INTRODUCTION TO THIS ISSUE

But why another journal devoted to James Joyce?

Wasn't the centennial of his birth in 1982? And isn't it 70 years since *Dubliners*, 69 years since *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 63 years since *Ulysses*, 46 years since *Finnegan's Wake*? None of these numbers has the magic divisibility usually required for Special Journal Issues. Why, it is even 81 years since Bloomsday and nowhere near June 16.

Could the publication of the Munich edition of *Ulysses* be the excuse for this journal number? A reader of the working page of *Finnegan's Wake* that we have printed as our frontispiece may conclude that a definitive text of some of Joyce may never be made. And, as Sérgio Bellei points out in these pages, it is arguable whether a new edition, however impeccably presented, would transform Joyce scholarship. Besides, that would merely justify a Special Edition.

Then why this journal with its special focus?

Because there is still more to say. Because Joyce's books are not yet exhausted, because they have not yet been explained to everyone's satisfaction, because they continue to bring light in all kinds of weather, because Joyce is always timely, is one of the touchstones about whom we wheel and whirl, a writer called master by writers who call noone else master. To study Joyce at any time is to measure ourselves anew. It is always Bloomsday.

Arnold Gordenstein

We wish to thank the British Council for the Joyce bibliography they have generously supplied to this issue as well as for their support in distributing *Ilha* to their posts in Latin America.
I do not yet know what the grass is.

The fall of the fall is

the fall.

The fall of the fall

is not yet

known.

The fall of the fall is

waterfall.

The fall of the fall

is not yet

known.