



The  
Shuttlecoque  
Sporting  
Club

The PURPOSE of the S.S.C. shall be:

1. To call attention to, and ably champion, those aspects of sport that are either most ennobling or transcendent. We believe vigorously in sport as Provocation—that is, that it facilitates those instances when something inside of us resonates vibrantly with something outside. We aim to shout to the roof tops the names of Enthusiasm's greatest practitioners, who, by virtue of their acts of physical genius, serve both to celebrate human potential and produce within us curious moments of inner freedom.

We shall call this the principle of SPORT AS PROVOCATION.

2. To promote and legitimize the idea of man at play (*homo ludens*), as opposed to the traditional American-Protestant disposition towards joyless toil and labor (*homo faber*). We consider most important and satisfying those acts in which we partake wholly without obligation, by virtue of their own worth, and which allow for experimentation and mastery—a.k.a. *autotelic* activities. Spectatorship, in particular, we esteem not as mere diversion, but as a participatory activity with its own demands that, when understood sufficiently, might provide equal meaning to that which we typically call “work.”

We shall call this the principle of PLAY.

3. To act as a retreat, meeting ground, and occasional symposium for those interested in The Good Life, by which term (i.e. The Good Life) we mean freedom from anxiety, emotional disturbance, and unnecessary exertions (a state known as *ataraxia*, in the Greek). And, while we do not endorse any one means of achieving this state, we founders do believe that a constant study of, and curiosity for, ethical philosophy—that is, The Art of Living Well—is imperative to its pursuit. Nor by this do we mean only a theoretical understanding of that philosophy, but a willingness to put into practice its most elegant precepts.

We shall call this the principle of ETHICAL LIVING.

4. To create, by virtue of a selective membership process, the ideal environment for adult camaraderie—especially that sort which produces animated conversation, a lively exchange of ideas, a generosity of spirit, and honest criticism. In particular, we honor the bond of fandom, which brings together those of us having been seduced by sport's penchant for Revelation, who wish to share amongst the equally devoted such stirring Provocations.

We shall call this the principle FRIENDSHIP.

5. Finally, to document and share amongst members such instances as illuminate the merit or further intensify the mystery of the first four principles. *Fides quaerens intellectum*, theologians call it: “Faith in search of understanding.” For we who have borne witness to great Enthusiasm, who have been seized by such pleasure as sport provides, there exists also the desire to recognize such experiences, whether by analysis, narrative, or praise.

We shall call this the principle of FAITH IN SEARCH OF UNDERSTANDING

To learn more, tune into the Shuttlecoque Sporting Hour on 1450AM, Sundays at 9:00PM, or point your internet browser to [sportinghour.blogspot.com](http://sportinghour.blogspot.com).

THE NEW ENTHUSIAST  
SPORTING WEEKLY  
EXALTING THE WORLD OF SPORT, CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF LEISURE  
17 JANUARY 2008

## WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT IN WHICH THE AUTHOR INVITES YOU TO KEEP YOUR CHIN UP

Undeniably, it is a new year—The New Year—and winter is full upon us now like cane-toads Down Under; like a snow-leopard on a Siberian ibex. The universally-recognized Oregon rainy season has moved into its “Grey Period” and painted the same dull portrait day in and day out across the lush Willamette Valley. During these month-long episodes of damp The Life of Leisure becomes a thoughtful and domestic enterprise and the devotee of that life turns a keen eye to the pursuit of mild self-improvement and hibernal survival.

For those without experience in these matters *de rigueur* the Pacific Northwest winter can pollute the mind and saturate the bones with moist terror. The result: the all too common—yet utterly imagined—condition known as *Seasonal Affective Disorder*; characterized by severe moping and a general bad attitude. Scientists, doctors, kitty-cats, and daffodils agree: sunlight is good and very necessary. Prolonged deprivation can send anyone into the doldrums. However, the steps for avoiding this affliction are simple and, in most every case, highly pleasurable.

- The most simple and obvious step is to stay indoors and near the hearth. If no hearth can be found simply watch Cristiano Ronaldo highlight reels on YouTube or at footytube.com.
- Step two—also obvious—is to eat well. Lots of greens, soup, tamales, tacos, Snickers bars, grapefruit, and as many breakfasts of bacon and eggs as you can squeeze into your week. Avoid apples until the spring.
- Stay hydrated.
- Despite the folkloric antipathy residents of this city display towards umbrellas, they are wonderful. Get one. I certainly wish I had one.
- Get yourself a nice winter coat (pea coats do not qualify), gloves, a scarf, wool socks, even boots if you so please. Keep those feet warm! (Ugg boots are not acceptable.)
- Settle on a nice winter girlfriend or boyfriend. (But don't get too attached and don't ever say anything you're going to regret.)
- Switch to hard liquor.
- Watch every Blazer game you possibly can.

Obviously, there are many more legal and non-, dangerous and non-, steps that can be taken to improve the life of the Portland resident in this the summer of our discontent, but the Shuttlecoque Sporting Club is neither Pauline Esther Friedman Phillips or Esther Pauline Friedman Lederer. In fact, it is quite possible that the author has already said too much. Regardless, it is in the best interest of the Sporting Club to exist amongst a cheerful citizenry, so please follow carefully all above advice and remember: the days are getting longer.

—Eamon ffitch

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## EX PRE FACTO BETTING TIPS IN WHICH WE EXPERIMENT WITH REGRET

*In recent weeks, All-American Correspondent Joel Strong has livened up the Sporting Hour with his broad smile and penchant for hot pants. Here he regales us with his very informative, sometimes accurate handicapping.*

*Two notes on methodology: First, the numbers for our spread are based on a combination of football's Pythagorean Win Theorem and Mr. Strong's Talent. Second, because the odds are always stacked in the sportsbook's favor, we do not advise betting on every game, but only those in which the spread reaches or surpasses the thresholds given below.*

### GREEN BAY v NEW YORK FOOTBALL GIANTS

*Bet on:* Green Bay @ -6 or better, New York @ +9 or better

*Joel Augurs:* Pyth is screaming Packers. Favre is screaming Packers.

God is screaming Packers. But I can't ignore those road victories for the Giants.

### NEW ENGLAND v SAN DIEGO

*Bet on:* New England @ -9 or better, San Diego @ +15 or better

*Joel Augurs:* NE has lost 4 straight ATS and 6 of 7. Money is obviously coming in on them and their spreads are exaggerated.

## MY WINNING ELEVEN IN WHICH THE AUTHOR EXHIBITS CLEAR SYMPTOMS OF ADVANCED MENTAL ILLNESS

*Carson Cistulli is the GM/coach/trainer/what-have-you of Spanish football club RCD Espanyol...in the video game Winning Eleven 9 for PlayStation 2. Here's an excerpt from a recent online chat he conducted in his imagination.*

**Carson Cistulli:** It was a good second season. Only a year after winning promotion from the lower division, we finished third out of 16 teams, behind Azur and Rangers. We made many adept player acquisitions and committed ourselves to an attractive style of play. I'm excited for your questions!

**Jose (Barcelona):** As a supporter of Barcelona's second fiddle club, I thank you. Perhaps, in Season Three, we surpass they-who-must-not-be-named—virtually, if not in real life. Here's my question: You seem to have alternated pacy Canadian Jefferson Farfan and pacy German Alexander Baumjohann on the left wing. Do you have a preference between the two? And also, is Alexander Baumjohann even a real person?

**Carson Cistulli:** Even though Baumjohann is a more technically-skilled passer, Farfan has linked up well with Lionel Messi when we play the latter at center forward. And even if it *is* insane, in the context of a video game, to use such anecdotal evidence as an indication of future success, I feel it is my duty, even as only a virtual coach, to make bizarre choices for no reason other than the influence of my own whimsy. Furthermore, yes, Baumjohann is real. I just found this out. He plays for German club Borussia Munchinggladback, or however the hell you spell it.

**Another Jose (Spainland):** Do you find it unusual that we finished behind Azur and Rangers—that is, a French and Scottish team, respectively? And that we play our other, so-called “league” matches against teams from Germany and Croatia and Ukraine? And that Azur isn't even the name of a real French club? And that all the other Spanish clubs play in WEFA—that is, Winning Eleven Football Association—League B?

**Carson Cistulli:** As trainer and coach and GM and also trainer of Espanyol, I only have so much time to commit to the logistics of league structure. My sense is that, that's up to the Japanese people who program and distribute the game. Do I recognize some inconsistencies in the organization of things? Yes. But that's not my “department,” so to speak. My department is pushing the X button a lot and run to the kitchen quickly to get more beer.

**Kali (Portland, OR):** This is your girlfriend. I'm writing to express how amazed I am that not only do you play this game to the exclusion of almost all other potential leisure activities—and, indeed, to the exclusion of certain, very necessary bodily functions—but that now you have decided to write about it and reveal your mental infirmities to a larger (albeit, given the obscurity of your tiny publication, still smallish) audience. Have you ever considered doing something with your life, like write a book, or take a shower?

**Carson Cistulli:** Great. That about wrap things up. Stay tuned as we enter the off-season transfer window and look to strengthen our side with other, talented virtual players whom I've never heard of.

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