

THE RED

ISSUE 120, GP JAPAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 2006

BULLETIN

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

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HONDA

(*WARNING. READERS OF A NERVOUS DISPOSITION MAY WISH TO LOOK AWAY NOW. SERIOUSLY*) All is not well with Honda's Ed Cooper. It all started when fellow grease monkey Gary Holland accepted a bet to spread a chunk of wasabi around his gums and hold it for a full minute before taking a drink. He only survived for about two seconds before he was sick into a salad bowl. And the evening went downhill from there. "Someone bet me £50 to rub a chunk of wasabi around my backside," says Ed. "But the stakes kept rising and in the end I was offered £200 if I'd put a load on my finger and shove it right up there. 'Two hundred quid? I'll have that!' I said, and pulled my pants down. Well, it felt like a red hot poker up my bum, and I bolted to the loo. I'm stupid enough to do anything." Stupid, and some would say disgusting. Just imagine what he'd do for £300.



COMPETITION

THIS WEEKEND MARKS Mild Seven's final Japanese Grand Prix. Back in 1994, it was their yen that propelled Michael Schumacher to his first championship. Twelve years later, the JT brand is still with the Enstone team, but they have another champion. Not wishing to encourage voodoo or anything, but if you were to drill holes into either of these cut-out gentlemen it would be interesting to see if it affected their driving. If you're a Japanese fan and would like to influence the championship, or if you're just lonely and could use some eye-catching company in the grandstands, then we will happily give you these life-size 2D title contenders as a present. You just have to answer this fairly easy question: How many times has a Mild Seven sponsored F1 car won at Suzuka? E-mail the answer to secret.service@theredbulletin.com



THE RED BULLETIN
AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER
14 Soho Square, London, W1D 3QG Telephone: +44 207 494 2257
www.redbulletin.com

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Truckies **Leigh Potheary, Marc Sirett**
IT **Werner Stadlober, Alexander Keck, Bernd Gorbach**
Printing Team **Martin Young, Oliver Ziegert**
Printers Japan **Mizuku Printing, Yokkaichi, Japan**
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Published by Red Bulletin Verlags GmbH
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SUPER AGURI

WHAT'S THE BEST THING about Japan, apart from the lovely people? No, not the electronic toilets, nor even the Lucky Cat figurines. The best thing is that race fans (and us) have finally achieved their season-long crusade and got their hands on some Super Aguri T-shirts. But while many tried to keep their new merchandise pristine under waterproofs, the same can't be said of everyone wearing an Aguri uniform. Having taken a scooter ride around the circuit, Tracy White from the team's kitchen returned to the paddock with her shirt wringing wet and completely see-through. She went straight to the ladies where she was caught with her chest under the hand dryer. Now the mechanics are calling for a wet T-shirt contest, but to take part you need to invest in a white SAF1 top and support the home team.

FERRARI

KOBE BEEF IS A delicious but expensive delicacy and Ferrari aren't taking any chances when it comes to the transit security of their massaged steaks. Mr Muto, a friend of Jean Todt's from Japan, rang the Scuderia chief to ask if he could do anything at all to help with the team's preparations here. The offer was accepted and Mr Muto's prized GMC motorhome (branded with security signs for an apparent 'Major Grand Prix') was propelled into action to transport sushi, kobe beef and other delectable morsels from Kyoto to Suzuka for the consumption of Ferrari's personnel and their very special guests.



TOYOTA

POOR ALLY MOFFIT, newly appointed press attaché at Toyota. The ex-Press Association newshound thought life might be a little less arduous in his new F1 role with the world's biggest car company. But even Toyota's might wasn't enough to get him the most vital piece of equipment for his job: a media centre pass. Ally's late-season job-switch meant it was too late for Toyota to add him to its list of media-accredited staff. So instead of being able to issue team missives direct to an expectant F1 press corps, he's reduced to lurking outside the media centre, releases in hand, handing them out to all and sundry. Cheer up, Ally, At least you get a nice pair of bright red pyjama bottoms to wear in the paddock.

PHOTOS: CRISPIN THURSTON; GETTY IMAGES; CRASHPA.NET COVER ILLUSTRATION: WILL SWEENEY



FOUR COMMENTARIES

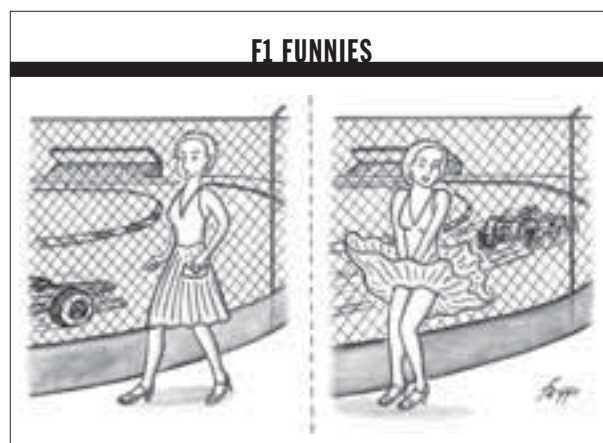
TEARING DOWN HISTORY

WILL IMOLA PAY THE PRICE?
BY ALBERTO ANTONINI

1 The shape of the start of next year's calendar is still open to question and while most are tipping Imola for inclusion, there are factors which may yet mitigate against it. October 4 has gone by but if you expected the Santerno banks to be bustling with activity and the roaring of diggers, then you may have been left disappointed. That date was scheduled for the beginning of major refurbishing construction work at the Imola track. As a nearly thoroughbred Imolese, I may be a little biased, but I love our race and would like to see it in the calendar. Trouble is, by the time we were fumbling with chopsticks in the Far East, a building society had yet to be nominated (by the Ministry Of Infrastructures, whatever that means) to start the work in Imola. And even insiders suggested that time may be running short for giving the circuit a new look and new efficiency.

But then again, don't be under the illusion that tearing down the existing paddock area and building a new one will save the San Marino Grand Prix. Money has to be found, and priority goes to the hefty sum needed to pay the entry fee for next year's round. I realise that the whole situation with Imola is a bit too complicated for non-natives to understand in full (it is for me, too) as the town municipality actually owns the circuit but its activity is managed by an external company named Sagis, which in turns relies on the local Automobile Club and negotiated the contract with Bernie Ecclestone. Now it is no secret, despite some swift attempts at concealing the truth, that Sagis is deep in debt, an estimated €15 million. Mr E told me last July he had a serious problem with Imola because the original deal was supposed to be largely funded by tobacco sponsorship, which is now banned throughout Europe (and most of the civilised world – take these words from a die-hard smoker). All over the continent, promoters have been struggling to find the money to pay fees which, in the case of the San Marino race, are thought to be around \$12 million. You would expect Sagis to strictly co-operate with the local municipality but this does not seem to be the case. In fact, the Mayor of Imola told me in September: "If we lose the race the blame will be on Sagis." The company's president, Federico Bendinelli, didn't turn up to an important meeting late last month. Instead, he sent a letter to the council members, more or less saying: "Dear sirs, the situation is still very fluid and in no way could I explain it better if I joined your meeting, so please excuse me and have a nice day."

The Italian Government has committed itself to save the race. The money for construction works has been allocated, but as much again has to be found. Imola council has covered guarantees for €1.4 million and Sagis has paid the last instalment for 2006. But time is running out and a municipality with a population of 66,000 is not exactly floating in cash. Not everyone at Imola is exactly eager to save Sagis' butt. And if you think San Marino could intervene then you have a slightly distorted notion of history. They may be Europe's oldest Republic but, so far, they haven't proven to be the most generous.



PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 My dear old Mother's words came back to me on Friday morning and her wise counsel that when leaving the safety of home I should always ensure I am wearing clean knickers and my toenail varnish is not chipped. Pertinent words indeed I thought as Toro Rosso boss Franz Tost led me into the back of his garage, but fortunately it was the condition of the nail varnish that came in for scrutiny, not the state of my underwear. I was forced to walk from my hotel to the track yesterday morning as it was impossible to get a cab and my footwear, an appropriately sensible, if multicoloured pair of Sebago deck shoes, was completely drenched. A few blasts from Franz's hot air gun and, hey presto, toasty feet again, or maybe that should be Tosty feet.

Since this is the first time we come to Japan without jet lag, I have been able to take far more notice of my surroundings and hotel room in particular. Typically, given the cool weather, it's the first year our pad has air-con. Also, the bedside lights are touch sensitive which can cause problems for a restless sleeper like me. I usually end up dreaming I'm sleeping under the stars, you know, like Brad Pitt and George Clooney, so I kept hitting the light and waking myself up. As for the plastic fantastic shell that passes for a bathroom, I have the opposite problem given that I don't like leaping around throwing plastic saucepans of water over myself which is what I presume the locals do. Sinking motionless in the bathtub convinces the light sensors that there's no one there with the result that the light goes out: you can't read book, you can't find glass of gin.

But no need for gin on Thursday night as Honda very kindly laid on their usual come as you are party, which usually ends as a leave any way you can party, or as our host Otmar Szafnauer put it: "You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here." While our Honda hosts are the same every year, the waiters and waitresses tend to be new each time around and it's always fun to see their horrified expressions as we show them the European way of drinking wine. I say "way" because basically it consists of drinking way way too much.

Quote of the weekend has come early in Japan, courtesy of an anonymous paddock wag heard discussing the 'Heidfeld attacks Yamamoto' story. A quick recap for those who don't know: Nick was furious with Sato for blocking him in China and after the race went to find the Suzuki driver to deck him. Unfortunately, the BMW man grabbed Yamamoto instead. Over to you paddock wag: "with eyesight like that, Nick should be a race steward!"

Finally, you have Toyota to thank, or blame, depending on your point of view, for this column. My own computer is apparently stuffed full of Trojans (*Helen, we're not interested in where you keep your condoms, Ed.*) and other viruses. So a big thank you to Richard and Martin for your generous loan. Actually, I had to wait a bit while they ensured I would not be able to access any of their technical data, but as I think I explained at this very race last year, there's not much chance of that as I always thought a diffuser was the bit of my hairdryer that helps me straighten out my rain-frizzed hair.

RUBBER SOUL
BY HIROSHI YASUKAWA

3 For myself and for Bridgestone it's great to be at Suzuka this weekend. The F1 calendar takes us to some interesting places over the year but it always feels special to come to your home grand prix.

We will have more than 1,500 employees here watching us so we are naturally keen to have a good result for them – not that we needed any further incentive: this is one of the greatest championship battles in F1 history.

Nevertheless, it does look as if it will be the last race here for the time being, bringing to an end a chapter in the circuit's history. I know the drivers really enjoy it and think it is one of the most challenging courses on the calendar. It was designed by John Hugenholtz, the same man who designed the Zandvoort track in Holland which is why there are some similarities in track layout between the two courses. I myself raced here when I was younger and, having plenty of happy memories, will be just a little sad not to return here next year with Formula One.

We are coming to the end of another era as well as next year Bridgestone will be the sole tyre supplier in F1. My personal opinion is that competition is always preferable, but with the new rules come new challenges. We are all very excited about working with all the teams in the Formula One paddock. We shall concentrate on making safe, good quality tyres

'The F1 calendar takes us to some interesting places but it always feels special to come to your home grand prix'

which everyone can use. Fairness of service will be of paramount importance and of course we will ensure everyone is treated equally. From a practical point of view we will also need to increase our servicing staff and facilities. The task will be different to the contest we enjoy now, but that will not make it any less demanding.

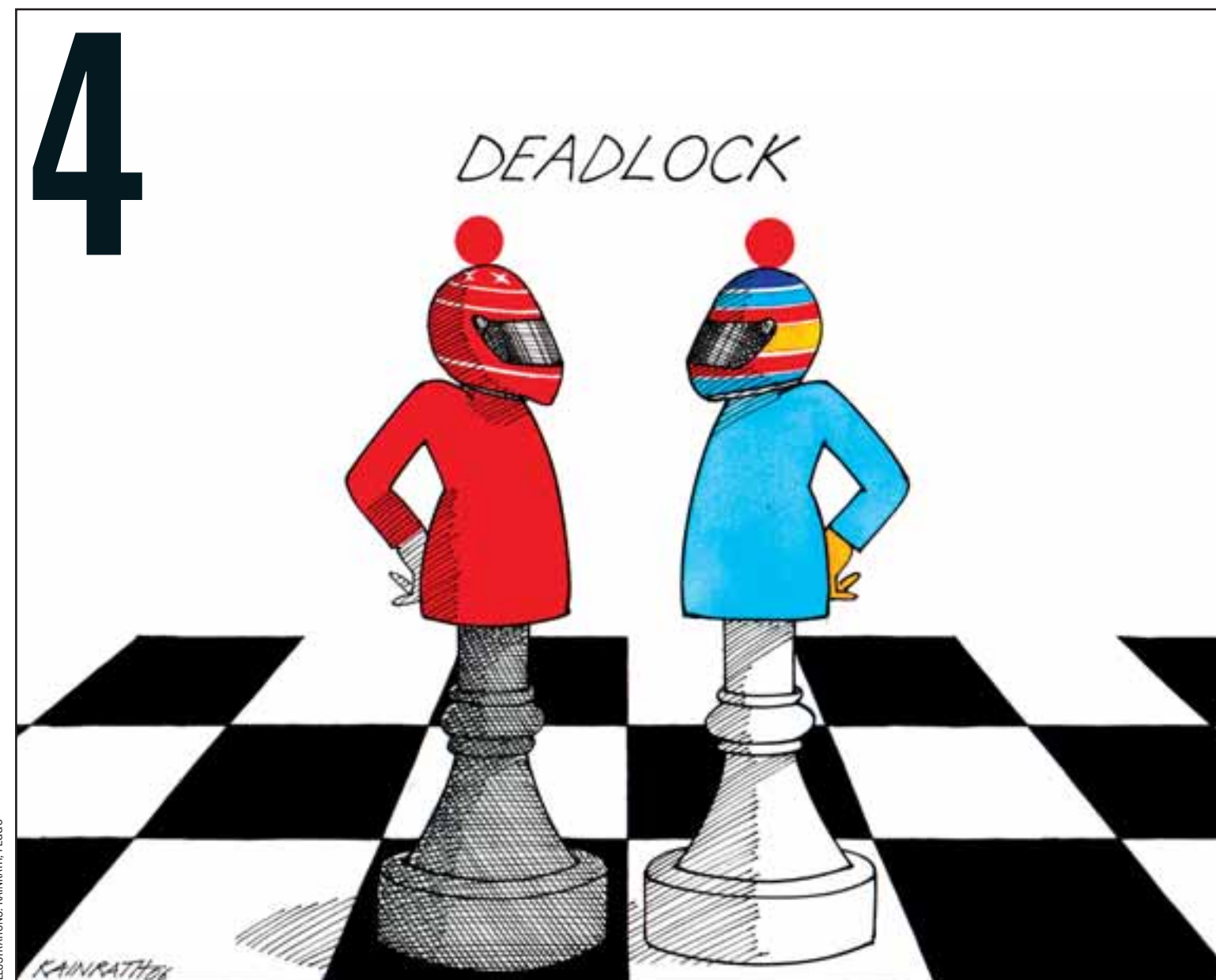
There is still a number of ideas under discussion for next year. One thought that has created considerable attention is the concept of using both tyre specifications during the race, one of which will be marked in some way so that the media and spectators can differentiate between them.

It isn't for us to decide but it is something that the FIA and teams are looking into. I think it would certainly be an interesting prospect for the future.

In the meantime, however, we aren't getting too far ahead of ourselves. We have five teams who are very keen to finish the season on a high note and we need to give them all the support we can. For Panasonic Toyota Racing and Super Aguri F1 it is a home race so they will be pushing particularly hard. For Scuderia Ferrari Marlboro, this is a pivotal race for their championship hopes.

So, as you can imagine, the atmosphere this weekend is sure to be electric – it is going to be a very exciting grand prix, and not just for the spectators!

• Hiroshi Yasukawa is Bridgestone's director of motorsport. ☒





Ross finally felt his Frank Dernie impersonation was good enough to be seen in public.



JAPANESE GRAND PRIX
2006.10.06 ~ 10.08

FLASH IN JAPAN

The forecast is sunny for tomorrow, but yesterday everyone seemed a little under the weather.

Alistair smiled politely but he wasn't too happy as what he had actually asked for was the Japanese technical S-U-M-M-A-R-Y.



Well, wouldn't you look distracted and miserable...



...if you'd just seen your company car for next year.

Toyota salesmen hated it when they failed to meet their monthly targets as they were forced to spend a whole day with Ralf, Jarno and the F1 team.



PHOTOS: CRISPIN THURSTON, MURIEL BROUSSEAU, SUTTON IMAGES

Uh oh! We've all been there sonny: that awful moment when you realise you absolutely must go to the toilet, but you're wearing an all-in-one suit.

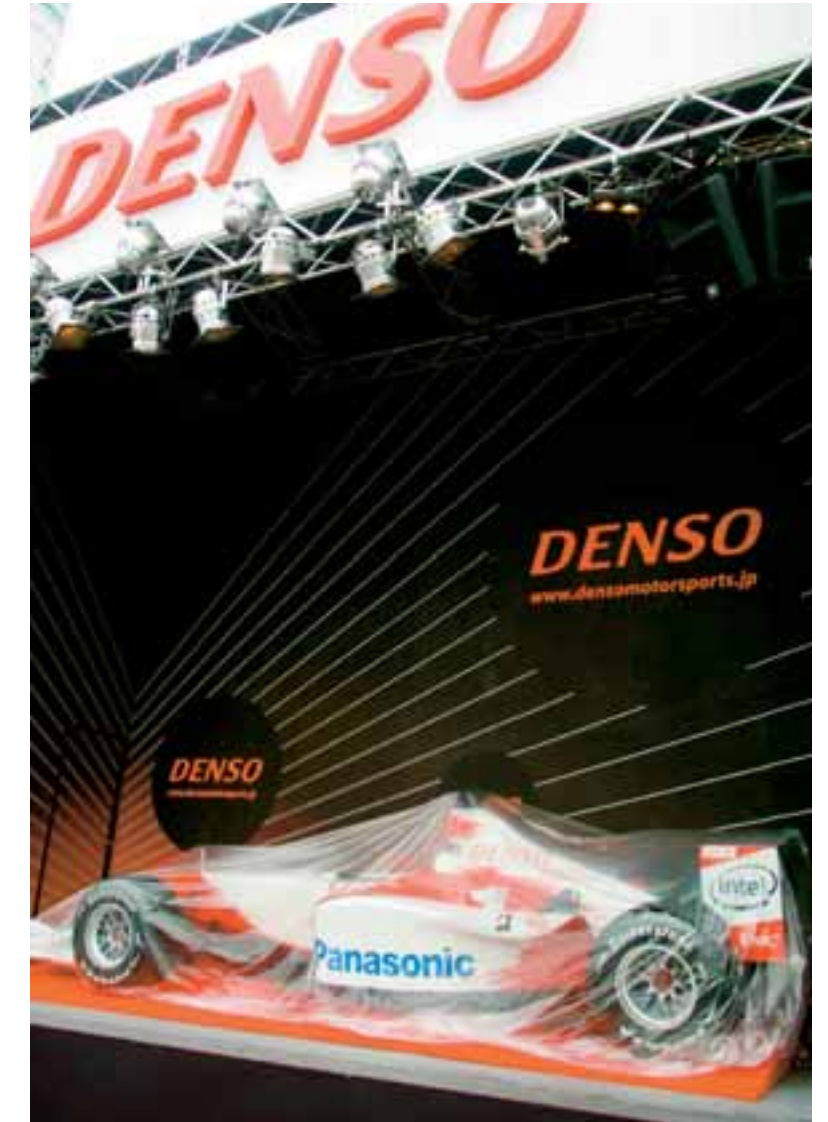


Sebastian secretly longed to try his hand at synchronised swimming.



Ever since he announced his retirement, Michael had to put up with an endless stream of bad-taste kissing telegram girls lining up to audition for his farewell party.

Another misunderstanding in the Toyota wind tunnel as the engineers said they wanted to improve the car's packaging.





ROCKET MAN

Konichiwa Suzuka, Dr Bull here. Fresh from a week of R&R on the island of Truk. After a minor misunderstanding with the board of health back in Austria – quacks to the man! – I've had to relocate, rather hastily, to the Federated States of Micronesia, where the Board of Medicine, Tourism and Road Safety is a more far-sighted organisation and happy to re-issue my medical credentials, providing I put in a few shifts resurfacing the main road and looking after the goats.

Ah, it's good to get back to F1, and straight to work with one of my favourite clients, Takuma Sato. Last season Taku was something of a hell-raiser in his therapy, composed one moment, insane the next, given to picking up the couch and hurling it through the window into the flower-beds outside – the patient with absolutely no patience. The change is remarkable: this year he's sweetness-and-light, the model client. Calm, collected, giving all the right answers – Super Aguri clearly has been a beneficial influence. Lesser psychiatrists would probably have long since discharged him – but I think deep down he's still mental.

Q: Taku, tell me about your early career, I believe you started out as a cyclist?

A: Well, actually, I've loved cars since I was little, but unfortunately, I didn't have any opportunity to experience car racing such as go-kart. The bicycle was the only thing around which had wheels. That's why I have been riding a bicycle. I had always imagined car racing when I was riding a bicycle. The bike was the step to the car for me.

Hmmm... interesting, an active imagination is always a healthy thing to have. Of course little boys have always imagined they're driving racing cars while riding bicycles, though I'm curious to know if this was good preparation or not. I wonder how far Taku took his simulation? Did he just make the throttle noises, or did he throw in the screech of brakes, the crunch of carbon-fibre, the sound of gravel and the cursing of Eddie Jordan?

Q: And after the bikes came the go-karts and finally, thanks to a well-earned scholarship right here at Suzuka, the cars. But a race car doesn't say a lot about a guy, so what do you drive away from the track?

A: I have a Mini. Flat-out in a Mini doing 70mph in third gear gives me the same level of fun as driving an F1 car. It is precise. It handles well. It drives well. It provides real driving pleasure.

If I was one of those smarty pants journalists in the media centre I would probably make some snide remarks about how Taku would probably have fared better this season if he'd raced in his Cooper, but that sort of thing would be counter-productive and more than a little mean. Other rookie teams have turned up with little more than a bathtub on roller-skates,



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

Super Aguri at least went to the trouble of designing a proper racing car. They also have very nice pasta, even if dining is sometimes a little chilly sitting in the shadow of the Energy Station. And besides, I'm rather fond of the venerable old Mini myself, having owned one in my youth. I gaze back fondly and remember all the fun it gave me: the engine falling out onto the road after the brackets rusted right through, guessing which item of switchgear led to which short-circuit and the bizarre sight of a detached wheel, complete with sheared bearing, bouncing off down the road. In this sense Taku is perfectly correct in suggesting the Mini provides the same level of fun as driving one of his F1 cars – you never really knew what you were going to get. Then again, maybe he's been practising the famous art of inappropriate sarcasm – he does, after all, live in England. Which leads me into the next question...

Q: Taku, your racing career has taken you far from home. Tell me about life in England. It must be a difficult place to move to. Is it very strange, what's driving over there like, for example?

A: Driving in England is not so different as

we drive on the left in Japan. Maybe the English manners on the road are nicer, but the big difference for me was roundabouts. We don't really have them in Japan but they are good fun – you can really trace a racing line through them.

Oh, how strange, it's so rare that the phrase 'the English' and the word 'manners' appear in the same sentence, at least in a positive context. So, Taku likes roundabouts and the sensation of driving around in circles, never really getting anywhere. If that wasn't good preparation for the BAR years, then I'm leaving psychiatry and taking up faith healing.

Q: Now, on to matters of a more delicate nature. Taku, like several venerable Japanese drivers before him, developed a something of a reputation as the wild man of F1. Last season in particular led many observers to assume he had shares in a carbon-fibre fabrication company. I've got to ask, Taku, did anyone back in the garage ever tell you to calm down a bit out there?

A: No, never! I only have to push, push, push. That is what Eddie Jordan told me, that is what BAR told me. You have to challenge people, otherwise you do not stand a chance.

Oh right, Eddie Jordan, the calm centre of the universe, suddenly it all becomes clear. Who do you go to for financial advice?

Tom Walkinshaw? Challenging people is all very well and good, they expect it. Some of them just don't expect you to be launching that challenge from 50 metres back, up the inside at La Source... during a rain storm.

Q: And finally, as we're here on your home turf, what's it like coming back to Suzuka? Now that Narain spends his time making sandwiches for Alex Wurz, you've probably got the largest fan club of any F1 racing driver. Are you mobbed on the streets?

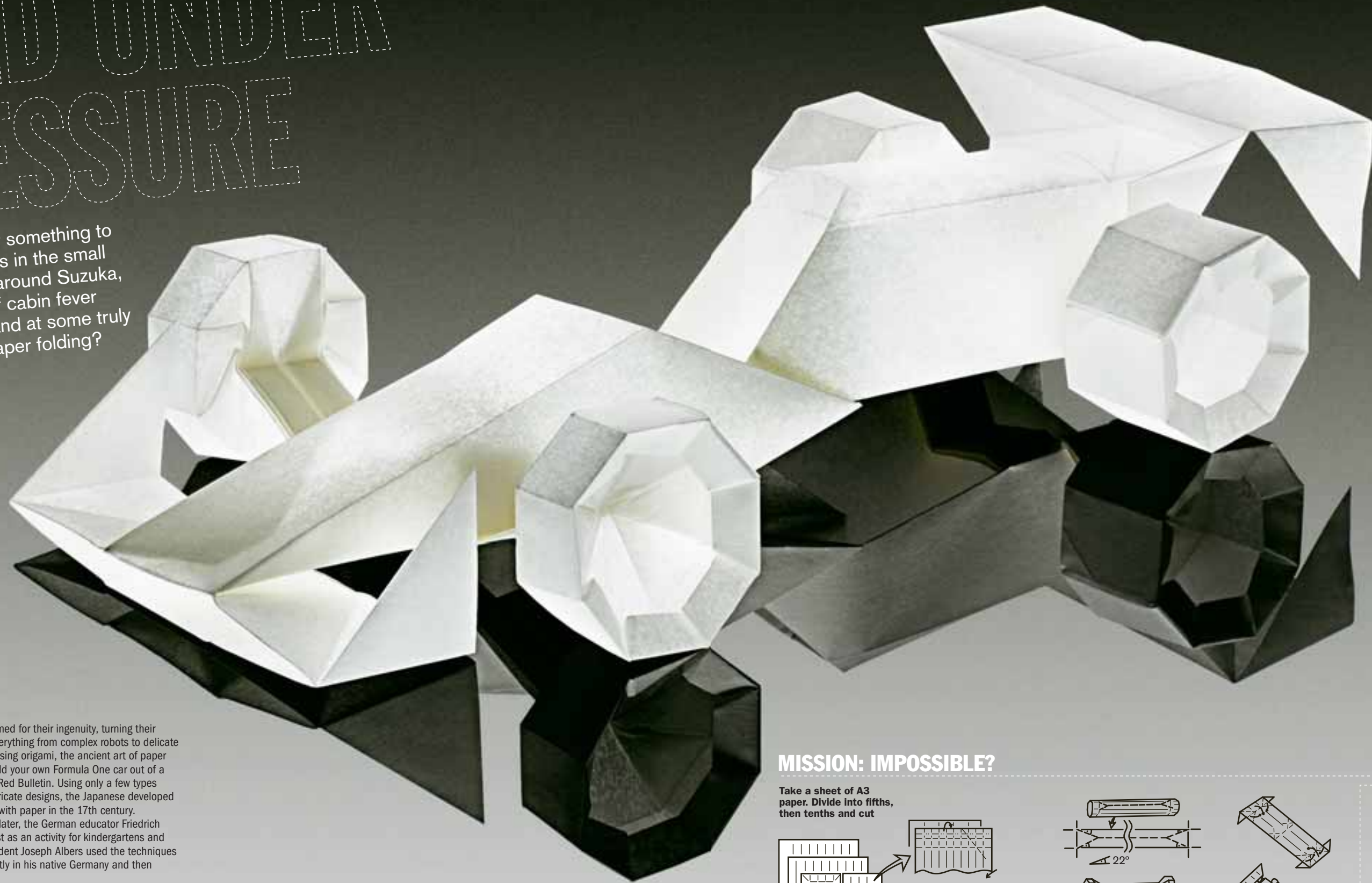
A: It is getting more and more to be honest. It's funny, but I enjoy it. But I can go out on the streets. Most of the time just one person finds out and then the whole crowd gets interested.

Yes, I'm having a similar experience with the board of medical ethics – but don't get me started.

Dr Bull's preferred reading material in his island paradise included f1racing.net, [The Times](http://TheTimes.com), japaneselifestyle.com.au and www.takumasato.org

FOLD UNDER PRESSURE

If you're stuck for something to do in the evenings in the small industrial towns around Suzuka, why not stave off cabin fever by trying your hand at some truly mind-bending paper folding?



The Japanese are famed for their ingenuity, turning their hands to making everything from complex robots to delicate works of art. Now, using origami, the ancient art of paper folding, you can build your own Formula One car out of a single sheet of The Red Bulletin. Using only a few types of folds to make intricate designs, the Japanese developed the art of sculpting with paper in the 17th century. One hundred years later, the German educator Friedrich Fröbel brought origami to the West as an activity for kindergartens and in the 1920s former Bauhaus student Joseph Albers used the techniques to teach his art school pupils, firstly in his native Germany and then in the USA.

In Britain in the 1960s and '70s, magician Robert Harbin used his TV shows to bring origami to a new generation of fans who started coming up with their own designs and creations (one of his followers was a young Australian by the name of Rolf Harris).

These days, you can find origami designs for all sorts of things, from traditional cranes and flowers to T-rex and even Tie Fighters. This Formula One car was created by David Brill of the British Origami Society (www.britishorigami.info) out of a single sheet of A3, folded 10 times length-wise (for measuring and then cut into three pieces).

Of course, purists may scoff at the idea of cutting the paper and would rather rely on folding, gravity and sheer skill but since the stewards aren't watching everyone else might want to make a few crafty cuts in the paper and even reach for a tube of glue. Besides, you don't have to be an expert in central transverse dampers, torsion bars or differentials to have a crack, so it should be a cinch.

If you can follow David's plan and make your own F1 car, send us a photo of it via e-mail to secret.service@theredbulletin.com, along with your name, job and team affiliation and we'll give a bottle of cachaça to the best one. ☑

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE?

Take a sheet of A3 paper. Divide into fifths, then tenths and cut

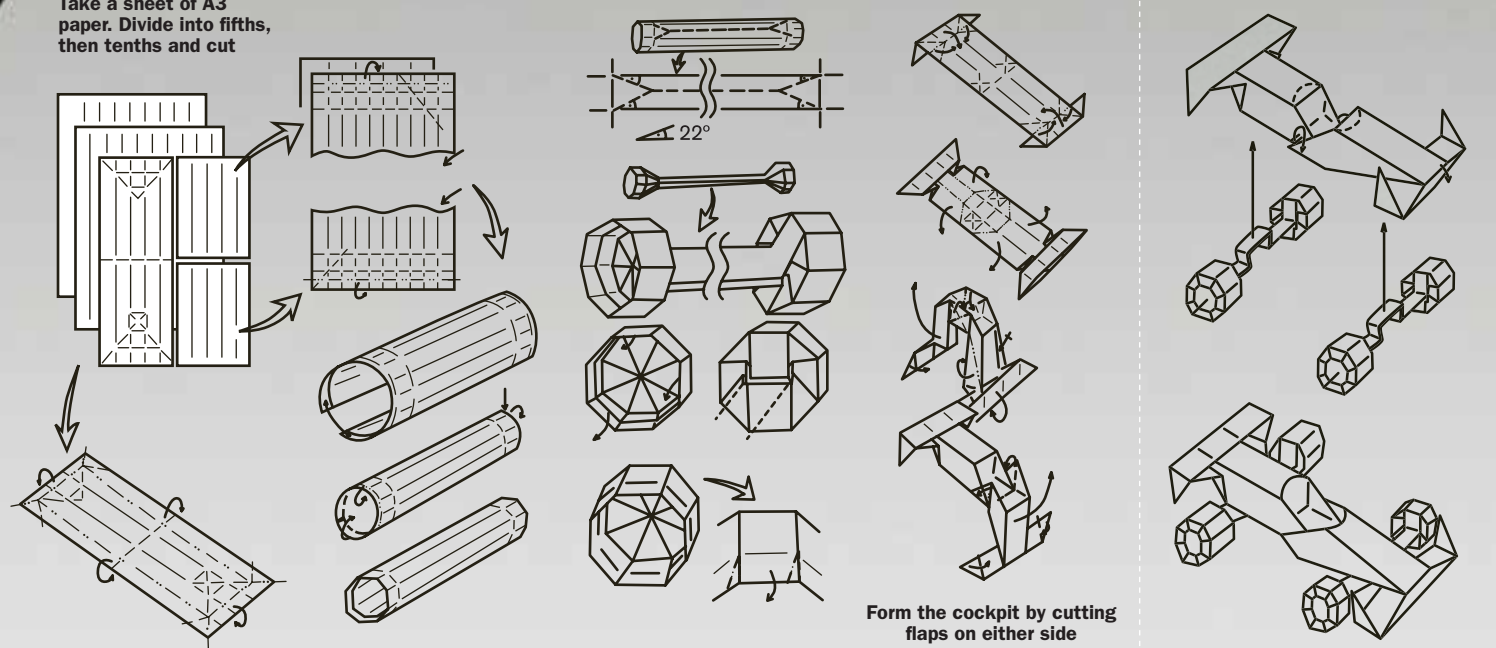


PHOTO: SIMON VINALL

NAME: REGIS RAMAUGE
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
RENAULT ENGINE CHIEF MECHANIC

Regis was born in Le Mans and joined Renault in 1988. Within a year he was working at grands prix, and travelled with Williams for nine years, stopping in 1999 after a season with BAR. "I have good memories of that time," says Regis. "People thought of Williams as being cold, but once you were in it was different. Then I was offered a fantastic opportunity so I now prepare different engine specifications for the test bed."



NAME: ROBBIE TYERS
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
VILLENEUVE'S MID-CAR MECHANIC

"We never seemed to do particularly well at Monaco, even though we were competitive everywhere else at the time," Robbie remembers today. "Damon was really leading the team after the events of '94." Robbie - controversially known as Kevin Keegan for a time (dodgy haircut? A shell suit?) - joined McLaren's F3000 team in 1999, moving to the F1 team after two seasons and now works as a hydraulics technician in the McLaren Technology Centre.

NAME: COLIN WATTS
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
NUMBER ONE MECHANIC ON T-CAR

"Monaco's not my favourite place, purely because of the working conditions," says 'Watty' today. "If you were running four cars, which we used to do at Monaco, and you were running the spare spare car, quite often you would be tucked under a tree somewhere at the far end of the pit lane. When it rained, it was atrocious." These days, Watty is still with Williams, preparing museum and customer cars, and looking after show cars.



NAME: DAVE JUNIPER
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996: VILLENEUVE'S
GEARBOX/ REAR-END MECHANIC

"I don't know why Patrick is looking so pensive, unless we were off the pace," says Dave (known as Dave the Bastard). "It was Jacques' first season and every Monaco rookie always had trouble at first. I don't think they quite believed how close they had to get to the walls." Dave's last season was Jenson's first in 2000. He now lectures in engineering and motorsport at Bicester Performance Engineering Centre, Oxford & Cherwell Valley College.



NAME: GARY WOODWARD
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
VILLENEUVE'S FRONT-END MECHANIC

"I was nine seasons with Williams," says Gary from his home in Melbourne, Australia, where he works on Ferraris at a dealership. "This was JV's first year, wasn't it? I left Williams in '99 to go to BAR with Jacques and stayed there until 2002 when I emigrated to Australia." He was known as Gary the Hat from Formula 3000 days but won't reveal why.

WILLIAMS

MONACO, MAY 18, 1996

Patrick Head looks stoic as the Williams-Renault mechanics prepare Jacques Villeneuve's FW18 for practice in the cramped Monaco pits. JV would go on to qualify 10th on his Monaco debut. Team-mate Damon Hill qualified second and led the race, only to retire with mechanical failure.

NAME: ALAN BROADHEAD
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
SPARE CAR NO.2 MECHANIC

'Ralfie' has been a Williams fixture for 15 years, his nickname coming from his time with previous employer Lotus. But, of course, now he's a Williams man through and through. "There was a good atmosphere, it was a well-knit team, quite efficient really," he says. "We got the job done and we had success. We had good engines, it was a good car." He still works for Williams as a technician in the prototype test department.

NAME: PATRICK HEAD
POSITION AT WILLIAMS, 1996:
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

"Damon qualified second in that race, roared off into the lead, I think he was 30 seconds in the lead when we lost oil pressure because of something really basic, the nut on the pressure relief valve screw on the engine came undone and it slowly unwound itself, something really tiny, which is often the problem," says Patrick. "Damon drove extremely well. Over the winter of '95/'96, he got himself incredibly fit and he knew that he was at least as fit if not fitter than Michael. So he didn't turn up in '96 feeling inferior and that came across, I think, right the way through. He was very confident, very calm and drove some great races. It was a deserved world championship."





CRAFTY LADIES

Because the Unas are modern girls, we sent them on a journey through history at the Azuchi-Momoyama Culture Village where the girls learned traditional crafts, such as woodblock drawing, and how to fire a bow and arrow. Don't say we didn't warn you.



PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

THE FLYING... DOCTOR

Dr Gary Hartstein, MD reckons that the job of FIA medical delegate is a mix of emergency room experience and knowing when a driver is telling a few white lies.

He talks to Matt Youson.

The man in the blue race overalls and dark glasses struggles to get from one end of the paddock to the other. Everybody, and these are people normally too busy to chat, wants to stop and say hi: Dr Gary Hartstein has that sort of appeal. While many people fall into Formula One by accident, Hartstein's path was more deliberate.

A New Yorker, Gary studied and practises medicine in Liege and, after figuring out that F1 had doctors at its circuits, made himself available to the Belgian Grand Prix medics and first worked at Spa in 1990. He rode that year with Professor Sid Watkins, the FIA medical delegate, and the two struck up a rapid rapport. When Watkins later wanted to add an anaesthesiologist to the travelling team, Hartstein was the obvious choice and when Watkins vacated his post, Hartstein succeeded him as arbiter of all things medical at every grand prix. "I think they originally put me with Sid because we both spoke English. Sid let me stay because I like cigars," says Gary, but there's probably more to it.

As an anaesthesiologist and trained in emergency medicine, Hartstein's skills are highly applicable to the job of track doctor, following the first lap of the race in the medical chase car, frequently the first at the scene of a major accident. "It's important the doctor has significant experience taking care of trauma patients – and often in trauma cases, the initial approach to stabilising vital functions is the purview of anaesthetists – which I think is one of the reasons Sid initially asked me to work with him. Ultimately, though, it doesn't matter so much you're your speciality is. The important thing is understanding emergency care."

Gary's routine for an accident is based on standard medical procedure, informed by years of experience at motor racing events. "Basically, there is no accident that I assume is OK, because anything can happen. When I see an accident on the monitor, what I really want to see is the driver take the wheel off, undo his belt, and climb out. You relax a little at that point. I like to see at least a thumbs-up, but I don't feel comfortable until I see them get out of the car."

When the medical team arrives at the scene of an accident, the process that Hartstein and the crew go through is similar

to that which any paramedic will employ when arriving at a road traffic accident – albeit tempered to suit the demands of working in an environment where racing may be going on a few feet away.

"Absolutely the first thing you do is look to avoid a secondary accident. We stop in a safe position where all the intervention crew will be safe. The next question is: how many victims are there? Next question: is the driver moving, is he out of the car, is he telling you he's OK?"

"That stuff is mostly all answered with your eyes as you move towards the accident. If the guy is still in the car, then you follow a fairly standard approach using the mnemonic ABC. A – airways: make sure there is an open and free and protected passage for air to the lungs; B is breathing, is the mechanism of breathing intact? Basically is the brain making the chest go in and out and is the chest functioning; C is circulation, checking for bleeding and other shock states. You stabilise and prioritise the rest and then allow yourself to think 'when am I done here?' When am I going to get this guy out of the car?"

During his time in F1, Hartstein has rushed to the scene of some major crashes. Pressed to recall the scene he approached with the most foreboding, he has no hesitation of citing Allan McNish's spectacular 2002 qualifying excursion at Suzuka's mighty 130R. "Allan left the track at 185mph, and I had a bad feeling deep down in my stomach as we pulled up but there was a knock on the window, and Allan was asking if I could hurry up and give him a lift back to the pits."

As testament to the safety design of the car, the barriers and the fitness of the drivers, McNish suffered little more than a badly bruised knee. The medical team, however, decided that given the potential for aggravating the injury in a two-hour race, it would be a wrong for him to participate. It's a situation that crops up every season, and is always massively disappointing for the driver – but the trust and respect for the permanent FIA medic, based on long association, means that judgement is usually accepted without comment.

According to Hartstein, the thing which separates a top-class racing driver from a mere mortal is the ability to process

information – which makes any possibility of a head injury something that the medics want to assess very closely.

"All that stuff about them having the eyes of a hawk and the reflexes of a cat, they may have those things, but I don't think that's what makes them great. What makes them is the capability to deal with enormous amounts of information. I'm not just talking about strategy, there is other information, that is not useful: noise; light; colour; information coming from the various muscle groups that may or may not be useful. Being able to process all of that, and separate what they need is what makes them great, like a fighter pilot who is able to fly the machine, track a target, deal with the radar, operate a computer setting the missiles up, and do all of it at MACH 2. You hear Michael on the radio during a qualifying lap, calmly talking to his pit crew – it's hard to imagine."

When it comes to a mental assessment, ensuring that these faculties are functioning, F1 has reverted to form and opted for a shiny piece of technology. "Sometimes we need to make sure that a driver's information processing apparatus is up to snuff. We use a computer-based program that objectively assesses their neural cognitive function. I've tested them all pre-season, so I have baseline data, and should they get a knock on the head, and I have doubts about their information processing, I'll run them through that test. It will tell me if the guy is back to where he was, or if he still needs a little more time to recover."

Gary talks about the dangers and consequences of racing with the coolness that you would expect from a doctor. What doesn't come across is the detachment of other doctors. In its place is an incredible enthusiasm for the job and for the sport. Talk to most medics on the record and what you get is brief and mechanical. Dr Hartstein is an exception. When the FIA's medical delegate gets warmed up on a topic, it's difficult to get a word in. Those that have been on the receiving end of his treatment all speak of the utterly professional, incredibly supportive presence he brings – they also say he's a good guy, which, when it matters most, is a combination that must be reassuring. ■

'BASICALLY, THERE IS NO ACCIDENT I ASSUME IS OK, BECAUSE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN'

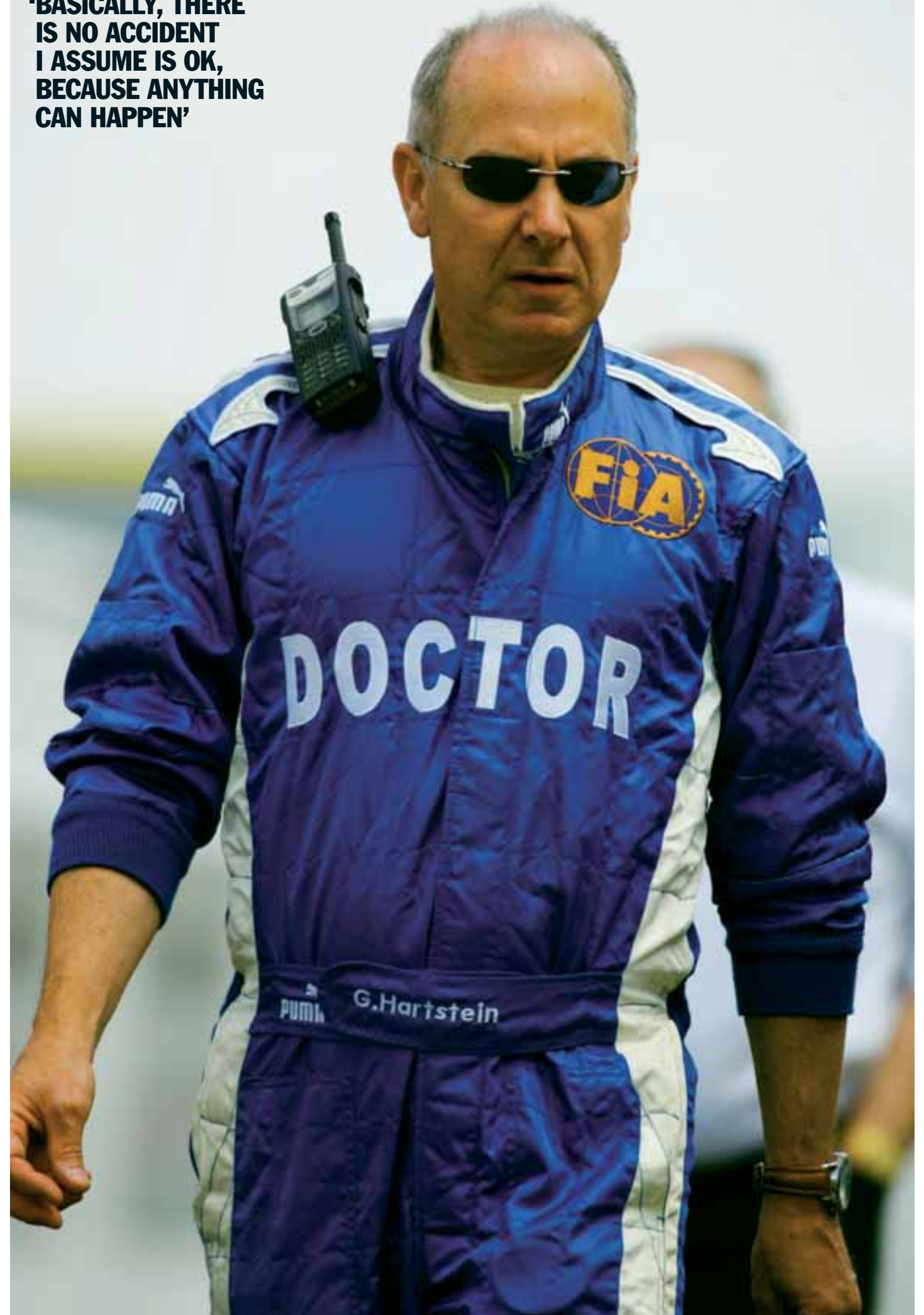


PHOTO: CRASHPA.NET

LIFE & TIMES



VANESSA REFFAY

Vanessa hails from Lyon and joined Renault in November 2002 after a masters degree in communications. An account manager, she liaises with markets to maximise the company's F1 value. She's also a PR link between Ernst and Renault HQ in Paris. She likes art and fashion, is travel mad, and loves to see the sites and collect souvenirs.



ILARIA RAMBALDI

Like everyone who has worked for Minardi's hospitality operation, Ilaria started out behind Gian Carlo's factory switchboard. In 2004, she asked if she could come to races, and the team duly obliged. Then some energy beverage company bought the team and wisely chose to keep her on. Multilingual Ilaria loves tango dancing and is hoping to go to Argentina at the end of the season to train with the masters and perfect her Spanish.



NOBAYUKI SEKINE

A Honda engineer for the past five years, Nobayuki-san has been working in F1 since he graduated from university. He lives in Honda Racing's home town of Tochigi, north of Tokyo, and at grands prix lives in the Super Aguri garage. Prior to working in-house, he was at Mugen when they provided Jordan with customer power. He loves tennis and skiing and says Taku is the best Japanese driver ever.

JON GATES:38

RECOVERY TRUCK DRIVER

RBR TYRE TECHNICIAN



"IT WAS GUY FAWKES NIGHT in 1997 (an English festival celebrated with fireworks) and I remember it well because I was about to unload a Lotus Esprit from my AA recovery truck, but I'd failed to connect it properly. I was in Epping Forest near London parked on a hill outside the owner's house. I remember it all in slow motion – watching this Lotus rolling off the truck, crashing to the ground, narrowly missing a parked Volvo and going backwards at high speed, totally silently, through a fence, across someone's back garden and crunching against an oak tree. The owner came out of his house with two cups of tea, and just stood there, wondering why I was as white as a sheet and shaking. Luckily, he saw the funny side. The neighbour got the biggest shock – because of the fireworks he hadn't heard the bang. It was only when he looked through his kitchen window that he saw an AA truck and a bent Lotus halfway up his tree. I rang my boss, and he almost soiled himself in hysterics.

"I'D BEEN DRIVING TRUCKS for years, but the two years I worked for the AA were among the best. I really enjoyed dealing with the various breakdowns and accidents. Pulling apart tangled cars and getting them on the truck was always a challenge. Two of the nastiest I saw were a head-on collision on top of a narrow bridge and a police car which had been T-boned at a roundabout. It looked like a banana.

"WHEN SOMEONE'S HURT, as is unfortunately often the case, I would be the last person to go in. You let the ambulances and fire crews in there, and it's

your job to tidy up the mess afterwards. Winter is the busiest period for roadside rescue teams, because cars are more likely to break down in cold weather and ice can cause the most horrendous accidents even at slow speed.

"SO THE CONDITIONS COULD be challenging, but the human aspect was also interesting. Often you'd have to reassure people, because it can be unpleasant when your vehicle splutters to a halt.

"THERE WAS ONE LADY who I can recall very clearly because she was dressed from head to toe in shiny leather. She'd been to an S&M club in London, and her car wouldn't start. So she jumped in my truck and we headed up to North London. She had whips and everything and asked if I'd like to stop off at Hyde Park with her. Well, I was nervous, I didn't fancy getting whipped in the middle of London after dark, so I politely declined. Honest. Actually what I was most worried about was that the truck had GPS and the AA might have access to satellite imagery.

"CARS HAVE ALWAYS INTERESTED me, so the AA suited me. But when I saw Avon Racing were after a truckie who could also get his hands dirty, I leapt at the chance. From there it's been ever upwards.

"I JOINED JAGUAR RACING in 2001 after three years at Avon and their F3000 programme. As well as looking after David Coulthard's tyres, I'm responsible for the transporter truck which takes the three complete Red Bull cars. Although if they'd known about the Lotus, I doubt they'd have hired me." ☑

#28 MARK THOMPSON

THE SUM OF ALL PARTS

Getty photographer and karaoke king Mark Thompson's music collection is only matched by the number of exposures he takes every weekend. This is his world in numbers...

1993 ZIMBABWE

I'd gone there to photograph Bruce Grobbelaar before the '94 World Cup, and Princess Diana was there for the Red Cross. Getty asked me to go. The place was packed with proper 'Royal' photographers. I stood in a different place and got a really nice shot, which was chosen as the cover for Andrew Morton's book *Her New Life*.

3 CAMERAS LOST

I was mugged in the pitlane at Imola this year, and had a camera and a lens stolen. That was worth about £7,000. And then I've put stuff in the aeroplane hold that just hasn't arrived. That's where we tend to stash our big lenses and these can be worth up to £30,000. If the gear doesn't turn up, not only are you out of pocket, but you can't do your job, either.

2 KARAOKE VICTORIES

in Suzuka's Lucky Tribe contest. The third time I did it I tied with the Brazilian team, but I would like to point out that this was a political decision. They were good, but not as good as me. The first year I did Anarchy in the UK and jumped all over the stage. The second year I did Hound Dog and gave it the full Elvis.

2500 ALBUMS

and about 2000 of them are vinyl. I've trimmed my collection down recently. I like plundering old soul shops, and sometimes buy an album just for the label. My most treasured LP is one by Paul Weller which he made under the name King Truman, when the Style Council were still signed to Polydor. It was never actually released.

44 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

that I've been to. I used to cover football a lot, and therefore went to qualifiers in all sorts of places, including all over South America. Bolivia was my favourite. Colombia was frightening.

3000 PHOTOGRAPHS

every race weekend. It's difficult to pick a favourite but I took a picture of Pedro de la Rosa driving his Jaguar at Jerez during a wet weather test. The sun was setting and it looked like a golden mushroom cloud in the background. Vanity Fair used it.

127 WELLER CONCERTS

The first band I ever saw live were The Jam at Granby Halls in Leicester in 1978. They were phenomenal, and I started to skip school to follow them around Europe – not that I condone truancy (I have an 11 year-old son!). It sounds a bit like I'm a stalker, but I just enjoy Weller and I met my wife, Kathy, at a Jam concert. You never get a bad gig with Paul Weller.



MULTI-TALENTED



John Surtees achieved a feat which may never be equalled. He claimed seven world motorcycling titles before entering Formula One, aged 26. With his technical aptitude, attention to detail, and talent, he would become motor racing's only champion on both two and four wheels.

MOTORCYCLE RACING WAS IN John Surtees' blood. His father Jack, owned a London motorcycle dealership and was a three-times British sidecar champion. Jack gave his son a bike of his own when he was 11 and taught him to ride and repair it. At 16 John left school to become an apprentice at Vincent and started to successfully race grass-track. His first factory-sponsored ride came five years later with Norton, and he moved to MV Agusta for 1956 racing 350cc and 500cc machines. It was with the Italian firm that he won all seven of his world championships. Between '58-'60 he won 32 out of 39 races and became the first man to win the Senior Isle of Man TT road race three years in succession. Surtees had already achieved

fame and fortune and, like Valentino Rossi today, captivated the attention of car racing's powerbrokers, keen to see if his success could be replicated in a car. After tests with an Aston Martin DBR1 and a Vanwall grand prix car, Ken Tyrrell was first to put the plan in action. Entering an F3 Cooper at Goodwood in 1960, Surtees finished second to the young Jim Clark.

Colin Chapman signed 'Big John' for the final four races of the F1 season. He came second at Silverstone and nearly won in Portugal. Lotus offered a contract for the following year, but Surtees was dissuaded by the blossoming relationship between Chapman and Clark, so he chose Cooper for '61 and Lola in '62. Neither team provided the equipment

Surtees knew he deserved and in 1963 he joined Ferrari.

A motorbike race team manager from the 1930s, Enzo Ferrari had been watching the Englishman closely for years, admiring his spirit. Surtees was already worshipped in Italy after his success with MV Agusta, and 'John the Great' was seen as Ferrari's saviour. He scored the Scuderia's first victory in two years at the Nürburgring in '63 and won there and at Monza in '64. The title went down to the wire in Mexico with Clark and Graham Hill challenging. But, by finishing second to team-mate Lorenzo Bandini, Surtees made history and won the title.

Surtees was a difficult man to work with, due to his fierce independence and reputation for belligerence. The Maranello team

SURTEES WAS, AND REMAINS, passionate about racing. While today he runs the British A1 GP team, his beginnings were on two-wheels. His moody glare from the grid (main picture, left) was indicative of an inner steel which helped develop his dogmatic reputation.

It was on an MV Augusta (top) that Surtees developed that reputation, winning seven world championship titles and a loyal following in Italy, which included Enzo Ferrari.

This led to a spell at Ferrari between 1963 and June 12, 1966 when he raced for the Scuderia for the last time at a rain-swept Spa (centre).

His final win came in Mexico on October 23, 1966. He's seen on his last podium (bottom) after his victory driving a Cooper T81.

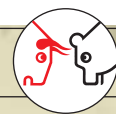


weren't so competitive in 1965 and Surtees vented his frustration by entering a Lola at Mosport's Can-Am race. He was badly injured when his suspension collapsed, but forced his way back to fitness over the winter. His victory in the pouring rain at Spa was his finest ever. It would also be his final race for the Scuderia. Surtees and team manager Eugenio Dragoni despised each other. At the 24 Heures du Mans their feud boiled over and the Englishman walked away never to return.

He won the final race of 1966 in Mexico for Cooper and for the next two years agreed to lead Honda's new F1 team. The development went well and John took a win at Monza in '67 – his final victory. He was unimpressed

when Honda pulled out of F1 in 1968. He resented taking orders and, like Brabham and McLaren, established his own team: the Surtees Racing Organisation. In nine seasons the team's best result was a second for Mike Hailwood, himself a former motorcycle world champion.

John retired from racing in '73 to focus on finding funds. This work exacerbated long-term medical problems he'd suffered from Mosport, including viral pneumonia, and he was forced to retire in '78. In hospital he fell in love with his nurse, Jane, to whom he is married. They have three children and live in Kent. Now 72, Surtees has mellowed somewhat and last year returned to motorsport as team principal of Britain's A1GP team. ■



ATTACK OF THE MEGA MONSTERS

They're always in a bad mood, constantly fighting and when they leave, whole cities are left in tatters. Yes, Godzilla and the Japanese mega monsters are a lot like The Sugababes on tour. Come to think of it, they're a bit like F1 teams, too.

GODZILLA V FERRARI

Like Ferrari, the mighty Godzilla has been around since the beginning, having evolved from a smaller incarnation into an all-conquering behemoth. The name Godzilla (pronounced 'go-ji-ra') roughly translates as 'man in an unconvincing rubber monster suit', but once he was a humble godzillasaurus (a bit like an Iguanodon crossed with a Stegosaurus). Similarly, Enzo Ferrari started out as a privateer using Alfa Romeos. Their routes to success, though, were slightly different: Enzo had a knack for producing a winning team and Godzilla was hit by a nuclear blast and mutated into a giant radioactive monster.

Armed with self-reproducing DNA, Godzilla recovers from attacks quickly, he has masses of adoring fans and has come through many close battles. Ferrari has new staff queuing up to join, an army of tifosi and has seen off Lotus, Maserati and Ford.

MONSTER X V RENAULT

One of the most dangerous monsters to ever face Godzilla, armoured Monster X looks like a giant robot. Monster X is fast, agile and powerful, not unlike Renault, but instead of mass dampers, he has two skulls on his shoulders which shoot laser beams from their eyes. In Godzilla: Final Wars, these almost brought the King of Monsters to his knees, but as soon as he tore them off, he defeated his arch foe. Sound familiar? And like Renault, at the end of the day, Monster X turns out to be controlled by a man in a truly frightening suit.

KING GHIDORAH V TOYOTA

Three heads, two wings and a voice like a clanging bell, King Ghidorah (aka Monster Zero) fell out of the sky on an unsuspecting Earth in much the same way that Toyota Motorsport descended on F1 in 2000. Coming from the moon, King Ghidorah likes to do things a bit differently and has an array of unusual weapons in his arsenal, such as gravity rays, armoured scales and he can create a hurricane by flapping his wings angrily. Rather than the moon, Toyota came from

rallying via Le Mans with two former team-mates of Mika Hakkinen and a designer pinched from Minardi. Rather than a hurricane, when they wave their chequebook it creates a whirlwind of cash. And as King Ghidorah shows, three heads can be better than one or it can just lead to confusion, uncanny resemblance...

MOTHRA V BMW

Sleeping giant Mothra is revived by the ancient powers that used to rule the Earth to save the planet from marauding monsters who threaten to destroy it. Like BMW, Mothra has gone through a number of incarnations before coming up with a winning formula. Both were misunderstood at first, and turned out to be a force for good – for example, BMW with their travelling Pitlane Park. Mothra communicates telepathically with two fairies who interpret the giant lepidoptera's shrieks and clicks – not unlike what Annie Bradshaw does for Willy Rampf. Oh yes, and they both rely on flexible wing technology.

KING KONG V TORO ROSSO

Although King Kong was a dab hand at despatching dinosaurs, the mutated Godzilla was well out of Kong's league – he's five times his size for a start – and the contest was as unequal as Minardi taking on Ferrari. Then Kong was struck by lightning. Thus energised, he could fire bolts of electricity out of his paws and still have energy to spare. If that doesn't work, Kong (like most gorillas) does judo. Likewise, after the arrival of Red Bull, Minardi were reborn as Toro Rosso and with the boost that only comes from drinking sugar, caffeine and a few obscure E numbers, King Toro is ready to take on the whole world.

DESTROYAH V MCLAREN

Part machine, part flesh and blood, Destroyah was built to defeat the mighty Godzilla. Evolving out of parts of other monsters, Destroyah has an uncanny ability to adapt to his circumstances by mutating into different forms to suit the circumstances. In the same way, McLaren adapt to such changes as turbo power, aerodynamics and Juan Pablo Montoya with ease. Destroyah also comes in a fetching shade of grey.

THE SMOG MONSTER V SUPER AGURI

Like Super Aguri, the Smog Monster (or Hedorah to his friends) is made up of lots of bits and pieces that everyone else regards as junk. He also changes shape several times during the course of Godzilla v The Smog Monster, not unlike the Super Aguri cars and driver line-up. And like most people in F1, Hedorah can be easily defeated if he is deprived of vital liquids and forced to dry out.

BIOLLANTE V HONDA

Skyscraper-hating Venus flytrap Biollante started life as an attempt to create a benevolent giant monster – but it all went horribly wrong. A scientist took human DNA (or BAR), mixed it with a lovely flower (bits of Tyrrell) and added a dash of Godzilla juice. He then baked it in a test tube for 40 minutes and created a homicidal plant the size of Rimini. Honda has also grown at an alarming rate to become a major force in the paddock. And like a plant, they don't look too good in dry conditions, but add a bit of rain and they can take on the world.

GAMERA V RED BULL

Giant flying terrapin Gamera is hugely popular with younger fans of mega monsters, who see him as a refreshing alternative. He even has his own brand of energy drink, Mana, which is actually the life force of planet Earth, and frankly, Gamera can't get enough of it. Now we all know Red Bull gives you wings but it can also give you gas. In Gamera's case, he makes good use of this by retracting his legs and letting loose a stinking cloud of atomic gas which propels him through the sky. Scientists could call it a fartical accelerator – but they don't. Let's just hope Adrian Newey decides against using it on the RB3.

RODAN V WILLIAMS

One of the most popular and long-lived monsters, gigantic mutated pteranodon Rodan is a beast in the traditional sense. His main weapons are speed and agility. In the past, he was able to harness the winds to create devastating pace, although that seems to have slipped a bit of late. Like Patrick Head, Rodan can lift creatures several times his own weight and has been known to emit great blasts of toxic air from his mouth. Like Williams, alien forces have also tried to take control of Rodan, but he has always managed to resist. The other weapon in his arsenal is a sharp beak, which comes in handy for removing drivers who may have got too big for their boots.

BARUGON V MF1

Arch-enemy of Gamera, Barugon is a four-legged, reptile with a deadly spike on his nose. His conventional appearance and slow speed are offset by his unusual weapons, including a tongue that freezes everything in his path, presumably a souvenir from Moscow, and he can fire rainbows from his back, which seems pretty pointless but he probably got it in Amsterdam. At the end of Gamera vs Barugon, the giant reptile was drowned in the sea but look out now Barugon/MF1 is in Dutch hands because everyone knows how good they are at reclaiming stuff from the water. ☒

GODZILLA: THE INSIDE STORY

We at The Bulletin like to get under the surface, but when we tried that with Godzilla, we uncovered legendary suitmation actor Ken Satsuma, who played the King of Monsters in seven films.

Ken (short for Kenpachiro) wasn't the first man to play Godzilla. Originally, karate black belt Haruo Nakajima played Godzilla. The two first met on the set of Godzilla v Hedorah with Ken as the Smog Monster challenging a heroic Godzilla. Like Daniel in The Karate Kid, young Ken was arrogant but, like Mister Miyagi, Nakajima took him in hand.

"I was in Godzilla v Hedorah, Godzilla v Gigan and Godzilla v Megalon, all opposite Mr Nakajima," Ken says. "At first I did not especially want to play giant monsters, but I realised that Mr Nakajima was a monster not only inside a costume, but also outside of one. He was very proud of being a monster actor. I soon began to have respect for monster acting."

People may scoff at Toho Studio's suitmation, but in their day, they were very sophisticated and demanded painstaking work from actors and technicians operating the monster costumes. Ken says: "It was very difficult. It required a lot of patience and a lot of rehearsal to co-ordinate the action with the director and the people operating Godzilla's eyes, jaw and tail. One time I remember I had to wait 20 hours to do a 30-second take."

Nakajima was electrocuted, burned and nearly drowned several times playing Godzilla in the '50s, '60s and '70s and Ken didn't fair much better in the '80s and '90s. "The most dangerous part of my job is shooting footage of Godzilla in water. If I fall over, I could drown because I would never be able to get back up with the Godzilla costume on."

And as one who knows Godzilla more intimately than most, what was Ken's impression of the Hollywood version? "Honestly speaking, I was very disappointed. It was not Godzilla."





PHOTOS: MOVIESTORE COLLECTION, SUTTON IMAGES

'YOU WON'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY'