

TWO TRIBUTES

IT is with a sense of enormous loss that we record the death of two of the contributors to this issue—Professor G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Reginald Reynolds. G. D. H. Cole—President of the Fabian Society, one-time Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford, novelist, economist, political philosopher and historian—was one of the truly great intellectuals of the British Left. The accomplishments of British Socialism in thought and action are partly what they are because of him; might indeed have been much greater than they are, had his influence been complete. His article on 'The Anatomy of Revolution' was written for us shortly before his death, was perhaps the last writing that he did, and we are proud and grateful to be able to publish it.

For Reg we had an especial regard and affection, as we have now an especial grief. A regular contributor to this magazine over the past year, he was also a friend, always ready with suggestions for articles and plans that would advance the cause of African democracy, sending us postcards with help and advice scribbled in every corner. He was an intensely passionate person, with deep convictions and the determination to act upon them. Action for him meant direct action of a particularly personal kind; it was typical of him that he should recently have volunteered to join the group planning to go to the Pacific in protest against British atomic tests there. An intense feeling for humanity, its struggles and sufferings, moulded his politics, just as a perfect genius for friendship, for direct and immediate contact with those he met, characterised his personal life. His judgments were severe, and he could allow himself the severity because he thought of himself as no different from the general human run, no "Quaker saint", as he has been described by some since his death. Human entirely, and a great deal more constructive than saintly forbearance, was the anger and bitterness of his attacks on the oppressors of this world—imperialists in India, racialists in Africa, the makers of wars everywhere.

'Angad'—the messenger—his friend, Mahatma Gandhi, called him. And surely it is as the messenger of a new Africa that we should remember him. The poem that follows was written for 'Africa South' some little while ago. In the next number, we will publish the poem he wrote for us while on board ship to Australia, where he died. It is the final message of 'Angad', and the final tribute to the messenger.