

**MARIO  
ANDRETTI**

● Used to be race-car drivers came in two basic flavors: fancy-pants European Formula One types, and good ol' boys who pushed muscular stock cars around oval tracks in Dixie and looked at reedy F1 machines like a hillbilly eyeing a plate of escargots. That is, until Mario Andretti rolled in from Nazareth, Pennsylvania, after his

early years in a postwar exile camp in Tuscany. He was the perfect racing hybrid: a good ol' boy who was fluent in Italian and could win behind the wheel of anything with an engine. Andretti would take Daytona, Sebring, Indianapolis, and a bunch of NASCAR races before his *pièce de résistance*, the coveted F1 title in 1978—proving that an American driver could turn left *and* right.

As his victories and pole positions mounted, he also became a '70s style icon (Mediterranean mane, snug leather jackets) and once lent his name to a limited-edition Alfa Romeo. But none of it ever softened the inner madman. "If everything seems under control," he said, "you're just not going fast enough."  
—JAMIE LINCOLN KITMAN

Andretti in Allentown, Pennsylvania, 1964.

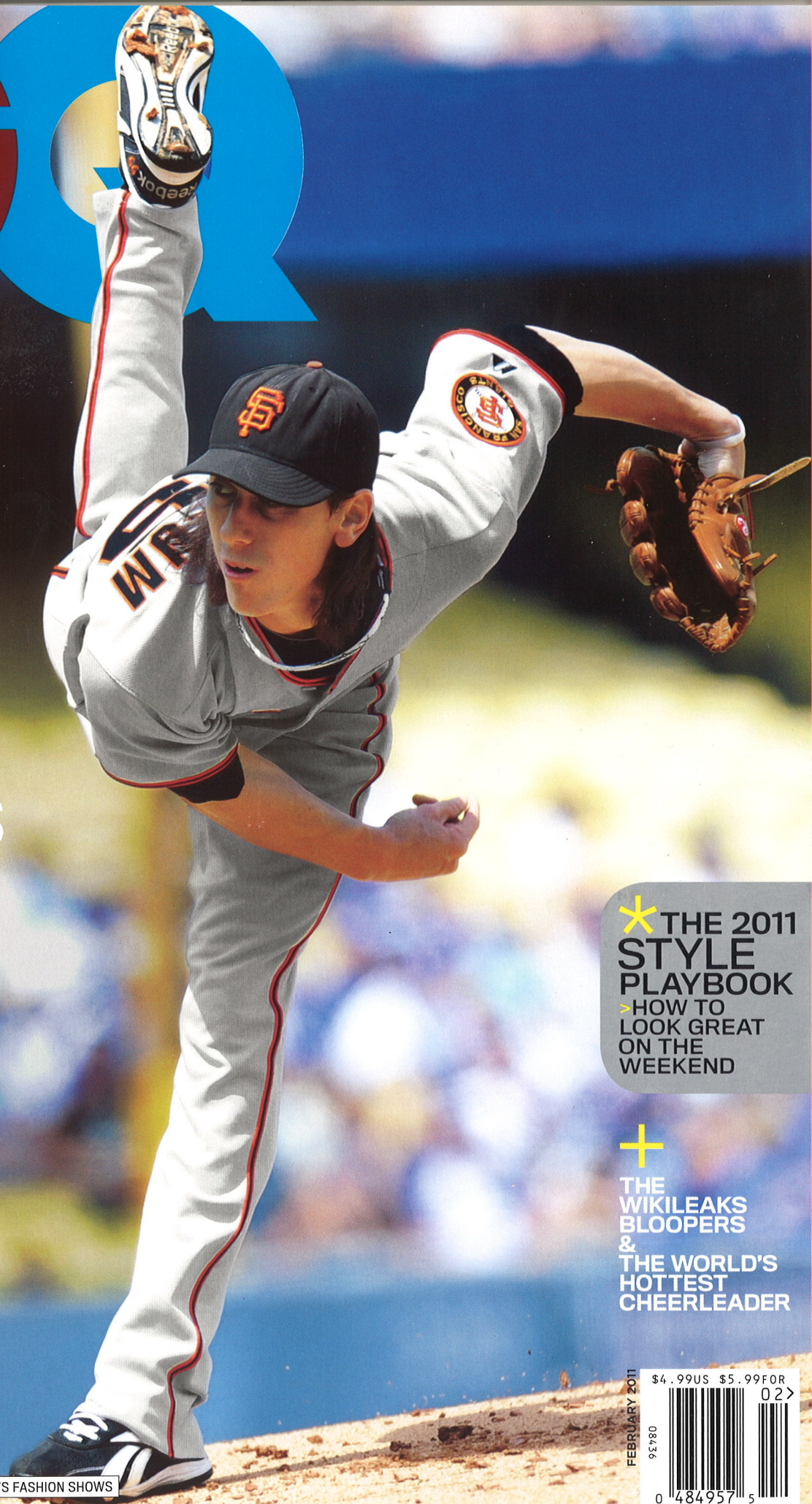


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