

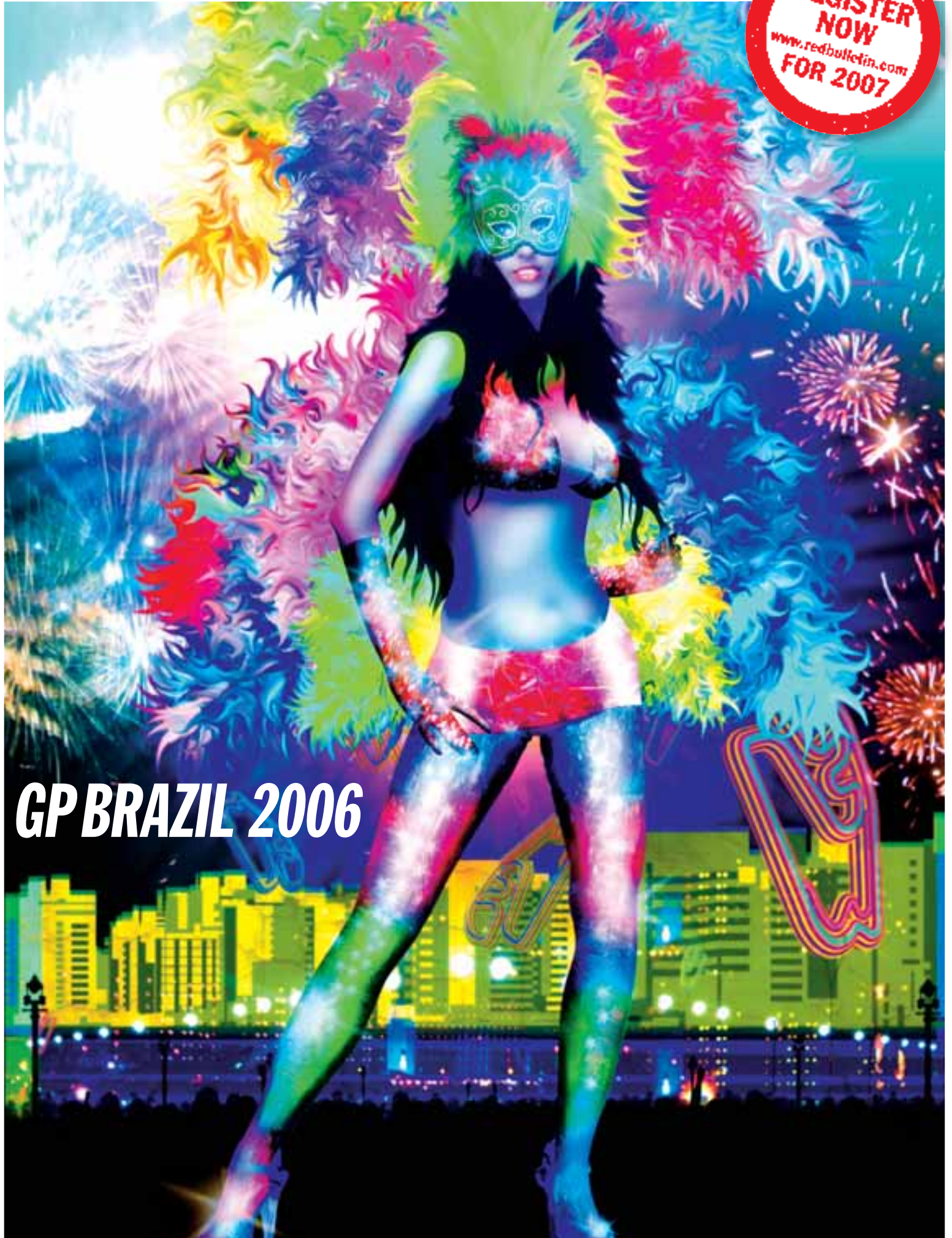
THE RED

ISSUE 123, GP BRAZIL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 2006

BULLETIN

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

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GP BRAZIL 2006



RED BULL

KEEN TO BEAT THE TRAFFIC, Michael Ammermuller was up early yesterday, but rather than the hire car, Red Bull's third man took his RB2 for a 245kph spin in central Sao Paulo. At 5am. As Ammermuller sped away from the traffic lights, and the display read 18,000 revs, it proved more effective than any alarm clock. "I looked up and could see people's lights come on one by one. But it was cool," says Michael, the most unpopular man in Sao Paulo. Meanwhile behind him, the Red Bull support car struggled to keep up. They hit a bump in the road which set off their fire extinguisher making visibility an issue.

PACESETTER



ATTEMPTING TO OUTSHINE BRADLEY 'Krusty' Lord in the hair department, Radio Five Live's Jason Swales has spent the past three weeks growing an increasingly formidable beard. If Alonso wins on Sunday he's vowed to adopt the Spaniard's look and shave his fuzz into a pirate moustache and beard. If fate hands the title to Schumi, we can only assume he'll be sporting a forest around his face next year.

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MCLAREN

IT WAS ALL A bit uncertain who would be driving the second McLaren in Brazil up until a few days ago. We understand it was a much debated decision round Woking way, but we're pleased to see Pedro de la Rosa's name above the garage once again. However, there was a nervous moment on Thursday morning as Pedro's pass didn't allow him in and the Spaniard struggled to get through the swipe gates. However, Pedro didn't look overly concerned.



SPYKER



THOUGHT YOUR FLIGHT here was a long one? Spare a thought for Tiago Monteiro and his girlfriend Diana. They left the Suzuka Circuit hotel at 7am the morning after the race, and were heading to Recife in the north of Brazil. Door-to-door the trip took 72 crippling hours. The journey took two trains and five separate flights, and the pair encountered a cancellation, a re-routing and missed a connection due to all the delays. "It was so boring," says Tiago, a master of understatement. But the biggest surprise of the trip was that their luggage arrived.



SINCE ANNOUNCING HIS RETIREMENT, Michael has been besieged with gifts and honours from statesmen and sponsors. However, few will mean more to Schumi than what his favourite restaurant, Il Montana, is cooking up. Rossella and Maurizio have held a whip-round among the staff and are commissioning a bronze statue of the great man to welcome guests to their establishment. The most valuable gift Michael is set to receive, however, is the Ferrari 248 he drives on Sunday. Space has already been set aside for it in his museum in Kerpen. Better make sure he doesn't stuff it then.

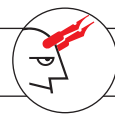
FERRARI

STARLIGHT
Brightening the lives of seriously and terminally ill children

SEASON BET

BACK IN BAHRAIN WE asked a cross section of the paddock to put their reputations on the line and cast their predictions for the season ahead. Who would DNF more than anyone else? How many races would see rain? Which would be the most played national anthem? Well, both championships may remain open, but this particular competition has closed. The winner? A Mr P Symonds from Enstone. Congratulations Pat, we're wiring €1000 to your chosen charity, the Starlight Children's Foundation.

PHOTOS: GEPFA, SUTTON IMAGES, CRISPIN THURSTON. COVER ILLUSTRATION: TIM SPENCER



FOUR COMMENTARIES

RAISE A GLASS TO 2006

CHEERS MICHAEL
BY JUSTIN HYNES

1 Steady now, the end is nigh. At least that's what it felt like yesterday morning, arising from the depths of the previous night's traditional pool of caipirinhas and into the cold, murky light of a sodden Sao Paulo day. Why, oh why is it that each year it seems like a brilliant idea to embrace the caipirinha as if the brew is some kind of long, lost friend? In Monza do we immediately order a pint of grappa upon stepping through passport control at Linate? At Silverstone do we suddenly develop an intense bond with warm, flat, brown beer? (As if that kind of bizarre craving would ever blossom). So what is it about the caipirinha that turns the normally sane and well adjusted into wild-eyed lunatics bent on self-destruction?

It's one of those dysfunctional relationships that is impossible to fathom, you can only sink into the maelstrom and hope that when the storm eventually spits you out you haven't done irreparable damage to your sanity. Which is how we will all feel on Sunday night. But on a blurred Monday morning we can at least look back on a season that's been anything but dull. Indeed, the past two seasons have been enlivened by a proper old-school driver rivalry.

There is little love lost between Fernando and Michael and this year has been made riveting mostly through the return of some of the desperation to win Schumacher displayed in the mid-'90s, and his impassivity in the firestorm of criticism that followed. Set that against Fernando's truculence, feelings of victimisation (by both team and authorities)

and the result was a heady, explosive mix. It reinforces the notion that F1 is going to be a poorer place without Schumacher. That, in his final year, after anonymously cruising through five championships, he's suddenly become one of the most interesting people in the paddock again.

Where will those fireworks come from next year? I can't see Fernando mounting a championship charge in a McLaren. It doesn't add up yet. And Giancarlo fighting for the title? It's possible he may, if given the support he needs as team leader, mount a serious challenge but against Kimi in a Ferrari? I doubt it. Next year should, by rights, be the Finn's year. The only major fight he is likely to have is against Felipe. Or possibly the team. But I'll make a stupid prediction now, one which could make me look like a completely idiot (not hard, I know) in a year's time, but Kimi Raikkonen will be 2007 F1 world champion.

And that means that far from Schumacher's retirement spelling open season on the title with a dozen names in the frame, the immediate future of F1 will be still one of the great powers squabbling over a prize that is increasingly out of the reach of the ordinary citizens.

Next year will be a holding year, I feel. BMW are still in a development stage (albeit a rapid one). We're waiting for Red Bull Racing to show a real great leap forward based on their investment and we have no idea if McLaren can claw back lost ground. So in the absence of genuine challengers, the vacuum will be filled by the obvious. But, it will only be from 2008 onwards that things might genuinely get interesting.



PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 Can I take you back to Monza? Walking along very slowly is an old man who looks at the phalanx of Ferrari motorhomes, smiles and sits himself down on his shooting stick. (For those of you who don't know your Purdey from your Beretta, a shooting stick is a cross between a walking stick and a folding chair.) As the Ferrari personnel hurry from motorhome to garage, no-one spares the old man a second glance, unless it's because he is rather in the way. A shame really, as this old man, suffering from Parkinson's Disease is Phil Hill. Still none the wiser? Mr Hill just happened to have won the 1961 Formula One World Championship – the first American to do so – at the wheel of a Ferrari and raced in F1 from 1958 to 1964.

This weekend, the Schumster hangs up his helmet and, if there is F1 in 2046, it is unlikely that Michael Schumacher would go unrecognised if he tottered into the paddock. We live in an age where fame is everything – “I am a personality even though I don't have one” is the motto of the day so although Schumi will be famous until he goes to the great race track in the skies, he does face the big question of what to do next.

As some Ferrari folk say they will miss the great man's technical input there has been speculation he might actually become some sort of Scuderia Super Tester, but I can't see that happening for a couple of reasons. Back in 1989, when Alain Prost was planning to leave McLaren, the inimitable Denis Jenkinson (journalist who won Mille Miglia with Stirling Moss, World Sidecar Champion as a passenger) was such a purist he was convinced

Prost was going off to what Jenks called 'Honda's Big White Room', where he would do all the R and D work for Ayrton Senna. Jenks was an enthusiast you see, whereas Prost, like all great champions was totally self-motivated and so he went off to Ferrari. Can you imagine Schumi agreeing to a backroom role to help Raikkonen be world champion? Secondly, can you see Michael at winter testing where most test drivers seem to have a season ticket to meet the Barcelona track marshals at Turn One, seconds after the 'experimental' front suspension collapses, sending the driver crashing into the barrier? Before the last shard of broken carbon fibre has even floated down into the gravel, the chief engineer is already on the phone to the factory. “Hi guys, you know the bolt that holds that track rod thingie? Make it one size bigger would you?” Next day, the same thing happens until the engineer finally finds the right bolt size and hopefully the test driver is not too bruised.

No, far too risky for our Michael.

Maybe he should leave F1 and concentrate on his humanitarian work but it would only take one irritating question too many about some of his 'unusual' on-track moves at the endless conferences involved in charity work to make Michael realise he'd be better off at home. Indeed, as mythical warrior Theseus discovered, it is often the minotaur that ruins things for the majority.

Of course, it's difficult to tell a celebrity anything which can be a problem as the once-famous person gets older. So Michael remember, when you are sitting in a restaurant all smug with yourself for having broken wind in complete silence, in reality it's probably time to change the battery in your hearing aid.



THE ROLE WE PLAY
BY MARK WEBBER

4 It isn't an understatement to say that it's been an interesting time to be a member of the GPDA. Whether it's Indianapolis or the fun and games earlier this year in Monaco, the organisation has been in the news more than usual, maybe that's good, maybe it isn't. Our priority today, as it was when the GPDA was founded, is safety first and foremost. With David at the helm as chairman, we have done a very good job in recent years.

We love the sport. If we could have overtaking every lap and great wheel-to-wheel racing, we would. We want the fastest cars, the greatest drivers, plenty of action. We'd also like it to be safe – or at least as safe as is reasonable. Driving is a risky business and we like to take risks. I'm here to race – I don't want to play lawn bowls every weekend but if I feel me and my colleagues are in more danger than we need to be, then we have to articulate those feelings.

Safety in F1 is moving forward, but sometimes not as quickly as we would like. It's been well documented, for example, that we have concerns over one particular corner at Monza. There have been improvements with

the barriers but we still hold the opinion that it wasn't as good as it could be. It's a rare case, as usually everything is pretty seamless. Just occasionally we need to nudge things along – as we've done recently with the medical back-up and facilities at testing venues.

Conditions would have to be extreme for us to take the ultimate sanction and decide not to race, but I can foresee scenarios where that might happen, in fact you can almost guarantee that sometime in the next 10 years there will be an occasion when it's just too dangerous to go out on the track. The circuits these days are good, but you can't control everything – the weather being an obvious example.

Deciding to race here at Interlagos in 2003 was a pretty tough call; the weather

'The pressure to race no-matter-what, created by the demands of television schedules, is a concern to us'

was terrible and we didn't have full wet tyres available. That's about as extreme as conditions can get before somebody takes the decision to cancel a session, postpone for a couple of hours or decide to race on a Monday. The pressure to race no-matter-what, created by the demands of TV schedules, is a concern to us. Fortunately, in Charlie Whiting we have a race director who's pretty bloody sensible.

The GPDA isn't really a political organisation, so having a new set of directors doesn't change anything. Our strength has always been in the unanimity of the membership: Ralf, Fernando and myself as the board don't have any particular powers; everyone is entitled to an opinion and everyone's opinion is heard, whether you're a young guy or an experienced racer with a hundred plus grands prix behind him.

Though it might often seem otherwise, F1 is guided by consensus. Working together as the drivers, our task is to help the FIA, the team principals and the many other vested interests to see things from our point of view. In the final analysis, we are the experts at driving the cars. In F1, change is inevitable, and we have a constructive role to play in guiding that change and helping the sport move forward. ☑



PARTING SHOTS

As we bade farewell to Suzuka – let's hope it's au revoir and not adieu, eh? – we were left with some great memories: roller coasters in the rain, fans wearing horses' heads, Super Aguri merchandise; and some great pictures. Here they are...



As Michael carelessly tossed a cigarette away before the Drivers' Parade, Peter realised he'd be able to sell it for a fortune on Ebay.



A secret spy-shot of Alonso leaving Renault's Witney factory for the last time. The team was not pleased he had decided to switch to McLaren and had called on the infamous Gerry Garcia Grateful Dead Pedal Car Taxi Service to take him to Oxford Railway Station.



How sad is this? The guy really thinks he looks like Michael Schumacher. Who's he kidding, even the man in the race suit looks more like the Ferrari driver.



Spyker's plans to save money by freighting their catering girls to races had gone awfully wrong and they were left with some damaged goods.



PHOTOS: CRISPIN THURSTON, MSPB/GORIS

With Michelin quitting the sport at the end of the year, Bridgestone sportingly introduced their very own Mr Bibendum.



What unusual sunglasses.



The team had warned Robert his sunglasses were much too dark, but he would not listen.



Suzuka Circuit organised a special lunch delivery for people with a discerning palate. Palate? Pallette? There's a gag in there somewhere.



He'd only turned his back for a moment, but that's all it took for some unscrupulous mechanics to steal all the strawberry-vanilla ice cream.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR WELL-EARNED REST MS MIRANDA, BUT...

She was "the lady in the tutti-frutti hat". She has a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame and a square on Hollywood Boulevard is named after her, but most bizarrely she features in the title of a sci-fi book, Carmen Miranda's Ghost is Haunting Space Station 3. We caught up with her in the Interlagos paddock.

Singer, actress, icon, cartoon character, idol of drag artists, she was a novelty film actress famous above all for her hats which were so tall they were literally above all, it's a pleasure to meet one of Hollywood's biggest stars who embodied the very essence of Latin women.

Carmen, it's great to see you back home in Brazil, given that your success in the USA meant you came in for a lot of criticism here. It's true, I was never a prophet in my own land, although I made a very healthy profit in the US and at one point in 1945, I was actually the highest paid woman in the States, earning over \$200,000 from my record and film deals. I did hit back at my critics in Brazil with a song called, *Disseram Que Eu Voltei Americanizada*, or *They Say I've Come Back Americanised*. I'd like to see one of today's manufactured girl bands come up with something that good.

So why are you here in Sao Paulo? I'd far rather be in my hometown of Rio, which I gather is quite a common sentiment among you car racing people, but I was asked here to sing at the end-of-season Red Bull party and generally liven up this messy paddock.

That will be lovely! Wait, because I'm not sure I'm going to do it as I've always wanted to tell a promoter that Carmen is too Bizet (too busy? Get it?). My fame all dates back to my early childhood in Brazil where I worked as a samba singer and dancer for 10 years. In fact, dancers run in my family. Mind you, it would have been better if dancers had danced in my family. I actually learnt to limbo dance trying to get into pay-toilets for nothing.

So you weren't really a nice Jewish girl from the Bronx whose father worked on the back lot at the Warner Bros film studios. Please don't interrupt. No, I came to the

USA in 1939 and my career took off, partly due to President Roosevelt's "Good Neighbour Policy", designed to strengthen links with Latin America, just like President Carter later did in Nicaragua and the current President Bush is doing so successfully in the Middle East.

Ms Miranda, I fear you might be slightly out of touch. Out of touch I might be, but I still sold over 10 million records and made 14 Hollywood films.

Yes, but with titles like *Down Argentina Way*, *That Night in Rio* and *Weekend in Havana*, you had become a mish-mash, all-purpose South American, in the same way Americans today think Juan Pablo Montoya is a Canadian from British Columbia. I can hardly be blamed for that. Is it my fault that there were characters in my films called *Bingo Bongo* and the *Enchilada Man*? I can't help it if Americans are geographically challenged. Anyway, I was known as the *Brazilian Bombshell* and was famous for my hats. What more could a woman ask? The hats, covered in fruit, were my trademark and they were a nifty way of making me look taller, as I was only 152 centimetres and they gave rise to my famous self-analytical comment that "Bananas is my business" as well as a whole load of rotten fruit jokes. I mean rotten jokes about fruit, not jokes about rotten fruit of course. For example: what did the banana say when the elephant stood on it? Nothing of course – bananas can't speak. Don't like that? Well what about this: how many lemons grow on a lemon tree? Why, all of them of course!

'OUT OF TOUCH I MIGHT BE, BUT I STILL SOLD OVER 10 MILLION RECORDS AND MADE 14 HOLLYWOOD FILMS'

Actually, my hats did not feature that many bananas as they are quite an expensive fruit and a bit overrated. After all, once you've peeled a banana and thrown away the bone in the middle, there's not much left. Actually, most of my hats looked as though they had to make a forced landing on my head.

But didn't the confusion drive you crazy? So long as I got paid, what did I care about the gringos? Like I said, they wouldn't know a Mexican from a Mexi-can't. Still it reminds me of the joke about the Mexican and the American on a train with a pretty blonde and a plain-looking girl. As the train passes through a tunnel, the sound of a loud slap is heard. When they emerge from the tunnel, a bright red handprint is on the American's face. The plain girl thinks: "That dirty American grabbed that blonde in the tunnel and she slapped him!" The blonde thinks: "That dirty American must have tried to grab me, but grabbed the plain girl by mistake and she slapped him!" The American thinks: "That Mexican bastard felt up that blonde and she slapped me by mistake!" The Mexican sits back, and smiles, thinking: "I can't wait until we go through another tunnel so I can slap that stupid American again!"

Why do you think you became such a role model for transvestites and drag queens? I'm not sure; maybe the old fruits just liked the fruit, although a drag queen once gave me a very good piece of advice that no cross-dresser should ever wear anything they have not yet worked out how to go to the bathroom in.

Despite all that healthy fruit on your head, you eventually died of a heart attack, having become a smoker and drinker with a capacity for amphetamines and barbiturates that would have felled someone twice your size. Yes, I wanted to go out on a high. In fact there were rumours that I kept drugs in the hollowed-out heels of my huge platform shoes. I thought it would give me a lift! ☒



THE WORLD IN YOUR EYES

Eleven teams, hundreds of workers, buses, trucks and offices. The paddock is a city and each part has its own character. So here's the city as we see it in its entirety, offering science, recreation, public amenities and justice – at least in theory. After a long season the real map is in everyone's heads: where to go with a problem, who to turn to for conversation, the places to get a good meal and a decent bottle of beer. Enjoy it now, because in Melbourne it's all going to be rearranged.



THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT BERNARD
Bernie is the centre of power, that's why we made him Pope.



THE MIDLAND PUB
From Eddie's Bar, to Midland Pub, the joint now has a bright orange future.



THE FERRARI FIRE STATION
It's big and red and those inside are experts at putting out fires.



HOTEL TOYOTA
The hotel is the last word in opulence and all nationalities are catered for.



RESTAURANTS
Michelin offers fine food, but Bridgestone's takeaway has also proved attractive.



HONDA FUNFARE
If you enjoy life's little ups and downs, this is where life really is a rollercoaster.



THE RED BULLETIN
From beneath the city comes a platform for people to get things off their chests.



RENAULT STADIUM
Renault represent the sporty side of the paddock and so get to run the stadium.



THE RED BULL NIGHTCLUB
If you want to party 'til the sun comes up, look no further.



THE FIA COURTHOUSE
Where the FIA doles out justice and oversees F1's rule of law.



THE MCLAREN LIBRARY
This isn't the place to have fun – it's a place to work hard and learn.



WILLIAMS GARAGE
An operation funded by generous former clients with a crèche for children of ex-employees.



THE BMW AIRPORT
Owned by those capable of great timekeeping and attention to detail.



THE TORO ROSSO SCHOOL
Run by Gerhard and Franz, it teaches pace and precision to its pupils.



THE SUPER AGURI PACHINKO PARLOUR
The place for those who like to take a gamble and see what comes up.



THE ZOO
Photographers live in the monkey house, press in the reptile house.



BAHRAIN

Name: Shimaa Elsayed **Age:** 26 **Star sign:** Aries
Occupation: PR for Emirates Bank **Did you know?** She grew up in England and Saudi Arabia and lives in Dubai.



GREAT BRITAIN

Name: Katie Larmour **Age:** 23 **Star sign:** Leo
Occupation: Fine Art student **Did you know?** Katie says her most treasured possession is her YSL False Lashes mascara.



AUSTRALIA

Name: Claire Falkiner **Age:** 22 **Star sign:** Leo
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** Claire is really into cyber-karting. No, we don't know what that is either.



SAN MARINO

Name: Marina Zennaro **Age:** 21 **Star sign:** Leo
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** The most crazy thing she has ever done was kiss a total stranger in a lift.

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome back the finalists of this year's Formula Una competition. You've met them all before, but here's a quick recap of our favourite girls from 2006. So which of these ladies will be crowned Formula Una 2006?



SPAIN

Name: Janeth Lorenzo **Age:** 23 **Star sign:** Gemini
Occupation: Engineering student **Did you know?** Her dream job is to be an engineer with an F1 team.



MONACO

Name: Audrey Goth **Age:** 22 **Star sign:** Virgo
Occupation: Law student **Did you know?** She'd like to be a fighter pilot, if not, she'll settle for being a European lawyer.



MALAYSIA

Name: Wendy Tse Yu-Wen **Age:** 23 **Star sign:** Pisces
Occupation: Banker **Did you know?** Wendy loves belly dancing, usually after she's had a few too many.



HUNGARY

Name: Lili Papp **Age:** 20 **Occupation:** Student kindergarten teacher **Did you know?** Lili was once the runner-up in the Miss Hungary competition.

FORMULA UNA



PHOTOS: THOMAS BULTER, MURIEL BROUSSEAU

CHILE

Name: Carolina Lanvin **Age:** 21 **Star sign:** Gemini
Occupation: Design student

BRAZIL

Name: Isabela Chaves **Age:** 23 **Star sign:** Taurus
Occupation: Model



JAPAN

Name: Asami Saito **Age:** 23 **Star sign:** Virgo
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** Asami knows how to play the accordion.



GERMANY

Name: Maja Dejanovic **Age:** 19 **Star sign:** Leo
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** Maja collects Pez machines and has a pet frog called Otto.



CANADA

Name: Sandrine Balthazard **Age:** 24 **Star sign:** Aries
Occupation: Business student **Did you know?** Sandrine's heroine is the queen of US daytime TV, Oprah Winfrey.



EUROPE

Name: Helena Ma **Age:** 26 **Star sign:** Gemini
Occupation: DTP Operator **Did you know?** She has five bearded dragons – but she can't tell the boys from the girls.



TURKEY

Name: Özlem Özen **Age:** 21 **Star sign:** Cancer
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** Özlem is a good windsurfer and says she's a "total adrenaline maniac".



ITALY

Name: Ludovica Sauer **Age:** 25 **Star sign:** Pisces
Occupation: Student **Did you know?** As a German living in Milan, Ludovica has two reasons to support Schumi.



AUSTRIA

Name: Barbara Rogger **Age:** 26 **Star sign:** Taurus
Occupation: Business school graduate **Did you know?** Barbara once hung out with P Diddy at a party in Ibiza.



USA

Name: Amber Principe **Age:** 24 **Star sign:** Gemini
Occupation: Account executive for a mortgage lender **Did you know?** She can play Achy Breaky Heart on the guitar.



CHINA

Name: Hana Abbas **Age:** 22 **Star sign:** Aquarius
Occupation: Restaurant supervisor **Did you know?** Hana once spent \$3000 on a Fendi squirrel-fur purse.

THE RACE
IT'S FRIDAY, SO WE MUST BE IN...

Brazil, Friday, October 20, 2006

1 Real

CRAZY FUEL!

More and more Brazilians are turning to alcohol to get them to work and back. But not how you'd think! There are now two million alcohol-fuelled vehicles on Brazil's busy roads and they're getting more popular

every day. Brazil pioneered using ethanol derived from sugar-cane as fuel instead of oil and now 'Flex-fuel' vehicles, which run on a combination of ethanol and petrol, make up 77 per cent of the domestic market.



PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!

Sao Paulo's mayor is clamping down on the advertising billboards which sell to Brazilian drivers caught in the city's never ending traffic jams. Mayor Gilberto Kassab has taken a dim view of the adverts which adorn the side of skyscrapers in the third largest city in the world. Many of the adverts feature scantily clad models and measure up to nine metres long. Ones for the Brazilian edition of Playboy, for example, feature cut-outs of the latest centrefolds. Describing the adverts as a form of 'visual pollution', Mr Kassab has pledged to clean up the city, whether it likes it or not.

WAVE GOODBYE

BARK AND RIDE, DUDE!

BOARDING BAN SLAPPED ON SURFING DOG

Police have banned a dog from surfing after it upstaged the pros at a world championship meet. Competitors at Praia da Tiririca complained that the dog and his owner, Caruso Mozart Volff, had been surfing together on the same board during the intervals of the competition and that they were distracting the audience. The police stepped in and banned Mr Volff and the dog. Frustrated, the dog is said to be considering a move into F1 next season.



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

THE FULL NELSON



THIRTY YEARS ON from his arrival in Europe, Nelson Piquet's son, Nelsinho (right), has claimed his F1 chance.

Nelson Snr got his big break in 1978 when the Ensign team offered him a one-off drive. He was then recruited by the BF Fabrications team to race an old McLaren M23 (bottom right). He did enough to impress Bernie Ecclestone, who signed him to Brabham. The Gordon Murray designed and Cosworth-powered BT49 was not only beautiful, it was fast and took Piquet to championship glory (bottom left).

It was a feat the Brazilian would repeat again in 1983 (below) with BMW power and in 1987 (left) with the Williams-Honda team.



He won the championship, and this success encouraged the 24-year-old to head for Europe. He bought a March F3 car and lived in an old bus, something of a lifestyle change from his privileged upbringing. But while Piquet adapted, his young bride Maria Clara could not and did not stay long. Having finished third in the European championship, he then won the British title in 1978. Midway through the season he accepted an offer from Mo Nunn to race an Ensign in the German Grand Prix, followed by runs in a privately entered McLaren.

He caught Bernie Ecclestone's eye and was signed to Brabham

for the 1979 season, studying under Niki Lauda. When Lauda retired, Piquet became team leader by default, and despite his inexperience worked brilliantly with designer Gordon Murray. Brabham had ditched Alfa Romeo for Cosworth DFVs, and were suddenly a force to be reckoned with. Piquet won at Long Beach, Zandvoort and at Imola finished second to Alan Jones in the world championship.

Driving the BT49, he scored three more victories in 1981 and a series of high-placed finishes to win the title by one point over Carlos Reutemann after a dramatic showdown in Las Vegas.

Nelson Piquet wasn't interested in winning popularity contests, he just wanted to win races. "I don't want to make friends with anybody," he said. "I don't give a shit for fame. I just want to win." His approach led to some bitter rivalries, yet sealed three world championships.

NELSON SAUTOMAIOR REVERTED to his mother's maiden name, Piquet to disguise his racing activities from his disapproving parents. Nelson had grown up in luxury in Brasilia, his father Estacio was a senior government minister. Just like his father, Nelson was a talented tennis player and was sent to high school in San Francisco to develop his skills on the court. It was in California he caught the racing bug, and purchased a go-kart upon his return to Brasilia, racing under the name Piket.

The pseudonym failed to send his parents off the scent and they insisted he return to the US to study philosophy, engineering and management. He lasted a year before dropping out to race Brazilian Formula Vee.



The following year the team struggled as it got to grips with an unreliable BMW turbo engine. Despite this, Nelson won the Canadian Grand Prix while enduring 100° temperatures in his footwell, when the oil radiator developed a problem. He considered it one of his best drives and said: "Winning is a feeling which you cannot imagine. I sometimes piss my pants on the slowing down lap."

The BMW package grew mighty and in 1983 the Brazilian took his second title after a season-long duel with Alain Prost. A clutch of victories led the Renault team to claim it was achieved with rocket fuel.

As the trophies mounted up, so did Piquet's wealth and he used it to finance a lifestyle fit for a rock star in Monaco with a large yacht, a private jet and a crowd of breath-taking lady friends.

Brabham's cars slipped down the grid for the following two years, and when Piquet requested his \$1 million retainer be doubled for 1986, Ecclestone balked.

Frank Williams tripled it, and Piquet was teamed up with Nigel Mansell – and the result was hostile. Both highly-strung but delicate characters, the two drivers detested each other, with Piquet calling Mansell "an uneducated blockhead" and was less than complimentary about Mansell's wife Rosanne. In response, Mansell described Piquet as "vile". Preoccupied by their personal feud, Prost snuck in and stole the championship from under them. In 1987, Mansell scored more wins, but the more consistent Piquet took his third crown, becoming Honda's first world champion.

He left Williams for Lotus, but by then the Hethel team was on the wane and Piquet's career began to stall. In 1990 he moved to Benetton, notching three more wins over two seasons before the triple champion called in a day and said goodbye to Formula One aged 40.

Attempting to qualify for the Indy 500 in 1992 he suffered the worst crash of his career, causing severe trauma to his lower limbs. It was then that Nelson started to concentrate on business away from racing, making a fortune from satellite navigation technology. These days his focus is his son, Nelson Jr, who finished runner-up in the GP2 series this year and who has been named as an official test driver for the Renault F1 team for 2007. ❏

TAKE THE PIOLA CHALLENGE

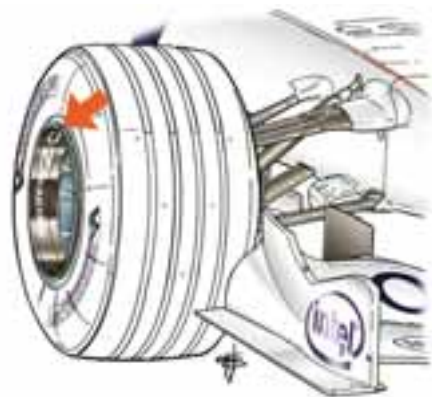
Have you been paying attention this season? Mr Piola certainly has and he's set six more tricky questions to test your knowledge of the art of Formula One racing.



Giorgio sketches the finer details of this McLaren MP4/3 in Rio in 1987



1 At which race did Ferrari modify the attachment of the front flap to the nose cone?
A Australian GP **B** Spanish GP **C** San Marino GP



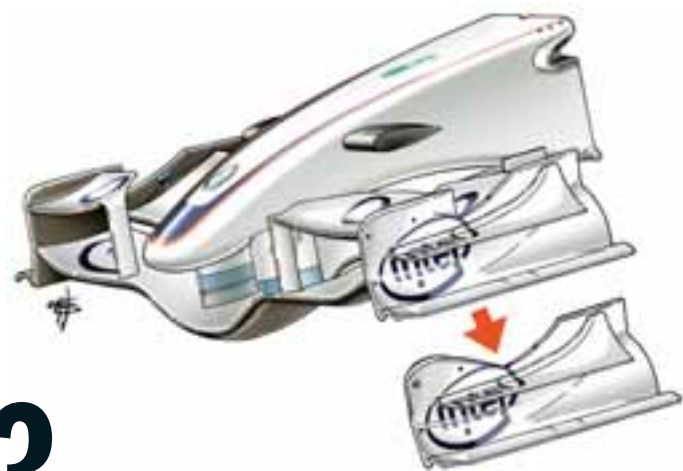
4 In which race did one team introduced this front rim?
A Honda at the Spanish GP
B BMW-Sauber at the Italian GP
C Toro Rosso at the French GP



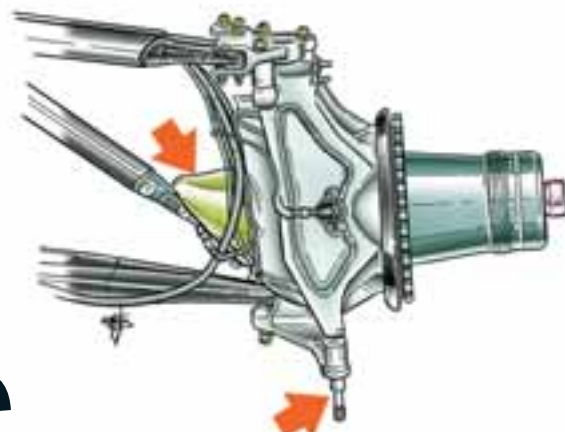
2 When did Toyota introduce this new front suspension system?
A Monaco **B** Canada **C** San Marino



5 At which grand prix did Renault add these low gills?
A USA **B** China **C** Britain



3 When did BMW-Sauber introduce this new front wing?
A Britain **B** Germany **C** Brazil



6 This front 2005 upright is from a...?
A McLaren **B** BAR **C** Renault

Answers: 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5C, 6A

ILLUSTRATIONS: GIORGIO PIOLA



YOUR PADDOCK PROBLEMS SOLVED

by ROLAND BUTTA

RECIPE FOR DISASTER

Dear Roland,
 I am in Brazil for the first time and I am told I must try a drink called Caipirinha. Me and a bunch of mates are here for the Grand Prix on the cheap, so we have rented an apartment. To save money, how can we make our own Caipirinhas? Also, I understand it contains fruit, so is it considered a health drink? What is a safe number to drink? Yours, thirstily, Ben Dover

Dear Ben
 This is actually quite a time-consuming cocktail to make. First take some fresh limes, cut into quarters and crush in a glass. Now add plenty of caster sugar, mix together with some crushed ice, then pour a decent slug of cachaca (a Brazilian sugar-cane alcohol) over it and mix again before drinking. However, as you say you are on a tight budget, I have an alternative suggestion. Hunt around your apartment for a heavy implement, something like a rolling pin or hammer will do. Bracing yourself against a wall, hit yourself repeatedly over the head, or get one of your friends to do it for you. Next, stare at a very bright light for at least 30 minutes. Then, step outside your front door where you will inevitably find a cat. Proceed to lick its fur. Do not drink any water and go to bed. In the morning, you should feel exactly the same as if you had drunk Caipirinhas in that you will have a very sore head complete with furry tongue, be totally dehydrated, have little recollection of the night before and be partially blind. As for your final question regarding a safe number to drink, I cannot claim to be a qualified mathematician, but I would think a 1 is a safe number to drink, as it is thin and should slide down your throat quite easily. A 0 would also be a good number as it is smooth and pill-shaped. Avoid a 7, as the hook bit might catch on your larynx. Yours already completely hammered, Roland Butta

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES, SUTTON IMAGES, CRASHPA.NET

LETTERS

Another race, another mailbag – just sitting there waiting for us to fill it up.

IT'S BEEN A STRAIN!

Dear Bulletin,
 It was reported in the press that after the wet race in China we were less stressed than usual in Japan. Do you people not understand how difficult being an F1 engine is? The sort of things we have to put up with? Or what it's like to bear the weight of people's expectations pressing down on us? It's not easy being a successful race-winning powerplant and sometimes I just want to curl up and hide in a dark corner. Fernando Alonso murdered one of my brothers at Monza, but does anyone care? No, you just expect me to cope with it and carry on as if nothing had happened. So be a little more considerate in future when you talk about stress, I'm on a knife-edge here. Regards, RS26

ROUND THE BEND

Dear GPDA,
 Do you know how hard it is to rake a perfect reducing moiré curve into a gravel trap? My team worked

for three days to replicate the pattern from the Tofukuji Temple in Kyoto to bring perfect zen balance at Suzuka, only for Scott Speed and Robert Kubica to plow through it like a pair of big gaijin hooligans! Look what happened to Schuey as a result! Honestly...
 Sam Uri

TAKE YOUR RUBBISH HOME

Dear Renault,
 It's bad enough having to clean up after 120,000 spectators, we don't need drivers throwing satirical magazines all over Parc Fermé as well. If your driver can't be trusted to dispose of litter in the designated bins, don't give it to him in the first place. Regards, Suzuka circuit services

WHY ARE WE LEAVING?

Dear FIA, FOM, etc,
 Well, another full house at Suzuka with mad-keen fans treated to another enthralling race. Can you remind me again why we're not going back? Nobody in their right mind would choose to leave this circuit and take the race somewhere else... oh. Right.



THE MINIATURE GUIDE TO THE RED BULLETIN

What's nine inches long, hard and gets into all sorts of unwanted places? Why it's The Bulletin team, of course. To tell you about ourselves, we've been immortalised as action figures and will be in the shops in time for Christmas. They're exactly one-sixth our size and made entirely of plastic – not unlike our kidneys after a season of gate-crashing all your parties.



**NORMAN HOWELL
PUBLISHER**

As an Italian with the gift of the gab, Norman can talk the hind legs off a donkey, which is better than run them over, as he once did in Turkey.



**JUSTIN HYNES
EDITOR**

Has a collection of guitars based on those of Jimmy Page but still needs a Danelectro DC59 as used on Physical Graffiti... and he can dislocate his thumbs at will.



**MILES ENGLISH
ART DIRECTOR**

Arsenal till he dies, Miles has lost his luggage at three races. Rumours are that Samsonite is launching a range called 'The Miles English Collection'.



**DAVE GRANGER
CHIEF SUB-EDITOR**

Likes include remote-controlled helicopters, Leicester's finest, Kasabian, and Ducatis. No-one has ever told him his name as a spoonerism is 'Grave Danger'.



**NANCY JAMES
CHIEF SUB-EDITOR**

Has been known to discuss the architectural merits of power stations. She shares a birthday with Mark Twain, Winston Churchill – and Billy Idol.



**PHIL SLADE
DESIGNER**

Has 45 pairs of trainers, more than 300 T-shirts in colour order in his wardrobe and likes snowboarding, the Finnish band HIM and Grape Fanta.



**SUSIE FORMAN
PHOTO EDITOR**

On the surface, Susie is calm, dedicated and professional, but her secret ambition is to be listed as a 'Welcome sight' on the Suttons' website.



**THOMAS BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHER**

...is an anagram for: 'A hamburger; the hot lop sport', but, more accurately, Thomas Butler is an anagram for: 'rehab slut Tom.'



**BETTINA LEIDIGER
LOGISTICS MANAGER**

Our team 'babysitter' somehow keeps smiling even when she's explaining how to get from the hotel to the circuit for the umpteenth time.



**KATE ROBSON
OFFICE MANAGER**

Has spent so much time organising everyone else's travel this year that she's forgotten to arrange a holiday for herself.



**ARIANE GALLE
LOGISTICS**

Has the best tattoo in The Bulletin office – Tigger from Winnie the Pooh on her calf. She has more but we got a slap when we asked to have a look.



**JUSTINE HOFFMANN
LOGISTICS**

Helping to get more than 25 people and their kit from race to race is nothing compared to moving her wardrobe of designer originals around.



**LEIGH POTHEARY
CHIEF TRUCKIE**

Achieved the impossible by going from San Marino to Turkey without touching one drop of alcohol. But driving in Istanbul sent him back to the bottle.



**MARC SIRETT
TRUCKIE**

Marc might be described as a truckie, but in reality he is an F1 fan and a paper boy with the best paper round in the www (whole wide world).



**MARTIN WOODFINE
TRUCKIE**

'Bush' caused a bit of a scene at La Rascasse this year when several people mistook him for Superman's arch-enemy Lex Luthor.



**PAUL KEITH
SUB-EDITOR**

Stopped smoking marijuana, when he started noticing things like the words to Teddy Bear's Picnic fit the tune of Sweet Child of Mine, and took up kayaking.



**MATT YOUSON
SENIOR WRITER**

Matt possesses an egotistical imagination that can support an interminable series of arguments to glorify himself... and he's afraid of polystyrene.



**ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS
STAFF WRITER**

At six weeks, was on the cover of every newspaper being held by Princess Di. His press clippings are matched only by his vast collection of toenail clippings.



**ADAM CARBAJAL
PRODUCTION MANAGER**

Originally from Nor-Cal, dude, Adam moved to Hawaii where he became a 'bruddah'. Now living in London, he's coming to terms with being a 'bit of a geezer'.



**JAMES GREENHOW
DESIGNER**

Health fanatic, Parkour artist and urban vegan, James is the only man to have sprinted every circuit. He got his job by sleeping with the Forman.



**WERNER STADLOBER
IT SUPPORT**

The only man in the world with a doctorate in karate and a black belt in Apple Macs. He is also an authority on Montreal's nightlife.



**CHRISTOPH RAUNIG
IT SUPPORT**

Christoph is the man we call when we need an IT expert at a tricky venue, such as Magny-Cours, Silverstone and the Nürburgring.



**OSWALD HALWAX
PRINTER**

Part respected master printer, part raver, Ossi has become a friend and constant companion to Marlboro promotions girls everywhere.



**MARIO WOLF
ASSISTANT PRINTER**

Apart from having the best name at The Bulletin, Mario has an unhealthy love of motorbikes, heavy metal and Heidelberg printing presses.



**MARTIN YOUNG
PRINT TECHNICIAN**

A walking archive of jokes in bad taste. In fact, his entry here would have been a dirty limerick but we ran out of space. (Thank goodness).

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

A LICENCE TO BRAZIL

It could be the traffic jams, it could be the sake, it could be the week off, what ever it is, we've lost Mr Ecclestone on the way to Interlagos. So, for the final time this season... Where is Bernie?

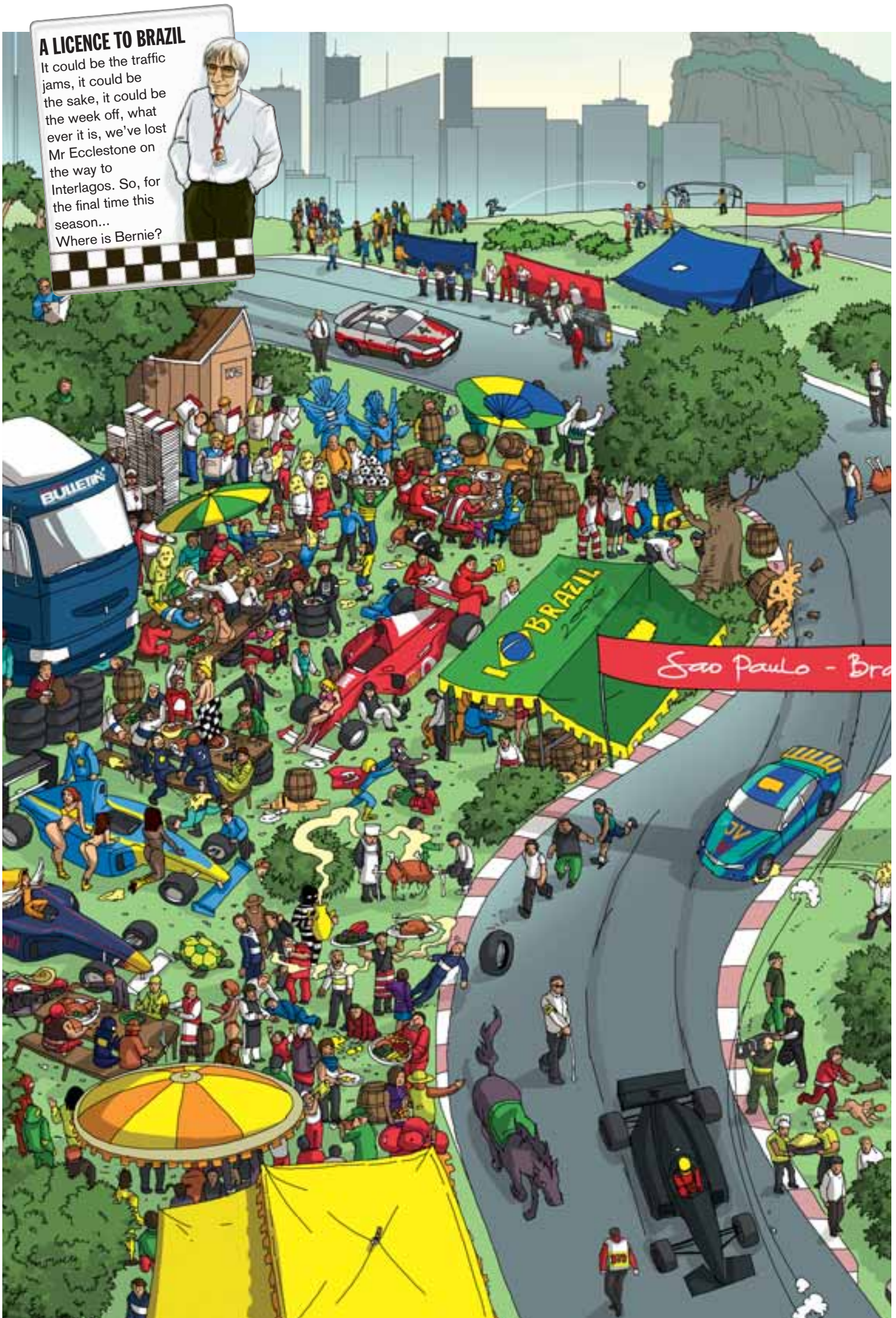


ILLUSTRATION: HERRI IRRAWAN