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 From: Centro de Estudios sobre Africa y Medio Oriente <ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu>
 Send reply to: ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu
 Subject: Hello
 To: unlisted-recipients; (no To-header on input)

From David Gonzalez: ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu
 Dear Gonda,

Phyllis did indeed talk and write about you. Thanks for putting me back in contact with her again. Yes, I received both E-mails to CEE and mundolat. Now CEAMO has its own e-mail, note address on heading. Did

not reply because I received both at hospital where I have been nine days until this morning. Please pass following message to Phyllis, and really hope to chat with you electronically when I feel stronger.

Dear Phillee:

I hope by now you have received long letter I sent you with Clara Pulido, ex-CEAMO and now Party cadre, who travelled Joburg in mid-January charter. Told you about getting a couple of old letters and package with cassette for Walter and photos for everyone but me. Walter also got a letter but all took well over a month to get here. Don't want to abuse Gonda, so I'll be as short as I can. Did not try to reach you while you were in Harare because I know mango net too well. On January 8 I fell stupidly ill and have not worked since.

Successively, not simultaneously, I had hypertension, then diarrhea, then fever, each three to seven days, and I thought it was finished. But no, by end January I collapsed in bed, like drunk, and can't eat at all. After three days I start vomiting some very deep, greenish heavy stuff and then they intern me. Ten days putting tubes in every hole, permanently feeding through veins, taking shots of my entrails, ultrasounds, tests, feeling

like a grounded fish doing its terminal wriggling in the pit of the tub of life. I'm a coward and I thought I would not make it, so by the end of the first week I'm creeping to a window to jump, bottle of dextrose and all that was attached to it. Then I realize it's barely a third floor, so better not try. I confessed to Abel that was my darkest hour, and a couple of times I thought Phyllis must have been through worse than that. By that time I had become a celebrity at the hospital, and two schools of thought begin to emerge among the

staff, given the fact that all exams point to a dissapointingly healthy agonizing man.
 The agnostic tendency insisted that everything was psycho-somatic, meaning I was a fake, so
 they send
 me an elderly but still appealing lady shrink that I maneuver into falling in love with me --well
 Phyllis, you
 know me, even in that shambles of a state I'm a charmer-- before I turn her nuts. On the
 opposite side, the
 clinics argued that since all that they had discovered was gastritis, this was probably caused by
 parasites
 that of course I must have picked up in Africa, so they had to make me swallow one last tube
 to my gall
 bladder or nearabouts. By then I'm strong enough to insist they find their own holes to stick
 the tube into,
 adding that the next tube I would take in my life was going to be the London subway train.
 Fortunately enough, my arms get so black and blue and swollen that they have to disconnect
 the dextrose
 that I'm attached to, and which seemed to have become the primary and most lively part of
 the connection,
 for six hours, and oh miracle, nauseas and vomits go, I can see again --doc later confessed
 medicine
 added to bottle also permanently opened up my pupils-- and even start talking and joking.
 Again, some want
 to connect me back to my bottle, while others point to the fact that I was becoming a real
 nuisance for the
 hospital because of the long line of nurses, ladyfriends, former lovers and even one ex-wife
 --Abelito's
 mother-- who were challenging hospital authorities, storming the ward and vocally defending
 their right to
 spend a night at my bedside, holding my hand, caring for me, or perhaps hoping to be lucky
 enough to get a
 chance to bathe me.
 Leaving jokes behind, no, there was no queue. Just one former lover and one ex-wife, and that
 was, I
 confess, a bit awkward, but company is always welcomed in those wards. I was released,
 rather
 expelled, this morning, 11 February, and first news is Clara returns in charter tomorrow
 closing Bring Back
 Big Black Bag Campaign: will keep you posted. Please do write, need your thoughts more
 than ever. Ignore
 if and when returning to CEAMO but will remain connected to friends there so we can use
 e-mail. Promise
 docs will do parasite cure at home once I regain 20 lost pounds --I am now at 117-- although
 am convinced
 every bug left my body thinking I died at hospital. Got now outlook or rather inlook during
 this hospital
 experience would need to share and discuss with you. Walter Ok, visited me every day at
 ward. Gang's Ok
 at CEAMO and home.
 Love,

Dave

PS: Quit smoking since 31 December and I think that's the cause of it all.

