening bang as all the liquid enticements explode at once, followed by the sweetest sound I've heard







The Porsche 917 through the ages

1970 917L

While the short-tail improved the 917’s high-speed stability, the new rear added drag, therefore restricting its top speed. Not ideal at Le Mans in the 1970s, when the circuit was mostly straights. The solution was this Le Mans-specific Langheck, or long-tail, design. Even though it brought back some of the stability issues of the original, factory driver Vic Elford found it to be 25mph quicker down the straights than the short-tailed 917s and Ferrari 512s, and became the first man to lap with an average of above 150mph – at 150.797mph. Two were entered by the factory, with Elford’s suffering engine failure and the sister car finishing second, behind the more stable 917KH.

1971 917 16-Cylinder

With the more powerful McLaren M8Fs and Lola T260s coming to the fore in Can-Am, Porsche was in danger of being left behind, so started coaxing more power from its engine. This chassis, 027, was used to evaluate a series of 16-pot units, scaling from 6 to 7.2 litres. On the dyno the 7.2 touched 850bhp, but was believed to be capable of 880bhp. The engine was fitted into a streamlined, lengthened and surgically ventilated chassis and driven by Mark Donohue for a few tests, including 56 laps of Weissach in September when Donohue believed up to 2000bhp would be achievable with turbos. Porsche then switched focus to turbocharging instead. The car never raced and only one example exists, fitted with the 6.6-litre flat-16 unit.

1971 917K

While Porsche offered the option to use a bored-out 4.9-litre version of the flat 12 in 1970, the factory cars opted to stick with the proven 4.5-litre variant for Le Mans. For 1971 the larger unit was more proven and was even extended to 5 litres. The 917’s chassis changed, too, with ultra-light gas-pressured tubular magnesium framing being used in the winning chassis, 053 – the only coupé Porsche would race with that high-risk, rather flammable, combination. Vertical rear fins added more stability without extra drag. The car won Le Mans on the first attempt with Helmut Marko and Gijs van Lennep.

1971 917LH

Based on the same principle of reducing drag, Porsche refined its long-tail design for 1971 with a redesigned frontal section, partial rear wheel enclosures and a single-piece rear spoiler assembly. Three cars were entered for pole and, despite Jackie Oliver securing pole in one, none finished the race and the long-tail project was finally scrapped.

PORSCHE'S ULTIMATE WEAPON



outside a hospital delivery room: it's the rasping, roaring sound of a 5.4-litre, flat-12 twin-turbo engine finally prised from its slumbers and clearly in very rude health.

Despite my rather fraught introduction to the car, once installed behind the wheel in the thin but surprisingly comfortable seat, there is time to look around. In traditional Porsche fashion, it is right-hand drive (which assists weight distribution because there are fewer left-hand corners than right in motor racing). Everything has been pared back to the bare minimum: there's a large rev counter in Porsche's signature typeface, flanked by two smaller dials giving oil temperature and pressure. There are some boost gauges on the far left but how you're meant to read them is anyone's guess.

Like all 917s, it has a synchromesh gearbox, containing just four presumably fairly massive gears. The pedals are slightly offset towards the middle of the car but perfectly arranged for slick downshifting. And that really is about it.

Surprisingly, I'm not terrified. I have spoken to Derek Bell, Richard Attwood, Vic Elford, Mark Webber and Marino Franchitti about driving the 917/30 and to a man they all say that so long as I'm sensible with the power there's nothing to worry about. Quite what 'sensible' means in the context of a 1100bhp, 46-year-old racing car is not entirely clear to me. But I am as nervous as I've been in a racing car without racing it: it's not the career-ending implications of stacking it in front of tens of thousands of people, because if I bent Mark Donohue's immaculate and entirely original 917/30, I'd run away from this business all by myself.

It's the fact that no-one from Porsche has even said "Please bring it back", let alone suggested how I might drive it. I have encountered this approach before when Porsche let myself and Chris Harris drive the 1987 Le Mans-winning 962 at Weissach until its cut slicks had cuts no more.

The trust is proven from the very fact that you are in Porsche's car, and compared to that words are meaningless. To betray that trust would be unthinkable. But still the responsibility is awesome.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. I HIT THE black starter button and the now warm motor blasts instantly into life. First gear slots home easily. Up comes the clutch as I wait for its savage bite. It doesn't come: the pedal is heavy but this one-time world's fastest racing car drives away as easily as a street machine.

You learn so much in the first 10 seconds. The action of both clutch and gearbox, the gearing of the steering, its feel and accuracy, the tractability and throttle response of the engine. In simply pulling out of the assembly area in first gear and turning onto the track you are bombarded by data which, because brains are clever things, coalesce into one single thought: this is going to be alright.

It sounds insane given that I'm not yet out of first gear and not even in danger of breaking even the urban speed limit, but those messages are unambiguous. This big old racer drives exactly as you'd hope and expect, and while loadings on the car will change, this fundamental behaviour should



Front row, from left: Porsche 917-001, recently restored to its original condition; 917K; 917-10; back row, from left: Mark Donohue's 917-30 Can-Am; 917-30 Can-Am Spyder

not, unless acted upon by external forces whose influence has yet to be felt, like high-speed aerodynamic instability. From all I've heard and read, that is not going to be a problem.

So that's it: you've learned what you can learn, prepared what you can prepare. You have 10 minutes on one of the world's greatest tracks in one of the world's greatest racing cars. Don't waste them.

Only now, just as you're expecting confidence to build, does the fear hit. I know that when I put my foot down, this car is going to behave in a way for which all my time in all those other really fast racing cars has hardly prepared me at all. Truly this is a voyage into the unknown, yet I've set sail in front of the equivalent of the population of a small town. What will it be like? How, exactly does 1100bhp in an 850kg car feel?

I could of course find out now. One of the few skills I possess is being quite good at climbing aboard unfamiliar racing cars and driving them fast from lap one, because that's the very nature of the track testing business. But this, of all cars? Right Here?

The Porsche 917 through the ages

1971 917 Interserie Spyder

When Germany launched its own Can-Am variant in the form of the high-powered Interserie championship, Porsche had a natural base with the 917. Three cars were built; two were adapted from 917 PAs, while the third was developed from the 917K that had been crashed at Le Mans by Mike Hailwood. It won the Interserie title twice on the trot in the hands of Jürgen Neuhaus and Leo Kinnunen respectively.

1971 917/10

Built for Can-Am, the original 917/10 was more of a development mule for things to come than an out-and-out quest for domination. Jo Siffert drove the boxy first design to fourth in the points, as McLarens dominated. With the rules being similar to Interserie, a few 917/10s also dipped into the German class.

1971 917/20

Beautiful and playful, or just plain ugly… this is the 917 that divided opinion, with perhaps the most distinctive livery of all time. Created as a one-off to fuse the strengths of both the K and LH variants, the 917/20 emerged as a rather swollen, bulbous creation, with low-slung, wide bodywork. Designed by Anatole Lapine, it was decked in pink and marked up in butchery cuts; so the Pink Pig was born. Only lightly tested before Le Mans, it qualified seventh before being crashed by Reinhold Joest.

1972 917/10

Having been regulated out of the World Sports Car Championship – and as a result Le Mans, too – by the 3-litre limit, Porsche focused its efforts on Can-Am, and the search for power truly began. The second-generation 917/10 ran a 5-litre flat-12 engine with twin turbochargers giving up to 1000bhp. The bodywork was heavily sculpted at the front and a huge rear wing added to generate downforce. George Follmer won the Can-Am crown in its first year.

1973 917/30

And so we come to the 917's apotheosis. For the final official variant of the 917, the engineers were essentially given free rein. The result was one of the most powerful sports cars ever. With all-new bodywork, a longer wheelbase and its engine bored out to 5.4-litres, the 917/30 was capable of nudging 1500bhp with the turbo taps wide open, but never raced with more than 1100bhp. It dominated Can-Am, to the point where America largely lost interest in its flagship sports car series.

Right now? I only have a few laps anyway. Besides, the bloke in the 917/10 in front of me appears to think he's going shopping, and we've all been told very clearly that overtaking is a black-flag offence.

I hang back a little, find myself some space and let it build. As the speeds rise all those early indicators hold true. And I recognise the feeling I've experienced before but only in the greatest cars of their respective eras: that of being in control of a racing car that's been honed by the best in the business to be as good as it can be.

HERE COMES THE BOOST. IT'S actually surprisingly easy to modulate and worlds apart from the all-or-nothing approach I had expected. Yes, it takes a long time to arrive after your foot makes the request, but you can literally hear it coming as the turbos spool up, and when the resulting thrust goes from mad to maniacal, you can just ease off a touch and it all calms down instantly. Thank you, happy pump!

In the meantime, I'm guiding it around Goodwood, savouring the car's typically Porsche slow and heavy gearshift and the car's delicious steering.

Even so, this is not quite enough. I have to be able to look you in the eye and say I've really driven the 917/30. Not oversteered it on the edge of oblivion through Fordwater, of course, but not simply steered it around the track either.

I put half a lap between myself and the next car, take a deep breath and go. And here's the thing: it wasn't scary at all. All my fear disappeared as I was swept along on a torrent of power the like of which I've never experienced before. Unlike putting your head in a tiger's mouth - thrilling no doubt, but probably best not done for very long - the faster I went in the 917/30 the faster I wanted to make it go. Just as long as you made some allowance for the fact that you arrive everywhere at a simply ridiculous speed and therefore need to adjust your braking points accordingly, the 917/30 is almost, whisper it... easy.

The only problem is that it wants to break traction absolutely everywhere, which is why I waited until near the end of the pit straight before not just putting my foot down, but leaving it there. Which is how you find yourself spinning the wheels of a Porsche 917/30 at over 120mph.

And that was that. I returned the car to a group of now grinning Porsche mechanics, gabbled my thanks and left.

How do you sum that up? To say it was an experience like no other seems so obvious as to be entirely redundant. So I'm going to wimp out and let someone else sign off.

Writing in his sublime autobiography *The Unfair Advantage* in 1974, Mark Donohue summed it up very simply: "It is to me the perfect racing car." Forty-five years later and, at least to me, it still is.

"You can literally hear the power coming as the turbos spool up"



Only three 917/30s were ever built. One was a test car, one remains in America, and this, chassis 002, is the other

The car that killed Can-Am

It was the world's most spectacular series, allowing teams free rein in the quest for speed. But its ultimate car, the Porsche 917/30, also led to its downfall, says **Preston Lerner**

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2019**

GETTY IMAGES

CAN-AM DESTROYER



FANS OF THE PORSCHE 917/30 LIONISE THE car because it was so fast that it effectively killed the Can-Am series. Haters villainise it for the same reason.

The predecessor of the German 'Turbo Panzer', the 917/10, had breezed to the championship in 1972 so convincingly that the once all-conquering Team McLaren quit Can-Am with its tail between its legs. The next year, the 917/30 was roughly two seconds per lap faster than an upgraded, well-driven 917/10. Indeed, driver Mark Donohue claimed it to be "the perfect race car", after his dominant run in 1973. But it was deadly, too. At least to the Can-Am series as a whole.

With no cars able to compete with the 917/30, fields eventually dwindled until it was essentially just Donohue - inevitably on pole by a light year at most rounds - being trailed by five outclassed 917/10s and a rag-tag collection of outdated McLarens and near-obsolete Lolas. By the end of the 1973 season it was clear that heroic measures were necessary to keep the series alive, so the organisers instituted a controversial fuel-consumption formula that rendered thirsty turbocharged engines uncompetitive.

Porsche predictably bailed out. But no fresh blood materialised. The only new car of 1974, the Shadow DN4, dominated a truncated schedule featuring only five races. The season ended early when the final event at Riverside was cancelled because, as a press release at the time put it, "the costs involved simply aren't justified by the quality of the competition being offered".

It's often said that Can-Am - the uniquely muscular road-racing series whose success was built on the lack of rules - was destroyed when the new regulations were finally brought in, but this gets things rather backwards. That Can-Am survived as long as it did was nothing short of a miracle because, in truth, the series was the canary in the coalmine whose death signalled an inflection point that would change the sport.

The Canadian-American Challenge Cup began in 1966, when racing was on the cusp of a technological revolution underwritten by unprecedented sums of sponsorship money. The next decade would bring the development of wings, slick tyres, turbocharging and a host of incremental upgrades that caused speeds to skyrocket. Up until then, racing had always been about cars going faster. But after the breakthroughs of the 1960s, the rule makers were primarily concerned with slowing them down.

The impact of Can-Am's anything-goes formula was seen most clearly in lap times that plummeted while the series lasted. In 1967 Bruce McLaren put his bright-orange M6A on the pole at Road America with a lap at 2min 12.6sec, or 108.597mph.

In 1973 Donohue pushed the 917/30 to a lap of 1m 57.518sec, at 122.534mph. That's a 14mph average lap speed improvement in six years. At Watkins Glen, while driving a back-up car with the wrong gearing,

"The same R&D team behind back-to-back wins at Le Mans in 1970 and 1971 now tackled Can-Am"



Mark Donohue and the Porsche 917/30 were a lethal combination for Can-Am, with the American on pole for every race in 1973 – sometimes by three clear seconds

GETTY IMAGES

Donohue qualified on pole with a time that was almost a second quicker than Ronnie Peterson would go in his pole-sitting Lotus 72 in the American Grand Prix two months later.

Can-Am was lucky, in a way, in that it was off the beaten path and didn't attract serious factory interest until late in the day. Early on it was dominated by race car constructors (McLaren and Lola) that built clever but straightforward chassis and American engine tuners such as Traco and Gary Knutson, who hogged out pushrod V8s to displace 8 litres and more. Then Porsche showed up and completely rewrote the rules of the game.

The same R&D team behind back-to-back wins at Le Mans in 1970 and 1971 now tackled Can-Am, with Donohue serving as the test driver and chassis engineer. The 917/10 they created was a world-beater, and the 917/30 was an order of magnitude better, featuring more grip, more grunt, more downforce, more velocity. With a 5.4-litre flat-12 engine making upwards of 1400 horsepower on the dyno and a slick aerodynamic body, the new car topped out at 242mph during a pre-season test at Circuit Paul Ricard. "If I drove this thing as hard as I could for the whole race," Donohue later confided, "I'd end up five laps ahead of everyone."

Donohue cruised to the championship in 1973. Roger Penske pulled the 917/30 out of mothballs the next year for the Can-Am round at Mid-Ohio, a twisty circuit with no long, fuel-sucking straights. Despite never having sat in the car before and using second gear in first-gear corners to conserve fuel, Brian Redman effortlessly stuck the Porsche on pole and won the first heat before finishing second in the final after the wrong tyre choice on a drying track.

Technically, the Shadow DN4 was the car that drove a stake into the heart of the series. But Can-Am was a dead man walking the moment the Porsche 917/30 showed up.

LUNCH WITH

Hurley Haywood

He'd never raced outside North America, but he won first time at Le Mans. Considered the best ever US endurance driver, he tells **Simon Taylor** it's all due to Porsche

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY **JENSEN HANDE** | TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 2016**

STATISTICS ARE NEVER THE whole story. But they are often a good place to start, so here's a man who won the Le Mans 24 Hours at his first attempt and went on to be victorious there in three different decades. He also won the Daytona 24 Hours five times and the Sebring 12 Hours twice. During a racing career lasting a remarkable 43 years – the majority of it in Porsches – he scored more than 40 wins in major sports car races.

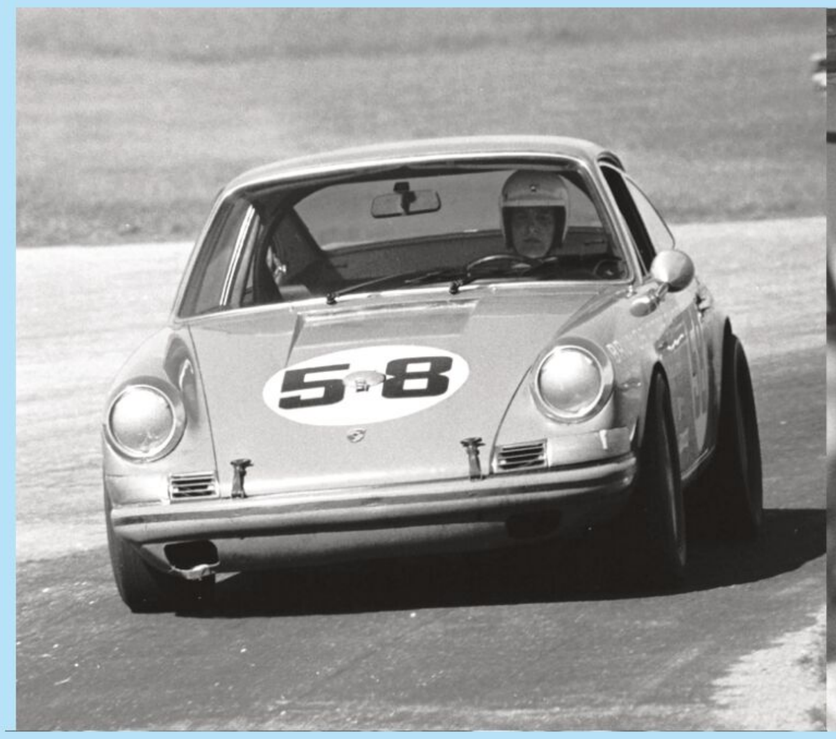
In his homeland, Hurley Haywood is renowned as the greatest endurance racer America has ever produced. Elsewhere this quiet, self-contained man is less well known. So when we both found ourselves as judges at an Amelia Island Concours d'Elégance, that was an excellent opportunity for me to fly out to Florida a day early and persuade him to sit down to lunch.

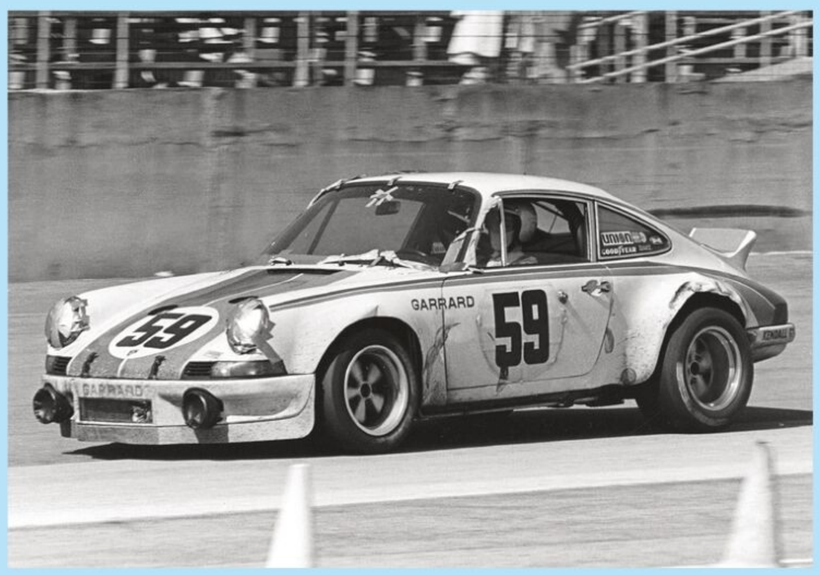
We meet at the Jacksonville Porsche dealership that has been central to his entire working life on and off the track, and repair to a sun-warmed table outside JJ's Bistro, along the Atlantic shoreline on Ponte Vedra Beach. A fit 68, Hurley chooses gazpacho, a chicken salad croissant and iced tea, unsweetened.

He hails originally from Chicago. "I spent most of my vacations on my grandmother's farm west of the city. When you're a kid with a lot of land to roam in you learn how to drive very young, in any car that happens to be lying around. By the time I was 12, I knew all about understeer – not the ▶













Clockwise from top left: Brumos Porsche 911S, 1969; Haywood at Watkins Glen the same year; in the Can-Am 917-10 Spyder at Riverside, 1973; the 917-10 on the track; Brumos Porsche 911 RSR, Daytona, 1972



GETTY IMAGES

terminology, perhaps, but I'd learned that if you go into a corner too fast you're not going to get around it.

"I came to college down here, and I had a Corvette I used to race in local autocrosses." In the US autocross means not racing on grass, as it does in the UK, but slalom sprinting. "I was pretty much unbeatable, but one day I did an event laid out in a supermarket parking lot and the guy who owned Brumos, the Jacksonville Porsche dealership, turned up. He was a well-established endurance racer with 904s and Carrera Sixes, and he'd brought an immaculately prepared 911 and a whole race team to support him.

"Well, we tied for FTD, so there was a run-off, and I beat him. He came up to me afterwards and said, 'You must be pretty good to beat me. Why don't you come back to my place, my wife's cooking a barbecue.' That was how I met Peter Gregg.

"After that he took me to the Savannah Raceway to give me my first run in a proper race car, a 911S. By the end of the day I was faster than him, and he said, 'Looks like I'm not going to teach you anything about driving, but what I can teach you is the mind-set of a professional racing driver. And you and I are going to do the Watkins Glen Six Hours next month.' That was a round of the World Sports Car Championship, with works Porsches, Matras and Mirages, Siffert, Rodríguez, Ickx, Elford. I said, 'I can't possibly, I haven't even got a regional racing licence.' Peter said, 'That's no problem. We'll get you a NASCAR licence. For that you just fill in a form and send $20 through the mail. On the back of that we'll apply to the FIA and get you an international licence.' When we turned up at Watkins Glen the SCCA freaked out: 'Where did this guy come from?' Peter told them, 'Don't worry, he's fine.' And fortunately I didn't screw up." He didn't: their 911S won the class and finished eighth overall.

A month after the Watkins Glen success Uncle Sam intervened with the arrival of Hurley's draft papers. "Soon I was on a plane to Vietnam. I was stationed 100 miles south of Hanoi, and my senior officer knew I was into racing. About 20 years later a guy came up to me at a race in Atlanta and said. 'I bet you don't know who I am.' I said, 'I know exactly who you are...'

"When you go into a combat theatre you have to grow up in a big hurry. I went out as a 21-year-old kid and I came back having learned the protocol of when and where to do what, and how to be very efficient with my time and my energies. There had been a lot of lessons that I would use in racing. After that it was just listening to Peter, taking his advice and practising what he was famous for, which was perfection. He was known as Peter Perfect. Everything had to be right, everything had to be immaculate, everything had to be ready for any eventuality. Nothing was taken for granted.

"From the start he'd established the Brumos team colours - white with two broad stripes, one red, one blue - and the shades of the red and blue paint had to be a specific colour code. The cars were brought to the track in the biggest hauler in the paddock, immaculate in the team colours of course. All his mechanics wore spotless matching uniforms, at a time when nobody did stuff like that. And the Brumos cars almost invariably ran as No59. Back when Peter was in naval intelligence he was flying a fixed-wing aircraft over an aircraft carrier one day, and the number on the front of it was 59. He decided he liked the way the numbers hung together, so that's what had to be on his cars.

> "With Peter everything had to be right, everything had to be immaculate"

"Peter was very short on compliments: he expected excellence from everyone as a matter of course. And if you didn't perform to his standards you were in the shithouse." The team motto was hung on the race shop wall: *kein Vergleich* - which translates as "no comparison". For Peter, Brumos had to be in a different league.

IT WAS 1971 BEFORE HURLEY WAS HOME from Vietnam, and at once there was a job for him at Brumos. "I was put through the wringer: workshop, parts, showroom. And I was racing with Peter. He was now running the Porsche 914/6 GT, because the 914 was what Joe Hoppen [Porsche North America's Motorsport director] wanted to promote at that time. Peter and I had a lot of success with it and were IMSA champions, and the next season I was IMSA champion again with a 911. In 1973 we had the 911RS, which evolved into the RSR, and things really started to go well." Sensationally the Haywood/Gregg 911 beat all the big works cars to win the Daytona 24 Hours outright. Seven weeks later they repeated the feat in the Sebring 12 Hours.

Hurley's reputation in the US was mushrooming, and Vasek Polak, who had bought one of the fearsome 917/10 Porsches for the Can-Am Series, signed Hurley to drive it. "Peter was always happy to release me to other people, because he encouraged you to drive anything you could, get outside your comfort zone, learn about the strong and weak points of different cars and different teams. So I drove a Ferrari Daytona at Sebring, I drove one of Tony di Lorenzo's Corvettes which was crude and very fast and later I drove a Ferrari F40 for somebody. Horrible thing, it would always blow up or something would break, not Porsche philosophy at all. The only plus point was the team used to serve great food.

"With that 917/10 Can-Am car I went from 300bhp with the 911 to 1200bhp. It was a monster, very difficult to control. At Edmonton in the wet I had brake failure, went over the bank and upside down. If it hadn't been for Mark Donohue, I would never have been able to get my hands around that car. Mark, driving for Roger Penske, had the longer-wheelbase 917/30 that was easier to handle, but he helped me a lot with sorting out the 917/10. He and I became close friends.

"In 1976, Peter fell out with Porsche over money. He was a businessman and he'd won them Daytona, Sebring and plenty else, and he'd done a lot for the standing of Porsche in North America. He said, 'If you won't give me what I want I'm going to run with BMW.' They never thought he'd do it, but he did: so we had a one-year deal racing the 3.0 CSL, which was a great car, and Brumos also became a BMW dealer. But not for long: after his year racing with them Peter hated them, didn't find them nice to deal with. Meanwhile I carried on driving Porsches for other teams, like Vasek Polak's 934 in the Trans-Am.

"In 1977 I scored my third Daytona 24 Hours win in five years. After that Jo Hoppen told me, 'You need to call Stuttgart. They want you to drive for them at Le Mans.' Well, I had to pick myself up off the floor. I'd read about Le Mans, I'd seen the Steve McQueen movie, but I'd never done a race outside North America before, I'd never even been to Europe. So I fly to Paris, land the Tuesday before the race, hire a car at the

airport, and then become completely lost getting out of Paris. Somehow, I make my way in the general direction of Le Mans, but of course I don't speak a word of French, and all I have on me is a piece of paper with the name of a village where the Porsche team hotel is.

"It's the middle of the night, and I've no idea where I'm going. Then, driving along this silent country lane, my headlights pick up a guy walking along in the dark with Porsche written on the back of his jacket. I stop and wave my piece of paper at him, and he says, 'Ah, Herr Haywood, we are waiting for you. Come and meet the boys.'

"It was race engineer Klaus Bischof, and he took me to this bar. I hadn't slept since leaving Florida two days before, and they got me completely plastered. Klaus got me to bed at 2am. Next morning I'm woken by this banging on the window, and it's the Porsche media chief, Manfred Jankte, saying in excellent English, 'Where the f*** have you been?' That was my introduction to being a works driver for Porsche.

"We go to another village, Teloché, where Porsche has taken over the local garage to prepare the cars. Back then the teams weren't based in the paddock, they were scattered around in different villages, and all the race cars were driven on the road to the track each day. We walk into this little workshop and there are the most beautiful cars I've ever laid eyes on: a pair of white Porsche 936s, with the red and blue stripes of Martini running from headlights to tail. There was my co-driver, Jürgen Barth, whom I'd never met. He was a lot bigger than me, but we managed to sort the seat out OK. In the other car were Jacky Ickx and Henri Pescarolo. Jacky was like a god to me, I was just this young brat."

Wednesday's qualifying was torrentially wet, but thankfully it was dry for Thursday evening. Ickx in Porsche No3 qualified third among the very fast Renaults, Hurley and Barth qualified seventh. "After that they say to me, 'Haywood, you will drive the car from the start.'

"So the race starts, we take off, this huge traffic jam of 55 cars rushes under the Dunlop Bridge and down the other side - and my throttle jams wide open. Oh shit. There was a little bar to kill the engine, so I hit that, try to keep out of everybody's way and I get it stopped on the verge coming out of Arnage. I get the rear bodywork off, get the throttle unstuck, get the body back on, drive it back to the pits. That was quickly fixed and away we went, but now a lap and a half behind everybody else."

After a couple of hours the Haywood/Barth Porsche lost more time - a fat 24 minutes - to replace a broken injector pump. Gradually they moved back up the order: and then just before 8pm Pescarolo blew the engine in the No1 936. "That's when they said, 'OK, Jacky will drive with you guys now.'

"Jacky was brilliant at night, especially when it rained around dawn and the conditions were horrible, and he maintained amazing pace. Gradually we climbed up the field and by 10am on Sunday we were in the lead." From then on Ickx stood down, and Hurley and Barth reeled off the final hours. Right at the end the car suffered a major engine malady, but Barth was able to limp to the chequered flag. Ickx had won his fourth Le Mans and his third on the trot; Hurley had won Le Mans at his first attempt.

> "I hadn't slept since leaving Florida two days before, and they got me plastered"

HURLEY DROVE PORSCHES AT Le Mans for the next six years, finishing on the podium three times: two thirds, and then, in 1983, another victory with Vern Schuppan and countryman Al Holbert. There had also been two more Daytona 24 Hours wins. But meanwhile there had been cataclysmic changes at Brumos.

Peter Gregg's relentless hunt for perfection could not hide - and in fact was evidence of - his very complex character. "Peter had a multitude of problems. He was a manic depressive, and mental health issues of that sort were much less well understood then than they are now. He was married to Jennifer, who was part of the Johnson & Johnson medical supplies family, and they had two sons. But that marriage eventually failed. His personality swings made him like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. He was a Harvard graduate and a naval officer, and he could be a dreadful snob: sometimes, if you didn't have the right education and the right money, he'd treat you like shit. Another day he'd befriend some down-and-out in the street and say, 'You and I have a lot in common. Let's sit down and talk about it.' One day he'd tell me what a great guy I was, the next he'd throw me out of his office. But our relationship carried on working because I accepted all this. I knew that was Peter.

"Something which must have been tied up in his torment was the terrible thing that had happened in his childhood. On his seventh birthday his mother went out to buy him a birthday cake. Coming home on the subway she carefully put the cake down on the platform and jumped in front of a train.

"Peter lived inside a sort of cloak. As long as he took his medication he was fine. But he was so clever, so highly educated, that at times he'd decide he was strong enough and smart enough not to have to be managed by medicine. When that happened you never knew which direction he'd go."

Gregg's own motor-racing achievements were substantial. He was IMSA GT champion six times in nine years, and had showed well at Le Mans. In 1977, while Hurley was scoring his first win, he finished a fine third in a 935. In '78 he was in the third-placed works 936 with Hurley and Reinhold Joest. In '79 he took a drive in a French Ferrari BB, which didn't finish, but for 1980 he was given a drive in one of three works 924 Carrera GTs.

"Before qualifying he was on his way from his hotel to the track, with his then girlfriend and the American abstract painter Frank Stella in the car with him. A tractor and farm trailer pulled out in front of them. Peter swerved, and they went into the ditch and turned over. All of them seemed physically OK, but at the track Peter failed the pre-race medical because his eyesight seemed to have been affected. After the race we flew back to the States together, and three weeks later we were due to do the Paul Revere night-time race at Daytona in a Brumos 935. Peter said, 'I'm not feeling great. You set the car up and qualify it, and in the race I'll stand by to take over if you need me.' I put it on pole and it was hotter than hell that night, and with half an hour to go I was exhausted and running out of speed. I came in and he took the car out - and in that half-hour we lost two laps, although we still finished third.

"After that Peter blamed me for making him look bad. We'd been racing together and working together for more than a decade, but now he told me he didn't want to see me on the Brumos property any more. So I was

With co-driver Peter Gregg (right) after victory in the 1975 Daytona 24 Hours. Below: Haywood with champagne at Le Mans, 1977

GETTY IMAGES

"So the race starts, we take off and this huge traffic jam of 55 cars rushes under the Dunlop Bridge"

effectively thrown out. Our homes were close to each other, but I never saw him, I kept away – and then more than five months later, one Sunday in December, he called me up as though nothing had happened. He'd met a girl called Deborah and had married her very quickly, a few days before. He said she was cooking lunch and why didn't I come over.

"It was a surprise. I went over, everything was totally cordial, I met Deborah and we had a really nice lunch. Peter was full of ideas for the future. He was planning to go Indy racing with me as the driver, he had it all mapped out. Next morning he went to a shop, bought a gun, walked onto the beach and shot himself.

"He left an almost illegible note, addressed to his wife of nine days, saying he wanted to leave the entire business to the general manager Bob Snodgrass, to his race crew chief Jack Atkinson, and to Sigmund, his service chief. Deborah said she wasn't going to let that happen, and of course the scribbled unwitnessed note would never have stood up in court. Bob continued to steer the business for her: with her lack of experience the manufacturers would never have let her be in sole charge without him, and he'd already been running the dealership for Peter since 1972. But she did make changes that severely compromised what Brumos was doing, like she changed the famous colour scheme, she started to race Mustangs instead of Porsches.

"Then in 1991 a major car dealer entrepreneur, Dan Davis, came along, and he and Bob Snodgrass bought her out. It was like those 10 years had vanished and all the original philosophy was back, with those unmistakeable racing colours of white with the broad red and blue stripes, which just said Brumos to everybody."

AFTER GREGG'S DEATH Hurley's racing continued for other Porsche teams, notably those of multi-millionaire Seattle refuse-disposal king Bruce Leven and Bob Hagestad, a Porsche dealer from Denver. "Plus the Whittington brothers, Bill, Don and Dale. There was a weird bunch of guys. Back in the day more than one big team was fuelled by drug money: that's just the way it was. The Whittingtons always treated me very nicely, but they were very strong-willed. It was their way or no way, and no discussion. They would always pay on time, but it came in used notes in a brown paper bag. In the end Bill and Don got busted and both went to jail: I think Bill got 15 years."

A bad accident in 1983 was responsible for Hurley changing his allegiance from Porsche to Jaguar for four seasons. "I was in a 935 in the Mosport Six Hours. In the last hour, I was lapping a car that didn't see me and moved over on me. I got on wet grass and hit the bank. The way the car angled into the wall shattered all the bones in my left leg from my ankle to my knee. I didn't race again for the rest of that season. Come Daytona the next February in Bruce Leven's 935, I simply could not push down the clutch pedal without screaming in pain. Then Bob Tullius asked me to do a test in the Group 44 Jaguar XJR-5.

"Now unlike the Porsches, which had synchronised gearboxes, the Jaguars used straight-cut Hewlands, and once you'd got it out of the pits you could shift without using the clutch. When Bob saw this guy sitting in his car with his leg in a cast he said to himself. 'God, what have I done?' But straight away my lap times were right on the money, and that was it. Over the next three seasons Brian Redman and I did more than 40 IMSA races together in Bob's XJR-5s and XJR-7s. Driving with Brian was great: he is very competitive, of course, but always a perfect gentlemen. Our times were comparable, and there was mutual respect.

> "The GT was like a 962 without the ground effects; it was really good"

"For Le Mans in 1986, Brian and I got summoned by Tom Walkinshaw to join the Silk Cut works operation with the XJR-6s. The money was really good, but the whole thing was a nightmare. As soon as Brian and I get there Walkinshaw lines us up and says, 'I'm the boss, you're going to do exactly as I say, and we're going to win this race. From the start I want my cars to be running 1-2-3.' I said, 'Tom, surely that's the wrong mindset. What matters is the last lap, not the first.' He said, 'Don't tell me what to do, it's my team.' Well, the car I was in with Brian and Hans Heyer stopped after barely three hours with a fuel pump failure, so they moved me across to the Win Percy car. Win was great to drive with, I really liked him. But a driveshaft went in the early hours of the morning. The other car retired too, so at the end Porsches filled the first seven places..."

Hurley spent the next two years in Audis, first in the big four-door 200 Turbo Quattro with which he scooped the Trans-Am championship outright. The SCCA responded by making the Trans-Am for two-wheel-drive cars with American engines only, so Audi switched to IMSA with the Audi 90 Quattro, a 720bhp four-wheel-drive spaceframe and carbon-fibre silhouette car.

"The Audi engineers weren't sure this car would last the 12-hour and 24-hour races, so we missed Daytona and Sebring. That cost us the championship, because we won seven of the remaining 11 rounds."

HURLEY HAD AN IMPRESSIVE attendance rate at Le Mans from 1977 to '87, only missing 1984 because of the leg injury. Then after the two Audi years he was back, driving Porsches of different hues up until 1994 – when he took his last victory at La Sarthe. "In its way that was the most rewarding of my three Le Mans wins. The ACO had changed the regulations to try to equalise the Group C and GT1 categories, and [Porsche competitions boss] Norbert Singer worked out that we could take the Dauer-built 962 road car and run it as a GT." The GTs had more weight and narrower tyres, but put out about 100bhp more – and could run larger fuel tanks and therefore stop less often. "It was like a 962 without the ground effects. We did a lot of testing at Paul Ricard, and the cars ended up really good.

"I was down to drive the number 1 car with Hans Stuck and Danny Sullivan, but we had seat problems because they were taller than me. Plus Thierry Boutsen didn't fit well with Yannick Dalmas and Mauro Baldi in the number 2 car. So we swapped and I went with Yannick and Mauro. We were delayed by a broken driveshaft but we came back to win from the fastest Toyota, while Hans, Danny and Thierry finished third.

"Norbert was a genius. If you were in the Porsche family he was like your father, and he never got excited – even when panic mode might have been justified. He was always calm, always matter of fact, making calculations, taking sensible decisions. And that transmitted down through the rest


BRIDGESTONE
OMP
OMP

Haywood's third and final Le Mans victory came in 1994 in the Dauer 962, based on the Porsche model

GETTY IMAGES

of the team. Everything was very controlled, very disciplined. But afterwards, if the race had gone well, you'd celebrate, and the team dinner was mandatory. After my first win in 1977, Martini, who were the sponsors, threw a party first, and we didn't get to dinner until about 11pm. Of course, I hadn't been to bed since Friday night and I was drowning in my soup. But with a victory to celebrate you just get this surge of adrenaline from somewhere. They were all there, from Professor Porsche down to all the mechanics who'd played such a major part in the win. Everybody knew everybody, it was like a family gathering. Each year there was the Le Mans dinner, to celebrate the successes and mourn the failures.

"When I started with Porsche it was a really intense learning process. I was like a sponge soaking up information. Sitting in the briefings listening to people like Hans Stuck and Bob Wollek talking to Norbert, and listening to Norbert quizzing them, it was a lesson in how a driver should communicate with an engineer. It was something that Peter always told me. When you come in, be very succinct: describe what the car is doing, but don't tell them how to fix it. Don't say, I think we should try more wing at the back. It's your job to tell them how the car behaves, it's the engineer's job to decide what to do about it. After they've done it you assess how it has changed and tell the engineer if it's better.

"Bob Wollek was a wonderful guy and a great Porsche racer. Very early on he said to me, 'If you want to have a long career with Porsche you'll do two things. You'll drive as fast as you know how to go, and you'll keep your mouth shut.' We were together at Le Mans in 1979, but that year we didn't finish. We started from pole and ran at the front until an electrical problem stopped us.

"Bob was mad about cycling. He had bikes everywhere, usually he'd have one brought to each event with the race cars, and he'd bike between the track and where he was staying. I said to him once, 'You want to be careful, you're going to be riding through some real redneck places, somebody's going to knock you off into the bushes.' He said, 'Don't worry about me, I ride in lots of different countries, thousands of miles a year.' In 2001, after Friday practice for the Sebring 12 Hours, he was on his way back to his motel and an old guy in a motorhome passed too close. The motorhome's door mirror hit him on the head, killed him.

"When people asked me who was my favourite team-mate, I'd say Al Holbert. And to drive against, too, because he was fierce but fair. He would never deliberately put you in harm's way, or bang into you like they do today. If you did that with a 962 or a 935 you'd probably need a pit-stop. Now the cars are so strong you'll probably get away with it. They need to make the penalty for that type of driving into something that really hurts, not just a fine.

"I knew Al before he became a born-again Christian. Back then he was a hell-raiser, he'd drink and party with the best of them. Then overnight he got religion, and the whole framework of his life changed. But he never lost that intensity in the cockpit. It was a tragedy when he died in his plane in 1988." Flying home after the IMSA Columbus street race, the door on Holbert's Piper PA-60 came open just after take-off. He was able to divert the crashing aircraft away from a stretch of houses before it hit the ground.

> "At Porsche, drive as fast as you know how to go, and keep your mouth shut"

NOT ALL OF HURLEY'S RACING was in sports cars. "When Lindsay Hopkins asked me to drive for him in Indycar, it was an instant 'Yes'. As a kid I'd sat in the Indy 500 stands with my dad. I wouldn't say it was enjoyable, but it was challenging. You have to go so close to the wall and the banking is only seven or eight degrees. Back then, if you hit the wall you were going to hurt yourself.

"In the Hopkins Lightning in the 1980 Indianapolis 500, I was the first to run the Chevy V6 engine and top brass from GM came to watch. It was a good engine, but there was a problem with a valve in the refuelling system, and every time I came into the pits it would catch fire. Methanol burns with an invisible flame and all of a sudden you'd feel kinda hot. I began to dread the summons saying it was time for my next stop. In the end, when the fire damage got too bad, that's what stopped us - we called it a day at about two-thirds distance, but I think we were classified 18th.

"My professional career lasted until my last Daytona 24 Hours in 2012, 43 years after that first Watkins Glen with Peter. In all I did Daytona 40 times, won five of them. One of the best was 2009, which was my last race in a prototype. Brumos had two Rileys with Porsche engines, and Chip Ganassi had Juan Pablo Montoya in a Riley with a Lexus V8. After the full 24 hours we were so close you could have put a blanket over us, David Donohue, Montoya and me 1-2-3. I was nearly 61 years old by then.

"I did my last Daytona in a GT3 Cup car in 2012, and with Marc Lieb as one of our drivers we led the GT category for much of the race. Then we had a few problems, but still finished third in class. Then I thought, maybe it's time to stop.

"I was still vice-president of Brumos. That whole wonderful business is Peter's memorial. He built it, and you can't measure how much it has done for Porsche over the years. It's been an integral part of the brand's progress in America. A Mercedes-Benz or a Lexus dealership is like printing money, because of the breadth of their ranges, but being a Porsche dealer doesn't make you tons of money. It's the prestige that counts.

"Actually Dan Davis has just sold the dealership and it has become Porsche Jacksonville. The Brumos name and its racing enterprises, and the Brumos private car collection, have remained with Dan. I've agreed to stay on for a while and help the new guys forge their relationship with Porsche Cars North America, and with the Brumos customer base. I still do stuff for Porsche's media people and I'm very busy as chief instructor at Barber Motorsports Park in Birmingham, Alabama: I do 40 days a year there. I now live south of here at St Augustine. I spent a lot of time developing the plans for my house there, getting all the details right. And I have a new Chris Craft yacht that looks like an old Chris Craft, a 28-footer, 5.7-litre V8, all electronic, all the bells and whistles.

"Working with Peter from the start of my career, I quickly understood three key ingredients in the recipe for making a successful racing driver. First, you must really, really want to finish first. Lots of people go into racing not expecting to win, they're just doing it because they enjoy it. I couldn't be like that. I was in it to make a name for myself and make a living, and I wasn't going to do that by loping around.

"The second key ingredient I learned was that you have to drive for a great team. And the third: you need to drive a Porsche."

The ICON 917K.
Just like the famous one but with a handy extra.

A number plate.

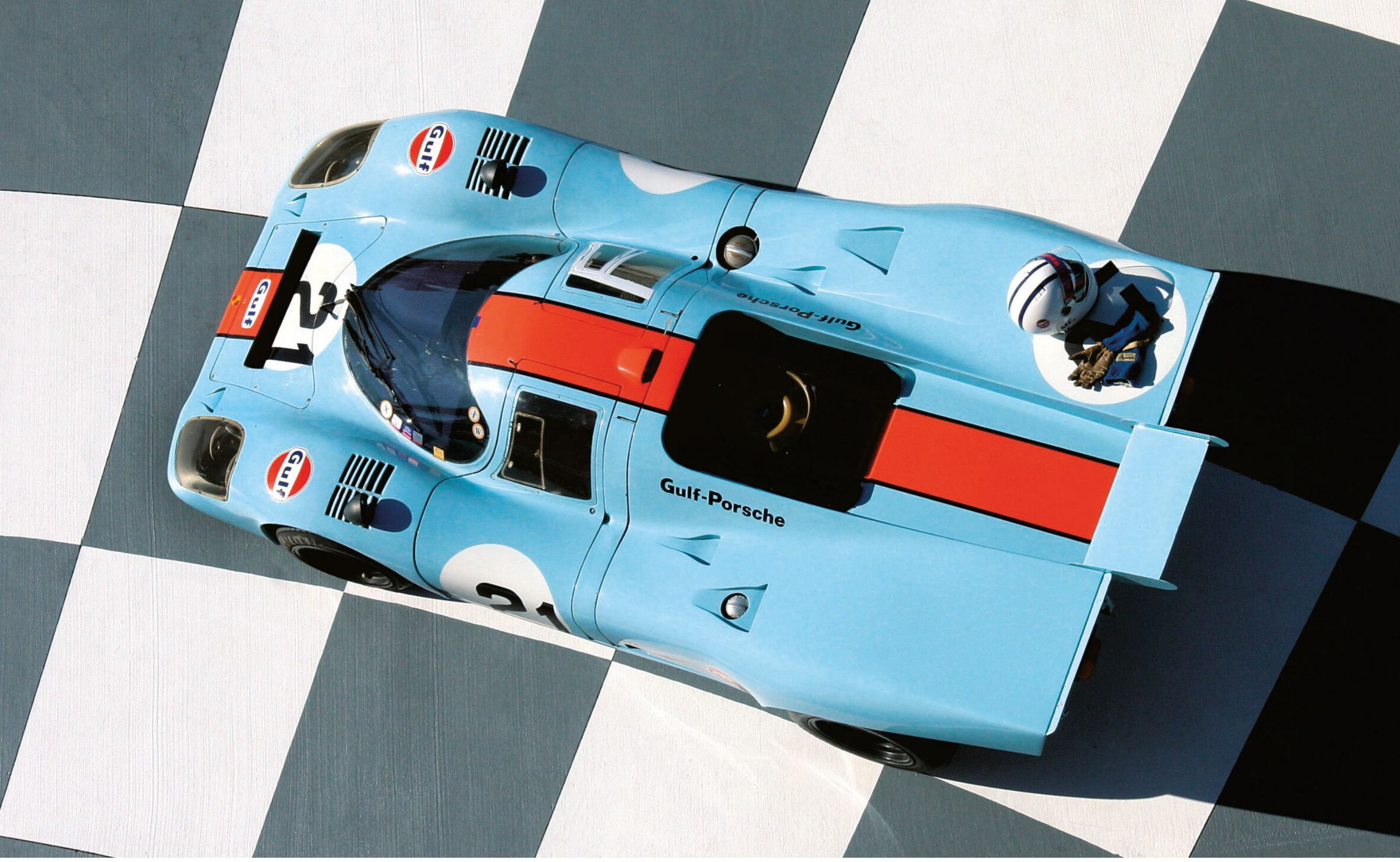
The ICON 917K is a faithful reproduction of the original 1970 short-tail, but with one big difference: it's road-legal, with full UK IVA certification. Reverse-engineered in CAD with an authentic and dimensionally accurate round-tube spaceframe, body panels taken from moulds of an original Porsche 917, correct magnesium wheels, suspension, braking and all ancillaries. The interior is true to a 917, with refinements including the luxury of a heated windscreen. There was no compromise in the eight years of development so we could be sure it is the greatest race car for the road or track day that you'll ever own and drive... and there's even room for the shopping.

ICON

Unless you're looking for a proper shopping car, get in touch to talk about your bespoke ICON 917K. We'll build yours as a fully-equipped rolling chassis, plus your choice of hand-built Porsche engines and transaxle, all the way to a flat-12, and when completed in the livery of your choice, we'll UK-road register it for you. Or if you prefer to spend many happy hours in your garage, we can help you achieve your ultimate DIY project. Call us for a quotation. Export enquiries also welcome.

EATONCORP LTD Rayleigh, Essex, United Kingdom | + 44 (0) 7745 480640 / +44 (0) 7711 807928 | info@icon_engineering.co.uk | www.icon_engineering.co.uk @Replica917

Picture: Robb Pritchard. 00 44 7724 569 039



BEACH PARTY

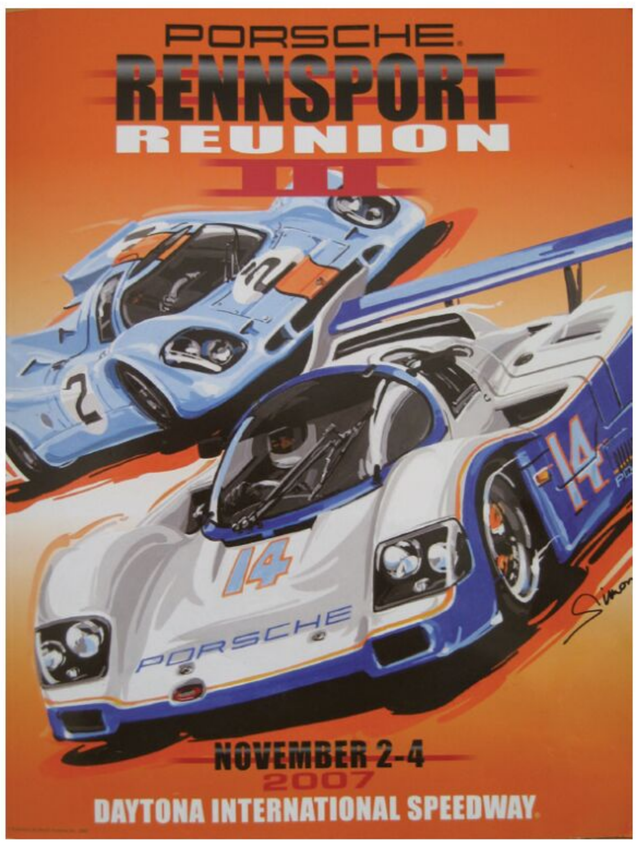
The 2007 Rennsport Reunion at Daytona was a celebration of Porsche racers, featuring the largest gathering of 917s witnessed since its heyday

WRITER **HOWARD WALKER** | TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, JANUARY 2008**

THEY ARE ALL HERE. THE PINK PIG. The psychedelic long-tail 'Hippie Car'. Steve McQueen's movie car from *Le Mans*. The Sunoco Can-Am Spyder with its 1500-plus horsepower flat-12. Fifteen of them in fact - the largest gathering of Porsche 917s assembled since 1970.

And with them came their drivers. Brian Redman and Vic Elford. David Piper and Richard Attwood. Derek Bell and David Hobbs. All eager to tell anyone who'd listen terrifying tales of the car's towering power, evil handling and insane 240mph top speeds. "What was the best part of driving a 917? That would be getting out in one piece," deadpans Redman.

Then there are the 956s and 962s, being celebrated for their quarter of a century of



competition. The Al Holbert/Bell Lowenbräu Special 962. The original Rothmans 001 test 956. The Miller High Life 962C. Maybe 18 in total. Their drivers, too: Jürgen Barth, Vern Schuppan, Chip Robinson, Hurley Haywood.

For three days in November, inside the lofty banking of Daytona's International Speedway, Rennsport Reunion III paid homage to Porsche's finest racing machinery, both on and off the track.

"Look down the pitlane and it's Le Mans 1972," says Sean Roberts, former Rothmans PR guru and kingpin of Group C racing. "And it's not just seeing the cars, it's also the characters who drove them. It's a wonderful event".

This is the reunion's third running. Held triennially, its roots were formed at the

Porsche 50th anniversary bash at the Monterey Historics back in the summer of 1998. Porsche North America motor sports and brand heritage manager Bob Carlson sensed the enthusiasm for a Porsche-only gathering and called in Brian Redman's Intercontinental Events group to pull together some historic cars and big-name drivers, and Rennsport Reunion was born at Lime Rock in 2001. It moved to Daytona and the Florida sunshine for the 2004 festival.

"It's not a huge event. We probably only get 15,000 people, mostly Porsche club members and club racers," explains Carlson. "But nowhere else can you see so many historically significant Porsches in one place. And it's a powerful brand-building exercise for the company."

Just a stroll through the Daytona paddock confirms that. Parked in the sunshine, unfettered by barriers or minders, are the four legendary 917s that Carlson had shipped over from the Porsche museum in Stuttgart; the number 22 Le Mans-winning 917K, the Martini long tail, that infamous 917/20 'Pink Pig', and the prototype 16-cylinder 917-027 Can-Am Spyder.

It's the first time the Spyder is being shown in the States and the sight of four banks of four air intakes poking out of the 917's fridge-freezer-white bodywork will steal your breath. Then you start to ponder its potential power output. If a 917-30's 5.4-litre turbo 12-cylinder could crank out up to 1500 horsepower, what would a 16-banger offer if you turbocharged it? 1700? 2000bhp? Maybe it's a good thing that the car never raced.

Chad McQueen is alongside the Spyder, explaining the inner workings of the 16-cylinder to his 12-year-old son Chase. It's an emotional return to Daytona for McQueen. Back in January 2006, while practicing for the Rolex 24-hour in a Tafel Racing Porsche 911 GT3, he slammed into the wall destroying the car and most of himself. He shattered his lower left leg, fractured various ribs, and

"What was the best part of driving a 917? Getting out in one piece"



917 REUNION


Rothmans
Coke
TORNO
HIGH LIFE
LOWENBRÄU
Jägermeister
Havoline
SUNOCO
GOODYEAR
SUNOCO
PORSCHE
+AUDI
Shell
KENDALL GT-1
MARTINI
RACING-TEAM
PORSCHE
MARKO
LENNER
PORSCHE

917 REUNION





put a pair of fractures in his vertebrae. He was given the last rites on more than one occasion.

"I'm feeling pretty good considering," he says. "I got banged up pretty bad." But that wasn't stopping him getting behind the wheel of the 1975 Ecurie Escargot 911 Carrera RSR for an exhibition run.

McQueen's head turns instinctively at the sight of the famous blue-and-orange Gulf-liveried 917K as it rumbles past on its way to the garages. It's the car his famous actor-father Steve drove in the 1970 movie *Le Mans*; the very car that Chad rode in down the Mulsanne Straight at 125mph while perched on his dad's lap.

"That's why this event is special. How often do you see that car out and being driven?" says an enthusiastic McQueen.

These days the 917 is the proud possession of funnyman and Porsche fanatic Jerry Seinfeld. The comedian had planned to drive the car at Rennsport until he was called to do promos for his new animated film *Bee Movie*.

"If Jerry turns up I'll be happy to loan him my race suit. It's the least I can do for loaning me his car," says Sam Cabiglio, Seinfeld's buddy and car manager, who was tasked with driving the legendary 917 for the demonstration laps.

He explains that after the car was used by McQueen, it was raced by Reinhard Joest in 1971 and '72 and then bought by Brian Redman. Redman sold it in 1979 to Richard Attwood, who kept it for 21 years. Seinfeld added it to his collection in 2001.

"It's a surprisingly easy car to drive. It has no temperament - it's very linear," says Cabiglio. "When you get on the brakes it stops straight. Of course, because of whose car it is, and because of its value, I don't let myself do some of the stupid things I'm capable of."

The sight and sound of McQueen's old 917-022 hammering around the Daytona banking during the exhibition laps brings a lump to the throat of every Porsche lover in the infield. Cabiglio obviously isn't hanging about, pulling 180mph, maybe 200mph around the banking.

"This really is a very special event. The fact that it only takes place every three years instead of every year only adds to its appeal," says the ever-effervescent Derek Bell, who is splitting his time fronting a Speed TV show of the reunion, signing autographs and driving the red number 17 Jägermeister 962 IMSA racer.

Bell, who won at Daytona three times and should have received a prize for having his name on the side of the most cars at the reunion - I counted at least 10 - says his win in 1987 was his favourite. He tells the tale of how he was sharing the Löwenbrau 962-10 with Chip Robinson and Al Unser Jr in the Rolex 24. Two hours from the end, he'd done his last stint and handed over the car to Little Al.

> "It's the car Chad rode in at 125mph perched on his dad's lap"

"I was totally shagged out because it was so hot. But we were running up front, so I was happy. Twenty minutes later, they're on the radio saying Al Junior can't do any more, I have to get in the car. Chip can't drive because he's also had enough. Here I am, my brain's going, every muscle in my body is mush. I can't even put my socks on."

Bell suggests that his friend, team manager and newly-retired racer Al Holbert does the last-but-one hour's stint and he jumps in the car.

"The next thing, 30 minutes into Holbert's hour, they're on the radio saying that he's coming in. Suddenly adrenaline takes over, I leap up and put on my clothes, get in the car and finish the race. Pure adrenaline. That was without doubt my most memorable drive here."

The highlight of the Saturday afternoon's proceedings is the Concours d'Sport where the most significant cars are lined up on the pit road and judged in an informal concours d'élégance. It's more an excuse for the crowd to get up really close to the vehicles and their drivers.

David Piper is holding court alongside the well-worn green and white 917 he's owned and campaigned since 1969. It's the car in which he and Richard Attwood scored the 917's second-ever victory, winning the nine-hour Kyalami event in 1969, covering a little over 831 miles.

Piper's car very nearly didn't make the reunion. When its container arrived at the docks in Savannah, it sat for a week while a team from America's Homeland Security X-rayed every piece.



Sean Roberts, who was handling the shipping of the 917, along with Henry Pearman's Rothmans 956-001 and Miller 962C-02, said he tried everything he could to speed up the process.

"I attempted to explain to the officials that a gentleman of Mr Piper's age and standing is not normally connected with al-Qaeda. It was all very nerve-wracking. And while David's car eventually came out without a speck of dust, Henry's looked like they'd been driven through a field."

Event organiser Redman was happy signing autographs, despite having his arm strapped up. He'd taken a tumble from, of all things, a skateboard while entertaining his grandkids - at the age of 70. His non-organising Daytona duties included racing the orange Jägermeister 962-138.

"I have great memories of Daytona," he says. "I managed to win here in a BMW CSL in 1976. At about five in the morning it lost a valve and went to five cylinders. I still drove it flat out using 9000rpm and it was faster on five cylinders than the fastest RSR Porsche. Fantastic."

What was it like driving the 917K back in 1970, when he finished second with Jo Siffert in the Daytona 24 hours (behind another 917K, driven by Pedro Rodriguez, Leo Kinnunen and Brian Redman)? "Let's say the 917 grabs your attention. It was hard going into the banking before they introduced the chicane. Monza had its Parabolica where you let the car find its own height on the banking, but at Daytona you are pulling the car down all the time. If you got behind a long-tail 908 in 1969, it looked like the car was sliding, the back would be out at an angle."

Sunday at Rennsport is race day, and it includes two impressive bouts in the big car challenges. In the 'Mulsanne' group, essentially for 962s and 935s, the young American Porsche factory driver Patrick Long powers the former Busby Racing Miller/BFG 962C to the chequered flag - his first time in a 962 (see panel) - fending off the 962s of Mark Hotchkis and Lloyd Hawkins in the process.

In the hard-fought 'Weissach' group, Jim Torres in his thundering big yellow 1972 917-30 Can-Am racer eventually outmanoeuvred Phil Daigrepont in his silver Martini 908/03 to win, after swapping the lead 11 or 12 times. Daigrepont spun out going into Rodríguez Turn.

"We plan to be back at Daytona for the 2010 Rennsport Reunion IV," says Bob Carlson. "Everyone loves it - apart, maybe, from the guys in the 356s."

PORSCHE CARS USA/RICK CHINETT

Long tale

Rennsport Reunion III provided a unique experience for 26-year-old Porsche factory driver Patrick Long (below). Normally you see this talented young American behind the wheel of Porsche's contemporary RS Spyder LMP2 prototype.

But at Rennsport, Long got the chance to drive the former Busby Racing Miller/BFG Porsche 962 in the 'Mulsanne' race – the first time he'd sampled the 750bhp, turbocharged 962. He even won the race.

How do the 962 and its spiritual successor the Spyder compare?

"It's like night and day really," says Long. "With the Spyder there's really only one way to drive, and that is to the sheer limit of the aerodynamics. With the 962 and its turbo, there are so many different ways to drive it. Which is what I love. But things happen so much quicker. The bottom end is just an explosion of power.

"But you really have to anticipate the lag by getting on the throttle earlier than you want, knowing that the turbo needs to spool up. It's a timing game where you push the throttle and wait about two seconds for the boost to come in.

"The big difference, though, is in the braking. The carbon brakes on the Spyder, and the [lighter] weight of the car will pull it down in half the distance of the 962.

"I certainly have a new respect for the guys who drove 962s at Le Mans. The car is hard work – I think the last time I drove a car without power-steering was a Formula Renault single-seater back in 2002 and it had tyres a fraction of the size. After half an hour in the 962, I was soaked in sweat!"



When a turbo doesn't boost

With Porsche, faster isn't always better. **Andrew Frankel** catches up with 'Mr 911' to see if the new Turbo S can be an exception

TAKEN FROM
MOTOR SPORT,
AUGUST 2020



THIS NEW PORSCHE 911 TURBO S WAS JUST one of many cars I didn't get to see when it wasn't launched at 2020's non-existent Geneva Motor Show. It saddened me a little – I'm not one for looking at cars parked on stands, and have long believed that the motor show in its traditional form has been living on borrowed time for years, possibly decades. But I wanted to talk to the man responsible for the car.

Frank-Steffen Walliser was, until recently, in charge of Porsche's motor-sport department, the Weissach-based skunkworks that produces all the road and racing cars with interesting acronyms: GT3, GT2, RS and RSR. But last year he was promoted and re-purposed and, whatever his job title, is known simply as 'Mr 911', which means he has responsibility for the future health and well-being of one of the most enduring and iconic sports car names.

And then it turned out we could speak after all, albeit by Zoom. So I ditched the usual pleasantries and suggested that, for all of Porsche's undoubted power, when it came to the simple business of driving, the 911 Turbo has never lived up to its flagship billing.

I may have mentioned that I'd never driven a Turbo I preferred to a cheaper, slower Carrera. But instead of bridling and finding a polite way to tell me I'd completely missed the point of the car, instead, he said, "We are aware of the feedback and have taken steps to address it." It took the wind out of my sails.

Nevertheless, when I arrived at Porsche Cars GB's Reading HQ to road test a new car for the first time in 10 weeks, it was with his words in my ears. Just what, exactly, were these steps? Well, another 70bhp from a new twin-turbo 3.8-litre engine to bring its total to 641bhp is obviously going to get your attention, but the weight of what was already the weightiest of 911s was up too, to 1640kg for the coupé. The cabriolet is over 1700kg...

And for a while, it seemed that Walliser's words were just that. Yes, it was explosively fast, but the old car was scarcely a sluggard: indeed I'd say that point-to-point in all conditions it was likely the fastest production car on sale. There are some improvements - the new 992 interior with its flat screens feels more appropriate in this ultra-high-speed business tool than the more affordable, but more driver-centric Carrera - but it was easy to find the old shortcomings too.

The ride quality is only just good enough, the tyre roar of its enormous Pirellis is wearisome after a while. The engine sounds better than that which it replaces, but still nothing like as tuneful as the 3-litre motor in a basic Carrera which is, wait for it, £73,000 cheaper. And, unsurprisingly given it must wring 170bhp from each litre of capacity, there is turbo lag too.

But still it certainly improves on the previous Turbo S, and in Porsche's eyes that perhaps means 'job done'. But I remained keen to discover what, if anything, Walliser was talking about, and it didn't take more than a couple of junctions to realise I wasn't going to find out on the M4.

I headed north up to some of my favourite roads near Wantage in Berkshire where you can still stretch a car's legs. It is a rabidly fast machine, and the thrust is not moderated by traction limitations, because so long as the road is straight and smooth, there aren't any. I did one launch control start, hit 60mph in 2.6sec and felt no inclination to do another. I can remember a time when taking twice as long to do as much seemed like science fiction. Though others may not say it, the truth is that in any car, such violence does not amount to a particularly pleasant experience. When you consider this car will pull over a g off the line, that's not surprising, for at that moment you're gaining speed quicker than almost any road car can lose it without driving into a tree.

But as the miles accrued, I started to understand what Walliser meant. The old car always felt planted, but this one feels poised too, which is not quite the same thing. It is more alert to your instructions, heavier yet sharper to steer, keener to sniff out an apex. Porsche has widened the car at both ends but at the front far more than the back, which has helped re-balance it.

There is an old road testing term which expresses one measure of a car's handling, and we call it 'adjustability'; it refers to a car's willingness to position itself around its axis or how easily its attitude changes according to throttle opening. And this is where the new Turbo scores most heavily. It gives you options mid-corner that the old car would not provide. You can trim your line more precisely than you might imagine in a car of this mass and yes, if you want, you can lift off, let the back loose, power on and slide out. It's all good fun.

And that is what the old car missed. Certainly it was something to admire, but it made you feel more like an observer of the action rather than an active participant. Yet it remains true that I've still not sampled a Turbo I've preferred to the standard car. Astounding though it is in some ways, and capable as it is in almost all, the Turbo S remains a derivative within the range. The superheroes are the Carrera and Carrera S, a fact not even 641bhp and a near £156,000 price tag can conceal.





Reaching 60mph in 2.6secs is not for the faint-hearted





PORSCHE 911 TURBO S

Price £155,970
Engine 3.8 litres, 6 cylinders, turbocharged
Power 641bhp
Weight 1640kg
Power to weight 391bhp per tonne
Transmission Eight-speed automatic, four-wheel drive
0-62mph 2.7sec
Top speed 205mph
Economy 23.5mpg
CO2 271g/km
Verdict The Turbo makes its mark, but it is still not as sweet as the Carrera

RACING IMPROVES THE BREED

When our continental correspondent dropped in on Porsche's race shop he found the old saying was true

WRITER **DENIS JENKINSON** | TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 1958**

Despite spinning on the first lap at the 1958 Targa Florio, Jean Behra managed second in his Porsche 718 RSK. *Motor Sport* reported that the Frenchman 'was flinging the little RSK Porsche round the mountains'

GETTY IMAGES

718 RSK



"So successful have the Carreras been that many are used as road transport and never see competition"

TAKING TIME OFF IN STUTTGART recently, I called at the Porsche factory and visited the racing department to have a closer look at the RSK Spyder models, for when you see these cars at race meetings they are seldom without their all-enveloping bodywork and it is difficult to study the mechanical components.

Before going into details let me recall briefly the Spyder lineage, these being the open two-seater racing Porsches with four-camshaft engines, in all models the engine being ahead of the rear axle line.

The early Porsche Spyders had a chassis frame based on two large-diameter tubes and swing-axle rear suspension identical to the production Porsche coupés, as was the front suspension. As racing and development went hand in hand the power output and reliability of the Spyder engine improved, the chassis was strengthened by a superstructure of small-diameter tubing and larger brakes were designed.

On all these early Spyder models the complete rear of the body hinged upwards from the back of the chassis and the spare wheel was mounted inside the tail on top of the gearbox. The next edition of the Spyder had a different chassis frame that was almost, but not quite, a pure space frame, the bottom frame rails still being of larger diameter than the rest of the chassis tubing. This model, known as the 1500 RS (Rennsport) had a new rear axle layout, with a low centre pivot and exposed sliding-spline half-shafts, a pair of fabricated swinging-arms being pivoted under the gearbox with their outer ends located by forward-running radius-arm plates coupled to the ends of transverse torsion-bars, as on the production Porsches. The RS model did not have a hinged tail, it being bolted in place with a hinged flap on each side to provide access to carburettor and plugs, while the spare wheel was moved to a position in the nose of the car, ahead of the fuel tank.

The gearbox was still of normal Porsche construction, made in two halves split longitudinally into a right- and left-hand part, and it had an extension on the rear which contained a fifth speed, or extra bottom gear, to assist starting from rest when a high top gear was being used.

For the Le Mans race in 1957 the RSK (or 718 as it was also named) was produced, and this car incorporated a great many design changes. The front suspension was still by transverse torsion-bars and trailing-arms but the vertical distance between the trailing-arms was greatly increased and the geometry was such that when the wheels were turned they leant in towards the corner a matter of 1½ degrees. Instead of the cross-tubes containing the torsion-bars being parallel the top one was in two pieces, each containing a short torsion-bar, and these sloped down to the centre of the car forming a vee, so that with the bottom cross tube they formed a K lying on its side, hence the nomenclature of RSK. The steering-box was mounted in the centre of this vee, thus providing equal-length track-rods instead of the RS arrangement where the steering-box was mounted on the left. The rear suspension was unchanged from the RS model, though the chassis frame was now a pure space frame of small-diameter tubing.

On the Spyder and the RS models an oil cooler was mounted in the nose of the body and air entered through a slot very low down in the bodywork. On the RSK this oil cooler was abandoned and the front body lid covering the fuel tank incorporated rows of tubes in a double skin providing a surface-type oil cooler. In consequence of this the spare wheel now took the old position of the oil cooler, lying horizontal in the nose of the car rather as the spare wheel used to lie in the tail of the old Silverstone Healey, and was covered by a detachable lid, so that this new car had no openings in the front of the body, which greatly assisted air flow.

Also the RSK was considerably lower in overall height than the RS and had small fins on the extremities of the rear wheel arches. This car was involved in a crash during the race and was a virtual write-off, and it was not until this year that any new RSK models appeared.

In the meantime, Porsche racing, development and production were continuing to work together and the 1500 GS engine was in full-scale production, this being the flat-four air-cooled 1½-litre unit with four shaft-driven overhead camshafts, identical apart from compression-ratio to the engines used in Spyders and RS models. Other racing items transferred to the production cars were steering gear, brakes, carburettors, shock-absorbers, front suspension geometry advances, and ignition arrangements.

For 1958 the RSK remained unchanged as far back as the cockpit but from there rearwards the chassis frame was redesigned, and the main reason for this was alterations to the rear suspension. On the RS and original RSK rear suspension the wheel hub did not rise vertically but rotated about the radius of the locating radius-arm plate and on the latest RSK this has all been redesigned and the wheel hub is now located by a Watt-link layout, the bottom tubular link running forwards and the top one backwards

Porsche 718 RSKs at the Buenos Aires 1000km, 1960, with Graham Hill leading. Below, clockwise from left: Jean Behra, Targa Florio, 1958; Edgar Barth, Le Mans, 1957; Ricardo Rodriguez, Meadowdale, 1959;the driver's view. Left: writer Denis Jenkinson at Monza, 1954

Export 56

INDEPENDENT PORSCHE SPECIALIST



6 GOOD REASONS FOR CONTACTING EXPORT 56

CONSULTANCY

PORSCHE SALES

RACING AND EVENTS

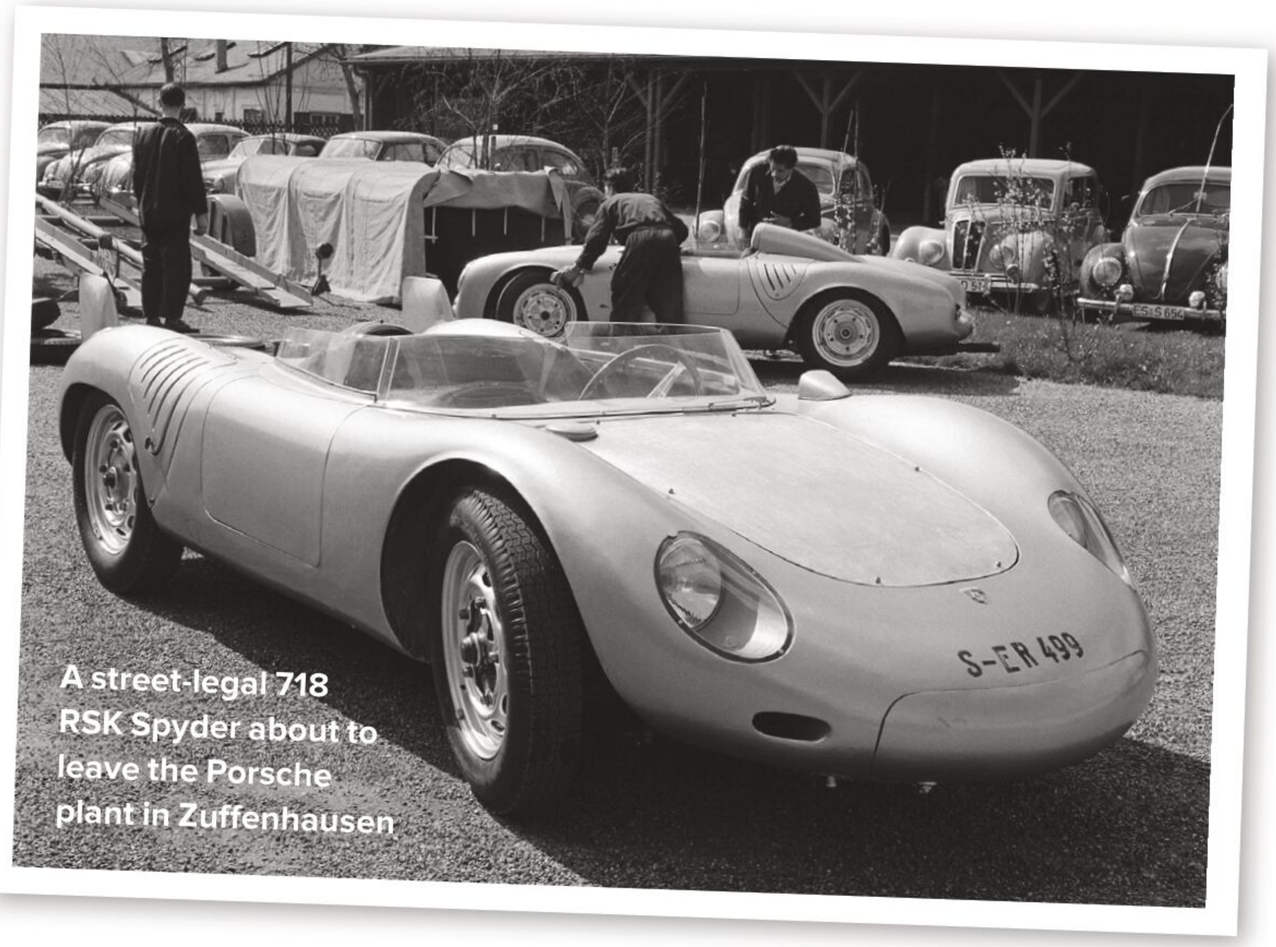
CONCOURS RESTORATION

MODERN PORSCHE SERVICING

SPECIALIST PORSCHE STORAGE

Phone: +44 (0)1908 921 256

Web: www.export56.com Facebook: /Export56Porsche Instagram: /Export_56/



A street-legal 718 RSK Spyder about to leave the Porsche plant in Zuffenhausen

exactly as used on the W196 and 300SLR Mercedes-Benz in 1955.

Also, the swinging arms have been redesigned and are now rather like two large tuning forks, the ends of the prongs being pivoted on a shaft under the differential housing. No longer having the radius-arm plates to join to the transverse torsion-bars, a complete change of suspension was incorporated in the new layout and long coil-springs are used, surrounding telescopic shock-absorbers.

In addition, on this new RSK a new gearbox/final-drive housing is used which follows production-car practice. The split casing is no longer used, the new casting being in the form of a tube with end plates, the gear clusters and shafts being fed in from one end. Also the exposed half-shafts no longer have sliding spline joints but have a sliding pot-joint on the inner universal joint.

It can readily be appreciated that production Porsches benefit very directly from the factory racing activities, and the Carrera model, named after the Mexican road race in which the four-camshaft engine underwent a lot of its initial testing, continues to be modified in accordance with knowledge gained on the Spyder, RS and RSK models, though as yet there are no production low-pivot swing axles, nor have any production cars been built with the engine ahead of the rear axle line, but perhaps time will tell. The name Carrera was given essentially to the race-bred four-camshaft engine and it could be fitted into the normal coupé, the drophead or the open Speedster model, and was intended primarily for competition purposes. So successful have the Porsche Carreras proved that many are used as purely road transport and never see a competition number.

For 1958 the Carrera coupé was offered from production in a special competition form known as the Carrera GT, and this was simply a production Carrera coupé without any frills. The main bodyshell is still of steel but the doors, front cover over the fuel tank and cover over the engine compartment are of aluminium, there is no rear seat squab, no heating system, and all the side windows are of Plexiglass, while Koni shock absorbers are fitted. Wider front brakes are available, as used on the RS model and the fuel tank can be extra large, filling most of the front of the car and having a quick-filler protruding through the front cover, while racing-type bucket seats are fitted and sound-proofing of the interior of the body is skimped. An RS exhaust system can be fitted and the result is that the Carrera GT is a very potent competition car, looking front a distance like any other Porsche coupé. All these GT modifications are also available on the Speedster open two-seater, the one with the hunchback tail.

After looking at the RSK models in preparation for the 1000-kilometre race at Nürburgring, I mentioned to von Hanstein, Porsche's competition manager, and Ing Hilt, the head of the racing department, that it would be interesting for me to try an RSK or even a simple ordinary RS, but it was not possible as they were all in a somewhat incomplete state.

However, in one corner of the racing shop stood a Carrera GT, rather grubby and dirty and bearing the racing number 26, and thereby hung a tale. This car was to normal GT specification with all the optional extras fitted, such as the Spyder front brakes, separate oil cooler underneath the car with its own air scoop, twin-choke Weber carburettors, oversize fuel tank, etc, and was devoid of floor coverings and had the plastic steering wheel covered with sweat-absorbing tape.

It had been used in the factory team at Sebring back in March, and just recently it had been driven to Athens for the Greek hill-climb and then to the Targa Florio in Sicily, as reported in last month's *Motor Sport*, where it was illustrated in the centre-spread. After the Targa Florio it was loaded with luggage and Hilt drove it back to Stuttgart, into the racing department, having covered some 4300 miles, including two racing events.

As the Porsche factory believe in using competitions to test their cars, the aluminium doors and aluminium engine compartment cover bad been removed and were in the experimental department being measured for distortion, as they felt that the roads of Greece, Yugoslavia. Italy and Sicily had provided a good test. In addition, the Continental racing tyres had been sent back to the factory for inspection on wear, so a set of old Michelin X had been fitted and the car had been pushed in a corner until it was needed again.

As there was no RSK available, I suggested borrowing a Carrera GT and Hanstein said, "Well, there is the old Targa Florio car, take that; it is just as it arrived back from Sicily." It had been sitting there for a number of days but started instantly and was driven out into the yard behind the

"Looking at the RSK models being readied for the 1000km, I said to Von Hanstein that it would be interesting to try one"

experimental shop. "You don't want the doors, do you?" they said, and, after warming it up, away I went. The only thing that was wrong with the car was that the rev-counter was not operational, but there were marks on the speedometer to indicate 6500rpm in each gear.

As it had been used for the Targa Florio it had the low axle ratio of 6 x 31 fitted, so that its acceleration was violent to say the least, while it had a maximum of just under 120mph, which it reached with ease as soon as the autobahn was clear, and at that speed ran as steady as one could wish, while there was surprisingly little turbulence in the car in spite of the absence of doors. They had said, "Bring it back for lunch," so, heading for the wonderful Solitude circuit to the south-west of Stuttgart, I really had fun in this really quick little coupé. With its nicely shaped bucket seat the driving position was of the outstretched-arm type, and the gear-lever on these GT models, as on all 1958 Porsches, has been moved backwards some six inches.

It was noticeable that with the higher rpm of the Carrera engine and subsequent higher rotational speeds in the gearbox it was possible to beat the synchromesh between third and top when wound up to close on 7000rpm. On the push-rod engines, even at 5500rpm it is absolutely impossible to beat the synchro, but that extra 1500rpm meant fractionally slower changes had to be made. Mind you, they were still jolly fast changes by normal standards, but slow by Porsche standards.

One of the joys of the normal Carrera Porsche is the way it charges forward when you change from peak in third into top, making a glorious hard growling noise from behind. On this light GT model, with over 125bhp available as against 110bhp for the standard car, the growl was really something, and the noise from the Spyder exhaust system really echoed through the trees.

The ride on this GT car, with comparatively soft suspension and Koni shock-absorbers, was really excellent and, after the rather American-like ride of the 1956 and 1957 Porsches, the latest type is a reversion to real Porsches, for Porsche motoring and the performance of the GT was as much as anyone would want on the open road.

After spending the morning in this fun machine, I realised that what it represented was in reality a production version of the original Spyder Porsche, and though the chassis/bodyshell was the same as a standard 1600 model, the mechanical components on the GT model were all descended directly from racing, so that of Porsche we can truly say that "racing improves the breed".

After putting the car back in its corner in the racing department, I joined Von Hanstein for lunch and he said, "You could buy one exactly like that, if you like, except that it would not be worn out and it would have some doors!"

Continuing on the theme of development through racing, an experimental Carrera GT was run in the 1000-kilometre race at Nürburgring using an engine with the bore enlarged to 87.5mm, giving 1600cc, and having a plain bearing crankshaft instead of the normal Hirth roller-bearing one. As the roller-bearing crankshafts have now been dropped completely from the production 1600 and 1600 Super engines, this step with Carrera engines was obvious, but as yet it is not ready for production; perhaps by the end of the year. The interesting thought is, when will the low-pivot rear axle be available in production, for all good things on the works cars come to the public in the end.

It was not many years ago that Porsche won the Liège-Rome-Liège rally with a special car having a four-camshaft engine; now you can buy that engine over the counter. Before that, the early Porsches had crash-type gearboxes and at one race a factory car appeared with a synchromesh box, and now all Porsches have the all-synchromesh box, and so it goes on, design, racing, development and production. It is not surprising that the end product is an exceptional car for those people who like fast motoring and can drive.

"All good things on the works cars come to the public in the end"



SILVERSTONE
AUCTIONS



1996 PORSCHE 911 (993) CARRERA RS
To be offered in The NEC Classic Live Online Auction 2020

13th & 14th November

The NEC Classic Live Online Auction 2020

120 classic, competition and collector cars.
Register to bid in our final sale of the year.

Bidding available online, by phone or via commission. Viewing available by appointment.

LANCASTER INSURANCE CLASSIC MOTOR SHOW THE NEC BIRMINGHAM 2020 With Discovery

A NEW APPROACH IN AN AGE OLD BUSINESS

+44 (0)1926 800 647 | silverstoneauctions.com

IN PURSUIT OF A LEGEND

When Porsche decided to challenge the most celebrated of all lap records – Stefan Bellof's at the Nordschleife – *Motor Sport* had a ringside seat

WRITER **DICKIE MEADEN** | PHOTOGRAPHY **MARK RICCIONI/PORSCHE AG**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, SEPTEMBER 2018**


PORSCHE
CHOPARD
2-h LE MANS
1
Mobil 1
MICHELIN
SCHAEFF
CHO
LER

The familiarity of the scene is uncanny. A gaggle of Porsche engineers huddled around the latest prototype racing car, preparing it in readiness for an attack on the most formidable track of them all.

Three and a half decades ago it was Norbert Singer crouched by the forward-hinged door of Stefan Bellof's Rothmans-liveried 956 in the Nürburgring's small 'T13' paddock. Today it's Porsche Motorsport's Andreas Seidl – Porsche's LMP1 team principal – having a few words with factory driver Timo Bernhard before he too commits himself to an all-out lap of the Green Hell.

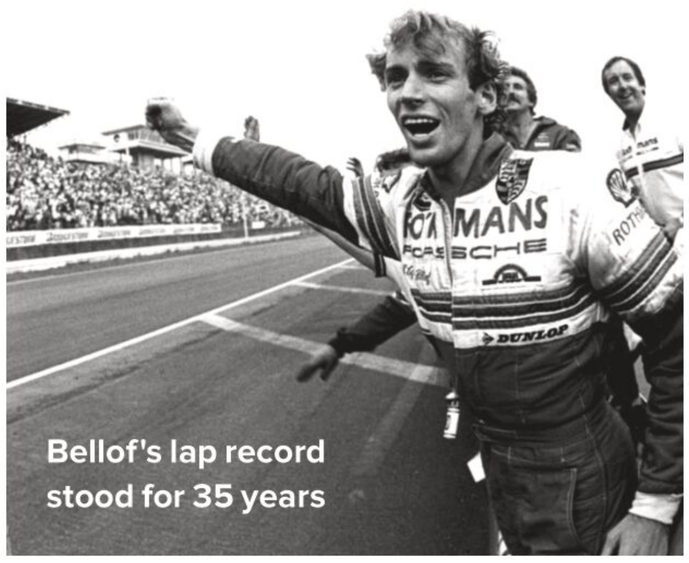
The tableau might appear similar, but the circumstances couldn't be more different: the former a snapshot from what began as just another qualifying session at just another round of the World Sports Car Championship; the latter a meticulously stage-managed moment of singular importance and laser-guided intent. It's a day many thought would never come. Some believed it should never come. Whatever, if all goes to plan the longest-standing and most emotionally charged lap record of them all will finally be broken.

To understand how we got to this moment you have to appreciate the magnitude of Bellof's record-setting lap. Here was a young German driver, blessed with unsettling speed and tipped by many as a future Formula 1 world champion. As a Porsche factory driver he was understudy to Derek Bell, Jochen Mass, Jacky Ickx and Hans Stuck, but his raw pace and utterly fearless approach immediately thrust him into a realm his supremely talented team-mates freely admitted they didn't wish explore.

His performance in the 1983 Nürburgring 1000Kms – held on a one-off shortened circuit configuration due to construction work for the new GP circuit – would become the stuff of legend. Despite encountering traffic he set a qualifying time of 6min 11.13sec – a full five seconds faster than Mass and 25 quicker than Ickx. In the race he pulled a 36sec lead over Mass before handing over to Derek Bell, but when he got back in the car with a reduced lead he pushed even harder. Shortly after setting a new race lap record of 6min 25.91sec he had a 160mph crash at Pflanzgarten, destroying the car but making his reputation as a stellar, but untameable talent.

The Nordschleife would never again be used in this configuration. Nor would it host top-flight world championship racing, leaving Bellof's qualifying and race lap records to stand unchallenged. Bellof's death in an accident at Spa-Francorchamps in 1985 – while attempting to overtake Ickx around the outside at Eau Rouge – tragically cemented his legendary status.

It was long thought the opportunity to challenge Bellof's lap times would never come, because no manufacturer would have the balls to do it. This theory didn't reckon on Porsche's 919 Tribute Tour. Billed as a celebration of the 919 Hybrid's remarkable domination of the World Endurance Championship (WEC), which resulted in three consecutive Le Mans 24 Hours victories and three consecutive WEC title doubles, in truth it's a wake to mourn the premature passing of Porsche's LMP1 programme, which was canned a year early in the immediate aftermath of dieselgate.


Bellof's lap record stood for 35 years

The 919 Tribute is a clever exercise. One that proves that even when it withdraws from competition, Porsche Motorsport never stops competing. So, while Toyota remains the last factory team standing in the WEC's top-tier LMP1 class, Porsche has taken its all-conquering machine on a farewell tour with a difference. One intended to give fans a last chance to see the car in action, steal some limelight and – crucially – break some lap records.

In order to achieve the latter, Porsche created the 919 Hybrid Evo – a monster of a machine, freed from the constraints of WEC regulation. Back in early April, factory driver Neel Jani set the fastest-ever lap of the Spa-Francorchamps circuit, eclipsing Lewis Hamilton's Formula 1 2017 pole position time by more than 0.7sec and running an absurd 12sec faster than the regular 919's pole time from the 2017 Six Hours of Spa.

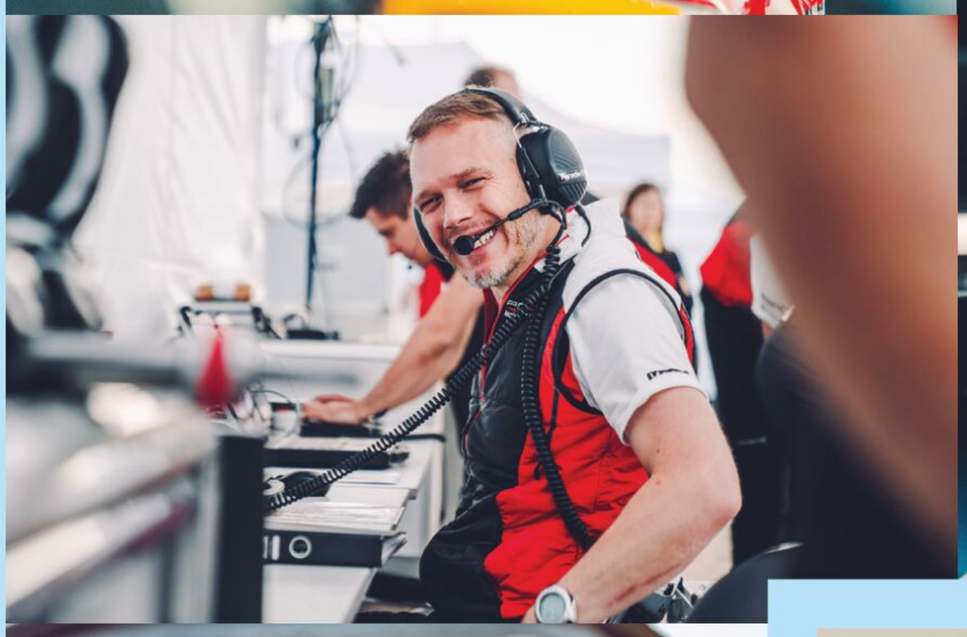
In May Porsche fielded the 919 Evo and a Rothmans 956 for an evocative parade lap at the Nürburgring 24 Hours, neatly sparking a speculation wildfire about a possible attempt on the Bellof record. Though Porsche remained tight-lipped, a brief and unpublicised test session on the Nordschleife in early June added grist to the rumour mill. Then, unofficially, Porsche admitted it would be running the 919 Evo in anger, but tantalisingly wouldn't say when.

The cloak-and-dagger nature of the Nürburgring assault ramped up considerably when I received an email from Porsche GB's PR manager. He had been told in confidence by the factory that, weather permitting, the record attempt would be made on June 29. There wouldn't be a massive international media bunfight, but if we were content to travel out to Germany the night before and promised not to get in the way, we could loiter in the background during the record attempt the following day.

"It was thought the opportunity to challenge Bellof's lap times would never come, because no manufacturer would have the balls"

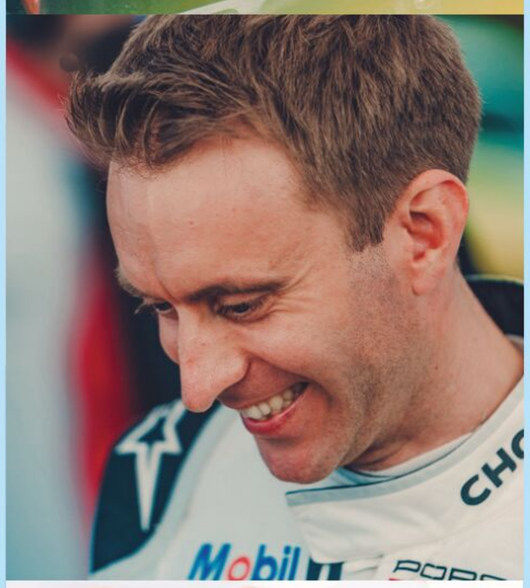














Porsche engineers prepare the 919; it's like a family reunion

RECORD BREAKER

ALL OF WHICH IS HOW WE FIND ourselves at the Nürburgring on the eve of what we know will be a momentous, hopefully successful and in all likelihood somewhat controversial day. We join the team for dinner in a suite above the GP circuit pit lane. Such is the tight-knit bond between the LMP1 team it's a bit like gate-crashing a family get-together. There are a few speeches, but in essence this is a moment for everyone to wish Timo Bernhard well for the challenge that awaits the following morning.

For a man who has been tasked with driving an 850kg, 1200bhp projectile around the Nordschleife he looks and sounds remarkably calm. As a five-time outright winner of the Nürburgring 24 Hours that's not entirely surprising, but there's no denying that what lies ahead of him has more to do with 'The Right Stuff' than regular motor racing.

"This place is different," he says with admirable understatement. "The margins are so small and the consequences so great you simply can't attack the lap in a car like this as you would at, say, Spa. I have to stay away from the kerbs, so the line is slightly different to the one I know. If I can make a clean lap we will have the record, but by how much I don't know."

June 29 dawns with near-perfect weather. Great news as the notoriously fickle weather in the Eifel region of Germany rarely misses an opportunity to throw a spanner in the works. We need to be up and out early as the team wants to make the most of favourable track temperatures before the asphalt soaks up the heat of the day. We've been advised there will be an installation lap at 8am, followed by a maximum of three attempts on the record, so we head to the T13 paddock nice and early to see the car being prepped.

Once the small paddock clears of marshals' cars as they head out to take their places around the 12.9-mile circuit, all that's left is a Porsche Motorsport truck and trailer and a large rigid framed tent, within which is the 919 Evo and a small bank of data screens. There's also a stack of Michelin slicks - of bespoke construction and compounds just for the 'Ring record runs - already toasting beneath their warming blankets and stacked in sets, one for each run.

The dilemma facing us is where to go next. The circuit is so big and the car so fast there's no chance of heading out to find a trackside vantage point from which to see it flash by on a record run and then get back to the paddock before it crosses the timing beam, but to come all this way and not see the 919 Evo out on track seems crazy. In the end we jump in our car and head for Pflanzgarten 1 to see Bernhard on his installation lap. The clatter and slap of rotor blades heralds his approach as the chase helicopter pursues the 919 up the hill from Bergwerk to the Karussell, then on to Höhe Acht - the highest point on the lap - before jinking through the Wipperman and Brünnchen sections away behind the trees to our right.

Then in a flash the 919 Evo is upon us, bursting into view as it spears down the incline towards the Pflanzgarten jump. Though clearly not in maximum attack mode, it's a mighty impressive spectacle, the sharp rasp of the 2-litre (700-plus bhp!) V4 petrol engine overlaid by the whine of the 440bhp MGU and a thwack as 850kg of car punches a hole in the cool morning air.

Back at T13 there's an ordered hubbub around the car as the team goes through its checks, and swaps to a fresh set of tyres. Bernhard hops out and heads into the truck for a debrief, then reappears 20 minutes or so later and jumps into the car for his first attempt. There's no opportunity for an out lap, so he heads the 'wrong' way out of T13 and onto the Döttinger Höhe straight, weaving to get some heat into the tyres before turning around and blasting back towards the start.

This is pressure with a capital P. Yes, he's spent hours in the Porsche Motorsport simulator, but as Bernhard explained the previous evening, the Nordschleife isn't somewhere you can apply everything you do on a virtual lap. The bumps, the kerbs, the proximity to the barriers and the blinding speed of the place mean he's driving very much on feel and instinct rather than by sim-honed rote.

In an explosion of noise and energy Bernhard and the 919 Evo smash by the T13 paddock and plunge down the Hatzenbach.



5:19.546

"It's a mighty spectacle, the sharp rasp of the 2-litre (700-plus bhp!) V4 overlaid by the whine of the 440bhp MGU"



Ahead of him one of the most fearsome sections of the lap – the shimmy up and over Flugplatz and the flat-out charge towards Schwedenkreuz and the ludicrously daunting plunge into the Foxhole.

While Bernhard fights in the eye of the storm his efforts are played out on the bank of computer screens back at base camp. Scanned by expert eyes, his inputs appear as real-time data traces, the peaks and troughs plotting a lap of unimaginable speed. He's in radio contact with the team, but unsurprisingly the airwaves remain rather silent while he's on the lap.

When he crosses the line to complete his first proper run there are knowing smiles from the team. They've broken the record with a 5min 31sec lap, but there's also a sense they know there's plenty more to come. Stephen Mitas, chief engineer for the 919 Evo confirms as much, nodding at the screens as he says "That's already pretty tasty. And he's not even warmed up yet…"

The team falls back into the now-familiar routine of prepping the car while Bernhard is debriefed. There's an added sense of focus now, with much attention on the suspension. I see mechanics calmly changing a rear damper unit as one of the many precautions taken to ensure the car is as fresh and safe as it can be. Mitas confirms the stresses exerted on the car are far in excess of anything seen in the WEC, so they can't be too careful.

After his second lap – a 5min 24.375sec – there's a whisper he might not go again, but then Bernhard strides out of the truck and climbs in once more. Does he need to?

No, not really. The point has been proved. Yet the team obviously knows there's more in the car. Question is, is there more in Timo?

Just 5min 19.546sec later we have the answer. The release of emotion from the engineers is palpable. Clear enough to know there will be no more runs. For Mitas, the man who pushed for the Evo to happen, it's a very special moment: "This is what motor sport should be. Something extreme. Something at the limit." In modern motor sport, where teams tend to behave as though they are delivering pre-determined outcomes rather than pulling off surprises, moments like this are rare indeed.

MORE BY LUCK THAN PRE-planning, after the hugs, whoops and back-slapping celebrations I find myself in Timo's path as he walks away from the car and back to the truck. I shake his hand and ask, "How was that?", while giving him an exaggerated wide-eyed expression. He laughs, puffs out his cheeks, widens his eyes and says with absolute conviction, "That was not a walk in the park, I can tell you!"

With a brief pause in proceedings I take the chance to ask Mitas if he could print me a data trace of the record lap as a souvenir. He says "yes" and takes me into the truck. This is the inner sanctum, filled with more data engineers, all working at compact fold-down desks. There's a big screen at the back of the trailer, where to my immense joy the guys are about to take their first look at the in-car footage.

What follows is a privilege Bellof's engineers - and the wider world - were denied: the chance to ride alongside the driver on the fastest-ever lap of the Nordschleife. It's a truly gob-smacking spectacle. We shake our heads, suck air through our teeth, even watch through our fingers at times, almost unwilling to look, but unable to tear our eyes away from the unfolding drama. It's the only time I've ever watched in-car footage and had that same slightly nauseous sense of awe and foreboding I get when watching on-board footage from the Isle of Man TT. The speed is insane: 205mph into the Foxhole compression; a little under 190mph through the Lauda Kink; 229mph on the Döttinger straight and an average speed of 145mph. Even though it's just us in the truck, we break into spontaneous applause.

I'm heading towards the door of the truck, data sheet in hand, when Bernhard walks in. I'm normally slow to pounce in these moments, but with rare presence of mind I seize the chance to get Timo and Mitas to sign my treasured piece of paper. As the hero of the day signs and dates the data sheet we have another brief exchange. It's utterly revealing.

"Never in my whole life have I experienced anything like that. The speed was so intense I could feel my brain struggling to process things through some sections of the lap. Everything was happening so fast."

But surely that's what you'd hoped this lap would feel like? "Yes! Absolutely. Nothing in my career has felt anything like this. Nothing. I'm glad it's this way. I wanted it to



be something beyond what I know, but this… I'll never feel anything like this again." His words fade to a reflective pause and for a few seconds the silence speaks more eloquently than any words either of us can muster.

Looking back, I genuinely think this was the moment when what he'd done began to sink in. The significance of the lap, the commitment he'd shown, the intensity and absurdity of the speed. And his name mentioned in the same breath as his hero, Stefan Bellof.

Should Porsche have taken the record? Does this effort actually count for anything? These questions and more were swirling around cyberspace within moments of Bernhard's time being announced. Personally, I believe Bellof's qualifying and race laps in that remarkable 1983 Nürburgring 1000Kms meeting remain the lap records. Achievements enshrined in our hearts and the history books as absolute benchmarks, set by a mercurial and ultimately tragic genius during a live race meeting. Among traffic, in a racing car with half the power and downforce and on a bumpier Nordschleife.

Still, I believe the purists' ire is misplaced, largely because Bernhard and Porsche haven't sought to diminish Bellof's legacy, but mostly because it is something Bellof himself would surely have relished: the fastest racing car in the world pitted against the toughest circuit in the world.

Consequently I believe this new and frankly astonishing outright lap record enriches rather than erases Bellof's sacred piece of motor sport history. We'd long suspected that, given the opportunity, a modern-day Ringmeister in a contemporary machine would blitz it. Thanks to Porsche and Bernhard, now we know.

"Does this effort count for anything? Personally, I believe Bellof's 1983 qualifying and race laps remain the records"



919 Hybrid vs 919 Evo

Spot the difference between racer and record chaser



919 Hybrid



919 Evo

Aero

Combination of passive (flatter nose, widened rear wing and deeper front and rear diffusers) and active (front and rear DRS) aerodynamics generate 53 per cent more downforce and 66 per cent improvement in aero efficiency for vastly increased cornering speeds.

Engine

Porsche increased the turbo boost and fuel flow of the V4 engine meaning power jumps from 500bhp to 720bhp. One limiting factor is the exhaust energy recovery system – a turbine within the exhaust which generates electrical energy. This is now working beyond its design limitations of 120,000rpm due to the increase of exhaust gases.

Weight

Because it's effectively a one-lap time attack car, endurance racing kit such as air jacks, lights, air-conditioning and many of the on-board control systems have been jettisoned to achieve a 39kg weight saving over the standard car's 875kg.

Hybrid

Unlike the WEC-spec 919, which had to manage its electrical energy to deliver boost at pre-determined points on the circuit (mainly in the early exit phase of low-speed corners), the Evo's more powerful hybrid system delivers electric energy whenever the throttle is open. Power is up from 400 to 440bhp, bringing the Evo's total output to 1160bhp.

This full-size replica helmet is superb. With its chrome reflective coating, sponsor detailing and beautifully lined interior this will form the centrepiece of any collection and is a must-have for all Ferrari and Michael Schumacher fans.
£4995



Touched by genius

A striking full-size replica helmet signed by the legendary Michael Schumacher. This is a one-off on the *Motor Sport* shop.

motorsportmagazine.com/shop/Porsche

MOTOR SPORT
RACING COLLECTIBLES



GETTY IMAGES

LE MANS 1970

A dead loss

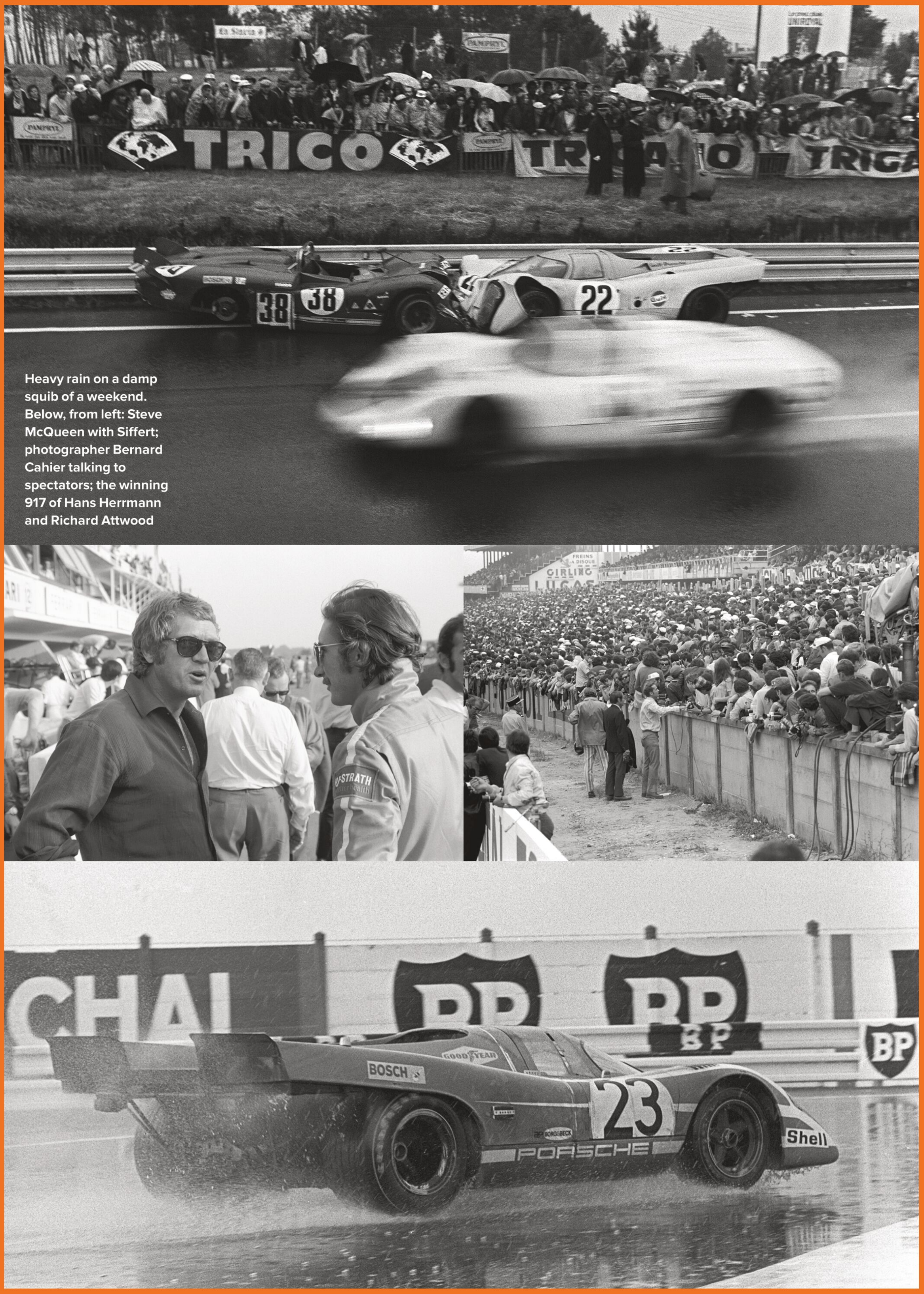
A first for Porsche but health and safety was the real victor, says **Denis Jenkinson**

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 1970**

FOR ME THE 1970 LE MANS RACE fell flat on its face at 4pm on Saturday, June 13, when Dr Ferry Porsche dropped the starting flag. In spite of the heroic efforts of the drivers and teams to revive it during the ensuing 24 hours, and lift it back on to its feet, at 4pm on Sunday, June 14, it just fell over and died. At some time last year someone in the Automobile Club de l'Ouest put forward the suggestion that the traditional Le Mans start should be abandoned on grounds of safety, the principle cause being that drivers now wore full seat harness like an Air Force pilot and to run across the road at the start and jump in their cars and then buckle up all the harness was an impossibility, especially as some drivers needed the help of a mechanic to get everything buckled together.

A flippant suggestion was made that the number two driver should run across the road with the ignition key in his hand while the number one driver sat buckled into the car, but this was put aside, as most racing-sports cars do not have ignition keys. However, the idea was enlarged upon and the regulations called for all cars to be fitted with a battery master-switch just forward of the left rear wheel, and the number two driver would run across the road and turn on the master switch. By the time race week had arrived all question of anyone running across the road had been abandoned and it was said that the cars would still be lined up in echelon, with the drivers buckled in and the start signal would be given by lights mounted opposite the pits. When race day arrived there were no signs of the lights, but four or five marshals were standing on the bank opposite the pits, spread out along the line of 51 cars.

At 4pm Dr Porsche raised and lowered the French flag at the head of the line of cars and the marshals took their cue from him and did likewise and the cars all drove off, presumably with the number one drivers at the controls. Compared to the traditional Le Mans start, which builds up to a climax as the start signal is given, the 1970 start was the dullest thing imaginable. (But safe and clinical, hurrah!) The 24-hour race at Le Mans is not accepted as the greatest of all sports-car races just because it runs for 24 hours, but



Heavy rain on a damp squib of a weekend. Below, from left: Steve McQueen with Siffert; photographer Bernard Cahier talking to spectators; the winning 917 of Hans Herrmann and Richard Attwood

for many other reasons, among them the whole atmosphere of the 4pm start.

The build-up as the drivers crossed the track to take up their positions in the circles painted on the road was enormous, and the ceremony of carrying the starting flag from race control to the head of the line of silent cars was enormous. With 15secs before the off a natural silence would fall over the vast crowds of spectators, for the Le Mans start was something almost sacred to motor racing. Lying back, strapped into the various low-built coupes, very few drivers actually saw a flag fall, they started their engines when the car next to them started its engine. No doubt Elford, Vaccarella, Siffert, Merzario and Rodriguez saw Dr Porsche drop the flag, as they were at the head of the line, in that order after practice times had been set on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, but it is unlikely that anyone else actually saw a flag. The public were completely deceived, for they pay large sums of money to stand in the area in front of the start and see the drivers prepare for the traditional run across the road. This time very few drivers could be seen, they sidled into the cars from the midst of groups of mechanics, team managers, helpers and well-wishers. When they all drove off at 4pm, without any atmosphere or excitement whatsoever, the reaction was to wonder where they were all going. As I said, Le Mans 1970 fell flat on its face at 4pm on Saturday, June 13.

After all the 51 cars had gone and one was convinced that the 24-hour race really had begun, there was the thought that it must get better, even though the weather was cold and grey, for the first 13 cars in the line-up had been big Group 5 sports cars, most of them 5-litres, the first 3-litre prototype being the Matra 650 Spyder of Brabham, which he was sharing with Cevert. With 5-litre Porsche 917 coupes driven by Elford (Ahrens co-driver), Siffert (Redman co-driver), Rodriguez (Kinnunen co-driver), and 4 1/2-litre Porsche 917 coupes driven by Hobbs (Hailwood co-driver), Van Lennep (Piper co-driver), Attwood (Herrmann co-driver), and Larrousse (Kauhsen co-driver) in concerted works-supported opposition against eleven 512S Ferraris, a homeric battle was assured.

There were four factory Ferraris, Ickx (Schetty), Vaccarella (Giunti), Bell (Peterson) and Merzario (Regazzoni), two Scuderia Filipinetti cars, Muller (Parkes) and Bonnier (Wissell) and the Italian-owned one Manfredini/Moretti under the Filipinetti banner for this race. Others were in the hands of Juncadella (Fernandez), Kelleners (Loos), de Fierland (Walker), and Posey (Bucknam), and much was expected in the opening stages of the race. It was not to be, Elford and Siffert ran away from everyone, none of the Ferraris ever looked like being a challenge and the whole thing set out to line up to the proper title of the race, the Grand Prix of Endurance. On the third lap the leaders started lapping the slower Porsche 911 coupes, and the complete absence of Renault-Alpines was very noticeable, Renault having pulled out of racing completely.

The crisp-sounding Matra team, of Brabham/Cevert in a 650, Jabouille/Depaillier in a similar car and Pescarolo/Beltoise in the latest monocoque Type 660 were not in the running, nor were the four Alfa Romeo 33-3 'Spyders' of Stommelen/'Galli', Courage/de Adamich, Hezemans/Gregory and Zeccoli/Facetti, and none of the private Porsche 908 Prototype 3-litres were really in the picture. The 5-litre Production Sports Cars, forced unwillingly into being by the hasty decisions of the FIA two years ago, were dominating the scene, and the 3-litre prototypes that were supposed to have benefited from the change of rules, were completely overshadowed.

> "Le Mans 1970 fell flat on its face at 4pm on Saturday, June 13"

THE RACE HAD BARELY BEEN going for 30 minutes when the rain began and what had started as a not very exciting race now became positively dreary. Already the Vaccarella Ferrari had gone out with a broken connecting rod, and Pescarolo in the new Matra was having trouble with the front cowling coming loose. The big cars were running for less than one hour before having to stop for fuel and Elford was timed at 331kph. down the Mulsanne straight (205mph). It all looked as if it was going to be a 5-litre Porsche walkover, but it was not to be, Rodriguez had his engine blow up, the drive to the cooling fan failing, Siffert retired at the pits in the biggest cloud of smoke imaginable and oil pouring out of the exhaust pipes, and Elford's car also broke its engine in a disastrous way.

The rain was unbelievable at times and cars were spinning and crashing in all directions, the 62 kilometres of steel guard-rail erected round the circuit keeping all the spinning cars on the track but causing accidents to those following. Parkes crashed his Filipinetti car into cars already crashed but still on the track and Hailwood crashed the 4 1/2-litre Gulf-Porsche for the same reason, stuffing its nose into the already crashed Alfa Romeo of Facetti, and Hedges crumpled the front of the open Healey-Repco V8 for the same reason. The impressive thing in all these accidents was that no one got hurt, though many cars were demolished, Wissell being hit up the back by a works Ferrari while he was going slowly due to oil on his windscreen thrown back from the Larrousse/Kauhsen 917 Porsche.

The last works Ferrari went out when Ickx crashed at the Ford chicane just before the pits, unfortunately killing a marshal, and all the Matras disappeared from the race quite early on due to "abnormal wear of the piston rings", as it was stated officially. One observer at a Matra pit-stop said that oil seemed to be coming out of everywhere. After setting in motion a gigantic operation to win Le Mans the Matra effort died away like a damp squib. A lot of cars had spread oil around the track, due to leaks, engine breakages and so on, and with the rain the circuit became like a skating rink, and during the early hours of the morning terrific thunderstorms broke out, setting everything awash, while lightning split the skies. The efforts of those drivers who stayed on the road were truly remarkable, and anyone who spun or crashed could hardly be blamed. There have been some wet Le Mans races in the past, but this must have been the worst ever.

Before retiring with a broken engine about 8.30am on Sunday morning the Elford/Ahrens 5-litre Porsche lost a lot of time, and the lead of the race, due to bad handling which was thought to be a broken chassis at the front, but eventually turned out to be a deflating rear tyre! The Healey-Repco V8 had broken the dogs on fourth gear in its Hewland gearbox, and it was dismantled at the pits and a new one fitted, and the Ecurie Francorchamp Ferrari 512S spent a lot of time at the pits with a faulty fuel pump and then a leaking petrol pipe. The NART Ferrari 512S was not running on 12 cylinders, but was still going strong, and during the heavy rain in

the early hours the leading 917 Porsche of Attwood/Herrmann and that of Larrousse/Kauhsen were misfiring very badly with water getting into the air intakes.

The last Alfa Romeo to be running was that of Courage/de Adamich, but it sounded awfully rough and by midday on Sunday the engine had succumbed. Previously it had run out of petrol and been pushed to its pit by mechanics and there was talk of exclusion, but it excluded itself with a mechanical disaster. The Alfa Romeo of 'Galli'/Stommelen had been disqualified for being push-started. Of the 51 starters only 19 were running at midday on Sunday, and many of those were very sick, but the orange 917 Porsche with white stripes of Attwood/Herrmann was running well, this being a short-tailed car, the long-tailed 917 of Larrousse/Kauhsen, with its vulgar paint scheme of purple with green decorations thought up by the Porsche styling department was second and the 908 Spyder of Lins/Marko was third.

Due to the appalling conditions during the night the average speed was low and many cars were behind the minimum distance schedule, and when a major cloudburst flooded the pit area the cars were reduced to 50mph or less. A lone Porsche 914/6 had run like a train and outpaced all the 911 coupes, and the privately entered 908 Spyder 3-litre was in command of the Handicap event, or Index of Performance.

The film company of Steve McQueen had entered his 908 Porsche as a serious entry, driven by Linge/Williams and they had unobtrusively been filming things as they raced, with cameras mounted fore and aft, built into the car. A long delay early in the race when the starter failed put them out of the running and stops for camera loading and suchlike put them too far back to be classified, but nevertheless they were still running at the end of the 24 hours.


The winners are whipped away in a tipper truck

"No public presentation, no sign of the cars, nothing, so a very disillusioned public went home"

As Sunday afternoon turned out bright and sunny a vast crowd stood patiently drying in the sun, waiting for the finish, which is as traditional as the start. As each survivor of the gruelling 24 hours crosses the finish line, and this year it really was gruelling and only the fittest survived, the co-driver normally climbs on the car together with mechanics and pit staff and the cars stop at the top of the pit straight, where they are turned round and sent back down in front of the 20,000 to 30,000 spectators opposite the pits, to say nothing of the 10,000 all over the pits. From the first car to the last car, the crowd applaud and all those involved soak up the joyous feeling of having achieved something, for to finish at Le Mans is always noteworthy, no matter in what position you finish.

The police try in vain to control the crowds who surge on to the track to acclaim the winners, who are up on a platform, with flowers and champagne and to crowd round the surviving cars, which they have watched from afar for 24 hours. It is chaotic, but it is joyous, the real ending to the Le Mans 24 hours. Last year, when the race was won by a mere 100 yards the chaos got out of hand, such was the excitement and enthusiasm of the public. In consequence a new form of ending was planned, about which the public were informed in the last minutes of the race. As the cars finished their last lap they were impounded in a guarded enclosure and the winners were put in the back of a sand-and-gravel lorry and it set off on a lap of honour. It was actually a lap of dishonour, for the lorry looked like a dustcart setting off to pick up rubbish.

There was no public presentation, no sign of the cars, nothing at all, so a very disillusioned public just went home, feeling thoroughly cheated, having been deceived at the start and robbed of all their excitement at the finish. As local papers put it, the start and finish of the Le Mans 24 hours is a sort of folklore of the Sarthe and the AC de l'Ouest had robbed the public of it. They likened the farce of taking the winners off in a large lorry to prisoners-of-war in transport, of Louis XVI on his way to the guillotine. They said that the traditional start and finish of the Le Mans race gives a human dimension to a purely mechanical affair, and they felt the spectators had been robbed.

While it was the first Le Mans victory outright for Porsche it was at some expense, and was not a very joyous one, for the whole race had been like the weather, cold, wet and miserable. They had won by sheer weight of numbers, and also won the Index of Performance, the fuel-consumption/weight handicap, the Sports-Car category, the Prototype category and the GT category. In fact, they won all that it was possible to win.

Every year there is someone who deserves the bad luck prize and this year it must have gone to Hedges and Enever in the Healey Repco V8, for after two slight accidents, rebuilding the gearbox and having starting troubles, it was going well and all set to finish when the ignition died completely with barely 15 minutes left to complete the 24 hours. It was on the Mulsanne straight and had to be abandoned, the single Repco V8 engine having not missed a beat all the time until this sudden instant cessation and loss of electrics.

B.R.M

Chronographes



V12-44-MR-02

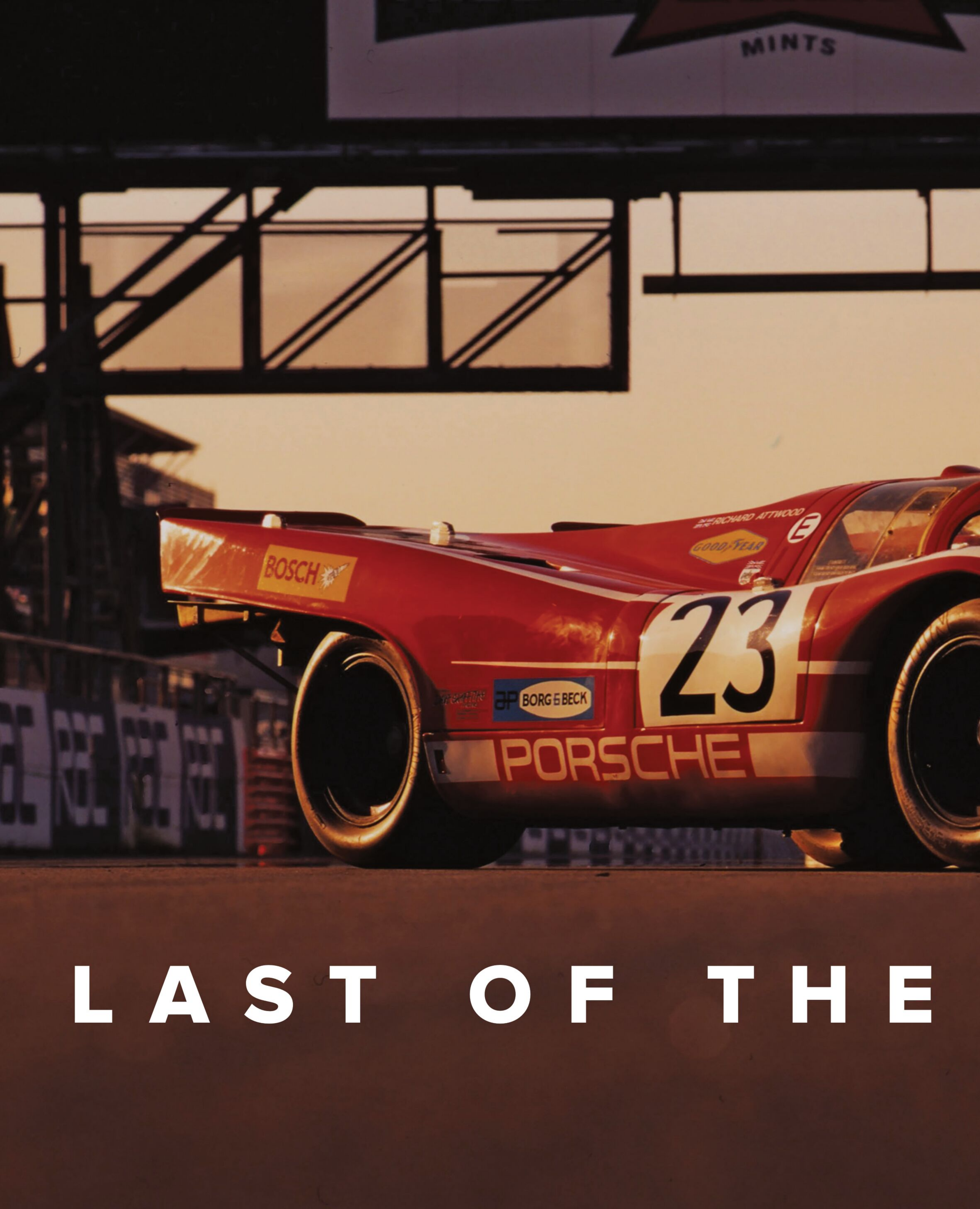
V6-44-SA-MR-02

brm-manufacture.com

For any information:
infos@brm-manufacture.com - +33(0)1 61 02 00 25

Martini and the Martini racing stripes are registered trademarks.

Bernard Richards Manufacture



LAST OF THE

Porsche amazed the racing world with this ‘production racer’. And after 20 years, **Andrew Frankel** finally gets his chance

BEHEMOTHS

PHOTOGRAPHY **ANDREW YEADON**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, FEBRUARY 1999**


BRIDGESTONE
REC
23
Shell
SEV
PORSCHE

YOU MAY KNOW SILVERSTONE'S national circuit. For those who do not, it's short and very tight. After the pits it swerves right at Copse, left at Maggotts and then hard right again at Becketts. It then runs down a short straight to another sharp left at Brooklands, onto the long, slow right at Luffield which leads you to Woodcote and the start of a new lap.

I mention this now to put into perspective something it was difficult not to notice when driving Richard Attwood's Porsche 917 on the circuit. With admittedly short gear ratios and a rev-limit perhaps 800rpm below what would be used at Le Mans, I had to lift my foot off the accelerator while in top gear to avoid over-revving the engine on three occasions every lap. Just before Copse, again before Becketts and finally on the run down to Brooklands.

Consider next the car itself. Chassis number 022 has a standard 4.5-litre engine, a four-speed gearbox and bodywork so aerodynamically unfriendly that when Attwood drove its identically configured and liveried sister 023 to victory at Le Mans in 1970, it pulled just 205mph on the Mulsanne straight. A 5-litre, 5-speed long-tail 917 would be capable of perhaps 245mph. The point is this: in a straight line at least, Porsche 917s come no slower than this.

This is incredible. So explosive, so consuming is this car's acceleration, so lurid were the stories I had heard about what a 917 would do if refused the respect it deserved, that entire laps came and went before I chose even to put my foot to the floor.

Such is the luxury of time. Too often in this game you find yourself on a crowded and quite possibly wet track with an owner who, understandably, wants to see his pride and joy not simply returned in the requisite number of pieces but also within a very small number of laps. To be let loose for a day on a dry, safe and deserted circuit with an owner keen only to ensure that, by the close of play, no illusions remain about the nature of the beast is an almost mythologically rare occasion.

But first a small word from history. This 917 is not one of the most famous of the breed. Though built in 1969, its first duty did not come until 1970 when it was commandeered by Steve McQueen's Solar Productions for his film *Le Mans*. Though it sported Gulf livery, its role was that of camera car and stand-in, should one of the other 917s break or be crashed. If you know where to look you can still see the brackets used for mounting the cameras.

It was not used in anger until 1971 when it was run and driven by Reinhold Joest. By then its 4.5-litre engine and four-speed 'box offered scant opposition to the 5-litre, five-speed works cars and the season offered only a fourth at Spa and a sixth at Brands Hatch. From there it found its way to Brian Redman who sold it to Attwood in 1978; Richard has raced and demonstrated it only rarely since.

But if 022's life has been less glamorous than that of some of its brethren, so equally the last 30 years have taken a lesser toll on it. For a start, it is almost entirely original, the only major modification being the John Wyer rear bodywork bought by Attwood from David Piper to mimic the lines of his Le Mans winner; in all other respects it is as it was in 1970.

Until you see one in the flesh, you'll not credit how small a 917 is. Sitting in one of Silverstone's pit garages it seems incredibly compact. The mind's eye says a 917 is a big bruiser of a racer; reality proves otherwise. Its only vastness is in the engine bay where the flat-12 sprawls across the back of the car pushing the cabin forward towards the front wheels.

The trick when climbing aboard is not to think about your feet too much. There is a removable panel in the nose of the car which reveals what stands

"The mind's eye says that the 917 is a big bruiser of a racer. Reality proves otherwise"

between human flesh and whatever it might hit in a head-on accident; there's a tiny steel tube, 1.2mm of bodywork and the pedals. That's it. Those who found themselves in an out-of-control 917 went to extraordinary lengths to ensure that, one way or another, it did not hit nose first.

It's a reasonably easy car to jump into, though care must be taken where to stand and rest your hands. Most of the paper-thin bodywork, for instance, is off limits and even the door must always he held open for you lest the merest puff of winds slams it shut or rips it open.

The cabin, to be frank, is not attractive but at least it all makes reasonable sense. You sit very low and so reclined your knees feel almost as high as your head. The wheel is a surprising stretch away but at least provides a clear view between its three simple spokes to the three simple dials in the instrument binnacle. There's a rev-counter flanked by readouts for oil pressure and temperature and, unless you count the ammeter, located almost out of sight in front of the passenger's space, that's it.

It's hard to remember that the rules required these cars to be two-seaters and harder still to imagine what shape an adult would have to be to squeeze in next to the driver. Nevertheless, regulations required those cars in the 'production' category of racing which the 917 had so sneakily infiltrated to have at least a passing resemblance to road cars and the evidence is all around the car, from the handbrake to the tiny luggage stores under the rear wing.

So how do you drive this legendary beast, this car voted by a panel of 50 of the sport's greatest names as 'The Greatest Racing Car of all Time'? You turn the key and go. That's all; a Porsche 917 is as easy to start as a Ford Fiesta. This is instructive and suggests again that pragmatism plays as large a part in the secret of this car's success as pure power. As my day with the car elapsed, I learned more about this hidden talent. How many retirements were saved by its all-syncromesh gearbox and how many mistakes were avoided by a driver kept alert by the jet of cold air the ventilation system directs onto your face? Minimal instrumentation reduces the risk of distraction at over 200mph too...

Even so, all that's for later; right now, the 917 is still sitting in the pits, bellowing its way to an acceptable working temperature. It takes an age of idling and blipping of the throttle before the oil temperature needle shows the smallest sign of life. Outside the air temperature hovers just a fraction above freezing and we decide to run the Porsche on wet-weather tyres, their super-soft compound offering our only chance of generating some warmth on a day such as this. The slicks the 917 usually uses stay under cover.

Easing out into the pit-lane is easy thanks to the bright spark who dropped oil all over the floor of the garage. With the oil temperature at last off the stop, the wheels spin as soon as the clutch bites and we trickle out into the sunlight at walking pace and idling speed. Neat trick, that.

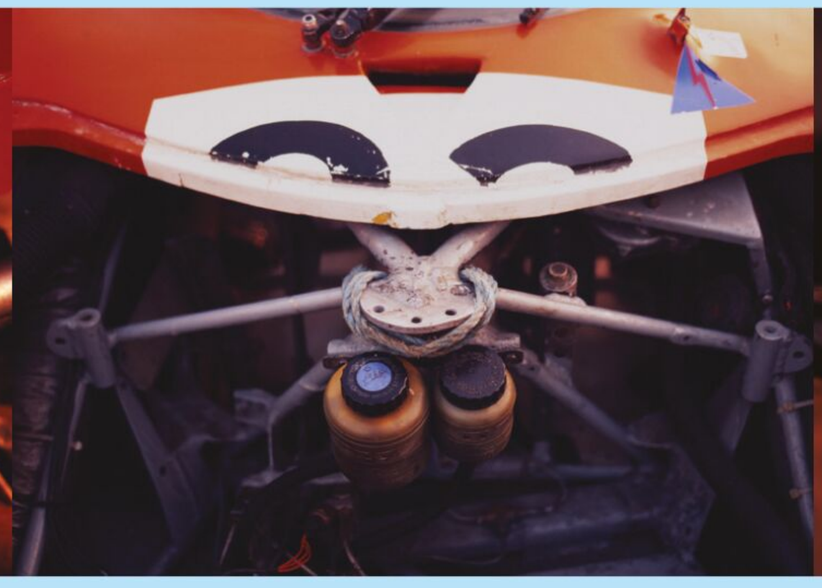
There is no point at all driving as fast as possible right now. Quite apart from the clear and horrendous potential for disaster inherent in trying too hard too soon, there's always so much to be missed about a car's nature when flying around a circuit within a tenth of your own personal limit. It's much better to lap gently, at about the pace of say, a modern Porsche 911 being driven flat out. For now.

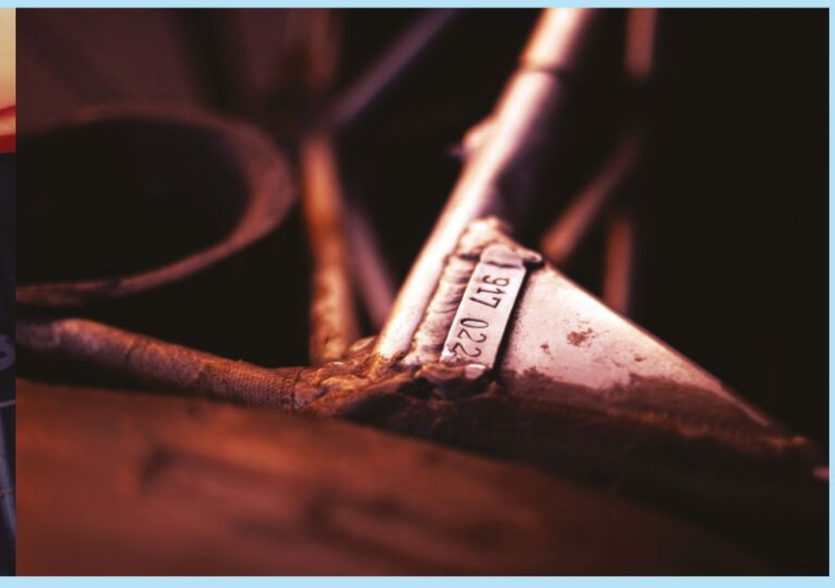
Even at this pace, intimidation is everywhere. At first it stems from what you already know about its value and the fact that far better drivers than me have come to grief in such cars. Very soon, however, this recedes to be replaced by more practical worries. You can feel the flat-12 sitting behind you, occupying

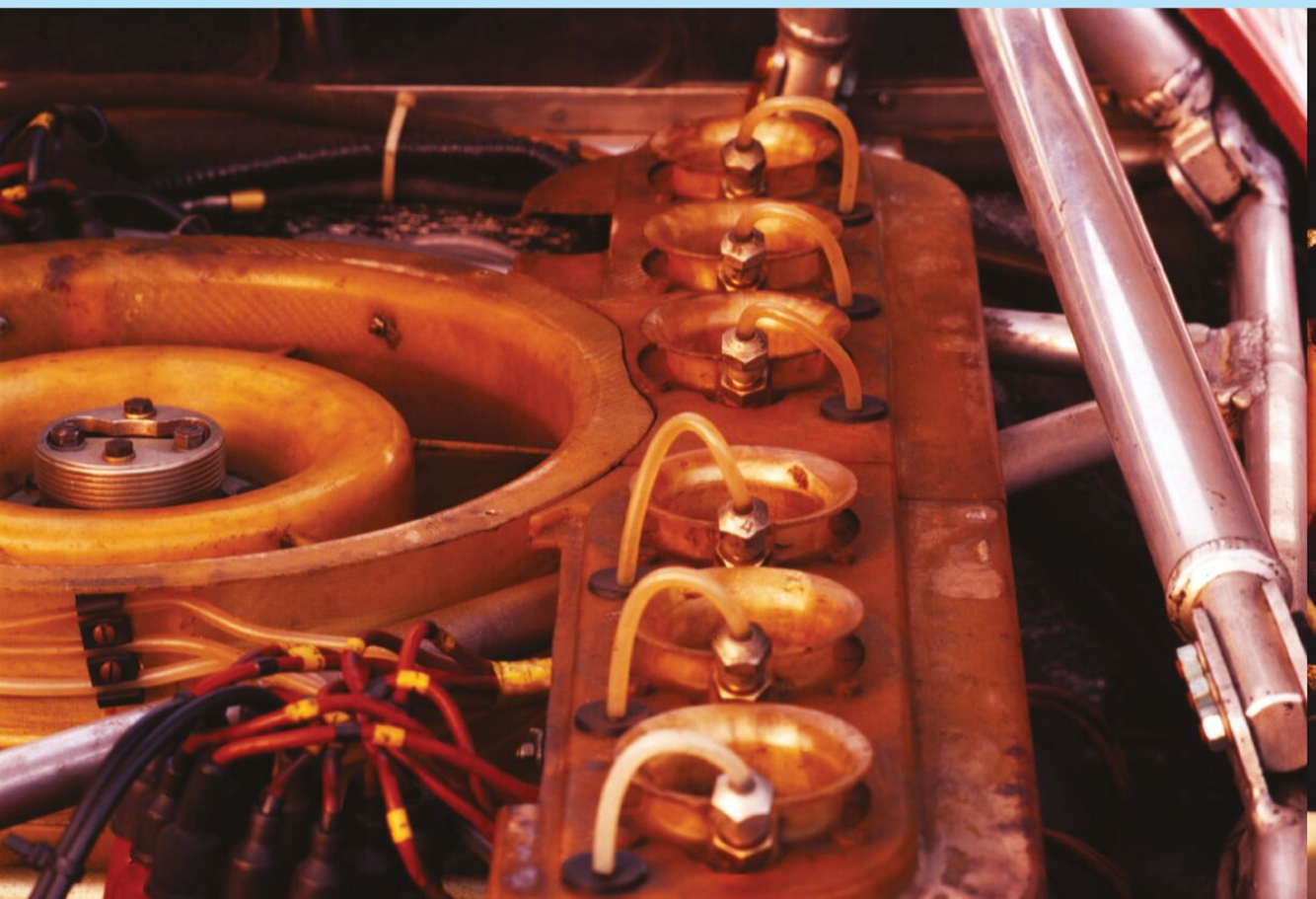
"The 917 is not an antiquated, geriatric racer; it's a serious track racing tool"





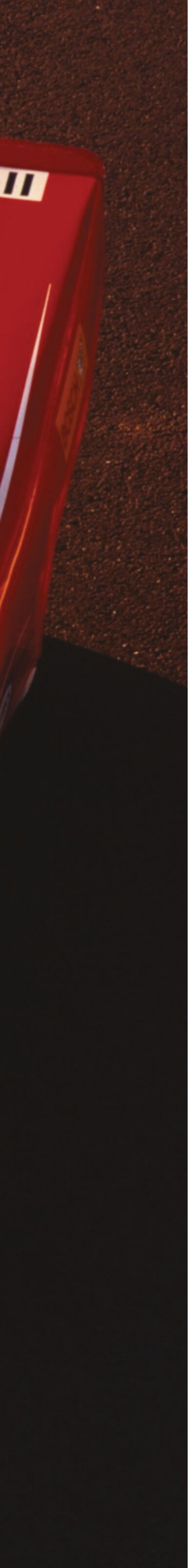



1917 0220




RATED IN
1 - 14 - 29
2 - 21 - 29
3 - 24 - 27
4 - 27 - 25


Shell
Shell
Shell
SEV MARCHAL
SEV MARCHAL
23
THE ACE
Shell
PORSCHE



"Besides, in one of these, cars tended not to come racing up behind you"

so much of the car's mass you feel as if attached to the wrong end of fast moving ball and chain.

Then there's the visibility; I'd be alright as I had the track to myself but how anyone was expected to race at a wet Le Mans with such vast performance differentials between competitors escapes me. There is little to be seen behind the car and nothing at all over the shoulder. I put this to Attwood who shrugged and said, "I never thought it was that bad; good enough for racing for sure. Besides, in one of these, cars tended not to come racing up behind you..." I'd not thought of that.

The 917 itself is easy enough to drive at such speeds, albeit surprisingly physical for such a light machine. The steering is heavy, the gearbox heavier still. But so long as you obey the one hard rule laid down by Attwood and make sure each gear is engaged before releasing the clutch, you'll not make a mistake with it. "Siffert needlessly lost Le Mans by doing exactly that," recalls Richard, "He was in traffic, going past the pits, grabbed a gear, missed it and blew the engine to bits." The throttle is heavy too.

Even short shifting at 5000rpm, the noise is all 917, unique to the only successful racing car ever to employ an air-cooled flat-12. I'd hoped it would sing the same complex yet peculiarly hollow song of the 917s employed in the McQueen movie and am delighted to hear the same music, albeit amplified to stadium volume.

Inside, I don't feel at home yet and can only hope it's because I'm not yet using the car for the purpose for which it was designed. Everything seems so deliberate, each gear change more of a prod than a flick, each input to the steering calculated in advance by the head, not flowing without conscious thought from the shoulders and wrists. Only the brakes, offering sure and easy retardation in exchange for a surprisingly light stab at the pedal, offer much in the way of reassurance.

The only option is to go much faster. No-one is in the pits with a board telling me when to come in and, within reason, I have as long as I like; but there is now no reason at all not to drive the 917 as quickly as I can make it go.

The Porsche 917 engine will pull effectively from 3000rpm and is, therefore, an unreasonably flexible and accommodating racing motor. However, that and certain elements of its noise is the entire extent of the common ground it shares with its behaviour above 5000rpm. I discovered this at the exit of Becketts. Adjectives flooded my head as, according to bystanders, the Porsche almost got its front wheels off the ground as it leapt down the track. I think 'insane' was the most popular. Mathematics will tell you no Le Mans car built today would keep up with even this most standard of 917s in a straight line, and inside it's not difficult to believe.

Subjectively, it feels quicker than any other closed car I've driven. This is stomping performance, accompanied by a shrieking soundtrack, disturbed only by brief crackle between gears and the all too long periods spent in top gear with right foot pressed only gently forward, ensuring the tell-tale on the rev-counter goes no further than the specified 7200rpm. Once you have discovered such performance, you cannot help but use it all, all the time.

You have to push it through the corners too. Attwood's promise that the car contained none of the handling foibles that wreaked such havoc with the undeveloped 917 and his suggestion that I really should have a proper charge in it clinched it.

The treaded Avons made sure that finding the adhesion limit would not be too difficult and it was simple enough to provoke the nose to err away from the apex in the third-gear Luffield bend; even so it



would still wolf down Copse in the business end of top gear so do not doubt the amount of grip available. Only through Becketts did I lack the imagination required to stop me jumping on the throttle too hard and early, just to see what happened next.

The answer is – nothing particularly clever. There's oversteer, of course, but while the tail moves swiftly, it is not uncontainable and can be rounded up and dispatched without lurid, last-gasp drama or even an appreciable delay. One neat little wiggle and you're barrelling up the road to Brooklands again.

And it's only when you drive a 917 like this that it starts to feel what it is: a 30-year-old racing car. Its John Wyer tail may have saved lives, stopped 917s flying off the Mulsanne Straight and won countless races but in terms of what's accepted today as downforce, it offers almost nothing. The car feels soft and restless in fast corners when a modern racer would be rooted to the spot. It squirms under hard braking and, in all respects other than brake effort, requires double the physical effort to drive slow or fast.

That it feels more alive than a modern racer is a given; it doesn't matter if you're driving a Porsche, Ford, Ferrari or Lola of this vintage, they communicate in a way that has long left the sports car agenda. Yet the 917 feels different, even to its contemporaries.

As you drive faster, the calculated progress required to pilot it at first dissolves and you find you no longer have to mentally check each gear change, preset each pedal effort as the laps ease seamlessly into each other. But it never lets you forget that this is no toy, that it is not a car to be chucked about nor one likely to forgive those who do not respect it.

It is no less than I anticipated. The Porsche 917 is not a quaint old thing, a charming, antiquated geriatric racer: it is as serious a tool for a race track as you're likely to find, as thrilling now as it was then, still fast enough to challenge the world's greatest drivers, let alone me, and, I do not doubt, every bit as capable of wreaking human havoc should it all go wrong.

For perhaps two decades I have waited for the moment when I would be left with only a deserted track and a 917 for company. That's 20 years of expectation I had built up in my mind, an in-built mountain of childish hype no car could be expected to scale. Now the day is gone, the best and most honest thing I can tell you about the Porsche 917 is that it vaulted that mountain in one bound.

The birth of a winner

Building 25 of these was a shock to the FIA – and to rivals

The Porsche 917 was born from regulations aimed to make sure such a car was never built. In 1967, alarmed by the expense of prototypes like Ferrari's P4, the CSI decreed that from 1968 all prototypes would be limited to 3 litres. It was a rule you could only duck if you produced 50 examples, something no-one building three or four highly specialised racers could countenance.

Fortunately for Porsche and marques such as Lola who stood no chance of manufacturing 50 T70s, the CSI cut the requirement to 25 examples. This would allow cars like the Lola to race while restricting the big boys to a 3-litre limit. At Porsche, Ferdinand Piech thought differently and presented a 917 plus 24 sets of parts for inspection. When this was rejected, he turned the parts into cars, ready for inspection in April 1969.

It was Piech's masterpiece, a car created from an almost uniquely harmonious marriage of technical innovation and pragmatism. The result was a super-light racing car, with huge power and, ultimately, almost impregnable reliability.

The lightness came not simply through the use of trick materials such as titanium and magnesium (both feature extensively) but by pushing more mundane materials to unprecedented levels. The outer skin of the glass-fibre bodywork, for instance, is just 1.2mm thick and complete with the windscreen, perspex, seats, wings and even the wiring loom, weighs just 95kg.

The flat-12 engine, far from being a leap into the unknown, was based around technology Porsche had known for years. Each cylinder was fed by just two valves and the reason Porsche did not bother at first to use the full 5-litre allowance was simply that the engine was, at its heart, that of a 3-litre 908 with another four cylinders grafted on. A wide array of components were common to both, the engines differing most in the method of power take up which was taken from the end of the 908 and the middle of the 917 unit. This meant the 12-cylinder car could run with, in essence, two short and stiff crankshafts thereby allowing the engine to rev higher and produce more power.

According to Porsche figures, a 1969 4.5-litre 917 engine produced over 580bhp, rising to more than 620bhp for the 5-litre motor developed for 1971. Kerb weights rarely rose much above 800kg.

Take an intermediate 4.9-litre 917 from 1970 possessing a power-to-weight ratio of around 750bhp per tonne and compare it to the only car to offer opposition, the Ferrari 512S. That weighed 880kg and produced just 550bhp to give a power-to-weight ratio of just 625bhp per tonne. Looked at in such terms, the dominance of the Porsche 917 was not so much surprising as inevitable.



GETTY IMAGES

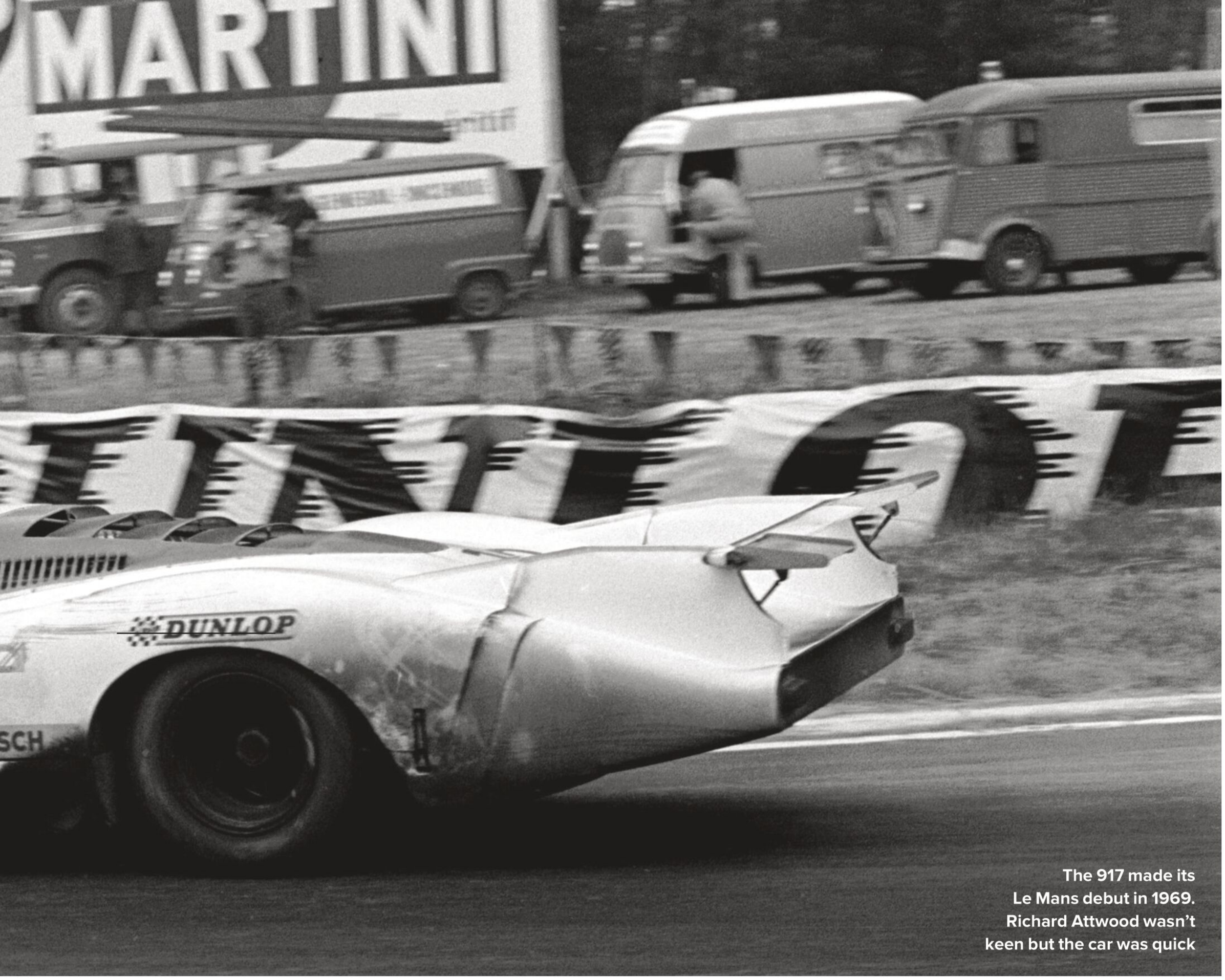


World's greatest racing car? Not likely

The Porsche 917 was not always the great racer we remember it as today. As **Richard Attwood** recalls, when it was new, it was a complete nightmare. He should know, he had to drive it



WRITER **SHAUN CAMPBELL** | TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT,*** **FEBRUARY 1998**



The 917 made its Le Mans debut in 1969. Richard Attwood wasn't keen but the car was quick

GETTY IMAGES

IT WAS NOMINATED BY READERS OF *Motor Sport* as the world's greatest racing car, and it's not hard to see why. Back-to-back Le Mans wins in 1970 and '71 and practically unbeatable in endurance sports car racing, it was developed into an 1100bhp McLaren-crushing Can-Am car which triumphed in every single championship race in the 1973 season. It was perhaps the most awe-inspiring mad racer ever built. But, says Richard Attwood, the original specification Porsche 917 was also the worst car he ever drove.

"When it first came out it was just an animal," he says today. "I'm not at all sure how the designers at the time theorised these things, but the people at Porsche had it stuck in their minds that there was sufficient downforce in this car so that even an idiot could drive it.

"I remember a similar thing with the Ford F3L from the year before. At the presentation at some London hotel they told us that at 200mph it would have something like 600lb of downforce on the tail. Well, believe me, there was none, and they had to add spoilers and wings and all kinds of things to make it work. Single-seaters don't tend to have the same aerodynamic problems as sports cars with their all-enveloping bodies, and what made it worse was that we were driving the thing on the fastest circuits of all. There is a hell of a difference between driving at 100mph and 200mph and the higher the speed, the more apprehension you have when you don't like what you're driving."

As Attwood remembers vividly, none of the class of '69 Porsche 917 pilots liked what they were driving. "The factory drivers didn't want to have anything to do with it," he says. "The 908, either as the long-tailed coupé or the short-tailed Spyder, was quick enough to win everything anyway, so nobody was very keen to get into this thing that was maybe even quicker, but nowhere near as nice to drive."

Two cars were entered for the Spa 1000Kms race in May, but only one started the race after practice revealed just how terrifying the combination of 520bhp and no downforce could be. "I wasn't at that meeting, and the car only lasted a few hundred yards before the engine supposedly failed," says Attwood. "I can imagine what the driver did to make that happen."

It next appeared at the Nürburgring - the most suitable venue for an underdeveloped car - when Frank Gardner and David Piper were co-opted to drive it. The outspoken Gardner left Porsche in no doubt what he thought about the car. When he asked what a pressure gauge on the dashboard was for, the engineers told him that if the needle zeroed it meant that he should drive the car slowly back to the pits. If that happened, said Gardner, he would, "park the bastard and walk back". In fact, he and Piper drove conservatively, but with very considerable courage, to finish eighth. The Porsche 908s occupied the first five places.

Attwood's initial meeting with the white monster came at Le Mans, just a few weeks later. "I wasn't particularly keen, but someone said: 'You, Herr Attwood, will be driving the 917 with Vic Elford,' and there wasn't much more to be said. There was a hell of a row that year, because the car was



Rolf Stommelen and Kurt Ahrens' 917LH lasted 15 hours at Le Mans 1969, retiring with an oil leak

fitted with these little movable wing flippers and there was a big protest. Eventually, Rico Steinemann talked to the organisers and threatened to withdraw every Porsche from the race, which was about half the field, so we were given the go-ahead. The funny thing is that those flippers were totally ineffective anyway. I doubt if it would have made a scrap of difference if we'd taken them off."

Practice confirmed all of Attwood's worst fears. "The further you went down the Mulsanne Straight, the less you could see through the rear-view mirror, because the back of the car was just coming off the ground. At the kink, you had to brake and downshift, things you wouldn't dream of doing in a decent car. The other problem we had was these new Goodyear tyres on very narrow wheel rims, which started chunking at speed. That was fortunate from my point of view because it meant we had to slow down a bit on the straights... which is exactly what we wanted to do."

Despite all the problems, though, the new Porsche was clearly in a class of its own. Two works cars were entered, one for Rolf Stommelen and Kurt Ahrens, the other for Attwood and Elford, and they dominated practice. Stommelen qualified on pole with a lap that was 13 seconds quicker than the pole-winning time from the year before. It was quicker even than the 7-litre Ford Mk4s managed in '67, even though the circuit had been lengthened and slowed considerably with a new chicane before the pit straight.

"There's no doubt about it, it was massively quick," remembers Attwood. "They timed one car at 235mph on the Mulsanne Straight, which was 20-30mph faster than anything they had ever done before. Looking back, we could probably have stroked it, like Gardner and Piper had done at the Nürburgring, and we would have won so easily." But, as Attwood also recalls wryly, drivers like Stommelen, Ahrens and, particularly, Elford, were not likely to do much stroking. "They would just take the bull by the horns and go for it," he says. "And you can't afford to be a laggard so you have to go along with it as well."

The original 917 was for the brave, but not for the foolhardy. A third car, entered and driven by John Woolfe, crashed on the first lap of the race, killing its driver. "I think that explains how hard the car was," says Attwood. "The factory were trying to get Rudi Lins, one of their test drivers, to start the race, but Woolfe insisted. In retrospect he should never have been driving the car."

The 1969 Le Mans 24 Hours is now remembered for the close battle in the closing stages between Jacky Ickx in the venerable John Wyer Ford GT40 and Hans Herrmann in the Porsche 908. But for 12 hours the Porsche 917 of Attwood and Elford was in a race of its own, opening up a six-lap lead. "The gearbox casing broke in the end. It was cracking all the way round the bell-housing and let all the oil out. The engine dropped down in the chassis and eventually we couldn't get any gears because the clutch shaft mechanism was holding the whole unit up and the clutch wouldn't operate. And that was the end of that."

It was, of course, only the beginning to the Porsche 917 story, though. "We went back to the factory for a debrief and we explained exactly what was wrong with the car and they promised to redesign this, that and the other. Then Brian Redman went testing in it at Zeltweg, but although they'd changed all kinds of things under the body, it still had all the same problems. It wasn't until John Wyer got involved in the project that it started to improve. He realised the drivers weren't all idiots - whereas Porsche presumably thought they were - and he reacted to the drivers' inputs. First they removed the rear tail section completely and at once it was immediately and substantially better. Then came the upswept tail to give it some downforce, and after that, the car was just fantastic."

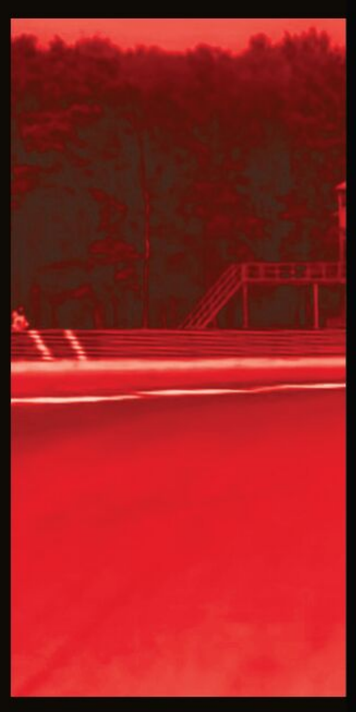
At the final round of the 1969 season, at Zeltweg, Jo Siffert and Kurt Ahrens gave the much-modified Porsche 917 its first win, with Attwood and Redman taking third. By 1970 it had been developed into a truly magnificent racing car, and Attwood was able to make up for the disappointment of the year before by sharing a car with Hans Herrmann to victory at Le Mans. He came extremely dose to doing it again in 1971, finally settling for second place.

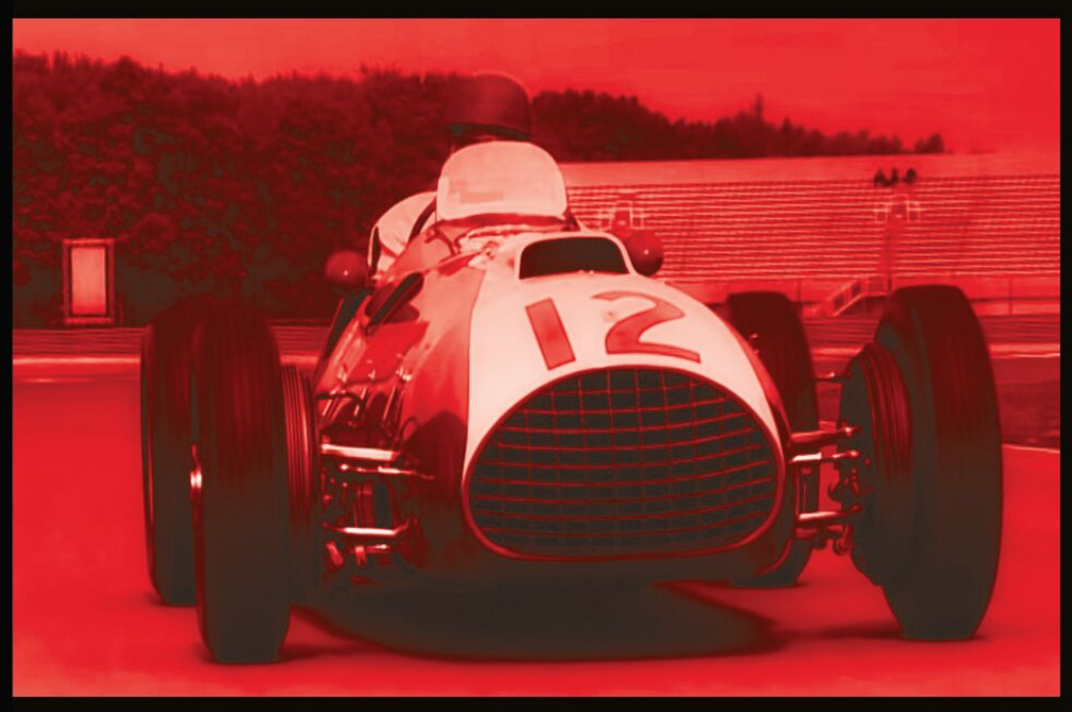
"I was lucky in that I drove a lot of good cars," he says, "and in some ways the Porsche 917 was probably the best, and certainly the most successful. But that original car in 1969 was definitely the worst."

> "It wasn't until John Wyer got involved in the project that it started to improve"

ORC











OLD RACING CAR COMPANY













Dealer in classic automobiles, race cars and FIA recreations with showrooms in the UK and USA

UK
+44 (01692) 538 007

Visit our new site
OldRacingCar.com

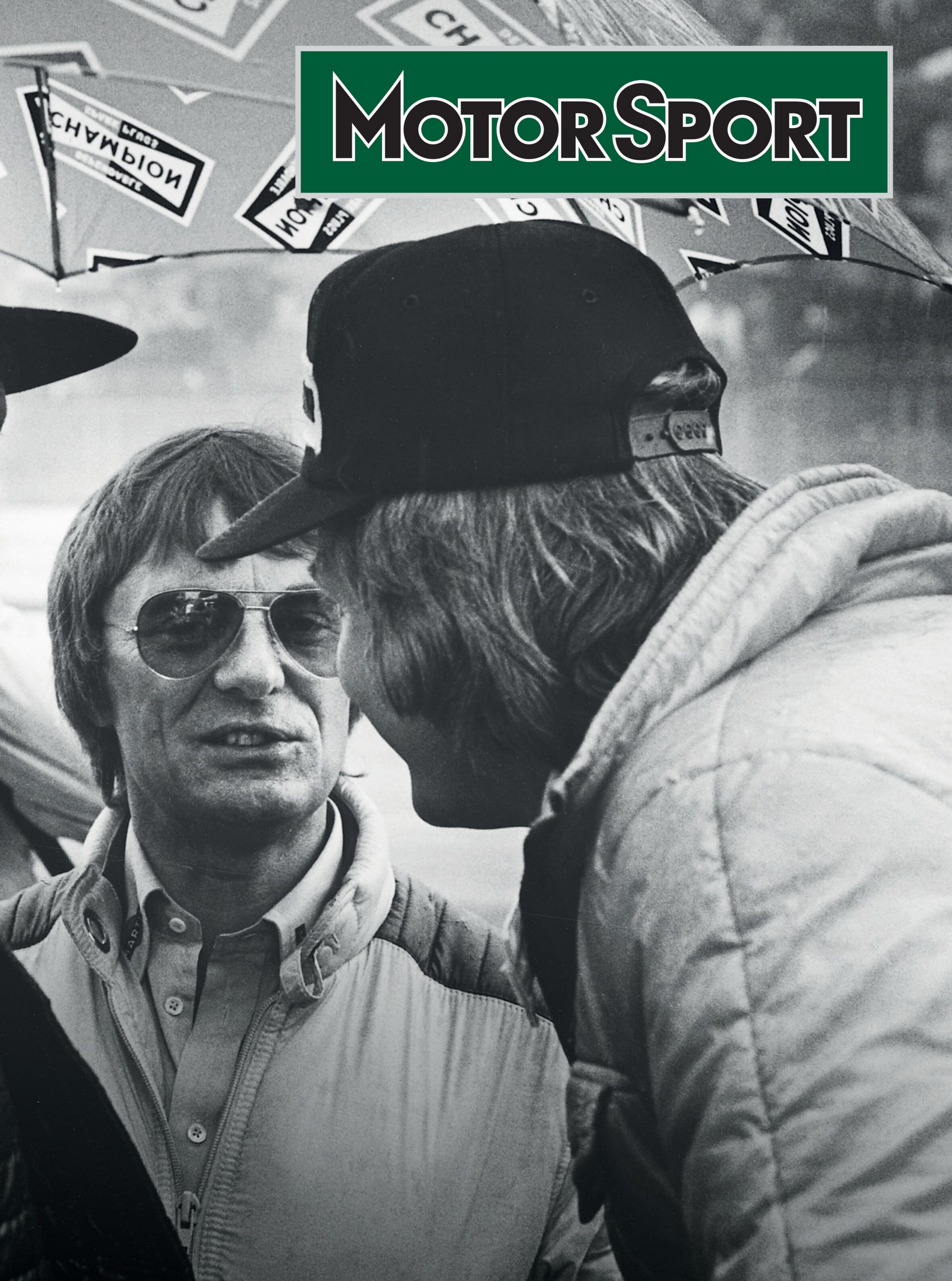
California
+1 (949) 294 5719

Closer to the conversations that matter.

BENEFITS OF SIGNING-UP:

- Saving you 58% on the retail price
- Monthly print and digital editions
- Access to over 200,000 pages of articles in the archives

MotorSport



THE LONE RANGER

Two top-line racers without a ride in the 1973 Sebring 12 Hours persuaded a privateer to lend them his Porsche 911 RSR. It led to a remarkable victory. Now we test this very special car



WRITER **ANDREW FRANKEL** | PHOTOGRAPHY **JAYSON FONG**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, OCTOBER 2016**

911 RSR

YEARS AGO I DROVE TO Dorset to interview famed Porsche racer Nick Faure, the man who once found himself applying so much opposite lock he forgot which way the front wheels were pointing. In desperation, he let go of the steering wheel and in that instant discovered the secret of recovering a rear-engined Porsche from an apparently unrecoverable position.

Over the years Faure raced every kind of 911 from the 2.7 RS right up to 934s, 935s and even a Kremer K3. But when I asked him to name his favourite, he did not pause for thought. "Oh, it's the RSR, no doubt about that. The most beautiful car to drive, so much nicer and easier to balance than the later turbocharged cars. You could do anything in an RSR." And he did, including in 1975 helping drive a private RSR from 30th on the grid at Le Mans to sixth at the flag, beaten only by one other RSR and four prototypes. Ever since that conversation, I've wanted to drive one.

But there are RSRs and there are RSRs, and to me, three stand out. The first is the car that won the Daytona 24 Hours in 1973, outlasting all the whizz-bang Matra and Mirage prototypes to come home a barely believable 22 laps ahead of the second-placed Ferrari – despite the car being a completely unproven commodity racing over any distance, let alone 24 hours. Sadly it was returned to Weissach and broken up. The third is the car that won the Targa Florio that year, this time being there to cash and collect when the factory Ferraris and Alfas failed. Happily, that car still exists.

The second, and only because its victory came between Daytona and the Targa, is this car. In March 1973 it won the Sebring 12 Hours, the race that, along with Daytona and Le Mans, makes up the triple crown of endurance racing. And as anyone who has done all three will tell you, such is the nature of the Sebring track that surviving 12 hours there is just as big an achievement as making it through 24 at Daytona, Le Mans or anywhere else.

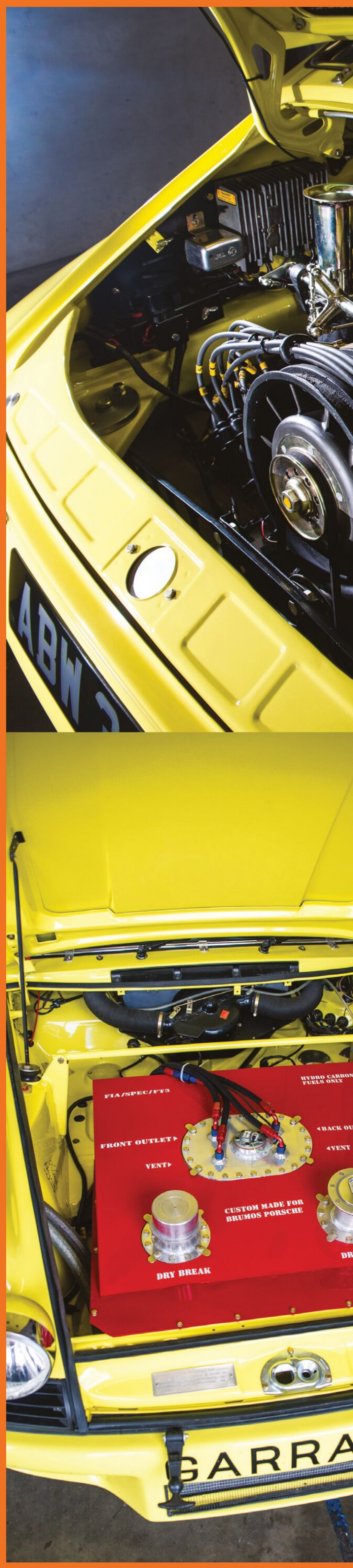
That weekend's drivers were Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood, who had won Daytona just six weeks earlier, plus a certain Dave Helmick. At the time Haywood and Gregg were superstars of the US sports car racing scene. Gregg would go on to win Daytona four times before ending his own life in 1980, but Haywood would become America's greatest endurance racer, his record including five wins at Daytona and three at Le Mans. As for Helmick, well, his was a walk-on part, of which more in a minute. For now, and as the startlingly yellow RSR warms up in the Donington Park pit lane, a brief reminder of what this car actually is.

Like those greatest racing Porsches, the 917 and 956, the catalyst that resulted in the RSR was a rule change. When prototypes with engines of greater than 3 litres were outlawed from sports car racing from 1972, Porsche found itself with nothing to race. By 1973 the 908, which would continue to work wonders in private hands for years to come, was already five seasons old and all that remained was the good old 911, a car already past its 10th birthday. Nevertheless Porsche figured that a Group 4 version built to production GT specification might help sell street 911s, particularly if its 2.8-litre engine proved capable of beating the 4.4-litre Ferrari Daytonas and 7-litre Corvettes that would make up its closest competition. In the event, and as we have seen already, the result was often good enough to win outright.

> "The RSR was a beautiful car to drive, easier to balance than the later turbocharged cars"

To turn the existing RS into an RSR was a mammoth job. Porsche wanted a 3-litre version of its venerable flat-six engine, but that would come only later (when switching crankcase material from magnesium to stronger aluminium allowed less space between the bores). For now 2808cc was as far as it could go. The biggest possible valves, hot cams, twin-plug heads and compression raised from 8.5 to 10.5:1 took power from 210bhp at 6300rpm to 305bhp at 8000rpm.

To control the extra urge the RSR got a widened track and massive tyres, while Porsche also threw away the torsion-bar suspension for proper coil-over units,





dropped the ride height, changed the geometry, fitted race springs and roll bars and, to slow it all down, fitted the 917's braking system. Extensive wind tunnel testing even coaxed a body whose basic design created significant lift into generating a small amount of downforce.

It was in this form that two cars were sent to Daytona in 1973 as a suck-it-and-see exercise. In testing, no RSR had lasted more than 18 hours without breaking. Porsche was so unsure of their ability even to finish let alone do well it didn't enter as a works team, but instead gave one to Brumos, its Florida dealership run by Gregg, and the other to Roger Penske for his Can-Am dream team of Mark Donohue and George Follmer. But it was not the RSRs that broke, but the faster, more fragile prototypes. By midnight the Porsches were first and second and, when Penske's car finally succumbed to the expected engine failure, it left the Brumos car far out in the lead to run to the flag in a race troubled only by a late windscreen change. But because it had gone further, faster and for longer than had any RSR in testing, Porsche wanted it back to examine in forensic detail.

"Were it not for Dave Helmick we'd have been short of a ride," recalls the now 68-year-old Haywood. "When we discovered our car wasn't coming back, Weissach told Peter and me about this car in private ownership that while not in Brumos colours [white, with red and blue stripes] was essentially the same specification as our Daytona car. So we went to Sebring, met with Dave, checked the car out and discovered it was every bit as good as the car we'd had at Daytona." So they just had to persuade Helmick to let them have it. "He was pretty happy really, when he saw how quick and competitive Peter and I were. In the end we agreed he'd do a single stint, which was about an hour, and Peter and I would do the rest."

Some 72 cars started the Sebring 12 Hours on a hot, sunny weekend towards the end of March 1973. Being run to IMSA rules meant there were no prototypes, but if Haywood and Gregg thought that meant it would be a cakewalk, they were soon to be disabused of that notion. As well as other Porsches, their RSR was up against no fewer than 18 Corvettes with engines two and half times the size of that in the back of the RSR. Despite probably the best driver line-up on the grid, Haywood and Gregg could manage just fourth place in qualifying, behind three of the 'Vettes, the quickest of which was six seconds faster around the 5.2-mile airfield track.

Read the digital magazine

Search through all issues

Latest motor sport news

Video clips & highlights



NEWS. INSIGHTS. ANALYSIS.

Get the most from *Motor Sport* – download the free app

Download on the App Store

GET IT ON Google Play



A two-way intercom system was fitted into the RSR at Sebring in 1973, allowing communication between driver and crew; (below) Peter Gregg



"We knew the best Corvettes would have the edge on us in qualifying trim," says Hurley, "but Peter and I agreed not to get drawn into that contest. We were going to play to our car's strengths, run our own race, ignore everyone else and bet on Porsche engineering to make sure we were still around at the end, because we knew many others would not be." And he was right: of those 72, 39 finished but just 24 travelled far enough to be classified.

So the Chevrolets duly thundered off and then, one by one, broke. By half-distance all three Corvettes that had outpaced the RSR in qualifying were safely back in their pit garages with terminal mechanical maladies.

"After that we were able to control the race quite easily. I can remember another 911 getting quite close to us in the early evening [almost certainly the RS of Michael Keyser and Milt Minter that came second], but we had enough of a cushion and sufficient spare pace up our sleeves to be quite comfortable." Despite the need for another windscreen change, they crossed the line with a lap in hand over the RS and seven over the fastest surviving Corvette.

Haywood had a ball. "I loved driving Sebring. It's a track like no other. You'd always get an eclectic mix of cars on a circuit so bumpy you seemed to spend half of any given lap in the air. We did well there because Porsche built a car that was not only quick but was able to take everything the track could throw at it. But we also managed it well, to the extent we'd take strange lines through many bends just to avoid the worst of the bumps."

And the RSR? "I have very happy memories of it there. The car was very

> "Sebring was so bumpy you spent half of any given lap in the air"

active, it did everything from the back end, it was really very mobile and great fun to drive. There's a picture of me on the podium and you can see the blisters on my hands from all the manhandling I had to do with it. Porsche had built a fine racing car, it made good power and responded wonderfully to everything you did with it."

Nick Faure, for one, would agree.

The Sebring RSR raced on in the US in 1973 and '74, ending up with a new owner and upgraded to full wide-bodied 3-litre RSR specification. It was sold as such to an American collector in 1976 and left wearing Porsche 917/20 'Pink Pig' livery until in 2001 it was acquired by a new owner, who determined to return it to its original Sebring specification. The car finally came to the UK in 2004 when it was sold to its current owner, who gave it a full mechanical restoration to original 2.8 RSR specification so that today the car is almost exactly as it was when Haywood first clapped eyes on it 43 years ago.

If you compare the RSR at Sebring then and at Donington now and, a couple of Festival of Speed stickers aside, you would struggle to tell the difference. I love all the RSR details, from the big ones like those huge nine and 11in Fuchs alloys to the tiny ones, like the 10,000rpm tachometer with no redline. I have driven an RSR before, but only slowly and on the road. As I strap myself in I can feel myself shivering with excitement. The owner is there and, save an instruction to enjoy myself, makes no other commands. I have to ask how many revs to use. We settle at 7500rpm, just 500 short of peak power. Enough, in other words.

The interior of this winner of one of the world's three greatest endurance races would be instantly familiar to anyone who has sat in any kind of early 911. Calibrations and a spare Stack tacho aside, the dials are the same and in the same place. It has a street-standard RS wheel and the usual splatter of switchgear.

But when it starts you hear the difference at once. The song is the same, but the increase in volume and richness compared to a normal early air-cooled flat-six is akin to an entire orchestra playing music originally written for a string quartet.

Oddly enough, as you nose out onto the circuit and start to try to understand this car, it feels far closer to a street machine



"The RSR is nothing less than the most rewarding iteration of the greatest sports car ever invented"

than I had expected and, indeed, its full race specification suggests. It steers like a normal 911, perhaps a little heavier-helmed on street-legal Michelin TB15 track-day tyres, but that delicious feel is as clear as ever. It's only when you stop driving it like a road car and start driving it like the racer it is that its character changes entirely.

Even by Porsche standards, the engine is a masterpiece. Its flat-six motors from this era were all quite peaky, so you'd expect one as highly tuned as this to have an even narrower operating range, but that's not what transpires. Even at 4000rpm, halfway around the permitted sweep of the dial, it's fully on song, squatting the rear of the car down onto the Tarmac, nose sniffing the air in time-honoured 911 style. And it's quick – not dramatically, uncontainably quick because you'd need a 934 or 935 for that – but more than sufficiently rapid not only to stretch your mouth to your ears, but also to make sure you focus your attention very firmly on your braking points. This is, after all, an old 911 and the slow in, fast out rules still apply.

Or so it seems. At first I must say I am a touch unsettled by the car's handling. First fast time down the Craner Curves it wobbles a little as the track turns to the right beyond the exit of Redgate and again through the transition into the next left-hander. The car is worth millions and I don't really want to be scaring myself in it. But after a few laps it is clear there's nothing inherently wrong with the car, its high-speed behaviour merely the result of a soft street set-up and the TB15s which while little used, are rather old.

Armed and emboldened by this knowledge, the rest of my time in the car is the stuff of dreams. In the medium-speed and slower corners that make up the rest of the lap, it is the most neutral old 911 I've driven on a track, resisting the usual understeer you expect, yet still blessed with other-worldly traction and able to take power comically early in the corner. And once it does start to slide, there is no reason to back out of it, but unwind the requisite amount of lock, add a little in the other direction if needed, keep the throttle wide open and listen to that 12-plug motor howl its approval.

With the Targa Florio winner, this is one of the two most important racing 911s there is, a car whose picture I have looked at for decades without once ever dreaming I might see it, let alone drive it as hard as I liked. It does not disappoint. Sometimes time is too short to reveal a car's soul in the course of a necessarily brief track test. If you can emerge with even a glimpse of what they'd be like to race, you can call it a result. The RSR is not like this: I can see exactly why Hurley Haywood and Nick Faure loved the RSR for it is, in truth, nothing less than the most rewarding iteration of the greatest sports car ever invented. A few laps of Donington are a joy, so several hours at Sebring must have been heaven on earth.

HEXAGON
CLASSICS



+44 (0)208 348 5151



Porsche 356 C Carrera 2 2000 GS Coupe, 1963
Bali Blue with Black Leather
1 of only 6 RHD UK delivered cars
£495,500



Porsche 911 2.7S Targa, 1976
Guards Red with Black Leather
Matching numbers
Less than 600 miles
£139,995



Porsche 911 (997.2) Turbo S, 2012
Carrera White with Black Leather
Exclusive options, PCCB
17,100 miles
£94,995



Porsche 911 (930) 3.3 Turbo Coupe, 1984
Iris Blue with Navy Blue Leather
Total recommission
£109,995



Porsche 911 (997.2) Carrera 2S Coupe, 2011
Platinum Silver with Black Leather
Manual - 10,400 miles
£59,995



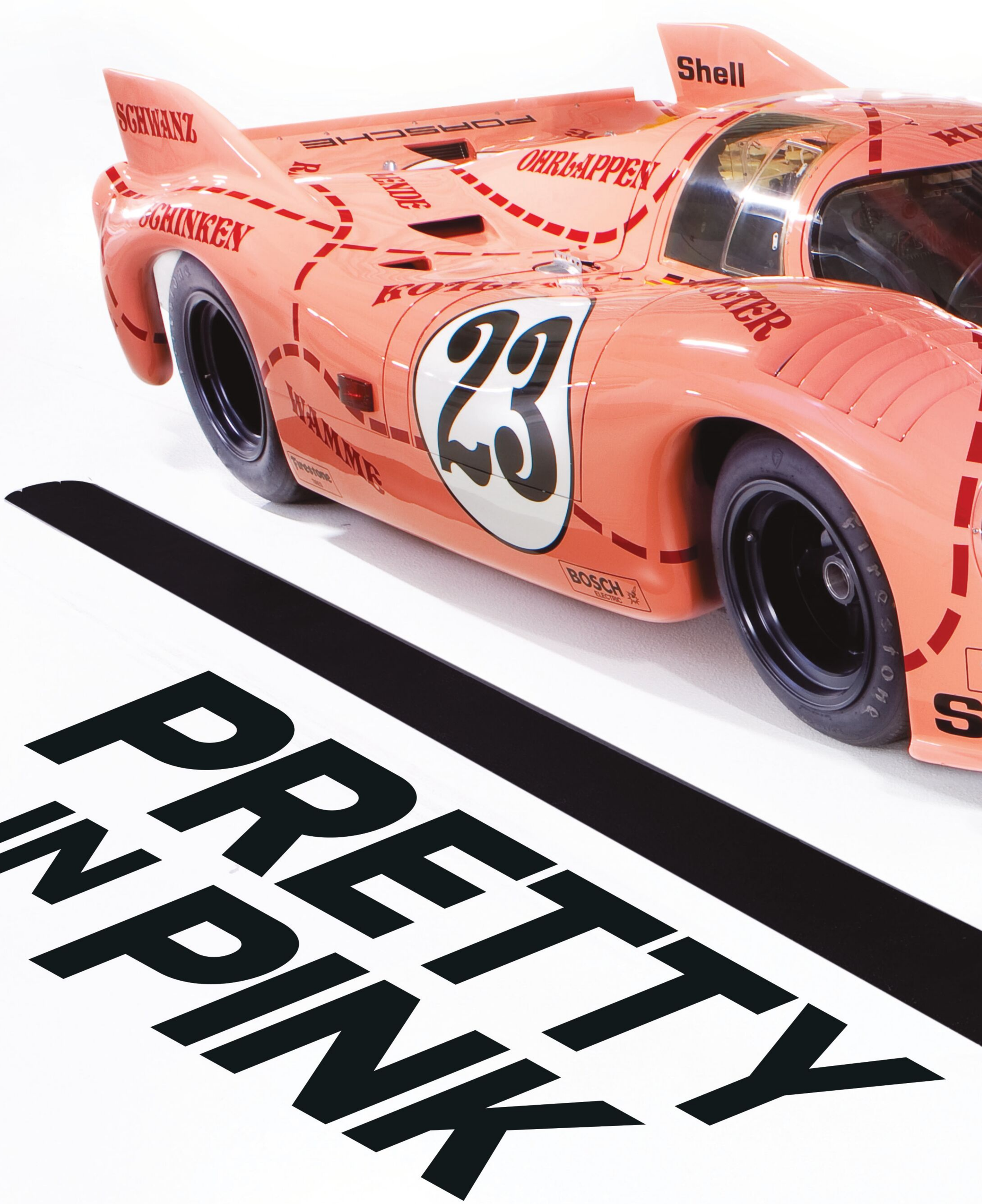
Porsche 911 (997.2) GT3 Clubsport, 2010
Guards Red with Black Alcantara
13,625 miles
£119,995

HEXAGON CLASSICS since 1963
London N2 0NL

Jonathan Ostroff +44 (0)7522 911911
Russell Gilbert on +44 (0)7544 911 911

We are actively seeking similar cars to purchase
contact Phillip Kyriacou on +44 (0)7939 132876

www.hexagonclassics.com



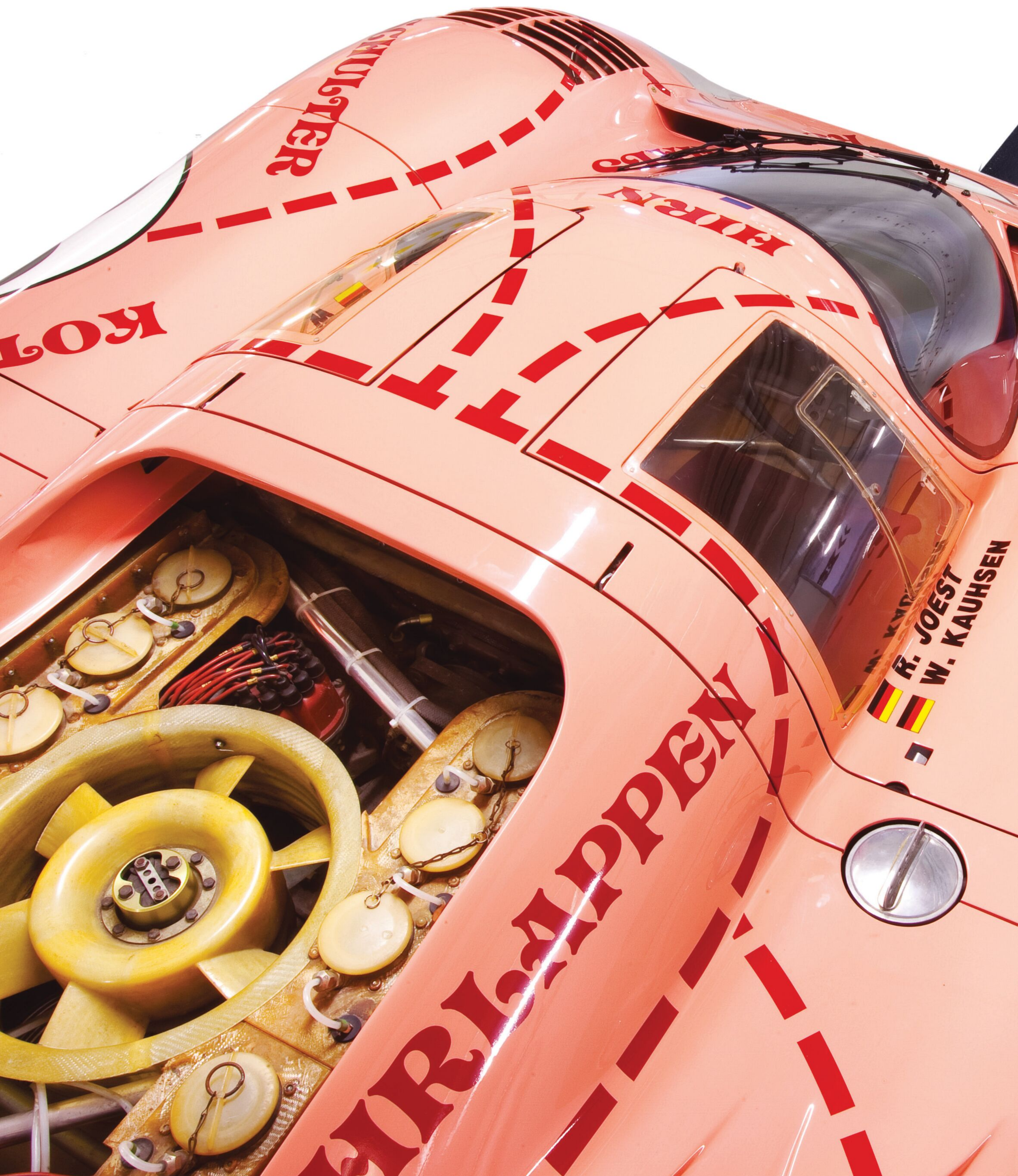
PRETTY IN PINK



Designed by the French, deemed 'ugly' by their German counterparts, this 917 proved that pigs can fly at Le Mans

WRITER **ROB WIDDOWS**
PHOTOGRAPHY **MATTHEW HOWELL**
TAKEN FROM **MOTOR SPORT NOVEMBER 2011**

PINK PIG





1

It is not unusual for a racing driver to describe a racing car as a pig. It is rare, however, for a senior designer to declare that a racing car resembles a pig. And rarer still for the team to paint said car pink and carve it, like butchers, into cuts of meat outlined all over its bodywork.

This is the strange saga that is the Porsche 917/20, which first appeared in public in the spring of 1971. And it's not over yet. On sale now in Europe, from Porsche Design, is a money box in the shape of a Pink Pig. There is, if you prefer, something known as an 'art ball chair'. It's priced at a mere £2880, this being a piece of trendy pink furniture for the Porsche fanatic. Such is the legend of this racing car, only one of which was ever built.

The car was the result of Porsche's relentless quest for ever more slippery aerodynamics, and it was aero specialist Robert Choulet of SERA (Societe d'Etudes et de Realisations Automobiles) in Paris who took on the task of creating a new body shape. The French company had previously worked on a new long-tail version of the 917, the Langheck, for the 1970 Le Mans 24 Hours.

Porsche's target was to extract drag numbers similar to the 917L, and the downforce numbers of the 917K, without resorting to the long and weighty tail that had been introduced in search of ultimate speed on the Mulsanne Straight.

The result was the Pig, though the 'pink' part came later. Choulet eventually presented Porsche with what was generally agreed to be an ugly racing car. The 917/20 had an unusually wide body, with strange lateral overhangs which were designed to lessen the effects of air flowing over the wheel arches.

The short, stubby car was revealed to the world at the traditional Le Mans test in April, sponsored by Martini & Rossi and driven by Willi Kauhsen and Gijs van Lennep. But Count Rossi, dismayed by its ugliness, refused to let the car run in his famous colours. So, in a rare moment of not-very-German humour, it was decided to paint it pink and mark out the bodywork in cuts of meat as a butcher might have done with a real pig. Amusing, no?

PINK PIG



Porsche's prime cut at Le Mans, 1971. Other nicknames included Big Berta and Truffle Hunter

The car is now in Porsche's 'rolling museum' in Stuttgart and is, unsurprisingly, the subject of much attention and discussion among visitors from all over the world. Klaus Bischof, who joined Porsche in 1968 as a race mechanic and worked on the Pink Pig at Le Mans in '71, is now director of the museum where the car is back in his care.

"The car's history is quite incredible, a really important part of Porsche racing heritage," says Bischof. "I have so many memories as a junior mechanic with the car. In the beginning Ferdinand Piech decided to get the French to design this aerodynamic experiment, while the factory's own design department continued with their 917s which would be raced by John Wyer's team as the works cars.

"In Germany the engineers were not very happy about the French being involved and when Anatole Lapine, who was doing his own 917 back in Zuffenhausen, first saw the car in its garage he said it looked like a pig in a barn, declaring that his car looked like a proper Porsche. Herr Piech was very disappointed by the criticism and I'm sure he had words with Lapine in private.

"There was some tension between the Germans and the French, jokes about frog-eaters, because the engineers at Zuffenhausen did not appreciate the French being involved in designing a Porsche. But Piech had been keen to do these experiments to find the best car to win at Le Mans, which is why he used the Martini team to run the car. He didn't want to take any risks with the John Wyer cars, which were the ones most likely to win."

The Pink Pig was much wider than a conventional 917 and this caused problems with transportation before they even got as far as the test weekend at La Sarthe. Bischof remembers well the trials and tribulations.

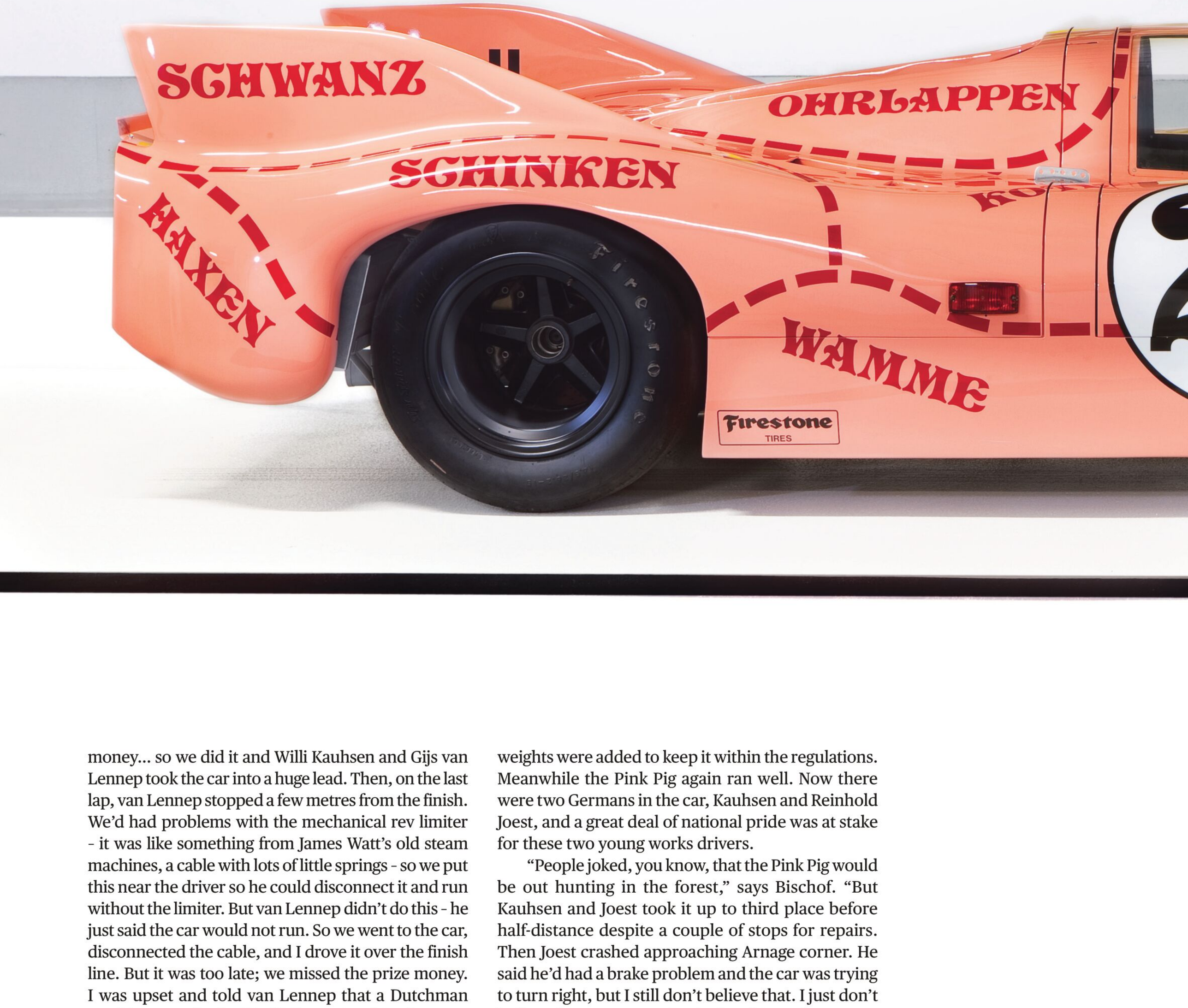
"It seems funny now, but it was too wide to fit in the race trucks, so we used an old military truck which we adapted as best we could. It was really designed for tanks or aircraft and there was a big round hole in the roof where the machine guns would have gone," he chuckles. "I drove this thing all the way to Le Mans – it took two days along country roads, there were no autobahns then, the gearbox had no synchro and it was limited to 75kph [46mph]. You can imagine. I did this twice, for the test and for the race..."

The car ran well at the April test and afterwards there was a three-hour race which it very nearly won. That's another drama in the saga of the Pink Pig.

"It was fantastic," enthuses Bischof. "There were just two of us as mechanics on the car and after practice Piech told us we had to save the engine for the race, and we had just two hours to get it changed. He said that if we got it done in time we could keep the prize



"For me, the important thing was that it was fast. It was not pink on the inside..."



money... so we did it and Willi Kauhsen and Gijs van Lennep took the car into a huge lead. Then, on the last lap, van Lennep stopped a few metres from the finish. We'd had problems with the mechanical rev limiter – it was like something from James Watt's old steam machines, a cable with lots of little springs – so we put this near the driver so he could disconnect it and run without the limiter. But van Lennep didn't do this – he just said the car would not run. So we went to the car, disconnected the cable, and I drove it over the finish line. But it was too late; we missed the prize money. I was upset and told van Lennep that a Dutchman would never win the World Championship..."

Come the race in June, van Lennep did in fact win for Porsche, sharing the short-tail 917K with Helmut Marko for the Martini team. This was another experimental car, the magnesium chassis so light that weights were added to keep it within the regulations. Meanwhile the Pink Pig again ran well. Now there were two Germans in the car, Kauhsen and Reinhold Joest, and a great deal of national pride was at stake for these two young works drivers.

"People joked, you know, that the Pink Pig would be out hunting in the forest," says Bischof. "But Kauhsen and Joest took it up to third place before half-distance despite a couple of stops for repairs. Then Joest crashed approaching Arnage corner. He said he'd had a brake problem and the car was trying to turn right, but I still don't believe that. I just don't believe there was a mechanical problem, the car was so strong, and if it was a brake problem then it would have happened to the other cars by this time. The master cylinders were damaged, yes, but we never found any reason why it had suddenly crashed."

"It was too wide for the race trucks so we used a military truck with a round hole in the roof for the machine guns"



Many years later the car was shipped to America and restored by Porsche specialist Gerry Sutterfield who said that, when they took it apart, they saw the front brake pads were down to the metal and welded onto the disc. Sutterfield reported this to Porsche and speculated that it had miscalculated the brake wear, because Pink Pig had less drag than the other 917s in the race and should have come in for new pads. This was the first time the car had been comprehensively taken apart since the race at Le Mans.

Finally, it seemed, Joest had been vindicated.

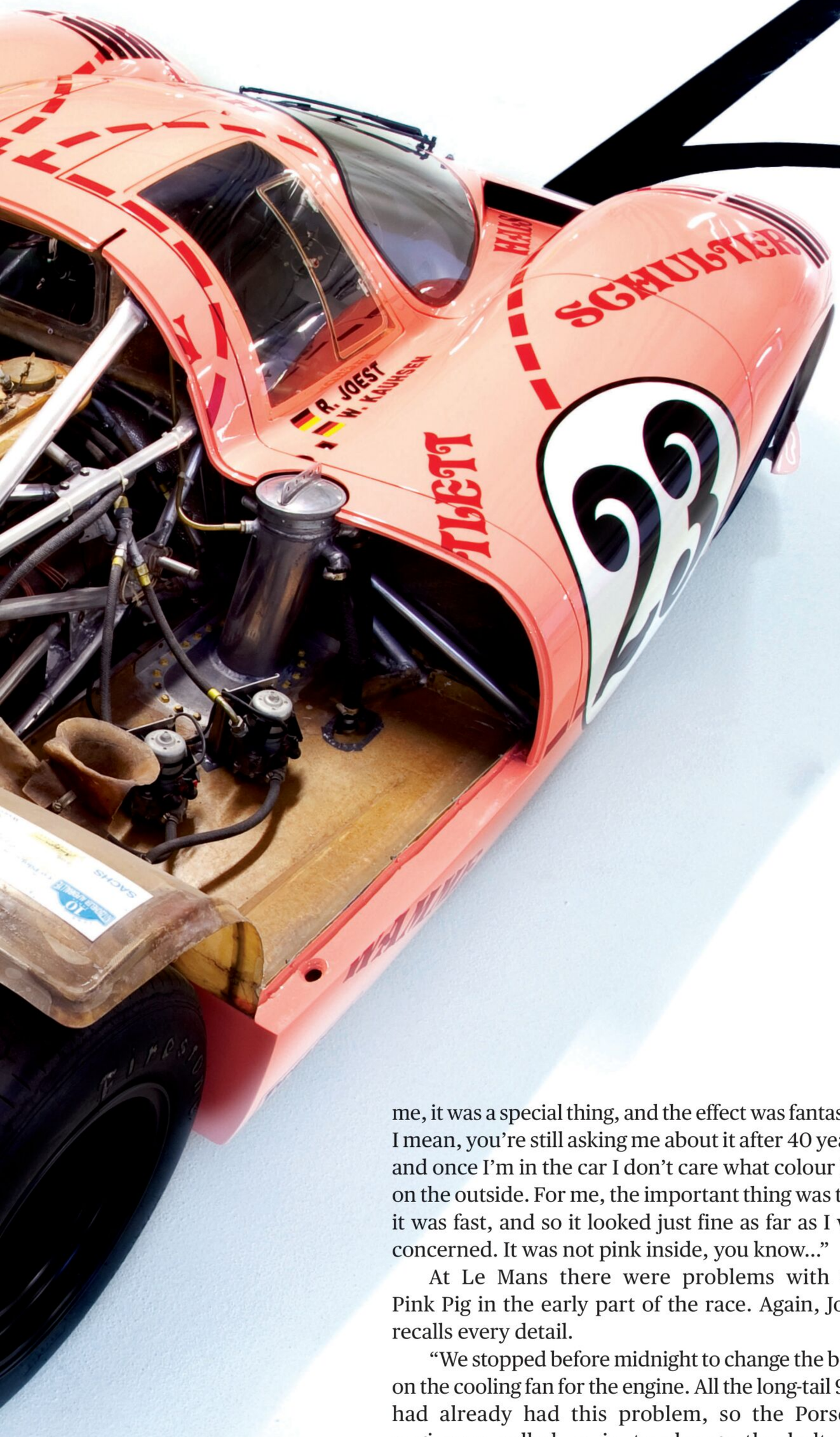
"That's impossible," argues Bischof. "All the 917s had the same braking systems, very strong discs, and after 11 hours that could not have been the reason. It would've happened much sooner if it was the brakes. Reinhold always said the car turned right, there was nothing he could do, but I've spoken to him and he knows I never believed that's what happened. He knows I still think this way, you can ask him."

So I did. Now one of the most successful team owners in sports car history, first with Porsche and then Audi, Joest remembers clearly those Pink Pig days.

"It was like no other 917," he says. "When I first saw it at the Le Mans test it was plain white, and in white it looked so much bigger than a 917 - shorter, stubbier, wider, and I thought, 'My goodness, this is a race car?' But when I drove it the car was so much easier than what I'd driven before, very different, and on the straight it was better than I had experienced before. It had less drag, the balance was perfect and there was plenty of downforce. I have absolutely no idea why they painted it pink - maybe some joke from the design studio in Weissach - but it was fine by

PINK PIG





me, it was a special thing, and the effect was fantastic. I mean, you're still asking me about it after 40 years, and once I'm in the car I don't care what colour it is on the outside. For me, the important thing was that it was fast, and so it looked just fine as far as I was concerned. It was not pink inside, you know…"

At Le Mans there were problems with the Pink Pig in the early part of the race. Again, Joest recalls every detail.

"We stopped before midnight to change the bolts on the cooling fan for the engine. All the long-tail 917s had already had this problem, so the Porsche engineers called us in to change the bolts on the turbine for the fan to avoid any damage to the engine. Then, two laps later, the throttle cable broke. But I was so lucky because it was just before the pitlane. I changed down for the corner and suddenly there was no throttle, so I used my speed to get down the pitlane and they were a bit surprised because I had no time to reach for the microphone on the old radios we had in those days.

"After that the car was fantastic again, just normal pitstops until 3.30am when I came to brake for Arnage. I touched the brakes and the car turned right into the wall. There was no warning, and it happened so fast there was nothing I could do. I was a factory driver, and if I'd made a mistake then of course I would have told the team. Back in the pits I told them about the brakes and there was a bit of… you know, smiling… but that's what happened." So Joest must have been relieved that the subsequent inspection in America supported his story?

"It was many years later, but yes, it was still good to get the confirmation," he says. "But I would still have preferred to have got a good result in the race, especially as I was driving a factory car. You cannot ask me why we didn't stop for new brakes, I don't know that, and we trusted completely the engineers at Porsche. Maybe they should have checked the brakes, I don't know, but I know what Klaus Bischof thinks – he has told me, and that's his opinion. I was in the car and I tell only the truth."

So how does Joest look back on the unusual car after all these years? "It was a really good car and in my opinion it did have good potential. Each of the 917s had different strengths and weaknesses on different parts of the circuit. The Pink Pig was as good as the others on average and good enough to run at the front at Le Mans. The aerodynamics were very good indeed. On the Mulsanne, it was more stable than the 917K and it felt lighter, not so nervous. They were all good cars, the best of their time, and the engine was as reliable as a Volkswagen Beetle. All Porsches were like this, but with the 917 you both feared and respected it.

"I remember at Buenos Aires in 1971 it was my

first race with my own 917, and Derek Bell told me, 'Be careful my friend, first time with a 917, be careful.' Then in practice he came up behind me, tried to pass and spun across me. I still laugh about that with him. Maybe he forgot his respect for the car on that lap... Anyway, I would have loved to race the Pink Pig more often but it's history now."

Back in Stuttgart-Zuffenhausen Bischof has ambitious plans for the Pink Pig's resurrection so that it can run alongside the other 917s in his magnificent rolling museum.

"In the beginning it was my job to prepare the car in the best possible way for exhibition, not for running," he explains. "But now I want to get the Pink Pig back into full running order. The car has no crankshaft but we have our own workshop and we have enough parts to get the job done. It is my personal ambition to get all the cars running, all the cars I worked on as a mechanic. I'm talking to my new boss at Porsche about this plan and I've asked him to fight for this. We still have the old military truck, and I want to put the Pink Pig back on it, take it to the workshop at Weissach and get it running on the track again. We have to do this; I will do this. I have fights with my colleagues about it but we must do it while all the old mechanics are still around to see the car run again.

"Steve McQueen made the 917 into a movie star with his film of Le Mans, but I tell you, to see Pink Pig on track again will be an even bigger story."

Bischof hopes that the restoration can begin later this year. As far as the mighty and unforgettable 917s are concerned, the 917/20 may have been the runt of the litter, but it will always have a special - and unique - place in Porsche's racing history.

Thanks to the Porsche Museum for their help. porsche.com/uk/aboutporsche/porschemuseum





GETTY IMAGES

Creating a winner

Over time, the Porsche 917 evolved into a 5.3-litre 1580bhp beast that ruled Can-Am

There are six significant versions of the Porsche 917. The original, featuring Porsche's first flat 12-cylinder engine, appeared at the Geneva Motor Show in March 1969, and by the end of April another 25 had been built to satisfy homologation rules. The car wasn't immediately successful, failing to win Le Mans. Drivers criticised its aerodynamic instability and preferred the older, more reliable 908, forcing Porsche to re-think the design of what later became a hugely successful car.

A new version, the 917K (Kurzheck) with a shorter tail, was the result of a development programme with John Wyer's JWA Gulf Team and engineer John Horsman, whose design for a shorter tail gave the car added stability.

At Le Mans in 1970, JWA brought three cars, two with the 4.9-litre engine and one with the 4.5-litre flat 12 unit. Another version, the 917LH (Langheck), featured a long tail and was developed by the Porsche factory in partnership with French designer Robert Choulet. In the end it was the 917K of Hans Herrmann and Richard Attwood, entered by Porsche Salzburg, that gave the company its first Le Mans victory with the model. A Martini-sponsored 917LH followed it home and a 908 came third to complete a Porsche podium.

In 1971 the 917s dominated. Future five-time Le Mans winner Derek Bell recorded 246mph on the Mulsanne Straight with the car. This was also the year of the Pink Pig, but a 917K won Le Mans, an experimental version using a magnesium frame and driven by Helmut Marko and Gijs van Lennep.

In '72 new rules restricting engines to three litres weren't in the 917's favour, so Porsche built the 917/10 and 917/30 for Can-Am. This was Porsche's most powerful sports car, its 5.3-litre 12-cylinder unit delivering 1580bhp with its twin turbochargers turned up to full boost. The 917/30 dominated Can-Am in '73.

The 917 made Porsche a sports car superpower, a domination that was later continued by the 936, 956 and 962. But it's the spectacular 917 that remains the legendary car, feared and adored in almost equal measure by those who raced it.



THREE TENORS

With the Carrera Cup, Sprint Challenge and Classic Boxster Cup, there is a UK Porsche series for most pockets. **Andrew Frankel** finds the 911, 718 and 986 in fine voice...

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, DECEMBER 2020**


Porsche Classic Genuine Parts
Porsche Centre Wolverhampton
PIRELLI
MICHELIN



Porsche's commitment to racing is without equal. As a works team it competes in Formula E while it conducts a formal and serious investigation into whether it should return to prototype sports car racing in the forthcoming LMDh category. In the meantime it continues to field its 911 RSR racers in the GT Pro and GT Am classes while the 911 GT3R is a stalwart of many years racing in GT3 right around the world. And it doesn't stop there.

In the UK alone, while Ferrari has just started its very first one-make race series, Porsche now has three. The original is the Carrera Cup, claimed by Porsche to be the fastest one-make championship in Great Britain, which has been running for 18 years and known for its wincingly close racing and long-held status on television as a support race to the (slower) BTCC cars.

The newest is the Porsche Sprint Challenge GB, a series featuring exclusively Cayman GT4 ClubSport race cars (which run to strict GT4 rules so can also be raced in innumerable series right around the world). By far the most affordable is the Porsche Classic Boxster Cup, using only original 986 series Boxsters and run by Porsche Club GB but backed and supported by Porsche Cars.

Which means there's a Porsche racing car for almost every budget from the approximately £20,000 you'll need to buy a competitive old Boxster, to around £900,000 for a 911 RSR, itself around twice the price of a GT3R.

But it is the UK cars – the 986 Boxster, 718 Cayman GT4 ClubSport and 911 Carrera Cup that are at Silverstone for my perusal. I'm interested in the Boxster, really looking forward to the Cayman to see how improved it is over the previous generation car, which I didn't much like, and frankly scared of the 911 for reasons that will become apparent.

I thought that because it is a senior car aimed at professional kind of driver that the 911 would be far more expensive than the Cayman. But no, the Cayman costs £131,100 before VAT, the 911 just £4700 more. The difference comes in the running costs, which we will get to presently.

For now, however, join me in the Boxster, the perfect *amuse bouche* to stepping up to the modern racers. The car is kept as standard as possible, and is essentially a stripped out Boxster S from the early years of this century, blessed with Porsche-approved circuit-oriented springs and dampers, race brake pads and very little else. Even its Pirelli Trofeo R tyres are road legal meaning that if you wanted to drive to and from the circuit, there'd be no reason not to. Drivers with an International grade race licence are ineligible.

Given the presence of the other two, it might seem tempting to knock off as few laps in the Boxster as common decency allows, then spend the rest of my day in the good stuff. But that's not how I feel. This is a mid-engined Porsche racing car powered by a gorgeous flat six engine with a six-speed manual gearbox. Why would you want to shorten your time in that?

Besides, it's instructive how merely some well-chosen suspension settings and sticky tyres can turn a pleasant road car into a capable, entertaining track device. And as anyone who's raced a slow historic car will tell, the fact you're not travelling at a vast speed need not spoil the fun at all. Roughly speaking, an historic is what this Boxster essentially is. It seems odd to be driving what I perceive to be a modern car that still requires you to make flawless heel-and-toe downshifts; odd, but fun. Here's a technique, a skill even, that neither of its flasher, faster, younger stablemates requires.

And like all race cars, you must learn how to extract the speed from it. The Boxster is quite interesting in this regard: on one hand its treaded tyres are far less settled in the corners than the slicks of the other two, so the temptation is to get it sliding early and power out of the corner. Except that's not what it wants: it still has a surfeit of grip over power, traction is good and even if it breaks loose at the back there's no limited slip differential to maintain the slip angle.

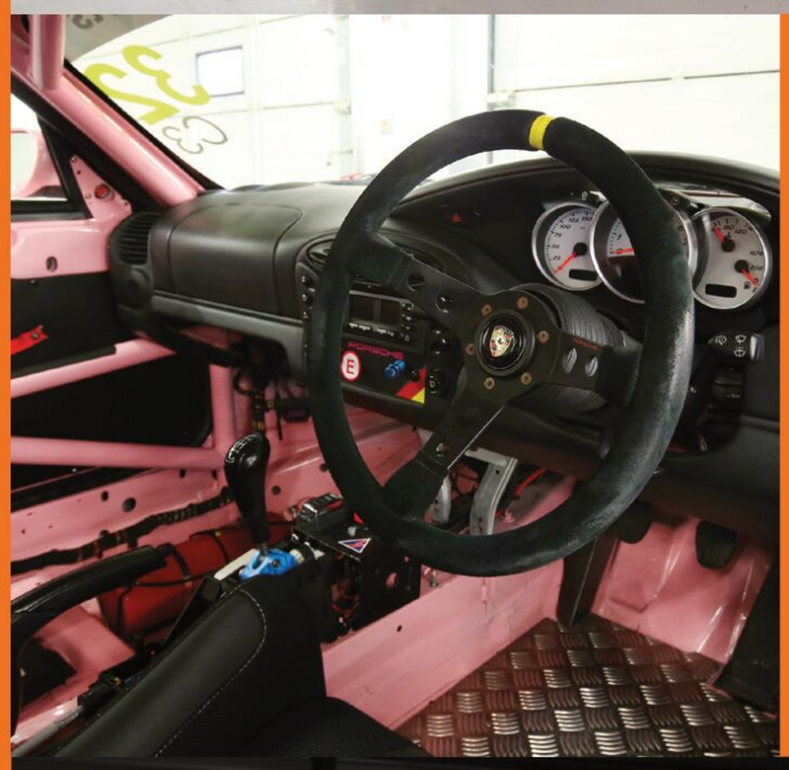
It's all about keeping it clean and carrying as much speed into the corner as you can because there's not the power to reacquire any that you may have casually shed before the apex. But once learned, it is a straightforward device to drive, the ideal introduction to Porsche racing. The other two are not so simple.

That said, the Cayman GT4 ClubSport does feel like an incredibly grown-up version of the Boxster, and as both are mid-engined, normally aspirated flat six-powered Porsche racing cars of similar mass, perhaps there is no surprise in that.

While the Boxster has 258bhp from its 3.2-litre motor, the Cayman offers 425bhp from 3.8 litres. The Cayman has a limited slip differential, race suspension with adjustable geometry and damping characteristics, race-specification brake calipers and pads too. It has individually switchable traction control and electronic stability control, as well as track-tuned ABS. Then there is the small matter of those slicks which even with quite a hard compound, make any road-legal tyre feel as grippy as soapy cardboard.

"The temptation is to get the Boxster sliding early"











From top: the Boxster is more pink piglet than grown-up hog; the Porsche Sprint Challenge GB has been running throughout 2020







Competitors in the Porsche Carrera Cup drive identical 485bhp 911 GT3 Cup cars



But as you climb aboard you won't be thinking about any of that, you'll just be looking wide-eyed at the Cosworth information display, figuring out the steering wheel buttons and settling into not a mildly modified road car, but a proper racer.

I love GT4 cars. I think they exist at a point where they are fast enough to thrill yet not so specialised that they need either an implausible budget or a team of professional drivers to use them properly. Or both. With improvements in tyres, suspension and aero, their pace today is comparable to that of a GT3 car of perhaps a dozen years ago. This means anyone with a modicum of talent who's done a bit of racing can climb in and so long as they're prepared to spend a bit of time testing and poring over the data, they should at the very worst not make a fool of themselves in race conditions. More likely they'll be competitive.

Indeed some might consider a GT4 car like this Cayman almost too easy, because it is an inherently forgiving car even before you consider the layers of active safety systems such as the ABS and traction control at your disposal, and I get that entirely. But to me this accessibility is a good thing: it evens the playing field, makes for closer racing while at the same time allowing the true talents on the grid - who apart from anything else will always run with a lower level of electronic interference - to shine.

As a newcomer to it, while you might be slightly intimidated in the pit-lane, as soon as you're on track, all the messages are good. You don't even need to worry too much about falling off trying to warm the Michelin slicks because the stability control will detect and correct any slip before it gets out of hand. Gearshifts come via paddle-executed instructions to the same PDK gearbox as the road car, albeit with its entirely redundant seventh gear removed.

If you know the track, you'll be driving hard from the second lap. When I tested the last generation Cayman GT4 in 2016, I didn't much care for it. It porpoised in corners, had inconsistent ABS response and wasn't that reassuring. But this car is fully developed and easy to drive fast.

Even more so than usual, the straights are what connect the fun parts of the track. The Cayman's 425bhp may sound like plenty, but the car could cope with far more power. You're not exactly twiddling your thumbs down Silverstone's Hangar Straight - the engine is lovely to listen to and the gearshifts commendably crisp - but it's only once the Cayman is in the braking area that it's at its best.



"Once the 911 is mobile, all it wants to do is get to the front"

You hit the brakes with all the force your thigh can muster because with ABS there's no reason not to. Despite being equipped with iron discs on quite hard slicks without huge downforce, you'll still be glad someone did your belts up tight. You bleed off the brake pressure as you pass the turn-in point, juggling the tyres' ability to provide both longitudinal and lateral grip, but you don't have to be too precise about where you get back on the power or how hard. In the former case the electronics will trim back your enthusiasm, in the latter there is so much traction you rarely even feel the control systems kick in.

Doubtless it would be different in the wet. But in the dry and even with all safety systems disabled, the Cayman is still a fabulously easy racing car to drive fast. Unfettered, the back end is not flawless and would allow the car to oversteer quite quickly on corner entry, but the yaw rate is linear and easily collected. And I expect you could dial that out with damper settings quite quickly.

You might imagine the step up to the 911 Carrera Cup car to be just that: a step for sure, but a logical progression. It is nothing of the sort. Indeed, if you look at it in terms of the mental approach required to drive it, the Cayman is closer to the Boxster than the Cup car. The 911 is a completely different proposition, and for those who fail to appreciate and treat it as such, the results are unlikely to be pretty.

The first thing to realise is that although similar in price to a Cayman, that's where financial comparisons stop. For instance, the 911 engine is lifed at 100 hours, its bespoke Porsche six-speed dog box at 60 hours. In the Cayman neither item is lifed at all. Porsche estimates ballpark running costs for a season of Carrera Cup at £225,000, around £100,000 more than you'd need for a year in the Cayman. And that's before you throw it into the scenery, as easy a feat to accomplish in the 911 as it is difficult in the Cayman.

Why? Well although the 911 is over 100kg lighter and far more powerful thanks to a 485bhp, 4-litre motor, it has little to do with a dramatically superior power-to-weight ratio. In fact there are two real issues and the first is as easy to see as the photographs on this page: it's a 911. Those who drive street 911s these days are so used to their immaculate behaviour it is too easy to forget that their design is inherently unstable, to whit, all the weight is at the back, and once it becomes mobile, all it wants to do is get to the front.

But drive a Cup car on slicks with no rubber in its suspension as fast as you can and unlike its road-going brethren, it indeed wants to handle like a traditional 911. No problem, you might think, because you can delegate the management of all those old issues like premature lock up and snap oversteer to the electronic safety systems. Which is a great idea in theory. In practice, the strategy is flawed because this particular 911 doesn't have any. No traction or stability control, no ABS. Nothing. And if that's not enough to convince you to drive it differently, it also has a completely different kind of tyre to the Cayman's user-friendly long-distance slick. The Carrera Cup 911 comes on sprint specification rubber and if you don't look after it, another entire world of pain awaits: for once the grip goes, it stays gone.

And yet, for those happy to make the relevant adjustment to their driving style, the 911 provides an experience not just beyond the Cayman GT4, but over the horizon. The additional pace is easy to accommodate because in a straight line it's still not that fast. You don't have to factor in downforce management either because

despite that vast rear wing, there's not that much to manage. But you do have to drive it like a 911.

Indeed, probably the best way to approach it in the first instance is to think of it more as a 1960s 911 with inexplicable amounts of power and grip. If you lock the front brakes, the flat spots will send you scuttling to the pits for new tyres, so I was using around half the brake pressure I deployed in the Cayman.

And you do much more of your braking in a straight line because, just like with an old 911, you can't just chuck it in on the brakes and sort it out. At best you'll ruin the tyres, at worst... well I'm sure you can imagine the scenario.

But all that you lose on the way in, you recover at the apex. I've complimented both the Boxster and Cayman for their traction capabilities, but this is another world. Once the car is properly rotated into the corner you can open the steering, stand on the throttle, hear the howl of that race engine and find yourself in 911 nirvana.

And the more you drive the better it gets. My gripe with most modern racers is that they lack the feel of the historics in which I spend most of my hours on track. Not this one. Give it time, look after the Michelins and you can feel yourself being absorbed by the machine. The little dash lights that warn you of imminent brake lock become entirely redundant. You can feel it and you can hear it. You don't need to be told. You can feel the grip and the balance in the corners. It may be pretty unforgiving beyond the limit, but no one can say that it doesn't signal where that limit is.

Which is why in the end I felt most at home in the 911. The Boxster is the ideal entry point to Porsche racing as is the Cayman to the world of GT4. The former is by no means a half-hearted apology for those who can't afford the real deal: it's a lovely car to drive and surrounded by a gridful of them, I imagine you'd laugh yourself silly all weekend. The latter, the Cayman, is the perfect gentleman driver's long-distance race car because it is almost



without vice. I'd love to do a round of the Sprint Challenge in one, but I'd like to do a 24-hour race even more. And you know it would be as good on the last lap as the first.

Can the same be said for the 911? Not even close. I was fairly sweaty after 20 minutes and even if you could fit tyres to last a decent double stint, you could not say the same about the driver, not this one at least. And yet I'd walk past the other two without blinking to get another lap in the 911. Packing the speed and grip of a modern racing car with the involvement of something far older, it's pretty much everything I want a racing car to be: fast, challenging and endlessly rewarding. A 911, in other words.

"Stand on the throttle, hear the howl of that race engine and find yourself in 911 nirvana"

CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

They raced in very different spheres, but these cars played great cameos in Porsche's heritage and both serve as a reminder of the marque's ambition

WRITER **ANDREW FRANKEL**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT,*** **NOVEMBER 2011**



LOOK AT THE 1960S FORMULA CAR and the ’80s sports car sat next to each other on Porsche’s famed Weissach test track, and you could be forgiven for thinking we’d parted company with our senses. What could possibly be learned by comparing the two?

You might think the answer is very little, and that the real reason we photographed them together is simply that both were available at the same time.

In the case of the Porsche 961 it’s the only one in existence and has barely run in 24 years. The older car is a works 718/2, and while their production run of five makes them almost commonplace compared to the 961, by any other standards they are rare.

Yet there is something to be learned from presenting them together, for it would be hard to imagine two cars that expressed better the mighty scope of Porsche’s theatre of operations. The 718 is a Formula 2 car that became Porsche’s first F1 car, the 961 a Le Mans racer based on a street supercar. So there you have it: from F2 to the public road via F1 and Le Mans, and all in two cars.

But let’s leave these two to tell their own stories. Lesser known they might be, but they’re both fascinating.



Dan Gurney's Porsche 718 takes the corner before Giancarlo Baghetti's Ferrari 156 at the French Grand Prix in 1961, but the American would have to settle for runner-up





1959–61

Porsche 718/2

Porsche's history as a Formula 1 constructor is as short and unspectacular as its time as a sports car manufacturer is long and illustrious. The records show Porsche entered the World Championship for just two seasons and emerged with just one victory, and that in a race where over half the field including most of the front-runners retired.

But still the idea of an F1 Porsche fascinates, even if it is more for what might have been.

The 718 was not a car born to grands prix; it stumbled across F1 almost by an accident of evolution. The clue is in the title. Technically this car is not a 718 at all, but a 718/2, because the original 718 was the pretty two-seat sports car designed to replace the 550A, perhaps better known as the RSK. That was in 1957, which was also the year in which Porsche first made its presence felt at an F1 event, when no fewer than three 550s entered the German Grand Prix. But these were not F1 cars, nor properly the F2 cars of the category in which they entered, but simple sports cars with passenger seats and spare tyres removed. With Juan Manuel Fangio up front driving the race of his life, it's no surprise few took notice.

Next time Porsche tried harder. Realising that slippery enclosed sports car bodywork could be a help at ultra-fast circuits, and with F2 resurgent after one of its fallow periods, in 1958 it entered a 718 RSK into an F2 race at Reims, ranged against the might of the works Cooper, Lotus and Ferrari teams.

This time it had been converted to a central driving position, the headlights removed and the body shape mildly modified. And with Jean Behra behind the wheel, and despite the fact that the poor car had only weeks earlier won its class and finished fourth overall at Le Mans, it trounced the lot of them. Then, at the end of the year, the FIA announced that from 1961 F1 would be run to current F2 regulations. Porsche found itself having built a sports car that would run at the front in F2 while at the same time preparing the ground for a serious F1 assault in '61.

Which, in essence, is what happened. The 718/2 was developed over the winter of 1958-59 in time for the season-opening Monaco GP, where its little 1.5-litre engine would be less than usually disadvantaged against the 2.5-litre F1 cars. Wolfgang von Trips qualified it a creditable 12th, ahead of much more powerful machinery, but then turned triumph to disaster by binning it at the end of lap one.

The car competed sporadically through the rest of the season but the big assault came in 1960, a year for which no fewer than five cars were prepared, led by Stirling Moss who'd race for Rob Walker in his colours but with full factory backing. The best of both worlds, you might say.

For a team in its first proper season of single-seater racing, with a car derived from a now rather aged sports car, the 718 can be said to have done spectacularly well. Had it not suffered some distinctly un-Porsche-like unreliability it would have done better still. Moss took pole and led at Syracuse before retiring, but led a Porsche 1-2-3 at Aintree and Zeltweg. At season's end the teams decamped to South Africa where Stirling won at Killarney and East London.

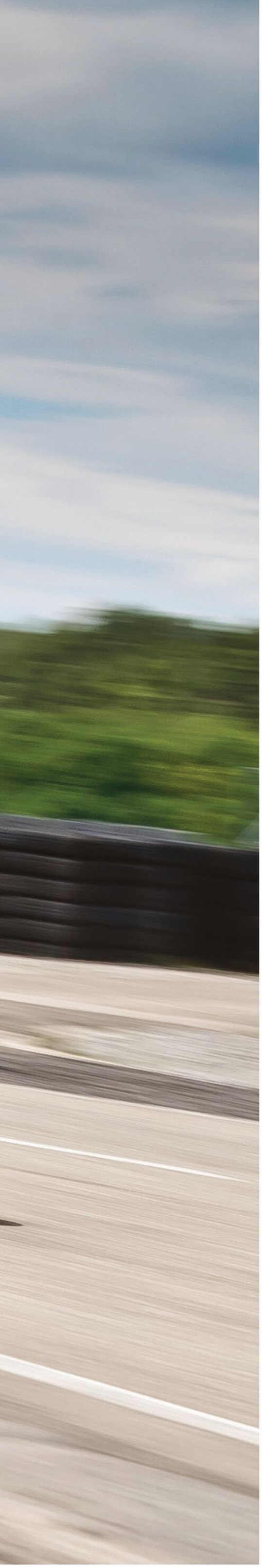
Today his memories are uniformly fond: "It was a typical Porsche: very strong, fast and easy to drive so long as it wasn't raining."

And so to Formula 1 in 1961 by way of a simple regulation change. Moss had learned a lot in 1960, the most salient point being that quick though the 718 was, the newer, lighter Lotus 18 was quicker still, and into its arms he ran. Even so, with Dan Gurney and Jo Bonnier on the strength, Porsche was not


718







"It was a typical Porsche: strong, fast and easy to drive so long as it wasn't raining"

without capable helmsmen. Nor was the 718 yesterday's news, despite its age. Sure, the Lotus was quicker and Ferrari's six-cylinder 'Sharknose' 156 the class of the field, but the Porsche was far from outclassed. On the contrary, back at the happy hunting ground of Reims it failed to win Porsche's first World Championship F1 race by just 0.1 seconds, Giancarlo Baghetti slipstreaming his Ferrari past Gurney to earn his place in history as the only person ever to win their first grand prix. Dan charmingly puts this result down to "my perennial good luck in France", but it was no fluke: he was second again at Monza, second at Watkins Glen and by season's end equal third in the drivers' championship with Moss, beaten only by the runaway Ferrari pair of Phil Hill and the late Von Trips.

And there the 718's tale as a works car concluded, though the fabulously eccentric Dutch nobleman, Count Carel Godin de Beaufort, bought Stirling's Rob Walker car and tirelessly campaigned it up to 1964, even qualifying an impressive eighth out of 26 starters for the 1962 German Grand Prix at the Nürburgring.

As for the 718's replacement in '62, the 804 was a new-from-the-ground Formula 1 machine powered by a flat-eight engine. But by then both Climax and BRM had their own eights, and while the 804 had the odd moment in the sun - Gurney coming through a decimated field to win in France and take pole at the Nürburgring - by the end of the season this new, purpose-built F1 car had amassed fewer points for both team and driver than the previous year's antediluvian adaptation of an earlier design.

The car you see here is 718/2/03, the third works car, usually raced by Graham Hill during 1960 before Moss took it to success in South Africa. It was a car Hill claimed to thoroughly enjoy driving. In his *Life on the Limit* autobiography penned in a hospital bed in 1969 he wrote, "It was entirely different from the normal run of British cars and it felt a lot different. It had a super engine, smooth and reliable, which fairly purred along. I am not sure that the roadholding was as good as the British cars, but the car felt solid and always seemed as though it was one unit and not a collection of parts." In racing's most dangerous era, that must have been comforting indeed. For 1961 it was taken over by Gurney for most of the season and is the car that came second at Monza and Watkins Glen.

It's waiting for me now. Godin de Beaufort used to say he stayed with the 718 because it was the only race car big enough to accommodate his generous dimensions. Whether he spoke in jest or not, I'm grateful for the same reason: the car is absurdly comfortable even for all 6ft 4in of me.

The dash could hardly be simpler: a large rev-counter with a familiar Porsche typeface flanked by two smaller dials for oil temperature and fuel pressure. There are fuel tanks on either side, the one on the right compromised to make space for a gear lever that's too far back, and an oil tank above my knees. It fires eagerly on a push start, the fiendishly complex four-cam flat-four barp, barp, barping into rumbustious life at the first lift of the clutch.

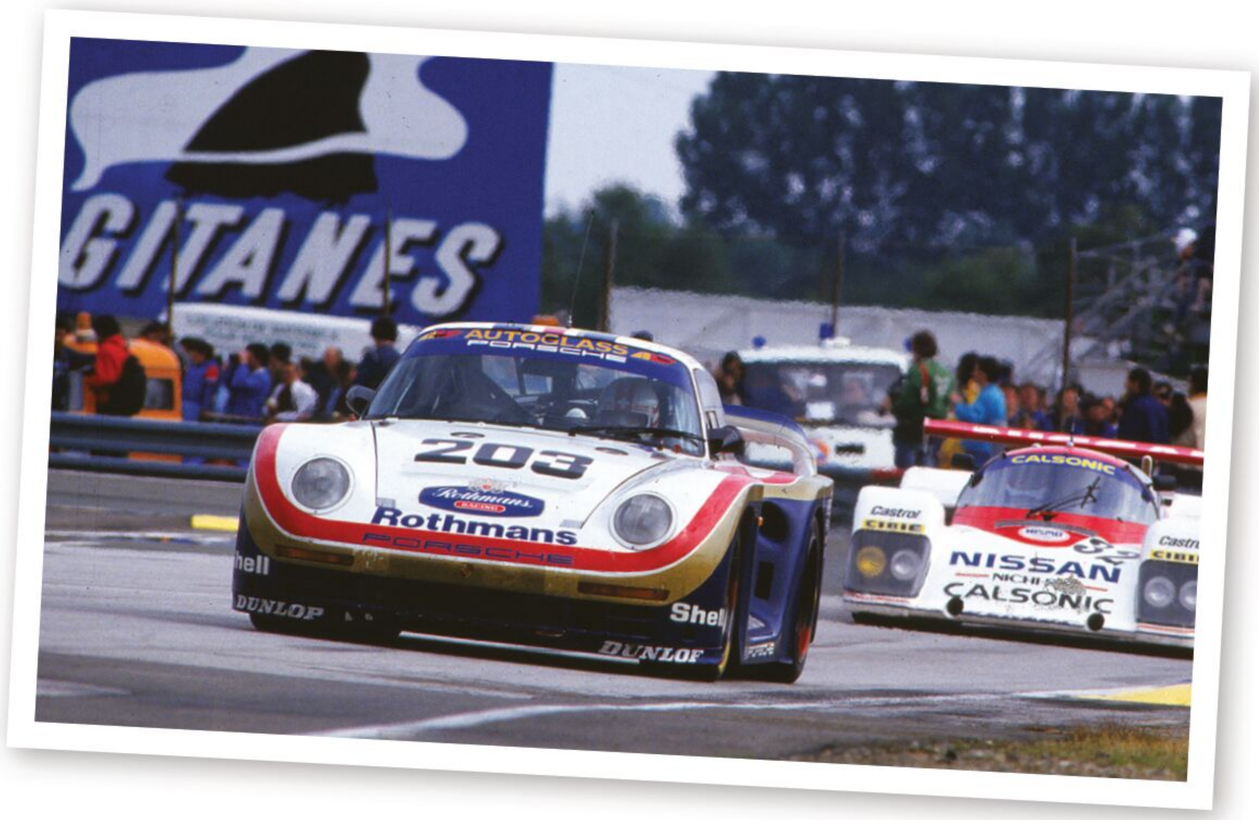
Read the reports of those who raced it and you'll find the biggest complaint concerned the six-speed gearbox: Bonnier thought it needlessly over the top; Moss hated the absence of an external gate so much he got Alf Francis to fit one from his old Maserati 250F, much to the chagrin of the works engineers. Today, however, it seems the perfect device for keeping this peaky old motor in the zone. It doesn't do much below 4500rpm and is strongest between 6000-8000rpm where, says Porsche, it should now be producing a healthy 180bhp.

The numbers say its power-to-weight ratio puts it in the modern supercar performance bracket and it certainly feels that way. But what interests me more are the brakes, which are fabulous despite being drums and seriously old hat even in 1960, and the handling which seems almost imperturbable. That trailing arm front suspension is derived from nothing more glamorous than a VW Beetle, but it works. On the limit and playing with the throttle, the 718 is so stable I wonder if those who raced it might have wanted it to be more reactive and fluid. To me it seemed unflappable.

But the overriding impression is one of unbreakable engineering integrity. Hill's autobiography may not have been the best ever written, but when he spoke of the 718 feeling like "one unit, not a collection of parts", he described the car perfectly. Not bad for Porsche's first F1 car, which started life as a sports car four seasons earlier...

"The 961 spanned the gap between Porsche's most advanced road and race cars"

1960s VS 1980s



At Le Mans 1987, the 961 driven by Kees Nierop changed from sixth to second gear. The car spun, hit a guard rail and was soon in flames

1986–87
Porsche 961

There is one person who could give a unique insight into the Porsche 961, the man who raced it on two of the three occasions it took to the track in anger and was at the wheel when all Porsche's hopes and aspirations for the car went up in smoke. Literally. Now preserved for posterity on YouTube, you too can see the instant when Kees Nierop downshifted for Indianapolis at Le Mans in 1987, turned in, lost the back of the car and sat helpless while it destroyed itself against the barrier, before hopping free of the wreckage when the ensuing conflagration made it clear his heroic attempt to recover to the pits would be in vain.

But Nierop is not speaking. "You drove the car, you write the story," was his most useful comment when I called to ask about his experience.

It's a shame but not a disaster, for the 961 is capable of speaking for itself. Most conveniently thought of as a racing version of the 959, it was conceived in 1983 with a view to assembling a production run of racers for Porsche's many customers worldwide.

However, the 959 programme involved technology never seen on a road car, which took longer to realise than at first hoped. By the time the 961 went skidding off into the scenery in '87 just a single car had been built, and Porsche, its hands full with road and racing projects, elected not to continue with it. So not only did the car die, but the programme too.

Except reports of the car's death were exaggerated. Yes, it was badly damaged in the crash and fire, bad enough for it to take Porsche two years to reassemble it, but beneath the blackened bodywork essentials such as the tub and engine had survived remarkably well. Since then, a handful of miles at Goodwood Festival is the sum total of its exercise. Before we spin the odometer up a little more, we should linger over what exactly is sitting on the Weissach asphalt awaiting further instruction.

Even though the 959 was the fastest car the world had ever seen, the 961 is much more than a track-prepped version. You can see it is lower and wider and boasts a substantially bigger rear wing, but the more significant variations are on the inside.

For instance, it is half a tonne lighter, a staggering amount of weight to lose from a car whose Kevlar and Aramid bodywork had already been designed to be as light as possible. More significantly, its 2.85-litre flat-six motor had its power raised from an impressive 444bhp in road-going trim to a monumental 680bhp. This placed it on a par with the 956s and 962s, even if its engine with its single cylinder head per bank was not a direct development of Porsche's famed Group C motor.

It was simpler than a 959, too. There was no need for novel sequential turbocharging when the engine was only ever going to run flat out, nor would the racer come with the road car's anti-lock brakes, adjustable dampers or ride height control. What was retained and made the 961 unique among cars raced at Le Mans was its four-wheel-drive system, complete with a facility for the driver to adjust the front to rear torque split according to the conditions.

Its Le Mans debut could hardly have been more promising. Driven by René Metge and Claude Ballot-Léna, it rattled down to Mulsanne at over 200mph hour after hour, finishing seventh overall, beaten only by Group C Porsche prototypes. But its next outing at the season-ending race at Daytona with Nierop at the wheel was a disappointment, fears of tyre failure on the banking limiting its speed and its result to a poor 24th.


AUTOGLASS
PORSCHE
Rothmans
PORSCHE
Rothmans
PORSCHE
BBS
DUNLOP


203
BILSTEIN
Shell
SCHMITTHELM
BOSCH
Turbolader
DUNLOP
PORSCHE


AUTOGLASS
PORSCHE
Rothmans
Rothmans
PORSCHE
DUNLOP
PORSCHE


momo





"The basics mark this car out as what at its heart it really is: the ultimate 911"

Nierop wasn't meant to be driving the car at Le Mans the following year and only got the seat when his much-fancied 962 (which in testing had been second-fastest only to one of the less reliable Jaguar XJR8-LMs) was written off in practice by Price Cobb. The 961 was holding a steady 11th when its story came to an abrupt end 17 hours in.

Today you'll find no sign of the accident, the only notable difference between then and now being the conventional Dunlop wet tyres clothing its massive 18in rims. In period it would have competed with Denloc run-flat rubber, but these days they're unavailable.

The cockpit is a bewildering mess even by the standards of mid-'80s Porsches, but at least the basics – excellent all-round visibility and the inimitable gauges – mark this out as what at its heart it really is: the ultimate 911.

Like every Porsche racing car I've had the pleasure to experience, the fundamentals of driving it are easy. You can see out, the cabin is well ventilated and the gearbox carries a synchronised shift between each change to stop the driver making a fatigue-induced mistake at 4am. The engine fires and it sounds like an old 911 Turbo recorded at 45rpm but played back at 33. It's not a pretty noise but it is interesting, and boy, it has purpose.

By the time the 961 made its debut Porsche already had a dozen years of preparing and racing turbocharged cars, so I had hoped some of the lag talked about in early cars would have been exorcised. I was wrong: even today you'd not expect to extract 238bhp from each litre of capacity without consequences, and in the case of the 961 that means off-boost performance that borders on the pathetic.

You wait and wait while the tacho needle staggers around the dial, anticipating the loud whooshing sound that heralds the arrival of boost and that thump in the kidneys. Easily capable of spinning four hot racing tyres in first and second gears, its performance is such that if you see a spot on the road far in the distance, by the time your brain has pondered how long it might take to get there, you've arrived. Even so, this is not surreal performance like a 962 on qualifying boost provides, but that's perhaps as well because the rest of the car feels like its hands are full dealing with what's on offer.

And no wonder. The 961 is not a purpose-built racing car with full over- and underbody aerodynamics, and it doesn't have a centre of gravity on a par with a millipede's belly button. But it does have a ridiculously short wheelbase, an engine located behind the rear wheels and a surfeit of longitudinal over lateral grip.

Hell-bent as I was on making sure this outing did not go the same way as its Le Mans event, I found that while you could settle the 961 into a curve quite neatly, if you started to modulate the throttle you could feel it twitch and squirm in sympathy. I wasn't so stupid as to attempt to find out what might happen when it got a proper wobble on, and some of its nervousness might have been down to the wet tyres, but it still gave me new respect for Messrs Nierop and co. I imagine a mid-engined, two-wheel-drive 962 with all that lovely downforce would have provided a far more stable and considerably quicker platform from which to while away 24 hours.

The 961 is a fascinating car. Not just because there's only one in the world, nor for the extraordinary story of its rise, fall and rise. To me it's a missing link, the bridge that spanned the gap between Porsche's most technologically advanced road and racing cars. And it did so in an era when to go sports car racing without a Porsche was to accept that, freak occurrences aside, your maximum potential was to be best of the rest.

In truth it feels caught between the two worlds, and I'm not surprised that Porsche dropped it at a time when there were so many more interesting and potentially rewarding projects to pursue. But I'm delighted it's been saved and that Porsche is happy to share its knowledge of a car that may not have been one of its more successful, but is all the more interesting for that.

ZUFFENHAUSEN

1ST



Porsche’s successes are a thing of legend. but each one demanded a driver’s skills. Who were Stuttgart’s finest?

WRITER **PAUL FEARNLEY**
PHOTOGRAPHS **GETTY IMAGES**

ALMOST EVERYONE HAS RACED A Porsche. The very thorough racingsportscars.com lists 3700 outright victories - a figure rarely still for long - for Stuttgart’s best export these past 70 years. Safe to say it’s not an exclusive club. The flipside is the selection of a Zuffenhausen 1st XI is almost impossible. (We had to include a substitute in our list as it was.) Whom to leave out? How to choose? And where to start?

Le Mans, of course: Hurley Haywood, for example, has three wins at La Sarthe. This Chicago-born class act also won a joint record five Daytona 24 Hours plus a brace of 12 Hours of Sebring - all in Porsches.

That's ten victories from 1973-94. Ten! Hometown hero Hans Herrmann is another to have completed the endurance triple crown – and the marque's maiden victory at each venue – and for good measure added another Sebring as well as Sicily's Targa Florio.

Germany's Timo Bernhard donned his crown (with Porsche) at Le Mans last season and has been winning – including a joint record five Nürburgring 24 Hours – in all types of Porsche for almost 20 years.

The above are as Zuffenhausen as unburstable reliability: Porsche people. Whereas AJ Foyt and Al Unser Jr are guys who drove Porsches, yet between them these American icons won four Daytonas and a Sebring astride Germany's Prancing Horse.

Back to the Porsche drivers. Haywood's mentor Peter Gregg won three Daytonas and a Sebring. He also scored a bewildering number of IMSA GT victories, only two of which were obtained in a (cough) BMW.

Dutchman Gijs van Lennep won two Le Mans, one of which set a distance record that stood for almost 40 years, plus a Targa Florio that will remain the 911's greatest victory.

'Brilliant Bob' Wollek's career was unquestionably coloured by Le Mans agonies but the Alsatian outlier compensated with four Daytonas and a Sebring. At the time of his fatal accident, cycling between track and hotel after Sebring practice in 2001, Monsieur Porsche had won almost 70 of 450-plus starts for the marque.

Mr Porsche – and a challenger to Wollek for the 935 crown – was Birmingham's John Fitzpatrick; Mark Donohue's twin-turbo Can-Am Panzerwagens set new performance standards; and Dan Gurney scored Porsche's only grand prix victory...

But a line must be drawn somewhere and F1 is where. Rallying, however, is unavoidable in this context...

Vic Elford

7 WINS 6 WSC (1 DAYTONA, 1 SEBRING, 1 TARGA FLORIO), 1 INTERSERIE



Who better to bring off the subs' bench than - at the risk of mixing metaphors - this brilliant all-rounder? Witness his impact in 1968: wins Monte Carlo Rally in 911; jets to USA; wins at Daytona. His charge to victory in that year's Targa is the epitome of sustained ferocity with accuracy: the best on that speed-happy island. Happier - and more able - than most coping with the slippery looseness of the early 917 Langheck, he was in the ascendancy at Le Mans in 1969 when halted by clutch failure. Victory would have capped three Nürburgring 1000Kms wins in four years and a 1971 Sebring success. 'Quick Vic' was considered family - he drove for Piëch-owned Porsche Salzburg - with good reason and was the one that the star-spangled JWA Gulf squad knew it had to beat.



Al Holbert

TITLES 1985 & 1986 IMSA
37 WINS 32 IMSA (2 DAYTONA), 4 WSC (3 LE MANS, 1 SEBRING), 1 TRANS-AM

This son of a US pioneer Porsche racer/dealer from Pennsylvania was another great all-rounder: inspirational team boss, persuasive figurehead - he was 962's catalyst - superb design engineer, astute sorter of chassis and a fast driver easy on equipment and fuel and on the spiritual side of calm. He had learned well at the school of Penske and Donohue. The wins began in the early 1970s in 911s and his annual European sortie during the 1980s resulted in three Le Mans wins and a third place from five starts across six years; the first victory had him nursing a car jammed in second and billowing smoke as it crossed the line. His death, aged 41, in a private plane in 1988 is the most unappreciated major loss the sport has suffered. Just ask his co-drivers.



Derek Bell

TITLES 1985 & 1986 WSC
39 WINS INCLUDING 18 WSC (4 LE MANS), 18 IMSA (3 DAYTONA)

For Porsche designer Norbert Singer, a vital factor in all bar three of its Le Mans victories to date, this English gent is the sports car ideal: fast, reliable and an unselfish team player capable of melding with co-drivers of bewildering diversity. The rock rather than a rockstar.

Getting the nod over Ronnie Peterson for a JWA 917 seat in 1971, Derek Bell won first time out in Argentina and followed team orders - not his co-driver's from the pits! - to finish second at Spa. Ten years later, in his 40s, he won again and again in an Indian summer that lasted another decade. His seven consecutive Le Mans podiums from 1981 and Daytona/Le Mans double-double (with Holbert) in 1986-87 were Herculean.

"Fast, reliable and an unselfish team player"





Klaus Ludwig

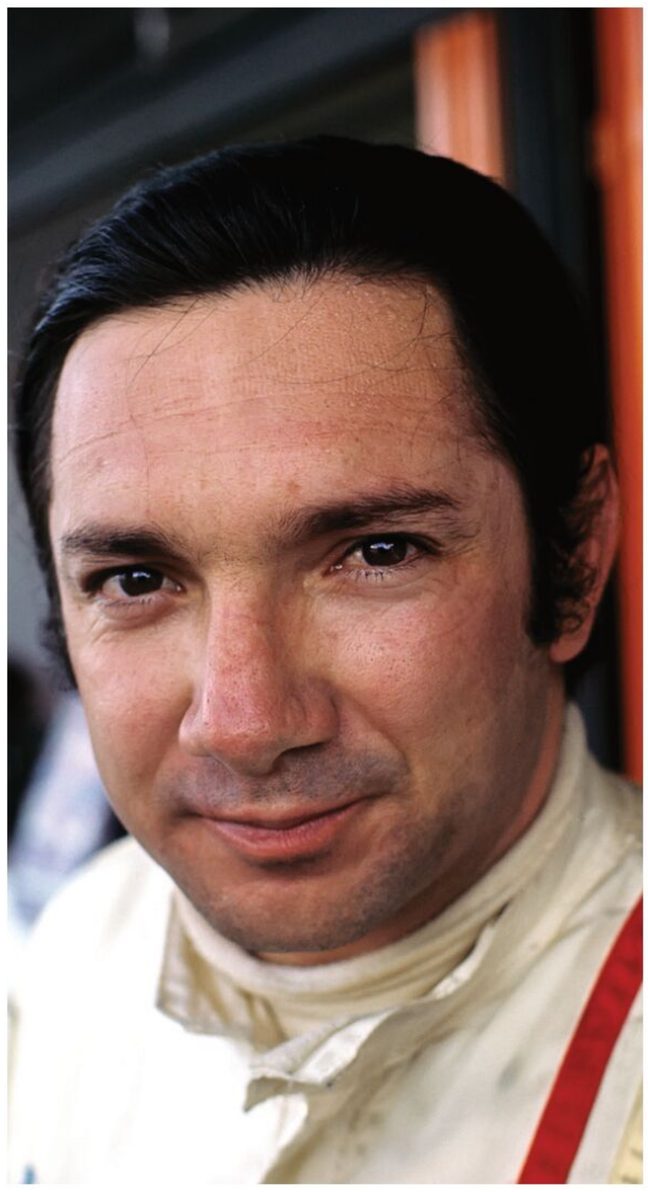
TITLE 1979 DRM
25 WINS 7 WSC (3 LE MANS), 2 IMSA (1 SEBRING), 12 DRM, 2 INTERSERIE, 1 SUPERCUP, 1 EUROPEAN GT

Born close to and all but raised at the Nürburgring, he converted bubbling sportscar/GT potential into solid success in 1979 in the Kremer brothers' more aerodynamic K3 take on 935: he won all bar one Deutsche Rennsport Meisterschaft (DRM) round - he finished second in the other - as well as the Watkins Glen Six Hours and Le Mans. The second victory for this smooth-driving smart operator at La Sarthe was obtained in 1984 in the absence of the works team - and despite losing three laps early on. His third the following year upstaged entirely the works, his Joest-run 956B obtaining superior mpg (for a variety of suggested reasons). Yet 'King Klaus' hated the place. That his 962C ran out of fuel in 1988 - a rare glitch (for car or driver depending to whom you speak) on a rare works outing - was probably the clincher.

Pedro Rodríguez

9 WINS 8 WSC, 1 PACIFIC COAST

Quiet, verging on quirky, the Mexican with a penchant for a deerstalker but an aversion to physical jerks would clamber from the cramped confines of a 917K cockpit, remove crash helmet and beam a flashlight smile: not a single bead of sweat, not one strand of hair out of place after otherworldly performances that left gasping rivals on their knees: he won in the Brands Hatch monsoon of 1970 by five laps after driving 197 of 235 tours. Though he revelled in the thrill of the chase - witness his victories in 1971 at Daytona and Österreichring - he had an uncanny feel for setting the pace while taking care of machinery, and his mechanics loved him as much as did the crowds: a telling measure of the man and the driver.





Hans-Joachim Stuck

TITLES 1985 WSC, 1986 & 1987 SUPERCUP, 1993 IMSA SUPERCAR
32 WINS 7 WSC (2 LE MANS), 2 IMSA (2 SEBRING), 10 IMSA SUPERCAR, 6 INTERSERIE, 5 SUPERCUP, 2 BPR GT

Though 'Strietzel' came late to works Porsches - he was 34 and 16 years into his career by 1985 - the ebullient German soon became their public face and made up quickly for lost time with five consecutive Le Mans podiums, including back-to-back victories in 1986-87; he 'slipped' to fourth in 1990. Behind the scenes a tireless tester: his second Supercup title was won using a 962 with revolutionary PDK transmission, and he was fundamental to sorting the initially wayward 911 GT1, scoring his seventh Le Mans podium in 1996. An ace in the wet - gambles on slicks often paid off - his style was spectacular and exciting yet entirely consistent with the demands of his team.

Rolf Stommelen

TITLES 1977 DRM
29 WINS INCLUDING 11 WSC
(3 DAYTONA, 1 TARGA FLORIO),
9 DRM, 1 IMSA, 4 INTERSERIE

Fastest along The Muldoon in early 917 and 935 ‘Moby Dick’ and the last of the Nürburgring’s late brakers - where once he finished fifth driving the 1976 ‘Black Widow’ 936 on its ignition in the wet because of a jammed throttle - this German’s bravery and occasional divisiveness, born of reticence as well as competitiveness, hid his silky skill and robust technical grasp from some. But not from ‘Fitz’, who reckoned him the best of the bunch: assured in the wet (a sports car must); reliable in the clutch; and extremely fit: his breakthrough Targa win was earned in blistering heat and his return from the mid-1975 Formula 1 crash that caused him physical pain thereafter was accomplished miraculously quickly. Those Daytona wins, including three from five from 1978, might have been sandwiched by a Le Mans victory (in 1979 alongside Paul Newman!) but for a jammed wheel nut.



“Assured in the wet, reliable in the clutch and extremely fit”

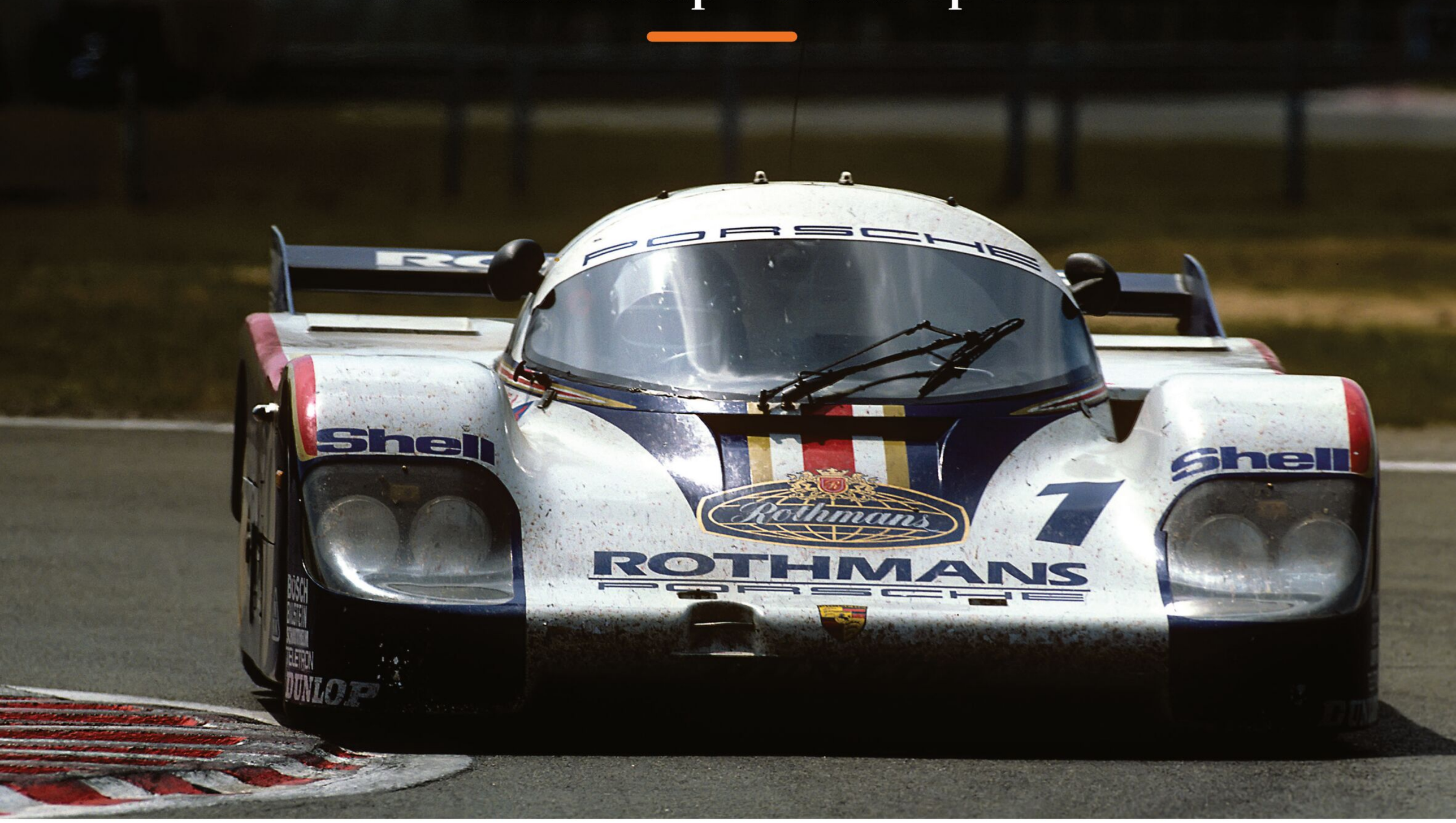
Jacky Ickx

TITLES 1982 & 1983 WSC 26 WINS INCLUDING 22 WSC (2 LE MANS), 1 DRM



It seems only right that Ford's - and arguably Ferrari's - most important sports car driver should also be Porsche's. Yes, he had the best equipment, but under duress at Le Mans in 1977 this charismatic Belgian proved conclusively why that was only right: come rain or shine, he was night and day the fastest, the most complete. Plugged into an unfamiliar 936 - the team's third string, which had spent an hour in the pits and plunged to 41st - he lost a stone while howling through the foggy dark at lap-record speed. Two unstinting four-hour sessions had him leading by 10am. His aloofness - he was shy in fact - meant that he was not to every team-mate's liking but they had to concede that he was Porsche's go-to guy for several good reasons - four wins and three seconds from eight consecutive Le Mans among them. Even the precocious rival that shaded him for speed felt the need to hammer home the point, with fatal consequence. Probably Ickx saw his cocky, younger self reflected in Bellof - he, too, had been nurtured by Ken Tyrrell, albeit 20 years before - and their collision at Spa in 1985, though not his fault, persuaded this professionals' professional to retire, at the end of his contract, and after winning his final race.

"He lost a stone while howling through the dark at lap-record speed"



The official Le Mans 24 Hours and FIA WEC magazine

lemans.org

SPIRIT *OF*

LE MANS

N° 11 / JULY - AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2020

THE LE MANS 24 HOURS AND ENDURANCE RACING MAGAZINE

lemans.org



JO SIFFERT JUMPS INTO HIS PORSCHE 908LH/02 HE SHARED WITH BRIAN REDMAN AT LE MANS, 1969

A TICKET FOR LE MANS 2020 OFFERED INSIDE! (see p19)

* FOR A TICKET PURCHASED!

LEAP INTO LE MANS!

- FULL RACE PREVIEW FOR LE MANS 2020
- REBELLION: CAN A PRIVATEER REALLY WIN?
- STIRLING MOSS: TRIBUTE TO A PAST MASTER
- 1968: WHEN LE MANS LAST RAN IN SEPTEMBER
- FERRARI 512 M: OUT OF PORSCHE 917'S SHADOW
- VIRTUAL LE MANS: NEARLY AS GOOD AS REALITY…

Cape Éditions

UK 12 £ - USA 14 $ - AUS 24 $ - NZ 25 $ - CDN 21 $ - CH 110 Y - JPN 1700 Y

spirit-of-lemans.com

Order issue #11 now from : spirit-of-lemans.com



Stefan Bellof

TITLES 1984 WSC, 1984 DRM
12 WINS 9 WSC, 4 DRM

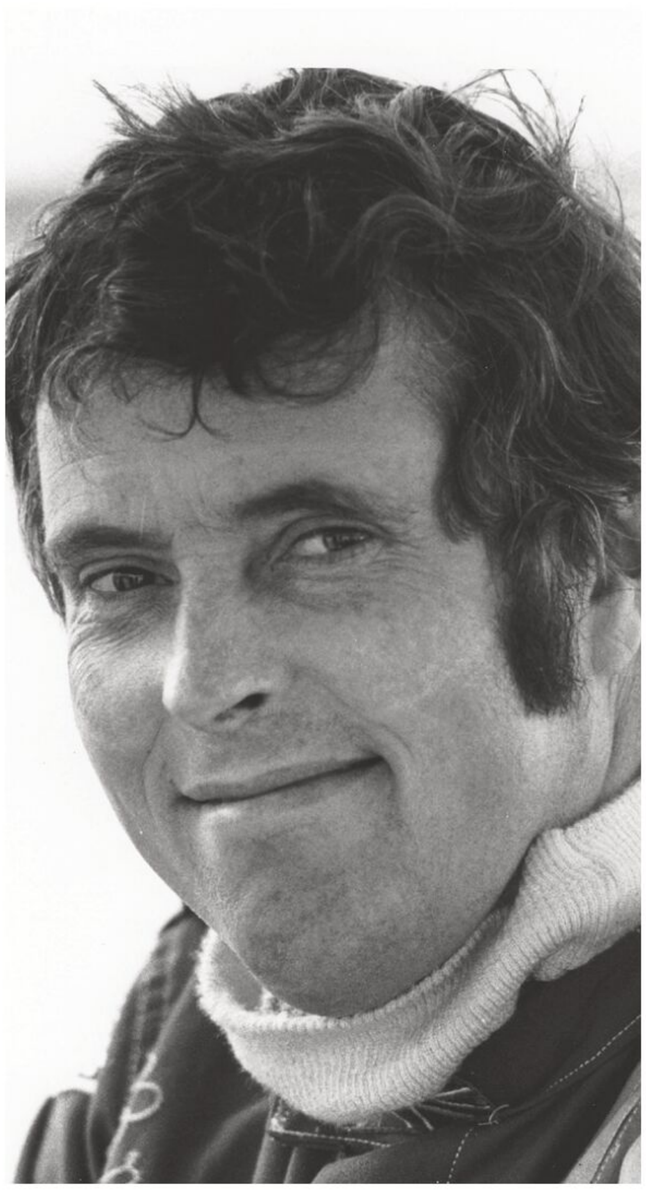
This independent extrovert from the Hesse region of western Germany was rushing towards widely predicted F1 glory (probably with Ferrari) when in the space of fewer than 30 races - career stepping-stones - he redefined sports cars. Sucking the last drops of performance from the 956's underbody tunnels, poles and fastest laps abounded: 12 apiece. But so too did wins. Brushing aside words of caution from wiser, slower heads, his every stint was on the edge and he is remembered as much for his accidents - back-flipping from the lead at the Nürburging in 1983 after setting a remarkable fastest lap and the one bold move too many that claimed his short life two years later - as his skill and speed. Yet retirements were remarkably infrequent: there was not one in that stellar 1984.



Jochen Mass

39 WINS INCLUDING 21 WSC, 4 IMSA (1 SEBRING), 6 INTERSERIE, 3 DRM

The brawny Bavarian didn't much care for Le Mans - in particular its attitude to safety - and met with no (Porsche) success there. Neither was he a fan of 935 - though 'Moby Dick' wasn't too bad apparently - nor of 936, yet he met with plenty of success in both during a whirlwind 1976 with the works squad. The ground-effect grip of 956 and 962 was more to his taste and he went on another (extended) spree six years after the first. Being paired - MIXed - with the best in the business helped no doubt, but his continued selection in that role was indicative of the respect of his peers and of a self-assurance that allowed him to flourish without compromising a crew mentality learned in the merchant navy.



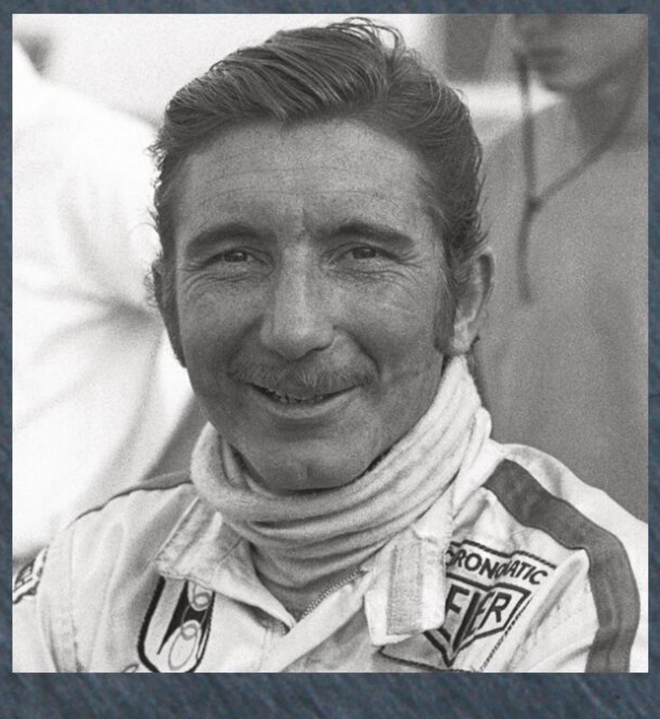
Brian Redman

13 WINS INC 12 WSC (2 DAYTONA, 1 TARGA FLORIO, 1 SEBRING)

With a number two driver's attitude allied to a number one's aptitude, this unassuming and wry former mop salesman from Lancashire was the perfect fit in sports cars. Happy to pick up the pieces or to go faster than the 'top of the bill' if necessary - usually at Spa and always with observant mechanical sympathy - he won everything bar Le Mans (with and without Porsche): his fast but inflexible co-driver missed a gear when holding a big lead in 1970. But he was willing to accept this rough - and to test assiduously - in order to take the smooth: they had scored five major wins in 1969. Had he not retired for a few unhappy months at the end of 1970 - lost momentum - his Porsche tally would have been even more impressive.

Jo Siffert

19 WINS INCLUDING 14 WSC (1 DAYTONA, 1 SEBRING, 1 TARGA FLORIO)



For a driver who knew one way - foot to the floor, forcing the gaps, overtaking at the first opportunity - and who lived a born wheel-dealer's nervy, high-octane existence, this Swiss met with remarkable success over longer distances: a string of victories made him Porsche's clear leader from 1968-69. But then a "little Mexican bastard" - Seppi was half-joking about Pedro Rodríguez - invaded his territory ("He tries to kill me!"), and a civil war ensued. Mainly they traded (Gulf's zenith blue and tangerine) paint - at Eau Rouge on lap one! - rather than insults. Siffert's flow of wins ebbed - despite two minor ones at Thruxton in a 917! - but indelible memories came thick and fast and there was everlasting glory to be had in defeat. He'd fought like a lion against a formidable foe.

Analogue thrills return

In a world of semi-automation, Porsche has gone old-school, says **Andrew Frankel**

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, OCTOBER 2019**



The new Cayman GT4 makes you work as a driver, but it rewards you richly for your efforts with a thrilling ride

IT USED TO BE SO SIMPLE. THERE WAS A TIME when all cars came with manual gearboxes and normally aspirated engines. There was no other way for a car to be. Now some family hatchbacks and shopping cars can be so configured, but sports cars? Machines you might actually choose to drive for fun from mainstream manufacturers?

Well happily Mazda still makes the MX-5 that way, as does Toyota with the GT86. After that, I'm struggling. You can't even buy a normally aspirated Lotus any more. Audi still makes an R8 without turbos but the third pedal was lost long ago. So thank heaven for Porsche, for this new Cayman GT4 (and its open equivalent the Boxster Spyder) has swapped the unlovely flat-four turbo motor for a new 4-litre flat-six breathing air at atmospheric pressure, and automatic gear-changing is not even an option. In anything you might remotely describe as 'its class', that makes it unique these days.

It shows proper commitment from Porsche to create this new motor for such an apparently niche product. It's based on the 3-litre engine in the new 992-series 911, but shorn of its turbos and necessarily bored and stroked out to the requisite four litres. Indeed this seems like such an effort, I'd be amazed if the same engine is not used for the next GT3, albeit turned up to 11. As it stands it produces 414bhp, a useful 54bhp improvement upon the next most powerful Cayman GTS. Then again, the GTS has more torque and the option of paddle-shifts meaning that, on paper, the GTS remains the most accelerative Cayman despite being the best part of £15,000 cheaper.

A missed opportunity, then? By no means. Porsche has built some very rapid GT-series cars in the past, but not even the very fastest ever felt like pure speed or (the rapid acquisition thereof) was its reason for being. What matters about these cars is that they must be exquisite to drive, even by the lofty standards of 'normal' Porsches.

And the GT4 is. Eventually. I'll share with you that I was a little disappointed at first. I'd read all about the engine and its GT3 front suspension, and its bespoke spring and damper rates, and got really rather excited by the prospect. But once you've walked past the car with its new aero pack (which doubles the downforce of the old Cayman GT4 with no increase in drag) and settled in the cabin, it all looks very familiar. There's a bit of Alcantara here and there and the odd GT4 badge, but save the optional carbon- fibre seats in the test car (try before you buy, especially if you're generously proportioned), it's very standard in here.

Even the flat-six motor doesn't thrill when it fires up because engines of this configuration were always in Caymans until three years ago and this one doesn't sound particularly savage at all. So you start driving and it feels lovely, but so do all Caymans. There's not much to mark this out as being a particularly special version. Not yet at least.

You have to find some space and make it work, and that requires you to make an effort too. In these

days of instant turbo gratification and seamless automatic shifting, you forget you can't just plant a foot on the floor and expect the car to do the rest for you. You have to change down a gear or three, and even then let the revs rise before the engine will do its best work: peak torque doesn't arrive until 5000rpm. The GTS not only has more, it's all there at just 1900rpm.

But how those efforts are rewarded! I won't be the first to observe that the amount you put in is commensurate to what you are able to extract, and it's not just the engine that responds to a bit of engagement from the driver: the whole car comes alive.

It does that thing, increasingly rare these days, where its responses are so close to your instructions you feel so much part of the machine that where you stop and it starts becomes increasingly obscure. You can be reminded by some lousy heel-and-toe work that it's not always man and machine in total harmony, but it's even got that covered thanks to an 'auto-blip' button that matches revs to your downshifts. I didn't use it much because I liked the discipline of trying to get it right myself, but I certainly appreciated the thought.

But not as much as I enjoyed the way the car manages to maintain its ride height across the most challenging landscapes of strange cambers, unpredictable road surfaces and tightening radii, while retaining ride quality I'd put at least on a par with that of a normal Cayman. Such interests are usually diametrically opposed. So too the provision of outlandish levels of mechanical grip with just about the sweetest breakaway characteristics I've had the pleasure to encounter in a mid-engined machine.

Those who describe its handling as akin to that of an Escort MkII are, of course, wildly over-egging the pudding, but I can see from whence they come: with a diff strong enough to allow drifting on demand but sufficiently gentle not to permit unchecked understeer, it is a fantastically faithful machine. And as most owners will take theirs on a track, this is an important characteristic, too.



"Its responses are so close that you feel a part of the machine"

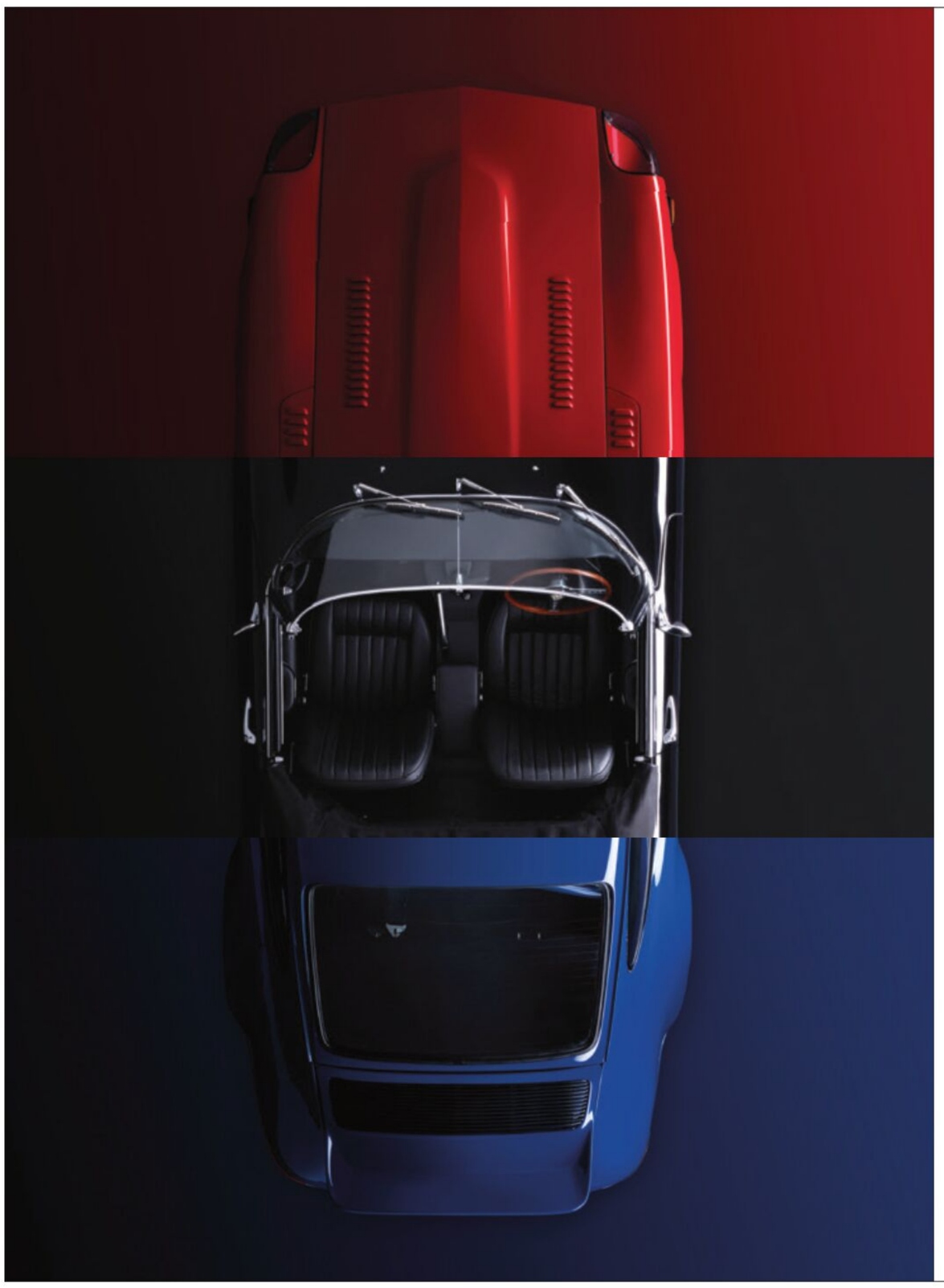
What, then, to make of this split personality? The old Cayman GT4 was somehow a more special car just to get in and drive, but it was slower, its limits lower. This GT4 is almost too quiet and comfortable most of the time because it does too little to remind you what a special car it really is. Then again, in these days of paddle-shift transmissions and turbocharged engines, any sports car with three pedals, a great gearbox and an unadorned multi-cylinder engine will always have a head start over the rest that do not. And when it matters, it delivers absolutely on the promise of its looks and GT badge.

And that is what matters most.



PORSCHE CAYMAN GT4

Price £75,348
Engine 4 litres, 6 cylinders
Power 414bhp
Weight 1420kg
Power to weight 292bhp per tonne
Transmission 6-speed manual, rear-wheel drive
0-60mph 4.4sec
Top speed 188mph
Economy 25.7mpg I CO2 251g/km
Verdict No gadgetry is a big bonus



ADRIAN FLUX

Zero to sixty in three seconds?

It's enough to make your typical insurer run in the opposite direction just as fast. Thankfully, at Adrian Flux we do insurance differently.

Just like the world's best supercars, we constantly strive for innovation. From the UK's first driverless car policy to a multi-car scheme that covers vehicles of all shapes and sizes, we aren't afraid to cover new ground.

To see how much you can save on your insurance, call us today

0800 085 5000

adrianflux.co.uk

Authorised & regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority

PORSCHE INSURANCE

QUALITY PROTECTION FOR YOUR PRIZED ASSET



Supporting Car Clubs For Over 30 Years

classicline* INSURANCE

Free and Simple Agreed Value
PCGB 15% Discount
Free Club Track Day/Event Cover*
Free UK & EU Breakdown Recovery
Free Legal Cover

All Modifications Accepted
Laid Up/Restoration Project Cover
Multi-Vehicle Policy
Salvage Retention
Your Choice of Repairer

01455 639 000
www.classiclineinsurance.co.uk

Authorised and regulated by the FCA. * Terms and Conditions Apply.

MAY THE DOWNFORCE BE WITH YOU

Porsche’s first ground-effect racer, the 956, set the endurance standard for much of the 1980s, and its influence resonates still. We take a look beneath its skin

WRITER **NIGEL REES** | PHOTOGRAPHY **JAYSON FONG**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, FEBRUARY 2018**

ENDURANCE RACING HAS SEEN several 'boom-and-bust' cycles over the years, usually driven by regulation changes. High points included the glorious Ford versus Ferrari showdowns of the mid-1960s and the gladiatorial battles between the Porsche 917 and Ferrari 512 in 1970 and '71.

For many enthusiasts, however, the greatest era in endurance racing began in 1982, with the introduction of FIA Group C regulations. These were designed to encourage manufacturers by allowing a wide range of engine types and rewarding fuel efficiency. Some mocked the regulations as an 'economy run', but Group C was immensely successful in attracting manufacturer and privateer participation. The 1982 to 1991 period produced the fastest cars ever to race at Le Mans and, in addition to great racing, Group C inspired some of the most spectacular and visually stunning racing cars ever built.

The 1982 campaign also heralded the birth of the ultra-successful Porsche 956/962. The Porsche 956 won the World Sports Car Championship and the Le Mans 24 Hours for four consecutive years from 1982 to 1985 and the almost identical 962C won Le Mans in 1986 and 1987. The 956/962 saw off very serious challenges from Ford, Lancia, Jaguar, Sauber-Mercedes, Nissan, Mazda and many others, until finally outgunned by the Jaguar XJR-9 in 1988. Success was not confined to Europe, either: the 962 was highly successful in Japan and in the IMSA GTP series in the USA.

The 956 was the first ground-effect Porsche. It is estimated to have developed more than three times the downforce of its forebear, the 917.

So let's take a detailed technical look at the Porsche 956/962 and try to determine just why it was so successful. We will then look at the Jaguars, from XJR-5 through XJR-12 to the IMSA GTP XJR-16, to establish how Coventry toppled Stuttgart

However, first we need to understand the background.

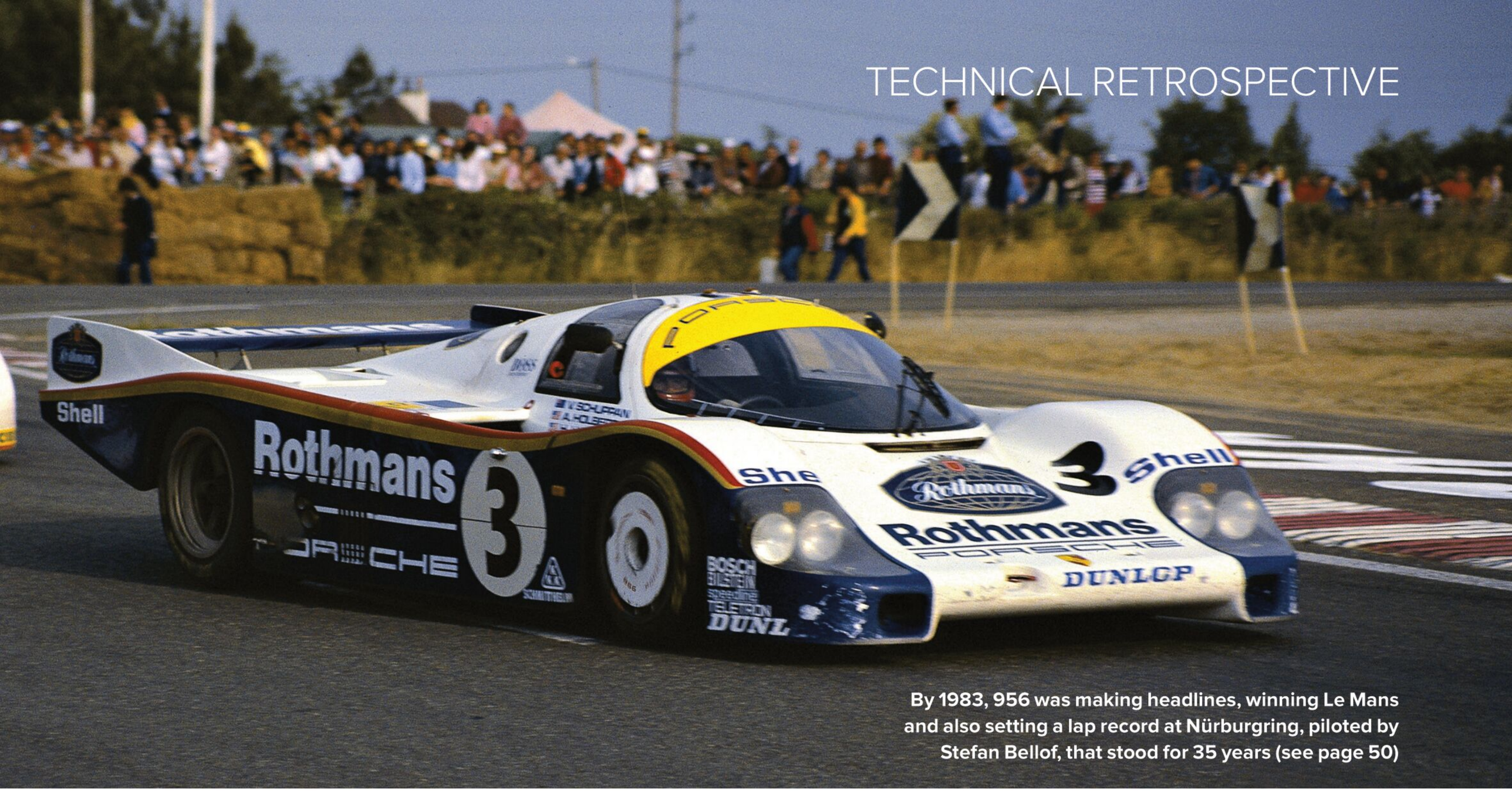
The Group C regulations for 1982 were unusual in that they did not stipulate maximum engine capacity/swept volume. Instead, they imposed a fuel tank capacity of 100 litres and a maximum number of fuel stops: five were permitted for a 1000-kilometre race, 25 for a 24-hour race. The cars had to achieve an average of 1.67km/litre, or 4.71mpg. Minimum weight was 800kg dry, but most manufacturers did not get close to that. Maximum wheel/tyre width was limited to 16in. When these regulations were drafted, in late 1981, ground-effect aerodynamics dominated Formula 1. Mindful of this, the Group C regulations required a 1m x 800mm flat-floor



section and stated that no component other than tyres and wheels could protrude below the plane of the flat floor. This still left plenty of room for ground-effect venturi diffuser tunnels, but meant that the skirts used in F1 to seal the venturi tunnels could not be used in Group C. Both these clauses were designed to reduce the designers' ability to generate downforce. Maximum width was restricted to 2m, length 4.8m. Fuel was restricted to



GETTY IMAGES



By 1983, 956 was making headlines, winning Le Mans and also setting a lap record at Nürburgring, piloted by Stefan Bellof, that stood for 35 years (see page 50)

petrol, maximum 102 RON. These regulations allowed manufacturers to compete using their own choice of turbocharged, normally aspirated or rotary engines of any capacity – the challenge, therefore, being to deliver the maximum possible performance from a limited fuel supply.

The Porsche design team, headed by Norbert Singer, plumped for a 2.65-litre twin-turbocharged flat six featuring four camshafts, four valves per cylinder, water-cooled cylinder heads and air-cooled barrels. It initially delivered 620-635bhp at 8200rpm using 1.2 bar boost and Bosch mechanical fuel injection. Drive was transmitted through Porsche's own five-speed, full synchromesh transaxle. Final drive options were 9:36, 9:37 and 9:38.

When GSD RaceDyn analysed an early 956, we were surprised to discover that the car – a low-drag Langheck example in Le Mans configuration - used a 'spool', i.e. there was no differential but a solid connection between the rear wheels. This was used at Le Mans and at most other circuits.

The chassis was a sheet-aluminium monocoque with integrated light alloy roll cage and a triangulated tubular spaceframe supporting engine, transmission and rear suspension. The 962/962C variants had a steel roll cage and a 120mm longer chassis (and wheelbase), to move the driver's feet behind the front axle centreline. These changes were made to meet IMSA GTP regulations and address safety concerns in Europe.

The front suspension was conventional, with dual unequal-length wishbones and interposed coil spring/damper units. Rear suspension was by lower wishbone and a tubular top rocker operating an angled coil spring/damper unit. This arrangement kept the springs and dampers out of the vital venturi diffuser tunnels. Rising-rate titanium springs, Bilstein gas dampers and conventional anti-roll bars with rotating blade adjustment were used at both front and rear. Steering was by rack and pinion with an 11:1 ratio. Surprisingly, power steering was not fitted.

The carbon fibre-reinforced glassfibre bodywork was developed in the wind tunnel, in two versions. The Langheck (long-tail) version, with a relatively small, low-mounted single-plane rear wing was used at Le Mans and some fast circuits. The short-tailed version had a much larger, higher mounted, heavily cambered single-plane rear wing and was used on slower, twistier tracks. Water and oil radiators and the air/water turbo intercooler were mounted in the sidepods, fed by large forward-facing ducts.

At the nose, the only openings were for brake ducts. The centre section of the nose was raised to feed air into the ground effect underbody, which featured a throat and short diffuser well forward. Near the front axle, a very unusual concave hump fed in to a secondary throat, the mandatory flat-bottom section and two long, relatively deep diffuser tunnels that vented into the low-pressure area behind the car.

The flat six was not ideally suited to ground-effect cars, tending to restrict tunnel size and depth. However, the engine and gearbox were angled up slightly to allow wider, deeper tunnels. Regarding the unusual concave hump, GSD has not run wind tunnel tests or CFD, but we suspect that the forward throat helps to move the centre of pressure (aero balance) forward and the hump helps to reduce pitch and

"It has been said that Porsche did not understand the ground-effect aerodynamics but I suspect they had a good understanding"

SINCE 1979

HISTORIC CLASSICS

MOTORING ICONS

1988 Porsche 962 200 RLR

Derek Bell's Le Mans and World Championship lead team car for 1988 & 1989.



1989 Porsche 962 011

The fastest and ultimate Works 962, with fantastic history and success.

1965 Porsche 911 2.0 Cup

Expertly prepared for road or competition use and perfect for all the best events.

1988 Toyota 88C

Ex-Works with Le Mans, IMSA & JSPC history. Includes incredible spares package.

+44 (0) 1825 831 028

www.historicclassics.com



GETTY IMAGES

Porsche occupied nine of the top ten finishing spots at Le Mans in 1986, with the 962C of Bell/ Stuck/Holbert first. Such were the characteristics of the 962 that it raced well into the 1990s

ride height sensitivity. The Porsche 956 was the first sports-prototype effectively to use a ground-effect underbody.

It has been said - reputedly by Porsche insiders - that Porsche did not really understand the ground-effect aerodynamics, but I suspect they'll have had a pretty good understanding. They clearly understood the importance of low drag to achieve the necessary fuel efficiency and high downforce to deliver cornering speed and lap time. They also understood the need to minimise pitch and ride-height sensitivity for stability, and to make the driver's job easier over a long stint.

When analysing the 956, we did not have access to wind-tunnel data and could not carry out the usual airfield aerodynamic tests. Using basic theory, experience and published information, downforce for the Langheck car in Le Mans configuration was estimated at 1050kg at 200mph, drag at 382kg at 200mph. With 635bhp, this gives a theoretical maximum speed of 218mph. The ratio of downforce to drag (L/D) - a measure of aerodynamic efficiency - is 2.75. We have not looked seriously at the high-downforce 'sprint' version, but we estimate that it would deliver more than twice the downforce of the Langheck, which equates to roughly 1280kg downforce and 320kg drag at 150mph (figures at 200mph are irrelevant for the high-downforce configuration - drag levels would not permit the car to reach that kind of speed). To put this into context, in sprint trim, downforce is six per cent higher than the best 1982 F1 car, drag 15 per cent less, power 19 per cent greater - seriously potent.

MOVING TO MECHANICAL design, chassis torsional stiffness is clearly adequate, but certainly not as stiff as the carbon composite Jaguar XJR-6 and XJR-9. Anecdotal evidence from the 1980s tends to confirm this - IMSA 962s were sometimes referred to as 'flexible flyers'. Both factory and customer teams fitted additional stiffening diaphragms.

Tyres were Dunlop radial slicks front and rear, on 16in rims. Goodyears and Yokohamas were also used in the USA and larger rims and tyres were used later, particularly at the rear.

Suspension geometry and kinematics are generally good. The roll axis is slightly higher than ideal at static ride height, causing jacking, but almost at ground level - which is ideal - when the suspension is compressed by downforce at speed. Pitch geometry gives appropriate anti-dive and anti-squat. Steering scrub radius is very small, therefore avoiding kickback over bumps. Rear roll camber correction is poor, but manageable provided roll is well contained.

Before looking at springs, it is important to recognise that downforce varies with the square of speed - i.e. downforce at 200mph is four times greater than downforce at 100mph. Ground-effect cars like the Porsche thus need massively stiff springing to hold them off the ground, but that makes them very stiff at low speeds, which tends to reduce grip in slow corners.

Porsche offered a range of rising-rate titanium springs to suit low- and high-downforce configurations. The rising-rate

"The Porsche 956/962 was not necessarily outstanding in one particular area, but was absolutely competent in all of them"

springs were initially soft, giving good adhesion in low-speed corners, but stiffened as the car was compressed by aerodynamic downforce. This particular car had suitable front springs, but the rear springs were too soft. A car in high-downforce configuration would have required significantly stiffer springs or a dual-rate system with secondary spring assisters.

Very stiff anti-roll bars are also required to keep the underbody aerodynamics stable.

On this 956, the front anti-roll bar is four to five times softer than we would expect and the rear bar two to three times stiffer. This is because of the solid spool differential.

The advantages of the 'spool' were simplicity, reliability, straight-line stability and straight-line traction. The disadvantage is understeer in slow- and medium-speed corners. Le Mans had very few slow corners in 1982 (before the Mulsanne chicanes), so overall the spool was probably an advantage. To combat the spool-induced understeer it was necessary to run the front bar soft, the rear bar stiff and add castor to help unload the inside rear tyre and let the car turn.

The Porsche 956/962 was not necessarily outstanding in one particular area, but was absolutely competent in all of them. A superbly engineered all-rounder, the car delivered sufficient power, good fuel consumption (adjustable by reducing revs and boost), good downforce, low drag and above all, excellent reliability. It was also relatively easy for customer teams to run.

These cars were very physical and demanding to drive near the limit. Huge g-forces, heavy steering and a cramped, hot cockpit made for a challenging ride. Launched in early 1982, the 956 had a difficult first race at the Silverstone Six Hours. The fuel allocation was for 1000 kilometres, but six hours at Silverstone meant 1100. A 956 qualified on pole, but was forced into low-boost fuel conservation mode in the race, finishing second to a Group 6 Lancia. Thereafter, matters improved, the Porsche winning five major races in 1982, including Le Mans.

For 1983, Lancia built a pukka Group C car, the Lancia LC2/83 with a Dallara chassis







"These cars were very demanding to drive – huge g-forces, heavy steering and a cramped cockpit made for a challenging ride"



GETTY IMAGES



and a 2.6-litre twin-turbocharged V8. The Lancia was generally as fast as the Porsche, but suffered tyre problems and niggling reliability issues. It won only one race in 1983 and the marque never would realise its full potential.

Despite increasing competition from several manufacturers, Porsche domination of Group C continued through 1983, '84 and '85. Its success was built on the all-round technical competence of the 956/962 – and numbers. In addition to the factory team, strength in depth came from highly professional customer teams including Joest, Kremer, Lloyd, Fitzpatrick and Trust. These privateers introduced significant improvements of their own, while the factory continued with major developments including electronic fuel injection and engine management (which improved both power and fuel efficiency), water-cooled barrels and improved chassis stiffness. Porsche also developed the ground-breaking PDK double-clutch, seamless-shift gearbox on the 956. It was later used regularly on some of the factory 962Cs.

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT THREAT to Porsche dominance was launched in September 1984, when Jaguar commissioned Tom Walkinshaw Racing to design, build and race Group C cars. The original intention was to use the successful Bob Tullius/Group 44 Jaguar XJR-5 IMSA car, but it soon became clear that this wouldn't be competitive. TWR contracted top designer Tony Southgate to pen a completely new car. The Jaguar XJR-6 used a carbon-composite monocoque and a 6.2-litre 24-valve V12 based on the XJS. The engine initially delivered 650bhp at 7000rpm and drove through a March/TWR five-speed transaxle with a ramp-and-plate LSD.

The car featured very advanced aerodynamics with exceptionally deep, wide diffuser tunnels, a large dual-plane rear wing and a substantial front splitter. Both front and rear suspension used dual unequal-length wishbones. Front spring/damper units were operated by a pushrod and bell-crank system. The novel front roll bar was a large-diameter carbon-fibre 'horn'. The rear was a conventional interposed arrangement with the near vertical spring/damper tucked inside the wheel rim to keep the diffuser tunnels clear. The XJR-6 was somewhat overweight, but it did win the 1986 Silverstone 1000Kms.

The XJR-6 evolved into the XJR-8, which won three races and the WSC title in 1987. A further evolution, the XJR-9, stormed to six race wins – including Le Mans – in 1988. For 1989, the Metro 6R4-inspired Jaguar twin-turbo V6 powered the XJR-11, but this was not as successful as its forerunners.

The V12 – now delivering 730bhp at 7000rpm – returned for 1990, winning Le Mans again in the XJR-12, the final evolution of the XJR-6.

Jaguar decided that a car designed specifically for the IMSA GTP series was needed for 1991. The XJR-16 was based on the XJR 6-12 family, but used the turbocharged V6 from the XJR-11, a longer bellhousing and pushrod/bell-crank rear suspension. A conventional front anti-roll bar replaced the XJR-12's carbon-fibre 'horn'. Unlike Group C, the IMSA regulations did not include fuel restrictions, so turbo boost could be turned up to counter additional downforce – and drag. This was added in the form of a larger splitter and dive planes at the front. At the rear, the normal high-mounted dual-plane rear wing was augmented by a second low-mounted dual-plane wing which helped energise the diffusers.

GSD RaceDyn has analysed Jaguar XJR-5, XJR-12 and XJR-16 models. We will focus

on the XJR-12 and XJR-16 to understand how the Jaguars finally derailed the Porsche 956/962 freight train. First, aerodynamics.

Aerodynamic tests on Richard Eyre's XJR-16 at North Weald were not entirely satisfactory due to wind gusts, but gave a downforce of a staggering 2800kg at 200mph, the highest levels GSD has ever measured. The 'drag coastdown' tests showed much higher drag than expected, 720kg at 200mph. A low-downforce set-up was used for the 2014 Le Mans Classic. Although expected maximum was 196mph, before braking for the first Mulsanne chicane, the car pulled 208mph, meaning that drag was only 550kg at 200mph. As suspected, those gusts at North Weald had made a Horlicks of our drag measurement, and the higher top speed pushed ride height lower than planned, causing diffuser flow separation and porpoising. A small change to the spring set-up eased the problem and Richard finished fifth against very strong competition.

GSD has also analysed the Jaguar XJR-12 run by Moto Historics for Shaun Lynn, but has not yet been able to run aerodynamic tests. Based on theory, published data and experience with the XJR-16, we have estimated that at 200mph the XJR-12 delivers 1700kg downforce and 446kg drag in low-drag Le Mans configuration, 2700kg downforce and 632kg drag in high-downforce 'sprint' configuration.

> "Tests gave a downforce of a staggering 2800kg at 200mph"

Comparing the Jaguar XJR-12 with the Porsche 956/962, the Jaguar is 90kg heavier but gives 15 per cent more power and huge torque – it still delivers 606bhp at 5500rpm, allowing rpm to be reduced to control fuel consumption. With both cars in Le Mans trim, we estimate the Jaguar delivers 62 per cent more downforce for only 17 per cent more drag. The Jaguar chassis is significantly stiffer than the Porsche. Suspension geometry and kinematics are both good. The Jaguar runs stiffer springs (because of the higher downforce) and a much stiffer front anti-roll bar which gives better balance and traction.

By running simulations, we can compare the theoretical performance of the XJR-12 and 956/962 at the current Le Mans circuit. The Mulsanne chicanes were in place when the XJR-12 won in 1990, but other parts of the circuit have changed slightly, so we cannot compare directly with 1990 times. In order to run enough laps to win, fuel consumption of around 7.4 litres/lap was necessary in 1990.

For qualifying, Porsche could increase boost. Simulation suggests that the Porsche 962 should out-qualify the Jaguar XJR-12 by some 1.2 to 1.8sec. In the race, Porsche would need to run reduced turbo boost and Jaguar reduced rpm. Simulation shows that with Porsche boost reduced and Jaguar rpm reduced so that both cars achieve the necessary consumption, the Jaguar XJR-12 is almost 5sec per lap faster than the Porsche.

Results from Le Mans 1990 bear this out. The best Porsche 962 qualified 3sec faster than the fastest XJR-12, but the XJR-12 won and the best 962 finished nine laps behind.

In conclusion, the Porsche 956/962 was superbly optimised to the Group C regulations and was dominant for an incredible five years. By 1988, however, the Jaguar could outperform the Porsche on most circuits, by virtue of a better chassis, more efficient aerodynamics and a simple, torquey, fuel-efficient engine.





ARGENT™ timeless

Specialist Dealer | www.argenttimeless.com



A winter racing extravaganza was reborn in the Alps this year. We asked **Keijo Keke Platzer**, the Austrian editor of *Rally & More*, to pack his hat and gloves, and report on what happened

---

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT,*** **APRIL 2019**



ALEX PENFOLD

The front gardens of Goodwood House in Sussex are replaced by a frozen Alpine airfield. Instead of asphalt and gravel, there is a hard ice layer and the hay bales that line the track during the Festival of Speed have morphed into large drifts of white snow. But one thing remains the same: the roar of engines as drivers battle to control their cars in tricky conditions and compete.

Welcome to the Ice GP, a unique and very cold celebration of hot metal, which took place in January in Zell am See, a mountain village of 9500 residents about an hour's drive south of Salzburg. The resort nestles among Austria's highest mountains and received more tourists this winter than it has for years. At first, things appear normal: skiers bustle around the streets, trudging towards the gondolas. The morning sun shines through the ridge of the mountains and the thermometer shows minus 11 degrees Celsius.

But the situation is not quite normal. In the background you do not hear the typical buzz of snow cannons, instead it is the roar of engines. Also moving around the narrow streets are Porsche 911 GT3s, a DTM-spec Audi RS5 or insanely expensive classics such as a 1938 Alfa Romeo 8C 2900 or the lightweight Porsche 356 from Abarth – cars typically seen only in the summer, or else in museums.

The visitors are not the usual ski crowd either: "That is a six-cylinder boxer," I heard one say as a distant engine fired up.

The event focuses on a circuit, almost a third of a mile long, built on ice, fenced in by snow and floodlight poles. For professionals and amateurs who compete in five classes in a mass start, or else offset against each other.



The stars come with bonnets, gloves and long underpants: grand prix star Mark Webber, Le Mans 24 Hours winners Marc Lieb, Neel Jani and André Lotterer, WRC2 champion Jan Kopecký, Pikes Peak record holder Romain Dumas and Walter Röhrl, who announced via the loudspeaker that: "This is not any [Audi] S1 that I'm driving, but a 1985 Sport Quattro from the Rally Monte Carlo." You don't get much better than Röhrl in a Group B monster. In the snow…

The event is the brainchild of Ferdinand A Porsche, named after his great-grandfather, the design genius behind the Stuttgart giant. So how did it come about? "One and a half years ago we stood in front of a 550 Spyder with a spiked tyre detached on the wall behind it. We asked ourselves why there were no more ice races?" The 'we' is Porsche and his university colleague Vinzenz Greger. The two are business partners and own a company, the Mid-20s, which organises track days for Porsche drivers.

"The Ice Race is the first time that we have had spectators, not just participants," Porsche says. "It wasn't hard to convince people to come here. Because it's such a fun thing that no one had on the radar. [Sports car racer] Richard Lietz and Hans Stuck were the first people we asked. Both thought it was good. And if two Le Mans aces say that's a great idea, then it can't be so wrong."

The idea of an ice race in Zell am See is not new. From 1937 on, horses raced here, then motorcycles and later cars drove over a snow-cleared circuit on the frozen lake. Porsche came to the lake with factory cars in the 1950s, driven by big names like Huschke von Hanstein. The ancestors of Ferdi Porsche and Vinzenz Greger also took part in the race.

"There used to be thousands of spectators and a lot of *rambazamba* [an Austrian term that is similar to hullabaloo]," says Porsche.

Heavy snow caused occasional cancellations, but the event continued to run regularly until 1973, when Swedish speedway star Börje Sjöbom (Jawa) set a new lap record at 31.5sec, 71mph.

A tragic accident in 1974 brought a long-term end to racing, however. During pre-event preparations, two employees from the municipal building yard crashed through the ice in a Unimog. They were in the process of clearing the snow for the race. One saved himself by jumping clear, but his colleague drowned in deadly cold water.

The race lay dormant for the next 45 years, until it was resurrected by Porsche. Since 2001, the Zell am See airfield and the surrounding land have been owned by the Porsche family. And in fact the Pinzgau, as the region around Zell am See is called, is Porsche land. This is where the clan prefers to invest and spend their leisure time. The head of the family, Wolfgang, Ferdi's father, is the chairman of the supervisory board and the face of the brand. Most of the time the Austrian resides in Zell. The family home is above a road tunnel on the southern shore of the lake, at the Schüttgut. Ferdinand Porsche discovered the mountain pasture there during a test drive, and during World War II the family retreated there. After the war, the first Porsche sports cars were assembled on the farm.

Ferdi knows how to put Porsche's philosophy into practice: "We wanted to have old and new in the ice race. If you take a look around, you'll see old combustion engines and electric cars - that's a perfect fit for Porsche."

The oldest car in the race was an

"For £20, fans can go anywhere. Heroes like Walter Röhrl were close to the people"

Fans line the snow banks that mark out the mile-long circuit. Entrance comes with the chance to rub shoulders with the star drivers

Audi RS5 DTM struggled to put the power down in 2017 champ Rast's unsuitable ice spikes

Dressed for the occasion: Wolfgang Porsche, father of event co-organiser Ferdinand

An ice-racing legend in Zell, the *Fetzenflieger* is a fusion of VW parts with a Porsche engine

DANIEL FESSL



Mark Webber swapped his old Porsche 919 LMP1 for a dainty 356, which kept him entertained

"I only have just under 60bhp, so it's difficult to cause too much excitement, but I loved it"

Austro-Daimler ADR 6 Torpedo from 1929, the youngest a brand-new VW Polo GTI R5 – there are 90 years of motor-sport history and development between the two.

For an entrance fee of just £20, fans can go anywhere. Greger and Porsche decided not to have large VIP areas. So heroes like Walter Röhrl were close to the people. And, wherever the rally legend appeared during the event, there was always a crowd of people around him. Yet he was unaffected by the attention and signed autographs as he was looking forward to driving: "It's always fun to be able to get into the past like this. You immediately feel 30 years younger," he said.

Audi factory driver Daniel Abt had fun in his first-generation Formula E car: "It goes really well on snow, we should race on it," he said. Stupid questions about the battery and the cold raised a tired smile, though. "So far I've only seen combustion engines that won't start!"

Abt made an attempt at traditional *skijoring*, in which a skier is pulled by his car. Professionals even let the skier stabilise the rear end and help to turn it at the right time by shifting their weight. Freestyle ski racer Benedikt Mayr was towed by Abt along the course, and he knew what was important for the technique: "I have to make sure that the rope is pulling tight," he said. But he did once give Abt, who was at the wheel pulling him, a fright: "Suddenly, I didn't see Bene in the rear-view mirror anymore," said Abt. "Then I thought to myself, 'Ohhhh shit!'"

After a few practice laps, Mayr even performed tricks on the ice. "In the end, I could even have driven the other way around," added Abt.

Other star drivers had less fun. René Rast also drives for Audi, and took a run in his DTM car. The 2017 DTM champion was at one point in sixth gear, yet travelling at only 10mph and still couldn't get the power to the ground. "We even had extra tyre spikes, which were made by hand," he said. Due to the shape of the RS5 DTM's wheel arches, the spikes were designed not to foul the car's arches, but were too short properly to bite into the ice. "Daniel drove around the bend with one hand and his finger in his nose," added Rast. "And I almost slipped into Walter Röhrl's car!"

Mark Webber, who has been in Austria regularly since his Red Bull days, grinned in the sun. The Australian was allowed to drive a classic red Porsche 356: "I only have just under 60bhp, so it's difficult to cause too much excitement, but I loved it."

But what would happen if he crashed the million-dollar baby? "We better not talk about that." Instead, Webber was left randomly wondering about David Hasselhoff's popularity in the Alpine republic as the US actor/singer suddenly appeared in the audience, causing a surprise commotion. 'The Hoff' was in the area for a concert and was stuck because of a roadblock. But this time he wasn't the main attraction – the true stars were the racing cars.

One example was the original Porsche *Fetzenflieger*, which one-armed Otto Mathé used to annoy the factory teams in the 1950s. He fashioned the car himself from VW parts and a Porsche engine. At the ice race in Zell in 1956, Mathé covered the four kilometres in just 157 seconds, a record-breaking time. In order to be able to change the spark plugs on both sides more quickly if necessary, he left the side panels open. However, he had to cover them somehow and often fitted a linen cover.

It became a regular occurrence that the flammable cover caught fire and the shreds (in German: *fetzen*) flew away along the run, contributing to the car's historic nickname. Stories of it are still told today. Maybe the same will soon apply to the GP Ice Race – to be continued next year, when Ferdinand Porsche puts out the call again.

ALEX PENFOLD

MOTOR SPORT

RACING COLLECTIBLES

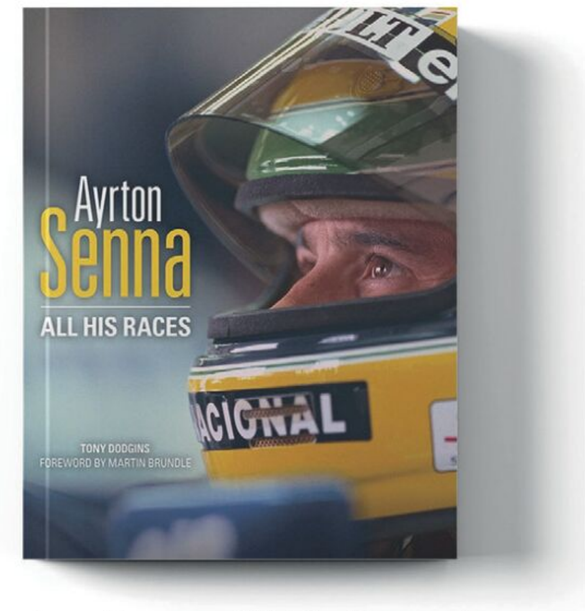
The latest items sourced and curated by our in-house team



Porsche 911 Carrera RSR, Future 2078, collector's poster. £94



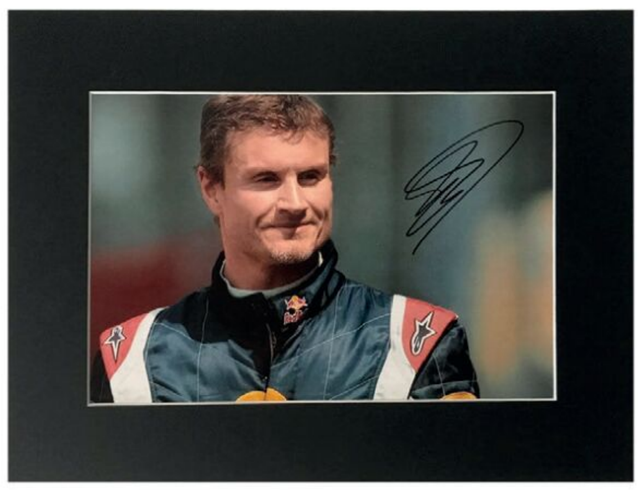
Solid silver 1950s red racing car cufflinks. £315



Ayrton Senna: All His Races by Tony Dodgins, hardback. £40



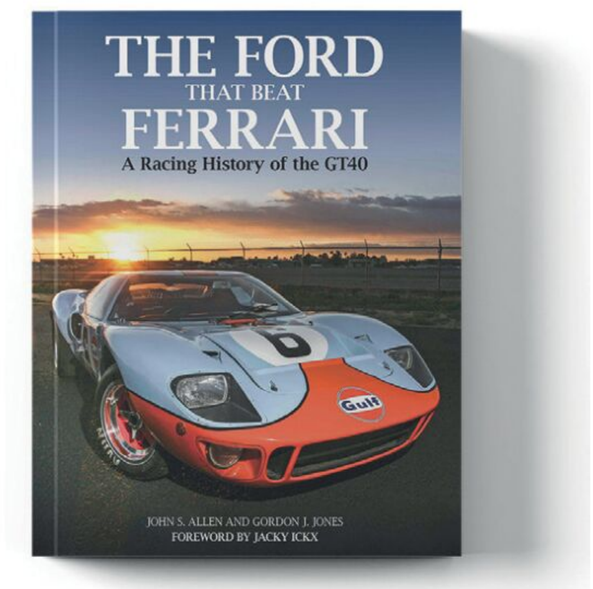
1:18 Ferrari 512S Spyder 1970 1000Kms Nürburgring, signed John Surtees. £499



Red Bull 2006 photo print display, signed David Coulthard. £109.99



Motoring Leg-End socks, available in eight different car styles. £9



The Ford that Beat Ferrari: A Racing History of the GT40, hardback. £90



Suixtil Ice White Touring Bag in leather and heavy cotton canvas. £79



Ayrton Senna 'The Glove' Monaco 1990, signed Michael Hewett. £99.95

Visit our website to browse our constantly updated collection.
From one-off rarities to beautifully crafted memorabilia, with gifts
to suit all budgets. Find the perfect purchase in our online *Motor Sport* shop

motorsportmagazine.com/shop/porsche

CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE

It screams ’70s cool and corners on rails – it’s just a shame about the gearbox. But the lovechild of Porsche and VW wasn’t so well received at its birth



WRITER **RICHARD HESELTINE** | PHOTOGRAPHY **MATT HOWELL**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 2008**

There's fact, and then there's opinion. Rarely are the two the same. By means of a wholly inadequate segue, take the Porsche 914. When it was new, motoring hacks couldn't wait to uncork their bottles of vitriol and share the hate. They railed that this mid-engined weirdo looked a mite funny and was little more than a receptacle for Volkswagen cast-offs. A cynical marketing ploy masquerading as a proper sports car, a crude attempt at cross-pollinating two divergent brands into one decidedly average whole.

Think we're exaggerating? *Sports Car World* sneered, "If a 911 is that multi-faceted ice-cold diamond Liz Taylor wears to the opera, the 914 is your psychedelic enamel plaque on a leather thong for your dance at the electronic bubble bath drive-in." Quite. *Sports Car Graphic* meanwhile tuned in, turned on and dropped off: "It looks like a whole new bag for Porsche, this transformation from beauty to beast. And they hope it doesn't have an ephemeral effect. However, if the Volkswagen Beetle is any indication, beauty is only the outer epithelial layer of the external integument that is derived from the embryonic epiblast."

Right on, er, daddy-o.

Take a trip to the present, and reaction to the 914 is altogether different. It's cool and groovy, layered with hipster gravitas that looks so new-found but perhaps was always there. Consider that in just six years production ran well into six figures. What's more, it proved hugely capable both trackside and on the rally stages. A duffer, you say? It doesn't look so bad from here.

But in order to understand this much-misunderstood device, it's worth remembering why it was built in the first place. Porsche and Volkswagen have long been inextricably linked, and by the mid-60s the latter was in dire need of a replacement for its flagship Karmann Ghia.

Porsche was looking for an entry-level model: a joint venture seemed an expedient fix. In Ferry Porsche's own words, the car was born "from the realisation that we needed to broaden our programme at a less costly level and that we couldn't do it alone". That VW's then-chairman Heinz Nordhoff was closely linked to the Porsche family ensured that they didn't have to.

Yet an independent styling house bore responsibility for creating this brave new world. Gugelot Design of Neu Ulm was handed a brief outlining how the new car should "resemble neither a Porsche nor

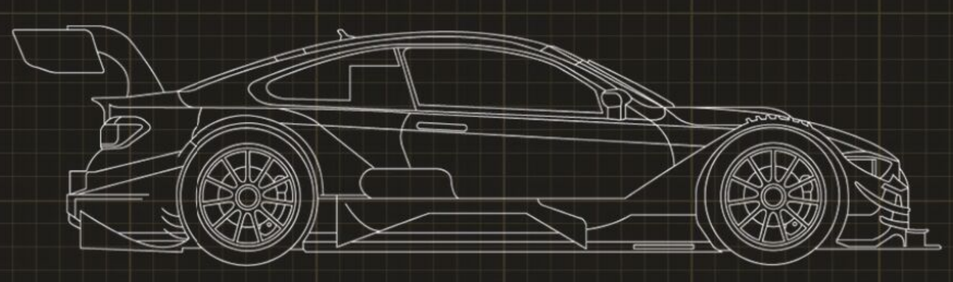
MOTORSPORT

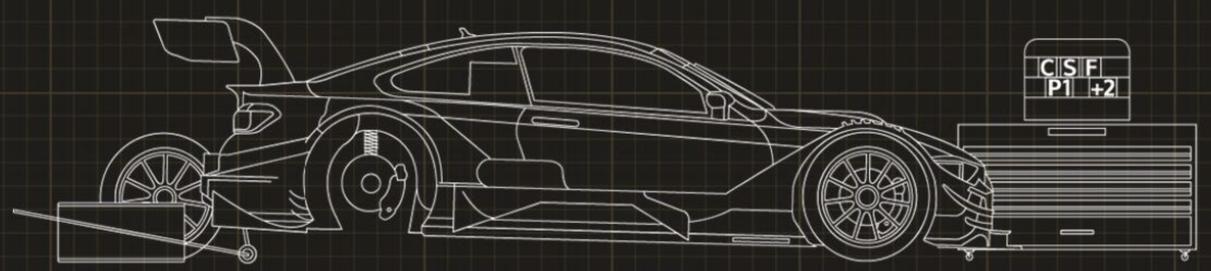
CLASSIC & SPORTS FINANCE

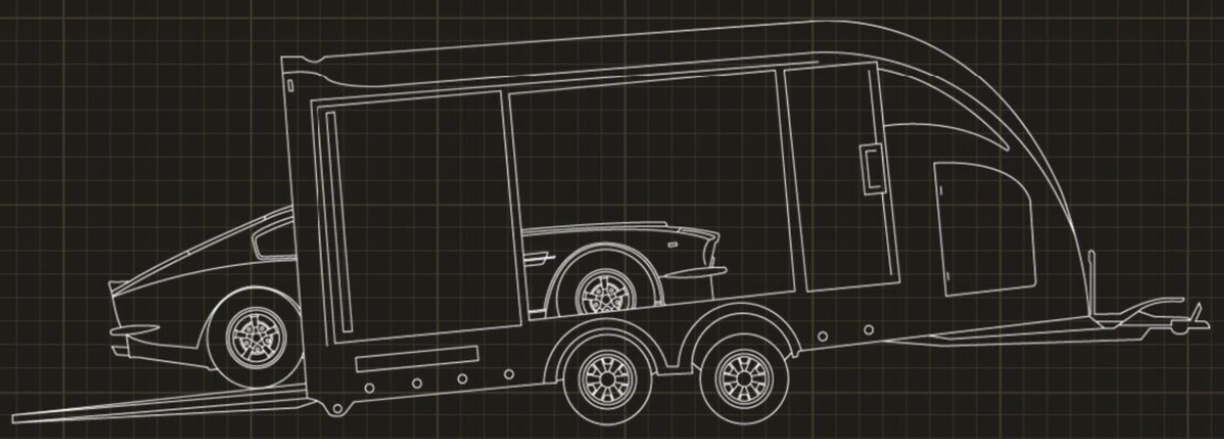
New website. Same Service.

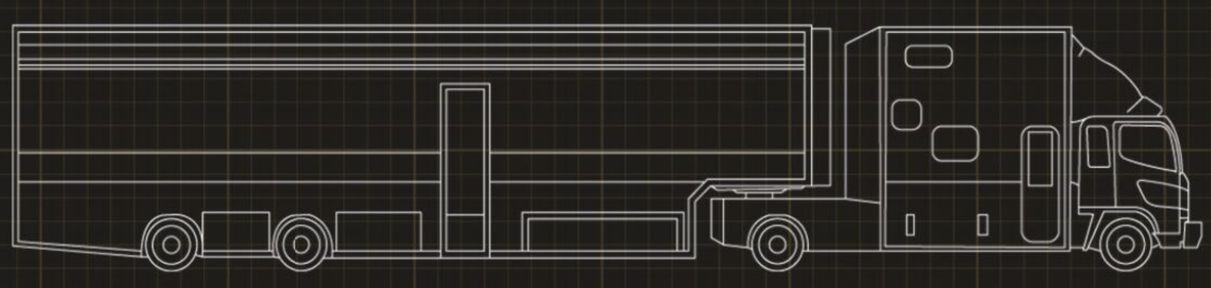
www.financemotorsport.com

Race Cars | Trailers & Transporters | Pit, Paddock & Garage Equipment | Full Season









01869 351512

www.classicandsportsfinance.com | www.financemotorsport.com

EQUIPE CLASSIC RACING · Bentley Drivers Club · DRS · MotorSport · motorsport UK · Motor Racing News · Prescott Speed Hill Climb · Footman James

a Volkswagen". It didn't, instead drawing heavily on a stillborn BMW project created some years earlier by the same firm. The 914 was conceived as a monocoque with four bulkheads to reduce flex. The glassfibre Targa roof, once removed, could be stowed in the rear boot compartment without disrupting luggage space, being virtually the same shape as the bootlid. The engine was lifted straight out of VW's dumpy 411 but turned around to be mid-engined, along with a five-speed 'box. The 1.7-litre air-cooled flat four produced a heady 80bhp, meaning MG Midget-baiting acceleration (0-60mph in 14.6sec) and a top end of 102mph. Its more powerful sibling, the 914/6, received the carburettor-fed two-litre flat six from the 911T and proved considerably faster - naturally - at 123mph and 0-60mph in 8.3sec.

Suspension aped the 911: MacPherson struts and torsion bars up front, semi-trailing arms and coil springs out back. Spring rates were set on the hard side of firm so to begin with anti-roll bars weren't deemed necessary. Outside contractor Karmann supplied the bodies with the four-cylinder cars being assembled at Volkswagen's Wolfsburg facility, its bigger-engined sibling at Porsche's Zuffenhausen plant.

Then the problems started. Nordhoff unexpectedly died in early 1968. His successor Dr Kurt Lotz had no links to Porsche and felt that the sports car constructor had no rights to the design (there had hitherto been only a verbal agreement) if it was unwilling to contribute towards tooling costs. Ultimately a compromise was reached but the project was already soured. Appearing at the 1969 Frankfurt Motor Show, reception from the public at least was positive, if not in the UK. By the time sales tax and import duties had been taken into account, a 914/6 cost £3475 - almost 50 per cent more than a Jaguar E-type. Even the four-banger version was only £1214 cheaper. And they were only ever offered in left-hand-drive, although Crayford Auto Developments would convert customers' cars to right-hookers for £550. Only 13 punters bothered.

Just to heap on the misery, the 914 suffered from something of an identity crisis, with both variants being badged and sold as Porsches in the US and in mainland Europe as Volkswagen-Porsches. Aficionados baulked and it was only in North America where the car really excelled, for all the potshots taken by the media.

In a bid to boost the bigger-engined car's reputation as a serious sports car, Porsche instigated a competition programme. The result was the 914/6GT that was offered in three distinct iterations: a customer car for competition/fast road use; a pure racer developing around 220bhp and a rally edition producing 160bhp. The first of the 12 works GTs was completed in October 1969, the model making its debut at the following May's Nürburgring 1000Kms where the four-car factory equipe managed second, third, fourth and fifth in the 2-litre GT class.

Altogether more remarkable was the tiddler's performance at Le Mans a month later. While Hans Hermann and Richard Attwood secured Porsche's first outright win aboard their 917K, Claude Ballot-Léna and Guy Chasseuil put in a magnificent effort to finish sixth and take class honours in their Sonauto entry. Granted there were only seven cars classified as finishers but it was still a remarkable achievement for what was essentially a lightly modded road car. August's Marathon de la Route - all 84 hours round the Nürburgring of it - was a 914/6GT benefit, with the works squad finishing 1-2-3.

A year on, the 914/6GT cleaned up in class at the Daytona and Sebring enduros, while Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood took victories at Virginia International Raceway, Bridgehampton and Summit Point en route to lifting the inaugural IMSA GTU title. Closer to home, the three-car works squad gave the GT its rallying baptism on the '71 Monte Carlo Rally, the sole survivor of Björn Waldegård and Hans Thorszelius coming home third behind two Alpine-Renaults. It wasn't a happy team, though, as evinced by *Motor Sport*'s review of the event: "Though their drivers were against the idea, the Porsche hierarchy decided to enter three of their mid-engined 914/6 cars instead of the rear-engined 911s, which had bought them success on three previous occasions.





"More remarkable was the tiddler's performance at Le Mans



PORSCHE 914/6

Price £3,475
Engine 2 litres, 6 cylinders
Transmission
5-speed manual
0-60mph 8.3sec
Top speed 123mph
Power 80bhp @4900rpm
Torque 100lb ft @2700rpm
Verdict Worthy of the name

The cars displayed neutral handling characteristics, and this was not at all to the liking of Waldegård, [Ove] Andersson and [Gerard] Larrousse, all of whom realised they would be unable to utilise the very safe tail-swinging tactics with the 914/6."

There would be wilder prototypes with larger six- and even eight-cylinder motors, but Porsche's interest soon waned. The 914/6 was dropped in October '72 after just 3360 had been made, its place as range topper being taken up by the new 91bhp 2-litre (variously badged as S, SC and 2.0) four-banger. By September '73, the 1.7-litre unit of the entry-level car was enlarged to 1795cc, the 914 range surviving for a further two years before being killed off in favour of the 924. Some 115,596 had been made.

All of which leads you to suspect that the initial press reaction was way off base, but you can understand some of the hostility on driving a poverty-spec edition. The 914 was intended as the cadet branch of Porsche and the luxury wing of VW: both aims are disparate for all the shared DNA. Thing is, the 914/6 is a proper sports car.

A compelling one, too. For all the period charm - Fuchs alloys and Chrome Yellow hue anchor it to the early '70s - this is a practical design, one that has aged remarkably well.

> "For all the period charm this is a practical design, one that has aged remarkably well"

Less so inside. Cabin space is remarkably generous thanks to the flat floor and bountiful width, but the various textures and black vinyl lend it a slightly funereal air. As on the early four-cylinder cars, the 914/6's passenger seat doesn't move, being moulded in one piece with the trim panel that covers the rear bulkhead. The driving position is slightly skewed, the floor-mounted pedals being predictably offset.

Where you really appreciate the 914/6 is on testing switchbacks. While not particularly fast in a straight line, it's only when you're taking advantage of the short gearing at elevated revs, swallowing whole sequences of bends in third and fourth, that you value its composure. Turn-in is crisp, even if you're aware that there's little weight over the front wheels, and body roll is barely perceptible unless you're trying really hard. Let off the gas and the front end tucks in towards the inside of the turn. You drive a 914 by small steering movements, the ZF rack and pinion set-up being light but direct even if it does need a little extra guidance on the straight ahead.

What lets the car down is the gearbox. It's not terrible but it's not much else either. There's no spring bias so guiding it between planes leads the uninitiated to grandma the odd shift: the lever tends to flop around between cogs during gentle changes.

But let's not end on a negative. Though blighted by prejudices, the 914/6 is a real Porsche, one that nowadays exerts almost 911RS levels of arm and leg costing to restore. But then so few were appreciated that a lot were binned. As the new adage goes, the only difference between kitsch and cool is about 30 years. Its time has come.

ORDER NOW

HOME WIN HEROES

The *Motor Sport* 2021 calendar



WALL CALENDAR £29.99
DESK CALENDAR £14.99
BUNDLE £39.99

To celebrate some of history's most memorable grand prix victories, *Motor Sport*'s 2021 calendar features 12 of F1's greatest home wins with a series of beautiful, rarely seen images from the majestic Cahier Archive.

There's only one thing better than winning a grand prix, and that's winning it in front of your own adoring crowd. *Motor Sport*'s 2021 calendar celebrates these home win heroes with a stunning collection of images, featuring some of the all-time greats taking victory in their own back yard. Including: Stirling Moss pipping Fangio on the line at Aintree in 1955; Ayrton Senna's heroic drive to win the Brazilian GP in 1991; Gilles Villeneuve in 1978 in freezing conditions in Montreal and Nigel Mansell's euphoric European GP victory at Brands Hatch in 1985; plus many more. For the first time we are also offering a desk-sized version, too. Both are available for pre-order now. Simply visit our website or call us to reserve yours today.

---

motorsportmagazine.com/shop/MSCalendar2021

+44 (0) 20 7349 8491

AUCTION STATIONS

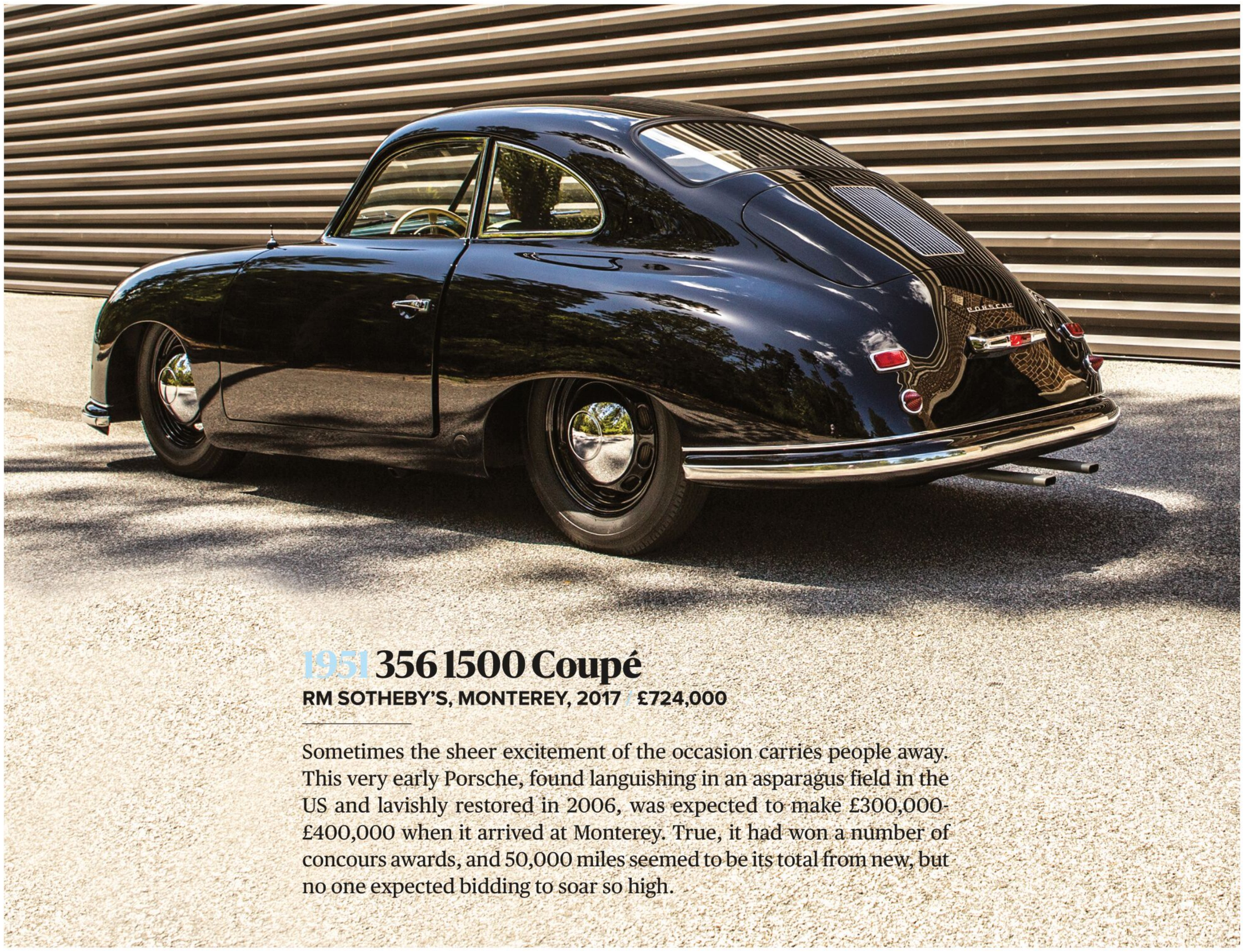
Collectors compete for significant Porsches when they reach the saleroom. Here is our selection of the fastest, rarest or priciest to go under the hammer

1982 956

GOODING & CO, PEBBLE BEACH, 2015 / £7.23M

With its early ground-effect design and the amazingly reliable Porsche turbo flat-six aboard, the 956 and its 962 successor are some of the winningest racers ever. And there's no bigger trophy than the Le Mans 24 Hours, so this example, second in 1982 and victor in 1983, not to mention four other triumphs, is a plum in Porsche's pie. Purchased after its race career by Vern Schuppan, one of the victorious Le Mans pilots along with Hurley Haywood and Al Holbert, the highly original works car still wears the famous Rothmans livery.





1951 356 1500 Coupé

RM SOTHEBY'S, MONTEREY, 2017 / £724,000

Sometimes the sheer excitement of the occasion carries people away. This very early Porsche, found languishing in an asparagus field in the US and lavishly restored in 2006, was expected to make £300,000-£400,000 when it arrived at Monterey. True, it had won a number of concours awards, and 50,000 miles seemed to be its total from new, but no one expected bidding to soar so high.



1981 924 Carrera GTR

SILVERSTONE CLASSICS, SILVERSTONE, 2016 / £495,000

Remember the Porsche 924? That little 1980s front-engined four-cylinder coupé that nobody noticed? When Stuttgart decided to take it racing they added a huge turbo, wide wheels and arches, fierce brakes, and slashed the weight. Result: 924 Carrera GT, which placed sixth at Le Mans. The hottest version was this GTR with 375bhp and 180mph in its sights -but this one never raced. It sat in a Japanese collection for 30 years. One of only 19 built, it came to auction with 67 miles on the dial.



1998 911 GT1

GOODING & CO, AMELIA ISLAND, 2017 / £4.16M

New rules said GT racing was to be for cars with road-going genes, and after McLaren's F1 scored a Le Mans victory, Porsche built a contender with a 'road car' version - in fact more or less a mid-engined racing prototype packing a 600bhp twin-turbo 962 motor, with some detuned and air-conditioned siblings for the open road. This is one of them, and with fewer than 30 street GT1s built, its rarity means it's a collectible, not a cruiser. Porsche claimed that it made a loss on each road car. The buyers didn't, though...

1964 901 Cabriolet

RM SOTHEBY'S, PARIS, 2017 / £567,000

What's a Porsche 901? That was the original name for the 911, until Peugeot claimed rights over that central zero. Only 82 escaped with 901 badges, including this unique prototype drop-top built by coachwork specialist Karmann. It proved too flexible, so Porsche developed the half-open Targa instead. Rescued from destruction by a private collector, it remains a gloriously unrestored experiment.





1938 Type 64

RM SOTHEBY'S, MONTEREY, 2019 / UNSOLD

Built by Ferdinand Porsche before he'd founded the company, and latterly fitted with a Porsche badge by his son Ferry, it had been expected to fetch £15m. Confusion from the Dutch auctioneer's accent led to the opening bid being construed at $30m, rather than $13m. It soared to £50m before the error was spotted. It was pulled from sale and has yet to re-emerge.



1985 959 Paris-Dakar

RM SOTHEBY'S, ATLANTA, 2018 / £4.6M

One of the most distinctive Porsches ever built, when the 959 was transformed into a dune-buster, many wrote it off before it had even begun. In what was perhaps the ultimate proving of the 911, all three works cars ran well until hitting trouble. This one was driven by René Metge but was stopped by a faulty oil line. The following year the 959 finished 1-2, with Metge leading.





1993 964 RSR

RM SOTHEBY'S VILLA ERBA, 2017 / £1.7M

In the auction catalogue the pictures made it look rough and grimy. Turned out that despite being two decades old it was still covered in delivery wax, with six miles on the clock. One of only 51 RSR racing versions of the 964 ever built, it was ordered with a bizarre bright red leather trim, even on the roll cage, and purple wheels. Some of the other RSRs won serious races; this track-ready, fat-arched, 380bhp rocket instead sat neglected until 2017 at a glamorous Italian sale venue.





1973 911 2.7RS

GOODING & CO, AMELIA ISLAND, 2014 / £847,000

To many, this is Peak Porsche: the greatest incarnation of the rear-engined flat-six in the car's long history – light, compact, and narrow, with a rev-hungry 2681cc fuel-injected motor. Power might only be 210bhp, but the five-speed gearbox and nimble handling make it the driver's 911 par excellence. At the height of another classic car price wave, this highly original example in that classic white and blue livery smashed the million-dollar barrier at $1.4m.



1979 935

GOODING & CO, MONTEREY, 2016 / £3.44M

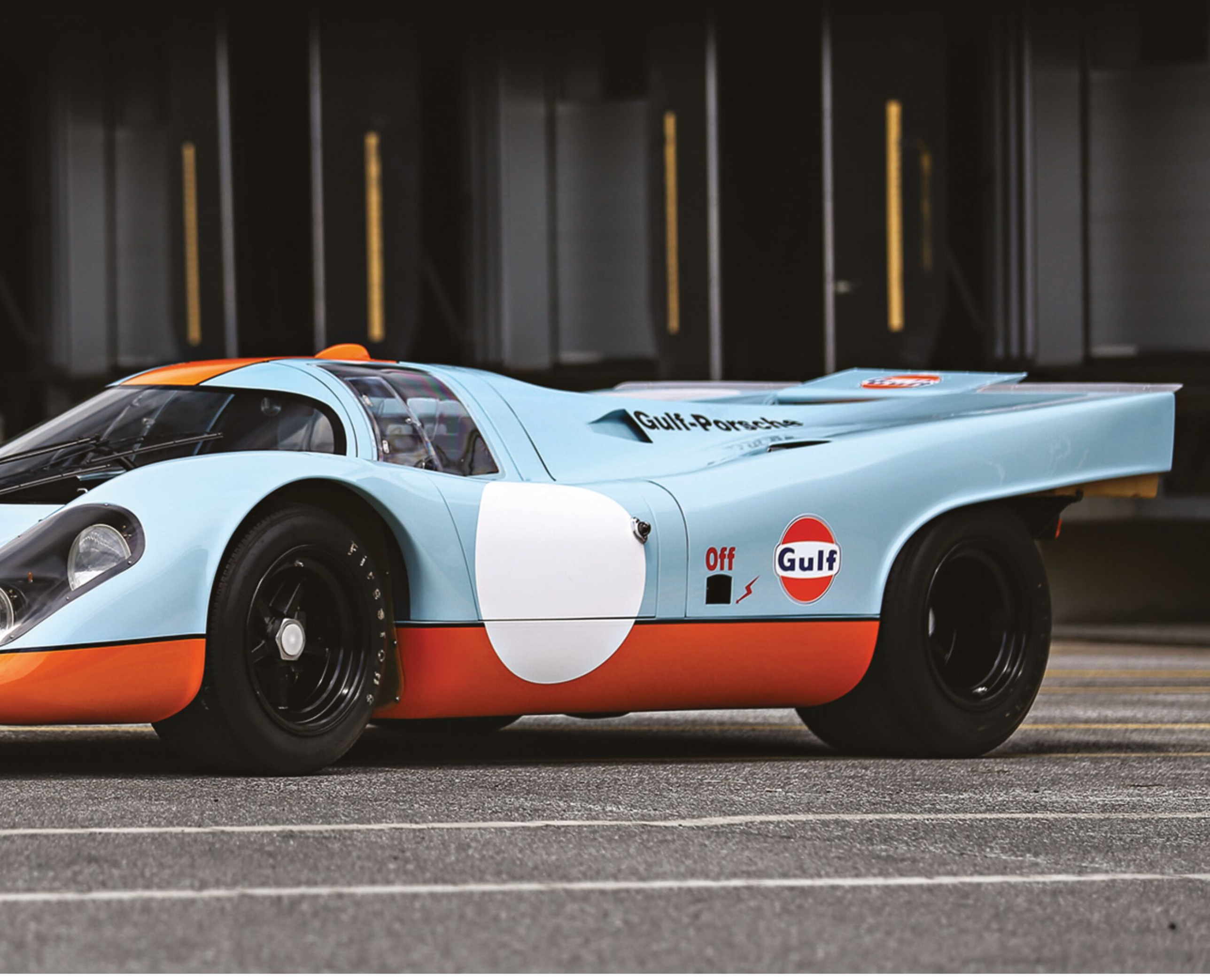
Ever heard of Paul Newman? Racing driver and team owner with a sideline in films. At least, that's the way he saw himself, and in 1979 he proved his credentials in this 935, the brawny racing derivative of the evergreen 911. Driving with Dick Barbour and Rolf Stommelen, Newman brought the flat-six machine home in second place at Le Mans. For Adam Carolla, passionate collector of Newman cars, it was something he could not let slip from his grasp.



1970 917K

GOODING & CO, PEBBLE BEACH, 2017 / £10M

The most expensive Porsche ever sold – so far. This is the archetype, the over-riding image that defines a 917: orange and blue Gulf livery and that cutaway tail that at a stroke solved the car's aero instability. Yet this never contested the 24 Hours. First 917 to compete, it was bought by Jo Siffert, who leased it to Steve McQueen for the film *Le Mans*. Big-screen fame, movie-star connection, iconic colours – no wonder it made peak price.



SALE SHOWSTOPPERS

1966 906 Carrera

BONHAMS, MONTEREY, 2013 / £534,720

Before the mighty 917, Porsche and its customers campaigned smaller-engined cars like the 2-litre 906, also known as Carrera 6. Light, agile and reliable, the 906 scooped up many class successes and outright wins too, including the 1966 Targa Florio. This one started as a coupé, but its tall owner, an Australian called Alan Hamilton, removed the roof for comfort. Raced after that around Singapore and Macau, latterly with entrepreneur Teddy Yip, it was returned to coupé form and racing condition in Germany in the 2000s.



2015 918 Spyder

RM SOTHEBY'S, NEW YORK, 2017 / £1.24M

You thought hybrid cars were dull? Not this one. When its V8 engine and two electric motors chime in together, you've got 887 neck-snapping horsepower to hurl you down the road, plus active aerodynamics and supremely advanced technology to keep things under control. A shame the collector who bought this one new didn't want to drive it much. Despite its racy Martini livery it has only covered 270 miles.



1973 917/30

GOODING & CO, AMELIA ISLAND, 2012 / £3.15M

For a few years Can-Am deafened sports car fans across North America. Bellowing 7-litre V8s ruled until Porsche turned up the wick on its twin-turbo flat-12, reclad the 917 in chunky open form, and in 1973 unleashed 1100bhp on gasping rival. It steamrollered its enemies and KO'd the series, making itself redundant. Kept by Stuttgart into the 1990s, this unraced example made a then-record price for a Porsche in 2012, bought by Jerry Seinfeld.

Your Club



Sim racing, advanced training, track days or Club championships – you decide

Porsche Club Great Britain is the only official Porsche Club in the UK and belongs to the worldwide community of Porsche Clubs recognised by Porsche AG.

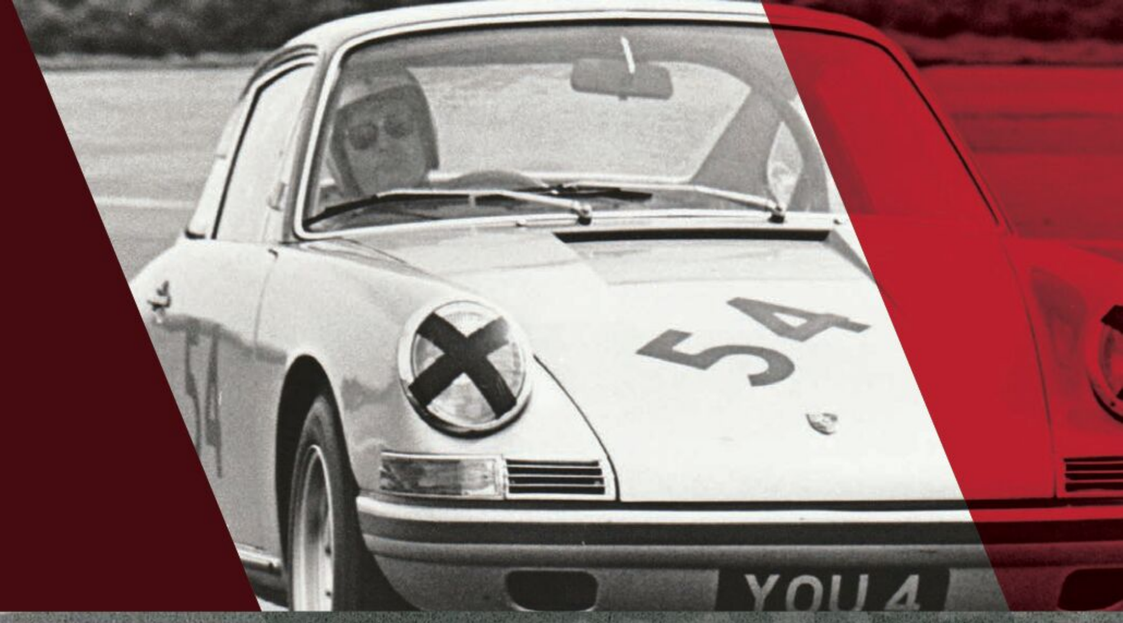
Even during these uncertain times we are finding new ways to celebrate the spirit of Porsche and unite our members.

Join online at porscheclubgb.com

Porsche Club
Great Britain

porscheclubgb porscheclubgb @pcgb

WWW.HISTORIKA.COM
INSTAGRAM.COM/HISTORIKA911
FACEBOOK.COM/HISTORIKA911
TWITTER.COM/HISTORIKA911
YOUTUBE.COM/HISTORIKA911
CALL 07836 384 999 OR 07717 212 911

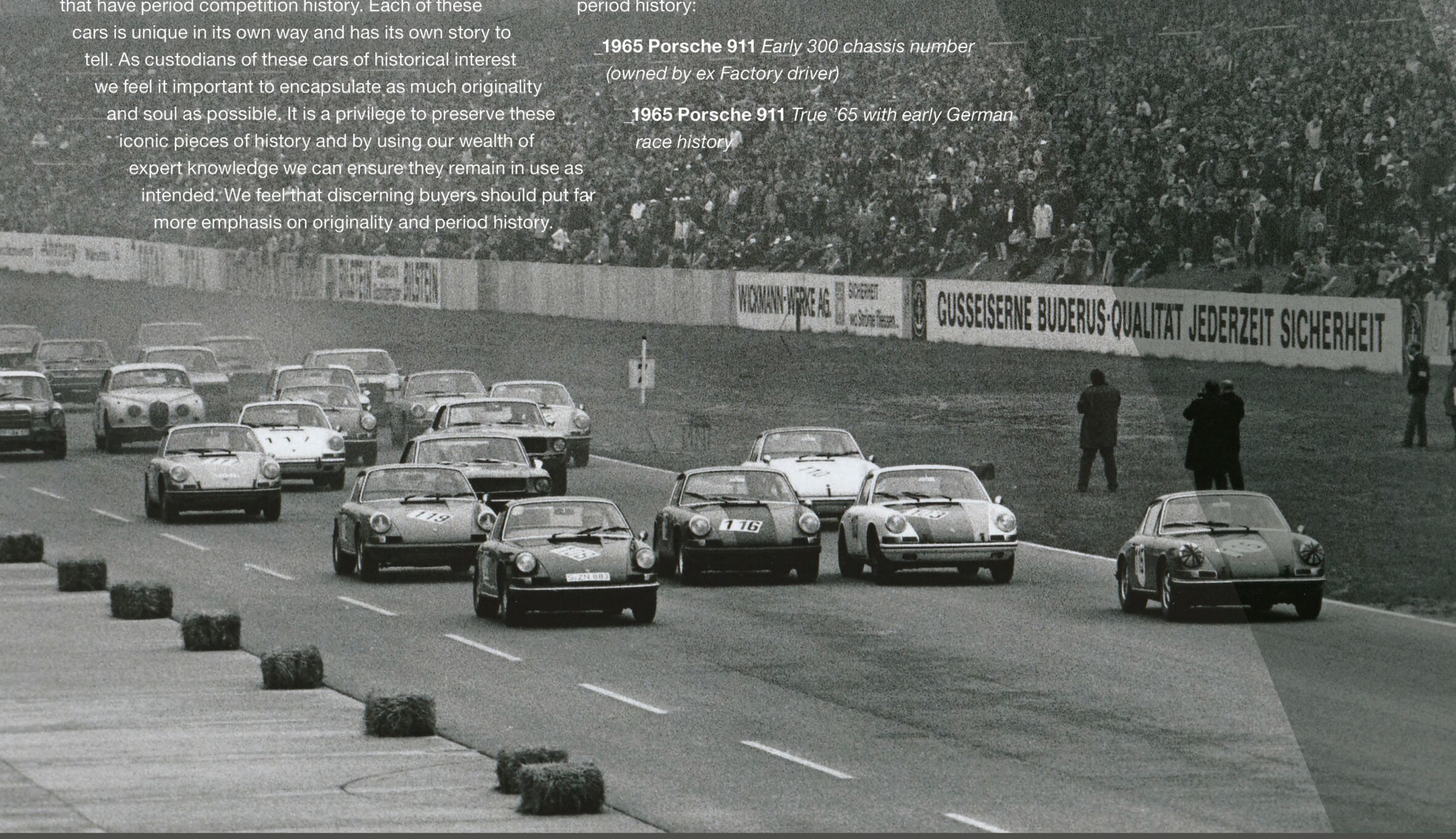


At Historika we are currently restoring four SWB 911's that have period competition history. Each of these cars is unique in its own way and has its own story to tell. As custodians of these cars of historical interest we feel it important to encapsulate as much originality and soul as possible. It is a privilege to preserve these iconic pieces of history and by using our wealth of expert knowledge we can ensure they remain in use as intended. We feel that discerning buyers should put far more emphasis on originality and period history.

Cars that we currently have available with period history:

_**1965 Porsche 911** *Early 300 chassis number (owned by ex Factory driver)*

_**1965 Porsche 911** *True '65 with early German race history*



HISTORIKA

KLASSIK PORSCHE

YESTERDAY'S PORSCHES. PRESERVED FOR TOMORROW. ENJOYED TODAY.

FINE CARS // RESTORATION // RACE PREPARATION // RARE PARTS





