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Subject: OT: Circumflex accent.

Posted by [Vitaminous](#) on Tue, 25 Jan 2005 00:54:19 GMT

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For those who didn't know, I have been 'fatherless' since the age of 5.

Today, my mother dug an article my father wrote to Pierre Foglia, which was a journalist at La Presse (Montréal based newspaper).

Let me translate it for you.

André Potvin from Buckingham is dieing. From an extremely rare and deadly form of cancer, a cancer he's never heard of in 18 years of work as a civil servant in the 'social help' division of the Government of Québec where he was examining medical certificats.

André Potvin is 42 years old, he has a wife, a girl, a boy (me), a house, a car, a lot of televisions, a lawn mower, a few savings, he's got everything most people collected after 42 years. He also has a pirated version of Word Perfect in English, which is forcing him to add accents manually, without the help of a computer.

5 pages without any 'line spaces'.

He tells me:

"This year's St-Valentine I spent it with my wife and the Notary, to do my testament.

During the first hospitalization came two new age lamers with their pyramids and their crystals to visualise the cancer of the dieing one who I was sharing my room with. The urologist just announced mine..."

He tells simply at the end, he tells me why he wrote this letter to me, but I already understood why he was writting to me, for the best reason you could ever find to write: naming things. The emergency of naming who, in the proximity of death, makes any other form of litterature feel weak. Also, all the books I opened since I have red this letter fell from my hands.

It's been in my head since I received it, a dieing man telling me that he's dieing.

I'm trying to visualise a guy re-reading the letter that just came out of his printer, and is adding with his hands all the missing accents.

You know Foglia, death's funny. - André Potvin

Source: La Presse - Archives.

If I wish I'll be able to find the full version of that letter one time.

((Born with heart problems, my father never gave up, he had so many projects he wanted to complete before his death, the unfortunate thing is that he never got the time nor energy to finish

them, but he had all the help he needed, which also included my support.))

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