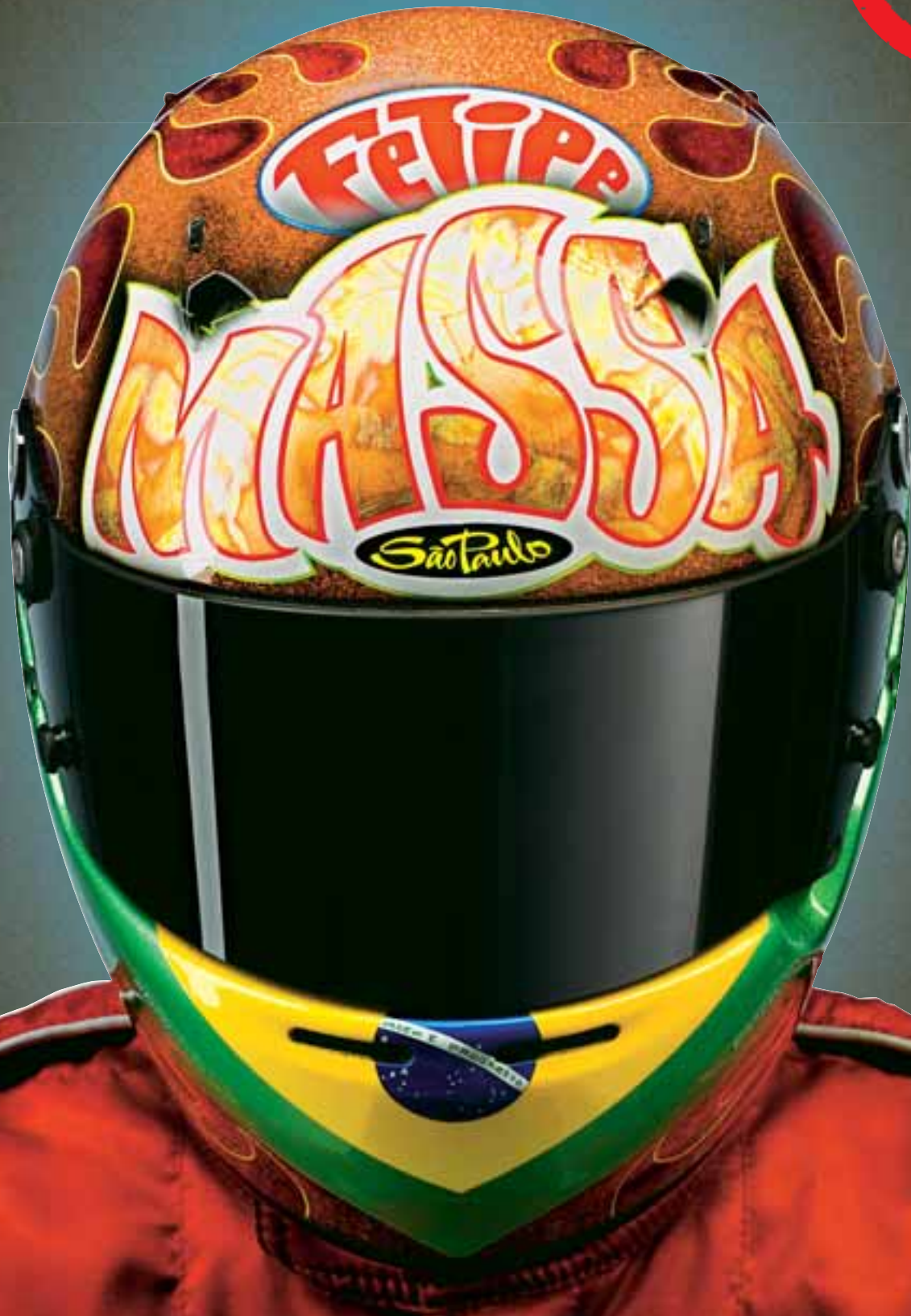


ISSUE 124, GP BRAZIL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2006

THE RED BULLETIN

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

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FOR 2007



MOVING TO THE
FRONT



COSWORTH



SO, AFTER 167 F1 victories, Cosworth take their final bow tomorrow. The best valediction we can give to Northampton's finest is the late Keith Duckworth's reason for starting the firm: "We thought it must be possible to make an interesting living messing about with racing cars and engines." Quite right, too – if everyone in F1 worked on that basis, we'd have a lot more fun. The current crew have given Williams and Toro Rosso end-of-season use-all-the-spare monsters, determined to go out in a blaze of glory – with the emphasis on glory rather than blaze. Sadly, our printers won't let us do a telephone directory-sized edition so we can't list all of Cosworth's F1 achievements. Instead, here are the highlights:

- 1 Solar system formed, earth cools, DFV created.
 - 2 Wins first time out of the packet in Jim Clark's Lotus.
 - 3 Goes on rampage. Graham Hill takes first DFV title in 1968, Keke Rosberg last in 1982.
 - 4 Successor engine gives Ayrton Senna his greatest victory at Donington in 1993 (built by John Marson) and Michael Schumacher his first title (built by Mike Janes).
 - 5 Giancarlo Fisichella claims last Cosworth win here in 2003.
 - 6 Company decides to concentrate on a more appreciative audience in USA.
- Goodbye and good luck.

TORO ROSSO



TONIO LIUZZI HAS PICKED the winner of a competition on the Autosport website. Fans had the chance to design Tonio's race boots for the weekend and of the 120 designs submitted he went for these, which combine the Italian and Brazilian national flags. The winner is Giuseppe Saltarelli, a 31-year-old Italian graphic designer who lives in Canada. Alpinestars have made two pairs, one of which has been autographed by the Toro Rosso star and flown out to the lucky winner.

FAREWELL

AT THE REQUEST OF scores of journalists and photographers, we extend their thanks to the team at Lucky Strike Racing who've kept the world's media (and lots of freeloaders) fed, watered and entertained. In the last six years, they've given out 500,000 bottles of water and 32,500 packed lunches. Cheers!



MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TO HELP YOU GET the party started, we've called on the DJs at Favela Chic, Paris and London's most fashionable Brazilian club, to recommend five musicians – some new, some classic – who are worth downloading:

Radio Favela vs Z' Africa Brasil – strong bass, break beat.
Jorge Ben – pure classy jazz.
Martinho da Vila – old school samba.
Tim Maia – '70s soul. Check out Vou Com Gas.
Rita Lee – classic tropicalia.

FERRARI



WISE MEN ALWAYS SAY: "Never bet against Schumi," and they're probably right. We went and had a look on betting site paddypower.com to check the odds on Michael bowing out an eight-times champ. The answer: 8-1. But predictions for Schuey's future are more interesting. You can get 1000-1 on Michael being exposed for impersonating his brother next season and driving a Toyota. And if you place a €10 bet on Michael signing for a Bundesliga football team, and he does, you'll net 50,000 big ones.



THE WINNER OF A fabulous holiday in our tricky quiz is Grand Prix Photo's Peter Nygaard. Peter would like to go to Hawaii, South Africa and Namibia and he plans to take the missus. We're going to talk to our bank manager and see what we can do. So, Peter, how do you know so much about F1? "I just did my homework. But some questions were really stupid. Like when you asked how many circuits are in Malaysia, and you meant electrical circuits. After that, I was very suspicious of your questions."

WINNER



AS YOU'RE PACKING UP and clearing out tomorrow afternoon, spare a thought for Claudia Troncosco. Since 1998, Claudia has been using what F1 leaves behind to help the less fortunate in Sao Paulo. As well as giving food to the hungry, she redistributes everything from advertising hoardings (which, last year, were used to form the roof of a children's support centre) to pass lanyards (re-woven as a new carpet). In 2005 she helped 6,878 people, from teaching the homeless to cook to supporting people in prison. She's aided by those working at the track and several teams – Ferrari, McLaren and Williams. If you think you can join in with an end-of-season act of charity and donate anything you no longer need, you'll find Claudia at the Interlog offices by the stairs leading up to the paddock.

CHARITY

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FOUR COMMENTARIES

I'D LIKE TO THANK...

IT'S BEEN A ROLLER COASTER BY JUSTIN HYNES

1 When the concept of The Red Bulletin was first revealed to me almost 18 months ago, I never once thought, as many did, that it was impossible. To produce a daily newspaper/magazine at the race tracks didn't strike me as being out of the ordinary. You just decide the content, take some pictures, do some design, find a willing printer and off you go.

Nothing's quite that easy. The ride to this point, the closing race of our second season, in F1 has been a roller coaster, not unlike, I would imagine, attempting to set up a small race team. The first attempts to score points and develop some impetus were fraught and misfired more often than they fired. It had more teething problems than a children's dentistry ward.

But like any race team, it gathers momentum and systems that at first look unwieldy and unworkable find their own rhythm and functionality, which means we manage to do it now without looking too foolish, though we have our moments. All of which is a long-winded preamble to the point of this second season sign-off. And that is, there would be no second or third season unless you, the paddock had in some way embraced the idea of the magazine. And agreed, either by diktat or via some kind of osmotic process, to co-operate with the idea.

Therefore this is simply a large thank you. It may sound like sycophancy – which in F1 appears to go a remarkably long way – but without the support and collaboration of most of the paddock there would be no place for a Formula One magazine of this type.

The aim of the magazine has always been, to me, to act as a slightly irreverent village gazette, a local newspaper which on a cold, wet morning in Sao Paulo makes people who travel thousands of miles to work each week smile. And beyond that it's to give people outside the paddock some connection with the 'glamorous' world behind the swipe gates. F1 doesn't provide enough of this kind of connection.

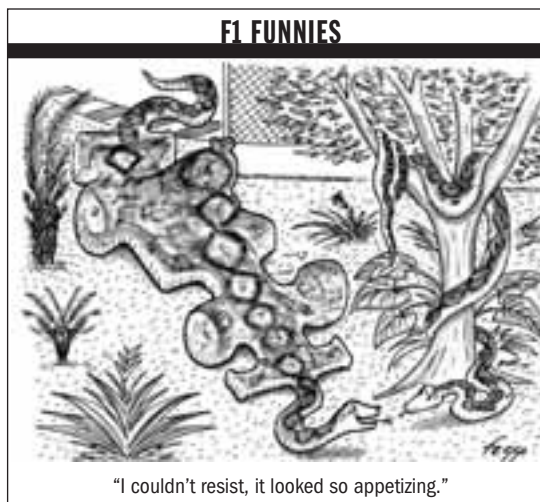
In the ivory towers most of the great and good inhabit, the raison d'être of motorsport often gets lost amid the demands of big business and major manufacturers, which, to be fair, race fans don't care about. What they like is racing drivers and cars and stars. I think The Bulletin is a very small way of connecting people to that but it wouldn't be possible without help from the stars and the people who build the cars. Of course, the aid wasn't universal, but nobody, with the exception of a few bizarre cults in remote parts of California, expects universal love. But even in that event, the occasional bulwark simply provided more material to have fun with.

So, as the season ends, a heartfelt thanks to the teams, drivers, marketing people, the mechanics, engineers, motorhomers, the truckies, the media people, the FIA, the race promoters etc etc.

This year has thrown up some truly great races and some truly spectacular moments. We've had a go at putting a serious and a humorous spin on them and hope we've succeeded, at least a little.

If you'll have us back in '07, we can't wait. Who wouldn't be up for a week in a nice hotel in Melbourne and a few beers?

'We've had a go at putting a serious and humorous spin on the events of this season'



PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 You know you're in trouble when you wake up to find yourself fully clothed, lying on the floor near your bed, your face in the carpet with an empty glass rolling around before your eyes. You sit up and really need to hold your head in your hands, except that you miss and almost poke your eye out. Crawling into the bathroom on all fours, you cut your knees on the bits of Pringles you ate late the previous evening when you got back to the room with a bad case of the munchies. The only good thing is that you don't feel bloated and compliment yourself on the fact you evidently didn't overeat the previous night. Then, still on your knees, you catch a glimpse of the sanitary ware in the bathroom and you remember inspecting the inside of the toilet bowl a few hours earlier. So that's where your dinner went!

Friday in Sao Paulo was the inevitable 'ITV invites the press officers and Helen out for dinner' evening. One has to say there is a side to press officers one doesn't normally see that suddenly surfaces when floated in a dozen caipirinhas, several bottle of tinto, limoncello, grappa and brandy. Did you know for example that, although completely tone deaf,

one of the Williams crew appears to know the words to every Queen and Beatles song? Actually, that's about the only printable part of the evening, except that for once I didn't feel like the rowdiest girl at the table. I did ask the press officers if the English language had a collective noun for a group of communications gurus all in the same room, but the only answer I got was, "if you come to the motorhome at 4.30, I'll see if we can fit you in".

Personally, I like the sound of a Platitude of Press Officers.

A professional party-goer, I am used to working while shaking off dehydration and blurry vision, but sadly, the Interlagos press office does not make one's working day any easier. The words Interlagos and internet might sound similar but getting the latter to work in the former is tough. Although, why would one expect wireless internet in a press room where an army of ladies is permanently on standby with mops and buckets as water pours in through the roof of the building, occasionally shorting out the public address system with a bang louder than anything you might have heard in Korea recently? But on Friday morning, when the rain stopped, if we couldn't file our stories we could at least look out on the track as the cleaners had swapped their mops for cloths and were busy cleaning the windows. Maybe the organisers heard we had computer problems and were acting on orders from Microsoft. (Microsoft Windows? Get it?)

Williams is trumpeting the arrival of AT&T as title sponsor and although I use them as my internet provider, the company is beginning to seem a bit like the paddock butterfly as it was first spotted down at Jaguar, moved to McLaren and now ends up at Williams. The company would get better press if it had given all of us in the media centre a free subscription. (*Not a subtle hint Helen. Ed.*) On the subject of sponsors, do you remember Parmalat? The dairy products company was very big in this sport a while ago, most famously decorating Niki Lauda's trademark cap. Well, I've heard that an Israeli dairy products firm is thinking of coming into the sport. Its name? 'Cheeses of Nazareth.' Now, where's the Alka Seltzer?

PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE BY KAI EBEL

3 Will I be wearing something special on Sunday? Yes – but then I always wear something special! But I won't be wearing black: it's a retirement, not a funeral. When Michael Schumacher came into F1 he was the only German. Not a world champion, not a superstar, just the guy from Kerpen. The boy next door.

When I met him for the first time, I was coming from the outside too. I didn't know if he was quick, I just knew he was strong. I felt he was going to be something special because he was so ambitious. He concentrated on the best, trying to find out what Senna or Mansell were doing – he wasn't interested in anybody else.

I'm the guy who gets to talk to Michael first, and there have been lots of great days: announcements, the crucial wins when you see the man becoming the legend, titles, particularly the first. The days that stand out though are the one where he gave me an exclusive: "I'm going to be a father", he told me one day on the grid at Monza, or the day at the Nürburgring when he showed me a lucky hairbrush, given to him by his daughter, "that's what made me win today".

It isn't always like that. When he's done something wrong, or made a mistake, pointing the microphone at Michael Schumacher isn't a pleasure – though it doesn't happen often. The Villeneuve crash in 1997, the tunnel incident with Montoya in Monaco, this year's Monaco qualifying. On days like that, you have to wait

for two or three hours for Michael to appear. I guess he needs the time to collect himself. He likes to create the perfect façade. He doesn't emerge until he's calm, but then he'll face the press.

It's getting easier, because over the years I've got better at it. In the beginning if he seemed pissed off, or really angry, I would dial it back. Nowadays I try to be more direct.

I've got a few questions in mind for tomorrow, but the race will dictate the interview. Imagine

be a difficult transition; the German viewers love a winner. They want instant gratification. That isn't going to happen, so they have to be patient. They have to appreciate a driver, for example, getting on the podium, maybe scoring a lucky win in the second half of the year, then winning consistently in 2008 and fighting for the title in 2009. Basically, they have to remember the excitement of watching Michael race in 1992 and 1993, not the expectancy of seeing him win in these last years.

I haven't mentioned BMW and Mercedes because their appeal isn't quite the same. We love cars, but our German F1 audience prefers heroes – and heroes aren't engines or chassis, they are flesh and blood. It didn't matter which car Michael was driving: Hockenheim was blue when he drove for Benetton. When he moved to Ferrari, it went red. It's interesting what colours we'll see next year. It isn't like England where there is a large motorsport community.

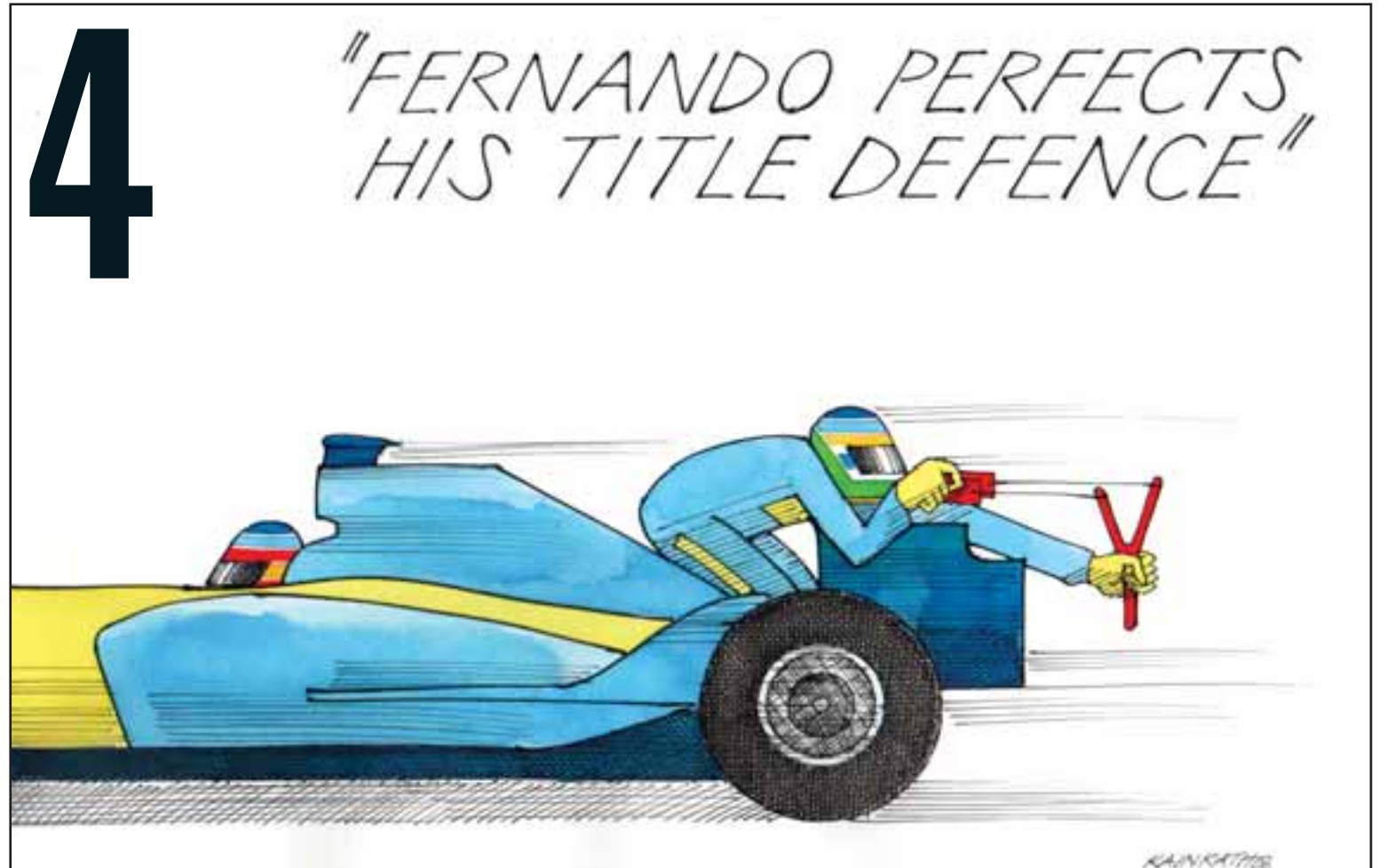
In Germany, there is a large Schumacher community and a small motorsport community – I guess because the teams don't have the recent history. Maybe that will change if BMW gets to the front of the grid, better still if Sebastian Vettel wins in a BMW, that would be perfect: German driver, German car – that would fill the gap.

Will it be strange next year? Maybe I'll have a problem, maybe I'll run to the red box and expect Michael to appear, only to have Kimi Raikkonen walk out. It will be even stranger for Michael, he'll be sat on his couch, watching the race on TV. ☒

'Plenty of people in Germany are saying they won't watch F1 without Michael Schumacher. I don't believe them'

if he wins the Driver's Championship on the final lap? Imagine if he loses it on the final lap? There isn't any point preparing beforehand. It will be an emotional day, more so for Michael as he's leaving – the rest of us will be back.

Next year there will be a Michael Schumacher-shaped hole. Plenty of people in Germany are saying they won't watch F1 without him. I don't believe it, there's enough to keep the German audience interested. They have Nick and Ralf, maybe in strong cars, they have Nico Rosberg and Sebastian Vettel developing and others behind them. It might





A CHANGE OF GEAR

It's the end of the season and the Bull's Eye has noticed that everyone's getting ready to start their second job which will keep them busy over the winter. Hey guys, just because we're in Brazil, there's no reason to go nuts.



Three more days to go but they don't mess around at Ferrari and Michael had already been made to give back all his red team clothing.



We always knew F1 drivers made a lot of dough.

While there are untold riches to be earned, with fame, celebrity and glamour as side benefits, there is a darker side to F1. The side the insiders don't want you to know about. It's a disgrace how some people in the sport have been thrown on the scrapheap. Take this man, for example: once he had a glittering career. He drove for Jordan, Stewart, Ferrari and then Honda. But now he works gruelling 12-hour shifts in a hot and sweaty Interlagos pizza parlour to provide for his wife and children. Oh, the shame of it.



It was only after he had taken hold of the pizza box that Ferrari's Gino spotted the uncanny resemblance of the pizza delivery boy to his team boss.



At first, the guys at Renault thought their new Brazilian pet Ronaldo was quite cute. But when he started scratching his bottom like a dog, by dragging it along the nose of the car, the bodywork polishers were less impressed.



"One day, sonny, when you're as old and wise as me..."

When the Cirque du Soleil people first started coming to F1 races, they caused quite a stir, but now no-one even bothered to watch as they went through their tedious fork lift truck balancing routine...



...and their high-wire act didn't even draw a crowd.



PHOTOS: CRISPIN THRUXTON, GETTY IMAGES, SUTTON IMAGES, JIRI KRENEK



'ONE OF MY CRAZIEST HOBBIES IS GOING SHOPPING. I LIKE TO BUY CLOTHES AND I LOVE WATCHES'



SHOPPING MAD

Bom dia Sao Paulo. Dr Bull here for one last hurrah! Like many people unjustly accused of crimes back in Europe, I've decided life would be better in the sun. My bolthole of choice, the Micronesian paradise of Truk has decided I'm undesirable after signing an extradition treaty with the EU. Fortunately, in Brazil I can hide among friends. The rumour mill suggests the Viennese medical board is going to take my licence away. Hah! How can you miss something you never had in the first place?

Anway, while I'm lying low out here, I've got time to see just one more client before disappearing completely. And it's one of my favourites. One former member of our happy band once suggested Felipe Massa would have a problem driving in a straight line. Fortunately, F1 isn't the same as drag racing, so that's not a big problem.

Q: Felipe, away from the track, what do you enjoy most?

A: I think I am a normal guy! When I am not driving or focused on Formula One, which does not happen very often, I like to listen to music or go to the movies. Robert de Niro is my favourite actor. The guy is just amazing and I am a fan of all his movies, especially the ones about the Mafia. *Goodfellas*, *Once Upon A Time In America*, *Casino*, they're all fantastic.

Ah, Robert De Niro, an excellent choice. My personal favourite performance, particularly given my recent circumstances, is *Heat*. "Never have anything you can't leave behind in 30 seconds" is a classic line, absolutely, though I'm sure De Niro, had the opportunity presented itself, would have added "unless you have a Ferrari contract for 2007 to drive the fastest, most reliable car in F1 without a seven-times world champion expecting you to move over every time you're beating him." That would probably have been the exception. Obviously, it might not have had the same dramatic effect.

Q: How about games? You can tell a lot about a person from the games they play. Do you like to play Felipe?

A: Um... I like to play the PlayStation and, like most of the drivers, I am playing on a F1 simulator. It is true to say that sometimes it has helped, but not really to learn a track or how to take a curve, instead to learn the sequence of some corners for instance, or some lines.

Ah yes, the PlayStation, the modern world's answer to boredom. In my day we didn't have the PlayStation, the Xbox or the Wii (whatever the hell that is), we used to stare vacantly into space until it was time for bed. And it never



DR BULL'S CURRICULUM VITAE:

Born: Vienna, 1928

Educated: Zurich, Berkeley, Mogadishu and Brazzaville

Honours: Professor Emeritus Tahiti University, Visiting Professor Beverly Hills. Inventor of Deep Massage Analysis

did us any harm, did it? Actually, I did stumble on a copy of F1 2006 and quite frankly I'm struggling to see how they're going to improve it for 2007. I know that there is a time and a place to be worried about damper settings, I just don't think sitting in front of a TV with a cup of tea and a plate of chocolate digestive biscuits is necessarily it – if it gets any more realistic I'm expecting Charlie Whiting to demand I build run-off areas in my garden.

Q: OK, so we've got gangster movies and PlayStation. This isn't exactly the healthy outdoors lifestyle I'd expect from a growing boy. Do you ever tear yourself away from the TV Felipe?

A: Well, one of my craziest hobbies is going shopping. I like to buy clothes and I love watches.

Well now there's a shock. Young F1 driver interested in fashion. Who would have thought it? Flame-proof underpants are undoubtedly a valuable commodity, but spending your working life encased in Nomex is probably a bit frustrating for the modern clothes horse. So it's understandable these boys tend to go

a little nuts when it comes to designer labels. The watches are much more interesting because they have a mesmeric effect on human psyche. In a culture where everyone dresses the same, having a big, expensive watch is one of the few outlets for primeval bragging rights. Engineers appreciate watches for the precision and detail that goes into the construction of a fine timepiece; team principals use them as a projection of power; drivers generally just like shiny things – most of them think Vacheron Constantin and Patek Philippe play for AC Milan.

Q: So far we've got TV and shopping, surely there's more? Don't be shy, I'm your doctor, you can tell me. Sports perhaps?

A: Oh, sure. Football, obviously, and I love water sports, too.

Well water sports would be handy considering Ferrari really dropped you in at the deep end to see if you would sink or swim this season – and it's good to see you've taken to it like a duck to water – or orange sauce. Forgive me for not falling off my chair in surprise. In my profession we're training to avoid stereotyping but, really, a Brazilian who likes football. What a shock! It reminds me of a joke I heard before fleeing, sorry, leaving home. Brazil were playing Austria in a friendly and they were having a bit of trouble getting motivated against such lowly opposition. Ronaldinho says to his team-mates "I reckon I can beat this lot by myself, you lads go to the pub." After a few beers, they check the score. It's Brazil 1 Austria 0 (Ronaldinho 10 minutes). Anyway, a few more beers later and the game is forgotten until Kaka says: "It must be full time now, let's see how he got on." They turn on the TV and it says 'Brazil 1 (Ronaldinho 10 minutes) Austria 1 (Linz 89 minutes)'. They rush back to the stadium to congratulate him. They find him in the dressing room, with his head in his hands. He refuses to look at them. "I've let you down, I've let you down."

"Don't be silly," they said, "you got a draw against Austria all by yourself." "No, no, I have. I've let you down... I got sent off after 12 minutes." What, have you never heard of the healing power of laughter? ☒

10 THINGS THAT MAKE LEWIS HAMILTON... TOP OF THE CLASS

Ever since he came to **Ron Dennis's** 90-kart racer, the new GP2 champion has been steadily building a formidable reputation as the hottest prospect in Formula One. What started as a whisper is growing into a deafening call for the young man from Stevenage to get a seat in a McLaren next year. We examine what makes **Lewis Hamilton** a potential F1 front runner.

PRECOCIOUS TALENT...

... or just precocious? At the tender age of 11, Li'l Lewis, dressed in a pint-sized dinner suit and black tie, bowed up to McLaren chief Ron Dennis at the Autosport Awards gala dinner and asked him for a Formula One drive. Not right then and there – but soon. Lewis was already a super-successful karter but even so it took some guts to present himself to an F1 team principal as a future grand prix ace. But, hey, Lewis obviously knew something the rest of the world didn't – and even better he managed to convince The Ronster he was right. And not many people can pull that off.

HE'S BLOODY QUICK

Earlier this year, when questioned about McLaren's plans for Lewis, Ron Dennis said his protégé would have to dominate GP2 if he was going to step up to the big league in '07. Maybe Ron thought that would get him nicely off the hook when it came to making a tricky driver decision at the end of this season – or maybe he figured it would be just the carrot Lewis needed to prove his worth. Whatever the rationale, Lewis delivered. He beat all-comers this year – not only taking the GP2 title, but also managing to be the only driver in the championship top 10 who hadn't previously raced in the series. And hasn't he clocked faster times than McLaren supersub Pedro de la Rosa in late-season F1 testing? He's already looking like poor Pedro's worst nightmare.

MEDIA DARLING

To say that the British press wants Lewis to make it big in F1 is like suggesting that they occasionally get creative with their expense accounts. To a man they are *desperate* for Lewis to break through and give them the leverage to demand the sort of column inches they haven't enjoyed since the heady days of Nigel and Damon. The script is already prepared: "Feisty, handsome, articulate young Brit squares up to double world champ in equal cars – and wins!" The last bit might prove tricky, but the hack pack will do all in its power to make it happen.

HE AIN'T HEAVY...

... he's my brother. That'll be Nick, Lewis's younger sibling, who has cerebral palsy. He's Lewis's biggest fan, and the feeling is obviously mutual. F1 doesn't often get to see such heart-warming sights as a superstar-in-waiting speeding his wheelchair-bound bro' around the paddock.

HE COULD, OH DEAR, BE F1'S TIGER WOODS

If Lewis is given the McLaren drive his CV demands, he'll become an overnight sports sensation, the likes of which is rarely seen. Although he's not one to play the race card, it's inescapable that Hamilton should nevertheless emerge as an immensely valuable marketing commodity: the world's first successful black F1 driver. Think McLaren are blind to that fact? Of course not, and neither do we. Just don't labour the point with Lewis. "If I'm going to make it in F1, it'll be because I'm quick enough and that's all," he says.

MUSICAL YOUTH

McLaren can be an occasionally austere place, so maybe a little rock 'n' roll courtesy of Lewis would be a good thing. The lad plays guitar, you see (rock and reggae), and rumour has it he's looking forward to his first Saturday afternoon "Meet the team" press conference, so he'll have the chance to take the mike and warble sweet music to the gathered media throng. Hope it's more successful than the impromptu gig staged a couple of years ago by Lewis and his dad, Anthony, which managed to clear a DTM hospitality tent.

SMOOTH TALKER

Fast drivers ain't always fast talkers (see: Kimi Raikkonen and Mika Hakkinen), but Lewis's fluency on track is easily matched by his fluency off it. After claiming the GP2 title at Monza this year, he held court, alone, in front of a horde of hungry reporters for more than half an hour, impressing all with the quality and quantity of his responses. The mute mutterings of McLaren-contracted Finns may soon be a thing of the past.

HAMILTON

STRENGTHS:
QUICK
INTELLIGENT
CHARMING
HANDSOME
YOUTHFUL
MEDIA FRIENDLY
DEDICATED
PROFESSIONAL
DARING
COOL UNDER PRESSURE
UNSTOPPABLE

ARTS:
PLAYS GUITAR
SINGS (SORT OF)
GENERALLY EXCELLED AT ART

INTERESTS:
DRIVING (VERY FAST)
BIG WATCHES
PUBLIC SPEAKING

HE'S A COOL CUCUMBER

Lewis made a rare error in practice at this year's Hungarian GP2 meet. His first shunt of the season meant he qualified last on a weekend when Nelson Piquet was preparing to clean up and exert maximum pressure in the title chase. But did Lewis lose his cool? Nope, he finished 10th in the feature race and went on to place second in the sprint shoot-out, thus salvaging his title campaign from the practice wreckage. Strong in the head? His ART team boss Frédéric Vasseur noted, with Eric Cantona-like opacity: "I'm not an F1 team boss, so I don't know what they want – but if Lewis hasn't got it, I don't know who has."

BRAINS

Lewis has worn lightly the tag of 'F1's coming man' for, oh, at least three or four seasons now, but he (and his savvy dad) are still smart enough to have sussed that a botched GP debut will do the lad more harm than good. So despite being offered the chance to step on to the stage at Interlagos this weekend, according to reports elsewhere, he was too cute to leap straight for it. With only a couple of thousand kilometres of testing under his belt, Lewis still has lots to learn about the subtleties of an MP4-21 and, besides, the media's radar will be aimed directly at a departing Schumi. So why risk: (a) screwing up or – worse – (b) being ignored. "When Lewis makes his first F1 start, we want everyone to know about it," observes the ever-canny Hamilton Senior.

DON'T STOP HIM NOW

Who can forget the Sunday morning GP2 sprint race at Silverstone this year when Lewis, title rival Nelson Piquet Jnr and Clivio Piccione went three-abreast through the Becketts-Maggotts complex? Most expected carnage, but Lewis, who was at the back of the queue going in, was at the front coming out, having carved the move of the year from out of thin air. His pass brought the entire Silverstone crowd (not to mention the press room) to their feet, and won a place in the hearts of the UK faithful previously occupied only by Nigel Mansell after his mugging of another Piquet – Nelson Snr – at the 1987 British GP. McLaren were pretty impressed, too.

'I SAW HIM ON THE OUTSIDE, AND I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT!'

AUTODROMO HERMANOS RODRIGUEZ, JUNE 24, 1990. LAP 68

The 1990 Mexico Grand Prix was one to remember. Ayrton Senna was in the lead until six laps from the end when his tyre exploded and Ferrari's Alain Prost took the laurels. But the most memorable part of the race was yet to come. The players were Gerhard Berger and Nigel Mansell.

Gerhard Berger (McLaren-Honda driver): "During my career I must have banged wheels with Nigel Mansell more than any other driver. When we were fighting, we were always on the limit. I remember two very occasions particularly vividly: one time at Imola, I think it was 1990, we were battling hard and came through Tamborello flat out at 300kph or more when we touched. Mansell went off, and I was afraid to look in my mirrors because there was no run-off area and it happened at such speed that I was really frightened he'd hurt himself. He spun through 360°, but he kept it going. I couldn't believe it because two laps later he was under my gearbox again."

So that was one key memory, this is the other one..."

The fight was for second position, and the two drivers had been scuffing rubber for four laps. On lap 66, three laps before the finish, it was all to play for. Berger managed to slice past Mansell on the inside in the Esses, and the Englishman was forced to lift. He hit the throttle hard again and closed right up on the McLaren as the two drivers charged down to the final corner – the banked and ferociously fast 180° Peraltada.



1

1 AS THE CORNER CAME into view, Mansell prepared to pounce. He swerved – left, right, left – and into the clear air.

Maurice Hamilton (F1 journalist): "Mansell was weaving behind Berger, ducking and diving in and out of the McLaren's slipstream. You knew he was going to go for it, but you didn't think in a million years he'd be able to make it stick."

2 HE'D CREPT UP ALONGSIDE the Austrian's McLaren as the pair darted into the right-hander with real aggression.

Gerhard Berger: "I positioned my car in the middle because it's a very fast corner – no run-off area. If you're in the middle hardly anything can happen. So I didn't even look in my mirrors because I was already concentrating on the long straight after the corner and how I was going to defend myself there."

2



3 PULLING FOUR G'S, Mansell thundered past Berger before the exit of the corner opened up.

Maurice Hamilton: "This was classic Mansell. The chance was there and he took it. Gerhard could not believe it happened then, and still can't believe it now."

Gerhard Berger: "I still congratulate him for it because it was a good one."

ILLUSTRATION: HERI IRAWAN



3 THE OUTSIDE OF THE corner was covered in marbles, but Mansell wrestled the steering wheel and kept his foot planted. The corner just kept on turning and turning as he drew alongside his competitor.

Gerhard Berger: "Suddenly, I saw him next to me, on the outside on the dirty part of the track at 270-280kph. I just couldn't believe it! I thought to myself: 'OK, two choices now – put him into the wall and maybe kill him or just stay where I am because he's done so well he deserves to be ahead of me.'"

Nigel Mansell (Ferrari driver): "We were side-by-side, and I'd already made my mind up I was going to go in flat and that's exactly what I did. Fortunately, Gerhard lifted."

3



4



STEPS TO SUCCESS

Schumi and Alonso may get an early night tonight, but the Unas have been preparing for their big final by learning the steps to some hot Brazilian dances because the 2006 Formula Una is going to be announced at the end-of-season Red Bull party tomorrow night. →





...AND RELAX

→ And after a hard day's dancing, the girls had to take the weight off their feet and enjoy plenty of pampering and beauty treatments to get ready for tomorrow's final. Because, as Michael might say, they're worth it.



FAILURE TO LAUNCH

Teams used to wait until they'd finished one season before banging on about how good the next one would be – but not any more. Yes, new car launches are on the horizon, so we've produced a guide for anyone doing it for the first time.

- 1 Bear in mind, this is a racing car, not Paris Fashion Week.
- 2 If you absolutely have to hold the launch at a remote race circuit in a country where 99 per cent of those attending don't live, be prepared to stump up for flights.
- 3 Don't parade engineers at the launch unless they're allowed to say something meaningful without looking anxiously at the press officer every third word.
- 4 ...and that's meaningful as in 'valuable to a reporter' rather than 'incomprehensible to anyone without tenure'.
- 5 Don't feel you have to mention every sponsor in every sentence. And don't use the entire team name more than twice. The only people who are going to remember Happy Fags F1 Team Gubbins Fandango Racing probably got it the first time.
- 6 Practise 'expectation management'. Getting grumpy with journalists when they say you're under-performing is more effective if the drivers haven't spent the whole of January saying 'this is going to be our year' to anyone prepared to listen.
- 7 Providing pictures? Show the car against a plain background and magazine designers will love you forever. Put it on a backdrop of cliffs, factory equipment and/or trees and they'll hunt you down like dogs.
- 8 If you're a car manufacturer and the big boss has to turn up at the launch, don't let him make a speech about how the F1 effort reflects the company's values and presents unique opportunities for brand synergies. He'll sound like a moron: we know it, you know it and halfway through the speech it'll probably dawn on him as well.
- 9 Co-ordinate your superlatives with the other 10 teams – it just looks plain silly if 30-plus drivers all say the new car is 'the best'.
- 10 Come to think of it, don't use superlatives at all.
- 11 If you've copied all the best bits from other cars, have the good grace not to use words like 'unique'.
- 12 There is a glossiness threshold beyond which a media pack becomes impossible to hold and slides out of the hand. Stay behind this line.
- 13 ...and if you should feel a strange compulsion to spend more on the presentation of your media pack than on R&D for the season, don't be surprised if said media pack appears on eBay 35 minutes after the launch.
- 14 Don't serve lunch before presenting the car in a dark, warm, comfortable auditorium unless you want half the audience snoring and farting.
- 15 If you're going to serve food, just make sure it's identifiable and edible.
- 16 Don't bother with the sheet and the unveiling drama unless you've got something that looks like the Batmobile under there. It's awkward and embarrassing to feign enthusiasm at the unveiling of last year's chassis.
- 17 And as many of these people haven't been to a nightclub since 1977, you can probably get away without the flashing lights and the spleen-rupturing bass.
- 18 If you have test drivers circulating who don't usually do media, name tags can avoid misunderstandings.
- 19 Everyone already has a travel alarm and a laptop bag – that's how they arrived on time holding a computer.
- 20 If fact, it would be best all round if you did the launch at the factory, kept it down to 20 minutes, gave everyone an individual quote, a bottle of decent wine and then pointed them in the direction of the nearest pub.

A Formula One

STRANGE AND DIVERSE PREDICTIONS OF EVENTS REMARKABLE AND SHOCKING IN THE COMING SEASON BROUGHT

Almanac for 2007

TO YOU BY OUR FORECASTER, A MASTER OF MAGICK, MYSTERY AND MISINFORMATION

January

Red Bull Racing management rather worried as Adrian Newey says his 2007 challenger can finally be revealed and invites the team down to the beach to watch the first trials. "Bloody Hell, it handles like a boat," complains Webber. "That's because it is a boat," says a proud Newey, before being taken away in an ambulance.

Honda look good in testing, Jenson Button announces: "This is going to be my year."

Bernie threatens Imola/Silverstone/Spa* says their races are not guaranteed.

February

At a pre-season launch, through a rictus smile, the Vodafone boss says he is delighted with their title sponsorship of McLaren, even though Alonso will forever be associated with a rival Spanish phone company and the fact the team has insisted the Vodafone branding on the car must appear in shiny happy grey.

Bernie threatens Australian Grand Prix.

Bridgestone complete work on '07 tyres at secret test facility, using secret mule car. Ten teams suspect test facility is called Fiorano, mule car is bright red.



March

It's Red Bull launch time in Melbourne. After last year's extravaganza in Bahrain, they promise something low key. They fly in the Sydney Harbour Bridge with helicopters and place it over the Albert Park Lake and host a huge party inside a full size replica of the Sydney Opera House made of ice.

New control tyres knock three seconds off a lap of Jerez, Max Mosley seen banging his head against a brick wall in Monaco.

Australian Government make special exemption for F1, allowing the advertising of cigarettes, amphetamines and Japanese whaling ships.

Ferrari fail to issue Kimi with a minder. Puzzled when star driver fails to show up on Sunday morning in Melbourne.

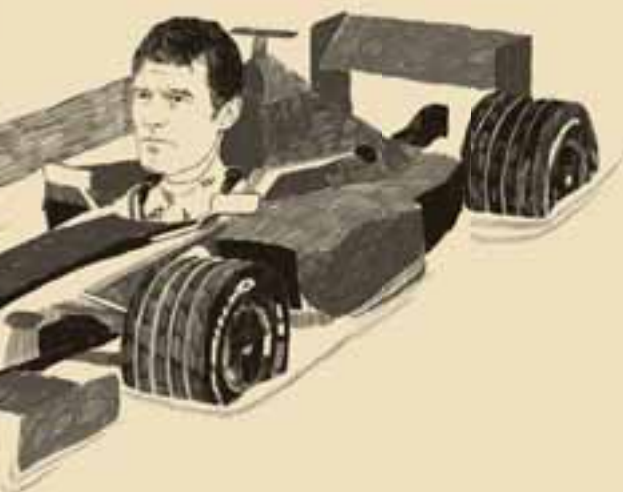
April

Imola/Silverstone/Spa* renovate old pit buildings/knock down dangerous grandstand / re-lay crumbling tarmac/ install white marble paddock club.

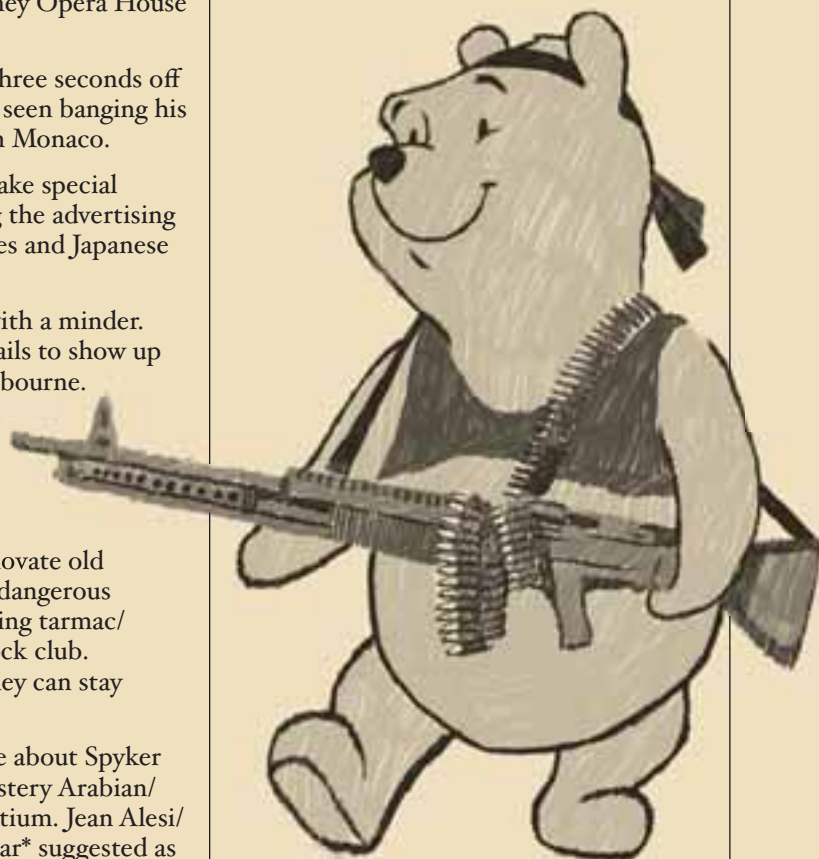
* Bernie grudgingly says they can stay for another year.

Rumours begin to circulate about Spyker wishing to sell out to a mystery Arabian/Russian/American* consortium. Jean Alesi/Eddie Irvine/Buzz Lightyear* suggested as new team principal.

FEBRUARY: HONDA GOOD IN TESTING, BUTTON ANNOUNCES: "THIS IS GOING TO BE MY YEAR."



MAY: RED BULL'S MOVIE TIE-UP IS WITH WINNIE THE POOH: THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL



May

Red Bull announces that after tie-ups with Star Wars and Superman, this year's Monaco extravaganza has gone up market and intellectual, linking in with a new film based on a great work of English literature: Winnie The Pooh: This Time It's Personal. Mechanics all dress up as Tigger for the pit stops.

Toyota announce 2007 as a transitional season, say 2008 car will be a title contender for sure...

FIA demands teams build 2009 cars that are carbon neutral, ecologically balanced and 100 per cent allergen-free. After negotiations take place in the Amber Lounge, FIA modifies its proposal slightly. New rules require teams to serve dolphin-friendly tuna only and tidy up after themselves in the paddock.

* delete as applicable



June

President Bush declares a state of emergency in Indianapolis and sends a SWAT team to the Renault garage in the Indianapolis pit lane, claiming Briatore is hiding Dampers of Mass Destruction. None are found, but Bush orders the garage to be trashed anyway.

Jenson Button admits: "OK, this isn't going to be my year."

July

Raikkonen is given his own chat show on Finnish TV now that he has won the first seven races of the year for Ferrari. He turns down the chance to interview Marcel Marceau saying the French mime artist is "too chatty".

Jenson Button insists: "This could be my race."

Due to a horrible misunderstand and a bad phone line from Hungary, the FIA reach an agreement with the Grand Prix Modellers Association. Max Mosley given a 1/18th scale Ferrari Scalextric at the signing ceremony.

JUNE: JENSON BUTTON ADMITS: "OK, THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE MY YEAR."

ILLUSTRATIONS: JAMES TAYLOR

August

Nope, still cannot tell the difference between Coulthard and Webber.

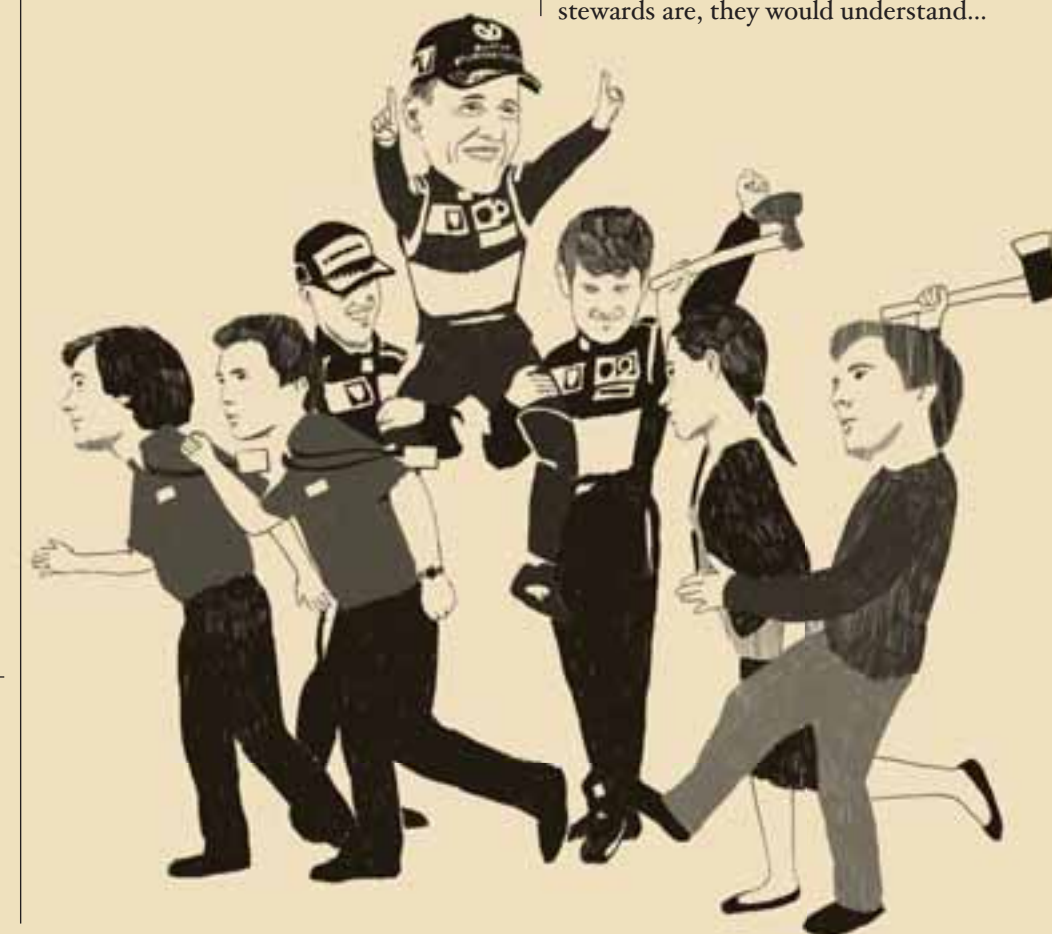
North Korea and Iran announced as hosting a GP in 2008. F1 working group plans to run nuclear-powered cars in 2009 with the idea of making motor racing as dangerous for the spectator as for the drivers.

Turkish Grand Prix podium prize-giving ceremony is attended by Hannibal Lecter, Darth Vader and Michael Schumacher.

September

After months of speculation, Spa unveils the fruits of its massive upgrade programme - you can now buy chips with ketchup as well as mayonnaise. Decried in local papers as heresy, campaign begins to preserve original character of old circuit.

F1 arrives in Monza. Fernando Alonso immediately fined \$50,000 and demoted 29 places on the grid for speeding in the circuit car park. Must start race from Imola.

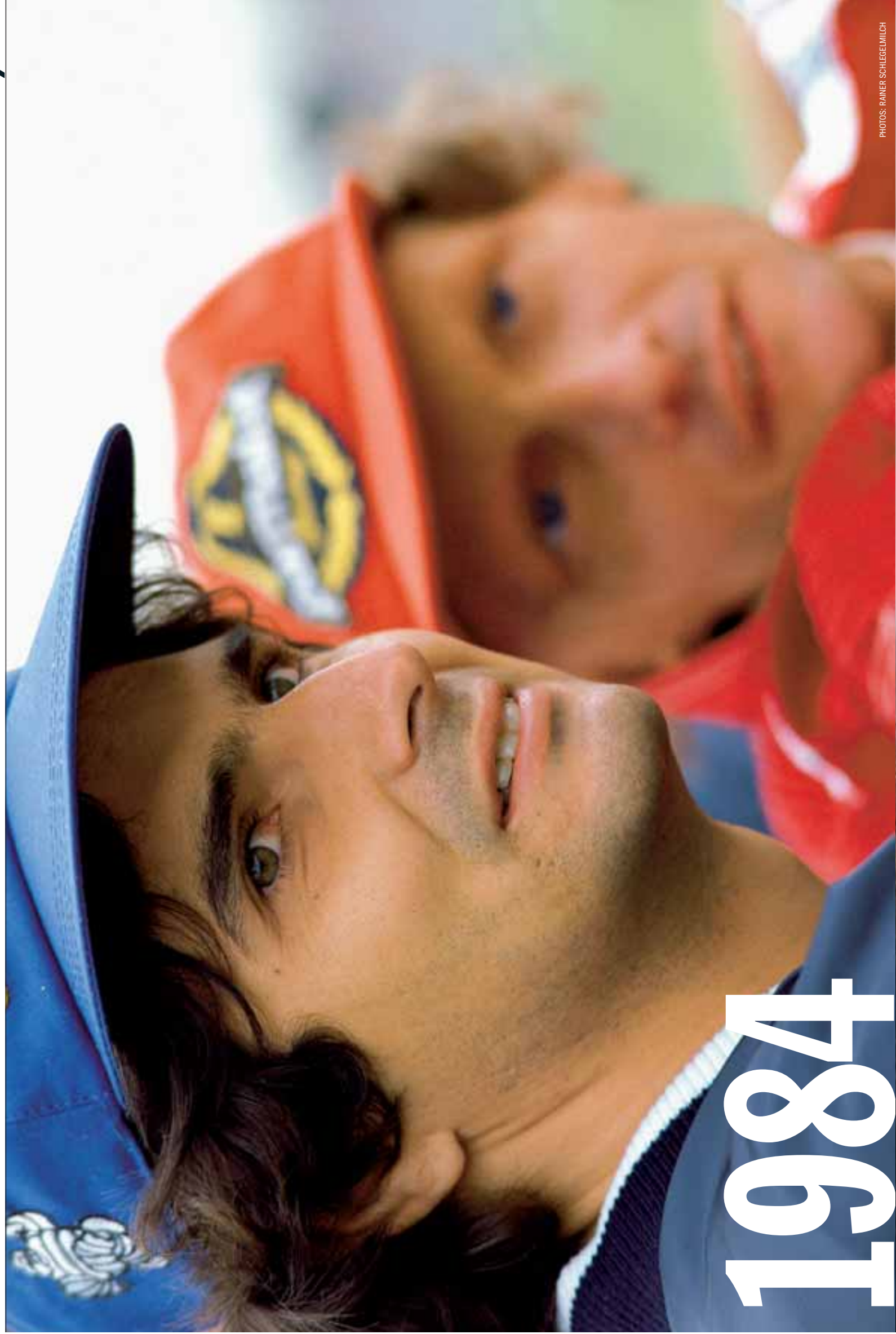


October

After another season on a long journey to the middle, Toyota surprise nobody by taking the front row at Fuji. They hold the lead for seven laps before pitting for fuel and then disappearing.

Honda bring their end of season special to Fuji announcing it as F1's first 24,000rpm 1200hp engine. The car, strangely, doesn't seem to go any faster.

Michael Schumacher wins World Championship for Ferrari. Several teams complain that, having retired 12 months earlier and not driven in any races, Michael is ineligible for the title. FIA says it understands their concerns, however if the teams were party to the same data that the stewards are, they would understand...



1984

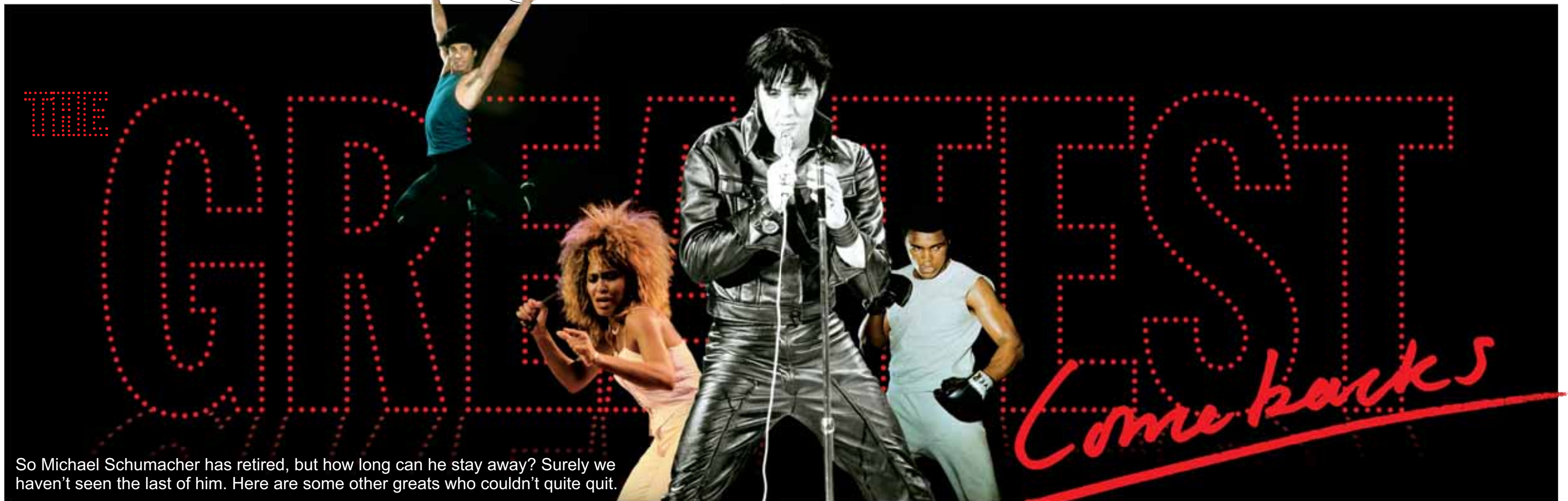
PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEIBMILCH



2006

PIQUET AND LAUDA, 1984-2006

First team-mates and later fierce competitors, Nelson Piquet and Niki Lauda are on the front page of motorsport's who's who. Niki would take Nelson's crown in 1984, but Nelson's turn would come around again. The first picture shows two double world champions. The second shows two triples. It just goes to show, the more things change, the more they stay the same.



So Michael Schumacher has retired, but how long can he stay away? Surely we haven't seen the last of him. Here are some other greats who couldn't quite quit.

MUHAMMAD ALI, TRULY THE GREATEST

Not unlike a certain racing driver, Ali broke all the rules. Here was a fighter who was anti-war, a boxer who was bright, a champion without a crown. When ex-jailbird Mike Tyson embraced Islam, it was controversial, when world champion Cassius Clay joined the Nation of Islam, it was revolutionary. Reborn, Ali shocked white America with his political views, tossing his Olympic gold medal into the Mississippi in protest at racist America. It came to a reckoning in 1967 when he was drafted to fight in Vietnam and refused to go. He told reporters: "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Cong." He was jailed and stripped of his crown. In the end, his conviction was proved illegal and he was released. Ali regained his title by beating man-mountain George Foreman in 1974 in the Rumble in the Jungle, before losing and regaining it again and bowing out a champion.

NIKI LAUDA, BACK FROM THE BRINK

Niki made several amazing returns to F1. At the Nürburgring in 1976, reigning world champion Lauda was in a terrible crash and so badly burned he was given the last rites. Just six weeks later, in an astonishing feat of courage, he was back racing. At the end of the season, he refused to drive in the rain at Suzuka and conceded his title to James Hunt. Some Ferrari fans branded him a coward, so the next year, after he had won the title at a canter, he left Ferrari in the lurch for their final two races. He retired the next year but wasn't finished. McLaren boss Ron Dennis

persuaded the Austrian to drive for him and Lauda clinched his third title in 1984.

LANCE ARMSTRONG, THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Armstrong was that he achieved his record seven consecutive Tour de France wins after recovering from cancer. In 1996, just days after his 25th birthday, Armstrong was told he had testicular cancer and that it had spread to his brain and lungs. His doctors told him he had a 40 per cent chance of survival, but secretly they were even more pessimistic. He underwent a course of aggressive chemotherapy which destroyed his musculature, damaged his kidneys and burned his skin from the inside out, but Armstrong fought his way back to health. He then brought the same determination to his cycling, dominating the Tour de France from 1999-2005.

ELVIS PRESLEY, THE RETURN OF THE KING

In the '50s, Elvis ruled. The King of Rock 'n' Roll set the world alight with his blend of raw energy, rocking songs and drop-dead good looks, but by the late '60s Elvis was virtually irrelevant. In one way or another, The Beatles, Bob Dylan and new acts like The Doors and Jimi Hendrix had stolen his crown and Presley had damaged his image by starring in a host of shoddy movies. But Elvis stormed back with his TV Comeback Special, which aired across America in 1968. The show gave him a platform to prove he could still rock, he could sing heart-breaking ballads and he could even make people laugh. Sadly he was too conservative by nature to side with what he

saw as the anti-American, anti-Vietnam movement and quickly faded. Instead he found a permanent audience in Las Vegas, where he fell into drink, drugs and binge eating.

TINA TURNER, CAREER TURNAROUND

When soul star Ike Turner met Anna Mae Bullock from Tennessee, he knew he had found a girl with the voice, looks and raw sexual energy to turn his band into a hit-making machine. The Turners hit the road and became stars with hits like A Fool in Love, Proud Mary and Nutbush City Limits. But behind the scenes, a drug-and-drink fuelled Ike was growing increasingly jealous that Tina was putting him the shade. His paranoia wasn't helped when producer Phil Spector kept him out of the recording sessions for River Deep, Mountain High. According to Tina, Ike became violent and abusive and eventually she walked out. So Tina began touring again and, although largely seen as a has-been in the States, she was still big in Europe where she had a hit with Let's Stay Together. By now a grandmother, Tina followed up with the Private Dancer album which went multi-platinum and established her as one of the biggest stars of the '80s and put her truly in charge of her career.

FRANK SINATRA, AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Sinatra was a hit with the ladies singing with bandleaders Tommy Dorsey and Harry James in the early '40s but after World War II, his appeal had begun to wane. He turned to film and campaigned vigorously for a supporting role as Private Angelo Maggio in From Here to Eternity. What Sinatra had to do

to get the part has never been substantiated but Mario Puzo used the rumours as inspiration for the horse's head scene in The Godfather. But his eye-catching performance established him as a film star and Sinatra capitalised on it with some first-rate work in Guys and Dolls, The Tender Trap and The Man with the Golden Arm, which earned him an Oscar nomination. His masterstroke, though, came in the recording studio. Sinatra established his persona for all time with a series of languid, late-night albums. Some smart investments put him in control of his career and he became a star turn in mob-run Las Vegas while off-stage his antics with the famed Rat Pack and his friendship with the Kennedys gave him a mystique which stayed with him until his death in 1998.

JOHNNY CASH, THE MAN IN BLACK CAME BACK

Legendary country singer Johnny Cash was a true comeback king, recovering from drug addiction and illness to battle back to the top twice. Like Elvis, Cash was a star in the early '50s with hits like Hey, Porter, I Walk the Line and Ring of Fire, but backstage he was a wreck, nursing an addiction to amphetamines. Eventually, Cash was arrested for smuggling drugs and his career was left in tatters, but his future wife, June Carter, helped him beat his habit. In 1968, Cash made his great comeback, not with a TV special but in jail, performing to the inmates of Folsom Prison. The resulting album put Cash back at the top but after a decade, country music fell out of fashion and by the late '80s, Cash was dropped by his label. His second comeback came in 1997. When news broke that he had developed a degenerative nerve disorder, it

stimulated interest in his work and he created a series of acoustic albums with producer Rick Rubin. Each of the resulting American albums outsold the last and spawned the hit Hurt, released shortly before he died in 2003.

JOHN TRAVOLTA, ROYALE WITH CHEESE

Saturday Night Fever sent this little-known sitcom star into orbit, finding him fans among teenyboppers, night clubbers and even punks who would not be seen dead in a disco. Grease cemented his place at the top, only to slip from the op thanks to years of duff movie choices. Shockers like Perfect, Staying Alive and Look Who's Talking had virtually killed his career until in 1994 Quentin Tarantino came calling with the role of Vincent Vega in Pulp Fiction. Going against type did the trick for Travolta, establishing him as a cult star among a new generation of fans. John Woo's Broken Arrow and Face/Off gave him a further lift until the Travolta nose for scripts reared its ugly head with stinkers like Battlefield Earth, Be Cool and Swordfish. But if his role as JR Ewing doesn't get him back on track, there's Look Who's Still Talking 3 to fall back on.

PRINCE, HARNESSING PURPLE POWER

Multi-talented mini sex god Prince Rogers Nelson broke through in 1980 with the raunchy album Dirty Mind, although his stage act, in which he cavorted in nothing but a trench coat, high heels and his underpants, went down badly with Rolling Stones fans, for whom he was a support act, and they drove him offstage in a shower of garbage. Undeterred, Prince persevered with a series

of brilliant, groundbreaking albums, including Purple Rain, Parade and Sign O' the Times. In the mid-'90s, Prince was working harder than ever, producing volumes of new material but his record label, Warner Bros, refused to release it for fear of swamping the market. Prince rebelled in spectacular fashion, changing his name to a G-clef on acid, wearing a mask with 'Slave' written on it and refusing to perform or even speak in public. Occasionally resurfacing with albums on the web, Prince eventually signed to Sony Music and came back with Musicology and this year's 3121. Spookily, after almost a decade away, Prince looks like he hadn't aged a day.

MIKA HAKKINEN, THE FINN FLIES AGAIN

In Adelaide, 1995, the talented young driver from Helsinki lay dying by the roadside. During practice for the GP, a puncture had sent his McLaren-Mercedes hurtling into a concrete barrier and only an emergency tracheotomy saved his life. In the months after the Australian GP, Hakkinen made a remarkable recovery, beating not only his physical injuries but also deep mental scars. Team boss Ron Dennis rewarded his perseverance by keeping his race seat open and Hakkinen was to repay his faith in spectacular fashion just a few races later, winning his first race at Jerez in 1997 before roaring to two consecutive driver's titles in 1998 and 1999. Hakkinen ran Michael Schumacher close for the next two title races but in the end, the strain told and in September in 2001, he announced he would be taking a step back from the sport, eventually accepting a drive in DTM. 🏁



BACK