

Red. 26/3/99

Centro de Estudios , 01:40 AM 1/5/80 -, Message for P. Naidoo

Date: Sat, 5 Jan 1980 1:40:51 -0600
From: Centro de Estudios sobre Africa y Medio Oriente <ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu>
Reply-To: ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu
Illegal-Object: Syntax error in To: address found on cenai.net.cu:
To: aconning@pixie.udw.ac.za<aconning@pixie.udw.ac.za>
^missing end of address

Subject: Message for P. Naidoo
X-mailer: FoxMail 2.1 [en]
To: unlisted-recipients:; (no To-header on input)

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EPSONFX \$ From: David G., ceamo@ceniai.inf.cu
To: Antoinette Conning, Aconning@pixie.udw.ac.za
Subject: Message for P.Naidoo
Date: 24 March 1999

Dear Antoinette: Its that Cuban pest again, abusing your kindness. Could you please pass this message on to Phyllis? I certainly hope shell get her own E-Mail soon, so I can reach her directly, and hopefully, when I meet you, you will have forgotten all the trouble I gave you. Dear Phyllee: Its good to know mail services work, even if it takes weeks to get a letter accross. Got both your E-Mails through Anto, plus, last Saturday, hilarious kiddy book plus post cards I have pinned on the wall of my new computer room at home. Dont be mad at my new embellished cartoon: its true, you only argued the lips, but, knowing you, Im sure it would have soon been the eyes, then the nose, then the cheeks, so I just drew a preemptive cartoon. So dont go around complaining about silk saris. Thats what corresponds to a likeness of Indira Ghandi in her younger years, prior to the white streak on her hair. One is never to old too change: ask your dentist-magician.

You disliked letter number two, and so did I: it was written at a bad time. Dont understand why the thought crossed your mind that you are beginning to know me, or that my dissertation on Che and his poetry taste gave you a new insight, when I have not begun to know myself, particularly after my post-sickness rebirth. Most people who knew me think I was the victim of an alien body snatcher at the hospital, thats how much Ive changed. But dont think the lack of apostrophes in this mail has to do with changes -- its just that I cant find them in this damned machine.

Will be contacting Junaid and Nerissa after meeting with serial killer, when Ill know what the odds are more or less. Besides interprovincial (Joburg/Durban) and international (Joburg/Harare etc) well need transport to go to sites where we will film, I suppose they lack public transportation (in Zim Im sure they do) and most daily. Perhaps will need only 5 or 7 days while in South Africa (visiting the san probably near Kalahari, plus paintings in Drakhensberg) and about 20 days while in Zim (three days Matopos, one or two Masvingo area and rest in 200 kms radius around Harare. Thats why we need to rent transportation, besides bus fare, and we need to know hoy much money we will have to ask for here.

Normas not here today, so Ill send Julios address in next E-Mail, hopefully going directly to you. About the weather, only the past 2 or 3 days cold is finally leaving. You think the Easter Bunny is bringing trouble for you? Ill tell you a short story. My son Abel has a crazy cat named Pitufo, thats never left his flat. Poor Pitufo is so neurotic that he hisses at everyone, including me. A week ago he attacked Fernando, the guy Abels mother, Esther, is married to. So they call me in tears, saying that either I take him or they have to put him to sleep. You know I despise capital punishment, so I agree reluctantly. The cats so spoiled he only eats fish, upsets my income, and then hisses at me and once peed on my bed to underline his disgust. My friends say, Oh David, how can you put up with all of that? I answer: It could have been worse. Esther could have opted for sending me Fernando instead. Everyone is more or less OK at CEAMO, except for our youngest colleague, Myrna, I dont know if you remember her. She started at CEAMO in September. Well, a couple of months ago her fathers stomach began to swell, and it was cancer. He died last night, so were all going to the burial in a few minutes.

Well, this E-Mail is too long already. I have no words to react to your Honorary Doctorate. Congratulations is too short a word. I find nothing in English to sustain a congratulation with. Not as you deserve. Ill search in the dictionary and try to come up with something more appropriate for my next E-Mail, hopefully going directly to you, so the Honorary Doctor and her wacky Cuban E-Mail nut pal dont have to give trouble to others. Until then, Love, David.

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