

Memories of Siyanda

Academically, he was one of those people with whom you could talk about the politics of narratives and narrative research. with him, you could have brutally honest conversations about the grey aspects (including our self-questionings throughout the process) of doing research, which I believe a 'must', but I think you can't do this with everyone.

Cigdem Esin

Remembering my first meeting with Siyanda when he came to CNR, I recall his eagerness to learn. We met for tea at the British Library, and talked about narrative. I gave him some references and his enthusiasm was palpable. The conversation foretold a narrative scholar of enormous talent in the making. I was pleased to see him again at CNR events, most recently in January I believe. This time he gave me references, sent me pdfs and generally displayed the maturing of a narrative sensibility. But his enthusiasm also continued. I will miss him terribly.

Cathy Riessman

Siyanda my friend,

We talked, worked, laughed, ate, drank together through many days - and some nights. You shivered in our cold winter and warmed us with your enthusiasm for the world. You opened your arms to that world and were more alive and lived more life than anyone else I have ever known. Not afraid to challenge yourself as well as everyone else, you brought a rare openness and understanding. I have missed you so much.

I am thinking of you and listening to Nina Simone singing 'To be young, gifted and black'. Over and over.

You will always be with me.

With love as always,

Nicola

Nicola Samson

Love I cannot trust

Love if love

It is a drug more potent than any other

Takes us to heights aircrafts can't reach

And crashes us to lows our hearts can't bear

Love makes us
Love breaks us
Love builds our hopes
And tears us apart
Love mends us
Love heals us
Love hurts us
Love... I cannot trust
Yet still I stand at its mercy

Ayanda Tshazi