

#4 Glenariff, 96 Umbilo Rd., Durban 4001, Kwa-Zulu Natal, SA.

Thursday 8th April, 1999.

Dear David,

Tomorrow all being well the email will come home and I shall if possible tell you how to email me. Hope springs eternal.

I send you some photos, clippings etc.

Today I had an invitation from OSPAAAL to a conference on Palestine on the 23-24 September in Athens. I am sure the ANC will send a delegate. I don't have the means to afford a trip out of SA for a long time. As an observer I won't be able to do anything. In any event I don't go to ANC meetings now & I don't know their thinking and that of government on Palestine. I just pay up my membership

I have your letter of the 26th October where you said you would love me forever. Both of us know what forever means. I was surprised when you said your ex-wife was married. When? She told me that she thought you & she would get together when I saw her at the end of September. So what gives?

Did I mess it up?

I did not get a letter this week. Did you miss a weekend writing to me? Are you OK? Are you putting on some weight? Have you met with your serial killer? I think I am getting the flu and I need to lie down.

Oh the letter above ended off with Hasta Siempre - the Cuban doctors were at pains to explain this phrase.

Until always (forever) the victory. It was used by Che more symbolically. What does it mean? What did you mean?

I must go now

Love you

Phyllie

Have you sent Sha's stuff to Santiago de Cuba?

5/4/99

Hi David,

I have been so busy with 8 persons in this flat queueing for the toilet. The loo & bathroom are housed in one room. If you have them separate then the queue is not that long.

It was wonderful having Cuban sound in this house. I recalled you talking to your mother, your son Abel when he upset your plans the last Sunday of my stay in Havana - the day you gave me the cartoon. I think you described it as an intrusion. Well you have been intruding into my life all weekend. I have had so much sweets that I am sure my sugar level has gone up.

The Cubans were crazy with Durban. They arrived on Friday - no they arrived on Saturday morning at 1am and by arrangement they had to phone me. Gonda had to stay with Ayanda while I got a taxi to fetch the Cubans who were at a dangerous spot. No harm came to them & I brought them home. They were tired having driven from 5pm. They needed no help after that. We had a great time.

When Julio phoned to say he was coming he spoke of looking at our museums. But they were enamoured with the fun at the beach, went and had a braai at the beach. So when I asked about museums they said the children wanted the beach/funfare, but added they had enough to read in my house.

Tumane has just phoned me in great distress. He is divorced from his wife and the children play games with their parents and tighten the guilt noose. He is teaching at Medunsa medical university and he sobbed like a baby. He was so hurt. So we talked. Did you say you had the preserve being shrink?

Julio has just phoned to say they arrived at 2 pm but they were so tired and went to sleep & phoned at 4pm. Gonda arrived at 1pm in JHB after an easy drive. The roads are bumper to bumper with returning holiday makers. The last count on the roads death toll was 150 and was rising.

How is Walterio? Is he in good health?

How is Miguel, his bike? Is he mobile again? Did he get my letter?

In the letter before this one you will find some pertinent questions to which I want responses. I am promised email by Friday - so all being well you should hear from me on Friday the 9th April. In fact my email will reach you before this gets to you.

What makes you think that we don't celebrate International Women's Day? Parliament rang me up enquiring what was the history of this Day. I know the Women's strike of 1857 in New York underpinned it. But if you have any material on it I would be pleased if you share it with me.

So what is the serial killer saying/ Has he been approached?
Love you
Phyllie