



# IT TAKES MORE TO FIRE US UP



**YOU STILL LOVE SPORTS, BUT OUR ANNUAL FAN SURVEY FINDS YOU FEELING MORE DISTANCED FROM THE ACTION THAN EVER. ONE COMPANY HAS A PLAN TO BRING YOU BACK. WILL YOU TAKE THE BAIT?**

**BY PETER KEATING,  
WITH ALYSSA ROENIGK**

**A DRUM BANGS,** a matador strides onto the arena floor, the night sky flutters white as 23,000 screaming fans wave kerchiefs. Suddenly, a high-pitched grinding noise pierces the roar at the Plaza de Toros de Las Ventas in Madrid.

Bulls have been gored here almost every Sunday since 1931, but when the matador drops his cape on this fall evening, a different kind of beast charges through the tunnel. Travis Pastrana speeds out on his Suzuki and heads for the 3,400 tons of metal ramps and sand that have dressed up Spain's most iconic bullfighting arena for a freestyle motocross event known as X-Fighters. The American superstar is ready to redefine *la corrida* for a few gasping minutes as a fight of man against gravity instead of toreador vs. bull.

Then, that noise again. It's not Pastrana's bike; that's down below. This sound is ricocheting up above you, colliding with the blaring techno and the bellowing emcee. You force your eyes up, away from the spotlights sweeping the arena floor, toward the grandstand. And you see them. One cheering fan, then another and another, revving up and holding aloft ...

Freaking *chain saws*.

Pastrana launches into the air and, while flying, stretches back and puts his arms behind his head. Just as it registers that you might have seen this maneuver (the La-Z-Boy) before, you realize that he is also somersaulting backward. And he's raising his hands as he lands. Nobody here has seen that before. You're not sure you just did.

"¡Es La-Z flip!" the emcee yells. "¡Sin manos! ¡La primera vez en España!" The saws howl in appreciation.

At that instant, you wonder who's crazier, those maniacs with the power tools or Pastrana. Or you, laughing at the spectacle. Then again, who cares? This is a rave, this is a first kiss, this is election night when your guy wins, a moment when barriers fall and you're one with the crowd and the athlete.

As a fan experience, it's a little different from, say, a late-August Pirates vs. Brewers game.

And it's all brought to you by Red Bull.



The Red Bull way: reenergizing fans by making events like its Air Races (left) and X-Fighters (below) a wall-to-wall party.

**FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS,** *The Magazine* has conducted a national survey to see what's on fans' minds, asking everything from which event you would pay the most to see to what the most common location for having sex at a game is. (This year we polled 1,401 fans; the answers, by the way, are the Super Bowl and the parking lot.) And it's clearer than ever that fans feel whipsawed by two sets of market forces. Ticket and concession prices keep climbing; the No. 1 reason fans cite for staying away from games is that "tickets are too expensive." The cost of arena food clocks in at No. 3 and parking prices rank No. 4. Meanwhile, player salaries and contract demands and egos and entourages keep growing too, further detaching fans from meaningful connections to the athletes whose on-field exploits they admire. In general, fans describe themselves as less avid than they did a year ago, with 40% going to fewer games than they did five years ago.

How does Red Bull fit in? The energy drink company thinks it can be the antidote to this anomie. Red Bull believes it can cure your fan blues, not by removing the corporate element from sports but by putting its cash to work differently—turning entire sports into advertising.

The Red Bull legend: Austrian Dietrich Mateschitz sees locals in Thailand gulping bottles of Krating

Daeng, or Red Water Buffalo, licenses said beverage, returns home, tinkers with its formula and launches it in Europe as Red Bull in 1987. With little money to spend on advertising, he turns local athletes—mountain bikers, climbers, snowboarders—into human billboards and strikes gold. He comes to America in 1997 and strikes more gold—and sells 3.1 billion cans worldwide in 2006.

Today, Red Bull is also one of the planet's biggest sponsors of sporting events. It stages action sports events and air races, owns two Formula One teams plus Austrian hockey and soccer clubs, and supports more than 500 athletes by, among other things, paying for them to train at a facility it owns outside Salzburg. Now the company is eyeing U.S. sports. It recently bought and renamed the New York MLS franchise (now the Red Bulls) and is launching a NASCAR team in 2007.



# 59%

OF FANS SAY THEIR TEAM WAS ROBBED BY REFS OR UMPs AT SOME POINT THIS PAST YEAR.

**63%** OF FANS SAY THE U.S. HAS LOST ITS RELEVANCE IN INTERNATIONAL SPORTS.







"We are not team owners looking for profits," says Mateschitz, now 62 and a dashing billionaire with silver hair and a tan. The Red Bull founder runs his empire out of a steel and black-marble, volcano-shape headquarters in Fuschl, Austria, his glass-walled office suspended from the roof. "For us," he says, "this is a marketing tool." In fact, Red Bull treats its motorsports and soccer expenses as part of the whopping \$1.2 billion it will spend on marketing this year—investments in landing new customers as opposed to subsidiaries that are supposed to turn profits on their own.

To do this, the company hawks more than a liquid. Red Bull's slogan—"It gives you wings"—resonates with Americans as much as its slender and shiny 8.3-ounce caffeine-filled cans. "It's about endless freedom," Mateschitz says. "It says this product enables you to do whatever you want, without mentioning specifically what that is."

It's "energy" Red Bull is selling. And members of Generation Y—with contradictory needs to be totally individualistic and to be thought of as cool by others—are buying.

To work this trick, Red Bull pumps its cash through fundamentally different channels than Anheuser-Busch, Coca-Cola, MasterCard, Pfizer, Reebok and just about any of the other giant companies whose dollars form the athletic-industrial complex that rules sports today. These corporations go to TV networks and say, "We will give you boatloads of money for commercial time on your programs. You can send some of that money to leagues and teams to secure the broadcasting rights. And they can use it, if they like, to pay players. In return, we want a say in everything from starting times to playoff formats to which celebrities get interviewed during games." Essentially, major sports have become middlemen for TV and its advertisers.

Of course, someone is left out of this equation: the fans. Nearly 60% of those we surveyed think "the commercialization of sports has gone too far." And only a small minority believe that athletes compete for "the fun of playing." Not surprisingly, disaffected fans find ways to cope. Fantasy offers one answer to this powerlessness, and 29% of those who participate say it makes their lives better. Fans are also using home technolo-

## RED BULL EVENTS ARE MADE FOR FANS WHO SHOW UP, NOT FOR TV OR ADVERTISERS. AS MATESCHITZ LIKES TO SAY, "WE ARE OUR OWN SPONSORS."

gies to enjoy sports instead of emptying their wallets at stadiums and arenas. Avid fans now spend an average of 12.1 hours a week following sports, up from 10.9 hours last year, fueled by the latest gadgets: 28% own TiVo or DVR systems and 50% record games for future viewing. Also, 56% of all fans would rather get a large-screen TV plus a digital or satellite sports package than four season tickets to their favorite team's games, and 41% would flat out rather watch games at home than at stadiums or arenas.

Red Bull wants to plug fans back in to the thrill of live competition. To do it, the company stages buzzworthy events at spectacular venues. (In addition to Las Ventas, Red Bull has put on events in Golden Gate Park and wants to hold an X-Fighters at Fenway.) It crams them with entertainment. It records them live to tape or webcasts them rather than producing them exclusively for TV. Sometimes it even lets fans judge the contests.

An air race that Red Bull sponsored in Istanbul in July drew more than 1.5 million fans, the most ever for a sports event. In April, the company added a twist to Fuel and Fury, a freestyle snowmobile contest in Alaska: It paired riders with videographers, told them to capture the best backcountry



**28%** OF FANTASY PLAYERS SAY THEY PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THEIR TEAMS THAN TO THEIR SPOUSE OR SIGNIFICANT OTHER.

**29%** SAY FANTASY MAKES THEIR LIVES BETTER.



From his stylish mountain lair in Austria (left), Mateschitz (top left) engineers fan-centric sports spectacles like X-Fighters (above).





images they could, then posted the results online and let fans vote. In 2005, Red Bull brought a MotoGP race to Monterey, Calif., the first in the U.S. in more than 10 years, basically so that American fans could watch Kentucky native Nicky Hayden, his sport's greatest star, in person.

In addition to creating its own events, Red Bull is trying to change the culture of the more-established sports it's entered. At Formula One races, for example, the company distributes the cheeky *Red Bulletin*, which it bills as "an almost independent newspaper," and sponsors fan pavilions filled with Red Bull, music and pretty girls. "It was a closed club," says Mateschitz. "The Mercedes tent was open only to Mercedes guests, and it was the same with BMW and Ferrari. But motorsports is not made for the auto companies."

We won't know for a while whether a shot of Red Bull will make pro soccer more appealing to Americans or restore a populist touch to NASCAR. But when the New York Red Bulls debuted in April, a freestyle motocross team dazzled fans before the game, and Shakira and Wyclef Jean performed at halftime. In August, Red Bull brought in FC Barcelona for an exhibition game, and 80,000 people showed up.

If there is any dissonance for fans in the fact that Red Bull is just another company trying to take their money, it hasn't registered. That's probably because Mateschitz knows how to amp up a crowd: Mash high-energy athletic feats, great locations and music, and, oh yeah, mind-tweaking beverages, into a stunning mix. "It all goes together, doesn't it?" he says. "In the audience, you want to be involved."

Which brings us back to those chain saws. There's no denying that a significant minority of fans are responding to the changes in sports by getting pissed off. While most fans still say they feel "happiness" because of sports, 41% report "anger." Maybe you've heckled a ref or an ump, as 42% of fans say they have, or yelled at someone you love because of sports (34%). But have you hit someone out of anger or frustration because of sports or sent hate mail to an athlete? Well, 12% of fans cop to the former and 6% to the latter—scary numbers no matter how you cut them.

While lethal power tools at a Pistons or Cubs or Raiders or Flyers game is a terrifying proposition, it seems appropriate at X-Fighters—the ultimate noisemaker for fans who want to express themselves at maximum volume. However successful Red Bull ultimately is at entering mainstream American sports, it's already

reminded the sports world of an important lesson: Fans aren't stupid. They will seek out the experiences that give them the biggest return for the time, money and emotion they invest. Red Bull events are made for the fans who show up, not for TV, and not for advertisers. As Mateschitz likes to say, "We are our own sponsors." With nothing between the crowd and the athletes, audience participation is no fantasy, and angry fans are rare. The big leagues do a great job of producing revenue, but fans and Red Bull alike are telling them it's time to focus on generating passion, too.

After Pastrana comes to earth, completing what turns out to be the winning run at X-Fighters, he circles the arena, zooms up a dirt landing and leaps off his bike, leaving it to soar, riderless, into the night. He runs to the top of the mound, then, on knees crippled by 19 surgeries, does a standing flip and tumbles down the dirt ramp.

"With that crowd," Pastrana says later, "I don't feel any pain."



Red Bull can be creative at throwing its own events (left), but will Formula One and MotoGP join the fun?



% OF FANS WHO THINK THESE SPORTS ARE FIXED:

- PRO WRESTLING 56%
- BOXING 22%
- HORSE RACING 12%
- NBA 6%
- NFL 5%
- OLYMPICS 5%
- MLB 5%

→ ARE YOU GOING TO FEWER GAMES THAN YOU USED TO? IF SO, WHY? LET US KNOW AT ESPN.COM, KEYWORD: STATE OF THE FAN.





*"Racing cars are very messy vehicles," Adrian Newey, the sport's premier boffin, says. "If it weren't for the regulations, you certainly wouldn't*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON



## THE ART OF SPEED

*Bringing Formula One to America.*

BY BEN MCGRATH

*design them the way they are."*

The most accomplished man in the world's most glamorous sport stands at a drafting table all day. Using a No. 2B pencil and a right-angle ruler, he produces as many as three hundred drawings a week. The energy-drink company employing him dedicates another five staffers to scanning and converting his images into digital form, for analysis and manipulation on a Computer-Aided Design (CAD) system. His name is Adrian Newey, and he is often said to perceive solid objects not by their outlines but by the flow of air currents around them. The drawings reflect this aerodynamic perversion: dense concentrations of swooping lines that flatter a rear suspension, say, and suggest something more on the order of a space shuttle. In a sense, he sketches speed itself.

Newey's sport is Formula One racing, the caviar to NASCAR's Cheetos. He is the chief technical officer for Red Bull Racing, Formula One's premier outfit, and spends most weekdays at a factory in the planned city of Milton Keynes, an hour northwest of London. "It's a bit NASA," my tour guide, Anthony Ward, said when I was granted the rare privilege of admission, last fall. We passed stereolithography machines and giant autoclaves operated by men in white lab coats, and a supercomputer with processing power equivalent to a hundred thousand iPads, according to Ward, who recited that last detail with a mixture of pride and chagrin. "We would be bigger if we could," he said, and began explaining the complex rules governing the ratio of resources that teams may allocate to their computational-fluid-dynamics departments and their wind tunnels, if they choose to have them. Red Bull's wind tunnel, in nearby Bedford, was originally built by England's Ministry of Defense, to test the Concorde. The rules and regulations extend for hundreds of pages, for reasons having to do with safety, politics, and whim; they amount to the "formula"

that gives this billion-dollar pinewood derby its name.

Red Bull's drivers, Sebastian Vettel and Mark Webber, live in Switzerland and Buckinghamshire, respectively, and turn up in Milton Keynes only occasionally, to use the video-arcade-like simulator that mimics the track conditions of the various circuits, from the winding roads of Monte Carlo and the long straights of Monza to the steep hills of Spa-Francorchamps. "When Adrian arrived, he said that two things we should do are build a simulator and also introduce a gearbox dyno," Ward continued, referring to a dynamometer that tests the performance of transmissions under volatile, high-speed conditions. Using buttons on the steering wheel, drivers may shift as many as thirty-five hundred times per race.

Some five hundred and fifty people work at the factory, which comprises three steel-and-glass buildings, two of them linked underground. No tires are produced there; Pirelli supplies those. The engines, made by Renault, are shipped from France. The brake calipers are by Brembo, in Italy. There is a gym deep in the basement of one of the buildings, ostensibly for the pit crew to keep in shape, though I didn't see anybody working out. The Milton Keynes operation is principally about engineering and carbon composites: the chassis, or monocoque, and the odd-looking bracketing structures, called "wings," that are affixed on either end to improve the "global flow field around the car," as Newey says. The wings are tweaked throughout the season, in what's known as "bespoke customization" for each race. Everything is measured to within less than ten microns—one-fifth the diameter of a human hair—of Newey's specifications, in the hope of shaving tenths of a second off lap times, the difference between a world champion and a two-hundred-mile-an-hour billboard.

Newey's own office is comparatively





*"Two steaks, cruelly raised and brutally slaughtered. Enjoy!"*

spare and low tech. Its distinctive feature is the drafting table—like one in an architect's studio—alongside a filing cabinet of blueprints that have inspired the fastest vehicles on wheels. "I'm probably the last dinosaur in the industry that still uses a drawing board," he said, and nearly winced, calling himself a "creature of habit." Newey is fifty-four, just old enough (and talented enough) to have shrugged off the migration to CAD, in the nineteen-nineties, without seeming like a vain anachronism, and self-aware enough to know that this quirk has helped to elevate him in the popular conception above the rank of mere boffin. The pencil lends him a mystique. Rumors persist that he sometimes gets lost while driving home, deep in thought. Not long ago, a manufacturing trade magazine ranked him as the second-greatest corporate designer of our time, after Jonathan Ive, the creator

of the iPod and the iPad, and ahead of Sir James Dyson (the inventor of the bagless vacuum cleaner), Steve Jobs, the electric-car pioneer Elon Musk, and Nintendo's Shigeru Miyamoto. A Twitter account devoted to legends about his supernatural powers of invention ("Adrian Newey designed MacGyver's Swiss Army Knife") has more than six thousand followers. He has been called "the second-most-famous son" of his home town, Stratford-Upon-Avon, and the Michelangelo of motor racing. He is long-limbed, ever so slightly stooped, and aerodynamically bald on top, with short gray hair on the sides framing a large set of ears that interrupt his global flow field.

"Racing cars are very messy vehicles," Newey said, as if apologizing for unseen imperfections. ("He's got to dumb himself down to talk to us guys," Mark Webber warned me. "He's on another

planet.") Newey continued, "If it weren't for the regulations, you certainly wouldn't design them the way they are. Having exposed wheels makes an *awful* mess. Having an open cockpit with the driver's head sticking out the top isn't great."

We sat for a while, discussing brake ducts and double diffusers and kinetic-energy-recovery systems, and then Newey invited me to join him for lunch. He unlocked a door with his fingerprint, and soon we were in the canteen with a consultant and a designer, talking about the upcoming United States Grand Prix, at the brand-new Circuit of the Americas, in Austin. It was to be the first Formula One event in the States in five years, and marked the beginning of a concerted westward push in the sport's marketing, after years of expansion to venues like Shanghai and Singapore and Mokpo, a small South Korean port known for shipbuilding and prostitution. A new street course was being planned in Weehawken, New Jersey, which would offer spectacular views of the Manhattan skyline, if the sport's promoters and Governor Chris Christie could agree on who should pay for road resurfacing. A new television contract with NBC was set to take effect in 2013, replacing the more marginalized SPEED Network. And Ron Howard was working on a movie, scheduled for wide release next fall, about the momentous 1976 Formula One season, with its fiercely contested rivalry between the carousing English lothario James Hunt and the Austrian Niki Lauda.

"Is there much talk about the Texas race in the U.S.?" Newey asked, and they all seemed vexed when I said that I hadn't heard any.

"America's got quite a lot going on there, with the election," the consultant conceded.

"For a sport outside America to break in seems to be quite difficult," Newey said.

The other designer puzzled over the matter a while longer, and asked, "So is NASCAR popular across the States, or is it just for the crazed rednecks?"

Formula One, though concentrated historically in Europe and associated with ascots and champagne, is now perhaps the only truly global sports league—a legitimate world series—with Grand



Prix races staged in nineteen countries across five continents. The breadth of its television audience is surpassed only by the Olympics and the World Cup, with more than half a billion viewers from nearly two hundred countries tuning in each season, according to the sport's promoters. Among the competitors in 2012 were an Indian-backed team (Sahara Force India) and a Russian-backed team (Marussia), to go with the likes of Ferrari, McLaren, and Mercedes, as well as a Japanese driver (Kamui Kobayashi), a Venezuelan (Pastor Maldonado), a Mexican (Sergio Pérez), and two Finns. All told, thirteen nations were represented among the twenty-five drivers. The best of those drivers are compensated as well as A-Rod and Kobe, while the bottom half are what's known as "pay drivers"—they're expected to raise money, through independent sponsorships, to offset the privilege of wearing flame-retardant bodysuits covered in advertisements. They're like publishing interns, or the jet-set equivalent of preteen soccer players holding a bake sale to raise money for their spring tournament.

The business relationships between the racing teams and their parent companies can be dizzying to a novice. This was made especially clear to me late last year, as I watched the mostly thrilling Brazilian Grand Prix, in rainy São Paulo, on television. McLaren's Lewis Hamilton was leading for much of the way, until he was clipped by Force India's Nico Hulkenberg in the fifty-fifth lap (of seventy-one) and forced to withdraw because of damage to his front suspension. Force India, like the majority of Formula One teams, has no real expectation of winning races; its cars help justify the existence of a Grand Prix in New Delhi, where monkeys still outnumber luxury automobiles. It also has, as it happens, a "technology sharing" partnership with McLaren, which provided Hulkenberg and his teammate Paul Di Resta with gearboxes and hydraulics. Yet Hulkenberg's aggressive move—"That's what happens when you are racing with a less experienced driver," Hamilton later fumed—cost McLaren twenty-four points in the standings and, in effect, ten million dollars of prize money. "One can only hope that the Force India deal brings McLaren more than that

because otherwise the customer programme will have been operating at a loss!" the racing journalist Joe Saward wrote on his blog. It was almost as though the Steinbrenners had lent a pitcher to the Royals to help extend the Yankees' brand awareness in Kansas City, only to watch that pitcher drill Derek Jeter in the head.

Hamilton, in any event, had already announced that he would be leaving McLaren at the end of the season to race for Mercedes—or, rather, to use the teams' more sponsor-friendly names, he was leaving Vodafone McLaren Mercedes for Mercedes AMG Petronas. This was big news. Hamilton, who is twenty-eight, is often thought of as Formula One's first black champion, and he was already the second-highest-paid driver on the circuit. But, viewed another way, you could say that he was merely expanding his commitment to Mercedes, from an outfit in which the company invests fifteen million dollars a year to one in which it sinks seventy million.

On the morning of my trip to Milton Keynes, I stopped to visit the headquarters of Formula One Management, overlooking London's Hyde Park. I was received there by the so-called F1 Supremo, Bernie Ecclestone, a self-made character who would seem to have been invented by Fleet Street

to sell newspapers. Great Britain's fourth-richest man, Ecclestone is five feet three, with a white mop of hair and a perpetual squint, from being nearly blind in his right eye since birth. (A *Daily Mail* writer once called him "a tortoise in an Andy Warhol wig.") Last summer, a couple of months before his eighty-second birthday, he was married for the third time, to Fabiana Flosi, a thirty-five-year-old Brazilian whom he met on the track in São Paulo, and who towers over him. (The joke goes that he can look her in the eye when he is standing on his wallet.) His two daughters from his previous wife Slavica, a six-foot-two Croatian who has modelled for Armani, are the Kardashians of England. Tamara, the older one, recently starred in a reality show called "Billion \$\$ Girl," and Petra was married in a Roman castle before buying what had been billed as the United States' most expensive house, for eighty-five million dollars, from the Hollywood widow Candy Spelling.

The son of a North Sea herring-and-mackerel fisherman, Ecclestone grew up in a house without plumbing, quit school at sixteen, and became a used-car salesman in South London, earning a reputation for "clocking" odometers, or forcibly rewinding them, in the manner of Ferris Bueller. His ruthless street savvy stood him in good stead when he



*"I don't mind the voices themselves, Doctor. It's the Jersey accents that are driving me nuts."*



got involved in racing, which had originated as a pastime for Europe's landed gentry. Racing teams traditionally negotiated with the various circuits individually. Ecclestone persuaded them to negotiate as a block—a sort of racing cartel. He was also quick to see the value in television for a sport in which the contestants were distinguished by degrees invisible to the naked eye, and he envisioned, in the paddock behind the teams' garages, an opportunity to cultivate an exclusive atmosphere such as you'd find at Wimbledon or Henley. By consolidating power over the sport's promotion when no one else could be bothered, he made himself indispensable, even as the cash flow that Formula One was generating, at first through tobacco sponsorships and then through exclusive television rights, attracted banks and larger financial interests. They could buy him out—and, indeed, a controlling interest in the sport is now owned by a London-based private-equity firm—but they'd still need a public face to run the show. As we spoke, in a tall, dark-glass-fronted building he'd bought nearly thirty years ago from the Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, Ecclestone was facing the threat of indictment in Germany, on suspicion of bribery in the amount of forty-four million dollars. (He maintains that he was extorted.) But that wasn't what had him concerned. "I think Europe's a thing of the past," he said, and let out a sigh. He meant this both existentially, in the way of a right-winger who sees the welfare state choking itself to insolvency, and as a source of revenue growth for a sport that is sometimes said to thrive on cubic dollars.

"From the day you grow up and start looking at TV, all the sports you watch have an enormous number of little breaks," Ecclestone continued, addressing me as a representative American. "So you can watch any of the games—football, Lakers, whatever it is—you walk away and it's, say, forty-two plays to forty-eight, and you disappear and you come back and it's sixty-three v. sixty-five. And that's how it is! It doesn't make any difference if you don't concentrate. Whereas in English football or Formula One . . . I

mean, you can go to an English football match and not see a goal, which would never be acceptable in America, would it?"

The equivalent of a scoreless match in Formula One is a race in which nobody passes anyone—or, at least, in which the driver who begins in the pole position goes on to win, unchallenged from behind for three hundred kilometres, or the better part of two hours. (The starting grid is determined by the fastest individual laps registered during qualifying sessions the day before the race.) After going through a "fairly dark period," a few years ago, as Martin Whitmarsh, the chairman of the Formula One Teams Association, called it, "where we weren't producing a good enough show," the sport's organizers agreed to give trailing cars an artificial boost, like a turbo button in a video game. The technology is called D.R.S.—for drag-reduction system—and it enables drivers to maneuver an adjustable flap on their rear wings, adding about a dozen extra miles per hour on straightaways. You can activate it only on certain stretches of each track, when you're within a second of the car in front of you and hoping to slingshot past.

D.R.S. was introduced before the start of the 2011 season, over the objection of many purists, who felt that this kind of pandering to an impatient audience was beneath the European motorsport. Nonetheless, roughly half of all races that year consisted of Red Bull's

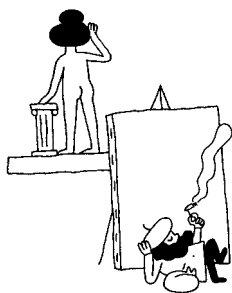
German phenom Sebastian Vettel essentially leading from start to finish. In all but one instance, the fastest qualifying laps belonged to Vettel or to his older teammate Webber. Red Bull's cars were simply too much better, owing in large part to Adrian Newey's ingenious use of the cars' exhaust as an aerodynamic aid.

If D.R.S. couldn't sufficiently speed the other teams up, something would need to be done to slow Red Bull down. Haggling over the "outer envelope of permissibility," as Whitmarsh put it, is the hidden essence of Formula One. "If you believe your competitors are driving a performance advantage, you've got to

either duplicate it or prevent them from doing it." And so the 2012 season began with an amended set of rules in which exhaust gases could no longer be fed through the rear diffuser, as Newey had been doing, to reduce pressure underneath the car's floor. Red Bull was forced to lower the car's ride height, in compensation. The first seven races produced seven different winners. Parity restored.

Like many kids, Newey was initially drawn by the allure of stardom behind the wheel. His father was a veterinarian and a metalworking hobbyist, who tinkered with his Lotuses and Mini Coopers in the back yard while his younger son looked on. When Adrian expressed an interest in driving, his father proposed a deal. "He said, 'If you want to do it, that's great, but you're going to have to show your commitment,'" Newey recalled. "So what he offered was that for every pound I could earn he would double my money to buy a go-kart." Newey took odd jobs delivering newspapers, washing cars, and mowing lawns, and with his father's subsidy was able to buy a secondhand vehicle. "The combination of it and me was pretty uncompetitive," he said. "More and more, my interest then became modifying the car to try and make it go faster." He learned to weld, and made his own electronic ignition, scouring kits for spare parts. "I'm not sure it actually made it go any faster, but it gave me something to do," he said.

He was an indifferent student. He attended Repton, "a rather Dickensian public school," as he put it, which had been founded in 1557. "Very pretentious," he added. "It revolved around sport more than anything—depending on the term, football, cricket, or hockey." Newey was not a jock. He wore leather jackets and bell-bottoms, which were roomy enough for him to tape bottles of vodka to his shins, for use at school functions. The most memorable of those was an end-of-term concert in 1975, which the sixth formers had organized, bringing the prog-rock band Greenslade to campus. Newey was then a fifth former, and having doubts about proceeding to A-levels. Emboldened by the vodka, and eying the mixing console in the middle of the auditorium, he





waited until the sound engineer was on a break and moved in. “I jumped to the controls, set them all to max, and the stained-glass walls that had survived Cromwell and God knows what . . .” With his hands, Newey pantomimed an explosion. That was the end of his time at Repton.

Newey wasted a year at the local community college, during which he mostly rode motorcycles and chased girls, before getting serious and applying to the University of Southampton. He studied aeronautics and astronautics, not because he had any particular interest in flight but because it struck him as the closest thing academia had to offer a gearhead. Racecars were like planes flying into the ground rather than above it. Instead of seeking lift, they relied on downforce, which effectively pinned them to the road as they navigated corners, but the same Bernoulli physics applied. It was all a matter of balancing downforce (good for turning) and drag (bad for straight-aways). Upon graduation, in 1980, many of his classmates went to work for British Aerospace or Rolls-Royce. Newey showed up for his first job interview on a Ducati, in riding leathers. This was with a small Formula One team founded by the famous Fittipaldi brothers, Emerson and Wilson. His would-be interviewer noticed the bike and asked if he could take it out for a spin. When he returned, he offered Newey the job.

The position Newey applied for was a junior aerodynamicist, but he soon discovered that there was no senior aerodynamicist. “I was lucky in my timing,” he said. Much of racecar design until that point had been mechanically determined. “The aerodynamicist would give a rough idea of what he wanted, and then the mechanical designer would take it, and invariably, if things looked a little bit too difficult to package, he’d just change it and not even report back,” Newey explained. “And you could see it in the cars that came out. You’d see all sorts of nasty lumps and bumps on the car where mechanical bits had got in the way of what the aerodynamicist wanted.” After the late-seventies rivalry between James Hunt and Niki Lauda, which contributed to the popularity of the sport, bud-



*“It’s the only treatment option he has under his current health plan.”*

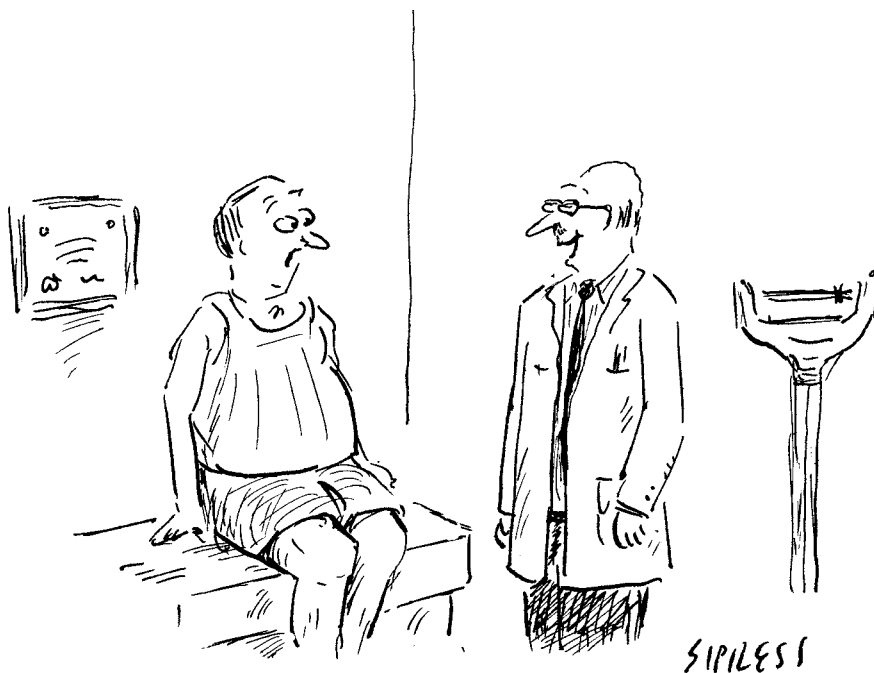
gets were beginning to grow, and this allowed for more research and a greater emphasis on engineering—an opportunity for Formula One teams to demonstrate their technological superiority.

Newey spent much of the nineteen-eighties working in the United States, on the IndyCar circuit. His designs twice produced Indianapolis 500 winners, and, while serving as a race engineer at the track on weekends, he impressed Mario Andretti, who immediately identified Newey as a budding genius. “We were on the grid with ten minutes left, and he came out and changed the front springs to suit the situation,” Andretti told me, recalling the Indy 500 of 1987. “As a result, I led from the get-go and had the field covered by one lap, with twenty laps to go—until the engine broke. And you know why the engine broke? Because I should’ve been turning six hundred

more revs, and I was in a bad harmonic range, vibrating. If I had been pushed more, then I would have used that shorter gear, and I probably would have finished. So, ironically, the fact that the car was so good was what killed my chances.”

This tension between the abstract pursuit of excellence and realistic limits became a recurring theme in Newey’s work as he returned to England and Formula One. It was the end of the turbocharged era, which had resulted in sloppy design, to Newey’s eyes. The cars, relying on souped-up engine power, were often big and clumsy. Newey was relentless in his pursuit of efficiency, sometimes squeezing drivers’ cockpits to the point of discomfort. Viewed from above, his cars began to look like acoustic guitars, with the chassis tapering into a needle nose. “Adrian was forever trying to find a way of making





*"It's a simple stress test—I do your bloodwork, send it to the lab, and never get back to you with the results."*

the needle nose smaller and smaller and smaller," Nigel Roebuck, the editor of *Motor Sport*, recalled. "He did actually suggest at one point arranging the pedals so that the driver's feet, instead of being side by side, were on top of one another." Roebuck added, "If you talk to any of the mechanics, Adrian's cars are always very, very difficult to work on, because they're always so tightly packaged, and everything has got to be perfect, and sometimes they're *too* tightly packaged, so things overheat and whatnot."

In November of 1996, Newey was indicted for manslaughter. He was held partly responsible for the death, nearly three years earlier, of the great Brazilian driver Ayrton Senna, at the San Marino Grand Prix, in Imola. Senna, a three-time world champion while driving for McLaren, had defected to the formidable Williams Racing Team before the start of the 1994 season. Among other reasons, he'd relished the opportunity to work with Newey, who was then Williams's chief designer. But he was having trouble adjusting to the car, and remained uncomfortable heading into his third, fatal race

with the new team. A scene toward the end of the acclaimed documentary "Senna" shows the driver talking with Newey and the Williams technical director, Patrick Head (who was also charged), after one of the qualifying sessions. He complained about understeering and oversteering, an inconsistent balance from one lap to the next. As Senna approached the course's treacherous Tamburello Corner, he was fending off an aggressive pursuit from the German Michael Schumacher when he lost control, crashing head on into a concrete barrier. He was travelling a hundred and thirty-seven miles an hour.

Fatalities were almost commonplace in Formula One in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, but Senna's was the first to be televised live, and factions within the Italian government called for banning the sport. The local magistrate, compelled by Italian law to find fault in the case of any violent death, concluded that the crash had resulted from a defective steering column, and not simply, as Newey and others believed, from a punctured rear tire caused by debris on the track. A lengthy public trial included expert testimony analyzing the angles of Senna's front wheels and

changes in the car's hydraulic pressure, while the broader racing community protested that such quibbling missed the point: of course there was an element of danger, and racecar drivers, like downhill skiers, were well aware of the risks. Formula One team owners, fearing further liabilities under such a precedent, threatened to boycott future races in Italy. The prosecutor, in turn, accused the sport's executives of withholding crucial seconds of footage from the race telecast. Ultimately, the judge ruled in favor of acquittal. A series of appeals, the intervention of the Italian Supreme Court, and a retrial delayed Newey's final absolution until 2005.

The incident haunted Newey—he says that what was left of his hair fell out after Senna's death—and he contemplated quitting the sport. More disillusionment followed after he left Williams for McLaren and found many of his best design efforts thwarted by the sport's sanctioning body, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, for what he thought were political reasons. "The things we were coming up with Ferrari would complain about," he told me. "And anything Ferrari complained about, the F.I.A. would appear to say, 'Yes, we'll get them banned.'" For a while, in the late nineteen-nineties and early aughts, racing insiders joked that the Paris-based agency's initials stood for Ferrari International Assistance. Newey managed to win a world championship with McLaren, in 1998, adding to the several he'd won with Williams, but Ferrari, employing Michael Schumacher as its lead driver, eventually gained the upper hand, ending what had been a decade of dominance for Newey's cars.

Alternately frustrated and bored, Newey thought about switching to designing sailboats. "I have always loved that combination of man and machine," he told me. The America's Cup challenge seemed to offer a chance to work with similar technology under different conditions. "The principles are the same," he said. "Lightweight structures. Composite structures. Simulation techniques in terms of how you operate the boat, how you tune it to maximize its performance, which is exactly the same as we do with the cars." But there were no competitive British sailing syndicates, and to learn from the best he would have had to



disrupt his family (he has four children, two of them grown) and move to Geneva. What's more, the America's Cup is held at a different site every four years, depending on the preferences of the previous champion. "So you're a permanent gypsy, which is great when you're in your twenties and thirties," Newey said. "But, from a family and home-life point of view, it's about the only thing more anti-social than Formula One."

A way out of his protracted midlife crisis arrived late in 2005, when Newey got a phone call from Dietrich Mateschitz, a secretive Austrian businessman who had made billions marketing an obscure caffeinated beverage sold in Thailand as a kind of international club drink: Red Bull. As part of his life-style branding strategy, Mateschitz had recently branched out into sports, particularly those associated with speed. He'd bought the shell of Jaguar's Formula One team for one pound sterling, with the promise of investing at least two hundred million more over the next several years. Thus far, most of the money seemed to have been put into style. Red Bull established a floating "energy station" in the Monte Carlo harbor, where the contestants in its "Formula Una" modelling competition could flaunt their bikini bodies. As part of a marketing partnership with the "Star Wars" franchise, the pit crew dressed as Storm Troopers. Plans were under way to host an Arabian Nights party at the Grand Prix in Abu Dhabi, with a tab running into seven figures. Mateschitz needed Newey in order to prevent his team from becoming a sideshow. His recruiting technique involved inviting Newey to Austria for a visit and flying him upside down over the mountains in an Alpha Jet.

"Once a team gets run by an accountant, it's time to move," Newey has said, and Mateschitz was offering "quite a grownup budget," including a salary reported to be in excess of ten million dollars. ("Ferrari have tried to get him," Nigel Roebuck, the *Motor Sport* editor, told me. "They've offered him the earth. But he doesn't want to live outside England.") Not long before, Newey had revived his teen fantasies of glory behind the wheel and begun racing his own classic cars. In his first year in Milton Keynes, he wrecked a Ford GT40 and a Jaguar E-Type and was hospitalized

overnight. "It helps to try and understand some of the pressures the drivers go through," he told me. ("I'm not sure how good his spatial awareness is when it comes to close combat," the retired Red Bull driver David Coulthard countered.) Newey later initiated a tradition of doing doughnuts on the suburban lawn of Christian Horner, the Red Bull team boss, in celebration of the victories they were amassing. "Do you know that he crashed Helmut Marko's car in his own drive?" Horner asked me, referring to the retired Austrian driver who consults for Red Bull. "Helmut lent us his car. There was a little bit of snow overnight. Adrian was keen to show off his car control and rally skills, and for some reason decided to accelerate rapidly—to do a 'Starsky and Hutch' entry—and we understeered straight into a tree and took the right-hand side out of the car."

A few years ago, the makers of the Gran Turismo series of racing simulators for Sony PlayStation approached Newey about designing a pure speed-mobile with no restrictions—a kind of Formula Zero. Newey is not interested in video games, but the abstrac-

tion of the idea appealed to him, and he spent a happy weekend sketching something that looked a little like a dragonfly, with encased wheels instead of wings, as well as a vacuum pump that would suck the chassis toward the pavement when cornering. "To be perfectly honest, it would be so fast that it wouldn't really be safe," he told me. As it is, Formula One cars exert nearly fifty pounds of lateral force on the bodies of their drivers when cornering and braking at high speeds, which is why racecar drivers tend to have the necks of offensive linemen. "That would certainly become one of the restrictions: at what point can a driver still hold his head up!" Newey said. Discounting human frailty, he estimated that the Red Bull X2010, as they called the fantasy car, would be about twenty seconds per lap faster than any you've seen on a track.

Designing cars that go ever faster does not, after a certain point, make for a more enjoyable spectator sport, just as the proliferation of agile seven-and-a-half-footers might render basketball claustrophobic. "Most of the regulations are to control the fact that the car's going too *quick*," Bernie Ecclestone



*"That's a nice little book. It didn't waste too much of my time."*



told me. "It's just generally the way the cars are driven that's entertaining—you know, good for the public. 'Cause all of the drivers—well, *most* of them—drive on the limit, and it's a case of the engineers making the limit more difficult to reach." Circuit safety standards have evolved considerably since the death of Senna, with larger run-off areas and more forgiving barriers, but if cars were to become much faster, many of the venerated old tracks that lend the sport its lore would need to be reconfigured, at a cost of millions.

Because of its direct ties to industry, Formula One is more susceptible to economic forces than most sports; after the financial crisis of 2008, BMW, Toyota, and Honda shuttered their racing operations, and the F.I.A. overhauled the regulations more substantially than at any point in the previous twenty-five years, with an eye toward keeping budgets under control. Broad rule changes appeal to Newey, because they present an opportunity to reconceive the car more or less from scratch. He'll mock up a working layout at half scale on his drafting table, while poring over the rulebook. The 2009 austerity regime inspired his rerouting of the exhaust system, an innovation so beneficial that the team affixed decoy stickers resembling pipes to the sides of its cars to distract spying competitors. Now, after three years of creeping restrictions against everything that had seemed to improve the cars' performance, Newey was finding the conditions less welcome. Tens of millions of dollars were being spent in the pursuit of each last tenth of a second. "Eventually, everybody will converge on the same solution," he said. "Effectively, all the cars end up the same, at which point the only differentiator is the engine and the driver." Ecclestone once famously likened the sport's drivers to light bulbs, in the sense that they were interchangeable. In an overly restrictive environment, Newey feared the same would be said of designers.

Newey is not optimistic about the next regulatory overhaul, planned for 2014, which takes aim at the sport's carbon footprint. It promises less powerful engines, larger batteries, and a greater emphasis on energy renewal—in effect, hybrid racecars. "It's a political idea,"

## WHAT DID I LOVE

What did I love about killing the chickens? Let me start with the drive to the farm as darkness was sinking back into the earth. The road damp and shining like the snail's silver ribbon and the orchard with its bony branches. I loved the yellow rubber aprons and the way Janet knotted my broken strap. And the stainless-steel altars we bleached, Brian sharpening the knives, testing the edge on his thumbnail. All eighty-eight Cornish hens huddled in their crates. Wrapping my palms around their white wings, lowering them into the tapered urn. Some seemed unwitting as the world narrowed; some cackled and fluttered; some struggled. I gathered each one, tucked her bright feet, drew her head through the kill cone's sharp collar, her keratin beak and the rumpled red vascular comb that once kept her cool as she pecked in her mansion of grass. I didn't look into those stone eyes. I didn't ask forgiveness. I slid the blade between the feathers and made quick crescent cuts, severing the arteries just under the jaw. Blood like liquor pouring out of the bottle. When I see the nub of heart later, it's hard to believe such a small star could flare like that. I lifted each body, bathing it in heated water until the scaly membrane of the shanks sloughed off under my thumb. And after they were tossed in the large plucking drum I loved the newly naked birds. Sundering the heads and feet neatly at the joints, a poor man's riches for golden stock. Slitting a fissure reaching into the chamber,

Newey said, with an engineer's disdain. Working for Red Bull—a company that's in the business of "selling cans, not cars," as the driver Sebastian Vettel put it—has afforded Newey the luxury of indifference to the sport's relevance to the non-sporting world, a point of pride for others. Newey went on, "There's always been this notion that Formula One should be used to develop the breed—the breed being the road car—and I think if you go back into, let's say, the sixties, then there are successful examples of that. Disc brakes, fuel injection, lightweight construction—all first appeared in Formula One. But the true spinoff from Formula One into road cars now, in all reality, is somewhere between very small and zero, in terms of technology that's developed in Formula One being of real benefit to the road

cars, as opposed to a salesman's dream." Any claims to the contrary by the manufacturers, he said, are "pure pretense."

There was talk of President Obama passing through Texas on the weekend of the Austin Grand Prix, and this led some Formula One insiders to wonder if he might make an appearance at the race. "Is Mr. President a big fan of the old motorsport?" Will Buxton, the SPEED (and now NBC) broadcaster, asked, while killing time in Red Bull's makeshift hospitality suite, on the paddock. "He seems like a cool guy. That would be the best thing to make people aware that this is happening."

Obama did not turn up, though the idea was perhaps not as far-fetched as it sounds. During the next several days of walking the paddock, I spied Mexico's



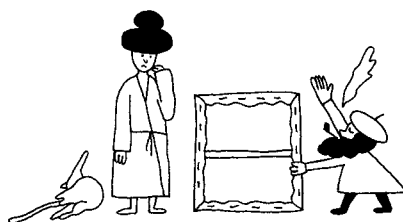
freeing the organs, the spill of intestines, blue-tinged gizzard, the small purses of lungs, the royal hearts, easing the floppy liver, carefully, from the green gall bladder, its bitter bile. And the fascia unfurling like a transparent fan. When I tug the esophagus down through the neck, I love the suck and release as it lets go. Then slicing off the anus with its gray pearl of shit. Over and over, my hands explore each cave, learning to see with my fingertips. Like a traveller in a foreign country, entering church after church. In every one the same figures of the Madonna, Christ on the Cross, which I'd always thought was gore until Marie said to her it was tender, the most tender image, every saint and political prisoner, every jailed poet and burning monk. But though I have all the time in the world to think thoughts like this, I don't. I'm empty as I rinse each carcass, and this is what I love most. It's like when the refrigerator turns off and you hear the silence. As the sun rose higher we shed our sweatshirts and moved the coolers into the shade, but, other than that, no time passed. I didn't get hungry. I didn't want to stop. I was breathing from some bright reserve. We twisted each pullet into plastic, iced and loaded them in the cars. I loved the truth. Even in just this one thing: looking straight at the terrible, one-sided accord we make with the living of this world. At the end, we scoured the tables, hosed the dried blood, the stain blossoming through the water.

—Ellen Bass

President, Felipe Calderón, Texas's governor, Rick Perry, and Carlos Slim, the world's richest man, among lesser dignitaries such as Ron Howard and George Lucas. The journalist Joe Saward, whose racing blog I'd taken to reading regularly, assured me that one of Princess Diana's exes was roaming about as well. Saward then began pointing out some of his fellow motor scribes: one kept a jet car in his garage, another was an uncanny juggler, and a third spoke nine languages. Saward himself is a historian of the French Resistance. "Even the motor-home girls have master's degrees," he said, referring to the hostesses at the teams' hospitality suites. "I always wanted to run off and join the circus, and in a sense I have."

Bernie Ecclestone, whom Saward described (more or less approvingly) as

"stark-raving bonkers," wore Texas-appropriate jeans and cowboy boots to the track, and took a break from his daily backgammon game one afternoon to speak with the local media, who wondered if he was concerned about the fact that his big event happened to fall on the same weekend as the finale of the NASCAR Sprint Cup series, in Miami. "I'll let you know on Monday," he said, and granted that the customs official who'd greeted him at the airport had never heard of Formula One. "He



seemed quite reasonable," Ecclestone added.

"Away from the venue, what do you look forward to doing in Austin?" one reporter asked, in a deep Texas twang.

"I may go to L.A. tomorrow," Ecclestone replied.

The ace driver Sebastian Vettel, speaking with me before his first practice session, attempted to parse the differences between NASCAR and Formula One in terms that he thought I might understand. "Maybe, you know, baseball and tennis," he began. "Just because you have a racquet . . ." I furrowed my brow in confusion. "O.K.," he said. "Baseball, you don't have a racquet. But something that's maybe similar? Doesn't mean it's the same thing. You know what I mean?" He thought for another moment, and added, "I actually wanted to say golf and baseball. Both times you have a stick, right? But you can't really compare. Obviously, Formula One is much more sophisticated. The cars are high tech, whereas in NASCAR they are low tech. But I don't mean there are only stupid people working there." Vettel's personal manager murmured something to him in German. "She says I'm talking too much," he said.

Vettel has curly blond hair, blue eyes, and an impish charm. He should by rights have been the media darling of this spectacle. At twenty-five, he was already the two-time reigning world champion, and poised to become the youngest driver ever to win three titles. Scattered around the track were posters drawn up in the Wild West style. "Wanted: A World Champion," they said, and featured mug shots of Vettel and Ferrari's Fernando Alonso, who were leading in the individual driver standings, with two races to go. Back in the summer, Vettel had visited New York and appeared as a guest on the "Late Show with David Letterman," where he talked about the "big balls" you need as a Formula One driver. But the more success he had, it seemed, the more credit went to Newey—Alonso himself spoke of "fighting against a Newey car"—and Vettel was getting defensive. "I don't see Adrian or myself being more important than any other," he said. "I mean, when I'm on the track, I'm alone in the car, and if I steer left the car turns left, and I steer right the car



turns right, so whatever I do is extremely decisive to the whole project.”

I made a habit of following herds of cameras wherever they went, and thereby learned to connect faces with some of racing’s legendary names. The elfin man dressed all in plaid was Sir Jackie Stewart, a three-time world-champion driver in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. (“He’s too good,” Stewart said of Newey. “He’s a very clever man.”) The extremely tan and perfectly coiffed fireplug who looked as if he’d just climbed off a yacht in the Mediterranean was Mario Andretti. The guy with a monocoque of a proboscis was Emerson Fittipaldi. The awesomely dressed man holding court in front of Ferrari’s hospitality suite? “Oh, he’s just an asshole,” Saward said. “He represents what you might call the indolently wealthy.”

But the real paparazzi of Formula One—the guys with the thigh-size lenses that could zoom in on an Ecclestone daughter from two blocks away—are not interested in people-watching. They stalk the pit lane, where the garages are arranged in order of success, and cluster at the front end, among the McLarens, Ferraris, and Red Bulls, hoping to catch an unobstructed view of the cars as they’re reassembled each morning. A mysterious bit of film had emerged from the previous race, in Abu Dhabi. It showed Red Bull mechanics fiddling with Vettel’s front wing and nose cone, which appeared supple, as if

made of rubber instead of carbon. Was this another bit of Newey-inspired alchemy? Or was it a violation of the rules restricting wing flexibility, as some rivals charged? Flexing wings improve grip in high-speed corners without increasing drag on straightaways. Might it explain Red Bull’s late-season surge to the front of the paddock after an inconsistent start? All I was able to discern while spying on the Red Bull garage is that its mechanics blast dance music that must be intended to drive the fussy neighbors from Ferrari mad. (You can “check out what the garage are listening to today” via the team’s Spotify playlist.) Also, to judge from the open Red Bull cans in view, they may be overcaffeinated.

The course itself looked magnificent, rising out of a dusty field, southeast of the airport, that the city council had voted to annex less than two weeks before the race, in order to boost property-tax rolls. Those not arriving by helicopter had the option of taking a shuttle bus from downtown or parking in cow pastures along the access road, for thirty-five dollars, and using the two- or three-mile walk to get acclimated to the grinding whine of all the engine noise—the “glorious assault on the senses,” the official race announcer later called it—as the hundred-and-thirty-three-foot ascent to the first turn came into focus. “Turn One,” I’d been told back in Milton Keynes, was “going to be epic.” It

was a blind hairpin to the left, and would require drivers to downshift to first gear after a furious sprint up the hill. Hermann Tilke, the Robert Trent Jones of Formula One, was the architect, and I gathered that he’d given the undiscerning American audience of a hundred and fifteen thousand an international sampler of sorts, borrowing an S-curve and a horseshoe bend from Interlagos and Istanbul, respectively, and alluding elsewhere to the swift Becketts Corner of England’s Silverstone.

Through practice and qualifying, the drivers’ times steadily improved as the track was in effect rubberized when the burned residue of the tires formed a smoother surface. Because of the circuit’s newness, oil was still being released by the settling asphalt, and the competitors used words like shiny, icy, slippery, wet, and green to describe the conditions. “Green, yeah, dirty,” Newey said, sipping a cup of coffee a few hours before the race, and dismissing as an “occupational hazard” the nuisance of shutterbugs who had gathered for a shot of the wizard at rest. Newey had been vindicated in the wing-flexing controversy, which the F.I.A. race director, in a press conference, attributed to an optical illusion, and Vettel and Webber, benefitting from still further tweaks to the front wing angles and the ride height, had secured the first and third spots on the grid.

Ferrari’s Fernando Alonso, meanwhile, placed a disappointing eighth, which he deemed “logical,” a result of inferior machinery. Even worse, this left him on the “dirty,” or less rubberized, side of the track. Ferrari officials then made the cynical decision to sabotage their other driver, Felipe Massa, to help Alonso. With less than an hour to go before the ceremonial parade lap (in classic American muscle cars, naturally), they broke the seal on Massa’s gearbox. Massa, who had actually been faster than Alonso in qualifying, was automatically penalized, and forced to drop back five spots. The newly configured grid placed Alonso in seventh, back on the clean side—and tough luck to those drivers from Force India, Lotus, and Williams who in turn were shifted from clean to dirty, as collateral damage. My Twitter feed filled with concerns from Formula One partisans that this might not sit well with an American audience ob-



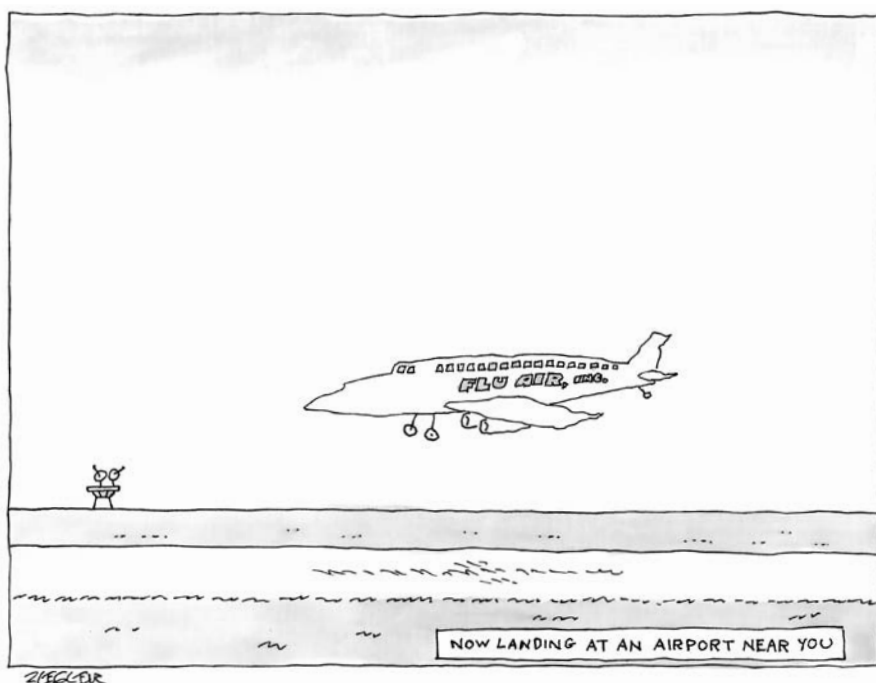


essed by questions of fairness (“Yanks like sport over tactics”), ignoring the larger problem of widespread confusion.

Was Turn One indeed epic? There were no collisions or spinouts, so I’d have to vote no, although I was informed, after the cars had disappeared from view, that Alonso had managed to squirt past a driver or two. A veteran race observer once described for me the conversational rhythm among spectators in terms of ninety-second intervals, or roughly the amount of time it takes a car to complete a three-and-a-half-mile lap. That is, you talk for ninety seconds, and then pause out of necessity when the cars whiz by again, trying in vain to hold a thought as your teeth vibrate. I found that this held true only for the first few laps, when the cars remained bunched together, and before any drivers had stopped for a change of tires. Soon enough, the interruptions were more frequent and intermittent, and it was easier to understand the proliferation of champagne as a desensitizing device.

I was fortunate to be watching from Red Bull’s section of the Paddock Club, above the pit lane, with the high rollers who had paid five thousand dollars each for the full experience: gnocchi, booze, and even a d.j. from Miami, named Erok, whom Red Bull flies around the world to perpetuate its image as the brash upstart of the scene. Some helpful representatives of Infiniti, one of Red Bull’s subsidiary sponsors, distributed handheld video screens that allowed you to shuffle between camera views from each of the cars, and after some experimentation I concluded that the best way to watch the race was from the perspective of McLaren’s Lewis Hamilton, who had been made to obscure the painted letters “H.A.M.” on his helmet after race officials learned that they were a reference not to his name but to the song by Kanye West and Jay-Z (and meant “hard as a motherfucker”).

By the midpoint, it was shaping up as a two-man race between Vettel and Hamilton, with Alonso in a distant third. (Webber’s alternator blew on the seventeenth lap, forcing his withdrawal.) Hamilton’s car was faster in a straight line—by eleven kilometres per hour, the BBC commentary said—but seemed to lack the Red Bull’s downforce, or grip, and he slid more in the corners. On my



screen, as I pretended to be Hamilton, Vettel would appear larger and closer each time we approached a sharp turn, only to scurry away again as we accelerated out. The cat-and-mouse game continued for more than twenty minutes, as Hamilton narrowed the gap to within D.R.S.-boosting range.

Newey stood in the pit lane with several team officials, wearing noise-canceling headphones and staring at a bank of computer screens, in a bit of pageantry for the television production. (“We could probably do a better job in the back of the garage,” he confessed. “You’re strung out in a line. You can’t hear anything.”) They monitored live data from the hundreds of sensors in Vettel’s chassis and engine, advising on tire conditions, and communicated via radio and instant message with another group of technicians seated in a command center back in Milton Keynes, some of whom simulated the race in real time, forecasting when Hamilton and Alonso and the others might make a pit stop.

The ample technical support was unable to help Vettel overcome his biggest obstacle: the inconvenient slowness of Narain Karthikeyan, of the struggling Hispania Racing Team. Vettel cursed into his microphone as he downshifted into Turn Eleven on his forty-third lap and found himself momentarily im-

peded by Karthikeyan, bringing up the rear on his own forty-second. The brief logjam brought Hamilton to within a couple of car lengths, and gave him the window he needed on the following straight. Up went the D.R.S. flap on Hamilton’s rear wing. More cursing. The cat had overtaken the mouse.

Vettel would have to wait another week to secure his third title, but, in accordance with the complexities of Formula One, Red Bull still had cause for celebration. The second-place finish in Austin was worth enough points in the team standings to clinch the Constructors’ Championship, the source of the big prize money, if not of the cork-popping glory. Few in the Paddock Club, or among the departing crowd, for that matter, seemed to notice all the Red Bull personnel assembling on the track for a team photo after Mario Andretti had welcomed the victorious Hamilton and the runners-up, Vettel and Alonso, to the podium for the ceremonial Mumm spraying. The garages were being hurriedly disassembled. On the JumboTron above, a man in a cowboy hat sang “Margaritaville.” Newey lingered a while longer, speaking politely to the remaining British TV cameras, and raised his fist and thumb in the air. Last week, a report surfaced in the Italian press that Ferrari had resumed its pursuit of his services. ♦



THREE-PIECE SUIT, \$970, BY **TIGER OF SWEDEN**. SHIRT, \$80, BY **BANANA REPUBLIC**. TIE, \$125, BY **OVADIA & SONS**, AT **BARNEYS NEW YORK**.

# SPEED RACER

RED BULL FORMULA ONE DRIVER MARK WEBBER  
SUITS UP IN SUMMER WEAR

FASHION BY  
**JENNIFER RYAN JONES**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
**GAVIN BOND**

ARTICLE BY  
**A.J. BAIME**

STYLING BY  
**GRACE GILFEATHER**





SUIT, \$2,095, BY JOHN VARVATOS.  
TURTLENECK SWEATER, \$200, BY  
JOHN SMEDLEY. BROGUES, \$395, BY  
GRENSON. AT BARNEYS NEW YORK.

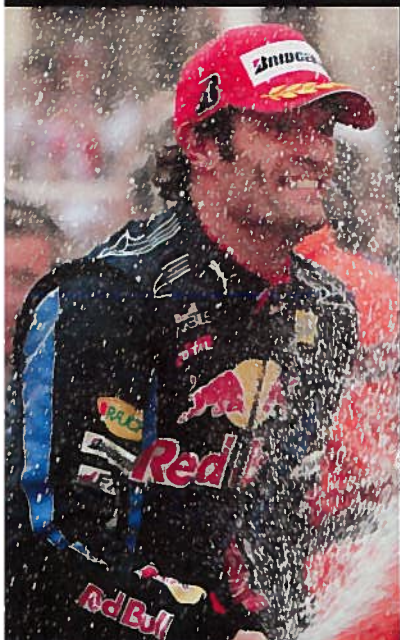


## FORMULA ONE RACING

WEBBER'S FIRST F1 VICTORY WAS  
AT THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX IN  
2009. CHAMPAGNE, ANYONE?

is the most expensive, technologically advanced and (arguably) glamorous form of sport in the world. It's a contest of precision and athleticism, of ideas and audacity. And, at the end of the day, speed. After a five-year absence, F1 is set to return to our shores for the U.S. Grand Prix in November. With the green flag set to wave, we got Australian Mark Webber, one of two pilots on the Red Bull team—the best in the world for the past two seasons, shooting for a third straight year of winning both the drivers' and constructors' world championships—to suit up in this summer's finest threads.

When it comes to style, laid-back is in Webber's DNA. "I'm from Australia, mate," he says. "I wear trainers,





BELTED TRENCH COAT,  
\$1,610, AND SHIRT, \$315, BY  
BURBERRY. KNIT TIE, \$135,  
BY DRAKE'S LONDON.





SUIT, \$2,200, BY **VERSACE**.  
SHIRT, \$160, AND TIE, \$95,  
BY **THOMAS PINK**.

jeans, T-shirts. It takes me 10 minutes to get ready." But when he's in the cockpit, he's anything but laid-back. The winner of seven F1 races got his start (as all F1 drivers seem to) in go-karts when he was 12 years old. He raced in Australia, then moved to Europe to try to make it. You need to exhibit greatness to find a ride in the most competitive and popular form of international motor sport. What separates good from great?

"You need to have the car at one with you," says the 35-year-old, "so you can push it to the complete limit in every situation." The rest is "micro-adaptation," he says, the ability to "react quickly to changing conditions." As the drivers battle in close combat, kissing 200 miles per hour, danger is never far from their consciousness. "We love the rush," says Webber of F1 drivers. "We love the risk-taking. We don't want to take unnecessary risks, but we realize we're traveling very quickly. Pushing the limits, that's part of it."

Unlike any other major motor sport, F1 teams are all constructors. They build their cars from the ground up according to a specific "formula." Tens of thousands of man-hours and many millions of dollars go into every car and race. What is the pressure like seconds before a start?

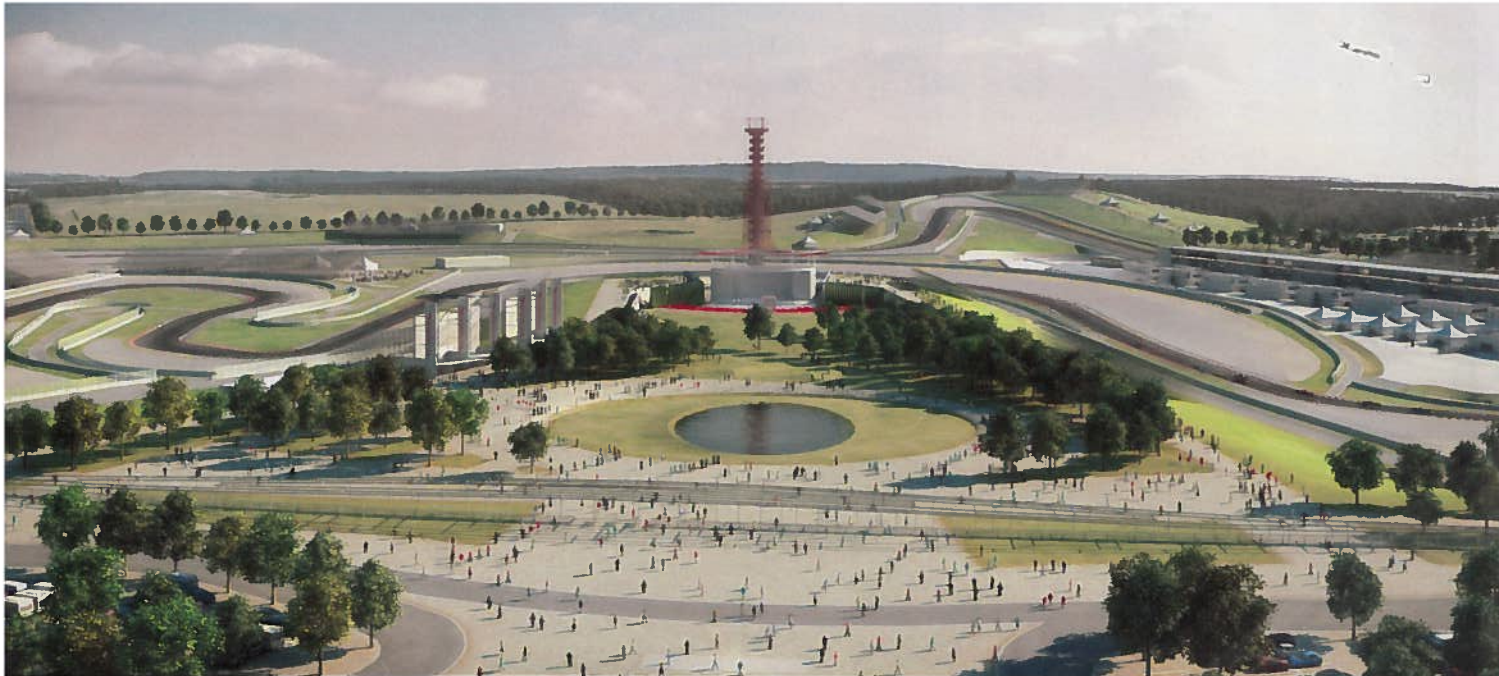
"It's a sensational feeling," Webber says. "Everyone has put huge amounts of work into it. There's a great buzz, a mixture of anxiety and positive tension. You know you're about to be unleashed into the race. There's complete isolation. The quiet is surreal."

Then comes the burst of thunder, with 24 cars and some 17,000 horsepower let loose on the track. What is it like to grab that elusive checkered flag? "The most special feeling is when you hear your national anthem," Webber says, "and the emotion of spraying the bubbly. Trophies don't mean much, but the emotion of the event and the memories stay with you forever."

WEBBER ON TRACK AT THE MONACO GRAND PRIX IN 2010. HE TOOK THE CHECKERED FLAG.







## THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN

For the first time since 2007, Formula One will return to the United States. The U.S. Grand Prix is scheduled for November 18 in Austin, Texas, where promoters led by Red McCombs (former owner of the Minnesota Vikings and San Antonio Spurs) are building the first-ever purpose-built racetrack to host F1 on these shores. The 3.4-mile, 20-turn, roughly \$350 million Circuit of the Americas will host 120,000 fans, who will drain the state of Texas of its beer. (See the track rendering above.) The story of F1 is one of heroes, from Jim Clark and Mario Andretti in the 1960s and 1970s (pictured here) to today's top pilots—Sebastian Vettel, Fernando Alonso, Lewis Hamilton. If ever there was a moment ripe for F1's return, this is it. For the first time in history, six world champions are battling it out for the coveted title in 2012. When those engines start revving in Austin, the noise will rattle windows across the Lone Star state. Tickets are available at [circuitoftheamericas.com](http://circuitoftheamericas.com).



JIM CLARK



MARIO ANDRETTI



BRUCE MCLAREN



JACKIE STEWART



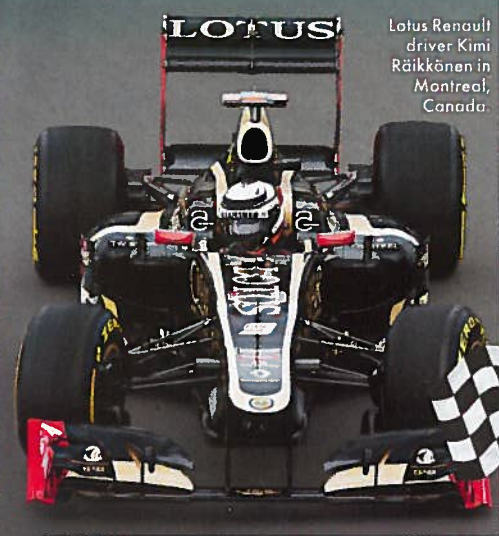
NIKI LAUDA



DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER,  
\$775, BY **AMI**, AT BARNEYS  
NEW YORK. FRENCH-CUFF  
SHIRT, \$135, BY **THOMAS PINK**.  
JEANS, \$135, BY **PEPE JEANS**.

79





Lotus Renault  
driver Kimi  
Räikkönen in  
Montreal,  
Canada.



Jenson Button celebrates after the Belgian Grand Prix.



**Räikkönen**  
on the  
podium in  
Budapest.

# The Secret Formula

**F**ormula One, the sexiest motor sport in the world, has grown into a \$3 billion global juggernaut. And yet, there's a problem: 62 years after its founding, F1 is still a puzzle to American audiences. F1—born in the jet-set redoubts of Monaco, San Fermín, and Spa, and with a history more replete with royalty and mortal drama than any other sport (except maybe bullfighting)—hasn't found its niche in the heartland.

This month, after a five-year hiatus from the United States, the series returns, to a purpose-built, \$400 million track outside of Austin, Texas. FI's mercurial owner, **Bernie Ecclestone**, is investing heavily in the sport's return. He has decreed that there will be a Grand Prix in New Jersey in 2013.

"Will it work? It's certainly not a given," says the 25-year-old reigning champion, Sebastian Vettel of Germany. "This market is huge, but does America really care? I don't know." Like Lewis Hamilton and Jenson Button, Vettel represents the modern evolution of the F1 driver—he's in prime physical shape (the punishing g-forces drivers now endure during a race require them to be among the world's most conditioned athletes), and he's a savvy businessman. His background is similar to that of another driver, James Hunt, who is the subject of Ron Howard's upcoming Formula One period piece, *Rush*—an odd-couple story set in the swinging 70s that captures the rivalry between Hunt, a certified playboy, and the straitlaced German Niki Lauda and that stars Chris Hemsworth as Hunt.

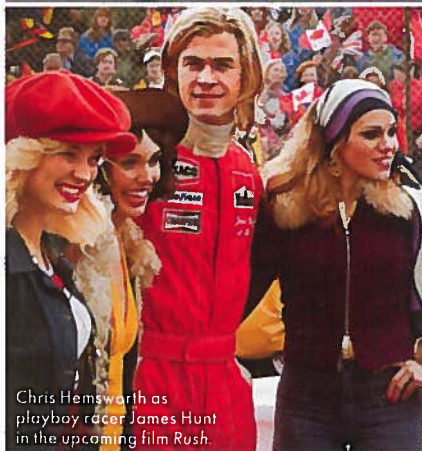
"I wasn't an F1 fanatic before I made this film," Howard says. "But you know, I wasn't particularly a boxing fan



James Hunt,  
1976



At the Formula One race in Belgium,



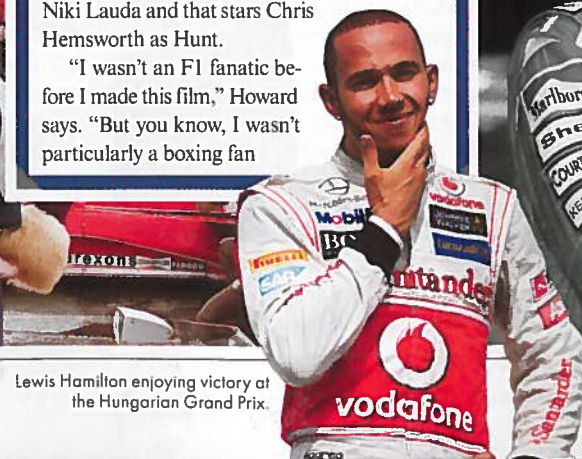
Chris Hemsworth as  
playboy racer James Hunt  
in the upcoming film *Rush*.



Mercedes  
driver  
Michael  
Schumacher.



Ayrton  
Senna,  
1992



Lewis Hamilton enjoying victory at the Hungarian Grand Prix.





Australian Mark Webber drives for Red Bull Racing.

Webber in the Formula One Red Bull RB8.

before *Cinderella Man*. The fact is, F1 today is still a cool, intense, sexy environment. But back in the 70s it was a lot more dangerous. Drivers would go to their first drivers' meeting of the year, look around the room, and know that a couple of these guys wouldn't live through the season."

The last fatality in F1 was Ayrton Senna, the charismatic Brazilian who died on the track during the 1994 San Marino Grand Prix. Even without the bloodshed of the glamorous old days, this F1 season, which began in March and traveled from Monaco and Monza to China, Abu Dhabi, and India, has been a particularly good one. There are six former world champions among the 24 racers, and in the first seven events, there were seven different winners from five different manufacturers.

Mark Webber, a sharply handsome, reed-thin Australian who races for Red Bull, thinks the high stakes and high tech are enough to grab a fan base in the U.S., where the comparatively crude instrument of NASCAR racing is the second-most watched sport on television, after the N.F.L.

"NASCAR is brilliantly put together, a great show. But it's a different type of racing. Here's what the U.S. market has to understand: F1 is a prototype sport. It's about pushing the boundaries of technology. It's luxury. It's top gear, optimal lap time. The teams are so heavily invested technologically, the cost of shaving one-tenth of a second from a single lap time exceeds \$100 million." —MIKE GUY



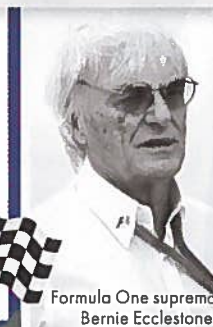
A British flag displays the name of race leader Jenson Button during the Belgian Formula One Grand Prix in September 2012.



Jean-Eric Vergne driving the Scuderia Toro Rosso STR7.



Ferrari driver Fernando Alonso of Spain makes a pit stop.



Formula One supremo Bernie Ecclestone.



Sebastian Vettel of Red Bull Racing.



## FOOD BYTES

### GASTRONOMICA

➔ Started by food scholar and author **Darra Goldstein** in 2001, this is perhaps the most intellectual of all food sites. Gastronomica prides itself on showcasing food culture and society, and also produces four print issues per year.

**NOTEWORTHY** ▶ Gastronomica tied with Food52 for the 2012 James Beard Foundation

Journalism Award for Publication of the Year. (gastronomica.com)



### FOOD52

➔ New York Times food columnists **Amanda Hesser** and **Merrill Stubbs** launched Food52, in 2009, by creating the first crowd-sourced cookbook. They asked readers to compete in a recipe contest online—and after 52 weeks (hence the name), they had 140 dishes ready to publish in their first cookbook.

**NOTEWORTHY** ▶ Food52 has its own feedback "Hotline," where readers can submit questions. Readers and Food52 editors can reply. The site aggregates and curates this information as its content. (food52.com)

### TASTING TABLE

➔ A daily e-mail publication that delivers intel on restaurants, cooking at home, spirits, and chefs. Founded by entrepreneur **Geoff Bartakovich** and restaurateur **John McDonald** in 2008, the site has nearly two million subscribers, with both national and specialized city editions.

**NOTEWORTHY** ▶ Tasting Table hosts the Guest Chef Series, wherein top chefs from around the world hold dinners for loyal readers at the site's N.Y.C. test kitchen. Upcoming participating chefs include Mario Batali, Barbara Lynch, and David Myers. (tastingtable.com)

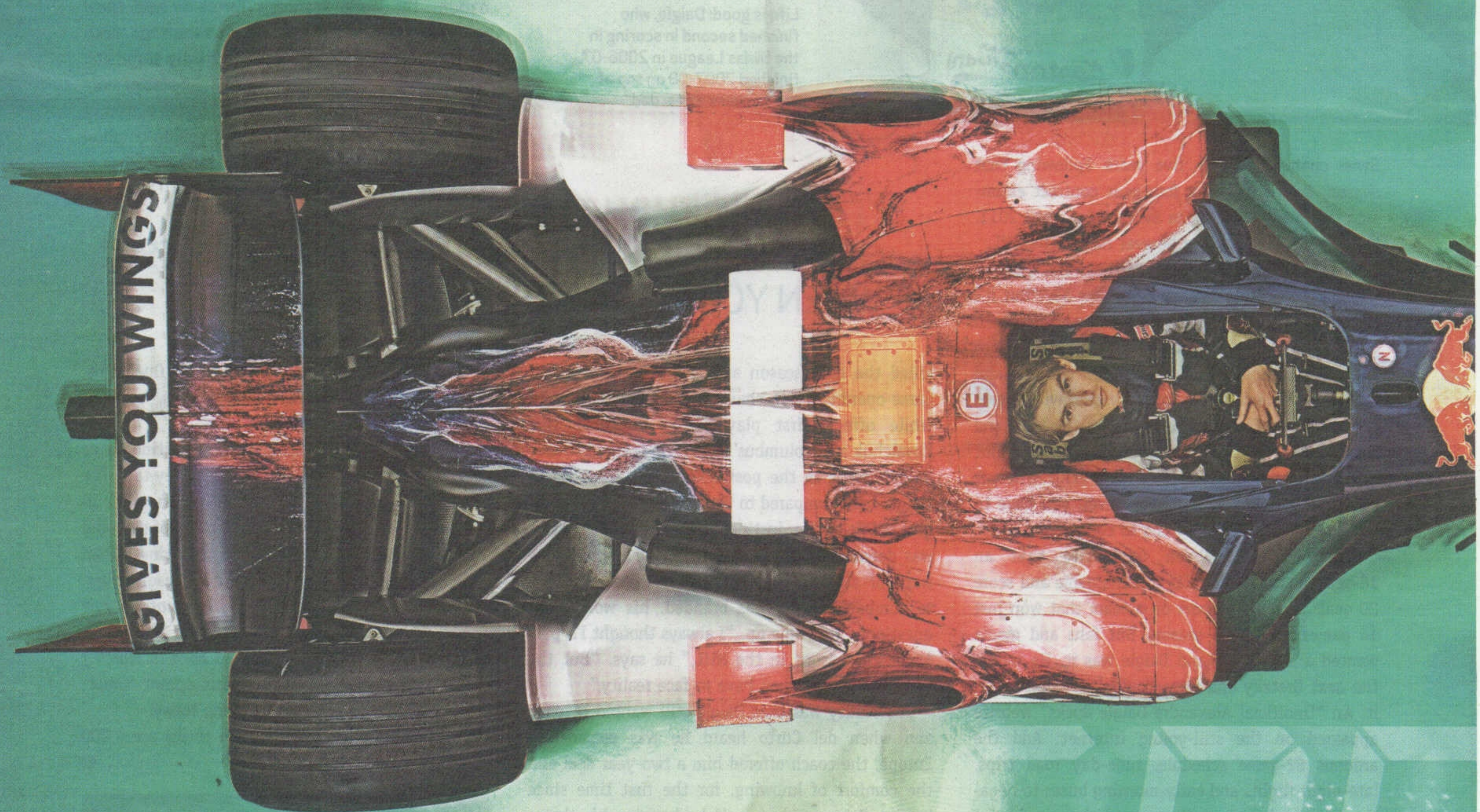
### HONEST COOKING

➔ **Kalle Bergman**—a former contributor to *Gourmet*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Serious Eats*, and the *Huffington Post*—launched this international online magazine in 2011. The site, known for its serious culinary debates, features more than 300 food and beverage writers, bloggers, photographers, and chefs from across the globe.

**NOTEWORTHY** ▶ Honest Cooking won the 2012 Best Group Blog award from *Saveur* magazine. (honestcooking.com)  
—BRAMBLE TRIONFO



IN JUNE 2007, THE MAG PLANNED TO RUN THE FOLLOWING STORY ABOUT AMERICA'S GREAT NEW HOPE IN FORMULA ONE RACING. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WHEELS FELL OFF SCOTT SPEED'S WAGON. A YEAR LATER, THE OUTSPOKEN DRIVER AGREED TO READ OUR ORIGINAL STORY AND FILL IN THE GAPS—FROM GETTING HANDED HIS F1 WALKING PAPERS TO TAKING AIM AT NASCAR. ENJOY THE RIDE. **BY TIM STRUBY**





# SAME NEW SCOTT SPEED



THE RED-CARPETED VIP SECTION overlooking Pit Lane at the Grand Prix of Brazil flows with Moët, sushi and rail-thin bombshells escorting fat-walleted big shots. ① The paddock—garages on one side, hospitality rooms on the other—buzzes with caterers, reporters and crew teams, all speaking in tongues: Italian, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Finnish, the Queen's English ... you name it. But American banter? Not a peep.

That changes as the hospitality crew oversees a late breakfast inside the blue-and-white cinder block Toro Rosso team room, when a distinct voice slashes the air. A loud voice. A loud, American voice. "LUCA! WHEN-A-WE EAT? I'M-A HUNGRY!" With this, a lanky 23-year-old bops through the door. Wearing a baseball cap, iPod earbuds, skate sneakers, baggy and tattered jeans, and a navy blue hoodie, Scott Speed

① **SS:** I HAVEN'T SEEN A RED CARPET, LET ALONE A VIP SECTION, SINCE I LEFT F1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCENT SOYEZ



looks like a kid who spends his weekends playing Time Crisis 4 at the video arcade. Chef Luca can't help but laugh at Speed's Italian-comic accent. He knows the driver isn't condescending, just kind of goofy. Speed asks a Toro Rosso hospitality girl, "What time did you get home last night?" She giggles because it's hard not to. Speed pours himself a glass of juice. "Whoa!" he exclaims after a gulp of mango when he was expecting orange. "What the HELL is that?"

There is nothing subtle about Speed. He is nothing like most Formula One drivers, a group as charismatic as accountants at a tax seminar. He speaks his mind, and it has gotten him into hot water. ② Supporters call him passionate and driven; detractors prefer "arrogant" and "asshole." ③ It wouldn't be much of an issue if Speed weren't under the microscope. ④ He's the first American on the F1 circuit since the 1993 season, and he's expected to attract the elusive American fan base. As he heads back out to the track, he talks about the difficulties of being a rookie: ⑤ "I thought I had to fit in more, be nice to people. Now I realize all the bad things about my personality make me a good driver."

SCOTT SPEED has been a good driver since he was a 10-year-old growing up in Manteca, Calif. ⑥ His father, Mike, a three-time national champion in karts, taught him to race one in a parking lot. At Scott's 1993 karting debut, in Prairie City, he started last and finished third. Two years later, he won his first national title. As a teen, he tried to have a normal life, "disco" bowling in his hometown or cruising McHenry Avenue, in nearby Modesto. But it was hard to date and party when he spent almost every weekend packing into a Winnebago—alongside his younger brother, parents, grandmother and dog—and blowing off to tracks like Infineon, Buttonwillow and Willow Springs.

Karting wasn't just a hobby; it was the road to F1. For years, the young Speed would sneak downstairs in the wee Sunday morning hours to catch live races from Monaco, Spain and Germany. That alone set him apart from his peers. ⑦ Formula One has 600 million viewers in 184 nations, but Americans couldn't care less. They prefer fender bending over finesse, hootin' and hollerin' over stuffy sophistication; they like to think of their racing heroes as regular Joes, not some sort of distant royalty. We're a NASCAR country, even if those regular Joes need a whole lot of money behind them. "America is the land of TV and Hollywood," says Speed's Toro Rosso teammate, Tonio Liuzzi. "They like lots of show, crashes.

The brazen Speed lost his F1 ride—but not his Red Bull sponsorship.

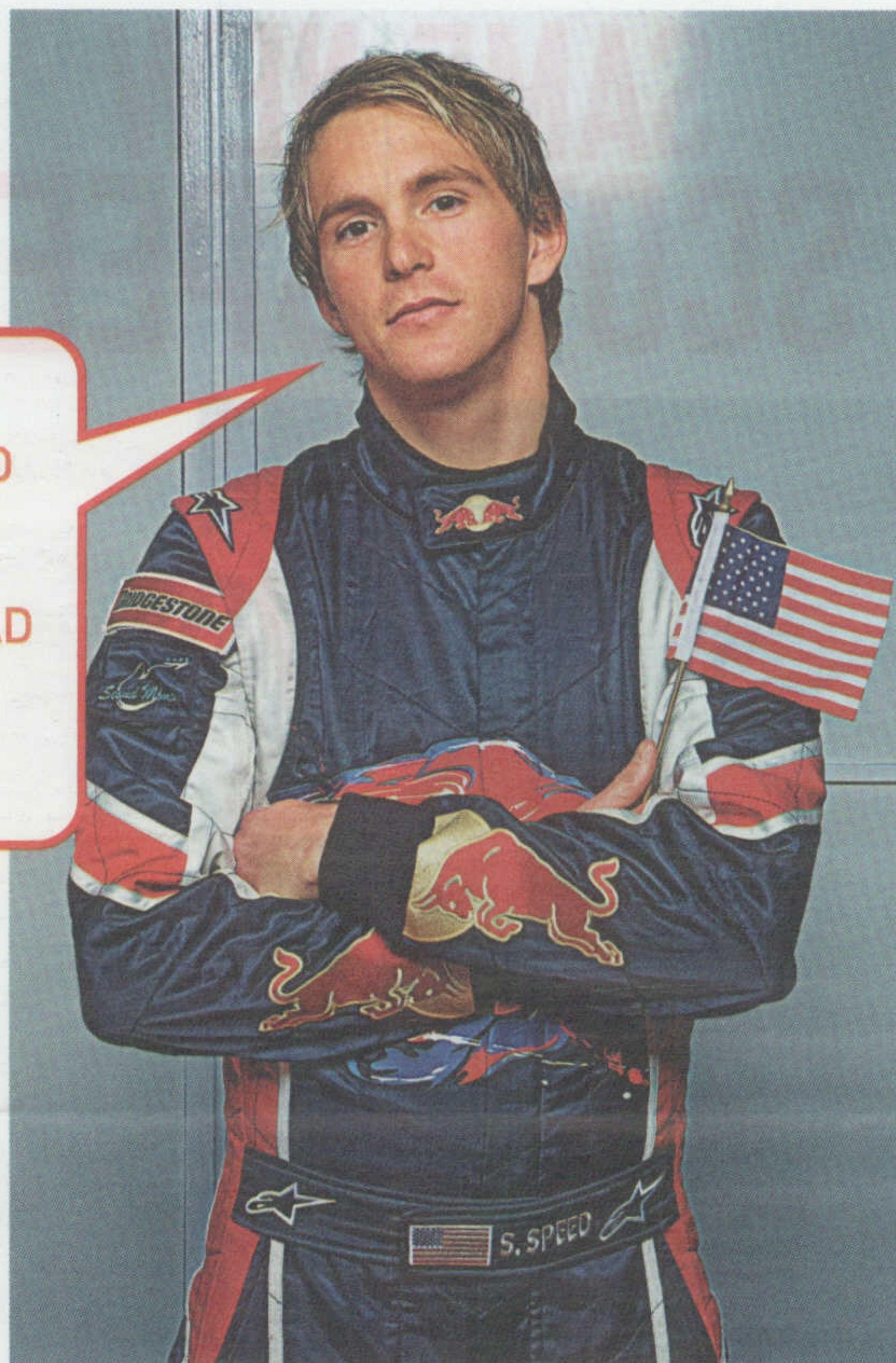
**THEN:**  
I THOUGHT I HAD TO FIT IN, BE NICE. NOW I REALIZE THE BAD THINGS ABOUT ME MAKE ME A GOOD DRIVER.

② **SS:** TRUE. IF I THINK SOMETHING, I SAY IT. MY WHOLE LIFE, I'VE NEVER CHANGED FOR ANYONE.

③ **SS:** I'M A LOT NICER THAN I USED TO BE. ARROGANT? MAYBE. I HAVE LOTS TO LEARN IN STOCK CARS, BUT I KNOW THIS: AN F1 DRIVER CAN DRIVE IN NASCAR, BUT THERE'S NO WAY JEFF GORDON AND JIMMIE JOHNSON COULD COMPETE IN AN F1 CAR. IT'S INCREDIBLY MORE SOPHISTICATED.

④ **SS:** I LOVE THAT I'M NOT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE ANYMORE. I CAN BE AN IDIOT WITHOUT A PROBLEM!

⑤ **SS:** MY ROOKIE SEASON HERE HAS BEEN FREAKING AMAZING. [HE RACES FOR EDDIE SHARP IN ARCA AND BILL DAVIS IN THE CRAFTSMAN TRUCK SERIES.] THE ARCA WIN IN KANSAS WAS COOL, BUT THE TRUCKS WIN IN DOVER WAS MEGA-EPIC, SUPERCOOL. A SURPRISE? YEAH. I'M NOT THE BEST TRUCKS DRIVER. NOT YET. IT DID GET EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT ME PAINTING MY TOENAILS BLUE BEFORE THE RACE. I LIKE HAVING SOMEONE TAKE CARE OF MY FEET. HASN'T ANYONE HEARD OF A PEDICURE?



I like to race in America. But for competition, it's better in Europe and F1. For a show, the States. It's just two different ways of racing."

Speed's brazen ways trace back to his father. "They have the same personality," says Scott's brother, Alex. "Dad and Scott would butt heads a lot."

As Mike tells it, "One of our most infamous blowouts happened at the SuperNationals in 2001. Scott had won the year before, so of course he knew it all. I'm setting the car up, and he's driving the piss out of it, burning up all of the tires. He's screaming that it's slow, and I'm screaming that he's driving it too hard. So I grabbed him by the helmet and yelled, 'You have to slow down!' But he's yelling, 'I'll show you!'" ⑧

Scott showed everybody, winning back-to-back karting championships at the SuperNats, followed by titles in the Formula Russell, Skip Barber and Formula Mazda open-wheel divisions. But while dominating on American asphalt might lead to a

⑥ **SS:** I WAS A TOTAL NIGHTMARE AS A KID. MY POOR MOM TOOK SUCH CRAP FROM ME.

⑦ **SS:** I LOVED F1, BUT I WATCHED A BIT OF EVERYTHING: NASCAR, CHAMP CAR.

⑧ **SS:** THIS WAS JUST AS IT HAPPENED—A REAL DAYS OF THUNDER SCREAMING MATCH. AND WORST OF ALL? MY DAD WAS RIGHT.



Champ Car or Indy ride, landing an F1 gig—one of the 20 most coveted seats in motorsports—seemed as likely as piloting the space shuttle. That was until 2002, when Red Bull founder Dietrich Mateschitz, eager to form an F1 team and find an American driver, hired 1985 Indy 500 winner Danny Sullivan to scour the U.S. for karting talent. Sullivan discovered 13 drivers, including Speed. Some people warned him that Speed had a poor attitude, <sup>(9)</sup> but during a three-day evaluation at the Paul Ricard racing facility in southern France, the kid revealed some other traits. “He was always the quickest,” Sullivan recalls. “And he had more than just natural talent—the reflexes, the vision. He had the heart and desire.” <sup>(10)</sup>

Speed’s reward? On March 12, 2006, at the

A fast learner, Speed has won in ARCA and Craftsman Trucks.

<sup>(9)</sup> **SS:** I DON’T TAKE ADVICE WELL. IF AN INSTRUCTOR TOLD ME SOMETHING I DIDN’T THINK WAS RIGHT, I’D TELL HIM HE WAS STUPID.

<sup>(10)</sup> **SS:** SKIP BARBER TOLD RED BULL, “YOU CAN’T TAKE THIS KID.” BUT HELMUT MARKO [AN ADVISOR TO RED BULL MOTORSPORTS] SAID, “I CAN TEACH AN ATTITUDE, BUT I CAN’T TEACH FAST.”

**NOW: THE DRIVERS HERE ARE ALL RIGHT. THEY’RE JUST MORE REDNECK. NOT THAT IT’S A BAD THING!**

Bahrain Grand Prix, he lined up 16th on the grid in his No. 21 Toro Rosso ride, behind the idols he used to watch in his living room: David Coulthard, Jacques Villeneuve and the legendary Michael Schumacher. <sup>(11)</sup> While Speed’s car—a 700 hp, 3.0 liter, Cosworth restricted V10—could accelerate from 0 to 160 mph in 3.5 seconds, and brake from 190 to 0 in 2 seconds, little was expected of him. “In F1, there’s a different criteria for winning,” says Mario Andretti, one of only two Americans to claim the overall F1 championship (in 1978). “It doesn’t matter how good you drive. If you’re not driving for one of the top three teams, you’ve got no chance in hell.” And Speed wasn’t driving for one of those teams. His Toro Rosso equipment was purchased from Minardi, the outfit that had finished last overall three years in a row.

In only his third race, though, Speed made headlines by going tête-à-tête with Coulthard—a member of Red Bull’s other (better) F1 team—at the Australian GP. “Knowing what I know now,” Speed says, “maybe I would’ve had a different approach.” His approach involved opening his mouth. A lot. Some of what came out included “F— off,” prompt-

ing Coulthard to smack the brim of Speed’s baseball cap. “That almost started a fight,” Speed says. “And I get fined \$5,000 for ‘profane language?’” <sup>(12)</sup>

For the rest of the season, Speed didn’t serve up any surprises. He came in ninth Down Under, his best showing, and also had a pair of 10th-place finishes to go along with 4 DNFs in 18 starts. His favorite highlight: the warm reception he got from the diehard American F1 fans at Indianapolis, the lone race on U.S. soil. “It was freaking amazing,” he says, even though he crashed before completing a full lap. “I was walking down the street, and people were screaming, ‘That’s Scott Speed!’” <sup>(13)</sup>

While he won’t be on a Wheaties box anytime soon, and the overwhelming majority of American race fans wouldn’t recognize him if he sat at their kitchen table, Speed made a bigger-than-expected impression during his rookie season. <sup>(14)</sup> “He’s done relatively well for his lack of racing,” says Coulthard, taking the high road. “He’s proven he’s the real deal. Whether he’s another Schumacher, who knows? There aren’t many of them. Next year will tell if he can raise his game and deliver.” <sup>(15)</sup> 🌐

<sup>(11)</sup> **SS:** THE START WAS INTIMIDATING. BUT I WAS MORE NERVOUS AT BIG KARTING RACES.

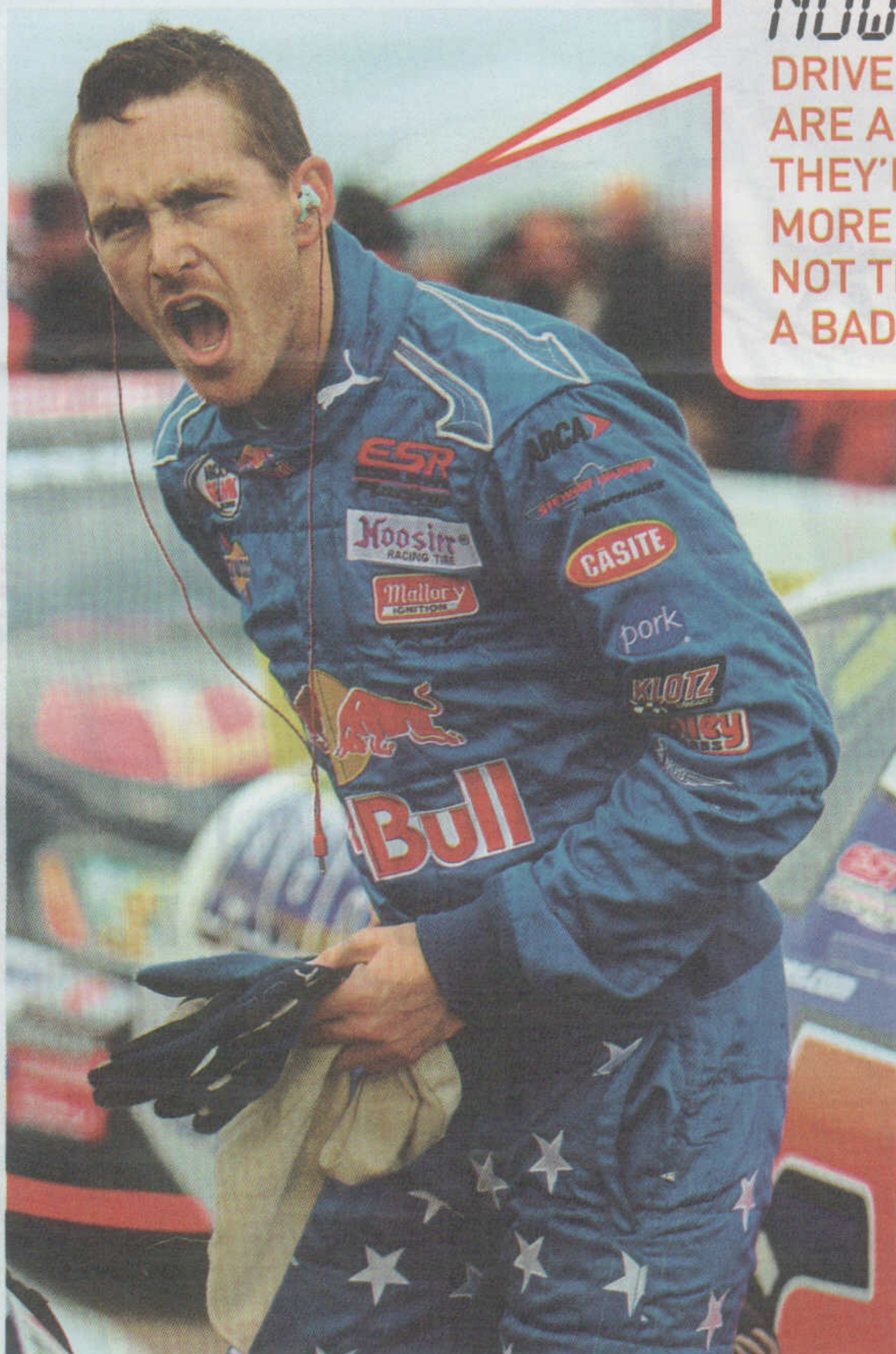
<sup>(12)</sup> **SS:** DAVID PLAYS POLITICS WELL. VERY ENGLISH, YOU KNOW? IT WAS PROBABLY STUPID FOR ME TO DO THAT.

<sup>(13)</sup> **SS:** THE WHOLE FIRST YEAR IN F1—AWESOME.

<sup>(14)</sup> **SS:** MY NEXT SEASON WAS HORRIBLE. TEAM CO-OWNER GERHARD BERGER WANTED ME OUT. HE MADE MY LIFE AWFUL. GERHARD’S THE MEANEST, MOST MISERABLE PERSON I’VE EVER MET. HE CAN GO F— HIMSELF.

<sup>(15)</sup> **SS:** FINAL STRAW? I CRASHED AT THE 10TH RACE OF THE SEASON, AT NURBURGRING. LOTS OF DRIVERS DID; IT WAS POURING. AFTERWARD, FRANZ TOST, THE TEAM MANAGER, STARTED YELLING, “WHAT HAPPENED IN TURN 1?!” I SAID, “SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO EVERYONE ELSE.” HE SAID, “NO! JUST THE WANKERS!” I WALKED OFF, BUT HE SHOVED ME IN THE BACK. THE WHOLE TEAM’S THERE, AND I’M LIKE, “HIT ME. GO AHEAD.” [TOST’S TAKE: “I GRABBED HIM ON THE ARM AND SAID, ‘PLEASE STOP, BECAUSE I WANT TO EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU.’”] THAT WEEK, FRANZ CALLED AND SAID, “WE DON’T NEED YOU THIS WEEKEND.” I SAID, “THANK YOU VERY MUCH.” AND I WENT TO SEE RED BULL OWNER DIETRICH MATESCHITZ. HE HUGGED ME AND SAID, “I’M SO SORRY, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?” I SAID, “NOW THAT YOU ASK ... NASCAR.” SIX WEEKS LATER, I WAS TESTING AT TALLADEGA.

How will Speed’s act play in Sprint Cup?  
E-mail us at [post@espnthemag.com](mailto:post@espnthemag.com).









## JOSH COHEN 25

**DAY JOB** BARTENDER, NEW YORK CITY  
**ASSIGNMENT** PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT AT AN NFL GAME

My first season as a Jets fan was 1996. We went 1-15; I guess I just like losers. So I was psyched to follow a game photographer, Rob Tringali, on the sideline for a Jets-Dolphins game this season. I carried his equipment and took photos. We shot in the parking lot, the tunnel and even on the roof of the stadium. It's funny, the only guys on the roof when we arrived were fire marshals and the guy who does the fireworks. They were like, "Don't fall!" There was no guardrail or anything. It's amazing how big the game seems from up there.

On the field, the work is physically straining. You're always running somewhere, then stopping to kneel and put the camera on a one-legged tripod (the one leg makes it easy to pick up and

carry). I don't know how photographers get shots of wide receivers; you have to guess where they're going and keep them in the frame. I couldn't do it. Every time there was a big play, I'd forget about the camera. I wanted to watch guys like Kris Jenkins, the Jets' D tackle, who's a beast up close, or Brett Favre, who jumped up and down on the sideline urging the defense to make stops. I thought he'd be more nonchalant. After getting that close to the game, I don't think I can go back to the stands.



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
 ROB TRINGALI

## BEN MURPHY 31

**DAY JOB** HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY TEACHER, BOYS' BASKETBALL COACH, KAPOLEI, HAWAII  
**ASSIGNMENT** ASSISTANT BASKETBALL COACH FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

For nine hours over two days, I was knee-deep in discussions and preparations for the Eastern Michigan game on Dec. 28, 2008. Me, assistant basketball coach at Illinois? Why not? The night before the game, around 10:15, I attended a scouting session led by real assistant Wayne McClain. To prepare for a nonconference game against a 2-9 opponent, McClain spent Christmas in his office, watching five of EMU's previous games, compiling more than 20 pages of notes. After a couple hours of meetings, I knew more about EMU than I do about my roommate. For Big Ten games, I found out, the coaches scout everything from their opponents' defense to their off-court hobbies. Hello, trash-talk.

I've been an Illini fan since I was 6, so I get a rush whenever the team hits the court in Assembly Hall. But actually walking out with them and looking up at 16,000 people? That was my all-time greatest sports experience. During the game, Coach Weber loves to yell, and nothing gets his goat like players not executing the offense, or silly defensive lapses. In the first half, forward Mike Davis launched a contested 18-footer from the top of the key; Weber pulled him pretty fast. I think a little of that was not respecting the opponent. The day before, when Coach McClain was telling them that EMU had pretty good bigs, most of the team was like, "Yeah, right. So you could tell that mentally the players weren't all there for this game. And in the end, we won a close one: 62-53."



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
 MORAD BOUCHAKOUR

## STEVE BULLARD 34

**DAY JOB** FARMER, LANDSCAPER, CHESTER, S.C.  
**ASSIGNMENT** PARTY PLANNER FOR SCOTT SPEED (IN HAT)

I've been around NASCAR all my life, but since Dale Sr. passed, I don't really have a favorite driver. I get to about two races a year, mostly at Darlington or Charlotte, sometimes at Bristol or Talladega. So I was excited about helping Scott throw a New Year's Eve party at his new house for all the guys who work on his car. He likes to sleep in; he was just waking up and snacking on oatmeal when I got there, around 10 a.m. We got outside 30 minutes later. There was a question of who was going to drive. I can't be a passenger in a car. I hate it. Scott didn't mind letting me drive. He had a Toyota SUV with lots of gadgets and stuff I wasn't used to. I know everything about Charlotte, how to get everywhere, but he wanted to punch everything into the GPS.

We went to Rec Warehouse, where we made the big purchase of the day: a poker table.

I was surprised he dropped that much cash on it—over \$1,500! The highlight, though, was going to Party City. I picked up a Hannah Montana microphone and interviewed him as if he'd just

run into the wall at Talladega. Then a clerk came over and put an end to that. We got kicked out.

After lunch, we went to the Red Bull warehouse and got a whole slew of stuff: bar stools, a DJ booth, everything. Then we made a stop at a nice place in NoDa, Charlotte's arts district, and got a cool, trendy hat for Scott to wear at the party. Once we got back to his place, we spent some time down in his basement, where he has some DJ turntables. He had lots of music loaded on them and looked like he knew what he was doing. It was very impressive.

He invited me to the party, but I didn't end up going. It would have been late and a long drive. I got up early.



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
 GREGG SEGAL

## DANIEL SHAY 38

**DAY JOB** BAR MANAGER, HARRISBURG, PA.  
**ASSIGNMENT** CORNERMAN FOR THE ULTIMATE FIGHTER SEASON 8 FINALIST EFRAIN ESCUDERO

The UFC prefers all fighters be backstage five hours before they fight. So after getting to his dressing room at the Palms Casino Resort in Vegas at 4 for a late-night bout against Phillipe Nover, Escudero had plenty of time to sit and think. That's where I came in. I was the so-called boredom coach, the guy who keeps a fighter from getting too antsy in the lead-up to a fight. To keep Escudero occupied, I talked to him about everything: his classes at Grand Canyon University, cutting weight, my 4-year-old daughter, Maria—and how I've become so addicted to the UFC and its reality show,

The Ultimate Fighter, that I dropped everything (including a wife who was eight months pregnant with our second daughter) to be his boredom man. There were some pop-ins to break things up—UFC prez Dana White; Escudero's coach, Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira; and another fighter using the dressing room, Jason MacDonald, who shuffled in after getting beaten up in the Octagon.

About an hour before the fight, Escudero's trainer taped him up and opened a new package of five-ounce gloves. They were unbelievably hard. A guy from the Nevada State Athletic Commission came in to inspect them before signing the gloves. Two minutes before the walk-in, Efrain went to a corner to piss himself off. All I could make out was grumbling and cussing.

It must have worked, because Escudero executed perfectly, winning a three-round unanimous decision. As soon as we got back to the dressing room, he invited me to the after-party. I declined, saying I had an early flight. I am the boredom coach, after all.



## **National Communications**

Starting with a visit to NYC by Sebastian Vettel in June, 2011 that resulted in wide editorial pick-up globally, including a story in Sports Illustrated and followed by two video shoots, we have made a major push to raise awareness of Formula One and the USGP coming to Austin. A dynamic video featuring the Red Bull Racing car in an epic chase through Austin has garnered more than 2.5 million views on YouTube, and the Tom Cruise test video has more than 1 million views on YouTube. In addition, more than 30 million media impressions were generated by these videos alone. Continuing to push the awareness, GQ and the Wall Street Journal ran stories toward the end of 2011 trumpeting the series' return to America. Entering 2012, the push continued with several more top-tier media placements, not to mention the massive outcome from the New York/New Jersey activation which alone achieved more than 40 million media impressions.

Here are Austin-focused media results in national outlets:

**Playboy** (1.5MM circ) - <http://alturl.com/f6fgq>

**USA Today** (1.8MM circ) - <http://alturl.com/8tqfz>

**Wall Street Journal** (2MM circ)

<http://alturl.com/gz3rf>

<http://alturl.com/xbdkg>

<http://alturl.com/genao>

**Vice** (4MM uniques/month) - <http://alturl.com/kkpcc>

**Vanity Fair** (1.3MM circ) - <http://alturl.com/iwoon>

**Men's Journal** (750,000 circ)

**Jalopnik** (4MM uniques/month) – multiple stories

**Toronto Globe & Mail** - <http://alturl.com/xv6ro>

**GQ** - <http://alturl.com/koceu>

**Late Show with David Letterman** (7MM viewers [2 airings]) -

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A3hr2PV40z0>

**Sports Illustrated** (3.3MM circ) - <http://alturl.com/qbhha>



AMERICA

NEW YORK

news

politics

sports

showbiz

opinion

living

photos

video

services

More of New York : EVENTS | BRONX | BROOKLYN | QUEENS | UPTOWN | EDUCATION | WEATHER | DEATH NOTICES | NEW YORK PICS

## NEW YORK

# Go Speed Racer Go! Pro driver whizzes through Lincoln Tunnel - in under 30 SECONDS

Formula 1 racer David Coulthard roars through 1.5 mile tunnel at 190 mph to promote 'Grand Prix of America.'

Comments (10)

BY CHRISTINE ROBERTS / NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 2012, 8:36 PM

Facebook 48 Twitter 13 +1 StumbleUpon Tumblr Email Print



JEFF ZELEVANSKY/GETTY IMAGES FOR RED BULL

WEEHAWKEN, NJ - AUGUST 15: Former Red Bull Racing Formula 1 driver David Coulthard drives the Red Bull running show car through the Lincoln Tunnel between Manhattan and New Jersey for a video shoot on August 15, 2012 in Weehawken, New Jersey. (Photo by Jeff Zelevansky/Getty Images for Red



## MOST POPULAR

### MOST READ

### MOST SHARED

- 1 Standard Hotel toilets visible to the outside world
- 2 Harvard and Princeton rock
- 3 Romney's disgraceful attack on President after Libya attack
- 4 Asian customers labeled "Chinx" at Queens Hooters
- 5 Full list: Top 52 NYC high schools
- 6 Pelham Parkway residents sue city over narrow service road
- 7 MTA big eyes cut to MetroCard discount
- 8 Ads target gay-friendly councilman
- 9 City OT bill is good to plumbers and steam fitters
- 10 Video: Oh Nuts! Upper West Side Fairways has rats!





# WATCH: Formula One driver zips through Lincoln Tunnel

By DAN GOOD

Last Updated: 6:29 AM, August 17, 2012

Posted: 6:29 AM, August 17, 2012

That might be the fastest commute in New York City's history.

A Formula One driver zipped through the Lincoln Tunnel Wednesday in less than 30 seconds - and a car-mounted camera captured the entire ride.

David Coulthard, a retired Formula One racer with the Red Bull Racing team, didn't have to deal with the traffic or speed limits normally associated with Lincoln Tunnel driving.



The tunnel, which connects New York and New Jersey, is a mile and a half long.

The promotion is a lead-up to next year's Grand Prix of America F1 race, which will run through West New York and Weehawken.





JOIN MICHELLE  
*and*  
TELL BARACK YOU'RE IN

OBAMA BIDEN

ARE YOU IN?

PAID FOR BY OBAMA VICTORY FUND 2012

Advertisement

Wheels

The Nuts and Bolts of Whatever Moves You

August 16, 2012, 2:39 PM

1 Comment

Wheelies: The Federal Speed Edition

By THE NEW YORK TIMES



Brian Nevins/Red Bull

David Coulthard, during his dead-of-night drive through the Lincoln Tunnel on Wednesday.

In which we bring you motoring news from around the Web:

• As part of its motorsports promotion efforts in the United States, Red Bull Racing recently secured [David Coulthard](#), the former [Formula One](#) driver and Red Bull Racing ambassador, an opportunity to drive the team's Formula One demonstration vehicle through the Lincoln Tunnel. Red Bull asserts Coulthard topped out at 190 miles per hour during his 1.5-mile run, which occurred after midnight on Wednesday. ([Red Bull](#))



Search This Blog

Search

Previous Post

At Monterey, Auctioning Duesenbergs and Packards for a Greater Good

Next Post

Jaguar Hunts for Traction in Chelsea and Beyond


FOLLOW THIS BLOG

Twitter

RSS

Wheels


The latest from Times contributors and elsewhere.



FREEP AUTOS

Tesla investor to Detroit 3: 'You've lost the electric car battle' [http://t.co/V7kc9xjJ](#) 12 minutes ago


RT



JALOPNIK

This Bogotá Airport Taxi Wins Stereo System Competitions [http://t.co/AlX8vp9b](#) 28 minutes ago

RT



HEMMINGS MOTOR NEWS

On this day in 1993, a new floating bridge opened in Seattle, joining up I-90 to run coast-to-coast. [http://t.co/tvioqkaS](#) 29 minutes ago

RT

Advertisement



JOIN MICHELLE  
*and*  
TELL BARACK YOU'RE IN



## Driving Mr. Vettel



F1's youngest world champion is just another tourist in New York City—for now

**O**ne of the most famous athletes you've probably never heard of was savoring his time in New York City last week, basking in the anonymity America's biggest city afforded. "It's so nice to come here," he said as he sat in the back of an SUV rolling through Midtown. "One of the few times I got noticed was on top of the Empire State Building. A few German tourists asked, 'Excuse me, can we take a picture?' But really, that's about it."

Sebastian Vettel may not have a high Q rating in the United States, but across Europe, Asia and Australia he's recognized as the top race car driver in the world. A year after becoming the youngest Formula One champion in history, Vettel, a 23-year-old native of Happenheim, Germany, is dominating the F1 circuit. He has won five of the seven races so far in 2011 and finished second in the other two, including the Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal on June 12. With 12 events left in the season and the series heading to Valencia, Spain, on Sunday, he holds a 60-point advantage in the standings over Jenson Button. Barring a colossal collapse, Vettel will cruise easily to the title in his Red Bull Racing machine—not that many in the U.S. will even notice.

But Vettel's celebrity may soon spike in



### RED BULL TWIN BILL

Vettel (right) thrilled fan Henry with a New Jersey visit (and a used jersey swap).

the States. Formula One hasn't raced in this country since the 2007 U.S. Grand Prix at Indianapolis; the only North American stop on the F1 schedule has been Montreal. Three weeks ago, however, F1 officials announced that a tentative date—June 17, 2012—has been set for the sport to return to the U.S. at the Circuit of the Americas, outside Austin. Excavation for the \$400 million track, a 3.4-mile, 20-turn layout, is 95% complete. "We'll be ready to go next June," says Steve Sexton, the president of the track. "We're expecting

120,000 on race day. A lot of them will be Sebastian Vettel fans."

While in New York last week Vettel visited the training complex of MLS's New York Red Bulls, where he kicked a ball around with the team—and drew a shout out from one of the top soccer players in the world, "Now, this is the man!" yelled captain Thierry Henry, a big F1 fan, to his teammates. "No one is a bigger winner in the world than Sebastian Vettel!"

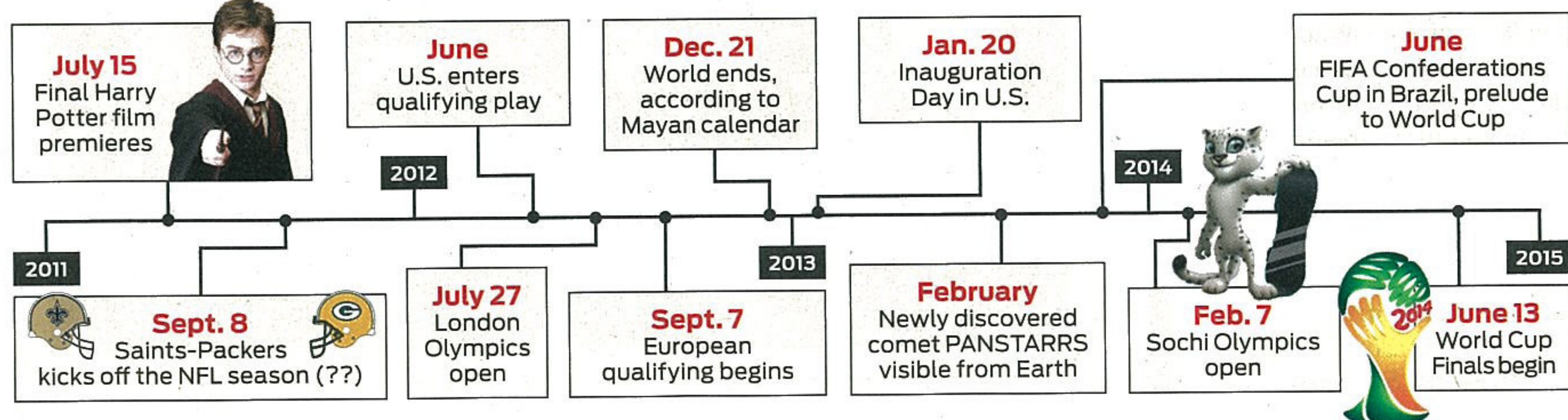
The biggest winner in F1 history is another German, Michael Schumacher, who won seven championships between 1994 and 2004. As a boy Vettel pretended to be Schumacher when he was driving a go-kart in his backyard, and now he appears equipped to go after Schumacher in the record book. He's on a powerhouse Red Bull team that is as big as any in the sport (600 people work 12 months a year in around-the-clock shifts on his cars), and Vettel drives with surgical precision.

"I can't wait to come back and race in America next year," Vettel said over lunch at a Manhattan restaurant. "Hopefully we can wake up some people over here to our sport."

Minutes later Vettel walked out onto a congested sidewalk, quietly disappearing—at least for now—into the crowd.—Lars Anderson

## A Long Road to Rio

**Soccer's World Cup** is a quadrennial event, but sometimes it can feel like a perennial or even a perpetual one. Last week in Trinidad—11 months after Spain beat the Netherlands to win the 2010 World Cup—Belize topped Montserrat in the first qualifying match for the 2014 World Cup (right). Here's a quick dribble through what's on tap (on and off the pitch) before the actual final in Brazil.





TOP STORIES IN Sports

1 of 12

It's John Calipari's World

2 of 12

A Silly Debate Over Football & Fatherhood

3 of 12

No, the Lakers Aren't Going to Lose 60 Games

AUTO RACING | Updated November 14, 2012, 7:14 p.m. ET

## The Best Little Road Course in Texas

*Purpose-Built Track Gives Formula One New Hope in the U.S.*

Article

Comments (7)

MORE IN AUTO RACING »

Email

Print

Save

f

A

A

By A.J. BAIME



Getty Images for Red Bull

A Red Bull Formula One show car in front of the Texas Capitol.

### Austin, Texas

On Sunday, the world of international motor-sport will turn its helmeted eyes to, of all places, Texas.

It is here that Formula One—the richest and most popular form of racing on the

Advertisement

A carefully chosen wine demonstrates your appreciation and thoughtfulness. Bring a great bottle to a holiday party and share in the festivities. Should you go for a robust red or a refreshing white? And which should you choose?

Read More & Find Your Holiday Wine

BRING THE HOLIDAY COLLECTION HOME TODAY



# SPORTS

## The Kid Who Smoked Everybody

By A.J. BAIME

The history of sports is an endless parade of precocious talents. They burst on the scene. They fall. They retire to make a living hawking hair dye.

But on rare occasions, a competitor will arrive to do what's never been done—to plow through all the traffic cones of history. Sometimes these athletes get anointed immediately. Sometimes it takes a while.

As Formula One steers toward season's end, it's probably fair to ask the following question about Germany's Sebastian Vettel: Is this kid the greatest driver in the history of drivers?

The 24-year old Vettel, who races for the Red Bull team, has had a brutally dominant season, winning 11 of 18 races. In a sport where the stopwatch never lies, Vettel has qualified fastest 14 times—tying the all-time record. He's long since wrapped up his

second world championship. In Sao Paulo at the season-ending Brazilian Grand Prix, which is Nov. 27, he'll attempt to break the record for poles in a season.

"The exciting thing about Sebastian is he's getting better," said Vettel's boss, Christian Horner, the head of the Red Bull F1 team. "He's still improving. He's still developing as a driver and a young man."

While Nascar has seen its marquee talent, Jimmie Johnson, sink back into the pack after a five-year Sprint Cup championship reign, Vettel is pushing F1 in the other direction.

In motorsport, F1 is the biggest stage. Its teams have the largest budgets and the wildest technology. It also pulls from the world's largest talent pool.

Vettel, who is still in the formative years of his career, has already padded his resume: He's the youngest to drive in an official F1 practice (age 19 and 53

days, at the 2006 Turkish Grand Prix), the youngest to set a fastest lap time in a Grand Prix session (that same day), to score a point, to lead a race, to win pole position, to make the podium at an F1 race and win an F1 race (a spectacular effort in the rain at the 2008 Italian Grand Prix). In 2010 he became the youngest-ever world champion.

He set a record nine seconds into his F1 career when he got fined \$1,000 for speeding in the pit lane. "He was a star right out of the gate," said Steve Matchett, a commentator who calls F1 races for the Speed channel.

Is he the best ever? Matchett said the rules and regulations have changed over the years, so it's hard to compare him to other generations, "but what he's done is absolutely phenomenal."

The son of a carpenter from Heppenheim, Vettel came up through the usual path in Europe: karting, followed by the

minor leagues of open-wheel racing. By 21 he was already being compared to his childhood hero, Michael Schumacher—the most accomplished racing driver who has ever lived. The fans started calling Vettel "Baby Schumi."

F1 insiders rave about Vettel's ability to bond with his team, his technical savvy and his natural skill and commitment. He's a terrific starter, and he's proven to be a force on all types of tracks, having won this year at Monaco (a slower track with lots of corners) and Monza (F1's fastest circuit with lots of full-throttle straights).

Naysayers counter that Vettel wins consistently because he has the best car. Red Bull, which won the constructors championship this year and last, is leaps and bounds ahead of others.

So where will Vettel stand in the pantheon of greats? Here's a look at seven drivers whose legacies he's chasing.

### JUAN MANUEL FANGIO

**World Championships:** 1951 (Alfa Romeo), 1954 and 1955 (Mercedes), 1956 (Ferrari), 1957 (Maserati) **In the cockpit:** Known for his courage and skill, no one has won a higher percentage of races entered than El Maestro.

### JIMMY CLARK

**World Championships:** 1963, 1965 (Lotus-Ford) **In the cockpit:** The Scot is the only man to win the F1 title and the Indy 500 in the same year. His career was cut short by a fatal crash in 1968.

### SIR JACKIE STEWART

**World Championships:** 1969 (Matra-Ford), 1971 and 1973 (Tyrrell-Ford) **In the cockpit:** The Flying Scot quit in his prime to protest the number of deaths in F1 during his time.

### NIKI LAUDA

**World Championships:** 1975 and 1977 (Ferrari), 1984 (McLaren-TAG) **In the cockpit:** After a 1976 accident at the German Grand Prix, the Austrian regained consciousness to see a priest reading his last rites. Six weeks later, he raced at Monza.

### AYRTON SENNA

**World Championships:** 1988, 1990, 1991 (McLaren-Honda) **In the cockpit:** A recent documentary has revived talk of Senna's greatness. He died in a crash at the 1994 San Marino Grand Prix.

### ALAIN PROST

**World Championships:** 1985 and 1986 (McLaren-TAG), 1989 (McLaren-Honda), 1993 (Williams-Renault) **In the cockpit:** Nicknamed the Professor, the analytical Frenchman's first win came in a French car at the 1981 French Grand Prix.

### MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

**World Championships:** 1994 (Benetton-Ford), 1995 (Benetton-Renault), 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004 (Ferrari) **In the cockpit:** Still racing with the Mercedes team at age 42, the German holds the F1 record for most victories, most poles, points, world championships and money.

## HEARD ON THE FIELD



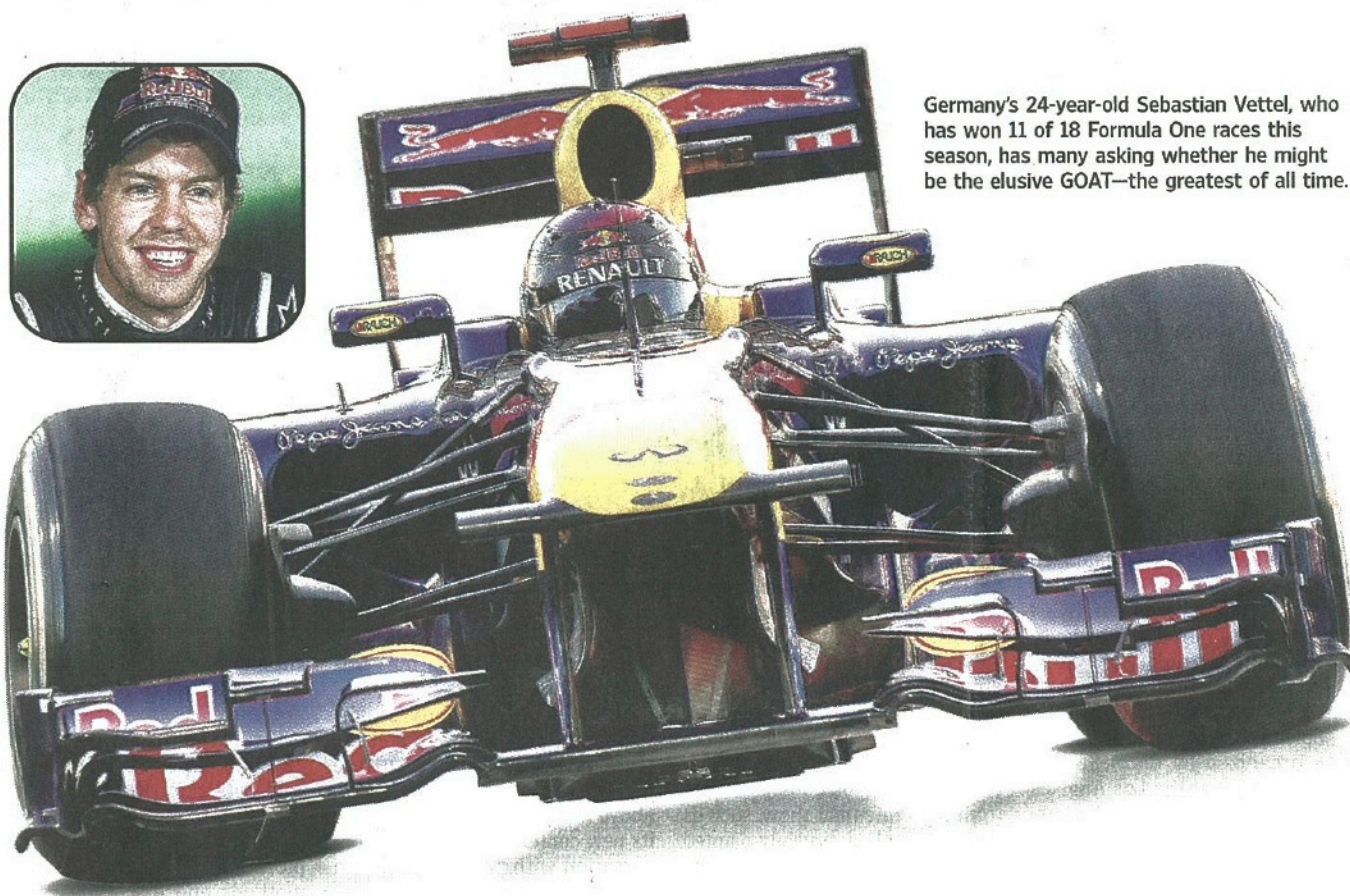
### Eight Terrapin Teams Could Soon Get the Ax

A commission recommended that Maryland eliminate eight teams to address financial losses in the school's 27-team athletic department. They include five men's teams (tennis, swimming and diving and three running teams) and three women's ones (water polo, swimming and diving and acrobatics and tumbling). "I believe we'll get through it and we'll get through it with flying colors," said athletic director Kevin Anderson. — Rachel Bachman



### Duke's Krzyzewski Nets Record 903rd Victory

It was a matchup of blue-blood programs that turned into a gala celebration honoring Mike Krzyzewski and his 903 career wins. The Duke coach became the winningest Division I men's basketball coach of all-time Tuesday night as the sixth-ranked Blue Devils beat Michigan State 74-69 at Madison Square Garden. Krzyzewski passed Bob Knight, his own college coach and mentor, on his way to history. — Ben Cohen



Germany's 24-year-old Sebastian Vettel, who has won 11 of 18 Formula One races this season, has many asking whether he might be the elusive GOAT—the greatest of all time.



## U.S. NEWS

# Austin's Formula One Dreams Stall

*Disputes Halt Construction of Racetrack and Leave Fate of 2012 Grand Prix Unclear; Still Hoping to Write 'a Big Check'*

BY NATHAN KOPPEL  
AND A.J. BAIME

AUSTIN, Texas—Auto-racing fans plan to gather at the Hitchin' Post over beer and burgers Saturday to begin the one-year countdown to a much-hyped Formula One race here.

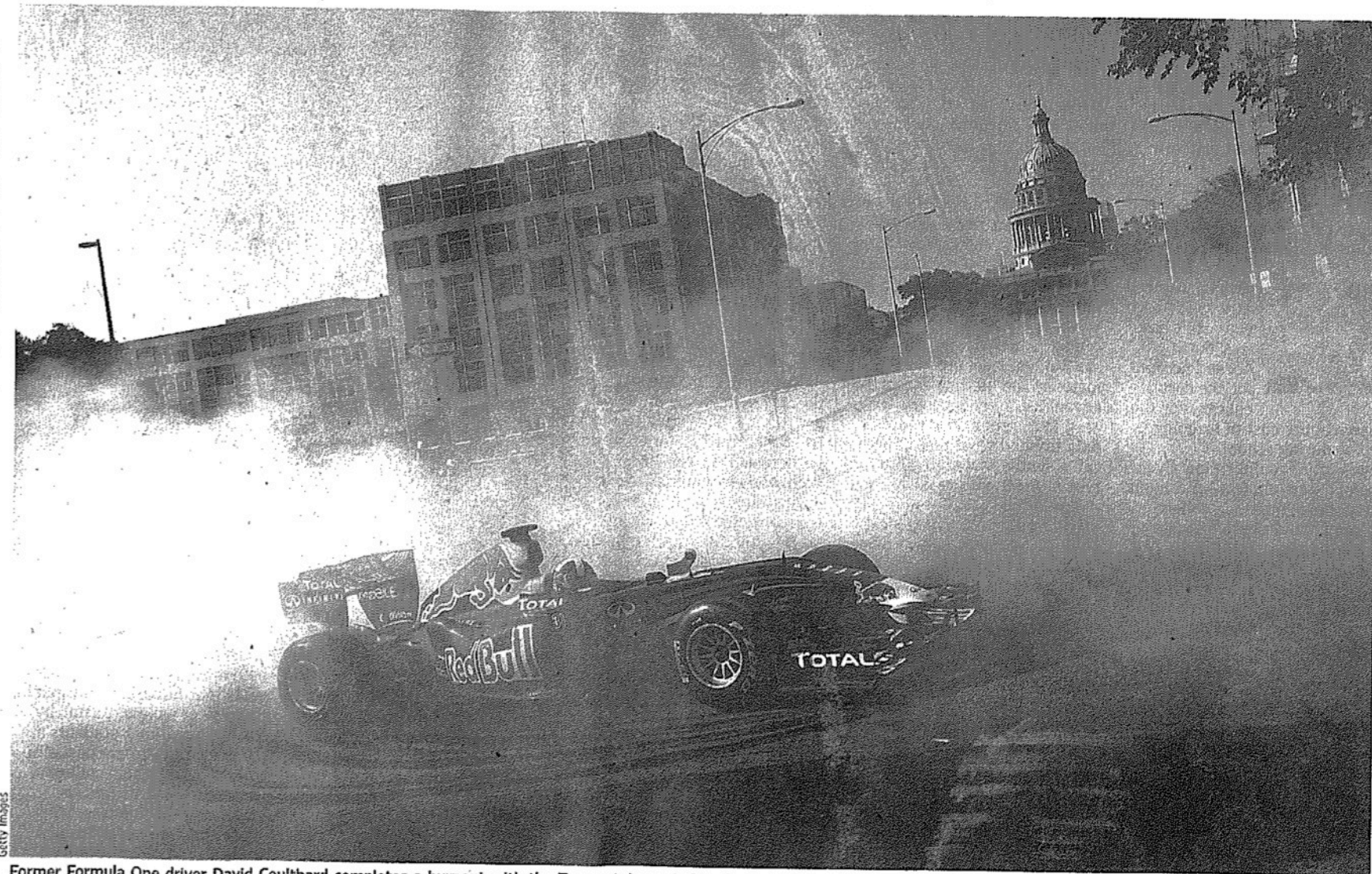
But the United States Grand Prix may never get to the starting line because of disputes between the local and international organizers. The local partners said Tuesday they were halting construction on the 3.4-mile racetrack southeast of downtown that has been projected to cost more than \$250 million.

Austin has been abuzz for months at the prospect of a Formula One race, which would be the first in the U.S. since 2007. Such races—featuring twisting tracks and high-tech, open-wheeled cars—are enormously popular globally but haven't found a permanent home in the U.S., where NASCAR's oval tracks and stock cars dominate.

Scheduled for Nov. 18, 2012, the Austin race was supposed to attract up to 300,000 people over the race weekend and generate about \$300 million in economic impact, according to the state comptroller's office. Altogether, the track was supposed to host 10 Formula One races over the next decade.

Circuit of the Americas, the company building the track, said in a statement that it directed more than 300 workers to suspend construction because of a contract dispute with Formula One officials. The Texas group, which had announced its deal to host the races in May 2010, complained that Formula One had failed to send it contracts.

Tavo Hellmund, a partner with the company and a former NASCAR driver, said Austin organizers haven't paid Formula One any of the \$25 million that was due July 31. "Clearly the project has been plagued by inadequate



Former Formula One driver David Coulthard completes a burnout with the Texas state capitol in the background during an August visit to promote the Formula One race in Austin.

funding," said Mr. Hellmund, adding that he is still hopeful Circuit of the Americas can write Formula One "a big check" and host the race in 2012.

Bernie Ecclestone, chief executive of Formula One, said in an interview that the Austin organizers haven't come up with the money they owe and that he was doubtful the race would be held in 2012. "We can't enter into an agreement with someone who

can't afford to pay," he said. "I'm very disappointed."

A Texas economic-development fund that helps pay for major events had been slated to contribute \$25 million to the race, but this week Comptroller Susan Combs said the state wouldn't contribute any funds before a race is held.

Ms. Combs issued a statement citing concerns about "disagreements" between Formula One

and the Austin race organizers, along with New Jersey's announcement last month that it would host its own Formula One race in 2013.

"New Jersey is a concern, as additional races have the potential to reduce the number of attendees to a Texas race, thereby decreasing the economic impact," Ms. Combs said.

Fans of Formula One racing in Austin say they don't know what

to make of the recent turn of events.

"Right now, there is a little bit of shock," said Vance Facundo, who lives about a mile from where the Austin track is being built. "Everyone has been anticipating the return of Formula One to the U.S."

The fate of the workers building the track is also a concern, said Austin City Council member Mike Martinez, a supporter of

the races. "Those are people who have families and children and now need to explain why they don't have a job," he said.

But Larry Beard, owner of the Hitchin' Post party venue and host of the race kickoff party, said it will be held as planned on Saturday night.

"We're not subject to any of the infighting between the heads of state," he said. "We're going to have a party."



YAHOO!

Web Images Video Local Shopping more ▾

Search:

Web Search

Yahoo! Home My Yahoo!

Jun 11, 2009 Page Options

[Answers](#)  
[Autos](#)  
[Finance](#)  
[Games](#)  
[Groups](#)  
[HotJobs](#)  
[Maps](#)  
[Mobile](#)  
[Movies | TV](#)  
[Music](#)  
[DMG](#)  
[Personals](#)  
[Real Estate](#)  
[Shine](#)  
[Shopping](#)  
[Sports](#)  
[Travel](#)  
[Yellow Pages](#)

More Yahoo! Services

Small Business

[Get a Web Site](#)  
[Domain Names](#)  
[Sell Online](#)  
[Search Ads](#)

Featured Services

[Downloads](#)  
[Health](#)  
[Kids](#)  
[Mail Plus](#)  
[Y! International](#)

Featured

Entertainment

Sports

Life



## Stunt surprises New Yorkers

A top NASCAR driver pulls a pit stop in Times Square, to the bewilderment of onlookers. [» Surreal scene](#)

[More on NASCAR's Brian Vickers](#)  
[Did star's celebration go too far?](#)



NASCAR driver's surprising stunt in NY



Team accepts record deal for soccer star



NFL flop Ryan Leaf wanted by Texas police



Ocho Cinco dupes fans with his new face tattoos

[» More Sports](#)

News

World

Local

Finance

As of 1:31 p.m. PDT

- Obama bluntly challenges Republicans on health care reform
- White supremacist charged with Holocaust Museum murder
- Senate votes to give FDA power to regulate tobacco
- Source: General Motors nearing deal to sell its Saab unit
- Crash tests find that fender benders are costly for mini cars
- More than 2 million households unready for DTV transition
- Forensics expert says Carradine did not commit suicide

[» More: News | Popular | Odd News](#)Markets: Dow: +0.4% Nasdaq: +0.5% Sponsored by: [Scottrade](#)Real-Time Quotes:  [Go](#)

Marketplace



How Strong is Your Score?

A bad credit score is 600 or below. Click here to see yours online in 2 easy steps for \$0. By Experian®

Netflix – Only \$4.99/mo - Over 1 billion movies delivered so far – Zero late fees. Try Netflix for free.

Looking to Refinance? Mortgage Rates are near 30 yr Lows - 30 Year Fixed Rates as Low as 5.375%\*. Nextag

Buy stocks for \$4. No minimum required to open an account. Start investing today - ING DIRECT | ShareBuilder



Say goodbye to cholesterol drugs: Hugh Downs reports on artery clearing secret in Bottom Line Book.

Check your mail status: [Sign In](#) Free mail: [Sign Up](#)

Mail



Messenger



Puzzles

Weather  
68°FEvents  
Sunnyside

Horoscopes

**cube**  
MOBILE DEVICE

**CLICK TO EXPAND FOR GOODIES**

Starting at \$13,990\*

[NissanUSA.com](#)

\*As shown, \$13,290. Excl. tax, title, lic., dest. & acc. MOED

[Visit NissanUSA.com - Ad Feedback](#)

Inside Yahoo! Autos

See the latest SUVs



Mercedes-Benz



Dodge



Nissan



Ford



Land Rover

Pulse - What Yahoos Are Into

Most Popular Music News



- Mystery artist's song yanked from radio, complaint claims
- Britney Spears announces new U.S. dates for Circus tour
- NJ promoter sues Michael Jackson for \$40 million
- "Rockumentary" sensation Anvil to open for AC/DC

[» More Yahoo! Music News](#)

Today's Top Searches

1. Tami Farrell

6. Claire Danes