

**From *who —in the order —in evening's red glow— of the words—* by Roger Lewinter**

[Translated from the French]

on Friday, November 4, 1983, to, of my father, over his grave —ritually —to Veyrier, in the morning— recite the prayer, of praise—, the first anniversary —his birthday—, to celebrate, that I had, of the *Duino Elegies*, by Rilke —led —through opening —in May 1982 —for three francs, with a signature—, found at the flea market— *Poètes de l'univers*, by Mercanton, by a quotation that he made from it —the beginning —he didn't specify it— of the second— in German—, suddenly, to read them —I didn't think —as if it were —up until then— forbidden—, to have access to it—, in the first line of the first elegy —with an inflection —in its searing intensity —at once —fearing that it would slip away—, in French dictating, plotting the scansion of it—, a step—, to a vertiginous awakening leading, unknown—, by the phrasing struck, to, in the word-for-word —on my impulse—, undertaken the entire cycle —while I exhausted myself translating, an overdue request, *The Conscience of Words*, by Canetti, incantatory—, upon his death —on March 23, 1983—, dedicated to my father —to me —as soon as, from the Canetti —on September 3, 1983, to mail it out, early in the afternoon—, freed— assigned—, in its abruptness, his memorial, discover—, the previous day —in the evening—, was able, the translation, to complete, at one o'clock —the wish, in its fulfillment, which objectified— rushing to photocopy the manuscript, nevertheless —to go —while, to get there, I was crossing the Mont Blanc Bridge already—, on place Longemalle, to Migros Photo —the CopyQuick in La Servette, near my home, for some weeks, had been closed—, suddenly —reluctantly —without any more, of my initial reason, consideration— giving in—, the idea dismissed—, because of qualms —to —rue de Carouge —it was —before— where I used to go—, the CopyQuick lying at the entrance to his building— tempt chance— about meeting him, resolved as I was —contrary to my habit, on foot to get around—, at the Molard, to take —it would have left me at the door—, the number 12 tram not arriving —an accident must have occurred—, after three-quarters of an hour —then —overcoming my last hesitations this way— to take the tram —none passed— on the way—, to complete the journey on foot, the line, the manuscript —at twenty past three— photocopied, still not moving —I couldn't remain beneath his windows—, likewise, to set off again —eventually —my heart pounding, relieved as I moved away—, on the square, to wait—, the Plainpalais roundabout —a tram, going the other way, had just passed—, while turning my head —if there had been —toward the station —without any more reason—, automatically, to make my way—, behind me, a tram, I would have taken it— lifting my eyes —now —he hadn't, apparently —his eyes, inwardly lost—, seen me— at the station —I was sure of it— gotten off—, that I was —if I didn't change direction —the roundabout cutting obliquely across— to the left— on a path to run straight into him —like an illusion, one morning, beginning of July 1983, excepted —boulevard Georges Favon —someone was giving me a ride, around eleven o'clock—, at the edge of the sidewalk, impatient to cross