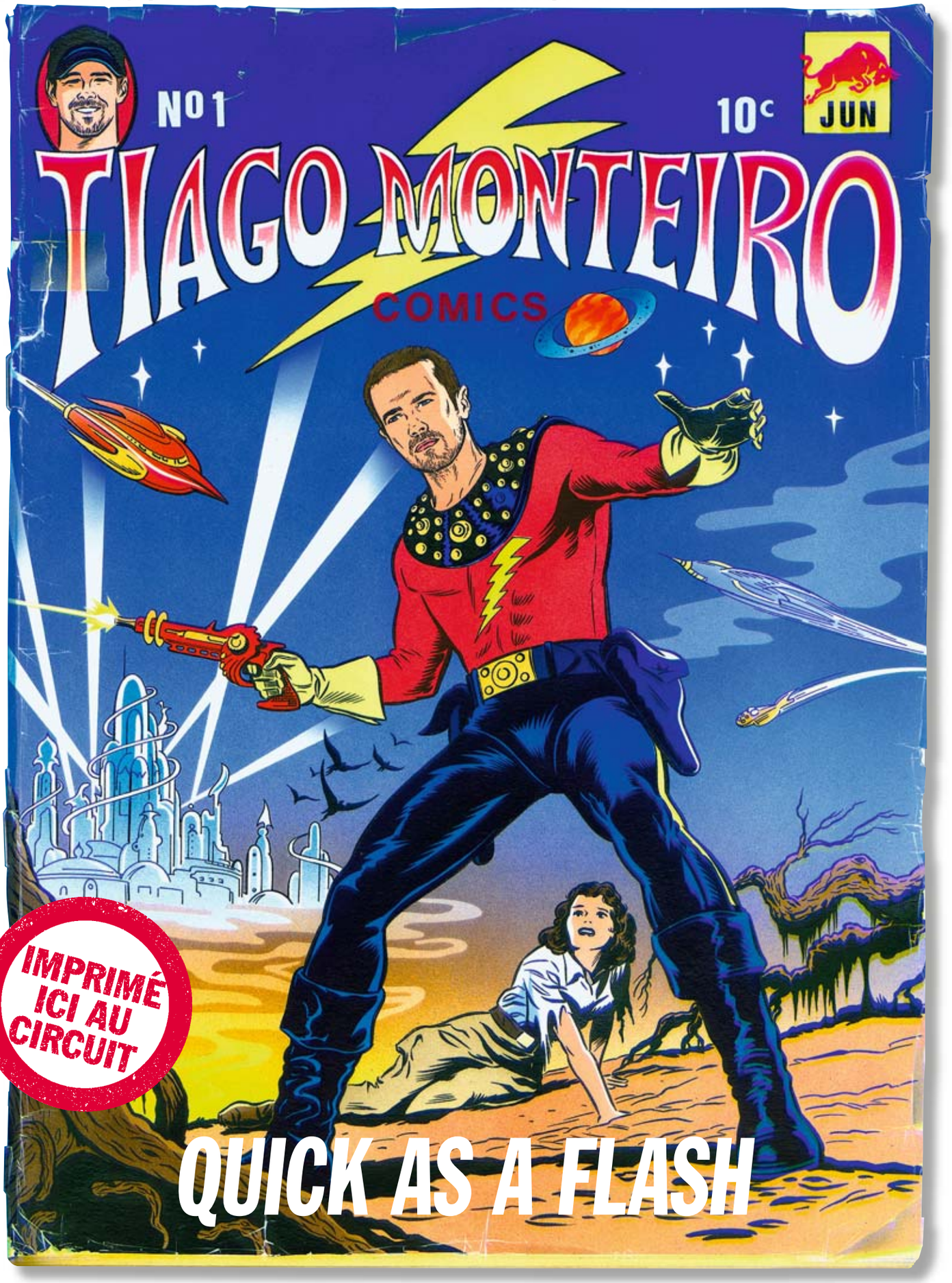
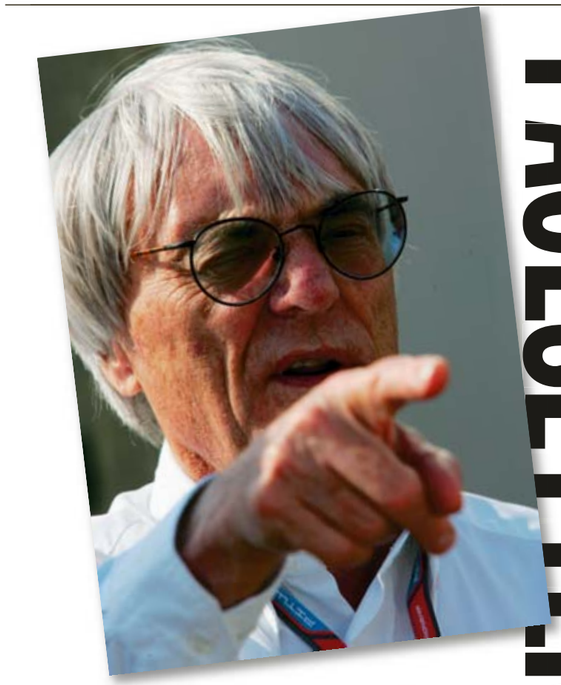
THE RED BULLETIN

ISSUE 88, GP CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 2006

AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER



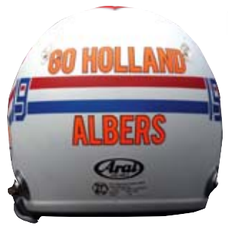
QUICK AS A FLASH



PACESETTER

BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES for an explosive confrontation in Indianapolis next week. Bernie Ecclestone may have burned bridges with an entire continent after ranting within the pages of London's The Times this week: "What do we get from America? Aggravation, that's about all. If you say 'good morning' over there and it's five past 12, you end up with a lawsuit," which is both funny and sage. But Mr E means business, as next week he and the head honchos at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway will be negotiating a renewal of the USGP contract. The IMS are seeking a significant discount to host the race, following last year's debacle. "I am not prepared to subsidise a race in America. We have more viewers in Malta than over there," said Bernie, before adding genially "I have a very good relationship with the people in Indianapolis and I am sure talks will go well." We tried desperately to get hold of an IMS spokesman, but he was at lunch. Probably comfort eating.

MF1



SOCCER-MAD CHRISTIJAN ALBERS is showing his support for Holland this weekend with this rather stylish helmet. Coupled with his orange shoes, we can only assume he's planning to wear a pair of nylon football shorts over his overalls at Indy. Holland will be playing Portugal tomorrow straight after the race at 2.30pm EST which puts Christijan head-to-head with his Portuguese team-mate Monteiro, but Tiago's unlikely to be racing to see the kick-off. "I think Portugal will be strong. Well, that's what people tell me – I don't really follow football."

THE RED BULLETIN
AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

14 Soho Square, London, W1D 3QG Telephone: +44 207 494 2257

Publisher **Norman Howell**
Editor **Justin Hynes**
Chief Sub-editor (race) **David Granger**
Chief Sub-editor (London) **Nancy James**
Senior Sub-editor **Paul Keith**
Senior Writer **Matt Youson**
Staff Writer **Adam Hay-Nicholls**
Art Director **Miles English**
Producer/Designer **Adam Carbajal**
Designers **Phil Slade, James Greenhow**
Photo Editor **Susie Forman**
Team Photographer **Thomas Butler**
Illustrator **Dietmar Kainrath**
Logistics Manager **Bettina Leidiger**
Logistics **Kate Robson, Ariane Galle, Justine Hoffmann**

Truckies **Leigh Pothecary, Martin Woodfine, Marc Sirett,**
IT **Werner Stadlober, Bernd Gorbach, Alexander Keck, Christoph Raunig**
Printing Team **Oswald Halwax, Mario Wolf, Martin Young, Oliver Ziegert**
Project Co-ordinator **Bernd Fisa**
Concept **Karl Abentheuer, Christian Kaemmerling, Boro Petric, Christian Seiler, Alex Wiederin**

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



HONDA

GEOFF WILLIS MAY BE gone, but he's not forgotten. The Honda team have put up a large poster at the rear entrance to their garage featuring mug shots of 498 people who are on the payroll. Or used to be. Poor Geoff, he's not here in Montreal and neither is his replacement, Shuhei Nakamoto. "There is lots and lots of pressure," Nakamoto was quoted as saying in the Toronto Sun, revealing that his paymasters at the Honda Motor Company are "not happy" with the team's achievements so far this season. "In fact, they are very angry. We have needed to show them what we are planning to do". So perhaps a good start would be to take down the poster.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

IF FLAVIO BRIATORE DESCRIBED Schumi's Monaco antics as "fucking disgusting", then imagine what he'd say about James Moy's earplugs. The Crash PA photographer has announced his intention to launch the Photographers' Earplug Challenge, to find out how long a lensman can go without throwing away a set of ear-protectors. James has already set an impressive benchmark, having used the same set of plugs for every race this season. But he is expecting tough competition from Getty's Mark Thompson: "Thommo's legendary earwax is sure to win the championship. He pulls chunks out everyday." Fellow snapper Russell Batchelor, who claims to soak his own earplugs in vinegar, adds: "That's why Thommo's eyes bulge so much. Allegedly."





MORE BAD NEWS FOR Michael Schumacher. His refusal to explain his actions in Monaco's final qualifying session has seen him tumble dramatically down a mid-season poll assessing this season's F1 challengers. Thirty high-profile F1 insiders, including Max Mosley, voted on the skills, efforts and conduct of every driver for F1 Racing's half-term report. Schumi had been second to Alonso before the Monaco Grand Prix. All that changed when the German parked on the racing line at Rascasse. Suddenly the magazine was besieged with calls from jurors who had already cast their votes (Jean Todt was also on the jury, but we assume his original vote still stood), demanding that the voting be changed accordingly. The result saw Michael slide down the rankings to 10th place, seven places behind his team-mate.

PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER, SUTTON IMAGES, CRISPIN THRUSTON. COVER ILLUSTRATION: MARK THOMAS

FERRARI

CLUB 500



GIORGIO PIOLA

"It's Montreal, 1984, and Nelson Piquet has just won the grand prix. He is standing on the podium wearing only one shoe because he has burned his foot on the radiator of the Brabham BT53 which is positioned just ahead of the pedals in the footwell. It makes a pretty funny spectacle and I tell him so. That turns out to be not such a good idea as Piquet likes getting his own back. On the following Wednesday in Detroit, I get a telephone call in my hotel: "Giorgio, my foot is killing me and the doctor has forbidden me to drive this race in the hope I can recover for Dallas," Piquet tells me. "So Bernie has called Corrado Fabi to race alongside his brother Teo. I thought you should know, it might make a good story." Excited, I try to call Pino Allievi, my colleague on the Gazzetta dello Sport, but he has already left his room. So I call the newspaper in Milan and warn them to expect a great story. Very pleased with myself, I wander down to breakfast where I'm greeted by hoots of laughter by all the journalists who are in on the joke, which of course has been orchestrated by Piquet, who is now dancing a jig around the breakfast hall. From that day until he retired, whenever I walked past Piquet's car, he would mimic the action of a fisherman catching a big fish. Hook, line and sinker."

This will be Giorgio Piola's 565th grand prix. Piola's illustrations of the new technology on F1 cars are world-famous and used in magazines around the world.

FOUR COMMENTARIES

FORLORN IN THE USA

BRICKBATS FOR THE BRICKYARD
BY NORMAN HOWELL

1 Mr E's comments about the US Grand Prix have set the tone for our journey south. Our relationship with Indianapolis has long been uneasy, and Bernie's words, carefully crafted, calculated and positioned with the most august British newspaper, are bound to have an impact. This is supposed to be the last US GP to be raced at the Brickyard. If true, many of us will leave on Sunday night with mixed feelings. It is an iconic track, with history and drama palpably felt, especially at those odd times, early in the morning or at dusk, when the very souls of the racers seem to wander the circuit. In some ways it is an eerie place, which we captured in our Calm Before The Storm cover last year.

And despite all this 'no-one likes, or cares about F1 in the US', there were still 120,000 keen petrol-heads on (non) race day last year – more than at most races on the calendar, so it would be a pity to lose them. Chief among them the lady at the reception of our hotel who told me last year, that "I don't suppose we'll be seeing you folks here next year" and said her whole family where either in the military or the motor business, liked motor sports and learned to love F1.

True fans. Which is why I'm ambivalent about the prospect of taking the circus to Las Vegas where we may all have a better time, certainly in the food and entertainment areas, but where the excess of glitz might become so nauseous that we could really regret the blue collar pleasures of Indianapolis.

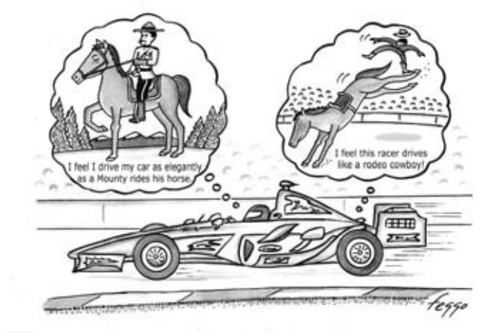
'There were 120,000 at (non)race day last year – more than at most races on the calendar'

Then again, if Mr E is to be believed, interesting conundrum that, he doesn't really care as he has a list as long as his arm of hopeful nations ready to jump in an promote a shiny new grand prix somewhere equally strange as Vegas. On the other hand, the sponsors love the US and it would be a surprise if something was not worked out between Mr E and the motor racing brokers there. They sort of don't need each other, but they do.

As is often stated, the absence of a credible US-born driver is a handicap. While we have yet to see how Scott Speed develops, the last was Michael Andretti. Irrespective of talent, Michael never quite got his bearings and his refusal to adapt to Europe – he flew back after every race – was his undoing at McLaren. He lost Ron's trust quite early on, when he wandered into the back of the motorhome and plonked himself down next to Ron, who was in a meeting. Responding to his principal's questioning look, he slowly said "Just kickin' back, Ron."

It became clear he had really lost his boss's attention when, on leaving Spa and all packed into the big Ron car, ready for the mad dash to the airport and guerrilla warfare with the gendarmerie, Ron walked up to the car, and seeing Michael at the wheel, opened the door, said "I'll drive," and consigned the American F1 driver to the back seat, squeezed between and engineer and me, a lowly media person. Not good for the boy's confidence. He never really recovered, despite his wife assuring us he would be getting his 'tiger eyes' back any time.

F1 FUNNIES



PIT BITCH
BY HELEN PARADYCE

2 Even the sound of Leo Kottke pounding his 12-string guitar through noise cancelling headphones isn't enough to drown out the whine of the cars on track at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, or the inane ramblings of the multi-lingual commentary, with one guy not quite managing to speak English, the other mangling the tongue of Rimbaud. (No, not the American vigilante who resides in the jungle.)

Yes, yes I know, Miss Paradyce regrets she is slightly overwrought at the time of writing, but she is recovering from the effects of dinner at the Queue de Cheval and yes, her mouth does taste like a horse's arse.

Why there? Well I was dining at Montreal's swanky steak house courtesy of Toyota, who had invited a group of media to dine with Ralf Schumacher. It was slightly more than disappointing, then that the main man never quite made it all the way down to my table, especially as I had dived into the city's biggest department store on the way to the restaurant to pick up a new Mac lipstick in a very trendy shade of bunny-boiler pink, to mark the momentous occasion.

After the dinner, I made the mistake of heading back up to the roof terrace of my very trendy hotel for 'one last drink' which of course turned into a complete night of excess with the city's finest. If pushed for a defence, I have to say I was worrying about my grandmother. You see, she's been in hospital for a while recently and the doctors aren't sure what's wrong with her. They even greased her back. It didn't help: she just went downhill fast after that.

"Je suis Benny Vole," said my shuttle bus driver this morning on the way from the Delta Hotel to the track. Christ, that's all I need, thought I, another guy hitting on me, but it turned out he was explaining he was a 'benevole' or 'volunteer'. Super, well done, but less talk and more torque is what I wanted, given that it only takes two shuttle buses and one security guard to create a traffic jam here. I hate sitting in traffic. For one thing, it's all too easy to get run over… it's all stress and if you have never heard the true medical definition of stress it's when you wake up screaming in the middle of the night and then realise you hadn't actually fallen asleep yet.

But enough of my own adventures, enthralling though they are. Clearly the most important thing we'll hear this weekend is JV's musical debut. But, what is it with all the Jacques Villeneuve singing thing? His first single is called Accept Me, which is presumably a request aimed at BMW-Sauber's Mario Theissen to sign him up for another season. Fernando on the other hand should probably have a crack at that Engelbert Humperdinck classic, Please Release Me, Let Me Go.

As for Briatore on the same subject, he might go for the Jacques Brel number, Ne Me Quitte Pas. Mr Button could have a stab at The Pet Shop boys' What Have I Done To Deserve This, meanwhile down at Super Aguri, Takuma Sato would be getting his mouth around the rural British tongue-twister I've Got A Brand New Combine Harvester. (*That's enough song jokes now, Ed.*)

FORMULA ONE IS WHERE I BELONG
BY JEAN ALESI

3 The spectators in the grandstands started going wild and waving their Ferrari flags and I understood immediately that something had happened to Michael Schumacher's car and I was leading the race. I understood, but I still wanted confirmation from my pit board. I got around the lap and saw the P1 sign. I was in front, there were 15 laps left and nobody had a chance of catching me. I cried.

The Canadian Grand Prix in 1995 fell on my birthday. I was 31 years old that day and finally winning a grand prix was definitely the best birthday present I've ever had. When I joined Ferrari my expectations were sky-high. I was confident that team was going to win the world championship, but we weren't winning, usually we were fighting to finish.

Things in Montreal had looked good in the morning. It was raining heavily for the warm-up, and my car was going really well in the wet. I finished up in P1 and we were very optimistic for the race. I remember being very excited.

Then the rain stopped, which was a shame. The race began in the dry and my start could at best be described as average. I followed Michael, Damon, David Coulthard and Gerhard. I pushed hard and managed to out-brake Gerhard and David and overtake them both. A couple of laps later I overtook Damon in the same way. It was incredibly exciting and felt wonderful. And then… nothing. I was pushing to catch Michael but it wasn't happening, I couldn't make any impression.

'For me, winning brought not only happiness, but relief and a sense that finally I had my victory'

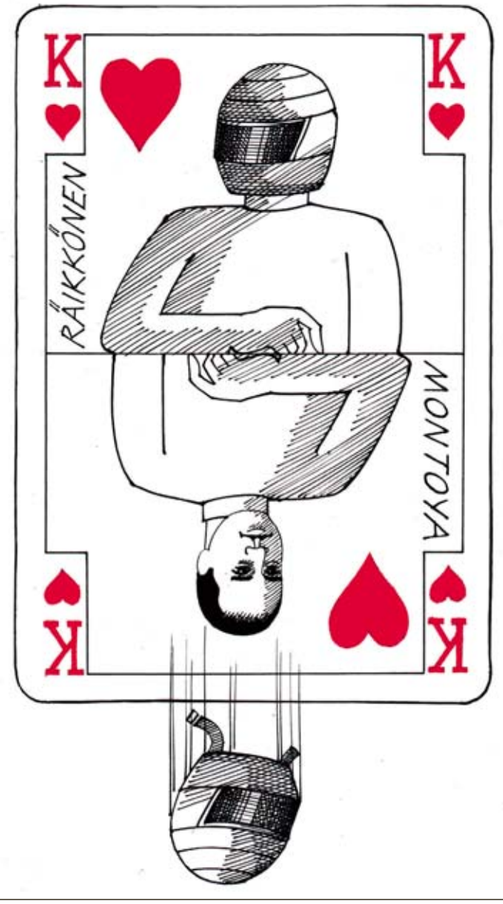
When Michael had trouble and had to pit, the crowd went wild, but when you've had the bad luck I had, you don't take anything for granted. I crossed my fingers and hoped everything hung together. I remember getting on the radio and shouting at my engineer 'fuel OK, fuel OK?' because we were really tight, after that I started to worry about my brakes, my revs – anything I thought could go wrong.

I've always been emotional and when you drive for Ferrari you are so close to the fans. In the Italian Grand Prix the previous year that I'd been leading and desperate to win. Not finishing that race was the biggest disappointment of my career and I didn't want to go through that again. Those last laps were so intense. For me winning brought not happiness, but relief and a sense that finally I had my victory.

I still love Formula One. I'm crazy for it. At the moment the situation with Direxiv is clear: we haven't been chosen by the FIA, so we are out – for the moment. We're still hopeful though and I think it is possible that we will get our opportunity. I keep talking to Bernie as he's the guy that can make it happen, but you have to prove to him that you can bring something valuable. This is my job for the moment.

I would love to be a team principal. I hope I get the chance. I've been out of F1 for five years and I want to be back in, it's as simple at that. Mercedes-Benz gave me a fantastic opportunity to drive in DTM, but F1 is where I want to be.

4 **Has one king lost his crown?**



ILLUSTRATIONS: KAINRATH, FEGGO



ILLUSTRATION: MARK THOMAS

QUICK AS A FLASH

Today we meet Tiago Monteiro who, contrary to popular opinion, is not a South American peninsula. He's a Portuguese guy living in England working for a formerly Irish team run by a Romanian dentist and a Canadian billionaire from Russia. No wonder Tiago is confused, but nothing like as bad as the guy I had in here last week. He was obsessed with sadism, necrophilia and bestiality. I tried to help, but I was flogging a dead horse…

My receptionist, Helga, tells me that Tiago was masterful in Spa last year, but what she gets up to in her own time is none of my business. She also claims that he's thoughtful, dynamic and articulate, which saves me from something of a faux pas, because I thought he was racing driver.

Q: Tiago, let's start with something simple. Had you never been hooked by the smell of petrol, what would you be doing now?
A: It's going to sound boring but I would be in the hotel industry. That's what I studied for and that's what I liked – apart from cars.
Hmmm… you're a racing driver with pretensions of being a hotelier. Last week I had a bloke in here who was the exact opposite. As a trained hotelier, no doubt you can cope with a group of rowdy drunks phoning you at 3am and demanding kebabs. If the driving doesn't work out, I think you could have a bright future working with the McLaren pit crew.

Q: What's your favourite TV snack?
A: A milkshake
Well, it's good to know that in an age where drivers endure carefully controlled macrobiotic diets and regimented training schedules, the basic food groups of milk, ice cream and artificial colourings haven't been forgotten.

Q: Who's your favourite Beatle?
A: Ringo
Ah, yes, the one who lurks at the back, trying to keep up with the boys out front. And how are things at Midland this season?

Q: What's your most treasured possession?
A: My Ducati Monster
I'm only hoping that isn't a euphemism…

Q: What do you enjoy most away from the track?
A: Having fun
OK, not much to work with there, Tiago…

Q: What's your favourite PlayStation game?
A: I have to say Formula One because I am on the cover of the box and I did the promotion for it. I love that game!
So, in those rare moments when you're not driving a Formula One car, you like to relax by driving a simulation of your car. Interesting. Do you ever get the two confused? Are you disconcerted when you walk up to Christijan Albers in the real paddock and he doesn't look pixelated? What I really want to know is, when you're on the PlayStation, do you play as yourself or one of your rivals? Answer carefully, this could set me up on the lecture circuit for a couple of years.

Q: If you could be any character from fiction, who would you choose to be?
A: I would definitely be Flash Gordon. I love Flash Gordon – I used to watch the old series on TV all the time when I was living in France.
Ah yes, this is a futuristic vision where melodramatic plot lines featuring power struggles, reckless acts of courage and cliff-hanger endings serve to hide the fact that all the space-age machinery is very obviously made using cardboard, sticky tape and a few fireworks. I wonder what it was that made you want to work for Midland…



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

Q: If you could change one thing about F1 what would it be?
A: Bloody politics! I'd like F1 to be just a sport. Like it used to be – like it should be.
Oh, politics. Like diapers, politicians need changing regularly and for the same reason. Though I'm not sure there ever was a golden age. Roman charioteers used to moan about things being better in ancient Greece.

Q: Where would you really like to visit?
A: The North Pole, the South Pole, Laos, Cambodia, Borneo, Kazakhstan and Mongolia.
Well, my first thought is to thank the various gods for ensuring that Tiago's garage is nowhere near Bernie's bus, so he doesn't get any ideas for new race venues. My second is to assume that Tiago craves a bit of peace and quiet. Nothing wrong with that. If you worked with Johnny Herbert, so would you.

Q: Beer or wine?
A: Wine
So, you like to whine, do you? Well driving that Midland I'm not surpr… oh, I've done that one already. The vineyards around Tiago's home in Oporto do a very nice line in green wine – though why they can't stick to red and white like we do here in Austria I really don't know.

Q: What's your worst habit?
A: Biting my nails
Some psychologists would see this as a sign of insecurity – though I'm assured by the MF1 crew that after testing or qualifying it's merely good practice to keep the drivers away from sharp objects like scissors.

Q: Who would you least like to be trapped in a elevator with?
A: Narain Karthikeyan – he hates elevators.
My old mate Jean-Paul Sartre suggested that hell was other people, though he had to hang out with Albert Camus, who never talked about anything except football – which was absurd. Being stuck in an elevator is bad enough, and being stuck in an elevator with someone afraid of elevators is worse, but being stuck in an elevator, with someone afraid of elevators and who can talk about cricket for hours on end… now that's scary.

‘ONE MORE LAP AND THERE’S NO DOUBT WE WOULD HAVE WON’

MONACO, JUNE 3, 1984

The rain-drenched 1984 Monaco Grand Prix lasted just 31 incident-packed laps, but it provided a showcase for the skills of a new generation of F1 stars who scythed through the pack to reel in Alain Prost’s leading McLaren.

LAP 16

NIGEL MANSELL’S FANS WERE ecstatic when the Englishman (12) took the lead from Prost on lap 11, but five laps later he lost control entering Massanet at high speed and the Lotus’ rear end swung dramatically into the Armco barrier.

Bob Constanduros (journalist): “Mansell smashing into the barrier was greeted with resignation. That was typical of what would happen to him. He had been going so much quicker than anyone else, but then he lost control on the white lines.”

LAP 19

MANSELL’S RETIREMENT RESTORED

Prost’s (7) lead and put his team-mate Niki Lauda (8) in second place. But not for long. Ayrton Senna (19), in his first Monaco GP, had leapt from 13th to third in his Toleman-Hart and passed the then twice world champion at Sainte Devote. Five laps later, Lauda crashed at Casino Square.

Heinz Prueller (Austrian TV commentator): Niki once told me: “First the water gets in the helmet, then in the ears, then in the brain. And then you spin.”

Pat Symonds (race engineer, Toleman): “We had a very high-downforce car which was ideal here. Also, our deal with Michelin was such that McLaren had a veto on us using the latest tyres. But Monaco was wet and the veto didn’t apply.”

LAP 27

IF SENNA’S ASCENT THROUGH the field was spectacular, then Stefan Bellof’s (4) was unbelievable. The rookie had started the race at the back of the grid in 20th place and was now up to fourth in hot pursuit of Rene Arnoux’s Ferrari. He slipped his Tyrrell between Arnoux (28) and the guard rail at Mirabeau with barely a millimetre to spare. The young German was now third and catching Senna and Prost.

Heinz Prueller: “What Bellof did was incredible, managing to overtake on this circuit. The best point he found for this was coming out of Casino Square and down to the right-hander at Mirabeau. He did about 16 passing manoeuvres there. He told me that whenever he took a position there, he would see a woman on a balcony who would be waving not a handkerchief or a flag but her duvet.”

Pat Symonds: “While Monaco is a difficult circuit on which to overtake, that’s not necessarily so in the wet. If you’ve got a good car, you can place it where you want.”

LAP 31

RED FLAGS. THE RACE director Jacky Ickx had deemed the conditions too dangerous to continue. Alain Prost was the winner, but only by a couple of feet. He was relieved, while Senna and Bellof were left to consider what might have been, if only they’d been allowed more time.

Heinz Prueller: “Bellof was gaining seven seconds per lap. Three or four more laps and he would have caught both of them, but whether he could have overtaken or not we will never know.”

Bob Constanduros: “When Prost crossed the finish line, the result was greeted with howls of derision. Why stop it now? Prost had been signalling for some laps that the race should be stopped. The Brits certainly saw it as a Monagesque/Belgian/French plot.”

Pat Symonds: “I still think it was unnecessary. I’m not saying there was a conspiracy or anything, I just don’t think it was a good decision. Had the race gone on one more lap, there’s no doubt we would have won. Had it gone on longer than that, maybe it would be a different story again. For one, Bellof was going very quickly and earlier in the race Ayrton had made a total hash of the chicane and bounced over the top. After the race, we found a crack in the suspension. We all had mixed emotions after the race, including Ayrton. It was the best result we’d ever had, and the closest we’d come to a win. Our elation was tinged with the thought of what might have been, but what might have been isn’t really part of my philosophy, and I think the overriding emotion that day was joy. Second place was a hell of a result for us, and it was a turning point for the team. Suddenly, we really felt like we were heading somewhere.” ■

ILLUSTRATION: HERI IRAWAN



"And this is where I got done for kerb crawling last year."

ISLAND LIFE

The Bull's Eye has been for a walk on the surreal side of the Ile Notre-Dame as the paddock prepares for the race weekend.



Can you guess which one isn't a grid girl?



No, Kai, we salute YOU! Getting the jacket to match your dinghy, you are a true fashion god.



Super Aguri's hot dog concession was a real boost to the development budget, but was seriously going to interfere with pitlane strategy.



It's a case of natural selection in the Montoya family, and getting hold of food ain't easy when Daddy's around.

PHOTOS: SUTTON IMAGES, CRISPIN THRUSTON, CRASHPA.NET



They couldn't believe there was a UFO hovering over the Montreal paddock...



...but later that day, they realised all the cameramen had mysteriously disappeared.

SPORTING HIS TRADEMARK COWBOY hat, Arturo Merzario was all smiles before the 1976 Austrian Grand Prix. He was still smiling 30 years later at the Nürburgring – probably because Marlboro are still very hospitable.

1976

2006

PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

IT'S SHOW TIME

Flown in on a brace of jumbos, BMW's Pit Lane Park has landed in downtown Montreal. **Adam Hay-Nicholls** went along to witness the team reaching out to Formula One fans.

No sooner has Andy Priaulx cut the gravel-voiced symphony of the BMW-Sauber's engine and been released from his six-point chamber, than a microphone is thrust into his gloved fist. The process is both slick and enlightening, and it begs the question: why has no-one bothered to do this before?

For years Formula One has focused the gunsight of innovation and entertainment on areas away from the grandstands, but the constant call to give spectators improved access to the cars and the stars, and the promise of a show, has finally been heard. BMW have done an excellent job.

Priaulx, the reigning World Touring Car Champion, has just cooked a set of Michelins, sending the aroma wafting into a crowd of 600 grateful, cheering people. Now he's doing a Q&A, posing for photos and signing fans' faux paddock passes. They may not have classed themselves as fans before they arrived, but BMW's aim is that when they leave, they'll be hooked, and with greater knowledge of what it's all about.

The Pit Lane Park is fenced by garages, filled with largely technology-led interactive attractions to help visitors get a little closer to the sport. You can sit on a replica pitwall and see through Mario Theissen's eyes as you're talked through the telemetry screens. You can

'WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET SO CLOSE MY EARS ARE CLOSE TO BLEEDING'

25,000

people are expected to visit the Pit Lane Park in downtown Montreal over this weekend. It's already been to the Nürburgring, downtown Barcelona and Silverstone, so far giving 100,000 visitors the chance to get up close to see how an F1 team works. The park is also expected to go to Monza and Shanghai this year.

2x747-300

Atlas Air jumbo jets were used to fly the snugly-packed Pit Lane Park – a 5,400sq metre complex – from London to Montreal. The journey took seven and a half hours, but The Park would take another five days to erect with the help of 50 riggers.

200

tonnes of equipment and material make up the Pit Lane Park. That's exactly the same weight as 125 BMW M5 road cars. Transporting the gear from the airport to the city took 25 trucks.

1

kilometre of guard rails keep spectators safe from the action on the 90-metre track. No driver has yet clipped a rail, and good job too because the team doesn't bring any spare wings, let alone a spare car. JV once missed a barrier by a centimetre and the mechanics nearly fainted.

2

sets of tyres are eaten by the BMW-Sauber F1 car following the 20 demonstrations it performs each weekend, each lasting five minutes. That equates to about 250 doughnuts. The tyres are heated at the front to provide sufficient grip, but left cold at the rear to help them spin.

350

questions have been loaded on to a database, for F1 diehards to answer and for those new to the sport to learn from. The trivia rounds can be accessed from 18 laptops. You can also strap yourself into one of two full-size F1 simulators to improve your knowledge of the Circuit Gilles Villeneuve's challenging corners.

4

mechanics constantly attend the BMW-Sauber F1 car in its pit garage. It's their job to fire up the V8 five-times a day, and ensure the electronics package is on song – just like at the start of a grand prix. The operation is run by Sergio Bonagura, who was Villeneuve's chief mechanic at Sauber-Petronas last year.

160

staff work at the park throughout the weekend, which includes 30 security people. Most are Canadians. A lot of hard work is required to fully get to grips with the technology on show and to be able to answer any questions visitors may have, so the staff receive two days of intense training before the park opens.

PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER



The entire park can be packed up and transported to the next venue on two 747-300s

PHOTO: VICTORIA NIGHTINGALE

join in a pitstop tyre change, pound around the Circuit Gilles Villeneuve in a full-size simulator, compare the weights of F1 materials with those of road car components, challenge your motorsport knowledge against a computerised quizmaster, see how quick your reaction times are to the starting lights – dumping the clutch on a real $40,000 F1 steering wheel – and plenty more besides.

But the main draw is the tarmac, and the king about to be crowned is motorcyclist Chris Pfeiffer, European Stunt Riding Champion. He's on one wheel – the rear is two feet in the air, he's not holding on and his bottom is nowhere near the saddle. The crowd's collective minds are blown and rapture ensues.

The session is supposed to last five minutes, but Chris is having so much fun showboating with his BMW F800 S motorbike that he's eating into the time. "It's awesome to do this event and it's totally different to what I usually do. But I'll let you into a secret", says the German extreme rider, "I really hate doing burn-outs! It's not my style, I'm a technical rider. But the crowd loves it."

Andy Priaulx is preparing for another run. He'll do five demos today and had the same schedule at Silverstone two weeks ago. "It's fun for me to get behind the wheel of a grand prix car and also it's just so great to give the fans this experience.

"Usually no-one's allowed in a garage but here you can poke around the workshop, get up close to the car and meet the guys," says the 31-year-old from Guernsey. "Although it's pretty awkward driving in such a small space!"

'TO TELL YOU A SECRET, I REALLY HATE DOING BURN-OUTS – BUT THE CROWD LOVES IT'

Andy has four mechanics responsible for his F1 car. One of them, Sergio Bonagura – who is busy adjusting the tyre pressures (low at the front for heat and grip, high at the rear to keep them cool) – has been at the sharp end before. Last year he was Jacques Villeneuve's chief mechanic and he prides himself not only on keeping the car running sweetly, but also making his new pit garage as authentic as possible. But doesn't he miss the real thing? "I quit the race team because the travel was becoming too demanding. This is great and it's like a proper team here. But what I do miss is the pressure."

There may be no pressure but there's plenty of excitement, and visitors like Jeff Davis from Edmonton feel as if they're being rewarded for their enthusiasm. "We've been able to get so close my ears are close to bleeding. It's great, and everyone's so friendly. A great atmosphere, and I'm really pleased this thing landed here."

THE ICEMAN COMETH

In a 15-year career, defenseman Patrice Brisebois has reached the pinnacle of ice hockey. Now he wants to prove himself as a driver, as **Gerhard Kuntschik** discovers.

They grew up aiming for the one goal every young French Canadian dreams of: becoming a successful ice hockey player. Patrice Brisebois made it. His childhood friend Gino Rosati came close.

"We know each other from our school days. We played hockey together and we are still like brothers," Patrice says of Gino, the long-time Ferrari crew member who introduced him to the Scuderia years ago.

In the years since he was drafted into the NHL in 1989, Brisebois has fulfilled almost all his ambitions in hockey, winning the coveted Stanley Cup with the Montreal Canadiens in 1993 when he was just 22 years old.

When the Canadiens beat the Los Angeles Kings, featuring the legendary Wayne Gretzky, the decisive game took place in the grand prix week and was watched by Gerhard Berger and Karl Wendlinger – two men who had played a lot of hockey themselves in their youth.

But while Brisebois is interested in starting a career in motorsport, he is not finished with hockey just yet. "I want to win another championship at the end of my career," he says. "And then I want to go racing."

Now a defender for the Colorado Avalanche – the Denver team signed him from the Habs last year – Brisebois discovered his racing enthusiasm years ago and wanted to give it a try.

"I went through a racing school in Mont Tremblant and then I bought a Ferrari. In the last two years, I've raced in eight rounds of the North American Ferrari Challenge and managed to finish fourth two times," he explains.

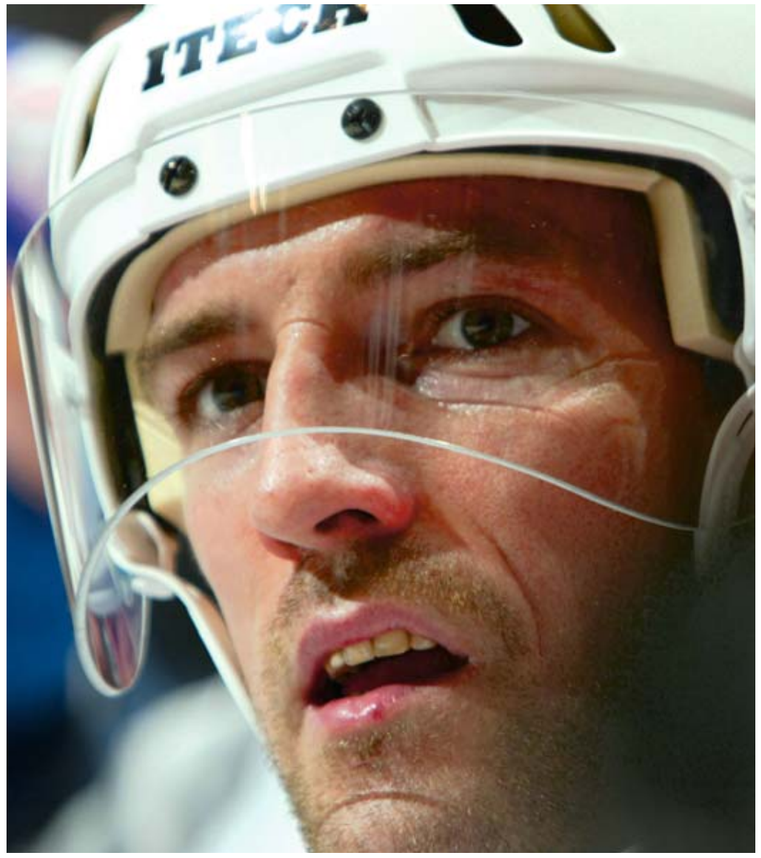
"But I didn't drive it to the very limit. A little concern for my hockey career from which I make my living was still there," he admits. "But maybe I can overcome that when I become a full-time racer."

That is, of course, if he can also overcome any objections from his wife Michele and their two daughters...

This year, Brisebois will be a mere spectator at his home grand prix: three weeks ago he underwent surgery to repair his damaged left shoulder. "No problem, I'll be ready when the season preparations start, but I can't drive a race car; my doctor said," he says with a smile.

"But there'd be no problem with my team. I had to ask permission to go racing in summer from the general manager and I got it. But this summer I have to sit it out."

Instead he will be cheering on his friends at the Circuit Gilles Villeneuve: "Of course I hope Jacques will have a good race," says Patrice (even though he has yet to get any driving lessons or tips from the 1997 world champion) "but I am especially proud to be friends with the Ferrari team, with Michael, Felipe and Gino."



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

'I WANT TO WIN ANOTHER TROPHY AND THEN I WANT TO GO RACING'

Two years ago at the Belgian Grand Prix, Brisebois played a friendly game of soccer with the Ferrari team and this year they plan to play a game of field hockey.

But Patrice adds there is no such thing as a friendly: "No matter what they are doing, they are ambitious in all sports. No matter what it takes, Michael wants to win."

Above all this weekend, though, Brisebois will be relaxing so that he can be in the best form for next season. He says that watching the Carolina Hurricanes and the Edmonton Oilers battling it out for the NHL championship over the past two weeks reminded him that he is still hungry for success.

"I had this feeling from winning the most desired trophy in hockey as a young player. I want to get it one more time."

After 958 NHL games, all with the Canadiens until last season, he enjoyed, statistically, his best season in Denver, scoring a career-high 38 points in the regular season. "I am not too old to go for another championship," he says – even though he knows that reaching another Stanley Cup final would mean missing the 2007 Canadian Grand Prix.

And he would probably not be too old for a racing career the following year. The enthusiasm is certainly there and he has no shortage of friends to offer him expert advice to help him win off the ice.

















SURFER GIRLS

We told the Unas that the grand prix would be their lucky break and they would make a big splash. Go on girls, give us a wave.



PHOTOS: THOMAS BUTLER

THE SUPER SWEDE





Out of the car, **Ronnie Peterson** was a mild-mannered man. But whenever he got behind the wheel, he became a man who knew only one way to drive – flat out.

RONNIE PETERSON was born in Orebro, Sweden, on Valentine's Day, 1944. He learned his craft the traditional way, battling to the top of European karting before moving into Formula 3. It was there that he first caught the eye of Formula One's talent-spotters. His victory at the 1969 Monaco Grand Prix support race, after a sensational wheel-to-wheel battle with compatriot Reine Wisell, is recalled with awe by those who saw it.

Peterson made his grand prix debut 12 months later and impressed the fledgling March team with his raw speed. He raced in both the F1 and Formula 2 categories with March, winning the European F2 crown in 1971 and took five second-place F1 finishes, which made him runner-up to Jackie Stewart in the Formula One World Championship. But his first F1 win eluded him until he defected to Lotus in 1973, taking the flag in France. He went on to score a further three victories that year.

Three more wins came in '74, but 1975's car was a failure and Peterson was forced to drive the ageing 72F. Things weren't any better two races into the '76 season, so Ronnie left Lotus and rejoined March. His win at Monza provided a much needed morale-boost.

Ken Tyrrell offered the Swede big money to race the P34 six-wheeler for '77, but a great deal of development was necessary. Peterson was a dynamic racer, but was no test driver, and he was overshadowed throughout the season by team-mate Patrick Depailler.

Peterson's stock fell accordingly. Agreeing second billing to Mario Andretti back at Lotus would have been tough for other front-running drivers, but Peterson accepted graciously. The way he saw it, he'd been given another chance in a top car. The strategy worked well, with Peterson restoring his reputation with two spectacular wins. But his career was then cut tragically short.

There was a huge crash at the start of the 1978 Italian GP and Peterson's Lotus caught fire, but he escaped with minor burns thanks to Hunt, Regazzoni and Depailler bravely dragging him free. He lay on the track fully conscious, his severe leg injuries obvious to all. It took the Monza medical team 20 minutes to arrive. Peterson was taken to hospital in Milan and the race was restarted.

He had 17 fractures in one leg and three in the other, but his life was not considered to be in danger. Surgeons operated, but a bone marrow embolism seeped from the fractures into Peterson's bloodstream. He went into renal failure, and was declared dead three hours later. The tragedy was that if medical attention had arrived earlier, his life might have been saved.

Peterson left a wife, Barbro, and a daughter, Nina. Barbro never got over her husband's death and committed suicide nine years later. She lies buried alongside Ronnie in Orebro.





PETERSON'S F1 CAREER really took off after he raced a March in Germany in 1971 (bottom right).

He drove in a style which was always on the edge; at Monaco in 1974 (top) he was rear-ended on lap six but recovered to take victory in his Lotus.

Off the track, Peterson was reflective (Monaco in 1974, above), taciturn (Britain in 1976, centre right) and occasionally mischevious (Monaco in '77, top right)

Although he was fast, it was four seasons before his first victory, at Paul Ricard in 1973 (centre, far right).

He married model Barbro Edwardsson (right) in April '75. But it was a union marred by tragedy.







PHOTOS: RAINER SCHLEGELMILCH

MADE IN CANADA... HONEST!

If you thought there was more to Canada than Mounties, Maple Leafs and Molson, then you'd be right. In fact, Canada has produced dozens of famous sons and daughters who many people believe come from below the 49th Parallel. The Red Bulletin sets the record straight.



1 MICHAEL J FOX

BORN JUNE 9, 1961, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

From the brilliant Back to the Future trilogy to Spin City, Fox was the quintessential all-American boy. Except that he wasn't from round those parts. He was born in Edmonton and grew up in British Columbia. After being diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease in 1991, Fox set up the Michael J Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research (www.michaeljfox.org) and still acts occasionally – notably in Boston Legal and the Stuart Little films. For the record, his middle name is actually Andrew.

How many people didn't know he was Canadian? 82%

2 MATTHEW PERRY

BORN AUGUST 19, 1969, IN...ERM... MASSACHUSETTS, USA

His father was in the Old Spice adverts and his mum was Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's PA. Though he was born south of the border, Perry went on to become Ottawa's second-best under-13 tennis player and went on to star in the New York-based sitcom Friends, playing the sarcastic Chandler Bing.

How many people didn't know he was (nearly) Canadian? 81%

3 AVRIL LAVIGNE

BORN SEPTEMBER 27, 1984, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

She's the faux punk princess with a manufactured image who's now gone glam. After shouting high-school angst anthems like Sk8er Boi and Complicated (pop music with guitars! Anarchy!) she's now turned all grown-up. A nation's parents breathe a sigh of relief. And she's even engaged to rocker Deryck Whibley (Sum 41) from… Scarborough, Ontario

How many people didn't know she was Canadian? 73%

4 FAY WRAY

BORN VINA FAY WRAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1907, CARDSTON, ALBERTA – DIED AUGUST 8, 2004

Hollywood's Queen of Screams moved with her family to the US when she was three and settled in LA. Her first leading role was in 1928's The Wedding March, but she's best known for her role as Ann Darrow, the blonde seductress of a gigantic, prehistoric gorilla in the classic horror/adventure film King Kong (1933). Wray also appeared in more than 100 other films, mostly in the 1930s. She married three times, had three children and in May became one of the first four entertainers to ever be honoured by being featured on a postage stamp. Shortly before her death, she met actress Naomi Watts and gave her her blessing to take on the role of Ann Darrow. After her death, the Empire State Building went into complete darkness for 15 minutes in her memory.

How many people didn't know she was Canadian? 92%



PEOPLE YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WERE CANADIAN

Jim Carrey (actor)
Bryan Adams (rocker)
Celine Dion (warbler)
John Candy (actor)
Leslie Nielsen (actor, his brother was actually deputy prime minister)
Leonard Cohen (singer)
Alanis Morissette (singer)
Dan Aykroyd (actor)
Kiefer Sutherland (actor)
Oh, Jacques Villeneuve (nightclub owner)



5 JONI MITCHELL

BORN ROBERTA JOAN ANDERSON, NOVEMBER 7, 1943, FORT MCLEOD, ALBERTA

Described as a female Bob Dylan, Mitchell, a musician and painter, began as a busker in Canada before moving to New York as part of the burgeoning folk music scene of the mid-1960s. She achieved her greatest fame in the early 1970s and was considered a key part of the Southern Californian folk-rock scene. Elvis Costello, Led Zeppelin, Counting Crows, Emmylou Harris and Prince count Mitchell as an influence.

How many people didn't know she was Canadian? 66%

6 NEIL YOUNG

BORN NOVEMBER 12, 1945, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Probably the one you did know was Canadian. All the clues are there. Rednecks Lynyrd Skynyrd slated him on Sweet Home Alabama for his anti-southern rant on Alabama and Southern Man and his latest anti-Bush album Living With War was recorded in just three days. Young's greatest hobby is collecting model trains, and he has an extensive 'train barn' at his Northern California ranch. Young's tour buses operate on biodiesel and, according to Marge Simpson, Neil Young "was a singer in the '60s, like the Archies and the Banana Splits".

How many people didn't know he was Canadian? 35%

7 SAUL BELLOW

BORN JUNE 10, 1915, LACHINE, QUEBEC – DIED APRIL 5, 2005

The acclaimed novelist, critic and playwright was actually from Quebec. Bellow won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976 and the National Medal of Arts in 1988. He is best known for his novels The Dangling Man, Seize the Day and Henderson The Rain King that investigate isolation, spiritual dissociation and the possibilities of human awakening. While on a Guggenheim fellowship in Paris, he wrote most of his best-known novel, The Adventures of Augie March.

How many people didn't know he was Canadian? 49%



10 THINGS INVENTED BY CANADIANS

Newsprint: Charles Fenerty, 1838
Basketball: James Naismith, 1891
Wireless radio: Reginald A Fessenden, 1900
Canada Dry Ginger Ale: John McLaughlin, 1907
Zipper: Gideon Sundback, 1913
Snowblower: Arthur Sicard, 1925
Quartz clock: Warren Marrison, 1927
Paint roller: Norman Breakey, 1940
Synthesizer: Hugh Le Caine, 1945
Cardiac pacemaker: John Hopps, 1951

8 DOUGLAS COUPLAND

BORN DECEMBER 30, 1961, WEST GERMANY

He identified a whole decade's worth of American society in Generation X and Microserfs, but the author was brought up in Canada (his parents Dr Douglas Charles Thomas and C Janet Coupland were living on a Canadian NATO Air Force base in Baden-Söllingen, West Germany when he was born). Coupland's family returned to Canada four years later, settling in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he was raised. He now lives in the neighbouring city of West Vancouver.

How many people didn't realise he was Canadian? 86%

9 WILLIAM SHATNER

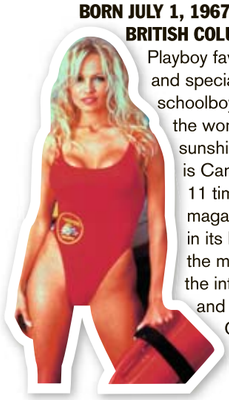
BORN 22 MARCH, 1931, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Beam him back, Scotty. Yep, Captain Kirk's boldly crossed the border to work in film in the US aboard the Starship Enterprise. Now working in cereal ads in Great Britain and starring in Boston Legal. But the best bit? James Doohan (who played Scotty) was neither Scottish nor American. Nope he was born in Vancouver on March 3, 1920.

How many people didn't know the Starship Enterprise was manned by Canadians? 87%

10 PAMELA ANDERSON

BORN JULY 1, 1967, LADYSMITH, BRITISH COLUMBIA



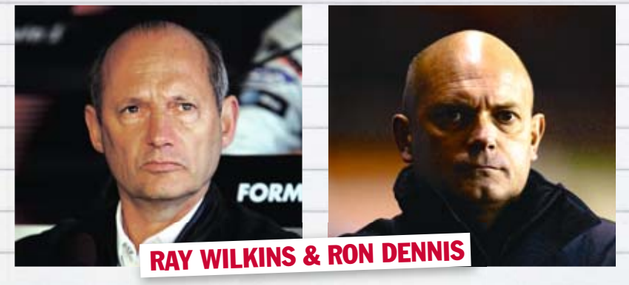
Playboy favourite, Baywatch babe and special friend to a million lonely schoolboys (including Eddie Irvine), the woman who defined the sunshine-filled Californian dream is Canadian. She has appeared 11 times on the cover of Playboy magazine (1989-2004), the most in its history, Lycos named her the most searched person on the internet during the 1990s and she's also remembered on Canada's Walk of Fame.

How many people didn't know she was Canadian? 69%

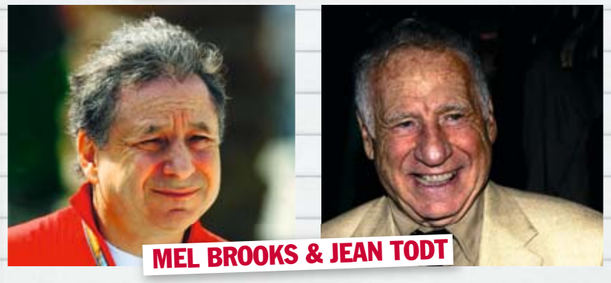
PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES, REINA, REX FEATURES

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

It's not just Canadians who suffer from mistaken identity, it happens in the paddock all the time



RAY WILKINS & RON DENNIS



MEL BROOKS & JEAN TODT



DONNY OSMOND & FELIPE MASSA



MICHAEL WINNER & FLAVIO BRIATORE



KELSEY GRAMMER & RUBENS BARRICHELLO



A NOVEL APPROACH

While most drivers generally just wait for the movie, Jacques has never been afraid to be seen with his nose in a book. In F1 this marks you down as an intellectual – even if it's only an X-Men comic.

PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES