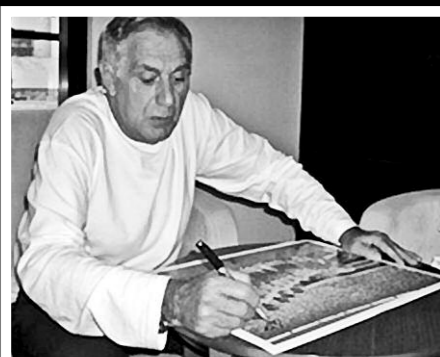


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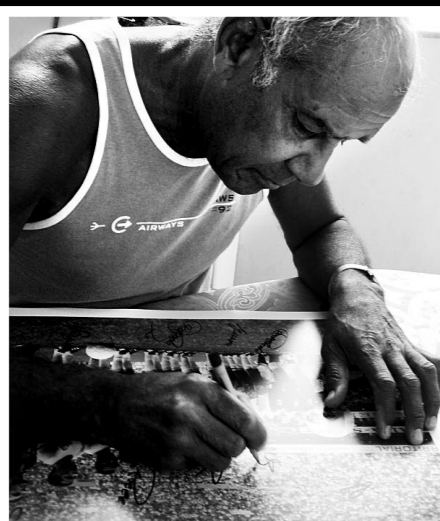


The boys from Brazil

On the trail of football's dream team



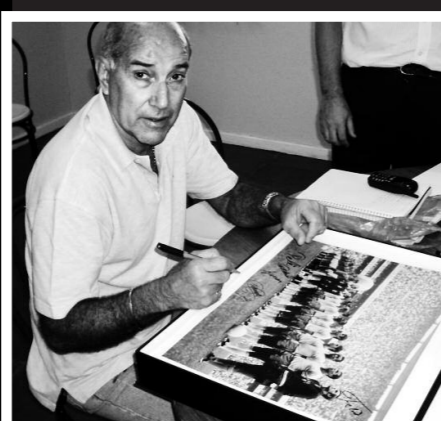
FELIX
Birth name: Felix Mialli Venerando
Born: 24 December 1937, Sao Paulo
Felix - Signed in a hotel near his home in downtown Sao Paulo
 Today, Felix remains in Sao Paulo where he supervises a city-sponsored programme that teaches sport to underprivileged children in Sao Paulo's favelas.



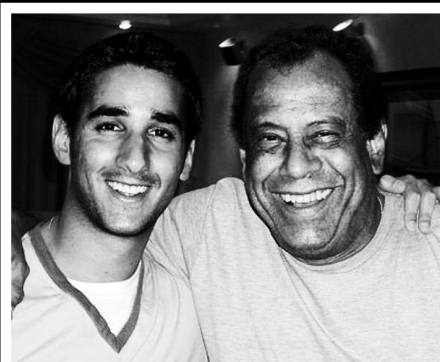
BRITO
Birth name: Hercules Brito Ruas
Born: 9 August 1939, Rio de Janeiro
Brito signed at home in Ilha do Governador, a suburb outside Rio
 Hung up his boots in 1979, worked as a coach and trainer in Brazil and the Middle East. Now retired and spends his time at home on Ilha do Governador, located 20km outside of Rio de Janeiro.



TOSTAO
Birth name: Eduardo Goncalves de Andrade
Born: 25 January 1947, Belo Horizonte
Tostao signed at his home in the hills of Belo Horizonte
 Tostao, a qualified medical doctor, lives in Belo Horizonte. He writes a bi-weekly football column for Brazil's biggest-selling newspaper, *Folha de Sao Paulo*.



GERSON
Birth name: Gerson de Oliveira Nunes
Born: 11 January 1941
Gerson signed at the headquarters of his charity in Niteroi, near Rio de Janeiro
 Today, Gerson lives in Niteroi, where he works as an administrator for local government. He dedicates most of his time to Projeto Gerson, a social project that provides underprivileged children with free access to sports facilities and tuition. He also provides football analysis for Brazilian television and radio.



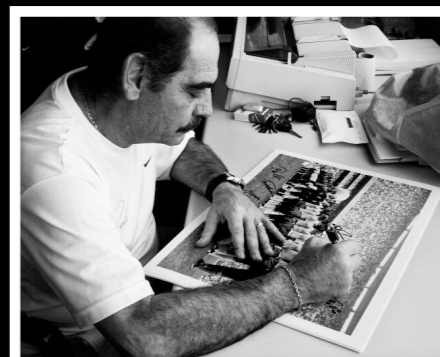
CARLOS ALBERTO
Birth name: Carlos Alberto Torres
Born: 17 July 1944, Rio de Janeiro
Carlos Alberto signed at home in Barra, an exclusive suburb of Rio popular with retired footballers
 Carlos Alberto (pictured with Paul Joseph) lives in the Rio district of Barra. Post-football, he served as a local councillor. Later coached Brazilian club Flamengo and the Azerbaijan national team. He now promotes the Brazilian airline Varig and makes trips to Europe.



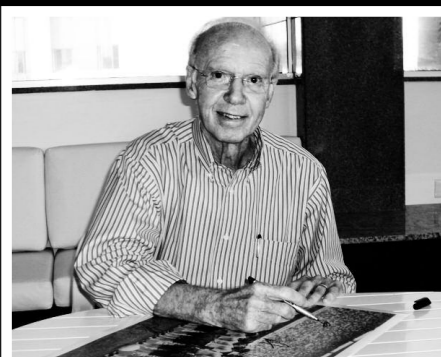
JAIRZINHO
Birth name: Jair Ventura Filho
Born: 25 December 1944, Rio de Janeiro
Jairzinho signed at home in Rio
 Jairzinho now lives in Barra, in Rio de Janeiro, where he works as a soccer coach for children.



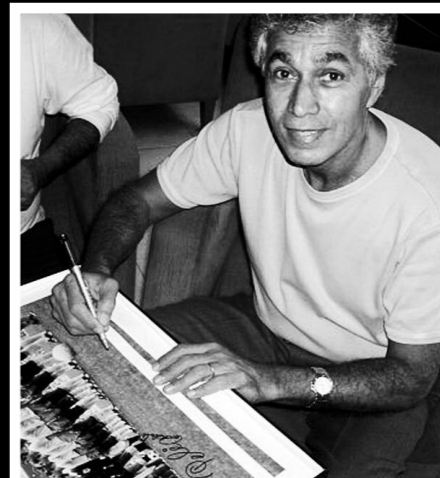
PIAZZA
Birth name: Wilson da Silva Piazza
Born: 25 February 1943, Minas Gerais
Piazza signed at the office of his financial advice company in Belo Horizonte
 Today Piazza lives in Belo Horizonte where he runs an organisation that provides advice and financial incentives for footballers looking to secure their future post-retirement. He also owns a couple of petrol stations.



RIVELINO
Birth name: Roberto Rivelino
Born: 1 January 1946, Sao Paulo
Rivelino signed in the office of his soccer school in Sao Paulo
 Rivelino remains in Sao Paulo, where he runs a thriving soccer school. He also owns a bar in the city and makes regular television appearances as a football pundit.



MARIO ZAGALLO (COACH)
Birth name: Mario Jorge Lobo Zagallo
Born: 9 August 1931, Maceio
Zagallo signed at his apartment in Barra, near Rio de Janeiro
 Zagallo served as assistant coach to the Brazil national team at the 2006 World Cup finals in Germany. Now aged 76, he is no longer active in daily football management.



CLODOALDO
Birth name: Clodoaldo Tavares de Santana
Born: 26 September 1949, Aracaju
Clodoaldo signed at home in the seaside city of Santos
 Clodoaldo lives in Santos, one hour's drive south of Sao Paulo, where he buys and sells property.

EVERALDO
Birth name: Everaldo Marques da Silva
Born: 11 September 1944, Porto Alegre
 The only member of the side to have died, Everaldo perished in a car crash in his hometown of Porto Alegre in 1977, aged 33.

PELE
Birth name: Edson Arantes do Nascimento
Born: 23 October 1940, Minas Gerais
Pele signed on a trip to London
 Pele lives in Sao Paulo but has a home in New York and a family ranch outside Sao Paulo. While he has taken a step back in recent years, he maintains business interests including relationships with MasterCard and, recently, the sportswear group Puma. He travels the world as a football ambassador, appearing at the opening ceremony of the 2006 World Cup in Germany.



QUEST FOR THE BEST

To millions of fans around the world, they were, quite simply, the greatest group of players ever assembled. And when **Paul Joseph** set out to track down every member of Brazil's 1970 World Cup team, it was to become the 40,000-mile adventure of a lifetime

The lives of most football fans can be measured out in World Cups. My first was Italia '90, memorable for Pavarotti, Gazza's tears, and the genesis of England's penalty shoot-out woes. That year's instalment had everything required to hook a young boy on to the beautiful game, even if the level of artistry on show did not quite live up to that branding. As far as I was concerned, this was as good as it gets.

Yet as I grew to become a keen student of the world's most popular sport, I learnt of earlier tournaments that seemed to resonate with similar potency; that sum up what devy-eyed pundits mean when they talk about "the beautiful game". Tournaments where we witnessed extraordinary feats of footballing derring-do, such as Holland's glorious failure in 1974; Maradona inspiring Argentina's 1986 triumph, and, familiar to us all, the swashbuckling victory of Bobby Moore's England side 20 years earlier.

One tournament has always stood head and shoulders above the others, though. In 1970, the eyes of the sporting world were drawn to Mexico, whence the

spectacle of the World Cup was brought for the first time by colour television to millions of viewers in Europe and in the Americas. The events of that summer marked, arguably, the crowning moment in the wonderful history of football's greatest ever team.

That team was Brazil, resplendent in their bright yellow jerseys, and boasting some of the game's true luminaries: Carlos Alberto, Jairzinho, Rivelino, Gerson, Tostao and, the greatest of all, Pele. Their journey to the final in Mexico was breathlessly assured, and almost staggeringly comfortable - aside from narrow victory over reigning champions, England, in an encounter later compared to a chess match for its tactical fortitude, and described as the finest football game ever seen.

The final, against Italy, was one of those occasions that a generation of sports fans remember as if it were yesterday, and about which an improbable number have since claimed "I was there." Played in the harsh conditions of a Mexico City heatwave, the Brazilians served up a sublime display of attacking football, winning 4-1 and lifting the World Cup for a third time.

Just like Muhammad Ali and George Foreman's epic "Rumble in the Jungle" in Zaire four years later, Brazil's performance set a new benchmark for their sport, one that may never be surpassed.

★★★★

Fast forward 35 years. In 2005, my employer, Gloria, a high-end publishing house, secured the rights to produce a giant-sized, limited-edition version of Pele's official autobiography. Each volume would be hand-signed by the man himself and contain autobiographical text, plus rarely seen images and newly commissioned journalism by eminent football writers.

The book would be marketed as a "sports collectable" for lovers of the game, to whom Pele still represents football's single most transcendent figure. With this in mind - and knowing that the 1970 tournament, and the final in particular, were seminal landmarks in Pele's career - we decided to dedicate one chapter to the games leading up to the final, and then another entirely to that climactic encounter, which we would bill as "The Match" (with a literary nod to Norman Mailer's brilliant account of Ali/Foreman, *The Fight*).

Then news came through that one player, Jairzinho, was playing hardball. He wanted £10,000 for his autographs

placed in the front-end of every book, and had no objection to adding his famous autograph to our additional 150 prints.

With signature number one in the bag, the hunt was on for the remaining nine players and their coach, Mario Zagallo, a man regarded as the grandfather of Brazilian football (Everaldo had died in a car crash in 1974). We had already forged links with numerous important contacts in Brazil including journalists, photographers, former players, and also sought the counsel of a Scottish-born journalist, Andrew Downie, based in Rio de Janeiro, who had previously interviewed several team members.

Downie had phone numbers for most of them, and was confident he could contact the rest with relative ease. We instructed him to sound out each player,

offering them a substantial (in Brazilian terms) \$1,000 for what amounted to half-an-hour's work signing the sheets. We decided that it would be prudent to insist that every player receive the same fee.

A few days later, we had received three affirmatives - the rest, we hoped, would follow. The next step was to decide how physically to get the prints signed. We had already learnt that the entire team would be coming to Europe the following summer as Fifa guests of honour at the 2006 World Cup in Germany, and thought it might be feasible to pin them all down for a couple of hours.

Then news came through that one player, Jairzinho, was playing hardball. "I know my market value," he told our mediator. He wanted an eye-watering \$10,000 for his autographs. Even worse, he appeared to be uninterested in negotiation, and had twice hung up the phone on our man. Since we had already begun marketing the project and pre-orders were trickling in, it now seemed foolish to hope things would fall into place at Germany 2006. There seemed no choice but to head for Brazil, start getting as many signatures as possible, then tackle Jairzinho and any other dissenters on a piecemeal basis.

The boss approached me and asked if I would be confident making the trip. Gloria publishing's in-house team was small, and given the potential value of the prints, he needed to send someone he trusted. That was what he told me, at least. My emotions were mixed: on one hand, this was a once-in-a-lifetime, sit-the-grandchildren-on-your-knee opportunity; on the other, I knew that on the other side of the Atlantic lay a great deal of uncertainty, and many opportunities to mess things up.

So I said yes.

★★★★

The Brazilian reputation for conviviality is legendary, but as my plane descended into Galeao International Airport, Rio de Janeiro, I was still surprised to be greeted by a hail of fireworks going off across the city.

Disappointingly, the pyrotechnics were not in honour of my arrival. In fact, they had been intended to celebrate Brazil's progress to the semi-finals of the World Cup, being played out thousands of miles away in Frankfurt. But their opponents France hadn't read the script, and at almost the same moment that my plane screeched to a halt, so had Brazil's hopes of lifting the trophy for a sixth time. A fellow passenger help-

