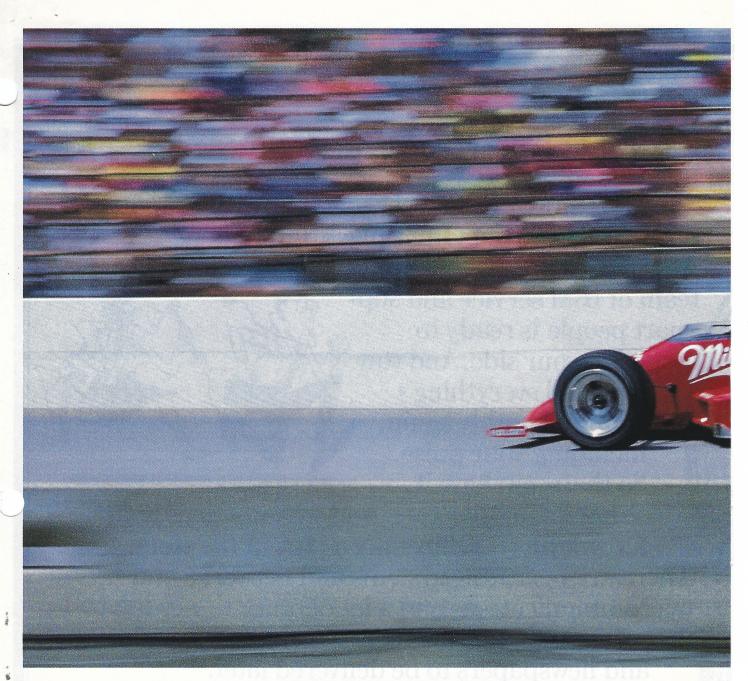
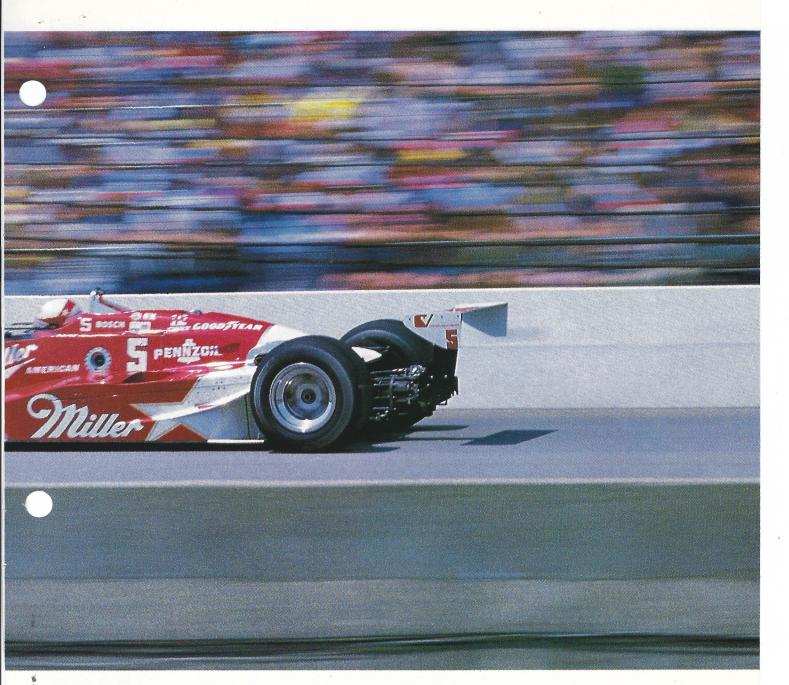
Me-Home Copy August 6 - 19, 1985 Your Complimentary Take-Home Copy **DANNY SULLIVAN:** IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT AT INDY pg. 52



Above: May 26, 1985, was Danny Sullivan's day. In his March-Cosworth he dodged several potential disasters to triumph over the fastest field in Indy 500 history. Right: After his win Sullivan (right) shares his glory with Roger Penske (foreground), leader of the most consistently successful team in Indy racing.





Life in the Fast Lane

Danny Sullivan, the newest star of Indy-car racing, says he's not really the jet setter people think he is. He's just an average, handsome, personable, articulate guy who lives life at around 200 mph.

by Gary Witzenburg

hen Jimmy Conners duffs a ball into the net or misses the line, he loses a point. Maybe a game. At the worst a match. When Lee Trevino miscalculates a drive, he ends up in the sand or the water. Costs him a couple of strokes, maybe a tournament.

If Danny Sullivan makes a mistake at Indianapolis, he eats the wall at around 200 mph. But in spite of his heart-stopping 360-degree detour in the Indy 500 while trying to pass Mario Andretti, Sullivan escaped not only unscathed but a winner. He says:

"You're doing 220 mph down the straightaways, and you don't lift for the corners. Entering turn 1 is like turning into a closet. It's big and wide-open, but the problem is that once you enter



Sullivan spares a few seconds during the lndy 500 for the Penske-team pit crew to take care of gas and maintenance.

the corner and you're still going flat out, you can't see the exit. You have to keep from 'pinching' the car down, holding it down too tight on the inside. You have to let it run free and track its way out, but you can't see where the end of that corner is. You come up and you're inches away, inches away from the wall. Some people are actually brushing the wall coming out of the turns. There's no margin for error.

"Yet you have plenty of time to relax going down the straight before setting it up for the next corner. The place is so big, so massive, 2½ miles around, and it's all stands most of the way. The people are just a collage of colors. And it takes only 40-some seconds to go around."

Indy-car racing is the ultimate challenge of American motor sports. Except for the Indy 500 itself, it's run by an organization called CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams), which divides its time between oval tracks and twisty road courses.

The cars are needle-shaped missiles of aerospace metal and plastic. The drivers lie almost supine, far forward in the chassis, their helmets barely visible. Behind their heads scream 800 alcohol-guzzling horses.

Only the best and bravest need apply. And money doesn't hurt, either, lots of it: Dollars keep the CART wheels

turning. Each major team is a business employing dozens of people and spending millions of dollars in a season. Even Indy's seven-figure prize purse can't cover the cost of competing.

The difference between dollars won and dollars spent must be made up by sponsors who have images to enhance and products or services to sell. Motor sports, especially those with large followings and high TV visibility, are great marketing media. Count the decals on Sullivan's car and the patches on his uniform. Miller Beer is his major sponsor for 1985, but Marlboro, Monroe, Goodyear, Hertz, PPG, and others also have bought valuable space for the season.

Why? Because Sullivan, the fastestrising new star in Indy-car racing, is a team owner's — and sponsor's dream. He's articulate, pleasant, personable. His down-home, "aw, shucks" enthusiasm and boyish, slightly mischievous grin help sell awesome amounts of products.

Last year, his first full season on the CART circuit, Sullivan began as a relative unknown, won three races for his team (sponsored by Doug Shierson/Domino's Pizza), finished fourth it season points (behind Andretti, Tom Sneva, and Bobby Rahal), and sold a heck of a lot of pizza. This year he's driving for Roger Penske, leader of the

most consistently successful team in modern-day Indy racing.

Penske doesn't fool around. He works his people hard, demands perfection, and rewards results. His sponsors pay him well, and he delivers. For Sullivan, new kid on the block, the pressure is on. Sullivan says, "Driving for Penske is a dream; I spent many, many years working to get this kind of chance."

Many years, indeed. At 14, Daniel

John Sullivan III, son of a successful construction-company owner, was terrorizing his Louisville, Kentucky, neighbors on a go-cart. Sometimes he "borrowed" his mother's station wagon and was arrested for it at least once. When high school failed to tame him, his father sent him to military school, where he lettered in football, soccer, track, and swimming.

At 19, after two uninspiring semesters at the University of Kentucky,

Sullivan left for New York City. His father told him not to expect any further help, so he supported himself as a waiter, a cabdriver, a chicken-pen cleaner — whatever paid his rent. One night a visiting friend with racing connections, Dr. Frank Falkner, asked what he wanted to do with his life. "I want to be world driving champion," Sullivan answered jokingly, unable to think of anything more preposterous.

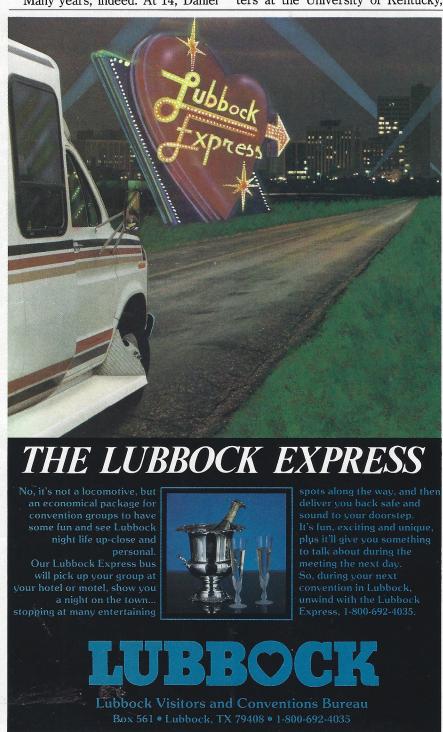
Falkner didn't get the joke. For Sullivan's 21st birthday. Falkner bought his young friend a trip to the Jim Russell School of Motor Racing in England. Though Sullivan never had been much of a racing fan, he showed immediate talent for it in the Russell school. His instructors strongly suggested that he stay and race in England, so he scraped together enough cash to buy a small, open-wheeled racer called a Formula Ford. This was not good news to his father, who had ideas about his son settling down and helping with the family business. "When I said I was going racing, he wasn't real impressed," says Sullivan.

For the next several years, Sullivar "paid his dues" in Europe, competing every weekend, sometimes twice a weekend, sleeping in his tow van, winning some races and recognition but little money. He recalls:

"I seemed to have a talent for finding sponsors who backed out at the last minute or wouldn't fulfill commitments. My father said it was character building. I told him I had all the character I could use. What I needed was a good car."

In 1975 decent sponsorship and that all-important good car arrived at last, and Sullivan almost won the intensely competitive European Formula Three championship. Almost wasn't close enough, though, and the big break continued to elude him. Three years later he reluctantly returned to the United States for a low-paying "ride" in a minor-league series. He did well enough, even made it to Indy one year, but his career still seemed to be going nowhere.

In 1980, discouraged, frustrated, and nearly ready to quit, Sullivan called a wealthy family acquaintance: Garvir Brown, of the Brown-Forman Brown who make Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey. Brown agreed to field a team for him in the Canadian-American (Can-Am) Challenge road-racing series.



Despite mechanical troubles Sullivan nad several good runs and was named Rookie of the Year. He finished second in the championship the following season, and the year after that he finished third driving for Paul Newman's bigbucks Budweiser team.

Falkner helped him land a tryout with the British Tyrrell Formula One team, and he was fastest of all the drivers tested. A one-year deal was cut, and suddenly, at the age of 33, the Kentucky Kid had made it to Formula One, the absolute pinnacle of international motor sports. He moved to Monaco, befriended Princess Caroline and her brother, Prince Albert, lived the life of a celebrity, jetted to races around the world, and performed quite well considering that Tyrrell was underfinanced and used underpowered, nonturbocharged engines.

An offer from a richer, more competitive team the following season might have helped lead Sullivan to the world driving championship he had joked about 13 years earlier. But it didn't come. And because Tyrrell needed someone with big money, a elf-sponsoring international rich kid like many in the sport these days, it was back home for a disappointed Sullivan. His lucky star must have been shining, though, because he soon landed the Shierson/Domino's CARTseries ride that produced last year's impressive performance and this year's contract with Penske and Miller that led to his triumph at Indy.

About the glamorous life style people assume he lives now, Sullivan says:

"Everyone says I'm such a jet setter. If that means I travel in jets a lot, I guess they're right. I spend a tremendous amount of time on the road. People only see the glamour side of it, but there's so much more to it than that."

What does he do with his time off, if any? He says:

"I get a couple of days here and there. In the winter I like to ski. In the summer [I] maybe go sailing or just relax and unwind with my girlfriend But there's always more to do."

The hard work pays off in many vays, not the least of which is income. and what does a 35-year-old bachelor do with all that money? Sullivan says:

"I don't want to be one of those guys who, if something goes wrong, haven't got anything put away. So I've bought a commercial building, stocks and bonds, commodities. I just try to invest and put it away for those rainy days."

How many cars does the racing wonder have? Sullivan answers, "Too many right now — I'm trying to sell some of them off." Under cross-examination he admits to owning, at last count, a Mercedes 500 SEC, a new Corvette (a gift from Penske, who also happens to be a Chevy dealer), a BMW

733i, a Ford Bronco, a Jeep Wagoneer, a converted van, and a British Range Rover wagon. He says, "The problem is, I just don't ever get to see them."

Along with his jet-setter image, Sullivan also has gained a reputation as a ladies' man. Besides Monaco's Princess Caroline, he has dated (and remains good friends with) Christie Brinkley and Susan Anton and has been romantically linked with a number of other beautiful women. In 1983 he was

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named one the 10 Most Watchable Men by Man Watchers, Incorporated. But now, he says, he's trying to keep a relationship going with girlfriend Julie Nini, a Los Angeles interior decorator. He says:

"It's very, very difficult for a woman when she's sitting back at home. This is not a business that's conducive to long-term relationships because there's so much time on the road and so many women around.

"But I think most people really want a one-on-one relationship because the so-called singles scene is a real pain, especially for someone who's doing what I'm doing. Everybody thinks it's all glamorous and jet-setty, and there is that aspect. But when you're in those down times, you're testing between races and you're in some dive hotel, and you're down because things aren't going well, you really need somebody to call and talk to. That's why, as they say, behind every successful man is a strong woman."

Does he plan to continue racing for many more years? Sullivan says:

"Oh, probably six or seven. You have to be a little flexible. Like any pro ath lete, everything depends on how your career goes . . . if you're still getting offers, if you're still winning, if you're not getting hurt."

And after that? Sullivan says:

"I've done some commentating for ABC and a couple of others, and I enjoyed that. It will depend on how financially secure I am, but I think probably when I get out of racing I'd like to take off, climb on a yacht, and cruise around the world for about a year — just float around and do nothing. But I'm also one of those people who can't stand to not be doing something, to not have a goal. I have to be doing something."

But now Sullivan can't take the time to relax. The quiet thought ends as the hectic schedule intrudes. Glancing at his watch, Sullivan says:

"Gee, I'd better get moving. I'm going to dinner with Prince Albert in about 45 minutes, and I haven't even showered yet."

Gary Witzenburg is a Californiabased automotive engineer, racing driver, and free-lance writer. His articles have appeared in Motor Trend, Playboy, The Robb Report, and other publications.