

mémorables entre amis. Et puis, surtout, il y a Larry le frère, le très grand frère qui manque au-delà de tous.

« Mon père m'a donné un cœur, mais vous l'avez fait battre. » Balzac

*Philippe Dubois, Bucknell University*

Cher Schelar,

You left us drop-jawed: out of the blue, untimely, ever too soon.

Here we are, nevertheless, gathered to share our fondest memories of you. Some will attest to your devotion to students, to colleagues; others the determination with which you held critical literary study up as one of the ideals of civilized and peaceful society; still others to your love of French and its literatures or your struggle to restore use of the *imparfait du subjonctif*.

We'll all laud your devilish sense of humor, sometimes caustic, always right on. Your solidarity and your unflagging camaraderie are gifts we all cherished and will go on cherishing in memory.

I'm writing you to recall just one episode in what was for me, my dear Larry, one of the longest, most meaningful friendships in my life: the one I shared with you.

You never struck me as much of a country fellow. Neither am I. You were from New York; I'm from Oakland. A predilection for urban confusion and cosmopolitanism: an important shared dimension of our elective affinity.

I wish you were here to help me find that lovely narrative you wrote about the trip to the Cévennes corner of Lozère that you made to visit us — oh, it must have been around 1996. Soon after, you told me that you'd reproduced a good part of it in a letter to your Mom. I've searched high and low since that dark day in July. I found hand-written letters from you dating back to when we first met, when you were preparing a special "Discourses on Sex" issue of *CFC* and I wrote probably somewhat rudely that you really needed a piece on AIDS literature. I found old e-mails I'd dot-matrix printed out when we collaborated on various projects early on (e.g. *Yale French Studies* on Lyotard). But I can't for the life of me find that *text*. So I'll wing it briefly here, in hopes of bringing a smile to our friends and loved ones.

You zipped down to Nîmes by TGV and thence by *minihelne* to Alès, where I picked you up in a sea-green Twingo. A bout of gout was meting its unremitting pain out to you. But you barely complained, went on truckin'.

After I got you settled at the Hôtel du Tarn ("Hôtel Tue-Mouches," we dubbed it, for its violet neon outline), we found cherries and even cherry juice on the market in the center of Florac. You valued every moment, every little experience, not wanting to miss a single one. We messed around wagering on which of Hélène's nephews would turn out gay. (So far as I know neither is ... *mais qui sait* ?) And, of course, Hélène and I turned you on to the best tables in the area — La Lozerette in Cocurès, presided by Pierrette Agulhon, a rare woman named Premier Sommelier de France, and l'Hôtel du Parc in Florac. And too, so importantly for both of us who have a soft spot in our heart for elderly wise-women, you took immediately as I had a few years before I met you, to Dédée, that seventy-five-year-old (at the time) caustically delightful mix of bourgeois and Communist Party member, who would eventually become my mother-in-law. Simply put, our sarcastic sensibilities clicked, as they had from the outset: I think you would have agreed were you to have been here to read this.

With that *happax*, I'll close and take a long lingering look at a talisman I hold onto for you. Tucked in the rear corner of my billfold for the past eight or ten years is that third of a ten euro note that I kept when you, François, and I tore it, vowing to tape it together and see what it would buy when next we three were united.

*Tu me manques, tu nous manques,*

*Robert Harvey, Stony Brook University*

I did not know Larry for a long time, but since our first meeting, I felt I had in front of me this rather rare and elusive figure that is the real professor: someone whose intellect stimulates and impresses but who is also determined to make sure that the students and young researchers that come his way get the experiences and opportunities necessary to their growth. Larry was generous of his time and expertise, and did all that with both rigor and humor. I didn't know him for a long time, and yet I feel a bit lost since his death, because there are things that only Larry, with his sense of irony, could appreciate.

*Annie Dulong, Eugene Lang College, New School*