

Volume 1 Issue 2

June 6, 2010

WHIP

VOICES FROM THE SHED



SAW



## -World Cup Spectacular-

-Ian Joy Interview- Football in Africa-

-Antifa Ultras-The North End Derby-Board Games-



Welcome to the second edition of the Whipsaw. Thanks to everyone who's contributed to this World Cup special. We've got some great content, including an interview with Timbers Captain Ian Joy recollections of World Cups past, and 107ist news. We'll be offering up a free copy of issue 3, out August 26<sup>th</sup> at the Austin match to the first person who submits a successfully filled out crossword. Simply scan your crossword and email to [whipsaw@timbersarmy.org](mailto:whipsaw@timbersarmy.org) as a pdf or jpeg, and we'll comp you issue three. I've endeavored to make this crossword more current than the last one.

So keep reading as we walk down a memory lane of World Cups past, visit a match in the war torn Congo, fight racism with the Portland Lions Ultras and Show Racism the Red Card campaign, sit down for a chat with Ian Joy, and read a book with Bickle.

But first to the letter box:

Abe,

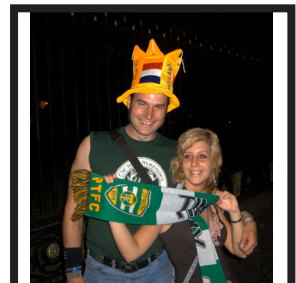
Just read Volume 1 Issue 1. Have to say, I like your writing about football even more than your writing about beer. However, I have to vehemently disagree with something on page 3. To wit, "I'd especially like help with the layout, as you can see my skills in that department are rather limited." BULLSHIT! You clean up this 'zine visually into some high falutin' internet aged tripe and I MAY not read another issue. I say it's perfect and honest as is. Van Havig, SE Portland

*Thanks Van, and point taken. Though I have graduated from Pagemaker to InDesign for this issue my lack of mastery of the programme will insure amateurish punky layout for many issues to come.*

And a poetry submission from one of our own, whose work has forced him to move North to the much despised home of the Flounders.

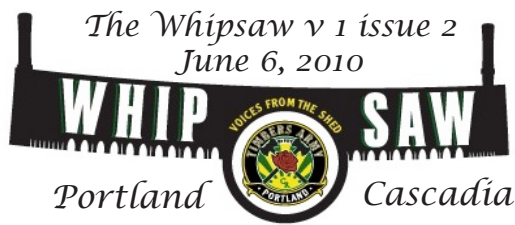
## Rose City Til I Die By Corey Blodgett

Squawking gulls outside  
My Flounderland exile.  
To keep some sanity:  
Thelonius on the stereo  
and songs from the Shed.



Ahh the World Cup, silly hats and swapping scarves your humble editor in Berlin in 2006 with a Dutch fan

*The Whipsaw v 1 issue 2*  
*June 6, 2010*



*Portland*      *Cascadia*  
*Oregon*

Cover- *World Cup 2006 Photos by Shedbhoy and Lendog, Derby Photo Tara Sims*

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The Whipsaw is a publication of the Timbers Army/ 107 Independent Supporters Trust. It is Edited by Abram Goldman-Armstrong aka Shedbhoy. You can order more copies of the Whipsaw from the Timbers Army Store at [www.timbersarmy.org](http://www.timbersarmy.org) or pick them up at the Timbers Army trailer at a match. Failing that they are sold at Reading Frenzy in downtown Portland. The Whipsaw is a quarterly publication and welcomes contributions on the Timbers, supporters culture, and football. Contact Abram at [whipsaw@timbersarmy.org](mailto:whipsaw@timbersarmy.org) to enquire about advertising. Send your fanmail, hatemail, poems, photos from games, articles, drawings, etc. to [whipsaw@timbersarmy.org](mailto:whipsaw@timbersarmy.org) The deadline for issue 3 is August 10.

Correction: Many apologies to Steven Lenhart for spelling both his first and last name wrong in the last issue. (I should know that Nevets backwards is not Stephen.)

# World Cup '94

*By Clifford Eiffler-Rodriguez*

The world came to visit. They were in my house, playing their game and I remember one could not escape the fever that gripped the country as we watched our boys take on giants. A groundbreaking event as far as the United States is concerned, finally being able to host the World Cup; and because of that I got to watch my very first games of football through the magic of television.

The hours I spent in front of our set watching games that showed the stifling attack of the Swedes, Cobi Jones' dreads bouncing up and down as he sliced his way down the field, and the heartbreak experienced by Italy who's fate lay upon the foot of Il Divin Cordino all served as the world's game to a kid born and raised on America's pastime and nurtured by the brutality of the gridiron.

With only a controller and a rental copy of FIFA World Cup '94 to sustain the fervor between games this moment in time served as a turning point that would affect not only the sports I follow but the very profession I now occupy and even what I choose to do with my free time.

In a very real way the World Cup changed my life.

The ritual of making time to watch as the world took a moment to celebrate its sport would continue for many years following '94 World Cup. And there I was, following because I knew I had found the game I could love. Though I didn't have the foggiest idea about the history of the sport, strategies, or allegiances, it wasn't long before I tried to navigate the

world of football hoping to finally be able to see the elite footballers in their natural habitat instead on parade as World Cups so often do. Because if there was there was anything I understood it was the passion, which served as a calling card for what I could see on the pitch during Champion's Leagues finals, the occasion MLS game, even playing on an intramural team. Each contest serving as an invitation to come back and partake of the glory of the game. This time served as the formal education of a supporter and the deeper I went the realization dawned that this game doesn't need fans; it needs disciples.

I've have since found my way to the places I need to be to refill my tank with the fire for this beloved game. Whether informing it's opposing players that there is "no pity in the Rose City" or teaching toddlers to kick a ball in the goal, I look back with fondness to a time when one summer the world came and shared with a generation the magic of the "beautiful game".



*American and Italian fans in Germany 2006, Photo: Lendog*

## *An open letter to the Stars and Stripes:*



*US Fans at the 2006 World Cup in Gelsenkirchen. photo: Shedbhoj*

Dear US National Soccer,

My name is Barry Biechner and I live in Portland, Oregon. I am writing you this letter because I am in trouble. Last week, I got caught up in World Cup fever, and promised I would move to the country that wins the World Cup in South Africa this summer. I plan to live in that country for at least one year starting Jan 1st, 2011. I started a blog entitled World Cup 2010- Where will I live? Check it out at- [barrysnewhome.blogspot.com](http://barrysnewhome.blogspot.com)- In it I claim this decision was based on my disappointment with the state of US Soccer and a desire to live, finally, in a country rich in soccer talent and history.

I owe you an apology.

I love you. I support you fully. Last year you beat Spain! Spain! You we're up 2-0 to Brazil in the final of a major international tournament at halftime! Yes! You ended up losing, but chin up kiddo, you done good. And we are proud of you.

Also, I like my town. Portland, Oregon is the secret jewel of America. It's simply incredible. Furthermore, our local soccer club, The Portland Timbers, is getting promoted to full MLS status next year. The Timbers faithful, THE TIMBERS ARMY, are the rowdiest, proudest, drunkest fans on the continent and worthy of an MLS team. I don't want to miss that. I can't miss that. I need to shout obscenities at David Beckham and Landon Donovan. I NEED to (sorry, Donovan, I love you on the national side but I am a Portlander and hate all things Los Angeles).

So here's what you're gonna do. You are going buck up, play to your potential, attack, and win this f@\*king tournament. We need you. US Soccer needs you. I need you. Keep me home, US Soccer, keep me home.

See, I have already run my mouth too much. There's already been an article on Willamette Week's website and by the time you read this I will have appeared live on a British television sports show explaining this insane plan. It's gone too far US Soccer, I can't back down now. I need your help. You can do this.

Peace and Victory,

Barry Biechner

# The 1998 World Cup

*By Shedbhoy*

## **Ireland: No French Holiday**

The year of 1997-1998 I was living in Cork City, studying in University College Cork. Cork City AFC won the league in two hard fought finals in Dublin (the first had resulted in a draw, so there had been a replay, if a second draw (which damn near happened) had taken place the replay would have been in Cork. (For which I secretly hoped, having been unable to make the Dublin trips, instead glued to the tiny TV in my flat with notes and books on microlithic artifacts and ancient Irish monks spread about me due to final exams). Ireland had been knocked out of the World Cup in the playoff round in two disappointing matches against the Belgians. The first matchup I watched jammed into tiny pub in the Temple Bar in Dublin with locals who warned me against going to the pub I was headed to to see a show later (In fairness a girl was mugged at syringe point outside of it while the show was going on). The final leg I split between two student pubs in Cork, I somehow thought by changing venues at half time in the soggy Corkonian night I might help the Irish team find some shred of inspiration. Alas it was not to be.

By the time the World Cup tournament started, I had finished up at UCC said a fond and drunken farewell to all my friends at Rumpelstiltskins pub, and was traveling around Ireland, Scotland, England and Belgium with my family.

## **Brussels: Viva La Republica Mexicana**

In Brussels, the energy and excitement

that is the World Cup could be clearly felt emanating over the French border. There was a buzz in the air, as my brother and I went to the local Flemish speaking cafes to watch the matches, drinking witbier, and beautiful Trappist ales. Quite the treat for my 17-year old brother, and hugely exciting for me, as a 20 year old homebrewer and burgeoning beer geek. The smoky pub could have been something from a Dutch masters painting with the exception of the fact that all eyes were glued to the tiny TV in the corner, flickering away. It was one of those timeless places, a local; generations of men from the same families bantering away to each other down the years. My few Dutch phrases (thanks to Ralf, my Dutch flat mate in Cork) won us instant acceptance. (A note to other visitors to Belgium- such is not the case in French-speaking establishments, you will be shunned. The city is very divided culturally, the Dutch friends of the family with whom we stayed expressed frustration about always having to speak French, as Flemish/Dutch is seen as lower class).

The next day we went to visit the famous Manneken Pis, the bronze statue of a pissing boy dating to 1619, a famed Brussels landmark. The keepers of the statue are outfitting him in a Belgian national team kit in anticipation of Belgium's matchup against Mexico later that day. My brother Eli and I were excited for the match too, and looked for large Mexican flags to wear about the town. (I traditionally supported Mexico, due in part to a huge admiration for goalkeeper Jorge Campos). The match

is to be shown in the Grand Place in the heart of town, and I want to be there to represent Mexico. The excitement of being the opposition in a sea of Belgians is huge, but sadly our hosts convince us to come back to their house where we can watch the match in English on the BBC. I still remember wistfully descending the stairs into the tube station to head back to their house and catching the eye of a gorgeous blue-haired punk girl with a giant German Shepard dog, a group of friends and a crate of beer heading up out of the station. I wanted desperately to be free of the shackles of the “family vacation,” and go watch the match with them. On the plus side Mexico executed a brilliant comeback from being down 2-0, to draw against the Belgians.

### **England: Elimination time in Kent**

In a small town in the hop-growing region in the South of England, drinking pints of Flowers bitter, there is something of timeless sleepiness. Maybe it’s the hops, maybe it’s the fact that some of the buildings in the town had been built before Columbus brought European colonial exploits to the Americas. It doesn’t quite seem the sort of place for any kind of excitement. But it was in this setting in a dark low-slung pub that my brother Eli and I were watching the Brazil-Norway game with the locals, the soporific air of English country life continuing on as it had for centuries pervaded despite the match. I really wanted to see the Scotland match, so it was back at our digs, a guesthouse built in the 1400’s that Eli and I watched the double heartbreak of the Scotland-Morocco match. The Scots

were utterly crushed, defeated three-nil by Morocco, and the Moroccans would advance, as long as Brazil, the defending World Champion and heavy favorite, beat Norway. The match ended, the Scots were in tears, and never has there been so much tension in a stadium after play has ended, as all ears strained to the PA for two minutes as the Brazil-Norway match played out in a stadium across France. Eventually the announcement came, Norway had done the unthinkable and won 2-1, dashing the hopes of the Moroccans. They soon joined the Scots in tearful realization that their World Cup campaign was over, and they were going home. So much had hung on this Moroccan team who had never before advanced so far in the tournament, and after such a handy defeat of a traditional European stalwart it seemed so unfair. Even as an ardent Scotland supporter, it was the Moroccans for whom my heart really broke that night.

### **The Final: Back in the Green-Portland style**

By the time the final was on I was back in Oregon, watching it at the house off 20<sup>th</sup> and East Burnside, where I rented a room. I was supporting Brazil, partially out of obstinate Western Hemisphere pride, partially in respect for the Cork City chant “it’s just like watching Brazil.”

It was that crushing defeat of Brazil at the hands of the French that welcomed me back to football-starved life in America. Who knew that eight years later I’d be standing in a crowd of a million people in Berlin hoping against hope that the French would prevail against the Italians.

# Shedbhoj's Guide to Vancouver Away

Vancouver Away has been one of my favorite away trips since the 2001 season. I go to Vancouver 6-8 times a year for business anyhow, so I know the town well, but Vancouver Away with the Timbers Army is always better than my visits for beer events.

One of my favorite Vancouver Away trips was in 2002. That year the second Vancouver Away match fell during the World Cup. This has got to be one of the best Vancouver trips ever.

Vancouver has a large international population, much of which is centered around Commercial Drive (an area similar to SE Portland, imagine Hawthorne 10 years ago before the gentrification). This translates to a fantastic atmosphere in which to watch the World Cup. The trip started off meeting Jason at a coffee shop on Hawthorne, the morning after the Timbers beat the Whitecaps 3-1 at home, girding hangovers with coffee and the Business on the stereo as we headed north. There was some border trouble as we went to a small border checkpoint, and I had to clear customs with Northwest Brewing News Papers and a check from my boss's Canadian bank, but eventually they let us in. We then proceeded to visit a few local breweries, and it was off to the match.

We were the only members of the Shed to make the trek, amid 4,035 Whitecaps fans. Before the match a member of Vancouver's large Portuguese population offered a prayer for the national team, which was playing Poland in the World Cup that evening on the other side of the Pacific. We sang and urged on the boys in green and white hoops for the full 90 minutes, with no score and into that vile A-League tradition called sudden-death-overtime. Eventually Vancouver got one past Matt Napoleon. We yelled bullshit, and Jason challenged the entire Southside, and it was off for a night in Vancouver. The match was over, but the night was just beginning, as we headed for Commercial Drive. There at 2.30 in the morning we experienced the best scene ever, watching the US draw Korea, in a tiny Italian soccer café. Then came the match the street had been waiting for; Portugal slaughtering Poland 4-0. Commercial Drive is lined with

Italian and Portuguese soccer cafes, and the scene was epic. We tried to convince the guys at the Ethiopian restaurant to let us watch the match with them (and drink their Tej, a disturbingly brilliant green colored mead), but they said it was a private party, and on we went to another soccer café. The buzz in the street was phenomenal, as people waved Portugal flags and honked their horns in the pre-dawn air. Vancouver Away. Love it.

## **Where to have a pint before the match:**

The Railway Club, Seymour and Dunsmuir Streets, upstairs. This classic pub was once a private club for railway workers, and boasts one of the city's best tap selections of BC beers, try the Crannóg Backhand of God Stout, or the Big Kettle ESB brewed for the pub by Central City Brewing in Surrey. Located just next to the Granville Skytrain Station.

**Near the Park:** Jaguars is located just west of the stadium in a motel. It's a motel bar, and we'll leave it at that. Food is reasonably priced and reasonably crappy.

## **Getting Around:**

The Skytrain is the best means of transit. Take the Millennium (yellow) or Expo (blue) lines to Patterson station for Swangard Stadium, then follow the trail through the park back towards downtown.

Vancouver also has a good bus system, but it takes a little more figuring out. Cabs in Vancouver are expensive, just like in Portland.

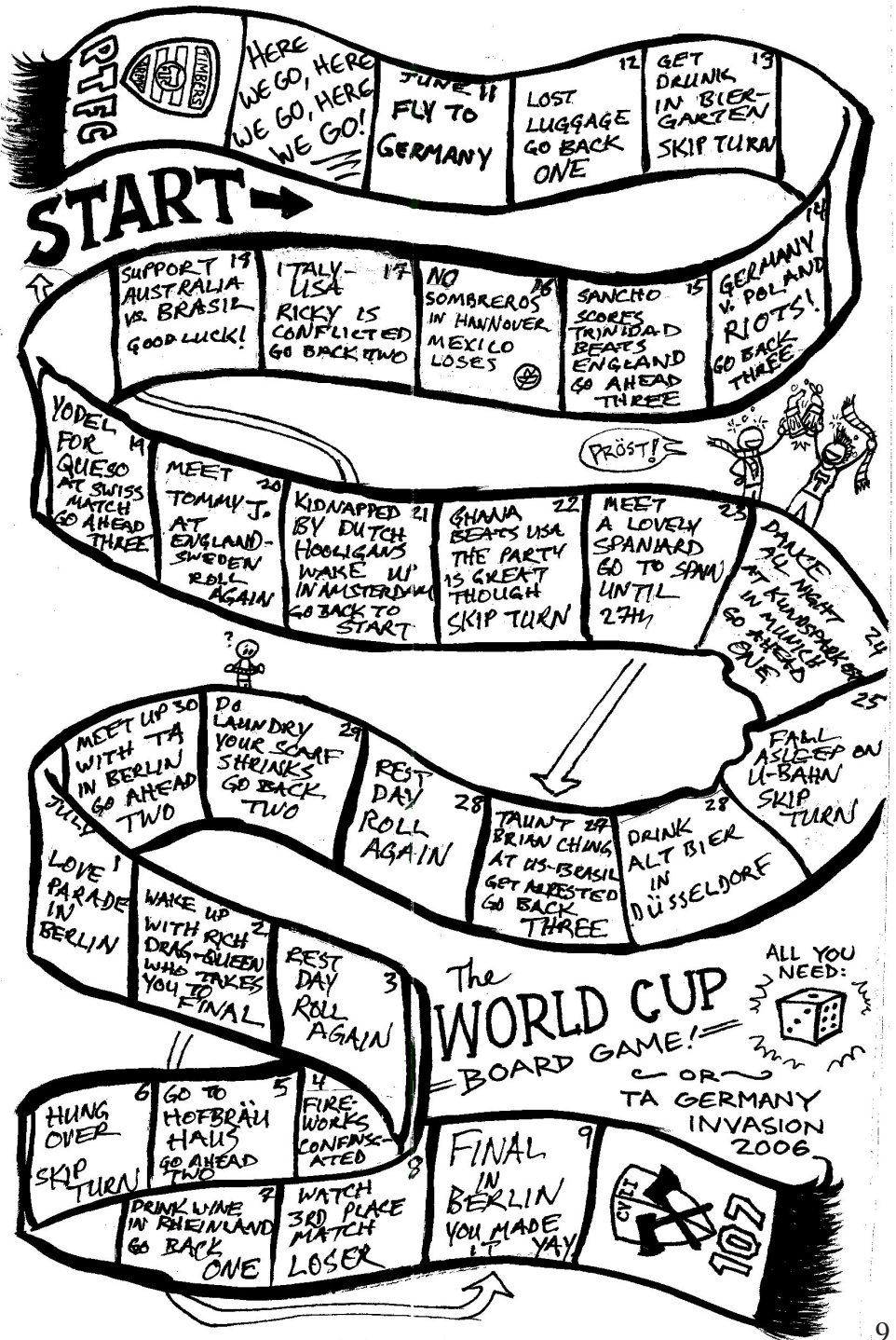
## **Where to Stay:**

The Cambie Hostel- Reasonably clean, cheap and located near Hastings Street (where you will find the cannabis café), The Cambie bar has cheap beer, and an interesting crowd. Chateau Granville, or Ramada Inn Granville St. Granville Street is the entertainment district, lined with pubs and clubs, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights the street is car free, becoming a pedestrian mall.

Morrissey's in the Ramada is a good pub, and sometimes has punk DJs, just down the road is Fritz poutine shop. Vancouver doesn't have as many foodcarts as Portland, but there are thousands of great small ethnic restaurants.



This Timbers Army World Cup 2006 Dice game was created by Katie Moody and Shedbhoj and originally appeared in *Axe to the Head* zine



# Portland Lions Ultras: Antifascist Pride

By Red



The Portland Timbers fan-base has long been renown for its spirit of unity, camaraderie, and infectious enthusiasm for the game. The vast majority of the Timbers Army tends to be Left-leaning, reflecting the general progressive makeup of Portland itself. In the North End you are bound to see a colorful cast of characters, a diverse and tight knit community that embraces values of racial equality and egalitarianism. Within this greater eco-system there has always been a strong undercurrent of explicit anti-racist and anti-fascist sentiment. While the Timbers Army rejects an official political stance, there are many individuals within the Army that are devoted anti-racist and social justice activists. In our rag-tag football society, anarchists, Anti-Racist Action members, anti-racist skinheads, and assorted anti-authoritarian lefties have



enjoyed a happy and unobtrusive existence, at many matches red and black flags can be seen waving proudly amidst the jubilant

maelstrom of green and white.

In light of the recent escalation of neo-Nazi activity in the Portland area—most dramatically exemplified by the recent shooting of our dear friend and fellow Timbers Army mate, Luke Querner (see full story at [rosecityantifa.org](http://rosecityantifa.org))—some of us felt that it was important for there to be an overt anti-racist/anti-fascist presence in the Shed. It is for this reason that the Portland Lions Ultras was formed.

The progressive veneer of present-day Portland belies a long and disturbing history of racist violence. During the late 1980s and early 1990s Portland was a center, if not *the* center, of racist organizing in the United States. Many white pride organizations were attracted to the Pacific Northwest due to its lack of racial diversity, hoping to establish a “white homeland”. Gay-bashings, beatings and even murders were committed at the hands of local fascist organizations. It was in large part through the hard work of anti-racists that the streets were finally regained from these vicious bastards. Unfortunately many of the people and organizations responsible for those days of terror are still here, attempting to rebuild their base and regain their strength.

Anti-fascists know from experience that Nazis must always be confronted. Ignoring them, or down-playing our anti-racist values to avoid conflict, gives the racists a sense confidence, which can ultimately manifest itself as racist violence. We don't believe in opening up any political space for genocidal ideologies, be it at the workplace, on the street, or in the stands rooting for our team. It is important to create and nurture anti-fascist culture with in our

Timbers family. This seems particularly important now that we moving into the MLS and our numbers are rapidly swelling. We must work to keep the historically anti-racist character of the Timbers Army intact as we grow. Even a small core of racist bozos trying to enter into the supporter environment could have a seriously negative impact, alienating some of our best and truest supporters.

Being anti-racist is not simply a measure of what you don't do, but a measure of what you do. In a city where cops murder people of color, where minorities are faring far worse on may social and economic factors than in most of the country (Communities of Color Coalition report, May 2010), where neo-Nazis shoot anti-racists for simply walking down the street, it means taking a stand against the right wing current in every public forum possible. This is why we feel that it necessary and appropriate for those long-time Timbers Army members that support the anti-fascist cause to fly their colors more prominently, making it clear that the North End will never be a welcoming place for racists.

Internationally there is a long history of anti-fascist supporters clubs—in part also as a response to neo-Nazi organizing amongst supporter firms—Most famously St. Pauli, in Hamburg has been active in confronting racism over the last three decades. Look for profiles of St. Pauli and other antifacist supporters in upcoming issues of the Whipsaw.



We also hope to engage with the **Show Racism the Red Card / North America** campaign:

“Soccer in North America has a dynamic and rich history that is multiracial, and embraces the strength that comes with its diversity. The history of soccer here is unique from other parts of the world, in that a philosophy of inclusiveness has always been apparent in all of its aspects, including players, supporters, and management.

“As soccer continues to grow in the North American continent, it is imperative that each of us take responsibility in ensuring the diverse heritage and culture of the sport continues..”



*A Show Racism the Red Card banner in Dortmund before the Ghana-Brasil match in the 2006 World Cup, photo by Shedbhoy*

# Show Racism the Red Card: North America

By Joel, Vice Chairman of Section 8 Chicago

Last year the issue of racism and racist abuse came to the forefront for us in Chicago and was clearly something that we could not and would not ignore. We took an explicitly anti-racist stance throughout S8C (Section 8 is comprised of many independent supporters groups all cooperating together to support the Fire under our umbrella organization, the Independent Supporters Association, which has an elected board that represents the interests of all of the groups in S8C) and made our stance known through organizing and demonstration. These actions while very unpleasant the time, really had an impact on Fire supporters as a whole. We got the issue out on the table. We got to know and trust each other a bit more, a stronger sense of solidarity was built, and the Fire front office, Monterey Security, and MLS HQ noticed. Fans throughout MLS noticed too, and gestures of solidarity popped up around the league.

The S8C ISA has been trying to be proactive on league wide problems for several years now. Issues like home and away game tickets/security/safety, etc. Over the last couple years our ISA Chairman Ben Burton, Vice Chairman Tom Dunmore, myself, and others involved with S8C have been trying to reach out, and pushing the idea of a league wide cooperation/coalition/union/ what have you. Until recently, the reception from other cities has been lukewarm. Now it seems to be catching some traction, as other groups around the country are starting to suggest ways to organize and build supporters culture. MLS Commissioner Don Garber's statements at the 2009 MLS Cup Supporter's Summit indicate that the league recognizes the value of organizing and growing soccer supporter culture. This is encouraging and leads us to believe that eventually a league wide supporters coalition will become a reality. We have been in ongoing discussions and getting advice from Supporters Direct and the Football Supporters Federation and they have been very helpful and encouraging. I think that this off-season we will be able to make some progress towards some form of league wide supporter culture advocacy and empowerment. This is great, but some of us want to see to it that any supporter coalition or union that does arise is used as more than just an info share, and tourism guide. We feel that a stance against racism, and education around the issue, should represent an important pillar of any league

wide supporter's movement.

To this end, a small collective of us have been working with Show Racism the Red Card to establish a chapter to serve North American soccer at all levels. The aim is to solicit involvement from all soccer participants, from youth soccer, to supporters and fan groups, all the way up to the players and executives in MLS and the National Teams.

In addition to this collection of individuals, we are also fortunate to have backing and full support from the Center for New Community. The CNC is based in Chicago. Its mission is to build community, justice, and equality, through its programs and commitments which are carried out across the U.S. in collaboration with numerous community, state, and national organizations and coalitions.

Some core Center for New Community Programs:

\* Midwest Immigrant Health Project

\* Which Way Forward: African American Immigration and Race

\* Turn It Down: Campaign Against White Power Music

\* Campaign for a United America Hip Hop Project

\* Nativism Watch: Confronting Anti-Immigrant Bigotry in America

So why did we choose the Show Racism the Red Card?

As fans of the sport both here and in Europe we have always admired the work that they have done and were inspired by the positive model that they have developed. Our thought was that partnering with Show Racism the Red Card presents us with the recognizable name, with the educational resources, the history of good work, and the connections with star players that provides exactly the sort of branding that we would find useful to start something that a lot of North American soccer fans could get behind. The Show Racism the Red Card "brand" is also familiar with those involved in the business side of the sport.

The leadership of Show Racism the Red Card in the UK seem to see it as a great opportunity as well, given the open net that is massive North American youth soccer participation, combined with the young diverse league that MLS is, with executives like Garber who are in tune with the need for positive organizing among supporters.

The establishment of Show Racism the Red Card North America can hopefully provide the soccer community with a resource for communication and education. Our hope is to ensure that the fight against racism will consist of more than a simple "racism is bad" byline written into some charter of

whatever supporter's coalition that is eventually formed. Our aim is to showcase the diversity and global participation that soccer benefits from, and to provide the soccer community a way to document, discuss, and respond to incidents of racial abuse or intolerance.

We've done a bit of research into racism in soccer and sport in North America and hard stats and official reports are extremely difficult to definitively compile. Much of the "evidence", particularly in American soccer, due to its unfortunate historic relationship with the media, is often anecdotal, comprised from oral history, or documented in a very cautious and low-key manner. Discussing racism isn't exactly comfortable for many people, soccer participants or not, and MLS (as an example of the current highest level participant in the sport in the USA and Canada) being a rather guarded single entity, could be seen by some to compound that.

Hopefully the campaign can eventually be of assistance to other participants and organizations in the sport (Leagues, Teams, Players, Coaches, Personnel, Clubs, Fans, etc) when needed. For example, MLS has encountered issues related to racial abuse in their relatively short history that may seem to some people to have been awkwardly handled. Let's be realistic, they are not in the business of curing the world of social ills, they need to sell soccer. Perhaps this Show Racism the Red Card campaign can provide MLS the benefit that comes with having a proactive public relationship with the campaign and having our cooperative resources available to draw from when needed.

The campaign we envision has the following aims:

- \* Increase players, management, and supporters understanding of the inclusive heritage and diverse culture of soccer in the United States.

- \* To promote young people's participation as active and responsible citizens in a growing multi-racial and diverse society.

- \* Provide tools and resources for management, supporters, and players to respond to bigotry in positive ways.

- \* Harness the high profile and celebrity of top soccer players as role models to grab the interests of and educate the larger community on issues of inclusion and opportunity.

- \* Involvement of the leagues and/or teams to adopt anti-racism measures and inclusion of policies and practices, both on the field and in the stands.

- \* Providing team and league management the tools and framework to be able to swiftly deal with

incidents of racist abuse and insults in a uniform manner.

- \* Showcase the unique strength of soccer in the United States due in part to its diversity.

.....and of course there will always be those who prescribe to the tactic of direct confrontation of organized racists who try to use soccer matches as recruiting grounds or recreation areas.

We are in the very early formative stages of the organization and are currently focused on collecting the names and contact info of people who are interested in the campaign. From those contacts we aim to identify individuals who are willing to volunteer their time and effort to the campaign, either as an organizing rep for their city or in other capacities. Once we have a good core of people that is representative of the scope of the project we will be clarifying everybody's role and our organizational structure. We are taking this approach because we definitely did not want the campaign to be perceived as a Chicago thing. This is a broad effort and we really are going to depend on folks from all over the continent to make it as meaningful and enduring as we envision.

Members of our organizing committee attended the MLS SuperDraft and the National Soccer Coaches Association of America (NSCAA) convention in Philadelphia. They met with a representative of the Football Supporters' Federation (FSF) in England who flew in to provide us advice and to report back to his colleagues involved in Show Racism the Red Card. They were also able to meet and network with several representatives from other supporters groups and MLS personnel. The responses were very enthusiastic and everybody is very encouraged to get to the work of getting Show Racism the Red Card North America up and running.

Here is a write up of the experience:

The Large, Diverse World of American Soccer on Show

<http://pitchinvasion.net/blog/2010/01/18/the-large-diverse-world-of-american-soccer-on-show/>

While every MLS supporter group runs things their own way, our thought is that groups can vote or decide on publicly supporting SRTTC in the manner they choose. From some areas we expect a ton of input and organizational volunteerism; from other areas maybe it will be baby steps. We will also be looking to establish a presence in Div 2 (NASL & USL), WPS, indoor soccer and even AYSO. This is going to be a nonprofit, volunteer organization and we look forward to working with EVERYBODY.

# Ian Joy

*Abram Goldman-Armstrong of the Whipsaw (WS) interviewed Timbers left back and captain Ian Joy (Ian) on the 28<sup>th</sup> of April, 2010 at PGE Park. Ian Joy brings his experience and passion to the Timbers, and we have witnessed in the early part of the season.*

**WS: So you were born in the States and grew up in Scotland?**

**Ian:** Yeah, I was born in San Diego in '81, my dad played soccer there, we lived in San Diego for two years and he finished up his career and we moved back to Scotland, where my mother was born. I went to school in Scotland, so that's where football really began for me.

**WS: How did growing up in Scotland help shape your life as a footballer?**



*photo by: Steven Lenhart*

**Ian:** When you grow up in Europe, every kid is pushed towards football. It's life and death, football over there is what every kid knows, what every kid learns, and every kid wants to be. In America or in other countries you have rock and roll stars and basketball players, and baseball and the other sports, in Europe all we had was football. We were told and taught through school and coaches and high school that soccer was the way to go. It gave me a great advantage growing up playing football every single day as a kid. I became good at it and got given a lot of great opportunities. I was very fortunate being given those opportunities. I turned professional when I was 16 years old, here in the States that is virtually unheard of. I started off playing club football in Scotland, Saturday and Sunday, I'd play two games at the weekend, and play for school in midweek, and just got scouted by a number of different teams. When I was 12-13 I went to Falkirk in Scotland, Motherwell in Scotland, Man. United, West Ham United, Blackburn Rovers, and tried and sampled which teams I liked. In the schoolboy years, which is between 13-15, I decided I wanted to go to Man. United, so every time I had a school holiday I went down and trained at Man. United for 10 days. It was an unbelievable experience, it opened many doors for me.

**WS: Was there a club that you looked up to or followed when you were a kid?**

**Ian:** My dad's from Manchester, so I was always pushed toward Man. United, and my grandparents lived in Manchester, so it was a home away from home for me. All my friends supported Glasgow Rangers because they were such a successful team and were in the Champions League. It was one or the other in Scotland, you either supported Celtic or you supported Rangers, neither of them really jumped out to me,

I just wanted to see good players. When Rangers were in the Champions League, my father was a big Paul Gascoigne fan, so we'd go and watch them. Other times we'd go and watch the local teams in Scotland like Falkirk and St. Johnstone. There was never really one team that stood out besides Man United.

**WS: From training with Man United where did you go from there?**

**Ian:** Man. United was a schoolboy thing. My first professional contract was with Tranmere Rovers. I wanted to be given the chance to turn professional earlier. I figured my best opportunity to make it as a professional in soccer was to make a jump down to make a jump back up. At Manchester United it was very difficult with so many players and very little opportunity. I signed a three-year contract with Tranmere when I was 15, and started on my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was a very, very enjoyable time, learning football as a man's game, as a professional and earning money for it for the first time. It was a big eye opener I left home, and was away from my family for three years. It changed me from a boy to a man. There are some good experiences and some bad experiences when you turn professional. You realize what you want if you want to keep playing football professionally, or just for fun. You realize what people expect from you. My first coach was John Aldridge, the top goalscorer for Liverpool for many years, and I thought he was going to be a fantastic guy. His character was terrible, and he treated people like shit. I learned the hard way from the way he treated people, not just me, but my friends on the team, and it made me grow up very quickly. It made me realize this was no longer fun and games, people want results and they want them quick. I had to get my ass into gear and start getting more professional.

I never really got to play for the first team at Tranmere, the coach had a few problems

with me, and I decided it wasn't for me.

I moved back home and played for a local team, Montrose, and we were the worst team in Scotland, we were awful. We played at division three level, and were bottom of the league for months and months, but it was the most enjoyable time I'd had in football in a long time. I needed it, it gave me that love and enjoyment of football. It was a time I'll never forget, even if we were fucking shit.

I went to Birmingham played for Kidderminster from age 18-19. The opportunity to go back to the States came up, I wanted to break into the US under-20 team. I was at Columbus, but I failed the physical and it killed the whole deal. I went to HSV in Hamburg for a week's trial, and played for the reserve team. I was there for a year and a half playing for the reserve team.

We would play on a Sunday, and St. Pauli would play on a Friday, and the team that we would play on Sunday happened to be St. Pauli's next opponent, so the coach from St. Pauli was in the stands watching every game.

At the end of that season I got a phone call from [St. Pauli Coach] Stanislavski and he said would I be interested in coming over to the other side of Hamburg and playing for St. Pauli.

I'd been fortunate to go and watch 2 or 3 games at St. Pauli while I was at Hamburg and the atmosphere just fucking blew my mind. It was just unbelievable. I took my dad, when I was still at playing at Hamburg [HSV] we went to watch St. Pauli who were playing in the third division and there were 20,000 fans at the game, it was sold out. The half time show was a rock and roll band playing on top of the air hangar (St. Pauli's Millerntor Stadium is next to a giant WWII bunker). There was a rock and roll band playing 200 feet up in the air.

Once I knew that St. Pauli was interested



photo by: Steven Lenhart

there was no other option for me and I signed for St. Pauli. That didn't go down too well the Hamburg [HSV] fans, I'd given a couple of my shirts to the fans. The next time we played there with St. Pauli they had my shirt on a stick and set it on fire. Immediately when I went to St. Pauli I had a great deal of success, and I felt like I was at home. The fans opened my mind to many different things, and a different culture, that I'd never seen before in life. How I live my life is how they live their lives. It was more than just a football club it was a passion for life. It was a way to demonstrate what you thought about political beliefs. Everything that they believed in I believe in it was more than just winning football games it was also to show how you live your life.

**WS: Are their lessons that other clubs can take from Sankt Pauli?**

**Ian:** Being a footballer its amazing on the field to have passionate fans. Everybody

can have a guy who wants to buy a shirt and come to the games with his family and wave a scarf around and cheer and want the team to win, but when it's in your blood and it's something that you strongly believe in, you actually believe that it's more than just a soccer club. Every single player on that team played for the fans because the fans backed the team no matter what, through thick and thin, whether they won, whether they lost it never mattered. St. Pauli, my first year was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> division, they'd been relegated two years in succession, from the first to the second, and the second to the third before I arrived, but every single game in the third division was sold out. It was just a passion that was in everybody's everyday life. Until you actually go to Hamburg you can't realize how big it actually is and what it means to the people

It was a privilege to play for St. Pauli, because everybody wanted to. In Germany everybody knows St. Pauli, everywhere I go in the States, people ask me about St. Pauli everbody knows The fans that I've met everywhere all over the world that I've traveled they all know. It's a sense of pride to say you've actually been there and done it.

*Joy played for St. Pauli 2005-2008, beating the likes of Werder-Bremen, and Hertha Berlin in a cup campaign in 2005-2006, the next season they focused on league success. As a result, the team was promoted to the second division.*

**Ian:** We partied on the Reeperbahn in front of 100,000 fans, all you could see was brown and white (St. Pauli colors). After 6 months in the second division, I was struggling in my marriage, my wife didn't speak German, so I thought the only way to save my marriage was to find a team in an English-speaking country. *Joy then signed with Real Salt Lake*



**Ian:** Unfortunately after two months my wife moved back to Germany with my daughter and I was stuck in the States on a four-year contract and couldn't get out of it. I made a promise to Salt Lake to stay for a year and we had a good season in 2008. In the end of 2008 I went and trained with Düsseldorf, but it wasn't for me, I came back to Salt Lake and tore my hamstring in preseason, and did my rehabilitation in Germany. The St. Pauli coach recommended a doctor in Munich, and I signed with FC Ingolstadt, a nearby club and did his rehabilitation.

2010 started, and I was looking to find the best deal for me. Europe was an option, but I wanted to come back to MLS. Unfortunately when you go a whole year being injured, there's a big question mark next to your name, the MLS teams didn't want to give me the money I had been earning. Justin Thompson gave me the opportunity, and recommended me to Gavin. I just loved it. I love Portland, I have a fantastic feeling about this city. I loved Gavin and Amos's professionalism and I realized this was where I wanted to play. I had to take a massive pay cut from my MLS salary. But after six months not earning anything and getting healthy it's worth playing basically for nothing in an environment you really want to be in. When you have Gavin and Amos here, and fantastic backing with the fans it's a special place to play in and a place that's been very warm to me.

**WS: Is there an expectation that the players will go with the team MLS?**

**Ian:** Everybody who's here has a chance. I'm here because I want to play for one year to prove my fitness and enjoy my football for a year. All I'm focused on is having a great season this year. Of course there's a nice golden card hanging for many young guys here, the opportunity to

play Major League Soccer is big time. The only way that we're going to get there is if we have a successful year and we play good soccer. This year is more important than thinking about next year.

**WS: How is coming in to a new team and being given the captain's arm band?**

**Ian:** I knew that Gavin liked my leadership qualities, he liked my experience, and the way I communicate, and the confidence that I give to the players around me. He told me he was going to use what I've learned in football and use it to motivate other guys. I've been very fortunate to play at a high level, the younger guys here are looking to learn from the best possible people they can. Gavin and Amos are fantastic with the guys here, but when you have a guy who's thrown in there and who is one of them, who is a player and has played at a high level, it gives them someone to look up to and to motivate them.

There are 10-12 guys here who given the confidence, who can definitely make the jump up to Major League Soccer. If you give them the confidence and the motivation, and give them the belief that they can perform and can be good players, I think that's why I'm here, to try and help motivate them and give them that opportunity.

When I come in here every day I want to win, whether it's playing soccer-tennis, whether its playing fucking poker, it doesn't matter I want to win everything I can get my hands on. It's a passion that's inside you, to win. Not everybody has that, not everybody can show that everyday, some guys come in to training and are flat, they don't want to be here, they're tired, they had a busy night the night before, or they've got problems at home. Then you have people like myself who come

Ian Joy continued

into training every day no matter what problems I have in my life and have a smile on my face and turn around and say "let's have a fucking great day today."

**WS: Where did your nickname "Killer" originate?**

**Ian:** It originated at St. Pauli, from tackles that I put in at training. The head coach there Stanislavski was a very aggressive central defender, he played over 200 games in the Bundesliga for St. Pauli, and was "St. Pauligott," a St. Pauli hero, and he used

to love watching me train because I played to win. I used to tackle guys like fucking crazy. One day he called the

guys in and said "everybody watch your legs today the Killer is coming to get you." It stuck, and the fans began to call me Killer.

**WS: How have you taken to the atmosphere in Portland and the city?**

**Ian:** Justin had told me the fans here are fantastic, Gavin told me "you ain't gonna believe the fans here" and you never know what to expect. I was on twitter and facebook and one day I had 25 twitter messages saying "we're following you and welcome to Portland", so I knew there was something going on. I never really knew what to expect until the Seattle match (March 11). As much as people send me messages saying "you ain't seen nothing yet." "you're gonna love us," or "we're passionate and we love football," you don't really know what you're gonna get until you actually walk onto the field and feel

the heartbeat from the fans. That's when I realized that you're not just playing here for a football team, you're playing here for the fans as well, and you're playing here for a passion. That's why I play football. I play football for that desire and that passion, its something that bleeds in from the people who come to watch football here, and the people who work in the organization, from Meritt to Gavin to Amos, to the players, everybody wants to win. It's blowing my mind the first fucking home

game I just couldn't believe it. In Seattle, in San Jose, there must have been 200 (Timbers) fans in San Jose. The fans just blew

You don't really know what you're gonna get until you actually walk onto the field and feel the heartbeat from the fans. That's when I realized that you're not just playing [in Portland] for a football team, you're playing here for the fans as well, and you're playing here for a passion. That's why I play football. I play football for that desire and that passion. -Ian Joy

me away in the first game, it was hard to focus on the game.

When you think of football in America you think: "families, hotdogs, beers, have a good time, want to see goals." It's not like that here. There's an expectancy that the fans and the players are one, and you win together as one, you celebrate together as one, and you go forward together as one. That counts on the field and off the field, how you celebrate goals, how you celebrate victories, and how you live your life outside of soccer bleeds through from the fans and the owners of this organization.

**WS: It will be interesting to see when we go into MLS, how it grows, I remember when there were like 40 of us in 107, there weren't many behind the pony wall (indicating the pony wall in 107)**

**Ian:** That's your hardcore, that's your heartbeat, your 5-6 rows from 2001 is your heartbeat and it just spreads. It's like a religion, it's like a following. When people here about you they say OK, but when they see you they want to be one, and when they are one they try to get their friends to be one. It's something you believe in it, it's a political belief, it's a passion, it's a fun thing to do at the weekend, and it's a fucking great time. When you come to watch a football game you're not here just to have a great time, you're here to let loose.

Next year you guys are gonna go crazy, because you're gonna see a major league team. You're gonna get more fans who want to come watch it and when they come to a game and see you guys (Timbers Army) running around like lunatics they'll want to experience it. That's what happened with my girlfriend I brought her here and said you've got to see this, and she said "I'm going there, I want to watch a game from there." That's what's going to happen, I can only see the Timbers Army exploding through the seams in years to come. It's famous, I've heard about the Timbers Army before, I just never knew what to expect, because I played for fucking St. Pauli, when you look at the fans there you think fuck this can't get any better. I'd heard of the Timbers Army, because the St. Pauli fans did a fanzine like this (indicates Whipsaw) where they voted the top ten fans in the world and they voted the Timbers Army in the Top 10. That's not just for soccer reasons that's for how people live their life here, how the city's run, and what their beliefs are.

I miss (St. Pauli), I definitely miss it, but I'm now I'm here. When I was in St. Pauli



*photo by Shedbhoy*

and was things weren't going well for my family, I said to myself "I there was a St. Pauli in America I would fucking love it, it would be perfect. And to me it feels like it here. It's kind of like a home away from home here. I've enjoyed the first 2-3 months here, and I have no vision of leaving here, I want to stay here for as long as I can.

**WS: What neighborhood do you live in?**

**Ian:** I live up (West) Burnside with the guys, they put all of the guys up there. I'm gonna move downtown next year if I can. I want to be closer to the city life. I love seeing the different culture. Nothing gives me more pleasure than walking the streets with my girlfriend and seeing different cultures and different people.

**WS:** A bit of a change from Salt Lake...

**Ian:** Definitely. It's more realistic around here. It's very European, it's got a great European feel to it around here. It's enjoyable to actually walk around the streets and people say "hey Ian" or "do you play for the Timbers?" and that's good, that's something you don't get in America, I could walk around Salt Lake fucking naked and nobody'd know who I was. And yet I walk around the streets after two months of being here people are already saying "well done on Saturday Ian," or "well done in the game."

# SEASON OPENER SHOW

Words and Photos By Shedbhoy

Brut Squad



Here are a few shots of the show.

Brut Squad was up first with its American Oi! followed by Shock Troops, a fantastic Cocksparrer cover band, who played a number of other punk classics, as well as a

April 16, hundreds of Timbers Army faithful headed to the Ash Street Saloon on the eve of the season opener to see a lineup of local punk bands and meet several of the new Timbers players. The show raised money for the TIFO fund and featured Brut Squad, Shock Troops, and Rum Rebellion.

The Whipsaw was there with the debut issue making a sneak-preview appearance before the official release at the match the next day.



Barnacle Brian sings with Shock Troops

few football chants. A highlight of the evening was when they called up Barnacle Brian to sing “Portland Boys.” Rum Rebellion started out as a Celtopunk band,

but in recent years have become more of a pirate-punk band. They played to a mostly empty room, as people trickled off to get their beauty sleep for the match.

Rum Rebellion



# Buy a Timbers Army Season Ticket

For 10 years ... for 35 years ... for a lifetime ... Soccer City USA has been building to this. Once upon a time, the Timbers Army was 20 fans pounding on plastic buckets. Once upon a time, we'd look wondrously around because Section 107 was filled all the way up to Row O.

The dream – the distant, untouchable dream – was of a day when the rest of our city would join in celebrating the passion and drama of The Beautiful Game. That day is dawning.

This summer, the Timbers and the Timbers Army are teaming up to build the greatest supporters section

North America has ever seen. Our goal is to fill eight sections with Timbers Army Season Ticket holders. Like you, we want a North End filled with flags, banners, chants, scarves, and songs. We want a North End packed with fans, energy and electricity that can be felt all the way down to the field. We want a North End you can hear from the North Pole.


Let Timbers' defender Ian Joy describe it: "There's an expectancy (here) that the fans and the players are one, and you win together as one, you celebrate together as one, and you go forward together as one." In Portland, he continues, "You're not just playing for a football team, you're playing for the fans as well, and you're playing here for a passion."



## 35 Years Ago in the Shed:

Next year the column 10 Years Ago in the Shed will recall the early days of USL Timbers History. This feature from the 1975 Oregon Journal was submitted by Chris Salter.

**Pasero Says:**



By **GEORGE PASERO**  
Journal Sports Editor

"For the Marcuses (soccer enthusiasts) of our world, I'm glad. Now, to excite them further, project, if you will, a warm, summer evening with Civic Stadium jammed — for soccer" — Pasero Says, May 6.

If that wasn't an out-and-out prediction, it came close. I wrote it following the first appearance of the Timbers on the rainy night of May 2 when the strangers from Britain slipped and sloshed on the unfamiliar Tartan and lost to Seattle, 1-0, although dominating the game.

By a point system, as used in boxing, the Timbers would have won at least 10-1. They attacked that much and in so doing, rallied the small crowd (8,131) to them.

It was the beginning of a love affair which reached full fruition on the "warm, summer night" of July 26 — again against Seattle.

The stadium was jammed — 27,300 fans.  
Soccer City, USA!  
The Miracle of Portland!  
A champion in creation!  
A happening!  
And a heckuva lot of fun.

Explain the "love affair" anyway you wish. Sure, Portland was starved for a winner.

But credit the game — an exciting one the world around the U.S. has cheered for years. And credit the Timbers — the organization and the players.

They did it all right. They kept the price within reach of an average family, they related to the community, they played with great spirit — and, with all that, they won.

It was magnificent — so thank you, Timbers, thank you so much!

And hurry back!

We know you wouldn't miss this for the world. But you should also know that by purchasing your Timbers Army Season Tickets, you do more than just reserve a place in the North End\*: Ticket-buyers will receive discounts from game-day prices, invitations to special events, and commemorative merchandise marking the Rose City's rise to this country's top tier of professional soccer. On top of that, part of your purchase will help fund the 107ist, the TA's independent supporters trust, as it works to support soccer at all levels in and around Portland.

Ordering your Timbers Army Season Tickets will be easy once they go on sale! These are specially priced at \$360 (which gets you 20 games at \$18 each) and will include a variety of season ticket-holder and Timbers Army ticket-specific extras — such as exclusive events and specially made merchandise. Watch this space or [PortlandMLS2011.com](http://PortlandMLS2011.com) for updates and ordering information. For more information on ordering, please go to [PortlandMLS2011.com](http://PortlandMLS2011.com) or contact the Timbers sales and service department at [ticketsales@pggepark.com](mailto:ticketsales@pggepark.com) 503-553-5555

Upcoming Dates to Remember: 6/12/10 — Information packages will be mailed out on season ticket ordering. 6/21/10 — First Day to order based upon priority appointment time for season ticket holders

# OFFSIDE

*A Story from the Fringe of Central African Football, Or the most exciting match I never saw*     *By Southwall Highlander*

“YOU! Hey, YOU!!! Show me your papers!”

I’m not in occupied Paris 1943; or even a border town in Arizona 2010. It’s 2007 and I’m in Goma, the largest city in eastern Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC), and it’s the first time anyone has shouted that phrase at me and meant it. Oddly enough, it’s also the first time I’ve literally carried travel papers. I’ve got a passport full of stamps, yes, but never a separate set of official travel papers.

Before I even turn around to face the little man making demands from behind me, I’m pretty sure I can tell him to shine off. His words are right, but the voice is wrong; too tentative. I turn and see he’s unarmed and by himself. I ask for HIS papers. He asks again and mumbles something unconvincing about being from secret intelligence. He’s not very intelligent if he thinks I’m going to fall for it. I really have no time for unconvincing bribe attempts. I walk on.

It’s difficult not to draw attention to yourself when you are the only white face on the street in central Africa, and after almost 10 years of civil war, the eastern DRC is not a place I feel completely comfortable sticking out. The city bakes under the equatorial sun of August and the smell of diesel fumes mixes with a constant undertone of sulfur, remnants of the lava flow from the volcanic eruption that destroyed a full third of the city several years prior. The streets are packed and hard looking men with .50 cal and RPGs seem to be everywhere on foot and in fast moving jeeps. The residents of Goma have had their problems, but there

are still things that bring the populace together, and I’m about to come across one.

I see a large gathering up ahead and stop before I wander into something best left alone. After a few minutes, the mob seems more celebratory than revolutionary, so I continue. As I pass by the corner of the last building before the crowd, I see what looks like a tattered and shot up old stadium sitting back from the road and a phalanx of men in black riot gear (shields, helmets, batons, firearms) surrounding the entire stadium. Hundreds of people are standing around expectantly outside this ring of security and the din of a match is coming from inside the structure. This, I find out later, is the Stade de l’Unité, Goma’s football stadium and the DRC National team, the Leopards are in town for a match.

The Fédération Congolaise de Football Association governs football in the DRC. It was founded in 1919, and subsequently affiliated with FIFA in 1962. The Leopards (home pitch in the DRC capital Kinshasa) played their first game in 1948 when the area was still known as the Belgian Congo. Later, while known as Zaire, the DRC’s national team was the first black African team to qualify for the World Cup in 1974. Although the Leopards will not be appearing in this year’s World Cup, they have captured 2 African Nations Cup titles (in 1968 and 1974) and, in a shocker over Ghana just last year, they won the maiden African Nations Championship final; the first African Football Confederation (CAF) national team title for the DRC since 1974. I continue to walk as casually as I can along the street parallel to the men in riot gear and glance over occasionally as

I pass. Several of them have their gaze locked on me. I make no attempt to move towards to stadium, but finally stop next to a street vendor directly across from the entrance and immediately attract a crowd of about 20 kids all pushing and shoving to get closer to me. HeeeLLOooo!! HeeeLLOoo!! Some are smiling, some are just staring. The vendor becomes annoyed at the kids and shoos them away, although he motions me to stay next to him; he likes the attention for his cart. I could do without the attention in this particular circumstance myself, nice though it is. A couple of the older teenagers have a fair bit of English and just as I convince them to sheppard me around, the match ends. The victorious Leopards come through the gate shirtless swinging their kits above their heads.

They are immediately surrounded by the riot squad (note non-caps) which is in turn surrounded by half the waiting crowd dancing around them as they move on down the street. The other half of the previously expectant crowd has started rushing the gate of the stadium to get in. My new friends

motion me to follow them. I know the match is over, but ...oh what the hell. I'm soon in a sea of hundreds of young Congolese pushing towards the entrance. Finally, I'm shot through the gate and ... directly onto the PITCH! There's smoke and torn up turf and junk on the pitch and people running everywhere. I'm half expecting to hear a certain Ms. Turner announce to the crowd "TWO MEN ENTER. ONE MAN LEAVES!" I stay close to my mates, and after about 10 minutes the post match crowd begins to clear and it is evident that nothing further will be happening, the pitch invasion is for those like me, who didn't attend the match. No matter though, we all jumped around like we had been there, and essentially, we were.

### Shedbhoy's Heritage Crossword

**ACROSS**

- 1 Referee's head perhaps
- 4 The French Maradona?
- 5 Suzuki emigrated to portland aquatically
- 8 There's only one, from an explosive ariepelgdo
- 10 Banned chant abbr.
- 11 Literate spot above beer garden
- 13 He plays T-ball
- 14 We can't hear them sing, just their jewelry jingling
- 15 Often a cowpie zone, the day after today
- 18 They "hurry" in the last few minutes of the match
- 19 The only place Seattle is on the top
- 21 They flop on the ground
- 22 We are the \_\_\_\_\_ and we are the best
- 23 Post goal tool
- 24 We're all goin' to the...
- 26 Junior lumberjack
- 27 Drinks stella, clothes horse
- 28 Was a smokejumper now trims trees
- 29 Portland's perennial nickname

**DOWN**

- 1 Glass Jaw
- 2 Merciless brewers perhaps
- 3 The Pod in modern times
- 6 Byron Alvarez El \_\_\_\_\_
- 7 We are, also fermenting beer
- 9 TA chant Shakespeare
- 12 Was better before if got "happy"
- 16 His bagpipes sound like the team
- 17 Straight-edge brewer, old videogame
- 20 Soccer at Ian Joy's former club
- 21 Retired their ladders
- 25 You all live in the same trailer \_\_\_\_\_ for southern teams

Answers to last issue's crossword



# Our Boots Ourselves- The North End Derby Timbers Army FC vs North End Utd. May 23, 2010

Photos By Sheridan Hurd (NEU) unless noted-  
Words By Shedbhoy (T AFC)

The North End Derby between The Timbers Army Football Club and the North End United football club took place on a cold rainy May 23rd at the Montessori Earth School on 148th and Clinton in deep Southeast.

One of the most anticipated matchups in the the Greater Portland Soccer District men's 4th Division the Derby is essentially the Shed's version of a Civil War. Comrades at Timbers matches become fierce competitors on the pitch. In green and



have been on quite the winning streak, in the fourth division, after a unsuccessful venture up into division



white kits sponsored by Ninkasi Brewing, the T AFC, in white and green kits sponsored by Laurelwood brewery, NEU. This match was particularly historic, as former T AFC members Josh Thompson and Nando Machicado now play for NEU.

The Derby was exciting, played on a muddy pitch in the pouring rain in true Oregon fashion. T AFC open the scoring with a penalty. Shortly thereafter Nando scored against his former club with a neat lofted ball. NEU dominated much of the first half, with their younger fuller roster definitely giving them the upper hand. In the end the score was 5-2 to the NEU, bringing the Derby record to 4-0. (Not surprising as NEU

two. T AFC, while playing better than in the last two seasons has yet to manage a win. this spring.) Until next fall the Derby hatchet has been buried and the two teams are united in their support for the Timbers.



Photo By Tara Sims



## **Bar Oil** : News from the Pubs and Breweries

By Abram Goldman-Armstrong

Widmer releases Timbrrr Imperial Red

The brewers at Widmer recently brewed an Imperial batch of winter seasonal Brrr to age in Bourbon barrels for release this fall as Brrrbon but had more Imperial Brrr than would fit in the barrels, so in keeping with the punny names, they blended some of the Imperial Brrr with a little fresh IPA to create Timbrrr. This 8.43% abv beer has a hoppy sweet aroma, and a big warming alcohol balanced by malty sweetness and hops. Widmer has also released a "Pints Up Portland" scarf, reminding wearers to get beer before the 70:00, and fatigued Timbers logo tshirts. Both items are sold at the brewery gift shop or PGE Park, and proceeds from the sales go to benefit Big Brothers Big Sisters. Timbrrr is the latest of many beers dedicated to the lads in green. Timber Jim Lager from the Raccoon Lodge/Cascade Brewing was the first, debuting in 2002 at the Bitter End. The beer was a little hit and miss, often a little yeasty. No Pity Pale Ale, is the brainchild of Timbers Army homebrewer Shane, who I matched up with the Lucky Lab. The Lucky Lab began brewing an organic pale ale in 2006, and dubbed it No Pity, so Shane and I built axe taphandles for it. It can still be found on draught at the Bitter End, and was used to fill the Cascadia Cup last summer.

Rose City Til I die PA, brewed by Corey Blodgett is sadly no longer produced at McMenam's Cornelius Pass Roadhouse as Blodgett has moved to another brewery. He may brew a version of the 107 IBU IPA at his new brewery (Maritime Pacific in Seattle), or come up with another Timbers tribute beer. Blodgett assures me he will never support the Flounders, or brew them a beer.

Brew Your Own Timbers-Themed Beer

July is officially Oregon Craft Beer Month, and to celebrate the homebrewers of the Timbers Army have declared the July 10 tailgate prior to the Miami match to be homebrew day. All comers are welcome regardless of brewing experience. Just send the details about your beer to me at [whipsaw@timberarmy.org](mailto:whipsaw@timberarmy.org) for inclusion in the program and bring your beer to the tailgate. Entries will not be judged, but a People's Choice competition will be held. Prizes will be awarded for the first, second and third place vote-getters in the People's Choice competition.

Visitors to recent tailgates have had the opportunity to sample some of the efforts of many of the Timbers Army homebrewers, and the July 10 tailgate allows you to vote for your favorite.

## **Support your local Merchandise Trailer**

The Timbers Army trailer is staffed by 107ist volunteers and sells Timbers Army gear, such as scarves, tshirts and patches, and may be found at 20th and Morrison next to the food carts before and after each match. The spring lineup is still available, but the Timbers Army designers have a new summer line coming out soon



# The Independent Supporters Council in Action. *By Shedbhoj*

At the Supporters' Summit in Seattle prior to the MLS Cup last fall a group of supporters from around the country met to form the Independent Supporters Council of the US and Canada. The Council is essentially a supporters union, set up to fight for the rights of football supporters in North America. In April the Council had its first real test. Members of the Angels City Brigade, a LA Galaxy supporters group were involved in an altercation with Legion 1908, Chivas fans, and as a result Home Depot Security put sanctions on the entire ACB group banning flags and drums. In solidarity members of the ISC, including the Sons of Ben, Union Ultras (Chivas USA), ECS, and Timbers Army (107ist) all sent letters to the LA Galaxy front office within a week of the ban, protesting the punishment of the group. The restrictions were lifted, and a major point was made that supporters groups should not receive collective punishment for the actions of a few of their members.

Thanks to Steven Lenhart for submitting this cool NASL Timbers Color by Numbers game.

## 5- PORTLAND TIMBERS

Color in all regions where the sum or product is an odd number.

## LOS TIMBERS DE PORTLAND

Pinta todas las regiones donde la suma o producto es un número impar.

Mathematical problems scattered across the soccer ball:

- $3 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 =$
- $3^2 \cdot 8 =$
- $\sqrt{16} \cdot 2 =$
- $196 \div 36 =$
- $3 \cdot 3 \cdot 3 =$
- $3 \times 2 \frac{2}{3} =$
- $4 \times \frac{1}{4} =$
- $(2 \times 1) \div 5 =$
- $\frac{6}{6} \times 6 =$
- $9 + 19 + 98 =$
- $3^2 \cdot 5 =$
- $4 \times 2 \frac{2}{3} =$
- $5 \times \frac{1}{5} =$
- $0.64 \div 0.32 =$
- $48.07 + 0.93 =$
- $99 + 200 =$
- $8 \times 2 \frac{2}{3} =$
- $7 \times 4 =$
- $48 + 77 =$
- $3 \times 7 =$
- $5.5 + 5.5 =$
- $56 \div 8 =$
- $12 \div 3 =$
- $14 \div 2 =$
- $59 + 0 =$
- $88 + 0.6 =$
- $45 \times 63 =$
- $19 \times 11 =$
- $5.5 + 5.5 =$
- $37 + 3 =$
- $15 \div 3 =$
- $88 + 0.6 =$
- $48 \div 12 =$
- $19 \times 11 =$
- $7.7 =$
- $1075 - 335 =$
- $87 \times 0.9 =$
- $6.3 \div 0.9 =$
- $1769 \times 73 =$
- $48 + 12 =$
- $7.9 =$
- $141 \frac{1}{2} =$
- $88 + 0.6 =$
- $27 \times 8 =$
- $101 + 99 =$
- $15.7 + 0.3 =$
- $46 \div 5 =$
- $20 + 17 =$
- $7.9 =$
- $99.1 + 0.9 =$
- $12.1 + 0.9 =$
- $6 \times 9 =$
- $\sqrt{9} \cdot 3 =$
- $4.07 + 0.93 =$
- $11.1 + 0.7 =$
- $977 \times 0 =$
- $11 \div 3 =$
- $33 \times 7 =$
- $14.6 + 0.4 =$
- $\frac{81}{9} =$
- $9 \times 4 =$
- $159 \times 753 =$
- $19.1 - 8.3 =$
- $5^2 + 10 =$
- $3 + 2 \times 4 =$
- $88 - 33 =$
- $121 \times 43 =$
- $199 \times 999 =$
- $63.12 - 7.46 =$

**Buy a book; help some writer pay for a dental implant**

“The goal is football’s orgasm. And like orgasms, goals have become an ever-less frequent occurrence in modern life.

“Half a century ago, it was a rare thing for a game to end scoreless: 0-0, two open mouths, two yawns. Now, the eleven players spend the entire game hanging from the crossbars, trying to stop goals, and have no time to score them.

“The excitement unleashed whenever the white bullet makes the net ripple might appear mysterious or crazy, but remember the miracle doesn’t happen very often. The goal, even if it is a little one, is always a gooooooooooooooooooooooal in the throat of the commentators, a ‘do’ sung from the chest that would leave Caruso forever mute; the crowd goes nuts and the stadium forgets that it’s made of concrete and breaks free of the earth and flies through the air.”

-- from “Football in Sun and Shadow” by Eduardo Galeano (translated by Mark Fried)

Galeano is an Uruguayan novelist and social critic and, obviously, football connoisseur whose most famous work, quoted above, suggested a name for the now-defunct Timbers-friendly football blog “A Pretty Move.” The book, first published in 1995, is an impressionistic anatomy of football in short bursts. It begins by describing the various perennial characters of the sport: The Player (“He’s the envy of the neighborhood: the professional athlete who escaped the factory or the office and gets paid to have fun”); The Goalkeeper (“They say where he walks, the grass never grows”); The

Fanatic (“In an epileptic fit he watches the game but doesn’t see it”); The Referee (“Scapegoat for every error, cause of every misfortune, the fans would have to invent him if he didn’t already exist”). Then it describes the rules, the culture, the economics, and so on.

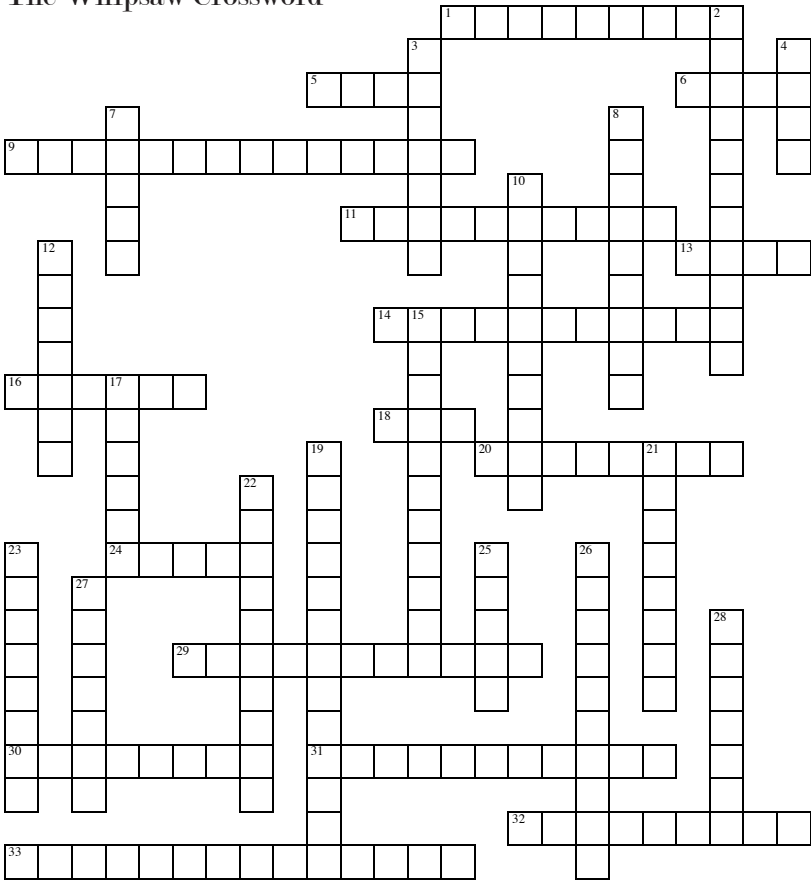
Chiefly it is a chronology of the game: the nations which have, for various spans of time, defined football excellence; the World Cups (ingeniously put into the context of global social, technical and political trends of the times); the legendary matches; the immortal players: Garrincha, Di Stefano, Puskas, Charlton, Beckenbauer, Yashin, Pele, Maradona, Cruyff, Baggio, and more all get chapters.

The book is very personal -- sometimes Galeano describes incidents that seem to matter only to (or be remembered only by) him. Yet it qualifies, too, as a reasonably thorough, if brief, history of the world’s game, with the major episodes, ruptures and transformations in the past century-plus all accounted for.

There are scores of -- perhaps 100 or more -- chapters in the slender book, and many of them read like perfectly crystalline prose poems. Take this passage from the half-page entitled “Goal by Charlton”: “The ball obeyed him. She traveled the field following his instructions and flew into the net before he even kicked her.”

A fellow who sees and talks about the game like that is someone I’d like to stand next to at a match anytime, anywhere.

# The Whipsaw Crossword



## ACROSS

- 1 Were once "86"ed, their town hosted winter games
- 5 His Portland polytechnic may become a two-year high school
- 6 Not rich, gets the goals in
- 9 This new chant lasts over 10 minutes
- 11 St. Pauli celebrates one this year
- 13 Grow in the beer garden, essential to NW beers
- 14 We play Vancouver for it
- 16 TA Author and critic on South American jaunt
- 18 Happy Captain
- 20 Third vote for MLS
- 24 McMenamins' Timbers beer inspiring chant abbr.
- 29 U-23s Island opponent
- 30 Resent the queen on their money, go MLS after us
- 31 Vancouver Away pub
- 32 Sews flags and in our case banners too
- 33 TAFC rival

## DOWN

- 2 Local Cocksparrer cover band
- 3 "Curdish" post-match cart food
- 4 Frizzy hair belies get stuck in attitude
- 7 Delayed by volcanic activity
- 8 They live under the stadium
- 10 Smoke bomb shopping destination
- 12 If you're not doing it you're not Timbers some say
- 15 Whipsaw predecessor
- 17 Ian Joy to St. Pauli fans
- 19 Delivers Popcasts and Beer (often topically)
- 21 Ian Joy called it the worst club in Scotland when he played there
- 22 Recently reformed ladies drinking society
- 23 USA supporters
- 25 Matchday necktie perhaps
- 26 South African owned Thirsty Thursday Sponsor
- 27 Timbers folksong aim
- 28 Allied invasion ally...

