



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).

13 DECEMBER 2007

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE SHUTTLECOQUE SPORTING CLUB  
WHEN IN REVIEW

THE NEW ENTHUSIAST

## ECSTATIC TRUTH BOOK REVIEW IN WHICH THE AUTHORS TURN OUT TO BE ACTUAL AUTHORS

In the most recent episode of the Shuttlecoque Sporting Hour, we submitted two Zachs (Messrs. Dundas and Okun) to a battery of proprietary tests in hopes of establishing which Zach truly ruled Portland's roost. Though, sadly, no consensus could be reached, our listening public was treated to a memorable and, occasionally, pornographic installment of the Sporting Hour. The following is each author's response to the final prompt of the Zach-Off: a review of Shuttlecoque Co-Chair Carson Cistulli's debut collection, *Some Common Weaknesses Illustrated*. Buy it early and often.

### THUS SPAKE ZACH DUNDAS

*Some Common Weaknesses Illustrated*, published by Carson Cistulli in the year 1957, epitomized the freewheeling spirit of the Greenwich Village poetry scene—and ironically helped destroy the very underground ethos it celebrated. Shortly after its publication, this tiny paperback with a photo of a frail boy clutching a racquet on its cover—an image widely seen as a comment on Eisenhower-era America and its paradoxical self-doubt—became a campus icon. One seldom saw a nubile, forward-thinking co-ed or her simpering man-child consort without a copy of *Common Weaknesses* clutched beneath his or her pigeon-wing-like arm. Many students even took to holding Carson Cistulli parties, during which each party-goer would don a pair of Cistulli's trademark glasses and recite a verse from the book.

Soon, tourist agencies offered *Common Weaknesses Illustrated* tours of the Village, and the dingy poetry clubs and after-hours speakeasies frequented by Cistulli and his circle were overrun by gawkers from the suburbs. The resulting controversy within the scene helps explain Cistulli's retreat into seclusion, and his failure to write a subsequent book to equal his classic debut. Though later books, such as *Deep Inside Carson Cistulli*, *Deeper Inside Carson Cistulli*, and *Super-Duper Deep Inside Carson Cistulli* offered occasional glimmers of brilliance, none would be mentioned in the same breath as the book that broke poetry wide open.

## THIS BOOK HEALS PEOPLE



(Warning: image may resemble nothing whatsoever)

### ZACH OKUN SAID UNTO THEE

*Some Common Weaknesses Illustrated* by Carson Cistulli is the closest mankind has come to the verbal version of spam. Were it not for the picture on the front cover, one might begin barfing upon the first poem instead. If God could speak, he would say to the author of *Some Common Weaknesses*, “You should be ashamed of me.”

However, to be fair, the choice of title is in fact honest and forthright. Carson's weaknesses are on full display—most notably his weakness for little boys, as evidenced by the line in poem number 14 that reads, “I, Carson Cistulli, like little boys.”

Other memorable lines include: “Isn't self-aggrandizing grand?” and “Wow, anyone can have a book published.” As well as poem titles “Thong of Myself” and “The Tastesbland.”

As a fan of the poetic form, and of chloroform, I would choose the latter over the former any day of the week, except for Sunday, mostly because that is the day that I have to see the author and wear my best practiced smile. To be fair to the book, I must admit that I never read it.

## KEEP YOUR GAZERS OUT FOR IN WHICH THE AUTHORS KNOW GREATNESS WHEN THEY SEE IT

On Tuesday night the Trailblazers destroyed the Utah Jazz. The very next night, they murdered the Golden State Warriors. Remarkably, both results have occurred in the absence of leading-scorer LaMarcus Aldridge. Here, the author recognizes some players who have widened his eyes and toothy grin.

**#7 Brandon Roy** When you talk about Brandon Roy—apart from talking about the league's reigning Rookie of the Year—you are talking about a Superhero. He is fantastic, he is spectacular, he is marvelous, and he can drive like the Bat-mobile. Greater still is his ability to lead. We saw that in depth last season, and it is coming back to him of late. He is a fine blend of youth, confidence, and audacity. Give him a few years and POW! Superstar.

**#33 James Jones** Who the James Jones is James Jones? It doesn't matter. Get him the ball in the corner. That will get you three points. It's just like in the commercials.

**#25 Travis Outlaw** Named the NBA's Lankiest Player for the second year in a row, Outlaw is quickly becoming a household name... possibly. Whatever the case, my house knows his name... and if those walls could talk... Forget it. Facts are facts, readers, and the facts are these: Outlaw is a young and talented player with an obscene work-rate and energy level who has the ability to score and rebound in high numbers off the bench. He can also jump higher than a gazelle. If those aren't facts you can come and talk to me.

—Eamon ffitich

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## ALLOW US TO PRESENT OURSELVES

*THE SHUTTLECOQUE SPORTING HOUR*  
*SPORTINGHOUR.BLOGSPOT.COM*

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## GAME PREVIEW IN WHICH THE AUTHORS INSIST THAT YOU BELIEVE THE HYPE

*Club World Cup Final*  
*AC Milan vs. Boca Juniors*  
*16 December 2007*

This year's FIFA Club World Cup final will take place Sunday and, on paper, seems one for the ages: AC Milan vs. Boca Juniors. The dubiously reigning champions of Europe and Buenos Aires' mighty slum heroes battling like forks and spoons is the world football equivalent of a champagne gurgling competition between Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra: the idea has charm, the reality is hard to watch and seems mildly wasteful. In fact, the Club World Cup final is merely a peculiar exhibition match preceded by ten or so far less interesting exhibition matches and followed by the sensation that nothing really has happened at all. There is a rare chance that fine football will be played (though it is not often the clashing of titans that warrants beautiful spectacle) but we can hope. And we can hope, for the sake of Eduardo Galeano and others, that the South American side will return the unsightly modernist trophy back to that vast continent so that the residents of those regions can forget, for a few glorious moments, that all their most talented countrymen play football in Europe.

—Eamon ffitich