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# SCUM

THE OFFICIAL NOSE OF THE ANU FOOTBALL CLUB

Volume 14, Issue 1

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## Death Throes Of A Golden Age

It is too soon and too disingenuous to write about the Golden Age of the S.C.U.M. without running the risk of having one's head lopped off, and one's extremities severed and flung to the far corners of the globe. Infected with nostalgia, people look back longingly upon such glorious editions as Vol. 2 Issue 3 with its passionate reporting; Vol. 4 Issue 1 with the very first Page 4 porn; Vol. 10 Issue 23 with the lyrical prose of the first Sideline Spy. But those gilt-edged days are over - an age of eloquent, concise articles, of wit and incisive satire now confined to the yellowing pages of a neglected history book - the precipitous decline from glory to vainglory marked by a fading, half-hearted wail. The S.C.U.M. is dead. Long live the S.C.U.M.

The Golden Age of the S.C.U.M. began in 1902, when the first edition, lashed with the old typefaces of an eighteenth century printer, made its mark on the literary world. The editorial, written by a youngish Steve Kininmonth, famously lambasted the A.C.T. soccer establishment for its recalcitrance and its slavish dedication to a policy of non-existence. Few readers could have known at that time that the A.C.T. would not be established for another quarter century - a full decade after the Great War. It was a work of prophetic genius, a mark of the foresight of Mr. Kininmonth, and it ensured the future relevance of the S.C.U.M.

Since then, of course, the magazine has passed through more than its fair share of maverick editors, none of whom can be named for legal reasons.

Each had their own style, their own views and moral code; they brought with them their baggage, slung over their shoulders like hessian bags of potato chips. It was the vitality of the editors that sustained the S.C.U.M. during the lean years before 1962, when the magazine existed in an ex-corporeal state. Without an actual club to report on, the S.C.U.M. was forced to rely solely upon the imaginative qualities of its Boot-esque editors.

With the founding of the club in 1962, the S.C.U.M. finally blossomed into the poppy-field of required reading that recent readers have come to know and respect. Innovations arrived with ever increasing alacrity. The archaic typeface used since 1902 was scrapped for the new Courier font; the Courier font was itself replaced the following year by Arial before Times became standard a fortnight later. Images first appeared in the S.C.U.M. in Vol. 4 Issue 1 with a grainy picture of Miss August's breasts. Demand had reached fever pitch before the issues had even reached the training sheds. Miss August came and went, as did a whole constellation of calendar girls, until the S.C.U.M. reached the staid quality of a broadsheet in the early Naughtyies.

And now it is gone, replaced by something that is less than a shadow of its former self. The long and noble line of publishing heavyweights that were the editors has ended as a greasy smudge on a barren, blank scrap of paper that represents the future of the S.C.U.M.

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## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

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From Your Very Important V.P.*

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### A VERY PRESIDENTIAL WELCOME

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this university a new society, conceived in drunkenness and dedicated to the proposition that all men are footballers. Now we are engaged in a great contest, testing whether that society or any society so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great soccer-field of that contest. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a permanent change-room for those who here gave their weekends that that society might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, and it will never care what they did there. It is for us the new members to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from these pages we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion - that we here highly resolve that these beers shall not have been emptied in vain, that this society - this ANU FC - shall have a new birth of vigour, and that club of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

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## FROM YOUR VERY IMPORTANT V. P.

Shut up, Dom.



*"Jason, I'd like to let you play, but soccer is a girls' game."*

All Diversions are proudly reprinted strictly without authorisation. Complaints should be made to ANUS CUM c/o any of the following sheepish members of the ANU FC Politburo:

1. President - Mr. Dom Barber
2. Very Important V. P. - Mr. Li Gorfo
3. P. A. To The President - Mr. Stefan Karloff
4. Middle Man - Mr. Liam Nieceson
5. Ball Boy - Mr. Simple Simon
6. Dirty Banker - Ms. Heather Graham
7. Scum Of The Earth - Mr. Avian Flu
8. Hanger-On With Zero Responsibility But Much Voice - Mr. José Carrereres

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### SPECIAL REPORT: FEES

Each year you, the loyal and deserved members of this superlative club, are asked to contribute money. This money is passed through various nefarious means

*continued later don't know when, don't know where*

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## *Of Our Fair Sponsors*

Feel like a refreshing vat of the finest mead this side of the Elysian Fields?  
Can't stop tapping your feet to the Disco Beat?  
Why not indulge your senses by visiting your friends down at the "Ruzzle?"

**CANBERRA**  
**RSL**  
**CLUB**

Tired of the same old gymnasium with the worn equipment so dilapidated you wouldn't send your dog to urinate on the seated shoulder press machine? The ANU Sports Union is here to help! For peace-of-mind and the solidarity of your sporting fraternity, come to the Union; or let the Union come to you.



**Focus on Movement**  
PHYSIOTHERAPY CENTRE

Forget your psychological wellbeing!  
Focus on your physical health. Focus on movement. Focus on Focus On Movement Physiotherapy Centre - the Movement set in motion for you!

When you think "Viva Zapata," think Montezuma's Mexican Restaurant. When you think 8 August 1879, think Aztec. When you think "it's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees," think "wouldn't it be nice if we ate at Monte's first."



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*continued from some place earlier*

under the watchful eye of your elected Dirty Banker, Ms. Heather Graham, to ensure that the club officially remains in a state of permanent insolvency. And yet, as an important member of this lucrative scam, you have an inalienable right to know which tax-havens overseas are the beneficiaries your hard-earned cash.

So for the first time ever, foregoing the advice of our highly-paid lawyers, the Committee is insanely proud to present to you a not-entirely-fictional itemization of your fees.

- |          |       |
|----------|-------|
| 1. Fees  | \$175 |
| 2. Stuff | ??    |

Total: \$330  
(approx. may vary for students)

Let it never be said that we are not forthcoming. May you rest-assured with your money in our pockets.

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## Q&A: REDISCOVERING ROD'S LINES

*The SCUM talks to our foremost coach - and let's you in on all the "goss."*

S: Thanks for talking to the SCUM, Rod. An easy one first off: what's your name?

RL: Lynes. Rod Lynes.

S: What team do you coach?

RL: Don't ask me - ask the coaching staff.

S: Uh, Rod, we don't have a coaching staff.

RL: I'm 6ft and 11 stone.

S: What?

RL: March 20, 1963 at the Royal Canberra Hospital, whose demolition was undertaken under such tragic irony. Or is that ironic tragedy? I always get that mixed up.

S: Rod, are you buzzing?

RL: No. Don't worry, all *four* jobs are real!

S: You're a man who obviously knows his shit. Tell us, where do you get your shit?

RL: Somewhere on the left, comrade. I can be a bit

nippy between the wickets.

S: Okay. I can see we're not going to get anywhere-

RL: Well, since you're asking, Downer United, Downer Olympics, Belconnen United, Lockees United, Shuker Gurdler, Corinthians, Electric Shadows, Christians XI (vs Moslems XI, Copenhagen, 1985), Sheffield YMCA, Pomona FC, Kestrels FC, West End FC, Totlely FC, Josephines, Roxy, Cairo Jax, Tuggeranong Shadows, Canberra Shadows, Canberra City.

S: Is that your playing experience, then?

RL: I played under Alf Ramsay, you know.

S: Uh, Rod. Ramsey is spelled with an "e."

RL: It was because of me that he got knighted.

S: So we know whom you think a good coach is, but what about the players?

RL: George Best, Slim Jim Baxter, Bobby Moore, Peter Osgood, Dennis Lillee, Muhammed Ali, Alex Castro, Chris De Ruyter, Steve Holgate/Hogg (ah watched 'im play when ah were't lad, tha' knows), Ollie Bang, Ray Lynes (he gets it all from me, you know).

S: Rod, stop saying "parentheses."

RL: My biggest thrills are Attending World Cup USA in 1994 and winning ANU Award in 1995.

S: That's smashing.

RL: My biggest disappointments are losing to University of Canberra 5 - Canberra Shadows 0 (1992 semi-final); and the publication of anti-Canberra City articles appearing in the *Scum* (is there really any need for it??).

S: Rod, maybe you should drink some water and calm down. Are you even looking at me? Rod, your eyes are wandering in different directions.

RL: I wear Puma King (sun roof, ABS, ejector seat). Adidas Copa Mundial (radial tuned suspension, power steering, all extra accessories). And get no money from them. I drive a Ford Thingey (screw-in studs, padded tongue, kangaroo uppers). And get no money from them. I love food, drink, sleep (easily pleased really), history/trivia (as you've possibly guessed reading this) and I don't like the ethnocentric base of Australian football.

S: Seriously, Rod. Breathe. Breathe!

RL: The Fabs (is there any other??). Nelson Mandela. Oswald is INNOCENT! AARRRRGH-

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## ESSAY: TRAINING YOUR LEG

*By Your Local Fitness Coach*

First thing you should be aware of is that I am Your Local Fitness Coach, which means that I know more about your body than does your Mum. Having said that, I probably know your Mum's body better than she does.

The leg is one of the most important limbs of the human body. It houses the longest bones, the only knees and lots of little bits and pieces that form your ankles, feet and toes. Its complexity is only matched by its strength, which comes from the muscles that run like Corinthian pillars up to your crotch.

But the leg is more than eye-candy for the modern aesthete. To footballers, the leg is a tool as important as an artist's paintbrush, a boxer's arms, a masturbator's hands. Training the leg is therefore a task not to be undertaken lightly. It ought to be regimental in discipline and conducted under the watchful eye of a certified Fitness Coach.

Which is where I come in.

In a nutshell - and I'm not talking about any of the pissant nuts like your peanut or even walnut, or anything you can pry open with a \$1.50 nut-cracker from your corner store; I'm talking about your king of nuts, like the coconut, or your President's balls - leg training involves squatting. Lots of squatting. You don't dream about squats in your sleep, you're not squatting enough.

Squatting is one of the most comfortable contortions of the human frame. Forget the toilet seat; squat instead. And there are many helpful websites on the Internet that give explicit examples of positions involving the squat. Squat at work; squat at dinner; squat in the shower. You are only restricted in your imagination as to when or where you can squat.

After sixteen years of persistent squatting, you should

begin to notice some improvement. Apart from a prolapsed rectum, your legs should be in splendid shape. People will think that they've been carved from marble by an Italian master. But you will know that they're the result of a simple and fun training regime, as specified by me, Your Local Fitness Coach.

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## LETTERS

### *The Season Begins*

When will people learn that soccer is a winter sport? It wasn't invented by the Nomads of the Sahara or the Natives of the Tropics.

It was invented by Englishmen to keep warm between cricket seasons. It beggars belief why anyone would run around in the heat of an Australian Summer. Give it a rest, for the sake of your health and sanity, and for the sake of all true Englishmen.

God save the Queen!

R. U. Tan,  
Deakin, ACT

### *No More Bull*

I have been a keen reader of the CUM (sic) for many years, and I am sorry to report that the quality of this magnificent (sic) magazine has markedly deteriorated since this new Editor came to power.

And how, may I ask, did this dicktator (sic) rise to a position of such influence within our Club?

I'll tell you how: by employing a vicious cadre of terrorists to intimidate and eliminate any opposition into acquiescence.

N. Chumpsy  
Sodom, ACT

Address all letters to:  
BO Pox 011  
Up Shit's Creek ACT 90210

**Disclaimer:**

The S.C.U.M. is a magazine produced by the ANU FC for the benefit of its club members. It is intended as a satirical and humorous examination of events relevant to the club and is intended for members of the club and not the wider community. The opinions expressed within are solely those of the respective authors and in no way reflect the opinion or beliefs of the ANU FC or its sponsors.

**Seriously:**

The S.C.U.M. is a publication that is indebted to the talents and commitment of the ANU FC Committee:

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Social Officer	Vacant				

And then there are those whose assistance is not official, but no less valuable:

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Webmaster	Adrian Walkowiak		6282 8862		<a href="mailto:awalkowiak@hotmail.com">awalkowiak@hotmail.com</a>

**But WAIT - there's MORE:**

Do you want to learn more?

Keep **READING** for exciting and important information, like **TRAINING** schedules and details on **COACHES**. Get more **BANG** for your **BUCK** simply by turning the page!

Those darn coaches, without whom we'd all be fatter, slower and dumber:

Team	Coaches	Work Phone	Home Phone	Mobile	E-mail
Technical Director	George Kulcsar			0405 211 162	<a href="mailto:kulcsars@bigpond.com">kulcsars@bigpond.com</a>
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PL Manager & Trainer					
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Division 2	Robbie Bennett		6249 8493		<a href="mailto:bennetr@ausport.gov.au">bennetr@ausport.gov.au</a>
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Div 3 Manager					
Div 3 Trainer					
Division 4	Cristian Torres	6244 3213	6288 1073	0409 393 889	<a href="mailto:cristian.torres@act.gov.au">cristian.torres@act.gov.au</a>
				0421 110 434	
Div 4 Manager & Trainer	Alex Jaksic	6283 2230		0417 131 166	<a href="mailto:alex.jaksic@ipaustalia.gov.au">alex.jaksic@ipaustalia.gov.au</a>
Division 5	Ian Warner	6263 3274	6242 5693		<a href="mailto:iwarner@dodo.com.au">iwarner@dodo.com.au</a>
Div 5 Manager & Trainer					
Division 6 Blue	Jim Dawson	6121 7018	6254 2246	0412 269 318	<a href="mailto:jim.dawson@dewr.gov.au">jim.dawson@dewr.gov.au</a>
Div 6 Manager & Trainer					
Division 7 Orange	Sachind Naidu	6252 7196	6242 4031	0431 939 591	<a href="mailto:sachind.naidu@abs.gov.au">sachind.naidu@abs.gov.au</a>
Div 7 Manager & Trainer					
Masters Div 2	Pete Foley	6252 7491	6258 3751		<a href="mailto:peter.foley@abs.gov.au">peter.foley@abs.gov.au</a>
Masters Manager & Trainer					
Goalkeepers	John Tucker	6125 5418	6299 8485		<a href="mailto:john.tucker@anu.edu.au">john.tucker@anu.edu.au</a>

Ready to play? Don't forget to TRAIN.  
 See over for exciting TRAINING information.  
 Exclusive to your S.C.U.M. (and the ANU FC website).

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**TRAINING:**

Yes, that's right: Training starts **TODAY!**

Think you're good enough for the top two teams? Test your skill and resolve at **WILLOWS OVAL**.

Think you'd like to tough-it-out in the lower divisions? Come to **FELLOWS OVAL** and see how good you really are.

Whether you're at Willows Oval or Fellows Oval, training begins at 18:30 and ends at 20:00. Sessions run each Monday and Wednesday.

Stay tuned to the **S.C.U.M.** for updates.

**CORRECTION:**

The fees stated in this edition of the **S.C.U.M.** are erroneous on all counts. The real fee structure for Season 2004 is yet to be determined. The **S.C.U.M.** will endeavour to keep its readers informed of the fees as soon as this information becomes available.

The ANU FC does not and will never have a Politburo. Despotic regimes have no need for a consultative body. All hail His Divine Lordship, Dom Barbaro.

**And finally:**  
**Season 2004 begins 17<sup>th</sup> April, 2009...**