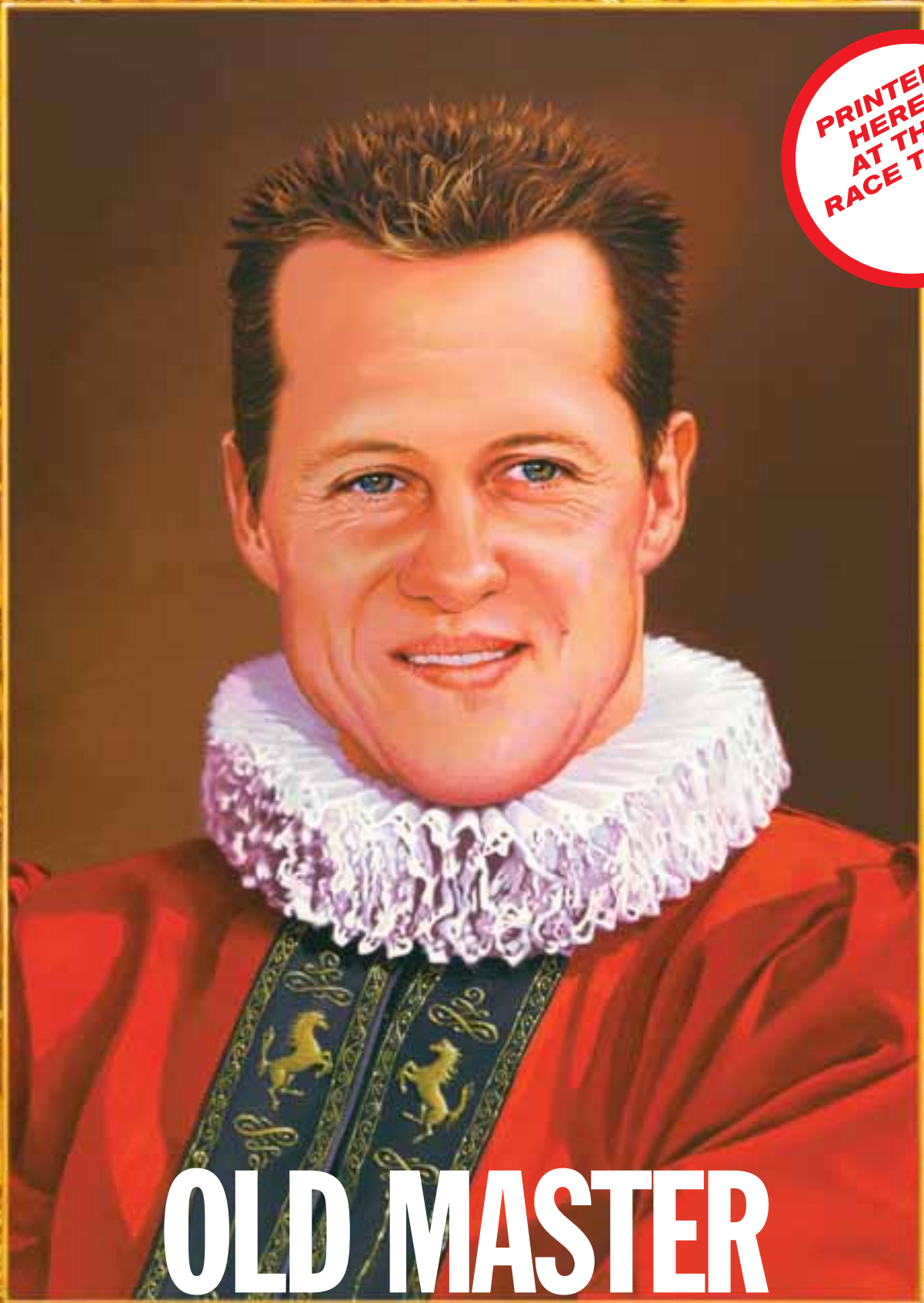


THE RED

ISSUE 24, GP GERMANY, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 2005

BULLETIN

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



OLD MASTER

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER



MCLAREN



THE REST OF THE GRID may be jetting off on holiday but Juan Pablo Montoya is using the August break to have his baby son christened. Determined to ensure the Miami-born Sebastian follows in the family tradition, JP is staging the event in his native Colombia, meaning he, his wife, and his USA-based parents are having to fly half way around the world to go back to Bogota. Of course, JP couldn't be away from his beloved racing machines for long so he is also using the trip to finalise arrangements for a charity kart race at Cartagena in November.

ROBERT DOORNBOS' arrival at Minardi, joining compatriot Christijan Albers, was greeted by a crowd of orange-haired Dutch fans who promptly awarded the new arrival a trophy – yet it was only Thursday and he hadn't even driven the car! 'Our Champion' said the trophy – which rather suggests the start of some interesting Dutch rivalry. Meanwhile, Doornbos' signing was a cue for the most obvious gag in F1 from his new boss Paul Stoddart: "Yeah, double-dutch," said Stoddy. "I think it's the first time in history a team has had two dutch drivers." Cue a very serious case of 'I think you'll find...' from our resident office Statto (the one we kepted locked in a small room with only Grand Prix Guides and race histories for sustenance). "The last time two Dutchmen drove in the same team was in 1962 when Count Carel Godin de Beaufort and Ben Pon both drove Porsches in the Dutch Grand Prix. Pon crashed after three laps and never drove a single-seater again!" Thanks Statto, now get back in your box!

MINARDI



COVER ILLUSTRATION: ALONS KIEFER
PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES,

BAR

JENSON BUTTON is the latest driver to be affected by autograph-itis. The signs are obvious, because the victim signs anything that is handed to him. In extreme cases they sign helmet, overalls, gloves, underpants and even beer glasses but the early stages are quite mild. David Coulthard was treated quickly and is recovering well after 'accidentally' signing a party invitation in Monaco. Perhaps he infected Jense because the BAR racer was – as usual – handed a copy of the Red Bulletin when he arrived yesterday morning and promptly signed it. Get well soon, Jense.



PACESETTER

BERNIE ECCLESTONE has expressed his disappointment at the running of the British Grand Prix – it was too good! The event was so well run it has left him nothing to complain about. The F1 ringmaster has been a severe critic of the Silverstone venue for its poor facilities, mud-bath car parks and unending traffic queues. But this time he joked: "I'm terribly disappointed with the whole place again because we've lost the whole atmosphere at Silverstone. I think we should dig up all the car parks and put the mud back, block the roads up so at least we get the old atmosphere again. I'm missing it now – I've got nothing to say except they did a bloody good job."

THOMAS BUTLER

Red Bulletin

The bulls in the china shop

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Published by Bull Press

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Created with the K4 Publishing System

from SoftCare

MINARDI

TOYOTA



BLANKET COVERAGE of the German Grand Prix in the local media included a feature on the long and distinguished history of the circuit itself so an ADR radio reporter was puzzled when Ralf Schumacher doubled up after being asked his recollections of racing on the track in the '70s. "That must have been in my former life," joked Ralf, "I wasn't born until 1975."

THERE WAS SOME GOOD NEWS and some bad news for Patrick Friesacher this week. According to one highly authoritative F1 publication he is the best value racing driver, pound-for-pound, in the paddock. Dividing his 'estimated' salary by the number of points scored they came up with a Value-for-Money rating. Neat idea and given that he had scored three points and was paid \$100,000, his VFM factor was \$33,333. That compared favourably to Michael Schumacher's VFM factor of \$875,000 and brother Ralf's VFM factor of \$1.14m. Of course, this was all news to Friesacher's boss at Minardi, Paul Stoddart, who had a slightly different way of rating the Austrian – by looking in his bank account. Since sponsors hadn't come up with his backing Stoddart was forced to 'rest' the Austrian and draft in Robert Doornbos.



MINARDI



FOUR COMMENTARIES

STOP TAKING THE TABLOIDS

BY MAURICE HAMILTON

1 COVERING THE ANGLES

Tabloid journalists are like the man who comes to empty the cess pit: he's a good bloke, salt of the earth sort of chap doing a job that has to be done, but sometimes he creates a major stink while going about his business.

Stan Piecha was just like that from the moment he arrived in F1. Previously, he had been The Sun's angling correspondent, writing about a sport he knew and understood extremely well. At Imola in 1988 he was – if you'll excuse the expression – like a fish out of water. But not for long.

Along came Jonathan Palmer. It was the first time we had seen the Tyrrell driver since a massive accident during testing at Silverstone. Palmer had survived without a scratch; nice for JP but not much of a story in the vivid world of tabloid newspapers, certainly not 10 days after the event.

As Palmer described in graphic detail the enormity of the shunt, Stan's jaw dropped. "What speed were you doing?" he asked. "Oh, I suppose somewhere between 175 and 180 mph," said Palmer with the nonchalance of a driver talking as if he had merely dented a bumper in the paddock car park. The blood drained from Stan's face. You didn't come across this sort of thing when casting a line on the banks of the River Trent.

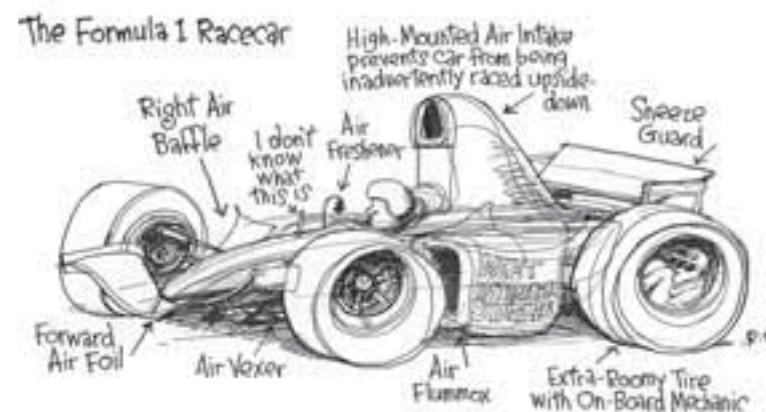
Later that evening as the San Giovese flowed around the dinner table, the relaxed mood changed abruptly as calls came through to journalists from The Mirror, The Daily Mail and other rivals of The Sun. The first editions of the following day's papers had arrived and irate sports editors wanted to know why their men had not got the big story in The Sun.

"What big story?"

"The one where Jonathan Palmer came close to death at 180 mph." "What! But that was over a week ago and he's okay."

"Doesn't matter, mate. You've f***ed up. The Sun's gone big on it."

F1 FUNNIES



And so they had. A massive white reversed on black headline straddled Palmer's vivid description of smashing into the sleepers at Becketts at what now seemed like a million miles an hour. But here was the clever bit. It was only when you got deep into the piece that the time factor was revealed. But, by then you were hooked by this superb piece of colourful opportunism.

As his new colleagues ran ragged trying to cobble a cover story, our Stan quietly poured himself another glass of red. If The Sun were previously unsure of Piecha's ability to find a story, they were convinced now. The job was a good 'un.

And so it remained until last week. A parting of the ways was announced by management thinking of the bottom line rather than lines of print which have shaped this paper's respected style when reporting motor sport, sometimes creating less of a stink than F1 truly deserved.

BY SUE DE NIMES

2 CONSPIRACY THEORY

Traditionally this is the time of year when the F1 season gets silly but actually the really big moves are going to be at the end of 2006 when a lot more big contracts come to an end. Drivers who are free at the end of this year are looking for one year deals, to be on the market 12 months from now when the game of musical chairs will be very busy.

There is a lot of speculation about Jenson Button and Williams but it seems that JB has to go to Williams unless he wants to give away his small fortune (in F1 terms he is still a pauper) in damages to the team. The fact is that Button at Williams will probably get paid twice what he is currently getting because Williams needs him more than it needs a Honda engine deal.

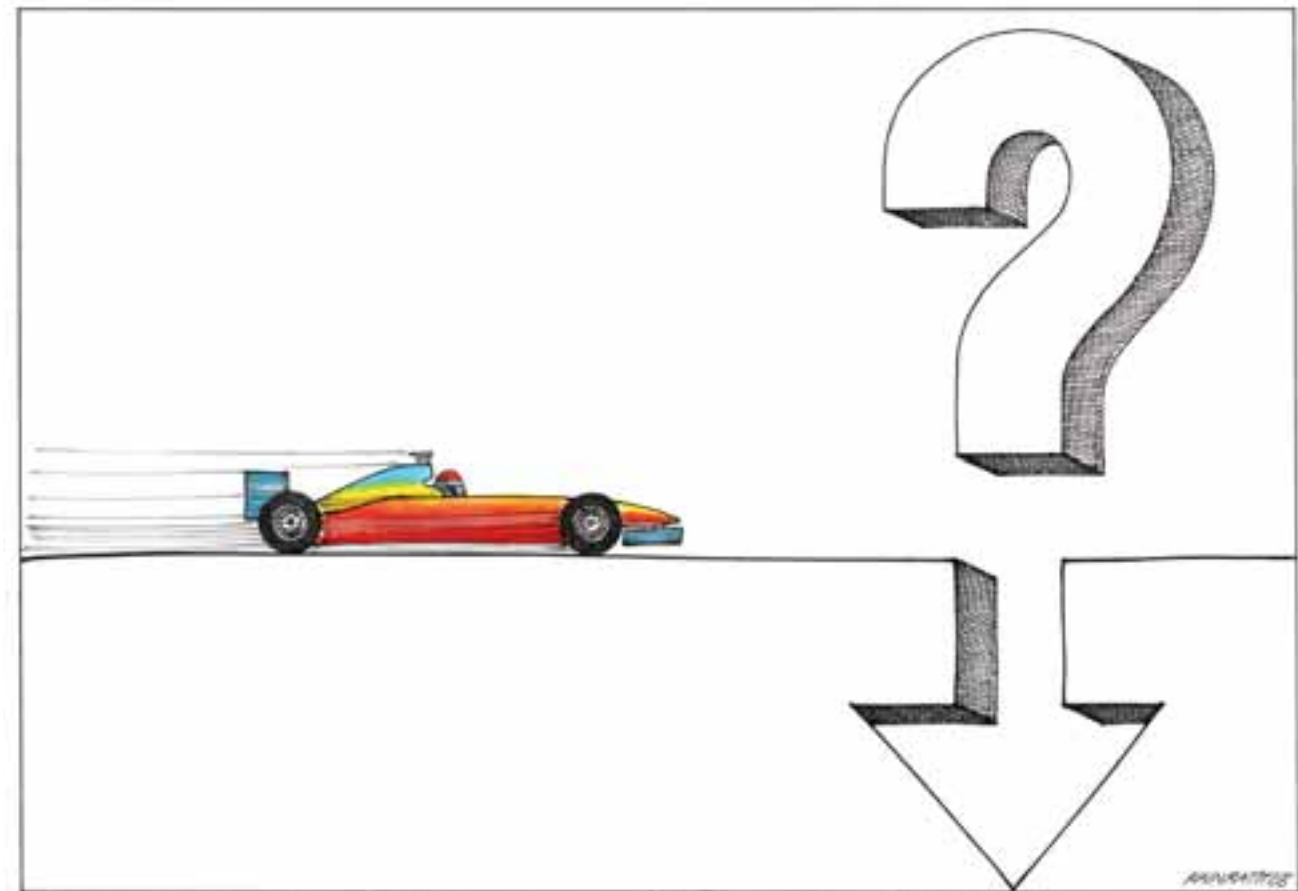
Ah yes, but Williams does still need engines and this is complicated although there seems to be a key to the jigsaw puzzle sitting on a desk somewhere in Seoul where Hyundai executives are mulling over the idea of leaping into the sport.

If they do that, they need a team with which to be associated and given the current trends in F1 the best thing would be to have their own team. They don't have much experience so the best thing to do would be to go into partnership with someone who does and, hey presto, here's Dave Richards. He's been enjoying his garden in recent months but wants to get back into F1. Buying Jordan would be a good start. Actually, the really smart thing would be to buy Jordan and Cosworth and thus get F1 engines and access to Champ Car in the US where Hyundai has just opened a big new factory.

So Jordan probably does not want to do a deal with Toyota just yet. At the end of July, however, Jordan must make a decision because if not Toyota and Williams will fall lovingly into one another's arms and a new force will be created.

Until we know where the engines will be going, it is unlikely that the driver market will get going. Unless, of course, BMW wants to throw money around and grab a star name for Sauber. In the meantime watch out for Adam Carroll at BAR in 2006.

ILLUSTRATIONS: THOMPSON, KAINRATH



PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 GOING THROUGH THE CHANGE

I was very flattered when, within minutes of entering the press tent on Friday morning, a male colleague I hardly knew asked me out to dinner, but less so when a moment later he admitted he was having "eye focussing issues." No doubt he thought I was a couple of decades younger than I really am.

In fact, eye trouble is not an uncommon complaint in Germany, where years of experience has taught me the best way to stay fed and watered without having to eat pigs lips and feet washed down with antifreeze is to dine in one of the many Italian pizzerias that mysteriously thrive over here. The result is that one eats too much nightmare-inducing cheese and drinks too much Chianti. After consuming a huge Gorgonzola pizza on Thursday evening, I then spent the night having hallucinations that would have impressed LSD guru Timothy Leary.

My eyes definitely had focussing issues, as they managed to convince me I was staying in a nice hotel with aircon and minibar. In fact, once my brain readjusted

I realised it had all been a bad dream and I had to resort to drinking from the cold tap in the shower to quench my cheese thirst, while the bathroom mirror revealed that the Gorgonzola had indeed transformed me into a Gorgon-like monster.

I don't know if veteran hack Mike Doodson ever indulged in hallucinogenic mushrooms, although he is old enough to remember eating the wild strawberries that grew in the Motodrom section here, back in the days when he used to cover F2 races. Maybe it wasn't drugs but simply old age that caused the Dood to have an extended senior moment on his road trip to Hockenheim.

A bit out of touch, since he's now a resident of Mallorca, he fronted up in Stuttgart for a Mercedes bash with a pocket full of redundant Deutschmarks. He trotted down to the local Deutsche Bundesbank where he dutifully joined a queue of Stuttgarters, all toting plastic buckets filled with obsolete coins.

Two hours later, he emerged 40 euros richer and promptly spent his money on CDs. His satisfaction soon turned sour as, carried away listening to his new purchases, he found himself halfway to Switzerland when he should have been in Hockenheim.

Wait, it gets worse. Late at night, having finally found the circuit which he has visited every year since God was a

boy, Mike forgets that the media car park has not been sited inside the track for at least six years and tries to argue his way in. Stuck at the gate, with a marshal and a policeman, his mobile rings as his anxious room buddy tries to find out what's happened to the old boy. As Mike answers the phone, the policeman promptly charg-

es him with using a mobile in a vehicle whose engine is running and fines him E60. Surely the most expensive commission charge in history for changing a few redundant Deutschmarks!

The bathroom mirror revealed the Gorgonzola had indeed transformed me into a Gorgon-like monster

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

PORTRAIT OF THE KING

Whoever lifts the trophy in 2005, this age of motor racing belongs to Michael Schumacher. **Ralf Bach** examines the many peaks and occasional troughs of a living legend

Niki Lauda knows a thing or two about drivers. "If God wanted to create the perfect racing driver by mixing a cocktail with all the right ingredients, the end result would be Michael Schumacher", says the Austrian. "And because of that he will come out of the current crisis even stronger."

The crisis in question is, of course, nothing to do with Michael, and the suggestion that he will ultimately benefit is reasonable: he hasn't scaled the heights with talent alone and always learns from new experiences. Being constantly off the pace definitely falls into that category. It is, however, Michael's childhood that has had arguably the greatest influence on his phenomenal driving career.

Recently Schumacher was at a kart world championship race at his home track in Kerpen. Nico Rosberg, son of world champion Keke was there too: "He was sitting beside me like any other driver, he didn't want to have any special rights, he was simply nice. I think he just enjoyed that day." And Nico was surprised when Schumacher admitted that he would rather be a kart driver than an F1 champion.

Before he could walk properly, when he was four years old, Michael's father Rolf built his first kart. But that was as far his father could take it: the family wasn't in a position to offer financial support. And so he had to learn early to get the maximum out of a minimum. He recycled the tyres that his competitors had thrown away.

"Sometimes my childhood was difficult because we had so little money", says Schumacher, "but nevertheless we were a unit. What was important was that I had the freedom of choice."

The choice of many sports. Aged 11 Michael was keen on judo. One weekend, he had to decide between that and karting. He went for judo, "but the next day I knew that it was the wrong decision. From then on I only lived for karting."

He learned early to take responsibility. For himself and for his brother, six years younger. This has left its mark. Willi Weber, manager of the brothers, thinks that "Michael would always step down because he feels responsibility for his brother. And Ralf knows that very well."

And then there is Corinna. In 1999 in Malaysia, while celebrating his comeback after he broke his leg at Silverstone, he broke one of his rules by inviting his wife on the podium. It was his way expressing his appreciation for all she had gone through after the accident.

"I am simply not made for life on the sofa. In that situation, your partner needs a lot of patience." In those three months he learned more about himself than ever before. "It was nice to

suddenly have such a lot of time for your family, to be a normal father", he says. "At the same time there was this kind of nervousness. There was a voice telling me 'you should train now' to get fit again as soon as possible."

He found strength and support from his wife. Even today he sometimes feels homesick during testing. He misses Corinna, "because she is just as relaxed as me and she organizes my private life in such a fantastic way. And because she is not a princess, she comes from the same background as I do."

His home is his castle, which he protects.

A small stone path leads to the mansion, through a large gate, leaving enough room between the iron bars to have a look at a huge courtyard and the house, complete with four dogs, a few chickens and a cockerel.

Here Michael Schumacher can be himself. At home, he is a father and a keen amateur footballer. "I'm just like any other person in my age, who has a family and a job and wants to make the best out of his leisure time. And every time I come home from a race and hold my children in my arms, all my problems are forgotten."

He is neither superstitious nor does he believe in destiny, and has his own way of dealing with accidents and crisis. In 1991 in Suzuka after a 280kph crash, while still sitting in the wreckage of his Benetton, Schumacher got on the radio and asked his engineer to prepare the spare car. Ten minutes later he improved his laptime. He only found out two years later that he had cracked his neck.

John Watson observed that "when Schumacher gets out of his car after a shunt, he never looks back. He just leaves, never turns around, as if he just doesn't want to have to do anything with it anymore."

Sid Watkins confirms Schumacher's very special attitude by describing his reaction after his Silverstone crash: "Still on the stretcher to the medical car, about five minutes after the accident, he was completely calm. 'Doc,

pleas call my wife and tell her that I am okay. Maybe it looked bad on television'. With a completely normal heart rate he told me her mobile number and I called her."

Schumacher himself has quite a cool take towards the whole issue of accidents and emotions. Not looking back at the wreckage means not having to think about it for much longer: "I can simply change a switch when I am driving. I don't think about any accidents, but just about the present, just about now. Then I am fully concentrated. But I have always been like this. If I am watching something interesting on TV and my wife is asking me something, she can sometimes become exasperated. I am so concentrated on the program I am interested in, I simply don't hear her anymore."

I can simply change a switch when I am driving. I don't think about any accidents, but just about the present

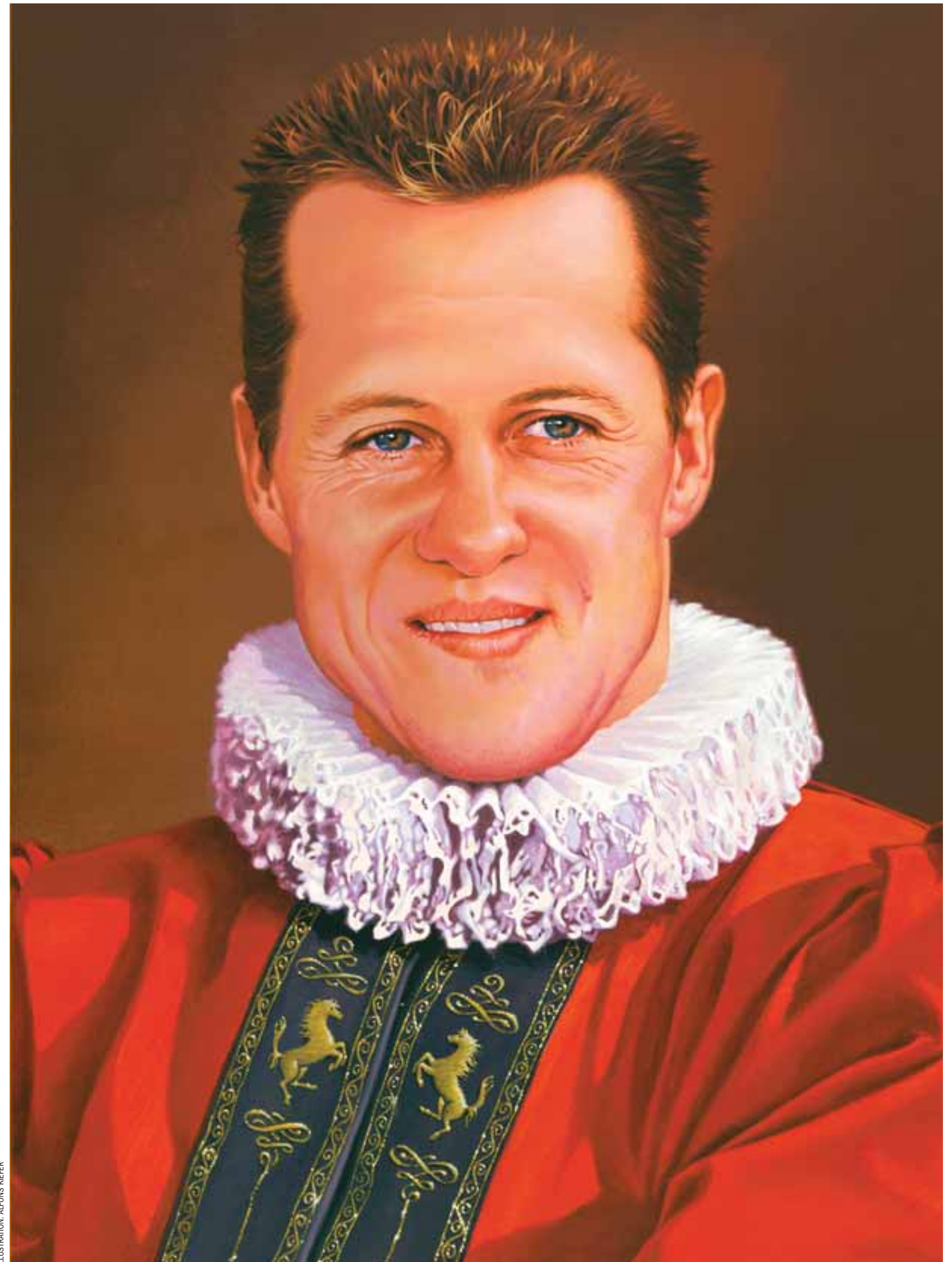


ILLUSTRATION: ALFONS KIEFER



LETHAL EXPOSURE

A picture's worth a thousand words – and according to the photographers that word is 'euro'. We think it's worth it, but then it isn't our money...



NO ONE had spotted that some of the teams were running Michelins on the left side and Bridgestones on the right.



EVER-AFFECTIONATE MARK was stopped in his tracks as DC hissed, "hug me and you're a dead man".



KEKE WAS ALWAYS BEING TEASED by Jacques about the number of races he won the year he was world champion.

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUXTON, CRASHPA.NET, SUTTON IMAGES, THOMAS MELZER



SPOTTING THAT JUAN PABLO was about to nod off, ever-considerate Ralf asked the press conference audience for a bit of hush.



ALL THAT HOT AIR from Nick Fry and she suddenly remembered she'd left the fan oven on at home.



"AND WHEN I CLICK MY FINGERS you'll wake up and give me a contract for 2006"



IT DIDN'T MATTER what Nick did to attract their attention, the team was still focused on Mark.



RAINER WAS ABOUT TO TUCK into the tempura prawns until chef told him they were Australian grub worms.



RUBENS WAS PLEASED with his efforts but everyone else thought it was a load of old Jackson Pollocks.

THE BOFFIN

POWER STRUGGLES



BY GARY ANDERSON

FOR BETTER OR WORSE THE V8 ENGINES ARE ON THEIR WAY INTO F1 NEXT YEAR AND THE MANUFACTURERS ARE ALREADY KNUCKLING DOWN TO THE TASK OF MAKING THE MOTORS AS POWERFUL AND RELIABLE AS THEY CAN.

Just how good will that be? Currently a top V10 engine will develop something in the region of 930bhp and rev to about 19,000rpm. In theory cutting off two cylinders should mean a 20 per cent reduction in power to 750bhp.

But take into account the reduction in internal mass and the V8s will be revving in excess of 20,000rpm. With friction reductions and the ongoing accumulation of knowledge I would imagine that when we see a V8 engine racing in March 2006 the best will be pushing 830bhp. That's similar to a good V10 from 1999.

Losing 100bhp in reality adds about a second a lap and top speeds will be reduced a little, at a rough guess by about 10km/h. The regulations have defined a minimum weight for the engine and various other parameters such as length and bore centres etc, based on averages taken by the FIA from this years' engines.

That means that there are very few advantages available to the chassis designers from the switch to V8s apart from possibly an



increase in fuel capacity or the ability to revise the weight distribution for an engine 10cm shorter. Neither of these offers a huge performance gain so lap time won't be clawed back here. Having said that, the addition of a mere second to lap times begs the question: Why introduce the engines in the first place?

After all, the V8s were introduced on the grounds of safety but the cars will be going pretty much as quick through the corners as they were this year, perhaps faster, and they won't be going a whole lot slower on the straights, either. Another big problem will be the inherent vibration of a V8 engine, something that can create safety issues with car component failure.

Because the current V10s are much smoother-running the teams have not had to deal with vibration problems to the level that they're going to have to cope with in the very near future and bearing in mind the huge debate about safety in testing, it's a little worrying that it's going to be at these tests where problems are going to arise.

As far as a team using a V10 next year, the original intention was that a rev reduction would be imposed to ensure that the V10s wouldn't outperform the new V8s but would still offer an alternative for the hard-up, back of the grid customer.

Unfortunately it's not quite as simple as this as a rev reduction will reduce the power but a V10 3-litre will have greater low-down torque and to equalize this will require a much more sophisticated approach to the control system required.

I don't believe that any manufacturer will use, or would even be allowed to use, a V10 engine in 2006. However, if a privateer team were to use a V10 it could represent an opportunity to show their true competitiveness. For once a smaller budget wouldn't automatically ensure an engine performance deficit.

QUOTES OF THE DAY

“ Juan Pablo is always very aggressive and is not a good guy to have a fight with because you can finish in the grass very easily ”

FERNANDO ALONSO

“ I'm not thinking about victory at all. I must admit I feel fairly pessimistic ”

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

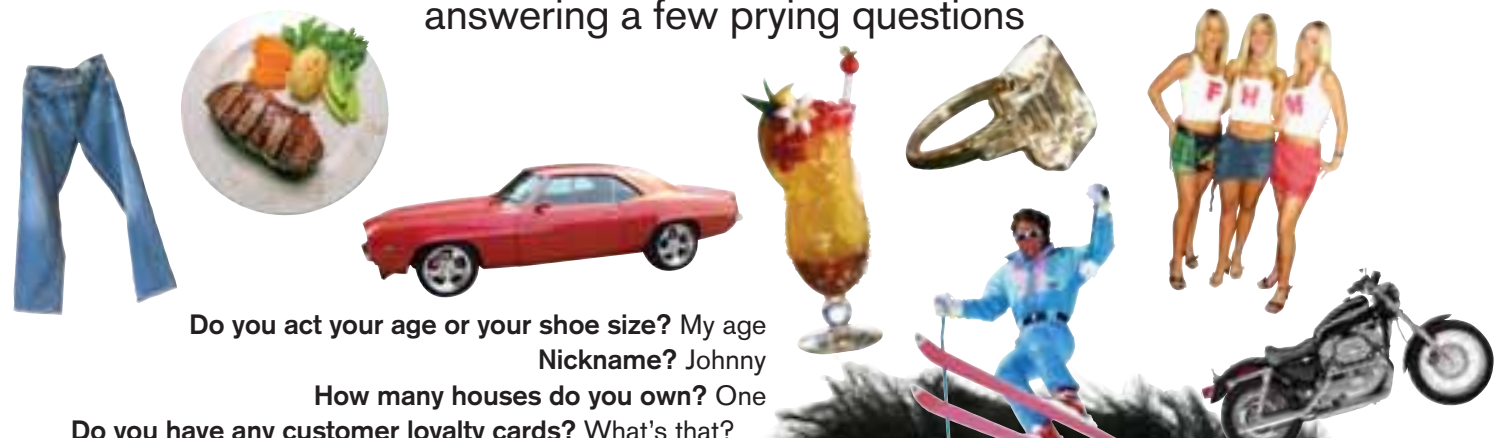
“ You and I know in half an hour we could write a better set of rules, and I don't care who this upsets ”

NIGEL MANSELL

JACQUES VILLENEUVE

JOHNNY, ON THE SPOT

Jacques is racing royalty and therefore isn't familiar with the concept of the shop loyalty card, though he accumulated points with us by answering a few prying questions



Do you act your age or your shoe size? My age
Nickname? Johnny

How many houses do you own? One

Do you have any customer loyalty cards? What's that?

Pets + their names? 3 cats, Joe, Margot and Lilly

Best bike or road car you've ever owned?

An old racing Camaro

5 desert island essentials?

A woman, a woman, a woman, a woman and a woman

Top 5 favourite tracks?

Spa, Suzuka, Elkhart Lake, Laguna Seca and Monaco

Favourite band? I like too many bands to have a favourite

Favourite meal? A nice, big, rare, juicy steak

Most annoying thing you've lost at a GP? The lead

Favourite film? Pulp Fiction

Last film you saw? Undercover Brother

Favourite magazine? I don't read magazines

Most pointless award you've won?

No award is pointless

Most extravagant thing you've ever done?

I never do anything extravagant

Most extravagant purchase? An engagement ring

Have you ever bought anything on Ebay? Yes

Can you dance? Yes

Strangest gift? Don't know

Do you collect anything? No

Favourite item of clothing? Jeans

Do your shoes reflect your personality? Probably

Favourite hobbies? Skiing, ice hockey, golf

Thing that people don't know you own?

Don't know

Favourite restaurant in the world? Newtown

Where did you meet your girlfriend?

In a club, in New York

Dream dinner party guests?

The FHM top 100

Favourite cocktail? Sex on the beach

Favourite hotel? Why? I don't know,

I stay in motorhomes anyway

Bath or shower? Shower

Blondes or brunettes?

Hmm... Fake blondes

First sponsor?

Don't want to answer

Top freebie?

A Harley-Davidson



PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES
PHOTOS: RED FEATURES, SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES

5. THE PADDOCK CLUB VIP

GUEST OF (DIS)HONOUR

HIRAM P HICKENBACKER III is not sure where he is. The chauffeur who picked him up at the airport – Frankmund? Dortfurt? – said his hotel was in Heidelberg, which Hiram always thought was in Minnesota or Nebraska or some other godforsaken part of the country that could not hold a candle to his native Texas. Now, goddamnit, it seems the Europeans are copying American place names too.

Hiram does not like Europe and prefers his trips to the Far East, where he owns three factories producing those little plastic bits that hold sleeves to cardboard when you buy a new shirt. But he has been invited to the German GP as a VIP guest of some team or other as he supplies the people who make the team's kit with his little plastic widgets. And since his idiot son Hiram IV has harboured a burning passion for a career in motor racing ever since his first monster truck race a year ago, Hiram figures, what the hell, three days in 'Eurp' won't kill him.

Hiram and his large-bottomed wife Myra had been greeted on arrival at the Paddock Club by a young woman who claimed to be the team's guest hospitality manager. "Darlin, the last woman I met did that job got paid by the hour and worked on her back," Hiram had roared, slapping the young woman's backside as he did so, a friendly gesture that seemed to infuriate the other guests. Well, how in tarnation was he to know the girl was related to the British Royal Family?

Not that he'd spoken much to the other guests. They were all dressed like caddies at his golf club, while Hiram had gone to the bother of wearing one of his best mohair suits, bootlace tie with cowhorn clip and his fanciest snakeskin boots.

Still if those cheese-eating Europeans were going be all snooty, there was always the bar for company. "Got any Wild Turkey, boy," he'd snapped when the waiter proffered a tray offering two types of water, orange juice, champagne or Bucks Fizz, as he and Myra arrived in the morning. "No sir," replied the puzzled waiter. "But I think there might be some wild salmon for lunch later on." The hospitality manager sorted it out and Hiram got his drink... or three or four.

All of which required some bar snacks, though the strange little beer nuts had stuck in his throat, until the guest manager explained they weren't nuts but ear-plugs. But before he could have lunch, there was the small matter of... "and now ladles and jellypoos, please warm come four star drivers with the Wild Heaven Screwyourear Lardi team, Ramon Bowlofcherries and Flippin' Massive."

At least that's what it sounded like over the PA system, partly because something called the Porsche Supercup for Hairdressers was making a heck of a noise on track and partly because Hiram had now been drinking solidly for five hours.

Lunch passed in a blur of Chateau Clarke and Hiram has no recollection of the grand prix at all. He left his goody bag in the limo that returned him to the airport, which did not bother him half as much as the fact that Myra had left her handbag, complete with passport, in the toilets at the track, where she had been found several hours after the race.

But Hiram's no fool and the large cheque he pressed into the team owner's sweaty palm before leaving will ensure that young Hiram IV is now on the team's Young Driver programme.

How in tarnation was I to know the girl was related to the British Royal Family?

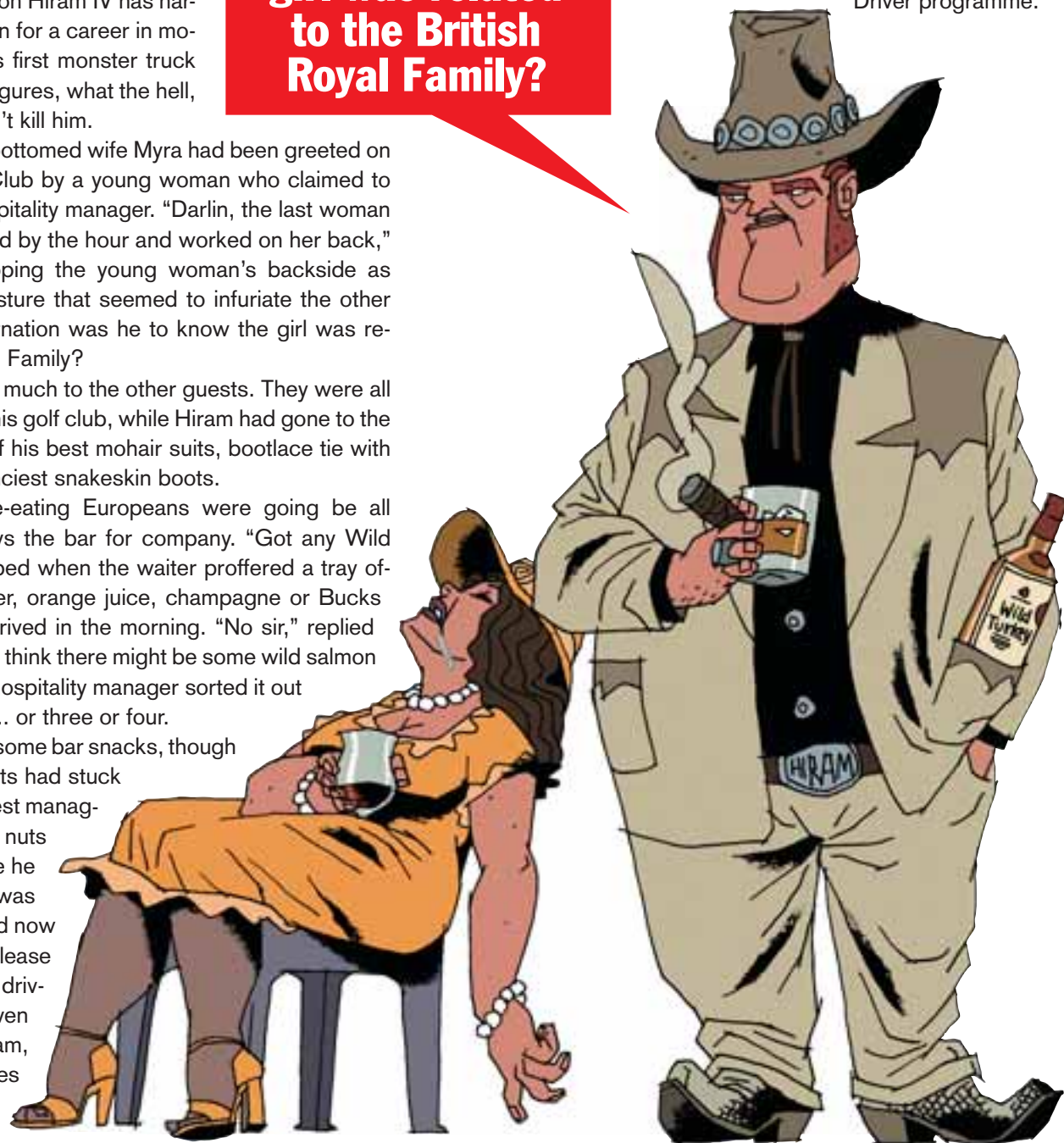


ILLUSTRATION: WWW.THE-OBSESSIVE.COM
PHOTO: CRISPIN THURSTON

THE NUMBERS GAME

THE SUM OF ALL PARTS

RTL pitlane reporter Kai Ebel has been prowling the paddock for over 13 years and has earned a reputation as an intrepid newshound, but also as F1's number one fashionista. From striped suits to pink snakeskin shoes, Kai's the king of style – no matter how outrageous.

15 COLOURS ON ONE SUIT
That's about the most I've squeezed on. It's like one of those drawings you do when you cover the paper with paint and draw a pin across it – all sorts of colours.

8 DESIGNERS
supply me with clothes but I think my biggest supporters would be Hugo Boss and Puma.

213 RACES
since I started in F1, at Barcelona in 1992. Well it'll be 213 tomorrow. I keep a note of each one in whatever race diary I'm using. I've been with RTL for all of them.

1000 HELLOS
That's roughly the number of times I've interviewed Michael Schumacher since I started in F1. And that's just race weekends, it doesn't take in winter testing, special events, etc...

20 STRIPED SUITS
They're my favourite, I guess. Maybe it's because they make me look slim!

10 TIMES
airlines have lost my luggage. But I've got it back. That's crucial. With all my clothes, if I didn't get it back it would be really difficult. It would ruin the weekend. Expensive too.

0 JOBS
before I started working in TV. Well, I did do a bit as a freelance for newspapers and I worked as a fitness trainer for a little while, but they weren't serious. My first serious job was in TV.

1 MISTAKE
Only one time the press spelled my name wrong. Hmm... I think it might even have been in the Red Bulletin. (Doh! – Ed.)

12 YEARS OLD...
was when I first realised I wanted to be on TV. I wanted to entertain and as my hands were useless the only thing I was good with was my mouth. I was the class entertainer in school, so I wanted to keep doing that.





The Unas battled wheel to wheel yesterday, as if their prize trip to Shanghai depended on it. Mind you, some established a code of fashion that Kimi et al may do well to avoid. Having donned her balaclava (far right) Rekha neglected to take off her blizzard-white stilettos (top)



The race got off to a dramatic start when pole sitter Elif (below) spun on the first lap and caused a pile up of Spa '98 proportions. Christina's performance was bolstered by her go-faster stripes (right), while Jana (above) went for a fire-retardent denim ensemble. She was pipped to the flag by winner Ria



STILETTOS TO THE METAL

It takes a very special kind of woman to look foxy for a fashion shoot and racy on a kart track having fully exploited an open bar the night before – but heavens, we've managed to find 10 of them. Germany is famed for its quality engineering, and it's built us some high performance Formula Unas this weekend.



PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER



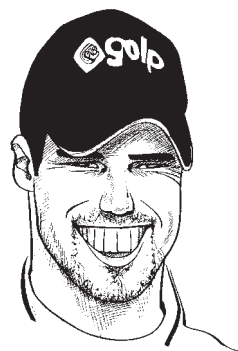
Chilled Thirstday saw the girls kick-ass on the fussball table before hotting up the dancefloor, encouraged by vast quantities of Champagne and admiring glances. Yet a heavy hangover wasn't enough to tire the ladies from their appointment the next morning. Youthful German lifestyle magazine 'Loop' sent a top fashion snapper down to point his lens at our girls, as they modelled Fornarina's latest line. Out of shooting range, the Unas took it upon themselves to take their own photos, seen here. We find Saturnina's leggy-look indescribably hot (far left), while Colin Kolles is desperately hunting for Ria's milliner's phone number (left)

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

On Earth as it is in Heaven. On the race track as it is in the Milky Way. Ancient wisdom. Star astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks for us and he already knows one thing: the Moon in Pisces prefers dreamers and romantics – men who know the circuit in their sleep and those who drive as if making music. Pump up the volume!

LEO
(23 Jul–23 Aug)

ANALYSIS: Tiago's Sun was in the same position 29 years ago. The Sun was agitated and the kingdom slightly confused by the gifts of the three Kings (called Chiron, Saturn, and Uranus).



TIAGO MONTEIRO | 24.7.1976 | JORDAN
PROGNOSIS: Happy Birthday, Tiago! Unfortunately there are no presents today! (But your very first ones aren't even unwrapped yet.)

CONCLUSION: Uranus gave Tiago the enjoyment of change (and of fast driving) Saturn the burden of having to preserve old things. And Chiron the drive to search for what belongs to him.

GEMINI
(22 May–21 Jun)

ANALYSIS: The Sun is shining down cheerfully on Rubens. As cheerfully as good friends who invite you to go on an outing but, out of sheer courtesy, don't let you drive yourself.



RUBENS BARRICHELLO | 23.5.1972 | FERRARI
PROGNOSIS: A spot in the middle of the orchestra. Nice and pleasant, but not a solo! He scores, finishing somewhere near sixth place.

CONCLUSION: A Sunday like a picnic! Which doesn't mean Rubens will have a long outing on the lawn. He'll stay nicely on the asphalt, but won't make it to the front.

AQUARIUS
(21 Jan–19 Feb)

ANALYSIS: Little is going on in Christian's Heaven. And what is, is not very fast: Mercury shifts down a gear and his Moon looks cheerful. Though the look is directed toward the future, the plans are old.



CHRISTIAN KLIE | 7.2.1983 | RED BULL RACING
PROGNOSIS: The mp3-player just doesn't do it any longer. An iPod is cool! But everybody has already got one. Look for something new, Christian!

CONCLUSION: Christian will finish but that won't get him anywhere. There won't be any points. It's time to put on a new record. Old songs get on one's nerves after a while.

AQUARIUS
(21 Jan–19 Feb)

ANALYSIS: Neptune is really throwing Taku around. The god of dreamers gets along well with the Moon in Pisces. Both stand for sensibility and feeling good but in combination will take effect like a double dose of aspirin.



TAKUMA SATO | 28.1.1977 | BAR-HONDA
PROGNOSIS: Not a good weekend for BAR-Honda! Looks like double failure. Or at least like a rather disappointing outcome.

CONCLUSION: Neptune and the Moon won't refine Takuma's sensitivity for the course; instead, they'll make the mechanics blind to a few hidden problems in the gearbox.

ARIES
(21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: Bad luck with the timing. The stars are slightly off for Jacques. The conjunction of the Moon and Venus takes place three hours before the race. And that of the Moon with Mars two hours after.



JACQUES VILLENEUVE | 9.4.1971 | SAUBER
PROGNOSIS: A solo-act that nobody hears. Whether he makes it into the points has less to do with the performance and more with the percussion.

CONCLUSION: Jacques gets hold of great tickets, but the silly concert begins too early and ends too late. How about simply jumping on stage and having a go at the drums yourself?

CANCER
(22 Jun–22 Jul)

ANALYSIS: In mythology, immortal Chiron the centaur, half man, half horse was fatally wounded, but being immortal, he couldn't die. For friendship's sake he sacrificed himself in order to free Prometheus.



RALF SCHUMACHER | 30.6.1975 | TOYOTA
PROGNOSIS: Ralf doesn't want to sacrifice himself for Prometheus ('Why should I? I don't even know the bloke!'). But Heaven knows better.

CONCLUSION: Ralf's Chiron will be attacked tomorrow by war-god Mars. Prometheus (in the form of Uranus) will join in. The consequence is painful.

ARIES
(21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: Psychedelic pop or electro? Christijan's Mercury is hovering between two planets and two contrary moods. Differences can be reconciled early. In the end, however, they get extreme.



CHRISTIJAN ALBERS | 16.4.1979 | MINARDI-COSWORTH
PROGNOSIS: Something's gone wrong with the music. Terribly wrong. A good time to discuss certain issues, Christijan! Politely, but firmly.

CONCLUSION: Good start. Good driving music. Then, the car radio begins to go channel-hopping mad. Even if the speakers can take it, it'll tear Christijan's nerves apart.



WIN A REALLY BIG CAR

BRAIN DRAIN

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

QUESTION 3

Before each race the national anthem of the host country is played. Whose music was played before the last Grand Prix of Europe?



1 2 3 4

QUESTION 4



This graphic can be found at the Hockenheim circuit. Which number belongs to it?

- 1
- 3
- 5
- 7

RULES OF PLAY

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

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

YOUR HOCKENHEIM NUMBERS

sum Friday	points
sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points

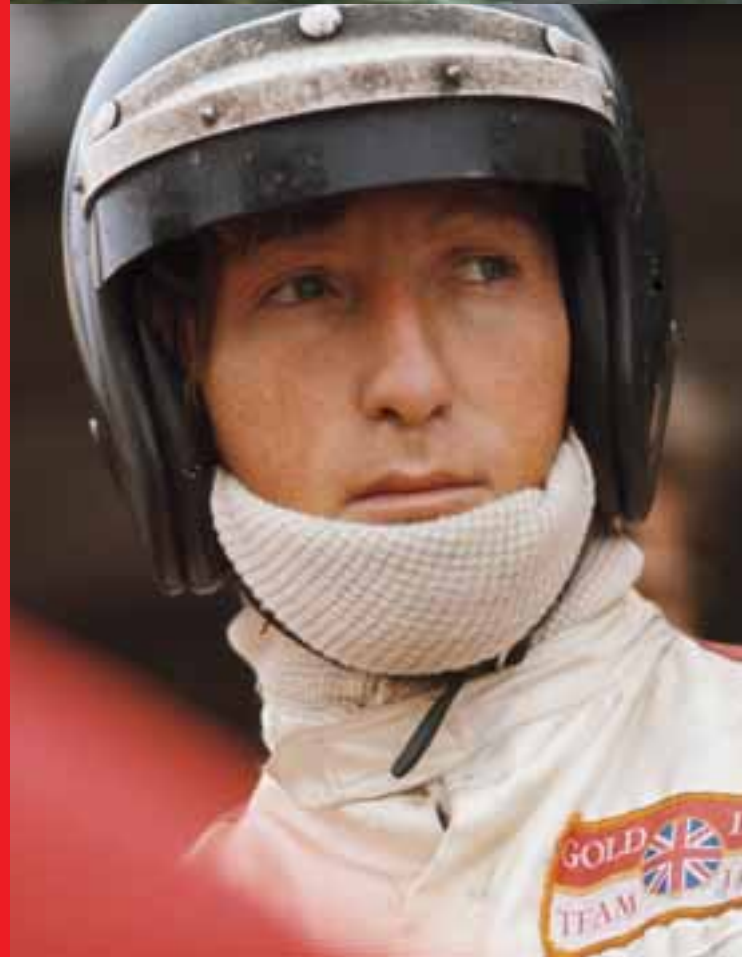


TOUGH, TENACIOUS AND talented, Jochen Rindt thrust himself upon the international racing scene when he grabbed victory at the 1964 Formula 2 London Trophy at Crystal Palace. Behind the wheel of a privately-entered Brabham, Rindt beat Graham Hill, Jim Clark and Denny Hulme hands-down.

Born in Germany in 1942, Rindt was brought up by his grandparents in Graz, Austria, following the death of his mother and father during an Allied bombing raid.

F1 couldn't help but notice and 23-year-old Rindt, the heir to a spice fortune, signed for Cooper alongside Bruce McLaren. Alas, over the next three years no wins came. Technical problems blighted his 1968 season with Brabham-Repco, causing the critics to pour scorn. British writer Denis Jenkinson even went so far as to say that if Rindt ever won a major grand prix, 'Jenks' would cut off his own beard. The next year, Rindt signed for Colin Chapman, taking the late Jim Clark's Lotus drive. His first win came at the 1969 US Grand Prix. Off came the Jenkinson beard.

Rindt started his 1970 campaign with a final-corner win at Monaco. He won four further GPs before his untimely death. Motor racing's first posthumous World Champion was killed in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza.

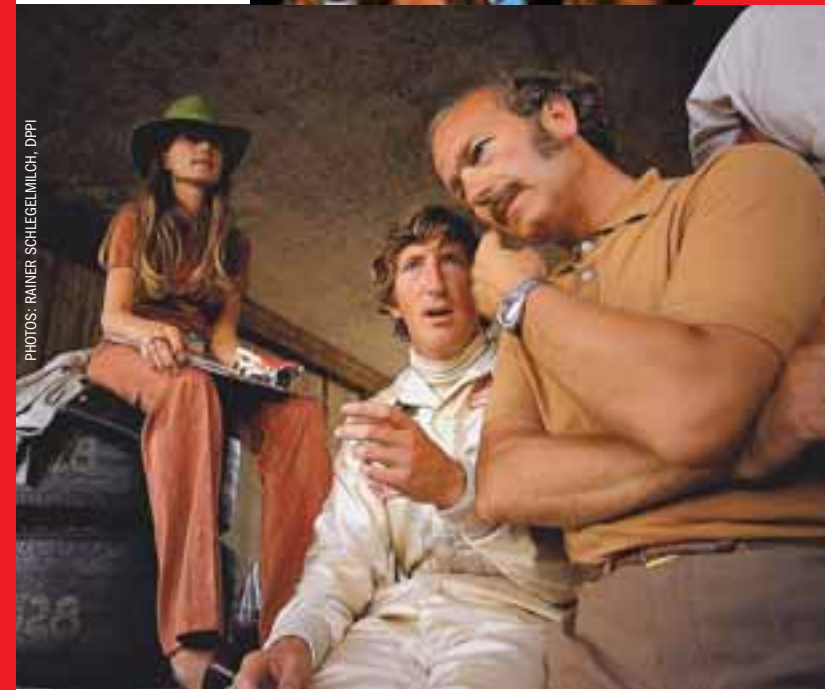


RINDT HAD AN AURA of cool determination both in the car and out. Whether relaxing with another cigarette (right) at Zeltweg in 1970 or taking flight at the Nurburgring during the 1969 German GP, Rindt was a study of effortless calm, a quality evinced again at Monza in 1965 alongside Jo Siffert and John Cooper (top), at Zandvoort in 1970 (bottom) and again at Monza in 1966 (far left).



SUCCESS WAS SCARCE in Rindt's early career but a switch to Colin Chapman's Lotus team brought the rewards which were the Austrian's due. At the 1970 German GP, Rindt started second and had a race-long battle with pole-winner Jacky Ickx. It was not until two laps from the end that Rindt passed, but the pair took the flag separated by just 0.7sec.

CHAPMAN came to Rindt's rescue after three tricky years at Cooper and Brabham. After a solid 1969 (below right at the Dutch GP) the pair forged a championship-winning alliance the following season, albeit one with tragic consequences. But at the 1970 Austrian GP the pair, pictured with the racer's wife Nina, were a match made in title heaven.



PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH, DPPI



HOURS LATER, Robert was still stunned by the speed of his Minardi.

"SO, HOW HIGH CAN YOUR DOG JUMP MICHAEL?"
"This high."



WHILE MCLAREN still get Juan Pablo and Kimi to do it by hand.



STUBBSY was less than impressed when Red Bull cut back on the pole dancing budget.



HIGH-TECH FERRARI level their trucks using compressed air.....



INDECENT EXPOSURE

Our photographers pour heart and soul into their viewfinders, begging their muse for inspiration. She answers, and every image is a triumph of poignant yet subtle emotion. "Yes", we say, "but is it funny?"



THE WILLIAMS BOYS never tired of the old sewing up the driver's sleeves gag.

WITHOUT HIS MANAGER around to look after him, Rubens yet again came to the track in his pyjamas.



DOORNBOS WAS AN INSTANT HIT with his new team when he came up with the perfect fix for Minardi's broken sandwich toaster.

BERNIE TRIED TO DISTRACT CHARLIE with the old "you're never going to believe this but there's an elephant in the paddock" line before attempting to steal his wallet.



...And Bernie wasn't lying.

BET AND WIN WITH BENOIT

For years the bet has been about how far ahead, rather than where Michael will finish but not anymore. With the prancing horse behaving like a donkey is this another

LONG DRIVE TO THE MIDDLE?



COOL RUNNING. Whilst everyone expected the normal hot time in Hockenheim, temperatures didn't rise higher than a mere 22 degrees for the first day of practice. This didn't stop gamblers getting hot and bothered about the Bulletin Bet. I've received 20 bets already. There are even the few relentless oddballs who are

convinced Michael Schumacher will grab his second win of the year here! The chief optimist, Jo Vonlanthen, raced in a grand prix himself, in Austria, back in 1976 in a Williams. The Swiss is well known as "king of the show-cars", he even owns the original Ferrari with which Alberto Ascari became the first two-time world champion in 1952 and 1953. Most though still prefer to wait until Sunday before they place their bets.

SECOND PRACTICE 1. Wurz | McLaren-Mercedes 1:13.973 2. Raikkonen | McLaren-Mercedes 1:14.576 3. Alonso | Renault 1:15.560 4. Montoya | McLaren-Mercedes 1:15.772 5. Zonta | Toyota 1:16.091 6. Fisichella | Renault 1:16.146 7. Massa | Sauber-Petronas 1:16.161 8. Liuzzi | RBR 1:16.297 9. Trulli | Toyota 1:16.411 10. M Schumacher | Ferrari 1:16.474 11. R Schumacher | Toyota 1:16.575 12. Klien | RBR 1:16.658 13. Button | BAR-Honda 1:16.752 14. Webber | Williams-BMW 1:16.879 15. Heidfeld | Williams-BMW 1:16.893 16. Barrichello | Ferrari 1:16.913 17. Villeneuve | Sauber-Petronas 1:16.938 18. Sato | BAR-Honda 1:16.992 19. Karthikeyan | Jordan-Toyota 1:17.506 20. Albers | Minardi-Cosworth 1:17.830 21. Doornbos | Minardi-Cosworth 1:17.978 22. Monteiro | Jordan-Toyota 1:18.227 23. Kiesa | Jordan-Toyota 1:19.484 22. Coulthard | RBR No time

RULES OF PLAY

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

HERE'S HOW YOU DO IT:

Find Benoit in the paddock, hand over your cash (here it's E30), make your prediction and you're in



K RAIKKONEN 1.90	J P MONTOYA 6.50	G FISICHELLA 20.00
F ALONSO 3.50	M SCHUMACHER 10.00	R BARRICHELLO 40.00



ILLUSTRATION: ISABEL KLETT; PHOTO: PAOLO FOSCHINI, SUTTON IMAGES PHOTOS: REX FEATURES, GETTY IMAGES

20 REASONS

Was it a mistake or a previously unsuspected streak of compassion? There's a gap in the calendar, a back-to-back of nothing. Whisper it quietly but some lucky folk might get a day or two off. It's cause for consternation: just what the hell do you do with time off? Well, indulge your inner consumer, when the going gets tough,

THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING...

01 Electrical: everything's changed in the last three months and you're a dinosaur in a world of small, furry mammals. Buy something with a plug. **02** Pampering: The paddock is peopled by Grizzly Adams and the hairy-legged hobbit women. When was the last time you bought a new razor? March. **03** Music: You've blagged everyone's MP3s and discovered how deeply disturbed your team are. Get new CDs. **04** Presents: Your relationship is a fairytale: Grimm. It's time for the three basic gift groups: chocolatey things; shiny things; shoes. **05** Kids: Those small noisy things in your home? They've forgotten who you are. Mount a PR campaign bolstered by video games and bizarrely baggy clothing. You'll buy their Friends now have seven speakers versus your six: Video: And they've got an enormous, flat TV. Grrr... left in winter. You're garden now resembles the charging admission to the shed. **06** Audio: that won't do. **07** **08** Gardening. You Get a new mower. **09** Stamps: It took an hour to push open the front door. There's quite a few demands for money. Sort it out. **10** Food I: You work for a team. Unlike your motorhome, your actual home isn't catered. Buy food. **11** Food II: You don't work for a team. After three months of and crunchy fried things you look like a up with vegetables (the green things), genetically unmodified anything (oddly **12** White goods: You may have left a bratwurst in the refrigerator. And then the risk. Dump the old one just to be safe. **13** Spectacles: the small print issued by the FIA has taken its toll. People are calling you Mr Magoo. Have an eye test. **14** Books. Airports have bookshops, but only to compete with in-flight magazines and the instructions on vomit bags. **15** Toys: Recreate the drama of F1 Scalextric/Slot car family access unless they have submitted the accreditation paperwork by buying a Carrera Rennbahn/ game. Set up the track in your home and deny your cars like shit. After 10 minutes back in your personal wagon you've dinged the suspension, delaminated a tyre and taken off the nearside mirror. Buy a scooter. **17** Petfood: You left a tank of tropical fish. You now have one big, fat fish. **18** Fashion: After trying to buy 'civilian' clothes out and get arrested just to be surrounded uniform. **19** Fitness: buy some expensive kit, to the Playstation. **20** Comfort: Of course, in the same as everyone else: spend a week some new sheets, you've earned it.



IN PRAISE OF RACING Let the teams come back to the true faith. The church's elders have a duty to preserve the teaching of the faith's founders, especially those of the Old Man. A racer, first and foremost. That, my children, is what we are about. The truth is always simple: beware those who muddy the waters. Their motives are not always pure. Now some have banded together and want to express a new religion, a belief shared by their brethren. They think they can take over the faith. Our Racing Faith. Jokers can make you laugh, and cry too. But not these: they can be dangerous. They want to change our racing religion. They worship at the altars of strange gods, professing such blasphemous creeds as 'shareholder power'. What do these words mean? Nothing. Would the Old Man understand them? No. So what are we left with? A strange new religion, one that speaks of worshipping within our faith, but whose adherents also have a history of abandoning the creed when the going gets tough. Is that a faith to follow? To build your life around? I think not, my children.

OUR FAITH IS RACING.

BCE

