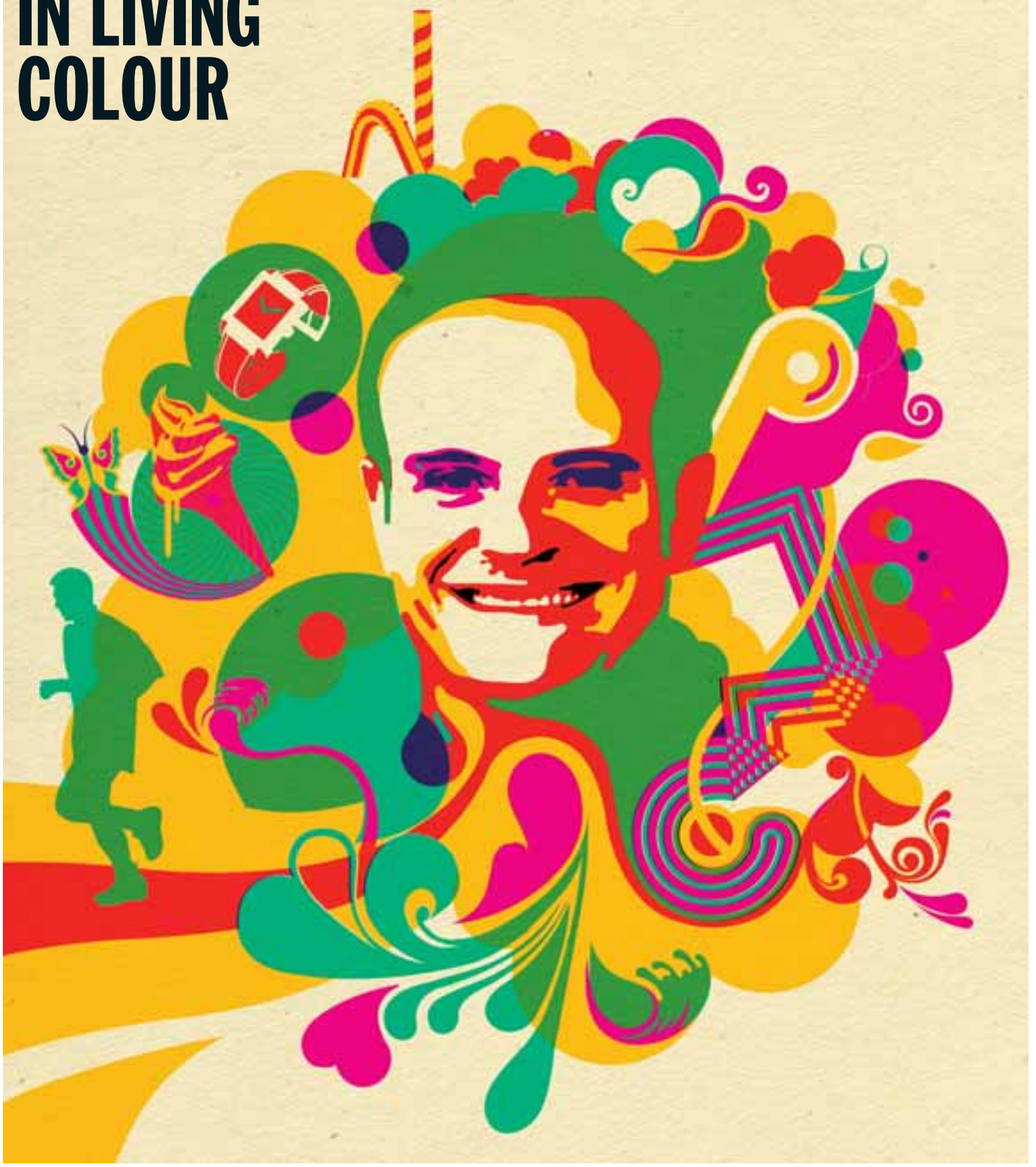
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 76, GP SPAIN, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 2006

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

RUBENS BARRICHELLO: IN LIVING COLOUR



PACESETTER

BEING A FORMULA ONE driver is probably the best job in the world, we reckon. Right up there with being an astronaut or, well… a porn star. We've been canvassing the paddock to discover people's porn names. The formula is simple: take the name of your first pet and your mother's birth name and, hey presto, you have your alter ego. If you had a dog called Rusty and your mother's last name was Schlong before she married your dad, then you're in the wrong job. Robert Doornbos, for instance, could probably find a lot of work as Snuffy Kok, while Hettie Cox (Johnny Herbert) may be a distant relation. There are a few potential adult stars at this publication, as you can see from our flannel panel today. If you or someone you know has a hilarious hardcore handle, e-mail us on secret.service@theredbulletin.com

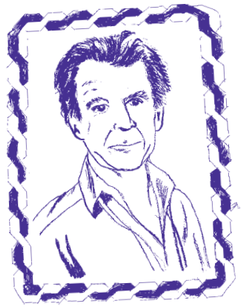


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CLUB 500



CRISPIN THRUSTON

"Camel were hosting a football match at Jerez in 1991, and Nigel Mansell was getting very frustrated. Try as he might, he couldn't get the ball off me and in the end he fouled me, sending me flying into the chairs on the sideline. It caused more than grazed knees – turned out I'd split my kidney. The other media guys there said I should sue – they hated him anyway! The photo of Mansell kicking me through the air actually ended up on the front cover of the local Spanish paper. Professor Sid Watkins took me to the circuit medical centre for a check-up and called me the next day. "Keep drinking lots of fluids, Crispin," he said. "Doesn't matter if it's got whisky in it." That was his cure for everything. "Are you still pissing blood?" he asked. "Well, it's a bit red Prof, yes," I replied. "Hmm," he considered. "Is it claret or rosé?"

Photographer Crispin Thruston has been covering grands prix since 1977.

PACESETTER



SEEING MECHANICS WALKING UP and down the paddock pushing tyre-laden trollies is no more unusual than seeing cabs at chucking-out time. But when the load happens to be a $3,000 book, well that's different. The book doing the rounds this weekend, as sport-crazed hospitality managers scrabble to entice the tome into their motorhome, is GOAT (Greatest Of All Time), a magnificent celebration of the life and times of Muhammad Ali, and a heavyweight itself at 34kg. Published by Taschen, it's been ferried to Barcelona by Kraken Sport & Media who are in the throws of bringing out two Opus books on the history of Ferrari and Formula One. We're told that they'll be "bigger and better" than even the Ali book, which makes the mind boggle, particularly when we were informed that each of the 10-15,000 copies of the Formula One Opus that are planned for production will contain a microchip designed to track every book, wherever they are in the world, in case one gets pinched.

RENAULT

WHILE MICHAEL SCHUMACHER ANNOUNCED yesterday that Ferrari is "quite happy to wait until the end of the season" before he decides whether to continue his racing career, Giancarlo Fisichella revealed to The Red Bulletin that he will know if he's to stay at Renault next year or not by a much sooner date than was expected. "I think around Monte Carlo or Silverstone we will know whether I will stay here or not," said Giancarlo. "The team is happy with the job I've done so far. There's only been one race this season where there hasn't been problems. That was in Malaysia, and I won."



PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES, ANDREA TARONI, SPORTS NEWS

AIR RACE

LAST WEEKEND, BARCELONA PLAYED host to the Red Bull Air Race World Series, which drew an unimaginable crowd of one million people. But while the Spanish fans got to smell the danger, British viewers were treated to Tamara Ecclestone. Bernie's eldest has long hoped for a career on screen and is co-presenting the air race show in the UK on Channel 4. The air race is Red Bull's biggest venture after F1 and soccer and expects to draw another massive crowd when the planes take off in Berlin on May 27. For more info, visit www.redbullairrace.com





WITH INVITATIONS FOR THE ladies' night in Monaco going out, Tonio's been trotting round in high heels hoping to sweep past the velvet rope unnoticed. The shortlist for the Formula Unos, F1's tastiest male totty, who are fighting to win an invitation to the oestrogen-charged bash, was published in The Bulletin yesterday – and Tonio wasn't on it. He'll stop at nothing to get in. Thing is, no driver was eligible because the F1 females think they go out enough already. If any ladies from the paddock would like to vote, just register online at http://theredbulletin.stadlober.com. Log in and when you're back on the registration page, click on 'Gallery' to go to the voting area.

FORMULA UNO

FOUR COMMENTARIES

THE PRICE OF FAME

KEEP IN TOUCH
BY NORMAN FISA

1 We were partaking of some delicious gambas a la plancha at La Fonda restaurant in the Port Olimpic area of Barcelona, putting the world to rights and marvelling at the beauty of this superb city when a ripple of excitement swept along the tables. The name that was whispered was certain to bring even us, hard-bitten and insouciant F1 paddock veterans to our feet and out of the restaurant.

And there he was, the world's greatest footballer, the wizard who will destroy the best players with a flick, a dip and a grin, getting into a maroon Peugeot 306. A pretty girl at the wheel. Bodyguards? No. Ferrari, Maserati, Bentley? No. The quick getaway? No. The bored flick away of the autograph book? No. The harassed, 'I'm a star, don't come near me' look? No, no and no again.

Ronaldinho smiled, he was charming, his body language was relaxed. A man at ease with himself, and his people. The best in the world in so many ways. And this is a football-mad city. Mad? Mad does not convey the passion woven into the Catalan DNA for their heroes. And none is bigger than the buck-toothed genius from Porto Alegre.

So why all this about the man who is very likely to lift the Fifa World Cup Trophy on July 9 in Berlin? It's because it provided such a contrast to the world we inhabit, where the stars and the big players scuttle from motorhome to pits, where some, in an effort to interact with as few people as possible, have taken to riding on motorised scooters around the paddock. What's that all about, for chrissakes?

'It was such a contrast to the world we inhabit where the stars scuttle from motorhome to pits'

Mr E had a little go at McLaren and Fernando Alonso, saying they were not giving enough of themselves in terms of media and public. More needs doing, that is for sure, and it's not just a case of media training – though some could really do with that – it's more of a case of creating a feeling of belonging to the people. After all, it's the fans who directly and indirectly pay the drivers' diamond-studded wages.

In Germany last week, the most popular merchandise in the Red Bull shop was that of Robert Doornbos. He's Dutch and there were many of the Orange-crazy army at the Nürburgring, but I'm sure he is also very popular because he takes time to be nice to the fans. He came to visit us at The Red Bulletin, and he shook everyone one of us by the hand: friendly, available, direct. So, now we're all fans. Simple as that.

Of course, Barcelona FC, with 130,000 paid-up members, a 90,000-seater stadium and sporting history to rival Ferrari's is a class act. There is heritage deeply rooted into the city. And I'm quite sure that Ronaldinho is often looked after and isolated from his adoring fans. But clearly he gets out and about enough for people to worship him without mobbing him. It's so much a better way of living with your fame and giving so much more back to the fans.

We in F1 need to do a little more of it.

F1 FUNNIES



PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 Strange to think we've been coming here since 1991, as the inaugural event only seems a couple of years ago. It was back to back with Estoril and at the time we were all moaning about the fact that we had lost the delights of Jerez. But a few days in a cheap and tacky hotel on the coast soon changed our opinion of the place, even though we never actually ventured into Barcelona itself.

As we checked out to move nearer the circuit for race weekend, I wanted to buy my then boyfriend a T-shirt with the slogan, "I was lodged in the Colon," but he felt that our sex life was a thing of beauty that should not be shared.

He wasn't the brightest bulb in the house and failed to see the joke as we had been staying in the Hotel Colon. And what a jolly time we had, some jollier than others. We returned to the Colon out of a sense of nostalgia and found that the receptionist was now the mother of a three-month-old child who bore a striking resemblance to a member of the F1 press corps.

On the subject of nostalgia, I can only assume that this over-rated emotion played a part in the selection of the 30 so-called male 'heartthrobs' featured in yesterday's Bulletin. The reasons behind the voting stand out as blatantly as the balls on a dog: two FIA officials? Obviously voted in under instructions from a technical director running an illegal car. Red Bull's own Dietrich Mateschitz? Someone looking for a sugar daddy. A member of the British Royal Family? An eager journalist looking for a knighthood?

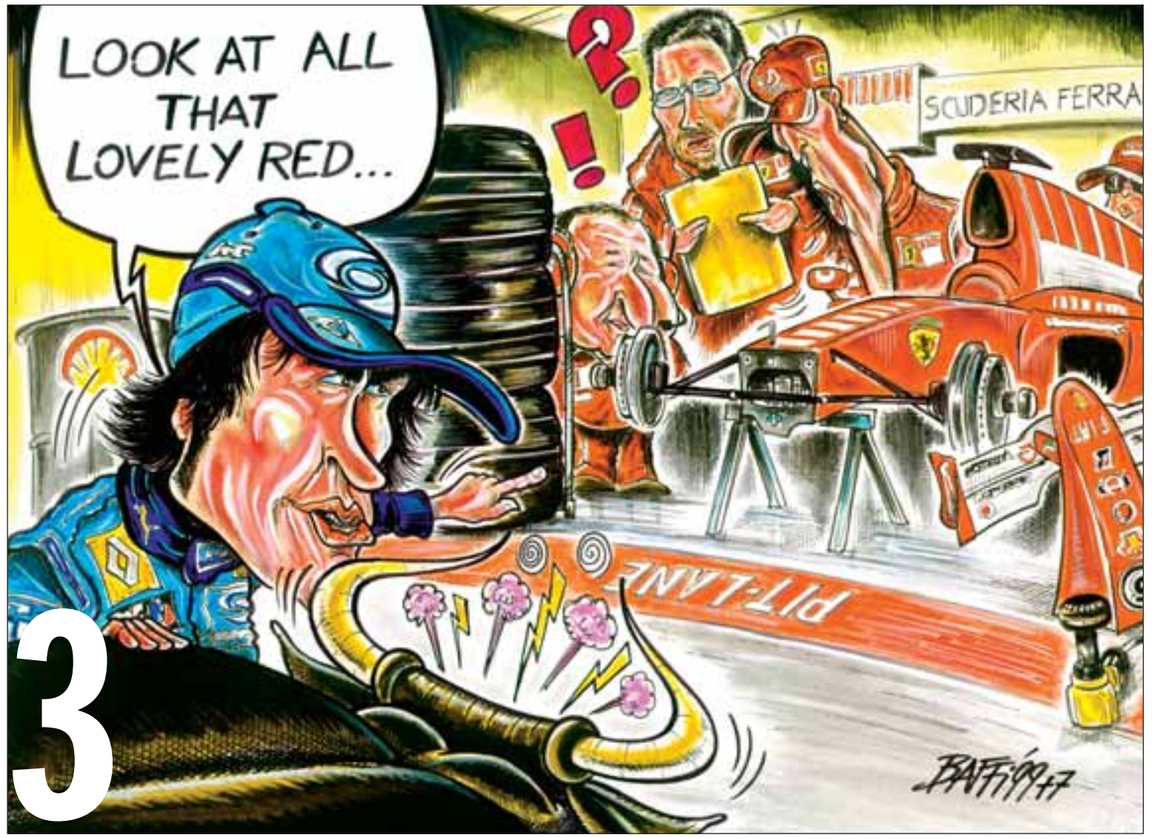
As for the rest, the voting must have been conducted at a charity meeting to raise funds for Guide Dogs for the Blind. Anyway, as I'm in a happy, giving relationship – he gives, I'm happy – I did not bother voting. In fact, a women's magazine recently interviewed me on the benefits of monogamy and I told them I felt it was old-fashioned, dark and hard and that I preferred something lighter and more frivolous. It was only after the interview, conducted in a posh London bar, that I realised I thought I'd been asked for my views on mahogany.

Here in Barcelona I've changed hotels this year and I can't say I'm too happy with it. First off, it's in Granollers, which is a bit further than I like to travel and secondly, when I checked in, the girl at reception asked me if I had a good memory for faces. When I asked her why, she informed me that the bathroom mirror in my room was broken.

It seems to be something of a tradition now that when I find myself short of a few words to round off this column, I simply turn to the Queen of Bad Jokes, BBC Radio Five pitlane reporter, Holly Samos.

In fact, so cheesy are her puns that a team press officer has even presented her with a Big Joke Book. Judging by yesterday's offering, it has not improved the quality of her humour.

Question: What kind of monkey can fly? Answer: A hot-air baboon!



A SPORTS CAR NAMED DESIRE
BY COLIN KOLLES

4 Rather than write about an issue which people are already quite familiar with – the unfair V10 engine equivalency rule, for example – I thought I would use this opportunity to discuss a topic that gives me considerably more pleasure: sports cars.

Much is made about the fact I was a dentist before I entered motorsports, but the truth is that I saw nitrous oxide as a way to boost engine performance long before I ever thought of using it as an anaesthetic. Cars have always been my first love.

My passion for speed began at a very early age, as far back perhaps as when I was two years old and I used to watch my father rally race. He won the Romanian championship in a Dacia, quite a modest car, but that achievement left a big impression on me.

Growing up in Germany, I used to collect Matchbox toy cars. I remember my favourites: a Porsche 911 Turbo and the famous Le Mans-winning 917 racers. Almost every waking moment of my childhood was occupied with sports cars.

As soon as I was old enough to drive, I took up karting and later rallying as a co-driver – not in a Dacia, thankfully! We used to compete all over Germany and Europe, and we had a fair bit of success.

At the age of 18, I owned three mid-engined Renault R5 Turbos: a black one, a red one and a white one. One just wasn't enough; they were so much fun to drive.

At that point in my life, I was at a crossroads and with a big decision ahead of me: try to make a career of racing or take a break and go to university, and then on to dental school. I chose dentistry because I realised I would never be good enough to be successful as a driver.

'I chose dentistry because I realised I would never be good enough to be a driver'

Fortunately, I was much better as a dentist than I ever was as a driver and my practice grew into one of the most successful in Germany.

This in turn allowed me to indulge my interest in racing through helping out promising young drivers by providing them with sponsorship.

In 1999, I entered Team Kolles in the German F3 championship. When our driver, Elran Nijenhuis, stood on the podium after our first race, I knew that I had been bitten hard by the motorsports bug.

We spent six years in F3, our best year coming in 2001, when Pierre Kaffer won a total of five races for us.

At the same time, I continued collecting cars, only this time it was Ferraris that captured my interest. I probably have about 20 classic Ferraris in my collection at the moment; my favourite being a 250 LM, it is one of only 32 ever built.

It's currently sitting in a museum and, although I've only ever driven it once, I can attest to its status as a very special exotic.

I don't have as much time to spend on this hobby anymore, as you can imagine the running of teams in both Formula One and the DTM series keeps me very busy these days. But of the newer cars out there, I like the Mercedes McLaren SLR, the Ferrari 599 GTB and Porsche 997 Turbo.

But at the end of the day it's the older cars I really prefer, and I'd love to get my hands on a nice 250 SWB.

As they say, it's always the car you don't have, that you want the most.

ILLUSTRATION: BAFFI, FEGGO

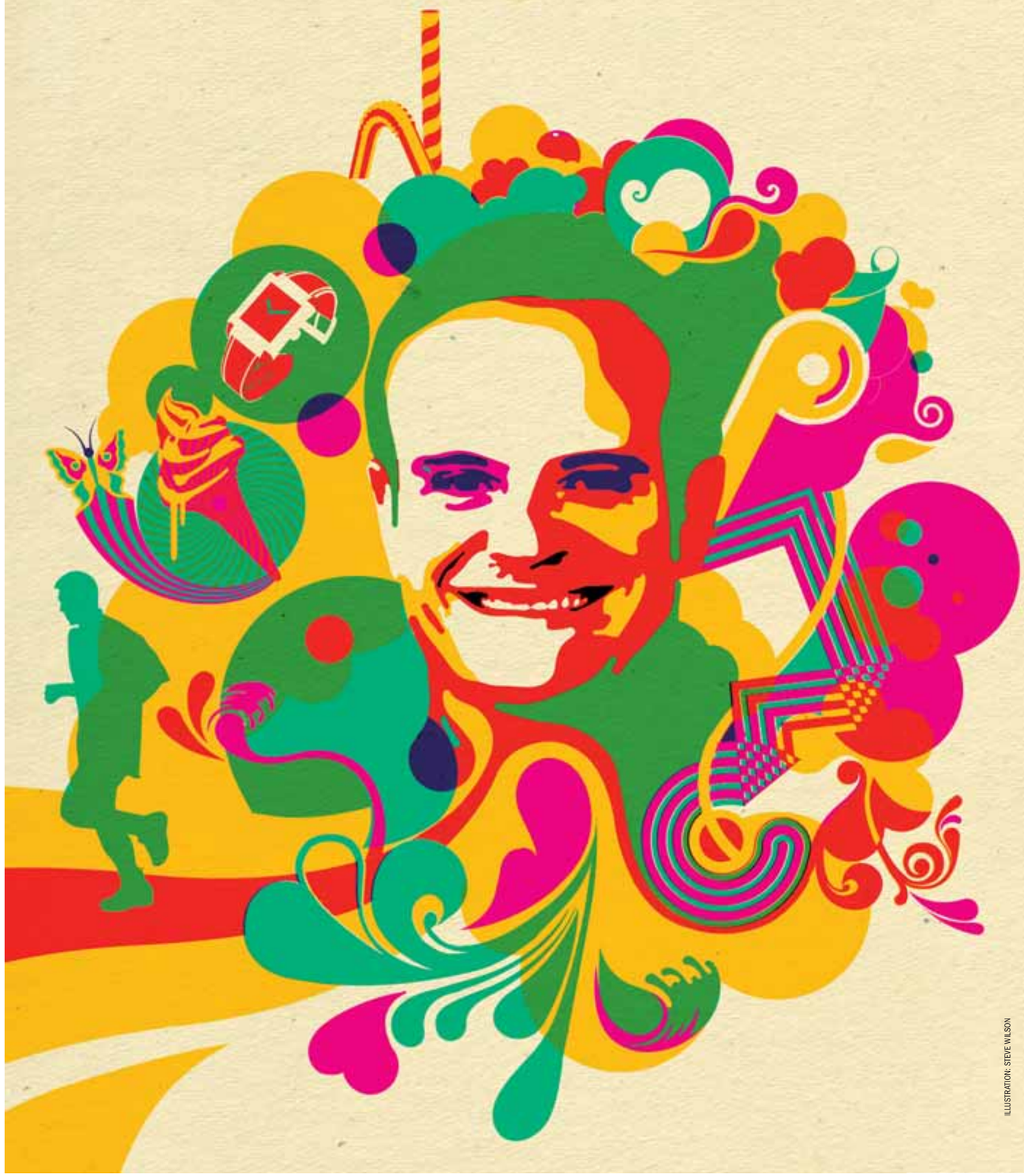


ILLUSTRATION: STEVE WILSON

THE FULL BRAZILIAN

Hello, hello, Dr Bull here. A man whose detractors say would be out of his depth in a puddle – but what do they know? I number among my clients all of this year's Formula One drivers, and look how sane some of those are. Today on the sofa we have world-famous Barry Chello, who claims to be Rubens. That's nothing, last week I had a man in who thought he was Picasso. Oh well, let's go for Baroque...

Barry is F1's ultimate straight man. Like Alfred, Batman's butler, he's carved a career out of doing all the dirty work and then stepping aside to let the comic book superhero take the credit. If F1 were a pantomime (stop it) Rubens would get lumbered with playing the back end of the horse – so if anyone in F1 deserved to go a little bit crazy, it's him. Let's find out if beneath that happy-go-lucky, smiley exterior there lurks a psychopath.

Q: If you were anything other than an F1 driver, what would that be?
A: I'd be a go-kart mechanic
Interesting. You'd devote your life to quietly doing what needs to be done, tinkering and fine-tuning cars and getting them just right and then stand quietly by while other people reap the rewards. Isn't that the job description that Ferrari print when Michael needs a new team-mate?

Q: Are you a fan of cinema? What is your favourite film?
A: I like comedy because I like smiling
Hmmm… not strictly an answer but let's concentrate on the positive. Barry likes comedy, which goes some way to explaining why he's working for Honda this season. Only joking! Some psychologists believe people with a bright smile, sunny disposition and the ability to be eternally optimistic have a far greater chance of success than those who rely on hard work and ruthless determination alone. Obviously none of these psychologists has ever convinced Ron…

Q: And outside of work and Groucho Marx conventions, what do you do then? Do you have a hobby?
A: Yes, I like running
Ah, very creditable I'm sure, very healthy, though I have always believed that exercise merely allows one to die healthier. You wouldn't catch me running – it tends to make me drop my cigarettes, though I am



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

in favour of long walks, preferably taken by people who I don't like. The question one must ask is what is it that you are running from?

Q: And after a lung-bursting slog, what do you have to drink?
A: Diet Pepsi, Pepsi Max
Hmm… I suspect the subtle hand of sponsorship at play, but never mind, that's the way of the world, at least the world of F1. Back in the day, Rubens could have cheerfully toured local junior schools explaining why Senior Service cigarettes could cure acne, make you more attractive to the opposite sex and knock three tenths off a lap of Jacaparagua. Mind you, I'm only doing this for a free T-shirt myself…

Q: Less talented psychologists pay great attention to a subject's relationship with his or her parents. Dr Bull, however, firmly believes in the value of properly understanding a client's relationship with pudding. Rubens, What's your favourite dessert?
A: Vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate fudge
Diet pop and hot chocolate fudge? I supposed that counts as a balanced diet. Though usually only to people trying to sell diet books. Are you quite sure you haven't received a heavy blow to the head?

Q: Do you still manage to enjoy sport away from the track? Or has the endless pressure of being a likeable, talented multi-millionaire proved too much for you?
A: I enjoy jet-skiing and golf
But presumably not at the same time? That would be impressive. Even so, that isn't exactly a normal combination is it? But then maybe when you commute between Brazil and Brackley it's sort of inevitable. Ah, the duality of man.

Q: Can we get off the subject of sport? How about spending money? What's the most extravagant thing you've ever purchased?
A: $10,000 watch
So you like to watch? Well, there's nothing wrong with a spot of voyeurism every so often, but isn't $10,000 rather steep? Dr Bull goes down to the Praterstrasse here in Vienna and it's not nearly that exp… oh, you mean a wristwatch. Yes, of course, telling the time is important so a good watch… yes, of course, I knew that was what you meant all the time, it was just my little joke. Ha! Ha! Here's another one: why did the action potential cross the optic chiasm? To get to the other side. What do you mean you don't get it? That had them rolling in the aisles back at the Vienna Psychiatrists' Association annual ball.

Q: And finally, that which soothes the savage beast. What sort of music do you like Barry – tell us, who is your favourite singer?
A: Caetano Veloso
Clearly Barry is a big fan of the Tropicalia movement. It's a groovy, psychedelic Brazilian invention born in the early 1970s. It flourished brightly before being brutally repressed by a harsh, self-centred dictatorship. And if this isn't evidence of life imitating art, then I don't know what is.

JORDAN

SILVERSTONE TEST, 1994

The first three years in F1 were a struggle for Jordan. But by the beginning of 1994, there was light at the end of the tunnel. With Eddie Irvine and Rubens Barrichello on board, they achieved fifth in the constructors' championship. But where are those guys now?

NAME: GARY ANDERSON
POSITION AT JORDAN, 1994: TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

"The team was a huge amount smaller," says Anderson of the '94 Jordan team. "It was more satisfying, because everybody was a big cog in a small wheel. We had a pretty decent year in 1994. It was good fun. You could be competitive with a small budget." Anderson went on to work with Stewart and Jaguar, before returning to Jordan. He quit in 2004 and now works with Irish TV station Setanta Sports.



NAME: STEVE NICHOLS
POSITION AT JORDAN, 1994: CHIEF DESIGNER

American Nichols built the first carbon-fibre monocoque for McLaren and moved to Ferrari, Sauber and Jordan. He says: "It was a successful year considering we had £14m and £4m of that went to Brian for the engines." Steve quit motorsport a few years ago, and now works at the National Small Bore Rifle Association in Surrey, UK.



NAME: ANDREW GREEN
POSITION AT JORDAN, 1994: SUSPENSION DESIGNER

"After university I worked for Reynard and went with Gary and Mark (Smith, now his boss at Red Bull Racing) to Jordan," says the impossibly young-looking Andrew Green. "It was bloody fantastic, looking back – your mind blocks out all the bad stuff." Andrew joined BAR in 1998, then moved on to Jaguar and is now with Red Bull Racing.



NAME: EDDIE IRVINE
POSITION AT JORDAN, 1994: DRIVER

Since retiring from F1 in 2002, Irvine's business interests have swollen to quite obscene levels of net worth. Playboy, bon viveur and now the owner of an obscure software company in America, a paper shipping company in Ireland and a property portfolio larger than girlfriend Pamela Anderson's assets. Here, it looks like Eddie has caught sight of them for the first time…



NAME: BRIAN HART
POSITION AT JORDAN, 1994: ENGINE SUPPLIER

After a promising race driving career, Brian established his own company and supplied Jordan with his own engine in '93 and '94. "It was a good period: lots of power and we'd got rid of the aerodynamics." Hart later supplied Minardi and Arrows, sold his company to Tom Walkinshaw, before heading for retirement in the South of France.



PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES

FUN AND GAMES

It's all getting a touch competitive this season. And not just on the track. In the paddock there's an air of rivalry. We caught this, and a load more fooling about, in Barcelona this week.

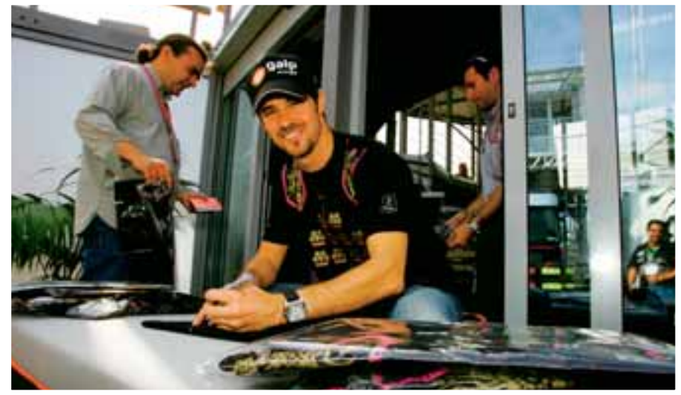


Just when Coulthard thought he'd served out his prison sentence, they tacked on another 200 days.

Now the world was about to see how Massa got the drive.

"Dios mio! This marble cake is really hard."





Tiago wasn't feeling very media friendly on Thursday and every time another annoying journalist turned up at the motorhome, he shot out the window.

Only an Australian could think Barcelona was in France, which is why Webber was getting his Marcel Marceau mime act sharpened up this weekend.





Someone had made a mistake when packing back at the BMW factory and had brought the wind tunnel dummy still attached to the nose cone.



Shorts and black socks? Any chance this guy's German?



Massa might be Brazilian, but he's no soccer star and his long range shot at goal in Montmelo...



...ended up being caught by his countryman Rubens Barrichello in the Honda garage at the track.



The fact that the local sheep market was due to take place on the same weekend as the grand prix was going to cause problems once the cars came down pit lane.

PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, MURIEL BROUSSEAU, MSPB/MELZER, CRASHPIX.NET

WE DON'T NEED NO EDUCATION

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, and like any community it depends upon youth for future prosperity. That's why Paddock City has a school where young drivers learn their craft. It's the home of Scuderia Toro Rosso.



1 TONIO LIUZZI
As is only to be expected, young Tonio assumes he knows it all and is not turning up for classes. Instead, he is continuing his preferred method of physical education – chatting up the girls.

2 GERHARD BERGER
Schoolmaster and influential member of the board of governors, Gerhard's job is to pass on wisdom to his charges. His specialised subjects: racecraft, handling fame and the correct care of frogs.

3 SCOTT SPEED
He might be fresh-faced and innocent looking, but young master Speed has a rebellious streak. Today he's been told to stand in the corner after using profanity in front of the teachers.

ILLUSTRATION: MONIKA FAULER

THE WATER BABES

After yesterday's planned go-karting was cancelled because of early rain, the Spanish Unas thought they'd be in for a dry day. That was until they visited L'Aquarium Barcelona and half of them had to go diving in the tanks with the fish...













PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER





SMASH HIT

Rafael Nadal is a tennis phenomenon – he's the second best player in the world and he's still only a teenager, writes Stephen Bierley.

The sophisticated young woman in the Mercedes courtesy car, a marine engineer by profession, was edging her way through the crowded streets of Monte Carlo, heading for the tennis club. The long-haired teenager beside her, as is usual for teenagers, was spending the whole time texting on his mobile phone.

Suddenly, out the corner of her eye, she saw a movement on the pavement opposite, and a girl dressed in pink ran across the road, flinging herself on the car, screaming "Rafa, Rafa!"

Welcome to the world of Rafael Nadal. Perhaps not since Björn Borg's heart-throb days at Wimbledon has any youngster caused quite such a stir in the often sedate world of tennis as the 19-year-old Spaniard, the reigning French Open champion, King of Clay and world No 2.

But here is no Swedish iceman. Nadal enters a tennis court as if it were a boxing ring, bouncing on his toes, his sleeveless top emphasising a torso that might raise eyebrows even on Bondi Beach. They nicknamed Australia's diminutive multi-champion Ken Rosewall 'Muscles' as a bit of a joke; Nadal has muscles where tennis players of the '60s did not know they existed.

Such has been the huge shift in the sport over the last decade. The skill remains for all to see, but power and endurance are now essential. Look at the names of the racquets – the Hammer, the Thunder Cloud, the V-engine. Anyone for tennis? Vroom and we're off, and forget the cucumber sandwiches.

Small wonder, then, that Fernando Alonso and Nadal have such an admiration for each other, although they have still to meet face to face.

Alonso loves playing tennis while Rafa has an unfulfilled wish to get behind the wheel of a Formula One car. Maybe not just yet, though. He only passed his driving test this year and admits to having had a shunt or two trying to park his Kia Sorrento – "my company car" – in his local Majorcan garage. Hence his reluctance to risk his shining new Merc cabriolet, won in Stuttgart last summer. No offence to Kia, of course.

Nadal's rise to the top has been extraordinary, although his fellow Majorcan, close friend and former French Open champion, Carlos Moya, had flagged this tennis prodigy's arrival some three years ago.

So it was that a small group of French, Italian, and British journalists huddled in the upstairs room of the Monte Carlo tennis club at mid-evening, with their predominant thoughts more on a quiet meal on the waterfront than forehands and backhands, to catch their first sight of the boy who would be king.

He did not disappoint. Fellow Spaniard Albert Costa, who at the time was the reigning champion of Roland Garros, simply could not cope with Rafa's tremendous speed around the court, or the depth and quality of his viciously spinning ground strokes.

To understand what it is like to face Nadal, then best listen to the Las Vegan legend Andre Agassi, the holder of eight grand slam titles and one of only five players to have ever won all four majors. "He's just a great mover so you're never sure if you have control of a point. And even when you think you have him stretched he somehow manages to get the ball back with so much more power than you expect."

After winning his inaugural ATP title in 2004, Nadal claimed a total of 11 last year, including, of course, the French Open where, on the Philippe Chatrier court he defeated Switzerland's Roger Federer, the world No. 1, in the semi-finals.

Coincidentally, Federer also won 11 titles last year, but only one of those was on clay, while Nadal's were predominantly on that surface. Without a doubt, the young Spaniard's game is currently best suited to clay although his ultimate ambitions stretch much, much further.

He is a player who relishes and rises to the big occasion, as was seen so thrillingly for the first time in Seville towards the end of 2004 when, as an 18-year-old, he beat Andy Roddick of the US on the opening day of the Davis Cup final.

Here was something extremely special, and Nadal has barely looked back since, save for those times when injuries have halted his momentum.

Two of his four wins over Federer – and that's four out of five – have come on hard courts, so he has clear ambitions to win the Australian and US Open title. Grass, on which the Swiss has been unbeatable for three years, might be seen as a surface too far, although, as Nadal has often said, accompanied by a huge smile, the All England crown is the title he most dreams about.

Only one Spaniard has ever become the Wimbledon singles champion. It was the year Jack Brabham took the F1 title for the third and last time, and Jackie Stewart captured his first Monaco. In 1966 Manuel Santana – Spain's beloved Manolo – beat Dennis Ralston of the US 6-4,11-9, 6-4. And how dearly Nadal would love to become the second Spanish player to achieve that feat. Vamos Rafa.

'EVEN WHEN YOU THINK HE IS STRETCHED, HE MANAGES TO GET THE BALL BACK WITH MUCH MORE POWER THAN YOU EXPECT'

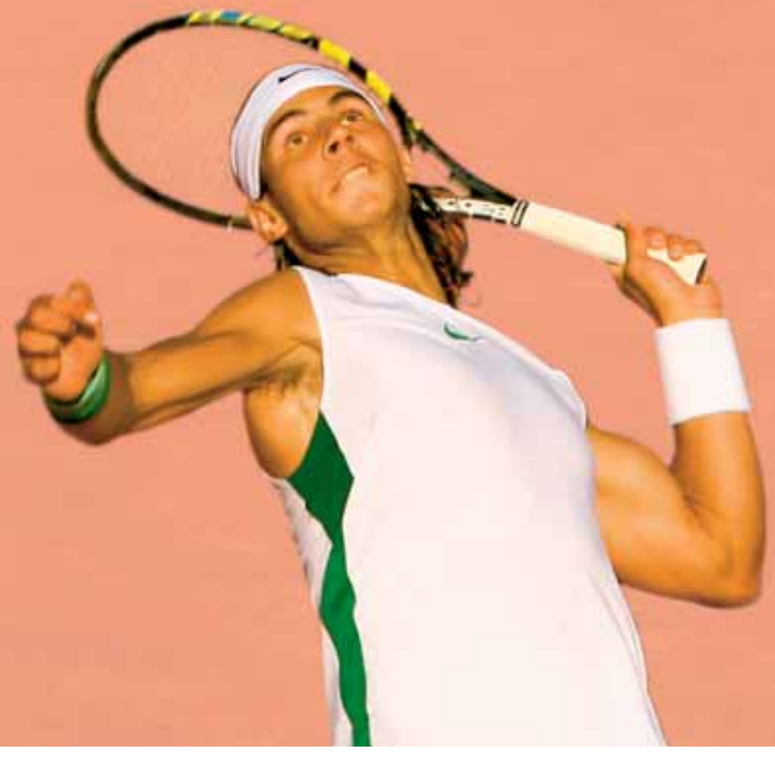


PHOTO: MANUEL QUEIMADELOS

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

SPANISH PRODIGIES

The success of Fernando Alonso and Rafael Nadal at such tender ages is no flash in the pan. A quick glance at history shows the Spanish like to start young.



Guitar virtuoso Andrés Segovia and Arsenal's talented teenager Cesc Fabregas

1. RAÚL GONZÁLEZ BLANCO
In October 1994, Raúl became Real Madrid's youngest-ever player at the age of 17. He went on to win the European Cup three times and is Spain's captain and most prolific goalscorer. Barça's Josep Guardiola said he was "the most important player in Spanish football, the one who will break records". As Raúl prepares to lead his country into the World Cup, we have to wonder if the former Barcelona captain's prophecy will come true.

2. SEVE BALLESTEROS
Seve learned golf at age seven on the beach near his home in Santander. He was the youngest player to win the British Open golf championship in 1979 and recaptured the title twice more in '84 and '88 as well as the US Masters in '80 and '83. But Seve was at his most competitive in the Ryder Cup, winning three times as a player and once as captain.

3. ANDRÉS SEGOVIA
The virtuoso classical guitarist is undoubtably a legend. He played his first concert in Granada at 16 and over the course of his career, his playing elevated the instrument from being the staple of popular folk music to a classical solo instrument.



4. ARANTXA SÁNCHEZ VICARIO
In 1989, an unknown 17-year-old Arantxa beat world No 1 Steffi Graf to become the youngest-ever winner of the women's singles title at the French Tennis Open. Over the course of her career, the Barcelona Bumblebee won four Grand Slam singles and six Grand Slam doubles titles.

5. SALVADOR DALI
The controversial and flamboyant surrealist staged his first exhibition at age 14 and became one of the most influential artists of the 20th Century. He was not without his detractors, though. His great rival André Breton dubbed him Avida Dollars (Eager for Dollars).

6. CESC FÀBREGAS
Supremely skilful and composed, the teenage midfielder has already established himself in the Arsenal first team, replacing the towering Patrick Vieira and helping the club to their first European Cup final.

7. EL CID
As a teenager, soldier and nobleman Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar distinguished himself in his very first battle in 1063 and went on to be the ruler of Valencia. Even in death, El Cid was a natural leader: legend has it his troops tied his corpse to a horse and sent him off to battle. Believing him to be immortal, the enemy turned and fled.

8. PENELOPE CRUZ
As a girl, Penelope (pictured) put on shows for her family. Later, she won a ballet school scholarship, became a TV presenter and then moved to the big screen in Jamon, Jamon and Belle Epoque and all before she turned 18.

9. SERGIO GARCIA
El Niño started playing golf at age three and has been one of the stars of the game since winning the European Amateur Championship at age 15.

10. PLACIDO DOMINGO
Domingo made his singing debut a few months after his 18th birthday. By his early 20s, he joined the Israeli national opera and was soon established as a star in the US. He is currently in London in Cyrano de Bergerac.



Born performer Penelope Cruz

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES, THE RONALD GRANT FILM ARCHIVE

THE GREATEST CHILD STAR BURNOUTS



When Neil Young said: "It's better to burn out than to fade away" he could have been talking about the cast of Diff'rent Strokes. Here's our top 10 child stars in freefall.

GARY COLEMAN (above) Became a security guard after Diff'rent Strokes. Then, suddenly, he was back and running for governor of California, against Arnold Schwarzenegger.

JACK WILD Leapt into the hearts of cinema-goers with his portrayal of The Artful Dodger in Oliver! but boozing and drugs took their toll and Jack died earlier this year.

DANNY BONADUCE A member of the Partridge Family with a great voice and good looks, yes, that was David Cassidy. Danny was his co-star, the chubby ginger kid on drums. Danny has since been busted for drugs and beating up a transvestite.

COREY FELDMAN After roles in The Goonies, Stand By Me and The Lost Boys, Corey blamed his abusive and overbearing parents for his fall into obscurity and heroin addiction.

COREY HAIM "Whatever Happened to Corey Haim?", sang The Thrills and the answer is this Lost Boy suffered a drug-induced stroke, went into rehab and tried to sell a tooth on eBay.

RIVER PHOENIX Cultivated an image of being drug-free, vegan and clean-living only to die from an accidental drugs overdose.

SAL MINEO Despite being lauded as an actor Sal, who played Plato in Rebel Without A Cause, fell into total obscurity was stabbed to death, ignominiously, in a botched robbery in 1976.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART Little Wolfie was a child prodigy with an overbearing parent who became a great composer. But as he matured, he lost his patrons, fell into debt and died aged 35.

WINONA RYDER All seemed rosy until she was arrested for shoplifting while apparently high as a kite and with her pockets stuffed with drugs.

BOBBY DRISCOLL The voice of Peter Pan in the 1953 cartoon, Bobby plummeted into obscurity and disappeared. His body was found in a derelict building in 1968. He was just 31.

BEATING THE CURSE OF CHILD STARDOM



Angus Young The AC/DC guitarist (above) is still rocking in his school uniform.

Phil Collins From the West End stage to international stardom with Genesis.

Shirley Temple From movies to international diplomacy.

Stevie Wonder Five decades of hit-making – and counting.

Jodie Foster Oscar-winning success via Bugsy Malone and Taxi Driver.

Drew Barrymore From ET to stardom as a Charlie's Angel (via rehab).

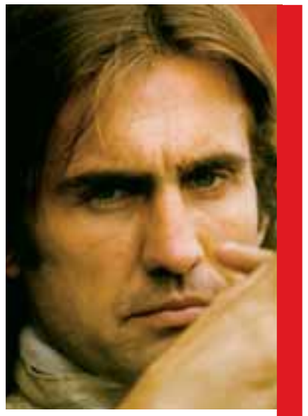
Ron Howard Reliable child actor who became an Oscar-winning director.

Juliette Lewis Actress, artist and rock star.

Sofia Coppola Babe in arms in The Godfather and now a writer-director.

Bobby Brown Twenty years on the brink of burning out and still clinging on – just.

PURSUIT OF POWER



When he arrived in F1, **Carlos Reutemann** was immediately marked out as a natural successor to Fangio. But the pressures heaped upon the Argentine's shoulders would get the better of him when it mattered.

ON HIS FORMULA ONE DEBUT, Carlos Reutemann did what only Mario Andretti had done before him, and Jacques Villeneuve since. He scored pole position. And if that wasn't exhilarating enough for the 30-year-old rookie, he did so at his home grand prix in Buenos Aires. Rumours swept through the paddock that perhaps the Argentinian timekeepers had been responsible for some patriotic favouritism, but no: the result was correct. And contrary to Andretti and Villeneuve, Reutemann's car wasn't considered a contender.

Such a startling beginning to his career forced many to consider Reutemann a dead certainty for championship titles. He'd arrived in Europe two years earlier, in 1970, to race in Formula 2. He was quick from the off, and marked out his style: a cocktail of smooth race craft and unflinching defences – which is how Jochen Rindt came to be knocked off the track on lap one by Reutemann in his first F2 race, at Hockenheim. The following year, he was narrowly beaten to the championship by Ronnie Peterson.

Bernie Ecclestone had been keeping a close eye on Reutemann's progress, and offered him an F1 seat with Brabham in 1972, alongside double-champ Graham Hill – a driver of fading abilities in his 15th season, who could muster no more than 16th on the day of Carlos' rookie pole.

Reutemann's dream result on the Saturday was blighted by a poor tyre decision by Ecclestone and he finished seventh. He won the non-championship race at Interlagos later that season, made steady progress the following year and took his first grand prix victory in South Africa in 1974.

Lole, as he was known, took a total of 12 wins and six poles during his career – a very respectable record that confirms him as one of the most successful drivers of his era. But Reutemann retired 10 years into his career with no title to show for his efforts.

The direction of Reutemann's career was not always well chosen. Brabham had served him well until 1976 when the team's Alfa-Romeo flat 12s suffered chronic reliability problems. Lole headed to Ferrari with some success, racing alongside Clay Regazzoni, Niki Lauda and Gilles Villeneuve, but come 1978, the Lotus 79s were by far the fastest machines. A deal with Lotus seemed the ideal way forward. But the timing was off. The Lotus 80 was a dud, and Jody Scheckter took his Ferrari to glory.

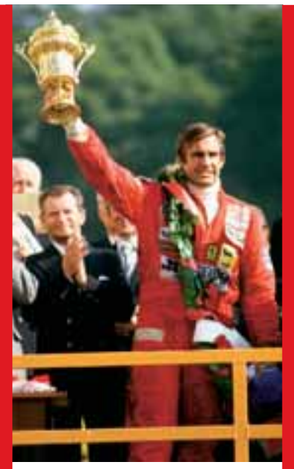
Williams was a much better move for the Argentinian, and he won the grand prix in Monaco and scored seven further podiums to finish third in the table, and his team first. This momentum, coupled with 1981's excellent FW07C, should have netted Carlos the crown. With wins in Brazil and Belgium, he looked like a champion. But mid-season he lost motivation. Pressure made the man crumble. At the final round in Las Vegas, the title was a five-way battle. Reutemann clinched pole, and knew he only had to finish fifth to win. Yet his performance was staggeringly mediocre, finishing eighth and a lap down on Nelson Piquet, who took both the chequered flag and the world championship by one point.

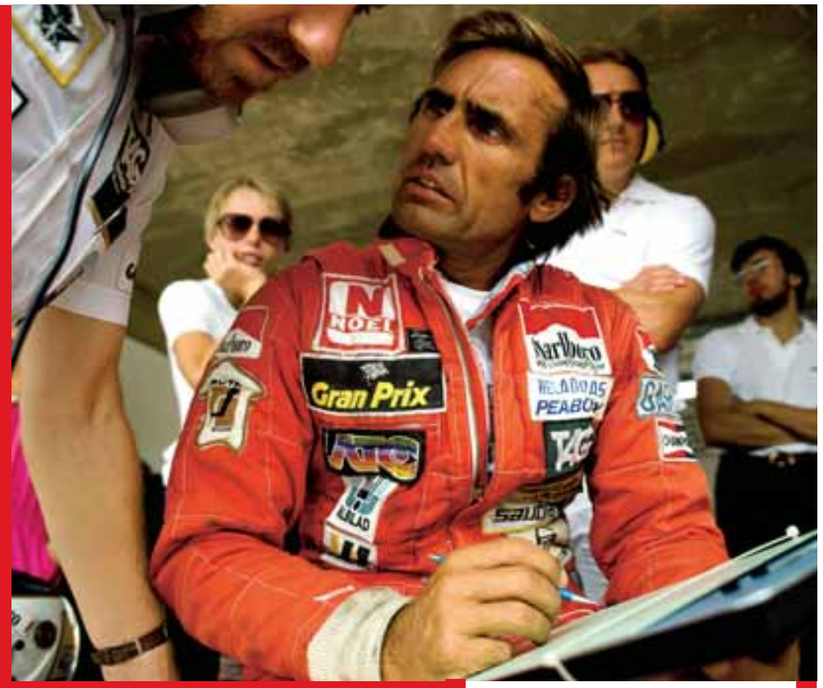
Reutemann bowed out of motor racing in 1982 after a dispute with Frank Williams over team orders. In retirement, though, Lole has proven he can thrive under pressure when it comes to political leadership. He became governor of his home province, Santa Fe, in 1991 and has grown into a powerful politician with a seat on Argentina's National Senate, with ongoing speculation that he may one day run for president.





PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH





TAKING THE HEAT
Reutemann's most convincing title challenge came in 1981 with Williams (above and left), but the pressure made the Argentinian crumble and the title went to Piquet.
On his day, though, Carlos was mighty. He won 12 times, including at the Nürburgring in '75 with Brabham (below left). In '78 he was teamed with Gilles Villeneuve at Ferrari (below). It was a strong line-up, bringing five victories – four of them Reutemann's.







SILVIA HOFFER FRANGIPANE
WILLIAMS PRESS OFFICER
ARCHITECT

"AS A CHILD, I was an obsessive doodler. I loved art and drawing, and wanted to become an architect. I studied at the Politecnico di Milano. I was most interested in rich baroque aesthetics, but the style at the time was postmodernist and minimalist. It wasn't my cup of tea, but I learnt to adapt. I graduated when I was 24, but I was already working for the sportscar company Ettore Bugatti, where I was a designer in the corporate identity department. I designed everything from luxury items such as perfume bottles through to the stores and the showrooms themselves.

"SEVEN YEARS AFTER I began working for Bugatti, the company went bankrupt and I found myself working for a Russian fashion entrepreneur, who was selling designer brands in Moscow and had just opened his headquarters in Milan. I decorated the Milanese office and worked on his new fashion mall in Moscow, right next to Red Square. It was a fantastic opportunity to indulge in my passion for baroque – lots of gold fittings and plush red velvet! But after a year I wanted more stability and spotted an advert in a newspaper: Ducati was after a PR manager. After four interviews I got the job. It was a fantastic time as Carl Fogarty was with the team and we were winning everything!

"AT THE END OF 1997, a journalist who covered both bike racing and Formula One was appointed by Minardi to find a new press officer. He offered me the job. I must say thank you to Giancarlo Minardi – he taught me so much. Nothing prepares you for F1 – not even Ducati – but Minardi was the perfect training ground. It was the same for all the staff there, not just the drivers. When Williams offered me a job in 1999, Mr Minardi was happy for me. It's a role he enjoyed – he brought people into the sport, trained them and helped them on their way.

"WILLIAMS WERE USHERING BMW into F1, and they wanted a German speaker. Languages are important in this job and I speak five: Italian, German, English, French and Spanish (although my Spanish is a bit dodgy). Working with the Williams team is fantastic, as they're so supportive of me. It's not an easy job, because of the demands that are constantly made of you, and if the drivers are unco-operative it's incredibly difficult, but this year's driver line-up couldn't be more of a pleasure.

"WHEN I STARTED WITH WILLIAMS I moved to England, but four-and-a-half years ago I gave birth to my daughter, Veronica. Now I work purely as the races so I can spend time with my family. We live on Lake Garda. It's ideal because my husband, who's a ski instructor, can look after Veronica in the summer, while I am around to look after her in the winter.

"I SUPPOSE BEING AN F1 PRESS OFFICER is quite different to being an architect, but the need for detail, precision, problem solving and often creativity is not dissimilar. I certainly think that the career I've come to was always my destiny."

LIFE & TIMES...



ANN BRADSHAW
A 26-year veteran of F1 PR, Annie B spent the majority of her career with Williams. Recently she's been working with A1 Grand Prix and has returned to F1 with BMW. Annie has worked with seven world champions and rates Nigel Mansell as the most demanding. Her favourite memories: Riccardo Patrese's Imola win in 1990 and seeing Damon Hill show off his karaoke skills in Suzuka's log cabin.



ANTHONY ROWLINSON
Anthony, unlike most paddock scribes, once covered 'hard' news. Before moving to F1 Racing and Autosport, he was shunned by a parish council after causing a village vicar to be defrocked after a sex scandal and once terrified Dudley Moore on the doorstep of his mistress' house (Dud's mistress that is, not Ant's).



JEAN-PASCAL NAVARRO
J-P has been with Michelin since God was a boy – 27 years in fact. Just like David Brown of Aston Martin, he started out in tractors and F1 was a natural progression. He is usually found with a soldering iron in his hand, putting new grooves in worn tyres. His favourite hobby is smoking.

PHOTOS: CRISPIN THRUSTON, THOMAS BUTLER

LOVE & HATE
BACK-TO-BACKS

If you're very lucky, it means one less flight

01 ...but you've got to pack up the entire motorhome in 25 minutes

Individual races means doing your own laundry, back-to-backs let you legitimately give it to room service

02 ...which means that there's more chance of losing the wedding ring you tucked into the pocket of your jeans

Tiredness is finite – once you reach a certain point it doesn't really get any worse

03 ...though hallucinating about the ghost of Colin Chapman wandering through your motorhome is not good

Back-to backs = agency drivers = truckie + plane = flying truckie = less grumpy truckie + happy paddock

04 ...agency driver = dirty truck covered in dents + worn-out girl asleep in bunk = bloody angry truckie

Thanks to back-to-backs, by Sunday we'll be a third of the way through the season

05 ...but it gives the powers-that-be (who use private jets and five-star hotels) an excuse to sneak in more races

Not going home means you avoid tedious tasks like mowing the lawn and paying bills

06 ...not going home means you've got grass in your garden four feet high and debt-collectors at your door

A chance to experience a smorgasbord of new cultures and gather bonus Airmiles from novelty airlines

07 ...having no option but to fly on China Eastern Airlines

There is almost nothing that you can't blame on fatigue

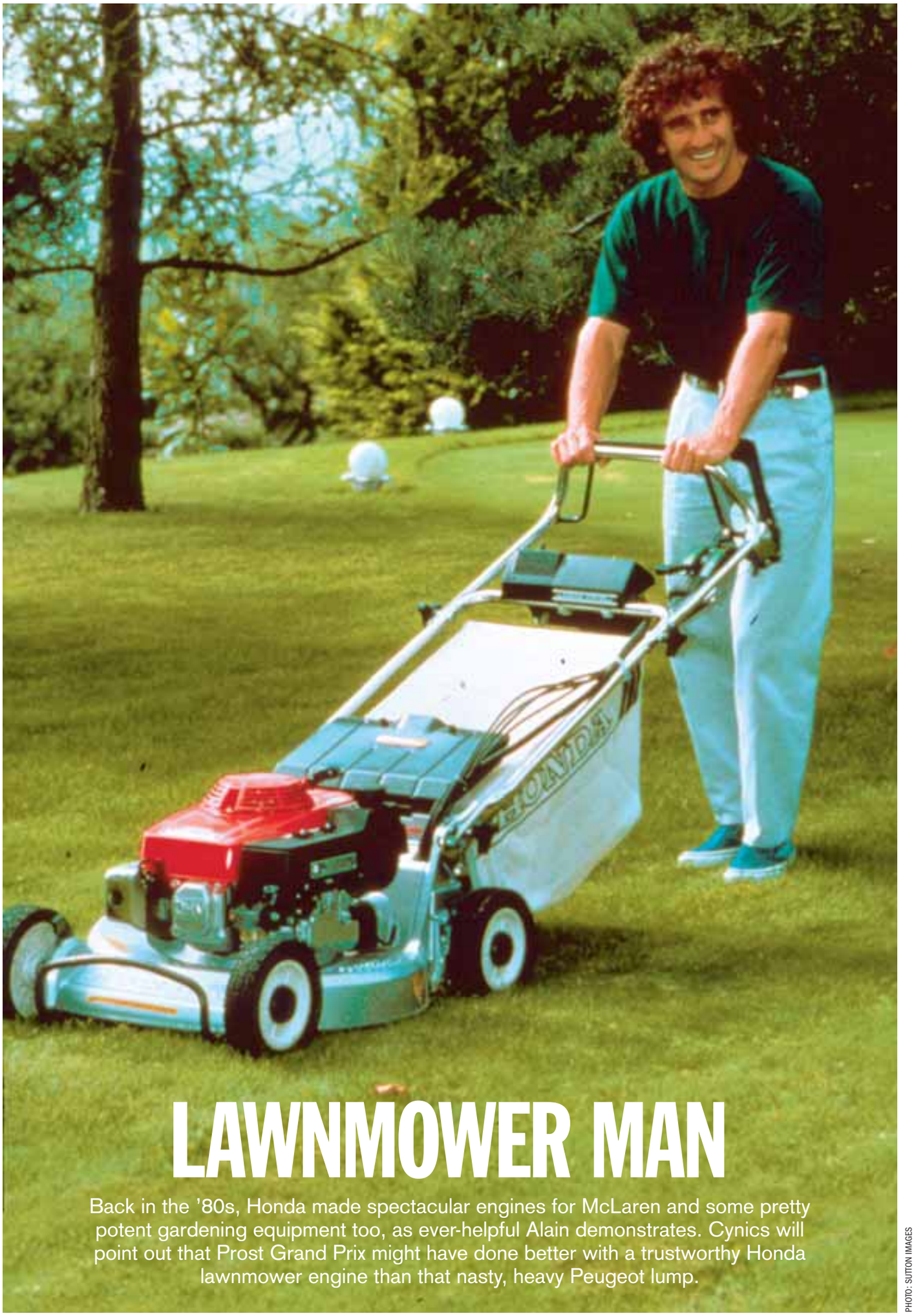
08 ...nothing except over-sleeping

Journalists can scrounge glamorous cars from manufacturers to drive between races

09 ...the chance for journalists to get hopelessly lost in Provence or crash

The season is counting down in double quick time

10 It's another week of double workloads, double stress and double vodka hangovers



LAWNMOWER MAN

Back in the '80s, Honda made spectacular engines for McLaren and some pretty potent gardening equipment too, as ever-helpful Alain demonstrates. Cynics will point out that Prost Grand Prix might have done better with a trustworthy Honda lawnmower engine than that nasty, heavy Peugeot lump.

PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES