

Dear First Friday Folk,

As I sit down to write to you S█'s pre-lunch text about his father's flashing-eyed, self-controlled, laser-focused fierce fury is there in my ears again and S█'s physical reaction as he described it. This sort of text, arising from the moment, spontaneous and full of life is precisely what I think this course is about. It is much easier, technically, to recall and to make your own phrases like "towering rage" when they are the "property" of some one you know in the group. They are not out of any old text that the teacher drags in and thrusts at you (as I did quite arbitrarily with the collective nouns stuff). S█'s text was provoked by my text about negotiating anger, and this was spoken about as a result of a group decision, a show of hands.

At around 11.30^{or} 11.40 I will leave you time to decide what sort of programme you want next week. This first week I have taken the decisions on the structure of our time together. This makes sense in terms of offering you a spectrum of things and in terms of trying to keep anxiety levels low. However, now you have a pretty shrewd idea of the nature of the beast before you and you are in a secure position from which to decide on the shape of next week. We have done a few things this week, but there are many more we can do in the second half of the course. So please come in the second period with your ideas for next week ready to discuss with your colleagues without my presence getting in the way. I'll go off and do some phoning.

Next week at 4.00 pm and 8.00 pm on Monday and on Tuesday Bernard Dufeu will be running workshops up on the Hilltop (with Canterbury snuggling beneath it) . He is brilliant and not to be missed. I can take 5 people (maybe 6) up in my van which I can bring in on Monday. I will be able to tell you the topics of these workshops on Monday morning. I am happy to run 6 people up and down the hill so you can get some supper here. You just need to tell me Monday if you want to go. (" tell me Monday" has a strong US twang to it- most Brits would not leave out "on")

I had a few really good games of table-football with B█ in a country pub last night. He is 12 and I can still just beat him at this game. Not many left like that! Looks like he is going to be tall and in few years time will be eating spaghetti off the top of my head. Called eclipsing your Dad. (Notice the colloquial omission of the subject in the previous sentences).

See you shortly,

Mario.