

First Wednesday

Dear Everybody,

It felt odd writing a letter to you yesterday and then finding I could not print it out. At first I experienced frustration and annoyance and then I calmed down. "Was writing the letter a pure waste of time, given that it did not reach its addressees?" The answer is "No", as writing the letter focused my mind for the day....it was an act not of communication but of self-expression. Do you ever write letter that are not sent?

Have you read Oriana Fallaci's LETTERS TO AN UNBORN CHILD? Obviously not sent and yet very powerful.

In her letter to me Ina spoke of the jumble of impressions in her head on Monday night. Are you experiencing something similar? Do you feel that we are forging ahead too fast? Am I not giving you enough digestion time? Please let me know about this when you finish reading this.

I have immensely enjoyed the first two days of this fortnight's course. I have had glimpses into your classrooms, I had flashes of your brilliance, I have lived some of your tiredness with you. I was gob-smacked by the imaginative excellence of the tapering and expanding dialogues yesterday morning. Wow! I have not been bored for a single instant.

As we ~~we~~ come to the end of this wee letter can you let me have some feedback on the ~~pace~~ <sup>pace</sup> of the course and on your learner feelings.

Warmly yours,

Mario.

