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This is intentionally brief, in part because no matter how much I write I can never do justice to Patrick Wolfe, scholar, teacher, historian and colleague. Instead, I want to share a few personal reflections on the breadth and depth of the man it was my privilege to call my friend. Patrick Wolfe was the most extraordinary man I knew.

Patrick was my PhD supervisor. The first day I met him nearly 25 years ago he seemed to me to be the most energetic, frenetic, and fully engaged person I'd ever met. He grasped my convoluted idea of a PhD thesis and ran with it. 'Have you read Said?' he asked. In my embarrassment I confessed I had not, which did not faze him at all, and he thrust a copy of *Orientalism* into my hand. He and Said changed my life. I used to tease him that I could neither thank him enough or totally forgive him for introducing me to Edward Said's work.

A few years later when I named our dog Said, Patrick for some reason would always call her Fidel. When asked why he said, because Fidel is a real hero's name. You see, Patrick wore his politics boldly, and courageously. Once in the late 1990s I had been trying to reach him for days, having rung and left messages to no avail. Finally, when I did get on to him, he answered the phone with 'MUA here to stay', as he had spent the last few days at the Melbourne wharves protesting and supporting the Maritime Union of Australia. He was an unapologetic stirrer, agitator and activist.

His enthusiasm for life was vast and he could fill the room with his warmth, wit and of course his unsurpassed intellect. He was, and I suspect always will be, the smartest person I have known. He had read every book, knew every event, he operated on an international scale and his impact was enormous.

But beyond all of that, Patrick was my friend, my mentor and my conscience. Being friends with Patrick meant knowing there was someone you could rely on. He let me know he had my back and he was always in my corner. He never failed to tell me how proud of me he was, and he did so without even an inkling of paternalism.

When my husband, Ian, had to undergo a rigorous regime of chemotherapy two years ago, Patrick seemed somehow to absorb every detail. There was not one 'chemo' day that he did not call, text or email. Wishing us luck, asking if he could help and concluding 'as ever love, Patrick'. He even offered to keep Ian company during treatments.

Last year we were living in Oxford and I sent him a message from Oxford. It was, I joked, a long way from Airport West. He wrote back and told me that he loved that I took a little bit of Airport West to the hallowed halls of All Souls, and I would no doubt do the reverse on my return. He knew me well.

A few years ago we arrived in South Africa to see the terrible Healesville bushfires on TV screens. Frantic calls finally reached him, and he told us that he had lost the house. Despite this, and never one to dwell on negativity, all he wanted to talk about was the politics of South Africa – what had we seen, where had we been?

Patrick's final book, *Traces of History*, arrived at our home a week before Christmas, complete with the note 'in celebration of our long standing and very valuable friendship, much love Patrick'. I quickly sent him an email, congratulating him and suggesting we get together to celebrate. His response was 'I am in Ramallah' and we went back and forth and, in his last email from Palestine he told me he could hear gunshots and explosives, but, he wrote 'the greatest threat, and most effective resistance, is simply to live well'. And Patrick knew how to live well. If nothing else is to be learned from his sudden passing, it is the certainty that we must all learn to live well.

I will miss my friend, I mourn my mentor, I lament what we have all lost. Too soon, much too soon.

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