

## Note of Gratitude

In April of last year, in the midst of the “XVII Meetings of the Spanish James Joyce Society” in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, I had barely finished my lecture on the ballad of the Jew’s daughter in *Ulysses* when my colleagues in the editing of *Papers on Joyce* asked me to join them in an outdoor gathering to take place in the shade, I believe, of tall sycamore trees. All those attending the Meetings were present, standing in a large circle. My colleagues then offered me a copy of *Papers on Joyce* 10/11, a Festschrift kindly dedicated to me. I knew nothing of the preparation of such a special issue for the journal I co-edit, and thus I was overwhelmed by surprise and deep gratitude. The emotion of the moment was such that I was unable to pronounce then more than a brief expression of thanks, availing myself of the words of Hamlet, “the rest is silence.”

I have carefully read all the articles gathered in the special issue, from all of them I have learned, and above all I have reached the conclusion that Joyce has enriched the intellectual lives of many thanks to the work of the contributors to the Festschrift. I am convinced that our study and devotion go well beyond academic pressures, although many do not believe so, and compose a mental and perhaps even an existential stance. Joyce is a way, one among others, to trace our origins, to pose the cardinal questions that all of us, in one way or another, ask ourselves. This is what identifies and unites us.

I know wholly or in part the publications of the contributors to the Festschrift; I have often drawn on their insights in my own work; they have helped me explore the world of Joyce, and they have accompanied me in times of doubt and discouragement. I have coincided with most of the contributors at various Joyce symposia and seminars, of which I hold fond memories. Since this note aims only to thank the contributors, I will allow myself a brief sentimental lapse.

Most all the contributors have been in Seville, and some in my home—I vividly recall a conversation with Fritz Senn about *Finnegans Wake*, amid olive trees and grazing cows, in the fields that no longer surround my house, fields that have disappeared in the whirlwind of construction. Oh, Heraclitus! Oh, John Stuart Mill! I have also enjoyed the contributors’ hospitality in Antwerp, Zürich, Dublin, Lyon—it seems only yesterday when I spoke with Jacques Aubert and his late wife in their flat, from which the lights of the city dazzle. Of most contributors I

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recall words, gestures, and anecdotes that they may well have forgotten: the expression on Zack Bowen's face when he declared that he had been pickpocketed, in this Seville of Cervantine rogues; a conversation with Clive Hart regarding personal triumphs and failures in the Zürich Airport; skipping over puddles with Morris and Linda Beja in the midst of a Sevillian tropical deluge; the astute, misty gaze and mocking smile of David Hayman; a most young Jean-Michel Rabaté in the library of the English Department at Lyon II; the enduring, slightly wistful smile of Geert Lernout; and so on. To all, my deepest regards and gratitude.

Those responsible for the Festschrift, Carmelo Medina Casado, Alberto Lázaro Lafuente, Antonio Raúl de Toro, and Jefferey Simons, know my loyal and unalterable friendship.

Francisco García Tortosa