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URL: http://www.msnbc.msn.com/id/13123847/site/newsweek/
World of Wonder

Pelé in 1970. Maradona in '86. Zidane in '98. Every four years, one World Cup player makes history. Henry A. Kissinger—Nobel Peace Prize winner, former secretary of State, soccer fan—shares his golden moments before this year's June 9 kickoff.

By Henry A. Kissinger

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The Haditha Question
For U.S. Soldiers
On the Front Lines in Iraq,
Where Is the Line Between Self-Defense And Shame?
ALL NEW SUBURBAN

New interior with available features like power-release fold and tumble second row seats; power bags in all three rows; Plus, standard StabiliTrak® and OnStar with one-year Safe & Sound Plan; The 2007
Haditha—And Beyond

As a probe into charges of a civilian massacre in Haditha continued, the Pentagon disclosed preliminary results of investigations into three more incidents of alleged military abuse in Iraq. The pressures that push frontline soldiers to the edge—and how echoes of My Lai will affect the debate over the war.

TAKING IT PERSONALLY: Marines mourn a comrade killed in Haditha

WORLD CUP FEVER: Henry Kissinger on his favorite game

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SHE WAS REPORTING FOR this week's cover story on an alleged civilian massacre in Haditha, Michael Hastings contacted a Marine he befriended while embedded with a unit near Fallujah last fall. The soldier said he liked to think he would have "handled things differently." But he also recalled how he felt when one of his comrades was killed by a sniper during his first tour of duty: "We wanted to kill everybody, but we just can't do that." And he recalled what the Marine Corps commandant, visiting Camp Lejeune last week to address his troops about Haditha, told them during a speech on "core values": "If you weren't there, your opinion doesn't matter."

Home-front commentators across the political spectrum have been quick to draw conclusions about the Haditha incident and other charges of military abuse in Iraq that have emerged in its wake. Some have assumed that they were simply cases of well-meaning but overextended soldiers who "snapped." Others have likened Haditha to the My Lai massacre in Vietnam, which helped turn the American people not only against that war but the young men whom policymakers sent to fight it. But as Evan Thomas points out in our cover story—with reporting from Hastings, John Barry, Scott Johnson,

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THE EDITOR'S DESK

Babak Dehghanpisheh, Dan Ephron and others—these incidents, like warfare itself, are always less black and white than they appear to the public at home. Whether these incidents will temper the overwhelming support that Americans have shown for the men and women serving in Iraq remains to be seen. Yet no matter what the probes find, they are likely to add to growing public dissatisfaction with the war itself—as well as tensions between American forces and the Iraqi officials whose election they helped make possible.

Is America in danger of losing its global leadership in science, technology and education? In a special report, Fareed Zakaria sifts through the alarmism and the complacency, and 15 of the country's smartest thinkers in these areas offer their ideas for keeping our competitive edge. Gay marriage may have helped sway the 2004 elections but, Debra Rosenberg asks, will conservatives succeed in making it an issue again in '06? And on the eve of the World Cup, we get an analysis of the esthetic pleasures and geopolitical importance of soccer from no less than Henry A. Kissinger—who over the next two weeks will also be providing post-match audio commentary on the Cup on Newsweek.com.

-MARK WHITAKER

COLUMNISTS & LIVE TALKS

The Week Ahead on the Web

E-mail your questions to Dr. John Marburger, the president's science adviser. Excerpts will be live June 9.

Read Barbara Kantrowitz and Pat Wingert's column on women's health, Her Body, published Tuesday.

Every Wednesday, check out Mark Hosenball's online-only investigative dispatch, Terror Watch.

Mark Starr follows professional and amateur sports in his online column, Starr Gazing, published Thursdays.

Send your questions on America's global competitiveness to Fareed Zakaria. Excerpts will be online June 12.
STANDING UP: Anti-gay-marriage activists at a rally this spring in Olympia, Wash.

House could weigh in next month. Though it isn't expected to pass either House, supporters want to get poison on the record before November. "It's a way to build momentum," says FMA author Matt Daniels, president of the Alliance for Marriage. Bush himself had been mostly mum on gay marriage since his re-election. But now, with his poll numbers in a nose dive and even his most enthusiastic supporters grousing, Bush took up the cause in his radio address Saturday; an amendment is needed because "activist courts have left our nation with no other choice," he explained. The president also plans to address amendment supporters in the Old Executive Office Building on Monday.

While the GOP leadership clearly hopes this tack can revive their sputtering election prospects this fall, some GOP strategists aren't so sure. Pew polls show a 10-point jump in support for gay marriage since 2004. And Bush pollster Matthew Dowd doubts it was decisive last time around. "It didn't drive turnout in 2004," he says. "That is urban legend." Turnout was the same in states with bans on the ballot and those without, Dowd says. GOP consultant Grover Norquist also questions how gay marriage plays as an electoral issue. Though social conservatives vote for marriage bans, it's not clear whether that will translate into votes for GOP candidates. "We don't have much to go on," he says. For their part, gay-rights leaders would be happy to leave the issue off the ballot. "We have to make sure [the initiatives] never see the light of day," says Human Rights Campaign president Joe Solmonese, who would prefer to press his case in court.

Evangelical leaders insist they know how gay marriage affects their voters—they'll stay home if politicians don't push for the FMA. "It's the one issue I have seen that eclipses even the abortion issue among Southern Baptists," says Richard Land, president of the Ethics and Religious Liberty Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention. Last month James Dobson, the influential founder of Focus on the Family, met privately with key Republicans, including Frist, House Speaker Dennis Hastert and Majority Leader John Boehner, to warn them about the political consequences of failing to promote issues like marriage. "If you forget us, we'll forget you," he said, according to a GOP House leadership aide who was briefed on the gatherings, but declined to be identified discussing private meetings.

Though Bush himself has publicly embraced the amendment, he never seemed to care enough to press the matter. One of his old friends told NEWSWEEK that same-sex marriage barely registers on the president's moral radar. "I think it was purely political. I don't think he gives a s---t about it. He never talks about this stuff," said the friend, who requested anonymity to discuss his private conversations with Bush. White House aides, who also declined to be identified, insist that the president does care about banning gay marriage. They say Monday's events with amendment supporters—Bush will also meet privately with a small group—have been in the works "for weeks" and aren't just a sop to conservatives.

Whatever Bush's motivation, his actions aren't likely to quiet his critics. Land says he's happy Bush is speaking out, but he'd like to see signs of real commitment to the issue. "We know what a full-court press looks like when we see one," Land says. A White House official, who declined to be identified discussing strategy, says Bush has not made calls on the amendment because "nobody has asked us." Whatever the political maneuvering, it's the courts that could make the next move. Last week New York's highest court heard arguments that the state must allow gay couples to wed. A similar case in New Jersey was argued in February. Decisions could come later this summer. At the same time, judges recently struck down 2004 bans from Georgia, Ohio and Nebraska. "It's just a matter of time before the other shoe falls," says Family Research Council president Tony Perkins. "This is not an issue you can take a pass on." For politicians and activists, that may be true. But average voters might do exactly that.

With RICHARD WOLFFE, HOLLY BAILEY and KAREN BRESLAU

Gay Marriage: Back on the Table

In 2004, 13 states voted to ban same-sex marriage (joining 5 other states with amendments already on the books). This year seven more states have similar ballot initiatives to amend their constitutions. A look at the battlefield:

- Marriage amendment already in place
- Amendment approved by state legislature; on the ballot in 2006
- Citizen-led drive to get ban on the 2006 ballot
- Amendment debate pending in state legislature
- No current bid to amend constitution

*"STRICT COURT HAS STRUCK DOWN THE AMENDMENT. CURRENTLY ON APPEAL, AMENDMENT WILL BE VOTED ON IN 2007."

SOURCE: HUMAN RIGHTS CAMPAIGN

With RICHARD WOLFFE, HOLLY BAILEY and KAREN BRESLAU

JUNE 12, 2006 NEWSWEEK 35
Pelé in 1970. Maradona in '86. Zidane in '98. Every four years, one World Cup player makes history. Henry A. Kissinger—Nobel Peace Prize winner, former secretary of State, soccer fan—shares his golden moments before this year's June 9 kickoff.

By Henry A. Kissinger

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I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany where soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wis. Though playing with local amateurs, its team inexplicably won the German championship three times during my boyhood. I have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to admit, yet I still follow the fortunes of that team which, in the age of high-salary professionalism, has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically seems on the verge of rising to the top league but, as happened this year, always manages to fall just short—guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the soccer addict's lot.

The emotions evoked by club teams are, compared to those inspired by the national team, like a raging stream to Niagara Falls. Club teams play at least once a week between August and June. National teams play only a fraction of that number a year and, for the highest prize, only once every four. There is no margin for error or for deferred passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated as if they have inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player who had contributed to the elimination of his team in the 1994 Cup by scoring on his own goal was murdered when he returned home.

Manipulating a ball by foot along a 110-yard-long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Teams that concentrate on individual skills, like the Brazilians, astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically oriented teams.

Only the rarest players—like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup—are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past 11 opponents, one of whom (the goalie) is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry of finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zinedine Zidane of France or Franz Beckenbauer of Germany are blessed with the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seems unimaginable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is complexity masquerading as simplicity.

Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic: when I first became a fan, the 10 field players were distributed as five forwards, three midfield players and two defenders. As a result, the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders—especially as the players, not as well conditioned as today, more or less stayed in their assigned positions. Since then, a radical change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two, and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of
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The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense. Teams—especially national teams—play first of all not to lose. Since the number of points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of succeeding is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached squad can occasion-ally turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offense-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2-1 lead before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.

In 1978, the Netherlands found itself once more in a final before a rabid hometown crowd in Buenos Aires. In a game of wild fluctuations, the Dutch, in the last minute, tied an Argentine team playing with Brazilian flair and European killer instinct. But as happened four years earlier, the Dutch could not stay the course and lost in overtime. The Argentine victory produced a moment of respite from the near civil war conditions and brutal official repressionocking Argentina. For 48 hours, Buenos Aires celebrated with such tumultuous abandon as to hide the bitterness of the national divisions.

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I regretted not being able to attend the '86 final due to other obligations I had at the time. In 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity. Argentina reached the final primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots in shootouts, saving two against Italy. What added particular piquancy to that feat was that the goalkeeper was a substitute for the injured first-team goalie.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what the Giants-Colts football game of 1958 did by generating public interest in pro football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering.

The final in 1998 in Paris supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player, Ronaldo, was scratched from the public lineup amid injury rumors an hour before the game and then re-inserted without participating actively.

Altogether, in the seven finals I watched, I saw Brazil, Germany and Italy three times each, the Netherlands and Argentina twice. The only other start went to France. Will this elite be broadened in the World Cup about to begin? Not having seen most of the national teams of this tournament, a prediction is difficult. The United States plays in a very tough initial group. To reach the elimination round, it will have to overcome at least one of two powerhouse European teams, Italy and the Czech Republic, as well as a talented team from Ghana. England has the players to reclaim a major role, though the recent injury of its star forward, Wayne Rooney, reduces its prospects. In qualifying, Argentina won more games than any South American team, including Brazil. But its composure is not always equal to its talent. Italy looked overwhelming when defeating Germany a few months ago, and could advance unless it is held back by a developing scandal regarding refereeing. The German team has been a puzzle. It has an inventive new coach and passionate public support. But in the preliminary games, it had trouble against major opponents. This may be the year for African teams to emerge; their technical brilliance has so far been thwarted by lack of international experience. In the last World Cup, two Asian teams—Korea and Japan—showed great progress. This World Cup will reveal how much of this is owed to the fact that the Cup was played before admiring home fans. And there is always Brazil, which will guarantee excitement and exuberant fans. We will know the answer by July 9. In the meantime, 64 games in a month are guaranteed to slake the thirst of even the most frenetic fans—myself included—if only very briefly.
HOW LONG WILL LEAD THE WORLD

ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY TURRELL FOR NEWSWEEK
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June 6, 2006

Dr. Henry Kissinger
Kissinger Associates
350 Park Ave., 26th Floor
New York, NY 10022-6022

Dear Henry,

Here are copies of the international issue with your name emblazoned on the cover. It is a real pleasure for us to have this and my thanks to you for doing it.

Was Putin asking your expert advice on soccer as well?

All best,

Fareed Zakaria
## EUROPE’S FAILING SCHOOLS
The Continent’s Education Systems Are Crumbling

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EXHILARATION. CONSIDERATION.
THE GS 450h. THE WORLD'S FIRST
HIGH PERFORMANCE HYBRID

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Model shown: GS 450h SE with metallic paint £44,470 OTR. GS range prices start from £33,855 to £47,700 OTR. Prices correct at time of going to press and include VAT, delivery charges, number plates, full tank of fuel, one years road tax and first registration fee. BBC Top Gear Magazine Motoring Survey GS 450h fuel economy figures: extra-urban 7.2L/100km (39.2 mpg), urban 9.2L/100km (30.7 mpg), combined 7.9L/100km (35.8 mpg). CO₂ emissions 186g/km.
Dead-End Schools

Compared with the rest of the developed world, Europe’s schools are underfunded, antiquated and failing to prepare kids for a knowledge-based economy. Even worse: the problem is especially acute for the children of immigrants, widening gaps in what are already divided societies.

NO FUTURE: Many graduates head straight for welfare rolls
A new leader in Mexico won't have much more to look forward to. Cash-strapped state oil company will struggle to find foreign partners after taking over Occidental's fields. Don't expect much more fuel to flow. Early leaks indicate the U.N. report on the Hariri murder, due on June 15, could tie a slew of assassinations to Damascus. Arrests are possible. The full G8 is joining U.S. calls for the yuan to appreciate. Beijing has put off Washington thus far, but world opinion will be hard to ignore. Approaching the finish, expect the presidential race to get nastier and tighter. The winner's prize: a weak mandate and an alienated opposition.

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I have attended seven World Cup finals (and I have firm plans
to attend one of the semifinals and the final in Berlin this year).
Each has produced a distinctive drama. My first exposure was in
1970 in Mexico City, and it introduced me to the exuberant style of
Brazilian soccer. Led by the incomparable Pelé and an all-star cast
of irrepresible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a
very good Italian team by a score of 4-1. Pelé scored
first—then the Italians responded. This should have
given the so-called Azurri (because of their blue jer-
sys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill
in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-
no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the
book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation
with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy, 4-3, in overtime (with five of the goals scored in that 30-minute period), and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling.

While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offense-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2-1 lead just before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.

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Spain celebrates the 25th anniversary of the return of "Guernica" with a dazzling tribute to its creator.

BY TARA PEPPER

WHEN PABLO PICASSO was asked to paint the centerpiece for Spain's pavilion at the 1937 World's Fair, no one expected him to create what remains one of art's most disquieting depictions of war. But stunned by an exhibit of black-and-white photographs documenting the recent massacre of inhabitants of a small Basque village, Picasso could think of little else. He rushed home from the show and began to paint. The resulting work, "Guernica," did not win many plaudits at a show designed to celebrate modern technology. And although Picasso always intended it to belong to Spain, the vast work was shipped around the world for more than four decades. In keeping with the artist's wishes, the painting found a permanent home in Madrid only after "democratic institutions" were installed in Spain, in 1981. Now, to celebrate 25 years since "Guernica's" return, and the 125th anniversary of Picasso's
HENRY KISSINGER
For immediate release

ATTENTION EDITORS: This column originally ran in the June 12 issue of Newsweek, which went on sale June 5.

A PASSIONATE FAN REMEMBERS THE DRAMA AND HEROISM OF WORLD CUPS PAST

By Henry A. Kissinger

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I have attended seven World Cup finals (and I have firm plans to attend one of the semifinals and the final in Berlin this year). Each has produced a distinctive drama. My first exposure was in 1970 in Mexico City, and it introduced me to the exuberant style of Brazilian soccer. Led by the incomparable Pele and an all-star cast of irrepressible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a very good Italian team by a score of 4–1. Pele scored first — then the Italians responded. This should have given the so-called Azurri (because of their blue jerseys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy 4-3 in overtime (with five of the goals scored in that 30-minute
period) and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling.

While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offense-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2-1 lead just before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.

In 1978, the Netherlands found itself once more in a final before a rabid hometown crowd in Buenos Aires. In a game of wild fluctuations, the Dutch, in the last minute, tied an Argentine team playing with Brazilian flair and European killer instinct. But as happened four years earlier, the Dutch could not stay the course and lost in overtime. The Argentine victory produced a moment of respite from the near civil war conditions and brutal official repression wracking Argentina. For 48 hours, Buenos Aires celebrated with such tumultuous abandon as to hide the bitterness of the national divisions.

In 1982, the drama came before the final. In a second-round group match, under the different Cup rules of the period, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that was their admission ticket into the final — and which was only minutes away. In one semifinal, Germany defeated France, scoring two late goals after falling behind by two goals in overtime to send it to a penalty-kick shootout against a French team demoralized when one of its star players was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for a score.

I regretted not being able to attend the ’86 final due to other obligations I had at the time. In 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity. Argentina reached the final primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots in shootouts, saving two against Italy. What added particular piquancy to that feat was that the goalkeeper was a substitute for the injured first-team goalie.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what the Giants-Colts football game of 1958 did by generating public interest in pro football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering.

The final in 1998 in Paris supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player, Ronaldo, was scratched from the public lineup amid injury rumors an hour before the game and then reinserted without participating actively.

Altogether, in the seven finals I watched, I saw Brazil, Germany and Italy three times each, the Netherlands and Argentina twice. The only other start went to France. Will this elite be
broadened in the World Cup about to begin? Not having seen most of the national teams of this
tournament, a prediction is difficult. The United States plays in a very tough initial group. To
reach the elimination round, it will have to overcome at least one of two powerhouse European
teams, Italy and the Czech Republic, as well as a talented team from Ghana. England has the
players to reclaim a major role, though the recent injury of its star forward, Wayne Rooney,
reduces its prospects. In qualifying, Argentina won more games than any South American team,
including Brazil. But its composure is not always equal to its talent. Italy looked overwhelming
when defeating Germany a few months ago, and could advance unless it is held back by a
developing scandal regarding refereeing. The German team has been a puzzle. It has an inventive
new coach and passionate public support. But in the preliminary games, it had trouble against
major opponents. This may be the year for African teams to emerge; their technical brilliance has
so far been thwarted by lack of international experience. In the last World Cup, two Asian teams
— Korea and Japan — showed great progress. This World Cup will reveal how much of this is
owed to the fact that the Cup was played before admiring home fans. And there is always Brazil,
which will guarantee excitement and exuberant fans. We will know the answer by July 9. In the
meantime, 64 games in a month are guaranteed to slake the thirst of even the most frenetic fans
— myself included — if only very briefly.

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Sir:

Following is the final proof from Newsweek as it will go to print tonight. I indicated any changes they made from the last draft, all of which are minor, with the exception of:

P. 3, bottom – "...(with five of the goals scored in that 30-minute period)" [changed from “overtime“, to avoid repetition]

P. 5, top – "...exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that, under the rules of the period, was their admission ticket into a semifinal [changed from “the final”, because you’re talking about the quarterfinal here]."

If the changes are not okay with you, I am told we still have time to change the piece until late tonight. If acceptable, I assume this is the version you would like sent on to Ikenberry.

Theresa
hi theresa — one final copy for you. as far as we're concerned, this is perfection and final. if any further tweaks are needed, our copy desk is here through very late tonight. they're at 212-445-4518. i'll copy and paste the piece into this message, and i'll provide a word attachment too.

all the best and thanks for your help, ray sawhill


By Henry A. Kissinger

On June 9, host country Germany will inaugurate a month of football frenzy by playing Costa Rica in the opening match of the 2006 soccer World Cup. For two weeks, there will be three matches a day as the 32 survivors of a global competition (involving more than 100 teams over a period of three years) are whittled down to 16. In eight groups of four, each team plays the others in its group. The top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round also lasting two weeks and culminating in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets at all hours of the day and night; millions will find ways to interrupt their work schedules to watch at least some of the 64 matches. National morale in winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition nears its end.

I will be one of those viewers and have arranged my schedule to accommodate its necessities. Most fans would find it difficult to describe what it is about soccer that so enthralls them. They would probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their favorite club team—a passion that, in America, is matched only by the most
fanatical adherents of football teams.
I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany where soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wis. Though playing with local amateurs, its team inexplicably won the German championship three times during my boyhood. I have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to admit, yet I still follow the fortunes of that team which, in the age of high-salary professionalism, has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically seems on the verge of rising to the top league but, as happened this year, always manages to fall just short—guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the soccer addict’s lot. The emotions evoked by club teams are, compared to those inspired by the national team, like a raging stream to Niagara Falls. Club teams play at least once a week between August and June. National teams play only a fraction of that number a year and, for the highest prize, only once every four. There is no margin for error or for deferred passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated as if they have inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player who had contributed to the elimination of his team in the 1994 Cup by scoring on his own goal was murdered when he returned home. Manipulating a ball by foot along a 110-yard-long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Teams that concentrate on individual skills, like the Brazilians, astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically oriented teams.

Only the rarest players—like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup—are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past 11 opponents, one of whom (the goalie) is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry (finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zinedine Zidane of France or Franz Beckenbauer of Germany are blessed with the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seems unimaginable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is complexity masquerading as simplicity.

Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic: when I first became a fan, the 10 field players were distributed as five forwards, three midfield players and two defenders. As a result, the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders—especially as the
players, not as well conditioned as today, more or less stayed in their assigned positions. Since then, a radical change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two, and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of which the 4:4:2 system is among the most widely used. One of the most dramatic changes was the introduction of the “sweeper,” charged with reinforcing the most threatened position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional significance by acting like an American football free safety on defense and like a quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing. The result was a kind of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, he had the additional task of reinforcing the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.

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Pelé scored first—then the Italians responded. This should have given the so-called Azurri (because of their blue jerseys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy 4–3 in overtime (with five of the goals scored in that 30-minute period) and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling. While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offense-minded inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in

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In 1982, the drama came before the final. In a quarterfinal, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that was their admission ticket into a semifinal—and which was only minutes away. In one semifinal, Germany defeated France, scoring two late goals after falling behind by two goals in overtime to send it to a penalty kick shootout against a French team demoralized when one of its star players was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for a score. I regretted not being able to attend the 86 final due to other obligations I had at the time. In 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity. Argentina reached the final primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots in shootouts, saving two against Italy. What added particular piquancy to that feat was that the goalkeeper was a substitute for the injured first-team goalie. The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what the Giants-Colts football game of 1958 did by generating public interest in pro football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering. The final in 1998 in Paris supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player, Ronaldo, was scratched from the public lineup amid injury rumors an hour before the game and then reinserted without participating actively. Altogether, in the seven finals I watched, I saw Brazil, Germany and Italy three times each, the Netherlands and Argentina twice. The only other start went to France. Will this elite be broadened in the World Cup about to begin? Not having seen most of the national teams of this tournament, a prediction is difficult. The United States plays in a very tough initial group. To reach the elimination round, it will have to overcome at least one of two powerhouse European teams, Italy and the Czech Republic, as well as a talented team from Ghana. England has the players to reclaim a major role, though the recent injury of its star forward, Wayne Rooney, reduces its prospects. In qualifying, Argentina won more games than any South American team, including Brazil. But its composure is not always equal to its talent. Italy looked overwhelming when defeating Germany a few months ago, and could advance unless it is held back by a developing scandal regarding refereeing. The German team has been a puzzle. It has an inventive new coach and passionate public support. But in the preliminary games, it had trouble against major opponents. This may be the year for African teams to emerge; their technical brilliance has so far been thwarted by lack of international experience. In the last World Cup, two Asian teams—Korea and Japan—showed great progress. This World Cup will reveal how much of this is owed to the fact that the Cup was played before admiring home fans. And there is always Brazil, which will guarantee excitement and exu

berant fans. We will know the answer by July 9. In the meantime, 64 games in a month are guaranteed to slake the thirst of even the most frenetic fans—myself included—if only very briefly.
Sir:

Following is the final revised proof from *Newsweek*, one with my markings and one clean copy. Note Whitaker’s message to you at the end.

Theresa
Dear Theresa Cimino,

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Manipulating a ball by foot along a 100-meter-long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Especially teams that concentrate on individual skills-like the Brazilians-astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individuality that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically oriented teams. Only the rarest players-like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup-are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past 11 opponents, one of whom (the goalie) is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The field generals like Zidane of France or Beckenbauer of Germany had the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seemed unimaginable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is a game of complicated simplicity.

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In 1982, it was the semifinals that provided the drama. In one, Germany defeated France in overtime after falling behind against a French team demoralized when its star attacker was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for another score. In the other, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that, under the rules of the period, was their admission ticket into the final and which was only minutes away.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. I regretted not being able to attend the '86 final due to other obligations I had at the time; in 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity. And which bb Germany bb reached the final when its goalkeeper saved a penalty shot; bb bb primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots. As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what annexing Austria to Germany did for the Germans.
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Temma Ehrenfeld
Assistant Editor

Theresa,

Here's our the end would read, after Bret's edit:

We will know the answer by July 9. In the meantime, 64 games in a month guarantee to slake the thirst for soccer of even the most frenetic fans. Myself included.

Please ask Dr. Kissinger if that's acceptable to him.

Thanks,

Temma
Dear Theresa Cimino,

Hello. I'm helping our editor Brett Begun, who has worked on Dr. Kissinger's column. You should see notes in a blue font embedded in this text. If you can't see them, please let me know. We need to make sure that Dr. Kissinger is aware of the minor changes that have been made and that he sees the questions. This is round number one. There may be a few more questions or changes around 6-7 pm EST. We would need to have his final approval by mid-day EST Saturday, which gives us time. There's no need to bother him late tonight. Best, Temma 212-445-4544

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I have attended seven World Cup finals, and I have firm plans to attend one of the semi-finals and the final in Berlin this year. Each has produced a distinctive drama. My first exposure was in 1970 in Mexico City, and it introduced me to the exuberant style of Brazilian football. Led by the incomparable Pelé and an all-star cast of irrepressible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a very good Italian team by a score of 4-1. The Italian team scored first, then the Italians responded. This should have given the so-called Azurris (because of their blue jerseys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent in to rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy 4-3 in overtime (with five of the goals scored in the extra time) and was so rough that Beckenbauer dislocated his shoulder.

completed the game with his arm in a sling. While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offensive-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2-1 leadjust before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.

In 1978, the Netherlands found itself once more in a final before a rabid home town crowd in Buenos Aires. In a game of wild fluctuations, the Dutch, in the last minute, tied an Argentine team playing with Brazilian flair and European killer instinct. But as four years earlier, the Dutch could not stay the course and lost in over time. The Argentine victory produced a moment of respite from the near-civil war conditions and brutal official repression wracking Argentina. For 48 hours, Buenos Aires celebrated with such tumultuous abandon as to hide the bitterness of the national divisions.

In 1982, it was the semifinals that provided the drama. In one, Germany defeated France in overtime after falling behind against a French team demoralized when its star attacker was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for another score. In the other, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that, under the rules of the period, was their admission ticket into the final and which was only minutes away.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. (I regretted not being able to attend the '86 final due to other obligations! I had at the time; in 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity, and which Germany reached the final when its goalkeeper saved a penalty shot. Primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots. Goalkeeper only saved one penalty shot in the semifinal.)

As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer

what the Giants-Colts football game of 1957 did by generating public interest in professional football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering. The final in 1998 in Paris supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player Ronaldo was scratched from the public lineup an hour before the game and then reinserted without participating actively. Altogether, in the seven finals I watched, I saw Brazil, Germany and Italy three times each, the Netherlands and Argentina twice. The only other start went to France. Will this elite be broadened in the World Cup about to begin? Not having seen most of the national teams, I dare not make a prediction. OK, maybe one: The United States plays in a very difficult initial group. To reach the elimination round, it would have to overcome two teams it has never beaten, Italy and the Czech Republic, both established soccer powers. Technically, never played Czech Republic/one team its never beaten (Italy), one team its never played (Ghana) and one team its lost to (Czech Republic, then Czechoslovakia). England has the players to reclaim a major role, though the recent injury of its star forward Rooney reduces its prospects. In qualifying, Argentina won more games than any South American team, including Brazil. But its composure is not always equal to its talent. Italy looked overwhelming when defeating Germany a few months ago, unless it is held back by a developing scandal regarding refereeing. The German team has been a puzzle. It has an inventive new coach and passionate public support. But in the preliminary games, it had trouble against major opponents. This may be the year for an African team to emerge; their technical brilliance has so far been thwarted by lack of international experience. In the last World Cup, two Asian teams-Korea and Japan- showed great progress. This World Cup will reveal how much of this had been owed to the fact that the Cup was played before admiring home fans. And there is always Brazil, which will guarantee excited and exuberant fans. We will know the answer by July 9. In the meantime, 64 games in a month guarantee to slake the thirst for soccer of even the most frenetic fans-to the extent that their addiction to the game permits it. Myself included. Kicker OK?

Temma Ehrenfeld
Assistant Editor

Theresa,

Here’s our the end would read, after Bret’s edit:

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Please ask Dr. Kissinger if that’s acceptable to him.

Thanks,

Temma
Sir:

Following is the proof from *Newsweek*, one with my markings and one clean copy. After we get this back to them, they will have another proof, which we will have to return by noon tomorrow (Saturday).

Theresa

Ikenberry - management
Hi Theresa

Here's the piece, which has now been through the editors and which now fits. I notice that when I copy and paste into the body of this email I can't see any of the blue text — the cuts, the queries and responses, and such. Maybe you can, but if not, I've included a Word attachment that should show everything.

Fyi, Brett is at 212-445-5659, and I'm at 212-445-4419

Best,

Ray

\[ \text{Underlined} = \text{cut} \]
\[ \text{Circled} = \text{added} \]
\[ \text{[Bracketed]} = \text{notes/questions from editors} \]

\langle stk-3\rangle \text{Pele in 1970. Maradona in '86. Every four years, one player in soccer's World Cup makes history. Henry A. Kissinger-Nobel Peace Prize winner, former secretary of state, soccer fan-shares his golden moments before this year's June 9 kickoff.}\langle etk\rangle

World of wonder

By Henry A. Kissinger

On June 9, host country Germany will inaugurate a month of football frenzy by playing Costa Rica in the opening match of the 2006 soccer World Cup. For two weeks, there will be three matches a day as the 32 survivors of a global competition (involving more than 100 teams over a period of three years) are whittled down to 16. In eight groups of four, each team plays the others in its group. The top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round also lasting two weeks and culminating in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets at all hours of the day.

and night; millions will find ways to interrupt their work schedules to watch at least some of the 64 matches. National morale in winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition nears its end.

I will be one of those viewers and have arranged my schedule to accommodate its necessities. Most fans would find it difficult to describe what it is about soccer that so enthralled them. They would probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their favorite club team—a passion that, in America, is matched only by the most fanatical adherents of football teams.

I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany where soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wisc. Though playing with local amateurs, its team inexplicably won the German championship three times during my boyhood. I have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to admit, yet I still follow the fortunes of that team which, in the age of high-salary professionalism, has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically seems on the verge of rising to the top league but, as happened this year, always manages to fall just short—guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the lot of the soccer addict.

The emotions evoked by club teams are, compared to those inspired by the national team, like a raging stream compared to Niagara Falls. Club teams play at least once a week between August and June. National teams play only a fraction of that number. A year and a half dozen U.S. national team played 20 times this year, a year and for the highest prize, only once every four. There is no margin for error or for deferred passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated as if they have inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player who had contributed to the elimination of his team in the 1994 Cup by scoring on his own goal was assassinated when he returned home.

Manipulating a ball by foot along a 100-meter-long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Teams that concentrate on individual skills, like the Brazilians, astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategicaly oriented teams. Only the rarest players—like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup—are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past 11 opponents, one of whom (the goalie) is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zinedine Zidane of...
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Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic: when I first became a fan, the 10 field players were distributed as five forwards, three midfield players and two defenders. As a result, the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders-especially as the players, not as well conditioned as today, more or less stayed in their assigned positions. Since then, a radical change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two, and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of which the 4-4-2 system is among the most widely used. One of the most dramatic changes was the introduction of the "sweeper". One of the midfielders is usually assigned the role of "sweeper," cut because sweepers are defenders, not midfielders, and teams no longer have sweepers. Beckenbauer gave this role additional significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American football free safety on defense and like a football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing. The result was a kind of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, he had the additional task of reinforcing the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.

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While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and often single-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2-1 lead just before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.

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Manipulating a ball by foot along a 100-meter-long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Teams that concentrate on individual skills, like the Brazilians, astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically oriented teams. Only the rarest players—like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup—are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past 11 opponents, one of whom (the goalie) is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zinedine Zidane of Argentina.
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Sir:

The editor at Newsweek who is working on your piece called to say, in order to save time, he prefers to ask you the following questions in advance of sending the proof for approval (so that your responses can be incorporated beforehand). (Following is a single-spaced version of the piece as submitted so you have it to refer to.):

1) You say in the piece that you saw seven World Cup finals, but you only specifically mention 70, 74, 78, 82, 94 & 98. ('86 is mentioned only in a reference to Maradona):
   a) Was '86 one of the seven? If so, he asks you to clarify this.
   b) He asks that you insert a brief sentence explaining why you did not attend the '86 (if that is the case) & '90 final (in order to maintain the flow of the piece).

2) He is considering switching the order of the two paragraphs on the 1998 final & 1994 final so they appear in chronologic order and asks if this would be okay with you, should he decide to do so.

3) And finally, he would like you to insert a brief sentence about whether or not you plan to attend the final this year.

Thank you,

Theresa
ARTICLE

On June 9, host country Germany will inaugurate a month of football frenzy by playing Costa Rica in the opening match of the 2006 soccer World Cup. For two weeks there will be three matches a day, as the thirty-two survivors of a global competition involving more than a hundred teams over a period of three years are whittled down to sixteen. In eight groups of four, each team plays the others in its group. The top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round also lasting two weeks and culminating in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets at all hours of the day and night; millions will find ways to interrupt their work schedules to watch at least some of the sixty-four matches. National morale in winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition nears its end.

I will be one of those viewers and have arranged my schedule to accommodate its necessities. Most fans would find it difficult to describe what it is about soccer that so enthralls them. They would probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their favorite club team – a passion that, in America, is matched only by the most fanatical adherents of football teams.

I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany, where soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Though playing with local amateurs, its team inexplicably won the German championship three times during my boyhood. I have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to admit, yet I still follow the fortunes of that team which, in the age of high salary professionalism, has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically seems on the verge of rising to the top league but, as this year, always manages to fall just short – guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the lot of the soccer addict.

The emotions evoked by club teams are, to those inspired by the national team, like a raging stream compared to Niagara Falls. Club teams play at least once a week, between August and June. National teams play only a half-dozen games a year and, for the highest prize, only once every four years. There is no margin for error or for
deferred passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated as if they have inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player, who had contributed to the elimination of his team in the 1998 Cup by an own goal, was assassinated when he returned home.

Manipulating a ball by foot along a 100-meter long field into an opposing goal requires skills analogous to ballet. Especially teams that concentrate on individual skills – like the Brazilians – astonish with their virtuosity and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically-oriented teams.

Only the rarest players – like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup, are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past eleven opponents, one of whom – the goalie – is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane of France or Beckenbauer of Germany had the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seemed unimaginable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is a game of complicated simplicity.

Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic: When I first became a fan, the ten field players were distributed as five forwards, three midfield players, and two defenders. As a result, the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders – especially as the players, not as well conditioned as today, more or less stayed in their assigned positions. Since then, a radical change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two, and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of which the 4:4:2 system is among the most widely used. One of the midfielders is usually assigned the role of “sweeper,” charged with reinforcing the most threatened position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing. The result is a kind of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, he has the additional task of reinforcing the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.
The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense (in contrast to most other sports which, with the passage of time, have increased scoring). Teams – especially national teams – play first of all not to lose. Since the number of points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of succeeding is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached Greek team defeated a Portuguese team of probably superior individual players in the final for the 2004 European Cup, and a very disciplined German team overcame a marvelous team from the Netherlands in the World Cup of 1974.

I have attended seven World Cup finals. Each has produced a distinctive drama. My first exposure was in 1970 in Mexico City, and it introduced me to the exuberant style of Brazilian football. Led by the incomparable Pelé and an all-star cast of irrepressible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a very good Italian team by a score of 4:1. The Italian team scored first, which usually gives the so-called Azurris (because of their blue jerseys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy 4:3 in overtime (with five of the goals scored in the extra time) and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling.

While offense triumphed in 1970, an unintended shift of emphasis helped turn the tables in 1974 between the Netherlands and Germany in Munich. The Dutch team was elegant and offensive-minded, inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. A penalty kick gave it the lead in the first minute before a stunned crowd. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch team to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of protecting the lead. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2:1 lead just before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half against an increasingly frantic Dutch side.
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In 1982, it was the semifinals that provided the drama. In one, Germany defeated France in overtime after falling behind against a French team demoralized when its star attacker was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for another score. In the other, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that, under the rules of the period, was their admission ticket into the final and which was only minutes away.

The final in 1998 in Paris supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player Ronaldo was scratched from the public lineup an hour before the game and then reinserted without participating actively.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what the Giants-Colts football game of 1957 did by generating public interest in professional football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering.

Altogether, in the seven finals I watched, I saw Brazil, Germany and Italy three times each, the Netherlands and Argentina twice. The only other start went to France.

Will this elite be broadened in the World Cup about to begin? Not having seen most of the national teams, I dare not make a prediction. The United States plays in a very difficult initial group. To reach the elimination round, it would have to overcome two teams it has never beaten, Italy and the Czech Republic, both established soccer powers. England has the players to reclaim a major role,
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On June 9, host country Germany will inaugurate a month of football frenzy by playing Costa Rica in the opening match of the 2006 soccer World Cup. For two weeks, there will be three matches a day as the 32 survivors of a global competition (involving more than 100 teams over a period of three years) are whittled down to 16. In eight groups of four, each team plays the others in its group. The top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round also lasting two weeks and culminating in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets at all hours of the day and night; millions will find ways to interrupt their work schedules to watch at least some of the 64 matches. National morale in winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition nears its end.

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rising to the top league but, as this year, always manages to fall just short—guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the lot of the soccer addict.

The emotions evoked by club teams are, compared to those inspired by the national team, like a raging stream compared to Niagara Falls. Club teams play at least once a week, between August and June. National teams play only a half dozen U.S. national team played 20 times this year/are games a year and, for the highest prize, only once every four.

There is no margin for error or for deferred passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated as if they have inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player who had contributed to the elimination of his team in the 1994 World Cup by scoring on his own goal was assassinated/murdered. Latest news suggests his death may have been unrelated to Cup/bbe when he returned home.

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intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane of France or Beckenbauer of Germany had the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seemed unimaginable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is a game of complicated simplicity.

Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic. When I first became a fan, the 10 field players were distributed as five forwards, three midfield players and two defenders. As a result, the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders—especially as the players, not as well conditioned as today, more or less stayed in their assigned positions. Since then a radical change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two, and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of which the 4:4:2 system is among the most widely used. One of the midfielders is usually assigned the role of "sweeper," charged with reinforcing the most threatened position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing. The result is a kind of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, he has the additional task of reinforcing the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.

The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense (in contrast to most other sports which, with the passage of time, have increased scor-
ing). Teams—especially national teams—play first of all not to lose. Since the number of points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of succeeding is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached Greek team defeated a Portuguese team of probably superior individual players in the final for the 2004 European Football Championships, Cup, and a very disciplined German team overcame a marvelous team from the Netherlands in the World Cup of 1974.

I have attended seven World Cup finals, and I have firm plans to attend one of the semi-finals and the final in Berlin this year. Each has produced a distinctive drama. My first exposure was in 1970 in Mexico City, and it introduced me to the exuberant style of Brazilian football. Led by the incomparable Pelé and an all-star cast of irrepressible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a very good Italian team by a score of 4-1. Pelé scored first, then the Italians responded. This should have given the so-called Azurris (because of their blue jerseys) an opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation with which it had entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from a brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy 4-3 in overtime (with five of the goals scored in the extra time) and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder,
completed the game with his arm in a sling.

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attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the recklessness of the Brazilians, who played to win, not satisfied with the tie that, under the rules of the period, was their admission ticket into the final and which was only minutes away.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994 World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. (I regretted not being able to attend the '86 final due to other obligations I had at the time; in 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, I witnessed a systematic German team overcome an Argentine side that substituted toughness for its usual dexterity, and which, Germany reached the final when its goalkeeper saved a penalty shot primarily because of the uncanny ability of its goalkeeper to parry penalty shots. )

As honorary chairman of the American organizing committee, I had hoped for a high-scoring match that might do for American soccer what the Giants-Colts football game of 1958 did by generating public interest in professional football. Unfortunately, the game was decided in a penalty shootout after 120 minutes of scoreless tactical maneuvering.

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Sir:

The editor from Newsweek said to let you know they won’t have the proof until tomorrow. Apparently he doesn’t have the layout of the space into which the piece will be printed yet.

I conveyed the changes we discussed to him, and he was more than satisfied.

I will get the proof off to you as soon as I have it.

Theresa
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Only the rarest players – like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup, are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past eleven opponents, one of whom – the goalie – is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane of France or Beckenbauer of Germany had the uncanny skill of
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Theresa,

Please tell Henry that Fareed passed along his piece for me to read, and that I think it's terrific and will also plan to run it in our domestic edition. Please also tell him that we're looking forward to his doing occasional taped commentary during the World Cup for our Web site and that editors from Newsweek.com will be in touch to discuss logistics.

Regards,

Mark Whitaker
ARTICLE

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Only the rarest players – like Maradona for Argentina, dribbling past four or five English players in the 1986 World Cup, are able to score by essentially solitary efforts. Typically, games are won by team efforts. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual focus with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past eleven opponents, one of whom – the goalie – is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of geometry in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane of France or Beckenbauer of Germany had the uncanny skill of
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The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense (in contrast to most other sports which, with the passage of time, have increased scoring). Teams—especially national teams—play first of all not to lose. Since the number of points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of succeeding is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached Greek team defeated a Portuguese team of probably superior individual players in the final for the 2004 European Cup, and a very disciplined German team overcame a marvelous team from the Netherlands in the World Cup of 1974.
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The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2:1 lead just before halftime, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half, against an increasingly frenzied Dutch note.

In 1978, the Netherlands found itself once more in a final before a rabid hometown crowd in Buenos Aires. In a game of wild
fluctuation in the last minute the Dutch faced an Argentine team playing with Brazilian flair and European killer instinct. But as four years earlier, the Dutch could not stay the course and lost in overtime.

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rules of the period, was their admission ticket it into the final and which was only minutes away. 

The final in 1998 supplied a mystery. An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic. Its star player Ronaldo was scratched from the public lineup an hour before the game and then reinserted without playing any role in the final.

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Will this elite be broadened in the World Cup about to begin?

Not having seen most of the national teams, I dare not make a

prediction. I expect England to reclaim a major role, though the

recent injury of its star player Rooney reduces its prospects. Italy,

in qualifying, Argentina won the few more games than any South American,

looked overwhelming when defeating Germany a few months ago,

unless it is held back by a developing scandal regarding refereeing.

The German team has been a puzzle. It has an inventive new coach

and passionate public support. But in the preliminary games, it had

trouble against major opponents. This may be the year for an African

team to emerge; their technical brilliance has so far been thwarted by

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excitement and exuberant fans. We will know the answer by July 9.

In the meantime, sixty-four games in a month guarantee to slake the
thirst for football of even the most frenetic fans – to the extent that
their addiction to the game permits it.
Sir:

I noticed that on the bottom of p. 1 you refer to 63 matches, but then on the last page, you say 64. (I was not certain which is correct and therefore did not make a change.)

As you requested, I did check the internet for the score of the 1970 final between Brazil and Italy, and it was indeed 4:1.

Since you did not want it printed at the top, just as a reference, the word count for this draft (#3) is 1834.

Theresa
ARTICLE

On June 9, host country Germany will inaugurate a month of football frenzy by playing Costa Rica in the opening match of the 2006 soccer World Cup. For two weeks there will be three matches a day, as the thirty-two survivors of a global competition involving more than a hundred teams over a period of three years are whittled down to sixteen. In eight groups of four, each team plays the others in its group. The top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round also lasting two weeks and culminating in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets at all hours of the day and night; millions will find ways to interrupt their work schedules to watch at least some of the sixty-three matches.
National morale in winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition nears its end.

I will be one of those viewers and have arranged my schedule to accommodate its necessities. Most fans would find it difficult to describe what it is about soccer that so enthralls them. They would probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their favorite club team – a passion that, in America, is matched only by the most fanatical adherents of football teams.

I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany, where soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Though playing with local amateurs, its team inexplicably won the German championship three times during my boyhood. I have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to admit, yet I still follow the fortunes of that team which, in the age of high salary professionalism, has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth
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hard times in the age of high salary professionalism has been relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically strives to emerge from this condition but always manages to fall just short of the third place in the standings, which would enable it to advance—thereby guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the lot of the soccer addict.

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For fans who go beyond the frenzy evoked by eleven men on each side seeking to maneuver a ball along a 100-meter long field into an opposing goal, discover additional mysteries of the game. For one thing, manipulating a ball by foot for prolonged distances requires skills analogous to ballet. Especially teams that concentrate on this aspect of the game—like the Brazilians—astonish with their versatility and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically-oriented teams.

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and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to the defense, of which, for illustrative purposes, the 4:4:2 system is among the most widely used. As a practical matter, one of the midfielders is usually assigned the role of libero that is to act as a "sweeper" in defense, charged with reinforcing the most threatened position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing.

The result is whatever the formation, the speed of modern soccer produces a kind of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, his task is to reinforce the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.

The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense (in contrast to most other sports which, with the passage of time, have increased
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The Italian team scored first, which usually gives the so-called Azurris (because of their blue jerseys) opportunity to apply their Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors by a give-no-quarter defense. But Brazil did not play by the book. It abandoned whatever theoretical formation it entered the game and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian team into the ground. Brazilian panache was aided no little by the high altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders already exhausted from the brutal semifinal between Italy and Germany. This match was won by Italy in overtime and was so rough that Beckenbauer, having dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling.

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by near-civil war conditions and brutal official repression. For forty-eight hours after the Argentine victory, Buenos Aires celebrated with such tumultuous abandon as to hide for a brief moment the bitterness of dividing the national crisis.

In other finals, I saw Italy beat Germany in Madrid in 1982. In the semifinals that preceded the drama, the semifinals that led up to it, the Italian team that had been lethargic in the early group matches emerged as dominant in the finals. The two semifinals that belonged to the most dramatic in World Cup history. In one, Germany falling behind defeated France in overtime after making up a two-goal deficit, against something cognoscenti would declare impossible. The French team had been demoralized when its star attacker was flattened by the German goalie as he was heading for a score. In the other, Italy overcame the most attractively playing of all Brazilian teams by one of its deadly counterattacks, exploiting the enthusiasm of the forward-
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In 1990, in a very tactical defensive game, a systematic German
team overcame a hard-boiled and uninspired Argentine side. In 1998,
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An elegant French team defeated a Brazilian squad which, after a
brilliant semifinal victory over the Netherlands, turned inexplicably
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The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994
World Cup at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. As honorary chairman of the
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Not having seen most of the national teams, I dare not make a prediction. I expect England to reclaim its major role, though the recent injury of its star player Rooney reduces its prospects. Italy looked overwhelming when defeating Germany a few months ago, unless it is held back by a developing scandal regarding refereeing. This may be the year for an African team to emerge; their technical brilliance has so far been thwarted by lack of experience. In the last World Cup, two Asian teams – Korea and Japan – showed great progress. This World Cup will reveal how much of this had been owed to the fact that the
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And there is always Brazil, which will guarantee excitement and fans aiming for happiness rather than endurance. We will know the answer by July 9. In the meantime, sixty-four games guarantee to stake the thirst for football of even the most frenetic fans — to the extent that their addiction to the game permits it.
Sir:

Tony Day read the article and said he loved it, as he always does your soccer columns. He had no line edits to speak of, but he thought the last three pages needed tightening as they struck him as a bit repetitive of earlier material. He said he would be available to review further drafts if you need him to.
On June 9, host country Germany will open the competition for the 2006 soccer World Cup by playing Costa Rica, inaugurating a month of football frenzy. For the first two weeks, there will be three matches a day, as the thirty-two survivors of a global competition involving more than a hundred teams over a period of three years are whittled down to sixteen. Playing in eight groups of four, the top two teams of each group advance to a sudden-death round, culminating, after some sixty-two matches, in the final on July 9 in Berlin. Thus each team is guaranteed a minimum of three games, and the ultimate winner must prevail in seven games over the course of a month.

Billions around the world will be glued to their television sets; this means early morning hours in Asia for the evening games. Millions will
find ways to interrupt their work schedules. The national morale in
winners and losers will be affected, particularly as the competition
nears its end.

I will be one of those viewers and have arranged my schedule to
accommodate its necessities. Most fans would find it difficult to
describe what it is about soccer that so enthralls them. They would
probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their favorite
club team – a passion that, in America, is matched only by the most
fanatical adherents of football teams.

I grew up in Fuerth, a little town in southern Germany, where
soccer had the status of football in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Soccer in
the 1920s and 1930s was played by amateurs, and it happened that
Fuerth [had] won the German championship three times in a decade.
I have not lived in Germany for decades – many more than I care to
admit – yet I still follow the fortunes of that club, which has fallen on
hard times in the age of high salary professionalism and has been
relegated to the second division. Fuerth periodically strives to emerge
from this condition but always manages to fall just short of the third
place in the standings, which would enable it to advance – thereby
guaranteeing the mixture of misery and hope that is the lot of the
soccer addict.

The emotions evoked by club teams are, to those inspired by the
national team, like a tranquil stream compared to Niagara Falls. Club
teams play weekly between August and June. National teams play
only a half-dozen games a year and, for the highest prize, only once
every four years. There is no margin for error or for deferred
passions. Victors are heroes; losers are treated occasionally as if they
[have] inflicted a personal insult. A Colombian player, who had
contributed to the elimination of his team in [the] 1998 Cup, was
assassinated when he returned home.
For fans who go beyond the frenzy evoked by eleven men on each side seeking to maneuver a ball along a 100-meter long field into an opposing goal discover additional mysteries of the game. For one thing, manipulating a ball by foot for prolonged distances requires skills analogous to ballet. Especially teams that concentrate on this aspect of the game – like the Brazilians – astonish with their versatility and abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their individual artistry that they forget to score goals and are overcome by more single-minded, strategically-oriented teams.

Only the rarest players – Pelé for Brazil, Maradona for Argentina, Platini for France – scored goals by essentially solitary efforts.

Typically it is teams, not players, which win games. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual form with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the riddle of how, with each side moving at high speed, to get a ball past eleven
opponents, one of whom – the goalie – is permitted to use his hands
to intercept the ball. This turns the game into a kind of mathematical
equation in finding uncovered open spaces from which to launch an
unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane of
France or Beckenbauer [of Germany] had the uncanny skill of
distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seemed
inconceivable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at
its highest level is thus a game of complicated simplicity.

Over the decades, the game has become increasingly strategic:

When I first became a fan, the ten field players were distributed as
five attackers, three midfield players, and two defenders. As a result,
the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders – especially as the
players were not as well conditioned as today, so they more or less
stayed in their assigned positions on the field. Since then, a radical
change in deployment has taken place. Forwards rarely exceed two,
and the remaining players are deployed in various ways available to
the defense, of which, for illustrative purposes, the 4:4:2 system is
among the most widely used. As a practical matter, one of the
midfielders is usually assigned the role of libero that is to act as a
"sweeper" in defense, charged with reinforcing the most threatened
position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional
significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American
football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing.
Whatever the formation, the speed of modern soccer produces a kind
of total football: whatever the assigned position of the player, his task
is to reinforce the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on
the situation.

The practical consequence is that goals are harder and harder to
come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense (in contrast
to most other sports which, with the passage of time, have increased
scoring). Teams – especially national teams – play first of all not to lose and rarely launch all-out attacks unless, of course, they find themselves significantly behind. Since the number of points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of leading to a goal is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached Greek team defeated a Portuguese team of probably superior individual players in the 2004 European Cup, and a very disciplined German team overcame a marvelous team from the Netherlands in the World Cup of 1974. I have attended seven of the last nine World Cup finals and never cease to be mesmerized by [the] different approaches [of the teams competing].

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accommodate its necessities. Most viewers would find it difficult to
describe what it is about the game that so enthralls the world. They
would probably identify it with their passionate adherence to their
favorite team – a passion that, in America, is shared only by the
fanatical adherence of major college football teams.

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soccer had the status of football in Green Bay. Soccer in the 1920s
and 1930s was played by amateurs, and it happened that Fuerth won
the German championship there [for the first] time in a decade. I
have not lived in Germany for many more decades than I care to
admit, but I still follow the fortunes of that club, which has fallen on
hard times in the age of high salaries and has been relegated to the second division. It makes periodic efforts to emerge from this condition but always manages to fall just short of the third place in the standings, which would enable it to advance — thereby guaranteeing the continuation of misery and hope that sustains the typical football fan. (This is true even of Brazilian fans, whose national team wins every third World Cup — a higher number than any other nation — but not satisfactory to its irrepressible and buoyant fans.)

But those fans who go beyond the frenzy evoked by eleven men on each side maneuvering a ball along a 100-meter long field into an opposing goal (see additional mysteries of the game, reveal themselves. For one thing, manipulating a ball by foot for prolonged distances requires an activity analogous to ballet. Especially teams that concentrate on this aspect of the game — like the Brazilians and many South American teams — astonish one with their versatility and
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abandon. On the other hand, they sometimes are so infatuated by their artistry that they forget that the purpose of the game is to score goals, and they are sometimes overcome by more elementary and tactically-oriented teams.

This is because only the rarest players – Pelé for Brazil, Maradona for Argentina, Platini for France – can score goals by essentially solitary efforts. For almost all other circumstances, it is teams, not players, which win games. The seductive quality of soccer resides in the almost intellectual penetration with which the best teams move the ball down the field to solve the challenge, which seems so simple but is prone to turn into a riddle: how to get a ball past eleven opponents, with each side moving at high speed, one of whom – the goalie – is permitted to use his hands to intercept the ball. This turns the game into an exercise like a mathematical equation, an ability to find uncovered open space, leading to a position from which
to launch an unimpeded shot on the goal. The great field generals like Zidane or Beckenbauer had the uncanny skill of distributing the ball among their teammates in a manner that seemed inconceivable in the abstract and self-evident in execution. Soccer at its highest level is thus a game of complicated simplicity.

Over the decades the game has become increasingly strategic: When I first became a fan, the ten field players were distributed as five attackers, three midfield players, and two defenders. As a result the attackers usually outnumbered the defenders – especially as the players were not as well conditioned as today, so they more or less stayed in their assigned positions on the field. Since then a radical change in deployment has taken place. It started with the center-midfielder becoming in effect a third defender and one of the forwards taking his place at midfield. By now it has evolved into reducing the forwards to two and deploying the remaining players in various ways, including in defense.
of which, for illustrative purposes, the 4:4:2 system is among the most widely used. As a practical matter one of the midfielders is usually assigned the role of libero that is to act as a "sweeper" in defense, charged with reinforcing the most threatened position on the field. Beckenbauer gave this role an additional significance by acting as a sweeper on defense and like an American football quarterback in directing the attack with his subtle passing. Whatever the formation, the speed of modern soccer and the conditioning of the players lead to a kind of total football, which means that, whatever the assigned position of the player, his task is to reinforce the center of gravity, attack or defense, depending on the situation.

The practical consequence is that goals are much harder to come by and that defense tends to dominate over offense, at least compared with the past. With the passage of time, teams have learned to play first of all not to lose and rarely launch all-out attacks.
unless, of course, they find themselves behind. Since the number of
points on the field from which a shot on goal has a prospect of leading
to a goal is finite, a disciplined defense can occasionally thwart a
technically superior team. Thus a superbly coached Greek team
defeated a Portuguese team of probably superior individual players in
the 2004 European Cup, and a very disciplined German team
overcame a marvelous team from the Netherlands in the World Cup of
1974. Similarly, almost every Italian national team over the decades
has relied on its tenacious defense to wear down the opponent. These
theoretical aspects can be illustrated by looking at the finals of the
World Cup over the last twenty-five years. I have attended seven of
World Cup finals
the last nine and never cease to be mesmerized by their different
characteristics.

My first exposure to the exuberant all-or-nothing style of
Brazilian football was in 1970, led by the incomparable Pelé and an
all-star cast of irrepressible virtuosos, the Brazilians overwhelmed a
very good Italian team by a score of 4:1. The Italian team scored
first, which usually in continental football gives the opportunity to
apply its Machiavellian skill in frustrating the opponent into rash errors
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abandoned whatever theoretical formation it entered the game with
and threw every player into a wild offense, literally running the Italian
team into the ground. That was aided no little by the high
altitude of Mexico City, which wore down the defenders in the brutal
semifinal between Italy and Germany. It was won by the Germans
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dislocated his shoulder, completed the game with his arm in a sling.

While offense triumphed in 1970, a psychological shift helped
turn the tables in 1974 in the game between the Netherlands and
Germany. The Dutch team was elegant and offensive-minded,
inspired by one of the all-time greats, Johan Cruyff. It had defeated Brazil in the semifinal by the complexity of its maneuver rather than individual virtuosity. In the final it was awarded a penalty kick in the first minute, giving it a 1:0 lead. It proved a poisoned chalice. For it tempted the Dutch to abandon its finely tuned offense in favor of an Italian-style defense. The Germans, led by Beckenbauer, thereupon threw everything into an all-out attack, reinforced by a frenzied home public. This led to a 2:1 lead, which Germany defended tenaciously through the second half.

In 1978, the Netherlands found itself once more in a final before a rabid hometown crowd. In an extraordinary game, the Dutch tied an Argentine team playing with Brazilian flair and European killer instinct in the last minute. But as four years earlier, they could not stay the course and lost in the overtime to the home team, providing a demonstration of the healing power of soccer. Argentina was wracked
by near-civil war conditions and brutal repression so that official

guests had to move with armed escorts. But for forty-eight hours

after the Argentine victory, Buenos Aires celebrated with such

tumultuous abandon as to observe for a brief moment the bitterness of

the national team's win.

In the remaining finals, I saw Italy beat Germany in Madrid in

1982. An Italian team that had been lethargic in the early group

matches emerged as dominant in the finals. In 1990, in an uninspired

game a systematic German team overcame a hard-boiled and

uninspired Argentine side. In 1998, an elegant French team overcame

a Brazilian squad which, after a brilliant semifinal victory over the

Netherlands, turned inexplicably lethargic—its most disappointing performance.

The most disappointing match for me was the final of the 1994

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