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To: David Gonzalez <ceamo@cenai.inf.cu>
Date: Wednesday, September 08, 1999 8:19 AM
Subject: Just to say goodbye

Wednesday 8th September, 1999 at 8am

Hullo David and Walter,

Just called your hotel to say goodbye and found the telephone has not been repaired yet. I hope you have complained about the lack of proper service. You are paying and your stay is not on the house.

Walter, Cuban music is playing as I write. I should sue you. It is not helping at all. I miss you guys. I cannot sing - that is a misnomer. Whatever noises I made does not happen. The boys miss you. They are terrible they keep asking questions about you two. They feel they have not done enough for you guys. Nothing I say helps. I have not seen Jeeva - he is probably dancing with himself sobering up.

How long does it take to sober up? No wonder people continue to drink and drink. It keeps them blissfully happy. And why shouldn't they be. Maybe I should start drinking too. I am on the weed again, so why not drink. All of you convinced me on Sat/Sun night/morning that it is the thing to do. David on his head and you attempting to take your pants off, Walter.

Thank you for coming, for staying, for making this month so memorable in more ways than HAPPY. My love to all my friends in Cuba especially MIGUEL. I hope he is well. I sent him T shirts. It is my body warmth for his lovely beans. As soon as life returns to normal I shall write to him. Right now I am in the doldrums.

Love you and hell I miss you
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