THE RED BULLETIN

GP FRANCE
SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 2008. ISSUE 217
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AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



LEARNING TO FLY

SÉBASTIEN BOURDAIS GETS HIS WINGS

FRANCE 21·06·08 SATURDAY

Fernando Alonso put yesterday morning's engine failure behind him with the fastest lap in second practice on Renault's home soil, ahead of Felipe Massa and Kimi Räikkönen's Ferraris. But it sounds like he has an unexpected rival in the team…

Blue sky thinking
French Grand Prix organisers will be hoping the outlook changes on the decision to quit Magny-Cours for 2009, after announcing plans to make paddock, pitlane and hospitality improvements.
Photography: Sutton Images.

Renault's star driver

Renault personnel were given a day off this week to relax and bond ahead of their home grand prix, with the choice of going clay pigeon shooting or karting. Now, you would expect one of the team's race or test drivers to be top ringer in the latter endurance event – there were three drivers per team – but you would be wrong, because no one could come close to press officer Marie Hirth. A former world championship contender, Marie breezed to pole position, but allowed physio Gabriele Polcari to take the race start. This was a mistake, because Gabi went from first to 17th in two corners. "No, I didn't mind," protests Marie, "I was just there for the barbeque." It was then down to Marie to jump back in and get up to fifth place, but not before a searing wheel-to-wheel battle with Nelson Piquet which, we're told, was a spectacle akin to Gilles Villeneuve vs. René Arnoux. The spoils were shared – Piquet posted the fastest lap of the race, while Hirth passed her rival to take the position. Meanwhile, the race was won by the team of chef Thierry Chastagner and mechanics Adam Chamberlain and Jackie Christie. And in the shooting, Fernando's mechanic Andy Band had the itchiest trigger finger. With all those sore backs and shoulders, Renault's physiotherapists must have had their work cut out.

JB's great race

Jenson Button did himself proud when he competed in his latest triathlon – the first time the Honda driver has endured an Olympic distance. He and physio Mike Collier joined 2,500 others for the Nokia Windsor Triathlon. Having donned their wetsuits, the challenge began with a 1,500m swim up the River Thames – at 7am and with a strong current. Then they faced a 42km bike ride through picturesque Berkshire villages and Windsor Great Park. Finally they sprinted 10km through Windsor and Eton. Jenson beat Mike by 12 minutes in a time of two hours 22m 43s, putting him 117th in the pecking order. "I'm absolutely chuffed to bits," said Jenson. "I was in agony on the run after pushing hard on the bike, but the crowds were a great support." Viewers in the UK can see Jenson in action next Sunday at 7.30am on Channel 4 – so, set the video.



GRAVEL PIT
Anthony Sutil was one of several drivers to spin into the gravel yesterday. "We had a few technical problems with the brakes and the tyres overheating," he said. The team are confident the problem will be fixed for qualifying today.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ACTION IMAGES. ILLUSTRATION: HACKNEY WEREWOLF. COVER ILLUSTRATION: MCFAUL. COVER PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS BUTLER

Money Matters

INSTANT OPINIONS #8: ECONOMY DRIVE

Will a budget cap change F1 at all?

POSITIVE: The budget cap is going to make all the difference. F1 will go back to being about the most talented engineers and drivers, rather than a contest for who has the deepest pockets, the biggest computer and the most wind-tunnels. Capping the amount teams can spend will put a stop to billions of dollars being wasted each year in a pointless technological arms race that provides no entertainment value.

NEGATIVE: It's not going to make any difference at all. Spending money isn't what wins championships – talent is. If driver salaries are excluded from the cap, the best drivers will always go where the money is. And as the most successful teams already have the best engineering departments, they will have an advantage over the midfield runners that are currently using a big chequebook to catch up.

because it's shipped back there after every race. The F1 teams, on the other hand, manufacture most of their cars in-house, which is an impressive feat." Footage of Toseland's visit to Williams will be available on the Williams website (www.attwilliams.com) next week.

History lesson

Heikki Kovalainen took to the track yesterday to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first ever Mercedes-Benz grand prix victory. Heikki got behind the wheel of the 1908 12.8-litre Benz which Christian Lautenschlager took to victory at the French Grand Prix in Dieppe, and the car is now on display on the Mercedes stage in the spectator area. France is hallowed ground for the German marque: its blood brother, Daimler, won the first ever automobile race, which was held in France in 1894, the Mercedes brand scored its first ever victory here in the 1901 Nizza-Salon-Nizza race, and their first Formula One victory was achieved at Reims in 1954. At Magny-Cours, however, Mercedes have notched only one victory – with David Coulthard way back in 2000.

Toseland rides F1 simulator

MotoGP frontrunner James Toseland lost his Formula One virginity earlier this week when he got behind the wheel of the Williams simulator. On a lap of Catalunya, where he'd raced only the previous week on his Yamaha M1, he got to within three seconds of a benchmark time set by Kazuki Nakajima. "You can't see what an F1 driver's doing in the cockpit," says James, "and I was intrigued to find out. It was a bit of a culture shock to go 20 seconds a lap faster than on the bike, and the most difficult thing to get used to was the braking. You have to be very aggressive with the F1 brakes. Now, of course, I'd love to have a go in a real car." While at Williams, Toseland also toured the manufacturing sections of Grove. "My mechanics in MotoGP are effectively fitters," he says. "All the development of my bike is done in Japan,

Save Magny-Cours

Alain Prost may be ready to move the French Grand Prix to Paris, but a group of female fans are prepared to fight on to keep the race at Magny-Cours. The four-times world champion said the other day: "Paris represents what Fl wants now, in prestige and hotel capacity." But while Magny-Cours certainly has its detractors, it also has its fans – not least a group of four women gathering signatures for a petition making the case for a grand prix in Nevers, which they will send to Bernie next month. F1 fans Pauline, Aurélie, Élodie and Jessica carefully tackle each of Bernie's objections in turn. Sure, the traffic may be bad, but not nearly as bad as Paris, where fans would find themselves in gridlock and unable to park. Yes, Paris has the glamour of the Avenue Montaigne and the culture of the Opera Garnier, while Nièvre has cows and fields, "but why are we here," the girls ask, "to go boutiquing, or to indulge our passion [for motorsport]?" You can read the petition in full and sign it by visiting www.mesopinions.com and searching 'Magny-Cours'.

Today's schedule

We always make the same mistake of seeking a driver quote and finding it's second practice and he's out on the track. Don't do the same, but memorise the following information instead:

09:00-09:30	Mitjet Series first race
09:55-10:20	Formul' Academy Euro Series qualifying
11:00-12:00	Formula One third practice
12:25-13:10	Porsche Supercup qualifying
14:00-15:00	Formula One qualifying
16:00-17:20	GP2 first race
17:40-18:10	Formul' Academy Euro Series race

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The Secret Diary of Hermann Schnell, Aged 19 ½

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4TH, MONTREAL

I give up – I'll never understand women. Is that so bad? Do I need to understand them? I mean, is it fundamental to my career as a racing driver? After all, I don't understand how brakes work, and that has never impinged on my wellbeing, has it? Admittedly, my lack of comprehension has never led to my brakes bursting into tears, throwing their shoes at me and then storming out of the beautiful rustic cottage I've just bought for them in a desirable tax haven on the Isle of Man. But anyway, that's all behind me. I'm in Canada now, I've moved on and my focus is firmly on the next race.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH, MONTREAL

I'm officially single – Alessandra has just informed me via an eight-page photo spread in the UK's Heat magazine. Fortunately, I should be safe from invasive questions of a personal nature at the FIA press conference, as they're sure to stick to comfortable topics like whether or not I'm about to be fired. It's a bit of a relief, since I've just read that I'm a Love Rat. I'm not sure the magazine properly understands the term – rats are actually very affectionate and monogamous. If they're trying to suggest I'm promiscuous, shouldn't they find a better metaphor? I could be a Love Marmot. Anyway, it's a moot point because I'm not.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6TH, MONTREAL

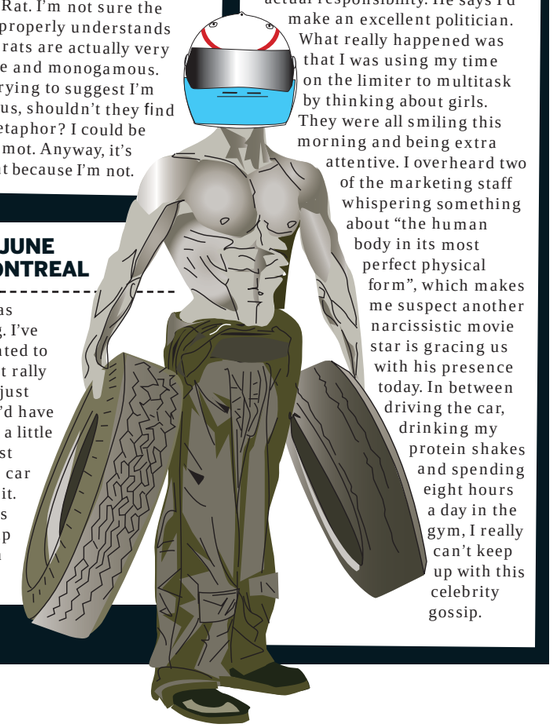
Practice was interesting. I've always wanted to have a go at rally driving – I just imagined I'd have something a little more robust than an F1 car when I did it. The track is breaking up worse than I am!

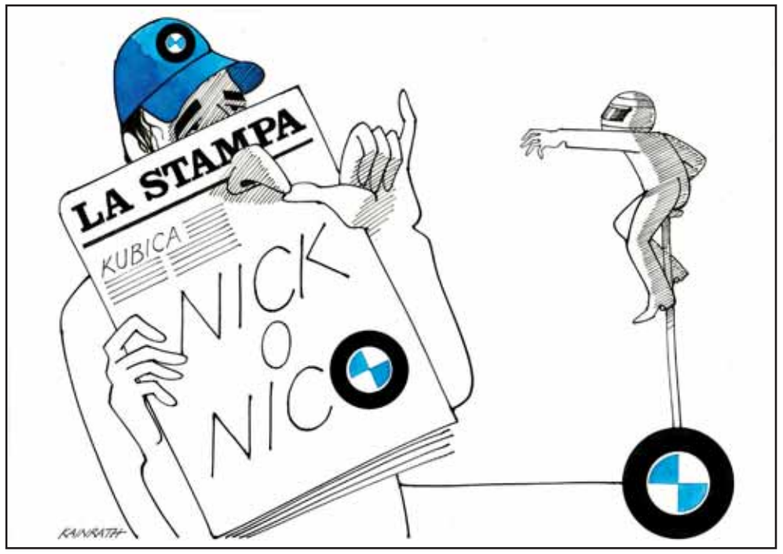
SATURDAY, JUNE 7TH, MONTREAL

Finally, a decent qualifying session! Maybe tomorrow I'll actually score some points. My mechanics were so happy to see me make Q3, they hoisted me up on their shoulders and paraded me around the paddock, which was very nice. Then they threw me into the rowing basin, which was not so nice, as my overalls filled up with water and I nearly drowned. I struggled out of them and pulled myself back over the fence. I felt sorry for all the catering girls, they were shocked speechless seeing me emerge from the lake wearing nothing more than my fireproof underpants. I felt so embarrassed.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8TH, MONTREAL

That really wasn't my fault. By the time I'd adjusted the fuel mixture, set the map, cleared my visor and hit the limiter, looking at the colour of the pitlane exit light was something of an afterthought. By that point, I barely had time to make a rational decision about what to hit. Derek coached me for the following press conference, in which I managed to nobly accept the blame while denying any actual responsibility. He says I'd make an excellent politician. What really happened was that I was using my time on the limiter to multitask by thinking about girls. They were all smiling this morning and being extra attentive. I overheard two of the marketing staff whispering something about "the human body in its most perfect physical form", which makes me suspect another narcissistic movie star is gracing us with his presence today. In between driving the car, drinking my protein shakes and spending eight hours a day in the gym, I really can't keep up with this celebrity gossip.





VIEW FROM THE TRUCK: SENSE OF SUMMER

Speculation about young talent is far from idle.

BY JUSTIN HYNES

English-language journalists call it 'the silly season' – that slightly dozy summer period when half the populace decamps to Mediterranean beaches and the other half hide from the incessant English rain by watching the covers come on and off the courts at Wimbledon and during the inexplicable sport of cricket. In this indolent phase of the news year, the spiciest stories usual involve a local vicar, a housekeeper and some kind of odd-shaped vegetable.

In F1 news, the vicar is replaced by Silverstone, the housekeeper by Magny-Cours, and the drivers are the odd-shaped vegetables relentlessly grinding in the rumour mill.

The speculation centres largely around where we'll all be travelling to – Magny-Cours, Paris, Le Mans, Rouen (for God's sake!)… The bottom line is, yes, it makes for interesting idle commentary, but in the long run it is of no importance whatsoever where races are staged. If there is a will at a certain level to stage a race in a locale, and the right finance is available, then F1 will turn up on time, ready to race, even if that is in Almaty and the nearest landing place is the former Soviet spaceport in Kazakhstan. We will simply go where the racing is.

'Results in Monaco and Canada gave as clear an indication as possible that we are entering a fluid stage in a driver market that has been largely static for some years'

Of far more interest this time around in the silly season, though, is the driver merry-go-round, and the results in Monaco and Canada gave a clear indication that we are entering a fluid stage in a driver market that has been largely static for some years now.

Put simply, the kids did well – really well – and they were the ones who were tipped to perform. Obviously, Hamilton did, but the performance of Sebastian Vettel in Monaco and Canada, both tricky and wildly different challenges, confirmed that if he isn't getting clattered out of the race at the first corner he has often sublime skills. The shine was taken off Adrian Sutil's Monaco run by later revelations, but his ability to stitch together a coherent and consistently quick performance was at last confirmed. The same can't quite be said for Nico Rosberg, as accidents marred both of his most recent outings and he's going through nose jobs faster than a Hollywood starlet at a plastic surgery clinic, but otherwise the hallmarks are there. And then there's Robert Kubica, who, if paddock vibes are correctly gauged, could be the key to a whole summer shake-up of who goes and who stays for 2009.

The experience-over-youth argument that has persisted in F1 over the past decade is now redundant. Some suggested the younger drivers would not cope without traction control, but they are used to driving without it. The power at their disposal is greater and the braking more demanding, but once that skill has been mastered, it's simply about pace and racecraft.

That's not to say that there isn't value in experience. The ability to lead a team, to provide the correct feedback at the right time, and to motivate and inspire off-track, are hard-won assets. But, whereas in recent years F1 has championed experience in the absence of protégés who could attain this (and pace and guile), there now appears to be a surfeit of younger drivers with that potential.

So, while the summer may see an algal bloom of speculation about where and when races will be held, it is also very likely to see substantial upheavals concerning whom is racing where and with whom. There are interesting times ahead.

ON THIS DAY... 21/6/08



1970: A SELEÇÃO
Brazil's footballers beat Italy 4-1 in Mexico to win their third World Cup.
Watch the highlights of the final.
YouTube.com search: World Cup + final + 4:1

1948: ON THE RECORD
Columbia introduce the first LP ('long player') grooved vinyl record.
See how vinyl records are manufactured.
YouTube.com search: vinyl + made + part +1

2004: PRIVATE SPACE
SpaceShipOne, the first private spaceplane, makes its first piloted flight.
Watch a fan's video montage about the plane.
YouTube.com search: SpaceShip1 + first + flight

BIRTHS

1955: MICHEL PLATINI
Former French football star, now UEFA president.
YouTube.com search: compilation + Platini

1982: WILLIAM WALES
Prince William, heir to the British throne.
YouTube.com search: Prince William + dancing

ON THIS DAY, VISIT...

NIÈVRE OUTDOOR PURSUITS
If you don't mind a journey, there are two organisations in the same commune offering rafting, paintballing, and quad and mountain biking.
Dun-les-Places, 58230, Bourgogne: Slide Control (+33 3 86 84 60 67); Okheanos (+33 3 86 84 69 30).

ON THIS DAY IN F1...



1987: US GP EAST
Ayrton Senna's victory in Detroit, without making a single stop for fuel or tyres, is Lotus's last ever win.
Relive the 1987 season.
YouTube.com search: 1987 + F1 + season

FOR MORE, VISIT: WWW.REDBULLETINF1.COM



"I am a famous Formula 1 racing driver. I just walk around smiling like this with my hands behind my back, looking really cool in my sunglasses...



...and this is Joseph my trainer, so he carries all the bags."



"Let's walk a bit faster Kimi. That Lewis is behind you again and I'm not sure he's seen us..."

DRIVER DILEMMAS

They already have plenty to think about without worrying about silly little things.

PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS MELZER, XPB, SUTTON IMAGES



As the only Frenchman on the grid, Bourdais was constantly getting gifts from his adoring fans. Some of them are evidently very strange people and we can't even begin to explain what's in this little package.

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES, SUTTON IMAGES. ILLUSTRATION: DIETMAR KAINRATH



....after which Kimi was paranoid and kept seeing his nemesis everywhere, even coming out of the Ferrari motorhome.



"There are some real downsides to running a team," thought Christian as he was forced to listen to David's complaints about the catering: "You see Christian, what we have to teach them to do when it comes to making tea is to warm the pot first, then tip the water out, add the tea leaves and only then can you add the boiling water."

BOURDAIS: LEARNING TO FLY

The man from Le Mans and the undisputed master of ChampCar in the US for the past four years talks about how it feels to go from winner to beginner in one short year. By Matt Youson



Jerez, late last year. On a miserably frozen, foggy December morning, sunrise not exactly imminent, woollen balaclavas are the season's must-have garment and I have one burning question for Toro Rosso's new recruit, Sébastien Bourdais. Why the hell is he here? Why isn't he sitting by the pool, contemplating a career in NASCAR while soaking up the Florida sunshine in St Petersburg? Surely 2008 should be the year he trades his open-wheel supremacy for a chance to milk that particular cash cow with his former ChampCar brethren?

The question makes him laugh – though possibly only to stay warm. "It never crossed my mind! Well, maybe a little. Just like pretty much everybody else, I decided to do something other than ChampCar in 2008. If F1 continued to turn its back on me, then yes, I probably would have tried to make it in NASCAR, but this is what I wanted to do – arguably what I've wanted to do since the first time I got into a kart. And now I've got my shot, I'm going to give it my very best."

It isn't often you get such a macho answer from Formula One's most experienced rookie. Sébastien doesn't really fit that mould. When we meet again seven months later, he still refuses to indulge in the media-friendly bravado relied on by most drivers. He is atypical – although maybe that's just another stereotype. As the only French driver in F1, it's almost mandatory that he be cerebral, aloof from the base motivations of his peers; more Descartes than go-kart. While not quite a philosopher, Bourdais is a mathematician and technophile. He wears spectacles, and conducts this interview while eating a baguette that he's dipping in strawberry juice.

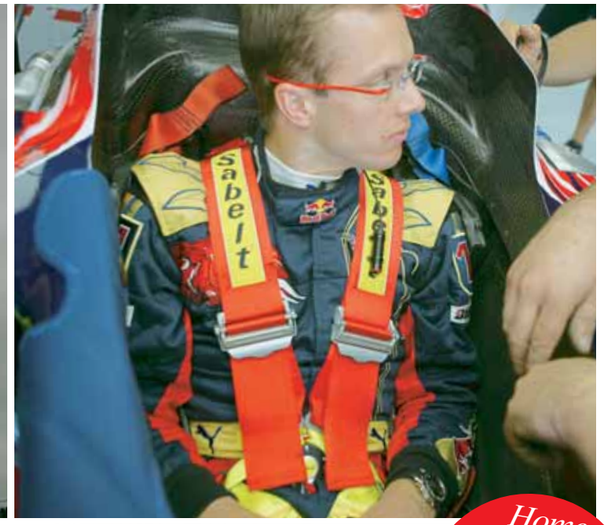
He might not be a typical driver, but then Scuderia Toro Rosso isn't exactly a typical team. Last season, F1's smallest outfit accumulated ➜













Home talent
Sébastien is the only Frenchman in F1 this season, and the fans turned out to offer their support for his debut at Magny-Cours.

➜ eight points in total, although they didn't score at all until the penultimate race. In that context, Bourdais' seventh place in the first race of this season was an abundance of riches, yet it didn't prove to be a platform on which to build.

"Scoring two points in Melbourne was beyond my expectations," says Sébastien. "We've had some ups and quite a few downs since then, which is what we expected. It's not been great, but it's not been bad either."

Presumably, being classified last out of the cars that finished two weeks ago at the Canadian Grand Prix falls into the 'not great' category. Not so his performance in qualifying, however; Bourdais leads team-mate Vettel four-three so far this year. This is particularly impressive given Bourdais' pre-season fears that qualifying would be his undoing. That opinion alone marked him as a rarity in F1, where expressing self-doubt is uncommon, as is the self-awareness required to practise expectation-management.

Today, Sébastien, demonstrably more at ease than in the winter, insists he wasn't trying to play mind games. "I really was worried about qualifying – but only in the winter. The grooved tyres were unknown to me and I felt that I wasn't going to be able to the best out of new rubber in qualifying. But the conditions when winter testing started are not what you see during the season. Track conditions were very cold then, but as the temperatures rose it became easier. Also, the set-up of the car became more suited to my driving style. In the beginning we didn't really play around with the set-up. We had a test programme to get through, and pleasing the driver wasn't part of it. Also, I just got used to driving a Formula One car. So, yeah, that problem went away quickly. We've been pretty even with Sebastian – so that's a good thing."

'Of course I'm a rookie, I have a massive amount to learn. When I signed for Toro Rosso there were many sceptics. I didn't take that personally. Hopefully I'll prove them wrong'

Not yet 21 years old and still to complete a full season in F1, Sebastian Vettel would be an absurd benchmark for Bourdais were it not for a string of performances that mark him as a superstar in the making. "People give him a lot of credit so, for me, yes that's a benchmark. He's fast, for sure, and it's good to be going up against someone who's obviously respected in the paddock and believed to be really quick."

It makes for a peculiar partnership. On the surface it appears to sensibly team a hot young talent with the steady hand of experience. But Vettel is both a raw youngster and experienced driver, while Bourdais' proven winning record combined with his lack of F1 experience makes him equally hard to pin down – though he has no such problem when it comes to labelling himself.

"Of course I'm a rookie," he asserts. "I have a massive amount to learn. Moving from ChampCar to F1 doesn't involve a huge change in performance – ChampCar is 150kg heavier, basically like driving an F1 with lots of extra fuel. The real differences are organisational; an F1 team is much larger and more structured. It's harder because in a bigger structure you need to integrate yourself. For a rookie, to fit in means a lot to learn in a short time. And you have to do it. Working well with your engineers is crucial; it's the whole thing. It doesn't matter how quick the car is – if it doesn't suit your driving style, it's useless.

"Claudio [Balestri, Bourdais' race engineer] is in his first year as well, so we're sharing a steep learning curve. So far it's gone well. It could be better, because it could always be better. What I need to do is…" Bourdais pauses for a moment to assemble his thoughts, resuming with great deliberation: "None of that can be an excuse. Yes, I am a rookie, yes there is a lot to learn but it's part of the job. I just have to do it."

The inevitable dislocation caused by such a huge change is partially why, when Toro Rosso announced the appointment of the Frenchman, few considered him having much chance of competing with his German namesake. It might seem disrespectful, but it's also the F1 way, to look down on open-wheel racers from across the Atlantic. If that bothers Bourdais, it doesn't show.

"Really, I don't care. I don't race for the respect of others. I race for me, for the fun I have doing it and for the enjoyment that comes from being part of a team. When I signed for Toro Rosso there were many sceptics, people who didn't know what to think of me. I didn't take that personally, it wasn't something specifically against me; they just didn't know me. Hopefully I'll prove them wrong."

It's a generous attitude. Drivers with a lesser CV would likely be snarling with indignation, but that isn't the Bourdais way. He came into F1 on the back of four consecutive ChampCar titles. The year before that he was the first rookie since Mansell to take pole position on his debut, and three races later he began winning races on tracks he'd never seen before. It's difficult to see what more he could have done. To borrow a football analogy, you can only beat that which is put in front of you. If this were not enough, he also won the F3000 championship, a feat which, in decades past, would have ensured instant access to a seat in F1, without a detour to the wilderness of [Road] America.

But the age of French Racing Blue – of Elf, Gauloise and Gitanes – has passed. The institutions, tutelage and junior formulae that once churned out mercurial French talent with seemingly effortless regularity have withered away to nothing. If the nation that gave the world grand prix motor racing is to re-engage with the sport, then the man from Le Mans has a heavy burden to bear, but he shoulders the weight with equanimity. "F1 needs a French presence, both a race and drivers. France has always been a big player in the game and it doesn't make sense to not have French participation. But keeping a race requires effort, it isn't an automatic right. I think it is easier to organise a grand prix if there is a resident driver. If there were no British drivers in F1, would there be a British Grand Prix? Maybe, maybe not. Silverstone might struggle to fill its grandstands. It is the same in France."

'People give [Sebastian Vettel] a lot of credit so, for me, yes that's a benchmark. He's fast, for sure, and it's good to be going up against someone who's obviously respected in the paddock'

Is competing in the French Grand Prix something special for Sébastien? His delight at racing in Monaco was plain to see, so does Magny-Cours provoke the same reaction? "It's going to be a big deal, but it's a bigger deal for the fans. Magny-Cours doesn't have the history of Monaco, it doesn't have the same flavour. Monaco is very special, and I was happy just to be there. When you imagine being an F1 driver, you imagine driving at Monaco. When you finally do it, the experience is a little bit more than just driving an F1 car anywhere else. For me, maybe because it's taken such a long time, the sensation was one of pure happiness."

Bourdais has given himself plenty of reasons to be happy, winning with grinding regularity for most of the decade. The lower expectations of Toro Rosso must present challenges of their own. It's a tough question to frame but, with a degree of self-deprecating sarcasm that suggests he's heard it all before, Sébastien fills in the blanks himself. "Does it suck now that I don't win everything? Yes!" He smiles, shrugs and continues in a contemplative tone: "Seriously, it's not like I didn't know this. I came here knowing we weren't going to win races – and it isn't like I haven't been here before. I haven't spent my entire career celebrating. It took me three years of F3000 to finally get into a car that was capable of winning. I know what it is to fight with a car that's nowhere near good enough to compete at the front. How do you deal with that? Well, you're still the same driver, you know what you would do if you were in the fastest car, but it isn't worth fixating on all those ifs and maybes.

"I don't expect much, because for me expectation is useless. You do the best you can. It doesn't matter what you hope for; it isn't going to materialise because you hope for it, it's going to materialise if you work hard enough, if you deserve it and if you belong. Do that and either the team will ascend to a higher level, or you will exceed their level and get the opportunity to do the job in a better car. That's racing."

While Bourdais' spectacles might have red arms, they're anything but rose-tinted.

PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS BUTLER. ILLUSTRATION: MCFAUL

























PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS BUTLER, GEPA

FUN TIMES IN FRANCE

Who says that Magny-Cours isn't glamorous? It certainly was on Thursday night with La Formula Unas partying at the Red Bull Energy Station as the sun went down. And to make their evening complete they each left with a goodie bag of presents.

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CHAMPAGNE SUPERNOVA

Motor racing's champagne-soaked celebrations didn't come about overnight. The Red Bulletin charts three key dates that shaped the modern Formula One curtain call.



OCTOBER 12, 1936: LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

George Washington Vanderbilt III – American yachtsman and scientific explorer – resurrects his uncle's famous race, the Vanderbilt Cup. Run at the new Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, Tazio Nuvolari climbs from his winning Alfa Romeo and steps up onto the podium to receive his laurel wreath and a trophy taller than himself. But he receives another gift too – a chilled bottle of Moët & Chandon. This was the first time that champagne had appeared on the podium. Mr Vanderbilt was great friends with Monsieur Ladoucette, Moët's US agent. "Come to the race," said Vanderbilt, "and bring some cases of your fizzy drink. I'm sure the drivers will need some refreshment." Before this date, drivers had been more partial to brandy and a cigar.

JULY 2, 1950: REIMS, CHAMPAGNE

It was the sixth round of the very first Formula One World Championship season, and F1 had come to Champagne. The wine-growing families from the region all gathered at the Reims-Gueux circuit, eager to meet the drivers. The throng of VIPs, with names like Lanson, Mumm and Pommery, were hugely hospitable on their home ground, awarding grateful drivers cases of their produce. Monsieur Chandon held a large banquet at his château that evening, as did several of the other families, and drivers like Juan Manuel Fangio were honoured to accept the invitations. It was there that lasting friendships were born, along with a commitment to drink a certain label. And thereafter, champagne always featured in the post-race celebrations, except in Germany – the Nürburgring was owned by the Prince of Metternich, who insisted the drivers drink only his eponymous Sekt sparkling wine.



JUNE 11, 1967: LE MANS, LA SARTHE

It was a particularly hot day, and when winners Dan Gurney and AJ Foyt mounted the podium, the magnums of champagne at the rear of the stage had been sitting in the sun for over half an hour. The wire cages had been removed from the corks already. As the silverware was being presented, one of the corks shot in the air with a bang, and the champagne sprayed out, showering the podium party. Gurney, in an attempt to shield his boss, Henry Ford II, tried to stop the flow by putting his hand over the top of the bottle – everyone got drenched with bubbly and a legend was born. Gurney, incidentally, autographed and gave the bottle to LIFE magazine photographer Flip Schulke, who used it as a lamp for many years. Schulke died on May 15 this year, and the bottle has now been returned to Gurney.



A ROAD TRIP BACK IN TIME

Back in the 1970s, the champagne houses would offer drivers bonuses for pole positions and fastest laps – win pole and receive 100 bottles of bubby, and post the quickest race lap and earn a holiday for two to Epernay. En route to Magny-Cours the Bulletin awarded itself a trip to the Mumm caves in Reims. These cool, chalk cellars have provided relief from the bruising heat of French summer for nearly two centuries, and provide refreshment for today's grand prix winners. For such a hedonistic road trip, only the most presidential of Gallic transport would do – the Citroen C6 twinning state of the art luxury with evocative style and sophistication. We took the C6 down the straight at the old Reims-Gueux circuit, where Formula One and champagne first met, for a spot of 'degustation' and 'camping sauvage'. The crumbling grandstands are barren now. Wandering around the control tower is eerie, like a scene from High Noon. Rooks have claimed the pit buildings as their own. It's stark and powerful stuff.



PHOTOGRAPHY: CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES, LAT, CHRIS ZIMMERMAN

PADDOCK PASSIONS



With the glamour and excitement of life at the track it's easy to let your passions take over. But if you really do get overcome with desire, take some tips from our guide to the paddock dating game.

SHOULD YOU DATE SOMEONE FROM THE PADDOCK?

You're never home and have no social life, so finding a soulmate at work may be the answer.

PADDOCK STATS #1

12 per cent of people admitted they are involved with someone who works in F1. But we reckon there were more who were lying!

PADDOCK STATS #2

A small majority - 54 per cent - believe paddock dating is a bad idea

YES...

When I arrived in the F1 paddock for the first time – Magny-Cours in 2000, a few months before Michelin entered grand prix racing – I thought : "Wow, so many men around, and so few girls. It must be a jungle out there!" And a jungle it is, with a lot of snakes and not so many Mowglis...

So, when I started to work in F1, at the Australian GP in 2001, I was not really looking for love in the paddock. I thought it was too much of an artificial world in which to actually find somebody. But eventually, I fell in love with a journalist, thinking that as he was Swiss I would be financially secure (I was wrong) and that Michelin would at least get better coverage in his newspaper (wrong again)!

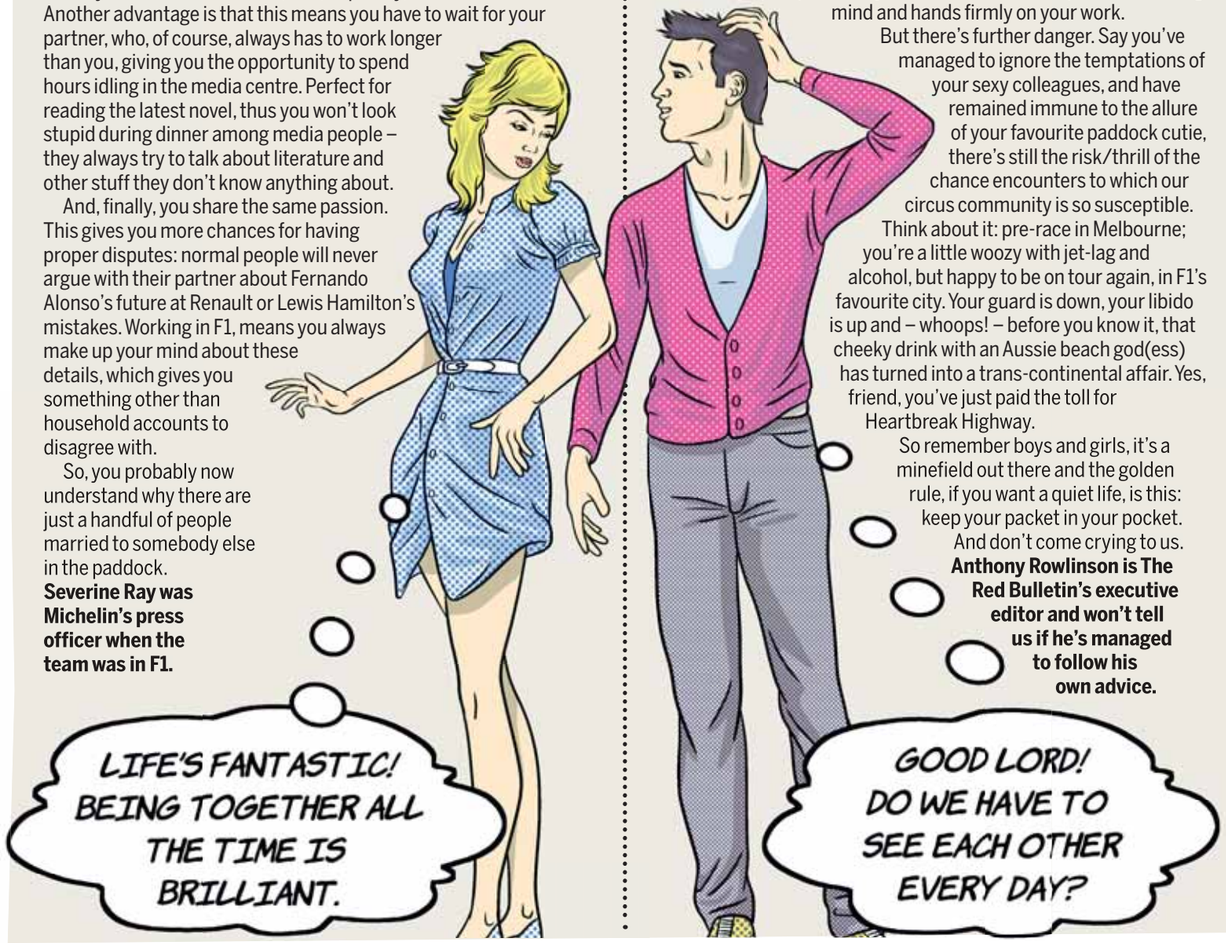
There are, however, a lot of advantages to dating somebody in the paddock. Of course, it's the only way not to suffer from the long days alone spent travelling to follow the F1 circus. You're constantly with your loved one, so you don't miss each other. In fact, he is so constantly there that you don't even have the chance to chat with any other men in the paddock without suspicious questions from your loved one. So, no risk of being harassed by other men.

Of course, this situation also allows you to cut down on travel costs: you share the same car, and, hopefully, the same hotel room. Another advantage is that this means you have to wait for your partner, who, of course, always has to work longer than you, giving you the opportunity to spend hours idling in the media centre. Perfect for reading the latest novel, thus you won't look stupid during dinner among media people – they always try to talk about literature and other stuff they don't know anything about.

And, finally, you share the same passion. This gives you more chances for having proper disputes: normal people will never argue with their partner about Fernando Alonso's future at Renault or Lewis Hamilton's mistakes. Working in F1, means you always make up your mind about these details, which gives you something other than household accounts to disagree with.

So, you probably now understand why there are just a handful of people married to somebody else in the paddock.

Severine Ray was Michelin's press officer when the team was in F1.



NO...

Bold is the F1 worker who ventures into the perilous waters of a paddock romance. For like Ulysses, whose fate it was to be teased and tempted on every stage of his journey, before returning to the arms of his loved one, the grand prix traveller can be lured by many siren voices.

Foremost among these is the temptation of the affair. Yes, kiddo, you're a long way from home, and your partner will never find out... will (s)he? Well, almost certainly not – but could you live with the guilt? Be warned, tempting though it may seem to indulge in a drunken 'quickie' when you're sharing the same hotel as the object of your desire, your life will be forever complicated should you answer the call of your loins. The Bulletin's advice? Take a cold shower.

What, then, of the workplace romance? The eternal no-no, surely? But how much fun it would be to get frisky with that hottie from catering – and convenient too! Shared lifts to airports, lustful looks across the motorhome. Before long you'll be thinking marriage and babies. Erm, maybe... But beware! Do you really want to be the subject of your envious colleagues' gossip? And what if it ends in tears and the inevitable messy break-up causes one – or both – of you to quit? Nasty, huh? Our advice? Keep that wandering mind and hands firmly on your work.

But there's further danger. Say you've managed to ignore the temptations of your sexy colleagues, and have remained immune to the allure of your favourite paddock cutie, there's still the risk/thrill of the chance encounters to which our circus community is so susceptible. Think about it: pre-race in Melbourne; you're a little woozy with jet-lag and alcohol, but happy to be on tour again, in F1's favourite city. Your guard is down, your libido is up and – whoops! – before you know it, that cheeky drink with an Aussie beach god(ess) has turned into a trans-continental affair. Yes, friend, you've just paid the toll for Heartbreak Highway.

So remember boys and girls, it's a minefield out there and the golden rule, if you want a quiet life, is this: keep your packet in your pocket. And don't come crying to us.

Anthony Rowlinson is The Red Bulletin's executive editor and won't tell us if he's managed to follow his own advice.

TEN RULES FOR PADDOCK DATING

If you can't resist the temptation of starting up a race romance, then at least follow our guide to staying out of trouble.

1: KEEP IT IN THE HOTEL ROOM
No one wants to see you smooching around the back of the hospitality unit, especially if your paddock girlfriend/boyfriend is from a rival team. Keep it inside the hotel room (or darkened corner of a nightclub) or you could be facing a fast-track P45.

2: TO DENY OR NOT DENY
There's little point in pretending you're not seeing someone when you were spotted sharing a tiramisu in the hotel restaurant. If you don't want your colleagues teasing you mercilessly then stick to room service.

3: CONCENTRATE ON THE DAY JOB
If your driver leaves the pitlane with only three wheels because you were too busy sending naughty texts then you're definitely heading for disaster – especially if your team boss spotted your equally distracted girlfriend giggling into her mobile.

4: FORGET THE GIFTS
You might think you're head-over-heels in love with your paddock partner, but the chances are they won't appreciate a giant cuddly teddy bear turning up at the motorhome on raceday, even if it is their birthday.

5: DON'T GET OBSESSIVE
Take it easy if your paddock romance doesn't work out, it's not the place for recriminations or, be warned, sabotage and blackmail. Keep your dignity and you won't be labelled as the paddock stalker.

PADDOCK STATS #3

A very moral 86 per cent are against extra-marital paddock affairs



6: DON'T TAKE IT HOME
If either one of you is already involved with someone, then make sure it stays a strictly race-only relationship. That means no texts, emails or phone calls outside of a grand prix, or you could be fighting over who keeps the pet goldfish.

7: BEWARE THE GUILTY GIVEAWAYS
If you are playing away from home, then stay away from the airport gift shop. Nothing screams 'spy on his/her Facebook' louder than a bottle of perfume and a giant Toblerone wrapped in a duty-free plastic bag.

8: AVOID COMPLICATIONS
Thinking of dating your best mate's race-ex? Tempted to tango with your boss? Keep it simple and you'll be able to enjoy a stress-free love affair. Don't follow our advice and you could be heading for a very public paddock punch-up.

9: GET RID OF ANY EVIDENCE
You've had a few too many on a Thursday evening, spotted the girl/guy you've fancied for ages and thrown caution to the wind. Just make sure your best mate hasn't caught it on camera, or it'll be on Flickr quicker than you can say 'exposure'.

10: RIO SPELLS ROMANCE
Of course, you might prove The Red Bulletin wrong and enjoy a season-long romance that would put airport romance novels to shame. In which case plan your Brazilian beach wedding now... true love doesn't come along that often.

PADDOCK STATS #4

eight per cent are attracted to photographers

PADDOCK STATS #5

10 per cent would opt for mechanics' cuddly charms

PADDOCK PARTNERSHIPS

It's not just the mere mortals who find love in the paddock. Even the stars meet their matches.



CARRIE & ANTHONY

Carrie Bond was working in PR at Jaguar when she met and then married tester Anthony Davidson.



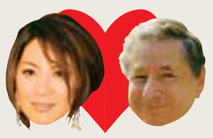
DAVID & KAREN

The starriest of all, DC and Karen first met when she was as a TV presenter for France's TF1.



MIKE & SYLVIE

Toyota's tech guru met Sylvie Schaumlöffel when he joined the team. They're now inseparable.



JEAN & MICHELLE

Crouching Tiger, lasting passion. Ms Yeoh and Mr Todt may not have been likely, but it's lasted.



ALEX & JULIA

Former Benetton PR Julia Horden and team race driver Alex are the original paddock romance story.

WHO'S YOUR PERFECT PADDOCK PARTNER?

Ladies, are you looking for love in Formula One? Take our quick quiz and find out who your ideal date is.

1. THERE'S A GUY IN THE PADDOCK WHO YOU KNOW FANCIES YOU. YOU'VE GIVEN HIM ENCOURAGING GLANCES AND IT SEEMS HE'S FINALLY READY TO MAKE A MOVE. HOW DOES HE GO ABOUT ASKING YOU OUT?

A: He waits until you're in a bar together, walks up and offers to buy you a drink. When the drinks arrive you find that he's accidentally forgotten his wallet. You offer to pay for the drinks, he accepts, but insists on paying you back and asks for your room number.
B: He gets his mate to walk up to you and say: "You see that good-looking guy over there, with his head in that engine? He really fancies you."
C: It's a nice day, so he asks if you'd like to accompany him on a 10-mile run through the nearest national park, followed by a massage and an hour in a steam room.
D: He sends you a note, which reads: "After carefully studying the consequences of a union between (insert your name) and (insert his name), I've come to the conclusion that – stress and tolerances allowing – a suitable result could be reached and wondered if you'd like to join me for refuelling after today's race."
E: Twelve red roses and a bottle of champagne are delivered to your hotel room with a gold-embossed invitation to his private club in Ibiza.

2. IT'S YOUR FIRST DATE. WHERE DO YOU GO?

A: The nearest motorhome for a free lunch. After all, he can't put dinner for two on his expenses, can he?
B: The bar near his hotel. They do a good fry-up and there's football on the TV so he can spend time with you and see his team in action.





C: He cooks you something simple in his hotel suite, with the perfect combination of protein and carbohydrates. To drink? Mineral water, naturally.
D: He chooses a high-tech minimalist restaurant, where even the floor is spotless enough to eat your dinner off.
E: He sends his chauffeur to pick you up, then whisks you off to the airport where his private plane is waiting to fly you to Paris where he's reserved the best table at the city's most exclusive restaurant.

3. OH NO, THERE'S A LULL IN THE CONVERSATION WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR DATE. WHAT DOES HE DO?

A. He gets out his mobile phone and checks the news/football scores then starts talking about something he's just found on the Internet.
B: He makes an excuse to leave the room, calls his mates and asks what bar they're in so he can meet up with them in a few minutes if things don't improve.
C: He starts talking about himself. After all, it is his most interesting subject and he's sure you'll be fascinated by it.
D: He gets out a pen and start's drawing schematics on a paper napkin to hide his embarrassment. He can always explain them if he can't think of anything to say.
E: Elton John is sitting at the next table and there's a piano in the corner of the restaurant. Your date excuses himself for one moment, saying he needs to speak to a friend, walks over to Elton and arranges for him to serenade you.

4. YOU'RE GOING TO AN F1 PARTY TOGETHER AND HE'S RUSHED BACK TO THE HOTEL FROM THE TRACK TO GET READY. WHAT OUTFIT HAS HE CHOSEN TO IMPRESS YOU?

A: His usual shorts and polo shirt have been swapped for a pair of chinos and a white shirt. Oh well, at least you can't see his hairy legs.
B: He's wearing jeans and flip-flops, and he's obviously trying hard to create a good impression, as he smells as if he's thrown an entire bottle of aftershave over himself. You're not sure the doorman will let you in with him looking like that, but then again you won't be bothered by mosquitoes if you have to spend the evening outdoors.
C: He's opted for a classic, neutral-coloured suit, with a plain shirt. He can always take off the jacket if things get a little warm!
D: He hasn't had much time to spend on his appearance because the car had a problem just as he was planning to leave the track that he's still in team gear. Oh well, at least he's washed his hands.
E: A leather jacket with 24-carat gold buttons, linen trousers and butter-soft loafers is his choice. It's all brand new – he sent his personal assistant out shopping earlier to make sure his outfit was perfect.

5. YOU'VE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER FOR A FEW WEEKS NOW. HOW DOES HE TREAT YOU WHEN YOU MEET IN THE PADDOCK?

A: He smiles broadly, kisses you on both cheeks, then asks you for any inside information/exclusive access to your driver/team boss/technical director.



PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES, XPB, GEPA, REX. ILLUSTRATION: MIKE DOLAN



B: He whistles loudly while encouraging his mates to do the same.
C: He checks carefully to see that no other women are watching before mumbling hello, then rushing off and hiding in the back of the motorhome.
D: He's always charming and polite, but seems nervous and won't let you anywhere near his garage, just in case you catch a glimpse of something you shouldn't.
E: He hands you his briefcase and jacket and asks you to walk two paces behind him as you make your way along the rows of motorhomes, while he barks instructions and issues orders.

6. THE SEASON'S OVER AND IT'S TIME TO TAKE A HOLIDAY TOGETHER. WHERE DO YOU GO?

A: Nowhere. He's got a job covering football until March as he really needs the money.
B: Thailand. After all, the rest of the team will be there, too. He's never been on holiday without his mates before, plus the beer's really cheap.
C: There's just time to fit in three weeks mountain biking in Chile before the skiing season starts and you spend a month in his Swiss chalet.
D: He invites you to spend two weeks on his boat. The only thing he doesn't mention until you've accepted is that his boat is a steam-powered narrowboat that's moored on one the canals in France and that he's currently restoring.
E: You're in Brazil, right. He owns an exclusive private island just half an hour's flight away from São Paulo on his private jet, where you'll be waited on hand and foot.

PADDOCK STATS #6

Only 14 per cent of paddock ladies would choose to chase after a driver

PADDOCK STATS #7

19 per cent think marketing people make a good impression

PADDOCK STATS #8

Sadly, but possibly predictably, just 5 per cent of you think journalists are worth dating

SCORE

Simply add up how many As, Bs, Cs, Ds or Es you've chosen then look at the guide below to discover who your perfect paddock match is...

MOSTLY AS
HE'S A MEDIA MAN
If he's freelance every penny counts and he'll do anything to avoid paying the bill at the end of dinner – and if he's not, he won't want his boss to find out he's having fun while he's away. After all, being an F1 reporter/photographer is a really tough job. Watch out, though, saving money can become a habit for some and if he never puts his hand in his pocket you could find your own bank account emptying rather rapidly!

MOSTLY BS
HE'S A MECHANIC
You'll need the patience of a saint with this one. Although he has good intentions, he's not about to change his ways for any partner. If you're happy to sit in sleazy bars, eat burgers and watch football, that's fine. But if you're not, you could find you've rapidly come back to earth with a bump and that truckie over there is beginning to seem quite attractive...

MOSTLY CS
HE'S A DRIVER
Although he looks fit and toned, spending an evening with him could be a little dull. And you could be forgiven for thinking that he's more interested in himself than in you. If he learns to relax once in a while he could be great company. Alternatively maybe you could keep your relationship to the off-season.

MOSTLY DS
HE'S AN ENGINEER
He's not the most romantic of lovers, and you may find your date cancelled at the last minute if a new engine needs testing or the latest bodywork modification has just been added. However, if you're looking for someone who's always going to take you seriously, and be able to fix the washing machine if it breaks down, he's your man.

MOSTLY ES
HE'S A TEAM BOSS
This is definitely love in the fast lane. He's not worried that you'll think he's showing off, after all, he's well known for his millionaire lifestyle and he's proud of his reputation. He's generous and always ready to have a good time and if you can keep up with him then the sky's the limit. If not, you could find you've rapidly come back to earth with a bump and that truckie over there is beginning to seem quite attractive...

DEAR DAPHNE

Struggling to find love in the paddock. Fear not, Daphne can help you.

Dear Daphne,
Perhaps you can help me. I have been told that I am very attractive and look a bit like Eva Herzegova. In my role as a lingerie model, I've spent the last couple of years flying everywhere by private jet, and being dressed by Tom Ford, Stella McCartney and Miuccia Prada. I also like diamonds, which sparkle a lot, which is nice. I have noticed that a lot of the team owners are what could be politely called older gentlemen, but to be honest, this is the type of man I really like, as younger boys are so immature. Given what I've told you about myself, what do you think my chances are of dating a team boss?

Yours,

Giselle the Gazelle

PS. Oh by the way, I forgot to mention my age. I am 32.

Dear Gazelle,
You're 32? Ha, ha, ha!

Dear Daphne,
It's hard to compose this letter as everything I write keeps getting blurred because of all the tears, but you've got to help me! I'm in such a terrible dilemma and don't know what to do. I work in Formula One and have been dating one of the drivers for a while now. At first everything was so romantic, flying to private islands on his private jet, staying on yachts and attending glamorous parties, but now I think I've fallen out of love with him. In fact, there's another driver I've met who I really like and I just don't know what to do! I'm emotionally torn between the driver I'm dating and the one I want to date. The new one is so sweet and seems to be really interested in me. He's funny and clever and I really want to pursue the relationship. But how do I end the other one without repercussions. I'm desperate! Please, please help me!

Yours,

Torn between two lovers, Monaco

Dear Torn,
Offer to sleep with the old driver's number one mechanic if he'll cut the brake lines on his race car.

24hr

Paddock People!



HOBBIES

BOB CONSTANDUROS: FACEL VEGAS

The 'voice of motorsport' and Formula One's official on-track commentator tells us about his love affair with these unusual French sportscars and GTs.

What makes a perfectly sane, grown man become interested in an outdated, unpredictable, possibly unsafe and uncomfortable lump of metal, and pour all his available cash into it? My wife – and I'm sure many thousands of others – would like to know.

Actually, in my case, it's three very stylish, high-performance lumps of metal. Since an early age, I have been attracted to Facel Vegas, which are a strange alliance of French bodywork with Chrysler engines for the 'big' grand touring cars, and their own 1600cc, Volvo 1800cc and Austin-Healey 2.9-litre engines for the 'little' convertibles and most of the two-seaters.

In 10 years, from 1955, they made just under 3,000 cars for owners as diverse as Ringo Starr, Ava Gardner (she had three), the King of Morocco, Parfums Guerlain and the American ambassador to Belgium. The Nobel prize-winning French author and philosopher Albert Camus was killed in his.

Stirling Moss had a courtesy car which he kept in Belgium for overseas trips. Rob Walker had three – lovingly tended to by one Herbie Blash – and Maurice Trintignant once broke 19 spokes of Rob's Facel wire wheels on a lap of the Nürburgring. It's even been rumoured that one BC Ecclestone used to finance their purchase by HWM, the British concessionaires.

I saw my first Facel outside our local church in the '50s. What attracted me was the purposeful body style and the central console of the aero-style dashboard – the same type that so turned off Peter Sellers that he immediately returned his demonstrator when he discovered the 'walnut' dash was actually painted metal.

In the early '80s, I met someone who had a gorgeous 6.3-litre Facel II for restoration and for sale. Some 18 years later, I finally took delivery of what was now a near-perfect ex-Rob Walker car. When I told Rob that I had this car, his first words were: "How are you going to cure the awful overheating?" That hadn't quite been taken care of…

Because of the time taken to restore the Facel II, I bought a little runaround – a convertible Facellia into which had been shoehorned a Rover 3.5-litre engine and its five-speed gearbox. The car had originally been powered by Facel's own 1600cc engine, but a piston problem not only caused many of the engines to be replaced, but also the company's eventual demise.

I now had a usable little sportscar and a smart grand touring car – what I needed next was something for going to premieres and palace garden parties. So, from under a tarpaulin in Herne Bay, a small town on the east coast of the UK, I bought the remains of an Excellence, Facel's suicide-door limousine. Fortunately, I haven't been invited to too many premieres – it remains a wreck.

The other two, however, are used regularly. Someone somewhere once said that the amount you use a classic car is in direct proportion to how easy it is to use it – so mine aren't even covered in their garages. I just jump in and go.

Of course, I've had my dramas. Both cars have suffered Keystone Cops-style blow-ups, with the bonnet being blown open and clouds of smoke billowing out. I lost a spinner from a rear wheel but managed to stop before the wheel came off. The bonnet blew off when a local mechanic failed to close it properly, and I'm quite often stranded at the side of the road when one of them simply stops – only to start perfectly easily several minutes later.

They've certainly been a good investment and a source of some enjoyment. Now if only I could restore the biggest one of all…

FOR MORE, VISIT: WWW.REDBULLETINF1.COM

LUCAS DI GRASSI RENAULT THIRD DRIVER



LOVE / HATE

FAMILY AND FRIENDS
I have two brothers and a lot of cousins, who all live in São Paulo. And though I've made new friends in Europe, the people who I was at college with remain my best friends. I've only spent four days in Brazil this year, so I really miss them all.

SPORT
I can't live without it. I play football, tennis and squash, do water sports and compete in triathlons.

CARS
I've always loved speed in general. I don't exactly have a dream car, but if I could choose anything I'd probably have a Hummer in Brazil – bulletproof of course – and in Europe I would love to have the new Nissan GT-R Black Edition.

WOMEN
That's the best thing about coming from Brazil – the women from my country are spectacular. Gisele Bündchen, Alessandra Ambrosio and Adriana Lima are particularly hot.

HOLIDAYS
Sometimes you have to take a break from the stresses of work, relax and enjoy life. I love going to Florianópolis, which is an island south of São Paulo with great weather, parties and girls.

LOSING
I'm very competitive and hate to lose more than anything. Heikki Kovalainen is like me, and we pushed each other so hard in the New York Marathon last year. I beat him, but only just. You can't win at everything in life.

POVERTY
Brazil is a place of contrast – you see people who have a lot and you see people with nothing. Those who have money tend to waste it, and I hate seeing that when there's so much poverty around.

AIRPORTS
It's a nightmare to travel these days and it's getting busier and busier. Sometimes it can take three hours to get through security, and I was once delayed at an airport in Spain for 11 hours.

TRAINING WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT
You have to be in the right mood for training. When you don't feel like it or you've got sore muscles from yesterday's workout, it's a right ball-ache.

BRITISH WEATHER
It's so unpredictable. I live in London, so whenever I go out running it starts pissing down with rain.

ILLUSTRATION: JAMES TAYLOR. PHOTOGRAPHY: CRISPIN THRUSTON, SHUTTERSTOCK

LUCKY NUMBERS

AMY SAWARD

The founder of motorsport promotion specialists AS Communications will always love animals, but she probably never wants to see another cookie again…

900,000

900,000 COOKIES... that I baked when I ran my first business in France. I owned a Paris bakery called Les Cookies d'Amy. I had come over to Europe after a couple of years working in advertising in San Francisco. I gave up my cookie empire to go motor racing after seeing a photograph of Ayrton Senna.

1,000

1,000 KILOS... in rugby players who I invited to the 2007 French GP to challenge the F1 teams to a scrum competition. Toro Rosso were overall winners.

92200

92200... is my postal code in Neuilly-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris and home town of French President Nicolas Sarkozy.

100

100 KILOMETRES... I DROVE THIS DISTANCE EACH DAY to ride dressage horses. I rode up to four horses a day, and I'd spend the rest of my time gardening.

14

14 YEARS... is the age of my son William. Despite both his parents working in motorsport, he cannot be convinced to attend a single motorsport event. He was once invited to a WilliamsF1 team launch as the personal guest of Sir Frank Williams, and he declined the invitation.



6

SIX PETS... At the moment I have two dogs, a chameleon, a rabbit and two parrots. In the past, the animals have included a pot-bellied pig that lived in the house, some rats, two black sheep and a duck called Ayrton Senna. I cannot live without animals.

3

THREE YEARS... each working at Ligier, the FIA and the FFSA before I started my own consulting agency in Paris a year ago. I started my career in motor racing as an assistant to Dany Hindencoch on the Ligier F1 team. After several years off for good behaviour, I was hired by the FIA and spent one year in Geneva and two in Paris. I then became press officer for the French Grand Prix and the Rallye de France Tour de Corse.

PHOTOGRAPHY: CRISPIN THRUSTON

Souvenirs

How many memories of French GPs gone by can you recall from the pictures below?



1. This is Nanni Galli at the French GP of 1971 – yet he didn't take part in the race. Who drove his March instead?



2. Who is this at the 1976 race at Paul Ricard?



3. Emerson Fittipaldi is on the left, but who's the guy on the right at the 1982 French GP?



4. Celebration along the pit straight during the 1966 race at Reims. Who won it?

1. Alex Soler-Roig. 2. Guy Edwards in the Hesketh 308D. 3. Chico Serra. 4. Jack Brabham.

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PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES

Either/Or

TOM KRISTENSEN

If the former Tyrrell test driver – and now eight-time Le Mans champion – is finding sportscars too easy, maybe the Red Bulletin's Q&A will pose a sterner challenge.

WET RACE OR DRY RACE?
Dry race, because you always go for the ultimate lap time, speed and performance.

SALAD OR STEAK?
Steak, medium... with some salad.

IPOD OR VINYL?
iPod. Don't ever try to fight evolution!

NIGHT ON THE TOWN OR QUIET NIGHT AT HOME?
Quiet night at home letting the kids stay up late and playing games with them.

WINE OR WATER?
Water for energy; wine for pleasure.

SUIT OR CASUAL?
Casual. How can you relax in a suit?

GOLF OR FOOTBALL?
Football. I do both, but I enjoyed team sport more, especially in my younger years.

MINIVAN OR MOTORCYCLE?
Motorcycle. I need air in my face.

MOZART OR MOTÖRHEAD?
Motörhead. Yes I am!

YACHT OR PLANE?
Yacht. I can invite my friends on holiday.

BEARD OR SHAVE?
Shave.

MONACO APARTMENT OR SWISS CHALET?
Monaco apartment. It needs to be close to the sea.

SUPERMODEL OR GIRL NEXT DOOR?
Yes – a supermodel next door.

RACE OR TIME TRIAL?
Race. Nothing else will do.

BEACH OR MOUNTAIN?
Beach. I was born in a city which is close to the water and I still want to live close to the water.

NEWSPAPER OR COMIC BOOK?
Newspaper. It makes me more respectable – and there are often a few comic strips inside.

SHOPPING MALL OR INTERNET SHOPPING?
Shopping mall.

TRAINING IN THE GYM OR TRAINING ON THE ROAD?
On the road – wind and air in your face.

BOOK OR TV?
TV.

MONEY OR GLORY?
Money. Danes can't pay for food with glory.



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