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This is to certify that

Mr. Manfred K L U T M A N N

attended a Vacation Language Course

at our Centre in BOURNEMOUTH

from 12th July 1965

to 7th August 1965

Work and attendance were satisfactory.

EUROPEAN LANGUAGE AND EDUCATIONAL CENTRE
BOURNEMOUTH

DB/cf

My parents Ingrid and Alfred supported the life wisdom of Joseph Wechsberg: "Every language is a new life!" - Due to my visits in European Language Centers in England, Belgium and France I tried to get fit for my international professional goals.

D. Bayley,
Principal.

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39.7



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fondation

centres européens langues et civilisations

Elevé 16 OCT 1967			
Elevé:			

DM 632, -

ATTESTATION ADMINISTRATIVE

Monsieur Manfred KLUTMANN

demeurant à Königstrasse 34, 4100 Duisburg (Allemagne)

est / a été inscrit(é) au cours de langue française
organisé du 29 juillet au 27 août 1967
au Centre d'Etudes Françaises Pratiques de Paris.

L'étudiant(e) s'est acquitté(e) des frais scolaires
s'élevant à

Cette attestation n'est pas un certificat scolaire

Fait à Paris, le 12 octobre 1967.

CENTRES D'ÉTUDES FRANÇAISES PRATIQUES
(Centres européens "Langues et Civilisations")

Le Directeur du Centre de Paris,

Babies don't learn a language by grammar.
They learn languages by hearing sentences.
That is the way, we have to learn languages as
well, being kids, adults or elder persons: by
repeating, repeating and repeating, again and
again, sentences in other languages. And we
have to see the same film
in cinemas more often.



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Philippe Menage

In year 1968 our French teacher Plönges in Zeppelin-Gymnasium asked us pupils, whether we and our parents would be prepared to let a foreigner pupil from an French speaking country live in our family privacy for maybe three weeks during our holiday time. My parents were the only once who accepted. Therefore a guy from Lüttich Belgium called Philippe Menage came into our town Lüdenscheid counting 80.000 souls in those days.

Philippe was a nice guy with a lot of interests. His drawings were fantastic, especially cars. He drove very good and quite quick in his car and was passionated for his motorbike. His girlfriend was a pretty dancing partner. His friend Camille worked on a farm in Granham, a very small village in the Belgian Ardennes mountainside. There I learned how to drive a tractor, a car and a motorbike. His father produced quite remarkable oil paintings and collected golden coins. His mother made excellent waffles (*gaufres*) and their small house in the green landscape was called Pigeons (*Les Hirondelles*).

When I worked at Brussels in year 1992 at ACEA (*Association des Constructeurs Europeens de l'Automobiles*) a secretary said to me: "You have a Belgian accent from Lüttich!" I never thought so and of course I never realized this neither, but anyway, the main thing was, that we were able to communicate to each other...

The holiday times with Philippe Menage were very exciting. I liked them very much. And they were extremely important for me to understand French speaking nations. Another friend of Phil was called Guy le Page. He drove his car, a blue NSU TT, as if there wouldn't be another morning. I took his name into my article for the AUTO BECKER Düsseldorf book "Ferrari - Faszination auf Rädern", how he accelerates his Ferrari 250 Lusso in Paris from traffic light Grand Prix to the next traffic light Grand Prix and quite fast around the Arc de Triomphe. He wanted to sell me his Ferrari in those days for very low prized 20.000 Francs. Today the car would be worth millions in any currency. Well, you should accept or take offers serious as long as it is possible...

My article in the Ferrari book was called: „Cockpits, which mean the world" in relationship to the Hollywood film "Boots, which mean the death". An insanity of a film, reminds me today to Kurti Neubacher in SUN-Valley-USA. He was wearing Cowboy-boots, but I prefer if the good Kurti will stay alive, because he was an insane type of a man as well: nice, extraordinary and interesting in a crazy way. Kurti lived with a cook and the South African TV-Star Mervin John in an appartment at Redondo Beach. The cook worked once for Frank Sinatra, who has had MAFIA connections during his work as a singer in Las Vegas.

Grauham / Liège
Les Hirondelles



Sein Traktor ist ganz zee schön schwer zu
fahren



Mme Menage: "fais attention, que la
photo devienne bien (a)!"

**Photos: Philippe Menage and his friend Camille
were good teachers to me how to drive a
tractor and motorbike machines**



Camille
- geschafft -



"Noch dieses feld dann das andere,
dann sind wir schon fertig." Phil: "Na, dann mach' ma schön"

Monsieur Plönges

Unser Klassenlehrer – Plönges heißt er,
unseren schweren Laden schmeißt er,
Ja, er ist ein Supermann,
weil er wirklich alles kann.
Bei uns wird er James Bond genannt,
was er schon schmunzelnd hat erkannt.

Der Sport gehört zu seinem Fach,
doch klagt so mancher weh und ach,
denn 1000 Meter stehen auf dem Programm,
und das nun mal so furchtbar lang.
Und laufen wir nun so 3:10,
dann ruft er laut: „Ja, das war schön!“
Das erste Mal war's furchtbar schwer,
das zweite jedoch nicht so sehr,
die nächsten kann man sagen, leicht,
nun haben wir das Ziel erreicht.

Auch anderen Sport liebt er so sehr
denn Fußball, Schwimmen ist nicht schwer.
Die Schulmannschaft, die tut er führen,
die tut jetzt auch nicht mehr verlieren.
Hat einer mal was Schönes vollbracht,
so ruft er: „Wie hast du das gemacht?“

Und ist die Sonn' auch nicht zu seh'n,
sieht man ihn mit 'ner Brille geh'n.
Ach, nicht mit so 'ner Brille da,
mit einer Sonnenbrille – ja!

Hat wer von uns was angestellt,
eh' man auf die Idee verfällt,
ist er schon da, hält kurz 'ne Predigt,
und gleich ist schon der Fall erledigt.

Mit Franz sucht er uns zu beglücken,
doch nicht so groß ist das Entzücken.
Seine Liebe zu Frankreich, die ist groß,
ist ihm wohl gefallen in den Schoß.
Anscheinend ist's 'ne große Chance,
zu sagen – nun, „Vive la France“.

Ja, seine Liebe, die ist eng,
er fährt auch schon 'nen Citroeng.
Wenn er spielt mit dem Gaspedal,
die Straßenlag' bleibt phänomenal.

Doch eines ist es, was mich stört
– habt Ihr auch gut zugehört? -
Er hat die Nummer LÜD – J und so weiter,
aber er ist doch unser Klassenleiter!
Wie schön stände da geschrieben:
LÜD – J 007!

English

Shortly before our first class party with teacher plönges, our class master in French and Sports, class comrade Ulli Raulf (today he is Prof. Dr. Ulrich Raulf and Managing Director of the "deutsches literatur archiv" at DE-71672 Marbach/ Neckar) asked me, whether I would be prepared to make a poem about our class leader. I wanted to do it, but didn't know exactly how to make it...

Father Alfredo gave me advice, because he made a beer journal in his youth, therefore I finally succeeded in making the poem. At the party I read it down quite nervously and it seemed to be accepted by the whole class. Nobody blamed me afterwards...

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Obertertia: another year as a youngster

Our years in school were counted in latin language. The fifth class was called Sexta, followed by the Quinta, Quarta, Untertertia and Obertertia, Untersekunda, Obersekunda, Unterprima and Oberprima as class number 13.

My first years in the gymnasium took place without major problems, but in the Obertertia the results were not everywhere satisfying. First of all we had to leave our well known rooms in the Lüdenscheider Staberg Gymnasium and went down in our town to another “new” old school at the Sauerfeld. We got teachers, who were unknown to us and who came from foreign towns, one of them was a certain Dr. East, who wanted to know our results in the last class concerning the special field biology. When I told him my top result “...a one!”, Dr. East answered cool: “You will never get this result from me!” How could he know this? We never ever taught us a single minute until then.

Anyway, we learned a lot with Dr. East like monocellular or slipper animals, *Euglena viridis*, *Noctiluca miliaris* or the optical details of the human eye. I felt quite comfortable in the other fields of school as well. But in Mathematics our teacher informed me, that I had to write a satisfying Three, if I wanted to get a sufficient Four in my Certificate overall. I wrote the Three. “I did it!” was my reaction...

What a wrong reaction it was.

In the Certificate at the end of the year was written down a bad Five and I had to redo the same class Obertertia again. Of course, I remembered well the promise of the teacher, but I really thought that I got a special gift, another year as a youngster so-too-speak. Therefore I didn’t blame the teacher and didn’t tell anybody...

One day the arithmetic teacher asked me, whether I would have time and interest to play Volleyball with some teachers once a week. It was like that and therefore I became a regular partner in the Volleyball team of the board of teachers of the ZEPP Gym at Lüdenscheid. It was fun and kept me fit and I had quite a good contact to my bosses, which was not bad at all. All in all it was a really remarkably good sporty action!!!

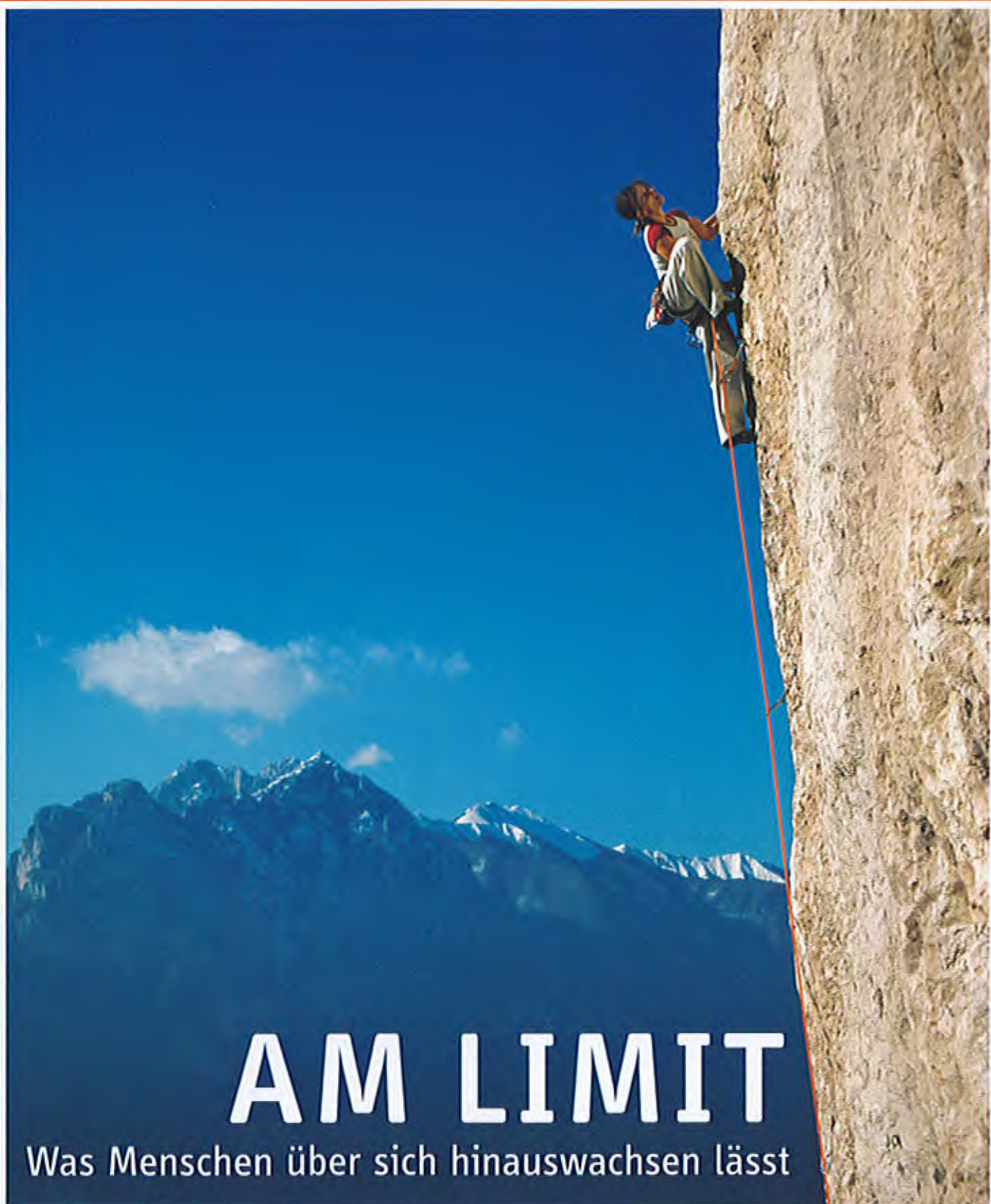
More than that, my arithmetic teacher was Chess Champion of our home town Lüdenscheid as well. One day I decided to take part in the next Championship and it came like it seems it had to come, in round number three my arithmetic teacher became my rival at the board of the 32 interactive pieces of our game...

Obviously my partner Uscha, who was following our game just beside the desk with the Chess board, was able to irritate my rival successfully for a couple of seconds only to destroy his absolutely logical thoughts. I won surprisingly. Well, I thought by myself, how strange life is playing sometimes... I didn’t want any revenge for the not hold promise he made to me in the past, in the contrary, I really felt like getting a gift of being a youngster during another year in school, but the win in the Chess duel was a quite good feeling, a new reality by the victory in a highly recognized royal game. In the land of the poets and thinkers I got the ‘consecration’ being a thinker now. That took place in the beginning of the 1970s.

It took me many years it was in year 2010 or so to play nearly 140 games against the Chess Titan version of my Computer ACER Ferrari ONE 200 to understand the utmost logical way of playing by an arithmetic operating data-machine in its full lengths and programmed attitude by the best human brains concerning the Chess game worldwide until the very last the ultimate way and to transform this attitude into my own successful strategy and way of playing. I wasn’t able to do this many years before during my hopeless tries to win against the Chess Computer called MEPHISTO.

A Computer wants to win and ‘plays’ Chess without any compromise, somehow brutal and merciless. His game is neither nice nor has any wait-and-see policy, he doesn’t play for a good development or time win. No, not at all, any single move is a stone of a mosaic, which knows one aim only, to beat the enemy. Who begins to understand this, is on the best way to play successfully against the Computer in the World of Chess. And wins on the possible highest level against an optimal moving Chess Computer have a very, very special flavor. Anyway, a Computer is neither a good nor a bad loser. He shows Zero reaction. You have to learn to take this inhuman attitude as well for granted.

Without the firm and finally logical game of my ACER I might never have entered the ultimate secret meadow of the Chess game. Therefore I thank GOD that I live today in our digitally perfect times, nevertheless the fact, that it took me 50 years to understand Chess completely. But what did the wise old Chinese man once said: “Better late, then never!!!”



AM LIMIT

Was Menschen über sich hinauswachsen lässt

43.74

Zeppelin-Gymnasium

(Neusprachliches und mathematisch-naturwissenschaftliches Gymnasium)

Lüdenscheid

ZEUGNIS DER REIFE

des neusprachlichen Gymnasiums

Manfred Alexander Klübsch

geboren am 24. 12. 1949 zu Bonn

wohnhaft in Lüdenscheid / Westf.

röm. kath. Konfession

hat sich der Reifeprüfung an dem

Zeppelin-Gymnasium

unterzogen.

I.

Die Leistungen in den einzelnen Fächern sind wie folgt beurteilt worden:

(Notenstufen: sehr gut - gut - befriedigend - ausreichend - mangelhaft - ungenügend)

DEUTSCH:

ausreichend

MATHEMATIK:

ausreichend

ENGLISCH:

ausreichend

~~LATEINISCH:~~

FRANZÖSISCH:

mangelhaft

~~RUSSISCH:~~

RELIGIONSLEHRE:

gut

GEMEINSCHAFTSKUNDE:

befriedigend

GESCHICHTE MIT SOZIALKUNDE:

befriedigend

ERDKUNDE:

befriedigend

PHILOSOPHIE:

ausreichend

WAHLPFLICHTFACH

Biologie

befriedigend

MUSIK:

gut

~~MUNDT:~~

LEIBESÜBUNGEN:

gut

Er/Sie hat an einer zusätzlichen Unterrichtsveranstaltung

der

Klasse in

Schwimmen

mit

sehr gutem

Erfolg,

Nevertheless the fact that I received a bad result in French language at the Abitur Certificate in year 1969 at Zeppelin-Gymnasium Lüdenscheid, I earned my living as a translator in Paris for over 5 years. - Certificates are telling a lot, but not everything. For instance, whether the mentioned person likes or even loves a language, a country or its culture. Not to speak about grammar... Therefore my teacher Zaumseil was right.

teilgenommen.

Manfred Klüppelmann

hat die Reifeprüfung bestanden.

Ihm / Ihr ist das

ZEUGNIS DER REIFE

zuerkannt und damit die Befähigung zum Studium an einer Hochschule in der Bundesrepublik Deutschland ausgesprochen worden.



A First Class Team

In front of the Saviour-Church (Erloeser-Kirche) seven of my comrades in Abitur-Class (Examen at Zeppelin-Highschool in year 1969) had a meeting 45 years later during a tremendously sunny day and only a happy few white clouds with a blue sky over Luedenscheid in JUNE 2014.

From the left:

- Stefan (Doctor)
- Jochen (French teacher)
- Bernd (Doctor)
- Gerd (Business Manager)
- Ulli (Manager)
- Peter (Patent attorney)
- Jo (French teacher and Sporting Manager)

– Photo by Manfred (M.A.N.I. Verlag).

