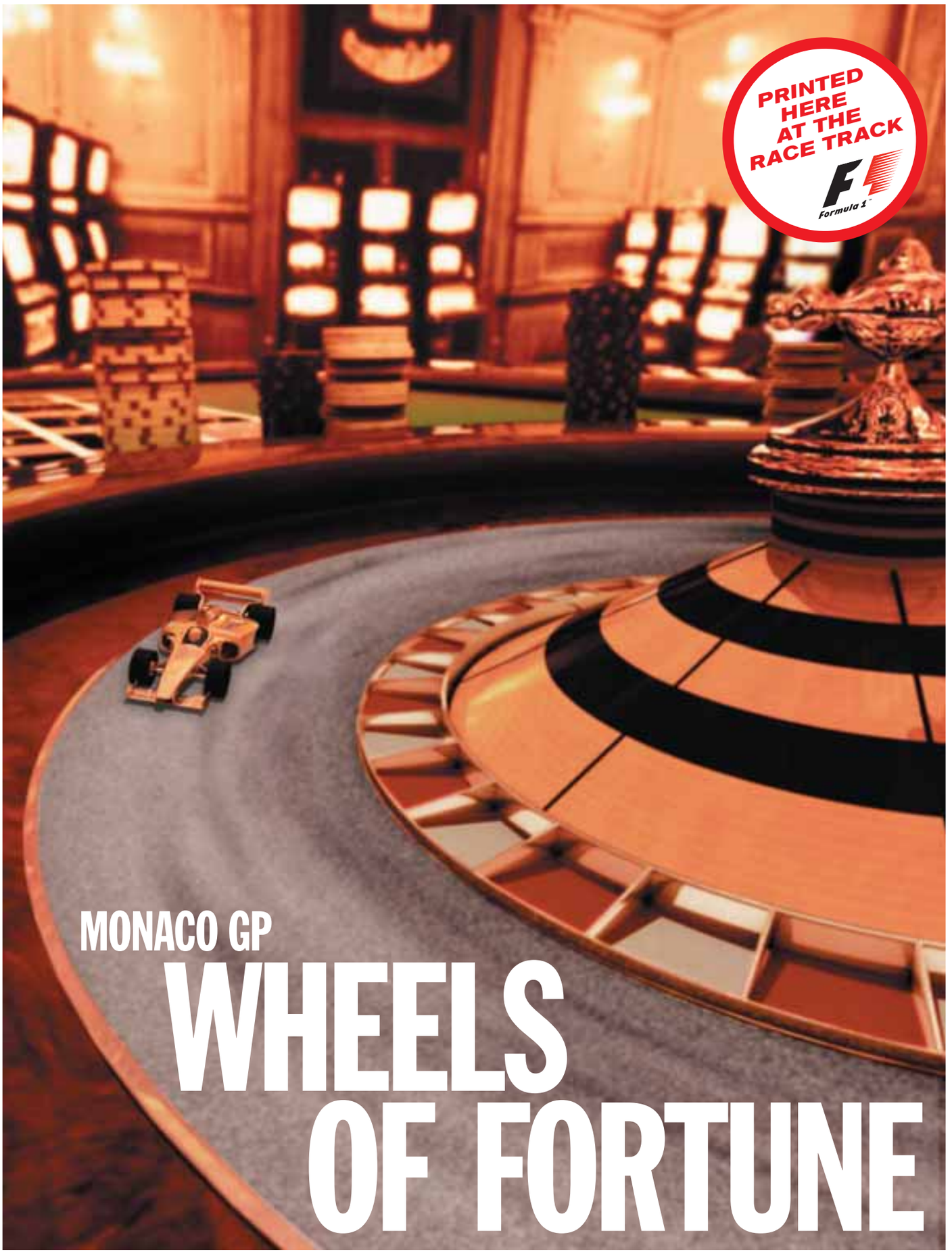
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 1, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 2005

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER



MONACO GP

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

McLAREN

KIMI'S DESIGNS ON MONACO The Iceman is giving his crash helmet a lot of thought this weekend. As well as the diamonds planted on his crash hat by Steinmetz (see opposite), the Finn is keeping to his usual practice in Monaco of changing the design on his lid. Last year's helmet had a harbour scene on the back, this year there are a pair of dice with the legend 'Dice'n in the streets' emblazoned across it. Who said Kimi didn't have a sense of humour?

He was also quick off the mark with the quips at the opening press conference of the grand prix when asked by an F1 hack what things made him angry. After the usual non-committal answer he was pressed for examples. Kimi eventually muttered: "You, if you keep asking questions like those." Leaving the room, Kimi turned to his press aide and said: "Did he expect me to hit him?"





A PIZZA DC'S BARE-FACED CHEEK Never mind all the airs and graces you get with some multi-millionaire sportsmen, that David Coulthard is a regular guy. The Monaco resident has confessed all about the secrets of his life in Monte Carlo. We always knew it involved parties, drinking and beautiful girls but we didn't know about the pizza. Apparently, if he's on his way to the gym of a morning he has the same breakfast as every other superhero – a boring old protein shake, banana and bran flakes. However, if he's on his way back to his apartment as the sun rises after a night out he calls in to the legendary Tip Top bar. Funny, we've never seen protein shake on the menu there? "Nah, it's 5am, so at that stage it's usually pizza," admitted the Scot.

And if you want to know the power of a pizza breakfast then read on. If he finishes on the podium fans of Uncle Dave (as his baby-faced team-mates call the 34-year-old) may get a chance to appreciate his bare-faced cheek. With the experience of two wins, a fastest lap and one pole start to call on, the Scot reckons he is a good bet for a finish in the points on Sunday. But if he manages to mix it with the Renaults and McLarens to finish in the top three he has promised the British national newspapers he will drop his trousers in celebration and show what every Scotsman hides under his kilt!



GP VIP

MIKA GETS THE BABY BLUES Is he losing it? Retired F1 speed king Mika Hakkinen is just not fast enough these days – at least when it comes to changing nappies that is.

The Finn, who last week became a father for the second time, proved he is not that shit-hot when it comes to whipping off the Pampers. He took part in a baby changing 'showdown' against team-mate Bernd Schneider, also a new father, at a recent DTM race. Hakkinen who is as popular with fans now as he was when he quit four years ago, may have got the better of the F1's leading German driver, Michael Schumacher, but came off second best against Schneider in the baby race. There was some compensation, though, as he stormed to victory at a rain-lashed Spa. "I'd expect nothing less," said Schumacher when he learned of his old rival's success. The Red Bulletin sends its congratulations to Mika and Erja on adding to F1's fan base with the arrival of Aina Julia, who came home from hospital this Wednesday, presumably because she wanted to get home in time for the Monaco action.

RED BULL

Red Bulletin
The bulls in the china shop

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GP VIP



SUCKERS AT A GRAND PRIX According to our spies a few grand prix drivers had a high old time at the post-race party in Barcelona. The central attraction, apparently, were male and female ice statues, correct in EVERY anatomical detail. Things stepped up a gear when some inventive reveller discovered that drinks poured down the face of each dripped off some interesting appendages (surely you don't need me to draw you a diagram). Never ones to waste good (or bad) alcohol, tongues and mouths were then used to lick or suck up the dripping alcohol before it escaped – and made for some very, VERY interesting photographs. One shirtless grand prix driver in particular should be warned – we have the pictures. Of course we wouldn't dream of using them... would we?

McLAREN

ICE MAN OUT TO SPARKLE Gee, it's tough being an F1 driver. Just ask Juan Pablo Montoya and Kimi Raikkonen. The two McLaren men have been having their helmets handled by beauty Natasja Vermeer. The Dutch model-cum-singer is the new star of the long-lasting soft-porn series Emmanuelle and her latest film, 'Private Moments' (the title says it all), is packing them in down the road at the film festival in Cannes. She got her hands on the drivers' helmets – better not mention that to Jenni or Connie – when presenting Kimi and Juan Pablo with one-off helmets which have their names picked out in diamonds.

Kimi has always been known as the Ice Man and he'll certainly be as cool as ice as he attempts to sparkle in more ways than one in Monaco. The helmets – which will be auctioned off after the race to raise money for charity – are the result of three months' work by designers in Finland and the US, while the diamonds were cut in South Africa. And unlike the 'missing' Steinmetz diamond which apparently broke loose from its mounting on a Jaguar last year, these diamonds should stay in place even if Kimi and Juan Pablo end up smashing into Monaco's treacherous barriers thanks to the use of a special resin.



F1 KAINRATH



Sign of the times

SAUBER

MASSA LEAVES DINERS FUMING Poor Felipe Massa probably didn't know which was worse: not being recognised as an ace F1 pilot or being ticked off by a local café owner. Our Brazilian was trying to ease his scooter through one of the outdoor cafés beside the paddock when he was stopped by the patron in a sweat as he tried to move a heavy table. "Switch the engine off, the fumes are awful!" fumed the local restaurateur after both had opted not to give way to the other in the tight space. Felipe duly obliged but suffice to say he won't be eating at that café this weekend.



FOUR COMMENTARIES

GRID GIRLS AND BIKER BOYS

BY GUNTHER WIESINGER

1 WHY ROSSI WON'T GO TO F1

Valentino Rossi to F1 in 2007? "You've more chance of being f****d by the Pope," I hear Barry Sheene saying. Although Valentino's charm and charisma would be a welcome enrichment for F1.

"Driving the F1 Ferrari last year was a dream come true," Rossi said last week. "But we never talked about a contract. Everybody twists my words for headlines." Then a huge grin. "So now I say I will never stop in MotoGP. I will be here for another 10 years."

Since 2000, he has won 45 of 84 MotoGP races, scored 69 podiums and won four titles in a row. Talks start in June for a third Yamaha year in 2006. Money will matter. This year, they pay Rossi some 14 million euro, about double what Telefónica pays Gibernau and Alonso. But former 125 and 250 champion Rossi has a low boredom threshold. So Marlboro Ducati, an all-Italian enclave, will be an attractive alternative. But why would a top F1 team match that, just because he is famous and can ride a bike faster than anybody on this planet?

'The Doctor' also finds F1 dull. "I fall asleep in front of the TV." And he would be devastated by the pressure of fans and media, already almost intolerable. He once said: "One day I would like to change my face to be not Valentino Rossi; to eat in any restaurant instead of hiding in a back room."

Rossi's car career has left something to be desired. He crashed his WRC Peugeot on stage one of the 2002 Network Q Rally of Great Britain. He drove the F2003GA Ferrari faster than bike rival Max Biaggi. Big deal.

He did once hit the headlines in a car in Australia. Phillip Island police clocked him doing 150 in an 80 km/h zone after he'd overslept on practice day. "I'm in a hurry," he claimed. They banned him for six months.

F1 FUNNIES



Rossi was surprised, but then Rossi is different. He can get away with driving the Marlboro Ferrari on Bridgestones while contracted to Gauloises and Michelin. He even denied Honda the champion's Number 1 on his bike, sticking with 46. On bikes, he's untouchable, and he's intelligent enough not to destroy his legend by racing in F1. He remembers that predecessor and compatriot Giacomo Agostini (15 world titles) made a fool of himself in F1 cars.

He's also too fun-loving to endure the F1 paddock for a whole weekend. More likely, Rossi will try to beat Ago's record of eight top-class titles and 68 wins by the end of 2007. Then he'll persuade pal Lapo Elkann (nephew of the late Fiat patron Gianni Agnelli) to bring Fiat back into WRC. And volunteer to spearhead the campaign.

BY SUE DE NIMES

2 CONSPIRACY THEORY

Shhh, don't tell anyone but F1 team bosses are falling over one another to get a certain autograph on the bottom of a driver contract for 2006. Michael Schumacher? You've gotta be joking! The name they all want on the side of their cars next year is Patrick. Danica Patrick.

Until recently most team bosses have never heard of the 23-year-old from Illinois. What kind of a name is Danica anyway?

Well, first and foremost, it's a female name, and while some of the F1 drivers may have long hair and earrings and one or two are rumoured to prefer the company of gentlemen, Danica's big advantage is that she is a woman, making her very attractive to F1 sponsors. The fact that she is an American woman makes her even better – because most F1 sponsors want more coverage in the United States. And then one must add the fact that she's a lot better looking than some of the female drivers over the years – and no that is not sexist because pretty boys get to Formula One more easily than ugly boys. But the most important thing is that she's a very quick driver, as she proved last week when she shone in qualifying for the Indy 500.

The biggest secret of all is that Danica wants to be an F1 racer.

Mind you, if F1 is going to make it in America it needs to have more races in US timezones. Hence the ongoing plans for a Mexican Grand Prix at Cancun and the rumours that F1 could bid to buy the organising rights to the Long Beach Grand Prix. This opportunity would take F1 back to the West Coast where the Long Beach Grand Prix was, for years, a hugely popular event. Today, even staging the rather weak Champ Car series, the race still pulls in a crowd of over 225,000 during the race weekend. And they could all be F1 fans.

Adopting American ideas is all the rage at the moment and we hear that F1 may soon start having Grand Marshals at each Grand Prix. Not to be outdone by Pamela Anderson being a Grand Marshal in NASCAR, Formula One is tipped to be chasing Angelina Jolie!

ILLUSTRATIONS: MARSHALL, KAINRATH

3 TOP DOG: IS MONACO FORMULA ONE'S ULTIMATE FASHION ACCESSORY?



PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 SINKING FEELING

Monaco is a land of dangerous assumptions and the most dangerous is that today is the first day of the rest of your life. Waking with an enormous headache, the noise of the cars indicating that you have overslept, the more likely assumption is that one is actually dead. Then the awful truth dawns that one has been spared to face another night of low grade men and cheap narcotics, or is it the other way round? Never mind 'jewel in the crown,' this place can be the verucca on the heel.

As usual, I'm staying in a seedy apartment that smells of dog and the old Scandinavian journo who rents it out, the apartment not the dog. It's all platonic, though years ago he had a soft spot for me and now he's so old, there's no chance of it getting hard.

My first night in the Principality saw me dining with a girlfriend in Ristorante Pulcinella, which is pretty much the Paddock Diner this week. Noisy at the best of times, it was even louder than usual thanks to the presence of one E Jordan making his first appearance of the year. Eddie was basking in Prodigal Son glory, glad-handing everyone — until I stopped him in his tracks by reminding him he still owed me money. Shortly after, he left by bicycle, so maybe times really are hard.

I was asked "Malibu or beer?" God's way of indicating you've had enough

Earlier in the day, I had spotted new Jordan boss Trevor Carlin at Heathrow airport. I must say he seems to be trying his best to please his Russian masters as he manfully downed a few pints of lager at seven in the morning, in true East European style.

It was an impressive performance, but will it be enough to save his job, now that it's rumoured Eddie Irvine is putting together a bid to buy the team that launched his F1 career? The loud-mouthed ex-racer is also in town, and popped up in Barcelona as well, which explains why he has not spent much time on his yacht 'The Anaconda.' Abandoned off Miami without a crew it sprung a slow leak, and promptly disappeared beneath the waves. On Thursday night, it looked as though the Red Bull Energy Station might follow Irvine's dinghy to a watery grave. The naïve newcomers threw a free party for the entire world. Free booze and mechanics is a volatile mix and the burly bouncers had to eject a few overly refreshed gentlemen. Not since my student days, have I seen so many lads vomiting off the roof and urinating on the yachts in the harbour.

Eventually, I realised I had outstayed my welcome when, on asking for the usual Vodka Tonic, I was asked "Malibu or beer?" Surely God's way of indicating you've had enough to drink.













Clockwise from top left: Jackie Stewart accepts the laurels in **1971**; Graham Hill is congratulated by Princess Grace in **1964**; Jochen Rindt celebrates victory in **1970**; Ferrari's Jody Scheckter receives his winner's trophy from Prince Rainier in **1979**; Juan Manuel Fangio talks through his race win in **1957;** Ayrton Senna collects his third Monaco trophy in **1990**

THE MAN WHO MADE MONACO MAGICAL

His Serene Highness Prince Rainier of Monaco, who died earlier this year, transforming a tiny Mediterranean Principality from "a sunny place for shady people", in the words of novelist W Somerset Maugham, to a fashionable, bustling centre of commerce and a watering hole for the international glitterati.

His marriage to Grace Kelly helped further enhance Monaco's image, and his unbridled enthusiasm for the Grand Prix was the key to its enduring appeal as the prestige event on the FIA Formula One world championship programme.

Indeed, much of the current perception of Formula One as the ultimate arena of celebrity, glamour and the spirit of adventure is down to the pioneering Prince who not only put his Principality on the map but also stamped Formula One's identity on the sporting landscape. The sight of Rainier rewarding the winner dates back to the beginning, with Fangio in 1950. The Prince's presence will be greatly missed.



RIVIERA REVIEW

The lens-men work Fridays in the Principality, unlike our heroic drivers, as Formula One gets a rare day off



TRUE SUNSEEKER
Looking cool as she wears factor 20 and a true Monte Carlo pout, this English Rose flies the flag for the absent Button, as she suns herself on starboard



YOUR POWERS ARE WEAK, OLD MAN
Ex-Lotus F1 chief Peter Collins (right) has a very high opinion of his driver management abilities and wants the world to know. While the real star, Christian 'Babyface' Horner (showing teeth) can throttle the toughest inter-galactic despots and Hollywood moguls with only a smile

SWEATY IN THE COCKPIT
As the season hots up, these flameproof overalls begin to chafe. One of Red Bull's finest attempts to make a crucial set-up adjustment



CASH AND CARRY
We all know Villeneuve makes a packet out of grand prix racing, and it appears Peter Sauber has taken to chucking JV's daily wedge over the wall



A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FRIENDS
Jarno Trulli is accosted by a perplexed Red Bulletin reader, foxed by the fiendishly difficult Touareg Teaser on page 16

PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, CRISPIN THRUSTON

THE RED'S BULLETIN
As the Scuderia's troubles continue on track, Stefania Bocchi of the Ferrari press office ponders just how to break the bad news to the circling vultures in the media centre



LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

NO KIDDING

Plenty of supermodels grace the paddock – most don't require fireproof overalls and a lid. Jodie Kidd talks to Eric Silbermann

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to work out that what F1 could do with to spark up its image is some lady drivers. Sadly, those women who have got behind the wheel of a grand prix car have either not been much good or, frankly, did not look that different to their male counterparts.

But in the support paddock in Barcelona, standing out from a crowd of stocky, stubbled Maserati drivers was a tall willowy girl, whose skin looks positively translucent in that company.

The name on her race suit is as short as she is tall: 'J. Kidd.' Yes, this really is English supermodel Jodie Kidd, daughter of the Beaverbrook dynasty, part of England's jeunesse dorée. Her striking good looks saw her make her public debut, not at a Debutantes Ball, but stalking down the catwalks of Milan, Paris, New York and London when she was still a 15-year-old schoolgirl.

However, ten years on, the talk is more hot lap than haute couture. Kidd is competing in this year's Trofeo Maserati, a one-make championship run as a turnkey series, where drivers pay a fee for the year and simply turn up to race in identical cars based on the road-going Maserati Gran Sport Coupe. Kidd, though, isn't paying, as she's a fabulous PR tool for the Italian marque and drives one of the VIP cars, usually paired with a more experienced pilot. In Spain, she was shown the ropes by F1 driver turned Italian TV commentator, Ivan Capelli.

Really I want respect. It will be difficult as a) I'm a girl, b) I'm a model and c) I'm blonde

Kidd's route to the race track was unplanned. Having taken part in the semi-legal Gumball Rally in the USA, she returned to England and found herself sitting at a GQ magazine prizegiving next to Jeremy Clarkson, host of the BBC's motoring programme Top Gear. Clarkson, naturally, invited her to appear on his show. "I arrived and the first thing I had to do was drive round their track," she recalls. "I had never driven on a track in my entire life, never raced a car. I did really well and beat everyone on their leader board," she adds with no sign of false modesty.

The next step came through a Maserati sponsorship. "'You could be a role model, you're sporty and play polo and we think you would look really good in our Spider', they said. So they lent me a Maserati for a summer to go to all the Polo matches. I got to meet people in the company, went to launches, test drove all the cars. Then they sent me to the Vairano circuit to do the Maserati Master GT, where you learn how to race, how to drive a supercar, how to brake and control a spin. I really loved it and it seemed I might have a little bit of talent for it. So I started racing in the Trofeo and qualified for my International Racing License in Italy, helped along by Maserati."

Before taking up Polo, Kidd had been an accomplished show-jumper and she draws parallels between four-legged and four-wheeled sport. "Doing jump offs against the clock, getting the horse balanced I found a connection with keeping a car balanced in the corners. "In show jumping, you have a shortened jump-off course, when you have to turn a horse into a fence in two strides. You have to keep the horse tight in the front and the back. I find the connection with getting the car completely right going into the corners, keeping it balanced, keeping it as flat as possible, knowing when to put the power down."

Her first big test came at Imola. "I was completely freaked out by all the guys and their macho poses!" she laughs. The track? "Bloody hell, it's really technical so I was a little bit out of my depth at that one. I'm learning with every race, I'm trusting the car more and I'm getting there." A sentiment supported by her mentor, Capelli. "She has natural talent," reckons Capelli. "She lacks experience, but listens carefully to everything you say and then applies it on the track. She just needs more practice."

Kidd's love of racing spills over into her choice of road car. "I'm obsessed with cars and I love driving. I have three beautiful machines: a Maserati Gran Sport, a special Ferrari 550, one of only ten right hookers ever made. She's my old lady and I look after her. She's very cool. Oh, and a Lamborghini Murcielago," she adds as an expensive afterthought. "It's a nice little garage and I'm very spoilt and very lucky."

So has she considered moving up the motor racing ladder? "I haven't got enough time in my life to mess around," insists Kidd. "I'm doing it because I really love it. I would like to be successful at it, but really I want respect for what I'm doing. It will be difficult because a) I'm a girl, b) I'm a model and c) I'm blonde. That's loads of handicaps. I just want people to say she's not bad, she's quite good."

As for F1, it is unlikely we will ever see the statuesque Miss Kidd on a grand prix grid. "I tried to sit in Schumacher's car once," she says. "But I could not get my legs in the cockpit and ended up with my backside halfway out of the car. Jenson Button is my favourite F1 driver, a real superstar in the making. As for Schuey, he's just like Tiger Woods, a complete one-off. There will never be another driver like him. But I take my hat off to every single driver out there. You've got to have big balls to do what they do, if you don't mind me saying so!"

Interview over, Kidd uncurls her very long legs from the chair, like a thoroughbred racehorse, before heading off to the track to tame the horsepower under the bonnet of her Maserati. Courteous, polite, but with a steely glint in the eye, Jodie Kidd might like to consider she shares these qualities with a famous Englishman who won several races at the wheel of a Maserati and also began his competitive career as a show jumper: none other than Sir Stirling Moss.



Jodie Kidd: supermodel, superstar and not just one of the boys. Competing in this year's Trofeo Maserati

FORMULA UNA

MONACO

Ten ladies, one honour: Formula Una. A top secret paddock jury will decide which of Monaco's mademoiselles will fly to Shanghai for the Una World Cup



PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER

WHO'S THAT GIRL?

We get up close and personal with the Unas



NAME: **JOY OUVIERA AGE: 21** STAR SIGN: **ARIES**
OCCUPATION: **MARKETING & COMMERCE STUDENT**
LIVES: **AIX EN PROVENCE**
Fast cars are something I love – my father has a Porsche but Ferrari is my preferred marque and I'd like to see Barrichello and Schumacher do well this weekend. I enjoy dancing to jazz music and hip-hop – I guess being into both is unusual.



NAME: **VALÉRIE CASTELLE** AGE: **24**
STAR SIGN: **VIRGO** OCCUPATION: **WORKS IN TRANSPORT** LIVES: **MARSEILLE**
I'm attracted to speed, as I'm a keen motorcyclist. I'd like to become a photo journalist. I think it's unfair that there aren't any women drivers but I'm really enjoying being here. Fashion wise, I like to mix it up a bit – Chanel with Adidas, and Zara with Nike.



NAME: **STELLA BRUTTON**
AGE: **19** STAR SIGN: **TAURUS**
OCCUPATION: **COMMERCE**
LIVES: **MONACO**
As I live in Monaco, I'll be able to guide the other Unas around the Principality. I like to go to Stars & Bars and La Rascasse - or Café Grand Prix as it's now known. That's a really great place to go when F1 comes to town – lots of exciting people. Monaco is very noisy but I love it. I'll be moving to Paris, though, in September as I'm going to study there, at La Sorbonne. Eventually, I'd like to become a history teacher.



NAME: **MARIE MARQUIER DE VILLEMAGNE** AGE: **22**
STAR SIGN: **VIRGO**
OCCUPATION: **COMMERCE**
LIVES: **BRITTANY**
I love boats and sailing so being here is awesome. We all went out on a boat yesterday, and a couple of huge motor yachts pulled alongside us, waving and tooting their horns!

NAME: **JOANNA THOMAE**
AGE: **22** STAR SIGN: **LEO**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL**
LIVES: **MARSEILLE**
I hope to meet a few celebrities this weekend. I have met Michael Jackson many times, and he is always very kind. He has even invited me to his ranch, Neverland! I enjoy singing pop music myself, and I'm into Lemar at the moment. I think being beautiful is an advantage. It's easier for me to get what I want, but I have to be smart with it.



NAME: **GAËLLE BUTTIN** AGE: **29** STAR SIGN: **CANCER**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL** LIVES: **LYON**
I'd love to date an F1 driver. I'd like him to be gallant, but not too macho. I'm not sure who I should pursue. I'm a perfectionist, I think that's why I'm still single. The main love of my life, though, is Dior – but it's too expensive! Actually, my true love is animals. I have dogs, hamsters, fish, cats and a rabbit.





NAME: **AMÉLIE APPENZELLER** AGE: **24**
STAR SIGN: **CAPRICORN** OCCUPATION: **SPORTS TEACHER** LIVES: **PARIS**
I drive a VW Polo, and a lot of my friends think I could beat Michael Schumacher! Actually, I've met him before. He was pumping fuel into his Harley Davidson. Women should definitely be allowed to race in F1. This must change. I really love sports and play a lot of volleyball.



NAME: **VIRGINIE PHILIPPART** AGE: **19**
STAR SIGN: **CAPRICORN** OCCUPATION: **ADVERTISING HOSTESS** LIVES: **MARSEILLE**
I think Fernando Alonso will be World Champion this year, as he's shown himself to be the best driver. He has a strong car too, and youth on his side. Unlike Fernando, I'm a cautious driver – I drive a 206. I like shopping, G-Star and Diesel are my favourite labels.



PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

NAME: **DÉBORAH NAY**
AGE: **24** STAR SIGN: **GEMINI**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL**
LIVES: **PARIS**
I've never been to a grand prix before, but I'm no stranger to big sporting events. Last year during the Tour de France I got to present a maillot jeune to Lance Armstrong. It was an unforgettable moment, and he was a lovely man. He's a hero. So is Michael Schumacher – I really hope he's as friendly as Lance.



NAME: **PAULA DRAVIGNY** AGE: **18** STAR SIGN: **LEO**
OCCUPATION: **MODEL** LIVES: **TOULON**
I love everything Spanish – particularly flamenco dancing and Fernando Alonso! I hope to become a top model, and I'm working hard at it. The most embarrassing thing to ever happen to me? I was once caught with my present boyfriend by his girlfriend at the time in her bed!



WIN A REALLY BIG CAR

TOUAREG TEASER

Join the season's trickiest Formula One challenge. Over the weekend we'll be setting you six almost impossibly esoteric questions. Collect your score at the end of the weekend, pick up the pieces of the puzzle, and by the end of the season you'll be in with a chance of winning this barnstorming VW Touareg

QUESTION 1

Who does not fit into Formula 1?



☐ 1



☐ 2



☐ 3



☐ 4



☐ 5

QUESTION 2



Grand Prix of Monaco 1950: Who sponsored the trophy in the bottom center?

☐ 1 Happy
☐ 2 Pretty
☐ 3 Nice
☐ 4 Lovely

QUESTION 3

An F1 Legend: Damon Hill, Keke Rosberg and many others visited this lady, the former resident of a spot next to the circuit now occupied by all things medical. The embroidered souvenir was presented to her when she had to change her career and set up shop in Monaco's Old Town. The name of her place in the glory days - normally seen below the three question marks to the right - starts with the letter ...





A ☐ 1
B ☐ 2
C ☐ 3
D ☐ 4

RULES OF PLAY

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

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

YOUR MONACO NUMBERS

sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points

PHOTOS: MOVIE STORE COLLECTION; REX FEATURES
ILLUSTRATIONS: JOHN CUNEO

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

In Earth as it is in Heaven. On the race track as it is in the Milky Way. Ancient wisdom. Star astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks for us and he already knows one thing at least: the moon in Scorpio over Monaco promises not only good sex but also favours drivers with guts. Drivers - keep your peckers up!

GEMINI (22 May–21 Jun)

ANALYSIS. His car is a man's favourite girl. Who makes love to her, shalt never be disappointed. Barrichello's red lady has somehow been shrew and dissatisfactory over the past weeks.



CONCLUSION. The time has come to smooth tensions in this relationship. The kitten will purr, and the engine will roar again. In combustion-chamber as it is in bed-chamber.

RUBENS BARRICHELLO | 23.5.1972 | FERRARI

PROGNOSIS. Barrichello will celebrate after the race. Most likely his birthday.

CANCER (Jun 22–Jul 22)

ANALYSIS. Yeah, drivers are only human. Right now Ralf tends to dwell on his sense of personal isolation, loneliness, difficulties in relationships and other depressing stuff. But maybe it's just trouble with his brakes.



CONCLUSION. Don't think and drive! Otherwise 2005 might be the year Schumacher II. retires from motorsports. For sure 2005 will not be the year of Ralf.

RALF SCHUMACHER | 30.6.1975 | TOYOTA

PROGNOSIS. But don't let that mislead you: If Ralf is fast, it's just because he is on the run.

TAURUS (21 Apr–21 May)

ANALYSIS. The rebel inside Felipe has awoken from a night of frustration and past failures. Thus this weekend he is much more easily angered as he feels the urge to assert his ego again.



CONCLUSION. Felipe is likely to be explosive. His explosion will give him either a boost or blow away the engine beneath his butt. However, we will notice him this weekend.

FELIPE MASSA | 25.4.1981 | SAUBER-PETRONAS

PROGNOSIS. Won't get by lap 26.

LEO (Jul 23–Aug 23)

ANALYSIS. Tiago's yellow press horoscope for today would read like this: "A busy day. Many communications with others." Sounds like a series of interviews and press conferences!



CONCLUSION. The Jordon-pilot is likely to be the surprise of the race. Expect one of Tiago's best performances this year. Only threat: a new girl who would have him talk and talk.

TIAGO MONTEIRO | 24.7.1976 | JORDAN

PROGNOSIS. Flee from the mademoiselles today, and they will chase you tomorrow. Scores for the first time!

LIBRA (Sep 24–Oct 23)

ANALYSIS. The desire to grasp the initiative is great. Fast-moving Mercury fuels Trulli with courage and self-confidence. There may be challenges, but no retreat. Defends his own cause with ferocity.



CONCLUSION. Trulli will thrust forward more than ever in this race. His opponents may well get a close whiff of his exhaust. But his canniness and speed should keep them under control.

JARNO TRULLI | 13.7.1974 | TOYOTA

PROGNOSIS. Many duels. Might even lead for one lap at least. It won't be the final lap.

GEMINI (May 22–Jun 21)

ANALYSIS. Venus is the Goddess of love. And in Indian astrology also the Goddess of cars. For what loves Man more than his car? And He shall be King who treats his love kindly! That's an old prophecy.



CONCLUSION. During this weekend Narain's emotions are much more intense. His love is highly activated. He feels everything much more powerfully than usual. Good pre-conditions.

NARAIN KARTHIKEYAN | 14.1.1977 | JORDAN

PROGNOSIS. A race like an orgasm! Who will come first? Well, it won't be him! Venus is not almighty.

LEO (Jul 23–Aug 23)

ANALYSIS. F1 is just like love: you can't always get what you want. Even working hard and performing well doesn't guarantee rewards. That's unfair but also a good thing, because it's a very salutary lesson.



CONCLUSION. Okay, Tonio, don't chat up any girls today and don't run any races. And if you can't avoid running a race, at least don't chat up the girls. One rejection a day is enough.

VITANTONIO LIUZZI | 6.8.1981 | RED BULL RACING

PROGNOSIS. An early exit will give him enough time to chat up the girls anyway. He just doesn't want to listen!

STREET LIFE

It twists, it turns and it provides high drama but all the real action in Monte Carlo takes place beyond the barriers…



THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS
In 1891, English gent and big-time player, Charles Wells, broke the bank at Monte Carlo not once, but six times, netting a cool two million French francs. He returned the following year, and lost it all.

THE NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT
Once the 'Station', 'Loews' and 'Grand Hotel' hairpin, this year it's called the 'Fairmont', to reflect yet another change of ownership for the hotel looking down on it.

ROOM WITH A VIEW
The Hotel de Paris' Winston Churchill suite is 250 square metres, comprising two bedrooms, two lounges and a terrace overlooking the harbour and track. The room rate for GP weekend? 60,000 euros.

HEALTH WARNING
Doctors claim smoking is bad for you, and Professor Sid Watkins knows better than most. In 2000 his medical car ploughed into the tyre wall at Tabac. The FIA's former medical delegate staggered away with broken ribs.

"WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEAU RIVAGE"
Diamond-meisters and party people Steinmetz have rented the SS Delphine for their bejewelled shindigs this weekend. With a camouflage livery, the vessel once played host to a strategy meeting between President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill.

NICE IS JUST A SHORT TRIP AWAY
Behind the tyre barriers at Ste Devote, and past a quaint church lie the steps leading up to Monaco's train station. Built in 1999, its glass design is built into the rock.

KNOCK BACK A FEW
As the legendary Tip Top bar is now teaming with touristy types, the F1 masses have migrated to the Café Grand Prix, forever known as the Rascasse.

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER, SUTTON IMAGES, PATRICK DUNNE, ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS

PHOTO: ROMINA AMATO, PAOLO FOSCHINI

BET WITH BENOIT

Ten years on and still going strong – betting with Roger Benoit on which lap Michael Schumacher will exit the race has become an F1 tradition. So, in Monaco...

SCHUEY TO LOSE IT?



YOU BET!!!



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? For 10 years now Swiss journalist Roger Benoit (pictured by Paolo Foschini in 1986, left) has been taking bets from paddock people on just which lap a driver will exit the race. It started with Mika Hakkinen but after the Finn's crash in Adelaide that year, the name on the bet changed – to that of Michael Schumacher. It's been that way ever since. Choose the right lap, you get the cash. If nobody gets it exactly right, the pot goes to the one with the nearest nominated lap. Opt for Michael to finish and you'll have to choose his final position. Say he'll win, you'll have to indicate his winning margin. To sign up just find Roger, hand over your cash (30 euros at continental races) up until 15 minutes before the race and you're in.

And if the thought of relieving Bernie or Ron of their cash isn't enough, let us help with a 300 euro bonus. To win this Michael has to stop precisely on your lap. If nobody wins it rolls over. Nobody won the bonus in Barcelona so there's 600 euros in the pot for Monaco.

PRINCIPLES OF THE PRINCIPALITY Schumacher's recent Monaco record shows up his worst losing streak on any circuit on the current calendar – a three-year victory drought that looks like continuing. Or maybe not... Schumacher has failed to finish or failed to start on four occasions, most recently last year. However, in the year after the first three of those, Schumacher won the race. Does last year's DNF spell victory this year? The most bizarre stat appears to be that Jarno Trulli will soon join McLaren. The reason? Since Schumacher first won here in '94, all the drivers who've beaten him have, at some point, worked in Woking: Panis, Hakkinen, Coulthard and Montoya. Trulli, last year's victor, better line up that bomber jacket fitting right now.

F1 LOST AND FOUND

SMALL OBJECTS OF DESIRE

MAY THE PASS BE WITH YOU
You maybe a Jedi knight but even you will need the proper accreditation in order to get into the paddock. As you can see Darth Vader and co got their forms faxed from the Death Star to FOM well within the deadline.



SMOKIN' IN STYLE
Striking cylinder ashtrays and rakish gas lighters, these natty Marlboro fag appendages are a must-have for all puffing petrolheads.



RATING CHOCOLATE CAKES

PLACE	TASTE	STYLE	GOOEYENESS	BONUSES	TOTAL
Imola	5	5	5	1 for pear sorbet	16
Monaco	4	5	5	0	14



CHOCOLATE CAKE CHAMPIONSHIP
Au Quai des Artistes is the Monaco entrant for our league, with its slice of 'gateau mi-cuit chocolat'. Warm and melty in the mouth, it's a very competitive cake, hot on the heels of a showstopping moelleux from Imola's La Casa Rusticale dei Cavalieri Templari (Via Bologna, Forli). The ladies on the judging panel eagerly anticipate a slice of Nurburgring herrentorte.

SEEN THESE CELEBS?
HUGH GRANT
LIZ HURLEY
U2 (DOUBLE-BOOKED WITH MADISON SQUARE GARDEN?)
QUENTIN TARANTINO
DAVID BOWIE
NELLY FURTADO
IAN McDIARMID
TOM CRUISE
NAOMI CAMPBELL
JAY KAY
KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HIDING? LET US KNOW AT SECRET.SERVICE@THEREDBULLETIN.COM

PHOTOS: KL, SUSIE FORMAN, REX FEATURES

TOP FIVE TIPS FOR GAINING ENTRY TO YACHT PARTIES UNINVITED

1. WEAR A CRESTED SIGNET RING
While a pinkie ring with your initials will cause the opposite effect (no chavs allowed), a 24-carat ancestral ring, displaying your family crest, will signify your 'old money' status.

2. DON A PERSONALISED SHIRT
Anyone wearing a 'Talentless but Connected' or 'Fuck Me I'm Famous' T-shirt is welcome aboard all party vessels.

3. NAME DROP
A proven favourite for uninvited access. Find out the name of the host, and say you went to Eton together.

4. POSE AS A PEST EXTERMINATOR
Turn up with the suitable regalia, and a) The captain's fear of rats may guarantee you access, and b) No one will block your entry, in case you gas them with poison.

5. WEAR SMART SOCKS
Once you've removed your brogues on the quayside, your hole-ridden Christmas present from granny may be exposed. Disastrous! A sharp pair of Paul Smiths are sure to get you into the Steinmetz party.

GOT INCRIMINATING IMAGES, A CHALLENGING CHOCOLATE CAKE FOR OUR LEAGUE, OR LOST YOUR POSHEST SHOES OUTSIDE THE STEINMETZ BOAT? E-MAIL TO SECRET.SERVICE@THEREDBULLETIN.COM



Kid Rock and his new best friends (above)

Victoria Silvstedt was bursting on to the scene at the VIP Room (below right)

NAOMI CAMPBELL BIRTHDAY CANNES

FORMULA ONE first lady, supermodel Naomi Campbell celebrated her birthday in style with a party that, appropriately, coincided with two of the most glamorous events of the year – the Monaco GP and the Cannes film festival. VIP guests from fashion, music and F1 cluttered the dancefloor at the Croisette-side club for a party in aid of the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund.



Don Johnson with Naomi (above)

Thespians Benicio Del Toro and Clive Owen (below) take time out from their Cannes commitments









Flavio arrives with birthday girl Naomi (above) Penelope Cruz (below). Jenson Button may have split from fiancée Louise Griffiths, but he's not short of comforting arms, this time from DC's girlfriend Simone Abdelnour (below right)





Tonio Liuzzi (right, with Parisian Una Amélie) played the host with the most, downing weapons-grade tequila with mates





CHILLED THIRSTDAY ENERGY STATION

FLOATING ON A PONTOON three berths wide, Red Bull's Thursday night soirée kicked off the race weekend in suitably energetic style. Highlights included Tom Cruise-style cocktail tossing antics, and a delegation of fake Sheiks in search of their own Sophie Wessex.













SPARCO JORDAN FANTASY YACHT

SHOES WERE OFF for the launch of the new Sparco range at Jordan's 'Fantasy' yacht. Jarno Trulli (below) joined the party of dapper gents and stylish ladies from the world of fashion and Formula One as they enjoyed sushi and Champagne on deck.

A lack of shoes was compensated for by a stylish wardrobe, while Mirouh Amel wore the party's most striking necklace







PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER, SUSIE FORMAN, SUTTON IMAGES



WELCOME FROM BERNIE

Formula One is an innovative sport, where new ideas and daring concepts are always welcome. This thinking has made this sport a global phenomenon. In this spirit, I'm delighted to welcome The Red Bulletin, which aims to highlight the fun, glamour, humour and irony of the paddock. I am aware some think we have become too serious and self-important, and this may be true. This sport is one of excellence, and niceties can fall by the wayside. The Red Bulletin will bring light-hearted, incisive journalism, yet always within the bounds of good taste and high standards, as with everything else in this sport. This is a big effort: a total of 96 pages published during each grand prix weekend. And a souvenir of the exciting competition that is Formula One for all the hard-working, creative and extraordinary people of the paddock.

WELCOME FROM MAX

The idea of a new magazine designed specifically to capture the mood, personality and sheer energy of the paddock struck me immediately with its originality and flair. Intended to be a mosaic of people, languages, interests and passions, I am confident that The Red Bulletin will combine the very best in original writing and photography. I very much look forward to reading the first editions here in Monaco.

ILLUSTRATION: DIETMAR KAINRATH