THE RED BULLETIN
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AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

TERROR TRACK

GHOST HUNTING AT THE HAUNTED 'RING



SATURDAY EUROPE 21·7·07

The weather kept everyone entertained today. One minute we were walking around wearing sunglasses, the next we were running for cover and the heavens opened, thunder roared and the rain poured down. And it's not just the weather that's had our attention. Alonso and Massa kept eyes focused on them when they were out on track. For more fun driving stories, turn the page.

CLOSE TO THE EDGE

While first practice was about working on set-up for most, Fernando Alonso and Felipe Massa were indulging in their own private race on the circuit yesterday morning, Alonso getting held up by the Brazilian and being forced to cut the NGK chicane. The champion then seemed to do the same to Massa into turn one, but according to Mercedes' Norbert Haug it was all good clean fun. "I don't think there was any hostility. I don't think the spectators will complain. So long as they come back to the garage with all four wheels, one must accept that these are young racing drivers." We couldn't agree more.



NOT EASILY IMPRESSED

Nico Rosberg caught a glimpse of the Tour de France on Wednesday when the peloton passed through Tallard, near Marseille. The Williams driver isn't a keen cyclist, preferring to base his exercise regime around running, swimming and rock climbing, and he was surprised by the speed of the bikes. Or, rather, the lack of it. "I expected them to be faster than they were," he said. "Initially, I thought the front-runners were waiting for the others to catch up, but then I realised they were all going at the same speed." Ever tried cycling 3,000km in three weeks, Nico? Thought not.

A MEETING OF MINDS

They are the kings of Formula One statistics, and picking your preferred author is like choosing between VHS and Betamax. Jacques Deschenaux, the Swiss gentleman behind the Marlboro guide, and David Hayhoe, the Englishman behind the Grand Prix Data Book, met for the very first time at this year's British Grand Prix. While Deschenaux is a regular on the grand prix circuit, Hayhoe prefers not to travel to overseas races. Hayhoe publishes his bible on an irregular basis, while the Marlboro book is into its 28th edition and is updated annually. "I like his books very much. And I love statistics," beamed Jacques after the pair got together, "so I was thrilled to meet him finally." Bob Constanduros was responsible for arranging the introduction. "The first thing Jacques said, before he even said hello, was 'are we agreed on the outcome of the 1973 Canadian GP?'" It appears they are both satisfied the victor was Peter Revson, thanks to a lucky break with the pace car.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO SPA

GP2 technical director Didier Perrin's sat-nav system let him down on the way to the Nürburgring, when it refused to work as soon as crossed the border out of France. But instead of going to a petrol station and buying a map, he decided to head north. He started to pass familiar signs, which was reassuring: Stavelot, Malmedy… oh no, he was at Spa Francorchamps. Refusing to admit defeat and ask for directions, he put this little detour behind him and headed east… and miraculously found himself at the Nürburgring. What are the chances that, while we are at the Hungaroring in a two weeks, Perrin will be in the car park at the Sachsenring wondering where all the teams are.

LUCKY MAN

Formula One journalists and photographers were invited to the Porsche Supercup hospitality area on Thursday evening for the chance to borrow a very special car for the weekend: a stunning white €112,000, 193mph Porsche GT3. Guests were each given a key and one-by-one sat in the car, turned the ignition, and then wept when nothing happened. That was until the 10th man, Peter Nygaard, turned his key, the dashboard lit up and the exhaust barked. "I was already upgraded this weekend from an Astra to a Zafira. I was perfectly happy with the Zafira but now I've been upgraded again," said Peter. Fortunately for us jealous types, it was of some relief to hear the poor weather may have brought an end to Nygaard's luck. "It's on slick tyres. When it's wet I've been told I must keep it under 60kph. Frankly, it's enough of a handful in the dry."

SOMETHING FISHY

The Japanese media were treated to a feast to remind them of home on Thursday night. Toyota convinced the chefs at Freiburg's Basho-An restaurant to close down for the night, cancel all bookings, and bring their staff and ingredients to the Nürburgring. Basho-An is reputed to be Germany's finest Japanese restaurant and counts sushi fans David Copperfield, Eros Ramazzotti and Kylie Minogue among its clientele. Chikara Funada, editor of F1 Sokuho magazine, claimed it was the real thing: "It was authentic. A delicious menu and very good for Europe." After a toast from Tadashi-san, the guests were invited to indulge in tuna, salmon, Hokki mussels, eel and king prawns, washed down with three types of Japanese beer, sake and a mindblowing drink called Shochu. It's Fuji in September – we can't wait.

BABY BOOMERS

Wondered why there's not much new news on the Autosport website this weekend? There's a good reason. Grand prix editor Jonathan Noble has just become a father again. At 03.20BST on Friday, Jonny and wife Sarah welcomed their second child into the world – a baby boy named Sebastian weighing 4kg. Congratulations!

CLASH OF THE TOROS

Team-mates Tonio Liuzzi and Scott Speed have been careful not to run into each other on the track all season. But on Thursday the pair were taking competition winners for fast rides around the track, and decided to make things interesting by staging a race. They swapped position countless times before Scott, who had been having braking difficulties in his loaned road car and was forced to rely on the handbrake, made contact with Liuzzi's rear. Still, they were laughing about it afterwards. A simple racing incident then. We wouldn't be surprised if they continued the battle on their way back to the hotel.

THE TOOTS RING

LAT photographer Charles 'Too Tall' Coates hosted his annual Scalextric 'Scaly' racing party last week, coinciding with his 40th birthday. Almost all the British photographers managed to make it to his place in North London for an endurance battle that lasted 12 hours. Despite being the lap-record holder (4.384 seconds in a '76 Ronnie Peterson March), 'Toots' took on the role of race director. The win went to Getty's Clive Rose, who beat last year's winner Martyn Elford and took the fastest lap of the night (6.659 secs) in the Champ Car. Jed Leicester came third, while the women's trophy went to F1 Racing's Helen Spinney. Darren Heath was Rookie of the Night. Winner Clive was a bit surprised when he was handed the trophy. It was shaped like a fish, which was covered in scales. "Well it's obvious isn't it?" said 'Toots'. "It's Scaly."

ROUND THE BENZ

Mercedes are dominating this weekend with a series of outreach events for fans, guests, media and drivers. On Thursday the car-maker took over the fearsome Nordschleife. Lewis Hamilton and Fernando Alonso got behind the wheel of a splendid 1927 Sportwagen S that was first raced by Rudolph Caracciola. The 'Ring was then taken over by DTM drivers Bernd Schneider, Klaus Ludwig, Marcel Tiemann and the FIA's Bernd Maylander who drove lucky passengers in a variety of fast AMG Mercedes road cars. Bruno Spengler took guests for a bus trip around the grand prix circuit, pointing out the sights along the way. Behind the Mercedes tribune is the Mercedes-Benz Experience area, which includes a stage featuring live music, autograph sessions, interviews with the drivers, and a safe driving centre where spectators can experience being driven by skilled drivers in AMG machinery. Tonight there will be an invitation-only party in the Experience area for F1 and VIP guests, starting at 8pm.

After a grand prix, where do the tyres go?

HOW DOES THAT WORK?

Kees van der Grint from Bridgestone Motorsport answers:

After every race there are a few tyres spare – tyres that have not been mounted and haven't been in blankets. These will be taken to a test or for a demonstration. They will not go to another race because every tyre we take to a race must be from the same batch. If the tyre has been fitted it will be scrapped, regardless of whether it has been used or not. There is a chance of characteristic changes if it has been under a heat blanket, and a chance of damage stripping it. We don't take that risk. After each day we will select a couple of tyres for investigation. Really interesting ones will go back to Japan for analysis. Ultimately they will be shredded and used to create energy to make more tyres. The majority, however, will be shipped to England, where they will be shredded and then reused in simple rubber products. In Holland, my home country, they often become sleeping policemen in traffic calming schemes.

The Real F1 Dictionary

Aerodynamics•
Pronounced aero-dy-nam-ics, noun; origin, British
The science of burning money. Formula One teams are highly successful exponents of aerodynamics with all of the teams now employing bespoke wind-tunnels designed to allow them to burn money 24 hours a day. Based upon Bernoulli's principle of incomprehensible financial flow, burning money has become a controversial mainstay of F1 since the FIA overturned the natural order by demanding tyres that don't grip very well. FIA laws demand that burning money is only allowed where it clearly doesn't add anything to the spectacle.

The Secret Diary of Hermann Schnell, Aged 18 8/13

Wednesday, July 4th. Silverstone
Oscar has said in the press that he expects the team to offer him a race seat next year, because of his record in GP2. The cheek! As if running around in a glorified go-kart counts for anything. I'm official reserve driver. I'm the next cab off the rank and I've got a big watch to prove it. I've been featured in F1 Racing, I've got my own action figure and Michael Schumacher once used the next urinal to me and I could still pee, which is just about as good as having a race drive in itself.

Thursday, July 5th. Silverstone
I like Silverstone! It's a perfect reconstruction of a really ancient, run-down racing circuit, but one where they let you race real cars instead of ones made of wood. It's run by some people called the BRDC. They all wear striped ties and blazers, have big purple noses and drink a bottle of whisky at breakfast for reasons of tradition. They don't like Bernie Ecclestone. That's tradition as well. Kevin tells me if I see one in the motorhome I have to approach him saying "Hello, my name is Hermann Schnell and you are a stuffy old bastard." Then he has to offer me tea and a cream bun. The English and their weird customs!

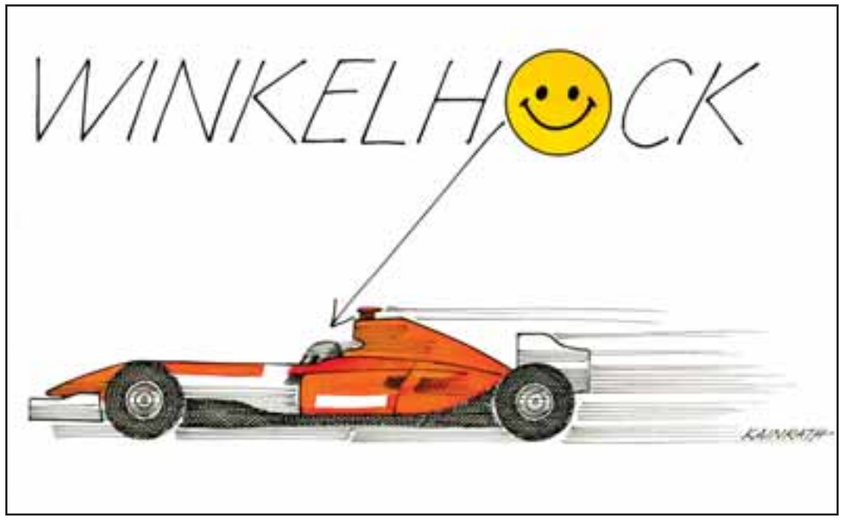
Friday, July 6th. Silverstone
I spent both practice sessions staring earnestly at a monitor in the garage, so that the TV cameras could get pictures of me staring earnestly at a monitor in the garage. This will establish me as A Good Team Player. It's difficult doing earnest when you're watching MTV. Neither race driver was very fast. Carlo was blaming the wind. Dougie said he shouldn't eat broccoli. When I was younger I would have wondered what effect vegetables have on balance. Now I'm a seasoned pro I get it. Honestly, I can't believe I was ever so naïve. Maybe I'll tell Heidi. A good fart joke should establish me as a man of the world and form a lasting romantic bond.



Saturday, July 7th. Silverstone
OK, mental note. Live TV and fart jokes don't mix. I'll know better in future, though I'm starting to think that Heidi and me might not have a future. I was convinced that we were soul mates, destined to spend eternity together in a never-ending helter-skelter of romance, conversation and sweaty, elastic-limbed lust. Obviously I still have all those feelings. But now I'd like to go skateboarding, too.

Sunday, July 8th, Silverstone
Pondering my possibilities with Heidi – and skateboarding – in the motorhome this morning. Elise bought my cornflakes (pre-soaked for three minutes to get the exact soggy consistency). My inner torment must have been apparent, she asked if anything was wrong. I mentioned I was unlucky in love. Elise rested her hand on my thigh, looked into my eyes and said if she could do anything to help, all I had to do was ask. Talk about lucky! I'm sick of washing my own race suit.

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES, SUTTON IMAGES, CHARLIE REID. PREVIOUS PAGE: GETTY IMAGES



TECHTALK: ONE FLUID MOVEMENT

Modelling the future at Hinwil

BY WILLI RAMF

Unlike other teams, BMW-Sauber decided to not develop a second wind-tunnel. Instead, we concentrated on a decisive reinforcement of our computational fluid dynamics capacity with the supercomputer we call Albert².

'COMPUTATIONAL FLUID DYNAMICS IS NEVER GOING TO REPLACE THE WIND-TUNNEL, BUT IT IS BECOMING A BIGGER PART OF THE SPORT'

Albert² doesn't replace a second wind-tunnel, rather the presence of a strong CFD department compliments a strong aero department. You can do everything in the wind-tunnel if you have to – but it isn't very efficient. In many instances you have to combine the expertise of the aero and CFD. They have to work together to get the best out of each other.

For some tasks a wind-tunnel is easily the best tool for analysis – anything that involves a model of the complete car for example. But for a detailed optimisation of a complicated part – let's say a brake duct for example – CFD can do the job in much more detail. The wind-tunnel can't simulate 1000°C operating temperatures; in CFD temperature doesn't matter.

We have always been interested in CFD but the cost of a supercomputer like this for a privateer team would have been on the borderline of what was possible. The wind-tunnel was a huge investment, but one made to secure the future of the Sauber team. Alongside that CFD was an important but small department.

Albert² is over three and half times faster that its predecessor. More processing power allows us to do more jobs in a shorter amount of time. Importantly, it allows us to do calculations in much greater detail without having to wait longer for the results. We are able to divide the surface of the car into between 30 million and 100 million elements. This lets us achieve results that are very precise.

CFD is never going to replace the wind tunnel, no matter how sophisticated it becomes there are always going to be jobs that are performed faster with a physical model, but CFD is becoming a bigger part of the sport. Overall the target is to increase the aerodynamic efficiency and make the car less sensitive to changes. This season we haven't seen a major evolution of the car, rather we've made steady, incremental improvements via lots of small steps, some of which are almost impossible to see. We might make as many as 30 changes to the body between races. Some of these will appear in testing. Others will go straight from the CFD model onto the car for the race weekend. *Willi Rampf is technical director of BMW-Sauber*

Albert² has 256 nodes with two Intel Xeon 5160 processors each. Each of these has two cores. The capacity of the main memory is 2,048 Gbyte, the maximum computing power is 12,288 GFlops. In operation this means Albert² is capable of performing 12,288,000,000,000 floating-point arithmetic operations per second. To equal this computing power, all the inhabitants of Munich (1.3 million) would have to multiply two eight-digit numbers every three and a half seconds for an entire year.



ON THIS DAY...

JULY 21

1985 The British Grand Prix comes to an end a lap early after someone loses count. It didn't matter as Alain Prost had it under control anyway.



Watch the highlights: YouTube search: 1985 + Prost + Silverstone

1996 Trainspotting opens in US cinemas.



Ewan McGregor swims in a toilet: YouTube search: Trainspotting + tour + McGregor

1969 Man walks on the moon for the first time.



A giant leap for mankind: YouTube search: First + moon + landing

BIRTHS

1964: Jens Weißflog, German ski jumper. Watch the jumping Flea: YouTube search: Weißflog + Sarajevo + Lillehammer

1948: Yusuf Islam, aka Cat Stevens aka Steven Georgiou, singer. It's a Wild World: YouTube search: Cat + Stevens + World

DEATHS

1998: Alan Shepard (b.1923), second man in space. Alan plays golf on the moon: YouTube search: moon + golf + Shepard

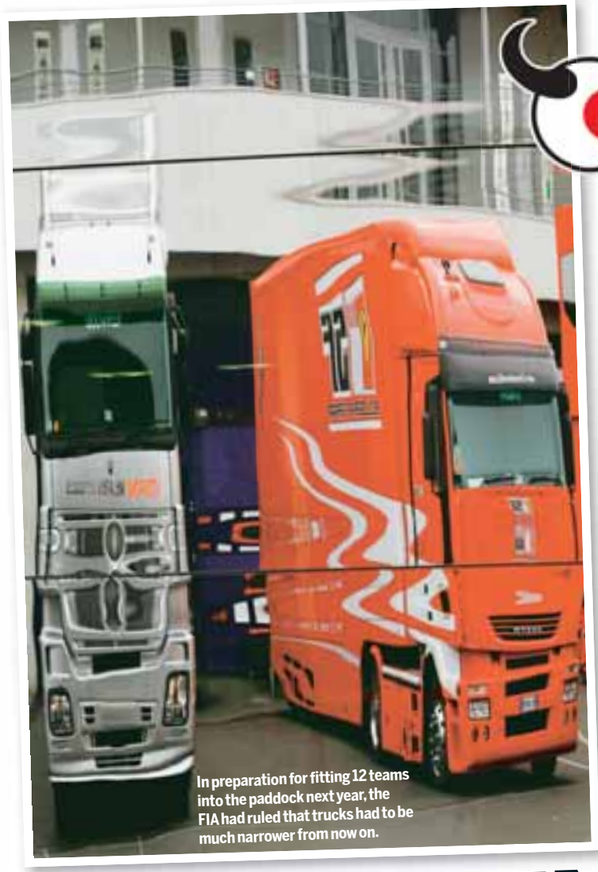
ON THIS RACE DAY...



1958 Denny Hulme wins the German Grand Prix on the Nordschleife.

The world champion in flight: YouTube search: Germany + Nürburgring + 1967

PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES, MOVIESTORE COLLECTION, GETTY IMAGES



In preparation for fitting 12 teams into the paddock next year, the FIA had ruled that trucks had to be much narrower from now on.



Another Nürburgring tradition: every Thursday the track marshals gathered around the Sacred Beer Crate to pray for a safe and sober weekend.



CIRCUS 'RING

When F1 comes to town it brings with it daredevils, silly cars, and men in funny trousers. The Bull's Eye saw them all.



The three little boys immediately cancelled all plans to become racing drivers when they realised their career would involve being interviewed by carpet salesmen...



.....but it was a philosophy that Jarno was only too happy to embrace.



The Nürburg Junior Amateur Dramatic Society was famous for its dramatic reconstruction of 'Prost and Senna, the McLaren years'.



Like all F1 drivers, Nico had learned to check his wallet was still in his pocket after leaving a Media Centre full of journalists.

PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS MELZER, SUTTON IMAGES, LUCAS GORYS, XPB

TORO ROSSO F1 TEAM

CHAMP CAR CALENDAR
Now there could be a perfectly innocent reason for interest in the progress of the US open-wheel racing series behind this, but is there a more sinister motive involved? The gossips would suggest so, but The Bulletin reckons it will never happen. Then again, we're always wrong.

MAKING A BOND WITH THE TEAM
Giorgio Ascanelli is making a quick impact, and we reckon this could turn Toro into a stealth force to be reckoned with – a bit like a Bond villain they'll strike when least expected. Thus Giorgio will need a Blofeld-style white cat.

ENGLISH/ITALIAN DICTIONARY + AMERICAN ENGLISH/ENGLISH DICTIONARY
Multi-national Toro Rosso are split between Austria, Italy and the UK and one of their drivers is American. Thoughts getting lost in translation is an ever-present danger, so having the right reference books is a must. "Duuuude, this is wack. You gotta make this ride more rad" can be translated into: "Hello, this is not quite right. You have to make this racing car a little better." Then into Italian and German.

FRIDGE FULL OF CAKES
The word is that Franz Tost has a sweet tooth and is partial to cake. A radical engineering solution will see the installation of a patisserie counter in the garage.

BLACK CAT WALKING UNDER A LADDER PROPPED UP IN FRONT OF CRACKED MIRROR
Luck is something that has eluded Toro Rosso all season – especially Scott Speed. Any chance that there's an obvious reason for this? Time to get out the lucky rabbit's foot then.

FROGS
These days Mr Berger is a sober-suited businessman with more on his mind than aimless fun. But in times past he was known to play the occasional practical joke. We reckon the impulse to have a little fun never leaves and someday soon there will be an outbreak of fish in toolboxes or it may even start raining frogs.

SATURDAY NIGHT LEADERS

Toro Rosso have a reputation in the paddock for liking a good time. Without a VIP pass to their garage, we've come up with our own version of what it would be like to be part of the party.

ILLUSTRATION: STEVEN WILLIS. PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES, DK IMAGES



ILLUSTRATION: GREGORY GILBERT-LODGE

IS NICK ?

THE COMPLETE DRIVER

Has Quick Nick got what it takes to fill the void left by Schumi, and will he lead BMW to the top of the table? Also, can he tell foie gras from paté?

ON-ROAD

How does Nick rate in the car?

QUALIFYING SPEED 7
BAROMETER: SENNA
Outright one-lap pace is not his strongest card. At Williams he was an average of over 0.5s slower than Mark Webber in qualifying. He has been helped this year by the control Bridgestone tyres which suit his gentler style, and has usually been faster in the BMW than the more aggressive Robert Kubica.

RACE PACE CONSISTENCY 9
BAROMETER: ALONSO
"He has a great ability to know when to push and when not to," says his boss, BMW's Mario Theissen. "This is quite rare even in F1. He has a very systematic approach and this pays off well in the races." His feel for the grip of his tyres is very good and allows him to adjust his style to the demands of the car/tyre.

WORK ETHIC 7.5
BAROMETER: M SCHUMACHER
Had a tendency to turn up late to tests in his early days. Since moving to Williams and then BMW, Nick has become a total professional – though still not the sort of forceful personality that drives a team forward. "He is the perfect personality for the team at its current stage of development," says Theissen.

IN/OUT LAPS 8
BAROMETER: M SCHUMACHER
Can play the big in-laps very well when a race place depends on it, but doesn't habitually produce the giant out-lap. "He is very aware of where he is and what is needed," recalls his former Sauber colleague Jacky Eeckelaert. "He's not a guy who does magical cold tyre laps but is on top of his game."

OVERTAKING/RACECRAFT 8
BAROMETER: MANSELL
There were times at Sauber when he was made to look a little timid by the more fiery Felipe Massa. On the other hand, he tended to finish in better positions. He is capable of pulling off ruthless and clean first lap moves and isn't scared to pull a big move on anyone – witness his passing of Alonso around the outside of Bahrain's turn four this year.

PRESSURE 9
BAROMETER: HAKKINEN
"His measured, logical approach means he is good at dealing with pressure," says Theissen. "Pressure tends to evaporate with him because he sees things in such clear precise terms." No-one can recall a pressure-induced race error from him in eight years of F1. That's impressive.

TECHNICAL DIALOGUE 8.5
BAROMETER: PROST
"His technical understanding was good," recalls Williams' Sam Michael. "He didn't get too deeply into it but kept it at just the right level to help his race engineer and team get the most from the car."

MOTIVATIONAL EFFECT 7
BAROMETER: SENNA
"He's a pleasant guy, understated but determined," says a former Jordan engineer. "But he isn't the sort who will get everyone fired up and on his side. He doesn't have that spark that ignites the passion in a team, which makes people take their lead from him."

PSYCHOLOGY 7.5
BAROMETER: SENNA
A lot of yin but not so much yang: on the one hand, his calm nature makes for rational choices that help access performance quickly and allow him to read a race perfectly; on the other, the fire in the belly is more a glowing ember. He wants it but perhaps not badly enough to ever be a world champion.

MIND MANAGEMENT 9
BAROMETER: ALONSO
"He is good at monitoring several things at once and prioritising the requirements accordingly," says Theissen. "You never see him flustered. His systematic approach works very well in the technology-heavy and strategically sophisticated F1 of today."

TOTAL 80.5/100

OFF-ROAD

What's Nick like out of the car?

MARKETABILITY: 7
BAROMETER: M SCHUMACHER
Since the retirement of Michael Schumacher, Nick – now Germany's top driver – has seen his stock rise, and that's something he's very comfortable with. It also makes him more bankable, as his standing and image in the sport grow stronger. "Nick has come of age", says Premiere TV's Tanja Bauer. "There is more air for Nick to breathe now that Michael has retired. For years he was very shy, yet now he's much more confident in the paddock environment. He's also changed his appearance by growing a beard, wearing big sunglasses and punky clothes." RTL's Kai Ebel agrees: "For years Germany never paid much attention to him. Now the public sees he's a cool guy with a great sense of humour."

PR SKILLS: 8
BAROMETER: STEWART
"When you interview him he always says something meaningful," explains Bauer. Journalist Karin Sturm also finds him eloquent: "If you ask him a question that's a bit different he'll give you a really interesting answer. He also has interests in things away from racing, such as current affairs." The key to getting good material from Heidfeld is to come up with an original angle. He likes interviews to have a spin to them, such as when The Red Bulletin had a hairdresser interview him while he had his hair cut, or when Bauer traded places with him: "I drove a Formula BMW car for a Premiere feature. Nick agreed to interview me for it."

GOING FOR A DRINK: 7
BAROMETER: HUNT
With his two-year-old daughter, Juni, and the arrival of another child imminent, it's probably fair to say that Nick has too many responsibilities to spend a lot of time in the beerhalls of Zurich. That said, he does like good wine to accompany his cordon bleu culinary tastes. Nick has a built-in homing device which guides him effortlessly to the best restaurant in town, wherever he is in the world. That means, if you follow him around, you'll be eating quails' eggs and drinking Puligny Montrachet while the other F1 paddock inhabitants make do with an overcooked minute steak from the room service menu. When it comes to jukebox selection, Heidfeld is a more astute drinking partner than most other drivers. No Phil Collins for this man, he likes his rock heavy so some Velvet Revolver or Metallica should do it.

HOBBIES: 7
BAROMETER: LAUDA
Heidfeld enjoys the medium of modernist aesthetic expression. Yes, he likes to buy abstract paintings, and every time he's in Montreal he goes to the Yves Laroche gallery. The works adorn the walls of his home in Stäfa, Switzerland, alongside paintings by his girlfriend, Patricia. The couple have a shared passion for the Volkswagen Beetle, and have been known to look out for spare parts when attending the Brazilian Grand Prix. They also renovated their house together. Food is high on Nick's list of hobbies, and he never travels without a selection of restaurant guides. His favourite dish is foie gras, and he's a good cook. He recently invited Mario Theissen, Willy Rampf, Beat Zehnder, Urs Kuratle and Josef Leberer to Zurich's Heugümper restaurant where he prepared the meal himself.

TOYS: 8
BAROMETER: IRVINE
Nick has a highly desirable garage. First, there are the company cars: BMW X5, 5-Series Touring and Mini Cooper S. Then there are his own dream cars: Lotus Exige, 1967 Beetle convertible, and 1965 Ford Mustang Fastback. A car for every occasion then. Soon to be joining them is the awesome new BMW M3, and we understand that Heidfeld's is designated to be one of the first delivered to Switzerland. It's not all about four wheels though. Nick also has a BMW Enduro bike, a KTM motocross machine and a laid-back Harley Davidson.

TOTAL 37/50

FINAL DRIVE
TOTAL: 117.5/150

Is Nick up to speed or off the pace?

A smooth driver with good technical dialogue and mechanical sensitivity. Nick knows how to pace himself and the car over a race distance, and just when to make a ruthless overtaking move. His one-lap pace, out-laps and motivational skills could be improved on. Away from the track he keeps busy with his growing family, garage full of cars and bikes and by indulging in gourmet dinners.

FRIGHT NIGHT

Take two fearless reporters, one photographer, a cold and lonely night at the most haunted racetrack on the F1 calendar, mix well and see who runs first – monsters or men. By Matt Youson. Photography Thomas Butler







GHOST ROADS

Ghosts do not always choose crumbling mansions as their primary residences. A number of our transparent friends have also decided to make racing circuits their home – although these phantom drivers often use a slightly different track layout than is strictly conventional. Being able to go where you want is one of the very few advantages of being dead. Anthony Peacock investigates some circuits where you might see drivers who have ignored the black flag of destiny...

Outside, there's a warm day under blue skies, but not much sunlight penetrates this ancient, gloomy forest of Adenau. The canopy closes overhead, and a carpet of fallen needles deadens sound. Move 10 metres from the forest track and it disappears from view: walk in a kilometre and it's like being on another planet. The silence is tangible. Very X-Files. The Nordschleife remains the world's most formidable racing circuit, beloved of amateurs, respected by professionals for the immediacy of the trees, the closeness of barriers, the endless corners and changing cambers. A cautious lap is draining; a hot lap is, in every sense, the supreme test of man and machine. For 80 years adrenaline-junkies have gathered at the 'Ring to experience the ultimate high, but it doesn't come free; the Devil demands his due. Blood-curdling stories speak of a ghost for every corner, macabre tales of phantom cars and ghost riders inhabiting the forest: the unquiet dead, doomed to haunt the places of their undoing.

Just the sort of cheery nonsense The Red Bulletin felt bound to investigate…

Most places would try to hide their dark past and the 'Ring's keepers are understandably uncommunicative on the subject of mortality. Yet the circuit is one of the world's few elite motor racing venues that manages to be profitable, and a good portion of its earning power is driven by the notoriety of the Nordschleife. So much so that the circuit office is happy to provide us with a map, marking paranormal hotspots, and a bottle of vicious (47 per cent proof) Eifelgeist liquour: so we'll be seeing things tonight, one way or another. With camping gear, provisions and scientific recording equipment, we climb up to Hohe Acht, high point of the circuit, and wait for nightfall.

The great outdoors is not the natural habitat for The Bulletin's office-softened foot soldiers, so making camp is challenging. Calling this region the Eifel Mountains is generous, but the terrain is rugged and steep and finding somewhere sufficiently flat for a tent pitch is difficult. There's arguing over who gets to use the axe and confusion over whether it's proper to call carbon-fibre tent poles push-rods. Anthony Rowlinson is sent to trap dinner. He returns with pizza and beer. Not exactly The Call of the Wild. There isn't any evidence of the supernatural – unless ghosts drink Bitburger, in which case this place is spook central, judging by the bottle tops littering the ground. Soon though, our ability to identify the terrain beneath our feet evaporates like a ➜

THE CIRCUIT OFFICE IS HAPPY TO PROVIDE US WITH A MAP MARKING PARANORMAL HOTSPOTS AND A BOTTLE OF VICIOUS EIFELGEIST LIQUOR









Left: Percy Lambert
Above: Alberto Ascari
Right: Talladega Speedway
Below: Donington Hall.

1 NURBURGRING

The Nürburgring is the circuit that has claimed the most deaths in Europe: around 48 on the Nordschleife, and that's just counting the competition drivers. Add in those who drive or ride on the public days, and up to 75 more people a year have their carefree lives prematurely ended by the 'Ring (the figures are somewhat complicated, as the official statistics only count those who died at the scene). It's said by the locals that there is a ghost on every corner. A few years ago, a biker reported seeing the motorbike in front of him go off at the notorious Schwedenkreuz corner. When he went to look, fearing the worst, there was nothing there.

Among the better-known sightings (or hearings) is the noise of an engine, reputed to be an old V12, which is sometimes heard when the circuit is shrouded in fog. It could, of course, be a trick of the atmosphere: fog distorts both sound and vision. But what if – as some have suggested – the noise is the ghost of Bernd Rosemeyer's last racing car? The German was a well-known master of the Nürburgring in his Auto Union, winning three times and dominating the famous 1936 Grand Prix in such thick fog that he was known as the nebelmeister. He died instantly in 1938 during a speed record attempt on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn, crashing at well over 250mph in another Auto Union.

The superstitious Rosemeyer – whose lucky number was 13 – had told his wife beforehand that his heart wasn't in the road-speed record attempt and that he just wanted to get back to racing. The noise of engines in the fog was last heard on October 13.

2 BROOKLANDS

The disused circuit of Brooklands in England houses the ghost of Percy Lambert, who became the first person to cover 100 miles in one hour on February 15 1913 thanks to a 4.5-litre Talbot. This record soon fell, and on October 21 of the same year, Percy made the mistake of trying to go one better. Everything was going well – he averaged over 110mph for the first 120 laps – but then his rear tyre disintegrated, throwing him off the track. After the record was broken, Percy had told his fiancée that he would give up racing. Since then, there have been reports of a mysterious white figure in old-fashioned overalls walking around the circuit – particularly close to a large shed where Percy's Talbot was kept. In a more graphic encounter, one young boy needed medical treatment after seeing a man "with his head half hanging off". The headless hero is reckoned to be Percy – although so many people have died there over the years that there are plenty of decapitated candidates for the job.

3 SEPANG

Close to Malaysia's Sepang circuit, in the village of Kampung Paya, there is a betel nut tree that sprouts grotesque human faces in its bark and is known locally as the ghost tree. According to the tree's owner, Miah Mahjid, the apparition regularly changes form, having previously taken the shape of an eye. The 'face' won't be winning any beauty contests though: which is why many more nervous locals tend to avoid it. Other more enterprising residents are enthusiastically taking photos and selling them for 2 ringgits (about half a Euro) to tourists. Scary as the ghost tree may sound, at least it's not as menacing as the other local superstition of Hantu Penanggal: a disembodied head that sucks the blood of newborn children.

4 DONINGTON PARK

Next door to the Donington Park circuit – famous for hosting the 1993 European Grand Prix – is Donington Hall, now used as an administrative building for East Midlands airport. The Hall is haunted by a phantom hand, allegedly belonging to a certain Lady Catherine Hungerford. No-one knows what happened to the rest of her. The Hall's stables also used to be a dropping off point for injured competitors at the circuit to await transport to hospital. Two ghostly bikers who died there in the 1930s still haunt the place in their leathers, presumably as bemused about the floating hand as everybody else.



5 MONZA

The Italian circuit is steeped in history, death and alleged hauntings. One ghost whose presence can strongly be felt, according to a 76-year-old local medium, is that of Alberto Ascari. That's maybe not a startling conclusion: most people know that Ascari inexplicably crashed on a corner now replaced by the Variante Ascari chicane while testing a Ferrari sportscar on May 26 1955, when he was 36 years old. But the medium – not a motor racing expert – also added that she somehow felt Ascari's destiny was always to die then and there. What she may not have known was that 30 years earlier, his father Antonio Ascari also died on the 26th of a month, aged 36, on a fast left-hand corner, while racing an Alfa Romeo at Montlhery. Both Ascaris had won 13 grands prix, and each of them had survived life-threatening accidents just days earlier. Both were religious: Antonio was named after St Anthony of Padova, to whom his son Alberto was devoted. St Anthony of Padova also died aged 36 on 13 July 1232 – the same day as Alberto's birthday. Co-incidental, or supernatural?



Tree of terror: grotesque faces in the bark of a betel tree near Sepang, Malaysia

6 AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY

Augusta – in the depths of Georgia, USA – hosted 12 NASCAR races in the 1960s, two of which were won by the legendary Richard Petty. The track had an impressive safety record with no major incidents while it was in use, but after it was abandoned in the 1970s the trouble started. One local boy sneaked onto the circuit late at night shortly afterwards and attempted to ride around it on his motorbike. What happened next is not quite clear, but it was probably the broken-up surface that sent him flying from his bike. The raceway was closed for good shortly afterwards, but there have been reports of 'ghost sightings' in the local paper. Or at least that's what the local trailer trash tell their kids...

7 TALLADEGA

On the whole, NASCAR drivers are as likely to believe in ghosts as they are in homosexual marriage. So when one of them freaks out, parking a winning car because he heard "voices", it's likely to be more than just schizophrenia. Particularly if the driver in question has scored a total of 37 Winston Cup victories. Back in 1973 Bobby Isaac was leading in Talladega, when suddenly he pitted, got out of the car, and walked away. He never properly explained why.

"Well, I heard the story," Dale Earnhardt Jr said, several years later, "that Bobby Isaac heard voices. You know, I believe it. Bobby Isaac comes in with the lead with 10 to go and tells you he heard voices, you better believe it." Talladega was built on the site of a former airfield, which was previously an old Indian burial ground.

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES, KEYSTONE, SUTTON IMAGES, LAT



THE SPOOKY CASE OF THE GRAND PRIX RACE

MORNING IS ANNOUNCED WITH A LONG, DRAWN-OUT SCREECH FOLLOWED BY A BONE-JARRING THUMP

➜ spectral apparition. Darkness closes in and the world contracts to an area enclosed within the flickering pagan glow of a camp-fire. Shadows dance on the edge of vision, suggestive of other-wordly presences. Time to hunt for ghosts.

The walk from Hohe Acht down through the curves to Eschbach is grand indeed. On top of the world in the high Eifel the thin air and absence of light pollution exposes a brilliant star field. Jupiter dominates the southern horizon with a supporting cast of millions. The set-up is perfect for a ghostly encounter – but they're not coming out to play, or terrify, this evening. Nothing. Not an ethereal thing. Occasionally an other-worldly engine note produces a momentary-but-unpleasant sense that something is going to come around that last blind corner. But it isn't the ghost in the machine; each time it proves to be nothing more sinister than a distant logging truck, engine-braking on the run down from Adenau. Nothing spooky about it, but it does provoke the philosophical discussion: can a phantom car hit you? The jury is still out on that one.

It's disappointing: the forest is the perfect backdrop for ghastly, ghostly apparitions, looking like the scene of every great backwoods horror flick from Evil Dead to Blair Witch, while the bone-white painted hieroglyphs of a thousand fans adds an eldritch twist…

But nothing more supernatural than a startled owl disturbs the scene. Not even the howl of a lone wolf (though if we had heard such a blood-curdling cry, a sprint to the metal-clad security of our not-too-distant VW Passat would doubtless have followed). Wolves from Poland and middle-European bears have returned to Germany over the past decade as the countryside empties of people – but it's going to be centuries before Rheinland-Pfalz sees anything more deadly than a belligerent squirrel (and we didn't even see one of those).

We wait. We watch. We listen. And there is nothing but the trees. The Bulletin crew returns to camp. If we can't have poltergeists, there is at least Eifelgeist – which proves doubly useful as an accelerant, coaxing the fire back to life, with a vivid blue lick of flame. We watch horror movies until a pale streak of orange illuminates the eastern sky. We acknowledge defeat, and go to sleep.

Morning is announced with a long, drawn-out screech followed by a bone-jarring thump. Unfortunately it's not supernatural, but rather the traditional sound of the first GT3 of the day locking-up and clattering the barriers. A succession of Caymans, Carerras, Boxsters and a lone Cayenne follow, taking a better line. That ends the ghost-hunting portion of the trip: the cacophony of Porsche engines is enough to scare away the living, let alone the dead.

Daylight provides a better appreciation of the lengths fans will go to in leaving their mark on the famous old circuit. The graffiti painted on the asphalt, barely glimpsed in the darkness, is now more easily read. In among the boasts are occasional fading tributes to a fallen friend or hero. These sentiments, it would appear, are the real ghosts of the Nordschleife.









Perhaps the most sinister supernatural occurrence ever to have taken place in a Grand Prix was one occasion in October 1977, at the little-known Osbourne circuit in the United States. Without any warning, the leading driver simply vanished into thin air. While the commentator was still struggling to find an explanation – "He's just gone, man!" – the other competitors started disappearing one by one, in scenes reminiscent of Indianapolis 2005. This would probably have given Hector Rebaque (driving for Hesketh at the time) the chance to win a race, but then a cartoon dog turned up and spoiled it all for him by bringing back the teleported drivers. 'The spooky case of the Grand Prix race' was in fact a work of fiction, part of the Scooby Doo series of cartoons. A pity, as alien abduction would make an interesting alternative to black flags…

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR…

RUBENS

As our resident fortune teller tuned in to Rubens Barrichello she felt he was not happy. Her spirit guides tell her he has been trying a little too hard and struggling. Are there better times ahead?



Gayle Force was born in the 1950s in Cornwall, England. Gayle travels the world sharing her clairvoyant and medium gifts with those she encounters. She can be contacted for private readings on +44 1726 70786.

Love & Light…



HAIR FLAIR
His hairline shows a regal man, a leader of men, with a feeling of royal blood in his veins. A man who will cut through the crowd to get there.

HIGH BROW
Looking at the forehead area on this man, it shows an intelligent individual, sincere in all he does. He sees life mostly in black and white, but colours occasionally slip through when he is relaxing.

CHEEKY
There is a softness around the cheekbones showing his endearing ways and his romantic nature. He will woo his loved one with red roses, champagne and caviar. I see plush hotels and the high life for Rubens – a lifestyle he can well afford. He has a neck that shows generosity to those around him. He will make a friend for life.

STRONG JAW
The jawline shows a stubbornness, which is good, as he will get things right, and keep on going.

THE RACE
Rubens will push boundaries, but he needs to watch carefully for a black car on his left, a challenger that won't go away. I sense this causes frustration for Rubens and it will hold him back, which will place him further away from his goal. At least he does not take it personally and as his season goes on, he will feel a lot happier with his results.

BROWN-EYED BOY
Rubens has deep-thinking brown eyes, with lovely lines of laughter around them. These eyes show the different facets of his character: on-race personality and off-race personality. He is a serious driver, who enjoys what he does. This is a man who will take no nonsense. He will mentally check and re-check everything is right, even though he has a superb team that works well with him.

RED IS THE COLOUR
Rubens face also reveals he is a quiet man who only speaks when he has something relevant to say, or important to add. The colour for his energy is red. He will find this is a good colour for him, very lucky. Rubens is generally a well-balanced character who knows when to work, rest and play.

PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES



THE MISSION: TO GO DIRT BIKING

WHERE: CAMP 4 FUN, NEAR THE NURBURGRING

WHEN: 11AM THURSDAY

AIM: TO TEST THEIR DRIVING SKILL AND BRAVERY

THE UNAS:

BACK ROW L-R: MELANIE RAFF, JULIA KNOLLE, SARAH SARRACHI, MELANIE FUEDEL, ISABELLE HOFFMANN

MIDDLE ROW L-R: MARINA SIMIJONOVIC, CLARA PALLENTIEN, LIV BUTHMANN, PELÉN BORAMIR

FRONT: SARAH SMITT

Camp 4 Fun is open every day from 10am-6pm.
For more info call +49 2632 953130
or email info@camp4fun.de







BIKER GIRLS

We know that all our Unas are up for a challenge, but who's the most courageous. To find out we sent them dirt biking at Camp 4 Fun, which provides the full off-road experience. Tomorrow you can see the girls own pictures of the weekend.

PHOTOGRAPHY: THOMAS BUTLER

EITHER OR

Cruelly forcing drivers to make a choice...



NAME: HO-PING TUNG
NATIONALITY: CHINESE
TEAM: BCN COMPETICION

Kimi Raikkonen or Fernando Alonso?
Raikkonen, because he once worked as a mechanic on my go-kart.

Karts or Formula Renault?
Karts. I never raced Formula Renault... but Formula BMW? I won the championship so it was great.

Pasta or rice?
Rice... of course.

iPod or PSP?
PSP because it helps me to learn the tracks as I only know two of them.

Nightclub or home?
Home. Actually it depends...

Wine or water?
Water – I don't really like wine, but I wish I did. People really seem to enjoy drinking it and it has so many varieties.

Reading or shopping?
Shopping.

Monaco or Spa?
If it refers to question five, then Monaco. As a race track, Spa's definitely nicer.

Ferrari or Ducati?
Ferrari – I don't have a motorcycle licence.

CART or NASCAR?
CART because it's single-seater, but the audiences at NASCAR look fantastic.

Yacht or Plane?
Plane.

Supermodel or girl next door?
If I lived in Beverley Hills, the girl next door!

Rock or hip-hop?
Rock.

Boxers or briefs?
Neither. Briefs look terrible and boxers are not great when you're strapped into the car.

Cinema or DVD?
I don't really watch movies... so DVD.

Monaco apartment or Swiss chalet?
That's a hard one... I think you need to experience both.

Flavio or Ron?
I have to be careful ... haha! It looks as if Ron has the winning car at the moment...

Traction control or power slides?
Power slides. I practised them yesterday on the Nordschleife with the rental car.

GP TOO

After crashing out with his team-mate in Magny-Cours, Andreas has turned his fortunes around and is proving he's a title contender.



ZUBER-MAN!

Until Silverstone, Andreas Zuber had a GP2 season to forget. Mechanical failures and the unbelievable start-line collision with team-mate Timo Glock in France restricted the iSport driver to minor placings, but in the mercurial 2007 GP2 season, things can change in an instant. A win in the more worthy feature race, followed by sixth in the sprint, put the Austrian (who races under the flag of the United Arab Emirates) right back in the hunt.

"In Spain and in Monaco I didn't have the luck. Monaco in particular was unfortunate – first gear exploded: it wasn't my fault, it wasn't the team's fault. Obviously in Magny-Cours... well everyone has seen it. Timo and I put ourselves in a tough situation. I had a better start, we both pulled to the middle. Timo didn't see me. And we came together at the death angle and then I was flying... I've since seen it on TV and I'll try to forget it as soon as possible. Silverstone was the right way to begin that."

Zuber didn't just win in England, he dominated. Quick in practice, pole position in qualifying and a victory that never seriously looked in doubt. He made it look easy – but driving a GP2 car is anything but.

"This is my second season of GP2 and the cars this year are the most difficult I've driven in my career. In quick corners, when you start pushing, it's really easy to push too hard, over-drive and end up going slower. There's lots of oversteer. On the other hand, they are very enjoyable when you have the correct set-up and get it right. The whole team worked really hard in the winter, and that's probably why the cars have the pace that they do now."

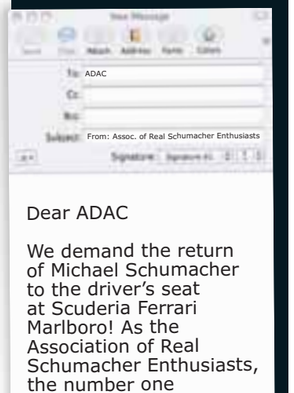
With six rounds to go, Zuber has left it late to make an impact on the race for the championship. But with nine winners from the nine rounds, unlike previous seasons, GP2 is still there for the taking. "It was a pity that I could not start in Monaco and I could not start the first race in Spain. With the mess in France, that's three races I didn't get to compete in. I always knew I would win this season, though, and the aim from here is to keep getting on the podium and keep scoring points. I owe that to the team for the great job that they've done this year.

"We're not racing at the A1-Ring anymore, so the Nürburgring is half a home Grand Prix for me. It's a track I like, so I'm confident of doing well here – but we'll see what happens. We have no traction control, no electronic help. You make mistakes, and there's always the opportunity to overtake. The car is built for racing, simple as that. You can overtake. Follow someone through the quick corners and you can stay close, even with the loss of downforce. It's built for action. And that is great."

PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES

MAIL BOX

Schumacher's worshippers feel the pain: "There's no joy left without him!"



Dear ADAC

We demand the return of Michael Schumacher to the driver's seat at Scuderia Ferrari Marlboro! As the Association of Real Schumacher Enthusiasts, the number one unofficial Schumacher worshipping society we hate to see what the loss of our idol has done to the once great German Grand Prix.

The grandstands are empty. Where once a sea of red ran to the far horizons, there is now an empty wasteland. Goats graze on the infield, rats rummage through the accumulated detritus of the Mighty One's former glories. The PA, which once proudly screamed in triumph with the power chords of the mighty Schumacher song is now cracked and silent. We are being denied our birthright. He must return. There is no joy without him. No-one cares about an F1 world that doesn't have a place for Schumi. It's killing the sport.



Um... you're at Hockenheim aren't you?

PHOTOGRAPHY: CRISPIN THRUSTON, MOVIESTORE COLLECTION, SUTTON IMAGES, REX FEATURES

BAD TRIPS...
THE WAYWARD FOOTBALLER

Footballer Paul Gascoigne, Euro Disney, tree planting in Rome and an important date with Maradona. It was a trip Jane Nottage would be haunted by...

One Monday morning in October 1992 my client Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne, famous for his sublime talent and unpredictable nature, is in Rome planting 12 trees for the unification of Europe. It's raining. Gascoigne's companion, Sheryl, is planning a trip to Euro Disney despite it being the middle of the football season when said footballer should be on the pitch not dancing with Donald Duck.

A good soaking gives the him 'flu. "My back's in agony." Hmmm, sounds like kidney stress, had anything to drink? "No, not for days, I'll have a beer." The Lazio doctor arrives with a drip full of liquids and vitamins. Gazza is sent home to rest prior to the friendly against Seville. Maradona v Gazza, it couldn't be missed. Instead he escapes to Euro Disney. Chaos reigns. A squad is sent to Paris to locate and capture him. Off we go, Lazio's general manager, the finance director and me.

Gazza calls at 7am: "I'm going to Seville, but Sheryl hasn't got any money, where can I get some?" I phone the Snow White suite and am informed there is a cash machine in Fantasy Land. Problem solved. Flights to Seville booked. Off we go. Problem not solved. We're at Charles de Gaulle airport but there's no sign of Gazza. I phone Sheryl. "He forgot his passport, and came back for it."

They arrive and we run to the BA desk. "Where's check-in for Seville?" we gasp. "It's about to take off from Orly," we're told. Shit. Now what? Re-book to Madrid and then from Madrid to Seville. Finally, we're on the flight. I've had one hour's sleep, time for a bit of a rest… no chance. Half an hour into the flight I hear the bing of a buzzer and Gazza has panicked. "We're going to crash, it's all over!" It turns out he hates flying. People appear with Valium. I consider the problem of doping – is it a banned drug? He hits the champagne instead.

We land in Madrid. Just before the Seville flight is called Gazza goes missing again. Five minutes, 10 minutes, and there he is. "Just gone to see the shops." He's bundled onto the plane and we make it to Seville.

Kick-off is in half an hour. The team bus is diverted to the airport to collect us. Seville stadium. Gazza appears. He picks up the ball from the halfway line, dribbles past four Seville defenders, and scores an incredible goal. The crowd rises and Maradona claps appreciatively. In the stands, I'm barely awake. Three countries in less than 24 hours and one hour of sleep.

Midnight and we're back on the plane. Time to rest. The flight gets bumpy. I look behind me. Gazza is with his team-mates. I close my eyes. Suddenly he's sitting next to me, looking nervously out of the window. I'm hoping he can see an F16 about to shoot us down and relieve the misery of this day. "That was an amazing goal, how did you do it?" I ask him. "Can't remember a thing, just did it on automatic." Sad smile. A god-given talent, wrapped up in the complexities of a mere mortal.





'WHERE'S THE CHECK IN FOR SEVILLE?' WE GASP. 'IT'S ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FROM ORLY' WE'RE TOLD. SHIT. WHAT NOW?



fashionista!
WITH MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

Guten tag,

Home. It's where my big, big heart is. Actually, it's OK here but a big, huge, scary James Bond villain house in Switzerland with lots of toys and cars and rooms and guard dogs and killer bees and dogs that shoot killer bees from their mouths is much more fun. The Nürburgring is OK but I prefer Spa – that is home, but only when it has dogs with killer bees in their mouths. But wait, I digress, it's makeover time! No-one is sure who will finally get the new drive at Spyker. It could be Markus Winkelhock – my choice as he has a good name, like wine and seafood together – or Klien or Karthikeyan, who have names beginning with K. So I dress them all! Naturally they should be, Three Amigos, like the funny film.

Michael





Racing in East Germany from 1966-74 Melzer was unable to get new tyres and would cut fresh tread with a knife.





HOW DID I GET HERE?
THOMAS MELZER

A bad accident bike racing in East Germany forced a career change to photography and relocation to Italy with his Cocker Spaniel...

I GREW UP A stone's throw from the Sachsenring, which was East Germany's only race track. It's still there hosting MotoGP. I rode bikes there too, it was my great passion. I raced everything – 125cc, 250cc, 500cc, the lot.

I WAS 16 WHEN I started, in 1966, but before that my father used to take me to watch from the sidelines. My first visit to the paddock was when I was nine. I slept in the circuit toilets so that on race day I could emerge beyond the security fencing, without having to pay. I hung out in the MV Agusta pits, which was really exciting.

MOST OF THE GUYS I raced against had superior equipment. The Hungarian racers somehow had access to Western parts, tyres and engines. I had to make do, which is why I never managed to win. The best I could ever achieve was third. I was forced to clean all my chains in a saucepan and we couldn't get new tyres, so we'd have to cut fresh tread with a knife.

IN 1974 I HAD a big accident. I was thrown, landing on my back. I smashed two vertebrae and was told not to ride for five years. I loved motor racing and wanted to stay in this world. I didn't much fancy being a mechanic or journalist, so I took up photography.

I HAD A LOT of contacts in West Germany, which the authorities didn't approve of. They took away my accreditation, so I applied to leave. In 1980 I was allowed to relocate to Italy. All I was allowed to take with me was a small suitcase and my Cocker Spaniel dog.

I STARTED PHOTOGRAPHING motorbike racing for an Italian magazine. Then, in 1986, it was announced that Formula One would race in Hungary. No other photographers wanted to go, as they were scared of the communist regime and problems they might find themselves in. I was used to it of course, so volunteered. Since then, I have done only Formula One.

THE LINE-UP

Who does what around the paddock?



RITA BALZSAY

The Energy Station's hospitality co-ordinator did her gap year with McLaren's Absolute Taste. She kept in touch with DC, who introduced her to Red Bull. Rita speaks seven languages: German, English, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Latin and Ancient Greek. Best bit about her job: the food.



MONICA COLOMBELLI

An events organiser working on behalf of many teams on a freelance basis, Monica specialises in hospitality, hotels and transportation. She's planning a big party for all the paddock in Shanghai and hopes everyone will be there. Bologna-born Monica lives in London and enjoys sailing on the Thames. She's also worked for the America's Cup.



ALASTAIR MOFFITT

Toyota press officer Ali was a wire journalist for the PA for seven years, and claims his deadlines 'were always 10 minutes ago'. Ali is from Sheffield and supports Burnley. He's into history books and Japanese and Korean horror films. At university he was the drummer for a band called The Outpatients, and has a black and white cat called Minardi.

PHOTOGRAPHY: CRISPIN THRUSTON, THOMAS MELZER

GRIDDLE

Test your knowledge of Formula One with our fun quiz. Answers are in tomorrow's Bulletin.



1 Who is this and what team is he driving for here?



2 His first win. Where and what year?



3 Who is taking a well-earned drink here?



4 It's Jacques Laffite at the US GP in Detroit in 1984. But where did he finish in the race?

PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES. CARTOON: MODERN TOSS

F1 CROSSWORD

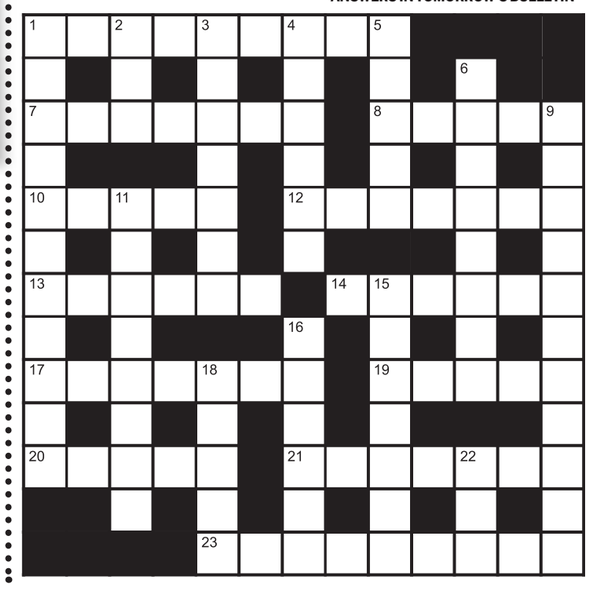
ACROSS

1 Enclosed and secure area found in the paddock (4,5)
7 Inns (7)
8 Pointer (5)
10 Elastic fabric used for sports clothing (5)
12 No longer in existence (7)
13 Recluse (6)
14 Vitantonio --, Italian driver (6)
17 Alleviate (7)
19 French driver who had five podium finishes, including a victory at Monaco (5)
20 Alex --, Malaysian driver who once represented Minardi (5)
21 Awakening from sleep (7)
23 Carlos --, Argentine driver who had 12 Grand Prix victories (9)

DOWN

1 Driver from the United States who won the Indianapolis 500 in 1956 (3,8)
2 Increase the running speed of an engine by pressing the accelerator (3)
3 Italian constructor (7)
4 Louis --, French driver won the (non-championship) Dutch Grand Prix in 1950 and 1951 (6)
5 Precise (5)
6 German driver who won the 1999 Italian Grand Prix (8)
9 New York racing circuit (7,4)
11 Set of bells sounded from a keyboard (8)
15 Plead with (7)
16 Feeling of having already experienced the present situation (4,2)
18 -- Barth, German driver whose son, Jürgen, wrote a detailed book about Porsche's racing history (5)
22 Belgian racing circuit (3)

ANSWERS IN TOMORROW'S BULLETIN





THE RED BULLETIN

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EXCESS ALL AREAS

Hard to find a good reason for this, except it amused us to imagine paddock people as band members. First up the rock gods of F1, The Principals.

This lot are full of bombast, live in a world of conspicuous consumption and can go on for hours if asked to. Thus '70s-style progressive rock is their ideal genre. Who else but Flav on lead vocals, Gerhard Berger on lead guitar, Colin 'the ace of bass' Kolles on bass guitar, Christian Horner on drums and the always thoughtful Mario 'The Professor' Theissen on a mountain of Rick Wakeman-inspired keyboards. And the setlist? Well it would have to include: The Ancients (Giants Under the Sun) and Five Per Cent for Nothing by Yes, the F1-friendly Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging by Genesis, Robbery Assault and Battery by the same band and finally the currently topical Witch Hunt by Canada's finest, Rush.

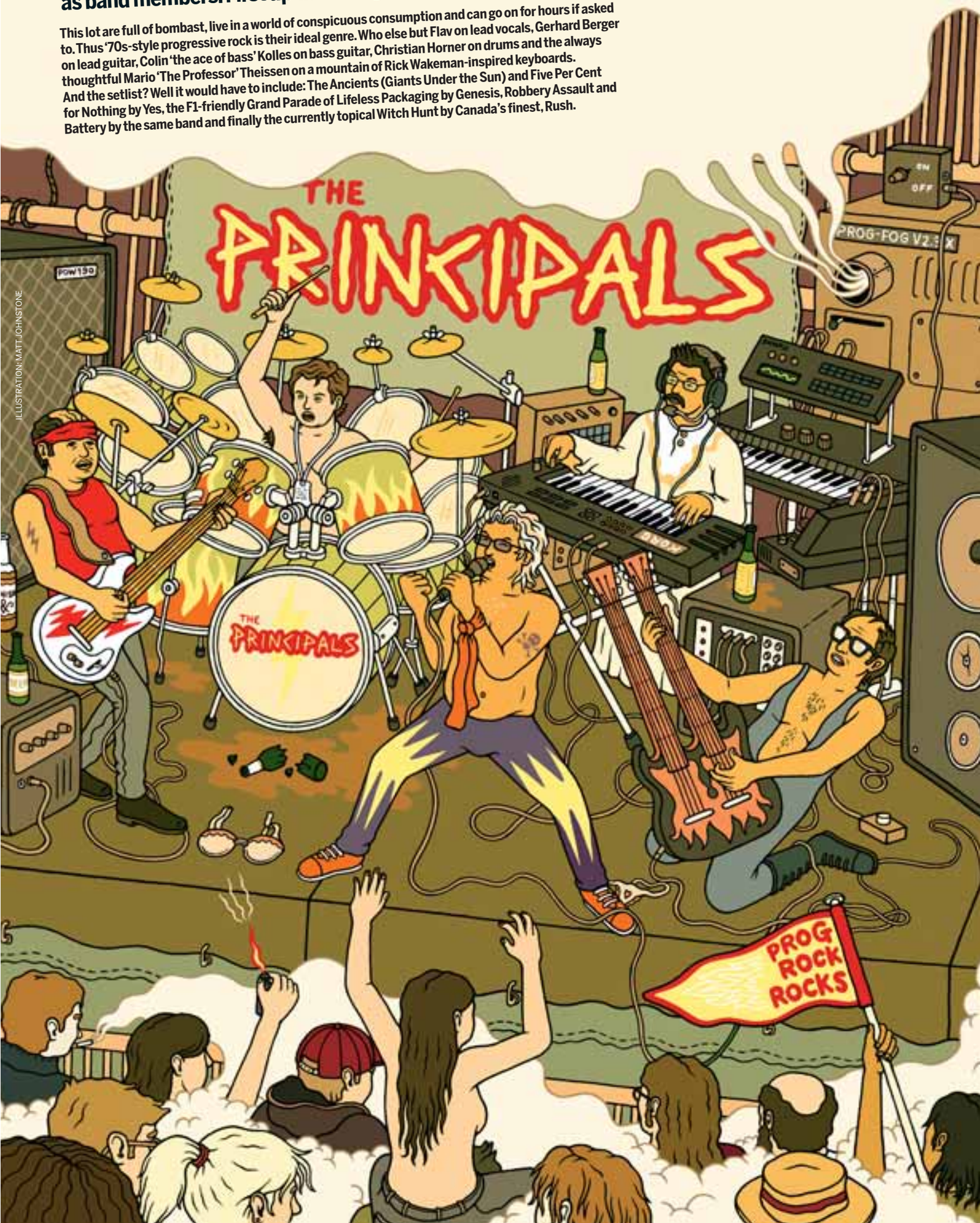


ILLUSTRATION: MATT JOHNSTONE