

Dear 14,

This is Friday and we are already nearly a quarter of the way through this little course. And yet you have done some quite large things in this first week. You have come back into the waters of English. No geography teacher or history teacher has to immerse herself in a ravine or time-travel back to the court of the Catholic Kings.....yet in your specialism you can actually leave mother tongue behind and function entirely, internally and externally, in your target language. Not many people realise the extraordinary nature of teaching a modern language. While the history teacher **has** history and carries it around with her, you **are** in English.

How do you feel you change when you speak another language? Do you change between Galician and Spanish, between Galician and English. Auf Deutsch wie sind Sie, (for those who speak German)?

How many of you are doing most of your inner dialogue in English? Do you go to sleep in English? Do you wake up in English? Do your dreams seem to have been in English.

I once had a low level student who came to me one morning:

“ Mario, I dreamt in English!!”

I congratulated her but she went on:

“ But I understood nothing in the dream!”

How is the exchange of technical ideas with the people upstairs going?

I get the impression that some people are finding the time and exchanging techniques with the people in the other group, and some are not.

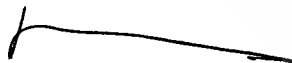
If you manage to, you get double input. BUT you may be tired by 3.30... you may not be the sort of teacher who thinks methodology is that important.... you may feel that your tool kit already has enough stuff in it....

Please let me know how this bit of the course is going and let me know if you want me to continue offering you double hand-outs. The handouts only make sense in the context of regular technical exchange.

As you will have gathered I am a fanatic in these areas, but this does not mean that I have any right to impose such character defects on you!

Have a good week-end.

Mario.



If you go to London , don't forget the East End, the raised light railway, Canary Wharf with its twin towers. A monument to that evil woman, Thatcher.