

Dear Second Monday People,

First let me thank S█ for his marvellous playing on Friday afternoon which put me in a powerful and relaxed mood for my workshop on letter-writing. I think you were there, K█?

What power music has, anyway, but what extra power it has if played by some one you know and respect!

I hope you have had a relaxing week-end. I had a brief chat with A█ on Saturday morning as she was waiting for a friend before they went off somewhere. I was on campus for a day-long teachers' meeting in which folk from International House in Hastings and our folk came together to learn about the "University of the First Age", an initiative taken by the Birmingham education authority. Under this scheme, a pilot scheme, 300 children, drawn from six of schools in the poorest areas of the town, have come together for a week in Birmingham university for a summer school. For a whole week they studied one subject OF THEIR CHOICE and the teachers worked with them trying to activate all their senses and trying to teach them in ways which actually got through to them. If you are interested in what these ways were ask me in class and I will explain. The whole experiment is based on Howard Gardner's theory of the 7 intelligences. If you are interested, please ask me to explain in class.

The day was interesting not just because of its content but also because of the bringing together of the staffs of two proud, rival schools. We have never tried this before. In that room with forty people there were a lot of prima donnas, all trying to behave themselves! I found it interesting to observe the altered behaviours of some of my colleagues in the presence of the people from the other school.

Yesterday my son came with his wife and 13 month old daughter. Do you know what? She can now say "hello" and "dog" and much more important than that she can walk, which means her range of observation and learning had increased dramatically. What a voracious learner and trier-out! She puts us old hippos to shame. Our learning is slow and lumbering compared to that of a child. C█ F█.... you have a feast of observation ahead of you as your tiny daughter grows up. (Actually, if your daughter " weighed in " at 6 kilos at birth she can hardly be called "tiny "! - "weighed in at " is a boxing term.)

I wonder how you spent your week-end? Which language did you spend it in? Did you spend it with, people, with books, with places or in an alcoholic haze? Round the table last night we polished off a couple of bottles of wine.

See you shortly,

Mario.

