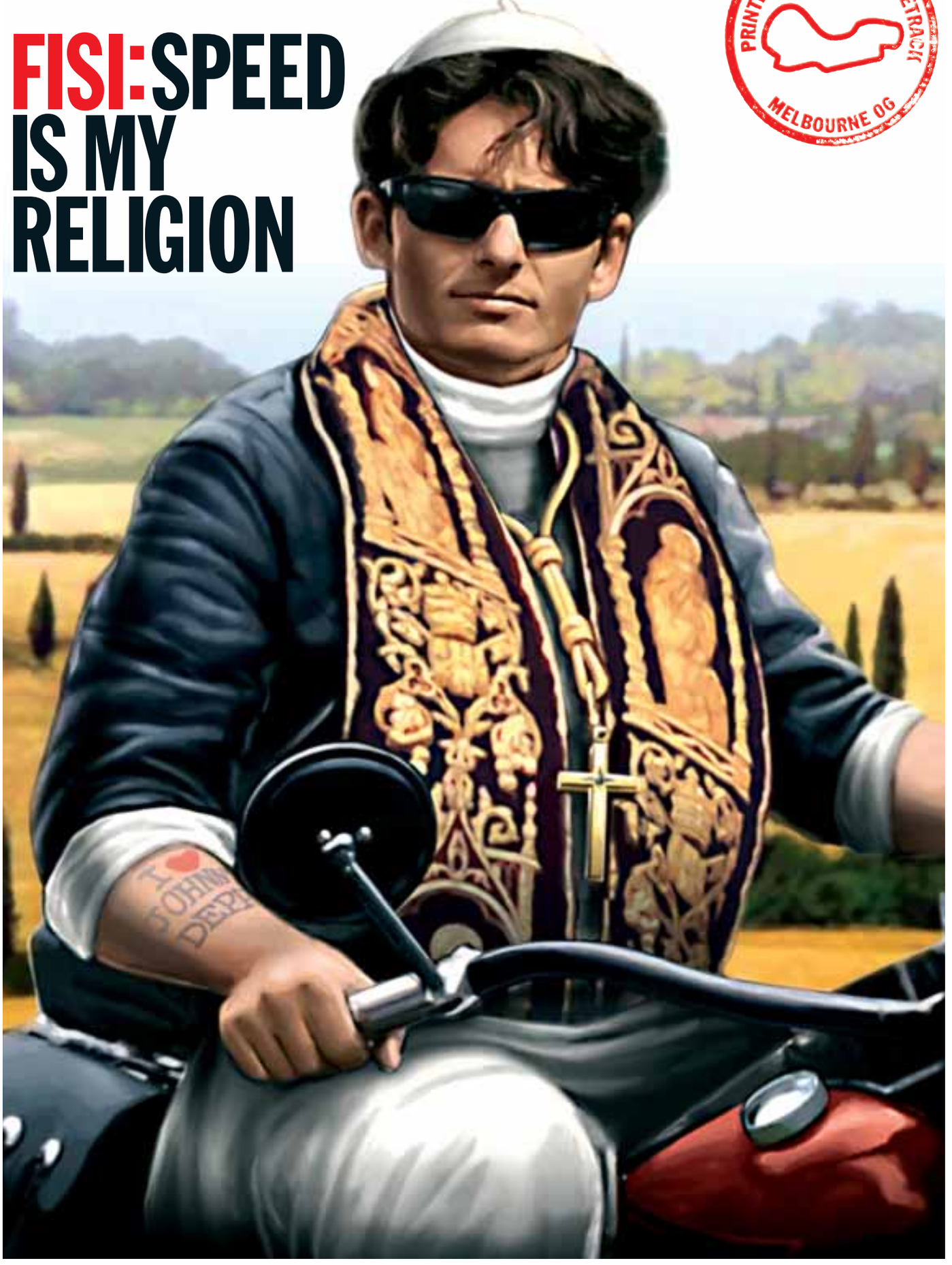
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 64, GP AUSTRALIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 2006

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

PRINTED HERE AT THE RACETRACK
MELBOURNE 06

# FISI: SPEED IS MY RELIGION



# MCLAREN

**WHO ARE THE RED BULLETIN TO CRITIQUE FASHION?** Yes, you may rightly accuse us of being out of touch with current trends in fancy footwear. After all, we usually work out of a gnat-ridden swamp somewhere in the outer reaches of the circuit, and thus the wellington boot is our slip-on of choice. So how dare we have a go at McLaren, arbiters of good taste? Just look at their technology centre – it's beautiful. And the same sense of modern style and quality craftsmanship has gone into their travelling stiletto boot, which we cruelly derided yesterday by claiming it was ugly. Apparently, the McLaren ladies who wear them disagree. So sorry.



# PACESETTER



**THE FORMULA UNA GIRLS** know a thing or two about danger: such as being stuck in confined spaces with David Coulthard or licking an ice lolly when the Sutton brothers are about. But new levels of scariness were reached when they went skydiving yesterday (see our photo spread on pages 12-13). We like to research our Unas thoroughly and that extends to reading the small print on their insurance waivers as well asking what their favourite colour is. "There is an element of 'luck' in undertaking parachuting," reads the form from the Melbourne Skydiving Centre, "over which the provider does not have control." Snakes alive, don't let them pack your 'chute on a Friday afternoon!



PHOTOS: REX FEATURES, SUTTON IMAGES, THOMAS BUTLER, GETTY IMAGES

# RENAULT

**EVER WONDERED WHAT FERNANDO ALONSO** would be doing if he wasn't a racing driver? Hustling passers-by with street-side card games, given his love of magic? No. Delivering post in Oviedo, given his passion for cycling? No, not that either. Fernando has revealed he would be selling windows. "One of my close friends is a double-glazing salesman and I might have followed him into the job," says the champ. "We both liked cars, but our families made sure we had a plan B in case racing didn't work out." These days you're only likely to have your doorbell rung by Alonso if you live in Woking... in Ron's house. Maybe a set of new windows Chez Dennis was part of the contract negotiatons.





**THE FINAL GARAGE SPACE FOR THE 2008** season has gone. Paul Stoddart's application this week has been followed by a surprise entry. Herbie Blash and Charlie Whiting revealed exclusively to us today that at the end of '07 they will depart the FIA to set up a team with Yamaha supplying the engines. But rumours of them bringing back the Brabham name have been dismissed as false. "They will take things in a new direction," says acting press officer Joe King. "The plan is to relaunch March Engineering. Max has agreed to come on board after he retires from the FIA. Alan Donnelly and Richard Woods will also be involved." We rang Richard for a comment, but he was in bed.

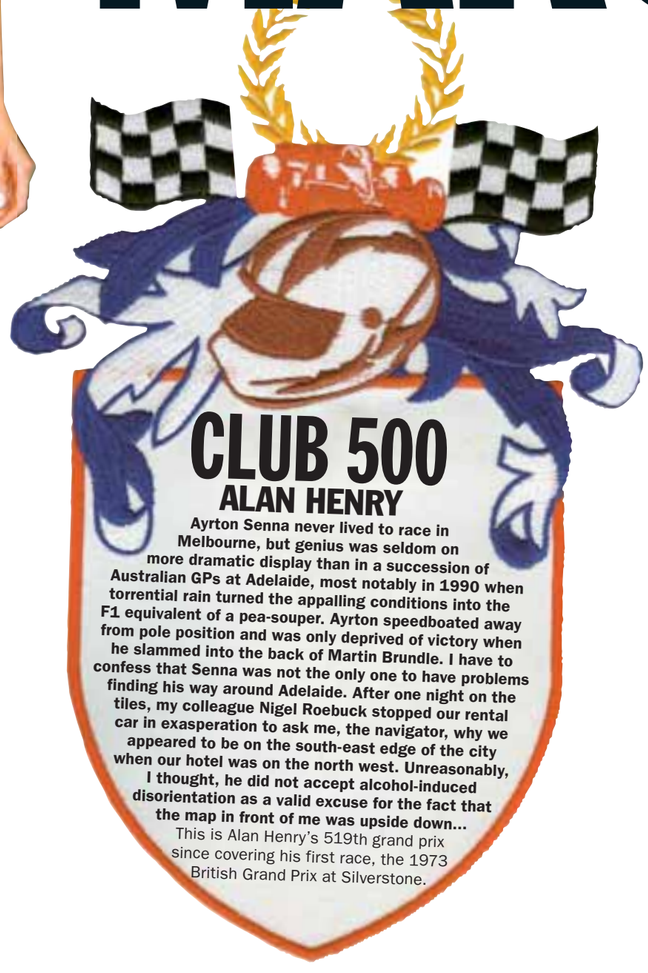


# MARCH

# FERRARI




**SCHUMI DREI MAY SOUND LIKE A TRENDY NEW BEER**, but in fact it's a sibling. A predictable nickname, the man in question is Sebastian Stahl, the 27-year-old stepbrother of Michael and Ralf. It seems that those Schumacher racing genes have extended like a well-watered garden, as Sebastian has been announced as the Willi Weber-run A1 Germany team's driver for the season finale in Shanghai. With Cora now a money-earning racer, and young Mick, Gina Maria and David all growing up fast, we wonder how long it will be before we see a full grid of Schumachers.



## CLUB 500
### ALAN HENRY

**Ayrton Senna never lived to race in Melbourne, but genius was seldom on more dramatic display than in a succession of Australian GPs at Adelaide, most notably in 1990 when torrential rain turned the appalling conditions into the F1 equivalent of a pea-souper. Ayrton speedboated away from pole position and was only deprived of victory when he slammed into the back of Martin Brundle. I have to confess that Senna was not the only one to have problems finding his way around Adelaide. After one night on the tiles, my colleague Nigel Roebuck stopped our rental car in exasperation to ask me, the navigator, why we appeared to be on the south-east edge of the city when our hotel was on the north west. Unreasonably, I thought, he did not accept alcohol-induced disorientation as a valid excuse for the fact that the map in front of me was upside down...**

This is Alan Henry's 519th grand prix since covering his first race, the 1973 British Grand Prix at Silverstone.

THE RED BULLETIN
AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

Publisher **Norman Howell**
Editor **Justin Hynes**
Chief Sub-editor (Race) **David Granger**
Chief Sub-editor (London) **Nancy James**
Senior Sub-editor **Paul Keith**
Senior Writer **Matt Youson**
Staff Writer **Adam Hay-Nicholls**
Researcher **Damian Corrigan**
Art Director **Miles English**
Producer/Designer **Adam Carbajal**
Designers **Phil Slade, James Greenhow**
Photo Editor **Susie Forman**
Team Photographer **Thomas Butler**
Illustrator **Dietmar Kainrath**
Logistics Manager **Bettina Leidiger**
Logistics **Kate Robson, Ariane Galle**
Truckies **Leigh Pothecary, Martin Woodfine, Marc Sirett**
IT **Werner Stadlober, Thomas Riedel, Bernd Gorbach,**
Printing Team **Oswald Halwax, Thomas Schmitz, Oliver Ziegert**
Project Co-ordinator **Bernd Fisa**
Concept **Karl Abentheuer, Christian Kaemmerling, Boro Petric, Christian Seiler, Alex Wiederin**

Published by Red Bulletin Verlags GmbH e-mail: *secret.service@theredbulletin.com* F1/FORMULA 1/FORMULA ONE and devices and translations thereof are trademarks of Formula One Licensing BV, a Formula One company. F1/Formula 1 device used with permission.

FOUR COMMENTARIES

# TIRED AND TESTED

## ALL UP IN THE AIR
## BY JUSTIN HYNES

**1** A couple of weeks ago in Malaysia, I vaguely rubbished the way in which the driver merry-go-round has cranked into furious action even before the ink has dried on most of the '06 contracts. Sure, we all know an F1 contract is about as binding as string cheese but speculation about the destiny of next season's seats has kicked off a little early.

That speculation, though premature, is nothing compared with this weekend's pre-occupation with that other hardy perennial – the calendar. Usually the fretting, nail-biting and dividing up of one's record collection with a furiously departing spouse, wait until around the slow days of late August in Budapest. After all, with the heat nudging close to surface-of-the-sun hot, there's isn't much else to do while one sips a mint julep and glows like a Tennessee Williams heroine in the closest air-conditioned motorhome.

This year the Commonwealth Games have us in a different kind of lather. Being Irish, my interest in anything with the word Commonwealth in it ranks up there in the fascination stakes with navel fluff, Dan Brown and the collected speeches of Mika Hakkinen, but it has interested me for one reason. It's got us talking about as Melbourne as the third race.

Indeed, my esteemed colleague James Allen, across the way there on page five, presents very solid arguments why Melbourne should be race number three. However, I also have very good reason for not wanting it there. I am knackered. Pooped. Wrecked.

**'It's not just me – even super-fit young racing drivers are feeling the strain'**

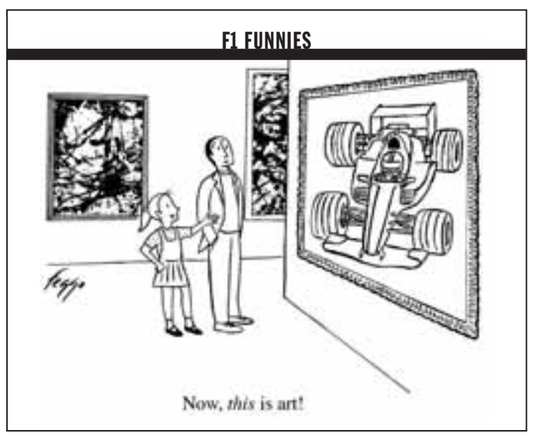
For those of us poor mortals who went from Bahrain to Malaysia and back to wherever home is (mine appears to be seat 36D on an Emirates airlines Airbus) before flying all the way here, Melbourne currently has all the charm of Cleethorpes (which I believe is a charmless English seaside resort). Now before anyone accuses me of whining – which I am – it is not, apparently, just me who is feeling the effects of this gargantuan season-opening haul.

Yesterday, a little bird told me that most of F1's third drivers are similarly exhausted. Apparently, on the advice of their teams, the bulk of them were told not to arrive here until the last minute as the teams didn't want the drivers' body clocks to adjust as they need to be on top form for the multi-day test they will undertake next week in Europe ahead of the San Marino Grand Prix.

However, by the end of the practice sessions yesterday most of the third drivers were apparently complaining of extreme fatigue. See, even super-fit young racing drivers are feeling the strain. In that light, imagine what it's doing to a hopeless, unhealthy, middle-aged oaf like me.

I rest my case. If there is consideration of the calendar going on, here's my suggestion. Eighteen races, all of them in lovely Oz and rotated between Melbourne, Adelaide, Eastern Creek, Bathurst, Brisbane. You could even restore old Catalina Park in Katoomba. Five weeks to acclimatise thanks, and decent breaks in between for some beach time. Perfect.

F1 FUNNIES




## PIT BITCH
## BY HELEN PARADYCE

**2** Are you a bit less nimble than you used to be? Is getting around the home a bit of a challenge? But you still love dancing? Then what you need is a Fred A Stairlift. I could have done with a bit of help negotiating my way up to my room in my tiny boutique hotel this week. For those who don't know, 'boutique' is the trendy word for 'cramped' and often goes hand-in-hand with 'minimalist', which means the room has nowhere to store your underwear, so you feel duty bound to keep your undergarments carefully locked away in your suitcase. Otherwise there's a chance that the chambermaids, who in this type of hotel all look like Christie Turlington, would look even further down their noses at you.

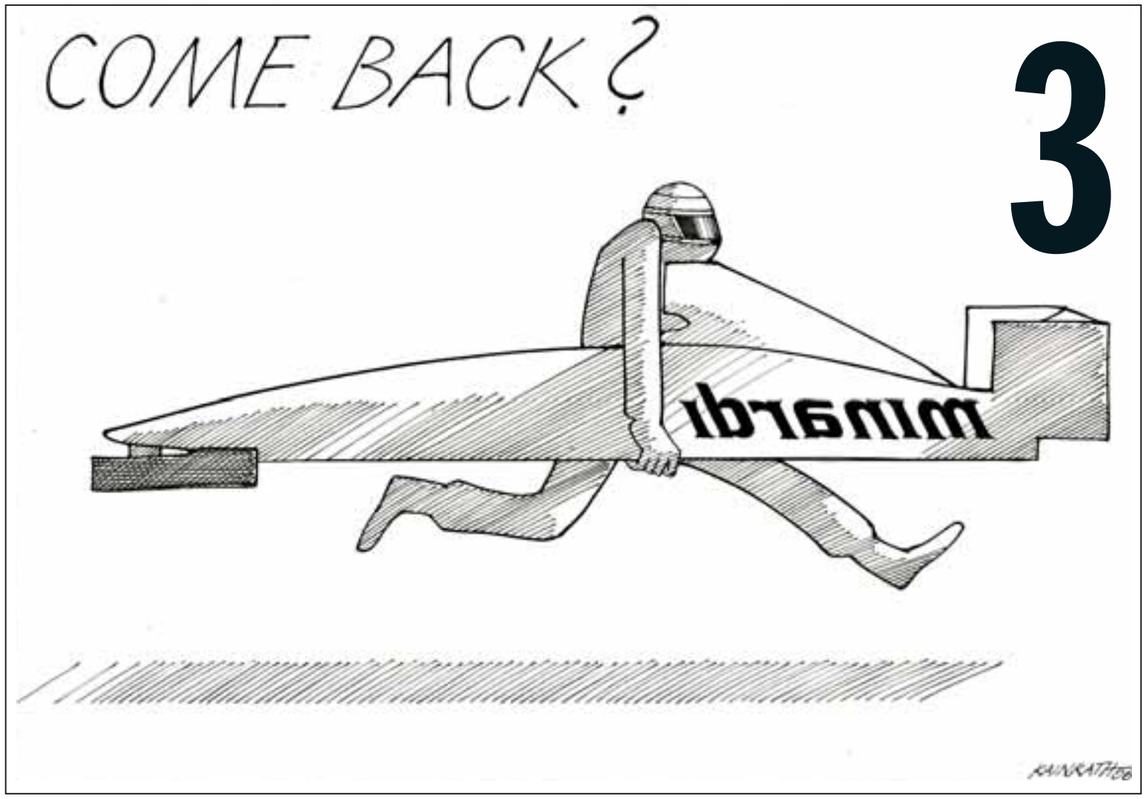
But on the subject of my underwear, joy of joys, I now have someone to throw them at, as the legend that is Leo Sayer is in town, having headlined the Grand Prix Ball last night. Never mind Thunder in my Heart, it was more a case of Thunder in my Pants. The Alain Prost/Sideshow Bob-lookalike and I go way back to the days when he was a paddock regular. The word groupie might best describe my role then. I was sitting in the paddock having breakfast on Friday when the FIA's Herbie Blash came up to me and said: "Look after this for me Helen." The 'this' in question was Leo. "Tell them about the endless shagging", was his first remark to me and I had the devil's own job persuading onlookers that this was the title of his next single. Now a resident of Sydney, Leo lives in a swish part of the city where he owns a pink house. How appropriate, given he is now a gay icon. But hands off, boys, he's all mine.

A quick sighting of Leo was all it took for photographers to start hunting down an English journalist who has the same crinkly hairdo as the pop star. According to his colleagues, he was still in his hotel room indulging his passion for central heating appliances. At least, I think that's what they meant when they said he was in bed with an old boiler.

In a dramatic switch of subject, it may have come to your notice that the Mercedes engines don't look too shabby at the moment, which is a shame for those of us who feel that the Kimster should start all races from the back. I can now reveal the secret reason behind this. Around 20 years ago, when Mario Illien set up Ilmor, he wisely located his factory a few miles from his old employers at Cosworth. Fast forward to January and the proximity of the two factories again proved useful to the German engine company as they mounted a dawn raid on Cosworth, making off with 10 Cossie men in the back of a Mercedes van.

Yes, I know, that's a bit geeky but deep down I do actually like this sport. That's why I found myself joining in a pub quiz on Thursday night in Fitzroy Street. How sad that none of the Aussie quizzers knew who Jack Brabham is. I mean, do you think there is anyone in England who hasn't heard of Stirling Moss? Maybe because my boutique hotel is on Fitzroy too, the people in the pub had minimalist brains.






## GOOD TIMING FOR MELBOURNE
## BY JAMES ALLEN

**4** I like having Melbourne as the third race of the season and hope it stays that way. It's a selfish point of view, but I can back it up with a compelling argument: we get a much better TV audience when the opening race is in a more user-friendly time zone. It's not rocket science.

This is a hype-driven business and the media generates a huge amount of interest leading up to the start of a new Formula One season. People literally wake up to F1 again. But if the first race is on at 4am in the UK and 5am in mainland Europe, few will bother to tune in. The hype is wasted, the moment lost.

If, like this year, the first race is on at 11am in UK, we get more than five times the audience we would get for the Australian GP. That carries on to the next race and, hopefully the rest of the season. The Germans, French and Italians all felt the same phenomenon this year; Italy had an immense audience – more than 13 million – watched the action from Bahrain.

Because it was such a good race, the floating viewer will have got a taste for F1 and that sets all of us broadcasters up for a good season. I'm sure that Ron Walker will be keen to get Melbourne back as the opener next year, but the TV numbers argue against it.

It's a Eurocentric view and 40 million viewers in Indonesia may well disagree, but with the ratings still recovering from five years of Schumacher domination, the 'Bahrain effect' is very welcome.

Because Melbourne is not the opener, there is not that sense of the unknown which normally sets the tone here. This year the paddock is more relaxed; it's just another race, albeit still a great event. We already know where the teams are in the pitlane and we know where they are relative to each other in performance.

**'Super Aguri have set themselves a target of beating Red Bull Racing by the end of the season'**

And some interesting things also have come to light from the opening races.

For one, it seems that being taken over is very good for your competitiveness: the Toro Rosso cars were five seconds a lap faster at Sepang than were Minardi last year, while Midland were 1.7 seconds faster than Jordan and BMW have shaved 1.5 seconds off Sauber's lap time.

The biggest unknown of all going into the season, Super Aguri, showed well in Malaysia. Their fastest race lap was 5.3 seconds off the pace admittedly, but a vast improvement on Minardi, who were seven seconds off the pace last year. This team is well worth watching: my Japanese friends tell me that the new car, which is due out in June, will feature a seamless shift gearbox and many other Honda goodies. They say the team have even set themselves a target of beating Red Bull Racing by the end of the season.

But the 2006 season is all about engines. It is abundantly clear that one of the key indicators of how competitive you are this year is how long you can run your engine at peak revs.

Ferrari are having to be very careful at the moment, while Nico Rosberg flew in Bahrain, but paid the price in Sepang.

As I write this there is less than a quarter of an hour left in the first free practice session of the weekend. The grandstands are three-quarters full, which is a credit to the organisers, but none of the top drivers have done a flying lap and some are in jeans, not fireproofs. They are saving their engines.

It's a hard situation to explain to the audience, a bit like the logic for Melbourne returning as the opening race.

● James Allen is the lead Formula One commentator for ITV in Britain.

ILLUSTRATIONS: KAINRATH, FEGGO

# PIRATE OF THE PITLANE

Welcome, welcome. Dr Bull here, Viennese mind-manipulator to the stars. Emotional support and ego-stroking a speciality. My rates are reasonable but my conclusions are not. Nevertheless, I'm the nearest thing there is to infallible, whatever that means. And I can tell you all you need to know about someone just by asking a few simple questions. Today **Giancarlo Fisichella** is bouncing up and down on Dr Bull's couch. Hopefully, he'll get tired soon…

**Right, Giancarlo, are you sitting comfortably? Good. Yes, of course I'd like to have a look at your shiny trophy, but maybe you could answer a few simple questions first.**

**Q: What is your favourite meal?**
**A: Pasta con pomodoro**
For any Italian, pasta with tomatoes is the ultimate comfort food (all of you English barbarians in the paddock, think beans on toast). Does Giancarlo just want to leave behind the rough, cruel world of F1 and curl up at home with the meal he ate for 365 days of the year as a little boy? I mean, honestly, do you expect me to work with that? IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL! I'm not asking for human liver, fava beans and a nice Chianti, but how about something a bit more interesting? How about sea bass? Sea bass are nice. Plenty of mental instability to talk about when it comes to sea bass. Not so much with tomatoes.

**Q: What is your favourite sort of music?**
**A: Disco**
I enjoyed my own boogie wonderland in the '70s. Unfortunately, it was short-lived, as my mother, a formidable lady if ever there was one, didn't approve of her son's white, bell-bottomed, sequined trouser suit and grounded him for a year. Explaining where I was going did no good. "Discotheque? Discotheque? Dis-go-take-off those horrible clothes and go to your room. You've got exams to study for!"

**Q: What things do you own that people don't know about?**
**A: A Harley**
Really? And what sort of people do you suppose don't notice you riding around on an enormous air-cooled anthology of very shiny chrome? Do you live among the deaf? And why a Harley? You're an Italian – does heritage mean nothing to you? Italy produces some of the finest motorcycles known to man, triumphs of aesthetics over practicality. Things of beauty. What on Earth would possess you to ride around on a hulking great lump of all-American hog? Are you secretly hoping to bump into Michael at a meeting of Big Bikes Anonymous?



**DR BULL'S CURRICULUM VITAE:**
**Born:** Vienna 1928
**Educated:** Zurich, Berkeley, Mogadishu and Brazzaville
**Honours:** Professor Emeritus Tahiti University, Visiting Professor Beverly Hills. Inventor of Deep Massage Analysis

**Q: Who would play you in the film of your life?**
**A: Johnny Depp**
Bit fast that answer. Bit certain. Like it was something you've thought about a lot. Of course there are similarities: Johnny has not always had the best of luck in his roles, he's had his lean times as well as more successful ones. But now he's discovered more consistent form. He's found lasting fame as a Pirate of the Caribbean. Maybe you're actually rather taken with his co-star and want to canoodle with Keira. Nightly.

**Q: What is your favourite item of clothing?**
**A: Bomber jacket**
If Italians are the most hip and stylish race on the planet, then I'm afraid you're the exception that proves the rule. Either that or are you trying to get cosy with Norbert Haug? Forget it. Ron will never hire another Italian so long as he's got strength, no matter how much you try to dress like a German. Give it up and get yourself a nice Armani trench coat.

**Q: Who's your ideal dinner party guest?**
**A: The Pope**
Hmmm… another German. Isn't this obsession going a bit far? Maybe you're hoping for a bit of semi-divine intervention and a whisper in Luca di Montezemolo's ear. It ain't gonna work. Don't be fooled by that Rossi fellow either, Ferrari look outside their homeland for drivers now.

**Q: I'm going to the bar. What's your favourite drink?**
**A: A B52**
My bumper book of immature cocktails lists this as a shooter: it's made up of one part Kahlua, one part Bailey's Irish Cream, one part Grand Marnier. Basically, it's an orangey milkshake for grown-ups and about as sophisticated as flip-flops.

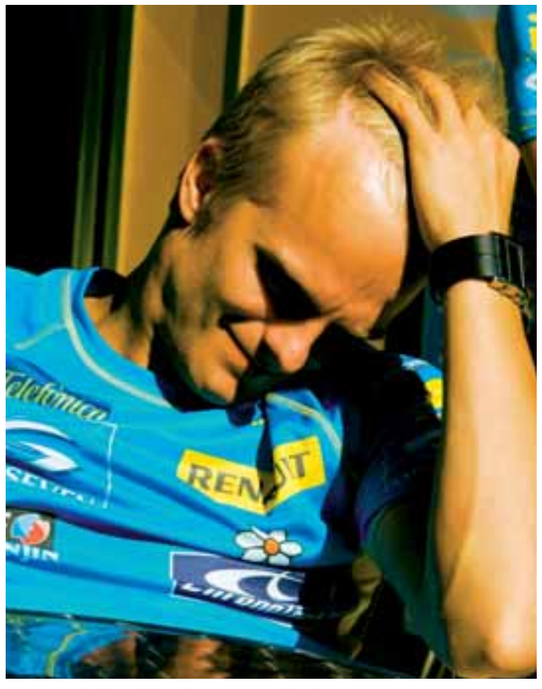
**Q: And a favourite dessert?**
**A: Tiramisu**
Hmmm… sometimes a pudding is just a pudding. But, then again… For those of you not familiar with Giancarlo's *madrelingua*, in Italian, tiramisu literally means a 'pick me up', though how on Earth anyone who thinks a heavyweight mix of sponge, espresso, mascarpone, eggs, cream, Marsala, sugar and cocoa is a pick-me-up, clearly needs professional help. In Austria we make nuclear control rods out of this stuff. A lie-me-down maybe but a 'pick-me-up'? What's wrong with a cup of coffee?





# CAUGHT ON FILM

They can run and they can try to hide, but paddock people cannot escape the Bull's Eye. Here we find them relaxing in Australia after that well-earned week off.




**Finland's Battle of the Blondes** was taking its toll on **Heikki**, whose hairline was no match for Nico's.




**Felipe soon discovered** just how difficult it was to play rugby against Melbourne's elusive Invisible Men First XIV.



**"Papa, did you have to tell everyone** that rubbing the baby's head would bring you luck."




**The old tramp pretended** to read the paper, but really he was just stealing it to sleep on later.



**This is what happens** when FOM get the marketing rights to Mount Rushmore.






**The FIA's decision to provide** boiled sweets at the Press Conference did not prove a great success.



PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, CRASHPA.NET

**"This time Vodafone has gone too far,"** thought Michael as he put on a brave face playing rugby with a team of proctologists.



# STEVE GARDNER: 37

## RBR HYDRAULICS TECHNICIAN

## AEROBATIC DISPLAY TEAM TECHNICIAN

**"I JOINED THE ROYAL AIR FORCE** in 1987, directly from school. The RAF offered travel, varied work, problem solving and the chance to be part of a team – that was a very attractive package, much like Formula One. I was offered an apprenticeship and started working on airframe and propulsion systems. This led to a qualification in aerospace engineering.

**"I APPLIED TO JOIN THE RED ARROWS**, The RAF's aerobatic team, and was accepted in 1993. As a technician I flew in the back seat on training exercises and to display venues. It can be dangerous, but that was part of the excitement. I looked after all the systems and my job was to make life as easy for my pilot as possible, so he could concentrate on flying.

**"ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS FOR ME** was when the pilots trained in close formation and I could look out of the cockpit and see other jets just a few feet away with their jet pipes glowing. The pilots would do as many as three displays in different countries per day, so the hours were often as long as we experience in F1.



**"THINGS ONCE GOT A LITTLE** more exciting than I would have liked. We took off in formation and at 150 feet a bird shot into the engine and the plane stalled. We couldn't eject because the aircraft around us were too close. The whole event seemed to take place in slow motion and everything went quiet, except my pilot and me, of course! The next big noise was the aircraft hitting the ground. It slid 1,500 feet down the runway on its belly. Luckily we were unharmed.

**"I'D ALWAYS FOLLOWED F1** and joined Stewart Grand Prix in 1998. I spent two years there then went to Renault. I took some time out to work on the Queen's Flight [the UK's royal and diplomatic air fleet] but came back to the pits last year with Red Bull Racing. The people who work here are one of the main reasons I returned.

**"PERHAPS THE BIGGEST** difference between F1 and my old job is that my responsibilities are clearly defined and very specialised. I work on the hydraulics systems and some of the fuel areas of the car, whereas in the RAF the scope of tasks was much wider. But the essence of teamwork, deadlines and technical accuracy is exactly the same." ■

PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER, PETE MOBS



# AUTOPILOTS

**While it's been noticed that drivers are getting distinctly robotic in their delivery at press conferences, no one so far has realised that they could play this to their advantage. But then Honda do have that self-driving car running around Japan at the moment, and remember…**




**01** The autopilot rarely gets chucked out of nightclubs

**02** The autopilot remembers which brand of cigarettes it prefers

**03** The autopilot never feels the urge to brake-test the other autopilots

**04** The autopilot doesn't play tennis

**05** The autopilot is programmed to drive like a responsible adult – and not like a fractious toddler that's been given too much sugar

**06** The autopilot's irate girlfriend never turns up with a copy of the local gossip-ridden tabloid and a pair of shears

**07** The autopilot doesn't turn up after the winter break 10 kilos heavier and with an uncomfortable little rash…

**08** Half a bottle of red wine won't make the autopilot start winking at the title sponsor's wife

**09** The autopilot doesn't turn up with a manager, an agent, a PA, a wife, a baby, a parent, a trainer, a stylist, an astrologer, a best mate, a biographer, a photographer and some bloke it met in the pub called Dave

**10** The autopilot can give a convincing performance in coffee adverts



**11** The autopilot won't sneakily sign for another team

**12** …but if it does, its memory can be erased without the aid of a bottle of Smirnoff and a lump hammer

**13** …and once the firmware is legally bound to your team, it won't suddenly stop answering the phone and start sending its lawyers around instead

**14** The autopilot isn't paranoid about other autopilots in the team getting preferential upgrades

**15** Pay-autopilots won't slow down better autopilots which are lapping them

**16** Autopilots can be created in any country that suits your marketing requirements

**17** The autopilot remembers what all of the flags mean

**18** The autopilot never wipes the crew out during a pitstop – even if provoked

**19** The autopilot will share the credit for a good result and take the blame for a bad one

**20** You only need to punch important information into the autopilot once

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

























# JUMPING FOR JOY

When we told the Aussie Unas that for their first day on the job we were going to show them some of Melbourne's high spots, they looked pretty excited. But just as they were about to go out and spend the morning shopping for a new pair of Jimmy Choos, we let on that the first stop was going to be a real dive. Then again, at least we let the poor girls down as gently as we could.

PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER, ADAM MORRIS

# DISCO INFERNO

**Eleven teams, hundreds of workers, buses, trucks and offices. The paddock is a city and each part has its own character.** So here's the city as we see it. It's all very well having great institutions and centres of learning, but at the end of the day everyone needs a place to unwind. Red Bull Racing team members are the paddock's resident party animals, so it's obvious that Red Bull should supply the entertainment in Paddock City. Tired caterers, frustrated mechanics and irate PRs can soothe their cares away to the rhythms on the dance floor, while the attractive bar staff will mix the sort of drinks that could fuel a Formula One car.

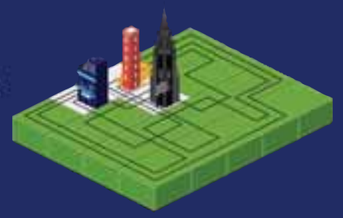





ILLUSTRATION: MONIKA FAULER

**1 THE DJ's BOOTH**
God is a DJ, and so is Christian Klien. Of course we're taking a bit of a guess that the party-mad Austrian isn't spinning a bit of Schubert or Strauss. Having said that, Christian worked as a fabricator before getting the driving gig, so presumably his favourite music is heavy metal.

**2 THE DANCE FLOOR**
Who else would be in the middle of the dance floor other than the ultimate attention-seeker, Vitantonio Liuzzi? While officially still enrolled at the nearby Junior School, Tonio likes to skip lessons and strut his stuff under the mirrorball where he can tell any pretty lady nearby that he's a famous racing driver.

**3 THE BOUNCERS**
Every nightclub needs the big fellas out front to keep away undesirables. Unfortunately, the Red Bull Racing definition of undesirables begins and ends with "anyone working for The Red Bulletin". It seems a bit unfair: it wasn't *our* fault that the Energy Station started sinking into the harbour at Monte Carlo last year.

# STERLING MOSS

Appearances can be deceptive. Former covergirl Tara Moss may have the grace and looks of a top catwalk model, but she rides a Kawasaki ZZR, owns a 7ft python, is racing this weekend and is also Australia's top crime writer. She talks to **Matt Youson.**

The Albert Park circuit has a reputation for being a little slippery on a Friday, but that isn't something to daunt Tara Moss, Australia's best-selling crime novelist. "I once had to negotiate a catwalk in Paris in yellow platform stilettos six sizes too small and a dress that was not much larger. The catwalk was on a decline as well, so simple physics were not on my side."

For anyone who is not yet acquainted with the author – and that number is shrinking rapidly – it's the sort of comment which suggests there is a little bit more to her career than years of hermetic seclusion with a typewriter. Her current vocation, which, in addition to the printed word takes in hosting true crime documentaries for the National Geographic channel, is tightly bound to the occupation of her youth: international cover girl and model.

For the moment, however, both typewriter and catwalk are far, far away. Moss is racing this weekend in a celebrity challenge and she definitely isn't here to make up the numbers. She's a self-confessed 'rev-head', and while her normal fix is a Kawasaki ZZR [the State of Victoria won't let her ride anything bigger yet], she's more than happy to exchange that for a roll-caged BMW 1-Series.

Tara is striking, she stands out from her race competitors, but in jeans and clutching a cup of take-away coffee, image seems the last thing on her mind. She's much keener to point out a dent in the side of her car. "Some of these guys really don't like being passed by a girl, so it can be a little bumpy on the track." She wanders over to another car, points out a much more prominent dent. "Obviously, I gave him one back."

Moss's literary heroine, the combative Makedde Vanderwall, isn't quite so confident behind the wheel, but nevertheless bears a strong resemblance to the author. It's a common enough trait for crime writers, but whereas Robert B Parker might be an erudite, pugilistic gourmand, he's never been a Boston private eye. Moss, conversely, shares her character's life much more intimately: Canadian-born; professional model; resident in Australia; student of forensic psychology. She also features prominently on her own dust jackets – though claims this originally was for reasons of economy.

It's good and bad: her image and notoriety undoubtedly shift copies, but it also saddles her with the sobriquet 'model-turned-novelist'. It's a factual description, but one that is often said in detrimental tones.

The media – and admittedly we're no different – still seems fascinated with her earlier career. There isn't any getting away from it, and nor does the author try. "It'll take care of itself with time and wrinkles. If I was a plumber-turned-writer I'm sure I would not have encountered the same amount of incredulity – but the tag doesn't bother me, and nor do the hassles that come with it."



If anything, Moss is confrontational, defying the wholly unworthy stereotype of model-as-airhead in as direct a manner as possible. Like celebrity authors everywhere, speculation that her books are ghost-written is never far away; unlike most celebrity authors she chose to sit a lie-detector test by way of rebuttal. It was, she says, an interesting experience.

"Sitting for a polygraph to scientifically prove that I write my own novels was a dare I was delighted to accept, because it was a concrete and original way to prove the critics wrong, and it made for great forensic psychophysiology research for future novels."

A self-confessed 'forensic tourist', Moss's research takes her to morgues and autopsies. She interviews victims and perpetrators of serious crime and has spent time with both the FBI and the LAPD. Her work, correspondingly, is at times chilling. She sets two of her three published novels in Sydney, though she is resident here in Melbourne: "a city with a lot of mystery." The adopted home is conducive to her genre. "At night it has a wonderful atmosphere for writing crime. It is a sophisticated and stylish city with a dark underbelly. A lot happens behind closed doors here."

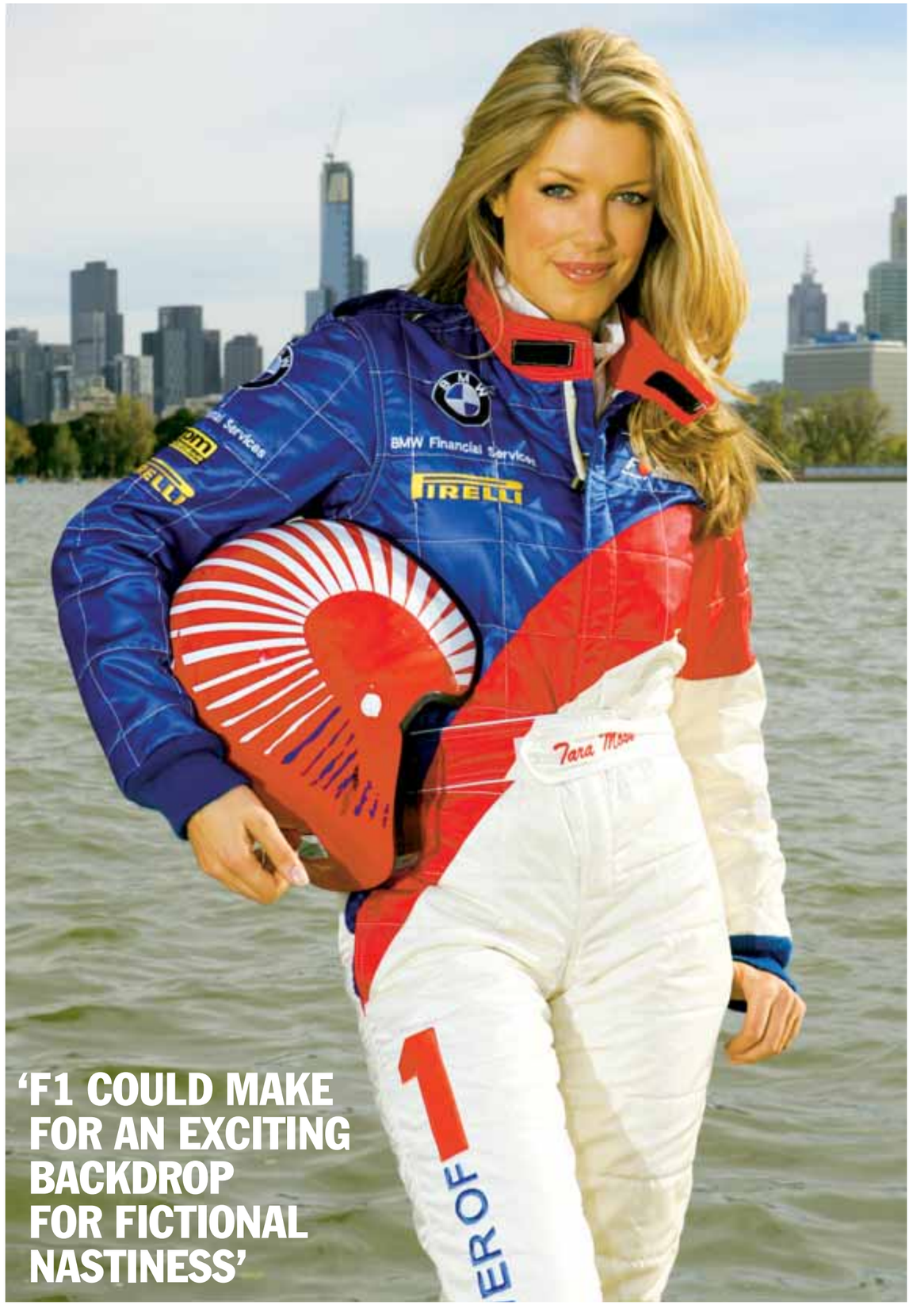
Some of it seems to happen behind Moss's own closed doors. Her writing companion is a 7ft diamond python by the name of Gomez. "I often write until 4am. I can frequently be found wandering the house, conjuring my next fictional murder in the wee hours of the Melbourne morning, Gomez coiled around my shoulders. He's is a constrictor, so gives very firm hugs, but we're both nocturnal."

This weekend it is Moss herself who is squeezing the life out of the Australian GP experience, dividing her time between learning the circuit and studying the personalities. Her nationality, like her accent, is an amiable fusion of Canada and Australia and it adds spice to her hopes and fears for tomorrow's grand prix.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mark Webber earlier this year, and on Monday I did a hot lap around the Sandown race track with Jacques Villeneuve. They're both incredible so it is hard to play favourites, but if I had to make a hard choice I would root for Webber because Australia is my home now. It would be fantastic to see an Aussie cross the finish line first this year."

Keen follower of F1 she may be, but like any good author, Moss looks at Albert Park with different eyes to the hundred thousand spectators rooting for a home victory. "There are all kinds of murderous possibilities out on the track, and even in the stands. F1 could make for an exciting backdrop for fictional nastiness. Perhaps my next novel will feature a homicide in the paddock?" It's an intriguing possibility, and The Bulletin doesn't struggle to come up with potential victims – or perpetrators. But Tara's books avoid the obvious, blending horror with revelation and rarely allowing anything to be taken as what it seems. The author is much more than just a pretty face.






**'F1 COULD MAKE FOR AN EXCITING BACKDROP FOR FICTIONAL NASTINESS'**

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER




# THE GUMBO RALLY

The Americans have started to take F1 really seriously. These e-mails reveal an outfit in the Deep South which is desperate to upstage Ferrari…

Dear Mister Mosley

Thank you kindly for the opportunity to submit our entry to the 2008 Formula World Series. Bubba Van Rental Alabama Racing is happy to oblige. We're as happy as pigs in doo-doo to learn that y'all want to continue with cheap V8 engines. We've been runnin' with the same V8 for 25 years and they don't come much cheaper 'n that.
Tell the truth, I'm not quite sure how much 2.4 litres is. Is it any bigger 'n the 420 cubic inch small block we're using at the moment? My grandpappy, who spent a couple of years in Europe back in the '40s, seems to recall it being about the same size as a big tractor so we shouldn't have much in the way of a problem. I'm sure Beulah [that's ma sister and chief mechanic] will be happy to bore it out a little bit.

Happy t'make yer acquaintance,

Bubba / President & CEO / Bubba Van Rental Alabama Racing / 17 Redneck Way / Gator Lake / Boggy Swamp / Alabama

Dear Mr Bubba,

Thank you for your kind enquiry about entry for the 2008 FIA world championship. We have taken your request under advisement but please be aware that we do have a $48 million dollar bond which must be paid to ensure entry. No, honest we do. And you do understand that we race at some pretty demanding circuits, don't you?

Yours, The FIA

Dear Mister Moosely
Whoa boy! That last letter gave me something of a fright. $48million dollars sounds like a heck of a lot of money, guess I didn't realise that you meant those funny little Euro Dollars. I'm sure you're right to mention that the Formula World Series circuits might be a little different to what we're accustomed to, but what the heck! A speedway is a speedway an' I'm sure we'll cope jus fine – I mean, how different can it be? So long as all the corners turn left, I don't think it's gonna be a problem.

Bubba / President & CEO, CFO / Bubba Van Rental Alabama Racing / 17 Redneck Way / Gator Lake / Boggy Swamp / Alabama

Dear Mr Bubba,
Once again, we do thank your for your enquiry. However, I think you should be aware that Formula One races are not held on oval circuits, with the exception of a little bit of Indianapolis – but the less said about that section of track the better. Circuits like ~~Spa~~ Bahrain and ~~Suzuka~~ Fuji might also be a trifle taxing for your driver(s). Perhaps you should approach someone in NASCAR or indeed, perhaps the boot-legging industry may be a better fit.

Yours etc., The FIA

Dear Mister Moosy
Now hold your horses mister snooty fancy-pants FIA big shot. No-one tells Bubba that he can't go racing. Not 'less he wants to wake up with a bidet full of feral coral snakes. We're as high-tech as they come. Why, we've got a chassis that you yourself sold us back in '74, and that's been constantly upgraded. Today we have two cupholders and the dampers and bushes off a Lincoln Towncar. And I don't like the suggestion that our drivers aren't up to the challenge. My niece Emmy-Lou is a three times world champion at the Tallahassee dirt track 25 hours and we've also hired one of your own eff-1 legends, a guy by the name of Michael Andretti. If that's not good enough, then maybe you're aiming a little too high.

Bubba / President & CEO, CFO, COO / Bubba Van Rental Alabama Racing / 17 Redneck Way / Gator Lake / Boggy Swamp / Alabama

Dear Mr Bubba
One of your drivers is a lady? Maybe we were a little hasty. How would you like to talk about this over a plate of, say, hominy grits, pancakes and a glass or three of moonshine at my place in gay Paris. You can even bring your banjo.

Regards, The FIA

ent Mr Springer is
ughter's attack. W
elevision evidenc
for his four-letter

ul accusations ma
ner assertion that
ongued shit-kickin

Dear Mr Springer's lawyers

I am so durned sorry that ma lil' girl attacked you on live prime time TV. It
her, why back on the farm she's the one who calms down the lambs after
castrating gent's paid us a call.

It's just that Mary-Lou has always been fond of her cousins – which is kin
how she got on your show in the first place – and all yer clever Yankee qu
confusing to a poor girl who's never been more than a hog's spit from ou
good 'ole Incest, Alabma (pop 310, all close kin]. That dog don't hunt do
boy, y'all should be careful what you say 'bout us.



#14 RICHARD CREGAN

# THE SUM OF ALL PARTS

**Toyota F1's general manager is an Irishman with a passion for motor sports, aircraft and studying late into the night. This is his world in numbers...**

**5 YEARS SINCE TOYOTA F1**
was established, but it's really only now that we're becoming accepted. From now on the really hard work starts. We had a great season last year with 88 points, five podiums and two poles. But to continue that success will take even more work.

**32 DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES**
at Toyota Motorsport, and I think that's why the company works so well. Some cultures are better at doing certain things than others, and it's good when you can slot people into areas where their particular talents lie.

**33 VEHICLES**
at each race: 13 trucks, 10 Hiaces, four Previas, three Lexus RX300s and three Formula One cars.

**24 HEURES DU MANS**
I've worked on it twice. It was a fantastic experience to go from rallying to Le Mans and then on to F1. They're all different worlds. I think the biggest issue with F1 is the attention to detail, to get the repeatability you need on the track every time.

**2 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES**
on my business card: English and Japanese.

**7 YEARS STUDYING AT NIGHT SCHOOL**
while I've been working. I've studied aircraft engineering, finance and business strategy. One of the reasons I did a degree in finance was because I hated it. I found it boring and awful, but I realised that to move up in the company I needed to know a little bit about it.

**155 AIRCRAFT SERVICED**
while I was working for Aer Lingus as an aircraft mechanic after I left university. Aircraft are a passion of mine, along with motor sports. I think the two are very closely related.

**22 YEARS WITH TOYOTA**
The first race I did was the Safari Rally in 1984, which we won. At that time there were only 25 people in the team – it was like a family. Now we have more than 600 at our Cologne HQ, and bring around 75 people to the races.

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON



# BLACK JACK




**A man of action rather than words, 'Black' Jack Brabham's nickname referred to his dark hair and quiet nature, but behind the wheel he was more aggressive. A hard-driving, tactical racer, his outstanding mechanical aptitude led him to three championship victories. He is the only world champion to have taken a title in a car of his own construction.**



**AUSTRALIAN GOLD**
1966 was to be Jack Brabham's year. He was caught on camera at the British Grand Prix that year (top left) with a wry smile on his face – he did go on to win the title that year.

The same season he was captured racing at the Nürburgring (top) and he's seen (left) receiving the winner's trophy at the German round.

Cool as you like, the world champion (right) has a snack while waiting for the start of the 1967 Italian GP.

PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH



**JOHN ARTHUR** 'Jack' Brabham, who celebrates his 80th birthday tomorrow, fell in love with machinery at an early age. He was born in Hurstville, near Sydney, and his father was a greengrocer. As a boy, Jack learned to drive the shop's delivery vehicles and took it on himself to keep them all roadworthy. When he left school at 15, he went to work in a garage. As the Second World War raged in the Pacific, Jack enlisted as a flight mechanic in the Royal Australian Air Force.

After the war, Jack's friend, American Johnny Schonberg, asked him to help build a racing Midget for dirt-track ovals. After Schonberg decided to call it a day, Brabham gave it a try himself and became a regular winner, taking four successive Australian championships and a hill climbing title.

The Midget's engine eventually died and that was the catalyst for Jack's move to England. His ambitions had grown as his talents had become more apparent. He met with John and Charles Cooper and formed a partnership which was to propel them to the top of Formula One.

Jack persuaded the Coopers to build a rear-engined car in 1958. It was a savvy move and Brabham drove his Cooper to victories in Monaco and Britain in 1959 on the way to his first drivers' title. Soon, the rest of the field dumped their big front-engined layouts.

Jack's style was stealthy and tactical, as well as forceful. He was a ruthless racer who was known to take corners in a different gear every lap, just to catch out the following car. He would also run wide on corners to throw up stones to put off the opposition. Jack had the trait of all great champions – Senna, Schumacher, Prost, Clark – he was always thinking ahead.

In 1960, the world champion dominated the nine-race series, winning consecutive races in Holland, Belgium, France, Britain and Portugal. He'd done the double.

The following year, though, rule changes made Ferrari all powerful. Jack left Cooper and formed Motor Racing Developments with his old friend, fellow Aussie Ron Tauranac.

While they were competitive, it was not until the three-litre formula came into effect in 1966 – and Brabham landed the best engine from Repco – that Jack returned to the front of the grid. Four wins brought him his third title.

Jack's last victory came at the age of 44 at the 1970 South African GP. The young drivers used to kid 'Geriatric' Jack about his age. Once, Jack responded by hobbling on to the starting grid at Zandvoort, wearing a long white beard and walking with a cane. The other drivers helped him into his car, which happened to be on pole. Tearing off the fake beard, the Aussie stormed off the line and won the race.

# FAST AND FURIOUS

## SPEEDING DRIVERS...

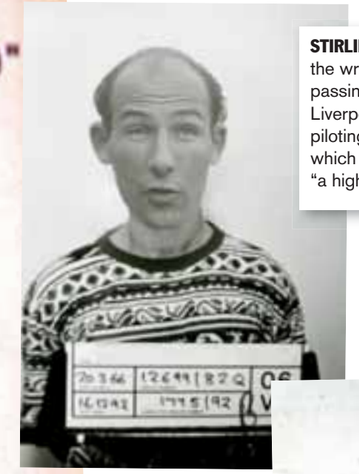
On the track, drivers take a car to the very limit, but do that off the circuit and they end up in jail. Here are the drivers who've been black-flagged by the law…




In 2000, **JENSON BUTTON** was caught at 230kph near Montpellier in a borrowed BMW 3-series diesel. It was considered a major PR coup for the manufacturer. Button managed to get away with a stern lecture and a 750 euro fine.




F1's most addicted speed-freak was **RENE ARNOUX.** Driving his Ferrari road car in 1987, he was busted doing 242kph in a French town with a 90kph limit. But that's just the tip of the iceberg... allegedly. Arnoux is rumoured to have been the wheel-man in Claude Lelouch's 1976 short film C'Etait un Rendezvous, piloting the director's Ferrari 275 GTB through the dawn-lit streets of Paris.



**STIRLING MOSS** found himself on the wrong side of the law when passing through the Mersey Tunnel in Liverpool in Britain in 1959. He was piloting a 38.5bhp Triumph Herald, which the judge in court described as "a high-powered sports car".



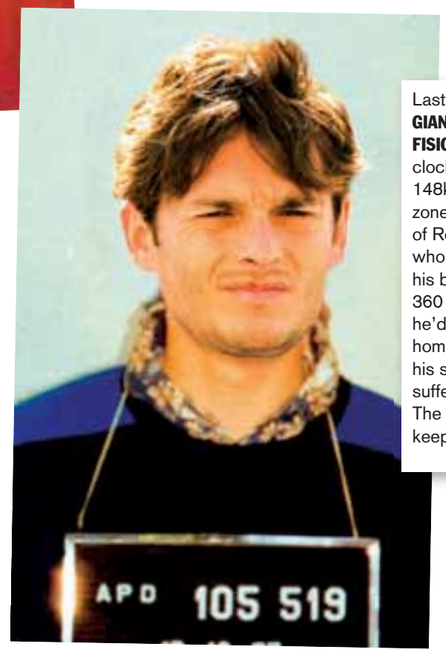

**RALF SCHUMACHER** had his collar felt in 2001 when he broke the speed limit near his home in Austria. The German was caught while driving at 127kph, had to pay a fine of 630 euros and lost his licence for two weeks.




**NIGEL MANSELL** was clocked at 148kph in his Bentley Continental Turbo in 1997 on the A303 in Somerset in the UK. Because the 1992 champion already had six points on his licence, he was banned from driving for six months.




**JUAN PABLO MONTOYA** was caught doing 204kph on the A8 motorway through Draguignan, France in his company BMW X5 in 2003. He was fined 1,000 euros on the spot and suspended from driving in France for two months – but it didn't affect his participation in the French Grand Prix.




Last November, **GIANCARLO FISICHELLA** was clocked doing 148kph in a 60kph zone in the suburbs of Rome. The Italian, who was driving his black Ferrari 360 Modena, said he'd been rushing home to attend to his son, who was suffering a fever. The judge let him keep his licence.

PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, REX FEATURES, GETTY IMAGES

## OTHER WONDERS OF THE CRIME WORLD



### 7 MOVIE VILLAINS

**1. Blofeld –** James Bond's cat-stroking nemesis
**2. The Joker –** Jack Nicholson as Batman's arch-enemy
**3. Hannibal Lecter –** Did wonders for the sale of Chianti
**4. Darth Vader –** Tall, dark and not very handsome. But very bad
**5. Bela Lugosi –** The original Count Dracula
**6. Norman Bates –** Don't try the showers at the psycho's motel
**7. Nurse Ratched –** Did nothing for the medical profession's reputation in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

### 7 CRAZY LAWS

**1.** In Germany, a pillow can be considered a 'passive' weapon
**2.** In Cambodia, water guns may not be used in New Year's celebrations
**3.** It is illegal to flush the toilet after 10pm in Switzerland
**4.** It's against the law to sing off key in North Carolina
**5.** Margarine producers in Canada can't make their margarine yellow
**6.** In Denmark, one may not be charged for food at an inn unless that person, by his or her own opinion, is 'full'
**7.** It is illegal to dare a child to purchase a beer in Tennessee

### 7 BIG HEISTS

**1. Shergar –** Winner of the 1981 Epsom Derby, this superstar racehorse was stolen and then held to ransom by the IRA… only for the horse to die at the hands of the hapless kidnappers
**2. The Scream –** Munch's masterpiece was stolen in 2004... for the second time. But while it was recovered after its first disappearance (in 1994), this time police suspect it has been burned
**3. The Crown Jewels, London –** despite being held in the Tower of London for 700 years, the jewels have only been stolen once in 1671
**4. The Mona Lisa, Paris –** Stolen in 1913, police included Pablo Picasso as a suspect. Selling the loot proved difficult, as the actual thief was arrested when potential buyers tipped off the police
**5. Rembrandt's Jacob III de Gheyn –** the most stolen painting in history has been taken four times since 1965 and returned anonymously each time
**6. Van Gogh Museum –** two apprehended crooks who robbed the Dutch painter's gallery in 2002 may get the last laugh, as the paintings they stole (so far unrecovered) may legally end up theirs after 20 years, due to a loophole in Dutch law
**7. Iraq –** 7.23 billion euros of Iraqi Development Funds have been 'misplaced'. Deliberate theft has not been ruled out, but it is believed that those in charge "did not establish adequate controls" over the money.

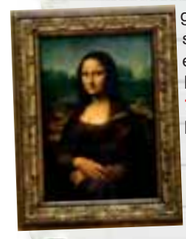




PHOTO: REX FEATURES

# SUITED AND BOOTED

It's not unusual to see Michael wandering around the paddock in a suit – it's just that his usual version features several layers of flame-resistant Nomex rather than a pinstripe. But this is Michael in 1998, swanning around Schloss Schumacher. Is it our imagination or does he look rather ill-at-ease in the business outfit? It does appear to be about four sizes too large for his rake-thin frame. Did he borrow it from Willi Weber?