Dear Everybody,

Thank you for the very welcome letters you gave me. You will be getting individual replies to these as each one opens several new doors and is the stile to new bridlepaths.

Today we are going to be down in Canterbury in new spaces. How much are you affected by spaces you are in, you move in? I guess you are B , as you are a long distance walker and who is it who has written to me about her joy at having moved to a new house? My memory is like a leaky sieve!

I guess that by now, after three nights slept between days in English, you must all be playing your ears in, and your unconscious must be allowing you to access the huge pool of English inside each of you.

I realise there are quite a number of us who are here for the very first time, and these folk will be going through varying degrees of culture shock. There will be sensory culture shock- many things taste and smell different from back home. The water is different and the way the wind blows (I mean this: the wind does not carry the same humidity everywhere, in some places it blows in a continuous stream, some winds are warm and dry, some winds give people headaches etc.... I love the wind, and its twin sister: air that is still.) And then, the way Brits behave is pretty special, with their funny conversational patterns, with their extremes in the areas of beliefs and values.... what an odd lot. I wonder whether a person like Mire really realises that she is a very bizarre, way-out person seen from the viewpoint of some other cultures. I find Brits very unrelativistic when it comes to matters of culture, and here I am using the word in its anthropological sense.

I hope you enjoy watching a few Brits this morning, observation is a fascinating skill and is central to skilled teaching. An example form our group: M (Copenhagen one) came to class yesterday morning with a new voice and altered body language..... she spoke to me loudly without words, and very gently! People tell you so much through their "HOW", through their process, when you take time to listen and watch, respectfully and with wonderment.

I seem to be babbling on : basta cosi!

Warmly yours,

Mario.

A Anduage Leaching