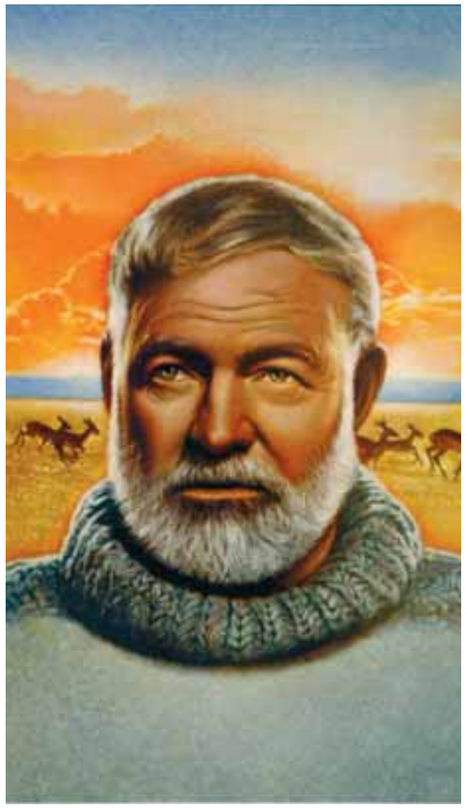
THE RED
BULLETIN
ISSUE 43, GP BRAZIL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 2005
AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



BRAZIL GETS THE PARTY STARTED

PRINTED HERE AT THE RACE TRACK

AUTOSPORT'S TECHNICAL expert Mark Hughes is shortly to be seen in a frilly little silk number. Having bought valuable insight into the British magazine for years he is now behind a new book entitled Speed Addicts which we believe is so good it is beyond price – well beyond our price anyway. With Hughes hailed in the pre-publicity as 'F1's Hemingway', the publishers are giving his pearls of wisdom royal treatment, releasing four separate limited editions. The good old-fashioned paper one costs a humble £35, the one with a linen cover retails at £400 and its silk equivalent is a snip at £1,000. But it doesn't stop there. If you have a spare £2,500 kicking about there is the top-of-the-range version in gunmetal/carbon-fibre which, we guess, is a new record for Formula One. We just hope he's on commission.



PACESETTER

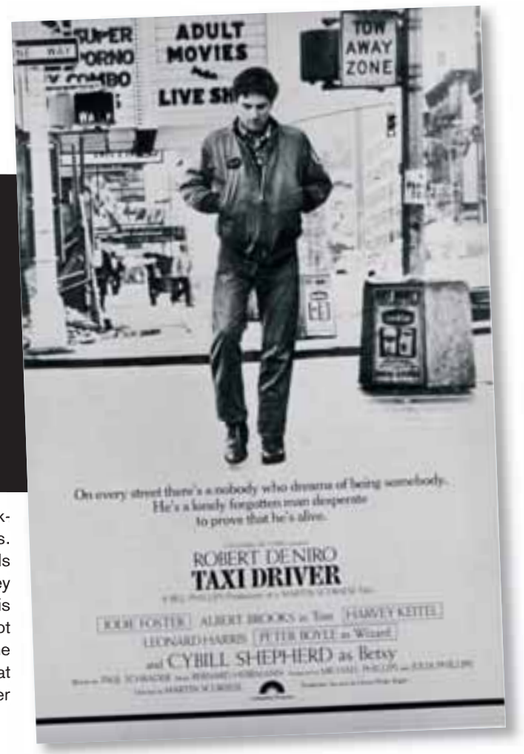


BAR

APPARENTLY Jenson Button didn't get exactly the reaction he expected when he was hooked up live to the factory from Sao Paulo to England on Wednesday. After telling the 400-strong BAR workforce in person that months of contract talks with Williams were over and he was staying put, his words were followed by a deafening silence. But he needn't have worried the team had not fallen out of love with their favourite son, it was only a satellite delay and soon the sound of clapping and cheering reverberated back from Brackley. Later Jense had a two-word summary of what he felt like to write a £12m cheque to Sir Frank. "It hurts," he said. Hurts? It would leave us impoverished Bulletin types hospitalised and hooked up to a heart monitor. Same planet, different world we think.

McLAREN

JUAN PABLO MONTOYA has been drafted in to headline Johnnie Walker's anti drink-driving campaign in Brazil which kicked-off with a party last night at uber-trendy club Lotus. 'Piloto de Vez' promotes the idea of a nominated driver who remains sober while his friends get totally hammered, safe in the knowledge that their lives are not at risk on the journey home. As anyone who has used a blue and white in this city, it's difficult to know which is more dangerous – a drunk driver or a Brazilian taxi driver? A Johnnie Walker prize-winner got a special treat though. Rather than the frightening prospect of a Brazilian taxi journey to the launch they provided a top notch BMW with Monty at the wheel. The publicity was somewhat short of the mark, though, because Monty was in bed long before the festivities were over and the winner had to get a taxi home!



PHOTOS: C COATES/LAT PHOTOGRAPHIC, GETTY IMAGES

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The bulls in the china shop

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RENAULT

HE'S DOING the champion's job on the track – and off it as well. Fernando Alonso yesterday stepped up to a plate occupied for long periods by Michael Schumacher – working for UNICEF. The Spaniard did his bit for the children's charity yesterday visiting Monte Azul, a UNICEF-sponsored project in central Sao Paulo as part of his role an ambassador for the body's Spanish Committee which he took on in February this year. He said: "For me, the kids were the biggest surprise, because when we come to somewhere like Monte Azul, we think that they have very little in terms of money or possessions. But all the children are just so happy – they play, and laugh, and smile, and they don't see any of the things that we think they are missing." The idea of the Monte Azul project is to provide care for children at nursery, kindergarten, and pre-school levels and a job preparatory workshop which gives young adults the skills they need to make a successful start in the professional world. Sounds a bit like most F1 teams' youth driver programmes to us.





FERRARI

RUBENS BARRICHELLO'S 12-year quest to win his home Grand Prix in the postcode where he grew up is proving tougher than finding the Holy Grail – and he admits it will have to wait another year because Ferrari are not competitive enough. His record here is a testament to determination not to settle for second best despite a powerful Interlagos jinx. Up until his third place last year, he had to retire from the race nine times in succession. In 12 years he has only finished twice. Even so, he insisted yesterday his love of the area is undiminished. "Sao Paulo has been my life. I lived here for 21 years since I rode bikes and it's where I want to live when I stop racing." Given the pace of this year's Ferrari, a bike might be an advisable option. Just a joke, Ross. It was just a joke.

McLAREN



JUAN PABLO was apparently amazed by Michael Schumacher's display of temper when he clattered Takuma Sato at Spa a fortnight ago seconds after the luckless Japanese had done just that to the world champ. But Montoya wasn't surprised by the German's loss of composure but by the fact that Schumacher got away with the slap delivered to Sato's helmet. "I was surprised what Michael did to Takuma. To go to him and actually hit the visor, I was surprised he got away with it," the Colombian said. "If I had done that I would have probably been disqualified for the rest of the season or something!"

FOUR COMMENTARIES

LATIN PRIMER

BY ALAN HENRY

1 BRAZILIAN WAX

Sao Paulo's fabled first F1 son Emerson Fittipaldi was 25 years 10 months old when he sped to victory in the 1972 Italian Grand Prix, thereby becoming the youngest competitor to take the title crown. With that in mind, there is a certain strange symmetry to the fact that Fernando Alonso, just 24 years 2 months old, could well deprive Emmo of that singular distinction here at Interlagos which, during the 1970s, was regarded as his personal backyard.

In the halcyon days of Brazil's international motor racing ascendency, the Fittipaldis ruled Interlagos as their own private fiefdom. Emerson and his elder brother Wilson were the stars of just about every show in the early 1970s and when they returned to Brazil for the Formula 2 Torneio series the grandstands were literally heaving at the seams. Under the circumstances, giving Wilson a leeway when it came to the strict application of the rules all seemed like part of the fun.

Prior to the start of one race here, Wilson brought his March 712 to the grid and didn't turn his engine off as he had a battery problem which would preclude the car restarting without a push-start, which in turn would have incurred a penalty.

Keith Leighton, Ronnie Peterson's mechanic, was so incensed that Wilson was obviously trying to pull a fast one that he just strolled across to the Brazilian's car, put his hand into the cockpit and flicked off the ignition switch. Wilson popped his belts and erupted from the cockpit to try and throttle the hapless Leighton who understandably made himself scarce. But the seething Wilson had to take the penalty.

Of course, I wouldn't want anybody to run away with the idea that the Fittipaldis had special treatment from the stewards in those dim and distant days. In 1976, pole position man James Hunt confessed to being somewhat startled as Carlos Pace's Brabham-Alfa – which had qualified on row three – pulled level with him even before the starter had raised, let alone dropped, the starting flag. All the guys behind said they simply waited til Pace's rear tyres began to spin and then just dropped their clutches and followed. Penalty? Do me a favour.

Alonso, of course, could put his title ambitions on hold for twelve months and still come out on top as the youngest ever World Champion. One suspects he won't have to, but it might be nice to make the young Spaniard wait until Suzuka before putting the finishing touches to his perfect canvass.

That would leave the Interlagos podium free to be monopolised this weekend by Rubens Barrichello, Felipe Massa and Antonio Pizzonia. The organizers should be able to arrange that. Shouldn't they?

F1 FUNNIES



BY JEAN MICHEL DESNOUES

2 NEW WORLD ORDERS

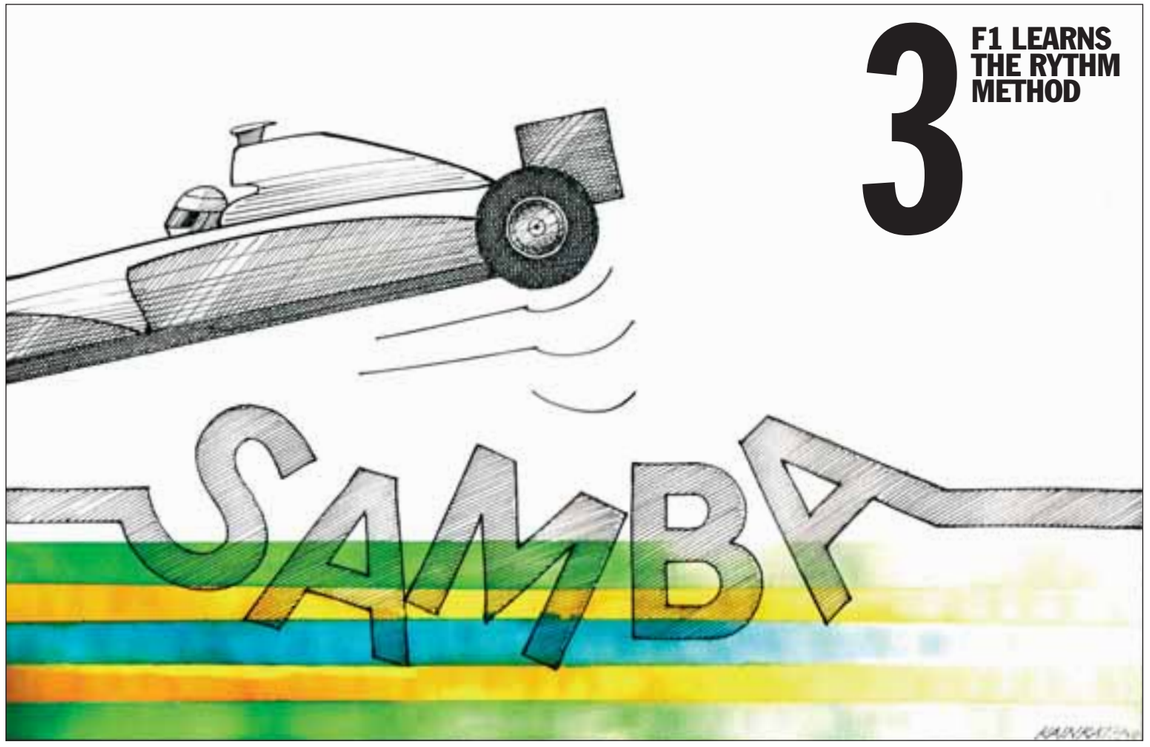
It's becoming a regular occurrence: Renault don't win but de-rig with smiles on their faces; McLaren win and have faces like thunder.

At the end of the last grand prix in Spa, a circumspect Martin Whitmarsh made sure he only spoke about Kimi Raikkonen's win, but an irate Ron Dennis could not keep off the subject of Juan Pablo Montoya's accident. "Once again, Juan Pablo is the innocent victim of someone else's mistake," lamented Dennis. In Istanbul, Tiago Monteiro had run into the back of the McLaren under braking. In Spa, it was Antonio Pizzonia who collided with the Woking missile. Whether or not he was at all to blame for the incidents one wonders if it was just bad luck or something tied up in the fate of nations.

We have to pose the question: is there something going on between the Bogota bruiser and the paddock pilots partial to Portuguese? Colombians haven't had a tussle with the Spanish since Bolivar sent them packing in the 19th Century and these days, to slash away at a Spaniard might be a tricky one for Monty, as assaulting Alonso could be seen as a deliberate ploy to help team-mate Raikkonen. Tussling with the Portuguese and Brazilians, however, might be a less high profile option, but watch out Juan, because this particular group notches up the half dozen: Barrichello, Pizzonia, Massa, Zonta and Monteiro.

Maybe we should consider these recent cases of on-track fatal attraction as an illustration of the centuries old rivalry that exists between Spaniards and Portuguese and has been exported to the New World. If this was the case then that would make Montoya and Alonso unlikely allies in a geo-political overview of the paddock. Now you see it don't you? It's obvious, every time Juan Pablo parked it within sight of the chequered flag, he gave four extra points to that bloke who's a mate of the King of Spain. In the days of the Conquistador, people would have been burnt at the stake for such heresy, but at McLaren, no one was expecting the Spanish Inquisition!

ILLUSTRATIONS: JOCHEN SCHEWINK, KAINRATH



3 F1 LEARNS THE RYTHM METHOD

PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 FLIGHT OF FANCY

It's been so long since I was given one that I'd forgotten how enjoyable it is to be taken up the front. No, you naughty smutty boys, I'm, talking about a free upgrade to Business Class, which is what I got on the flight out here.

Being promoted to posh was a common occurrence back in the days when the smoking seats at the front of a British Airways flight came with their own pack of Rothmans jutting invitingly out of the ashtray, so that you could light up the moment the wheels came up. Sipping on my flute of champagne while puffing away – I swear the No Smoking light went out earlier in Business Class – was one of the great joys of travel, before all the poor people started flying.

Delighted as I was not to have to walk all the way to the back of the plane, I must admit I found modern Business Class a bit daunting. For starters, there were plenty of other women.

What really amazed me about my fellow girls was the amount of hand luggage they carried. One of them was your stereotypical Power Flyer: a computer bag that looked as though it could hold enough to climb Everest and a Vuitton holdall whose contents I discovered shortly after take-off included a complete change of clothes, a two-litre bottle of Evian water and a macrobiotic sandwich. On top of that, she had an untidy leather folder containing a variety of papers and copies of Italian, French, Russian and, would you believe, Chinese Vogue. The last one has only been out a matter of weeks and is already the second best-selling Vogue ever! Where did she get it?

We simply provided the sleazy customs boys with an excuse to root through our underwear

Finally, she had a handbag, which looked like something a tramp would use, if it were not for its exclusive and very expensive Italian label.

Immediately after take off, our Power Flyer changed into a tacky pink towelling track suit, except that it was of course a very expensive Juicy Couture. The worst crime of all, however, came as we started our descent to Sao Paulo, when she and others of her ilk monopolised the toilets while they went through a full grooming programme, before emerging dressed to tackle a day on the trading floors of Wall Street. All very amusing, as most of them occupy very nebulous positions within the paddock. With the bathrooms blocked, I had to head down to Economy for a tinkle, a quick scrape of the face, a bit of lippy and the young single mother facelift: pulling my hair back in a very tight pony tail to lift the bits of my visage heading for the runway quicker than the aircraft.

All the preening was of little consequence once on terra firma as nothing in this life is more egalitarian than the queue for passport control at Sao Paulo airport, so that Power Flyer or humble hackettes, we simply provided the sleazy customs boys with an excuse to root through our underwear… in your dreams boys, in your dreams.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

Pedro Diniz arrived in the paddock as a wealthy pay-driver in a struggling new team. He grafted his way into better cars and scored points, before taking the leap into management and then… nothing. Pedro just disappeared. Here he offers **Glenda Carqueijo** his recollections of F1 and tells us what he's doing now.

The moment for which he is remembered is not the kind Formula One drivers want etched in the annals of the sport. Victories? Yes. Swashbuckling commitment and bravery? Sure. Crashes, never. But for Pedro Paulo Diniz the European Grand Prix of 1999 remains the defining image of his career.

Screaming into the first corner at 150 km/h Diniz had Benetton's Alex Wurz and Jordan's Damon Hill ahead. The pair closed on one another. Hill swerved to avoid the rear of Wurz's car and moved into Diniz's path. The accident had a strange balletic quality only the most potentially dangerous seem to possess, a hypnotic, slow-motion fluidity. The right front wheel of Diniz's Sauber flicked up and over the right-hand front of the Benetton and Diniz was airborne and upside down. The car landed, skimming across the track and then off on to the grass losing the roll bar. As the car ploughed through the run-off area, a hushed media centre thought of ambulances or worse. But, despite the seriousness of the accident, Diniz crawled almost unharmed from beneath the wreckage within seconds of his car grinding to a halt.

Unfortunately, for many, it remains the Brazilian's legacy to the sport. Six sixth place finishes and a couple of fifths (at the Luxembourg GP in '97 and in Belgium in '98) were slim reward for a driver who spent six seasons shuttling between Forti, Ligier, Arrows and Sauber.

But the slight return doesn't tell the whole of Diniz's Formula One story. Mixed in with his driving career, a time in which he became if not a world-beater, then a solid racer, was a tale of a man who aimed at being a paddock mover and shaker but ultimately was sucked under by Formula One's financial vagaries and surfaced only rarely since. A driver who seemed to abandon F1 with the fervour with which it ultimately abandoned him.

But first, the defining moment. That potentially lethal accident in 1999. Of that Diniz himself remembers little.

He said: "I was not meant to be there but God was by my side. I was curled up like a tortoise and praying they would get me out from the car quickly and trying to stay calm. I know I was very lucky and suffered small scratches over my body, because the Sauber car was quite safe. Peter Sauber was quite concerned about safety."

'I was curled up like a tortoise and praying they would get me out from the car quickly and trying to stay calm'

But Diniz is now sure his smash also left its mark on the sport. He said: "In spite of that delicate moment, I prefer to think that in some way my accident contributed to improvements in F1. Every cloud has a silver lining, I guess."

There are those who would say for Diniz, up to that moment life was all about silver linings. The son of Abilio Diniz, owner of the massive Pao de Acucar supermarket chain in Brazil, Pedro's future was assured. Backed by millions of dollars the young Diniz could look forward to a career in the family business and a gilded existence in the upper echelons of Brazilian society.

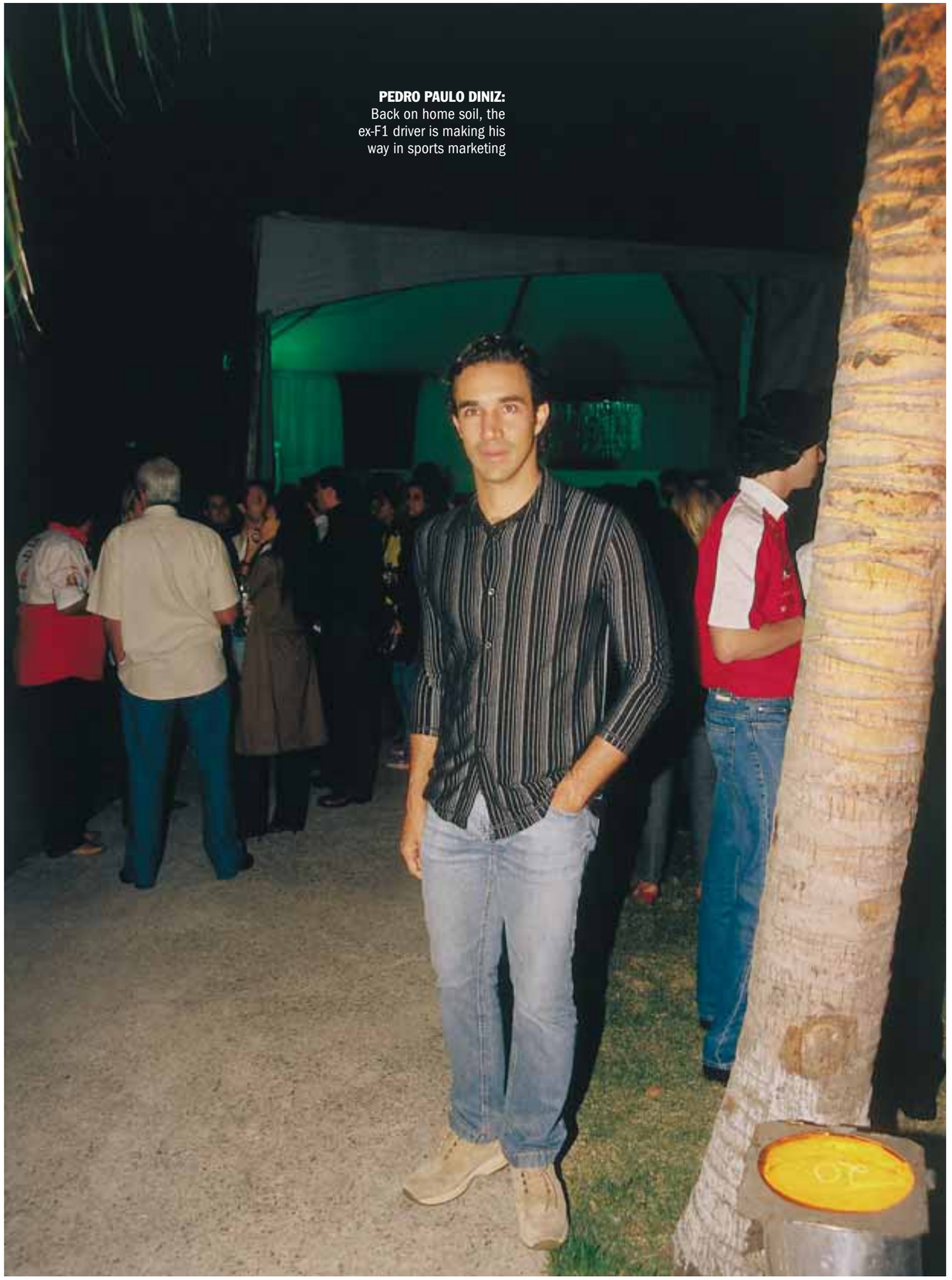
Pedro, though, had other ideas. He had been bitten by the family bug, racing, and determined to forge his own path in the pursuit his father had also embraced in the 1970s when he won races such as the Thousand Miles and Interlagos 24-hours.

But while most imagined the younger Diniz to have been spoon-fed a succession of cars and budgets to further his passion, Pedro insists it was not the case: "I had to buy mine second-hand. My father thought go-karting dangerous, and at the beginning he didn't support me very much." Only after he had some good results did his father buy him a go-kart. His pace was surprising, too. He started in go-karts aged 16, late on anyone's scale, but was Sao Paulo champion twice and runner-up in the Brazilian championship.

His path to F1 was traditional: Formula Ford, F3 and F3000. F1 beckoned in 1995 with the fledgling Forti Corse team. He said: "The team was starting out and I went along. But they lacked the structure to compete in F1. It was a big lesson."

Ligier came knocking, then Arrows. And it was with Arrows, he believes, that he ran the best race of his life: at Spa in 1998, in the driving rain: "I managed to be in second place the whole race, but the car broke down. It also rained a lot. In that race I would have come in with first place, I was that well placed."

Two years with Sauber followed, perhaps the most consistent period of his career. Three of his six sixth places were in 1999 but by the end of 2000 it was all over, Diniz ousted from



PEDRO PAULO DINIZ: Back on home soil, the ex-F1 driver is making his way in sports marketing

PHOTO: CARAS MAGAZINE



PEDRO DINIZ EXPERIENCED ALL THE THRILLS AND SPILLS OF F1



a race seat by Nick Heidfeld and nascent superstar Kimi Raikkonen. It was then Diniz made his boldest move, from racer to race team owner.

Wooed by the already struggling Prost team, Diniz's family bought a reported 40 per cent stake in the French outfit, Pedro bidding to step up to the plate as a paddock mover and shaker. From mixing it as a middling fish in the turbulent waters of the driver pool, Diniz was now attempting to swim with the sharks in the dangerous currents of F1 finance. The agreement seemed to be a good one: at the end of three years, full control of the team was to be passed into Pedro's hands. But it was a risk which would end the family's involvement in the sport for good. A year after plunging some $25m into Alain Prost's ailing venture the team was no more. It had been handed over to the receivers with reported debts of $30 million.

Perhaps it would have been a better deal for Alain Prost to have accepted the offer made by Pedro before going bankrupt: US$1 million. But the Frenchman had not wanted to sell the team outright. The partnership lasted just six months and Diniz only escaped bankruptcy because he got out before the end.

Diniz said: "We fought and had a lot of disagreements. We warned Prost about the situation of the team, but he always thought he was right." Prost, at the time, even suggested it was Pedro, Paulo's father, who was running the business and Pedro merely asked advice of his father and from the family.

According to Diniz, the financial losses were not great, as he had secured a decent deal. And are there still any outstanding matters which need resolving?

"There are still outstanding legal questions with Alain Prost and myself. Questions with the individual Prost," he says sharply, immediately becoming defensive. "We haven't spoken and my lawyers are taking care of this. I would prefer not to talk about this matter."

The situation taught Diniz one thing. "Unfortunately the situation didn't work out. It was a big lesson in my life. Nowadays, I try to do things more cautiously. I learned a lot from this."

It led to him giving up on the dream of being the owner of a Brazilian F1 team. "Now we don't have any Brazilian driver winning races or being well placed. I hope this changes.

"Brazilians in general have lost interest in F1. With the change of drivers Rubinho (Rubens Barrichello at Ferrari) and Felipe Massa (Sauber) at their teams, the situation should improve."

Diniz is no longer a great fan of watching the races on TV. "I loved F1 as a driver. It was a very good time in my life. That phase is over. I am in another phase of my life."

He still stays in touch with some from the old days, though.

Jean Alesi, Damon Hill, David Coulthard and the Brazilians Rubens Barrichello and Felipe Massa are all in contact. "With Michael Schumacher it is more like 'hi and goodbye' really," he explains.

On the current situation in F1, Diniz is betting on Fernando Alonso to win the championship. "He stands a good chance of winning the title here. The technical changes this year have contributed to a better competition, more interesting for the spectator. It is not all the time, for example, that we see six drivers competing in Indianapolis."

Single, Pedro lives alone in Sao Paulo where he still pursues racing interests through his sports marketing company PPD Sports. The owners bug has not been entirely cured and now he runs Formula Renault in Brazil. "It is a dream come true," which he says is backed by the good relationship with Renault. The strategy in Brazil is working out. At the start, the category had R$750,000 in prizes and there were about 30 drivers. Today, the number of drivers has fallen, but in compensation the prizes have gone up

Besides PPD Sports, Pedro has other activities. With his brother, Joao Paulo Diniz, he owns the much talked-about restaurant Ecco, the Maravilha lodging on the paradise-like archipelago of Fernando de Noronha, as well as some projects in the supermarket chain Pao de Acucar with his father Abilio. And he has another new restaurant project for this year, but for the time being, he says it's a secret.

Glenda Carqueijo is a sports writer with Brazilian newspaper Jornal da Tarde

PHOTO: EMPICS, SUTTON IMAGES

BET AND WIN WITH BENOIT

Brazil's GP last year proved to be the beginning of bad things for the world champion. Hampered by bad weather, Interlagos proved a turning point for Schumacher. But could this year be more a...

HOLIDAY IN THE SUN?



NOT SINCE THE days of Ayrton Senna has Sao Paulo been this hooked on F1. But while Barrichello, Zonta, Bernoldi, Burti, da Matta, Pizzonia, Massa are decent drivers, none can yet claim Senna's status: none are really national heroes.

One (former) hero, Michael Schumacher, returns to Brazil with good form. He's won four times at the rollercoaster track at Interlagos. But here, at the final round of last year's season, his current decline began. He came seventh, one place ahead of Sauber's Felipe Massa, his new team-mate for 2006.

In Japan, two weeks beforehand he celebrated his last real victory. Let's face it, the hollow win at Indianapolis isn't going to be much compensation for what has been a horrible season for the German.

Which all goes to make the task for the participants of the Bulletin bet a difficult one: will Schumi have to contend with his fourth barren race in a row? Ferrari haven't had a spell so bad for quite a while...

In Spa, number 13 wasn't bad luck at all for Joschi Walch, head of BMW's catering service who won 1900 euros with this number of laps for Schumacher. In Brazil now there are again 300 euros in the jackpot – the wager is 100 reais.



YOU BET!!!

NOT ALWAYS BRILLIANT BRAZIL

- Schumacher has had mixed fortunes in Brazil. He's won four times, had a DNF and come in seventh twice. A mixed bag of results in the 14 times he's raced here.
- But he's not too hot in qualifying. He's only had one pole position, that was back in 2001 in a race he finished second.
- His wins came in '94, '95, 2000 and '02. He's also been on the Brazilian podium 10 times. The DNF was in 2003. But then half the field failed to finish that rain-soaked event.
- Looking for recent form? Discount last year when he was put to the back of the grid after an engine change. Still, he did manage to take seventh place.

RULES OF PLAY

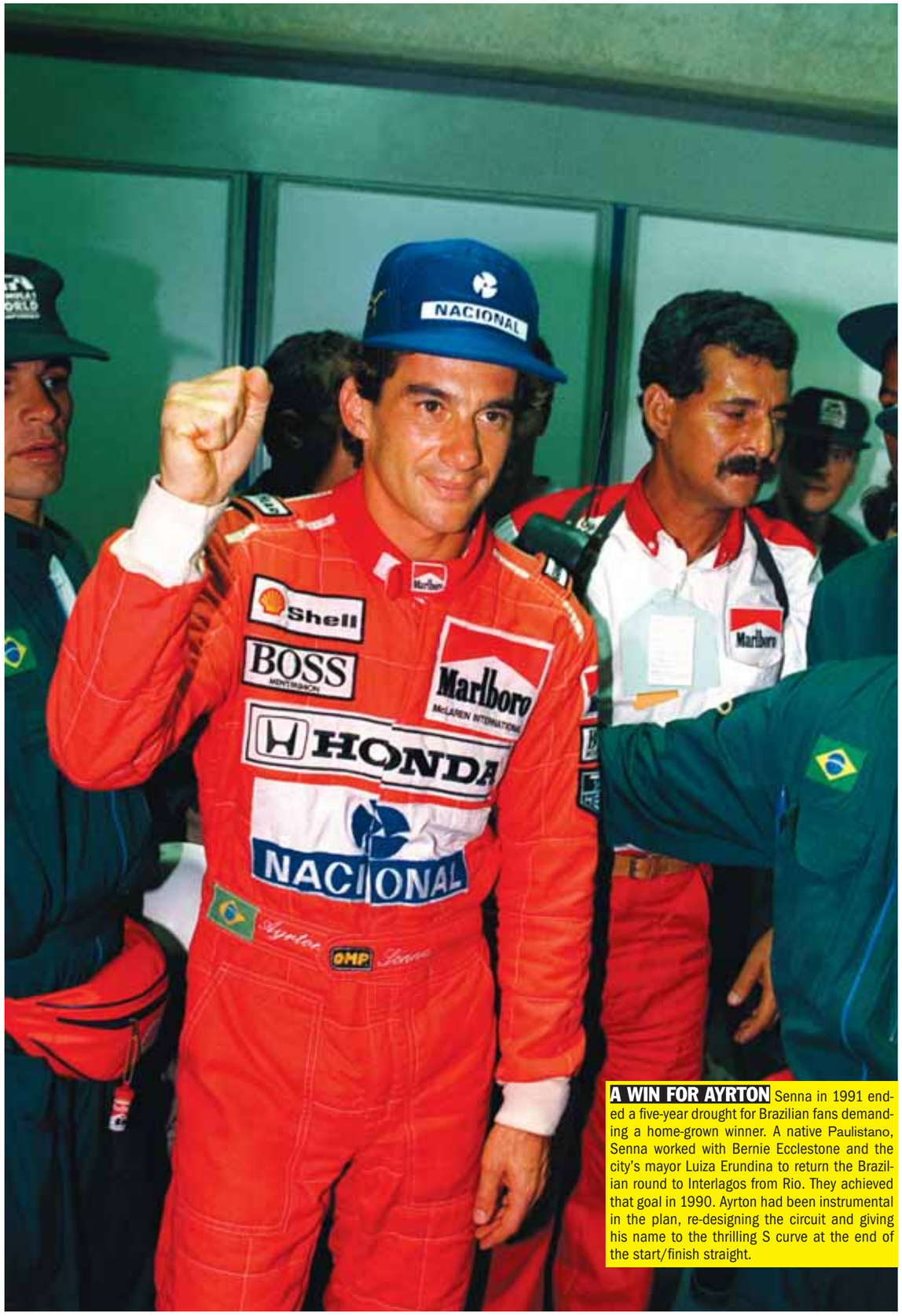
The rules are simple. All you have to do is nominate how many laps Michael Schumacher will complete. Opt for a Michael finish and then you'll have to choose his final position. Choose a Schumi win and then you'll need to predict the time-gap back to the next finisher. If nobody guesses correctly the winnings go to the nearest chosen lap, position or time. If you happen to hit the nail smack 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 30 euros/100 reais, make your prediction and you're in.

betandwin.com			
K RAIKKONEN 1.85	F ALONSO 4.50	G FISICHELLA 30.00	
J P MONTOYA 5.50	M SCHUMACHER 15.00	F MASSA 150.00	



ILLUSTRATION: ISABEL KLETT, PHOTO: PAOLO FOSCHINI, SUTTON IMAGES



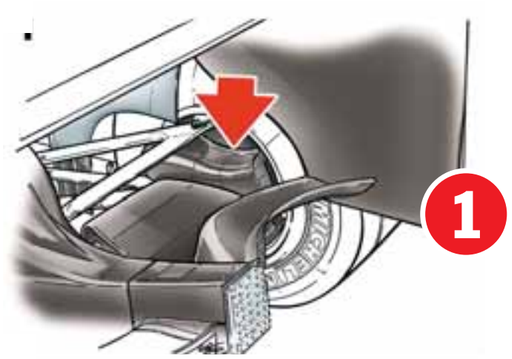
A WIN FOR AYRTON Senna in 1991 ended a five-year drought for Brazilian fans demanding a home-grown winner. A native Paulistano, Senna worked with Bernie Ecclestone and the city's mayor Luiza Erundina to return the Brazilian round to Interlagos from Rio. They achieved that goal in 1990. Ayrton had been instrumental in the plan, re-designing the circuit and giving his name to the thrilling S curve at the end of the start/finish straight.

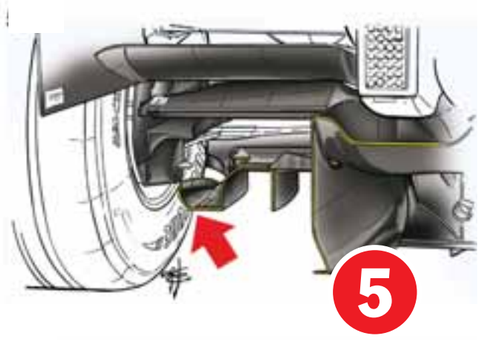
PHOTO: ANTONIO SCORZA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

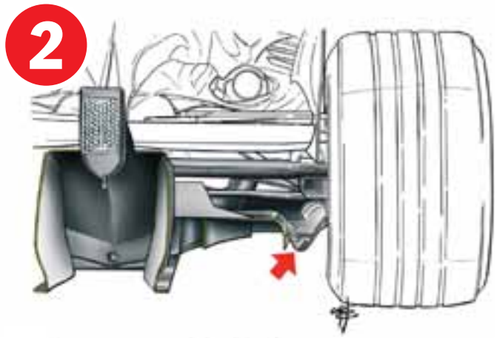
ILLUSTRATION: GIORGIO PIOLA

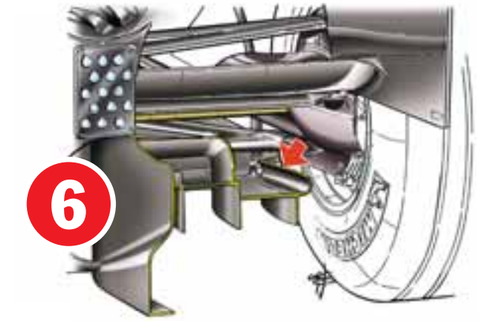
IT'S TOTAL DIFFUSION

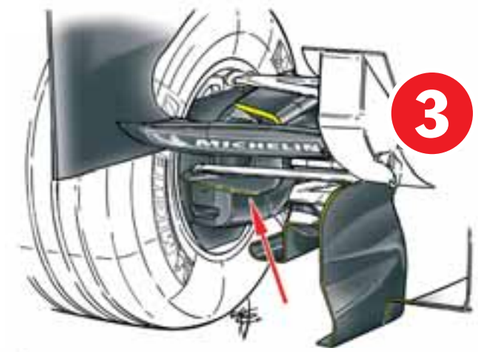
It couldn't be simpler. Tell us which team's cars these diffusers belong to, get your entry in to us by midnight tomorrow and you could win yourself a mystery prize

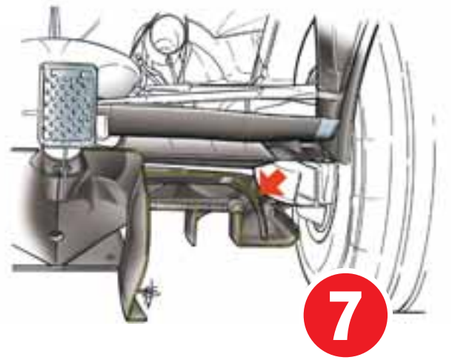


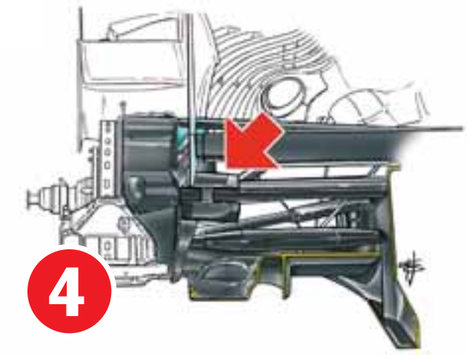












THINK YOU know this season's machines? Try this one for size. All these diffusers, drawn by F1's esteemed artist, Giorgio Piola, are on current cars. But which? Once you've worked it out, send your answers with your name and a contact number to us via e-mail at secret.service@theredbulletin.com or fax on 0049 202 292 32 98. Your deadline is Saturday midnight. The answers will be in Sunday morning's Red Bulletin and the winner announced in Sunday afternoon's edition.

FORMULA UNA BRAZIL

Ten ladies, one honour: Formula Una. A secret paddock jury will decide which of these Brazilian babes will be jetting off to Shanghai.



NAME: **MARIANA BACCARIN**
AGE: **22** STAR SIGN: **AQUARIUS**
OCCUPATION: **JOURNALISM STUDENT**
I was born in the extreme south of Brazil, and I came to Sao Paulo two years ago. I sought opportunities that you can only find here, because of the dynamism of this place and the people that compose this metropolitan city. I love to read. I'm currently wading through a book about the unconscious and our subconscious dreams.



NAME: **STEFANYE FALCO** AGE: **23** STAR SIGN: **LIBRA** OCCUPATION: **ACTRESS AND STUDENT**
I am conscious of my mission in this life and I fight to grow as a person and leave something solid and true for society. I really want to change the world, to make a difference. What will I be doing in 10 years? Well, I'd like to present a news show on TV. If that doesn't work I will probably teach yoga in front of the sea.



NAME: **SAMYRA PONCE** AGE: **27**
STAR SIGN: **GEMINI** OCCUPATION: **JOURNALIST**
I come from Rio de Janeiro, where there are many beautiful beaches. Surfing is one of my favourite hobbies, and I also love a good book. I've been to the Brazilian Grand Prix before and I'm very excited to be back. I would most like to meet Fernando Alonso, although I hope Rubens Barrichello wins.



NAME: **ANDRESSA AGUIAR**
AGE: **23** STAR SIGN: **VIRGO** OCCUPATION: **MODEL**
I am a professional model and have worked in Istanbul and Santiago. I studied at an American school for two years in Belo Horizonte. Nowadays, I'm living in Rio de Janeiro, which is an amazing city.



NAME: **TATIANA BERNARDES**
AGE: **32** STAR SIGN: **SAGITTARIUS**
OCCUPATION: **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATOR AND PROMOTER**
For the past 15 years I have worked for my family in a department store, and more recently got involved in managing promotions. I enjoy sports, and spend my spare time riding horses and going to the gym. I'm a committed Catholic and pray at least twice a day.



NAME: **GABRIELA MESQUITA** AGE: **26**
STAR SIGN: **PISCES** OCCUPATION: **ADMINISTRATOR**
I'm not one for quiet places, or staying at home, so I'm looking forward to the buzz of the Grand Prix and seeing how it all works. The best way to get a date with me is by being authentic, clever and handsome. You should say something funny and original, in order to get my attention.

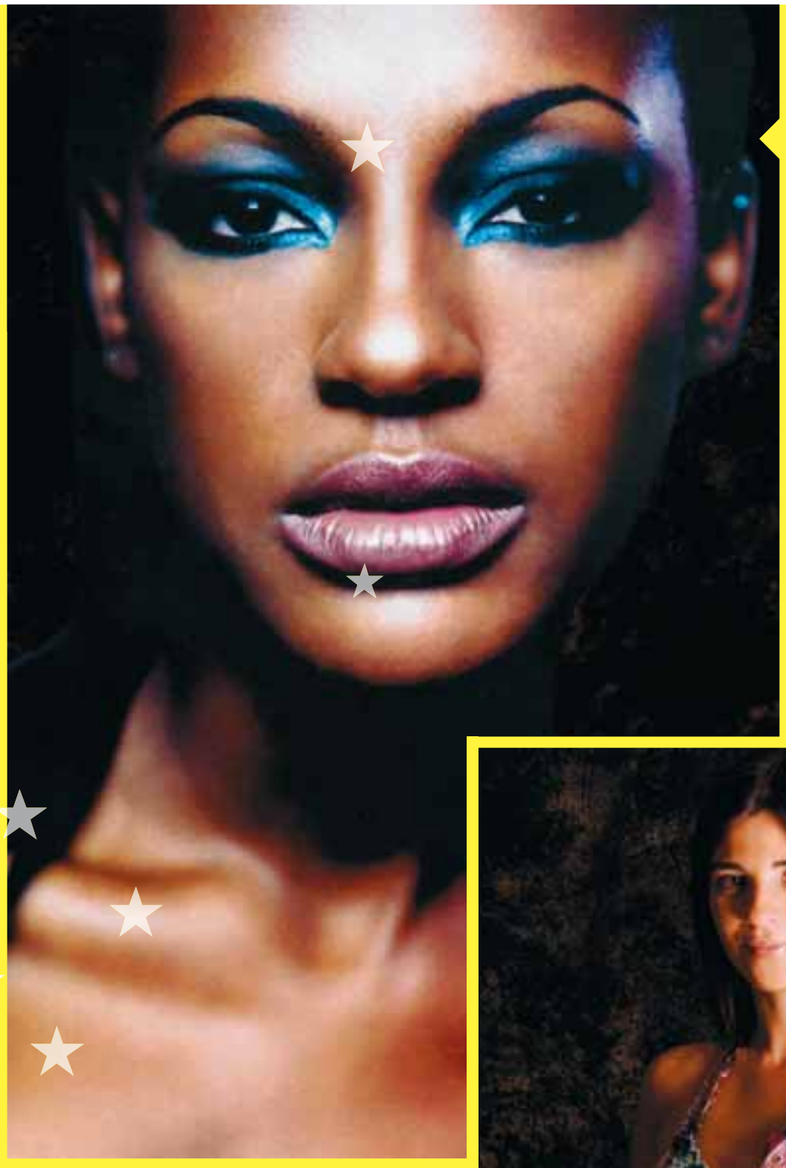


NAME: **MARCELE DOS SANTOS**
AGE: **23** STAR SIGN: **ARIES**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL**
I love listening to music, dancing and going to the gym. I also enjoy walking my dog, Lila. She's a mini Bull terrier. I'm looking forward to meeting new people and experiencing new things this weekend. I'm so pleased to be invited to the Grand Prix, and I would love go to China, because travelling is one of the most fulfilling things to do in life.

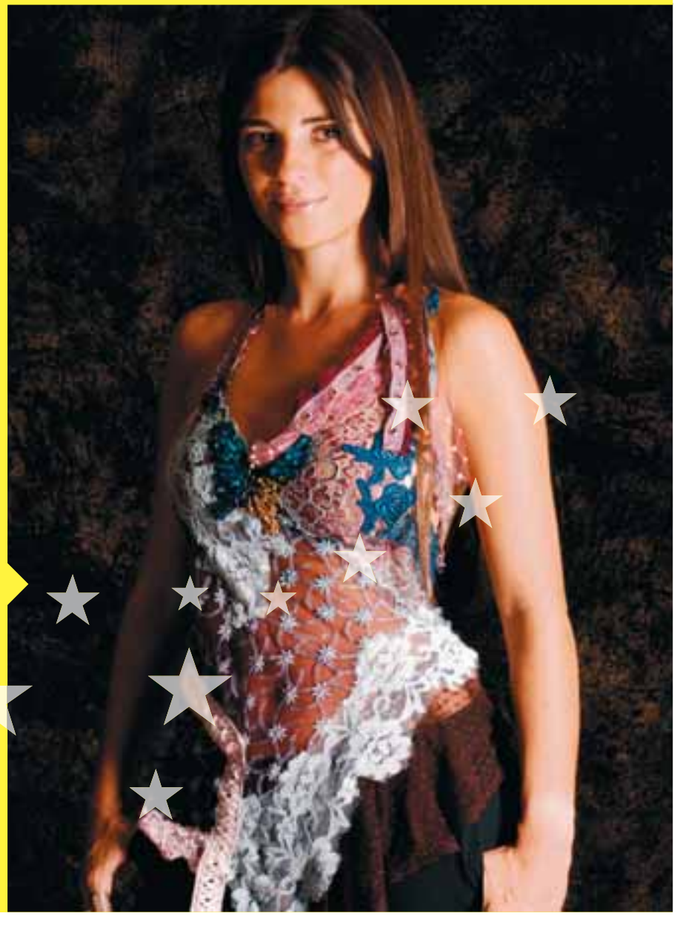


NAME: **GIOVANA GIALLUSI**
AGE: **24** STAR SIGN: **GEMINI**
OCCUPATION: **SAMPLING GIRL**
I studied package design at college and I love inventing things. I also like yoga and junk food – an odd mix, I know. I enjoy going to the beach at the weekend, taking sunbaths and running in the afternoon. But what I really love to do after dark is go to parties and dance to psychedelic trance.

PHOTO: JOHNNY



NAME: **PATRÍCIA DE JESUS**
AGE: **27** STAR SIGN: **TAURUS**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL**
Soccer and Formula One are my greatest passions. I've had the pleasure of meeting Pele, who I found very moving, and it will be nice to meet some F1 drivers this weekend too. My favourite driver is Juan Pablo Montoya because he's South American – I'm afraid I'm not a Barrichello fan. I love travelling the world, eating good food and socialising.



NAME: **LUCIA RABANY** AGE: **27** STAR SIGN: **GEMINI**
OCCUPATION: **JOURNALIST AND PRODUCER**
I'm the producer of a TV show called Auto Esporte, which is all about cars. I would say that I'm a very curious person that likes to understand different points of view. Maybe that is why I've always trodden a fairly male-dominated career path: I worked first in politics, then in soccer, then for a men's magazine and now I'm working in the motor industry.



WIN A REALLY BIG CAR

TOUAREG TEASER

It's the season's trickiest F1 challenge. Over the weekend we'll be setting you six questions. Collect your overall score, pick up the pieces of the puzzle and in China you'll be in with a chance of winning a VW Touareg SUV.

QUESTION 1

Where is this memorial to Ayrton?



- ☐ **1)** Interlagos
- ☐ **2)** Monaco
- ☐ **3)** Imola
- ☐ **4)** Spa

RULES OF PLAY

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

YOUR SAO PAULO NUMBERS

sum Friday	points
sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points

QUESTION 2

The smoking fellow had one of these four F1 legends kidnapped. Which one?





- ☐ **1**
- ☐ **2**
- ☐ **3**
- ☐ **4**

IN SHANGHAI ONE LUCKY PADDOCK PERSON IS GOING TO BE GIVEN THE KEYS TO A TOP-OF-THE-RANGE VOLKSWAGEN TOUAREG.

IT COULD BE YOU

REMEMBER, THE RED BULLETIN IS ONLY AVAILABLE IN THE PADDOCK, SO THESE ARE THE BEST ODDS YOU'LL EVER GET – AND THERE ISN'T EVEN A STAKE.

THE FINAL PUZZLE PIECES WILL BE REVEALED IN JAPAN, GIVING EVERYONE A WEEK TO GET THEIR ANSWER INTO US AT SECRET.SERVICE@THEREDBULLETIN.COM

...AND IT JUST GOT EVEN EASIER. WE KNOW THAT IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD SEASON, SO IF ROBBERY, BEETLES OR FOOD POISONING ACCOUNTED FOR A COUPLE OF ISSUES THEN FEAR NOT! ANYONE MISSING QUESTIONS CAN GET THE FULL SET OF PDF BACK ISSUES ONLINE AT (DEEP BREATH...): HTTP://80.108.198.209/THEREDBULLETIN_QUIZ.PDF

PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES; GETTY IMAGES





SEASONED CAMPAIGNERS Formula One may be a cut-throat business, but it is also one which sustains long friendships that can survive both triumph and adversity. Perhaps it's a function of a small community being bonded by a passion or maybe just a meeting of sharp business minds, but Bernie Ecclestone and Frank Williams have been conspiring to keep Formula One at the cutting edge for more than 30 years and never more closely than in the years of victory as here in 1981 and 1997 at the Austrian Grands Prix.

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

On Earth as it is in Heaven. On the race track as it is in the Milky Way – it's ancient wisdom. Star astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks for us and he already knows one thing at least: the half-moon in emotional Cancer over Brazil prefers drivers with clear goals and lots of feeling. On the streets as under the sheets.

LIBRA
(24 Sep–23 Oct)

ANALYSIS: Jupiter is still friendly towards Robert on Friday. But on Saturday the god of luck will distance himself. And on Sunday he'll be so far away that his gifts will seem very small indeed.



CONCLUSION: The only positive thing on Sunday is Robert's engine won't quit. He makes it to the finish. And our advice for today: enjoy it! It's not everyday you're in Brazil.

ROBERT DOORNBOS | 23.9.1981 | MINARDI

PROGNOSIS: It's Robert's birthday today. And we hope he doesn't hold back. Because there won't be any champagne on Sunday.

VIRGO
(24 Aug–23 Sep)

ANALYSIS:
Jupiter has entered a coalition with J-P's Mercury, his god of speed and Mercury has joined forces with Pluto, his power planet. Strong combinations, even if ties are looser than previous races.



CONCLUSION: Richard Nixon had similar constellations when John Kennedy was elected president. So what was lucky about that? Nixon lost. But JFK was shot and Nixon later elected.

J P MONTOYA | 20.9.1975 | MCLAREN-MERCEDES

PROGNOSIS: Not a win for Juan Pablo, but it should be a podium spot. And later on, Montoya can stand for president of America. Or Colombia. They would vote for him anywhere.

LEO
(23 Jul–23 Aug)

ANALYSIS: Tiago's constellation is an astrologer's moral dilemma: the tendency is to give in and reprint the same horoscope from the last race. Because nothing relevant has changed for Tiago in the heavens.



CONCLUSION: Neptune, the god of doubt still paralyses Tiago's Mars. It's like his feet can't reach the gas pedal. But this is more imagination than reality – nevertheless it has its effects.

TIAGO MONTEIRO | 24.7.1976 | JORDAN

PROGNOSIS: Frustration continues! Tiago should find a way to express himself: we recommend shouting. Noises make Mars happy and muster up energy for the next race.

ARIES
(21 Mar–20 Apr)

ANALYSIS: The Moon in Cancer doesn't accommodate a stormy Aries like David. Aries says: "I want that." Cancer cries: "But it's mine!" Aries retorts: "All right! Keep it." Then Cancer wails: "You don't love me!"



CONCLUSION: If you ask something of Aries, she feels exhausted. If you leave her in peace, she complains about neglect. What can you do? Nothing! Shame. Aries isn't happy about that.

DAVID COULTHARD | 27.3.1971 | RED BULL RACING

PROGNOSIS: As fast as hell. So fast the whole course seems like a straight to him. That's Aries' take. Unfortunately that's all wrong in Brazil. There are corners to contend with.

VIRGO
(24 Aug–23 Sep)

ANALYSIS: It's a second spring for Mark. As an Australian, he's used to the rhythm from Down Under, and as we're south of the equator at the moment the Sun is uniting with his Mars and Mercury.



CONCLUSION: The gods of energy (Mars) and speed (Mercury) push him to the front. And the Sun brings him into the spotlight, but only burns brightly for him on Saturday.

MARK WEBBER | 27.8.1976 | BMW-WILLIAMS

PROGNOSIS: Points! But they come with a degree of disappointment. Mark's results in the race will be worse than his great starting position on the grid.

CAPRICORN
(22 Dec-20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: You'd think the Moon in Cancer wouldn't seem to be a strength for Schumi. But you'd be wrong. Just because Michael doesn't show feelings doesn't imply he doesn't have any.



CONCLUSION: As a Capricorn Schumi might seem cold-hearted, but his Moon is – and here's the surprise – in the most sensitive of signs. Or it may just be his results.

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER | 3.1.1969 | FERRARI

PROGNOSIS: Schumi can't express what moves him – so badly he may not move at all. Let it all out Michael, otherwise you're eliminated!

CAPRICORN
(22 Dec-20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: Nothing can make a quiet, taciturn Capricorn like Jenson even more quiet than the question: "Don't you want to talk about it?" As a Capricorn he answers with his favourite word: No.



CONCLUSION: Something is bothering Jenson. An old episode that's come to the surface again? He won't talk about it. Or want to. A lot of reflection. But remember: don't think and drive!

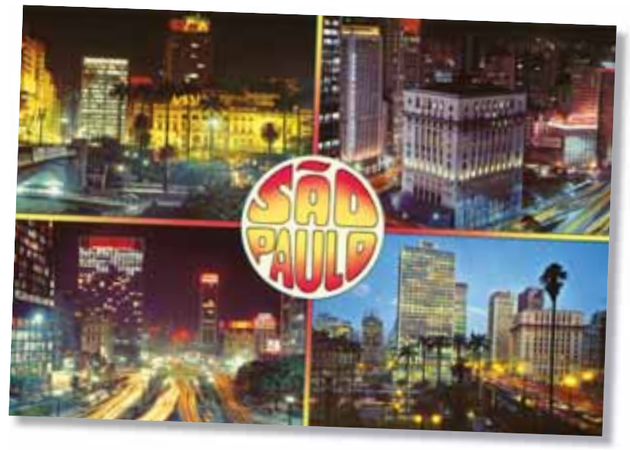
JENSON BUTTON | 19.1.1980 | BAR-HONDA

PROGNOSIS: Heavy thoughts are making Jenson's car heavy and slow. Little good comes of thinking too much. And even fewer points.

ILLUSTRATIONS: OLIVER SCHOPF

EAT TO THE SAMBA BEAT

Interlagos has one of the smallest and chaotic paddocks in the calendar but we come back year after year. Anti-clockwise, high altitude, hot and humid. Still, it is located in one of the world's most exciting cities, says **Lynden Swainston**



Sao Paulo is the largest city in South America – its size makes New York look small. Crowded, dirty buses pass through streets spouting black smoke, endless stands of skyscrapers block the horizon, and the din of traffic deafens the ear.

But native Paulistanos (people from Sao Paulo city) love this megalopolis of 18 million which sprawls across 1,502 square kilometres (580 square miles) and is larger than most countries.

The city has more inhabitants than Ireland, New Zealand, Costa Rica and Portugal put together and every day another street is added to its existing 10,000 miles of roads – in the Western Hemisphere only a place the size of Mexico City can compare.

Within this expanse is a city of contrasts: futuristic but backward, positive and negative. The wealthy of the city (and there are many) go to work by helicopter, but the poor share with their counterparts of 1800s London the problems of overcrowding and unemployment. About 20 per cent of the population live in extreme poverty. But no matter what your bank balance, everyone has to deal with the smog.

Sao Paulo was multicultural before the term was invented. The earliest invaders, the Portuguese, inter-married with the indigenous people (there are more than 200 tribes in Brazil) and later with the slaves from Africa. Even in its early days, this city attracted people from other places. According to Fodor's Guide: 'By 1895, 70,000 of the city's 130,000 residents were immigrants. Their efforts transformed Sao Paulo from a sleepy Jesuit mission post into a dynamic financial and cultural hub.'

You're never more than a week away from a festival

Given there are so many ethnic groups, you're never more than a week away from a parade or a festival. Most involve costumes, music and special foods.

And restaurants? There are 12,000 of them. Brazilian cuisine is diverse, from Bahian cooking (hotter and spicier than other regions) to Minas Gerais (often cassava-based foods) to Mato Grosso dol Sul churrasco and other dishes which use beans and cuts of beef and pork.

But take note, Sao Paulo deserves its reputation for crime, so be extra vigilant. Business and nightlife streets are the safest areas, providing you:

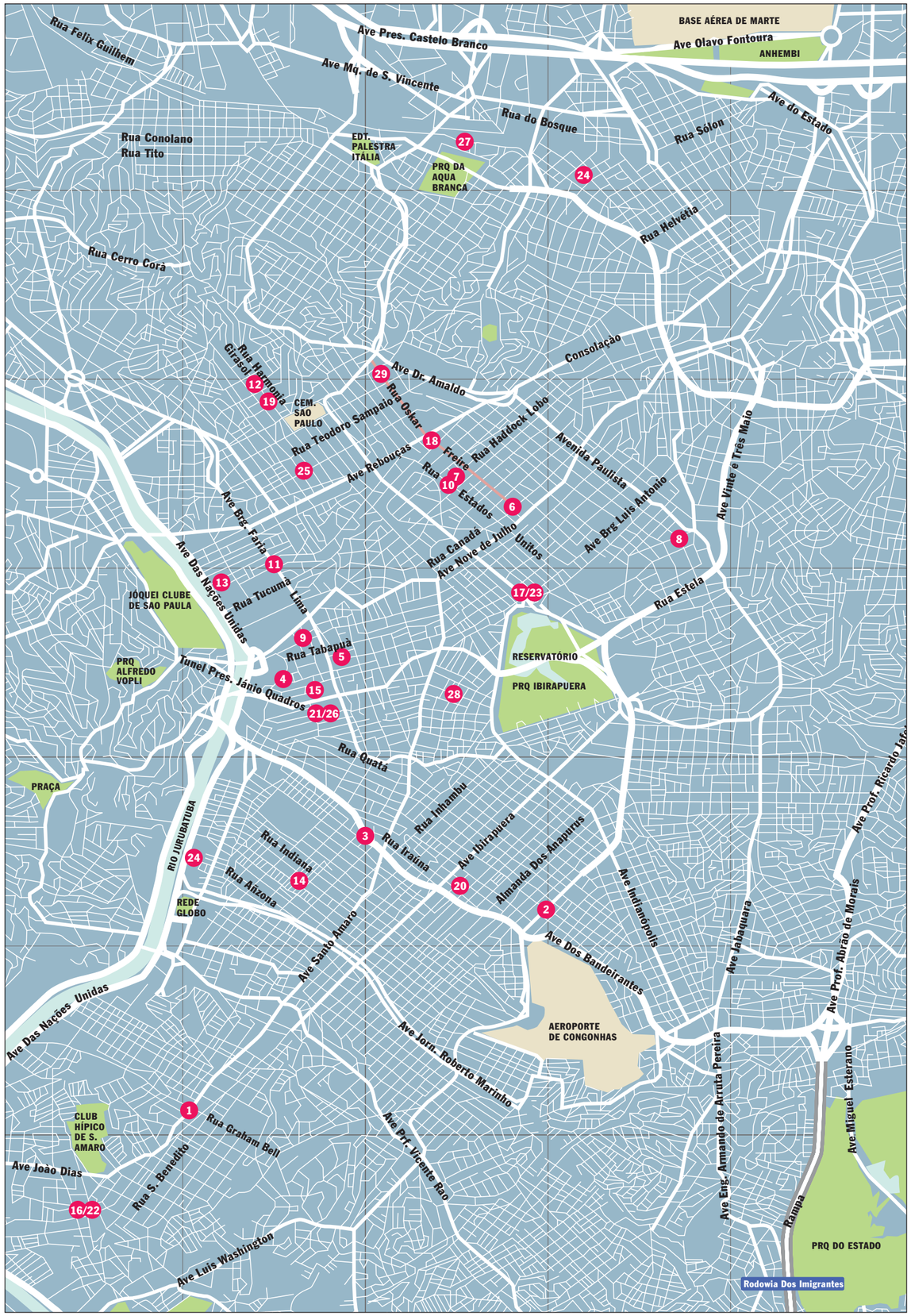
- Take taxis
- Lock your car door, whether in a cab or a private car.
- Withdraw money before it gets dark. Most ATMs stop working at 10pm to prevent night-time muggings.
- Only take what necessary cash, credit cards and ID. Some Paulistanos recommend carrying extra cash to placate your assailant should you happen to be mugged. Leave jewellery in your hotel safe. Rich Paulistanos are spending serious money having cars bullet-proofed to protect themselves from late-night hold-ups at traffic lights.

Justifiably, some visitors are more worried about getting run over than getting robbed. The traffic does not always obey red lights or one-way signs. The plague of motoboys (despatch riders) weaving through the cars makes it even more hazardous to cross the road.

- Avoid putting your briefcase or handbag on the ground (the suspicion is your money may run away and it will). Restaurants sometimes provide hooks to help you avoid this calamity.
- Brazilians talk about 'pontualidade britanica' (British punctuality), which means turning up on the dot. But don't take offence if others turn up a little late.
- Many business people speak English, often fluently. Even if your Portuguese is somewhat clumsy, locals are likely to appreciate any attempt to converse with them in their language. However, don't assume everyone can speak Spanish – if a Brazilian has a language skill, it is more likely to be in English.



PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER



MAP: VON-ROTWEIN FOR WWW.ESJOTTES.COM

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

PLACES TO GO, PEOPLE TO MEET

WHERE TO GO

RESTAURANTS
The Paddock's favourite haunts are the churrascarias (barbecues) called **Fogo de Chao**. Unlimited beef, pork, chicken and salad.
1 Av Santa Amaro
Tel: 11- 5524-0500
2 Av Moreira Guimaraes 964, Moema
Tel: 11-5056-1020
3 Av Bandeirantes, 538, Vila Olimpia
Tel: 11-5505-0791

4 Bar des Arts
Rua Pedro Humberto, 9 Itaim
Tel: 11-3078-0828
A la carte with a wine shop with 600 varieties of wine.

5 Cantaloup Rua Manuel Guedes, 474 Itaim
Tel: 11-3078-3445
Food, service and ambience worth paying extra for.



6 Emiliano, Rua Oscar Freire 384, Jardim Paulista
Tel: 11-3068-4390
Mediterranean dishes made from Brazilian ingredients.

7 Figueira Rubaiyat, Rua Haddock Lobo, 1738 Jardim Paulista
Tel: 11-3063-3888
Mediterranean food served in a lovely spot.

8 Baby Beef Rubaiyat, Alameda Santos, 86 Paraiso
Tel: 11-289-6366
Churrascaria. Try feijoada, Brazil's national dish of beans, rice and stews.

9 Gil Bistro, Rua Jacurici 37
Tel: 11-3078-4501
Modern-Brazilian menu.

10 Gero, Rua Haddock Lobo 1629, Jardims
Tel: 11-3064-0005

11 Gero, Caffe, Shopping Iguatemi, Avenida Brigadeiro Faria Lima 2232,
Tel: 11-3813-8484
Sophisticated Italian.

12 Grazie a Dio, Rua Girassol 67
Tel: 11-3031-6568
Mediterranean – with jazz.

13 Bolinha, Avenida Cidade Jardim, 53, Jardim Europa
Tel: 11-3061-2010
Great place to try feijoada.

14 Emporio de Serra
Rua Los Angeles, 13 Alpes da Cantareira
Tel: 11-485-1981
A romantic tavern.

15 Jam Warehouse
Rua Lopes Neto 308
Tel: 11-3079-4259
Japanese food and music.

HOTEL BARS
16 Fasano Hotel
78/88 Cerqueira César
Tel: 11-3062-4000.
A very hip restaurant.

17 Unique Hotel, Ave. Brigadeiro Luis Antonio, 4700
Tel: 11-3055-4710
Smart cocktail lounge.

BARS & NIGHTCLUBS

Head to Vila Madelena and Pinheiros districts.

18 Apollinari, 1206 Rua Oscar Freire, Jardim Paulista
Tel: 11-3061-9965
Lounge-club for the A-list.



19 Fidel, Rua Girassol 398 Villa Madalena
Tel: 11-212-4225
Cuban bar with live music.

20 Bourbon Street Music Club, Rua dos Chanes 127, Moema
Tel: 11-5095-6100
Pricey blues and jazz club.

21 Love Club, Rua Pequetita 189
Cool drum & bass.

22 Barretto, At Fasano Hotel, 78/88 Cerqueira Cesar
Tel: 11-3062-4000.
Slick piano bar.

23 Skye, Hotel Unique
Impeccable rooftop bar.

24 D Edge, Rua Olga, 168 Barra Funda.
Tel: 11-3667-8334.
Ultra-modern, fierce disco.

25 Ampgalaxy, Rua. Fradique Coutinho, 352, Pinheiros
Tel: 11-3085-7867
Funky cafe and nightclub.

THE CULTURE

27 Museum of Art, Avenida Paulista, 1578
Tel: 11-5510-1311

28 The Observation Tower on the Banespa building.

29 Latin America Memorial, Ave Auro Soares de Moura Andrade 664
Tel: 11-3823-9762
Cultural centre near Barra Funda Station by Oscar Niemeyer.

THE SHOPPING

Buy an ostrich feather duster from a street vendor or a bottle of cachaca – essential for those caipirinhas.

Daslu, Rua Domingos Leme 284 for clothes.

Rua Oscar Freire for designer boutiques

Shopping Grandes Galerias for music rarities.

USEFUL PHRASES

Yes = **Sim**
No = **Nao**
Good morning = **Bom dia**
Good afternoon = **Boa tarde**
Good evening = **Boa noite**
Goodbye = **Tchau**
Please = **Por favor**
Thank you = **Obrigado/a**
Thank you very much = **Muito obrigado/a**
How are you? = **Como vai?**
Very well, and you? = **Muito bem obrigado/a, e voce?**
Bill, please = **A conta, por favor**
Pardon? = **Perdao?**
Sorry! = **Desculpe!**
Where can I get a taxi? = **Onde posso tomar um taxi?**
How much is it? = **Quanto e?**

MAKE SURE YOU...

- Drink at least one Caipirinha.
- Visit Rua Fidalga to try the bars.
- Get high at a Guarant stall on their mix of herbs and quails eggs!
- Dive into a suco bar to sample the range of exotic fruit juices.



THE LOST BOYS As the 1982 World Cup Finals in Spain approached, the word was while Argentina, Germany and Italy were assembling formidable squads, it would be the Brazilians who would show spectators the true meaning of football glamour.

Touted as the most gifted Brazilian side since the 1958 team which introduced Pele to the world, the '82 side was studded with stars of skill and trickery. Falcao, the chain-smoking Socrates, Eder 'The Bomb' – so explosive on and off the field that in 1981 he landed himself in courts no fewer than 13 times – the gifted Junior and the fabulously talented Zico. Immaculate vision and spirit. What could go wrong?

Initially, nothing. A Group F opening win over the USSR (2-1) and 4-0 drubbings of Scotland and New Zealand got them to round two. But in the second phase Brazil had to face both Argentina and Italy. After a 3-1 defeat of 1978 champions Argentina the samba drums began to beat louder.

On July 5, 1982 Brazil entered Barcelona's Sarria stadium to face Italy and there the drums were silenced. Paolo Rossi rampaged, scoring on five minutes and responding each time Brazil fought back. Goals from Socrates and Falcao restored parity but in the 84th minute Rossi struck for the final, decisive time.

Many blamed Serginho, the ungainly and ineffective striker charged with providing killer blows but perhaps the truth was that the tide of football was already turning. The days of total free expression were numbered, replaced by pragmatism, the unstoppable force of a defensive backbone which would not be moved.

Spain '82 was the tournament when the myth of total Samba football was dispelled. And the team (back, from left) Waldir Perez, Oscar, Leandro, Falcao, Luizinho, Junior (front, from left): Dirceu, Socrates, Serginho, Zico and Eder would only be remembered as the greatest Brazilian side never to win a major title.



PHOTO: DPA/EMPICS