



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 6:00PM, or point your internet browser to sportinghour.blogspot.com.

14 MARCH 2008

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

JOEL STRONG'S AMERICA
IN WHICH THE AUTHOR GOES PUBLIC WITH HIS VERSION OF THE LEAST THREE WEEKS

Sometimes in life we have to spend money and time to learn more about our friends. I recently have done both in order to draw closer to my best mates, Eamon and Carson. Since most of my sporting knowledge has been acquired via video gaming, I twisted my own arm and purchased an Xbox 360 and FIFA 08. (Always concerned regarding matters of his friends' taste, Carson Cistulli thought I should have waited for Winning Nine Eleven: The Evolution to come out since the gameplay was far superior to that of the FIFA franchise. I told him our relationship couldn't wait that long. He said I was gay.)

I went ahead with my purchase (\$450 with game and an extra wireless controller!!!) and spent the next three weeks with my collective cheeks planted firmly on my couch and my collective thumbs planted firmly on both analogue sticks. Reports circulated that I was broken, missing, or had a girlfriend. They were and are false. I was merely learning to speak a new language.

When I started the game, I was in need of a team to support. I knew a little of the English Football League System. I dreamt of taking a team from the lower rungs of hell and promoting them up due to stellar play through Coca-Cola League One, into Coca-Cola Football League Championship, and possibly into the show, Barclays Premier League. Sifting through various Coca-Cola League Two teams, many teams vied for a place in my heart and for my Talent as a Footballing General Manager. Knowing nothing about any of these teams, my decision relied primarily on the marketability (read: niftiness) of a team's name. Accrington Stanley, Dag & Red, Grimsby Town, Milton Keynes Dons and Wycombe Wanderers are just a few of the standouts. They reminded me more of Little League sponsors than actual professional clubs. I couldn't imagine any of those names appearing someday on Barclays Premier League Table next to Manchester United, Chelsea, Portsmouth or Liverpool, so I selected Chesterfield—one of the more dignified decisions I've ever made at three in the morning.

Oh Chesterfield. Their fans are rabid and through a so-so season they supported me (98 of 100 on the Fan Support-O-Meter!). I (Chesterfield) finished the year in 8th place, just out of contention for the four team playoff for promotion. The top three teams move up to League One and the fourth through seventh teams play for one last spot. Drats. But I did learn a thing or two along the way. One, Peter Levin is, in my humble opinion, the greatest League Two footballer. Two, the Paint Pot Cup (Johnston's Paint Trophy) is a tournament amongst all the teams from Coca-Cola League One and Two. Three, it's easy to sign 17 year olds from Africa. The continent is just booming with raw talent. Four, Chesterfield's goal is tended by none other than Michael Jordan.

When I came to Carson and Eamon with these splendid discoveries, they were surprised to learn there was a team named Chesterfield. They had never heard of Peter Levin ("But he's a 67 overall on FIFA!!!!"). They didn't know Africa was teeming with undiscovered talent. And the Paint Pot trophy? Don't even get me started...

—Joel Strong

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SHUTTLECOQUE

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THE MAIL BAG
IN WHICH THE AUTHORS GIVE YOU A VOICE

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

—compiled by Eamon ffitch

**FUN FACT,
OR HARROWING FABRICATION:
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS**

1. Daylight Savings Time (DST) was started in Chicago in 1871 when Mrs. O'Leary's cow accidentally set the all of city's clocks ahead one hour.
2. Jehovah's Witnesses don't celebrate holidays—including DST. Hence, they're an hour late to almost everything during the summer months.
3. The French term for DST is *l'heure d'ete*, which translated literally means, "It is right to detest Americans."
4. The medical term for fear of DST is called *gonorrhoea*. It's true!
5. DST provides an affordable alternative to more elaborate forms of time-travel.
6. It's funny to think for a second about what a Daylight Savings Account might be. Only for a second, though—any more than that, and it's no great shakes.
7. Indiana and Arizona are the two states of the contiguous forty-eight that don't recognize DST. Coincidentally, Indiana's secretary was named Lincoln, and Arizona's assassin had three names.
8. The Shuttlecoque Sporting Club recognizes DST every week—which accounts for why we are so very literally *ahead of our time*.
9. DST is ably eulogized by T.S. Eliot's long poem *Four Quartets*, in which he writes: "Time present and time past / Are both perhaps present in time future / And time future contained in time past. / If all time is eternally present / All time is unredeemable / Ya heard."
10. The acronym PDT, commonly understood to mean Pacific Daylight Time, is also internet slang for "Poo-poo Doody Time," which is terrible.