

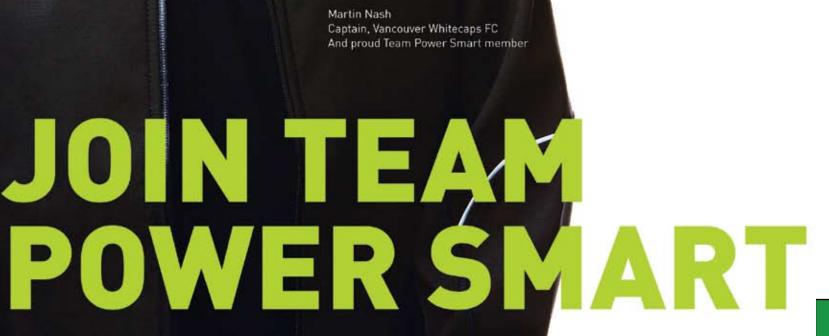
Serving the Beautiful Game

SLUMDOG SOCCER by Carrie Serwetnyk

FOOTIE IN CANADA by Tyler Green

PARTY IN SEATTLE So Long Vancouver 2010 Hello Whitecaps 2011

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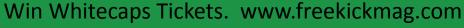
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CONTENTS

- 4 Contributors
- 5 Editor's Note
- So Long Vancouver 2010 6 Hello Whitecaps 2011
- 7 Footie in Canada
- Women's Pro Soccer League Debuts 10
- 12 Slumdog Soccer
- 17 Soccer Shorts
- 18 Coach's Corner Aimee Jacquet: Shadows and Light
- 19 Recipe: Organic Banana Pudding Red Card Yellow Card
- 20 Cosmo Striker
- 21 Kidz Section
- SoccerScopes 22







FREE KICK TEAM



Fernando Fei, Design & Production Raised in Argentina, Fernando always jokes

that football runs through his veins. His passion, knowledge, and design talent gives Free Kick its face.



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Neil is a passionate local coach and suit in the football community. His multi-talented skills in competitive sailing and the beautiful game gave him a compass to travel extensively around the world. Here at home, he consults in marketing, PR, Internet sectors and all the latest soccer junkie info. Beware Voyageurs!



Martin Bazyl, Photography

Martin is a freelance photographer, with a passion for the game that unites all. Based in Toronto, he hopes to be a part of a rise and breakthrough in the nation where football is the number one played sport.









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Community Development Post-Bacc Diploma,

Lindsay spent 3 years teaching and volunteering in

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She'll be supporting the Vancouver Whitecaps while

also keeping her fingers crossed as Ireland makes its

expertise working with media in the Caribbean.

Seattleite Crai S Bower played soccer and

hockey at Connecticut College. Today, because

he refuses to stretch, he pulls way too many muscles to play the Beautiful Game (though

Abigail is a recent graduate of the University

of Nevada, Reno who has left the snow side of

he continues to skate). Read his work at

www.FlowingStreamWriting.net.

Claire Kelly, Marketing & Sales

way to South Africa next year!

Crai Bower

Abigail LePeilbet

Equipped with a BA in English Lit and a Sustainable

Japan and SW. Asia. Her passion for sports led her to many muddy games of soccer with boys and girls at

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Publisher's Note:

Why "Serving the Beautiful Game?"

As a magazine we have the ability to give a much needed acknowledgement to individuals who contribute their energy to soccer. Our mission is to serve the players, fans, parents and coaches who want information and support for their passion.

Brazilian star Pele's most renowned quote was when he called "football" the "beautiful game." The quote speaks for itself to all those who have played soccer or admired it in the stands. It hits the mark between how it looks on the outside and how it feels on the inside playing it.

We feel the combination to "Serve the Beautiful Game" matches our ambitions as a magazine.

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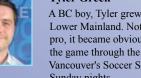


Free Kick Magazine is an environmentally friendly publication. Printed on recycled paper.

CONTRIBUTORS



Tyler Green



A BC boy, Tyler grew up kicking the ball around the Lower Mainland. Not having the athletic ability to play pro, it became obvious to Tyler that he should cover the game through the media. Tyler hosts "Full-Time: Vancouver's Soccer Show" on the TEAM 1040 on Sunday nights.



artist box doing art for food and stealing your single socks from laundry machines.

Piper Bradley



Philippe Tournon

Philippe is the former Head Press Officer for the French National Team and FFF (1983-004). He has written a number of books including the best selling novel Ma Vie pour une Etoile, about the life of the 98' World Cup Champion coach, Aime Jaquet.

Anna is a 17 year old Vancouver artist who is crazy

for cartooning...and just a bit crazy in general. She

migrates around the city in her cardboard starving



Yuki Marsh

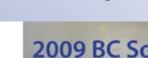
Yuki loves playing the Burmese sport of chinlone, (a soccer like juggling game) with her husband in Vancouver. Originally from Akashi, Japan, she devotes her time to creating new recipes and flavours from many different cultures.



Jamie Makutra

Jamie's love of football started as it did for many young girls, at the age of six on a community rec team coached by volunteers. Jamie found her vocation in education and she now teaches French language at the high school level. She strives to bring passion and laughter into all of her endeavors, especially on the pitch!

Cover Photo by Rod Mar / Seattle Sounders FC.



the Sierras for the bay side to pursue a career in Sports Communications. She holds a BA in Iournalism Verena Schneider

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Carrie Serwetnyk, First Woman Canadian Soccer Hall of Fame

Welcome back to Free Kick.

Tust as it seemed that the world was falling apart with the economic crisis, great strides in the soccer community have given footie enthusiasts reason to cheer. The MLS awarded the Vancouver Whitecaps a green card for the 2011 season. 5,000 season tickets were sold in 48 hours.

Across the border, I attended the opening match for the MLS Seattle Sounders and I can promise you, Vancouverites have good reason to be ecstatic. The electric atmosphere with 32,000 Sounder fans rattling the sold-out Quest stadium is just the beginning of a new sporting era that will see an intense Seattle, Portland and Whitecaps rivalry. Skeptics weary of games played in BC Place will be in for a surprise says President Bobby Lenarduzi, "with the new retractable roof, it will be an intimate, professional and dynamic atmosphere."

Onwards to our great news - we have just partnered with The Province newspaper, meaning our publication will enjoy greater availability for our soccer fans. We have created a fun, multidimensional look at the game through diverse human interest stories from around the world, including from our backyard. We are delighted to share our passion for the beautiful game.

Starting off for 2009, MLS is not the only league grabbing the headlines. The Women's Professional League launched their opening match in March with star Christine Sinclair leading the way for Canada. The spirits of female soccer players around the world are now revived, inspiring dreams of becoming professional athletes. Considering over 40% of players in Canada are female, the sport will gain continued support and much needed attention.

Outside of Canada, our issue also includes a journey through India which I took with the lens of a traveler meandering through the unknown. The state of soccer was taken note in a land that prides itself more on test scores and wickets. Many believe India is on the threshold of big things to come in the football world, where FIFA and top clubs are courting the masses for marketing dollars and talents.

With these stories and more, we hope you will enjoy our tribute to the game that lifts spirits globally, especially here in Canada, where we are one more step closer to the field of dreams. Congratulations, Vancouver. 🐽





SO LONG VANCOUVER 2010 HELLO WHITECAPS 2011

Seattle Sounders opener shows urban NW sisters why The Game is beautiful

by Crai Bower

The world may be coming to Vancouver for two weeks in 2010, but in 2011 the world's game arrives for good. Given Vancouver's cosmopolitan population, natural rivalries with Seattle and Toronto, and the 2010 afterglow, the MLS Whitecaps will soon become the Number One, okay Number Two, game in town. If you harbor any doubts about how much fun Major League Soccer in Vancouver will be, I suggest you take a road trip south and experience the Seattle Sounders. Get there early; you wouldn't want to miss the parade. Seriously.

Part owner Drew Carey led the inaugural romp from Occidental Square, through Pioneer Square to the recently named X-Box Pitch at Qwest Field, along with the official Sounders Brass Band and a large segment of the 34,000 fans who have pined for high level futbol since the NASL Sounders (and Whitecaps) folded, along with the league, in 1984.

There are many reasons the MLS is not your father's NASL. For starters, they have a solid business model that is determined to develop future international stars (the Beckham nightmare excepted) rather than showcasing aging stars in the waning stages of their careers. It turns out fans appreciate players who prefer committing 110% every minute they're

on the pitch to getting into Vogue's gossip pages. Today's MLS isn't even the 90's MLS – it's fast, flashy and skilled. The quality of league play is sky high, infused with North Americans who have developed during the golden age of youth soccer and South Americans in search of more exposure.

The other huge difference between then and now is North America's soccer maturity. No longer a niche sport, the Beautiful Game can be found 24-7 on the Fox Soccer Channel and weekly matches from around the world air on most cable sports networks. Gone are the days when networks feared the (brilliantly played) nil-nil match or determined that a game with no commercial breaks could go nowhere. Ridiculous US-driven tinkering (NHL take note) like throw-ins at the point the ball crossed the touchline in lieu of corner kicks have been relegated to the dustbin of cheap, TV rating-driven stunts.

But enough analysis - wander down to a Sounders match and behold the festival for itself. Every match day officially begins with the Parade to the Pitch, led through suddenly vibrant Pioneer Square by the team's brass band. Unofficially, the pre-match festivities commence at local Gaelic watering holes like Fado, The Owl and Thistle Pub.

Belfast native Brian McManus kept me abreast via text message of the brewing excitement on Opening Match Day, a 6pm start.

3:00 "Heading to Fado soon for pre-match warm up."

3:15 "Just learned that New York Red Bulls supporters are gathering at Fado, we're on for Owl and Thistle."

4:00 "Owl and Thistle packed – Guinness flowing freely as the soccer gods intended."

"Pint finished, off to join the 4:15 parade. Am I back home?"

Once inside, it was clear the continental flavorings of pints, trombones and scarves (given to the 22,000 season ticket holders) were only the beginning. Children flooded the field with flags from every soccer-playing nation and huge flags from the stands waved endlessly. The Sounders tarp was unfurled over the Emerald City Fan Club, the general admission section that leads the assembled masses in chants of "Kasey Keller," "Fredy Montéro" and "Seattle Sounders" throughout the 90 minutes. As by tradition, most of the 34,000 stood for the entire match. Even the national anthem, bathed in a refreshing samba beat, suggested a Brazilian, Spanish or African pitch.

The Crowd's enthusiasm turned to outright frenzy when, at just 11', 21-year old Columbian Fredy Montéro sent a shot whistling to the deep left pocket of the Red Bulls net. Confetti streamed down, eventually settling on the field, chants echoed throughout the stadium, fans embraced. Montéro, the consensus 'Man of the Match', would add one more strike after deking the lone defender with Sedin –like deftness, plus an assist in the 3-nil victory. (Montéro's deke swiftly fell to second on the wunderkind's highlight reel as he launched a 40-yard surface-to-air rocket to open the scoring against Réal Salt Lake in keeper Keller's second shutout win.)

As witnessed with the empty arena of Oklahoma City Thunder's, aka yesterday's Seattle Super Sonics, rarely does the expansion team match its hype. Yet the Sounders two victories, both without the injured Freddie Ljungberg, a legitimate European star in the prime of his career, bode very well for the expansion club. More importantly, the electric atmosphere, the consensual embrace of global culture as demonstrated in this mass, multiethnic, 90-minute sing along, translates into a fête fantastique in any language. I can hardly wait for 2011, when Vancouver and Portland join Seattle to form three stellar peaks in the Pacific Northwest's cascade of experiences. The continental shift has finally arrived.

FOOTIE IN CANADA Heading into the 2009 soccer season, it's time to check in with the professional Canadian squads.

Vancouver Whitecaps



Photo credit Martin Bazy

he biggest news this year is the awarding of the MLS franchise to Vancouver for 2011. The city is excited about the rebirth of a rivalry with cross-border foes L Seattle and Portland, who also received the thumbs up. Toronto and Vancouver will be fighting for Canadian supremacy.

Over the next two years, the Whitecaps, who will play in a refurbished BC Place, hope to build the same level of in-stadium support seen in Toronto, whose fans form a sea of red and white that is unrivaled by any other MLS team. They also plan to have a season ticket base of 16,500, which is a realistic possibility after selling out 5000 of the 1st phase MLS season ticket deposits in just 48 hours.

The Vancouver Whitecaps are coming off a USL-1 Championship in 2008, but it will be a far different squad this season. Gone are many of the team's veterans, replaced by the younger legs from their residency program. Their biggest struggle may be finishing after losing Eduardo Sebrango and Nicholas Addlery, last season's top two goal scorers. The pressure is on 2008 USL-1 Final MVP Charles Gbeke, Canadian Marcus Haber and Vincentian Marlon James to find the net.

While this season on the field may not be a repeat of the Championship in 2008, there is an even brighter future down the road for the Vancouver Whitecaps FC.



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Captain Jim Brennar

Toronto FC

oronto FC is attempting to make the playoffs for the first time in team history. New additions to the roster will help, but if the team does succeed, a large part of the reason will be the assistance of one group of supporters. When TFC was granted a franchise by the MLS, a small organization was formed, now known as the Red Batch Boys, to support, promote and cheer for the squad. With the help of the red and white colours, paper streamers to match, and songs of support, BMO Field now has arguably the best, loudest and craziest fans of any MLS franchise.

In two short seasons, Toronto became the jewel of the MLS, with incredible fans and a business model that has proven to be tremendously successful. Toronto is what the other teams have been striving to achieve: a business that is profitable, while maintaining a close relationship with those people that support it.

On the field, the addition of Canadian National Team member Dwayne De Rosario will provide a steady presence in the midfield while playing alongside Rohan Ricketts and Amado Guevara as a potent offensive threat.

"At the very least, we will be in the playoffs," says TFC's Rohan Ricketts of 2009. "I'll bet my house we're in the playoffs." TFC fans will have the chance to be even louder, crazier and better than ever.



Photo credits Martin Bazyl

Montreal Impact

The Montreal Impact had a disappointing end to the 2008 season, losing to the Vancouver Whitecaps in the Semi-Finals of the USL-1 playoffs, but a berth in the **L** CONCACAF Champions League has made up for that. During the first leg of the quarter finals, 55,000 cheering fans packed Olympic Stadium.

"It's crazy. The atmosphere was very intense," said Montreal 's Joey Gjertsen. The show of support for the Impact in that game only bolstered the idea that Major League Soccer Commissioner Don Garber should take another look at Montreal's failed MLS bid.

Montreal's impressive run in the CONCACAF Champions League began after defeating Toronto and Vancouver to represent Canada. Montreal created underdog headlines, taking on top clubs in Mexico and Central America before finally succumbing two goals to Santo Laguna in the second quarter final match with two minutes remaining in overtime.

On the field, the Impact has improved from 2008. The key addition of Eduardo Sebrango from the Whitecaps, the league's 3rd ranked goal-scorer in 2008, will surely help Montreal make more headlines in 2009. "He's a great teammate," says Montreal's Joey Gjertsen. "I think everyone can expect big things from him." The Impact has a lot of positives this season with a very strong defense and potent offense returning. Given the amount of fan support they generated in the CONCACAF Champions League, the MLS will be taking note for a third Canadian franchise. Manue Mater May

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Free Kick is distributed throughout Greater Vancouver area to a readership of 42,000. Partnered with The Province, our magazine is now available online in the sports section. Approximately 300,000 viewers visit The Province daily. We are also at a number of the Vancouver Whitecaps home games, including Family Nights with our Free Kick Wall in the Fun Zone. Come test your shot!

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Photo credits Women's Pro Soccer

he Women's Pro League kicked off their inaugural game between the Los Angeles Sol and the Washington Freedom at the Home Depot Center before over 14,000 fans.

Former superstar Mia Hamm was on hand for the opening ceremonies. "As a mother of twins, who one day might be out on the field themselves, the opportunity for young girls and women to play world class professional soccer in their country is something very special."

"We want to measure success by where we are in year five, not year one," says Commissioner Tonya Antonucci. "We need to build our fan base in the local markets and grow one fan at a time. This is about creating a sustainable league and planning for slow and steady growth."

Antonucci has been at the helm of the WPL since 2004. It's a job she's approached with the enthusiasm and tireless energy befitting of a former

Women's Pro Soccer LEAGUE DEBUTS

Amid a Tough Economy, WPS Is Optimistic about Its Approach and Grassroots Philosophy

by Abigail LePeilbet

Stanford soccer standout and Yahoo! Sports executive. "We've worked hard to build the framework and put the pieces in places that we need for the first season. We're mindful of the economy but our owners are committed and the time is now to have all the work we've put in show itself on the field."

"We are fully capitalized for several seasons and we made sure that all of our initial league and team investors had the cash on hand that was needed to be part of the league launch and well beyond." Under this franchise model seven individual owners and investors can exercise operational freedom in sponsorship development and grassroots campaigns. In addition, WPS has two-time NBA MVP Steve Nash and former Yahoo! President and COO Jeff Mallett as investors and partowners in the league.

The league also found key partners like Global Sports lifestyle brand, PUMA, which is the official apparel, ball and equipment supplier and a committed multi-year TV partner in Fox Soccer

The 2009 WPS Season will feature seven teams in the San Francisco Bay Area, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, New Jersey/New York, St. Louis and Washington while the league also looks to expand to Atlanta, Philadelphia and potentially a tenth city in 2010. The initial season comes on the heels of the U.S. Women's National Team gold medal win at the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing.

International headliners have signed with the WPS as well. "We want to have world class action at an affordable price and an accessible, family-friendly environment," says Antonucci. "In this economy, we think there's a place for good old fashioned fun. And with the international stars that we have brought in, we will have the best women's soccer product in the world."

More than ten countries will be represented in the league, including several Brazilians, Japanese, Australians, Canadians and English players. Three-time FIFA World Player of the Year, Marta, was signed by

"WE WANT TO MEASURE SUCCESS BY WHERE WE ARE IN YEAR FIVE, NOT YEAR ONE"

Channel. FSC will televise a live national Sunday night WPS game of the week called "WPS Sunday on FSC."

But in the end, the 2009 WPS Season will be about the teams and the world class action on the field – not about the economy or league structure.

the Los Angeles Sol in January and instantly grabbed headlines. Within weeks, Marta had been featured by ESPN, on the Ellen DeGeneres Show and made an appearance ringing the closing bell at the NASDAQ exchange.

"Marta will be an exciting player and personality for fans, and we know that people will turn up at stadiums to watch the world's best," says Antonucci. "But we also have dozens of exciting and talented players in this league and all of them will bring their own skill and passion for the game." Canadian national team players selected to WPL are Christine Sinclair (San Francisco), Christine Latham (Boston), Erin McLeod (Washington) and Melissa Tancredi (St. Louis).

All seven teams will play twenty matches, ten home and ten away.

In an effort to attract fans, the league has adhered to its grassroots theme. Antonucci recognizes the importance in reaching the soccer community and has developed relationships with major youth soccer organizations across the nation through, promotional tie-ins to the games such as ticket packages, camps and the internet.

"This is always my dream since I was a little girl, to become a professional," said Marta. "I live my life to play football and help my family. This has always been a dream of mine and I'm realizing that dream now. 🌖





Marta with LA Laker star Kobe Bryant. Opposite: Marta with Johanna Frisk, Amy Rodriguez and Domenique Esposito ringing NASDAQ bell.

Simdog Soccer

by Carrie Serwetnyk

hen I think about India and soccer, well ... I don't really think about the two together. They don't quite roll off the tongue in the soccer mind like Italy or Brazil. Temples, swamis, rickshaws, cricket, slums, tech junkies, silk, spices, funky odors, a chaotic array of colours, frantic activity and people smooshed on trains with limbs and noggins hanging out windows is the image in my mind.

I was not disappointed.

Nine days after the terrorist attacks struck Mumbai and when embassies were still warning foreigners to stay out, my plane landed in a city grieving for its losses. With friends and family questioning if I was crazy to continue my trip to India, I realized my biggest fear would be canceling my much awaited adventure rather than any personal trepidations about terrorism. I already had enough to think about with my suitcase packed with diarrhea ailments and my body full of anti-malaria pills, shots for

es' optus 'yes' optu

hepatitis, tetanus, typhoid, the flu - not to mention guarding all of my money, credit cards, passport and my life from unforeseen corruption. A woman with blond hair in India can be quite popular.

Mumbai, home to 14 million, was still in shock when I stepped foot into the mix. The media was full of stories replaying the battle, expressing sorrow and blaming Pakistan. Weddings, parties and annual celebrations were cancelled. The streets were littered with banners of both encouragement and condemnation while their beloved Taj Majal Palace tower still slowly burned in the distance. Men with kakis, berets and rifles stood at attention on most corners.

My trip was not a soccer trip. There was no intention to mark my calendar with soccer matches or to hunt down a local soccer hero and hear about his favourite goal or Bollywood movie.

It was my first time in India and I had my sights set on a few landmarks,

'yes' OPTUS

'yes' OP

CONTRACT

NOOR HONS

ashrams, camels, elephants and a trip to the holy river Ganges. I thought if soccer presented itself, I would just take note. I did bring two balls to give to someone.

For the foreigner, India is one of the looniest places on the planet. The traffic - rickshaws, taxis, motorbikes, carts the size of the Grinch's stolen presents pulled by thin, wily men mixed with pedestrians, cows, limping mange dogs, monkeys, oxen and wild boars whizzing around in all directions is a maze even Play Station couldn't invent. Crossing the street is a form of Russian roulette. Vendors line routes selling every plausible knick knack including mysterious foods you hope won't kill you by the next morning. And if you are a blond, a foreigner or anyone who looks like they have money, you will be invited into every shop, rickshaw, sleazy alleyway or cross-cultural conversation possible. Wearing an Ipod at a very low volume became my most useful survival tactic. I could pretend to not hear anyone





vying for my attention (which was literally every five steps), yet I could hear enough to avoid being run over.

I did see the occasional soccer ball. There was the time I turned on the TV set somewhere and found an I League professional game with questionable skill level and completely empty

their eyes on winning the merchandise war by hosting various events, matches and contests for players to win trials in their programs. FIFA is also on board, setting up major training centers in the south and east region to develop potential stars. FIFA President Sepp Blatter stated "it's time for the sleeping giant to wake up. And it is waking up."

I guess they were snoozing during my travels. Reading the Times, I was quite surprised to hear the numbers

not popular, followed by an expression of their love for cricket.

If there is anyone I would have liked to have met in India, it would have been a woman's national team player. I would have looked at her in awe and asked her how she did it. I imagine her life burdened and full of scars.

The streets are bursting with people, but you rarely see women. There are men everywhere, on every corner,



stands. Their motto "feel passion, feel love, feel football" felt very lonely. I thought: 'how is it possible to not bring in a crowd when one billion people live here? Who's in charge of the marketing department? Can't they just at least fill the stands with some of the hoards of people wandering the streets with nothing to do, with the hopes they could make some cash by selling some samosas and chai in the gates?' The answer given to me was "cricket." Cricket was everywhere: in the parks, in the streets, on television day and night, and on the front pages.

Soccer was a sport I really only learned about in the papers. I read how India is considered the "last great frontier" of untapped football fans and talent. According to the India Times, 60 million viewers tune into the Premier League through satellite and cable TV while 20 million people are estimated to be playing. I was told they are World Cup fanatics. Major clubs like Manchester United, Chelsea, Liverpool and Bayern Munich have

of viewers because even though I believe that kind of support for soccer exists, I didn't see a fraction of it after meandering over a thousand kilometers in seven weeks.

There was the one 8 or 9 year old boy playing with a ball on his own near his house in Jaipur. And the twelve or so kids I saw kicking up the sand in the desert town Pushkar. There were three boys cheating death on a street in Pune when their ball was smacked down by a motor rickshaw. And the young homeless barefoot beggars who I played with on a ghat in Varanasi late at night, until the ball ended up in the Ganges, home to 32 open sewers, burnt corpses, and thousands of bathers. There was also the Incredible India! tourism poster, depicting a gaggle of women in saris joyfully playing soccer on a mountaintop with the headline "Bend it Like Beckham."

Most people I asked about football simply shook their heads and said it's behind every vehicle, in every shop. The occasional woman dots the surroundings. You wonder where they all are and I am told they are at home, taking care of the children, cooking the meals, arranging the family gatherings. I went to the gym and had a hundred men staring at me. Going for a run was essentially impossible. I risked getting hit, along with enduring taunting. Yoga was the safest sport - alone on a mat surrounded by walls and a few participants. I asked an Englishspeaking Christian woman where all the women were, and she told me "it's too dangerous to go out. We try to travel in groups." She had her top torn off her by a motorbike driver in Delhi. The newspapers have rampant stories of rape, wife



beatings, burnings and acid throwing, which rarely get reported. I can only sympathize and reflect on at least a thousand men who approached me wanting conversation, to go to a movie, to have dinner, to put their hand on my leg... until I tore their heads off. I felt so fortunate I have the soccer strength in my body and character to tell them to buzz off. I also knew that I could leave or fly home when I wanted to, unlike so many others who may not have the means to benefit from freedom of expression, safety, or prosperity elsewhere. I wonder if I would have played soccer if I grew up in India or how broken and scathed I may have been simply trying.

The Indian men are ranked 142nd in the world and everyone

wonders why. Why can't a country with a billion people come up with 11 players on the field, or even one who can succeed internationally? I will tell you my opinion, even though it may offend many people. I loved India - there is never a dull moment, the food can be exquisite, the people are often generous and the scenery fascinating. But it is the biggest mess I have ever experienced in my life. There are literally piles of cow, dog, human and mystery poo in the streets, the walkways, the trains, and in places where it shouldn't be. There is garbage absolutely everywhere. There is barely a trash can on the horizon, so people toss their litter wherever, without thought to

the consequences. Disease is rampant and infectious threats devastate communities. especially in slums. Food has to be cooked and water boiled as even the locals know

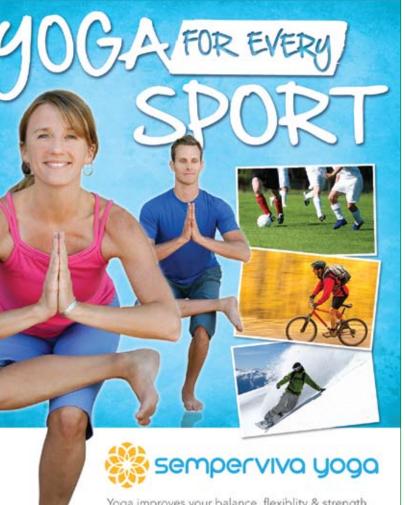
they risk contamination otherwise. This is all problematic for a serious athlete. When I scanned the classified section for sport jobs, the only ad was for a chess coach. India's only gold medal in the last Olympics was for shooting. Flying kites is a favourite pastime.

Soccer is a 90 minute game. God help the kid who dreams of becoming a star and wants to find a way to develop optimum fitness. There are no Stanley Parks with jogging trails. In some places, dust and smog compete with Beijing. The gyms sport old and rickety equipment with a standard the Flintstones might appreciate. As for field space, cricket has marked the limited turf wars available for a pick-up game. If a player does sprain his ankle or needs medical attention, I imagine there is a long line up of people ahead of him desperate to just stay alive. And if you want a cool authentic jersey, hopefully you are from the upper class because the cost of professional uniforms were parallel to North America. All of the major sporting good stores had guards in front of the doors to weed out 'unwantables,' mostly the poor whose average income is estimated to be a dollar a day. From the point of view of a nation, shanti shanti (peace peace) seems to be India's national spiritual motto, a far cry from the raw zeal

necessary to create a champion bloodthirsty country like the United States, which thrives on being number one. India has succeeded in sports like field hockey which is soccer-like but is more regionally popular than the world game. And if you have seen the Academy Award winning film 'Slumdog Millionaire', you can imagine a billion human-made obstacles such as greed, corruption and government interventions to overcome for a lad or a young woman to even make it to the park.

From a remote point of reference, I did note the incredible spatial awareness, reflexes and athleticism it must take to drive, walk or bike through the lawless traffic and survive to the ripe age of twenty. Surely these skills would be an asset for a future forward hoping to dribble by oncoming defenders and score. Tragically, Vancouver firefighter Cindy Kampmeinert did not make it home from India after a bus plowed through a red light and mowed her over without stopping while she was on her motorcycle. Hearing of the news after I arrived back in Vancouver, I was sad to see on all accounts a great person senselessly lost in Indian traffic. I remember praying for my life as my jeep carrying 12 people often kissed the edges of the cliffs in the Himalayas.

After carrying my two deflated balls in my suitcase for half my trip, unsure of who to give them to, it was finally time to



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find them a home. I didn't want to just hand them to any kid because I was afraid he might sell them or be beaten up or even be harmed playing in the street. In Jaipur, I saw a sign for SOS Villages which I knew to be an orphanage with FIFA affiliation. The director kindly welcomed me in and took me around to show me rooms where the children live and play. They clamored together, grinning widely aiming to be in every camera shot.

help children in the slums. He wrote "since I am working with underprivileged children and also children who are living in slums without even basic amenities, I think the game of soccer can give them a reason to smile and can also help spread the message of brotherhood among these children. I personally believe that games are the best way of improving a child's personality and self-esteem, particularly for children otherwise deprived of a good life and opportunities. Through sports, we can find a great platform where we can address



other social issues that touch the lives of marginalized children, like elementary education, children's rights, health and hygiene and a decent living. The game of soccer can be a thread which connects all these beads. Since you are an expert in this game, I request you to get involved in this cause."

I soon learned that, often enough, many of the children just want you to smile, to know

your name, or to have their picture taken and shown to them. In a way, it was the same with many of the adults.

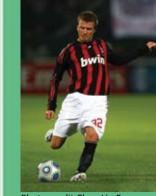
There is a burden so massive in India, so overwhelming to explain, so impossible when you look out and see the chaos, the poor on the streets, the waves of humanity mysteriously spinning around in their lives, that a stranger can only shake their heads and return home, perplexed by it all.

Dr Manohar Singh Gill, the Indian Minister for Youth and Sport told FIFA President Sepp Blatter, "it's an inexpensive sport. After all, what do you need to play? A ball, which will last you forever, and four bricks for goalposts. You can play wherever you want, on sand, grass or gravel, and in any weather. Football doesn't cost communities, the government or players anything. It is *the* global sport."

Through initiatives from FIFA or even in the slums, perhaps football, like cricket will become a bridge for so many when in the words of Blatter, "India finally wakes up." Maybe like many other countries, it will be a way out of poverty, both financially and in spirit, for those who are just starting to embrace the game with the big ball.

In the meantime, a bat, a ball and some bricks rule the open spaces. 🔮

SOCCER **SHORTS**



Beckham is Back – Sort of Superstar David Beckham will be returning to the LA Galaxy, but not until mid July, missing 17 of 30 games in the season. After playing on loan with AC Milan for a contracted two months, Beckham realized he preferred the likes of Kaka, Pato, Ronaldinho Emerson and company to the American locker room in LA. "I've really been enjoying myself, I have extraordinary teammates, I'm playing for one of the strongest teams in the world and I'm coached by one of the best managers in the world."

Beckham hopes to impress England's top boss, Fabio Capello, (who happens to be Italian), to secure a spot on the 2010 World Cup roster.

Photo credit Chen Lin Fan

Coaching Changes

Dale Mitchell is out of his job as leader of the Canadian men's soccer team. With a record showing too little "W's" and lots of "L's" during the World Cup Qualifying campaign (and as the head coach during the U20 WC) the CSA showed him his pink slip.

Carolina Morace will take over the women's national team position. She comes to Canada with a long list of accomplishments. As a former striker for Italy, she scored 105 goals in 153 matches. She has a law degree, is a regular TV football analyst and she is the first woman in Europe to lead a men's team. Most recently she was named World Ambassador for Women's Football by FIFA.



Photo credit Chaim Jaskoll

Canucks Play Soccer Too

The Vancouver Canucks players love to play with a soccer ball as a warm-up. In Toronto prior to their victorious game, Henrik and Daniel Sedin kicked the ball around with Kevin Bieksa.

Potential Scorer Shot by Fan in Iraq

Sporting fans have always gone out of their way with horns, whistles, profanities, fireworks and anything they can think of to distract the opposition from scoring. In Iraq, one rival spectator took it too far when he pulled out a gun and shot an amateur Buhairat player, Heidar Kazem, while he was lining up for a kick at the Sinjar net. A goal would have tied the game 1 -1 seconds before the final whistle. The player died instantly. Iraqis love soccer and have often expressed hope the game would help reconcile the differences between warring ethnic groups and sects.

Even though I felt confident personally traveling alone or with companions, despite the madness, poverty, unsanitary conditions and constant harassment (I am told many people get back on the plane after stepping off it in India), I discovered that I was terrified when little kids came running up to me. It was a bizarre reaction for me since I coach children, and guite comfortably, all the time. But their presence created an angst and fear for me for which I think may have been influenced by seeing 'Slumdog Millionaire' prior to India. If you have seen the film, there are many episodes where children are begging or stealing for warlords. With their little hands and bodies surrounding me at waist height where my wallet, camera and passport lived, I couldn't help but verbally lash out at anyone who came too close to me. India is the only place I have ever seen grown ups telling children without clothing, without money, without education and perhaps without parents, to piss off when they are simply looking for help.

It breaks your heart, especially when you realize you are one of those adults. India confirmed that I did not qualify any fantasy to fill Mother Theresa's shoes.

Ironically, even though I wasn't trying to do soccer-related activities, soccer found its way into my trip. After visiting the orphanage and dropping off the balls, the director, Anil Sharma, contacted me and now wants to set up a project to



Photo credit Canadian Soccer Association

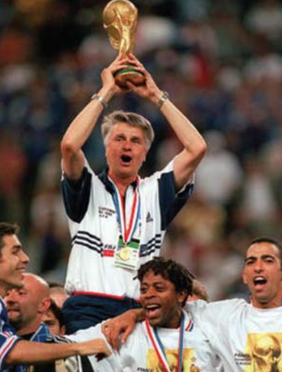
Steve Nash Announces Job Switch

Rumours that Steve Nash announced he would drop his NBA career to play for the MLS Vancouver Whitecaps FC in 2011 surfaced. Hearing of the news, his brother Martin told reporters he wasn't happy with the decision since soccer was his turf and Steve had his own league to play in. Turns out everyone was in the joke on April Fools' Day



Photo credit Vancouver Canucks





Coach's Corner



www.scrimmageville.com

AIMÉ JACQUET: Shadows and Light

by Philippe Tournon Translated by Jamie Makutra

Free Kick asked Philippe Tournon, the Press Officer of the French Football *Federation for 23 years, to write an account of World Cup champion coach* Aime Jaquet. What made him so successful? Philippe was Aime's righthand man during his coaching tenure. After France's victory, he wrote the best selling book Ma Vie pour une Etoile.

t the end of the book, My Life for a Star, where he retraces the path that lead to his French national team earning the title of '98 World Champion, Aimé Jacquet confesses this:

"I don't worry at all about the impact or the legacy that I will or will not leave in the history of football. I only wish one thing. If they are still speaking of me, later, that they can say: he was an honest man and he worked hard. "

All of Aimé Jacquet is there: humility and respect for the values of perseverence and humanity.

Always very self-aware, he admits without false modesty, that he does not belong to the race of the super talented: "I was a good professional player, but nothing more. I worked very hard to manage to always hold my place, in the interest of the group. Without a doubt, I did not revolutionize the coaching profession, but few will have had as much tenacity and precision as me in order to leave nothing to chance and to do the job at 200%."

Aimé Jacquet was a laborer and he is proud of it. The taste of work and of effort, he learned by his father's side, a butcher in a little village in the middle of France, where he had to wake up at four o'clock in the morning to go to the slaughter-house. Or, later on, barely out of adolescence, he would juggle time to reconcile his machinist training in the factory and his obligations to regional football hopeful to sport the green jersey of AS St-Etienne in the early 1960's. Nothing would ever be given to him and he wouldn't get anything easily.

We cannot understand the coach of the well-known Bordeaux of the 80's and 90's and of the '98 World Champions if we don't appreciate his obsessive need to be at the top of his game, to not see himself reproached due to a lack of professionalism.

There, where Platini had everyone in his pocket, in front of microphones and cameras with a few welcome pleasantries, he would often have difficulty explaining the whys and hows of things. Having left school at age 14, he didn't exactly have the right words at the right time. He also always refuses to pursue any "off topic" digressions or smokescreens to evade trap questions: he attempts to present reality - the truth and nothing else.

Where one Mourinho, mischevious as a monkey, can improvise in English, French or in Spanish, Aimé Jacquet prepared his comments well ahead of time, in his small, steady writing on small cue cards. Two or three hours of thought and writing for ten or fifteen minutes of commentary, he would then have the right word, the formula that

would hit the bullseye.

It was perhaps, in the eyes of some, a weakness, but it was also, and mostly, his strength. A huge strength because, behind this obligation and this willingness to put his preparation into practice, he had a manner that pierced, exploded and blinded; an authenticity, a sincerity that didn't escape the players who were moved and conquered by these words that came from the most profound part of this man. They knew his words to be true and just.

Surely, Aimé Jacquet was a coach who "was up to par", as they say, in physical preparation, linking talents, and coaching throughout the game. He didn't have much to envy in anyone where all of the basic domains of the technician were concerned. But his "plus" side, his difference, was that authenticity that emanated from his intentions, from his manners, from his reactions to the game and players. There was no dissimulation, no subterfuges, no swagger. He always met others eye to eye and with respect to the given word.

All of this, the players sensed again and again. The man who was facing them in the locker room was not an imposed leader who came to play his part solo, but he was the "coach" who we listened to in cathedral-like silence, who we respected because the current moment was passing, because something magical was happening. It was the necessity of

his job that he did so effectively.

They were rare moments, powerful moments, unique moments...

The last blink of history: after Les Bleus triumphed in the World Cup, Aimé Jacquet would see himself crowned ahead of a rich list of the biggest names in business and politics by the the number one French Media and Communications monthly publication "Stratégies", as the envied title "Man of the Year".

So often and unfairly mocked for his St. Étienne accent, and his humility, here he was "communicator of the year" !

What irony, but moreover, what revenge for a man and a coach who, above all previous suspicions, had established work and humility as fundamental virtues. He was a man whom the Parisien media intelligence sources would have wanted to pass off as a mere country boy without much importance.

They simply wouldn't have understoond, all these lesson-givers, that a natural, cultural discretion served as a screen for a fierce resolution. Under the ashes, a sacred fire was being protected - a flame that would set fire to France in the summer of '98. France won their first title as Football World Champions.



We interviewed folks about their 'nightmare' dating moments. You know those situations, when you are on a date and suddenly the other person says or does something that makes your head swivel, eves bulge, or sends a shiver of major doubt down your spine. Just for fun, YOU get to be the referee in this scenario. Does this person get a red card, yellow card or would they be a perfect match for your team?

He says "my bad" for everything - driving, talking to my friends, even when we kiss!

"He washes my soccer uniform, practice gear and shin pads. When I thanked him, he told me he just didn't like the way I smelled up his car."

"She bought "us" season tickets for the Sounders team and now expects me to paint my body green."

"She suggested I take up cycling after she saw me play for the first time."

"He's dated three other girls on my team and refers to them by their uniform number."



Organic Banana Pudding

Whipping Gream: 200m Milk **Boom**l Sugar: 100 grams **Eggs 2** Bananas: 2 Carob: 2 tablespoons



By Yuki Marsh

Instructions:

1. Combine milk, whipping cream, and sugar in a small pan. Constantly mix until sugar is melted. Turn off heat before coming to a boil.

2. Puree bananas in a food processor or mash with a fork.

3. In another bowl, mix one egg and add banana puree. Combine until mixed completely.

4. Add the milk, whipping cream, carob and sugar to the bowl, mix

5. Divide evenly into pudding cups.

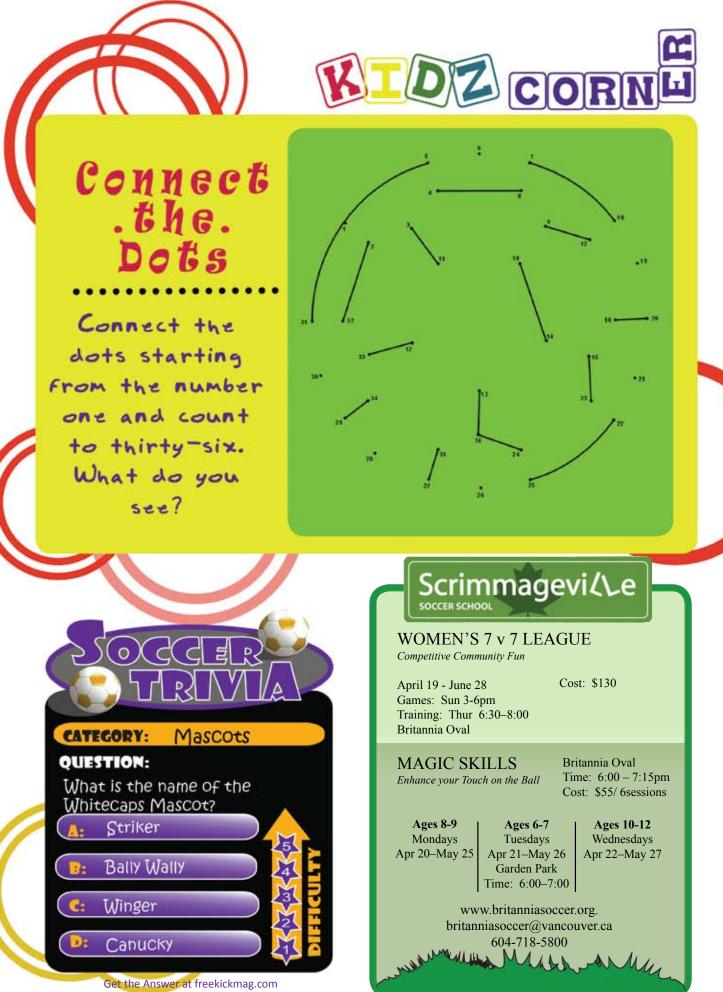
6. Cover each with foil.

7. Fill a large pot with water to cover half of each pudding cup. Place each cup into the water and bring to a boil. Cover the pot and allow it to cook on low heat for 10 minutes. Turn off heat and steam for a further 5 minutes.

COSMO STRIKER

ARTWORK BY PIPER BRADLEY







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SOCCERSCOPES

Aries: The opposing team will thank you for your desire to hang out on your couch.

Taurus: A secret admirer will find your bruised legs sexy.

Gemini: Riding your bike to practice and games will impress the Vancouver major.

Cancer: Secretly deflating practice balls prior to heading practice will help you achieve better results on school tests and work projects.

Leo: Sporting a Beckham AC Milan uniform will show you are hip with the times.

Virgo: The urge to wear the practice pinny as a fashion statement may not be as cool as you fantasize. Washing it will at least help in the matter.

Libra: Bedsheets with soccer balls images will enhance your ability to score.

Scorpio: A bacterial fungi on your shin pads will lead to an unwanted rash unless you include them in your laundry.

Sagittarius: A penalty box will be designated for your hockey checks on the field.

Capricorn: Your game meal of a burger, fries and shake will soon appear on your uniform.

Aquarius: Shaking hands with the opposition after the game may lead to an infection - best to throw on some gloves and pretend that you are cold.

Pisces: Kicking the stuffed Olympic mascots may help you vent your economic woes.

These free soccer clinics are open to boys and girls ages 6 to 10. Enjoy coaching from Whitecaps players and coaches, practice soccer skills and have fun. Space is limited. **Register online at whitecapsfc.com/youth**







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June 3	Vancouver
June 10	Richmond
June 16	Coquitlam

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