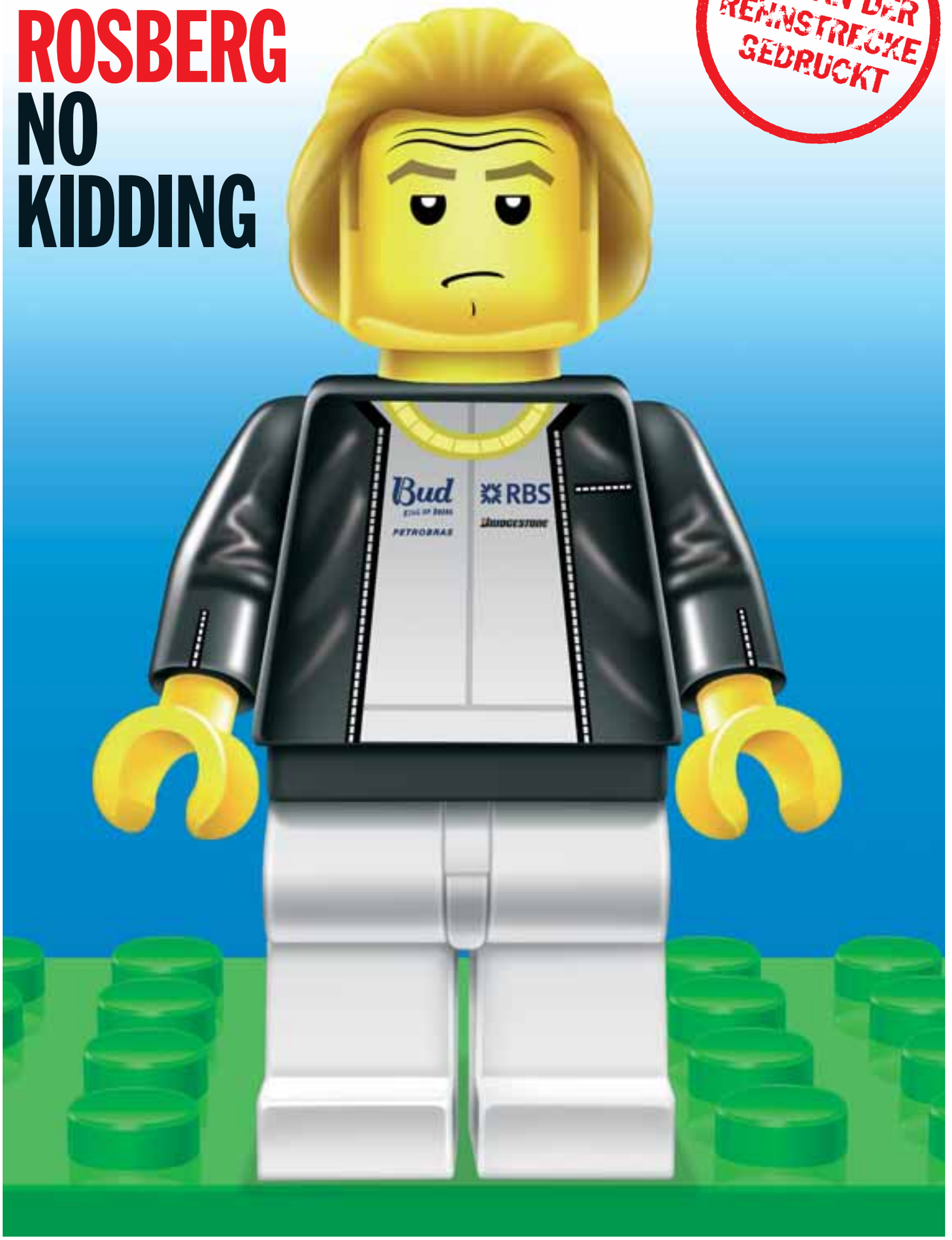
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 72, GP EUROPE, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 2006

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

HIER AN DER RENNSTRECKE GEDRUCKT

ROSBERG NO KIDDING



MILITANT CHIC IS VERY 'in' this summer, but nonetheless the debut of MF1's paddock command post was met with some criticism in Imola. Largely because it wasn't quite finished, but also it was a little scary looking. Actually, it looked rather reminiscent of the Swedish Navy's stealth boat – a vessel feared by every sailor in the Baltic. This is a good thing, but would you want to have lunch in it? Even the most sensational food wasn't enough to tempt the paddock set, so like a true stealth vehicle it has disappeared off the radar. Instead, the team is using Dr Kolles DTM pad this weekend – a brighter, more inviting affair. But the stealth home cannot be killed. A senior Midland insider has revealed that the motorhome is undergoing "extensive renovation" and will return with a vengeance in Barcelona. Expect a more welcoming look, and some scatter cushions.



MF1

FERRARI



HOLLYWOOD'S MOST DEVOUT petrolhead, Paul Newman, was passing through Maranello on Thursday en route to a charitable engagement and dropped in on Ferrari. A fan of such films as The Hustler and Butch Cassidy, Jean Todt postponed his flight to Germany to show the blue-eyed actor, IRL team owner and salad dressing tsar around the factory. But Newman wasn't just there to see welding work – he was there to give the new 599 GTB a pounding around Fiorano.

PACESETTER



SOD'S LAW STRUCK RADIO reporter Holly Samos on her drive from Imola back home to the UK. She and her BBC Five Live colleague Jason Swayles were maintaining a solid speed on their cross-continent blast: about 160kph. Jason had driven the first 950 miles, and responsibility for the final 50 fell to Holly… who promptly found herself face-to-face with an officer of the law. Clearly a wink and an autograph failed to impress the policeman, as poor Holly was dragged down to the station and forced to pay up the contents of her purse.

TAKUMA SATO COULD BE on the verge of a successful career in fashion. He's teamed up with good friend Sir Paul Smith to produce a natty range of merchandising clothing, like his T-shirt below. PS was a bit surprised when Taku announced he'd be doing the designing, and Paul Smith Japan could just take care of the manufacturing, but it turned out to be a great idea. Handy with computer design programs, it's not the first time Sato's shown a flair for fashion – he's been designing his own caps since he was at Jordan. We're told his latest range is selling like hot cakes. Anna Wintour, watch this space.

SUPER AGURI



LIGIER



PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES. COVER ILLUSTRATION: ICHIBAN

OUR FREEZE FRAME feature in yesterday's Red Bulletin threw up a bit of a challenge: tracking down mechanics from the 1970s is a bit like searching for a German fan without a Schumi shirt. But a couple of the paddock's French delegates have been on the phone with extra information and it's warmly received. Lionel Hublet, Ligier's chief mechanic when our Argentina '79 photo was taken, is still involved with Ligier, albeit in a less speedy wing of the concern. Ligier now build little cars that can be driven in France by youngsters without a licence. Hublet owns a garage in Vichy which sells and services these 5bhp teenage run-arounds. Daniel Gaillard, on the other hand, is still tinkering with F1 machinery. He lives in Valance and is responsible for the loving upkeep of Jacques Laffite's personal grand prix collection. Twenty-seven years on, Gaillard makes sure the JS11 which took Laffite to victory in Buenos Aires still runs a sweetly as the day he first fettled it.

CLUB 500



RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

"One of my fondest memories of the Nürburgring is of friendship. I first met Jackie Stewart in about 1964 but became friends with him really at that classic race at the Nürburgring in 1968. Sir Jackie finished four minutes ahead of anyone else on that amazing day in the mist and fog and after that we got talking and ever since then we had a lot of good conversations. It all came full circle in 1999 at the Nürburgring when, on another amazing day of rain and drama, Johnny Herbert won the European Grand Prix driving a Stewart. I was at the front of the group of photographers below the podium and for me it was an incredible feeling to see, 31 years after his own great day at the circuit, Jackie standing on the podium accepting a trophy as a constructor. It was a great feeling for me, a feeling of being part of that cycle and also of delight for a friend."

Photographer Rainer Schlegelmilch has been covering grands prix since 1962.

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FOUR COMMENTARIES

THE UGLY DUCK RING

1 SUBSTANCE OVER STYLE
BY JUSTIN HYNES

The Nürburgring gets a bum rap in F1 circles. Rural location, miles from the nearest flash restaurant, anodyne circuit – not the first race to spring to the minds of sponsor managers searching for the very embodiment of F1 glamour when they're considering booking flights for high-fallutin' guests.

All of the above are, of course, true. The Nürburgring is an unlovely creature sometimes. When the weather takes a micro-climatic turn for the arctic and your only recreational outlet is the organised 'fun' staged by the bingo and karaoke-loving holiday camp you're staying in, then it can be pretty miserable.

It also, of course, suffers comparisons with the awesome beast that is the Nordschliefe. Like the frumpy friend forever consigned to a lonely evening sipping Babycham on the sidelines as her beautiful acquaintance is asked to dance by all and sundry, the new Nürburgring can't compete when sitting beside so inspiring a place as the Nordschliefe. The new circuit will always be described as having "a nice personality".

But, to flog the analogy one more time, the initially unlovely often has charms which are only revealed by becoming closer to it. And the Nürburgring does have its charms. Not least of which is the fact, often forgotten by those of us who live in the twilight-shrouded ivory tower that is the paddock, that this is a 'real' grand prix weekend.

In three weeks' time we will decamp to Planet Hollywood, the theme restaurant by the bay that is known as Monaco.

Monaco too has its attractions, most of them of the bright and shiny variety, but like all such gems, it loses its lustre after long exposure and the yacht parties, wallet-shrivelling bars, impossibly rude waiters/policemen/guests and fans who believe that their presence, a Ferrari and money gives them celebrity status begin to grate after a while.

Come to the Nürburgring though and it's more V10 than Vuitton. Well, not anymore but the bad gag couldn't go to waste could it?

At the Nürburgring, it's the motor racing that matters as the world's weirdest fans turn up in their hundreds of thousands to slump around campfires, get roaring drunk and play Michael Schumacher engine noise CDs at Who-like volume. OK, when you write it down it doesn't sound so appealing but bear with me: it's a race for proper fans. There's no messing about with diamonds or marquee events or boats or strange new lands where Friday's action attracts fewer people than a Milli Vanilli reunion concert.

More than 290,000 people passed through the gates here last year, up 10 per cent on '04 despite the downturn in Schumacher's fortunes. And this year the organisers expect another significant increase.

Just goes to show that if you give people what they want, in this case, forests, motor racing, beer and a resurgent hero, then tickets go like hotcakes. It's not exactly rocket science but, to paraphrase the paraphrase used to describe Bill Clinton's successful 1992 election campaign: It's the racing, stupid.

'At the Nürburgring, it's racing that matters as the world's wierdest fans turn up by the thousand'

2 PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

Some girls in Formula One really do let the side down. I was going to say, you know who you are, but that's wrong because patently you don't. You are the ones who dress inappropriately and try and get by on girlie charm rather than ability.

Now I had always been under the impression that BMW's Annie Bradshaw did not fall into this latter category, so I was horrified to see her walking down the paddock, evidently sporting the results of some plastic surgery in the form of a grotesque boob job. I berated her about this, pointing out that, like fine wine, we girls actually improve with age, except that she misunderstood the wine reference and thought I meant she looked better lying on her side in a damp, dark cellar.

Luckily my abject horror soon turned to hilarity, when it was explained to me that this was nothing to do with a surgeon's scalpel at all, but was in fact the new winter-weight BMW team blouson, which – like a life jacket on a plane – could be inflated through a mouthpiece near the collar. So, BMW's PR lady can now look forward to a second career as a flight attendant, demonstrating life jackets and telling us about masks falling from the ceiling in the event of a lack of cabin pressure. How appropriate, given that it reinforces the airport lounge theme which was obviously behind the splendid new BMW motorhome.

My travel agent is in for a piece of my mind – what's left of it – when I get home. Instead of my usual 15-minute walk to the track, I am now staying in what appears to be a holiday camp in a town called Daun. I know where the name comes from, because it Dauned on me that it's so far away from the 'Ring that I have to get up at the crack of Daun to get here in the mornings.

The idea of staying in the middle of a forest to enjoy the delights of nature is anathema to me, but be warned, I will get very angry with the first person who asks why I would be expected to love nature, when nature has been so cruel to me.

And if I do sometimes look a little rough around the edges it's because I really don't like these early starts as I am not the sort of girl who was made to see seven o'clock twice in the same day.

But moving on… Franck Montagny? What's all that about then? I would be suspicious of anyone who cannot even spell their own first name properly. I mean, how many records would Franck Sinatra have sold, how many world championships would Franck Williams have won?

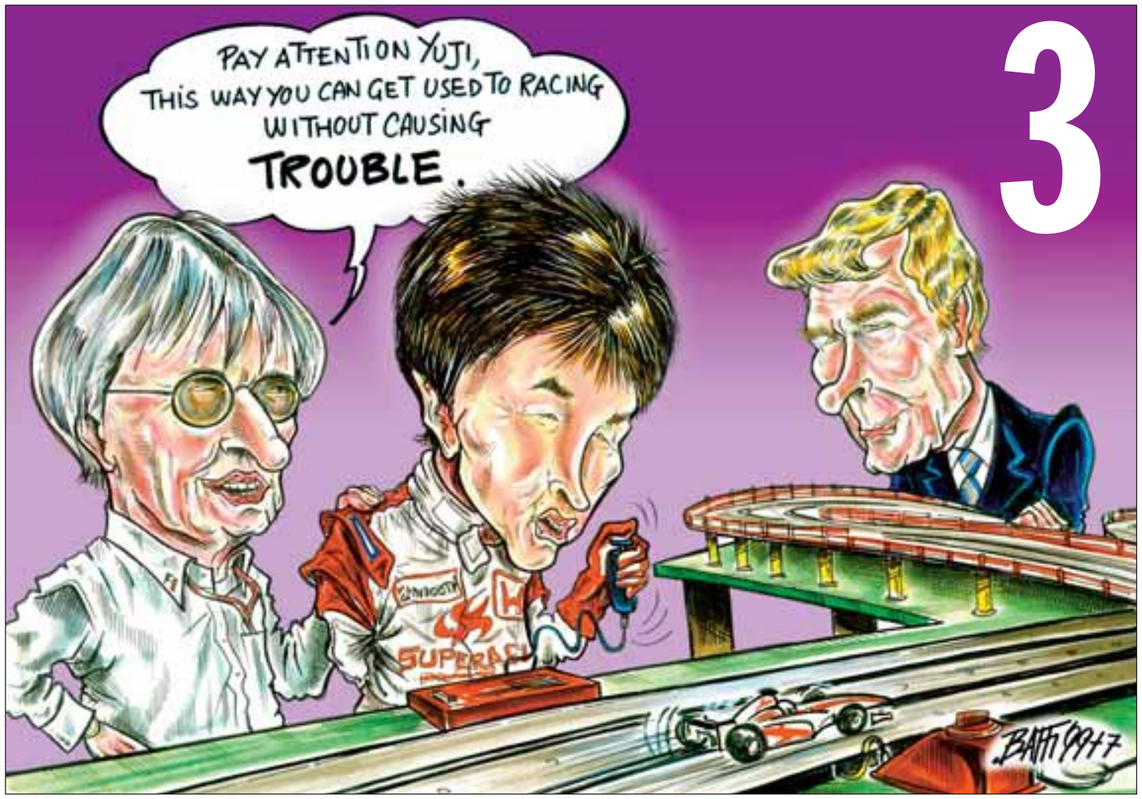
All you need to know is that Super Aguri's new driver owns a hairdresser's shop in Barcelona, as tonsorial artists have always gone in for strange monikers (viz Toni, Vidal, Terri etc.)

Even more worrying is the fact that he apparently lets his trainee cutters loose on his own head. As a career enhancing move, I suggest a good wig until his own hair grows out again. As country singer Dolly Parton once replied, when asked how long it took to do her hair: "Honey, how would I know? I'm never there."

F1 FUNNIES



"Careful with our china! Treat it like an F1 engine!"



4 A WORLD OF CHANGE
BY DAVID RICHARDS

Since the day I left BAR, everyone has automatically assumed that I would return to Formula One. There was a preconception that I had unfinished business and a burning desire to spend my weekends perched on the pit walls of various grand prix circuits around the world. Well, quite frankly, after three years at BAR I had a lot of other things I wanted to do. At Prodrive, we had just launched our new partnership with Aston Martin to take them back into sports car racing; we were moving into the 16th year of our relationship with Subaru in rallying; we had a fledgling team in the Australian V8 Supercar series and we were rapidly expanding our automotive technology business into new parts of the world.

From a personal perspective, having spent half of the previous three years overseas at grands prix, I also wanted to spend more time with my family and friends.

During the last 18 months, it has been wonderful to spend those precious weekends at home in the English countryside or watching my son playing sport for his school. It has been a great way to escape, switch off and create the time to think and plan for the future.

I was often asked if I missed Formula One. It would be quite wrong of me to say that I didn't miss the excitement of the racing or working with a great team of people in such a challenging environment, but I certainly didn't miss the all-consuming nature of the business and I needed the break to refresh myself.

That said, I felt that Formula One was where Prodrive should eventually be. But the regulations were such that to try and enter privately and compete with the big teams would have been commercial suicide for the business.

We knew that the only way we could be competitive was if there were significant changes to the structure of the sport, creating a more level playing field, and with the publication of the 2008 regulations, I knew that this was the opportunity we had been waiting for.

'We knew the only way we could be competitive was if there were significant changes to the sport'

To a certain extent, we have been here before. In 1990, when we first started competing in the World Rally Championship, with what was then a little-known vehicle manufacturer called Subaru, many people didn't take us seriously.

Yes, we already had considerable experience in rallying with BMW and Porsche, but now we were aiming to compete with the likes of Toyota, Fiat and Ford who, at the time, were turning up to rallies with 30 trucks full of equipment and 150 people. On our first rally, we turned up with a team of just 20.

On our modest budget there was no way that we could ever hope to match the resources of the other teams, so we did things differently. We treated it like guerrilla warfare – a small, nimble team against the massed ranks of the opposition.

Our small team flew everywhere in helicopters to compensate for our size and, at the same time, the technical regulations changed in our favour. The rest is history.

However, we are not so naïve as to think we can come into Formula One and take on the established teams at their own game and expect instant success – too many people have done this in the past and fallen on their faces, even when they have had huge resources behind them.

In 2008, however, Formula One will adopt the most significant and sweeping regulation changes in its history, and if there is one thing Prodrive is very good at, then it's adapting to change.

We realise that we will only be successful in Formula One by doing things differently, so don't expect us to approach it in a conventional way – that would not be Prodrive.

ILLUSTRATION: BAFFI, FEGGO

YOUNG AND RESTLESS

Hello, hello, Dr Bull here, tilting at the windmills of the mind. A modern day Don Quixote, but with a posh office, a nice leather sofa and Austria's foremost collection of research pornography. Today, I'm rummaging around inside **Nico Rosberg**'s head, though how he expects to have developed any decent neuroses when he's still in short trousers I don't know.

Yes Nico, I do think that growing a big moustache would make you look older, but if you've inherited more than just the racing genes then the chances are you will look like a big happy walrus. Oh, stop snivelling. It could be worse, you might be related to Nigel Mansell. Come on, the sooner we get started, the sooner we finish…

Q. Who was your childhood hero – and I don't mean last Wednesday?
A. Mika Hakkinen
The name rings a bell. Blond, taciturn, advertised coffee? A guy who did well after doing exactly what your Dad told him to? Oh, Freud would have loved you.

Q. And now, who is your sporting hero at the moment?
A. Lance Armstrong
Very interesting. Your childhood sporting hero is still competing, your current sporting hero has retired. Do you have a time displacement problem perhaps, or are you Doctor Who?

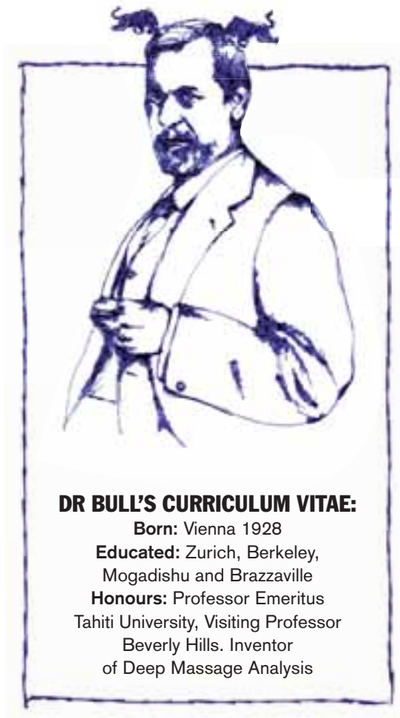
Q. What was the last LP you bought? Eh? Oh surely you must have… it's a sort of round, shiny, piece of black plastic with music on it. No? You're sure? The young folk do still listen to music don't they?
A. I *downloaded* Tubular Bells
Does your head spin around backwards by any chance? No? Good, just checking. It's an interesting choice. I bought it on *vinyl*, back in the day, before it became the national anthem of spliff-toking hippies everywhere. Of course, Mike Oldfield plays all the instruments himself – which makes it very surprising that he's never been hired by Williams. That sort of multi-tasking goes a long way down at Grove – an outfit so legendarily careful with money that the last time Patrick opened his wallet, the portraits on the bank notes blinked.

Q. And what's your favourite band?
A. 3 Doors Down
You can take the boy out of Finland (and convince him he's German) but you can't take Finland out of the boy. Nico's probably under the impression that the band's home town of Escatawpa is just up the road from Uusikaupunki – (not Mississippi). It's also the sort of loud, head-banging metal that turns otherwise pleasant Scandinavians into Erik the Viking. Also, their second album, Away from the Sun, is the slogan used by the Finnish winter tourist agency. And according to Gertrude, my trendy young niece, the singer is also the drummer, which reminds me of that old joke, a drummer goes into a shop and asks for fish and chips.

The man behind the counter says, "You're a drummer aren't you?"

"Yes," says the drummer, "how did you know that?"

"This is a newsagent's."



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

Q. If you could do any job in the world, what would it be?
A. Soccer player
Reminds me of an old joke. Footballer goes into shop and asks for… oh, done that one already.

Q. What, pray tell, is your favourite film?
A. Payback
Hmm… the story of a man who does a job for his colleagues and then is callously disposed of when no longer necessary. Sounds like the perfect thing for a Williams driver to be watching. Of course the bit about being determined to get his money back is more in the territory of TWR. Are you sure this isn't the life story of Damon Hill?

Q. If you did, indeed, have a time machine, when and where would you go?
A. My school in Finland
Hmmm… why does no one ever say Paris in 1879? I've got a decent joke about that. Your school in Finland. Why? Surely there is somewhere else? The siege of Troy, the crucifixion, a grassy knoll in Dallas, 1963. What do you mean you've seen the movies? You can't shout "Duck!" at the movies can you?

Why would you want to take the greatest tool for discovery ever imagined and use it to go to Finland? I know Finnair can be a bit pricey, but even so. Perhaps you could give yourself some good advice, change history and improve your lot in life… um, 'cos being an F1 driver must be an absolute disaster. Oh, no, you're saying you'd have told yourself to practise your Italian and got a drive at Renault. Now that's clever.

Q. What was your favourite toy when you were growing up?
A. A racing car I made out of Lego
Didn't that become the FW17-B? Sorry Frank, only joking.

Q. What's your dream holiday destination?
A. Ibiza
Ibiza? There's only two reasons that young men go to Ibiza, and as an international sportsman's sample lights up the lab like a Christmas tree if you take so much as an aspirin, I'm assuming you're pursuing the second reason. Really, you're a wealthy, famous young man, you should be fighting girls off with a big stick wherever you go. You don't need to go to Ibiza.

Q. Who's the coolest celebrity you've met?
A. Jay Kay from Jamiroquai
That's the chap with the big hat who keeps getting thrown in jail for speeding isn't it? Isn't one of his albums called Travelling Without Moving? Maybe not the best epigram for a racing driver. ■



ILLUSTRATION: ICHIBAN

LIGHT RELIEF

The season is just four races old but change is already afoot in the paddock. The roving Bull's Eye took a tour around a busy Nürburgring to see how people are responding to the ever-evolving world of Formula One.



Formula One can be heartless: when your team's doing badly, not only do the fire brigade turn up with a net to catch you in case you jump off your motorhome, but the TV reporters are camped out with them.



"Yeah, that Ide man drove into me too."



The FIA were delighted with the first trials of the new robot version of Michael Schumacher



...however, the Ralf Mk I version was definitely less lifelike, had a balance problem and needed some extra work.



One wrong turn in the Pyrenees and they just knew the Energy Station would never be built in Barcelona.

Juan Pablo remembered all too clearly why he'd quit Williams: "So, have you got that Juan? Once the water has boiled in a steel kettle, you use half a cup of water to warm the teapot. Throw the water away and place one teaspoon of fine Darjeeling in the pot and cover slowly with water. Now, have I explained about when to put the milk in...





....and Alex, will that be Earl Grey with a lemon slice in a glass or Darjeeling in a bone china cup?



What chance have they got of making the race car work properly when they can't even get the handlebars on the bike the right way round?



In his bachelor days, Johnny always had an eye for the ladies, but now he's a middle-aged family man, being attacked by the Paddock Bicycle was nothing but an embarrassment...



...but luckily Dutch TV's Mr Mol was on hand to drag her off him.

PHOTOS: CRISPIN THRUSTON, SUTTON IMAGES, MSPB/MELZER

DIJON, JULY 1, 1979. LAPS 76-80

‘THE GREATEST RACE EVER’

The final five laps of the 1979 French GP gave us the most exciting duel of the decade between Rene Arnoux and Gilles Villeneuve. We recall the words of Villeneuve and commentator Murray Walker, while Arnoux reflects on the action.

WITH THE CHANCE OF A RENAULT 1-2 IN FRONT OF HIS HOME CROWD, ARNOUX WAS READY TO BUMP AND GRIND HIS WAY PAST VILLENEUVE’S FERRARI BUT VILLENEUVE WAS JUST AS DETERMINED.

LAP 76

Murray Walker: “As they come down to the right-hander at Villeroy, and it’s there that they can pass, and Arnoux’s going to do it. Rene Arnoux is challenging for second, but Villeneuve will not give way. Villeneuve locks up his tyres. Arnoux’s got the inside line and the shorter line. And he takes second place as they come through Sablières. Renaults are now first and second and the crowd are going mad.”

Rene Arnoux: “It was the greatest race ever, and it could only have happened between Gilles and I. I had great respect for Gilles. He always pushed very hard. Gilles had a problem with his brakes and tyres and I had a fuel pressure problem.

THE FERRARI’S TYRES MAY HAVE BEEN SPENT, BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL VILLENEUVE…

LAP 79

Murray Walker: “Rene Arnoux is second… and Villeneuve goes… incredible! Villeneuve stood on everything, locked up his tyres, got the line and he’s back in second position on the last lap but one. The French crowd aren’t very happy about that and who can blame them? This is the 65th French Grand Prix and there has never been a more exciting battle for a major position than this one, with such French interest.”

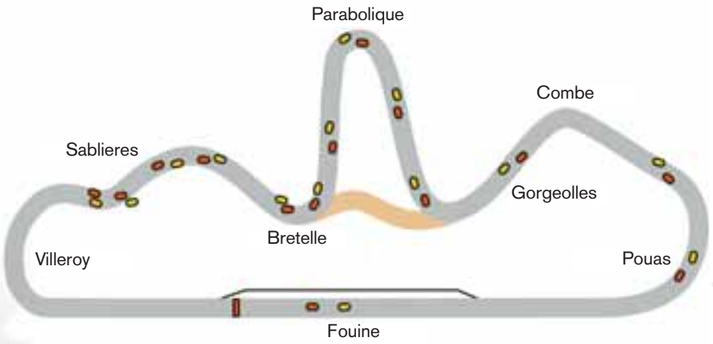
Rene Arnoux: “My engine was struggling, but I wanted second place and was pushing hard. I tried everything I could to keep it.”

JEAN-PIERRE JABOUILLE WAS ASSURED VICTORY, BUT NO ONE COULD BE SURE WHO WOULD TAKE SECOND PLACE…

LAP 80

Murray Walker: “And Arnoux has closed right up on Villeneuve and he’s going to try again... and Arnoux does it… does he? And Villeneuve locks up! Villeneuve’s had to go wide and Arnoux’s on the inside. He’s got the shorter line and he’s in second position. And he’s through! They bang wheels. He’s off, he’s off, he’s back on again! Rene Arnoux – off the circuit and back again. And now Villeneuve’s got second.”

ILLUSTRATION: HERI IRAWAN



Rene Arnoux: “Gilles hit me very hard, and I went completely on the outside of the track. I came back and through the next corner it was exactly the same: bing, boom, bang! My chassis got quite badly damaged and I knew the guys at Viry-Chatillon would be busy the following week.”

Murray Walker: “Less than a third of the final lap to go. Can Arnoux, on the tremendously fast La Combe Courbe de Pouas section – 150mph – get past? Villeneuve is second, Arnoux is third. What an incredible, heart-stopping French Grand Prix.”

Rene Arnoux: “Jabouille is still not very happy because people forget he won the race. All the attention was on Gilles and me. The duel with Gilles is something I’ll never forget. You can only race like that with someone you trust completely. He beat me, yes, and in France… but it didn’t worry me. I knew I’d been beaten by the best driver in the world. Maybe against another driver, I would have finished second.”

Gilles Villeneuve: “That is my best memory of grand prix racing. Those few laps were just fantastic for me – outbraking each other and trying to race for the line, touching each other but without wanting to put the other car out. It was just two guys battling for second place without trying to be dirty but having to touch because of wanting to be first. It was just fantastic. I loved that moment.”



RIDE ON, LADIES

The European Unas were given a rough ride by their Red Bull hosts in Germany. Not only did they have to endure the company of Formula One journalists at an off-road event on Thursday, they also were pitched in together to fight for the title of queen of the karting track yesterday. But as the pictures show, it turned out to be quite a laugh…

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER, KAI KIRCHWITZ

























DRINK AND BE MERRY

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, full of the hustle and bustle of commerce and civic institutions. But where to go after work? EJ's Irish theme pub was always a firm favourite – for the fried food as much as the craic – and though the times they are a-changing, there is still a warm welcome down at Russian-flavoured Midland.



1 OIL BARRELS
Despite Midland being owned by the one Russian billionaire who doesn't have a refinery, there's still always the whiff of oil money floating around the place. It's good for business and keeps the bar full.

2 THE DENTIST'S CHAIR
Hardened drinkers might be familiar with another form of dentist's chair, but this is the real deal, in case Colin Kolles needs to perform any emergency surgery – as was the case last season with Tiago Monteiro.

3 LUBRICATION
No Irish theme pub is complete without Guinness, but Ireland's national institution has been replaced with lots of vodka – the sort of rocket fuel which hasn't been seen in F1 since the '83 Brabham.

ILLUSTRATION: MONIKA FAUER



DER NEUE KAISER?

German national football coach Jürgen Klinsmann still has the rebel within, despite the weight of a nation on his shoulders, writes **Michael Horeni**.



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES, ACTION IMAGES

The plane leaves Frankfurt at 10.25am bound for Los Angeles. Sitting in First Class is Jürgen Klinsmann. He's going home. Behind him is a tightly-packed schedule, fine-tuned to get the most out of his time in Europe. He has made the 12-hour commute across the Atlantic more than 50 times since becoming coach of the German national soccer team 21 months ago.

Klinsmann's visits to Germany are a blur of appointments and meetings. His tight, ambitious schedule is an indication of just how Klinsmann, and his reputation, have changed since his own playing career. Where once he was perceived by the German football media as a maverick, an individualistic globetrotter, a fanatical follower of Greenpeace and most notably a rebellious element within the national team, they now meet and converse with a painstaking worker. The press has had to reacquaint itself with this new manner and, because of his exhausting commute, had to get used to fitting in with his frenetic schedule.

While the plane begins its climb out of Frankfurt airspace, he allows himself a break but, above the Atlantic, the coach picks up the threads of his other – his American – life again, but not before unpacking his laptop for one last stint. His business partners, Mick Hoban and Warren Merserau, are faced with floods of e-mails. "We always know when Jürgen is on his way back to America. The e-mails just keep flying out of the plane," says Hoban, Klinsmann's partner and president of their joint business: Soccersolutions.

The Klinsmann who walks off the plane in Los Angeles and gets into his SUV for the hour's drive home to his wife and their two children, is still largely a stranger in Germany. The public know almost nothing about California Klinsmann, whose task it is to lead Germany to World Cup victory this summer.

What the millions of fans do see are his team's matches and a few statements given on television – and that's all. Klinsmann does not appear on the prime time German talk shows. Germany's only exposure to his views and footballing philosophy is what they see on the pitch. It's a situation that leaves soccer fans simultaneously fascinated and polarised by him. Germany has been increasingly doubtful, especially since a 4-1 defeat in Italy in March. Criticism grew into a hurricane of negativity, particularly in the tabloids. Never before has a German national coach been so heavily criticised before a World Cup. Even now, when he has every reason to, he doesn't attempt to win over public opinion. If he cares, he doesn't show it.

Klinsmann will not let himself be sidetracked. His goal, as it always was, is still the Cup. "This isn't an illusion, it isn't a fantasy. It is possible – if everything fits together. Our foundation will be the community, the unconditional will to achieve something. If we operate at full throttle and attack anything that moves, the other teams will go back to saying: oh no, the Germans are coming!"



Jürgen Klinsmann had been living and working in the United Stares for six years when he met DFB president Gerhard Mayer-Vorfelder for secretive negotiations about the position of national team coach. The DFB boss, previously president of VfB Stuttgart, where Klinsmann's career in the national team began, was thinking only of the ambitious, committed and headstrong captain of earlier days; the player that German fans remember scoring 47 goals in 107 international matches, winning the 1990 World Cup with a 1-0 victory against Argentina in the final, and hoisting the cup in the 1996 European Championships in England. But Klinsmann had prepared himself for the job interview like a manager. The six years in America made him an experienced, independent businessman, who had worked on many different projects in sport. "I was no longer the person they took me for," he said later. It is something he now admits gave him pleasure.

Even at that first meeting in New York he mapped out the route to take the German team to World Cup victory on July 6, 2006 in Berlin. Fitness and self-confidence are the main athletic concepts, which Klinsmann has continued to develop together with manager Oliver Bierhoff, his assistant Joachim Löw, goalkeeping coach Andreas Köpke and his two American advisers Hoban and Merserau. He describes the two former leading figures in the sports equipment industry as "two professors in the background", whose analytical strength he is making available to the national team. As Klinsmann admits, he does not have such intellectual skills.

This ability to recognise his own limitations and to draw on professionals from a range of different fields is one of the main building blocks in the Klinsmann system.

He created the position of manager within the Federation for Oliver Bierhoff; employed fitness coaches from the United States for the national team – against considerable resistance; plus a German sports psychologist from Heidelberg and a scout from Switzerland.

These are all elements of an operation that is international in its approach. The focus of Klinsmann's life is California, his main mode of communication is e-mail, and his thinking is conceptual. The traditionalists in German soccer are still uneasy about this. But these methods suit Klinsmann's life, whose roots are in conservative Swabia but who then went on to represent the globalisation of the soccer world in the 1990s, moving from Inter Milan, AS Monaco, Tottenham Hotspur, FC Bayern Munich, to Sampdoria Genoa. After he ended his career in 1998 he and his family relocated to the American west coast, settling in the sunny, pleasant, ocean-front town of Huntington Beach, California, the home state of his wife Debbie, a former model. With that, Klinsmann turned his back on Germany for good – more consistently than any other German sports star, with the possible exception of Steffi Graf.



The national team coach protects his private family life with the same determination as Michael Schumacher. Just like the F1 star, Klinsmann decided many years ago to create as normal a life as possible for his children. In the US, his son and daughter enjoy an admittedly privileged but relaxed lifestyle, well away from the headlines about their father. And for the national team coach, coming home to the USA is also a personal refuge from the office. "I can switch off properly here. The family is my source of energy," he says. "Of course I don't enjoy leaving the airport by a back door and my mother needing security staff on her way from the railway station. But that is all just part of the job. I put up with it, because the team is my responsibility. But I take little notice of headlines and negative comments, and am able to go back to normal business quickly."

The distance helps. The day in California begins at 5.30am. "I spend until 7.30 checking what's happening in Germany and what needs to be discussed with the DFB. Every three days we have a conference call with Oliver Bierhoff, Jogi Löw and Andy Köpke. Now that the DFB has video conferencing facilities I can also dial in to board meetings." After 8.30 he spends time with the children: "I take the boy to school and then go back to work." He might eat lunch with his wife and then pick his son up from school, "but in principle the Klinsmann office is always open, because the laptop is never switched off." But the Klinsmann office is much quieter in the afternoons, Europe is asleep, and the team coach finds at least an hour to take some proper exercise: running, swimming, cycling or weights. "I need it to let off steam. Otherwise I can get unpleasant."

Klinsmann has learnt a lot in America, and that includes not being too full of his own importance. But he has also learnt "that I'm no longer afraid to make mistakes". His wish for his players is that they will also learn something from the American mentality: being proactive: "Here athletes learn very early on that they are responsible for themselves. Over there, soccer players are passive takers."

Many professionals still remain to be convinced, but he is making headway. "Many here understood this now," the coach says. The American spirit imposed by Klinsmann is beginning to take root in the German national team.

And when Klinsmann speaks about this spirit, the team coach has somehow also come back to himself. To the power that kept driving him onwards as a player: "How can I improve," Klinsmann says, "that's the fundamental question, everyday."

● Michael Horeni is football correspondent for *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. He is the author of the recently published biography *Klinsmann: Stürmer Trainer Weltmeister*

MOTORHOME MADNESS

It can't have escaped anyone's notice that many of the teams are more competitive in the paddock than they are on the track. And (in an effort to prove that we are prepared to bite the hand that feeds us) here are 20 sure signs that the motorhome cold war is getting out of control.

01 Team principals now report to head chefs

02 Max believed to favour a freeze on motorhome development for three seasons

03 Paddock extension required at Monaco leads to annexation of southern France and diplomatic crisis

04 One motorhome can rise to 8,000 metres to collect weather data…

05 …another is rumoured to have a boardroom directly above tank filled with sharks – and is owned by a man stroking a white cat

06 Motorhomes exist to feed mechanics, yet two teams have banished their mechanics to treehouses

07 Worldwide aluminium shortage blamed on paddock excesses

08 Health benefits of stopping free cigarettes for journalists ruined by easy access to 11 different types of dessert

09 Third driver takes wrong turn and gets lost. Nobody notices

10 Hungaroring paddock suffers subsidence under the weight leading to complete circuit redesign. Nobody complains

11 Charlie black-flags Midland for having bits hanging off

12 Car performance inversely proportional to the amount of money spent on motorhome development over the winter months

13 Poorer teams using hand-me-down motorhomes are taunted by other teams and suffer deep-seated psychological trauma

14 More hospitality = more annoying guests

15 Forty-plus trucks on the road makes it easy to forget those smaller details – cars, for example

16 White aprons outnumber coloured overalls. Chaos for laundry

17 Over-enthusiastic table football tournament leads to rioting, smashed shopfronts and deportations

18 Motorhome declares independence, asks international community to recognise its borders, begins refining uranium

19 Team manager begins suffering from motorhome envy, wife assures him his is larger than average

20 Not that this is important in any way. Not at all



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

GERMANY'S STOLEN SON

STEFAN BELLOF could have been Germany's first superstar driver, but his life was taken from him at a tragically young age. Those who saw him race were never in doubt that he had the promise of a mighty champion.





STEFAN BELLOF'S pace was born from unflinching commitment, raw aggression and astounding fearlessness. He was, many consider, the spiritual successor to Gilles Villeneuve. He was also a very popular character, but his tendency not to lift did, on occasion, surprise his competitors.

Bellof's father was a rally driver, and Stefan was encouraged to take up karting at the age of 16. Six years later, he'd risen to racing cars. He was passionate about sportscars and, with Rothmans backing, raced a works Porsche 956 in the World Endurance Championship. In 1983 he contested a 1000km race at the old Nurburgring circuit, and while he may have finished his race upside down – the 956 sliding down the Nordschleife on its roof – he had made history. His lap time of 6 minutes 11.13 seconds remains the fastest ever recorded.

Following on from this, and two convincing victories in Formula 2 the previous year, 1984 was Stefan's rookie season in Formula One, driving for Ken Tyrrell alongside Martin Brundle. They had a power disadvantage with the normally aspirated Ford Cosworth DFY. Nevertheless, Bellof took a point home from only his third race, and two points from his fourth. But it was his sixth outing that would really impress. The location was Monaco, and it started badly. Belof would begin the race from the back of the grid, following Brundle's massive accident at Tabac, and the weather was so wet that the start had to be delayed by 45 minutes. But the slippery conditions suited the non-turbo Tyrrell.

Nigel Mansell led his first GP until he slid into the Armco. The baton was passed to Alain Prost, but the main spectacle was Ayrton Senna's charge to second position from 13th on the grid, and Belof's miraculous effort to get from 20th up to third place. He stormed past Teo Fabi, Jacques Laffite, Manfred Winkelhock and Keke Rosberg. Then, at Mirabeau, he elegantly slipped his Tyrrell between the guardrail and Rene Arnoux's Ferrari.

Suddenly, on lap 31, the race was red-flagged as a result of the conditions. Prost was awarded victory, and half the championship points. Senna was incandescent and Bellof hugely disappointed; both drivers had been catching Prost fast, and Bellof was the fastest man on the track.

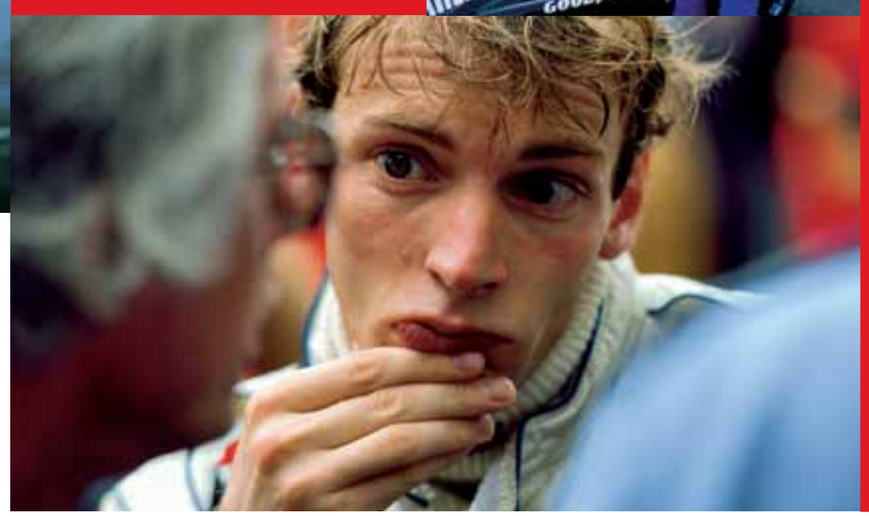
The race was the highlight of the German's short F1 career, as Tyrrell was never again able to supply him with a competitive machine. Nonetheless, 1984 wasn't all doom and gloom, as Bellof took the driver's crown in the World Endurance Championship. In 1985 things weren't any more competitive at Tyrrell. But the future was looking good, with an offer from Enzo Ferrari landing on Stefan's desk.

Racing a Brun-Porsche on September 1 at the Spa 1000km race that year, the 27-year-old was killed attempting to wrestle the lead from Jackie Ickx through Eau Rouge. His death was German motorsport's loss, but his life inspired many young men from his homeland to put on racing overalls, including Michael Schumacher.



THE MAKINGS OF A CHAMPION
Stefan Bellof had victory in his sights at Monaco (above and below) in 1984, but extreme weather caused the race to be stopped just 31 laps in. He had climbed from the back of the grid to third and was quickly catching Prost and Senna.

Despite his speed on the streets of Monte Carlo, Bellof's Tyrrell-Cosworth (left and right) and later Tyrrell-Renault were never competitive machines. It was purely the youngster's skill that brought in the points, and at the end of 1984 these were removed when his team mate's car was found to have fuel tank irregularities.



PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

RING MASTER



SEVEN SECTIONS TO REMEMBER

Three times a grand prix winner at the daunting Nordschleife, Sir Jackie Stewart tells us about his most memorable parts of track.

According to Sir Jackie: "When people say they like the old Nürburgring, they've either never gone fast enough around it or they're telling a lie. It's the sort of place you like in February when you're sitting at home in front of the fire.

"Having said that, I probably had the best race of my life there, in 1968, in the fog. The 'Ring has changed considerably since the 1960s. It's a lot smoother now than it was then and the character of the corners has changed because of that.

"Obviously, the new Nürburgring circuit is featureless in comparison to 'The Green Hell'. The problem is it doesn't have an atmosphere. But the spectators do get to see a lot more of the track."



1 FLUGPLATZ

"We used to get all four wheels off the ground entering this section. You had to get the entry precise at the top of the hill, which was on a right-hand bend, to carry an immense amount of speed down what was essentially a tunnel of trees. In fact, it was me who nicknamed the circuit 'The Green Hell'. This was followed by an extremely high-speed right-hand curve, taken at around 165mph."



2 THE DESCENT INTO ADENAUER

"This is driven at hellish speeds into a series of right-hand corners, followed by the interruption of one left-hander. Then there is another very fast section to the Adenauer bridge itself."



3 KARUSSELL

"This is perhaps the most spectacular section of the circuit (pictured, left), because when you're in a Formula One car your line of vision is extremely low and you arrive at the corner blind. You enter it over the crest of a hill and we used to aim for the top of a particular fir tree."

4 WIPPERMANN

"You had to take this corner (pictured, right) very carefully, but again at maximum speed. In the early days when I was racing it was simply not possible to use the edge of the circuit in any way because there were no kerbs to speak of and wet weather would constantly affect the natural drainage. They had drainage gaps on the edge of the track and I once broke a wishbone on one of these."



5 BRÜNNCHEN

"Another jumper! Very fast indeed, and the beginning of a series of fourth and fifth-gear corners, sometimes requiring us to change up a gear while we were in the air. We only had five gears in my day."

6 THE RUN DOWN TO THE SCHWALBENSCHWANZ

"This is quite a long segment of the total 'Ring, and the most important to get right in order to achieve a good lap time. I would look at doing it in around 40 seconds."

7 THE MAIN STRAIGHT

"Although there were only two or three corners after the Schwalbenschwanz 'Swallowtale', it was vital to get them right so you could slingshot yourself down the main straight. On a dry day, the straight provided an opportunity to relax and exercise your neck and both hands. But on a wet or foggy day it took a lot of confidence and concentration to drive flat out at 180mph and take the left-hander under the bridge at the end of the straight. That was something pretty special."

PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES; RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

TEN GREAT EUROPEAN ROADS

1 Col de Turini, France
This stage of the Monte Carlo Rally means 34 hairpin bends over 34km of French road between Sospel and La Bollène. Not for the faint-hearted.

2 Causeway Coast, Northern Ireland
From Larne to Dunluce Castle, around the north-east of Northern Ireland, taking in the spectacular Giant's Causeway.

3 Madeira Island, Portugal
Madeira offers mountains, valleys, vineyards and natural swimming pools on the volcanic rock shoreline, and the only road on the list which passes through a waterfall.

4 San Bernardino Pass, Switzerland
Connecting Chur with Bellinzona this is a tour of dramatic and striking Alpine scenery dominated by castles, gorges and bridges.

5 The unrestricted sections of the autobahn, Germany
It's neither big, nor clever and definitely not sensible, but going on a road where there's no speed limit is bloody good fun.

6 The Amalfi Coast, Italy
Thirty glorious miles of road (pictured, below) running between cliffs and the sea between Sorrento and Amalfi.



7 Alpe d'Huez, France
In winter it's a ski slope, in summer it's the most famous section of the Tour de France – and when there are no bicycles blocking your path it's one hell of a mountain drive.

8 Through the Dolomites, between Bolzano and Cortina, Italy
Between the Brenner Pass and Verona, this limestone, lunar-like landscape winds between sharp peaks from Bolzano to Cortina.

9 The Grossglockner Road, Austria
The grandfather of all modern Alpine highways, the 47 miles of road winds between valleys, waterfalls and woods.

10 Ullapool to Kyle of Lochalsh, Scotland
The perfect blend of moor, woodland, sea and mountains. Watch for the one-lane sections and wandering sheep.

THE 10 SMALLEST AUTONOMOUS STATES IN EUROPE

Vatican City 0.44km²
Monaco 1.95km²
Gibraltar 6.5km²
San Marino 61km²
Guernsey 78km²
Jersey 116km²
Liechtenstein 160km²
Malta 316km²
Mount Athos 390km²
Andorra 468km²



OBEY!!!

Schumi doesn't like the idea of dwindling audiences in his own backyard and practises extra-fierce finger-pointing to make sure everyone knows he's going to be very unhappy if his superhuman performance at Imola doesn't pull in a big crowd. The message is clear: show up tomorrow, or else…

PHOTO: STEPHAN PICK/ROBA PRESS