

MCH91-27-5-23

Dear Ann,

Yes, it's me (as if you didn't know), having a great time (as if you didn't know Well, it wasn't that straightforward. I was nervous as hell before I left - I'd really laid myself on the line during all my talks on Maputo, would it really live up to my enthusiastic remembrances? Well, it does, but in different ways. A year is a long time in revolutionary politics, where things really do change, and not just by random decisions. Last year what I noticed most were the attacks on old forms of consciousness and the creation of new styles of work. This year the emphasis is all on structure and order and planning for the future. The wall-newspapers are empty, or else have faded pieces of writing on them. People no longer rush off in work groups on Sunday mornings to grow food in open spaces in and around the city. At the university, I went to the spot where I helped plant trees last year. Most of the saplings were dead, and I was told: 'Oh yes, people stopped going, so we called the brigades off. People work hard in the week, and in the evenings too, and they need their Sundays off.' But - as I was being told this, a lorry pulled in, and about 30 boys and girls from a nearby secondary school jumped out for their special pre-University courses, and I felt - yes, this is an advance, less dependent on the fickle enthusiasms of the intelligentsia, and far more supportive to kids of workers and peasants (and intellectuals!) who were being given concrete preparations for higher education. Our generation needed the collective physical work to deal with our own uneven consciousness, but the country, the people, ^{now} need order and structure and scientific planning.