

# THE RED BULLETIN

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AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT MONTHLY MAGAZINE / AUGUST 2009

Exclusively with  
*The Independent*  
on the first Tuesday  
of every month



## **Yikes! It's Flying Bikes!**

RED BULL X-FIGHTERS  
AT BATTERSEA  
POWER STATION

## **Mark Webber Interrogated**

"WINS ARE LIKE  
MUSCLES, YOU GET  
ONE THEN ANOTHER"

## **Football for Gladiators**

THE BRUTAL SPORT  
THAT BUILT THE  
ROMAN EMPIRE

Robbie Maddison

## **The New Evel Knievel**

AFTER TOWER BRIDGE AND  
CAESARS PALACE, WHAT NEXT FOR THE  
WORLD'S BOLDEST BIKE JUMPER?



**etnies**

ETNIES MOTOX TEAM: KYLE LOZA, TWITCH, ANDRE VILLA, BRIAN DEEGAN, GRANT LANGSTON, TIM FERRY, TODD POTTER.

THE NEW INCARNATION OF FREESTYLE MOTORCROSS WEARING THE RVM, A REINCARNATION OF AN ETNIES CLASSIC. NOW AVAILABLE IN STORES.  
ETNIESMOTOX.COM. PHOTO: RENNIE SOLIS



**KYLE LOZA**



TWITCH



ANDRE  
VILLA



RVM, classic etnies rap styling  
check out the coolest colors at a store near you



# THE COLA FROM RED BULL.



## STRONG & NATURAL.

The cola from Red Bull has a unique blend of ingredients, all from 100% natural sources. In addition, it's the only cola that contains both

the original Kola nut and the Coca leaf.

Its naturally refreshing cola taste comes from using the right blend of plant extracts.

What's more, the cola from Red Bull contains no phosphoric acid, no preservatives and no artificial colours or flavourings.

# FAST FORWARD

Helmet on, visor down, the men and women behind the masks disappear momentarily from view and disconnect themselves from the ordinary mortal world.

Immersed from that second into a reality only they can truly comprehend, they dazzle with feats of bravery or courage – be it the first ever motorbike leap across London’s Tower Bridge, a pole position lap at the German Grand Prix, or an arc in a racing plane through the improbably small gap between the surface of the Danube and the metal superstructure of Budapest’s Chain Bridge.

Indubitably, these are not ordinary Joes and Joannas: the likes of Robbie Maddison, whose life is dedicated to reaching ever higher in pursuit of stunt-bike glory, or Mark Webber, whose dominant first victory, for Red Bull Racing at Germany’s Nürburgring circuit, marked the achievement of a life goal after 130 attempts, are inspirations to anyone who faces adversity on the path to success. Both have overcome serious injury to reach the top of their sport, and in Webber’s case the injury – a broken tibia and fibia after a serious off-season cycling accident – is far from healed.

Neither, however, has ever taken a backwards step. “I was just not prepared to give up,” says Webber; “It’s important to get everything out of your life,” says Maddison.

Both their exploits were witnessed by *The Red Bulletin*’s writers and photographers as we attempt to fulfil our own quest to bring you the very best, most exciting images and stories each month in the magazine you hold in your hands.

We have travelled, too, to witness the historic Italian sporting contest, Calcio Storico; to the Oxegen Festival in Ireland to toast the homecoming of legendary DJ David Holmes and on to Budapest, to bring you a sneak preview of the Red Bull Air Race World Championship round that will be held there later this month.

It’s a world of adventure no other magazine manages to convey. So put your helmet on, strap in and enjoy the ride.

*Your editorial team*



Cover photographer Christian Pondella is one of those guys who walks the walk – or climbs the climb, jumps the jump, or does whatever he needs to do, to get the shot he wants. He lives in California’s Sierra Nevada Mountains, and when he’s not shooting athletes doing remarkable things, he’ll have a go himself: “I try to capture an image from an athlete’s perspective,” he says.

# WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF RED BULL

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He went from a career-threatening injury to a deserved maiden Formula One win in just eight months – the Red Bull Racing star tells The Interrogator just how he managed it

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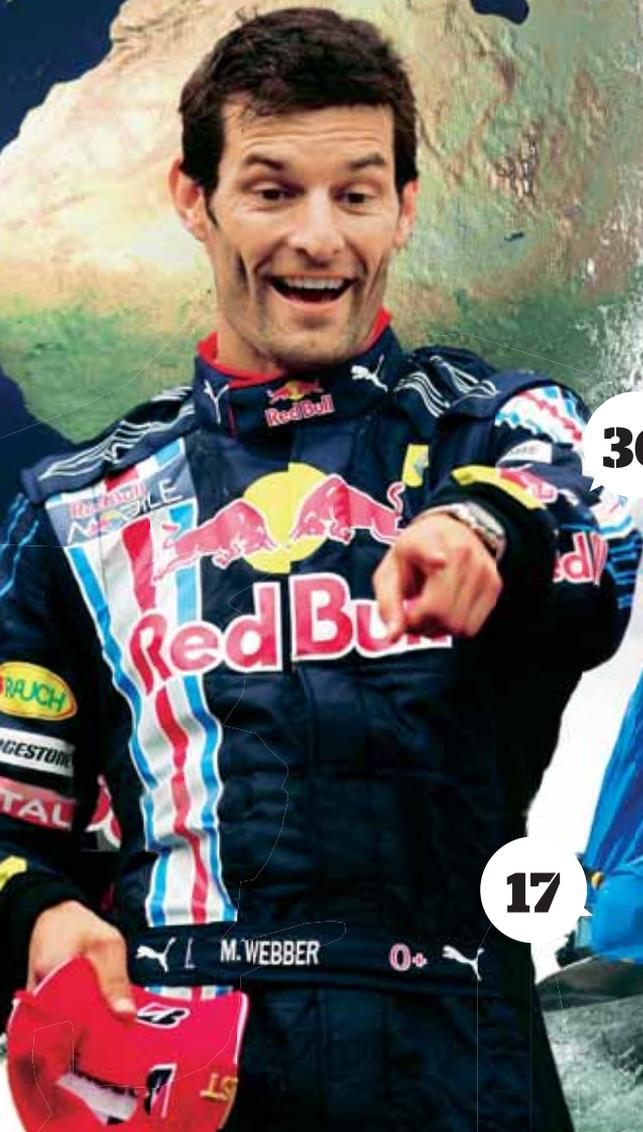
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Fear is just a four-letter word to the freestyle motocross ace, whose daredevil exploits now threaten to surpass even those of his great hero, Evel Knievel

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The critically acclaimed producer took his sounds to Ireland's Oxegen Festival in July. *The Red Bulletin* went to meet him

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Touching down in the Hungarian capital, Budapest, for the Red Bull Air Race's answer to the Monaco Grand Prix

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# WORD UP!

Wisecracks and wisdom from the world of Red Bull and beyond.  
Tell us what you think by emailing [letters@redbulletin.com](mailto:letters@redbulletin.com)

"I just found out that I've been prescribed the wrong-shaped contact lenses for five years. No wonder I had chronic dry eyes... Pissed and relieved"

US streetbike freestyler Aaron Colton has a moment of clarity

**"HEARING HER MUSIC IN BARS IN THE TOUGHEST NEIGHBOURHOODS HERE ALWAYS SEEMED ODD, BUT I HEAR IT KEEPS THE LADIES HAPPY"**

Switch, aka producer Dave Taylor, reflects with musical collaborator Diplo on Jamaica's pockets of hardcore Celine Dion fans on page 92...

**"I REALISED THIS WEEK THAT WHEN SURFERS SAY, 'THE SEARCH', THEY ACTUALLY MEAN, 'THE WAIT'"**

Steve Fisher is a white-water kayaker – not a surfer

"MY MUM BOUGHT ME THE CELINE DION AUTOBIOGRAPHY FOR CHRISTMAS. I'VE NEVER READ IT, BUT HANG ONTO IT FOR COMEDY VALUE"

...while star of T in the Park's Red Bull Bedroom Jam Futures stage – that would be Little Boots – might not get along with Diplo and Switch

"Chicago-style pizza rules! I'm pretty sure that it's not that good for me, though. It gives me gas like a mother, but I'm taking that as a plus"

Freestyle motocross rider Ronnie Renner finds out why they call Chicago the Windy City

"I'd seen the kids dance to it and they didn't even know how to name it. People would say, 'What is that crap you're playing?' I'd say, 'Something new!'"

Hip-hop's a young man's game? Pah. Latin-soul legend and 1970s rap pioneer Joe Bataan tells it like it is on page 90

**"I WAS ALWAYS MONKEY; MY YOUNGER BROTHER WOULD BE PIGSY, AND MY OLDER BROTHER WOULD BE SANDY. HE'S NOW A LAWYER"**

Red Bull Racing Formula One team boss Christian Horner reveals his love for cult Japanese TV show *Monkey* on page 34

## Your Letters

The ultimate rugby player? The 'toughest assignment in sport' [June]? What are you on about? Check out proper rugby: not Rugby Union, but Rugby League. Watch the State of Origin championship in Australia and you'll see the ultimate players and the toughest assignment in team sport. *Mick O'Hare*

Ace feature on Greg LeMond [July]. I'd never heard of him. Having said that, I'd never heard of [author and former pro cyclist] Joe Parkin either. But it was great to read about some of the riders who paved the way in the Tour de France for household names like Lance Armstrong. And that cycling kit in the back of the mag looked cool... *Matt Warr*

Oh, to be young, loaded and famous. Not to mention supremely talented. Really enjoyed Ryan Sheckler talking about Travis Pastrana [July]. Where does the day job end and the fun begin with that lot? I'm in the wrong business! Keep up the good work. *David Hopkins*

Has Dallas Friday really made a million from wakeboarding [July]? The girl is an inspiration. As a woman interested in sport, it's great to see girls getting the exposure they deserve. Also, brownie points for not going with the obligatory bikini shot. Well done. *Helen Coulson*

I was at Evolution Weekender in Newcastle and the Mystery Jets tore the place up [July]. It was awesome to see the festival get into the magazine. But come on, Angel of the North not tall enough?! *Suzie Auld*

Discover more about what's happening in the world of Red Bull at [www.redbulletin.com](http://www.redbulletin.com)

*WORLD ATHLETICS  
CHAMPIONSHIPS  
AUGUST 15-23  
BERLIN, GERMANY*



*FORMULA ONE  
EUROPEAN GRAND PRIX  
AUGUST 21-23  
VALENCIA, SPAIN*





# Bullevard

*Beautiful snapshots of the world's best sporting action in high definition*



INDONESIA

## BLUE TUBE GENERATION

On his recent trip to Indonesia Mick Fanning called the swell in the Mentawai Islands “the best waves of my life”. For someone of the Australian’s calibre and experience, that really is saying something. “This place rules!” he added on his Twitter blog during the two-week Red Bull tour, and you can see why. Fanning was joined in the Islands by fellow surfers Julian Wilson, Sally Fitzgibbon and South African Jordy Smith, who took advantage of the surf to pull off a ‘rodeo clown’, judged as one of the ‘sickest moves ever’ by GrindTV and surf bloggers afterwards.

Photography: Agustin Munoz/  
Red Bull Photofiles

**For more surfing action, go  
to [www.redbullsurfing.com](http://www.redbullsurfing.com)**



ST VINCENT

## QUAY SKILLS

Czech rider Petr Kraus hasn't won five consecutive trial biking championships in his home country by baulking at challenging obstacles like this large hulk of a ship on the Caribbean island of St Vincent. If Petr looks like he's enjoying himself, it's because he was having such a rocking time – literally. The swaying of the vessel in the dock meant that he needed all his skill and experience to keep things shipshape and on dry land.

Photography: Agustin Munoz/Red Bull Photofiles

[For more bikers fearlessly taking on the rough stuff, go to \[www.redbulletin.com/sports/mountain\\\_biking/en\]\(http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/mountain\_biking/en\)](http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/mountain_biking/en)



# PREPARE FOR THE SUMMER OF ACTION

*Robbie Maddison's spectacular Tower Bridge jump is just the beginning...*



It was quiet around Tower Bridge a few Monday mornings ago. The river was still and the traffic was minimal, but it was getting close to 3am and most people were in bed readying themselves for another week of work.

But Robbie Maddison isn't most people. The 28-year-old Australian has made his name in the intertwined worlds of freestyle motocross and stunt riding, breaking height and distance records from Melbourne to Las Vegas. London was a longtime gap on his wish list, until the city's best-known river crossing opened up to give Maddison the opening of a lifetime.

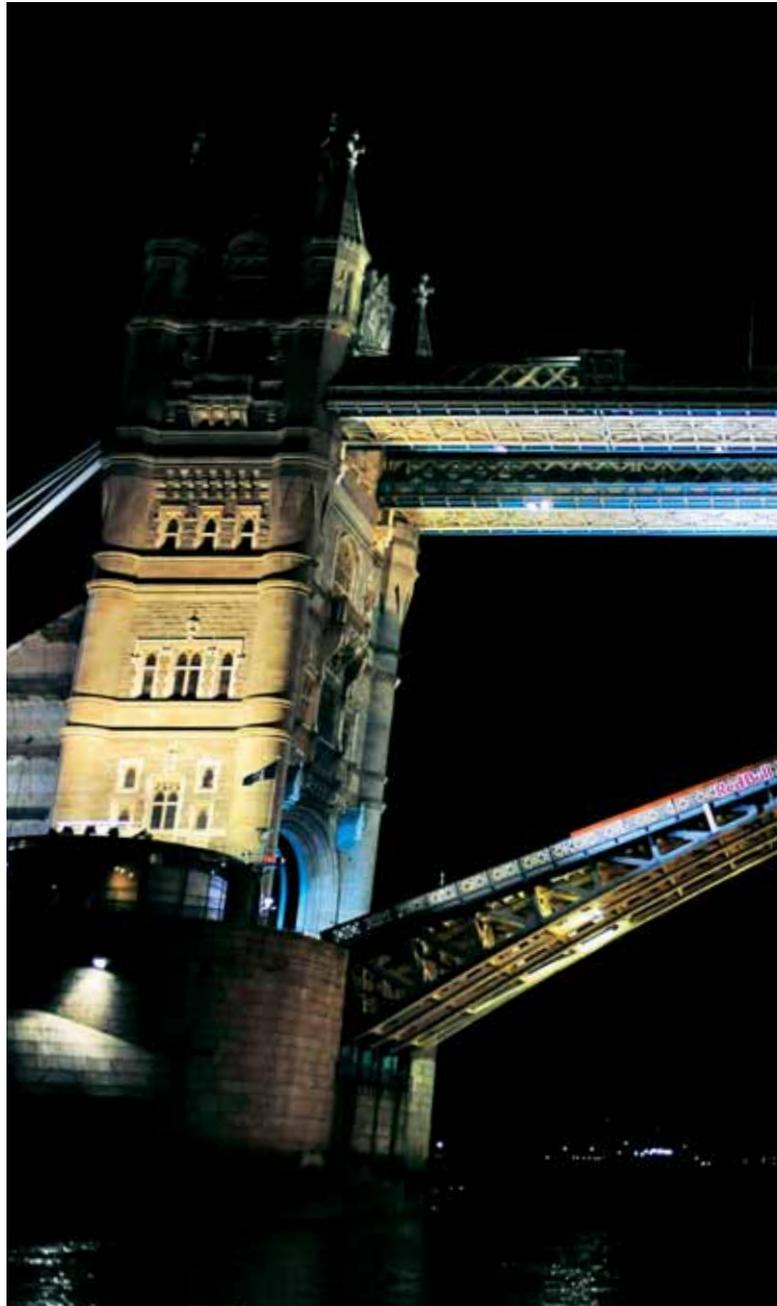
Crossing the Thames north to south like no one else had before him, or is likely to again, Maddison revved up his Yamaha YZ 250cc to about 40mph, took to the air 30m or so above the water, and executed a perfect no-handed backflip and landing. Months of him

secretly scoping out the bridge had paid off.

Within two minutes of Maddison switching off his engine, the first and shortest reports began to appear on Twitter. A couple of hours later and the major news organisations had stories online; half a day on, web videos, both official and ripped straight from mobiles to YouTube. Sixteen and a half hours later, a primetime terrestrial TV show. The following day, full-page recaps with spectacular pictures, such as the one you see here, splashed across newspapers all over the world.

Later this month, Robbie will do more of the same at Red Bull X-Fighters, just up-river at London's Battersea Power Station. See page 42 for more on how and why he does it.

**Win two tickets to Red Bull X-Fighters on August 22, plus his 'n' hers Swatch watches, at [www.redbulletin.com/articles/watch\\_the\\_x\\_fighters/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/articles/watch_the_x_fighters/en)**



## PICTURES OF THE MONTH

### EVERY SHOT ON TARGET

Email your pics with a Red Bull flavour to [letters@redbulletin.com](mailto:letters@redbulletin.com). Every one we print wins a pair of Sennheiser PMX 80 Sport II headphones. These sleek, sporty and rugged stereo 'phones feature an ergonomic neckband and vertical transducer system for optimum fit and comfort. Their sweat- and water-resistant construction also makes them ideal for all music-loving sports enthusiasts. [www.sennheiser.co.uk](http://www.sennheiser.co.uk)

[letters@redbulletin.com](mailto:letters@redbulletin.com)



**Antigua** Czech champ Petr Kraus comes to Antigua, Guatemala, to show the locals how it's done. **Stanley Herrate**

# PIER INTO THE BEYOND

*Ultimate in no-frills 'airline': build plane, run, jump off, fly*

The Red Bull Flugtag has not significantly advanced the quest for human-powered flight. Perched inside a giant lobster, or perhaps atop a papier-mâché Smurf, pilots tend to land in cold water soon after take-off. In fact, if just one lesson has been learned over the years, it's that competitors should bring a towel.

The reality of the Red Bull Flugtag ('flying day' in German) contests that have gone worldwide since the first battle, in Vienna in 1991, is that they are enormous fun and attract tens of thousands of people. Contraptions made from recyclable materials, to be powered by gravity and muscle power alone, are judged on creativity, distance and showmanship.

Fast-forward to 2009, and this month Russia (Moscow, August 9) and later France (Marseille, September 27) will welcome the event, playing host to flight crews aiming to break the Red Bull Flugtag record of 195ft (59.5m), which was set in Austria in 2000.

Would-be Red Bull Flugtag pilots who prefer not to get their hair wet and pride dented can head for a website where craft can be designed and flown virtually.

**Fabricate fantastic Red Bull Flugtag flights at [www.redbull.com/flightlab](http://www.redbull.com/flightlab)**



WORDS: RUTH MORGAN, PAUL WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL REGAN/GETTY IMAGES FOR RED BULL (1), JORG MITTER/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), JURGEN SKARWAN/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1)



**Istanbul** Mark Webber and Sebastian Vettel celebrate second and third at the 2009 Turkish GP. **Nir Dvir**



**Silverstone** Red Bull planes treat the crowds to a thrilling aerobatic display during the British GP weekend. **Steve Gibbins**



**Budapest** F1 fan Davide Nervegna outside the Red Bull Energy Station at the Hungaroring. **Davide Nervegna**

Red Bull Junior driver Robert Wickens in action at Spa-Francorchamps



## TWO GOOD

*Formula 2 returns with a modern series for testing times*

After a break of 25 years, F2 has is back, giving young drivers the chance to prove they're ready for the step up to F1.

On August 16, the series arrives at Donington Park for rounds nine and 10, with Red Bull Junior drivers Robert Wickens, Mikhail Aleshin and Mirko Bortolotti all looking strong.

If necessity is the mother of invention, the credit crunch can be thanked for the newly-designed one-seat wonders that push the needle but not the budget, and so the F2 series costs just a sixth of rival F1 feeder series GP2, with no loss in

excitement. Red Bull Racing technical chief Adrian Newey said: "From what I've seen, F2 is a great way to develop young drivers." Competition is fierce. The top three drivers at the end of the series will qualify for an FIA Superlicence, a prerequisite for any F1 driver.

However, at Donington, the old comes before the new, when historic F2 cars take to the track, including a 1967 Brabham BT23 formerly driven by the legendary Jack Brabham himself.

**Look into the future of racing at [www.redbull-juniorteam.com](http://www.redbull-juniorteam.com)**

## THE SKIDS ARE ALRIGHT

*A brake from the norm with an anti-Tour cycling comp*

There's no smoke without tyres, not least on New Zealand's deserted roads, the setting for Red Bull Tires of Fire. Contenders must skid as far as possible in an unbroken line on a fixed-gear bike, leaving a trail of black rubber on the road and a suitably large cloud of smoke in their wake. This annual bike battle has become something of an institution in New Zealand, and this year the heats are in Wellington on August 9-10, before the Auckland final in October.

Last year's event was one for the history books, as local rider Ken White smashed the former record by a mind-blowing 105m. Although his 270m skid seems unbeatable, there will be plenty lined up to prove that wrong. The winner gets a brand new sets of tyres, and the all-important giant trophy. Slowing down has never been such fast fun.

**Slide on over to [www.redbull.co.nz](http://www.redbull.co.nz) for smoking-hot news on the event**



Mike Lawrence's career hits the skids, in a good way

WORDS: RUTH MORGAN. PHOTOGRAPHY: SUTTON IMAGES (1)



**Trinidad** Chris Pfeiffer makes one girl's day on the Red Bull Road Tour 2008. Valdez Brooks



**New York** BMXer Kevin Robinson breaks the quarterpipe world record with a 54ft (16.5m) jump. Valdez Brooks



**Anglesey** Mike Fryatt prepares to compete in the Formula Ford Championship in North Wales. Mike Fryatt

ME AND MY BODY

# VAVRINECHRADILEK

*The 22-year-old white-water kayaker has a recipe that he hopes will bring him success, both now and at the 2012 Olympics: salt, ice and Czech chow*

## COLD SHOULDER

In winter, we kayak in really cold water. It makes you more susceptible to joint and muscle injuries because, when the body is cold, it's not focusing all its power on performance, but on keeping warm. Arms and shoulders are particularly sensitive to this, but so far I've been pretty lucky and never had any really serious injuries. There's always some pain when I train hard, but I will always train hard. I hope to compete in the Olympic games in London, to feel that atmosphere.

## MIND GAMES

A good attitude before a race is important, as you have to be focused. Way back when, things I had on my mind during important races stopped me caring enough about my performance. It isn't like football, where, if someone makes a mistake at the start, they have 89 minutes to repair the damage. If you make an error at the beginning of a kayak course, you only have about 80 seconds remaining, so you're pretty much out already.

## A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

I've had asthma since birth. A lot of sufferers stay away from sport, but I think it's one of the best treatments for it, as you won't find a better way to train your lungs, and if I use my inhaler correctly, I keep it under control. I also do breathing exercises, especially when I'm running or cross-country skiing as part of my training. They're really useful at a race, because if I get nervous, breathing correctly helps keep me calm. From next season, we'll start cryotherapy. It's the opposite of a sauna, with temperatures of -100°C. You enter 'the cube' and stay inside for two minutes, and it's said to be more effective than a sauna. I may also go to the salt caves in Prague: artificial rooms made with Dead Sea salt. It's just like going to the seaside; the air helps you breathe.

## WORLD ON A PLATE

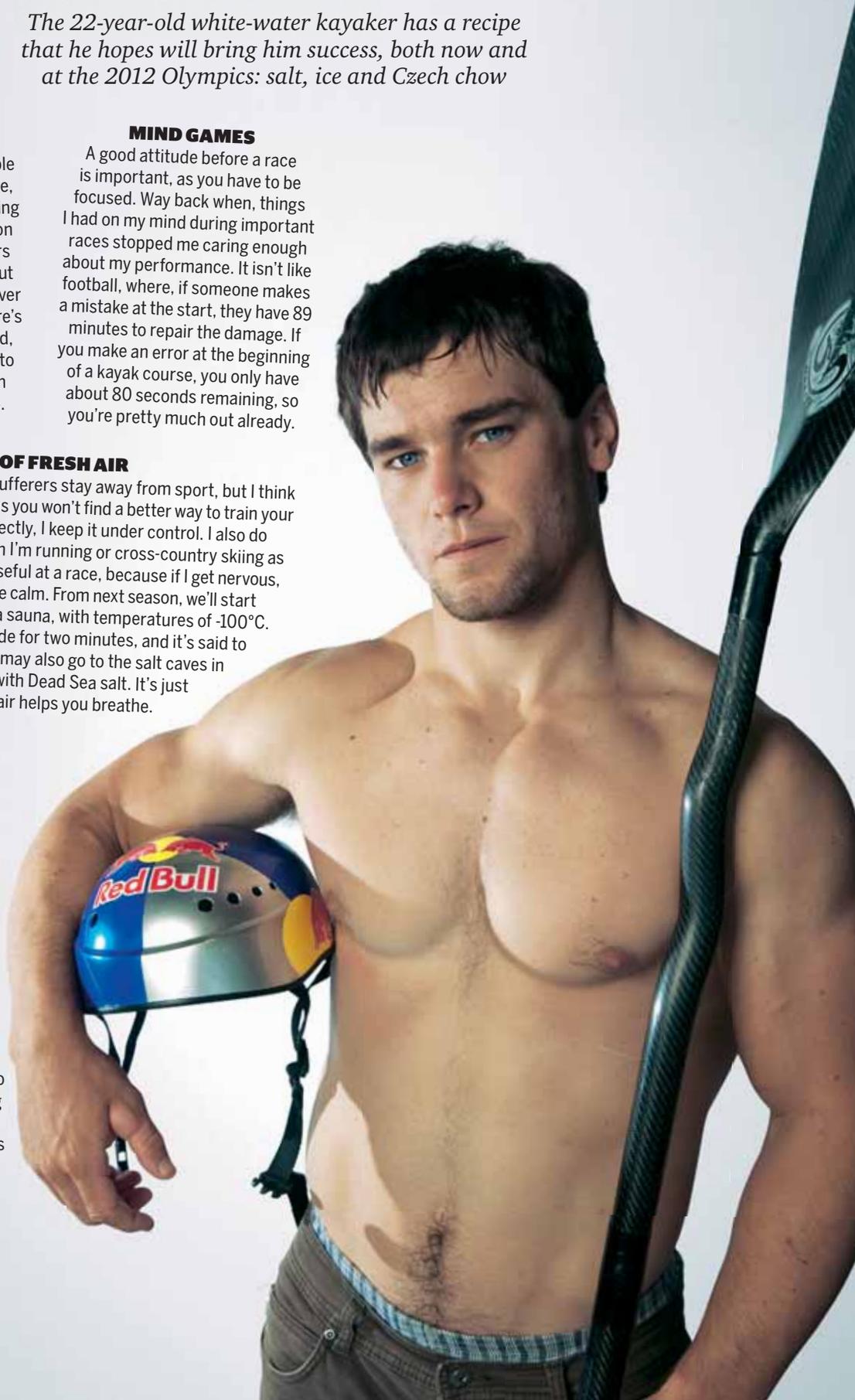
I don't follow a strict diet. I do this sport because I love it; I just don't care too much about the diet. If an athlete is training hard and doing a lot of activity, it's not important to be too strict.

I travel a lot, so I like to try different cuisines, but Czech food, the stuff of my homeland, is still my favourite. I try to be healthy, but if I have an urge to have a burger, I'll have a burger.

## HE DOES HIS LEGWORK

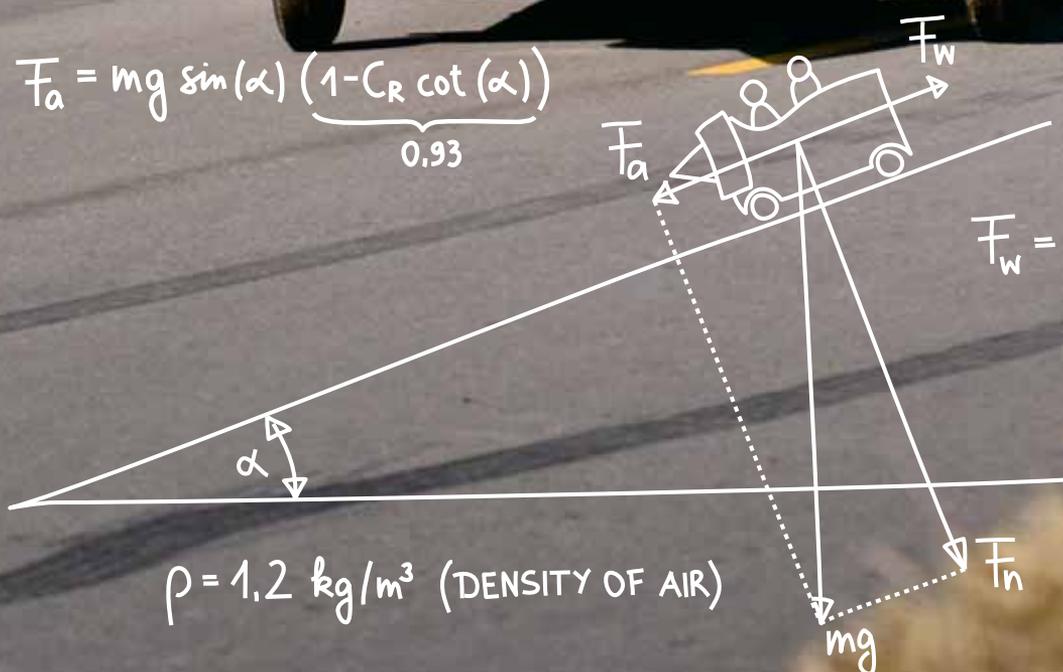
You don't need really strong legs to kayak, but I keep them fit by doing other sports, and if I only built up my arms I'd look silly. I use my legs in the boat for balance because the water is very changeable. Without good legs, I wouldn't be able to paddle well.

For more kayaking thrills visit [www.redbulletin.com/articles/heading\\_for\\_a\\_fall/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/articles/heading_for_a_fall/en)





$$F_a = mg \sin(\alpha) \underbrace{(1 - C_R \cot(\alpha))}_{0.93}$$



$$F_w = -\frac{1}{2} \rho A C_w v^2$$

$\rho = 1.2 \text{ kg/m}^3$  (DENSITY OF AIR)

STREAMLINES AROUND THE SOAPBOX  
(→ DETERMINE THE FINAL VELOCITY)



## WINNING FORMULA

# BOXING CLEVER

*The vehicles in the Red Bull Soapbox Race aren't karts for kids: speed cameras flash when they scorch by*

### THE SOAPBOX

Call it good clean fun, but David Ackroyd, a 64-year-old retired teacher from Bury St Edmunds, in the east of England, knows that rattling downhill in a car without a motor requires more than just a helping hand from gravity. With his son Jonny, 17, taking turns at the wheel with co-driver James Oakley, Ackroyd's VXR Nimbus set the fastest speed ever for a soapbox racer, hitting 62mph (100kph) on September 14, 2008 in Eastbourne, on England's south coast.

"The feeling while rushing down a hill is one of total concentration. You mustn't lose it and you need to stay absolutely focused, watching the speedo in front of you. But you also need to be aware of the conditions and the crowd. It only requires one idiot to step onto the track to cause a real accident.

"We follow a drivers' line, like in Formula One, but the skill is about learning when to use the brakes and when not to. The idea is really not to use the brakes at all, so it's essential to walk the course first. Some courses are over two miles long. The adrenaline rush comes afterwards, not during, because you should be concentrating on the job on the way down.

"There are two types of racer: a roadster and a streamliner. In the streamliner, you're locked in, bolted down and belted up, and it's built to crash. They're always slightly faster because they present less of a frontal area. You just kneel down and look straight on.

"The roadster is cut away, and if you crash in that, you're thrown clear. Drivers always wear good leathers and helmets, whatever they're driving. There have been crashes, but the worst you're really going to get is a stiff neck."

### THE BRAINBOX

"A soapbox race mimics one of Galileo's most famous experiments," says Thomas Schrefl, Professor

of Communications & Simulation Engineering at the St Pölten University of Applied Sciences in Austria. "Centuries ago, Galileo used inclined planes and small metal balls to revolutionise our knowledge of gravity and acceleration.

"Let us first assume there is no friction and no air drag. The total potential gravitational energy at the start,  $E_{pot} = mgh$ , will be the same as the total kinetic energy,  $E_{kin} = mv^2/2$ , when the soapbox passes the finish line. Equating both energies shows that the mass,  $m$ , cancels, and the final velocity,  $v$ , is  $v = (2gh)^{1/2}$ . It only depends on the acceleration due to gravity,  $g$ , and the difference in height between start and finish,  $h$ . This simple theory predicts a velocity of about 100mph (160kph) if the soapbox runs a distance of 1000m with a gradient of 10 per cent.

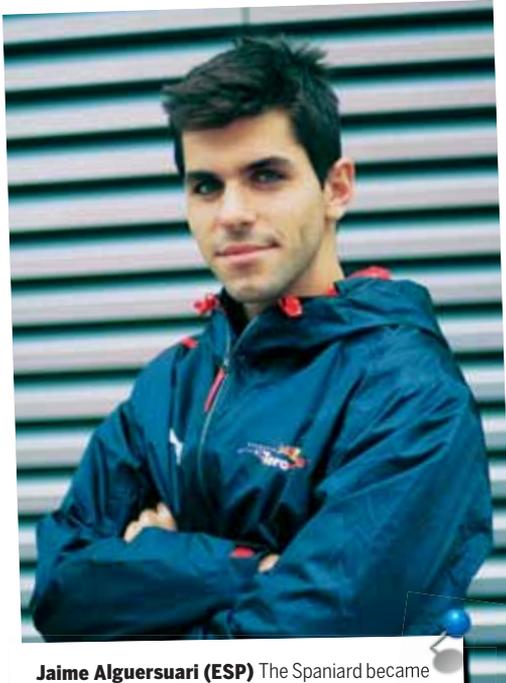
"As long as Galileo's balls descended, their speed increased. The balls were small in diameter and air resistance was negligible. We can use Newton's first law of motion to compute the final velocity: the velocity of a moving object remains constant if the sum of the force due to gravity,  $F_a$ , and the drag force,  $F_w$ , is zero. Rolling friction of bicycle tyres reduces the acceleration due to gravity by a factor of 0.93. The smaller the drag coefficient,  $C_w$ , the smaller the cross-sectional area,  $A$ , and the higher the mass, the higher is the ultimate velocity. We can estimate these parameters from the photo. With a total mass of 160kg, the final velocity is 31mph (50kph) and the driver will finish the race in 82 seconds. In a two-man racer, the greater total mass, thanks to a co-driver, increases the maximum speed to 38mph (61kph), and they pass the finish line 10 seconds earlier."

**Atlanta, Georgia is hosting the biggest soapbox event of the year this month. More at [www.redbullsoapboxusa.com](http://www.redbullsoapboxusa.com)**

WORDS: PAUL WILSON, PROFESSOR THOMAS SCHREFL, PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCELO MARAGNI/RED BULL PHOTOFILLES, ILLUSTRATION: MANDY FISCHER

# HARD & FAST

Top performers and winning ways from across the globe



**Jaime Alguersuari (ESP)** The Spaniard became the youngest Formula One driver in history at 19 years, 125 days, when he took to the track at the Hungarian GP for the Toro Rosso team. The Red Bull Junior's British F3 series win last year turned heads, and he'll now be hoping to do the same in the world's premier motorsport series.



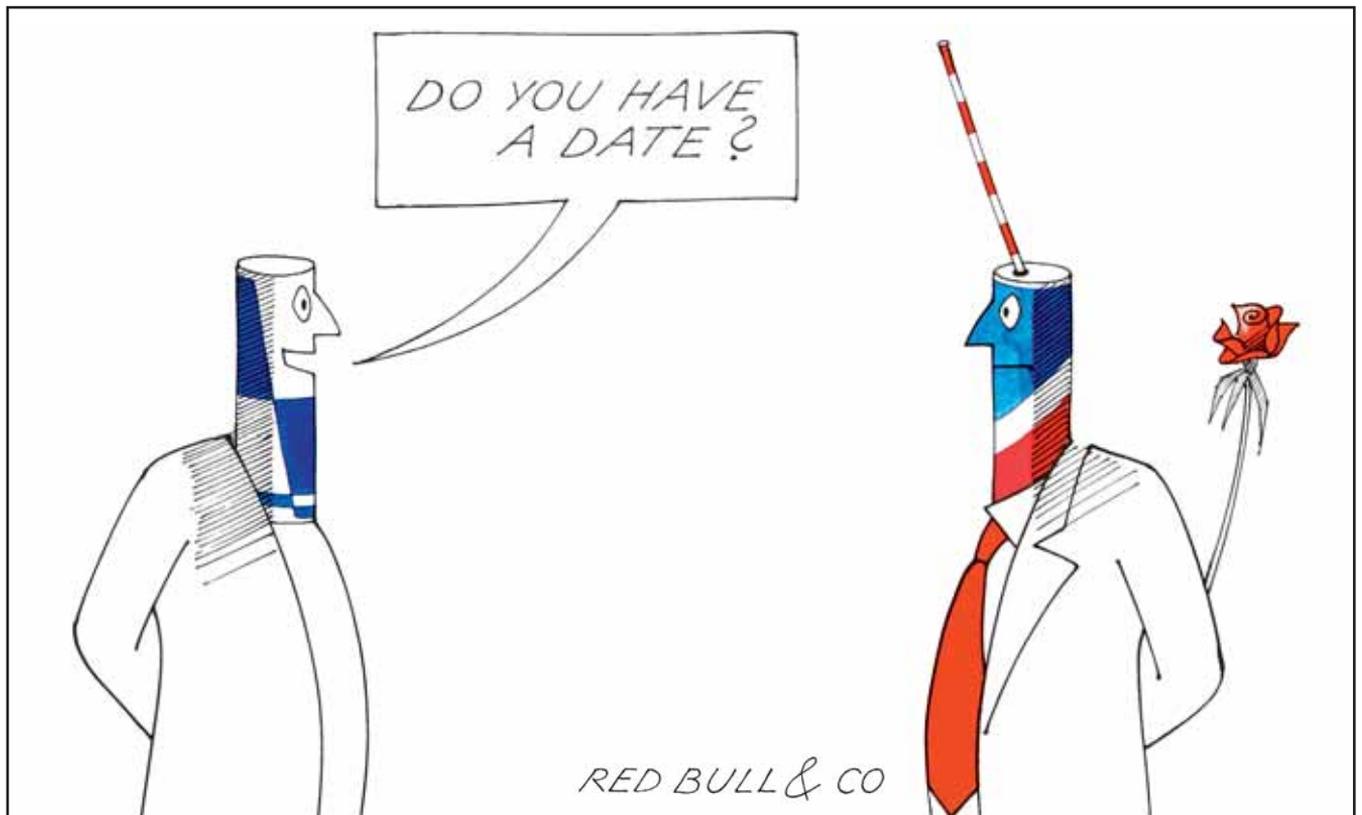
**Gisela Pulido (ESP)** The 15-year-old won her home stop on the Kiteboard Pro World Tour in Tarifa, Spain, to retain her lead in the freestyle category. The reigning world champion showed her strength as she overcame a ligament sprain in her knee in just a week in order to compete in front of her local crowd.



**Dallas Friday (USA)** After a season dogged by injury, she's back on her usual form. The 'winningest female wakeboarder in history' lived up to her moniker with not only a win at the US National Wakeboard Championships, but the bragging rights of being the first female to land an S-Bend in a contest.



**Orlando Duque (COL)** The 34-year-old showed why he's nine-times cliff diving world champion, at the third stop of the Red Bull Cliff Diving Series 2009. Watched by a crowd of up to 7000 in Dubrovnik, Croatia, Duque won the day with two great dives to take the overall lead in the series.



WORDS: RUTH MORGAN. PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), KAREN FUCHS/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), CARRASCO FOTOGRAFOS (1), DEAN TREML/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), ILLUSTRATION: DIETMAR KAINRATH

LUCKY NUMBERS

# WORLD ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Berlin hosts it this month: here's the lowdown

# 6

Consecutive podiums for Sergey Bubka (below right wearing medal). The Ukrainian pole-vaulter snatched a surprise gold in 1983, aged 19. He won in Rome (1987) and Tokyo (1991), and then, following the decision to hold the Worlds every two years instead of four, in Stuttgart (1993), Gothenburg (1995) and Athens (1997). Bubka still holds the indoor and outdoor world records, set in 1993 and 1994 respectively at non-Championship meetings. Those record heights are 6.15m and 6.14m respectively (is air really thinner and easier to pass through inside than outside?). Stick with pole-vault on page 32.

# 0.05

Seconds shaved off the world 100m record by Carl Lewis (bottom, centre) when he won gold in Tokyo at the 1991 Championships, the second largest breaking of the record in the last 40 years behind Maurice Greene's 0.05s lopping-off at the Athens Grand Prix in 1999. Lewis clocked 9.86s, and the five men behind him also ran under 10s – the greatest sprint to that date. Five days later, Lewis posted what is still the best set of six long jumps in history, but was beaten to gold by USA team-mate Mike Powell, who posted 8.95m, a world record that stands today. Neither man did so well again. Why? The Tokyo track didn't meet IAAF regulations, and was in effect too hard and fast.

# 14

Championship medals won by Jamaican-born Merlene Ottey (left) – the most by any athlete. In 1983, she took 200m silver, and 14 years later, she took bronze in the same event, aged 37. Between those medals, she won three golds, three further silvers and six further bronzes across the 100m, 200m and 4 x 100m. She could have won more, but a drugs scandal, of which she was cleared of any wrongdoing, caused her to miss the 1999 Champs. She went on to compete for new home Slovenia in the 2003 event in Paris and, incredibly, finished fourth in her 100m heat in Osaka in 2007, aged 47.

# 12

IAAF World Championships in Athletics staged, as of August 24, 2009. In the nine days prior to that, Berlin will host the 12th global gala of running, jumping, throwing and the one with the wiggly walk. It's 26 years since the first such event, in Helsinki in 1983, when Britain's Daley Thompson (top, throwing his javelin) won a gold medal in the decathlon.

# 228

Age gap, in months, between the oldest and youngest Championships gold medallists. They were born in Octobers 23 years apart, and won their medals in Augusts only four years apart. Abél Anton (far left, No 354, born 1962) won the marathon aged 36 in Seville in 1999 in front of his countrymen and in 49 per cent humidity. In Paris, in 2003, then-unknown Ethiopian Tirunesh Dibaba (above left, born 1985) stunned athletics with her victory in the 5000m, aged 17. Tirunesh, in Amharic, means 'You are good'.

Keep up to date with everything on track and field at [www.redbulletin.com/sports/athletics/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/athletics/en)

# 46

Countries boasting an athlete who won at least one medal in the 2007 Championships. Panama secured a first-ever WAC medal, thanks to Irving Saladino's (right, in blue jacket holding medal) victory in the long jump. Primož Kozmus of Slovenia took silver throwing his hammer, his country's second-ever medal, and Hatem Ghoula won bronze in the 20km walk, marking Tunisia's debut on the all-time Championships medals table. Hatem? They love him there!

KIT EVOLUTION

# SPLASH 'N'DASH

*Today's swimming lesson:  
how we freestyled our way  
from mammoth woolly  
outfits to brief encounters  
and (almost) back again*

## **SUITS YOU, SIR** BATHING COSTUME, c1930S

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When people first started public bathing in large numbers about 175 years ago, helped by the new railway networks and the Victorian fondness for healthy pursuits, they had to cover up for moral reasons. The swimming gowns and bathing suits of the day were made of wool because wool doesn't become transparent when wet. Since then, of course, we've become so adept at materials technology and so slack in our morals that – gasp! – men wear trunks made of fabrics that don't hold water so much but do keep their dignity. A keen male bather of about 80 years ago would have worn a swimming costume that looked just like this.





## **BLACK MAGIC** SPEEDO LZR RACER, 2008

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Professional swimmers of today actually wear larger suits than their predecessors. At the 1924 Olympics, Johnny 'Tarzan' Weissmuller and his US swim team pals wore a sort of vest-and-shorts all-in-one. Then came years of very little trunks that only men with certain well-developed muscles can wear well. Competitive swimwear got big again about 10 years ago, and Speedo's LZR Racer, developed with NASA, is at the cutting edge, made from a water-repellent fabric with a lower drag coefficient than human skin. Michael Phelps notched eight golds and seven world records at the 2008 Beijing Olympics wearing one.

[More on the LZR Racer's origins can be found at www.speedo.com](http://www.speedo.com)



No paws for thought: Trafalgar Square's lions make ideal launchpads

# FLIPPIN' SERIOUS

*The free spirits of free running go all out to win*

The streets of most of the world's big cities will be a little less interesting this month, because leading free runners are gathering to do battle in just two, very different, urban locations: London's historic Trafalgar Square and a 600-year-old fortress in Helsingborg, Sweden.

Now in its second year, the Barclaycard World Freerun Championship is building on last year's success with an ambitious multi-level course, complete with a catwalk that will bring the action within backflip distance of the London crowd that competition organisers hope will reach 7000.

The format is simple: 25 of the world's best exponents of this rapidly growing sport each have a minute to showcase their best moves, and the top 10 then go through to a final round. A roof will keep the action dry, should

the heavens open. (August 15 in England; there's a good chance of a shower.)

Over in Sweden on August 22, Red Bull Art of Motion brings its own challenges. The 34m-high fortress tower looms above a 14th-century stone staircase to which will be added a range of testing obstacles. With Swedish free runners in the world top 10, it's fitting that the country will host the first Red Bull Art of Motion event outside Austria, where the series began in 2007. International greats will travel to take on Sweden's rising stars such as Filip 'Flippad' Ljungberg and Marcus 'Zyrken' Gustafsson, including English former Red Bull Art of Motion winner Ryan Doyle, who will be hoping to overcome a recent shoulder injury to make his mark in Scandinavia.

**Check out the somersaults of summer at [www.worldfreerun.com](http://www.worldfreerun.com)**

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT...

## DANTE FRIED CHICKEN

### He's a melting pot of talent

"I think of *The Dante Fried Chicken Show* as a variety show, a conceptual art cooking show," says New York-based host Dante Gonzales. "It's unexpectedly become a movement of sorts, of culture, food, dance and art. Artists and musicians come and cook family recipes with me. Afterwards, there's a wild private party, with food, live music and art. I'd been throwing fried chicken parties in Brooklyn in my loft before this with videos, art and stuff like that. It was just this fun party that started to grow out of hand. So I put everything together as the basis for a cooking show that people can see online."

### He aims high

"I have three wishes for guests in my kitchen: Prince, Obama and Grace Jones. That would be crazy. I love to cook with people who inspire me. I pick the dishes; I pick the artist. It's not just some gimmick, like some guy just frying chicken."

### He has youth on his side

"I'm 34 now, but everyone says [intones serious voice], 'Oh, you have to say you're 30.' I'm like, 'Dude, I look like I'm 25, seriously. I'm fine.' But apparently my stage age is officially 30. I'm not sure why it's such a big deal."

### He doesn't wait outside clubs

"If I show up without chicken, it's just strange. It's expected. Doormen love me."

### His Caribbean Russian

"In a blender, puree 1 ripe banana, 1 can coconut milk, 120ml pineapple juice, 2tbsp honey, 1tbsp cinnamon, 4tbsp brown sugar and 1tsp nutmeg until creamy. Add water if too thick. Pour two shots of rum, bourbon or whiskey on ice in a tumbler. Fill halfway with Red Bull Cola, top up with mixture, add a dash of ginger juice and stir. Garnish with shaved coconut and pineapple slice.

**You can watch the show at [www.dantefriedchicken.com](http://www.dantefriedchicken.com)**



WHERE'S YOUR HEAD AT?

# ROBERT TRUJILLO

The constantly crouching, lightning-fingered bassist for rock monsters  
Metallica is all about gangs, Ozzy and million-dollar bonuses

## NOTELESSLY DEVOTED

When Metallica were awarded an MTV Icon award in 2003, Trujillo had only been in the band for a few months and hadn't played a note with them outside of a rehearsal studio. Not since the days of Milli Vanilli had a musician been given an award without actually playing on the records for which it was awarded. The 44-year-old has since surely proven his strumming skills.

## ONE OF THE BOYS

In a bid to make him feel at home in Metallica, the multi-millionaires paid Trujillo a \$1m signing-on fee. This moment is captured in the documentary *Some Kind Of Monster* – this remarkable real-life Spinal Tap is worth watching for the look on Trujillo's face when he gets the big bonus alone.

## BASS ART

Trujillo is married and has two children, Ty Orion and Lula. His wife, Chloe, is an artist, and it's her handiwork that adorns several of his basses, in particular a pyrography (wood burning) of a Mayan calendar. The couple were introduced 17 years ago after a Suicidal Tendencies show in Paris. A decade later, Rob tracked her down, and they've been together ever since.

## MUSICAL CHAIRS

Trujillo went to jazz school aged 19, but his love of metal kept dragging him into backyard party bands. Yet he couldn't shake the jazz bug, and formed funk metallers Infectious Grooves. While recording with IG, he met Ozzy Osbourne and joined his tour band. When Trujillo joined Metallica, the bat muncher replaced him with... Jason Newsted, replaced at Metallica by Trujillo.

## STICKS AND STONES

Known as 'the Crab', due to the way he scuttles across the stage, Trujillo's playing style is equally unique. He plays a five-stringed bass exclusively with his fingers – virtually unheard of in metal circles. His band members also have nicknames: singer James Hetfield is known as 'Papa Het', while drummer Lars Ulrich's alias is 'the Viking' and guitarist Kirk Hammet's is 'the Ripper'.

## AND THE WINNER IS...

After Jason Newsted quit Metallica, a *Who's Who* of bass royalty auditioned to replace him. Trujillo eventually won by playing the famously fast Metallica classic *Battery* with his fingers (as opposed to a plectrum), much to the incredulity of the band's drummer, Lars Ulrich, who had kept the wannabe bassist out drinking until 5am the previous night.

## LUKEWARM WATER

Growing up near Culver City, California, Trujillo's early years were marred by gang violence. "I got beat up a couple of times," he told *Metal Hammer* magazine. "As I got older, I didn't really experience [it]. Maybe I knew the right people." By which he means family members who ran with rival gangs: "It made family get-togethers interesting." It's not known if his experience in conflict management helped his Metallica application: the band famously hired a therapist to iron out their 'issues'.

## HIGHWAY TO HELL

A very young Trujillo appeared in a 1982 episode of everyone's favourite California highway patrol show, *CHiPs*. Appropriately entitled *Rock Devil Rock*, it concerns the motorcycle cops helping a musician who fears for his life. Trujillo played the bass player in a band fronted by a fire-breathing devil-worshiper called Moloch. Talk about typecasting.

## NO SLEEP TILL STEVENAGE

Metallica's 2009 leg of their World Magnetic tour will keep them on the road until Christmas. *Guitar Hero: Metallica* has been out since March, so the boys should expect an ever-increasing calibre of audience air guitar as the tour reaches its climax.

## ONCE A METALHEAD...

Trujillo admits that, before joining the band, he was one of its biggest fans. "I used to go on power runs though the mountains and have *Ride The Lightning* going on my Walkman," he told *NOLA Radio* in the USA. He is equally devoted now, but shows it in a different way, rehearsing on his own four times a week at Metallica HQ.

If you're a fan of black leather and loud guitars vote for Goth rockers My Passion in the Kerrang! awards. Visit [www.redbulletin.com/articles/my\\_passion/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/articles/my_passion/en)



Russian pole-vaulter Evgeniy Lukyanenko clears the bar on his way to a silver medal at the 2008 Beijing Olympic Games. He'll be aiming even higher at the World Championships in Berlin from 15-23 August.  
Photography: Action Images





# Heroes



*Top-flight athletes and strategists, past and present*

**28** BOBBY FISCHER **32** EVGENIY LUKYANENKO  
**34** CHRISTIAN HORNER **36** MARK WEBBER

## Pioneer

# BOBBY FISCHER

*A secret burial on a dark winter morning in a lonely Icelandic churchyard was a sad endgame for this chess genius whose teenage debut had once enthralled thousands*

Words: Michael Paterniti

### Name

Robert James Fischer

### Born

March 9, 1943,  
Chicago, USA

### Died

January 17, 2008,  
Reykjavik, Iceland

### First chess match

Aged six, Bobby learned the game with his elder sister, using a set bought from the sweetshop below their Brooklyn apartment

### Last words

"Nothing soothes pain like the touch of a person"

His last ailing days, before his death in January 2008, aged just 64, were of bad kidneys and rotting teeth – he'd had all his fillings removed, convinced that US and Russian agents would otherwise send radio signals to his brain.

He whiled away long hours at a Reykjavik bookshop, a place that vaguely reminded him of one from his youth in Brooklyn – in both, he read comic books and studied chess.

His Icelandic dotage followed decades of ghostly peregrinations through the world, like a profane monk or an idiot savant searching for perfect exile – from Pasadena and Hungary to the Philippines, where he supposedly had a child, and on to Japan, where he supposedly married, and was arrested and imprisoned for a passport violation.

There were bizarre eruptions – he applauded the events of 9/11 as 'wonderful news', and believed that the Jews wanted to eradicate the African elephant because its trunk was a reminder of an uncircumcised penis. There was the weird spectacle of meeting his one-time nemesis, the former world champion chess player Boris Spassky, for an anticlimactic 1992 rematch in war-torn Yugoslavia, despite UN sanctions against it (in front of cameras, he spat on the US order forbidding him to play).

There were even warning signs as far back as their original 1972 meeting, called the 'Match of the Century', when the eyes of the world were riveted on him as a shining emblem of American will, innovation and brilliance. This was the match in which he took on the Soviet chess machine and single-handedly crushed it – but not before the fabled calls from the then-US National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, urging him to put aside his famously long list of strange demands and just play. Even during his brazen, almost obnoxious deconstruction of a cavalcade of grandmasters who stood in his path to Spassky (he won 20 games in a row, the longest winning streak in modern chess), and as he traded the rags of his

youth for his new wardrobe of expensive suits, his mind was beginning slowly to unhinge. He eventually became a walking paradox: the anti-Semitic Jew; the anti-American national hero.

But before the whole circus of his life unfolded, he was just a 13-year-old kid in the first flush of the thing he most loved in the world: chess.

So, on an October day in 1956, Bobby Fischer eagerly took his seat at the Marshall Chess Club in the West Village, in New York. All gangly arms and legs, he'd been invited to compete with the country's 11 best players in the Rosenwald Memorial. With his supposedly preternatural IQ (181, higher than Einstein's) and capacious memory (where he stored the positions, annotations and analysis of a century's worth of games, many played out while sitting at school), it was said that the child prodigy loathed losing and had just learned to do so without crying. Among the erudite gentleman competitors in dapper suits and thin ties, he wore a striped, collarless, short-sleeved shirt, hair cut short and neat – a true boy among men.

The 26-year-old opponent on the other side of the board that day was a future international master named Donald Byrne, whose aggressive no-draw style made him one of the country's most dangerous players. Bobby, playing Black, quickly assumed the Grünfeld Defence, turning over the middle of the board to Byrne's pawns, which then became targets of attack from the edges. Byrne, meanwhile, was quick to release his queen, seemingly eager to dispose of the boy. And yet, by the 11th move, Bobby had not only exposed Byrne's queen in an uncomfortable position, but had also sent his knight down the board, which required Byrne's queen to give awkward chase.

Bobby had a habit of leaning over the board and biting his nails nervously, which at first made his moves seem provisional, even touching. Byrne certainly still had good options, but failing to spirit his king from the centre to the shelter of a castle,



**Bobby Fischer put his huge IQ to good use in his teens, and lived for chess, before his more bizarre and controversial character traits began to come to the fore**



**From prodigy to champion: In 1957 a teenage Bobby Fischer (top) took on Philippine champion Rodolfo Tan Cardoso at the Manhattan Chess Club. Above, his opponent in Buenos Aires, in 1971, is Soviet player Tigran Petrosian. He won both times**

he unwittingly opened a door to the boy. Bobby traded his knight for Byrne's knight, undermining Byrne's pawn cluster and his control of the centre. As one of the bloggers who still analyse the game put it, "The will to win and the deep tactics all would have contributed to the sense White [Byrne] must have had of being faced by a monster with a hundred eyes, who'd seen everything."

Four moves later, in what he himself came to regard as one of the best chess moves of his career, Bobby offered the strongest piece on the board – his queen – for a bishop. The audacity of such a move, especially coming from a 13-year-old, and one that was met with murmurs by onlookers that day, seemed to signal the beginning of something very unexpected to the world, and something terribly amiss for Byrne. Even if he was a kid, he wouldn't just give away his queen, would he?

When Byrne took it, hoping he'd prevail in the complications that ensued, he sealed his own fate. By trading power for position, Bobby

unleashed his lesser pieces in precise cyclonic movements – a knight, a bishop and then two rooks – opening files and sending Byrne into a windmill of discovered checks, while leaving his queen virtually shunted to the side. And this was the beauty of Bobby Fischer's mind, even then. He made very clean, simple lines out of very complex problems, and when the trap was sprung, his style of chess became so transparent, you could instantly recognise its sheer brilliance – efficient, organic, wildly responsive and creative.

"Bobby just drops the pieces and they land on the right square," a later opponent said.

"It is difficult to play against Einstein's theory," said the world champion Mikhail Tal after his first loss to Fischer. "He plays like a child," said Spassky, offering the highest compliment he could think of.

The game was over by the 41st move, Byrne hunted the whole way by his teenage conqueror. Later, with the hindsight of history and computer input, sacrificing the queen appears to have been the strongest move anyway, despite the obvious cognitive and symbolic prohibition against giving up your most powerful piece for seemingly nothing. But the computer probably never would have put the queen in such jeopardy in the first place.

The move, of course, made Bobby a legend. One chess magazine breathlessly called the Byrne-Fischer meeting the 'Game of the Century'. More than anything, it announced Bobby Fischer's arrival, as well as his (for that era at least) new way of playing chess, defined by a more rigorous memorisation of complete games – of openings and even of middle games – and then the creative synthesis of those to meet the vicissitudes of the game on the board at that moment.

On Bobby's scorecard that day, it all looked so simple and so preordained. When it was over, in his typically illegible hand, he scrawled 'Mate' – it looked like 'Mute' – and then put on his jacket and left with his mum. In the next year, he would win the US championship, and the year after that become a grandmaster – a meteoric rise. He would leave behind dozens of other crystalline scorecards, scribbled with what appeared to be the word 'Mate', which may be the best way to remember the man.

That day in Manhattan, a lifetime away from the wild-haired, spewing oxymoron he became, the boy Bobby Fischer walked out onto the sidewalk of West 10th Street, beautiful and alive, heading to a restaurant for dinner. There was already a fan in tow, a potential hanger-on. Undoubtedly, the talk was chess, chess and more chess. In that caesura before he sacrificed his own mother (they split five years later when Bobby was 18, reconciling only a few years before her death in 1997) and before he burned through legions of intimates and admirers, Bobby Fischer couldn't have realised how far his 13-year-old self had just come at the Marshall Chess Club – or how far he had left to go. Naïve and insatiable, in thrall to the game he loved, he just needed to eat so he could play again.

**You can read more about Bobby Fischer's life and relive some of his famous endgames at [www.bobbyfisher.net](http://www.bobbyfisher.net)**



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# EVGENIY LUKYANENKO

*He secured World Championship pole-vaulting gold and Olympic silver in 2008. Now the 24-year-old Russian is trying to leap out of the shadow of the man who made the sport his own*

Words: Robert Sperl Portrait: Guido Castagnoli

It's afternoon in Dessau, an hour's drive from Berlin. The traditional track-and-field meeting is scheduled to take place the next day at the Paul Greifzu Stadium and here, just getting to know the facility, is Russian pole-vaulter Evgeniy Lukyanenko.

The sun's shining for now, but the following evening, the cold and rain will mess up the athletes' performances. Lukyanenko will end the meeting without a single valid attempt, but in this kind of weather, there will have been no hope of him reaching his limits in any case. Even when conditions are perfect, pole-vaulting is the toughest track-and-field event. In the cold and the rain, it's like tightrope-walking over a bar the height of the roof of a house.

Pole-vaulting is blessed, or cursed, depending on your point of view, with an incredible world record: 6.14m recorded in 1994 by Ukrainian Sergey Bubka, who set a total of 35 world records and managed an unequalled 43 jumps over 6m. As he was so fast on the approach, he could build up more energy and hold the pole higher. As he was strong, he could master poles that ought to have been too hard for his weight.

Lukyanenko is already up with Bubka in some aspects, though not all. "My technique is already close, but I'm not as quick as him yet," he admits. "Sergey could run the 100m in 10.8 seconds, whereas it takes me 11.2."

How can you acquire this extra speed? "Training, training and more training."

Lukyanenko got into track-and-field in 1995 at the age of 10 after a short detour via football and gymnastics. He particularly loved running, jumping and javelin-throwing, and had soon come to the attention of track-and-field coach Sergey Gripich, who was a pole-vault specialist, and he made Lukyanenko a pole-vaulter overnight. By the time he was 15, he was jumping 4m. At 17, he cleared 5m.

Lukyanenko trains twice a day, five days a week. Training is never geared towards breaking records, but more towards the cleanest possible attempts over 5.70-5.80m, "because you're lacking the

adrenaline you need for that extra bit of energy to go higher," Lukyanenko explains.

"I love pole-vaulting because it's a sport for professors," Bubka once said. "You can't just run and jump. You have to think, too. What pole should I use? What height should I go for? What's the right strategy?"

But the words make Lukyanenko laugh. "You don't need to be a professor. You have to be mad. You might use stiffer poles, for example, even though you risk doing yourself an injury if you're not aggressive enough in your attempt."

Yet Lukyanenko answers questions about his sporting equipment with a note of tenderness in his voice. Are the poles sensitive? "They don't like being thrown around." Anything else? "They hate high temperatures." But not cold ones? "No." How are they transported? "They're packed in special tubes individually so that they don't rub against each other."

When Lukyanenko first jumped 5.10m at the age of 18, Russia officially crowned him a Master of Sport. Ever since then, and especially since his indoor world championship and Olympic medals, he has commanded respect in his home town of Slavyansk-na-Kubani in southwestern Russia. Whenever he's out and about, he's asked for autographs and greeted warmly.

But even in a town proud of its world champion, there's not enough money for his own 'office'. Lukyanenko only gets to train in a gym. The approach is too short: he can only take 14 run-up steps, rather than 18, and, even then, only when he starts with his back to the wall. But at least the roof of the gym is 8-9m high, and Bubka's record will be beaten in the gym eventually, maybe soon, Lukyanenko reveals. "Last winter, we were getting closer and closer."

And how does he rate his chances in the World Championships in Berlin, which take place from August 15-23? "It's a good stadium. I know it." Is that a good omen? "I don't need a talisman. When you're ready to go high, you go high."

**Watch Lukyanenko reach new heights at [www.redbulletin.com/articles/lukyanenko/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/articles/lukyanenko/en)**

## Name

Evgeniy Lukyanenko

## Born

January 23, 1985, Slavyansk-na-Kubani, Krasnodar Krai, Southern Russia

## Occupation

Track-and-field athlete, university assistant (sport)

## Sporting Achievements

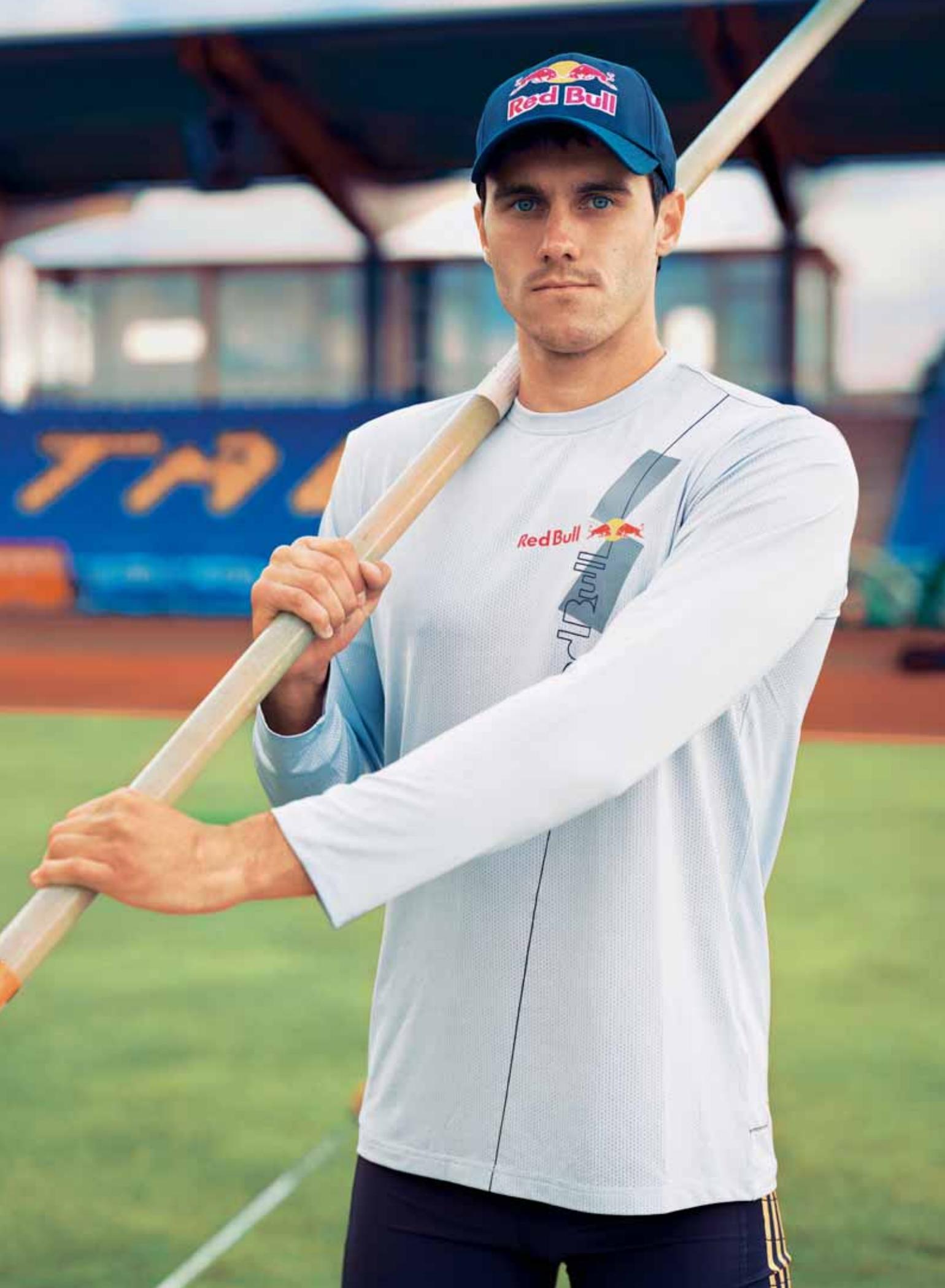
Indoor world champion 2008, Valencia; Olympic silver-medal winner 2008, Beijing; Russian champion 2008

## Personal Best

Outdoor: 6.01m (July 1, 2008, Bydgoszcz/Poland). Indoor: 5.90m (March 9, 2008, Valencia)

## Philosophy

"If you can beat yourself, you can beat anyone"



## Hero's Hero: Christian Horner on

# MONKEY

*The boss of the Red Bull Racing Formula One team was inspired to enter motorsport management by a rather unusual cult Japanese TV character...*

Interview: Anthony Rowlinson

Talking about heroes takes me back to two of my earliest childhood memories – the kids' TV series *Monkey Magic* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*.

*Monkey Magic*, as any man who's around my age [35] will almost certainly remember, was a fantasy programme starring Monkey, who could fly on a cloud and had magic powers, and his two best friends – Pigsy, a sort of man-pig, and Sandy, a kind of human fish.

They all used to hang out together, fighting enemies, sometimes fighting each other, and generally having what seemed like an amazing time – at least it did to a nine-year-old boy, as I was then.

The show was Japanese and based on old myths [the Chinese novel *Journey to the West* by Wu Cheng'en], and because of the soundtrack's dubbing into English, which was really bad, Monkey's mouth never moved properly in sync with the words you could hear. Looking back, that was a pretty bad flaw for an action hero, but I didn't care about it at the time. I still thought he was cool, and I loved the fact that he could fly and move around so fast. I'm sure it's what got me interested in speed and led me into motorsport, first as a driver and later in team management.

I'm one of three brothers, and after an episode of *Monkey*, we would get very excited and try to re-enact the whole thing around the house. I was always Monkey; my younger brother, Guy, would be Pigsy, and my older brother, Jamie, who's now a lawyer, would be Sandy. You might remember that Sandy had a rake as his magic weapon, so Guy would take a broom from the kitchen and use that instead. I, meanwhile, would use a pillow as my magic cloud and have a tie wrapped around my head to represent Monkey's magic golden headband, and the three of us would



**Christian Horner – from *Monkey* and Mansell to multimillion-dollar motorsport management**

charge around the house causing mayhem, much to my mother's dismay! There were certainly plenty of carpet burns from hurling ourselves around the house, but I don't think any bones got broken. 'Sandy' managed to put his broom through a couple of windows, though, so it wasn't trouble-free.

Monkey was definitely the coolest of the three characters and very much the leader of the pack, which is why I always insisted on being him when we did our faithful re-enactments of the show on a Saturday afternoon.

I moved on from *Monkey* when I got to about 10 because I'd become fascinated by *The Six Million Dollar Man*, the title role of which was played by Lee Majors. Again, anyone my age will remember that Steve Austin, the Bionic Man, was an astronaut who had been horribly injured in a crash-landing and had to be rebuilt with bionic legs and a bionic arm. He was part-man, part-machine, could run incredibly fast and had enormous strength in his cyber-arm. He also had a super-powerful bionic eye, which allowed him to see for miles. There was an Action Man-style toy

Bionic Man, which was very popular at the time. He had a sort of ratchet right arm that you operated by pressing a button on his back, and you could look into a hole in his head through a little lens, for the true 'bionic eye' effect.

Steve Austin was great, and the theme tune to *The Six Million Dollar Man* series was unforgettable; it always started with the words, "Gentlemen, we can rebuild him", over footage of a terrible space capsule crash. No wonder 10-year-olds couldn't resist it!

Lee Majors was good value, actually, because he went on to become the Fall Guy [in the show of the same name], a pretty cool stuntman, who rode around in a massive 4x4 with a series of extremely attractive ladies in tow. In real life, he married the [recently departed] Farrah Fawcett, so he obviously must have had something going for him.

I think by this stage – my early teens – I was already fascinated by speed without thinking specifically that it would become a career, and I was becoming obsessed with Formula One.

As a young British motor racing fan, there was no one else but Nigel Mansell as far as I was concerned, and he became something of a hero of mine for a while – he must have been my first real-life one, I suppose. He was a bit of a drama queen, but he had balls and was always a tremendously exciting driver to watch. I remember his race at Monaco in 1984 very clearly, where he was leading in the wet but lost it and went into the barriers. That was where my passion for Formula One and motor racing was cemented. I suppose you could say that, between them, Monkey and Mansell have got a lot to answer for.

**Keep up with every twist and turn of Christian Horner and Red Bull Racing's F1 season at [www.redbulletin.com/sports/formula\\_1/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/formula_1/en)**

**Name**

Monkey (Sun Wukong)

**Born**

Around AD 100, Mount Huaguo (from an egg)

**Career**

Keeper of the Peach Garden of Immortality, Heaven (cAD 130); imprisoned by Buddha under mountain for eating immortality peaches (c130-630); disciple of pilgrim Tripitaka (630-1980)

**Skills**

Being immortal; expert cloud-flying; singing (see hit seven-inch BBC *Monkey* singles featuring *Gandhara*, *Monkey Magic*, *The Birth of the Odyssey* and *Thank You Baby*)

**Other**

Likes being friends with reformed cannibals and lustful gluttons; dislikes being under rocks

## The Interrogator

# MARK WEBBER

*A Grand Prix winner at last, after 129 attempts, Australia's only Formula One driver talks beards, bad shoes, broken bones and a team-mate hailed as 'The New Schumacher'*

Words: Anthony Rowlinson Portrait: Spencer Murphy

And here's Mark Webber, all smiles, relaxed body language and T-shirt-'n'-jeans casual as he lopes into the hall of his Buckinghamshire home.

It's a hayfever-hot day, but Mark's got the air of a man who's happy to be on his own turf, on his own time, without, for a change, the compressing demands of a race weekend schedule, a thousand Dictaphones and a hundred camera lenses being shoved in his face.

He extends a right hand for the customary bonecruncher ("Howareya, mate?") and hands over a small, clear plastic bag containing a pair of two-inch screws, by way of introduction.

"Came out of my leg Monday, mate."

Which, of course, they did. Just a few days before meeting *The Red Bulletin*, Mark was in hospital having the bones in his right lower leg unbolted from a metal rod that had been holding together his tibia and fibia since last November.

"Titanium?"

"Yeah," Mark grins with macabre enthusiasm. "Adrian loved that."

Adrian, for the non-petrolheads among you, is Adrian Newey, chief technical officer of Mark's team, Red Bull Racing, the team that has shredded the Formula One form book this season to create what, at mid-season, looks to be the sport's fastest car. As F1's boffin-supreme, Newey was evidently pleased that if one of his drivers had to have metal inserted into his leg (the result of a shocking off-season cycling accident, of which more later), at least it was this one, used widely in the racing car business because of its excellent strength-to-weight ratio. That Webber should make light of the potentially career-ending shunt (as such crashes are known in the trade) is typical of a driver for whom the term 'Aussie grit' would have had to be coined if it hadn't existed already. For, at 32, and finally in a rocketship after an eight-season apprenticeship driving some ropy old cars, no one could ever accuse Mark Webber of having had it easy. So...

### How's the leg?

Good, mate, although eight months on, I didn't realise how long a road it would be to recovery. When I was first being told 'about six to eight weeks in hospital', that didn't sound too bad. Then you get rid of your crutches and you start to understand where you're at. Doctors are a bit like builders: they're very good at telling you, 'Just a little bit longer, next week, next week...' In the end they could see I was getting pretty impatient, so they had to come clean and say it was a six- to eight-month injury. Sometimes, a break like mine can take over a year to heal properly. The tibia and fibia were both totally snapped in half. I'm very lucky to be a racing driver. If I were a footballer, I'd still be out. The team have been incredibly supportive, from Dietrich [Mateschitz, Red Bull founder] down. They trusted me to get fit again, and that was before we knew how good the car would be. That certainly helped the motivation when I was learning to walk again in the pool. But there are only so many times an athlete can be told, 'You need time'. It's not 100 per cent, but it doesn't affect me in the car. Michael Schumacher had a very similar injury when he crashed at Silverstone in 1999. He told me it took more than a year until his leg felt part of him again.

### Did you think your career was over?

Well, on the roadside in Tasmania where I hit the 4x4 was the only time I really shat myself. [Webber was competing in his annual off-season Mark Webber Challenge endurance event and hit the car's bull bars at around 25mph/40kph.] I was in a huge amount of pain but still quite relaxed, and I was thinking, "Bloody hell, here we are – this is my event, in Tassie," and it had been a really good day, so I was gutted for wasting all the hard work. But I didn't have the courage to look at my leg. I could see from people's reactions that they were not that comfortable with what they were seeing, and that was the only time I really got nervous. The main concern was getting a pulse to my foot, or, well...

### Name

Mark Webber

### Born

August 27, 1976, Queanbeyan, New South Wales, Australia

### Grand Prix moments

Fifth on his F1 debut at the Australian GP in 2002. Currently enjoying his best F1 season, scoring his first win at the German GP

### Action man

Puts his name to – and competes in – the annual Mark Webber Challenge in Tasmania. The multi-sport event generates funds for a number of charities

### Good luck?

In November 2008, Webber went into the Mark Webber Challenge with such gusto he broke his leg while mountain biking on the fourth day. Incredibly, with the help of some metal rods, he was back testing in F1 by February



bad things can happen. The paramedics got to me in about 15 minutes, and only when I knew I wasn't going to lose my leg did I start thinking, "This is pretty bad." My pelvis and my spine had a heavy knock, too, so at that moment I wasn't thinking about car racing at all! Then it was morphine and surgery, and when I came round I started thinking again about F1. So only for five minutes did I think it might be career-threatening.

**If you hadn't been a Formula One driver, how would life have turned out?**

I would have been involved in dad's garage business, back in Oz – although I did do my plumber's apprenticeship, so I suppose I might have been mending your pipes.

**So, no alternative pro sport appealed?**

No. I played a lot of other sports – it's what we used to do when school wasn't getting in the way. But when I started karting, that became the focus.

**How does it feel to be an F1 winner?**

I'm hoping wins are like muscles – you get one then you get a few more. This year has been very special.

**What have you got compared with early rivals who didn't make it to F1?**

Well, coming from Australia was a disadvantage in terms of location, but it meant I *had* to make racing in Europe work, so you end up really submerging yourself. There's nothing to fall back on when you're 12,000 miles from home. Everyone has a level of desire, and I think when you've come that far just to get started, the flame keeps burning. I was very lucky with Annie [Mark's partner, Ann Neal], too. We were just not prepared to give up. We used to piss people off, chasing them for sponsorship, but when you don't know where your next pound's coming from, it's what you do. I raced against some extremely talented guys coming through, and some of them made it to F1 but couldn't stick it. I seemed to flourish as I drove bigger, faster cars.

**Talking of talented guys, your team-mate**

**Sebastian Vettel's pretty tasty...**

Yep, he's the most talented team-mate I've had and I like a lot of things about him. For starters, he came through the Red Bull family and got to F1 purely on talent. He's incredibly skilful for a youngster [Vettel is 21], and it's funny sometimes when we're talking over a glass of hot chocolate and I mention something that happened in, say, 1986, and he'll roll his eyes! I'm hardly old myself [32]. He's a very balanced youngster, and pretty flexible for a German! I've known a few who are, let's say, a bit one-dimensional, but he can relate to other countries, which is good for his character. For me to be able to take it to him more often than not has been incredibly rewarding. So far, we've proved to be a very good team together and it's working very, very well.

**Does it do your head in when a young guy comes in and wins so soon?**

It's a bit like Lewis Hamilton winning the world championship in his second season. You'd love to have that situation straight away because it gives you a totally different platform. You haven't got to come home after driving balls-out for 15th place. The

**Do you swear much inside the helmet?**

*Yep: to myself, at the team and a mouthful at anyone who blocks me. But I'm not world-class. It's heat-of-the-moment swearing*

**What's more pressure - a barbie or F1 qualifying?**

*Well, they're both pressure, but if you screw up a barbie... well, it's a lot of people eating potato salad*

**Are you good with the barbeque?**

*Very good: I can do burgers, three types of sausage, steaks, mushrooms, chops, aubergines... you name it, I can cook it*

most demoralising days are when you get lapped. I used to *hate* it, it's hard to take and it'll probably happen to Seb one day. Every driver would love a car as fast as ours [the RB5] early on, and until you get into one, there are always a few little bits in your head saying, "If you had the opportunity, could you be completely consistent; could you drive the awesome times?" But then when you get a top car, it's easy to do fast times. Seb and I were cruising at Silverstone [where they finished 1-2]. At least I've got the chance now. It would be far more frustrating never to have had the opportunity.

**F1 quiz: how many GPs did Michael Schumacher win [correct answer: 91]?**

Ninety-odd wasn't it? No, hang on... that's too high. Let's say 80 – but at least 40 were so easy that he had a cigar on.

**What's on your TV, apart from sport?**

I like a good documentary, but for me to go to the movies and watch aliens eating aliens, it's just not going to happen.

**EastEnders?**

[Snorts.] Wouldn't have a clue, mate. I would not have a clue.

**Neighbours?**

[Raises eyebrows.]

**Do you get your five-a-day?**

I do all right. I eat a pretty balanced diet. Red meat – not great. Fruit and veg are OK. I'm a bit low on the fish, but that's not hard, living in England.

**What's the worst piece of Mark Webber merchandise you've seen?**

Mate, I've had *loads* of shit merchandise!

Apparently, it's a difficult thing to get right. There's bits with a shocking photo and there are some T-shirts that would make your hair stand on end.

**How do you prepare for a race?**

It starts the night before. I try to fuel up with food, as I'm not big with eating on race day. Then it's bed around 10; lights off at 11, after reading engineers' data. On Sunday morning, I'll have MTV on and check the Aussie Rules footie scores. I get to the track as late as possible because I'm not big on standing around talking to people who don't know what they're on about. Then I'm between the garage and motorhome for briefings. My physio Rog [Roger Cleary] gives me a massage to get me relaxed, then, for about 40 minutes before the start, I get myself right into the zone. I change into my race suit as late as possible, head to the car and that's it.

**You met cricketer Andrew Flintoff recently.**

**What did you make of him?**

He seemed to be a typical Northern lad. He's a pretty robust individual and, I'd say, a bit relaxed in terms of discipline regarding his sporting career. There's no ego there whatsoever and I can see why people find it so easy to get on with him.

**So, the Ashes. Tell us...**

I absolutely love the Ashes. It's a fantastic competition – the history, how badly each side wants to beat the other... It's a long competition, and there will probably be some outstanding individual performances as well as team efforts. And it's just as big in Australia as it is in the UK.



**Do you play as you in F1 video games?**  
*No, mate. They're rubbish. They don't bear any relationship to the real thing. It's war games if I have to...*

**We're guessing you have a few cricketing heroes?**  
 Just a bit! Viv Richards was the first one. The mindgames he used to play on bowlers by going into bat without a helmet or guards were amazing. Allan Border was another – what a hero. And he wasn't afraid of giving his own team a spray if he thought they weren't pulling hard enough. Steve Waugh, Ricky Ponting, Shane Warne... the list goes on. Being cricket captain is a huge job back home. Only the Prime Minister's bigger.

**Would you ever grow a beard?**  
 Full growth? No. It would be too itchy under the balaclava. I'm more of a twice-a-week man. A five o'clock shadow's fine. Jenson [Button] has a bit of fluff on these days, doesn't he?

**Which Star Wars character are you?**  
 Mate, it's that aliens thing again. I've no idea. Who was the main man? Luke something? [Skywalker.] He'll do. Him.

**Where's the best place in the world?**  
 That's tough. [A minute of deliberation follows.] Well, for a location, the Maldives. I was incredibly lucky where I grew up, too, but I wouldn't call Queanbeyan the best place in the world.

**What are the worst shoes you've worn?**  
 I did a fashion shoot years ago for an Italian magazine and I had to put on a pair of pointed, cream snakeskin shoes with a buckle that must have been from a ladies' high-heel, and they still haunt me. I couldn't believe it, but the Italians thought they were great, as they would.

**Please describe, in one word: Fernando Alonso (Renault driver, 2005-6 world champion).**  
 Fighter.

**Kimi Räikkönen (Ferrari, 2007 world champion).**  
 Not bothered. (That's two words, Mark, but you're excused.)

**Nico Rosberg (Williams driver and former team-mate).**  
 Beautiful.



**Jenson Button (Brawn driver, leading the drivers' world championship).**

Laid-back.

**Rubens Barrichello (Brawn driver).**

Latin.

**Robert Kubica (BMW driver).**

Quality.

**Sebastian Vettel.**

Hungry.

**And a few F1 team bosses... Paul Stoddart (Webber's first, at Minardi).**

Big balls. (Again, two words, but balls do come in pairs...)

**Dave Pitchforth (Webber's second boss, at Jaguar).**

Straight-shooter.

**Sir Frank Williams (Webber's third).**

Crafty.

**Christian Horner (current team boss).**

English.

**Why do you live in England when most of your F1 rivals are tax exiles?**

I've really enjoyed it over the 15 years I've been here. I have a lot of friends here and I've raced in the UK right through my junior career and into F1. And the team are down the road [in Milton Keynes]. I'll always be an Australian – when I win a race, I'll be grabbing an Australian flag to take it around the parade lap – but, for now at least, this is my home.

**Remember Neil Horan? [He ran onto track during the 2003 British GP. Webber swerved to miss him.]**

Who? Oh, that lunatic! I remember seeing something in the distance that I thought was a bit of bodywork, but the closing speeds were ridiculous [more than 180mph/290kph], so within a second I could see it was a man. I was worried about driver safety and the thought there might be kids watching if any of us hit him. I didn't care about him getting creamed. Just f\*\*\*\*g ridiculous.

**Do you ever use fame to get freebies?**

Sometimes you might get given a nice bit of cycle gear or a heart-rate monitor or something, but to be honest I'd rather just pay. People who 'give' you something normally want something back.

**Do the public really know you?**

No. It's very hard for the public to get a full impression, particularly when we're so hidden while we're racing. I'd say they get 70 per cent. We try to be ourselves as much as we can, but people get a perception that's maybe not right. Tennis players or boxers... it's easier to see what makes them tick, because you can see them performing in the flesh. I would hope people see me as a fair and loyal person who definitely gives his all when he drives. I guess people know I don't live in Monaco with a yacht in the harbour, but I don't suppose they know I get up every morning to walk the dogs. I just like doing normal things.

**Do people take advantage of you being a decent guy?**

[Laughs] Well, I sometimes find it hard to say no. But I'm getting better at it.

**Have we seen the best of you yet?**

Close, but there's still a bit to come.

**Follow Mark's best-ever F1 season at [www.redbulletin.com/sports/formula\\_1/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/formula_1/en)**

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# Action



*Hitting the heights and plumbing the depths...*

**42** ROBBIE MADDISON **50** RED BULL X-FIGHTERS

**58** HERBERT NITSCH **62** CALCIO STORICO

**70** DAVID HOLMES

Herbert Nitsch is a man of deep convictions, quite literally, as a world-record-breaking freediver reaching almost unimaginable depths under the oceans. Find out how this most extreme of sports became his oxygen on page 58.  
Photography: Herbert Nitsch Archive



# THE NEXT GREAT SHOWMAN

*The heir-apparent to daredevil Evel Knievel is a laidback 28-year-old Australian with steel nerves and flair for the big show. And, no, he doesn't have a death wish*

Words: Andreas Tzortzis Photography: Lee Powers





Los Angeles is a tangle of freeways and low-slung concrete bungalows, punctuated by the occasional cluster of steel and glass high-rise buildings. Few are of any particular architectural merit or interest. None would catch your eye driving up the 405 freeway from San Diego on a balmy, sunny day.

Unless, of course, you happen to be Robbie Maddison. “I was driving northbound into LA at 65mph, and passing this big building,” says Maddison. “And I thought, ‘With the right ramp and at the right speed, I can jump a 10-storey building.’ And the idea was there.”

A few months later, it became reality. In front of thousands of revellers in Las Vegas last New Year’s Eve, the Australian freestyle motocross rider and heir-apparent to daredevil Evel Knievel rocketed up a ramp set at 68 degrees, flew 40m into the air and landed neatly on top of a 30m-tall replica of the Arc de Triomphe. Then he turned around and dropped back down, sticking the landing and driving into the arms of his immeasurably-relieved girlfriend, Amy.

Millions watched via a live telecast; more than a million have since watched the footage on YouTube. Most were probably asking the same question: What on earth was he thinking?

“The excitement before a jump – the build-up, the suspense – is almost sickening,” says Maddison. “It’s really hard to turn the mind off, because with the big jumps, all your mind wants to play over is what could go wrong... when all that’s gone, there comes a calmness about the whole situation, and you realise that physics proves it’s possible. So, once you avoid all that, it’s the most amazing feeling ever.”

Since the New Year’s Eve jump introduced Maddison to the world, he’s jumped Tower Bridge in London, and will return to England again in a few weeks to battle it out with the world’s top 12 freestyle motocross riders on a course of big jumps built for the occasion at Battersea Power

Station, London, the setting for the grand finale of the Red Bull X-Fighters freestyle motocross tour.

Three decades after Knievel’s last jump, the 28-year-old from Kiama, New South Wales, is heading a new generation of wannabe Evels who are bringing big-jump spectacles back. Maddison’s New Year’s Eve jump came a year after he set the long-distance jump record, again on New Year’s Eve, again in Las Vegas. With the family of Evel Knievel looking on, less than a month after the daredevil’s death, Maddison jumped 322ft 7in (98.32m), setting the world record at a length Knievel himself said could never be managed. A few months later he flew 351ft (107m).

It’s not just the more powerful and lighter bikes – the new generation of big jumpers are better trained and more methodical in their approach.

“It’s not just winging it, like it used to be,” says Cameron Steele, a longtime rider and motorsports commentator for the American sport network ESPN. “A lot who have been successful in the past four or five years are aware of the science of it. It’s become more of a profession. These guys aren’t daredevils, they’re athletes.”

The late-morning wind whips up dust devils, and cows lumber slowly across the parched ground in the hills near Valencia, greater LA. It’s hard to believe the waxed Porsches and bronzed, botoxed skin of Wilshire Boulevard and Malibu are just an hour’s drive away – depending on traffic, of course – to the south. In the arid hills separating southern California from the breadbasket that makes up the central part of the state, two sizeable motocross courses, with moulded jumps and ramps, have been carved into a small valley just down the road from a shooting range.

Maddison sits in the shade of a blue tarpaulin, slowly pulling on his gear. Two carbon-fibre knee braces go over a pair of leggings. He pulls a jersey

**“THE EXCITEMENT  
BEFORE A JUMP -  
THE BUILD-UP, THE  
SUSPENSE - IS  
ALMOST SICKENING”**



Just a short trip away from the fake tans, fake smiles – fake everything – of Wilshire Boulevard, Malibu and Hollywood, real movie star Robbie Maddison puts the bike through its paces in Valencia, California



over his narrow, muscular frame, covered in scrapes and surgery scars. Maddison guesses he's broken more than 30 bones in his body, not to mention suffering concussions, skull fractures and a laundry list of other injuries that are not for the faint of heart.

His mechanic fiddles with the blue Yamaha bike, zip-tying down the throttle and brake cables so that Maddison's feet don't catch on them while he's upside down in mid-air. A beefy fellow with a sartorial taste rarely diverting from black T-shirts and baseball caps, Vernon 'Buddy' Morgan became Maddison's full-time mechanic last year. An almost constant travel companion, Morgan has coaxed the best out of Maddison's bikes, and serves, along with Amy, as a confidant and sounding board.

The bike he wheels out onto the edge of the course is the same one he used for the New Year's Eve jump and the Tower Bridge jump, and it will hopefully guide him to victory in Red Bull X-Fighters in Battersea. "Comfort means a lot to him," says Buddy. "We've got a new bike in, but Robbie keeps asking for the blue Yamaha."

The bike pops and growls as Maddison twists the accelerator, the understanding between man and machine obvious as he guides it around the course, dust clouds trailing. He hits one ramp over and over again, whipping his bike to the side in

## **“HE WAS THREE YEARS OLD WHEN HE PULLED HIS FIRST STUNT, RIDING FULL-SPEED DOWN A HILL”**

mid-air or hovering horizontal above it and grabbing the seat. He pops a backflip; then another one. Amy, sitting at a picnic bench under the tarp, breaks off conversation when she hears the sudden rev of the engine in mid-air. She waits for the sound of the bike landing and Maddison accelerating again, and then walks out to get a better view. Maddo hits a double jump facing the hillside, and whips the bike to the side, cutting a beautiful arc in the blue sky. "Oooh," she says, clapping. "That was good."

The two met five years ago, at a time when Maddison was adrift, recovering from injuries and spending a bit too much time enjoying the nocturnal exploits of the party-heavy motocross scene. Amy provided stability and structure. Maddison likes to say that she also brought out his inner show-off. Of course, it was always there.

He was three years old when he pulled his first stunt, riding full-speed down a hill next to a school bus filled with his cheering kindergarten classmates. He hit the brakes, laying down a nice long skidmark right next to the waiting parents at the bottom.

His mother gave him a hiding; his father gave him a motorcycle helmet. A year later, he got his first motocross bike, and soon snapped it in half.

By age five, Maddison was jumping a two-tiered car park near his family home, flying 10-12m in the





Above: Robbie in a dressed-down version of his safety kit... anything for the cameras, you see. Here, on his trusty Yamaha



air. By eight years old, he was competing in motocross events all around Australia, his father waking him at 3am for the 10-hour drive to various dusty circuits far from home. On the technically demanding motocross tracks, his ease on the bike was noticeable; his penchant for going big on the jumps was even more salient.

“I just kept wanting bigger bikes so I could jump bigger and bigger,” he says.

At 16, he gave up a promising career in favour of a more stable future as an electrician’s apprentice. After two years of nine-to-five work that give him the money to buy a house but did nothing for his happiness, he reconsidered.

“I walked away from that, and my mind told me I was wrong, but my heart told me I was right,” Maddison says of the decision to go back to the bike. “When I listened to that, and had the courage to follow that, my mind couldn’t make sense of it.”

Maddison spends a lot of time ignoring what his mind tells him. It’s what enables him to do things on a bike that most of us cringe watching, let alone try ourselves. The community of freestyle motocross racers is a tight-knit one, owing both to its relatively small size and to the shared understanding among the riders that few people can truly fathom what drives them.

Recent months have found Maddison in an especially reflective mood. The death of his close friend and X Games Champion Jeremy Lusk in an accident during a competition in Costa Rica in February shook the entire community of racers and drove home the danger inherent in their sport.

“How does Lusk pass away, doing what we do every single day, when I just went with the biggest risk of anyone, jumped a building and just walked away – how is that even fair?” says Maddison. “It was hard to understand.”

Since the incident, Maddison’s become more careful and more in-tune with the voices telling him when not to ride. A FMX rider’s professional life is spent treading the fine line between courage and lunacy. Maddison keeps balance by striving to live in the moment, thankful for each opportunity he gets.

“I know a lot of people are afraid to die. I’m not,” he says. “It’s not that I want to end anything, but it’s important to get everything out of life – and that’s what I’m doing.”

One wonders, though, where it can go from here. Maddison sometimes gets the feeling that he’s peaked too early, hitting two massive jumps within a year. But then there are always riders pushing him to jump higher and set new records as he breaks old ones. Mostly, though, it is the adoration of the crowd and the spectacle of the big jumps that proves far too addictive for him to resist.

In a matter of weeks, Maddison will rocket out of an empty window at Battersea Power Station onto a carefully designed course, jockeying with his fellow riders for bigger airs and crowd reaction. “If you’re not seeing Robbie the showman, you’re not seeing the real Robbie,” he says. “That’s just who I am.”

**For Maddo’s views on pizza, training and Arnold Schwarzenegger visit [www.redbulletin.com/articles/60\\_seconds\\_with\\_maddo/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/articles/60_seconds_with_maddo/en)**

## MADDO’S MADDEST MOMENTS

*‘Spectacular’ is a word that barely does justice to a man who breaks records almost for fun...*



**#1 LAS VEGAS 31.12.07** “Incredible, this is the best day of my life,” gushed Maddison to the TV cameras after the record-breaking jump. He leapt 322ft 7in (98.32m) across a football field in Las Vegas to blitz the 310ft (94m) record set by Ryan Capes in 2005. Robbie’s effort was all the more remarkable as he had broken a leg in competition earlier in the year and had only started record training at the start of December.



**#2 MELBOURNE 29.03.08** Barely four months later, Maddison was at it again. He’d been disappointed not to break the 350ft mark with his New Year’s Eve 2007 attempt, but this time, in front of a fevered home crowd at the ‘Crusty Demons Night of World Records’, he managed it in style with a 351ft (107m) jump, having earlier jumped 316ft (96m) and 342ft (104m) by way of a warm-up.



**#3 CAESARS PALACE 31.12.08** The self-styled ‘great showman’ welcomed in 2009 by leaping up a ramp to land elegantly on top of the Caesars Palace’s replica Arc de Triomphe – a clear 10-storey height. Not content with that, he jumped back down, terrifying all who looked on, but landing unscathed, save for a fracture to his left hand. “It’s definitely a milestone in my life to overcome the fear I had,” he said. “The hand kills.”

ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY: CHRISTIAN PONDELLA/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (2); GETTY IMAGES (1)

# FIGHT NIGHT

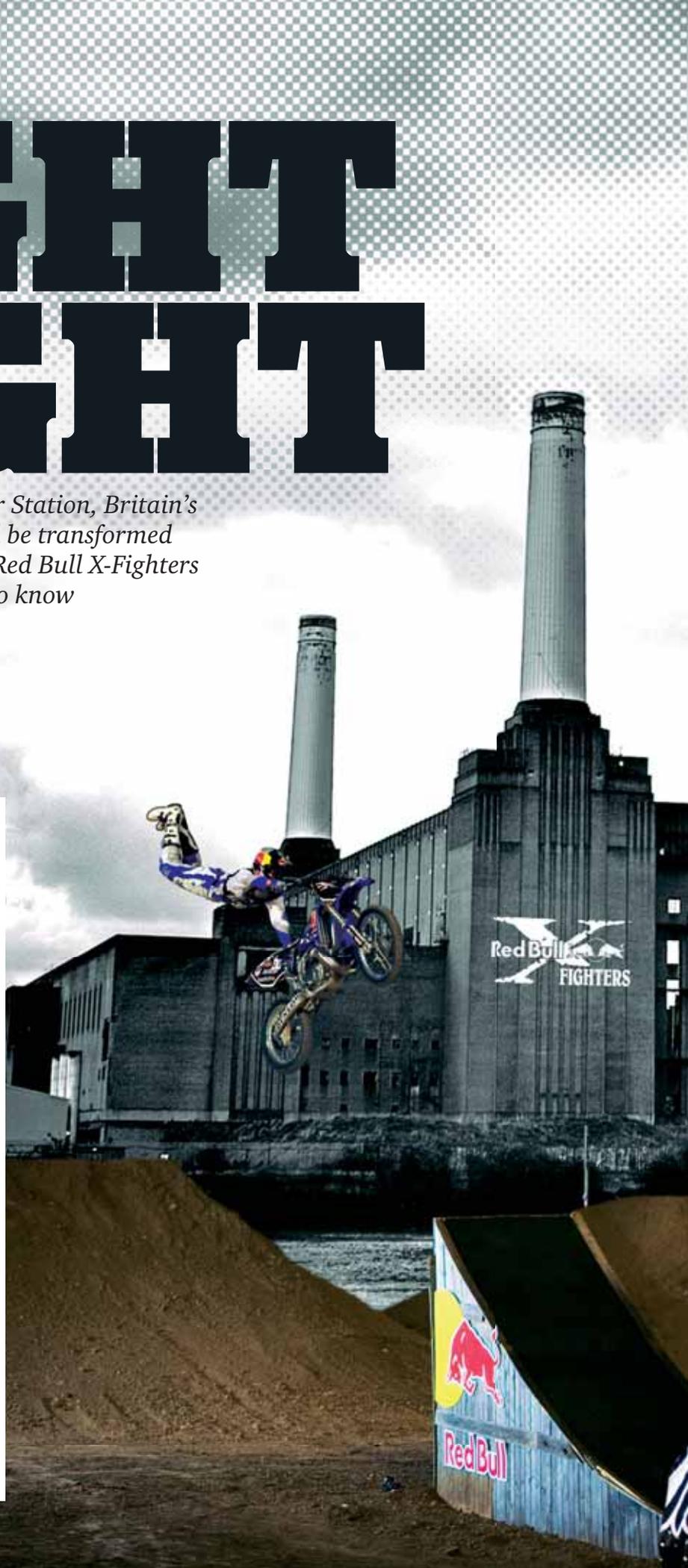
*In barely a fortnight, Battersea Power Station, Britain's most iconic industrial landmark, will be transformed into a venue for death-defying feats: Red Bull X-Fighters London. Here's everything you need to know*

Words: Justin Hynes

Born from bullfighting and raised on rodeo, Red Bull X-Fighters World Tour is like no other motorsport competition. A heady mix of daredevilry and ultra-honed competitive skills, the World Tour puts 12 of the best freestyle motocross riders on the planet in a purpose-built arena and, through a series of head-to-head runs, judges them on just how crazed their inventiveness on two wheels can get.

Until the penultimate round it was veteran Japanese rider Eigo Sato who set the pace with top-four finishes in the first three events. But in Spain, American Nate Adams was catapulted into the title lead, taking second on the back of a first Tour win in Texas. The Madrid result means London is set for an amazing final showdown, with four riders in real contention. Last year's champion Mat Rebeaud is closing in on back-to-back titles, and Australian daredevil Robbie Maddison (see page 44) has battled his way through to be within a shout of the ultimate prize which will be decided from 8.30pm on August 22 at Battersea. It's a fitting location.

In a building transformed into a bullring for the motorised age, Red Bull X-Fighters' final stop will marry the notions of modernist power with a sport harking back to something more primal, rooted in folk memory. It's no over-dramatisation to note the echoes of Ernest Hemingway in Red Bull X-Fighters. "There are," he said, "only three sports: bullfighting, motor racing, and mountaineering; all the rest are merely games." In Red Bull X-Fighters, that sentiment might just have been compressed into one vertiginously powerful night at the bullfight...





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# Who's Who in Red Bull X-Fighters?

The X-files on nine riders to watch



## 1. The Champ:

**Mat Rebeaud**

**Nickname:** Air Mat

**Born:** July 29, 1982

**Nationality:** Swiss

**Signature Trick:**

Underflip, Tsunami

**Current Ranking:** 4th

The 2008 X-Fighters champ won four from six events last year and also took a silver medal at X Games XIV to cement his position as one of FMX's top pros. No wins this year – so far...



## 2. Mr Reliable:

**Eigo Sato**

**Nickname:** None

**Born:** October 30, 1978

**Nationality:** Japanese

**Signature Trick:** Seems

to like all of them

**Current Ranking:** 2nd

The elder statesman of the tour, it's best left to fellow riders Charles and Thomas Pagès to sum up what makes Eigo special: "His creative mix of flips and tricks, performed with a great sense of rhythm, really makes the term 'freestyle' come to life."



## 3. The Leader:

**Nate Adams**

**Nickname:** The Destroyer/

Nate Dog/The Nateinator

**Born:** March 29, 1984

**Nationality:** American

**Signature Trick:** 360 Heel

Clicker to Nac Nac Backflip

**Current Ranking:** 1st

X Games gold medalist, called "the best FMX rider on the planet" by riding legend Travis Pastrana.



## 4. The Rookie:

**Levi Sherwood**

**Nickname:** Rubber Kid

**Born:** October 22, 1991

**Nationality:** New Zealander

**Signature Trick:** Underflip

**Current Ranking:** 8th

An injury in Madrid makes London a risk for Levi, but if fully recovered, the Mexico winner could surprise again.



## 7,500 TONNES

OF DIRT WILL BE SHIPPED TO BATTERSEA POWER STATION TO BUILD THE X-FIGHTERS COURSE. THE PERFECT MATERIAL FOR FMX RUNS IS A MIX OF CRUSHED STONE, SAND AND CLAY. IT WILL BE BROUGHT TO THE POWER STATION FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF LONDON IN A FLEET OF TRUCKS.

## 17,000

SPECTATORS EXPECTED AT THE SITE. THE FOUR MASSIVE GRANDSTANDS THAT WILL GIVE FANS A PERFECT VIEW OF THE BIG-AIR INSANITY TAKE TWO WEEKS TO CONSTRUCT. IN ALL THERE ARE 25 SEPARATE STRUCTURES THAT NEED TO BE ERECTED ON-SITE, FROM THE GRANDSTANDS TO HOSPITALITY AND CONCESSIONS. WHILE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SITE HAS BEEN DELAYED FOR YEARS, A WHOLE NEW VILLAGE WILL BE BUILT IN THE GROUNDS IN A FORTNIGHT.

## 8 WEEKS

TO CREATE THE COURSE SITE. ONCE THE SITE IS PREPARED, CONSTRUCTION OF THE COURSE ITSELF WILL TAKE ABOUT 10 DAYS.

## 610

STAFF WILL WORK ON THE EVENT ITSELF, WITH 550 LOCAL WORKERS AND 60 INTERNATIONALLY INVOLVED IN FINDING OUT JUST WHO WILL BE CROWNED RED BULL X-FIGHTERS CHAMPION, 2009.

## 3

APPEARANCES FOR BATTERSEA POWER STATION IN *DOCTOR WHO*. IT FEATURED IN *THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH* IN 1964, AND APPEARED IN THE 2006 EPISODES *RISE OF THE CYBERMEN* AND *THE AGE OF STEEL* AS THE BASE TO WHICH LONDONERS ARE DRAWN TO BE CHANGED INTO EVIL CYBERMEN.

PREVIOUS PAGE: JÖRG MITTER/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), ANREAS SCHAAD/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), ALEX SCHELBERT/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), GETTY IMAGES (2) PHOTOGRAPHY: JÖRG MITTER/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), CHRIS TEDESCO/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), JÜRGEN SKARWAN/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), FLOHAGENA.COM/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1)



## TOP TRICKS BACKFLIPS

Involves completing an entire backward rotation along the vertical axis of the bike. Variations include the Cliffhanger Flip, where the rider extends his body away from the bike while holding the handlebars with his legs, to the Heel-Clicker, where the rider does just that in front of the bike and in mid-flip. Add in the Cordova Flip, where the rider brings his feet up underneath the bars and contorts himself so he's looking at the rear fender, and the Lazy Flip, where the rider lies back flat on the seat in mid-rotation. The Double Backflip (as performed here by Cam Sinclair) involves the rider in seated position simply turning two full rotations. It looks easy, but is one of the gnarliest to lock down.

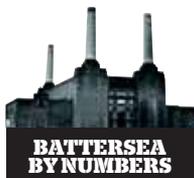




### **TOP TRICKS ON-AXIS**

No rotation involved in these tricks, but they often take a lot of strength to pull off. The Tsunami is a handstand in mid-air using the handlebars as grips, but keeping the bike level, which is a major feat of muscle and balance. Then there's the 9 O'Clock Nac where the rider holds the handlebars with one hand and his legs are extended sideways away from the bike as if pointing to the number nine on the clock. The Whip involves the rider kicking the bike sideways in mid-air to leave it virtually horizontal before straightening out for landing. Maddest of all is the Rock Solid (pictured), where the rider leaves the bike completely, extends his limbs and then attempts to grab the falling bike.





7

DIFFERENT ARTISTS HAVE USED THE ICONIC BUILDING AS PART OF SLEEVE ARTWORK FOR ALBUMS AND SINGLES. THE COVER OF PINK FLOYD'S *ANIMALS*, FEATURING THE BUILDING AND A FLOATING, INFLATABLE PIG, IS THE MOST FAMOUS, NOTABLY FOR THE FACT THAT THE INFLATABLE BROKE FROM ITS MOORING AND WANDERED OFF INTO THE HEATHROW FLIGHT PATH, CAUSING AIR-TRAFFIC CHAOS. IT HAS ALSO FEATURED IN THE ART FOR THE WHO'S *QUADROPHENIA*, LONDON ELEKTRICITY'S *POWER BALLADS*, THE PETULA CLARK BOXED SET *MEET ME IN BATTERSEA PARK*, JAN HAMMER'S *THE RUNNER (MARATHON MIX)*, HAWKWIND'S *QUARK*, *STRANGENESS AND CHARM* AND, FINALLY, MORRISSEY'S 1990 ALBUM *BONA DRAG*.

### 1984

WAS JUST ONE FILM WHICH USED THE POWER STATION AS A LOCATION. IN MICHAEL RADFORD'S 1984 VERSION OF THE CLASSIC NOVEL, THE FACILITY BECAME ORWELL'S *MINISTRY OF LOVE*. IT HAS ALSO FEATURED IN *BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT*, *FULL METAL JACKET*, THE BEATLES FILM *HELP!* GUY RITCHIE'S *ROCK 'N' ROLLA* AND ALFONSO CUARON'S *CHILDREN OF MEN*, IN WHICH IT FEATURES AS A MUSEUM OF ART TREASURES PLUNDERED FROM COLLAPSED NATIONS IN A DYSTOPIAN FUTURE. IN ONE SCENE, AN INFLATABLE PIG CAN CLEARLY BE SEEN TETHERED TO THE EXTERIOR, IN REFERENCE TO PINK FLOYD'S *ANIMALS* COVER. IT HAS ALSO, MORE BIZARRELY, FEATURED IN THE TV SERIES *LOST*, SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND IN THE EPISODE *FIRE AND WATER* AND LABELLED AS THE HQ OF WIDMORE CONSTRUCTION.

Who's Who? continued...



### 5. Swampy Tales: Chris Birch

Age: 24

From: Haverhill, Suffolk, England

Lives: Zelzate, Belgium

Job description: Red Bull X-Fighters London competitor

Motto: 'Ride Hard... Party Harder'

Current Ranking: n/a

**You've been involved with Red Bull X-Fighters in exhibitions, but the Battersea event later this month will be your first taste of competition. How big a deal is it to get the nod for the Tour finale in London?**

It's massively important to me, to be recognised as being good enough to represent my country, or at least be the only English rider there. So, that's huge. For me personally, it's like a door has been opened.

**Do you think you've got the chops to compete with guys like Robbie Maddison and Mat Rebeaud?**

Yeah, I hope so. I know Mat really well and I've ridden with him before, but I've got a few tricks that I know I do a bit differently to everyone else in the industry. That's the great thing about FMX – it's a small industry, so you know what everyone can do. So, I have one or two things up my sleeve somewhere. It's really with the flips, but hopefully I can get a few good combos down before the event, and maybe it'll all make my run stronger.

**What's your favourite trick?** It's very tough to pick one.

I've only really ever learned tricks that I like – ones where I liked the feel of them or the flow. I really like tricks such as the Turn Down Whip, just because the flow of it feels good. When you know you've done a good extension, when you've stuffed it big – you get that little buzz. It gives you confidence, which you bring to the show and your performance.

**The FMX scene in the UK is quite small. Will Red Bull X-Fighters in London help to broaden its appeal?**

I hope so. You know, English crowds are a bit slow to show their enthusiasm and a bit quiet sometimes, so Battersea will change that, hopefully, with the quality of the riders that are there and how big the production is. We'll get a taster on the exhibition tour before the event. We're not going to jump if the crowd's too quiet. Hopefully, in Battersea, we can rewrite the book a bit.

**Everybody in FMX has got a cool nickname: Nate Adams is 'The Destroyer' and Mat Rebeaud is 'Air Mat'. So, what's yours?** Swampy.

**Swampy?** Yeah, I know. It's thanks to Jimmy Verburgh, the guy who runs the FMX4Ever team I ride for. I've no idea where it came from and neither does he. Anyway, it seems to have stuck. I have a feeling it might remind him of an ex-girlfriend of his many years ago! So, now I'm Swampy.



### **TOP TRICKS COMBOS**

Take the basic idea of either flipping the bike or keeping it on-axis and then add in variations. This is where Red Bull X-Fighters starts to get truly jaw-dropping. How about the Lookback Hart Attack. Take an on-axis move, the Hart Attack, named after originator Carey Hart, where the rider grabs the bars with one hand and the seat with the other and extends his legs up and away then, because, like, that's easy, why not twist around so you end up looking backwards during the jump?

Trickier still is the Double Hart Attack, which combines that move with a Superman grab, in which the rider (in this case Mat Rebeaud, pictured) only uses the back of the bike for grip.

## WHO'S WHO? CONTINUED...

**6. The Comeback Kid: Jeremy Stenberg**

**Nickname:** Twitch  
**Born:** September 21, 1981  
**Nationality:** American  
**Signature Trick:** Lazyboy Flip/Coffin  
**Current Ranking:** 7th

Twitch is an FMX legend, not least for overcoming the Tourette's syndrome that earned him his nickname, and for battling back from a 2006 accident that resulted in compound fractures in his left leg and a shattered right ankle. He's also one of the most superstitious riders on tour, keeping every helmet he's ever used. He also always puts on the left side of his gear before the right.

**7. Frère Do's: Charles Pagès**

**Nicknames:** (With Thom) The Brothers Trip  
**Born:** January 16, 1981  
**Nationality:** French  
**Signature Trick:** Double Nac and the elusive Front Flip  
**Current Ranking:** 13th

The Brothers Trip from Nantes in south-east France have made it a mission to land the near-impossible Front Flip in Red Bull X-Fighters competition, and Charly's two latest attempts, at the event in Madrid last time out, only just resulted in failure, with a complete rotation but a crash landing.

**For more on the Red Bull X-Fighters, the official website has details of events and how to buy tickets for the London extravaganza. There are also spectacular videos and interviews with the intrepid riders themselves. Just go to [www.redbullxfighters.com](http://www.redbullxfighters.com)**

**8. The Rising Star: Dany Torres**

**Nickname:** DT  
**Born:** March 10, 1987  
**Nationality:** Spanish  
**Signature Trick:** Turn Down, Cliffhanger Flip  
**Current Ranking:** 6th

Though he's struggled with bike problems and, more seriously, with a knee complaint throughout the '09 Tour, DT made a stunning comeback in front of his home crowd in Madrid to see off a resurgent Nate Adams and take victory with some amazing tricks at the Plaza de Toros de las Ventas. Billed as one of Red Bull X-Fighters' biggest talents, expect Dany to throw down more of the same in London.

**9. Brother in Arms: Thomas Pagès**

**Nicknames:** (With Charly) The Brothers Trip  
**Born:** March 25, 1985  
**Nationality:** French  
**Signature Trick:** Tsunami, Indy and, like Charly, the Front Flip  
**Current Ranking:** 9th

The younger of the Brothers Trip currently has the edge over his older sibling in terms of 2009 Red Bull X-Fighters ranking points, but his goal to land a Front Flip, as with Charly, remains unfulfilled. But like his brother in Madrid, he came mighty close in this year's first round in Mexico.

# THE ELECTRIC DRAW OF BATTERSEA

Stephen Bayley reflects on a 'City of the Dead'

In my ample portfolio of unrealised projects is a film, a book or an exhibition – perhaps all three – to be called *Cities of the Dead*.

It's about haunted monuments, the place of memory in our imaginative lives. It broods on the way architectural ruins mock our absurd vanities. It starts in Baalbek, Lebanon, the Heliopolis of the ancients, now a muddle of broken columns. And it ends in Battersea in south-west London.

Battersea is one of the most romantic corners of the world's most romantic city. Here, on a site once occupied by reservoirs belonging to the long-gone Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks, is Battersea Power Station, perhaps the greatest industrial building of them all, and certainly the most bereft. It stares at the river that Turner and Whistler loved and painted.

Proud, but broken, it is one of London's very few buildings that can be recognised from silhouette alone. Its vast, looming bulk sits incongruously opposite the leafy and picturesque Battersea Park. Once, the park was a common with a long tradition of folkloric merrymaking, often a colourfully disreputable sort. It became a formal public park when spoil from the new Royal Docks was shipped upstream and dumped on this part of the south bank. At about the same time, Bazalgette, the great Victorian sewer engineer, tamed the Thames by embanking it.

The Power Station itself is not just part of architectural history, but also of Britain's business history. Before 1948, when electricity was nationalised, competing private companies supplied power. One of them was The London Power Company, which decided to build Battersea Power Station in 1927. The site was strategic, but also symbolic: this vast building adjacent to smart Chelsea was deliberately conceived as corporate imagery. It was an advertisement for the heft of London Power.

Work began under London Power's engineer S Leonard Pearce and its house architect

J Theo Halliday. They determined the general arrangements and specified the internal finishes of Italian marble and polished wood floors. Halliday designed the Art Deco interiors: London Power delivered power to Londoners from control rooms that looked like the ballroom of the Dorchester Hotel. Turbines were supplied by the mighty Metropolitan Vickers. And then, with work in progress, London Power performed an act of promotional genius and hired Sir Giles Gilbert Scott to put the finishing touches to a building project whose ambition was causing some local unease.

Scott was a leading architect of the day, a master both of huge monuments and small-scale civic design; Liverpool's sublime Anglican cathedral was his work and so, too, was the classic red telephone box, another inalienable symbol of London. Scott adjusted proportions and played with details. The fluting on the four distinctive 103m-tall concrete columns was his. So too was the overall credit, although most of the design decisions had been made before his arrival. Its sister building is now Tate Modern.

Not everyone loved Battersea. Architectural critic Ian Nairn said the fluting was timid and would make a great engineer such as Thomas Telford throw up, although he conceded, "If there is such a thing as industrial melodrama, this is it".

The largest brick building in Europe went off-stream in 1983. Its daunting size and status have frustrated redevelopment for a quarter of a century. Some say it should be structurally stabilised and left as a ruin. In any case, this City of the Dead has already achieved a permanent place in the afterlife. Hitchcock used it in his 1936 movie *Sabotage*, it's in the 1965 Beatles film *Help!* and the stripped interiors feature in *Batman: The Dark Knight*.

The thing about Cities of the Dead is that they are really still alive. Just think about that as Battersea Power Station echoes to exhaust notes...

# TRULY, MADLY, DEEPLY

*Herbert Nitsch takes a huge breath and dives down 214m – about 54m more than all his living competitors. And now he wants to sink to even greater depths...*

Words: Werner Jessner

*Can I mention something before you get started? You'll understand this piece a lot better if you're very relaxed as you peruse it. So, make yourself comfortable. Breathe calmly. Now take a breath and hold it – and keep holding it as you read on...*

Your spleen lies to the left of your stomach and it's about the same size and shape as a can of Red Bull. One of its functions is the creation of red blood cells, which help transport oxygen around the body. Aquatic mammals have enormous spleens to release large quantities of red blood cells, and if one of the partly-aquatic mammals known as human beings wants to improve its abilities underwater, it needs to work on its spleen. The thing is, how do you exercise your spleen?

Herbert Nitsch, a 39-year-old pilot from Vienna, is, without doubt, the world's best freediver, and a man who has worked hard on his spleen. Freediving's governing body is AIDA, the International Association for Development of Apnea – 'apnea' means 'not breathing', and freedivers have to make do with their own breathable air. Hence the spleen work, which in Nitsch's case has paid off. Of eight AIDA world record categories, Nitsch has at one time held seven; in the particularly spectacular No Limit category, in which a sled pulls divers down into the depths and inflatables pull them back to the surface, he has the four best marks ever achieved. The man with the fifth-best depth, French diving legend Loïc Leferme, died two years ago in a training accident when his equipment failed. Herbert Nitsch set his most recent world record in April of this year. It was the 25th time he's set a world best.

Nitsch's No Limit record was set in June 2007, in Greek waters, at a depth of 702ft, or 214m. It's almost impossible to

imagine water that deep, but Nitsch says that he felt OK down there and that he's set 1000ft (that's an uneven 304m in metric terms) as his next goal because it's a round number.

*Is your midriff twitching? This is the breathing reflex that kicks in with untrained people after a minute or so. That's normal. Relax. Carry on reading calmly. Cramping consumes oxygen. And you haven't got a whole lot of that left.*

The man known as the Flying Fish – a reference to his day job as an airline pilot – is tall and shaven-headed, and his chest doesn't look as powerful as you might expect for someone with a 15-litre lung capacity. He has a deep voice. His hand is cool when you shake it. This is down, he explains, to his diver's circulation. When he's relaxed, his pulse rate goes below 40bpm, about half that of a regular healthy man of his age.

Normal people, he says, work rather like big, old, badly-tuned American hotrods, designed when petrol was cheap. Freedivers, by contrast, are performance cars with a very low idling speed that can rev up quickly on demand and survive when air is at a premium. "When people feel they need more oxygen," says Nitsch, "they just breathe more. Divers learn to make do with less."

What Nitsch calls interval training might come across as more like a nice doze to the onlooker. Nitsch lies in bed at home, breathes for three minutes and then doesn't breathe for the next three. Then he breathes for two and a half minutes and doesn't breathe for three and a half, and so on until he's down to breathing for 30 seconds. He can control the breathing reflex like the rest of us control our hands and legs. Standing still, he can make his pulse rise from 60 to 120bpm and then come back down

PHOTOGRAPHY: HERBERT NITSCH ARCHIVE (1)

**“THE WORLD IS  
FLAT, AND  
WE FREEDIVERS  
JUST GET TO  
LOOK OVER THE  
EDGE A BIT”**





**DOWN...** Left: The gear for freediving is something else – wearing large weights on your head may seem strange, but they help the diver descend. Right: Nitsch built the special mono-fin he uses during the ‘No Limits’ dive himself

again within 30 seconds, during which he either breathes or holds his breath. He consciously controls his diaphragm, draws blood from his limbs back into his torso (this is called ‘blood shifting’), uses his larynx as a valve to pump more air into his lungs and uses pressure equalisation to shift air to where it’s needed among various little-known cavities in the head.

When you ask Herbert Nitsch about freediving, what he does and what he hopes to do, he recounts his plans in a chatty tone of relaxed concentration, outlining complex and seemingly impossible tasks in the same way that someone tells you on a Monday morning what they did at the weekend: how to reduce residual volume, which is the air that you can’t get out of your lungs, even though external pressure has compressed it to such a degree (oxygen is poison at such depths); how he increases his body’s CO<sub>2</sub> tolerance; how, when underwater for No Limit, he breathes part of the air into a bottle so that once he’s down where he wants to be, he can equalise pressure when the lungs shut down completely; why many freedivers’ habit of flooding the Eustachian tubes with seawater is not such a good idea (“There should be no water in the

middle ear”); how he can sense that his heart is only beating at 10bpm, but can’t prove it because pulse monitors don’t work at such high pressure.

Nitsch describes the unimaginable so clinically – but is there anything wonderful about freediving to him?

“The weightlessness, the movement and playing in the water; the fish and the reefs; the wrecks. I’m much more mobile than I ever could be with compressed air.” He explains how he plays hide-and-seek with the fish: “They have to think

people are afraid of them and only then will they come nearer.” He frightens sharks so that they don’t get too curious when he harpoons fish and they can smell the blood. He likes to eat fish and is basically happy when he’s by the sea. “Holidays have always had something to do with water,” he says.

Nitsch first clocked his unusual abilities 10 years ago, when an airline lost his diving equipment and without external air he was diving down to 30m; a depth that he shouldn’t have

## FREEDIVING RECORDS

*AIDA (International Association for the Development of Apnea) recognises these eight diving disciplines*

### 1. CONSTANT WEIGHT WITHOUT FINS (CNF):

Diving with no aids. **Record: 88m** held by William Trubridge (NZ), April 10, 2009

### 2. CONSTANT WEIGHT (CWT):

Diving with fins. **Record: 122m** Martin Stepanek (AUT), May 22, 2009

### 3. DYNAMIC WITHOUT FINS (DNF):

Horizontal swim underwater with no aids. **Record: 213m** Dave Mullins (NZ), August 12, 2008/Tom Sietas (GER) July 2, 2008

### 4. DYNAMIC WITH FINS (DYN):

Horizontal swim underwater with fins. **Record: 250m** Alexey Molchanov (RUS), October 5, 2008

### 5. STATIC APNEA (STA):

Holding your breath underwater. **Record: 11m 35s** Stephane Mifsud (FRA), June 8, 2009

### 6. FREE IMMERSION (FIM)

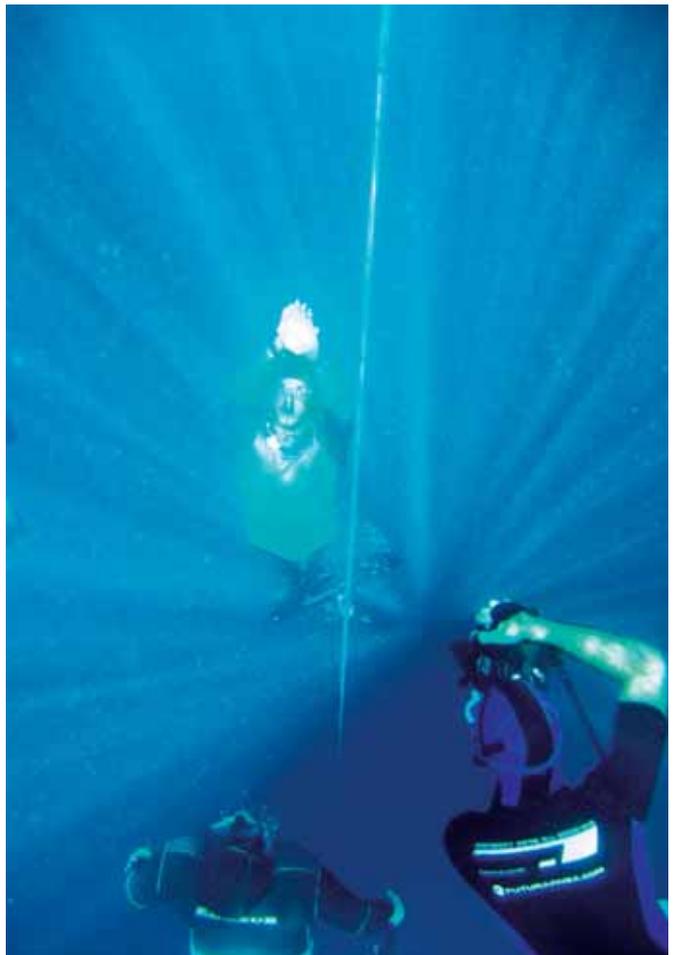
Pull yourself down using rope. **Record: 110m** Stepanek, May 23, 2009

### 7. VARIABLE WEIGHT (VWT)

Descending with ballast, return to the surface under your own steam. **Record: 140m** Carlos Coste (VEN), May 9, 2006

### 8. NO LIMIT (NLT)

Everything allowed apart from drawing breath. **Record: 214m** Herbert Nitsch (AUT), June 14, 2007  
*Records correct as of July 1, 2009*



**UP...** Left: The last few metres of the ascent are the most harrowing. Nitsch makes one last decompression stop before surfacing, the only time he's allowed an escort. Right: The rope is used to provide orientation, security and proof of the record

been able to reach. He might do 200 dives on good days and stay underwater for three or four minutes at a time.

*You've gone three minutes without fresh oxygen now. Anyone can learn to do three minutes, according to Nitsch. It's now that things get interesting.*

Being an airline pilot is no casual job – every eventuality and exit scenario is defined before each take-off. It was this culture that Nitsch took with him to freediving. No Limit, with its sled and inflatables, is especially challenging. “It was too risky for me at first,” says Nitsch. “All you need is for the supply line to be leaky or the valve to fail, and you're in trouble. That's why I took two lifting bags along on my first sled.”

Regulations in freediving are strict. There are doping tests. As with ski-jumping, there is a timeframe within which you have to dive – 30 seconds, as a rule. You have to announce the depth to which you want to dive in advance to the officials. A marker is then sunk to that depth on a rope. If you bring the marker back to the surface with you, it counts as a successful dive. If you don't, the shortfall will be taken off the depth actually reached. So, if

you say you're going to dive to 100m but you turn back at 80m, you'll then be marked as having dived 60m. This prevents high-spirited divers from overshooting the target and making the sport unnecessarily risky for the sake of a record. “We never really dive a personal best in competition,” Nitsch points out.

Sometimes, though, Nitsch does his own thing and announces awesome depths because he's sure it'll be OK. “I don't go to the limit in training. I dive at 80 per cent until it feels like 60 per cent. If I do really go to the limit, it only feels like 80 per cent, which means I still have something in reserve.”

*Still haven't breathed? Nearly there!* Conventional athletic training doesn't work for freediving. Extreme divers don't have to be strong or agile, or have great stamina or quick reactions. They need to be efficient and good in a crisis. “I come across as clumsy and technically poor in the first few metres,” Nitsch says, “where it's a matter of overcoming buoyancy and proceeding to a depth where you'll be weightless. The clumsy style is intentional. It's economical.”

What does it feel like? “Because of the high carbon dioxide content in the

blood, it feels like when you drowsily grab the alarm clock and aren't sure whether you're still dreaming or awake.” What does it sound like? “In No Limit, I hear the sound of the sled on the rope.” And the depths themselves? “I don't know. I don't listen to them.” Do you keep your eyes open? “Sometimes. Sometimes I just feel my way.”

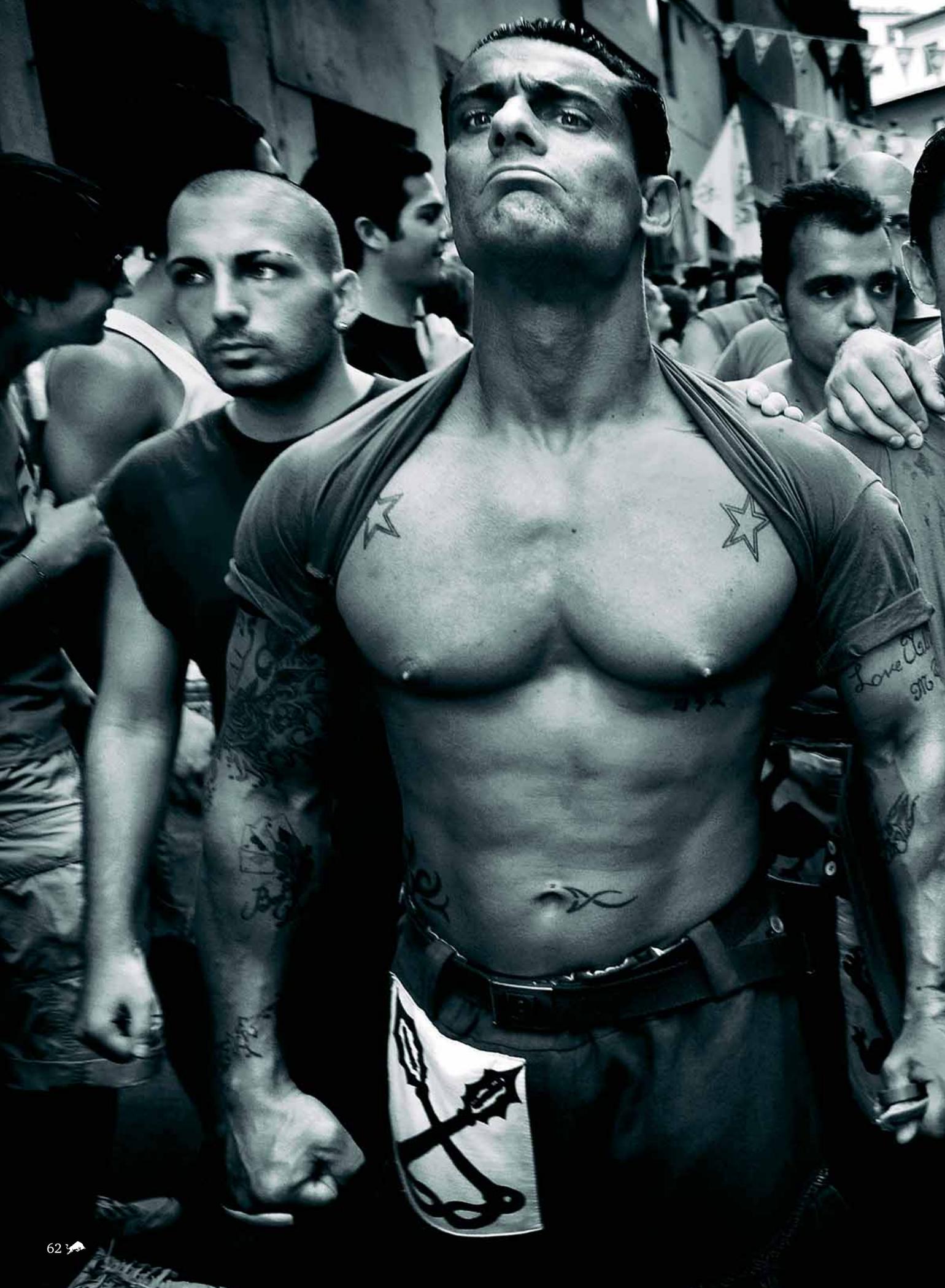
What do you think about? “I try not to think about anything. All you have is three brain cells: one is for plan A, the other for plan B; and the third decides which one it'll be.”

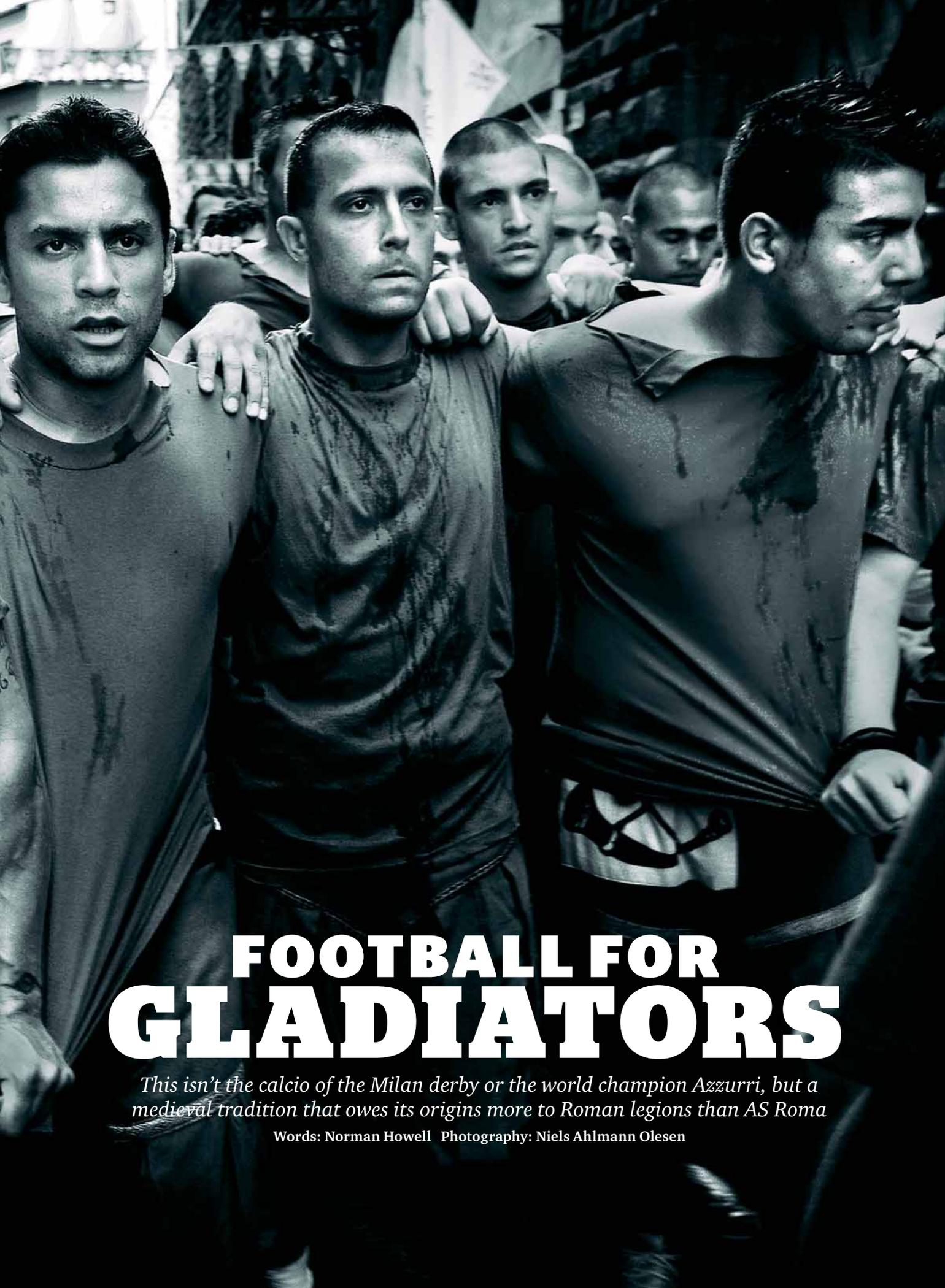
And what's it actually like down there in such a foreign environment? “The world is flat, and we freedivers just get to look over the edge a bit.”

That the depths remain alien even to Nitsch, someone who is practised and rational, says a lot about how hostile the world of the deep actually is. Perhaps he would prefer to be a fish? “No,” he says. “Being a human is just fine.”

*You can breathe again now. Well done! You've gone over six minutes without air. Herbert Nitsch's record, by the way, is nine minutes and four seconds.*

**Dive deep into Herbert's world at [www.redbulletin.com/nitsch/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/nitsch/en)**





# FOOTBALL FOR GLADIATORS

*This isn't the calcio of the Milan derby or the world champion Azzurri, but a medieval tradition that owes its origins more to Roman legions than AS Roma*

Words: Norman Howell Photography: Niels Ahlmann Olesen



he two young men square up to each other, arms raised, fists clenched and jaws hard. An older man walks past and waves his hand at them, dismissively, as if to a couple of squabbling children: “*Ragazzi, ragazzi...*” Then he walks to another pair of ragazzi – ‘lads’ – wrestling on the ground, putting a calming hand on the uppermost. Both stop fighting.

The focus fades from the schoolmasterly action in the playground and the scope widens. To the right is Florence’s Franciscan Basilica of Santa Croce, its black and white stone imposing, beautiful and austere. Buried here are Michelangelo, Galileo Galilei, Niccolò Macchiavelli and Gioacchino Rossini.

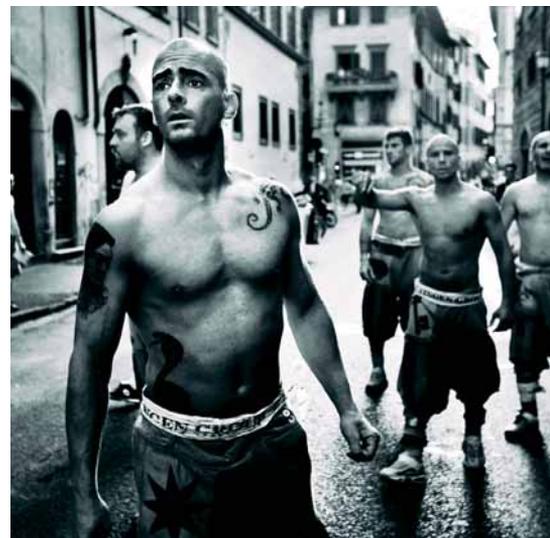
Views in every other direction are of beautiful *palazzi*, in front of which are temporary stands full of magnificently dressed people, some in medieval costumes, all shouting and cheering. Between the fans and the pitch is a wire fence, and, beyond that, mayhem. On a dirt pitch roughly laid over the stones of the square, 57 *calcianti*, or ‘kickers’, are running, tackling, jumping, chasing, wrestling, sprinting, tripping and, yes, kicking. Somewhere in the middle of this is a ball, which must be thrown or kicked into a goal area the width of the pitch but only a metre high. Getting the ball in the back of the net scores a point, but if it goes out, it’s half a point for the opposition. Keeping some semblance of order are three referees and two non-playing captains.

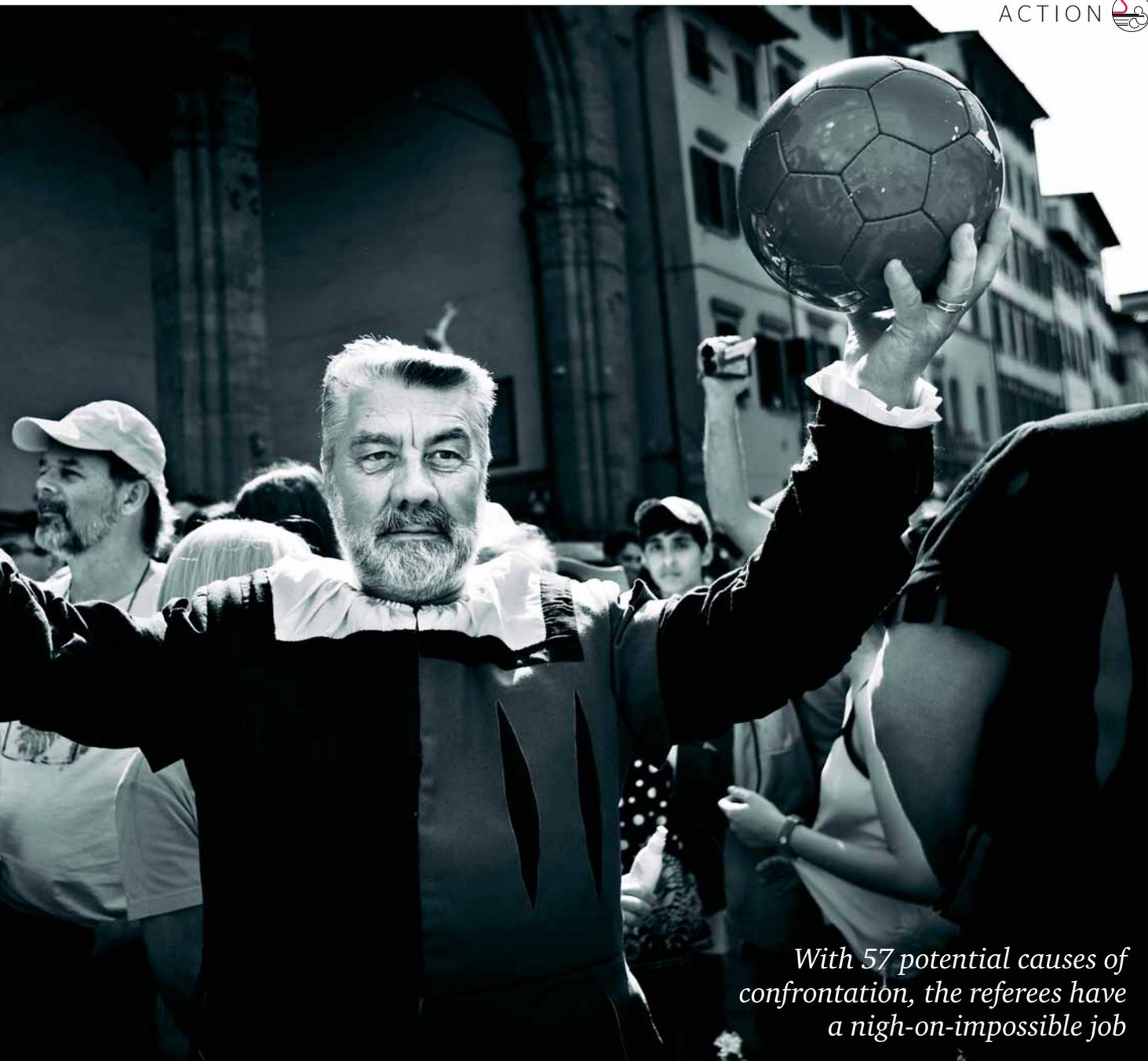
This is a match of *Calcio Storico Fiorentino* between the Whites and the Reds. Every year the four Florentine districts – Greens and Blues represent the other two – battle ferociously with one another for the pride of their district, their church and their friends. The prize is a *vitella*, a live heifer, which is led away by the winning team, the players covered in dust, mud, sweat and bruises. Their joy will last into the night – the heifer will last a little less time.

This is an ancient game. The Roman legions kept fit and busy by regularly playing *Harpastum* – meaning ‘to rip or grab with strength’ – and the game spread all over the Roman Empire. There is evidence that it was itself derived from the Ancient Greek game of *Sferomachia*, and it’s clear that these robust team and ball games were very common in societies where martial prowess, strength and strategy were part of everyday life. The Romans established a colony in Florentia in 59BC and the game was introduced soon after that. The people of Florence changed its name to *Calcio*, introducing the concept of controlling and kicking the ball, but keeping the classic battlefield formation of the Roman legions: four horizontal,



**Top:** After the splendid historical procession, it’s time for the real action to begin in the Piazza Santa Croce. **Bottom row, from left to right:** Players congregate before joining the procession from Santa Maria Novella; the larger, more heavyweight roles owe more to rugby football than association football; identity is an important factor between the colours, something that purists feel is being eroded



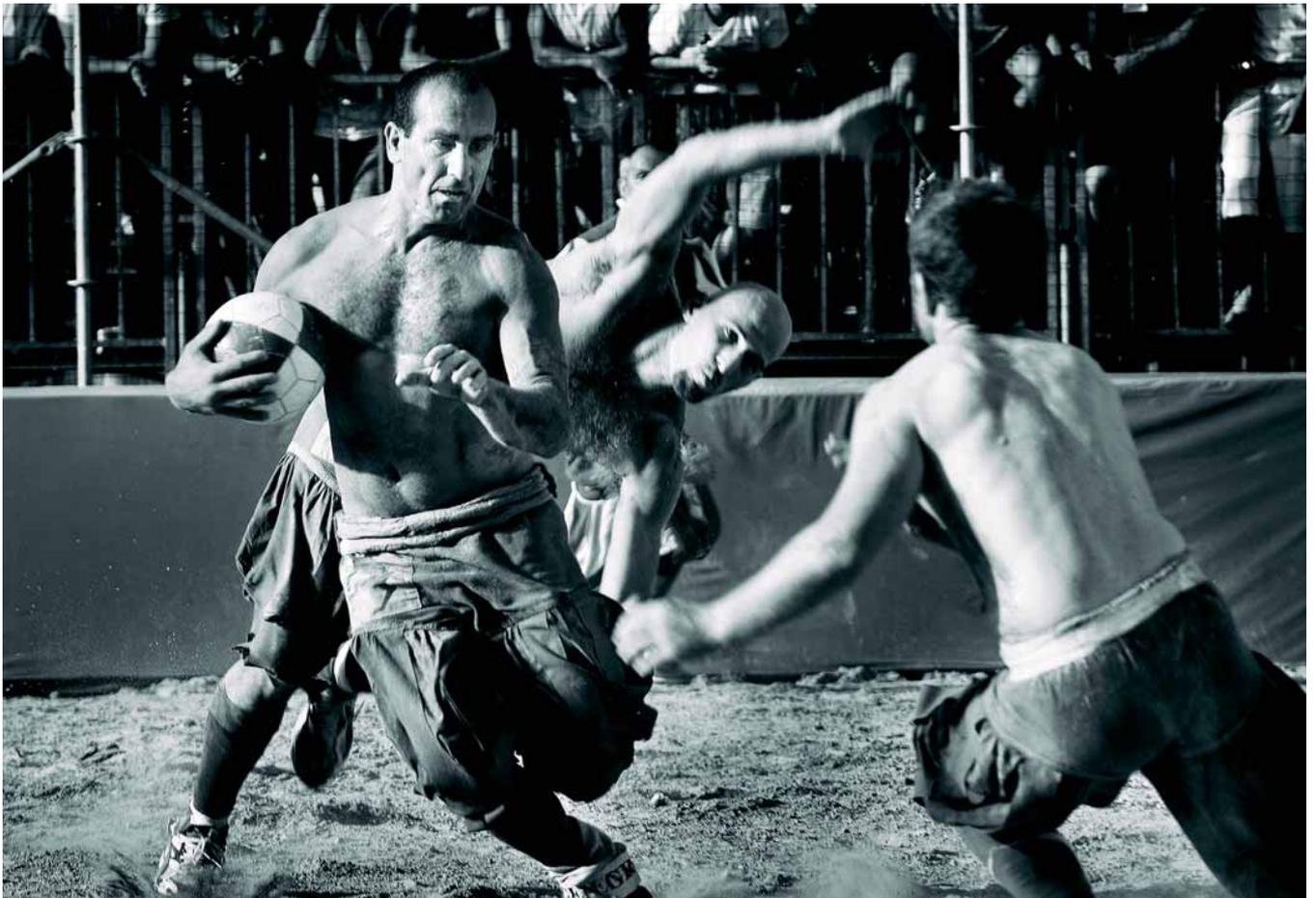


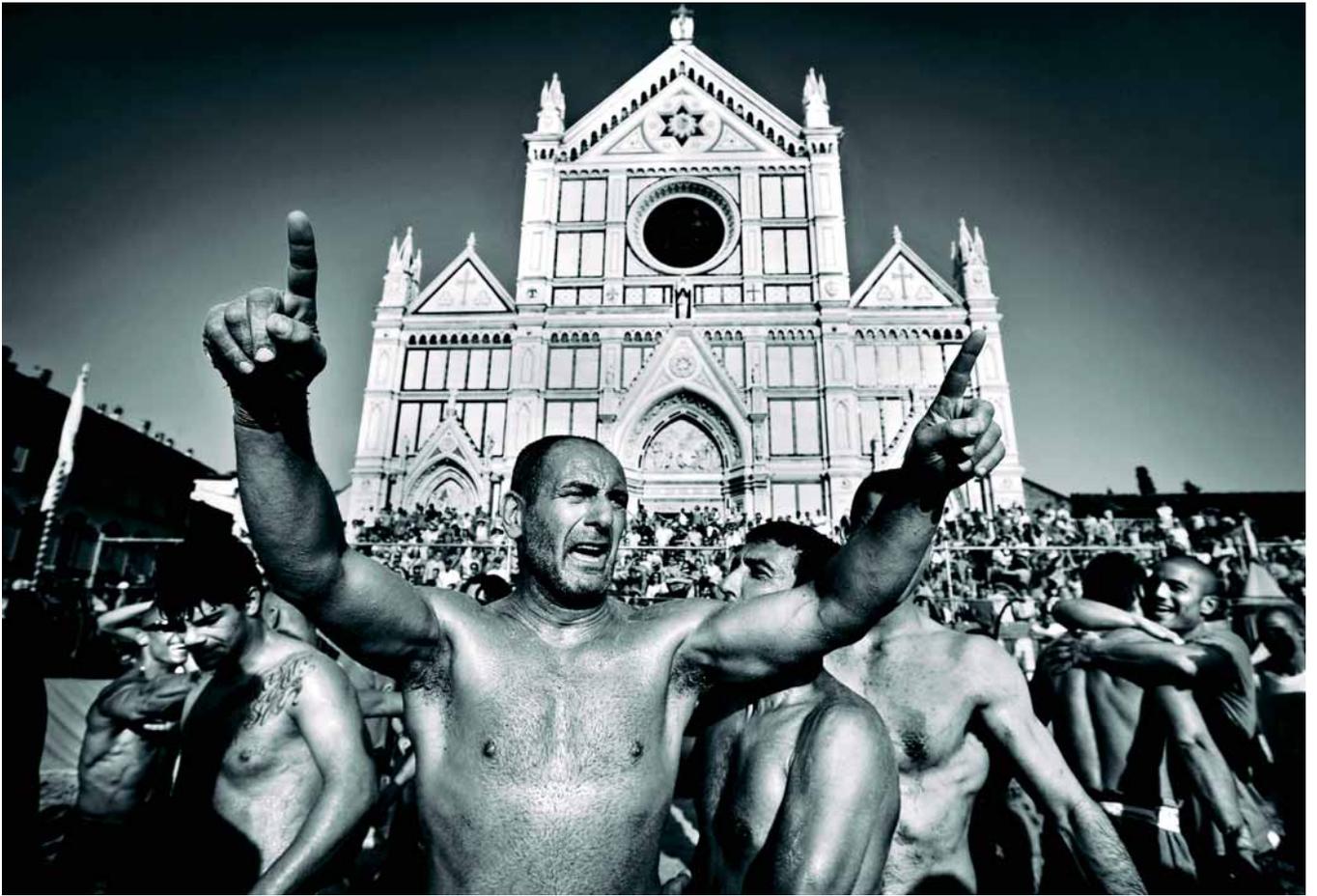
*With 57 potential causes of confrontation, the referees have a nigh-on-impossible job*



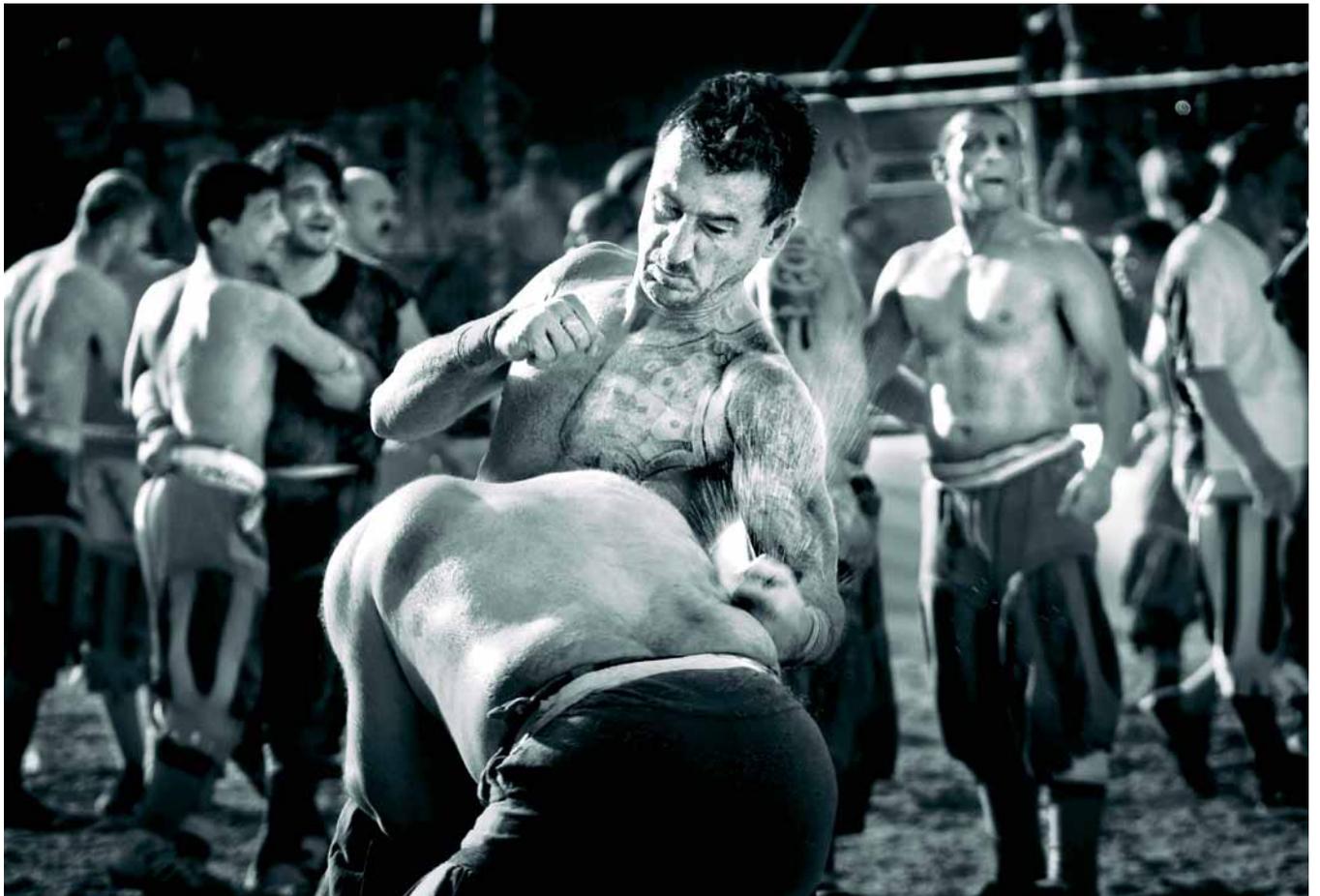


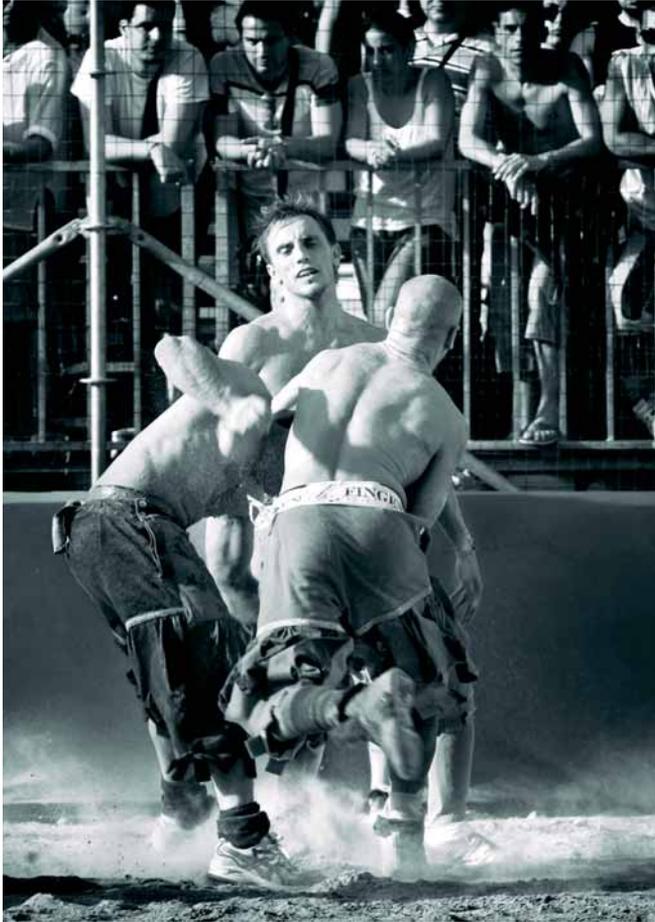
Above: The game is about local pride, so can be intimidating to uninitiated tourists. Below: Speed and agility are just as important as strength





The splendour of the churches (above) is in stark contrast to the naked aggression of the game (below), but both are utterly in line with Florentine tradition





*There are a series of one-on-one battles taking place, mostly tackles followed by wrestling takedowns and holds*

parallel lines of men. There are 15 of the more lightweight players as *Corridori* (runners), four much larger pushers and blockers, whose job is to open up the gaps for the *corridori*, then another four whose job is to pass the ball to the *corridori*. A line of three across the back form the last line of defence.

The games last 50 minutes: there are no stoppages, except for emergency patch-ups and restarts. These involve the referee hurling the ball high in the air, whereupon some of the lighter, springier players leap high to catch it. You can tackle anyone, at any time, and anywhere around the pitch. So, as these jumpers rise high, all kinds of hits and takedowns are going on all over the playing area, and with 57 potential causes of confrontation, the referees have a nigh-on-impossible job.

Eventually, one team secures the ball, and as in any other ball game, there is a period of assessment of the opposition's positioning and numbers: there are a series of one-on-one battles taking place, mostly tackles followed by wrestling takedowns and holds, to create gaps for the *corridori*.

Suddenly, one of the *corridori* takes off with ball in hand. He is flanked and preceded by fellow runners and the few blockers who are not wrestling with their opposite number. As the *corridore* progresses, his 'bodyguards' get taken down and out until he is on his own. If he's lucky, he'll be in space; if not, he'll be facing a number of the opposition who will do absolutely anything to stop him. Head-high tackles, trips and kicks are

all fair game in the Piazza Santa Croce: what would St Francis, founder of the Basilica's Franciscan order, have made of it?

It is remarkable how large elements of football (in the four-four-two type of formation, with left and right backs and a goalkeeper), rugby (tackling, mauling, and passing of the ball) and American football (use of blockers, tackling without the ball, forward passing and runners) are clearly evident throughout the game. Some teams reflect their coaches' background and approach to the game – the Blues, for example, are prepared by Firenze's rugby coaches (their tackling is clearly superior to the rush-and-grab of some of the others), while the Whites employ more running, boxing and wrestling.

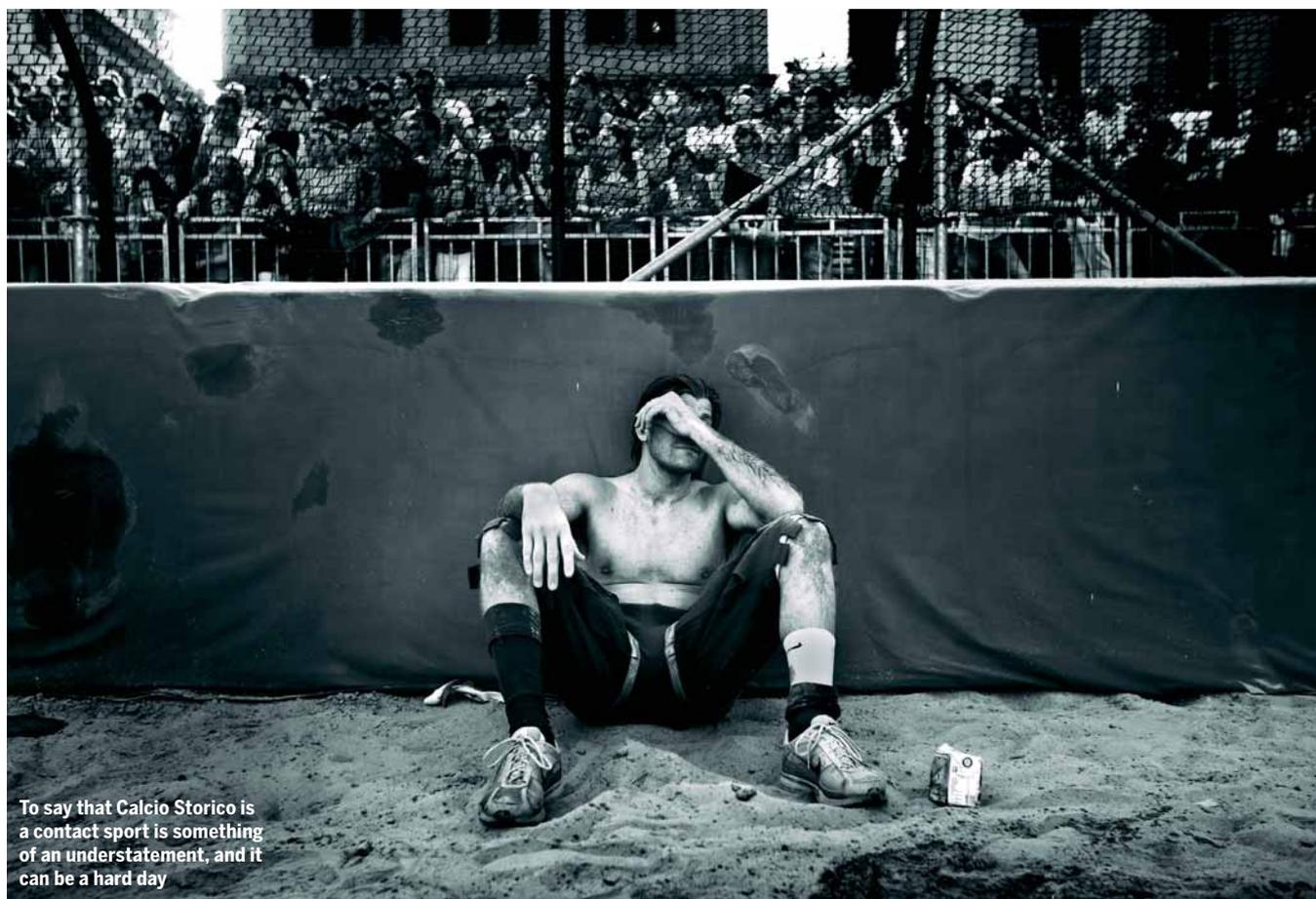
The pace is frenetic. The *calcianti* train three times each week from October, and the great majority have six-packs and ripped muscles on show. But there are a few wobbly guts about, too, yet these players don't seem to flag at all as they continually wrestle other powerfully-built men, sprinting short distances and hurling themselves onto their opponents. The four colours represent the traditional working-class districts of Florence, and the majority of the players still come from a social background where hard physical work and the odd slap or punch can be a daily reality.

**T**he areas behind the goals are reserved for the supporters of each of the teams playing; the longer stands are for the general public. There are not too many tourists, however, as the local authorities are undecided as to how the Calcio Storico should be portrayed. On the one hand, it is part of the city's tradition and, like the *Palio* horse race in Siena, it could easily attract tens of thousands of free-spending tourists. On the other, the local police have issued about 100 judicial warnings for various forms of assault in the past three years – so much did violence become an issue that the Calcio didn't even take place last year, and this year's version was tamer, as the teams were made up of younger players (and none with a criminal record).

Talking to some of the older heads, it seems that the two semi-finals and the June 24 final have long been a release valve for whatever is going on in Florence, or in society, at the time of the matches. The very first was in 1530, when the Florentine garrison made a big show of defiance by playing the game while under attack from rival armies. Since then, as I was reminded by Gianfranco Franchi, now 87, and ceremonial usher for the Calcio Storico for 60 years, the game has been played by the Fascist Youth, then as a way of sorting out street-level feuds; then, in the 1970s, it was once more the extreme left and right who used the Calcio as cover for a good old political punch-up.

More recently, explains Luciano Artusi, the Master of Ceremonies for Florence's monthly costume celebrations, it seems that a number of bouncers and their organisations fought it out for the control of the dozens of clubs between Florence's Tuscan coast and the Adriatic beaches of Rimini. Hence the visible police interest, the windows of the palazzi overlooking the square crowded by young policemen filming the game.

Cut to earlier in the day, and Artusi leads the colourful traditional procession from Santa Maria Novella to Santa Croce, at the head of 550 *figuranti* – people in costume – all resplendent in their Renaissance clothing, with weapons, cannons and horses. He thinks that the Calcio should become more structured, with the four colours becoming sports clubs, thus becoming more legitimate in the eyes of the authorities. Artusi and his fellow dignitaries look as if they have just stepped out of a painting by Giotto. Their faces seem of another era: elegant, courteous, and deeply embedded in the tradition



To say that Calcio Storico is a contact sport is something of an understatement, and it can be a hard day

of Florence's past. And then come the players, who've met earlier at Novoli, site of the main fruit and vegetable market, where they've dressed up before moving on to Santa Maria Novella, where they stream in from the side streets. The Whites are first in the square, wearing white singlets, loose medieval trousers, long socks and trainers. They are mostly shaven-headed, quite young, tattooed and lean, with long muscly bodies. Some are heavier: huge, sculpted men, very much with the bouncer look about them. And then there are a few who look like rugby props from yesteryear, their big bellies flowing over their belts, but still moving swiftly and with purpose.

It's another hour before the game starts, as all the figuranti file into the square, announced by a speaker describing the history of the costumes and military units. Meanwhile, the boys in red and in white warm up below the stands, wrestling, stretching, chatting and hugging; some have a cigarette.



Mario Morelli is the coach of the White team. He is lean and grey-haired, with a chiselled face, wearing white shorts and T-shirt and, improbably, black Camper lace-ups. "These boys are fit. They've trained three times a week since October – that's eight months of the year," says Morelli. "But what you will see today is a toned-down version, as we have mixed up the teams. So, some of the Red will play for the Whites, and some lads from the other colours will also participate. I think it's wrong, but if this is the only way to save the Calcio, we'll do it."

Antonio Scana, a 'senior player' for the Blues, is also unhappy, in particular about the age limitation. "It's the older players, with experience, who are needed on the pitch to calm things down, as the youngsters can get quite excited," Scana says. "That's why I'll be playing, as I have every year."

For some, Calcio Storico is such a big part of their lives that any tinkering or sanitising is seen as a betrayal of deep-rooted social traditions, where loyalty is first to your local church, because that is where so much of the neighbourhood's social interaction takes place. In Florence, this expresses itself most strongly through the pomp, festivity, colour and martial splendour of the Calcio Storico. Each 'colour' represents a famous local church, with any blurring of these boundaries seen as a loss of identity and tradition.

But, as the rough-and-tumble game begins to the roaring approval of the crowd, the hope is that the Calcio can survive, at least in some form, so we neutrals will have the chance to see this anachronistic, heartfelt and exciting game played out in the beautiful setting of Piazza Santa Croce for many years to come.

**For news and info on a more familiar style of football visit [www.redbulletin.com/sports/football/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/sports/football/en)**

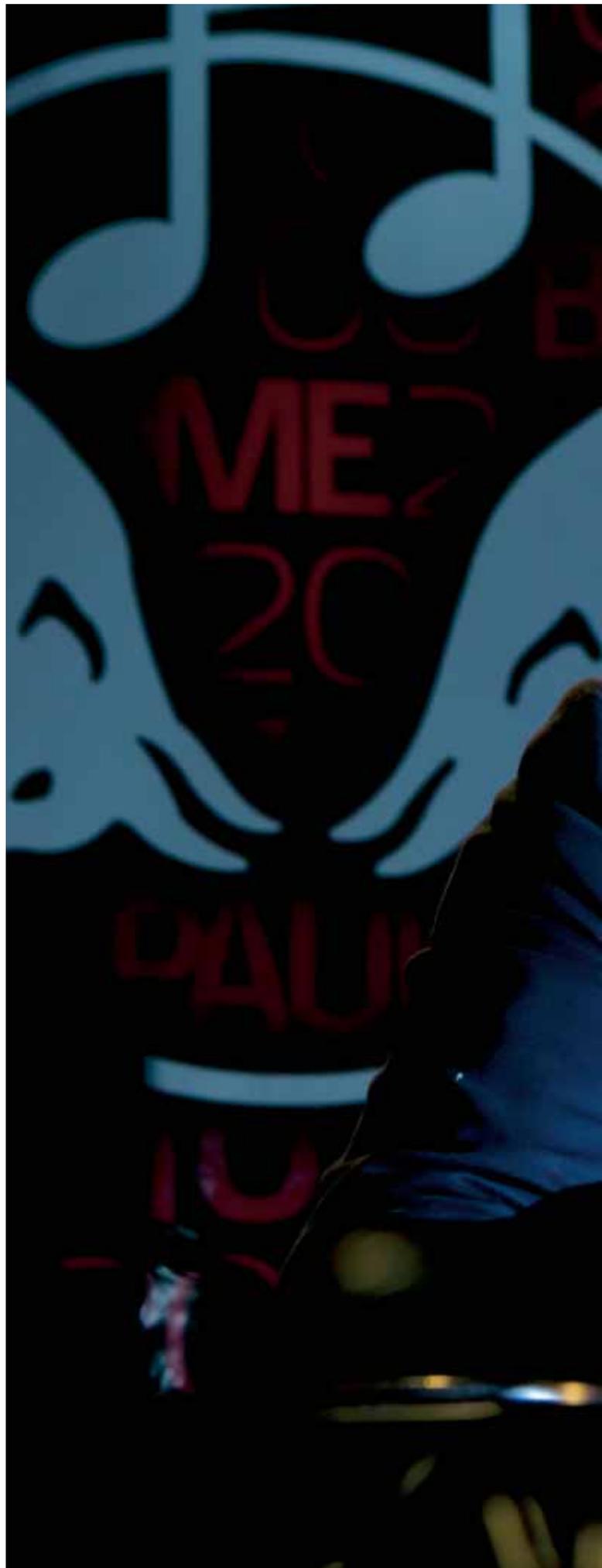
# **Holmes** *is where the art is*

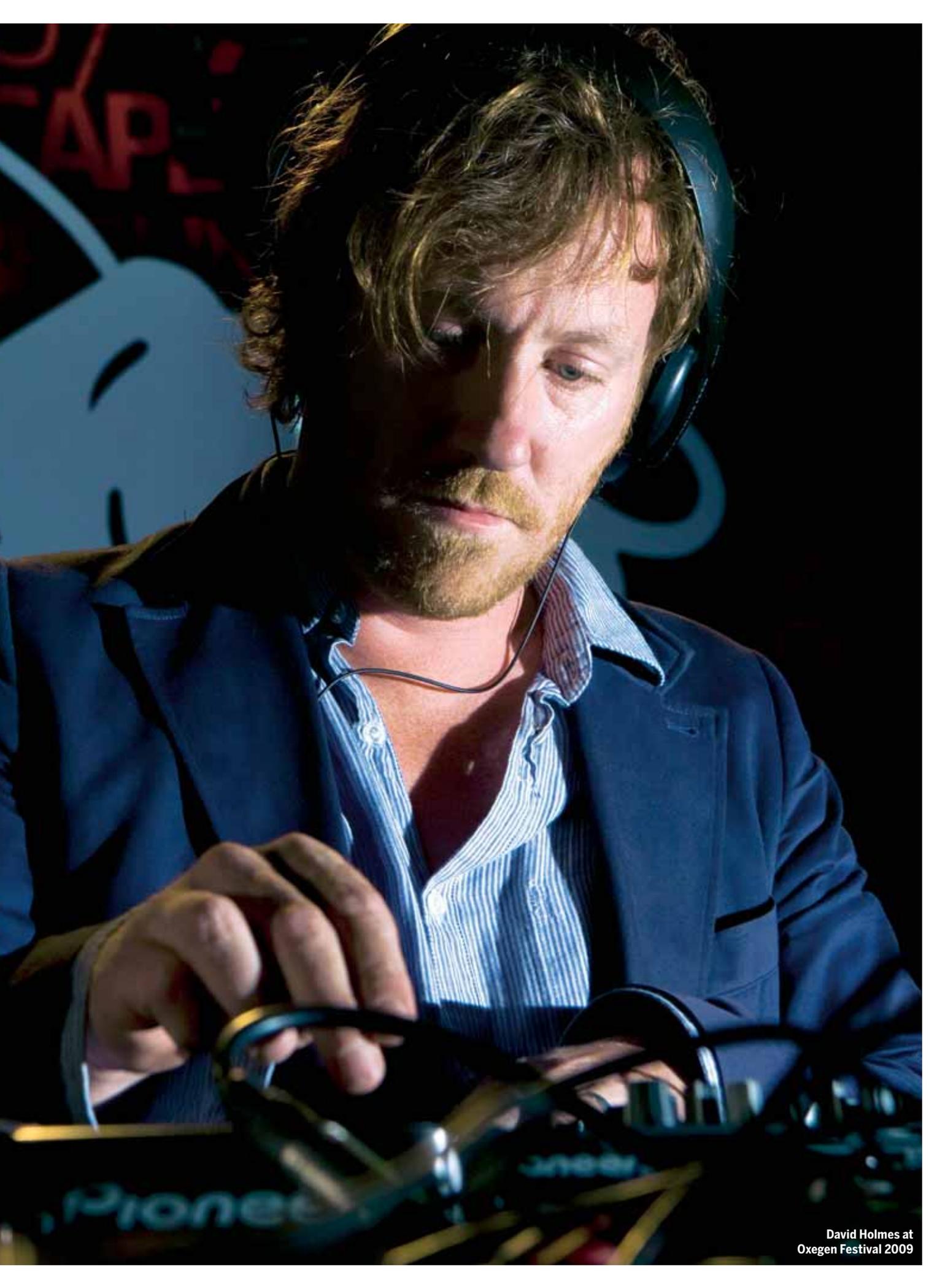
*When a free-spirited musical genius meets whiskey and a wet 'n' wild Dublin night, there's no chance of things going to plan...*

Words: Rebecca Nicholson Photography: Thomas Butler

It's supposed to be so simple: watch Belfast boy David Holmes play a triumphant DJ set at Ireland's biggest music festival, talk to him about where he came from, how he got here and what it all means, then sit back and enjoy the rest of Oxegen. To say it doesn't exactly go to plan is like saying that the weekend is a little on the damp side, or that by the time we finally meet him, Holmes appears to have been enjoying the hospitality. It's messy and it's brief, but, from what we can gather, it's very David Holmes.

As we begin the taxi ride from Dublin airport to Punchestown Racecourse in County Kildare, more used to the trampling hooves of horses than the stomp of 80,000 pairs of muddied wellies, there's a distinct sense that the fates are refusing to help us on our quest. Though not out of character for the Irish countryside, the heavy rain hangs gloomily around us. Approaching the site, there aren't the usual opportunistic handmade signs for crates of beer, boxes of water or even home-made bacon butties appearing along the roadside. Instead, we see paint smears of 'Wellies and rainwear', 'Umbrellas' and the occasional 'Cheap tents', for those revellers so determined to party they've forgotten even the basics. The Friday





David Holmes at  
Oxegen Festival 2009



## “He does what he wants, and he does it in his own way”

afternoon roads are ominously quiet. Could it be a repeat of the disastrous Glastonbury 2005 – so rainy that most people packed up and went home? Would anyone even stick around for the rest of the day, let alone Holmes’s late slot?

Irish festivalgoers, however, are made of stronger stuff. A wrong turn at the entrance takes us through campsites and car parks, where punters huddle around the open back doors of vans or under gazebos – not miserable, but elated, revelling in the chaos with the help of drinks and the tinny music of mobile phone speakers. People are beaming. Girls wear optimistically tiny shorts, and countless makeshift macs appear to be doing their job.

We weave our way around to the main stage, where Lily Allen is playing to an enormous reception, and head up the hill to the Red Bull Music Academy tent, where Jape is wowing a packed-out hometown crowd. The rain slows, the atmosphere is ripe for a party, and things are looking up. All we have to do now is find David Holmes, bag a quick interview, and wait for him to take the stage. With five hours to spare, it should be a doddle.

But this is a man who started deejaying at 15, putting on legendary early ’90s club nights like Shake Ya Brain in his home city of Belfast; a man whose debut album was as anarchic as its title – *This Film’s Crap, Let’s Slash The Seats* – suggested; a man who implied that he

made his 1997 breakthrough record *Let’s Get Killed* by trawling the streets of New York on acid, and recording what he came across (“It seemed like a good idea at the time,” he reflected in 2008); a man who produces and remixes club-unfriendly acts like Primal Scream and Manic Street Preachers because he likes them; and a man who made a fortune scoring the *Ocean’s Eleven*, *Ocean’s Twelve* and *Ocean’s Thirteen* soundtracks, but later tonight – much, much later – will talk about the Hollywood-isation of the Troubles with a deserved sneer.

He’s a ridiculously talented producer/DJ/musician/composer who can’t stand still. He does what he wants, and he does it in his own way. It makes him who he is. It also makes him difficult to pin down.

**A**s the afternoon turns to evening, his manager, the DJ Johnny Moy, who’s played a rabble-rousing indie-disco set on the same stage much earlier in the day, shrugs off our queries as we ask after our man. We don’t know if he’s on-site or still driving down. Moy doesn’t seem to know, either. He’ll be around in an hour and a half, we’re told, at 6pm, 7pm, 8pm... We might have to grab him after his set. That’s fine, we say. But the mischievous fates set to work again. With minutes to spare before her 9pm slot, the night’s headliner, New Zealand electropopper Ladyhawke, pulls out due to illness. As the announcement

is made, the tent, now heaving, deflates with disappointment. A girl at the front takes it so hard that she bursts into tears. Moy steps in with an emergency revision of his earlier set, but the audience begin to trickle out to the other stages in search of a replacement, and Blur, back after six years, are playing a huge Greatest Hits show that leaves singalong after singalong ringing through the air.

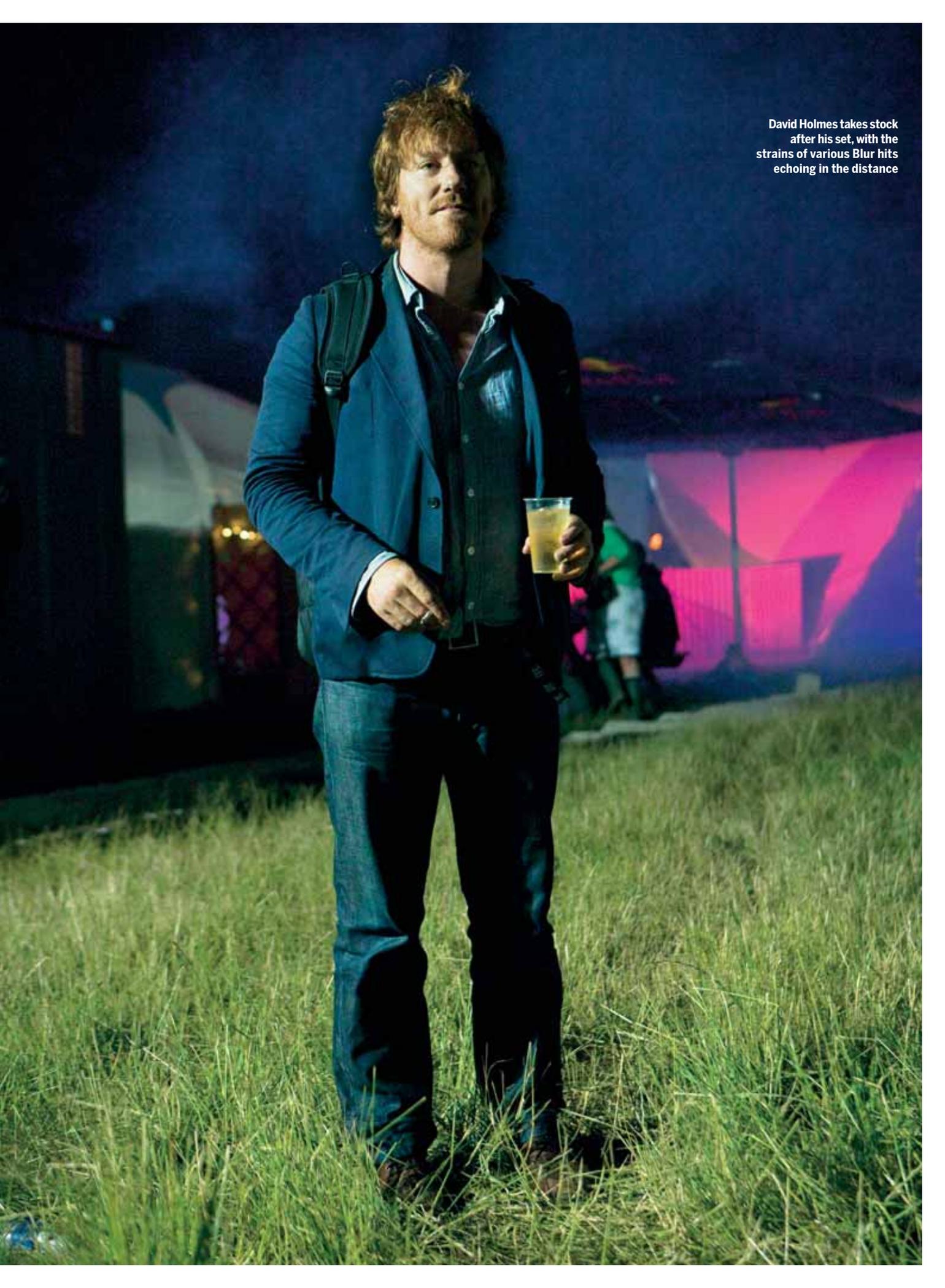
Suddenly, scruffy-smart in jeans and a navy suit jacket, David Holmes appears backstage. He strides purposefully through the sodden revellers, though a little bleary-eyed, hops up onto the stage and begins his set with an Animal Collective track, but with Blur in full swing, he has competition. Holmes deserves more, but that doesn’t seem to put him off. He’s got friends down the front offering him beer. He shakes his head, ‘No’, but gets the stewards to let them up on the side of the stage, where they dance and Moonwalk to show their support.

Holmes strikes up *This Is Radio Clash*, and we get talking to his mates, one of whom, the Moonwalker, has *Thriller* on cassette on a chain around his neck. He tells me that Holmes was a friend of his older brother, and that they met when he found him playing his Sega Megadrive in his bedroom, years ago: “He scared the shit out of me.” Another describes him simply as, “No shite, like. All his mates are the same mates he’s had for years. All he asks for on his rider is a bottle of whiskey.”

Through the red stage lights and the artificial smoke of the machine behind him, as well as the illicit cigarettes nobody can face telling him to put out, Holmes starts to look magical, in a David-Thewlis-in-Harry-Potter kind of way. As he plugs away at a set that should raise the roof, passers-by stroll in, making the most of the space with appreciative, carefree abandon. There are men in skirts and wellies, and women in cowboy hats and ponchos. Amid the mud and the rubbish and the strangeness of it all, this starts to feel like a late-night party, with only the hardy still dancing, but a party nonetheless. And then it’s over, with the distant tones of Blur still sounding across the site: “Come on, come on, Get through it, Come on, come on, come on, Love’s the greatest thing...”

Holmes walks off and strolls through the backstage area again, but this time in the opposite direction. It looks as if he’s about to leave. We tap him on the shoulder and mention our interview. “It’s

David Holmes takes stock after his set, with the strains of various Blur hits echoing in the distance





*“Despite the Hollywood pull, he’s never been tempted to leave Belfast”*

the first I’ve heard of it,” he says, and we ask if he can spare a quick 10 minutes. He obviously takes pity on us and agrees. After grabbing a quick drink with his manager and the Moonwalker, he heads over to talk to us. We find ourselves Portakabin on opposite sides of the desk, looking more like we’re in the middle of a job interview than a chat about music. “So what makes me think I’d be good for the job?” he says.

Holmes is red-eyed – little wonder, with a whiskey rider. But he’s friendly, engaging and polite. When Moy comes tapping at the window and makes a sign to leave, he tells him to wait and that he’s happy to continue.

We ask about the set he just played – he shrugs it off with a nonplussed, “It was work”. But when we begin to talk about what it was like for him growing up in Belfast he becomes more animated.

“When I was young, growing up in the ’70s and ’80s, during the Troubles and stuff, it was really exciting. Don’t ask me why. I put that down to being too young and stupid to have any fear of the situation. But I’m really glad it is the way it is now, because my daughter can grow up without any trouble or anything, and that’s cool.” That’s why his score for the Steve McQueen film *Hunger*, about the IRA hunger striker Bobby Sands, was personal, and he talks at length about how Hollywood has failed to cover the Troubles with

any kind of accuracy. “It was becoming a parody; it was almost embarrassing, you know?” he says. But *Hunger* changed that. “Best film I’ve ever worked on,” he smiles.

**H**olmes has always lived in Belfast, and despite the Hollywood pull of some of his other film work, has never been tempted to leave. These days, club nights are in his own venue, called the Menagerie. “It’s a little spit-and-sawdust shithole. You walk by and it looks like a deserted warehouse in the middle of this real working-class area of Belfast, and people just leave us alone and we get on with it.” What kind of nights does he put on? “We have a night that’s dedicated to French music, where we show old French movies and have people come down in their stripy tops, and listen to loads of crazy French ’60s psychedelic music, and really get into the vibe.”

Moy bursts into the cabin. “We’ve got to go,” he says insistently. Holmes smiles apologetically, bemused, perhaps, at the oddity of the evening, says his goodbyes and strides off into the night. We spoke for no more than five minutes, but it’s a safe bet that this mud-strewn game of cat and mouse and its strange finale were as honest as any stone-cold-sober sit-down would have been; more honest, in fact. Certainly more David Holmes.

**Check out the latest news from David Holmes’s website at [www.davidholmesofficial.com](http://www.davidholmesofficial.com)**

## David Holmes’s Greatest Hits



### Let’s Get Killed (1997)

Holmes’ genre-busting second album gave him his first big hit with *My Mate Paul*, while the Bond-sampling *Radio 7* gave him a push in the direction of Hollywood.



### Ocean’s... soundtracks (2001, 2004, 2007)

After first working with Steven Soderbergh on the *Out Of Sight* soundtrack, Holmes was the perfect choice of composer/compiler for the lucrative heist caper series.



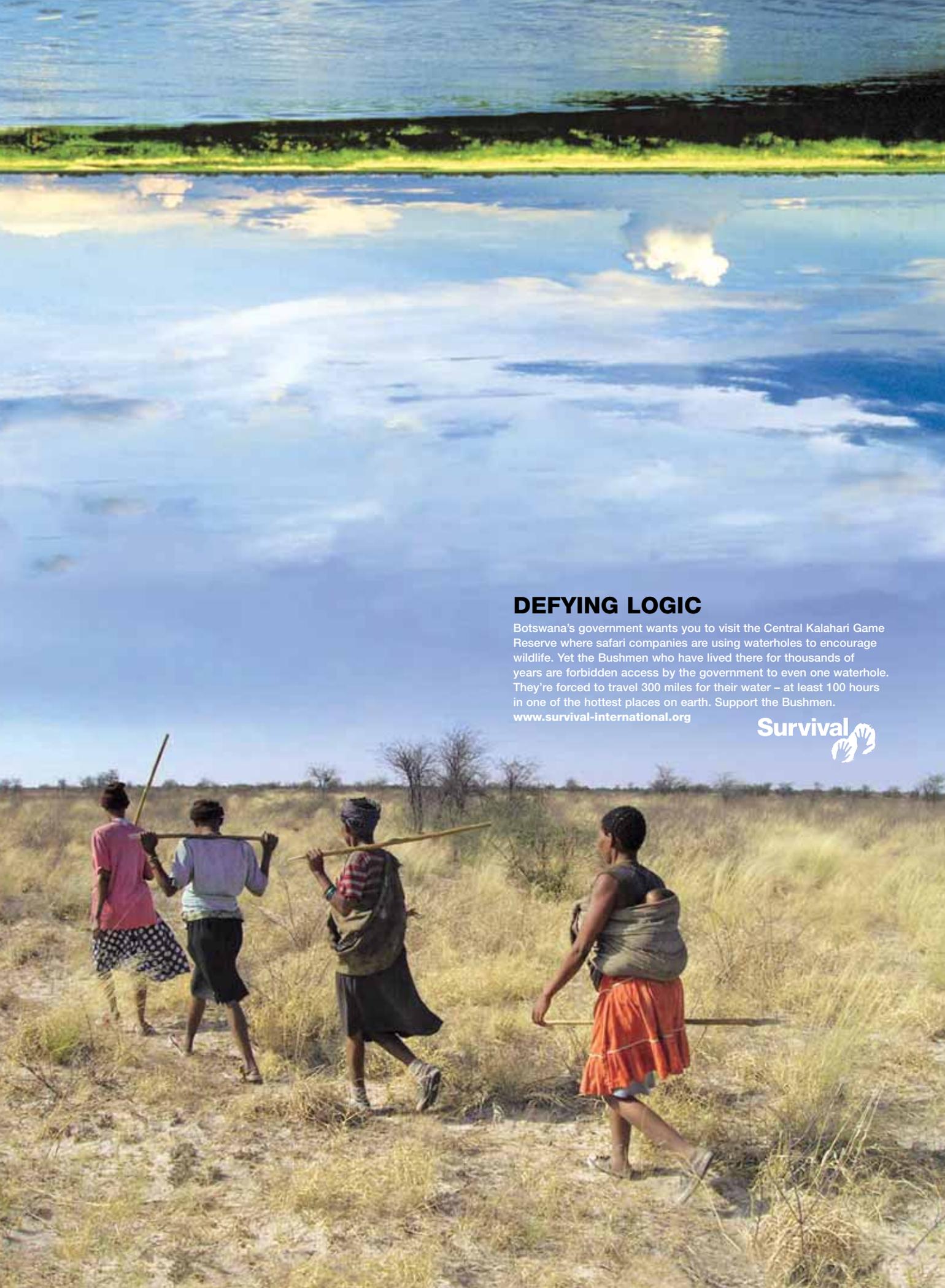
### Manic Street Preachers – Forever Delayed bonus disc (2002)

Holmes remixed *You Stole The Sun From My Heart* and *If You Tolerate This, Your Children Will Be Next* – two of the band’s biggest singles.



### David Holmes Presents The Free Association (2003)

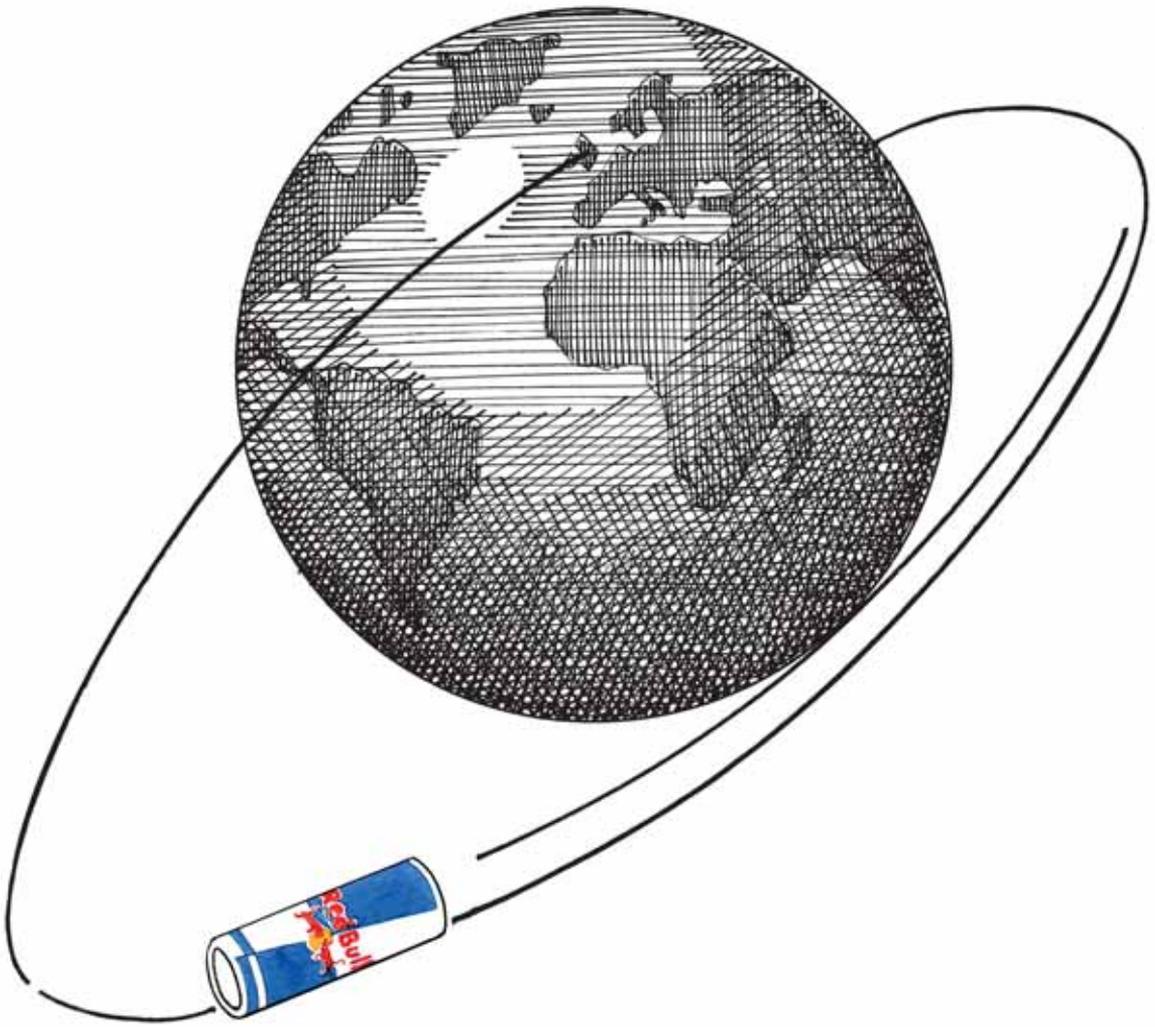
With hip-hop, breaks, jazz, funk, ’60s French pop, psychedelia and even folk in the mix, Holmes’s first serious project with a full band produced this underrated melting pot.



## DEFYING LOGIC

Botswana's government wants you to visit the Central Kalahari Game Reserve where safari companies are using waterholes to encourage wildlife. Yet the Bushmen who have lived there for thousands of years are forbidden access by the government to even one waterhole. They're forced to travel 300 miles for their water – at least 100 hours in one of the hottest places on earth. Support the Bushmen.  
[www.survival-international.org](http://www.survival-international.org)

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**INSIDE THE WORLD OF RED BULL**

**THE RED  
BULLETIN**

Budapest's love affair with the Red Bull Air Race World Championship has led the Hungarian capital to be dubbed the 'Monaco of air racing'. Discover more of its glamorous side from local pilot Peter Besenyei on page 82. Photography: Getty Images



# More Body & Mind



*We're flying high, bringing you the coolest stuff on the planet*

**78** HANGAR-7 FLIGHT LOG **80** GET THE GEAR **82** RED BULL AIR RACE **84** LISTINGS  
**88** NIGHTLIFE **94** BULL'S EYE **96** SHORT STORY **98** MIND'S EYE



MORE BODY & MIND

The Hangar-7 Flight Log

# Douglas DC-6B

*From the former Yugoslavia to Victoria Falls,  
via two heads of state: the remarkable  
journey of a very special plane*





**The Lady**  
**Built:** Santa Monica, USA, 1958  
**Wingspan:** 35.81m  
**Length:** 30.48m  
**Max speed:** 300 knots (345mph/555kph)  
**Engine power:** 2500hp (x4)  
**Range:** 5200 miles

WORDS: TOM HALL, PHOTOGRAPHY: CORNELIUS BRAUN/RED BULL PHOTOFILMS (2); THE FLYING BULLS/RED BULL PHOTOFILMS (1); JOHANN JANSCHITZ/RED BULL PHOTOFILMS (3)

In Hangar-7 at Salzburg Airport, you'll discover 14 beautifully preserved finds from aviation history, that make up the Flying Bulls fleet. These aircraft, though, are no grounded relics. The Douglas DC-6B, the fleet's flagship, known as The Lady, flies better and runs smoother than at any time in the past 40 years. And like any lady worth her title, she takes time to get ready: five hours of maintenance and preparation are required for every hour of flight.

In 1958, when The Lady was built, a DC-6B was a commercial plane, the first non-stop transatlantic passenger jet, carrying 50-100 travellers. It was an era when flight was as much about the journey as it was about reaching the destination.

"The light inside the cabin is incredible," explains Captain Raimund Reidmann, the plane's pilot. "It sounds like a simple thing, but the windows on modern planes are tiny compared to those of the DC-6B. If the weather's fine, the view is very special.

"Flying this plane is totally different compared with a modern aircraft," he continues. "She doesn't have the sensitive hydraulics of new planes and she's not jet-powered. You have to use physical effort."

The tale of The Lady's journey to her new home in Salzburg betrays a colourful past and years of neglect. She rolled off the Douglas production line straight to the former Yugoslavia and its JAT national airline (now Jat Airways, the Serbian national carrier). The country's controversial head of state Marshal Tito soon acquired her as his personal plane.

By 1975 Tito had tired of his plaything and sold it to President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia. He, too, used it as a VIP runaround, but traded up for a jet and left The Lady, along with another DC-6B, gathering rust at Lusaka airport. Flight operator Chris Schutte bought both planes in 1992, and used them for sightseeing trips out of Windhoek, Namibia, taking tourists over Victoria Falls on the Zambia-Zimbabwe border. He put The Lady up for sale in March 2000, and Flying Bulls head pilot Sigi Angerer spotted the advert.

Within two days, Flying Bulls representatives were at the Eros airport in Windhoek, ready to make a purchase. The flight from Africa to Europe lasted almost 28 hours, in four stages. When restoration began in 2001, the plane was dismantled, then reassembled with four new engines and modern systems. A new interior kept a flavour of the original, but added hi-tech entertainment systems and a bar.

The thousands of work hours put in to reawaken this icon of a bygone age – she flew again for the first time in 2004 – debunk the claim that the grass was always greener in times gone by. And yet, from the window of a DC-6B, the sky looks that little bit bluer.

## What is Hangar-7?

Hangar-7 is an architectural landmark at Salzburg Airport, Austria. It opened in 2003 and is home to the Red Bull Flying Bulls fleet, exhibitions, restaurants and concerts. The steel-and-glass ellipsoid building is also a working component of the airport. Next door is Hangar-8, where the Flying Bulls planes are maintained and restored.

For more on Hangar-7 wing your way to [www.hangar-7.com](http://www.hangar-7.com) and [www.flyingbulls.com](http://www.flyingbulls.com)



# Get the Gear

# Chess Sets

*Pieces of eight sets for you  
to check, mate*



#### **DESIGN CLASSIC**

The Art Deco period is due a renaissance. It first died out in the 1940s, then twice came back in vogue, first in the 1960s and then the 1980s. One year left to keep the pattern going...

#### **HORSE DE COMBAT**

In days of old, when knights were bold, chess was already popular on a global scale. The game's origins lie variously in China and India in the sixth and seventh centuries.

#### **HEROIC GESTURE**

This is Electro, one of Spider-Man's great foes during the comic's Silver Age years of the 1960s and 1970s. He gained his powers following an accidental electrocution.

#### **QUEEN OF SCOTS**

A piece with a slender and relatively tall stem, or 'post', such as this one, is in the Northern Upright style, also known as Edinburgh. It first appeared about 200 years ago.

From left: Art Deco, £73; Berliner, £50; Spider-Man Pewter, £320; Northern Upright, £60; Isle Of Lewis Replica, £60; Aliens v Predator, £125; Gambit, £7.50; Warrior, £55. Spider-Man and Aliens v Predator sets, Forbidden Planet International ([www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk](http://www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk)). All other sets, London Chess Centre ([www.chesscenter.com](http://www.chesscenter.com))



#### ANCIENT GAMES

In 1831, 78 chess pieces were dug up on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. Some are made of walrus ivory, others of whaletooth. They all date back to the 12th century.

#### GODLY YET UNGODLY

Satisfying science fiction/chess crossover fact: this bishop is an acid-bleeding killer beast from the *Alien* films, and Bishop was the name of the android in *Aliens* and *Alien 3*.

#### A LITTLE GREEK

This is the most common style of chess piece today: the Staunton design, first registered in 1849. The knight was inspired directly by a horse that's depicted in the Elgin Marbles.

#### TOWER OF STRENGTH

The rook is the second most valuable piece after the queen (the king isn't valued as such, because you can't capture it). The term rook derives from the Persian word for chariot.

# Love is in the Air

*No city has taken the Red Bull Air Race World Championship to its heart quite like Budapest. Herbert Völker reflects on the sport's spiritual home as it prepares to play host again this month*

Peter Besenyei, rugged 50-something godfather of the Red Bull Air Race, gazes down from the raised banks of the Danube at Budapest's Széchenyi Chain Bridge – the most precious jewel in a city of architectural gems.

Beneath its imperious span, in 2001, he wove air-racing legend by flying between its stone foundations, between water and steel, to create a snapshot of skilled daring that remains etched forever in the hearts and minds of each of the 100,000 spectators who witnessed it. Minutes later, he repeated his feat – upside down, head turned to the Danube's grey-green flow.

It was a breakthrough moment, not just for Besenyei, but for the whole sport and its place in the public consciousness. The enormous amount of publicity that was generated by the flight and the explicit message of skill and professionalism it broadcast represented a landmark for air racing, and simultaneously ensured the popularity of the sport in Hungary while confirming the Chain Bridge as an unlikely sporting symbol.

Besenyei, of course, became an instant national hero – not that he sees it that way: "I'm not some braggart who all of a sudden says, 'Hey, I want to fly under there because that would be so cool,'" he recalls. "It was more the idea of a production company; it had to do with a film about Hungary. They asked

me if it would be possible. I said, "Yes, of course it's possible, as long as you manage to get clearance." It took an entire year, and, in the end, there were more than 20 organisations that had to be in agreement, starting with the government, the police, the city council, public transportation, the river police, the bridge superintendent, the historic preservation society... and so on. It was really an unbelievable ordeal."

But it was one that resulted in something rather special, as even this stern, ascetic, charismatic figurehead will acknowledge: "By 2001, everything was finally in place. I had never flown under a bridge before, but I knew that I could do it. But upside down? I wanted to wait until I had done two normal passes-through to make up my mind about that. I only do such things when I feel absolutely sure about it. And so I flew – once from the north, once from the south and then belly-up. It was no problem." Well, not a problem for a multiple flying champion with more than 30 years' experience, maybe.

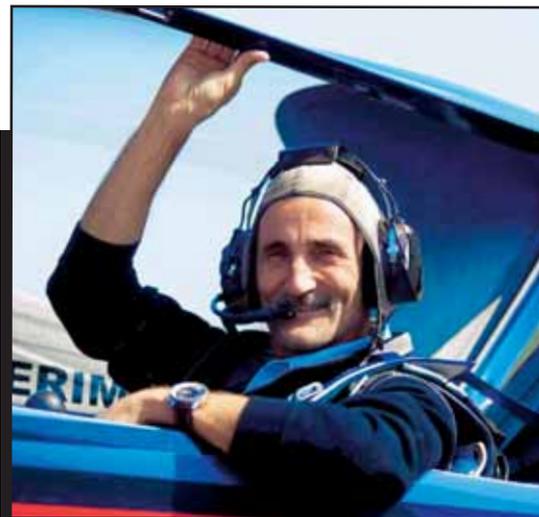
The Chain Bridge will remain centre stage when the Red Bull Air Race entourage arrives in town for round four of the 2009 championship on August 19-20, as the course is right in the middle of the city, and Budapest's past imperial glamour lends it huge cachet as the widely-regarded 'Monaco of air racing'.

This proud, effortlessly elegant capital brings tradition to a young sport, and has already lent it a unique vernacular: "Left bank or right?" smart fans will ask. To which, for the record, Besenyei's answer is, "Left, for unrivalled views of the skyline and the Hungarian Parliament Building."

He will not be alone in his home town, of course, as he will be up against the usual clutch of ardent competitors: reigning champion Hannes Arch from Austria; British high-flyer Paul Bonhomme; Americans Mike Mangold and Kirby Chambliss; smart cookie Nicolas Ivanoff of France, and German rookie Matthias Dolderer, who brings a diehard fanbase to each race, despite enjoying only limited success so far.

But how about a bit of local knowledge from the hometown hero? "Well, as a place to see and be seen, there's nowhere quite like Tom George. It's in the heart of the city, next to St Stephen's Basilica... and the waitresses so polite, elegant and good-looking that they're perfect!"

**For more info on the Red Bull Air Race World Championship, including all the latest results, fly off to [www.redbullairrace.com](http://www.redbullairrace.com)**



PHOTOGRAPHY: DEAN TREML/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), MARKUS KUCERA (2), ZSOLT SZIGETVARY/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (2), BALAZS GARDI.COM/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1), RUDOLF BRANDSTAETTER/RED BULL PHOTOFILES (1)



Clockwise from top left: Peter Besenyei in the cockpit; lenses aim skywards; the local hero takes another gate; Besenyei's preferred view – the Hungarian Parliament building; under the Chain Bridge upside-down is 'no problem'; Michael Goulian, Besenyei and Nigel Lamb in formation; smoke hangs on the Danube





# HOT SPOTS

*Catch the world's best action available in daylight*



## RED BULL INDIANAPOLIS GP 30.08.09

The classic speedway circuit will host MotoGP for a second year. Spain's Dani Pedrosa will hope to capitalise on recent successes.  
Indianapolis, Indiana, USA

## RED BULL LEDGE-NDS 05 - 06.08.09

The first of two contests that will pitch rival BMX riders from Wellington and Auckland against each other as they take to portable Red Bull ledges and perform grinding and manual style tricks.  
Wellington, New Zealand

## EUROPEAN SKATEBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS 06 - 09.08.09

Over 300 skateboarders from more than 20 countries are expected to turn up to take on the challenge in street and mini-ramp contests.  
Basel, Switzerland

## BILLABONG JUNIOR SERIES 07 - 10.08.09

The newly upgraded series now boasts two Grade 1 and Grade 2 ASP international Pro Junior events with prize money to match. Around 100 of the world's best surfers aged 20 and under will battle it out.  
Victoria Bay, South Africa

## RED BULL CLIFF DIVING SERIES 08.08.09

As the 2009 series reaches its fifth round, the competition is really on. Will champion cliff diver Orlando Duque prove he's still got it? Or could a young rookie such as English entrant Gary Hunt steal the crown with a mid-air marvel?  
Antalya, Turkey

## IFSC CLIMBING WORLD CUP 08 - 09.08.09

Climbers Angela Eiter and David Lama take part in this Lead event as part of the 2009 World Cup.  
Barcelona, Spain

## FIM MOTOCROSS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP 09.08.09

The MX1 and MX2 series arrive in Loket, with German rider Max Nagl hoping for another win.  
Loket, Czech Republic

## PGA CHAMPIONSHIP 10 - 16.08.09

Colombian star-in-the-making Camilo Villegas will be hoping to draw on last year's PGA success where he got his best result in a major tournament, making him the highest-ranked South American golfer.  
Hazeltine National Golf Club, Chaska, Minnesota, USA

## BELFAST TALL SHIPS ATLANTIC CHALLENGE 13 - 16.08.09

Around 20 tall ships will dock in Belfast, having raced across the Atlantic from Canada. To mark the final leg, the Red Bull Acro team will stage a synchro-acrobatic paragliding show from 1000m above the 150,000-strong crowd.  
Belfast, Northern Ireland

## TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR V LIVERPOOL 15.08.09

Spurs manager Harry Redknapp and Liverpool boss Rafa Benitez both like to make big changes when time allows, so the line-ups for their opening Premier League match of the season at Spurs White Hart Lane ground should make interesting viewing.  
Tottenham, London, England

## BARCLAYCARD WORLD FREERUN CHAMPIONSHIPS 15.08.09

The second championships will be held in London's Trafalgar Square in front of a crowd of 7000.  
London, England



## IAAF WORLD ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS 15 - 23.08.09

More than 2500 athletes gather in Berlin. Among them will be British sprinters Craig Pickering and Jeanette Kwakye.  
Berlin, Germany

PHOTOGRAPHY: CHRISTIAN PONDELLA (1), RUTGERPAUW.COM (1), JURGEN SKARWAN (1), JASON HALAYKO (1), RED BULL PHOTOFILES

**RED BULL FLUGTAG**  
09.08.09

If you have the urge to hurl yourself into cold water from a great height in a carefully designed man-powered aircraft, this is for you.  
**Moscow, Russia**



**FORMULA 2 GP - DONINGTON PARK**  
15 - 16.08.09

The inaugural FIA-backed F2 championship reaches its halfway stage. Fans will be introduced to the sport's past as the Historic F2 Championship brings cars that raced in the original European Formula 2 Championship in the '60s and '70s back to the track, including one previously piloted by racing legend Jack Brabham (see page 16).  
**Derbyshire, England**

**RED BULL ROMANIACS**  
15 - 19.08.09

High in the mountains of Sibiu, martyrs to motocross will ride on rocks, through thick mud, up steep climbs and through rivers in a quest to make it to a daily finish line up to 200km away. The sixth edition of the toughest enduro rally in the world will not make for easy riding, and only a hardcore of riders will manage podium pace.  
**Sibiu, Romania**

**RED BULL AIR RACE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP**  
19 - 20.08.09

Championship contender Hannes Arch will feel optimistic at the stop which gave him his first race win last year. His biggest rival, Paul Bonhomme, may be apprehensive, though – an uncharacteristic error here last year saw him take a lower-than-usual third place (see page 82).  
**Budapest, Hungary**

**RED BULL ART OF MOTION**  
22.08.09

The first-ever free running championship moves out of Austria to challenge Swedish and Danish free runners to take on Europe's best. And the competition moves off the streets and into a castle to mark the occasion.  
**Helsingborg, Sweden**

**BRITISH ENDURO CHAMPIONSHIP**  
22 - 23.08.09

Former World and British Enduro champion David Knight will be in Wales looking for a win in what has been a difficult season so far. But then he is up against the best of British in what will be a mud fight to the finish.  
**Rhayader, Wales**

**UCI MOUNTAIN BIKE MARATHON WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS**  
23.08.09

The hilly city of Graz is a fitting location for the MTB Marathon World Cup. Men will ride 105km of track and women 85km for the chance of glory in the sixth edition of the event.  
**Graz, Austria**

**FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX OF EUROPE**  
23.08.09

Last year's victor was Felipe Massa, but the other teams will be battling to catch the Brawns and Red Bulls on Valencia's streets this time around.  
**Valencia, Spain**

**RED BULLS SALUTE**  
27 - 30.08.09

This annual invitational will see six world-class ice hockey teams battle it out for international victory. Russian, Czech, Finnish, German and Swiss teams make up the five challengers that will take on Red Bull Salzburg.  
**Salzburg Ice Arena, Austria**

**BKSA KITEIVAL**  
28 - 30.08.09

This year's Kiteival tour combines four discipline championships – freestyle kitesurfing, kitebuggy freestyle, kitelandboarding and kitesurf course racing – in one mind-blowing series.  
**Blackpool, Lancashire, England**

**10TH OFFLINE SPORT GAMES**  
29.08.09

The Hungarian answer to the X Games will attract 30,000 fans of skateboarding, BMX, inline skating and breakdancing to Budapest. German Tobias Wicke will battle in the BMX street contest with local favourite Benjamin Shenker.  
**Budapest, Hungary**

**ÖZTALER RADMARATHON**  
30.08.09

Over 3500 athletes tackle one of the toughest one-day bike marathons, following a 238km track through the Alps of Austria and Italy, with a 5500m difference in altitude en route.  
**Sölden, Austria**

**For more Hot Spots, go to [www.redbulletin.com](http://www.redbulletin.com)**



**RED BULL STREET STYLE**  
29.08.09

The national winners of these freestyle football qualifiers will fly to South Africa to compete in 2010's international finals.  
**Bratislava, Slovakia/  
Valencia, Spain**



# NIGHT SPOTS

*From Fatboy Slim to Major Lazer, there's no excuse for a quiet night in this month*

## FATBOY SLIM

02.08.09

With the 10th anniversary edition of *You've Come a Long Way Baby* reminding us all how far he's come, Norman Cook brings the *Rockefeller Skank* to Dublin's Marlay Park. Dublin, Ireland

## INDEPENDENCE MUSIC FESTIVAL

02 - 03.08.09

Ocean Colour Scene and Super Furry Animals headline the main stages, with other acts gracing the Teepee tent in the festival's Red Bull Village. Mitchelstown, Cork, Ireland

## M WARD

04.08.09

Matthew Stephen Ward credits his father with introducing him to the influence of Johnny Cash while growing up in Oregon. And the singer-songwriter and guitarist still records each of his songs on a four-track recorder as his starting point. Antone's, Austin, Texas, USA

## TELEPATHE @ POOLBAR FESTIVAL

06.08.09

Percussion-heavy experimentalists Telepathe (pronounced 'Telepathy') touch down in Europe from their native Brooklyn. Poolbar, Feldkirch, Austria

## MOTORCITYSOUL

07.08.09

Techno and deep soul gurus Matthias Vogt and C-Rock, aka Motorcitysoul, hit As Terrazas de MOVE @ EXPOCoruña in Spain. La Coruña, Spain



## ERYKAH BADU

04.08.09

The neo-soul star hits the beach at Governor's Island ahead of her *New Amerykah Part Two* album release. New York, USA

## LOLLAPALOOZA FESTIVAL

07 - 09.08.09

This festival, unlike most, is overlooked by skyscrapers as well as the summer sun, in Grant Park. Depeche Mode, The Killers, Snoop Dogg and Peter Dinklage are among the line-up. Chicago, Illinois, USA

## AUDIORIVER FESTIVAL

07 - 09.08.09

The audio is quite literally by the river, as festivalgoers flock to Plock and the banks of the Vistula to see Ewan Pearson, DJ Hell and Radio Slave. Plock, Poland

## SONNEMONDSTERNE

07 - 09.08.09

It's an electro extravaganza on the beach, with The Prodigy, Josh Wink, Laurent Garnier, MIA and Carl Cox onstage. Saalburg, Germany

## SUMMER SONIC FESTIVAL

07 - 09.08.09

This festival rotates acts between Tokyo and Osaka. Beyoncé, My Chemical Romance, Elvis Costello and Paolo Nutini are some of the musicians who will be flitting between the cities. Tokyo/Osaka, Japan



## MAJOR LAZER

Top producers Diplo and Switch debut their cartoon creation in the Caribbean. Find out what happened on page 92. Kingston, Jamaica



**PETER BJORN AND JOHN**

John Eriksson gives us a guided tour of his home city on page 88 – in a style that you won't find in any of the travel books.  
**Stockholm, Sweden**



**JOE BATAAN**

The rap pioneer talks about his life and work to fellow musician James Pants at the Red Bull Music Academy session at London's Cargo on page 90.  
**London, England**

**ØYA FESTIVAL**  
11 - 15.08.09

As well as staging acts like Lily Allen and Glasvegas, this event offers festivalgoers the chance to enter a free area (to the ticketed and ticketless alike) to enjoy more music and to take part in a skate contest in a purpose-built area.  
**Oslo, Norway**

**C/O POP FESTIVAL**  
12 - 16.08.09

Patrick Wolf, The Whitest Boy Alive, GoldieLocks and Prins Thomas all perform, with a conference on the future of the pop industry on August 13-14.  
**Cologne, Germany**

**SZIGET FESTIVAL**  
12 - 17.08.09

Óbudai-sziget welcomes one of the largest contingents of musical acts at any festival in the world, with up to 1000 playing each year. This year is no different, with Snow Patrol, The Ting-Tings, Primal Scream, Manic Street Preachers and Klaxons among the luminaries.  
**Budapest, Hungary**

**SARAJEVO FILM FESTIVAL**  
12 - 20.08.09

Now in its 15th year, this international film festival showcases work from the best filmmakers in southeast Europe. This year, Turn it Loose, a documentary film about the Red Bull BC One Breakdancing event will be showing at a special screening.  
**Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina**

**WAY OUT WEST FESTIVAL**  
13 - 15.08.09

The leafier parts of Gothenburg play host to a selection of rock, indie and alternative bands, including Ladyhawke and My Bloody Valentine, while some of the city's best clubs keep the night going when park-based activities end.  
**Gothenburg, Sweden**

**DJ DEEP**  
14.08.09

As his name suggests, DJ Deep's music, honed from 15 years on the DJ circuit, comes from the deep house school.  
**Montpellier, France**

**LA ROUTE DU ROCK FESTIVAL**  
14 - 16.08.09

Simian Mobile Disco, The Horrors, My Bloody Valentine and the creatively-named A Place to Bury Strangers, take to the stage in St Malo, surrounded by the Brittany port's impressive 18th-century fort, where a winter edition of the festival also takes place each February.  
**St Malo, France**

**SPIRIT OF BURGAS FESTIVAL**  
14 - 16.08.09

The Central Beach in Burgas is the setting for one of Bulgaria's foremost musical events, with artists across the spectrum appearing. This year, Fun Lovin' Criminals and LTJ Bukem uphold the event's eclectic tradition.  
**Burgas, Bulgaria**

**CHIEMSEE REGGAE FESTIVAL**  
14 - 16.08.09

For some 15 years, Germany has hosted one of the best Europe-based reggae events on the calendar. This year, Chiemsee will see Jan Delay & Disko No 1 and Peter Fox among the star performers.  
**Chiemsee, Germany**

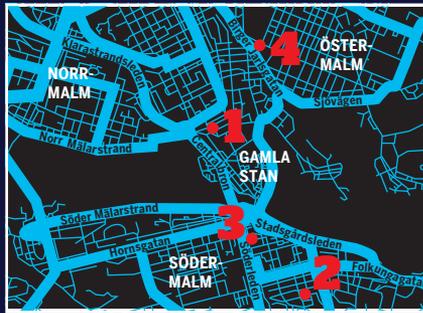
**MILK IN THE PARK**  
15.08.09

Disco and soul legend Candi Staton headlines at Spring Gardens, and Crazy P and the Horse Meat Disco stable provide late-summer grooves to mark the 40 years since the Stonewall riots and celebrate racial and sexual equality.  
**London, England**

**ARENAPALOOZA**  
15.08.09

Named after the renowned Lollapalooza Festival in Chicago (see opposite page), Arenapalooza, in the same spirit, takes the festival from the field and puts it slap-bang in the middle of Austria's capital, with all its useful amenities and transport links. Maxïmo Park, with music from their latest album *Quicken the Heart*, merely add to the attraction.  
**Arena, Vienna, Austria**





- 1 Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Fredsgatan 12
- 2 Snotty's, Skånegatan 90
- 3 Indigo, Götgatan 19
- 4 Sturehof, Stureplan 2

people call this part 'Sofa' (ie, south of Folkungagatan Södermalm), and these people should be punished or killed. The area is quite nice, though. My favourite bar in Stockholm is called Snottys, and it's great: very good food and a fantastic staff. I could spend every afternoon here, but I have to make music sometimes, unfortunately. Recently, Peter was allowed bring his dog in here too, so please watch out for that little bastard if you go there.

After a couple of beers here, you can go back to Götgatan and to another bar called Indigo. It is one of the few bars in this town that feels and looks like a bar. Here, you can spot Swedish rock stars and other loose people, and at this place you might ask someone what's going on. Or go to Riche, where you can pretend to be a movie producer. Tell someone that you want to give them a part in your upcoming new blockbuster movie and, if you succeed, then maybe you have found a place to sleep.

The next day, since you might be a little bit tired from the night before, you should start with a nice long walk out to the lovely Djurgården national park

Now go to Sturehof and order either the 'löjroms toast' with a glass of champagne or take the 'Fem Assietter' (which is five small, tasty Swedish dishes) and a beer. After the meal, take a cab to Hornstull. In this area,

Opposite page, left to right: Peter Morén, Björn Yttling and (our host) John Eriksson. This page, clockwise from top: Browsing at Mickes Skivor record shop; drinks at Sjöhästen

you will definitely see the lead singer from Sahara Hotnights having coffee, and the artist known as Moneybrother eating pasta with tomato sauce. You might even see Pelle from The Hives eating pizza.

Go to Sjöhästen, have a beer and talk to the owner Kalle. Peter Bjorn and John used to organise a club night at this place called *Lucky You*, and people still talk about our unique way of decorating. Right next to this restaurant, we have our rehearsing studio in a dirty cellar run by a guy called Lelle. He used to call us in the middle of the night when we were on tour in South America or Japan and ask about the rent, so now we call him when he is sleeping, asking about a missing keyboard stand or something.

There is a record shop close by that is called Mickes Skivor, and it's open almost around the clock. Go here if you like old vinyl records and broken VHS movies. In this part of the city, Bjorn and I also share a little studio space, and Peter Bjorn and John recorded the album *Writer's Block* here during the summer a couple of years ago.

Down by the water is a place called Strand. Here you can see international artists from many genres. Have some nice Hot Shots and, if you are under 45, you can maybe hit on someone. After this, you are on your own.

For the latest news for the band's exploits, go to [www.peterbjornandjohn.com](http://www.peterbjornandjohn.com)

## DINOSAUR JR

16.08.09

From the ashes of early-'80s school punk band Deep Wound came Dinosaur Jr. Central Park's SummerStage festival sees frontman J Mascis and the rest of the band still plying their trade a quarter of a century on.  
New York, USA

## RED BULL EMSEE

20.08.09

Freestyling with the mic is hardly easy, but how about being suddenly picked to MC to a random subject appearing on a video screen over an arbitrarily selected set of beats? Only the quickest and most impulsively creative will survive!  
Atlanta, Georgia, USA

## BURAKA SOM SISTEMA

20.08.09

The Lisbon-based outfit take a hop into the Atlantic to the island of Madeira, taking their own unique kuduro breakbeat sound with them from Portugal's mainland.  
Madeira, Portugal

## DJ ASSAULT

20.08.09

Craig de Sean Adams, aka DJ Assault, has been deejaying since 1982, and brings his unique and well-established Detroit brand of 'booty-bass' to Massachusetts.  
The Upper Deck, Salisbury, Massachusetts, USA

## FM4 FREQUENCY FESTIVAL

20 - 22.08.09

Now in its ninth year, the festival welcomes The Prodigy, Bloc Party, Peter Dinklage and Grace Jones to make the residents of St Pölten's Green Park happy campers.  
St Pölten, Austria

## PUKKELPOP FESTIVAL

20 - 22.08.09

This event began back in 1985, when 3000 festivalgoers came to watch seven acts. Last year, 152,000 came along to watch nearly 200. Placebo, Arctic Monkeys and Faith No More headline this year's festival.  
Hasselt, Belgium

## HIP HOP KEMP

20 - 22.08.09

The world's best hip-hop artists, including Sweden's Adam Tensta, France's Sages Poètes de la Rue ('Wise Poets of the Street'), Germany's Prinz Porno, California's Planet Asia and Liverpool's Mr Bang On, all converge on Czech soil.  
Festivalpark Hradec Králové, Czech Republic

**GREEN MAN FESTIVAL 2009**  
21 - 23.08.09

Set in the beautiful Brecons, this year's festival promises to be better than ever. British Sea Power playing the soundtrack to *Man of Aran*, live, in the film tent, will be a highlight. Glanusk Park, Wales

**RED BULL X-FIGHTERS**  
22.08.09

The most exciting event on two wheels makes its London debut at one of the city's most iconic landmarks, Battersea Power Station. Expect the usual fireworks from current series leaders Eigo Sato, Mat Rebeaud and Robbie Maddison. Read more on page 50. Battersea, London, England

**SUNDAY BEST W/THEO PARRISH**  
23.08.09

This (unsurprisingly) is a Sundays-only outdoor musical event, with eclectic deep house guru Theo Parrish entertaining revellers in the summer sun this weekend. The BRKLYN Yard, New York, USA

**JAZZANOVA**  
24 - 25.08.09

Following the success of last year's *Of All Things* album, Berlin's six-man DJ and producer collective Jazzanova revisit Billboard Live for a unique electro-jazz experience. Tokyo, Japan

**SZEGEDI IFJÚSÁGI NAPOK**  
26 - 29.08.09

After a 20-year hiatus, this Hungarian festival made a comeback in 2003 and went from strength to strength. Macy Gray is among the stars due to grace the stage for the 2009 edition. Szeged, Hungary

**ELECTRIC ELEPHANT FESTIVAL**  
28 - 30.08.09

Manchester's Electric Elephant set-up relocates to the Balkans, as do Andrew Weatherall, Four Tet and Motor City Drum Ensemble. Petrcane, Croatia

**READING/LEEDS**  
28 - 30.08.09

The now-traditional, festival double-header, already sold out for months, welcomes The Prodigy, Kings of Leon, Radiohead, Lady Sovereign and Florence and the Machine to the fields of Berkshire and Yorkshire on alternate days. Little John's Farm (Reading)/Bramham Park (Wetherby), England

*Nightcrawler*

# Joe Gets a Good Rap

*Modern day beat-maker and bedroom pop svengali James Pants finds that hip-hop pioneer Joe Bataan has a social conscience to match the big tunes*

After playing the first-ever English show of a 40-year career at London's Cargo venue, Joe Bataan and onstage collaborator James Pants took time out at the Red Bull Music Academy to talk coming from the street, karate, and a little thing called rap music...  
**James Pants:** Joe, the first time I heard your music was probably eight years ago. I was working in a record store and stumbled on the *Afrofilipino* record with *Ordinary Guy* on it.  
**Joe Bataan:** Did you own the record store?  
**JP:** No, no... I'd be a terrible store owner because I'd want to keep all the records. I deejayed while I was at college, and that record had this cool disco vibe. Everybody would come up and say, "Oh, what's this?" I remember feeling like I'd found a little gem.  
**JB:** Yeah. I went away for a while, but to see youngsters appreciating my music today, you don't know how exciting that is. I never knew about this revival! It's made me wanna do more, and it's allowed me to stay young.

**JP:** So, what were you doing in your time away from music?  
**JB:** Well, I was raising a family. I was trying to get my kids into the Olympics for karate. My son and daughter did shotokan, and then my wife jumped in, but I ended up carrying the bags for 11 years. When the Olympics finally sanctioned karate, it became tae kwon do, so we weren't the right style.  
**JP:** So, your wife, Yvonne, could probably beat me up?  
**JB:** She's a black belt. People think I got my bad shoulder from her.  
**JP:** You also worked with young prisoners during that time, right?  
**JB:** Yeah. I was a counsellor in New York State's Department of Juvenile Justice. Having been inside when I was young, the kids found being mentored by somebody who'd been in their shoes had some meaning. I was very successful.  
**JP:** Did the kids in jail know much of your music career?  
**JB:** I never boasted about it. But some of them would see these old photographs and videos. They saw the Afro and they couldn't believe it. A lot of them were inspired by what I achieved. I worked there for 25 years until I retired. That's why the Red Bull Music Academy is great: it's a fusing of the young and the old. It's giving something back.  
**JP:** Right. They came and asked me to pick a musician I'd like to perform with, so I made a list of three or four obscure artists, thinking I was being clever – one being Joe Bataan. They said, "Oh, Joe Bataan! Let's do it!" After I agreed, I started having nightmares. Though I love the style and play the music, I'm not a trained latin musician.  
**JB:** People don't know, but I'm having more fun than the average fan. I'm learning



PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES PEARSON-HOWES (7)

JOE  
BATAAN  
**LONDON**



Left: The session at Cargo, clockwise from top left: James and Joe; Jamie Woon; GoldieLocks; Joe on his UK debut; Andrey Triana; James on the decks



things, and James is learning things, too.  
**JP:** *Rap-O-Clap-O* was a groundbreaking record. But did you make it before or after *Rapper's Delight* by The Sugarhill Gang?  
**JB:** It came out in the charts in '79 after *Rapper's Delight*, but I had it before then and nobody would listen to it. Fatback Band were actually first with *King Tim III*, but I had it before them too. People would say, "What is that crap you're playing?" I'd say, "Something new!" The wider public didn't know that it was the guy who had the pulse

of the streets that knew all these things.  
**JP:** So, you had *Rap-O-Clap-O* recorded before all of them?  
**JB:** Yeah, and they never gave me credit. *Vibe* magazine passed on me because I wasn't seen as a rap artist. I really should be part of the history. I'd seen kids dance to it and they didn't even know how to name it.  
**JP:** Back when rap was strictly party music...  
**JB:** Yeah. Eventually, the music got more serious. But then when you start desecrating women and the Lord's name

or whatever – you have to shock people sometimes, but there are other ways.  
**JP:** So, why did it take so long for you to get to playing a show in the UK, Joe?  
**JB:** Back in 1979, *Rap-O-Clap-O* started to be successful all over the world but not here. Somebody wanted part of the publishing, I refused to give it to them and it didn't get played on major radio. But it was played in the discos. Maybe the UK's ready for it now.  
 See more of Joe Bataan and James Pants at [www.redbullmusicacademy.com](http://www.redbullmusicacademy.com)

Diplo (top left, with friend) and Switch (right, in check shirt) enjoy their night in Kingston. Below right: Prince Zimboo makes an appearance



MAJOR LAZER  
JAMAICA

The Green Room

# The Major Attraction

A one-armed cartoon major, futuristic dancehall cuts and plenty of rude boys – Patricia Meschino catches the debut of producer Diplo’s new project in Kingston

Seated on one of the pristine white leather couches in the expansive lobby bar of Kingston’s stylish Spanish Court Hotel, DJ and producer Wesley ‘Diplo’ Pentz barely lifts his gaze from his laptop screen. “I try not to think of this show as any different than the others, or I will go crazy,” he says. The pressure is understandable. Jamaica, the birthplace of the reggae, dub and dancehall genres that have so heavily influenced his and producer Dave ‘Switch’ Taylor’s productions, will serve as the testing ground for the pair’s latest collaboration.

Their set at Quad nightclub is the launch of the promotional tour for their debut album *Major Lazer: Guns Don’t Kill People... Lazars Do*. “Lots of crazy kids are doing musically different things here,” continues Diplo, “so with the hype around this release, I want to push it tonight as far as I can. But I have the classic records if I lose people.”

In March 2008, Diplo and Switch (who were nominated for a 2009 Grammy for MIA’s single *Paper Planes*) ensconced themselves in Kingston’s legendary Tuff

Gong studios. There, they recorded vocals from their wishlist of dancehall artists, including Mr Lexx, Mr Vegas, Baby Cham, Jamaica’s most controversial dancehall star Vybz Kartel and a comical Kente-cloth-attired character named Prince Zimboo. Switch and Diplo merged the artists’ vocals into a thumping pastiche of techno-dancehall-soca-Euro-dance rhythms, and decided the best way to present this Jamaican-accented mash-up was to create a dancehall superhero, Major Lazer, a Jamaican ex-commando who lost his arm in the secret Zombie War of 1984.

By 11pm, the Spanish Court lobby is abuzz with Friday night partygoers. Switch strolls into the lobby and enquires about the evening’s playlist.

“Are you going to play *Tainted Love*?” he says. “Yeah,” Diplo deadpans. “What about Wham!? Jamaicans love Wham!” adds Switch. “No, they love George Michael,” Diplo responds, prompting a discussion on Jamaicans’ surprising appetite for middle-of-the-road pop, particularly Celine Dion. “Hearing her

music in bars in the toughest neighbourhoods always seemed odd, but I hear it keeps the ladies happy,” says Switch.

Celine Dion doesn’t make the playlist later that night, but the coiffed, bare-as-you-dare females seem quite content with the warm-up act. Minutes after 2am, Diplo and Switch make their way from Quad’s VIP area into the elevated, glass-enclosed DJ booth. Laser sounds, pounding techno selections and a commanding computerised voice intoning the name Major Lazer are interspersed with customised dancehall hits and remixes of ‘Lazer’ cuts, including the lead single *Hold The Line*, featuring Mr Lexx and Santigold, and the Mr Vegas/Jovi Rockwell combination *Can’t Stop Now*.

The crowd nod along appreciatively, saving their jubilation for a freestyle session by guest Prince Zimboo. Ladies howl and rude boys pound the walls in approval, as if they were hearing the latest boom shot by Vybz Kartel or, perhaps, Celine Dion.

For more on the Major Lazer project, go to the official website at [www.majorlazer.com](http://www.majorlazer.com)

World's Best Bars

# Casting its Spell

Chris Leadbeater discovers a new spot in England's capital fit for kings and regular folk alike

Charles II would approve. The hedonistic monarch created London's arrow-straight King's Road as a private motorway to get him to the country in double-quick time. Nowadays, it's dotted with bars that give it a merry atmosphere as soon as the sun disappears. JuJu, open since January, is the new kid.

The regal theme continues inside. The King's and Queen's sections, discreet, intimate compartments, overlook the road through smoky floor-to-ceiling windows. Towards the rear, the Royal section – leather sofas lined up next to dark wood tables – sits in front of the VIP Room.

The music policy errs on the side of lively and infectious, resident DJs mixing funky house with trendy pop (La Roux, MIA, Beyoncé) and '80s favourites (Depeche

Mode, the Eurythmics, Michael Jackson). Meanwhile, at the bar, staff beaver away at the fruit-inflected cocktails that dominate the menu. House speciality is the Two's Company, a super-sized drinks format aimed at couples. Getting it from glass to mouth via foot-long straws is a curious experience that feels like slurping from a goldfish bowl.

Of course, there are also more traditional indulgences, each with a price. Bottles of vodka range from standard, though still expensive, fare to a jeroboam of Snow Queen for those prepared to spend in the multiple hundreds. Champagne ranges from a similarly standard bottle to a magnum of Cristal at 10 times the price. Individual martinis and cocktails come in at more manageable prices, the like of which you might find in hotels and trendy cocktail bars.

JuJu is the latest offering from ex-footballer Lee Chapman and his actress wife Leslie Ash. Chapman is pleased with his new baby's progress. "You have to respect your environment," he says. For this reason, the party stops at 1am, although that hasn't discouraged England cricketer Kevin Pietersen and England footballer Joe Cole from popping in. It's early days for JuJu, but the signs are good. Long live the King...

JuJu, 316-318 King's Road, London – [www.jujulondon.com](http://www.jujulondon.com)



JUJU  
LONDON



## OUTSIDE LANDS MUSIC AND ARTS FESTIVAL

28 - 30.08.09

As well as headline acts Black Eyed Peas, Beastie Boys and Pearl Jam, this festival by San Francisco's iconic Golden Gate Bridge includes the Winehaven wine and food tent, and CrowdFire, a digital interactive show online and onsite, made up of multimedia contributions from festivalgoers.  
San Francisco, USA

## KERRI CHANDLER

29.08.09

As a deep house pioneer, Kerri 'Kaoz' Chandler has been infusing infectious soul with his house music since the early '90s, and brings his latest creations to the equator.  
Parque Xtremo, Yunguilla, Ecuador

## DEADBEAT

29.08.09

Berlin-based Canadian dub/techno experimentalist and onetime software synthesiser developer Deadbeat will be playing his dark tunes, including *Teach the Devil's Son*, on Maltese shores.  
Buskett Roadhouse, Malta

## FESTIVAL OF WORLD CULTURES

29 - 30.08.09

Featuring music as diverse as Bulgarian pipes and African drums, theatre, poetry and an under-14s' international football tournament, this festival is not to be missed.  
Dun Laoghaire, Dublin, Ireland

## CREAMFIELDS FESTIVAL

29 - 30.08.09

The dance fest celebrates its 12th outing with Tiësto, Calvin Harris, Toddla T, DJ Hype, Paul Van Dyk and Dizzee Rascal all in attendance.  
Daresbury, Cheshire, England

## BESTIVAL 2009

04 - 06.09.09

GoldieLocks, Hudson Mohawke and La Roux join headliners Kraftwerk, Elbow, 2ManyDJs and Massive Attack on the little island off the south coast where the sun always seems to shine.  
Newport, Isle of Wight, England

## ELECTRIC PICNIC FESTIVAL

04 - 06.09.09

Basement Jaxx, Brian Wilson, Buraka Som Sistema, Echo & the Bunnymen, Erol Alkan, Jazzanova, Orbital, Röyksopp, Seaside Steve... all in one place. Enough said.  
Stradbally, Ireland

For more Night Spots go to [www.redbulletin.com/en](http://www.redbulletin.com/en)

# Bull's Eye

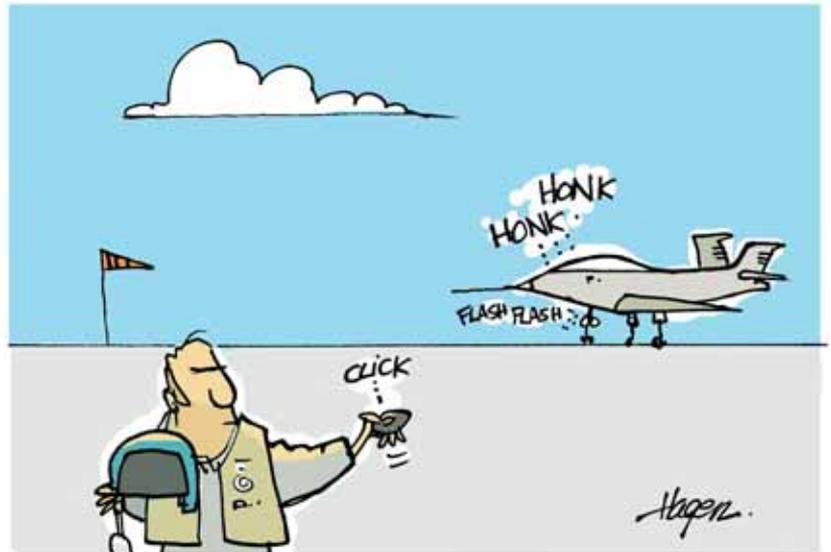
Welcome to flightclub: picking the funniest cartoons from this month's jumbo crop was plane sailing



"Hey, look how tiny the Earth appears through this end!"



"You didn't read the small print, sir - your ticket restricts you to a seat kicked continuously by a small child."



"It has all the comfort of a regular jet, but it's invisible to shareholders."



"ANY CHANCE OF AN UPGRADE..?"



"Of course it's safe. Even has an airbag."





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**Ronnie Renner.**

Moto X Freestyler and Wings for Life supporter.

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A story by David Bradford

# Mass of Humanity

*A survivor's diary of the Hindenburg's final flight*

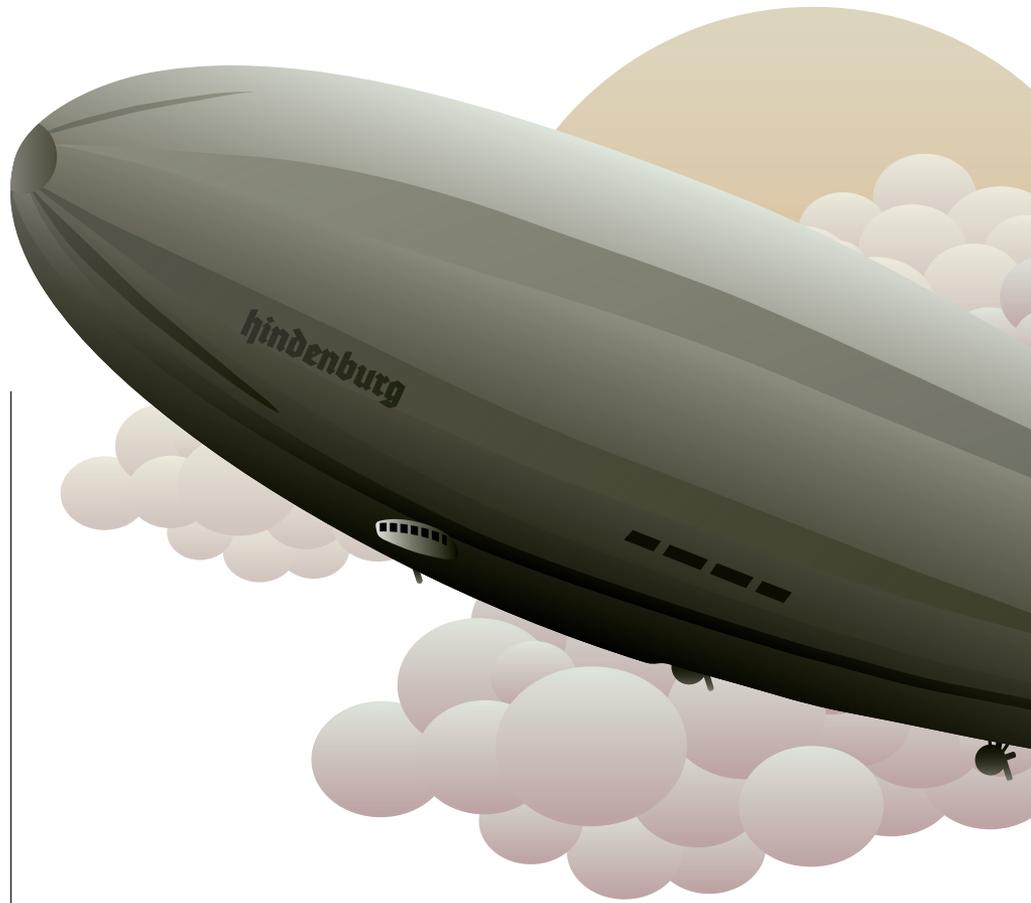
**May 3, 1937**

I've missed the boat many times in my life, but never before has it cost me so dear. The steamer chugged off, and now the only way I'll get to New York before the honchos at Radio City tear up my contract is on this over-puffed airship – with inflated price to match. Apparently, I'm blessed to get the chance. The truth is, I'd consent to being Herr Hitler's first transatlantic human cannonball if it were going to get me home on time. It would probably hurt less, too.

Four hundred dollars for a ride in an oversized gasbag? That's the best joke I've heard all season. Thankfully, the stony-hearted empire has yielded a trickle of blood; after pleading like a dog (Ulla, my new stage partner, showed me how), Berlin are coughing up early for a week's worth of shows. I know vaudeville attendances are down, but you can't blame me, a lone comedy acrobat, for the fact everyone's transfixed by motion pictures. Besides, audiences will come back. Nothing's ever real enough for them on the screen. On stage, a performance enralls because it's right there and alive, but film demands a stunt – like the time I swung from my lamp-post 50 storeys high. There was no net to catch me, but who cares? You don't need a net when the camera's catching everything. Once it's caught on film, it's already happened and everything is safe.

**May 4, 1937**

This must be the slowest taxi in Europe. As my panic increases, my driver's haste diminishes. He conjures endless versions of the same anecdote about his mother's dog, each one venting childish jealousy about how the mongrel is excessively pampered. I really don't know what Ulla did to offend him, but I spent the first half-hour of the journey convincing him she had better manners than to mess on his back seat. I should be shouting at him to shut up and get a move on, but I'm mesmerised by the view ahead. The



## **From here, the great silver torpedo eclipses everything**

Hindenburg has been visible, as a grey blob on the horizon, for what seems like forever. If I didn't know better, I'd have to guess it was a giant fungus blooming from the landscape. We could be five or 50km away, I simply can't judge. This Zeppelin warps perspective.

I cannot conceive how human hands have created a thing of such immense proportions. It doesn't seem feasible, either, that something so huge is hovering above the ground. "Lighter than air," I heard someone say, but how the heck can it be? It is impossible to survey the Hindenburg as a whole; I'm getting dizzy flicking my eyes between separate sections. What kind of strange vertigo is this? I'm ridiculous. I feel no fear, dangling precariously atop a high-rise, when everything below looks tiny, but here, this proximity... this engulfing vastness is giving me the heebie-jeebies. Something inside me wants to jump back in the car and speed away until this thing is just a part of the view again. I'd like to

turn the Hindenburg back into a fairytale mushroom. From here, inside the gates, the great silver torpedo eclipses everything.

I feel much better now that we're on board, looking from the inside out. The officials on the ground were less like a welcoming party, more like registrars of purgatory. Everyone is suspicious of everything in Germany nowadays, I know that, but these folks took a perverse pleasure in their distrust. The way they snatched my passport, I thought they were going to spit on it. Telling them, in my best American-drawled German, that I'm originally from Strasbourg and therefore not very French, didn't seem to help. As an Alsatian, Ulla could scarcely hope for kinder treatment – they threw her into a tiny cage as though she'd committed canine treason. Next up for humiliation was the beautiful doll I'd bought for little Marilyn. They tore her from her wrapping, prodding and poking as though they thought they might find a heartbeat. You'll never guess what the pervert Gestapo did next; he looked up the poor dolly's skirt. I couldn't resist assuring him she was a girl and that he should really respect her modesty. Not one of them cracked a grin. It hurts



world voyage in the Graf Zeppelin. He was quick to redirect my praise on to the Graf's faultless construction. I mentioned to him that I'd first seen the Hindenburg when she appeared above the stadium at the opening of the Berlin Olympics. I thought for a moment I'd offended him, as he stared down at the floor. After a pause, Lehmann took a step forwards, looked me in the eye and said with grumpy firmness, "Zeppelins are built to soar, not swagger." Then he walked away – conversation kaput!

Vera would love all this luxury – it really is a most civilised way to travel. The food is too rich for my taste, however. My 'fattened duck' was coated in treacle-like slime, and I'd rather have Champagne in a glass than on cabbage.

I've retired to the writing room for some quiet time to digest while I ponder Lehmann's strange comment. I supposed at first that he was just tetchy about having been demoted from the driver's seat – apparently there's a new skipper called Pruss at the helm. There's more to it, though, I'm certain. Everyone knows that Hugo Eckener, the brains behind these airships, can't stand the Nazis and hated it when they used his creations for propaganda flights like the one above the Olympics. Now the Hindenburg's decked out with great big swastikas on her tail, Eckener's nowhere to be seen. What are we doing now if not swaggering across the Atlantic to remind America how both her own grand airships ended up in the drink? Am I travelling aboard the biggest boast in history? I'm surprised Goebbels is not on board just so he can bare his backside at the Statue of Liberty.

#### May 6, 1937

The silence infected my sleep last night. I dreamed of giant, freakish babies crawling across a swamp, delving their hands into the mud as though they were searching for something to eat. Their faces were deformed, with neither eyes nor mouths, yet somehow I knew they were trying to cry. I wanted to help but all I could do was watch.

It was hard not to be startled when Margaret, an affable, middle-aged New Yorker with a twinkle in her eye, informed me over breakfast that she had "slept like a baby". Worse still, she told me that we're a whole goddamned half-day behind schedule. Apparently we've been flying into a strong headwind for most of the journey. Margaret doesn't seem to care, evidently loving every minute of the flight, but I'm growing restless. I asked a passing crewman if Captain Pruss could step on the gas

a little more, but all I got in return was a condescending smirk. I'm going to steal a sausage for Ulla, then take a nap.

I was just dropping off when cheers from the promenade jolted me awake. I rushed out to join them and instantly apprehended the reason for their glee – Boston, clearly visible on the horizon. American terra firma at last! I filmed it all: the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty and along the East River, and now we're sinking gently down into Lakehurst. I haven't spotted my darlings yet, but I picked out Vera's shiny blue new car. Just a few more minutes and I'll be reunited with them! We're turning sharply now; I must get back into a good viewing position.

#### May 7, 1937

You will have seen what happened. I cannot explain why some of us are still alive; all I know is that I had stopped writing to start filming and it was the camera that saved me. I hurled it against the window and the whole pane popped out. I grabbed a rope and hung on for as long as I could. There is no trace of Ulla – I cannot bear to tell the children – but my camera survived, as did the contents of its leather case: my reels of film, my diary, even my pen, which it hurts too much to grip any longer.

#### May 8, 1937

It wasn't a miracle, I wasn't chosen and I didn't have special powers. I pushed and fought with the rest, which now I must try to forget. The newsreel footage is a constant reminder, and the funny man clinging on for dear life is no kind of star this time. Herb Morrison's commentary plays over and over. "Oh, the humanity..." It's a search for words at their most helpless. We can do no more. The fallen and the burned are with me night and day.

### About the author

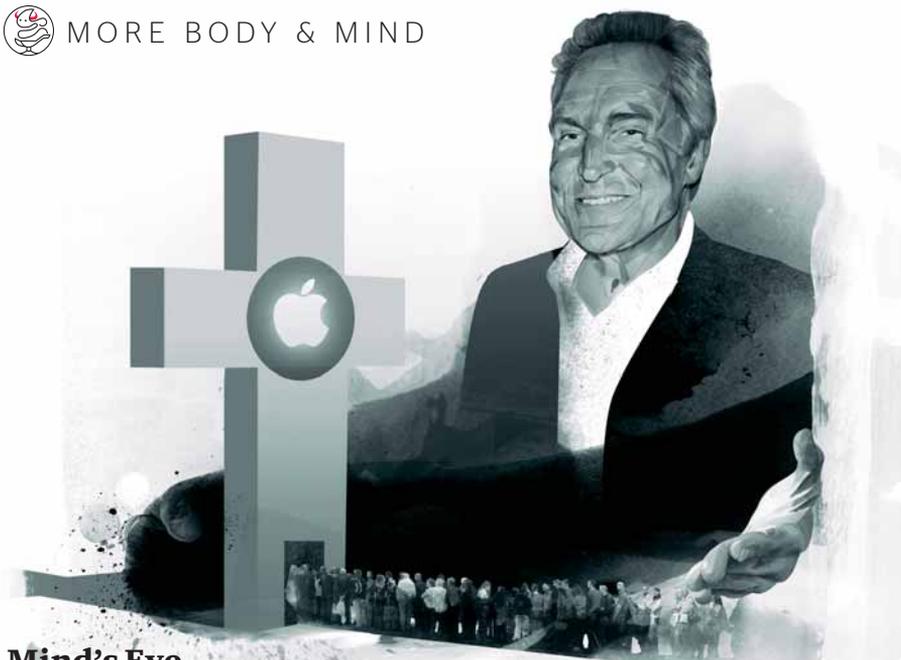
*David Bradford was a journalist on SuperBike Magazine until an eyesight disorder forced him to hang up his leathers. Instead, he went back to university to study for an MA and is now a freelance writer. See more at [www.dbfreelance.co.uk](http://www.dbfreelance.co.uk)*

me when no one smiles. If I ever see these gargoyle faces in my audience, I'll retire... Something's happening; we're rocking. It must be take-off.

#### May 5, 1937

I've only now managed to draw myself away from the promenade windows. We're like inhabitants of a new planet, in a new kind of orbit. Though I'm assured we are travelling as fast as a racing car, our movement is virtually imperceptible, and there is hardly any noise from the motors. It is like floating inside a bubble. The tranquillity is beautiful, but there is something eerie about it. There are two children on board, Walter and Werner, but even they are calm and timid; when I pull faces at them, they look away. I long to hear young Gilbie's laugh again – he'd better prepare himself for a good tickling!

Ulla is imprisoned at the rear of the ship, where passengers aren't meant to go. I had to go and check she was OK, so I won the favour of a young crew member with a couple of silly gags. The furry princess was behaving perfectly – I promised her she'd get to meet her new family soon. On my way back, I bumped into Commander Ernst Lehmann and congratulated him on his round-the-



## Mind's Eye **Beauty to the core**

*Stephen Bayley discusses how Apple products transcend technology into art and psychology*

I don't listen to music, but I have three iPods. I like looking at them. iPod is the bestselling product of one of the most creative partnerships in modern business: Steve Jobs, Apple Computer's messianic Californian founder, and Jonathan Ive, his almost metaphysical English designer. Never mind that it plays music in a way music has never been played before, the iPod in all its versions is almost mystically beautiful and seductively desirable.

It's already been called *The Perfect Thing*, a title chosen by Steven Levy for a 2007 book about how the gorgeous, lapidary device changes not just the way we listen to songs, but the actual way we think. It's the Ford Model T of the virtual age. Tin Lizzie changed geography with petrol – iPod rearranges thought with electrons. They estimate that sales will flatten at 500 million, by which time it will be the most successful electronic product – possibly the most successful product in any category – ever.

How did the iPod happen? There is very little new technology in any Apple product. Instead, the Jobs tradition is inspired borrowings: the cute on-screen icons that distinguished the original Mac were from the now defunct Xerox labs in Palo Alto, California. And the data-compression technology that drives an

iPod was well-established 20 years ago. The also defunct Digital Equipment Company used to make an MP3 player, but it was as unlovable as a house brick, and about as big and heavy. But who cares about intellectual theft? Rather, as Picasso said, "Great artists don't borrow – they steal." Almost everybody who meets Jobs describes him as an 'artist'. The rest call him a bloody-minded tyrant.

And Jobs found a perfect collaborator in Jonathan Ive, an inspired and gentle soul. It's not technology that makes iPod, it's design. And that design is Ive's. Apple is a success because it makes beautiful machines which excite an almost unbearable itch to consume. Knowing there is a psychosexual physicality aspect, Jobs says a design is good if you want to lick it. This is a very good test.

And because there is something of the Messiah about Jobs and what he has created, it is as much religion as business. It is a belief system, and all its customers pay tribute in the form of premium prices for products which make them feel good. Accordingly, new Apple products are awaited with all the excitement and apprehension of a religious revelation.

Jonathan Ive has worked for Apple Computer since 1992. But only since Steve Jobs's 1997 return (in what you might call his Second Coming after an epic

corporate bust-up) has he been allowed to develop a unique and overwhelmingly successful design language. Ive has an otherworldly fastidiousness and Zen-like attention to detail. He says the designer's task is, "to solve incredibly complex problems and make their resolution appear inevitable and incredibly simple, so you have no sense how difficult this thing was".

'Continuous distillation of the idea until you get down to the essence' is the iPod design story. But, while Ive on occasions gets close to weird Buddhist mysticism, there's business sense here, too. "It's sad and frustrating that we are surrounded by products that seem to testify to a complete lack of care," Ive explains. "[An] object speaks volumes about [a company's] values and priorities." So, the thoroughness in design is taken all the way through the consumer's experience. You buy an iPod in a shop that looks like a well-lit Zen temple, designed by David Chipperfield. The packaging is a delight in itself – so clean, clear, intelligent and optimistic. It's an insult, really, to throw it away.

Although throw it away we must, because it is all about discarding whatever is unnecessary. Ive says the experience of using an iPod is based on a sort of Ground Zero minimalism: "We wanted to get rid of anything other than what was absolutely essential, but you don't see that effort." On the latest iPod Shuffle, you don't, in fact, see very much at all. It is a tiny alu-finish lozenge with almost no identifying marks: Ive hates stickers. Apple's design language is so strong, it speaks without words.

Ive has been to remote parts of Japan to learn traditional metalworking techniques, but also exploits the latest two-shot moulding technology which allows different plastics to bond simultaneously, giving some iPods their distinctive seamless, physical feel. All technologies are in the service of the consumer's pleasure. You don't need art criticism to understand an iPod – it's psychology. Ive has a thing about hiding screws (he prefers magnets), and he dislikes fiddly doors and compartments, which is why the iPod and iPhone have sealed-in batteries. He loves clarity.

The result is a beautiful object... the perfect thing, in fact. That's why I have three of them – with more to follow. *Stephen Bayley is a former director of the Design Museum in London and an award-winning writer*

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