

# SCUM

## THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB OF THE ANU FC

Volume 14, Issue 18

2 June 2004

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### Now Is The Winter...

It's winter again, and how the chill bites at our hands and chaffs our nipples. To help make sure you're rugged-up and warm for training and at weekend games, the S.C.U.M. would like to present the following *Winter Fashion Tips*.

For the feet, Ugg boots are all the rage. Gentle on your feet, these warm substitutes for football boots and common sense will make you the main attraction down at the ER, where triage nurses are guaranteed to be laughing at your injuries as much as your dress sense. So wear your Ugg boots, and cop a beating.

For the rest of your body, wear absolutely nothing. Avoid the cold sweat freezing on your shirt; avoid the pile of dirty clothes rotting in the corner of your bedroom. For the lower grades, avoid the embarrassment of having a mismatching strip for the game. For the higher grades, deny your opponents the opportunity of tugging on your shirt as you cruise past them, and impress the NSL selectors with the sophistication of your musculature.

NEXT WEEK: The S.C.U.M. reveals its *Spring Fashion Ideas*.

### On A More Serious Note

Congratulations are in order for our President Jose Del Rio, who took it upon himself to receive Tal Karp's award at the annual SRA Awards ceremony last night. Tal was a valued member of the ANU FC, and is now playing for the Matildas.

Tal also won a *blue* against the Vice Chancellor, who had spent all night taunting the award winners.

"The dude had it coming," said Tal after the fight.

The Vice Chancellor was not a guest at the function, which was aimed at recognising exceptional achievement in sports and related activities of its members. Upset that academic accomplishment was not a prerequisite for the awards, the V.C. proceeded to heckle the presentations with sledgehammer wit. As Tal was receiving her award, shouts of incoherent, though no doubt faultless, Latin could be heard from the back of the room.

It was only when a spring roll landed on Tal's head did the blue begin in earnest. Within seconds, Tal had the V.C. on his knees. A swift side-volley to his temple sent the rotund Professor rolling down the polished wooden floor. As his head bounced off the hard surface, Tal half-volleyed it into the wall.

It lasted 9.93 seconds, but the memory of Tal's achievements will live on.

### Inside This Issue

1. Read and find out.

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## Effective Editing

### *The Week That Was*

<b>Premier League</b>		
First Grade	v. Gungahlin Juventus	0:5
Reserve Grade	v. Gungahlin Juventus	1:3
<b>State League</b>		
Division 1	v. Southern Tablelands	3:0
Division 2	v. Southern Tablelands	4:2
Division 4	v. Harmonie	7:0
Division 5	v. Monaro	0:6
Division 6	v. RMC	3:2
Division 7 Orange	v. Canberra City	0:0
Division 7 Blue	v. RMC	5:1
Masters	v. Tuggeranong Utd	2:0

### *Screening Next Week*

<b>Premier League</b>		
First Grade	v. Belconnen Utd	Saturday, ANU North
Reserve Grade	v. Belconnen Utd	Saturday, ANU North
<b>State League</b>		
Division 1	v. Burns FC	Saturday, Kambah 3-5
Division 2	BYE	
Division 4	v. UCU Pumas	Saturday, ANU North
Division 5	v. Burns FC	Saturday, ANU North
Division 6	v. Radford	Saturday, ANU Willows
Division 7 Orange	v. RMC	Saturday, ANU Willows
Division 7 Blue	v. Radford Maroon	Saturday, Hackett
Masters	v. UCU Pumas	Sunday, ANU North

## Notice

We at the S.C.U.M. greatly appreciate the contributions from the various teams each week. Without these contributions, the S.C.U.M. would surely be nothing more than a self-indulgent rag as vacuous as it would be thin. This week's edition is decked out with enthralling reports, arbitrary statistics and nude pictures, all thanks to the concerted and conscientious efforts of readers like you.

So let us consider, for a moment, what would happen if no results or match reports were sent to the S.C.U.M.

*On self-indulgence:* fictitious reports and results would be printed. Instead of the truth, we'd be reading about how our PL side has taken up netball on Saturdays instead of football; how the new strip, which resembles the summer uniform of Radford girls, is causing several of our stars to tape up more than their feet before each game.

*On vacuousness:* The reason Gianni G. was late to the PL match last Saturday was because he was receiving a traffic infringement notice from the local policeman. When asked why he ignored the stop sign, Gianni replied with some insolence: "I totally paused." When asked why he spoke like a spoilt Californian sixteen-year-old girl, he replied, "Whatever."

*On emaciation:* Please support our wonderful sponsors.

*On solving the problem:* Please send match reports, statistics, results, insults and comments to the S.C.U.M. staff before every Wednesday for publication.

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## **Scoop**

### **5s get footballing lesson from Monaro**

**Monaro 6 – ANU 0**

**The Good, the Bad & the Ugly**

**By Jens *Never-fail* Light**

The Bad 1: In what was perhaps a bad omen, SL5's destiny in this game was shaped an hour before kick-off in the SL4 game. Guest-star Patrick Bashiri, SL5's coach and star forward fell victim to the Zero Tolerance at the hands of erstwhile ANU legend Macca and his whistle, after a self-directed expletive was rewarded with a red card.

This would leave Pokie 'free' to coach SL5 from the sideline for the first time, and maximise the opportunity to objectively observe his team play, carefully plan the use of substitutes (all 4) and fine tune the game plan and team structure. We went into the game with a 5-4-1 structure due to Monaro's 2<sup>nd</sup> place on the ladder, and goal difference heavily weighted to goals scored.

The Bad 2: Monaro are a mature team largely made up of ex-premier league players seeing out their careers in SL5. Unfortunately, their on field ability wasn't matched with off-field support with nothing but a few children to return balls, but no-one to run touchlines. They 'only had one sub so couldn't provide anyone to do a touch-line or referee', but miraculously managed to find a 2<sup>nd</sup> sub when an injury forced an early departure in the second half. Yes, "referee" – apparently, not a single Soccer Canberra official has made the journey to Queanbeyan for any of Monaro's home games.

This provided the 'opportunity of a life-time' for an underutilised ANU bench player to run around the park for a full game albeit in this ubiquitously unpopular role.

The Good: Monaro were too good. They used the ball and the space on their large home ground well, letting ball movement run ANU's defence ragged. They presented themselves to ball carriers with good open angles, regular 15-20m passes to feet, and communicated constantly and to a man. They were strong at and controlling the ball, making impressive turns and striking well.

ANU battled hard for most of the game. Bruce fumbled a couple but made some strong saves, the back line was solid, the midfield ran hard, and Kelvin always looked dangerous in attack. The game also signalled the return of Zee from injury, leaving only our Frenchman off the playing field (but still in everyone's ear).

The Ugly: Half an hour into the 2<sup>nd</sup> half, Monaro's heretofore cooperative attitude to the volunteer referee unexpectedly deteriorated. Despite an unassailable 4-0 lead, Monaro took exception to the general caution handed out to both teams to be careful with their language violations; this was prompted by advice from the touch-judge near the grandstand (ANU actually had a handful of supporters). For reasons known only to himself, the Monaro corner-taker took personal exception to this admonishment, and responded with a loud expletive suggesting that 'we're playing f\*\*\*ing football', virtually begging for a red card which was duly given.

This in turn provoked the player to direct the ball with a full blooded strike to the dumbstruck referee who was only 10m away, and wore the ball in his not inconsiderable mid-riff. A sour note in a symphony of sportsmanlike behaviour from both sides.

The Bad: Soccer Canberra's gradings of teams seems skewiff. Monaro's 'best team' is in SL5, and we now have Fyshwick's 2003 SL1 grand finalist side pulling out of SL2 and playing for Fyshwick's 'next best' side in SL5! It's a recipe for an unbalanced competition.

The Future: With some more games together as a team, better communication, and as management of the team improves, SL5 will continue to grow in strength – and the return game will be much closer I'm sure.

### **PL Reserves**

**ANU 1 : Juventus 3**

**By Darren Viskovich**

*PL Reserves defeated by Gunghalin Juventus*

ANU PL reserves were defeated 3-1 on Saturday at North by a strong Gunghalin Juventus team. The loss was our first of the season.

The game was one of two half's with Juventus dominating the first half and taking a 3-0 lead into the break. We played well in the second to show some life and got a goal back but alas it was not to be.

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The game was a funny one as before kick-off things looked good for us. The warm-up was good and the players seemed ready to go but when the game started it all fell apart. Juventus took the game to us and we were on the ropes for large periods of the first half. Our defence which has been so resolute this year was very soft and allowed Juventus a number of clear opportunities in the first 45 minutes.

In the first half we struggled to make an impact with the ball and could not maintain any effective possession. Juventus were coming forward in waves and our ability to close them down was found wanting. Their first goal came from a cross from their left midfielder who curled the ball into the box that deceived our goalkeeper and defenders. They all watched it go across and then a Juventus player headed the ball back across goal and a striker headed into an empty net to make it 1-0. Their second goal was scored direct from a free kick when a Juventus player hit a shot into the roof of the net. Graeme seemed to have it covered but the power of the shot left him flapping. The third Juventus goal was a comedy of errors after we had two attempts to clear the ball from a cross and failed to do so and a Juventus player smashed home from close range to make it 3-0. After this the heavens opened up and we were lucky not to be on the end of more goals.

Thankfully at half time we regrouped and made a stand.

In the second half we tried to get back into the game and played some better football. We created some good chances and we scored a good goal by Tim Webb. Tim ran the ball at their defence and from just outside the box let loose with a good shot that hit the back of the net like an exocet missile. The goal gave us some hope and with our fresh subs making an impact we put Juventus under the hammer and to their credit they held on. The second half was a much better performance from us in both attack and defence.

From a coaching perspective I was disappointed to lose but it was pleasing to see that we kept plugging away after a bad start. The boys kept trying and did show some good spirit to try and get back into the game. I think we have learned a good lesson following this game and hopefully we will be better for the experience.

Next week we will be playing Belconnen which will be a hard game. Hopefully we can regroup this week and get back into the groove next Saturday.

Bad luck lads.

**Division 6  
ANU Pelicans 3 : RMC 2  
By CoatC**

The Pelicans played RMC at Willows Oval in what was expected to be their hardest game to date. ANU welcomed back CoatC in goals, and thanked Dave Collings who had done an admirable job in filling in over the past few weeks – thanks Dave (Turpsy was later heard to comment that it was a shame Dave didn't keep for this match as well – read on). However we were without the services of Marcus and Totally, so had a 2 man bench for the match.

ANU started strongly making most of the running and getting in some good positions, only to see some good opportunities slip by due to some poor finishing. However, after about 10 minutes ANU went 1 up after a flurry of first touch passing saw Srema smash the ball home from an acute angle. ANU continued to dominate play, and after 20 minutes we scored our second goal through Dale, who also finished from an acute angle.

So 20 minutes in, two goals up and seemingly cruising to a win. However, CoatC had other ideas, and proceeded to provide some comic relief for the massive crowd on hand (i.e Wendell). A clearance from one of their backs landed right near the edge of the penalty box, forcing CoatC to halt his run forward and wait for the ball to come to him. The ball not only came to him; it sailed about 3 metres over his head after bouncing and presented the easiest of headers for their striker who nodded home from about 2 yards. 2-1 to the good guys, with a very red-faced CoatC plucking the ball out of the net. After about 1 nano-second of deliberation it was decided that CoatC shall now be known as “Clanger”. He is now officially inducted into the ranks of ANU goalkeeping, having made his first monumental f#ck-up. However, RMC showed what good sports they are by giving us back an equally crappy goal about 5 minutes later, when a free kick from ANU deflected off one of their defenders and lobbed their keeper perfectly, just squeezing in under the bar. Halftime was called by stand in ref Dave Collings who did a great job, and 3-1 it was.

At halftime a few words from Turpsy about playing for percentage were taken on board...NOT. RMC made a few changes, and came out a changed side in the second half. They were first to the ball, and continued to attack the ANU goal. However the backline of Michael, Pitto and Eu Jern held them out admirably (well f#ck me – they couldn't rely on their dud 'keeper to do it, could they?). At about the 20 minute mark RMC were awarded a free kick 2 yards outside the penalty area, and the RMC player curled his shot over the wall and into the net despite a despairing dive from “Clanger”. 3-2 and it was very much game on.

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RMC continued to push forward to try and get the equalizer, which left a few gaps at the back. ANU made a number of breaks on the counter, most of which were again fed by good early passing. However their keeper stood firm, first denying Srema from point blank and then making a spectacular save from Chris Wall, whose cracking shot on the turn appeared destined for the top right hand corner. The last 5 minutes saw RMC lay siege to ANU's goal with 3 successive corners, but we managed to hold them out for a win that now sees us 3 points clear on top of the ladder. There is no doubt RMC will be in the finals, so it was good to get a win up against them.

**Surly Sven, Memoirs Of A Male Gigolo**  
(translated by Michael Wiseman for ANU Division 2)

*Diary log*

*Saturday 29 May 2004*

God only knows what time it was when I rolled over and opened my eyes. The sun was streaming in through the cracks in the venetian blinds, there was someone lying next to me with their naked back slightly exposed from beneath the sheet – who was it and where was I?

Panic quickly over came me. Remember. I can't. Try harder. Slowly it was coming back. Faces bobbing up and down coming in and out of focus. Music blaring, coloured lights twirling. Beer – too much beer.

I raised my head slightly, my clothes were scatted on the floor intermingled with others. The only noise I could hear was the breathing of the person next to me. Suddenly they rolled over and I was able to see who it was, only I wished I hadn't.

I had to get out of there as quickly and as quietly as possible. I silently roll out of bed onto the floor, with the plush shag pile carpet helping to muffle any sounds. I slid on my belly around the bed collecting my clothes, rolled onto my back and dressed. My training in the army reserves special ops unit was paying off.

I made my way to the bedroom door, thankfully it was slightly open. Silently I managed to make my way into the hallway where I was able to finally stand.

Suddenly a husky voice broke the silence and I heard the woman call my name – “Sven my darling where are you”? I had to get out and get out now. I raced to the door and fumbled with the lock. Finally the door cracked open and my senses were flooded – the sun shone so brightly that my head turned protectively back towards the dark hall – I regathered control over my eyes and lurched down the stairs.

After running for about 15 minutes I slowed to a walk. Still confused and dazed by what had just occurred, I needed to find a spot to sit and think – to clear my head and to prepare a strategy for dealing with the inevitable.

I stumbled across an oval where people were gathering for a soccer match. The sight took me back to my younger days when I use to play on those fresh winter days back in Switzerland. I use to love the pre game expectation and preparation. The group warm ups – just as these two teams were doing. I found a warm sunny spot sheltered from the wind and sat back.

One team appeared a little more organised than the other, they wore blue and white strips and this little guy with a beanie gave orders – run, stretch, jump, touch the ground – on and on he went, he made me feel tired just watching and listening to him.

Once I got a closer look at the other team I became confused. The blue team had a mix of what appeared to be youthful players with a sprinkling of older players, the type of mix any coaching manual would recommend. However the other team was largely made up of what appeared to be 15 year olds.

The first twenty minutes of the game was pretty predictable. The blue team out muscled the kids and dominated possession of the ball. The blue team made a couple of good breaks but were unable to finish-off any moves. An old bald guy who was playing up front for the blue team was starting to get pretty worked up with his own team and was spending most of his time yelling at his team mates – most of whom just ignored him. Eventually the blue team scored the first goal with the two wingers combining. The little guy playing on the right knocked a beautiful cross to the other winger who stuck his foot out and sent the ball into the bottom left hand corner. The blue team was happy and the old bald guy even managed a smile.

The little guy who was playing on the far side could really move. He move so fast at times that it took awhile for his shadow to catch-up. I was starting to feel the effects of my previous night's alcohol intake from watching this guy and had to take a quick walk to the drain-way to clear the pipes.

The second goal was easily the goal of the game. Probably the oldest guy on the blue team, a small skilful midfield player who also spent much of his time and energy yelling at his team mates, played a ball into one of the stars of their team --a rather tall athletic player who

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was clearly playing in a division below what he is capable of. He reminded me of my old teammate Hans. The old bald guy made a classic strikers diagonal run that opened the defence easier than a two dollar whore's legs. The tall athletic one delivered the inch perfect pass for baldy to clinically finish. Baldy was clearly happy, but it didn't take long for him to start yelling at everyone again. The third goal was scored virtually from the kick-off. The kids had almost lost all sense of direction and could feel the game slipping away. Baldy got the ball from a defensive error and repaid the tall athletic one with his own inch perfect pass after attracting both defenders. The Hans look-a-like calmly slotted the ball past the keeper.

At three nil down the kids were looking for the half time break. However a couple of them started to show a bit of fight and they created a number of pretty good chances. One passage of play in particular forced the blue team to defend their goal heavily with the keeper pulling off a number of great reflex saves.

With the kids unable to convert their chances and with the Hans look-a-like, the two wingers and baldy creating plenty of chances it was clear that the end score was going to be embarrassing.

Thankfully the whistle went and I headed for food. The canteen had a wonderful selection of classic Aussie food for sale. I ordered a meat pie, two sausages and two VB's – nothing better than to fight fire with fire.

The second half was a bit more of a contest with the kids actually stringing a few passes together. The blue team seemed content with the score and started to play for the final whistle, but the kids sensing an opportunity grabbed a goal when the blue defence was caught off guard. One of the older kids hit a screamer into the top left-hand corner. The blue teams keeper didn't even move. This fired the kids up and they started to press but baldy ended their hopes when he managed to tap in his second for the day after a beautiful cross from the left side winger. I always use to tell Hans that when crossing into the box the money ball was a crisply hit pass along the ground between the six-yard box and the penalty spot – this winger must have also been told this at some stage.

Baldy was still not satisfied that the game was in the bag especially when the kids scored a second ten minutes from the end. He really got stuck into one of his young defenders but thankfully this guy wasn't going to take a mouthful like that without responding. He gave baldy a double barrel bird in a beautiful move that took me back to the time when Hans did the same to one of our coaches. It made me realise how much I missed playing this beautiful game.

The game ended with the blue team deserving the 4-2 win, however they didn't look too happy with the result, maybe they expected more or maybe everyone had a headache from baldy yelling at them all day.

Without realising it I had spent nearly two hours watching this game. I knew that certain people would be out looking for me and that I had to keep moving to stop them from finding me. I took one last longing look at the field and the two new teams that were preparing to play and thought to myself that once I sort out the mess I was in I would get back into playing soccer. The "World Game" is the greatest game around and a much safer form of entertainment than what I had done last night.

**Division 4**  
**ANU "Los Muchachos" 7 : Harmonie 0**

This game had a sense of de ja vu about it. Not only were we playing at everyone's favourite ground, Narrabundah Oval, for the second week in a row but the 7-0 scoreline was identical to the corresponding fixture last season. The Muchachos were not at full strength for this game with sickness, injuries and hangovers taking their toll, but it didn't seem to matter.

The Muchachos started the game with more intensity and tenacity than previous weeks, although our early pressure failed to bring a reward. It wasn't until the draconian refereeing decision (from Macca) to enforce zero tolerance against Chullum Bashiri (apologising afterwards doesn't help Pokie, it just lets the ref know who actually said fuck) that we started to press home the advantage. Our defence wasn't even paying attention and thought Chul was too tired and left the game by choice and our subs were too lazy to come on. It is lucky that Sandy and Remy didn't have too much defending to do, otherwise they might have had to wake up.

The first goal came half way through the first half and it was yet another cracker from the left boot of Jezza. Our second goal was scored just before half time, this time from Jezza's shin pad after a 90m assist from Nick (Note Nick, you can only claim a goal when you actually score it). In between the two goals Phil managed to miss 4 golden opportunities from inside the 6 yard box. I'm sure if these opportunities occurred in our own box, Phil would have nailed all of them.

With Pokie off the field and Alex back in his natural left wing position we were far more comfortable and started playing some better soccer. Jezza completed his hatrick from 7.3mm after some sloppy defending, and after dazzling Harmonie's defence with his 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> goals of the day, Jezza decided he had done his bit and took a well deserved rest. Sandy then shifted up front and did as much playing striker as he did last week playing on the wing. When will defenders learn to stay defenders. Liam produced some trickery on the right wing and rounded about 8 players to score our 6<sup>th</sup> goal. Jarrah finished the scoring for the day with a well taken goal from a Sandy cross (if Sandy was a real striker he would have had a shot from there).

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7 wins to start the season, and if Jose gets organised we should have some new shirts for our next game which can only improve our performances (and people will stop bugging me about when our new shirts will be ready).

**Division 7 Jaffas  
ANU vs ADFA 5-2**

***Match Report in Blurry Pictures***

Playing soccer with out the full use of one's visual faculties can be an unnerving experience few will sample throughout their whole career. But through my *Match Report in Blurry Pictures* I will attempt to impart the full emotion and glory of last weekends encounter at Willows oval.



\*Omins: The game kicked off. I couldn't see who. I forget the colour of the ball.

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\*5mins: I see our keeper prostrate on the ground. I fear this will bode badly. I was right. There may not have been so much blood. 1-0 ADF



\*10mins: There were cows. They wore bright orange. They ate the grass. The red players had rides. 2-0 ADF

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\*20mins: The ref was kind. We got a penalty. I don't know why. I think Sash scored.



\*25mins: We scored again. I couldn't see who. Why? Cause of this guy. His face was ugly like a car wreck – you couldn't look away.

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\*Second Half: I had my glasses back on the bench. We eventually got on top and showed them who the real cows were. It must have been windy. The football was..."innovative".

**Division 7 Jaffas  
ANU vs Canberra City 0-0**

*Claudio Ranieri:* "Today ... we-a like a little boy... we run arounda in the field. We-a... we play like a small boy play. Maybe, ... in the future we willa grow uppa. Then ... we willa play lika man. ... Yes. That will be good."

*Reporter:* "Right... thanks for that...."

*Claudio Ranieri:* "Welcome, welcome, ok!"

(Based loosely on a real quote from Claudio in his first season at Chelsea)

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## **The Changing Of The Guard**

### *Golden Boot*

<b>Player</b>	<b>Round 7</b>	<b>Total</b>
Jeremy Murray	5	11
Rod Lynes		10
Wendell Zwiers	2	7
Kelven Hawke		6
Nick Lawler	1	6
Dave Spence	1	5
Own Goal	2	5
Scott Barsley		5
Tim Webb	1	5

### *Ben Paull Golden Gloves*

<b>Player</b>	<b>Round 7</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>Matches</b>	<b>Rate</b>
Nick Young	0	2	7	0.29
John Coates	2	2	4	0.50
Graeme Dunn	3	5	6	0.83
Simon Twisk	0	6	7	0.86
Dave Collings	0	9	6.96	1.29
Stephen "Wilko" Wilkinson	0	12	6	2.00
John Ely		13	6	2.17
Mat Grieve	2	14	6	2.33
Bruce Fuda	6	20	8	2.50
Ryan Hamilton	1	1	0.04	25.00

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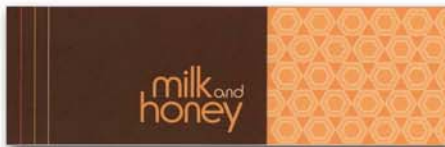
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