

# JAKUB KORNFEIL



## DEFINITION OF SPORT

MOTORCYCLE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RIDER

# **DEFINITION OF SPORT**

**JAKUB KORNFEL**

# WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP LIFE

CONTROL YOUR MIND

*The body can handle almost anything,  
we just have to convince the mind.*



*To my family and friends, acquaintances and  
colleagues who have been with me all this time.*

*Thanks to all of you, I fulfilled my dreams.*

*Mr. Roman Malček, who did everything for me.*

*And the fans who pushed me to the top.*



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## INTRODUCTION

”The awareness that started me.  
A few interesting findings that led  
to a radical change.

LIFE CHANGE IS A Mere IMPACT OF HURRY THINKS, whether the right ones that lead to something big or the negative ones that lead to loneliness, burnout, and, in the worst case, a delay. It is very important to make the right decision because if you make the right decision, you are half as worried. There are several different incentives that can help you make the right decision. I have been a manager for almost my entire career, and believe me, making a decision on which your life is based is not even my cup of coffee. But what can open our eyes is often only a well-directed sentence from a friend. I don't like it when someone tells me what to do and how to behave. There are very important key points in life, such that each of us must go through, whether he wants to or not. Because I was a professional athlete, I needed to be as complex as a person. Because understanding, open minds, intelligence and common sense undoubtedly lead to success. Yes, a lot of athletes are simply rubber

and have eye flaps, which can sometimes, but only temporarily, be an advantage.

However, this cannot work in the long run. I always wanted to be the best, and that was reflected in my daily stress. I wanted to do a lot of things every day. I lived my life so fast I couldn't even memorize, perceive. It happened to me more and more that someone had poured some memory on me, and I was groping terribly and I didn't know what they were talking about.

I thought, it's impossible, I've never been there, I've never done this, it hasn't happened, he's making it up, but those people spoke convincingly, so I knew that it couldn't be a fictional story. I lived in this strange mood for a year and a half. For example, before I got rid of all my activities, which I really enjoyed and without which it was difficult to function. However, in order not to be consumed by that life, I was aware of one thing: that I had to slow down. I had to learn to live differently, more slowly and enjoy those beautiful moments of the present moment again.

At one point, thoughts of thinking I had Alzheimer's disease also crossed my mind. Fortunately, I sobered up from these considerations quickly. Apparently, it was all because I was alone in a lot of things, which suited me. I wanted to communicate everything myself, take care of it and just fight it. It took a lot of time and effort, which didn't cost me to get to the burnout stage.

Yes, I admit, I was young, full of vigor and immortal. With each contract negotiated and a well-run race, my inner strength grew. These were wonderful

feelings I experienced occasionally. However, it was important to slow down but still ride the style that was a success. I will describe how I did it later. As you already know, I lived a fast way of life, so there were a lot of people running around me I met or worked with.

One of the important figures in my story was a psychotherapist who no doubt opened my eyes. And in such a way I became a different person in a positive sense. I was twenty, I had a high school diploma in front of me. I realized what that life was all about; the world opened up to me. I was understanding the context and finally got to the stage I needed for the athlete to function properly. So far, I thought it was all about hard work and renunciation. However, it is not so. As for the adult test, I managed the left rear and then I could fully devote myself to what I like best, and that is the motorcycle ride itself. We move at high speeds, and the slightest mistake can be fatal. When riding a motorcycle, you need to be constantly prepared and alert. Concentration is key. I think everything comes from our minds. The whole amazing mechanism of the human body is controlled only by our brain, which only distributes systematic tasks to our limbs. The mind is infinite and if you can control it, you have won. One day after a race, a Japanese boy came to my dad, whom I defeated in a direct fight, and he says: "Jakub didn't go his head today, he rode with his heart!" that it will work, but maybe you didn't know why, and you hesitated. It was because you were ready. He who is ready is hard to be defeated.

Basically, in everything I do in life, I always try to be one hundred percent. My parents also led me to this, who built it in me from an early age. It's my message my father taught me. He always said: when you do something, do it properly. Well, I took it to heart. The reason I don't have a college degree is simple. I wanted to do one thing properly. And not to pay two things to fifty percent! Riding the World Championships, being in the world for over a week and working and studying meanwhile would not bear the right fruit. It was important for me to be one hundred percent on and off the track. To do this, I needed to have a clear head and focus only on the sport itself. The state of flow, on which I worked hard and which I adore, is indescribable. I consider it probably one of the greatest wonders of human existence I could have tasted.

It is a condition that everyone enters for a different length of time. It was easy for me to understand but hard to get into. There are several exercise methods, but it is this self-awareness crucial for life in general. If we know exactly what we want, we have a clear goal; then it is easy to know yourself and function properly. I have always had short-term plans, long-term goals, but also dreams I have fulfilled.

The simplest are lucky and meet a person who is a little better/smarter/faster. It's simply because you have a puller next to you that pulls you. If you are not stupid, then you can use it to your advantage and probably a promising future awaits you. You must not abuse it; being in this position is difficult, but if you have ambitions to be the best, I do

not know a better way. Surfing someone's wave is great and quite fun. More so when you ride in a leeward bag and just ride and surf. It's just a win, on the one hand, to just have a puller next to you who's doing better. You can get to the coveted peak much easier and faster. The easier you get to the top, you grow fast as a person, but also a personality. Since you can read their strategy, listen to their opinions, delve into their thoughts, follow them, and that's a big bonus.

People who walk the path themselves are certainly humbler but not smarter. Two are better than one. I also could taste this situation, so I know what I'm talking about. I spent one season alongside a very fast rider, and I learned a lot from him. He was insanely closed, he didn't share, he didn't listen, he didn't cooperate, he didn't communicate, and worst of all, when we agreed on something, he didn't even do it. He didn't obey the team's orders, but because he had been fighting for podiums all year, the team never said a word, and everything was forgiven. The results were, there is no need for humanity.

You can be the great one you want, whether world champion or president, if you have no humility, you are zero. For those who know you only from TV screens, you may be a showman, but you don't live with these people, they don't love you and give you the love or the touch you need. It's nice to be an audience favorite or a media favorite. They are just figures/characters who do not live their lives but media life. If you taste it, you will find you do not want to live that way. It's exhausting, and a lot

of people can't stand it. It's not easy to be famous. Many professional athletes and celebrities do not live a normal life because they simply cannot live it.

There are two ways you decide to be normal, when fame doesn't come to your head, that's the right one. Or you may simply forget all the people who have ever helped you on the way up, devalue their efforts within you, and act like a jerk. I know a lot of riders I could name and tell a lot. A person or rider should never forget that he meets other people who help him on any trip. Whether they are casual passers-by or the environment in which they walk, which undoubtedly shapes it as well. As young children, we reflect our parents, and when we grow up, we reflect our friends, acquaintances, and the people we meet. That's just the way it is. The people around us shape us. We form, change, grow and learn. If you have homeless people around you, you will probably never become a star. If you move in high society, you are likely to stay there.

There are certain key people on the way up that we would never get without. I also had many people around me who I would be grateful to death for what they did for me. It can't be paid for with money. People in the industry don't have to help. It is their voluntary will. A lot don't do it for money, but because they want to. Now I, too, have matured into a state where I am very happy to help young, promising talents who I believe need help and have a promising future ahead of them. One day I will be a tiny part of all the unforgettable and priceless people in their story, and also, they will never forget my advice and personality.

## Chapter first

# ENDLESS ROUTE

“THE WAY TO WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS  
IS NOT FOR EVERYONE.

I would like to point out that being on the road for about 10 years is not completely normal. Whoever endures it will get there. Who does not have bad luck? It is a difficult and thorny road, full of obstacles lurking on every corner. What's more, the obstacles are other fast racers, their families, fans and sponsors. It's something that is hard to understand if you don't experience it. You have to go through this to get involved and understand all the connections. My journey began here in the Czech Republic in South Moravia. Sometimes, when I was five, kids went to kindergarten. At that time, I rode a racing special of the Italian brand, Polini X1. It was a small, lively motorcycle that suited me perfectly. It was an automatic, so I didn't have to deal with anything but the accelerator and brakes. Front classic on the right side of the handlebar and rear on the right footrest. The conditions for starting a career I had the best I could have. We had

a field behind the family house, and my dad built a small motocross track there, which he rolled and sprinkled every day, especially so it would not dust on our house, but also so his son would have the best possible conditions. I drove from morning till night, or rather until I fainted. I remember my parents just buying petrol and oil. Whenever the motorcycle wanted, it was a sign that either I ran out of gas or I fell. Dad has always come a long way. After a few months, he was seriously in shape.

When I was trained, the right “hunk” just started. I arrived for my first race in my life. It was a national motocross race, held at the exhibition center in České Budějovice, and I had great respect. I’ve never been on the track with over three opponents. I knew absolutely nothing about racing, strategies, tactics, power distribution, diet, technology, settings, psyche, I was just a young six-year-old pilot who enjoyed riding a motorcycle. I knew from training how to start properly, and I had some idea or idea of what the starting procedure should look like.

I also knew from training how the boys behave on the track, and plus or minus, I knew how and where to overtake. After the first training session, when about fifty of us were on that short track, I was quite scared. I didn’t understand what the competition was like here. Somehow, I got to say that I had to qualify to be admitted to the race itself. At that moment, it occurred to me that now the fun was over, and I had to start trying hard. It’s been fun so far; now, the hard work is beginning. In qualifying, I drove as exchanged and stood in the front



row on the grid. (Editor's note: it started in three rows in a row.) I started my first race in my life very well, and after a few laps, I was already fighting for the highest places, i.e., podium. I finished my first real supercross race in third place and drove that dream cup home. There is nothing more for a child than if he takes the cup out of the races.

Practically immediately after the race, representatives of the Polini company for the Czech Republic asked my father if he would be interested in being part of the Polini team. This was a key and crucial moment in the whole thing. My later coach saw it in me back then. He already knew then that the boy would be raised to be a racer. Some have a sense of politics; others are an excellent physicist and some become an excellent trainer who can read pilots very quickly. What's more, he can work with them in a way that moves them forward, significantly. From the first race, I became part of the prestigious Polini brand, and it was a great honor for me. I've always enjoyed being part of something big. The Kornfi team was formed, of which I was a part. It was like the dads made arrangements, got sponsors, everyone gave them a duck and they raced. There were four boys from here on the team, and on the weekends, we used to have fun, race. Both our dads and we enjoyed it. It was a great time I remember fondly. The good old nineties. Life was different. What I remember the most are the journeys and funny moments after arriving at the race-track. Once, when we went racing somewhere outside Prague and we drove motorcycles on the lift, a car loaded to the ceiling, we got a defect on the

lift. Unfortunately, it was impossible to continue, we hurried to the racetrack because training began at nine, so Dads threw the lift over the barriers, the motorcycles miraculously loaded into the car and drove on.

It was a great time, full of great experiences. We all enjoyed it as we moved forward. The coach knew exactly where to go and where he wanted to get us. He not only helped me speed up, but he also helped my dad. He taught him how to take care of the technique, and they had endless conversations together, apparently on how to make the boy a master. Besides a perfect understanding of the technique and a great preparation for the motorcycle, he raced on his own, so he taught me amazing tactics, which I then applied on the track. I think we got along great, and we couldn't get enough of it. The results were great, the fun and fun factor was one hundred percent. I accelerated from race to race, those endless debates with me made sense. He controlled it all; he was the head. He created it all, and he was the brain. I just did what I wanted, and I tried to do my job. The more I wanted, the more it went. It was strange, because at an advanced age a few years later it wasn't like that anymore. However, as a small child, it worked great.

One day I remember we came to the races, it was autumn, about the second season I raced. The race was to run somewhere about a hundred and fifty kilometers from the barracks. Unfortunately, he didn't drive in the end because in the morning,

there was twenty centimeters of snow. Road races are not run on such a high date, but the motocross season lasts almost until winter. However, I was ready to give my best because it was supposed to be the last race of the year I wanted to enjoy. However, on a path that was quite winding and had a lot of switches, I jumped for a year to the supermotards, which gave me a lot and where I learned great things. It was such a transformation on the road that I enjoyed it. I remember one race in Písek, where I was incredibly fast. The technology worked, I enjoyed the track, and I was able to beat the older boys on stronger machines. This was my vision, to beat older boys on stronger machines. I've always tried to reach this point where with weaker technology, I can beat stronger and older boys. I realized this at ten and I thought differently. This was achieved quickly. Motardy is neither a cat nor a dog, there are no big world competitions in it. This cat's dog was quite popular in the Czech Republic during those times. A lot of competitors participated in the races, and a lot of categories were listed. It was a success, and everyone found their opponents. Unfortunately, a few years later, this prestigious championship fell apart due to a lack of competitors. They all left. Some went to other motoring industries, some quit forever, others were forced to quit because of finances; and then there were people like me who needed to grow and move forward all the time. My coach and mechanic had a very good idea, and this was supposed to be just a transfer station between motocross and the road. And that she was.

When I found myself on a minibike, the smallest road bike, I was disappointed. It is a small but very sharp and playful motorcycle. Suddenly I felt absolutely no grip. I didn't know absolutely where the tolerable limit was, the imaginary limit between driving or falling. However, it should be noted that I drove so slowly that a fall was out of the question. Or yes, he was coming, but only for a slow ride. That was the first time I put on a racing suit made of leather, in which I could not move at all. Plus, get down on that tiny racing bike in that unconventional position. We went to the halls over the winter, either to Prague or Znojmo. We tried to train and spend time on a minibike. At first, I wasn't completely thrilled because I couldn't, and I didn't like it either. I wasn't fast, and I remember riding the training disgusted. However, the situation changed as we set off on the outdoor tracks. It finally started to work for me when we started driving outside, and I found great pleasure in it. I've always enjoyed speed and riding on outdoor circuits suited me. I felt like a fish in water again. My overalls relaxed over time and softened with wear, so I no longer solved problems such as how to fold on a motorcycle, and I also learned to have my feet correctly on the footrests. I learned a lot of new things in a short while. Driving on the road is diametrically different from off-road driving.

We trained quite often and effectively. There is no need to just drive the wheels. Training needs to be effective and always focused on the subject. We were clear on this from the beginning, and it was