

LETTRES DE CRAD KILODNEY
à Philippe Billé

11 IX 2008. Bonjour,

Merci de votre interest. Amusez-vous. Crad Kilodney

7 X 2008. Hello, My Friend,

I am very touched by your interest in my work. My French is very rusty because I have few occasions to use it. I love the French language very much, and I am deeply flattered that you want to put some of my writings on your blog page. Yes, go ahead. My writings are for the world. If you wish to publish a book of translations, you can do that.

8 X 2008. Salut Philippe,

My email of Oct. 7 was accidentally cut off. What I meant to say about a book of translations was that I would want to know more about it. Do you intend to produce a small book at your own expense, or are you representing a commercial publisher? I like the idea, but tell me more specific details when the time comes. Crad Kilodney

9 X 2008. Hello Philippe,

Okay. Very good. I would only want 2 or 3 copies of the book. I know the Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto, which is the repository of my literary papers, would want a copy.

I made a profit on all my self-published books. Controlling the cost is the main thing. The more copies you print, the lower the cost per unit. Compare costs with different printers.

There are Divine forces at work here.

Cordially, Crad

20 X 2008. Hello Philippe,

All of my books are out of print. There are dealers with listings posted on Amazon and Abebooks.com. Maybe you could persuade your library to buy one. Anyway, I think my new writings are better than the ones in my books.

«Hedgehog» was chosen just at random. It has no other meaning. As for «chutney ferret», this is slang that even some English speakers wouldn't get. Maybe you should run it in English and add a footnote, such as «derogatory slang for 'sodomist'».

Never worry about getting into trouble. I have gotten away with far worse things. I used to write a fake letters column for a porn magazine, and I would create bizarre crackpot letters and sign them with the names of real people. One time I used the name of a police chief in a town here in Canada. Two detectives came to visit me because they thought one of their own officers had sent us the letter, and they wanted to examine the handwriting. I said I had fabricated the letter

myself. They said they were not interested in charging me with anything, but possibly the police chief might want to sue me. I said to them, «Just tell your chief that I'm a hungry young writer who loves publicity.» I never heard from them again. I sold my books on the streets of Toronto for 17 years (1978-1995). I was the only writer in the world who sold his own books on the street as his sole occupation. I kept diaries of all my experiences on the street. Those diaries are now in the Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto - sealed until my death. I will be very famous when I'm dead. Trust me on that. You are in an excellent position to «represent» me as a translator. Some publisher in France might become interested. Take the long view and don't worry about little bumps in the road. I would not be alive today if there was not a God protecting my sorry ass.

I know I lived a previous lifetime, but I can't prove it. I know I wanted to be a writer in that lifetime, but it didn't happen. That's why I came back.

I don't have a computer at home, so if I am late to reply to an e-mail, it's because I don't check every day.

Regards, Crad

23 X 2008. Subject: Le grand plan. Hello Philippe,

My best book is *Putrid scum*, a documentary novel about my street experiences. If you like Henry Miller, you will like this book. It is very easy to translate. And it is a good size for a publisher.

Persuade your library to order a copy. There are listings by dealers on Amazon and Abebooks.com.

There must be a literary publisher in France that would want to publish your translation of this book. The prophet has no honor in his own country. Canadian publishers are retarded. Get me published in France, and it will be a very good thing for both of us, as well as your library.

There has always been a strong element of Fate in my life, and I believe in this plan. So put it in the back of your mind for a while and think about it.

Many of the stories in my other books would be difficult to translate because they have so much word-play and stylistic nuances that only work in English. (For instance, how do you translate deliberately bad style?) But *Putrid scum* and *Excrement* (about half the size of *Putrid scum*) are very translatable.

All my self-published books made a profit, by the way. Of course, it helped that I already had a lot of experience in the publishing industry.

Cordially, Crad

18 XII 2008. Hello Philippe,

What is your postal address for «snail mail»? I may want to send you a photo or two.

Hope you are well. Happy Christmas and New Year. Crad

22 XII 2008. Hello Philippe,

I am too late to send you a Christmas card, so I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I will send you a letter and a few photos soon.

I considered doing Marx with the German philosophers, but I felt he didn't really belong with them. However, I have another piece in mind, which will include Marx.

I have too many ideas. I won't live long enough to write them all.

It gives me a lot of gratification that you are translating my writings into French. It means a lot to me. I can't find the words to explain it properly, but I feel somewhat as if Divine forces are at work.

Your friend, Crad.

29 XII 2008. [Lettre postale]. Dear Philippe,

Je commence avec quelques mots en français, pour respect. Il y a longtemps je parlais et je lisais français pas trop mal. Mais depuis ce temps-là j'en ai perdu la plupart. Ici à Toronto je n'ai que très peu d'occasion pour me servir de mon français. Je l'ai étudié à l'école juste pour m'amuser.

Voici une habitude vraiment à l'ancienne : appuyer sur le papier avec une plume. Pour moi, en écrivain, il faut écrire avec une plume. Mais je vous épargne l'angoisse de liser mon écriture normale.

Il me faudrait trop de temps pour vous écrire entièrement en français. Alors, vous m'excusez, oui? Et vous m'excuser de mes erreurs.

I want to write to you once every six months and send you a few photos. I don't have a computer at home. I don't know how to send photos by e-mail. Besides, I have a lot of photos, and I want to get rid of them, little by little.

I spent a very quiet Christmas, and New Year's will be the same. I am not very social. I almost never go to parties. In truth, I don't know how to have a good time. I have very few friends.

I am not speaking to my relatives any more. They are rather stupid people, and they really don't know me. I don't take after anyone in my family, but there is a reason.

I know that I am reincarnated, but I can't prove it. Some reincarnates have clear memories of past lives, some have «inklings» of their past lives, and some have no memories at all. On the earth plane, we are not supposed to remember past lives. We must have the illusion that this is our only life, otherwise we would not treat it as something of value. Nevertheless, the soul has a certain capacity to remember, and this is why we can have «inklings» of past lives. On the spiritual plane, we have total recall.

In my previous life, I was a rich idler. I lived from the early 1900's until the 1940's. I died from some sort of accident. I believe I lived in the state of New Jersey. I

loved books and wanted to be a writer, but I really did not have what it takes. When my soul went to the spiritual plane, I was not happy and did not want to stay, because I had not done anything in my life to leave a mark on the world. So I asked to come back. A «deal» was made : I would have an opportunity to have a literary career that would be unique in human history. But, for this privilege, I should expect to pay a high price. I agreed to this. And all of this has come true. I sold my own books on the street for 17 years and supported myself in this way – something no one else ever did before or will ever do again. But it has not been a happy life. I had a bad relationship with my family, and my personal relationships have been troubled. I confess that I don't get along very well with people. Nevertheless, I reject the idea that life is unfair – at least in a country like Canada, which is relatively secure. Most people get approximately what they deserve, and that must include me. So I am not going to complain.

I did inherit some money, and I invested it in the stock market to have an income. I have a lot of experience in the stock market, and I am very mathematical. (I have an IQ over 150.) I have a particular interest in the mining industry, and I like to speculate in small exploration companies. But that is a «sideline». My money comes from trusts that pay high dividends. I also sell options on stocks. The past year, however, has been so bad in the stock market that everyone has lost money. I have to use all my experience and intelligence to survive. If I can get through 2009, I think the worst will be over. But I have to be very frugal. My only luxury is my pipe and tobacco. I need it to be able to write. Without tobacco, I never would have written anything. I started smoking a pipe at the age of 17, when I began studying at the university of Michigan. In those days, a college man looked good with a pipe. We wanted to look smart and wise, even if we weren't. Pipe tobacco was very cheap. Now it's very expensive, especially in Canada, where smokers are classified as addicts and treated like criminals.

My apartment building dates back to around 1890. Toronto has more Victorian architecture than any other city in North America. I have been in the same apartment for 21 years and will probably die here. Next door to me, I have had a new neighbour approximately every year. The people in this building are not very interesting. We have a lot of foreigners. The building was owned for many years by a nice Yugoslavian family. Now my landlords are Chinese.

My neighbourhood is mostly non-white. I don't hear much English. We have a large population of Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, Indians, Pakistanis, Tamils, and Somalis. And the Muslim population is growing rapidly. Most of the whites are what we call «white trash». We are also on the fringe of the gay ghetto, and that includes a lot of transsexuals. I have no peer group. I feel like I'm the only «normal» person in the

neighbourhood. Politically, this area always votes liberal. My city councillor is a homosexual, my Ontario representative is a homosexual, and my federal representative is an ex-socialist who switched to liberal. So I stopped voting altogether.

In Canadian high schools, the passing mark is 50 %, believe it or not! So, what we have in Canada is an entire culture of mediocrity. And Canadians don't complain about anything. They are docile sheep.

Many years ago, the Royal Ontario Museum was undergoing some exterior renovations. There was a lot of construction on Bloor street, and there was a large sign put up to inform the public that the renovations were sponsored by some government ministry. The sign was in English and French. But the French translation was terrible! It was completely incompetent. And thousands of people saw this sign every day. Didn't anyone care? So I called the ministry and told them the French was all wrong. They took my call very seriously. I gave them all the details. I said that such a sign was an embarrassment to the government. A few weeks later, I walked by the same spot. There was a new sign, and now the French was correct! And who got that sign fixed? *Me*. The American who came to Canada and learned French in night school and out of books!

Well, that's all for now. I wish you good luck in 2009.

Your friend, Crad Kilodney

6 I 2009. Hello Philippe,

Just a short reply from me, as I am in the internet lounge and have a lot of work to do.

Some people who like Bukowski also like me, although I don't see any similarity. I read one of his books and liked it. That's all I can say. I corresponded briefly with the Goads many years ago. I respect them. Debbie Goad has the same birthday as me - Feb. 13th. I sent her a pretty necklace for a present.

I came to Canada partly because I was sick of American politics, and partly because I was sick of my family. I have had a lot of trouble with my family.

I had a cancer in my sinus. I had two surgeries and 6 weeks of radiation. I am okay now.

Nothing was stolen from the envelope.

My best subject in high school was Spanish! I got A+ all the time. But I have lost it all.

We will keep in touch with each other. But don't expect me to be brilliant about literature. There are many gaps in my literary education.

Forgive my short letter for now.

Wishing you the best,

Crad Kilodney

4 II 2009. [J'avais écrit : Dear Crad, next time I shall write more, today I just want to inform that as I ordered *Putrid*

Scum on December 13, I thought it was definitely lost, when suddenly IT ARRIVED yesterday. Yours truly.]

Hello Philippe, Excellent! The Gods are smiling on our enterprise. Crad

31 III 2009. Hello Philippe,

I am fine and am writing a funny series called *Exotic Cities*, in which I pick very bad places and present them as exotic, wonderful tourist destinations.

You have complete freedom to do whatever you want with *Putrid Scum*. Perhaps a literary publisher in France could be persuaded to take a chance and produce your translation in book form. Henry Miller was famous in France before he was famous in the United States. The same thing could happen to me. Of course, the best «plan» is to know someone.

I believe Divine forces are at work in my life, so I will trust them and not pester you.

I just sent out an April Fool's Day press release, and at least one newspaper is running the story. (Do you have April Fool's Day in France?) So on April 1, search the internet for «Dynamic Electro-Fish», or «Hung Wa Holding Company» or «electric eel power plant». April Fool's Day is a fine America tradition, and I like to observe it.

Yours, Crad

5 V 2009. Hello Philippe,

No, I think somebody in France is opening the envelopes. Anyway, nothing is missing. That was all I sent.

My stocks are doing better, and I am getting a large income tax refund. That's my big news.

Are you in the public library or the university library?
Crad

11 V 2009. Hello Philippe,

Well, you could be right about our post office. But I don't think anyone was looking for money to steal. If they just wanted to steal money, it would not be necessary to open the envelope on three sides. They would just steal the envelope. Anyway, if I mail you a letter, there won't be anything valuable in it.

I think I may do about 20 *Exotic Cities*. There are so many awful places in the world! If there is anyone you would like to get even with, tell me their names, and I will work them into one of the Exotic cities.

Best, Crad

13 VIII 2009. Hello Phillipe,

Always glad to hear from you. My books will eventually be republished world-wide. It's up to Fate when and how. Publishers can be stupid. I appreciate all your efforts.

Right now it is too hot to write. I don't have air conditioning. I will write you a long letter in a few weeks.

I intend to do 20 *Exotic Cities*, and I want to finish by the end of 2009. The next one will be Elbasan, Albania.

Your friend, Crad

2 IX 2009. [Lettre postale]. Salut Philippe!

Je vous ai promis d'écrire une lettre. J'espère que vous allez bien. J'en ai confiance.

Aujourd'hui est «Labour Day», ce qui marque non officiellement le fin d'été. Et ça signifie à la fois que j'ai survécu un autre été dans ce four d'appartement.

Prenez-en note : j'inclus une seule photo avec ce lettre, et c'est tout – si l'enveloppe a été ouvert.

J'ai perdu la plupart de mon français. Je le regrette tellement.

Okay, today I want to teach you a good American slang : «half-assed». Adjective. It means shoddy, careless, poorly done, negligent, etc. A person can be called «half-assed». It means he is incompetent, lazy, or doesn't care about doing a good job. A thing can be called «half-assed» (such as a project, work, plan, design). It would mean that it was poorly thought-out and full of imperfections. My brokerage has electronic trading systems that are half-assed.

You can make a pun out of «half-assed» : «My crew works at three speeds – slow, fast, and half-fast».

You may remember in *Putrid scum* I mentioned my ex-roommate from college, Robert, who wrote to me from a mental hospital in Albuquerque (New Mexico). That was in 1979. He had a thousand paintings in the house where he lived, and he was living on a disability pension for mental illness.

Recently I heard from Robert again, and this completes his «story». Robert is still living on a disability pension for mental illness. (He claims to have a bipolar disorder, but this is false, Robert has never had a real mental illness. He simply has a weak character.) He has 1500 paintings in his house. He has no money. He has an ongoing dispute with his brother about the repayment of a loan. (Robert borrowed money, and his brother has taken legal action to recover it.) I searched Robert on the internet and found NOTHING. He's supposed to be an artist. He's been in Albuquerque 30 years, and there is nothing about him on the internet. (He's 64 years old.) He also sent me a manuscript of his strange writing, which can only be enjoyed as «bad writing». He also sent me pictures of recent paintings, and I did like one of them. (He's a self-taught artist.) Out of pity, I sent him 75 \$. He cashed the cheque at his bank, but there was a 5 \$ service charge because the cheque was foreign, and he didn't have 5 \$ in his account. So when he withdrew the money, the computer signaled it as an overdraft, and the bank penalized him 32,50 \$. So he sends me a panicky e-mail : «Help! Your cheque bounced!» My cheque bounced??? Well, my cheque didn't bounce. He just doesn't know how to deal with things like an adult.

I wrote him a long letter. In the first part of the

letter, I was very harsh with Robert. I was implying that he was a loser. But I also had a constructive plan for him. So the second part of the letter was a detailed business plan for him to sell (or rent) his paintings. I said he should concentrate on art for hotel rooms, offices, and restaurants. And I had all the details worked out. It was an excellent plan. Of course, he would need a few thousand dollars to get started, but there are government agencies that give grants to start small business. You just have to find them.

Well, I didn't really expect to change Robert after all these years, but as a matter of good conscience, I had to try. So what happened? Robert rejected my business plan. He said it was like «casting pearls before swine». He would not compromise himself by painting to be «marketable». He said that I had wasted my talent by selling my books on the street, and that in the long run, fate would make him more successful than me. He was very upset by my criticisms and said that I did not understand that some people have misfortunes (!!!). And he wished he had never written to me because it was like picking up a rock and discovering a crawling insect underneath!

Well, now the last pieces of the puzzle have fallen into place. Now I see the whole picture. Robert has always had an inferiority complex because his father and brother were both successful. His father was a career diplomat, who was posted in Strasbourg. He took Robert to many places as a teenager. And he gave Robert a 300 \$ / month allowance, even after university. *Robert almost never worked.* He lived on that allowance.

Robert had a chance to marry a very rich girl, but he broke the engagement. When he learned she was coming to Ann Arbor to find out what was wrong, he went to the university infirmary and was given a bed as a «mental patient». That was his escape from responsibility : be a mental patient. He broke that girl's heart. And she was a very nice girl, too. She persuaded him to live in California with her, and he did for a short time, but finally she gave up with him. Months later, he went to her house *uninvited* and waited in the driveway for her to return. When she returned, she refused to speak to him. She went into the house and closed the door. And what did Robert say to me concerning that event? He said, «It just shows what kind of person she is!» What a damned fool! So why didn't Robert marry this girl? Because she came from a family of successful business people – exactly the kind of people who make Robert feel inferior.

A few years later, Robert married a beautiful girl from Denmark, and they went to live on her grandmother's farm. Then, mysteriously, they broke up. Robert said she was cheating with another man, but I knew that wasn't true. She just couldn't take him any more. He was immature, irresponsible, and had paranoid delusions. Robert does have a paranoid personality, but that is not a reason to get a

disability allowance for mental illness. (I think some psychiatrist took pity on him and gave him a bipolar disorder *on paper* so he could collect a pension.)

Robert's letters were always mentally confused, and I did not hear from him for long periods. Once he called me on the phone and started crying because someone had borrowed his camera and wouldn't return it! But with Robert, you must never believe what he says. It is a false report.

Robert's brother is a doctor. Don is disgusted with Robert and calls him a thief. And I understand why. Don knows that Robert doesn't deserve to get a disability allowance, and he is stealing from the taxpayers who are paying for it. I agree.

But Robert continues to view himself as a victim of misfortune.

What will happen to Robert? Eventually, he will do something to be put into a mental hospital permanently, and he will stay there until he dies.

Man is the architect of his own fate. Our outcome is based on the choices we make. And our choices are predictable because of how we are programmed internally. Robert's fate was decided many years ago. He is the most pathetic loser I have ever known.

There are many losers in this world. They are like broken toys that cannot fix themselves. I see them on the streets all the time. Why must I share the earth with such people?

Well, that's all for now.

I am getting hits to my page from your links, for which I thank you.

Yours respectfully, Crad K.

29 IX 2009. Hello Philippe,

Wonderful to hear from you.

Proust's questions are not very interesting, I'm afraid. So I don't have any answers for you.

I have never been to Montreal, except once to change airplanes. I don't think I would like Montreal. It has a reputation for being corrupt. However, it is definitely a cheaper place to live than Toronto.

I have been sick for the past week, and I didn't go to a convention yesterday that I intended to go to.

This is the best time of the year in Toronto. The weather is getting cool. Right now the sky is cloudy, it is windy, and it is raining. I love this sort of weather.

I will write to you again around Christmas, but you can tell me any interesting news any time.

Your friend, Crad

15 X 2009. Hello Philippe,

Tell him I am very easy to do business with. Copyright always is retained by the author, of course, but everything is available. There is no barrier to reprinting *Putrid Scum* in

French translation. Somebody will eventually, so he might as well be the one.

I believe I had the H1N1 flu recently, but I am well now. It lasted 2 weeks, but it was not severe.

Cordially, Crad

22 X 2009. Philippe,

You should have this contact for your address book: [...]. Jennifer Toews is the librarian at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library, University of Toronto, who is personally responsible for my private papers.

Regards, Crad

4 XII 2009. Hello Philippe,

Did you tell him about *Putrid Scum*? That is the best property for a French edition. It has unity, and it's punchy. A novel is far more marketable than a collection of stories. And I think *Putrid Scum* is a very easy translation. And of course there would be some money in it for you as the translator.

I will send you a letter around Christmas or New Year's.

Guess what? French Ligue 1 football is available for betting here in Ontario. We have a betting game called Pro Line, which provides a weekly list of games available for betting. You can't bet on just one game, however; you have to put at least 3 games on your ticket, and you must be right on all 3. I know that Girondins Bordeaux is in first place (or was, the last time I looked). The Pro Line carries whatever sports are in season. I don't bet on hockey any more. I do American football (including college football) and various European soccer leagues. I can do English Premier, Spanish, Italian, and French. I'm afraid I haven't had a winner in over a month, but I like it anyway. What's life without any vices?

Best, Crad

16 XII 2009. Hi Philippe,

«NWA» is an old acronym for Nigger With Attitude. It is a term coined by black people themselves.

I have one installment left to do for *Exotic Cities*. I think it will be in Vietnam.

Best to you. Crad

29 XII 2009. [Lettre postale]. Salut Philippe.

Je vous ai promis de vous écrire une lettre pendant la semaine des fêtes. Alors, me voici encore avec mon français pitoyable.

J'ai passé les fêtes sans événement quelconque. J'étais tout seul, comme toujours. Ça ne me gêne pas. J'en suis habitué.

Si vous pouvait regarder le voisinage de ma fenêtre, vous verrait très peu d'évidence de Noël. Et ça ne m'étonnerait pas. Qu'est-ce qu'on a par ici? Des Tamils, Indiens,

Pakistanaï, et tous ces détritùs du Troisième Monde. Mais même à part ça, cette ville perd son esprit des fêtes depuis beaucoup d'ans. La population ressemble aux «zombies». Toronto est à fond une ville ennuyeuse. Je ne peux pas blaguer à personne parce que personne ne comprend pas une blague.

Alors, ça suffit pour m'embarrasser en français.

There is one photo enclosed, taken at night at the beaches, in the East end of Toronto, where my friend Lorette lives.

I just started reading an old book (1943) called *Paris Underground*, by Etta Shiber, which is a true account of an American woman in Paris during the Nazi occupation.

I should not complain about 2009 too much. My stock portfolio is improving gradually. I don't have any financial worries. I expect continued gradual improvement in 2010.

HOW SHOULD WE UNDERSTAND THE CLASSICS?

In university I studied «Great Books» - mainly the ancient Greek plays. But I didn't really grasp them, and I wrote terrible essays. Only now, as a mature adult, has it all become clear to me. I now know «the key» to the Classics.

The classics spring from a very different mentality than the modern world. The modern world is based on the foolish idea of egalitarianism. The ancient Greeks would have laughed at such an idea. Their world was based on *elitism*. All the classics spring from the mentality of elitism. Today, if someone uses the word «elitist», it is always a negative criticism. The Greeks were only interested in superior people. And all the ancient plays were, basically, stories about superior people. You have a superior person, and you put him in a strange situation which is a test of his character. He is forced to choose between two bad choices, but one is worse than the other. Because of a flaw in his otherwise strong character, he chooses the worse choice, and he has a bad outcome. The old plays should be understood on the simplest level - as stories about superior people. Any application of modern literary theories is irrelevant.

The idea of elitism is all about the individual. Who is this person? What is his character? We can judge him by what he does. The Greeks had no difficulty in deciding that this one is superior to that one. «Can you not see it with your own eyes?» The modern liberal says, «No, no, no! Everyone is the same!»

The ancient Greeks believed that man is the architect of his own fate. The modernist believes that life is unfair, that we are helpless in the face of forces beyond our control, and that those who are in a bad state are «victims» in some way. Why are some people rich and other poor? If you believe in egalitarianism, then the rich must be *guilty* of something and the poor must be *victims* of something. If we could only «fix» this «problem», we would have «social justice». The individual is no longer responsible for his own outcome. I used to believe such rubbish. I used to be a liberal, properly

brainwashed with all the orthodox ideas of liberalism. That was *before* I started selling my books on the street. After 17 years on the street, I was completely transformed from a liberal to an extreme conservative. All my liberal beliefs were destroyed by my first-hand experience of the real world. Take beggars, for instance. I know all about them. I'm the expert. Beggars are totally devoted to their life style. They will do or say whatever it takes to get free money. They have no desire to change their lives. Why should they, if there are always liberal fools who will give them money? I have been seeing the same people begging on the streets for 20 years or more. They consider it their occupation.

The ancient people believed in the individual. If you go to a museum and look at the artifacts of the ancient world, you are seeing a *purity* that almost doesn't exist any more. Every object was individually made by a human being, for use by another human being. The individual was judged by his works and deeds, and it was easy for the superior person to demonstrate his superiority. Today, the superior person meets resistance for trying to «act superior». The power is in the hands of mediocre people. This is the basic weakness of democracy. If most people are stupid, what kind of government will you get?

Existentialist philosophy treats the individual almost as an abstraction. In existentialist literature, there are no strong individuals! There are no heroes! Modern literature is based on that foundation. Now we must only write about ordinary people and their problems.

To excuse man from the responsibility of determining his own outcome is to create a culture of moral relativism, and there are no longer any fixed standards. Why is my ex-friend Robert collecting a disability pension for mental illness? Well, since he can't take care of himself, he must be sick in some way. So we will put some sort of label on his «illness» and allow him to collect welfare. (In a future letter, I will talk about what's wrong with psychiatry). - - -

So, I have finished the series *Exotic cities*. I am very happy with it. (I got mentioned in the *Marlborough Express* of New Zealand on Nov. 13th. You can go to their website and search me on «Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua».)

I am keeping an eye on my book listings at abebooks.com. When I last looked, there were 130. I want to see that list go to zero. (Of course, it won't. When something becomes more scarce, the price goes up, and this stimulates more supply. This is how a market works.)

Wishing you the best for 2010.

Your friend, Crad

21 I 2010. Hello Philippe,

You are very smart, not only to decode the poem but also to catch my typographical error. I must be getting stupid in

my old age. Thank you for catching the mistake. I have corrected it.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE vote for the 2009 Canadian Dickhead of the Year. I know it's hard to choose. That's why you are allowed THREE choices. Just tell me the order of your choices. And please persuade other people to vote, too. Everyone in the world can vote. I have received very few responses to this "contest". If not enough people reply, I am going to suspend all publications indefinitely.

After you vote, I will tell you the author of the cryptogram poem.

All the best, Crad

27 I 2010. Salut Philippe,

Thank you for voting. And I hope you can get other people to vote. I have been very disappointed with the widespread apathy I am facing, including all media. If there is not a sufficient response to this Dickhead contest, I may suspend my blog page indefinitely.

TLC is The Learning Channel. Jon Gosselin had a reality TV show. I think it was called Jon and Kate and The Kids Make 8 - something like that. He and Kate broke up, so the gossip magazines were writing about it constantly. (I was following the Hollywood gossip magazines while I was writing *Exotic Cities*, just so I would know who the big celebrities were at that time.)

The reporter in New Zealand acted offended at first. She e-mailed me: "Who are you, and why are you writing this?" And I just said, "I pitched you a good little story. Just use it." So apparently she had second thoughts and made an amusing article out of it. But generally, newspapers do not have a sense of humor. I have tried this sort of trick many times with my *Exotic Cities*, and I get no reaction at all.

Don't worry about the Dilettante. It's all a matter of Fate. I am a fatalist. After all, I am a reincarnate. But I appreciate your efforts very much.

I wrote that poem.

Your friend, Crad

3 II 2010. [Envoi collectif]. Dear Sir or Madam,

I will be in Australia next month as part of a project to drink blood from people's necks. May I call upon you to drink a small amount of your blood? I would be sucking a few drops through a thin metal pipette similar to an ink cartridge in a pen. The procedure would take less than 5 minutes. This is an ongoing scientific project that will someday be of benefit to mankind. I am a visible minority person and specially abled, so please don't disappoint me by declining my request.

Cordially, Crad Kilodney. Toronto, Canada

8 II 2010. Philippe,

You are one solid dude. And when I publish my next big literary project, you will be floating in heaven. However, I may just file it in the draft file indefinitely. But it is the sort of thing that will make me famous. Thanks.

Your friend, Crad

9 II 2010. Hello Philippe,

I have begun a big literary project that I believe will make me famous, and you can do the French translation. This will take about a year. It's in 9 installments, but I have to hold everything in the draft file until it's completed. You will love it. And we won't need any publisher. They'll be coming to us. Trust me on this. I was given a prophetic sign. This happens occasionally to reincarnates.

Crad

12 II 2010. Hello Philippe,

I have just mailed you a medium-size bubble envelope with Part One of the secret project [sa série Shakespeare?], so you can start translating. We will not post or publish anything until the whole series is finished.

There is probably a way to e-mail you something from my draft file in Wordpress, without losing the italics and bold face, and without my losing the draft, but I am totally non-technical. If I learn how to do it, I will e-mail you the texts in the future. But I had to print out a hard copy for my home files anyway, so I just made a photocopy of that and sent it to you by snail mail. You would know how to do such a thing, but I am stupid.

You are going to love this project.

Yours, Crad

12 X 2010. Hi Philippe!

Glad to hear from you!

All the names in «Public Notice of Executions» [cf Ld 484] were actual names from the Toronto telephone directory. They are almost all Tamil names. Toronto has the largest population of Tamils outside of Sri Lanka - and they're all in my neighborhood. Recently I was reading a classic book, *Extraordinary popular delusions and the madness of crowds*, written around 1841 by Charles Mackay. One of the chapters is about the witch mania in Europe and the many witch trials. There were many excerpts from trials, and the language was rather quaint and archaic. So I thought it would be nice to execute a bunch of Tamils for weird crimes. Monsignor Fraser College is right next door to me. It's a special high school for stupid kids with disciplinary problems. Anyway, there was no reaction to this particular piece.

I recently found an old French novel I had read many years ago in French, when I was studying French. I always wanted to reread it in English, and I looked in the right place at the right time and found it. It's *Moravagine*, by Blaise Cendrars.

You probably know this book.

Another book I want to reread when I am in the right mood is *Le Grand Meaulnes*, by Alain-Fournier. I have it somewhere among my books.

Many years ago I read Celine's *Journey to the End of the Night*, and *Death on the Installment Plan*. I read them both twice. I ought to read them again, but not yet.

I have a copy of a book Henry Miller wrote in French (not translated). I'm a big Henry Miller fan. It's a little book called *Je suis pas plus con qu'un autre*.

Anyway, I hope you are well and had a good summer. For me, summer is the worst part of the year because my apartment is hot. I have not been out of Toronto for 10 years. I have no place to go. No matter where I go, I'm not happy.

Well, I must go now. But I am very glad to hear from you.
Your friend, Crad

4 XI 2010. Hi Philippe,

«Mowing» means in the sense of lawn-mowing with a lawnmower.

«Malversation» is somewhat misused in my example, but never mind. It really means misconduct in public office.

I haven't been outside of Toronto in 10 years, and I may never travel again. If I can't bring a bottle of water on a plane, I'm not going anywhere. I'm an unhappy traveler and a failure as a tourist. If I come over to visit you, you will end up hating me.

I am continuing the Shakespeare series, and I am doing e-mail promotion. But nobody replies to my e-mails. I am seeing somewhat more hits on the blog page, but I have no way of knowing if anyone is seriously reading anything.

The state of live theatre in the U.S. is pathetic. I've been going to many websites for acting companies, and they are doing the same old things - light musical comedies that are more than 30 years old.

The faculties of English Departments in U.S. universities are sometimes so stuffy and phony, I'd like to kick them out and force them to load trucks. I've learned a new word: «postcolonial», as in postcolonial literature. Who reads it? Murderers in Mogadishu?

I still get the occasional referral from your blog page.
Your friend, Crad

6 XII 2010. Salut Philippe,

Letter just mailed to you this morning.

Crad

6 XII 2010. [Lettre postale]. Salut Philippe!

Comment ça va? Moi, je vais plus ou moins bien. Je continue à travailler sur la série Shakespeare.

Le monde se change - pour le pire. Par exemple :

On a à Toronto la librairie la plus grande du monde, ce

qui s'appelle «The World's Biggest Bookstore». Quand elle a été ouverte dans les 70's, elle était une sensation. On peut trouver n'importe quoi. Il y a une mois, j'ai fait visité là pour chercher un ou deux éditions de Shakespeare. Il était lundi après-midi. Et la librairie était pratiquement vide! Il y avait *trois* clients – moi inclus! C'était un désastre! Comme on dit en anglais : «That was then. This is now.» En effet!

Quand je vendais mes livres en publique dans les 70's, les 80's, il y avait beaucoup de librairies (new, not second-hand) sur rue Yonge, ce qui est la rue la plus importante de Toronto. Où sont-ils maintenant? Disparus! Tous!

Il y avait un autre librairie établie par mon ami Charles, qui a vendu des tas de mes livres de 1979-1995, quand j'ai pris ma retraite. Elle s'appelait «This Ain't the Rosedale Library». Elle était comptée parmi les 10 meilleures librairies *du monde*! Une telle merveilleuse librairie! Charlie a fermé la porte – pour toujours – cet été passé – après 32 années d'affaires.

Qui est-ce qui lit des livres maintenant? Presque personne. Depuis les 70's et maintenant, on a évoqué une génération de monstres. Je passe jour après jour sans aucune communication avec un autre être humain intelligent. Je me sens souvent comme si j'habitais sur une autre planète, habitée par créatures étranges. Où est la civilisation? Peut-être j'écris seulement pour une génération loin dans la future.

I am doing a vigorous e-mail promotion for my Shakespeare series. I am going state by state (in the U.S.), e-mailing university English and Theatre departments, and independent theatre companies. I am getting almost no responses at all. On most university websites, you can read the professor's «bio» and see what his specializations are. I am seeing a lot of bullshit : «post-colonial literature», «queer studies», «marxist studies», «deconstruction», «semiotics» and even «hermeneutic phenomenology»! This is English? I sometimes wonder what do these people eat? What kind of food?

The Theater departments are not so bad. Those professors seem to have more normal personalities.

The live theater scene in America is a disaster! Everyone is playing it safe, doing the same old plays. I have seen a few «rewrites» of Shakespeare, however. Anyway, I am following my plans, going state by state in America. (I sent 26 e-mails to the university of Toronto – English and Drama Depts – and not one person even responded!)

I will be publishing additional Shakespeare plays 2 or 3 at a time. I have already written *Much ado about nothing*. I am just finishing *The taming of the shrew*. After that I'm doing *A midsummer night's dream*. Those three will be posted in late January. If I do all 37 plays, it will take me 3 more years.

I am seeing more hits to the blog page, however, so I am hopeful.

Moravagine is a fascinating book. I recommend it. Now I am

reading an old novel from 1909 that I found in the Goodwill Charity store, which has lots of old books. It's called *Araminta*, by J. C. Snaith. It's quite funny. But I don't have enough room in my apartment for books. If I never gave books away, the place would fill up, and there would be no oxygen, and I would die.

Your friend, Crad

7 XII 2010. Hi Philippe,

I've missed something here, I'm afraid. What answer were you waiting for? What publisher? [Le Dilettante venait de se décider pour les *Villes exotiques*].

I sent you a regular letter by post to send you a Christmas card, with a letter inside. I had not sent you a letter since last December, and I like to send you one occasionally, just for «tradition» and to practice my French. Yes, I wrote to your country house, because I am not concerned about a quick reply.

So what is this business about a publisher?

Your friend, Crad

8 XII 2010. Hi Philippe,

Go ahead with the project. You work out whatever terms you think are fair and reasonable. I don't make any particular demand.

The *Exotic Cities* continue to get more hits on my blog page than anything else. And for some reason, the one on Filadelfia, Paraguay, is the most popular.

It would be a short book, of course. What it would need would be some bogus photos with misleading captions - photos that were not taken in those places. Almost any sort of photo could be used. You could ask your friends to contribute photos, or you could create fakes with a computer.

I expect to post 3 more Shakespeare plays in January. The response, so far, has been almost zero.

Your friend, Crad

28 XII 2010. Salut Philippe,

Glad to hear from you. I passed a quiet Christmas. I received no presents. I did not go anywhere except to have dinner with a lady friend.

For the *Exotic Cities*, I can provide an Introduction, an «About the Author» blurb, and a back-cover blurb - all at the publisher's discretion, of course. We should not label the book as «humour» or «satire», because that's for stupid people who have to have things explained to them - like Canadians. Instead, the cover should be something absurd, which will make it evident the book is a joke.

The publisher should not be worried about the ideological climate. If I can get away with my writings in Canada, we can do so in France. Is the publisher a wimp? Tell him this : if I had the guts to stand on the street for 17 years and endure

terrible abuse, he should just publish me as I am and NOT WORRY ABOUT IT. If nobody is angry with you, you are not doing anything interesting. Controversy is good for sales. And tell him that no book of mine has ever lost money.

Any agreement in France is for French language only, but world-wide in French. He can sell the book in Quebec.

I will write you a further letter about the *Exotic Cities* book. For now, just proceed as you see fit. I am happy about it, and I will not be a difficult author to deal with.

I am concentrating on the Shakespeare series, and 3 more plays are added this week, sooner than I expected.

I must give some time to the stock market, because that's where my money comes from. I have not looked at stocks as much as I should, because I am only one person, and there are only 24 hours in a day.

I recently finished reading *Le Grand Meaulnes* for the second time. It's such a wonderful book. And I also read a very old book (1909) I found in the Goodwill store book section of antiquarian books. They have lots of old books, and I like old books. So I bought a novel called *Araminta* by J. C. Snaith, and it was brilliant.

My biggest regret is that I do not have space enough in my apartment to keep all the books I would like to have. I have to give some away to make space.

My New Year's resolution for 2011 is to keep my mouth shut and not say anything to offend anyone. I will still offend people in my writing, but that's allowed in any case.

If you have another mailing address in Bordeaux for more convenience, I would write to you there. But perhaps you have some reason not to give out your postal address. Anyway, I will send you an e-mail about *Exotic Cities*.

Your friend, Crad

29 XII 2010. Philippe,

Here's my «About the Author» blurb [que nous n'utiliserons pas] : Crad Kilodney is the illegitimate son of a distinguished French literary figure. Having been given a «gentleman's income» in return for a promise of secrecy concerning his parentage, he has been able to travel the world in search of adventure. His incomparable travel articles have appeared in such publications as *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *Pravda*, *The Johannesburg Star*, *The Toronto Sun*, and the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*. He has received the Golden Goose award for the best travel writer in Canada. He lives in Toronto.

Tell the publisher that we will spread the rumour that I am the illegitimate son of a famous French literary person - but, of course, we won't say who. And you should find someone to impersonate me in a radio interview. The whole thing should be absurd lies, but it should be done straight-faced, if you understand what I mean. You can lie about my age, my education, my background, and everything else. People are

lazy. No one will bother to check on the internet. And even if they do, so what?

There is no reward for being nice. You would never have found me if I had been a nice writer.

I will write you again regarding an Introduction and the back cover.

We can make up fake quotes from reviewers - even real newspapers and magazines. There's nothing they can do about it. («A spectacular achievement...worthy of the Titans.» - *The Times* of London)

More soon...

Your friend, Crad

21 I 2011. Salut Philippe!

I will be working on an Introduction for the book. I will try to get it to you within 10 days.

I have been visiting English departments in the U.S. as part of my e-mail campaign for the Shakespeare series. I have been looking at the bios for the professors to see what their specializations are. What a plague of bullshit I am seeing everywhere! It's all a lot of intellectual rubbish! The worst department I have found so far is Washington State University. They are phasing out their theatre department for lack of money. They should chop half their English department instead.

These are the last days of civilization - like the last few decades of the Roman Empire. When the Vandals sacked Rome in 404 A.D., nobody gave a shit. And I'm sure there were liberals who said «They have as much right to be here as anyone else».

I have to go molest professors in Iowa.

Your friend, Crad

26 I 2011. Hi Philippe,

On the book, and in all publicity, I want to be identified as Crad Kilodney, Duke of Sherbourne. (I decided to give myself a noble title. Who's going to object?) I will send you a blurb for the back cover. But for now, here is the Introduction I promised you :

INTRODUCTION

My favorite TV commercial is the one for American Express where this guy staggers out of the bush, and his clothes are torn and he's dirty and exhausted - and what does he see? A luxury hotel. So he walks in, looking like hell, and the manager behind the desk frowns at him. And then the guy takes out an American Express card, slaps it on the counter, and - bingo! - he's a VIP. I'm sure you've seen that commercial. The slogan is «American Express. Don't leave home without it.»

Well, that's pretty much what happened to me. I was visiting a certain country that I prefer not to name, for legal reasons. (I'll only say that it was in the Southern Hemisphere, which is one of my two favorite hemispheres in the world.) And my host asked me discreetly if I would be willing

to do a favor for the government. It seems that there was this Canadian human rights activist asshole who was giving the government a hard time, and they wanted to get rid of him without getting involved themselves. And since I'm a Canadian, too, they figured I could gain his confidence and, you know, lure him someplace. I didn't have to kill him - just «lose» him. My host recommended a suitable location where I could take this guy and contrive to leave him behind, and he'd never get out alive.

So I told this activist bastard that I knew a place in the jungle where protesters were being held prisoner by the army. I would lead him there so he could take pictures, and then he could expose the government. Naturally, he was only too eager.

So I led him into the jungle in the late afternoon, and I made sure to get him disoriented. When he asked for some water, I gave him a bottle of water that had been laced with a «knock-out» drug. He passed out just as the sun was going down. I took all his ID and everything from his pockets and headed back. I knew it would be pitch black when he woke up - if he didn't get killed by something first - and there was no way he'd survive the night.

Well, what do you think happened? My flashlight gave out on the way back. And this is a lesson to all of you : never trust cheap Chinese batteries. They all say «Super Heavy-Duty», and that's the Chinaman's way of saying «Fuck you, white man! We will take all your money, leave you in dark, and take over the whole planet - ha, ha!» We should know better by now, but we keep buying this Chinese shit anyway because it's so cheap. And that's how those fucking slitty-eyed Commie bastards (not all of them, just the majority) piled up all that money.

So there I am in the dark in the jungle, and to make it worse, I don't know which way is which. I'm disoriented myself. Fortunately, I had a little pen flashlight in reserve, and, with great difficulty, and being too scared to stop moving, I found my way out of the jungle by pure luck just before sunrise. And what do you think I saw straight ahead of me? Right. A hotel. And just like the American Express commercial, I walk in, wet and dirty and covered with mosquito bites, and this manager frowns at me. Then I take out my American Express card, and - bingo! - I'm a lord.

I called my host, and he was overjoyed to hear from me after he feared I might have died. That activist asshole was never seen again. The government bought me a new outfit of clothes, and for the rest of my trip, everything was free - including the hookers. And I'm welcome to go back any time I want. So the way I look at it, that activist didn't die in vain, because he did me some good.

The world is very big and very round. Of course, «very big» is relative. It's not as big as Jupiter. We wouldn't want to live on a planet that big because we'd be crushed by our own weight and probably could not travel. On the other hand,

if we were as small as Mercury, then all the people would be crowded together that much more, and that would be very bad for me. I already live in the most densely populated neighborhood in Canada (and with the fucking ugliest people you ever saw!), and every time I walk down Sherbourne St., I wish I had a big bat so I could smash the heads of all those fucking monkeys jabbering away in their monkey languages. (Fortunately, there are medications for this.)

So «very big» really means «just right» for a planet. And it's very round, too. Not perfectly round, but round enough so you can't tell the difference. And yet, no matter where you are, it looks perfectly flat! This is an amazing phenomenon that I don't think even the smartest scientists have been able to explain. But anyway, the fact that the world is actually round means that nobody gets into an argument about getting stuck on a corner.

Travel is becoming more of a hassle because of all the security you have to put up with at the airport. And why is this? It's because of a certain category of people, which I won't specify, but you know who I mean. These bastards pray five times a day and then blow themselves up to kill us because we're «infidels». I say, don't let them get on a plane, period. Let them take a bus. Or stick to their own airlines, so the only people they kill are their own kind. If we kept them off our planes, we wouldn't need any security at all.

Nevertheless, everyone wants to travel. Travel broadens the mind. (I didn't use to accept political protesters being thrown to crocodiles, but now I do.) Why did Man go to the moon? It's something built into our psychology. Man has an urge to see new things, exciting things, strange things. You can see it in the eyes of the tourists on the tour buses as they move slowly up Yonge St. in Toronto every summer. The tour guide is saying to them, «And this is a pizza place... and there's a shoe store... and there's a tattoo parlor... and there's a McDonald's... and there's a gift shop that's always empty, but it doesn't matter because it's just a money-laundering operation... and there's a bank... and another bank... and there's a porn shop... and there are some drunken Indians... and some panhandlers... and that used to be a bookstore, but it closed for lack of business, and now it's a Vietnamese noodle place....» And on both sides of the bus, the tourists, who are from Cleveland, Ohio, stare out of the windows, dumbfounded, stupefied, speechless, scarcely able to comprehend. And when they go home, they will tell their friends what they saw in Toronto. It's not an exotic city, but everyone here insists that it's «world-class».

As a rule of thumb, if you see a travel poster for a place, it's not exotic. The truly exotic places have no travel posters. You have to find out about them from other people who have been there. That's the whole point of this book. You're not going to see these places advertised in the travel section

of your newspaper. The whole travel industry is a conspiracy to keep everyone going to the same old places. It's like mass production. It's more profitable. Where does the travel industry want to send you? Cities like London, Paris, Rome, Athens, Havana, Honk Kong, New York, Buenos Aires, Moscow, Zurich, Frankfurt, and so on. And the truth is, all these places suck. They're horrible. You go there, spend all your money, get abused by the locals, get herded around like sheep, and you try to convince yourself you're having a good time.

And then there are the «B-list» or «alternative» destinations, which are supposed to be less crowded. But the air fares are just as high, so what does that tell you? They suck, too.

Of course, if a place has no visitors whatever, don't go. You can assume that there's something *really, really* wrong with it. My exotic cities do have visitors - maybe not huge numbers, but enough to validate their attraction as tourist destinations.

Yes, I know what you're thinking : it's just a matter of time before these exotic cities catch on and become so popular that they are no longer exotic. Well, that won't happen for a long time. The publisher has to make a decent profit on this book first.

Speaking of which... If you're standing in a bookstore right now browsing, and you've read this far, you owe me something. You've already gotten your fingerprints on this book, and probably a few stains as well, so you damn well better buy it. Because if you don't, you know what's going to happen? I'm going to step out of a hidden slot in the wall, grab you by the throat, and pound the shit out of you for being a goddamn cheap son of a bitch!

Crad Kilodney, Duke of Sherbourne
Toronto, Canada
Thursday, 2011

27 I 2011.

What are the most exotic places in the world? Canadian adventurer Crad Kilodney, Duke of Sherbourne, knows - and he will take you there. You'll be astounded, thrilled, confused. «Impossible!» you will say. «It can't be!» Well, it's in a book, isn't it?

You'll explore caves, glide over crocodile-infested rivers, mingle with Nazis, stand on the rim of a crater of fire, witness bizarre rituals, meet celebrities in disguise, and enjoy the hotels, restaurants, and clubs visited by the New Cognoscenti of the 21st Century. After all that, you may catch a horrible disease and die - unless you get the recommended vaccinations first.

You must buy this book. We command you. You have no choice.

«Wonderful!... Brilliant!» - *New York Times Book Review*
«An amazing accomplishment.» - *Toronto Sun*

«Stupendous!... Worthy of the Titans!» - *Minneapolis Star Tribune*

«The best book by a Canadian in the past fifty years.» - *Le Devoir* (Montreal)

«A work of genius. Who is Crad Kilodney, and where has he been hiding all these years?» - *Times* of London

30 I 2011. Salut Philippe,

My box and your box are both working. I received your e-mail Saturday.

This is going to be the funniest book seen in France in the past 50 years. The publisher will make money on it.

I am busy on Shakespeare. I think I can do all 37 plays by 2013.

Your friend, Crad

1 II 2011. Hi Philippe,

Ah, the challenges of being a translator! When I did *King Lear*, I had to invent entirely different jokes for the Fool to say, because the original jokes would not be understood today.

In the Darvaza piece, I invented some nonsense products, which are hybrids of real and invented words. You can just use them as they are, or you can smooth them over to work better in French. It's gibberish.

The rapeseed joke is a harder problem. If you could find something equivalent involving «viol» or perhaps invent a brand name like Rape or Rapini. I forgive you to depart from the literal meaning. The only thing that matters is to please the reader. You are very smart and cultured, so you can figure something out.

Tell the publisher that NO BOOK BY CRAD KILODNEY HAS EVER LOST MONEY. And that's a fact. This is going to be the funniest book seen in France in a long time.

Your friend, Crad

4 III 2011. Salut Philippe,

I now have 14 Shakespeares posted. But no one is interested in Shakespeare. The *Exotic Cities* are getting most of the hits. So I would say your instincts have been more accurate than mine.

Keep me informed.

Your friend,

Crad

Duke of Sherbourne

8 III 2011. Hi Philippe,

Very good. I will be glad to help you with any points of translation. I am getting hits on my blog page every day for *Exotic Cities*. And they are coming from mysterious sources, and they are very diverse sources.

A scientific colloquium! Lucky you. I have not been outside of Toronto for 10 years, and I expect to die here.

Shakespeare will keep me busy another 3 years. Then I intend to create a new page that will be unlinked to anything else, so it will be almost hidden. And I will write on that and forget about the dead world, because there is no audience left any more.

Your friend, Crad

8 III 2011. Hello Philippe,

I shall try to answer all your questions promptly. If I delay, I have not checked e-mail yet.

* Toilet targets - these are novelty items, like tissue paper with an image on it. They do exist, but they are very passé.

* The Korean peninsula - This is a bit of intellectual bullshit on my part. What I am implying is that "Korean" is not an ethnic designation at all but merely a geographical reference that has been used to give them a name.

* Soy turkey - fake turkey made out of soy.

* Darvaza caravan merchandise - these are nonsense words, but they have a phonetic quality that makes them funny-sounding to an English speaker. «Bitchamooga» begins with «bitch» ; «zomba» makes you think of «zombie» ; «gungles» might make you think of «jungles» ; «gorgaleptic» sounds vaguely medical ; «winkies» sounds like «winkies», which is a cheap mass-produced cake. So you will think of something equivalent that simply sounds funny to a French ear.

* Pisagua - warships. I meant surface vessels, not submarines. Modern designs of destroyers, for example, are very stealthy because of the angles of surfaces and paint coatings.

* «It is seven o'clock Ben» - This is the actual text of the poem, and I have no explanation. The poem appears in one of my *Charnel House Anthologies of Bad Poetry*. The author is Valentin Smarandache, an originator of what he calls the «Paradoxist» school or movement.

* Pallets - refers to wooden platforms for stacking boxes.

* Payroll - refers to writing the pay cheques for employees.

* Baydar - a term I borrowed from an old issue of *National Geographic*. When I was writing the *Exotic Cities*, I had a stack of old *National Geographics* nearby, and I would often pick one up and pick some strange word from an article that had nothing to do with the city I was writing about. So there are many things that are geographically in the wrong place. I don't even remember what a baydar is, but I believe at the time, I was looking at an article about Arctic islands, because the names of the two islands in the introduction are actually in the high Arctic.

* Moonseed - a viney plant found in this part of the world, which has dark, little berries. The plant is poisonous.

* Hurd is the true name of a Mongolian rock band.

* Kea parrot Michels - I have an old cookbook from about

1919 from the Hotel St Leonard in San Francisco. The head chef was French, and he published a year's worth of menus - breakfast, lunch, and dinner. In all the articles where I have presented a recipe, I simply took a recipe from this old cookbook and made some disgusting changes. He had something «Michels», so I just borrowed the name.

* Hotel descriptions in these articles are stolen from various *National Geographic* articles, and I have embellished them with absurdities. There is a little bit of truth in all of them, but geographically they are all out of place. (By the way, the hotel managers are real people. I simply transplanted them from one part of the world to another.)

You and the publisher can decide what is best about dates. However, I believe it would be best to delete all dates from the articles.

I have not checked your other e-mails yet, but I will reply to any more questions as quickly as possible.

Your friend, Crad

10 III 2011. Hello Philippe,

I'm glad my information reached you and it was helpful.

Le Dilettante is acquiring the RIGHT TO PUBLISH THE BOOK IN FRENCH AND SELL IT WORLD-WIDE. They can keep it in print as long as they like and sell it anywhere in the world IN FRENCH. The copyright is in MY NAME. I have had books published before, so I know the basics. They are not buying anything outright. My payment will be a percentage of sales (that is, royalties). I should receive a small advance on that. Le Dilettante can also sell subsidiary rights for reprint or any use of the material in the book IN FRENCH, and any money is shared with me. (Of course, this is only a remote possibility.)

Tell them that no book by Crad Kilodney has ever lost money. And tell them they should be nice to me because I will someday be world-famous. If they are bad to me, there will be no more books.

I am very easy to deal with. I am not a nit-picker in business. I believe in getting things done and keeping it simple. I published 27 books myself, and they all made a profit.

I am having lunch with my lawyer tomorrow. He will be thrilled to know I'm having a book published in France. He is a big fan of mine.

I didn't sleep last night, and I don't know whether to try to sleep now or stay up and sleep tonight.

I will help you with any further points of translation at any time.

Your friend, Crad

21 III 2011. Hello Philippe,

Thank you. Yes. Everything is okay, as far as I know. I believe they wanted rights in all languages, but I said French

only.

I am already thinking about the next book. It should be called *Cow Five and Other Stories*. It will include some of the best stories from both web pages and my old books. I will especially pick some stories that have good possibilities for film, and I will let Dilettante have world-wide rights in ALL languages. You can tell them, if you like. We will keep you busy for a long time translating.

Don't hate me for this, but I made \$1,400 last week, thanks to the Japan nuclear accident. I'll explain it to you if you're very curious. Does the Paris Bourse have options?

Best to you, Crad

22 III 2011. Hello Philippe,

I hope we do several books together and you make some money off this Canadian son of a bitch.

When I had my book *Lightning Struck My Dick* published in 1980, we said that I was the illegitimate son of a famous Canadian writer. There was no problem. No one ever asked who. It will be the same in France. If we say that I am the son of a famous French literary personality, you don't have to give an answer. If anyone asks you, you refuse to say. It will be a funny «hook» for publicity. Do it. Don't be afraid. THIS IS THE END OF THE WORLD, so don't worry about what people think or say or ask. I can handle anything. If there is a problem, refer people to me. I will answer them.

I will answer the other points.

The hotel description was stolen from a *National Geographic* magazine. It was a different place, of course, but so what? I took the text from the article and added my own bizarre touches.

The hanging gardens are attached to the chandeliers. Imagine that you have vines coming down from the chandeliers. The «sweeping clouds» are painted on the ceiling.

The raised bed means the bed is unusually high from the floor.

«Bimbo rocker» is some of my English word-play. «Bimbo» is slang for prostitute or slut, and a bimbo rocker would be like a chair for having sex. You can make up an equivalent phrase («chaise putain»?)

The giant cactus pedestal is a big ornamental cactus.

Transformer shelves would be shelves that open and close in different ways. There are popular toys called Transformers, which can be turned and rotated to make different shapes.

An entertainment pod would be like a station of combined entertainment - TV, stereo, VCR. Like a cubicle where you could sit for any of these.

I really don't know what a robot mini-fridge would be, but I thought of it because it would mystify the reader. Perhaps a mini-fridge that is actually a robot that obeys commands and opens and closes or serves you.

An oversize walk-in closet is, of course, a place for

hanging your clothes. In English, a closet is just a compartment, without much room for a person. You would open the door, and move the coat hangers and select your clothes. An oversize walk-in closet would be a regular room serving as a closet, where you could walk around. This is for rich people, like Paris Hilton.

Rocketdyne is another word intended to mystify the reader. (We don't mind mystifying the reader when describing the hotel. We can let the reader feel intimidated that there are luxuries out there in the world that he has never heard of and cannot imagine.) «Rocketdyne» was the name of a technology company back in the sixties, but I believe it changed its name or was bought out by another company.

Your questions are entirely intelligent. I think you are a brilliant translator, and I want you translating me until I die. I have total confidence in you. You are excellent.

Your friend kindly, Crad

31 III 2011. Hi Philippe,

The simplest solution for all these little problems is to have a Translator's Note at the beginning of the book, to explain that these articles were written online during 2009, so that all references to years should be understood accordingly. This way you don't have to add footnotes or explanations for each individual article. It doesn't matter if there are references to events that already passed. This is only my suggestion.

I am composing pages for *Antony and Cleopatra* - a very challenging project, but I am very happy with it.

Your friend, Crad

5 IV 2011. Salut Philippe,

J'attends encore le contrat. Est-ce qu'il y a un problème dont je ne suis pas connaissant?

Votre ami, Crad

8 IV 2011. Hello Philippe,

I have the impression that there is some bad news that you don't want to tell me. It's okay to tell me. I won't explode. I will just carry on my work as usual. So, Dilletante has changed their minds, perhaps? [En fait, non].

Forgive my bad French. (Connaissant was wrong. It should have been conscient or en connaissance. Believe me, I am studying again, in case I have to give an interview in French.)

Your friend, Crad

17 IV 2011. Hello Philippe,

I have a good project for you to make some money as a translator. There is an old American author named Richard Halliburton, from the 1920's and 30's, whose books are in the public domain, and I can't find any French translations of his

books [en fait, il y en a]. He was a best-selling author. He wrote books about his travels around the world, and they were brilliant. I found two of them in the local Goodwill store - *The Glorious Adventure* and *The Royal Road to Romance*. He's a wonderful writer. Dilettante, or somebody else, could reprint the works of Halliburton in French translation. It would be a superb project to translate Halliburton into French, and there are plenty of books, so you could make plenty of money on them. Look for a copy of *The Royal Road To Romance*. It was his first book. It's excellent.

Your friend, Crad

29 IV 2011. Hi Philippe:

It's good. I like it. [Mon texte de couverture pour les *Villes exotiques*].

I am trying to get disqualified from jury duty. I'll let you know what happens.

Your friend, Crad

11 V 2011. Hi Philippe,

I have sent you a book, to your country address. I bought it off the second-hand market. You will notice a small clipping on the Table of Contents page. It was like that when I got it. Someone had cut out the title *Lightning Struck My Dick*.

I am reading a novel in French. Please explain what «dam» or «grand dam» means. This is masculine. In the context : M. Untel avait fait quelque chose au grand dam de ses parents.

I am in court June 24.

Your friend, Crad

12 V 2011. Salut,

If Paris makes you nervous, take a tranquilizer. I've been on tranquilizers for more than 20 years. [Je devais aller à Paris pour participer à un colloque, et profiter du voyage pour remettre au Dilettante ma traduction des *Villes exotiques*].

You are doing great things, useful things, interesting things! Not like the majority of people. There is an old English expression not heard very often these days : «a gentleman and a scholar». That's you.

Yes, I found a reference to «grand dam». It was more or less what I presumed. I am reading very slowly a paperback novel in French that I found in the Goodwill store. It's a science fiction novel. The writing isn't very good, but it's on a level I can understand. So I am reading a little bit every day just to refresh my French.

Nothing much will happen on June 24. It is one of several procedural appearances. I have to be there, however. I met with my lawyer yesterday and paid him \$ 2,000, which may cover everything. I hope so. I told him to try to make the problem «go away».

My next Shakespeare play will be *King John*, which is not well known. My version will be the first modernized, simplified version ever published.

Exotic Cities continue to get most of the hits every day on the blog page. Filadelfia, Paraguay, is the most popular by far. The other ones of highest activity are Qonduz, Afghanistan ; Oymyakon, Siberia ; Pignon, Haiti ; and Quetta, Pakistan.

I have lost a lot of weight in the past month due to stress, but I am able to put on my best suit again, which I could not do before.

Your friend, Crad

5 VI 2011. Hello Philippe,

Literary people are rather «fuzzy» mentally - that is, not precise, not businesslike, and with a bad ability to manage time. My lawyer is like that, too. It's no use to get upset. You won't change such people. I am not at all worried or impatient. I would suggest to be patient and not get upset.

My latest Shakespeare is *King John*. It is the first modernized version of *King John* ever published. I am starting to get a little more activity on the Shakespeare series. At the moment, I am just starting work on *Richard II*. I believe there are no simplified versions anywhere, so mine will be the first.

I have lost just over 3 kg, and my blood sugar is less than before. Also, I am able to fit into my best suit again.

I am in court June 24th, but it just procedural, not a trial.

Your friend, Crad

10 VI 2011. Hi Philippe,

I am reading a novel in French, and I can't find a word in my two dictionaries. It is a slang word : un camé (someone who is downtrodden, a victim, a criminal?). Please explain this.

I received a complaint from a resident of Quetta, Pakistan, that my article is 95% lies. I replied that I was an expert, and if he disagreed, he was wrong. Quetta got 12 hits today, which is a lot.

You can tell your sister in Montreal this : I sent a copy of *Malignant Humors* as a gift to the University of Montreal Library, along with a polite note in French. I NEVER EVEN GOT A REPLY! What do you think of that?

Your friend, Crad

12 VI 2011. Hi Philippe:

Thank you. The book I am reading is *Le Prisonnier du Cybermonde*. It's about a young man who is almost killed in a car accident. Then he is abducted from the hospital, and his brain is put in a jar to keep it alive, so he is conscious but has no body. Meanwhile, the police are searching for the «gang» responsible for these strange kidnappings of people

from hospitals. They don't know it's all about a scientific experiment.

You're probably right about the library being slow to reply.

I am not at all concerned about angry Muslims. It would be good publicity.

Dilettante seems to be like my lawyer. They have a very abstract sense of time.

Stay in touch.

Your friend, Crad

23 VI 2011. Hi Philippe,

There's no hurry regarding the interview [Je devais l'interviewer par mail au sujet de sa candidature à la présidence des Etats-Unis]. We can e-mail back and forth to add questions or clarify answers. Sometime in the next 3 months, okay? I will also try to do an interview online with my friend Lorette. She also links to my page.

Dilettante has an abstract sense of time. That's all it is. My lawyer is like that. And I had a boss in the U.S. who was like that. Everything will get done, however. I am quite confident.

I am in court tomorrow.

Yours kindly, Crad

27 VI 2011. Hi Philippe:

Help me with this. This is what the philosopher said : «La laideur a ceci de supérieur à la beauté qu'elle dure.» The guy whose brain is in a jar is trying to come to terms with the fact that he no longer has a body.

I was in court on Friday but just briefly. Next court date is July 15. I don't have to be there, but I may go anyway.

Your friend, Crad

28 VI 2011. Hi Philippe:

Thank you for the translation.

Last week I «took over» the *Tulsa World* newspaper. I said I had bought the paper and would use it as a platform for my candidacy for President. I take over at least one newspaper a month. Usually I say I am taking over as Publisher because of some problems. I send e-mails to everyone in the staff directory. It's interesting to see which newspapers have a sense of humor and which don't.

I have to be in court on July 15. My lawyer says my case has never happened before anywhere.

I am getting a little bit more action on the Shakespeare series, so I am at least a little bit encouraged.

Your friend, Crad

15 VI 2011. [Envoi collectif]. Hello,

The pre-trial hearing has been moved to Thursday, Aug. 4. The prosecutor asked for the delay in order to get an opinion

from the Attorney General's office. My case has never happened before in Canadian history. The charge is attempting to obstruct justice. I am innocent, of course, but we are governed by evil men.

Crad

22 VIII 2011. Salut Philippe!

Enjoy your visit with M. Gaultier and give him kind greetings from me. [Gaultier devait passer me voir à la Croix-Comtesse pour discuter du texte de la traduction].

I have not done anything about my candidacy [à la présidence des USA] yet, although in one newspaper hoax, I said I had bought the newspaper as a platform for my candidacy. I will do this a few more times. Let's do a funny interview for your blog page. Prepare a list of questions and send them to me. I will send my replies. You can follow up with more questions, if you like. Let's do this during September or October, at the latest. This could be very good promotion.

My next court appearance is on September 19th. My lawyer promises that the matter will be finished on that day. I have spent \$6,000, and he promises that will be all.

I am continuing my work on the Shakespeare series. I am now half-way through. Shakespeare wrote 37 plays, I have posted 19 and am working on #20.

The *Exotic Cities* continue to get hits on the blog page every day. Filadelfia, Paraguay, is still in first place, but more recently Pignon, Haiti, has been getting many hits.

I don't like the summer because it is too hot. I always suffer in my apartment. When the summer is over I am always glad. In the fall I feel very powerful and brilliant. Fall is the best season in Toronto.

Write soon.

Your friend, Crad

30 VIII 2011. Hi Philippe,

Leave in the last paragraph for Puerto Cabezas, and add in (parentheses) «Of course, you have to ask an American to explain this to you.»

My next court appearance is September 19. I have spent \$6,000 so far, but my lawyer says that is all I will have to pay. The next appearance is a hearing, and my lawyer promises to finish the matter without a trial.

I am pressed for time at the moment. Shakespeare is continuing. *Exotic Cities* gets more hits, though.

Votre ami, Crad

3 IX 2011. Hi Philippe,

I will take these questions home with me so I can write my answers leisurely. I will reply soon.

Best to you, Crad

6 IX 2011.

Q. Do you consider yourself to be a Republican or a Democrat?

A. Neither. All political parties are boring. I prefer to be independent. That way I don't owe anyone any favors. (BUT YOU HAVE TO WRITE IN MY NAME ON THE BALLOT!)

Q. If you become President, what will be America's foreign policy?

A. First thing, no more foreign aid to dysfunctional monkey countries. We're not going to wait for them to evolve. They're not our problem. Second thing, make our enemies too afraid to do us any harm. There would be no terrorism today if I'd been President on 9/11 because I would have nuked Afghanistan. Our presidents have been too concerned about being «nice». I'm not nice. I'm a mean son of a bitch, and every Mohammed bastard is going to know it.

Q. What will be your domestic policy?

A. Domestic policy is all about money. And I understand money. Stop wasting money on stupid programs - especially programs to help the poor. The poor are destroyers of wealth. That's why they're poor. The Bible says the poor will always be with us, so fuck them! Another thing : make every prostitute pay income tax. Another thing : put 20 % of the armed forces on the streets to kill all the street gangs.

Q. What do you expect to happen after the recent revolutions in North Africa?

A. It's hard to say. I'm glad to see evil dictators overthrown (not myself, of course!), but will these countries be able to govern themselves democratically? If they can, then we have to make business deals with them as soon as possible, before the Chinese grab all the opportunities.

Q. What do you think Dominique Strauss-Kahn was guilty of?

A. Not doing his own housekeeping.

Q. How would you solve the problem of illegal Mexican immigration?

A. Take them to the middle of Alaska and leave them there.

Q. What is your immigration policy, in general?

A. We should only accept people who will be good for the gene pool - mainly good-looking white babes. No more Asians! No more darkies! But we really don't need a larger population at all. Therefore, for every person we let in, we should get rid of an undesirable person. I have some ideas on that, but I have to keep them secret for now.

Q. What kind of relationship do you want to have with Cuba?

A. Fuck Cuba. Cuba is useless. They can sell us their cigars, however, because I encourage smoking.

Q. How do you explain the riots that took place in England?

A. This is what happens when you have cowardly police who are afraid to shoot. Hey, that's what guns are for! Start shooting rioters, and there will be no more riots.

15 IX 2011. [Envoi collectif].

To All Employees of *The Orange County Register* :

I have bought *The Orange County Register* and as of Monday, Oct. 10, 2011, I will be taking over as President and Publisher, replacing Terry Horne.

I intend to use *The Register* as a platform for my candidacy as a write-in candidate for President of the United States in 2012. Politically, I stand far to the right.

Both the paper and the nation will benefit from my style of harsh, authoritarian leadership. Some changes will undoubtedly be made.

I look forward to getting to know all of you better.

Cordially,

Crad Kilodney, Duke of Sherbourne

19 IX 2011. [Envoi collectif]. Hello:

The matter has been put over to October 6, which coincidentally is the date of the Provincial election in Ontario. The prosecution now wishes to change the charge from attempting to obstruct justice to contempt of court. On October 6, I am supposed to choose a mode of trial, and it will be trial by judge alone. I do not have to be there on October 6, however. It is almost certain that the matter will go to trial, as the government is very determined to convict me of something.

Kindly, Crad

21 IX 2011. Hello Philippe,

I got a couple of replies from the *Orange County Register*. They had a sense of humour about it. Many papers do not reply at all.

Yes, I am of Greek ancestry, but I am ashamed of it. Greeks are STUPID. I believe I must have hated «ethnic» people in my previous life, so my spiritual mentors «planted» my soul in an ethnic family as a kind of lesson. I have nothing in common with any member of my family, and that includes all the cousins. I have no contact with any of them either.

The legal problem is pure bullshit. We have a legal bureaucracy made of tiny people like insects who have no lives or brains or conscience. It's all a game. They want to convict me of something for the sake of their pride. They can't just let it go. I don't care, because my lawyer said he would not charge me any more money. If this case drags on as long as I think it will, I may end up getting a big bargain on legal costs. The Prosecutor's office is very upset that I said I would «hang» the jury if I were selected to be a jury member. No one has ever said such a thing before in Canada. The charge has been changed to «contempt of court». It's rubbish. This matter won't be finished until next year, or possibly later. In Canada, the Prosecution has the same right to appeal as the Defense. Anyway, I am not afraid. Remember what I said to you

long ago. I'm not afraid of getting into trouble. I prefer to BE the trouble that others should be afraid of getting into! I am not afraid of courts.

The *Exotic Cities* keep getting hits, but lately the most popular blog has been my silly article «Why It Is Okay To Kill Baby Seals».

The next book will be a «best of» collection from my books and the two web pages.

I am working on *Henry V* at the moment. If you have any enemies that you would like to kill, give me their names, and I will put them into the play as dead victims at Agincourt. (Seriously. This is your chance to get even.)

Your friend, Crad

26 IX 2011

No, my friend. It is a criminal alias. I have put up a wall between myself and my family.

29 IX 2011. Hello,

I'm not fussy about the title. Your suggestions are fine. Do you have an approximate idea of when the book will be published?

I come from a very stupid family. I hated both my parents. I have one sister, and I hate her, too. I have no contact with any relatives. I was named after the most stupid person I ever knew in my life. My professional name came to me like a flash of lightning. It zapped me in the head. I know it was given to me by some literary spirit. Spirits have been helping me for a long time. When writers die, they still want to write, of course. So what do they do? They look for a receptive and worthy person on earth, and they put their ideas in his head. I'm not the only one. Other writers will tell you they get help from spiritual sources. My family was so stupid, if you knew them, you would never believe a writer could come out of such a family. What is the explanation? I am reincarnated. I have told you before. I returned to earth with a personality already imprinted on my soul.

I hope you had an excellent summer. I am glad the summer is over. I hate the summer.

The University of Montreal never did reply to me to thank me for the book I sent them. Maybe you think it doesn't matter, but here in Canada it is bad form.

I am working on *Henry V*. Henry is about to fight the French at Agincourt. Shakespeare's history plays are so fascinating.

I DON'T want to see the text of the translation. There is no need to send it to me now. Wait till the book is finished.

Your friend,

Crad (DUKE OF SHERBOURNE!!!! - DON'T FORGET!!!)

7 Octobre 2011. [Envoi collectif]. Hello Friends:

My case is going to trial and is scheduled for February 4,

2012. The Crown is sticking with the original «attempt to obstruct justice». In addition, Attorney General Chris Bentley has laid a charge of contempt of court. That matter will be dealt with first.

Your tax dollars at work.

Crad

22 XI 2011. Salut Philippe!

I have been thinking of you, but I did not have any specific news. I have not heard from my lawyer for 6 weeks. I have no idea what is going on. There has been a change in the government. There is a new Attorney General in Ontario. This may have some influence on my case, but I don't know for sure.

I am continuing with the Shakespeare series. I am composing pages this week and next week for *Henry VI*, Part One.

I will send you a Christmas card.

Kindly, Crad

2 XII 2011. [Lettre postale]. Salut Philippe!

Joyeux Noël et Bonne Année!

Regardez ceci – une vraie plume à l'ancien. Je ne m'en sers que très peu, mais je la sors dans le tiroir de temps en temps pour faire une impression – ou pour changer la fortune!

Alors, qu'est-ce qui se passe avec vous? Activités excitantes, sans doute! Qu'avez-vous entendu au sujet de mon petit bouquin? Je ne m'y inquiète pas du tout, mais si vous avez des nouvelles...

Je continue avec mon série de Shakespeare. Je viens de publié la pièce *Henri VI*, Partie Un, et je m'occupe de Partie Deux en ce moment. Ces pièces historiques sont bien fascinantes.

Oh – avant que je ne l'oublie – qu'est-ce qui se passe avec votre équipe de football? Bordeaux est dans la zone de relégation!

Au sujet de mes problèmes légaux, je n'ai rien entendu de mon avocat depuis 8 semaines. Je ne sais pas qu'est-ce que ça signifie. A vrai dire, il est très faible en avocat. Il pense comme un philosophe, pas comme un meurtrier – ce qui est ce que j'en ai besoin (ce dont j'ai besoin?)! La dernière nouvelle de lui c'était que les procureurs avaient l'intention d'imposer une seconde accusation – soit «outrage à la cour». Mon avocat dit que c'est signe de désespoir. Vraiment ils sont dans un état de consternation. Mon cas va probablement aux cours supérieures en appel, et j'aurai l'avantage. Personne ne doit pas me sous-estimer. Je sais beaucoup, et je n'ai pas de peur des autorités. Je vais préparer mes arguments très soigneusement et les soumettre en forme écrite. Pour moi c'est la chose la plus simple. Je comprends très bien la loi.

Je continue aussi la promotion de ma série Shakespeare. Je transmis beaucoup de courriel aux départements de Drame et Anglais dans les universités aux E.U. Je vais d'un état à

l'autre. En ce moment je suis à Texas (Oh! J'ai trouvé quelqu'un qui avait obtenu son diplôme à Michel Montaigne!)

Je fais aussi une variété de tours. Par exemple, j'écris par courriel aux professeurs de Philo, et je les dis que je viens d'être engagé dès l'automne suivante à enseigner en spécialiste des philosophes allemands, et les fournis les liens à mes articles «Roots of German philosophy».

J'écris aussi aux postes de radio sous le titre de sujet «Vos prévisions de météo ont offensé la tribu Ik». Et je m'identifie dans le courriel comme le chef de la tribu, et je demande la compensation pour la souffrance mentale. «Le Conseil des Anciens s'est décidé sur le montant de 473 dollars. Veuillez m'envoyer une chèque, payable à Crad Kilodney, etc.»

Pour la plupart, le monde est fini, mort. C'est un monde de zombies – personnes stupides, sans un sens d'humour.

Vraiment, si l'on écrit – et je veux dire en vrai écrivain – on écrit pour l'avenir, et on espère qu'il y aura un avenir de gens civilisés et cultivés.

L'hiver ici à Toronto est trop doux pour mon goût. Je veux les conditions arctiques! Pour me sentir vivant!

Avec tout ça, je vous salue, et j'espère que tout ira au bien pour vous dans 2012.

Comme toujours, pardonnez-moi de mon mauvais français!
Votre ami, Crad

4 I 2012. Salut Philippe!

I have not heard from you. I sent you a Christmas card. How are you? Did you have a good New Year? What news do you have?

My trial date is February 4th. I am planning to send out a press release in about 10 days.

We have had almost no snow. This is unnatural.

Write soon.

Crad

22 I 2012. Salut Philippe!

Thank you for the card from Belgium. Someday it will go to the Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto, which has all my private papers.

I approve of the title. I can't think of anything better. Actually, the book has been out of my mind. I am thinking mainly of Shakespeare and my trial.

My trial is on February 4, a Saturday. I don't know what to expect. There are many stupid judges. My lawyer is honest but not very good. So I don't know what to expect.

When the book is published, I want them to send me a few copies, to my post office box.

You have been very good throughout this project. Let's try to sell Dilettante a second book. It could be a «best of» collection from my various little books.

In *Henry VI*, Part 2, there is a famous quotation : «First

thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.» So I wrote an extra short scene in which a herald comes in and reads the names of lawyers who have been killed so far. They are real names of lawyers that I got from a directory of lawyers in England. I wonder how long it will take for them to notice.

Your friend, Crad

31 I 2012. Salut Mon Gars!

Okay! April 4 is even better.

My trial is on Tuesday, February 7. My lawyer is an idiot. I think he is mentally ill. If I do not reply to e-mail for a long time after February 7, it means I am in jail. If you have to contact him, his e-mail is [...].

I am getting hits every day on the *Exotic Cities*. Filadelfia, Paraguay, is still the most popular by far. Pignon, Haiti, and Oymyakon, Siberia, are also very popular. And recently Pyongyang, North Korea, has become more popular. People are looking for «escorts» (hookers) in Pyongyang.

The statistics on my Wordpress page indicate that my hits are world-wide.

I am working on Part 3 of *Henry VI*. In the Battle of Towton (Palm Sunday, 1461), 30,000 were killed in 10 hours. That equals approximately 1 per second. The Yorks defeated the Lancasters, establishing Edward IV firmly on the throne.

I finished reading that science fiction novel in French - the one about the man whose brain is kept alive in a jar. It was okay. Now I have started an old French classic, *La Princesse de Clèves*, by Madame de Lafayette. I am only reading it to keep in practice with my French. There is a big second-hand store in my neighbourhood, and they have many books, including foreign language books. So I want to read at least a little bit of French every day.

I am hoping for you a spectacular 2012 of success and money.

Your friend, Crad

8 II 2012. Hi Philippe,

I had my trial yesterday, but I won't know the verdict until May 31.

Prosecutors are all whores. The women are the worst.

Your friend, Crad

14 II 2012. Hello Philippe:

Very clever! I like it!

I must thank you again for all your efforts in my behalf.

I have recently posted *Henry VI*, Part Three, which is the 24th instalment in the series. It's super-brilliant. If I can finish all 37 plays, surely I will be famous.

Yours kindly, Crad

10 III 2012. Philippe,

Whatever success I have, it is because of your brilliant translation. Yes, let's do another book.

Please do the interviews for me in France. I don't want to sound like a fool with my bad French, and we want the book to SELL. You will be more effective to sell the book, and you will also be able to promote yourself as a translator. If I have to do an interview in Canada, I will do it. I am very experienced with media, but in English.

The book is quite handsome. It is better than I expected. I am very happy.

Votre ami, Crad

10 III 2012. [Lettre à notre éditeur]. Bon Jour,

Pardonnez-moi de mon mauvais français. Et aussi je manque les accents dans ce clavier. J'ai reçu le livre. Il est bel. J'en suis très content. Evidemment je suis plus amusant en français qu'en anglais, grâce à la traduction excellente.

Pour le moment, je préfère que Philippe s'occupe des interviews en France. Je serais trop nerveux pour ça.

Merci pour tout.

Votre ami, Crad Kilodney

10 III 2012. [Envoi collectif]. Dear Sirs :

Your radio signal has been having a bad effect on the caribou, an animal our people depend on. The caribou are confused and have lost their migration path. The Council of Elders has decided that your station should pay a fine of \$294. Please make check payable to Crad Kilodney and send it to P.O. Box 72577, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4W 3S9. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Crad Kilodney, Chief
Ik Tribe

11 III 2012. Hi Philippe,

If you do any interviews, don't give out any personal information about me. Make me appear mysterious. Say that very little is known about me. You can make some false suggestions about my origins and activities. As for my travels to exotic cities, you assume that I have been to those places. Truth is bad for sales. Mystery is good. Rumour is good.

Once again, very, very good work on the translation. You are the A+ Expert.

Kindly, Crad

12 III 2012. Hi Philippe,

If you do interviews, they will ask you if I really took those trips and had those adventures. You should maintain the pretense that, yes, as far as you know, I did take those trips and everything is true.

I think this book is going to sell.
Votre ami, Crad

17 III 2012. Salut Philippe,

Your translation is superb. Magnificent. Every publisher should be knocking on your door to give you work.

Votre ami, Crad

29 III 2012. Hello My Friend,

I hope you are okay. I haven't heard from you lately. I already told you how happy I was with your translation. I hope you received that e-mail.

I am doing some promotion for the book in England.

Filadelfia, Paraguay, is getting many hits lately. It was always the most popular article. I don't know why. It may be because of the Nazis. And Pignon, Haiti, is getting very many hits, too. People must be interested in voodoo.

Let us maintain the pretention that I really took those trips. Don't say it's all a joke. I insist it's all true, and you have no reason to believe otherwise. You will have a good interview. I don't trust my French. Probably I could get by, but you would do so much better. If I have to speak French in Canada, I will.

So I hope you are happy about everything, as I am.

Yours, Crad

3 IV 2012. Hello Philippe,

Okay, I understand. I won't tell you what to say. But I want to be a man of mystery. You can say that you assume I didn't take those trips. But I insist there is a lot of truth in these articles.

I am doing some promotion in England. I believe this book will be successful. All my books have sold out their printings, but in a slow and steady fashion.

I thank you again for your excellent work, and I hope we shall do another book.

Your friend, Crad

10 IV 2012. Hi Philippe,

Yeah, that was a very old photo I sent them, and it had to be trimmed.

I have had many appearances on radio, but not for 20 years or so. It's all about delivering something fun to the audience. Sometimes the interviewer is stupid, but so what? You just «take over» and do the entertaining.

I want to see how long it takes for anyone in Canada to hear about the book. I gave a gift copy to the Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto. They will surely mention it in their newsletter. But at the moment I am doing no promotion in Canada. Instead, I am doing England.

Your friend, Crad

12 IV 2012. Salut Philippe!

I finally was able to listen to the interview. I'm glad you did it instead of me, because I could not keep up with the interviewer in French. He was a little too fast. You played it rather «straight», which I liked. The interviewer seemed to be very amused, but he was suitably restrained. Overall, I liked the interview.

It will be interesting to see how long it takes for anyone in Canada to know the book exists. I gave a copy to the University of Toronto rare book library, because they all know me there. But I am not doing any promotion, at least for now. I am doing some promotion in England, however.

Kindly, Crad

18 IV 2012. Hi Philippe,

There used to be a French bookstore in Toronto, but not any more. Generally, the bookstore business in Toronto is very much in decline.

Flammarion distributes worldwide. Of course, they must represent many books and cannot give special attention to mine. So we should continue our own e-mail campaigns. I am ignoring Canada for now because nobody in Canada answers my e-mails. The prophet has no honour in his own country. I am doing promotion in the U.K. and will probably redo the U.S. for university French departments.

I have some ideas for another book, but tell me your ideas first because your judgment has proved to be good.

Quebec, in my opinion, is a big ghetto. That's their mentality.

Stay in touch. We should do another book.

Yours, Crad

19 IV 2012. Salut,

I'm ignoring Canada temporarily, but you might have better success. McGill University in Montreal, which is an English university, has very many of my books. Therefore, you could e-mail their library, their bookstore, and the professors of the French Department.

Also, on my Wordpress page, there is an article «Official Canadian University Rankings», which lists the universities that have my books. I think this link works:

<http://cradkilodney.wordpress.com/2010/06/18/>

Bye for now. Crad

21 IV 2012. Hi Philippe,

I am surprised that Gaultier was so unkind to you, and of course I have not seen your chronicles or his reply [J'avais proposé mon Journal au Dilettante et m'étais fait méchamment virer]. Since I am a «detached» observer, my suggestion is that you allow some time to pass. Regardless of how things appear now, it may be that they will appear somewhat different later. I don't know the man at all. It just may be a

peculiarity of his personality. Perhaps he is that way with many people.

My contract with Dilettante is only for this book. You and I can do any other deal we want with any other publisher.

The *German philosophy* articles perhaps should not be combined with fiction in the same book, but I would keep my mind open. I have many stories you have never seen, because they are in my old books. So that is a possibility. Also, my story «The Three Golden Pills» on the archives page would make an excellent illustrated children's book. (All the material that used to be at www.cradkilodney.net is now at <http://cradkilodneyarchives.wordpress.com>). The «net» page was taken down six months ago.

We will talk again. I am in the internet lounge and must do 6 pages of Shakespeare. (Don't forget Shakespeare!)

Don't be depressed. There are more good things to come.

Your friend, Crad

22 IV 2012. Hello Philippe!

Okay, the divine spirits have put the idea in my head. Our next project will be «The Three Golden Pills». You can read it on the Archives page. If you like the story, there are two possible paths to follow. The first possibility is to present it as a children's book, to be illustrated. Dilettante doesn't do children's books, so they won't care if we talk to another publisher. The second possibility is to present it to a film studio as a story for an animated film. (There are many film festivals around the world, and they all have a category for animated films!) Of course, a book publisher could always sell film rights, but a film studio may prefer a property that has never been seen before.

If you don't like the story, we will do something else.

Don't worry about Dilettante. The worst possibility is that they will not publish you. But you can still translate for them. I'm confident of that. If they want another book from me, they will ask, and I will have something for them. You will translate. But we will let them ask first if they want another book. I'm quite sure that is the best way to handle it. Dominique has never communicated with me, so perhaps he does not have an instinct to be friendly with authors. If that is true, he is probably the same with translators. If he was harsh to you, he probably did not perceive his harshness as personal, although you took it that way. I stood on the street for 17 years peddling my books and had to deal with a lot of abuse and a lot of bad days. You have no idea what it was like. It made me very tough. Divine forces have been helping me all along, so have faith, and let's continue. We are doing very well.

I found a wonderful old book in the Goodwill Store, which is a second-hand store : *The Story of the Pacific*, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (1940). It's a combination of geography, history, and personal opinion - very well written and with a

sense of humour. It's actually a little bit like my book - very politically incorrect for today's attitudes. There are probably a few of his books in your university library.

Yours, Crad

24 IV 2012. Hi Philippe,

Lorette is my best friend, so keep her address in your book in case of emergency.

The older page was created by Syd Allan in 1999, and he published me monthly until 2005. Then he got tired of it and stopped. When I learned that he intended to take the page down, I asked Lorette to save the material somehow, so she created a page that is connected to her own page and transferred everything, and that is what the Archives page is. She manages it. I don't have entry to it. But that's okay because I am non-technical, and she is at least moderately technical. She lives in Toronto but far in the east end. So we take turns visiting each other month by month.

The break «Part 2» in *The Three Golden Pills* should be disregarded. This was carried over from the original page, where the story was published in two installments.

Take your time thinking about the story. Divine forces are at work. If you ask for help or ideas before you go to sleep, you will receive them. I often got help with creative problems overnight. I would wake up and would have the idea I was searching for. There is no rush on this project. The right idea will come to you at the right time.

Don't be discouraged by anything. When someone is unkind to you, it is a bump in the road. You are still on the road. Be confident.

I am composing 6 pages a day of *The Winter's Tale*. The rest of the time, I am promoting our book to French departments in American universities.

Kindly, Crad

27 IV 2012. Hi Philippe,

File this idea in the back of your mind as a future project : You are familiar with Harlequin Romances, I'm sure. They are sold all over the world. They are very formulaic romance novels for lonely women. (They are actually published here in Toronto.) My idea is to take an old novel and rewrite it in an absurd way, making it a semi-pornographic novel. But it would be done in a very «deadpan» style. It could become a series : Dilettante Romances. Anyway, think about it.

We are getting so much publicity for our book, I can't believe it. It makes me want to spit on Canada.

I am just finishing up *The Winter's Tale*. You will see how I get revenge on my enemies in the first scene - coming soon.

Crad

12 V 2012. Hello Philippe,

I listened to the radio show, but they spoke so fast I

could hardly understand anything. However, they did seem to like the book generally. What was your impression?

Your friend, Crad

14 V 2012. Salut Philippe,

I agree that you should not publish «The Three Golden Pills» on your blog page. As I suggested previously, there are two possible paths to follow - find a publisher, or find a film producer. I have to leave it to you because you have the contacts. If I were in France, I would try film producers first. I would say simply that I have a story that would make an excellent animated film, and would they be willing to look at it. And I would mention that my recent book was getting good attention in France. Otherwise, I would regard it as a children's story and inquire among the publishers of children's books. Anyway, take your time with the translation. If you have no contacts, just look up some film producers or publishers and write to them anyway. I have great confidence in divine powers. They will open a door for us, but you must be willing to knock on many doors.

I am doing promotion in French departments of U.S. universities.

Your friend, Crad

30 V 2012. Philippe,

You started all this. You're responsible. If you hadn't found me on the Internet, none of this would have happened.

Crad

P.S. I'm in court tomorrow for the verdict. I hope that will be the end of it, but I can't be sure.

5 VI 2012. Philippe,

You stick with me and we will become rich and famous. My idea for a series of absurd, semi-pornographic Dilettante Romances could make a lot of money.

Now that people are starting to hear about me in France, try to find some film producer for «The Three Golden Pills». If you don't have any contacts, just look up names of film producers and try your luck.

I was not able to use the link for the TV piece. Juliette gave instructions, but I was unable to follow them. Can you direct me in the simplest possible way?

Crad

13 VI 2012. Hi,

Which other translations do you want to submit? If it is something Dilettante might want later, it would be better to do nothing right now. I can almost guarantee they will want another book.

When you contact the film producers, don't send them the story in your first letter. Just tell them we have a literary property that would be a good subject for a short animated

film, and ask if they would like to see it.

I will be stuck in my hot apartment all summer.

Best to you, Crad

26 VI 2012. Hi Philippe,

I am doing e-mail promotion to French Departments in U.S. colleges and universities.

I'm afraid to ask, but is the book selling? What is your impression?

Best, Crad

28 VI 2012. Hi Philippe,

Juliette says they are selling about a dozen copies a day. This does not seem like very much, but maybe it is good for France. Anyway, in the old days when I was selling books on the street, I simply continued day after day, month after month, until all the books were sold. I hope they will simply continue until all the books are sold.

I hope you will find someone who is interested in «The Three Golden Pills».

Your friend, Crad

6 VII 2012. [Envoi collectif]. NOT GUILTY.

8 VII 2012. Hi Philippe,

After several months, I have finally finished reading *La Princesse de Clèves*. It is one of the most boring books I ever read. Nothing happens. I suppose this is the sort of book every French university student is forced to read. What torture! From now on I will practice my French by reading *Le Point*. I won't buy it every week, of course, just when I have finished one and need another.

I am getting many hits to my blog page from France, and there have been some from Belgium.

I will be posting another Shakespeare this week.

Your friend, Crad

2 VIII 2012. [Lettre postale]. Hi Philippe,

Here is one of my old books [*Excrement*]. The inscription was for the son of my ex-landlords, Victor. Six years ago he came for a visit, and I had another visitor and was showing him this book. So Vic said, «Can I have one of those?» So I gave it to him for his birthday.

Well, Vic never read a book in his life. He can't read a book any more than I can lift 200 kilos. He read only a few pages and gave up. After 6 years, I demanded the book back. I said it was insulting to me to ask for a valuable book and then not read it. Anyway, now it's yours.

I have some news concerning my health, and probably you have gotten it before you have opened this package.

I hope you have enjoyed your summer. I didn't go anywhere.

Kindly, Crad

3 VIII 2012. Hi Philippe,

I have just mailed you a copy of my book *Excrement* to your country house. Someone else had it for 6 years and never read it.

I have some news. I have another cancer. I don't know any details yet.

Best, Crad

9 VIII 2012. Hi Philippe,

All right, if you think it's better to send the text of «The Three Golden Pills», go ahead. As for another publisher who is looking for American underground writers, go ahead and write to him. I am trusting your intuition. And I want you to feel motivated and that you are not wasting your time. So I give you the green light.

I will be having surgery for cancer sometime in September. It is apparently a leftover cancer from the original one in the sinus. They can't do radiation twice in the same place. The doctor assures me that I will not look disfigured. I will still be my usual ugly self. I will be in the hospital 3-4 days.

I finished promotion in the U.S. and now I am doing Canada.

Excrement might be a nice little book to show to the other publisher. It was written before *Putrid Scum*, but the events take place later.

Hope you have had a nice summer.

Your friend, Crad

30 VIII 2012. Hi Philippe,

What is a solférinologue? This was in an article about Segolène Royal. «... les solférinologues assurent qu'elle n'a pas la moindre chance.» Does this refer to a geographic region?

I have an extra appointment with the doctor and am expecting some bad news regarding my chest scan.

Crad

31 VIII 2012. Salut!

Thank you for the explanation. I am nibbling a little bit every day at an issue of the magazine *Le Point*. I wish I had another 30 years to read and speak French really well. (Maybe I do, who knows?)

If you have an avenue to follow for «The Three Golden Pills», go ahead. As for contract/financial arrangements, you decide what you need and what you think is fair. I give you the green light.

I must have another meeting with the doctor next week. This is after I had a chest scan last week. So I think this will be additional bad news, otherwise there would be no need for an extra appointment. I still have not been given a

date for surgery.

I have been doing promotion in Canada, e-mailing the French departments in the universities. After that, I must do the larger public libraries. I have also been doing promo for the Shakespeare. In two university English departments, I recognized two professors I used to know personally here in Toronto. I e-mailed them, of course, and never received any reply. This is the Modern Age. And the barbarians have already broken through the gates. Our culture is over.

Your friend, Crad

6 IX 2012. Hi,

Yesterday's hospital appointment was routine. There was no additional bad news. My chest scan was okay. I still do not have a specific day for surgery, but it will be this month.

Best, Crad

7 IX 2012. Hello,

Put each other in your address books as you are my librarian contacts in Toronto and France.

Surgery is scheduled for September 20, and I will be out of touch probably for 4 days.

In the event of my death, my copyrights are automatically relinquished to the public domain.

Crad

24 IX 2012. [Envoi collectif]. Hello,

I am back after cancer surgery. Those who are in the habit of calling me should not do so for the time being as I am unable to speak properly. This condition is temporary. Those who communicate by e-mail should expect some delay in getting a reply as I will not be in the internet lounge as often as before.

Overall, the surgery was successful, but some period of recovery is required.

Thank you for your patience.

Crad

9 X 2012. Salut Philippe,

Please translate «se poser en recours». It seems to mean something like «to rely on one's resources».

I see the doctor on Thursday. More news after that.

Crad

11 X 2012. Hello Philippe,

Thank you. That translation makes sense.

My doctor visit is postponed until tomorrow. Then I should get a final report on pathology and have my mouth plate replaced. I have a temporary plate that makes it difficult to eat. I expect that I will get the permanent plate tomorrow, but the rest of my teeth will be replaced later, so I will have just partial chewing ability. I have had to eat only

liquid food or very soft food for the past two weeks.

I have completed all promotion for the French book, as well as my Shakespeare series. I will have a new Shakespeare play posted by tomorrow.

Use your own initiative to present «The Three Golden Pills» in any way, and anywhere you could make some sort of deal. Don't be shy about it. When you are waiting for someone else to do something for you, usually it is a waste of time. One must act.

I am eager to get things done. How much time do we have? We don't know.

I hope you had a wonderful summer. For me, it was hot, noisy, and stressful. I love the autumn the best.

Your friend, Crad

6 XI 2012. Salut!

Haven't heard from you for a while. What is your news?

I am continuing to work on the Shakespeare series. I will have another one published next week.

I have a dental plate in my mouth, which I can take out and put in. But it does not have teeth on it yet. I am returning to the hospital November 16th. I can eat and drink almost anything, but the plate is rather «slippy» (not tight) and I get food and fluid going over the top and out of my nose. It's very annoying. And after I eat, I must rinse very thoroughly to clear out the nose. But I am smoking again, and I don't care. It's the only pleasure I have in life.

This is my favorite time of the year. All the leaves are on the ground.

Obama will win the election, but only by a small margin.

Hope you are well.

Your friend, Crad

7 XI 2012. Hi Philippe,

No, I don't know Taki [Taki's Magazine, «Cocktails, Countesses & Mental Caviar»] or Editions 13e. You are free to follow any channel to publishers. You are better connected than I am. I haven't read Lorette's book yet. It is a short book about me. She is my best friend.

Right now I am listening to a group of Filipino boys shout and scream profanities in Tagalog as they play video games. They should be in school. They are stupid monkeys. I should have taken a tranquilizer before I came today. Filipinos really are very, very stupid.

I am trying to do some useful work every day. I am composing pages for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The next one after that will be *Troilus and Cressida*.

I have not yet heard anything within Canada about my French book.

Yours, Crad

13 XI 2012. It's okay. These things happen.

You can continue to try to make some contact for «The Three Golden Pills». Dilettante would not be interested in that.

We will collaborate and do brilliant things. I have many ideas. If you are brave enough to tolerate a lot of controversy, I have one or two ideas for pieces that you would publish first in translation before I published them in English. I don't want to interrupt the Shakespeare series. You could publish these pieces on your blog page and get a huge reaction. One piece is tentatively titled «Tim Hortons - the Devil's Donut Shop». The other is «Mohammed's Secret Pants». I have another idea called «Mohammed Was A Beatnik», but that one would take a lot of work, so I am putting it off for now.

This week I am posting another Shakespeare. The Shakespeare series is getting gradually more and more hits on the page. *Exotic Cities* has been getting steady hits. I would like to do a future series with some similar gimmicks. It would be called «Astounding Animal Stories».

Crad

1 XII 2012. [Lettre postale]. Salut Philippe,

Me voici encore avec mon mauvais français – et avec une vraie plume à l'ancienne!

Je vous raconte une belle histoire. J'ai une petite épreuve que je dirige aux élèves de «Masters» et «Doctorate» dans les départements de philo : «Combien de jambes est-ce que un cheval a si l'on appelle la queue une jambe?» Très facile, non? J'ai envoyé cette question à plusieurs grandes universités américaines, et aussi à l'université de Toronto. Presque personne ne répond. Tous ces «cerveaux brillants» ignorent leur e-mail. Jusque ici j'ai reçu une seule réponse correcte! Quatre. (Appeler la queue une jambe ne la fait pas une jambe!) Presque toutes les réponses évitent la question, comme si c'était ridicule.

Récemment j'ai mis à l'épreuve l'université de Toronto, et j'ai reçu une réponse hostile anonyme en m'accusant de «spam» impoli à le département! La U de Toronto est la seule université qui m'a traité ainsi. Croyez-moi bien, la U de Toronto est la quintessence de l'attitude de microcosme académique. La fac est une vrai foule de salopes! Dans la passé, j'ai envoyé des e-mails pour la série de Shakespeare aux départements d'anglais et de drame – et pas de réponse. Rien de tout. La fac me traite comme la merde. Seulement la bibliothèque me montre du respect.

Chaque année je m'aperçois la diminution de l'esprit de Noël dans Toronto. Cette ville est tellement ennuyeuse! Même dans les magasins je me sens comme si j'étais parmi des zombies. Je fais des achats, mais très souvent je n'arrive pas à trouver ce que je cherche. L'autre soirée j'étais dans la Baie à Yonge et Bloor, la shoppe «amiral» de la première chaîne du Canada. Je chercher une couverture pour cadeau pour

ma médecin – quelque chose en couleur. Et qu'est-ce que je trouve? Quelques couvertures en gris, et c'est tout. Et la section de couvertures était abandonnée! Quel magasin misérable! Mais c'est un vrai réfléchissement de toute la ville. Toronto est une ville en gris, avec les gens en gris. Pas d'esprit, pas d'humour, mais beaucoup d'attitude froide. Et où que je vais, je suis entouré des immigrés qui ne parlent pas l'anglais. C'est un rêve mauvais. Mais c'est réel. Et ça continue année après année.

Ma bouche est encore un travail en progrès. J'ai un dentier, mais je manque encore les dents en haut à gauche. Je les recevrai peut-être en janvier. Je peux manger et boire, mais pas en publique, parce que j'ai encore un peu de problème d'écouler par la nez.

Okay, vous allez publier «Mohammed's secret pants» en français dans votre page? [cf Ld 490] Ca doit stimuler une réaction!

Récemment j'ai reçu beaucoup de coups à ma page de blog pour «Robot monsters from the Tau Ceti-4». Apparemment j'ai fait renommé M Les Hellevang de Gillette, dans Wyoming. Beaucoup de termes de recherche rapportent à lui!!

Crad K.

28 XII 2012. Hello,

I decided to post «Mohammed's Secret Pants» myself, which I did yesterday. Let's see if there is any big reaction and how long it takes.

Happy New Year.

Crad

4 I 2013. Hi Philippe,

What does «nanananère» mean? Is it something like «childish»?

Crad

8 I 2013. Hi Philippe,

I get it. In English a person would say «Nyah! Nyah!»

I am sorry to hear about your mother. It's obvious that she will need full-time care from now on.

So far, I have not been threatened by any Muslims. Perhaps no one will even notice. I am also e-mailing animation studios in the U.S. and Japan to promote «The Three Golden Pills». What makes me most annoyed is that nobody answers e-mail.

So, Gérard Depardieu has gone to Moldova because of high taxes in France! I am shocked.

Your friend, Crad

23 II 2013. Hello,

The French book scored 4 hits on my Public Lending Rights report, which comes every February. I got a nice payment for it. PLR covers public libraries only, I believe. I did some

promotion for the book, so perhaps it helped.

Crad

29 III 2013. Hello Philippe:

I have not yet been paid by Dilettante. I e-mailed them twice and got no reply. Should I be worried? According to the contract, they are supposed to pay me in March. Am I being cheated, or are they just disorganized?

Crad

2 IV 2013. Salut Philippe!

I think we should start thinking about Plan B - another publisher. Dilettante has not asked me for another book, and I don't think they will. And I have never gotten any personal communication from M. Gaultier. I expect to be paid something soon, but they will make an excuse to hold back some money.

Think about the publishers that you approached previously. Now you can show them the good reviews my book got. And the sales have been fairly good - over 1500 copies. Tell them that you can «bring me over» to them. There are several possibilities for the next book :

* *Putrid Scum*

* collection of short stories and articles from the old books and the blog page - perhaps sprinkled with some new things never before seen.

* a new collection called *Astounding Animal Stories* (Absurd animal characters interact with real people in specific places. For example : «Blechnubabs, the Mental Health Beaver From Allentown, Pennsylvania»).

* a bizarre parody of a Harlequin Romance novel. It would be absurd, very sexy, and with a lot of deliberately bad writing.. (This could lead to a series!)

* the Shakespeare series, which will be finished within 6 months. This would be several books, not just one.

So I am thinking ahead. There are many possibilities. So think about this, and let's forget about Dilettante for now. Be bold! Call people! E-mail people! Nag people! The spirits reward those who are ambitious...

Votre ami, Crad

2 IV 2013. [Plus tard le même jour]. Hi Philippe,

I don't like these guys any more. I have never received a single euro for the book, and they are giving me bullshit. We won't deal with them any more.

Crad

4 IV 2013. Hello,

Dilettante says they will not pay me until the end of September. So far I have received ZERO from them. The book was published in April 2012. I told them I was through with them. LAST September, of course, I got nothing.

Crad

16 IV 2013. Salut!

Comment ça va? Quelles nouvelles?

Dilettante says I will be paid in October. Let's see how much they pay me. They will probably make some excuse to hold back part of the money.

What are your ideas for another book? What would you like to do? I still have 3 more Shakespeare plays to do, and that will finish the series. It will take me about 5 months.

Crad

24 IV 2013. Salut!

Help me with this : «comme au temps». Here's the sentence : «Le pirate échappe à la vertu comme au temps.»

Donnez-moi vos nouvelles.

Crad

26 IV 2013. Hi Philippe,

Thanks. I wish I could clone myself about 4 times. One clone would just study French, one would do the stock market, one would write, one would read books, and the other would just sleep and look after the household.

When a publisher says you sold X books, you have no choice but to trust him. Distributors are the same.

I would like to know more about your day-to-day life in Bordeaux. Send me a postal letter sometime. Tell me about the ordinary things. Tell me about Bordeaux.

France is in a terrible recession. Of course, this is about 1 year since Hollande got elected.

No, don't publish my letters. Perhaps we can do a collection of stories. But there are other possibilities, too. I would like to do a spoof of Harlequin Romances.

When the Shakespeare series is finished, I intend to e-mail every English-language publisher.

I will be posting something very funny today or tomorrow. Look for it.

Yours, Crad

7 V 2013. Well, at least you are getting answers. Almost nobody answers my e-mails.

I have a friend in Germany, who has been teaching film courses in English for 25 years, yet he cannot speak German! I was hoping to find a German translator or publisher through him.

Don't be discouraged. You continue, and I continue. For me, there is always something to do today. There is always the next project.

Your friend, Crad

30 VII 2013.

Thanks. I actually found the text hidden in one of my files.

Hope you are enjoying your vacation. We will collaborate on another book when you are ready.

Your comrade in arms, Crad

12 VIII 2013. Hi Philippe,

I'm reading some books by Nicholas Redfern, who writes sensational books about UFO's, aliens, monsters, conspiracies, etc. He's wonderful. As far as I can tell, there are no French translations of his books. He's a well-established author. His books would sell very well in French. This is something for you.

Shakespeare will be finished in about 2 weeks. I will send you an e-mail, which you can forward to everyone you know.

Best, Crad

14 VIII 2013. Hello Philippe,

The *German philosophy* series is rather short. There would have to be other stories added to it to make a book. You can use your own judgment. I give you a free hand to do whatever you like.

Some book dealer in Toledo, Ohio, has posted one of my old books at abebooks.com at \$500!!! I know they can't be serious.

Kindly, Crad

21 VIII 2013. [Envoi collectif]. Hello:

I am happy to inform my friends, readers, and correspondents that my online series *Shakespeare For White Trash* is finished. I am the first person in history to rewrite all 38 plays of Shakespeare for a modern audience.

This link goes to the Index:

<http://cradkilodney.wordpress.com/2010/10/07/>

I hope you enjoy what I have done, and I hope you will forward this e-mail to everyone you know who is interested in Shakespeare.

Sincerely,

Crad Kilodney, Duke of Sherbourne

6 IX 2013. Hello Philippe,

Skyhorse Publishing in New York will publish the Shakespeare series in book form. They love it and will send me a contract.

Crad

26 IX 2013. It's the worst contract in the world. I'm not signing. I don't know if there will be a negotiation. I am trying to make an arrangement with another publisher.

Crad

27 IX 2013. I am trying to make another arrangement with a publisher here in Toronto. I have not replied to Skyhorse. I am stalling them.

I am still waiting for royalties from Dilettante, and I

know they will rip me off. The whole publishing industry is rotten.

Crad

4 X 2013. Hello Philippe,

I am still waiting to be paid by Dilettante. If they don't pay me, I can't do any more deals in France.

My latest post is «Tim Hortons - The Devil's Donut Shop». I mentioned this a long time ago. It's one of my funniest articles.

There is no deal anywhere for the Shakespeare series. I will not make any further effort. People don't answer my e-mails.

Yours, Crad

9 X 2013. Hi Philippe,

I have mail from Dilettante, but I am afraid to look.

I was not dealing with a real editor at Skyhorse, just an editorial assistant. It was a very bad contract.

If Dilettante does not pay me, I will undertake an act of revenge. They said the beginning of October.

Yours, Crad

18 X 2013. Salut!

Tout est bien chez moi. J'ai reçu l'argent. Quel est votre idée pour un autre projet de livre?

Crad

4 XI 2013. Hello Philippe,

I must tell you I am very sick. I must go for a scan and biopsies. There is the possibility that this is the worst possible outcome.

My will stipulates that upon my death, all my copyrights are automatically relinquished to the public domain. Anyone anywhere in the world can do anything with anything I have written. It belongs to humanity.

Your friend, Crad

25 XI 2013. Hi Philippe,

I think I have another cancer. My mouth is swollen inside and I can't put in my prosthetic plate. I can't eat or speak normally. Our health care system is so slow that nothing has been accomplished since I wrote to you. I am seeing the surgeon on Wednesday. Maybe this will be a bad outcome for me. I am giving things away. I had a scan last week, and it was pointless. People die in Canada while waiting for treatment.

I am writing new things, which I think you will enjoy.

Your friend, Crad

4 XII 2013. Hi Philippe,

The Brainiac books are real. I have been looking for

unusual books. Yes, Brainiac is a combination of Brain and Maniac, and it has been used before.

I have cancer again and I don't know how long I will live. Upon my death, all my copyrights are relinquished to the public domain, so you will be free to do anything you want with my writings.

Crad

16 XII 2013. Hello Philippe,

I'm not sending out any Christmas cards this year, and I have not sent you a long letter in French, as I usually do. I have been too preoccupied, so you must forgive me. I am working on a long story, which would make an excellent film. It's called «Dreaming With Jay». You may see some possibility to do something with it.

Crad

23 XII 2013. [Envoi collectif].

Hello and best wishes to you for the holidays. This will be my last Christmas as I have an incurable cancer. I am gradually winding up my affairs. Forgive the informality of an e-mail.

Crad

30 XII 2013. Salut,

Mon cancer est inguérissable. Il faut me débarrasser de beaucoup de «stuff». Je n'ai pas crainte de la mort.

My will stipulates that all my copyrights are relinquished to the public domain upon my death. This means anyone can do anything with my works. This makes it easier for a French publisher, since they won't have to pay royalties, and you will be able to get work as a translator. A dead writer is always easier to appreciate because he makes fewer demands.

Yours, Crad

6 I 2014. Hello Philippe,

You can do anything you want to present any of my works to publishers, even after I'm dead.

There is no reason to continue writing. «Dreaming With Jay» is a good «last» story. I don't feel the need or passion to keep writing. I have written enough. I am still treated like shit by the literary establishment. I want you to know that the faculty of the University of Toronto is just a bunch of assholes.

My grandmother planted a sassafras tree in her backyard when I was born, and that tree is now quite big. I have not visited the barrens, and many people do not even know that such an area exists in New Jersey.

I am giving away small bags of books and other possessions to the house next door, which has many tenants. The superintendent is friendly to me.

I am sure I will die this year and I am not afraid.
Yours kindly, Crad

9 I 2014. Allez-y! [M'encourage à publier son article «Pourquoi j'aime le tabac» dans la revue *Technikart*, qui paraîtra le mois suivant, n° 179].

1 II 2014. [Lettre postale]. Mon cher Philippe,
Je suis bien en retard en vous écrire une vraie lettre. Si je pourrais écrire meilleur français!

Ma condition empire. Je n'ai pas longtemps à vivre. J'ai réglé quelques affaires domestiques. Ce qui est relatif à vous, c'est que mes copyrights seront automatiquement abandonnés à la domaine publique quand je mourras. Ca vous donnera la main libre pour faire n'importe quel marché en traducteur.

Notre rencontre a été fixé par les esprits. Je reconnais la main divine dans cette affaire. Vous m'avez fait tellement de bon, ça me compte énormément. Et je vous remercie également pour votre amitié.

Avez-vous lu ma dernière histoire, «Dreaming with Jay»? Elle ferait un film merveilleux!

Quand je mourras, vous trouverez une annonce sur la page Facebook. En fait la page est gérée par mon amie Lorette Luzajic. Il n'y aura aucune autre annonce – rien dit à la presse!

Le livre français c'était pour moi un grand événement. Il compte plus que mes autres livres – sauf que *Putrid scum*. J'ai tellement fierté de *Villes exotiques*. Au fond j'ai tellement de respect pour toutes choses françaises. Malgré le petit conflit avec Dilettante, je considère toute l'affaire très, très bonne. J'aimais bien Juliette Cadaÿs. Après ma mort, dites-elle mes remerciements pour toute sa gentillesse.

And now, to continue in English.

There is a God. But God is beyond human comprehension. God is not a «being» as such. God is a word that fills in a blank space. All we can say is that God is the supreme governing power of the universe. But all power must have instrumentalities by which to operate. There are effectively two universes : the physical universe, and the metaphysical universe. The instrumentalities that govern the physical universe are natural law. And the instrumentalities that govern the metaphysical universe are divinity.

The metaphysical universe is the universe of souls. We all have souls. That is why we feel instinctively that we are connected to something «higher». There has never been an atheist culture in human history. All people all over the world have believed persistently in a god or gods. Yes, some people are atheists or agnostics, but they are exceptions.

Unfortunately, organized religion gets many things wrong. So I am going to explain this to you properly.

God is beyond our comprehension, but Divinity is not. Divinity is what interacts with man. Divinity is a vast hierarchy of spirits of different ranks. It is like an army. These spirits are beings. And within Divinity there are some spirits who know you *personally*. When you pray, they are the ones who hear you. It doesn't matter how you address a prayer. You are heard by the spirits who know you. Just speak to them. I pray every day. Many times I asked for help in my writing. Believe me, there are spirits of dead writers who are ready to help. How should you pray? In a church? By reading a prayer in a book? No. Go into a private place and just speak to the spirits in your own words.

We don't want to suffer a «bad» death. But death itself is not obliteration. The soul leaves the body and goes to another place of existence. There we have spiritual (or virtual) bodies. We look normal. I believe I lived before. I believe I am reincarnated. When I was 12, I had a remarkable dream. I knew it was a dream of heaven. Now I think it was a «memory» of heaven. I was allowed to remember once only.

You are stronger than you realize. You are more capable than you realize. You are braver than you realize. The spirits are there to help you. Open your mind to them.

Don't worry about me. It doesn't matter exactly when I die. We worry about time on earth. In spirit we don't think about it.

This is not «good bye», but it may be my last letter.
Yours kindly, Crad

7 II 2014. Okay. Hope it is good. Letter coming to you [la lettre postale du 1 février].

Crad

10 II 2014. It's a lovely little article, isn't it? [«Pourquoi j'aime le tabac»].

Thank you for your efforts. Keep at it. There is more to come, long after I am gone.

Yours, Crad

20 III 2014. Salut,

I'm still alive, much to my surprise. But my cancer is spreading gradually. So I have much time to anticipate suffering, and I don't want to suffer. Stay in touch. I will check email once or twice a week. You have done me great service, for which I am grateful. But as I have said before, there are divine forces at work and they put ideas in our heads. We benefit from paying attention.

I am sorry that I cannot live long enough to speak and write perfect French. We have a nice French station on the radio and I often listen to it. It is a variety of good music, and I can understand most of what they say.

Pray often, because there are spirits who know you

personally.

Yours, Crad