

the messenger

English department of the PdF MU

December 2003



editorial

The Messenger has been appearing since 1996, and for most of that time it has been run by students. The magazine was started by teacher Jeremy Garlick. Its first issue was a one-man show, written by Jeremy Garlick only. Afterwards, students took over and the magazine became even more fun.

This is the magazine's second issue this year and a three-year break has plunged it back into the arms of the teachers. Lucie has taken over the literature section, Paul conducted the interview, Jarek and Zdenek have also made important contributions. Much of the content makes for great reading. The result, though, is a magazine run by teachers. This is not what we want. For the magazine to be fresh and fun and impartial we need students as well.

We need to know what you think. We want to publish your poems and song lyrics. We want to know what you think about the threat to close this department to people who wish to become primary and secondary teachers, which basically means closing it down altogether. We would lose our royally-paid jobs. What would you have to lose?

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news from the department**conference**

At the beginning of September, members of the Department could be spotted performing a variety of unusual employments, such as heaving 20-kilogram water fillers, counting beds and meals or moving chairs and tables around the building. All this was only the climax of 6 months of planning and preparation for a huge annual event in the ELT world: a conference for teachers of English entitled *ELT Signposts 2003*, which took place between 5th and 7th September and which our Department had the privilege of holding.

Among more than 400 presenters and participants from all around the country and abroad was well-known linguist Henry Widdowson (whose works include *Defining issues in ELT*, OUP) and the storyteller Andrew Wright (*Creating Stories with Children*, CUP); also Michael Harris and Jim Scrivener attracted huge crowds. The "locals" were represented by Andrew Oakland, Jaroslav Suchý, Zdeněk Janík and the former head of the Department Paul Clifford, who now specializes in Business English.

The conference was a success, which nevertheless left the people involved completely exhausted even before the term itself began (see the front page). Many thanks to students who kindly helped out: Lenka Ševčíková, Karel Pančocha, Helena Vaňurová, Alžběta Koukalová, Veronika Krátká, Petr Najvar and Ilona Havelková.

jitka in love

Jitka Stýskalíková has become Jitka Hásková

jana in love

Jana Hejlková has become Jana Dettlaff

doctoral students

The Department now has two doctoral students, Šárka Purdjaková and Petr Najvar, who are studying Pedagogy with their specialization in ELT methodology.

irena

Irena Příbylová has acquired a PhD degree in British and American Literature. On September 3rd, she defended her thesis on The Lyrics of Bill Monroe.

new staff

The Department's heartfelt welcome to Corinne Hutchinson and Paul Obrecht, who have come from New Mexico, U.S.A to join our staff.

lucie in america

From 18th to 28th October, Lucie Podroužková was a "Visiting Scholar" at Sinclair Community College, Dayton, Ohio. Lucie visited a number of classes, gave several lectures and talked to professors and administrators of the college about possible ways of cooperation between Sinclair and Masaryk.

accreditation not received

The Department re-applied for accreditation with the Ministry of Education. The result is not a happy one as the future of some of our study programmes is - in our opinion unjustly - endangered. The Department has appealed for reconsideration. The rector has appealed for reconsideration.

zdenek in sweden

From 4th to 10th November Zdeněk Janík travelled to Linköping, Sweden for the second in a series of planning meetings in the *Argonauts of Europe* project, in which our Department is involved.

renata,stanislava, irena in germany

Renata Povolná, Stanislava Čapková and Irena Adámková attended a conference on Anglo-Saxon perspectives called *English for Central Europe 2003*, which took place in Plauen, Germany, November 7th - 9th. Renata Povolná gave a talk on the linguistics syllabus for future teachers; Stanislava Čapková's presentation focused on teaching strategies.

interview

Where Has All the Free Time Gone?

by Paul Obrecht

Several weeks ago, the English Department was honored to host a public reading by Douglas Pressman, Ph.D. A lecturer in the Central European Studies Program at the Center for Economics Research and Graduate Education (CERGE) in Prague, Dr. Pressman came to Brno to present his paper, "Quality of Life? The Emergent Critique of America's Work-centered Culture," which was published in the July 2003 issue of the famous American current affairs magazine, *Vital Speeches of the Day*.

Pressman's paper deals with sociological research over the past fifteen years that demonstrates a time shortage in modern American life. Despite the glamorous images beamed across the Atlantic by Hollywood films and American television and pop culture, research increasingly documents that most Americans are working longer hours for less money and fewer benefits, that they are sleeping less, and that their stress levels are increasing. Pressman's paper cites *The Overworked American*, a 1992 book by Harvard economist Juliet Schor. He quotes the following statistics:

- The average employed American was on the job an additional month each year compared to twenty years earlier.

sac

A room for the Self Access Centre has been promised to the department by the faculty management. We still do not have the room. First the deadline was the end of October, then the end of November, now the end of December. We have no idea how long this will take.

- American manufacturing workers were on the job 320 hours more per year than comparable workers in Germany or France.
- Between 1980 and 1990, American workers' yearly paid vacation and leave time decreased by an average three and a half days.
- A majority of Americans were getting 60 to 90 minutes less sleep per night than recommended.
- As many as one-third of American children were caring for themselves by the end of the 1980s, meaning that they had no care. Help hotlines reported being inundated with calls from children asking questions about taking care of toddlers.

Pressman's paper cites several other sources, each of which paints an equally grim picture about various aspects of modern American life. The overwhelming conclusion to be drawn from research on several distinct fronts is that the quality of life enjoyed by most Americans seems to be on a downward spiral. Not only is leisure time decreasing, but the real wages of hourly-paid workers have been decreasing since 1973. "I cannot quote you the source of the following statistic off the top of my head," said Pressman in an interview, "but I have been told reliably that 80% of American workers are today making 50% of what their parents earned, in constant dollars. This is another major force driving the time deficit: People are working harder to make up for lost income. In Canada, on the other hand, personal income has remained

flat; the current generation is earning about the same as their parents did.”

The paper mentions a 1999 Luxembourg Income Study that unearthed a surprising fact: In Pressman’s words, “among first world nations, the U.S. now has the smallest middle class as a percentage of total population, and the largest population of poor. . . . The class structure of the United States in 1999 was essentially identical to that of Russia, which had been in social and economic collapse for a decade. (*Left Business Observer*, #89, April 1999).”

In the interview, Dr. Pressman illustrated some of these trends with stories from his own experience, stories that sound too familiar to many Americans. “Where I grew up, in Billings, Montana, there was a vital middle class, a class made up largely of merchants, whose shops filled the center of town. The center of Billings, Montana now is almost exclusively espresso bars and boutiques run by doctors’ wives, and the real commerce is done on the outskirts of the town in what are called “big box” stores: Wal-Mart, Home Depot, and so on. They continue to spring up like mushrooms.

“The difference between working at a big box store and running your own store, even in the same industry, is profound. Increasingly, job tasks are able to be programmed and simplified. That’s the phenomenon called ‘de-skilling’. Now a training manual tells you exactly how to serve your function within the big box division of labor. The key to a McDonald’s franchise, for example, is a series of notebooks telling you how to run a McDonald’s. The result is a routinization of the economy and of the skill set.

“As a result, there are fewer and fewer people who are actually able to operate with a large scope of skills. This means that fewer and fewer people are able to command high wages. At the same time, a majority of people are equally passive in their consumption. So they’re following a McDonald’s manual at work, and they’re following the television manual, the marketing manual, at home, and that’s actually dictating what they do with their

personal time. And the “manual” approach to life is becoming adopted widely.”

Research does show that Americans’ television watching has been increasing for years. Pressman’s paper mentions one study indicating that the average American now spends 40% of his or her free time in front of a television, and he quotes a 2003 book by Michael Dawson (*The Consumer Trap: Big Business Marketing in American Life*) to discuss the effects of ‘the manual approach to life’: “The sheer number of hours Americans spend watching television advertisements that they would rather not see, opening and discarding junk mail, answering telemarketing calls, deleting spam, sitting in traffic, calming and restraining, and negotiating with marketing-addled children, and so forth, is a major deduction from the limited energy supplies all people have to spend during their earthly days.”

Since technology has so efficiently shrunk the world market, Americans are not the only people who feel this kind of pressure; it is becoming a problem for people in all industrialized countries. In the end, Dr. Pressman suggests that the increasingly prominent role of big business and advertising in everyday life is one of the primary causes of the time crisis specifically, and of the deteriorating quality of life in general. Again citing Dawson’s book, Pressman’s paper states that “during the past century, marketing became the prime organizing force of American industry, and sales-costs the leading cost of doing business. Shaping culture in the interests of profitability thus became an essential and self-conscious objective of big business, which has utilized sophisticated behavioral science to design its campaigns. The net result, to cut to the chase, has been a society premised on consumerism, installment purchasing, credit card debt, and an entertainment culture.”

And his predictions for the future? The paper states that “the final destination of the new time-aware critique of American society seems to be . . . that our time poverty is no historical anomaly, but is deeply rooted in institutions which Americans did not

consciously choose and which are largely outside public control...

Time therefore may eventually become a major political battle ground, and not only in the USA." In the interview, he put it a bit more straightforwardly: "It is becoming increasingly clear that the 20th century involved a kind of refeudalization of society, but at a high level of technological complexity. We increasingly evolved social structures which blatantly control and manipulate from the top, via mass media. One sign of how far this has come is that we have a world in which people increasingly work nineteenth-century-style hours. How far this can be taken before society begins to suffer badly is going to be one of the more interesting questions to be answered in the next decade or so."

Such harsh criticisms of the practices of big business may come as a surprise to a country of people who can finally embrace capitalism after so many years. But the paper again quotes Dawson to give statistics that capture the magnitude of the forces that have quietly been amassed in the name of selling more things to more people: "Big businesses in the United States now spend well over a trillion dollars a year on marketing. This is double Americans' combined annual

spending on all public and private education, from kindergarten through graduate schools. It also works out to around four thousand dollars a year for each man, woman, and child in the country. Four thousand dollars, in turn, is triple the annual per capita Gross Domestic Product of the so-called low- and medium-income countries, where 85% of the world's people now live."

Unfortunately, Dr. Pressman says that he sees some of the same symptoms emerging here in the Czech Republic. "When I first came to Prague six years ago, you saw people on public transportation reading serious literature—Dostoevsky, and the like. Now it's fashion magazines. And now you see women and men on public transportation at 9:30 at night carrying their laptops, and you know that they're probably going to do a little more work when they get home. This was not the case six years ago when I arrived." An American of course has no right to judge how Czechs choose to spend their time or their money, but this American would consider it a real shame if the Czechs, in their eagerness to make up for lost time, fell victim in twenty years to the same diseases of modern life that took a hundred or more years to spread across America and western Europe.

literature page

Are you interested in contemporary British literature?

Beginning on October 1, 2003, the British Council and the MZK English Library in Brno (Solniční 12) has been holding a series of seminars on contemporary British writing. The seminars look at recent developments in British literature and they are intended for the general reading public. These discussions will be held once a month till April 21, 2004.

The first seminar was focused on Multiculturalism and Colours of today's UK. We were warmly welcomed by lecturer and author of the English literature textbook Open Channels, **Michaela Čaňková**. She led us into the topic by reading and discussing the poem *Finders Keepers* by **John Agard**, a poet and playwright who promotes a better understanding of Caribbean culture in the UK. The main motif of the poem was '*the stiff upper lip*' which symbolises the lack of emotions typical of people living in developed countries like Great Britain. The poet takes '*the stiff upper lip*' with him from London to the Third World, where it is going

to melt. The subtext of the poem indicates different cultural attitudes within one country.

Finders Keepers

This morning on the way to Charing Cross
I found a stiff upper lip
lying there on the train seat

Finders Keepers
I was tempted to scream

But something about that stiff upper lip
Left me speechless

It looked so abandoned so unloved
like a frozen glove
nobody bothers to pick up

I could not bear to hand in
that stiff upper lip
to the Lost & Found

So I made a place for it
in the lining of my pocket

and I said
Come with me to the Third World

You go thaw off

The other writers are also people living in Great Britain but of different origin. They enrich British culture and bring different 'colours' into it.

The first novelist presented was **Trezza Azzopardi**, whose acclaimed debut novel *The Hiding Place* (2000) is the story of a Maltese family living in Cardiff in the 1960s. The novel is autobiographical, narrated from the perspective of a little girl, which emphasises its rough content.

Another writer you may have heard of is **Hanif Kureishi**, who grew up in England experiencing the racial and cultural clashes that he addresses in most of his work. The first sentence of his semi-autobiographical novel, *The Buddha of Suburbia* (1991), runs: *My name is Karim Amir, and I am an Englishman born and bred, almost.* It tells the story of a young bisexual man, who is half-Indian and half-English.

The novelist **Zadie Smith** was born to an English father and a Jamaican mother. We were acquainted with her first novel, *White Teeth* (2000), a vibrant portrait of contemporary multicultural London, told through the story of three ethnically diverse families. The book has won her the overnight popularity, a number of awards and prizes, and has been translated into over twenty languages.

Meera Syal's childhood experiences growing up in a small mining community provide the background to her novels. We were familiarised with her second novel, *Life Isn't All Ha Ha Hee Hee* (1999), which narrates the adventures of three young Asian women growing up in Britain. Meera Syal also is the co-writer and a cast member of the popular BBC comedy series of sketches about Pakistanis living in Britain *Goodness Gracious Me*.

All these books are available in the English Library MZK in Brno, Solniční 12.

The topic of the next discussion was *Living in a family or being single? Traditions and changes*, and it was held in the same place on Wednesday November 5, 2003, at 5 p. m. **You are warmly welcomed to future presentations.**

**Šárka Kadlečková and
Martina Doleželová**

In each of the following issues of The Messenger, Lucie Podroužková will browse the library shelves for both new arrivals and all-time favourites to give an informal review and a personal recommendation.

For those tempted to read the book discussed there will also be a reading comprehension question to provoke your critical thinking.

NEVER LOSE YOUR TIGER

Although a new addition to the faculty library, William Saroyan's *Tracy's Tiger* is a book by no means recent. On the contrary, it has had, since its publication in 1951, something of a "cult book career" and seems to cast a magic spell on Czech music scene: both *Radůza* and *Mňága a žďorip* make references to it in their lyrics and *Laura a její tygři* - as the band's name suggests - based their entire image on it.

Essentially, *Tracy's Tiger* tracks the well-worn formula of a love story: boy gets the girl, boy loses the girl, boy finds the girl. But it is a disarmingly charming and moving book, both rich and simple, that pays tribute to imagination and contains one of the wisest remarks on poetry. I like to quote this to my students when they are confronted with the pitfalls of verse in order to support their endeavour and demonstrate that reason is not the only prerequisite to appreciation:

"You *understand* this poem?" Dr. Pingitzer said.

"I don't *understand* anything," Tracy said. "I *like* this poem." (98)

Tracy's Tiger is the story of Thomas Tracy, who works for a coffee company in New York. Although he can well tell good

coffee from bad, he has to stick with his present job of lifting and loading coffee sacks: it will not be till the present "coffee tasters" and all the people on the waiting list ahead of him die that his turn will come to take up the top-of-the-ladder position in the Tasting Department. Tracy does not mind too much, because after all, he has his tiger. For a long time, too, he seems to be the only one who knows that there are tigers to be had (24). Tracy formed his out of a childhood memory of William Blake's famous poem *The Tiger*. (You too, are bound to have heard it, although maybe much later. It is the one that goes "Tiger, tiger, burning bright".)

Laura Luthy has a tiger, too, and when the two tigers meet, Laura and Tracy meet and love is born. But there are trials ahead yet. Tracy is invited to Laura's home to be presented to her bashful father and her vulture of a mother, who feeds him chocolates till he is sick and tries to hug and kiss her. In a split second, Laura, love and tiger, all is gone and lost.

A few years later, Tracy comes back to New York and the tiger is, once again, with him. This time, however, the tiger has materialized into a runaway panther, at the sight of which the citizens of the city flee in

panic and terror. While the tiger is injured by a gunshot but manages to escape, Thomas is arrested and subjected to a psychiatric examination. Dr. Pinzinger turns out to be a lovable elderly gentleman, who speaks bad English full of the wisdom and nostalgia of his native Vienna and who - much like the author himself, I suspect - never ceases to marvel at the complexity of human beings:

“You understand psychiatry?” Tracy asked.

“Psychistry, no,” Dr. Pingitzer said. “people – little bit. Little, little, little bit. Every year, every day – less. Less. Less. Why? People is difficult. People is people. People is fun, play, imagination, magic. Ah ha. People is pain, people is sick, people is mad, people is hurt, people is hurt *people*, is kill, is kill self. Where is fun, where is play, where is imagination, where is magic? Psychiatry I hate. People I love. Mad people, beautiful people, hurt people, sick people, broke people, in pieces people, I love, I love. Why? Why is lost from people fun, play, imagination, magic? What for? Ah ha.” (94)

Dr. Pingitzer declares Tracy sane, but another psychiatrist, Dr. Scatter, a behaviourist B. F. Skinner caricature, questions his colleague’s methods and sends Tracy to a mental hospital. Here Tracy meets all sorts of people, who are all dying because they have “lost love somewhere along the line.”(152) He finds Laura Luthy here, too.

Tracy tries to tell her she is the most beautiful girl in the world, but she is a lost soul:

“Laura! Tracy said. “For God’s sake, Laura, I love you.”

“I’m terribly sorry,” Laura said. “I’m terribly sorry. I think I prefer to be dead.” (124)

Luckily, Tracy knows the power of imagination and magic, through which he manages to turn back the clock. The miracle takes place with the assistance of Dr. Pingitzer but also and more surprisingly, under the puzzled “binocularized” gazes of the New York police force, who have come under a lot of harassment from the public and media because they have not been able to protect the city from the panther, blown up by the press into monstrous dimensions. At their wits’ end, the police agree to help restore the triumph of imagination and love: the tiger is found “a niche” and Tracy and Laura are back together.

For thought:

What does the tiger stand for?

There are several copies of the book (bilingual edition)in the library upstairs. There is also a Czech translation in the central library.

in my opinion

Gather round, boys and girls, so your Auntie Anne can give you a lecture about morality.

What is morality? Morality is the distinction between right and wrong, and the choice between those actions. What is wrong? Well, lots of things are wrong. I'll tell you one thing I know is wrong: stealing. What is stealing? Stealing is taking something from somebody else without permission. Stealing is theft (look, they're synonyms). Stealing is robbery (taking something from someone by force). And stealing is also plagiarism. What is plagiarism? Plagiarism is stealing ideas. Specifically, plagiarism is stealing the written arrangement of those ideas.

Yes, boys and girls, we've now arrived at the topic of today's discussion: plagiarism. It is the worst crime a writer can commit, because it is committed against another writer. It is cheap, and it is dirty, and it is against the rules.

But it's a research paper, I have to use other sources

Of course you do, sweeties. Here's what you do: you go to the source material, you make some notes on the key points, and then you write a NEW thing based on those notes.

Thus, you read:

Morality is the distinction between right and wrong, and the choice between those actions.

And you write, for example:

Morality is doing what is right, and choosing not to do what is wrong.

See? Easy as pie.

So, I can just change it around a little?

Sorry, no. The above example would be acceptable. This wouldn't:

The distinction between right and wrong, and the choice between those actions, is morality.

No dice.

But the source said it perfectly; I'm not sure I can rewrite the idea as well.

Absolutely. There's a special punctuation feature, designed just for this situation: the quotation mark.

You read:

Morality is the distinction between right and wrong, and the choice between those actions.

And you write:

According to Auntie Anne, "Morality is the distinction between right and wrong, and the choice between those actions".

Research papers involve ...research. Your professors know that you will use source material, and they actually expect you to use it in your paper. Just, please, give credit where credit is due.

Because if you don't give credit, it is plagiarism, and it is stealing, and it is wrong. People have ideas and they share them, either by publishing them in books, or talking about them at conferences, or posting them on the Internet. What these people want is for other people to read (or hear) the idea, think about it, and possibly share it. What they do not want is for other people to pretend that they thought of it first. Pretending someone else's work is yours is a little like trying to pass off vomit as a meal. It's regurgitated goods, and your teachers can smell the difference.

Because, and this is my other main point, your professors are not stupid people. They are busy: they are trying really hard to help you get the education that you deserve. And they are sometimes frazzled, but they are NOT stupid. And if you copy a whole sentence, or paragraph, or page, or paper from someone or someplace else, and you stick it into your paper, and you think your professor won't notice, what you are saying is, "Professor? I am too lazy to do my own work, I don't care about the subject enough to spend time writing about it, and I think you are too stupid to notice."

And do you know what happens to naughty little boys and girls who do naughty things and then tell their teachers that they are stupid? Let me tell you, at university level the punishment is a little more harsh than having to stay after school cleaning the blackboard.

Class dismissed.

andrew's page**WHY, OH WHY, DO I INSIST ON LIKING FOOTBALL?**

For many years I have been confused by my interest in football. There are times, indeed periods of time, when I try to convince myself that I don't like football any longer – but it's a bluff, and I know it's a bluff. I do not think that being a fan of a competitive sport of mass popularity is anything to be ashamed of – it's not that I'm trying to disown football. I just can't understand what it is in my character that insists on my taking a passionate interest in it.

I've long suspected there are people who fake an interest in football. One can expose such scoundrels quickly and easily. They may know how much David Beckham earns and how many goals Ruud van Nistelrooij scored in last season's Champions League, but ask them who came on as a second-half substitute in the 1977 F.A. Cup Final. Go on! They haven't got a clue! These fraudsters are nearly always men: this may be because football is fiercely masculine, and they wish to emphasise their belonging to *their* half of humanity. But there's women's football now, too! Indeed there is, and from what I've seen it is highly competitive and moderately entertaining. But women's football is still men's football, played in accordance with male-formulated rules and in pursuit of male-determined goals ... by women. Football played by women will only ever have an appeal for a tiny minority of women spectators, and an even tinier minority of males.

It might be the very maleness of football that makes me wish I didn't like it (and also the fact that I spend so much time watching it on

TV, time which I could surely spend in much more productive ways). I've always been more of a spectator than a player, yet for a time – when I was in my late teens and an undergraduate (and fifteen or twenty kilos lighter than I am today) – I actually enjoyed playing football. To my amazement, I found I could run around for ninety minutes and conserve enough energy for a shower and crawl to the pub afterwards. I even managed an occasional goal. But when playing football I forgot my manners – I kicked and swore at opponents just as they kicked and swore at me. Of course, my team-mates and I didn't kick one another, but the swearing was good for all twenty-two players plus the referee. I think I might even have used the C-word once or twice. I continued to play into my mid-twenties, but assumed an ironic distance which made me a much less effective member of the team and ruined my enjoyment of the game. It also made people swear at me more.

I've never much cared for all-male company (The lone woman who played for our team one year became a bloke on the pitch.) Everyone has so much to prove; I find it exhausting. Also, blokey humour in the changing room does nothing for me.

But being a spectator puts me on a different level of experience altogether. Some of the most memorable moments of my life cast me as a member of a heaving crowd, wearing a red-and-white – sometimes a black-and-white - scarf. In the late Seventies and early Eighties, Nottingham was the perfect home for young football fans. When I was seven or eight, my dad would take me to see Nottingham Forest and a family friend would take me to see Notts County. For several years I had a season ticket for both clubs (guaranteeing me at least one match every week). In Nottingham the relationship between the two clubs has never been confrontational; this leaves both sets of supporters free to hate Derby County. (I know

it's pathetic and despicable, but even today I listen out for the Derby result in the hope that they have lost.) Forest have always been *my* team, however.

Between the ages of ten and thirteen, I became a European in the chauvinistic atmosphere of a Nottingham football stadium. In the late 1970s Forest achieved success on a scale unthinkable in English football today. Promotion from the Second to the First Division (1977), English League Champions (1978 – effectively moving them from 25th to 1st in the standings), European Champions (1979 and 1980). We took it for granted we could beat Liverpool, Arsenal and Manchester United (and Derby County easily). My dad and I travelled to matches in other cities (even Derby and, most exciting of all, London's Wembley). Forest were also taking on, and usually beating, the champions of other European leagues (Barcelona, Dinamo Berlin, 1.FC Cologne, AEK Athens, Grasshoppers Zurich, Banik Ostrava ...) There were features in the local paper about the towns and people of the teams against which we were playing; Nottingham people were travelling to unlikely destinations to watch football matches (not to Czechoslovakia, obviously). I remember practising my immature German on the terraces. My own father got his first passport at the age of thirty-nine, to be able to travel to the European Cup Final in Munich. (He told me last year that he regrets he didn't take me with him. I don't blame him at all. The presence of my twelve-year-old self would have severely limited his beer consumption and thus deprived us of a favourite family photograph. Of course, I blamed him - in secret - in 1979.) And in the late Seventies and early Eighties, Forest bought their first foreign players, from

Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands and Scandinavia.

Seventies and Eighties footballers were less uniform in appearance and technique than today's lot. The hairstyles of some of them were so awesome they would make Jaromir Jagr in his heyday look like an icon of good taste. Quite a few of them were overweight, and hence played much better in the first half than the second half. I remember Forest's Scottish international winger John Robertson (who today is assistant manager of Glasgow Celtic, if you're interested) missing a Boxing Day penalty kick – against Derby, sickeningly – so badly that the ball almost hit the corner flag. Many in the crowd laughed indulgently in the certain knowledge Robbo had had too much to eat and drink over Christmas. (It is worth noting that the era of the bigger footballer coincides with the wearing of the tightest tops and the briefest shorts.) Most referees were fat and bald (in fact, they looked rather like your grandad), and, of course, neglected to wear glasses even though they needed to.

Maybe the reason I like football is that I don't have a choice. (I think I'll try this one on Gabi, who does not always understand my need to spend hours in front of televised matches.) It's nurture, not nature. It's a prejudice I can't shake free of. She (and I) should blame my dad, blame David Thouless, our family friend. (Sorry, Dad. Sorry, David.)

God, I hate Derby!

Andrew Oakland

song lyrics page**Tomorrow 5 a.m.**

*Tomorrow 5 a.m.
My back against the wall
Without no requiem
Before my body's fall
The last shot will I drink
And take my last look at the sun
Remember you my only one
And face the barrel of a loaded gun
The barrel of a loaded gun*

*Tomorrow 5 a.m.
To my priest I'll confess
I don't regret my deeds
And don't need him to bless
My soul before I'm dead
'cause I've lived the way I did,
Heaven's no place for me
My soul's fate's clear, that's it
My soul's fate is just clear
That's it*

*Tomorrow 5 a.m.
When sergeant orders fire
I'll be sorry for those years
That I did not admire
Enough your ruby lips
And tender fingertips
But the saddest thing I'll find
Will be to leave you alone behind
To leave you all alone
Behind*

*Tomorrow 5 a.m.
Make sure you do not cry
When a bullet made of lead
Sentences me to die
And forces us apart,
Please just don't forget 'bout me
Carry on and live your life
With a memory in your heart
With a memory of me
In your heart*

The Respect network and Argonauts of Europe introduce:

Gain the International Certificate in Project Management and Intercultural Education

- ◆ Would you like to learn how to design and implement projects in an international school environment?
- ◆ Would you like to become an expert in intercultural classroom teaching?
- ◆ Have you heard of e-learning? Would you consider gaining a competence in this novel trend of computer-based learning?
- ◆ And how about doing your school practice with students from Finland, Holland, or Spain, and working with them on an international project?

If your answer to these questions is YES, read more:

- 'Argonauts of Europe' is an international project under the auspices of the EU.
- It starts **Feb. 1st and lasts two months.**
- You will take part in the following courses: **Intercultural Communication**
Project Management
School Practice
- In the two months, working in **cooperation with teacher students from abroad**, you will **earn up to 12 ECTS credits** that will count towards your 'C' optional courses.
- **No class attendance required!** Only weekly meetings and approximately 2 week-long school practices
- Argonauts of Europe is a **self-study program** whose courses are designed for an e-learning environment. That means you will participate in virtual courses put on the Argonauts website and communicate with other participants mainly via the inter/intranet
- There are **max. 4 vacancies** available! So do not hesitate and contact

Zdenek Janik

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For more info go to www.respect-network.org and click on Projects.



Christmas party

Tuesday, December 16th

6 pm

Poříčí 9, 3rd floor, English Department

Come to see a theatre performance

Come to hear poems written by some of our students

Come to hear songs translated from Czech into English by some of our students

Come to have fun and something little to drink and nibble

Bring a bottle and something to grab