

Monday 26 April 1999

Dear Phillee:

Great weekend. On Friday I get a big envelope from SA with documents, clippings & a photo of you with Thabo, Jay Naidoo, etc. Then, this morning, getting to work, a reply e-mail. I couldn't write me weekend letter to you yesterday (Sunday) so I'm doing it at work early on Monday. Reasons are that I was very busy over the weekend. The Walts were over since Saturday, and with Walt's help I managed to build a huge book shelf for my computer room on Sunday. Were dead tired when finished. And then I noticed that the tank of my toilet was broken and it was dripping, and the whole bathroom floor was flooded. And that's something to cut your veins over in Cuba. How do I get a new tank? Walter was giving all sorts of optimistic, encouraging solutions: he even suggested crazy glue. As you well know, the problem with toilets in Cuba is that they never work right, I don't know why. Carmen Gonzalez, Cuba's foremost expert on SA before she retired a few years ago, once told me (the toilet adjoining to her office being out of order) that her life was surrounded, stalked almost, by broken toilets. When you flush, the contraption never falls right in place: this means you constantly have to take off the tank cover to correct it. Now, when you're done this some two hundred times, there's the chance that a crease begins to show on the tank, and it starts dripping. That's what happened to mine. There are two adult frogs living in my toilet tank, I always see them when I have to take off the top: the female is always standing on the inside wall of the tank, half her body in the water; the male (with lovely curvy green streaks on his back) is always perched atop the floater. But I don't think they had anything to do with breaking my toilet tank. After all, I think I'll try crazy glue.

I have no reason to lie to you. If you didn't get two in-between letters, they were either delayed or lost in the mail. You know what they told Mom last Monday when she went to certify the weekly letter?

They told her she should stop certifying them, because they are more expensive, and all she achieved was to make the letters take longer to get there, because they had just as many chances of being lost. So I told her not to certify them any more. So if you don't get those of 15/3 and 22/3, they've just been lost. Or maybe they'll get to you much later. Monday is still yours. It's a rotten day (back to work) so I might as well give it away to somebody, whoever, and you were available.

I have problems with my computer too. Sometimes she just slows down to almost a standstill. But she still beats writing by hand. I might still get my own E-Mail: will keep you posted.

Never suspected of your love affair with OR. Gosh, I remember last time he was at CEAMO, like it was yesterday. Great man.

I am still wondering about my illness. In a country like Cuba, it certainly sounds like witchcraft, in which I don't believe, but am running out of alternative explanations. I've never been my own self again. It still seems like I'm floating on a cloud, or watching a film: it's like I'm cut away from the real world around me. Crazy, but that's how I feel. Yes, it was like going to hell, and not returning completely. Yes, CEAMO is bad propaganda.

Don't feel like a pig with the kids: they acknowledge your kindness, and were not at all pissed off by your negative. First thing I asked the computer friek to do when I got my contraption, was to erase all the games. Reluctantly, she did so. It's better to tell kids your computer model does not take games. Unless you like games to play yourself.

I hate cats too, but I love my son and he loves that cat. Last Friday, it came into the house and stole Walter's steak from where my mom was saving it, in the kitchen, waiting for him to get home. I hate that cat.

I tried to see Miguel last Friday, but he quit his job and is home with a bad spine and a hernia. Am trying to get his home address; will report back. All for now, Love,

P.S. When I got home, there was another envelope from you - filled with envelopes, ~~two~~ four black-ink pens and a photocopy of a picture of you. Thanks!!
David