

Lilith M. Haynes

I first met Joshua Fishman in the summer of 1972 in the chow line at the University of the West Indies at St. Augustine, whence we had both gone for a meeting of the Society for Caribbean Linguistics. My advisor in the Linguistics Program at Stanford, Charles Ferguson, had alerted him to my need to map out a relevant dissertation research project and to begin to collect data during that trip to the Caribbean, and by the time we had collected our breakfasts and sat down to eat, Joshua had asked about 20 searching questions and begun to lead me down the path of rigorous sociolinguistic analysis then so novel and necessary to Caribbean studies. Joshua quickly agreed to become my external advisor, and immediately proceeded to contribute truly exceptional acts of kindness and scholarly insight, including a dramatic rendezvous with Charles Ferguson on a San José tarmac to receive a rapidly written draft of my dissertation in order to submit -- from Jerusalem -- questions for my oral defense. Clearly those were the days before 9/11!

Over the ensuing decades, with Joshua accusing me of engaging in geolinguistics as I traversed continents and pursued the sociolinguistic enterprise, I came to expect that our meetings would celebrate the marriage of food and talk, the feeding of mind and spirit, bringing cultural ambassadors into animated and enriching contact, furthering the study and maintenance of language varieties -- in locations at once remote and vital -- with rigorous attention to the importance of their commonalities as well as their idiosyncrasies.

And have we eaten our way around these United States! We have shared a veritable plethora of meals -- in the Bronx, lovingly prepared by Gella, when I learned the real meaning and significance of my name; in New Mexico, when Joshua detoured to Las Cruces and calmly faced down in Yiddish a group of militants haranguing him in Spanish ... only to be scandalized by the ensuing buffet prepared by a supposedly kosher local deli; in Georgetown cafés surrounding Round Table meetings; in Hawaii, repeatedly, at a Hare Krishna restaurant, in a summer of child language and research methodology rendezvous with Bob Cooper -- then otherwise impossible since we worked in Israel and Egypt; and in Palo Alto, during a western college tour with my children, when we met with Charles for the last time in his nursing home and then repaired to a Chinese restaurant in the Stanford Mall.

Joshua's largesse has also extended to not only publishing my work in IJSL but also to contributing an article to my German publication. To this humble tribute I must add that the coup of getting Joshua and Gella to Cairo -- if only after I had left for my German sojourn -- allowed me to pass on to my friends who willingly became their ersatz hosts the life-changing experience of sharing in the Fishmans' all-encompassing love.

On Joshua's four-score anniversary, the heartiest of Mazel tovs!