

TRIBUTES TO PATRICK HARRIES 31.05. 1950 – 02.06.2016

Tribute by Isabelle Harries, Cape Town, St Michael's church Rondebosch 10th June 2016

Patrick,

Patrick you wanted to understand it all. Your curiosity for the other and for life was insatiable and had no limits. It was to such an extent that sometime I did not know what to say. I could not answer your questions with a simple “I do not know, we do not know, it is simply like this”. An answer would inevitably bring another paradigm to explore. So Patrick forgive me, but sometimes I invented some answers to try to soothe the disarray.

Sometimes I also questioned your statements.

Together we went to look for the answers you were looking for, but it was always you who opened the door, who showed the road.

It was out of the question that I would come to live in Cape Town without starting by searching for the origin. Africa. What sort of image did the Europeans have of Africa? What were they expecting? How did their imagination influence their discovery? So here I was sitting in the library in the Gardens looking for mermaids, “unipèdes, cynocephali” and treasures in old English text books. Well that English was rather different from the one I learned at school! It took me a while to dare saying a few words in English. Oh lala I found the Cape Townian accent quite a challenge.

Later on we visited together the Romanesque churches of Burgundy to find more cynocephali and uniped. This voyage towards understanding the other and the interpretation of our world brought you to apply for funding for a project on history and science that was so deeply rooted in your heart ... You convinced the commission who was full of admiration for your project and was going to give you a positive reply in a few days' time.

While I, on my side I had to go and discover Africa in Olfert Dapper's description you went through a similar journey when you came into my world. You explored the bookshelves of my old liberal, Vaudois culture family. Reading the description of the Alps by Eugene Rambert in his old, boring style... one had to love you for doing it.

As all the people who are here to say farewell, I want to thank you with all my soul for the historical and cultural world you shared with me. For dedicating your life to help us make sense of the present and our humanity.

Your passion helped you dedicate yourself to your students and colleagues. I am grateful to them. Even when they called us on Sunday morning at six o'clock or on Christmas Eve to tell you not to worry. That the third paragraph of the last chapter of the thesis was, at long last, written.

Emotion and irrationality brought you great disarray and profound discomfort. That was also part of your inner quest. Was it one of the reasons why you admired Henri Alexandre Junod so much? A scientist who could marry spirituality to science deep within himself?

Your perpetual intellectual quest was of such urgency that you left me to carry all the obligations of our everyday life. And there, frankly Patrick, you exaggerated.

Our love was blessed by the arrival of Emily. We know that this goes beyond death.

We were an angry and distressed couple.

We did not know. You had to run. You let go of my hand.

I am very pleased that you could be in Cape Town, in your home town that you missed so much when we were in Basel.

Three days before you passed away, you told me "never forget that we made something beautiful."

Three days before you passed away we were able to tell each other how deep down we were feeling distress. We were an old angry couple on our way to start walking towards reconciliation.

The day you passed away, you were at your friend Patricia's place, to finalise the organisation of your trip, after the conference, to Warsaw, Lublin, Krakow and the forest of Poland.

Time decided differently. Your journey started far too early for us.

May it have taken you in peace towards the light, towards what is much stronger than our quests, dreams and illusions.

Isabelle Harries (wife)

Tribute by Emily Harries, Cape Town St Michael's church Rondebosch, 10th of June 2016

Once upon a time there was a man called Pedro. He would wake up every morning to go fishing to supply his family with fresh fish. One early morning he went out to sea full of hope, but came back empty handed in the evening. That night his family had to go to bed hungry. For the next few days the fisherman, Pedro, couldn't catch any fish until one sunny morning he went out, this time thinking: "I will finally find fish to feed my family with". Out at sea his rod suddenly started to tug. After pulling it with all his strength, he found a mermaid on the other end of the rod. The mermaid begged him to set her free and with his big heart he did. His family had to go to bed hungry again that night. A few days later the sky was turning very dark. His wife and children asked him not to go out to sea. But he couldn't bear to have his family go to bed hungry yet another night, so he ignored their wishes and went out to sea the next morning. The sea was very rough, it pushed and pulled his boat in all directions until it was finally tipped over by a huge wave. Pedro woke up the next morning, finding himself on a tiny little island in the middle of the ocean. He was hungry, tired and very sad because he missed his family a lot. But then suddenly he saw a figure in the water on the edge of the island. It was the mermaid, calling out to him. She asked him what was wrong and he answered that he missed his family and didn't know how to get home. She then told him to wait where he was and swam away. The next day she turned up again but this time with two turtles. They were tied together so that he could stand and their backs and they carried him back across the ocean all the way to his family. They welcomed him home with much love. Until the end of times he and the mermaid stayed great friends and helped each other whenever needed.

A lot of you must know that Patrick could be a terribly stubborn person. When I was a child he would tell me the story of Pedro the seaman every night, even though I would beg him to tell me a different bedtime story.

Patrick had a very strong mind. Never admitting it, he could sometimes be biased, as he fought for change but at the same time had his own little rituals he would never change, even if you begged him to.

Patrick was also a father. If he wanted to go for a walk with you, you could be sure, that you would have to go, even if you didn't have the time, or else he would sulk for the rest of the day. But at the end of the walk you'd realize that it was a good thing to do, even if you didn't want to admit it. Patrick would push people to do things because he believed it would bring out their best side. Well, not always, I don't think that was his intention when he hid bats in his teacher's drawer. But Patrick could see potential in people, in a way that no one else could.

When I now think of Pedro the seaman I always see my father, who did everything he could to provide for his family. By family I do not only mean my mother and myself, but also everyone else who was close to Patrick: his students, co-workers, friends and other family members. He enriched this world with his knowledge, interest, and work. In all, he enriched us with his presence. Just like Pedro who got taken away from his family by a huge and sudden storm, Patrick left us unexpectedly. But he will come back to us on the back of those two turtles in our dreams and in our hearts. He will be with us forever.

Throughout this week I have heard him say to me occasionally: "Pull yourself together! And look after your mom, she needs your support."

There are many stories of my father I could tell you but I think I will keep the others for myself, just as everyone who knew him will have their own stories of Patrick Harries that will live on within them.

I am extremely grateful to him, not only for bringing me into this world, but also for having been a wonderful influence in creating who I am today, of course together with my mother.

I will dearly miss him but he is, and always will be, a part of me and of who I am. Even those small little things that annoyed me about him, and that unfortunately I think I might have picked up too, like wanting to eat a "piss" of cheese everyday.

Emily Harries (daughter)

Tribute by Ann Brown Harries, Cape Town St Michael's church Rondebosch, 10th June 2016

Anyone who knew Patrick recognized that he was a very good whistler. Not everyone appreciated this rare talent, especially when they were in a hurry, but his ability to hit the right note and keep in time could not be denied. I always felt he should have taken up music as a career: from a very early age he filled the house with his singing, table-top timpani and tin trumpets, also not appreciated when peace and quiet were required, but a demonstration of his joyous experience of life through sound.

As he grew up he showed little interest in the academic side of his school, Rondebosch Boys' Prep then High, but excelled in sport, specially rugby and athletics. He held records for both the 220 and the 440 yards, and became the school's *victor ludorum*.

The only school subject that held any interest for him was history: he must have read practically every book written by that arch-imperialist G.A. Henty – his bookshelf was entirely occupied with

titles like *With Roberts to Pretoria; the Dash for Khartoum; With Clive in India* (though *The Dandy, The Beano* and *The Eagle* lay in heaps beside his bed).

His best friend was Marcello Fiasconaro. They were known as March and Patch and neither seemed destined for greatness. As our mother lay dying in 1968 she wondered if either of them was capable of holding down a job when they came out of the army. I promised to do my best to help them but held out little hope.

At least Patrick now wanted to get into university but had failed matric Maths – twice. University entrance seemed to elude him till he learnt that you could substitute a third language (on top of English and Afrikaans) for maths. The chosen language was to be French.

Instead of getting some private lessons or attending night school he decided that the best way for him to learn French was to hitch-hike up Africa – a rather dangerous way to acquire a third language, as he slipped illegally over many borders. I think he learnt some French in Senegal – he certainly learnt a lot about the music of West Africa which he loved.

A year later he arrived in France where he got a job in a factory and his French became completely fluent. I have heard his wife Isabelle say that his French was even better than hers ...

When he returned to Cape Town he passed his French exam, got a place at UCT, and resumed the sports side of his life. One day his closest school friend, Marcello, asked Patrick if he could join him in a run round the rugby field. To his surprise, Marcello, now aged 20, found that he could run very fast indeed – and soon after broke the world record for the 800 metre sprint in 1973. He became an international athletics hero, but claimed that it was Patrick who was his inspiration.

If only our mother had lived a few years longer! She would have seen those two friends blossom into unlikely stardom – one on the athletics track, the other in the academic world where Patrick continued to blossom and inspire until his tragic death last Friday. But he will live on not only from the huge body of work he has left behind, but through his loving family and his many devoted students. May his whistling be heard in the heavens!

Ann Harries Brown (sister)

Tribute by Nicole Vautier Brisa, Cape Town, St Michael's church Rondebosch, 10th June 2016

Je me fais ici la porte-parole de Jean Vincent, Laure, Alexandre, Antoine Josiane Guillaume, Nicolas, de toute la famille suisse, de celle des USA, de Helga en Irlande, de Marie Jo à Grenoble et des si nombreux amis qui tous auraient voulu être là pour vous dire à vous, Emily, Isabelle, Anne et Sophie notre profonde, profonde affection et notre grande tristesse. Patrick a eu l'immense privilège de vous avoir.

Patrick, tu aimais les oiseaux et leur vol libre et joyeux.

Tu aimais les papillons et leur délicatesse.

Tu aimais les tapis et leur entrelas de couleurs.

Et tout cela concordait et remplissait le bleu intense de ton regard d'une lueur de bonheur.

On dit, dans une légende, qu'un battement d'aile de papillon peut avoir des répercussions à l'autre bout du monde

Et voilà que c'est arrivé Patrick !

D'un battement d'aile tu as rejoint l'Histoire avec un grand H et tu as bousculé nos vies à l'autre bout du monde

Voilà que tu as rejoint l'immense cohorte des hommes et des femmes qui ont vécu avant... longtemps avant nous et à qui tu as redonné vie dans tes recherches et tes écrits.

L'Histoire... celle qui te passionnait, celle qui était le phare de ton existence, celle qui a fait ta vie, parfois même au détriment de tes proches.

Le passé t'enveloppait d'un voile imperméable qu'on ne pouvait franchir.

C'est dans cette bulle que tu étais bien et nous le respections.

Patrick, tu as baladé ton flegme charmeur d'une université du monde à une autre, te donnant sans compter à ton travail, à tes étudiants, à tes collègues et sans aucun doute tu laisses un grand vide dans le monde universitaire.

Tu aimais ta liberté.

Tu aimais aller de l'avant sans entrave.

Pour tes proches, cette soif d'indépendance n'a pas toujours été simple à gérer et je salue l'immense patience et générosité d'Isabelle et d'Emily qui ont toujours accordé leur pas au tien.

Tu ne l'as pas souvent mesuré Patrick, mais aujourd'hui qu'importe. C'est aussi cela qui a fait la richesse de vos vies ensemble.

Par-dessus tout, ... tu aimais l'Afrique.

Ce continent, tu lui as consacré ta vie.

Je suis heureuse de savoir que c'est ici que tu reposes désormais, dans ce pays qui te manquait tant et dont tu ne cessais de parler.

Tes semelles de vent t'ont ramené à tes origines et tu as rejoint le cœur brûlant des mémoires que par tes recherches et tes écrits tu avais sortis de l'oubli.

Dans notre famille, tu as ouvert une porte sur le monde et je t'en suis reconnaissante

Reconnaissante aussi de ton enthousiasme presque enfantin dans le grand parc du château de Vizille, berceau de la révolution française, où Jean-Vincent montait des spectacles que tu ne manquais jamais de venir applaudir

Je garde en mémoire, entre autres beaux moments partagés (et ils furent nombreux) aux Claparèdes nos discussions enflammées.

J'ajoute que nous n'étions pas toujours d'accord. La façon toute ibérique de Jean Vincent se heurtait à ton flegme anglo-saxon et à la retenue toute helvétique des autres membres de la famille. C'était le choc de deux continents... l'Afrique et la vieille Europe, le choc des cultures et des civilisations,

Cela te faisait sourire et nous grandissait tous.

Et de cela aussi je te suis reconnaissante.

De retour dans ma maison ou tu aimais venir, je boirai un whisky, parce que tu l'aimais en te souhaitant une dernière fois :

Bon vent

Merci d'avoir été

Tu nous manques déjà

Rest in peace

Nicole Vautier Brisa (sister in law)

Tribute by Nigel Penn, Cape Town St Michael's church Rondebosch, 10th June 2016

A few days after Patrick died I had a dream. I dreamt I was giving a very bad lecture on missionaries to a group of students, making it up, as usual, as I went along. Suddenly Patrick appeared and placed himself in the midst of them, smiling at me with delighted and tolerant indulgence, enjoying what I had to say without in any way taking it seriously. It struck me, when I woke up, that this is what friends are – they good-naturedly tolerate the composite virtues and imperfections of the person that one is. It also struck me that that playful look, that humorous gaze, that ready laugh, is how I will remember Patrick.

I was a friend and colleague of Patrick's for over thirty years. The fact that we became friends had less to do with our intellectual affinities and more to do with that mysterious alchemy of the schoolyard, when two boys instinctively decide that they are best friends. As the years went by outsiders remarked that we looked a bit like Tintin and Captain Haddock. I will leave it to you to judge which was which. But Patrick certainly had a youthful, intrepid quality to him that I lacked but made up for in a somewhat cynical disposition and an appreciation of whiskey.

Despite his youthfulness Patrick was always my senior, my mentor and a patron – as he was to so many other would-be-historians. He was always an inspiring and enthusiastic teacher who encouraged generations of students, both at UCT and Basel, to study those topics that he himself was interested in at that moment, topics that were, nearly always, at the cutting edge of historical research. Thus Patrick was a pioneering presence in the teaching and research of African history at UCT in the 1970s and was in the front ranks of those radical or Marxist post-graduates who obtained PhDs from SOAS in the 1980s. Typically, for Patrick, but unusually, compared to other South African, his focus of study was the trans-national, the movement of peoples across the borderlands of South Africa and Mozambique. Patrick's abiding interest in this field found its mature expression in his first major book, published after meticulous and exhaustive research in 1994, called *Work, Culture and Identity: Migrant Labour in Mozambique and South Africa, c. 1860- 1910* (Heinemann, Portsmouth, NH, 1994). The book's title suggests various ways in which Patrick was at the frontiers of history in the 1990s and one of South Africa's foremost historians.

“Nowadays”, as Patrick once said to me, “we are all cultural historians”, meaning that any historian worth his or her salt must pay attention to the traditions, value systems, ideas and institutions of the people he or she is studying. But in the 1980s and 90s not everyone was a cultural historian. Patrick’s cultural sensitivity was shaped not only by his understanding of how English Marxist historians, such as E.P. Thompson, had introduced an awareness of cultural practices into their analysis of class consciousness, but also by his conviction that historians of African history needed to absorb the knowledge of anthropologists. Throughout his academic life Patrick fostered close relationships with anthropologists and found an intellectual stimulation in their theorizations and practices.¹ Thus an anthropological understanding of African societies complemented his appreciation of the Marxist techniques of writing history from below. If work and culture were highlighted in his book title, so was identity. What did this mean?

Thanks to the opportunity to undertake research in the mission archives of the Swiss Mission in Africa, housed in Lausanne and Neuchatel, Patrick discovered two things.² Firstly he discovered the subject for his next book, the missionary anthropologist Henri Junod; and secondly he discovered Isabelle Vautier, the woman who became his wife. The combined force of these two personalities would, eventually, lead to Patrick becoming partially Swiss. His identity, in other words, changed. Patrick’s perception that identity is a cultural and a class construction was already evident in his work on Mozambican miners in South Africa, placing him alongside many of his colleagues, who were also challenging the verities of race and ethnicity in Apartheid South Africa. But it was, I believe, his own adoption of a foreign culture that made him especially sensitive to the question of identity and sympathetic to the situation of African students who wished to pursue university careers in institutions that were not necessarily sympathetic to them and in languages that were not necessarily their own.

Quite how Patrick acquired fluency in French and proficiency in Portuguese remains a bit of a mystery to me but his own accounts of these processes involved epic tales involving post-matric hitch-hikes via Mozambique to Timbuktu and a season working on a building site in France whilst playing on the wing for the local ruby club. By the time Patrick was ready to commence his studies at UCT he was broke and obliged to work as a night-manager at a Cape Hotel. He was so tired during the day that he would fall asleep during lectures. He was only saved from an inevitable slide into academic oblivion by the intervention of Sir Richard Luyt, UCT’s vice-chancellor, who encouraged Patrick to apply for a bursary – which Patrick duly obtained – and which freed him from the demands of non-academic labour. Only a few weeks ago Patrick re-told me this story, emphasizing that it was vitally important to find financial support for students in order for them to excel academically. Indeed, throughout his own academic career, Patrick expended vast amounts of energy in organizing bursaries for students and raising funding through initiating research projects. Somehow he found the time to fill in the reams of forms required and was not only able to encourage students to undertake exciting research but to obtain the financial support that they required to do so. One of

¹ Fittingly, Patrick’s farewell lecture in Basel was entitled “History and Anthropology: A Dance to the Music of Time”. 11 December, 2014. See Jurg Schneider, “Photography and the Demise of Anthropology”, in Veit Arlt, Stephanie Bishop and Pascal Schmid (eds.), *Explorations in African History: Reading Patrick Harries* (Basler Afrika Bibliographien, Basel, 2015), pp.29-33.

² Patrick visited Switzerland several times before he settled there in 2001. He undertook post-doctoral research in Lausanne in 1984-1985 and was a visiting professor at the University of Lausanne in 1991-1992. It was during the first of these visits that he met Isabelle. See Eric Morier-Genoud, “The Making of a Transnational Historian: Patrick Harries in Lausanne”, in Veit Arlt, Stephanie Bishop and Pascal Schmid (eds.), *Explorations in African History: Reading Patrick Harries* (Basler Afrika Bibliographien, Basel, 2015), pp. 11-13.

the main tasks which he has set himself, post-retirement, as an Emeritus Professor in the History Department at UCT, was the encouragement and financing of post-graduate students.

Patrick worked hard in the UCT History Department, with various spells as visiting professor at prestigious foreign universities, until he took up the newly appointed professorship in African History at Basel University in 2001. It is no secret that, at that time, he would have preferred to have been appointed to the post of Head of African Studies at UCT. But UCT, in its wisdom, decided that, in the post Mahmood Mamdani era, Patrick did not measure up to its requirements for such a head.³ Truly a prophet is without honour in his own country. In hindsight, of course, this was a terrible lack of judgment by UCT for Patrick went on to become internationally renowned in the field of African studies with a reputation in Europe, America and Africa. Becoming Professor of History at Basel was, in itself, no small thing. I always liked to console Patrick with Nietzsche's judgment. Nietzsche, who had himself been on the staff at Basel University, wrote to his friend, the historian Jacob Burckhardt on the latter's appointment to the position of Professor of History at Basel. "I would rather be a Professor at Basel", declared Nietzsche, "than the Lord God Almighty".⁴ It may well be that Nietzsche was insane at the time but the point is, that Patrick who was deemed unworthy to be a UCT professor, was acknowledged as being worthy by an ancient and renowned institution in a country famous for being both "a refuge and sometimes the cradle of intellectual heresy".⁵ He did not let them down.

Between 2001 and his retirement in 2015 Patrick served as Professor of African History at Basel and was also part of the steering group of the Centre for African Studies at Basel. He also had very close ties with the Carl Schlettwein Stiftung and its wonderful Basler Afrika Bibliographien. During this time Patrick worked incredibly hard, as I and other scholars were able to witness as he generously used the resources of these and other Swiss institutions to bring visiting Africanists to Basel and to send Swiss students to Africa. A steady stream of publications flowed from his pen whilst he supervised more than 30 MAs and 15 PhDs. He succeeded in placing Basel at the centre of a vibrant network of African studies. Unfortunately the stress of relocation and the demands of teaching three to four new courses a semester took its toll and, not long after Patrick arrived in Basel, he suffered a serious heart attack. It is possible that his love of Swiss and French cheeses may have contributed to his condition but whatever the reason, fortunately, Patrick, for the time being survived. He survived to become not just a pre-eminent African historian but, as his book *Butterflies and Barbarians: Swiss Missionaries and Systems of Knowledge in South-East Africa* (2007) reveals, a historian of Switzerland. Butterflies and Barbarians is a study of how Swiss missionaries constructed knowledge about Africa, but it is also a book about how knowledge of Africa impacted upon Swiss identity. Whilst working on *Butterflies & Barbarians*, Patrick became more and more interested in the cultural history of knowledge production and the history of science, an interest that saw his writing and research branch into many creative fields and fruitful collaborations with both scholars and students.

³ Mamdani had been Head of African Studies at UCT, from which position he launched a scathing criticism of the teaching of African History at UCT before leaving for Columbia University.

⁴ "Actually I would much rather be a Basel professor than God, but I have not ventured to carry my private egoism so far as to desist from creating the world on his account." Quoted by Ronald Hayman, *Nietzsche: A Critical Life* (Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1984), p. 335.

⁵ The phrase is H.R. Trevor-Roper's from his introduction to *Jacob Burckhardt: Judgements on History and Historians* (Routledge Classics, Oxford, 2007), p. xv. Trevor-Roper, though an admirer of Burckhardt, was notoriously no admirer of African history, maintaining, in fact, that it did not exist.

A lot of this work was published in the form of chapters, articles and edited books, and still more is in press, to be published posthumously.⁶

In the course of becoming a Swiss Africanist Patrick grew to love the black streets of Basel, the green valleys of the Jura and the blue shores of Lac Leman.⁷ He walked a lot, every day. He read widely and enthusiastically. He listened to music. Together with Isabelle he brought up a beautiful, tri-lingual daughter, Emily. He wrote. He ate more cheese. Always he was positive, optimistic, energetic, planning new projects. But always, he wanted, some day, to return to Cape Town.

When the day of his retirement finally arrived Patrick was able to take up a fellowship at the Institut d'études avancées in Nantes for six months in 2015. After the rigours of teaching at Basel he found these months of pure research to be heavenly, and flung himself into a new project, which, after all, had grown from an older one: the fate of Mozambican slaves, or *Maasbikers*, in the Cape. He now expanded this interest to look at the volume and nature of the Indian Ocean slave trade to, and beyond, the Cape.⁸ This was the project that he hoped to pursue in his years of Cape retirement. He arrived back in the Cape in December 2015 and celebrated Christmas with us, and his family, in the fishing village of Arniston. He re-discovered the vibrancy of Long Street. He breakfasted in the Company Gardens. He saw three films a week at the Labia Cinema. He caught up with old friends, delighting, once more, to be in his beloved Cape Town. He celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday on 31 May 2016 and died, suddenly, on 2 June 2016.

His death brought to my mind a poem by Jorge Luis Borges, which I have tweaked slightly. It is called "Limit (Or Good-Byes)".

There's a line of Verlaine's that I'm not going to remember again.

There's a nearby street that's forbidden to my footsteps.

There's a mirror that has seen me for the last time.

There's a door I've closed until the end of the world.

Among the books in my library (I'm looking at them)

There are some I'll never open again.

This autumn I'll be sixty-six years old.

Death invades me, constantly.⁹

⁶ See for example Patrick Harries and David Maxwell (eds.), *The Spiritual in the Secular: Missionaries and Knowledge About Africa* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing, Grand Rapids, MI, 2012). Forthcoming is Patrick Harries and Martin Lengwiler (eds.), *Science, Africa and Europe: Processing Information and Creating Knowledge*.

⁷ A book that helped Patrick to fall in love with his adopted city was Lionel Gossman's magnificent *Basel in the Age of Burckhardt: A Study in Unreasonable Ideas* (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 2000).

⁸ The latest issue of the *Journal Of Southern African Studies* contains his article Patrick Harries, "Mozambique Island, Cape Town and the Organisation of the Slave Trade in the South-West Indian Ocean, c. 1797-1807", *Journal of Southern African Studies*, Vol. 42, Issue 3, 2016: Special Issue: *Durban and Cape Town as Port Cities: Reconsidering Southern African Studies from the Indian Ocean*, pp. 409-427.

⁹ Jorge Luis Borges, *Selected Poems 1923-1967* (Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1972), p. 257. The original has the lines "This summer I'll be fifty years old" instead of "This autumn I'll be sixty-six years old". An extended version of the poem, called "Limits", appear on pp. 115-117 of this edition.

Characteristically, Patrick was in full stride at the time of his death, walking a familiar Cape Town street, soon to catch an inter-continental plane. Sadly, a bit slower than when he last played wing three-quarter for Rondebosch Boy's High School Rugby Team, Patrick was unable to side-step Death's low tackle and fell headlong, short of that now forever unreachable try line. Happily, however, very happily, he did not die with the ball but passed it on – to me, to you, to all his students and his future readers.

Nigel Penn, (friend and colleague)

Tribute by Sheila Meintjes, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum , 20th June 2016

I was privileged to have been a close friend of Patrick's for more than 40 years – for years as Ph.D students in the 1970s, we worked in archives in Pietermaritzburg and London, excitedly sharing and analysing our discoveries; we were colleagues at UCT during the tumultuous early 1980s as apartheid seemed at last to be retreating; more recently we co-led the 'Safeguarding Democracy' project in the Swiss-South Africa joint research programme – and Patrick supported my rather quirky interest in the struggle for autonomy in the Jura. For me, Basel resonates with his enthusiastic stories about its past, the streets echo with his footsteps, and I recall intense and argumentative discussions about contemporary politics. He was an inspired teacher, a generous mentor, a wonderful raconteur, and a productive and serious scholar whose work spans continents – he brought the past into the present. He leaves a gaping hole in our lives. To Isabelle, Emily, and Anne Harries, to the Vautiers and the Brizas, all of us, his old friends, share our condolences and our love at this sad time.

Sheila Meintjes (friend and colleague)

Tribute by David Coplan, read by S. Meintjes Basel, 20th June 2016

Patrick was my fast friend since we met in 1980. Unfailingly supportive, encouraging, thoughtful, humorous, interested. One of the few who knew what loyalty means. My life would not have been, and will not be nearly so good without him. Lala la khotso, Moporofessa ngoan'eso.

David Coplan (friend and colleague)

Tribute by Saul Dubow, read by S. Meintjes, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum, 20th June 2016

Patrick was my introduction to African history, the first person to explain himself as an 'Africanist'. He was warm, humorous, inspiring, and always an enthusiast for new ideas. He did not take too much cognisance of the rules. As a student, he sent me to work in 'his' northern Transvaal for the Surplus People's Project. The Landrover he arranged for me to borrow blew up in a thunderstorm near Nylstroom. Its owner was an advocate of the Pretoria Bar, grandson of anthropologist H-A. Junod, the subject of Patrick's great book, Butterflies and Barbarians. The younger Junod threatened me with the full force of the law. Patrick found this mostly amusing.

Patrick treated his students as equals. Many became friends. In Basel, he was a wonderful host. I loved spending time with him. The last sustained time together was with Isabelle in Nantes. The book we were collaborating on remains unfinished business. He leaves a great void.

Saul Dubow (friend and colleague)

Tribute by David Maxwell, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum, 20th June 2016

Patrick stood out because he was an extraordinary scholar who did much to raise the profile of African Studies in this university. He had immense erudition, original ideas and great ability to communicate them. But for me what made him special was his humanity and generosity. In a world in which so many academics are self-obsessed and self-seeking (at least in my own university) Patrick was noticeable for his kindness and decency. He was a great encourager who worked ceaselessly to bring on the next generation of scholars: through supervising doctoral students, finding bursaries and scholarships, editing young scholars' work, or editing with them, and writing references. He was deeply committed to Africa, its peoples and its development. He did much to bring African scholars here and to build relations with African universities. He was a bridge builder not an academic gatekeeper. His commitment extended to hospitality. He, Isabelle and Emily did much to make visitors to this city feel welcome in their home. And being with Patrick one came to appreciate life in new ways. He enjoyed and celebrated good things: travel, nice holidays in the South of France, reading novels, galleries, exhibitions, walking in beautiful locations - St Ursanne, the Lakes -- cooking roast lamb, conversation over a beer. '*Zwei Stange*' I can hear him say, as we would sit down to chat. Patrick loved his own family but he was also interested in other people, their partners and children, their faiths, their pastimes. He could talk about a great variety of things to a great variety of people. He was not at all aloof.

And his passion for things, ideas, people and his openness to the world spilled over into his academic work, especially his outstanding second book *Butterflies and Barbarians*. He found it liberating that he was no longer obliged to write unpeopled political economy as he felt obliged to at the start of his career. He could now write about ideas and the people who embodied them, in particular missionaries. It is remarkable that as someone who boasted no explicit Christian faith he should do so much to portray missionaries as rounded human beings rather than two-dimensional representatives of colonial capitalism as was so often the tendency in the literature. His interaction with the Departement Missionnaire in Lausanne, its personnel and its archives did much to shape his thinking. It is also noteworthy that as outsider he should, more than many local scholars, come to grasp the significance of the missionary movement in shaping Swiss identity and Switzerland's sense of place in the modern world. But more than that, I can think of few other scholars who could develop such a painstaking interest in insects and plants, museums and botanical gardens. Or to put it another way he established an astonishing intellectual control he over numerous sub-disciplines – ethnography, entomology, and botany etc – in order to explain the endeavours of Swiss missionaries. His interests in the social and natural sciences, religion and theology meant that he formed numerous friendships and connections with scholars across many faculties and disciplines and universities.

Like us all, Patrick did have his faults. He could be too romantic, too much of a free spirit, a little impractical. He was never fully reconciled to the relentless efficiency of Swiss bureaucracy, which

was something that appealed much more to my north European sensibilities. I had to bribe him with a rare bottle of malt whisky in order to persuade him to sign off on our edited collection *The Spiritual in the Secular*. Thankfully he succumbed. And I have to say that it was a great privilege to work with him. I learnt so much. But for me niceness always trumps smartness. On the evening of 3rd October 2009 he emailed enquiring whether my wife had given birth to our first child. I wrote back immediately to say that the night before we had been blessed with a boy called Luke and I attached a picture of him no more than 20 minutes old. That's wonderful, he wrote back, Isabelle's mother died after a very long illness just as Luke was born. The world renews - and he is beautiful! Most of all I will remember Patrick as a humane and generous friend.

David Maxwell, (friend and colleague)

Tribute by Lorena Rizzo, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum 20th June 2016

I am one of Patrick's former PhD students who had the pleasure and privilege to work with him. I can only speak for myself, and what I'll say about Patrick as a teacher and supervisor is personal; but I believe my sense of him is in many ways in accordance with what others from the first generation of PhD students in Basel would probably say.

I met Patrick 16 years ago, and as some of us had been mobilising for a position in African history at the University of Basel, we were all excited about his appointment. And we were in no way disappointed; Patrick introduced us to a world of academic cosmopolitanism and scholarly sophistication that broke the mould of everything we had been familiar with. While he was then already a renowned historian of southern Africa, who stood out due to his intimate knowledge of the region's pasts and presents and an extraordinary amount of distinguished publications, he was an uncommonly accessible, non-hierarchical, and collegial person. From the very beginning, and to *all* of us, he was not Prof Harries, but just Patrick – a superb scholar and widely-read intellectual, but also an excellent story-teller, unorthodox academic, with an infectious laughter and a wonderful sense of irony that was aimed at himself first, and then at others.

There's a lot I could say about Patrick as a teacher, but I think there are two main reasons why – for me – he was the perfect mentor and supervisor.

The first one is that Patrick was not only a historian of Southern Africa, but *from* the region, an instance that was crucial for us as PhD students. He always made it clear to me that the most interesting and most sophisticated scholarship – for sure in history – was produced *in universities in southern Africa* (not in Basel, not in Europe, not in the US). He valued the importance of being included in scholarly communities on the continent, spending as much time as possible in the regions we worked in, and fostering a culture of equal collegiality with academics in Africa. While he was aware of the logics of career requirements, he always strengthened my sense that a PhD in African history was not about rushing through things, a thing to be finished when you're 28, but about careful and committed work which would enable me to participate in an exciting international scholarly domain. It was hence perfectly logical that, once my PhD was done, he urged me to leave and go to a South African university – he was right: the two years I spent in the Centre for Humanities Research at the University of the Western Cape changed my career.

The second and probably more important reason why he was such a great supervisor for me was that teaching and mentoring was never a matter of intellectual control, paternalism or interference, but of respect and collegiality. Patrick never tried to turn me into 'his student', a miniature copy of himself (which would probably have bored him anyway). In my experience of him, supervising my PhD was about supporting me in becoming an independent thinker and scholar, improving my writing and exploring ideas in an elegant and qualified manner. I am deeply convinced that for Patrick teaching was about promoting those who'd come after him, sharing his knowledge and experience so that younger colleagues would thrive and shine as much as he did. In the past 10 years, Patrick read, commented and thought about everything I wrote and published. And while each time I sent him an essay he would say 'This is not history' - or not the kind of history *he* wrote, he always also said that my work was great and pushed his own limits of historical thought. I would not be where I am today without him.

When I saw Patrick last in Cape Town in January, he was energised and immersed in activities, full of ideas, and looking forward to new projects. And we were looking forward to working with him there. I can't believe he's gone.

Thank you Patrick: for your generosity, your friendship, and for all the moments of laughter. I will miss you.

Lorena Rizzo (friend and colleague)

Hommage à Patrick Harries par Didier Péclard Bâle, Aula Natural History Museum 20 juin 2016

De retour dans cette salle aussi solennelle que prestigieuse pour honorer la mémoire de Patrick et entourer les siens, je me retrouve presque par la force des choses projeté une quinzaine d'années en arrière, lorsque la famille Harries est arrivée à Bâle. Un bon nombre d'entre nous étions présents dans cette même Aula du musée d'histoire naturelle lorsque Patrick y prononça son Antrittsvorlesung, sa leçon inaugurale, en mai 2002 : « From Site to Sight: Swiss missionaries and early African Studies ». Leçon dans laquelle il avait présenté les grandes lignes de la réflexion qu'il menait depuis plus de 10 ans déjà sur les liens entre mission, science et études africaines.

Quelques mois auparavant, en novembre 2001, c'est également de ce bâtiment qu'il était parti pour accompagner la procession durant laquelle, pour marquer le Dies Academicus, les autorités de l'Université, les professeurs et des invités traversent la ville dans un rituel apparemment immuable, jusqu'à la Martinskirche. Tradition – certainement inventée, comme toute tradition qui se respecte –, ce rite de passage, avait marqué Patrick, parce qu'il se retrouvait soudain trempé, je l'imagine, dans un bain de solennité hérité de l'histoire pluriséculaire de sa nouvelle institution de rattachement. Cette pression qu'il disait alors avoir ressenti physiquement était peut-être aussi le signe que l'installation dans ce nouvel environnement, mélange de connu et d'étrange, allait demander une capacité certaine d'adaptation – du tri des déchets ménagers à la politique universitaire, en passant par l'apprentissage d'une nouvelle langue, ou de deux, pour Emily notamment.

Entre novembre 2001 et mai 2002, Patrick avait été stoppé dans son élan, obligé de prendre du repos suite à une première alerte cardiaque. Comme toutes celles et ceux qui l'ont côtoyé de près durant ses premiers mois à Bâle, j'ai été très impressionné alors par la façon dont il a pu, grâce à son énergie, sa volonté et son envie de développer ce pour quoi il avait été appelé ici, remonter

rapidement la pente et se rétablir. Et jusqu'au 2 juin dernier, il m'aurait été difficile de voir dans ce premier incident autre chose qu'un simple incident de parcours, tant fut impressionnant son investissement dans le développement de l'histoire de l'Afrique à Bâle et au-delà, dès qu'il fut rétabli.

Durant les quinze années passées sur les bords du Rhin, Patrick a poursuivi et développé une œuvre pionnière, profondément originale et riche. Puisqu'il est impossible de rendre justice à l'ensemble de cette œuvre en quelques minutes, je me contenterai d'évoquer sa contribution à l'histoire suisse, ou plutôt à l'histoire coloniale de la Suisse. Grâce à son travail, il n'est plus possible de penser désormais l'histoire de ce pays comme celle d'un « petit pays sans colonie », déconnecté de l'impérialisme et du moment colonial. Et si un ouvrage récent a pu être consacré à « la Suisse coloniale »¹⁰, c'est en grande part à Patrick qu'on le doit, lui qui s'étonnait qu'un Carl Vogt ne soit connu en Suisse, dans le meilleur des cas, que comme ancien recteur de l'Université de Genève, ou plus prosaïquement comme le nom d'un boulevard, mais certainement pas comme l'un des concepteurs du racisme scientifique.

Ce qui frappe lorsque l'on regarde la carrière de Patrick, c'est la façon dont il a été, en permanence, à la pointe de la recherche historique : sur l'histoire du travail, puis l'histoire culturelle, du savoir et des sciences, en passant par la fabrique des identités ethniques et l'histoire des missions chrétiennes, qu'il a profondément marquée de son empreinte. Et le tout avec un mélange impressionnant de sérieux, d'application et de capacité à ne surtout pas se prendre trop au sérieux, à garder sur son travail et celui des autres cet œil pétillant de vie, de sens de l'ironie et de distance.

À l'heure de prendre congé de Patrick, c'est avant tout l'ami, le mentor et l'exemple que j'ai à l'esprit et dans le cœur. Il avait une capacité unique à transmettre sa passion pour l'histoire. Une envie contagieuse de ne jamais se contenter des évidences et des à-peu-près de la recherche, dans une quête constante de la juste critique et de la bonne distance intellectuelle.

Profondément généreux, il n'avait de cesse de faire éclore une nouvelle génération habitée par la même passion, comme je peux en témoigner, de même que Nicolas Monnier et Eric Morier-Genoud ici présents, ou de nombreuses personnes, anciens étudiants et collaborateurs, également réunies aujourd'hui. Quel qu'ait été notre parcours professionnel après l'avoir côtoyé, que nous ayons persévétré ou non dans la voie académique, nous ne pouvons qu'être reconnaissants pour ce qu'il nous a transmis.

Enfin, bien plus que tout le reste, Patrick avait cet amour et cette curiosité insatiable pour la vie, dont une parcelle restera indéfiniment en chacun de nous.

Pour tout cela, et pour tout le reste, merci Patrick.

Didier Péclard (ami et collègue)

¹⁰ P. Purtschert & H. Fischer-Tiné (eds.), *Colonial Switzerland. Rethinking Colonialism from the Margins*, London, Palgrave MacMillan (Cambridge Imperial and Post-Colonial Studies Series), 2015.

Tribute by Martin Lengwiler, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum 20th June 2016

Chère Isabelle, chère Emily

Dear other members of Patrick's family

Dear friends and colleagues of Patrick

Patrick était un homme polyglotte – qui vivait aisément dans plusieurs mondes linguistiques. Laissez-moi ainsi vous adresser dans les deux langues les plus familiers pour Patrick: le français et l'anglais.

I want to present some reminiscences of how Patrick was as a colleague at the University, at the Department of History.

Patrick was appointed by the University as a professor for African History in 2001, on a professorship financed by the Carl Schlettwein Stiftung. He always thought of himself – rather modestly – as a specialist, working in a special area, a bit distinct from other, more common historiographical fields.

For the first part of his Basel years, this was probably true – he was one of the younger members of his „Historisches Seminar“ and not among the more prominent ones.

Then came the rise of comparative and global approaches in historiography. Suddenly, Patrick's field, African history, was also discovered by specialists in European history or in Swiss history. And Patrick knew a lot about the many relations between Switzerland, other European countries and Southern Africa. He now became an important figure for the Department, responsible for a field – African History – that was seen as crucial for the development of the Historische Seminar.

He was happy for this increased interest in his field – and for the wider recognition of his work. But he remained cautious. Cautious, because he knew, that Africa was a complex continent. And that we – non-Africanists – should be aware not to simplify things.

I will never forget the moment, when I had to ask Patrick, in a departmental matter, about the languages of Africa. We just introduced a new master's degree in European History. And we wanted to strengthen the status of African History (linked in many ways to European History) in this curriculum. So we thought it would be a good idea to replace the clause that you need Latin as a compulsory qualification, with a more flexible – and not euro-centric – choice among different languages. So I asked Patrick, what African language we should introduce as a prerequisite for studying our degree. He looked at me in disbelief and said: „Well, there's more than a thousand.“

The department of history profited enormously from Patrick's knowledge and his networks. I always admired his ability to command his field. He seemed to know everybody – literally! – in his area of research. Either as a teacher, a student or a colleague. So if Patrick had to organize a conference, he briefly asked a couple of his friends and the program was set – with very distinguished speakers.

La modestie vis-à-vis de soi-même et le respect pour les autres - ce sont peut-être les caractéristiques qui décrivent le mieux la personnalité de Patrick. Il était un collègue, un ami très fidèle, toujours approchable et serviable. Se placer au centre – ce n'était pas son truc. Il a fallu beaucoup de lui convaincre que chaque professeur – avant prendre sa retraite – devrait offrir une « Abschiedsvorlesung » (un mot qui n'existe pas en français). Et que la retraite à l'Université ne vient pas automatiquement, mais qu'il fallait – en avant – soumettre une lettre de démission. Il ne se

sentait pas toujours à l'aise avec la bureaucratie universitaire ; et les détails de la politique financière de l'université restaient tout-à-fait mystérieuse pour lui.

Mais il avait aussi un grand esprit d'équipe. Il a toujours trouvé des éloges pour ses élèves et ses collègues. La performance était importante pour lui - mais il était toujours prêt à reconnaître un grand travail. Patrick nous a toujours surpris avec son aveu qu'il était autrefois un joueur de rugby, enthousiaste et talentueux. Il est resté un grand entraîneur, aussi sans carrière sportive. Et un ami avec un grand cœur.

Patrick, tu vas nous manquer.

Martin Lengwiler (friend and colleague, Department of History, University of Basel)

Tribute by Dag Henrichsen, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum 20th June 2016

Dear Isabelle and Emily,

when Patrick was to come last week we at the Basler Afrika Bibliographien looked forward to take one of his most recent projects another step forward – going through a last batch of interviews with southern African men and women which he and many of his UCT students conducted since the late 1970s. Since months my colleague Susanne Hubler is stitching audio files together with his and his students transcripts and notes, and preparing a detailed catalogue. The USB stick with some of the digitised interviews was ready for Patrick to be taken to Cape Town.

With your lives becoming so transitory during the past one and a half year, parts of Patrick's library and archives entered the BAB. "This will be process", he wrote, and then added: "It will start with over 100 hours of interviews on tape - but this would have to be sorted out carefully as I also have the transcripts to many of the tapes." I reminded him of the fact that we do not sort out interviews – we treasure them! When he finally could listen to some of the interviews again and we then recorded his flow of memories on what it had meant to him to conduct interviews and experience the field trips some 30 years ago, I could see the glint in his eyes. Not of a sentimental value but of a seriousness and commitment to which he, as he explained, was educated by those African men and women to whom he, his students and also you, Isabelle, who accompanied him, listened - often life stories and songs narrating intense struggles against exploitation and hardship, and claiming rights, resources and representation in a colonial and apartheid society. Many of us can, I believe, related to this particular and intense education by our interview partners.

When the Carl Schlettwein Foundation facilitated the position of Patrick at the Department of History of this university, Carl Schlettwein welcomed you all at the Basler Afrika Bibliographien with, well, a box of South African wines – "to make you feel at home", as Carlo said. Patrick, in turn, made us at the BAB, and I also speak for former colleagues, feel at home in his wide network of African research, archives and libraries. You recently both choose the BAB as home for his archive. It is with deep sadness, and yet with much respect and gratitude that we now place that particular treasure of his archive into your hands.

Tribute by Henri-Michel Yéré, Basel, Aula Natural History Museum the 20th June 2016

Dear Friends,

Dear Isabelle,

Dear Emily,

I have had to open my ears to the fury of the Cape Doctor, as it rattled its way through Skeleton Gorge, and it came to me with the urgency of terrible news,

I have had to descend into the bowels of the earth, and sift through the ore I gathered in my hands, and the ore echoed in Shangaan, in English, in Portuguese, in Afrikaans, and the ore stared me in the face, and what it had to tell was unbelievable,

I have had to translate the missionaries' reports, to see them order the world and the world,

O the world was untidy; the world was messy, yet it could not keep me away from hearing the incredible news,

I have had to look at the Cape again; to consider the cold rage of the Atlantic from atop Devil's Peak;

I have had to hear the slaves at the Cape, being hurled at Fate, and the Cape looked away;

I have had to go on these journeys again, for I have come to the night where I have asked for the words to say it; I have had to throw the words in the ring; yes, my weapons were weak, and the words were strongest, so I had to accept: Patrick is no more.

Yet, the words are here, in the streets of Basel – the doors of the old houses of the Sankt-Johann-Vorstadt;

I remember, Patrick, walking the Sankt-Johann-Vorstadt with you;

This must have been my third or fourth day in Basel, back in the year 2003.

You took me with you, and in one afternoon, you introduced me to the BAB, to the Historisches Seminar, to the Englisch Seminar, to the Umweltwissenschaften, as your new student from Côte d'Ivoire and South Africa...

On our way to the Umweltwissenschaften building on the Totentanz, we looked at the ornate doors of the rich houses of the Sankt-Johann-Vorstadt;

You told me how beautiful you thought they were...

You said this, during one of those grey Basel September afternoons, as you were involved in the act of opening the very doors through which I walked ahead my own destiny for whatever happened since.

Since then, what door have you not opened me?

Let's talk of this other door – yes, the words are here! – the door of the Peter-Merian-Strasse.

I cannot count the number of evenings spent with you together with Isabelle and Emily, often together with Franzie, and with any number of important scholars in the field,

People I had read in my first years as a student, and with whom I was suddenly having dinner, shaking hands and trading jokes.

I am not sure you knew this, Patrick, but sixteen and a half years ago at UCT, when I came in a first-year student, you **were** my **very first** lecturer –

The class was Africa in World History, HST 102.

You could not know what was at stake for me at that time. I was a 21-year-old for whom being a history student represented a choice of life misunderstood by my own parents; my being at UCT, although an undeniable privilege, was at the same time a bet that I was taking to show them, myself and in a way the world that I knew something about who I was, and about who I wanted to be.

So you came in, and you started to tell us about conceptions of Africa in the history of European thought.

This class was a kind of Ringvorlesung organized by the History Department at UCT for first-year students. Your lecturing, the confidence that came to us through your style of engaging us, led a lot of us students to think at the end of the class that you had been by far the best lecturer of this whole lecture series during which many lecturers had come to tell us a bit about Africa and the world. No one was talking about Basel yet.

The words are here – at the Hirschgässlein, where many of us have sharpened our skills, and have slowly grown into the informal family that is gathered here today.

There you allowed me to teach a class during the second year of my MA. You see, such an opportunity does something to the sense of self-confidence of a 25-year-old; it leaves a mark that never goes away. It gave me the possibility to transform in front of my own eyes, and to grow closer to the person that I truly wanted to be.

What door indeed have you not opened me...?

Indeed wasn't our last conversation about an opening in some prestigious institution that you saw and thought of me?

Is it not through your recommendation that the EPFL in Lausanne wrote me to say, because you were recommended to us by Patrick Harries, we want you to start here as a lecturer as soon as you can?

For all this, I am incredibly grateful – and I am happy we have had the chance to talk about this, on the day of your farewell lecture. 'Thank you' are such feeble words to express the extent of what I am grateful for. Yet as they are the ones available, I want to say Thank You, and go well, as you would have it.

Your Henri

Henri-Michel Yéré (friend and colleague)

Tribute by William Beinart (unfortunately it could not be read in Basel)

I was deeply saddened to hear of Patrick's death. We had supper together in Cape Town just a couple of weeks before. He seemed so full of ideas and plans. Patrick was so generous with his ideas and his time. Although we first met over 40 years ago, I got to know him much better over the last few years – I am grateful for the opportunities we had to talk so often in Switzerland, France, England and South Africa. We discussed old times at UCT and SOAS, university politics, the excitement and travails of running African Studies programmes, the history of silk in France, and almost everything to do with African history and South African politics. In earlier days, we talked intensely about migrant labour. His research and ideas about Mozambican migrants were so interesting and innovative. He thought his way into their consciousness in a way that few other historians could do. Our interests crossed again on many occasions, most recently around exchanges of knowledge and the scientific imagination in southern Africa. Patrick was brilliant at following unusual leads. They took him to so many interesting places: To issues of land and identity in the far northern Transvaal; to the extraordinary records of the Swiss missionaries, and Junod's achievements; to African missionaries in central Africa; and to the history of Cape Town's diverse African population. His recent research on slavery was opening up fascinating vistas in many different fields. He was able to think globally, and laterally, and link many interesting narratives – reinserting Southern Africa into the broader history of slavery. Patrick was excited by history, and he had the rare gift of being able to communicate this. He was an unusual and culturally adaptable person. To a greater extent than anyone else I knew from Cape Town, he became a European. Yet he retained deep roots in southern Africa. He had a lifelong commitment to the political transformation of the region and to illuminating the history of those who were marginalised. He will be greatly missed, and yet I am sure also remembered.

William Beinart (friend and colleague)

TRIBUTES TO PATRICK ON FACEBOOK

Rob Turrel 11th June 2016, inserting a long quotation from Robert Limb's "Terence Ranger, African studies and South African historiography" (Historia Vol.56 No.1, Durban, May 2011)

Patrick Harries provides a detailed, inside account of Ranger's growing influence as African History began to be taught. Eric Axelson had introduced the first course in African History in a South African university in 1964 at UCT, though not in tune with the winds of change. Robin Hallett replaced Axelson and gave the second course. It was not until the early 1980s that African History ceased to be a special sub-section of the department and an integral part of the History degree. Hallett, who had lived in, and written on West and East Africa, brought "a breath of fresh air and new ideas", and an "anti-establishment" ethos at a time when the cultural boycott was biting; and when Africa was "much closer to many Londoners" than to "the inhabitants of Newlands or Parktown".

Hallett had a profound impact on Harries, who rates him the most important influence on his thinking, just ahead of Ranger and David Birmingham, with van Onselen "close behind". Hallett "produced a stream of African Historians" including Tim Keegan, Rob Turrell, Sue Newton-King, and Dave Killick.

When Harries entered Hallett's classes in 1973, African History had become the largest section of the department. And "Ranger was at the centre of Hallett's teaching. At the centre of this teaching was

African agency", which was "quite revolutionary" in South Africa. Overall, Ranger was "crucial - the dominant intellectual influence - in the development of African History at UCT".

When Harries began to teach African History at UCT in 1975, intermittently at first, and then regularly from 1980, "Ranger was at the centre" of his teaching. Harries sees Ranger's work as "behind much" of what he has written, "from moving the study of migrant labour away from economic determinism to African initiative, to the turn to oral tradition". This is evident in Harries' *Butterflies and Barbarians*, as well as in the broad "intellectual scaffolding on which we have built our knowledge of Africa".

Robert Limb:Terence Ranger, African studies and South African historiography (Historia Vol.56 No.1, Durban, May 2011), accessible at <http://www.scielo.org.za/pdf/hist/v56n1/v56n1a01.pdf>