Dear Twelve,

This is the last day of the main course-Tomorrow the nine will meet in the corner-room down this corridor as you go to Study Space.

Yesterday we explored an interesting cultural area , that of privacy, confidentiality and secrecy.

Sure, by asking you to open my mail, I broke a number of unwritten rules. In doing so I laid money matters on the table and in so doing I stepped across a fierce Northern European line. In UK people are VERY careful to hide their salaries from each other.

The reactions I noticed in the group were interesting— I got the feeling that  $E_{\rm max}$  was happy to tell me about B 's letter, that she took pleasure in acting as B 's intermediary, that she enjoyed her middle position between him and me — afterall I had asked her to take this position.

I felt that E really wanted to know the exact nature of the stock exchange sale she was reading about- she did intensive reading that it is rare to see in a class and Market helped her as much as she could.

So the breaking of the secrecy rules did not seem to bother these Northern Med folk too much at all.

But with H and C I sensed waves of reticence welling out. I could visibly see C looking over the envelopes and self-censoring " I won't take that one- it could be too private."

How powerful our cultures are! How they secretly govern all that we FEEL, THINK and SAY even to ourselves.

I am trying to think about this dispassionately as yesterday was a really strong culture class in which, while playing my role as language teacher, I was also a fascinated student of the cultural things going on.

But not to take sides is very hard. In my heart of hearts I am with the Mediterranian in this and not with the English, German , Dutch adn Austrian North. I am close to E reading B 's letter with joy and I am far from in his mood of delicacy and circumspection picking anodyne letters ( to save Mario from his folly ? ).

It goes back to the battle that rages within me between Piemonte( Father) and Liverpool-Aachen (Mother).

What an inextricable weave of psychiatry and culture.

Mario

Ps: Maybe we could briefly discuss these issues in class before Judy and X another come in at 9.30 ?