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**editorial**

Friendly reader,

The new academic year and the Autumn issue of The Messenger strike at the same time. Let me start with a nice, soft *hello* to all of you, i.e. teachers, students and outside readers.

In the last academic year The Messenger became an official magazine and its team was boosted by more staff, student and outside contributors. But there's still a chance for you to join the Messenger team should you wish to. Indeed, we are looking for contributors and people keen to take responsibility for sections as sub-editors. (Of course, we would be delighted if we could find these within the student body.) If you wish to offer your services, please contact us through [the.messenger@email.cz](mailto:the.messenger@email.cz).

Let me thank here all those students who have contributed their articles or sent their ideas or opinions to the above address. We trust you will continue to use the address to express your opinions about goings-on in the department and elsewhere.

As ever, I am happy to recommend all the articles in this issue. Let me draw your attention to some of them. Jaroslav Suchý has interviewed his friend and teacher Don Sparling, an inspirational figure in the development of English studies in Brno. Our correspondent in the Linguistics pages this time is Jaroslav Ondráček, who tells of his experience at a prestigious IPA course in London and invites us to share his enthusiasm for phonetics. In her Literature pages, Lucie Podroužková introduces contemporary British writer Jeanette Winterson. Robin Smith does his mightiest to fuel our interest in Brno's music scene. If talk of Love is your cup of tea, go to Amy Jarvis's or Andrew's pages and decide whose love life is healthier.

Your editor

Gabriela Oaklandová

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## news from the department

### LEARNING TOGETHER

Irena Hůlková

*The 4<sup>th</sup> International and 8<sup>th</sup> National Conference of the Association of Teachers of English of the Czech Republic, Pardubice, 10 – 12 September 2004*

This time the conference took place in Pardubice, and we were thus able to enjoy it from a completely different perspective as compared to last year, when we were members of the organizing committee and our faculty proved to be an ideal venue for such an event. No matter where the conference is held, its importance and usefulness for us – teachers of English – cannot be doubted. Presentations, seminars and workshops on a wide range of topics, dealing with English teaching at all levels – primary, secondary and tertiary – and the opportunity to discuss all those burning issues with other English teachers from different countries or even prominent personalities in the field of language teaching: all these things are always very inspiring and encouraging, and also rewarding.

It is worth mentioning that besides distinguished personalities such as Douglas Allan, Vaughan Jones and Penny Ur, staff members of our department actively

contributed to the conference by presenting current topics in English teaching. Světlana Hanušová, Zdeněk Janík, Petr Najvar and Tamara Váňová introduced all the essential details concerning e-learning methods (I am sure all of our teachers and students are familiar with the famous Mood-link-a, alias Dead-link-a ☺); Helena Havlíčková had a workshop on rhymes and songs as a teaching material, a session which was attended by Penny Ur herself! And Nad'a Vojtková's seminar raised the very important issue of teaching teenagers successfully, based on the new Cambridge University Press course English In Mind.

What else was on offer? There were publishers' stands offering lots of teaching materials at friendly prices; there was a performance by the Bear Educational Theatre group along with a welcome drink on the Friday evening; an opulent reception on the Saturday evening was followed by the opportunity to make friends with local pubs – this latter was a particularly demanding activity; and, of course, on the Sunday afternoon we had a closing ceremony full of thunderous applause.

It gives me enormous pleasure to announce at this point that next year's conference will be held in Brno again. This is going to be a difficult task, but I am convinced we will rise to the challenge. So, to end on a more informal note, come along in September 2005 and have a whale of a time with us!

## interview

KEEP SPARLING!

interview with Don Sparling - Director of the MU Office for International Studies, former head of the Department of English and American Studies, Faculty of Arts

Interviewer: Jaroslav Suchý

*Don Sparling was the head of the English Department when I was a student of the Faculty of Arts. At that time, he also directed the Gypsywood Players (the English Department's theatre group), which I joined in the first year of my studies. Then, sometime in the early 1990s, one of my friends wore a badge reading "Keep Sparling" and on the door of one of the English Department's offices there was a square piece of paper with the same thing – "Keep Sparling". The door's the door of my office now ... and the paper's still there ... so I keep Sparling ☺.*

*It is fantastic that we still keep it touch and often go out for a drink together. Last time we met it was not for a drink – we conducted this interview:*

*Jarek:*

*Many students in this country study foreign languages to be able to leave the country, to work abroad or live abroad. You came to Czechoslovakia and stayed. What made you stay?*

Don:

It was a complete accident. I'd visited the country because a Canadian friend of mine was living here from 1967, teaching English. I visited him in the summer of 1968, before the invasion, and enjoyed myself very much. Then I went back to where I'd just finished my studies, which was in Oxford. I expected I would pack my bags and go to France, because I had a job arranged in Dijon. But because of the political events in France in the spring and summer of 1968, the university year was delayed, the university didn't open in September, it didn't open in October and when it finally did open there was no money for that position. The director said perhaps by late November or December there would be money.

I felt that I'd like to spend another year or two in Europe before going back to Canada, and I'd had quite an enjoyable experience here [Czechoslovakia] in July and August 1968, met a lot of interesting people, appreciated the beautiful countryside, fabulous architecture, cities, and so on. So I thought I'd just go back and teach English for a year and then return to Canada. But - I didn't go back to Canada ☺!

*Jarek: Why was that?*

Don:

I was here, in Brno, at the state language school, for a year and a half. I came in March of 1969, and they had said to me well, you're coming only in March and we'd expect you to stay for the next school year, so I stayed until June of 1970. And by that time the people in Prague – at the state language school there –

had offered me a job, so I thought – you know: I'm in Czechoslovakia, I've been living here in Brno, it would be nice to spend at least a year living in Prague. So there was a year in Prague, then another year in Prague, then another, and then I got married. And that was the end ☺!

*Jarek: The end or the beginning?*

Don:

Hmmm - that would be a long philosophical discussion ☺!

*Jarek: When did you start working in Brno?*

Don:

My first job was here at the language school and then I came back to Brno and to the university in November of 1977. I came to the English Department at the Faculty of Arts and I taught there until the summer of 2000. And in the summer of 2000, I came here to the Rektorát, to be head of the Office for International Studies.

*Jarek: You became the head of the English Department.*

Don:

Well, it was kind of weird. I'd never thought about this possibility beforehand, of course, because until November of 1989, there was no chance that a Canadian living here might become head of an English Department in this country. We even had trouble having one of our own Czech Anglicists as head of department because we didn't have enough communists in the English Department.

So it was not something that I had planned for or anticipated in any sort of way. That was one aspect of the job – that it was something I had never considered so I was totally unprepared for it. The other aspect was this steep learning curve, suddenly being in charge of ten teachers, but then – because of the huge expansion of English studies in the early 90s, you know – it was 12 teachers, 14 teachers, 20 teachers... In November of 1989 we had, perhaps, 80 students in the whole department, then at the entrance exams in 1990 we admitted 120. Suddenly there were these huge numbers of students that we weren't used to either.

But what was even more interesting, more important, was totally transforming the curriculum. That was a very involved process. I had ideas of how I thought it should be changed, and other people in the department had ideas – I don't want to say this was my monument. It was, in fact, a collective work of ... not the whole department because, of course, there were some very conservative people in the department that didn't want any change and said this is our Czech tradition and, you know, we must protect it, etc. There were other Czechs, and myself, who said well, basically there's been paralysis or – putting it more politely – there's been stasis for 40 years, nothing has changed for 40 years, perhaps the Czech tradition is not necessarily what you did 40 years ago.

The main problem was that in this country, generally, people had been out of touch with the intellectual developments in the rest of the world. So it meant bringing in much more

theory, cultural studies, it meant looking at linguistics in other ways than in the particular way that had been fostered in this university and this country, so it was quite a major change.

It also involved a change in understanding what university studies are about. Moving from what was essentially the Czech tradition – if you study English language and literature there is a certain body of knowledge you have to know, i.e. when this author was born, what works he wrote, etc., this kind of very formalist approach to literature – to a much more open, much wider, much more critical way of understanding literature and understanding what an education at the Faculty of Arts is, or could be.

Essentially what we tried to introduce is what we call in the English-speaking world a liberal education. That is to say we're not going to learn a fixed body of knowledge, we're going to learn how to analyze and discuss and approach a field that does not have any limits. We can't say these are the great writers, these are the second rank writers, these are the third rank writers, so we'll study only, say, the first rank writers. This isn't why we look at literature, this isn't why we study at university. We're there to learn how to think and reflect, basically. And hopefully to become more intelligent citizens of a democratic society.

So there was a whole change in the way that we were trying to present studies, the purpose of studies. It was a whole change in the way in which we were trying to get students to

approach their studies: we scrapped virtually all of the oral examinations and replaced them with essay writing, with written examinations, and so on. So it was a huge process of change. Before we introduced the new model it took about two years of endless meetings, discussions about why we were doing it, what we wanted to achieve, how we were going to do it. The linguists met, the literature people met and so did the cultural studies people – who didn't even know they were cultural studies people because cultural studies hadn't been done before, so they hadn't realized what they really wanted, and so on 😊!

We had very good input from the British Council, from the British lecturers they sent here, from some Americans who were in the department, and by about 1993 – I was the head from 1989 to 1994 – by 1993 we had a programme that was totally different from any other programme of any other English department in the country and one that most of the other departments are still trying to catch up with 😊. So it was a very exciting period.

But there's also something that people very often tend to forget, I think, in this connection: that no programme is ever fixed. Every year there should be some changes in it, in every course there should be changes. So there's always something to do. And of course this is something that some teachers feel very uneasy about. They prepare a course and they want to teach it for 5 or 10 years. That shouldn't happen.

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**“Every good teacher, I think, has a bit of an actor in him or her.”**

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*Jarek: One of the most exciting and enjoyable learning experiences for me at that time – when you were the head – was Gypsywood. What drove you to get involved in this?*

Don:

I'm an exhibitionist ☺! No, seriously – I'd been involved with drama ever since my, well, since well before my student days at university. I'd been involved with drama first of all at my church, the church I went to as a kid – in Canada. We used to put on Christmas plays. No – now that I think of it, in fact the first time I acted was in kindergarten where we did Cinderella and I was Prince Charming, so you could say I've been acting since about the age of five! Then I was in some of those Church dramas, those religious dramas, then at high school and then when I got to university – both in Toronto and Oxford – I was in the drama club and president of the drama club, and so on. So I've always been doing theatre.

When I came to Brno, or rather back to Brno to teach in the English Department, I was presented with a readymade situation. The Gypsywood Players had been started (in 1965) by a Scottish woman – Jessie Kocmanová – who had been teaching here since after the war. She was a war-bride, her husband had fought in the RAF. So I took over from her, basically.

In those days the English Department was very small. It's hard for people to realize or even imagine that the numbers of students studying English were very, very limited because the communist authorities were very suspicious of English generally. This was the language of the enemy. And they didn't like the English Department because very few members of the English Department joined the Communist Party.

And, in fact, for much of the 70s and 80s we were the only separate English Department in the country. In Olomouc and Prague the English Departments had been merged into the German or Germanic Languages Departments. This had been done deliberately after 1968 in order to limit the influence of the English Departments. So the number of students we admitted was very small. In some years, in the early 1980s, we were only admitting from 5 to 7 students a year – that was all they would allow us to take. We had hundreds of people who wanted to study English but we could only admit those few.

So the Gypsywood theatre in the 70s and 80s became almost identified with the English Department. That is to say, in any given production perhaps half the students in the department were involved! Either as actors or as stage people, doing properties, costumes, whatever. It was a very intensive experience in terms of getting to know students because we would go off to Cikháj for a week or ten days, sometimes even two weeks when we had a really big production. Morning, noon, afternoon, night we'd spend rehearsing,

talking and so on – it was a theatre experience that we all enjoyed. But it was also a very important social experience and a way of creating a community in an environment where this was particularly valuable. I think the bonds that were developed there – within Gypsywood – were very deep. We still meet – you know, you've been there – every year at Christmas time, when we have a get-together.

So, it's only partly my exhibitionism 😊 – I love acting and performing. With "exhibitionism" I'm exaggerating – but every good teacher, I think, has a bit of an actor in him or her.

*Jarek: Would you join Gypsywood again?*

Don:

Somebody's about to ask me 😊? Well, probably yes, I would love to do something. But I don't have the time to devote to it because of my current job, which takes up a lot of time. If someone else would like to organize everything and gave me something that is called a cameo role, a little tiny role where I would say a few words and show myself off 😊, it might be fun! And in fact in the last, oh, ten years of Gypsywood – in almost every performance – I had a tiny little role. But maybe until the late 80s I often had quite big roles. It wasn't so much my idea. Usually the students wanted me to act with them. But I enjoyed it, of course. I would take roles that seemed absolutely appropriate for me.

But I guess the main problem now is time. I might come back when I retire 😊.

*Jarek: Do you miss students?*

Don: Yes!

*Jarek: So why are you here?*

Don:

You move on, you do different things. Once a year, in the fall semester, I still teach a course. So it's not that I'm totally cut off from students. And teaching students would be great if it didn't also mean that you're a part of the department and have vast amounts of administrative work.

This particular job ... I never plan my life. I never planned to be in this country, it was an accident. I came here, originally, thinking I would teach English for a year and go back to Canada. It was an accident that I ended up at the university and it was the same with this job. Six weeks before I took this job I had never thought about the possibility of doing it. But I'd been involved in the work leading up to the creation of the Office for International Studies. I'd been involved in creating a programme in English for international students coming to Brno, I'd suggested people who could be – would be – excellent heads of the office. For one reason or another they couldn't take on the job. So people said why don't you become head of it? It had never occurred to me, you know. I mean I'd expected that I'd be teaching in the English Department till I retired at the age of 65. But I thought about it and people said well, if not you, who 😊? So I took the job.

It's like any decision in your life – it brings advantages and disadvantages. The downside of it is that I'm not teaching anymore. I miss the teaching, I miss the contact with students, I miss that kind of exchange of ideas. I always used to say that for a particular class – 90 minutes – to be worth it I had to come across some new idea during that period. Either some students would come up with a new idea or someone would say something that would force me to think of something in a new way. That's why teaching was so exciting for me. There were always some new ideas, some new exchange, meeting new people. A lot of my friends in the country are former students. And that whole element of my life is gone now and I miss it very much.

But this job here has other advantages in the sense that I've had to develop skills that were perhaps in me – management skills and other skills – that I hadn't exercised before. Plus in this job you get a chance to make decisions that affect a large number of people for a very long period of time – more than as a teacher in the English Department. We've done a lot of things in this office in the last four years that will have a permanent effect on the university.

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**“Never in your life are you going to be as free as you are as a student!”**

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*Jarek: You said you missed students. You can approach them now through the Messenger. What would your message to the students be at the moment?*

Don:

Well, the most important thing is – never in your life are you going to be as free as you are as a student! You've got one responsibility, basically – and that's the responsibility to yourself to take maximum advantage of these three or five years. You'll kick yourself later in life because you'll say my God, why didn't I realize that that teacher could have given me this or that...

Every student, every person who goes to university, realizes afterwards how she or he could have taken better advantage of those years. Why didn't I get involved in ... the Messenger for instance! (A little publicity for you right here, Jarek ☺! )

My advice is to take maximum advantage of these three or five or however many years you are here. Try and get involved – if you can – in some student exchange. It might cost you money, it may be difficult but do it, go for it! Go for the difficult courses instead of the easy courses. Try to be active within your department or within your faculty. Because you'll never ever, once you leave the university, you'll never ever have nearly the amount of freedom to do what you want as you have as a student. This is the first thing most students realize once they leave the university – that they're suddenly far less free. So take maximum advantage of it while you can.

*Jarek: Don, thank you very much for the interview and ... best of luck!*

## linguistics pages

### SUMMER COURSE IN ENGLISH PHONETICS 2004

(University College London, August 2-13, 2004)

Jaroslav Ondráček

Three years ago Prof Hladký gave me a little booklet advertising a phonetics course at UCL, and as at that time I had started teaching phonetics again – after about 11 years - I really wanted to go. I did not realise then that this was the course my father (PhDr. Jaroslav Ondráček, CSc, a teacher of English and Italian at the Faculty of Arts 1954 - 1984) attended in 1965, a course indeed of excellent and long tradition (of 40 years, if not more). With other duties interfering I only managed to go for one week in 2001, but I got really excited! The choice of topics and especially the selection of teachers made it a professionally life-changing experience for me. I had never met a group – rather than individuals - of real experts who were able to teach so wonderfully and efficiently.

To hear Prof J C Wells, the author of the Longman Pronunciation Dictionary, teach was in itself a rewarding experience. But there were other people there as well: Mr Michael G. Ashby, also on the staff of the Department of Linguistics and Phonetics at UCL, of which J C Wells is chair; and Dr Jane Setter of the University of Reading, responsible, together with Peter Roach, whom I believe every Anglicist in this country knows, for the latest edition of Daniel Jones' English Pronunciation Dictionary (published by Cambridge University Press) and also editor-in-chief of IATEFL's 'Speak Out'

magazine (produced by a pronunciation teaching special interest group).

This January, while reading the UCL website and obviously recalling my happy days in London in 2001, I learned that SCEP (= Summer Course in English Phonetics) would have what was called its "IPA strand" for the first time in 2004, and that this would lead to the International Phonetic Association Proficiency Exam in Phonetics, an exam of high prestige administered only once a year in June. This time they were going to give this on 16 August, as a 'climax' after the course had ended. To cut a long story short, I made all the necessary arrangements, passed the entrance test, and on Saturday 31 July hopped on a bus heading for England for another life-changing experience. Surprisingly, I met one of our graduates on the bus, so there were two of us on the course representing the Czech Republic...

In this article, and maybe in some future ones as well, I would like to pinpoint a few things I have learned which I find relevant as a teacher of English phonetics preparing future teachers of English as a foreign language.

Gone are the days, of course, when only British English, or rather RP – or BBC English as it tends to be called now - was accepted universally as a model. There is a good reason for promoting standard British English as a model even now, though, as most English textbooks used in Europe are of British origin and we certainly do not want to confuse our students with a funny mixture of accents. However, an authentic and consistent American accent should not only be 'tolerated' but encouraged. We also know that the traditional philosophy of trying to achieve near native-speaker pronunciation has been abandoned and exchanged (rightly so!) for an emphasis on intelligibility.

This having been said, I hasten to add that I still believe that for future teachers of English the standard should be a little higher than just intelligibility; the issue is also imitability. And as our pupils/students will never imitate their teachers with 100 % accuracy, the teacher will have to be a very good model, nowadays obviously equipped with all sorts of materials - CDs, tapes, videos etc. - but still having an impact on his pupils/students by his/her use of English. As methodologists, we must ask ourselves questions like: “Which aspects of English pronunciation are reasonable and relevant goals for non-native speakers - and teachers - of English and which aspects should be reserved for native speakers as such?” From the area of aspects of connected speech, for example, I have always considered rhythm and linking as things ‘to teach’ and assimilation and elision as something ‘to know about’.

However, after attending SCEP this time I realise all aspects of connected speech (including glottal stops!) are now standard, even if fully optional, phenomena and should be taught consistently so as to advance users of English most definitely. Let me share with you the following piece of transcription, which we were given as our transcription model in the first SCEP class.

l wɒt ən 'z:θ ə ju 'du:ɪŋ || aɪm 'traɪɪŋ tu ə'sembl ðɪs gə'rɪlə ræləŋ geɪv mi fə maɪ 'bɜ:θdeɪ || jɔ: 'traɪɪŋ tədu: 'wɒt || its ə 'tɔɪ || lʊk || ɪf ju 'fɪt ɪ? təgeðə 'prɒpəli | ən ðen 'tɜ:n ðɪs 'hændl | ɪ bɪ:tsɪz tʃest || hau ɪk'strɔ:dnrɪli aɪv nevə sɪ:n 'enɪθɪŋ kwai? laɪk ðæt || ɪz ðɪs hau ju 'ju:ʒlɪ spendʒə speə 'taɪm || nəʊ əfko:s nɒt || wel aɪm rɪ'li:v tə 'hɪər ɪt || həv aɪ 'ʃəʊnju maɪ kə'lekʃn əv 'brə bɒtl 'tɒps |

So, let me finish with some comments here:

1. Obviously, contracted **forms** and weak **forms** are absolutely obligatory in informal standard English (ju, əv, jɔ: (you're)) **unless** there is a good contextual reason to use full forms.
2. Maximal elisions in unstressed syllables are frequent and 'welcome'. (ju:ʒlɪ, ɪks'trɔ:dnrɪli, kə'lekʃn, bɒtl )
3. Elisions of final [t] and [d] in consonant clusters (rɪ'li:v tə) - frequent
4. Word-final [t] -sound immediately followed by another consonant tends to be replaced by many speakers today by a glottal stop - no longer a “Cockney phenomenon” only e.g. (fɪt ɪ? təgeðə )
5. Exceptional voicing assimilation may occur in the phrase “of course” - the final [v] of “of” changes to voiceless [f] because of the voiceless [k] - sound at the beginning of “course”
6. Palatal assimilation - or rather affrication- **such** as in /spendʒə/ is no longer **reserved** for fixed expressions like /hau .dʒə du: /
7. Velar assimilation takes place at the end of “Alan”, triggered by the [g] at the beginning of “gave” (æləŋ) - similar instances are marked in transcriptions more and more as they reflect natural pronunciation as **opposed** to 'hyper-correct' use.

I believe every teacher of English has to make their own decisions as to when and how these and similar bits of pronunciation should be taught.

Note: The transcription text and some of the comments are based on the UCL Summer Course in English Phonetics IPA Strand-Course Starter Pack by Patricia Ashby.

## culture pages

### SHAKESPEARE AS YOU LIKE IT

Andrew and Tomáš Oakland

OTHELLO, Mahen Theatre, Brno, 18 and 19 September; Estates Theatre, Prague, 23 and 24 September (Cheek by Jowl, London)

Brno's theatre-goers were this month treated to something very special. With the support of the British Council in the Czech Republic, London's Cheek by Jowl brought its touring production of *Othello* to the Mahen Theatre, the first time the company had performed for the Moravian public. (Tours in the mid-1990s took in Prague and Pilsen.)

The Cheek by Jowl company (the idiom "cheek by jowl" means "close together" or "intimately linked", translated in the Czech press as "důvěrně" and "jako sardinky") has a mighty international reputation, gained from having toured around the world more than twenty productions since its founding in 1981. Seldom will a local audience see English-language theatre which is so persuasive of the beauty of Shakespeare's language (indeed, the English language *per se*). The staging of the

production is spare and open, with the full stage in view for the duration and (motionless) actors often on stage in scenes in which their characters do not appear. (This latter device invests the action with a powerful sense of continuity.)

Shakespeare's *Othello* is a generation older than his bride Desdemona, while the actor who plays him in this production (Nonso Anozie) is in his mid twenties: such is the power of Anozie's depiction that news of his youth comes as rather a shock. Members of our Department of English's Theatre Group were kindly invited by the British Council Brno to a reception for the actors, local theatre cognoscenti and English scholars, held immediately after the September 18<sup>th</sup> Czech premiere; Cheek by Jowl actors were happy to talk to us over drinks and canapés. Michael Gardiner (who plays the Duke of Venice) explained that the tour of *Othello* began in France (Lille, Paris) in March, and had since taken the company to Spain, Portugal, Italy (Rome), China (Shanghai), Hong Kong, Russia (Moscow, St Petersburg), Australia (a six-week run in Sydney), and that it had arrived in Brno from Warsaw. Mr Gardiner said that the whole company was delighted by the Mahen Theatre; of all the theatres at which it had performed on the present tour, only Porto's had impressed more. (Shanghai, Mr Gardiner said, ran Brno a close third.)

## RESPONSIBILITY

Robin Smith

It's Friday night in Brno. You've finished school / work for another week. You can't wait to get down to your favourite boozier with friends and sink one or twelve nice cool beverages with your mates. Then it's off to one of Brno's fine discos for a boogie.

-Where are we going after here? -Mandarin? - Na it's full of snobs. -Livingstone's? -Yeah, I like saunas but they are dangerous when you've had alcohol. -What's on at Fleda? - Grab that metropolis and let's see. Oh, nosebleed techno again. What about alterna? -Yeah, could do but it's a bit of a hike. -Why isn't anyone putting on good music in Brno? You know, how difficult can it be to bring quality bands and DJ's and live musicians over to Brno from all over the world and put on a monthly night of quality music, socializing and partying?!!? -It's probably not too difficult. Do you remember those magical DJ's that we saw at the Sub-Club in Glasgow? Can you imagine them playing in Brno? It would blow people's minds... all those fine tunes blended into 3 hours of unforgettable music. Or what if we could get some producer / musician over from England to do some live dance music, imagine how that would capture people's imaginations. -That's true... -There're lots of creative musically minded people in Brno and around that would really appreciate something like that... But not just in Brno. What about people from Vienna, Bratislava and Ostrava and Olomouc? Can you imagine that? Uniting these cities in musical union and party...

-There you go having one of your "episodes" again... -No, but seriously, what if we could put a night on at a club in Brno, invite the best

artists from Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Australia and wherever to come to Brno and got people interested? Quality fun party atmosphere with the best in upcoming artists from all round the world. Imagine that...

-Yeah right, pull the other one, it's got bells on... This is Brno, things like that don't happen around here.

-No, really, don't be negative. What if a couple of forward-thinking responsible people put their efforts into something with their hearts and minds focused on bringing top-quality entertainment and creating a community of people who loved music and creation and adventure?

-Bloody hell, man, you've got your head in the clouds! People in Brno aren't interested in this kind of thing, they like things to be the same, they are not interested in new things....

-You are part of the problem with your negativity. Think with your brain and your heart! If people unite behind an idea they can do anything. If we could bring in some great musicians and DJ's – not genre-based, but based on Creativity and Artistry! What about that Tim Wright or JoJo de Freq or Paul Mogg? What about the Nihilists? They are from Pardubice, but they are amazing. Imagine how they'd love playing with musicians from Germany, Britain, France, wherever. -You're right. Those are amazing Musicians, but do you honestly think that they could be brought to Brno? -Maybe you're right, maybe it is too far-fetched.... Or is it???

[www.responsible.cz](http://www.responsible.cz)

ITCH MY HAHAHA Fleda 23.10 / 19.11 / 13.12 and that's just the beginning.

## letters

As a returning "newcomer" to the department I find two things which impress me about the end of first year exam. The first is that it is there at all and that it must be achieved before making further progress, and the second is that students have been encouraged to give their opinion about it and even to criticise it!

I have been privileged to read some student criticisms. I have also been privileged to take part as an examiner.

The learning of a language is not simply an accumulation of discrete knowledge and accompanying credits. Language is an integrated discipline and it seems to me that this is the perfect exam to evaluate a student's integrated knowledge.

Too often in the past some students at many faculties limp along gaining borderline credits leading to borderline diplomas. Serious students do not want this. Students taking and passing this special first year exam should have their confidence enhanced and progress to the next year with equanimity.

Exams taken in other places are also useful but we know that our language can deteriorate if not used regularly. But the department has to be able to evaluate the "here and now" and not simply accept certificates from the past.

As teacher of second year practical language I will be pleased to continue the discussion. I know from working with my current colleagues that students' opinions are listened to very seriously.

It is impressive that students feel able to discuss these matters.

The exam is also impressive!

Best wishes for a successful year of study for all.

Paul Clifford

## WE COULD ALL BE LIVING IN BRIAN

Further to Eva Horová's comments in the summer issue of the Messenger on the clumsiness of "the Czech Republic" as the name for this country which is in universal English-language use, I wonder if many of us feel the absence of a workable English-language name for this city. Certainly I do. Native speakers of most Englishes cannot say "Brno" without (i) resorting to sounds which do not exist in their native tongue, (ii – and this is more common) inserting a rogue vowel into the first syllable and thereby sounding foolish, or (iii – more common still) both i) and ii).

I would have liked to call this city "Bren" had this not been the name given to an air-cooled gas-operated light machine gun used by British and Commonwealth forces in World War II (a bit of help from my dictionary here), the manufacture of which was shared between Brno (how do you say that again?) and Enfield in London. Brin/Bryn, suggested by the German "Bruenn", sounds Welsh (nothing wrong with that, of course, but it would be rather misleading). The most popular mis-rendering among Brits seems to be "Bruno", which puts one in mind of a St Bernard dog used to advertise tobacco, or else a second-rate boxer. In the days when I received more snail-mail than e-mail, I got heaps of correspondence addressed to "Bruno, Czech Republic". (Well, not heaps exactly, but the odd letter, now and then ...)

I am reminded of an advertising slogan used over many years by the British tea company Ty-phoo: "Ty-phoo. Putting the 'T' in BriTain." ['T' / 'tea' – get it?] A smart comedian came up with a good counter: "If Ty-phoo hadn't put the 'T' in Britain we'd all be living in 'Brian'."

'Brian, Czech Republic': now that's a thought ...

Andrew Oakland

## literature pages

*In each issue of the Messenger, Lucie Podroužková browses the library shelves for both new arrivals and all-time favourites to give an informal review and a personal recommendation, concluded with a comprehension question for potential readers.*

### FRUIT TASTING IN PARADISE

One of Jeanette Winterson's most acclaimed novels is called *The Passion* (1987) – a title applicable to her all prose in general, both in the central concern and in the vigour with which she engages in the art of writing. Winterson's passion for telling stories is engrossing – it makes her, I think, the one feminist writer in Britain today read avidly by men and women alike. For her characters, passion is cathartic – it is a path of love and learning, skirting the edge of self-destruction.

*Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*, published in 1985 and now new in our library, is Winterson's debut and among the first so-called coming-out novels<sup>1</sup> to have achieved the status of a bestseller. Jeanette, an adopted child predestined to spread the word of God as a missionary-genius, is growing up in the insular, sheltered world of a religious community, which is rigid in morality and backward in education:

I learnt that when clouds collide with a high building, like a steeple, or a cathedral; the impact punctures them, and everybody underneath gets

wet. This was why, in the old days, when the only tall buildings were holy, people used to say cleanliness next to godliness. The more godly your town, the more high buildings you'd have, and the more rain you'd get. "That's why all these Heathen places are so dry," explained mother ... (15)

But this haven of unity and harmony, fuelled by the strength of devout conviction, appears to rest on a sleeping volcano. With her talents, "sin-proof" upbringing and blissful ignorance, Jeanette seems a very unlikely seed of corruption:

There were two women I knew who didn't have any husbands at all. They were old though, as old as my mother. They ran the paper shop and sometimes, on a Wednesday, they gave me a banana bar with my comic. I liked them a lot and talked about them a lot to my mother. One day they asked me if I'd like to go to the seaside with them. I ran home, gabbled it out, and was busy emptying my money box to buy a new spade, when my mother said firmly and forever, no. I couldn't understand why not, and she wouldn't explain. She didn't even let me go back to say I couldn't. Then she cancelled my comic and told me to collect it from another shop, further away. I was sorry about that. I never got a banana bar from Grimsby's. A couple of weeks later I heard her telling Mrs White about it. She said they dealt in unnatural passions. I thought she meant they put chemicals in their sweets. (7)

Yet it is precisely these "unnatural passions" that Jeanette is stamped with in relation to her friend Melanie. The revelation creates uproar; in certain respects however, it is not so

<sup>1</sup> i.e. in which the hero or heroine reveal their homosexual orientation

surprising an outcome: the men around Jeanette are referred to either with displeasure (“Poor Dad, he was never quite good enough”, 11) or disgust:

There was a woman in our street who told us all she had married a pig. I asked why she did it, and she said “You never know until it’s too late.”

Exactly.

No doubt that woman had discovered in life what I had discovered in my dreams. She had unwittingly married a pig.

I kept watch on him after that. It was hard to tell he was a pig. He was clever, but his eyes were close together, and his skin was bright pink. I tried to imagine him without his clothes on. Horrid. (69)

Jeanette’s “disgrace”, at first treated as an infection, a leak of evil from outside, soon ceases to be a matter of individual salvation but threatens the integrity of the religious group as such. As all attempts at exorcism go awry, the community sees no other option than to turn its back on Jeanette, banish her from its midst, and thus uphold its shattered pillars. Deprived of the protective wing that her brothers and sisters in God provided, Jeanette has a still greater war to wage with the panic within. In contrast to her mother’s monotheistic universe where not only truth but also fruit is reduced to one single item, because only oranges are what proper fruit should be, Jeanette finds she is indeed attracted to other kinds:

“Melanie,” I plucked up courage to ask at last, “why do you have such a funny name?”

She blushed. “When I was born I looked like a melon.” (81)

Ironically, the congregation’s damnation has a counter-productive effect: it in fact helps Jeanette to take a leap and explore her true self. And knowledge, once learnt, cannot be undone.

Beside the obvious biblical parallel, the story is intersected with fairy-tales and legends which represent a dreamland version of Jeanette’s quest for identity. Jeanette is surrounded by people whose characters have a farcical edge: Jeanette’s mother, crusading for the Lord with vehemence and determination which hardly bespeak true Christian compassion; the squeamish Mrs White, who - as her name suggests - recoils from anything and anyone “not holy” but is quick to press her ear against the wall to eavesdrop on the neighbours’ intimate moments; Pastor Finch, who takes delight in depicting morbid visions of the eternal flames of Hell. In their blind zeal, the congregation even mistake Jeanette’s temporary loss of hearing, caused by severe tympanitis, for a state of divine rapture. But the storm breaking loose around Jeanette’s fall shuffles the cards in their hearts, too.

At the close of the novel Jeanette revisits home. She understands she cannot renounce her past, just as her mother cannot dwell in it. “Oranges are not the only fruit” (167), the mother grudgingly admits, while her daughter looks ahead with a sense of hopeful sobriety. The world has become both richer and more complicated.

*For thought:*

How does the symbol of oranges change throughout the story?

*The book is available in the library upstairs and has also been translated into Czech.*

## India Knight

Gabriela Oaklandová

*This article is meant for a Czech audience and might sound slightly patronising to some men. The reason for this is that I feel I have to defend chick lit. Please do not get offended. If you feel the need to reply, do so nice and softly.*

India Knight is one of those female writers who might very easily get slagged. If we do not focus on her Sunday Times column but on her novels, we have to call her a CHICK LIT writer. The term “chick lit” suggests literature for young women by women. The bright pink covers of Knight’s books tell us THIS IS FOR WOMEN ONLY. When read by a woman on a bus the books have the charming effect of creating this sweet little knowing smile on a REAL man’s face. My questions are: Should not this REAL man read the book as well? Because if he does not he might stay REAL and therefore on his own. It is not REAL men women want nowadays, is it?

Which brings me smoothly to the point of chick lit. This wave of women’s writing deals with social issues of today, and not just those which concern only women. In the same way as did Margaret Atwood’s *Edible Woman* 40-odd years ago or Jane Austen’s novels in the 19<sup>th</sup> century these books address what is currently questionable in our society. Forty years ago a central theme might have been the plight of single mothers; these days the issue’s more likely to be something like the never-ending dating game, or how to manage career and child, or, of course, being a single mother in the Noughties.

A closer look at chick lit tells us a lot about the values of the society in which it is set, about the struggle to make sense of the world. Sometimes a lightness in the tone of the writing might actually serve to help readers who find themselves struggling in a situation similar to one they are reading about. Fighting a prejudice you share with a character in the book you are reading can be self-revealing. And when a REAL man gives me his sweet little smile, I can choose to ignore the irony and instead admire his teeth.

Both of India Knight’s novels are extremely readable. The plots develop smoothly and quickly. The characters are real, and they deal in a plausible way with issues one can relate to. Plus, there are parts in the books that make you laugh out loud.

In *My Life on a Plate* a woman in her thirties lives the child-career conundrum while her marriage is in decline. In *Don’t You Want Me?* a single mother ‘on the wrong side of 35’ struggles to get the right kind of date.

Both of these novels are not only of value as a view on important social issues; they are also of interest to students of life in Britain and idiom in today’s British English. (Much of the narrative is made up of dialogue.) It should be added that the lifestyles of most of India Knight’s characters (indeed, most of those of other chick-littérateuses too) are strongly middle class; they are well educated and seem to have plenty of money, details which are clearly reflected in their attitudes and also in the way they speak English.

NB. *My Life on a Plate* is a new arrival in the Modern Languages library on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor of P.9.

**teaching in practice****CUP NEWS**

Nad'a Vojtková

Dear colleagues and students,

Let me introduce myself – my name is Nad'a Vojtková and from this semester I will be teaching English and methodology at the MU Pedfak English Department full-time. Besides teaching English I also present Cambridge University Press (CUP) materials to teachers of English. So I thought you might find useful my short CUP News survey in The Messenger. In each issue, I would like to introduce three items which I consider to be of value both for your own reference and for your teaching.

This time I would like to focus on a bestseller for your reference. Have you heard that **Murphy`s English Grammar In Use** is now into its third edition? It has been fully updated with new units, more exercises and a brand-new CD-ROM. It is available with or without the answer key. Don't hesitate to buy it; it is great for self-study at intermediate level and above.

Those of you who teach teenagers know how difficult it is to motivate them. That is why a good coursebook is a “must”. CUP has just published a brand-new course for teenagers:

**English In Mind** by **Herbert Puchta and Jeff Stranks** has three levels, plus an additional Starter level. There are a lot of thought-provoking reading and listening texts on a variety of topics which relate to teenagers' own lives and interests. It contains all the necessary components – student's book, teacher's book, class cassettes or audio CDs, and workbook with audio CD/CD-ROM.

A good companion to the course is one of the Handbooks for Language Teachers – **Language Activities for Teenagers** – in which you can find 99 new activities to attract and motivate teenagers to learn English in a meaningful and enjoyable way. These have been organized and edited by Seth Lindstromberg.

That's all for this issue. If you would like to ask me about anything mentioned here, please don't hesitate to come and find me; or, alternatively, you can find information at [www.cambridge.org/elt/](http://www.cambridge.org/elt/).

I look forward to writing to you again next time.

## film club page

### *Modern American Film Production (AFIT)*

Are you a moviemaniac? Do you fancy watching good movies? Would you like to practice your English? Do you enjoy having a good time with your friends and going to the cinema? Then join our English film club!

We will meet on Tuesdays at 5 p.m. in room 30 - the first floor of POŘÍČÍ 31.

#### October

October 5<sup>th</sup>: In America - The story of an Irish immigrant who moves with his wife and daughter to a rundown New York apartment so that he can pursue an acting career.

(S. Morton, P. Considine, directed by Jim Sheridan)

October 19<sup>th</sup>: Girl, Interrupted - Adapted from Kaysen's popular memoir. Susana, a troubled teenager whose confused attempt at suicide lands her in a mental hospital, meets an odd assortment of characters, including Lisa. The pair form a tight bond, but...

(W. Ryder, A. Jolie, directed by James Mangold)

#### November

November 2<sup>nd</sup>: The Hours - Based on Michael Cunningham's novel, the film interweaves the stories of three women - a book editor in New York, a young mother in California, and author Virginia Woolf.

(M. Streeper, J. Moore, N. Kidman, directed by S. Daldry)

November 16<sup>th</sup>: Bruce Almighty - Bruce Nolan, a "human interest" TV reporter in Buffalo, angrily ridicules and rages against God - and God responds. He appears in human form and endows Bruce with all of his divine powers ...

(J. Carrey, J. Aniston, directed by Tom Shadyac)

November 30<sup>th</sup>: Mulholland Drive - David Lynch explores the city's schizophrenic nature. An uneasy blend of innocence and corruption, love and loneliness, beauty and depravity.

(N. Watts, Laura E. Harring, directed by D. Lynch)

#### December

December 14<sup>th</sup>: A Bug's Life - This movie is a hoot! Every bit as engaging and twice as clever as Toy Story, a Bug's Life is a pure, computer-generated delight. It's entertaining for both adults and kids.

## travel and study

### AN AUSTRALIAN STORY

Karel Hynšt

My long journey to the Antipodes started in Vienna on Saturday, January 26 two years ago. After 20 hours in a Lauda airplane I finally landed at Sydney international airport. My Czech friend Marek was waiting for me there. He and his Czechoslovak friends from the apartment had prepared a welcome party for me. Next day I set out to explore Sydney and the state of New South Wales.

The first week I enjoyed the Pacific Ocean and the Maroubra beach. It was great, the waves were strong and very high and I, for one, had no objection to the naked bodies. The next evening we visited a couple of bars with other Czechs. We drank good Australian beer (Toohey's New, Toohey's Old), chatted, and watched the way "Aussies" entertained. Marek told me that every Australian was a sportsman but also a hardened beer-drinker. Popular Australian beers (with the exception of Foster's) were pretty cheap and tasty compared to their US equivalents. Australian breweries in the main produce lagers, ales and stouts.

In my first days in Australia I had a lot of trouble with the rule that cars drive on the left. Sometimes when I checked for traffic on my left I almost stepped straight from the sidewalk under a vehicle passing on my right. This can be pretty dangerous for foreigners. Because the US dollar was worth more than

the Australian dollar, it was good for those who, like me, had been earning USD's. That said, prices in Australia and the US are comparable. (A pint of beer was 3 AUD, compared to the US price per pint of 3 USD). Still, for a while I could feel like a rich tourist. Although it was summer in Sydney, the weather was rainy and unseasonably cool.

It was Sunday, the end of my first week in Australia, and I decided to visit the northern part of Sydney. This was by way of relaxation after a night when we had sampled beer in several bars. A Czech friend had suggested I try the north of the city, and offered to accompany me. We headed there on a big boat through the Broken Bay. We went from Palm Beach to Patonga. There I watched the waves of the Pacific breaking on the famous Palm Beach. I admired the surrounding green hills, dotted with the beautiful but also crazy and hugely expensive houses of rich Australians and Americans. Today the sun was out and it was much warmer.

We went to a Bohemian restaurant called "Hungry Czech" for dinner. Maybe you know the chain of fast-food restaurants called Hungry Jack. There is only one Hungry Czech. Anyway the Czech-speaking waitress, Czech beer and tasty food were very pleasant. The owner, my namesake Karel, offered us their Sunday speciality: kangaroo meat with mushrooms and a fine vegetable (svíčková-style) sauce, served with dumplings and cranberries. We ordered Czech lager beer and a special Czech liqueur called "Praděd" (similar to Becherovka). I know only one word to describe the meal and the service - excellent. There were not only Czechs sitting around the tables; I spotted some English-, Russian- and Slovak-speaking people. We

were able to listen to original Czech country music and a poster on a wall behind the bar invited us to the concerts of Czech pop singer Helena on her Australian tour. It is a pity that the owners closed their business last year.

The previous night, I had met another Czech friend (Petr) in a famous Irish bar called “St. Patrick’s”, which is on Kings Street in the downtown. He was there with Jirka, an old friend and schoolmate of his from the Czech Republic. Jirka was interested in what I had to say about my stay in Chicago because it had long been his dream to visit this US city. With Petr, we discussed the restaurant business; he was working as a waiter in a restaurant. He was interested in my work at Charlie Trotter’s restaurant in Chicago. He had read and enjoyed Charlie’s book, “Lessons of Excellence”; he admired his working and management methods, the way he had built up his restaurant, and the cooking procedures he used in the kitchen. I was able to confirm at first hand that Charlie’s ideas and methods were indeed put into practice.

I spent almost one whole week out of Sydney, discovering the outback of New South Wales in the area of the town of Broken Hill (with Marek and a Slovak couple called Ludo and Dana). We made over 3000 km. All of us managed OK to drive our right-hand-drive rented Toyota. We met plenty of kangaroos, emus, parrots, one wedge tail eagle, a goanna ... We got used to sealed and unsealed roads. We slept on camp-sites, in the underground mine galleries of a special motel in White Cliffs, and one night we spent at a yurt farm where we slept in a wooden yurt with a family of bats. The road led our car to the confluence of the Darling and Murray rivers near the town of Wentworth.

On another hot day we enjoyed a glass of cold beer in a ghost town called Silverton. There we found some very interesting art galleries and met a flock of emus which had come to drink from a reservoir. From photos in a Silverton hotel we realized that the town and its surroundings were very popular with film-makers. The movie “Mad Max”, with Mel Gibson, was made there, and the hotel had been used for TV beer commercials many times. During our stay in different places we talked a little bit with native Aussies. They are friendly, they smile a lot, and they like beer. I have to say that their use of English was sometimes difficult for me to understand. We arrived back in rainy Sydney sunburnt and very happy that what we had seen had lived up to our expectations.

Later in my stay in Marek and I visited the Blue Mountains national park. We travelled to Katoomba, arriving in the morning and then putting in a good four-hour hike with our rucksacks. We saw a beautiful waterfall and a rainswept forest which looked like a real jungle. The sandstone rocks there, one of which was called “Three Sisters”, made very special and beautiful formations. In the afternoon we went to a little village called Blackheath, where we pitched our tent for the night.

And the next day I travelled home to Europe. My Australian adventure was at an end. It was wonderful but, at three weeks, surely much too short.

*Karel Hynšt is a teacher of English at a primary school in Adamov. He is also a part-time undergraduate at the MU Pedfak.*

## amy jarvis's style diary

Amy Jarvis

2 pm Goodie. Goodie. Have just finished book by Elizabeth Noble called The Reading Group. Am going to set up the same thing. Marvellous idea! Evening. Just women. Glass or so of wine. Chatting about a book we've all just read. Marvellous! Though find the book itself a little bit on the questionable side. Would probably prefer if the women in it at least talked about the books a bit. Or am stupid and should have seen a kind of atonement in the lives of the women if the chapter was called Atonement?

2.30 pm Of course am not stupid!

3 pm Wonder whether sexy boyfriends could be invited to our little gatherings as well. Though would probably spoil the idea.

4 pm Though if they really ARE sexy, no harm in it, is there?

5 pm Right. Will unpack suitcases. Sooo unsexy travelling abroad and back. Though there are things that make you stop indulging in your little world for a bit and think about more important issues, if you know what I mean. Like this Buddhist monk I saw on the plane. Smiled at me so nicely! Could not forget how it felt for ages. But! He was wearing glasses. Looked so weird. Looked so

out of style! So detached from the whole idea of simplicity! Should not Buddhist monks wear contact lenses or something? You see, things like that make you stop and think.

1 am Have just come home. Excellent! Boyfriend excited to see me again. Took me to my favourite Indian restaurant. Would love to tell you what I had as it tasted truly delicious. But can't as realise that it's always boyfriends taking me and advising me, which does not help me to remember the names of the stuff, does it? Anyway. Boyfriend pretty delicious as well. Though went through a slightly worrying moment when he was telling me about this book he's just read. Talked about it for ages and ages and was laughing hysterically, which I would have as well 'cause I like the writer, she's extremely funny. But I was so bloody worried and had to excuse myself and escape to the loo. BECAUSE it's a book for women for goodness sake! It's India Knight! It's funny. It's clever. It's for women. It's for women by women. We do not want men here, do we?

2am Please God, I really like this bloke! Do not let him be gay. Please don't think I'm politically incorrect. I love gays. I love the variety and the gayness or whatever. But please, if just this one could be straight, or at least half straight. You see, there's this sex thing that...but I don't have to explain that to You, do I? Or do I?

## andrew's page

### Old Big Head: 1935-2004

Between the ages of seven and thirteen, the only thing I read with any great regularity – apart from my schoolbooks, of course, and those with limited enthusiasm – was a football weekly called *Shoot!* Every issue contained a short interview with a star; the questions of the interview never varied, and the answers were pretty predictable as well. As I remember it, every player's favourite colour was blue, his favourite food "steak Diane", his pet hate gardening or bad driving, and the person he most wanted to meet Muhammed Ali or, in the case of non-internationals, the England (Scotland, etc.) manager as a result of having been selected to represent his country (and a few creeps wanted the Queen). Of course, I rehearsed the answers I would give to these questions when the editor finally got round to asking me, and had cause to remember all this on 21 September when I learned of the death of Brian Clough the previous day, aged 69. Brian Clough was the person I had most wanted to meet. Now I am going to have to think of someone to replace him with.

As an East Midlands legend, Clough gives Robin Hood some serious competition. (Interestingly, both of them were Yorkshiremen – a fact which Clough made much of and Robin Hood denies.) Had Clough died a year or two earlier, maybe they'd have named the local international

airport Brian Clough East Midlands rather than Nottingham East Midlands Airport. In that case, only Leicester would have had serious cause for complaint. Nottingham, Derby and Leicester are cities of similar size which are more or less equidistant from the airport. The "Nottingham" brand was chosen because it rings the most bells abroad. (Clough's doing, or Robin's?) Derby surely would have approved of a BCEMA – the great man was a resident of the city for the last half of his life. Most significantly, he was the manager who led Derby County F.C. from the old Second Division to the English League Championship (1972), and the next season to the semi-finals of the European Cup. But it is for his exploits at Nottingham Forest that Clough is best remembered – once more a Second Division start, then an English League Championship (1978) and two European Cups (1979, 1980), plus half a dozen minor trophies. A sequence of 42 matches league matches unbeaten in the league – set by Clough's Forest in 1979 – was eclipsed by Arsenal only a month before Clough's death. (Arsenal's Arsene Wenger was the modern manager for whom Clough expressed the most admiration.)

And Clough almost did die a year or two earlier: in January 2003 he had a liver transplant, his own liver having been destroyed by drink. His was a life characterised by premature endings: a playing career (in which he scored 204 goals in 222 games for Middlesbrough before a transfer to Sunderland) destroyed by injury at 27, a shock departure from Derby in 1973 after a disagreement with the club chairman, 44 days

in 1974 as manager of Leeds United (whose players never accepted him because he had called them “cheats” in the past), the loss of his assistant Peter Taylor (with whom all his major achievements in management were shared) in 1982, an end to his career at 58 (in 1993 Forest were relegated, and Clough resigned in acceptance of the fact that his drinking had made him incapable of keeping them in the Premiership).

Clough was tremendously opinionated, but he also had an undeniable earthy charisma. He was one of those blokes who calls a spade a spade, and is particularly inclined to do so when someone else is claiming it's a shovel. Most matchdays he appeared on the team bench wearing a faded, baggy, green sweatshirt; who knows, he may even have worn the same one throughout his eighteen years as Forest manager. And he addressed everybody as “young man” – journalists, his players, fans of various ages, my friend when he offered to buy Clough a drink in the club bar (“No, young man”), some said even his wife.

All human legends are at the centre of many tales. Many of these tales were retold by Clough's former players in the many reactions to his death published in the national press. A common theme in Clough legend is his fervent belief in his own rightness, which often resulted in the meting out of his own justice. Clough liked to call himself Ol' Big 'Ead (presumably in deference to his hero, Frank “Ol' Blue Eyes” Sinatra). The Forest team coach almost arrived late for its first European Cup Final – Clough had ordered it

to wait outside the hotel while his centre-forward (who had wanted to look “mean” for the opposition) was in his room shaving. In 1989, he was banned from the team bench after apprehending and boxing about the head two teenagers who had run onto the field of play. Some of the tales of Clough's violence against players who had broken his laws were told by BC himself. On his dealings with Roy Keane, he wrote in his autobiography: “I only ever hit Roy the once. He got up so I couldn't have hit him very hard”.

On the Sunday following Clough's death, Nottingham Forest played host to West Ham United (and, incidentally, won a league match for the first time this season). Many of the players from the European Cup-winning teams were paraded to the crowd as guests of honour, Frank Sinatra crooned through the public address system, and ... this is my favourite bit ... the grandstands were a sea of green (sweatshirts in Clough's honour).

It has long been accepted by everyone who thinks about English football that Clough was never made manager of England for the simple reason that he refused to respect the F.A. Establishment; as England boss, he would have insisted on his own justice at the expense of his employer's. Had he been prepared to toe the line, he would have been England's best choice for most of the seventies and eighties (a period during which the England team was consistently poor). Looking back on his career, Clough once commented: “I wouldn't say I was the best manager in the business. But I was in the top one.”

**Time...**

and you run away  
passing by  
yesterday's pleasures  
your body coveted  
void of desire  
exchanging need  
for a wish

It is time...  
and you are bored with her or him  
and with yourself  
no past reference  
no future project  
chained in everyday of  
breakfast  
lunch  
and dinner  
now study  
then some work  
her/his body  
afterwards

It was time  
and what was accumulated  
was emitted  
without you knowing  
you were just passing by

River flows  
flame burns  
sand creeps  
through your fingers  
you see it  
your body feels it  
and Time runs  
towards its end

So swim the river  
feel the flame  
grab the sand,  
only then  
your soul reconciles  
with life  
of  
everyday.

Written by WHITENOISE

Would you like to become e-tutors? Would you like to learn something new and thrilling, and maybe even get some extra pocket money for your efforts? The easiest way is to register the brand new course called E-Tutorial for E-Tutors. There you will learn more.

### **How much do you know about *e-learning*?**

An e-learning course is

- A. a misprint
- B. a single-course meal squeezed between supper and breakfast which you must consume in front of electronic equipment such as computers, TV, etc.
- C. an abbreviation for an error-learning course, a brand new technique in which you learn from the mistakes of your teachers
- D. the use of new multimedia technologies and the Internet to improve the quality of learning by facilitating access to resources and services as well as remote exchanges and collaboration

Yes, you are right, it IS a misprint, but if you want to know more, try this

<http://moodlinka.ped.muni.cz> !

There are two possibilities

either

a) your teacher is an e-teaching enthusiast and then you already have your own account waiting for you and your course is being filled with various teaching materials. In that case you know both your log-in and your password.

or

b) your teacher finds e-learning a waste of (his/her?) time, in which case no course, of course, is awaiting you, but you can still contact the administrator and ask them to create an account for you.

Have fun and let me know ([vanova@ped.muni.cz](mailto:vanova@ped.muni.cz)) if you like the idea of being e-taught or not.

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*the messenger*

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