

8:20 left Sheridan Sq.

9:00 picked up teeth.

9:45 arrived Kennedy. Aeromex people had left. Iberia stewardess told me next flight to Mexico was Eastern 030. Went to Eastern. Packed bags back on taxi and went to Eastern.

\$24.00 Taxi was 24.00.

Eastern said there was a flight from La Guardia at 12 to Chicago would get to Mexico at 5.00.

\$2.00 gave porter 2.00 to take bags back

\$8.50 to get a taxi. Took taxi to La Guardia. They fixed ticket and

\$24.00 changed 11.00 more each for ~~an~~ air flight increase. They didn't charge for extra baggage which could have easily amounted to that.

~~Since~~ I noticed Ginger Rogers checking in two clerks away from us, told mama. Mama told our clerk. He said she would not know what she looked like. I told her she used to be great. So danced with Fred Astaire. I called cata. I called ashlea. She said you made it. I said no I'm still here. We check in and wait on gate. Ginger goes in on our plane. When we enter she is sitting on first class. Mother blows her a kiss. She blows mother one and says. Thank you that was a

sweet kiss. I look at mother she has not heard this. She is not looking at Ginger when I reach the seat I ask her "did you blow Ginger a kiss?" She says "I went like this and shows me, I see very ginger was so responsive. After all the kisses that ginger has had those of a little old lady are the only ones that matter. ~~Perhaps~~ Those of a very young man might matter more or might not matter at all.

we get off in Chicago another kiss for ginger, ginger returns it. They both reach out their hands and shake them.

The flight change is smooth, not much waiting. We eat again.

I ask the stewardess if she can serve mother first when they start serving. I say "she feels faint". She says sure.

I tell mother what I said. She leans her head back and closes her eyes to look the part. I laugh out loud. They start serving and mother gets her food in her turn. No wonder. However I don't get any. The stewardess passes me several times bringing food to people in front of me until I ask for it.

We arrive in Mexico. They  
don't check our bags. The  
custom inspector is a young girl  
she has her arms crossed and  
leans against the wall. She doesn't  
feel like ~~check~~ going through all  
our bags. (6) She says, Tomita  
I say yes. How long are you  
going to stay here, two weeks. You're taking  
all this for two weeks? We're going to Cata.  
OK, go through. Cata she signaled  
to go through. I have filled all  
the bags on a rack we have six  
to attend for them. I have mercuric 2  
with ribbon (mother has tied little  
ribbons on the handle after one agree  
one yellow) Two raft and bundle  
(They are mine) one plaid and brown  
one small plaid. They all look beat  
up. Cata calls me. I greet  
her over the fence. She says when  
is your mother. She is watching  
the porter like a hawk. No stopper  
OK she has gone back to stand by  
him. We go to Mexican tip where  
they told me Cabone is. They don't  
check bags overnight. There is  
a baggage check on the other end  
we decide to take ~~the~~ bags in the  
even. We are waiting for Cata in  
the sidewalk and I remember I am  
supposed to confirm ~~the~~ our  
reservations. I go back to Mexican  
and they say, I have to go to

reforma not only to confirm but  
to have our documents checked.  
They close at 6:30, we go there.  
The traffic is insufferable, a usual  
Mexico city in an inferior. I have  
been to Mexico 8 times each out of  
necessity my friendship with Carla  
has maintained it self for 21 years  
because of this visits and her visits  
to New York (5). We go around and  
around and we can't find Cutana  
It is now past 6:30 but I decide  
to get out at Aconoveres and find out  
where Cutana is. So we can go  
straight there. Aconoveres is closed  
I tell the guard at the door I want  
to ask him a question. He opens the  
glass door. I ask him where Cutana is  
He says it's a few doors down. It is  
destroyed. I ask him what happened  
he says he doesn't know. I go there  
The front glass is gone there is a  
space that looks like an open  
garage with walls in construction  
A small door on the back has  
a chain through a lock whole.  
Two Mexican police or guards stand  
in the front. They say they just locked  
They are helpful they let me go and  
knock at the door. I knock and  
look through the whole and I see  
no one. I ask them if it was  
a bomb they say yes. I ask when

they say about a month ago. We go to Celia. I have my friend the block  
has me through my Indian  
raw silk pants. I had to wash  
them and I have nothing to wear  
Cata lends me a pair of block  
pants. Lucy & Amanda come for a  
short time. He is charming, and thinner  
he looks a little older. Cata makes

us tortillas. to make tacos with  
figoles, chow, queso. She served  
smoked pork chops and served them  
with a sweet lettuce and Avellana,  
salad. She also served biology  
which we didn't touch, ~~Pale~~ whip  
I barely tasted and <sup>white</sup> bread  
and ~~saltine~~ crackers.

Cata and I slept in her bed. Mama in  
Lucy's bedroom. Cata was restless. She  
slept in the living room couch for a while  
during the night came back to sleep in the  
bed then went again to the couch and was  
there when I woke.

I have called Libana de avion but there  
is no answer. Cata says we should go there  
in the morning. Amanda says they open  
at 9:00. I am pleased they open early. We  
might have time to get our papers checked  
and get to the airport.

We get up at 7:30 drink coffee. My pants  
are not dried. I wear Cata's and  
carry the others to allow them to dry.  
Cata has a brilliant idea she

suggests I call Cubana. I call and they  
answer (it is around 8) They say The plane  
leaves at 11:15 and I should be at the airport  
2 hrs before. We have to rush. I expected  
the plane to leave at 12:15. I thank Cata for  
her thought of calling that early. The distance  
between Cata's and the airport is enormous  
the traffic is incredible. We get a porter  
to take the bags to the desk. Cata parks  
the car. When our turn comes the clerk  
looks at the passport the ticket and the  
permit from the Cuban embassy. He asks  
me where my permit is. I die. I point  
to the check permits. He looks at them  
shows them to the man next to him and  
asks him if they are all right. I die again.  
The man looks at them and says yes.  
They give me our boarding passes  
and tell me I have to pay taxes  
baggage we go to another part of  
the airport and there pay \$7.60 we  
go to immigration. I say to Cata:  
It seems we are going. She says yes.  
We smoke a cigarette before passing  
sitting before the gate. We say good bye  
and pass. Cata signals she will go off  
to the tower and wait for the plane. I  
nod. Then I realize she has to long a wait.  
They have taken our passports and I wonder  
if there will be any difficulty. They call  
out my name and give us the passports.  
Many Cubans are waiting for us. Couple  
with children, a group of men. I wonder  
who they are. There is a group of Argentinians

water polo players. a group of four.  
Two oriental girls and two boys  
with television equipment from USA.  
we board. The stewardesses are  
dark mulattoes not very attentive.  
The plane is ancient. We are given  
papers. I read the cartoon ~~movie~~  
playing. They are Russian Japanese  
American. The Godfather is playing.  
The polo players have been given  
magazines. I ask to borrow one.  
I remember an article about computers  
and one about a singer male  
young. We are served lunch. Pot  
roast fatty peas rice. salad. It is  
time to land and I look for Gava-  
na out the window but we don't  
pass it. The plain is tarmac in  
front of the terminal and I look for  
Coco. I think I might not recognize  
him from this distance. I have seen  
two men whom I think might be  
him. Then I see him and I have no  
doubt. I know I don't look well  
and I regret it. We leave the plane  
and I see Coco better his face  
is deep red with excitement he  
is leaning over a little boy who  
must be Carlos, there is a young lady  
next to him that I think might be  
Juanita. I then decide she is not with  
Coco. We go to the bag inspection. The  
bags have not arrived. I think obsessively  
of the things we are bringing. I have thought

of it obviously, and we boarded  
the plane with they let us pass them  
with they change duty, could some  
altitude make it easier. What  
altitude. It is our turn, but  
the head inspector tells ~~me~~ inspector  
that we have too many boys, we have  
to wait. While we wait I have an  
idea. I tell ~~me~~ "we are going  
to Mexico on vacation from here that  
is why we have so much baggage"