

Dear M[REDACTED],

This poem is a powerful expression of a universalist position and I guess you are fully aware of this. I also guess that it is much easier for you to feel this way about UK things since earlier UK things were part of the normalcy of your childhood, than it would be for anyone else in this room. J[REDACTED] might feel this way if she were on a culture of Catalunya course.

How is this stay in UK affecting your memories of your own past here? I wonder if old things are being stirred up? Or does everything seem changed: a magically altered landscape?

I would love to hear about this area in a letter or maybe you might want to speak about it to everybody.

If I think about your poem in the framework of the logical levels the first three stanzas describe environment and behaviour and the last two work at belief and identity level.

“It’s a wee wee planet

After all” functions strongly at belief level.

I asked for a letter, and I got a poem. Some days are real good days.

  
Mario.