

ANU Scum Special Perth Glory Gloating and Robin Friday Memorial Edition

Well, I hate to say I told you so, but I told you so. The Glory went back to back as I tipped all along. Did it the hard way as usual. God bless that shitty Sydney weather for decimating Power's fast passing game. But, we were the better team on the day, and let's be honest, we deserve to be national champions at least twice, cos we've been carrying the NSL for the past five seasons.

There's a bandwagon rolling by, feel free to climb aboard.

Anyway, welcome to another strangely edited from afar edition of the Scum, where once again I illustrate how broad my horizons have become by talking about a range of issues which have nothing to do with football. I've either become more learned or I've just gone completely off the rails. You decide dear reader.

A big thank you to those who took the trouble to send me their match reports. You will find them enclosed. An apology to anyone who missed the deadline, or who looked at the email address and said, "Who's this Fergo f**kwit?"

This week

PL v Canberra Deakin @ North Oval, 3pm
PL Res v Canberra Deakin @ North Oval, 1pm
Div 1 BYE
Div 2 v Fyshwick @ South Oval, 1pm
Div 4 v ADFA @ North Oval, 1pm
Div 5 v Fyshwick @ North Oval, 3pm
Div 6 v Fyshwick @ South Oval, 1pm
Div 7 Blue v Weston Creek @ South Oval, 3pm
Div 7 Orange v Marist/St Edmunds @ Marist, 3pm
Masters v Belconnen Utd @ North Oval, 10am Sunday

Last week

PL LOST 2-3 O'Connor Knights
PL Res WON 2-1 O'Connor Knights
Div 1 LOST 1-4 Queanbeyan City
Div 2 LOST 1-3 O'Connor Knights
Div 4 WON 2-0 Canberra City
Div 5 LOST 2-4 Canberra City
Div 6 WON 5-0 Canberra City
Div 7 Blue DREW 2-2 Div 7 Orange
Masters WON 3-0 Woden Valley

Pissing in Pockets

Now, I'm not one to begrudge acknowledgment where it's due. In fact I'm the first to extend the hand of congratulations to those who I feel are deserving of praise. At the same time I am also deeply sympathetic toward anyone who has to face up to a life threatening illness.

Having said this, I am moved to suggest that I am not entirely convinced that Delta Goodrem fully deserves all of her recent accolades.

Fair enough, the multiple Aria and other musical awards are a well earned reflection of the sheer originality of her silky pop craftings. Thus I think it was rather unjust of the likes of Adam Spencer on JJJ, for example, to describe her music as, "a pile of unadulterated soul crushing pus." Indeed such accusations detract from the minutes of effort it must have taken for her management to pen songs of the quality of "Predictable".

I am also supportive of Delta's nomination for this year's Golden Logie award (despite the fact that she actually only appeared on telly for about five minutes in the past year) for her stunning work on the excellent Australian drama series, "Home and Away", or "Neighbours", or whichever one of them she's on. Quality television all round, and the Logies, well, as Ray Martin says, they are indeed, "The only game in town", and hence the benchmark of classy Australian television. I certainly disagree with the likes of Wil Anderson (JJJ), for example, who recently described the logies as "A celebration of mediocrity", as I feel that this cruelly and unjustly denigrates the kind of champagne material currently being dished up by our hard working commercial television stations. I mean it must be back breaking work to squeeze that many reality TV shows out of a single idea.

As for Delta's recent reception of the Nobel Prize for Literature. Okay, fair enough she hasn't actually ever written a book, or possibly read one, but that's beside the point. She's got cancer for Christ's sake you horrible uncaring bastards. Who the Hell reads books anyway? There simply isn't time, what with Playstation, Nintendo, television, mobile phone texting and the Internet. So as long as Delta can sign her own name on royalty cheques, then that's fine by me. Indeed, if we could convince Delta to lob over to Baghdad for a couple of weeks and drop a few bombs on the locals, what the Hell, let's chuck in a Nobel Peace Prize as well. She's just as worthy as Tone and George Dubbya.

However, I think that there does have to be a line drawn in the sand somewhere. For this reason I am slightly skeptical about the recent decision to award Johnny Warren the title of Miss Universe 2004. I mean he's not even on commercial television.

Etymological Corner

Like many people, I have been immensely impressed with the work of US President George Dubbya Bush, since his controversial inauguration to the White House. A

While we're on the subject, no doubt you are also aware, dear reader, of the obesity problems experienced by today's children as well. In this age of Playstation, Nintendo, the Internet, personal computers, mobile telephony and pay television there are of course much less reasons for children to go outside and play. Thus depriving them of both exercise and the development of vital social skills.

However, I feel that these problems are in many ways the responsibility of us adults. It's our fault our kids are fat, lazy little buggers. Why, because we mollycoddle the little shits, that's why. We carry on about stranger danger, serial killers and child molesters, as if these chimeras were queuing up at the front door to prey on our youngsters. When in effect what we fail to acknowledge is that these kind of predators always existed, in small numbers. They only appear to be more predominant now because of our greater access to instant hands on global information.

When I was a kid we weren't allowed to sit around the house all day. Our folks would kick us out the door in the morning and tell us to come back at the end of the day, and we had to make our own fun. Sure there were child molesters around then too, but they were patient, they were understanding. If you wanted to catch tadpoles or play marbles, they'd do that with you first.

Ding dong!

"Hey, Mrs Ferguson, can Tony come out to play?"

"Hi, Mr Gacy. Sure, he's in his room. I'll get him."

"Tony, it's your Uncle John Wayne."

"Yaaaay! Uncle John Wayne, can we play dress ups again? Will you be Pogo the Clown?"

"Of course little man. We'll have ice cream and catch tadpoles, and then I'll tie you to a chair in my basement and cut your clothes off with a pair of scissors."

"Yaaaaay, I love you, Pogo the Clown."

That's a line that has just been crossed.

Helicopter

I decided that I'd like to achieve a couple of my lifetime ambitions this year, things I've been putting off for ages. So I figured, okay, having sex with a black girl to complete the trifecta, probably out of the equation at this point in time. However, going in one of

those sensory deprivation tanks, you know, the ones made infamous by that early 80s horror flick "Scanners", is do-able, as is going for a helicopter ride.

Thus it was that last Friday I ventured out to the Perth Esplanade and partook of a fifty dollar half an hour joy ride. Everything was going fine as my pilot, Mr Nguyen and I took to the skies on a beautiful sunny Perth morning. But something went amiss. No sooner had we set a trajectory over the Swan River than I totally freaked out and started having these flashbacks to 'nam. I went all Dennis Hopper like, which is weird, cos I never even served in Vietnam in the first place.

But apparently I spent the first 20 minutes curled up in a foetal ball in the corner of the chopper, muttering "The horror! The horror!" over and over. Then it got worse. Allegedly, I pinned Mr Nguyen against the cockpit wall and interrogated him for ten minutes about being part of the Viet Cong, before sliding the side door open and pushing him out some 500 metres off the ground.

The court case starts next week.

So there you go kiddies, a lesson for you. Don't try and achieve your life's ambitions. It could be dangerous, particularly if you're a delusional psychopath.

Match Reports

ANU PL reserves defeat Knights 2-0

The 2004 season for PL reserves began on a positive note with a good 2-0 win away to Oconnor Knights. After all the pre season training and trial games it was good to get into action for the season proper.

The game began well for us and we took the game to Oconnor from the first minute. The team made a good start and we played some very good football and created a few chances that were either saved or went wide. Oconnor was content to play a direct game relying on long balls but our defence easily kept them at bay.

Early in the game our first goal ironically came from a long throw from Andrew Greenwood whose long throw into the box was missed by the Knights keeper and was deflected into the net from a Knights defender. Sounds ironic but it actually happened. Any goal you can get against the Knights counts.

After this goal we settled down into a good rhythm of play and really had the Knights on the back foot for most of the first half. They only looked dangerous from their set pieces due to their height advantage. Going in 1-0 up at half time was pretty pleasing.

After the half time break the Knights came out strong and had us pinned down for a short while but we managed to hold on and weather the storm. After about 20 minutes or so we began to get on top again and the ascendancy was ours. About half way through the

second half Andrew Mischevich scored a great goal following some good team play. Andrew received the ball and ran with it past a defender and then fired a shot from a good 20-25 metres into the left hand corner of the Knights net.

The second goal was the straw that broke the Camels back and we looked in control for the duration of the game. All in all it was a good team performance with all 13 players on the day making a good impact. The team spirit is very strong and I am sure we will continue to improve as the season goes on. Well done guys.

Darren Viskovich

Masters

Woden Valley 0 ANU 3

SHOCK! DIRTY OLD MEN GET THROUGH 90 MINUTES WITHOUT SWEARING

Or at least without the referee noticing (or choosing not to notice)....

Q. How can you tell when a Masters player is swearing? A. His lips are moving.

A new season dawns with a bunch of old tossers wondering how the %#@* they are going to break lifetime habits of bollocking and blueing - its all very well for you young and sensitive Saturday players, but getting old dogs to learn clean new tricks is harder than getting film stars in the San Fernando valley to wear condoms (allegedly). [No, it's true – Ed]

Our cause was helped somewhat by Eric Ward's decision to rest his dodgy old joints for a year - he probably had advance warning of the 'zero tolerance' policy and decided that it was better to spend his Sunday mornings in bed rather than on the sideline accumulating even more red cards than normal. Indeed, it is a slimmed down 'lean and hungry' Masters squad this year - just 15 of us - with stalwarts Michael Robertson, Nigel Smith, Chris Hardy, Uncle Eric and a couple of Daves having decided to hang up their boots for the year/disappear off the face of the earth/go and goalkeep for Jim's 7ths. Fortunately, our numbers have been boosted with strategic recruitment raids on Steau Bucharest and the Narrabundah Combined Services 11.

Under the steady eye of Coach Foley - he of the Steve Royes memorial stopwatch and clipboard - we took the field on the narrow, slopy Mawson pitch. While our squad has slimmed down between seasons it is clear that Woden have gone in the opposite direction - having recruited half of Canberra City to their now stellar Div 1 team, there appear to be about 25 blokes vying for spots in their Div 2 team. Last year's Div 2 easybeats will probably not be so easy to beat this year - though there is a yawning chasm between them and their Div 1 counterparts, who hammered us a few weeks back in a pre-season game.

The ACT's demographic bulge has bloated Masters Div 2 out to 12 teams now - 5 more than in the rather threadbare Div 1 competition (UCan being the wimps who decided to cruise through Div 2 rather than get poleaxed by ex-NSL heavyweights week-in/week-out).

Anyway, enough preamble - what happened in the game? Running uphill and into the wind in the first half things were fairly even - enlivened only by a series of increasingly comical miskick clearances from newly installed fat-bastard Sweeper, Sigo. We took the lead when the Romanian connection of Calin and Liviu pulled the Woden defence to the left setting up an unmarked Karl on the right to slot the ball away. We nearly conceded the lead shortly after when an attempted defensive clearance cannoned off a clueless Woden player and skimmed centimetres past our left upright.

At half time we noted that the Woden keeper is a natural sweeper - coming well off his line more often than not. Rod predicted he would chip him at the earliest opportunity. Rod was at the epicentre of just about everything in the 2nd half. First, he flighted the ball into the net from an acute-angle free-kick - only to have the goal disallowed because the ref had his arm up for an indirect (this after our player had been taken out from behind - a very bizarre interpretation of obstruction!). Then the ref, perhaps atoning for his earlier clanger, awarded us a somewhat soft penalty that Rod was allowed to have two attempts at before he finally kept it below the crossbar. Finally, Rod fulfilled his halftime prophecy by breaking clear and deftly chipping the rapidly advancing Woden keeper. 3-0 and game over, with the Woden team having lost their shape and discipline.

A good start for us and hopefully the first of many clean sheets - but there will be much tougher challenges ahead, starting with a home game this week against last-year's premiers Belconnen. [Although it is fair to say even at this early juncture that without the legendary Fergo in our side, we have no chance of ever winning the Masters' League - Ed]

The Dim Locator

ANUFC Div 4 "Los Muchachos" (2) Vs Canberra City (Nil)

From the outset we could see that this was not going to be an easy match. As we took the park to commence our warm up - and while I set up the camera to record the first of many Muchachos victories for the 2004 season, it was clear that we were in for a tough, physical match... The City team were all quite tall, bulky and generally a lot larger than Los Muchachos, especially when you consider that the average Muchacho is about knee high to a Hobbit. However, with the boys arriving at the ground nice and early (let's keep that enthusiasm and dedication up boys !!) we had plenty of time for a prolonged, decent warm up and tactical chat.

The game *did* turn out to be a physical affair, certainly for the duration of the first half anyhow, but the boys matched their City counterparts for intensity, and clearly outmatched them in the football department as the score line indicates.

I *will* say that my nerves were slightly on edge for much of the game, given we didn't score until the second half, and even then, the more or less even-matched nature of the game meant that I was not going to be comfortable until we got a second. Having said that, I could see that the game was always going to be won by Los Muchachos...

The first half ended goal-less after we endured an initial onslaught of fast and furious attacks from our opponents, with the best effort of the game thus far going, admittedly, to City in the 13th minute. Los Muchachos were saved from going 1 - nil down by nothing less than the *brilliance* of our agile and nimble-fingered keeper Nick Young. He dived far and to his right to save a well struck shot that was going in somewhere near the top corner of the goal. We seemed to wake up somewhat after this, and found our passing game at last. *La Symphonica* was tuning up...

From then on it was pretty much an all-Muchacho affair in terms of domination of both ground and possession, with numerous chances going begging for us (not at all an usual sight at a Muchachos game – but one that we are working hard to leave behind). At one point I recall being quite optimistic of a positive result, and even impressed with my boys (and indeed the City boys for keeping us out). We maintained an enormous amount of pressure on the City side, which they were, to their credit, able to successfully absorb unscathed, with 3 corners in a row going our way in the space of just a minute or so – BTW, try not swearing as you watch ball after ball be cleared from a scrappy, congested goal line time and time again!!... However, City were ever dangerous on the counter attack and it was clear that our Hobbittses were at times having difficulty dealing with the towering monstrosity that was their number 10 up front.

The second half saw 'young' Nige come on in midfield from the whistle, with Phillip (El Capitan) resuming defensive duties for Remy (Dugharry) who came off for a rest after a tremendous first half. This was when our superiority really began to become evident. One can only assume that the tired legs of the City players allowed us all more room to play our slower, more 'beautiful' brand of football. But whatever the reason, the fact is that '*La Symphonica*' was very clearly back, in tune and in full swing baby !!!

It was only a few minutes into the second half when Jez finally had a successful shot on goal from the left side of the park. One on one with the keeper, at a rather an acute angle from a very unselfish square Duncan pass, Jezza made no mistake to calmly slot it past a mesmerised goalie's near post and make it 1 nil to the deserving Muchachos. I should note that Jezza had a number of shots in the first half, all of which were on target (nice one Jez!!) and not resulting in goals only due to the quite bizarre luck of the opposition goalie – I think few will debate that he actually didn't had much to do with that first save that saw Jezza's shot pushed onto the cross bar.

Our dominance of the now clearly demoralised City clan continued unabated and still, numerous chances went begging as we peppered the City goal from all kinds of positions. It was quite some time later that an insurgence into the box by our midfielders yielded not only a goal, but also a red card to one of the City boys for hand ball. Evidently Phillippo copped quite a bit of lip from this tired, cheating bum, for apparently 'encouraging a red card'. However, to his credit, El Capitan was able to maintain his cool in the face of incessant abuse, say to himself, Kurrva Machi, and ensure he stayed on the park to witness and further take part in his team's first triumph for the season – without resorting to swearing.

All in all quite a successful first day out for Los Muchachos, though still some work needs to be done on our fitness and our shooting and finishing in particular. Stand out performances for mine on the day were Dima and Remy, who fought all day against a much larger opposition, and yet did not concede a thing. Nathan also, deserves a special mention. His coming on with 25 or so minutes to go made a demonstrable difference to our football, particularly the way he combined with the experience and skill of Nigel in the central midfield role. It is truly unfortunate that the battery on the camcorder had run out at this stage, for young Nathan played some magical passes and turns in the midfield, indicating that the Nathan of 2 years ago is back with a vengeance, better than ever. Sandy also did well to come on towards the end, while still nursing a die-hard flu, to further tighten and stiffen up the Muchachos defence.

Well done to both Jezza and Gino for opening their 2004 season goal accounts, and congrats to Nick for a truly outstanding performance in goal to maintain a clean sheet. A significant pat on the back should also go to the boys who sat on the bench and watched the game, Alex, Hector and I included, and managed to not audibly swear the entire game !!! This is not to say we didn't *ACTUALLY* swear, just not 'audibly'... The number of missed shots and poor calls we had to endure in silence was distressing to say the least, but we took it in our strides and did nothing but 'show the love'... I LOVE SOCCER ...!!! KURRRRRRVA...

Next week we take on the might of ADFA, but in the mood Los Muchachos appear to be in, we fear no-one !!!! Bring it on...

Kurrrrrrrva Machi....

Vamos Muchachos !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

El Coach
Cristian

And so we come to the end of another ANU Scum. It's time for me to ride off into the sunset again. If anyone wants to catch up with me any time, send me an email. Alternatively, just fly over to Perth and visit my local pub, where like unknown former

1970s maverick legendary 4th Division footballer, Robin Friday, you'll find me dancing naked on the tables, pissing it up big time, fighting the patrons, fornicating in the cupboards, before going out the next day to bang in a hat trick against Hartlepool.