

Fed 4/57

Sunday, 18 April 1999

Hey! Have you been receiving my weekly mail? Have my letters reached you? I've sent one every week for the past two months. About the school address: I've gotten as far as the following:

ESCUELA ESPECIAL "SOLIDARIDAD CON PANAMA",
CARRETERA FONTANAR-WAJAY
MUNICIPIO BOYEROS
C. HABANA

(BUT I am convinced this is not enough
as a postal address, so we're
still trying.)

Dear Phillee:

Sunday again. A-letter-for-Phyllis-day again. Not much to say this time. Except the weather. Just when we thought Spring was safely in, a new cold front comes in. It's cold, very cold since yesterday evening. Yesterday afternoon Walt & his wife were at my place. We worked on our book project & then we went to the beach. There were strong waves, but the water was nice & warm; we had an excellent swim. Then, in the evening, an unexpected cold front comes in: rain, wind & cold. Most of the ripe mangoes come tumbling down from our tree. We feasted on them.

Cold doesn't do any good for my spine, nor for Walt's spinal hernias. Our backs were hurting this morning; he was coming to Sta. Fe again, but finally decided not to: his back hurt too much to get into a bus. But today is national militia day, so I went to my shooting practices in the morning. Of course, I couldn't hit anywhere near a bull's eye, but anyway I was present; that's the important thing. If Yankees come shooting, I'll use stones.

It seems that my back ache got better with the target practice, so when I got home I started to work on the book shelves I'm making for the computer room. I sawed & sanded until I was exhausted. Then I caught up with my sleep needs.

Abel cancelled this week end's visit to Sta Fe because he was very busy with his Sunday church activities. Sometimes I wonder when was it that the body snatchers switched the son I brought up. It's not the church habit that confounds me: it's the intensity of his devotion. Anyway, in the Cuban context, it's a good thing he opted for the Methodists -- this Sunday he was organizing a volley-ball championship among churchgoers. If he would have opted for the Catholics Well, maybe I'm being biased. But I think I know them (the Cuban

of Catholics
brand ^{only} too well.

Nothing new about the video project. Walt's boss hasn't replied to the letter I sent him 9 days ago, asking to meet him to discuss the project if he still thought it was feasible. If he doesn't reply by coming Thursday, I'll ask for a direct answer whether it's still a possibility or not. Maybe I'm a bit pessimistic now. It's probably the nicotine withdrawal symptoms.

I think the most encouraging thing I'm doing these days is the book on Congo-Cuban culture I'm writing together with Walt. Last Saturday we made big progress. We're beginning to match our Congo-African information (collected from book we've read) with the information from our interviews with Cubans practising Congo-Cuban religions. It's encouraging when you discover something that matches, or when you discover ~~to~~ a plausible explanation for cases when things don't match.

I hope I'll be seeing Lenin tomorrow, at the roundtable to commemorate the V Anniversary of the 1994 multi-racial elections. I hope we get a good public, and interesting roundtable participants.

I'm feeling tired, sleepy & lazy like I've never felt in my life. Again. I blame the nicotine withdrawal symptoms. But whatever the cause, the result is that I'm toning down my expectations, ~~re-dimensioning~~ ~~ing~~ re-scaling (downwards) my projects, seeking minimum objectives. I hope it's a passing fad. Of course it is. In the last analysis, we all have to pass on.

I learned that Miguel will probably switch back to his old job at Walt's. Gardening at the hotel was too much for his age. I'll try to see him this week, and report back to you.

For the rest, everyone is fine. At this very moment (5:41 p.m.), Mom is racking the back yard, with wind & cold & all. She's the last of a kind. CEANO people are also OK, doing their own thing and also being, in their own right, the last of a kind. They recall you & talk about you more often than you think.

Love,
David