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So I remind him he can call me anytime to discuss it, and he says OK with a gloomy Monday morning voice, and over and out. So I hope I will have E-mailed you something more substantial by the time you get this letter.

Thanks for your photo at Babenia's memorial -- I'll paste it on my computer room wall, alongside all the rest of your collection. Oh, how I love my computer! I'm already into windows, and working like mad weekday nights to get some extra dough, and weekends with Walterio, working on the book that hopefully a Spanish publishing house will print, on Congo-Cuban culture (not to be confused with rock paintings).

Last week I got several E-mails & letters from my former African history students in Mexico. One was a Brazilian from Norma's Masters' Course group, who was gay or bisexual I think and was very happy because he was finally going to set foot on African soil, having got a job in an NGO working in a rural village in ... Zimbabwe of all places!! How do I warn the poor chap? I start off on a very academic note, telling him I wanted to give him some tips about the Shona, their peculiar way of relating to others, and the extent to which Zimbabwean society was conservative and puritan, and there, as an example, I expounded on Mugabe's attitude towards homos. From his reply E-mail I gather he got the message, but it made me sweat to beat around the bush. But I didn't want the risk of someone else's sensitive laundry on Internet.

I think I told you in my last E-mail that Myrna's father (Myrna is CEAMO's youngest, the girl who looks like a Greek vase decoration) had died. She was to work today again, but in her face you could see that the pain is there for long. She's too young, her father was too young, and she had too little time to prepare. We all avoid looking at her eyes, but her eyes are nowhere. We're doing all we can, which is far from enough.

Last Saturday a very computer-literate friend of mine came over & promised to fix some small discomforts in my machine (discomforts that I did not perceive) and in doing so screwed up my word for MS DOS programme, which is the one Walter & I are writing our book in. She promised to come by & install it again, but I don't know if she will. And I also have to go to Carmelina's, to tell her folks that she's coming back day after tomorrow, after a month in Tunis and a week in Algiers.

Norma had received the E-mail last Thursday, and since I was not at CEAMO, she thought of nothing better but to put it on Carmelina's desk. It was because this afternoon I asked if anyone knew anything about Carmelina that Norma reacted and told me where the fax was. That's good old Norma for you.

Did you get your Easter presents as promised? Did Flower also come? You should see Abel's cat: he's ruining me because he only eats fish. Proletarians can't afford bourgeois pets (did I say that? I'm sounding like George Orwell!!). Running out of paper & stamina. Mom sends all her love, that I always forget to convey. Big kiss & hug, David.