

EXTRA

FELIX

Birth name: Felix Mialli Venerando Born: 24 December 1937, Sao Paulo Felix - Signed in a hotel near his home in wntown Sao Paulo

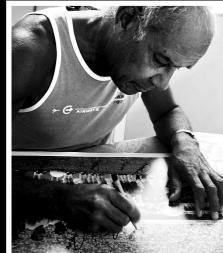
Today, Felix remains in Sao Paulo where he supervises a city-sponsored programme that teaches sport to underprivileged children in Sao



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 akes trips to Europe.



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 Goverador, located 20km outside of Rio de Janeiro.



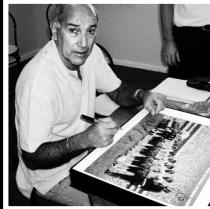
IAIRZINHO

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, vhere he works as a soccer coach for children



Birth name: Eduardo Goncalves de Andrade Born: 25 January 1947, Belo Horizonte Tostao signed at his home in the hills of Belo Horizonte

ostao, a qualified medical doctor, lives in elo Horizonte. He writes a bi-weekly football column for Brazil's biggest-selling newspaper, olha de Sao Paulo.



GERSON

Born: 11 January 1941 Gerson signed at the headquarters of his charity in Niteroi, near Rio de Janeiro

oday, 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.





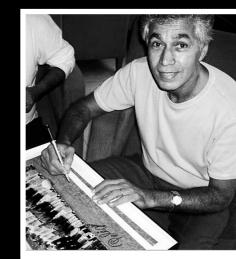


PIAZZA



Birth name: Wilson da Silva Piazza Born: 25 February 1943. Minas Gerais RIVELINO Piazza signed at the office of his financial advice company in Belo Horizonte Birth name: Roberto Rivelino Today Piazza lives in Belo Horizonte where he Born: 1 January 1946, Sao Paulo

Rivelino signed in the office of his soccer runs an organisation that provides advice and financial incentives for footballers looking to school in Sao Paulo secure their future post-retirement. He also owns Rivelino remains in Sao Paulo, where he runs a couple of petrol stations. a thriving soccer school. He also owns a bar in the city and makes regular television appearances



CLODOALDO

Birth name: Clodoaldo Tavares de Santana Born: 26 September 1949, Aracaiu 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.



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.



Birth name: Everaldo Marques

Born: 11 September 1944. Porto Alegre

The only member of the side to have died, Everaldo perished in a car crash in his iometown of Porto Alegre in 1977, aged 33.



Birth name: Edson Arantes do Born: 23 October 1940, Minas

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 main tains 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.

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

e lives of most football fans can be neasured out in World Cups. My first was Italia '90. memorable for Pavarotti, Gazza's tears, and the genesis of England's Z 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 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

the Americas. The events of that summer greatest ever team.

in Mexico was breathlessly as- football writers. game ever seen

spectacle of display of attacking football, winwas for a third time.

seys, and boasting some of the volume would be hand-signed by simply perfect. game's true luminaries: Carlos the man himself and contain

scribed as the finest football 1970 tournament, and the final to get the signatures. in particular, were seminal land-The final, against Italy, was marks in Pele's career - we deas if it were yesterday, and about and then another entirely to that men in sport, all of whom lived several team members. which an improbable number climactic encounter, which we on the other side of the world. Downie had phone numbers but to head for Brazil, start get- and at almost the same moment have since claimed "I was there." would bill as "The Match" (with Pele's signature proved, by some for most of them, and was confi-Played in the harsh conditions a literary nod to Norman Mail-distance, the easiest to obtain. dent he could contact the rest sible, then tackle Jairzinho and so had Brazil's hopes of lifting

World ning 4-1 and lifting the World Cup what if we were to track down the surviving members of that brought for Just like Muhammad Ali and Brazil team, get them to sign the first time George Foreman's epic "Rumble prints of an iconic image from by colour tel- in the Jungle" in Zaire four years 1970, then include the prints in evision to mil- later, Brazil's performance set a a special edition of our book. lions of viewers new benchmark for their sport, Trawling through the online in Europe and in one that may never be surpassed. photo archives, we soon found the ideal shot: the Brazil and Italy teams lining up on the pitch bemarked, arguably, the Fast forward 35 years. In 2005, fore the final, taken at ground crowning moment in the my employer, Gloria, a high-end level, at a 45-degree angle. The wonderful history of football's publishing house, secured the Brazilians are in the foreground, rights to produce a giant-sized, with every player looking straight That team was Brazil, resplen- limited-edition version of Pele's ahead, apart from Pele, who is placed in the front-end of every summer as Fifa guests of hon- to mess things up. dent in their bright yellow jer- official autobiography. Each glancing at the camera. It was book, and had no objection to our at the 2006 World Cup in Ger-

Alberto, Jairzinho, Rivelino, Gerautobiographical text, plus rarely these prints, and got our calcuas a "cnorts collectable" for lovers of our book limited to 150 units pions, England, in an encounter represents football's single most standard "Samba" edition, lim- had already forged links with nu- he appeared to be uninterested for its tactical fortitude, and de- in mind - and knowing that the at £2,000). All that was left was Brazil including journalists, hung up the phone on our man. rival. In fact, they had been in-

of a Mexico City heatwave, the Brazilians served up a sublime man, *The Fight*).

He had already agreed to sign with relative ease. We instruct any other dissenters on a piece the trophy for a sixth time.

2,500 signature sheets to be ed him to sound out each player, meal basis.

A fellow passenger help-

'I'hen news came through that one player, Jairzinho, hardball. He tor his autographs

We swiftly reproduced 150 of our additional 150 prints.

With signature number one in a couple of hours. photographers, former players, Since we had already begun martended to celebrate Brazil's and also sought the counsel of a keting the project and pre-or- progress to the semi-finals of the Scottish-born journalist, Andrew ders were trickling in, it now World Cup, being played out one of those occasions that a gencided to dedicate one chapter to So off we set in search of the au-Downie, based in Rio de Janeiro, seemed foolish to hope things thousands of miles away in eration of sports fans remember the games leading up to the final, tographs of 11 of the most famous who had previously interviewed would fall into place at Germany Frankfurt. But their opponents

offering them a substantial (in The boss approached me and Brazilian terms) \$1,000 for what asked if I would be confident amounted to half-an-hour's work making the trip. Gloria publishsigning the sheets. We decided ing's in-house team was small, that it would be prudent to insist and given the potential value of that every player receive the the prints, he needed to send A few days later, we had re- what he told me, at least. My emo-

ceived three affirmatives - the tions were mixed: on one hand, rest, we hoped, would follow. The this was a once-in-a-lifetime, sitnext step was to decide how the-grandchildren-on-your-knee physically to get the prints opportunity; on the other, I knew signed. We had already learnt that on the other side of the Atthat the entire team would be lantic lay a great deal of uncercoming to Europe the following tainty, and many opportunities adding his famous autograph to many, and thought it might be feasible to pin them all down for

The Brazilian reputation for conson, Tostao and, the greatest of seen images and newly commis- lators out to decide how the pro- the bag, the hunt was on for the Then news came through that viviality is legendary, but as my all, Pele. Their journey to the final sioned journalism by eminent ject would work. We would in- remaining nine players and their one player, Jairzinho, was play- plane descended into Galeao Include the images in a package coach, Mario Zagallo, a man reing hardball. "I know my market ternational Airport, Rio de sured, and almost staggeringly The book would be marketed containing a "Carnival" edition garded as the grandfather of value," he told our mediator. He Janeiro, I was still surprised to ll (Everaldo had wanted an eve-watering \$10,000 row victory over reigning cham- of the game, to whom Pele still at a mark-up price of £4,000 (the died in a car crash in 1974). We for his autographs. Even worse, going off across the city. later compared to a chess match transcendent figure. With this ited to 2,350 units, would retail merous important contacts in in negotiation, and had twice nics were not in honour of my ar-

2006. There seemed no choice France hadn't read the script,

someone he trusted. That was

So I said yes.





fully explained that the restandard Brazilian reflex to a na- goalkeeper of 1970. If someone of jubilation. Another comment- World Cup-winner, it's unlikely ed, less helpfully, that this was he would be used as a template: only to disguise the gunshots. short, stocky and with a posture

hardly the ideal time to be in practor's heart into palpitations, washing his town. I just hoped Carlos Alber- I could scarcely believe that he to Torres, captain of the 1970 served as the last line of defence hands before team and a famous face across in the greatest team in history. Brazil, would still be in a mood to see me. Our journalist friend hotel, I unveiled the prints. There Andrew had fixed it for me to was also the small matter of his visit Carlos Alberto's home in fee to sort out, with unchanged Barra, on the outskirts of the city, travellers' cheques burning a the next day.

my companion, Patricia, a local girl who I knew from a previous ly fast-tracked me to a cardiac visit to the continent, explained arrest: littered across the foyer why Barra had become home to were my precious prints. Hotel most of the successful retired guests had been drawn over by footballers in Rio. Lined with conthe presence of a legend and a dominiums, gated communities number had taken a keen interand duplex developments, what est in them. Like a teacher restorit lacks in public space it makes ing order in an unruly classroom, up for in safety. It also offers a I hurriedly collected up the treasdegree of anonymity that is im- ured documents and ushered possible among the tourist away our well-meaning but wholhordes and pulsating mayhem ly unwelcome audience. of the more-famous Ipanema and Copacabana neighbourhoods.

Carlos Alberto's flash pad boasted a security barrier and and after posing 24-hour warden at the entrance. for photos with him It took 20 minutes of small talk and the prints, he in his opulent living room before asked if I could email I summoned the courage to ask the pictures to his if he would mind awfully wash- daughter. The noring his hands before signing the mality of the reprints. It was supper time and quest was striking. the aroma of Brazilian home-Perhaps this was kitchen. I got the feeling he had greatness: the

I'll sleep like a baby tonight!"

ern football. Just a day after Santos. For any Brazil's World Cup exit the post- true Pele devomortem had already begun. He tee, this town, where he was convinced that the inflated spent his entire 18-year wages received by today's play- Brazilian career, should ers had killed their passion for represent an experience the game. It became a common of religious significance. theme among the ex-players I My own trip to the pic-

Next stop was the urban chaos Either way, as a "gringo" it was so hunched it would send a chiro-

hole in my pocket. As he put pen In a taxi the following evening, to paper, I headed out to the bank.

The scene on my return near-

stored, Felix completed his duties,

expected my stay to be brief. closer that you "Ineed to sign how many? Oof, get to it, the more ordinary Whilst signing, Carlos Alber- it becomes. to talked about the ills of mod- Next stop:

turesque seaside resort,

lease of fireworks was the of Sao Paulo to meet Felix, Brazil's It took 20 minutes tional tragedy, as well as a mark were to draw a prototype of a before I dared ask if Carlos Alberto would mind

In the foyer of a downtown signing the prints pulling up outside Clodoaldo's With business, dealt with, the lished a small, illustrated book

he'd finished. wanted to meet me before sign- English players he liked. ing, to hear about the project and

With calm re-

one hour's drive from Sao Paulo, times just to shake his hand or forthright view that Pele had for had a more prosaic importance: kiss the top of his head. He was too long milked the success of I was due to meet Clodoaldo, the stand-offish at first and wanted 1970 for his own financial gain. elegant defender, at his beach- to know why we needed him for with the rest of the team left to side home. As my taxi made its a book on Pele. I explained our pick up the scraps. He wanted way towards the seafront, I no- wish to create a special collec- no part of our project, and sudticed a sign to the Santos stadi-tor's item to commemorate that denly we had a problem. um and asked my driver if we wonderful team, and he began Stumped for ideas, I called our could stop. Then I strolled around to warm up. He said he'd be publisher, who made a brilliant its battered walls with the same happy to sign at a later date, but suggestion that we hoped would earnest fascination usually re- would first speak to some of his tug at Gerson's heartstrings and served for ancient Greek ruins. former team-mates to ensure compensate his negative opin-Back in the taxi, we were soon everything was in order. ion of Pele: how about if we pub-

home, where he was milling table was suddenly flowing with on his charity? around in his front garden. He is regional delights. Rivelino ena striking looking man with couraged me to sample the local Bizarrely, having refused point movie-star qualities - an ageing beverages and I felt a glow of sat-blank just minutes earlier, he Antonio Banderas sprung to isfaction at my surroundings - agreed to sign the next day on mind – and is as graceful today food and drink in ample supply, the proviso that a contract was as he was on the pitch. He took live music in the corner and a liv-drafted by early morning, incorthe prints inside, but without an ing legend for company.

porating the book pledge. I exexplicit invitation to join him, so His English was adequate and changed further frantic calls with I waited by the front gate until we chatted about football, Pele the boss back home - where it and even, briefly, women. With was already 2am - and he prom-In Sao Paulo the following day, a raised eyebrow, he asked if I'd ised to have the contract emailed I received news of Rivelino, met any girls in Brazil so far. I by the morning. Job done. owner of perhaps the most fa-neatly diverted the conversation mous moustache in football. He to football and asked him which vibes took a hit with news that

"Rooney, he's the man!", he en- 1970, was so depressed about understand exactly what thused. "I wish we had some play- Brazil's World Cup exit that he he was getting in- ers like him in Brazil. He has tal- wanted some time alone. He volved in. He sug- ent, but also he has passion!" I'm would sign, we were told, just not gested I come to sure with a little more time we yet. To compound things, more his bar later would have got on to existential bad news arrived of my drinking that evening crises, but after a couple of hours buddy, Rivelino, who was hold-I decided to make my excuses ing out for more money. For us Sitting in and leave. He had been a fine host, it was important that everyone the corner but with unfinished business be-received the same fee - and it the tween us, my instinct was to quit stuck in the throat that a man

His eyes instantly lit up.

The following morning, good

Mario Zagallo, the head coach in

remaining incommunicado, my boss decided I should come home for a rethink, Back in England. with no apparent alternative, he resolved to offer a higher fee to the dissenting players.

wealthy man.)

A week later, with personal commitments preventing me about Tostao, he from making a return trip, my Brazil and the three signings went without a hitch. But one Who decided outstanding issue still remained ture a final, dramatic twist.

Of all the 1970 team, the most enigmatic and complex charac-

physician and the other, more re-phatic "no". cent one, as a noted and highly

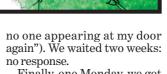
ing all contact with us. to Tostao – I guessed the subtext sending formal letters, written And so, once again I made Werneck, the renowed sports to Werneck: "no calls, no emails, Sao Paulo, then



that would give our bold adven- about things in his own time, and on his own terms

His resistance was clear. After in his own time, and certainly on 'Pelé' is published by Gloria. The cerebral national football colum- years of facing an onslaught of his own terms. nist in Brazil. He is singularly de- 1970-team mania, he had no in- The charities turned out to be: 1970 Brazilians, has sold out, but tached from the world of com- terest in being another cog in the Gerson's Instituto Canhotinha there remains a waiting list for living in the low-key city of Belo knew Tostao was logical, so we Association of the Parents and be directed to resellers. The regular Horizonte. We made the error of followed another tack: mathe- Friends of the Handicapped), Samba edition is also available at creating two openings to meet: matics. What if we were to pro Fundação Gol de Letra (created £2,000, signed by Pele only. through the usual intermediaries rata the profits attributable from by the ex-Brazilian players Rai Go to and through his former col- the prints, work out the value of and Leonardo), Hospital Mario www. leagues. Far from being persuad- the Tostao share that we will gen- Pena in Tostao's home town number 10 ed, he walked away from the projectate and allocate in advance all (which treats cancer sufferers shirt.com,

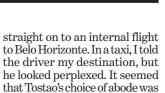
Our publisher spent the week-proach to the man in Belo Horiated, of course, by Brazilian star 7353 end writing an eight-page letter zonte; we were now limited to Cafu, in São Paulo. of which was that we were dead first in English and translated the 16-hour journey back without him. We enlisted José into Portuguese (he'd made clear across the Atlantic to



drade" email address.

make contribution of all my fees down to sign the prints, and I reto five Brazilian charities, with as the eccentricity) of his gester undoubtedly belongs to Dr commentator on the American come to my town. I can meet your example of human kindness. And Eduardo Goncalves de Andrade, cable television network ESPN, emissary only to take the photos there, at the very end of my jourknown since his youth as to call him a week later. After a and not to talk to him, the pic-ney, I reflected that this single "Tostao", meaning "little coin", friendly call, he refused to talk tures will be signed and returned gesture provided the most fit-His post-playing life has further on the issue and the antoyou. Tostao." Say what you like ting reminder of the spirit of 1970. spanned two careers: one as a swer looked again like an em-about Tostao, he was clearly a man who decided about things

de Ouro APAE de Sao Paulo (the inter too poor to afford regular treat- or call We made yet another apment) and Fundação Cafu, cre- 0870 279



not a familiar one. Eventually, map in hand, we began a dramatic ascent into the hills that surround Belo Horizonte. As we got higher, the imression of Tostao as a reclusive figure was confirmed. After negotiating various manned security barriers we reached his house. I knocked on the door, expecting a chamber maid or family member to answer; but to my surprise it was Tostao and, even more shocking, he was smiling.

He invited me in and, before anything else, I handed over the charitable receipts. The retinal Finally, one Monday, we got injury that curtailed his career one, by email from an "E An- had left him partially cross-eyed; a middle-aged paunch and fuzzy "OK, I will sign your photos. grey hair gave him the appear-With the following terms: if you ance of a loveable uncle. He sat (and the profits from my name) flected on the enormity (as well a pre-agreed day and hour for ture. By effectively turning down me to sign, but after you have a blank cheque for his own pockpaid the money to them. Then et, he had displayed the rarest

Carnival edition, signed by the



ecently, I've been wondering how my love life could get any more complicated, and I got my answer this week when I found myself lusting after my ex-boyfriend's son. Let's rewind to the beginning. Several years ago, I had an ■amazing boyfriend, Michael, who was charming, handsome, articulate, generous, kind, fantastic in bed - and 25 years older than me. After almost a year of dating, our relationship drew to a natural close, but we've stayed friends and he's been an amazing influence on my life.

So when I had to travel to Los Angeles, he very kindly offered to put me in touch with his 35-yearold son, Alasdair, who is based in Hollywood. Though I'd never met him, he immediately replied to my email and offered to show me the sights.

But within five minutes of laying eyes on Alasdair, the only sight I wanted to show him was the inside of my hotel room. And it wasn't some latent attraction to Michael: Alasdair is taller, with dark hair. Other than the same amazing blue eyes, they

> We had immediate chemistry, and over Mexican food and margaritas I realised I was debating the pros and cons of taking him to bed. My crush wasn't creepy on, say, the Woody Allen scale of things, but something about the attraction still seemed really, really wrong. But as the night progressed, I started asking myself if keeping it in the family was really so bad.

really look nothing like each other.

We took a taxi No matter how back to his place, and he invited me we sugar-coat it inside for "coffee", which I'm sure we I've slept with knew was shorthand for sex. But I your dad. I don't went willingly, and didn't pull away want to turn this when he kissed into an episode of

me in the kitchen. But almost as soon as his lips touched mine, I pulled away.

"What is it?" he said, backing away. "Too weird?" We both laughed, nervously. "It's just... look, we both know that no matter how

we sugar-coat things, I've slept with your dad. I don't want to turn this into a Jeremy Kyle Show episode - can we really handle this?"

I was also paranoid about how Michael would react. Would he think I'm some sort of pervert or cradle snatcher - never mind the fact that his son is several years older than me.

But, as usual in the battle between logic and lust fought at 2am, my libido won hands down. 'We can never, ever tell Michael about thi

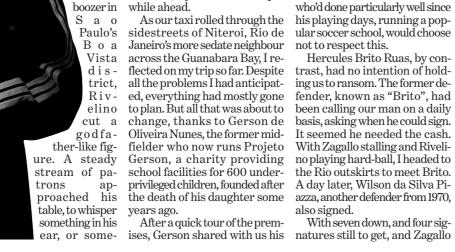
said, stripping my shirt off. "I think," he said, "that we have to be honest with dad, at least once we figure out where this is going." I jokingly told him that for now, the only place I saw

this relationship heading was into the bedroom. For one crazy second, an image of Michael popped into my head, like the ghost of Christmas past, but I was determined to focus on the real naked man in front of me, and live in the moment.

independent.co.uk

Jeremy Kyle'

For regular updates from Catherine Townsend go to independent.co.uk/sleepingaround



Our intermediary contacted

Rivelino and Jairzinho, scorer of Brazil's winner against England in 1970, who was still demanding more money, and they both agreed to roughly double the amount the others had received. Meanwhile, Zagallo had emerged from his pit of despair and agreed to sign, for a comparatively nominal fee. (We reasoned that as coach he was not integral to the project; plus, he was already a

ect, feeling badgered and refus- of that share to charity?