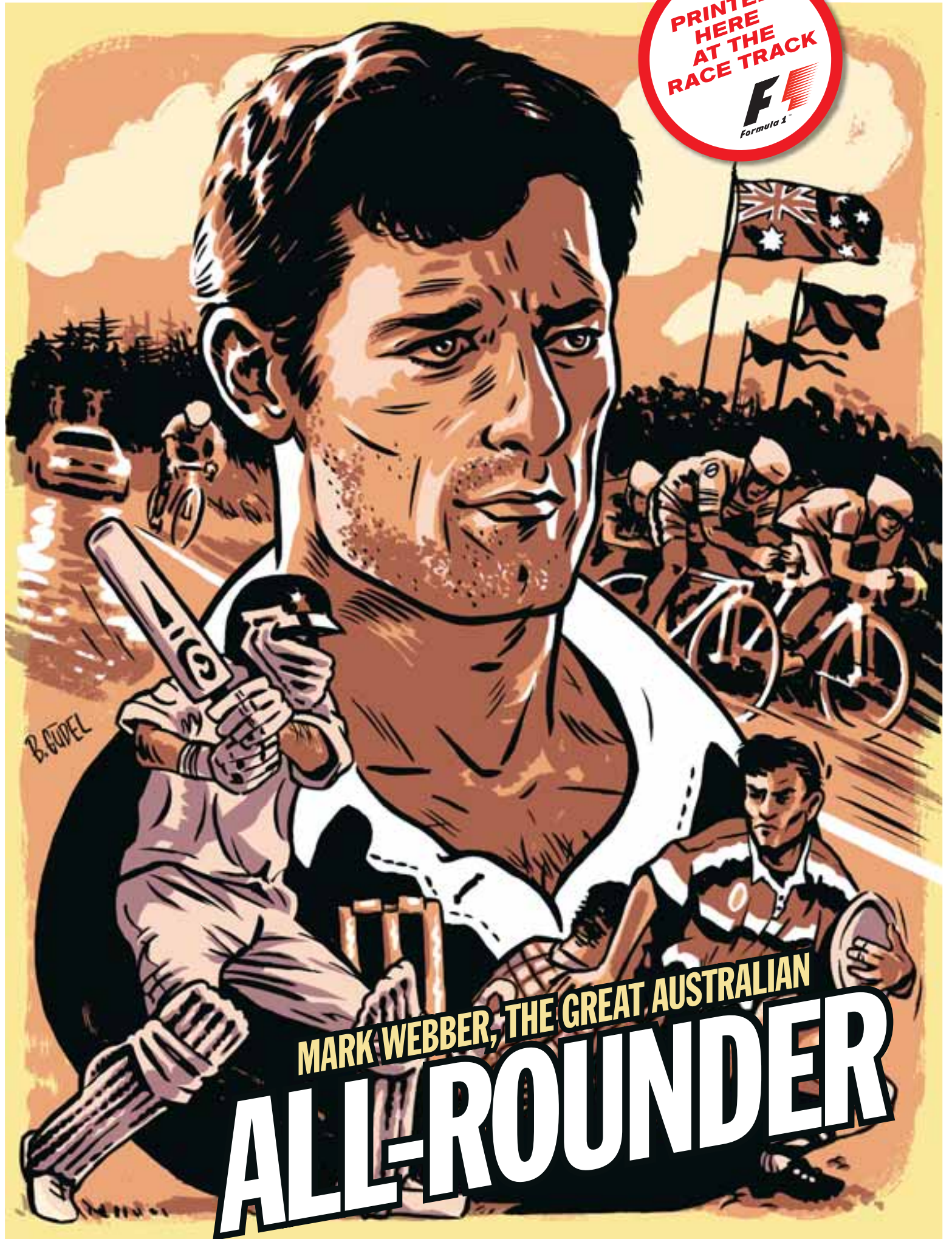


THE RED

ISSUE 40, GP BELGIUM, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2005

BULLETIN

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



MARK WEBBER, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN

ALL-ROUNDER

RENAULT BOSS FLAVIO Briatore may not be banking on any title celebrations (see Renault story, right) but it appears others have already decided the party should be started as soon as possible – and the raunchier the festivities the better they'll like it. The Bulletin arrived back to an empty media car park to find its lonely car on Thursday night and lo and behold, what should we spy beneath the windscreen wiper but this tasteful little flyer inviting us to sample the delights of 'Private Erotic Shows on Stage' last night and tonight. And the venue for this debauchery? Well apparently it's all happening in the Renault garage. We know that the boss likes the ladies but this is ridiculous...



ANTONIO PIZZONIA HOPES he can celebrate twice here tomorrow: the Brazilian has another chance to race after Nick Heidfeld was ruled out of the race here after the concussion he suffered in Monza testing two weeks ago and which sidelined him in Italy last weekend. Pizzonia was close to a podium finish in Spa last year only to retire with only a few laps to go while lying third – due to a technical problem. But tomorrow he's got an added incentive. He's been handed the opportunity to race on his 25th birthday. The best present any test driver could hope for.

WILLIAMS

HAVING DRIVEN UP from Monza and set up in Spa, the staff of the Honda motorhome decided to embark on a few hours of rest and recuperation on the Wednesday before the action began. Chef Dave Freeman and an accomplice decided on a spot of fishing, and, having identified a likely stream not far from their hotel, settled down on the river bank. Freeman is an ace chef of Japanese cuisine and decided that the thing needed to catch a good fish is a sushi prawn. So he attached one of the same to the end of his rod and began happily casting away under a large sign which, in French, said 'No Fishing'. His accomplice set to work digging for worms for his own bait and was gainfully engaged in this pursuit when the National Park Ranger Service arrived and declared the two men were breaking the law and they must hand over their fishing gear forthwith. Chastened by this news, Freeman and accomplice managed to escape with their liberty but without their fishing pole.

BAR



COVER ILLUSTRATION: BENJAMIN GUIDEL
PHOTO: REX FEATURES, SUTTON IMAGES



RENAULT WILL TAKE on anyone – but not the fickle fates. They have learned from Michael Schumacher's experience in 1998 and refused to tempt the gods by making advance preparations for their impending world championship victory. "I am not superstitious, but I have told my people not to make any arrangements in anticipation of winning the title on Sunday," said team boss Flavio Briatore. "I remember what happened to Michael when all those baseball hats were ordered for Suzuka and Hakkinen scored an unlikely victory and won the championship." Given the capricious Ardennes weather and an unexpected oil leak he is right not to count his chickens just yet.



RENAULT



CASTROL'S SPONSORSHIP marketing manager, Amanda Harrison, had the ride of her life yesterday. After spotting her all-time hero Mick Doohan in the Red Bull motorhome, she plucked up the courage to request a scooter ride around the track. "Oh my God!" she was heard wailing as they sped down the hill towards Eau Rouge, before adding later: "That was the ride of my life; it was amazing! Mick was so nice and he kept apologizing for not getting his knee down, but he said we needed more speed for him to do that." This race is the second the five-time MotoGP champ has been to this year, the other being at Melbourne. He is working as a Channel 10 presenter – and a taxi driver for those brave enough to ask.

PACESETTER

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UNTIL NOW JARNO TRULLI has been famous for the wine he produces but now he's becoming famous for a different kind of wine altogether – that coming from rival team bosses. According to well informed Bulletin sources, several team bigwigs



have taken to christening a new strategy after him: the Trulli Train. Exceptional qualifying performances followed by less impressive raceday speeds from Trulli's Toyota have resulted in teams factoring long periods spent queued up behind the Italian's car into their race strategies. Jarno, though, is the one who can afford to smile, as his race results prove and with a small smile allowed himself a mischievous riposte: "People who complain about the Trulli's Train should go and check the pace of my team-mate," he said, with a grin.

TOYOTA



FOUR COMMENTARIES

FRANKLY SPEAKING, CASH IS KING

BY ALAN HENRY

1 MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

Williams seems to be collecting F1 drivers like other people collect stamps. Currently contracted and thus far firmly on the books are Mark Webber, Nick Heidfeld, Antonio Pizzonia, Nico Rosberg and, of course, the celebrated Jenson Button, who is still struggling manfully to get to get off the hook as far as his deal for 2006 is concerned.

As is the case in 99 per cent of F1 matters, this dispute is all about large cheques and Jenson's willingness – not BAR's you understand – to write one with a suitably large number of zeros so as to make commercial sense for Sir Frank, now that he will be shelling out a considerable amount for his new Cosworth V8s in 2006.

After all, it's not as if Frank hasn't got a Plan B should Button finally decide to open his wallet. Webber is signed for 2006. The option on Heidfeld expires within days and Pizzonia is a good option who drove well at Monza and gets another chance this weekend at Spa. And then there's young Nico Rosberg, who I suspect, longterm, Frank really has in mind if Button eventually manages to cling on to his BAR-Honda berth.

I've always been a touch confused why Williams opted for Heidfeld rather than Pizzonia at the start of this season. At the time we were fed the usual guff about the closest run thing since the Battle of Jutland, but since then rumours have trickled out to the effect that FW would really have preferred Pizzonia, but in reality allowed himself to be 'persuaded' – F1 speak for 'bullied' – into having Heidfeld just to keep BMW happy.

If his acquiescence was intended to help persuade the Munich mandarins to hang in there it was a strategy which failed as, even by the time Quick Nick inked his Williams contract, the 'Beamer' boys were on their way back from Peter Sauber's lair weighed down with sacks of Toblerone, – deal done mate.

Meanwhile, I can't fail to detect a somewhat preoccupied mood in both Webber and the team's technical director Sam Michael. Mark seems to have developed a magnetic attraction to his close rivals (cf. his first corner collisions at Nurburgring, Hockenheim and Monza) while the dismissal of the team's former chief designer Gavin Fisher surely leaves Michael next in the firing line if there have to be any further sacrifices on the altar of the team's sadly deficient 2005 form.

Meanwhile, there is the question of whether or not Button will get his butt

into cockpit of a Williams. The truth is that Frank has to balance his books like everybody else and there may well come a moment when he concludes that a shed-load of settlement cash looks a better bet than a man who has yet to win a grand prix.

It may seem churlish to point this out, but when Button gets to the end of the season he should have completed 101 races in his F1 career. As he clears his century of races, he might well reflect that Jackie Stewart's entire career amounted to 99 grands prix. Including 27 wins and three world titles, of course.

BY SUE DE NIMES

2 SITTING COMFORTABLY?

So that bottomless pit of F1 money called Red Bull is going to dip once more into the golden waters to pluck out another bucketload of gold and buy Minardi. The price? A mere \$35m. This is all well and good apart from one small point. The deal is not done yet, even if Red Bull accountants have been crawling all over the financials at Faenza in recent days. These are actually quite well thumbed because last week the bean-counters of Eddie Irvine and his Russian friend Roustam Tariko were poring over the books to see if they thought Minardi was a good deal. The big thing is that Paul Stoddart wants them to guarantee that they will keep the Minardi factory in Faenza open for years to come.

Meanwhile, over at Red Bull Racing they are trying to figure out how three goes into two. Having signed up David Coulthard the team must now put Klien and Liuzzi in the second car and this is causing some trouble because both drivers seem to think they are better than the other one. The Austrians are cheering for Christian Klien and the rest of the world for Liuzzi.

Down at Williams, Nick Heidfeld is rumoured to have signed a deal with BMW for '07 and '08 in order to convince Grove that he doesn't want to stay next year. There are just days before Williams must take up his option on Heidfeld. If he does not, Nick will be able to sign a three-year deal with BMW and everyone will be happy.

This means BMW will then have to decide what to do about Jacques Villeneuve. You will not find many people willing to argue that JV is a man of the future in F1 but you might find a few folk down Munich way who think that Liuzzi fits that description. Particularly if Red Bull want the Austrians to be happy.

F1 FUNNIES



ILLUSTRATIONS: TIL METE, KANIBATH

3

IS THE RUMOUR MILL JUST A LOAD OF HOT AIR?



PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 PARTING SHOT

Moaning about everything is probably the most popular pastime in F1, but why? We in the media are spoilt rotten compared to our colleagues who cover lesser sports. Football reporters have to bring their own sandwiches to a match and make do with instant coffee, while we quaff fine wines. Worse, to get to the cramped press booth, they have to mingle with the great unwashed in the Public areas. Heaven forfend.

Therefore, the faintly depressed mood in Spa might have less to do with the shitty Belgian weather than the fact that, come Sunday, we say farewell to the motorhomes, as we head for the final trio of races. They all seem to be doing their best to leave a good impression. Bridgestone headlined with one of Belgium's most famous products – beer. I'm not much of an expert, but most seem to be named after The Sound Of Music's Von Trapp family.

Not to be outdone, Michelin rolled out the red carpet, for us to sample another Belgian delicacy – chocolate. Now this I do like and I was also keen to go along

for investigative reasons. Being a chocolate party, there were rumours we would finally get to see how Mercedes makes its F1 crankshafts.

The motorhome season over, the teams can start planning their follies for next year. A few years back, the McLaren glass palace stole the limelight and this year it was Red Bull. So for next season maybe the BMW-Sauber liaison will lead to a motorhome in the shape of a giant cuckoo clock, with Mario Theissen popping out of a little hatch every hour, going Brmm-Brmm.

Years ago, when the European leg of the season ended in Estoril, Honda issued a party invite, which read, "Come to our barbecue and watch us set fire to the motorhome, as we are

getting a new one next season." Some Japanese journalists believed this would really happen and sent their photographers to record the conflagration.

The Honda bus was always good and one year, here at Spa, the Japanese PR

supremo didn't show, so we were invited in and spent all of Friday drinking Aquavit and eating pickled herring as part of the traditional Spa Viking Breakfast. Joining us to watch the on-track action was Perry McCarthy, who yet again had failed to get his Andrea Moda through pre-qualifying. Voluble Perry couldn't help telling us all how he would tackle Eau Rouge in his Moda motor, but I had to point out

if he had been on track in the wet conditions, the only way he would have done Eau Rouge was in a body bag.

But at least back then the drivers wanted to drive, whatever the weather, unlike those in yesterday afternoon's fiasco.

You have to feel sorry for the poor spectators who had paid to

see absolutely nothing. What harm would it have done for all the 'Friday-only' drivers to go out and do a few slow laps so that the crowd could at least see and hear something vaguely connected with F1. Shame on you all.

The party invitation read: 'Come to our barbecue and watch us set fire to our motorhome.'

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Australia doesn't produce many F1 drivers, but those it does invariably tend to be successful. **Glenn McFarlane** looks at path trodden by the latest Aussie export, Mark Webber.

Since emerging from obscurity from his local go-kart track in Queanbeyan, near the Australian capital Canberra, Mark Webber has graduated through the motor racing ranks with a blend of clinical efficiency, faultless preparation and a steely determination to succeed. Those attributes helped lift him to an improbable fifth placing on debut with serial slowcoach Minardi at the 2002 Australian GP.

Mark's father Alan – a one-time rugby union player – credits his son's days as a ball boy for his beloved Canberra Raiders rugby league team as part of the reason for Mark's climb up motor sport's formulas. Alan maintains that watching Australian rugby league luminaries such as Mal Meninga, Ricky Stuart and Laurie Daley played a key role in showing his son how elite athletes have to prepare themselves physically and mentally for their various challenges.

"I think it was good for Mark to see what they went through," Alan says. "With all the natural abilities that those players had, they still had to train very hard and they needed a lot of commitment to their sport, and perhaps that has helped Mark along the way."

The work ethic certainly has, Webber is probably the fittest performer in F1. Webber's friend and the man writing his biography is Chris Lambden. He said: "People don't see a lot of what Mark Webber puts himself through. He thrives on hard work and the unbelievable physical regime he puts himself through. He loves working with elite athletes. He has rowed with the British rowing team and this year has trained with one of his heroes, cyclist Lance Armstrong."

The young Mark Webber was very much an all-rounder, dabbling in many and varied sports in his formative years. He displayed a natural aptitude in almost all of them.

"He seemed to have a happy childhood, playing all kinds of sports," Alan Webber says. "That's just what you did when you were growing up in the country. Whenever there was a footy field or a tennis court or a swimming pool available, Mark was usually there. He played rugby league and Aussie Rules football. He seemed to always have a good time with it all and his mother Diane and I tried to encourage him."

Those links to his community still remain today, though he has lived overseas predominantly since he was 18 years of age. Whenever Webber returns to Australia, almost without exception, he returns home to Queanbeyan to be with his exceptionally close family and to find some sanctuary from the pressure

of being one of Australia's most recognizable and respected sporting faces.

An F1 appetite was first sated in Adelaide, at the 1987 Grand Prix. The Webbers – father and son – spent the weekend transfixed in their grandstand seats. It would herald a Sunday night/Monday morning tradition whereby the pair would sit up late watching the overseas F1 races on television.

Webber's interest in motor sport then began to dominate his teenage years. He became a go-kart technician at the local track, tinkering with the karts and learning the rudimentary skills of racing. It put him on the path to where he is now.

"It did get very difficult at times," recalls Lambden. "A number of times he and his manager (and now partner) Ann Neal were down to their last zac, and they were left wondering where the next rent cheque was coming from. Several times it looked like it might have been the end of the road, but he somehow has managed to pull through."

One of those who assisted Webber with key financial backing was Australia Wallaby international and national hero David Campese, who played rugby union with Webber's father at Queanbeyan. Campese advanced Webber \$100,000 to allow him to keep racing in Formula 3 in 1997, effectively keeping the dream alive. One of the first things Webber did when he could afford it was to ensure Campese got his money back.

Now Webber faces yet another arduous task. There are some who question whether the Australian's renowned work ethic, motivating skill and talent can lift Williams out of their current slump. But anyone with even a scant knowledge of Webber's past should know he is a determined, dogged competitor and won't give up.

His father acknowledges it has been a difficult year for everyone at Williams. But adds: "We have to remain confident and focused and hopefully brighter days are ahead."

Lambden, who has known Webber since he was 18, is convinced he will do everything in his power to counter all the recent hurdles.

"I am absolutely certain Mark has the ingredients to win races," Lambden said. "What he did with the other two F1 teams was lift their cars above where they ought to be. He has a real challenge ahead at Williams and to some degree it is in the hands of the designers and engineers as they are already building next year's car. But I have no doubt that in a competitive car, Mark Webber will win races."

Glenn McFarlane is sports editor of the Sunday Herald Sun in Melbourne

"Several times it looked like it might have been the end of the road, but he has managed to pull through"

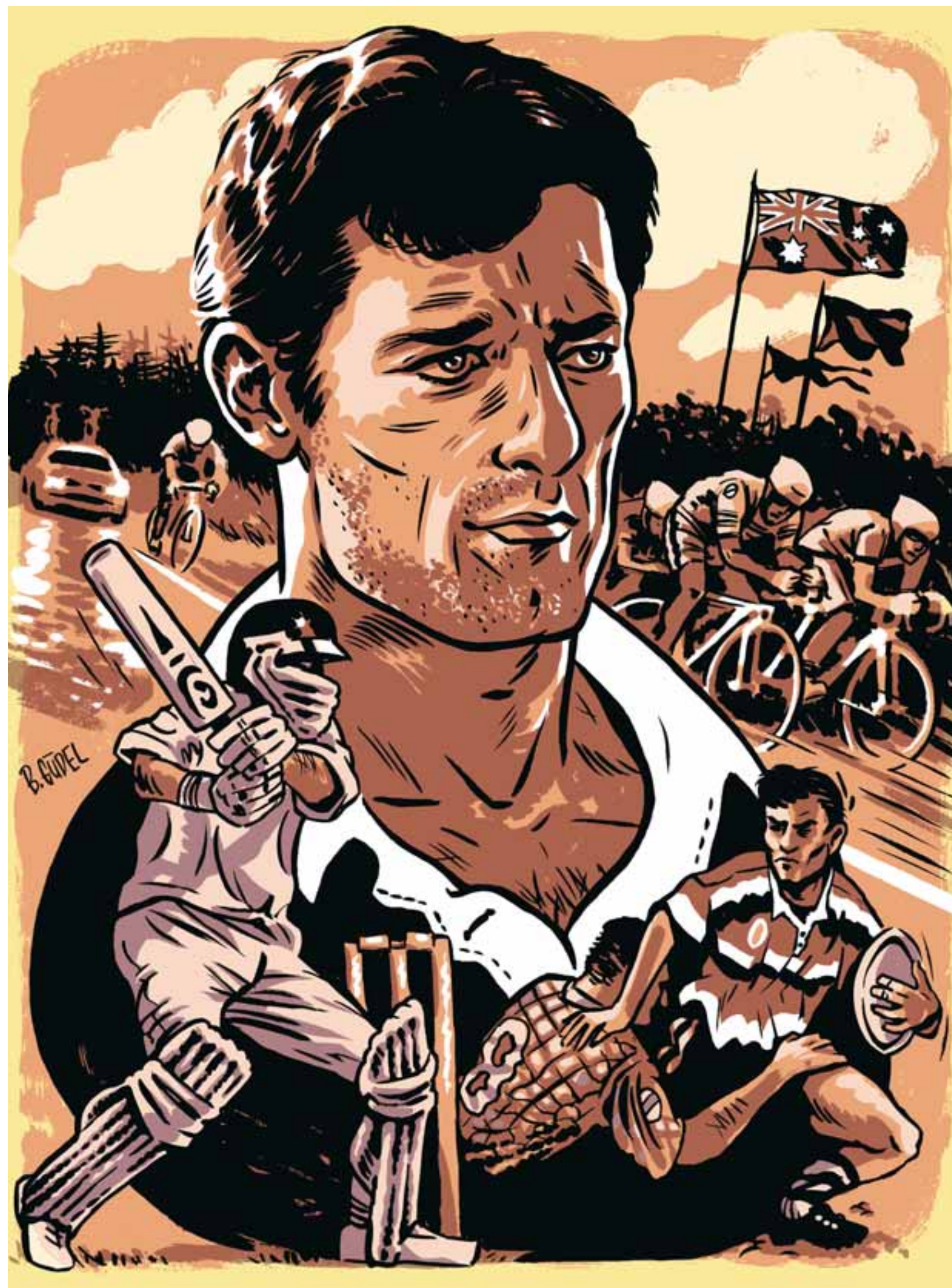


ILLUSTRATION: BENJAMIN GUEDEL



ONLY ANOTHER 10 trips back to the Puma truck and the evil paddock centipede would let Bruno's loved one walk free.

HE COULDN'T BELIEVE his luck. What were the chances of a Monza grid girl assuming he was Michael or Rubens just because he'd got his pit-stop firesuit on?

IMPRESSIONABLE AS SHE WAS, she began to smell a rat when he offered to show her the cockpit of his racing car.



SIMPLE THINGS please simple minds. With no track action yesterday afternoon, the stupid cameramen resorted to staging an arse-kicking competition. At least it kept the Ferrari boys amused.



PHOTO: CRISPIN THURSTON, SUTTON IMAGES

JUAN PABLO SHARED the in-joke, but Fernando could not believe Whitmarsh had let rip with a giant fart on the podium.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER COULDN'T believe his eyes. All he'd done was press the shutter release and the girl had completely disappeared.



OK, SO ALONSO is having a better season, but 3D glasses? Come on Enrico you can come up with something better than that.

MICHAEL AND ROSS loved the Prof's joke: - "I know what's wrong with the F2005 this season." - "What is it Prof?" - "It's constipated." - "Constipated?" - "Yes. Nothing's been passed all season! Ha, ha, ha!"



FRAME OVER...

Monza was a veritable carnival of fashion, beautiful people and Italian style. Our snappers missed them all but managed to capture these paddock out-takes instead...

MANSOUR WAS NOT one to respect reputations, so even Sir Jackie had to prove he wasn't chewing gum before getting anywhere near the McLaren on the grid. But Lady Helen was determined to hide hers under her tongue.



...BUT WHILE HELEN had Mansour fooled, Jackie was slowly choking to death.



NEWS OF THE BREWS

We realise that the Spa-Francorchamps circuit is the greatest race track in the world, but let's face facts: Fangio and friends didn't start coming to Belgium for the challenging corners, they came for the frothy stuff. So what should you order tonight?



SANTE! Friendly publican Vincent (above) kept our press gang (right) well-oiled into the wee small hours.



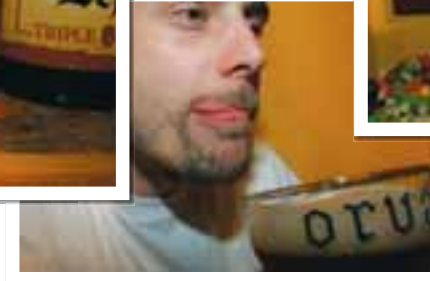
ALL IN YOUR INTERESTS readers, The Red Bulletin dispatched a team of its top men (and lady) to sample and rate no less than 23 different local beers. Marks were given for taste, smoothness, bottle design, the shape of the glass and, importantly, a weird rating. Weird beer is good beer here.

We started at the Bridgestone motorhome, where bona fide Belgians were on hand to fill us in on the history of the brews we were knocking back, and told tales of 15th Century monks taking time from their prayers to add more hops to the pot. Small wonder that beer is a religion in the Ardennes.

The tyre manufacturer ran dry (unlike in yesterday's practice sessions), so we headed for the Taverne La Grange in the nearby village of Polleur. We asked for every beer in the house and sure enough the barman delivered.

Souvenir playing cards featuring photographs of beer bottles were used to determine who would drink what. Mind you, everyone had a sip of everyone's in order to complete the all-important tasting table.

The elderflower-like Peckeresse scored 20, thanks largely to its label. But it's low alcohol content handed the win to the full-bodied Kwak. High marks for weirdness, and a glass that required a wooden stand. Cheers!



"Small wonder that beer is a religion in the Ardennes"



NAME	ALCOHOL	TASTE	SMOOTHNESS	BOTTLE	GLASS	WEIRDNESS	TOTAL
Kwak	8%	4	3	3	5	5	20
Abbaye-Abdij du Val-Dieu Triple	9%	4	4	4	3	3	18
Caney Blonde	7%	4	4	3	2	5	18
Floris Kriek	3.6%	2	4	4	4	5	15
Faro Lambic	4%	1	1	2	3	3	13
Caney Brune	7%	3	2	2	3	3	15
Chimay Brune	7%	4	3	2	4	3	14
Chimay Brune	7%	4	3	2	4	3	16
Duvel	8.5%	2	3	2	4	3	16
Lefte Triple 8	8.4%	3	3	3	3	3	16
Kasteel	11%	3	4	3	4	3	18
Abbaye-Abidj du Val-Dieu Blonde	6%	4	4	4	2	3	13
Belle-Vue Kriek	5.1%	3	3	2	2	4	18
Lefte Radieuse	8.2%	3	4	3	4	4	14
Maredsous Brune	8%	1	2	4	3	4	15
Belle-Vue Gueuze	5.5%	4	4	2	2	3	15
Duchesse de Bourgogne	6.2%	2	1	5	2	5	19
Chimay (Blue Label)	9%	4	5	2	3	4	19
Orval	6.2%	3	3	4	5	4	20
Peckeresse	2.5%	3	5	5	3	4	16
Trappistes Rochefort	11.3%	3	4	2	3	4	13
Rodenbach	5%	2	2	2	3	4	12
Belle-Vue Framboise	5.7%	1	1	3	3	4	12
La Noisette d'Andenne	6.5%	2	2	5	2	3	14

Marks out of 5, 1 being merde

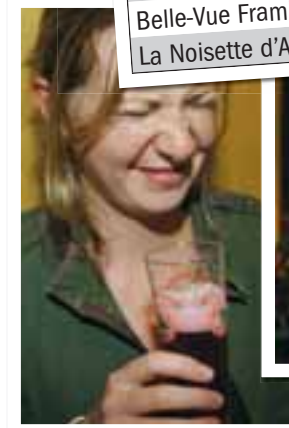




PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER

CHOCKS AWAY!

Not only does Spa demand brave driving, it also demands brave Unas. They're used to getting boys' pulses racing, but yesterday it was their own hearts that were beating fast...



THEY SAY IT'S NOT THE FALL that kills you, it's the sudden stop at the bottom. But despite the danger, our fearless Formula Unas took the plunge. When offered the chance to go tandem with some pro skydivers, they jumped at the chance (excuse the pun). And obviously their instructors were grinning from ear-to-ear all the way down, each harnessed tightly to a Benelux babe.

Three thousand metres overhead, aboard the Red Bull plane, the scene was serene with very few expletives blurted out by the first-timers. Kisses were swapped before the door was hauled open and one-by-one the girls plummeted into the clouds below, free-falling for 50 seconds before the 'chute was deployed. "Darling, it was amazing", said Rianne. "The most wonderful thing was the silence. Once the 'chute opened - total silence. An incredible experience."



BET AND WIN WITH BENOIT

Ah, Spa, so much water, so little action. But after a very strange, wet afternoon yesterday there will be one man rubbing his hands with glee – Michael Schumacher. So, tomorrow, will the champion be...

SINGING IN THE RAIN?

IT'S HERE AT LAST. A false sense of security had almost set in after the first day here at Spa saw the paddock swelter in high heat and humidity. But just as Eau Rouge will always be daunting, no matter how much it's changed, some things are certain and yesterday the rain finally arrived.

And what did Peter Sauber say? "Going to Spa without an umbrella is like going on a holiday to Mauritius without a swimsuit." And who's likely to be one laughing all the way to the points bank? Yes, Michael Schumacher.

And if it pours tomorrow, he could pick up a first real win since October 10, 2004 at Suzuka (we don't really count Indy). It would also represent a first real Ferrari win in 15 races. And how long was the longest period without a win for Ferrari before? From Montreal 1995 (Alesi) to Barcelona 1996 (Schumacher), which coincidentally was Schumi's first ever win for the Scuderia – in the pouring rain, by the way.

But now we are back at Spa, where so far no-one has put his money on a Schumacher victory. Due to the rain and the completely unpredictable weather conditions most want to hold off on their prediction until Sunday. And there is a lot at stake: the bonus now stands at a whopping 900 euros...



YOU BET!!!

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 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, give him your 30 euros and your prediction and you're in.



- FIRST PRACTICE** 1. Raikkonen | McLaren-Mercedes 1:48.206 2. Wurz | McLaren-Mercedes 1:48.216 3. Fisichella | Renault 1:48.619 4. Zonta | Toyota 1:49.445 5. Webber | Williams-BMW 1:49.692 6. Button | BAR-Honda 1:49.890 7. Trulli | Toyota 1:50.542 8. M Schumacher | Ferrari 1:50.564 9. R Schumacher | Toyota 1:50.820 10. Liuzzi | RBR 1:50.951 11. Sato | BAR-Honda 1:51.003 12. Barrichello | Ferrari 1:51.177 13. Villeneuve | Sauber 1:52.173 14. Massa | Sauber 1:52.236 15. Karthikeyan | Jordan-Toyota 1:53.148 16. Pizzonia | Williams-BMW 1:53.535 17. Albers | Minardi-Cosworth 1:53.807 18. Kiesa | Jordan-Toyota 1:54.437 19. Doornbos | Minardi-Cosworth 1:54.973 20. Monterio | Jordan-Toyota 1:55.174 21. Toccacelo | Minardi-Cosworth 2:02.502 22. Coulthard | RBR NO TIME 23. Klien | RBR NO TIME 24. Alonso | Renault NO TIME 25. Montoya | McLaren-Mercedes NO TIME



K RAIKKONEN 1.90

F ALONSO 5.50

G FISICHELLA 20.00

J P MONTOYA 5.00

M SCHUMACHER 5.50

J VILLENEUVE 300.00

THE NUMBERS GAME

THE SUM OF ALL PARTS

One of the paddock's most successful entrepreneurs: a tough, straight-talking, chain-smoking workaholic with carefully honed survival instincts and a passion for Formula One. This is Paul Stoddart's world in numbers...

100 HOURS
work a week, which is probably less than I used to do. The difficulty is when you have different businesses in different time zones – when one goes to sleep the other wakes up.

500 CONCORDE SEATS
We've turned them into executive desk chairs and sell them for £5,000 each. I use one upstairs in the Minardi motorhome. There's a premium for Seat 1A: £10,000. I bought all seven, and these seats have been used by the likes of Princess Diana and the Pope. We've sold two 1As so far.

50,000 HOURS
flying planes and helicopters. I probably do about 300 hours a year nowadays – I used to fly a lot more extensively. One of my favourite pilots, when asked how long he'd been flying, used to say: "Two years." And then quietly add: "In the air."

0 THREATENING
phone calls from airlines over OzJet. The business is going very smoothly. You've got to put it in perspective. There are three airlines in Australia and there are at least 300 in Europe. The Melbourne-Sydney route is one of the top five busiest city routes in the world which 650,000 people take every month. The other two airlines aren't low-cost carriers so it's a fantastic opportunity.

5 MAIN BUSINESSES
That's enough. Minardi takes up my weekends and in the week I concentrate on the others.

10,000 KMS
in an F1 car but I don't drive so much now. I used to spend more time in the cockpit than most testers.

81 FORMULA ONE CARS
That's the most I owned at any one time. I've still got a lot – about 50 or something.

50 MILLION DOLLARS
I put about that much wedge into Minardi before 2003. The budget is \$40 million – a tenth of the top teams. When 9/11 happened the plans I had for the team changed, because the cash that I intended to put into it was never going to be available.

2 PHONE CALLS
from Eddie Irvine last weekend. None from Dietrich Mateschitz. People talk, but it's fair to say there is more interest in the team than ever before. But I've never actively gone out to sell it.

50 CIGARETTES
on a really good day. Bad days mean I'll puff over 70. At the Australian Grand Prix this year I smoked about 100 in one day. Not healthy.



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

PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER

THE SHOT STOPPERS

It's a jungle out there, and the paddock photographers have the sharpest claws, the thickest skins and the tightest loinclothes.



ARRIVING IN SPA, Kimi checks he has the requisite balls of steel to tackle Eau Rouge... his friend is just enjoying himself.



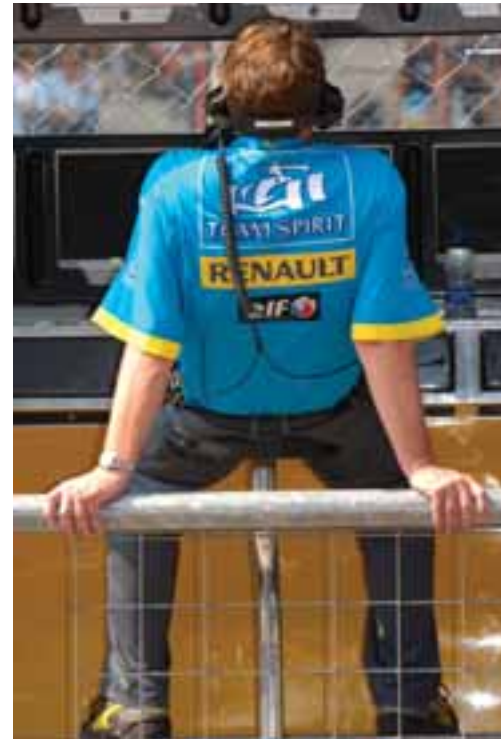
FINALLY! Cameras on the same wavelength as the drivers.



WITH RUBENS GOING, Michael had to look elsewhere for unconditional obedience and devotion.



THERE WERE A FEW teething problems with the new chemical toilets in the Communication Centre.



NOT EVERYONE at Renault liked being told to stick it on pole...



...AND SOMETIMES it would all go terribly wrong, requiring a visit from the FIA medics.

SO NARAIN, how are you enjoying your first season in F1?



PHOTO: THOMAS WELZER, CRISPIN THURSTON, MARKUS KUCERA, MURIEL BROUSSEAU, GRASHPA.NET



IT WAS A VERY bad phone line when Dominik's girlfriend had asked for a single rose.



EVERYONE agreed Tanja was bananas.

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

On Earth as it is in Heaven. On the race track as it is in the Milky Way. Astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks and knows: the Half Moon in Sagittarius over Spa turns mechanics into missionaries and technology into religion. Drivers, who want to be rewarded have to brake, pray, trust in power and believe only in themselves!

★ GEMINI (22 May–21 Jun)

ANALYSIS: A situation similar to his team-mate. The Sun, light of fame, is shining on Rubens' Mercury, god of speed. It was vice versa is Schumi's case. But Heaven's promises are identical here: good results.

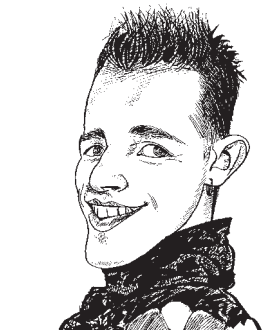


CONCLUSION: Unlike Schumi, whose success isn't constant, Rubens' chart, on the other hand, shows gentle and relatively flat curves with a safe middle range.

RUBENS BARRICHELLO | 23.5.1972 | FERRARI
PROGNOSIS: This won't be a high-altitude flight! But no crash-landing either. Just as insufficient for a win in his case as in Schumi's. Not enough for the podium either. Mid-table.

♊ AQUARIUS (21 Jan–19 Feb)

ANALYSIS: Even if it's still half a year until his birthday, this race is a gift for Christian, because the Moon is in exactly the same spot on Sunday as it was at his birth. And Jupiter, in a good mood, also wants to join the party.



CONCLUSION: He's feeling born again. Cosmic super-mum (the Moon) draws him to her nourishing breast. And the three kings (in the form of Jupiter) also pay him homage.

CHRISTIAN KLIEN | 7.2.1983 | RED BULL RACING
PROGNOSIS: Christian could experience one of his best races. At best five points: three from Jupiter and two from the Moon.

♍ VIRGO (24 Aug–23 Sep)

ANALYSIS: Though it's only two weeks since his 29th birthday, there still aren't any presents. And the Half Moon in Sagittarius isn't promising any either. Perhaps it's some cosmic misunderstanding.



CONCLUSION: Mark thinks he has to work hard and perform without complaint to get something. But, today's Sagittarius Moon believes you get what you take for yourself.

MARK WEBBER | 27.8.1976 | BMW-WILLIAMS
PROGNOSIS: Mark can't digest the new material too well and can't quite keep up yet. He gets behind in class as well as the race.

♏ CAPRICORN (22 Dec–20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: Jenson has to deal with a lack of total clarity. Not ideal for getting oriented or creating order amidst the chaos. That's Neptune's fault, the confused, and confusing, god.



CONCLUSION: The Moon is headed for Jenson's Neptune. The best thing to do is not to want or expect anything, so as not to be disappointed. To just go with the flow.

JENSON BUTTON | 19.1.1980 | BAR-HONDA
PROGNOSIS: Neptune spits him out of the race if he tries to use too much force or stubborn control. A Buddhist, stoic attitude is called for.

♏ CAPRICORN (22 Dec–20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: Mars unites with Jupiter, enthusiasm fuses with aggressive luck. And Venus, goddess of love and point distribution, can be counted in. A day for going on conquest or strengthening existing ties.



CONCLUSION: As far as finances and love are concerned, an excellent constellation but speed is lacking on the track, as Mercury and the Moon have decided not to take part.

NARAIN KARTHIKEYAN | 14.1.1977 | JORDAN-TOYOTA
PROGNOSIS: He drives safely. Makes it safely to the finish. But we can safely say: no points. No matter. The planets will make Narain happy all the same.

♋ CANCER (22 Jun–22 Jul)

ANALYSIS: Astrologers sometimes complain they can't see anything and sometimes they can't see enough. Which is the same thing really and just confirms one thing: it's just human nature to complain!



CONCLUSION: Ralf's horoscope is just too full of constellations, positive and negative. Does he win or is he eliminated? It's like a penalty shoot-out in a football match.

RALF SCHUMACHER | 30.6.1975 | TOYOTA
PROGNOSIS: To the last, a race on the edge of a volcano. Keep your nerve Ralf! Making it through means pretty much winning: there's only elimination or the podium.

♎ LIBRA (24 Sep–23 Oct)

ANALYSIS: Mercury, the god of speed and short phone calls, gets along with Robert's love-goddess Venus: quick flirtation and fast TV-interviews. Everything is cheerful and friendly, nothing too serious.



CONCLUSION: Mercury promises smooth radio contact and communication with the pits. And Venus promises courtesy and smooth overtaking, when Robert doesn't get in anyone's way.

ROBERT DOORBOS | 23.9.1981 | MINARDI-COSWORTH
PROGNOSIS: A clean race. As fast as his drive can allow. Robert should surely make it to the finishing line.

ILLUSTRATIONS: OLIVER SCHOPF



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

An almost new kid on the grid – representing which country?



- 1) Belgium
- 2) Netherlands
- 3) Luxembourg
- 4) Other

QUESTION 4

The complete graphic stands for...



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 edition tomorrow. 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 has stolen your copy of The Red Bulletin, back issues with previous questions are available from our office, behind the Porsche paddock.

YOUR SPA NUMBERS

sum Friday	points
sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points

- 1) Courage
- 2) Daring
- 3) Spirit
- 4) Determination

FERRARI



IN COLLISION with Trevor Taylor on lap 26 of the 1962 Belgian Grand Prix (above), Willy's Ferrari 156/V6 turned over and caught fire. The doctor prescribed a three-month break.



MOTOR RACING IS ALL ABOUT timing. Kamikaze Willy seems to have been only too aware of that truism (left).

AT THE 1963 BELGIAN GP Mairesse had secured third position on the grid for himself and his Ferrari 156/V6 (below). But he let the excitement of racing at his home circuit get to him and was overwhelmed by the drivers behind him at the start.

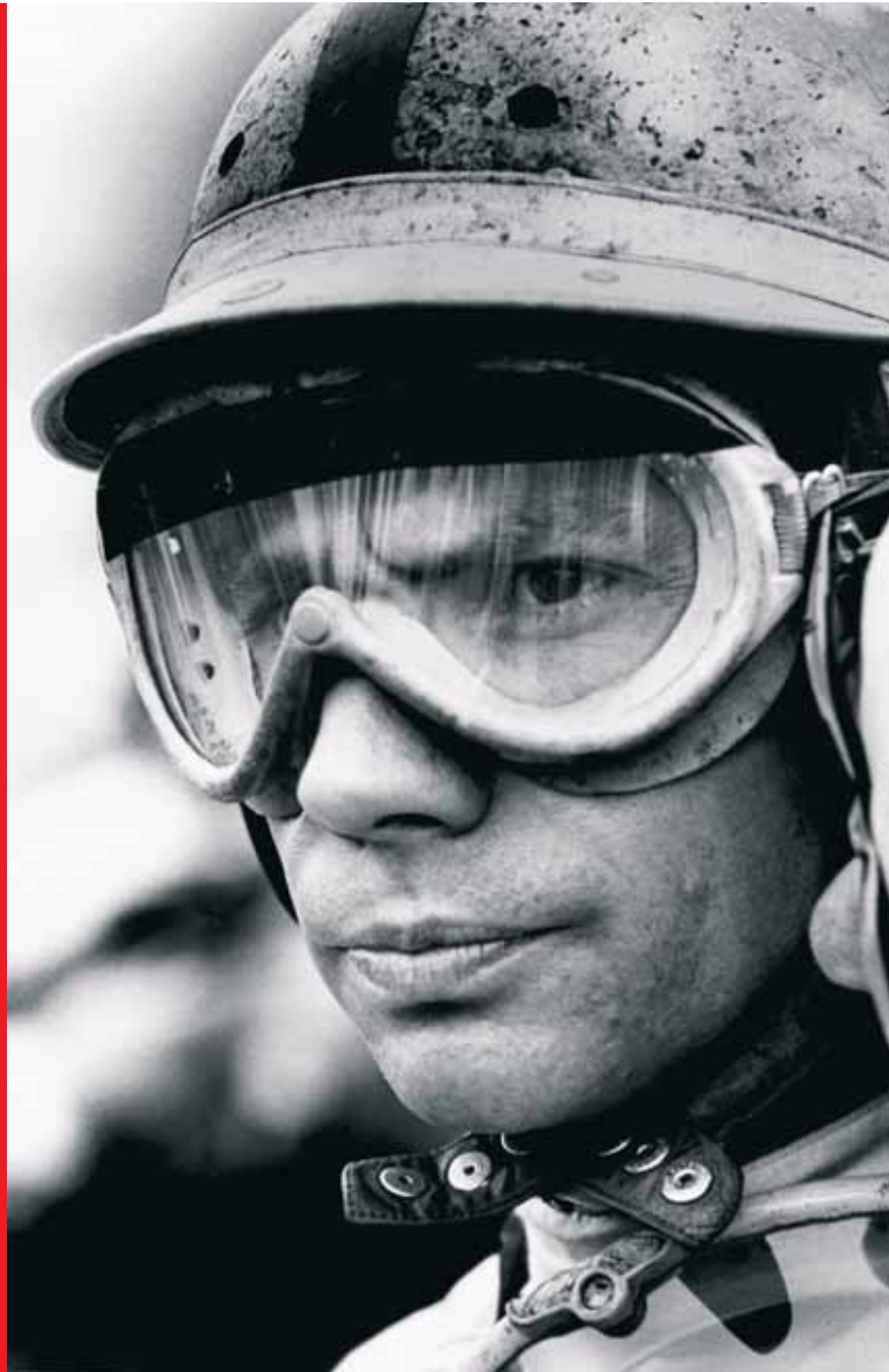


PHOTO: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH; TEXT: HARTMUT LEHRBRINK

TEN OF WILLY'S 12 grands prix between 1960 and '63 were for the Scuderia (right). He scored seven points and crashed three times. While he was initially Enzo Ferrari's blue-eyed boy, the erratic Belgian eventually fell out of favour.



BELGIUM HAS PRODUCED amazing drivers like Paul Frere and Olivier Gendebien who were excellent long-distance specialists, Thierry Boutsen, three times a grand prix winner and Jacky Ickx who towers head and shoulders above the others. But of them all, the most flamboyant was Willy Mairesse – they called him Kamikaze Willy, and his nom de guerre fitted like a glove.

Mairesse was born in Momminges in 1928 and racing was his life – and when he could race no longer, he threw his life away. His path was littered with charred and crumpled racing cars, his career a story of self-destruction in instalments. The passions which drove him could be read in his face: fiery ambition and perhaps a touch of madness, especially when racing at Spa-Francorchamps, his favourite track and spiritual home.

Every start seemed to be a descent into hell. In 1962, as so often before and afterwards, he felt its heat. This time in a collision with the Briton Trevor Taylor at Spa's notorious Blanchimont corner. One year later, in another Ferrari, he just went straight on after the steep rise in the Flugplatz section of the Nurburgring, crashing, killing a marshal and putting himself out of action for several months. At the 1968 Le Mans 24 Hours after a door flew open on his Ford GT40, Mairesse suffered severe head injuries which left him unconscious for a fortnight.

But satisfaction and accomplishment also came his way, such as victories at the Targa Florio in 1962 (with Gendebien and Ricardo Rodriguez), the 1963 Nurburgring 1000 Kilometres (partnered by John Surtees) and the 1965 Spa 500 Kilometres.

On September 2, 1969 Kamikaze Willy died in an Ostend hotel bed after taking an overdose of sleeping pills. Many said he was driven to suicide when he realised he could no longer operate at full throttle, his racetrack injuries having damaged his very soul.

KAMIKAZE

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

KNOWING ME, KNOWING SCHU

He's Ferrari's number one, he's the reigning world champion and the greatest F1 driver of his generation. But he still buys his own socks you know. Ladies and gents: meet Michael Schumacher.



Nickname? Schumi, Schuey, Schu – whatever you prefer.
How many houses do you own? Fewer than you think – it's always amusing to read in the newspapers which houses I have bought lately – without knowing anything about them.

Pets and their names? Many: dogs, horses, ponies, birds, turtles, fish – I have two little kids. You don't really want to know the names of all of them.

Best bike or road car you've ever owned? The Enzo. Unfortunately most of the time it's too powerful to use on the road.

Five desert island essentials? Corinna, Gina, Mick – I am fine with those three. Maybe enough to eat and drink for all of us.

Most annoying thing you've lost at a GP? I once nearly lost the necklace my wife Corinna had given me years ago. I really was upset but somebody found it in the paddock and luckily it was given back to me.

Last book you read? I rarely read books so, sorry, I don't even remember the title. Don't make me tell the story now...

Playstation or Xbox? Favourite game? Nothing – I prefer the real stuff.

Most extravagant thing you've ever done? Signing at Ferrari!

Have you ever bought anything on Ebay? No. But it is often interesting to see which kind of things are sold there...

Can you dance? Who's the best disco dancer in F1? I think Nick could apply for that title! Honestly, I will



never match his style.

Are you any good at DIY? Oh yes, very much so. I love to repair things. That's the worst thing about F1: you cannot work on your car yourself. This is something I really love about karting.

Where do you buy your socks? Do you buy your own? Do I look like I wouldn't be able to buy my socks? Excuse me!

Favourite item of clothing? My red overalls.

Do your shoes reflect your personality? My racing shoes do, yes.

Best-dressed person in F1? Well, maybe I should mention Kai Ebel?

Who's your best mate? Fungi and Peter, two old friends from Kerpen.

Favourite hobbies? Sports. All kinds of. Soccer first!

Favourite toy? The Enzo.

Thing that people don't know you own? I prefer they keep on not knowing about it.

What's your favourite dessert? Kaiserschmarrn. Apfelstrudel. Chocolate – you chose. I can't resist anyway.

Favourite restaurant in the world? Il Montana in Maranello. Rosella's pasta is great, and she is great.

Most unlikely guest in the pit garage? My children.

Where did you meet your wife? It just matters THAT I met her. That was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Favourite cocktail? Depends on the time of the night.

Blondes or brunettes? Blondes, obviously.

Beach or mountains? Why? Mountains. There is more to do and more to see.

Lucky mascot? I would not describe it as such, but everybody else seems to be sure it is one: the necklace from Corinna.

6. THE TELEMETRY ENGINEER

HARD DRIVING HAL

"THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY named Bright, Whose speed was far faster than light. She set out one day In a relative way And returned on the previous night."

Or how about: "To err is human, but to really foul things up requires a computer." One lame limerick and an awkward aphorism are pretty much the sum total of Derek Heckaslike's attempts at humour. As head of telemetry and data analysis for the Panned and Chronic Nomota team, Derek leads a double life, but please don't get him started on his theories about a parallel universe.

He is incredibly well paid by the team, partly because they genuinely value the one good idea out of 50 he produces each year and partly because they don't want him going anywhere else. However, Derek is a perfect example of arrested development and when not travelling the world with the F1 circus, he still lives with his elderly parents.

He was always the brightest boy in his school, but was unsure of his future until the unfortunate day when a MIG fighter plane crash landed on his mother's head during the summer holidays when he was 12 years old. It wasn't a real MIG jet of course, but a lovingly constructed model pinned

to the ceiling of Derek's bedroom, which his mother dislodged with a feather duster. Derek was only half listening to the doctor in Casualty as he explained why Mother would always have a facial tick and a permanent weakness down her right side, because Derek was fascinated by the electron microscope projecting an image of his mother's brain activity on to a computer screen. From that day on computers were his life.

He developed a teenage interest in girls purely because he thought they were an interesting shape aerodynamically

While the other geeky nerds at school were learning to speak Klingon and installing webcams in the girls' toilets, Derek was learning to speak Fortran and redesigning the helicopter. He developed a teenage interest in

girls purely because he thought they were an interesting shape aerodynamically. Then, one day, while waiting at the opticians – he's as blind as a bat from staring at a flickering monitor for hours on end – he chanced upon a three-year-old copy of MotorSport magazine. He was hooked on cars from then on and, by the way, he still wears the same cheap pair of glasses, held together with Band Aid.

Having watched Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey at least a dozen times, he was delighted when his fellow team-mates, who generally took no notice of him at all, nicknamed him Hal, thinking this was a reference to the computer in the film. In fact, his complete disregard for personal hygiene was the source of his soubriquet, an abbreviated form of Halitosis.

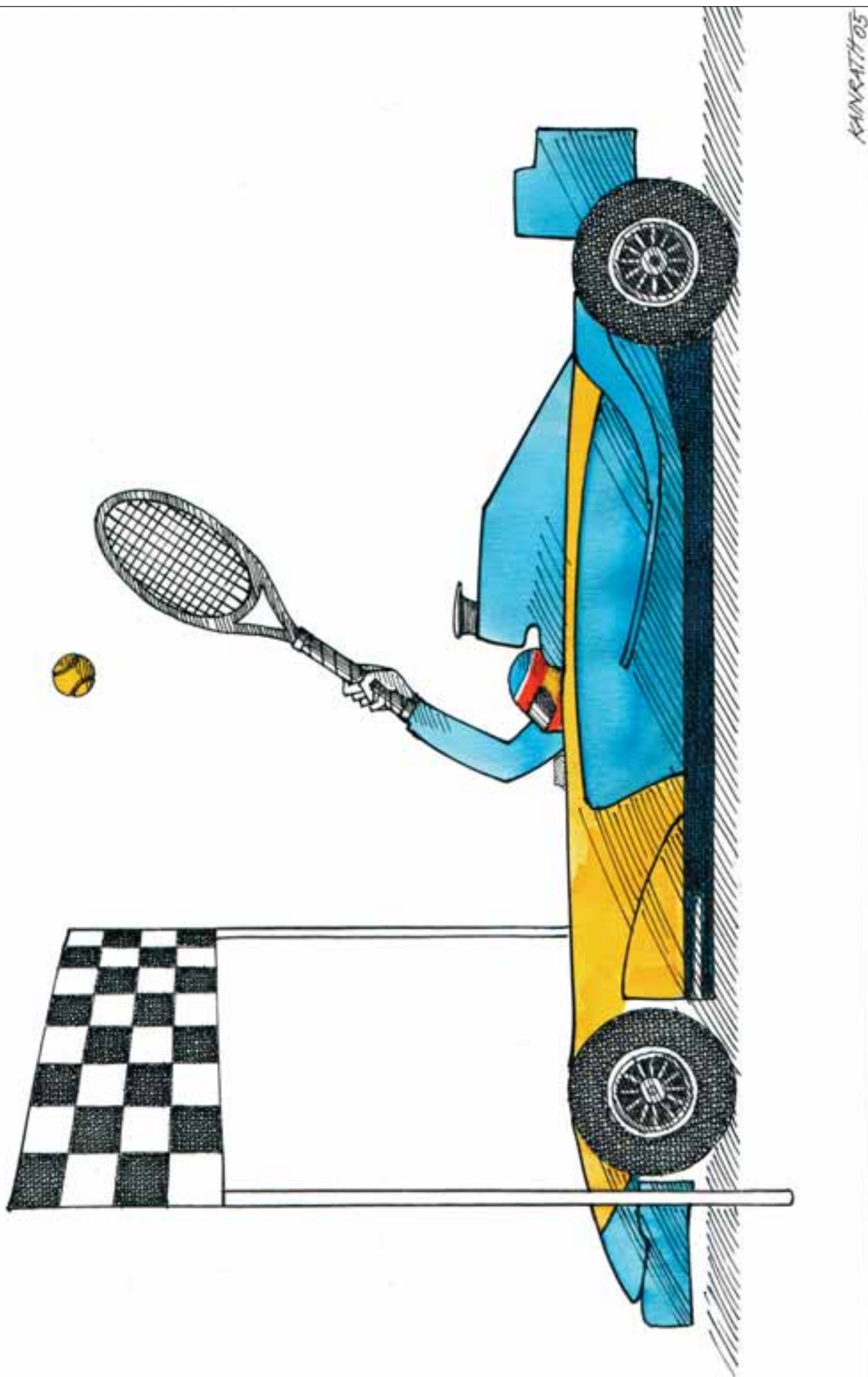
Heckaslike doesn't particularly like the actual races as this is when the drivers take the cars on to the track and mess up his perfect programmes for diff and engine mapping and suspension settings. Drivers and even the race cars are something of a nuisance to Derek as they do things he has not programmed them to do. As we come to Spa, he has only just memorised the names of his team's two drivers, although he still does not know which is which. In debriefs, when he talks in a low monotone, he mumbles about "my car," with arcane mutterings about TO5 and programme 37.

His secret wish is to work for Williams, ever since he heard and believed Patrick Head's remark that Nigel Mansell would be the ideal driver if he could simply be winched into the cockpit from a helicopter and winched out again immediately he had finished driving. Irony it seems is not in Heckaslike's repertoire.

Not sure how to recognise Derek at the track? It's simple, as his complete inability to look stylish has led to the team forbidding him from wearing team kit, so as to not upset the sponsors.



PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES; GETTY IMAGES; REX FEATURES; THOMAS MELZER
 ILLUSTRATION: WWW.THE-OSTERLE.COM



Match point