
SCUM

THE OFFICIAL LIGAMENT OF THE ANU FOOTBALL CLUB

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The Sales Pitch

Debate is humming with the evening crowd, the young professionals from nearby offices sweating elegantly in their business shirts, loosened silk ties and French-cuffs, their Camel Flash Gold Mirror lens Fendi sunglasses tucked away in their urban-Caesar hair. I sit in my usual booth towards the back. There's a gin and tonic in my hand, and a lazy ceiling fan above my head; neither seem to be able to cut through the humidity nor ward off the appalling heat.

I am about to finish my drink when Il Principe walks up to my table and flops into a chair. He sighs in that deliberate way he has of doing things before taking my glass and emptying it in one smooth motion.

"Sorry, old boy," he says, a smile breaking across his Apollonian face, "frightening thirst."

"What do you want?" I ask.

"Thought I might play a bit of soccer this year," he tells me. "Sport, you know."

And then he asks me about ANU FC, and suddenly I feel like that guy on television, plugging his all-purpose wrench to a brain-dead audience. It is my first sales pitch ever, and I hardly know where to begin.

I tell Il Principe that it's three hundred something dollars to join, less for students, and he bares his canines at me and bursts into a spasmodic laugh. I think back to the television and the wrench; I picture the man dangling from an oil-smeared bar above a plutonian pit of fire, and he's held up, the wrench gripping through the grease and supporting his body weight.

"But consider what you're getting for that low, low price," I say. "Yes, UC can undercut us by a hundred dollars, but think, man: this is ANU we're talking about."

"So what?" he demands.

It sounds like a challenge. I wave down a waiter and order two shots of over-proofed rum, and I tell him what ANU FC has to offer.

Historical fact: there is no club in the world with a better defensive record than ANU. We have spent years cultivating a style of play that is stoic at its worst, and down right catatonic at its best. Safer than any bank, more impenetrable than Joycean prose, the stated purpose of the

ANU defence is to smother the creativity of the opposing side with extended passages of the most woefully tedious play.

This style, developed during the turbulent winter of '68, proved more than effective against the new "route-1" tactic that had been made popular at the World Cup two years earlier. Censured by the press for being "wickedly monotonous," it was nevertheless adopted as the ANU standard. By 1969, all divisions in the club had embraced this style, now dubbed the "wickedly monotonous defence," or WMD.

Plainly stated - indeed it is difficult to state it in any other way - WMD involved kicking the ball out of play at every opportunity, often with as much power as possible. Deceptively simple, its impact was immediate. In the following decades, the average seasonal for-against figures for all ANU sides read anywhere from 2:0 in 1976 to an astonishing 2:-1 in 1984. Needless to say, WMD had a devastating effect on the football world order. Within a few short years, ANU FC had risen from an insignificant rogue club to become a seasonal championship contender.

Other clubs and teams have tried to emulate the success of ANU FC by developing their own WMD. France, Russia and even the American Women's Team have gained much influence through their capacity to use WMD. Smaller teams, too, have toyed with this Promethean gift, but although they have not risen to prominence, they have certainly grown in notoriety.

The proliferation of the WMD style may have levelled the playing fields of world football, but ANU FC yet sits astride Mount Parnassus as an oracle for the future of this beautiful game.

Il Principe stares at me from across the table. "You're telling me," he whispers in an almost reverent tone, "that any team that plays ANU will capitulate from utter boredom and that the game will be effectively over before half-time - within 45 minutes?"

"That, I can say, Il Principe," I tell him with a straight face, "without one word of a lie."



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YOUR DIRTY BANKER WAXES LYRICAL

I love money. The mere thought of cash makes me hard - it hardens my heart and it steels my mind. Now you've all probably heard that love of money is the root of all evil. Frankly that sounds like horseshit, doesn't it?

How can love be evil?

I remember my first date with hard currency. I was in year seven, sitting in Mr. Tuppence's English class. We were discussing anthropomorphism or some such nonsense, so I raised my hand and asked if I could be excused to go to the toilet.

It was inside the bathroom above the library that I first laid eyes on the love of my life. Five Dollars was washing her hands in the sink, trying to rid herself of a smiley face some runt had drawn over the Queen's visage. She looked gorgeous standing there in the flickering fluorescent light, her polymer skin smooth and cool. I walked over to her and ran my fingers over the mound above Parliament House, and traced them along the angular lines of the giant flagpole. She moaned when I crouched low and whispered her serial number into her wattle bush. We talked, then one thing led to another, and she bought me lunch.

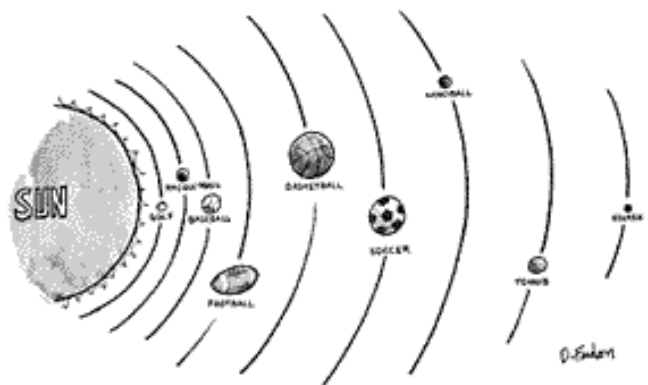
And here's the point I'm getting at: I know money. Ours has been a passionate relationship for many years. In monetary concerns, experience counts for more than competence. So don't be afraid to hand over your money. We know how to treat them right.

SIMON SAYS

This year, the Club had an opportunity to purchase a wall for training purposes. Walls are expensive. We also looked at buying slalom poles. Poles are expensive.

We did buy balls. I sincerely hope they don't warp into eggs.

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The S.C.U.M. apologises for the poor quality of this Diversion. Although it is not the place of this publication to give a critique of banal artwork, it is perfectly within its rights to defame those responsible for sullyng these pages with said artwork.

The S.C.U.M. therefore wishes to denounce and deride the following pathetic members of its own staff:

1. Editor - Mr. [REDACTED]

It is only in this spirit of openness and honesty that the press can remain relevant and be a service to its readers. May we remain as an example to others.

SPECIAL REPORT: TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Things just aren't the same anymore now that training has begun. Twice a week, every Monday and Wednesday, I drag my butt down to Fellows Oval to

to be continued later

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

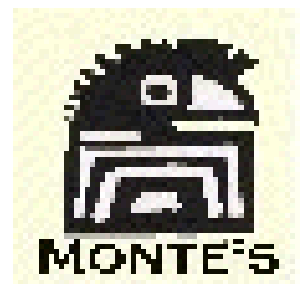
Tired of the same old gymnasium with the worn equipment so dilapidated you wouldn't send your dog to urinate on the seated shoulder press machine? The ANU Sports Union is here to help! For peace-of-mind and the solidarity of your sporting fraternity, come to the Union; or let the Union come to you.



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."



continued from someplace earlier

reacquaint myself with nausea. Last season, you would have seen me at Willows Oval, but life being the slow road to death that it is, Fellows is where I'll be this year. You can easily spot me: I'll be the cadaverous heap of lard heaving my guts out beneath the staid windows of the Chifley library windows.

As I watch the rancid chunks cascade from my mouth, I am initially moved by an overpowering sense of waste. Had I not only an hour before exchanged money for this food? Had not the good people of McDonald's poured elbow grease into my burger and fries - the very burger and fries that now strangely resemble a puddle of diced carrots?

That irrational panic is quickly overwhelmed by constricting chest pains, as my heart and lungs vie for the last seat on Charon's Acheronian cruise. No, those sounds you hear are not the screams of a strangled monkey. It's your's truly, giving his life and soul for the game he hates to love.

It used to be, I could go for weeks without a vomit. Oh, there would be the occasional retch outside the South Pac or inside some poor bastard's taxi; but my memory of such incidents is vague. The only evidence I have of them ever occurring are either splatter marks on my shoes or a \$50 cleaning bill for the taxi driver.

But now it's all different. Now I'm cognisant of every convulsion, of every mouthful that used to be a gutful. Training has only just begun, but I'm already wondering when it'll end.

See you next Monday.

Q & A: BEHIND THE INK

The SCUM talks to itself about Season 2004.

S: Welcome to this week's Q & A.

S: Thanks for having you.

S: No, thank me.

S: No problem.

S: Season 2004 looks like it's going to be very exciting. ANU is defending its place in the Premier League; there's the arrival of the new Technical Director; and of course, this is the year our new Editor has promised to destroy us. How do I see yourself performing this season?

S: You're glad I asked that question. There are going to be several notable changes to you this year. You might have already seen some of them in this and the previous issues.

S: Yes, I don't seem to make much sense anymore.

S: Well, that is just a symptom.

S: Of what?

S: Amongst other things, the onset of irrelevance and eventual death.

S: Sounds terminal.

S: Doesn't it?

S: Can you stop this? I mean, how can you help?

S: I'm afraid it's terminal, like you said.

S: You refuse to believe it. There has to be something that can be done to reverse this situation.

S: Yes, well, you're afraid there isn't.

S: But of course you're afraid. Who wouldn't be?

Staring into oblivion, only to see Death's face staring back at you.

S: At me.

S: Quite. She does look like me.

S: Who does?

S: Death.

S: She does?

S: You think so. Actually, she looks like your backside.

S: Your backside?

S: Yes. My arse - it's very cute.

S: Thank me.

S: Ogling at it constantly, I'm afraid. Often feel like giving it a bit of a nip actually.

S: That's rather narcissistic, wouldn't I say?

S: On one level, definitely. Some ouroboros to it as well, a closed system, the cycle of things, universal.

Tosh, really.

S: Oh, yes. You see.

S: Do you?

S: Yes. But could it also be the destruction of one's self by the cannibalistic consumption of oneself starting with one's arse?

S: Aren't you supposed to be the one asking the questions?

S: Good Lord, no. That task is mine.

S: Oh, sorry. Well, assuming we're doomed, what can I do to make you go out with a bang?

S: First of, some contributions. Naturally, match reports won't make it to publication before the season commences. But there are lurid details of coaches and Committee members that are ready to go to ink.

S: And announcements.

S: Quite so. Something to fill in these ghastly pages of yours.

S: Yours, I mean. Well, thanks for having me. I'm welcome.

ESSAY: INTERVAL TRAINING

By Your Local Fitness Coach

Last week, we discussed the importance of muscle-building through a dedicated application of the squat. This week, we leave muscles behind and move on to a group of veins called the heart and lungs.

Your heart and lungs are arguably the most important things slushing around in your chest cavity. Try running a length of the pitch without either veins, and you'll see what I mean. More likely than not, you'll collapse like an artificial stock market boom.

So how can you prevent yourself from ending up like the Internet Bubble? The answer is Interval Training, or what the Swedes call *Fartlek*.

Fartlek is an advanced training technique designed to raise the anaerobic threshold of the athlete. Done correctly, it is a highly demanding training technique that brings variety and improved results to any fitness regime.

But before we focus on some examples of fartlekking, let us first spend a few moments to dwell on this strange, somewhat acrimonious word.

Contrary to popular belief, a fartlek is not the act of running your tongue through the physical result of another's flatulence. It is in fact the juxtaposition of two Swedish words: *fart* (meaning *speed*); and *lek* (meaning *play*). Both these words are of Old Nordic origin and, taken in this context, prove to be perfectly innocuous.

We have the Germans to blame for our version of the word *fart*, to mean exactly what it looks like meaning. The Germanic fart has little in common with the Swedish fart, except perhaps that our fart may have had its beginnings in the Norse *freta* (and the Sanskrit *pardate*). All in all, it's rather reassuring that our fart has such a diverse heritage. One can only imagine the mediocre potency of any fart unlucky enough to come from a more depleted etymological gene pool.

What richness, what depth of quality and meaning has our fart!

But I digress as on the passing wind. Ask your team coach for a fartlek or two. You won't be disappointed.

LETTERS

The Horror, The Horror

I have hardly the strength to lift my fingers and write you this letter. I am sitting in a thatched-roof Internet café in Nha Trang. It is hot and humid. Everything is a haze because I lost my glasses somewhere on Mama Han's boat last week.

I hope everything is going well over there. How I long for the crisp coolness of the waning Canberra summer. However it will be some time before I will return, as along with my glasses, gone too are my passport, traveller's cheques and hotel room key.

Happily, bread and water is very cheap here in Vietnam, and I can scrape together a living by selling the only thing I still own: myself.

The demand for short, portly European males with abundant bodily hair is remarkably high - a demand that is unlikely to be met by the constant flow of Scandinavian tourists through this area. They come here for the diving, the tropical air, and Mama Han's boat.

I don't think there actually is someone called Mama Han; or if there was, that person is long dead, drowned, most likely, in her own alcoholic vomit. Mama Han's boat cruises is now a franchise aimed squarely at the European tourist trade. For US\$10, they take you out to some islands, serve you limitless amounts of free mulberry wine, fatten you with a seafood banquet, and then dump you in the sea, where you float and drift on giant rubber tubes and continue to guzzle what tastes like cooking sherry. The Captain of the boat is also the barman, a suicidal type who insists on partaking in the binge.

It is frankly a miracle I survived Mama Han's boat.

The prostitution goes well, but I haven't earned enough yet to get me new glasses, or to get a bus ticket to return to Hanoi, where a new passport hopefully awaits. I have two appointments today: an elderly woman who wants her back scrubbed by my chest hair; and a young nymph who just wants a good rogering.

All the best,

Your President, Dom "Hardman" Barbaro

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.

Please send all comments, letters and abuse to the following e-mail address: anuscum2004@yahoo.com. All letters will be read; all abuse will be published (available space and trees notwithstanding).

Remember: the S.C.U.M. belongs to you.

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

TRAINING:

Yes, that's right: Training has already started!

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.

The Countdown:
Only 4838400 seconds to go before
Season 2004 begins.