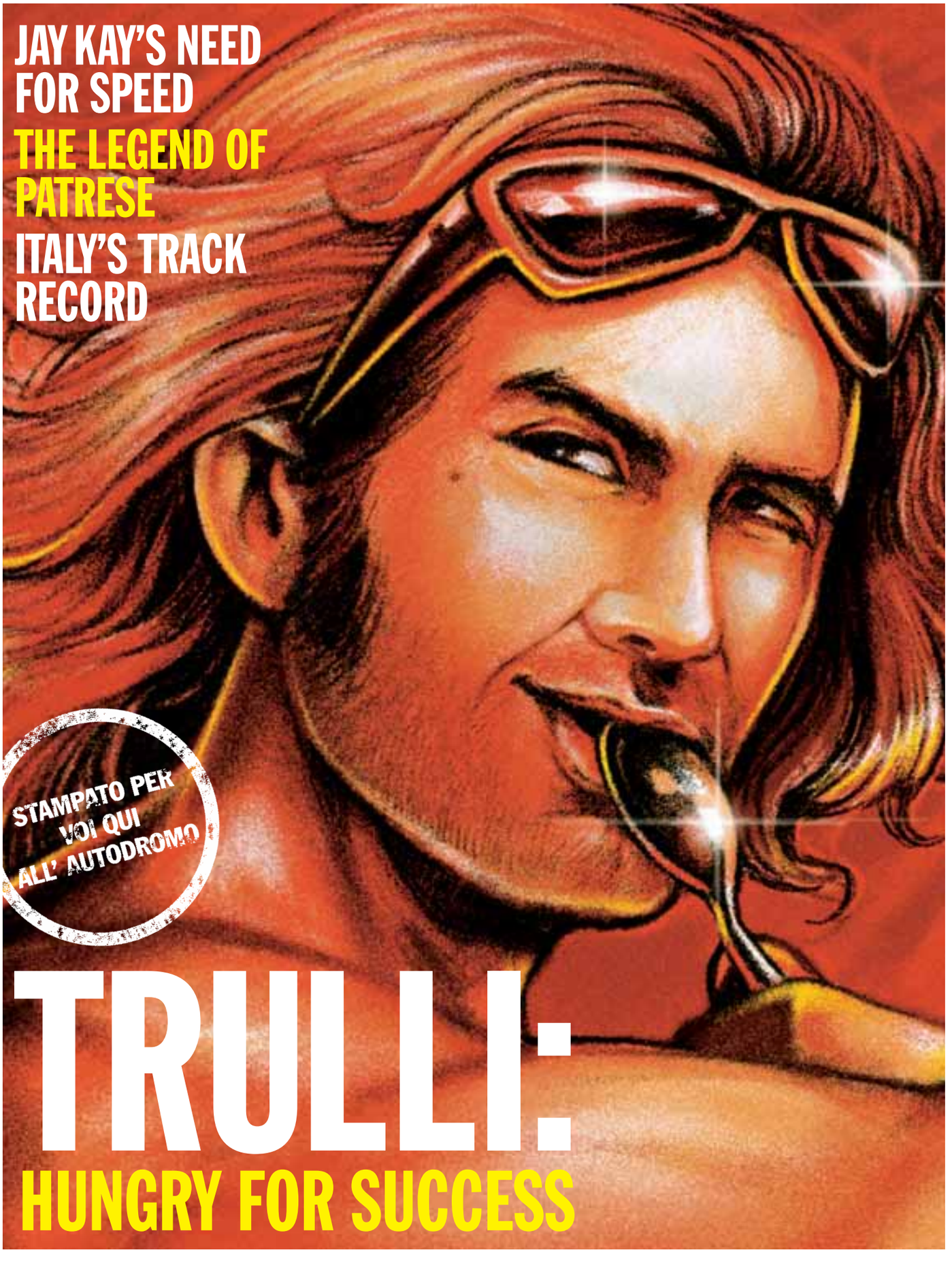
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 68, GP SAN MARINO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 2006

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



JAY KAY'S NEED FOR SPEED

THE LEGEND OF PATRESE

ITALY'S TRACK RECORD

STAMPATO PER VOI QUI ALL' AUTODROMO

TRULLI:

HUNGRY FOR SUCCESS



RED BULL

OLD HABITS DIE HARD for David Coulthard. When Maserati sent the Scot a colour book for his latest toy, a Grand Sport Coupe, his imagination must have stalled and he chose McLaren Silver. Come on DC, you're stuck in the past. And as Toro Rosso would have us believe, this season's colour is magenta. The younger boys in the Red Bull pen each got one too, with their race numbers on their Austrian registration plates, along with an RBR or STR prefix. A nifty gift from Maranello to say thank you for all that lovely engine money. Meanwhile, Red Bull staffers are now cruising the mean streets of Milton Keynes and Faenza in a new fleet of VWs. Is this an indicator of a future works deal? We could tell you but then we'd have to kill you. Actually, we don't know.

THE RED BULLETIN
AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

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IF YOU SEE MCLAREN tyre man Marcus Prosser, ask to see his hands. He bravely stepped forward to catch Kimi's Champagne bottle below the Melbourne podium, but it slipped through his fingers and the magnum smashed into a thousand green and razor sharp pieces. Embarrassed, Marcus unwisely tried to pick up the evidence and left himself requiring stitches. His sympathetic team-mates formed a circle, singing "Marcus is a wanker, Marcus is a wanker, da-da-da-da-da". This charming benediction was not dissimilar to that endured last season by McLaren electrician Rene Prochazka at a 'friendly' football match in Sao Paulo, when, blinded by glory, he fell over his own feet when clean through on goal, signalling a similar chorus. Rene and Marcus were room-mates last year, so maybe it's catching.

MCLAREN



CLUB 500
HELMUT ZWICKL



Climbing in the cockpit
In the mid-'80s I got my aviator's licence so we could fly a twin-engined Piper or Cessna to a European race. Just before take-off for Imola, Heinz Prüller announced we had an unexpected guest. Who? "We are going to find out," he replied. We were supposed to leave Wien-Schwechat straight away, but our mystery guest had not arrived. Finally he showed up and it was none other than Ayrton Senna. He had been to Willy Dungl's Fitness Center in Gars and was now flying with us to Imola. Ayrton sat on a back seat, fastened his seat belts and felt asleep. He only woke up once to look out of the window. When we arrived in Bologna he thanked us and left. He was a very nice passenger and I can boast that I sponsored the great Senna as he never paid for his flight.
This is Helmut Zwickl's 544th Grand Prix. His first was the 1963 race in Monaco. He writes for Motorsport Aktuell.

THE SAN MARINO GP organising committee has unleashed its ambitious plan to re-write history through art. This year's race poster is very pretty, without question. The depiction of the epic battle for the lead at Imola's 2005 Grand Prix is stunning, just not very accurate. Michael never got past Alonso, we've checked.



PACESETTER

MCLAREN



PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, PHIL ASBURY, COVER ILLUSTRATION: DENIS MUJAKOVIC

MOVIE-MAD Juan Pablo Montoya took time out to list for us his favourite films. He likes them big, with lots of explosions, special effects and sequels. He also likes to see people hurt themselves. To get into the Hollywood spirit, we've selected our own celluloid favourites in our flannel panel.
JPM's Top 10:
1) Star Wars (all of them)
2) Indiana Jones (all of them)
3) Harry Potter (all of them)
4) The Lord of the Rings (all of them)
5) Die Hard (all of them)
6) Fifth Element
7) Matrix (all of them)
8) Die Another Day
9) Something About Mary
10) Jackass: The Movie



WILLIAMS

WITH ALL THE DO-GOODING Mark Webber gets up to, we're amazed he finds 90 minutes on a Sunday afternoon to go driving. One of his more low-key endeavours has just edged him closer to becoming officially, Formula One's best bloke. The Old Catton under-11 soccer squad of Norwich, England, lifted their local cup last weekend. Truckie Kurt Kent asked his former Jaguar Racing colleague to support his son's side, so Mark bought all the boys shirts and boots. Nice one.

FOUR COMMENTARIES

BETTER THAN FICTION

IF YOU'RE TALKING ITALIAN
BY NORMAN HOWELL

1 Imola is in Ferrari's backyard, as everyone who writes about motor racing in this part of Italy mentions. But the land here is so redolent of history, so evocative of race cars, motorbikes and food that it's hard not to fall for, and write about, the usual clichés about Italy and fast blood-red cars.

Well, there's women of course, and in yesterday's papers my eye caught a story about Isabella Rossellini who is celebrating the 100 years of the birth of her father Roberto, filmmaker and bon viveur who she said "would drive us all over Italy in his Ferrari, going very fast using the horn all the time".

These were the Dolce Vita days, when Italy woke from Fascism and the Allied Occupation to have fun and invent the lifestyle of scooters, suits and spend, spend, spend. Roberto Rossellini directed Roma, Città Aperta, filmed in the dying days of the war, and the man who started neo-realism was beguiled by a Swedish actress who wrote to him: "Dear Mr. Rossellini, I saw your films Open City and Paisan, and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well, who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only 'ti amo', I am ready to come and make a film with you. Ingrid Bergman."

Rossellini was interested and so began one of cinema's great love stories. This affair caused a great scandal in some countries as Bergman and Rossellini were both married. They divorced and re-married in Mexico. Then Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, invited him to make a documentary. Though married to Bergman, he had affair with the wife of his assistant. This led to more scandal, an Edwin C. Johnson took to the floor of the US Senate and delivered an extraordinary harangue against the Swedish actress calling her a "free-love cultist" and a "powerful influence for evil". You couldn't make it up.

I also read of Roustam Tariko, a 44-year-old worth $1.9bn who is described by his business partner Eddie Irvine as the "richest, most honest Russian I know". The man made his money by importing Italian goods to Russia, Ferrero in particular. That's a lot of Rocher being swallowed in Moscow. He's the latest to want to dip his toe in F1. And his chosen vehicle? MF1 it seems. You just couldn't make it up.

What else is being talked about? Well Michael says the gloves are finally off, the municipality has named a square after Gilles Villeneuve, Kimi has allegedly, repeat allegedly, signed for Ferrari for three years for 28m euros/dollars/Ferrero Rocher, that's three million more that he allegedly, repeat allegedly, gets from Ron.

And finally, a La Republica writer muses over the cultural oddity that whenever Ferrari win, the nation unites, the Maranello priest blesses everyone and what a good job Montezemolo/Todt/Schumi did. But when the Scuderia loses, it's techie stuff. And if that fails to convince the public, then the powers that be at Maranello say it's the fault of the rubber. Yes, the school accessory that goes with pencils. How can it cause Ferrari to fail? You couldn't make it up.

'When Ferrari win the nation unites. When they lose it's techie stuff, or the fault of the rubber'

PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 So Formula One is obviously down to its last few billion, judging by the austerity of the Imola paddock, which has had to be enlarged to cope with the engorgement of motorhomes, engorgement being the obvious collective noun for the marketing hard-ons that double up as hospitality units. It's not all architectural artistry though, as can be seen from Midland's attempt at the Cubist school of hospitality. Once inside the menacing structure, I found it was held together with brown sticky tape. There are rumours that it came here from Poland but minus its flat-pack assembly instructions.

I have to say that while the Red Bull mob have of course produced the biggest unit, the most stylish, in what looks like an exhibition to help airlines chose their next business class lounge, has to be the BMW one. Where BMW have been really clever is in realising that while you can spend millions on building a cool restaurant, no amount of money buys you goodwill and the reason me and my fellow scribes will be heading down there is because of the return to F1 of PR queen, Annie B. As a former Williams Woman she had to deal with the likes of Damon Hill, Jacques Villeneuve and even Nigel Mansell. It's fitting that she returns to the fray here in Imola, because after that black May 1 in 1994, she pretty much single-handedly dealt with the media backlash after Senna's death as the team landed back at Gatwick Airport. It's good to have another clever woman in the paddock.

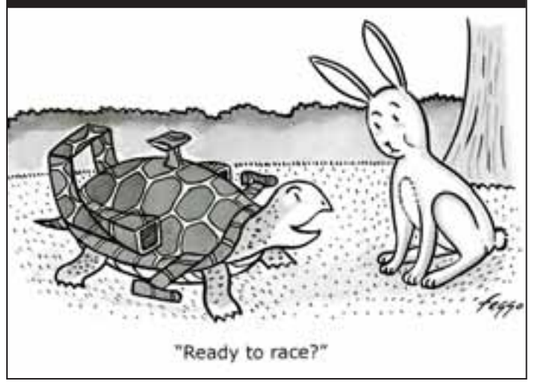
But Ms Bradshaw needs to get to work on her new drivers because here in Italy their lack of style really gets noticed. We girls want to see more cute butts like Coulthard's, fewer baggy overalls like Villeneuve's and when it comes to sex appeal, all one can say about little Nick is: "Please give generously". Actually, it's not just those two, as, when it comes to style, most F1 drivers could paraphrase that Blues line: "If it wasn't for bad style, I wouldn't have no style at all".

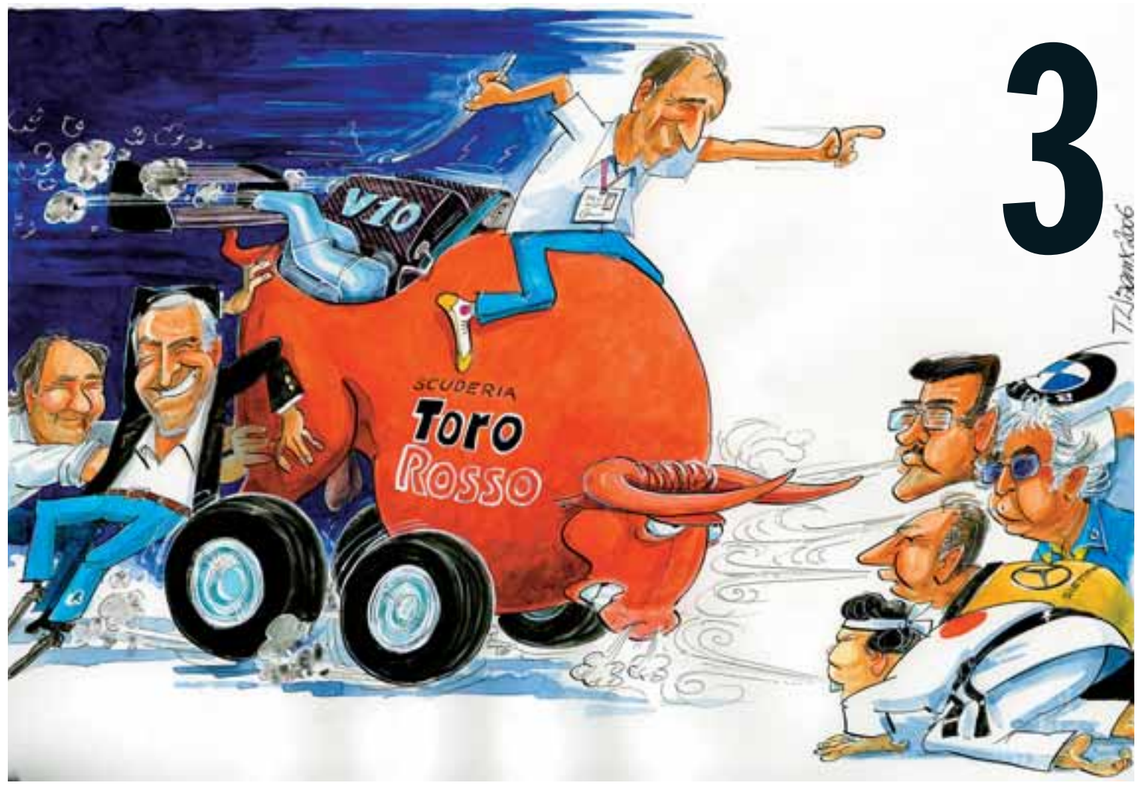
Class and panache are everywhere in this lovely land. Where else could I struggle to keep up with a car on the Autostrada, only to discover when I closed in that it was a metallic silver hearse, complete with coffin and floral tributes in the back.

But not everything is perfect here, starting with the Media Centre, undoubtedly the worst one of the year. A note came round yesterday informing us we were only allowed to use the toilets in the press room and not those down the corridor, which were for exclusive Paddock Club use. It seems that the rich even pee different to you and me. But with no sit-down toilet in the gents, our ladies loo has been violated with the usual crimes of toilet seats left in the up position and urine all over the floor. Come on, boys, as the fading sticker in the old unisex loos at Brands Hatch once said: "Our aim is to please, you aim too, please."

How wonderful that Martini is back in F1, staging a comeback party in the Paddock Club last night. They were always great hosts and seeing the famous coloured stripes again reminded me of my youth and the days when my nickname was Martini. Oh come on, you must get it… "anytime, any place, anywhere".

F1 FUNNIES





TECHNICAL DIRECTORS: WHO NEEDS THEM?
BY GARY ANDERSON

4 For me there are three types of technical director, or dictator as some might prefer to call them. First of all, there is the John Barnard approach which, according to people who worked with him, was pretty much his way or no way. I believe this approach comes from the old school when the complete design team consisted of three or four people and the man (or woman) in charge really did design the car. If this is your background then it is very difficult to move with the times and let the 'design committee' take over. John's success speaks for itself and with the right people his style could still be a force today.

Secondly, there is the Ross Brawn approach. He's an organiser and conductor of the orchestra. He has the ability to set up working systems and, having created a very good team of people, he lets them get on with it. He keeps the team focused and makes sure they achieve the objectives set down.

Another factor to be taken into account is he seems to have a very good relationship with Michael Schumacher: all of Michael's championships and most of his victories have come in a car that Ross has overseen.

Thirdly, there is the Adrian Newey approach. He's a man I admire very much. He has all of the above qualities plus a background in aerodynamics which allows him to visualise and create the complete package. He also has the inherent understanding of how the car needs to be run at the track and understands if the car is achieving his objective.

This is a real asset when planning a development route and the steps necessary to achieve success. It also appears he works very well with his people – he is not a paper-shuffler but a doer and I believe he commands the respect of his team.

'I sympathise with Mike Gascoyne, as working for a manufacturer can be a very difficult task'

For me, Adrian's approach is the correct one: give the man the job and let him get on with it. Adrian is a major asset for Red Bull and an inexcusable loss for McLaren. If you need confirmation of this, ask Patrick Head for his opinion of how a team can lose its way.

So why did Toyota axe Mike Gascoyne? I can only comment on the very short time I worked with him at Jordan in 1998 – and he may have changed since – but his approach then was similar to Ross Brawn's but with a more confrontational manner.

To my mind he suffers from the small man syndrome (he brings his rottweiler to every meeting) – he likes it to be his success and everyone else's failure. At Renault he got the glory but in the background Bob Bell, Mark Smith, Tim Densham and Pat Symonds were not exactly asleep. Their experience counts for a lot: Pat has been there more or less from the beginning of the Toleman team through the Benetton days and he's still there now they are Renault. He didn't run off with the drivers when they went elsewhere, he stayed with the team and that, to me, is very commendable.

But I have to sympathise with Mike because working for a manufacturer can be a very difficult task. I speak from first-hand experience of my time as technical director with Stewart, a team with a real family atmosphere led from the front by someone who understood the sport and had won three world championships. To watch it being taken over by Ford was absolutely soul destroying.

The first words of one of their top people said to me were "at Ford we do more for less and if you can't do it we will find someone who will" – a comment which I thought was really good for motivation…

Toyota, or at least the powers to be at Toyota, wanted it to be different, and with their budget and manpower they should have a lot more success. But to start this season with more or less last year's car was a recipe for disaster. They really should have a completely new car for January 1 and again for July 1.

ILLUSTRATIONS: WIZANY, FEGGO

TRULLI, MADLY, DEEPLY

Guten Morgen, buon giorno, how ya doin'? Dr Bull here, headshrinker to the stars, personal mind minder to Formula One's fast and furious. Just like Dr Melfi in The Sopranos, but without the legs. Obviously I've got legs, just not like hers. Actually, I look good in stockings, but that's a story for another time. Without further ado, let me break every law of doctor-patient confidentiality and publicly dig around inside the head of **Jarno Trulli**. But I'll have to hurry up as there's a long queue forming behind him…



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

Welcome Jarno, come in, take a seat, make yourself comfortable and have a glass of wine – it's from Austria's finest vineyard. What do you mean "it tastes like it's made from cats"? What do you know about wine, anyway? Oh, I see.

Q: If you were a motorbike, what kind of bike would you be?
A: MV Augusta
My lawyer gets a bit upset every time I say what I really think about the butt-ugly choppers favoured by many of the F1 fraternity, so it's a relief all round to finally meet a driver with style and taste – albeit a taste for the quixotic and mercurial. But the question is, which Augusta? Somehow Jarno doesn't strike me a Brutale kind of guy, so I'm going for an F4: fast, good looking and about as practical as a condom machine in the Vatican. Sometimes you don't need to have the benefit of a correspondence-course PhD to get inside the head of a driver.

Q: If you were a colour, which one would you be?
A: Red
Hmm… red. I wonder why? Why would a racing driver be interested in the colour red? Why would an Italian, raised on petrol fumes and steeped in the history of the sport be so keen on that colour? It's a tricky one, but fortunately I am a genius and this is clearly a case of the primeval regressive gene coming through: the F1 driver filled with blood-lust, the mighty hunter, thirsting for the crimson splash of viscera. Either that or he's still talking about his vineyard.

Q: What's your favourite meal?
A: Pizza and Fanta
Sorry, I think it is possible that you have misunderstood the question. I wasn't asking "What was your favourite meal when you were six?" It's a real answer, you say! This comes as something of a surprise. My case notes have Jarno down as a connoisseur, a guy who enjoys the finer things in life. Pizza and fizzy pop really didn't enter the equation. Maybe this is not an answer from Trulli the famous racing driver and viticulturist, but is instead the answer of Jarno the family man, keen to kick back on the couch with uncomplicated comfort food. After spending a day working for Toyota, something uncomplicated and cheap probably comes as rather a relief. Or perhaps it's just that the cuisine in Jarno's adopted homeland of Switzerland breaks several international biological warfare treaties. Of course the national dish of Switzerland is melted cheese and stale bread – which in my experience is the very definition of pizza.

Q: If you were a historical figure, which historical figure would you be?
A: No one (I can't think of anyone).
Hmmm… interesting. I wonder where this is going? Maybe it's a deep thinking thing and Jarno doesn't want to commit just yet. Chou En-Lai, former Premier of China, famously remarked, when asked about the historical effect of the French Revolution, that it was "too early to tell". Maybe Jarno is having one of those moments. Currently his career is a bit like that of the Roman Emperor Trajan: a good soldier and a decent fella, but not likely to get his own sitcom. With the right car, he's hoping to be a Julius Caesar. He's been known to wander back to the pits after being T-boned muttering "Infamy, Infamy, they've all got it infamy." Of course, the way that Toyota are going this season, he could go all Caligula on us. Phew! That was all a bit deep and metaphysical. Better follow it up with another stunner…

Q: If you were a dessert, which kind would you be?
A: Catalan creme
That's more or less a crème brulée or, if you're English, an egg custard with pretensions. The composition of Catalan creme varies from place to place in recipes handed down by generations of fat-but-happy restaurateurs. What everyone seems to agree on is that it is rich, half-baked and too much of it will make you sick. Who knew that Jarno wanted to go into driver management?

Q: If you were a famous fashion label, which label/designer would you be?
A: Gucci
Italian and famous for sunglasses. For once I have to agree with the driver. But what's bubbling under the surface here? Gucci, as its horse-related motif suggests, began life as a saddlemaker. Maybe Jarno needs to be harnessed, reigned in, held in check – but what Jarno and Missus Jarno get up to in the privacy of the vineyard is none of our concern… Actually, these days Gucci is more famed for its scent, and being a winemaker, Jarno knows about a decent bouquet: 'Rush', obviously has appeal to a driver, but, with Ralf being paid about a billion dollars a year more than Jarno, 'Envy' might also be appropriate.



ILLUSTRATION: DENIS MIJAKOVIC

ESTORIL, SEPTEMBER 22, 1996. LAP 16

‘I DIDN’T DO IT JUST TO PROVE A POINT’

Jacques Villeneuve and TV commentator Christian Tortora talk The Red Bulletin through a daring move that no-one thought was possible. Except, of course, Jacques.

1

IT WAS THE PENULTIMATE RACE OF THE SEASON, AND DAMON HILL HAD 13 POINTS MORE THAN CHAMPIONSHIP RIVAL VILLENEUVE.

If Jacques wanted to stay in the chase, he knew he had to win in Portugal. JV was alongside pole-sitter Hill on the grid, but made a bad start and was passed by Jean Alesi and Michael Schumacher. The Canadian had to get ahead of Michael as soon as he could, and was prepared to take a huge risk to do it: pass the reigning champ around the outside of the fast, curling final corner.

Jacques Villeneuve (Williams-Renault driver): “Once, during testing, I’d told the team that the final corner was a bit like an oval, and I was convinced it was possible to overtake on the outside. When it came to the race weekend it became like a bet. Jock Clear asked that I let the team know before I did it so they could be ready with spoons to pick up all the little pieces. I just didn’t think it would happen with Michael. There was a slow car ahead of Michael [Giovanni Lavaggi’s Minardi], and Michael didn’t want to be stuck behind it through the corner because he was afraid I would try to overtake him on the straight. So he lifted a little, and I went flat out around the outside.”

Christian Tortora (TV commentator for French Canadian broadcaster RDS): “Nobody expected a driver to pull this manoeuvre on that corner. I was giving my broadcast in the press room, and the atmosphere was electric. We could see Jacques was pushing and would try to pass, but surely not there. It was unbelievable.”



2

VILLENEUVE BURST OUT FROM THE FERRARI’S SHADOW AND PULLED ALONGSIDE SCHUMACHER.

As the two cars swept around the clockwise kerb, Jacques’ right-front Goodyear was just inches from Schumi’s bargeboard

Jacques Villeneuve: “Halfway through the corner I got ahead of him, but I was a little bit too wide and started sliding on the marbles, so Michael pulled next to me again. It was very close because at some points our wheels were interlocking. It was fun. I’m just pissed off the camera missed it from the outside.”

Christian Tortora: “There was huge excitement because we thought Michael would try to push Jacques off the track. Even more then than now, overtaking Michael was something really special. And on the outside of such a fast corner – amazing!”

3

AS THE STRAIGHT OPENED UP, VILLENEUVE WON THE LINE AND STOLE SCHUMACHER’S POSITION, CATCHING A TOW FROM THE MINARDI AHEAD.

He then steered to pass the backmarker, darting across Schumacher’s nose so that he could defend his position.

Jacques Villeneuve: “We got into the straight side by side, but I was in the tow and got ahead of him. Moments like that you remember.”

Christian Tortora: “It was risky, but it was clean. I leapt to my feet, threw my fists in the air, and yelled ‘Whaaooo!’”

4

VILLENEUVE HAD WON THE BET WITH HIS PIT CREW. HE WENT ON TO ACHIEVE A FABULOUS VICTORY, WHICH WOULD TAKE THE CHAMPIONSHIP DOWN TO THE WIRE.

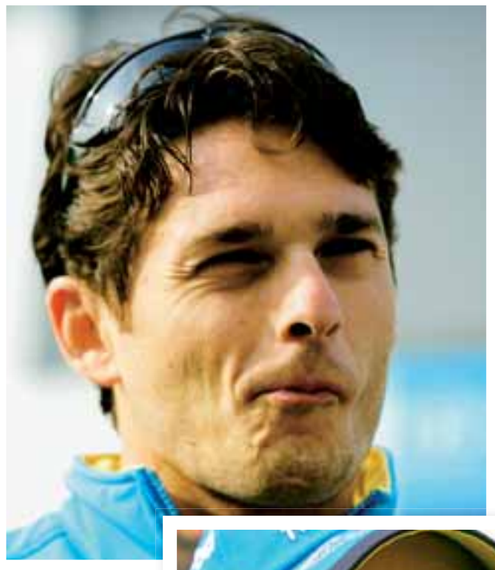
Jacques Villeneuve: “Michael was angry. It’s very annoying when something like that happens to you, because you don’t think it’s possible, and he got caught out. If someone had done that to me I would have been really pissed off. I didn’t do it just to prove a point. I did it because it was the best way to overtake him. That’s what kept the championship alive until the last race – it was that move. It was very risky but very important and it paid off.”

Christian Tortora: “After the race, Jacques didn’t seem very emotional or exhilarated by his victory. He said: ‘When you have an opportunity to do something like that, you don’t think about it, you just do it.’ Michael was quite upset. He had a face like thunder and shut himself away in his motorhome.”

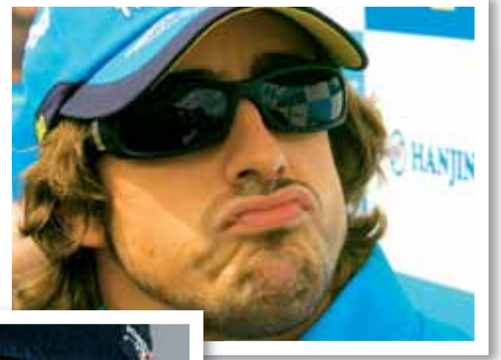
ILLUSTRATION: HERI IRAWAN

IT'S ALL IMAGE

Here in beautiful Italy, where fashion is king, the Bull's Eye took a quick look around the paddock and noticed that everyone suddenly seems to be thinking a lot more about their image.



Yesterday we brought you Nick Fry, today it's Fisico who's been to see the backstreet Botox doc...



...But when you're world champ, you have to do something different and so Fernando went for the 'accident in a Collagen factory' look.



...And at the tender age of 25, Tonio ponders the implications of going under the knife to have his eyes tucked.



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES, SUTTON IMAGES

'Wow! It's like looking in a mirror', thought Dusty Springfield's younger sister.



'Hello. Fashion Police? Get over to Imola straight away. I think I've got something for you.'



'Come and look at this Herbie. The great thing about 4-Eyes Opticians is that first you choose your frames and then you get to see what they look like on you.'



Race four and finally Rubens is all smiles as he gets real tyres for the first time this year.



Hmm... nice racks!

DOMESTIC GODDESSES

As everyone knows, the Italians (or rather their mothers) invented good food. So to celebrate the arrival of the San Marino Formula Unas at the race we took them to Academia Barilla – where they teach people from around the world the art of great Italian cuisine. They went down a storm, as did the focaccia and pizza they cooked up.





















PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

I FOUGHT THE LAW...

Eleven teams, hundreds of workers, buses, trucks and offices. The paddock is a city and each part has its own character.
So here's the city as we see it. It may be a hedonistic playground for the young and restless, but there have to be rules – and rule-makers. The Paddock City courthouse is, of course, the home of the FIA.

1 COURTROOM
This is the seat of power where laws are passed and history is made. In a multi-tasking age the FIA acts as judge, jury and sometime executioner – and only the brave or the outraged dare to appeal.

2 HOLDING CELLS
Those currently suffering the ire of the FIA get to cool their heels down in the cells before coming before the judge. At the moment it's the GPMA, but who knows where the never-sleeping gaze will turn next?

3 SHADY CHARACTERS
There are many different interpretations of just how bendy – or flexible – the F1 rules can be. The FIA's technical Men In Black ensure anyone trying to pull a fast one doesn't.



ILLUSTRATION: MONIKA FAULER

GROOVE RIDER

Jay Kay likes to exchange his many hats for a helmet as often as possible. Jamiroquai's infamous front man kicks the tyres with **Matt Youson**.



A '73 Porsche 2.7 RS, a 550, an Enzo, a 300SL Roadster. A Bentley S1, a Rolls-Royce Phantom, a Maserati A6, a Fiat Abarth, a '72 BMW 2002 Turbo, a couple of Mercedes 600s – one Pullman, one short wheelbase – once owned by Coco Chanel, two Audis, an RS6 and an RS4, they're what I drive for everyday stuff... oh, a Ferrari GTO, a '64."

Anyone asking Jay Kay what lives in his garage needs a good attention span, because getting through the list takes a while. It's glamorous and excessive, like the man himself.

Jamiroquai, very much Kay's personal project, are a global phenomenon. Since signing an unprecedented eight-album deal with Sony's S2 label back in 1992, Kay has gone from being a self-depicted "skinny white kid with a skateboard" to one of Britain's most successful musical exports. Jamiroquai are as recognisable in mainland Europe, Australia, South America and the Far East as they are at home. They've cracked America too, winning five MTV awards and a Grammy.

While Jamiroquai garnered accolades as the poster boys of acid jazz, Kay himself is very rock and roll, the antidote to a modern age of retiring, introspective musical superstars. Celebrity girlfriends (Winona Ryder, Denise Van Outen) and regular visits to court ensure he remains firmly in the public eye, the darling of tabloids and trashy magazines alike. He always makes good copy: asked about his garage he claimed to prefer his cars to girlfriends. "Cars are mostly reliable, they don't cause any arguments and they don't shop."

After being caught driving at 111mph and having his license suspended (for the first, but not the last time), he said he considered himself lucky, having previously "clocked up 175mph on a public road – if I'd been caught doing that, it would have been a prison sentence". It's the sort of Bohemian insouciance that confers genuine stardom.

Even during our conversation (held in a pit garage – about as unglamorous as you can get), he's got the aura: it's dark in here but there's no chance of the sunglasses coming off. He's polite, but not really present. He lists his tour dates with the minimum of personal involvement, slouched across a chair, not making much effort to hide his lack of interest.

And yet he's not always like this. When the subject changes to motor racing, it's like a switch has been thrown: he sits up, leans forward, laughs and radiates enthusiasm. Talking to journalists about a forthcoming album or his latest romantic interlude is part of the day job, chatting about motor racing isn't.

We're in Bahrain and he's doing installation laps for a pro-celebrity race which will support the grand prix. The Holdens being driven have been race prepared and throw out more than 400bhp. F1 drivers past and present are supplying the pro element.

Kay, several other musicians, journalists and sports stars are the celebs. Their talents range from rabbit-in-the-headlights novice to fearless petrolhead. Kay is the latter. In first practice he was top of the timesheets. He mentions it twice, to be sure I've made a note.

"These Holdens are pretty basic. Just big Aussie V8s with tonnes of grunt, terrible gearboxes and slippery back ends. If you get out of shape it's difficult to tuck it back in. It's not a perfect racing car by any stretch, but they're fun for this type of thing."

While many of his competitors are indistinguishable in the standard white helmets supplied by the event organisers, Kay's lid features the trademark Jamiroquai buffalo man. It's flashy and ostentatious, but it is an indication of someone devoted to his racing.

He does, however, demure at the suggestion that, like fellow competitor Nick Mason of Pink Floyd, he's a racing driver trapped in a rock star's body.

"Actually I'm fairly content. I could probably learn to drive competitively because it's something I really like doing and I have a flair for it. If I was trained properly I might make a fairly decent job of it. But there are a lot of good drivers out there. At the moment I'm more into my helicopters. I've decided that rather than learn to be a reasonably crap racing driver I'll try to become a good helicopter pilot instead."

This is a relatively new hobby for Kay but, in his own words: "It's a nice thing to be able to say you can do, as well as being a nice thing to use. It isn't like a plane, you really have to fly it all the time, and there isn't any room for error. It's a real challenge and I haven't had a proper challenge like this for a long time."

The immediate future for Kay entails a return to the studio to record two singles for a greatest hits album. "After that I'm out of the deal with Sony Records and my own boss again. I'll be a free agent and won't have to do things to a deadline. It will be nice."

And does these mean he'll be spending more time motor racing? "Definitely. In the past it's always been about time for me. Last year I didn't get to drive much and I didn't get to many grands prix. Now, if there's an opportunity to go, I'll be happy to accept."

And that's it, end of audience. We draw to an impromptu close when the latest session's timesheets are posted. Kay rushes to the wall, supercool pose momentarily forgotten.

PHOTOS: STEVE SHAW/ICON INTERNATIONAL, SUTTON IMAGES



'RATHER THAN LEARN TO BE A CRAP RACING DRIVER I'LL TRY TO BECOME A GOOD HELICOPTER PILOT'









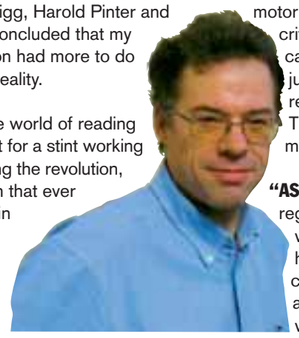


BRAD SPURGEON: 48 IHT F1 CORRESPONDENT CIRCUS PERFORMER

"BY THE TIME I RAN away to join a circus in Toronto, Canada, when I was 18, I had already been up to so much mischief that my parents actually thought it was a good career move. Of course, I had practised ventriloquism since I was nine years old and juggling and riding a unicycle as a teenager, so it did make some sense. I soon discovered, however, that living in a caravan and cleaning up elephant dung, in addition to doing my act, was less glamorous than I had expected.

"I THEN RAN AWAY from the circus and got a job on a television variety show in Ottawa as a performer and backstage gofer, where I hobnobbed with stars like Harry Chapin and the Bay City Rollers. But my subsequent career as a bit-part actor in film and television, and as a club performer in New York and Toronto, also soon dissatisfied me. So I ran away to England in 1977 to become the next Laurence Olivier, yet ended up busking at Marble Arch in London for four months. I once sang Mr Tambourine Man for 12 hours non-stop and earned £12 and a food coupon! When the tourist season came to an end, so did the money. I became a barman in the Green Room of London's National Theatre where I served Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Albert Finney, Diana Rigg, Harold Pinter and other actors. There I concluded that my need for self-expression had more to do with imagination than reality.

"SO I RAN AWAY to the world of reading and writing and, except for a stint working in a school in Iran during the revolution, I have concentrated on that ever since. I took A-Levels in Kenya in 1980 under a private tutor, then a university degree in Toronto, where I also started working for The Globe and Mail newspaper. In 1983, I joined the International Herald Tribune in Paris, where I have remained. It wasn't until 1993 that my passion for motor racing, first unleashed while attending the inaugural Canadian Grand Prix in 1967, and my love of writing found each other. My debut motor racing feature for the IHT criticised Bernie Ecclestone for calling F1 show business. The gig just kept growing: I was soon reporting on F1 for the New York Times as well, and recently launched my own blog on www.iht.com



"AS I STARTED ATTENDING RACES regularly I realised I had ended up where I started: in another circus, hobnobbing with stars, living the caravan life and collecting dung of a different kind. So I decided there was no point running away again."

WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK

In line with the directive to make F1 more interesting, we've come up with a few suggestions to liven up the press conferences.

01 New interview dream team of Peter Windsor, Bob Constanduros, Oprah Winfrey and Ozzy Osbourne

02 Oprah to reunite drivers after particularly moronic crashes

03 Introduction of a video diary room where drivers can talk directly to camera and nominate other drivers for ejection (to IRL)

04 Anti-ambiguity Concorde Agreement to allocate commercial-rights money according to honesty of replies

05 Technical director/chief designer to be issued with crayons and drawing paper to illustrate more demanding answers

06 Electrodes installed to discourage hesitation, repetition or deviation

07 Any team boss frequently accused of being dull will be encouraged to communicate via shadow puppets

08 Flavio to be translated into English

09 Hard-backed chairs above a shark tank for interview subjects

10 Comfy armchairs for interviewers

11 Shiny decoys to be deployed to distract press officers when probing questions are being asked

12 Journalists to get drinks and nibbles; drivers to undergo local cuisine trial. Bahrain = sheep testicles

13 Grid positions to be allocated according to lack of cliches

14 Gerhard Berger to supply whoopee cushions, hand buzzers and frogs

15 Answers given in press conferences to be considered contractually binding

16 Everybody to walk in to their own, personalised theme music, like boxers – or the theme from Shaft

17 Random lifestyle questions to be inserted (Fernando, how has the change to V8s affected the balance of the car and who does your hair?)

18 Drivers who feel unfairly persecuted will be given the option of trial by combat

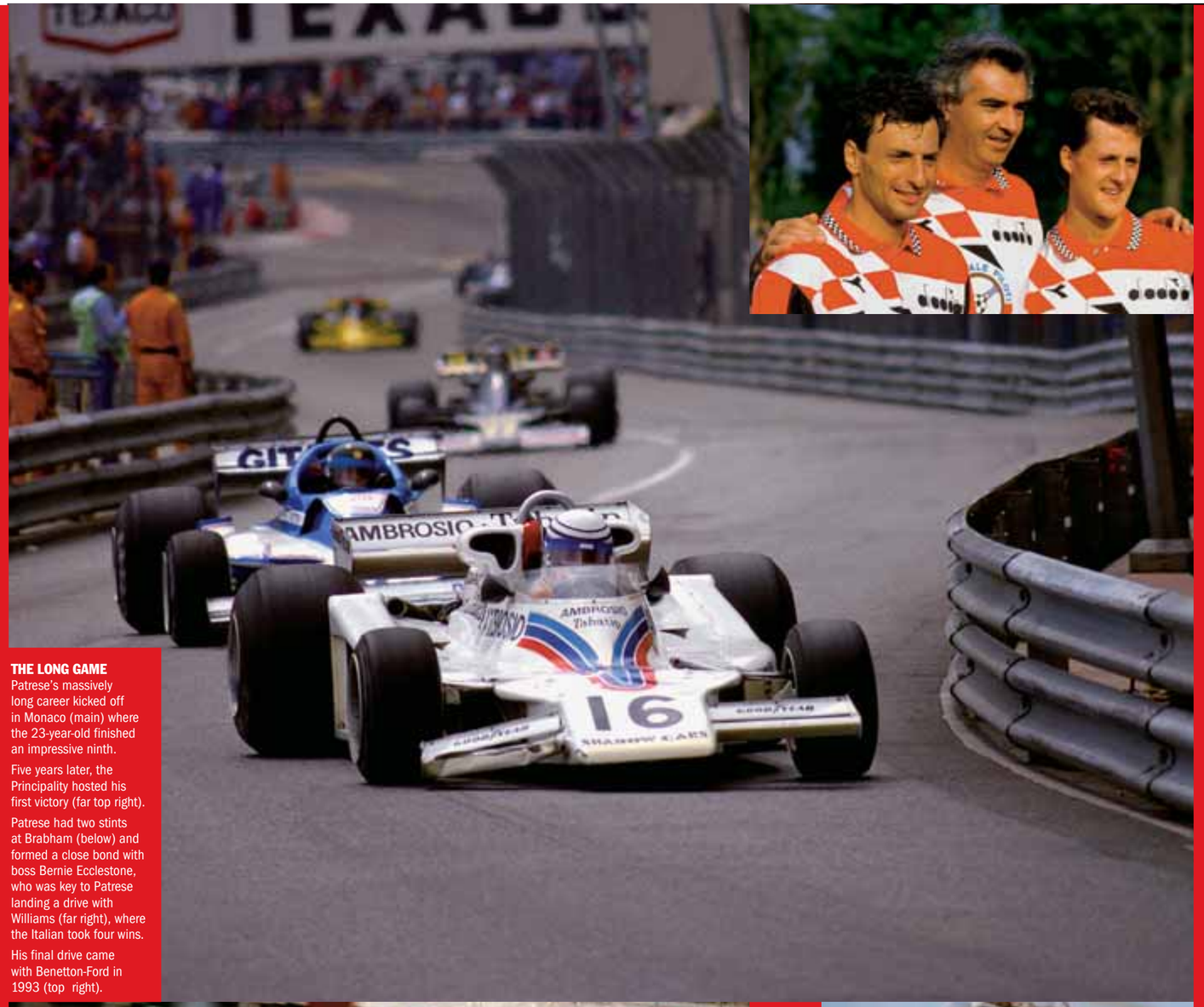
19 Press Conference Lite: just like a normal press conference, but with all the unnecessary sugar taken out

20 Penetrating questions to be set to a rock opera score:
Jenson: "*I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me.*"
The press: "*He's just a poor boy from a poor family, spare him his life from this monstrosity.*"
Jenson: "*Easy come easy go, will you let me go?*"
Sir Frank: "*No! We will not let you go.*"
Nick Fry: "*Let him go.*"
Sir Frank: "*No! We will not let you go.*"
Nick Fry: "*Let him goooooooo!*"
Sir Frank: "*No, no, no, no, no, no, no…*"



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

A CHANGING MAN





Riccardo Patrese remains Formula One's most experienced racer, with 256 grand prix starts to his name His was a 16-year journeyman career that saw a frustrated and fractious youngster become a popular winner.



THE LONG GAME
Patrese's massively long career kicked off in Monaco (main) where the 23-year-old finished an impressive ninth.

Five years later, the Principality hosted his first victory (far top right).

Patrese had two stints at Brabham (below) and formed a close bond with boss Bernie Ecclestone, who was key to Patrese landing a drive with Williams (far right), where the Italian took four wins.

His final drive came with Benetton-Ford in 1993 (top right).





PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

RICCARDO PATRESE began his Formula One career with Shadow in 1977 after Tom Pryce was killed at Kyalami. On his debut, the 23-year-old from Padua finished ninth at Monaco and scored his first point later that season.

When members of Shadow split to form Arrows the following year, Patrese went with them. In only the team's second race, Patrese stunned the paddock by leading for 36 laps before engine failure cost him the flag. By then he'd established a reputation as a talented but overly aggressive driver and, in 1978, he was blamed for causing the accident that killed Ronnie Peterson at the Italian Grand Prix.

The GPDA forced the Italian's exclusion from the next event and he was later charged with manslaughter. He was exonerated in 1981. "It was because they didn't like my attitude," explains Patrese, "but by timing it when they did, it looked as if they were punishing me for the Monza accident. Psychologically, I had no problem with that because I knew it hadn't been my fault, but it took a long time to forget how the other drivers treated me."

One of the loudest detractors was James Hunt who pilloried Patrese until the end of his days. But Patrese had his fans, including Bernie Ecclestone who signed him to Brabham for the '82 season. Partnering Nelson Piquet, Patrese's season highlight came with his first victory at a remarkable Monaco Grand Prix. He scored another win the following year in South Africa but it would be seven years before he would top the podium again.

In the intervening time, Patrese mellowed and began to enjoy his career and life as a family man. "By 1985," he says, "it was beginning to affect my private life. I mean, I was not smiling at all! So I changed my approach, my mentality, everything. And life became easier."

In 1987, Ecclestone recommended Patrese to Frank Williams and his career was revitalised. He loved the team and his technical rapport with Patrick Head was exemplary. At Imola in 1990, Patrese returned to winning ways with an emotional victory. But it was in qualifying at Estoril the following year that his true class shone. His engine blew and he had to wait in the pits until the final five minutes of the session before he could take the spare car, which was set up for his team-mate, Nigel Mansell. He went out, took pole and won the race the following day. Patrese was the championship runner-up in 1992, but the year belonged to Il Leone.

Patrese's swansong came with Benetton-Ford in 1993, partnering a 24-year-old Michael Schumacher. Patrese didn't want to stop, but he was forced to. "I love the life of a grand prix driver," he would say. "There's nothing else I want to do."

ITALIAN STYLE

FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE

The trouble with doing everything with flair is you get it wrong as often as you get it right – remember last year's European Cup Final? We look at the Italians who didn't quite achieve greatness.

THE 10 WORST FIATS

1. 128
2. 126
3. 131
4. Punto Mk1 (1994-99)
5. Fiat Croma
6. 850 Spider
7. Fiat Marea
8. Ritmo/Strada
9. Tipo
10. 132





THE TOP FIVE ITALIAN BANDS YOU SHOULD REALLY LISTEN TO

1. Premiata Forneria Marconi – an Italian response to UK progressive rock from the likes of King Crimson and Yes, PFM sound nothing like either, being more pastoral, lyrical and sweeter. Wonderful players and great melodies only let down by their odd attempts to crack the international market with English lyrics. Check out Storia di Un Minuto, Per Un Amico and L'Isola Di Niente.

2. Franco Battiato – one of the odder entries in Italian rock history. Franco Battiato, one of Italy's most popular singer/songwriters, mixed a whole slew of styles, blending electronica, sound collages and straight songwriting on a suite of albums – Fetus (1972), Pollution (1973) and Clic (1974).

3. Banco del Mutuo Soccorso – along with PFM the other major force in '70s Italian rock, Banco had a more operatic style with the booming tenor of Francesco Di Giacomo and the twin keyboard attack of Vitorio Nocenzi and Giani Nocenzi. Try 1972's Darwin and 1973's Io Sono Nato Libero.

4. Jovanotti – he's better known than the ones above but we reckon not enough people have been exposed to his fun blend of hip-hop stylings and jazz-funk vibes. Try Lorenzo 1994 (including the hit Serenata Rap) and 1999's L'Albero.

5. Jennifer Gentle – taking the band name from a Syd Barrett song, Marco Fasolo and Alessio Gastoldello blend fuzzed-out guitars, falsetto vocals and thoughtful percussion with glockenspiel, harmonium and kazoo into a '60s psych-pop style. Check out their Valende CD.



THE BEST OF THE WORST DRIVERS

1. GIOVANNA AMATI – Amati (pictured above) came to public attention as a child kidnap victim, but she achieved greater notoriety as the last woman to compete in F1. Wealthy Amati brought the cash-strapped Brabham publicity and the promise of funding. But her three attempts to qualify at the end of the 1992 season all ended with a DNQ and dead-last 30th place. The money didn't exactly flow in either and Brabham replaced her with a young hopeful called Damon Hill. He didn't qualify either.

2. CORRADO FABI – Little brother of Teo Fabi, Corrado (pictured, far right) is reputed to have begun go-karting after getting bored while watching his brother compete in a ski race. Raced in F1 for Osella in 1983 without much impact, switched to Brabham-BMW for 1984, filling in races when his brother went CARTing. Corrado later retired to run the family talcum powder business.

3. GAETANO STARRABBA – Sicilian Prince Gaetano Starrabba di Giardinelli was an expert in the royal sport of messing about with fast cars. He competed in many races and many categories, but only competed in one championship F1 event, the horrible Italian Grand Prix of 1961. Despite being 22 seconds off Wolfgang Von Trips' pole time, Starrabba was allowed to start. His race ended on lap 19 with a blown engine. But Starrabba also made history with his four-cylinder Maserati engine coupled to a Lotus 18 chassis – the only Lotus-Maserati hybrid ever to grace F1.



PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, DPPI, GETTY IMAGES

5. LUCA BADOER – proof positive that there is no justice. In 1999, Ferrari's tester gained the dubious honour of making the most F1 starts without securing a single point. Consistently out-qualifying his team-mates, Badoer spend the '90s driving complete dogs. His worst moments, however, came in 1999 when, after Schumacher broke his leg, Badoer was passed over for a drive in the Ferrari. Later in the season, running in fourth with only a dozen laps left, his Minardi gearbox seized. Tears of frustration flowed.



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

4. MASSIMO NATILI – having graduated from F3, Natili performed heroics to qualify in a geriatric Centro-Sud Cooper-Maserati for the 1961 British GP at Aintree. Engine failure meant he never completed a lap. His team-mate Lorenzo Bandini went on to better things.

5. LUCA BADOER – above

6. VINCENZO SOSPIRI – races: one. DNQ: one. F3000 champion Vincenzo Sospiri really got the thin end of the wedge. The Mastercard Lola (pictured left), run out in 1997 a year ahead of schedule to appease impatient sponsors, was the worst car in recent history. Without a shakedown or any wind tunnel time, the car ambled around Albert Park 12 seconds off the pace. The money ran out and the team withdrew before the next race in Brazil. A minor detail which Sospiri learned from a local newspaper on arrival in Sao Paulo.



7. MARCO APICELLA – above

8. GIORGIO SCARLATTI – Maserati racer in the late '50s, who took part in 15 grands prix scoring one point. He achieved a certain notoriety when driving the Targa Florio with Jean Behra. The Frenchman later forcefully expressing the view that they could have won, had Scarlatti been able to drive their Porsche RSK a little faster.

9. GIORGIO BASSI – his one F1 race saw Bassi drive a Scuderia Centro Sud BRM at Monza for the 1965 Italian Grand Prix. He qualified at the back, retired after eight laps with engine trouble and was never heard of again.

10. PIERO CARINI – Scuderia Marzzoto racing team member who drove their Ferrari 166s at the French and German GPs in 1952 and at Monza in '53. Plagued by mechanical gremlins, the Genovese failed to finish at all three. He had more success racing touring cars.

THE TOP 10 ITALIAN BIKE COMPANIES

1. **Benelli** – started in 1911 by Teresa Benelli
2. **Moto Guzzi** – founded in the '30s
3. **Aprilia** – began after the second world war
4. **Bimota** – started in 1973 in Rimini by Bianchi, Morri and Tamburini (BI-MO-TA)
5. **Ducati** – motorcycling royalty. Since 1945
6. **Piaggio** – own Gilera, Aprilia and Moto Guzzi as well as build Vespas
7. **Gilera** – founded in Milan in 1909
8. **MV Agusta** – founded in Milan in 1945
9. **Cagiva** – founded in 1950
10. **Lambretta** – Milan moped manufacturer since 1947

TOP ITALIAN CARS OF ALL TIME

1. Fiat Cinquecento
2. Ferrari 250GT California
3. Alfasud
4. Fiat 125S
5. Lancia Delta Integrale
6. Maserati Ghibli
7. Lamborghini Miura
8. Fiat 124 Coupe
9. Fiat Multipla
10. Alfa Romeo Duetto





7. MARCO APICELLA – successful in other formulas and the owner of a very snazzy website, Marco Apicella's F1 career was very short, in fact it lasted less than one corner. Jordan-Hart gave him a go at the 1993 Italian Grand Prix. He tangled off the line with team-mate Rubens Barrichello and both cars ended up in the gravel.



MONTAGE: ORIENTREPRO

MOVE OVER, DARLING

Like James Garner's fictional Pete Aron, Scott Speed is the hard-driving all-American not afraid of locking horns with his rivals. Stewards might prefer someone polite and respectful of their elders – more like Garner's frequent co-star Doris Day. Que Sera, Sera, Scott