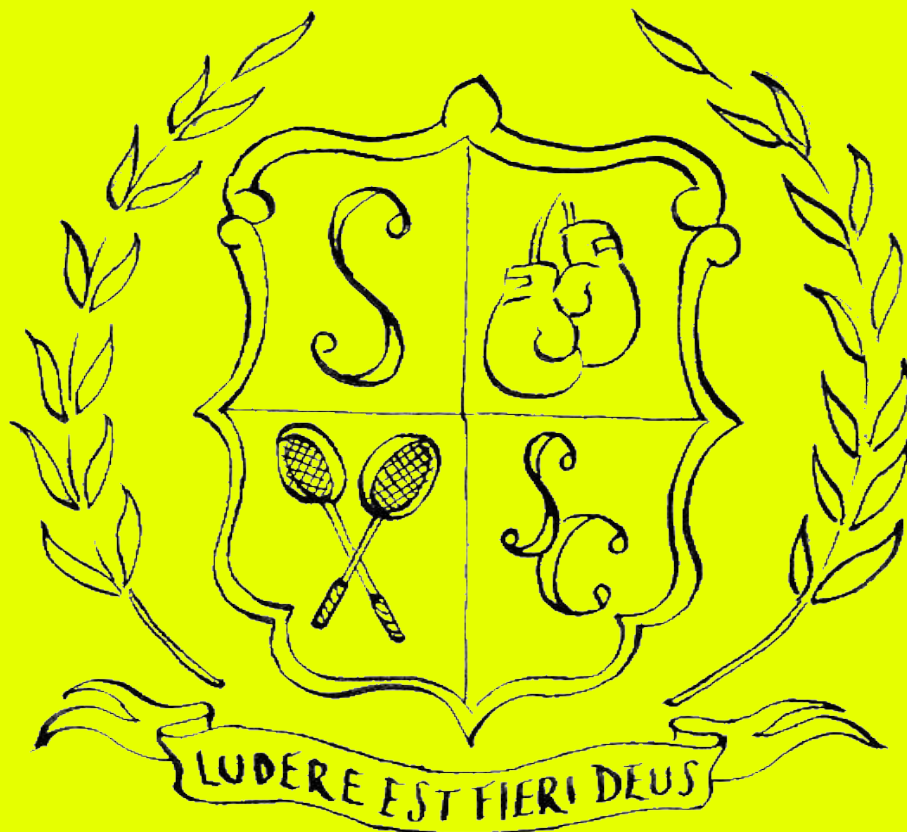


PILOT
ISSUE

THE
NEW **ENTHUSIAST**

SPORTS & LEISURE / ARTS & LETTERS / FUSS & BLUNDER



ALLOW

US

TO

RE-INTRODUCE

OURSELVES



The
Shuttlecoque
Sporting
Club

MISSION

The New Enthusiast (TNE) is the weekly publication of the S.S.C., an organization composed primarily of Old Americans, later members of the Blood & Sweat Brigade, and a not insubstantial portion of that demographic known traditionally as Fallen Aristocracy. The mission of *TNE*—other than for getting our respective names into history's various and sundry annals—is unapologetically evangelical. We are dedicated to spreading the Gospel of Enthusiasm—a term (*Enthusiasm*, that is) with many Positive Connotations, but which, above all, refers to the belief that play (that is, what we *choose* to do) is less odious, more satisfying, and ultimately more important than work (that is, what we are *obligated* to do).

Enthusiasm, moreover, does not deny such favorite pastimes as drinking, spectatorship, and smart-mouthing, but instead sees them as valuable means to one preferred end—namely, the Good Life, by which term 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 believe that some Method of Living Well is imperative to its pursuit. *TNE* takes as its central conceit the study and exposition of this Method.

THE NEW ENTHUSIAST

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF F.J. Mahoulahan

MANAGING CO-EDITORS Carson Cistulli • Eamon ffitch

CONTRIBUTORS Sean Casey • Jason Doctor • Justin Jamail

CONTACT US AT thesportingclub@gmail.com

JACCO MACCACCIO,

THE FIGHTING MONKEY

...

HAD A CONSIDERABLY

GREATER

PUBLIC REPUTATION

THAN

WORDSWORTH.

—A.J. Liebling, The University of Eighth Avenue

EDITORIAL

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CLEARS A FEW THINGS UP

The New Enthusiast (TNE) is growing up, Gentle Reader. From its humble beginnings as a Surrealist word game played on the back of a cigar shop receipt, to a charming pamphlet in the Old American tradition, to the pilot issue of this modest weekly, *TNE* has seen more physical changes in its short life than an adolescent youth. We're beginning to grow hair in unspeakable (and sometimes nauseating) places, our voices are approaching depths plumbed only by Barry White and certain manner of whale call, and we'll soon be able to flex our pectoral muscles seductively, if this Jack LaLanne workout tape is everything it's cracked up to be. As you can imagine, it's a lot to get accustomed to, but like the Boy Scouts of America, we're a) always prepared and b) able to build anything out of pinewood (although not necessarily in that order).

For those who've read *TNE* in its earlier, less snazzy incarnations, *bonjour* to you and yours. How're things? Did surgery go as planned? Give my best to the missuses.

For the New Reader, welcome to *su casa*. Now allow me to introduce ourselves. My name is F.J. Mahoulahan, a wealthy recluse of indeterminate age, my birth certificate having been destroyed at an unsavory moment in this world's history (firebombing, Dresden). Few facts about my life are known—even to me—but research suggests that I was born to and raised by a small community of avant-garde Dixiecrats, if such a thing exists, moving Westward ever since as opportunities (fiscal and otherwise) presented themselves. Today, my only material contact with the outside world is this periodical, a project which I leave largely in the stead of my half-formed protégés, Eamon ffitch, Carson Cistulli, and with whatever *bande à part* they find themselves associating presently.

TNE is, itself, a publication of the Shuttlecoque Sporting Club (S.S.C.), an organization founded initially in the Age of Unabashed Joy and flourishing ever since. The Club is home to more busts of historical personages, more bottles of peaty scotch than any single building in the Pacific Northwest—or contiguous forty-eight, for that matter. It's a refuge for lost mores and social customs: *Yes ma'ams* and *No sirs*, the popular Old American ritual of Washing Up Before Supper, and the less popular but still important field of Elective Home Surgery.

In particular, the S.S.C. serves as the strategic headquarters for the New Enthusiast Movement, a loose collection of Wordsmiths, Trophy Wives, and *Enfant Terribles*. While bound together by nothing so rigid as a communal doctrine or manifesto, these authors do share both a) a reverence for the Enthusiastic and b) a direct genetic tie to William the Conquerer (figuratively, if not literally).

While we have some i-dotting and t-crossing to do before we fully enter the fold of Free Weeklies, we encourage you to enjoy the beverage of your choice and read the dispatches which follow.

—F.J. Mahoulahan

CORRESPONDENCE

*IN WHICH THE READER
PLAYS ALONG AT HOME*

Dear Sporting Club,

I came across your publication last night as I slipped past the Censors and into Something More Comfortable. Later, I voluntarily entered into a covenant with the founding fathers of “The Gin Hang-over.” None of this would have been possible without Joel Strong’s Harvard Offense or the immaculate shot-selection of Carson “Alcindor” Cistulli. Your pamphlet is the name of my only living son.

Sincerely,

Ms. Loyola Marymount
Via email

* * *

To the Gentlemen of the Shuttlecoque Sporting Club:

You have gently typed into pdf format the American Spirit I longed for, I pined for. All the time it was there, trapped inside your small pamphlet. My bee-keeper’s hat is off to you!

Walt Whitman
Via email

* * *

Hey Joel... It’s Rebecca... I got this phone number from Von Wafer... I just wanted to call and say “Hey” and “It was *really* nice to meet you at your bar last night.” My friends were all like “go talk to him, ask him out” but I’m kind of a shy girl... anyway, it would be totally fun to hang out with you... if you want to... Yeah. I just can’t stop thinking about that deep v-neck t-shirt and your cute little laugh. So... call me, if you want...

Rebecca Haarlow
Voicemail left on Club Private Line



BRASS TACKS

*IN WHICH EAMON FFITCH
TC'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF B*

Portland Trailblazers:

The Blazers' season ended recently with an exclamation point, an asterisk, and the small print. In their second to last game of the season, the Black and Reds treated their home fans to a merciless and emphatic subjugation of the tired, poor and huddled Memphis Grizzlies. It was a fine display—well-timed as the Rose Garden's fan appreciation night—and provided the team a 41st win on the season; a hallmark not under-appreciated by any devotees of the team.

That was the exclamation point, but the small print came right behind: the very next night the Trailblazers traveled to America's unlivable suburb Phoenix, Arizona where the 41-win team was summarily handed loss number 41 by a TCB-oriented cadre of superstars headed by Steve Nash, handed by Amare Stoudemire, and bodied by NBA historical landmark Shaquille O'Neal.

While the Suns ran Russian Circles around the Trailblazers in the second half of that game, the carefully intoxicated reverie of TV colorman Mike Rice bespoke a common and dangerous theme: “Imagine this, but with Greg Oden.” Imagine it with Lew Alcindor. Imagine it with Magic Johnson and Larry Bird if you want. Imagine the Trailblazers in moon-boots. This publication is concerned with that kind of turnip-on-a-watch-chain type thinking. Not only is it a thunderous risk to place the expectations of an entire franchise on the wrinkled head of a nineteen year old without one minute of NBA court time, it is a veritable slap in the face of the many players on the team who won thirteen games in a row in December.

In other news of the Rip City, during an otherwise quiet evening—once the women-folk were safely in bed—*Oregonian* sports writer John Canzano and several associates drank three and one-half pints of rot-gut corn liquor before driving to the Southwest Portland home of ex-Trailblazer Darius Miles. There, the morally indignant mob yelled various epithets and slurs at the darkened mini-mansion, and urinated on a few Azalea bushes, until a neighbor appeared and told the

See **Brass Tacks**, Later On

RANK

AMATEURISM

THE SHUTTLECOQUE SPORTING HOUR
SUNDAYS / 6 PM / 1450 AM
SPORTINGHOUR.BLOGSPOT.COM

PROFILES IN GRINDAGE

IN WHICH EAMON FFITCH ASKS YOU OUT TO EAT, JUST NOT WITH HIM

I believe it was the great *idée-du-homme* Jean-Jacques Rousseau who first described Man's basic needs as nourishment, a woman, and rest. And it was the American Blockbuster *Encino Man* that reiterated that commonality, updated for new audiences, as: nugs, chillin', and grindage. *Nugs*, in this case, referring not to the succulent buds of the marijuana plant, but rather to the female breasts (or, as Carson Cistulli would say "Yeeaah.") *Chillin'* translates from So-Cal Beach-Bum vernacular to "rest" and *grindage*, obviously, translates to "food." According to Rousseau, and later Dave and Stoney, these are the original Desires of Man.

(In the past, and indeed still, the Shuttlecoque Sporting Club has been hesitant to board any automobile of thought steered by a Frenchman. However, in this rare instance we find ourselves buckled safely beside M. Rousseau, riding shotgun down Life's thoughtful boulevards.)

As the centuries progressed, man became aware of his surroundings, mastered certain means of satisfying his basic desires and along the way invented new and more fantastic needs. Among these is Sport, a demonstration in control and perfectability among random order, and superior to nearly all other *nouveau* desires. Certainly, it is the preferred desire of the SSC, and comes highly recommended. Now, playing a sport is fine, but the true hallmark of a refined and civilized society is the successful combination of desires. Hence, we hail and hearty members of the SSC endeavor at all costs to combine these three noble passions: chilling, grindage, and the World of Sport. (ed. note: it is unwise to attempt to combine your need for a woman with your enthusiasm for sport.)

Presented below is a very short list of some worth-the-once-or-twice-over area restaurants where a man (or, really anyone) can find nourishment

and visual stimulation of the type *high-def* and competitive:

Porque No Tacqueria **(N. Mississippi and Fremont)** ***Eu. Football***

I'm going to give it to you straight: if you are in the mood for tacos so good the recipes are kept locked in a safe on the back of a train that is constantly moving in circles around the American West, this is the restaurant for you. Also, the margaritas are Farrah Fawcett Famous for a Fucking reason, if you know what I mean; though I prefer the sangria or fresh juice with a ker-splash of white rum. Keep in mind that Porque No does more business than a bear in the woods, and as such is not the best choice for the relaxed absorption of a ninety-minute match (limited seating). However, this is without a doubt the ideal eat-or-drinkery for the man of leisure interested in keeping abreast of Latin, Spanish, or German football whilst fortifying a fine summer drunk in top and top style.

food or restaurant critic, only a not-very-humble sporting enthusiast with an interest in tipping you, the reader, off. Costello's is a wonderful little *caffè* [sic]—spacious and hospitable—that has the added benefit of airing certain pre-recorded English and Italian league matches throughout the week. A schedule of these game-times is sent out each week via email by the man Chris Costello himself, and is also available, printed on very fine card stock, in a plastic holder next to the cash register in the *café* itself. Stop in and mention *The New Enthusiast*.

Daddy Mojo's **(NE 15th and Fremont)** ***Trailblazer Basketball, et al.***

Not just another tiny neighborhood bar half-filled with video-poker machines, walled with flat-screen TVs, billowing smoke and adorned with ludicrously-counterfeit sports memorabilia, Daddy Mojo's is considered the auxiliary headquarters of the SSC. In the event of an emergency we head for the always-empty back booth and run a tap-hose

THREE NOBLE PASSIONS:
CHILLING, GRINDAGE, AND THE
WORLD OF SPORT.

Costello's Travel Caffè **(NE 22nd and Broadway)** ***Eu Football***

Costello's is the very opposite of Porque No in that it has very high ceilings and does not serve tacos, although I believe they have a breakfast burrito. For food, go with the soup or panini. Honestly, I haven't tried much else on the menu. I am, after all, not anything resembling a

under the carpet to our table replete with its own miniature, though still totally flat, screen. I have spent more time in that booth this Trailblazer season than I have in college. Bonus: well-drinks are \$2 until 6 pm, and the happy hour menu is good until close. The cheeseburger is a smart choice, however, if you haven't eaten in several days, try the homemade meatloaf sandwich. Don't tell them you know us, please.

Enthusiasts! This just in, from Nathaniel Hawthorne:

It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each, in its utmost development, supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his object.

I was reminded of Comrade Hawthorne's words recently upon revisiting the "Rate My Professor" webpage for a professor, a colleague actually, whom I had naughtily "rated" following an unpleasant interaction from which I emerged the sore loser. To my chagrin, I found that not only had my rating been deleted, so had others left by addled undergraduates.

"What a travesty!" I thought. "The one recourse to passively settling a score for the world to see, gone!"

I composed another rating, and posted it posthaste:

Interacting with Professor X is so unpleasant as to so burden the word "unpleasant" with describing professor X as to kill "unpleasant" of its powers of signification and remove it from dictionaries. Grab your nearest Webster's—you'll find the word scratched out, excised, smeared over, gone! So, unable to adjectivally render Professor X, I resort to anecdote and analogy. Hear me, webservers: I leave any and all interactions with Professor X with a mean itch of the perineum. A typical interaction with Professor X is not unlike

standing directly behind an elephant with a disease of the ass. An incontinent elephant, at that, and with bulbous polyps which, in a certain afternoon sunlight appeared...

My animal analogy continued for another 3,000 words. I hit "submit" like an assassin administering the *coup de grace*. My beautiful new post appeared. I read it over, nodded in approval, and left the computer station to attend to chores. Laundry, if I remember—and a constitutional with the dog.

On my constitutional, I savored the savvy volley just directed at Professor X. But I thought, too, of nonviolence and language—in particular, the Buddhist notion of "right speech." Suddenly, I was seized by shame over my "Rate My Professor" post—over that which had previously aroused my pride. On returning home, I returned to the computer station and the webpage, and "flagged" my rating for review for "inappropriate content."

And, with that, Enthusiasts, my post was again gone—but, this time,

by my hand!

Enthusiasts, what is wrong with my deletion?

Hawthorne has it that those we loathe are not as far from those we love as we might think. The hated keep us company, too. It occurs to me, Enthusiasts, that rather than suppress our hatreds in efforts at virtue, self-realization, or enlightenment, we ought to embrace our beefs, slow dance with them with all the earnest clumsiness of 7th grade slow dancers (—to, perhaps, Bette Midler's "Wind Beneath My Wings"). Instead of deleting my "Rate My Professor" post, I ought to have kept it, and emailed a copy to Professor X, and requested an office hours appointment to discuss further the nuances of my distaste. It would be an act of animus, yes, but it would not entirely lack love. No, Enthusiasts, hatred is not love's opposite—that would be an indifference lacking any Enthusiasm at all.

•

Sean Casey stole fire from Zeus and gave it to mortals.

**WE OUGHT TO EMBRACE
OUR BEEFS,**

**SLOW DANCE
WITH THEM**

**WITH ALL THE EARNEST
CLUMSINESS**

OF 7TH GRADE SLOW DANCERS

A CERTAIN AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT

IN WHICH SEAN CASEY FIRES THE WESTERN CANON

THE CONNOISSEUR

IN WHICH JASON DOCTOR MENTIONS WHEREWITHAL

As the resident connoisseur, ETHICAL LIVING (see below) is the primary domain in which I will offer thoughts on methods of making one's existence more enjoyable. In attempting to expound upon the finer things in life, it appears that this august publication may make its way into the hands of those who share the ideals of The Club, but not the fiduciary wherewithal to acquire their way to happiness. Most suggestions, therefore, will attempt to marriage the idea of having the best while also being available to those of modest means. With that in mind, this column begins with an important aspect of the third principle - culinary.

While few would argue with the notion that Jews are among the elites (it has taken quite the effort for us to convince the layman that we *don't* control all the money, though in a properly modern society, it continues to be money which talks for you),

cuisine is one area which tends to remain localized within the culture. To be the highest achievers and paragons of society, though, it is imperative that one have the fuel to sustain the mind throughout the course of the day, so we clearly must be doing something right. It is the time of year to celebrate Passover, so that seems the best way to begin. If you feel like being adventurous and dining "ethnic" for your next dinner party, pass this along to your chef. You don't need to buy matzoh; any water cracker will suffice. Consider it a way of spicing up the meal by ending with an exotic dessert. Pair with a fine cognac and excellent table conversation will undoubtedly ensue. Though it should go without saying, all ingredients are organic and, when possible, from local farms. Buying produce from a common grocery store just will not do, and your staff should know better.

What follows is a recipe even the simplest gentile should understand.

Charoset:

8 apples, chopped/shredded (2 pink lady, 2 granny smith, 2 braeburn, 2 rome)
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped pecans
8 tsp honey
2 tsp cinnamon
1 cup Manischewitz blackberry wine
4 tsp matzoh meal
1/2 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup chopped figs
1/2 cup chopped dried apricots
1/4 cup purple raisins
1/4 cup golden raisins
1 tsp lemon juice
dash of nutmeg
dash of cloves

Stir together in a mixing bowl and refrigerate overnight. Add more ingredients as necessary to ensure it sticks together properly. Serve at room temperature with crackers.

It will be the best you've eaten.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE S.S.C.

IN WHICH THE MEMBERSHIP FIND SOLACE

Five purposes are central to the constitution of the Shuttlecoque Sporting Club, each of which (the purposes, that is) we will treat—sometimes explicitly, sometimes implicitly—in these pages. Today, we present, in concert with The Connoisseur (above):

PRINCIPLE NUMBER THREE

[The purpose of the S.S.C shall be] 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.

ISIAH THOMAS

A poem by Justin Jamail

Reboundingwise we have a lot of ground to make up except for well we just have to hang tough, hang in there, keep making progress I know the time for this is past but this is what we have, I know you know it's what it is, it's where we're at, and I don't know what you know if you can't fight won't you know lay out, if you don't have pride. I don't think it's his fault or my fault and I won't I can't answer that. You know. I haven't given up, and I know a lot of you all of you will laugh or say - you know, I really believe that this team is going to be a winning team and I'm going to be a part of that and some of these players will be a part of that a part of this chance for everyone to be on the same page.

BRASS TACKS

Continued from Earlier On

pink-faced belligerents that Miles and his family were not at home. The next morning an embarrassed John Canzano spent three hours cleaning unused tar and feathers from the bed of his pick-up.

UEFA Champions League Final Preview

Would that I were able, dear reader, I would tell you of the looming high-times and green grass on the pitch of Moscow's Luzhniki Stadium, and that the culmination of this year's UEFA Champions League is destined to exonerate those thrill-promisers in every corner and crevasse of Sporting journalism, but I cannot. Instead I must warn you that the final of that competition is a record-setter, and a

harbinger of decadence within the sport.

For the first time in History, Europe's top club competition's ultimate game will be the dreaded all-English affair: Manchester United v. Chelsea F.C. This match-up was finally slated last Wednesday—on the same day that *Forbes* magazine named United the richest team in football, and Chelsea eighth on the same list—as Chelsea defeated Liverpool in London 3 goals to 2 (4-3 on aggregate). The night before, Manchester United slogged past Spanish estheticians Barcelona to secure their ticket to Russia, breaking the hearts of many thousand optimistic pleasure-seekers.

Though a triumph for Chelsea—this being their first appearance in the final—and a lusted-for bit of silverware for Sir Alex Ferguson, the game is estimated by all reasonable and honest members of the press to be a veritable reenactment of the Pig War. Chelsea is, after all, a mechanized death-ringing hate-machine, and for that reason are well-loathed around the Liberal and

Utilitarian sports desk here at the Club. Manchester United are not much better: rich and powerful in the worst ways, bloated and blind to their many apparent faults. Indeed, this pairing would be almost a total loss if it weren't for the fact that Cristiano Ronaldo still suits up in red for United.

Worse than the ninety minutes of thump-and-bump-down-the-wings-and-from-the-back style football this game promises is the great grey spot on World football which it indicates. English teams do not play to win, they play as if they haven't lost yet. Chelsea and Manchester United limped into the final from the defensive third of their own fields', not bursting forward with enthusiasm and passion. If the ascension of these two to this vaunted trophy-match is any benchmark in the sport, it is that, like much else, the World is becoming rapidly duller and darker.

•

Eamon ffitch is a household name.

FUN FACT, OR HARROWING FABRICATION: DARIUS MILES

IN WHICH THE AUTHORS DO THEIR WORST

No one doubts The New Enthusiast's dedication to extolling the virtues of leisure, nor its steadfast commitment to the life of the mind. What certain critics have questioned is our ability to produce half-researched, potentially libelous, and largely trivial reportage. Well, hold on to your hats, collective buddy boys, as we present Fun Fact, or Harrowing Fabrication, our contribution to investigative journalism. This week, we cast our gaze upon much-maligned, now ex-Blazer forward Darius Miles.

1. Sources close to Darius Miles (DM) report that ankle injuries aren't the only things he fakes. (Oh, snap!)

2. You might've heard that DM famously cursed out former Blazers head coach Mo Cheeks. What you probably didn't hear, until now, is that *he did it entirely in Latin.*

3. DM's famous "Head Bop" salute is actually a common Italian gesture, which, roughly translated, means "Vote Berlusconi."

4. DM is the leading cause of moral outrage among white, middle class American men—barely beating out Guys Who Don't Run to First Base and perennial favorite Cutsies.

5. *Oregonian* sports columnist and moral grandstander John Canzano has a recurring fantasy in which he dares DM to "make [his] day."

6. DM's famous "Head Bop" salute, while generally admired, doesn't hold a candle to Yao Ming's "Down with

Capitalism, Up with Yao" gesture, currently in the works.

7. Blazers owner and Captain of Industry Paul Allen, known for having championed Portland's acquisition of DM, is on record as referring to said player as "my precious."


8. In an unrelated and entirely sordid story, Allen is also on record as saying, "See, Carson, you *can* buy love," before adding something about "good old American elbow grease."

9. According to sources in the industry, DM's famous "Head Bop" salute, due to its ease and affordability, is a popular Halloween costume among the working poor.

10. In an exclusive interview, DM has told *TNE* that he's happy there's finally a sporting paper around that manages both to recognize and completely alienate all demographics equally. "Kudos and accolades," he adds.

•

Compiled by Carson Cistulli



GOLDRUSH
COFFEE BAR

★ 2601 NE M.L.K. PORTLAND ★

Goldrushcoffeebar.com (503) 460-6657



Cherry Sprout
PRODUCE MARKET

disbursing sublimity and transcendence since 2007

www.comptrollerrecords.com 666
chicago, IL

memo
: 606470000 : : : : : Dollars

comptroller records

memo
: 606470000 : : : : : Dollars

the fake fictions. the spectacles. the prairie spies. poem2song. boner jams.



Get yer footsies at Beulahland! UEFA, EPL, La Liga, Serie A, Bundesliga, MLS, USL including ALL TIMBERS AWAY MATCHES on our big screen. With great food, great taps, cask conditioned ale and a full bar.

And were U-21 friendly till 9:00 pm!
(we'll show other sports too, just ask!)

BEULAHLAND

115 NE 28TH PORTLAND
503.235.2794

www.beulahlandpdx.com



COSTELLO'S
TRAVEL CAFFÉ

2222 NE BROADWAY

¿por qué no?
taqueria

3524 N. Mississippi Ave., Portland, OR, 97227
503-467-4149

PATRONIZE

TO ADVERTISE WITH *THE NEW ENTHUSIAST*

(AKA, MAKE A GREAT BUSINESS DECISION)

EMAIL:

THESPORTINGCLUB@GMAIL.COM

US