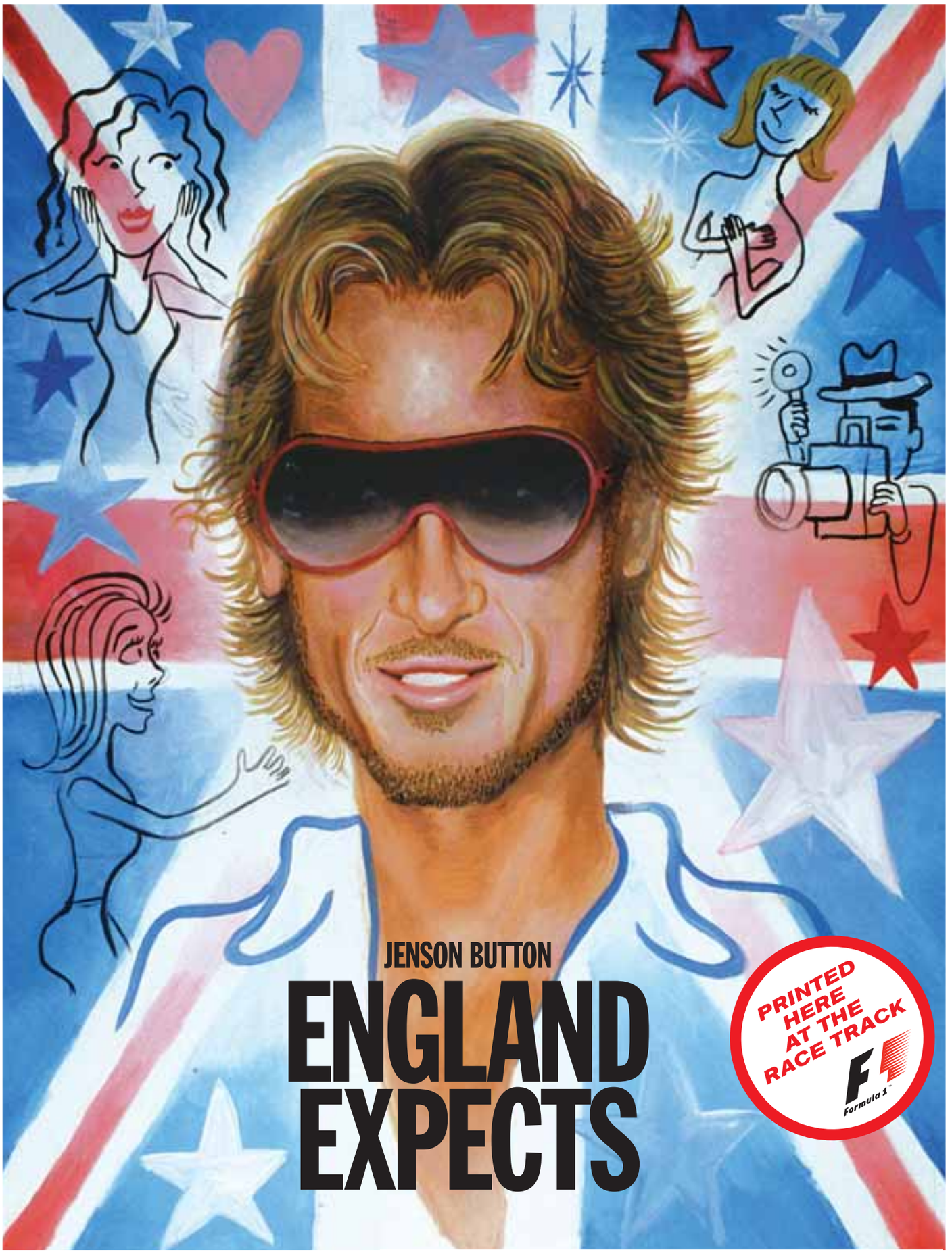
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 20, GP GREAT BRITAIN, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 2005

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



JENSON BUTTON

ENGLAND EXPECTS

PRINTED HERE AT THE RACE TRACK

Formula 1

BAR



LOOK OUT Rupert Murdoch, Jo Pinkstone is coming. BAR's queen of hospitality has branched out into publishing and kicked off her empire with a red hot rival to our own Red Bulletin and feisty Katy Adkins down at Jordan has done the same. In the quiet moments over the last couple of races they have dashed off some stories from the inner sanctum that would certainly cause blushes in a few quarters. It is pretty hot stuff, like the girls themselves (they told us to write that or there would be no more cappuccino). Jo's version has that extra womanly something that even our designers didn't think of – pink lipstick kisses. Of course the contents (let alone the owner) has made us slap an x-certificate on it immediately but black market versions are apparently changing hands at £50.

RED BULL

WHEN A SALZBURG-BASED journalist and his wife heard that their new babysitter had "a boyfriend who works for Red Bull," they asked the polite and obvious question; "oh really, what does he do?" expecting the answer to be something mundane. "Oh, he's a Formula One driver," replied Valentina, girlfriend of Fuschl-based American Scott Speed. She let the couple know they could not count on her service the following Friday because she had to watch the US GP practice on TV.



TOYOTA



TOYOTA WILL welcome (genius) football manager Arsene Wenger into their motor home tomorrow – lucky them. Wenger's mighty Arsenal team are said to have had a bad season, and count themselves unfortunate to have won only one trophy in 2005. Toyota are doubtless hoping for some of that bad luck themselves...

PACE SETTER



GRAND PRIX racing's leading nude athlete Bob McKenzie (well, he will be on Sunday) will not have to apologize to the sell-out 100,000 fans tomorrow for jogging around in front of them in the altogether. His stunning TV-star commentator daughter, Lee, will be doing it for him, in writing. Bob may be naked but she will be wearing a t-shirt with the words 'Sorry Silverstone' on the back and 'The Oh-my-God-father' on the front. Bob, you may remember, is living up to his promise to run in the buff if McLaren won a race last year. The 8am start time it has been moved forward to 11am and there is talk of the driver's parade truck scooping one rather cold and tired hack on its way round. A unique opportunity for Bob to get some 1-2-1 interviews but where will he hide his pen? Twenty drivers in overalls and one nude journalist? Silverstone will be sorry!

LUCKY STRIKE have put together a handy 63-page booklet of information on what the F1 fraternity can expect for Turkey's August debut on the grand prix calendar. It could be condensed into just one word – 'trouble', at least according to the guide. Istanbul sounds like it is going to be a right laugh – if you are used to taking your life in your hands. "Take out maximum insurance" it advises because driving standards in Istanbul are "woeful" and all drivers' work on the "might is right" Michael Schumacher principle. Heavy traffic is the norm and air con a must, while taxi drivers are friendly, cheap but their road manners terrifying (and "keep an eye on the meter"). They drive like they are in a grand prix rather than on their way to one. In short, if you can hitch a lift with a racing driver then do so because that is your best chance of living. Personally, we reckon they're going a bit overboard and it won't be worse than any other European city. Cowards!



BAR

JORDAN

COLIN KOLLES HAS a reputation as the hard-hitting, no-nonsense boss of Jordan Grand Prix. "I think about things and then say it how it is," he told us recently with a steely stare. "I like straight talking." Well, we can reveal that is a touchy feely side to the man with the shaved head who wouldn't look out of place in the movie Goodfellas. The other ladies at Jordan have to make way as he secretly invited his dear old mum to the Monaco Grand Prix and by all accounts she had a ball. "She is a lovely, lovely lady," said our insider at the team.
Meanwhile, as a mark of respect to those killed in London on Thursday, both Jordan-Toyota cars yesterday ran with black nose cones.



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PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES, CRISPIN THRUSTON

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The bulls in the china shop

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FOUR COMMENTARIES

IN A SPIN OVER CYCLONE CARLOS

BY JEAN MICHEL DESNOUES

1 GHOSN, GHOSN, GONE

This weekend, Renault will be able to really enjoy its second home grand prix on the trot, in England which is home to the team's chassis side. Here at least it won't have to worry about a chilly wind rushing through their garage courtesy of Cyclone Carlos. That's President Carlos to you and me and he whistled through Magny-Cours spreading sunshine and blue skies rather than the much anticipated storm.

What a relief! The arrival of Renault's new CEO, Carlos Ghosn had been expected in France with all the enthusiasm one reserves for the bubonic plague. Ghosn's personal motto seems to come from the film trailer: "Be afraid, be very afraid." He took command of the French firm back in May, bringing with him a reputation for commercial success and a ruthless killer streak outside France. But he had not yet turned his attention to F1 until he showed up for the French GP.

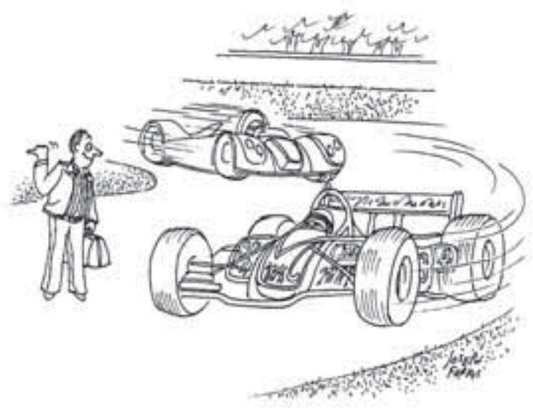
Suffice to say, everyone in the team was bricking it on race morning and even Renault F1 boss Patrick Faure was finding it hard to conceal his anxiety. Not only that, million words a minute man, Flavio Briatore had put a sock in it, thinking his personal charm would not wash with this hard-nosed businessman. On the face of it, the two men had nothing to worry about, given Renault's performance on the race track this year, but would the new guv'nor think it was all worthwhile? Ghosn loves hard facts and figures and at least there were 6,500 Renault employees on hand in the grandstands, sales of blue flags hit the 11,000 mark and caps were doffed at the rate of 7000 per lap.

So when the big fella turned up on Sunday morning, everyone was standing to attention and even communication boss Jean-Francois Caubet's usually expressive moustache managed to remain twitch-free. We could not resist turning up to the press conference to see the man who had knocked Nissan into shape without causing its executives to commit mass hara-kiri; surely a task requiring Machiavellian skill levels. But as it turned out, he was a straight talker with no hint of the executioner about him. The only point he insisted on was that Renault had to better exploit its F1 involvement in marketing terms.

Then came the perfect end to the day, with Alonso recording the first 100 per cent Renault win on home soil since 1983. The world went mad and turned blue and yellow and Carlos Ghosn was feted as a hero. Flavio shook off his timid demeanour to whisper a few sweet nothings into his new boss' ear and yet again the Latin lothario could add another seduction to his list.

With this huge boost powering them across the Channel, the lads from Enstone and Viry will now be trying to beat McLaren on home turf and to prove that the 'Entente Cordiale' between France and England works better in sport than in politics (just don't mention the Olympics).

F1 FUNNIES



BY SUE DE NIMES

2 CONSPIRACY THEORY

The British are an island race and fiercely proud of their sporting stars. in June the papers are full of Tim Henman, in July the British racing drivers get their moment of glory.

In fact at this time of year there are only two drivers in F1, at least according to the colourful British media: Jenson Button and David Coulthard. One can read stories about their lucky underpants and about the girl(s) in their lives. You can read about how fame and fortune has not changed them and how they had a near-miss the other day in a private jet as, of course, we all do from time to time.

This year the rumour-traffickers had problems because DC has already announced his plans to stay with Red Bull Racing next year. This means that the only possible speculation about the aerodynamic duo is about what Jenson will do in 2006. Everyone knows that Button needs to collect 70 per cent of the points of World Championship leader Fernando Alonso by August 1 in order for BAR to hold on to him. This means that Jenson has the somewhat daunting task of scoring 44 points in three races. Impossible you may think but let us not forget that in F1 nothing is impossible and the Spaniard could easily do something wrong and be docked points by the FIA.

If that does not happen Williams can intercept Jenson and put him alongside Mark Webber next year. Ah, but nothing is ever simple in F1 because although Jenson has a Williams contract in his trousseau there could well be a clause in this which stipulates that the team has a factory engine and as Sir Frank Williams is not saying anything about engines at the moment this could mean that Jenson ends up on the open market.

He could be retained by BAR or might nip over to Ferrari where a seat will be available if Rubens Barrichello takes off to BAR. There are are signs that everyone apart from Rubens's bank manager is getting bored with him driving along behind Michael Schumacher.

ILLUSTRATIONS: FEGGO, KAINRATH

3 LEADING FROM THE BACK



PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 UK OK? NO WAY

Silverstone really is a case of tough love. As an Englishwoman myself, I always hope the old girl won't let us down, if only to save me from a tirade of abuse from all the foreigners in the media centre, who seem to hold me personally responsible for all its faults and foibles.

The list includes, the constantly changing location of the media car park, the fact that English telephone plugs are different to any we come across during the rest of the season, the impossibility of getting a decent meal after nine at night and, on Thursday, the pouring rain and the freezing cold.

I agree with most of these mutterings, but the British three-pin plug is a thing of beauty and joy. When Britain colonised the world, the hefty three-pronger was a useful weapon, ideal for ripping the noses off pesky savages who dared question the delights of Imperialism.

My own personal complaint concerns the lockers in the media centre. For my home grand prix, I am occasionally asked to sing for my supper in front of Paddock Club guests or foreign TV stations, so, as you can imagine, my make-up bag, which is about the size of the Clinique counter at Harrods, is barely contained and for two days running now, I've accidentally caught the wire of my push-up bra in the door catch, not while wearing it, I hasten to add.

One 'do' I wasn't working at on Thursday night was the relaunch party for revered annual, 'Autocourse'. After the food, it was time for us to be entertained by none other than former F1 driver, Perry McCarthy.

He was not terribly well prepared and actually read his stand-up routine from cue cards. Most of the jokes fell flat unfortunately, not surprising if you take this as a sample of gags on offer: "When Narain Karthikeyan had an accident, doctors revealed he was in a Korma!" Boom! Boom! Oh, dear.

It's amazing that Perry never died on the track considering he drove the distinctly dodgy Andrea Moda, but he definitely died on stage this weekend.

The hefty three-pronger was a useful weapon, ideal for ripping the noses off pesky savages

As Mr McCarthy has discovered, it's hard to find employment when one's F1 career has spluttered to a halt. David Coulthard does not have to think about that at the moment, as he has just trousered a new contract and £2 million to continue doing an excellent job for Red Bull Racing in 2006.

But when the day comes, if stories I hear are true, DC should certainly not consider carpentry. David recently had his kitchen refurbished and noticing that one of the cupboard doors was not hanging perfectly, he attacked it with a screwdriver – it must be all those years with the obsessive Ron Dennis that drove him to ignore the old adage "if it ain't broke, don't fix it." Anway, a day later, girlfriend Simone goes to get something from aforementioned cupboard and the door promptly lands on her foot, leaving her broken-toed and in agony. Maybe David should not have spent so much cash on solid gold doors.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

THE NEXT BIG THING

While it hasn't been the season that BAR-Honda hoped for, Jenson Button arrives at Silverstone carrying the hopes of an expectant nation. **Tom Clarkson** gets behind the hype

Silverstone provides all the teams with a logistical problem, but particularly BAR Honda. Their major problem involves getting the drivers from the F1 paddock to the Paddock Club, which is situated near Bridge Corner.

At best it's a four-minute scooter ride, but for Jenson Button it's an endurance test. Oblivious of his tight schedule, a sea of fans swamps his route the moment he leaves the paddock. Like a Lions rugby scrum, the BAR Honda marketing team pushes him forward, but it's a tiring and protracted affair.

This half-mile stretch of road is Silverstone's answer to Henman Hill; perhaps it should be re-named 'Button Avenue'. On this evidence alone, Jenson is Silverstone's biggest calling card. He is the reason why this weekend's British Grand Prix is a sell-out, not Michael Schumacher or David Coulthard.

In the car, Jenson's smoothness and precision belie his staggering pace – much like Alain Prost before him who, coincidentally, gave Jenson his F1 break. Jenson tested for Prost in December '99 and it was only after he had bettered the time of regular driver Jean Alesi by 0.3s that Frank Williams took note.

Jenson's laid-back demeanour out of the car masks the fire within. He is always personable and charming to sponsors, claiming that "it's really great to be here" at functions, in direct contrast to the pugnacious attitude of other high-profile drivers.

With the media, Jenson is sometimes a bit reserved and unwilling to proffer an opinion. This reticence is a deliberate policy. He proved as much during his stint in the commentary box for ITV during his enforced sabbatical earlier this year. At the Monaco Grand Prix his analysis showed that, when unencumbered by the day job, he can be as lucid and forthright as the best.

The self-restraint with journalists stems back to his early years in F1, when he was built up by the media early on, only to be torn to shreds when he failed to deliver in the dastardly Benetton B201. Once bitten, twice shy.

It's fair to say that Jenson didn't do himself too many favours during the bad old days at Benetton. He arrived carrying a lot of goodwill, many thinking him unfortunate to have been farmed out by Williams, where he had made a good impression.

This goodwill gradually eroded as he fully embraced the Champagne lifestyle while driving a car that was clearly going backwards. Benetton were in the formative stages of a massive rebuilding process; they required steady and reliable and didn't really get it. Button's commitment was repeatedly questioned by team and media alike.

However, what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Learning to cope with criticism has made Jenson into a better product for his current employers, an issue which came to the fore during BAR's two-race ban earlier this year. Far from being a prima donna and screeching about the team's incompetence from a far-flung beach, Jenson stayed around and led from the front. He confronted the press head-on: "Of course I'm disappointed, but the team is strong and we will fight through this".

It makes him a valuable asset, so much so that despite some uncharacteristic mistakes on track a couple of times this year, BAR are keen to retain his services. The very strong rumour is that Honda have been forced to supply Williams with engines in '06 as part of an agreement to keep Jenson at BAR.

It's important to remember that Jenson has yet to win a race. Honda, however, remain convinced and have a strong counter argument to the accusation that his stats (10 podiums in 92 races) don't make good reading.

"Only one driver on the grid has looked good since Australia 2000 [Jenson's debut], and that's Schumacher," says Otmar Szafnauer, vice president of Honda Racing Development, "He has won 49 of the 95 races staged since then, which hasn't given anyone else a look in."

The momentum, while slowed, still carries Jenson forward. The entourage that he brings to races has now stabilised, headed by new(ish) manager Richard Goddard, and his on-track performances with BAR have made people forget about the Benetton years.

Jenson flew to LA to film an F1 documentary in the Playboy Mansion. "Good for my profile in the US," he says

In career terms, beating team-mate Jacques Villeneuve in 2003 remains his most significant achievement to date, signifying a changing of the guard. British American Tobacco built BAR around Jacques, but Jenson proved he was the future and took over the reins, and now has the team built around him. He's not exactly treated like Michael Schumacher at Ferrari, but its close.

Since arriving at BAR, Jenson has become increasingly careful with his image. His urbaneness is 'very Lucky Strike' (to use F1 parlance). He copes admirably with fame and even invites it. Between the Canadian and United States Grands Prix last month, while other drivers lived it up in the nightclubs of New York, Jenson flew to LA to film an F1 documentary in the Playboy Mansion.

"Good for my profile in the US," he says.

Jenson enjoys the glamour of his job: unlike some, he likes living in Monaco. He likes hanging out in celebrity circles. Yet despite the rock 'n' roll lifestyle, he remains true to his roots. True to the values that father John (who attends every race) and mother Simone (who now lives with him in Monaco) instilled in him as a boy. Jenson is ready to win a race, and wouldn't the Barmy Army on Button Avenue like it to be tomorrow.



ILLUSTRATION: JOSH GOSFIELD

FRAME AND SHAME...

Catching the paddock's great and good in compromising positions is not easy, except for our photographers, who seem to find it ridiculously simple...



EMPLOYING AUSTRALIAN grid girls was always a problem



TRY AS HE MIGHT Flavio could not persuade Fernando to wear Carmen Miranda's hat for the race



BALLET IS THE NEW rock and roll at Toyota this season



AND THE BOYS THOUGHT they were getting pretty good at it...



UNTIL OLD PRIMA BALLERINA Ron showed them how it should be done with his famous 'Dying Swan' routine



FLAVIO WAS AMAZED to be welcomed into Bernie's bus by a pair of nuns



"LOOK, FELIPE even allowing for the fact that you can't read, you must be able to see that your name is only this long and mine is much longer"

SINCE LEAVING F1 Alain Prost's tango lessons had really taken off...



BUT HIS BUBBLEGUM balloon blowing classes were less successful





"UHH... JENSON ZIPPER? No. Umm.. Jenson Popper. That's wrong. Ah! Button, Jenson Button! Now I remember"

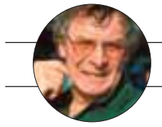


CRAIG GENEROUSLY OFFERED Bernie a book to hide the split in his pants

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON

THE BOFFIN

POWER STRUGGLES



BY GARY ANDERSON

THE PRESSURE'S ON AT WILLIAMS RIGHT NOW. THEY'VE STARTED THE SEASON BADLY TWO YEARS IN A ROW AND ONCE AGAIN THEY'RE PLAYING CATCH UP. BMW HAVE DECIDED THAT THEY CAN'T TOLERATE IT AND HAVE HEADED OFF TO SAUBER.

Their objective there will be to infiltrate the team with their own engineers and their own brand of engineering while keeping the Sauber workforce together because they do a solid job, but to direct the whole show in a manner that they feel is necessary.

I recall my experience with Peugeot and Jordan a few years ago, the French firm thought they were King Kong. By going off to work with Prost, another French concern, and infiltrating that team with their engineers, they would surely take over the world. Didn't they learn a lesson...

We'd had a reasonable year in '97 with two rookies, Ralf Schumacher and Giancarlo Fisichella, both of whom were inexperienced but fast and committed racers. Building on that season and continuing into 1998 would have been ideal for Peugeot and Jordan.





Instead, we had to develop a new relationship with Mugen-Honda while Peugeot had their own horrors with Prost and didn't last too much longer in F1.

For a chassis manufacturer, changing engine make is a nightmare and it takes at least a year to get a good working relationship going. At the end of the '94 season we went from working with Brian Hart, a real racer who produced a nice tidy motor and with whom I could pick the phone up and sort problems really quickly, to Peugeot where every problem meant a five course lunch and a day out of the office at the end of which there were often more questions than answers. Then we had to do it all again with Mugen in 1998. They were a good company but there's an inevitable transition process.

So what now for Williams? Assuming that the marriage with BMW is over and that they need to get a new engine supplier, 2006 looks tricky. Everyone except Cosworth is an engine manufacturer competing in the series in their own right so it will be a problem getting an engine company that's really committed to them.

I believe that the problem they have had in the last couple of years in starting the season so badly is one that needs to be addressed with a full examination of their working procedures and their winter objectives.

To be honest, they probably need to write off 2006, regroup and discover why they haven't been starting the year well. Assuming they won't have BMW then they're already committed to a transition year with an engine company so they might as well use that year to make sure that they come out in 2007 with all guns blazing.

QUOTES OF THE DAY

"I am sure they will do great things in the future, whether it's with me or whatever"

JENSON BUTTON ON BAR

"We invited Max to have a meeting to talk about safety and we don't know why he doesn't want to meet with us"

GIANCARLO FISICHELLA

"As a mark of respect, a minute's silence will be held before the start of the Grand Prix"

FIA STATEMENT

PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES

PHOTO: REX FEATURES, SUTTON IMAGES

DAVID COULTHARD

BUDGIE & HIS INFLATABLE SHEEP

He claims to be an 'ideas man' when it comes to home repairs, likes his bits and pieces to be comfy and is always accompanied by his two spherical friends



Do you act your age or your shoe size? Age 34, Shoe Size European 43, UK 8.5. I generally conduct myself in the mature and responsible manner that one would expect of a professional racing driver with my standing in the sport. Having said that, on a night out, I generally start out acting about 43 and end up at eight-and-a-half

Nickname? When I was a wee boy I used to get called Budgie because the first proper bicycle I had was a Raleigh Budgie. I kind of wish it had been a Chopper then I could have kept the nickname!

How many houses do you own? More than I need but not as many as I'd like

Pets + their names? Two dogs called Lear and Lola

Favourite meal? Grilled Sea Bass with saffron Risotto

Have you ever dyed your hair? Are you taking the piss?

Best road car you've ever owned? In terms of fun I had a Renault 5 turbo when I was 18 which I really enjoyed, perhaps because prior to that my 'car' was an old Mercedes van that we went karting in.

Favourite city to visit? We see so many – I like Prague; Edinburgh; Montreal; Tokyo

Favourite film? Austin Powers – all of them

Last film you saw? The Invincibles

Favourite magazine? Anything within arm's reach of the toilet

Playstation or Xbox? Favourite game? Neither and none

Can you dance? Who's the best disco dancer in F1? Not particularly well but don't try and stop me when I'm in the mood. Pedro De La Rosa likes to go for it and Tonio would take a bit of beating in a dance-off

Strangest gift you've been given? An inflatable sheep

Do you collect anything? Points

Are you any good at DIY? I'm more of an ideas man than an actual 'lift the hammer and hang the shelves' type guy

Where you do buy your socks? Do you buy your own? Yes, at the Hugo Boss factory in Stuttgart

Favourite item of clothing? Comfy undies

Do your shoes reflect your personality? Give me a break – what sort of question's that?

Favourite hobbies? Have you seen the GP calendar? When would I have time for hobbies?

What's your favourite dessert? Anything massively high calorie and sweet

Favourite restaurant in the world? Haven't tried them all yet – I'll get back to you

Where did you meet the lovely Simone? We were introduced by a friend of mine in America

Favourite hotel? Why? The Columbus in Monaco – the staff there are always exceptionally nice to me

Blondes or brunettes? Yes

Worst GP travel experience? Going to Barcelona GP May 2000 – you work it out

Lucky mascot? Two spherical friends that I take everywhere

What's on your rider – what do you need to survive a GP? I always insist that rose petals are spread on the floor of my trailer, that I have at least an hour for make-up before the drivers' parade lap on Sunday and that there's always a bowl of Smarties in my dressing room with all the brown ones taken out

4. TRACK MARSHAL

FLAGGING ARDOUR

KEVIN SNODGRASS does not like Silverstone very much, but as a Marshal he has no option except to turn out if he wants to get his British GP 2005 bar to hang onto his battered BRSCC (British Racing and Sports Car Club) Marshal Badge, which has had pride of place on his overalls since he was first given it back in 1970-something.

Kevin thinks Silverstone is too posh and snooty. His spiritual home is Brands Hatch and for a while it was his real home, sleeping under the main grandstand after his wife Cath threw him out for making her spend their honeymoon standing at Clearways during a wet F1 Race of Champions.

He spent his early years as a Junior Marshal doing time in the score board tower, which he hated as he had no head for heights and got giddy leaning out of the hatch to hang up the numbers in the days before electronic leader boards.

The job Kevin really coveted back then was that of operating the lights at the tunnel that led to the pits. But this job belonged to a marshal of such girth that he was incapable of getting through the tunnel and onto the track. The fat marshal did make it to the track once and it is rumoured that the surprising results of a Formula Ford car bouncing safely back onto its wheels after colliding with the man led to the first experiments in airbag barriers.

Then came the big day when he first got the call to Post 23. His first job was putting the concrete dust down on oil spills. He did not last long, failing to hear the howling pack of Mini 7 racers heading under the bridge towards him, because he was wearing the cuddly ear muffs Cath had given him to keep warm at the Boxing Day meeting.

Never mind sir, better luck next time. Yes, I'm sure it wasn't your fault

Next came promotion to dealing with crashes. At this point Kevin made a key addition to his wardrobe. Of course, he wore the bright orange overalls that went with the job and naturally accessorised them with walking boots over thick white sailor socks into which he tucked the overalls. A circa 1970 Jackie Stewart cap and Emerson Fittipaldi sunglasses, where the bows looked like the chromed spokes on a wooden steering wheel, were de rigueur. But now that he would be involved in pulling people out of cars, he bought a huge hunting knife, which hung from his army surplus belt, which in turn hung below his ever increasing gut.



Just why Kevin and his cronies believe a hunting knife is essential for removing a driver's safety harness is unclear, but believe it, he does. The only time he used it, he punctured the spleen of a Thundersports driver who had crashed. Uninjured, apart from his spleen, the driver was able to explain he had been dazzled by something shiny on one of the marshals. It turned out to be Kevin's BRSCC badge and bars, which he religiously polishes before every race meeting.

Finally, Kevin got the job of his dreams, flag marshal. Okay, so it wasn't the ultimate – yellow or blue – but he was now in charge of the orange stripey one that indicates oil on the track. He was so proud that he told his wife he wanted their bedroom curtains to be made out of the same material. Cath acquiesced, past caring now that she was having an affair with the man who ran the hotdog stand at Clearways.

But at Silverstone, he is not regarded as right for track work, as he can't be bothered with all those fancy resuscitation and rescue courses. Instead, he has been attached to the Jordan garage, where he is to make notes on a clipboard. Kevin likes clipboards. Unsure what to do, he simply writes down every time they change tyres, unwittingly causing a stir when it's revealed that, as with Montagny at the Nurburgring, the team has used too many sets. This all goes over Kevin's head of course, but looking round he decides that what he'd really like over his head is that Mr Kolles' Burberry cap.

ILLUSTRATION: WWW.THEOESTERLE.COM

THE NUMBERS GAME

THE SUM OF ALL PARTS

Technical artist **Giorgio Piola** is the most respected pencil in the pit lane. He's seen it all in his four decades at the sharp end of F1

350 DRAWINGS
The number I have in each of my books. I have been publishing one a year since 1994. Each takes five months' work.

549 GRANDS PRIX
I started at Monaco in 1969. The only one I've missed was Japan in 1992.

1.86 METRES
That's my height. As for my weight, well, shall we say that I was 86kg when I was 26.

56 SUMMERS
The time I have been on this earth.

1.70 METRES
Is the highest I've jumped – but the same horse cleared 2.25m ridden by an Olympian, maybe I'm too heavy. I've been riding since I was 16.

13 CYLINDERS
This is the drawing I got wrong. It was one of Bernie's Alfa Romeo-Brabham V12s. It hangs by my desk.

250 CC
The size of my scooter. No more big bikes for me. Last time I fell off I broke my arm. I still drove to the French GP.

4 BOATS
I've owned. The latest is a 40-footer called 'Jamani'. I love being at sea, alone. It's my freedom and what I cherish most.

7 MAGAZINES
I'm contracted to. It used to be 10, but times are hard.

2 TEAMS
Have tried to ban me. McLaren had one engineer in particular who really had it in for me. He said I was a Ferrari spy. Then he went to work for Ferrari. The other team? Well, Ferrari of course. It's a fine balancing act for me, and I am scrupulously fair.

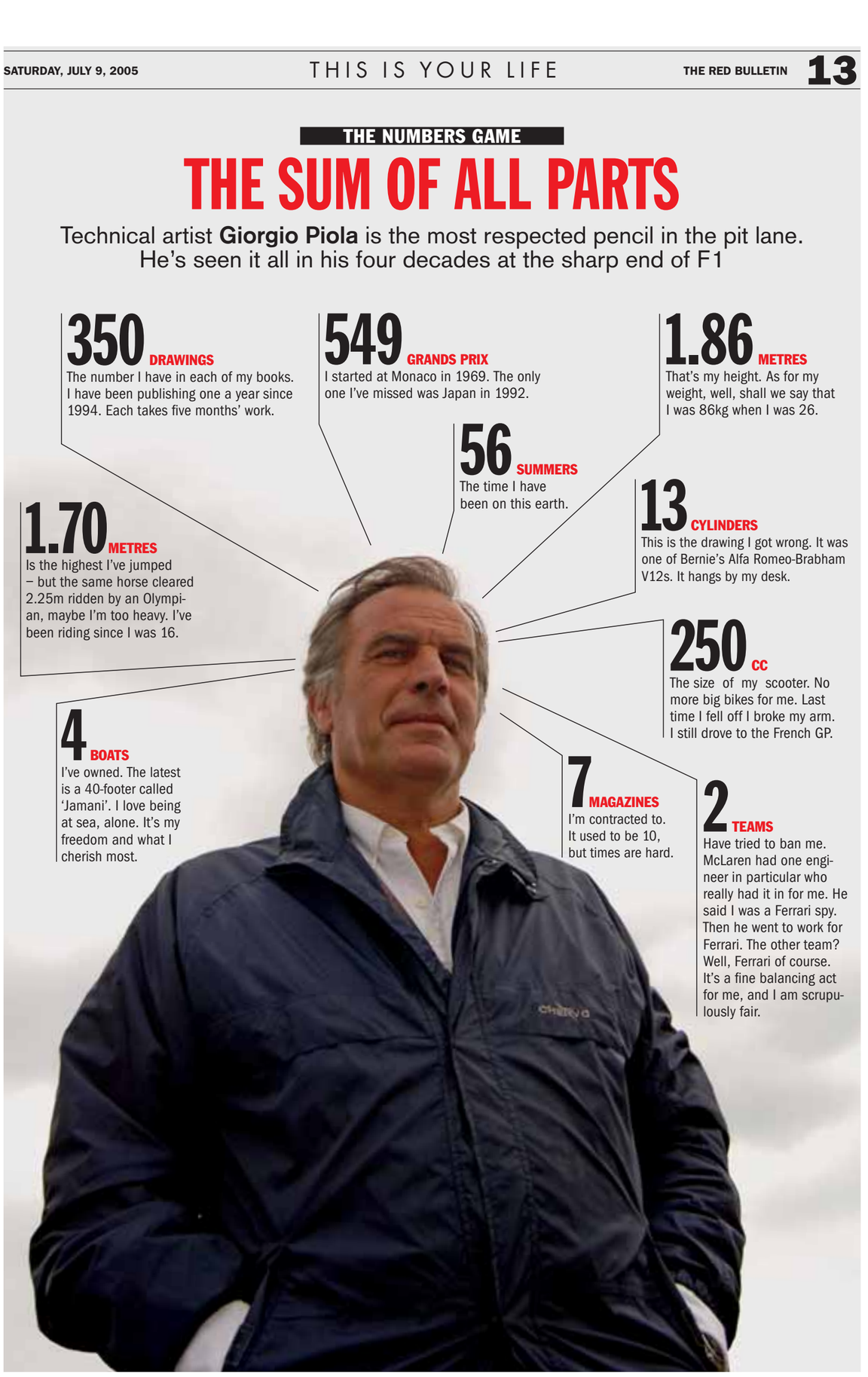


PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON

UK GARAGE GLAMOUR







RED BULL'S FIRST LIGHT PARTY took place in south east London garage The Arches earlier this week. What may, on the face of it, sound like an unglamorous location was turned into a spanner-free club environment, with spiked vodka flowing and showgirls fawning. Riffs were supplied by legendary Guns'n'Roses and Velvet Revolver axe-wielder Slash, with DJing by those make-up lovin' Scissor Sisters. Raucous rockers Bez and Ronnie Wood mingled with Formula One stars and, most enticingly of all, the Formula Unas.

HAPPY MONDAYS' Bez and girlfriend Monica were in a playful mood (above left). Meanwhile, Christian got hands-on with the staff (above), and DC and Tonio made acquaintance with the Unas (below). Slash and his Les Paul rocked the house (top right)



PHOTO: REX FEATURES, SUTTON IMAGES



LA VIDA LOCA LONDON

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

On Earth as it is in Heaven. On the racetrack as it is in the Milky Way. Ancient wisdom. Star astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks for us and he already knows one thing at least: the Moon in Virgo over Silverstone loves cleanliness and abstinence – and promises to sweep the racetrack clean

CAPRICORN (22 Dec–20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: Newspaper horoscopes are nonsense! Nobody can make a prognosis for one twelfth of the human race. That's why the Bulletin horoscopes are written individually for each driver.



CONCLUSION: There are exceptions! They please the astrologer and spare him work: For Narain and Takuma, for example, the stars are identical. So, you'll get the same prognosis for both!

NARAIN KARTHIKEYAN | 14.1.1977 | JORDAN-TOYOTA

PROGNOSIS: The same stars promise the same results. Unfortunately that spells a tough day. Both troubled.

CANCER (22 Jun–22 Jul)

ANALYSIS: The stars won't say how Ralf's doing this weekend. There are deep scratches on the CD that Heaven has sent us, and only hissing noises can be heard. Especially on the race track.



CONCLUSION: It's like on a car journey, where the countryside is beautiful but the reception is miserable. Ralf keeps fiddling round with his radio dial. But it's no use! There's no music.

RALF SCHUMACHER | 30.6.1975 | TOYOTA

PROGNOSIS: No groove on Sunday. Ralf is working on little technical problems. Maybe it would be better if he paid more attention to the race.

ARIES (21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: Mars, the hothead among the planets, conjoins Jacques' sun. Like a hotblooded gunslinger, Jacques invites two rivals to duel with him at once. Except there's only one bullet left in his gun.



CONCLUSION: A purely hopeless situation! Jacques has to finish off two opponents with one shot. Or step between them. And drop to the ground at the right moment. Bang! Bang!

JACQUES VILLENEUVE | 9.4.1971 | SAUBER

PROGNOSIS: Glory! But what sort of glory? Extreme driving on the verge of a ban on firearms! Ends up in front or shoots himself in the foot.

ARIES (21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: Formula One's theory of relativity is easily explained. Half of the races are won (or lost) before the race. And the other half in the head. (Basically, this theory is universal and applies to the whole universe.)



CONCLUSION: Christijan will throw away his chances today: either through engine trouble or because Christijan stops and picks up a hitch-hiker – Mister Fear. An unwelcome guest!

CHRISTIJAN ALBERS | 16.4.1979 | MINARDI-COSWORTH

PROGNOSIS: Spooky Sunday! The ghost of the day before is along for the ride! Being fast is of no use when an evil spirit is in the car. Out!

ARIES (21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: Robin Hood returns to the woods. Unfortunately the trees are gone and huge stretches of asphalt dominate the landscape. Not ideal conditions for guerrilla war tactics. Nonetheless: the masses cheer him.



CONCLUSION: But the crowd's interest won't last long. Noble and chivalrous men aren't in demand anymore. In the age of globalisation, home turf is no advantage, just sentimentality.

DAVID COULTHARD | 27.3.1971 | RED BULL RACING

PROGNOSIS: Not much to be had. At most one point! What disloyal masses! Even success is disloyal! A small disappointment.

VIRGO (24 Aug–23 Sep)

ANALYSIS: The Moon in Virgo is absolutely favouring Juan-Pablo. She decides the days when Juan-Pablo can usefully contribute his skills and make himself useful.



CONCLUSION: As useful as a filament in a light bulb, which flicks on and then burns out. Juan-Pablo will light up for a short time this weekend. At best he'll be eliminated from a good position.

J.P. MONTOYA | 20.9.1975 | MCLAREN-MERCEDES

PROGNOSIS: Short-lived flickering. Quick burnout. At best, Juan-Pablo will be fourth. Fourth to be eliminated, that is.

AQUARIUS (21 Jan–19 Feb)

ANALYSIS: The same constellation as Narain: Mercury, god of speed, against Saturn, god of brakes. Taku and Narain will push so hard they'll break the floor and hit the track with their soles.



CONCLUSION: Sparks fly and rubber burns – both from the soles and from the tyres. And both have a difficult day: Takuma and Narain, though Taku's troubles really began yesterday.

TAKUMA SATO | 28.1.1977 | BAR-HONDA

PROGNOSIS: Takuma will go about it cleverly! He'll sacrifice to the gods of scrap metal today and make it to the finish tomorrow!

ILLUSTRATIONS: OLIVER SCHOPF
PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES



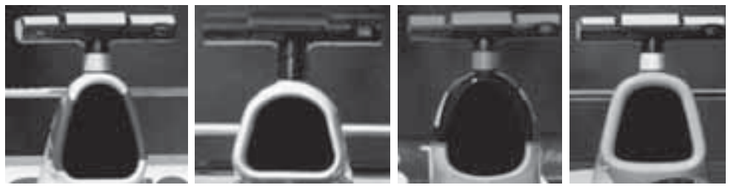
WIN A REALLY BIG CAR

BRAIN DRAIN

Over the weekend we'll set you six rather devious questions. Collect your score, pick up the pieces of the puzzle, and by the end of the season you'll be in with a chance of winning this fabulous VW Touareg

QUESTION 3

Which of these four teams has – as of today – the least points in this season's constructors' championship?



☐ 1) ☐ 2) ☐ 3) ☐ 4)

QUESTION 4





James Bond and James Dean race against each other during Friday's practice on the Silverstone circuit. Bond, James Bond, in his legendary Aston Martin DB5 (as in Goldfinger) and James Dean in his famous Porsche Spyder.
Bond's car does one lap in exactly 1 minute and 20 seconds. Dean's car needs exactly 80 seconds for the same distance, taking the exact same racing line as Bond.
Which of the two drivers went faster over this lap? (Beware – it just looks simple!)

☐ **1)** Dean
☐ **2)** Bond
☐ **3)** both were equally fast

RULES OF PLAY

There are 19 rounds of the 2005 F1 championship. Identify the missing 20th racetrack and you'll have a crack at the grand prize.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:
Correctly answer our six questions over the weekend, and make a note of the number associated with each. Sunday's edition will feature pieces of our mystery track jigsaw puzzle. Match your total score with the corresponding piece of circuit, to be featured in our Sunday edition. Cut it out, tape it to your paddock pass, and by Shanghai you should have a complete track.
If it's the map of a real track, then the Touareg could be yours!
If somebody steals your copy of Red Bulletin, back issues with previous questions will be available from our office, near the concert stage.

YOUR SILVERSTONE NUMBERS

sum Friday	points
sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN











JIM CLARK TOOK AN UNPRECEDENTED fifth British Grand Prix win in 1967 at Silverstone (top left, and bottom left with countryman Jackie Stewart). It would be his final race on home soil. Clark died on April 7, 1968.

CLARK WAS INITIALLY SHY OF THE CELEBRITY STATUS afforded him, but as his career progressed and the limelight became more intense the Scot began to become less reserved and more relaxed about his international fame. Below right, at the 1966 Monaco Grand Prix, enthusiast and legendary Beatle, George Harrison, takes time out from promoting Revolver to show his support for Clark

1967 WAS A FRUSTRATING YEAR for Clark, piloting the fast, beautiful but sadly unreliable Lotus-Cosworth 49 (below left). Yet it was during these times of misfortune that the Scot's class really showed. When the car was reliable, he was unbeatable



PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH, DPPI



TO MANY, JIM CLARK remains the greatest racing driver of all time.

A gentleman farmer, Clark's modesty, humility and integrity were matched only by his God-given talent in four-wheeled machinery, which led to the Scot winning 25 out of the 72 grands prix in which he competed. That's an astounding ratio of 34.7 percent wins-to-starts, and amounted to two World Drivers' Championships. Had his life not been taken so early, his career would have been even more glorious.

Clark was a popular but private man, who chose to shy away from the showbiz attention his success warranted, preferring the calm tranquility of his family's farm near Duns, Scotland. It was his quiet retreat away from the noise and bustle of the motor racing circuit.

The most naturally-gifted racer of his generation, victory came easily to Clark, but it was in the face of adversity that his class truly shone. He narrowly missed out on titles in 1962, '64, and '67 due to mechanical frailty, but soldiered on without complaint, staying loyal to Lotus founder Colin Chapman.

In 1965 'Jimmy' crossed the Atlantic to drink the milk at the Indianapolis 500 - the first Briton to do the business at the Brickyard.

Clark died in 1968 at Hockenheim, aged 32, when a rear tyre failure caused his Lotus to hit a tree. His friend and rival Chris Amon spoke on behalf of a bereaved sporting community when he said: "If this can happen to Jimmy, what chance do the rest of us have?"



WHEN STODDY said he'd bought a new Jumbo, the lads had wrongly assumed he had acquired another aircraft

INGA WAS BORED witless with Gary's endless recreation of John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme'...



...and his Michael Jackson moonwalk wasn't much better





THE ICE HAD TO BE perfect for Torvill and Dean's visit to the Renault garage



CHRISTIAN AND THE GIRLS were impressed by what Tonio and Christian could do with their balls

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON, THOMAS MEIZER

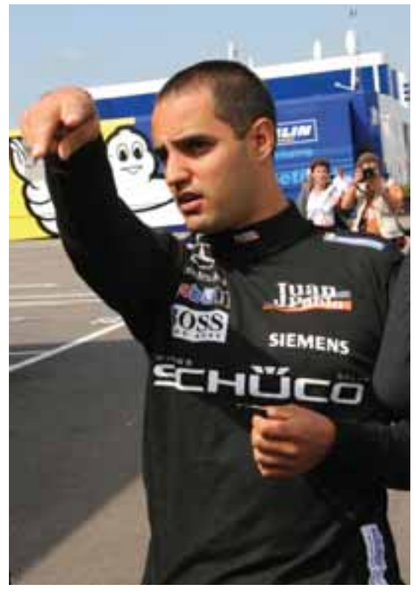
FIENDISH PHOTOS

Journalists you call on cell phones but for our devilishly naughty photographers we simply chalk a pentagram on the floor and chant 'I summon thee'. Everybody else then trembles...



EVERY YEAR AT SILVERSTONE, an endless procession of women file into the paddock to file paternity suits

JUAN PABLO'S obsession with Ninja movies was getting tiresome





...and even Villeneuve joined in the siesta during Felipe's lap

JACQUES' QUALIFYING LAP was always a good time for the Sauber boys to grab a quick sleep



BET AND WIN WITH BENOIT

The odds on a Schumacher win haven't shifted over the last 24 hours. The smart money's holding out to see him qualify. So does that mean Silverstone is still…



HOW STRONG IS MICHAEL SCHUMACHER in the Ferrari? Today didn't offer up too many clues with the result that nobody has so far opted for a Schumacher win. No suprise there then. Michael himself has said: "I don't give any prognosis anymore, we just have to wait and see." Wise words and obviously taken to heart by Bulletin betters who are holding off until after qualifying to have a serious think about where to put their cash.

Meanwhile, memories arise. It was here at Silverstone in 1973 that American Peter Revson in his McLaren-Ford was largely written off from the serious betting for the race. I told him that the odds were 14-1 for him as an outsider. And what did the heir of the Revlon cosmetic imperium do? He simply put £10,000 on himself – and won the race, 2.8s ahead of Ronnie Peterson.

RULES OF PLAY

The rules are simple. All you have to do is nominate how many laps Michael Schumacher will complete. Opt for a Michael finish and then you'll have to choose his final position. Choose a Schumi win then you'll need to predict the time-gap back to the next finisher. If nobody guesses correctly the winnings go to the nearest chosen lap, position or time. If you happen to hit the nail right on the head with your prediction your winnings will be topped up with the Bet and Win Bonus. It starts at 300 euros and as long as no one gets the prediction exactly right it climbs each race weekend by another 300 euros



HERE'S HOW YOU DO IT:

Find Benoit in the paddock, hand over your cash (here it's £25), make your prediction and you're in

SECOND PRACTICE **1.** De la Rosa | McLaren-Mercedes 1:18.530 **2.** Zonta | Toyota 1:18.964 **3.** Montoya | McLaren-Mercedes 1:20.252.746 **4.** Raikkonen | McLaren-Mercedes 1:20.384 **5.** R Schumacher | Toyota 1:20.602 **6.** Trulli | Toyota 1:20.816 **7.** Alonso | Renault 1:20.990 **8.** Liuzzi | RBR 1:21.004 **9.** Coulthard | RBR 1:21.034 **10.** M Schumacher | Ferrari 1:21.044 **11.** Button | Bar-Honda 1:21.186 **12.** Webber | Williams-BMW 1:21.235 **13.** Fisichella | Renault 1:21.279 **14.** Klien | RBR 1:21.323 **15.** Barrichello | Ferrari 1:21.519 **16.** Massa | Sauber-Petronas 1:21.577 **17.** Villeneuve | Sauber-Petronas 1:21.180 **18.** Heidfeld | Williams-BMW 1:22.500 **19.** Sato | BAR-Honda 1:22.795 **20.** Doornbos | Jordan-Toyota 1:22.812. **21.** Albers | Minardi-Cosworth 1:23.390 **22.** Monteiro | Jordan-Toyota 1:23.629 **23.** Karthikeyan | Jordan-Toyota 1:23.891 **22.** Friesacher | Minardi-Cosworth 1:24.594

betandwin.com

K RAIKKONEN 1.95	M SCHUMACHER 6.0	J TRULLI 25.0
F ALONSO 3.50	J P MONTOYA 12.0	R BARRICHELLO 25.0



ILLUSTRATION: ISABEL KLETT, PHOTO: PAOLO FOSCHINI, SUITON IMAGES

PHOTO: REX FEATURES

20 REASONS

If you've been harbouring the suspicion that world motor sport is run by bunch of mental old duffers, permanently stuck in a haze of 1950s nostalgia, pipesmoke and cardigans, then rest assured, you're not alone. At Silverstone you can spot them a mile off.
We caught up with BRDC member and founder of the Hellfire Club, Sir Bunty St John-Smythe. We only wanted directions to the nearest decent hotel, but Sir Bunty insisted on giving us 20 reasons why motor-racing was…

BETTER IN HIS DAY



01 Sponsorship: What d'ye mean they're banning cigarette advertising? You think the mechanics are going to turn up if all you're offering them is discounted kitchenware? **02** Health: Muesli? We had none of that rubbish. All a chap needed before the race was a quick drag on his engineer's fag. It never did us any harm. **03** Engines: The engine should be at the front. That way you can lean out and adjusts the timing. **04** Moustaches: A racing driver needs short hair, shiny shoes and the sort of moustache you could lose a spanner in. His wife should look like Jarno Trulli. **05** Women: In my day they were good for handing out prizes and looking pretty around the grid. They wouldn't actually be allowed into the garage. (oh, you haven't changed that one have you). **06** Privateers: In my day a chap could buy a car, turn up at the circuit and race. Granted there was always the possibility that he'd end up smeared across the first fast corner, but that was all part of the fun **07** Overtaking: In my day we had this thing where one car would go past another car out on the track. It was reckless and dangerous but we could never resist it. All of this passing during a pit stop was the sort of sneaky thing that foreigners started. **08** Circuits: A proper racing circuit was 17 miles long and had 300 corners, concrete walls and sheer drops, preferably above fast-flowing water. Hermann who? **09** Pit Stops: In my day a pitstop was an opportunity to read the paper and have a pee. These days everything's rush, rush rush. **10** Back-to-backs: Back-to-back was something that you did when you sharing a tent with your engineer. **11** Trucks: We could get both cars, a full set of spares, two drivers, a team manager, four mechanics and seven drums of petrol onto one smallish flatbed. These days everyone's bloody pampered! **12** Catering: Chefs! We made do with the moss and lichen we could scrape off the slower corners. **13** Laps: It took us 72 laps to get everything up to temperature – these days you've finished before you've started. **14** Tyres: What d'ye mean they're dangerous, it's motor-racing, not ballet. **15** Aerodynamics: Downforce? My first car had a cd of um...1. **16** Computers: What's wrong with a lead pencil eh? Never did us any harm. **17** Harnesses: dangerous if you ask me. What am I, a horse? **18** Track: Aw, is it a bit bumpy? In my day the only flat bits were where the potholes all joined up **19** Backmarkers: None of this blue-flag rubbish. If you had a mobile chicane in front you damn well had to get around it just like anyone else. 'Let me through, I'm in the lead?'... bloody prima donnas. **20** Fans: Back in the old days if any of them complained about the mud and the tea wagon we'd have them flogged – though obviously the BRDC has worked wonders and turned Silverstone into a 21st Century venue, oh yes, no doubt about it…



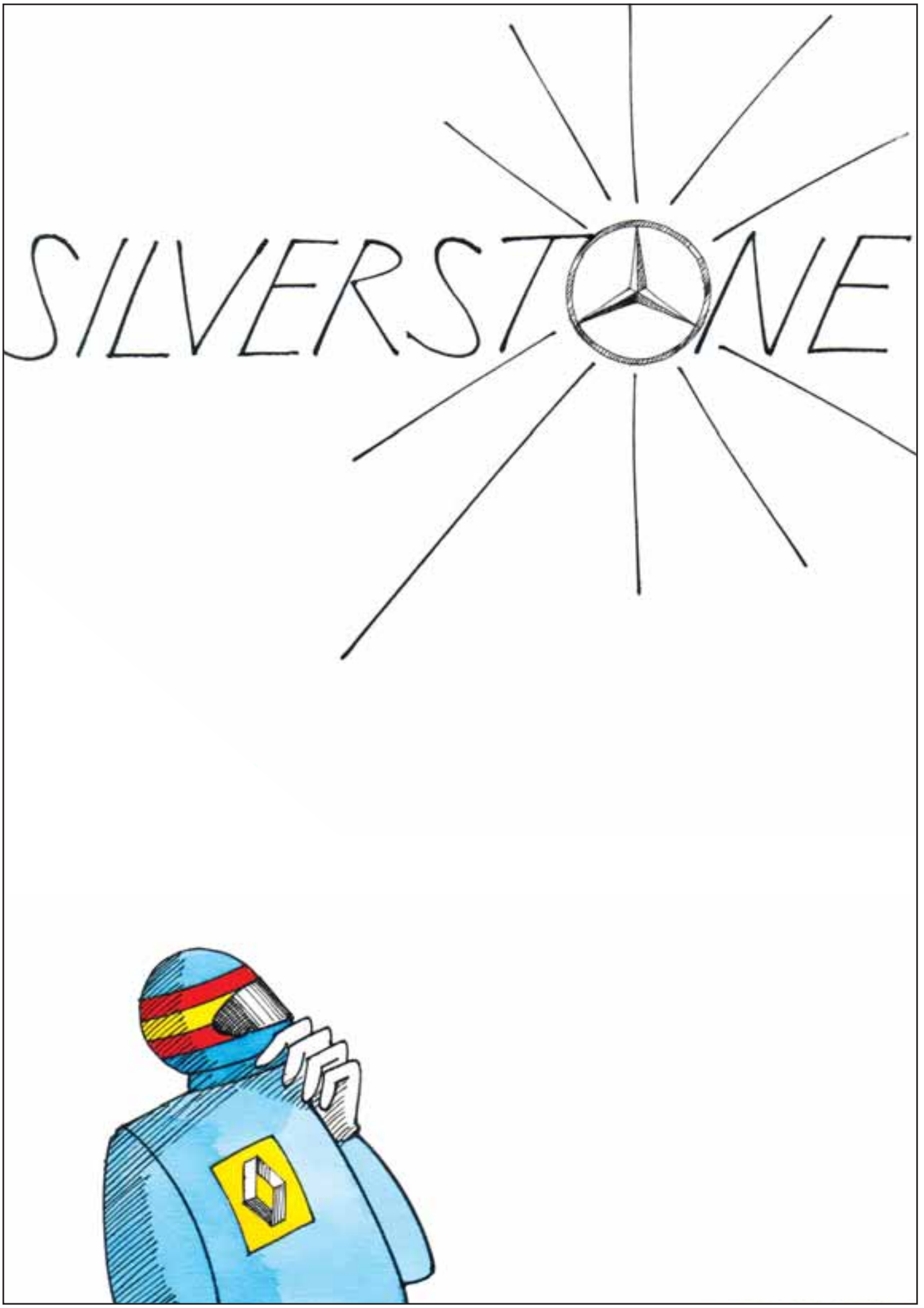












Every crowd has a silver lining…

ILLUSTRATION: DIETMAR KAINRATH