

## Memoir

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There are many memories of my connections with Harold and I will share a few of these. I am sure that others could add their own—we often shared stories when we met (without him).

Harold could be, at times, cooperative, exasperating, dismissive, comforting, accepting of invitations to conferences to which he may not have showed up, etc. But, one thing he always was: brilliant, original, and brimming with ideas.

I personally was involved in various ways with Harold, e.g., editing a book for which he had promised an article (which he never delivered); preparing a visiting faculty appointment for him at Boston University (which he declined in order to go to Oxford); defending myself against accusations that my book, *Everyday Language: Studies in Ethnomethodology*, had stolen his title (when we met at an Oxford conference); having him at dinner and as an overnight guest in my home (my wife even did his laundry) and we also gave him seeds to plant in his garden with Arlene for all of which he was grateful; and his acceptance of the fact that there were people (in EM and CA) on the East coast (and not only on the West coast).

I regretted that I missed the opportunity to study with him. For example, I just missed him when I was on a sabbatical at Harvard—he had been there the year before; I did not accept a graduate fellowship/internship to work on the jury project because I had not accepted an invitation from Fred Strodbeck to do graduate work at the University of Chicago; I was involved with Freed Bales and Phil Stone in studying small groups as small groups rather than doing an ethnomethodological description/analysis of them. I also learned while studying direction maps that he had first claimed their study. I had invited him to and hosted him at the Carroll

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Center for the Blind in Newton when he had an interest in how “things” were discovered through touch. I had hosted him on his various visits to Boston University beginning in 1975 when he and Harvey Sacks taught in our summer program (which is when he first met Anne Rawls).

I told Harold once that I “almost” had met and studied with him—and he said, “too bad, it was your loss, George”. He is now our loss.

Although he was an Honorary Editor on the Board of Human Studies he managed never to submit an article despite my invitations but then we published in 2004 the manuscript he sent us from the lecture he was supposed to give at the SPHS meetings in 2003.

There were many frustrating occasions for meeting or not meeting as well as many rewards. All his work and his ideas were influential—their meaning was hard to convey to students but his genius showed through. I kept coming back to him, reading his work, and trying, in my own way to introduce ethnomethodology to the East coast.

All in all it was an amazingly fruitful connection—one that I will always treasure.

He was extraordinary in so many ways and no words could capture his thoughts or influences.

Harold, you shall be missed—whether you “show up” or not. Knowing you was a once in a lifetime connection to an extraordinary thinker/writer/lecturer/person.